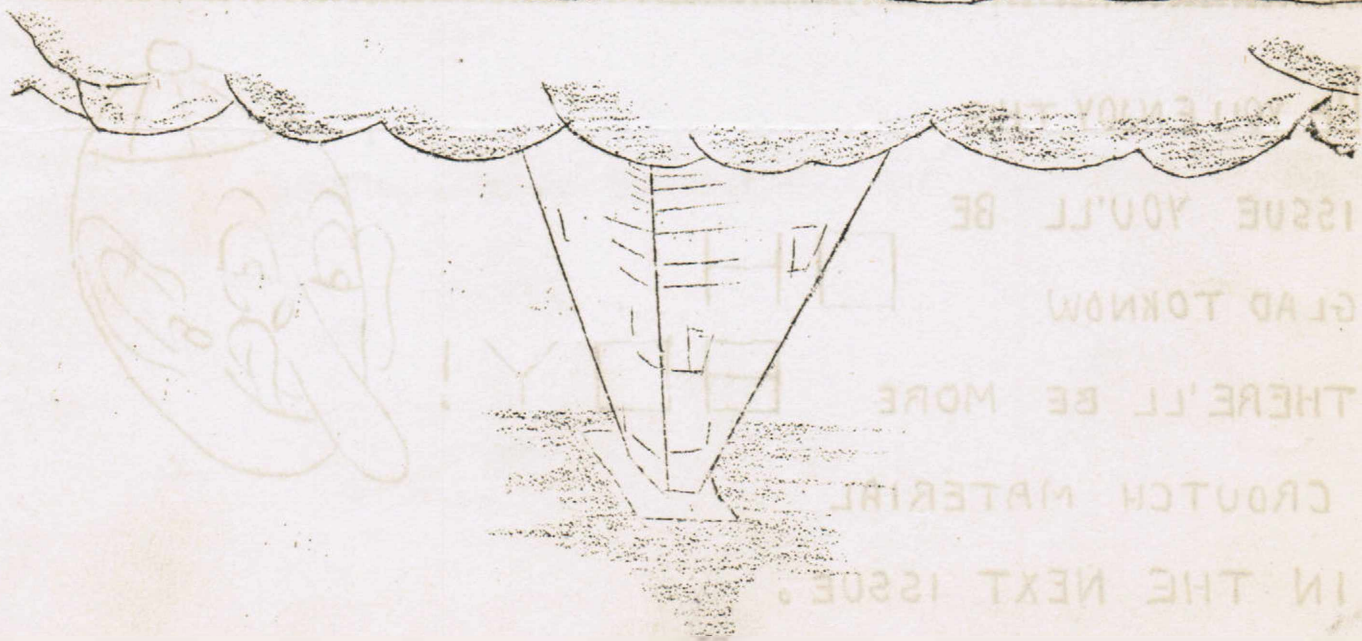
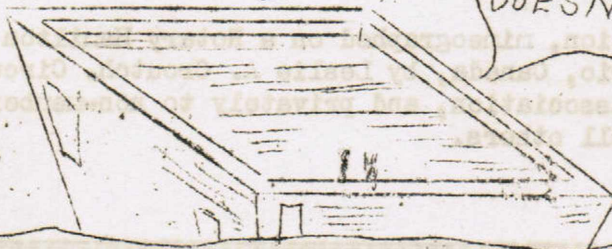


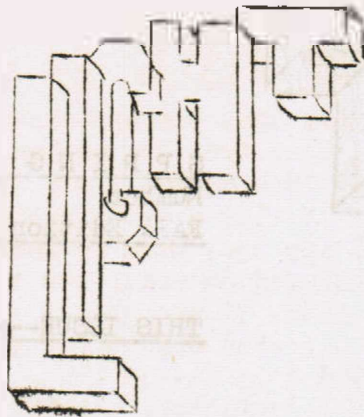
SPRING 1945.
Number 134.
FAPA Edition No. 6.

THIS ISSUE-----15¢.

THAT'S SEARLES
DOWN THERE

LOOKS SMALL,
DOESN'T HE?





Number 134	SPRING 1945	F.A.P.A. Edition No. 6
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IF YOU ENJOY THIS

ISSUE YOU'LL BE

GLAD TO KNOW

THERE'LL BE MORE

CROUTCH MATERIAL

IN THE NEXT ISSUE.



LIGHT FLASHES

I recall a letter I received from a certain lady correspondent of mine in which she told me LIGHT was different "these" days, that "you are no longer quite so cynical". Well, here is Crutch, the old cynic back again. I say this because I was scooped. Yes, because I gave my word and kept it like a good little boy, I got scooped. And therein lies a tale which I will tell you now. Back in 1942 when I was in Toronto I visited the A. E. Van Vogt's and gathered material for the article I did on him which appeared in LIGHT for December, 1942. It was then I was told that E. Mayne Hull was his wife's maiden name, but I was sked not to let it known for writing reasons and so forth. I gave my word. I kept it. In the meantime stories began appearing in ASTOUNDING by E. Mayne Hull. I could have spilled the beans then, and got a scoop in fan news. But I didn't because I kept remembering I'd given my word not to. Then A. E. Van Vogt moves to California. Ackerman visits him, and from him learns about Hull and prints this in the recent issue of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. Ackerman scooped ME on something I'd known for years. I'm sore, sure, but not at Van Vogt, not at Ackerman, but at myself. Ackerman printed it for he valued it as a news item. I didn't. So I am kicking myself for not doing so. All there is left is the fact, and this probably isn't news by now, that the "E" in E. Mayne Hull stands for "Edna". But henceforth anything I find I print. A News scoop isn't to be sneered at. Congratulations, Ackerman.

There isn't much to report at the time of writing this. I was returned to my directorial position in the NFFF, and I wish to thank all those who read this who voted for me. E. Everett Evans was returned to position of president with but dissenting vote. The election was held as a direct result of "propaganda" circulated by a certain group of fans who thought we were not running things properly, that the NFFF and the Officers and Board of Directors thereof constituted a Dictatorship. It was with great gloom that it is to be noted that the NFFF Members returned the Officers and Board of Directors to Office and no one did much for the aforesaid group of fans. I trust they find the material thus thrust into their pipes suitable substitute for tobacco!

While in this vein of thought, I am wondering what was the reason for wasting the FAPA's money putting out a pre-Winter mailing in December. Was this necessary? And I also am wondering why I didn't receive said mailing. Was mine lost in the mails, or were only certain members mailed their's? Funny. No doubt there is an explanation, a reasonable one, but one can't help asking oneself questions, can one?

Walter Dunkelberger has something up his sleeve anent a Junior FAPA. I wonder what this can be?

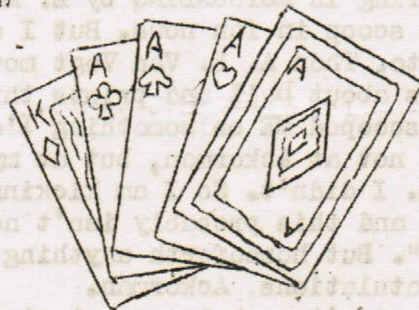
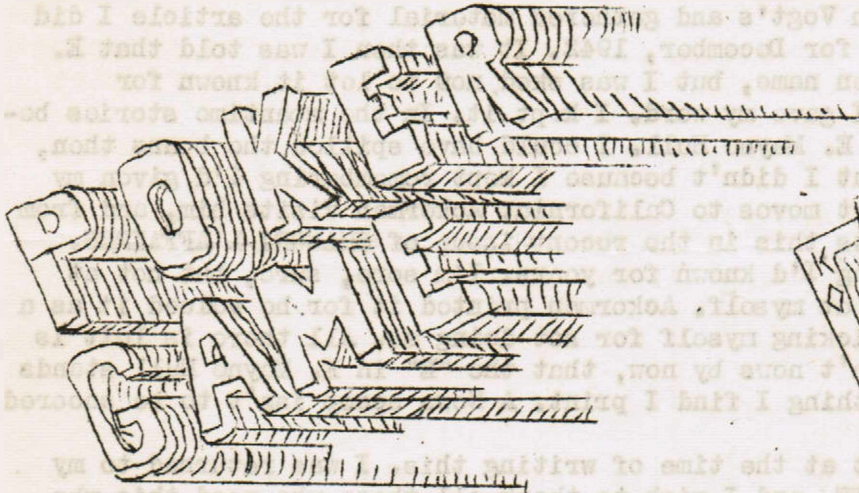
You remember last issue I was bemoaning the fact my portable had gone on strike? It busted down again half way through this number. You'll see for yourself just about how far I got. I was fed up. Very much so. So I sat down and dropped a line to a company in Toronto, and one letter, and a week and a half later, the expressman brought this late model Underwood to my door, paid for! This is a 10" Standard with more trimmings than anything I've used to date. This isn't a brand new one, but it is rebuilt and guaranteed. So I was luckier than some. How many fan today would give their eye-teeth to replace what they have so easily? This will mean greater wordage without any additional paper or work being involved. An arrangement entirely to my liking.

LIGHT has been running 100 copies off the duplicator, but the Winter issue ran way short of the demand. This issue will run 115 copies. 75 to the FAPA and the rest to handle non-member circulation and sample copies. The old mag is going up again. Just goes to prove you can't keep a good mag down. (Pardon the pun, chums!)

Sapper Al. Godfrey was wounded on the Western Front. It wasn't serious. After a short vacation (?) in the hospital he is back with his unit. From what I can get, he was struck on the back of the head with either a piece of shrapnel or a shell fragment.

(Continued on page 18)

PETE THE VAMPIRE RETURNS TO THE MAGAZINE THAT GAVE HIM BIRTH. PETE WAS INTRODUCED TO FEN THROUGH THE STORY "TWENTY-GHOUL TEAM", WHICH APPEARED IN LIGHT FOR DECEMBER, 1942. (Pete recently appeared in CANADIAN FANDOM in "The Return of Pete".)



A PETE THE VAMPIRE YARN

BY LESLIE A CROUTCH

(The author hopes certain fen will not take exception for the appearance of their names in the following account. No libel was intended, no jab at characters or reputations inferred. It was all done in the spirit of fun and it is hoped it will be accepted in the same way.)

Don scowled, "I open", he said, "Of course, with a dime," ordered Doc. "That's usual."

Don plunked down a dime. Doc followed suit. Julius threw in two nickels and Pete laboriously counted out ten pennies.

Discards dropped; the new cards were dealt.

"I bid a nickel," opened Doc.

"Ten cents," upped Don.

"I'll meet that," from Julius.

Pete was silent. "Er," he finally said, "I don't know. I'm not sure." The Lady leaned over his shoulder, whispered in his ear. He brightened. "Oh, I bid fifty cents!"

Everyone glared. The Lady retired from the field.

Julius met Pete. Don and Doc dropped out. Julius laid down his cards. "A straight," he crowed. Pete sighed. "A pair- I guess-" and laid down two aces.

The next deal went to Doc and Don was the winner, leaving Pete a buck and a half to the red.

Don then shuffled, and again Pete lost, this time only to the tune of a quarter.

This went on for about an hour when Pete suggested: "Let's play for higher stakes, I always am luckier when I play for bigger pots."

The others stared. "You'll go home in a barrel," they warned. Pete grinned.

This time Pete shuffled, and he was pretty expert at it. Out came the cards in a steady stream, and on came the scowls. The lady brought in little cokes and something in tall, misty glasses that got in Pete's nose and made him sneeze. He set his down and reaching into his pocket, drew forth a bottle, filled with some bright red fluid. He took a swig of this and grinned appreciatively.

"What's that?" Doc asked, eyeing the bottle with interest.

"What- o this? It's something I bottled myself. Pretty old. Came from good old stock. Want to try it?" He held it over.

Doc looked suspiciously at the contents, held it up to the light, smelled it. He eyed Pete doubtfully, then placed it to his lips and took a long draw.....

"Aaaaaaaagh!" He retched. The others stared. He clutched at his stomach, turned a bright green, retched twice more, clapped one hand over his mouth and departed hurriedly from the scene.

Julius picked up the bottle, smelled at the mouth. "Can't smell a thing," he said.

"I have to add an ingredient or so or it'll spoil," explained Pete. "That sort of kills any odor there might be."

Doc came back, staggering slightly. "What's IN that bottle?" He demanded.

"Blood!" Said Pete, carefully returning the bottle to his pocket.

"What?"

"WHAT?"

"W-H-A-T!!!"

"Blood," said Pete again. "The stuff we vampires all drink. Only we modern ones got it in bottles."

Julius leaned across the table. "Now look here, chum," he said. "Fun's fun and all that. But this is carrying things a little too far. Next thing you'll be saying your last name is Vampire. Pete Vampire!" He laughed at his own

quip.

Pete looked hurt. "But that IS my name. Pete Vampire. My friends all call me Pete the Vampire."

Don groaned. "It's happened at last. I always knew it would. Some fan's got the idea of imitating some character from some story and is trying to make out it's the real McCoy."

Julius snorted. "No magazine I ever read had any Pete Vampire in it."

"What about that drivell Croutch writes?" Asked Don. "In LIGHT? He writes about some so-called 'Orther Worlder' called Pete the Vampire."

"I bid ten cents!"

They stared at Pete, then noticed for the first time the cards laying before them.

Pete discarded, then picked up the new ones which had almost magically appeared from the flying fingers of Julius.

Don opened: "I bid two-bits!"

"Thirty!"

"Thirty-five!"

"Forty!"

"Forty-one!"

"Cheapskate!"

"All right then- FORTY-TWO!"

"Forty-five!"

"Hey, get your fingers away from that deck!"

"Fifty cents and that's as high as I'll go!"

"Pete the Vampire- God!"

"If I hadn't seen Croutch's picture, I'd say you were him. It'd be like his funny sense of humor to play-act."

"PLAY CARDS!"

"All right, all right. Keep your shirt-on- if you got one!"

"What do ya mean- if I got one? I'll have you know I got several shirts-"

"Sure- that's where OUR shirts go- you got 'em when we buy your lousy books!"

"If you don't like my books you can go jump in the Sound!"

"Now look here, Ungcr, just 'cause you got more books than we have don't go throwing your weight

around...."

"ONE DOLLAR!"

Dead silence dropped as suddenly as the curtain at the end of the second act where the villain has just tied the fair heroine to the bed and is about to mount...his horse and gallop off into the night as the saw comes nearer and nearer and nearer and nearer.

"Did you say ONE DOLLAR?"

Pete nodded.

"You're crazy. You been losing all evening."

"Maybe my luck has changed."

"It sure must have to bid-

I'll meet you and call you!"

Doc slapped his cards down. Four aces and a deuce. He looked with a Dare-you-to-beat-that look. Pete laid his down and then all leaned closer to see what it was.

"Well, I'll be--"

"Damn!"

"Well, whattaya know- a royal flush- ace high!"

"Talk about the luck of a beginner!"

Pete raked in the dough while the others watched with sad eyes.

Julius shuffled again without anyone taking particular notice.. Down came the ten-cent openers. Out flipped the discards, in came the bids.

"Two-bits."

"Eleven cents."

"Oh my God- can't you do better than a cent a time, Julie?"

"Oh all right then- fifteen cents."

"Twenty."

"Thirty."

They looked at Pete, then thoughtfully at their cards. Pete tried to look humble and just a little bewildered.

"It couldn't happen again."

"Not in a million years."

"Forty cents."

"Forty-five."

"Forty-six."

"They stared at Pete. "Want to drop out?" "Getting cold feet, Pete?"

"Fifty."

"Seventy-five- who's afraid?" Pete, belligerently.

"Humph!"

"Bluffing won't help you, feller. I'll see you and raise it a whole buck!"

"You will?" Pete rocked with glee. "I'll make it two bucks!"

"Three!"

"Four!"

"Go easy, Doc. He just might not be bluffing!"

"You shut up- I know what I'm doing."

"Ok, but don't say I didn't warn you."

"Five!"

"Five-fifty and I'll call you."

Pete met him and laid down his cards. They strained nearer. Silence fell. The tick of the clock boomed like some giant anvil being beaten by a Thor.

"It isn't possible!"

"It's unreasonable. The laws of chance..."

"But there it is- another royal flush- ace high!"

"Twice in succession."

"You sure you never played this game before?"

Pete grinned.

"By gum- if you're cheatin'--"

"Whoa boys. Julius dealt, hot Pete."

Silence.

"Yes, that's right, but it isn't reasonable."

"Here, you deal."

Don took the cards. The hand proceeded uneventfully until the fifty-cent bid was reached when Pete suddenly skyrocketed to a dollar.

"I pass."

"Me too."

"Same- no, I'll meet him so I can what he's got."

Flap flap went the cards.

Tick-tock went the clock.

Only the sound of breathing.

Then-

"I don't believe it!"

"It's- it's not natural- three ace high ~~royals~~ in a row!"

They all stared at Pete.

"Why did Croutch ever have to dream you up, anyway?"

----- (7) -----
"Yeah, why didn't he stick to his women."

"What women?"

"The ones he's always talking about."

"Oh- talk! Watson says he's just a big bag of wind."

"Maybe so. Maybe so. But this Pete guy--"

Silence.

"Could there be anything in this power of thought business?"

"Naw, that's just something to write about."

"But Croutch thinks up this- this Pete, and here he is."

"Maybe we're dreaming. Maybe we'll wake up and find ourselves safe at home in bed."

"With our pockets empty?"

"I couldn't dream that foul stuff in that bottle. No, sir, we're not dreaming."

Three pairs of eyes centered on Pete.

"Go way!"

"Why did you have to bother us anyway?"

Pete registered astonishment.

"Bother you? You bothered me!"

"We didn't!"

"You did- I only wanted to look at some books. You asked me if I wanted to sit in on a quiet little card game."

Silence.

"That's right- UNGER- where's Unger?"

"He sneaked out the back way."

"Damn the guy- he's to blame for this!"

"I'll scalp him when I see him next!"

"I'll nail him to a barn door

..."

"Sneakin' out that way."

"Yeah, and we'll nail Croutch, too."

"To what? He's pretty big, you know."

"Besides, he's not here and Unger is."

"Yeah, we'll nail Unger."

Here Doc thought of something.

"Wait, boys, we can't do that."

"Why can't we?"

"Because he's got the club

funds!"

Silence.

Then they turned to Pete.

"Look, Pete, be a good fellow. Go way, Far, far away. But please, Pete, leave us alone."

"This is a free country, isn't it?"

"What's that got to do with this?"

"I can go anywhere I want. You can't persecute me."

"Who says we can't?"

"I'm a minority group!"

"Oh- damn!"

"How about another game?"

No!"

"NO!"

"N-O-!"

Pete sighed and rose to his feet. He picked up his hat and coat and drifted gently to the door. With his hand on the knob, he turned.

"Goodbye, fellows."

Only groans answered.

"I had a swell time."

More groans.

Silence for the space of a hundred ticks of the clock.

"I'm quitting fandom. When things start to come true that fans write about..."

"Think what Laney's written ..."

"And Ackerman..."

"The Madman of Mars'- aaaaaa-agh-"

"And Lovecraft..."

We will gently draw the curtain on this scene of intense sorrow and great mental suffering, and leave these poor misled fan to their tears and bitter memories.

The End

JOIN
NFFF
NOW

they don't want to, you just threaten to tell on them and they usually do as you want, especially if the secret is big enough.

So little Freddy got his Moomgraf and had lots and lots of fun. He used up all the white paper that he got with it, and all the black, black in, and one day he found he had no more. So he went to Father and told Father he wanted some more, and Father said NO, and Freddy said he would tell Mother about the Magic Bottle if he didn't and Father got very worried and gave him money and said to keep his little mouth shut and not say anything.

Freddy knew then his Great Discovery would work very well, so he decided he might as well make some more money. So he sat and he thought and he thought and he thought. Then the memory of something else forced money out of his scheming little brain. He decided he wouldn't listen to the funny poetry his Mother read to him out of that Big Black Book she called a Bible. Or he wouldn't say his prayers. So he started thinking what he knew about Mother that she wouldn't want him to tell Father.

The Big Bad Ogre whispered to little Freddy then and a shining light came into his eyes. For just the other day he had seen the Man Who Brought The Ice kiss Mother in the kitchen. So little Freddy went in search of his Mother and he told her if she ever read poetry to him again, or made him say his prayers, he would tell Father what he had seen. Mother got very frightened and gave him a Dollar and begged him not to tell anybody.

Freddy felt like a millionaire then. Or maybe a king. Or a dictator. Like that one you saw in the newspapers every now and then: the one with the funny little mustache under his nose. He felt very smart, and very powerful.

Then he set out to find out something about his Sister. He had a very special place in his list for his Sister. She never gave him money; she slapped him. So he started watching his Sister and following her when she went places to see if she did anything he could someone about and get her in trouble- or, better still, make her give him money and be very sweet to him all the time.

Finally one day he sneaked into her room and looked in her dresser drawers. He had seen her hide things there and he was curious about what they were. And do you know what he found? A thick bundle of letters, with a blue, shiny ribbon tied around them. He opened them and read them and they were full of the awfulest junk, or so Freddy thought. And it was while he was reading them that Sister came home and caught him at it. The first thing she did was to bop him over the bean. He didn't cry for he knew he had her where he wanted her, and he told her so. She got sort of scared and begged him not to tell Mother or Father for they would tease her and ask her questions, and she gave him fifty cents not to let on.

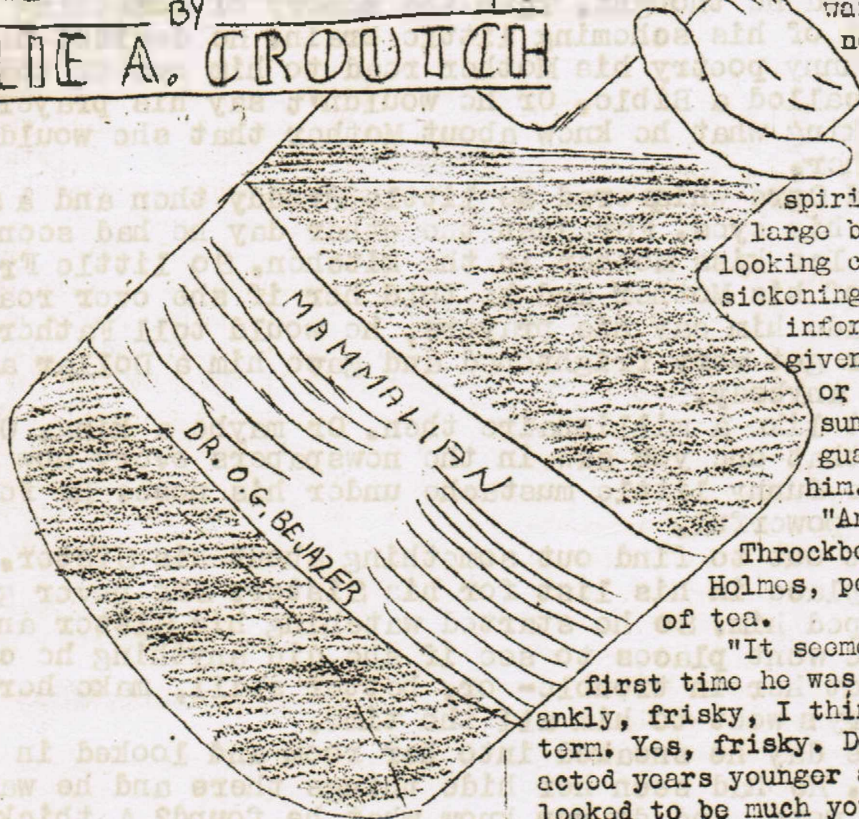
So now Frederick Arthur Percival Andrews was king of all he surveyed. His Father gave him everything he asked for for fear he would tell Mother about the Magic Bottle. Mother gave him everything he wanted for fear he would tell about the Man Who Brought The Ice. Sister was nice to him all the time because if she wasn't he would tell about the Wonderful Letters.

And Little Freddy would strut about and avow to all and sundry:

"Yes sir. If you want people to do things just as you want them, threaten to tell somebody on them. It never fails!"

BE JAZIERS, DOROTHY, THE FLIT!

BY
LESLIE A. CROUTCH



"Oh, Miss Holmes, you MUST help me. I am distraut with the uncanniness, the weirdness, of it all!" The stout, elderly woman wiped her eyes and heaved frantically. The chair creaked in protest and beneath the floors a mouse hurriedly vacated his premises.

"Easy, Mrs. Throckbottom, easy," Miss Holmes tried to placate her visitor. "If you will but calm yourself and tell me your woes perhaps I can aid you. Dorothy, some tea."

Sipping on a cup of steaming java, Mrs. Throckbottom regained some of her composure, enough to enable her, woman-like, to slyly examine the room in which she found herself. It was typically feminine, with voile curtains, a cose carpet, and the usual frills to be discovered in a room inhabited by a very feminine woman. She sighed, comfortably.

"Well, it is this way," she commenced. "Some time ago my husband, Mr. Hubert Throckbottom, became quite run down and began consulting physicians as to the cause. They each diagnosed the ailments something different and each prescribed entirely diverse treatments, none of which availed nothing. Then one morning, quite excited, he read to me an advertisement in the paper of some new doctor who had achieved perfectly marvelous cures in ailments other doctors had been baffled at. My husband could wait to visit this new. He was gone most of the day and when he returned he seemed in much improved spirits and showed me a large bottle of some vile-looking concoction of a sickening color, which, he informed me, had been given him by this doctor for an immense sum, and which was guaranteed to help him."

"And did it," Mrs. Throckbottom, urged Miss Holmes, pouring another cup of tea.

"It seemed to, yes. For the first time he was quite-well, frankly, frisky, I think would be an apt term. Yes, frisky. Decidedly so. He acted years younger and in time even looked to be much younger. But then we noticed a most distressing thing. His body, which is normally quite free of hirsute growth, began showing signs of being otherwise. We took little notice of this outside of commenting on it. In fact, if it wasn't for my sensitive skin..." Mrs. Throckbottom suddenly halted, her face flaming red. Miss Holmes hid her mouth behind a shapely hand.

"In the last few days, however," resumed Mrs. Throckbottom, after she had regained her composure, "we have noticed a slight change in his posture. Normally he walks in a very upright fashion, almost like a military man, but now he is assuming a slightly bowed posture, his legs appear as though they were slightly bowed, and his arms look to me to be a little longer."

"Ahem- does he walk with the arms swinging slightly forward and lax?" Dorothy Watson broke in.

The woman looked startled for a moment. "Why, yes. Yes, that's it, almost like a- like a- well, like an ape. I was afraid to think of that before but you have crystallized my suspicions. Oh, Miss Holmes, will you help me?"

Shirley Holmes rose from her chair. "I certainly shall, Mrs. Throckbottom. Miss Watson and I will arrive in a few hours, after we have made some necessary preparations."

THIRDBONE MANOR WAS A BLEAK MOUNTAIN of a house, set back among naked trees and surrounded by an iron fence, topped with forged spear heads. Shirley Holmes and Dorothy Watson arrived in due time in the former's coupe and drew up before the huge double doors of the old mansion.

"Gruesome looking joint," commented Dorothy Watson. "I'll bet the place is just full of dead bodies and thinks like that."

"Here, carry this," ordered her friend, handing her a briefcase-like bag.

They were greeted by a dadaverous-looking butler who looked as though he had enjoyed his last meal on the ark. They were taken through a high, gloomy hall, into a small, snug study, where Mrs. Throckbottom greeted them.

"I want you to meet my husband," she said. "Hubert. This is Miss Holmes and her friend, Miss Watson."

If anything, the woman had played down her husband's appearance. He had been a tall, powerfully built man in his middle forties, but now it was hard to judge either his height, his physique or his age. He walked and stood in a stooped fashion, legs slightly bowed, arms hanging, loosely before him, in the manner of the great apes. His brow was beetling, and his face had the appearance of needing a shave badly, except in his case the whiskers covered every portion.

After the amonotics were over, Shirley Holmes said, "Mrs. Throckbottom, You likely know why I am here?"

The man nodded, looking at his wife.

"Have you been to your regular doctor after visiting this- this new man?"

He shook his head.

"Can you describe him to me?"

Again he shook his head.

Mrs. Throckbottom broke in. "My husband doesn't speak much of late, so you will have to excuse him. However, he told me of his dealings with this Dr- oh dear, what WAS his name- oh yes, this Dr. Bejazer was conducted in a dimly lighted room. The doctor was all in black and was seated, thus making it impossible to judge either his appearance or his height."

At the name, Dr. Bejazer, Shirley had glanced at her friend. When Mrs. Throckbottom had ceased, she said, "Dr. Bejazer. I wonder if that is the same man who was selling those health belts some time ago? You recall the instance, don't you, Dorothy?" Dorothy nodded. "I wonder if this is another case of the cure being too good?"

Here Mr. Throckbottom created a diversion by suddenly leaping to his feet, thence to the sofa, where he started scratching himself under one arm and grimacing in delight the while. Then, while they watched in shocked silence, he seated himself, removed one shoe, and began to amuse himself twisting his foot and curling his toes, which, Shirley noticed, were unusually prehensile for a human.

She turned to the wife. "Tell me, Mrs. Throckbottom. Does he still take the medicine?"

"Oh, no, he finished it up some time ago."

"Didn't he get anymore?"

"No, you see, he forgot completely the Doctor's address, and when we checked with the paper, they couldn't find any record of any such name or even any record of the advertisement."

Shirley sighed. "Again it is a case of being called in too late. I fear there is little that can be done. No bottle, no medicine to analyse, apparently the ailment gone too far to be halted, if it could be halted anyway."

Here Mr. Throckbottom emitted a frightening roar, leaped to the mantel of the fireplace, thence to the chandelier where he swung gayly back and forth, uttering noises of simean delight the while.

"Oh dear! Oh dear! Can't something be done?" Wailed Mrs. Throckbottom, wringing her hands.

Mrs. Throckbottom began shedding his clothes in pieces, hurling them at

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)

IN THE PEN

BY *Scripto*

FORREST J. ACKERMAN

Whacky Acky by Cracky!!! and writ by hand too!!! How could I stood it? What am I to do with this one, Les. Frame it and hang it over the mantelpiece or just frame the originator and let someone else hang him?

This is no blooming violet shrinking in the dell. The script has all the earmarks of Acky the extrovert, Acky the individualist, who loves the limelight and thrives on the adulation of others.

When describing the traits of any strong personality it all depends on the viewpoint. Some would sit at your feet in adoration. Others, with opposing philosophies would call you a self-opinionated so-and-so (and I don't mean tailor). You are likely to go your own sweet way regardless, but be careful that you don't hang yourself in those nooses you use for ls.

Those peculiar "K" formations show that you hold peculiar views on religion and take a rather morbid delight in poking fun at your more orthodox fellows. As No. 1 fan you have definite responsibilities toward the lesser lights, whether you wish it that way or not. The printed word is one of the magic ways of influencing people in this day and age, and it is not wise to tear down existing structures until you have something better to erect in their places.

The release that others may find through the church comes to you through your adoration of color, line, and music, and your reverence for all artistic and intellectual pursuits. Why quarrel with the path another chooses when the destination is all the same?

You have an idealistic nature with flashes of intuition but you do not seem to have hit the proper balance between the spiritual and the material. Write again when you are 45- a man's philosophy

seldom jells before then.

In the meantime- good hunting. You have got the ambition and personality to make life interesting- the will power and vitality to follow your plans and a sense of humor to lighten the darker moments.

(Ed. note: Scripto is apparently unaware that Bob Tucker was recently voted by fandom to the position accredited Mr. Ackerman- that of Number 1 face. Now it would be highly interesting if we could see what Tucker's writing might reveal. Will you send yours along, Bob, for analysis?)

BEAK TAYLOR

As one would expect from his family name and that of his college. Beak's writing shows many of the "canny Scot" tendencies. With practically all your o's and a's buttoned up you shouldn't have much trouble keeping within your budget.

You like to approach things from the logical angle, as you have a practical reasoning mind. The i-dot placed to the right indicates attention to detail and a good memory. Those directly above the letter indicate good judgment. You like to be on the go all the time and get a big kick out of physical as well as mental endeavors.

I'm sorry you wrote on lined paper as it doesn't allow much opportunity for judging your margins or basic line of writing.

That single dot after the signature denotes prudence, as do some of those over-developed periods you use. Those small b's well closed show you can keep your own counsel.

(continued on page 23)



Harold Wakefield- December 10, 1944
 I'm afraid I haven't time to go in-
 to detail about that last monster
 issue of LIGHT. Will throw in a few
 comments, however. To begin with,
 Lamb and Gibson redeemed themselves
 after that awful pun-orgy with
 "See Naples and Die". They should
 do more of this. "Meteor" by L.A.C.
 smells like science fiction so I
 shan't read it. Intollerant old
 devil, am I not? Mail Box fine with
 Lamb writing the most interesting
 letters. I agree with him entirely
 on "F.A.P.A." and Van Vogt. Was
 rather astonished to see that fam-
 ous sergeant looks like Jules de
 Grandin of "W.T." fame. Your an-
 swer to McDonald was very apt. I
 can see no possible use in everyone
 here going around with faces as
 long as fiddles. As for the cartoon
 on page 19: if that doesn't start
 the biggest row yet I'm a Dutchman.
 (Well, Harold Van Wakefield, when
 did you arrive from Holland?) Ed)
 Poetry not too hot. "Unscientifacts"
 feeble. You did cram a remarkable
 lot of news into the issue. Guess
 that must be true about Van Vogt
 as Conium and Mason both told me.
 (A copy of the Christmas LIGHT was
 mailed to Van Vogt. To date- Dec.
 26- no reply has been forthcoming.

Of course if he has moved to Cal-
 ifornia it will take awhile to
 follow him out there, what with
 the Christmas rush and all- ED).

-o-

HOLA! HOLA! IF THIS LOOKS AS
 FUNNY IN PRINT AS IT DID TO ME
 WHEN I FIRST READ IT, YOU'LL
 LAUGH- Albert A. Betts- Toronto-
 December 17, 1944- Somebody
 should start a movement along the
 lines of Society For The Prevention
 Of Fanzine Editors And Pub-
 lishers Rolling Their Mags Up
 Like Window Blinds For Mailing.
 As it is you receive a mag you'd
 like to read, but can't because it
 takes a week to train the bloody
 thing to unroll. Take warning, I
 expect something to be done about
 this. (How about the new practise
 of folding instead of rolling?-
 ED) The only thing that makes
 your cover presentable is of course
 the super heading. As for the
 pic-- Oh my gawd! (Jealous, huh?-
 ED) If I may copy a phrase, "words
 fail me!" The Lamb and Gibson's
 little story "See Naples and Die"
 (this title by the way, besides
 being a misquote, would have been
 more impressive and mystifying
 as 'Vedi Napoli e poi mori'.)
 Now look here, Betsy- just cause
 you've been a 'sailin' and been to
 Italy, don't go throwing your
 knowledge around and lettin' on
 you know more than us poor
 morons. Egad- who would have known
 what it meant? I WOULDN'T! -ED/
 Sorry I forgot the square
 brackets before- ED/ was to say
 the least entertaining, and as
 such I think the authors deserve
 a reward. Dear Lamb and Gibson,
 (especially Lamb), in order to
 collect your reward you must, on
 your next leave, go to 345 Via
 Roma, in Naples, and climb to the
 top floor, the sixth if I remember
 rightly. When you get there, knock
 on the door and ask for Carmen.
 Are you giving instructions for
 finding an Opera House, Betsy?-
 ED/ Just say Alberto Alphonse
 Bettsoli (Who's he? Sounds like
 some blasted Fascisti- ED/ sent
 you and Carmen will see that you

are taken care of as only she can. Among other things you will learn a couple of mystifying card tricks. /Oh, a magicians daughter, eh?-ED/ I'll guarantee that when you leave there the 'V' in Lamb's name will no longer stand for Virginal. /Mite be it would stand for "rosebudded"-my pal?- ED/ Oh yes, in the event that her old man might be home it would be wise to go prepared. /I'd go prepared anyway, Betsy- ED/ Five packs of cigarettts /Which lets you Americans out, I'm afraid!-ED/or 250 Lire (genuine Allied Military Currency) should be enough to pacify him. /In case it doesn't, how about a lead pipe filled with wet sand, Betts?-ED/ I liked your story THE METEOR, Les. Perhaps I am moronic, but I've always had a weakness for stories in which the world is destroyed and everybody on its gets kilt, heh heh. / I suppose a dead Scotsman would also be a kilted Scotsman, what?-ED/ /Somewhere here are two other versions of that same story, which I did a long time ago. I may publish them later on- ED/ So Mac-Donald raises the issue about who is winning the war. I'm surprised at you for printing that bit, Les. If it keppts up you'll soon find t that you've let yourself in for a lot of unnecessary grief. Personally, I've met scads of Scotsmen, Englishmen, and Americans and three Russian Airmen. In general they all have the same idea that if it hadn't been for their country the Germans would have won the war long ago. /And right they are, Betts. The stand I took was that NOW ONE PEOPLE ARE 100% RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WINNING OF THIS WAR. The French helped for they delayed the Germans when they blitzed around the Maginot. The British helped because they stood up to the Germans when it needed somebody to call the cards for once. If it hadn't been for the Russians on the plains before Moscow, the Germans may have swept Europe and then the world without halt. No one people are winning the war, no one people are losing it. We

all had a hand in it for bad or good. I think every intelligent thinking person realises this. But it is damned bad manners for anyone to flout this claim in the faces of a people who are his hosts, and who are in things as much as he is.- ED/ The Russians were the most violent in their arguments with the English a close second. /Personally I think each has claim to this honor, if any people have. The English stopped the Germans at the English Channel. They stood up to them when they were as good as beaten, just at a time when the Germans were punch drunk with victory and needed the cold slap of water in their faces to sober them. The Russians supplied another dash of sobering coldness on the steppes of Russia. But when you speak of the English, don't forget the Canadians who also suffered in France and at Dunkirk. Don't forget those Americans who donned British and Canadian uniforms before their own country was in.-ED/ The question is one, which wherever possible, I always strive to avoid, but when drawn into an argument on it I always find that there is nothing gained by incessant, inane bickering, and invariably either lose a friend or my respect for a person through it. Patriotism is a wonderful thing, but in wartime it is I think, just about the greatest enemy to Allied Unity that there is. /Well, one could say it was a form of patriotism that was called "isolationism" in the States. Those men likely loved their country but didn't have the right picture of things as they were- ED/ MacD also mentions his pleasure over the Saskatchewan CCF victory. "A step in the right direction" he says. Pardon my cussword, suh, but what the hell do you know about it? True, their proposals to look after our returning veterans are praiseworthy as are other points of their program. On closer investigations

though, you'll find that these few good pints are outweighed by their ideas of governmental control of private industry and independent enterprises. Their ideas are too communistic for the freethinking people of this country. It'll be a sad day for Canada if the CCF party ever gains control of our Government. But to get on...Biggest laugh of the issue is Watson's "Grow up, Buster", get yourself a wench and find out the score." That's CROUTCH he's talking about! Haw! /Suh, such uncouth laughter is not allowed in these hallowed quarters- ED/ Gushiest letter of the ish-- that of Bobbie Davis, LAC discovery #2. Come now, Mrs. Davis, surely there was something in LIGHT worthy of a knock? Concerning Un-scientifacts, it was amusing, but not very. Besides, where have I seen that feature before? Censored? /Right, Hurter gave it to LIGHT- ED/ I'll bet you two dozen staples (used) that Scripto is our old pal Jessie Walker. How do I know? I'm psychic /You're also something else but I won't say what- ED/ I'm also interested in knowing myself /Think you could survive the shock?- ED/ so I'm sending you a sample of my scrawl to find out via your analysis if I'm alive and mentally alert and stuff. /Maybe Carmen could tell us- ED/ Who was it said "Know thyself and thou knowest all" or somethin' /Likely "somethin'"-ED/ The Tale of the Tortletwitch was more than I bargained for. I was expecting something utterly filthy and what happens....Income Tax! /Isn't that a filthy subject? It has to do with filthy lucre- ED/ Egad! Les! What is LIGHT coming to? Gibson's Limp Limerick provided heap big chuckle. So did all the doodling on Elder's pic. The only laugh I got from the WAPA section was supplied from the comments on The Panty Raiser. Your Idea was just as screwy. Nonetheless, try and find enclosed half anna which I'm sending ~~mark~~ to help the cause, namely to buy a

jockstrap for jike and Ptl. /Tnk yo'- it will make a swell luck piece- ED/ Zekley cartoon funny even if it is pointless. And you had the gall to print that nude after feeding me all the guff about showing pubic hair in drawings. Van Cartoon was vurry vurry hoomerous but in the 'dream portion by Crouch' what the hell is Heuyt? /Heuyt is a new sentence, akin to forneh or rosebud. It takes the place of a certain Anglo-saxon sentence that requests a four-lettered word which is now replaced by forneh and rosebud!- ED/ On pages 19 and 30 there was a lot of apparantly senseless prattle about the little goon who used to rat on you when you went to school. What gives jack-son? Were you building up steam to blow off about Searles? That's the impression I got when I started to read it, but as I read on and failed to see any mention of the louse, I began to wonder what the gag was. I'm still mystified. /Don't tell me I've finally done something too subtle for a fan to figure out? Egad and little shoe laces-ED/ I was very surprised to see Conium's pic on pp 32. /That is NOT Conium's pic. Conium isn't that lovely lookin' in the nude- ED/ Just about how many years had it been in your files awaiting publication? /Now don't get noscy, Bub- ED/ The poems were all excellent, with Godfrey's THE CALL being a little above the rest. /Even better than Nanck's!!! ???-ED/ /And you accused Bobbie Davis of writing a gushy letter- ED/

-o-

Viola Kenally, St Catharines, Dec. 17, 1944 Well, it /LIGHT-ED/ was good! Very good, indeed! I was pleased to read your serious story and actually enjoyed it. "Motor" was one of the best you've done. Just thought you should have left the last paragraph off, as there was no one to see "the glancing, sleek stratosphere plane" etc etc falling. Right? Everyword was

readable, and the spacing etc were all fine. Don't care much for poetry, but then some do, so you can't please everyone. Can't say I care for Lamb's or Gibson's contributions, as they sound so callow and inane. Enjoyed Light Flashes, and chuckled over Croutch's usual inconsistency. Can't see the reason in a fan mag- for discussions on whether or not to buy some femmefan pants, and still insist that a mag- fan mag- to please real readers and book lovers could dispense with some of the departments in favor of a few pages of real honest-to-goodness heart-to-heart talks on the classics of Fantasy and Weird Fiction, on the relative merits of Lovecraft, Merritt and others. On where and when one may obtain copies for their collections on whether the present-day writers are as good as the old ones, etc. This would interest me beyond all the other contents of a fanzine- and I'm sure there must be other readers like myself, who'd love such discussions, people perhaps never heard of in so-called "Fandom", but who probably have a better love for their type of fiction and a deeper interest than the names of the average fan. Of course maybe I'm expecting too much- but I'd gladly pay 50¢ a copy for a zine with a couple pages of such literature a month. /LIGHT is always ready to print such book reviews if some kind soul will but send them in- ED/ I am sure there are plenty of good weird and fantasy stories that I've never read, never even heard about, and I'd like to see an article done by someone who'd read a lot of these, someone who'd say, "Have you ever read this, or that, by so and so"- and go on to describe the story, etc. Are you bored by my tirade? I can't help it! it's something I've been looking for for ages! /To fan editors who print such information and who would like to send copies to Miss Kennally, mail such to Miss Viola Kennally, 142 Welland Ave., St. Catharines,

Ontario, Canada. -ED/ Well- the one thing in LIGHT that made me boil, was the letter from this MacDonald guy! The way that so and so talked about Canada! Humph! "Middle-Class Canadian home" he says! Doesn't he know we are civilized /Sometimes I wonder-ED/ in this country, and are all equal /Equality here or anywhere? Nuts! Not even in socialized Russia. The only two places you find equality is in the Mother's womb and in the grave- ED/ How dare he come out here and ~~hate~~ boldly insult people right and left! /Easy now- there- easy now. Tolerance- tolerance. I don't think he meant to insult. I don't think he really did. He said what he thought and he expressed what he had to say in terms natural to him because he was educated in a different country and under a different school system. Likely if we went to his land we'd pull boners and hurt peoples' feelings, unknowingly, also- ED/ He needn't worry about any of those "beauteous wenches" being interested in him! /And why not? Eddy is a nice-looking chap, shy, well-read. I think he could interest a lot of girls if he so desired- ED/ Not after his voiced his opinion. /The man to beware is the man who keeps quiet on what his opinion is. The man who says what he thinks is honest and never to be feared- ED/ Reading LIGHT in the lavatory, indeed! /Well, after all, maybe so many wanted to read such an elite publication he had to run there for privacy and protection!-ED/ There's just one thing I like- and that's a healthy poke at his smug Scotch mugg! /Easy now- such belligerency is unbecoming in a female! People who go around fighting never get anywhere even slowly. He didn't really say enough to warrant such Amazon-like statements you know- ED/ You told him but brother not nearly sufficiently. So there, Les. /No, not nearly there- I may have talked back at him but but I can still say a word in his

behalf. For all his imagined faults, you must never lose sight of one fact, and that is that regardless of what he may have said or what he may think he believes in our way of life enough to fight for it. He is wearing the uniform of the R.A.F. and he is willing to lay down his life that you and I remain free and retain the precious right to say what we think in the language we chose. If it had not been for thousands of fellow like him, we might today be groaning under the Nazi yoke, unable to print and read these amateur magazines, unable to say what we think about someone who had offended us. Don't forget that when you leave your homeland and enter a strange land where the people speak your language, but that is about all, you see things in a confused manner. Your thought processes are different, you evaluate things differently. You may say things that hurt people but which you never intended to say. You use what to you is a slang word and find it means something very nasty over here. You find the people using freely a word you would never hear in your own country except as a word among courtesans or other nasty terms. But above all, this stranger in your midst, may some day die fighting to protect you and your right to call him names, kick him in the pants, insult him, use those words that confused him. -ED/

-o-

Bob Gibson- Italy- Dec. 1, 1944

I have seen Ted White- for perhaps ten minutes. Was able to get into a vehicle that would stop at his outfit for a few minutes, and had the luck to find him locatable. He was very busy, at a table bearing his name on a neat little card. I said "Sergeant White?"..."Yes, what do you want?"..."Did you ever hear of anybody named Gibson?"..."Are you him?" and his official manner vanished away. We didn't have time to get to saying much, unfortunately, and neither of us was able to anything else about meeting while

our units were within range. At least he didn't show up, and I couldn't. Then I heard they were shifted away. But I have met him and you have a report of it. He told me how he had sworn when his lot cancelled all passes that time he was set to visit 6 Bn. /So all the Canadian fcn in Italy have finally met. I hope the friendships thus started continue after the war, I feel proud that I have had a small part in making possible their acquaintanceships. - ED/

-o-

NORMAN V. LAMB- ITALY- December 22, 1944

Just a few lines to let you know that I got your letter and LIGHT last Saturday. For the past three weeks we haven't any rain at all-- which is a minor miracle. Last night and today we have been enjoying (?) a proverbial winter gale. God, it sure ~~have~~ been blowing. It turned a lot colder, my fingers are nearly frozen and I am finding it very difficult to type. Of course, living in tents, fires are verboten. Oh the pity of it all. I bunk with another Sgt. and he is a bit of an engineer. I suggested a design for a little gasoline stove and he built it. We have to keep it under cover when not in use. It is a pressure affair and when it is going it can spray burning gasoline over four feet. /I just can't resist a pun here, Norm. Are you referring to measurement or the dogs you and the sarge possess? -ED/ Sort of a Flammenwerfer in miniature. /The spelling is Lambs, not mine- ED/ It sure is nice to have hot water to shave with, to say nothing of the odd cup of tea that we brew every evening. Sometime you want to really do something charitable-- toss 2 or 3 tea bags (unused of course- heh heh) in an old envelope and send it on to me. (Hint.)

My kid brother got himself a motor cycle in Aug. but he isn't driving it now as it apparently chilled his ardor, driving in the late Fall. He is a half-ass humorist himself /Suggesting that is what I am, Norm?-ED/-- he wrote and asked me to mail any German motorcycles that I happened to run across. /The joke would have been better if you were in the tank corps, Norm- ED/

"BEJAZERS, " DOROTHY THE FLIT!"

(continued from page 11)

the people below, gibbering with delight the while.

"Oh my!" Giggled Dorothy. "I hope he leaves his pants on!"

Blushing furiously, Shirley departed the scene, dragging her friend with her.

In the hall, she turned to her. "What do you think, Dorothy?"

"Well, it looks as me as though Dr. Bejazer must have sold Mr. Throckbottom some sort of gland medicine, maybe one of those so-called monkey-gland tonics you read about every now and then, and it is really working this time."

A cry came from the study. "Hubert! Ohhhh Hubert!"

Shirley drew a small automatic from her handbag and raced to the door. But there she halted at the amazing scene before her.

Mr. Throckbottom had descended from the chandelier and had gathered his spouse into his hairy arms. He was now embracing her with great delight and enthusiasm. Shirley raced forward, raising the gun.

"No!" Cried Mrs. Throckbottom. "I am all right. You leave Hubert alone. I haven't been hugged this way since we were married."

"Don't you want me to help you?" Cried Shirley.

"Nix, nix!" Dorothy tugged at her sleeve. "Can't you see she's enjoying it?"

As they drove home through the starry night, 'neath a great silvery moon, Dorothy commented.

"Just think. Thousands of women deep in their hearts want to be loved by a caveman, and Mrs. Throckbottom has come nearest to it. I think she'll be very happy."

Silence except for the thrum of the motor for a space of several minutes, then:

"Shirley-- do you suppose some of that might do Gerald any good? He's been awfully mild lately."

The End

oooooo LIGHT FLASHES oooo
(continued from page three) ooooo

Lamb the Virginal was also a casualty. On his way with a truckload of his fellow soldiers from a nearby town the conveyance overturned. He says he was scratched and bruised by coming in contact with various boots and benches. His sensibilities were also wounded by the choice language he was subjected to. Otherwise only his pride was scraped!

I want all your comments in detail on the two new characters introduced in the Dr. Bejazer story. I discussed these with Norm Lamb some time ago and he thot they ideas behind them were very good. I hope this initial story sets well for I am going to relate some more of their adventures in the future.

No doubt some fans will gain a lot of delight from the gentle ribbing I give some of the Futurians in POKER GAME. I want it understood that no maliciousness is intended. I stress this because some people seem to damned thin-skinned.

New louse-hold word: Yngvi is no relation to Searles! Implied or otherwise.

Just had word from Clare Howes. The fellow has been suffering from overwork and "war nerves" and hasn't been doing much writing of personalities of late. From his letter however I think he back in the land of the conscious again.

Remember when Campbell reduced ASTOUNDING to the present midget size "in order to save paper"? In Canada a trade magazine, RADIO TRADE-BUILDER just increased size to large format "in order to save paper"! Said this was in accordance with Prices Board regulations as greater economy of paper is achieved. Now who's nuts?

Latest move in Hollywood is "A Bride for Ackerman" so his geniusness w on't be lost to fandom. Egad-- won't Searles be mad? This will no doubt afront his ounich soul-- for this suggests sex in fan life!

I also heard the Rooster that Wears Rods Pants has soldered the zipper shut so nothing can be said about him!

End of January and I got that bastard mailing the FAPA wasted their monies on early in December. Was this delayed in the mails or what? There was

MAIL BOX - continued from page
seventeen

That-- to me, way, way, down here at the Base! Of course we know that there is a war on--- we have newspapers.

Appropos of sweet bogger all--- I changed one letter there- not to please the now Yngvi but myself- ED/ how would you like to see a film (not a commercial but a regular release) where is shown the interior of a ladies' Beauty Salon, giving you scenes in the rooms where women are taking sun ray treatments au naturel and also health baths in the same manner? That, sir, is a superfluous question. What was the name of the film? US or British? Who starred in it? What company made it?-ED/ Sound good? Saw a movie with those scenes in it two weeks ago. Over here the censors are very much more liberal than the Hays Office; they don't appear to think that the sight of the Primary and Secondary sexual differences of a woman will corrupt people. I won't say that all the films are like that--- but I keep on going to see as many as I can. Lecherous, ain't I? God yes- I wonder if the Womens Division also see good films?-ED/

Now the good Sergeant goes on with LIGHT- the Winter number-ED/2

First Impressions- Very good piece of Mimeo work, not a dull or blurred page in the entire issue. Huge size--38 pages sure is a record, never seen a larger fanmag. There have been larger, though-ED/ An issue to be proud of-- Scaries etc. to the contrary. This new paper is much better than the older types; should carry on with it if it is available. I still have slightly over 2,000 sheets on hand, and I have ordered 8,000 more. It costs me \$2. per 1,000-ED/

Cover- Both Xmas and fantastic. What is the ribbon-decked candle for? To light the pen to bed, with my

Very difficult to fit a circular pic. in a rectangular page when you have a comet-tail heading. Remember the AMAZING QUARTERLY?-ED/ The drawing is very well done and is the best you have done for quite awhile. Very dovish.

See N&D- On behalf of one half of the team of Gibson and Lamb I wish to thank you for the manner in which you presented our contribution. The picture

came up better than I expected. One minor detail-- my name happens to be N. V. and not just V. Also my initials stand for Non Venercal.

Meteor- A hell of a good yarn. It carries one along even with it being 99% retrospection. The suspense is handled very well and carries one right to the ultimate unexpected finish. A very well handled story of Atomics; and who knows what will appear in the future. A distinct pleasure to read after seeing so many yarns where the hero and heroine start populating a new planet so that Homo Sapiens can rise to bigger and better things. (Not better than the commencing of more little H.Saps.) Horo Lamb pulls a joke which is funny but which the FAPA, I am sure, would NOT be interested in!-ED/ If you can hit a story like that in every issue, I can foresee your circulation rising by leaps and bounds. An contemplating a 7,000 word epic in the best tradition of the blud and thunder tradition- ED/

Mail Box- As usual- Excellent. To LAC MacDonald- I agree with you on your impressions of the BBC. Personally I never- repeat- NEVER listen to anything that emanates from a Canadian station. Don't you think that this is being just a little too hidebound?-ED/ I learned my lesson years ago that Can. Radio is similar to Can. mags. (Pro. only)- in other words, No Bloody Good. Well, I'll admit Canadian radio is bad, but not that bad. I have heard some veroy good symphonic programs over the CBC in the last year. Of course, you, being out of touch of things, wouldn't know that-ED/ Heresy if you like- it's still my opinion. I see that we have a Socialist in our midst. Quick, Leslie- the Flit. Ha ha! You, Les, should write a Yarn entitled 'How the LIGHT came to MacDonald in a lavatory.' B.E.B sure told you off, old fellow. Hang your head in shame- then carry on running the mag as you have always run it. Tom Hanley wrote an a very pertinent question when he mentioned Clare's point about the authors in the Services might be embittered. I would dearly love to let you have my question would not pass the eagle eye of the censors. I don't want to linger in durance vile, old boy; so we'll have to wait until La Guerre est finis. Comprenez? Comprenez- ED/

Thank to Mrs "Bobbie" Davis for her

kind remarks re our story. For her info. the amount of the story that I am responsible for is exactly 50%. (Right, Bob?) Thank you Les for saying that puns are meat and drink to me.

I will be glad to see any comments on my second letter- the part re the F.A.P.A. I mean. I will still dispute with you re micro film and fantasy magazines.

Betts and you seemed to have had a very enjoyable convention. He sure did a lot of travelling around this year. Am I blind or just dumb? I couldn't find the cartoon that you and he worked up. /Look again, Norm. It's there all right-ED/

The cartoon of 4SJ is pretty good. Cute little devil or is it deviless? My, how hirsute! /By Gad, here is where I get a pun in. How do you know what hirsute is like since she didn't have it on? Haw haw haw haw haw! Gad, I'm smart as a whip tonight!-ED/

Godfrey's poem is a nice example of the blood-curdling type. I liked it well enough to want more. Good work, Sapper.

Uncle Benny's Tale of the T was boluddy good. Top Hole, no less. The humor appears to me to have originated in the brain (?) of one L.A.C. I may be wrong, but I believe that I detect your Machiavoh hell, I think you wrote it. /Does this month's also sound like my work?-ED/

Nanek's poem is really tenebful. It reads better the second time than the first. It reads /pardon, I've already did that-ED/ All the world of difference between it and the Kiskot, which just failed to jell. It didn't have that touch of fantasy that appeals to me.

Glad to see that Conium's still alive- or is that an old drawing? /Yes to both questions- ED/ Could it be an allegorical picture of LIGHT?

Now for Van's cartoon- I wonder if 4SJ's face will be red when he sees this. Damn good, old boy. Am looking forward to seeing more of his work. /You will. I don't think 4ecwill mind. It was all in good clean (?) fun-ED/

-o-

WILLIAM F. TEMPLE- Somewhere in Italy- January 6, 1945. Spent Xmas at the O.P., & at midnight on Boxing Day was digging (with fingers) in the snow for broken ends of telephone wire. No, I don't collect 'em- I just had to fit 'em together. After stumbling 3 or 4 miles up & down gorges & so forth to do it. Great fun. I'm taking it up as a hobby for

Civvy Street.

Had a long letter from Ted White, taking my slamming for making at "this gem set in the silver sea" very well. He didn't mean it after all, he says. In fact, he sez, "I detest the English so much I'm even going to marry one of them." I know fairly well the district of London wherein dwells his intended, one Gwen. I don't know Gwen at all, yet. Which reminds me that I've never got around to answering it yet, nor another one from Bob Gibson. They met up not so long ago, & Sgt. Ted, not recognizing Bob, "growled" at him, thinking him just another swaddy. He didn't mean it after all, he says.

One thing which helped to brighten my kinda gloomy Yuletide was the Xmas ish of LIGHT. /This is the part I like best!-ED/ Quite a wad, eh? Your story wasn't bad. No, I won't "praise" it. It was bad. In the sense that it was incredibly hackneyed. And I didn't like the cliché- "the Grim Reaper", "the Great Scientist", and sich things. The story begins in the first person by the last person. Who, then, writes the bit about the plane plunging into the "seething mass" (ooh!- why must masses always seethe?) at the very end? Presumably "the Great Scientist".

The mail is, as usual, the most interesting section. I like Bob. I like her courage in saying she threw LIGHT away unfinished, 'cos of the appalling nudes. I've felt that way myself sometimes, but never had the guts (or was it that I lacked the lack of conscience?) to do so. I've read every word of every damned ish I've had, some of them more than once. Why follow VOM up the wrong track? Give me something comparable with Jane /An English comic-strip character who periodically sheds her clothes for the delectation of the readers- ED/ or Varga or the work of Harry Turner & I lap it up. Humor alone won't save the situation. Wit without grace is a disgrace. /Well at least you admit I have wit- or am I only half-right?- ED/

'Fraid I've bin a bit hard on you this time, & there isn't much grace in that, especially as I've never yet had to pay for a single ish. Sorry & all that, for these little cribs. But don't think I never enjoyed the ish as a whole- I always do- &, as I said, it brightened

up a not particularly cheerful period out here. Real thanks for that.

P.P.S- If you should take exception to any of the above remarks, please remember that "I didn't mean it after all!" /Don't you like me for having the courage to print Bob's letter? Most editors are accused of printing only those letters which praise their publication. Gosh, look at yours!-ED/

-0-

BOB GIBSON- Somewhere in Italy- December 2, 1944. Most of last month I was attached to a Foo party...and don't get that mixed up with the Foes of the U.S Fantasy Fandom. Another family of F.O.O altogether. Forward Observation Officer. It meant a lot of moving, sometimes every other day, sometimes three times a day. There was waste-time a-plenty, too--but it was far too chilly for sketching. Apart from a couple of times when we were stuck in a room with a fireplace the warmest night I spent was in a stable where there were a couple of cows left. Mostly we were in upstairs rooms with a more or less complete tile roof and no glass in the windows. Temperatures just like outdoors. And since frost has replaced rain these last weeks it was coooooool! Then I knocked the right forefinger nail loose before Christmas. The infantry M.O. said the nail was coming off, but it hasn't turned black so our own medico says it will probably stay with me. I'm learning to write with the next finger.

The local scenery is dreary enough by day, but on a misty evening it is plain, downright eerie. In this area they train the grapevines on wires slung along rows of pollarded trees. The rows are about fifty yards apart and they farm intensively between them. But they cut off the view as effectively as thin bushland.

The vines form horizontal masses seven or eight feet above ground.

When the mist creeps in and dusk falls they suggest the surface of some ghost sea in which we are all submerged. Some cold, damp, somewhat squelchy afterworld of the drowned and swamped. Then somewhere nearby a string of Bofors shells drifts past, playing follow-my-leader in a ~~series~~ curve that vanishes over the horizon- rosy lights like runaway planets- and then you hear the flat-toned barking of the gun from far away. When the tracers have

passed the place seems darker and more fey than before.

Sometimes the searchlights are on. They cast a ~~dim~~ dim, shadowless light, like a quarter-moon through thin cloud, over everything. The self-propelled guns have a sharp bark, the Bofors is flattish, like the note of a slack drumhead. The twenty-five pounder is heavier and deeper, but a much more satisfactory tone. It's drum is tuned. The mediums, behind us, sound like bits clipped out of thunder, and their shells pass overhead like phantom trains.

When the whole orchestra goes off, as at times it does, the symphony is awe-inspiring. The bangs overlap and the actual line is a thud of mortar sounds. Moaning minnies sing over, their notes curved like their trajectories, and burst in succession, as though impatient. We have a machine gun that sounds like a kettle boiling over, and Jerry's "cheese-cutter" has a note like cloth tearing. Other m.gs rattle in short bursts. Shells landing boom startlingly and bullets go "pzingg!" overhead. German tracer seems to be pale yellow, you can see some of it before the charge gives out.

This is something of what an attack sounds like from behind the front line; between the guns and the infantry. What it sounds like, that is, to someone not involved with its cutting edge. That skyline is lit with flashes and the mournful tree silhouettes are clear cut against it.

The editor hopes this description has interested some of the readers of LIGHT.

You made a good job of reproducing the "Naples" sketch. (Norm's mustache balances really. It's just that the one spike is foreshortened). The article is accurate enough in its description of Naples, which is where Norm landed..... but of course I wasn't with him then. I started in Scilly and came up the hard way. The "Imbasic English" vocabulary is extracted accurately from a bilingual dictionary Norm got.

"Meteor" - good work, Les. It's true you do tend to labor the points, but the story is good enough to get above that. Wish you hadn't fed him the cyanide though. I wish you'd write more stf, this is nwar to being the first of yours I have read.

Norm's letter is just like hearing him talking. I was-to go back to the time he was discussing- down to the hospital a couple of times, to see him. I don't agree with him about Van Vogt, who has quite a few top-rate stories to his credit, on my list. But again, I got very little enjoyment out of an AMAZING John sent out for the chain. (John Cunningham). Half the yarns weren't even slanted as sf. Just punk fantasy or semi-fantasy, and the best ~~xxx~~ yarn in it rated 1. With it was an ASTOUNDING in which the worst story got 2. A long cry from the day when the fans raved over AMAZING's offerings, such as Williamson's "The Green Girl", Smith's "Skylark of Space", and Merritt's "The Moon Pool". ED/

My vote would go with La Bovard's... but I think I can follow your point of view, too. You started to cut out the nudes, realized you were pandering to the taste of only part of the readers. Then your artistic honesty rebelled at being driven, and you put 'em back. Nicely put, Bob. Maybe that states my case. Maybe not. -ED/ O.K. If you think they're worth the space- use 'em. It's you that has the say. But, Les, you don't have to be apologetic or defensive about either using them or not using them. "A" likes them, "B" doesn't. You can't please both at the same time. Don't apologize to either. Publish what you want to. I call nudes and related stuff waste of space, true enough- but you've got plenty of others customers to look after. Here is a fine example of a broad-minded, tolerant fan. He doesn't care for nudes. But does he threaten to expose, to "tattle", to cause trouble in order to force things his own way? No, he admits others may like them, and if they do, all well and good. Gibson is a truer fan than a dozen others who would be "little dictators"- ED/

Tom Hanley's letter...hope he's an unjustified pessimist. Heinlein at least ought to come back to writing. If the rest has brought Do Camp back to his high level he's got to come back, too. Jameson and Hubbard have both done good work and bad work. Let them come back good.

Beak feels the same about the puns as Norm and I. You should have seen us holding our noses and writing through

reading it through mine! - ED/ And then Mrs. Davis' claims to have made sense of the thing! Wonders will never cease. It's true we tried to work a thread of continuity into it, but didn't know anybody else could trace it. I did once or twice, but mostly I was wandering in the maze like a lost soul-ED/

Must disagree with Norm on the micro-filming idea. At least to this extent. I don't think having a story in that form would stop me wanting to get the original. It didn't stop Harry James, did it?-ED/ I still want some books I have now as FFM reprints. Ditto, because I have always been suspicious of reprints as too many times I have found it is not the complete story- ED/ And, being a collector of stories before mags or books, I'd far rather have m/f copies than none. He's perfectly right about the fun of getting the books, about the joy of matching the other chap with this one and besting him to that...and even in getting a better edition. M/f, like paper editions, would give the story, but not the collection. It would also give the collection for those who preferred it this way- ED/until people start collecting them as a special field of magpie-ism.

Agree with you about the war-setting stories that Z-D in particular seem to feature. The AMAZING I spoke of before had every yarn carefully pasted onto some aspect of the war...and very little of it seeming to bear on the actual way of the war. Gave no illusion of reality. The ASTOUNDINGS I've seen were much more scrupulous...didn't give the impression that the editor had said: "...and for the sake of God write war into it somehow!" (I spelt it "god" on purpose- that's what Rap got.) How AST did not use this war all the time, used few parallels, or the story's historic background. Hitler came to several sticky ends therein, but any other villain could have served as well. And, above all that, the stories were well done.

Godfrey's poem well done...and so now the Tortwetches must pay income tax. Alas for Mars.

All your poems this time are serious. "Kismet" leads, I think. "The Weaver of Light" starts very well, but I feel does not hold its level. The word-magic is still there, but not the

quality.

It was Norm who wrote "See Naples and Die" complete. But the "Fantasy Malaria" stuff was true collaborations. We both had ideas, we pruned and decorated each others, and at times dictated alternately to each other, or broke in and finished each other's sentences. Then we polished punctuation, etc., a bit and Norm, who could get at a typewriter, hammered 'em down. The book title "Fantazius Malleria" gave us the title base. Times I wish very strongly that we could get at it again. "Fantasy Malleria" is a series which will begin soon in LIGHT- ED

THIS IS ALL FOR NOW, GANG. MORE NEXT TIME.

S C R I P T O @ continued from page 12

Don't be too serious. A little more sense of humor would help when the going is rough.

You have the usual quota of the signs one expects to see in the writing of science-fiction fan- high t-bars for love of adventure- varied forms of t-bars for imagination. Large heads to capitals are supposed to denote love of the marvelous, and some graphologists include the looped t-bar, and with y to indicate altruism.

Write in and tell if I know my signs and symptoms- your writing (according to the guide I am using)- should prove that you have a hard, energetic hand, first finger longer than the third, middle finger quite long also. General physical make-up- conspicuous features, hard muscles, what is usually called the "rangy" type as the bony structure is prominent. It makes good guessing, but the clues need checking to prove their correctness.

Didja hear the one about
the ghost moron who
at ghost toasties,
evaporated milk and
donut holes for
breakfast!

oo
oo LIGHT FLASHES oo

oo (continued from page 18) oo
pp
a vote with it with the warning that any after December 31 1944 would not be counted. Hell, I didn't even get mine until a month after that. I "boof"! My stand on this question would be a very definite "AYE" anyway. There are too many "deadheads" on the rostrum these days. We can't have an active FAPA that way.

The N.F.F.F is going right ahead on its various projects these days. Earl Blakney has compiled 2 pages of 18 s.o.f (sound on film) fantasy releases available for rental to date (Feb. 11). I just sent in over a page of recordings to be suggested for any fan's collection, and more will follow. Any fan knowing of any record or records fantastic, science-fictional, of any type, please get in touch with me. All such aid will be appreciated.

Scripto asks me to ask you when sending in samples of your handwriting for analysis, to please include your birth date, where born, and the hour if known. This seems to aid in analysis, and Scripto is something of an amateur astrologist too.

I'm going to ask all you kind readers not to send any more material in voluntarily. Writing for LIGHT from now on is on a request basis. This is because I intend to do most, or all, of the material myself from now on. I have a large backlog of art material also, so please on that also. I want to get caught up on things. Verse is still wanted, and asked for. So how about, you budding poets, and poetesses?

In the new FAPA mailing which I just received (second week of March, 1945) I see where our friend Mr. Searles is getting quite a ragging. Walt Rooster Liebscher (right spelling, Walt? I'm doing it by guess) states my cases exactly. In the past I have done some things which offended. I admit that. If Searles had come out and stated his case in a decent, mannery way, I would have conceded the case. I see his side of things. I admit he is in the right where obacenity is concerned. (You'll likely note this issue of LIGHT isn't quite so torrid as former issues.) But what I do object to is Searles' manner

and his browbeating attitude. Instead of approaching us like a gentleman and appealing to our good tastes and reasons, he has to assume a dictatorial attitude, and start to threaten blackmail. It is not his stand I object to, it is his method of attaining his ends. I don't like being forced. There is in me something that, at the mere mention of coercion, rears up on its hind legs and starts to balk.

As Walt said, I dislike a squawlor, a stoolie, a tattlo-tail. It smacks of Hitlerism. It smacks of the shoddy merchant who, disliking the business tactics of his competitor, instead of fighting him in the open and beating him by better methods, or appealing to his sportsmanship, steal down the back alley in the dark of the night and throws a lighted torch into his basement.

I agree with Ackerman's sentiments. But I do not agree with "white jap". I wouldn't pin the adjective "jap" on any person, be he fan or not. His methods may smack of sneak attacks, but he is still not a jap. I'd be more apt to compare Searles to a Camel. To one camel in particular. The camel who insinuated himself bit by bit into the Arab's tent until the Arab sat outside and the Camel chewed his cud within. Is Searles another Camel and the FAPA another tent? What will next be his demands on us?

But aside from Searles character and personal mannerisms, I'll give the devil his due and compliment him on the fine work he is doing with the book reviews. I enjoy them and want to see more of them.

I am sorry LIGHT was omitted from the Winter Mailing. I put a lot of sweat into that number. 38 pages, making this Christmas Number the biggest thing I have yet turned out. However that is done, and so I'll forget it. Or at least, I'll try.

But just the same, I am wondering how long this League of Nation of fan will continue to sit aside and allow this aggressor to kill one of the freedoms for which thousands of our soldiers are dying on the battleground for to defend?

I'm not going to pick out each offering in the mailing and comment on it. I enjoyed them all. I will say, though, that this one seemed a little more shoddy than foregoing ones. Not as much pains taken with the individual publications as was hitherto the case. The head office, in particular, was noticeable for this. However, I read them all. I liked them all. I won't single any one out to hold up as being better than the rest, nor shall I pick one out to hold up as being worst. Shucks, each budding publishers and old time alike, probably was as proud of his offering as I am of mine. Why be nasty and tell him it's lousy?

