

Hunter

JANUARY 1943
Number 124



Cover by
P E C K

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Number 124.

contents

Light Flashes.....	2
Saved By A Pill, by Arthur L. Widuch, Jr.....	5
Mars-Born, Virginia Anderson.....	4
Contrariwise, Bob.....	5
Pick-Talk, John G. Hillert.....	6
Future Arms, Fred Hurter, Jr.....	7
The Mail Box, the readers.....	8
Hell's Corner.....	10
Canadian Fan Directory.....	12
Night Air, Virginia Anderson.....	12

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CONTRIBUTORS: Articles are wanted. Serious, factual, humorous; let me see what you have.

/adv/

one only.....
JANUARY 1948 ASTOUNDING
.....on hand
swap---twenty-five cents.

/adv/

clothbound book. Splendid condition. Percy F. Westerman's WAR OF THE WIRELESS WAVES.....\$1. 25

IF AN "X" APPEARS IN THE FRAME BELOW, IT MEANS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES WITH THIS ISSUE. BETTER RENEW OR ELSE:



coming next month among other things:

Dragon Ship by Leslie A. Croutch
James Bok, autobiog, by Hanck

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This hails in another year in the lives of everyone, the evil and the good-fearing. I wonder just what it will bring to us, this 1948? Well, to begin with, it brings us the new and the old dope of fluctuations in those "wonderful" pair of Giff-Davis magazines. Lamb informs me that ALLIANCE and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES have apparently stopped their "reprints" as they haven't appeared in the last two issues. He also points out that in one of the prozines

there appears an ad offering for sale a "new fantasy" by E. Schuyler Miller, entitled "The Titan". This is not so "new" as it ran as a serial in the defunct MARVEL TALES in 1935. Beware!!!!.....It looks as tho Nils H. Frome has quitte fandom. I received a letter from him recently saying as much. Said this mean all fiction writing, art, corresponding etc. He has disposed of his collection, and is not reading any of the fan publications. We mourn, for he was a true fan and a great artist..

.RETURNED FROM THE DEAD: Reported as missing or dead in the Dieppe raid, was an old-time correspondent of mine, James W. Lauder, of the Essex Scottish Regiment. His home town was Windsor. I have recently learned from a pal of his & a correspondent of mine, also in the army, that it has been learned that James W. Lauder was taken a prisoner by the Germans. He suffered from shrapnel in one leg and in the jaw. This mutual friend also said that Lauder had been given the job of painting the names of the Canadian fallen on the crosses- the Canadian Fallen in the Dieppe Raid. When in civvies, Lauder was a true fan. He was also a very able artist and he was a true follower of fantasy and of science fiction....Pop. Publications is putting out a New folio of Virgil Finlay paintings \$5.00 in the U.S. Offer good only in the U.S. Also sent with year's sub to FFM for \$1.25...January 7- dead line is Sunday 10. To date I have received absolutely NO contributions to the new column, HELL'S CORNER outside of a very short but highly per (pg. 5)

SAVED
BY A
WIDNER
JR.

The little spaceship struggled desperately, frantically- like a butterfly caught in a spider's web- to free itself of the terrible grip of mighty Jupiter.

Inside, two naked men worriedly regarded a third naked man who worriedly regarded a mess of figures marked on the wall with a moistened finger.

Joe, the navigator, turned from his ersatz calculator and said, "It's no use. We've got to get rid of two more pounds or we can't make it."

"But we've thrown out everything that was loose, unscrewable, unboltable, or rippable," said Bill, the engineer. "We've even thrown out the emergency repair kit and the medicine cabinet."

"Wait a minute!" said Jim, the pilot. "At the rate the tubes are firing, we'll lose two pounds of fuel in half an hour. All we have to do is wait a bit, and we're free!"

"Yeah, free for what?" asked Bill morosely. "Out of the frying pan into the fire. We've got to get free in the next 15 minutes or we won't have enough fuel left when we do get loose to take us back to Mars and decelerate enough to keep us from being picked up with a blotter!"

"Well, suppose we took it slower than usual, we'd have enough to decelerate then, wouldn't we?" questioned Jim, still clinging to the last hope.

Joe wet his finger and decorated the wall again. "Nope," he said finally, "That decrease in acceleration we'd have to have, even though slight, would keep us in the void so long we'd starve to death before we got there."

Jim sighed. But he was the incurable optimist. "Let's scour the ship once more," he suggested with assumed cheerfulness. "Can't tell- we might find something that can be torn loose and tossed out."

Because there was nothing else to do, the other two agreed. Five minutes later they were back in the control room.

Jim and Joe were empty handed, but Bill had a small flat tin of pills. "Dropped 'em when I threw out the medicine cabinet," he explained. "Well, they don't weigh enough to bother with," said Joe wearily. "I guess we're licked".

Jim took the little container from Bill and turned it over and over, frowning at it as if he expected it to suddenly turn into a two pound ball of iron. He read the name on the label.

He tossed it in the corner, gave it a last hopeless look, then suddenly an amazed look spread over his face. He leaped in the air with a shout and pounced on the tiny metal box. "We're saved!" he blubbered, opening the tin.

Bill and Joe looked at each other apathetically. "Poor Jim," murmured Bill. "The strain was too much for him. He's clean gone."

Jim noted there were six pills in the tin. He immediately popped two into his mouth and proffered the others to his mates. "Quick!" he shouted, "We've only got ten minutes left!"

Bill said, "Better humor him." They took two of the pills apiece.

A short time later, something was ejected from the waste lock of the ship, and slowly, then faster and faster, it began to pick up speed, and pulled away from the huge planet. The three men inside danced and howled and slapped each other on the back in their jubilation. One after another they reverently kissed the little flat box that had been their salvation.

A pretty little affair it was, too; a bright, beautiful blue, with neat red letters that read:

Dr. Bejazer's Superapid Laxative
Tablets.

"Action in 5 minutes, or your
money back."

------(The End)-----

M A R S - B O R N by Virginia Anderson.

Mars....once a legend in the minds of men,
After long years I can recall again
The glorious days of carefree happy youth,
Spent in thy cities, seeking after truth,
My heart inshrines thy deserts of dull red;
Thy inky caverns of mysterious dread,
Thy jungled forests and thy planted plains,
Are memories my heart for aye retains.
Thy swelling foothills, towering into wonder
That never knew the awesome crash of thunder.
Thy briny oceans and thy brackish streams
Are visions of my space-drenched dreams.
The years of childhood I can never forget,
Never to see them more, my last regret.

CONTRARIWISE

in Santa Claus.

-Beb.

At last, actifandom in Canada is alive. While the results show a tendency toward narrow-mindedness at least there are results. Canadas actifandom has some very admirable qualities, the finest being its close-knittedness. Its various members keep in close tab with one another, even if only through the medium of a single fanzine. Even the fan in the service, the Scervifan, keeps a tab on what is going on.

On the other hand- and in this case, the left always knows what the write is doing- criticism is on a narrow plane with a few who repeatedly make remarks but never do anything about it. Remarks and criticisms are solicited, gladly, but results would be more appreciated. And don't pick to pieces a single contributor! You actifans have fads like an ordinary mortal. One time it is one of the Decks; Another time, Combs; again, Lamb; or Mason. You seem unable to balance your views and analyses correctly or evenly. What you think is important, have no doubts about that; just temper your justice with mercy; and, if you can't do better yourself, shut up!

Good artists are rare, it would seem. Canada has a long dearth of artists. Those who attempt sketching do all right for certain things, but even the one good contributing artist is not a Canadian. There is no reason for this. Canada's actifans and servifans are numerous enough to produce some manner of artist who can draw half way scientifically. The scope of subjects is large enough, Taos knows, and the waiting-list of waiting-to-be-created creations is begging for pen to put them to paper. Delicacy, whimsy, mystery, light and shadow, beauty, single line, power, horror, can all be left for enjoyment by the touch of pen to paper. Something to work on eh?

Did you know Saint Nicholas - and indirectly, Santa Claus- is the patron saint of sailors?

Contrariwise, I still believe

LIGHT FLASHES

.....
 tinent remark: anent those who try to bum "free rides"!...A new fan has been unearthed through the kindness of Ted White in the person of Mrs. Jessie E. Walker, of South Porcupine, Ontario...Gordon Peck, publisher of not-yet VULCAN, informs me he is running into snags and it won't be out for awhile yet. In fact, friend Gord says he just is not sure when VULCAN will appear. However, LIGHT will keep you informed of the progress in this..... Fred Hurter says a friend of his in St. Andrew's college, is going to go in for a fanzine provided he can get the material. Write Beak Taylor at St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ontario and send him what you have.
 ...READERS: vote on your choice of the three best stories, three best poems, three best articles, published in LIGHT during 1942. List them in order of preference. I'll print them when enough have come in, and if any arrive from overseas, I'll revise the rating. June should give Britishers time enough to list. And oh yes, what do you think was the best illustration, and also the best cover?...AW, POOEY! LIGHT may make mistakes in typing but it yet has to come right out and work up a deliberate hoax. The latest is FFF's report of ODD TALES, as reprinted in the December issue. From latest reports LIGHT was just another "sucker" that bit. O.K., you birds- but I still know something you birds would love to know, and if you don't watch out I'll show you Canada can work up just a tall tale as any of you. I'ZE A WAHNNIN YOUSE!...Tomorrow LIGHT goes to bed for January and I can no report on the number who have subscribed. We find they are the following: not in order, Fred Hurter Jr; John A? Luck (USA) Hilkert; and several who took opt subs in swaps. However, the dead-line on swaps for subs is over. From NOW on all subs must be in cash or exchanges with other fanzines
 (pg. 11)



by John G. HILKERT

XMAS MARKS THE SPOT

Most novel card was Fred Hurter's this year, a check for 365 happy days!! Johnny Mason was able to take advantage of Fred's invitation to spend Xmas down there. From what Fred writes, his activities aren't all taken up with study this year, either.

NEWS FROM THE NEWSSTANDS

Don't you believe any of those stories about business being bad in the publishing field. Sales in most things are better than they have ever been. Attributed to the nouveau rich of world war II, the war worker, who spends money as fast as he can get it. If paper restrictions weren't imminent, you would see all the publications of prewar days, and preban, and some new ones, too, in all likelihood. Can anyone tell me how S. & S. can bring over their "Annuals" from the States in spite of the ban? Especially when Garden City, Que., is printing monthly editions of these? Sort of in opposition to themselves, isn't it? There was talk that Popular Pubs would print all their magazines here and ship them over the border, pulp paper being cheaper here than in the US. This might become an eventuality after the war and Toronto, instead of New York, would be the hub of the publishing business in North America.

THE FABULOUS RUDYS

Once there were 4 Rudys, Meenie, Meenie, Minnie and Mo, I worked for

Mo. They were all in the publishing business. Mo called his company Superior because it was so often in the soup for one reason or other. One of Mo's brothers had a rival firm called "The Stupor Publishing Co" after its illustrious founder. We published almost everything. One day plans were being made to add new magazines to the line already handled. It was suggested that reprinting "Science Fiction", the Columbia publication, would round out our group nicely. "We don't want to handle anything of a controversial nature," Mo roared. "How is 'Science Fiction' a controversial subject?" somebody asked. "You can tell by the very title," Mo thundered. "'Science Fiction', we got enough trouble without publishing arguments on Science." One day one of Mo's artists, so the tale goes, was working on an illustration for one of the true crime magazines he published. Always with the interest of the Company at heart he enquired as to what the artist was doing. "This is for Jack the Ripper" he was informed. Mo thought for awhile before answering, and then said, "Well, do your work for him on your own time - here you do work for me."

LIGHT BUT NOT FROTHY

There was a time that someone hurried into the editorial offices waving several mimeographed sheets stapled together. The printing was faint and hardly visible. William Brown-Forbes, then editor of Mc's magazines, asked what it was. "Its 'Light'," the informant answered unsuspectingly. "I can see that 'ration-brain'," came the caustic reply. Bill Forbes was that way any way - you know, very impressive. We used to sit at Nate's place for punch by the window, just to watch the Forbes go by.

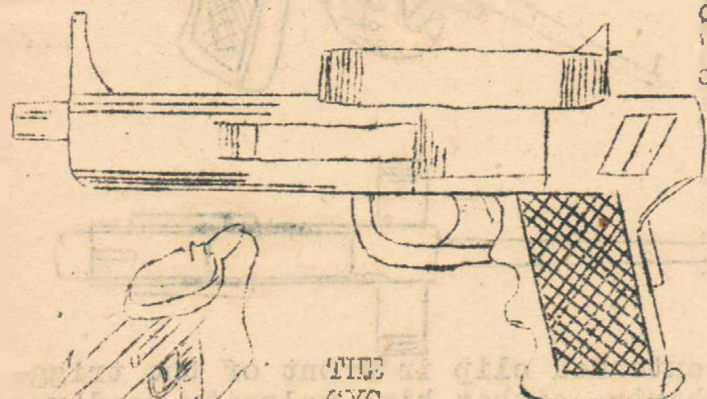
MODELS

Then there is the story going the rounds about the model who posed for some spicy photos in a fact detective magazine, showing plenty of leg-art. The publisher went around claiming she was the prettiest thing he ever had between covers!!

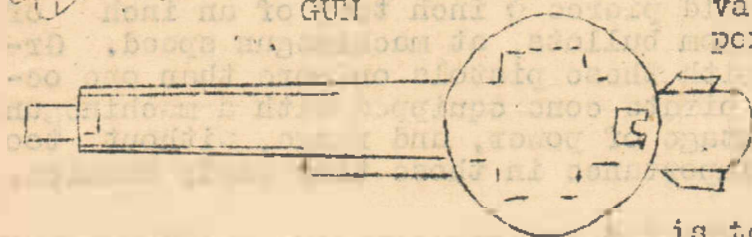
FUTURE ARMS

by
Fred Hurter Jr.

.....
ALL THREE PISTOLS ARE OF THE SAME ERA. ABOUT THE TIME OF THE EARLY INTERPLANETARY ATOMICS, WHEN INTERPLANETARY TRADE HAD BEGUN AND COMMUNICATION RE-ESTABLISHED WITH MARS; THAT IS, FROM 1998 TO 2020 OR 2030.



THE
CYC-
GUN

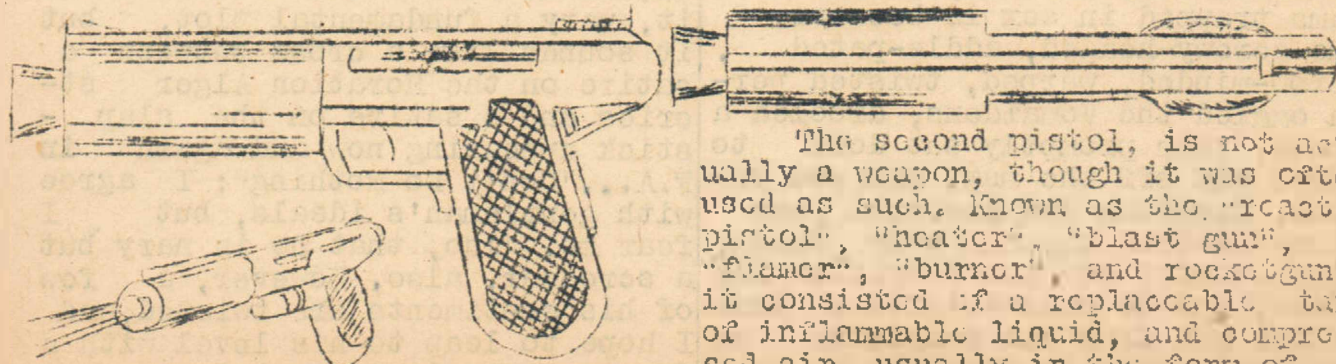


THE FLAME GUN

The first pistol known by such names as "eye-gun", "eye-pistol", "ray", "beam", "electropistol", "electric" and "violet", is a miniature cyclotron. Powered by a powerful battery, it draws in air through slots above the hilt, strips the atoms of the air of their electrons, whirls the electrons around in the circular disk on the top by means of powerful magnets, and shoots them out of the muzzle as a pale violet stream. The range is limited for effective killing, varying from 50 to 300 feet, depending on the size and model.

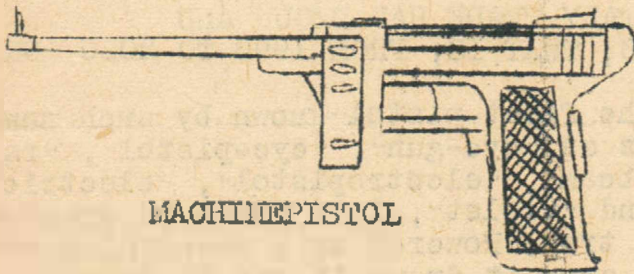
They were not very popular with space-men, (even though "space" models were equipped with an air reservoir, for operation in space) as the range is too limited, and because they

do not punch a hole, though prolonged use heats up the metal but rarely burns through. They were popular with the Terrestrial criminal, however, as they have the advantage of killing silently and without any readily noticeable marks, though prolonged exposure produced a burn, and microscopic examination in all cases shows signs of both molecular and atomic breakdown. They also had the advantage of being able to kill through a partition, as the stream of electrons will readily pass through any plastic, glass, concrete, or steel wall (steel, or any ferrous metal cuts down the efficiency, however) so that the killer could operate completely out of sight of the victim. Only neo-lead will stop the beam. These pistols are heavy, as they are sheathed in neo-lead to protect the operator from stray discharges. They are very effective in that with the larger models a brief touch with the core of the beam on any part of the body will give a fatal shock.

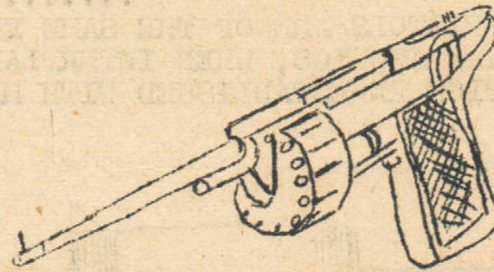


The second pistol, is not actually a weapon, though it was often used as such. Known as the "reaction pistol", "heater", "blast gun", "flamer", "burner", and rocketgun, it consisted of a replaceable tank of inflammable liquid, and compressed air, usually in the form of a clip of compressed air cartridges in the hilt. It was designed for use

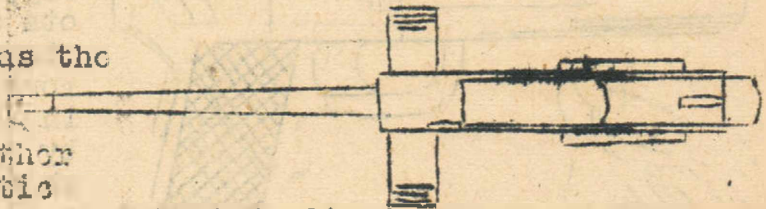
as a portable rocket or reaction pistol to be used by spacemen in moving about the outside of their ships. However, it was soon effectively used as a weapon, as it sends a roaring rushing blast of flame for a good forty feet, cooking everything in its path. It is better than the explosion reaction pistol, in that the intensity of the force can be controlled by a valve.



MACHINEPISTOL



The third pistol, known as the "spacemans helper", "machine-pistol", "pomponette", "rattler", and "speedgun", is a rather large rapid fire fully automatic



pistol. Having either a drum or an extended clip in front of the trigger guard, it fired from twenty to thirty, either high velocity needle sharp 35 calibre bullets that would pierce $\frac{1}{2}$ inch to $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch of chrome steel, or soft nose mushroom bullets, at machinegun speed. Groups of able spacemen equipped with these pistols on more than one occasion beat off the attack of a pirate cone equipped with a machinegun though bulky, they had the advantage of power, and range, without too much weight, a factor of prime importance in these tiny early atomics.

.....The End.....

THE MAIL BOX

letters from the readers of LIGHT

MARRIAGE BOVARD, WASHINGTON, D. C

This is for Doug Webster, and I hope he gets the hot-foot! Yes, we rave and roar plenty! Sex is not our sole topic of gossip. Great Thundering Venusians, no! It's not hard to see where you get your impression: VOM. The only reason VOM seems trapped in sex is because some screwy-headed, addle-pated, narrow-minded, warped, twisted person oggled the Venusians, drooled a minute, then promptly sat down to scorch VOM off the map. All you English, Canadian and American fans alike get this through your thick, empty skulls: VOM isn't written for anyone, and he doesn't give a damn whether you like his Venusians or not! Actifandom is supposed to be a race of thinkers. Well, cogs have

slipped somewhere. Actifans, no matter what their nationality, can argue, or discuss, lucidly or logically, any social, moral, scientific, artistic, musical, philosophical, or religious problem now existing.

My goodneth, mama! See what I done!

On the Christmas issue, cover makes me sigh with delight. Finally at last! Also, there's a giggle in the caption... "Twenty-Ghoul Team": ticklish. Not an iota of sense in it, nary a fundamental plot, but it sounds like a cross between a satire on the Horation Alger stories and a satire on the slapstick appearing now and again in F.A... "Don't Do Nothing": I agree with gentleman's ideals, but I fear me, also, that he is nary but a screamer, also. However, a few of his sentiments are twisted, and I hope to leap to his level with a few comments in Contariwise..... Please, please, Les, is this fin-

ally the story of LIGHT /Tup-ED/...
 "Heartbreak": Ingenious twist, and
 startling ending. Socko short.....
 "Hells Corner": O boy, made j u s t
 for trouble!...Lamb's poem, really
 surprising, with a hearty ending.
 One of the best in there...VV Biog
 Very well done and very interestin
 g. /I am not making any comments
 on what you said re Wollheim. May-
 be he will drop a line setting you
 straight.-ED/

ALAN CHILD, VANCOUVER, B.C You are
 right- nationalism is no better in
 fanity than in any other fields. I
 would not welcome a union of Can-
 adian fanzines but a little help
 between Can. fan editors would be
 a good idea. /To which Ychudi says
 "What fan editors?"- Ychudi/ Why
 don't you invite the readers to
 rank the articles, stories and po-
 ems appearing in LIGHT in 42? You
 could at least ask for the best 3
 or something. I'll give my opinions
 in my next letter. /How about it,
 readers? What, in your opinion, are
 the three best stories, three best
 poems, three best articles, in or-
 der of choice, for 1942?-ED/

GORDON L. PECK, VANCOUVER, BC Rec'd
 a photo of Aekic in ~~1942~~ the other
 day. Gawd, I says to myself, what
 a jerk, then I looks closer, and
 says, Why, kts Forry. Hear how he
 won a contest of about ten thous-
 and soldiers and spent almost 24
 hours with lovely Carole Landis?
 /Who hasn't by now?-ED/ My Gawd,
 that guy must have a pull with
 Providence. /Not the Providence I
 know, chum, that's certain!-ED/

BOB GIBSON, CANADIAN ARMY OVERSEAS
 ...which reminds me that I had the
 pleasure of meeting a Canadian stf
 author- not then active, alas-while
 stationed in Edmonton. Remember
 Cyril G. Wates? ("The Visitation",
 a winner in AMAZING's first cover
 contest, "The Face of Isis", etc?)
 He lived in a pleasant little place
 in the outskirts of the city, a
 pleasant, young-faced, grey-haired
 gentleman with many hobbies apart
 from his work. A leading light of
 the Alpine Club until his heart had
 forced him to slow down, he went in

in for photography and astronomy. At
 the time of my visit, he was in his
 workroom, working with a rig that
 was grinding a six-inch disc for
 him. He had made it, with improve-
 ments of his own, after one someone
 in the east had developed. It forced
 the disc through the elaborate rit-
 ual of turn and cross and turn and
 cross on the grinding part with a
 beautiful economy of notion. That
 was in the late fall of 1939 or
 early in 1940....Hils H. Frome's
 "Fate of Red Bat" suffers from st-
 arting as stf and ending weird-----
 I disagree with Cpl. Davis' article
 on religion. Seems to me that hum-
 ans erualling his conception of
 God is reasonable enough, but only
 because he limits his idea of God.
 He speaks of the narrow terms of
 Christain definition- "God is a
 spirit, infinite, eternal"- Not so
 narrow. He speaks more as though he
 had in mind a sort of tribal deity,
 somewhat magnified.

Jessie E. Walker, S. Porcupine, Ont
 My opinions on future life differ
 radically from those of Alan Child
 in "Heartbreak". This business of
 sex is just a phase of evolution.
 We did not always come in pairs,
 and the time will come when we will
 advance beyond our present mode of
 precreation. Even so it is limited
 to the physical, or material aspect
 of life, our "coat of skin", or
 "man of clay". It is of the earth-
 earthy "dust thou art and to dust
 returneth". I am not speaking of
 "love" here as it is a thing of the
 Spirit and therefor eternal.

I am a firm believer in Rein-
 carnation- not this distorted idea
 that the Soul at the moment of phy-
 sical death, goes hopping to a new
 host like a flea at a dog show, but
 that all life is one and it is et-
 ernal- from the lowliest atom to
 the greatest star- we all live and
 die and are born again.

Man has progressed beyond the
 animals- he now has free will-with
 all its privileges and responsibil-
 ities. A theory of rebirth of the
 ego is the only answer to the ineq-
 ualities of our existence. We even-
 tually are repaid for our good deeds
 and must pay our debts in full. Noth-

ing we ever learn is lost- (which accounts for infant prodigies, etc)

If Alan wants Biblical proof for the next plane being non-sex - ual let him read Matt. cap 22 v 30- "for in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage - but are as the angels of God in heaven."

...One field for fantasy which had been largely overlooked in America has to do with our first citizens, the Red Men. Scientists have found some interesting relics in the Fraser valley, and finds have been made in northern districts of races other than the Eskimo.

All these "old" peoples - are gradually dying out. The only one able to survive the coming of the white man is the African negro. Mrs. Walker makes some interesting comments on reincarnation. This shows how many facets there is to this long-debated question. Perhaps Mr. Child will reply and present his views on the question-ED/.

Viola L. Kenally, St. Catharines

...I could nominate for a corner in Hell, (tho' why not give 'em the whole place?) a lot of "things" which we call Nazis and Japs! And this I have to say- if some fans are too stingy to pay 5¢ for all of that, they're pretty darn small. T!
 .Choooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!-ED.

Francis T. Loney, Clarkston, Wash.

Light came today, and I really have something to howl about. My second letter (p.22) reads, "this is far and away the best thing I've read anywhere". (referring to Bob's story in the Nov. Ish) My carbon read "This is far and away the best thing I've yet seen in "Light", and one of the better fan-written stories I've seen anywhere". Grrr. I'd appreciate a retraction, as I have after all read two or three stories in my time, and while Bobby is a good egg and a good fan-writer, "Return to Lakar" is a hell of a long way from immortal literature. Well after all, even "Time" makes mistakes.-Ed/ Wollheim's article is very good, and has plenty of truth in it, though I don't like his talk

HELL'S CORNER

Francis T. Laney's nomination.

.....

Assuming that Hell has angled space at all, one of the hottest corners should be reserved for that mangy beast known as the Dawdle-Fan. This critter has all sorts of manifestations; sometimes he is toying with the idea of a fan-zine, but he DAWDLES around and it comes out six months later (if at all); or perhaps he borrows your most priceless out-of-print magazines, and DAWDLES around with it till you give up and buy another copy (then he can keep it); or you write him a nice letter with a lot of good stuff in it, and he DAWDLES around and may answer eventually (but probably loses the letter and your address too).

DAUDLE-FAIS are usually quite innocuous; unless you loan them something, or write to them, or send them two-bits for their fanzine. I doubt if the average D-F means any harm (after all, it takes some intelligence to make evil plots), but as a menace to fandom... I maintain that at least half of the actifans who get disgusted and quit fandom do so in rebellion against slow fanzines, lost loans, and unanswered letters.

The loan part of it is not so important; after all, most of us are too tight with our stuff to send it around---but when a fan (or anyone else) gets a letter, he should answer it promptly. If he does not wish to correspond, he can at least have enough courtesy to send a postal and say so. And these guys that announce some sooper-doooper fanzine and then fizzle out on it should be wedged into the tightest corner of this particular infernal angle. You notice that 'zines like "Fantasite", "LeZ", "Vom", "Necolyte", ...yes, and "LIGHT" maintain quite regular publication dates. If a fan is going to take another

fan's money for a sub., the least he continuing
can do is to bring out a 'zone more
or less on time, or else do some re-
funding. Right?

light
flashes
hyar

So, DAWDLE-FANS! You see that white-hot niche with running lava and electric lice? You see that little imp in the middle of it toy-ing with his caponizing instruments? (That's Croutch) Then you see that big guy with the Amazing Quarterly in his hand? (That's Laney) Then you see that worm-like thing the big guy is hitting over the head with the Amazing Quarterly? (What else could he use Amazing for, anyway?) (Toilet paper, says Croutch) Oh, oh, we got sidetracked! Well, anyhow, the worm-like thing is a DAWDLE-FAN, and you gals better not watch what Imp Croutch does to him when Laney tosses him into Hell's Corner!

.....
(that's what comes from readin' L'il Abner!)....As you can see , Hell's Corner continues with one nomination by Francis T. Laney.Mr. Laney lives out in Washington, not D.C! Shows quick work by a good fan to get his nomination in. I feel, somehow, and he didn't say anything to bear this out, mind you, but I feel some more nominations may come in from him. Maybe on Amazing, who knows....well,this closes the column for this month.I hope to have more to report in Feb so until then....

cheerio, gang.

oo

m a i l

603

continued

hyar!

remarks"---after all, Vollheim has done fardom as much harm with his feuds as he'll ever do good with his articles.



Women were created for the purpose of involving men in the follies which compose history.

readers! the following magazines
are now in stock for swapping at
the listed values.

BRITISH EDITIONS-ASTOUNDING.

September 1939	-----	12¢
October 1939	-----	12¢
January 1940	-----	12¢
May 1940	-----	12¢
June 1940	-----	12¢
July 1940	-----	12¢
August 1940	-----	14¢
October 1940	-----	12¢
February 1941	-----	14¢
March 1941	-----	12¢
April 1941	-----	12¢
November 1941	-----	14¢
January 1942	-----	14¢
March 1942	-----	18¢

If you need these get them now,
get them through Bob Gibson, only
Canadian correspondent with which
I have a swap system open. They
come through very slowly and it is
hard to say when I'll have more.
They are listed at regular cover
price, which accounts for the var-
iation in trade values.

$6 \rightarrow 5 \rightarrow 0 \rightarrow 5 \rightarrow 5 \rightarrow 0 \rightarrow 0 \rightarrow 5 \rightarrow 5 \rightarrow 0 \rightarrow 0 \rightarrow 5 \rightarrow 5 \rightarrow 0 \rightarrow 0 \rightarrow 5 \rightarrow 5$

412- CANADIAN FAN DIRECTORY

All Canadian fans are invited to help keep this Directory up-to-date. If you know fans who are not listed below send me their names and addresses for inclusion in the next publication of the Canadian Fan Directory. American and English readers are invited to use these addresses for correspondence and for those sample copies of that new fanzine you are publishing. All are acquainted with the Croutch system of swapping.

Child, Alan	680 Kingsway	Vancouver, B. C.
Conium, Ron	14 Boon Ave.,	Toronto, Ontario.
Croutch, Leslie A.	Bx 121	Parry Sound, Ont.
Frome, Hils H.	Bx 3	Fraser Mills, B.C.
Gibson, Gnr. W. R	R.H.Q., 11th Canadian	Canadian Army Overseas.
H3020	Army Field Rgt., RCA.,	
Godfrey, Spr. A.	No.6 Vocational tng.,	
E. A., BL24525	School, Spring Garden	Halifax, N. S.
	Rd., (Electrical Class)	
Guislin, John	R. R. #1	New Glasgow, N.S.
Hanley, Tom	12 Lawrence Cres.,	Toronto, Ontario,
Hilkert, John G.	226 Hamilton St.,	Toronto, Ontario
Hoves, C	-----	Toronto 12, Ont.
Hurter, Jr., Fred	83 Hudson St.,	Town of Mt. Royal
		P.Q.
Kenally, Viola L.	-----	St. Catharines, Ont.
Lamb, Sgt. H. V.	(present address with-held)	
Mason, John H.	Apt.6., 38 Carlton St.	Toronto, Ontario.
Peck, Gordon L.	214 W. 15th. Ave	Vancouver, B. C.
Shirley "La Pun" Peck	214 W. 15th. Ave	Vancouver, B. C.
Wakefield, Harold	177 Beaconsfield Ave	Toronto, Ontario,
Walker, Jessie E.	Bx 35,	S. Porcupine, Ont.
White, Cpl. E. R.	#2 Can. Light Field	Canadian Army Overseas.
B90767	Ambulance, 1st. Can.	ENGLAND.
	Army Tank Brigade,	

NIGHT

AIR

The breeze from the river blows dank and cold,
T'is a breath from graves and forest mold;
Across the threshold and into the room
Trailing a gaseous slime of doom.
The pale, sick things beneath the stones,
Creep out to feast on new, green bones,
When the wind is foul with the poison breath
That pours from the fetid jaws of DEATH.
And he who breathes shall sicken and die
And the skill of man cannot tell him why.
T'is well to draw the blinds and shiver,
When the wind blows dank from the river.

- Virginia "Nanck" Anderson.

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FLASH!

Paper restriction on all publishing in the U.S., and in particular, very strict restrictions on all magazines, will undoubtedly affect science

fiction, fantasy, and weird. No magazine can use more than 90% of the total tonnage of newsprint it used in 1942. Exemptions: those using less than 25 tons per quarter  
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