

MARCH 1943
Number 126

"Why don't you drink your sklch, Joe? It's the best on the planet."

(COVER BY BOB GIBSON)

L I G H T

March 1943.

Number 126.

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LIGHT. Published monthly by Leslie A. Crutch, Box 121, Parry Sound, Ont., Canada. Price 5¢ a copy. Will exchange with other fanzines. Advertisements, 25¢ quarter page or fraction thereof.

CONTRIBUTORS: Articles are wanted, serious, factual, humorous; let me see what you have. Please note: I am well stocked on fiction, but there is a good opening for verse.

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:

Beginning Barbara Bovard's latest story "Castor Oil and Pirates".

Cherchez la Femme by Nanek.

This publication is a member of the C.A.F.P

J U S T I N !

Four copies of British Reprint ASTOUNDING for October 1942. 18¢ each.

also have copies of other numbers Bre Astounding and Unknown. Am getting these over steadily. Make this your headquarters for British editions. All have covers on.

L I G H T

FLASHES

First, I must apologize to those of you who were late in receiving their February LIGHTS. Due to siege of sickness in the home of your editor, in which he also got hisself caught, was the reason..... I notice in the current TIME (Feb. 22) where the American publishing business is due for another paper cut this spring! It is promised that this will be the final cut but you know these government offices.....Is Canada left without a professional representative in the fantasy field? Rumors, supported by its non-appearance, have it that UNCANNY TALES has folded its tent, and like a certain hostthief, done stole away in the middle of the night! If this is true, only Popular's SUPER SCIENCE, and American News' WEIRD TALES are left to us. Ah soleful day! Let's hope Popular brings out a Canadian edition of its very popular FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES.....I have seen the new FFM. It has the regular art work interior and on cover. Biggest change caused by the shift of ownership is the edges. They are untrimmed now!.....Elmer Perdue, US-er sent me some magazines in various sized parcels. I received the small ones but the large went back to him so it shows what is up. Due to some reason, parcels of magazines from the United States to Canada, are not allowed across the border unless they contain only one or two magazines. Since the first of the year, only the latter have got through apparently. It's dirty trick! To save transportation space, I wonder or what?.....What price fame? If you see "Grablins" in the papers from now on, Spr. E. A. Godfrey, is the originator. I have here the copy of the original typed poem by Al entitled "The Grablins" which he sent to various papers. It has appeared in the Halifax Herald, the St. Catharines Standard, and other papers. Al tells me he received a letter telling him the War Time Prices and Trade Board were taking it up and sponsoring it across the country. So a Canadian fan becomes

S A T A N I C

His Satanic Majesty lolled on a divan, stretched himself and looked over to his bookkeeper with a tired yawn. "Say, Be-el ze-bub. What in thunder is all that noise over there? Sounds like a parcel of pigs squealing."

"That, your Royal Nibses, is the bunch of flappers that we roped in last night just before closing. They are singing their hymn of hate to men who don't give them liberty to make fools of themselves. Any special orders concerning them, your majesty?" said the bookkeeper, solemnly.

"Gadzooks! They make my tired head ache, with their howlings and screechings. Can't something be done to stop their mouths? Well, we'll soon have them in the furnace, sizzling in the hot tar. Gad, I hardly know how to begin with them. If I put them on the toaster and roast them, I'm afraid I'll never get the odor of cocoa-nut oil and face powder out of the griddle. If I boil them in the hot tar, it will spoil a lot of good material for an insignificant display of mannish legs and arms. To give them the sulphur bath, would, in my opinion, be the proper thing, as it would fumigate while punishing-- yea, give 'em the brimstone."

"Your majesty's word dope at once," quoth the lips to a tube and grind-- "Hell, Brimstone! Say, so that the water boils the brimstone, and an We have a set of dis-deal with, and his to have everything just I'll send them right

Turning to Statan, suggestively: "I'm of the opinion it is going to be quite a show after all. And if your esteemed liarship deems it worth your royal nibses' trouble, I would suggest that your Rotteness take in the entertainment."

"Very well, Be-el ze-bub, I accept your valuable suggestion for what it is worth, and will doubtless attend the function in person, as it will afford an hour's entertainment and serve to dispel the ennui occasioned by the sameness of ordinary boilings and roastings. Yes, I trust it will be a good show," softly roared the chief of Liars, while an anticipatory smile played around the corners of his shark-like jaws.

Suddenly his Majesty sprang to his feet with an exclamation and a gesture of pain. "Does your royal hoof ache?" asked the scribe with some concern.

"By the gloss on my goatce! It was worse than hoof gout," muttered Satan clapping his hand over his solarplexus.

"I hope it is nothing serious, Mephistopheles the Only."

"Zounds. It has struck me again-- a sharp jab-- a prick-- a soul-racking pain as 'twere some inner function protesting at my hilarious thoughts concerning the coming leg show. I'm a mind to--to--cut it out."

By
WALTER
SCOTT
HASKELL

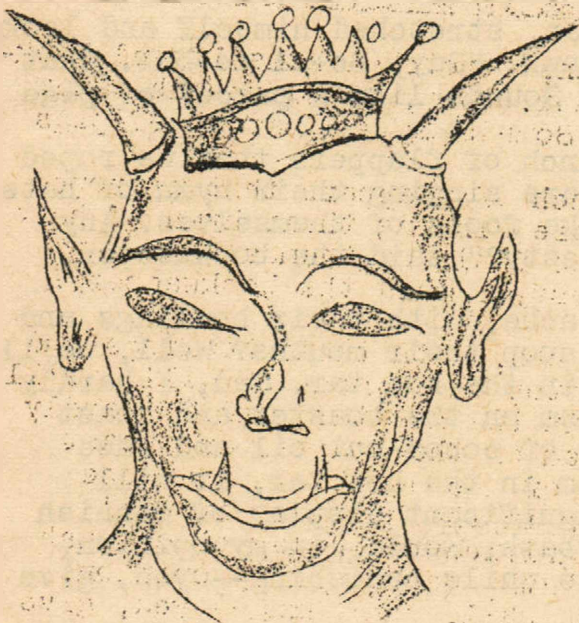
is law. I will order the bookkeeper, putting his ing out the order: tune up the furnaces good and hot, then add extra barrel of tar. grunted females to majesty is particular right. Yes--very well, down--good bye."

Be-el ze-bub remarked your royal simpleness, th a t

H U M O R

"Dost mean to cut out thy appendix, O Supreme?"

"By the peaks on thy horns, I mean not to torture mine own anatomy; but, metaphorically speaking, I thought it might be as well to cut out the boilings of the flappers, just for once. Because that jab of pain might be an unaccountable trace of that commodity known as 'conscience' -- the unspeakable term. To be on the safe side, I will eschew the pleasure of witnessing the burning of the flappers, for the nonce -- and so mote it be."



"Thy word is law, O Great Brimstone King! Therefore I phone to the left wing of the House of Satan and tell the executioner to wave the boiling of the tongue-flappers, and to loose them from the pen."

"Yea, do so Be-el ze-bub, then prepare my couch. I will lie down for a spell."

Be-el ze-bub got busy, while his majesty started removing his red sweater preparatory to lying down. An ejaculation from his

devilship caused the bookkeeper to ask: "What'my Lord?"

"Ah, some salawag has sewed a cursed burr into the lining of my garment of wear, in such a way as to prick me whenever I turn or throw out mine abdomen in the natural pose of a Lord. By my royal hoof, it is a blasting shame to trick the King of Hades with this dastardly little burr, and to make him almost repent his works. Whoever did this will boil in oil. -- R-r-r-r!"

"Your Royal Cussedness, allow me to inform your Devilship that thy loving offspring, thy charming imps of darkness did in the playfulness of their youth, disport themselves in a way to rouse suspicion that all is not gold that glitters. During thy hours of gentle repose, these little imps did approach thy sleeping form and with sundry snickers, plied a needle and thread on thy garment of wear," said the bookkeeper, with a knowing wink.

"Is it possible that mine own kin has played a trick on their old dad? What day of the month is it?"

"It is April the First, your Nibses."

"That's what I thought!" Roared his Majesty in a voice that shook the castle. "It's as plain as the horns on my head: Those kids have played me a heinous April joke, and on account of it I have let a choice batch of sinners go from my clutch. Perhaps its not too late to recapture them. Quick, Be-el ze-bub. My long-distance telescope."

The instrument was handed his Majesty, and his Royal Wrathfulness adjusted the glass to his fiery headlights and scanned the vast expanse between hades and the real of light.

"There they are! And as I live, they are going straight up the shining path, and are nearing the gates. But of course St. Peter won't let them in... Ah, Gad Zooks! This is a setback to all hell. The Gates have swung, and the flappers have passed into the holy realms bearing on their shoulders an illuminated sign reading 'MORE LIBERTY FOR WOMEN! I am undone. I fear all my works will fall into disrepute, so that even the Churches will not point to me as the acme of Satanic Power," wailed his Cussedness in anguish of spirit.

"Take heart, oh great bunko stearer, and let it pass as a joke, a more obelition of childish puppyishness that will be forgotten in a

day. It is beneath thy royal dignity to notice it, except as a passing pleasantry," sighed the bookkeeper diplomatically.

"By the thunder of my hell, I suppose I will have to swallow the bitter pill for the sake of family honor, but it shall not go entirely unnoticed. There must be a show of discipline in my realm or outsiders will think that I am a back number because I have passed the allotted age of devils and come under the ban of the Osler theory. I'll show them that an old devil is as good as any. You watch me...and listen, Be-el ze-bub. Run down to the Brimstone Playhouse and try and rope in those prankish kids. And on your way back, step into the toolhouse, and get one of those triple-power spanking machines," bellowed his Nibsses.

"Your Royal Cussedness shall be obeyed," replied the bookkeeper, while a melancholy smile played around the corners of his humorous, bloodshot eyes.

THE END

INVASION.

fan article by

HARRY WARNER, JR.

Editor's note: this article is a good representative type of the sort appearing in American fanzine publications from time to time. It will introduce you to many names of well-known American fans. Warner is the former publisher of SPACEWAYS, now a temporary war casualty.

This is going to take on the broad outlines of Bob Tucker's recent articles on fans' visits to him. Blame him for it; I wouldn't have thought of it if he hadn't written his.

I shall not give precise dates. In the first place, I can think of no conceivable reason why the date on which so-and-so visited me could be of use to you or future

research workers. In the second place, it would be too much trouble to try to date exactly each visit. So I'll be approximate only too; this chronicle will not contain details of visits here by fans living within the Hagerstown area itself. They aren't numerous, and nothing tremendous happened then.

The first to hit town were Fred Pohl and Jack Gillespie. I had been publishing Spaceways for some eight months, and corresponded with many fans, of course, but had been spared the agony of seeing any. The now happily almost forgotten Exclusionvention of 1939 was held over the Fourth of July holidays. A few days later, Pohl and Gillespie arrived, at around 6:30 in the evening. They had been hitchhiking hither and yon, their latest stop having been Washington. After some use of a pulmotor and oxygen tent, I was able to talk, which we did for hours. It was the first I'd heard of the just-completed Convention. Credit to Pohl; his version of the unfortunate incidents agreed substantially with the one finally agreed upon by disinterested parties as most accurate. They left at around ten or eleven, I walking down with them to where their hitchhiking should begin anew. The story of this was told, in more detail, in Fantasy Digest about two years ago.

Then about three days later, on a blazing hot evening with thunder rolling in the distance, a car pulled up in front of the house. People spewed forth from it; five of them in all, and I met more fans. Two of the five were not we peculiar creatures; the other three were Dale Hart, Walter Sullivan, and Julius Pohl, all more or less inactive at present. They too had been to the Nyecon. They were on their way home, to Texas, Oklahoma, and other points west. This affair, too, was described in Fantasy Digest. Suffice it to say here that part of them went to visit Leslie F. Stone at ten or eleven in the evening, got back about two the next morning, after the rest of us were on our

beds of pain. Yes--somehow we managed to find room for them. Next morning they left.

As for the next: I'm not positive. But I believe that it was Speer and Rothman. They came that summer, anyway. It was another hot day. This time, though, I had been forewarned of their approach some days in advance, and was prepared. We had a very fine time. We went to see Miss Stone once more, woke her up from her beauty sleep, and still got a good reception. We pawed over my collection a bit, and reinforced the inner man. On this trip, I was struck most forcibly with the most outsnading characteristic of fans. Even more than reading stf, they seem to love to argue. Speer and Milt are the champions. I doubt that three subjects were brought up during their eight hours here that weren't pitched into. Toward dusk, they headed South and were gone back to Washington, reaching there without a repetition of the phonopole incident. It was this visit, incidentally, that caused me to begin my nefarious habit of making carbon copies of letters.

But Willis Conover might have been here previous to the Washington lads. As mentioned, I'm not sure. Anyway, he too arrived that summer or early fall. Unannounced, he came; more, I'd never had the slightest contact with him before. Such a thing could happen only in fandom. There was a knock on the door in the evening, I went, he said he was Willis Conover, I said fine, and he came in and we started to talk about stf. He had along with him some lovely things: a photo of Lovecraft I'd dearly love to possess (it looks more like the man you'd expect him to be than any other picture I've seen); some Finlay and Conover originals; and other odd items. Somehow, I passed the remark about Argosy. He mentioned how much he'd like to get the old issues with the famous fantasies, this being before the publication of the Munsey reprint magazines. I said, well, the second-hand store there in town has lots and lots of issues for the past twenty years. He suggested we go down and inspect them. We went. Most were back in an old shed back of the store. It wasn't electrified, so the proprietor trotted out an old kerosene lamp. We set it on a rickety stool, and by its ghostly illumination started to work, hunting fantasies. The shed was wonderfully dry, made out of wood, there were tons of magazines all about, and a very slight jar of the lamp would have caused a bonfire big enough to bring out half of Hagerstown. We genuflected toward Mecca every ten minutes, and survived. He ended up by buying several hundred copies, and having them shipped to his home in Salisbury or Cambridge, or some similarly small town on the Eastern shore of Maryland. And during that sorting, we talked of everything under the sun, I learning much of fandom before my advent into its mysteries, and Willis getting all the latest scandal that had occurred since he departed from the scene.

Last to arrive during 1939 were Tucker, Reinsberg, Meyer, Marconette and Mrs. Tucker, on their way to Philly. I had half-promised I might join them on the way and attend the Philly Conference they were aiming for. When I saw the only room for me would be on the running-board, I backed out. They stayed only about two hours, being behind schedule already. Naturally, it wasn't possible to get a good bit said during that time. We snapped photos, and looked at new issues of fanzines, and they left.

In 1940, there was an almost complete absence of visitations. Here I am stuck. I seem to remember someone being here during that summer. But I can't, after three solid minutes of weighty thinking, remember who it or they was or were. Art Widner & party passed through town in July at two in the morning, touching off a train of circumstances that led to fanzine editors dusting off their obituaries for me. And Paul Schaefer fully intended to stop by. Maybe that's what confused me. As best as I can remember, Elmer Perdue was the only one here

During that year. He came in November, I think, and we got two hours of talk in between buses. Nothing outstanding happened. We just talked.

In 1941, there were, first of all, Widner, Rothman, Bell, Unger and Madle, who arrived June 29. I remember the date, for it is the only time thus far I was warned well in advance of the approach of the expeditionary force. They got here with thunder rumbling in the distance once more--I'm starting to get suspicious!--and the thermometers busting their guts from heat. Upto my room we traipsed; sweat ran from us and Art's convention magazines ran from the mimeo. Then it was downstairs, to spread malicious gossip and say not particularly complimentary things about certain people. I was amazed to learn Pohl was out as editor; we had ice-cream, and the occasion was particularly noteworthy in that it was my first second-seeing of any fan; the honored party is Rothman. As the dusk fell, they headed west.

Then shortly later, Russell Chauvenet and his sister stayed over for several hours on their way home from New Jersey or somewhere. That was probably shortest of all sojourns here, for Russell had to get back and wanted to go over a particular and slightly longer route. Says LRC of his sister: "I've known her for a long time and still haven't been able to get her doing three things: reading stf., playing chess, and putting catsup on baked beans." So sad it is.

Final up to date: one R. M. Brown, from Washington, D.C., previously unknown to me. He had been motoring around, and happened to remember I lived in Hagerstown when he found himself near here. Presto, another snap friendship built up in an instant. He appears a bit susceptible to the fandom germ, and I am hoping he'll soon contract a severe case of fanitis. His present symptoms include a great desire to know about several of the more delectable bits of fan scandal, and his buying of an outrageously large amount of back issues of Spaceways, putting a lovely sum of money in my purse.

And out of all those fans, not a single one dared go near a mirror!

.....FINIS.....

SONG OF THE ROCKETEERS

We have sailed the galaxies.
From Sol to Hercules,
We have watched a million dawns,
On myriad worlds and then moved on,
We've blasted trails across the black
Of sunless skies unbeaten track.
We have known the hell of cold,
The heat of suns unwaxing old,
Our brows are black with cosmic tan
We claim the universe for man.
The dying speck of solar range,
Our cradle home, seems far and strange,
While rockets blast and hearts are stout,
We'll search the cosmic reaches out.

-Virginia "Nanek" Combs.

.....

LIGHT FLASHES

CONTRARIWISE

famous, though perhaps in a slightly different way....A random thought mightn't be amiss here: those Canadian SUPER SCIENCES may be swell, and certainly are. But if you think we aren't missing a thing by not being able to get the American edition, consider the February 1943 cover illustrating Frank Belknap Long's "Circle of Youth" (we'll see it here soon). The story gets the cover spot, a beautiful Virgil Finlay with a gorgeous brunette that makes us forget the girl we left behind! Oh yes, looking down at the girl is a B.E.M (Bug-eyed monster!).

Quote by Lamb from the Spring 1945 CAPTAIN FUTURE: "Just a word about Brett Sterling. With Edmond Hamilton joining our armed forces to do his loyal and patriotic bit for Uncle Sam, Mr. Sterling has taken over the task of writing the Captain Future stories for the duration". Unquote. Lamb says from the way Sterling writes he copies Ed's stuff a little too well for it to be a coincidence. For myself I'd say the war soon ought to be over, for Hamilton has always saved the world so far, and why ought he to fail this time?....According to Book Review Digest, Anthony Boucher author of "Barriker" and "Rocket to the Morgue" under the name of H.H. Holmes, is really a gent by the name of William Anthony Parker White. (courtesy MFS Bulletin)...In the 1942 edition of Bob Tucker's Fanzine Yearbook, which just arrived with the Fourth Anniversary issue of his Le Zombie, I notice LIGHT is the only fanzine listed and accredited to Canada! Also in his list of extra-American subscribers, the only Canadians listed are Albert Betts, Toronto, and Les Croutch....

Apologies must be offered for the non-appearance of Tick Talk in this issue. It is impossible to print what is non-existent. Hilbert slipped here. I'll give him the benefit of the doubt and say he was too busy. It cannot be that it is because it isn't liked, as so far every Canadian who commented liked it very well, and so did the Yanks. (see page 12)

I'm sorry but I can't help it. Mrs. Walker has stirred the pool and she is bound to find some odd fish rising out of it. This should be Child's work, but he doesn't have time between heaping criticisms to answer her. Not that she needs answering; on the contrary answers won't suffice. This is where a person's beliefs and firmest foundations must support them. From the scientific viewpoint, reincarnation would solve some problems beautifully. But it would be violating the evolution scheme. Man goes up, it is true, but from whence did he start? Amoebas, say some apes say others. Well, amoebas or apes, the answer is the same. Man is the biggest mistake God ever made. He upsets the scheme of existence no end. Everything moved along smoothly and nicely until he popped up and turned creation upside down. To say he caused the extinction of several kinds of species of animals, including early man, would be restating history. In the animal class, he did away with the passenger pigeon, the great Auk, the Giant Moa, the dodo, which was a bird in spite of efforts to deny it, most of the buffalo, almost with the beaver, and is rapidly getting rid of the gorilla and other big-game species. In men, man did away with the Cro-magnon first, then the Aztecs, Incas, and Mayas. Sure, the latter peoples mentioned have their descendents but not a one is of pure strain. The pure-blooded Kanaka or Hawaiian is going by the board. I could say the same about the American Indian, except that they are more plentiful now than they were just after the first white men arrived.

What this has to do with reincarnation is merely a matter of showing that man should pay his debts in some way to offset the tremendous amount of damage he does to his own self. The lady no doubt has a good background of Buddhist or Hindu culture in order to speak so authoritatively. Her views are highly welcome and would be shown

again should she have a chance to write again.

Reincarnation is the principal that people live again in other bodies or personalities, going upward each time, paying off debt after debt as they go, until they reach Nirvana, or oblivion. Now, what happens after they have reached oblivion? What happens to their "immortal soul"? How high can they reach? In what way would their paying of debts help them along? And if a man is reincarnated again and again, shouldn't he remember some of those past lives and profit by those mistakes? But how often does he? How many times does he backslide? Does he ever reach the point where he is so stuck in the mire and much of his own designing that he can never get out? What then? Believe me, I'm not trying to start trouble. I would appreciate answers to those questions.

Meanwhile, actifans and fans are still indistinguishable, and inextinguishable. Anyhow, the servifans are neither one. They are half-way between fans and actifans, for they read much, write occasionally, and want with all their ersatz hearts to be back in the stream again.

The biggest advantage in being an actifan- or a fan, either, for that matter-of-factness with which they accept the impossibilities of this existence. Was ever life more impossible than it is today? Were ever prophets more true than the ones who emphasized the tremendous effects the next war would have on the people of this world? This is the biggest break actifandom has ever had: Now is the chance for things to be done. To pay attention to the future and to start looking skyward. Planes are going up and up; someday a plane will reach the moon.

Contrariwise, I can't even get home.

Beb.

HELL'S CORNER

Fred Hurter Jr's Nomination o

..... Most certainly a particularly hot corner of hell should be reserved for that bane of fantasy collectors; that certain group of fan publishers who change the size & name and shape of their publications every issue. You know the type I mean. He usually starts with a conservative standard size hecto mag named, say, Gory Tales. For the next issue it comes out as a regal sized mimeo job called Gory Story (the name printed upside down on the cover to indicate the publisher's originality); then he decides to return to hecto, but making it only half the original size and renaming it Fantastic Stenchures (name this time written in microscopic print diagonally across the back page). For the fourth issue he returns to mimeo, turning out a one sheeter on pink paper, for the fifth, he decides to blueprint it and turns out an issue to size of a post card, and finally he turns it out by means of carbon copies.

This is, I admit, the worst type of these publishers, but there are others in the same general group. Take for instance the publisher who never puts out more than one or two issues of a magazine, before he begins to publish another. Finally he ends up with a two page affair, one page of which is occupied with... Goony Tales, combined with Hoary Story, URNuts, Fantasy World, Illustrated Strange Stories, Horrible Stinkers, Fantasy Fans Favorite, The Horror, etc.

Then, too, there is the minor offender, the publisher who writes out one issue in longhand, then he manages to get out an issue in old gothic print, and then

after shifting from Pica to Elite, to Micro, he finally decides to print by hand, and in capital letters. Also in this group, come the publishers who use red ink on one page, green on

the next, purple, yellow, blue, and finally pink; the publishers who use pink, green yellow, blue with gold trim, grey, brown, and orange paper, all clashing together in one issue.

Yes, most certainly these should have a very warm corner in hell, a corner, preferably headed by the little monstrosities they publish.

THE MAIL BOX

Letters from the readers

Ted Forrest J. Ackerman, Hollywood. With French and Spanish mags being considered in these pgs readers may be interested to learn of the queerest combination of which I ever heard: a Chinese fantasy magazine, published in Russian, consisting of translations of French, Deutsch & English stuff.

The mag flourished in the decade '20-'30. Whereas the States has pubs like This Week, Friday, etc., the Chino-Ruso periodical had the corresponding title, Seven Days. Seems originally some Co. printed a fantasy in Pocket Book form entitled "Seven Days"; it caught on; & so a new mag was born, retaining the title.

In size similar to the numerous novel-bks mushrooming on US stands, Seven Days seems to have been 75% Fantasy & a quarter det-ectales. Like 10 Story Book, the mag that published "the Oddest Stories in America", Seven Days was illustrated profusely with spicy Parisienne pix having nothing whatsoever to do with the contents.

One tale told of a bathysfere encountering a weird subsea civilization. Another related of a unique horizontal-building culture on a dense-atmosfered planetoid of one of the rings of Saturn. Truly stuff stories!

Thelma "Pat" White, Toronto, Ont. In defence of Ted versus Norman V. Lamb, Ted comes from a broadminded political family, and has learned to view each side of Political Parties. Maybe Norm hasn't been

enlightened as yet to the fact that a lot of people, when voting, still vote for the old Parties because their forefathers did and it would be breaking old family traditions if they didn't. Sounds like hill-billy feudalism!! There are some parts of the Labor parties that need straightening but if young people would read some of their literature and become acquainted with new views and understandings, they might learn where real democratic ideas really lay for young peoples future. There's real gold in them thar hills, if you're broadminded enough to investigate. Ted is also right, regarding the French people I have visited in Quebec and found as fair a deal as there is in Ontario. How much French money, stamps or even language do we have here in Ontario? Very little!!! The French boys are enlisting and helping to defend our country. So why should they be classed as illegitimate?

Franklin Lee Baldwin, Grangeville, Idaho. Regarding HPL and writings: A lot of what he wrote is pure imagination, but according to his letters he did dream a few of his ideas. He mentions that a certain thing he wrote was almost a direct transcript of a dream he had the previous night. Lovecraft was strictly a scholar and a student of the first water and in view of the environment he had from early childhood and his ever current poor health it is more than logical that he peruse the activities he did. Much of the stuff he wrote was deeply influenced by the early reading habits he had. He was deeply interested all through life in Greek Mythology and things of that nature. Edgar Allan Poe was one of his first loves in fiction. Also Lovecraft was keenly interested in science: astronomy, geology, archaeology, and many of the sciences of the mind and body. So you can see that he was very broad in his studies and had deep insight into the factual as well as fictional.

Jock Morgan, Scotland

By the way, I've always intended asking you to explain your rather strange address. /referring to the "Box 121"- Ed/ Why only "Box 121" & "Parry Sound"? That conveys to my mind a picture of a Log Cabin situated amid a Pine Forest with the roaring of rapids in the back-ground. Don't write back and tell me that Parry Sound is a up and coming city or you will shatter all my childhood illusions with regard to you rugged Canadians. Parry Sound happens to have at present a population of about 10,000. The regular population is somewhere around half that much. Box 121 refers to the number of the box I rent at the post office as there is no house to house mail delivery here and I dislike standing in line for general delivery wicket service. Sorry to shatter your delusions, John, but that still doesn't make us unrugged Canadians, does it?-Ed/ Suppose you have noticed by "Fido" that we British Fans? have a Society to our credit. Strange to relate, though the actual Society has been formed this last six months or so, I've yet to send in my entrance fee. Don't ask me why. I don't know. I am either dead lazy or societies don't interest me. Actually, the last mentioned reason is more or less true, as I never did see the point to these ideas. There's much talk about getting together and making a better world in the far distant future, yet we keep fighting like cats and dogs amongst ourselves. How the hell we can expect to make a better world with that sort of thing going on is beyond me. Of course, the whole point is, that the average fan takes his sf too seriously. At least, that is my opinion and it makes me sick to read some of the tripe that appears in fan mags with regard to the shape of things to come. Still, I am hardly in a position to judge as I have never written an article of any description in my life. It takes me all my time to send in my subscription when it's due. God help the world if its future depends on mugs like myself. But then, we can leave it up to Eddie Hamilton

to save the world in the nick of time. What an imagination that guy's got!!!

Fred Hurter Jr., Montreal, Quebec.

Re Lamb. I am quite aware of the limitations of handweapons. I have used a snub nosed 38 whose effective accurate range was measured in feet. I wish Lamb had completed the quote, which is "power and range without too much weight" I was comparing it with the cycgun which would be far heavier for the equivalent range. Also re that 30 50 fd range business. I would not go so far as to say that no short barreled weapon is any good over 30 yds. I have watched Swiss officers practising, and they use a 50 metre range (54 yds). Either Swiss officers are all marksmen or for they ~~xxx~~ seemed to have no difficulty in making good scores or the 30. cal (7.65 mm) S w i s s model Luger they use is a better pistol than is used over here. Also the long barreled Luger is considered accurate enough to necessitate the putting of an adjustable elevating rear sight on it, similar to those on rifles. Were the range limited to 50 yards, there would be no need for an adjustable rear sight. The new model Mauser pistol also has adjustable sights, as well as an attachable stock-case which converts the pistol into a short barreled rifle. The range of the Mauser is also well over 50 yds. The Mauser incidentally, is priced at \$250. (Steger Arms).

There are more factors than just the spin limiting hand weapons. In revolvers, there is a loss in cheap models, in the jump from the cylinder to the barrel. In all hand weapons, the shortness of the barrel makes it impossible for the bullet to make full use of the thrust of the gases. Inaccuracies result from lack of sufficient spin, as Lamb mentioned, from the escaping gases pushing unevenly on the bullet just as it leaves the barrel. Also, wind resistance, and gravity limit the range. However many of these are terrestrial conditions, in space and under lesser or no gravity many of these would

disappear. There would be no wind resistance, only slight deviations due to gravity; the range would be limitless in a way. Also, as can be seen, the speedgun has a very long barrel, about 8 inches, which helps in the way of accuracy. Also it fires in bursts like a machinegun; there should be no difficulty in hitting a space-ship at even a half a mile.

Lamb's statement is no doubt true for the average pistol used under terrestrial conditions, but I doubt if it would apply to a precision made long barreled pistol firing bursts, and under conditions found in space or on the smaller planets.

[We now throw the ball back to Lamb, if he wishes to try for a touchdown on this question - Ed]

Have YOU voted for your choice for three best stories, (in order), three articles and three pieces of poetry printed last year? Here are the standings to the end of February:

Stories

Return to Lakar.....15 pts.
Homecoming..... 4 pts.
Cavern of the Damned..... 3 pts.

Articles

A. E. Van Vogt.....10 pts.
Why Not a French Fantasy
Mag?..... 4 pts.
Birth of Ontario Fandom.... 3 pts.
Eunuchs in the Pulp.....2 pts.
Fancium Tremens.....2 pts.
Sex and Fantasy..... 2 pts.
(Contrariwise column)..... 2 pts.

Verse

Phantasm..... 8 pts.
Expectation..... 6 pts.
What Time Hath Wrought..... 3 pts.
You..... 3 pts.
Panegyric..... 3 pts.
Time..... 3 pts.

VOTE FOR YOUR THREE CHOICES IN EACH BRACKET.

Continuing

LIGHT FLASHES

.....
....In this issue you are introduced to another member of the by now familiar White family- Ted's master Pat, who leaps into this

French-Canadian argument which has been going on for some time between those two defenders of democracy, Cpl. Ted White and Sgt Baa Baa.... Well, well, latest evidence of the paper restrictions in the US is to be seen in the April 1943 AS. It was scheduled to have 320 pages but instead it appeared with but 240...Lamb reports that "Warrior of the Dawn" by Harold Brown, which originally appeared serially in AMAZING, will appear in book form in March of this year. He says he doesn't know the publisher but I suggest Ziff-Davis might be the one as they also publish AMAZING... Any of you writing the Sgt or sending him books use new address: Sgt. N. V. Lamb, 203 Main ST #3 Highway, Simcoe, Ontario..... FLASH- Tick Talk came in too late for printing. It was written Mrs John Hilkert who advises me John is in the States at this moment, and has been for several weeks. She says he'll tell us all about it in the next Tick-Talk. Mrs. Hilkert's edition won't be wasted as it is very interesting, being titled, "Marriage to a Pulp Artist". This will be printed in the April number, and if John sends one along for April it will be run also to make an extra-long Tick Talk for that month... Don't be surprised if wedding bells chime for our own Sapper this summer. Godfrey seems to have gone and dood it!..... I suggest you keep an eye open for work by new Actifan John Guislin in future numbers. He has sent in some rather neat art work which has been accepted.... You should read the editor's mail here and see the bad guesses made as to new fam Pluto's real identity. They have suggested everyone but Hitler himself! You're all wet, gang!..... PLANET STORIES went bi-monthly with the January 1943 number..... What's this? A letter from Frome sayings he is again interested in fandom and LIGHT. What gives, Nils? ...??? Laney asks me if I am on the verge of going into the army. Says Wakefield said so. Tsk! What gives there also, Harold? Toron to appears to be the "City of Rumors" Nothing to it, Laney... So long....