

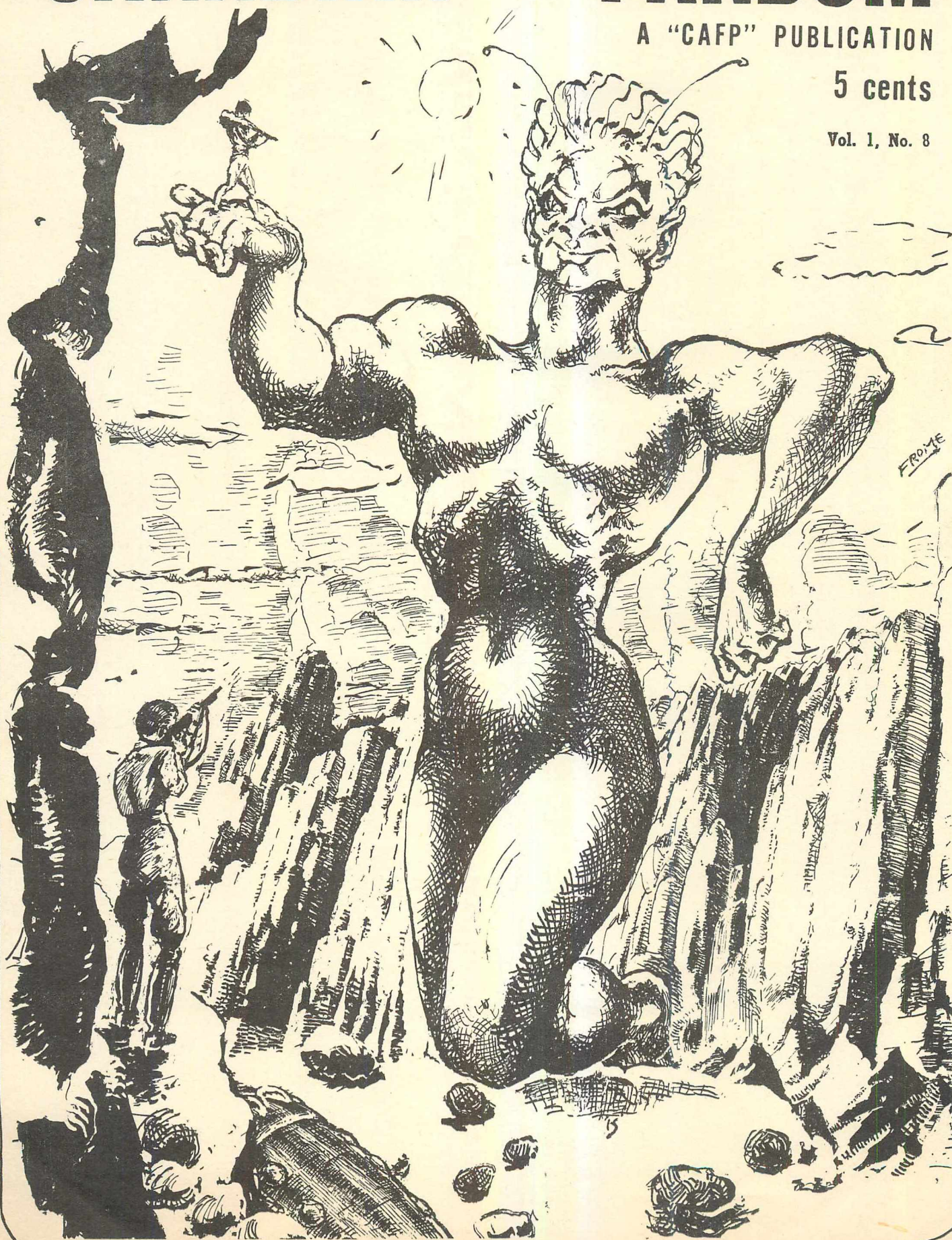
CANADIAN

FANDOM


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Vol. 1, No. 8



CANADIAN FANDOM NO. 8

A  PUBLICATION

A CROSS-SECTION OF CANADIAN FAN ACTIVITY

Edited & Published by
Beak Taylor

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Comments welcome

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Stamps accepted from foreign subscribers

Beak " Broadcasts —

Greetings and salutations! You've had a long wait for this, promised as it was last September. The month is now February, making us only half a year, or somewhere in that vicinity, late. I doubt very much if the rag has been missed - I received only a few queries as to the whereabouts of CanFan - and lately, many editors have just decided not to bother to send their mags to me. I hope this issue will bring a few more across the border. If any of you boys want me to subscribe in the event that Canadian Fandom doesn't appear, just drop me a note to let me know.

This issue could almost be retitled "LIGHT". It's so filled up with Les' material that there was hardly room for anything else. However, as Les said when I told him the lineup. "New CanFan sounds all right." Of course, he wasn't prejudiced in any way. The illustrations for BESTER SMITH'S ACCIDENT, in this issue are by T. Van and myself. Those on pages four and seven are Van's, while I am responsible for those other ugly ink-splatters you'll see. Any complaints addressed to the editor will be conveyed, by him, to the office wastebasket.

My apologies are due to Mrs Jessie Walker, for my lateness in publishing FAN ME WITH A NEWSPAPER. This was written over a year ago, and should have seen print long before now. Hope you'll forgive me, Mrs Walker.

As usual, I'm on the lookout for material; any kind of material - articles; stories, any length; cartoons; covers; poultry; almost anything in fact that would be suitable for a general fanzine such as Canadian Fandom. One thing I want in particular - letters, any letters; just some comment on the mag - what you think; what you want done with it; what's bad; what's good; how to improve; anything, as long as it's a letter. This is dealt with elsewhere in the mag, but I think this paragraph won't be amiss if it accomplishes its purpose. Give a guy a hand, wontcha?

Perhaps the biggest improvement I could make at this time would be a regular publication date. I fear, however,

that this is impossible under present conditions. Schoolwork is so important at this time that spare minutes must be devoted to it rather than fan work. I will have the opportunity to answer letters, but only during what few holidays I get will I be able to work on Can Fan. This is my last year in highschool, and if all goes well, I'll be in university in the fall, if the army will let me. I've been deferred for almost a year now to finish my senior matriculation, and certain events which have taken place in the past few months make it necessary for me to continue on with my College education rather than go into the army. I'll have to work all the way, so if future issues of the mag appear at very irregular intervals, just bear that in mind. If all goes well, another issue might, notice I said might, appear at Easter. I'll see what I can do.

Notice the new heading for our contents page. This was designed by Albert Betts, and is intended to be permanent. It will probably appear each issue in this form. At present, I've lost my title stencil. If I find it, headings will be neat, if not, they'll be sloppy as hell.

If any of you have any ideas or contributions for that new department - Fan Personalities, shoot them this way please. Photographs of well-known fans, methods of improving the feature, anything which'll help it along. Perhaps we could include a brief autobiography with each installment. Suggestions pliz.

Holden Blackwell's SCIENCE-FICTION didn't raise as much of a protest as I thought it would. I presume most of you didn't take it seriously, which, incidentally, was the best way. As some have guessed, Holden Blackwell knows practically nothing about science-fiction or fans. He was a schoolmate of Hurter's and mine five years ago here at St Andrew's, and having read a few pro and fan mags, and listened to Fred gabble about science-fiction, decided to put his foot in the pot too. He wasn't serious about what he wrote, in fact, he

(Continued on page 17)

BESTER SMITH'S

by—
Leslie A. CROUCH

PAGE 3

ACCIDENT

The mist was thick and the driver in the big truck didn't see Bester Smith until it was too late. With a rasping curse, he twisted the wheel to the left, at the same time throwing all his weight on the foot that had automatically sought the brake pedal.

Bester Smith screamed as he slipped on the wet pavement. The right fender struck him a stunning blow and he went down. Clutching futilely at the unyielding cement and twisting his body snake-like, he made a vain attempt to sprawl to safety. Then the truck wheel caught him, and consciousness vanished in a black wave of horrible pain that pierced his whole being.

When Bester Smith regained consciousness and saw his white surroundings, white woodwork, white chairs, white bed, he wasn't sure whether he was in heaven, in a hospital, or whether his wife had thrown the rolling-pin at him again. She did do that at times. But after thinking it over, he knew it couldn't be heaven, because any pictures he had seen of it had shown beavies of plump, angelic cherubs with wings flying about playing harps, and there certainly weren't any here. And besides, where were the flashing stars, the Saturns, the streaking comets, and the bird-like twitterings he always associated with rolling-pin attacks?

But wait! Perhaps he was in the Happy Hereafter after all. For if that wasn't an angel over there by the little table then somebody was playing a devil of a trick on him. He sighed, and stirred. The angel turned.

"Oh, you're awake!" trilled the golden-haired, blue-eyed vision that hurried to him solicitously.

"Wh—where am I?" Bester Smith asked the eternal question, attempting to sit up only to drop back with a gasp at the sudden twist of pain that shot through his legs. And now, apparently for the first time, he became cognizant of a dull, gnawing ache from the hips down.

"Hush!" the vision admonished, placing her hands on his shoulders. "You musn't try to sit up. Not yet, anyway..

Now you just lie there while I call Doctor Newell."

Bester Smith grunted, and now he noticed that his legs, yes, both of them, were lifted in complicated harnesses the like of which he had never seen before, and swathed to enormous size in white wrappings. Subconsciously, he knew that they were in casts, that they had been broken, and in a wave of memory came the recollection of the truck, the wet, slippery street, the sudden blackness.

Thwack! A huge, red, ham-like palm descended on Bester Smith's unprotected back with a slap that resounded half-way across the huge office.

"Hiyah, Bester ol' soul!" roared the presumptuous one. "When'd ya get back? Howsa ol' pins?"

Slowly, the diminutive figure of Bester Smith straightened. Slowly he turned and glared through his horn-rimmed spectacles at the bulky, bay windowed figure of the office pest, a loud-mouthed, red-faced fellow who wore a cigar stuck perpetually in his widely smiling mouth.

"Er—ah—hello," murmured Smith uncomfortably. He didn't like this fellow and he made no bones about showing it. But, like most expansive fellows, the other either didn't perceive it, or just didn't let on.

"When'd ya get back?" demanded the other, exhaling a puff of rank smoke into the smaller man's face.

"Oh—er—I've been back," answered Smith, waving his hand vaguely, "Ah—about a month. No—er—six weeks. Yes, six weeks I've been back."

"Howsa pins. How'd it happen? I heard ya had a peacherino of a nurse. How was she? C'mon, spill up, ya sly ol' fox." And the huge fellow followed his fast questions with a sly, but deep, elbow in the ribs. A nudge that fairly took Smith's breath away. He knew, instinctively, that he would carry a bruise for days.

"Er—ah—ahum," Smith murmured uncertainly, pulling a handkerchief from his hip pocket and absent-mindedly polishing

his spectacles.

"Well? Well?" verbally prodded the brute.

"Ahum-well, you see it was a truck. The street was wet. It slipped—er—ah—I mean, I slipped. Yes, I slipped. Woke up in a hospital—er—ah—yes—both legs broken—ahem!" Bester Smith related incoherently, then turned back to his desk with the air of one detached from the sordid things of life and those that inhabit it, especially loud-mouthed, cigar smoking men who blew clouds of nauseating fumes into your face.

"Well, well. Fancy that. Glad you're out anyway. Yessir, glad you're out. Here, pal, shake!" And the overbearing one stuck forth a fist like a leg of ham, and grabbed Smith by the hand, pumping it as if it were a handle on an old-fashioned gasoline pump.

"Er—ah—thank you —" and then Bester Smith stopped. He goggled. He took his glasses off, polished them, then put them on again. Yes, it was true. His eyes weren't playing any tricks on him.

There stood the huge and happy one, shaking his hand and staring at it with an air of befuddled amazement. His cigar lay on the floor, smoking lonesomely. He gave his hand a final flip, then raised his eyes to stare at Smith. Then he looked back at his hand. An expansive smile spread over his face, and reaching for Smith's hand again, he literally exploded.

"Say, ya got somethin' there pal. Let's see it. By Golly, must be one of them new-fangled buzzers that sting yer hand. Quite a trick!"

Bester Smith staggered back before the verbal onslaught. "Huh?" he questioned.

Again his hand was in that bear-like grip. And again the elephantine one let forth an explosive grunt, let go & stumbled back, shaking his hand as though attempting to detach it at the wrist. Slowly the slightly dazed look left his eyes, and passing his

hand across his forehead, he muttered:

"Lights—flashing—salt—what'n'ell —" and then he looked at Bester Smith, with a new look in his eyes. A look oddly mixed with respect.

"Listen, pal," he said in a confidential tone. "Let me in on the secret, will ya? Ya got a fortune there. Just let me see it — just for a minute."

"Huh?" Smith asked.

"The do—jigger. The palm tickler ya got in yer hand!"

Smith opened both hands and looked at them as though they had suddenly sprouted turnip tops or extra thumbs. Then, seeing they looked as they should, he raised his eyes to the other's face. "Huh?" he repeated.

The other stared at his palms. "Ya got nothing in them! Nothing at all! Absolutely nothing!" In a moment of tenseness, his speech became loose staccato and quite well enunciated.

Bester Smith shook his head, and looked at his hands again.

"But — but, you shocked me. I saw flashes of light, and I could taste salt in my mouth. Here, let me touch you again." And he gingerly extended an exploratory finger, touching the other on the palm. He jumped, and withdrew the member quickly. He nodded.

"Yep. Just like it was the day I

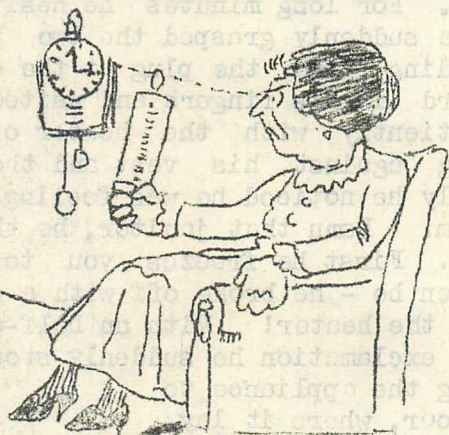
"the elephantine one let forth an explosive grunt,"



stuck my finger in the light socket. Just like that: a regular shock."

And, as a new thought struck him, he hastily added, backing off and preparing for a hasty exit from the near vicinity. "Say, Smith, ya ain't safe to have around. You're a menace to public safety. You'll kill somebody yet!" And then he was gone.

Mrs Bester Smith tapped her foot impatiently as she eyed the clock with one orb of sight and eyed the door with the other. Smith was late, as usual, and she was angry, as usual.



Slow, hesitant footsteps on the landing outside brought her to her feet. There he was, the rascal. He'd come in looking all tired out, saying what a tough day he'd had at the office, and how tired he was, and how happy he was to be home again. Mrs Smith sniffed. The same old line, she thought.

The door opened and Bester Smith walked in. But he didn't look so tired as puzzled. He walked like a man in a dream, or one with a few too many under his belt. Mrs Smith thought that too, at first, but a sniff of her keen and suspicious nose told her differently.

"Well, you're late!" she snapped.

"Huh?" He eyed her speculatively. Sometimes he did that, and she didn't like it. He looked then like he would just love committing mayhem, hari-kari, or some other ghastly deed. The truth of the matter was that Smith, like many another hen-pecked spouse, did, at times, entertain wondrous thoughts of the turning of the worm and the meting out of strict and poetic justice.

"You're late again, I said." And

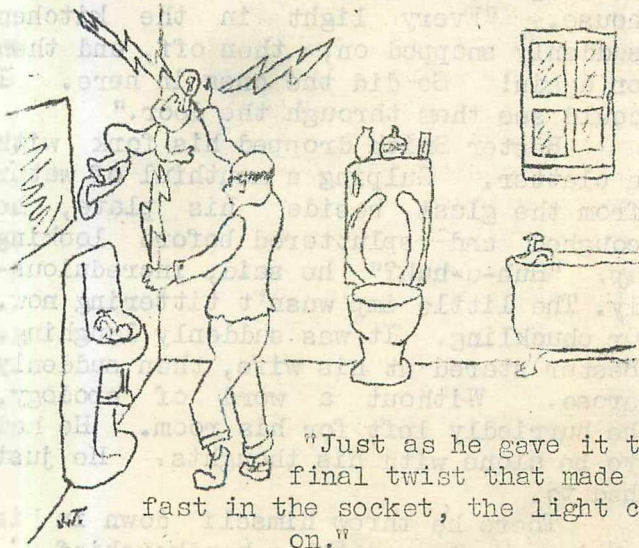
then with a coyness ludicrous in a stout person, turning slowly, and patting her hair with a large hand. "I had my hair done today, Bester. How do you like it?"

"Uh-huh!" grunted Bester Smith, and made his way toward the kitchen with an air of intense preoccupation. He had been like that since the incident in the office. For a whole half hour after the hand-shaking act he had just sat at his desk, staring at his two hands and wondering — wondering if something was wrong, or whether he was the victim of a practical joke. He had finally decided the latter, but a little imp in a dark corner of his brain kept whispering and tittering and hinting.

"Oh, Bester; the globe in the bathroom is broken. Will you put a new one on?" Mrs Smith, polite for once, called after him. Bester grunted.

It was dark, infernally so, in the bathroom, and Smith almost fell over a chair while feeling for the light, which was a wall bracket high up near the rather low ceiling. He could just reach it by standing on tip-toe. It was of antique bronze, which his wife liked, but which, personally, he thought a hell of a design to have in a bathroom. But never argue with a woman, he thought, for it's futile.

Boster Smith's eyes became adjusted to the feeble light that filtered in from outside through the narrow opening the designer had been mean enough to call a window. By it he could see the light-bracket, and standing on tip-toe, reach up to unscrew the broken bulb.



"Just as he gave it the final twist that made it fast in the socket, the light came on."

The old bulb came out easily enough and he began screwing the new one in the socket. Just as he gave it the final twist that made it fast in the socket, the light came on. "The switch must be on", he thought, and stepped back. Immediately the light went out. Smith was surprised. Now what made it do that? The switch must be loose and the pressure of his hand had been sufficient to cause it to make contact. Tentatively he extended his hand again and pressed it to the bracket. Immediately the light flashed on. That was it, he decided, the switch was loose.

Bester washed and went to the table, but his mind was still not at ease. Of course, he reasoned, it might be just a coincidence, but the shocking of the office pest and now the incident of the light seemed to belie that. And the little imp was chuckling.

"What on earth were you doing in the bathroom?" demanded Smith's spouse as she sat down.

"H—huh?"

"I said - what were you doing in the bathroom?"

"Er—um—washing." Smith answered evasively.

"Did you change the globe?"

"Er-uhuh!"

"What else did you do?"

"I cleaned up." (Why am I evading the question?) Smith wondered. But the little imp seemed to be dictating the answers.

"You must have been fooling with the lights," snapped the lady of the house. "Every light in the kitchen suddenly snapped on, then off, and then on again! So did the ones in here. I could see them through the door."

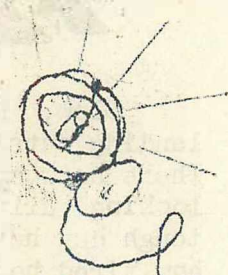
Bester Smith dropped his fork with a clatter. Gulping a mouthful of water from the glass beside his plate, he coughed and spluttered before looking up. "Huh-a-huh?" he said, incredulously. The little imp wasn't tittering now. Or chuckling. It was suddenly laughing. Bester stared at his wife, then suddenly arose. Without a word of apology, he hurriedly left for his room. He had to be alone with his thoughts. He just had to.

There he threw himself down in his chair. He drew out his handkerchief

nervously mopped his suddenly dewy brow. What was the matter, he wondered. First the office, then the bathroom, and now the parlour lights. All electricity. The little imp whispered, and he listened.

He stared a bit wildly about the room. His eye lighted on the electric heater he used on cold mornings. The janitor of the apartment wasn't what you might call efficient. Rising, Smith walked to the heater. He looked down at it speculatively. Then he bent and cautiously picked it up and returned to his chair. There he eyed it from all angles. For long minutes he hesitated, then he suddenly grasped the two prongs protruding from the plug at the end of the cord in his fingers and waited. He sat patiently with the heater opening resting against his vest and thought. Suddenly he noticed he was feeling rather warm. Damn that janitor, he thought mildly. First he freezes you to death and then he - he broke off with a start. It was the heater! With an half-articulated exclamation he suddenly stood up, dumping the appliance to the floor, where it lay, face up, its element glowing brightly but rapidly dimming.

Mrs Bester Smith had just had another new-fangled hair-do. Fresh from Paris, she had been told. It was an outlandish creation, but few hair-dos are anything else. She was waiting quietly for Bester again, and, as usual, he was late. But Mrs Smith was patient, a very unusual thing for her. Lately her husband had been a changed man. She realized it now. It had begun slowly, but all the same the change had been definite. No longer did he act like a cringing dog, expecting to be kicked at every moment. He talked back to her. To her! Who had bossed him for ten years, and she liked it. His new, masterful ways thrilled her as never before. Ah, he was coming. His step sounded outside, no longer slow and hesitant but brisk and purposeful. He was late, and he knew it. She was waiting, and he also knew that, but he didn't give a damn. For Bester Smith realized he had a force that no other man



had. But he didn't realize how much of it he did have. Not until he saw her new hair-do.

In a sudden rush of feeling he gathered his stoutish spouse in his arms and kissed her. The first time in years. But her reaction was totally unexpected, for Mrs Bester Smith suddenly cried out, staggered and almost fell to the floor. Bester, worried at something that had never happened before, rushed to the phone and called the doctor, who arrived in a flurry of business-like activity.

"Hummmmm!" he said professionally as he examined the woman.

"Hummm!" he said again when he considered his diagnosis.

Then he turned to Smith.

"Your wife is suffering from a fairly severe electric shock, Mr Smith. She must have come in contact with a bared wire in the washing-machine or some other household appliance."

Smith shook his head. "No, doctor. It was me!"

The doctor looked at him in astonishment, wondering who was his boot-legger or whether he should call for the wagon. Smith, however, before he could come to any definite decision, took him aside and related the handshake, the bath-room episode, and all. The doctor shook his head and commented somewhat drily about overwork and a vacation and a few other things.

"No, doctor. I'm telling you the truth!" cried Bester Smith. "Look!" And he snapped his fingers.

Sparks, fat blue ones, flew from the finger-tips. The medical man goggled, grabbed his coat and hat and bag and murmured something about a "Mrs Jones", "apendectomy", and "being late at the hospital", and very hurriedly, and not very politely, bowed himself through the door.

Smith groaned as he walked about like a cross bear just out of his winter's nap. He was becoming a nuisance to himself, to his wife, and to his friends.

He tied the cloth tighter about his head and swept the crushed ice into the sink. He filled the ice-cube tray in the refrigerator, then sat down and held his head.

"SPARKS, FAT
BLUE ONES,
FLEW FROM
HIS FINGER-
TIPS."



"Well, what's the matter now?" his wife asked crossly as she entered the kitchen bearing the remains of a roast-beef on a platter.

Smith groaned. He was thoroughly miserable. It was two days since his wife had fainted when he touched her, and he was afraid. Yes, afraid. Now, Bester Smith had been, generally, a fearful man most of his life. If he wasn't afraid of the boss, it was the bill-collector; if it wasn't the bill-collector, it was his wife. But this time he was afraid of something entirely different. He was very much afraid of himself. He was afraid to go to his office in case he touched somebody. He was afraid to embrace his wife in case she got another shock. He couldn't go near his car because he was afraid it might explode if he came close to the gas tank. And sometimes he thought he could hear a motor running, and slowly the idea was dawning on him that it was himself he heard! Humming and buzzing like a great dynamo. And now he was getting the thought that perhaps it was because his potential was becoming so high it was becoming audible! And that little imp in his brain was creeping forth into the light of full realization. It whispered things to him in

the dead of night, when he sat down to think. Things that made his head reel and made him sweat at their magnitude. Things wonderful, but to which he was afraid to listen, for at heart he was still just a plain little hen-pecked husband.

And now, to make things worse, as if he didn't already have enough trouble he had a toothache! A common, everyday occurrence for most people, but for Bester Smith the turning point of his life.

He looked up at his wife, and literally groaned. "This tooth. It's aching again."

She sniffed. "Well, why sit there moaning and wailing like a sick cat? Get down to the dentists and have it out."

"I don't need it out. It's not that bad," he defended.

"Humph!" Mrs Smith sniffed again. "Get it X-rayed then and find out what is the matter. I'm sick of you sitting around wailing about your tooth every week in the year."

The operator made the final adjustments on the X-ray machine and turned to Bester Smith, enquiring with a broad smile if he was ready. Bester nodded with what he fondly imagined was a brave smile.

"O. K., then, Mr Smith. It'll be all over in but a moment." And he bent to his work.

Smith started violently. Next to him was a large diathermy machine. The meters on its front were fluttering wildly with their heads stuck hard against the pins at the full scale position.

"I must ask you to keep still, Mr Smith," remonstrated the operator.

"U—huh!" acquiesced Smith, keeping his eye on the diathermy machine.

Suddenly one of its hands bent over as it thudded past the pin. Smith jumped violently again. The operator stuck his head around the panel, saw his patient's bulging eyes, and turned to look in the direction they were focussed.

"Sayyyyy!" began the man, staring harder. He advanced to the front of the machine and stared again, this time even harder, if that were possible. "This thing isn't on. What's the matter with it anyway?"

"Er—glub—ahuh!" gobbled Smith.

"What did you say, Mr Smith?" asked the other, politely.

Smith pointed to the cord which was out of the socket and lay with its prongs pressed against the metal supports of the chair he was in.

The operator stooped, and picked it up, noticing that the meters all fell back to the zero position. Being a bright young man and capable of putting two and two together and not getting less or more than four, he stared at Smith closely, then suddenly pressed the plug against him. The meters again shot to full scale. The bright young man stepped back and ruminated thoughtfully, rubbing a jaw that looked entirely too fresh and pink to have ever known a razor.

"Say," he said, at last coming to a momentous decision, for him. "You're a regular battery. A walking power house. With a good aerial you'd make a dandy broadcasting station."

To which Smith nodded brightly, giving a good imitation of Walt Disney's Dopey.

"Say, how did you get all that charge, anyway?"

Smith settled down happily. At last he had someone who recognized his troubles and would listen with a sympathetic ear. He quickly told his tale, and how it had begun. The operator listened and kept on rubbing his beardless jaw.

"Maybe you've got rivets in your leg of two different metals," he suggested. "Like a galvanic battery. That might do it, you know."

This was all greek to Smith, but again he nodded brightly and knowingly.

"Here, I'll see what I can find out," said the technical young man, turning to a cabinet and fishing out a multimeter. Inserting the test prods into the pin jacks on its front panel, he proceeded to measure Smith up as though he were a battery.

"Well, well," he commented finally. "Your voltage is positively amazing and your amperage is 'way above normal. You got a reaction like an army mule and your brush discharge is astounding. Don't you interfere with radios when you're near them?"

Smith shrugged helplessly. Such high-sounding terms went over his head entirely. But he still nodded wisely a

la Dopey

The young man grinned. "If you get any worse," he said, "They'll have to put fuses on you and filters to kill the radio interference!"

To which Smith replied, in a voice pitiful to hear:

"Isn't there anything that can be done?"

To which the bright and beardless young man replied:

"Yes, you could ground yourself."

"Ground myself?"

"Yes. Put a plate in the heel of each shoe. Wear socks without heels, and in this way you'll make good contact and will ground the potential. Only then will you be safe to live with."

Smith sighed and got up. Reaching for his hat, he murmured, in his abstracted way:

"Well, if that's the only way, I guess it must be done." And he made for the door.

"Here, where are you going?" demanded the young man, following.

Smith opened the door. With his hand on the knob he halted, and turned to face the other. "To get those shoes," he muttered.

For a moment the technician stood still, then in a flurry of activity, he hurled his smock from him, and grabbing his own hat, followed.

"Hey!" he called after Smith. "Wait for me!"

"Are you coming?" asked Smith.

"Certainly. Business is slow today and besides, I am interested to see how this turns out. A fellow doesn't meet a human battery every day, you know."

Outside, they boarded a downtown car. They road along in silence for a few minutes when Smith suddenly straightened up from the thoughtful pose he had taken upon sitting down. He felt in his pockets hurriedly.

"I-ahum-er don't think I have enough money for those shoes," he said.

His companion grinned.

"What of it? Haven't you a bank account?"

"Bank account? Ah-yes-certainly."

"Well, then, what's stopping you from getting enough there?"

Smith brightened. He had been so worried over the discovery that he was a battery he hadn't thought of that. Now he began looking out of the window eagerly. Suddenly he grasped his companion by the arm.

"There's one. A branch bank."

At the next stop they alighted. Turning to the right, they started toward the branch bank Smith had noticed from the car. Reaching the place, they entered.

It was the noon lull, and only two or three others were there ahead of them. Smith lined up beside them and awaited his turn. The bright young man leaned against the wall and began to whistle what he fondly thought could be a rendition of the "Beer Barrel Polka", but which was much too dry to have contained any liquid refreshment.

The man ahead was a trifle fussy about the way he received his money, and Smith's eyes wandered about. He noted two things. One consciously, and the other subconsciously. Three men were entering the bank, putting at the door, two taking stands commanding the people within, and the other making for the cashier's cage. Smith turned about again.....

"Stick'emup!" Came the command, uttered so quickly there was no perceptible pause between the words.

Heads swivelled like owls'. The first thing Smith noticed was the guns, pointing, it seemed, all at him. At the same time, the third man stuck a gun that looked as large as a cannon through the grill-work of the cashier's cage.

The bright young man turned a brighter colour. The two patrons tried their best to imitate totem-poles, absolutely deprived of all life. Smith backed into a corner and reached for dear heaven.

In the meantime the cashier was obeying orders, and shoving over piles of crisp bills and jingling silver. This the bandit was stuffing into a bag, all the while keeping his gun trained on the others.

Smith shivered. He was afraid, and made no bones about admitting it to himself. Thinking that to take his eyes

off the proceedings would relieve the feeling a but, he raised his gaze upward. It took a moment for what he saw to seep through to his brain.

The grill work went to the ceiling. It resembled wood, but, at one place, the finish had peeled slightly, exposing to his startled eyes a small patch of gleaming brass. He ran his eye along the framework, which, he saw, was all one piece.

Smith was not exactly a coward. But he was no braver than the ordinary person who is confronted with loaded guns and desperate criminals. In some of us there is a hidden courage that some stress will bring to the fore, usually only temporarily. Thus it was with Smith. It struck him with stunning force that it was within his power to avert this crime without undue risk to himself.

For that shiny patch of exposed brass was but a fraction of an inch from his bare wrist.

Smith shivered again, this time purposely, and his arm made contact. He watched breathlessly for the result.

It came. The bandit at the cashier's cage dropped the bundle of bills he was in the act of stuffing into a bag. He jerked convulsively, and broke into a ludicrous shuffle that was a cross between a macabre dance and an agonized twisting. His feet jerked, his body writhed and his free arm flailed the air. His eyes started, and his lips drew back in a snarl. And all the while his other hand stuck tight to the gun that was wedged by the sudden twist in an interstice of the grill.

Smith gasped in amazement at this exhibition of his unusual powers. His potential, he thought, was steadily increasing.

The other two bandits, seeing their companion's plight, forgot their immediate duties and started forward to aid him. This was their undoing. They grasped him by the free hand and became a part of the circuit, thus absorbing some of the charge. At once they were three helpless, unnamed men — for they had dropped their weapons — jumping about like headless chickens.

It had taken but a few moments for

all this to transpire. The cashier, seeing he was safe, immediately pressed the alarm, and in a surprisingly short time the police arrived. The captain in charge recognized the symptoms of electric shock, and ordered his men not to touch them.

Rather surprised at his unexpected audacity, Bester Smith spoke up:

"If you'll make ready to seize them Captain, I'll release them."

And before the surprised and incredulous policeman had a chance to argue the fine points of the matter, Smith removed his arm, and the three men dropped gasping to the floor, where they were immediately handcuffed.

The captain turned to Smith who was making for the door, his momentary courage having coozed away.

"Just a minute, mister. What did you have to do with this?"

"Who? Me??? Why—er—ah—nothing, sir, nothing at all!"

"Good day, Captain, good day!" A breezy voice broke in, brisk and energetic. The bright young man stood there, a broad smile on his face. "My friend here is a little shy, and doesn't wish to take credit for a marvelous feat. He captured these men single-handed, sir, owing to a freakish occurrence miraculous in the annals of science!"

"Who are you?" demanded the officer.

"Never mind who I am, sir. Pay attention to him. An accident made a human battery of him, giving him enough energy to shock people. He touched his hand to the metal grill and the thief was caught by the electric shock and unable to escape. His companions ran to his rescue, and were also caught in the trap."

The captain was a reasonable man, but he didn't quite believe in fairy tales. However, he always said, let a man have his say before judging him. Turning to Smith, he demanded:

"What's this tommyrot?"

Smith nodded, and snapped his fingers. Blue sparks flew. The officer jumped. He crossed himself, and said,

(Continued on page 18)

FAN ME

WITH A NEWSPAPER

PAGE 11

by Mrs J. E. WALKER

Have you ever noticed how many different ideas are acquired when a number of people read the same item. I think this is more conspicuous in connection with the daily paper than anywhere else.

Ask any twenty people what they can remember from yesterday's paper and you will likely get twenty different answers. The fellow playing the stockmarket will have checked on the latest quotations. The sports fan will have read about his current idol or the reports on his favorite game. Most people will remember more about the 'funnies' than anything else, unless there was something unusually startling in the headlines.

Perhaps you are wondering what this has to do with science-fiction — but have you noticed how much science, fiction, and fantasy you can find in a daily paper? Our daily is the Toronto Star, (Hope I don't have to pay for this plug!) so many Canadian fans will be familiar with its pages. Take the 'funnies' — Brick Bradford and Flash Gordon both belong to the fantasy class. I prefer Brick Bradford for both scenery and costumes, and a certain something that makes you think it could have happened. Alex Raymond must think women are the stronger sex or he wouldn't have his heroines wandering through trackless jungles clothed in sandals, bra, and shorts when their male escorts have to wear knee-boots and leather britches.

Even Popeye and Bathless Groggins have their adventures in fantasy. Mandrake's long suit seems to be hypnotism. Many of his adventures seem to be fantastic at first, but usually turn out to

have very prosaic foundations.

To turn to other matters, you will find the latest in fiction mentioned in the Saturday paper. Two very interesting novels were mentioned last week, (Feb. 26, '44) "Canape-Vert", an authentic story of Haiti, written by two native-born Haitians and translated into English by E. L. Tinker. It deals with their strange customs and beliefs.

The other was sheer fantasy written by Stephen Gilbert of the British Army. It is called "Landslide", and brings to life strange creatures of a by-gone age. Sounds like good reading.

Off and on in the regular news you will pick up items on the latest scientific discoveries. Sometimes ordinary news items, if combined, would make a good plot for a science-fiction story. A few weeks ago when we were hearing news of earth-quakes in South America, there was an item, quote; "Rio de Janeiro, Jan 15 - Meteorologists today were unable to explain a strange phenomenon which startled inhabitants of the state of Minas Geraes. The whole sky suddenly glowed with light, turning night into day and making electric illumination unnecessary, the residents reported. This continued more than three hours." Unquote.

Link this up with the earthquakes and Mexico's brand-new volcano and you have a good start for a new invasion from the centre of the earth.

Such items keep bobbing up from time to time and the fan who started a scrap book along these lines would have authentic details for his stories.

(The End!)

THE DODO

by James Russell Gray

His nights were lit by virgin constellations;
By day the sun was flaming overhead;
He lived with fear and knew its grim sensations,
For he was ill-equipped — so he is dead

A shadow bird! His helplessness betrayed him.
He stood beside some now-forgotten sea
When Earth was young. But passing years have made him
One with the Unicorn — a memory.

COOKIN' WIT' GAS

OILLIE SAARI The best things in the issue were Mason's story The Mother and Fred Hurter's Stuff & Such. Mason's story was Van Vogtish to the limit and a little vague as to its point, but like Van Vogt's stuff it made me read it to the finish, if only to find out that he had little to say. John and I were correspondents for a long time and I always thought his fiction had possibilities; now I know it has, because this is very close to professional writing. He tried to contrast the human and the alien viewpoints, and I must say he did better with the alien. A little more sympathetic motivation for the Humans and a little more logical course of action would have made this a corking good, subtle story.....Hurter's column was full of good solid material as well as laughs. (I had to chuckle over the "roving bachelor 35" who "desires attractive girl companion for shows, picnics, matrimony, etc"). Hurter seems like a fellow I'd want to meet. His browsing in libraries reminds me of early college days when courses were easy and cuts were frequent and one could run wild on any subject that caught the fancy. I envy the guy. A 52-hour week and female entanglements put quite a crimp in scientific and literary pursuits. And a fellow poker-player to boot! Ever try "Kaboodle", "333", "Deuces-wild-spit", "Peek", and some of the other ingenious forms?

Who is this Blackwell? Shades of Abbey Schwarz and H. H. Welch.....Either this was supposed to be funny, in which case the humour isn't obvious, or else who the hell is he to be telling us why we read science-fiction. The worst of it is that part of what he says is true, but why so absolute, so free with expletives, so uncompromising? He describes one side of science-fiction — the side which exists in every human enterprise on the face of the earth, the pinhead side.....But maybe I'm the sucker for being provoked by something so obvious. You know, I think a systematic, logical defense of science-fiction would do well in some fan mag — an article which takes every point which has been raised by cranks, non fans, etc., and considers it in the light of basic values.

Kym Temby (Wotta name?) points out something in Cookin' Wit' Gas which I hadn't noticed — that the scientists in The Missing Universe and The After Life were both named Danton Morrell. The former was written in 1937 and the latter in 1941 and no connection was intended. Ye Gods, I must love that name! I think I used it in another story as well.

I almost forgot the fascinating cover; the leer on the guy's face is sexy as hell.

CHAS. BURBEE Got CanFan #7 the other day. The Mother was Van Vogtish of course, but not bad, in spite of being vague. Return of Pete was not much. Beak Broadcasts was passable. Light Flashes stank like hell. Cookin' was all right. Stuff & Such was excellent. Conversely just so-so. CanFan Directory is a useful item.

Good Things From Strange Cabinets struck me as being written with appalling ignorance — books in libraries contain knowledge of pix — a little research here wouldn't have hurt a bit. Master's Masterpiece, a good-enough expression of personal preference.

Valley of the Styx — well, it had pretty good meter, and didn't seem out of place here. What Time....not bad at all.

Cover, not so hot. Illustration for What Time, O. K.

To take the mag as a whole — good. One of the top five, easily. Worth more than a nickle too.

FRANKLIN LEE BALDWIN Best in #7 was Mason's The Mother. The guy is really coming on. However, I think he should change his style somewhat as it is evident that he is following too rigidly in his idol's footsteps. Nevertheless, he's plenty good — an interesting writer. The rest of the stuff in CanFan I just skipped over. Too much junk.

AL WEINSTEIN Excellent. The mag as a whole has — the only way I can describe it is — oomp! It makes you sit up and take notice. Either it's your Canadian manner of writing or something, but I feel very refreshed after reading CanFan.

Cover was fair. I didn't like its layout very much. Looked too stiff. Too much like everyday covers.

I didn't see the point of the story The Mother. The writing was good, in my opinion, but Mason didn't have an idea to back up his story. Yet it wasn't hack.

All the features were amazingly excellent. What Time Hath Wrought was also excellent. Didn't understand a word of Valley of the Styx.

HELEN WESSON: I've thought so much of what I want to write you about CF that now I can't remember did I or didn't I? But I don't think any pub'r would mind two letters on the same ish!

First, the cover. I always notice fanzine art at once because all the examples I've seen to date have made me gasp. With your cover, though, there

* # * # * # *

was the added.....well, surprise....that these fairy creatures are of Fantasy. You see, I'm learning gradually just what fantasy includes.....at first I thought it was just Lovecraftia! This discovery opens up another facet to sparkle and add to my enthusiasm.

The Return of Pete I found as laugh provoking as Kruczer's Glash Fordon in 1eZ.

Even though the Mother was science-fiction, which is the only part of fantasy I reject, (I've only had time concentrate and the Weird holds me tightly) it held me to the very end. Perhaps the idea has been well pounded-out in Fandom but to me it was new and I read avidly to see what would happen next.

With the aforementioned prejudices, my giggles at your illustrations for Holden Blackwell's article must have been heard way up thar.

There you have them, reader's: a page and a half of letters. Not an overwhelmingly large response, is it? It seems that few of you realize that an editor's only method of knowing what improvements to make is through his readers; he relies to them tell him what's wrong with the latest issue of the rag. With this in mind, I wish most heartily that those of you who get a copy of this issue would sit down and put down a few remarks as to what you think of it, and what I can do to make these pages more interesting. And if you have any pet beefs regarding statements made herein... well, I'll be glad to use those too. Thanx, fellas.

ROAD! Campbell just REDUCED
FORMAT AGAIN



A CYNIDEALISTIC CONCEPT OF FANDOM

An answer to Holden Blackwell.

by Fred Baker

I like, Mr Blackwell, your iconoclastic but extremist view of science-fiction and fandom, as I think it represents the ideas of a non-fan's acquaintances of average intelligence who thinks he is familiar with the subject.

To begin with, there is no such thing as 'the average fan' you so wrongly depicted, nor can the term 'average-fan' truly be used. Fans are a too variegated and small group to apply this term to any of its members, tho' you infer that the average fan is 'a drip looking for a cheap thrill'. We are very unlike in many respects, and have many contradictions in our numbers, being, on the whole, only superficially alike. Personally, I only know a few fans, but the few I do know are strange opposites, such as, Christians, atheists, cynics, idealists, technicians, scientists, and completely ignorant laymen. Basically all are of average intelligence or better, and are interested in stf from three main standpoints — their scientific interest; love of literature and literary expression; and entertainment.

You depict the average fan as a person continually reading lurid and flashy pulps for a vicarious and cheap thrill while deluding himself with the fact that he is gaining scientific knowledge. These do exist, but you find them more among the readers than you do among the fan. In fact, I think such an individual would be a rare exception among fan.

In the first group, (fan of scientific interest) you do find persons who are led thru the romantic and imaginative tales of pseudo-science to be interested in the factual side of it. They are not deluded as to believe of stf stories any more than that they stimulate interest and imagination in such, as was once the so-called purpose of stf when the scientific quiz departments sprang up in the pulp mags. Very few are led to the arms of science thru this as fans are prone to be egotistical and disorganized. Notable exceptions to this rule are such scientists and technicians as E. E. Smith, John W. Campbell, Donald Wollheim, Willey Ley, and many technifans of lesser note. Of this group, some were led to science thru stf, and

vice versa, since stf is an interesting realm of speculation to the scientist.

In the last two groups I can only say that the multitudes of fan authors and authors who had their beginning in fandom speak for themselves.

I hope that I have proven to you in a small degree that science-fiction fans are not quite "Just a bunch of drips seeking a cheap thrill", Mr Blackwell.

THE VILLAINS' LAMENT

Gnr Bob Gibson

We're essential to the story,
For we cause the plot to spin.
We can make a lot of trouble,
But we never, never win.
No matter how successfully
We start careers of sin —
We never win the lady,
And the hero does us in.

Yah! Hiss! Snarl!

We might have won the medals, and been
wed to maidens nice;
We were all potential heroes, but they
turned us into lice;
Oh, the author was against us and we had
to pay the price.
We're the Science-fiction Villains!

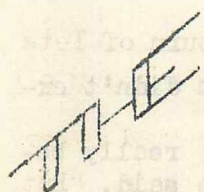
Bah! Grrr! Snarl!

Ray him! Gun him! Slay him!
— You'll not escape from that —
— The world is doomed in half an hour —
This bomb will blast it flat —
— Careful! Dodge the I. F. P. —
— Drop 'em in the brine —
Once aboard the spaceship
And the gal is mine —

Arrgh! Hiss! Snarl!

It doesn't do a bit of good, the hero's
there to stop us.
The heroines all turn us down, the space
patrol will cop us.
Oh, the author is against us, and every-
one will bop us;
We're the Science-fiction Villains —
And they never let us win.

Bah! Grrr! Snarl!



RETURN OF PETE

by Leslie A. Croutch

page 15

IN THE PRECEDING INSTALLMENT, we left Pete as Colonel Beel Zebub sent him off to Hell on a special mission. Pete had been discussing various matters with Dr Acula and Gordon Gool, townsmen of his in his new Liquor and Wine emporium, when he was suddenly drafted. He obviously was frightened by Beel Zebub's presence, however, he was ready to go anywhere. The Colonel sent him to Hell to discover what was behind the booze racket the Japs had started down there:

Ever been to Hell. Never gone to the devil. Well, neither had Pete. Oh, it is to be admitted that he had been told and given explicit directions, and he had read sundry hot books on the subject, but being there in actuality, that was a different story. At Pete's High-grade Emporium where the gang hung out, discussions at times ran rife about what the place was like, and who went there, and what they did when they arrived. Gordon Gool had been to church once, and had heard Other Worlders listen to a strange being all in black describe a terrible place where they toasted people on spits, and awesome beings with long tails on the ends danced about, prodding the wailing roasts with tri-tined forks to see if they were done. Pete had never bothered his head much about such things. He'd already lived for 801 years and expected to live for a few hundred more. In fact, if nothing untoward occurred, he might never die. So why should he worry about a hell or not?

But he went to Hell just the same! Things happened pretty fast after Colonel Beel Zebub snapped his fingers and the sparks flew. The ground seemed to open up under him and he was falling down a bottomless hole. If he hadn't been in the habit of carrying a flask on the hip he might have conked out. As it was he retained his senses to the bitter end, which happened to be his own, for the journey ended when he landed on said posterior with a resounding thump.

Pete picked himself up and looked around. He didn't doubt for a moment his whereabouts. "So this is Hell!" he muttered. It was a dismal place. Over-

head swirled clouds of orange-hued smoke. The landscape was bleak and muddy-looking. And, to make things worse, Pete had landed splosh in the middle of a pond. Cursing, he splashed to the shore and started to wring out his clothes. After producing a semi-state of dryness, he started out in the general direction of what appeared to be the brightest part of the horizon.

Topping a small rise near the pond, he espied what appeared to be a road, or foot-path a few hundred feet before him, and he made for this. On reaching it, he noticed a fresh trail of footprints leading off to the left. Deciding if he followed these he might catch up with the owner and thus learn his whereabouts Pete set off at a goodly pace.

As he jogged along, he noted the absence of the fire and brimstone and sulphurous atmosphere attributed to this eerie place by the Other Worlders. In fact, it looked to him like any other landscape after a particularly heavy rain storm. There was even the cool breeze with the smell of moisture on it.

Finally he reached a turn in the road, and, on rounding this, espied a goodly sized river on his right, over which the road passed by way of a small footbridge crudely made of rough planking. On one side hunched a bedraggled-looking person who appeared to be either just sitting and thinking or sitting and fishing. Pete always believed the quickest way to get anywhere was to take the offensive, so he greeted the other with, "Er- ahem- koff- koff-!" To which the greeted one raised his eyebrows, which curled upward and outward like a pair of small horns. "Yes?" he said, politely, and drew from behind him a fleshy object with a spear-head. It was a tail. Pete shuddered. Then this must be a demon.

"Er- I am a stranger here—"

"Obviously!"

"I- er- Beel- er- Colonel Beel Zebub sent—"

"Oh yes. My Boss has been waiting for you. We received word you would arrive somewhere in the vicinity. I was fishing while waiting for you."

"Huh? Waiting for me? But it was only by accident that I came this way."

"Oh yes, at first. If you had gone the other way you would have soon come back."

"I am Pete. Pete the Vampire."

"Of course! How rude of me. I am Demon Rum."

The introductions over, they started off at a jog-trot. Pete marvelled at this antique means of locomotion but on enquiring, was told the Boss would answer all things when they arrived.

Within half an hour, by which time Pete was pretty well blown, they arrived at the gates of a huge walled city, through which they passed when Demon Rum gave a sort of password or sign that looked for all the world like the tracing of the Other Worlders' religious symbol in the air, and not upside down, either.

Inside, Pete noticed the streets were not paved with any great elegance, but were cobblestoned, and seemed to be in a decided need of repair. In fact, everywhere he looked, things appeared to need some repair work done, and plenty of it, at that.

Eventually they reached the portals of a once-imposing-looking edifice before which two more demons lounged sloppily, one carrying a spear mended somewhat crudely with twine or rope. The door squeaked mightily when opened, and Pete gasped at the sight of leather hinges on one and wrought iron on the other. Within was a huge hall, at the opposite end of which was a second pair of imposing doors. These were in a slightly better state of repair, but still protested noisily when opened. Within was The Boss.

Demon Rum disappeared after closing the doors, and Pete was on his own. There was a large table, and a huge chair, in which reposed a mighty man, dressed in shabby though neat evening clothes. Pete advanced toward this individual, who greeted him with, "You are Pete the Vampire, I presume?"

Pete presumed he was right.

"I am Nick. Have a seat."

Pete gawked. So this was His Satanic Majesty. From the stories he had heard.....but this fellow seemed quite decent, quite human, in fact.

Nick smiled sadly. "You are puz-

The Return of Pete

zled, I see. Apparently you didn't expect to see what you do."

"Well- er- I've never really believed in Hell, or you," Pete said. "But the Other Worlders paint a pretty awfull picture of you."

"Ah, yes — the cloven hooves, the spikod tail, the horns. Well, as you can see, I haven't any. Some of my demons have all three, but I am quite normal. Anyway, I dare say after your brief though lengthy journey you are hungry." With which he clapped his hands.

Pete got to thinking of the things he had heard, about spitted Other Worlders, and things. But what came in was as great a surprise as had been everything else. There was chicken, though Pete didn't fancy it much, and wine, and fruits, just as there was in his world. In fact, it was all so normal, he made quite a hog of himself.

After he had finished, Nick spoke. "Now to business. I dislike having to rush you into things so soon after your arrival, but it is very important."

Pete nodded and settled back.

Nick looked about him and sighed. "As you have no doubt noticed," he began, "Things aren't quite as they should be. This isn't my usual domicile. I usually use this place only when I am supervising inspection and work on the barriers between my domain and that of Job and Pete. They get pretty rocky at times and have to be repaired, you see, or else they'd fall, and beings from my land, or their land, would sneak back and forth. Anyway, back to conditions here: the Barrier is getting weaker due to lack of workers to repair it; the whole domain, in fact, is going to the angels through lack of workers. You see Pete, my men are all on guard against the trouble being caused by those slant-eyed fiends from Up Above. If something isn't done soon, Hell will be in a Heaven of a mess."

Pete could see that all right, but he couldn't see what he could do about it. Nick smiled. "I see you are wondering how you can help. The power of these Japanese is their booze, a vile concoction of something-or-other they call by an outlandish name, which on-

((Continued on Page 17))

The Return of Pete (Continued)

flames their fellow men. They can't make it down here, or if they can, I don't know how. Find where they get it, or how to fix them so they can't use it. That is your mission."

(To be concluded next issue.)

Beak Broadcasts (Cont. from page 2)

was rather attempting to be sarcastic. SCIENCE-FICTION was originally submitted to Fred for publication

in Censored, however, when said mag went by the board, Freddy passed the ms on to me. I thought mebbe it might stir up a little righteous indignation among some of the younger fans.

So long for now, gang. May I add a plug for the NFFF before I go. Support a really worthwhile organization, and join now.

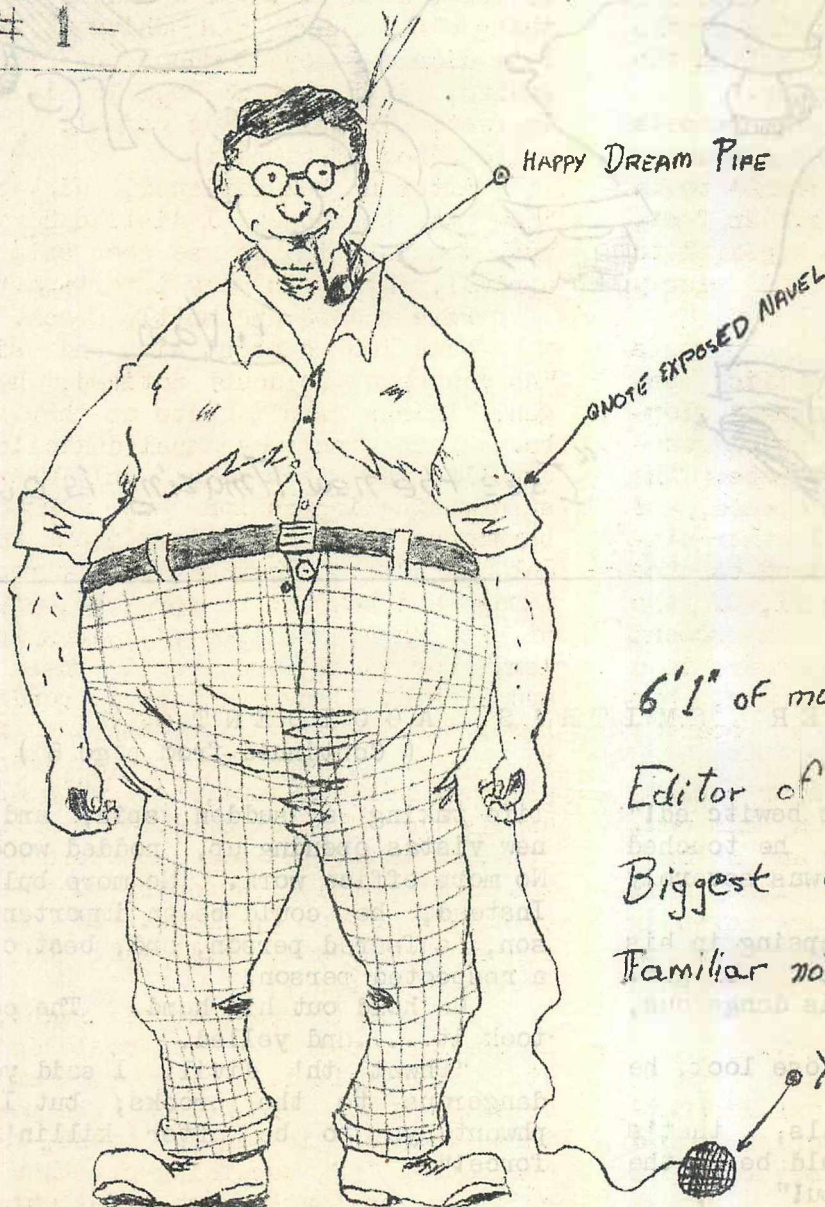
good luck ,

Beak

FAN PERSONALITIES

1 -

LES CROUTCH



((Ed. note: An artist, who, for the present will remain anonymous, has sent me a number of sketches of various prominent fans. Since this issue is filled with material by the Kindly Old Gentleman from Parry Sound, I thought it might be a good idea to begin the series with a sketch of him. It is reproduced, as nearly as possible, exactly as it was received, complete with the artist's notes, and all. Other sketches will appear in future issues. Are YOU next? Hmmm???? Tune in next week and the herman-er, - Canadian Fandom will tell you all!

6'1" of mountainous masculinity!!!!

Editor of LIGHT, the Ghoul's delight

Biggest citizen in PARRY SOUND

Familiar not shown, but is Wolf.

Yo-Yo



BESTER SMITH'S ACCIDENT

(Continued from page 8)

"Blessed Mother, the man's bewitched!" Then, as others had done, he touched Bester experimentally, and was severely shocked.

"Phwell!" he said, lapsing in his excitement into his Irish brogue. "Phwell, I nivir! The man is dangerous, he is."

And then, after a close look, he broke into a grin.

"Dangerous to criminals, that's phwat! My man, you should be on the force. I need a man like you!"

In a daze, Bester Smith, his whole

life taking a sudden spin, and whole new vistas opening up, nodded woodenly. No more office work. No more bullying. Instead, he could be an important person, a feared person, and, best of all, a respected person.

He held out his hand. The captain took it.....and yelled.

"Phwat th' divil! I said ye'd be dangerous to the crooks, but I don't phwant ye to be after killin' the force!"

(Finis)

by Les Croutch

Light Flashes

Just recently I received a letter from editor Taylor who brandished a figurative club over my head and suggested very gently that I should get to work & send in "Light Flashes" for this issue of Canadian Fandom or else he might possibly become violent. Now, I have never seen Taylor in such a state, but I have heard from reliable sources that fans, when they become violent, are creatures to beware of. Therefore, I decided I might as well play the game safe and do as he hinted.

And this is the result.

Well, boys and girls here and there, hither and yon, it looks as though Spring is somewhere in the offing. For us in Parry Sound anyway. February has broken bright and mild. I saw a robin the other day. No, not a skinny robin, but a nice fat one. He was perched on a customer's verandah railing, considering the possibilities of robin somethin' or other. Then, last week, as I drove up town in my trusty indian (it's a Pontiac) about 9:30 ack amma I heard in the bush that huddles up on a rocky hillbehind my house, a crow muttering some very dirty remarks to himself. They must have been dirty, for the tone of his voice was such as to make me blush and press a little more firmly on the accelerator. And when something makes a Croutch, especially a Les Croutch, blush, then it must be either awfully putrid or very personal.

No wisecracks please!

But down to business. Fan doings up this—a—way have been sort of lazy since I last did this column. Canadians are notably slow when it comes to fanning. I mean Science—fiction fanning, not just — well — fanning. "I fadel!" However, a dark note of sorrow was cast over the Yuletide Season when Beak lost his mother. Those of us who have Mothers know what this loss must have meant to him. In the bargain, his Father has been recuperating from an illness. I know all of fandom joins with me in offering him our sympathies. We can do no more. None of us are super—scientists or master magicians.

Then, Sapper Alison Godfrey, of my home town, Parry Sound, who is in Bel-

gium or thereabouts, (Godfrey, not the town, you dopes!) got himself konked on the noggin with either a piece of shrapnel or a shell fragment. He was laid up for some time but is well and happy again. I have a photograph here showing where he was struck. It was on the fore part of the skull, above the hair line. It is an ugly scar to be bald about it. I wouldn't have wanted it.

Over in Italy, Sgt Lamb was returning to camp from a show in the nearby congregation of hovels that make up an Italian place of habitation, and got wounded. Yes, the truck in which he and several others were riding rolled off the road into a ditch and onto its side. Owing to soldiers flying this way and that, mixed up with feet, benches and so forth, he got scratched, bruised, and generally mussed up. Gnr. Gibson was ill for a time with jaundice, but that is old news as he is well again.

Up here, Weird Tales and Super Science are still going pretty strong, with no signs of being discontinued or anything quite so uncouth and ungentle. Weird Tales is still reprinting material from back issues of the American edition but Super Science!!!! Since it ran out of American Super Science material as that magazine stopped some time ago, it had to find stuff somewhere else. This it is doing by digging into old Argosies old Amazings, and so forth. Lately such reprints as 'The Dawn Seekers', 'The Red Dust', and others have appeared. 'Crimes of the year 2000' is being run as a series. The covers remain pretty nice, but I don't look inside to read them, just to look at the pretty pictures. They make swell swap items, though, and here is where I get a plug for myself.... Do you mind, Beak? Thank you. Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, is my address. I'll swap Canadian stuff for American if you'll drop me a line about it.

Next paragraph. Everyday fantasy and Science—fiction. Everyday we see things coming true we thought sounded crazy in the magazines. At least, those who were not Science—fiction Fans thot so. Remember when they thought us a bunch of Puck Rogers fiends? Remember - egad — they still think so. But not as

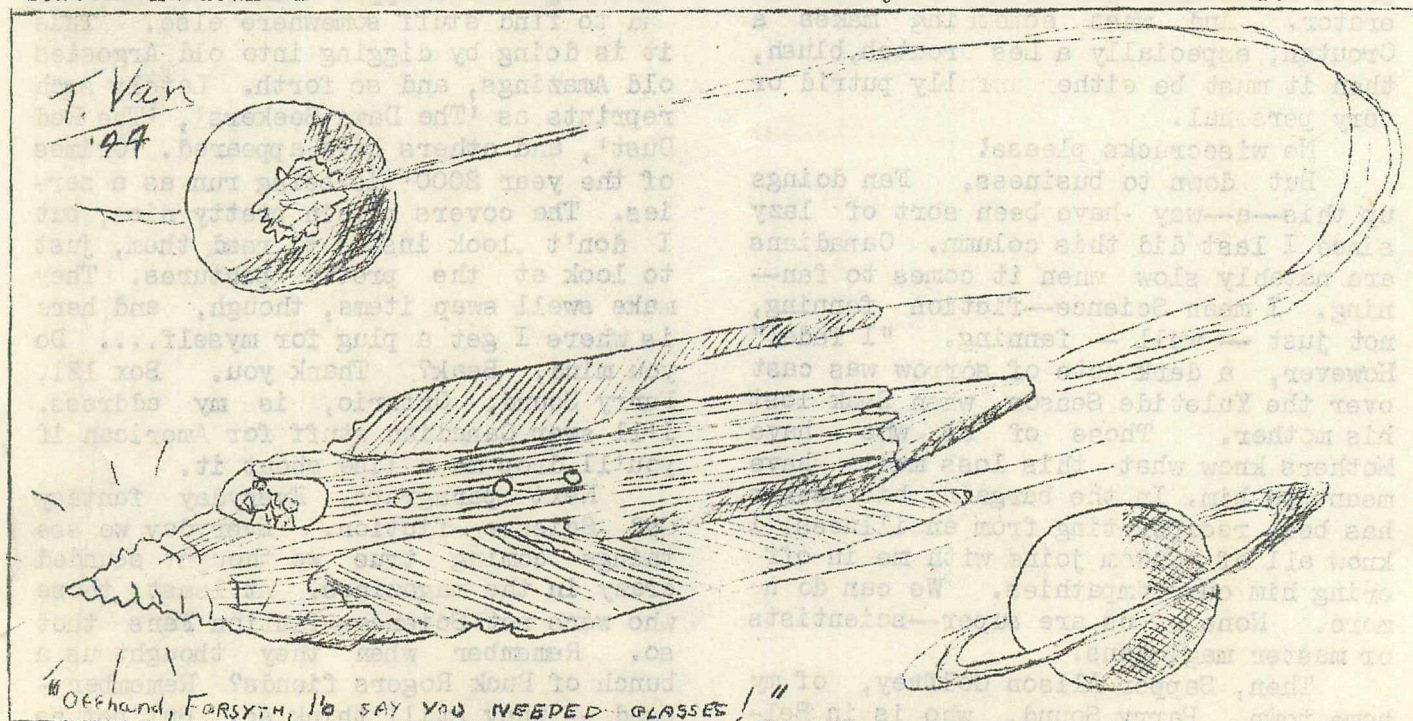
much. Rockets and jet-propelled planes are vindicating us every day. Now something else hits the technical news. I haven't seen any report of this in the popular press, so maybe just the radio men know about it. But a new development in ultra-high radio promises transmission of several programs over same radio wavelength AT THE SAME TIME. This means a station could broadcast a play, a newscast, a musical show, and several other programs all at once. One frequency would be broadcast. This one frequency would carry all these programs. Receivers tuned to the wavelength could choose the program the listener wished to hear by the simple expedient of pressing a button, which would make the circuits responsive to the part of the transmitted wave carrying the program desired to be heard! From England comes word that Baird, the pioneer in television, has demonstrated in his laboratories successful full-colour, 3-dimensional television! From the research laboratories of various companies comes assurance that the three-dimensional motion picture is at our door. You wear no special glasses with two differently coloured lenses. You just sit down, and look, and there before you are the 3-dimensional movies. Think of Lana Turner walking right out of the screen and down the aisle! Think of the

train roaring right out of the picture and at you! I wonder how many faint hearts will pass out the first time they see one of these movies of the future.

Canadian author, Alfred van Vogt and wife, Edna Mayne Hull, moved to California to thaw out after this Canadian winter. Yes, she is the Astounding E. Mayne Hull. I have known this for a long time, but was honour bound by his request, not to tell it. Divulgence of the fact by Forrest J. Ackerman releases me from my word, however. Most of the vanVogt stories are true collaborations. She starts the story, writes half of it, and then he takes over and finishes it. This husband-wife team is very successful and is going places in a mighty big hurry.

Incidentally, I have been told John Hollis Mason, who recently appeared inaney's ACOLYTE, is thinking of following suit and hitting for California, also. Watch out for the women, John! They don't take any guff lying down in California, you know. ((Mason sez: If Croutch goes, warn the women!))

Well, gang. I guess this is all for this issue of old LIGHT FLASHES. I hope it was as acceptable as it has been before. Thank you for liking it so much. So, till the next number of CanFan comes out, I'll sign off with best wishes for whatever you want best wishes for.



((Just a brief note of apology and explanation, Fans. Fred Hurter has just written to explain that the press of exams and schoolwork at McGill makes it impossible for him to make the deadline this issue with Stuff & Such. He promises an extra long effort next time. We'll be waiting for it, Freddie.))

