

You know you are a collector of classic telescopes when...

The adaptive typing prediction routine on your smartphone offers to complete 'u' as "unitron" every time.

You realize that sleep is optional, but monitoring the ads on Cloudy Nights and Astromart is mandatory.

You see a thread about duplicating the pre-cut styrofoam packing in a telescope's shipping container and do not think that is at all odd.

You compulsively examine license plates of passing cars to see if the characters contain a Tasco model number, and become upset on the rare occasions when you fail to find one.

You chase down the cars just mentioned, and are dismayed to find that their owners generally do not possess an example of the telescope thus identified.

You realize that the search for a Porter Garden Telescope is morally superior to the search for the Holy Grail.

You wonder if the original Holy Grail had a "circle-V" stamped somewhere on its base.

You are certain that there are many Japanese telescope manufacturers unknown in the United States, because there are so many alphameric characters that have never been seen circled on the labels of imported telescopes.

You think that the inspectors for the Japan Telescope Inspection Institute should all be invited to join the Avengers.

You examine the telescoping handles of collapsible umbrellas to see if their hand grips have a "J. Dollond" maker's mark.

You keep your telescopes in a darkened room so that they will not suffer the wear and tear of having light pass through their optics.

You scrutinize the listings for estate sales in Johannesburg and are prepared to make road trips to pick up any telescopes you find there.

You are on a first-name basis with all the models in the magazine ads for Cave, Celestron, and Questar.

You have so many 0.965-barrel eyepieces that you can make a chess set out of your spares -- using chrome and brass barrels to distinguish black and white.

You think the United States should redefine the inch as 24.5 mm so that you can buy tubing for making Japanese-standard-size eyepieces as a stock size in local hardware stores.

You advocate pacifism and international disarmament in the hope that the recycled lead from unused bullets will be used to produce more flint glass.

You expect that World War Z will start in Jena, and are confident that the Zs will win.

You think that the alphabet goes "A, B, C, D, E, F, 15, G, H ...".

You undergo substantial cosmetic surgery to make certain that the tube of your Tasco table-top refractor is tall enough that you can stand under it.

You petition Questar to provide a revised star map dust cover with positions precessed to the current epoch.

-- Jay Freeman, Deep Sky Weasel

with thanks to many contributors