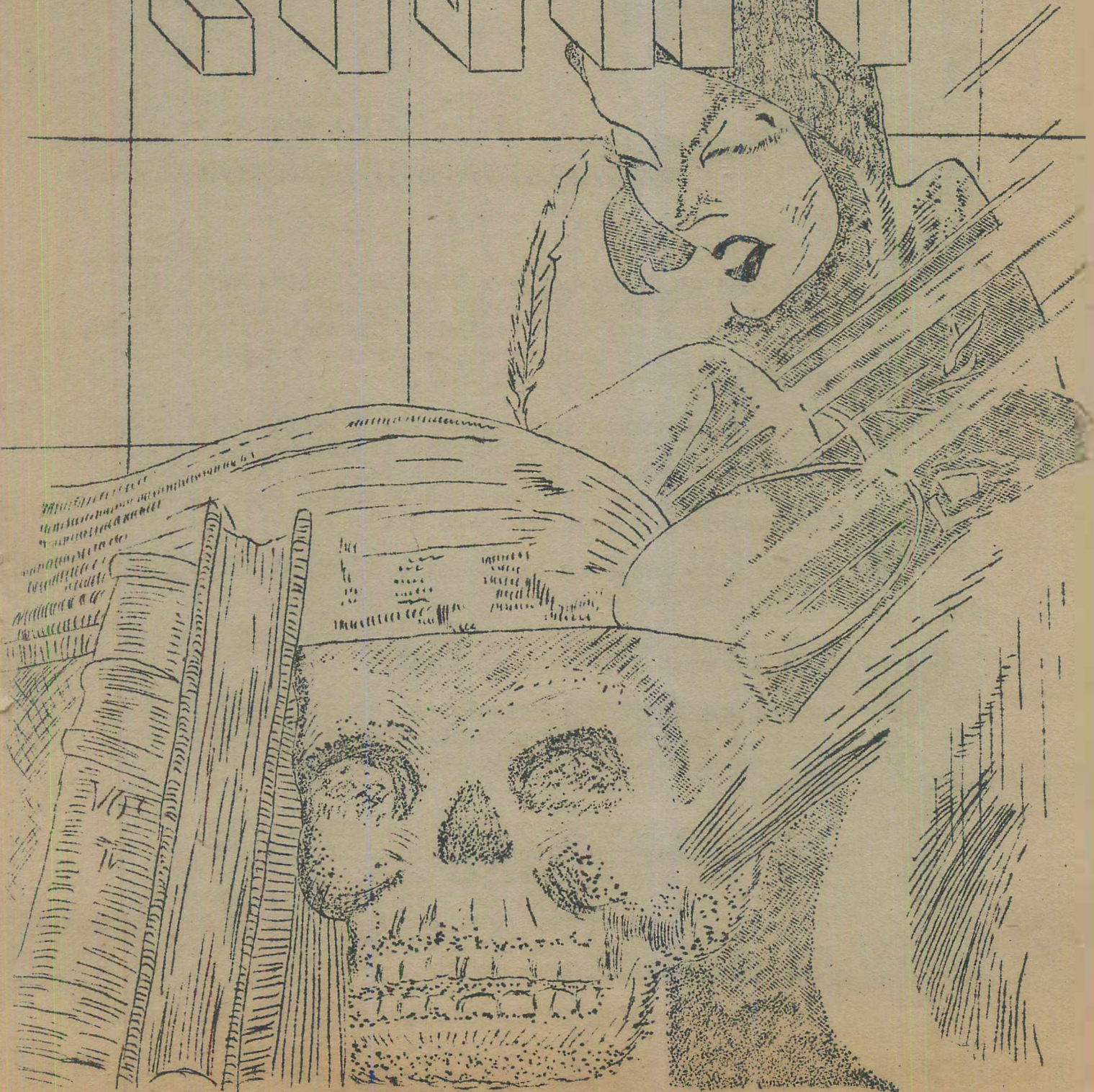


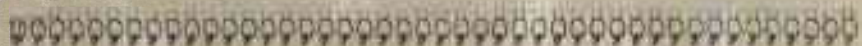
FAPA EDITION----SUMMER 1944

LIGHT





LIGHT- Whole number, 131.
LIGHT- F.A.P.A number- 3.



LIGHT is an Oh-My-Gawd-What's-This Publication, run off on the Mill of the Gods (it grinds exceedingly coarse at times) with Leslie A. Croutch in attendance, enthroned at 41 Waubeek Street, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada. (Post Office box 121).

All art and other junk appearing this issue is by the publisher unless otherwise credited. As he is not too brilliant, he couldn't fill it all by himself and besides, he had some good stuff on hand he wished to torture all your guys and gals with.

COVER this issue is by Mr. Mils H. Frome, Box 3, Fraser Mills, B.C.

Mutant- all credits given complete with address so you can cuss the blighter yoself.

SURPRISE! SURPRISE! This issue has been emasculated. No sex! Just to prove Croutch can do it! Won't swear in advance about sacriligious utterances, though.

Calling Dr. Kildare! Calling Dr. Kildare! You are wanted in surgery. You are wanted in surgery. Saint Peter just tripped over his shirt tail and busted his guts! (In case you are dumb bunnies, harps are strung with guts! Dum joke, huh?) As one little angel said to the other little angel when he returned the harp, "I hate your guts!"

Be secin' ya this fall. In fact, I'll be your little fall guy!



I Take a Warm bath every year —
whether I need it or not.

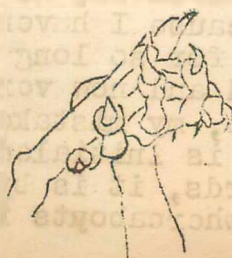
F

an artist

W. R. Gibson, of Calgary, Alberta, is quite accomplished in his own way. A completist collector in all but fan magazines Bob has managed, through friends and his search of English book-shops, while he was in the Old Country, to keep pretty well up-to-date. In LIGHT, readers have seen quite a bit of his art, and you will see more of it in the future. Bob's sense of humor is pretty well developed, managing to see things in a slightly different way than do most. At present Bob is in Italy convalescing from a blitz of yellow jaundice. His address, in case anyone wishes to get in touch

with him is: M3020, Cnr. W. R. Gibson, R. H. Q., 11th. Can. Army Field Regt., RCA Central Mediterranean Forces, Canadian Army Overseas. He will always be glad to hear from fans. You know letters mean to the soldiers.

The hands below depict his joy over various things. Maybe he has a pretty nurse or something.



"No No, Don't get cold feet
now, Adolf!"





THIS was drawn by Alan Child,
680 Kingsway, Vancouver, B. C.
I say "was", because I haven't
heard from Alan for so long that
maybe he is dead and now very
wormy. Pardon me, my mistake,

on closer examination of one corner I discover it is initialed by
Gordon Lorne Peck and is ABOUT Child. In other words, it is by a
forLorne artist about a Childish subject. Peck's whereabouts is
unknown so I can't give his address, can I?

SIX

= alan ^{by} child =

(680 Kingsway, Vancouver
B.C.)

OUTCASTS

I SAT DOWN. WEARY, DISCONSOLATE. MY INTERVIEW WAS past. Saint Peter had refused me. Some time after he had left, he had passed the gate and seeing me still there, had said, "You are free to go anywhere. The universe is yours. Within these walls lies the only place forbidden to you." I had looked up. "I have no desire to go," I had said, "Although in years gone by I never thought much about this place, I now realize that it is the only place where I could be happy." A look of deep sorrow had come to his face. Again he had left me.

Then visions began to materialize about me and looking around I saw six other men....

Alone on a cloud
This motley seven
Mournfully, scornfully
Looking at Heaven.

The earth was below
The stars were above,
Outcasts were we
Near the Kingdom of Love.

"I would," said the first
"That God would appear."
The second went pale
And trembled with fear.

The Third drew a sigh,
The fourth laughed aloud,
"He'll never assist
In removing our shroud."

The fifth looked up at the gate
With eyes opened wide
Watching the things
On the opposite side.

The sixth man looked up
With a cruel, savage fane
"Let's get," quoth he crossly
"The Hell out of this place!"

The first man, apparently oblivious to the varying attitudes of his companions, began to speak, as if to himself.

"The bell tolls so softly,
Yet all may it hear,
Even we, brethren,
It tolleth so near.

"It calls to pleasure
To peace and content,
It's not for our souls
By Satan here sent.

"And we on this side
Knowing too late
That only the blessed
May pass through that gate."

I did not fully understand his words. What did he mean by saying that Satan had sent them? Did he use it merely as a figure of speech, did he mean that their evil lives had been controlled by Satan, or... The fourth man interrupted my thoughts. "Seen the bull, yet, bud?" he asked. "Why- why yes," I replied. "Wouldn't let ya in, eh? That puts ya in the same fix as us, I guess. We ain't got a chance at getting in." "Been dead long?" I asked, by way of making conversation. "No, not a hell of a long time. Some of these guys have. We all come from the other place, ya see. I sure didn't stay there long." I became interested. "You mean, they reconsidered you?" "Yeah, in a way. We were too hot for 'em." The man chuckled slyly. "To hot for Hell!" I gasped. "Yeah, s'pose we kinda set a record. Satan sure didn't want nuthin' to do with us, that's a cinch." I was amazed. These men, then, were probably the only men in history to be released from Hell. And yet they did not seem to be the evil people that ever lived. Could it be that the mere proximity of Heaven had a soothing effect upon them? Then another thought entered my mind, a horrifying, troubling thought. "Do- do you think that maybe I'll be sent to Hell soon?" I asked the man. "Naw, not a chance. The evil jerks are sent t' Hell. The rest come here. Some are allowed t' come in. Others ain't."

Our conversation was cut short by the arrival of Saint Peter. When he saw the six men, he started slightly. "I remember your faces," he said, "I was sent photographs of you. I was under the impression that you were sent to the Lower Regions."

"We were," said the first man. "But we were sent from that place." Saint Peter looked alarmed. "And what do you want here?"

"We wished admittance."

"I am sorry," said Saint Peter. "The Law says that no persons who arrives here who had not been sent to Hell or find his way here by an error may enter. I am truly sorry, believe me, but there is the law to be kept."

"But," said the first man, "Does the Law say anything about men who are too evil for Hell?"

"Saint Peter thought for a moment. "No, it does not." He paused.

Then his face lit up with the suspicion of a smile. "You may come in!" The gates opened and the men began to issue into the City. The fourth man stopped and spoke to me. "I'll be damned, They allus said that Arnie could talk the fine legs off a donkey but I didn't think he was this good." He looked a little sad. "Sorry you can't come. S'long." I tried to reply but tears choked me. And the gates closed.

The first man sighed softly
The next shed a tear
"I wish," said the third
That Mary were here."

The fourth did nothing
The fifth saw the Light
And flew like an Angel
Far into the night.

The sixth man still scoffed,
"I'll bet there's no beer,
Women and whiskey
And all we hold dear."

I watched them until they faded from sight. I do not know what has become of them. I know that they are still in Heaven or floating above it for they have never come back through the gates. I have watched ~~ix~~ many go into the Realm and have seen many turned away. But still I remain here by the gates, awaiting the day when the gates will open wide, pardonning all children of Sin.

THE END

THIS LITTLE MAN IS VERY HAPPY BECAUSE HE JUST GOT A PEERK AT THE EDITOR'S FILES AND SAW SOME OF THE ITEMS LINED UP FOR THE FALL NUMBER OF "LIGHT", THE GOON'S DELIGHT, LINED TO PLEASE AND TO TICKLE THE FUNNY BONE.

LINED UP FOR THE BEST LIGHT AND LIGHTS TO COME ARE SUCH SCREWBALLS AS SGT. TED WHITE; GORD PECK WITH THE WORLD'S SHORTEST MURDER MYSTERY; and DEACON TAMMATION. Also poetry by Nanck; Harry Jenkins Jr; Cpl. R. K. Montgomery; and Bob Gibson. Articles by Nanck; Fenris; Maisie Milkert; and Alan Child. Lotsa goofy drawing by Canucks and Yanks. Plus any good stuff that happens to sneak in in the meantime. Maybe even news. Who would like to see LIGHT FIASHES revived in LIGHT?



SO IS IT ANY WONDER THIS LITTLE MAN IS TICKLED PURPLE HE BELONGS TO THE FAPA? FOR HOW ELSE COULD HE READ LIGHT? (Don't be silly- by being a correspondent of course, same as some others!)

ONE TWO BUTT FOLLYS MOET REEF FOURS HUT THE DOOR FIVES SIX TICK UP STICKS SEVEN EIGHT PLAY
EIGHT STRAIGHTS ILY ISN'T THIS?

FAN MAPS OF CANADA

I wish I had enough pedal digits and manipulatory digits with which to count the number of times some correspondent has asked me, "Where do you live, exactly?" It is a case of steady wonderment to me that people get such strange ideas of the geographical location of the town in which I live. Edwin MacDonald, a doughty Scot, thought I sojourned in the wilderness somewhere. Since I joined the FAPA I have had the idea of presenting a map of the Dominion and marking thereon the locations of the homes of the various fans I knew. I'll admit this idea wasn't too original with me. Mike Rosenblum started it in Fido. I just adopted the idea to my own country. Since this first idea of just one map, the thing has developed to that which appears here. I wonder if this idea of "Fan Maps" will ever catch on to the extent that someday in the headquarters of various extensive fan organizations there will hang large, colored maps, with pins inserted showing the location of each of its members? Or how about an electric map, with bulbs installed behind the map. In each town, or city, or hamlet where a new member pops up, a hole will be drilled, to let the light shine through. If that member moves, or drops out, or dies, the hole will be plugged. To carry the idea even farther, why not insert in each hole a colored jewel (faceted glass sold at radio supply houses). Various colors with various meanings. I could go even farther and suggest a super electric map by which the pressing of buttons lit up various bulbs. But that is not feasible here. Maybe later on I'll write something along this line, suggesting such a map and how it could be built and the use to which it could be put. Just now I'll content myself with the maps of Canada. All maps were designed, drawn, and traced by the publisher.

My files are full! I got lotsa stories, lotsa articles, lotsa pictures and lotsa poetry, or what some peoples term poetry. I don't need no contributions. If you send me anything I'll light the fires with it. After all, I am a smart feller. I can write my own stuff. I got good artists, poets and authors in Italy and Canada. If YOU think you can measure up to 'em youall is welcome to be candidates to be thrown out on your rears. I just DARE you to write something, or draw something cornier, screwier, sappier than that which I already publish. I double dare you. If you can you is liable to be printed and insulted no end. So if any ignorant sap wants to be panned and told where to get off at just send your rejects to me. Confidentially, I specializes in corn nobody else will touch.

The full map of Canada on page 7 shows marked the cities of Vancouver and Calgary, and marked, though not named, Toronto. In Vancouver are Alan Child, Shirley and Gordon Peak. In Calgary is the home of Gnr. Bob Gibson.

The second map appears on page 10 and is the most important one as it covers Eastern Canada where lies the hotbed of Canadian Fandom. Each town or city is marked by a circle and a number.

1- Mrs. A. D. Walker, South Porcupine.

22 Les Crutch, Parry Sound, Ont; Al Godfrey, semi-fan, a sapper in the R. C. E. Now in England.

3- TORONTO: Beak Taylor, Ron Conium, Clare Howes, Hal Wakefield, Al Betts, Jack Sloan, Jack Mason, Tom Hanley. Sgt. Ted White's home town, and where Sgt. Norm Lamb came from when he entered the army.

4- St. Catharines: Viola Kenally, semi-fan and reader.

5- Niagara Falls, Ont: This is now Lamb's home town as his wife is living here with her family while friend hubby is holding down the fort in Italy.

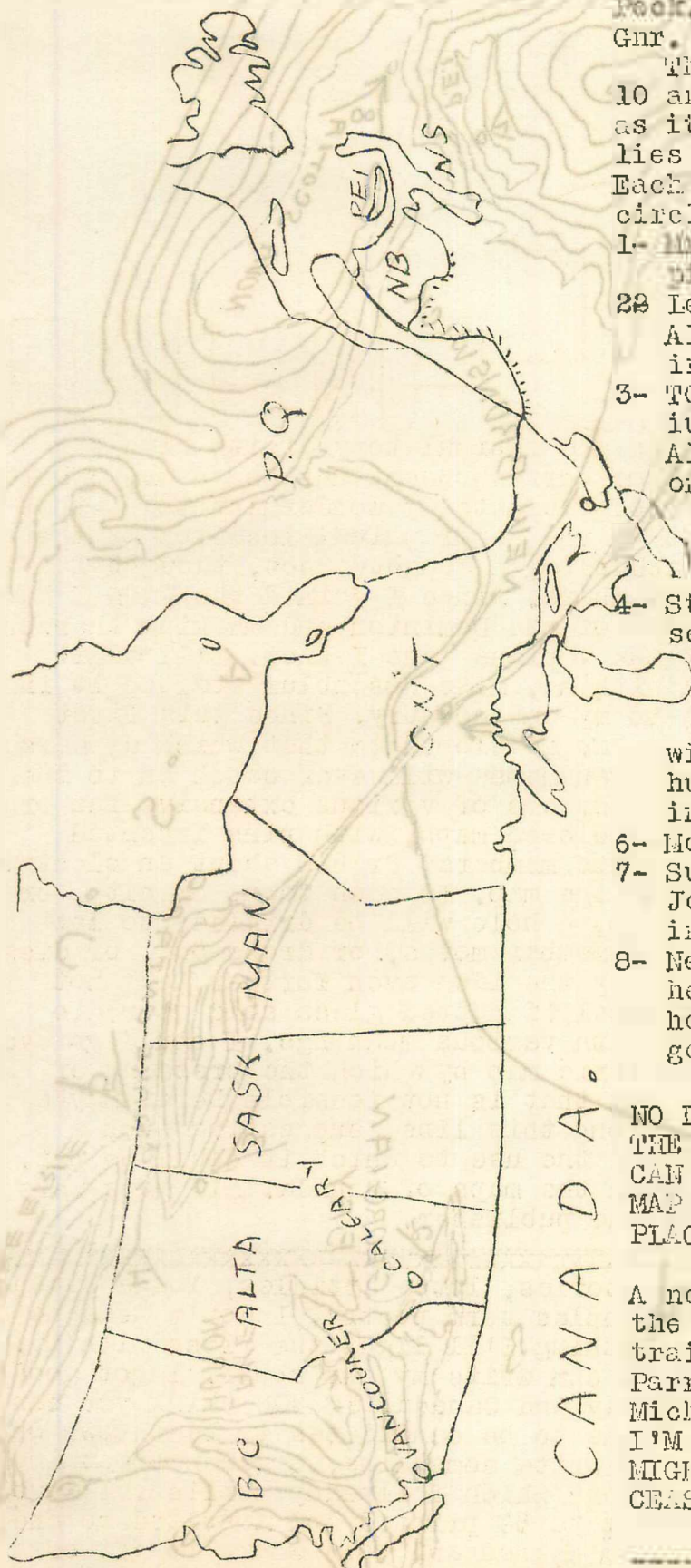
6- Montreal and Fred Hurter Jr.

7- Summerside, P. E. I, where John Guislin is now stationed in the R.C.A.F.

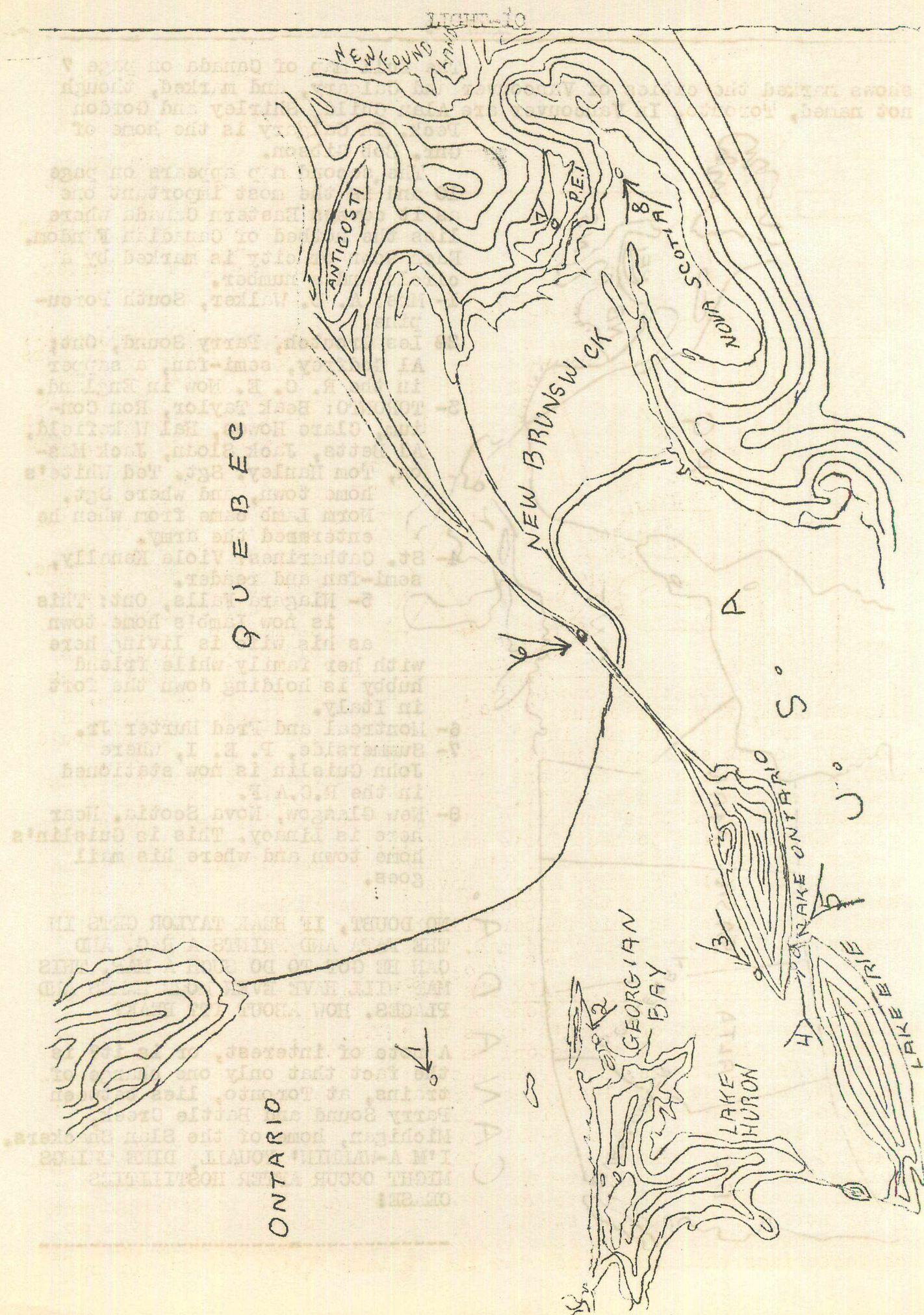
8- New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. Near here is Linacy. This is Guislin's home town and where his mail goes.

NO DOUBT, IF BEAK TAYLOR GETS IN THE TAPA AND PRINTS A MAG, AND CAN BE GOT TO DO SUCH A MAP, THIS MAP WILL HAVE EVEN MORE TAPAS AND PLACES. HOW ABOUT IT? BEAK?

A note of interest, or is it? is the fact that only one change of trains, at Toronto, lies between Parry Sound and Battle Creek, Michigan, home of the Slan Shackers. I'M A-WAIIIN' YOUALL, DIRE THINGS MIGHT OCCUR AFTER HOSTILITIES CEASE!

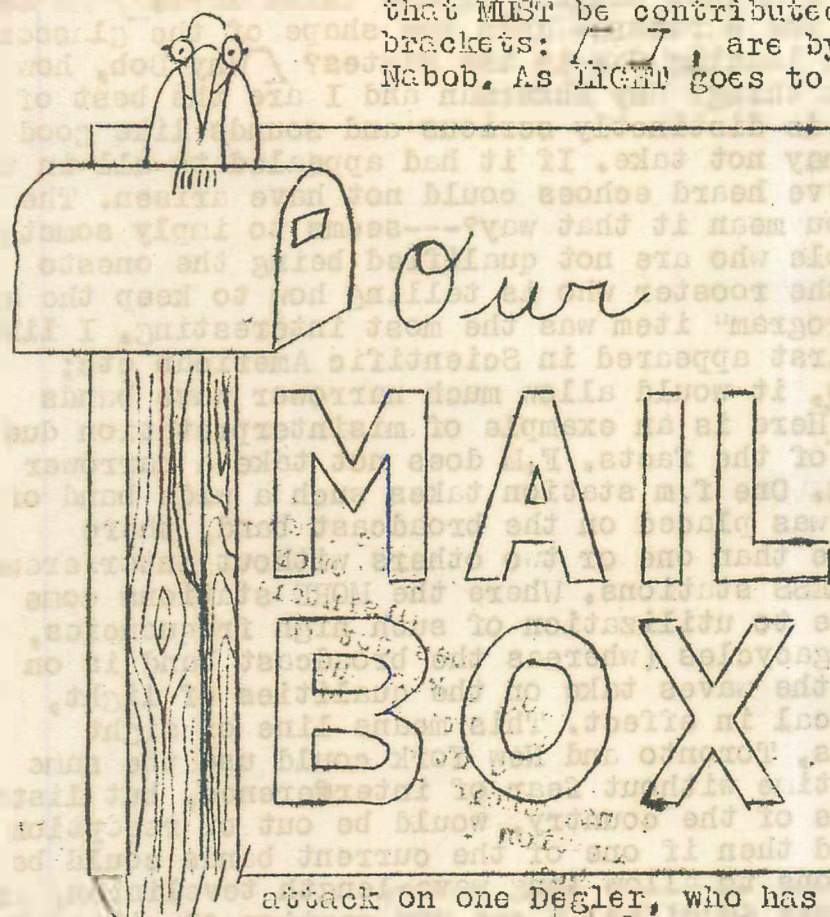


CANADA.



FAPA-ers, I'm going to try and renew this department in LIGHT. Letters from any reader, whether he/she is a FAPA member or not, stands a chance of being printed. There is no rules on topics or extent to which topics may be discussed. THIS is the ONE spot in the magazine that MUST be contributed to. Comments in square brackets: [], are by the editor and Grand Nabob. As LIGHT goes to a small but exclusive

set of fans not in the FAPA who are pretty active as letter writers they pretty well lead the field as a starter.



Spr. E. A GODFREY, C.A., ENGLAND [veteran readers of LIGHT will remember Al Godfrey, the rhyming letter writer and baiter of Sergeants] Well, your LIGHT came just lately, and I am now giving you a super-candid opinion on it. I liked the cartoons, yes, but they weren't in LIGHT's line. And as for the rest of it, well doggone, it seemed to be mostly blurbs for other mags and a slightly verbose

attack on one Degler, who has aroused thy ire. Now, listen chum, from the point of view of a guy who likes fantasy, and who has had only your mag in that line since last July, I think you'd do well to put some meat in it. I haven't seen a Weird, Unknown, Ast. Am or other since that one my dearly beloved wife sent last Aug and I'm starved for some of it. Escapist? Yes, and by heck I want something to feed that hunger. Can't LIGHT supply it? Your nudes were good, and I'd like to meet Joe's models!....Well, son, about the works for now. Just remember, I'm dying for lack of vitamin "F" and no dirty cracks! [Frankly, Al., I have been experimenting with LIGHT to sort of get back in the groove. I just haven't been as hep as I used to be but think this number will be more in the old line. In the future I'll try to mag the mag. more of general interest.]

GMR. W. R. GIBSON, C. A., ITALY The LIGHT this time is different from former issues right enough. Some of it more serious than usual, too. Glad you have more of Nanek's works to go in. No, afraid I don't remember the glory road of protoplasm cover. Was it before I got in touch? [Afraid it was, Bob. This was in the old hektoed edition. Number 108, for September 1941.] The first LIGHT to reach me was no. 118. If memory serves me right this is the first full cover by you. [it is.] It is a strong and well-balanced design and the meandering line texture in parts looks a good one for stencil shading. As for the symbolism they'll read into it- the breakdown of civilization seems implied. It would hardly do to go into some more esoteric readings---- [why not? I want unusual stuff. You ought to know LIGHT thrives on unusual stuff. So why not esoteric?] ----that meandering line work characterizes the work of some of the insane! [!!!! now I'm crazy!]

I sometimes use a form of it on tree-trunks, rocks and some types of skin on extra-terrestrial beasts. [Hurray, I got company. As one nut said to the other nut: "I'm just hanging around these days!"] As to poking fun at people in the cartoons-- does the shape of the glasses in that one of yours mean a leading fan in the States? [Why Bob, how could you suggest such a thing? Why Ackerman and I are the best of friends!] The editorial is distinctly serious and sounds like good sense. So good that it may not take. If it had appealed to all in that way the stir of which I've heard echoes could not have arisen. The second cartoon--- did you mean it that way?---seems to imply something something about the people who are not qualified being the onesto give good advice. It's the rooster who is telling how to keep the axe away. The "Sustaining Program" item was the most interesting. I like the idea of F.M. as it first appeared in Scientific American etc; that among, other things, it would allow much narrower wave bands and so more stations. [Here is an example of misinterpretation due to too little knowledge of the facts. F.M. does not take a narrower wave band to transmit on. One f.m. station takes such a wide band of frequencies that if one was placed on the broadcast band, there wouldn't be room for more than one or two others without interference. This, then, would mean LESS stations. Where the MORE stations come in the fact that f.m., due to utilization of such high frequencies, in the order of 56-60 megacycles (whereas the broadcast band is on .55 to 1600 kilocycles) the waves take on the qualities of light, become quasi-~~wave~~ optical in effect. This means line of sight reception. In other words, Toronto and New York could use the same frequencies at the same time without fear of interference, but listeners in outlying portions of the country, would be out of reception range of any.] I wondered then if one of the current bands could be split into enough divisions to allow long wave-length television, and so get away from the shortwave 40 miles. I see you mention 60 miles. Has it improved during the war? [60 miles was accepted in 1939, Bob. Some freak weather and sunspot conditions, and localities, at times allow reception from enormous distances. Enormous, that is, for these wavelengths. Before the war the RCA Labs on Long Island were receiving regularly the television broadcasts from BBC in London. In California amateurs maintained regular schedules with amateurs in ~~Australia~~ Australia on 5 meters. So you see some highly unlikely things can occur in these bands]. Does it still take co-axial cable to carry it from station to station, supposing the multiple station cure of short range is taken? [If you use cable to hook-up the stations, co-axial must be used. However, some of the experimental labs in the States are developing relay towers. This is an automatic tower on top of which is a receiver and transmitter. The antenna of the receiver is focussed on the distant station or tower, the signal is picked up, relayed to the attendant transmitter, and rebroadcast on a beam to the next tower. This is sure to replace co-axial cables]. Is the electronic dust remover a version of the old smoke precipitator? [The electronic dust remover deposits an electrostatic charge on dust entering through the air-conditioning unit and this charged dust is attracted to and collected by an oppositely charged element. It will not clear the dust from the air of a room, but will clear it from the air entering the room through the air-conditioning system. This means dust free air in the room. It is already being commercially used in factories, especially where delicate work is done.]

Sergeant N. V. IAMB, ITALY [if LIGHT can just get a letter an issue

out of Norm Lamb you can be assured of fireworks, humor, and general beefing. Lamb was very active as a fan in Canada before he was shipped overseas. Perhaps, now that LIGHT is back in the running, he'll get back into the swing of things as much as is possible under his present position. Watch your language, Sarge. Remember, the wife also gets a copy of this, and you know from past experience how I hate to edit! Well, old boy, here goes for LIGHT. Whatinell see what I mean, fans? brought about the great, and I do mean great, change? Does the picture on the cover signify that this is just a wreck of the old LIGHT? How about this number? I fear me that I still prefer the old fantastic mag. me too, Norm, and here it is, back again. The cartoons are the best part of the copy. I could look at that kind all day. You know my pornographic tendencies. Hah hah! Now look here, Sarge. I warned you to keep it clean. Shame on you! You'll be shocking the rest of fandom. Here's a real beef for you- almost all the issue slanted on the CCC. Now what in hell dammit all, Sarge, this isn't the army! Watch your words, man. is the CCC? really it is Cosmic Circle Commentator. Of course, other fans have added such wonderful names as Cosmic Circle C---house, etc! I know it can't be the government unit of the same initials, and am befogged, bewildered, and worried. (A gentleman?) by the name of Rogers-Degler-Co started a thing called the Cosmic Circle. It created a pretty unripe furor and aired a lot of crap and untrue statements that made fandom sorta angry. Take pit on my poor abysmal ignorance, situated as I am in the Dark Continent, of Europe and enlighten me. Can do? can do!

ALSO IN ITALY IS CANADIAN FAN SGT. TED WHITE This last issue of LIGHT is designed to prompt more than letters methinks, might go so far as to say it was designed to prompt a return, to you, of dirty ditties, and whatnot. Tut, I'm ashamed of yer, Y'know, the cover is really something. Egad, if anymore letters come in praising the cover I'll be tempted to scrap the Frone one already done for this number and do another myself! Dunno what it's s'posed to be but it looks good. I was dismayed (who me?) when I turned the page and saw adamsel getting a going over, supposedly for enrolling in the IASFS! Sure thing, when I'm dismayed over a thing like that, there is an explanation. In this case, it was because it was a side view. Migawd, you can never please a fan! The dame was a little out of proportion too, Shux man, can't you do better than that? I can- but you should see what the fans say about the nudes appearing in VOM: besides the exaggeration was deliberate! I like 'em small (not saying what) I'm glad I'm not writing this. I promised to emasculate the issue- but I can't be held responsible for what other people do, can I? not like barrels of lard that has overflowed. Keep you too far away! well, of course, I wouldn't know anything about that! Your blast at the CCC is greek to me. First I've heard of the thing. However, let it go on your records that I would gladly support any such movement IF it is conducted in an adult manner. I have had enough of the childish methods of conducting clubs and societies that seem interested only in digging up little things to amuse the perverted nature; something with a definite aim, something that has something on the ball other than a figure 8 to start with. I imagine you would approve of both the FAPA and the NFFF, then, Ted. Egad, more noods. Getting bettern 'n' better bigosh. I don't agree with them mind you, I just like 'em! Yeah, I'm a liar but what the hell, if I agree with you everytime we sure would get in a rut. I read the little poem on the last page but one three times before I was sure you had written what I

had read. Gorsh, wouldn't some of the guys and gals get a shock. [Oh? Why? I didn't type anything so awfully bad, did I? I see what you mean by your statement of printing what you wanted to and ~~xxx~~ to hell with pleasing all twaddle. I like to please fans, but who or what are "twaddle"? I never saw us, and this is the first time I have heard of ONE and yet you speak of ALL; egad, what do they look like? Dear gentle reader: I have to delete a few lines here. They are immaterial, irrelevant and beside the point. They deal with a certain very virile Anglo-Saxon word so I shall be a good word and not say anything.] Howcome the necessity arose where you had to do the comments from readers by yourself? [You must have your signal mixed, Ted. Clarify yourself. There wasn't a readers' letter page in the last number.] I would like to see your poem (all 28 lines too bub) of the guy that jumped off the Brighton Pier. [I will enclose it when I write to you. You are #2 to ask for it. Milty Rothman also dropped a line full of hope. Dirty bums!] In return, if I can get away with it, I shall send you one or two I have picked up that are pretty good. [I understood you to say you were staying away from the Italian girls, Ted. I like Canadian girls better, then Yankees, then British gals. When you return from the wars we shall have to gas up the flivver and start out on a campaigning tour for members for our own club- Female Fantastic Forces. We shall not do as Degler of the CCC did, knock on a door and say something about thinking you had a cosmic mind; we shall knock on a door and if a good looking femme answers we shall say "You are a female. You are thus entitle to join our Fantasy Club. You don't have to read or write or even speak English. You have good looks therefor you are eligible!" Too good for running in the zine I'm afraid but worthy of adding to such a collection. How about printing a saacious book and selling it for 25¢, Ted? How about it fans-----all right- all right- I was just foolin!] But back to LIGHT. I have to admit one thing. I would like to see the old LIGHT back again. I always got a kick out of the zine and as I'm not up to scratch on the current doings, the new trend of voicings is beyond me. [I'm interested in knowing how the FAPA members and outsiders would look on a general zine, run like a subscription zine, with news, etc., contributed to, and so forth. I'd like to get letters on that.]

NORMAN F. STANLEY, ROCKLAND, ME. [a statement of policy, such as it is, might be proper here. Any fan who writes me, and comments on LIGHT or anything in it, becomes eligible for printing in this department. If you don't want to be quoted, say so.] You turn out a nice job with LIGHT for the FAPA. Though my reactions to the last are rather mixed. The sex stuff was just a bit overripe. I don't think the erotic touch per se is altogether objectionable in a fanzine--it must be conceded that it has its uses as a literary embellishment, even though there's no direct association with stefantasy. But it ~~might~~ must be discreetly employed if one is to avoid blatant pornography or juvenile scatology. Hush the same arguments goes for the alleged "fantasy" nudes now cluttering up the fanzines. Obviously 99% of the things are fantastic in the same sense that the maidens Jurgen rescued from the ogre were maidens--"by courtesy only". The use of the nude in fantasy art is legitimate. But the calling upon "fantasy" as an excuse for foisting a nude deal on us is not good. [I turned down several nudes that were slightly fantastic. I wanted to present more of an Esquirish nude than anything, without apology or excuse.] Anyway, you didn't commit this particular sin. Of your Esquirish cartoons, two made no pretense of having any fantasy

element, which is consoling, at least, It's quite generally agreed that FARA sheets need not stick exclusively to fantasy, however stuff of this sort shouldn't be overdone, if for no other reason than to keep the Association in the good graces of our estimable Postmaster General. The IASFS cartoon you had this time was a mite crude, but I had a chuckle all the same. [I am satisfied then, Norm. It served its purpose. It got its message over and made you chuckle. What else can a cartoon do?] Enough of chastisement. [Oh this isn't chastisement, Norm. I didn't expect those cartoons to go over as well as they did. But one has to sort of jump the traces now and then. I offer no excuse other than to see what would happen. Personally, I enjoy making up a number like this one is more than the other. It's not likely there will be another like it. I may get in the odd nude and run it, but they will be very rare. Personally, I haven't seen a true fantasy nude really worthy of the name. I like a nude for nakedness' sake alone and no frills.

HUMOR

GNR. W. R. GIBSON
 !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

When the universe reaches the heat-death,
 And the last of the sun-stars has died,
 And man has evolved to the limit,
 With every expedient tried;
 The ones who survive the slow ending,
 To await a continuum's birth,
 Will still laugh at the jokes that were
 ancient
 When Adam appeared upon earth.

(with apologies to Kipling for the misuse of a meter of his)

WILLIE (BILL WATSON) out westyours (for bigger and dirtier cartoons in FARA) / waw you dirty hound, you! You dare raise your filthy head and insinuate you like dirty pictures? Dear me. The rest of the gang will scalp little you! No more numbers like the last, I fear, Willie, but maybe I'll sneak in the odd piparoo now and then just to make people want to masacre me!]

(These are all the letters I was able to scrape up for this number. I would like to have loads more to cull over and pick from for the next number. I hope there is something in this number that will make some of you write. Remember, this is a FARA magazine, so I'd like to have plenty of letters from members. Please note, though, that I will not promise to answer personally each and every letter. Can I look forward to a bigger letter section next number? I can? Gee, thanks!)

CANADIAN PROFESSIONAL ZINES

by

The Editorial staff of LIGHT

ASTONISHING STORIES

This is a Canadian reprint of the American edition. Publishers, Popular Publications Inc., 100 Adelaide St. W., Toronto. 10¢ copy. 30¢ yr. Bi-monthly. 96 pages. Small Format.

Dates of numbers issued: January 1942; March 1942; May 1942. Was here dropped in favor of Super Science.

EERIE TALES

Published by C. N. Publishing Co., 184 Adelaide St. W., Toronto. Editor was Thos. P. Kelley. 15¢ copy. \$1.50 yr. Small format.

Only one number appeared, dated July 1941. Now almost unobtainable.

SUPER SCIENCE STORIES

Canadian edition of American magazine. Same publishers as Astonishing. Canadian illustrations for cover and interior. 96 pages. Small format. 15¢ copy. Bi-monthly.

Dates of issue: August 1942 to latest which is April 1944 on exact bi-mo basis. April 1944 number cut to 80 pages otherwise the same.

UNCANNY TALES

Published by Adam Publishing Co., Suite 403, 455 Spadina Ave., Toronto. Thos. P. Kelley started this as editor then left to start EERIE. Uncanny had quite a history:

(1) Nov/40 Vol.1 #1 Started with pocket format of 5 1/2" x 8 1/2". 64 pg. 15¢ a copy. This size ran for Nov/40; Dec/40; Jan/41.

(2) February, March, and April 1941 were skipped. May 1941 came out in 10 1/2" x 7 1/2" size. Had illustrations and a cover. This was Vol.1 #4.

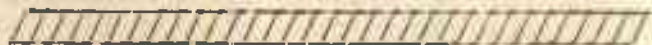
Followed exact monthly issuance to May 1942. Switched to bi-monthly, skipping June 1942. Bi-monthly to September 1942. Skipped intervening months then came out with an annual dated December 1942 which had 128 pg. and cost 25¢. No more came out until the Sept-Oct 1943 number of same size. None have appeared since then. Now for an interesting mixup in volume numbering. July 1941 was vol.1 #6. August 1941 was marked vol.2 #8. The numbering after this was straightforward. Thus the last number out was vol.2 #21.

WEIRD TALES

Bi-monthly, published by American News Co. Ltd., Toronto. 20¢ copy. Small format. Started with 128 pages but March 1944 was cut to 112 pages due to paper shortage. Illustrated interiorly and on cover in Canada. The cover for the first number illustrated Lovecraft's Shadow Over Innsmouth. Started in May 1942. Strict bi-monthly issuance without any fuss ever since. No vol. number. Prints almost same American copy two numbers behind, except ours usually has an extra story out of some other number or more poetry.

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If there is enough demand, I will consider printing complete indexes of each of the foregoing in future numbers of LIGHT. Most of these can be obtained in trade from the publisher, with the exception of the small UNCANNY and of EERIE and ASTONISHING, however the latter is still available without too much trouble.



XX
CLARIFICATION, PLEASE: At the end of the article on Canadian pro-zines, I mention most can be obtained in trade from the publisher. I just noticed on rereading that this might be misleading, the way it is worded. I mean, from the publisher of LIGHT, NOT, from the publisher of the magazine itself.

XX
NEXT NUMBER BRINGS YOU AN HUMOROUS
fantasy by Sergeant Ted White, now
in Italy. It is entitled "The Light
Beyond", and though written two
years ago, is still worth a laugh.
It will be printed in its entirety
in the Fall number of LIGHT, out
when Doc Swisher ordains and not a
second before.

by
?

Everyone is much intrigued by a set of new jig-saw puzzles. The puzzles, after being put together, come to life. People are more careful about what they buy, however; Poll Caracker bought a picture of a mule and it broke all thirty of her ribs when it kicked her.

it nice for the machines.

In mid-southern Asia, an immense snake was found. Or rather, its remains were found. This snake was so large and so gluttonous, half the time he didn't know where the rest of him was. One day- the scientists figure- he found a particularly large and appetizing hunk of meat. It had no end, so he ate and ate, until he got to the middle. Then he died of fright, because he was swallowing himself!

Need any teeth pulled? Just see the new machine- the "Wegattumyoubetchum!" It dispenses with the need of and anesthetic with a right to the jaw, takes care of the faulty teeth with a couple of straight rights, and can prepare you for an entirely new plate if necessary, with a swift kick or two. Handy little gadget.

Habitants of Saskatoon were puzzled recently by a series of whistling noises that came from a certain portion of the woods. It kept up for quite a while, then a group of men got their guns and went looking to see. They came upon a queer-looking, spherical object, from which came tiny, little, cross-eyed octapuses. These creatures looked at the men, whistled shrilly, climbed into the sphere and went roaring away. They haven't been seen or heard of yet.

Johnny Jupiter disappeared from sight, but a wire was received from him just now. It seems he's in the Land of Oz!

(Would you like to see this column continued in future issues of LIGHT?)

-----thus windeth up this issue, a good job badly done