

WANTED

One first-class temper, by young foreign couple who promise to give it a good home and the best of care. Write Versins, care of this magazine, and give full description and asking price in first letter. New temper preferred, but will consider good used one.



STEFANTASY

The Illustrated Magazine That Is Up To \$1.67 Milder

NEW!

AUGUST, 1963

UP TO 120 PAGES

Price 60 Pesetas, except for your copy, which is free

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

Whatever Happened to Summer?

ENCLOSING this issue of *Stef* is another welcome gift from the Horseless Carriage Club. This is the back cover of a recent issue of its *Gazette*. The accompanying front cover, another of Mike Roberts' superb color photographs, is so redolent of spring that I shall save it for next May. If that month turns out to be anything like the late, unlamented May of 1963 any reminder of what the month should be and isn't will be welcome as the flowers that should be blooming and aren't, tra-la.

Perhaps it has been influenced by the administration in Washington (which certainly keeps a thumb on *everything* else in this free country) but the weather so far this year has been a crazy, mixed-up thing. Spring was slow in coming, with frequent reversions to winter, and summer never quite made it. To be sure, we've had (and are still having) beautiful, sunny days. But 70°, the high for today, doesn't seem quite right for August and, once last month and again two days ago, I had to start the furnace. There has been only one night this year that I haven't had to sleep under at least one blanket, which is fine for getting a good night's rest but seems somehow *wrong* when one should, from previous experience, be sweltering with no covers at all.

3

1912 BUICK TOURING (4700 MILES)	1923 HUDSON 4 PASS. (SPORT TOUR. SIDE MOUNTS)	1930 AUSTIN COUPE
1910 INTERNATIONAL	1926 ROLLS ROYCE PI 7 PASS. (SIDE MOUNTS, TRUNK)	1915 REO TOURING
1913 HUMPHREY TOURING	1930 LINCOLN TOURING (SIDE MOUNTS, TRUNK)	1917 MAXWELL '25' TOURING
1913 FORD TOURING		1925 FORD TOURING
1913 OVERLAND TOURING		1941 PACKARD 8 LIMOUSINE (180 MODEL, SIDE MOUNTS)

Above listings are the approximate years, but are not guaranteed. Sales made here only.

ESTES PARK, COLORADO

Announcements

For tours of the restoration facilities of the Harrah Automobile Collection at Reno are now underway daily, buses leaving for conducted tours at 1:00 P.M. and 3:00 P.M. Free tickets are available at the Premium Booth in Harrah's Club at 210 N. Virginia Street, Reno. Sizable groups are welcome, but would make advance arrangements for special tours writing the Tour Supervisor, Ralph Dunwoodie, 10 Dermody Way, Sparks, Nevada.

film and slide library for the use of HCCA regional groups is under consideration by the National Board. It is thought that this can be operated on an experimental scale for the mere cost of return postage, and is hoped that the material available for loan will serve two purposes. First, entertainment at local club gatherings; and second, as a means of illustrating vehicles that are correctly restored, painted, and on. The Board does not plan an ambitious program until the interest and support possible is well

Glidden Tour plans are well advanced according to word received from Chairman Dr. Wendell H. Stadle of Battle Creek, Michigan. The VMCCA will sponsor the week-long event to be held September 23rd through 29th at French Lick, Indiana, site of the 1956 event well remembered by a number of Western participants. This is the 17th annual Glidden Revival, and the foothills of the Cumberland will afford beautiful touring for this hub-type event. Two groups of cars will be accommodated: those of the Glidden Tour Era (thru 1913) and those in the Reliability Tour category (1914 thru 1929).

The 1962 Roster of Members has proven to be a great success, comments coming from members everywhere. The special 25th anniversary heavy cover makes it able to stand much hard use. A few additional copies are still available to members at \$1.25 if you need an extra to carry in your car.

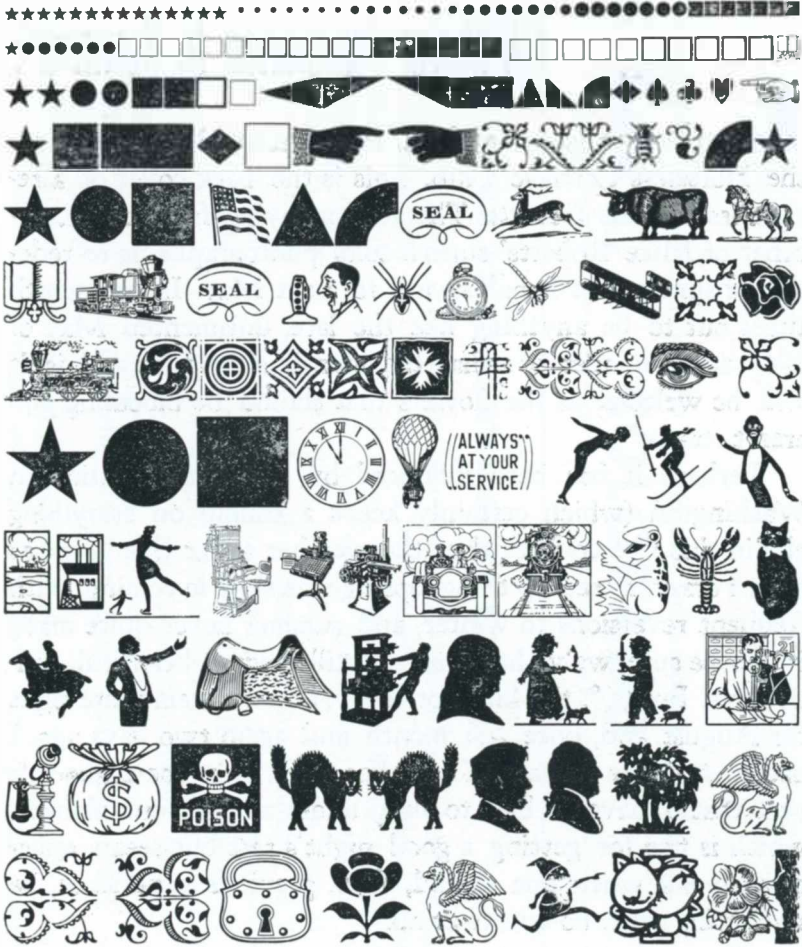
STEFANTASY

The Illustrated Magazine That is Up to 81.67% Milder!
Volume 19 August, 1963 Number 3
Whole Number 52

Published and printed for the hell of it by William M. Danner,
R. D. 1, Kennerdell, Pennsylvania.

The loway news is, of course, by Dick Radl. Otherwise you get no TOC this time. Tough, isn't it?

Because this issue is a rush job (and as of 8-13—and don't the years fly by these days?—I still lack material for three pages) there are few of those type-cuts and decorators scattered through the text. Below is a selection of them so that those who otherwise would complain can illustrate the whole shebang as they see fit.



CHIT-CHAT AND OTHER PROFOUND OBSERVATIONS FROM

IOWAY

BUSINESS NEWS

Sam Dandor, our enterprising cattle hauler, has a stout new paint job on his truck (pink and yellow), new upholstery in his cab, and fancy lace curtains on all of the cab windows. Sam claims all of this flapdoodle makes for contented travelers, and that the steers he hauls to market lose less weight than those hauled in competitors' trucks.

The rich widow Huffstud has set local hopes soaring with her recent statement to the *Bugle* reporter: "In my opinion," said the widow, "the automobile is on the way out. I am therefore planning to reopen the Huffstud Plow, Carriage and Buggy Whip Company."

Horseface Monston, mule fancier and the ugliest man in these parts, has raised a vigorously dissenting voice. "The widow is a mite mixed up," says Horseface, "and I believe she'll lose her shirt. It's the mule that's coming back, not the horse. And, by Harry, a mule will let you know pretty damned quick that he doesn't approve of plows and that he just plain doesn't understand carriages and buggy whips! Yessir, the widow is going to lose her shirt."

CHURCH NEWS

Early this year the elders of our church gently dismissed the tottering old gentleman who had guided the faithful for so long and replaced him with a young, rather handsome, *unmarried* minister. At once Sunday attendance rose 1000% and collections rose 3%. Men hereabouts, for generations accustomed to searching for spiritual guidance along the banks of the Cedar River armed with a fly-rod, are now compelled to attend church in the company of their wives, who sit starry-

eyed and dreaming throughout the service. Whole crowds of hitherto unsuspected maiden daughters are being solicitously shepherded to church on Sunday by their loving parents.

There is no doubt about it—modern planning and management can work wonders for any business, even for church business.

ALONG MAIN STREET

A committee headed by Grandpa Runkle has called on grocer Baldy Pierce and demanded that he have a carpenter go over his benches for splinters before setting them out in front of his store next spring. Gaylord Hutch sat all this past summer on his particular spot of bench thinking he had an internal disease with painful outside complications.

WOMEN IN THE NEWS

Word has reached these parts that attractive young women, dressed in tight-fitting britches, are now working as stock handlers in distant cattle-buying markets. Mrs. Dandor plans to give up her membership in the Two-by-Four Bridge Club and Snake Charming Society and ride the truck regular with Sam from here on in. Mrs. Dandor claims her personality development was being held back staying so close to home.

ON THE MEDICAL FRONT

It looked for a time like the new young doctor who'd moved into town was off to a rocky start. His first customer was Hammerhead Coostis, our town drunk, and a hard man to get along with at any time. Hammerhead had picked up some deep facial lacerations in an unfriendly gutter somewhere and asked young Doc to patch him up. Young Doc cleaned and treated the wounds in jig time. "That'll be \$7.00," he said, when he'd finished.

"Seven bucks!" screamed Hammerhead. "Why, old Doc used to fix me up fer nothin'."

"I don't operate that way," said young Doc.

"Oh, come on, Doc, you'll have to shave her a little," pleaded Hammerhead.

"Sorry," said young Doc. "Besides, I'll have to do a great deal of charity work here, you know."

"You mean you overcharge me so's you can handle them that can't pay?" asked Hammerhead.

"That's about it," said young Doc.

"Hell, man, you don't do any charity work at all, then," shouted Hammerhead. "By overcharging the few you really get paid for every goddam thing you do! Us that is overcharged is the givers of this charity, not you."

Young Doc became so angry that he threatened to leave town then and there, but a delegation of business men headed by grocer Baldy Pierce persuaded him to change his mind. "You must remember," said Baldy to young Doc, "that Hammerhead is a ignorant drunk. He can't neither read or write and he aint got but a third-grade eddication."

"I forgive him," said young Doc, which just shows that doctors are charitable not only in their deeds but in their thoughts as well.

SCIENCE SPEAKS

Miss Ophelia Peavey, our respected high school science teacher, permanently squelched those of our citizens who were agitating for daylight saving time by pointing out that the extra hour of sunlight would soon burn up all of the lawns in town.

RUGGED INDIVIDUAISTS

Banker Fen Martin and several prominent hog farmers from the area gave a rousing program at the PTA the other night. Banker Martin had the PTAers roaring with approval when he said: "We farmers want no help, advice or controls from the government in Washington. We demand a return to

individualism and to the true spirit of self-help and free enterprise!"

Unfortunately, Banker Martin had to cut his fine speech short, for the chartered bus which was to take him and his farmer friends to Washington had arrived. The group is going to the nation's capital to ask for federal money and assistance in constructing a lake and wild-life refuge north of town.

Theology Brief

It came to me all of a sudden during the early hours of the morning—the answer to everything. I had been reflecting upon the unimaginativeness of some people. It makes me squirm to hear the oft-repeated words, "oh, but it's pointless." I think it would be a terribly dull world if we disposed of everything in it that seemed pointless. And I feel sorry indeed for the person who never creates something or takes a certain course of action just for the sheer hell of it, without having a specific reason.

Anyway, I suddenly realized that God himself must one day have had such an urge. He must have said to himself, "Oh, to hell with sense and reason. I'm going to do something stupid, illogical and pointless just for the fun of it." . . . And so he created the world.

●

EXTRACT FROM *PUNCH* Science fiction leads fact once more: the U.S. nuclear submarine Ethan Allen has now a plot for the cultivation of fresh vegetables by hydroponics and artificial sunlight, which is an amenity long familiar to travellers in all the best space-ships. The full irony will be evident when radioactive fallout and toxic sprays have put an end to the cultivation of fresh vegetables in fields and gardens, and hydroponic tanks in submarines are the only places where they will grow.

—COLIN FREEMAN

S

The Feather Bed

Reprinted from *The WILLIAM FEATHER Magazine*

I flee from those patriots who like to discuss big problems in what is called depth.

Two delusions fostered by higher education are that what is taught corresponds with what is learned, and that it will somehow pay off in money.

Excessive politeness offends me almost as much as rudeness.

It would be refreshing if we could delete from conversation such words as 'interesting,' 'awful,' 'terrific' and 'wonderful.' Why not try grim, stupid, foolish, gay, disgusting, pleasant, and punk?

The way out of trouble is never as simple as the way in.—*E.W.Howe*

When you start late for an appointment you are halted by bad breaks in traffic all along the way, including elevator availability; whereas when you start early you are transported without halt to your destination, arriving half an hour ahead of time.

The impressive argument against capital punishment is that hanging is too good for some people. —*John Barden*

Instead of learning to read faster it would be a blessing if some of us learned to comprehend and respect what we read.

The nearest thing to a drumbeat is the repetition of the name of the sponsor's product on radio and TV. I have heard an adcaster repeat a name, address and telephone number three times *after* I thought he was out of breath.

One morning in contemplating an appointment at 1:30 p.m. to have a tooth pulled, I calmed my nerves by telling myself how much worse I would feel if I had an engagement to make a speech.

Talking to some people is even less rewarding than talking to yourself.

MISCELLANY

(Reprinted from the *Guardian*.)

"YOUR average Russian," repeated the training officer at frequent intervals throughout a series of lectures I underwent in the Army on the qualities of the Russian soldier, "is a pretty stolid sort of chap."

This nugget of information is the only thing I can remember now from the whole scintillating course. It can be revealed at last because it is no longer covered by the Official Secrets Act—with the BBC's television coverage of the May Day parade in Moscow the qualities of your average Russian are secret no more. Now that your average Englishman can see your average Russian on your average television set, your average generalisation thereon is flowing like your average water.

"The Russians are a likeable lot," mused the leader-writer who commented on the program in one paper, for example, no doubt thoughtfully puffing at his favourite pipe the while. "When one recalls their sad literature it is a surprise to see happy Russian faces."

Perceptive remarks. Another three May Day parades on television, and your average leader-writer will concede that not all Russians are called Ivan. Two or three more after that, and he will have caught up with the finest military minds of our generation. "Your average Russky," he will say, putting the tips of his fingers together thoughtfully, "is a pretty stolid sort of blighter when all's said and done."

What interests me, though, is that the arrangement with Russia about television programmes is reciprocal, and sooner or later glittering aphorisms about the British will be forming on the lips of a million Soviet viewers. What are we going to

show them? The question also occurred to the leader-writer who thought the Russians a likeable lot.

"If we could send film," he suggests, "most people would vote for the Coronation, the noblest piece of pageantry this century has to offer, with an atmosphere of spirituality which satisfied a human hunger. Or what about a main shopping street, with the windows full of fine goods and the road jammed with the cars of the proletariat? Or an ordinary British working-class home, with two recep., three bedrooms, a modern kitchen, and a car in the garage?"

I'm not sure about the "ordinary British working-class home" idea. They might accidentally choose one of the four million with no bath, or the 750,000 which have been condemned as unfit for human habitation. The "road jammed with the cars of the proletariat" has its dangers, too. It might simply make Russian viewers wonder in their stolid way: "Vy don't zey viden ze road?"

Still, the Coronation film, reinforced by its atmosphere of spirituality, may well stun the seed-potato operatives of Saratov into a healthy late night somnolence. But is it really us? I mean, is it you? Is it me? As spiritual a piece of celluloid as you could find, certainly, but exactly how often, when you come down to cold facts, does your average Englishman (or Englishwoman) get crowned?

It's difficult to know exactly what would fill the bill, and present the whole of the complex truth about the British way of life. If popular taste here is a guide, perhaps we should try making up an omnibus collection of television commercials. Or filming one of Soho's booming striptease shows. Or letting them have one of our own British-made Hammer Films, like "The Curse of the Werewolf," which is about a deaf-mute girl who dies in childbirth after being delivered of a werewolf

cub. I mean, there's a social problem we all have to face.

I can see one of those stolid Russian leader-writers sitting down to his typewriter after a few months of this sort of fare. "Your average Britisher," he writes, puffing stolidly away at his papirosa, is a perfectly decent sort of chappie. Though, when one thinks how jolly English literature is, it comes as a bit of a shock to see what a dismal-looking lot most of them are.

"But then they do seem to have a frightfully rough time of it. Werewolves roaming the land, behaving in the sort of quite irresponsible way that no Siberian village soviet would tolerate for a moment. Half of the country's young women unable to afford a stitch of clothing. And practically everyone apparently suffers from bad breath, falling hair, ——* starvation, tiredness peaks, and exhaustion. Why don't we send them the film of 'Crime and Punishment'? Its cheery spirituality should buck them up no end."

*The clipping sent by Ethel Lindsay has an entire word missing here.

Ole Iggleye, Norman L. Knight, recently sent me this ad for a drive-in movie culled (and what an apt word that is in this context!) from the Washington (D.C.) *Evening Star*.



301 WALDORF MI. 5-8811
Waldorf, Md.

6—FEATURES—6
HORROR-THON

9 Hours of Chills to Scare the Yell Out of the Bravest!

(1) Bowery Boys in "SPOOK CHASERS," (2) "PHANTOM OF THE OPERA," Color, (3) The MUMMY," in Bloodi-Color, (5) One & only "HOUSE OF WAX," (5) "Dr. F's HORROR CHAMBER," (6) "BRIDES OF DRACULA," Color.

Plus Cartoons. FREE BREAKFAST at Dawn. Adults, only \$1.25.

MISCELLANEA

For some years I accumulated a bunch of clippings, only a few of which have been reprinted here. A dearth of material has led to my unearthing them and arranging them here in some sort of order.

During all that hoo-haw about careless parents' kids who killed themselves in old refrigerators (I could never understand how a child could latch from the inside a perfectly smooth door that requires considerable pressure on the *outside* to close) and with polyethylene bags I was on the lookout for other things that should be banned as potential child-killers. Curiously enough it occurred to no-one in authority to ban power windows in Detroit monstrosities; apparently the guillotining of a kid alone in a car is a regrettable tragedy acceptable in the name of progress. Anyway, I can find only two such clippings, though I'm sure I had more. They might well have been (but were not) respectively headed "Let's Ban Cookies"—and what would the Girl Scouts do then, poor things?—and "Let's Ban Cowboy Suits". Here they are, both from PITTSBURGH (UPI):

Eighteen-month old Lucille Hoppe strangled on a cookie Thursday night. She died in Allegheny General Hospital as doctors tried to dislodge the cookie from her throat.

Deborah Lockhart, 2, Terre Alta, W. Va., died Thursday of burns suffered when she was burned at the stake Sept. 9 in a game of cowboys and Indians.

John Mersing, 13, Deborah's uncle, poured kerosene on the girl after tying her to a porch railing and touched a match to her clothing.

Deborah died in Children's Hospital here.

Mersing since has been committed to the School for Retarded Children at St. Marys, W. Va.

There's another that might come under this category:

JACKSON, Miss., (UPI)—A 15-year old Boy Scout master Friday admitted he and eight other Scouts set fire to five empty houses to watch firemen put the blazes out.

This might be headed "Let's Ban Boy Scouts" though, to do them justice, they didn't cause the deaths of any children, even indirectly, since they don't go around selling cookies. It is to be hoped that they were not wearing their uniforms at the time they started the fires; out of uniform, surely, they cannot be blamed for being good, red-blooded JDs.

Next is a want-ad which, I must confess, has me baffled. Maybe some of you can decode it:

BUGGY, pad. Both anchor and teeter
babe, scale. All very good condition,
\$25. Phone Oil City 5-8731.

Here are some short items that fit collectively under the heading given the first one in the paper: Chuckles:

LAFAYETTE, Ind. (UPI)—Officials of the Lafayette National Bank who budgeted \$8 for a promotion stunt added up the bill today and found they'd actually thrown away \$2,808. The bank sold 800 silver dollars for 99 cents each. Thursday, they said, they were advised that the mint-condition 1896 coins have a collectors value of \$4.50 each.

SAN FRANCISCO (UPI)—Lewis Alberty, Reedley, Calif., finally gave way to pressure from his neighbors and gave his two pet lions, weighing 500 and 460 pounds, to the San Francisco Zoo.

"He's certainly going to miss taking the lions for a walk each day," his wife, Alicia, sighed, "but I suppose it will be better when he gets the two tigers he wants."

STORRS, Conn. (UPI)—The former head of Harvard's Observatory, Dr. Harlow Shapely, had a ready answer for a University of Connecticut audience when asked, "What would be the advantage of sending a man to the moon?"

Quipped Shapely, "It would reduce by one the number of crackpots on earth."

DAYTON, Ohio (UPI)—Pedestrians in Dayton had better watch their step. Police reported at least five manhole covers have been stolen in the past two days.

PARIS—Notice in the window of a Paris cleaning shop: "Ladies, leave your clothes with us and then have a really good afternoon."

LONDON (UPI) Let us consider in sadness and sympathy the ordeal of her majesty's post office, which operates all the telephones in Britain and will continue to do so unless the personnel have a mass nervous breakdown.

The bald facts are that robots are filibustering each other over the telephone, dogs are putting in emergency maternity calls and adults in the city

of Hull have difficulty communicating with one another because kids have the phones tied up listening to bedtime stories.

Slow and easy now and one at a time. Outside London there is an automatic device called Robot George. His duty is to signal when there is a power failure. The power failed and, true to his trust, George dialed zero and said: "There is a power failure, please send repair men."

The human beings in her majesty's post office had goofed by not advising Robot George that the zero had been changed to 100.

But Robot Charlie in London picked up the ball and advised Robot George: "You no longer dial zero for operator. Please replace your receiver and dial 100."

"There is a power failure," repeated Robot George.

"You no longer dial zero for operator," repeated Robot Charlie.

"How long did they filibuster each other?" Ted Dollery of her majesty's post office was asked.

"At least three hours," he replied. "They were sort of like statesmen at a peace conference, if you know what I mean. Lots of talk but no action."

Bess, an Alsatian, was in a garage near Huddersfield when she felt the pangs of approaching motherhood. She went over to a corner of the garage and knocked the receiver off the phone. A telephone operator dialed 999, the emergency number, and told police she had heard what sounded like children crying. Police located Dennis Hellowell, owner of the garage, and went to the scene.

Bess had already given birth to two puppies and later there were four more.

"Smart dog," said Hellowell.

The rest of this item (by Harry Ferguson) is lost, but in case it has not convinced Colin Freeman that some pretty odd things happen on his side of the pond here is part of a clipping from an English paper sent me by Archie Mercer:

LINES v. LINES

Before MR. JUSTICE REES

His LORDSHIP granted Mrs. Joan Beatrice Lines, of Thorne Passage, Barnes, Surrey, a decree nisi of divorce against Mr. Robert Lines, Army sergeant, at present serving abroad, on the ground of cruelty.

The wife's complaint against the husband was that during the six months the parties lived together, the husband persistently required the wife to tickle the soles of his feet—sometimes the top of his head or his back—for hours on end, resulting in injury to her health.

There follows his LORDSHIP's judgement, for which there is not room here. It mentions that when the wife left the husband she was "suffering from acute anxiety and could not keep her fingers still."

When she got to the party she said:
“Pleezed t’make your acquaintance,
dearie.”

But she was thinking:

“Jeez, I sure hope I don’t stink too bad. I guess I shoulda bathed after that ride, but what’s a poor girl gonna do? There just aint time for ev-
everything I gotta—take George, f’rinstance, he’d never wear the right hat for the rest of his ensemble if I wasn’t right—an’ there’s the cat gotta be fed an’ all—an’ with so many wonderful deodorants to chose from how’s a girl gonna know which ones t’use f’ra cocktail party on the sekont Wensday in August after ridin’ horseback? Jeez, such problems, sometimes even a refined girl like me can’t help wishin’ she hadn’t never been borned, I used the messy cream an’ the sticky roll-on, I wonder should I of used the sloppy liquid too, oh JEEZ!”



Now you can avoid confusion!

Yes, girls, now you can avoid confusion! Just run right out and get a big, generous 1 $\frac{11}{32}$ -oz package of new

STINQUEX

The First ALL-OCCASION Deodorant

STINQUEX combines the virtues of cream, rollon and liquid, with none of their vices. GET IT NOW! Only \$1.87.

CONTINENTAL REDUCTION COMPANY

22 Pismire Place

Cucuracha, Fla.

If things like this keep coming in Stef may, indeed, become what Bob Leman called it in his letter: an old-car magazine. Anyway, here is

A Letter from Bjo Trimble

WHEN I STARTED JUNIOR COLLEGE it was at a fairly new place of about 500 students in Costa Mesa, California, near Newport Beach and Balboa. Orange Coast College was pretty free and easy in 1953 and the teachers had free rein to do and say almost anything they wished. It was a great atmosphere for learning all sorts of things which weren't in textbooks.

My ceramics teacher was about the most complete individual I've ever met. He knew his art thoroughly and expected us to learn it. We went out to locate our own clay deposits and learned to refine the clay. William Payne liked to smoke a pipe in the classroom, though this was not permitted because of fire hazard, many of the buildings being old Air Force barracks timed to burn to the ground in a little under nine minutes.

When any of us saw an official coming toward the lab he'd yell, "Number three kiln smoking, Mr. Payne!" This was supposed to explain the smoke smell in the room. I suppose it did, for, luckily, general knowledge of ceramic kilns does not include the disquieting information that a smoking electric kiln is an extremely dangerous one.

Payne also liked old cars, though he was no expert in their restoration and maintenance. He was responsible for a large old Packard touring, donated by someone to the school and used by the band to go to football games. He had several old cars himself, all perfectly beautiful and in working condition.

I missed the day of THE Discovery. I was busy in the lab, working on a high-fire metallic glaze formula that Payne said couldn't be done, just to egg me on. The others went out to locate a natural "lode" of gray clay, somewhere behind an old Mexican's farm. They found the clay. They found also a 1913 Cadillac.

Payne happened to look down the hill behind the barn and saw something under a pile of the junk one throws back of a barn. He went down to investigate and it was the Caddie, without wheels. The farmer didn't want to give it up because it made such a neat chicken-house, but Payne promised him a new chicken-house and \$10, so the Mexican even threw in the wheels, which were somewhere else in the barnyard.

Some of the boys took the school pickup and got the car next day, leaving it behind the ceramics lab. The tires were shot, of course, and the upholstery would have to be completely re-done. There was no telling

what color it had been, but Payne said all cars of that era were black.

Payne offered anyone an "A" who would help put the car into as good condition as possible. None of us was failing, but we'd taken up the challenge by the time the boys had removed the copper water jackets. These were filled with dark green grease and I can guess only that some attempt had been made to protect the engine from rust. Perhaps the thick and unattractive "paint" on the body had the same purpose.

One girl knew someone with a power sewing-machine and she got new upholstery sewn from real leather of the same medium toasty brown as the original.

I was on the rust-removing detail and after carefully scraping and sanding for several days I began to suspect something. The rust was changing color in spots and when I worked around an edge and found gold lines I was sure of it: the car had been bright red with jazzy gold trim!

We got down to bare metal and, miraculously, there were no holes or deep rust spots. The headlights were in fine condition and even the radiator was okay. Only three or four parts had to be made, including the "Cadillac" script for the radiator. The horn had to be replaced and new tires were found. We painted, sanded and painted! Someone with steady hand and beady eye copied the striping from a photo upon the shiny new red paint. The copper pots gleamed.

Everyone in school was there the day Payne first started it. The car bounced and gave a gentle hiccup or two. We thought it had stopped, but it was vibrating, and when all grew quiet we could hear the motor.

Well, each of us got his "A". We also learned something about the care and loving of very old cars. Payne got his dream, a truly antique car; we had the satisfaction of putting a lot of hard work into something constructive. In all it was one of the most interesting semesters I have ever spent in school. . . and the high-fire metallic glaze came out perfectly.

From PIERRE & MARTINE VERSINS Lausanne, Switzerland, June 14th, 1963
Mrs. William, Bill & M. Danner, incorporated*

Dear Sirs,

Do you know what exactly is time? At times, we wonder (and it is a mild statement—milder even than your honourable magazine—which we dare say we could not emphasize without being "stuck").

The problem seems to us to be the following one: we received from your office a certain number of issues of the magazine said office publishes with a most perfect regularity and ease. This certain number, if a glance

*We hope, at least.

on the shelves of our library tells us the right answers—even approximative ones—may well attain from five to five times five.

And what befell us? It could be that we could teach yourselves the very terms you yourselves printed (Issue Nr. 50, "The Last Page"); you speak thus: "If neither (of the little squares designed at the bottom of said last page) is checked all you need do to get the next issue is to go on breathing."

We hear you muttering in chorus: "Well, friends, that was what you did." You might, we gather, erase "friends" and mutter something like "Sir and Madam." But the question is not there, has never been there, and will never. *And neither the answer.* The question is, Dear Sirs, that if it was what we did (as we presume you muttered between your twin pipe, your mustache and something of a beard that—according to the photographs we scrutinized—could be non-existent), we did it just in case you were planning to ask us (oh! with an exquisite politeness, for sure!) not to go on breathing next time... next issue, we mean.

And what befell us? † Next issue came, to wit vol. 19, Nr. 2, whole number 51, you recall: the one with the hard cover (a soft magazine with a hard cover, this exceeds our faculties). AND WE WEREN'T EVEN SUPPOSED TO CEASE BREATHING ON !!! †

Now, what to do next? We could write you a letter in order to tell you how disgusted we are. . . Not with you, God! Even not with your admirble magazine, God²! Even² not with ourselves, God³! . . . No, no. It's just time that disgusts us.

Do you know what exactly is time? Well, we'll think it over and let you know. And, please, if you find fit to publish part or entirety of this letter, don't skip this last sentence ("We'll think it over") since we don't want to be pinned among people who read as people who'll *never* know what exactly is time.

In the meansame, we must remain, breathing and choking (one can't choke when one don't breathe), Dear Sirs, most sincerely yours.

‡We do know we wrote this queer sentence two paragraphs above. But, please observe, Dear Sirs, that we'r just foreigners. Thank you.

†It is not in our habit to put more than one exclamation mark, but we lost our temper. If you could find one for us? . . . An advertisement, maybe? . . . Even a second-hand one would be appreciated. Thank you.

From MOOSE TZIGAN, II

Lisbon, Iowa, 12-10-62

Youse is a right guy. I come across one of your paper backs Dick here has got and I see by what you say that youse is tough—but honest and straight. Which is why I write you. Because youse is honest and straight.

I need help an I know you will give me it—straight.

About a year ago I juiced up the Elton bank and got about 200 G's. You probaly read about it. The story got around. I seen it for myself. Dont let the hacks fool you I pulled that job alone. Also they lie when they call me a killer. I had to blast that old bag. Hell, she froze in that damn turning door an I had to blow her outta the way. It was her or me see? Pure self defense, thats what it was.

Anyhow Joe, I'm sick of the whole damn mess. I wish now Id never pulled that job. I want to do the right thing Joe. The right thing. So what should I do Joe. you tell me. Im a 100% full blooded American Joe, an I want to do the right thing. So you say. Should I stash the dough in govermint bonds or should I invest it with a pal. He has a factory in Mexico City where he makes baby buggies for gorillas—a real hot item he says.

I want to do right Joe. Set me right an oblige.

From Wm. F. Temple Wembley, Middx., England, July 22nd 63

I regret being so long in thanking you for *Stef & Nonsense* No.
(please insert your collar size). [51?]

The white plaque on front reminded me of a flat tombstone. Then of a particular flat tombstone, the one always illustrated on the contents page of *Amazing Stories* back in the days of dear old Dr. T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph. D. (God rest his beard) captioned "Jules Verne's tombstone at Amiens portraying his immortality."

If you remember (if you are old enough and silly enough to remember) as I do (I became a grandfather two days ago, and now find I can easily remember all kinds of irrelevant rubbish from the days "when I was a lad") the tomb features Jules, in a badly-creased shroud, shoving up from under said flat stone, yelling "Lemme out—them darn worms is tickling me to death." In French, of course.

So I kind of visualized Jules pushing up from under this *Stef* tombstone. My God, he was there, too, and he pushed it right off. As you say, he shouldn't have bothered.

That was a very nice piece by that worm, Colin Freeman . . . at least, it looked so from this side of the Atlantic—and I'll bet he was glad he was on this side when he wrote it. But he likes Americans, really. To eat.

So you call cowsheds "cowsheds"* over there? We call them "brothels." But not very often.

May you live for a thousand years, and serve you right.

*Sometimes we call them "barns".—wmd

From A. J. FRANCK

Richmond Hill 18, N. Y., 5-29-63

The next logical step is a *Stef* bound in monel. No? You want a stainless reputation, don't you?

From GROFF CONKLIN

New York 14, N. Y., July 8, 1963

I think it [collecting old cars] is all a matter of Vulgar Display and Conspicuous Consumption, especially of gasoline. I have two much more basic and important hobbies, and neither of them costs me a penny. I collect Old Trolley Car *Tracks* (tracks, mind you, not cars) *in situ*, and Highway Cut-offs resulting from the Mad National Passion for Straightening Country Roads and Making Them Into Clogged Arteries.

Trolley car tracks, in particular, are the most exciting collecting item I have ever come across. You can be running down a shady country road with macerated macadam (due to last winter's weather) and suddenly spot a nine-inch bit of shiny rail exposed right there in front of you, where the paving has worn off. . . Thrill, thrill! Or, in New York, that great City of Tomorrow, where they have not yet but will soon lay paving over the stalled cars at 5th Ave. and 42nd St. for a new pedestrian walkway (and not only at 5th and 42nd, but all the way from 40th to 59th, it seems to me), bumping along over some of the unfilled potholes from the winter's ice-removal salting [and trucks!—wmd] you catch a glimpse of the old tracks that used to transport open-car summer visitors swaying down the glooms under the El on Ninth Avenue. And the easy finds: the tracks still uncovered in the old carbarns now converted to nursing-mother hospitals for buses.

Cut-offs are fun, too, but not quite so much as tracks, because they are so damnably common. Any road that hadn't been "straightened" by 1950 and "re-straightened" by 1960, leaving *two* cut-offs, as has happened several places along New York Route 22, really doesn't count.

From JOHN S. CARROLL

Miami Beach 40, Fla. June 1, 1963

I must take issue with Bob Leman. . . Apparently he has never been to Edaville, Mass. Some character there bought an entire railroad—narrow gauge—from up in the state of Maine. He reconstructed all its passenger cars and 3 coal-burning locomotives, laid 22 miles of track, including six miles around a lake, and during the tourist season takes people for rides at 75¢ a head.

[And then there's Ward Kimball of L.A., who bought a narrow-gauge loco from a sugar plantation in Hawaii, completely rebuilt it, and runs it on the 500-ft. Grizzly Flats R.R. in his back yard. . . and many others.—wmd]

Neibling Auto Museum RETIRING IN OCTOBER 1964

SELLING ONE OR ALL CARS AT 29% DOWN. CARS SOLD CAN REMAIN IN MUSEUM UNTIL DECEMBER 1964.

1900 ELKHART ROADSTER	1912 CARTERCAR 2 DR. SED.	1929 PACKARD 7 PASS. TOUR.
1902 STANLEY STEAMER	1914 DODGE TOURING	(SIDE MOUNTS, TRUNK)
1907 REO 1 CYL. 4 PASS.	1914 DETROIT ELECTRIC	1929 LA SALLE SEDAN
1908 BUICK 4 CYL. 3 PASS.	1916 MARMON CLOVERLEAF RD.	(SIDE MOUNTS)
1909 FORD T TOURING	1906 FORD MODEL S, 3 PASS.	1930 CADILLAC 16 CYL., CLOTH TOP
1907 BRUSH ROADSTER	1916 CHEV. TOUR. "490"	(SIDE MOUNTS, TRUNK)
1909 CADILLAC TOURING	1916 ALLEN TOURING	1930 FRANKLIN SEDAN
1913 WINTON TOURING	1912 INDIAN MOTORCYCLE	1926 STEARNS KNIGHT SEDAN
(7 PASS., 4800 MILES)	1919 COLE 8, 7 PASS. TOUR.	1921 OVERLAND TOURING
1912 CASE TOURING	1921 PIERCE ARROW	1923 PACKARD TOWN CAR
1912 LITTLE TOURING	(7 PASS. LIMOUSINE)	(7 PASSENGER)

THE LAST PAGE

By W. MILDEW DANNER

SOME OF YOU will be pleased by the heavy, coated paper in this issue and others disappointed by newsprint stock. The latter may console themselves with the thought that the printing is better in the cheap edition.

When Bob Jaskovski told me he can get the coated stuff for just a little more than I pay for the mimeo paper I decided to give it a whirl despite Bob's warnings about and my own past experiences with the use of such paper in a flatbed press. After I got the impression and the inking properly readjusted I got fair results. But, to borrow a favorite saying among science fiction fans, printing *Stef* is just a goddam hobby, so for future issues I shall revert to the ridiculously-easy-to-print Masterweave granite white.

111 copies of this issue are on the coated stock and 29 are on newsprint. If you have one of the latter it may be simply because I hadn't enough of the former (sorry, friend!) or it may be that you deserve nothing better (how long has it been since you wrote me, anyway?). Figure it out for yourself and act accordingly. If there's a question mark down here you'd better act, period.



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WANTED

One first-class temper, by young foreign couple who promise to give it a good home and the best of care. Write Versins, care of this magazine, and give full description and asking price in first letter. New temper preferred, but will consider good used one.

You don't have
to be crazy



but it
sure does help