

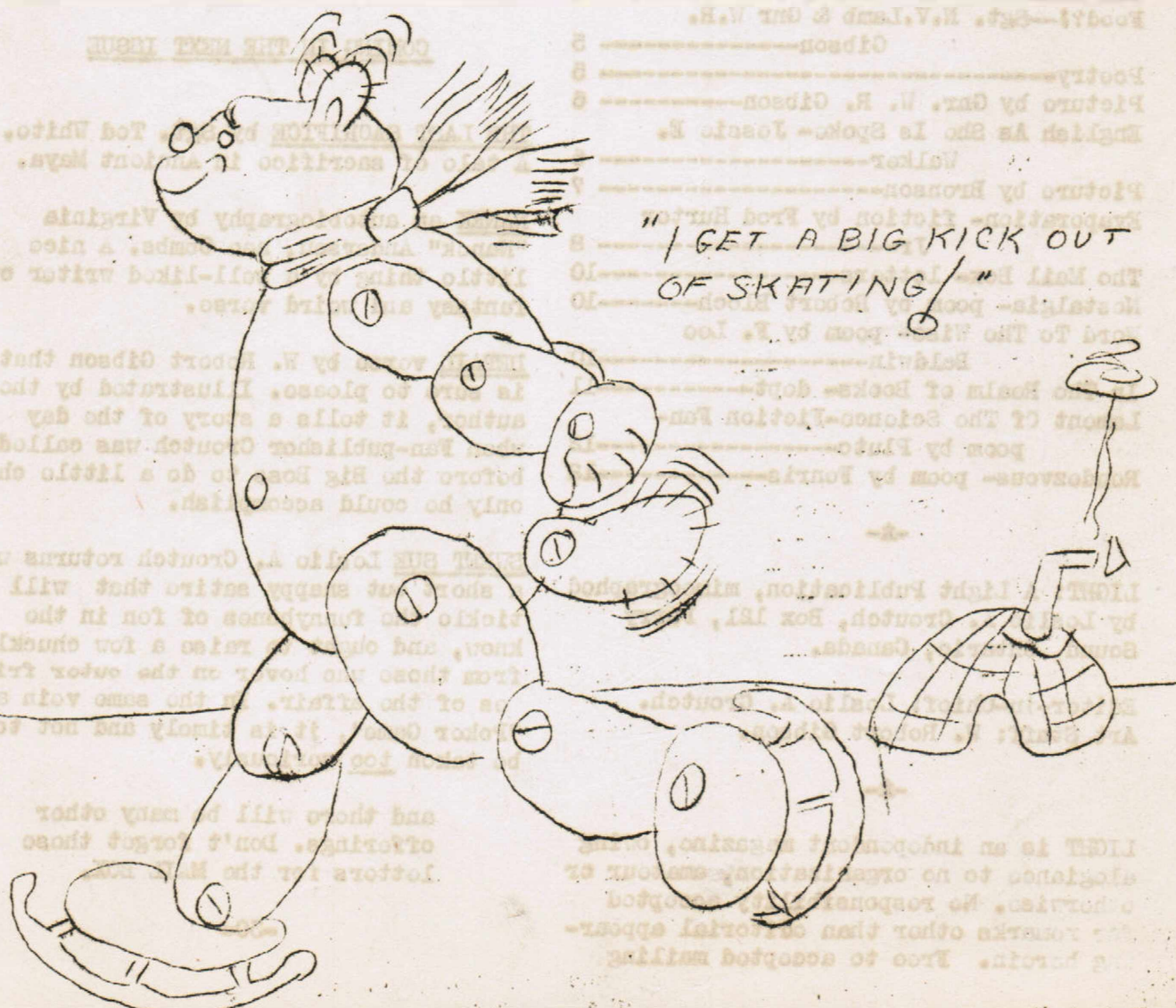
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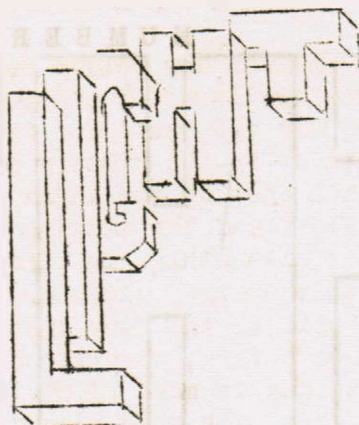
NOVEMBER 1945.

NUMBER 29.

LIGHT

WITH THIS ISSUE LIGHT GOES BI-MONTHLY. THE NEXT ISSUE WILL BE OUT NEAR THE END OF DECEMBER, 1945.





Number 29

November 1945

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LIGHT: A Light Publication, mimeographed by Leslie A. Croutch, Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada.

Editor-in-Chief: Leslie A. Croutch.
Art Staff: W. Robert Gibson.

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LIGHT is an independent magazine, owing allegiance to no organization, amateur or otherwise. No responsibility accepted for remarks other than editorial appearing herein. Free to accepted mailing

list. Subscription on invitation only. Advertising to accredited readers of LIGHT: free for insertion of 25 words, not including name and address, one insertion per reader per issue, only.

COMING IN THE NEXT ISSUE

THE LAST SACRIFICE by Sgt. Ted White.
A tale of sacrifice in Ancient Maya.

NANEK an autobiography by Virginia "Nanek" Anderson, nee Combs. A nice little thing by a well-liked writer of fantasy and weird verse.

DETAIL verse by W. Robert Gibson that is sure to please. Illustrated by the author, it tells a story of the day when Fan-publisher Croutch was called before the Big Boss to do a little chore only he could accomplish.

SWEET SUE Leslie A. Croutch returns with a short but snappy satire that will tickle the funnybones of fen in the know, and ought to raise a few chuckles from those who hover on the outer fringes of the affair. In the same vein as "Poker Game", it is timely and not to be taken too seriously.

and there will be many other offerings. Don't forget those letters for the MAIL BOX.

(((((L I G H T A S H E S)))))))))

o-o-o-o HE CHANGES taking place under LIGHT'S new policy is no doubt very
 - - - - - noticeable, especially with this issue. Two especially will be
 o T e especially oyo-cathing- the new type used for titling, this never
 - - - - - having been done to such extent in the history of the magazine
 o-o-o-o before; the other is the fact that on the index page, if you have
 read carefully, you will have found the amazing words: "published
 bi-monthly". Yes, with this issue LIGHT goes bi-monthly. An effort may be made
 before the end of 1946, to go monthly. Another change, which you cannot see in one
 issue, but you will see as you have a few, will be the fact that LIGHT has adopted
 the 12-page number again. LIGHT did this once before, when it was monthly, and this
 size was found to be successful. It was intended to make LIGHT 16 pages, but count
 was taken of the wordage, and it was found that with this size type, elite, that
 12 pages would do quite nicely. LIGHT is still being published under difficulties,
 the main one being room. When LIGHT moves to new quarters, a high-brow way of say-
 ing something else which most of you know about, and the mimeo can always be set
 up ready for use any time at a moment's notice, some effort may be made to increase
 size. However, your editor, would sooner keep the same size, and publish more of-
 ten.

A new department has been added. LIGHT is (in)famous for its "new" departments
 which quickly die an early death, but this one, your editor believes, will live
 longer than most. He is speaking of "In The Realm of Books". If this proves popular
 enough thought will be given to increasing the department to two pages at some
 future date. On hand Your Editor has material by Sgt. Bamb, Bob Gibson, now a civvie,
 Bill Evans, and stuff promised by J. Michael Rosenblum of Leeds, England. Reviews
 will also be reprinted from other sources if original ones run out.

LIGHT has also done something it never did before: up to now it has always been
 a one-man magazine. But now it has an Art Staff. W. Robert Gibson has joined LIGHT
 on the Art Staff, and will do art work directly on the stencil for LIGHT.

Please note, all prospective advertisers, that with the January issue, the one
 after this, that advertising in LIGHT will discontinue being on a free basis. All
 advertising will have to paid for from that date on. Rates have not been set yet,
 but will be given in that issue. One thing your editor can safely promise, and that
 is, all advertising rates will be very low. LIGHT will continue for the time being
 on its own brand of subscription arrangements.

Due to the fact that this issue is coming out so soon after the preceding
 one, and without warning, there has been no time for letters to reach LIGHT for
 printing in THE MAIL BOX. Robert Bloch is a very speedy writer, and so he happens
 to be the only one present this month. By the time the January issue is ready to
 be mimeographed, letters should be starting to come in on the last number. Warning
 though- be prompt. An effort will be made to mimeograph LIGHT before the month
 that it carries the date of. The January 1946 number will be mimeographed sometime
 during December. The March issue during February, and so on. When the schedule
 is set, LIGHT will be mimeographed four weeks before the month it is for. This is
 to ensure LIGHT getting to everyone on time, and not a month late. And when writing
 for the MAIL BOX, please try and make your letters more than just a "I liked this
 and I didn't like that". Give your reasons, constructive criticism is wanted, dis-
 cussions, brickbats, boquots, but make your communications meaty, interesting. Not
 as many will be printed, and therefore only the really good ones will be used.

To those new readers who have not been getting LIGHT before, be sure and drop
 your editor a card, at least, if you wish it to be sent to you in the future.
 Due to LIGHT going bi-monthly a new mailing list is being made up, and one it will
 appear several names which henceforth received LIGHT in Fantasy Amateur Press
 Mailings. Under the bi-monthly arrangement, appearance of LIGHT in the Mailings are
 not ensured. So be sure and make your wishes known if you wish to continue re-
 ceiving this magazine. Thank you.

(4)
THE HAUNTED HOUSE

by

Harry Jenkins Jr.

An erring wind has lashed its way
Among the limbs of solemn trees.
A frightened robin, a streak of red,
Darts into the blackness of the night.

Hollow-eyed windows beckon
To misty, faintly-glowing arcs of light
Which, seeking to enter,
Cast golden halos upon eerie walls.

A spectre, clothed in moving shadows,
Guards the threshold of the house.
Bats scream in protest
At the invasion of secret chambers.

Rotting boards groan beneath the weight
Of ghostly forms that scatter the lowly inhabitants
Of deserted and gloomy corners
Who squeeling take to flight.

A mist, moving feebly into the light
Is quickly dispelled into a world of darkness
By the fury of the wind
Which commands at will.

To the ceaseless tattoo of loosened shutters
Swaying to and fro against decaying walls,
An eerie music wails
In ghoulish accompaniment.

The light of early morn is greeted
By the rustling sound of shapes
That escape and flee
And only the sighing of the wind is heard.

All is quiet; the eerie inhabitants of Night
Have sought their abodes.
The lost wind rustles through the trees
And makes its way with a soft sound.

All is quiet; Morn has summoned
The Inhabitants of Night to other haunts
The lost wind bids farewell to the tree
And answers the call of the Haunted House.

COMING SOON

Something different from the typewriter of Leslie A. Croutch.
Pure, undiluted corn of the canniest type, is "HERBY'S FLYING
PIG" or, "Them Days Pork Was High In These Parts". Not intended
to be literature of the undying sort, yet it is litter-arture
of a brand of some kind. WATCH FOR IT.



G.N.R. W.R. "BOB" GIBSON '42

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

by
Jessie E. Walker.

Oh groan! and woe is me! English ain't what she ought to be! And it is darned near time we started doing something about it. It begins to look as if we were going to have the chance to win or lose the peace- and with so much talk of United Nations, World Brotherhood and what-not, it is time to wonder what the WORLD LANGUAGE will be.

Most English-speaking races seem to have the idea that the other fellow should learn English in order to communicate with them. Why this should be necessary is beyond me as we pride ourselves on our intellect and should be able to master a second language as eas-

ily as any other nation.

I thought Basic English might be the answer until I saw a magazine article on the subject. Same old spelling, same old grammar- only difference being a limit on the number of words. Any other nation can do the same thing with their language and are doing it today (even with Chinese) to give our troops a working knowledge of our tongues.

Personally I would prefer a synthetic language such as Esperanto which belongs to no country in particular but can be adopted by any. It already has adherents all over the world, and I see no reason why any points not in its favor could not be eliminated.

In case you wonder why I do not advocate English as a world language, just stop and consider the hours, days, months- (continued on page 7)

even years- spent by pupils in our school, trying to master the spelling of English- only to have the teacher haul out another word saying "Here is another exception to the rule." No wonder we have such conversations as the following between the drug-store clerk and the New Canadian.

"I want some talcum powder."

"Mennens?"

"No. Vimmens."

"Want it scented?"

"No, I'll take it with me."

We consider Russian extremely hard to master, but when a Russian child learns the sounds of his alphabet he can spell any word on hearing it, as words are wr-

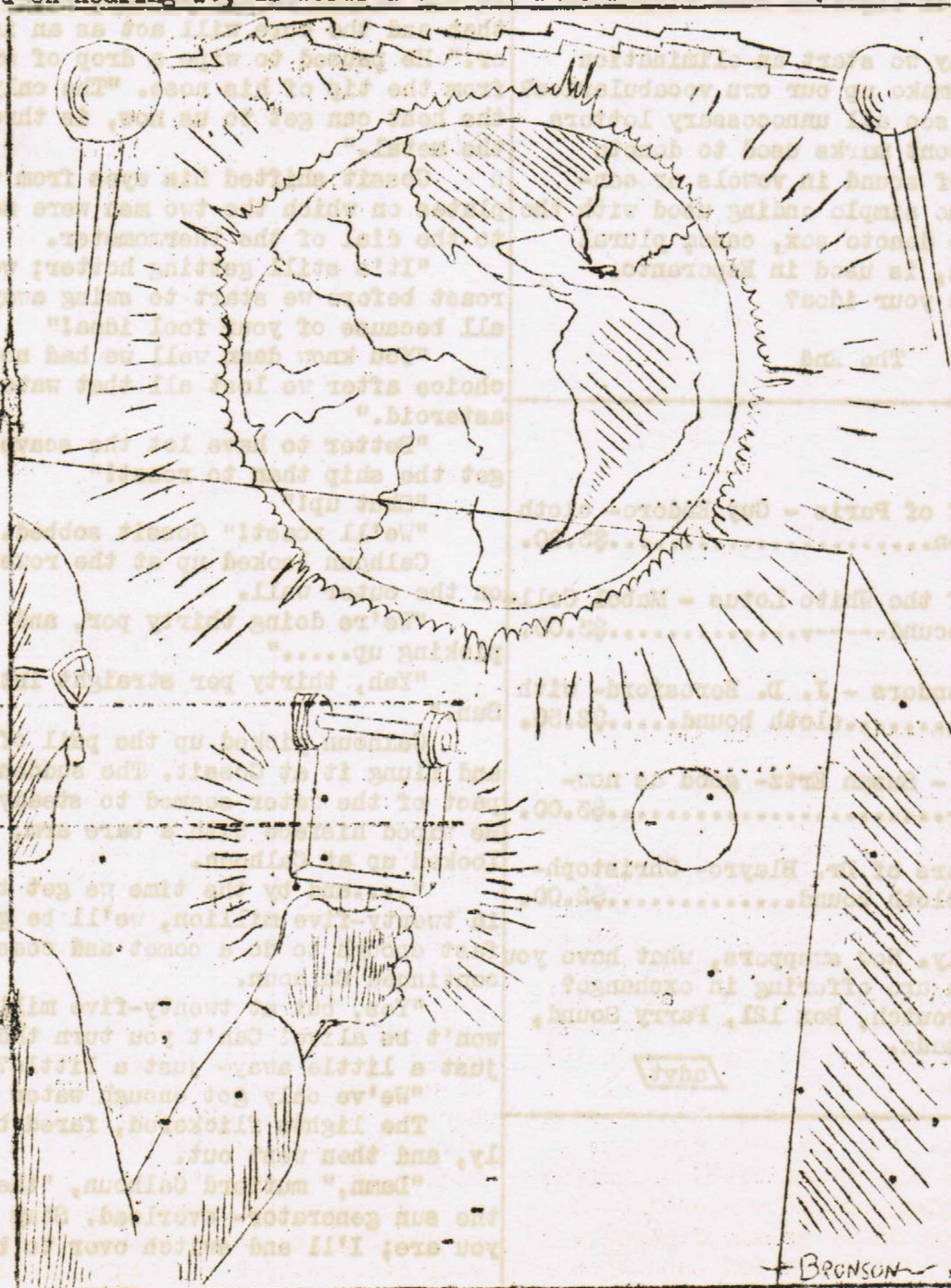
itten exactly as sounded. You wouldn't catch a Russian saying he ato ghoity on Friday because he was a good Catholic. (Gh as in rough, oi was i in some word, ty as sh in another, but I can't remember to words.)¹

I wouldn't advocate changing the letter formations as many nations use the same script as ourselves, but something could be done about spelling and diverse meanings. Often when you spell a word you aren't sure what you've got. If you yell

"I want a copper" I don't know whether

(continued on page 8)

1 - no doubt Mrs. Walker is having some fun. The word likely is "fish".



to present you with a coin, or call the nearest policeman or give you a large cooking utensil.

There is also a slight difference between adamant and a damn aunt even if your Aunt Harriet has a glass eye and a heart of stone. So on far into the night- if you want to look for examples.

If you want to do something for posterity they should advocate a revised edition of the English language, especially where spelling is concerned. For easy mastery every letter should have a specific sound and only one. I'm "agin it" when it comes to having the same sound represented in eight or nine different ways.

What say we start an elimination process and make up our own vocabularies? I'd like to see all unnecessary letters deleted, accent marks used to denote difference of sound in vowels or consonants. Some simple ending used with the root word to denote sex, case, plural and so forth, is used in Esperanto.

What is your idea?

The End

TO SWAP:

The Werewolf of Paris - Guy Endore- cloth bound edition.....\$3.00.

The Idyll of the White Lotus - Mabel Collins- cloth bound-----\$3.00.

Signs and Wonders - J. D. Beresford- with dust jacket.....cloth bound.....\$2.50.

Woman Alive - Susan Ertz- good as new- dust jacket-----\$3.00.

Strange Papers of Dr. Blayre- Christoph- or Blayre- cloth bound.....\$2.00.

For swap only. Now swappers, what have you got that you are offering in exchange? Leslie A. Crutch, Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada.

advt

EVAPORATION

a neat bit of science fiction by F. L. Huxter, Jr.

"If it gets any hotter, I'll go nuts!" Calhoun turned to his perspiring companion in the tiny "engine" room.

"Stop your whining; it can't get much hotter now; I've let all the air out of the cabins on the sunward side, and that and the core will act as an insulator." He paused to wipe a drop of sweat from the tip of his nose. "The only way the heat can get to us now, is through the metal."

Gossit shifted his eyes from the glass plates on which the two men were seated, to the dial of the thermometer.

"It's still getting hotter; we'll roast before we start to swing away, and all because of your fool idea!"

"You know damn well we had no other choice after we lost all that water on the asteroid."

"Better to have let the scavengers get the ship than to roast!"

"Shut up!"

"We'll roast!" Gossit sobbed.

Calhoun looked up at the rows of dials on the outer wall.

"We're doing thirty per, and still picking up....."

"Yah, thirty per straight into the Sun."

Calhoun picked up the pail of water and flung it at Gossit. The sudden impact of the water seemed to steady him. He wiped his face with a bare arm, and looked up at Calhoun.

"....and by the time we get to within twenty-five million, we'll be going fast enough to do a comet and coast away," continued Calhoun.

"Yes, but at twenty-five million we won't be alive! Can't you turn the ship just a little away- just a little?"

"We've only got enough water to land!" The lights flickered, faded brilliantly, and then went out.

"Damn," muttered Calhoun, "there goes the sun generator- overload. Stay where you are; I'll and switch over to battery."

Calhoun slipped on his shoes, and rose slowly in the furnace-hot room. He moved cautiously across the hot metal floor in the pitch dark, groped for the switch. After burning his fingers in several unsuccessful attempts, he found the switch, flicked it over. The lights went on again, and he returned rapidly to the glass plates.

Gossit was eyeing the thermometer again.

"I tell you I can't stand it any longer. It's getting hotter and hotter. Look at that thermometer, look at it! It's still moving around further and further and further! We'll roast!"

"Shut up! We've only an hour more and it'll start to cool down."

"In an hour we'll be dead!"

Suddenly the air conditioning unit that had been humming softly, broke into a loud chatter, sending a furnace-hot blast of air at the two men. Calhoun hurriedly turned it off.

"Of all times to break down."

Gossit watched the thermometer needle begin to swing rapidly over.

"We'll get it for sure now, for sure."

Calhoun paid no attention to him.

"If I had only thought of it...." he began.

"Thought of what?" asked Gossit, interest showing briefly on his face.

"We could have taken our space suits in here, put them on, and let the air out of this room also. Then by hanging from ropes, or even standing on these plates, we would have been almost completely insulated."

"Fine time to think of that!" I can't stand this any longer!"

Gossit looked at the thermometer; the hand had twisted right off the dial.

"Look at it, it can't take it any more, hah hah; it's hot as hell, hot as hell, hah ha ha; and you look like the devil, you're all red like a cooked lobster," cried Gossit, bursting into hysterical laughter.

Calhoun punched him on the nose. Gossit sat still, stupidly fingering his nose, that was streaming blood.

"Here, take this; draw some of it up to stop it," said Calhoun, passing the pail of water to him. "Thank God we have enough water to drink; the fuel tank full we have left is right below us."

"Yeah, lots of water, lots of water," moaned Gossit. Suddenly he shouted at the top of his voice. "Lots of water; let it out! Put the damn fire out!"

Before Calhoun could stop him, he jumped up, grabbed his machine pistol that was hanging on the wall. Turning it on the floor, he pressed the trigger. With an ear-shattering roar, a burst of high-velocity slugs tore through. The recoil sent him crashing head first against the ceiling.

When Gossit recovered consciousness, the "engine" room was cool, in fact, almost cold.

"How long have I been out?"

"About half an hour."

"But it's cool; it should be hotter than ever."

Calhoun smiled.

"Another obvious thing that I overlooked. When you fired, the burst tore a hole through the floor and the outer wall, just above the water line. Our acceleration was keeping the water in place. Well, the self-seal took care of the inner hole, but the outer was too big, so you had a vacuum on one side and the vapor pressure of the water on the other. The water evaporated, and in a hurry- the whole tank full; and believe me, those tons of water cooled us down plenty. Feel the wall. It'll take quite a time for the sun to build up a latent heat again.

"But that leaves us no fuel!"

"I've checked our orbit, and found it'll carry us within Earthzone without corrections, salvage laws won't apply. We can ask for fuel. Everything's o.k., thanks to evaporation!"

The End

○-○-○-○-○-○-○-○-○-○-○

NOTE

With resumption of more frequent publication, LIGHT corrects its numbering. LIGHT will now be numbered from the first issue that it carried the present name. LIGHT considers that not until then did it become a fan magazine worthy of the name. LIGHT hopes this move is met with favor by the readers. DON'T FORGET THOSE LETTERS FOR THE MAIL BOX- AND MAKE THEM INTERESTING. MAKE CANADA'S OLDEST FANZINE SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT, CANADIANS!!!!

/where the readers insult the editor/

Dear Cretchie Louise:

All of a sudden I am deluged with fan magazines. Everybody sends them. The house overflows with the things. Wouldn't have room to move around if it wasn't for the fortunate circumstance that my daughter eats them. She is only 2 and she will swallow anything.

That isn't the worst of it. I like the damned things. I get 'em, read 'em, and then write letters. During the past few months I have done nothing but answer mail and do fan articles. My desk, meanwhile, is stacked with work which I've neglected.

When am I going to get around to my professional duties? When can I find time to write FRANKENSTEIN MEETS HIS GRANIMOTHER? Or HOW I LIVED IN LEMURIA EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE SHAVER? Or ODD JOHN'S ODDER WIFE?

Seriously, though, I am glad to see the LIGHT and needless to say, perused and enjoyed same thoroughly.

In your note you enquire about how things are going. Answer; very well indeed. As you probably know, I spent the early part of the year doing 39 radio shows adapted from my yarns under title, STAY TUNED FOR TERROR. Aired in Chicago, it is now being peddled to stations in other parts of the country. OPLNER OF THE WAY came out with Arkham House and seems to be acceptable. Nice review in Chicago Tribune, they tell me, although I haven't seen it yet. And meanwhile, still doing a stint for WT and a series of whodunnits in the 1st-person Raymond Chandler style in Dime Mystery-- written usually from the viewpoint of the murderer rather than the detective. I intend to utilize this approach in my projected novel, BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. Devil of it is, my work here at the advertising agency cuts into writing time and the novel will require some conscientious sustained effort. But I'll do it in '46 if not sooner. My only contact with the fantasy world lately consisted of a week's vacation at the home of Fritz Leiber and a day here with Augie Dorleth. I am truly sorry that I

can't arrange more personal contacts. New York and California seem to have a monopoly on such deals.

Just to keep you on your toes, I enclose a little poetic gem which may or may not find its proper setting in the pages of LIGHT. You may recognize the influence of T. S. Eliot and Edna St. Vincent Millay. Then again, you may not. I certainly don't. Anyhow, hope this finds you well and prosperous.

As over,

Robert Bloch.

((Your proposed titles sound over as interesting as do most of the Bloch titles. Speaking of stories, did you ever read Hugo Fast's story of Thanksgiving: AXE THE TURKEY TO THE BLOCH, MOTHER, TOMORROW IS THANKSGIVING? Could a "little Shaver" be termed a "baby razor"?- Editor.))

NOSTALGIA

by

Robert Bloch

A vagrant breeze
A single sigh...
A melody of days gone by
The past recaptured
Limns for me
The magic of your memory.

Elusive ghost
Of vanished bliss
The distilled fragrance of your kiss
But all I've left...
A single scar --
Your torso, floating in a jar.

WORD TO THE WISE by F. Lee Baldwin.

Why mouth those words profound --
For in the end you'll only sound
More like the neighbor's baying
Who's by the thunder-mug been crowned.

Type- Future War. Author- Bernard Newman.
 Title- "Secret Weapon".
 Published by- Victor Gollancz Ltd. 190 pages. 1941.
 Synopsis- Intelligent use of super explosive and the end of World War #2.
 Reviewed by- Gar. Gibson, W. R., & Sgt. Lamb, N. V.

REVIEW- In "If" of history- a rapidly moving story by an ardent believer in the air arm. A scientist, Drummond (NOT Bulldog), with a dash of statesmanship, develops a super explosive and decides how it should be used. He lays his plans accordingly and begins with a campaign of personal publicity; aided by the author (in his own names), he writes for newspapers, lectures and broadcasts and becomes very widely known. The explosive is not mentioned but when it and an improved bomb-casing are ready he arranges through Newman that the Prime Minister (quite recognizable) called Worton Spender should be present at the demonstration. This is spectacularly successful. Drummond bargains for the position of Minister of State in order to ensure the correct use of the weapon. Spender agrees.

The heads of the Armed Forces are shown a full scale work out on Pantellaria and are convinced that the proposed plan is workable.

Newman is dropped in Germany and contacts the local observers near a city selected for the first example of British frightfulness. Germany is warned to get out of the war or be blown off the map. One bomb (a thousand pounder) is dropped on Eoblentz. Newman succeeds in photographing the resultant devastation, he returns to Great Britain. Millions of pamphlets are prepared with the pictures and dropped with the specific warning to Germany that unless envoys appear at Dover, the main German cities will be eradicated. No envoys appear- and they are. Still no envoys- then every major city in Germany, every army camp in occupied country is blitzed- the envoys appear. They sign the terms- Unconditional Surrender.

Officers are flown over to form the Prisoners of War into the nucleus of the Army of Occupation. Heavier forces follow and deal with pockets of resistance.

Nazi officials attempting discussion are gently but firmly squelched. Britain, France and Russia (with American "observers") take over the management of the country.

Drummond, Newman and officials fly to Italy, puncture Il Duce's complacency and offer him the choice- trial for Matteoli's death or a pistol with one round. Exit Il Duce.

Photos and threats are sent to Japan- Exit the Greater Asia for Asiatics League by inference.

BOB GIBSON'S BOOK LIST

(this will continue for some time, as the list is very large. This does not pretend to be conclusive, nor even a guide to the reader. It is exactly what it says- a book list of fantasy, science fiction, and weird. Some books are marked with the letters F- fantasy, J-juvenile, NF- non-fiction, etc.)

Dornford Yates: "The Stolen March" (F).
 Neil Wynn Williams: "The Electric Theft".
 Elinor Wylie: "The Venetian Glass Nephew" (F).

Sidney Fowler Wright: "Vengeance of Gwa" (under pseudonym of Anthony Wingrave), "The New Gods Lead", "Dream: The Simian

Maid", "Deluge", "Dawn", "Beyond The Rim", "Prelude in Prague", "The Island of Captain Sparrow", "Power", "The World Below".

P. G. Wodehouse: "Laughing Gas" (F).

"Blue Wolf": "Drifa's Curse".

David Alec Wilson: "Modern Lilliput" (

Charles Williams: "Descent Into Hell" (F);

T.C.Wignall & E. D. Knox: "Atoms".

Percy White & E. G. Boulenger: "The Centaur Passes" (F).

Donnis Wheatly: "Black August", "They Found Atlantis".

Percy F. Westerman: "The Flying Submarine" (J), "The Secret Battleplane" (J), "The Sea Monarch" (J).

John F. C. Westerman: "The Power Projector" (J).

PLANO

"While I can see people on Venus and Mars,
The rest of the family see only two stars.
Their hum-drum existence to me is like bars,
Why my mode of thinking their intellect jars.

If I turn to the opposite side of the sheet
And ask them if fairies and elves they would meet,
Or a great white magician, to make it complete-
They just tap their forehead and say "It's the Heat".

Atlantis and Mu and diverse other places,
The heroes and giants who made up their races
Bring not the least flicker of life to their faces.
They turn a cold shoulder, and I'm in bad graces.

So if I would not hear them groan,
I needs must labor all alone.
Or wait till science-fiction's grown
To fact indeed- not the unknown."

RENDEZVOUS

I'll meet you in my dreams tonight,
Beyond the Milky Way,
Where stars, bright as your eyes, abide,
Beyond the light of day.
And up there, where the planets roil,
And pass like phantom ships,
I'll press a ghostly kiss upon
Your ectoplasmic lips.