

# *Stefantasy*

The Magazine That Is Milder--Much Milder  
★ It Lets You Sleep ★ It's Soft As A Grape

*Volume 12*

*Number 3*

*Whole Number 37*

*August, 1956*

*Priceless*

# STEFANTASY

Volume 12

August, 1956

Number 3

Whole Number 37

Published and printed for the hell of it by William M. Danner,  
720 Rockwood Avenue, Pittsburgh 34, Pennsylvania



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"Everyone's queer but thee and me, and even thee's a little queer sometimes."

## THE FIRST PAGE

"You can fool some of the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool some of the people some of the time."—AMBROSE J. WEEMS

I HAVE HAD ENOUGH, for this issue, of setting large masses of 8 pt. type so the following item doesn't much resemble typographically the clipping from the *Territorial Enterprise* for 3-30-56 kindly sent by Chuck Higgins. Such lively reporting deserves the encouragement it seems to be getting.

## PAPERHANGER FOILED IN FALLON

### Alert Madam Saves Girls from Life of Shame

An attempt to enlist the financial aid of several Fallon, Nevada, professional women in order to establish a counterfeiting business failed last week when a bordello madam in that city called the law to take in charge Wesley C. Richards, former Sparks tavern operator, who was in her establishment at the time trying to borrow \$750 from one of her girls. The money was to be used in the buying of photographic equipment.

Although Richards had brought samples of his work with him arresting officers Lewis and Pritchard stated that he did not attempt to make any purchases with the experimental \$20 bills.

Also in on the pinch was Treasury Agent Ray Bennett of Sacramento. Bennet described the artificial currency as "not very high-class work," at the same time admitting that the bills were "good enough to be passed in the dark."

Richards operated the Owl Club in Sparks until it burned down in a fire of unexplained origin last October.

The Fallon madam, whose establishment is often referred to in the Churchill county seat as "a model brothel," has been unofficially commended by law enforcement agencies for her prompt action in turning Richards in and for her refusal to condone any unlawfulness on her premises.

by DEAN ARCHER ARMSTEAD

# THE SKEPTIC TANK

Fourth Tankful

**M**USIC IS GREAT STUFF, especially if it's musical. Music, as Edna St. Vincent Millay (or perhaps someone else, I'm not too certain) said, hath charms to sooth the savage beast . . . or maybe it was breast; I've wondered about that too.

Like most generalities, this is not infallibly applicable. There is some music that hath the power to make your normally soft-eyed and slothful writer experience a flaming urge to run amok and decollate innocent bystanders with a corn-knife.

Take, for example, the late unlamented mania for mambos. Taken at a reasonable concentration—say 4 parts to the million—the mambo is, if not eudæmonic, at worst adiaphorous. However, there is such a thing as too much of a poor thing. When every piece of music you hear is a mambo—and you hear a lot as a captive audience, whether you like it or not—and, in most cases, has been converted into a mambo, no matter by what cruel pressure, by means of beer-bottles and policemen's truncheons clinked against each other and gourds full of BB shot shaken with frantic abandon and frequent grunts of "UH!UH!" from musicians who sound (to use Rotsler's immortal phrase) like fat men being struck in the abdomen by small boys riding tricycles down irrigation ditches . . . well, it gets a bit thick.

I don't know if you have ever tried to carry a large, flat pan brimful of water without spilling a drop. If you have, you know it's hard. Let the pan show the slightest trend to

tip in one direction and suddenly all the water rushes to that end and suddenly you are sloshing water all over the floor and—like as not—over-controlling so hard you spill some out of the opposite side before you recover your equilibrium.

That, in a nutshell, is the situation with the field of what they call popular music. The moment there is the slightest sign of a trend toward a certain type of music there is a stampede to swarm onto the bandwagon. Let a few mambos sell a significant number of records and ere you know what hit you there are posses rounded up to speedily convert every old standby to the current miracle tempo. This leads to atrocities like the St Louis Blues Mambo and the When You And I Were Young Maggie Mambo and the Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes And I Will Pledge With Mine Mambo and the I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate Mambo and the Cockles And Mussels Alive Alive-Oh Mambo and stuff like that. The situation can get pretty grim.

The collective national sanity at any given moment goes staggering under the load of at least one novelty hit tune. These have gibberish lyrics and something appropriately putrescent for melody. Examples would include such classic gems as Cement-Mixer, Pu-ti, Pu-ti; Sha-Boom; Oop-Shoop; Bloop-Bleep; Hey-Ba-Ba-Ree-Bop; Tweedlee-Dee and so forth, *ad nauseam*.

There is another trend that seems to work on the theory that if a little is good, a mountainous heap of the same thing is wonderful. Take the legend—possibly apocryphal—that Billy Rose conducted a considerable amount of research early in his song-writing career and discovered that many of the pop songs of that day contained several words with doubled o's in them. So he sat down and wrote one called Barney Google With His Goo-Goo-Googly Eyes. [[Good Thing I includ-

ed o's in the last sorts order.—wmd}] It was, as the cliché goes, a Smash Hit Overnight.

That's apparently the secret: to spot a trend and ride it till it drops dead beneath you with its back broken in 19 places. If you were casting about today for a trend to follow, you might want to consider the Heart Motif.

Heart Songs are infallible. There is a touching popular belief that the pulmonary organ, as if it didn't have enough to do, is the repository, fount and focal point of all tender emotion. For this reason, songsmiths have reaped a golden harvest with such bits as Hearts of Stone; Heartaches; Jealous Heart; Your Cheatin' Heart; Heart of My Heart; My Heart Tells Me; Deep In The Heart Of Texas; Sweetheart Of Sigma Chi; Let Me Call You Sweetheart and My Heart Cries For You (to say nothing of the sequel to the latter entitled "My Liver Is A Blazing Puddle Of White-Hot Agony." Fortunately, this one never clicked in the public fancy!).

If you wanted to make your name a byword along Tin Pan Alley, it mightn't be too hard. Once you have a surefire theme like hearts, you hit it like a solid lead avalanche. It is but the work of a moment to come up with something like . . . umm . . . le'ssee . . .

#### HEARTLESS HEARTED HEART

I told my poor, heart-achin heart  
Take heart.  
It's heartily disheartened by  
Your heartless heart.

(Chorus) Oh heartless heart, please have a heart!  
Ditto  
Ditto  
Ditto  
My broken-hearted heart would feel  
Such heartfelt thanks,

If your hard-hearted heart would halt  
Them heartless pranks.

(Chorus)

(Go back to the beginning and start over. Do this 17 times in all.)

Such a set of lyrics could go far if it weren't handicapped by its exceptional degree of depth and profundity. It is readily convertible into pseudo-folk, cowpokeese or old-sunny-side-uh-thuh-mayowntinn-ballerd-singer-dialect by simply substituting "ef" for if, "yore" for your, etc.

As for a melody . . . well, it would appear these days that you don't so much need a developed-theme type of melody as a distinctive and original *sound*.

One song, for instance, enjoyed a modest success after having been recorded over the sound of thousands of seagulls skreeking at each other on a lonely beach with the sound of waves breaking over the old broken horseshoe crab shells and stuff.

Another one featured a girl vocalist singing above what was apparently the hubbub inside a dog's boarding kennel just prior to feeding time.

Electronic distortion, echo-chambers and that sort of business have become extremely trite and old-hat with overuse. However you should not become easily discouraged. The field of new and distinctive *sounds* has been no more than lightly lacerated.

No one to date has recorded above the compelling rhythmic rumble of a long line of washing machines in a laundromat. No one has yet made a record whose beat was hammered out by six thousand Boy Scouts snapping their fingers in perfect unison. The delicate percussive harmonics of garbage men plying their trade in the dawn's thin hours still await the artist in search of originality.

One could go on endlessly but one desists. The reader should not be denied the brittle pang of pleasure which comes from discovering one of these uncharted pathways to Original Expression himself. Let us, you and I, thunder irresistably forward under our banner with its proud motto, "Not good, maybe, but original as hell!"

After you've written your first dozen or so songs to hit #1 on the Hit Parade, you begin to cast about for new worlds, new goals, new *kampfs*. You decide—let's say—to issue an album, made up of your various songs as recorded by the coutry's top song stylists.

To digress for one quick paragraph: should you ever get to dealing with girl vocalists of the Kay Starr school, there is a handy and simple test to see if the chanteuse is giving it her all. Wait till she starts bearing down on the notes and if you can't strike an old-fashioned "kitchen-match" on the cords standing out of her neck, discharge her on the spot because that girl just isn't trying.

Back to the album: there's no use attempting to tell you how to design the cover within the confines of a brief article such as this because art is an entirely different field from music and one muse at a time is sufficient. Usually you won't be expected to design the jacket anyway.

You may be expected, however, to offer some suggestions as to the title. It's considered frighfully *passe* to fob it off with something traditional like "A Collection of Songs by Axel von Wienerbunn." Here too there is a trend and the key of the trend is revolvant around the phrase, "Music for . . . to."

There are albums of "Music for Just Listening to," "Music for Dreaming to," "Music for Eating to," and "Music for Reminiscing to." There may also be "Music for Yelling over."



I'm not sure.

Specialization is your keyword here. Let the others declare their albums suited for some wishy-washy generality such as for eating to. For eating *what* to, pray tell? Surely a race of gourmets with such a well-patinaed code of protocol about which wines to drink with which species of flounder is not going to be expected to eat their poached plover eggs on gluten bread toast to the same all-purpose strains to which they would eat shrimp chop suey subgum with egg rolls? Heaven forfend!

By all means, your first album title should be something specific like "Music for Eating Watermelon and Spitting Seeds into the Fireplace to." If it goes well, you can follow it up quickly with another entitled "Music for Picking Raspberry Seeds out of Your Back Teeth with a Straightened-Out Paper Clip to."

Emboldened by your acclaim—I assure you, failure is impossible if you follow instructions—you go onward and ever upward, soaring like a skylark into the rarefied atmosphere of the 90 percent tax brackets.

Faster and ever faster now you bring forth the albums and in a roaring torrent the teen-age music lovers across this broad land salute your genius with crisp green cash. For weeks nothing is heard from juke-boxes but your "Music for Scrubbing a Blob of Spearmint off of the Living-Room Carpet with Carbon Tetrachloride to."\*

Disc jockeys take off for long weekends in the country, secure in the happy knowledge that their fans will be well

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\*In the interest of public health and safety I feel that this title should be amended to "Music for Scrubbing a Blob of Spearmint off of the Living-Room Carpet with Carbon Tetrachloride, Making Sure there is Adequate Ventilation to."—wmd

content, for haven't they, before leaving, set their turntables to automatically repeating your incredibly popular "Music for Picking Burrs out of a Cocker Spaniel's Ears to"?

As the sun sinks gracefully into the west, we take leave of you as you sit there on the poop-deck of your 96-foot Chris-Craft, fanning yourself languidly with the golden disc that Decca presented to you on the occasion of the millionth sale of "Music for Changing a Flat Tire on a Dark Country Road in a Pelting Hailstorm on Account of You Ran Over a Broken Beer Bottle to."

And you owe it all to that article you read in *Stefantasy*.

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**NOW . . .**

**you can bake a  
CHOCOLATE CAKE  
that is fit for  
THE DEVIL!**

YES! Drum O'Derry Chocolate Cake Mix is expertly blended by white-smocked workers according to a favorite recipe of Mrs. Mary Virginia Mephistopheles, favorite wife of Old Nick, himself. It will be your favorite, too! Buy a package of Drum O'Derry Chocolate Cake Mix TODAY!

**DRUM O'DERRY SYNTHETICS, INC.**  
Box 7203 Hell, N. D.

## NEW MODEL

**W**HEN MRS. BURNS brought in her new '60 for the 1000-mile checkup I knew in advance what she would complain about. The '60 was the first to have a built-in vanity on the dash as standard equipment and it had been selling to women at a great rate. There were engineering "improvements", too, that induced salesmen to buy, and enough of their cars had come in for us to learn all the common complaints. But Mrs. Burns was the first of the women buyers to bring her car in. She's not a very patient woman, and I began to write the work order even as she was squeezing out of the driver's cubby-hole. I turned as she came up and asked how the car was doing.

"It doesn't scrape the street," she complained.

"Huh?" I'd never heard *this* one before and momentarily forgot my manners.

"When I back out of the driveway the rear end doesn't crash on the street. Surely I—"

"But, Mrs. Burns," I interrupted, "surely you don't *want* it to scrape the street, do you?"

"Of course I do! All my neighbors' cars scrape when they come out of the driveway, and mine is bigger than any of them, so I have a right to expect it to scrape harder. But it doesn't even touch at all."

By this time I'd gotten my mind working again. "But the new Torsiomatic suspension prevents any scraping," I told her. "It was especially designed to prevent scraping because people have been complaining about it. Why, we're the first to find a way to increase rear-end overhang while preventing rear-end scrape. It's one of the big features of our—"

"I don't care about your excuses," she said. "I'm entitled to have the rear end scrape coming out of the driveway and you'd better fix it so it does."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, "and what else have you noticed that needs adjustment?"

"Nothing," she replied. "Everything else is fine." She started to leave, but at the doorway she turned. "I'll be back in two hours," she said.

I stood looking at the car for several minutes. Could it be that Mrs. Burns had gotten one of those rare things, a perfect car? By some chance had hers a good drag link, so that the wheels didn't pull to the left? Had the tin rocker-arms somehow refrained from spreading and making the engine sluggish and noisy? Was it one of the few in which the plugs didn't foul and cause hard starting and missing? Had the die-cast block failed to warp even a little, and thus failed to develop compression leaks? In a word, was this car free of all those "minor annoyances" one must expect in a new model? I had to drive it and find out.

When I drove back into the shop, pulling on the wheel to keep going straight, I turned it over to Ed, our only factory-trained man, even though he was already busy. "Make the rear end scrape when it comes out of a driveway, Ed."

"Huh?"

"Yeah, me too. But that's what she wants. Maybe you can adjust the torsion bars and make it lower, or something."

"I don't get it, Walt. You mean she *wants* it to scrape? Isn't there anything that *needs* fixing?"

"Everything's wrong that we've found with any of them. It's a hell of a car, even for a '60. But Mrs. Burns wants it to scrape the street and says everything else is fine. So concentrate on that rear end. The goddam customer is always right."

But I can't stay and watch it. If you need me I'll be across the street."

When I got back a couple of hours later the car was gone. Ed was back on the other job when I asked him about it.

"Hell, Walt," he answered, "I hardly had a chance to do anything. Cleaned the plugs and was just going to start on the valves when she came for it and insisted on taking it."

"But how about the rear end? Did you fix that the way she wanted it?"

Ed hung his head. "Yeah, I guess so. Lowered it a couple inches. Looks like it's goin' uphill all th' time. I'd hate t'have t'drive it myself."

Just then Mrs. Warner drove in with her new car. I felt like running but went over to greet her.

"Here it is, Walt," she said. "I've got 986 miles on it and had to come in to shop. Can you give it a checkup now?"

"Sure, Mrs. Warner. Have you noticed anything in particular you'd like to have looked at?" I hoped she didn't see me wince.

"No, it seems fine to me. Oh, yes—there is one little thing. There's a spot on the upholstering in the middle of the front seat. You might take that out."

"Of course. We'll go all over it and have it ready when you come back."

Her car wasn't quite so bad as Mrs. Burns', and we got it in pretty good shape, with the spot removed from the seat. The spot, by the way, was lipstick.

The next day Mrs. Burns drove in again and my heart\* sank. I forced a smile as I said, "Well, how is it now, Mrs. Burns?"

"Better," she said a little dubiously. "But I compared it

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\*See what DAG says on page 6—wmd

with my next-door neighbor's car, and hers makes a louder crash and it cost a thousand dollars less than mine. I happen to know. Isn't there *something* you can do?"

"Well, we can try, but the factory—"

"Oh, hang the factory! I want this to sound like a *big* car."

While she was gone we changed the orifices in the hydraulic system and cut the pressure in the 10.90x10 tires from the recommended 11 pounds to 9. She was so delighted that she called up after she got home with it. Said it scraped every time she hit a big bump, something her next-door neighbor's car wouldn't do.

That was yesterday. Today Mrs. Warner came in again. She said she'd been talking to her friend, Mrs. Burns, and had just found out that the rear end of her car should scrape the street coming out of the driveway and on big bumps. "Mine never scrapes," she finished. "I want it fixed."

\*\*\*\*\*

"I know how you feel," the boss said as he wrote out my check. "I hate to let you go after all these years, and it will be hard to replace you. But you really shouldn't have threatened Mrs. Warner with that hammer. It was all I could do to keep her from going to the cops. She said she would unless I fired you. What could I do?"

Ed quit, leaving the old shop with only a bunch of young parts changers. . . Do you know anyone who would like to invest in a small firm specializing in repairing and restoring old-time cars? With a "For Men Only" sign on the front?

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Why go to church? You sleep better in bed.

# STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE.

Yep—they're from TYPO GRAPHIC again.

One morning the old-time judge in a western mining camp opened court with the following announcement: "Gents, I have in hand a check—a bribe you might call it—from the plaintiff for \$10,000 and another from the defendant for \$15,000. I propose to return \$5,000 to the defendant, and decide the case strictly on its merits."

*The modern home is the place where nothing can be accomplished if the electric current goes off.*

The value of an education was never better demonstrated than in the case of the man who applied for a job as a butler. Lady Cotrich was very painstaking in her examination of him.

"We dress for dinner," she explained, "and we require our butler to wear breeches and stockings. That I may be sure you would look well in breeches will you show me the calf of your leg?" The applicant readily complied and the lady expressed approval.

"I think you will do," she said. "Now may I see your testimonials?"

Telling about it later the chagrined would-be butler said, "You know, I think that if I had had a little better education I would have landed that job."

*We were surprised to hear a millmer speak of "planning a hat." We had long been under the impression that millmers ad lib hats.*

The cub reporter who was assigned to cover the class play of the high school came in for his share of literary fame when the following write-up appeared:

"The auditorium was filled with expectant mothers, eagerly awaiting the appearance of their offspring."

*"The average person has one leg shorter than the other," says an anatomist. This may account for his going around in circles a great deal of the time.*

Needing a man to mow her lawn, a woman telephoned WPA offices to learn if a man were available for odd jobs. The WPA office promised to take care of the job. Next day a truck, loaded to the rails with boards and nine men, drew up in front of the house.

Thinking there was some mistake, the woman hurried out to keep them from unloading the lumber.

Woman: I only want the lawn mowed.

Man: It's all right, lady. This is now a federal project. We will build a rest room with the lumber, as required by the rules. Two of the men will be sitting in it all the time, two will be going in, and two going out all the time. The other two will cut the grass. I'm the superintendent.

*Perhaps one reason why romance lasted longer in the old days is that the bride looked much the same after washing her face.*

According to a noted historian General Washington, whose reputation as a roue has been deleted from schoolbooks and popular literature, chanced to encounter a young and eager kitchen maid in the garden during a ball staged at the Pennsylvania estate of a grand society matron.

He found her so willing and able that he dropped a gold half-crown in her dress pocket before returning to the parlor, says True. The grand dame, herself a stiff-starched puritan, waylaid the flustered maid at the back door, extracting from her a confession and the coin. Thinking how best to reprimand her distinguished guest, the prim lady maneuvered him to a private nook and handed back to him the gold coin with a murmured, "The darkness made you too generous, sir."

"Madame," replied the general quickly, bowing low, "had I known it was you, I should most assuredly have made it a full crown."

Do you have a  
**Deodorant Problem?**

Perhaps, like so many others, you find it impossible to control any of the ordinary deodorants. The creams mess up your dainty fingers, so that you must wash them! The sprays get in your eyes; the liquids run all over everything. It's a hell of a situation, isn't it, girls? Yes.

But you must do something! You can't just let yourself go and stink like a human being. Hell, no! Well, then, what can you do? Easy—just buy

**EXSTINK**

*THE HYPODEODORANT*

It's so easy to use! Just one shot in the arm, (being careful not to use the arm you use for opium, cocaine, etc.) and you won't stink for over a week! Moreover, EXSTINK comes to you in a beautiful, re-usable plastic hypodermic syringe, and you have a choice of six lovely decorator colors!

Run out and get your supply of EXSTINK today!

**DAG DRUG CO.**

BALLARD, WISCONSIN



# Testimony Given In Custody Hearing

(Reprinted from the Lincoln, Ill. DAILY PANTAGRAPH for 7-8-55)

## Lincoln Church Heads Named In Logan Case

LINCOLN—(PNS)—The Rev. Margery Gardner, who with the Rev. Roy W. Steingrandt and his wife, Pearl Fulk Steingrandt of the Church of the Redeemed are defendants on a writ of habeas corpus filed in Logan County Circuit Court by her husband Norman to gain possession of a two year old daughter of the Gardners, took the witness stand in a hearing Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Gardner testified that on "orders from her Father," she had quit having marital relations with her husband in 1953. She declared to the court, prior to taking the witness stand and also on direct examination, that she had not committed adultery. She testified that on orders of "the Lord" she had told her husband that she was pregnant and refused to say who the father was.

### Has Custody Of Girl

The Steingrandts and Mrs. Gardner have been living in a shed and she testified that she stayed in the shed "because Father wants me to."

Gardner has temporary custody of the two year old Colleen Ann on orders of the court.

Witnesses called for cross examination in-

cluded William Sullivan and Gardner. All three of the respondents joined in the interrogation of the witnesses.

Sullivan testified that "faith cured him" when he was ill in body.

Mrs. Olin McKenzie, who was a member of the church, called by the plaintiff, testified that Steingrandt made an attempt to have her sign over her property to the church and go to Mexico for training. She said she had been warned "a terrible thing" would happen if she did not comply.

### Blisters Healed

Mrs. McKenzie said that she had been troubled with blisters in her mouth but after attending a prayer meeting the next morning the blisters were gone and she was well. She testified that she is not now a member of the Church of the Redeemed. She said that she consulted an attorney and was advised not to transfer her property. She told of an instance of seeing a "light on the face of Mr. Steingrandt and the image of Christ in the light."

The Steingrandts and Mrs. Gardner refused to take an oath but did affirm their testimony without hands raised when asked to do so by the court. They also asked leave to make several corrections in an answer which they filed June 27.

## Lincoln Girl Awarded To Custody of Father

(Ibid, 7-9-55)

LINCOLN—(PNS) Judge Frank S. Bevan, in Logan County Circuit Court late Friday afternoon, at conclusion of a hearing on a writ of habeas corpus, awarded to Norman Gardner, of Lincoln, permanent custody of his two year old daughter, Colleen Ann.

Gardner had brought the action against his wife, the Rev. Marjorie Gardner, the Rev. Roy W. Steingrandt, ministers and Mrs. Pearl Fulk Steingrandt, "prophetess" of the Church of the Redeemed and later "Aero Radio Missions, Inc.," of California.

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cluded William Sullivan and Gardner. All three of the respondents joined in the interrogation of the witnesses. Sullivan testified that "faith cured him" when he was ill in body. Mrs. Olin McKenzie, who was a member of the church, called by the plaintiff, testified that Steingrandt made an attempt to have her sign over her property to the church and go to Mexico for training. She said she had been warned "a terrible thing" would happen if she did not comply.

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the evening of Dec. 13, 1954, and that no application had been made for a marriage license. He also said that Marjorie Gardner had told him that she was pregnant and that "her Father in heaven said she was pregnant." He testified he did not know who the father of the child was, and also denied that he had intercourse with Mrs. Gardner.

Steingrandt declared that he had ordained himself as well as Marjorie Gardner.

Both Steingrandt and his wife offered testimony that they had had "messages" from God that Gardner had intended to do them bodily wrong and that later he confessed to them that he had such thoughts.

On the witness stand Friday morning, Mrs. Gardner said she was with the Stein-

grands all day Dec. 13, 1954, but did not learn of the marriage for several days. She declared she does not believe her marriage vows with Norman Gardner are binding because he is a "sinner" and "rejected God."

The respondents sought to defend themselves on the grounds of religious freedom and Judge Bevan did not permit any questions to be asked or answered dealing with religious freedom. In his order awarding the child to the father, Judge Bevan declared "he who seeks protection of the law should render obedience to the law."

Steingrandt and Pearl Fulk were arrested late Friday afternoon and are being held in the county jail pending a hearing in county court Saturday.

—Submitted by Bob Tucker. Have you all read "Night of the Hunter"?

## Fake Inspectors Cash In

### Housewives Warned On 'Furnace Phonies'

(Reprinted from THE PITTSBURGH PRESS for 8-5-56)

All great actors aren't on the stage. Some of them are in the furnace repair field.

So warns the Better Business Bureau in advising housewives to beware of fake "furnace inspectors" who offer to check heating units just because they "happened to be in the neighborhood."

Says Bureau Manager George H. Dennison:

**"Their real aim is to get in the basement and get their hands on the furnace—tear it apart before the housewife knows what it's all about."**

The 'repairman' dismantles the entire furnace, then rushes upstairs to announce his shocking discovery that the furnace is in an extremely dangerous condition and is unrepairable.

**"Nothing less than a new furnace**

**will do. These gyps amazingly often frighten the housewife, then her husband, into signing a contract for an entirely new heating plant."**

Sometimes the imposers pose as furnace cleaning specialists who call in phony "heating engineers" who also are well-rehearsed in their little drama.

**To avoid costly mistakes, homeowners are urged to have their furnaces checked regularly by reliable dealers in whom they have confidence**

"If in doubt, check with the Better Business Bureau," said Mr. Dennison.

By all means, he added, slam the door against high-pressure proposals and anyone specializing in "bait" advertising with "come-on" prices.

Does this item seem a little familiar to you? It should, for in the last issue of *Stef* Dean Grennell went into the same matter with considerably more detail and a great deal more entertainingly. I couldn't help wondering if—but no! Surely the B. B. B. and the *Press*, having run across a copy of *Stef*, didn't get together and condense Dean's article for the paper. Or did they?—wmd

# Missing Out

on fun in life? Want complete power over people? Want a degree? Want to PLAY GOD?

*Study Psychophrenalysis In Your Own Home!*

Friends! America—and Russia, too—needs more zombies. You can help! YES, you too can be a psychophrenalysist with our home study plan! Just send us \$79.95 TODAY for kit containing:

- 1) Two electrodes, plus clamps.
- 2) Complete instructions on the use of electricity for elimination from your patients of such objectionable traits as neurosis, personality, memory, ability to feed themselves, coherent speech, etc.
- 3) Scalpel, forceps, silver-plated transorbital leukotome, drill, sledge-hammer and sword for performing brain surgery
- 4) Large plastic sponge for mopping up blood.
- 5) Package of assorted new drugs to "tranquelize" elderly people.
- 6) One rubber stamp each cured, relapsed and readmitted.
- 7) Complete assortment of straitjackets, straps, window bars, etc.

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## . . . and Everything Out of Place

**I**T'S NOT THAT I have any dislike for order or neatness, but just that, being lazy, I'm a bum housekeeper.

For almost as far back as I can recall I had disagreements with my father about the condition of the third-floor room I used for all sorts of putzing around. He would make occasional inspections and, when he considered considered considered\* conditions warranted it (and from *his* point of view he was right, of course) there would be a command father and son get-together to Rid Out My Room. When it was over I was able to walk around without having to hunt a reasonably clear place every time I took a step. But hell—until the room got back to normal I couldn't find *anything*.

The procedure was always the same. Dad would pick something up and say, "Do you need *this* for anything?" I'd mumble something to the effect that yes, it might come in handy for something sometime, and he'd say, "It's no good. Chuck it out!" and he'd throw it on the floor.

Those sessions were regular contests, with Dad trying to Chuck Out as much as possible while I tried to retain everything at all retainable. The odd thing is that invariably at least one item that had been Chucked Out *would* have come in handy for something a day or two later. The fact that oth-

\*This is being written in the stick and apparently my hands kept right on going when my brain had temporarily ground to a shuddering halt. But I never before saw a thing thing *thing*, and haven't the heart† to spoil it.

†See again what DAG says on page 6§

§This is my first chance in years for some footnote footnotes. If you think I'd pass it up you're nuts.‡

‡Speaking of nuts (well, I have *no* type smaller than 6 pt, so what else could I do? Call this a headnote if you like and see if I care.) there's a Murphy's store near here that has a nut-vending machine with an illuminated sign above it that bears the legend HOT NUTS. I just thought you might like to know.—wmd

er things thrown out were not missed didn't count at all; the things that *were* useful were carefully remembered and used as ammunition in the next Ridding-Up session.

Well, anyway, I *think* that's about the way it went, but it was a good many years ago and some of the details are pretty hazy. But since I've been here at 720 Rockwood I never throw *anything* away. Sometimes this makes for a slight inconvenience to pedestrian travel, but what the hell? What really counts is the condition of the benches in the cellar is\* what counts. At the rear of the radio bench, for example, is a row of test instruments that stay put quite well (except for the tube tester, which has been on the living-room couch for many months.) Above it are three tiers of small parts in glass jars. These parts, along with tools that should be in a special drawer, have an inexplicable tendency to clutter up the working surface of the bench with layer upon layer.

When there are only three layers I can find anything when I want it, but when the fourth layer is forming (as it is doing right now, by the way) certain small tools and parts play hard-to-get, though they may be just where I dropped them. Possibly this is because in sweeping clear a spot for whatever dingus I'm working on the displaced items bunch up with others to form a sort of fringe of four or even five layers. At any rate, when I must start hunting things I know it's time to Clean Up the Benches, and I make a start on it, too. Curiously enough, when the cleanup is about half done some special red rush job (such as the new cabinet and amplifier I'd been planning so long for the tape recorder) comes along and the cleanup doesn't get finished. . . Will you excuse me? I have to go down and Clean Up the Benches.

\*Another case of hands in overdrive† and brain in low.

†For me, that is. Actually I'm a pretty slow compositor. —wmd

# THE LAST PAGE

By W. MILDEW DANNER

**Y**ES, I REALIZE FULL WELL that page 17 is a mess of typos such as I haven't perpetrated for a long time. The peculiar thing is that I did proofread the page and corrected eight errors similar to those I overlooked. But the proof was, as usual, a planer proof which, while OK for this 12 pt. stuff, is none too satisfactory for 8 pt. It may be, too that subconsciously I didn't want to find any more errors, for the proof was not until the page was made up in the chase with the leads removed. Those of you who have done it know that making corrections in 8 pt. solid matter is no picnic and that there is a fine chance of ending up with a nice lot of pi. I came near several times but my luck held.

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Those of you who get this because you are in the FAPA may be interested to know that *Mallophagan* was printed entirely on the 3x5 Kelsey Excelsior. I mention this because, as you may remember, a few years ago some fans in Atlanta, giving up letterpress because they couldn't bother to learn any of its fundamentals, issued the statement that the Excelsior is "a child's toy, fit only for running off not more than 25 copies of a simple Christmas card or similar work". Yet I managed to run off 80 copies of *Mallophagan* without any trouble, and could as easily (on the press, that is, if not on me) have made 800 or 8000 or 80,000. So if you are thinking of going in for printing (are you there, Grennell and Eney?) don't let anyone discourage you.



