



We're surprised that they don't claim it cures cancer.

The makers of STP Oil Treatment make it sound like a fountain of youth for old cars and a super tonic for new cars. They claim it does everything from protecting engine parts to reducing heat, noise, friction, and wear.

They say it's the "racer's edge." Whatever that means. Well, here's what STP Oil Treatment really is. It's a can of thick goo that makes the oil it's added to thicker.

But if you want a thicker oil, you can just buy a heavier grade of oil (like 40 or 50 weight) in the first place. Or if you want a "multi-viscosity" oil (like 10W-30), you can just buy that, too. And save the expense of STP. For most cars under almost all driving conditions, the right motor oil is all you'll ever need for your car's crankcase.

The very nicest thing we can say about STP Oil Treatment is that it's probably a waste of money. But there are less nice things, too.

STP can change the proportions of chemical additives (detergent, anti-rust, etc.) already formulated in most motor oils, and it can make cold weather starts harder. Mercedes Benz even says it could invalidate their new car warranties.

Many motor oil manufacturers, including Kendall, Quaker State, Pennzoil and Valvoline, advise you not to use additives like STP.

Even Consumer Reports (July 1971) says you don't need STP. The makers of STP must have forgotten to mention all that. And what do you have on the other side? "The racer's edge." Whatever that means.

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by Gerhard R. Reich

I pity the poor immigrant
 who wishes he would have stayed home
 who uses all his power to do evil
 but in the end is always left so alone
 that man who with his fingers cheats
 and whom lies with every breath
 who passionately hates his life
 and likewise fears his death.

I pity the poor immigrant
 who's strength is spent in vain
 who's heaven is like iron sides
 who's tears are like rain
 who eats but is not satisfied
 who hears but does not see
 who falls in love with wealth itself
 and turns his back on me.

I pity the poor immigrant
 who tramples through the mud
 who fills his mouth with laughing
 and builds his town with blood
 who's visions in the final end
 must shatter like the glass.

I pity the poor immigrant
 when his gladness comes to pass.

Bob Dylan

The Students' Voice
c.c. reader