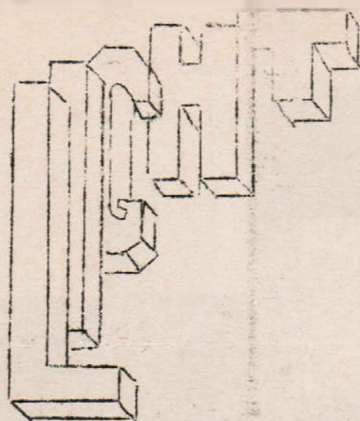


CTHULHU

J. Cockroft 64



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



Canada's Oldest Amateur Publication.

NUMBER 34.

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the

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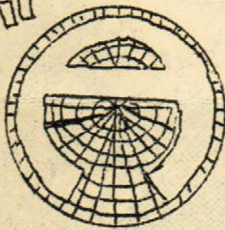
LAUGHING

by

dog.

JONNE EVANS.
(THE YOUNG FOO)

70



Oh yes, Sgt. Reilly, I used to have a dog, a little black spaniel. I got him for my birthday last year. I named him Bowzer and he was the best friend that I ever had. Dad said that I could have one as soon as I got out of school and so last year when I graduated from Central he asked me what kind I wanted and two weeks later, he brought the puppy home. He was just old enough to leave his mother, and I trained him, and taught

him tricks, and we sure loved each other. I always thought I wouldn't mind going into the army if I didn't have to leave Bowzer, but then I guess it was just meant to be, or else he would still be waiting for me at home. Just think, I won't ever see him again, until I die and we meet. I know we will because he wasn't just a dog, he was almost human; why, I remember one time when we were out in the woods, over in back of our place, and Bowzer was running around ahead of me...."

Reilly sat silently, listening to the kid talk, not paying much attention to what he was saying, but keeping an interested expression on his face. Sgt. Reilly, the toughest man in the outfit, had finally succeeded in quieting the kid down, and taking his mind off the bombs, and what was coming in a little while. Patton and Reilly had been sitting in the trench, talking about the fight, and they had both noticed the kid, huddled in a corner, softly sobbing to himself. It touched Reilly, because the kid wasn't really a sissy. He was young though, just a kid, and the fellows talking among themselves, always called him that.

No one knew very much about the

kid. He had come from a small mid-western town, had never done any work to really mention. He had finished High School last June, and here it was February, and he had been in the army for seven months, and had been overseas for about three weeks. It had been one of those tricks of fate, that all of this had happened to him since his nineteenth birthday the summer before. Some might say that it wasn't fair, when there were older fellows that hadn't even been called up as yet, and others that had been in for two years and not even seen action. There was probably a reason somewhere, there usually was for things happening in the way they did

Reilly, who had been in uniform now for almost three years, and had seen a lot of action, sat listening to the kid make him talk on about his dog, Bowzer, the one thing in the world that he really loved. He was glad he had gotten the kid to think about something else because in ten minutes, they would be going over the top, and into the thick of the battle.

"...and then we both sat there and laughed. Can you believe that, Sarge? Bowzer really laughed 'cause he thought it was funny too." The kid had finished and Reilly laughed. He hadn't ever seen a dog laugh, but he believed that if it were possible then Bowzer HAD laughed.

"He was really some dog. I wish that I could have known him. Maybe when we get back, I'll get a chance to see him, and if we play a trick on him, he might laugh for me. I've always wanted to see a dog laugh. Do you think he would?" After he had said it, Reilly was a little sorry, because of the hurt look that came into the boy's eyes.

"Sure, Reilly, maybe someday Bowzer will laugh for you. Only I guess you'll have to wait awhile because he's...he's dead. He got hit by a truck about three days before I left." The kid buried his face in his hands.

Reilly sat there silently, not knowing just what to say. Then, as though in answer to a prayer, the signal came which meant to get ready. Only five more minutes. Reilly started to move over to where he had left his gun, when the kid grabbed him by the arm.

"Sergeant Reilly. You've been through this before. Is it really as bad as it seems when you're just waiting for it?"

"No. Nothing is as bad as the suspense. Just remember that it's either you or the other fellow, and don't get scared. It'll all be over in a little while and then we can get a good night's sleep and some hot grub." Reilly knew he was lying, and the kid probably did, too. Sure, it might be over in a little while. But if it was they wouldn't be able to think about food and sleep. They probably wouldn't even be able to think. They'd be dead. Deader than...yes, deader even than Bowzer."

"Sure, I guess I've just been thinking about it too much. I guess nothing could be as bad as I've been imagining it would be. I'm all right, Sarge. And Reilly, thanks loads for

listening to me talk about Bowzer. I'll tell him what a swell guy you are."

The signal came and over they went. All of them. Ready to kill or be killed. Reilly looked back for a minute, just in time to see the kid fall...some of those rats were damned good shots. As he went on, being careful not to get hit himself, he heard laughter. Maybe it was only his imagination, and then again, maybe it wasn't. Reilly didn't think so. The laughter was just as plain as if it came from someone beside him.

The laughter of a kid and the unmistakable laughter of a dog.

(Ed. note: This was written at Fort Custer, in August, 1944.)

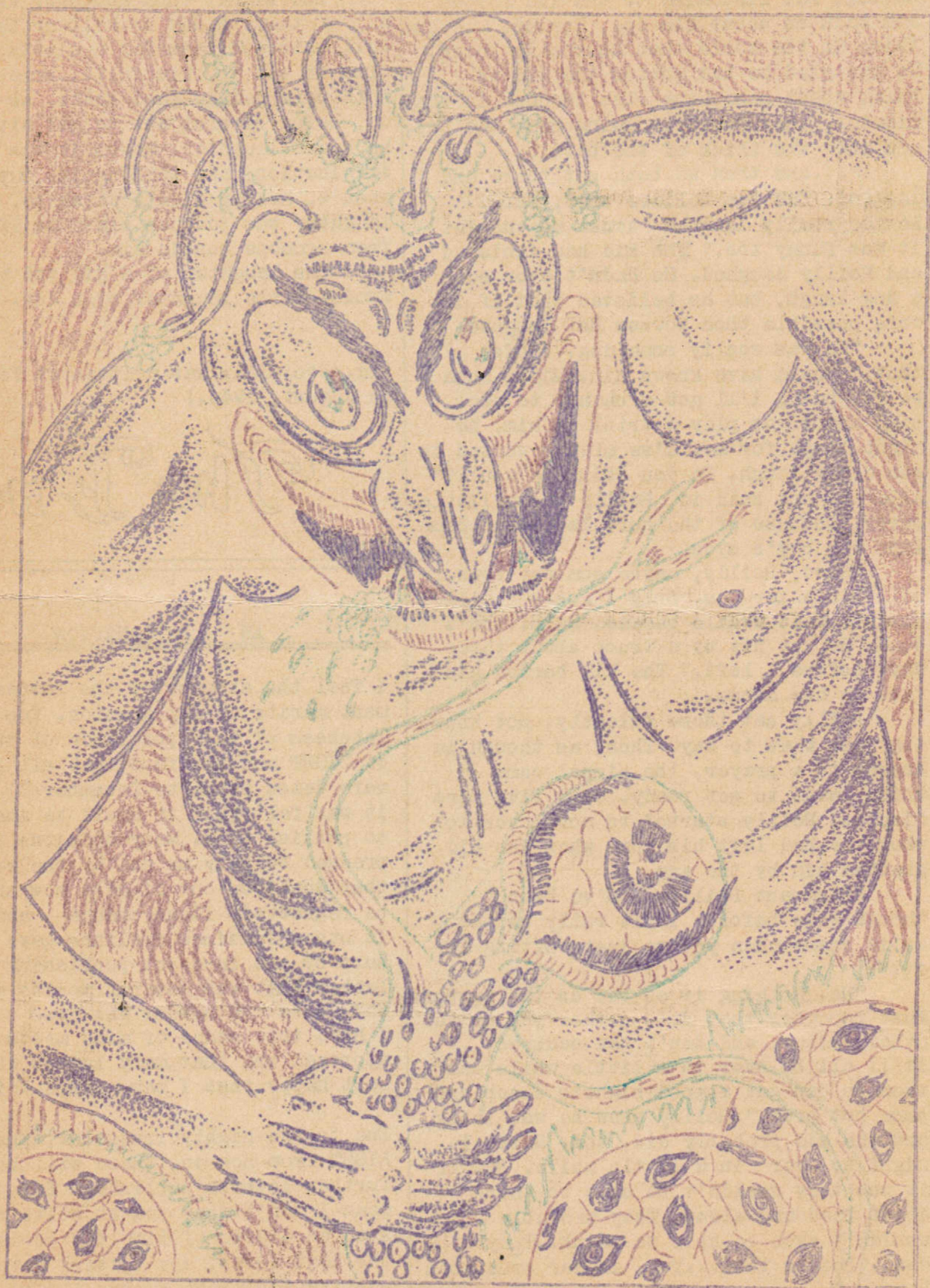
The End

AN EXPLANATION

I feel the absence of the letter department merits an explanation. Due to the lateness of the appearance of this issue of LIGHT and the fact that all letters were dated prior to December 31 1946, it was felt that it would be inadvisable to publish them. Many opinions were expressed both by me and by the writers that would be out of date now and would be regretted. Ideas change-- and thoughts. In other fanzines feelings have been hurt by the innocent publishing of a letter that was several months old. In this case the newest was over a year old. I hope this stand of mine meets with your approval and that many letter writers will rest happy that I have taken this stand.

Due to the highly irregular appearance of LIGHT from now on, there will be no further letters published. This does not mean I don't want you to write me. But such an lapse of time may occur before the next issue, any letters intended for publication might be too old to be of any value, and the writer may have changed his mind on some opinion expressed in the meantime.

LES. CROUTCH

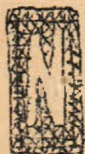


— John Cockcroft —

Copsebound

(3Y)

W. ROBT. GIBSON



NOBODY KNOWS AND NOBODY CARES
WHAT A DEAD MAN DREAMS OR A DEAD MAN DARES.



I HAD BEEN DEAD FOR A CENTURY
TRYING TO FIND MY WAY BACK.
NEVER A BIT OF GOOD IT DID ME
THOUGH I WAS ON THE RIGHT TRACK.



EARTHBOUND, BECAUSE I REFUSED TO LEAVE,
HELPLESS, BECAUSE I COULDN'T BELIEVE;



COULDN'T BELIEVE THE SIMPLICITY
OF THE WAY I'D BEEN TRYING TO FIND
HELPLESS, BECAUSE I DIDN'T SEE
HOW TO RETURN TO MANKIND.



FIND A WEALTHY FAMILY WITH TENDER HEARTS-
TAKE OVER A CORPSE AS THE SOUL DEPARTS.



I DID IT, AND OH! THE AGONY
OF UNITING WITH THE REMAINS.
I STOOD IT. NOW WAIT AND YOU WILL SEE
WHAT I ACHIEVED BY MY PAINS.



THE BODY, I FOUND, WAS THOROUGHLY DEAD
AND HARDER TO MOVE THAN A COPE OF LEAD.



THOROUGHLY DEAD AND OUT OF CONTROL
HELPLESS AND COLD AND STILL.
I FOUND THAT I WAS A CAPTIVE SOUL
FOR IT NEVER WOULD ANSWER MY WILL.



I WAS CAPTIVE THERE TILL IT ROTTED APART-
AND- EMBALMING TODAY IS A PERFECT ART.



NOW, NOBODY KNOWS AND NOBODY CARES
WHAT A DEAD MAN DOES OR A DEAD MAN DARES

FINIS

the MIMEOGRAPH process

SECOND OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON DUPLICATING PROCESSES, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR LIGHT b y

A D J A M I E S O N

THE MIMEOGRAPH PROCESS TO BE DESCRIBED IN THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE IS A DUPLICATING METHOD WITH WHICH MOST OF OUR READERS WILL BE FAMILIAR. HOWEVER, TO HAVE THIS SERIES COMPLETE, IT WAS FELT THAT IT SHOULD BE DEALT WITH, AND THERE ARE NO DOUBT SOME POINTS THAT WILL BE OF INTEREST.

The Mimeograph process briefly consists of printing or duplicating through a stencil of specially prepared stencil paper. It may be likened to the means by which cartons and boxes are frequently labeled in various manufacturing plants, etc. The stencil consists of a mask of heavy paper, through which are cut perforations in conformance with the design or letter which is to be printed. With a stiff bristled brush, the ink is brushed on the mask and is applied to the carton or box in accordance with the design of the section of the stencil which has been cut out.

In the Mimeograph process, the stencil is a specially coated, long-fibred, porous paper. This coating is soft enough to be cut through by means of a typewriter or with a hand-drawn stylus. The coating is cut through but the porous paper base remains. It is through this paper that the ink passes to make the duplicate copies.

The stencil, having been drawn upon in appropriate design, or having been typewritten upon with the desired material is then applied around a cylinder on the duplicating machine. Ink comes from the inside of the cylinder through a perforated diaphragm which forms the sidewalls of the

of flannel or similar material is placed. This is known as the ink pad, and serves as an ink reservoir, and evens the distribution of the ink. Upon this pad is placed the stencil.

The cylinder just described is so arranged that it may be rotated on its longitudinal axis by means of a crank or electric motor. Immediately below this drum, and mounted on a parallel axis is the impression cylinder or platen. When blank paper is fed between the stencil-carrying drum and the platen, ink flows through the porous paper of the stencil, and is transferred to the blank copy, thus making a duplicate of the material cut on the stencil.

It is possible by means of this process to rapidly and easily duplicate fairly large quantities of typewritten or hand-drawn matter. The operation of the machine is fairly simple, and any person of average intelligence usually finds no trouble in becoming fairly proficient in its operation.

In addition to stencils which are either hand-drawn or typewritten, it is also possible to reproduce some forms of copy photographically. This is accomplished through the use of a photo-sensitive stencil. This stencil is processed in much the same manner as a common photographic plate. The material to be duplicated is generally photographed, and a positive transparent print is made. The photo-chemical stencil is then placed so that a strong light shines through this positive plate onto the stencil.

The print and the stencil are held in a suitable frame so that they are in juxtaposition. After a suitable exposure, the stencil is removed from the frame and immersed in the developer. When developed it is mounted on a ferrotype tin to dry. After the stencil has dried, its top edge is glued to the usual heavy backing sheet, and inserted in the duplicating machine in the ordinary manner. It is possible to produce extremely nice work by means of this process, though it tends to be somewhat more expensive than the ordinary stencil. It is extremely useful for copying drawings, maps, charts, etc. which might be difficult to trace or copy. The process, however, has its limitations, as is the case with most methods of duplication. Due to the material of which the stencil is made and most particularly due to the basic process, it is impossible to reproduce large black areas by this

method, although frequently it is to some degree overcome by the use of various shading screens. If too large a black area is on the photo-print, the corresponding area on the stencil, when developed, will simply drop out of the stencil, leaving the operator with somewhat of a problem.

Another form of stencil which has considerable application is the die-cut stencil. This form of stencil is identical with the ordinary stencil with the exception that a certain design or designs are pre-cut on it so that the user does not have to cut this part of the stencil. It is frequently used for duplicating reports, charts, etc. The report form, (ruling etc.) is die-cut on the stencil and the typist merely fills in the appropriate spaces with the desired information. The stencil is then run off on blank paper, printing not only the information put in by the typist but also the ruled lines, column headings, etc. which are desired. It may also be used for running letter headings, trade-marks, magazine titles, etc. Once again these stencils are, naturally, somewhat more expensive than the plain stencil, but in most cases savings through their use considerably offsets the increased cost.

Colored copies may be easily duplicated by the stencil process. Although a separate run is required for each color under ordinary circumstances. Some operators get around the extra runs by the simple expedient of applying the different colored inks in the machine at the same time. This is accomplished by applying only enough ink (with a brush) to the particular area of the stencil desired to print that particular color. If care is used it is possible to run three or four colors at one time without excessive bleeding between the various colors. This method of color reproduction obviously will not lend itself to all designs, as in some cases the design is too intricate to obviate bleeding between colors.

A great variety of lettering guides and styli are available from the various manufacturers for use with the stencil duplicating process, and with care excellent results are obtainable.

Loading brands of stencil duplicators are the Mimeograph, a product of A. B. Dick and Co; the Niagara, Speed-O-Print, Spartan, Post-O-Graph, Rotospeed, Hilco,

Dusco, Letter-Graph, Mastergraph, Flash-O-Graph, Ensign, Genico, Multistamp, P.D. A., and others.

Footnotes:

MIMEOGRAPH is the trade name for products manufactured and sold by the A. B. Dick Co. of Chicago, and the name is used in this article for the purpose of convenience only, and does not imply any endorsement of this particular brand of products.

PHOTO-CHEMICAL stencils are manufactured by the A. B. Dick Co. under the trade name of "Dorma-Print".

THE END

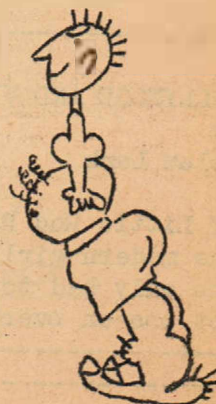
Editorial notes to above: In Canada there is also the Ellams, the Monarch and the Gostomner. LIGHT uses the Speed-O-Print duplicator. This machine succeeded a Remington Rand built Hamilton. Speed-O-Print Corp. in Chicago also manufacture a complete line of supplies, including photo-chemical stencils.

DO YOU LOOK LIKE THIS?



THEN WRITE CHARLIE MAP TODAY AND FIND OUT ABOUT HIS FAMOUS BODY-BUILDING COURSE.

SOON YOU WILL LOOK LIKE THIS →



That Time In My Life

NESTALGIA BY F. LEE BALDWIN

W

hat about the Good Old Days? You're glad they're behind you? And you consider the phrase outmoded and a sedative, a retreat for those who fear the present and future? And you doubt too if there's anything worth hearkening back too?

Well, friend, you must be pretty case-hardened by the current scene. Just slow down a minute and dig back in that brain of yours and you'll come up with a pretty good kind of a tonic. You'll find there are patches in that past of yours decidedly worth a little consideration. Just sit back a minute and do a little probing, kind of feel the thing over and don't be afraid of savoring some of the things conjured up. Maybe you'll get a good belly-laugh or two, maybe a little pain. ~~Anyhow~~, the thing that sparks them is strictly yours so make the most of it.

I got hipped to all this one day when making a casual study of the current newsstand magazines.

Most ~~everyone~~ you pick up contains an article of two and there are very many devoted solely to them alone. ~~FACT~~ is the thing. Everyone has a thirst for them, and the hell with the art of verisimilitude!

But:

Give me those Winter nights spent in Kingsberry's pool room with my feet cocked up on a vacant card table and my back toward the old pot-bellied iron stove. Give me the old magazines I used to read then -- Argosy, with Max Brand, Burroughs and Hulbert Footner's Madam Storoy detective yarns. And there's H. Bedford-Jones' John Solomon series, too. Those "cloak and sword" pieces by John Wilstach. Give me those old pulps like Blue Book, Adventure and Short Stories where Georges Surdez and James B. Hendryx and all the other word kings reigned supreme.

And then I'll take those long, warm summer days when I used to get a half dozen bottles of Tom Patterson's home-brew and boat it for the river. I'd wrap them in a wet sack and ~~stuck~~ them in the cold, wet sand. Then I'd fix a spot amongst the willow clumps and haul out a copy of Black Mask and follow the adventures of Erle Stanley Gardner's Ed Jenkins, the Phantom Crook; or maybe a copy of Weird Tales with a blood freezer by H. P. Lovecraft or Frank Belknap Long.

Kicking those "good old days" around in the mind's eye helps immeasurably.

Try it yourself sometime, friend.

- 30 -

HOLLYWOOD AND VINE?

by

Helen Lank

If Little Red Riding Hood lived today,
The modern girl would scorn her.
She only had to meet one wolf-
Not one on every corner.

AFTERMATH

by /

J. Newmah

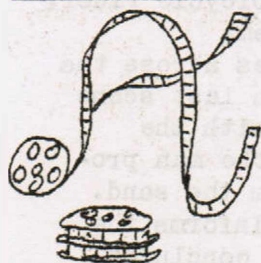
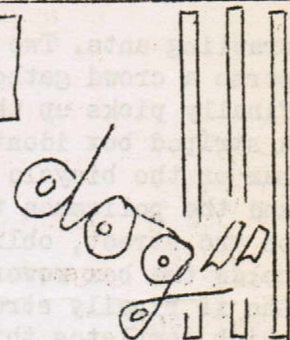
The fantasy fan dreamt he was dead,
Standing in a churchyard, moonlit, cold
Before a stone, "graved in letters bold
Which filled him with nameless dread,
For, "Gone Above?" was all it said.

AN ANDALUSIAN

review of an unusual film - a surrealist one -

by
Tigrina

LASFS' OWN "DEVIL DOLL"



TWENTY-MINUTE silent surrealist film, conceived by Dali, and

made in France in 1929, was recently given a single showing in the auditorium of the Garden Court Apartments in Hollywood. The screening was made possible by the Ballard Film Society, exhibitors of rare films. The Surrealistic motion picture, entitled "An Andalusian Dog", was shown through the courtesy of the Museum of Modern

Art on 16mm film.

True to the surrealist tradition, the title has nothing to do with the film, and the picture makes no attempt at plot or continuity. The principal characters were a man and a woman. In a brief explanatory lecture prior to the showing of the film the audience was informed that the man, who played four separate parts in the picture, was in real life a dope fiend, who committed suicide after "An Andalusian Dog" was completed. Having viewed the picture, I can't say I very much blame him. Devoid of sense as the film is, however, it does manage to convey to its audience a definite dream-like and fantastic quality.

"An Andalusian Dog" commences prosaically enough with the words "Il etait une fois" (Once Upon A Time) being flashed across the scene. The first scene shows a stocky young fellow sharpening a razor. He saunters out to a balcony, cigarette drooping from his lips, and blows smoke toward the moon gliding across a clouded sky. The scene abruptly changes. The man now takes hold of a woman's head, stretches one of her eyes between his fingers, and draws his sharp razor across the eye. There is no struggle. The mutilated eye clouds over, gelatinous matter oozes out.....quite gruesomely realistic. The scene abruptly reverts to a moon in the clouded sky. A light colored cloud cuts across the full moon in a similar manner to the razor cutting across the woman's eye.

A transition is announced by another legend (in French) being flashed across the screen, wherein the audience is informed that it is eight years after the razor incident. We now see a different man this time, riding through the streets on a bicycle. A short pleated skirt is tied over his ordinary suit. He carries a striped box, wears a high winged collar and candy striped tie. Over his ears two cloth appendages flap gaily in the breeze, creating a ludicrous appearance.

The following scene shows the same woman in an apartment. She seems none the worse for her encounter with the razor. She is looking anxiously out of the window. The man on the bicycle passes by and falls to the curb with his vehicle. The woman rushes to investigate and kisses the man repeatedly upon his face and lips in an effort to revive him. He does not respond. Once again in her apartment, she arranges the man's surrealist accoutrement, including the candy striped tie and the striped box, on her bed. The man is conscious now, standing in the centre of the room. He contemplates his hand. The woman goes over to him and we see that his hand has a jagged hole in it, from which ants are busily emerging, crawling over his fingers.

Together they look out of the window. In the middle of the street is a woman, clad in mannish fashion, poking inquisitively with her cane at what appears to be a severed human hand, also covered with

NEXT ISSUE: "BLOOD OF A POET": TIGRINA REVIEW

crawling ants. Two policemen try to disperse a crowd gathered around her. She finally picks up the hand and puts it into a striped box identical to the one that the man on the bicycle was carrying. The crowd and the policemen then go away. The woman on the street, oblivious to the traffic, holds the box reverently over her heart. She is finally struck down by an automobile which completes this scene.

Next, a lively chase ensues in the apartment, the man chasing the woman, cornering her and caressing her in a way which if described here would prevent this magazine from circulating through the mails. The man then picks up some ropes, to which are attached slabs of some indefinable material. Pulling on these, he uses all his strength to approach the woman. The scene enlarges. We see now that in addition to the slabs, two grand pianos with dead mules atop them, and two cadavers attired as priests are also included in the man's burden. The head of one of the mules is covered with a viscid slime. The woman now runs out of the door. The man drops his load and runs after her, and his arm is caught in the door. The woman, on the other side, once again observes that his hand is covered with crawling ants.

The man, left alone in the apartment, is accosted by his double, who enters and throws the bicycle rider's accoutrements out of the window. The double then forces him to stand with his face to the wall and his hands in the air.

Another sometime in French flashed across the scene informs us that the next scene takes place seven years later. In the forthcoming scene we find our hero, still facing the wall with his hands in the air. His double, who is also in the room, hands him two books, which miraculously turn into two guns as soon as they are in the grasp of the bicycle rider. The bicycle rider shoots the double, who crumples to the floor. During his dying moments, his mind is focussed upon the idyllic country scene. A woman kneels with her back exposed, and the hand of the dying man travels down her spine as he falls. The woman then disappears as if by magic. Later, the man's body is discovered and carried away by some other man.

We again see our two main characters. The man looks at the woman in surprise and hastily claps his hand over his mouth.

The woman stares, horrified. She desperately smears lipstick upon her own mouth. He again puts his hand over where his mouth should be. This time, when he takes his hand away, the area is covered with hair. Frightened, the woman turns and runs away.

Next, we see our heroine walking along the beach with another young man. They find some badly torn scraps of cloth and a striped box, obviously those once in the possession of the bicycle rider. Laughing, they discard them.

Another legend flashes across the scene: "Au printemps". The last scene shows a beach background with the woman's head and that of the man protruding at odd angles from the sand. "Finis" in large letters informs the audience that the film is concluded.

"An Andalusian Dog" is seemingly without significance and certainly the title does not seem to apply to any part of the film, yet one has the impression that there is a subtle underlying meaning contained therein which has escaped the comprehension of the observer. Since this picture is so utterly fantastic, I am sure that it would be of interest to most fantasy fans. Unfortunately, the film is seldom, if ever, shown. If one's dreams could be picturized, however, it is likely that the result would be similar to

this
surrealistic
film.

(((((FINIS))))))

ARE BAD EYES GIVING
YOU TROUBLE?

TRY DR. MERGENDROOP'S
PATENTED SPECTACLES



DON'T LOOK
LIKE THIS



LOOK LIKE
THIS

LIGHT
PART 2 of

Norman Vo Lamb's

Fantasy Vignettes.

((CONTINUING A SERIES OF BOOK REVIEWS TREATED BY GENERAL TOPIC. TO BE CONTINUED IN FUTURE ISSUES OF "LIGHT"- EDITOR.))

3.

THOMAS DIXON- "THE FALL OF A NATION". Published by M. A. Donahue. Not dated. 362 pages 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". 5 illustrations by C. L. Wrenn.

America is nearly defenseless due to a very small Army and Navy. A politician attempts to get a bill of National Defense, which would arm the nation thoroughly, passed. He is opposed by the "Millionaire" class and the Feminists. The leader of the Suffragettes meets the politician, John Vassar, and they each try to convince the other of their wrong ideas. Due to tremendous lobbying the bill is defeated. Meanwhile at The Hague a World Parliament is formed. This occurs at the end of the First World War, which is finished in a tie. This Super-national body is composed largely of Emperors and very few Democratic countries are represented. America attempts to get the Parliament to use the Monroe Doctrine in its Constitution but is unsuccessful. New York is suddenly attacked by members of the German Army who had infiltrated into the country over a period of time. Surprise attacks lead to the capture of most of the cities of the country. In New York the Regular Army and the National Guard suffer terrible losses. The enemy captures the essential services and soon muzzles the press. The leader of the "Millionaire" class is made a Prince and appointed to be Governor-General of North America. The American Navy is utterly destroyed in a battle with a superior German force. A partial mobilization is effected but the Germans land so many troops that the Army has to retreat. Civilians are used in the attempt to stop the invading forces but gas attacks demoralize them. New York is conquered and boat loads of loot are sent to Germany. Many rebellions occur but are severely put down. The leader of the Feminists, acting under the orders of the Governor-General, organizes the women into legions to support the victors. Unknown to him she also forms an Inner Circle of women patriots who swear to re-take the country. This Inner Circle keeps in touch with the group of men led by the ex-politician Vassar. After two years of preparation they strike. Each woman assassinates at least one of the enemy while the men fight the Army. City after city falls to them and soon the Americans cast out their German overlords. The President is discovered and the government begins anew. Congress eagerly passes the bill of National Defense which is to give America a huge mobile Army and an unconquerable Navy.

6

FLOYD GIBBONS- "THE RED NAPOLEON". Published by Grosset and Dunlap in 1929. 475 pages, 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Includes a twelve page appendix of Naval data.

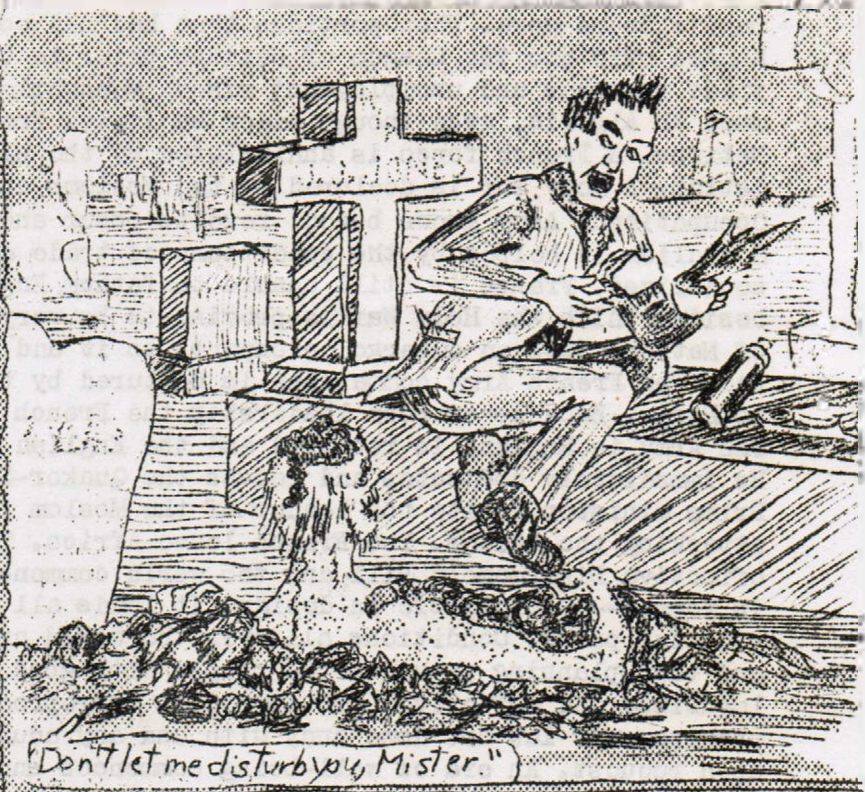
Karakhanof Kazan was a Tartar. Born in 1900, he fought in the World War. Having

risen in the ranks he defeats the Poles in 1921. His political machinations force the British and French to evacuate Southern Asia by 1930. In the following year Asia becomes entirely Asiatic. He is appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces; he takes over the government. The United States give the Phillipines their independence. Joseph Stalin is assassinated in 1932; a pogrom is given official sanction and Karakhan strengthens his position as Dictator. He invades Poland. Czechoslovakia, Roumania and Jugo-Slavia go to its aid. All are defeated. Greece, Bulgaria and Hungary acknowledge him as their leader. A Red revolution in Germany brings that country under his control. Italy is attacked and submits to his rule. Belgium and France are the next to be defeated. China and Japan turn Communistic and he takes over the control of them. Spain and Scandinavia acknowledge his leadership. With his Japanese troops he captures the Phillipines. A Communist coup d'etat establishes them as rulers of Britain. The British Empire, except for Australia and Canada, joins the Red Republic. He devastates Australia and kills over seven million of its inhabitants. Africa submits to his rule. He invites the United States to join his state but it refuses. One of his ships attempts to wreck the Panama Canal but it is destroyed before it can accomplish the deed. He seizes this opportunity to declare war on the United States. He lands troops in Mexico as the Japs revolt in Hawaii. He captures the West Indian Islands and proceeds to blockade the United States. After an aerial bombardment of the West Coast of America he lands an invasion force there. The American-Canadian troops are unable to stop his initial attack. He lands soldiers in Eastern Canada; they drive ahead with little resistance as far as Quebec City and down the coast of Maine. His planes bomb Boston with dire results for the defenders; the American air force is nearly annihilated. Montreal surrenders and his forces swarm into New York State. After Washington is bombed the government is moved to St. Louis. American spies discover his plan of attack and his next thrust is stopped. Suddenly changing his plan he attacks New York. It is nearly obliterated but the Army entrenches itself in the ruins and he is unable to take the city. His forces capture the Panama Canal. His Naval dispositions are discovered by American spies and America decides to attack his fleets. They capture Jamaica which was one of his naval bases and their navy, helped by planes, conquers his fleets in the Caribbean. His naval power is shattered, leaving all his troops on the American continent stranded. Most of the West Indies are recaptured by the Americans. An American airforce bombs Boston as his planes raid Buffalo. The two airfleets meet near Albany and two-thirds of his planes are shot down. The American Army attacks fiercely and recover some of the New England States. He flees in a submarine but is attacked. He attempts to flee in a soaplane but is shot down and captured. The Red Armies surrender. The Red World-Union dissolves. Canada is permanently annexed to the United States. The European nations lose all their American colonies. Karakhan is exiled to Bermuda. He still hopes to over-run the world and form a communistic World-State.

GEORGE GODWIN- "EMPTY VICTORY". Published by John Long Ltd., London. Not dated. 288 pages, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ ".

In 1951 Algeria declares its independence and France prepares to put down the revolt. England, who had recognized the new Republic, is drawn into the conflict because of the attempted assassination of a French official by an English lunatic. The French send planes over and land an air-borne army of invasion. Britain, under the leadership of a Quaker government, refuses to fight and allows the French to take possession of the country. A bit of spasmodic fighting occurs but is unimportant. The French are bewildered by the lack of resistance and fear that the English have a super-weapon. Their general staff is in a quandry; they decide to bomb London. Nearly a million die from the effects of gas. A new plague, started by the gas, rages and millions die in England and on the continent. The offer of assistance from the League of Nations is spurned by England: the Prime Minister refuses to fight. The

Not there, dear. You know those
horror shows make
my flesh
creep



W.R. Gibson.



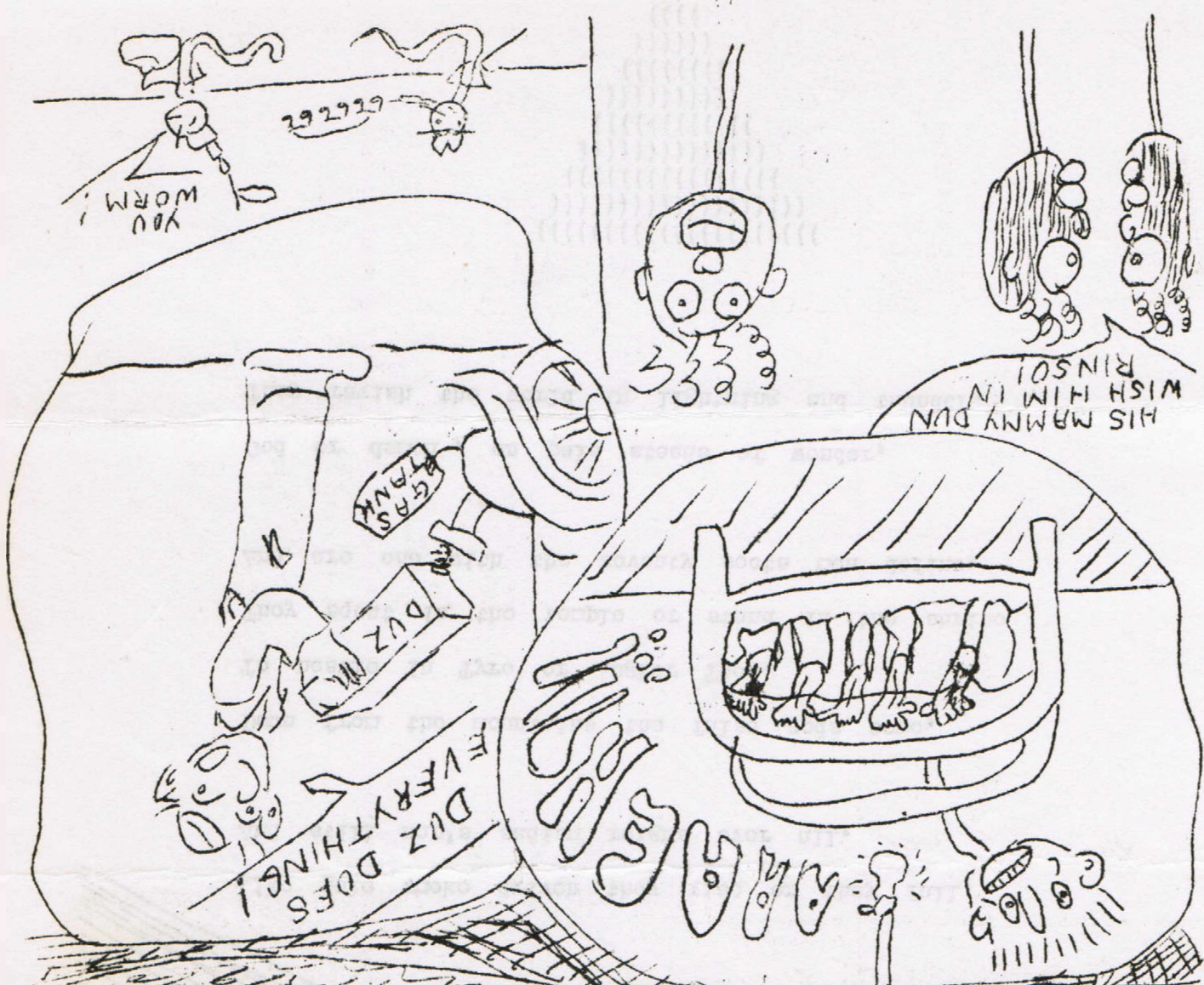
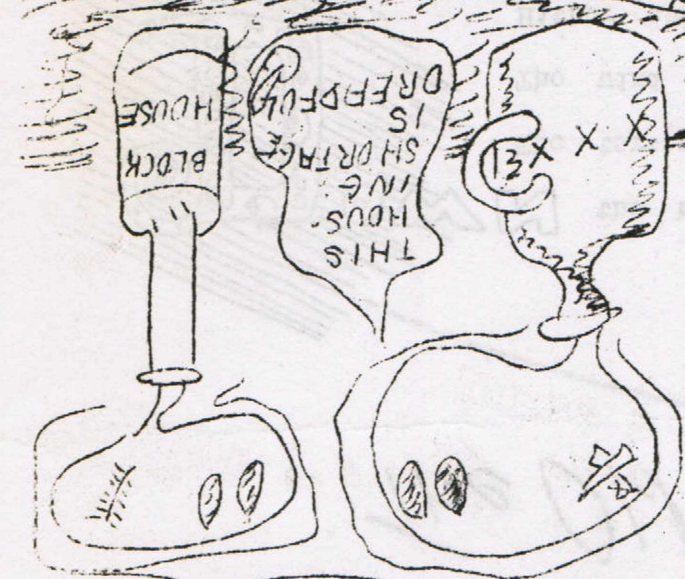
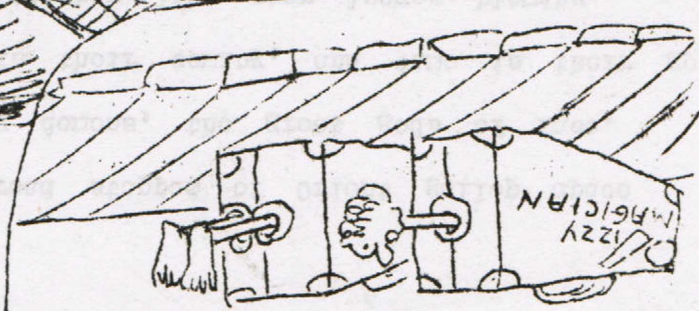
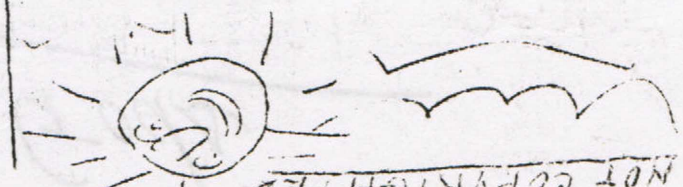
I don't feel so hot, This morning!



STILL LIFE

By (ROUTED)
FEB 1/42

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The Old Gods

Like pale smoke driven they rise or they fall,
And still man's sadism reigns over all.

Down from the mountains the false gods come,
To nestle in Tyre or Angkor Thom.
They squat in the temple or stand in the shrine
And are one with the seventy sects men define.

God or demon , on pale steeds of wonder,
They ravish the world in lightning and thunder.