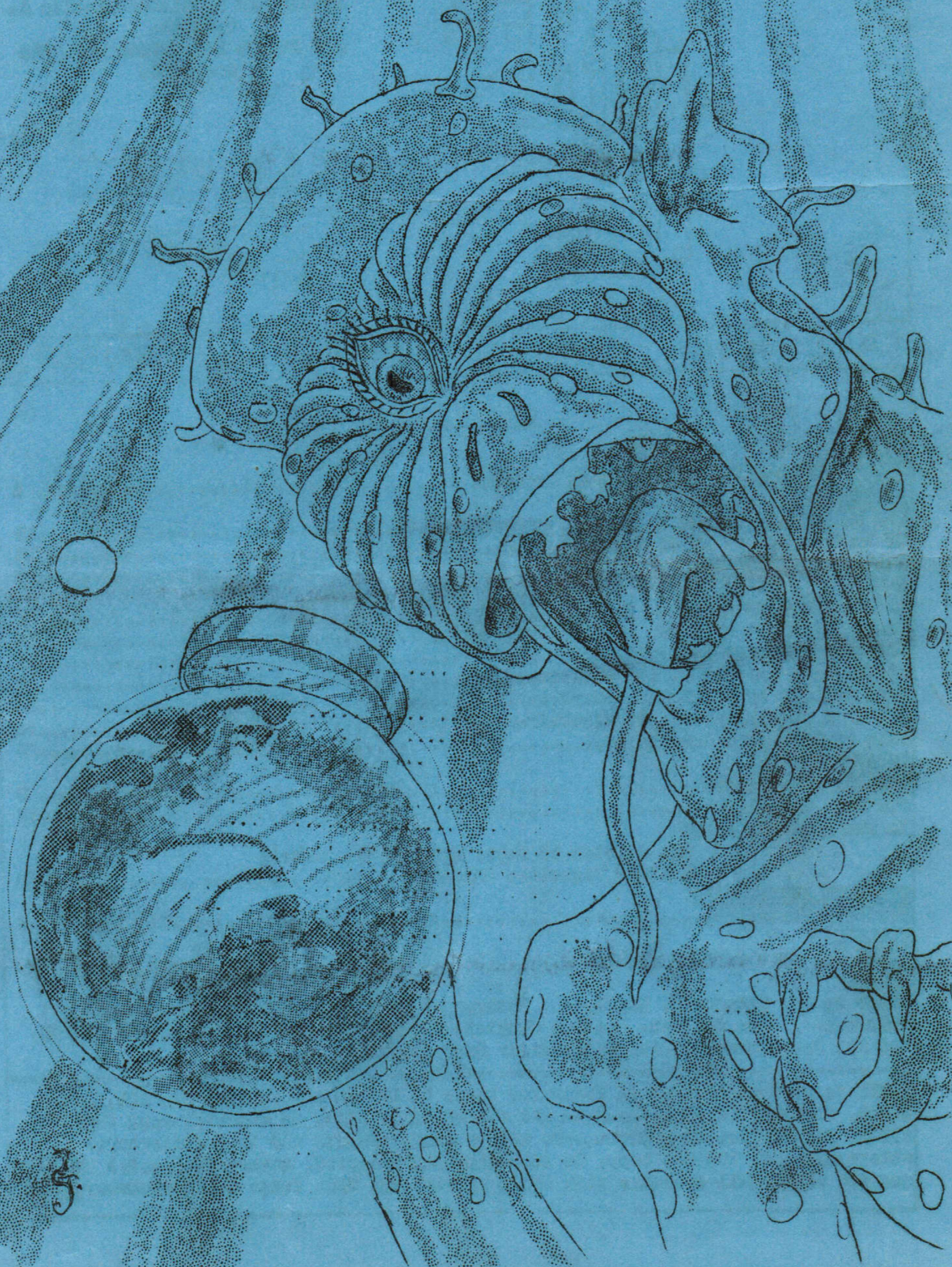
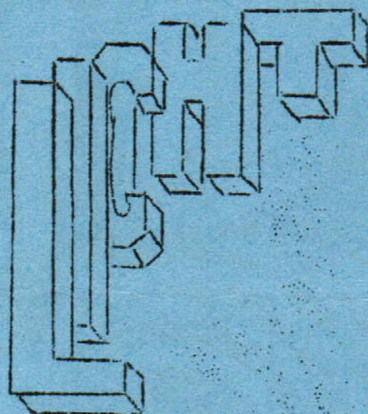


Hunter





Editor and Publisher- Leslie A. Crutch.
Art Staff- Bob Gibson and John Cockroft.



FALL 1946. (Canada's Oldest Amateur Publication) NUMBER 33

C O N T E N T S

FICTION

Herby's Flying Pig by Leslie A. Crutch..... 4

ARTICLES

The Multilith Process by A. D. Jamieson.....10

IF by Mrs. Jessie E. Walker.....14

Fantasia Malaria by N. V. Lamb & Bob Gibson.....26

VERSE

It's Amazing by W. Robt. Gibson..... 9

Self - Portrait of a Fan by Nanek.....13

This Our Language (reprint).....13

Of Virtuous Knit by F. Lee Baldwin.....13

Baby Emotion by Soupspoon McGurk.....25

Ode To A Telephone Pole by Wirehaired Terrier.....25

Pain by Hayseed O'Gonnigall.....25

DEPARTMENTS

The Editor Comments..... 3

Our Mail Box.....17

In The Realm of Books-

The Stories of Robt. Nathan (Ben Indick)

Fantasy Vignettes (Norman V. Lamb).....22

HUMOROUS ADVERTISING

Strictly Fantastic.....11, 12, 13, 20.

FILLERS

Reprinted from various sources9, 25, 27, 29

ART

Cover by Bob Gibson; H. Haigh- 4.; Rothman Ad- by Gibson- 12; If frontpiece by Walker-14.; John Guislan- 16; Les Crutch- 21, Bob Gibson- 28; John Cockroft- 28 and 32; Back cover by Gibson. Interior Decorations by Crutch.

-----6-----6-----6-----
LIGHT is mimeographed on an irregular basis by Leslie A. Crutch, Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada. The main and almost only policy is entertainment that is fit to print. Free to Fapa members and to staff members and to contributors. All others must pay 10¢ per copy. No subscriptions accepted. Advertising rates 25¢ per quarter page. Will exchange with other publishers. This issue dated November, 1946.

THE EDITOR COMMENTS

The faithful reader of this magazine will have noticed ere this several changes in the old publication. Your editor hopes they meet with approval and that he received many letters of comment, and, mayhap, suggestions, be they helpful or otherwise.

One of the changes is the the name of the editorial column. Light Flashes will not return. There had been a general dissatisfaction toward this name for some time. There was a feeling that is did not suit. It seemed that somehow or other the rest of the publication had grown and left that part of it in the past. Therefore this new name, "The Editor Comments". The policy of this column is wide open, as is the Mail Box. Only the postal laws against obscene matter will prevail. Otherwise, your editor will comment on any and all subjects which cause his blood pressure to raise a few points. He warns you in advance that in this department you may find congratulated or reviled politics, fandom, prodem, religion, ANYTHING in fact that he feels a free member of a free democracy has a right to climb on the editorial soapbox about. Your editor accepts all responsibility for any and all remarks made herein. The opinions expressed are his own, for better or for worse.

Reading through the September 23rd issue of TIME, your editor came across the story of the five airmen being buried, the five airmen who, in your editor's opinion, were literally murdered in Yugoslavia. The United States has demanded and received apologies for the incident from Tito, but what roused your editor's ire somewhat was the fact that the American government had also

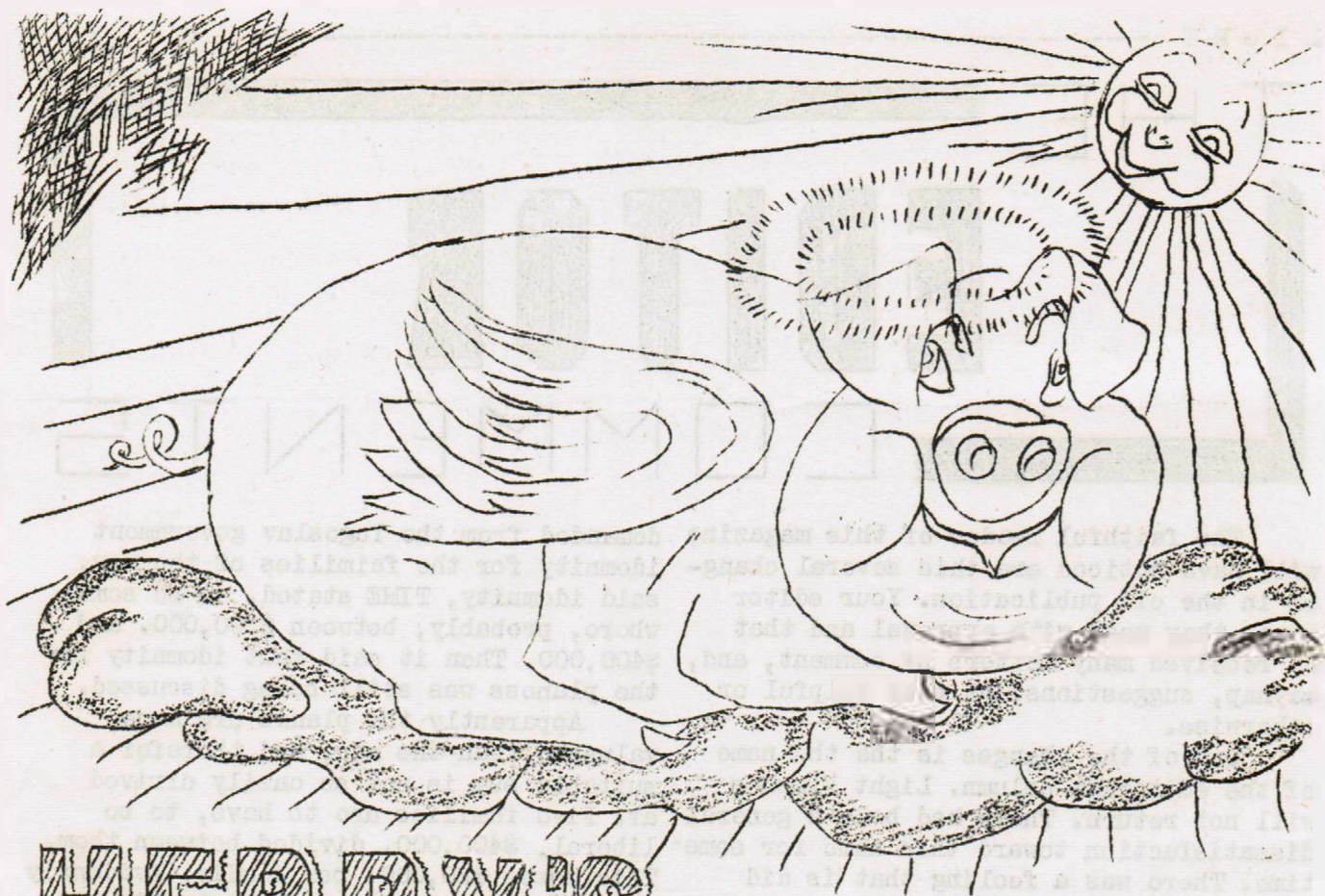
demanded from the Yugoslav government idemnity for the families of the men, said idemnity, TIME stated, to be somewhere, probably, between \$300,000. and \$400,000. Then it said that idemnity for the planess was still being discussed.

Apparently the planes are more valuable than the men, and therefore a suitable sum is not so easily arrived at. Five families are to have, to be liberal, \$400,000. divided between them. This makes \$80,000. per family. Evidently then a man's life is worth only \$80,000. If so, then a plane is not worth a cent more, in fact, considering the ease with which an inanimate piece of machinery can be brought into being compared with the body of a man, your editor feels that perhaps the Yugoslavs better be forgiven the planes.

Evidently in this enlightened day and age it is cheap to insult a country. A little would-be bully kicked a bigger boy in the shins and gets off with it to the tune of half a million. If it were as cheap to insult HIS competitor, on a comparative scale, your editor would hit himself to the nearest judge, pay his fine, and then proceed to kick the blighter down the nearest stairs!

To the domestic scene, the remarks concerning which will probably bemuse our American readers: The erstwhile Premier of Ontario, one baby-faced Col. George Drew, has come out and publicly stated to the press that, in his opinion, 16¢ a quart for milk in the Toronto district is not too high a price to pay for milk! He goes on to quote the price of this commodity in Britain and the United States.

Col. Drew evidently has decided not to take into consideration the difference



HERBY'S FLYING PIC

by
LESLIE A. CROUTCH



hey talk about inflation, and the price of food and the cost of living, but pork was never so high as the days that followed the reading of a certain ad in a certain small town newspaper.

The tax collector has been around to see Horbert Snifflespoon and had quietly insinuated that if Horbert didn't get himself into town and do something about a small matter that another so-called gentleman would be out to knock down his farm to the highest bidder. Of course, the collector didn't also add that when that bidder had paid a little and then no more than again the property would be knocked down to another highest bidder. It was a vicious circle. Or at least, it was a circle. The vicious part about it was the tax collector, his father the sheriff, a brother the assessor and his father-in-law the bailiff.

Anyway, the tax collector had left and Herby, after heaving a couple of sighs, which he found too heavy and immediately set down again, meandered his way into the house where his wife Mary was making apple pie. She had never made apple pie

"Them days pork
was pretty high in
these parts"

before, but she had seen a movie called "Over 21" and the recipe the star gave for making apple pie was so simple Mary just had to try it out for herself.

"I just don't know what we'll do about the taxes, Mary", Horby moaned.

"Why, I thought we had them all paid up," cried Mary, who was wondering why the pie was so contray. She had placed it in the oven an hour before so easily but now it wouldn't budge.

"We did!" But the tax man was just out and told me the new pump we put in raised the value of the property so now we have to pay something extra. And we just haven't any money right now."

"Oh, don't worry, dear. We'll pay it next month when you sell the vegetables."

"But he says they have to be taken care of by this Saturday!"

He picked up the latest issue of the small town paper they got every Thursday, unless the press broke down, or the printer was out too late the night before. Morosely he opened it up and glanced idly through the columns of news which he already knew. Wonderful invention, the rural telephone. He didn't know what Mary would do without it. When the radio wasn't turned on to some program full of weeping and wailing and giving in marriage and taking in divorce, she was usually to be found at the phone. Not that she was always talking over it. She would just stand there with the receiver glued to her ear, never saying a word, but smiling to herself all the while.

But at least the phone didn't bring them the now advertisements. At the thought Horby's ears sort of prickled up. Ever see a man's ears prick up? Well, I haven't either, so we're square. Anyway, Horby's ears prickled up at the thought and he hurriedly turned to the classified section. Maybe somebody wanted something he had and could sell.

Why, what was this? Horby sat bolt upright in his chair. Now, that is a hard thing to do- sit bolt upright in a chair. Sometimes the head of the bolt is round, or the seat of the chair is sloping. I never saw a man sit a bolt upright in a chair, though I have seen a dog make a bolt for a door. But back to the ad:

FARMERS! HERE IS YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY

Raise the finest hogs in your territory. Feed them Dr. Bejazer's Purefeed Excelline Mash and watch them make for the stars. You'll have the highest priced pork of your neighborhood. Just send \$5. today, right now, this very instant, to Dr. Bejazer, Box 13, and he will send you immediately a bag of his wonderful Purefeed Excelline Mash.

Now don't you dare ask me where Horby got \$5. if he couldn't get any money to pay the extra taxes, which only amounted to a dollar ninety-eight. There wouldn't be any story if he didn't get \$5. for the mash, now would there? After all, if professional magazines can print contradictions then so can this one. After all, what has Chicago got that Parry Sound hasn't? Anyway, now that you have been properly squelched, back to this narration. Horby sent in the \$5. and right back came a hundred pound sack of mash. No, nett by mail. But the mailman brought it anyway. But then he would deliver anything for a fee. Why I recall the time he brought out a case of Old Granddad for Paw Higgins and Maw Higgins got hold of it. She'd always been a sound pillar of the local W.C.T.U. but that night the lodge burned down and the sheriff declared he saw Maw high-tailin' it out of town on a lame jackass belonging to old Ebenezer Hawgallow. But they couldn't prove anything so the furor soon died down and was decently buried. Except now and then Parson Jones would mention it on Sundays from the pulpit. But then people always said that was done deliberately, 'cause it usually happened just when the plate was passed in front of Maw.

But anyway, back to Horby and his Mash. He opened the bag and dished out a

generous portion into the pig trough and then snorted a few grunts and squeals and the old hog came out of the pen and looked at him. Horby had several pigs, but he was a cautious sort and not one to experiment on more than one at a time in case they all died or something. So this useless old boar was to be the victim. Anyway, he was once a bore but he outlived his usefulness and Horby had his fangs, in a manner of speaking, drawn.

Well, this old greyboard of the hog race came out into the sunshine and sniffed a couple of times at Horby, and evidently not finding the odor to his liking, turned his back and started back into the pen. Horby got a little excited at this and dumped in more mash. In fact, the whole danged pail he had mixed up. The hog heard the splash and being a curious critter, turned right back around again to see what all the splatter was about. It couldn't be Horby, he decided, after a cautious sniff, so it must be the trough. He ambled over, grunting in disdain the while, and eyed the horrid mixture uncertainly. It didn't smell so bad. Not to a pig, that is, so he opened his mouth and took a dainty nibble. All right, then a hog doesn't nibble. So he took a big mouth full. It couldn't have tasted so bad for he fell to and ate the whole bloomin' mess right there and then.

There is no use in telling about the little things that occurred during the next few days because they have nothing to do with this story. Oh, I'll admit it might make interesting reading, like the day Horby fell down the wall and had to be hauled up by the seat of his pants by Mary; or when Mary tried to make another apple pie, putting in a little bit of this, and a little bit of that, including a pinch of the mash; or when the tax collector came around again and found Horby had been so rash as to paint the wagon, and immediately told him his taxes would now be two dollars and thirteen cents, and how Horby got so danged mad he picked up a brown ball and throw it right in his face, and how the horse laughed and laughed and laughed.

But about a week later Horby went down to the pig sty and had a look at his "great experiment", as he called it. He didn't know what to expect, but he sure didn't figure two lumps on the pig's shoulders where there had been no lumps before, was going to improve its market value any. Outside of that the pig looked just the same except maybe he walked about as though he might be a little lighter on his foot.

Horby kept pretty close watch of the grunter from then on, and suddenly discovered to his awe that the lump parted and what looked for all the world like two stubby little wings popped out. You know- kind of like the ones little chicks have, just fleshy blobs, kind of fuzzy, no feathers or anything else covering them.

Horby hadn't fed the proker any more of the mash, but now, though for what reason he couldn't have told you, he started giving him the rest of the sack. But the pig didn't like the taste of the sack, so he ripped a hole in the bottom and ate the mash instead. And then did things happen! Oh no, not all at once. That would be too fantastic. But it was astounding the way the wings grew from then on. They grew quickly to a truly amazing size. About the size of a turkey's. I know that may not be much but on a pig it was the berries. Horby didn't know what to expect after that, and neither did Mary, who always looked on the strutting snorter as though she expected a halo to suddenly appear.

Then one day the thrilling wonder happened- right before their very eyes the porcine monstrosity, for what else was it, I pray thee? took a few gallops across the sty, leaped a couple of times, fluttered his wings, and took off!

Now stop a moment and consider, if you will, the feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Snifflespoon. If they had seen a horse fly they wouldn't have thought anything of it. Or even a bar fly. But to see a pig fly- well, there is a limit to thing, you youknow. After all, the Creator didn't intend pigs to fly, or that is what the Parson Jones said when he found out, but how does the Parson know what God intended or not? That's the trouble with some people, put a book in their hands and a frock on their shoulders and they go tearing about all creation putting words in the Creator's mouth and ideas in the Creator's mind. Just too blamed big for their

britches, that's what they are. Sometimes I consider it a marvel how they'll ever manage to get their pants on over their tails.

Anyway, before Herby had a chance to leap the fence and grab the pig, that fellow got ideas of his own, and that was to see the country, and off he flew into the wide blue yonder, squealing in delight the while.

PART TWO



in most stories by some people you see where the hero rushes off to warn the countryside or to get aid, but Herby was just a plain fellow. He knew darned well what people would think if he did that, so he just sat on his hands and kept mum. In the meantime a series of eerie occurrences paralyzed the neighborhood. We got to have a paralyzed neighborhood or else this story wouldn't ring true to form. A fantasy is never right unless somebody gets scared half out of the wits he probably never had, or a country is invaded or para-

lyzed.

Another thing most fantasists do is have the menace, whether it is a menace or not, conquered, or forgotten about. But I'll admit this is all just a whopping big lie and never happened and let it go at that. So if you want to chuck the whole thing and read something sensible such as the fabulous "Rapes of Grath" or "Spent With a Gasp", ok, but if you want to hear of the effect this wondrous pig had on the neighborhood, then bear with me, and a wondrous tale I shall continue with.

The tax collector met the pig first, which was, of course, no more than poetic justice, for indirectly, he was responsible for this aerial wonder. Anyway, he was tooling it down the road on his bicycle when he thought he heard a pig grunting and squealing somewhere very near. He looked ahead but the road was clear, so he took a quick glance behind, but nothing could he see. Figuring he was hearing things, for who wouldn't? he continued pedalling furiously for he was in a titanic hurry. But the grunting and snorting continued, and as he couldn't see anything to the four points of the compass and on the ground beneath him there was but one place to look, and he did.

It stands on record that it is humanly impossible for a man and the various parts comprising a bicycle to instantaneously arrive at some many varied parts of the neighboring landscape. The local sheet declared very acidly that the worthy tax man had been drinking and in a moment of alcoholic insanity taken his bike apart and distributed it coyly in such fashion and then walked into town to declare that it was the sight of a flying pig, a hog in the skies, believe it or not, complete with wings, that had caused him to run off the road and into the rail fence.

It was quite the laughing talk of the country for some time. But then the focal point of public opinion changed to another embarrassed person, the local spinster, Miss Prunella Twistott, who knocked up the sheriff one rainy night and told him the horrifically impossible story of being attacked by a wild pig in the darkness of Skinflint Alley. Wagging tongues demanded to know why Miss Prunella was in the vicinity of Skinflint Alley on such a night, and immediately decided in the opinionated way of all small towns, that the worthy maiden lady had been to Sam Mishowski's hut and had had herself a wee snort of so. If Miss Prunella had kept her mouth shut things might have died down with that, but she had to wind up her brain and slip her tongue into high gear and start shouting that the pig, of all things, hadn't chewed at her ankles, but had knocked her hat off and burped down the back of her neck. Now, I'm asking you, what self-respecting pig would be out in such a place where he could knock off peoples' chapeaus, let alone burp down

necks? Do pigs climb poles, or roost on low roofs? Nonsense!

This sort of thing kept up for several days, but the climax came on a Sunday. It was a hot day, and the church had all its windows open. Old Parson Jones had just managed to collect two bits from Maw Higgins with his remarks anent the W.C.T.U. and kindrid subjects, and was fixing his fidgeting congregation with his bleary eye, when a porcine squeal filled the church and caused every head to turn toward the apparant source of sound, the door. But nothing was to be seen there except a swam of knats. So everyone looked at everyone else, and two or three young men surreptitiously slid a little along wooden seats to place a little more distance between them and two or three slightly red-faced young ladies. The clink of coins dropping into the plate went on.

Then suddenly a grunting filled the air, and the soft beating of wings. This time the interior of the House of God got a good ocular investigation and this time the culprit was discovered. Of course no one believed his or her eyes. After all, if you suddenly looked up and saw a horse sitting on your chandelier nibbling oats from a bag in one hoof, what would you think? Naturally. You'd ignore him. Or try to. But suppose the horse jumped down, tapped you on the shoulder and asked you for a toothpick? Well, the pig insisted on making his presence as known as was possible: he flew, yes, I said flew, for the wings had developed to truly wondrous proportions, and he knew how to handle them in the bargain, straight toward the Parson Jones, and there hovered like a dove over that worthy's brow.

The Parson decided this was some visitation of the devil. He must have for he immediately called the pig a devil and told it to go home. This language naturally shocked the congregation, for the admonition had not been made in what one would term a churchly tone of voice. The pig paid no attention, for after all it wasn't an agent of the devil, or could it understand the Parson's language, which, though it may have seemed like something from the pig sty on occasion, yet was not of the porcine variety.

Then that happened which brought down the church for the Parson was not a truly popular character. He had a bald head. A beautiful mirror-like dome. And this was now bedewed with perspiration. For suddenly the Gentleman of the Cloth was petrified with the cataclysmic collision of some object with his skull. For a second he stood as though turned to stone, then raised his hand to wipe the top of his cranium. That was what sent his congregation storming out into the sunlight, rooking with laughter.

As for the pig, he flew from the building, no doubt startled by such un-
seemly goings on, for he was but an animal, and his natural habitat had changed
from earth to ground, and no doubt he thought himself a bird of very fine
feather. However, he didn't hang around long but soon flew out of sight of every-
one concerned.

I am sorry to have to end this story here, but I am fed up with this lie and no doubt so are you. But after all, why keep talking about a pig that flew after the pig disappeared? He was never seen again from that day to this. And contrary to general opinion, he didn't bring wealth and fame to poor Horby, for he lost his farm for non-payment of taxes. However he is quite well off today, as he and Mary founded a sect, a division of the church of God. You can see it any day you wish. It is down by the village pump, dry these many moons, but still the village pump, and it cannot be missed, for over its stately portal appears this sign: "The Aerialites of God".

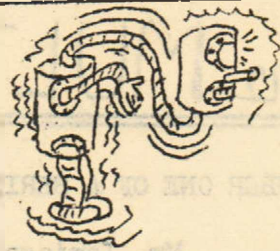
The End.

Courtship is the period during which the girl makes up her mind whether or not she
 can do better:::A woman's fondest wish is to be weighed and found wanting:::~::~
 The girl who thinks no man is good enough for her may be right; but she is more
 often left:::Little girls want an all-day sucker; big girls want one just for the
 evening:::Nothing is so hopeless as a fat girl in a rumble seat:::~::~



It's Amazing

by W. Robt Gibson



Oh

I am the bold, handsome hero
-Though usually not very bright-
With dis-guns and ray guns,
and his-guns and spray guns,
I conquer by day or by night.

Of course I get caught by the villain,
I've got to escape from his toils,
From dungeons or sky cells,
Arenas or dry cells-
Wit' de heroine, fairest of gills.

In a totally new sort of vessel,
In which strangers or aliens flew,
But in space-ships or airships,
Or round ships or square ships,
In some wondrous fashion I do.

And destroy a fleet full of their experts,
Using weapons I've ne'er seen before,
I spray them and ray them,
And smash them and slay them,
And damage a multitude more.

Meanwhile, back at home, all is hopeless,
The villain and his alien crew,
Destroy all this is mans'
Till I come with their plans-
Which at the last moment I do.

But the villain has kidnapped the girl,
I drop all the victory chances,
To pursue them and race them,
And follow and chase them,
And catch them as terror advances.

Then the villain, he stands there be-
fore me,
There's just one more thing I must do:
I jump in to smash him,
To scratch him and slash him,
For the last-moment mayhem and gore.

Through shows of splintering teeth,
I arise to receive my reward,
With the heroine clinch,
And next yarn, it's a cinch,
Will see the whole action encored.



(Reprinted from the Toronto Daily Star,
August, 1946)

CANADA MONEY, EHY BOY, ISN'T IT CUTE?

Thorold, Aug. 10- A party of U.S tourists visited this town yesterday, ate their dinner at a Thorold restaurant and were paying their check when the waitress asked them if they would like to have their change in U.S money. Somewhat startled, the elderly head of the small party said: "Yes, of course, what kind of change do you think I would get. Don't you people use U.S money here?"

The clerk said, "No," and the tourist replied, "Well, what kind of money do you

use here, French?" This was a bit too thick, so they were shown some Canadian currency and all said they had never seen anything like it. Their sentiments were expressed by the head of the party who said, "Boy, isn't it cute."

LIGHT's present policy calls for reprinting various paper items which comes to the notice of the editor. No comments are called for, and are presented in the interests of humor, or, as Puck once said, "What fools these mortals be."

the MULTILITH PROCESS.

NUMBER ONE OF A SERIES ON METHODS OF DUPLICATION, WRITTEN BY A. D. JAMIESON.

Mr. Jamieson is a member prospect for the F. A. P. A. This, the first of a series of articles on various methods of duplicating the printed word and illustrations, is his qualification for membership in the Fantasy Amateur Press Association.

Jamieson writes with some authority on the subject as he is an engineer in the employ of the International Business Machines Company in New York City, and is intimately acquainted with the intricacies of the various machines his company manufactures and distributes.

The article, the first of a series, is not to be construed as an endorsement of any processes or products mentioned. It is the author's purpose to present as clearly as possible, a description of the various duplicating processes commonly in use, so that LIGHT readers may become more familiar with the various methods.

The Multilith process of duplication is perhaps the foremost example of what is known as the "offset" method of duplication. Perhaps the simplest example of "offset" is the effect that takes place when we use a blotter to remove excess ink from a freshly written letter or signature. The excess ink is absorbed by the blotter, and appears in reverse on the blotter. Many of you are no doubt acquainted with a form of offset obtained when mimeographing, when a sheet is deposited on top of its predecessor before the ink is dry, and a reverse copy is obtained on the back of the second sheet.

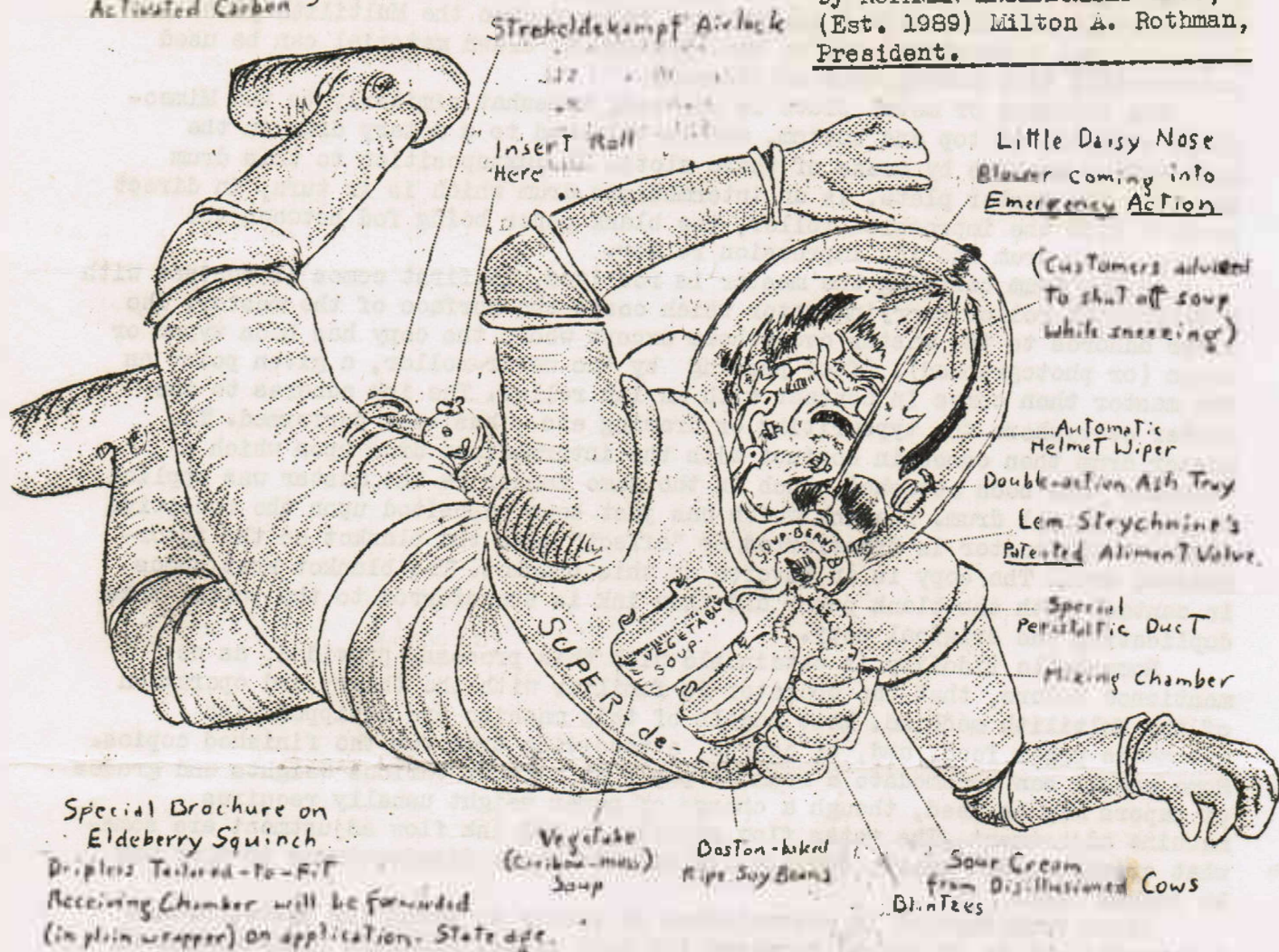
The Multilith is not quite as simple as would seem from the foregoing, however. It is a precision duplicating machine, and while beautiful work can be done by this process, a thorough knowledge of the machine, as in any other methods, is necessary before satisfactory results can be obtained.

The start of the Multilith process is the master sheet, which for short economical runs is a specially prepared paper which is known under the trade name of Duplimat. There are varying grades of these masters, or mats as they are frequently called. The lowest grade costs approximately three cents per master, and is capable of reproducing about one hundred copies with good fidelity. The second grade is two to four cents more expensive and is good for about three hundred copies. The third grade is again a few cents more expensive and can reproduce about five or six hundred copies. For long runs in excess of one thousand copies, a metal plate, usually of zinc or aluminum, is used. The metal plate is generally good for up to ten thousand copies, and may be used several times, provided it has been properly prepared. The paper plates are generally used in offices and lettershops as their low price makes for the economical reproduction of office forms, letterheads, house organs, price lists, etc.

The Duplimat plates are generally typewritten, using a special Duplimat typewriter ribbon which is not water-soluble and for which the duplicating ink has an affinity. The ribbon does not come off on the hands, as does the hektograph; it is just a bit more juicy than an ordinary ribbon, and even then not much so. It is of somewhat different constituency than the ink in an ordinary typewriter ribbon, but is not at all messy. Reproduction of hand-writing or hand-drawn material is quite easily accomplished, as both a Duplimat ink called Drawinx, or a Duplimat pencil or crayon may be used. This process is just as simple as drawing on any normal sheet of paper. One may also use a brush with the ink. Photosensitive plates may also be used, thus making the process quite adaptable for the

Chloride of Lime } Innersoles Optional
Activated Carbon }

this advertising space bought
by ROTHMAN ENTERPRISES INC.,
(Est. 1989) Milton A. Rothman,
President.



Does your nose run? Does your back itch? Do you get hungry often? Do you have to go to the bathroom?

If all of these things happen to you, and if you find yourself floating for several hours in the interstellar void with nothing betwixt you and the vacuum but a mere space suit--you're going to be in bad shape, brother, believe me.

Therefore we suggest that you try one of our Col. Zilch Super-deluxe All-the-comforts-of-home Space Suits, with the following conveniences:

The Little Daisy Nose Blower, with three speeds and an emergency: the Dribble Wiper, the Mild Honk, and the All-out Blast. The emergency is for the Sudden Sneeze. Tobacco chewers may have a chromium-plated spittoon at a slight extra charge.

The Lemuel Strychnine automatic feeder, with a choice of three dishes: vegetable soup, beans, and blintzes with sour cream. For a slight extra fee, a flask of scotch is substituted for the soup.

with Universal-jointed ash-flicker, and instantaneous extinguisher.

Outlet valve in the ventral section for liquid nitrogenous wastes, with patented Eldeberry Squinch dripless Tailored-to-Fit receiving chamber. In the dorsal section is our stainless steel Strockoldekampf sanitary air-lock, with automatic wiper.

For hair falling over the eyes, and sundry itches, ticks, and other peculiar sensations in various parts of the body, there is our exclusive and sensational feature, Col. Zilch's own Hyper-dynamic,

Automatic double-action ash tray,

For these features, and many others, try the Col. Zilch Super-de-luxe All-the-comforts-of-home Space Suit today. You will never try another.

FULL PARTICULARS MAY BE OBTAINED ON RECEIPT OF A SELF-ADDRESSED AND STAMPED ENVELOPE. SEND TO ROTHMAN ENTERPRISES INC., (Est. 1989) Milton S. Rothman, President.

(-) (-) (-) (-) (-) (-) (-) (-) (-) (-) (-) (-) (/) (-) (-) (-) (-) (-) (-) (-) (-) (-) (/)

() () () () () () () () () () () () () ()

"Nanek"


I used to go for science in a rather heavy way.
I looked through telescopes all night and microscopes by day.
Rings fell silent when I spoke, so noted was my fame.
I had 97 letters tacked behind my name.
I hold the letters N.Y.A., B.O. and P.D.Q.,
And any other learned degree that may be known to you.
I was a Dr. of B.S. and well I earned these letters
By dabbling in the theories expounded by my betters.
'Twas I improved on gravity while climbing apple trees,
And put it into practice for training circus fleas.

(London Telegraph: reprinted from Toronto Star)

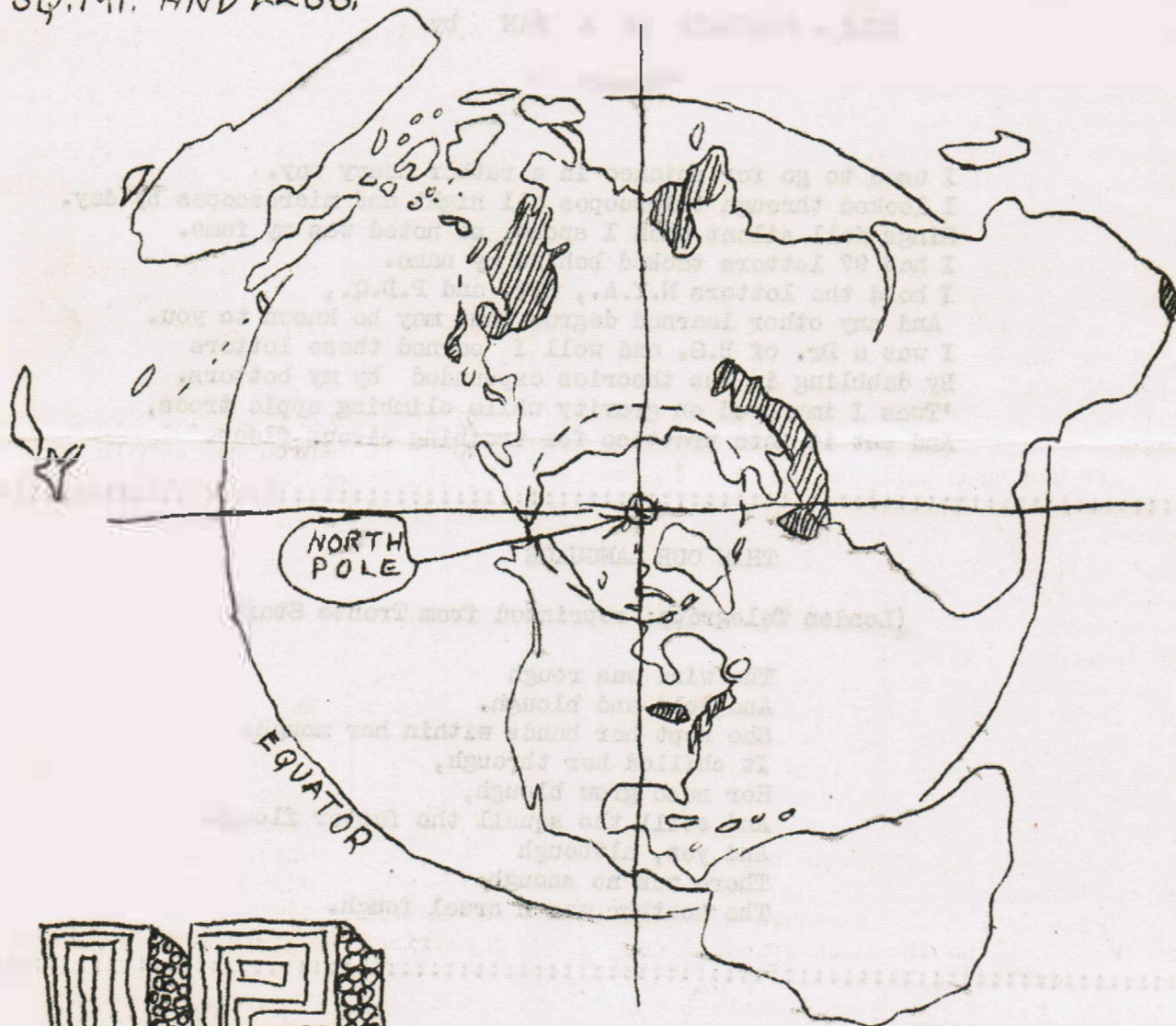
The wind was rough
And cold and blough.
She kept her hands within her mough.
It chilled her through,
Her nose grew blough,
And still the squall the faster flough.
And yet, although
There was no enough
The weather was a cruel fough.

by F. Lee Baldwin.

When you see a shapely gam
And skirt so short it's shocking,
That which quickly quells your ardor
Is the sight of cotton stocking.
Then you raise your glance and catch
her eye
And know it's you she's mocking.

HEAVILY SHADED
AREAS 
OVER 125 TO 500 MILE.
OTHER SHADINGS DELETED
FOR SIMPLIFICATION, BUT
RANGE DOWN TO 2 PER
SQ. MI. AND LESS.

ESTIMATED POP = 1,900,000,000.
LAND AREA = 57,000,000 SQ. MI.
SHADED AREAS OF INDIA -
CHINA = 800,000,000 PEOPLE.
 $\frac{2}{3}$ OF PEOPLE OCCUPY $\frac{1}{8}$
OF HABITABLE LAND.



OCEAN

BY
MRS. JESSIE E.
WALKER

(((((I))

[] F this funny thing on the opposite page (I'm referring to the map) doesn't make sense to you- please do not lay the blame on me as I merely traced it from an atlas. They referred to it as an air map of the world- polar azimuthal equidistant projection. Maybe we look lie this to Ursa Minor.

I chose this particular map as it shows the density of population. The jet black ((shaded-Ed)) areas have over 125 inhabitants to the square mile, while the remainder have from that down to as little as less than 2. These thickly populated areas form such a minor portion of our land area, That other things being equal, their destruction would not greatly alter our present land mass. Of course we know that any cataclysmic destruction of even a minor land area causes repercussions round the globe. But the point I am trying to prove, is that the destruction of the major centres of population does not necessarily entail the destruction of the present land mass.

If you have been reading the latest Amazing Story- Shaver's story, "I remember Lemuria" has no doubt roused your speculations. This then is just a trial balloon to see if the fan are interested in comments on the mystery continents of legendary history.

The present land mass, which on this map forms a rough horseshoe around the Atlantis Ocean, is what is called the European. Continent in this case refers to the entire land mass of that particular period and derives its name from the source of the dominant civilization of the time.

Practically all folklore and legend refer to continents which preceded our own. According to Eastern lore, all life is eternal and repeats itself in cycles, so continents and planets live and die as do their civilizations and individuals. Our present continent is the fifth in the series that old Mother Earth has brought to birth.

I will just state them briefly this time, and go into detail later if the idea proves interesting.

1. The Imperishable Sacred Land at
the North Pole- 1st race- spiritual
within and otheroeal without- mindless.

2. The Hyperborean. Still in the North- 2nd race- semi-astral or other-
eal- first spark of intelligence.

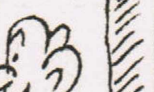
3. Lemuria- roughly speaking- in what is now the Pacific Ocean. Race- first division Egg-born, 2nd Androgyne, 3rd. Human. Separation into sexes in 5th subrace.

4. Atlantis. (Last remaining portion was in what is now the Atlantic Ocean, and was destroyed about 11,000 years ago.) Race human. Perfection of the physical body. Lasted four or five million years. Perished during the mid-Miocene age.

5. Europe. (Includes America). Already more than one million years old. The Aryan Hindu is nearly one million .

Of the seven primitive types of the 5th. race, but three now remain on earth: the Caucasian, Mongolian, and the Ethiopian.

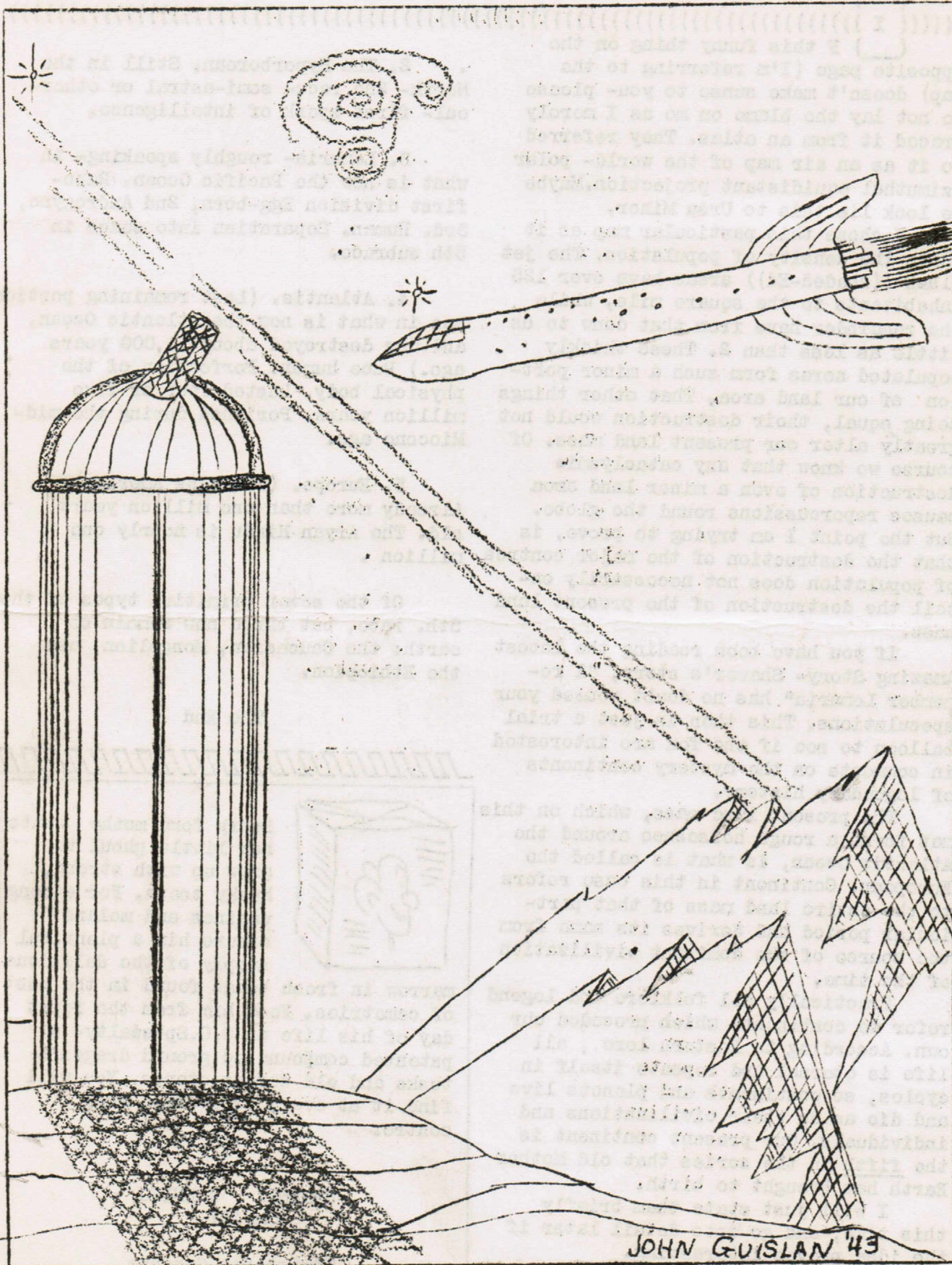
The End

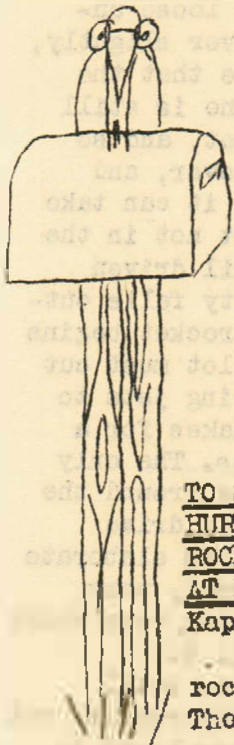


Every fond mother wants her little ghoul to grow up with strong, husky teeth. For strong canines and molars ensure him a plentiful supply of the delicious marrow in fresh bones found in the best of cemeteries. Feed him from the first day of his life on G.G. Speatalty- a patented compound of ground dragon's tusks and old corner stones. You will find it at every first rate food store.

GEHENNA CANNING
COMPANY

Tombstone, Gehenna





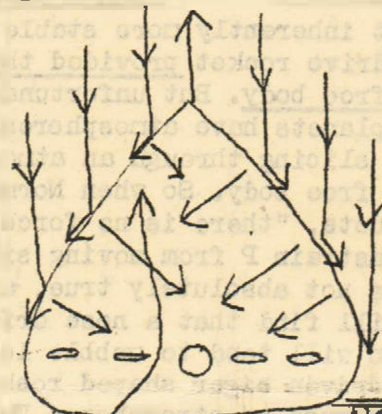
Our MAIL BOX

(This is the readers department. Your letter is printed if it will pass postal laws. The magazine assumes no responsibility for remarks made herein. This is a democratic stamping ground and the reader may discuss ANY topic he wishes.)

TO START THIS ISSUE OF, WE HAVE FRED HURTER PICKING UP THE PIECES OF HIS ROCKET SHIP AND SLAMMING RIGHT BACK AT HIS OPONENTS. Kapuskasing Inn, Kapuskasing, Ontario, August 1946.

Try and tear my pet nose drive rockets to pieces, will they? Grrr! They can't do this to me. Squelched, am I? "Perhaps I will have a rebuttal" will I! Have at you, varlents, or something.

Well, here goes. As Norman Stanley, so ably demonstrated, nose drive rocket is not more inherently stable than tail drive rocket, provided that the rocket is a free body. In other words, if taking off from a

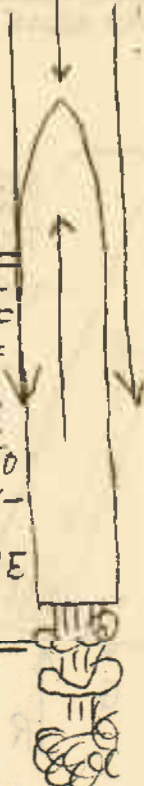


NOTE COMPONENTS OF FORCES DUE TO WIND RESISTANCE

FIG. I

TENDING TO HOLD ROCKET ON COURSE ARE LARGE.

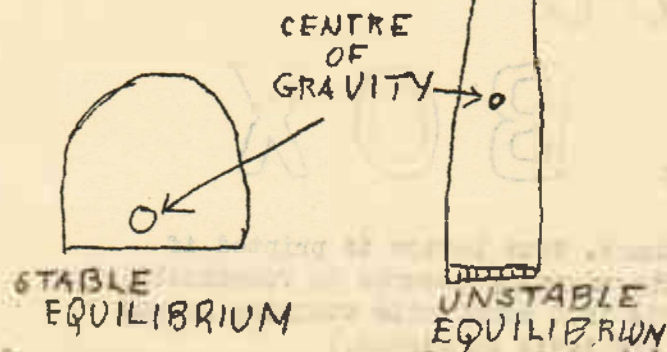
NOTE COMPONENTS OF FORCES DUE TO WIND RESISTANCE TENDING TO HOLD ROCKET ON COURSE ARE SMALL.



planetary body having no atmosphere. I have been aware of this for some time, having had it pounded into my noodle after a short article on nose drive vs. tail drive rockets that appeared in CENSORED way back in 1941. At that time I was firmly convinced that the nose drive rocket was more stable due to the pendulum effect since I had built a series of gunpowder rockets and the nose drive rockets all rose with less of a wobble. I now realize that those results were due to several factors chief of which was the fact that the nose drive rockets I built were considerably heavier than the tail drive ones, and thus had a greater inertia. Be that as it may, I was firmly squelched in 1941- please, not again.

As I stated above, a nose drive

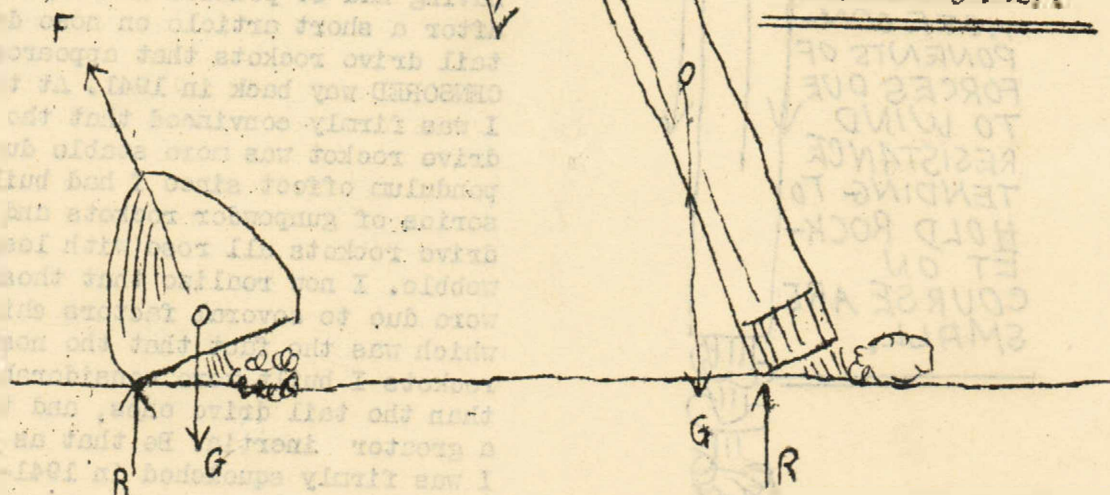
FIG. 2



rocket is not inherently more stable than a tail drive rocket provided that the rocket is a free body. But unfortunately most of our planets have atmospheres, and a rocket slicing through an atmosphere is not a free body. So when Norman says that, quote, "there is no force acting to constrain P from moving side-wise" that is not absolutely true, and I think Norm will find that a nose driven cone as shown will tend to wobble less than a tail driven cigar shaped rocket when going through an atmosphere. Unless, of course, you go and weight down the rocket with fins that will be useless in a vacuum.

Secondly, consider the take off as shown in Figure 2. As Norman stated, most perturbation will probably be due to unequal firing of the rockets. Now in Fig 2 is shown the nose driven cone sitting firm, and stable on the ground, while the traditional cigars shape tail drive rocket towers above

FIG. 3

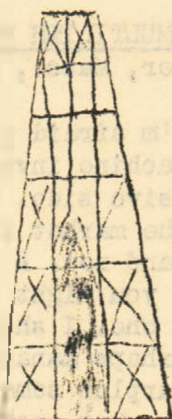


the ground in a rather unstable equilibrium. The rocket jets out loose unevenly, canting the ship over slightly, as shown in Fig. 3. Now note that the centre of gravity of the cone is still within the base of the rocket, and so it will not tend to topple over, and when all the rockets cut in it can take off without much wobble. But not in the case of the cigar shaped tail driven rocket, the centre of gravity falls outside the base, and thus the rocket begins to fall on its side. The pilot must cut in violently with the steering jets to straighten the ship which makes for a beautiful wobble as it rises. The only way to overcome this is to surround the traditional cigar shaped tail drive rocket with guiding towers, an elaborate retractable tripod arrangement, very large fins, or make the rocket very short and stubby, as shown in Fig. 4.

The nose driven cone has still other advantages. Suppose the rockets cut out on you for awhile and you begin to fall back towards the planet from which you have been rising. A "free" body will tend to rotate in a gravitational field until the centre of gravity is in line with that field. Thus a nose driven cone due to the low centre of gravity will fall stern first, and can easily get under way again once the rockets cut in

LIGHT

FIG. 4



GUIDE TOWERS
UNLIKELY TO
FIND ON STRANGE
PLANETS.



RETRACTABLE
LEGS (TRIPOD)
CUMBERSOME
TAKE UP
SPACE.



LARGE FINS.
EXTRA
WEIGHT
FOR
NOTHING.



SHORT STUBBY
ROCKET,
ALMOST AS
GOOD AS
CONE.

again. The tail driven cigar however will nose over, and getting it headed away from the planet again will require some pretty fancy maneuvering.

Also landing. A nose driven cone can be readily landed vertically due to its low centre of gravity plus wide base. But I'd hate to be the fellow who tries to set down a cigar shaped rocket tail first with its high centre of gravity and small base. A traditional cigar shaped ship means a horizontal landing, and it is unlikely that long nicely cleared tracts of land suitable for landing can be found just where you'd like to land. Also a horizontal landing means more steering rockets, and braking rockets, while the cone can use the drive rockets for braking. With horizontal landings, too, comes the complication as to which way you are going to arrange your cabins.

So I'll stick to my nose driven cone. They can take off vertically from anywhere without the need of fancy accessories or guide towers, will wobble less when rising through an atmosphere, and can be easily landed anywhere on a dime without the need of extra batteries of brake rockets.

So rests my case vs. Stanley.

And now for that man Sloan, again. Full tonnage of fuel should be about 20 tons, and cargo capacity some 200 tons. No, I don't think 3 tons is a lot to be left. After all, don't forget rockets will travel in orbits, and the major consumption of fuel will be in the landing and take off. Rockets will

not use fuel for more than an insignificant fraction of a trip. If planetary positions are just right, a simple tangential orbit can be used, and fuel consumption is very low, but if the planetary positions are not favorable (which is almost invariably the case) a deflection orbit must be used and fuel consumption is much greater. If you haven't the fuel for a deflection orbit, a cometary orbit about the sun is the solution.

The fuel tanks circle the base of the doughnut part of the cone.

All spacemen carry machinepistols, protection against pirates, you know. See a past issue of LIGHT in which I gave details of the pistol in question.

Gad, what a hornet's nest one little story stirred up. Methinks I'll send in another one. Never had so much fun. Heh, heh.

((The machinepistol was described in detail in LIGHT for January, 1945, and was entitled "Future Arms". Soon as this furor dies down, Fred, I have a story of yours in the files to run. I have been holding it just for that reason, to slide another shell into the breach! Editor.))

-ooo-

NANKE COMMENTS ON FANDOM, AND BLAME IF SHE ISN'T RIGHT! Milwaukee, Wis., August, 1946.

And now for LIGHT. Cover: very good ((May one, Ed)). I think that I'll make a large size drawing of this for my own enjoyment, adding the 2 or 3

months of detail I so love to lavish on my own drawings. The contents page is very neat and orderly. The articles are good. Interesting, and bind the whole together. Barbara Bovard's story- she has the knack of humorous stf. and fantasy writing. Perfect example of puckish individualism of fan writings. Mis Bovard is always good- more!! "One Moat Ball". I had to go back and read this over to really get it- and then it got me. I find myself thinking about it every now and then. Queerer things have been known to happen. Book Raviro: very good. Too many fan mags neglect the readers interest in professional publications. The Mail Box: it is a constant source of wonder for me why fans cannot speak without committing mayhem on paper. I believe this is one reason fandom is so restricting- they are so busy fighting each other there is no time to consolidate their organizations.

-o-

FROM ENGLAND, Hounslow, Middx, March 7, 1946.

A few copies of COSMIC CUTS, our club magazine, in admiration of your fanzine "Light", or rather, in admiration of the few I have seen. If you have a spare copy now and then it would be much appreciated over here. Sincerely, J. Newman, Cosmos Club Librarian. ((You are being put on our mailing list for LIGHT, in exchange for the COSMIC CUTS-Editor.))

-o-

JOHN COCKROFT, San Anselmo, Calif. September, 1946.

Thanx for your offer to have me make some pix for LIGHT. After looking over those Gibson illos I feel that it is a waste of time for me even to bother. But I will.....You've got one of the best formats I've seen in many a moon....I noticed an error in the March issue. Chandler Davis claims E. Mayne Hull is Van Vogt. This is not true. E. Mayne Hull is Van Vogt's wife. I know this to be correct as I met them both at the Pacificon. This would explain the similarities of the writings of the two. ((Your editor also knows E. Mayne Hull is Mrs. Van Vogt, having tasted some of her delicious tea when they were living at Thistle town, a suburb of Toronto, some time ago.- Editor)).

AND STILL MORE DOPE ON MULTILITH FROM A. D. JAMIESON, Worcester, Mass., September 8, 1946.

About Multilith, I'm afraid you will find the initial machine investment a bit on the expensive side. The lowest price model on the market today runs about six bills brand new. A bill being a C-note. However you might be able to pick up a used one. I should think that one could perhaps manage to pick up army-navy-etc surplus somewhere. There is on the market another machine using the same idea, I think it is Webendorfer. Not sure of the spelling, as I have only heard the name. That, however, is a larger machine, mostly used for running magazines.

The illustrations in multilith are not the next thing to lithographing, they are lithographing, the only difference being that the stuff is not done on a litho stone, but on the multilith plate, which serves the same purpose. An artist can use the plate as drawing paper and work directly on it. You can also photograph directly on a sensitized plate.

((So what lucky fan is going to sport a multilith machine? It would be so far above the stencil method that it would not be funny. Editor))

-o-

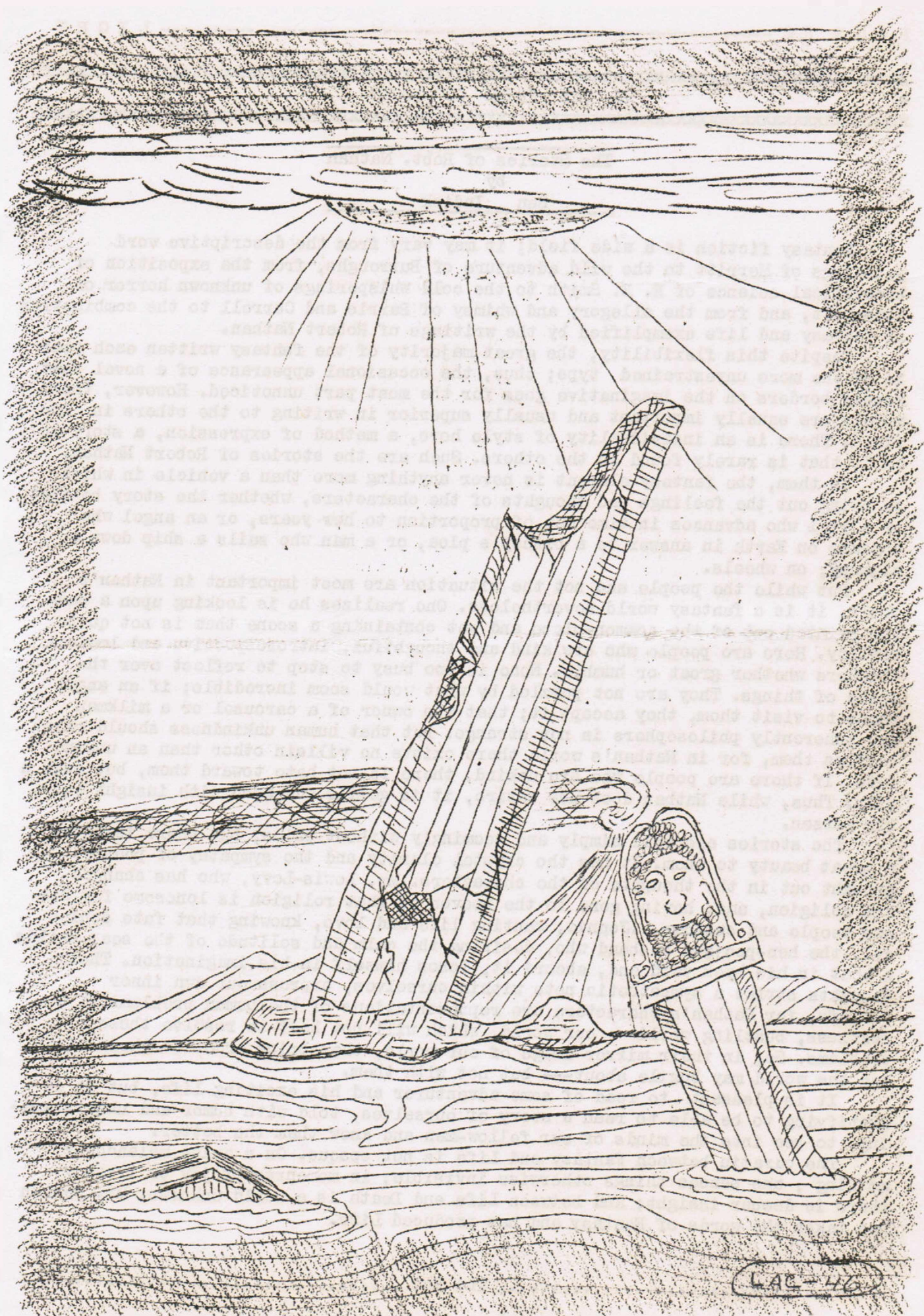


A STATEMENT.....

It has been suggested by a reader of this ad that there is no such thing as "100% proof" liquor. Pote's Bottling Works will furnish on presentation of a search warrant the formula which will prove this claim.

Earthly liquors may be only 40% or 50% proof, but in Pote's Elixir there is compounded a certain spice found only in liquid form on the Gorgonly Coast and obtained at tremendous cost.

Pote's 100% Proof Elixir is suggested for the educated palate of all true ghouls- guaranteed not to contain garlic, houbane, or other harmfuls.



 IN THE REIM OF BOOKS

 The Stories of Robt. Nathan
 by
 Ben Indick

Fantasy fiction is a wide field; it may vary from the descriptive word paintings of Merritt to the wild adventure of Burroughs, from the exposition of theoretical science of E. E. Smith to the cold whisperings of unknown horror of Lovecraft, and from the allegory and whimsy of Barrie and Carroll to the combination of fantasy and life exemplified by the writings of Robert Nathan.

Despite this flexibility, the great majority of the fantasy written each year is of the more unrestrained type; thus, the occasional appearance of a novel that merely borders on the imaginative goes for the most part unnoticed. However, these novels are equally important and usually superior in writing to the others in the field. There is an individuality of style here, a method of expression, a story to tell, that is rarely found in the others. Such are the stories of Robert Nathan.

In them, the fantasy element is never anything more than a vehicle in which to bring out the feelings and thoughts of the characters, whether the story be that of a girl who advances in time out of proportion to her years, or an angel who appears on Earth in answer to a bishop's plea, or a man who sails a ship down a highway, on wheels.

But while the people and not the situation are most important in Nathan's world, it is a fantasy world nevertheless. One realizes he is looking upon a canvas painted out of the common-place and yet containing a scene that is not quite reality. Here are people who are kind and thoughtful, introspective and logical thinkers whether great or humble. None is too busy to stop to reflect over the state of things. They are not puzzled by what would seem incredible; if an angel comes to visit them, they accept it; that the owner of a carousel or a milkman are inherently philosophers is not strange. But that human unkindness should exist baffles them, for in Nathan's world there exists no villain other than an unkind fate. If there are people who are unkind, there is not hate toward them, but only a pity. Thus, while Nathan does use satire, it is gentle and done with insight into the person.

The stories are told simply and seemingly without pains, but there is often a great beauty to them. It has the crystal clarity and the sympathy of poetry, brought out in the thoughts of the characters. Mr. Lewis-Levy, who has changed his religion, and, having gone to the heaven of that religion is lonesome for his own people and customs...Jonnie, wanting life and love, knowing that fate denies it...the hen-pecked husband who, desiring the calm and solitude of the sea, builds a boat in his back yard and, aboard it, loses himself in his imagination. Their thoughts strike a sympathetic note within ourselves, express our own inner beliefs, for Nathan's characters are representations of the human problems of a restless, bustling world--- our world, which will not halt to resolve these problems. So, in their mirror-image of our world, they bring order to their minds, and the world may bustle about--- but not with them.

It is pleasant to read of some adventurer and his exciting life, but it is gratifying to be able to read a story of ourselves, told with humor and understanding, to see into the minds of our fellow-men and know them the better.

The curtain between Fantasy and Life is not opaque. On a quiet, melancholy morning, one senses things otherwise invisible; in moments of joy or tragedy, there is deeper insight; and between Life and Death is a world unknown. Mr. Nathan has taken the words of Fantasy and has produced Life.

BEGINNING —

FANTASY

by Norman V. Lamb

((This begins a series of book reviews treated by general topic, and will be continued in future issues of LIGHT-Editor.))

NUMBER ONE: WARS OF THE FUTURE

Authors never seem to tire of writing books about wars: many write about those that occur in the future. While browsing through his collection of Fantastic fiction the author of this series picked out a few examples of this type which he wishes to bring to the readers attention.

He believes that a great many of the titles will be new to American and Canadian readers due to the fact that many of them had only limited circulation on this continent.

If this is found to be either useful or interesting, the author will do his best to write further descriptions of the various types of books which go together to compose Fantasy fiction.

1.

ANONYMOUS- "The Battle of Dorking" or "Reminiscences Of A Volunteer". Published by Wm. Blackwood and Sons in 1871. 64 pages, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", paper bound. Originally issued in "Blackwood's" Magazine in May 1871.

This was the first of many books using the general theme of an invasion of England. Today copies of it are scarce and it is definitely a collector's item.

The story is told by a man who had fought 50 years earlier. Germany angers England at a time when the English Army was scattered all over the world and the Navy was dispersed similarly. Germany had annexed Holland and Denmark so England declared war on it. The British Fleet is sunk and an invasion is imminent. The Regular Army and Volunteers try to mobilize but the Staff work is inefficient. The Germans land and in less than a week London is captured and England capitulates. The British Empire is dismembered and England, after losing its export trade, becomes a shadow of its former self. The narrator reviles the people of England for not having been unselfish enough to defend it. A very pessimistic story.

2.

W. LAIRD CLOWES (Afterwards Sir William Laird Clowes). "The Captain of the Mary Rose" or "A Tale of Tomorrow". Published by Tower Publishing Co. Ltd., London,

VIGNETTES

An incident at Toulon in April 189- develops into war between France and England. The British Mediterranean Fleet is nearly annihilated. A French Fleet raids England's southern coast and sinks most of the English Reserve Squadron. An ex-Naval officer, who had been discharged for giving the facts concerning the Toulon battle to a newspaper, buys a Cruiser in England which he re-names the "Mary Rose". After obtaining Letters of Marque from the Admiralty he commences on a Privateering expedition. The French attack Gibraltar; they lose many ships without conquering the port, but are able to blockade it. The "Mary Rose", after capturing a French Cruiser and a steamship, sets out to run the blockade. It manages to sink a few French Warships at Gibraltar and successfully gets through-- pursued by four cruisers. Aided by strategy it sinks two of them and captures one of the others which it takes to Malta. Joining the remainder of the Mediterranean Fleet it is outfitted and all sail secretly for Gibraltar where they rendezvous with the main English Battle Fleet. The French Navy is decisively defeated and France capitulates. All this happens in two months.

3

Rear-Admiral P. Colomb and Others. "The Great War of 189-" or "A Forecast". Published by Wm. Heinemann in 1895. 308 pages, 6" x 9". 42 illustrations by F. Villiers. Originally published as a serial in "Black and White" Magazine in 1892. Co-authors were- Col. J. F. Maurice, R. A., Capt. F. N. Maude, Archibald Forbes, Charles Lowe, D. Christie Murray, and F. Scudamore.

Bulgaria declares war on Serbia because of an attempted assassination. Austria joins forces with Bulgaria and Serbia surrenders. Russia invades Bulgaria and Austria. Germany, coming to the defence of Austria, attacks Russia. A Russo-French pact draws the latter into the conflict. France invades Belgium, causing England to declare war on it. An English Army lands at Antwerp. Battles on land and sea rage all over and around Europe. Italy declares war on France and invades the Riviera. An English Army is sent to Cyprus and Russia declares war on England. A French Fleet is defeated by the British near Sardinia. A German-English victory splits the French Army. The British capture Vladivostock. The Germans capture the outer forts of Paris and France nearly capitulates. A British Army defeats a Russian force in Bulgaria. After the Russians bombard Varna from a balloon the English drive them out of Bulgaria. Many English soldiers stationed in Egypt are sent to the East and France incites the Mahdists to revolt. The British Army defeats and disarms the Arabs. The French elect a new government and, under new leadership, their Army decisively defeats the German Army, which retires into Germany. These countries tire of this useless bloodshed and cease hostilities. England defeats the Russians in Afghanistan. Gradually all the combatants cease fighting; leaving England and Germany the victors. (This book is written in the form of newspaper reports and the continuity leaves much to be desired.)

4

SHAW DESMOND- "RAGNAROK". Published by Duckworth and Co., London, 1926. 351 pages, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ ".

Joan Trefusis forms an aeronautical society with peaceful aims called "The White Companions". Just as she goes to America to organize them there, the "Eastern Air Fleet" from Japan and Russia raids New York and gasses it. Franco, a partner of Russia, attacks London from the air and gasses it. The Reds in Lodan attack the Democratic people and class warfare rages. Millions die in the gas and the government is evacuated. The French and Reds gas London again and very few are left alive. Then French Senegalese soldiers invade England and stage a war of terror.

Germany, England's ally, gasses Paris and invades France. Their soldiers advance with no resistance until Suddenly the French gas them-- five million die in one day. The negro races in South Africa revolt and kill the whites. Japan conquers Australia. Canada is absorbed into the United States. A plague strikes England and many die. Japanese and Chinese planes attack New York again and their fleets are nearly annihilated by an atomic screen. They manage to drop bombs on the city and cause a plague to start. The Jews are blamed for this and riots commence. The Ku Klux Klan is revived and racial warfare rages all over America. Meanwhile Europe goes berserk-- the Balkan States fight each other-- the Scandinavian countries are gassed by the belligerent powers. A tremendous air and sea battle is fought on and over the Atlantic between the Anglo-American-German fleet and the French-Russian-Japanese navy. All the surface ships are destroyed by planes. The "White Companions" aid the Allied Forces and an inconclusive victory is gained. Japan forms an Eastern Empire which includes China and all the Western countries as far down as New Zealand. A Black Empire is set up in Africa and all the whites are slain. North and South America unite in one large Federation with the United States as leader. Europe is devastated; few people remain alive in the entire continent. England's day is passed-- the people revert to semi-savagery. Joan Trefusis and her mate return there and live in the ruins. They hope for better days to come but the White Civilization is finished. (A very pessimistic book).

(To Be Continued)

.....

A wolf is a guy who takes a sweater girl out and tries to pull the wool over her eyes....What the average man likes about the average girl is his arms....A bachelor is a man who never makes the same mistake once....Marriage is a romance in which the hero dies in the first chapter....It was just a platonic friendship- play for him, tonic for her!....Love is a series of mistakes that any old geezer would gladly make again....Love is a season pass on a shuttle running between Heaven and Hell (Don Dickerman)....Many a man who falls in love with a dimple makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl....Love is a form of insanity caused by perpetual emotion.

.....

BABY EMOTION

Iffle gaffle snuffle foo,
Snickersnacker twistett too;
Ouch bawww hurty me,
Gigglo giggle tee heh hee.

-Soup Spoon McGurk

Did it while
Was pitchin' hay!

Doc he looked,
And grunted some,
Scratched his chin,
Said hum hum hum!

ODE TO A TELEPHONE POLE

Snuff snuff snuff snuff!
Sniffle snaffle snuff snuff!
Sniff snauff gruff gruff,
Sssssstttt onuff onuff!

-Wirehaired Terrier

Then said to me,
Git outta here,
I no fixum
Laid of steer!

-Hayseed O'Gonnigall.

.....

PROFESSOR HAYBURNER
CLAIMS TWO AND TWO
MAKES FIVE

PAIN

m I busted a bone
T'other day-

In the case of counting people, claims Professor Hayburner, two and two make five. I'll exclaim- you walk into a room and find two people in one corner and two in another, how many people are there?

If you hastily claim that two and two make four, let me reassure you. In this case two and two make five! Two in each corner and you yourself, the counter! I will call this new system of counting "Humanized Mathematics!"

.....
.....

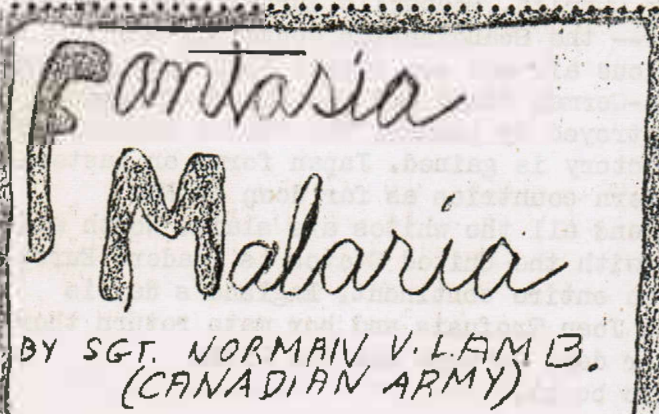
The only difference between a flirtation and a lifelong passion is that flirtation lasts the longer!....A girl in a soup is worth five in the phone book.... Marriage is popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity (G. B. Shaw).... Love is a heart attack that makes a man think almost as much of the girl as he does of himself.

.....
in search of other victims.

(4: Flora and Fauna for all.)

We are quite inured to the sight of low-flying planes but the other day we saw one that we thought was really clipping the grass. Our fears proved to be unfounded for we discovered that it was only a grasshopper. These native monsters have been known to knock the natives off their asses.

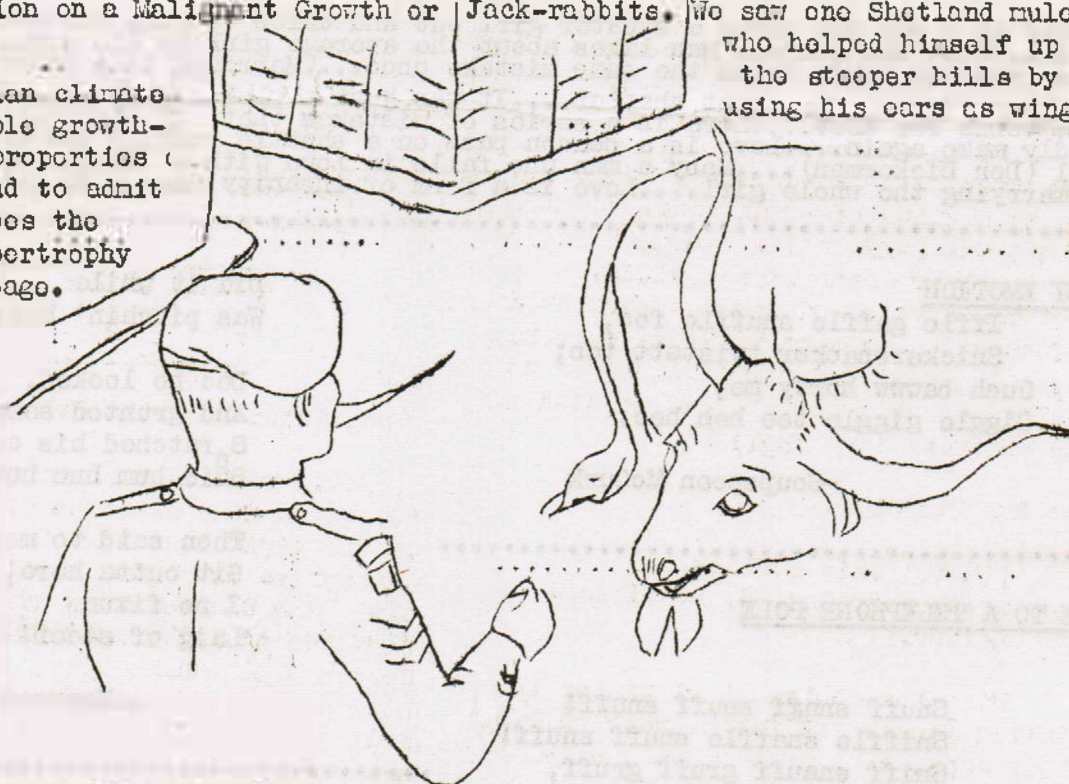
Some of the latter with a very slight increase in the amount of ear they disport might be taken for ordinary Jack-rabbits. We saw one Shetland mule who helped himself up the steeper hills by using his ears as wings.



(Set decorations this installment by the one and only BOB GIBSON.)

(3: Dissertation on a Malignant Growth or Fungus.)

The Italian climate has a remarkable growth-stimulating properties as one is bound to admit when one notices the tremendous hypertrophy of facial herbage.



The huge growths attract a great deal of attention from the aborigines and make the slothful oxen scamper away in apprehension. The spikes are useful for disembowling mosquitoes on the wing.

Friends (if any?) of Lamb look forward to the day when the malignant growth he supports will leave his poor withered husk and proceed independently

The balmy (?) heat accelerates plant growth to such a remarkable degree that one is forced to pick the fruit off the tree. If one allows it to fall-- the seeds are sprouted before it can be reached. Men sleeping on the ground have perished miserably-- impaled on the blades of grass springing from the seeds in the soil beneath them.



obviously being ground down to cater to fishermen on the way up the Gatineau, a privileged class. One toiler in the business is evidently conscious that the worms will turn: he advertises, "Worms, good, fresh."

LOOKS LIKE AN INTERNATIONAL SITUATION. "THIS MEANS WAR!" IS WHAT FANDOM WOULD LIKELY SAY!

(reprinted from the Toronto Daily Star, September 13, 1946)

London, Sept 13- (BUP)- Unbuttoned blouses with Jane Russell inside, today were reported to be just as disturbing to British film censors as were the revealing Restoration gowns of Margaret Lockwood, which were vetoed in the U.S.

Whether censors believe an imported bosom is more dangerous than a domestic one, or whether they defend the home fronts as a matter of patriotism, was the major question of film circles here.

The British board of film censors, headed by 80-year-old Lord Tyrell of Avon, was reportedly sharpening its scissors for "The Outlaw", which displays Miss Russell's charms in robust scenes on a haystack.

Miss Lockwood's vehicle, "The Wick-ed Lady" had to be re-made in part because American censors ordered her swooping necklines lifted a few inches. Film quarters in Britain felt the American objections extended nationalism to new spheres. The re-makes cost \$20,000. and have delayed the American showing.

The Billposters' Association of England and Ireland has registered its own objections to the big 24-shoots exhorting the British public to see "The Outlaw". There was the matter of her legs, they said. A few inches of skirt was added. Then there was that unbuttoned blouse. Artists buttoned it up.

Now the billposters say Miss Russell shouldn't be shown reclining with a revolver, because it's against the law to show a lethal weapon.

The
EDITOR
Comments

Continued from
Page 3.

in wage levels of the United States and Canada. And suppose it does cost more in England. Is that any excuse for it to go up in price here? And the modest Colonel's own personal wage is so much higher than the average working man that a rise of 3¢ per quart in price is not as noticeable to him.

Of course the Colonel may have the subtle hope that less money spent on higher-priced milk may mean more profits on cocktail parlors in a wetter province.

In the same issue of TIME magazine as appeared the bit about the airmen, in the Canadian section, appeared the story of one Alphonse Caron, a Quebecker, who, on his deathbed, had asked to have the flag he had fought under for four years, the Union Jack, draped over his coffin. This was done. Then a Reverend Jos. Ferland, a priest of Quebec's third-largest parish, St. Roch's, called on the family and ordered them to remove the flag before the coffin was carried into the church. The Caron's appealed to Cardinal Villeneuve. His secretary said they did not have to remove the covering, but that it might be advisable to do so. This the Carons refused to do. When the flag-covered coffin was brought to St. Roch's, Curé Ferland covered the Union Jack with a black cloth before he held the funeral service.

This insult he followed up later on by preaching a sermon on the flag. Quote from TIME, "The Union Jack has no place on the coffins of French Canadians. It implies that we consider ourselves slaves of the English, that we are absolutely dependent on England, and yet Canada is an independent country. The Union Jack is as foreign as the flag of the U.S., Germany, or Japan... Never again will I tolerate the English flag in my church."

During the war a religious sect called Jehovah's Witnesses were fined, jailed, and forbidden the liberties of this country for refusing them to allow their children to salute the flag in the schools, for refusing to avow allegiance to the flag, for even refusing

to fight in the Canadian army. Then why is not this person treated in the same way? Or are there different grades of treason? Or what is treason for one is not for another? If a flag is good enough to live under, to enjoy religious freedom under, to enjoy the right of free speech under, then it is good enough to enter any religious institution in the Dominion of Canada.

If the good Curé considers the flag is not good enough to be tolerated within his sacred portals, then it is suggested that he is not good enough to linger longer within this country. It is suggested that he might prefer Russia or the prewar states of Germany and Japan.

Your editor has always maintained and still does so, that there is little wrong with Quebec that a lessening of the strangle hold of the Church would not go far to remedy.

This incident was clarified slightly by a later follow-up action of the Cardinal in changing Ferland to another church. This, your editor feels, is little better than removing a cancer from a man's eye and placing it in his stomach!

Poor Poland! Ravished Poland! Starving, raped Poland! Today it seems as though all the papers and magazines and lecturers can entone is the fact that Poland was entered by the Nazis in 1939, and tortured and left bleeding on the altar of the God of War.

Poland is to be sympathized with, certainly! Poland should be aided now, but everyone seems to consistently forget, or can it be, avoid? the fact that this Victim of Hitlerology went to the sacrificial block with her hands bloody from the rape of a neighbor!

When the booted heel of the then Victorious German might stamped its way into little Czechoslovakia some months previous, what neighbor was there very ready with sharpened knife to stab her in the back? No, this was not a dress rehearsal of Mussolini and France though it might well have been. It was Poland, a Poland that later was to whimper and cry for mercy and succor, that demanded and took a slice of Czech territory.

Like a bully who takes a jab at another boy when that boy is down and defeated by a still bigger bully, Poland

ACME MAGAZINE AND BOOK HOUSE

(Operated by
Norman V.
Lamb)

SPECIALIZING IN - - - - -

SCIENCE FICTION

FANTASY

WEIRD FICTION

*Back numbers of all
types of Fantasy Magazines*

MANY FANTASTIC BOOKS IN
STOCK

Write and ask for latest
sales list.

Terms: Cash with order. Always give
second choice when ordering.

Unsolicited Testimonial:

(Leslie A. Creutch)
"I have seen these prices and Norm is next thing to giving the stuff away. Prices are lowest I have ever seen. Ask him for special items to fill out your files. He helped me"

ACME MAGAZINE AND
BOOK HOUSE
203 MAIN ST. SIMCOE, ONT.
CANADA

soon yelled bloody Mary when it was
HER turn to bite the dust.

Poland needs help, today, but let's
not forget that this country's hands are
by no means clean. Let us not forget that
they followed Hitler's path once, like
a vulture following a rabble army. When
the day comes that reparations are being
settled and Poland asks for her bill to
be paid, let the Democracies ask her
these potent words: "And what will you
pay Czechoslovakia?"

You know, it'd be a somewhat funny
thing if it were not so serious. But
consider: Labor can't get along without
Capital because Labor can't get the money
to finance the industries Capital can.
Capital, in turn, can't get along without
Labor because there aren't enough Em-
ployers to man all the factories, and
then, how many employers would be fitted
for the work that Labor does?

They can't get along without each
other, and still they can't get along
with each other!

As the mouth said to the stomach:
"You're no good to me, I'm going to kick
you out!" And the stomach said to the
mouth, "You can't do that, I've already
left!" And the body dies.

The Military is now a professional
class, and a very honored profession at
that. Now in every professional and
tradesman class you won't find them being
fools enough to tell their competitors
their secrets. If you know something the
other fellow doesn't YOU reap the benefit.

Then why expect the Professional
Military to release HIS secrets of the
atom research for his competitors to
exploit?

They talk about making this re-
search out of the hands of the Militarist
somewhere can walk on this earth.

Your Editor suggests that maybe if
they killed all the militarists all over
the earth that would be a bigger thing
for peace than the other.

And what is a Militarist? A Mili-
tarist is any man or woman who believes
for one second that perhaps the best
thing to do is to take a gun out and
acquire something by shooting down your
neighbor. A gangster is a small mili-
tarist. The boys who play at war games
in the sandpits in the vacant lots are
potential militarists. They talk about
the survival of the fittest. They suggest

Yes Sire!

The latest issue is out- Number 13.

CANADIAN FANDOM

Canadian Fandom is Canada's second big
fanzine. Filled with first class
fiction, articles, and departments,
and equally well illustrated, it is
more than a nickel's worth of first
class entertainment. In it you'll meet
some of Canada's top-notch fan writers
as well as a goodly number of American
authors.

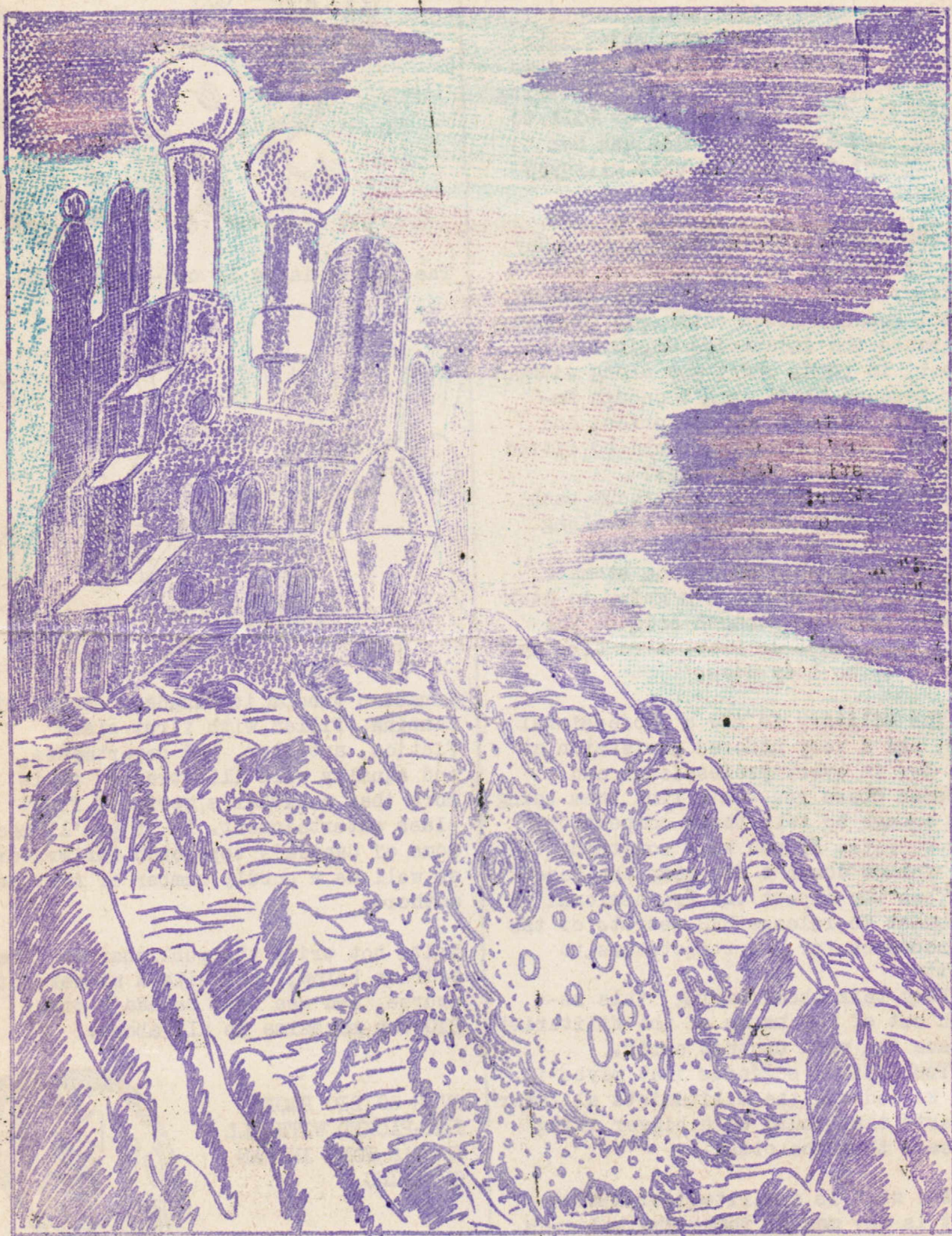
Write not write the publisher at the
address below, enclosing a nickel, of
course, and see what Canada's other
BIG fan magazine is all about.

OVER 30 BIG PAGES,
JAM-PACKED WITH ALL
THAT'S TOPS IN FAN
OFFERING



write.....

BEAK TAYLOR
9 MACLENNAN
TORONTO 5, ONT., CAN.



John Cockroft
'46

that that means survival of the fittest nation by tramping on the nation that is not as fit, in this instance "fit" meaning war-making potentiality. Why let it get to nation-size? Why not eradicate all symptoms when they are singular and not plural?

What would you think of a surgeon who waited till you were dying of cancer before he wanted to operate? The surest way is to start work when the first little symptom appears. The same with war- for war is a cancer, an international mental cancer of wrong thinking. It would be better to execute ten men now than let them kill a million men tomorrow.

But that would be murder, you say?

What IS murder? Why is it any less wrong to kill a hundred men than one man in the next street? The only difference apparently is that in one instance you wear a uniform and in the other you don't. Which means then that man in his stupid ego has taken from God the right to judge what is criminal and what is not.

"Judge nor or Ye shall be judged!"
Are the law-makers then doomed to Hell?

In another column you will find a tabulation of the class in which YOU fall in receiving this copy. Take heed. Or else you may not receive the next. Your editor has finally, reluctantly, decided to get tough about this. Why should some draw, write, help in other ways to put out this publication while others sit back and read and do nothing? If you fall in the "do-nothing" class you pay a dime for this copy. If you didn't pay and show no signs of paying for the next you don't get the next. Swappers can have their copies charged to their accounts for the time being.

Thus ends another issue of LIGHT. Your editor hopes it has proven more enjoyable than ever and hopes that his efforts to make this more than just another fanzine have been successful. 150 copies are being mimeographed. This is an all-time high for this magazine. No ceiling has been placed on circulation. From now everything is wide-open. Appearance will remain irregular, but each will be large enough and elaborate enough to make amends to some extent for this irregularity.

. Please remember that letters are more than welcome. Please note, though, that letters printed DO NOT count as a contribution and therefore a free copy of the issue in which it appears. When writing, please give your reactions to the new staff artist, John Cockroft. Incidentally, Gibson has been appearing professionally in a Winnipeg paper.

SO, UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE, THE EDITOR AND STAFF OF LIGHT WISH ALL OF YOU GOOD READING AND THANKS FOR CALLING.

YOU RECEIVED THIS COPY BECAUSE YOU FELL IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY.

(Fapa members will receive copies through the Mailing. This does not apply to them.)

Contributor.....☐

Exchange copy.....☐

, send 10¢ for
issue.....☐

Charged to your swap
account.....☒

Complimentary.....☐

Contributors of would-be material are requested to get in touch with the Editor and outline proposed material or idea. WE HAVE ROOM FOR MORE STAFF ARTISTS.

Still a copy of Guy Endoro's
"Werewolf of Paris". Cloth-
bound. Swap for \$3.00 or what
will you offer?

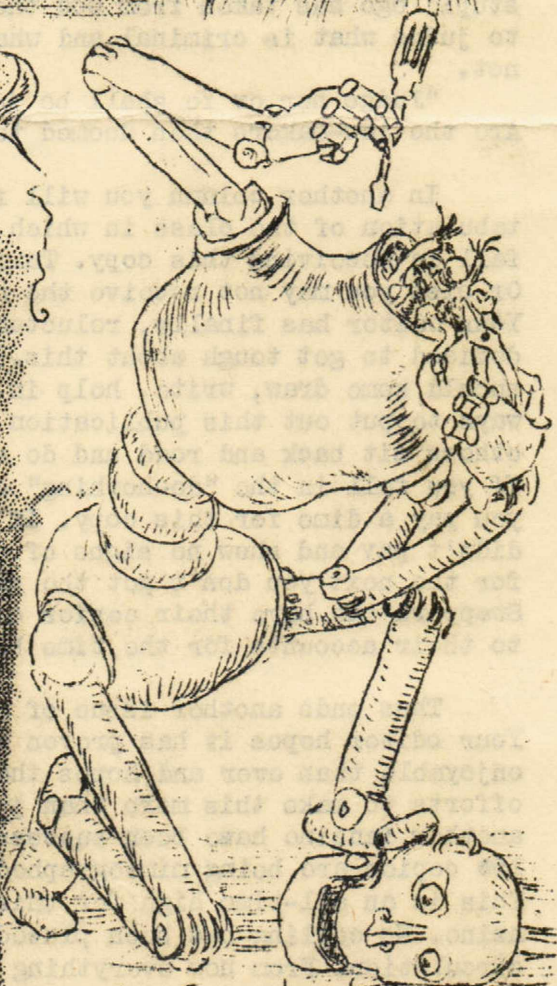
Loelio A. Crouth
Box 121
Parry Sound, Ont,
Canada.

"Can you do anything for an Innsmouth face?"

A BEAUTY PARLOR



"I haven't a very good head for heights, myself."



Hope I get my head screwed on the right way!