

Haunter

LIGHT

IN THIS ISSUE

GORDON L.

PECK

RAT BRADBURY

CPL. E. R. WHITE

Swaps

Letters &

News

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LIGHT

Scramble moved.
The thugs escorted him to a door. They all got in. They drove away.

"This's the place," growled Elotz.
Scramble dismounted from the Pango rickshaw.
With a shudder, he eyed the ancient castle. "I won't go," he
whistled.
"What do you think the three-headed witch is doing?" Elotz asked. "I
will go."

Up a stone causeway they stumbled and into a doorway. A stone
stone stairs to a clammy dungeon.
They chained him to an iron wall. He was surrounded with high
volent eyes. Unseen to Scramble, a door blew open.
The door of the Iron Cattle. The door opened.

The ten vampirical ghouls clustered around him. The
held a red hot poker close to his nose.
"Now," he rasped, "you're in my power."
Scramble shrieked. He was disturbed.
The leader said, "What do you want?"
He said, "I want to know what you want. What
is it?"

He collapsed, a broken hulk, a bundle of twitching nerves.
The ghoulish leader and the rest doffed their hoods. They were
the well-known faces. Elotz, the leader, Elotz, the leader, Elotz, the leader.
auresi, James V. Korshak, Elotz, the leader, Elotz, the leader, Elotz, the leader.
"You know what we want," rasped James Korshak, holding a torch
in the flame of a blow torch.

And that fellow face, Elotz, the leader, Elotz, the leader, Elotz, the leader,
finally got a quarter!

THE END

IN THE FUTURE

"The Return Of Gilbert The Ghoul" by Norm Lamb

"LIFE" a poem by Fred Hunter

"The Return of Ambrose" by John H. Mason

a Canadian fan arrives in England

by
COL. E. R.
WHITE.

(Col. E. R. White is now in England with the Canadian Army. In civilian life in Canada he was an avid fan and was first organized the Ontario Science Fictioners when was reared its ugly head. Now in England, he has had some chance to find what the science-fiction status is. I am sure you will enjoy what he tells you below.)

For the past two months (this was written the middle of September) I have been all over England on various but have had time to look into the matter of reading material. The first places I looked were the usual book stores so common in my life's routine of wandering, looking and generally making myself more unhappy than necessary. After three weeks patient searching I find these stores are more scarce than hens teeth. From here I started a disappointing series of visits to the book stores of each town, city, village, villa and what have you, to meet with rebuff after rebuff. "No sci mag" was all I heard for weeks and weeks. Finally, in the centre of the city of Bath, found an evil-smelling hole that was supposed to be a bookshop, met with success (I thought). The proprietor was a Syrian and he said in answer to my query "Science-fiction? Never did I hear of such a thing. What is it?" whereupon I hastily hid all this will crowded into one. He said that I should find a man that had the nerve to say "I didn't know what it was." "I think I know what it is," he said gruffly after he and his seven brothers had saluted me and I had repeated my request. Firmly holding myself away from him I explained that sci is "You are needing a drink, yes?" With the dribble running out of the corners of my mouth, get away from the ignorant mad. His seven nine sisters and once held me down. Feeling my own head with a club (so to speak) I desisted in my efforts to escape and suffered the wop to flutter around looking for something to make me feel better.

Feed

I desperately tried to parent sap before I brothers called in the again they managed to that I was feeling my

My blood-shot eyes at this moment chanced to see a familiar cover protruding from under a pile of greasy mags and I uttered a cry of triumph and broke away from my captors. I pounced on the mag I had spotted and avariciously devoured the title with my eyes (some way to eat, eh?) for there in my hands was a copy of "Astounding". Turning to the scared greaser I held the mag under his nose and told him that was the kind of mag I was looking for and to find some more fast. He looked rather scared but proceeded to paw over his dust-laden pile of scrap.

While he was thus engaged I looked through the mag I had in hand and sorrowfully noted that it had been printed in Britain and was therefor minus the readers column, Brass Tacks, and not only that but the stories were all out of date. They had been printed in the USA in 1940 and had just been printed here in 1941.

For three solid hours I stayed in the shop and only emerged now and then with dust and sweat but happy with the thought that I had a mag that I hadn't read before. Two mags and I had read one before. I was so damned disappointed that I could hardly keep the tears from rolling down my handsome face. My long curly eye lashes glistened like the eyelashes of a spoiled American child.

... On "GOD" "LIGHT", and enjoyed it greatly. It seems to have a heavy, friendly atmosphere about it that gives it a distinct feel to it. Thanks for the letter re "Censored". I enjoyed a drink of beer and Lowndes' notes on Devil Worship very much. I hope I'll be getting "LIGHT" regularly.

... thing was rather lacking in sparkle. A Child Is Born evidently had the fans awaiting a natal orgy. I bet they were disappointed, eh? Why do you reprint from other fanzines? Can't you get enough material for your own? Les (This is the first deprecatory remark yet about my policy of reprinting. "Some Notes On Devil Worship" received accolades, so apparently you are a non-conformist. Lac)

HARRY WARNER JR (publisher of "paceways") Cover nice. Notes on Devil Worship I'd already read twice, in The Alchemist and in condensed form in FIZ Digest. "A Child Is Born", which, it is my sad duty to report, there are lots of other things better than. You can't win every time, though. (When a magazine starts having material that some like and some don't, I consider it starting to get places, for the readers starting to consider it worthy commenting on. It seems the October issue had a lot of much debatable material, witness the letters. However, as Warner says- "you can't win every time" and as Sloane, once editor of A/S would say- "one man's meat is another man's poison". Lac)

A/L/CPL. NORM LAMB (Brantford, Ont) For the love of Allah keep that bloody "V for Victory" off it. I see that sign all over and it bore me to utter distraction. We get it on our daily orders, it's painted all over our Parade ground, it's everywhere you look. Incidentally any motor car which carries it never gives you a lift. That's true ask any soldier. Apart from that, the cover is very good. Could you get your illustrators to try and draw a weird one? This is only a suggestion. I like the sfm ones quite well. "A Child Is Born"- excellent O. Henry finish. Read it- reread it- am getting Adam to read it as soon as I get home. "Notes on Devil Worship"- a triple x peacherino. A dilly, a lulu. If I had a more extensive vocabulary I would use more words. It's the best I've ever seen in LIGHT. More like it if possible (Another rotter for Lowndes' article. I have an assignment for a perfectly horrid horror drawing which will be handed out to one of two artists. I think, if I can get it done to suit me, it will shock the dear maiden ladies, if any, that is, chance to ever see it! Lac)

RON CORNUM (Toronto) Thanks very much for my first issue of LIGHT. As far as I am concerned it compares very well with anything across the street I have seen. The ones that are figured best but they haven't much on you. I enjoyed your little yarn, "A Child Is Born" very much. Quite a nice idea, Les. The rest of the issue suited me fine. All we need now is more pages. About that drawing, Les, it is a little out of my line, however, I'll have a crack at it. (A new readers airs his views. Seems "A Child Is Born" was an immediate hit. Lac)

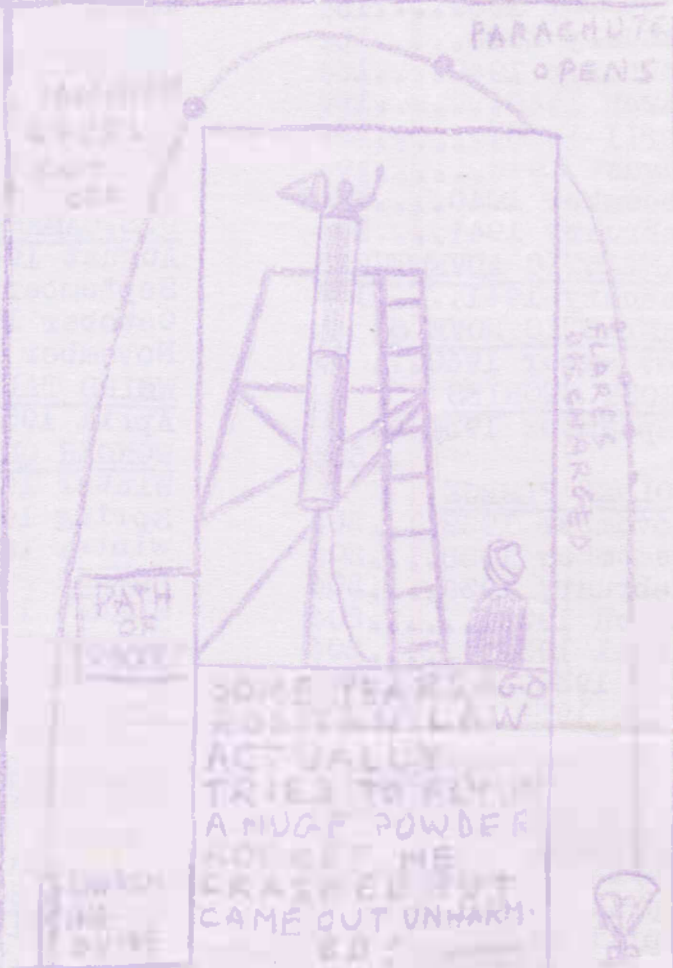
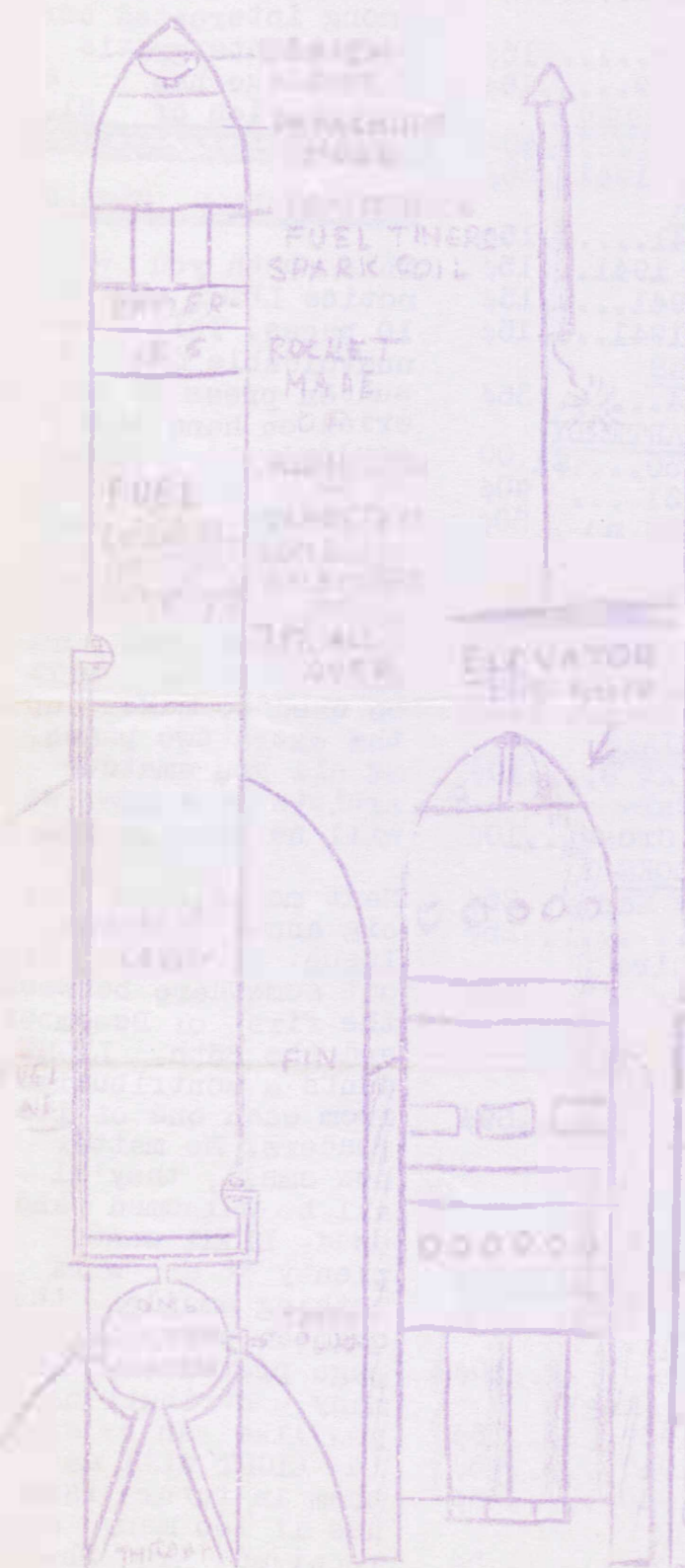
JOHN MASON (Toronto) Both Ron and I concur in the view that LIGHT is rapidly developing into a really professional-looking job. Peek is a signal addition to the artistic staff. (Not much from John, who is usually a voluminous writer but he's very busy writing fiction just at present. Lac)

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Latest news from Donald W. Doucety, English fan and publisher of "The Tack" is to the effect that he has been called up for the Royal Navy. The Tack is a fanzine.

ROCKETS



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GORDON PECK