

Grant

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JANUARY

1955

THE RATIONAL SOLUTION

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by Richard Eney.

"Why pick on us?" said the Great Scientist with a put-upon air. "There must be 5,530 men and/or women who'd be happy to, uh, assist your psychological difficulties."

"No, doubt, no doubt," conceded the Lecherous Tyrant. "Thought not all the women would necessarily be so expertly stacked." He ran a lustful eye over the Dazzlingly Pul-chritudinous Femme's inviting curves. "You forget, though, that they wouldn't be stfnal. EP and I are currently trying to take advantage of the breakdown in science-fiction's principles to try and break The Pattern. After 11,336 attempts of mine to deflower a Pure Heroine-- each foiled-- and 20,798 equally unsuccessful attempts on EP's part to stain a Virtuous Hero, we're getting to have habits. I fear," he finished, dolefully, "we're developing fixations".

"Exactly," agreed the Evil Princess. She stretched catlike in a manner designed to show off the contents of her low-cut blouse. "Just think," she self-pitied, "ever since 1926! If only I aged like other women instead of always being young and hot-blooded it wouldn't be so frustrating. I am probably the only seductress in fiction who's still a virgin. All because stf authors are moral." Throwing the Great Scientist a look to supercharge the blood pressure, EP reclined on her couch with feline grace.

The Dazzlingly Pulchritudinous Femme, armored in the knowledge that she was more exciting in a spacesuit than EP in sheer silks, sniffed.

"Can't you simply pollute each other?" she asked disdainfully.

"You know," declared the Lecherous Tyrant admiringly, "you've got an idea there!" He gave EP the I-spy eye. "We'll have to examine the possibilities afterward. But we waste time." He clapped his hands. A dozen hardened fighting men closed around Dazzy, two dozen around GS. "It's quite useless for you to struggle," LT pointed out, "and you'll only be exhausting yourselves to the point where you'll be unable to appreciate the ensuing events."

"We wouldn't think of fighting against such odds," informed GS haughtily. "It's undignified. And besides we might get hurt."

LT looked at the Evil Princess with glee. "Why the hell can't they all be this reasonable?" he asked joyfully. "Take the woman to my quarters!"

Second Spasm

The Evil Princess waited till the door closed behind the minor procession. Then she turned to GS, radiant. With an abandoned gesture, she tore open her blouse, offering proof that, as per requirements, she needed no artificial support.

"At last!" she murmured. "You'll never know how hard I worked for this moment!" With a sigh she entered the Great Scientists's arms.

"Not that I want to spoil your fun or anything," pointed out GS, "but there are about 24 witnesses standing around." He addressed EP's guard. "You fellows can go now. You won't learn anything new, unless you're more innocent than the Royal Bragoons have any right to be."

"Our duty," answered one stuffily, "is to guard the Princess, and--"

"I don't care about witnesses," murmured the Evil Princess, fumbling with the fastenings of her skirt.

But GS was in no mood to be trifled with. "OUT!" he roared. "Out, I say! I'll have no one looking over my shoulder!"

The guards hesitated momentarily, till EP waved them away. "Go on," she said dreamily. "I don't want anything distracting his attention." She let her skirt drop to the floor and rested her head on GS' shoulder. He put his arm around her and waited patiently till the last guard was out and the door clashed shut behind him.

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Third Convolution

"This is too good to be true," declared the Lecherous Tyrant. With an effort, he refrained from drooling.

"I never wore falmies in my life!" declared Dazzy indignantly, mistaking his referent.

"No, no," apologized LT hastily, "I meant the lack of resistance. Usually there are all sorts of scenes. As for your assertion, we can tease it empirically." He dismissed his guards and was alone with Dazzy in his quarters.

"Don't you offend my modesty, sir, or you will rue it!" she declared defiantly.

"Pogophile!" he defined. "I have yet to be deterred by that threat." The Lecherous Tyrant leered lecherously at her and, despite her struggles, clasped her in his defiling embrace. "Even now your companion is yielding to EP's passionate advances. You can abandon hope for help from him."

"GS can resist that-- er, unsavory female," Dazzy declared firmly. "He'll burst through that door any moment and annihilate you in one of several highly effective ways."

"Not so," rebutted LT gleefully. "As soon as he and EP are alone a time lock goes into operation." He pawed her voluptuous form obscenely. "They won't be able to get out for half an hour, by which time I'll have wreaked my lewd passions on your defenceless body." With a deft gesture he ripped open her dress, then set to work on the fastenings of her basseiere. "Why," came the rhetorical question, "do women bother with all this sub-surface gear?"

"Principle of the delaying action, in this case." analyzed Dazzy, punching him in the solar plexus.

"Uk!" reacted LT. "Damn your anatomy!" He seized her wrists after a little difficulty, and pinned them behind her neck with one hand.

"Foul play!" panted Dazzy. "Lecherous Tyrants are supposed to be soft and sluglike!"

"Ah, you've forgotten the length of time it's been since I've had a chance to be lecherous," LT pointed out. Baffled briefly by the problem of tearing her dress off while simultaneously holding her wrists together, he solved it by deft use of his stiletto.

"I knew all this feudal stuff on my uniform must have a purpose!"

"Vandal," hissed Dazzy. "That dress was a Dior original! If I could get loose I'd eviscerate you with that same feudal stuff!"

"Ah, but can't get loose!" declared the Lecherous Tyrant, energetically frustrating her efforts in that direction. With an obscene chuckle he applied himself to removing the remainder of her clothing. "One good thing about enforced celibacy," he leered, "it makes you hard! Like nails, I mean."

Fourth Fangdango

At the clash of the door GS registered shock. He released the Evil Princess, crossed to the door, tried it, cursed.

"Oscar crisp the thing! We're locked in!"

"Yes," drawled the Evil Princess significantly. "You can devote yourself to the business at hand with more concentration now you know there'll be no interruptions." She embraced him again, rubbing her cheek and other parts of her anatomy on his many chest.

GS looked about the room with a touch of apprehension, which faded as he spied the visiscreen against the wall. "Thank Roscoe!" he sighed.

EP, whose experience of such scenes was considerable, sprang back, shaking with fury. "BSo!" she snapped. "You thought to trick me, dog of a commoner! But the love of a Princess of the Empire is not to be spurned by such as you!" She raised clawed hands above her head in the classic manner. "Ten thousand unthinkable deaths will be too few to atone--"

"Shut the hell up before I knock your ears off!" Commanded the Great Scientist coldly. He took out a multiplex pocketknife, removed the casing of the visiset, probed among its connections. Then he searched his pockets, producing nothing, and muttered a Ghulic obscenity under his breath.

"There's no need to be indecent," reproved EP. "If you don't want to be abandoned in an interesting way, then have the decency to keep the party clean!"

GS turned an unappreciative eye on her. "Take off your panties!" he snapped.
"T---?"

At her hesitation he choked back another oath, seized her, and ripped off the article in question.

"You do care, after all!" sighed EP ecstatically.

"Some day I'll have to form the habit of toting a soldering iron around with me," he disillusioned her. "As it is," (he began to splice and tie industriously) "this is going to be a hell of a jury rig, but if a Real STF Hero can't make a super-weapon out of a TV unit and the elastic from a woman's panties Gershback lived in vain!"

Fifth Struggle

"You're too late by now," gloated the Evil Princess in a whisper. "LT has long since sated his passions. Your loved one's purity is a thing of the past."

GS smiled cryptically. "I'm more worried about the scarcity of electric plugs around her. If there isn't one within range LT's quarters I'll have a hell of a time getting in. Why couldn't you have had a battery-powered TV instead of running it off the Palace current?"

"I'm unpoluted," EP pointed out, plaintively. "Guaranteed an intact virgin. I'd give you ALL."

No doubt, no doubt," agreed GS, preoccupied. "But I prefer a more cosmopolitan outlook in my mistresses. Your regarding such a restricted area as 'ALL' suggests a positively morbid concentration of talent and ener-- sh!" He ducked back from the corner he had almost turned.

"Two guards, the door to LT's apartment, and an electric plug," he explained. "You don't happen to have a throwing knife, do-- no, I guess not," he presumed from her nudity. "How the hell am I going to pass two armed men when my raygun won't work unless I plug it in the electric socket right next them?"

CRASH! GS risked a glance around the corner as the door burst open and the Lecherous Tyrant staggered out, bumped into the wall, and collapsed. Dazzy, stiletto in hand, followed more cautiously, stopping in surprise at the appearance of the guards. As she had not bothered to put on her clothes, the effect was

rather breathtaking; and GS took advantage of the guards' momentary daze to make it a little less temporary with the thick end of his improvised blaster.

"Poor chap!" regretted Dazzy, forestalling questions. "I'm afraid his mind's snapped. Which way is our ship, GS?"

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Snafu!

"Really, you did better than I, in resisting the blandishments of that wench. You did resist, didn't you?" she added anxiously.

"Of course!" declared GS, as insulted.

Dazzy glowed at him. "I knew your moral fibre could take it!" she approved.

"Well," admitted GS with a scientist's love of the truth, "my moral fibre's strength didn't exactly come into the picture. You underestimate yourself, dear! Haven't you heard that once a Knight is enough?" He cut the interplanetary drive and swung the ship toward Achernar, then paused before cutting in the interstellar generators.

"Just what did happen to the Lecherous Tyrant, anyway?"

"Overanticipation, I suppose. The frustration broke his mind." The Dazzlingly Pulchritudinous Femme smiled faintly. "Imagine sacrificing four battleships and a dozen-odd cruisers to capture a woman; having her dragged to your quarters by a Dozen Dragoons, overpowering her efforts to escape, tearing her clothes from her defenseless body-- and then finding out she's wearing a metal-reinforced teflon chastity belt!"

Phew!

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Sign on a laundromat: "Ladies who care to drive by and drop off their clothes will receive ~~much~~ prompt and courteous attention."

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IT WAS HORRIBLE

by Fenris.

It was horrible. His eyes could scarcely stand the utter hideousness of the thing; his mind reeled at the terrific impact as it strove to absorb the shock. In awesome wonder he stood, his eyes still trying to see it as an entity. He had seen many strange and uncouth things, but this, this was too much. His brain could not wholly encompass the ghastly outlines of the thing. He pictured the terrible effect if this was to burst forth upon an unsuspecting world. People gone mad with fear and anxiety: life everywhere disrupted: no peace: no security anywhere. Pain, misery, grief, nought else, in all the stricken land.

Death and disease would run rampant, no one to care what happened, no one to help at all. Crops would go untended, standing machines idle, no motors running, no trains, nor ships, nor planes move. Why try to run away? The thing would be everywhere at once, surely no human agency could stand against it. Hopeless, heartworn, the people would accept it all as inevitable.

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While he stood in thought, the thing seemed to grow and grow as though it fed on the misery it created. Larger, larger, till it seemed about to engulf the whole world. Like a Juggernaut, it rolled onward, heedless of suffering, unmoved by pity, evil incarnate. Dimly he heard a voice chanting, "Ye shall not suffer it to live, for if ye do not slay it, then shall ye be slain by it." If he was ever to destroy it, now was the time, before it grew beyond his powers.

How to do it? How can you kill a thing which has been spawned from the rot of the ages? Fire! That was the answer, cleanse it by fire! He moved slowly toward it, fearful that his will would weaken, and his task be not completed. Closer, still closer, till he reached out and grasped it, and whirling, threw it into the flames. As it curled and twisted on the coals, he imagined he heard it give forth faint and almost human cries, but if so they dwindled rapidly and died in a final puff of smoke. It was all over. He had burnt the script for his new radio soap opera.

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FLOODS FROM THE MISSISSIPPI MAY BE PREVENTED BY PUTTING BIG DAMS IN THE RIVER.

SAM MC oy

Did you hear about the happening New Year's Eve? Well, this happening didn't happen New Years Eve, it happened on Hallowe'en. Seems Knute Rockne, Red Grange, and all the other deceased immortals of football gathered at midnight in the Rose Bowl, and spent two or three hours kicking field ghouls.

OWING TO SLACKNESS OF DEMAND THERE WAS A GREAT SLUT ON THE MARKET.

A night club patron watched intently as a gorgeous South American beauty went through her torrid dance routine. He remarked approvingly, "Lot of pepper."

His friend replied, "Nice shaker, too."

-Radio and Appliance Trade Builder

A Russian recently returned from Canada and was telling his comrade of his experiences.

"In Canada," he said, "you drive around in a limousine, for free. You eat dinner in the best cafes, for free. You get all kinds of beautiful clothes from the best stores, for free. You stay in wonderful rooms in the best hotels for free."

"All this happened to you? Ivan?" asked Alexandrovitch.

"To me, no. But to my sister, yes."

-Radio and Appliance Trade Builder

Lulu: "I was growing fond of Joe until he got fresh and spoiled it."

Suzy: "Isn't it terrible how men can undo everything?"

-Radio Appliance Trade Builder.

BOX 121

Solicited and unsolicited attempts at literarism herewith presented in their gory indifference. Read'em and weep!!

NORMAN V. LAMB, SIMCOE, ONTARIO. OCT. 14, 1954.

. . . WE ARRIVE AT LIGHT #59. . .

The cover sure took a hell of a lot of typing and I thought it was very good.

The Romance of the EEL was well expressed even though the (so-called) writer doesn't know what the eel he is writing about. That Jasper B. Bibulous has a long way to go-- and he should start right away.

The jokes were all good-- here's another one of the same type. During the last war in England the ATC (WACS to you) had a pink-colored identification card. Some were nonplussed upon reading on orders the following "Upon demand members of this unit will show their pink forms."

FAPA notes-- quite an interesting article about cars and springs and Tucker's Travelling Motels. Talking of Tucker didn't know that in his latest book "The Science Fiction Subtreasury" (Adv't) he mentioned yours truly in the preface? For such a thing he even sent me a free copy of the book. Purty good, huh? That's a lot better than the last joe who used my name in a book.

[I already knew this was going to happen. Bob dropped me a card asking for your address and telling me why he wanted it. Now you are, no doubt, a fan of Tucker's to end all fans. What book was that joe put your name in-- the local police record of unmentionables?- Ed.]

Regarding your attire-- move over yourself, I own one suit which seldom sees the light. My Sunday dress varies from the week day in that usually it consists of trousers and pajama top. [In case you girls are wondering-- during the weekdays he leaves the pajama top off, not the pants.-ED] Don't you wear "tires" any more? I quote from LIGHT. Sorry you said you seldom wear them. Now me I refuse to wear ties. So I am that much ahead of you. Comfort first. Only wear a hat when it rains or is cold.) [When I typed "tires" I meant "ties", but the "tires" looked so funny I just left it in. I wear a cap when it turns cold. I wear a cap when it is raining REAL HARD, and only then to keep it from fudging my glasses up-- the wipers on them doesn't work so hot!-ED]

I am a rank [you said it!-- ED] amateur when the conversation turns to home movies-- never ever had a projector so can't follow the arguments. Have seen both 8MM and 16MM movies and to my inexperienced eye there is but little difference apart from the size of the screen. Maybe I am too dumb to know what to look for. [When you and Sam went over to Detroit you knew what to look for, chum!-- ED]

The auto article struck me right-- just right. It reminded me of the cartoon showing a modern Diesel locomotive and a real old time steam loco in a smash. The Diesel is all junk while the steam loco hasn't even a dent in the cowcatcher. The caption under it was "Well they sure don't make them like they used to." [Which is what Grandday said when he saw a picture of Marilyn Monroe!-ED] How true-- the automobile people are so busy telling the public what marvellous advances they are making in the way of greater power and speed that they forget to mention that they are using shoddy material and also sluffing off tons of stuff that the people have little or no use for. I know quite a few drivers and have yet to meet one that wants more speed in the car he drives. The limit is still 50 in Ontario and we all know the engine must be able to do more than that for emergencies but it is still no necessary to have a 7,500 h.p. motor under the hood along with the capabilities of doing 193 miles upwind per hour.

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. The tube mixup must have maid you feel like I used to at the old store when someone would come in and tell me how to run my business. I, for one, could never suffer fools gladly-- never be a good Christian will I?-- and many the tire I heard different joes expounding on the whys and wherefores and showing me how I could make at least ten times what I was. Strangely enough most of the joes resembled the race track touts that have almost soleless shoes while they give you the "sure thing" for the race. Nuff sed.

Queen Elizabeth I was known as the virgin queen. As a queen she was a success. Filler.

BOB TUCKER, BLOOMINGTON.

Enclosed find an advertisement for a new product I am marketting, The Universal Sex-Drive. With it all other forms of space-ship drive will be obsolete. The ad will be run soon as we find space for it. But if it is so potent how come you are still earth bound?-- ED Maybe that was a space ship he married!-- THE JANITOR

B

BILL GRANT, FOREST HILL VILLAGE, ONTARIO. APR. 20, 1954.

Your remarks in a recent issue of LIGHT made me sit up and take note about experiences with reviving old records.

I read a few different books to see if there was a standard procedure, but seems everybody has a different method.

Some of the discs I have run across lately go back before 1910. I found some in garages, (exposed to the elements), some near basement furnaces, others with bits of plaster ground into the grooves, oil, and years of dust. Being an amateur at this sort of thing I resorted to pretty crude methods for cleaning them up and the results surprised me so much that I have continued to use this method.

I found a flat surface where I could exert the weight of the upper half of my body to advantage. Then I dipped a soft rag into semi-hot water and applied it to the record in a round about motion. Then I very quickly applied a dry cloth to the record. Throughout I used plenty of elbow grease. The complete operation for both sides of the record was about 40 seconds. With this kind of operation you have to have a flat non-skid surface, otherwise you will crack a few records like I did at the first.

Mind you there may be m superior ways of doing this, such as special liquids, brushes and so on, but the old-fashioned methods got results.

Victor records throughout the early period seem to have the best surface. The Brunswicks of the twenties were poor. Columbias in some years seemed good, while in other years very bad. English Odeons were poor. The best English company seems to have been Parlophone from the twenties on, both in surface and reproduction.

The next thing I plan to do is to tape some of these early jobs, because once they fall on the floor there is no replacing them. I find that listening to these early discs is the next thing to actually recapturing those times, a wonderful experience if you can let your imagination run away with you.

SAM W. MCCOY, ST. CATHARINES, ONT. SEPT. 22, 1954.

The mailing was fairly interesting.-- I'd like an extra copy of that sheet of "interlineations". Some of them are doozers. I see this was the mailing with the

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income tax form in it; the next mlg should see comments, if any. VIEWPOINTS is just too highfalutin' for me! Danner in LARK mentions "The Bedside Companion" (Farrar & Rinehart, 1935)-- damned if I didn't pick this'n up for 25¢ or something down in Toledo on my last trip there with Norm Lamb at the beginning of August. You can tell Redd Boggs, in SKYHOK that here's one who remembers Gene and Glenn (and Jake and Lena); further, I can add that I believe Glenn is dead, but Gene (last name unknown; he was the voices of Jake and Lena, too) is MC of a kid's TV amateur show on Sunday mornings over WEDS-TV, Cleveland. Dean Gremell's GRUE is an excellent fanzine; this guy has a multiplicity of interests-- his article of discussion of Air War pulps was most interesting-- and I'd probably subscribe except that I get to read his mag in the mailings you forward me! Norman Browne, is, I see, still talking about himself-- doesn't he ever get tired? I do. Terry Carr, in DIASPAR, actually scooped MAD! Page 5 in this ish was mineed upside down; of course MAD printed a whole issue upside down, with just the cover rightside up, but Terry had the idea first. [How do you know MAD printed the issue upside down? Maybe the covers were on upside down instead!--ED]

Strange as it may seem, I'm still running into ridicule for reading stf or ftsy. I usually carry a pb into the company cafeteria with me at noon hour and read while eating. Someone sitting down with me usually says "Don't tell me you read that stuff!" To which my reply usually is some variant on "So what do you read? Detective stories? Westerns? Big Brain!" Best thing that ever happened was when a stranger sat down with me and started talking about stf; both he and his wife read it. Turned out he was an engineer of some kind visiting TP from the States, and he was incidentally a member of the American Rocket Society.

-30-

"Why did they put a fence around the cemetery?"

"Because all the people were dying to get in!"

Five-year-old Jimmy was walking along the street with little Betty, four. As they were about to cross the street, Jimmy remembered his mother's teaching.

"Let me hold your hand," he offered gallantly.

"Okay, replied Betty, "but I want you to know that you're playing with fire."

TELEVISION IS REALLY WONDERFUL. YEARS AGO IT COST 35¢ TO SEE HOPALONG AT THE MOVIES. NOW YOU CAN STAY HOME AND SEE THE SAME PICTURE FOR \$200.

TEACHER: "MOMMA, WHAT'S A CHINESE URN?"

PUPIL: "THAT DEPENDS ON HOW LONG HE WORKS".

-Radio and Appliance Trade Builder.

Scientists now tell us that kissing is just so much chemistry. It all had to do with a craving for salt. The cave man found that salt helped cool him off in the summer heat. He found, too, that he could get salt by licking his neighbor's cheek. Also found that it was a lot more interesting if the neighbor was the opposite sex. Then everybody forgot about salt.

-Radio and Appliance Trade Builder.

SALES MANAGER: "Men, we have 5 million baby feeding bottles in stock and it's up to you salesmen to create a demand for them." - Nairator.

-RADIO AND APPLIANCE TRADE BUILDER.

GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE BY THE GOVERNMENT FOR THE GOVERNMENT. . . SHE WALKS WITH SUCH A SWAY WATCHING HER MAKES YOU SHESICK. . . SHE'S BUILT LIKE A PEICE OF MACARONI: THE HOLE GOES THE WHOLE LENGTH. . . SHE PACKS QUITE A BASKETFUL OF FRUIT, EXCEPT MOST OF IT IS ROTTEN. . . TO A GOOD MILK COW LIFE IS JUST DAMNED YANK AFTER ANOTHER. . . TO MANY AN ITALIAN GIRL AFTER SCILLY LIFE WAS JUST ONE DAMN YANK AFTER ANOTHER. . . AS THE WIFE SAID WHEN HER MILKMAN HUSBAND CAME HOME: "HERE COMES OLD ICY FINGERS". . . THE WINNAH! THE FAT LI'L GENNUIMAN IN THE DOIBY HAT AN' THE BLONDE ON HIS FINNAH!. . . HOW TO PREVENT GETTING SPLINTERS IN YOUR HANDS: MAKE SURE THE LEG UNDER THE TABLE IS THE RIGHT ONE. . . JOE FOLLOWED A RED TRAIL FOR SIX DAYS AND FOUND IT WAS LEFT BY A MAN WITH BLEEDING PILES. . . A FAN IS SOMETHING THAT GOES AROUND IN CIRCLES, BLOWS A LOT OF AIR, BUT NEVER GETS ANYPLACE. . . PARRY SOUND MUST BE A FUNNY PLACE, SAYS JOE FAN, CROUTCH WEARS TIRES, AND THEY PUT SLATS ON THE ROADS IN WINTER. . . WHAT DOES A CONDENSER CONDENSE?. . . WHAT? THERE ARE MORE THAN ONE CONDENSER IN MY RADIO?.. . . I'VE HAD THIS RADIO FOR FIVE YEARS AND IT HAS BLOWEN OUT TWO TUBES. IT MUST BE FAULTY. . . I LEFT MY RADIO TO BE FIXED A YEAR AGO, IS IT READY YET?.. . . WELL YOU CHARGED ME LABOR, WHY DO I HAVE TO PAY A PROFIT ON THE TUBE AS WELL?.. . . YOU RADIODEN ARE ALL GETTING RICH. . . I NAILED THAT PANEL ON THE BACK OF THE RADIO TO KEEP THE DUST OUT . . . MY SON FIXED THIS RADIO LAST WEEK. . . I DON'T KNOW WHY IT DOESN 'T WORK. . . HE IS VERY CLEVER. . . HE GOT HIS SIGNAL BADGE IN SCOUTS. . . I AM SURE THERE IS JUST A LITTLE WIRE LOOSE OR SOMETHING. . . THE REASON DOGS GET THAT WAY IS THEY HANG AROUND PEOPLE TOO MUCH. . . EVER SEE A DOCTOR OPERATE ON THE KITCHEN TABLE WHEN THERE IS A HOSPITAL WITHIN A FEW MILES?.. . . WHAT! FIFTEEN DOLLARS FOR FIXING MY RADIO! . . . I'M SURE MY SON DIDN'T DO IT ANY HARM. . . HE'S SO STINGY HE HAS HIS CONDOMS VULCANIZED. . . I DON'T CARE IF YOU ARE SIMPSONS-SEARS, YOU PAY THE SAME AS ANYONE ELSE FOR A SERVICE CALL. . . HE'S SO STINGY HE USES EACH PIECE OF TOILET PAPER TWICE--ONCE ON THE FRONT AND ONCE ON THE BACK. . . EVER NOTICE HOW BROWN HIS FINGERS ARE?.. . . THOSE AREN'T NICOTINE STAINS ON HIS FINGERS. . . SOMETIMES A LITTLE VASELINE WILL HELP. . . HE'S SO STINGY HE NEVER EVACUATES UNLESS HE IS AT A FRIEND'S PLACE. . . AS NOISY AS TWO SKELETONS MAKING LOVE ON A TIN ROOF. . . BUT DOCTOR, IS IT NECESSARY TO UNDRESS FOR YOU TO EXAMINE MY EARS?.. . . SHE'S LIKE A MINK. . . JOHN, WHO'S BLONDE HAIR IS THIS ON YOUR SHORTS. . . HE MARRIED HER FOR HONOR AND HONOR HE GOT. . . I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND STRIFE. . . HIS FACE WAS A SORT OF LEG-STRANGLLED-BLUE. . . THAT GIRL JUST PINCHED MY FANNY. . . THE PLACE TO LEARN BIOLOGY AT SCHOOL IS NOT IN CLASS. . . HE PRACTISES LASS DISTINCTION. . . IVAN PREFERENCES BREAST OF PEASANT IN BED. . . THEN THERE IS THE HOI-POLLOI HOUSE THAT HAD A COVER CHARGE. . . SHE WAS SNAKE-SLIM, HAD A VOICE OF SWAMP-SLIME, AND HER FACE WOULD HAVE MADE A TOAD SICK TO HIS STOMACH. . . HE LOOKS LIKE HE HAS BEEN DRAWN THROUGH A NUT HOLE. . . SHE WAS UDDERLY IMPOSSIBLE. . . A HONEYMOON IS JUST ANOTHER NAME FOR A NAVEL ENGAGEMENT. . . THE FRUITS OF LOVE HAD WORMS IN THEM. . . SHE HAS A RUMP AS BROAD AS A COW'S AS JUST AS USELESS. . . THE OLDER THE BUCK THE HARDER THE HORN. . . YOU DON'T NEED TO TELL ME HE'S BEEN GOING WITH THAT GIRL ALL THIS TIME FOR NOTHING. . . HE HAD TO MARRY THE GIRL IN ORDER TO GET SOME SLEEP. . . SOME GIRLS FIND MARRIAGE JUST ONE HARD TIME AFTER ANOTHER. . . HE BLEW HIS BOTTOM ALL OVER THE PLACE. . . I WONDER IF I CAN DECLARE THE GOVERNMENT A DEPENDENT ON MY INCOME TAX RETURN?.. . . I WONDER IF I COULD CALL THE MINISTER OF FINANCE A CHARITABLE INSTITUTION?.. . . HE WAS TEACHING HER HOW TO PLAY PIGGY BACK THE GROWN-UP WAY. . . SHE HAS A DIRTY MUSTARD BOWL. . . HE HAD THE SMUG LOOK OF THE BREAST-FED MAN. . . HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL YOUSE GUYS AND GALS!