

# L I G H T

## LIGHT FLASHES

May 1945

Number 128.

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CONTRIBUTORS: At present, material of all kinds on arrangement only. This also means ART.

IF ANY "X" APPEARS TO THE RIGHT, IT MEANS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION HAS EXPIRED.

coming next month: articles, fiction, verse and art by girl fans both in Canada and in the U.S.

Sorry about there being only 11 pages this month. But you are lucky to get even that, work is so pressing.

### NOTICE

THIS IS THE LAST ISSUE OF LIGHT TO APPEAR FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD. ALL UNFILED SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE REFUNDED AT A VERY EARLY DATE. material on hand will be placed with other magazines or returned. REASONS FOR THIS ACTION IS PLAIN LACK OF TIME AND NOTHING ELSE. SHIPPING WILL CONTINUE AND TO FURTHER THIS, A SWAP BULLETIN WILL BE ISSUED AT IRREGULAR PERIODS.

- Leslie A. Croutch

Another month has rolled around, and with it the necessity for dishing out another "Light Flashes" for you. August Derleth liked Laney's article in Acolyte so well he asked him to give it for printing in the next volume of the Lovecraft collection!...Howard Brown's "Warrior of the Dawn" is published by Reilly & Lee, Chicago....In the May Fantastic Adventures is a story by Robert Bloch: "Genie With The Light Brown Hair".....Fred Hurter, Jr., has finished his term at McGill's and is now thinking of getting back into fan activity. He says he will get out another Censored as soon as possible, and was thinking of even another!...Those of you who got the current 3-Ball are likely wondering what Fred Hurter's name or signature is doing in it. He visited St. Andrew's college recently and helped Beak put out the current number. It was Fred's idea to sign his name there to sort of fill up space....Here's as good a place as any: ASTOUNDING went small format for sure with the May number. UNKNOWN did also with the June number. This is fact for I have copies of each on hand to prove it!...Nanek got a letter or notice from Mary Gnaedinger to the effect that F.T.M was out for the duration! She wrote in to find out and Miss Gnaedinger wrote back to say F.T.M will come out occasionally, the next one being out June 18....Frederic Brown, author of 'The Star House' which appeared in Planet lives in Milwaukee. Nanek is planning on how to get in touch in touch with him as he isn't listed in the phone book....On April 2 1945 Sgt. Oliver C. Davis married his school sweetheart, Miss Bobbie Donnelly. These soldier boys don't waste any time once they are engaged, do they?....There is little to discuss or to tell you this month so I am afraid the column is going to be pretty brief. Till next month and the big Femlan number, cheerio, then.

# CASTOR OIL AND PIRATES.

BARBARA E. BOVARD

## conclusion

### Synopsis

PETER NEELEY, biologist, is on a cruising expedition in outer space, when his ship is "invaded" peacefully by a native of Callisto, by name one DWERT VLTRIM, who wants aid for his peoples who are suffering some strange disease, and a pretty girl who says she is DANA SMITH who was stranded in space by a band of pirates that had raided the space liner she was in. Neeley assents to the proposal by VLTRIM that he aid his people, albeit somewhat involuntarily, and lands his ship on Callisto. The story continues from there.

After a fifteen minute walk by earth-time, they came through a large gate and stepped into a city found only in dreams----or nightmares. High buildings shot up to unbelievable heights, soft lights came from posts set in the center of well-paved streets, covered with some resilient substance that gave under their feet, but which made walking as if it were on pillows.

"Um, I like this," said the girl, gazing about. "It looks a good deal different than from when I----" she halted abruptly, and Peter had a feeling she was going to reveal something. Pretending not to notice the breach, he tilted his head back to look at the buildings.

"Must be all of two hundred stories high", he decided. "I wonder how they manage to keep them down?"

"We don't have much atmosphere, remember?" chirped Bill suddenly, appearing beside them. Peter jumped, scowling. He could never get used to this queer little creature's comings and goings.

"Why don't you hear a bell?" he muttered savagely. Ignoring him, Bill pointed their way into one of the buildings. Getting into a sort of elevator that consisted only of a platform, they shot upward at a rate that made Peter clutch at the railing. The girl didn't appear to notice anything unusual.

The elevator stopped with a lurch, and they walked down a short corridor into a large room where hundreds of Callistans lay groaning on the floor.

"Calling Doctor Kildare," grinned Peter, looking about, then he grimaced. Some of the natives were in a state of dissolution and the sight wasn't pretty. He looked at the girl, who was slightly green, but composed. Turning briskly, he looked down the rows of moaning Callistans.

"Just leave me alone," he said, eyes twinkling, "and they'll all be out of here in record time."

Without a word, Bill led the protesting girl out and settled down in the corridor to wait. Three hours passed, and the door suddenly opened, ejecting a Callistan, who shot by like a streak, followed by more, then more, until Peter finally stuck his head out and winked at the girl.

"All gone," he said. Bill looked puzzled.

"What did you do?" he asked, looking after the last native. Peter shook an admonitory finger.

"Professional secrets," he grinned. "They'll be all right, 'til next time."



He got no further, as the elevator suddenly shot into view, containing four heavy-visaged men, fingering ray-guns. The girl gave a muffled cry, turning so white Peter thought she was going to faint. He looked at the men in bewilderment, as they calmly stepped from the elevator, seized him and the girl, and shot down again.

"Hey---what goes on here?" he asked, twisting in the grasp of a particularly husky individual. A grunt was his only answer, and with that he had to be content until they reached the street level and a gleaming space sled, into which he and the girl were thrust. The heavy door shot to and a lever clicked somewhere outside, Peter was hurled to the floor as the sled took off in a whoosh of sound and movement.

The girl calmly watched him rise and look about, his gaze finally coming to rest on her.

"What do you know about this?" he barked. She shrugged, seating herself on a shelf.

"We're in the hands of the Black Pirates," she said coolly. "The ones who captured the space-liner."

"Ye gods!" exploded Peter, running his fingers through his hair. "Take you in on this, too?"

She shook her head, a slight smile curling her lips. "No, not now. I posed as a member until I got what I wanted, and then tried to escape. That's the main reason, and the gold, why they came after me. There's not such a terrible lot of difference between bursting in space and lingering on without oxygen. It's just their idea of quaint humor."

There was no more time for talk as the sled settled to a sudden stop, throwing Peter to the floor once more. Cursing under his breath, he scowled at the girl's smile, and rose to look out the porthole. They were probably on the other side of Callisto, away from the city where they had landed.

"Hullo," said a familiar voice. Peter jumped and swore, looking down at Bill's short form. The stocky figure wavered and disappeared as the lock opened and a tall, lean figure stepped in.

Peter saw a lean, dark face, handsome, but saturnine, with black eyes, and a thin, aquiline nose, over a slightly smiling mouth. He was dressed entirely in black, and held a blaster in one hand, carelessly, as if he knew entirely his power.

"Well?" rasped Peter impatiently. "You have a nerve kidnapping me! I'm a commissioned scientist out of Mars, and I'm not carrying anything of value, so will you please release me at once."

"Take a breath," drawled the pirate, "while I introduce myself. I am-----"

"Jan Dart," interrupted the ~~girl~~ girl, wearily. The pirate shot her a keen look.

"Ah, Miss Kerry, we have you too! So nice."

Kerry! Peter swivelled around to gaze at her. She was the daughter of Kim Kerry, who had been the leading figure in spacetravel until his mysterious death a year ago! Peter remembered him well, soft-spoken, kindly, but a driving force that had put Earth foremost in interplanetary travel.

Jan held her with his gaze. "We have a special sort of entertainment for spies, Miss Kerry. It is nice to have you with us once again."

The girl shrugged, smiling, as Peter shot a glance out the porthole. There were only two men outside, lounging against the side of the sled.

"Say, Bill," said Peter casually, looking straight at the girl, who caught his meaning instantly, and nodded; "Will you take care of those fellows outside?"

He didn't wait for the result of his speech. Jan Dart looked around, instinctively, and Peter jumped him. The blaster snorted and

a swatch was cut through the shelf on which the girl was sitting, as Peter felt his knuckles crash into the other's mouth. The tall figure staggered back, stumbling through the lock. Peter leaped after him and landed a right on the button. Jan Dart slid to the sand in quiet peace.

He heard the girl gasp, and swung to look at the two guards. They were lying on the sand in various attitudes of agony, their bodies bloated and blueish. Bill materialized beside him, grinning happily. Peter grinned back.

"Hullo, Bill. How'd you do it?"

What might have been a shrug passed over the stocky figure. "It is quite simple. I just entered them and forced their atoms to move around a little. You humans are quite unstable creatures. The least thing off-balance and you are dead pigeons."

The girl leaped down and hugged Bill. His spikes wriggling in embarrassment, he squirmed away and grinned hugely.

"Come on," Peter climbed back into the sled. "Let's get back to my ship. How do you work this thing?"

Moving to his side, the girl flipped a switch under the porthole and the sled whooshed off. Bill sat on the undestroyed part of the shelf, swinging his stubby legs contentedly.

The girl smiled shyly at Peter, who frowned back at her.

"Now, let's have the whole thing," he commanded.

"There's not much to it. Jan Dart was a clerk in my father's employ. At first he was quite dependable, so much so, that my father entrusted him with the plans of the speediest ship he'd ever built. When I saw his chance, I guess, and took it. He and the plans vanished completely until the Black Pirates hove into view, looting the spaceways. My father suspected who it was, and somehow Jan got wind of his suspicions. The next week, father was---he died."

Peter patted the girl's hand silently.

"So," she continued, "I set out to discover if I could prove Jan's guilt. It wasn't hard to join their group. I knew the ins and outs of the liners pretty well, and I acted as stewardess on the ships Jan intended destroying. With a small camera I took a picture of Jan pushing a passenger out of the space lock. With that, I knew I could prove him a murderer and avenge father. Sometime later, I made my escape and boarded a liner. What happened after that, you know."

"You'd better get to their hanger," chirped Bill, suddenly. "They do have space ships, you know."

The girl took her place at the tiny control board and steered her way over the shining city. The pirate's ship gleamed in the sunlight below and she lowered the ship as Peter hung in the lock, blaster in hand. The sled made a swoop and he let go at the rockets below. The sled danced in a storm of atomic explosion as the ship below vanished in far-flung pieces.

"Now," he said, hugely satisfied with himself, "they can't get off the planet."

Sometime later, Dana and he looked at Bill, who sniffed mournfully.

"Cheer up, for goodness sake," muttered Peter, his arm about the girl. "I- we'll come back with the Patrol for the Pirates and stay for a nice long visit."

He waved a hand and shut the lock, and in a few minutes, Callisto was a silvery globe below them.

"What did you do to those Callistans?" Asked the girl coming to his side? He grinned.

"The combination of the rich food they ate that belonged to the pirates, and the space-brew they drank, was too much for their delicate chemical combinations. Too much--and I don't fancy they are temperate sons-of-guns--caused dissolution literally."



"But what was it?"

"Just the old-fashioned stomach ache," he grinned over his shoulder. "And the remedy, just old-fashioned castor-oil!"

E N D

## HYPERTERRESTRIAL

### NOMENCLATURE

in answer to beb,  
by Gordon L. Peck

I'm afraid, Miss Bovard, that for some under the influence of X I know when you can read that little morsel entitled 'Lunatic Terminology'. You profess to 'answer' me. Wherein hell did you ever get the idea that I wrote EE with any view to being answered? There's nothing to answer. I didn't deny that there were strange names on this world; in fact, I mentioned a couple. The names that you mention, such as Estolv, Turc, Skitin, Bovard, Denise, et al., are no doubt very, very strange and no doubt many a fan has sobbed with joy after reading them, but afterwards all they were earthly names, derived from good old Anglo-Saxon, French, German, Scandinavian, Hebrew and other roots, and as such, are automatically rendered unusable for otherworldly uses----- at ~~least~~ least, I can't imagine anyone but a numbskull using queer moniker out of the phone book for a martian or a Treconian. Of course, there are people whose imagination is so stunted as to be incapable of producing an outlandish name for an outlandish creature, but in the ranks of fantasy fans, that is practically an impossibility.

Can you imagine using names like 'Turc', 'Chentire', 'Skitin', when the man can think up such masterpieces as 'Valcron', 'Lethance', 'Saran', 'Tharlathotep', 'Nativa', and a host of others? Use your head, lil' woman. You could have saved a lot of rocket fuel yourself by just omitting the whole thing. If you care to spar further, I will compose another one called 'Screw Handles'.

## POLL RESULTS TO MAY 18.

Voting all along has been extremely light. So few voted I can't say these standings are conclusive except in the case of 'Return to Lakar' which drew such a large majority.

### Stories

Return to Lakar.....18  
Cavern of the Damned..... 5  
Homecoming..... 4

### Articles

A. E. van Vogt.....13  
Why Not A French Fantasy Mag? 4  
Birth of Ontario Pandom  
and  
Barbara Bovard Exists..... 3  
Verse  
Fantasm..... 8  
Expectation..... 6  
What Time Hath Wrought..... 5

Next month the winners will be announced.

## W A N T E D

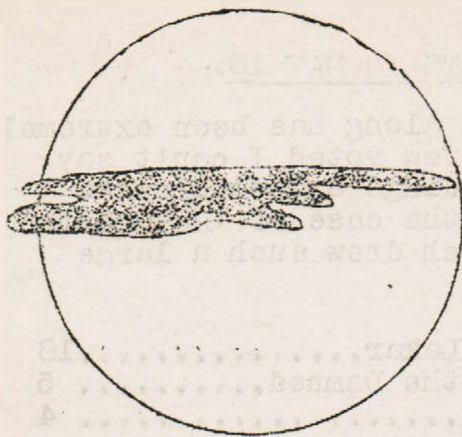
The following records:-

- 1 Wire Brush Stomp - Gene Krupa
- 2 Apurksody - Gene Krupa.
- 3 Drummer Boy - Gene Krupa
- 4 Dinah - Lionel Hampton
- 5 Bouncin' at the Beacon - Lionel Hampton.
- 6 Basic Boogie- Count Basic
- 7 Stormy Monday Blues-Earl Hines
- 8 Leaping at the Lincoln- Charlie Barnet
- 9 Take It- Benny Goodman
- 10 Sweet Sue- Benny Goodman
- 11 Coming On- Artie Shaw
- 12 Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar- Will Bradley.
- 13 Redwing- Jack Teagarden
- 14 Anything by the old Woody Herman orchestra
- 15 Anything by Will Osborne
- 16 Anything by the Metronome All-Stars

please send list containing price, condition, and records available to BEAK TAYLOR, ST ANDREW'S COLLEGE, AURORA, ONTARIO.

/adv/





Dear Earthlings; ---

Kindly dwell a moment in the sublime, insane fantasy where my creator once lived. You see, when I found I really didn't exist I had to keep quiet but some time ago I noticed a fellow looking up at me with the moody eyes of a philosopher.

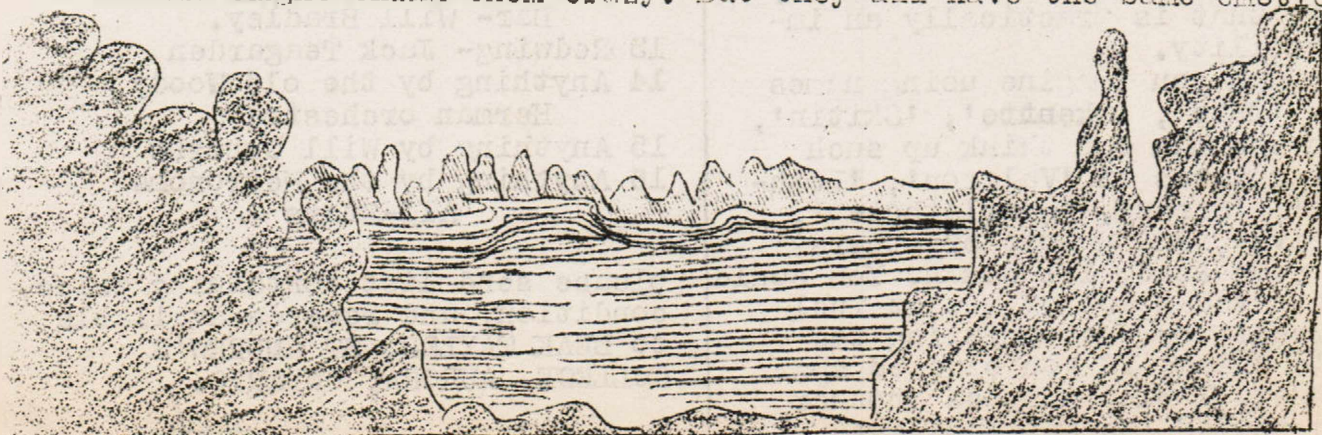
"How beautiful," I heard him say, "Surely such a kindly-looking face must be alive and must read the thoughts of all that look admiringly towards it."

I was puzzled. I had not heard a human voice for so long; ever since I found I was not alive, in fact. Surely I must be imagining

this, I thought. After all, I was thousands of miles away. Yet how could I imagine anything if I did not possess life. A feeling, a pleasant, enjoyable feeling, passed through me and my grin widened. I knew that I was living, after all. Oh, that I had a voice so that I might proclaim the happy news over the universe.

Suddenly it seemed that the philosopher was only a little distance from me. He seemed to be talking to me. His glistening young eyes were looking at me and smiling beautifully. Many men have talked to me but while they have been talking, something has told them how foolish it was. But this person had his heart entirely in it; he was too care-free to hold any objections and too gay to be afraid.

"I saw you smile," he said, "I know your feelings. A new dawn has come into your life and you want all to know. But hesitate, fellow. People would lose their confidence in you if they knew you were alive. It seems that people would rather imagine things that aren't true than things that really are. They confide in you because they don't think you understand. Folks hate to have their emotions known for fear others might think them crazy. But they all have the same emotions





anyhow. They confide in animals and stars which don't understand and you who does." He burst out laughing. "You were sitting pretty, up there. You can watch so many people. I'd like to change places with you for a while. It'd be good for us both. You've been here for thousands of years. You're missing the other side of life."

It was my turn to smile. At first he didn't see the cause of my merriment, or rather he mistook the cause.

"So you think it can't be done?" he said, "Well, it can. You've got to put all your imagination into it, that's all."

At that moment, to my alarm, my mouth opened, and I said, "No, that isn't the reason." It was a very faint voice and my visitor had to strain to hear it. But it was there, nevertheless. I made use of this great new power and said, "I smiled at your salestalk, that is all."

"Oh," he said, "That's my profession. At least, for the time being. I'm selling brushes to work my way through law school." He paused, then continued. "It isn't really strenuous work. I think you'll like it. Now, look, when you go down there, go to 647 Cedar Boulevard. All the brushes are there. In the morning start selling them. I don't care where. Now look at me."

I didn't think it was possible but when I looked at him I, too, was in the state that he was. My head swam and after a short space of time, I was where I had first seen him --- on the earth. I followed his directions and the following morning I started work. Everything went well: that is, I suffered no bodily harm. Fortunately, the iron a man threw at me, missed, I found lots of people, cranks, nice people, trying to get rid of me and some who took pity. Yes, I made several sales. But the people I saw were not the people I see from up here. Here, I see only the people God made, the way God made them. They welcome me and love me. Are they the same people that spurned me?

When I changed places with my friend again, he thanked me for the use of my brilliant body and after a little chat, departed. I was left to resume my life alone.

After that day, I often saw my philosopher friend. He married soon afterward. He often talked to me, but not as he talked that once. Perhaps that carefree nature had been partly extinguished by earthly problems.

About a year ago we had our last talk, or rather, he had it. "Hello there, old fellow," he shouted, "How are you? How's that beautiful little soprano voice of yours? That little transformation we had seemed very real, didn't it? And yet it never happened. All just my imagination. You know, on this world one has to be very careful what he believes. But people can't tell the difference between believing and imagining. No one can live in ~~my~~ reality all the time. That's what I say. Good-night."

Now I will never see him again. He died last night. Where he has gone I cannot say, even I cannot see that far.

So now you have my little story, earthlings, and remember as my good friend said, "Be careful what you believe what you believe, but imagine all you want."

Yours Sincerely,

Jack Moon, Esq.

(Editor's note: This was Mr. Child's first story in the realms of the fantastic. He was but 13 when he wrote it. This is an exact, unaltered copy of that first original. You will note that even at that early age, Child showed promise of being a fantasy author.)

G H O U L

by  
Gnr. W. R. Gibson

With eager glee I'll pick your bones,  
And grind my teeth in overtones  
Of pure and limpid joy;  
And praise again Mordiggian,  
That you are plump, my boy!

# RECIPE FOR A ROBOT

by  
John Guislin

A piece of tin,  
A pile of bolts,  
A couple of nuts to fit;  
A rusty nail,  
An old tins pail,  
To be the head of it.

A few small wheels,  
Some first class heels,  
And a battery to make it run;  
For arms use cranes,  
If any, add brains,  
And your robot, my dears,  
is "done"!

## HAVE YOU READ? by Sgt. N.V. Lamb

Episodes of Vathok- William Beck-  
ford-

History of the Caliph Vathok-  
William Beckford- pub-  
lisher unknown.

Bison of Clay- Max Begouen-  
Longmans, Green & Co.

Looking Backward- Ed. Bellamy-  
2000-1887 - publisher  
unknown.

Moons, Myths & Man (non-fiction)-  
H.S. Bellamy- Harper & Bros.

Tales Before Midnight & Thirteen  
O'Clock- Stephen Vincent Benet-  
Farrar & Rinehart.

The Demigods & The Sea of Dreams-  
Alfred Gordon Bennett- Jarrolds,  
London.

Atlantide- Pierre Benoit- Duffield  
& Co.

Visible and Invisible- E. F.  
Benson.

Lord of the World- Robt. Hugh  
Benson- Dodd, Mead & Co.

Atlantis- W. R. Beresbaum  
The Camberwell Miracle; A Common  
Enemy; The Marydenshire Wonder;  
Signs and Wonders- J. D. Beres-  
ford.

The Twenty-Fifth Hour- Herbert  
Best- Random House.

The Air Devil; The Space Raiders;  
-Barrington Beverley- Philip &  
Co, London.

Can Such Things Be?; The Devil's  
Dictionary- Ambrose Bierce.

(continued in the next issue)

## THE MAIL BOX

-letters from the readers-

Cpl. Ted White, Canadian Army in  
England. Child's letter is about  
the fourth I have seen during the  
last week or two stating atheistic  
ideas. I hold to no religion but  
I sure would like to know why  
everyone is raising the question  
that has bothered everyone for  
years. Some claim there is no God  
and believe it. Others say there  
is and believe it. They argue like  
hell and wind up with their own  
beliefs, unshaken, unaltered and  
everyone enjoys a nice juicy  
deadlock. The questions aren't  
answered but many friendships are  
tossed to the winds over it. It's  
something that will go on forever  
in my opinion and never will be  
answered to the satisfaction of  
all. I might change my statement  
above to I don't believe in  
churches. I do believe in God,  
however. I must have something to  
believe in for I'm quite normal  
and like the feeling ~~xxxx~~ that  
there is someone I can turn to,  
even if only spiritually. Ah hell,  
I'll be making a spiel myself if  
I don't forget it.

Sarge Norm LAMB, Simcoe, Canada.  
I say, old chappie, my guess about  
Pluto's identity is one L. A.  
Croutch. I hear that, Pluto? ~~Ed~~  
Puleeze, Deb- you don't really  
mean that man upsets the scheme  
of existence no end and that  
everything moved smoothly until he  
came along. If I recall correctly  
the general consensus of opinion  
is that back in the old pre-hist-  
ori c ages it was a case of kill  
or be killed. I refer to the age  
of the dinosaurs and flying rep-  
tiles (pterodactyles, etc). Do  
you think that this is a condition  
of smoothness? Things are still  
no better today, Norm. Man with  
his senseless wars still keeps  
the kill or be killed method in  
style-~~ED~~ One breed of life being  
extinguished to make room for an-  
other and so on. How do you know



But what the general idea of evolution called for him to act as he does? Similar upsets doubtless took place countless ages ago but instead of man doing it, it was a race of animals that was just a little smarter or more capable of orienting itself to changing conditions. No? As far as I can see the Buddhist's view of the soul is that each one is a minute portion from a central reservoir. At birth it goes with the body and at death it goes back to the Pool, there to stay until it is needed on Earth again. Their state of Nirvana is one wherein the soul has travelled up the human path until it becomes God-like and is absorbed into the Central or All-in-one Reservoir there to stay forever and not have to be returned to the minute speck of dust circling a third-rate Sun that human beings so modestly claim as being the all-in-all of creation.

Alan Child, Vancouver, Canada.  
The idea of devoting an entire issue to the forums is at least a new one and for that reason you should try it. Answers to Bob's questions: Q- What happens after the personalities have reached oblivion? A- They are bought by devils who deal in second-hand personalities and lie around on the shelves taking a well-earned rest until some lesser creator buys them, improves upon them and put them on lesser realms. Our "creator" buys personalities of higher realms, and so on. Q- What happens to their immortal souls? A- They take the "it" out and enjoy themselves. Q- In what way would their paying of debts help them along? A- This is merely a method of keeping the personalities fairly fit so that they will not be absolutely worn out when their term is finished. As only a ~~xxxxxxx~~ certain amount of evil is allowed to each, the evil cannot eat away the soul. Q- If a man is reincarnated again and again, shouldn't he remember some of those parts of past lives, shouldn't he remember some of those past lives and profit by those mistakes? A- Men remember their past lives which acc-

...for their setting when they are about to start another one. He can't profit by the mistakes as these when they reappear are disguised beyond the recognition of Earthlings. Q- How often does he? A- Approximately 1,412 times in an average lifetime. Some authorities say 1,456. Q- How high can they reach? A- As far as they wish except when a ceiling is placed upon their capabilities by God. Q- How many times does he backslide? A- This is not known definitely, but much work is being done on it. Q- Does he ever reach the part where he is so stuck in the mire and much of his own designing that he can never get out? A- Only in exceptional cases where God doesn't make him pay up. Q- What then? A- He's bloody well out of luck. I trust that Bob will find these replies helpful.

Harold Wakefield, Toronto, Can.  
Must say I'm in entire agreement with Hove's remarks about the general run of fan stories. I've felt the same for some time but said nothing not wanting to appear too critical. But you must admit that to fellows who have read as much as you and I, the average fan story is pretty awful. Mind, I don't claim I could do any better. I couldn't. /I have to agree with you, Harold, for you are right as far as you go. But it isn't fair to compare an amateur writer with a professional. It isn't any fairer than it would be comparing a high school water color artist with a great painter such as, say, Michaelangelo. Most of the present day professionals that please you, at one time were known very well to fanzine readers. Everyone has to have a small beginning. We all have to crawl before we can creep; creep before we can walk; walk before we can run. If amateurs were as good as, or better than professionals, they wouldn't be appearing in amateur publications. But that even isn't any disgrace. Thomas P. Kelley, Henry Kuttner, many others, even John W. Campbell Jr appeared in the past in fanzines in some way or other. -ED/

Enr. Bob Gibson, ~~Worcester~~.

At the Pentagon Building she (Bob) speaks of- I noticed an anecdote about it recently. A telegraph messenger entered and got lost. Five days later, when he found his way out, he had been commissioned a Lt. Colonel--- any truth in it? /????!!!!- Ed/ Nanek's illustrated quip is good again, even if I wonder at the suggested anatomy of the stone-age being. That right hand is not human. /Maybe Nanek is a female Ed Cartier, what?-Ed/

Beak Taylor of "S-Ball", Aurora, Ont.  
I have a kick to register. I notice in your advertisement in LIGHT for the Ball, you mention that Split Second was written by JACK Mason. Is my typing as bad as all that, or were you just confoused by that letter from Al van Vogt? I don't mind much but I imagine John Hollis Mason (can you read that?) would have appreciated his name spelled in the correct manner. /Well, blynie, mytes, see wot the cat dragged in! What a toff! I understood your typing all right, but Jack is another form for John so what was wrong with that? This isn't such a high-falutin' long-tailed white-tie magazine in which the dog is put on. And incidentally mate, van Vogt does NOT like the short for "Al"!- L. Alfred Crouth, Editor-in-chief, LIGHT. /I beak seeing you (heh-heh). /Men have been shot for lesser puns than that, mate.-Ed/

Beb, Los Angeles, Cal. Flash!  
Bovard joins FAPA! Woo-woo! Why don't you? /During the winter, Warner Jr put in my application for membership. However, due to press of work now I don't know. I even fear LIGHT may be further curtailed before many months are out!-Ed/n

Mils Frome, Fraser Mills, B.C.  
I agree with Child. Without the emphasis of the principle of sex he would not be man- he would already be more than half dead and belong under the ground rather than on top of it. It's like itself. The

actual manifestation of sex however is unimportant, tomy mind. Child has the psychology of the true writer. I flatter myself that I am among those who do not always necessarily believe in their themes. I, for instance, doubt very much, to say the least, that man will conquer space, or that science will bring about Utopia. But that does not prevent my writing about those accomplishments with great enjoyment.

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## ACOLYTE 104

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