

Harter

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Editor Leslie A. Crouten

COVER BY FRAME





the Magnificent Session

ANOTHER SPASM OF HUMOR BY CANADA'S ACE FAN HUMORIST: GORDON L. PECK.

"What's the good of science fiction magazines?" Queried Elmer Throppler up.

Joe the newsstand man tendered a copy of Ultra Scientales. Elmer eyed the garish cover.

"Thanks," he mouthed, dubiously. Slapping down a quarter a fantastic price, he ruminated on the counter, hopped up the zine and ambled homeward.

"Gimme a magazine," said Mo Buffo, Fred the fiction pusher, grimed wryly. "Love westerns, detective, mystery, Zippy, Garfield..."

"That'll do," whinnied Mo. "No, not the G. I want a science fictionmag," he slurred the word blushing.

Hastily he stowed the proffered Science Stories under his coat and greased Fred's palm with the sweaty quarter. The newsman kept the nickel change. Mo said "Keep the change" and walked away, cold beads beading his back.

2ND HELPING

Sinking into his favorite pedestal Elmer Throppler sat down with a sigh for a good old seige of reading. Marcus Zazzle, his pal, had persuaded him to try science fiction. He had painted gloomy pictures of supernatural hauntings stories, or something, by some Ed Smith. Elmer had been sucked in hook, line, stock, barrel and live bait. Now he gazed at the cover of his first sciencific book.

On it was portrayed a horde of papery green men, busily engaged in ripping laces and strategic holes in a pretty girl's dress. Barely an unbelieveably husky man was trussing the sordid monsters by the dozen. Dumbfounded Elmer turned the cover. It wore flimsily. After 12 pages of ads about living boxes, besomy damsels and labled "Vitagoo Tablets For Run Down Patients", he came across a title in snaky printing which announced the presence of a tall, yellow "The Sinister Sister In The Cistern" by Hak Ryter. Other "Klassy Klassix" contained in U.S.'s 120 pages were - Part 1 of "The Slinky Grind"; "The Ghastly Ghostly Gas" by Dorrie Story; "Dastardly Dungeons" by Hugo Tahalifax; and a reprint of "The Conquest of the Gessapell" by J. Carrot.

After trying to read a gore-soaked chapter of "Dastardly Dungeons" he said to Took, the venerable cat,

"You know, Took, at first you could only read stories. Then they had illustrations to look at and now this one---"

"Yeah, I smell it, too," meowed the cat, as he got up and swiftly walked away.

"No, No. Anything but that," shrieked the waste basket, as Ultra-Scientales hurried itward.

Grunting into a more comfortable position on the love seat, Mo

Buffle's opticked Science Stories' cover. Pretty good, he thought. It portrayed in quiet colors a huge room filled with complex machinery, and seated at a control panel was a being which could pass even the most stringent demands of the SFPOHEMOTCOSM.

Moe turned the cover, and leafed through three times. There before him was a 3 color illustration by Paul Wesso. At last, the pulps had been in pulp, for SS was printed on slick paper. Even though he had never read a sf magazine before, Moe felt that here was something worthwhile. The magazine contained:

"Son of Space" by Ed E. Binder; a novel, "Cyclotron Masters" by Nelson S. Rep; "Robot City" by Eando Shhachner; Part One of "Lensmen of Arisia" by Stanley G. Smith, Ph. D., "Neutrons and other Particles" by Willy Clark; and there were also some short stories.

Several hours later, Moe laid SS aside with a sigh. He had read it all from cover to cover, even the departments. Once again he looked at the back cover. It pictured a lunar scape, and was painted by Julian S. Finlay.

"Oh, boy," Moe chortled. "42 Convention, here I come. Am I glad Marcus Zazzle recommended s" to me!"

END PAGE

"Well, boys," beamed Marcus Zazzle, "I trust you are now both ardent fans."

Elmer Throppletup's "NO.?" and Moe Buffle's "YES!!" sounded simultaneously. Zazzle hoisted his brows.

"...and I wouldn't be caught reading such cheap, filthy trash on a bet!!" finished Throppletup, as he stalked out.

"Whew, if that's what he really thinks, I wish I had his scale of morals and if he was only fooling. I wish I had his sense of humor," said Moe, shaking his dome.

"What's yours?" Inquired Zazzle.

"Scotch," quoth Elmer, making a rye face.

"Double it," said Zazzle.

FINISHED: THANK GANDI



after the deluge, the lands
were gone and the people
upon them, except for a
few, who, in a small boat,
were miraculously saved



APDC
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Fantasy Scarce in Britain?

"NOT" says Edwin Mac Donald.
INVERNESS, SCOTLAND

Perhaps Ted White's article in the November LIGHT inspired me to this fort., Anyway, altho magazine fantasy or sf is decidedly rare in Britain there are quite a number of books of a fantastic and scientific kind now which are easily obtainable. For instance, I went on a little exploit on last Saturday. I called in at one of the principal bookshops and had a look round: among the rows of novels along one wall, The Empire by Everson caught my eye; a romance of the future. I moved on and came to a paper backed novels; here was A Ghostly Company, a collection of stories of the supernatural for a shilling. And among the rows of sixpennies were The Thought Reading Machine which title explains itself, and Wells' The War In the Air. From another corner The Beast With Five Fingers by Survey Leered up at me: another collection of shorts.

I left this shop and on my way through Woolworth my attention was arrested by a few 3/6 books which were going at 2/6. I bought The Green Ray by Sindsay and left Red Devil of the Air Police which smacks weakly of the future.

At the station bookstall I saw a couple of shilling fantasies, The Jovial Ghosts by Thorne Smith, a "Topper Yarn", and The Wind in the Willows, I believe.

I went on to another good bookshop and soon as I entered, there perched on top of a pile of volumes what did I see but A Century of Stories containing half-a-dozen tales, which I got for five bob. Then came a row wherein reposed several of Doyle's works, but I could see anything of a fantastic or weird nature there. Moving on I came to a long run of red volumes of the Everyman Series. Here I exchanged three bob for ghost stories. Some blue ones beneath had the titles The Invisible Man (Wells) and Tales of Mystery and Imagination (Poe). I moved further to juveniles and there, for the readers of Amazing Stories were The Flying Submarine, Around The World In Seven Days and The Golden Monop- (which was about some "new" type of aeroplane), also Verne's Five Weeks in a Balloon. Among the sixpennies I found Imitation Man, an amusing yarn about a artificially created man, Ghost Stories of an Autograph-Man (William Hope), and The Hitler Comes, an allegory Jurgens, and Ghosterton's Fantasy. It was Thursday; another collection of ghost stories, In the House of by Ambrose Tiers.

And here are quite a number of others which I just didn't happen to come across that day, in the Penguin and similar series, and in the libraries are many of the books of Wells, Burroughs, Doyle, Verne, Haggard, etc. Yet people complain of the shortage of fantasy and sf in Britain when I can find all of these in one day in a small town like Inverness which has no really big book stores. It's not fantasy I want, but time to read all that I have!

Not to mention the fact that we have a sf magazine called Tales of Wonder which does come out sometimes, and also British Reprint Editions of ASTOUNDING UNKNOWN, and SCIENCE FICTION which though atrociously priced, are something, though I see them rarely and never read them.

The magazine situation is really sorry, however.

THE EDITOR WHISPERS OVER HIS TEA

F A N G I
American
Canadian
Bill sh.

REPORTANT

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August 1941...

January 1944
SCAE Page DE

THIS MEANS YOU

if an "x" appears in the square, this is the last copy you will receive unless you contribute to "LiaHT"; (6) or write telling me you're still alive! "A" IS