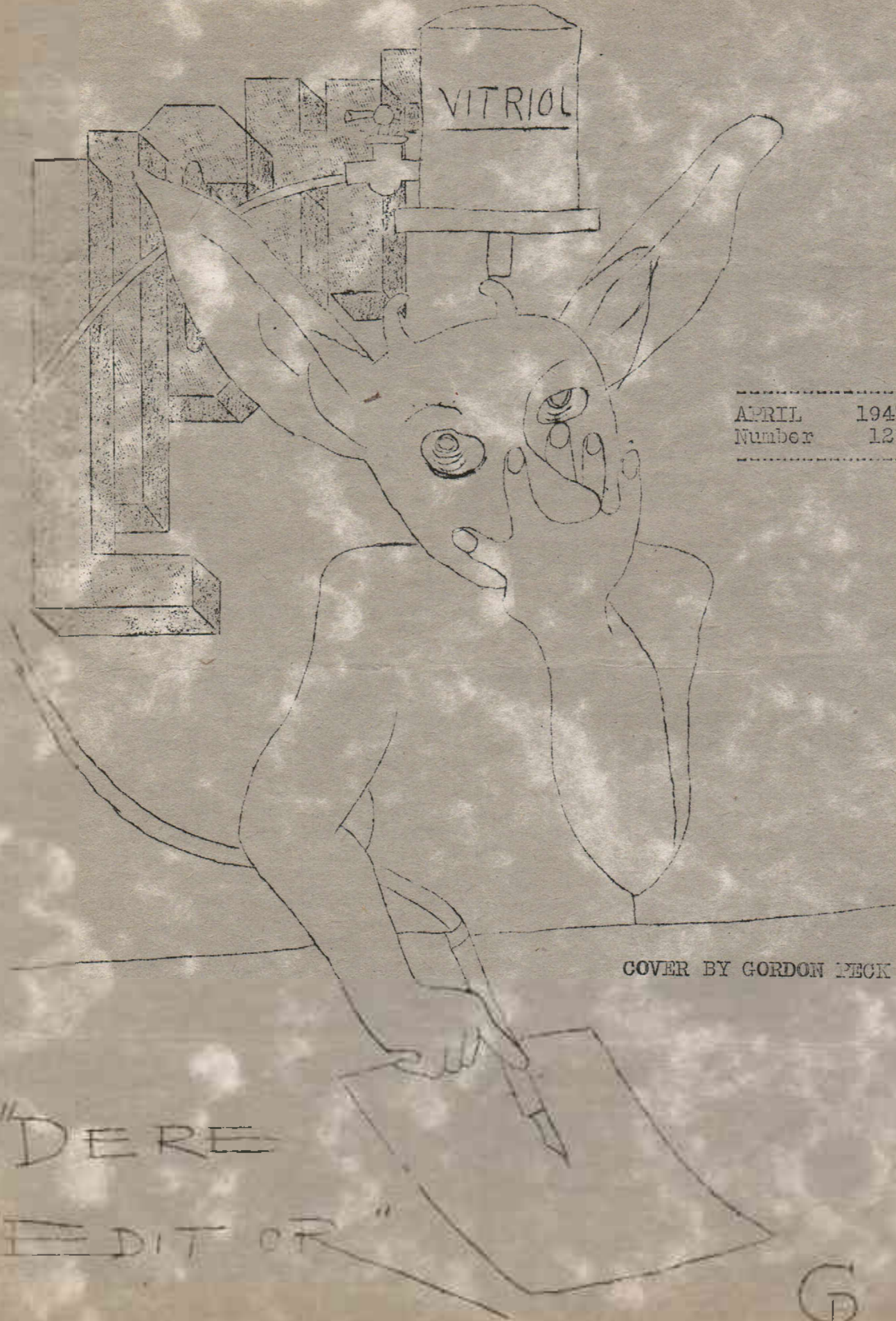


Hunter



APRIL 1943
Number 127

COVER BY GORDON PECK

"DERE

EDITOR"

G

L I G H T

April 1943

Number 127.

contents

Light Flashes.....	2
Castor Oil and Pirates, first of 2 parts, Barbara Bovard....	3
The Astronomer, Virginia Ander- son.....	5
Cherchez la Femme, Nanek.....	6
If and When, Pluto.....	6
Tick-Talk, John G. Hilkert.....	7
Have You Read?, N. V. Lamb.....	8
The Mail Box, the readers.....	9
Whatchamacallit by Nanek.....	9

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 HAS EXPIRED. PLEASE RENEW IMMEDIATELY.

XXXXXX

XXXXXX

XXXXXX

XXXXXX

coming next month:

Conclusion of "Castor Oil and Pirates"

New Life by Alan Child.

Hyperterrestrial Nomenclature by Gordon L. Peck.

WATCH FOR THE JUNE ISSUE. Dedicated to Femfans everywhere. Written entirely, and illustrated by girl fans. Get your order in by May 15 for extra copies.

JUST IN!

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

Also have other copies of Bre. Astounding and Unknown in good condition.

LIGHT FLASHES

It seems as though I am doomed to be always apologizing for something or other. Last month it was for the tardiness of getting the February issue into the mails. This month it is again the same thing. I was ill again during March, down with a relapse from the flu. This set me behind a week in everything, and over two weeks with this issue of LIGHT. Today, March 28, instead of gathering together the strings on another number, I find myself just starting on the April one. I know you will understand. The May number should be out somewhere nearer the proper time, though we cannot promise. But I shall try. I shall surely try....This month begins a serial, "Castor Oil and Pirates" by that popular author of "Return to Lakar", Miss Barbara E. Bovard. Due to its length and due also to the fact that I am restricted to 12 pages per month, it was impossible to print this all in one part. During the year there will possibly be other such serials, due to length. Off hand, I can name two such authors: Miss Bovard again, and a first in this magazine by Miss Mary G. Byers, now Mrs. Kornbluth....The circulation of LIGHT is gradually growing- slowly, to be sure, but surely. It is interesting to note that it is finding favor among the gentler sex, most of the newer subscribers being young ladies....Alan Child is keeping himself in lonely sojourn in a sanatorium in Vancouver fighting that Ole Debbil, Tee Bee. This means MEPHISTO, which promised so much, is dead for the time being. Alan will appreciate letters. Use his home address: 680 Kingsway, Vancouver....Gord Peck, according to his last letter, had accepted a job with a dredging company in B.C. and was leaving home. Guess this rings the death knell to VULCAN also....HAS GODFREY GONE AND DOOD IT? WATCH THIS COLUMN....FLASH! Note from Frome says he is again interested in Tandom and LIGHT but probably won't contribute at present. Welcome back, Nils....Here it is! (see page 7)

CASTOR OIL AND PIRATES

(B)
Barbara Borard
9/1/62
00000

"Say," murmured a bass voice from the rear of the cabin, "there's someone hanging outside in a spacesuit. Should I do something about it?"

Peter Heclcy jumped and swore, as he looked in astonishment at the squat figure behind him. The Individual was short, and almost as long as he was short, with short dumpy arms and a round, good-natured face, like that of a circus fat man's. What must have been his hair stood up all around his head in short, sharp spikes. They vibrated gently as Peter spoke.

"What in the name of Rigellian rose-vines are you doing here? Who are you? How did you get into the ship?"

"Tell you later," was the cheerful reply in that earth-shaking bass. "What about the spacesuit?"

Peter tore his eyes away from the Individual long enough to glance into the visi-screen, adjusting it to the outside of the ship. A lumpy, dark object floated into view, arms and legs sprawling. He has a momentary glimpse of a pallid face, and curling tendrils of hair, damp with perspiration. With an unscientific mutter, he tramped to the air-lock and donned the spacesuit standing near-by.

"Why does everything happen to me?" he sighed. "I'm just an ordinary biologist, out on a cruising expedition, when out of nowhere comes a--a--" he looked helplessly at the creature, who had followed him. "A thing, and a girl is stranded from Heaven knows where in a spacesuit, outside my ship."

Still shaking his head, he swung open the heavy door and stepped into the lock. In a few minutes, he had swung up along the side of the ship and to the limp body above him. The sleeve of the suit was torn, and right above the rip was tied a cord, drawn so tightly that the flesh of the slim hand was blue, in spite of the intense cold. Grunting slightly, Peter hauled her down into the air-lock.

Inside, after removing his suit, he stripped the girl of hers, and laid her on the solitary bunk. The Individual peered interestedly over Peter's shoulder as he patted her hands and gently massaged the muscles of the neck. Eyelashes worthy of a Madonna parted and a pair of clear, blue eyes stared directly at him. With a gasp, she sat up right, and Peter winced at the terror in her eyes. With a firm hand, he pushed her back.

"Where are you?" she asked, and her tone belied her physical condition. Her voice was as cold as ice and as clear as crystal. It froze Peter up immediately.

"You're aboard the Mammalia," he answered coolly. "I've just hauled you out of the Universe at large, and resuscitated you."

Her slim eyebrows rose slightly.

"Much obliged, both for the rescue and the---resuscitation." Her eyes fell on the Individual and widened perceptibly. Peter whirled, relaxing as he saw the Individual leer graciously at him.

"I'd forgotten you," he frowned. "You answer the questions I asked you before."

The Individual bowed, with some difficulty because of his stature. "It's a pleasure. My name is Dlwrt Vltrnm, and---"

"Repeat please," frowned the girl.

"Dlwrt Vltrnm, and I'm a native of Callisto. As to why I'm here

is very simple, I want to ask your help."

"If you don't mind," said Peter dazedly, "I'll just call you Bill. You're perfectly willing to ask my help, but as to whether you'll get it is another matter. What do you want?"

The Callistan jumped lightly into a chair and folded his hands, smiling beautifully.

"An outlaw has set up his headquarters on our planet, about six miles from our city of Kzweln- er- Temple City to you, and every night they come in and tear it to pieces. That's not so bad. What bothers us is that our population is rapidly dying off from some strange disease they brought with them."

"Disease?" The girl sat up suddenly, her eyes full of that terror again. With a shudder, she laid down again, face paler than it was out in space. Peter shot her a startled look before he turned back to Bill.

"What is this disease like?"

Bill's smile did not change, but his hair struck sparks. Peter thought of an angry cat.

"It's a very horrible thing. It starts here with very disturbing influences," and he laid his hand in the general region of where an Earthman's stomach would be.

"Is that all?" Peter asked, hiding a smile. The Callistan nodded.

"They, er, disintegrate after about the second day."

"Disintegrate?"

"Ah, die," floundered Bill.

Peter frowned, and began to pace the floor. Then he whirled on the girl so suddenly she shrank back.

"We've had his story, now what about yours?"

She straightened a little, eyebrows crinkled. Peter found himself wondering how she would look if she laughed. She shuddered again.

"I don't exactly know, but I was on my back to Earth in a liner when we hit something, I guess. Anyway, after a few minutes, a lot of men in queer black spacesuits came into the salon and pushed everybody out of the airlock.... without spacesuits."

"Not everybody," corrected Peter. She looked up at him a minute, eyes stormy.

"No, not everybody. The leader wanted me to-----," she stopped, a faint blush lingering her cheeks. "But I wouldn't."

"Of course not," agreed Peter gravely. She looked at him a long minute, then dropped her eyes.

"He experienced a sudden change of heart and let me have a spacesuit. It ripped just as I was pushed out, so I tied it up with my bootstring. After a while, my oxygen ran out and I just lost consciousness."

"I saw you on my way in," chirped Bill. Peter frowned at him ruminatively.

"That reminds me, how did you get into the ship, anyway?"

"Oh, very simply. We Callistans are bundles of pure atoms, able to dissimilate at will. We travel about that way all the time, so when I heard of your ship, I came in, squeezing past the atoms in the wall."

"How did you know I was here?" frowned Peter. The Callistan smiled cheerfully, waving a fat paw.

"We aren't such terribly backward people. You'll see that when we land."

"Land!" exclaimed Peter. "I didn't say I was going to land, especially on your moon!"

"You'll land," was the calm reply, and Bill hunched back in a corner, still smiling. The girl smiled as Peter hurried forward to

the controls, stifling an exclamation as he saw
rising.

"We're coming down," he said in amazement.

"On Callisto," was the girl's cheerful answer. Peter didn't even take time to frown at her, his hands were busy with the controls, jockeying the ship to keep it even against the air currents, slight though they were. In a short time, the ship grated uneasily and settled down with a sigh of rocket motors.

"Come on," said the Callistan happily. "The air is all right for your lungs. It is air, but a bit thin."

Peter cautiously stuck his nose out and sniffed, beckoning to the girl. Side by side, they stepped out onto the rocky plain, and Bill lumbered off ahead. Suddenly remembering something, Peter dashed back into the ship, reappearing with a large bottle of oily fluid, which he tucked into a pocket. Then, taking the girl's arm, he set off after Bill.

"Did you have any kin or friends on that ship?" he asked as they strode along. She shook her head, keeping her eyes on the ground, without answering. Peter shrugged and gave it up. If she wanted to be mysterious, it was none of his business - but -

"What's your name?" he asked as they trudged on after the stocky figure ahead. She gave him a sideways look that did things to his heart.

"Dana," she answered, a twinkle glinting from between her lashes. "Dana-Smith."

"I'm Peter Keeley," he said happily. For some unaccountable reason, he wanted to leap into the air and click his heels. Must be the climate, he decided.

-To Be Continued-

THE ASTRONOMER

The crash and ruin of worlds within his ears,
Flaming periodic comets down the years;
Galaxies that tremble when vast suns collide
He checks within the notebook by his side.

The rush of meteor and the nova's glow
Ruining planets we will never know;
By night he traces in the mirror's face
The trepidations that occur in space.

When dawn is blushing on the mirror's planes,
He sets calculating at great length and pains,
His the loneliness of vistas strange to man
Who holds the universe upon a mirror's span.

- Virginia Anderson.

8-BALL
BEAK TAYLOR'S
(ONE)
(BIG)
(5 ¢)
(BIT)

IT'S READY! IT'S COLLOSAL!
Read...The Kindly Old Gentleman in
in Lower 13 by Les Croucher; Split
Second by Jack Mason; Some Words
With a Demon by Fraser Grant; Stuff
and Such by Fred Hunter.

Beak Taylor, St. Andrew's College,
Aurora, Ontario. It's only a nickel.

"Cherchez la Femme"

BY NANEK

All that man is today he owes to woman, yet every fantasy writer who brings love interest into a story draws down criticism on his luckless head. Without women, there would have been no hero for that story, indeed, there would have been no story, being as there would have been no author, and no readers to read it. Christopher Columbus found the new world because a woman believed in his crackpot

theory of a round world. Aha, so Chris has no place in sci-fi, say you? And when some stoop shouldered savant bursts through the Heavenside layer and returns to tell about it, what will you call him? I refuse to waste space on such an obvious answer. Yet that ancient mariner faced superstition

and bigotry that our hero will never know. Will your scientific Flash Gordon face legends of monsters lurking in space to gobble him up? Will his crew, if any, be afraid of falling off the edge of infinity?

So when that time arrives, don't be surprised if it is some gaga dame who sells her shares of United Steel at a loss to buy boiler plate for our hero's space buggy.

The heroine in sci-fi stories is always in trouble because the hero must exhibit his masculinity. And in rescuing her, display an inordinate amount of muscle and an infinitesimal amount of forethought and caution, better known as common sense. Just the old cave man stuff in gold braid and tight pants.

Hind you, I'm not defending the love-sick idiot who pictures his heroine pursued by alien monsters to her undoing, so that in rescuing her, he can ask her hand in marriage. Funny.....the fair one faces dishonor at the hands of everything from a robot to an oversized tape-worm, yet all this to the end of a safe and sane church wedding, orange blossoms and all, although there is no demsel living who could go through what our heroine has just endured and have the right to wear them. Gaa, the poor gal must be tired of virtue. And furthermore, who knows what marriage will be like in the future?

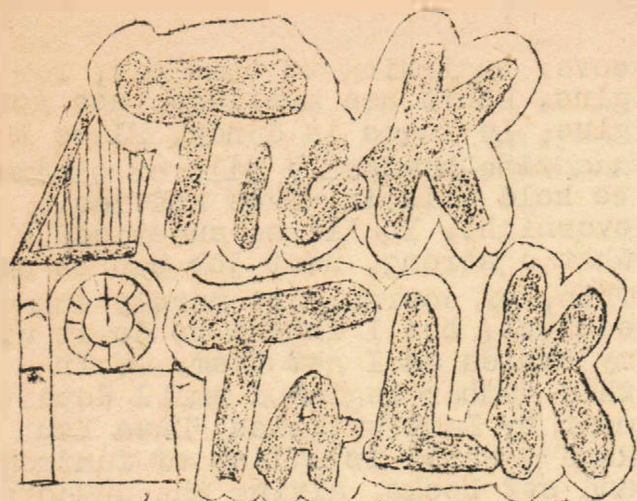
Another thing, must she always marry the hero? Hero's must be terribly hard to live with,

But women are a part of sci-fi? Sorry, old man, but they are still the only machine capable of bearing young of the human species, and that, no lads, is science, if not fantasy. All you have to worry about is not that they catch up with you, but that they don't pass you by!

The End

IF AND WHEN by Pluto

Oh! Would that I could concentrate,
Until in my etheric state
I'd roam this earth from pole to pole
And far-off stars would be my goal.
I'd visit Venus, Mars and Moon,
See Saturn's rings and vast Neptune!
But- since I chose a Western Nation,
This sphere must be my habitation.
I'll wait until some future life
That is not filled with toil and strife.
Then maybe I can sit and ponder,
And in my Astral Double wander.



By JOHN G. HILKERT

TICK-TALK GOES TRAVELLING

Your roving reporter here in Cleveland scans the newsstands and the country at large and reports on "America at War"....

At first sight the newsstands would bring back memories of pre-war ban days to all Canadians... there's the mammoth size AMAZING... over there is FANTASTIC and THRILLING WONDER and SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY... PLANET, CAPTAIN FUTURE... all the old familiar ones. And oh yes, UNKNOWN-reposing quite in a class all by itself, due to its non-uniform pulp size. Nor is fantasy and science fiction left out on the comic field. Such titles as PLANET COMICS, BUCK ROGERS, etc., show that even though strictly formula stuff, science fiction has a place with the kiddies. A higher plane is reached in a comic called FAIRY TALE COMICS, which is all fantasy of course. Such is the reading for Wartime America... In the dailies, syndicated, is a strip by the famous pastel artist Nesya McMein, DEATHLESS DEER, about ancient Egypt and modern times that is fantasy but somehow just doesn't click.

Has anyone heard about the moron who thought he was upside down because his feet smelled and his nose ran?

LIGHT FLASHES

MARRIED: Our own Sopper, Ally Godfrey, to Miss Delta in Ottawa, on the afternoon of Monday March the 29th., in the year of

our Lord, 1943. The staff of LIGHT extends its best wishes for a long and fruitful married life.**ENGAGED:** Sgt. Oliver C. Davis, who wrote EXPECTATION last year, to Miss Bobbie Connolly. It is expected they middle-aisle it almost daily, in fact, he may have dood it already....**Luck to you,** also Red, and Mrs. Red....news notes courtesy of MRS Bulletin Damon Knight, well-known American fan, has replaced Dorothy Les Time who joined the WAACS, has joined Fred Pohl on the staff of Popular Publications in working on that company's sf books..... Also from MRS BULLETIN: Paramount will have two horror films in production about the same time: "The Uninvited", taken from Dorothy Macardle's book, and "Henry Aldrich Haunts a House". Nelson Eddy is finishing his black-wigged role in "Phantom of the Opera" starring Lon Chaney, Claude Rains, Deanna Durbin, and some old-time favorites such as William Desmond, Maurice Costello, Grace Cunard, Hank Mann, Eddie Polo, Fritzi Brunette and Fay Holderness. The film is by Universal and is in technicolor.... **MRS BULLETIN:** Hugh Allen has put another Nostradamus book on the market to sell at \$5, and called "Window in Provence". If any of you fans of Jack Williamson would like to drop him the usual fan line, his address is Weather Station, 91st Air Base Squadron, New Mexico.... in return for a nice plug in the MRS Bulletin for LIGHT, I'll return the favor for you Canadians who want to keep up on American fan and pro news, get the MRS BULLETIN, 221 Melbourne, Minneapolis, Minn, c/o John L. Gergen. Price is 2 or 5¢....**FLASH-** Argosy for June (Canadian date) will start a four part fantasy by Henry Kuttner entitled "Earth's Last Citadel". In the past Argosy printed some very fine fantasies and under the new ownership is showing just promise it should continue to do so. Why not get a copy of the June issue and try this serial?Popular Pubs oughta give me

a years sub or something to Argosy in return for free advertising!... Remember Bill Temple's letter in the November LHM that he was away on overseas draft? I recently received an Airgraph from him that he was in Egypt. Considering the number of British fans who were in or near Africa when they bashed Rommel's nose in I expect soon fan dom will be saying that it won the war. Well, at least it will be a little different....Norman Lamb reports: "Super Science starts with May 1945 number to be a 250-er, and pages cut to 150! (C'est la guerre!) Unknown Worlds starting with June 1945 number goes small size with 160 pages, and smaller type and margins to get same wordage. Will use glue binding, no staples. Astounding will be the same, starting with the May 1945 number."If the S & S twins do go in for glue binding, you all know what THAT means, soon the backs will break, a page will loosen- I suggest that as soon as you get your ASTOUNDING or UNKNOWN you put a couple of staples in it yourself. With care this can be done as tightly and neatly as the publishers would. I have done it for years with copies where the original staple was bent or too short. I suggest using long staples from some other pulp magazine that you don't care about, such as POPULAR MECHANICS. I suggest that one because the staples, or rather staple now, is likely to be longer and sturdier than some. Straighten the two legs of the staple, and mark on the magazine where two holes will have to be punched or drilled. I'd suggest a very fine drill, believe it or not a needle in a three-jaw chuck drills a nifty hole. Insert the staple, bend over with a pair of fine-nose pliers to draw it up tight and then flatten, or if you haven't the pliers, then flatten anyway. Using the pliers you can draw the staple up as tight or tighter in some cases than was originally the case. This will make your copy last longer and believe you me, for you collectors, this is something. If the glue binding is loose, or the

cover beginning to come off, re-glue. Don't use mucilage, use good glue, Le Pages is dandy. Place the magazine between a pile of others to hold this in place and leave overnight. You'll be surprised what a strong, neat job can be done. This, of course, are merely suggestions, but I intend to do it with my copies as I get them....In this number begins a small department by Lamb entitled "Have You Read", which is a list of fantasy and sf books, giving the authors and publisher's name. If you like this and want it continued, please tell me so when you write. It is just a sort of catalogged guide for buyers and collectors and may help you to find something you had only heard about or may bring to you books you never even knew existed....

(Continued on pg 10)

HAVE YOU READ by
Sgt. H. V. Lamb.

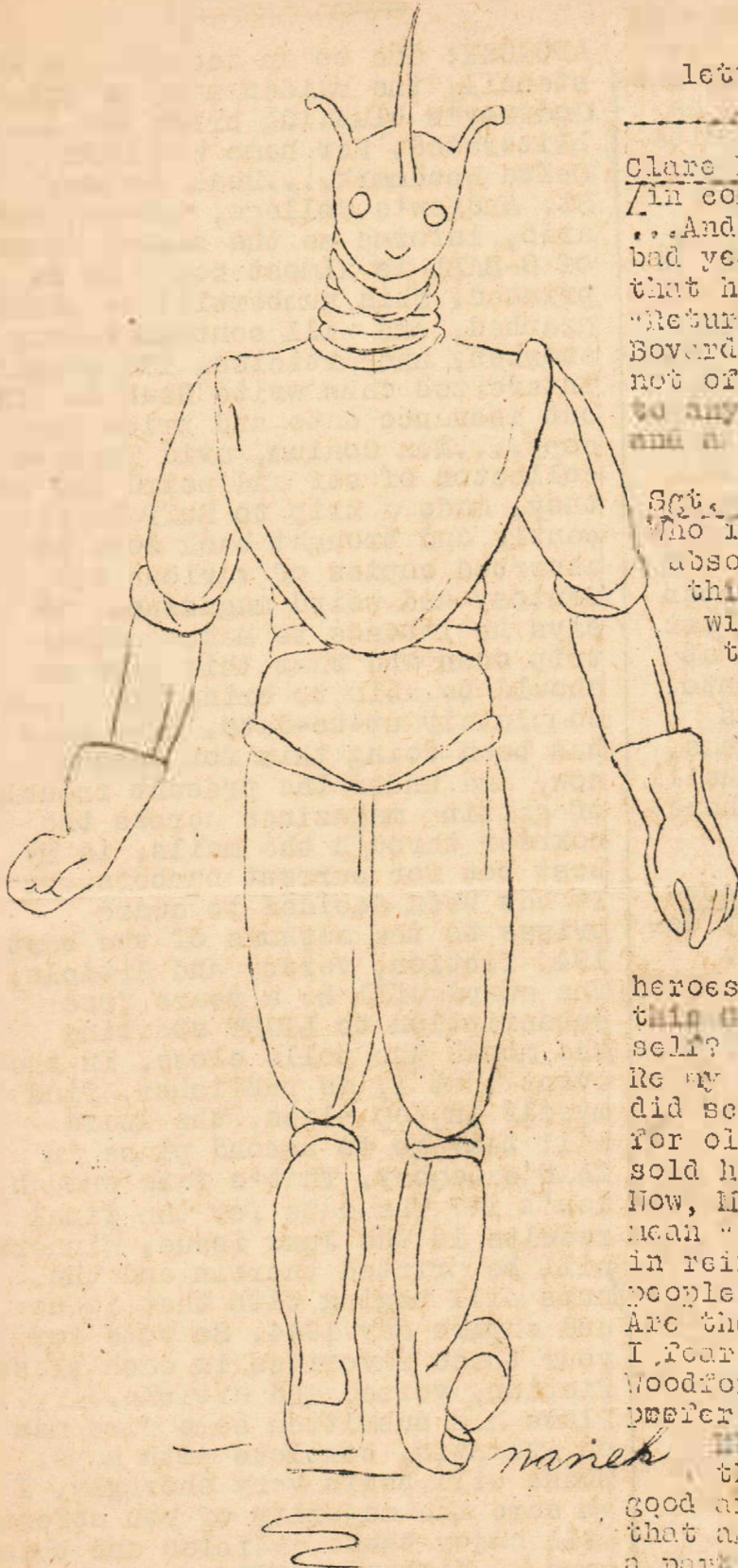
---?---

Souls Judgement Day- Judge H. W. Albans- Lorecraft Pub Co.
Jules Verne (n.f)- Kenneth Allott-Macmillan & co.
Dark Frontier- Eric Ambler- Hodder & Stoughton.
The End of the World- Claude Anet- (Trans. by J. E. Jeffery)- A. A. Knopf.
Man's Mortality- Michael Arlen- publisher unknown.
Not at Night- Edited by Herbert Asbury- Macy-Masius Inc.
Shudders- Edited by Cynthia Asquith- Chas. Scribners Sons.
Yezad- George Babcock- Cooperative Pub. Co. Inc.
New Atlantis (n.f) Francis Bacon- publisher unknown.
When Worlds Collide and After World's Collide (sequel) Edwin Balmer & Phillip Wylie- F.A. Stokes Co.
The Magus- Frances Barrett- publisher unknown.
Dreams & Delights- L Adam Beck -Dodd, Mead & Co.

(Continued in the next issue)

THE MAIL BOX

letters from the readers



Clare Howes, Toronto, Canada
[in commenting on some 1942 issues]
...And that completes 1942. Not a
bad year, but with only one story
that had any stature and that was
"Return to Lakar". Congratulate
Bovard on my account, for it is
not often that I give an accolade
to anything, especially a story
and a fun-story at that.

Sgt. Norman Lamb, Simcoe, Canada
Who in heck is Pluto? I disagree
absolutely with Pluto's ideas. I
think interplanetary travel
will come- and maybe sooner
than we think. As for the phy-
sical condition of the other
globes' peoples- how could
the str writer tell of the
hero rescuing the heroine if
she was a fat purple slug
with ten legs and six
arms? Have a heart, Pluto-
don't forget our luscious
half-dressed princesses
who have to marry the
heroes a la cummings. Where has
this Gwistlin guy been keeping him-
self? Ode To A Nut was funny. More!
Re my letter- Forbes-Brown and Mo
did scour all the second-hand stores
for old mags. I oughta know as I
sold hundreds to them. 'Stewth!
Now, Mr. A Ian Child, what'd'ya
mean "quaint to hear of believers
in reincarnation"? Over 1/3 of the
people of this world believe in it.
Are they all wrong and you right?
I fear I would not take Jack
Woodford as my authority on sex. I
prefer Havelock-Ellis, Freud, Kraft-
Ebing, Stekel and others of
the same ilk. You start a
good argument in your statement
that ambition and good fortune play
a part in the inequalities of ex-
istence. Have you ever heard of a

person who is as ambitious as even Horatio Alger would want who just
can't get ahead?

Alfred van Vogt, Toronto, Canada.

I enjoyed the Xmas number. Your story was the best in it. The article
about me was dramatically presented, but think of all that space
wasted just on a name. Do you refer to the article along or on the
out heading it, Alfred? -Ed.

Alabs

LIGHT 1944-45

...and mention of it reminds me of Mason. In former years my brother knew a fellow by name of Jack Mason. He was sometimes known as 'Acc', and I believe he was quite light on his feet. Also this Mason had very poor eyesight and wore heavy lenses. He was a bit deaf, too. You've met Mason the fan. Is he in anyway similar to the Mason I've described? If they are the same man, it is rather a coincidence that I should come across him again as a fan. On the other hand, I don't suppose for a moment that he would remember my brother Jim, as it has been six or seven years or more. I hardly think it possible this is the same fellow. But coincidences are funny and happen in the darndest ways. I'd suggest you get in touch with Jack at at Apt. 6., 38 Carlton St., Toronto. He will be there unless he has moved since January 6. If he has, phone MA5572. Ask for Howes- he'll be sure to know his present whereabouts.-Ed/

Edwin MacDonald, Inverness, Scotland
 Jessie Walker cheerfully declares that we have free will. "There ain't no such animal!" Every action we perform- without exception- is governed and caused by a number of factors without our control, including environment, companions, education, position, feeling at the moment, concern for result of action, and various stimuli. Wanna argue? Mrs. Walker will appear very soon in an article answering Bob's CONTRARIWISE. Possibly this will clear up some things for you-ED/....I had the pleasure of Bob Gibson's company for a day and a half not so long ago. It was in the month of December, and during a lull in the wintry weather. The train I supposed Bob would arrive on was due in shortly after my dinner hour. However, I had to go to the bank on business, and took a walk round to the station, hoping to see the son of Gab and prevent any of the witches and warlocks which abound in these here parts from enticing him away to a rather fate worse'n death, and for-
 (more on pg 12)

APOLOGY: due to an accident to the stencil, the maiden name of Spr. Godfrey's blushing bride was obliterated. Her name was Miss Delta Weedmark....Beak Taylor, St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ontario, informs me the second number of 8-BALL is almost ready to be printed. This number will be mimeographed, and will contain verse, stories, and articles. I'd suggest interested fans write Beak to find out issuance date and price per copy....Ron Conium, avid Toronto collector of stf and weird and fantasy, made a trip to Buffalo recently and brought back some 50 assorted copies of various stf, fantasy and weird magazines. He says he intends to make another trip soon and that this time he should be able to bring his files completely up-to-date. Sgt. Lamb has been doing this for months now, and under the present trouble of getting magazines across the border through the mails, is my best bet for current numbers.... It has been decided to award prizes to the authors of the best 1943 fiction, verse, and article. The award will be a years free subscription to LIGHT starting the month the polls close. In the event that I, as publisher, find myself in top place, the award will then go to second place in that category. That's fair enough, isn't it? The date for the final results is the June issue. Winners will be printed therein and the subs will begin with that issue and expire May 1944. So vote for your three favorites in each classification, verse, and article..... Pluto has submitted some fine mss on Atlantis, complete with maps. These will begin very shortly. I am sure the majority of you stfers will enjoy these articles and these maps....Virginia Anderson is doing a series of pictures on the planets, one for each planet. Three are already completed and in my hands. Immediately the complete set are on hand the series will begin..... I have seen some strange fanzines, and heard of stranger. Fanzines

and halftone are the usual. Out on the west coast the Americans brought out one on a phonograph record to be circulated among its subscribers. Hurter brought out his FAMOUS FANTASTIC MISERIES which is circulated from hand to hand, each recipient adding his bit. But- how come no fan has brought out one on microfilm? Photographed a page at a time on 35mm film and circulated among subscribers with suitable viewing apparatus. This system, believe it or not, would be cheaper than a printed magazine, and practically indestructible. Who will try it first, I wonder?....Fans collect books and magazines. Some among us can afford to go in for fantastic music on records. Will the day come when fans will own 16mm sound projectors and will have libraries of 16mm sound prints of professional fantasy and weird films? To these fortunate fans other fans would come, to sit and view these movies. Such films as "Metropolis"; "Here Comes Mr. Jordan", the "Cat People", and famous old-timers would live again as often as we wished. Maybe there would be organized a central library and fans would merely rent films for a small amount....How come fans with recording equipment haven't gone in more fully for making fantasy recordings? Throughout the country there must be many fans who would willingly pay to own recorded excerpts from famous stories. How about some club who has a member with a recording unit, acting out some well-known sf or fantasy story, complete with sound effects, and recording it. Copies could be sold to fans. Think of having some of the famous classics such as "The Green Girl", or "Moon Pool" or one of Lovecraft's works, on records to be played and enjoyed whenever we wished?..... These are merely suggestions, but most things begin with ideas and suggestions....And the L.A.S.F.S has Walt Daugherty....and Walt Daugherty is a recordist..... It certainly looks as though the gates are closed to us. No books or magazines have come through from the States to me for about two

months. And yet I have received letters from friends who took a chance and sent some to me. I guess we are under a ban as efficient as that of England. But why couldn't the government be honest enough to tell us instead of skulking like a thief in the night and just cutting them off?..... LAMB reports: "effective with the April 1943 issue, FUTURE FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION changes to SCIENCE FICTION STORIES. Pages reduced to 114"....I'd suggest to Doc Lowndes, editor of the above magazine, that he coin a new word for the name. Call the magazine FAIRFASCIENCE. There is something new that has never been used before. How about it, Doc?....A tip: that new writer being presented in ASTOUNDING and UNKNOWN, E. M. Hull, is another Canadian, and a mighty good writer, too.....thus endeth this number's column for the time being. Be seeing you next month. And oh yes, as special numbers seem to be the order of the day with certain of the pro-

--- W A N T E D ---

All issues of Street and Smith ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION appearing after April 1942... (that is, starting with the May 1942 number. Should be in fairly good condition.

WILL PAY CASH! (in Canadian funds) FOR SALE.

--XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX--

If you are able to supply me, wholly or partly, with the issues required, please write and let me know what you have and how much you want.

-thank you-

-XOX-

Send offers to:

Albert A. Betts
18 Wascana Avenue
Toronto, Ontario

-XOX-

lines, I wish to announce a special June edition of LIGHT. This will be a FEMFAN NUMBER dedicated to all the femfans here at home and abroad. The issue will be written and illustrated in its entirety by girl fans. If any of you girls want extra copies of this issue please write in early so I can make allowances for a bigger than usual run. The field for contributions is wide open, so if you have something to send, or you have a friend who does, submit it by the middle of May for consideration. NOW MAINS NEEDN'T APPLY! Give the girls a hand!

concluding The Hall Box

tunately I met him, and gave him instructions on how to protect himself....That evening the wind blew hard, and suddenly our house was shaken to the foundations. We discovered later that some tons of masonry had been blown off the top of the R.C. Chapel down by the river. Due to a slight miscalculation on the part of Providence, the priest was not beneath it when it fell. We had to barricade the house against the horde of evil spirits which rode upon the wind down from Tomahurich, now a cemetery, the Hill of the Fairies, which can easily be seen from the house. I was able to keep them from doing any harm, since I came through on the Halloween, i.e. an evil spirit meself. Bob survived the visit all right.

Cpl. Ted White, Canadian Army, Eng. Put to Spv (Muh!) Lamb. Has he gone thru life without being gypped? Was Quebec the only place he was ever parted from his measly shekels in an underhand way? Lucky as if so but I'll bet there is just as much gyping in Toronto, Winnipeg or Vancouver as there is in any city in Quebec. (Including Pappy Beaul, Ted & Ed Hall, the French didn't so be called illegitimates because they take the occasional sucker. /Some term it business shrewdness-ED/ Come on over here Muh boy, and see just how fast the Londoners you feel so sorry for

will grab your money when they find you aren't quite sure of how to make change in pounds shillings and pence! I was cheated out of a dollar or two in Quebec a couple of times in a most ungentlemanly manner because, as you say, I couldn't speak French very well. At the time I was sore as hell, but now I can understand it. Everyone lives by their wits at some time or other and when a sucker comes along, naturally you fleece him-if you have the nerve. The Frenchman that took me, owed me nothing and I to him likewise. Now, in England, the Motherland of our whatchamacallit country, the same language is spoken, and I visit on a mission to defend her from the big bad marauder from over the channel. Am I given the breaks? Treated with respect, and honored by those that are making a living by selling their wares to whoever comes along? Not a damned bit. I was taken for plenty and I do mean plenty. I'm still sore about it too. I am doing something for this country and when I have had enough, I can't just turn around and go home. I have to stay until their safety is secure once again. When I was in Quebec I could go home, and I did. Don't think I'm defending the French Canadian from any slanderous remarks that he rightly deserves. I am not fond of them all but I will give credit to my worst enemy if credit is due. What I am trying to do here is to show you that the guy next door may be thoroughly English or Canadian, and still he'll gyp you-given the chance. It's up to you whether or not you will be an easy mark-the guy's nationality hasn't a thing to do with it. /Ted goes on to have a say on religion but unfortunately, there isn't sufficient room to include that in this number. As for his remarks anent gyping, I agree with him. I am a businessman. I have found bad eggs of all nations and a person of deep religious convictions will gyp just as quickly as the most ardent sinner of deepest dye. However, I suggest this argument on the French question is about thrashed out and suggest that we change the subject before it becomes boring. What say?-ED/