

Hunter

THE LIGHT

MARCH 1942

NO. 114

EDITOR L.A. CRITCH

5¢



FROME

CONTENTS

MARCH 1942 ISSUE-----NO. 114

COVER.....	Nils H. Frome
The Return of Ambrose.....	
.....J.H. Mason.....	3
Mud Pack- Leslie A. Crouth.....	4
John G. Hilbert- Ron Conium.....	5
Editorial.....	6
The Mail Box.....	7

LIGHT is mimed by Leslie A. Crouth, at Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario. Next issue will be out about April 1, 1942. Price 5¢ a copy. Advertisements on arrangement at present. Will trade with other fanzines on equal basis for the time being. Material of all kinds wanted.

CANADIANS

*do your part. Support
Canada's first and
oldest fanzine. Help
build Canadian
fandom up. Let's
show American fan-
dom it's not the
only one that can
do things - that
can be active. Buy
Canadian prozines,
fanzines, contribute
to the latter. LET'S
MOVE NOW!!*

CANADIAN FANDOM

LIGHT doesn't pretend to be a news magazine. But it will print news of what Canadian fans are doing IF such news is sent in. What LIGHT wants is articles, stories, verse, illustrations. Aiming at its normal monthly issuance, LIGHT can use a great deal of material. At present it is only 8 pages in size but isn't that as good as a 24 pg. magazine that comes out only four times a year or even once every 3 months? LIGHT will consider and use material written by Americans and by Britishers. But LIGHT is primarily a Canadian magazine and will accept Canadian material wherever possible in preference to all other. BUT IT MUST SHOW PROMISE AND SHOW WORTHWHILE PROMISE. Just because you are a Canadian doesn't mean you can get away with the rottenest tripe. But if you can write, or draw, and will send it to me you can be sure it will receive sympathetic consideration. There is no set policy. I'll use weird, fantasy, horror, science fiction. Verse will be considered and is needed right now. If you can't write yet, then write a letter to the mail box, give me your opinions and your suggestions. AND ALWAYS REMEMBER- stencils, paper, postage, cost money. LIGHT cannot draw money out of the clouds. So support it as much as you can. You write the stuff- GOOD STUFF, MIND YOU- and LIGHT will get the circulation.

A glossary of those I am sure will support LIGHT: Nils H. Frome, illustrator; Gordon Peck, illustrator; Alan Child, writer; John H. Mason, writer; Shirley Peck, writer; Ron Conium, writer and illustrator; Fred Hurter, illustrator and writer. NOW LET'S SEE YOUR NAME ADDED HERE.

Keep 'em rolling,
Keep 'em flying;
Keep Democracy from dying.
-Lewis Carl Seelbach.

The return of Ambrose

A SERIAL IN
2 PARTS

BY JOHN HONNIS MASON

EVERYTHING had gone wrong the ill-fated day. The pride of American fan editors: Harry Warner Jr, of SPACEWAYS fame, was in a quandary. Several pieces of material hadn't come in for the next issue, which was already several weeks overdue, a not unusual thing in the past but almost unknown now. Then, to top it all off, a telegram had just come in from A. E. Van Vogt that the article he had promised, would not, due to sudden press of a serial he was working on for the Saturday Post, be in on time. Poor Harry was literally tearing his hair and cursing the day he had decided to publish a fanzine. It was then that the phone rang.

"Hello!" He bellowed in a not too badly done imitation of Ferdinand the Bull. A voice emerged from the instrument with all the enthusiasm of a Bergenholmer in full blast. "Harry, Harry, is that Harry? I- it's come for me! Harry! Ambrose- he- ahhhhhhh--" And the line was dead.

For a moment Harry was nonplussed, then various occurrences of the not too distant past came flooding into his mind. He had heard that dreaded name twice before: nearly two years previously he had been subjected to a visit from Ambrose the Ogre. The fearful details of that interview came back to him. Ambrose had told him, among other things, that he served some mysterious Master who preferred to remain anonymous and that he had allowed Warner to remain in existence as long as S had continued to serve his purposes: to wit: a savory exposure of certain nefarious monsters and their familiars who preyed on innocent and unwary people, namely, fans! There had been named one Henry Kuttner, who, complete with a ghoul named Oliver, had led a somewhat dark existence in the lower life of New York while on a visit east. Then there had been Art Widner, believed to be a vampire lying in wait for unwary fans and his blasphemous attendant- The Nameless One. And last but by no means least had been Leslie A. Croutch and Ole Mule. Yes, Harry remembered that visit all too well. Its effects on him had necessitated the delay of the next S.

Little less startling was his memory of the next visit during which he heard the name, Ambrose. This time it was none other than Ole Mule himself. It appeared that his master was most irate when he read of the wanton squandering of trade secrets. He immediately sent Ole Mule to the proprietors of S to discover the identity of Ambrose's master, which not even Harry knew.

And now, once again, dread events seemed to be involving him in their implacable wheel of destruction. The voice on the phone had undoubtedly that of the Vampire, Widner. And from its abrupt culmination, Harry had no doubts that the sinister Ogre was once again on the highway to action.

It was then that a small voice, seemingly within, bade him look up from the welter of mess that he was well-nigh buried in. Raising half-closed eyes, Harry squinted into the gloom...and shot bolt upright! For a black shape had appeared near the door. It seemed to emerge slowly, and was apparently merged with another shape, equally indistinguishable, and the latter was contorting and kicking with the gusto of a thoroughly indignant captive. Before him was no other than Ambrose the Ogre! For a moment realization numbed our hero. Only after the abruptness of the shock had abated did he see the other form. Again his eyes shot wide, for it was Ole Mule! And apparently in a very undignified and uncomfortable position.

To Be Continued

MUD

PACK

by Leslie A. Croutch

"GIVE ME A FACIAL AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT," snapped the middle-aged woman as she sat down. The white-clad girl winked at her companion who answered with a shake of her head and a grimace.

"What do you wish today, Mrs. Thorn?" asked the girl, adjusting the cloth.

"The same as I always get," snapped the woman. "My lands, I get the same thing every week and still you girls can never remember why. I can remember when I was a girl I could remember everything for months...." then, noticing her neighbor: "Why, Mrs. Charles, I didn't see you there. Did you hear the latest? That nice Mr. Tripp came home last night and what do you think he found? Another man in his wife's room! Such goings on! Why, when I was a girl....." her voice shut off as the door closed.

"Oh dear, I wonder if her tongue ever wears out?" Alice remarked as she reached for a fresh supply of mud. "Every week she comes in here she does nothing but talk about people, and she never has anything good to say."

"Yeah, I know," answered another girl. "Just an old bat with a dirty mind."

"An old bat? A harpy, you mean!"

Perhaps it was accident but more likely it wasn't that the first handful of mud came down over the woman's mouth, shutting off her tirade about the milkman and her son, who she caught necking in the kitchen. With quick defensiveness more

face completely, leaving only a tube in the mouth for breathing through.

"Tssss!" Came an anxiously imperative call from the doorway. Alice turned, saw she was being called and left.

"What have you done?" cried the manager. "That mud. It's that new stuff we got in yesterday and hasn't been properly tried yet."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. It looks the same as the other, though."

"Have you applied it all yet?" The girl nodded. "Is there something the matter with it?"

"We don't know. A queer little man delivered it yesterday and when we found it had never been ordered we investigated. We can't find where it came from. It wasn't sent out by our regular wholesaler."

Followed by the manager, Alice went to Mrs. Thorn's side. Quickly she removed the mud about the woman's mouth.

"Arc- are you all right, Mrs. Thorn?" She asked anxiously.

"Of course I'm all right! Why shouldn't I be? My lands, can't you girls attend to your jobs efficiently without always asking a lot of silly questions? I'll see your manager about this."

Alice grimaced at the manager who frowned slightly. Mrs. Thorn, although a wealthy customer was none too popular due to her acid disposition and slandering tongue.

Alice and the manager hovered about, watching carefully for any untoward signs that all was not going well. Finally the time came to remove the pack. This the girl proceeded to do.

"My face feels better than it usually does," snapped the customer when her mouth was again free. "It feels as though it had been all bound up and now is free of restraint. I must say you did a better job this time, Alice."

"Thank you, madame."

Suddenly a gasp came from the manager. "Look, Alice, look!" She exclaimed.

A cry came from the girl. The

customer opened her eyes. Her green eyes glittered. "Well, what's the matter with you now? I'll report you for such impertinence, Alice. And you-" noticing the manager for the first time- "Indeed, I can well understand how the girls here have no politeness or manners when their employer has none. Indeed! I'll certainly not come back here again!"

"I- I wish you wouldn't," whispered the manager.

The smoot features of the rejuvenated face scowled fiercely. "What is the matter with my face? Has that moron done something to me?" She whirled in the chair, looked at herself in the mirror. "I see nothing the matter with me. My face looks younger, that is all. Exactly as I've been seeing myself for years."

The pointed chin and the thin mouth worked. The slim sharp nose, above the cruel lips wrinkled disdainfully. She washed her face, unaided, donned her hat and coat and left, slamming the door behind her.

"Alice," whispered the manager. "Throw that stuff away. It works too well. See how it made her face. Cruel, evil, harsh."

The girl nodded. Her face was white. "Yes, it renewed her face. Brought out the real features beneath."

"The real face- the face of- of-" half finished the other.

And, remembering a previous remark: "A- a harpy!"

The End



G. PECK

JOHN HILKERT
about Canada's
fantasy artist
by
Ron Conium

On January 2, 1919, in Cleveland, Ohio, there was born into the world a boy that was destined to become one of Canada's top ranking science fiction artists. His name is John G. Hilkert who does the current covers for Canada's SCIENCE FICTION. When quite young, Hilkert moved to Pierson, Manitoba, 300 miles west of Winnipeg. For 5 years he lived there, then came east.

Hilkert is about 5'8", of slight build- weighing about 140 pounds- fair, not bad looking. He was educated at Northern Vocational in Toronto, thence to Ontario College of Art.

He is married, and recently- February 3, 1942- became the proud Papa of a 7 pound boy who was promptly named Ian Gordon Hilkert. Ian is Gallie for John and was named that because there were too many Johns in the family. He met Mrs. Hilkert while attending Art School; in her own right she is an amateur artist. She is a Scots lassie, born in Scotland.

Hilkert has been a beer-slinger, not to mention dishwasher. He worked a lot at commercial art. In his spare time he did a lot of fantastic work: prehistoric monsters, giant insects, undersea life, and such. I have seen a few of these and they are really good. He likes to give his stuff to anybody that likes it.

He got his start in the magazines through Thomas P. Kelley and Eric Tales. He got a raw deal on that cover: bad workmanship, proofs and so on. That cover is something he wants to forget. For a time after that he worked under a nominal plume. At present he is doing the covers for Science Fiction. He has all the say on these. All told, Hilpert works for some 21 public-

Hilkert is in touch with Robt. W. Lowndes, editor of Future Fiction. Incidentally, it isn't generally known, but the stories Science Fiction carries are reprints of ones appearing originally in Future Fiction and the now defunct American Science Fiction. Lowndes wishes to see some of his work.

"I've had a tough time with Science Fiction," Hilkert confided to me. "You see, they don't give me any ms to go by. In fact, the mag is only a couple of issues ahead, they never know what's going in. This means I can't do anything original connected with any of the yarns. I just have to sort of dream up a cover out of my head."

He is interested in comicbook work and is working on a particularly promising strip about early Vikings- explains how the Indians developed hatred for the whites due to pre-Eric the Red, etc, raids by Viking pirates. He's getting this ready for American publication.

At present, Hilkert is working with a group of amateurs making a sound movie for the Red Cross. He is the art director and takes the part of a Nazi in the play. Hilkert has done some amateur theatricals so this is easy for him.

"I may have to return to the U.S before July 1942," Hilkert went on, "in order to maintain my American citizenship or forfeit it and stay here. If I do return I'll enlist in the Marines."

Hilkert's quite a talker. He walks around when conversing, says he feels too small when sitting down. He seems to be one of the nervous type: full of boundless energy, and extremely active.

DAYDREAMS OF THE EDITORIAL STAFF

This is the advent of the "New LIGHT" in its mimeographed form. I'll say nothing of future plans as the war pretty well necessitates operation and planning on a week to week basis. However, with this

with this issue, LIGHT makes its bid for a place in the field of adult fanzinedom. As you will see by the cover, the price is being set at 5¢ a copy. No subscriptions will be accepted for I don't know if I'd be able to fill them. However, if you wish to send a dime (10¢) you will receive two copies- starting with any month you name, and one for the month thereafter. There are other plans being thought over but they are too nebulous at this time to discuss. I will swap for other fanzines on an equal basis- a copy of mine for a copy of yours. Advertisements will be accepted but no rates have been set as yet, so these must be made on arrangement. LIGHT has been a monthly publication in the past and will endeavor to remain so in the future. Material and artwork is welcomed. If submission cannot be accepted it will be returned. If accepted and used the submitter will receive free a copy of the issue his work appears in. For the future in material, LIGHT will present fiction, articles, pictures. There is no set policy of what will be used and what won't be used. Your best policy is to send anything in that you think might be acceptable and let me take a look at it.

THINGS TO WATCH FOR

"HOMECOMING"

by John H. Mason.

"PHANTASM"

by Shirley Peck.

"CAVERN OF THE LOST"

by Alan Child.

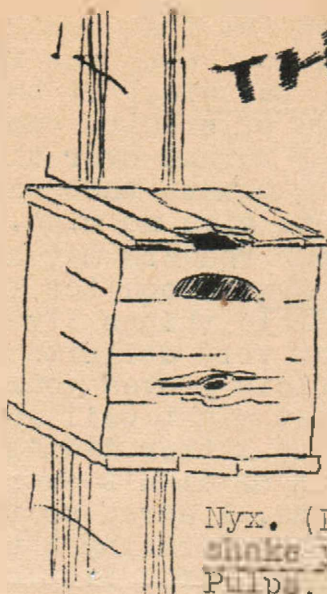
"THE MONSROSITY"

by J. Sinclair Hopping.

AND MANY OTHERS

DON'T MISS THEM!

etc etc etc.



THE

MAIL BOX

RON CONIUM, TORONTO: I have the current LIGHT. I will start with the cover. I presume it is some of your work (right). What is it, mine boy? The Road to Nowhere or the Path of Light? I missed the contents page. (It's back this month to stay, Ron) How come you left it out? I prefer it to that horrible head by Nyx. (Horrible? That's art- something had to be done to shake you boys out of your lethargy!) Eunuchs in the

the list. Ted White's letter comes next. I get a great kick reading what Ted has to say, he is a real fan. Our friend John's Jottings places third with me. The rest are all very good so I'm afraid you won't get any kicks from me. I always enjoy your editorial so I won't classify it with the mag. Your two reproductions were very good, Les, I presume Gordon Peck was the artist. (No, I copied them from a magazine and changed them to suit the purpose. The artist always signs his own work.)

CLARE HOWES, TORONTO: If LIGHT were more readable it would improve my appreciation of it immensely. For how can you expect anyone to enthuse over something that they have to fight to read and get new reasons afterwards? (I agree. How is it now? Opinion respectfully desired, nay, demanded.)

IAN CHILDS, VANCOUVER: That article by Kuttner in the January issue is excellent. I agree whole-heartedly with him that stories should have more gruesome, true-to-love endings, and he expresses it very well. I got a great kick out of the "Mail Bag". However, I think that your your one representation of fiction, namely, "Genesis", was extremely clumsy and vague. (Fiction? That's verse, chum.) Shirley undoubtedly shows promise, but why embarrass her and degrade your mag with such corny attempt? (Sir, that young lady's work has received applause from some. I like it, for one. Why not encourage her? After all, she is a Canadian and this is a Canadian magazine, and my policy is to support CANADIAN TALENT AND GIVE IT A CHANCE.) I might be wrong about this, because it is said that any really great person suffers adverse criticisms from those who do not understand the genius. What are other opinions to her work? (If you continue reading LIGHT you'll soon see.)

WILLIS H. FRONE, FRASER MILLS, B.C: In Peck's article about the fanzine I ran some time ago- there exists the possibility of misinterpretation, which I would like to clear up. My mag was "acclaimed" the most unusual fanzine of the time- but Peck evidently failed to grasp the ironic nuance. I got a lot of fine material from H.P. Lovecraft, C.A. Smith, J. Haggard and others, but thanks to my talents it gained a certain amount of fame- but hardly the right kind. (HEY, PECK! Want to answer this? Maybe we can whip up a good fight here, huh?) Latest issue rates thus: Cover-1; Contents-2; Eunuchs-3; Editorial-4; Mailbag-8; Lac Reproductions-10. (I don't like the sound of that, chum, Elucidate.)

JOHN HOLLIS NELSON, TORONTO: January LIGHT- not bad, quite good, 'smatter o' Peck, who wants the pillars are supposed to represent our-

side of fantasy, I'll be damned if I know! Howe'er that isn't important; main thing is the cover's good; well balanced with the flambeau set plump atop the center. Peck do it? (Nope, Lac did.) If so, another star to his steadily piling up standard of credit. Awmygawd! you shouldn't do things like that, LAC! When I turned over the page and saw that whateverthellitis, I thot for a moment that one of the ghouls that got away in RETURN of A had come to give me mine. Again, I say, you shouldn't do SUCH things. Some of your readers may have weak hearts. (Heh heh! Will have to get some more Nyx.) Good for Kuttner! Eunuchs in the Pulps was one of the most sensible things I've read for ages. It was about time that somebody drew the very definite distinction between "sex" and "pornography". This article proves your point about reprints, old man. A good thing like that might well go unseen by many readers who would have liked it because latter didn't get the particular issue of the fanzine it appeared in or didn't even get the 'zine itself. Keep up the reprints by all means. I agree so thoroughly with what Hank says that there's not much use debating the thing. Rating- 9 plus. Now for the Feb. ish: Covers okay, if a little too light for my taste. Ron's copy is hardly visible and not very attractive, to say the least. Mine, though a little better, still leaves much to be desired. The drawing is good, all right, but I would advise you to confine yourself to types of work that reproduce better. (How about this month's cover?) Magnificent Session- look, Gord, I can understand any guy writing himself out of a slump, but FORTHELOVE-AMIKE, doya hafta subject your fellow beings to it? Huff sed. The cut at the bottom of Peck's article, incidentally, is probably the nicest piece of reproduction (and, of course, drawing) that has appeared in L. Whoever did it, orchids. Rate it 9 (Heh heh, I DID IT!) Drawing rates 8 for clarity and good drawing. What is it supposed to represent? (Nothing that I know of.) Observations on the mail bag: what's the matter with White? He's pretty bellicose this ish. What's eating him? His amatory exploits back-firing on him? Serves him right, if so. I still think he's full of a lot of Croutchjuice (what that?) LAC, you're a foul ususucr! You're just holding out on the boys with the original script of THE R. OF G. so you can sell it at some fabulous price. I know your methods son; I've seen ya in action and let me have the opportunity of herewith warning all and sundry to WATCH OUT! (For what?) If Croutch has got something to see that he's crowing a-bore, you'll get the dirty end of the deal. (Oh I see now- it's a pun, like the proverbial bull in the teashop!) Ferinstance (and I told LAC to print this) note a certain little item called WEIRD TALES which his Cship is trying to pan off on some poor sucker for a halfa buck. I got rid of it on him for 40¢ because I wanted to get him for a few things in the past. (Heh heh! For one thing, Lamb isn't going to like being called "a sucker" for he took it. See fellows- Mason admits being of a vindictive nature- he got rid of it to me thinking I'd be stuck with it. That I'm not is a laugh on him.) Say, about that poem of the Demoiselle Peck in a recent ish: what the blazes was it all about? I read it, read it again and knew still less after the third time. I can usually get a certain understanding of most things reputed to be in English, but I have my doubts about this particular instance. And I see friend Hurter praising it to the skies!

*swappers - the usual monthly list
will henceforth be printed and
distributed separately.*