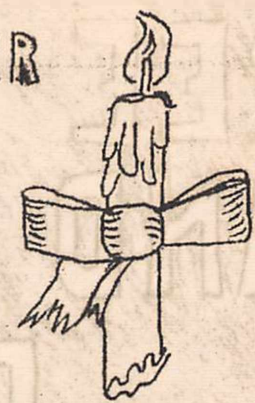
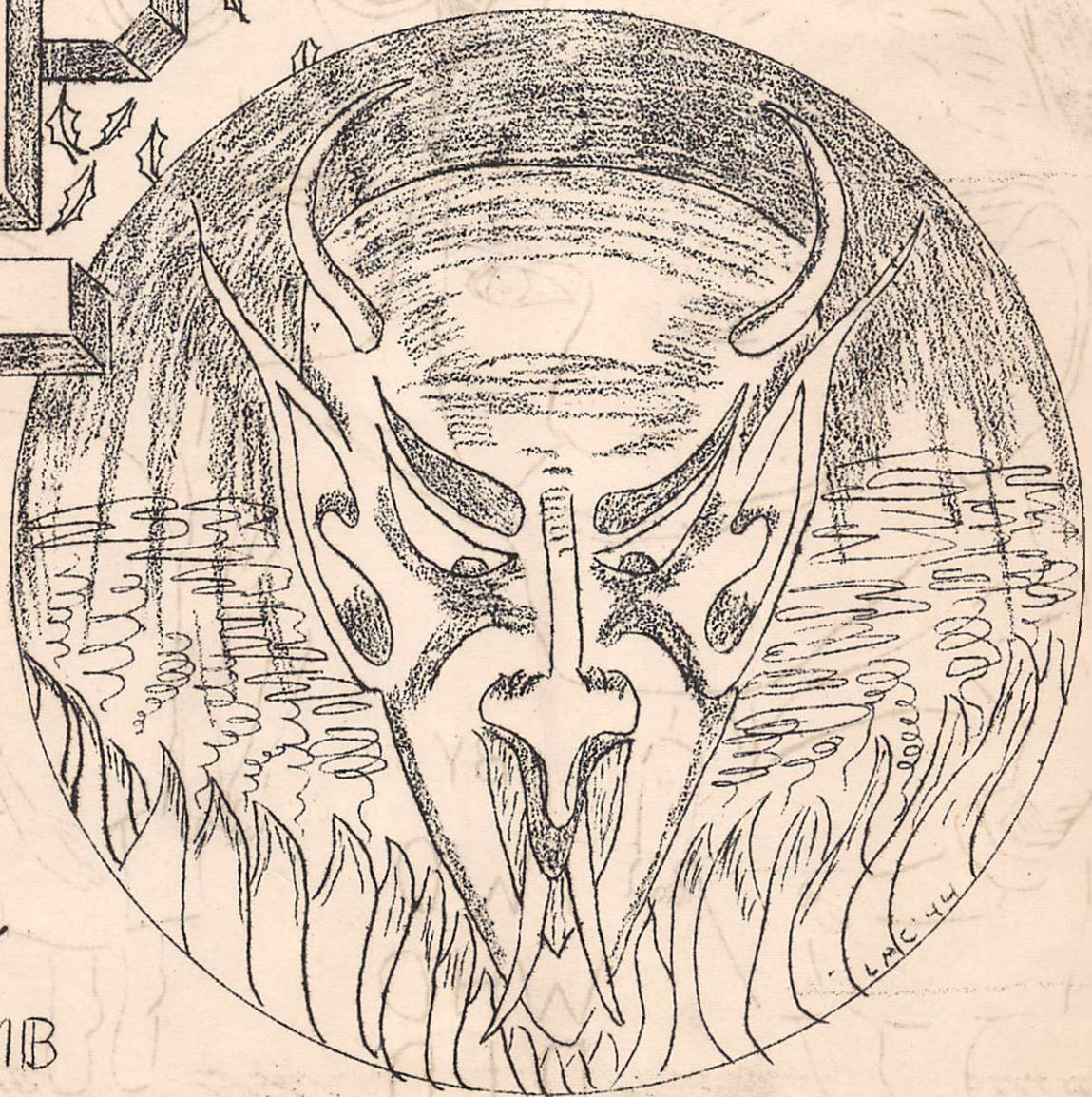


CHRISTMAS NUMBER



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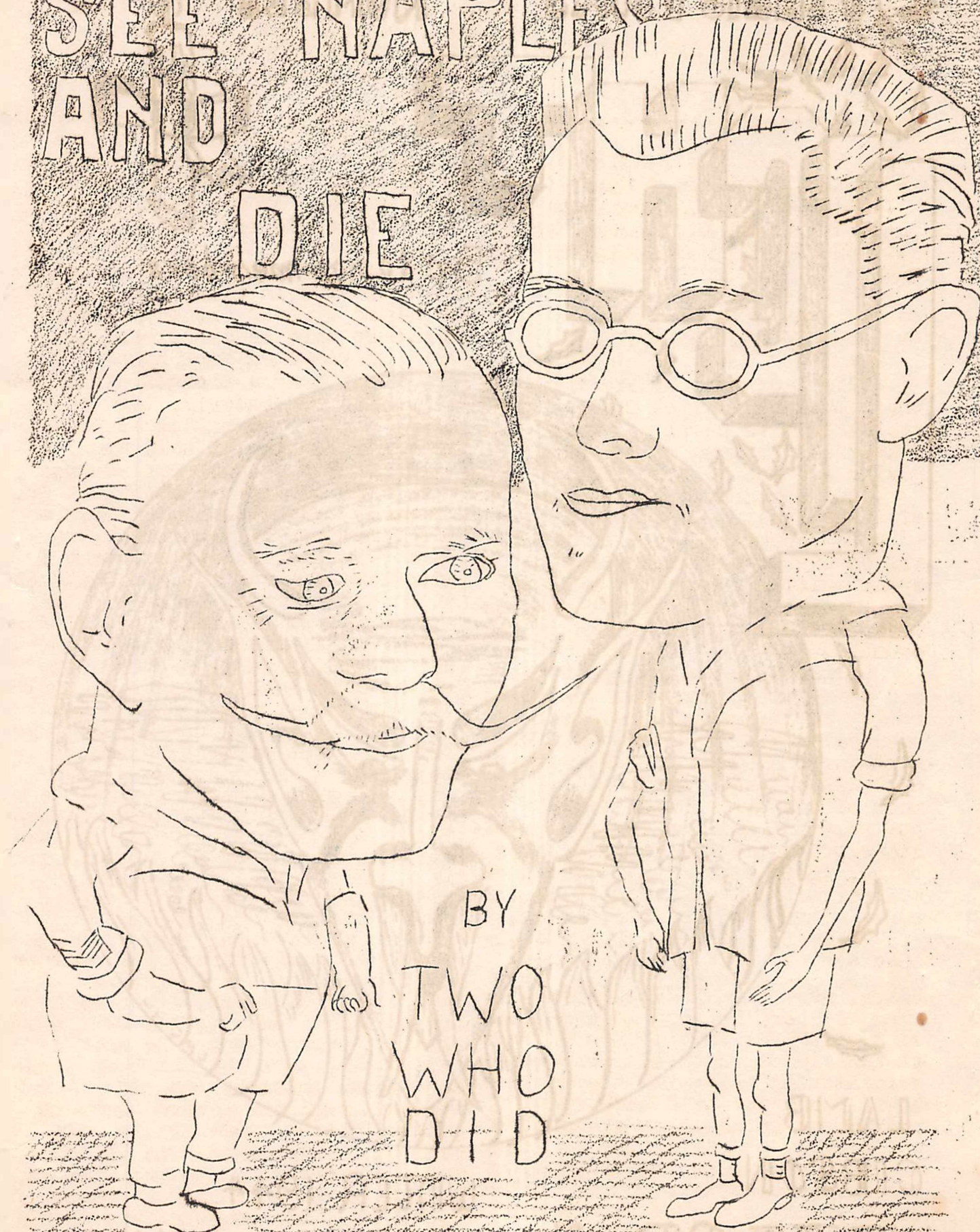


LAMB
GIBSON

METEOR BY
CROUTCH

WINTER 1944
NO. 133 FAPA EDITION NO 5.

SEE NAPLES
AND
DIE



BY

TWO
WHO
DID

NORM

BOB

SEE NAPLES AND DIE by

Two Who Did

"TWO WHO DID" ARE THOSE TWO DOUTY SOLDIERS, SERGEANT V (for Virgin-al) LAMB AND W. R. (for Robert) GIBSON, GUNNER IN THE C.A. THIS IS THE SECOND IN A SERIES OF HUM-OROUS COLLABORATIONS.

heading on page 2
by Gnr. Bob Gibson

The fact that travel broadens one's outlook was not fully appreciated by us until we found our selves in the land of red wine, garlic and scents aromatic.

Our appearance on the shores of Sunny Italy (adv't) was heralded by a torrential rain storm: so refreshing to us after the sea-spray which had dampened our ardors as well as most of our anatomies during the voyage to this country.

Alas! What callow ignorance was ours for thinking in our abysmally futile manner that we had been sent to wage combat with the Minions of Munich and their attendant sattelites. Little did we reckon of the genus Homo Italiana and how it would make us revise our beliefs of what constitutes a human being. These aborigines, with their self-effacing zeal, were to be the cause of much of our enervation.

Leaving the gang-plank we plowed our way through a clamoring host of ragged urchins: who, in color, were hardly distinguishable from negroes. As one, they solicited alms of us, in the form of chocolates and cigarettes. After we had successfully navigated through the vocal horde we found ourselves surrounded by clusters of gesticulating adult copies of the beggars. A large percentage (99 44/100%) of these representative mature Italians could easily have been qualified as high-pressure salesman. They

cheerfully and assiduously attempted to obtain possession of our hard-earned pelf in exchange for such nick-nacks that the Aryan Supermen had not deigned to carry away.

Brushing aside the importuning vendors of bricabrac, we ambled along the broad (at least 12 feet wide) main street. We shared this ultra-modern road with an approximate nine million inhabitants who, one and all, made their own traffic rules as they went along. We were held in thrall by the sight of store windows displaying merchandise that we associated with bags of pop-corn back home.

Just then a thought struck me- I greeted it tenderly, took hold of it gently and mulled it over in my mind. Turning, I said "Bobb (I call him Bob because his parents named him Robert) aren't there lots of foreigners over here?" He, in his all-comprehending manner, answered me in such fashion that I immediately knew that I had stumbled on a Cosmic Truth. He said "Yes".

This, to us, weird and bizarre state of affairs engrossed us to the utmost. Hastily we threw our brains into gear in order to ponder why such a thing should be.

Unfortunately our meagre mentalities were utterly unable to cope with this question of such world-shaking potentialities. We brought to mind the ancient dictum- 'When in doubt, just ask a policeman.' After searching high and low we discerned one, enthroned in all his majesty on a small platform; from whence he was graciously directing the horse, mule and ox-drawn carts hither and yon. Naturally enough he was a Military Policeman, so before we dared approach him we hastily but thoroughly cleaned ourselves up. We shined our shoes, polished our brass, pressed our uniforms and, in general went thorough the entire gamut of those actions necessary to make our Canadian soldier the efficient and ruthless fighting man that he is. We crept on hands and knees up to him, abased ourselves in the dust and begged of his gentle mercy

that he would enlighten our darkness.

In the purest English (we knew that it wasn't Italianas soon as he opened his mouth) he boomed out his answer--- "Ye pair of gormless boogers, theey've all been boorn 'ere, you'm the ----(deleted by censor) foreigners naow!" We hastily kowtowed, bumped our foreheads on the ground and departed speedily from his presence.

We were utterly confounded by his answer and berated ourselves mentally for not having thought of this commonplace reason ourselves. We walked along, oblivious to all around us, until a shrill cry rang in our ears. Turning around smartly we searched for the owner of the voice that had cried out "Hello Joe." We espied the nondescript ragamuffin who was guilty and walked over to him. As we stood before him our ears were assailed by a gushing flow of an utterly unknown language. At times we believed that it faintly resembled English but we couldn't be positive. It bore the same relation to our language that double-talk does. It held us in its thrall and we resolved that we would not rest until this new and outre language was known by us.

With the aid of profuse use of sign language we were enabled to find the street that led to the ever-popular district where all the--- NO, it wasn't THAT district--- book-stores were located. We discovered a typical book-nook and gazed spell-bound through its windows. Soon we espied one 'English-Italian-Dictionary'. Entering the sacred precincts we made known our wants and after many trials and tribulations walked away with a copy of this priceless work in our possession.

That same evening at camp we discovered to our mutual amazement that we had gotten more than we wotted. By reason of the purchase of this 'Pearl-of-great-verbosity' we could not only find out how to ask for a good 5¢ cigar in Italian but--at the same time we had lo-

ated the source of that wonderful language that had echoed and resounded through the streets of Glamorous Naples (adv't.).

Do we hear you anxiously enquire what tongue it was? All right-- even if you didn't want to know-- here is the startling secret. It was English as she is speak in Italy.

Now we will bring you a few samples of what the Italians humorously assert is the language of Shakespeare, Milton and Leslie A. Croutch.

The first column consists of words which they are led to believe are English. The other column contains words that they should use.

Abaisance-----	obesiance
Abditong-----	hiding place
Abduce-----	seduce
Abidar-----	inhabitant
Abigail-----	chambermaid
Adisist-----	desist
Acer-----	maple tree
Accuaint-----	aquaint
Addibility-----	possibility
Addiect-----	delicate
(to) Adesive-----	(to) adhere
Adortation-----	exhortation

If, after you have read ~~this~~ these, you would like to see more of them; just address a letter to the Editor of LIGHT and ask him to bring you more instalments of 'The Unique Course of Imbasic English' by The Old Sarge.

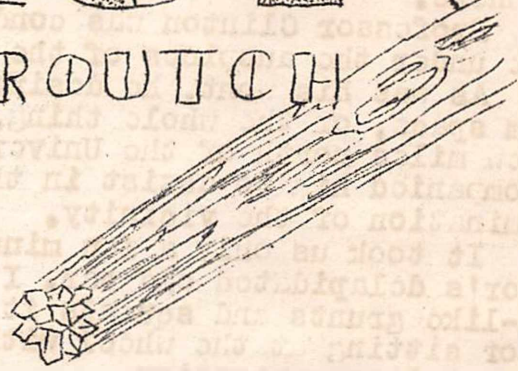
N.B: The incidents in this story are not necessarily true--- but they convey the writer's impressions faithfully.

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() () () () ()

Bejazes, fans! Dr. Be-
jazer is in it again.
Another Dr Bejazer story
coming up in Light.
Remember "Dr Bejazer's
Health Belt"?

METEOR

by LESLIE A. CROUTCH



I am writing this in my stratosphere plane nearly one hundred miles above the earth's surface. Through the window at my side I can look

down on the world below. It is with sorrow in my heart that I put down on paper what will likely be the last written words of a proud world.

It is night, but what a weird night. From the seething inferno that was the earth, a reddish, bloody glow rises, to seep through the windows of the cabin, and make flickering shadows on the walls.

A long time ago, the peoples of my world worshipped a book which they called The Bible. In it was a prophecy that the day would come when the earth, and all that was on it, would burn in an all-consuming fire.

Now the earth is burning. All that was of it has long since perished and been destroyed. Soon, too, I will fall, to die in the Flame. The motor of my plane will run only a little while longer.....the fuel is almost gone.

Why do I write, when none shall read what I put down? To keep my mind from thinking. Thinking of the glorious past, when green fields, and brown mountains, and great cities graced a fair world, and made of living a continuous pleasure. Thinking of what might have been, but will never- can never, be.

I blame none for what happened. It was all a mistake, a grievous blunder in the never-ending search for truth and the light of science. That the earth should die as a result is perhaps the wish of the

Great Scientist, whose workings will never be known.

So I die in peace. I spend my last hours in silent contemplation, and the memories of a life that was full, and not in ravings and regrets.

One year ago, it was, that the meteor fell. Blazing its fiery way through the bejewelled firmament, it fell to earth, leaving behind it a beautiful trail of glowing fire to mark its passage through the atmosphere.

Professor Clinton was conducting experiments on meteors at that time under the auspices of the University of Locke. I was his assistant.

As was his wont, he desired either a portion of this new visitor from space, or the whole thing. And this time, as it had fallen only a few miles north of the University, he went to dig it up himself. I accompanied him to assist in the manual labor, and also the scientific examination of the vicinity.

It took us only a few minutes to drive to the spot in the professor's dilapidated old car. I can still remember with some humor the pig-like grunts and squeals it made as it struggled along, the professor sitting at the wheel with an intense look of muscular as well as mental concentration.

The place where the meteor had fallen was marked by a shallow crater perhaps three feet deep, and as wide across the top. The sides of the concavity had been fused by the intense heat, and presented a black, glassy appearance. The meteor itself was plainly visible at the bottom.

After only a few minutes of work, we had it out of its resting place. It looked like all the others I had seen. Its sides were still glowing from the intense heat generated by the friction of its passage through the atmosphere, and the warmth could be felt quite distinctly even through the heavy asbestos gloves and aprons we wore for protection.

After giving it time to cool further, we loaded it into the car, and started back to the University. There we would study it at our leisure.

Upon examining it closely, we found it to have a remarkable cleft around the largest part of its circumference. The fusing which had taken place had not affected this slit in the least. Professor Clinton thought that the meteor should split in two parts quite easily if a sharp instrument were inserted in this thin crack.

A cold chisel with a thin edge was promptly used. The professor held it, and I did the hammering. I expected it to be very difficult, if not impossible, to thus break the rock. You can imagine my surprise when, on the fourth blow, the thing parted very neatly along the plane of cleavage.

I don't remember what we expected to find, but it certainly was not what we did!

Like the kernel from the shell of the nut, a crystalline substance about the size of a baseball fell from its containing pocket in the meteor. It must have been of artificial origin, for nature never fashioned anything so faultlessly. In its very centre I could see a cloud of vague smokiness, a greenish hue in color.

The crystal rolled along the white top of the laboratory table, coming to rest in a pool of sunlight. For a few moments it lay quiescent, reflecting none of the light, but seeming to absorb it. The professor stretched forth his hand to pick it up. Then the ball seemed to come to life. The sunlight it had absorbed seemed to be released all at once. It blazed forth in an intangible wave that threw us back. Then, as quickly as it had flared up, it died down.

"What the devil!" The professor exploded. That he was startled was evident, for he had used the strongest expression I had ever heard

from him during our long acquaintance.

Then the crystal ball flared up again, and as quickly died down!

This second flare-up was doubly surprising. Upon my suggestion that we delay further attempts to handle the thing, but merely watch it closely for the time being, we seated ourselves comfortably and began a watchful vigil.

After perhaps a dozen of these periods of brilliancy and dimness, I remarked.

"Do you notice that the action of the crystal appears to be periodical?"

"Yes," my superior answered. "I did, and I suggest we time these periods and make note of them for future study."

No sooner said than done. We found that the peaks of brilliancy occurred exactly every two minutes.

"There seems to be no heat from it," he remarked.

For two days we studied the action of the crystal. We found it to be intensely radio-active in nature; this was brought to our attention rather forcibly one morning, when we found it lying on the floor. There was a round hole in the table top where the metal and wood had been disintegrated.

Where it was now lying it was completely out of the sunlight. Its periodical flashing was absent. Evidently it only acted that way in the presence of sunlight. However, it shimmered bluely, and the greenish cloud in its heart was much more pronounced than it had hitherto been.

Most of that forenoon was spent in constructing a leaden box in which to keep the strange ball from outer space.

.....what is that? The motor of the plane seems to have hesitated for a moment! There it is again- a halting note in the smooth drone of the engine- the fuel must be getting low. I must look- Yes, it is getting low, the motor will run for about fifteen minutes more- if that long! Then I will fall, fall into the earthly inferno that is so plain to be seen below. But, I must continue with my narration- a narration that will never be read! But it serves to relieve my mind, to make me more calm than I might otherwise be. As my time of living is short, I will cut short the unnecessary details. What do they matter, anyway? Merely small links that bind together the longer chain of circumstance.....

After placing the crystal in the leaden box, we continued our studies of its composition. That we had something very much out of the ordinary, we knew full well, and we wished to gain as much knowledge as possible from it while the opportunity was at hand. It was radio-active and might dissipate sooner than we expected.

Well, the professor tried the spectro-radioscope on it, but to no avail. This apparatus is about the same as the now out of date spectro-scope, except that it is infinitely more sensitive- relying on radio circuits that were the professor's own development for the detection and measurement of the different shades of lights and colors.

To our great surprise, the radio-sensitizer could detect nothing at all. We were, therefore, unable to analyse the composition of the meteor-crystal. This was, needless to say, very disappointing.

After several days of fruitless work, Professor Clinton decided to treat the crystal to the tender mercies of the disrupter.

Perhaps I should explain the term "disrupter" in fuller words. It utilises ultra-high frequency radio waves to break apart the atom.

It is not a disintegrator in the strict sense of the word. As it does not actually destroy the atom, but merely breaks it up into sections, it is easy to see why it is called the "disrupter". We were determined to analyse the atom of this strange crystalline substance if we could do nothing else.

Accordingly, a small portion of the crystal was broken off. This we placed in the disrupter, and applied- in the vernacular of the vulgar- the "juice"!

The results were surprising to say the least.. Or maybe it would be more correct to say the lack of results, for the rays had absolutely no affect on the material whatsoever!

By now, I am sorry to say, we were becoming very short of temper. Perhaps if we had been just a little more patient, we would not have done what we did,

.....the motor is halting again. I must hurry if I am to finish this before I go. WHY must I write this? Something seems to be urging me on...I can no longer truthfully say it is only to pass my last few minutes. I could be using my time to better advantage if I were preparing to meet the Great Scientist. But something- Something- SOMETHING- is urging me to write...write.....

Seizing up the crystal, the professor turned to the synthetic diamond saw to cut another piece off.

Suddenly he stopped, staring at the thing in his hand.

"I think we'll put the whole piece in the disrupter this time instead of only a small portion. It looks like it might have a flaw in it- this greenish portion, you know." He said, turning to me.

I don't remember whether I felt a premonition then or not. But I do recall protesting, not very firmly, though, I must admit.

"Better not, sir. We don't know anything about the crystal, and the forces beyond the ken of men may be released!"

He only laughed at my fears and continued fastening the mineral- or was it synthetic, made by the people and science of some alien world- in the clamps of the disrupter.

Again I felt that unaccountable chill as I watched him prepare to throw the big switch that would release a torrent of high-frequency radio waves about the crystal. In my imagination, it appeared to glow with a baleful light all of its own.

.....I must see how the fuel is holding out....it's almost gone.....then the long, downward glide, ending in the eternal fire bathing the world below.....

With the flashing of great sparks of electrical fire, the switch was plunged into the copper contacts.

Then- it seemed to happen in an instant of eternity- the faint ethereal glow of the rays playing over the crystal, the heightening of the responsive light from the crystal itself, and the sudden, terrible flash of fire- like that of a thousand bolts of lightning leaping from cloud to earth, and from earth to cloud- a shattering explosion as atoms were ripped asunder, and their all-powerful energy released in a split second- my being flung back through the space where the laboratory wall had once been- and the heaven-high knife of white flame, flame without the slightest vestige of heat, driving up, up, from the spot where the disrupter had stood.

.....the motor has failed! The plane has already started its

----- (9) -----
final plunge to the world of flame below.....

I must hurry; my time is short-

I was terribly injured from that explosion. But I soon recovered and was about. Of the professor, no sign was ever found; he had perished in the all-consuming flame he had released.

That infernal crystal from the far depths of outer space began the uncontrolled release of atomic energy! Something generations of scientists had searched for unsuccessfully. Now they had it, but it was destroying the world!

For, like a festering sore, the centre of disturbance grew. A lake of glowing, heatless flame, it was at first a scientific curiosity and a mecca of honeymooners. But as its area grew, and it showed no signs of diminishing, fear was born, and spread through the land like wild fire.

Investigations proved that nothing would- could- stop it. The earth was doomed. In a few short years it would succumb to the atomic cancer.

.....not much further to fall. But the fire that was the destroyer of all humanity will not get me alive. I have a little capsule of cyanide within easy reach....I'll swallow it before it is too late.... funny why I am so eager to write when all is lost.... perhaps there is some reason.....

As the peoples of the earth received word of their doom, they prepared to spend their last days in as happy a manner as was possible. Some became religious fanatics. Others descended to the lowest depths of evil and lust. A few looked at things with a philosophical air and were the calmest of the lot.

Over the whole earth, the fires of atomic energy released, spread. Millions perished. Soon only a small island in mid-Pacific was left. There a group of scientists and their families waited to meet their fate. I was one of that few.

At the last possible moment we took to the air, in our stratosphere planes. I don't know why we did, there was no sense in doing it, we would only be forced down when our fuel gave out. But the will to live is strong, and every additional second of life wrested from the Grim Reaper is doubly precious.

All the others were forced down long ago. I am the last of the human race. Now, too, I must go to meet the Great Scientist.

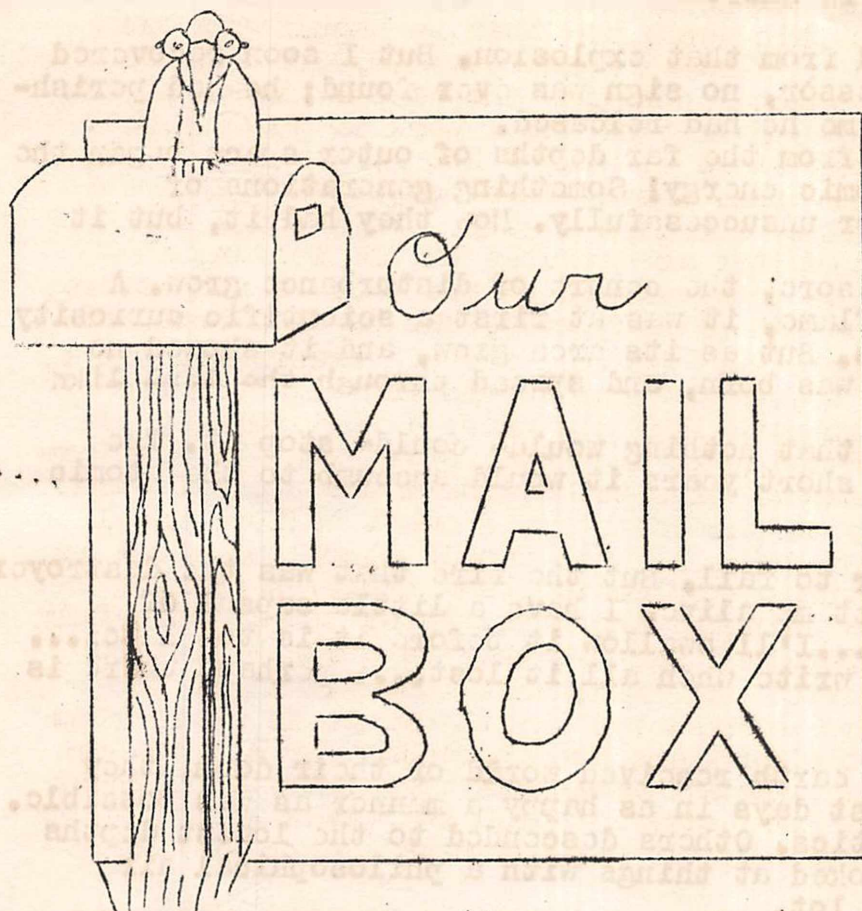
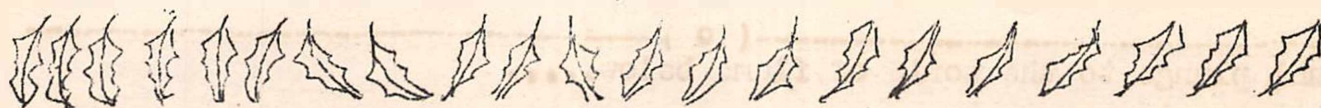
I have swallowed the capsule. I am waiting to meet my fate calmly. I lived my life to its fullest extent, and I have no regrets. Still, it hard, so hard, to die when you are young, and strong, and full of life.

I can see the mass of living flame quite plainly now. It is about time that that poison was working....I hope I didn't put it off too long!

Still I wonder why I was urged to write the foregoing. Perhaps some alien scientist has been forcing me through the medium of thought. Perhaps all this was prearranged. Perhaps that crystal was sent to our earth on purpose by an alien race who wished it destroyed for some purpose of its own. Perhaps I will not die, but will.....

The gleaming, sleek stratosphere plane sliced down through the night sky to plunge into the scorching mass that once had been a world.

.....THE END.....



MERRY CHRISTMAS, READERS OF 'LIGHT', AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR, WHEREVER YOU MAY BE.

HERE IS ANOTHER CHOICE COLLECTION OF LETTERS, PICKED NOT WITH THE INTENTION IN MIND JUST TO MAKE THIS A BIGGER DEPARTMENT THIS TIME, BUT WITH THE GOAL IN MIND TO MAKE IT EVER MORE INTERESTING, AND ENTERTAINING. LETTERS

ARE NO LONGER PICKED BECAUSE THEY DEAL IN FANTASY OR FANDOM, BUT BECAUSE I BELIEVE THEY SAY SOMETHING I THINK YOU WILL ENJOY READING. WHY DON'T YOU WRITE IN AND RELATE THOSE INTERESTING STORIES YOU KNOW? MAYBE THEY WILL MERIT REPEATING HEREIN.

THE EDITOR.



25th of June, 1944 LAC EDWIN C. MACDONALD, Moss bank, Sask: I have been kept very busy here, although the weather has prevented us from doing as much flying as we should have done. I believe we'll be getting our first progress exams this week, and then we should get our second 72 hours leave. I had my first a fortnight ago, and enjoyed myself immensely in Regina, which I consider one of the finest cities I've been in. On arrival there, my friend and I went to the Y.M.C.A. Hostess Club and were promptly fixed up with a Doc Parker and family, who looked after us very well. This was my first experience of the life of a typically middle class Canadian family, and I found it quite like the American family life as depicted on the screen, although the latter is of course exaggerated. Maybe this is unnecessary, but just in case somebody doesn't already know, Mac is from Scotland- Ed I like the clean wide streets of Regina, the big modern buildings, the beautiful parks and the beautiful wenches who run all over the place, and lie sun-bathing in revealing costumes. I particularly enjoyed a row on the lake, and lying in the boat, surveying the blue expanse of water fringed by rows of pine trees 'neath the wide Western sky. Regardless of evidence to the contrary, I don't believe Mac is a poet-Ed It was a scene far from the war- people strolling about in their holiday clothes, or swimming or rowing, and children running about guzzling ice cream and drinking lemonade. These people certainly don't know much about war, though I suppose they're doing their bit as much as they can. Well after all, Mac, what sense is there in undergoing hardships that are unnecessary? Why blackouts if we fear no air raids? Why bomb-shelters when there are no bombs? Why sit at home and chew on our finger nails and wear ourselves to a frazzle? When we are not working why not rest and play? It would be rather silly, I think, to do anything else:-Ed But it was pleasant to see so many people having a good time.

To record a few more impressions of Canada, I dislike the radio programmes, not very good in themselves, being laden with foul advertising. After all, Mac, radio over here supports itself. Or at least it does in the U.S. An example of government tax supported radio in all its farcical clownishness is our own C.B.C. Personally, I think competitive radio is best for the people and gives rise to better radio shows. However, I do admit your radio shows from England do have something we don't. Personally I enjoy them because they sound so spontaneous and unchained, and also because they don't sound as though the Ladies Aid and the Local Preachers League cleaned all the fun out of them, if you get what I mean-Ed Nor are the radio and newspaper news services particularly good. (Canadian appear to be winning this war, helped by a few Americans and less British!) My God, here we go again. For years and years after the last war people fought about who won the war. Don't tell me it is going to start all over again. We can't say any one faction or country is winning this war. The British are doing a swell job and if the British hadn't stood up to Hitler we might not have a chance to fight now. But could the British have won this all by themselves? Could the Canadians have won all by themselves? Could the Russians? Could the Americans. So I think anyone who starts beefing and wanting all the credit for his country is doing his country and his allies a great disservice. We are all in this, every Tom, Dick, and Harry, every Nancy, Hilda and Tanya. Let's admit that, and not start fighting over who won it before the end is even upon us. -Ed And I find the ravings and crooked mouthings of the various political gangs in public rather disgusting, but I note with pleasure the great C.C.F. victory, which I consider

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a step in the right direction (in this recent Saskatchewan election, y'know). Another bad point I mentioned is the lack of good, or any, for that matter, books. However, don't get the idea that I don't like Canada. I like it very much indeed!

Many thanks for...the "Lights", which were most welcome; the latter I perused in the privacy of the lavatory, for fear of what some of the boys might think. /Ouch! This is the most uncomplimentary thing said about LIGHT to date. -Ed/ Which reminds me, the /pardon-wrong word- Ed/ your lavatories over here aren't very private, having the walls cut away at the top and the bottom. /I suppose in Britain you boys take your gasmask with you?-Ed/

You wonder how your comics strike me. Well, I've seen them ever since I can remember back home- tho' not regularly, and whilst they are greatly superior to the last British comics I've seen, I can't say I'm pleased to see adults devouring them: /I wouldn't be very pleased to see an adult devouring them, either- chum- Ed/ they never do in G.B., y'know. /Well, after all, you have George Bernard Shaw to read about, y'know! -Ed/

Talking of politics, I don't suppose you've ever seen the British paper, "War Commentary" ("for Anarchism"). I'm awaiting arrival of my copies from home at present, and may send you a sample when I've read them. It's as red-hot as any paper can be, and most interesting. Publishers are the Freedom Press, and the people behind it claim that it is not a political party- which it certainly is not in the usual sense- but an organization of individuals seeking the truth, "Friends of the Freedom Press". They desire anarchism, but anarchism is not the popular conception of ~~anarchy~~ chaos, bearded villains throwing bombs and all that: it is merely "minimum of government", the people running their own essential services, as in part of Spain after the Civil War. It has been called "communist anarchism", aiming to put the theory of communism into practise, which the communists don't do. /I have printed this bit in case some of my other readers will wish to argue on it -Ed/

Aug. 19 Norm V for vorm IAMB, writes from Italy:I went to the Hospital. (Look not for libel or slander- I am only drawing this fact to your attention) Ha! (Denoting mirth.) No, old boy, I caught me a lovely touch of Conjunctivitis in both eyes. I was treated at the camp, but no go, so off I ambled to the cheery old hosp. Two and a half weeks I spent there- sleeping and eating and catching up with my reading. Twice I was cured (?) - twice the dirty old Conj. relapsed- the Medical World was in an uproar. The cry of 'quote' "Can the old Sarge be cured?" 'unquote' rang through the etheric atmosphere. Brows were furrowed and brains worked to their uttermost- at last the 'Master' 'Mind' cried out "Eureka"- oops- wrong word- he cried, "I got it, we'll try him with some P-h-i-l-r." Dose after dose was poured into my unresisting eyes: at last- Success! Again the cry went up "The Old Sarge is cured". The Master Mind came to me and deponed- "Thou must depart erstwhile- lest thou relapse again". So I stood not on the order of going but went. No signs of any further so I keep my fingers crossed. Back I toddled to the dear old Unit (Rah! Rah!) and exactly one hour later discovered that I was in charge of our local hoosegow. Me a copy! Loud chortles from all. Ha! I don't know how long this job will last- not all I think.

I resents the remark you made about me being a Roue- after all I haven't rouened one girl since I was overseas. Lousy puh, what?

[/Lousy is a poor adjective to use there, Mah Frand.-Ed/

Bob ran across a bunch of late s.f., sent from U.S.A., and I have been catching up on my reading. Have seen all the ASF up to July 1944. Not so dusty, eh what! What did you think of "The Winged Man"? I read the 1st. inst. and will read the 2nd when I have nothing else. To me it smells like A.E. Van Vogt and for some obscure reason I don't like his work. I soured on his first yarns and never have learned to like him. [/Perhaps the Spring 1945 LIGHT will have a reply to this for publication, as I intend sending vanvogt a copy of this issue-Ed/ I see that he is one of the top authors now, so I presume that it's me that's nuts. [/I don't see why so, Norm. If liking someone somebody else does not, then who among us are not nuts? Nobody seems to care for Rapalmer, but personally I still do and still read and enjoy his ziff-davis publications. So, by your method of reasoning, I suppose I am nuts?-Ed/ Would like to see more stuff by Lewis Padgett like "Zimsky" etc. That was a damn good yarn.

....I still claim that J.W.C. jr. publishes the finest mag., even if he is trying to make it literature instead of reading. Look around at the other promags and what do you see- rayguns, bug-eyed monsters, blood and thunder, half nude girls (you know how I dislike them only half nude!) Our Brave Hero (3 cheers for our brave American Army, Navy, Marines or Air Force) and the well-known old professor with his seductive and willing daughter. Is that sf or is it hack? Migawd, Amazing prints a science fiction (?) yarn about dolls that could have been lifted from Herritt's "Burn, With, Burn". Ziff-Davis didn't even have the guts to put it in F.A. where it belonged. Gimme dear old ASF please- I would rather sleep over it than enthuse over the hacks. Wanna fight? Some day, some of the publishers will discover that a goodly percentage of the public do not want stories with a present war setting at the time it is going on - me for one. /Hear, hear! Ed/ After all, we do see a little bit of it- every bloody day. What we want is a yarn that will remove us from the mundane things into a world of fantasy. You should see the boys lapping up anything that is available over here- even love stories. The men want to be allowed escape from their daily lives- not to have to read crap about how our brave army, etc., (U.S.A) of course) is winning the war. I believe that I have said enough. /See Light Flashes for the editor's opinion on this touchy question- Ed/

Barbara E. Bovard, Los Angeles, Calif: I was delighted enormously to discover LIGHT was cleaned up so well. I'm not a prude by any means, but the issue before the last left such a rotten taste in my mouth that I threw it in the waste-basket without even finishing it. This last issue looks more like the old thing, You've fine capabilities, Les; I'm glad you're using a little more self-control. Continue along those lines and you'll really get somewhere. /True to my promise to print anything, here is a nice neat little bomb. I think this also proves that I am not ashamed of printing letters that tell me off. -Ed/

Sept. 11., TOM HANLEY: Toronto, Ont- Re "Light", the "Light Flashes" column was my favorite. "The Light Beyond" was O.K. I couldn't struggle through that punny thing. This "Scripto" gag looks all right. Maybe I'll enclose some handwriting. /He did- Ed/ Last night Clare brought up a point which I don't like. He thought that perhaps some of the authors (like Jameson, Hubbard, Heinlein, de Camp) now serving in the war, will not feel like writing after they return. Being embittered, etc. What are the chances, do you think? /Here is

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another point for the readers to answer in their letters. -Ed/

Sept. 3-FRANKLIN LEE BALDWIN, Grangeville, Idaho: Looked through the current LIGHT and found it very delightful. That punny stuff you got from the old Sarge was plenty good. Didn't find my monicker but did that of Rimol, my old sidckick. /How about the old story about the Baldwinmin?- Ed/

September-BEAK TAYLOR, Aurora, Ontario- The biggest improvement /In the Mail LIGHT-Ed/ is the addition of so many illustrations. It adds something to the mag. Don't ask me what. The Scarlet O'Neil pic was a particularly brilliant piece of devilment. Lamb and Gibson stank, but don't tell 'em I said so. /No I won't, Beak. I didn't tell you, did I, fellows?-Ed/ Puns are o.k by themselves, but when that many come at once, no go! /But that's the fun of it, Beak- swamping you all at once. Don't blame them, blame me. I asked for such an article. They but complied. I am waiting to see if Ackerman will respond-Ed/ The Mail Box was about the best feature in the mag, though it took some time to wade through the brackets staring from behind every adjective. But don't cut 'em out. Some of them were quite humorous. /Well, Beak, this is the one spot in the magazine where I can rib the readers and poke fun at them for what they say to my heart's content-Ed/ Wish I had thought of that Scripto feature myself. My dad does that sort of stuff. But it's your baby now, and a damn good one at that. /The idea for Scripto mulled around in my noggin for months before I contacted the certain party with the idea. -Ed/

September- Watson, SAN FRANCISCO- Big Jumbo Mud: Ten to one says you're still a virgin...no one could possibly be so inane. Grow up, buster, get yourself a wench and find out the score. /Oh my Stars of Foo Foo and Ghu Ghu and the Word of the Gholy Ghible. I'd be more apt to find out the score if I phoned my bookie than if I got myself a wench. Really though, Bill, you make me laugh so darned much I love writing to you! You'll have to visit me sometime so I can have a real howl- Ed/

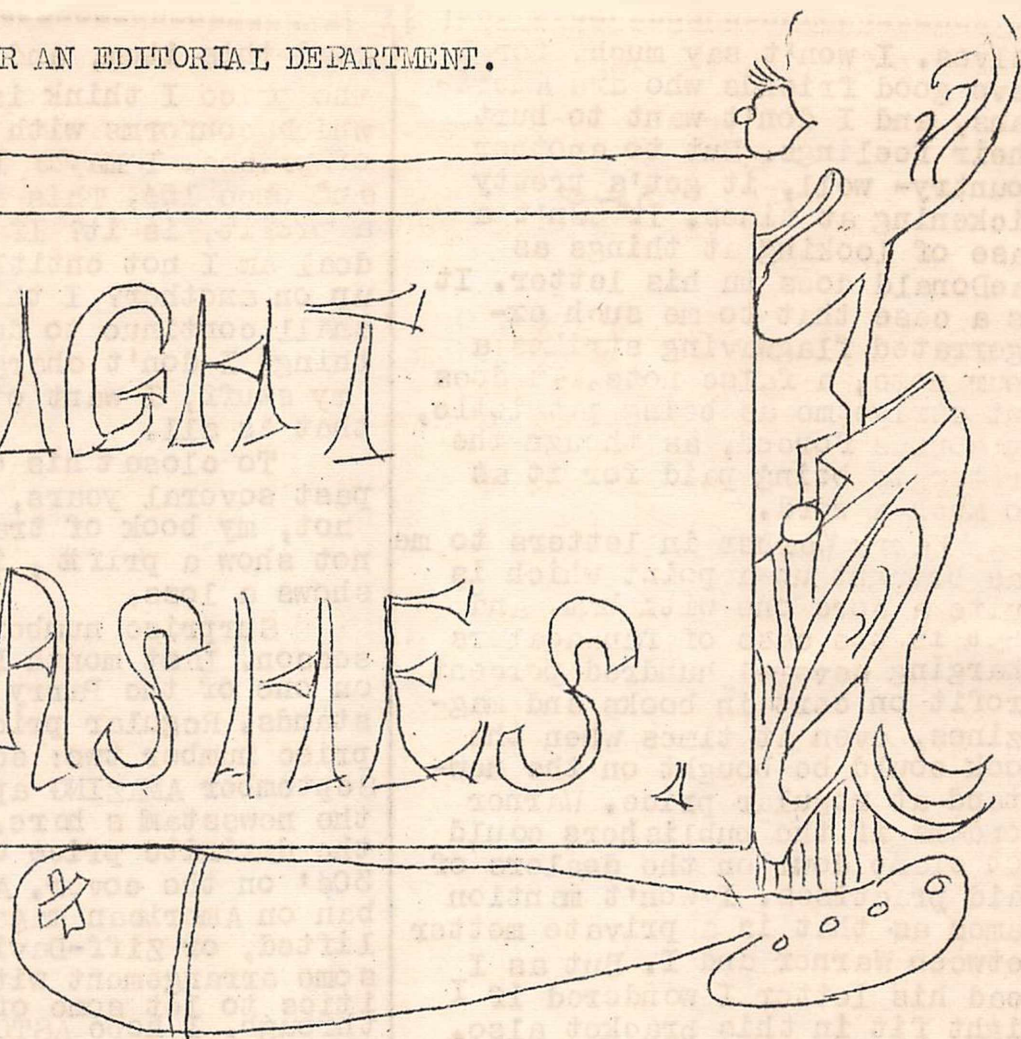
Sept. 21- Harold Wakefield- Toronto- That Lamb-Gibson effort in LIGHT was absolutely vile. I can't think of any punishment bad enough for those pun-drunk individuals. /Did you know you just pulled a pun yourself?-Ed/ I'm looking forward to more Pete the Vampire stuff. But please no more of that ghastly Lamb-Gibson drivel. /How about what appears in this issue?-Ed/

Sept-16- Bob Gibson- Italy- You almost missed the typographical errors altogether in "Gibson the Lamb". Kober rendered Kober is the only one I noticed. Norms thinks there was another. Considering the stuff you had to type out that was real good going, and we're proud of you. Don't know that we're exactly proud of the product, but think it will be a long time before anybody matches it. /So do I. I have been waiting for some time now to see if Ackerman would send me something to thwart it. He might use a publication of his own to do it of course- ED/ We put weeks into the research, and the stories /Hot damn! That should be "strain"- ED/ of working names like Klimaris, Kubilius and so on into sentences that approximated language /It has also apparently had a deregatory effect on my typing- ED/ has permanently warped our brains. We exude the most atrocious

(continued on page 26)

OUR EXCUSE FOR AN EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

LIGHT FLASHES.



LIGHT NUMBER 133 WINTER ISSUE, 1944. PRINTED IN ITS MONSTROUS ENTIRETY BY A CROUTCH NAMED LESLIE, WHO HANGS HIS WIG AT 41 WAUBEEK STREET, PARRY SOUND, ONTARIO? CANADA. (Bill senders use the postoffice box which is 121.)

Those of you who don't publish a magazine don't know the trials and tribulations of one who does. For instance, after the first page of the Mail Box was typed this lousy mill I use went on strike. For about a year now it's been giving trouble. It's my own fault, though. I was warned by those who use typewriters in the course of their work never to buy a portable. Oh well, you have to make fool moves to learn. A portable is fine for the odd letter, for ordinary private correspondence, but for the regular work of a fan- well, never buy a portable. Buy a regular office machine that will take the pounding in its stride. Especially for stencil work. Anyway, for about a year

now this one of mine has been giving me trouble. Then the other day, Sunday to be exact, just when I was sitting down, thinking of the full day's work I was going to get in on the magazine, the machine went bust. It took me all day Sunday to repair the trouble and get it back on the glory road again. Result, I am fed up. I am now keeping my eye open for an office machine to replace this one!

Norm Lamb brings up an interesting point in his letter: that of the fact that American stf magazines wave the flag too much. I am not sure how the Americans feel about it, but to us non-Americans it sounds pretty silly, especially those in the Palmer magazines, to read about supermen winning this war all by them-

selves. I won't say much, for I have good friends who are Americans, and I don't want to hurt their feelings. But to another country- well, it gets pretty sickening at times. It isn't a case of looking at things as MacDonald does in his letter. It is a case that to me such exaggerated flagwaving strikes a sour note, a false note. It does not strike me as being patriotic, it sounds forced, as though the writer is being paid for it as so much a word.

Harry Warner in letters to me has brought up a point which is quite a sore one with him. And that is the case of fan dealers charging several hundred percent profit on certain books and magazines, even at times when the book could be bought on the newsstand at regular price. Warner wonders if the publishers could not clamp down on the dealers of said practices. I won't mention names as that is a private matter between Warner and I. But as I read his letter I wondered if I might fit in this bracket also. I decided that in Light Flashes would be a good place to state my position now.

My boast that in my swapping I do not make a profit must sound funny to those of you who have sent me something and later on soon it offered in LET'S SWAP for maybe twice the price. I'll explain this. On certain items I admit I do make a profit. Yet on the whole I make none. I'll go further. There are times when I take in swap a magazine and give more for it than it is worth. I consider a magazine worth cover price only, with the covers on, if it is dated 1940 or later. This, naturally, does not take in such cases as UNKNOWN, which is now dead and hard to obtain. But sometimes I have been charged over cover price for something like Amazing or Planet. Hell did it several times. I

read this item, and swap it at the price I think is right and which conforms with my schedule of prices. I maybe lose 5¢, 10¢ and once 15¢. This isn't much of a profit, is it? If I lose on one deal am I not entitled to make it up on another? I think so, and I shall continue to do so. Another thing, I don't charge money for my stuff, I want other books, that is all.

To close this off, for the past several years, believe it or not, my book of transactions do not show a profit, instead it shows a loss.

Surprise number one of the season. Last month PLANET appeared on one of the Parry Sound newsstands. Regular price, too. Surprise number two: second week in September AMAZING appeared on all the newsstands here. And it had the definite price of: 'Canada, 30¢' on the cover. Apparently the ban on American magazines is being lifted, or Ziff-Davis has made some arrangement with the authorities to let some of theirs through. I hope ASTOUNDING follows along.

Surprise number three of the summer was a letter from John Mason. I'll admit it was a very businesslike letter, but it nearly floored me anyway.

The SCRIPTO idea is going over to beat the band. Beak Taylor says he is sorry he never thought of that. SCRIPTO will be glad, I know, to know the department is a success. The original plans called for one analysis per issue. The way response is coming in I'll have to see if I can run more than one per issue. Now I am wondering if any of the FAPA gang will send their hand-writing in.

Nanok wrote in. I'll have to see if she still likes writing for the fanzines. I'm almost out of her stuff, which was always accepted very well. How about it, Nanok?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19)



SUBMITTED THRU
THE COURTESY
OF HSO ACK-ACK
DRAWN BY

Pfc Zeke Zekley

THE CALL

BY
SAPPER
E. A.
GODFREY

The night is sad, the wind is wailing,
Giving forth a plaintive cry,
My spirits low, my courage failing,
Oh, what's it makes the wind to sigh?

Far away, a train will whistle,
What a sad and lonesome sound,
I feel my hair go up and bristle,
Hark! I hear a howling hound.

Whistles crying, moaning, sighing,
Through the silence of the night,
Sounds like some poor soul a-dying,
Sick and sore from pain and fright.

There's the hound, Lord, how he howls,
Listen to his eldritch moan,
Then the hoots of lonesome owls,
Oh, what a night to be alone!

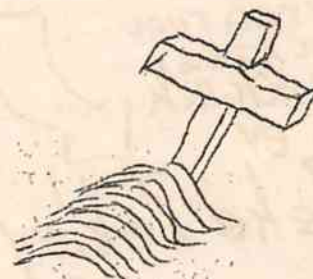
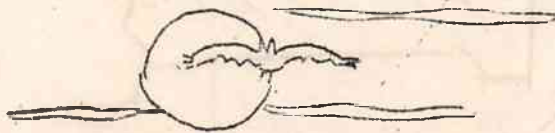
Ghostly steps, and eerie screeching,
Spectres, shades come all around,
To my heart, cold fingers reaching,
Oh, damn that cursed, howling hound.

Werewolves wail, and vampires flutter,
Chill me through and through my bones,
Now I hear the demons mutter,
Deep and dismal in their tones.

What was that? A ghostly finger?
Reached and touched my pallid cheek?
Was that a face? Or just a shadow,
That from the corner seems to peek?

I see him now, just o'er my shoulder,
A grinning skull floats there in space,
He's coming closer, getting bolder,
God, it looks like my own face!

Closer, closer, coming nearer,
Now I smell his fetid breath,
Then a voice to stun the hearer,
"Come with me, my name is DEATH!"



.....
: LIGHT FLASHES

continued

.....
On page you will find a Zeke Zekeley caricature of Ackerman. I know most of you know this, so u are probably figuring this just more "carrying coals to Newcastle". On the right of the picture is a blocked-out area. Ackerman is probably wondering why, for hidden is a lovely little girl demon in her birthdaysuit, seated on a stool, on the desk. The reason this is blocked out, is because it was a nude. So much adverse opinion has been forthcoming on the one issue of LIGHT that this is the result. I admit I went to far in that number. I'm sorry I did for I realise now this is the worst copy LIGHT ever turned out and it sort of messes up what is otherwise a rather nice set of copies. In my opinion, anyway. So I decided that henceforth particularly blatant forms of nudery is out. Any art work that is accepted and shows it will be duly censored. However, I will continue to print the odd story with a little spice in it. But no more what some of you might construe as pornography. Now don't go construing this as meaning I'm backing down on former opinions, or that I got religion. I haven't. But I am going to try my dinged-bustedness to make this magazine something really hot in the FAPA or know the reason why. Personally, I don't get a particularly big kick out of sexy stuff if it's pushed at me all the time. I DO like this magazine, and I like it more than I do the other, and if it interferes with LIGHT, then it has got to go. I suspect this may have some comments made on it in the Spring mailing.

Well, I am no longer dumb.

On page- oh, on another page you'll find a department called FAPA Dept. I'll tell you what I'm up to here. I'm using this to answer, comment on, and otherwise throw some lip about on the FAPA mailings. In order that what I say

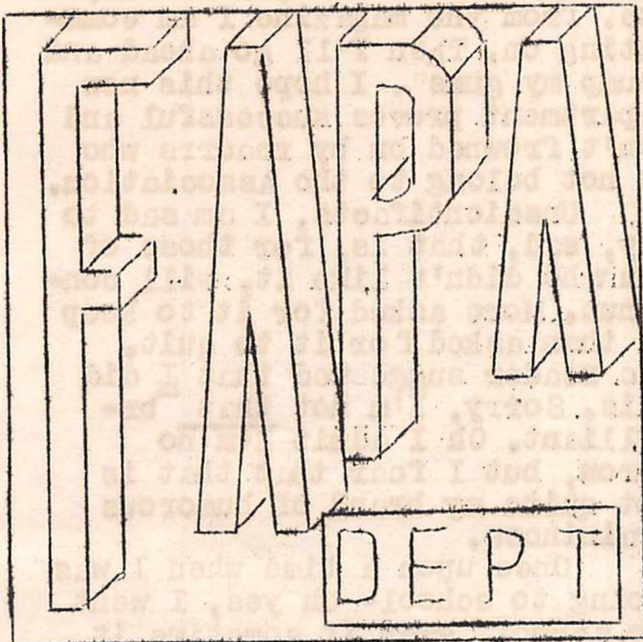
will not be unknown to outsiders, I'll quote sentences, comments, etc. from the magazine I am commenting on. Then I'll go ahead and "bump my gums". I hope this new department proves successful and isn't frowned on by readers who do not belong to the Association.

Unscientifically, I am sad to say, sad, that is, for those of you who didn't like it, will continue. More asked for it to keep on than asked for it to quit. One reader suggested that I did this. Sorry, I'm not that brilliant. Oh I admit I'm no moron, but I fear that that is not quite my brand of humorous braininess.

Once upon a time when I was going to school- oh yes, I went to school, even if sometime it doesn't look as though I did- we had a certain individual in class noone liked. He was quite a panty waist. He always had his hair slicked back, wore big spectacles that made him look like an owl, and dressed in a blue serge suit with knee pants, and sported a white shirt the collar of which lapped out over the coat collar. Oh he was quite the dandy. He always knew his lessons and always had the right answers. He never did anything wrong, or rather- he never got caught. He was a sly little rat who thought himself better than the rest of us and who always was toadying to the upper crust.

Our teacher was quite a character too. We weren't too fond of him, but he did know how to teach us, he tried to be fair, but he was pretty strict at times and sometimes seemed, or so it appeared to us, to be too prone to believe what others told him and to get a trifle righteous about it. He wore a wing collar, had thin whiskers that made us think of him as a rather skinny old billy goat, and he habitually wore his specs down on the end of his nose.

(turn to page 30)



BANSHEE (June number) Pfc Paul Spencer- / speaking of the Spring issue of LIGHT and mailing/ To me the most significant fact of the mailing is its demonstration that certain members, notably Messrs. Laney and Crutch, have reached puberty. That is, they have become vociferously aware that men are different from women and- too heck! giggle-giggle! buzz-buzz! /No, are they? M'gawd, I thought we were all builded the same. Honest I did. I have heard stories I'll admit, about laying little boys on sadbanks on hot days until, like so many baked potatoes, they cracked, but I never believed it. Are you sure we are different, Paul? Horsing aside, though, no doubt Lamb, White, and others, who have actually met me will be vastly surprised that you, who haven't, should have judged me more correctly than they. Unless puberty is vastly delayed up here in these here colden climes, I think I must be a man. Looky, I shave! No enough? I wear long pants! Still not enough? Well, let me see now, oh yes, I was 29 last April, that enough?- Ed/ Leslie Crutch is another chap I have always tended to like, without knowing

very much about him. But this mailing's LIGHT ended that; I suspect Crutch would feel very much at home in the Cosmic Circle. /That does it! That tears the whole blasted thing. I don't mind being told I am an obscene so-and-so- and other things- but to say I would feel very much at home- oh, the humiliation of it all. Gawd, Spence, did you have to say that? I dislike Clod and the CCC as much as you evidently do. Everybody pulls a boner. It is human to err. Only a fool pulls the same one twice. Ok then. I admit I pulled a boner with that issue. I am none too proud of it myself. But that I am actually sorry, I will not admit. For it told me some things I would never have known otherwise. Frankly, Paul, it served as a damned good testing instrument for the morals of the FAPA. Oh, I'm not trying to crawl out of it now by saying it was deliberate. I only now realise it served as an instrument to stir the gang up as it might never have been stirred up before. Laney and I did bring things to a head and make you fellows do something about it. You go on to say you dislike hearing foul language every day. So do I. I expect the very fellow who loves to hear the damndest smoke house story dislikes hearing foul language all the time. It isn't likely you'll ever have the chance to vote for me on an official question. I have no intention of running. I haven't the time for that sort of thing. But let me assure you that if I ever did get into an official position I'd uphold the thies and constitution of the organization, come hell or high water. In closing, thanks for what you said, Spence. I'm not angry. This is a free continent and everyone is entitled to his own say and his own opinion. A boner was pulled, but it did have some good effects. That is was not repeated and won't be, should be sufficient.- Ed/

FAN-TODS (Norman Stanley)- you mon-

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tion that someday you wish to own a record player. Do you by any chance mean one of those dinky little monstrosities that plug into your radio and play the recordings through the audio system? If you do, don't waste your money on one. Everyone I have seen so far have been of the cheapest, flimsiest material and construction possible and absolutely NOT worth the money charged. I would suggest a really good electric phonograph- or record player with its own audio system and loud speaker built in. This type of instrument will give you far better service and tonal reproduction than you could ever realise the other way. There are some really very wonderful instruments and circuits you have this way- treble and bass boosters, expansion, treble and bass tone controls, automatic record changing systems that are almost human. Gerrard was building one before the war that sold in New York at Wholesale Radio Service Co. Ltd for around \$60. But would hold something like 12 recordings, and they could be 10" and 12" ones mixed, and it would change them without an assistance whatsoever from the operator. This type of equipment is known as a changer-mixer.

Don't forget, Norman, that co-axial cable, as used in television, is limited in its frequency carrying capabilities, which is another thing against it.

I am glad that the fan map idea caught hold with you. Let's see one of yours, either submitted to LIGHT or run in FAN-TODS. I am dickering with the idea of doing one of Toronto, showing where the various fans therein live.

The advantages of the relay stations over cables (in television relaying) are many. They are cheaper, for one thing. The frequency range of the relay station is much wider than is that of the cable. This would mean ability to handle television systems using 535 lines, or 700 lines, or even a 1000, if they ever go that high. Reliability would be higher, no cables to be damaged by storm, flood, fire.

If anything did go wrong, you wouldn't have to search over miles of cable. You'd merely have to work on the one station involved. Installation would be much simpler. As far as I know a cable will handle the one frequency and that is all, same as the relay station.

EN GARDE! (Al and Abby Lu Ashley) Rather enjoyed Gibson's and Peck's poems. General tone of the 'zine is definitely "light" --which is doubtless what you are trying to attain. Not exactly, Al and Abby Lu. It likely just happens that way. I am after some heavy stuff now. I don't know if it will come through or not, but I hope it does. What I would like to have, is a magazine balanced between light and heavy. Something humorous, something serious. I try for variety. In fact, I am open for all sorts of material. In the future I'm going to write much more of it myself than I have hitherto done.

A TALE OF THE EVANS (E.E.Evans)- No, EEE, I do NOT think fan hospitality should be free. Frankly, I expect, when I visit any fan, to contribute something to the expense involved. Consider: if friend fan stays at a hotel, and eats in a lunchroom, it costs him money. If he stays at a fan's home, he saves that, but the visited one is out the cost of the food. This may work a hardship either on the fan, or if he lives with his parents, on his parents. Personally, I believe in independence. If I went anywhere on a fan visit I would desire to pay something toward the expense I had caused. Your suggestion of a "Hospitality" Fund" is fine and I, for one, heartily uphold it.

CUSHIAMOCHREE(Walt Daugherty) Here's my idea why the FAPA is a success, Walt. It is from my viewpoint, anyway. Joe Phann starts publishing, as you said, and likes it. But sooner or later (remember this is MY case) he finds he hasn't the time for it as he formerly had, due to many reasons. His work may get more urgent. He may take on other activities. Putting out a fanzine is a lot of damned hard work at times, especially when you cut all the stencils yourself, do all the duplicating, stapling, addressing, mailing, looking after the getting of material, etc. Bread and butter comes first as everyone admits. So when he finds his magazine interferes with the making of a living, it has to go or be curtailed. But the publishing is in his blood. Now consider- if he joins the FAPA, for his dues of a buck a year, as it is now, he gets all kinds of magazines from kindred souls in the mailings. He has some of his own work taken out of his hands: he mails his copies to one person who looks after the individual mailing. This means he, in the long run, does less work, and gets a greater return for his money and effort spent. I know I figure I do. Another thing, Joe Phann knows his magazine will go to a very discriminating lots of readers who WILL read it, who won't get it for nothing, who will comment, and who, mostly, will print something in return that HE likes to get. I think it is this reciprocal communism, sort of, that makes this association a success; I know it is from my viewpoint. For a long time Warner tried to get me to join. I said no. Finally I did. Now I am sorry I didn't long ago. I intend to stay in as long as I will be let, and I intend to remain active. Perhaps in time get even more active, if possible.

MILTY'S MAG(Milton G. Rothman) "The purpose of the squanch circuit is to prevent parasitic oscillations from heterodyning with forch waves to produce a wobulation of the modulator. The voltage applied to the grid of tube L-13 appears 180 degrees out of phase across resistors R32 and R34, while simultaneously undergoing a 90 degree change of phase in inductance L 46. These voltages add vectorially, and the resultant applied to the grid of tube 8 blocks the operation of the tube, preventing conduction through the plate circuit. When frequency changes, the discriminator produces an unbalance of voltages which....."

Dear Milt: This sounds to me like the description of the second detector action in a frequency modulation receiver, or possibly the action taking place in one of those amplitude modulation receivers wherein slight off-tune of the set is automatically corrected by an electronic circuit within; Philco had such a circuit back in 1937 in conjunction with their automatic tuning. I realize you likely disguised the paragraph but it did strike responsive chords. Don't you meant "squelch" and not "squanch"? "Heterodyning" would be better than "heterodying", wouldn't it? I'll be interested in knowing if you were just pulling our legs, or if I guessed somewhere near the truth. -Ed7

THE PANTY RAISER(Kepner and Lancy) I suppose this is supposed to be a practical joke, supposedly campaigning to raise money to buy Morojo a pair of pantys. Up here, incidentally, they are called "panties". Most of the humor in the FAPA has some basic reason, but damned if I can see any for this. Are we supposed to sent Morojo our pennies and enjoy a good laugh at her account? Somehow, Lancy and Kepner, this failed to raise a chuckle out of me. For some strange reason, I thought it kind of childish. Coming from me this will raise a few laughs, I suppose. How about a campaign to raise money to buy Fran Lancy and Kepner a jock strap each, or, if you prefer it, a suspensory belt? -Ed7

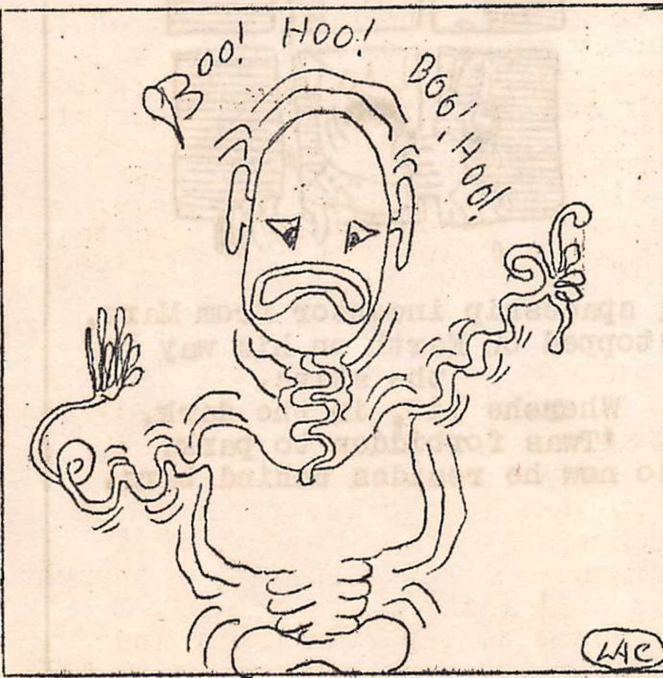
II THE TALE OF THE II
 II TORTLETWITCH II
 II by Uncle Benny II

(Come all you chillun, and you shall hear, of the all night bender of Paul Revere- Uncle Benny, a benign old character, somewhat reminiscent of 'The Kindly Old Gentleman in Lower 13', ambled into the editorial offices of LIGHT the other day, catchoing your unworthy editor with his feet on his desk, his posterior in his chair, and a blonde on his lap. "I, sir," quoth Uncle Benny, "Wish to write for your worthy publication." "What can you do," quoth I. "I do stories," quoth he. "What kind of stories?". "These kind," and he laid on my desk the story here with presented. I read it ~~was~~ was duly amused. Hah, thunk I, I shall print this and if he can me more; which, upon being asked, he replied vigorously in the affirmative, I shall term them "Uncle Benny's Bed-time Stories", or "Tales for Wee Fans."- Editorial prologue.)

THE TORTLETWITCH sobbed. In great, gusting wails that tore at his frail little body, he sobbed. In the still air of the great dead desert outside his cave in the low cliff the cries of woe rang forth like the great dirge of a million lost souls. His little body twisted in its travail, and he wound and unwound his fifteen toes about his fifteen fingers while his forked tongue dabbed futilely at his eyes from which great streams of nothing ran.

For this was The Day. Der Tag. Der Tag Day. The Day all the people of his far domain had looked forward to with great dread and much moaning and groaning and twisting of fifteen fingers about fifteen toes as forked tongues dabbed at dry-teared eyes.

The Tortletwitch sighed, and heaving himself to his feet, he walked listlessly to the oor of his cave and peered forth at the world below, a world which no longer bore any promise of peace and quietude in the centuries to come. Once it had been a fair world, so green, so beautiful, so fruitful, full of happy souls that wandered and played and skipped through the gardens in which romped great bastitches and



little bostitches. At the thought of the bostitch his eyes brightened. He remembered, oh so long long ago, when he was just a little tortletwitch, how one day he found a bostitch. How it gleamed in its new coat, How it had opened its mouth when he had petted it. And how it had bit when he had twisted its tail. He still had its metal-hued teeth in his posterior to show for it.

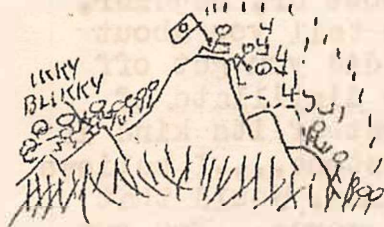
Ah those were the days. The happy, carefree days. Those were the days of peace and plenty. But now it was all over. Soon his world would see the Masters come. Those Heartless Beings from beyond the starry sky who one day had descended in their roaring chariot and enslaved all his people. His darling people. The tortletwitches of which

UNSCIENT IF ACTS
BEB



The Army has perfected a new bullet. It's called the "Yougetum" bullet, named after the man that invented it. When fired, it hits its objective, goes through, and circles back to return to its firer. One difficulty arises. The man who fires the bullet must learn to dodge quickly or be killed. In one place at the front, a soldier fired, didn't dodge and was killed on the spot. The bullet then returned to its limit, circles, returned, and so on. It's still going around in circles.

A restaurant in Ottawa has an apparatus which saves them great amounts of time. A row of chickens on a roost lay eggs at the usual intervals; the eggs drop into tubes which roll them down to frying pans sizzling on burners below, and hot, fresh eggs are served up immediately. The chickens have to be careful or they get their tail-feathers burned.



The British Army has developed a special detachment of trained monkeys which have learned to carry rifles and hand grenades. They work exclusively in the Far East. The idea is that the monkeys are mistaken for allied troops by the Japs and allowed to get close enough to annihilate whole platoons of Japs. The monkeys work in short-time allotments because of the strain of being so close to the Japs. 7

A new light has been discovered which is an invaluable boon to those that like to read in bed. It's an invisible light and can't be seen or felt; it's so invisible that when cast on an object no difference can be seen. Therefore, another person is not disturbed by it.



coming next issue

A GENUINE HONEST TO
GOD "PETE THE
VAMPIRE" STORY.

yes sir, Pete returns to Light.



puns in camp. /Just a coupla big puns, I suppose!-ED/ A sad case, or cases.

I have seen one complete FAPA mailing, thanks to John Cunningham, and found that while there were gems among the litter there was plenty of litter. Some were good--- but I think LIGHT can shine right in the eyes of the best of them. /I hope it blinds Searles- ED/ Any you select to send out will be welcome, and can circulate among Norm, Ted, and I. Maybe further, if you like. /I have hopes Bill Temple can be in on things, Bob. Further acidy remarks on the FAPA stuff further on by Norm- ED/

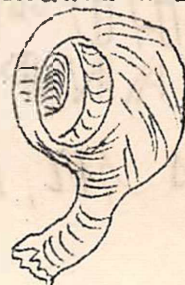
You see, both Cunningham and Walt Dunkelberger have sent some mags out here. That was fine and dandy, but my conscience got the better of me. So I've collected all the addresses of fans in the Mediterranean area that I could, and started an overseas forces chain. Quite a bit like the one in England when I left, but the mags are in much greater danger of loss. Michael tells me he is sending some also. Thus I am reading a few of them from time to time- perhaps fifteen so far this year. And so are some others. Norm sees them here, of course, and another chap who is a reader, if not a fan, and there are now eight names on the list. /Who says when you get into uniform you leave your civilian life entirely behind you? Bob and Norm have developed in to greater fans since leaving Canada. I think this puts to shame those in civilian life who are content to sit back and let everybody else do the work. -ED/

/The following was written on September 17-ED/ Nobody can say you resemble King Kong: he had more hair on his arms. /But maybe a King Kong denuded, what?-ED/ "The Light Beyond"- how the old 'zine does get around. Some day I'm going to become curious about Dr. Bejazer.

/See 1945- B b- ED/ Nice tale. Someday I'll have to tell you about the time I died. Have they skinned you alive yet, or did you get off with a tar-and-feathering? I've been re-savoring the distillate of pun Norm and I turned out, and it's probably the worst of its kind in captivity. Norm appreciated your picture of the tombstone....I believe the O'Neil portrait is the cleanest nude in any fan-mag. Would that they were all like it....Sapper Al turned out a neat verse....You put the wrong sort of lip-guard on that Lamb sketch of yours. Should somewhat resemble the style favored by the late kaiser; but with the plane of the spikes rotated forward about ninety degrees.

I can recall two instances of interference with time in the Old Testament. One was when the shadow was turned back on King Ahaz' sundial. I believe he had asked it as a sign and I seem to recall that he came to a rather sticky end, later on. The other was to give light in which Joshua could finish a battle; Memory is vague, but the Vale of Ajalon may have been the place. A concordance would locate the chapter and verse. /Is there a preacher in the house?-ED/

Compared to the fruits we are used to the fig is really fantastic. All the flowers are inside the fruit. There is a separate flower for each seed. Enlarged it would be rather like that: /Fig 1- ED/ They fill most of the inside of the fig, like a nest of big-headed worms, and when it starts to ripen, they are bathed in a sort of syrup. Dark pink in some sorts, pale brownish in others. As they get riper it thickens and sweetens, and toward the last the flowers seem to soften, so that when the process ends and the fruit is dried, you never notice them. At least I never did.



Introducing a new reader of LIGHT, Mrs. Oliver C. "Bobbie" Davis, wife of T/Sgt. O. C. Davis, now in New Guinea somewhere. 7 October 17- Los Angeles First of all, thanks for the latest issue of LIGHT.

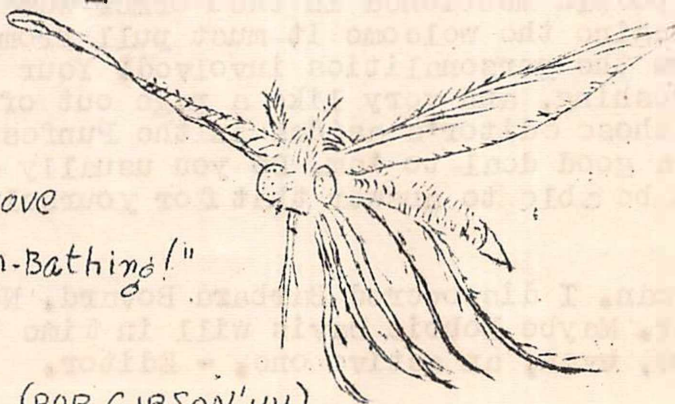
On the off chance she might enjoy LIGHT like her husband, I sent a try-out copy. This is her reaction to it -ED/ I've read it thru twice now, and find it an amazing combination of personalities and humor. That Lamb-Gibson pun-fest still has me baffled in spots. Is the assumption correct that a good many of those names are of the fan membership? /Some are, Bobbie. Others are names of professional authors. All are names well-known to every self-respecting fan- ED/ It made sense when I worked on it- but, the first skimming left my 'noggin' in a slight haze. Clever work. The second, slower, reading gave me an inkling of what was intended. /To a fan, it would have been easier and made more sense, Bobbie- ED/ Bet (judging from the style of N. Lamb's letter that the Lamb /horray- now you are getting into the Spirit- ED/ had a good bit to do with the writing, correct? /Well, when you think that puns are meat and drink to the Lamb in soldier's clothing, and that it was because of this I started the ball rolling that culminated (!!!!) in that epic- ED/ And was Ted White hitting back at that poem Red had published in one of the issues of LIGHT months 'n' months ago? I wondered- It was weird- but from my more than personal bias, rather better than ordinary. /I don't think so, Bobbie. Everyone takes great delight in throwing the name LIGHT around like a sack of spuds, and he was doing it just a bit more elaborately, that is all -ED/.....anyway, I truly enjoyed the magazine- and had I one literary talent, I'd be eager to take you up on the invitation to write something for it....And the cover design, incidentally is very attractive. You must have time on your hands- plus inspiration- to think 'em up like that. /Are you referring to the cover as a whole, or just the picture? The title cut is traced from a standard pattern. The other print is done free hand with two lines behind the stencil for guide lines. The picture took the most time. - ED/ Darned good job on "The Light Beyond" illustration, too! /I didn't think so, Bobbie. I was ashamed of the appearance of those paving stones. -ED/ As for the cartoons- there again I am kind of baffled, but light will dawn eventually. /Once you absorb some of the atmosphere of the mag, Bobbie, you'll catch on to a lot of the facets of its very life blood. -ED/....Sorry I can't make the sort of comment you probably wanted me to on this first issue, Los. /You did fine. Better than those that don't do anything- Ed/ Remember, it's my introduction to a fan mag of any sort- and I'm really not qualified to judge. /You liked it, didn't you? Then that is sufficient- Ed/ The sections I enjoyed most were the editorial and the Scripto feature. Since all the people mentioned in the former were totally unknown to me, I can imagine the welcome it must pull from those of your associates who know the personalities involved! Your breezy, slap-happy tone is refreshing, and very like a page out of your letters. Incidentally, those editor's asides in the Punfest and the letters sections added a good deal to 'em. Do you usually do it that way? /By now you should be able to answer that for yourself, Bobbie- Ed/

So there you are, Ackerman. I discovered Barbara Bovard. Now maybe I have discovered another. Maybe Bobbie Davis will in time become a passive fan, and perhaps, even, an active one. - Editor.

October 16- Another letter from Lamb / If this kepps on, I'll have to rename this department "Lamb's Box" or how about "Lamb's Quarters"? Hooray- I got in a pun! Gawd, but wasn't it a stinker? -ED/ The FAPA is fantastic all right. If I read your remarks aight- you have to be an an extra-special, super-duper fan to get in: then- it doesn't matter a damn what you write about. /Almost right. We have litterios- self-styled dictators- cennors- and futuriland- Ed/ 'Sfunny business to me; I cawnt see the point of their restrictions on membership, I cawnt. /Neither do I IF a clause was put in that every mother's son of them had to publish so much per year. We have too much dead freight riding the rods.- ED/ I will be glad to see the mailings- if only for the book-reviews. /I sent a batch out first of the month of stuff from the current FAPA Mailing- Ed/ Bob got a mailing from Cunningham sometime back, and I was honestly bored with 90% of it, Les. No kidding- page after page of utter drivel- just disoussing other mags with bugger all in the way of original material. /So there you are, FAPAers- what two prominent Canadian fans, non-members, think of the FAPA. - ED/ To be sure I don't give a damn what Zombic thinks about vom, etc., I wanta see some fantastic stuff- or is that expecting too much? I want to see oodles of book-reviews and bibliographies- that's my meat. /All right, FAPA-ers- why not try and make your pubs as interesting as you would if you were trying to sell to a buying audience? How about more verse- fiction- articles? How about a few more subscription-type magazines in the mailings? -ED/

Again I must protest against the microfilming of mags. Where would all your rare items be if you could just send away and get copies (even film copies) of any scarce items? You know the fun in collecting is spread between envy of the other guy's stuff and pleasure in the stuff you have that someone else wants. Wanna argue? Lets fite. You will notice that I could "dog-in-the-mangerish" but it really isn't. When I see Bob's lists of books that he has, I tell you I tear my hair out by handfuls and cheerfully try to figure out a way to get them off him. I know he envies (what an understatement!) me for some of the stuff I got. When we get back we will both be burrowing all around to try to see if we can get what we need. Do you think we would do that if we could just send a cheque and have a copy mailed to us? Not a chance. /What of the poor fan who can't afford the actual items? What of the fans who will never have certain books because they just can't be bought? I don't think the picture would replace the real item. That would be like comparing a Varga picture with Betty Grable in person, if you get what I mean. Nope, I disagree with you on microfilming. -ED/

"I approve
of sun-Bathing!"



(BOB GIBSON '44)

T H E
 WEAVER
 OF
 LIGHT.
 by
 Nanek

The All Maker sits at his weaving, spinning by day or night
 A thread of luminescence from a fleece of carded light.
 And by night he weaves his spinning, into a pettern gay,
 Of comets and suns and planets, that will last 'till Judgement Day.

All night he sits at his weaving, on the loom of infinity,
 And sees in the shining atoms, the shape of things to be.
 Fair is the fabric woven, of essence of time and space
 And its meanest thread is a glory in sight of the Maker's face.

His ears are filled with the thunder of Creation's ultimate birth,
 And the universe to him is but as a titan's girth.
 Year in, year out and forever, until the mind doth reel,
 He spins creation and weaves it for the good of the common weal.

Across the sky I hear an eerie call,
 That leads me into yet another life.
 Then I shall strive, in a cold burning strife,
 Where strong men stagger and the weak must fall.

'KISMET'

by

C p l.

R . K.

Montgomery.

Across the sky I hear an eerie call,
 That leads me into yet another life.
 Then I shall strive, in a cold burning strife,
 Where strong men stagger and the weak must fall.

I'll hold the hand and see the face of death,
 Bared to the gaze of men who only scorn
 His grimacing, because they have been born
 Of men who walk upright with fearless breath.

May I be strong as they and never turn
 To look upon a life that yet might be,
 If I would prove but false to you and me,
 And culture cowardice that true men spurn.

So if I travel on to meet the sun,
 Waving a short farewell to hopeless dreams,
 You'll know I faded with the day's last beams,
 My course well finished, and the distance run,

* * * * *

.....
: continuing LIGHT FLASHES
.....

Well, this little customer felt very righteous about everything and in time showed all the characteristics of a first class rat. We didn't pay must attention to him as we thought him harmless, but one day he caught some of us boys smoking cigarettes down in the basement. He up on his hind legs and started preaching about what was right and what was wrong, and then told us, oh so generously, that he wouldn't say anything this time, but that if he caught us again he'd feel it was his bounden duty to report us to the teacher. Now we figured just because he didn't smoke why should he keep us from doing it. Oh we admitted maybe we shouldn't,

but we were hurting nobody that we could see, and besides what business was it of his? If teacher caught us and we got rapped for it that was all right, we'd take our medicine and not whine about it. But we didn't like the idea of this little dictator trying to tell us what to do and what not to do and threatening to tell on us if we did.

Schoolboys don't like tattle-
tales and teacher's pets. We were no exception. So we warned the little rat, and threatened a few things. Things sort of quietened down but one day he caught us shooting dice in a corner by the steps. We weren't actually gambling. We had seen a couple men

do it and it appeared a rather interesting game to us. I doubt if it would have ever amounted to anything. We would soon have grown tired of it and turned to new fields, or at most have relegated it to the realms of an interesting game and nothing else. Besides, we weren't using money. We were using marbles and a couple of jelly beans. But that kid ran to teacher and told on us. We were hauled up on the carpet. We got punished serverly for it. We didn't whine, for we had done wrong and been caught at

it. We didn't feel sore at the teacher for he was just doing what he was hired and was supposed to do. But it sure got our goats to think that a classmate, a companion, as it were, would run and sneak on us. It seemed like he was a traitor, a damned poor sport. So we waited till after school, got Little Ird Fauntlerory and darned near skinned the hide of him. I don't know to this day if it did any good, but we felt better afterwards, and it showed what we thought of sneaks. Maybe he is still ratting on his fellows, still playing at the game of sweet little mother's boy who never did any wrong and is trying to help keep the world safe from others who might stray from the rigidly controlled beaten pathway.

On October 22nd, I took the first step in the new hobby I have plugged and been interested in for so long a time. RECORDING! On that day, with the help of a borrowed RCA recorder from the local radio station, I cut vocal messages to Evans of the N.F.F.F and the Slan Shack gang at Battle Creek. I cut one to the L.A.S.F.S at Hollywood, and I sent one to Beak Taylor and Clare Howes in Toronto- one to each that is. So far I haven't heard from any of these telling me if they arrived safely, and what the reaction was. I hope I do soon so. I can report on this in LIGHT FLASHES. This winter, if it is possible, I intend to embark on a truly active recording program. I wish to send personal discs to various fans I am well acquainted with. I wish to send discs overseas if there is a chance of the boys finding turntables to play them on. I wish it was feasible to send copies out through the FAIPA in a mailing, but this would mean at least 65 copies- we'll say 70. Suppose they were 6" discs. 70 6" flexible discs at 15¢, would run at 10.50. Shipping to the O.E would probably be about \$2. We'll say \$15. As yet I am not

prepared to spend that kind of money on one mailing. There would be no trouble in copying though. From rudimentary experiments conducted here, one master would be cut, played on my electric phonograph and the copies recorded from that. I found this is entirely practical and the results are really worthwhile. But anyway, this winter there are many of you who are personal acquaintances of mine who can expect one sooner or later. I hope the recipients will feel duty bound to return the favor. A collection of fans' voices is what I would like to have. Who knows, maybe the time will come someday when regular exchange of recorded messages and so on will be part of the fan activity.

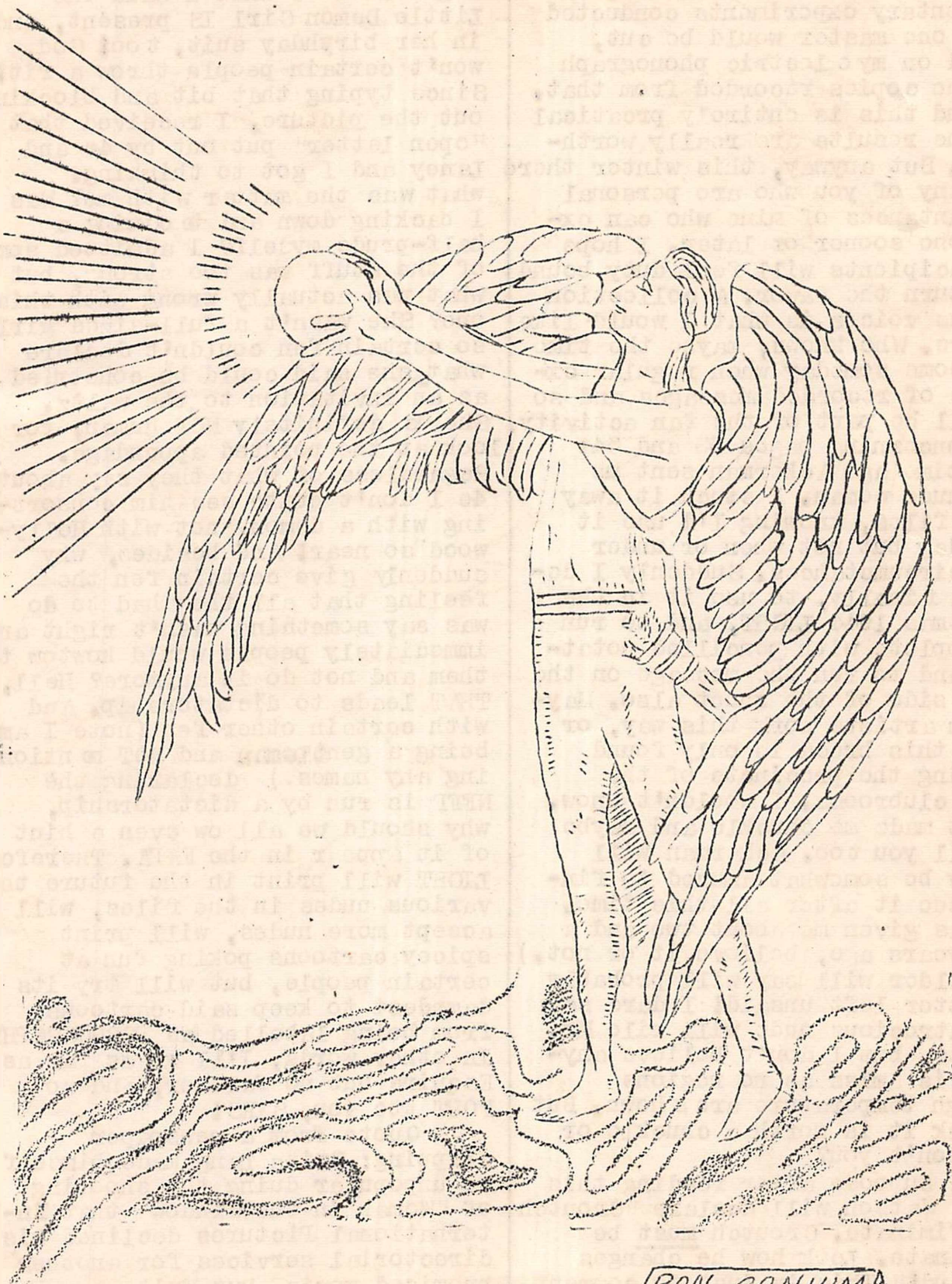
Concerning pages 33 and 34: some time ago Ackerman sent me this nude woman. I stuck it away in my files, knowing I'd use it some day but not when or under what circumstances. Suddenly I decided, finally, to use it in the Christmas 1944 LIGHT, and to run it complete with pencilled notations, and to run the message on the other side of the sheet also. Maybe fan artists work this way, or maybe this breed is only found haunting the precincts of the IASFS clubrooms. I wouldn't know. But it made me chuckle and maybe it will you too. Ackerman will likely be somewhat amused to finally see it after all this time. (It was given me about two and a half years ago, believe it or not.) What Elder will say will probably be better left unsaid! I dare say this atrocious nude will rile Mr. Scarles, but I don't believe anything is amiss as no regions of high temperature are shown. But I think it is worth a chuckle or two, don't you?

I suppose after reading this issue, Watson will declare "Crouch is effeminate. Crouch must be effeminate. Look how he changes his mind!" This is just to comment on the fact that you have noticed by now the inconsistency between what I said before now in this col-

umn and the Ackerman caricature. For you will have noticed that regardless of what I said the Little Demon Girl IS present, and in her birthday suit, too! God, won't certain people throw a fit! Since typing that bit and blocking out the picture, I received that "open letter" put out by 4e and Laney and I got to thinking: what was the matter with me? Was I backing down and becoming a half-prude myself? I admitted some of the stuff was too strong, but what was actually wrong with this one? She wasn't a full-sized girl so certain fen couldn't declare what she said could be construed as an invitation to the waltz. She is definitely NOT human, for look at the pointed appendage. Regardless of what they say about 4e I don't quite see him consorting with a demon, not with Hollywood so near! And besides, why suddenly give certain fen the feeling that all they had to do was say something wasn't right and immediately people would kowtow to them and not do it anymore? Hell, THAT leads to dictatorship. And with certain other fen (note I am being a gentleman and NOT mentioning any names.) declaring the NFFF is run by a dictatorship, why should we all owe even a hint of it appear in the FAPA. Therefore LIGHT will print in the future the various nudes in the files, will accept more nudes, will print spicy cartoons poking fun at certain people, but will try its damndest to keep said cartoons from being labelled as PORNOGRAPHY. In other words, I'll go as far as Esquire but no farther, and so FOUT to you, SIRS!

Quote from a newspaper clipping: Fritz Lang made himself so unpopular during the shooting of "Woman in the Window" that International Pictures declined his directorial services for another promised movie. But Fritz has the last laugh, because the Edward G. Robinson-Joan Bennett starrer is the best murder story of the year,

32



IRON CONIUM

toward the beautiful
mimosa for!

Betty

Betty (blue got a cold)

(Hint) (Made)

(Hint)

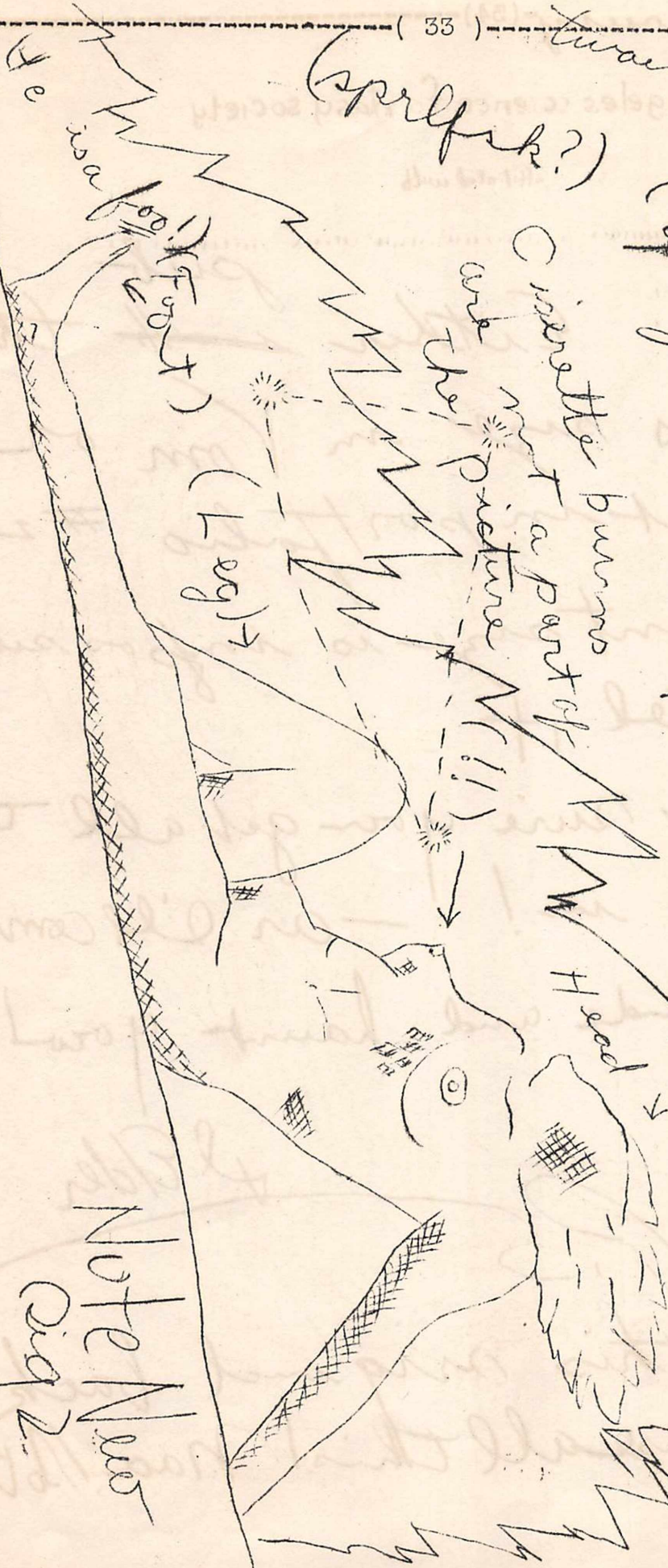
Pay me attention to things

(surprise)

(spell sk?)

Cigarette burns
out the picture

Head



Note New

Big 2

Granite

put #3: Either ~~with~~ this

in this page in form on
the at in portfolio #1 -

different way to improve all
I tried it

Be sure you get all the
dots in! - an old comment

outside and front your

48/12

I assume this was not back
of the house all the way! No. 11/10/1900

all wreck this thing so awful you
will be ashamed to give it to the Vondra
recovery!

November 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5th, Albert A. Betts visited me here and we held a sort of minor convention all of our own. It was a real ABConvention- A Betts and Croutch. Betts pawed my books over and I swapped him a wabash of magazines, mostly ASTOUNDINGS, and pocketbooks, of which I had a goodly stock IN MINT CONDITION. I had the recorder here from CHRS for Sunday and we cut a batch of recordings for my files. I'll use these as masters later on to transfer what we had to say onto smaller ones. Betts, since the first of the year, when he was here last, has been around the Seven Seas. He has visited the Femme in Glasgow, Alexandria, Bombay and other sundry ports. He was up to the north of the Adriatic Sea and was in Bombay two months after the great explosions and fire. He said even then it looked like the bombed out places he had seen elsewhere. Even then fires were still smouldering. In Alexandria, Egypt, one of the cesspots and also fleshpots, he picked up some luscious photographs for me. Not as good as those WE know about, though, Norm. In New York on his way home he spent nearly all his earnings, toured the spots, Greenwich Village etc., but didn't see any fans, and didn't know Bok's art exhibit was on!

While here, we collaborated on a stack of stuff. We seem to team very well. I got the gag-lines and ideas for cartoons right out of thin air, by the dozens, and he would write them down and prepare to do them up properly. Some will go to Beak Taylor for his magazine but I get the ones that are spicy and so forth. I have already received two. I think one will HAVE to go in this issue as it is a Christmas one. I trust the fan depicted in it won't be angry at me as nothing personal is intended. It is all in the spirit of fun, and maybe a little kidding. You should find it on another page.

I see where it will be necessary to purchase another batch

of stencils.

If this issue of LIGHT FLASHES seems disjointed or jerky, it is due entirely to the manner in which it was written. Before, I have typed it all at once, depending on memory to get down what I thought of from time to time. I missed out on plenty this way. This time I have typed portions of it at widely spaced intervals. I would get an idea, a bit of news, get sore at something, or have to editorialize, so I'd sit right down and type it out then and there as it was fresh in my mind and I was in the mood for that particular piece. All of this is spontaneous. Nothing was prepared. It was composed straight from the heart and typed on the stencil, so you get it as I thought it up and without any corrections or otherwise. Naturally I'll want to know how this works out, if you like it better this way, and if want me to keep doing it this way.

The Scripto feature hasn't come through yet (Nov.12). If it doesn't arrive sometime this week there is a very good possibility it may be absent from this issue. LIGHT will be finished Next Sunday, unless some unforeseen circumstance intervenes to throw me off schedule.

Incidentally, this price business: the price of 5¢ per copy applies only to those sold by the Official Editor of the FAPA. All copies sent out by me are gratis. LIGHT goes thus to serious, mature fans who have grown beyond the Buck Rogers Ray Gun stage and that stage where a fan publication must be 100% fan or science fiction to be acceptable. My motto is it is better to have 100 free readers who appreciate and enjoy the magazine than 200 paying ones who don't. SO IF YOU GET LIGHT DIRECT FROM ME IT IS FREE. SEND NO MONEY. Of course if you never write you are liable to get dropped. So behave yourselves, chillun.

Betts had hardly returned home when he got his "induction notice" though we don't really call it that up here. But you know what it means. So off he went to the army examiner who, after thumping him, prodding him, looking in one ear with a light and seeing if it shone out the other, decided he couldn't be put into the King's uniform. Seems Betts' glimmers aren't good enough for him to be even a lowly zombie! Betts claims to be somewhat disappointed though he says the verdict isn't entirely unexpected. So that means we will still have Betts around Canadian fan circles for a while yet, anyway.

Did you see Universal's picture, WEIRD WOMAN, with Lon Chaney Jr., and Anne Gwynne? I did and if this wasn't adapted from the UNKNOWN story for April 1943, Fritz Leiber, Jr's Conjure Wife, then I am a ~~little~~ uncle. If it wasn't then someone can be sued for plagiarism. I never pay much attention to screen titles so it wasn't until it was too late to find out that I discovered such startling resemblances. Of course, the plot was changed but the main background and main plot was the same, just the minor plot which became the usual Hollywood triangle. Any of you who might not have seen this picture yet, be sure to do so at the first opportunity.

Quote from Harold Wakefield's latest letter (Nov 12): "Suppose you know by now that Van Vogt has moved to California. I got the news from Mason...." unquote. How about it, Ackerman? There is a trail for you to nose down and find somethought out about it. Dear me! WHAT on earth IS that word back there, anyway?

KISMET was written by a Cpl. in the Canadian Army. Ted White sent it to me a long time ago when he was stationed in England. I asked for but never got any more stuff by this same fellow. I think it is one of the better bits LIGHT has published, don't you?

Well, LIGHT is finished except for page 38 which will run a picture by T. Van, a Canadian Artist. But I have this one last column to fill and what better than to look ahead slightly into the future as it pertains to LIGHT.

There has been some requests for me to put back the CONTENTS page, with the argument that it makes the mag look a little more professional. Spring 1945 number of LIGHT will see the resumption of this page, with all the trimmings.

I have plenty of very fine stuff slated for publication this coming year. Norm Lamb will have his name in every number with a little article of some kind or other. On hand are several called "Fantasia Malaria" which are calculated to make you laugh. Bob Gibson is doing the illustrations for many of them, as well as isolated illustrations for the rest of the magazine. The debut of T. Van in LIGHT will bring a new cartoonist to these pages. T. Van and I make a swell team. I think up the gag-lines and the situations and he turns them into pictures. We are working on a series now about a mythical bunch of fans called "The Smokey Mountain Boys" who are highly fantastic to say the least. Pluto has some material on hand on Atlantis and other subjects. Uncle Benny promises to continue his "Bed Time Stories for Wee Fans". Pete the Vampire and Dr. Bejazer will return very soon. Bob Gibson begins a Booklist which may help some of you out, and the indefatigable Lamb is writing up a Booklist of Italian Fantasy IN ITALIAN, so you better all buy yourselves Italian-English Dictionaries if you want to read it. In addition to this, attempts will be made to bring you material by new writers, new illustrators, and by famous fans, both Canadian and non-Canadians.

This is all calls for a mighty schedule, I know. But LIGHT will rush right along, and I hope the majority, if not all, of my readers will remain with me.....