

1st
Dec 4, 1968

SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRED ~~Info~~ ~~on fact~~

One of the ^{stimulating} gratifying things about subscribing to ~~magazines~~ these days is the ensuing battle over to get a copy of the ^{blooming} magazine one has subscribed to. The resourcefulness of the subscription departments of many of these magazines in preventing this from happening is amazing; if the editorial ~~side~~ ^{of the magazine} content were half as imaginative the magazines would be truly great.

Perhaps the most prolonged and fulfilling ^{Campaign} subscription war I have ever waged with any magazine was ~~both~~ one which I shall call "Momentary" for that is not its name. The battle is still going on, in fact, but I detect signs that I am losing it out of sheer battle fatigue. How can mere mortal beat a soulless (and mindless) computer?

About a year ago a friend loaned me a copy of "Momentary" and I was so beguiled by it that I subscribed, ^{I at once} ~~to it~~ ^{accompanying my order} ~~and sent it~~

with a postoffice money order for a year's subscription - which was probably my initial blunder. After that - silence - so in a month or two I wrote a plaintive little note inquiring what the hell ~~was~~.

Stupid

No record; send us a Verifax copy of your M.O. stub, was the burden of their reply. So sorry, I came back, but my filing system is chaotic and I can't find

but honest I subscribed... ^{both bundle}
the blooming stuff, ^{and} This was followed by another
month or so of silence, so, getting crafty, I sent
in an ~~around~~ ^{entirely} new subscription, enclosing this
time, ^{enclosed} my personal check for a brand new
year's subscription, \$ Blend number two.

Silence

snafued

This maneuver was greeted by a stony
silence, so, not mentioning the first subscription,
I wrote in asking what the hell... For my pains

I received a bill for a year's subscription. So
took pen in hand, and, trying not to gloat, ~~total~~
wrote them I had ^{already} paid by check. Said us ~~the~~ a
Verifax ^{the} check, they came back. I will when you catch

the bloody thing, I retorted. Silence...

Another month ^{and no magazine, so} and again I wrote
this time I wrote and reviewed the whole sorry
business, including my first and second
subscriptions. So sorry, they retorted; we
have ^{now} unmarked everything, added the
unmarked portion of your first subscription to
the new second, and all is well...

Then I began getting ~~of~~ TWO copies
of Momentary, but this seemed ^{both wasteful and} excessive, so in
a careless moment I wrote them about their
new snafu. Result: No magazine ^{whatever} and
total silence. I wrote again. This time I got a

bill. I wrote again, ^{again} explaining all, ^{and sending my check,} so sorry,
all is fixed, ^{they said, returning my cancelled check.} Another month and still no
magazine. I wrote again. I got a renewal

For my family I got a ^{not} ^{cheery} renewal notice
containing ~~the~~ a cartoon of a piper character

in a hand-cupped yoo-hoo ^{attitude} ^{posture} ~~posture~~
gaily advising me that "Your subscription ~~has~~ is
~~not~~ about to expire!" and enclosing ^a ~~the~~ renewal

notice. I went downtown and bought a
Reader's Digest off the stand. Momentarily it
suits for my blood money.

SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRED

One of the stimulating things about subscribing to magazines these days is the ensuing battle ever to get a copy of the blooming magazine one has subscribed for. In fact the resourcefulness of the subscription departments of many magazines in preventing this from ever happening is amazing; if the editorial content of the magazine were half as imaginative each issue would be truly great.

Perhaps the most prolonged and fulfilling subscription war I have ever waged with any magazine was with one which I shall call "Momentary," for that is not its name. The campaign is still going on, in fact, but I detect signs that I am losing it out of sheer battle fatigue. How can mere mortal beat a soulless (and mindless) computer?

About a year ago a friend loaned me a copy of Momentary and I was so beguiled by it that I at once subscribed, accompanying my order with a postoffice mon_ey order for a year's subscription--which was probably my initial blunder. After that--silence--so in a month or two I wrote a plaintive little note inquiring what the hell...

No record; send us a Verifax copy of your ~~M~~ M.O. stub, was the burden of their reply. So solly, I came back, but my filing system is chaotic and I can't find the blooming stub, but honest I subscribed... This was followed by another month or so of silence so, getting both humble and crafty, I sent in an entirely new subscription, this time ~~in~~ enclosing my personal check for a brand new year's subscription. Blunder number two.

This maneuver was greeted by a stony silence, so, not mentioning the first snafued subscription, I wrote in asking what the hell... For my pains I received a bill for a year's subxcription. So I took pen in hand and, trying not to gloat, wrote them I had already paid by check. Send us a Verifax of the check, the came back. I will when you cash the bloody thing, I retorted.

Silence...

Another month and no magazine, so this time I wrote
and reviewed the whole sorry business, including my
first and second subscriptions. So solly, they retorted;
we have now unsnarled everything, added the unexpired
portion of your first subscription to the new second,
and all is well...

Then I began getting TWO copies of Momentary, but this seemed both wasteful and excessive, so in a careless moment I wrote them about their new snafu. Result: No magazine whatever and total silence. I wrote again. This time I got a bill. I wrote again, again explaining all and sending my cancelled check. So solly, all is fixed, they again said, returning my check. Another month and still no magazine. I wrote again. For my pains I got a cheery renewal notice containing a cartoon of a pixey character in a hand-cupped yoo-hoo Skinny attitude gayly advising me that "Your subscription is about to expire!" ~~am~~ and enclosing a renewal notice. I went downtown and bought a Reader's Digest off the stand. Momentary is too rich for my blood anyway.