

Huerfano

EDITOR
Jessie A. Buntch



APR - 1904

N 115

LIGHT'S

COVER THIS
MONTH BY

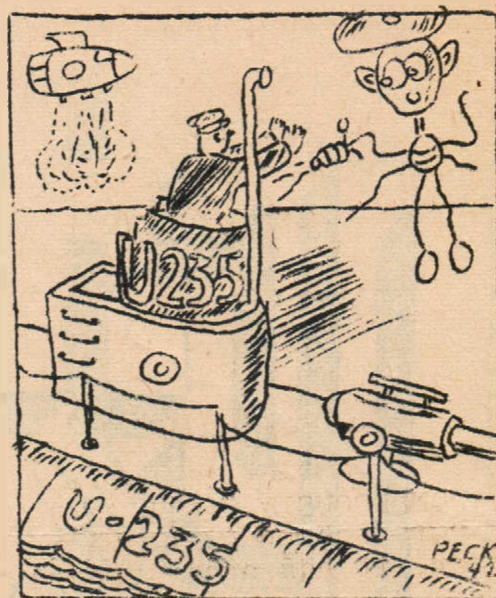
NILS H. FROME.

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APRIL 1942 - NO. 115

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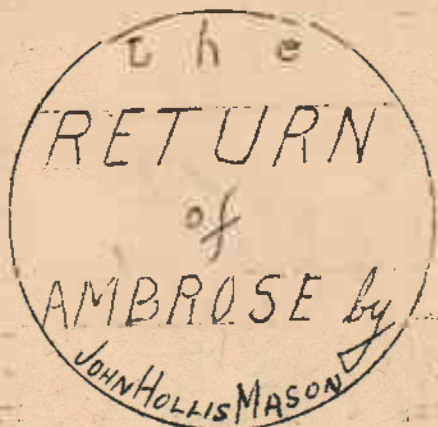
LIGHT is mimeographed by Leslie A. Crou-
tch, at Box 121, Parry Sound, Ont-
ario. Next issue will be out about
May 1, 1942. Price 5¢ a copy. Ad-
vertisements on arrangement at pre-
sent. Will trade with other fan-
zines. Material of all kinds want-
ed.

/////////YE ED HAS THE "FIRST WORD &
ALSO THE LAST!///////// As this is
being typed, it is 2:58 pm, Sunday
the twenty-second. I saved this
page for myself, and will likely
use it each month as the editorial
stamping ground. This month LIGHT
sort of kicks over the traces- look
at the size of the Mail Box. Well,
as all you guys, yes and gals too,
liked the letter department I must
keep it well and kicking- and such
kicking....latest dope from the
American front is that the U.S
Federal Trade Commission trampled
hard on the toes of the publishers
of MARVEL and the publishers of
FUTURE FICTION- seems the two out-
fits have been caught printing
yarns that weren't new and not
telling anyone they were reprints.
Such magazines must henceforth run
the word "reprint" or "reprints" on
the cover in type equally plain to
see as the title. This must also be
done on the "contents page". This
"reprint" must also appear on the
title page of the story that is not
original. If a new title is sub-
stituted for the original, the
original must also appear conspic-
uously. This is for everyplace the



"Himmel! Not neutrons!"

lication. For the full details read
the March 1942 issue of READERS
DIGEST. Let us hope such action
also takes place in Canada where
certain publishers are shoving
off on the Canadian public stories
originally printed in the US and
having the gall to say their mag-
azines are wholly reproduced in
Canada without foreign affiliat-
ion. If that isn't obtaining money
under false pretences, what is? It
is such practise that puts Canad-
ian publications in such an unen-
viable light. That is why Canadian
authors sell to the States as soon
as their work is of sufficient
quality to have it accepted!.....
Anybody know Pogo? That is the fan
name of Los Angeles' pulchritudin-
ous bundle of woo-woo. Morry Acker
man was kind enough to send a de-
lightful Pogogal in his latest
letter. IT'S A NUDE- and there's
no nudes like good nudes. It'll
probably be run next month. Also
another face by Nyx- a comrade to
the one that recently gagged pal
Mason- who, incidentally, has chang-
ed his place of domicile again....
Will FFI start running new stories?
Mary Gnaedinger, editoress, is
looking for stories of lengths up
to 25,000 words. She pays cent a
word and up. She also reads shorts.
....s'all the room- see you next
month, ILS CROUTON.



CONCLUSION

THE PONDEROUSLY FAMILIAR VOICE OF the Ogre echoed thru the room. "Mr. Warner, it has again proved necessary that I visit you. In our first interview I conveyed to you the desire of my master for your continued existence while your periodical was of service to him. On that occasion he wished an expose made of certain deplorable monstrosities and their masters that an unsuspecting fandom might be put on the alert for my master greatly enjoys the squabbles between the fans and would not for the world be deprived of that enjoyment.

"Now, however, new complications have arisen. The printing of that expose resulted in a most unpleasant visitation upon you by this craven monster," and for emphasis the Ogre prodded Ole Mule in what, from the response it evoked, was evidently a tender portion of his anatomy. "You acted with the utmost tact, however, in concealing my master's identity, even to the extent of physical injury. You will no doubt wonder how my master heard of this. Leslie Croutch issues a so-called 'fanzine' wherein he recently told of the mortifications you were subjected to in an attempt to make you reveal the identity of my master. Had it not been for my master's excellent connections in the Half World, he might never have learned of your experience. But coming as it did on top of much indignation in the Half World over the dastardly activities of these monsters,

it precipitated events.

"These 'dastardly activities' consist of open violation of every law that stands for order in the Half World. They've all haunted houses at a price so far under the Union Rate as to practically disrupt the whole infernal labor situation. We're as good as back in those uncivilised days when it was every vampire for himself and the ogre take the hindmost! Worse still, their subtle propaganda is spreading dissension within our own ranks! A horrible situation, as you can see.

"But tonight will see the tables turned. The day of reckoning is at hand. The telephone call you received today from that treacherous vampire, Widner, was proof of my first action." Harry shivered at the sepulchral tones. "The rest of that crafty crew should be arriving any moment now." Harry gasped, hoping he had misunderstood Ambrose.

But the Ogre made haste to assure him to the contrary. "This garrion creature known as 'Ole Mule' is the bait for the trap. His master will try to effect a rescue with the aid of his fellow rebels- sundry renegade werewolves, vampires and ghouls. They will come walking into the trap without the least suspicion." Harry ventured to inquire how Ambrose would be able to handle such superior numbers. "That is all arranged. The traitors will be received by a specially chosen delegation from the Federation of Labor for Genii and Elementals." Harry groaned. If half the stuff he had heard about genii and elementals had anything on the ball, 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, was about to become one of the most explosively interesting houses in the United States.

What subsequently took place within the Warner home showed him to be a somewhat conservative prophet. Just after midnight the neighborhood was rudely awakened by a pandemonium that sounded like a Donegal Fair of rather more than

possible proportions. What went on in detail will probably never be revealed, but what the neighbors heard will not soon be forgotten:

There were loud yells of dismay. Before these had died away they were supplanted by shouts of: "Up 'n atom, boys!" "That for a scab!" "Give 'em hell!" "Here Oswald, want an aspen stake?" "Where's my silver arrow?" After which followed what was undoubtedly the greatest fight in Half World history. Further bodies shot thru the solid walls of the house from all angles, trailed by wails made fiery by surprised profanity. Every now and then a concerted battle-cry thundered out from 805 with resultant repercussions that shook the very foundations of the neighborhood.

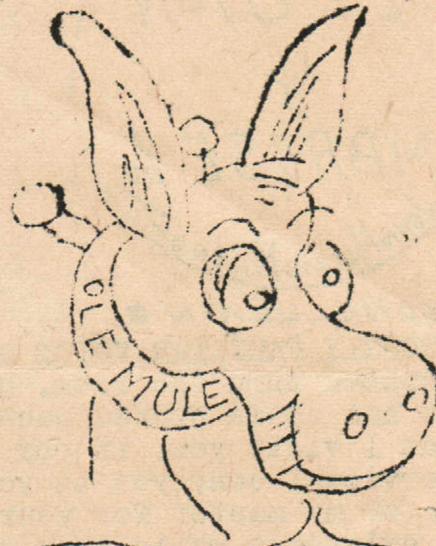
Harry must have been mistaken for one of the renegades for he was suddenly hurled at the wall with slightly less force than a bullet from a high-powered rifle. Unfortunately his body protested at the idea of a journey thru the wall and that is where the battle ended as far as he was concerned. When Harry next risked the perils of consciousness, he discovered he had been out cold for three days.

Harry was never quite sure about the outcome of the battle. But it might be mentioned that there has been a most peculiar silence in fandom and ghouldom from several of its previously most heard-of citizens. Widner never writes anymore; Kuttner and Oliver have disappeared from view entirely (in the former case, much to the dismay of Kate Moore) and Leslie Croutch and Ole Mule are simply not to be found.

What conclusions should be drawn from these circumstances are entirely up to the reader, but it might be mentioned that Harry Warner has given up reading Weird Tales; won't even discuss such things any more, and positively looks frightened if someone should inquire where his treasured copy of the Lovecraft omnibus volume,

THE OUTSIDER & OTHERS, has disappeared to.

THE END



OH YEAH BROTHER?
SEZ YOU! HEH!
HEH!

THINGS TO WATCH FOR

HOMECOMING

by J. H. Mason

PHANTASM by Shirley Peck

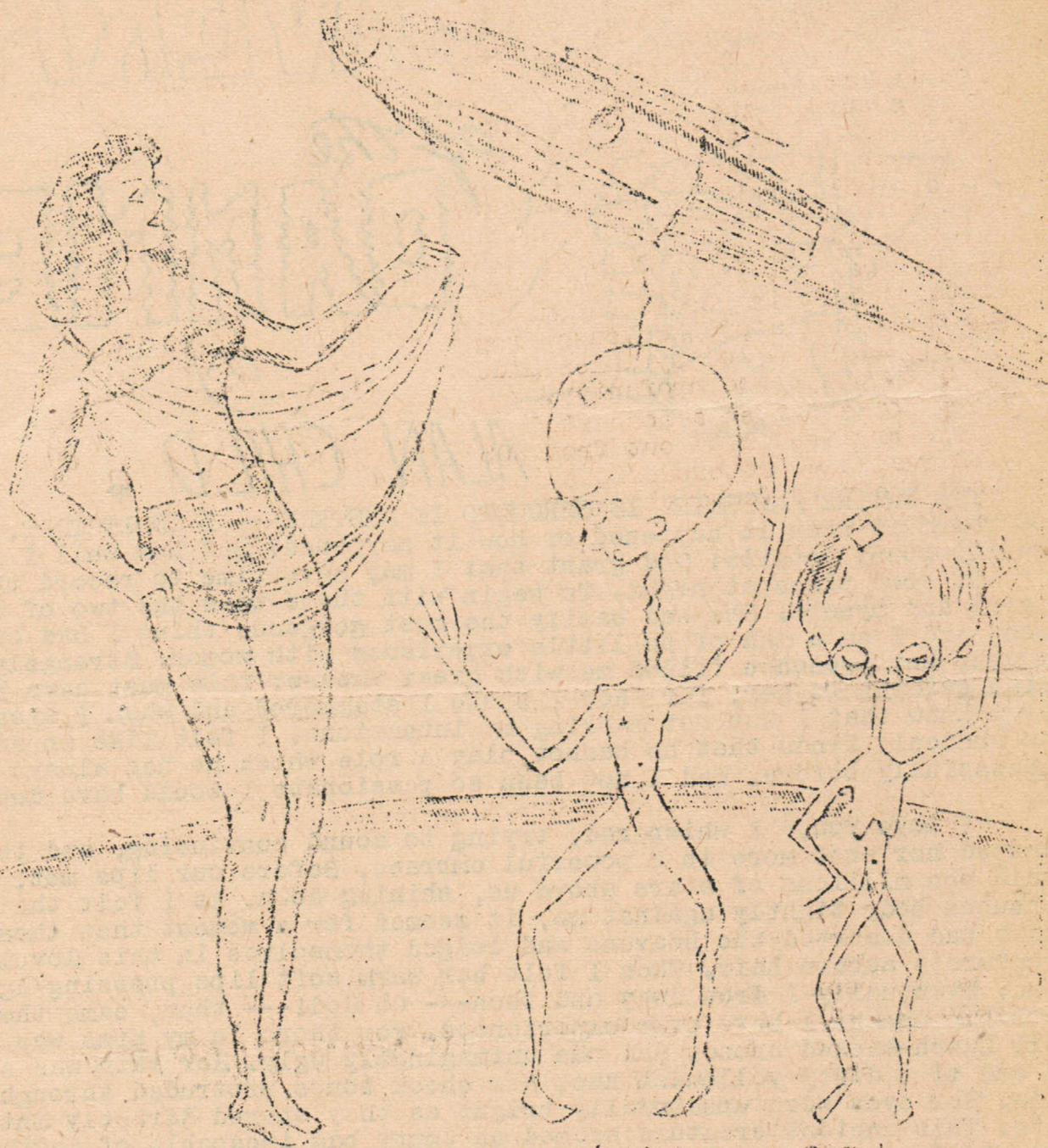
THE MONSTROSITY

by J. Sinclair Hopping

watch for

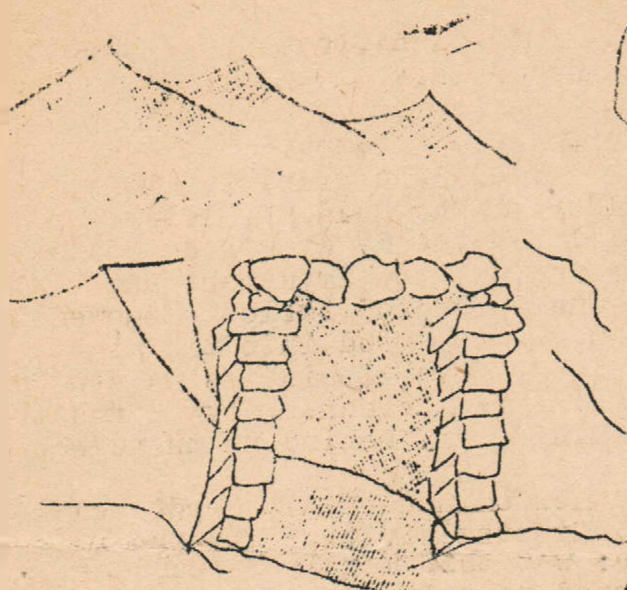
ALAN CHILD'S

CAUSE FOR RE-
JOICING



[AD] 3017

YOU ATAVIST!
WHY AREN'T YOU
CUTE AND LITTLE
LIKE GOASAT
HERE? GP



CAVERN

of the

DAMNED

by

ALAN CHILD.

THE ENTIRE HAPPENING IS SHROUDED IN MYSTERY--- I ADMIT THAT. I DO not remember when it happened or how it happened. But how well I recall the important details! God grant that I may have time to record them.

It took place at night. To begin with there were the two of us-- a girl and myself. She was easily the most gorgeous thing I had ever seen, and I am a man of no little experience with women. Strangely enough, her presence filled me with great uneasiness. This must have been quite evident to her, for when I spoke I stammered and when I kissed her I knew that I was not masking my intentions. I felt like an actor who suddenly finds that he cannot play a role which he has always done successfully before. Had I not been so passionate I would have despaired.

"I love you," I whispered, trying to sound convincing, and then clasped her once more in a powerful embrace. Before our lips met, I could see millions of stars above us, shining down. As I felt the girl's sensuous body tightly against me, it seemed for a moment that those stars had deserted the heavens and lodged themselves in this lovely creature's auburn hair. Then I felt her warm soft lips pressing against mine. Eventually I drew away and then--- Oh God!--- then, came the most horrible moment I have ever experienced. For there in my arms was an old hunch-backed crone. She was unimaginably ugly. Her skin was shriveled and of a dirty yellowish hue. Her cheek bones protruded through the skin. Her eyes were unnaturally bright as they stared directly into mine. This ancient creature seemed an empty bag incapable of anything but staring.

I shuddered. Then, telling myself that this was some vision which my mind had created and which could be mainly attributable to liquor, I closed my eyes and sank forward to kiss the girl. To my relief, I again felt warm, thrilling lips, but when I drew away, I found the two hands I held were cold and withered. I looked up, knowing too well what I would see. All my lust was gone now, as I stood there barely conscious. I could feel my pulses pounding and my brow dank with perspiration. I rubbed my eyes, but still those terrible orbs stared on. Finally I managed to gasp, "Who are you?"

The hag moved slightly, then with great difficulty, she opened her toothless mouth and in a voice hollow and expressionless, she replied: "I am Death."

I did not---I could not---gain the full significance of these awful words: I was too terrified. There was another pause. Then I asked in a weak and quavering voice, "What do you want?"

"Come with me," said the ugly creature, and reaching out that guesome hand, she grasped my wrist in a vice-like grip. I remember feeling my blood turning gradually colder as she held me, colder and colder every minute, every second, until eventually it was as cold as the skin of my hideous comrade. She seemed to grow impatient and began to run. As I could not free myself, I was forced to follow. Endowed by some unknown power, we travelled at a terrific speed into the night which was now bleak, misty, starless. After several minutes we stopped. We were now on the shore of what seemed a vast ocean. Murky waves threw themselves onto the beach with a deafening roar. Behind us there was a huge cliff.

"We have not much further to go." How ominous those words sounded! We walked along the base of the cliff. My puzzled, terrified heart pondered over a few unanswerable questions: Was this merely a stupid nightmare? Was this vile thing which I allowed to rule me some preternatural being? Was this some domain of Hell? These questions haunted me as it was beyond my power to solve them. I then noticed before us, a huge cavern in the cliff wall---a gaping black hole. Although I gasped with horror when I realized that I would have to enter into the depths of that darkness, I could not help admiring the strange beauty, the irresistible attraction of that same darkness. It was so complete it shone! As soon as I had entered this extraordinary gloom, I found that I could see quite plainly---Oh, that I might have been blinded before entering!

For inside that damnable place were hundreds of skeletons and those skeletons walked; it was not merely the fact that they moved which horrified me, but the manner in which they acted. It was obvious that every action caused them excruciating pain, for they walked slowly and lumps of flesh clung loathesomely to their faces. These lumps twitched in a horrifying manner with every move. From the appearance of some of the frames someone had gone among them and lopped off various parts of their bodies.

Suddenly a huge man placed himself before me. My first impression was that he was bloated with blood that was not his own! It was a strange though, but it remained. His complexion was very pale with the occasional touch of bright red, as though the blood within him was seeking to escape.

"Welcome to your new home," he greeted me.

I felt very weak---my heart beat so fast when he spoke. I somehow had not realized that I was to become one of these skeletons. And now the thought was so overpowering that I collapsed.

A minute later, I saw the beast's small eyes smiling down at me and I could feel his nauseating, dead breath upon me. "You must not faint," he said, "there is nothing to fear. I am sure that you will like our little abode. Besides, you need not come yet. You may go back to your normal life---but in thirty days you will return."

"Do you always warn your victims like this?" I asked, gasping.

"No. But you are an exceptional case. You have been quite a lover, haven't you? Many has been the time that you have stood idly by, while some girl, who had fallen beneath your spell, awaited the day when disgrace and shame would fall upon her. You also shall know what it is to wait for a dread happening. Goodbye, my friend."

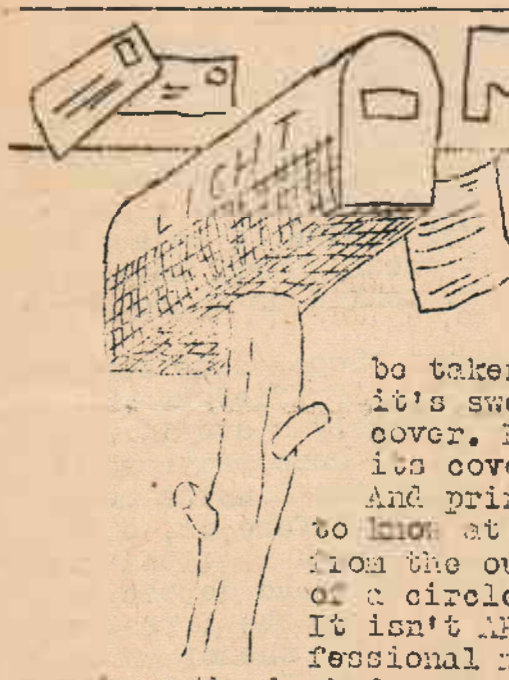
Everything began to fade. The last things that I saw were the beast's eyes, gazing into mine.

Yesterday, this whole happening relived itself in my mind. It came back to me, as something I had known before, touched off by some unknown spark. I know that it all happened---somehow. Perhaps it was only a dream.

or perhaps---God knows when---that grotesque wench will seize my hand in her cold, bony fingers, and I shall return to that ghastly cavern on that gloomy, unknown shore.

THE END

MAIL BOX



LESLIE STANLEY FROME, Ottawa: LIGHT is a swell mag. Allow me to compliment you on it. Above everything, it is edited and composed in a PROFESSIONAL way; a way all readers enjoy. Hope you don't mind a few suggestions. First of all, I think more care could be taken in your printing, (not your mimeographing--it's swell) that is, words like "LIGHT" on the cover. Nearly everyone nowadays judge a book by its cover, contrary to the old proverbial saying. And print your name so it can be read. We all want to know at a glance everything we can about the inside from the outside. The '5¢' should be drawn inside more of a circle....the cover drawing is very well done. It isn't ARTIFICIAL like some (some well-known professional mags too) I have seen. Give Wils M. Frome

a pat on the back for me. LAC, your articles are good! And I am supposed to know, having read at least five hundred stories from the best in the country. I like your idea of a serial story, and especially the resume Ron Conium gave us on Milkert. Personally, his artistry doesn't appeal to me as does Wilf Long or Pinkinson, but Conium sure can put a warm and friendly touch in LIGHT. Your idea of verse is good. Not every mag has that. Your story, HAD BACK, was somewhat different, but well-written-- a treat to read. I like your Mail Box and the cut for that. The ill-fated public has a chance to get back at you there. (Thanks for the comments, Men. The March LIGHT was the first stencil work I'd ever done so you can judge from that. Is this issue any better? I'm experimenting with a different type of stencil just now, striving to find the best for my purpose. From now you'll see more pictures- yes, and you'll see Frome almost every issue if he keeps them coming in.)

C.L.H.V. J.A.B. Brantford: Infinitely improved. Printing leaves very little to be desired. Compares very favorable with the pro. mags. Cover- very clear, excellent drawing. Is the lady Fate with the world in her hand or just an allegorical representation of LIGHT? (Frome will have to answer that, Norm. I don't know) Whatever she is, she was quite attractive in a Mongolian manner. Return Of Ambrose- Hard to classify a serial as its best to see the finish and criticize the complete story. This one starts off good but I'd like to know the finish of it before I know how to place it. Had Back- Heat story, good finish. The happy's true nature showed up even with her original face. I expected the finish but liked the story regardless. We must have more from this promising young author! Do I get a free LIGHT for that? Ha! (You and your blayney, Norm! S'disgustin', that's what it is!) John G. Milkert- Damn good- would like to see more lives of artists and authors (how about models, Norm?). I was very much interested in the yarn. I'd like to see Virgil Finlay's story if possible.

FRED MURTER, Aurora, publisher CENSORED: I'm anxious for LIGHT to appear as a regular subscription affair; CENSORED doesn't come out often enough to fill the place needed in Canadian Fandom. (I disagree, Fred.

magazine and I said I'd give fullest consideration to Canadian fans. Does that mean I must print anything just because it is Canadian? The mss in question was excessively worded at the beginning. As you'll notice, it was well-liked- would it have been if I hadn't cut it? I'm sending this mss to Conium and we'll let an unbiased outsider judge which is the better- your version, or mine after it was cut.) I DO NOT like the idea of a big size LIGHT. (Newcomers- this is Mason's reply to the question- would you like to see LIGHT go large size- that is- full legal-size, a page some 4" longer than this.) Keep it just as it is for my money. (You said it wasn't worth your money- ~~make up your mind~~, chum!) The swap column seems to be fine out of the mag altogether. Silkert is working on a couple of commissions for Loundes.

C.MOVES, Toronto: I do know it is darn hard to do any tracing on a stencil, but I does think that it could have been much heavier and much clearer. The next one that you publish, you must use a far heavier bond or nineo paper for the cover, so that the printing upon the other side will not come through onto the front. Design nice, symbolic but dashed LIGHT! Pun, did ya stumble over that one? (Ho- I always lift my feet when treading in noisesome quarters! How's cover this time?) Stapling could be much improved by putting one in the centre of the issue. (Copy, donha mean?) What does yo' mean by 'Thrilling Verse'? From verse to verse? (Naturally, if you read verse you gotta go from verse to verse otherwise you'll never know if the verse is verse than hienerto printed!) Taken all in all the magazine was quite a step ahead in the long climb to fame, fortune and frustration and it was, at least readable. (Tonk yo!)



Watch for the rest of
this picture!

FORREST J. AGERTON, Los Angeles: This reader long has liked the odd sort of femme Frome draws, & requests more. I'm saying: Include Swap Sheet as part of LIFE. (Will try to present a Fromefilly each issue LIGHT, 4sj. If Frome draws 'em I'll run 'em! You're not the only one who has liked his work.)

BERNARD E. BOVARD, Los Angeles: In the first place, why the name? (There's a behind that which only a few know. I'll tell it one of these fine days.) What made you chose it? 2- I like the cover very much, strikes me just right. Appeals to my sense of fantasy. (How's this month's?) 3- There seems to be er- dearth of material, isn't there? Or don't you just have time to fix it, or are you so blasted particular that only the best of the dregs of fandom

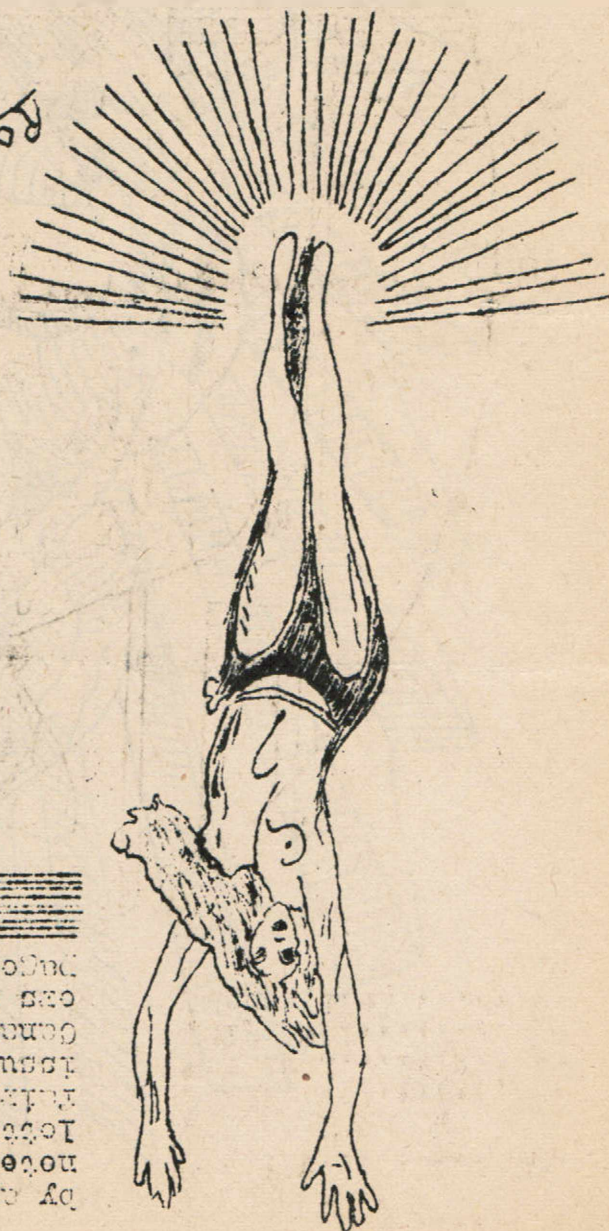
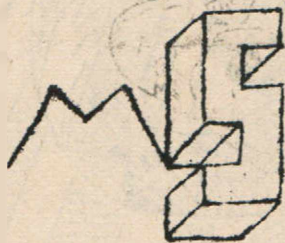
decorates your fanzine? (No dearth just now- see size of this issue. What do you mean- "dregs of the worst of fandom? Mason'll sloy you!) Now I'm being nasty. You didn't deserve that. (Ahem!) 4- How do you choose your material? (If I like it I print it!) 5- Any chance of my helping? (You bet- always room for a fair demoesel- especially from Moves' and Lamb's point of view!) 6- You ought to change the color of the paper you use. Or is there a shortage there too? (How about a biluous yellow? Hope- no shortage so far that I have heard of. Using cheaper paper to cut down costs- what d'you think I am, anyway, a blowsted millionaire?) 8- It's a good mag for a monthly contribution. 7- Your mail-bag seems to made up mostly of "nee-ows!) Heh heh- there's a lot of Tom Cats in the Crowd, Babsy- there me, and the Cat and the



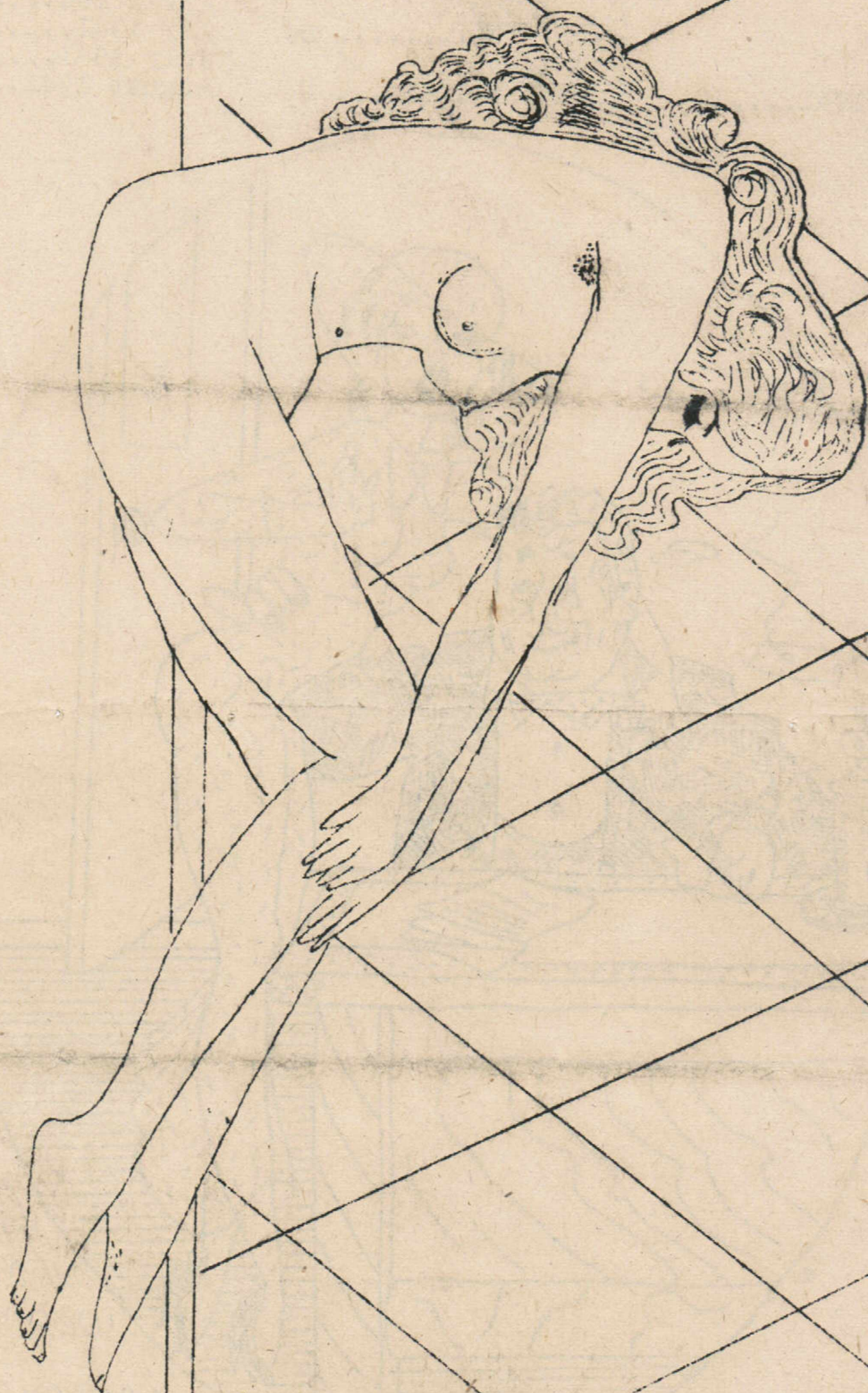
some more) 9- Finis. Oh yeah--10- Your story of the Ind-pack was good. Cute-- whether you like it or not! (Am I to presume you didn't like it, Miss Babs?) (Then, in the end of her letter, Miss Boverd adds:) "I'd like to write for 'Light'." (We'd be glad to have you, there's nothing like the mellowing influence of the feminine side of the race to make the wheels go round. How about trying for the May number?)

HARRY WARNER, JR, Hagerstown, MD. Publisher of SPACEWAYS: I was quite surprised to see you take the plunge, since I had the idea that you'd wait awhile before deciding....You did an excellent job on this first issue, too. My main suggestion is: try to find a slightly more creative paper; or, at least, use the fuller stock and not the smooth, pliter stuff you have on the cover. (How's this numbers?) On the question of whether to include the swap sheet with the fanzine, I'm neutral but incline toward keeping it separate. (The majority said include it, so here it is.)....Material this Light is excellent. Naturally Mason's installment was superb, since it mentioned me many times. (Not shy,

AP 55



~~SECRET~~



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