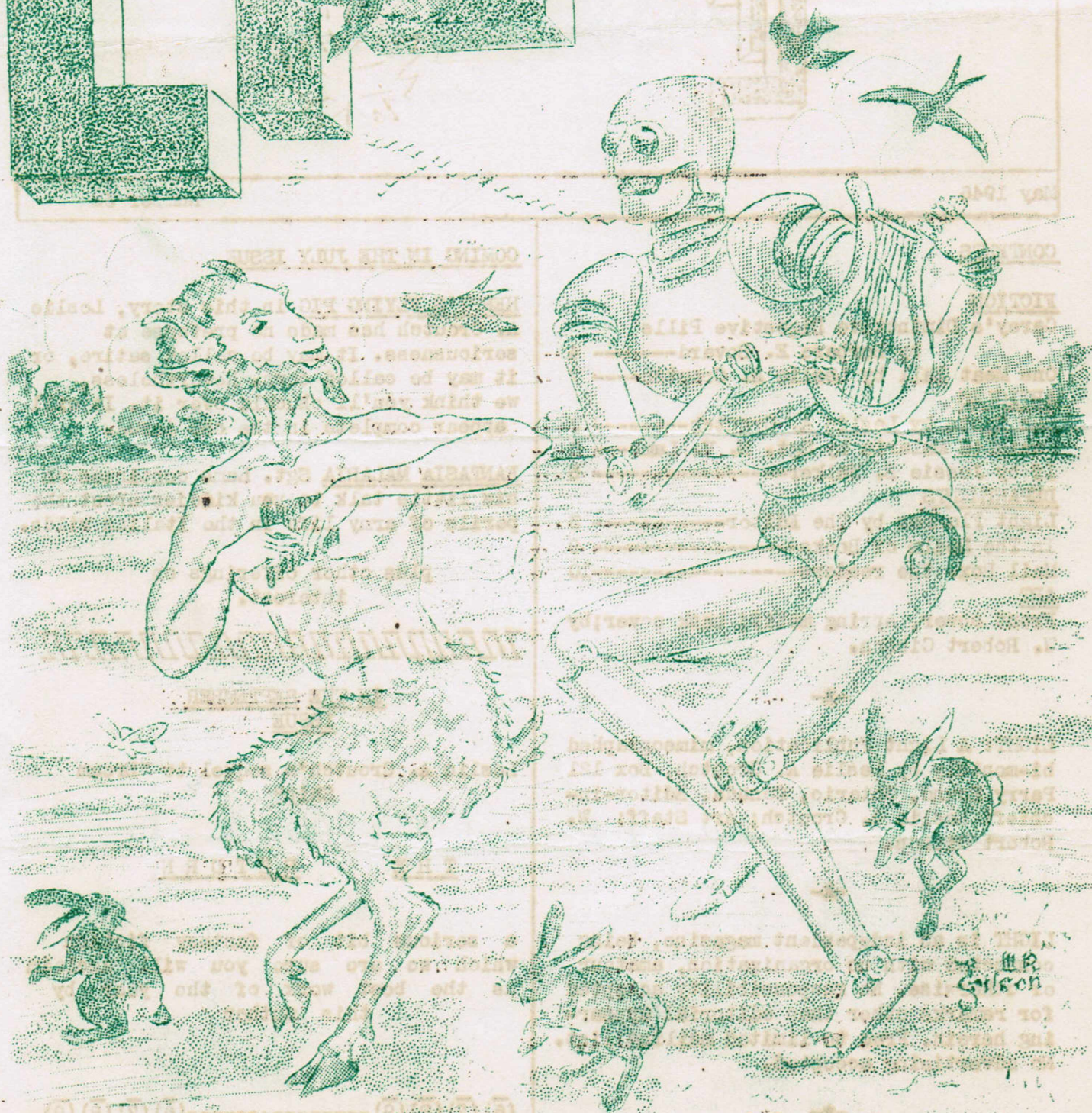


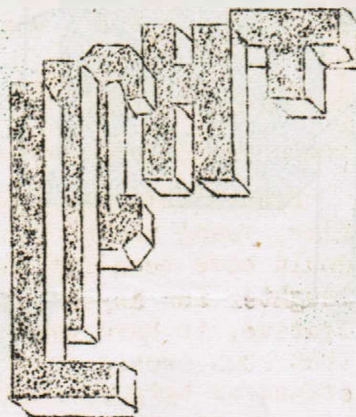
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LIFE

MAY
1946



W.R.
Gileon



May 1946

Number 32

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ART

Front cover, spring motif; back cover; by
W. Robert Gibson.

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or otherwise. No responsibility accepted
for remarks other than editorial appear-
ing herein. Free to limited mailing list.
No advertising accepted.

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COMING IN THE JULY ISSUE

HERBY'S FLYING PIG in this story, Leslie
A. Croutch has made no pretense at
seriousness. It may be called satire, or
it may be called corn. Nevertheless,
we think you'll chuckle over it. It will
appear complete in the one issue.

FANTASIA MALARIA Sgt. Lamb continues on
his little talk to you kiddies about the
perils of army life in the Italian wilds.

plus other offerings on
interest.



IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

Leslie A. Croutch's sequel to "Dream
Ship"

T H E R E T U R N

a serious bit of fantasy fiction
which we are sure you will acclaim
as the best work of the year by
this author

(6) (7) (8) (9) ----- (6) (7) (8) (9)

WATCH FOR FRANKLIN LEE BALDWIN'S "A MAN WITH RED HAIR" COMING SOON. IT'S A TREAT!

L I G H T
F L A S H E S

March 16th, 1946. And your editor finds himself doing another column for LIGHT, this time about a week earlier than usual. This column is always typed last of all, so the issue is finished. Everything is done, except for this AND what must always wait til the very end- the filling in of any little spaces which may be left, to give you a fully packed- so round- so firm- package!

No doubt the first thing you noticed was the presence of the extra pages. The magazine could quite easily have had only 15 pages, but that would have put Gibson's cover elsewhere but on the rear. Yes, another Gibson back-cover. Gibson is going to Tech in Calgary, taking up Commercial Art. Due to the fact that time is at a high premium with him, more than the two covers cannot be promised for the time being. However, LIGHT is hunting for another artist who will work under the same circumstances that Bob does, and that is, to do the art for LIGHT directly on the stencil. So if there are any artists in the crowd wishing to apply, step right up and state your case. Requirements: that your work passes; and that you consent to do your work directly on the stencil. Return: in return for your work, which will be on assignment basis, you will be taken on the Art Staff of the magazine. Anyone may apply, but naturally I am most interested in Canadians, this being a Canadian magazine. Other artists who wish to submit work on other but a steady basis, please submit also on stencil.

Henceforth all worthy art that takes up a full page, will also be reprinted in THE VOICE, Light Publications other magazine, which is circulated exclusively through the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. Artists will naturally receive a copy of THE VOICE in which their work appears, also.

55 copies of the May LIGHT will go to readers on the mailing list. Since the beginning of the year a few have been dropped for obvious reasons, the main one of which was absolute non-

(con't on page 14)

an article on

S U N S P O T S

by Leslie A. Croutah.

Even within the space of our own lifetime, young though most of us are, it would have been fit material for igales of laughter for anyone, no matter how authoritative, to have even so much as suggested that such remote things as sun spots could effect us here on earth. But now, with the aid of science, statistics, and records, it is known that such is the case.

Right now the sun is suffering from his usual 11-year epidemic of spots. According to science, they run in 11-year cycles, and we are right in the middle of one.

Even as far back as 120 A.D, the Chinese figured that national disasters were caused by them, and modern history tends to bear them out. In 1927, which was a maximum sunspot year, polio cases in the U.S were three times the average. Ten years later, Ontario suffered a similar epidemic. This was another maximum spot year. The great flu epidemic of 1917-18 coincided with another such spot year. This, then, makes 1947-48, as the next one we are rapidly heading for.

Sun spots are actually rifts in the outer layer of the sun's surface, thus allowing the inner surface to pour forth ultra-violet in greater than normal dosages. Ultra-violet is good for the human in small quantities. Under strict control it is used in medical treatments.

But in the case of sun spots, radiations pur forth and meet the low-pressure gasses on the fring of the aerth's atmosphere. There, electrons are liberated as a result. These electrons bombard the earth's atmosphere, giving off light. The northern lights dance across the sky, earth currents are upset, the magnetic lines of force are sent astray. Communications- radio, telephone, telegraphy- all go haywire.

The father of the author can recount that when he was employed by the Canadian National Railways, nights when the northern lights were very active, and railway telegraphic communication was almost impossible. Messages sent out arrived garbled, after a journey of only a

(see page 8)

concluding

CAREY'S

DIMINUTIVE

DIGESTIVE

(a serial in 2 parts)

PILLS by Barbara E. Bovard

STORY.

he stopped. This couldn't go on! Quickening his step, he stopped at the corner grocery store. He was surprised at the variety of items they had to eat. The things he bought mounted on the counter in an ever-rising pile. The grocer looked at it, scratching his head.

"Can you manage all that, mister?" he asked, doubtfully. "Don't you want me to-"

"No!" Snapped Bean, throwing cans into a box. "I don't want no help, an' I'll thank you to mind y'r own business!"

Staggering under the load, he stumbled out. The grocer blinked, then shrugged, grinning.

When he got home, Bean didn't let the lack of cooking materials stop him. Without bothering to open the cans or tear the paper from the packages, he ate ravenously, gulping down can after can of food, and pound after pound of meat. The vegetables, raw, dirty, unpeeled, he swallowed one after another.

He had bought enough food to last an ordinary person for a week, but all through the night he sat and ate, his eyes burning with lack of sleep, his head and hands so heavy it took physical effort to lift them, eating- always eating.

For three days and four nights he went on. Dirty, disheveled, unshaven, haggard with weariness, he either sat and ate or went out and bought more things to eat.

That, in itself was bad enough, but one night he noticed a glint in the skin of his hands and arms. Examining them further, he saw with horror that his skin was impregnated with tin- his fingers were becoming bumpy with- he bent closer- with tiny lumps that might have been vegetable root buds!

The next twenty-four hours confirmed his fears. The following afternoon, his fingers were an interlating mass of roots, lined with tiny root hairs. His skin was a shimmering, rippling mass of flexible metal. Stripping himself, he found the entire area of his body to be the same.

Stunned, he sank down on the edge of the bed. But even as his horror-struck mind contemplated the new turn of events, his hands stuffed his coat into his mouth. Eyes fixed unseeingly on the opposite wall, he chewed rhythmically and thought furiously.

A tiny peal of merry laughter brought his eyes down to the floor. With an exclamation, he whipped his bathrobe about him.

"What do you want?" he demanded, bitterly. The elf laughed again.

"Carey's Diminutive Digestive Pills," she quoted. "They stimulate the flow of our vital digestive juices and bring on regularity."

Then she rolled on the floor in a paroxysm of mirth. Her tiny feet kicked in wild abandon, but Bean had no eyes for her beauty now. He hated her.

While she laughed at him, dim memories began to come to the fore of his mind. Tales of Kipling, and his "Puck of Pook's Hill", how cold iron could- with a flash- ingly swift motion that surprised even himself, he caught her up with one hand, and with the other- fished into his pants pocket.

She squirmed in his grasp.

"Let me down!" she screamed. "You big oaf, put me down! I call down on you the curse of the Three!"

Ugh! Her slim waist was encircled with a ring of cold steel, far more potent than iron, because it was cleansed of all impurities. It was his key ring.

Her tiny form writhed in the circle, on her face was an expression of anguish. Almost, as he watched, he relented. Her beauty was so destroyed by the expressions that chased themselves over her face. But he jerked at the sudden hunger pains that

glared him again, and hardened his heart.

Gently, he set her on the table. Then, seating himself, he began to gorge himself on food again. Half an hour later, he sat back with a sigh.

"See?" He said. "This is all I've done since I took those pills you gave me."

She looked at him sullenly, her tiny lips pouted. Then she stamped her foot.

"Let me out of this! You'll regret doing this!"

He laughed shortly.

"I've already regretted ever seeing you. Now, take away the effect of those pills."

She shook her head in dark silence. Bean shrugged.

"You'll stay there, then, until you do."

"I can't," she answered. "Doctor Carey is the only one who has the antidote for them."

"Then get him here."

She made a face at him, kicked up her heels and disappeared. For the next three hours, Bean spent his time between eating and worrying. Had he been right about that? Would she come back? Shouldn't he have-----

"Ah!" He let out his breath in explosive relief, then gulped. With the elf were a dried up, wizened little man, and a slim beautiful fairy, whose beauty outshone that of the elf's like the sun outshines the moon. Her draperies were the sheerest of spider-spun webbing, her form, human ivory, her hair was woven sunshine, her eyes the scintillating, dancing shade of moonbeams and dew, her face----- Bean gave up trying to describe it and just looked.

She frowned up at the gaping mortal, then glanced about the filthy room, wrinkling her nose in distaste.

"Phaugh!" she sniffed. "Thus do all mortals live, in pigstys. And thou, man, why didst thou put that cruel band on Sania?"

"Look," he answered, and spread out his hands. "Look at what she's done. I'm a living mess of roots and metallic skin. I want her to take away all this and to restore me to my proper human anatomy. And," he looked grimly at the pouting elf, "I want her to fix it so I'll eat normally like any other human being, without tricks."

Titania's merry laughter rang out, and Bean frowned. These little people found the strangest things to laugh at.

Titania motioned with the star-tipped rod in her hand, and the bewizened little elf darted forward. Opening a tiny bag in his hand, he snatched out a tube of some kind and squeezed its contents on Bean's hands. Then he rubbed briskly.

Five minutes later, a delighted Bean was looking at his hands, smooth, without a trace of roots or metallic luster.

"Open your mouth," squeaked the elf. Doubtfully, Bean obeyed. He felt a flow of intruding fluid, then he swallowed, choking convulsively at the sheet of flame that poured down his throat. Then, he straightened up, a beautiful smile overspreading his face. Rubbing his stomach, he sighed blissfully at the feeling of well-being that overspread his entire body. His skin was as clear and rough as it always had been. There was no metal anywhere on him.

Titania tapped her wand impatiently.

"Come, mortal", she said peevishly. "Many things must I do before the moon doth rise. Let my Sania go, and we shall leave."

Bean looked down at the ebony-haired elf, a calculating look in his eye. She saw it and turned to her queen. A quick interchange of rapid talk passed between them, and the queen frowned.

"Mortal," she said sternly. "What would you?"

Bean quailed before her flashing eyes.

"I owe that little devil something," he mumbled. "She wished this on me."

"Nay," said the queen imperiously. "Thou owest us something, yes, but no more can you touch the fairy folk. We shall extract from you our price when we will. Now, remove the steel."

Angry, but unable to disobey, he did so. As he unsnapped the key ring, Sania shot ceilingward, circled, swooped down past his ear, laughing merrily.

"You will pay!" she cried.

In a soundless puff, the trio of little people vanished, and Bean blinked. With an uneasy feeling, he cleaned up his room. Then, washed, shaved, and dressed, he sat near the window, staring out. He would pay. He would pay.

Suddenly, he rose, clutching at his throat. Scream after scream tore its way from his mouth; reeling, he grabbed at the rending pain that ripped its way through his body. Several dull thuds followed, then bumping noises, squishy noises, a dull rustle.

When silence reigned, there was nothing in the room but stacks upon stacks of tins of food, piles of vegetables, and layers of meat. In the centre lay a dusty pile of clothing.

THE END

FANTASIA MALARIA

by Sgt. Norman V. Lamb, Canadian Army.
(1: Italian Weather (or not).)

RAIN- A word of extremely vivid memory-making potentiality. Over here when it rains it really rains; even the fish look track of the water level. During the course of a shower we can see them swimming overhead, chasing after flies. (N.B- you ain't seen our Italian flies!)

The boys get a lot of sport catching them; to say ~~nothing~~ about the other things they catch- all in the way of sport.

There was fish on the menu for tonight's supper; because our cooks bravely faced the torrential downpour and speared us a lovely mess of mashed Nova Scotia herring, (complete with tins). They must be pretty handy with their harpoons, for the fish were high. Very high! No one enjoyed it more than the Itie urchins who were present at every mealtime, always looking for scraps.

It is not unknown over here to retire at night in your tent on a hillside and wake up in the morning in the midst of a plain of mud.

Between cloudbursts- known in America as California Dew- it gets extremely dry and dusty. When a Bren Carrier followed by a motor cycle passes down the road- the motor cycle can be seen travelling six feet off the ground on the dust thrown by the former.

It doesn't really get hot- compared to the interior of a working blast furnace- but the warmth wafted down would run a Solar motor without concentration. Thermometers not packed in ice must be buried in deep crypts- or serious explosions result.

The Army Parade-grounds are marked with white- salt- where the perspiration has dripped and dried, row after row. Cloudy circles mark the site of the infrequent halts.

(2: Sundry thoughts on shoes, etc).

The Italian juvenile shows a remarkable enthusiasm for shoe-blackening. One reason for the high accident rate over here is accounted for by the numbers of soldiers who trip over small boys who have crept up to polish shoes surreptitiously. (They are distinguishable from the road dust by movement only, anyway).

Men lucky enough to be stationed in towns- oh, a respirator is needed in them; and helps to keep the flies off, too- need never polish their own boots if they leave them placed neatly on the curb in front of their billets overnight.

The Black Market rates on boots are from 1500 liras and up.

(In the July issue, Sgt. Lamb will continue his dissertation on Italian life as seen through the eyes of an army man. The editor of LIGHT assumes no responsibility for the veracity, or lack of, of these commentaries.)

30

" I F "

by Jessie E. Walker

(Editor's note: This article was submitted in November of 1944. The article referred to is one which appeared in J. M. Rosenblum's "Futurian War Digest", and English fan magazine, which has since ceased publication. The article was by a Arthur H. Bird, on experiments conducted in a form of "personal magnetism" in which it was reported that experiments had shown the actual existence of a force by which experimenters had attracted small objects to their finger tips.)

b y LESLIE A. CROUTCH

ONE MEAT BALL

He walked into the all-night eatery, cold and damp; out of the night filled with driving rain, lashed on from the bay by the howling dogs of a bitter winter. There weren't many people in the tinny room. The waiter-owner-cook lounged over the white bar; two nondescript laborers munched dourly on mysterious plates of hash. None of the three looked up when he entered.

He sat down on the high stool at the endfarthest from the door. The proprietor bestirred himself sufficiently to reach over and shove in his direction a greasy manu. He didn't bother to pick it up, for what can you buy with ten cents?

"Give me one meatball," he ordered.

And when it arrived he looked at it almost distastefully, then bit into the meat. What had it been? the thought rustled briefly in some dark corner of his mind. He bit again, and the thought looked forth from the door of his subconsciousness, craned its neck, then ventured forth into the new world of the waking brain.

He shivered, hunched more closely into his wet coat. Being without a job now for weeks put dismal, morbid udeas into his thoughts. This was his last dime. Where would he go from here? Suicide? He shivered again, toyed with the almost nebulous idea with an almost lascivious delight. Then he shoved it from him with a shrug of mental disgust. Anything, almost, but that. Self murder did not appeal to him. He had a few shreds of personal decency and dignity left.

He finished the ~~second~~ to the last bite. The final tiny morsel was lifted. Again the vagrant thought of what it might be composed flitted through his brain. Beef? Maybe horse- a little bit

this is
just a
filler!



of humor laughed bleakly. Maybe some homeless dog or cat? Or maybe the cook had murdered his wife- he remembered a detective story once where that had happened and she had been sold as sausages, and at a fancy price, too!

He sighed and popped the final bit into his mouth, munched on it contemplatively, seeking to squeeze from the sensation all the enjoyment possible before it disappeared finally down his gullet.

A picture floated through the eye of his mind. He had seen it on the front of a magazine in that corner drugstore he had passed just before coming in here. He couldn't recall the name- maybe it didn't have a name. But he remembered the picture, lurid, wild, impossible. Some sort of creature it had been- he didn't believe anything like it actually existed. It carried a girl, almost naked, through a forest of equally impossible trees. And it was being chased by a very prosaic man with bulging muscles. Yes, he had looked very well fed, very dry, very comfortable.

But the thing- morbidly he toyed with the recollection. Could there be such things? Didn't someone once say thoughts sometimes became actualities? Or was it thoughts were actualities only we didn't realize it? Glumly, he laughed, just a little. A bleak, bitter laugh. If thoughts were real maybe he could conjure up a steak, with mushrooms, French fries, catsup, a cuppacawfee.

Or maybe he could be a meat ball. Yes another meat ball, and there he would lie, with his brother on the shining plate beneath the glittering light. Two meat balls. Wouldn't the proprietor be amazed? He laughed and this time the sound was silent.

The proprietor rang up the money from the two laborers and turned to the little man who had ordered one meat ball and received no bread.

But the little man wasn't there. Cursing, the proprietor reached for the plate. That was the worst with those dead-heats- he stopped- and wondered suddenly.

On the plate, side by side, lay two meat balls.

"SUN SPOTS" (continued from page 3)

few short miles; telegraph sounders clicked intermittently without any human hand operating any key in the circuit.

Within my own experience, I have noted definite instances when the lights have interfered with radio to a remarkable degree. On a cold, clear night, when the beams of nature shot across the skies, it was possible, on the short wave bands, to hear what sounded like an ocean surf, roaring in and out, in exact synchronism with the lights. When a strong beam shot up into the sky, the roaring heightened, when the beam dropped back, the roaring subsided. It wasn't loud, you needed a good set, and you needed to pick out a quiet spot on the dial, but it was unmistakable once it was detected.

In February, the week of the 3rd., for one whole night, trans-Atlantic communication was practically non-existent. I listened in that night, and from approximately 6 mc. to past 18 mc., not a station could be heard. Not a peep, just a steady hissing that varied now and then.

However, sun spots go farther than messing around with communications on this earth. They effect the weather, and the growth of things.

In an early February issue of the Toronto Daily Star, was printed an interview with one Dr. Ralph E. DeLury, solar physicist at the Dominion Observatory at Ottawa. He foresees all sort of unhappy things happening as a result, but says happier days will come either in 1948 or 1949. He says there will be shorter summers, poorer crops, longer winters, and increased poliomyelitis and influenza for a couple of years.

According to Dr. DeLury, these spots have a 20% effect on the earth's life. During this 11-year span, all living things are touched- tree growth, grain, animals, insects, humans.

In an issue of the same paper, dated two days later, appeared an account of communications as they were effected on the same day and night that I have previously mentioned when radio reception was so bad.

IN THE ROOM OF BOOKS

Title- "Ebony and Crystal: Poems in Verse and Prose".

Author- Clark Ashton Smith.

Publishers- Auburn Journal, Auburn, California. 1922. 152 pp. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ cm. Price unknown.

Reviewer- William H. Evans.

Other Data: Ebony and Crystal was issued late in 1922 by the author in a limited, signed edition of 500 copies. The copyright deposit copy is bound in wine-colored cloth, lettered on the cover in gold: EBONY AND CRYSTAL/BY/CLARK ASHTON SMITH. The binding is of the stapled form used in check books, rather than the usual sewen binding. The spine of the book is plain.

Comment: This volume, Clark Ashton Smith's third book, and the first to include any of his prose works, is prefaced with an appreciation by the famous California poet George Sterling. This preface so well describes Smith's verse that it is worth quoting in full:

"Who of us care to be present at the accouchment of the immortal? I think that we so attend who are the first to take this book in our hands. A bold assertion, truly, and on demonstrable only in years remote from these; and-- dust wages no war with dust. But it is one of those things I should most "like to come back and see."

"Because he has lent himself the more innocently to the whispers of his subconscious daemon, and because he has set those murmurs to purer and harder crystal than we others, by so much longer will the poems of Clark Ashton Smith endure. Here indeed is loot against the forays of most and rust. Here we shall find none or little of the sentimental fat with which so much of our literature is larded. Rather shall one in Imagination's 'misty mid-region' see elfin rubics burn at his feet, witch-fires glow in the nearest cypresses, and feel upon his brow a wind from the unknown. The brave hunters of fly-specks on Art's cathedral windows will find little here for their trouble, and both the stupid and the over-sophisticated would best stare owlishly and pass by; here are neither kindergartens nor skyscrapers. But let him who is worthy by reason of his clear eye and unjaded heart wander across these borders of beauty and mystery and be glad".
San Francisco, October 28, 1922.

As Sterling says, these are crystal-clear poems, sharp and bright, with none of the usual romantic pastel colors that obscure so much of the poetry of the world. In this lies both Smith's strength and his weakness; his poems are not muddled by sentiment, but they are also cold. Instead of remaining at home and speaking of love and the beauties of nature, Smith sails the seas of Saturn, roams worlds that circle strange, varicolored suns, and plumbs the depths of infinite space and time. The longest poem in the volume is the famous "Hashish-Eater" in which he depicts the strange and weird scenes brought to the mind of the user of the drug. This poem is similar to George Sterling's "Wine of Wizardry", but Smith's seems the more vivid, the more outre. This poem shows very well one of his great strengths; his uncanny ability to give a feeling of alienness to a description. In part this is accomplished by a superb choice of words, unfamiliar, and yet almost known to the reader, which lend an air of uncertainty to the view. Included in the volume are a number of prose poems, which as their name states are poems written in the more liberal prose form. The light case in his verse is not the warm radiance of a full moon in autumn, but the cold, brilliant light cast on the glittering country snow by the stars on a moonless night.

It is interesting to note that several of the poems- both verse and prose- have since been used by Smith as ideas for stories and story-incidents; the most prominent example is the prose poem "The Flower-Devil" which was the idea for the story "The ~~Demon~~ of the Flower". (Astounding Stories, December 1933; Lost Worlds, Arkham House, 1944.)

This volume contains some of Clark Ashton Smith's very best poetry. It is a shame this great poetry is not readily available to the fantasy public, but rumor has it that a collection of selected poems which will certainly include a number from this volume, may be issued in the not-too-distant future by Arkham House.

- The End -

(Ed. note: as this was written several months ago, this situation may have improved by this time.)

Little Boy Worm to Little Girl Worm: "Let's go down to the graveyard and make love in dead earnest."

the department where the readers commit general mayhem on

the editor and each other. If you want to be too formal,

better stay in bed- you'll have more fun!

JACK SLOAN TAKES A WHACK AT HURTER TO START OFF THIS ISSUE'S

ROUND Toronto, Ontario, February 13, 1946. Perhaps the most

noticeable thing in this March issue; to me at least; was the interesting reply by Hurter to my criticism that his short "Evaporation" was "far fetched". I'm afraid that Fred was all too prone to seize upon the idea that my criticism of his piece was entirely due to the fact that he employed the novel method of evaporation to cool his space ship. On the contrary. While I will not deny that, lacking his demonstration of the idea's feasibility, I very much doubted the possibility of such a fantastic scheme, it was by no means at all the only fault I found with the story. By "far fetched" I include the inference that the men aboard the space ship would risk an almost certain death from solar heat rather than signal and allow the salvage scow to board them. The convenient discovery of a weapon by Gossit in his madness and the fact that he should direct his fire, to, of all places, the precise spot in the water tanks that would allow for the required rapid evaporation; and finally, the obvious fact that such a quantity of water was left in the tanks to facilitate the cooling process. All this I would question as well.

Fred, in his hypothesis, sets the amount of water in the tanks at three tons. Now perhaps I'm sticking my neck out again, but, if you will check back with the story, you'll discover that the men had "just enough water to land". This would certainly suggest that a great deal of their normal supply of fuel had been used, and yet it is claimed that three tons is left in the "hundred ton ship". One might conjecture on the tonnage of a full load of fuel. I hope that at this point, no one will ask themselves "doesn't he know that rockets carry their own weight" and double their own weight in fuel?" Of course I know, but this very weight of fuel required is one of the reasons that passenger rockets have been for so long impractical. It is therefore logical to assume that in the case of the craft described in the story, in all likelihood not only a passenger rocket, but a cargo carrying one, that the problem of fuel would have to be solved to a sufficient degree to permit the weight of the craft and contents. Surely three tones is a very large amount to be left in tanks that are supposed to be all but exhausted.

I hope that with the proceeding I have demonstrated that I was not altogether unjustified in terming the story "far fetched".

Fred, in jumping to the defense of his story with the natural pride of an author, has presented a most interesting proof of his problem, but he has obviously overlooked the more basic aspects of my comments, the psychological and physical probabilities, as well as the actual material reasonableness.

Perhaps such analysis of a story as this is too detailed. Certainly I would never go to such lengths ordinarily, but in view of the fact that Fred felt that I was unduly critical, I believe this rather lengthy examination is justified. JACK SLOAN. ((Hmm, looks as though Fred drew something or other down on his head, what with Stanley's letter to follow. I wonder if Fred will have any rebuttal to this? You did absolutely right in presenting your case, Jack. No feelings are being hurt, and such an argument, when kept on a decent and intellectual plane, is worthwhile, to say the least. Editor.))

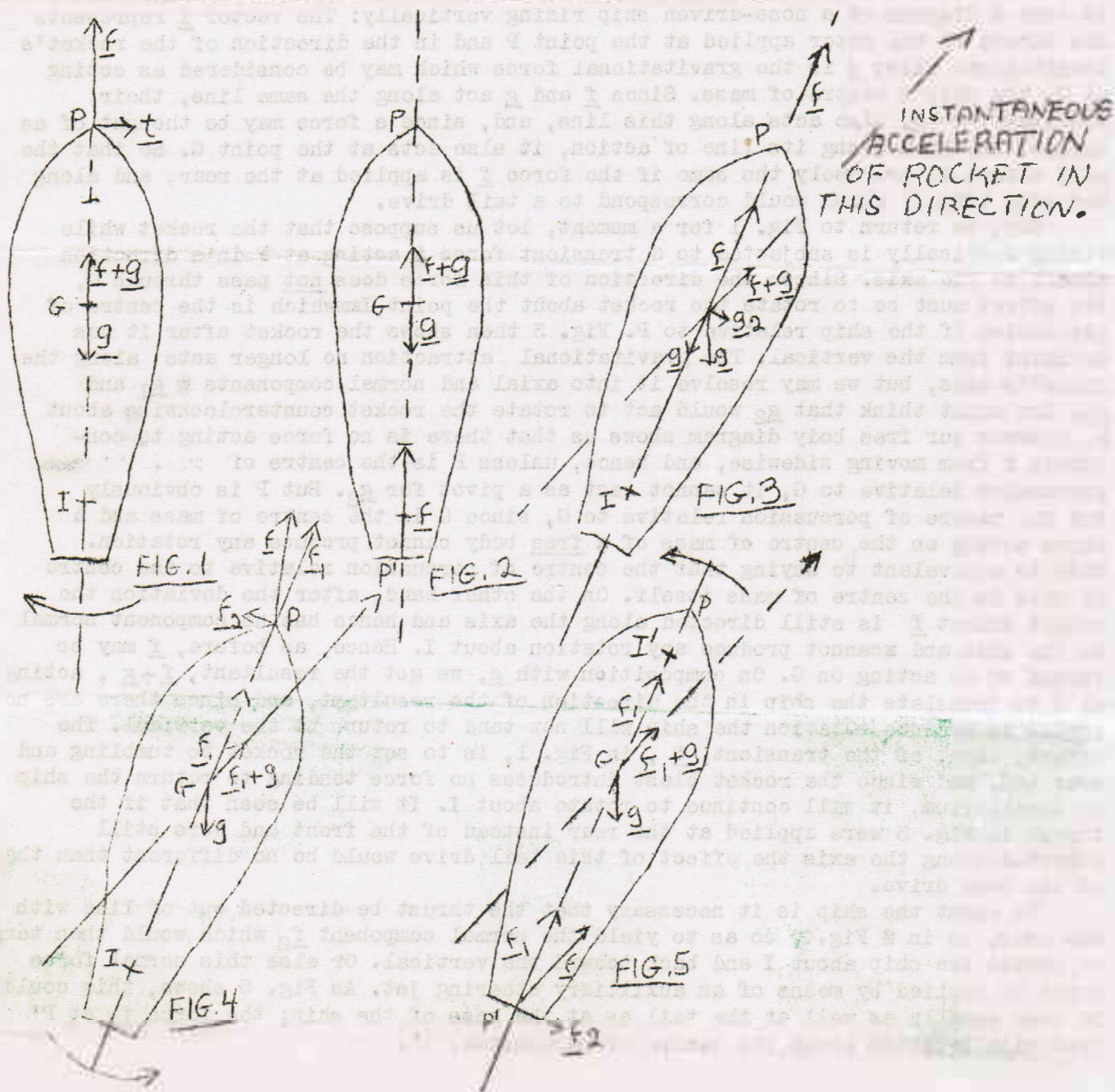
NEXT, HURTER GETS HIS PET SPACESHIP PULLED ALL TO PIECES Rockland, Maine, February 12, 1946. Fred Hurter's argument about cooling by evaporation sounds adequate, though I haven't checked his figures. I don't think Jack Sloan's letter referred specifically to this point as "far fetched", though. I also fail to find any reference to either the "cones" or "scavengers" in his story as published. No matter, it's still interesting to hear about them.

The main purpose of this letter; though, is to point out that Fred is laboring under the common, but erroneous, impression that placing the rocket motor ahead of the centre of mass of the ship will result in greater stability than in a tail-driven rocket. Many rocket experimenters have made this same mistake; Goddard, even, in designing his 1926 rocket. He afterward came to the correct conclusion, which he expressed in his 1936 report. The trouble here is that one tends to think of the tail-driven rocket as being pushed up, like a billiard cue balanced on the finger tip, and of the nose-driven rocket as being pulled up, as though by a string. This string analogy is inappropriate as the force exerted along the strong is always vertical, while the force of the rocket blast will deviate from the vertical if the rocket itself does. A free-body diagram "F" shows plainly that if this happens there is no force acting to restore the rocket to the vertical, regardless of whether the jet is acting at the front or at the rear of the ship. Fig. 1 is such a diagram of a nose-driven ship rising vertically: The vector f represents the thrust of the motor applied at the point P and in the direction of the rocket's longitudinal axis; g is the gravitational force which may be considered as acting at G, the ship's centre of mass. Since f and g act along the same line, their resultant, $f+g$, also acts along this line, and, since a force may be thought of as applied anywhere along its line of action, it also acts at the point G. So that the only effect is precisely the same if the force f is applied at the rear, and along the axis (Fig. 2) which would correspond to a tail drive.

Now, to return to Fig. 1 for a moment, let us suppose that the rocket while rising vertically is subjected to a transient force t acting at P in a direction normal to the axis. Since the direction of this force does not pass through G, its effect must be to rotate the rocket about the point I which is the centre of percussion of the ship relative to P. Fig. 3 then shows the rocket after it has deviated from the vertical. The gravitational attraction no longer acts along the rocket's axis, but we may resolve it into axial and normal components g_1 and g_2 . One might think that g_2 would act to rotate the rocket counterclockwise about P. However our free body diagram shows us that there is no force acting to constrain P from moving sidewise, and hence, unless P is the centre of percussion relative to G, it cannot act as a pivot for g_2 . But P is obviously not the centre of percussion relative to G, since G is the centre of mass and a force acting on the centre of mass of a free body cannot produce any rotation. This is equivalent to saying that the centre of percussion relative to the centre of mass is the centre of mass itself. On the other hand, after the deviation the rocket thrust f is still directed along the axis and hence has no component normal to the axis and cannot produce any rotation about I. Hence, as before, f may be thought of as acting on G. On composition with g , we get the resultant, $f+g$, acting at G to translate the ship in the direction of the resultant, and since there are no forces to produce rotation the ship will not tend to return to the vertical. The effect, then, of the transient, t , in Fig. 1, is to set the rocket to tumbling end over end, and since the rocket blast introduces no force tending to return the ship to equilibrium, it will continue to rotate about I. It will be seen that if the thrust in Fig. 3 were applied at the rear instead of the front and were still directed along the axis the effect of this tail drive would be no different than that of the nose drive.

To right the ship is it necessary that the thrust be directed out of line with the axis, as in Fig. 4, so as to yield the normal component f_2 which would then tend to rotate the ship about I and back toward the vertical. Or else this normal force could be applied by means of an auxiliary steering jet. As Fig. 5 shows, this could be done equally as well at the tail as at the nose of the ship; the force f_2 at P' producing rotation about its centre of percussion, I'.

The point of all of which is that a rocket possesses no intrinsic stability due to the firing of its jets. Hence the position of the jets along the axis is immaterial from this standpoint. Stability may be achieved by means of auxiliary jets automatically controlled by an inclinostat, which has the disadvantage of being a complicated and tricky setup, or by means of a gyroscope, which has the disadvantage of being heavy. It may be thought that stability would be improved by having the rocket motor swung in gimbals mounted ahead of the centre of mass of the whole ship, instead of being fixed rigidly along the axis. Perturbing forces affecting the hull would then not be transmitted to the motor so readily. The thrust would continue to be vertical even if the axis of the hull should deviate. But this simply transfers our previous discussions from the ship as a whole to the motor alone. And since the motor would be lighter than the whole ship it would have less inertia and be more sensitive to perturbing forces. It is probable that uneven firing of the jets would be a considerable perturbing factor, and since this would be acting directly on the motor, the gymbal mounting here would be disadvantageous. NORMAN F. STANLEY. ((No doubt Hurter is supposed to be properly squelched by now. Perhaps he will have a rebuttal to this also. Frankly, I was left out in the cold way back there at about line three. Now, if this had been electronics- but it wasn't, was it?- ED))
The following are the figures referred to in the foregoing letter: /



NO, IT'S NOT SHERLOCK HOLMES, EVEN THO' HE DOES LIVE AT BAKER STREET! Dover, N. J., February 10, 1946. Your regular schedule amazes me. In the fanzine field, a publication that appears when it's expected to is a few notches upward on the ladder of progress. Egad, man-- whatta you want to do? Revolutionize the field?

The drawing of the deros is the sort of thing that might inspire Ashley or Nanek to turn out another short-short tale, personifying the deros, tho revealing in the end that they're really gophers. I mull. JOE KENNEDY.

Is Fenris any relation to Fenris the Wolf in Mr. Shaver's mythology? ((Not this Fenris. He is a Canadian who has already written other items under his own name. I feel that every fanzine should adhere to the schedule it sets itself. If it cannot, then it should adopt a less frequent one and stick to that.-- ED))

-o-

AND HERE IS A LETTER FROM THE (IN)FAMOUS "YHOS". Framingham, Mass., February 12, 1946. The accumulated shame of two years plus your recent friendly letter finally pierced my thick hide and made me realize how I've neglected you. I hope this letter will make some small fraction of amends, and the rest when you catch me, as the installment buyer says....

I want to express sincere thanx for your continued mailing of LIGHT to me month after month without so much as a howdoyedo, thank you, or what else in reply. There are very few guys in fandom who would do it. You are a faithful old jerk, Andeed, and I loves ya.

. THE LAST SACRIFICE. Aren't naive sunday school stories out of place in LIGHT?

Your allegory was OK, but the archaic style was badly fumbled. "Brazen brass" is one of the most amusing redundancies I've run across in some time.

I think some of the old die-hards like myself wo refuse to read Palmer's muck, would enjoy a short article explaining about "Deros", the "caves" etc. Backover OK.

Why should I sweat my rear off turning a crank and getting myself inked up frem head to foot when I can sit down and write what I wish and send it to some other damn fool who will be only too happy to publish it in his rag?

Pockota pockota, Art. ARTHUR L. WIDNER.

((Well now, I don't know, Art. THE LAST SACRIFICE went over very well. Ditto my little effort entitled AND IT CAME TO PASS. As for the caves, better men than Palmer have become vastly intrigued by holes and their possibilities. And better men than he have been in trouble due to too much attention being paid to them, too. It could be that when Palmer was a wee small tot he got his fore digit caught in some sort of a hole and got in dutch with somebody because of his accident, and that ever since then he's been allergic to them. If you got yourself inked from head to foot printing a magazine you are wise to quit. Either a dummed fool or a careless son of a gun would do that. I've been inking a mimeo now for years and I haven't got more than my hands slightly inky yet, and the inks I have used always would wash off under the tap, cold water too. Admittedly it is easier to just write- maybe you are lazy, huh? IF you want to write for LIGHT, send in a book review someday. -ED))

WATCH

FOR

"the

return"

Quoting from the newspaper: "The aurora halted direct communications between Toronto and Winnipeg, making it necessary for the Canadian Press to cover its western members with news funneled from Seattle to Vancouver and relayed to the CP network through western Canada. Northern Ontario, especially in the areas of Sudbury and Timmins, parts of Western Ontario around London and Chatham, received only intermittent service during most of the morning."

In San Francisco, experts said that radio was entering a cycle in which sun-spot interference was likely to be frequent for three years.

So you see, man, for all his vaunted chest beating and claims of superiority, is still pretty much the dowdy plaything of nature.

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LIGHT
FLASHES

continued from
page 3

appreciability, and non-interest in fandom, AND withdrawal of their friendship either completely or to a noticeable degree. 61 copies of LIGHT were printed as usual. The mimeo run has been set at a top limit of 61 copies per issue. There is room for 5 more readers.

Following is an alphabetical list of those on the mailing list. This will be printed from time to time for those who may be interested.

- 1 - Ackerman, Forrest J. (US).
- 2 - Alger, Martin E. (US).
- 3 - Anderson, Virginia (US).
- 4 - Baldwin, Franklin Lee (US).
- 5 - Betts, Albert A. (Can).
- 6 - Bloch, Robert (US).
- 7 - Bovard, Barbara E. (US).
- 8 - Carlson, K. Martin (US).
- 9 - Crutch, Victor K. (US) (Can).
- 10 - Cunningham, John M. (US).
- 11 - Daniel, Thos. R. (US).
- 12 - Daugherty, Walter J. (US).
- 13 - Davis, Oliver C. (US).
- 14 - Dunkelberger, Walter (US).
- 15 - Evans, Wm. H. (US).
- 16 - Evans, E. E. (US).
- 17 - Evans, Jonne (US).
- 18 - Godfrey, Al (Can).
- 19 - Gibson, W. Robt. (Can).
- 20 - Hanley, Thos. R. (Can).

- 21 - Harding, Doug (Can).
- 22 - Holmes, Ron (Eng).
- 23 - Hopkins, Eric C (Eng).
- 24 - Hurter, Fred (Can).
- 25 - Indick, Ben (US).
- 26 - Jamieson, A. D. (US).
- 27 - Kenally, Viola (Can).
- 28 - Kornbluth, Mary (US).
- 29 - Lamb, Norman V. (Can).
- 30 - Laney, Francis T. (US).
- 31 - Kennedy, Joe (US).
- 32 - L.A.S.F.S (US).
- 33 - MacDonald, Edwin (Scot).
- 34 - Perry, Boff (US).
- 35 - Richardson, Rev. Darrell C. (US).
- 36 - Rogerson, Mrs. Pat (Can).
- 37 - Rosenblum, Michael (Eng).
- 38 - Rothman, Milton (US).
- 39 - Sloan, Jack (Can).
- 40 - Speer, Jack (US).
- 41 - Stanley, Norman F. (US).
- 42 - Swisher, Robt. D. (US).
- 43 - Taylor, Beak (Can).
- 44 - Temple, Wm. F. (Eng).
- 45 - Temple, Mrs. Joan (Eng).
- 46 - Train, Ossie (US).
- 47 - Van Vogt, A. E. (US-Can).
- 48 - Tucker, Bob (US).
- 49 - Wakefield, Harold (Can).
- 50 - Walker, Mrs. A. D. (Can).
- 51 - Warner, Harry (US).
- 52 - Wosson, Helen V. (US).
- 53 - Wheeler, Mari Beth (US).
- 54 - White, Ted (Can).
- 55 - Widner, Art. (US)

LIGHT is now going to a new correspondent who is a reader, not yet a fan, but who said he had heard of the fanzines, but never seen any until I sent him mine. This man is employed by the International Business Machines in New York, and is right up there on the various forms of duplication. He has already enlightened me a great deal on the Multilith process, and on photochemical stencils. I have approached him about doing an article on various methods of duplication. If I am successful, it will be run immediately on reception in LIGHT.

I want to know how many of the readers are interested in home movies. Not so much the showing of them as the making of them. Especially as it pertains to science fiction, fantasy, et al.

Regarding Gibson's Book List which has been running in the book department.

Bob says this list is not of books he wants, or books he knows of. They are ones he had at the time he wrote it out. As this was done over a year ago, he has a lot more now. Already several have mentioned to me that he has listed the odd title they didn't know of, which was exactly the reason for running the list. When Bob's is finished, there is a small or one here of Norman Lamb's to be run. There is one of Lamb's of Italian books, all in Italian, too, which may be run separately as an article sometime.

Which brings up the fact that LIGHT is in need of book reviews. Any of you do any, or have one finished? LIGHT would be glad to print it.

In this issue runs the second story I have written, using a song title as my inspiration. I want to know from all of you how it goes over. I am toying with some ideas using other song titles. Though I don't know just how I'd work a title like "Chickory-Chick" up!

Repeatedly I receive requests and inquiries on advertising and advertising rates, therefor I see I'll have to state my stand again.

LIGHT is a 100% amateur NON-PROFIT magazine. At present NO advertising is solicited OR accepted. Please do not ask, for I'll only have to turn you down. Get in touch with the dozens of other admirable fanzines who do handle advertising and cheaply, too.

The fact that at times I run advertising of books or magazines that I have to swap or otherwise dispose of, is beside the point and is NOT an exception to the rule.

IF, at any time in the future, I change my stand, you will receive ample notification, along with rates, and so forth.

The experiment with a serial has gone over very well. Bovard's story about Mr. Bean has most of the readers wondering what will happen next. I am wondering what the reaction will be to the climax she presents. However, several thought her portrayal of the fairy inconsistent with the rest of the story. They suggested her poetical language did not "jell".

"And It Came To Pass" elicited response that surprised even me. I figured it would stir up some fuss, and I wasn't disappointed. But apparently no-one got the actual "drift" as I in-

tended it. Also the name "Ubawack" confused some. They got the rest of the place-names, though. Perhaps if they knew my street address it would help me: "41 Wauback Street".

FOR SWAP

I have the following items for swap. For who already have accounts with me can get items on credit. Others will have to swap some item at the time as I can't open any new accounts. Not necessarily first offer accepted.

.....
6 copies, brand new, of the Canadian pocket book, "The Stuffed Men", by Anthony Rud. 35¢ each in swap. If you want all 6, the price is \$2.00. Or will swap for some item that I want. What do you offer?

.....
3 copies of Canadian UNCANNY TALES, dated October, 1941. Covers on. Good condition. 50¢ each in swap. Same terms as above.

.....
1 copy of "Werewolf of Paris". Cloth-bound. Fair condition. Written by Guy Endore. Value \$3.00.

.....
The Idyll of the White Lotus, by Mabel Collins. Excellent condition. Cloth Bound. \$3.00.

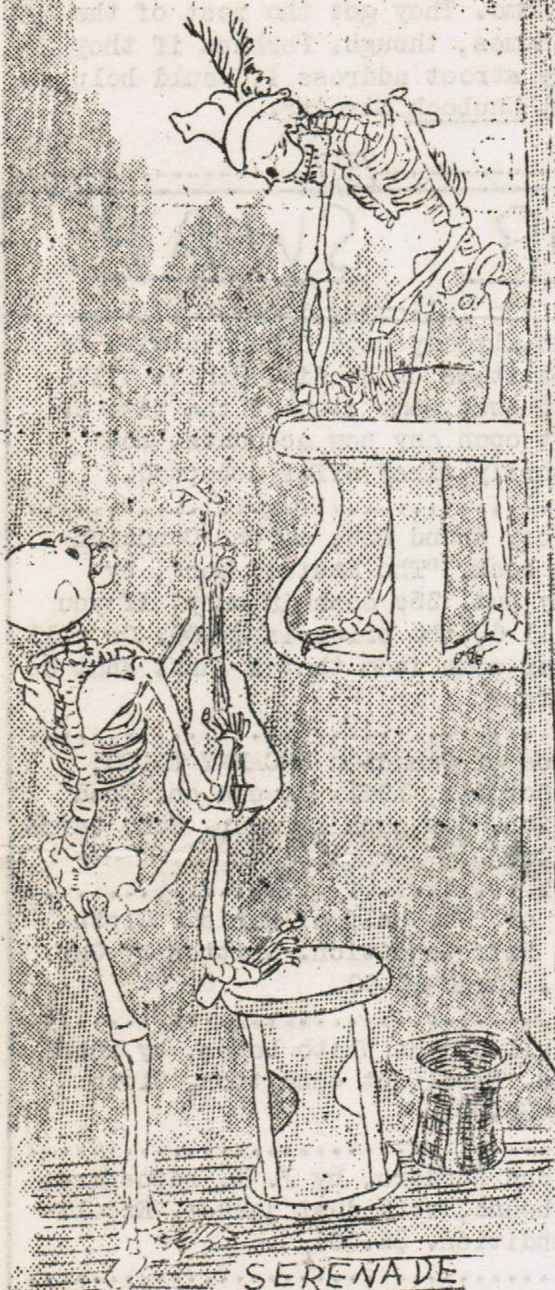
.....
Signs and Wonders, by J. D. Beresford. Cloth bound, with dust jacket. Excellent condition. \$2.50.

.....
Woman Alive, by Susan Ertz. Cloth Bound, dust jacket, excellent condition \$3.00.

.....
Strange Papers of Dr. Blayre, by Christopher Blayre. Cloth Bound, fair condition. \$2.00.

.....
All items sent postpaid. No order too small, none too large. Special price if you want ALL of the above. Don't offer me current magazines as I can get them in Parry Sound without any difficulty. Interested in anthologies though.

adv



SERENADE

"You must have been a beautiful baby -
'Cause, baby, look at you now!"



DAY OFF



Professor! Professor!
What's happened to Saturn?



The Ghoul - "You can have your Zombies.
I want my meat dead, but not mobile."

Saith Confusus
The Bookseller:

"Fan may blow hard,
but can he raise wind?"

