

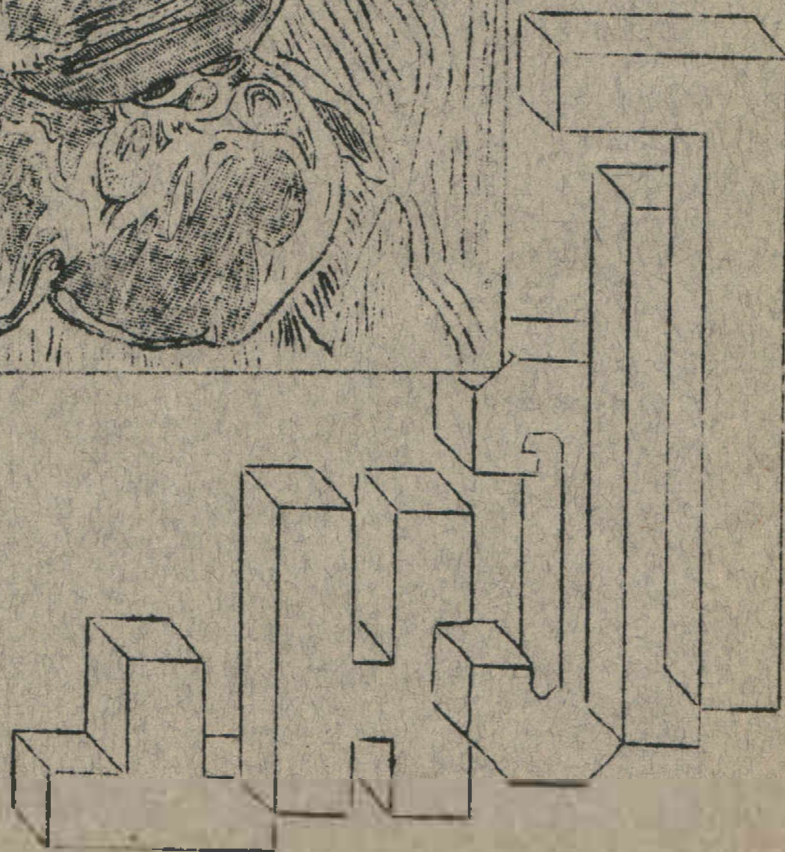
COVER THIS MONTH BY MAN

NO. 116

MAY 1942



Canada's  
first and  
only  
monthly  
magazine





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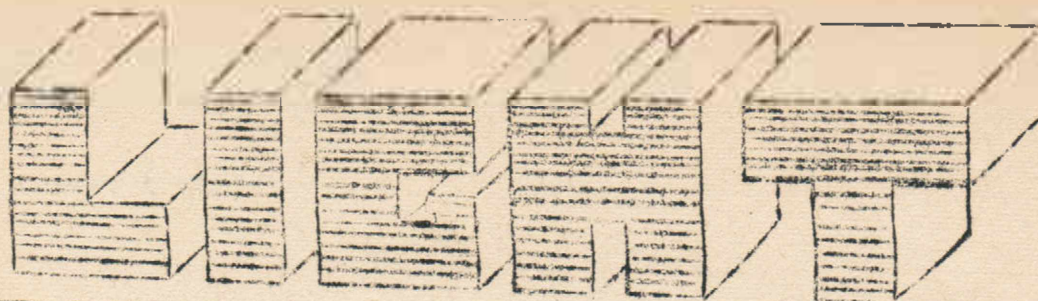
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**LIGHT** is mimeoed by Leslie A. Croutch, at Box 181, Parry Sound, Ontario. Next issue will be out about June 1, 1942. Price 5¢ a copy straight. Advertisements on arrangement at present. All trade with other fanzines. Material of all kinds wanted.

### *Light Flasher at the Editor.*

This month I'm starting a new policy in my column. A lot of you have asked for news of one kind and another. As Norm Lamb says, the only kind of news he can get is through **ASTONISHING** and my magazine. There are enough fans in Canada reading **LIGHT** who must be interested in knowing what's going on in the rest of fandom. Of course, space forbids that I tell everything I hear but I'll do my best to make this interesting. When you write in, commenting on this number, please comment on this new column, and also on the choice of name: "Light Flashes".

Now to get down to brass tacks: The way the wind blows, it looks like our **SCIENCE FICTION** is almost on the rocks! The word came out that it had been definitely dropped, Hilbert, who does the covers for it, and already done the cover for the next number and had even seen the proofs. Ron Conium high-tailed it down to the Duckross Publishing Co to find out about it. He didn't find much but did manage to get hold of two proofs of the cover. Then this week I see the June **SCIENCE FICTION** is out on the stands. Now, you can gather what you will from all this, but it appears to me that **SCIENCE FICTION**'s existence just at present is none too secure.....rumor in the city has it that Street and Smith is going to start printing over here this summer. Does this mean maybe we'll again see **ASTOUNDING** and **UNKNOWN WORLDS** on the stands as of old? ....that Canadian **ASTONISHING** is reprinting stories from the American **ASTONISHING** and **SUPER SCIENCE**. That story "Lost Legion", which appeared in the March number, was, Mason and Conium inform me, sadly cut! They say there some 1,000 words or more cut out! In the American printing there was one scene which they say is the best in the whole story!....

**AMAZING**, that mag some curse, some praise, which still continues to surprise us in more ways than one, has gone on a giant issue spree- first Rap (Raymond A. Palmer) handed out the odd 244 page number for only a nickel more! Then they became steady. Now with the June 1942 number it has 274 pages! And at 25¢ in price! Regardless of what you (see page 17)



# JUSTICE

BY DON J. DOUGHTY

HE WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD HAVE SAVED THEM YET THEY PUT HIM WHERE HE COULDN'T HELP. A BRIEF LITTLE STORY BY AN ENGLISH MAN.

He picked it up, a small, slightly corroded metal disc. It seemed familiar, but for the moment he couldn't place it. Inscribed on one side were the figures and letters 291/VIII/957/17. He turned it over, and memory rushed to his senses with a sudden flood as he saw "Jo Vallin-Geodist".

For he was Jo Vallin, a geodist of note, he had been employed in a research laboratory investigating the possibilities of applying geodesy to the latest struggle of man against man, the war of the Confederate Nations against the evils of Dictatoria. The possibilities of space-warpage and its allied effects had held his attention for many months. For he believed he was at long last on the track of a weapon which would mean the annihilation of their enemies. For Dictatoria was opposing the peaceful expansion of the Confederacy. He had often wondered which was right---but that didn't matter now.

And yet, he told himself, he couldn't stay there. Not for the rest of his life. He could go back-- back the way he had come-- back to a time when it would all be over.

It had all begun when that first small experimental projector had worked. The metal block he had placed in its field had disappeared. Where he hadn't known until he remembered a small cube, identical in appearance, which had mysteriously appeared on the table a few days previously. No one could have placed it there. Now he knew where it had come from. The projector had sent it into the past. The cube had been snatched up and placed in the time stream and sent into the past. There he had picked it up, and sent it back again-- a vicious circle, never ending.

And, he had dreamed, a larger projector, an increase in power, then a flick of the switch and any number of the enemy could be sent back-- somewhere-- into the dark ages, into pre-history. What did it matter? As long as they were removed what matter where they were, or even if they were alive or not. He had laughed mercilessly at the idea.

And so work had been started on larger portable projectors and on one huge projector which would operate on their enemy from afar. Everything had gone fine until that fateful day when he had been experimenting with a portable projector which had not been properly shielded, and the larger one had suddenly disappeared.

A conference was held on the accident and it was decided that although work on a new projector was to be started immediately, Jo, being the cause of the accident, was to be sent into the past to find and bring back the precious machine.

And there he was-- clutching his small identity disc. And there-- yes!-- there, a few yards away, half hidden by the mist of the steaming primeval jungle, was the missing machine.

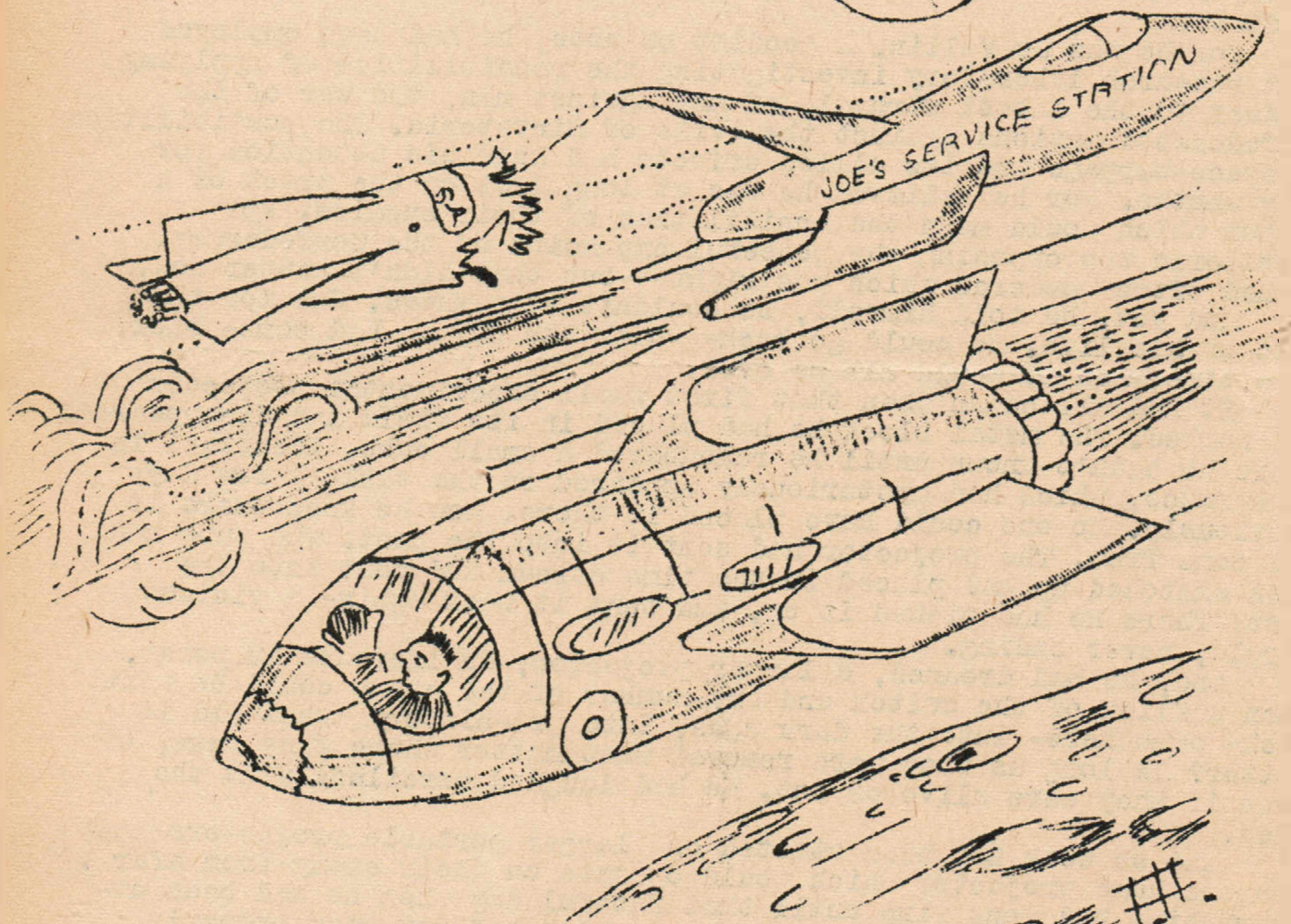
The irony of his position slowly filtered through to his befogged mind. There he was, with a potential means of transport to the future-- but how to transport the generator of the force itself? And the generator was much more powerful than that which had projected it



back to this age. He hated to think how far into the future he might be sent. Maybe beyond the end of time, as man would know it.  
He laughed- and Earth's first maniac was born- born before History itself!

The End

THOSE WOMEN DRIVERS  
FRED HURTER JR

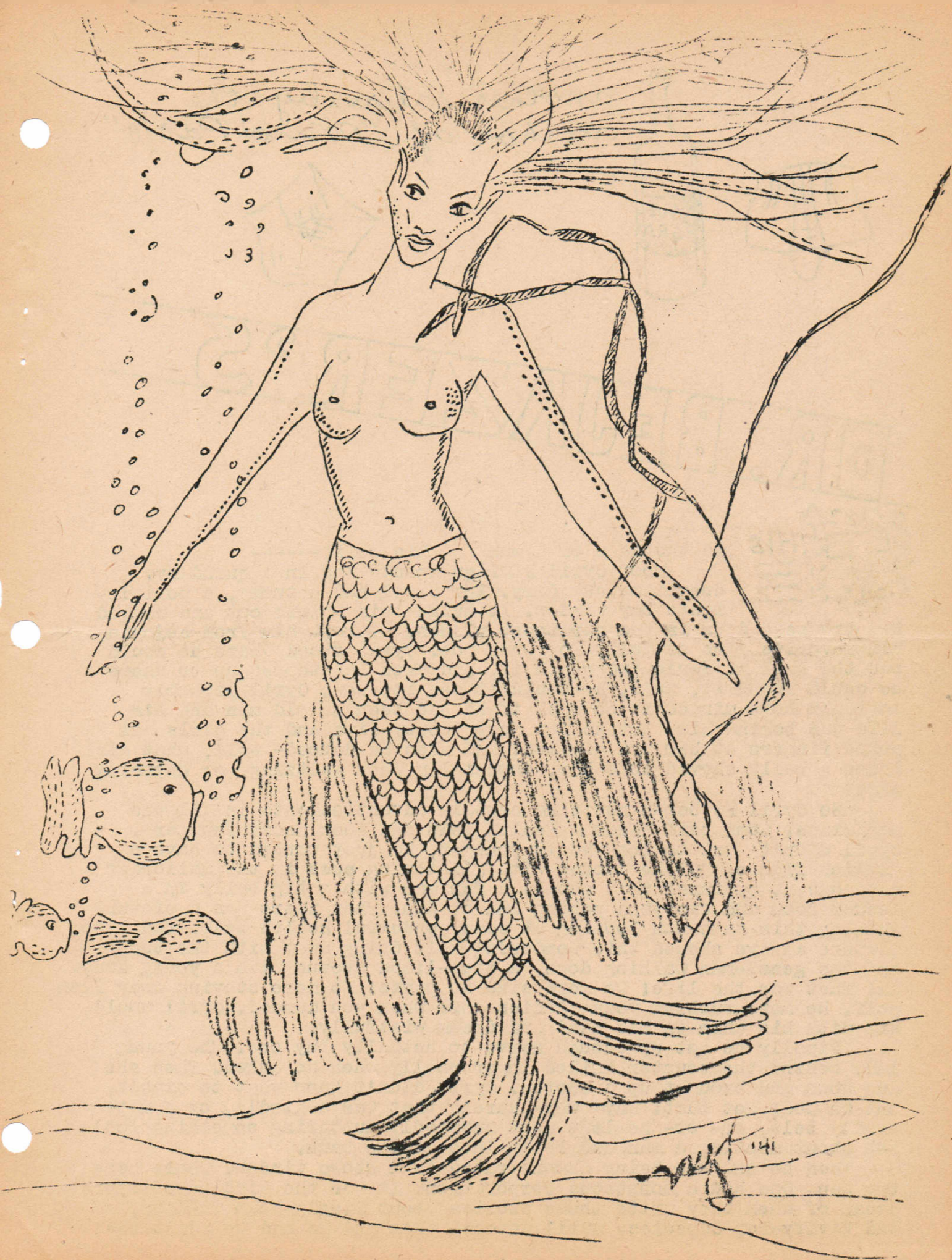


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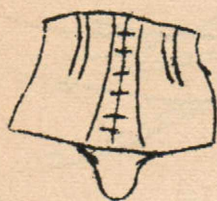
are you hidelound?  
then don't read

The Devil and  
the Postmaster  
by A. Crouch  
Leslie

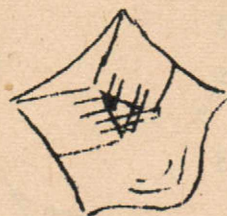








another satire by the  
author of "Mud Pack"



# DR. BEJAZER'S

THIS

is the saga of a man and his belly-----

Poor Cyril P. Hildenboaste was in a quandary. A desperate quandary. For Cyril had a tummy, a politician's bay window. It bulged his shirts out and bagged his trousers down in the strangest places. It kept him from enjoying his favorite game of golf. For when poor Cyril stood where he could see the ball he couldn't reach it, and when he stepped up to where he could reach it, well, he couldn't see it! Now, Cyril probably wouldn't have minded it so much if he had been an old man and his life was behind him, but he was just twenty-five and the girls all poked fingers at him and giggled. And when he danced--well, what girl likes a belly shoved into her, especially when waltzing, or anything else?

So Cyril began noticing certain advertisements in all the magazines. Some said "Wear A Health Belt and Look Years Younger". Cyril didn't want to look years younger, he just wanted to have a girlish figure. But he looked with glistening eyes in the mailorder catalogs at pictures that showed a fat man with a big belly in a locker room and everyone poking fun at him. Then there was a picture showing this same man looking at some wonderful health belt. The last picture always showed this wonderful belt doing away with the tummy and the gentleman walking down a tree-lined avenue with a young lady. Ah! That was the life! No more size 50 pants! No more staying away from golf. No more rubbing young ladies sore when you danced. Cyril would sit with his chin in his hand and dream wistfully.

Finally he got up enough nerve to actually buy one. The young lady behind the counter smiled impersonally when he asked. Then she dug down and brought up a carton. Cyril didn't know what to expect, but Oh God! Not that! Why-why- surely that was a girdle, or a maternity belt, or--or-- he left most hurriedly muttering something foolish about meeting a man and being late at the bank.

Then he saw one being demonstrated in a store window. There were two men. One had a monstrous corporation. It was the kind advertisers dream of when they write those stories about Giggly-Foam Tablets, and Vivify-Pop Capsules. Cyril watched them and he had to admit the



Leslie A. Crouch

# health belt

IF YOU ARE  
WEARING ONE, BETTER  
WATCH OUT. IT MIGHT BE ONE OF DR.  
BEJAZER'S!

slim gentleman did look most fine. He decided he must buy one of those. This time a man waited on him, and he paid ten dollars for a squirming rubbery monstrosity that looked like something that had escaped from the late Inquisition or a Nazi concentration camp.

He took it home and stripped. Then he unwrapped the miracle worker. He put it on and strapped himself up. Then he tried to breathe. But he couldn't. His guts felt as though they were pushed up into his throat and down into his--er--organs of manhood. He tried to bend and found steel stays holding him in a medicinal straight-jacket.

So again Cyril P. Milquetoaste had to just sit and dream.

But one day he opened the paper at the table and there he saw in colors a wonderful little thing of pink and white and blue. It was guaranteed to slim your tummy in no time at all. It was guaranteed or your money back positively to take years off your appearance. It was a wonder worker; a harbinger of the Golden Age for all would-be Don Juans; a symphony of specially treated rubber that rubbed, and kneaded and squeezed and massaged your backbone inches nearer your navel. And it was only a dollar ninety-eight!

And now that we have sort of introduced you to Cyril P. Milquetoaste and his woes, shall we proceed with the saga of a man and his belly?

We shall? Good----

Cyril P., which was short for Percival, Milquetoaste halted before the little drug store where Dr. Bejazer was demonstrating his wonderful uplift of society for one day only. After a cautious investigation of chewing gum and today pop and K-K-Kodaks, he lifted the latch and entered.

Before he had even a little chance of asking for Dr. Bejazer an mighty finger inserted itself insinuatingly between his ribs and an even mightier voice boomed in his ear.

"Ah, my man, so you have come to see Dr. Bejazer's wonderful health belt? And the finger, or was it another? walked up and down his vest.

Cyril wiped his ear with his handkerchief and turned his head. He saw a watch chain. He lifted his head and saw a wondrous growth of black beard. Higher up was the face of Dr. Bejazer.

Cyril swallowed. "Y-yes sir. I want one of Dr. Bejazer's health belts."

"Ah, yes!" boomed the big man. Cyril wondered if he should con-



from buying a raincoat before going any further. "Right this way." And he was propelled toward a curtained doorway.

"Remove your clothes, young man." And when Cyril started to remonstrate: "I must fit you personally. My belt only works when it becomes as one with the wearer."

Cyril began to disrobe. When he stood in all his pristine virginity Dr. Bejazer came forward with the belt.

"My, my!" Said the good doctor, cocking his head and fixing our hero with his eagle eye. "Is that all of it?" He disappeared for a moment behind some packing cases, to reappear bearing a short board. This he used to prop Cyril's breadbasket into some semblance of flesh. Then he slipped the belt over his shoulders. After much grunting he got it down to his waist and there released it. The belt snapped into place with a loud snap. The good doctor stepped back a pace to eye the fit.

"Very good," he proclaimed. "Very good indeed. You may dress."

Cyril tugged and puffed but to no avail. He could not move. Finally he cried: "Hey, how do I get my arms out of this thing?"

"Arms? Arms? Did you say-- dear man?" Cyril's limbs were held firmly to his sides by the belt. The doctor grabbed one and tugged. It wouldn't budge. Then he pulled on the other. Finally he grasped the belt and tried to pull it up, then down, but it was firmly placed. Indeed, it was a firm fit.

"Here, lie down." And when Cyril did, the doctor sat on his legs and pulled with both hands. Finally it came free. Cyril rose.

"How does it feel?" He was asked, and he replied, "Wonderful."

Cyril had his shorts on and was pulling his pants up when a young and beautiful female came into view, handed the doctor a paper. Cyril gasped, "Hey, have you been here all the time?"

She smiled at him. "Oh yes, I'm the doctor's assistant."

Cyril almost fainted.

In the days that followed our hero was most happy. He couldn't take the belt off but what did that matter? You would never notice he had a bay window. He had a most wonderful figure and the girls followed him in droves. He went to dances and found they fitted him nicely. Now no waistline held them away from his manly chest. Yes, Cyril was most happy.

Then one morning he noticed an amazing thing. He didn't have to shave. Now, this doesn't sound like anything so wonderful. Maybe he didn't have a heavy beard. But he had always had to shave every morning, but this time, for the first time in years, he didn't. He was puzzled but thought nothing of it. It wasn't until after many such mornings that he came to the conclusion that his beard was gradually getting more and more scarce. It was going away. So he would have none.

He met a girl, a very nice one, and he fell in love. Believing that two can live as cheaply as one, or at least sleep as cheaply as happened. It was dreadful, ghastly. If he'd kept his big mouth shut everything would have been all right, but he had to go on ranting about her eyes and ears and (for him a very daring thing) her legs, when his voice changed. From a deep baritone it suddenly became a high falsetto. Now love is love and all that, but who wants to marry a man with a school boy voice? She refused.

Cyril retired most unhappy. Still he guessed nothing. Not even in the bath the next morning when certain portions of his anatomy failed to respond to the sensual pleasure of hot water as had been their wont.



Six months passed by and Cyril was finally forced to admit he was getting younger very rapidly. He was now seemingly a youth of about 14. He lost his job; he forgot most of his golf; and the ladies wouldn't dance with him. His clothes were too large for him and he was developing a liking for boss-oprys at the local theatre.

It wasn't until he awoke one morning and found he had wet the bed like any four-year-old that he realised something had to be done, and that mighty quick. Suddenly he remembered Dr. Dejazer and his promise that the belt would take years off his life and he decided to blame the whole mess on it.

He tumbled out of bed in a hurry, but he had left it too long. He found walking a distinct ordeal. His clothes wouldn't fit. Over night he had shed almost a dozen years. The belt was really working for a vengeance now. Sobbing, he stumbled to the table, and the phone, but he couldn't reach it. Suddenly he realised he was no longer walking—he was creeping. He tried to get the infernal belt off but his strength was fast vanishing. Finally he fell back on the tool nature gives all of us. He screamed.

Mrs. Murphy was an Irishwoman and she had an Irishwoman's temper. She hammered on Cyril's door. "Cut that yelling in there, Milquetoaste!" She shouted and when it didn't cut she used her pass-key.

The screaming was getting weaker and seemed to be coming from the bathroom. She started in that direction. Looking in she saw nothing. "Now where did that come from?" She asked herself. "I'll bet it's that Mrs. Mannigan's old she cat out a-tommin' again as usual!"

Then she noticed something at her feet. "Well, I declare, and what's this? A woman's girdle? Well, I'd never have suspected it of Mr. Milquetoaste."

And she stooped to pick up a rubbery pink, white and blue belt that lay on the floor, surrounding a little pool of slimy substance.

THE END

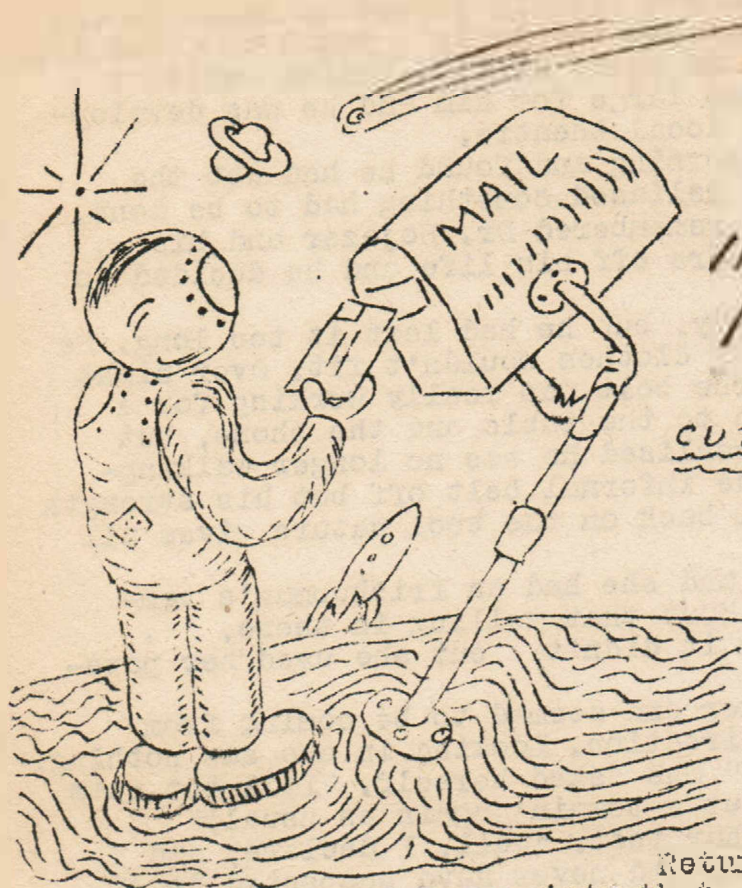
### EXCITATION

by Oliver C. Davis

An angel struck an epitaph to Man,  
A devil forged his interest in the plot;  
How chance had ended what the gods began;  
What was...what might have been...and what was not.  
It said, "Man ruled the open universe.  
Through steam and sweat and ignorance and wars  
He broke the power of the highest curse;  
He pointed toward the sun and touched the stars.  
He scratched a word: and taught the world to write.  
He learned to love: and reached Christianity.  
He thought: and solved the mystery of Life.  
He caught perfection hand in hand a day;  
And died before reversion could begin...  
He only failed in what he might have been."

O Red





# Light's "Mail Box"

WITH  
CUT BY CUT-UP CROUTCH

ALAN CHILD, VANCOUVER The title is quite good and the picture's all right. (He's speaking of the March ish.) It's too bad that you couldn't have put it in color, but then we can't have everything. The mag sure looks swell mimeod--- I can show it to my friends and feel proud of it now. "The

Return of Ambrose": I really can't appreciate that sort of thing. It doesn't show a great deal of originality but I guess it amuses a lot of the readers. I'll give it 5. "Aud Pack": quite an idea, powerfully written, too. 3 for that, and congratulations. (Thanks, pal.) That article on John G. Hilbert---I think that sort of stuff's darned good. The article, itself, however, is really interesting only because it is about a Canadian, who is fairly famous. (Isn't that enough reason, Alan?) I'll give it 6. No cracks about these fractions---it's just that I believe in exactness. I won't grade the mail-bag. It's O.K. to read and I'm sure all the readers enjoy it, but it really can't be classed with the other stuff. All in all, the March edition is swell! Let's have more like it.

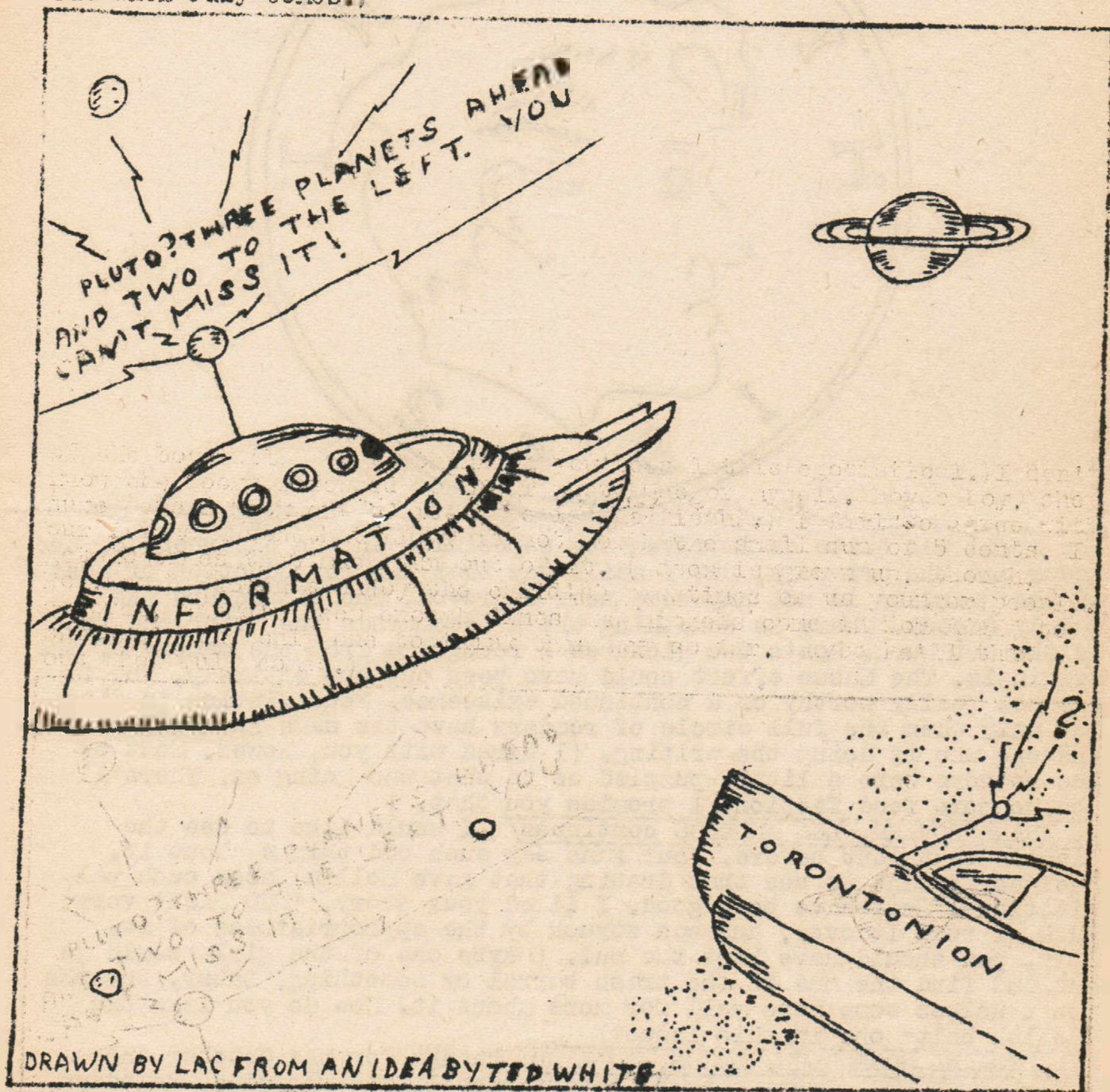
TON DUNN, TORONTO "Light" was good. Cover excellent, back good. "The Return of Ambrose" was good, "The Cavern of the Damned" good, too. The Mail Box was a little lengthy. Inside pix good. (Evidently LIGHT was good!)

VIOLA L. KENALLY, ST. CATHERINES Many thanks for sending me a copy of "LIGHT". Your mag is certainly good. I had no idea what I'd been missing. (Thanks, Miss Kenally. Give the little lady a big hand, you bucks. Show her she's among friends and that her presence is welcomed.)

RON COMUD, TORONTO We'll have a little chat about the April issue. Know that, Les, LIGHT is really going places. (Who toldja? Who snitched? I think it was a secret, yet!) I think you did a fine job and I don't mean maybe. (He likes me folks!) Another swell cover by Frone- nice going. Mils. Cavern of the Damned by Alan Child reads almost pro. Have to get some more by this fan. (hear that, Alan?) The Mail Box is extra good this issue. Comments from 11 fans. I think that's really something. I was tickled pink to see some new names in this. Glad to see my article on Hilbert went over so good- bocatin! my own stock, Les. (So I see, Ron. Better tune down a



of the boys will get to thinking you're a little egotistical.) I don't know who looks forward to LIGHT most, Mae or myself. Boy o boy, she sure gets a kick out of it. (Mae is the Missus.) I fail to agree with our friend Mason that LIGHT is not worth the small sum of 5 cents. I got 10 times that much run out of it. (Mason is grown up, though, Ron, so he doesn't enjoy the childish pastimes of us younger people. However, there's been enough dimes and nickels come in for LIGHT to show he's the only one to think this way so far. Maybe he'll thaw out when July comes.)



DRAWN BY LAC FROM AN IDEA BY TED WHITE

CLARE HOLMES, TORONTO cover was very nicely drawn by Frome and reproduced by yourself. I do still say that you will have to use much heavier paper on the cover, so that NO print will show through. The little bit had the effect of spoiling the set-up. Nevertheless you did quite a good job of it. Continue to be as careful with your heading--it must always look as good as the rest of the magazine. SUFFRANT the March issue was quite good for the first effort on the mimeograph.





The April was quite an improvement, especially in the clearness of the cover and the art work. But I still say that the reproduction of most of the printing is not anywhere near improved. The literature was fairly decent. There is something which recommends the 'zine and that is the art work. Ron's two pictures I recognize from the memory of the originals. The Mason effort could have been cut out entirely, for it was not really worthy of a continued existence. Feud fiction is fine, but only when the full circle of readers have the same knowledge as the one who is doing the writing. (I agree with you, Howes. Most of the readers were a little puzzled as to what was going on. There'll be no more feud fiction. I promise you that.)

MICHAEL HOWARD, LOS ANGELES continues/ I would like to see the issues that went before. Your fans say such odd things about it. Besides, I want to see that drawing that gave Hollis Mason such palpitations. Must have been good. I liked your story, 'FEUD PACK' very much. I read it over, and was struck by the appropriateness of it. Only, you should have kept the mud. (Maybe one of the girls could go out and find the mud in the trash barrel or something, Babsy. But she won't unless some more yell for more about it. How do you like the 'health belt' one in this issue?)

JOHN ROSEBUD, LEEDS, ENGLAND Thanks for the October and November LIGHTS. Getting to be a very nice little magazine, nowadays, isn't it? Keep up the good work. The main comment I have to make is on the article by Ted White. Not to mince matters- he is a silly fool. Surely he knows that there are fans over here and our addresses are reasonably easy to discover. (I agree- I never have trouble finding somebody new, JHR) If he had written to any of us, he would have been sure of a reply. He seems to imagine that England is just like Canada, and it certainly isn't. (In the words of Red Skelton- "I could answer that but it would only lead to bloodshed!") Now fellows,



Countryman Bob Gibson soon discovered how to find bookshops and is corresponding with four or five publishers. Why couldn't Ted do the same? All Bob did was to write to an address he found in a prozine and that put him in touch with Ted Carnell and so, with all the bunch of us. But I've sent Ted White a copy of Rido (JIR's magazine and incidentally, England's oldest and top fanzine) to the address you gave in LIGHN' except I've put "Canadian Army in Britain" at the end, together with a personal letter. It hasn't come back so I presume he got it. That was three weeks ago (this letter was dated Jan 19) and to date I've had no reply. So he doesn't seem over-anxious to find out about freedom in Britain. (How about it Ted? Better look into this. Here's your chance to get acquainted in England with a swell gang who are all active fans.)



RED HOTTER, AURORA  
 I'd like to hear that you aren't discouraged, and that "Light" will go on as a misco pub. (I still don't quite know how come you're laboring under this misapprehension, Fred. But does this look like LIGHN's about to cave in?) Certainly there's a place for fan-magazines using cheap paper. Many of the American fanzines, and good ones at that, ones that have a large circulation are beginning to use cheap paper. They use a thin yellow paper slightly smoother than the stock you used, and it takes the ink very well. Easy on the eyes, too. I'll admit, tho. that it might give rise to the nickname "yellow-sheet", but then what's the diff? (Sure, Fred, what's the diff? Hitler doesn't give a hoot in hell what people think of him, and surely we should go over well. He now that it has gone subscription. You can always announce in the mag that a swap page can be obtained by those interested. (Majority voted for its inclusion. Fred. Later on I'll take another census and see if they still want it.)

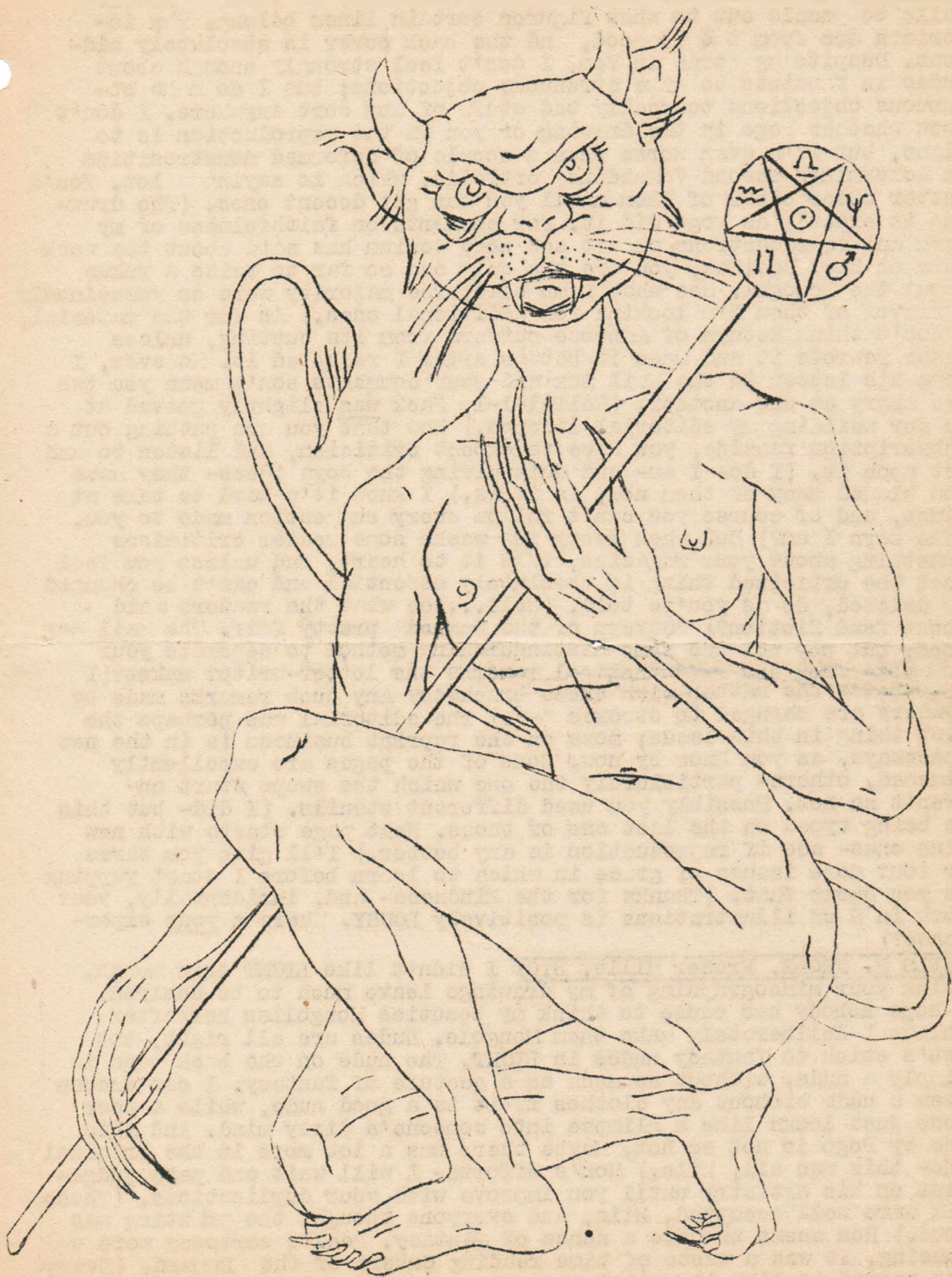
20th. Nov. 1942, at time of writing in CAMP BOMBAY, Canada's "Light"  
 General setup, good but there were 3 pages that were barely visible due to poor printing. (I could explain that but I've already done so so many times. What's the use?). Cover- anything by Frome is always welcome. The Mongolian lassies are very enticing. The name "Light" is much more effective, it takes me back to the old Amazing Stories (were's they Amazing, Horn?) - the old comettail (got your mind on appendages yet, I see) title. I don't know why but this type



heading always deals to me. (Sa e here- that's why I used it.) Ye  
 Editor- very welcome neww to us poor benighted sojers. (Tour so be-  
 nighted all you can think of is nights.) I find it damn hard getting  
 any fan news except from Light except a little- mostly American- in  
 Astonishing. (Ain't that astonishin'?) Glad to hear that some of the  
 reprint merchants are getting slapped, its about time they quit foist-  
 ing 10-15 yr. old stuff on the fans as new stuff. (Halleluyah!) Wish  
 the Can Govt would do the same for as you say they sure hand us some  
 s-(tsk tsk!)-y stuff for our hard earned dough. (If you saw the dough  
 that's made in Perry Sound, chum, you'd call it more than that. I do  
 believe there's no flour put in it! Must be all plaster of paris.)  
 Ambrose- quite good but please no more of these, shall we say, stories,  
 (Huma- Mason'll slay you!) of the fan's elementals (I thought you liked  
 the elementals of stuff, Norm.) without letting us into the ghastly  
 secret of who is who. The writing was up to Mason's usual standard.  
 Let him figure out what that means. (He will!) The cartoon of Ole  
 Mule- (by you?- (Nope, by Peck- see Xmas cover) is meant to be you,  
 no? It is quite a speaking likeness. Haha! (Y ah? How about you? A  
 wolf in Lamb's clothing!) The cartoon of the new-beauty is no doubt  
 good, unfortunately the printing was very poor and it took a hell of  
 a lot of figuring out. (Sir, watch your language!) Cavern of the Dam-  
 ed was very good, if Child was to amplify it to short story length I  
 think that it would be easily saleable to the Am-pulps, Astonishing or  
 Future. (Future's Future oughta be astonishingly good now they'll have  
 to use all new stuff and are, in fact!) Mail Bag- sure are getting a  
 choice lot of letters now. More power to Light- may it soon cover the  
 earth bigger and better than ever. (Except in axis countries, Norm, I  
 hear they can't understand plain English there!) Ron's cartoons are  
 very good for his first attempt. (Conium did those so now you know  
 he's not a rank amateur like some! Ahem!) The Lacey is definitely  
 sexy, more and more, Les, let's get our minds, if any, off this lovely  
 life. The pogogal- where's she been all my life? (Out in Hollywood.)  
 Mammam! (I thought you'd like her.) More, more and still more. (I sent  
 a request via 4sj asking her for more. She's a lulu. (Who? Pogo or  
 the pic?) You can keep your Fetty. I'll take Pogo. (No you won't. She  
 just got married- and besides- she one of the darlings of the Los  
 Angeles fans and think they'd let her go without a fight? They might-  
 but what a passel of fools they'd be if they did!)

WATCH homecoming - J. H. MASON  
 FOR cause for rejoicing - ALAN CHILD  
 verse by J. SINCLAIR HOPPING  
 SHIRLEY PECK - CPL. N. V. LAMB - ~~articles~~  
 by DON A. WOLLHEIM and others - swell  
 pictures by FROME - PECK - NYX - DAIMWOOD -  
 RON and others.  
 humorous  
 autobiogs of SHIRLEY & NORMAN V.  
 PECK LAMB.







...MCGRAW-HILL...  
drawing is a little odd and the lines don't quite fit. It's a little while to puzzle out to what figures certain lines belong. The interiors are from bad to good, and the back cover is absolutely hideous. Despite my words in Von, I don't feel strongly enough about nudes in fanzines to make strenuous objections; but I do make strenuous objections to really bad stuff of any sort anywhere. I don't know whether Pogo in the drawing or you in the reproduction is to blame, but it's even worse than a couple of deformed monstrosities in Ackerman's second Volkaidens Portfolio, which is saying a lot. You'd better steer clear of them until you can get decent ones. (The drawing is exactly as Pogo did it. For comments on faithfulness of my work and reproductions on art see what Conium has said about the work done on his. Besides, you are the only one so far to raise a ruckus about the Pogo gal. See what Lamb said. The majority were so voraciously in favor of them I'm looking for additional ones.) As for the material, I don't think Return of Ambrose suffers from its cutting, unless Mason rewrote it and made it better after I rejected it. However, I have his letter in the Mail Box and your comments don't mean you two are angry at one another. (Well-l-l-l-l, Jack was slightly peeved at me for wielding my editorial licence.) Now that you are putting out a subscription fanzine, you have to expect criticism, and listen to and act upon it. (I do- I am- and quit giving the boys ideas- they have too blamed many of them now, as it is.) I know it's hard to take at times, and of course you can't follow every suggestion made to you. (Who says I am?) But when every few weeks some reader criticises something about your magazine, take it to heart, and unless you feel that the criticized thing is absolutely essential and can't be changed or deleted, do as you're told. (Well...see what the readers said about 'Fend Fiction?') "Cavern of the Damned" pretty fair. The Mail Box good, but why not use some distinguishing method to separate your comments from any other remarks the letter-writer makes? (I do- that's the matter with these brackets? Any such remarks made by readers are changed to strokes "-".) The editorial was perhaps the best thing in this issue; more on the reprint business is in the new Spaceways, as you know by now. Some of the pages are excellently mimeoed, others- particularly the one which the swaps start on- aren't so hot. Possibly you used different stenias. (I did- but this is being typed on the last one of those. Next page starts with new blue ones- see if reproduction is any better.) I'll give you three or four more issues of grace in which to learn before I start yapping at you about that. (Thanks for the kindness- and, incidentally, your work in S on illustrations is positively LOUSY. Where's your experience?)

WILLS H. FROME, Fraser Mills, B.C. I didn't like LIGHT this month. Think your mimeographing of my drawings leave much to be desired. I hope nobody has cause to think my beauties Mongolian hereafter- unless I deliberately make them Mongols. Nudes are all right, but let's stick to fantasy nudes in LIGHT. The nude on the back page is simply a nude, without so much as a gesture of fantasy. I can excuse even a nude without any clothes if it is a good nude, while a poor one just looks like a glimpse into someone's dirty mind. And this one by Pogo is not so hot. Maybe there was a lot more in the original (No- this was all, Wills.) Ron's efforts- I will wait and pass judgement on his artistry until you improve with your duplications. (Those pix were well accepted, Wills, and everyone thought the printing was good.) Ron seems to have a sense of fantasy. Peck's cartoons were amusing. It was a waste of time reading Cavern of the Damned. (Everyone seemed to like it, Wills! Are you a nonconformist?) LIGHT is bigger but I can't see that's any real improvement in contents. Glad to see



more art work in it, though. In art and only art can an amateur mag compete with a pro. If a story is good enough to have accepted it goes to the pros (not always, Nils.) while its slightly different in the case of art work- though good artists generally wind up working only for pros in the end.

HARRIS L. BILLYMANTER, DENVER, COLO Thanks for the mag. It is quite interesting.

ALFRED FOSTER, TORONTO I have a note to say: Do you know Alfred Foster, once of Toronto? He is another Canadian now in England and in touch with fans here. He came over as a sergeant but is now a Warrant Officer in the RCAF. LIGHT is coming along very nicely. I note you now entitle it a fan-mag- a title which it merited quite a while ago, instead of letting Hurter claim to be issuing the first Canadian fanzine. Incidentally, I have a copy of that "Supermundane Stories" photographed by J. Harvey Haggard in my possession, and I didn't even know it was Canadian.

JOHN MASON, TORONTO Latest Light first class! Pressed and piled up. (Thanks, what do you think of this?) Is it improved over the last one, even?

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Fred Hurter Jr. St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ontario.

ADVT

JOHN MASON, TORONTO I started a long review of the last issue of LITE but had it in the mag itself and sent 234 p. 21. I borrowed it and I've never seen it since. (Eah, another reader! Charge him a nickel for it, Jack. If he sees this- TSK! TSK! Fans never borrow and then never return. Thanks no. We're honorable. We just sneak up on you in a dark alley, slug you and leave you for dead. But non-return borrowing! NEVER!) I rate Childs' tale best in the issue and possibly among the best things that have appeared in LITE tho. Tell him from me I hope he's trying to sell to the pros. If CAVERN OF THE DAMNED was an example, he shouldn't have a terrible lot of difficulty.

"LIGHT  
FLASHES"

(continued from  
page 2)

AND THIS WINDS UP THE MAIL BAG FOR ANOTHER MONTH. BE SURE TO READ AND LICK ABOUT THIS ISSUE!

you say or think about AMAZING, it certainly is giving you your money's worth- 274 pages for 25¢..... The war has finally hit a fantasy magazine, one of the professionals in England- TALES OF WONDER- has been suspended for the duration due to inability to get permission from the British government to use paper for it.....maybe there'll be another Pogogal for you boys. I got Pogo's address and I recently wrote her....E. E. "Skylark" Smith has quit his job and gone in for full-time writing. Already some shorts by him has appeared in American magazines....Robert W. Lowndes has been made high nabob of his magazines by his boss, Silberkleit. A fellow by the name of John Michel takes over the author agency and is apparently handling everything, according to his letter head....Stanton A. Coblenz, the masterful author of satire in fantasy, edits a little poetry magazine called "WINGS". In case you'd like to get a copy write WINGS, Box 352, Mill Valley, California, 25 a copy....APOLOGIES- Last month I told of the reprint business in the States and quoted it as coming from Readers Digest; sorry, it should have been WRITERS DIGEST....Just now I heard of Thomas P. Kelley was that he was supposed to be a



loss a personage than Lady Eaton interested in a story of his from the play angle....well, next month promises to be another **big issue**: There'll start "THE DEVIL AND THE POSTMASTER" which will be run as a serial in two parts. There'll be the usual pictures, stories, **verse**, and whatnot, all calculated to make **LIGHT** Canada's biggest and best fan magazine. Until then, ADIOS, AMIGOS.

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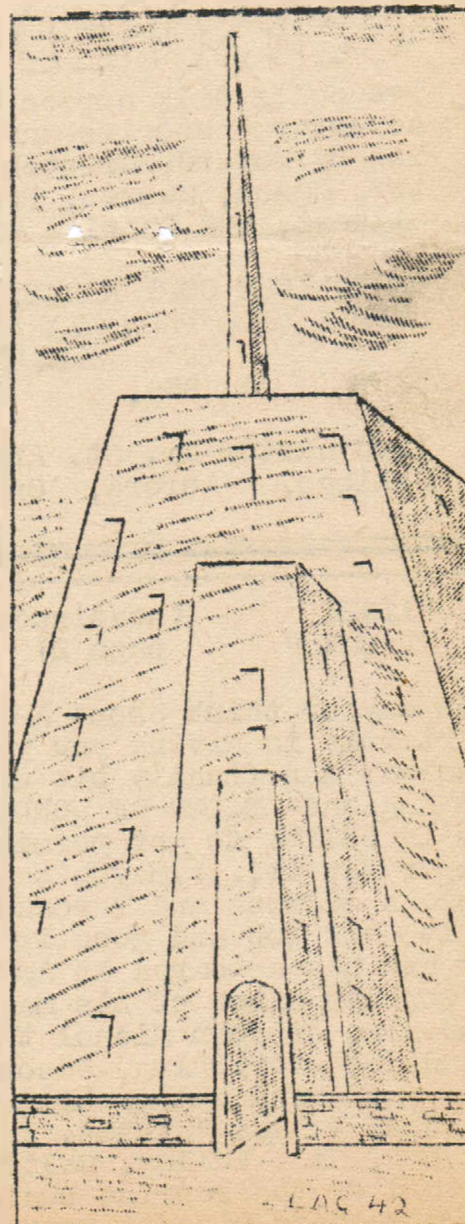
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