

HORSELESS CARRIAGE GAZETTE



Vol. 25, No. 5
Sept.-Oct., 1963



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NOTICE

Illustrated fact sheets summarizing HCCA activities and membership requirements are available from National headquarters. If you have a friend who is interested in early cars and isn't a member ask us to send him a fact sheet and application form — they're free.



MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

Active Members must own a Horseless Carriage of year 1915 or earlier; they have all privileges of the club. Annual dues, \$7.00 — \$5.00 of which is for a one year subscription to the HORSELESS CARRIAGE GAZETTE.

Life Members are Active or Associate Members for life upon payment of \$100.00 dues.

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Honorary Members have all privileges of the club except voting.

Regional Group Members, who must be National Active or Associate members, pay additional dues as established by the local clubs.

THE COVER

of this issue is the front cover of the *Horseless Carriage Gazette* for Sept.-Oct., 1963. Like the last four it is the work of HCCA member Mike Roberts, who shot the original and, at his plant in Berkeley, California, did the superb printing job. It shows members of the 1963 Eastern National Tour at the Capitol building in Williamsburg, Virginia.

have all the force of laws made by elected representatives.

All of you are requested to cross out that "16043" in my address and to forget it was ever there. As a result of a typical P.O. blunder a number was assigned Kennerdell which, I understand, belongs in the Butler area, 40 miles to the south. Why the mistake was not corrected long ago I've no idea but, having printed that wrong number on thousands of letterheads, envelopes, postals and parcel post labels, I shall not repeat the task. A new number has been assigned but you'll not hear it from me. Who knows—some day some bird in D. C. with nothing to do may decide to change them all.

STEEFANTASY

Volume 21

March, 1965

Number 1

Whole Number 56

PUBLISHED AND PRINTED FOR THE HELL OF IT BY
WILLIAM M. DANNER, R.D. 1, KENNERDELL, PA.



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



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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

ALAS, ALL WASHINGTON!

ON PAGE 17 John Carroll gives the explanation for that "under \$120" business that was puzzling me last issue. It is interesting to know that this is not Madison Avenue's doing and the fact that Madison Avenue considers it an abomination reconciles me to this particular ruling, idiotic as it is.

However, this ruling offers further evidence of the fact that we no longer govern ourselves, but are ruled by an ever-increasing number of bureaus and commissions and "authorities" all of whose members are appointed but whose decrees have all the force of laws made by elected representatives.

All of you are requested to cross out that "16043" in my address and to forget it was ever there. As a result of a typical P.O. blunder a number was assigned Kennerdell which, I understand, belongs in the Butler area, 40 miles to the south. Why the mistake was not corrected long ago I've no idea but, having printed that wrong number on thousands of letterheads, envelopes, postals and parcel post labels, I shall not repeat the task. A new number has been assigned but you'll not hear it from me. Who knows—some day some bird in D. C. with nothing to do may decide to change them all.

EMERSON DUERR

Whibby and the White Streak

BOB LEMAN'S STORY, "Emerson and the Astral Plane," in *Stefantasy* for December, 1964 (that's the one with the cover picture of a white auto in front of a grass shack in Hawaii) reminded me that I hadn't seen my Cousin Whibby for four or five months. Whib is not quite so gullible as Emerson Hoof but when it comes to signing on the dotted line—any old dotted line—he is one of our most active and energetic citizens.

Whib lives with his older brother Turbley, a truck driver, on three acres a few miles west of here. Both are bachelors. Whib has never held a job in his life but he raises hamsters, white mice, peonies and evergreens in addition to keeping house. He has just enough money to attract salesmen of less desirable repute but he has not yet been badly taken. The reason is that Turb belongs to a good strong union that has a good strong lawyer who retains a couple of good strong "investigators".

So I drove out last Saturday to see Whib. He was in the



Cousin Whibby

hamster house.

"Who told you?" he asked as he looked up.

"Told me what?"

"That 1908 Buick White Streak on the cover in your hand."

"What, this spindly white wagon in front of the grass shack?"

"That's it, and it's not spindly. It's the most beautiful auto in the world. I bought one yesterday." He gave me such a superior smile that I could have clipped him one.

"What do you mean, you bought one?" I asked.

"Shh," he replied and listened for a moment at the door. Coming close to me he whispered, "This is a big secret and it would break the stock market if word got out. Ford and General Motors wouldn't be able to give their stock away."

"What have you been doing?" I demanded. "Have you been buying worthless stock again?"

"No, Emerson, they won't sell me any now. They'll let me have a car and then they'll think about the stock later."

"Listen, Whib," I said sternly, "sucker bait. S-u-c-k-e-r. Will you never learn?"

"No, Emerson, it ain't what you think. These cars are right off the assembly line at South Bend, brand new and full of pep. It's like this. . ." and he went to the door and listened again.

Satisfied that there were no eavesdroppers, he told me. Some big shots with a lot of money to invest have formed an independent company to manufacture the 1908 Buick White Streak in the former Studebaker factory in South Bend, Indiana. Whether they are building them now or plan to do so later was not made quite clear to me. The trouble with the auto industry is that it has no imagination; all cars look alike

regardless of make. If you buy a Cadillac it is just an overgrown Chevy. If you get a Continental it is only a fancy Fairlane. The only way to get something distinctive is to go back a few years and pick a classy chassis like the 1908 Buick White Streak. Clean, sharp, functional and more youthful than most cars built since. He wouldn't give me a dime for an Apperson Jackrabbit, a Jordan Playboy, or one of those phony old-timers now going into production, Cord and Duesenberg. Who wants those high-priced imitations just so he can brag on what he can spend for a car?



This Buick will have so much class, so much distinction, that soon everybody will want one. Company expects to sell millions of them. The profits will be enormous. He hopes they will let him buy \$5,000 worth of stock and can hardly wait to take delivery of the car.

What on earth was he trying to tell me? "Now look," I said slowly and distinctly, "a car like this is being or is going to be manufactured and you have bought one?"

"Yes indeed, Buster," he declared, whipping out his billfold and handing me a sales slip. Yes, indeed yes! "One 1908 White Streak, \$3416.48 plus delivery charges of \$144.17 Total \$3560.65, less deposit of \$560.65, balance \$3,000." "Turb," I said under my breath, "you see the lawyer in the morning or it's goodbye \$560.65. These con men will never come back with a car to collect the three grand."

"What did you say?" inquired Whib.

"Nothing, nothing," I replied quickly. "I was just thinking that seems a lot of money for such a little buggy."

"Oh, no, Emerson," he said as he hitched up his pants and took the copy of *Stef* out of my hand. "Look at all that expensive brass work on the car. Detroit doesn't make anything like that any more, on the radiator shell, the headlamps

the windshield, the horn and the hubcaps."

"Detroit had better not," I said, "because I for one am not going to waste my time polishing a lot of silly old brass!"

"No, Emerson," he assured me, "there must be some reliable lacquers on the market I can use to keep the brass bright."

"Yeah," I said, "but look at the rest of it. A crank out in front, with no front bumper and no self-starter. Do you wanna break an arm? Artillery wood wheels that snap off when you hit a bump. Clincher tires only a garage man can change with special tools. Right-hand drive, no top, no side-curtains, leaving you exposed to the weather so you'll catch pneumonia; no seat belts; acetylene headlamps that have to be lighted with matches when it gets dark; an old bulb horn that will be drowned out by the noise of the engine and two-wheel brakes that won't stop the crate in less than a quarter mile."

He looked at me intently and asked, "Are you quite through now? If you are I'll go over those points one by one."

"First, the crank. The American Heart Association says we don't get enough exercise. And if you hold your right hand so, with your thumb under the crank handle, you will not break your arm. Second, who needs a bumper except to drive in bumper-to-bumper traffic, I ask you?"

"Third, those wood wheels are a lot prettier than what you have on your new car and they're stronger than they look. They run true, too, while lots of modern wheels are off-center, and if they do break they can be repaired."

"The modern version doesn't have clinchers, it has modern tires and drop-center rims, though the size is original. With those chair-height seats you get a real view of the land instead of a worm's-eye view. For a slight extra charge I can have left-hand drive, but I'd rather have a good view to the

right and not clip the fenders of parked cars.

“Right, no top. For a few dollars extra I can buy a plastic bubble that will keep me and my passengers warm and dry. I can install seat belts. I like to play with matches—always did. You will be scared out of your wits by that bulb horn and you will hear it over the engine, a modern Rolls Royce F-head four that is virtually silent.

“And don’t be fooled by those brakes. There’s another one on the driveshaft that will stop the car on a dime with fifteen cents change left over.”

I was tempted to ask him about that plastic bubble. He’d have either to put it over the car or to leave it in the garage. And if it started to rain while he was out driving he’d have to run home to get the bubble. But he was looking too intently at me to risk any more derogatory remarks.

So I smiled cheerfully at him and said, “Whib, this is a real purty auto and I hope you’re going to have a lot of fun with it. Call me up when you get it and I’ll go for a ride with you.”

Then I left him and came home, being unable to stand any more of his nonsense. “Most beautiful auto in the world,” indeed !

Well, it’s not so bad-looking at that. If this were on the square, if it were not some con game and the car sold for a reasonable figure . . . oh, about \$1516.48—or would I go so high as \$1816.48 ? . . . though, of course, at such a price the Rolls engine would be out of the question . . . how soon, I wonder, might I be able to get one ?



CHIT-CHAT AND OTHER PROFOUND OBSERVATIONS FROM IOWA

It was a great shock to all of us when High Sheriff Zachary Fklitt lost his post to the Democratic challenger in the recent election. Sheriff Zachary had served us for 47 years and was the greatest vote-getter the Republicans had hereabouts. Sheriff Zachary ran a humanitarian county jail, and we offer the following in proof.

1. Jailers were always very polite. When a visitor asked to see an inmate they never failed to say "Wait a minute, please. I'll see if he's in."
2. Zachary had saw-proof bars installed in every cell so that the constant sawing going on would not disturb the sleep of the jailers.
3. Fire drills were held regularly and Zachary could clear the jail in 3 minutes flat without opening a single door.
4. Sheriff Zachary ran an economical establishment. His jail was filled to capacity only on rainy nights when the prisoners didn't want to go out.
5. Zachary had received many annual Exodus awards presented by the Willie Sutton Chapter of the Reformed Criminals of America.
6. To his credit he fought unsuccessfully the installation of a Travelers' Aid branch office in his jail.

Rumor has it that Sheriff Zachary will now retire to his acreage and start keeping bees. There is a general uneasiness over this news. Will he be able to hold them in their hives? Folks are playing it safe and the rush for protective gear is on at the general store.



AT LAST . . .

A Pretty TOILET PAPER

Mrs. Polyphyllous O. Willebrand says: "I'm happy to be able to get such a *pretty* toilet paper as the new 1965 Rectogunk. The lovely floral borders will complement the most gracious of bathrooms. More important, it's so mild that it's as kind to baby's tender ass as it is to mine, so now we are a one-toilet-paper family. And we all just *love* its dainty fragrance."

Mrs. Willebrand is *right*. The new 1965 Rectogunk, aristocrat of toilet papers, is still the only one with anal detergent. But in addition it now has pretty borders in your choice of violet, rose, heliotrope, nasturtium, forget-me-not or orchid, each printed in full natural color from inks delicately scented with appropriate perfume. In addition to all this it is, as it has always been, the toilet paper that is *milder, much milder*.

How can you possibly resist the beauty, charm and fragrance of the new 1965 Rectogunk? Why not order a case today?

Rectogunk--The Aristocrat of Toilet Papers

MORTON ABRASIVES, INC.

1492 Forbush Way

Sturdly, Missouri

NAME YOUR POISON

I HAVE HERE the required listings of ingredients from three different boxes of chocolates. The first is from Russell Stover Candies, Inc., of Kansas City, Mo., and is as follows:

Chocolate, sugar, corn syrup, pastelle coating, nuts, [thus far it is printed, in gold on white for minimum legibility, on the top of the package. The rest, possibly in the hope that the customer will overlook it, is on the side] dairy cream, invert sugar, coconut, hardened vegetable oil, brown sugar, peanut butter, fruit, molasses, sorbitol, cocoa powder, salt, buttes, egg albumen, vegetable gum, orange peel, natural and artificial flavors, honey, maple sugar, lecithin, U. S. certified colors, spice, citric acid, with not more than $\frac{1}{100}$ of 1% of butylated hydroxytoluene, $\frac{1}{1000}$ of 1% each of butylated hydroxyanisole, propyl gallate and $\frac{1}{100}$ of 1% of citric acid in lecithin and vegetable oil added as a preservative, with sulphur dioxide and not more than $\frac{1}{10}$ of 1% benzoate of soda added as preservatives. and contains one or more of the following: evaporated milk, concentrated milk, or sweetened condensed milk.

Whew ! What a job to set, especially all those fractions. You'll notice I ran out of 8-point subscript zeros and had to use a couple of 6-point ones. But the other two lists are much shorter and, in their original form, easier to read. One is from Lindt & Sprungli Kilchberg of Switzerland:

Chocolate, milk, cream, sugar, hazelnuts, almonds, chestnuts, coffee, honey, cornsyrup, vegetable shortening with vanilla and added emulsifier.

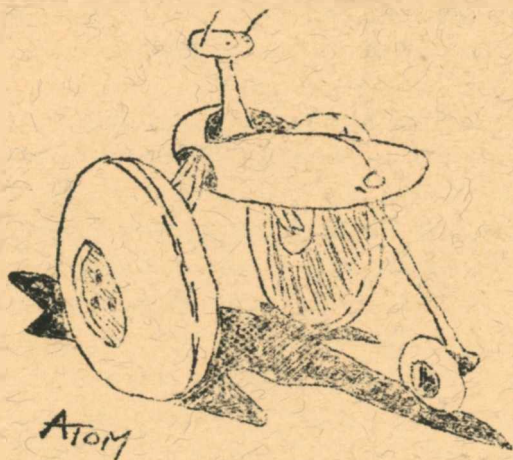
The other is from Baur's of Lincoln, Nebraska:

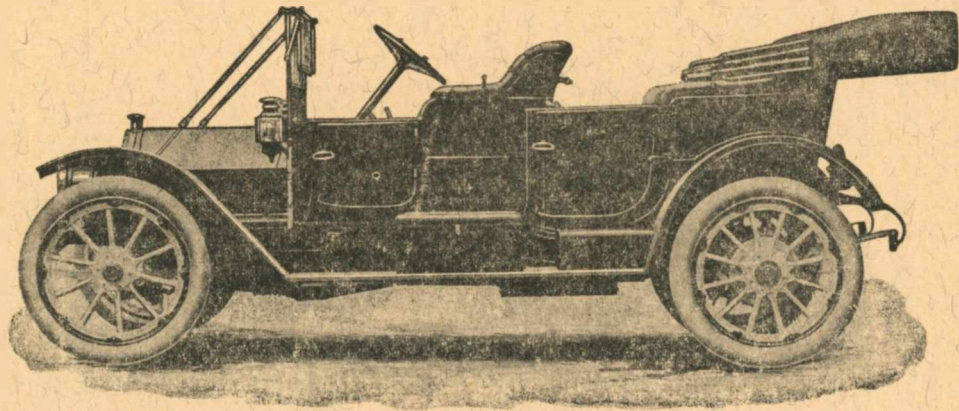
Sugar, corn syrup, honey, dairy butter, rich cream, hardened coconut oil.

The contents of all three boxes seemed equally fresh, so it is hard to see the need for all those chemicals. If you think that because you eat no candy this doesn't concern you, try (and you'll find it's pretty hard sometimes, because of type-sizes and color combinations) reading the fine print on other wrappers. There aren't many packaged foods left which do not contain at least one of those preservatives. Percentages

are small but who knows the cumulative effect of the things when ingested constantly, especially along with strontium 90 and all sorts of other trash in the air we breathe. Somebody once pointed out that the digestive process involves complete spoilage of food and that anything added to retard spoilage can have only a bad effect upon digestion.

I wonder whether it is from oversight or design that the Little & Ives "Complete Book of Science", recently sold in sections at supermarkets, mentions, from that list above, only one of the preservatives: sodium benzoate, of which only its other uses are given. Even sodium and calcium propionate are not listed, though it has become almost impossible in the U. S. to buy bread that does not contain one or the other. In fact, this book completely ignores the subject of chemical preservatives; the closest approach to the subject of preservation is a list of optimum storage temperatures. In a 1964 printing of a "complete" book on science last copyrighted in 1958 this seems to me to be more than a little peculiar.





191? WHATSIT

This copper halftone is the last of the four old cuts from George Shaw's collection. Maybe some of you can identify the make; my guess for the year is 1912.

The Chosen People

THE WISDOM AND MORALITY of the creation of the State of Israel have been questioned. The religious, sociological and political arguments are well known and need not concern us here. However, it is impossible to view this problem solely from within the confines of "current affairs" and, indeed, it becomes imperative to consider it from a much wider philosophical platform.

The whole purpose of existence can be satisfactorily explained only in relation to the evolution of man. Further, this evolution is dependent upon environmental change, which again is dependent upon the continued interaction of social pressures.

The Jews are the chosen people—chosen to provoke these social pressures, as the stimuli of man's progress and evolution and as the means of achieving the ultimate purpose.

Christianity claims 904 million adherents and Islam 440 million. Almost two-thirds of the current world population is influenced by these two religions. Through religious conflict and social advancement they have effected more change on our environment than any other factors in the last 2,000 years.

Now consider the origins of Christianity and Islam.

Does it seem likely that Christianity would have received such an impetus and gained such influence without the crucifixion of its founder? And who caused the death of Christ? The Jews!

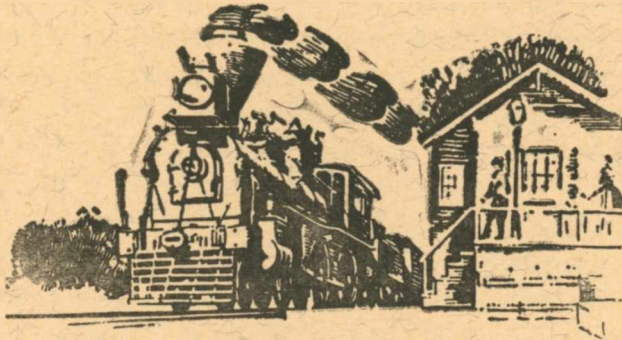
Does it seem likely that Islam would have attracted so many followers without the martyrdom and assassination of

its founder and Prophet? And who murdered Mohammed?
The Jews!

In just these two cases alone the Jews have vastly stimulated the whole course of evolution over the last 2,000 years.

Now that these religions are losing momentum and are no longer such a great cause of environmental and social change the responsibility has been taken over by communism, the current stimulus to conflict and progress. And who founded communism? Karl Marx, a Jew!

After an indeterminate period communism will no longer be a bone of contention in man's affairs and its utility as a lever of evolution will disappear. There must be a replacement and the successor could very well be the little State of Israel, with the Chosen People once more fulfilling its very special task.



Chuck Higgins will, no doubt, be surprised to see this now, for he wrote it in his Xmas card some five months after going to Greece in 1962 and he has long since returned home. I intended from the first to print it but it got sidetracked and then buried. I unearthed it in time to fill the last open page in this issue.

THIS is a dry, eroded country—a lifeless soupbone of a country, with its stark limestone cliffs and rocky slopes—and the language is utterly impossible, but the people are kind and hospitable and have a sense of humor. The pleasures here, even in Athens, are mostly simple ones such as the evening stroll, but one gradually begins to accept them as real pleasures or real enjoyments rather than simulated ones.

Radio programming here is most interesting, with most of the time devoted to music. Athens has three stations—not counting the U.S. Air Force station in Phaleron, which combines all the worst features of American programming—of which one plays only popular music (what we would call folk music, actually) which is wailing and oriental. The Second Program and the National Program are very similar to each other, although the National Program is only at night and plays more classical music. The Second program is divided into half-hour segments, each of which is devoted to a particular kind of music. Thus there will be a half-hour of Europeanized Greek music and one of Latin American music and one of chamber music and one of recent popular American, French, and Italian music, all mixed, and so on. There is no talking between records and, of course, no commercials at all. It will be tough to return to American radio programming in the States after this.



THE MAIL BOX

EGOBOO AND OTHER STUFF

From JOHN S. CARROLL

Miami Beach, Fla., December 15, 1964

. . . This is one time that Madison Avenue is lily-white blameless, much as it is hard to believe. That "under \$120" jazz is the result of a jackass ruling by the Federal Trade Commission, which flatly prohibits a manufacturer from quoting a "list price" where a product is sold by local dealers for substantially less. That is, while a manufacturer can quote a list price in areas where the product is sold for list, if a discount house is price-cutting it in some areas the manufacturer cannot advertise the list price in those areas.

Now you see where this brilliant piece of legal-eagle reasoning will lead to? A manufacturer will have to monitor local prices all over the country and adjust his local advertising accordingly. And, of course, a national magazine going all over the country would result in innumerable violations of this brilliant law wherever a product was being sold for less.

Well, now, the manufacturers also have lawyers and, after much dickering around, they finally decided that the formula "less than \$120" meaning that the list price is \$119.95 but that local dealers may sell for less than this if they choose, meets the requirements of the law. . . This is, from Madison Avenue's point of view, a complete abomination, but once higher echelons of a company establish "policy" nothing can be done to change it. . .

From ERNIE PITTARO

Flushing, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1965

I will attempt to screen my general disgust about everything by not getting down to specific comments, and mention that gradually I am managing to get out from under the advertising business and more and more into the educational-film business. It is still film, but at least the people that are encountered are a little less phoney than the agency finks!

TV? It never was worse. The programs stink, the commercials are more phoney than ever. Instead of getting better, the stuff all seems to be getting worse. What with the arrogance of Les Crane, the smugness of Johnny Carson and Ed Whateverhisnameis and the monotony of the various quiz shows, the hospital drearies and all the other bullshit, I think that the whole TV industry is bent upon the destruction of the Ameri-

can mind. I would like to see programming control taken from the agencies. Let networks and free agents handle programs, and for crissakes let's have something worthwhile on the air once in a while. I do look selectively at some things, but for the most part the stuff is so bad that I just can't believe what I see. I look from time to time at a few minutes of the garbage just to see how unbelievably bad it is.

I think that more and more people are finding that life is losing its meaning and that wholesale confusion, lack of purpose and just plain apathy are rotting the world from within.

FROM WILLIAM F. TEMPLE Wembley, Middx., England, January 8th, 65

If that very funny piece, "Emerson and the Astral Plane", was written, like "Kubla Khan", under the influence of drugs, then Bob Leman must be persuaded to remain in hospital and be pumped full of purple pills until he produces some more like it. We should nurse and cherish our comic geniuses.

Re that "Feather Bed" item: "If you don't mind being alone you can accomplish a lot." The first and toughest thing you have to accomplish is getting to be alone. After Tokio, London and its environs is the most densely populated area on Earth (it's impossible at any given moment to sidestep someone on the sidewalk without sideswiping someone else).

The Highlands of Scotland seem to be about the nearest place where you can hope to stroll in the countryside without being run down by a car or walk in a wood without stumbling on a picnic party or bumping into parked trailers. Homewise, [[Oog!]] the members of my family are somehow always in possession of the bathroom if I attempt to seek solitude there.

Small wonder I've a partiality for those s-f novels like Shiel's "The Purple Cloud"—about the last human left alive in the world, free to do what he likes without having to stand in line, dodge, or even tuck in his elbows.

Of course, I do have a Den, but I can't get in the damn room nowadays. The piles of fanzines have become that mountainous that I can no longer shove the door open wide enough to squeeze through. So I'm going to lock the door and abandon the place, symbolically abandoning fandom at the same time. And go gafia—for ever. At my time of life, my time is limited and so is my life. I wish to devote the remnant to meditation, beer, and sleep. And never have to write another letter of comment.

I know life's going to be that much duller for me, but there really isn't any option.

I do so much enjoy the mag that is "up to 120 pages" and "much milder," and want you to know that, whether I say so or not, I do appreciate being remembered when mailing time comes. I get a great kick out of the contents of Stef and wish there were more people in the world with a smattering of common sense, including me! . . . By now I suppose word has seeped through to you that I've got emphysema, along with thousands who yet don't know it. Mine's now fairly stabilized but now and then I have trouble, especially if I get a cold. I've got to be very careful to try not to take pneumonia, as it would probably finish me off in a hurry. What is so utterly disgusting is, with emphysema killing so many people the tobacco industry is allowed to make the infernal stuff seem so appealing to youngsters who don't know any better than to believe the lies and misleading advertising. "A neat, clean quarter-inch away," but from what—a pine box? Charcoal filters made from monkeys' balls probably wouldn't taste like charcoal, either, for they'd add enough burley to cover the taste. The more filter the more burley, to bring the "flavor" through. Wouldja call it poetic justice when a guy like R. J. Reynolds, Jr., who made millions from cigarettes, dies of emphysema? I dunno if all the wives he had made any difference or not; he died just the same. "Vintage tobaccos, grown mild, aged mild" to help you make that last neat, clean quarter-inch to the grave! It's too disgusting to contemplate—yet I'm one of those trapped.

Maybe the zip-code business helps in some cases, but I don't think much of it, or a lot of other postal shennigans. The mail system around here is so screwed up that a piece of mail going west must first go east and vice-versa. For instance, a weekly newspaper published at Marion, Va., southwest of here goes first to Roanoke then back to Wytheville (over the same railroad track) if addressed for delivery at Ceres. It's such dizzy schemes as this that I just can't comprehend. The Southern Railway uses the N&W tracks through this section, and so long as I can remember no Southern train has ever been on time. So they put on some trucks, over the highways, to speed things up—and now the star-route carrier waits for an overdue truck instead of an overdue train! With the volume of crap mail increasing at a faster-than-ever pace, I dunno how anything ever gets through.

Congratulations on the acquisition of all the old typewriters. A guy here once had one of the old Oliviers in good shape which I thought to buy, but the price he set on it made me aware that it had solid gold innards, and I dunno what happened to it when he up and kicked the buck-

et. This's a Corona, actually, though given another name by Sears, and I want no more Coronas. It's never been satisfactory, and lately screws have been falling out into the case—and I can't locate the places they belong. It takes a lot of screwing to put a typewriter together!

From the typewriter on top of the desk of . . .

DEAN A. GRENELL Germantown, Wisconsin, 30 January, 1965

About the time your letter arrove, the wellknown material hit the wellknown device for the circulation of air (or, as we used to say when spraying the Royal Iranian Palace with insecticide, that was when the Flit hit the Shah). For practically all of Oct-Nov-Dec I didn't put in any weeks of less than 80 hours and some of the buggers topped the 100 mark. Considering that that leaves less than 68 hours for eating, sleeping, driving to work and the like . . . well, this is an explanation, not an excuse!

This was put in not all at one job, but on three. Beside my normal duties at the tech publisher, I am now a patrolman for the local Police Dept and am still trying valiantly to keep up commitments on two different gun magazines. For about two months there the publisher (the tech one here in Milwaukee) was fighting to get a big job completed by the end of the year and I was putting in up to 30 hours of overtime a week there. One memorable weekend I got done at the publisher's at 5:00 Saturday night and, by Monday at 8:00 AM, had put in another 34.5 hours in the squad car!

I have been not unmindful of your request for another STankful; h'ever, I have not been able to come up with any sort of idea clenched in my teeth—even the Lemanade stirred no glimmering, alas.

Recent times, as you might imagine, have been very sparse on recreation and relaxation. Have not bought any new cameras, or guns, or typers or anything else to speak of; likewise, had virtually no chance to use the ones I already have. But be of good cheer, compadre. . . some day comes der tag!

HUMPHREYISMS

"John Kennedy loved Ohio more than any other state except his beloved Massachusetts. Yet he lost this state in 1960. You owe something to his memory. You have the opportunity to redeem your state. I want you to undo what you did in 1960. I want you, in honor of our late President, to go to work between now and Nov. 3. Vote—and send the message so that John Kennedy in Heaven will know we won."—Campaign speech at Cleveland, O., Sept. 27, 1964.—Submitted by Phyllis Economou

The Feather Bed

Reprinted from *The WILLIAM FEATHER Magazine*

Young men can work eight hours a day and play ten, but after 40 you can't and you might as well quit trying.

Is there anything quite like that feeling of being overwhelmed upon entering a movie theater after looking at a small TV screen for 2 or 3 years?

Children are wise these days at such tender ages that those parents who wish to have an old-fashioned heart-to-heart talk should schedule it before the sixth birthday.

These days when a so-called 'small business-man' dies, his business is likely to explode, what with taxes and all.

Nothing can happen to you that hasn't happened to someone else.

A California reader contributed these items:

Near the end of the question and answer period at the annual stockholders' meeting of an oil company, one lady raised her hand.

'Mr. Chairman, one thing has always bothered me. When you build a service station on a corner how do you know you will find oil there?'

The Manager of the San Mateo Branch of the Wells Fargo Bank told him this one:

A lady depositor was notified that she had overdrawn her account. She came to the bank and presented her check drawn on the Wells Fargo Bank for the amount of her overdraft.

Congressman Younger's secretary told him that when she worked in a bank in Portland, Oregon, a lady depositor came to her and said, 'They tell me my account is overdrawn but I still have some checks left.'

Civilization, at its best, is a very thin veneer, and the more you polish it the thinner it gets.

It's just as well to withhold mean thoughts until tomorrow, but kind thoughts had better be expressed today.

Human nature may change, but it won't change much during our lifetime.

THE LAST PAGE

By W. MILDEW DANNER

LATE AGAIN!

I SUPPOSE that most amateur journals (of those that have any pretense of regularity) are late more often than not and *Stef* is no exception. I imagine none of you has been nervously gnawing his fingernails to the quick in anticipation of this issue's arrival, but if there are any such let me point out that the last issue, dated December, was actually posted a few days before the end of November. This sort of thing will probably never happen again, but it's very likely that future issues will be late. I won't* to try to get them out on the schedule I set up over a year ago. After all, as the more sensible science fiction fans



Fig. 9412 Latecomer

say of their fandom, this whole thing is "just a goddam hobby". I have other hobbies—too many of them—and from time to time one or another is bound to interfere with publishing. Here's that square again. If you find a mark in it you won't get the next issue unless I hear from you, either by card or letter or through your publication.

*Insert "even promise". I'm not going to reset all those lines.

Horseless Carriage Club of America

9031 E. Florence Avenue
Arrington Square
Downey, California

Founded in Los Angeles November 14, 1937

A non-profit corporation founded by and for automotive antiquarians and dedicated to the preservation of motor vehicles of ancient age and historical value, their accessories, archives and romantic lore.

OFFICERS



CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS



See Pages 31-37

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