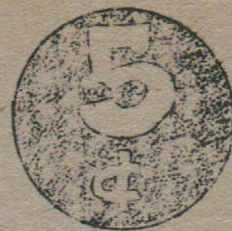


WOLF



JUNE 1942

NO. 117



COVER THIS MONTH BY GORDON L. PECK

Santer

LIGHT

NO. 117

JUNE 1942

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LIGHT is mimced by Leslie Crouche at Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada. Next issue ought to be out about first part of July, 1942. Price is 50 a copy straight. Advertisements on arrangement at present will trade with other fanzines. Material of all kinds wanted.

IN RESPONSE TO ROY CORNUM: CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE IS 50. WATCH LIGHT GROW: NEXT MONTH PROBABLY 70

YNGVI IS NOT A LOUSE !

LIGHT FLASHES

Another month and another issue has rolled around. As I look out of my window into the bonniest evening we have had for many days I feel this old earth, for all its failings, is not such a bad place to live, and that life, for all its failings, is not a bad existence to endure. And as I sit there winds through my brain fond memories of the good times I have had in the past. And of one time in particular. They said I'd have to tell all about it, and I sort of half acceded. Then when I read Hurter's story of his visit to Toronto and meeting me in the current issue of CENSORED (a grand mag by the way) I decided that I would indeed have to outshutter Hurter. So here is the tale of the visit to Toronto in May 1942- during the 8th 9th and 10th.

INNOCENT ABROAD or YOUNG MAN VISITS THE BOLD BAD COW

Leaving Parry Sound at the ungodly hour of 1:40 am Friday morning, I landed in Union Station at something like 6:15 am. I felt hungry so I figured a cup of tea in the coffee shop mightn't go amiss. There is a war on, or so they tell me. It must be the reason for what happened there. I sat me down at the counter "Tea!" Soz I in my best you-li'l angel-voice to the waitress. In a few minutes she came with a little brown pot and a little bottle of milk. I drank the milk first then tackled the tea. Omigawd- I looked at the bill. Yes, I was charged for tea. It was in a tea pot, it was wot. It was hot. I held a tea bag. So I guess it must have been tea, but of all the /s/ sorry ex-

ones for tea that I over tasted or sniffed or paid for this takes the cake. They must have poured hot water in the pot then whispered "Tea" over it and sold it to me for that beverage.

After paying for this liquid concoction I phoned Sir Howes who hangs his shorts at 397 Davisville and let him know the awful news that I was in the city. He croaked "For the love of Mike. Gimme time to recuperate" so I said "OK, I'll toddle me off to Ron's" and he said "OK" and I hung up and walked out and hopped in and pushed a bell and out came a head and after the head a long body in britches and a paw shook mine and a voice boomed "Well, come on in. Hey Mao, Les is here!" and I was at the Conium's.

Ron was in a dither. He knew I was coming but didn't quite know when and I'd caught his missus in, as he so picturesquely put it "In her shirt tail!" Poor devil. How he hated to go to work that morning. But he went off and left me all alone with the missus. But nothing happened. He was more than adequately chaperoned by Miss Sandra Conium, a cute lil' ol' miss of some summer. (Never print a lady's age! It would only lead to blushes!) Ronnie Jr who is the spitting image of his pop except his Pop doesn't spit, shook hands and then hied himself off to school.

Howes turned up that afternoon and we scattered crumbs about the Conium Cookoochatch until something like midnight when we left for his place. That is, Howes and I did.

Come next afternoon which was Saturday in case you've lost track of the time Ron turned up and we boarded a car and hied us down to the Hilkert's. Here we found John Hilkert all hot up on some subject and nothing would do but we must iron things out which we managed to do to the best of our ability. About 7 pm Clare had to pull out on a business engagement and Ron and I hung on until about 9. I took two pictures of John and Maisie Hilkert which turned out beautifully. At 9 we ambled over to Ron's Roost on Boon Ave. Ah, what a boon it must be to live on Boon Avenue!

We were no sooner settled than a knock on the door and who should amble in to the flourish of brass trumpets with split reeds but the famous Canadian author John Hollis Mason who empassions his listeners with the words of wisdom that drip from his wisdom-laden lips! He loomed ferociously and beckoned to me. I went warily to my door. Outside the door reposed a sinister-looking fiend with a cane. It came into the LIGHT (it's a good mag- 5¢ a copy!) but none other than that great guy who publishes Canada's other fanzine, CENSORED.

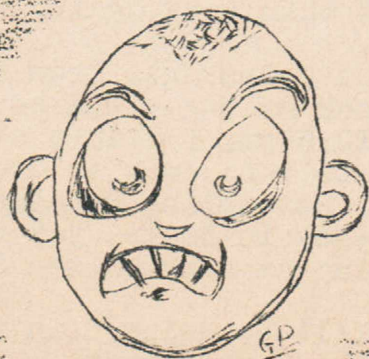
We then settled down to cats, looking at Ron's magazines, and casting forth upon blind ears puns that progressively got worse and worse. One dilly I remember especially was "He's more to be pitied than CENSORED" (also a great mag. 10¢ a copy!) Poor Fred. (Murder!) (I wonder if he does?) He drooled over Ron's mags. Ron's got a perfect copy of all the mags since the year one. Fred tried to stow a few away but Ron evidently has them all named as he got them back again. Maybe he whistles and they just come arunnin'!

Sunday afternoon Vernon Harry turned up at Howes Hut. From thence we went back to the Conium Cookoochastle. I took my bag along as I left there directly for the train which leaves at 10:55pm. I didn't see as much of Harry as I would have liked as he had to rush away to meet "a couple of pigeons" at 9pm. What a man that is. Resembling Don Ameche a little, he is well-built, not at all a pretty-boy in looks, yet he has loads of charm and evidently believes in loving as many of the ladies as is possible before he dies.

Those are the high lights of that visit. I'll be going down there again this month (June) and who knows what might happen then?

So that is that, dear chillun. Now for some gossip and such. I notice an incongruity in UFGAN Y's announcement about why it is going

bi-monthly. UT says it is to conserve pulp, among other things. We are concerned only with that pulp statement. If UT is so concerned about saving pulp, then why does UT waste a full inch in margin at the tops of pages, along the bottom and up the sides? They could cut UT by a dozen pages and yet be able to insert the regular wordage just by printing each page with a smaller margin. Indeed, the ways of some publishers are passing strange.....So many of you liked the overall cover paper on the last issue that I think the proper credit should be given the fan who made that possible. Ron Conium, who works in a box factory in Toronto, is supplying the cover paper and also this new white inside paper. This same man also did that cover picture.....John Mason is said to be suffering from the throes of considering whether or not he should give birth to a fanzine.....on the west coast in B.C. Gord Peck is apparently working on one; Sinclair Hopping is said to be ambitious along this line also.....Canadian fan overseas Bob Gibson just wrote me asking about swapping and getting LIGHT, apparently our fame is growing.....honor subscriber to LIGHT is Harold Wakefield of Toronto who is paid up to December of 1943!.....in a recent issue of TWS was a letter from none other than Alex Saunders of Toronto. You Toronto fellows know him. Saunders was bemoaning the fate of sfm fans in Canada due to the ban on magazines and not being able to get any sfm magazines over here. I'm sure some of the boys, Howes or Mason in particular will have some reply to make to this in the July Mail Box....it is ironical about Saunders complaining when once he had a chance to get into Canadian fandom and proved a washout!.....with the May issue FFM went to 160 pages at 25¢ a copy, thus following the current trend in American magazines to increased size and price. It will certainly be a swell feast at that size. 160 pages is almost the equal to ASTOUNDING's 125 in large format.....it's funny, this fan game. Here I've been writing to Widner for years and years and then he suddenly slackens off. Last fall was the last letter I got from him. Just this week I get a letter from Rennison in England telling me that Art Widner is married! What a round about way for the news to reach me.....Ed. E. Smith is working on the last story of the Lensmen series. It will be entitled "BOSKONIAN WAR: CONCLUSION. A Report by Christopher Kimmison". Doc's name will not appear as the author at all, except that the editor will, of course, use it in his blurbs. This story is supposed to be told from an entirely different angle from the first three books and refers to those in the story as "Dr. Smith's History of the Universe". Christopher is the son of Kim and MacDougall.....well, this closes up this department for this issue. Sorry this number was late but it just couldn't be helped. See you next month sometime.



Les Crutch
11

AMERICANS FANS

WANT COPIES OF CANADIAN
 SFM MAGAZINES OR REPRINTS
 FOR YOUR COLLECTION?

WILL SWAP FOR AMERICAN
 PROZINES, IF INTERESTED
 WRITE LESLIE A CRUTCH
 BOX 121, PARRY SOUND, ONT.

THE LIFE & LETTERS OF A SELF MADE FAN

by
SHIRLEY "LA PUN" PECK

I WAS BORN UPON AN UNSUSPECT-
ing world (stop me if you've heard
this one) in Prince Rupert, B. C.
in 1927. To save you using brains
I am exactly 14 years, 7 months, 7
days old at the time of writing. I
suppose I am the youngest active
fan.

At the age of seven, I began
my first story. If I remember it
rightly, it was concerning an old
woman and her pig. It showed the
fantastic freedom from actual life
contained in my later scribblings.

Us Pecks are the only exist-
ing family of bookworms. My par-
ents have succeeded only in pro-
viding me with a large vocabulary,
and very poor eyesight. I can dis-
cuss with equal intelligence Ein-
stein's Law of Relativity and the
latest issue of Whiz Bang Comics.

The first science fiction mag
I ever read was an old Astounding
with The Cloak of Aesir in it. It
caught my imagination and now I am
a fair example of that miserable
creature, the sciencefiction fan.
Some people consider it a form of
passing madness. I hope not.

-Finis-

Not fairly often as the Truant Off-
icer had my address, Ran into a com-
plete vols of Argosy from 1913 to
1919 in 1920. Read them and became
a fan of the Radio Planet stories.
Anxiously waited till '23 for Weird
Tales to come out. Charter subscri-
ber to Amazing, Science Wonder and
Astounding. Never regretted read-
ing them except that all my acquai-
ntances shun me. Don't know wh-
ether it's because I'm a fantasy fan
or because I have B.O.

Got married-drew a blank in
the lottery of love. Parted amicab-
ly after 3 years of Holy Deadlock.
God's gift to women, single, marr-
ied or willing for 3-4 years. Motto
is love 'em and leave 'em. Met the
present Mrs. Couldn't leave her.
Don't want to. Nearly 5 years now
and still going strong. Wow! Ain't
love grand!

First sf story while in coll-
egiate at tender age of 14. Wrote
many little yarns but all turned
out sexy. Guess I'm just a satyr at
heart. Besides, my wife doesn't
understand me-oops, sorry- that's
the wrong line.

Wrote first poetry for present
wife. Strangely enough she still
wants me to write more.

First story printed was in
LIGHT: "Return of Gilbert The Ghoul
Will furnish original manuscript on
receipt of \$10. bill or reasonable
facsimile thereof. First poem sent
to LIGHT that was accepted. Never
tried to write for promags. No
time. Ran book and mag store for 5
years. Met all or most of Toronto's
fans there. Wish I was still in it
discussing all the griefs and sq-
uawks of fantafans.

Year ago joined the army to
save democracy. Two hooks thrown at
me. Called an instructor. News to
me. Haven't been found out yet. Fav-
orite army job-dodging work. Not
very successful. Anxiously waiting
for war to end to get home to my
wife. Also so I can have time to
both see and correspond with those
people who, like myself, are in-
fected with the fantasy reading and
writing bug. Hope to write more
when I am back in civilian life. Cant
find time in the army, as I am on
duty from 8AM to 10:30 PM. No trade
unions here. At present am writing.

Not a Man
the great corporal
LAMB
a hilarious autobiography
by the man himself

BORN AT A VERY EARLY AGE, AT A LI-
ttle mining town near Birminham,
England. Found there were no s- f
mags printed there so paddled over
to this side to give Canada a ch-
ance to entertain a unique person-
ality. (Still waiting for the en-
tertaining to start.) Went to sch-

on trying to write 2 stories a week and 2 poem. Sawd only when they'll get finished.

I manage to get over to the States occasionally and pick up a few American mags, to the disgust and envy of the Canadian fans.

Description: neither tall dark nor handsome. Sport a soup-straining type mustache. I daren't remove it. (Wife's orders. She is scared of my naked face.) Children and dogs shun me as though I were a plague. Only those mentally affected can bear to have me around or even talk to me. Hence I have to associate with the type of people that read Light!

-The End-

WHY NOT A FRENCH FANTASY MAGAZINE

BY DONALD A. WOLLHEIM

WHILE ON A VISIT TO MONTREAL last summer, I happened to note displayed on newsstand throughout French Canada two or three pulp magazines in the French language. Two, I believe, were devoted to magazines the third an adventure publication. And I am sure that at least two different Montreal (or Quebec) newspapers published such.

Now it occurs to me that there might possibly be room for a single French language magazine carrying science-fiction and fantasy. The market is small, I know, but if it can support three magazines or at least a bi-monthly bulletin, it should be able to support a fantasy magazine on a quarterly basis.

The principal job of the editor would be translation. I think they could obtain rights to reprint stories that appeared in the English language magazines of the U.S. and Canada for the asking. I am sure many authors would be only too glad to release translation rights for such a magazine and I think New York publishers would prove agreeable. I don't think that their fiction budget would

amount to anything more than the translation job (which might be that of the editor himself.)

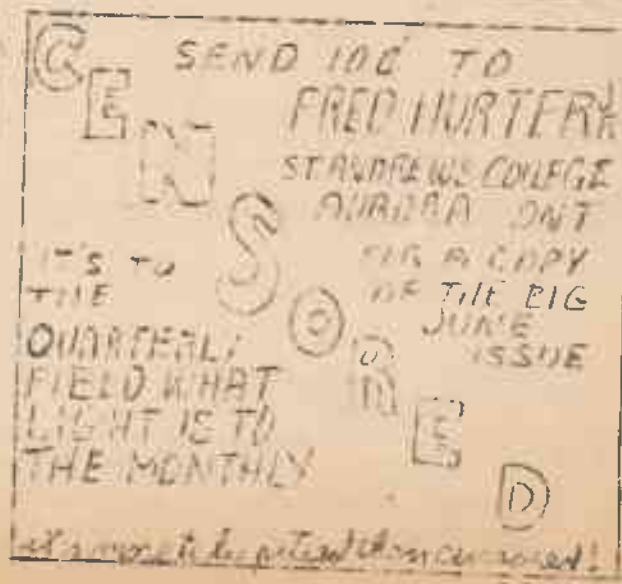
There might be even original French works (published in France which would be obtainable.

Though the circulation figures would not be huge, there is no reason why such a magazine could not make ends meet. There are small trades papers and subscription magazines, well printed and illustrated, that have a circulation of no more than two thousand and I am sure that they could match the figures of the three existing French pulps.

Why bother, some fans will ask. Well, as fans and enthusiasts we all ought to have an interest in advancing fantasy. And you as Canadians ought to take pride in the creation of such a completely unique Canadian magazine as the one I outline. If we think science-fiction is anything at all, (and we must because otherwise why all this fan fuss?) we should feel up to tackling the job of getting a publisher interested.

May I suggest that those Canadian fans who live in Montreal or who are or know Frenchspeaking fans or writers should get after this project? May I suggest that when a Canadian Fantasy Fan Federation gets under way, as it must eventually, that it undertake among its first considerations the question of the French language fantasy magazine?

-The End-





The DEVIL



and the POSTMASTER

beginning a hilarious series

THE POSTMASTER WAS A DEVOUT OLD SOUL. HE ATTENDED CHURCH EVERY Sunday religiously, sang in the choir, and was, in addition, a deacon. He knew the most important parts of his Bible, could recite whole passages, and knew innumerable hymns by heart. If anyone had so much as dared to suggest that someday the Devil would call upon him, he would have adjudged said suggestor a blasphemer of the foulest order and forthwith condemned him to the lowermost regions of Hell.

But there, thus sun-shiny Monday morning, stood His Satanic Majesty in person. He had appeared without any fuss and asked, quite politely and very pleasantly, for his mail.

He had said it: "Mr. S. Mephisto." The postmaster, being a stern patriot and adjudging all foreigners as beneath a good Canadian's notice, looked at Mr. Mephisto over his glasses, ahemmed a couple of times and said, quite frostily:

"First name, please."

The gentleman had smiled. "Mr. S. Mephisto. I don't think it necessary for me to give more."

The postmaster sniffed and muttered something about "goldinged ferriners. Shouldn't allow 'em in the country" and turned to the pigeon hole marked with an M. Yes, there was a letter, and it was addressed most peculiarly. "Mr. S. Mephisto, c/o Postmaster, Hurlington, Ontario." The stamp was a Canadian one and the letter had been mailed at some place named "Branleigh". He turned to the wicket, but kept the letter well back out of reach.

"You sure you're Mr. Mephisto? I gotta be sure, y'know. So many strangers in town. Got any identification? Papers, driver's license?"

Mr. Mephisto smiled again. "I'm afraid I haven't, I didn't come by car. Not quite."

The Postmaster drew back a little. "Fraid I can't let you have it. If you could give me some references. The bank, meebby?"

"The bank?" Mr. Mephisto raised his eyes slightly. "I'm afraid I've never been in a bank. Where I come from they don't use money."

Didn't use money! A crackpot, that's what. He'd heard there'd been a patient escaped from the nut house a few days back. That the asylum was the breadth of the province away didn't seem to deter him from his conclusions. He started to replace the letter, but a word from the other stopped him.

"You really should give me the letter, you know. It's against reg-

by Leslie A Croitch

AUTHOR OF
"AND BACK"
AND OTHERS

ulations to hold mail when called for."

"Not when there's a doubt as to th'addresses name," retorted the Postmaster.

The caller seemed a trifle nonplussed at this. Then he suggested, "Look, my good man. My name is on my- or- car. If you should care to step out--"

"Nosir. Can't do it. I've got to stay right here."

"Well, maybe it might be best if I did tell you my full name. But I warn you, you won't like it."

The Postmaster leaned over. His curiosity was at high tide.

"My name is- well, in your language, in the language of man, that is, it is, in full, Satana Mephisto."

The Postmaster was puzzled. What a strange name. Then the name struck him with its full force. Satana Mephisto! His religious soul cried out in indignation at this blasphemous cognomen. The fighting spirit of which crusaders and other fanatics are made rose in a bright flame inside him. Suddenly he saw himself as a bulwark between suffering humanity and this fiend. Not for a moment did he doubt the other's word. He just knew in his mind that here was man's oldest foe and it had descended on him, John Paul Petersen, the duty of routing this evil thing.

"You have no business here!" He cried. "Begone. At once. I shall call the Reverend if you don't!"

The Devil sighed. "Look," he pleaded. "I want to cause no trouble. I just came for my mail. It is the right of every man to be treated civilly and be given his mail when there is any. Now be a good man..."

"Nosir!" The Postmaster drew himself up to his fine four, his little goat-like beard bristling. "I will deliver no mail to such as you. And when I have handed it on to the proper authorities the writer will be put where he can no longer do any harm."

"Now look here," the Devil became indignant. "I don't care how you treat me, but leave some poor innocent out of this."

The Postmaster suddenly remembered his Bible reposing on the sorting table. He got it hurriedly. Then, armed with what he considered a formidable weapon, he faced his foe.

"By this Book," he cried in ringing tones. "I command you to be begone. At once. Begone!" And he thrust the Book at the unwelcome visitor.

He was most surprised when the Devil neither went nor even flinched. He looked down at the Book with a rather injured air.

"Now looky here", he said in a half-pleading tone, "You just go just go away and I won't say anything about this."

The Devil took the Book and laid it aside. The Postmaster was highly mortified at the apparent innocuousness of his weapon which, he had always believed, was all-powerful in man's fight against the minions of darkness. But, the sudden thought struck him a numbing blow, maybe it wasn't against the darkness itself.

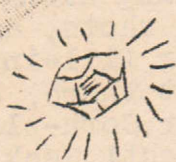
In a daze he turned to the pigeon hole marked M. He drew forth the letter, looked at the address, handed it over. With unseeing eyes he stood while the Devil pocketed it and left the building.

Finally, with a sigh, he turned. There were tears in his eyes as all the teachings of his years crashed down on his head. The Book was powerless against the Devil. Maybe other things were powerless also. Then a terrible thought struck him- those who had told him it was had lied. Maybe they had lied about other things. Maybe nothing was true.

So we leave the Postmaster a prey to his thoughts. The Devil has triumphed over Good. Is it true what the Postmaster thinks- that nothing is true- that nothing Good is powerful? Next month comes the final installment with a surprise ending



PANEGYRIC



ICE JOOLS FROM PLUTO
SWAMP WINE FROM MARS
THORK-WOOD FROM SPOOTO
'GLANTH' FROM THE STARS



OH EDMOND HAMILTON
KRONIKLER OF SPACE
AREN'T YOU PHORGETTING
THE OLD HUMAN RACE?



CELOSHEEN'S OK
AND CLOTHS OF THAT ILK
BUT ARN'T U FORGETTING
WOOL, COTTON & SILK?



MOON-GIN MAY BE GOT
BY PROCESSES RISKY
BUT WHAT ABOUT
DEAR OLD (HIC)
EARTHIAN WHISKEY?

-G. PECK.

MONSTROSITY

by J. Sinclair Hopping

It was a dark and stormy night,
The wind was howling free,
The thunder crashed, the light-
ning flashed,
It split the Werewolf Tree.

And from the bloody depths emer-
god
The werewolf of the glen,
To wreak once more its havoc
cruel
Upon all helpless men.

Once more it prowled across the
moors

Toward the village dark,
Then howled a terrorizing
scream
Across the silence stark.

Abruptly people in their beds
Arose with pounding hearts,
And children in their cradles
yet
Arose with screaming starts.

Then men all grabbed their shot-
guns
And to the moors they fled,
They caught the blood werewolf
And shot the beggar dead!

WANTED- will accept all the cop-
ies of FERRIE TALES I can get.
Must have covers on. 15¢ a copy
in swap. NO LIMIT TO NUMBER!

CONTRARI-

WISE.

by BEB

SHORT AND SWEET!

NOT EVERYONE CAN READ A FAN- MAGAZINE. Not everybody can read, but that's beside the point. What I want to know is---should a fan magazine run its stories and articles (such as they are) by the fans themselves, or should they bow humbly before the great and mighty pro-writers, who condescend every now and then to drop a few crumbs to the grateful fan-editor? A magazine put out by the effort and time of the editor, should have his personal touch, his feelings, his sayings and allowances should be made for things said and done that aren't exactly up to par. What I'm getting at---finally---is that the fan-mags belong to the fans and not to the pro-writers or their criticism.

What's happened to the readers I ask? Undoubtedly, they have much to say, but whoever finds out what it is? I have to draw two conclusions---either they don't get the mag or they don't care when they do get it. Of course, there is always the point that the careful, discriminating editor takes pains to put out only such letters as can be called boot-licking. In that case, any whining fan, who slobbers gratuitously around the editor's feet, can get his much-desired name in print. What is the first thing a reader turns to in a mag? The Mail Box, Vizophone, Sounding Station, Cauldron, or what have you. Why? Well, why do you do it? All right, that's why!

Want to get your name in a magazine? A fan-magazine? All right this is all you do: Dig out that story that had only thirty rejections, wipe it off with ammonia to kill the mold, and mail it with the nearest cancelled stamp so the editor can pay the postman, to the magazine of your heart's desire. Of course, if you get it back, the editor is a boob, and a nitwit, and doesn't know good material---may art

---when he sees it. Why should a two bit magazine have potential classic science-fiction material anyway? Send it to that fellow who will print anything. Naturally, he sells his mag practically gratis, but he's struggling along on material from the big shots, and needs your material for fill-ins. There's your story! Right there, between the advertisement for Corn-plasters and that poem by Knight! Heck, you did not want your story in that other fan magazine anyhow!

Why do fans think fan-magazines are slop buckets?

The Chinese were a wonderful people. Ah, yes; just consider, they invented printing! Gutenberg, with the customary lateness of the Germans, followed it up with the printing machine---whatever it's called---and books and things began in real earnest. It's too bad the Chinese can't get to work on a mimeograph. We need someone so badly who can turn out a decent sheet that one can read. Guessing is all right, as long as the guess is on our side. Trouble is, who knows what Mason or Lamb is going to think? As for that matter, who gives a toot in Tophot?

Tsk, tsk, Ron, you can draw better than that! Those winsome beauties garnishing around---I should say, varnishing---look like clay models left in the heat. They slip in the wrong places. They're beginning to look like your spaceships. I hope your model---if any---doesn't read this!

Contrariwise, life is wonderful.

-The End-

I saw the sea;
The sea saw me
And turned sea-green
With fear, I ween.
I'd change its scene
By jumping in---I'm
Far from lean---my
Displacement would be
No little, mean
Amount, but great.
The sea would hate
To lose its weight,
And gain by mine
In its salty brine.

-Fana Garago.



MEET

A FAN IN THE RCAF

BY C. HOWES

AN ARTICLE HAS BEEN PROMISED AND written it shall be. If ye readers desire someone to castigate; to curse with eternal curses; pick on the poisonality, a ghoull in disguise, Ron Conium.

The subject of mah thesis, little children, is a certain self assured, somewhat conceited, generous, high talker, widely traveled member of the RCAF. A lady's man and a man the ladies seem to like. He is at present languishing in durance vile at Christie Street Hospital--but not without the dam-sels.

As a fan, he is not so well known as others of the US west coast brand (Ackerman, Morajo, Pogo) to stfmen of both countries; he has been a reader of "dem mags" since an early age. Has a definite liking for the older type material

but still reads and enjoys the current ishs, if and when, one of his lady friends sends them across the border to him. Has no liking for WTales and still rates ASTOUNDING toos, although he likes to read AMAZING and others--for the comic relief, we suppose.

Who is the personality? A h , that will come in good time.

A Canadian, Welsh descent, which might explain the fact that his patronymic is an erstwhile christain name, born 23 years ago, in Souris, Manitoba, moved to Winnipeg, then, in 1929, migrated with his widowed mother and younger brother, across the border, where he lived in various coast cities, finally landing in Los Angeles. He hitch-hiked his way across the continent to New York and from there to Montreal in order to join the Air Force. Determined beggar, if ever there was one.

A reckless devil, not handsome in any way, but with an open countenance. Is gifted with a dark complexion, dark eyes and hair (the hair is plastered into nice waves to attract the feminine eye if the uniform does not) Is about 5'9" , 165-175 lbs in weight, well-proportioned, stockily built. He swaggers along with the usual Yankee strut and has a roving eye when feminine pulchritude appears on the horizon. As a talker he has met and defeated Mason on that fellows own ground, a good accomplishment, you may be sure. Doesn't smoke, no tea drinker, or hard "likker", but likes cocktails.

Likes to dance. Has a decided liking for modern jazz, strangely enough, heavy classics, and Strauss waltzes. Doesn't like opera--light or heavy, vocals--once had opportunity to learn violin on a scholarship but passed it up after a few months. Has latent ambition to be a symphony orch conductor. Favorite composer: Wagner, as played by American top-heavy brass symphony orch.

A strange mixture of Yankee open-handedness, generosity and Broncho reticence and business acumen, he knows how to enjoy life to the full. When free there is never a dull moment in his day or

night! An unorthodox writer, he is quite the par of Ed in that department. Despite the fact that there is one damsel after him in matrimony bent who is called the Kitten, he is still cherishing the memory of one girl, Lois, back in Los Angeles, who won't have anything to do with him.

He is English to the core and proud of it, despite his American sojourn. Wanted to join the RCMP, but lost out because of sketchy education. Likes guttural German language, much about that race, but is most desirous of getting active against them. An imperialist and the deepest believer in a monarchy that you could ever meet. Says: "All countries should be ruled by kings and our monarch should have greater powers and not be just a mere figure-head." An atheist and agnostic, he's a gross materialist.

Has been a clerk in the Kee-Lex store in Los Angeles; worked on a tanker to South America; been a chauffeur to the wife of a Washington State lumber king; worked in an airplane factory on the Pacific Coast in order to get funds to come to Canada and now is a fledgling pilot in the RCMP.

Who is this paragon? Vernon Wilfred Harry, who has had the damndest luck with his health since coming to Canada. Has spent more time in the hospital than he has in the force. Is in now for antrium treatments, which might end up with an operation to allow urec drainage. Harry knows many of the fans in the States on the West Coast. Writes with the worst flourisby scrawl you would avoid reading. Is most unrestrained. He rode a motorbike like a bolt from Hell, and now when he is on leave never seems to sleep more than 2 hours in every 48 pass. So it is not any wonder he has a tuff time keeping in shape.

'Tis all written from memory. If terrible, blame the transcriber who is Ye Ed.

The End

Editor's Note: since this was written, Harry has been discharged from the hospital and is back at

his base at Trenton, Ontario. One or two things that might be added and which were gained when Ye Ed was in Toronto early in May, is that Vernon Likes Kay Kyser, Woody Herman, Guy Lombardo a little. The final night in the city he had to leave early for the Hospital as he had to be there by 9 " to meet a couple little pigeons"!

CAUSE for REJOICING

BY

ALAN CHILD

Solugi ran along the top of the fiery cliff. His race was soon to be ended and he knew it. There was Tamafamooli ahead and beyond it Sekoopy and then --- but what was the use of thinking? The sun climbed higher leisurely, taunting the wretched runner below, whose young body strained with every step. The cliff that had been so aglow with the dawn's light was completely illuminated by the time Solugi entered Tamafamooli. The people of that town watched him as he passed. They knew what his message was, although he did not utter a word. How could he have spoken? Even before his body was weary, his heart had been too heavy.

The people of Tamafamooli grieved --- all save one; but more of his later. Solugi plodded the rough little Sekoopy and up the mountain which had once been almighty, dumbly ruling the natives. Once all had feared this mountain but now S'Amabra was the god of all. There was little fear in Solugi's heart, even when he paused at the summit and then threw himself into the smoke and flames below.

In such a way did Solugi

follow out one of the customs of Ekra. Always when a ruler died his best friend ran such a race and met such a death. At the same time as Solugi left this world, the natives living nearest Ekra began to arrive. Not long afterwards, all most all were assembled to listen to the words of Isolu, the priest. It was his great great grandfather with whom S'Anabra had spoken. Isolu had done much weeping and even now his body quivered occasionally. When the sorrow-filled crowd was seated, he spoke:

"Orake is dead. Before darkness left us today, his soul fled. Such sorrow this brings to our valley for we all know that Orake was a fine monarch and did much for us in his short reign. Friends it is always a blow to us when a good man dies but when one dies in the prime of life, the blow is so much greater. He might have done much more had he lived. Grieve also for poor Mapki, his wife, whose faithfulness to him has been un-failing."

An elephant approached. The natives looked up and saw seated upon the head of the animal the illustrious Olusha, the High Priest of the Valley. Olusha had come from Mamafamooli. Now he beamed down upon the natives.

"I feared that you would be grieving," he said. "How stupid it is. Has not Orake gone to a far better world than this? Should you not make merry? So I have decided. Rejoice for Orake, therefore. Come"

He dismounted and mingled with the multitude. Isolu continued his speech. "Yes, make merry. Let there be wine and dancing. Let us rejoice for Orake's sake." A tear ran down his cheek. "And how fortunate that he died young for now he has not had to stay upon this evil world so long as others"

Olusha now led the natives in a song at the end of which a joyous shout was supposed to be given. The sound that came seemed more like a wail. At this sound, Mapki came from her hut where she had been weeping. When she saw her people dancing, the shock was too much for her. By the time Isolu reached her, she was dead. The poor

priest could not restrain his tears. Now the king and the queen were both dead. A minute later, he wiped his face and faced the populace.

"Rejoice, my friends. Mapki is also dead-----"

The End

BOOK REVIEW

THE SWORD IN THE STONE by T. H. White. This is an amusing fantasy of the "Unknown" wacky type, of the days when knights were bold. Here we read of the Magician, Merlyn, turning the Wart into a fish, a bird, and an animal and his adventures as such; of King Penninore & the Questing Beast; of Merlyn's battle with the Witch Mme Min; of God and the Embyros; of the Anthropophagi. Quite crazy, to say the least.

A COMMON ENEMY by J. D. Beresford. The war is raging at its worst when the Celestial Bodies take a hand in the business. Then come frightful storms followed by earthquakes of unprecedented violence. All thought of war is forgotten in the common danger. The result is a wholly changed England with a new civilization founded on a real brotherhood slowly emerging from chaos. The author's vision of the future is not so very much different from that envisaged by other writers.

EVIDENCE FOR THE SUPERNATURAL by Ivor L. Mackett, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.C.P. A rather interesting book on the supernatural, and reports and decisions arrived at my various organizations and persons on various phases of the occult and spiritualism. Is presented as a fact, and not as a fictional publication. There is much discussion of various phases of supernatural activities, and there is a serious attempt at a presentation both pro and con in a sensible, logical manner. Should make very interesting reading for any reader of weird fiction.

LIGHT MAIL BOX

CLARE HOWES, TORONTO The pic is a great step forward in the history of the magazine. It was, I think quite say, the nicest I have seen, and once I can truthfully say I have been fully satisfied in the subject content of the pic. However it is now up to Frome to produce a "solid" picture rather than a "lined" drawing and in that manner. I do think he could prove to be quite as good. (We have a semi-line drawing of his on hand, Clare which I am sure you will like.) For the possible readers of this little blurb I shall remark upon the Allround Cover idea. It makes the bally magazine much better to hold and to read and will keep together much longer. You don't have to be so careful in getting as closely trimmed edges as you need otherwise and, last but not least, improves the mag's appearance immensely. News column fine, and should be continued for those who might not have the privilege of reading letters from you. (It will and thank you.) You say that the DAIN THING (Yerke's Mag) in the States refused to print Dr. Dejazer's Health Belt? Well, all I can see from where ah'm sitting is that he must have had a good talking to from his parents and was afraid to attempt anything on the cute little blonde that just passed. Nothing in it that would have fazed a nun. (Meh heh. Maybe HE is a vet'sal virgin, Clare.) Dadburnit but sometimes your mistakes in typewriting are more funny than when you actually try to be funny!

VIOLE KEMALLY, ST. CATHARINES Certainly enjoyed Light. What an improvement in printing! It's so much clearer- and the new cover was swell, you got four stars this mo. Liked "Justice"- the verse "Expectation"- and the sketch by Hurter on women drivers. Your health belt story was extremely funny. I nearly

died at the Dr's name! but it was pretty blunt in places- made me turn a bright tomato color. My Mammy done bring me up old-fashioned!- It was a good laugh tho I do think you exaggerate the problems of fat me. (Well, that's satire, Vi. Exaggeration.) You have a keen sense of humor- people who can't see the funny side of life bore me stiff! What I liked best of all in LIGHT was the Mail Box, and especially the little comments you have inserted in brackets, as- "sir, watch your language!"- (well, Lamb has to be watched kinda close at times, Vi. Read his blog in this issue and see if you don't also think he's quite a character.) I was surprised to stumble over my own name. Enjoyed your editorial very much. It contains a lot of interesting facts. One suggestion- can't you number the pages? Went hunting around to find page 17 and could find no trace of a number. (Pages will be numbered starting in the July number.) However, Les, your mag shows a lot of thought and hard work & I'm not going to sit back and knock the results of someone's labor, even if it deserves it, which it certainly does. Will be watching for the next issue. (Thank you. Many love to criticize but won't tackle anything themselves. Can it be they know they are licked before they even start? I hope you find the printing much clearer in this number and like the paper fine. I will be using it for as long as it is available and I think that will be for the duration of this little old magazine's existence. The same with the cover paper.)

RON CONIUM, TORONTO Nice bunch of pics this time. Quite a gath-

ering: Hurter, Nyx, Haigh, Peck, Croutch and little me. What happened to Frome this ish? I enjoy his pics very much. Your reproduction of my pic was excellent . . . I know it must have been a tough job with all that shading in it . The cartoon by Haigh was very good. I tank he has something on the ball. Next time I see Milkert I shall tell him twas not a very good likeness of himself. Dr. Bejazer's Health Belt. Ahem. Methink you will get quite a few remarks about this. Nice going, Les. This was tops for me. Say, who were you thinking of when you did this ? Hoh hoh. (That's a dirty laugh , pardner.) Justice by Doughty wass very good, but could have been a little longer. Seemed to be cut off short, otherwise was fine. (No it was long enough as it was. Any more of it would have spoiled the message.) Combining your editorial with news flashes is swell . LIGHT FLASHES suits me fine. I can't think of a better name. (Did you try?) Expectation- verse by Oliver C. Davis, quite good, verse is something we don't see much of in LIGHT. (Don't got much, Ron , and that is funny as it always goes over very well. However, OCD is now another happy ((?)) reader of LIGHT so maybe he'll send in some more. How about it Ollic?) Glad to see the plug for CENSORED I think you should give each other a boost whenever possible. So do I. To you others- BUY CENSORED IT'S CANADA'S TOPS IN THE QUARTER/ LY FIELD. ONLY A DIME. SEND IT TO FRED HURTER JR AT ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE AT AURORA ONTARIO. ((That ck, Fred?)) Allright, Ron?) Mao says more and more of Dr. Bejazers but she doesn't want any part o f his belt. (Suh? Tell her to behave herself. Vi- Babsy- Mary- Penny - and Shoil will be getting green - eyed!)

BARBARA BOVARD, LOS ANGELES: It's monkey business that makes those fan mags of yours and Hurter's such good reading, although I'll admit that yours is a lot more mature, a lot more solemn, more cynical than his. His bubbles over with fun and exuberance. (Con-

sider the difference in ages, Babsy. I'm an old old man compared to Hurter. LIGHT is also an old old magazine compared with his.) I like the larger size. Looks like something worth reading. The cover is super-doooper. I like the new grey, woven business, whatever it is. The illus by Ron is-- somebody clap him on the back for me. It's the best cover I've seen on a fanzine--weird, startling , slams you between the eyes, awfully well done. Was it your idea or Ron's? (Ron's. I give my artists full freedom when it comes to pictures.) Speaking of illustrations, I could write swell stories for Ron's cover and that demon in back by Peck. (Well, why don't you? In fact, I've suggested the same thing to Ron already. That he do a picture and I do a story about it and run the two in the same issue.) Got one practically worked out for Peck's devil. (Good, let's see it pronto.) The best thing in the whole mag be - sides Ron's and Peck's illuses was Davis' "Expectation". Both stories were terrible. (Ouch!) You're slipping, Leslie. Why is Nyx's drawing labeled as a cartoon? It looks okay to me except for the fish.

HARRY WARNER JR, TAGERSTOWN, MD: I thought your story in that last issue--its title I forget-- was one of your best. Is this what Yerke rejected as too daring? (It is.) If so, I'm surprised at the little prude, and can hardly believe it! (It's true, Harry. Cross my heart and hope to die if it isn't.) There's only one thing I'd have edited out if I were editor of Wee Wisdom and had accepted it (What would that have been, Harry) The cover was excellent--about the best you've had yet. I like too the overall colored cover---- couldn't you get your friend to snitch a lighter shade and mimeo the front and back covers on it instead of plain white interior stuff? Another best: which was far superior to any you've yet run. I liked the lengthy letter section, and...oh yes, the editorial. I like the idea of incorporating

news items, but thought the style this time a little curt or jerky. You're doing remarkable work, and I dare not think how much money you must be losing per issue by pricing it at a nickel. (Who gives a hoot? Look at the fun I'm having and look at the noise I'm creating in fandom?) Postscript: blimey, what a memory! I see you did mimeo the front cover on the colored cover paper! (Nice job, wasn't it, Harry?)

LAST MINUTE "LIGHT FL-
ASHES .

(This is new "dope" learned on a recent to the city the first part of June.)

For those who may be interested, here are the authentic circulation figures for Canadian SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE: Ontario 2,877, Manitoba 183, Alberta 161, Nova Scotia 322, New Brunswick 501, Quebec 513, Saskatchewan 97, British Columbia 569, making a total circulation for one month of 5,023. John Mason has revised his plans for a fan publication somewhat. Now he is thinking of a one-shot affair, of about 70 to 100 pages, containing work by as many Canadian fans as is possible to get to contribute. He wants all who are interested to get in touch with him. Address John H. Mason, 78 Homewood Ave., Toronto.

..... Gordon Peck's publication will be named VULCAN. It will in all likelihood be hektographed. Ron Conium has left his old job in the box factory to work for for the John Inglis Company of Toronto. New magazine on stands is Canadian edition of Super Science for 15¢. Does this replace 10¢ ASTONISHING? Price control wouldn't allow ASTONISHING to up price 5¢, but nothing to stop SUPER SCIENCE from taking the other's place at 5¢ more, is there?

..... Norman V. Lamb is no longer a corporal. His third stripe came through. He is now Sgt. N. V. Lamb. Congratulations Norm. Lamb is stationed at Simcoe, Ontario. LIGHT wants YOUR autobiography! I want to print at least one in every issue, so send yours in TODAY and tell everybody all about your self. Make it about 500 words, or the same length as Lamb's in this number. ARE YOU A POET? OR DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? LET ME SEE THE LITTLE MONSIEUR. I'LL PRINT IT IF IT'S NOT TOO ROTTEN. See you next month. Oh, I said that before? Well.

A BLAST FROM NILS H. FROMM. HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS, BOYS.... For publication: do what you like with the story. If my story was all you want it to be do you think I would give it away gratis? The fact you got it first shows I am conversant of shortteennings- but thanks. Perhaps I was a bit harsh about the April issue. Guess I fail to consider the limitations of mimeographic reproduction. If my experience with fan magazines was broader that it is I would probably be more charitably inclined. It's better than many I've seen, however, including my own. My stand about you-know-what: feminine anatomy is shown to much better advantage in newsstand mags- so why waste space on subjects the thrill of which is much better fulfilled elsewhere which could be devoted to subjects not to be found so widely? Anything "sour" about that? (Maybe Ron and the rest will answer that, Nils.) But if the readers approve, why go right ahead. Only a suggestion, you know. Don't mean to be a puritan. (Lord, Nils, I know that!) By the way, I think I was slightly- just slightly misquoted, not so? (Not that I can find, Nils.) Haven't read latest yet, but the cover is the best I've seen on LIGHT yet.

THIS CLOSESTHE MAILBOX FOR ANOTHER ISSUE. FROM NOW ON NOT NECESSARILY EVERY LETTER WILL BE PRINTED THAT COMMENT ON LIGHT. ONLY THE INTERESTING ONES... SO MAKE YOURS WORTH PRINTING AND LET THE OTHERS SEE WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY.

BE A MODERN LITTLE GHOUL. BUY A DR. DEJAZER'S HEALTH DREAM AND WATCH YOUR TROUBLES VANISH LIKE DREAMS IN THE SUN!