

# MARCH 1941 LIGHT

## LIGHT FLASHES

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LIGHT-- GENESIS-- SEPT. 1941

### NOTE

Let's get tough about this. If I don't hear from YOU by the time #41 is out, then you do NOT get #41! No if's and and's or but's about this. Charging your copy to your swap account does NOT exempt you from writing.

### by THE EDITOR

Norman Lamb is happy because I gave a sort of forecast of coming things in the last issue. To follow up, watch for the following items-- "Mouse In A Stocking", by L. A. Croutch; next issue Part 2 of "Mineo Ink In My Veins" by L. A. Croutch; "I Meet The Income Tax Inspector" by It's-Impossible-To-Get-Away-With-Anything Croutch; "The Propositioner" by L. A. Croutch. If you thought "The Victorious Bride" sort of darling, I think you'll like "The Propositioner" even more. During forthcoming months, there will be at least one item by Yours Truly in each issue, sometimes more. If you get fed up, then holler. A. D. Jamieson has an idea I've asked him to clarify, which I think should fit in the new and vitaminized LIGHT very nicely.

LIGHT is changing its policy slightly. Henceforth, I am after articles and stories on any subject at all, by amateurs or professionals. Though consideration will be given to amateur writers of any country, Canadians will be given preference. Dry as dust material not wanted. I think if I tell you I am going to take a whack at making LIGHT the Esquire of Fandom, the Poor Fan's Bedroom Companion, it will tell you better than anything else just what I going to try to do. Though I frown on unsolicited material, I will consider it. I prefer, though, to have you write me and discuss with me a proposed article or story. Anything dolving in personalities NOT wanted. If you must attack somebody use some other magazine. Otherwise anything that passes the post office is O.K. Just read the contents this month and judge for yourself. I am NOT interested in straight fan articles. There's enough magazines already catering to that.

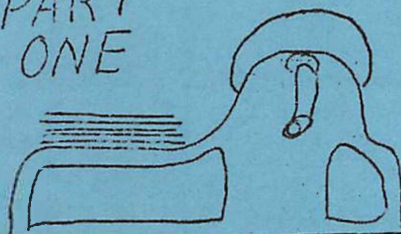
(TURN TO PAGE 11 IF YOU WANT MORE)



IN  
FOUR  
PARTS  
PART  
ONE

# MIMEO INK

IN MY  
VEINS



BY Leslie A. Liebert

I have always been interested in publishing. When I was in my early teens and still in public school, though far enough "gone" to be looking forward to High, I tinkered, there is no better term, with a small magazine. It was, comparing it to LIGHT, a rather sorry little thing. Having the terrifically huge circulation of 2-- the original which I kept, and the copy which was given to a friend, it was a very unoriginal affair. But it was a beginning. It marked the days of buying toy typewriters and printing sets consisting of rubber type and overly juicy ink pads.

In those days my main connection with the "press" was as editor on the form paper. It came out once, consisted of about 24 pages, and represented the outpourings of juvenilia. Of course, I am really no judge now. From the pinnacle of adulthood one has a tendency to sneer loftily at the attempts of youth. But I do recall we were all mighty proud of that paper. I think, perhaps, I was the proudest of all. After all, wasn't I the editor? Didn't I have the responsibility of nagging at my classmates to do something-- anything-- for it?

Even then, the joys of the stencil duplicator was unknown-- to me. And when I say "unknown", I mean it to the fullest extent of the word. From rather extensive reading, I knew of the regular printing presses, and the typewriter. But of the other means of duplicating the written word I was a complete ignoramus. I do

recall seeing exam sheets turned out in a terrible purple, but I don't remember thinking much about the process. It was likely the hektograph.

In high school I did learn about the rotary stencil duplicator. It resided, in all its filthy inkiness, in the science room. It hulked darkly on a shaky table and seemed to me, judging from hasty glances in its direction as I passed in and out for classes in physics, physical geography, and spares taken during biology for the fifth formers, to be a leousy-looking contraption. The rest of my knowledge was derived from the sloppily turned out exam papers. All the students muttered obscenely when we were handed the messy, smeared, creased typographically-errored horrors the teacher brought in in a huge armful. That and the scenes consisting of muttering teachers struggling with that behemoth as they tried to coerce it into responding halfway decently near each term's end.

But my own days of publishing were still in the dim future. There they remained all through my school days and for some years thereafter. Frankly, I don't recall just when it did begin. I have saved copies of my outpourings only as far back as September 24, 1940. No doubt, among my readers, there are some who still have hidden somewhere, copies of the typed CROUCH MAGAZINE MART NEWS.

I don't call that publishing. I may have then, but not now. For my product

AN ANNIVERSARY ARTICLE

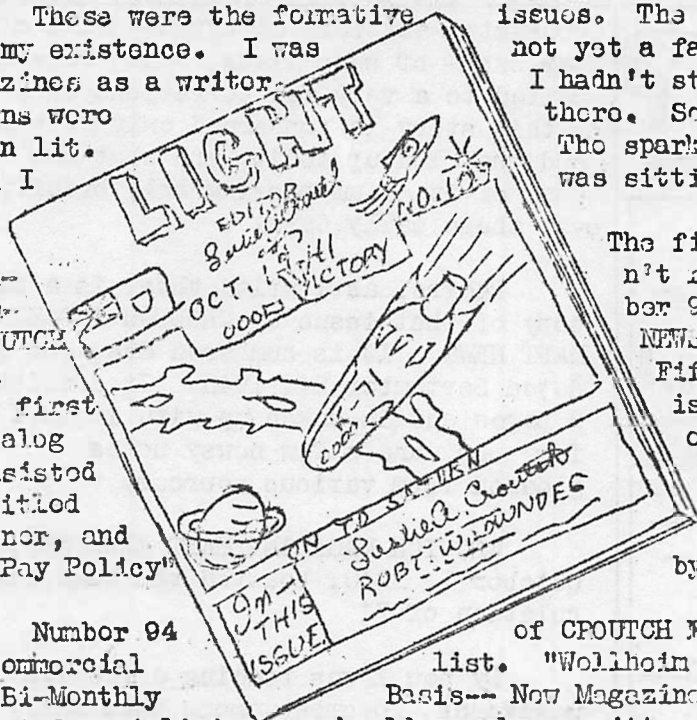
## A black and white line drawing of a city skyline. In the foreground, a wide, winding path or river leads from the bottom left towards the city. The path is filled with many small, circular shapes, possibly representing water or a field. The city skyline is composed of several tall, rectangular buildings of varying heights. Behind the city, there are stylized mountains with jagged peaks. The sky is filled with several large, horizontal, cloud-like shapes. The entire scene is enclosed within a rectangular border.

By now I was reading a few fan magazines, foremost among them Harry Warner's SPACEWALKS. It also, I believe,



These were the formative of my existence. I was fanzines as a writer signs were been lit. And I

dis-  
num-  
CROUTCH  
and  
the first  
catalog  
consisted  
entitled  
Warner, and  
No Pay Policy"



Number 94  
a commercial  
on Bi-Monthly  
started serializing a schooldays class-written thing, "Aboard a Comet", which was more an elaborate plot than a finished story. I still consider it a damned good plot.

Number 95 had 6 pages, with a circulation of 8. I don't recall how I got that extra copy-- maybe I was using a thinner paper or just thumping the keys harder. I had three stories this issue, as well as a full page of swaps. "Harry Warner's Visitor", a sort of sequel or rebuttal to SERCEYAY's "Strango Avatar". Another part of "Aboard a Comet", the start of "The Radio Mystery", all by yours truly. I had no modesty in those days. I saw nothing wrong with writing the whole issue by myself. I wonder if I could get away with now?

Number 97 featured "The Haunted Classroom", by that master of the keyboard, Croutch. There were also articles of varied types.

I can plainly see where the days of the straight swap list were over. I was definitely trying to print a little magazine, though my means of duplication were definitely a hindrance. But something was coming up.

This was forecast with Number 99 when I used a hektograph for the first time. The name of the magazine was duplicated in that medium.

But Number 100, dated April 15th, 1940, was a washout. The hektograph process didn't pan out at all well. Even my file copy, the first off the jolly, is almost impossible to read in the main. But I count this an important issue. I used a means of duplication that might, I hoped, allow more copies and better all round results, once I had mastered it.

And the name-- for the first time I had one that was fancish, ELECTRON! There were 14 pages, with stories, articles, decorations, and little pictures.

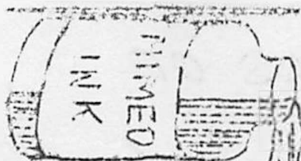
Following issues showed better hektograph results and I was starting to fool rather proud of my attempt.

Number 103, however, blasted one fond hope, and that was that the name was an

issues. The bug was nibbling away at the very core not yet a fan, though I had appeared in certain I hadn't started to really publish, but the there. Something was happening. The fuse had The spark was roaring the explosive charge. was sitting right on top of it!

The first little splutter, though I n't recognize it as such, occurred with ber 93, for the name was shortened to NEWS. It was being copied out the First Fifteenth of each month. And this was issue that wasn't more loss just a of items I wished to dispose of. It in the main of two little articles "Wollholm's Magazines" by Harry "Lomdoo Montions Two Magazines with by myself.

of CROUTCH NEWS was still more of a magazine than list. "Wollholm Magazines Evidently Paying-- Unknown Basis-- Now Magazine Hits Scams" was the headliner. I started serializing a schooldays class-written thing, "Aboard a Comet", which was more an elaborate plot than a finished story. I still consider it a damned good plot.



*this article tastefully  
decorated by Croutch*



CROUTCH NEWS back again. But  
for real game.

original. There was a letter  
published, from Arthur L. Widner,  
telling me Jack Spoor had had a  
postage-stamp sized magazine in the  
Fapa, by the same name. As a  
result, Number 104 saw the name  
I'd had a taste of "fame" and was out

Number 108 saw the turn of the tide. The ship had come in to port.

LIGHT caused con- appeared on the cover, accompanied by a picture that has always  
highway to troversy, as it showed little worm-like wigglers moving up a broad  
a city in the distance.

This first issue of LIGHT, under that name, had the following con-  
tributors, some of which have dropped from sight, other of which you will  
immediately recognize.

I think the table of contents will be of interest, so here it is,  
in detail:

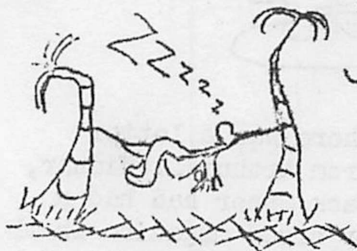
#### LIGHT--- SEPT. 1941--- NUMBER 108

Cover Croutch.  
From The Pages of the Writers Digest- Croutch.  
The Mail Bag--- Rosenblum, John Hollis Mason, Forrest J.  
Ackerman, Gordon L. Peck.  
Jottings--- John Hollis Mason.  
On The Moral Upbringing of Ghouls--- J. H. Mason.  
Lachosian Valodictory-- Donald J. Doughty.  
Lexicon Blues--- Gordon L. Peck.  
British Fandom (letters)--- J. Michael Rosenblum,  
John Russell Fearn, Don. J. Doughty.  
Fan Notes--- Croutch.  
Dedication to Lac--- verso--- E. A. Godfroy.  
Editor Squeaks--- Croutch.  
Picture by Gordon L. Peck.

In the next issue I will tell how the name LIGHT was picked.  
than one had a finger in the pie and the story is interesting.  
had now joined the ranks of the true fanzines, even though the  
culation was yet very small--- Number 109 had a circulation of  
20. But from here on growth was certain. And the hekto goo  
going to last for long. The mimeograph was coming up--- but that  
next month's instalment.

TO BE CONTINUED

WRITE THAT LETTER NOW. YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS UP. YOU HAVE TO RENEW. A CARD OR A  
LETTER SAYING YOU WANT TO CONTINUE RECEIVING "LIGHT" WILL DO IT. DO IT NOW!



# ESSAYS ON THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE by Professor Thaddeus K. Wiffenpoof. M.A.D., L.B.S.

Section 83-- Number 4 Q 2-- "BEDS".

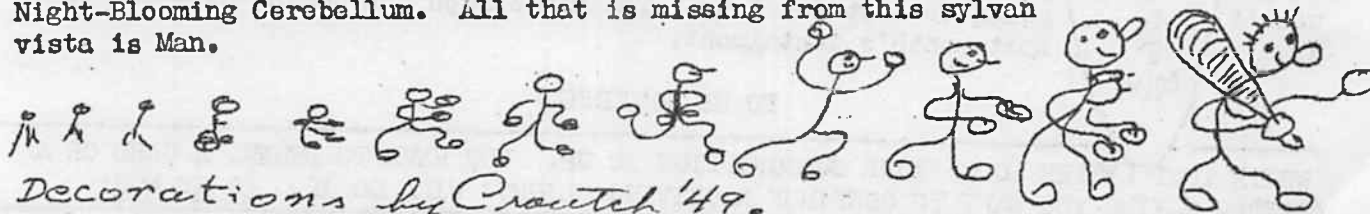


WHAT discovery or invention has provided mankind (★) with more comfort and satisfaction than that of the Bed? None! The bed— what memories does it bring to mind— possibly we had better veer from that train of thought and try another line. What would modern civilization be like without beds; and, for that matter, would there be any modern civilization? That is the question fraught, if not pregnant, with unanswerable imponderables. Every person— from puling infant to senile doddler— spends a third of his or her life there: but does anyone stop to consider the source of these ever useful articles? NO! Does anyone enquire about the genesis of other bed-like appurtenances such as couches, chesterfields, davenports, chaste— pardon me— chaise lounges— to say nothing about camp cots, over-stuffed arm chairs and other aids to mankind's (★) pleasure and comfort? Once again the answering echo resounds throughout the land and o'er the sea— NO! NO! Shall we investigate and search for the origin of these aids to repose? Well— here it is—



Let us climb into the Chromomoch and travel back to the Charcoal-aceous or Lightly Grilled Age and begin our reconnoitering. The weather is fairly damp— almost up to the standard of the Californian Mist of the Petrolaceous Age— and we see the rains descending and the stem ascending. The luxuriant foliage is almost hidden from view by the vaporous atmosphere. However, the mists part at times and we see the pelting rain touching the hearts of the Cabbage Palms as they wave their ductile branches in the circumambient effluvium. The heat is somewhat oppressive and we see the Frigidaceous Oldtimeous— the progenitor of Iceberg Lettuce— fanning itself with its cartilaginous tendrils. We see the Fungi indulging in their ubiquitous custom of exploding audibly: but their contents, instead of

jetting out in a volcanic manner, are emerging like globs of discouraged blanchmango. The Carniverous Conifers can be heard snarling at the Lesser Widgeons— Hystericus Fantasticus— as both species drowsily browse amongst the Long-Living Anaciacs— Kleptomania Vivatum. Ah! Nature in the raw is seldom mild! A gap in the aerial spume allows us a fleeting glimpse so of the Dinosaurs dining off the lush foliage of the Double-Flowering Euthanasia. We can also descry the Plesiosauri amulating the feats of the dainty Triceratops as both stroll along the comely branches of the Night-Blooming Cerebellum. All that is missing from this sylvan vista is Man.



Decorations by Craitch '49.



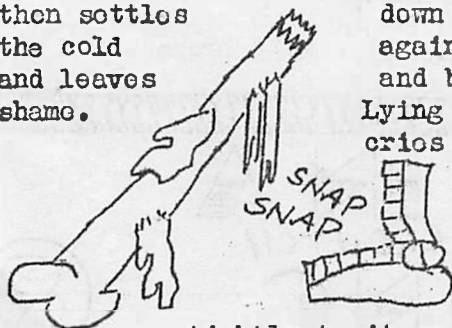
While we are busy scrutinizing the scene the cry of "Chloe!" resounds in our ears as we hearken to the sordine tremolos of a Pterodactyl calling to its Young. Wait-- what is this creature-- his hirsute body bent in a Paeleolithic crouch? (No relation, we hope, to Leslie A. of that ilk.) Ha! We are now contemplating the Missing Link-- half Man, Half Ape. He appears to be the victim of an extreme case of Hyperpilosity and we pity him for his heated environment is anything but fitting for such a pelt as he displays. As we look our fill, we wonder if he can realize just

CHLOE!!!  
(WHERE ARE YE,  
YA OLD \*)?-?)



what evolution is going to do to his descendants. As he plods along the humid, dank and muggy trail, little can he rock that man's spiritual heritage will prove the victor over his simian ancestry in this battle of evolution. It is not for him to know of the golden age when mankind will soar to the stars and be godlike. Likewise beyond his ken is the Atomic Age-- when one nation will be able to scare the nether garments off the balance of the world by threatening to use the Atom Bomb in great profusion and by so doing, sterilize the entire human race. Nor was he to suspect that if his apeish ancestors had conquered in the evolutionary race they would have done a far better job of running the world. Another hairy form follows him along the trail and we assume that this one must be a female for she is carrying their entire household on her shoulders. He must be a great hunter-- or perchance a scavenger-- for she is gaily disporting herself underneath her load which is the major portion of the roar haunch of a long-deceased Tyrannosaurus. No shopping in at the delicatessen for cold cuts for them-- they toted their food when they travelled. He waves his shaggy head from side to side; anxiously peering out of his deep set eyes and his nostrils quiver as he sniffs the air for the scent of dangerous animals. Finally he is satisfied and he grunts out an order and they cease their laborious trudging. His mate drags the Sunday roast to him as he squats. Needing no knife or fork-- or fire, for that matter-- he sinks his fangs into the succulent repast as she sprawls down and waits for him to finish. At least his stomach is so distended that it pains him to eat more, so he omits a combination belch and grunt and she takes her place at the Piece de Resistance. Does she gorge herself and slobber all over the collation and drool the osculent juices down her hairy pelt as he had done? Certainly. Emily Post is still in the far-distant future. Finding a bunch of leaves he lies down and shortly the peacefulness of the Arboreal retreat is harshly disturbed by the stentorian snores coming from his prognathus physiognomy.

She, being more feminine, is restless and peers around the soggy beskage until her ophthalmic organs rest upon a litter of branches that the Early-World gale has left on the water-logged ground. It is nearly hidden from sight beneath a covering of gigantic leaves from the Rickenbackerus-- or Free-Wheeling-- tree. She clambers onto the semi-sodden mass and discovers it is much softer to lie on than the saturated earth. She grunts with pleasure and dances up and down to express her inoffable delight. She goes to the male, wakes him and shows him her discovery. Ug-- for such was his cognomen-- climbs upon it, gives a few tentative bounces, then settles the cold and leaves shame.



down to slumber on this novel resting place. Oog is left in again. Does she despair? Never! She gathers branches and builds an edifice that puts the natural-made bed to lying upon it she grunts and gurgles with pleasure. Her cries arouse the lord and master and he notices her enjoying her rest. The thought plows through his will-be brain that such goings on were not seemly and should not be. Being male, he ambles over to her shakedown -- or rather, build-up-- and tries to dispossess her of it. She resists violently and clings

tightly to it as he tries to thrust her away. At last that are

Lot us soo if they continue to use beds: We set the Chronomach for a few years  
 later and start our time travel. We are fortunate for the first people we meet are  
 Ug and Oog-- still trudging along a poorly marked trail. It is quite apparent  
 that they have used beds to good advantage for we see them being followed by many  
 young he's and she's-- all resembling them. The parade comes to a straggling  
 halt and Ug sits and orders the members of his household around with his expressive  
 grunts. Ug-let and Oog-let prepare his first dish-- a mass of green herbs-- and  
 Piko-let serves him. Fil-let removes the bones from the main course-- a tasty  
 Archcopteryx-- and passes the meat to Gril-let who softens it in his mouth to make  
 it soft and mushy. Papo is old now and requires his food to be semi-digested  
 before he can masticate it. We notice that his dentures are conspicuous by their  
 absence. All work to provide the reclining man with his feast--  
 even little Chiclet is stuck with a job. When he is  
 filled to completion the rest begin and sounds  
 of great slobbery fill the air.  
 When all have eaten they all, except Oog,  
 scurry around for the necessary materials and  
 begin making up their leafy beds. A  
 few minutes later sees the entire  
 tribe slumbering away on the veritable  
 ancestors of all modern resting equip-  
 ment. leave them with the  
 justified assumption that beds--  
 like horseless carriages, are here  
 to stay.

The illustration shows a group of seven primitive-looking characters. One character is reclining on a bed, eating from a large bowl. Three other characters are holding signs that say 'OOG-LET', 'UG-LET', and 'PIKE-LET'. The remaining three characters are standing around the reclining person. The scene is set outdoors with a simple background.

essay, "Ranking"  
Particularly  
present article.

brought to my attention that one claiming to have written a series to be original essays on discoveries. This claim false. The fact is, he plots and the material whilst employed as a

Prpsoective readers sould shun his inferior imitations and insist on the original Wiffenpoof essays. Always recall the slogan-- "Proof, not spoof, from Wiffenpoof!"

~~~~~

MOUSE IN A  
BY LESLIE A. CROUTCH  
STOCKING





# The Victorious Bride

written especially for LIGHT by  
Leslie Alantch

ELAINE

ran her  
strong, long  
fingers down

over the naked ivoryness of her body and admired the reflection in the tall mirror. She gennuctated sinuously, calculatingly. This is the night! Soon all she had schemed for would be her's. Her's by right of possession as laid down by the laws of man and the toneless words mumbled unfeelingly by the sour-faced minister.

She threw back her head and laughed. The sound startled her and she pressed her hand to her mouth.

Picking up the flame-colored gown from where it had hung over the back of the chair, she wrapped it tightly about her, revelling in the sense of warmth it gave her. It is chilly in here! Why isn't there more heat?

Outside the snow flakes drifted down over so softly. Carried through the thin, keen air, she could hear the distant bells from the carillon.

Silent Night. Holy Night. What a Christmas present I am giving myself. And you-- you, out there-- you thought you could keep him for yourself. Sleep tight, little sister. Sleep tight. I hope the worms don't bite.

The door from the hall opened. He was tall, dark, saturnine, with a strange womanish hint to his features. How handsome you are, she thought, gliding to meet him, hands outstretched.

What is he thinking? Now you are mine? What a Christmas present you are? For tomorrow you are twenty-one-- is he thinking of what that means-- of what goes with me?

Tingling little shivers ran up and down her body as she pressed quiveringly to him. How smooth your face is. You are always so velvetly, so closely shaven. How warm your lips are. Why don't you kiss me, my dear? But soon you will-- soon you'll know the difference between me and that cold, virginly little saint lying so coldly in her coffin.

She drew away from him and hintingly



turned toward the broad bed, satin-covered, soft-pillowed.

The dark eyes watched her unwinkingly. He made no move to follow and she turned to look at him, tiny twin lines appearing between her eyes.

Dropping on the edge of the bed, she patted the smooth covers.

"Come, my dear," she invited. "We are married, now. We needn't hide anymore, playing innocent before the others."

Instead, he went to the tall mirror. The tapering fingers, effeminate in their gracefulness, caressed the cravat, soothing the perfect folds, touching lovingly the glittering gem in the ornate stickpin.

The little fool! he said to himself. Well, I suppose I must get it over with. But not yet. Not until I have enjoyed this moment. Time enough then to let her find what a huge joke she has made of herself.

Somewhere, something dropped, tinklingly. Elaine jumped, pressed hand to her throat. Where was that? Not next door-- involuntarily she looked toward the door connecting her room with that of her sister's. The unwanted thought sneaked in-- to be pushed back angrily: She must



## *The Victorious Bride* BY LESLIE A. CROUTCH

have come upstairs: she was so careless: always dropping something. Suddenly, Elaine wanted to laugh: the room was empty. No more would anything be broken there-- the dead can't come back-- not after sleeping so many months.

A rap at her door snapped her back to the world of reality. Catching a tight hold of her nerves, Elaine rose, looked questioningly at her husband. He smiled.

"I asked the butler to bring some wine, my dear. It will warm us. . .", he left the thought unfinished, but she thrilled to the picture conjured up.

Not for long. What a mood I am in tonight. After this long, why must I feel this way? Is it because it is Christmas Eve and she used to come in, bringing hot coffee, before we went to bed?

The red wine winked merrily in the long stemmed glass. The lights leaped off in high, cruel lights that seemed to hurt as they stabbed through her eyes into her brain. Suddenly she became conscious of a headache.

The glasses clicked musically. His eyes stared down into hers over the rim of his. She shook herself. This is all nonsense. I am starting to act like a little fool.

But when she raised the glass she couldn't see the elarot. It was blotted out by a white face, framed in ruffled blonde curls. Brown eyes looked accusingly into hers.

". . . Elaine. . . Elaine. . ." the voice was whispering, far, far off. . .  
". . . oh, Elaine. Why? Why?"

The glass went crashing across the room to splinter redly against the connecting door.

Elaine went to the window, stared out into the gathering storm. Why do you have to come back now? You are dead, you hear?-- dead-- dead-- dead--

Her husband was waiting beside the little table, his glass filled again. Dark eyes stared unwinkingly into hers. A sardonic grin spread across the womanish features. Suddenly, she almost hated him.

But this is all wrong, she cried within. I have fought to get you. I have cheated-- killed-- I have even paid-- I will be victorious-- I will-- I WILL. . .

Again he only watched when she went toward the bed, beckoning with her smile.

He followed, taking little dainty steps, walking on his toes like a fencer. Halting before her, he began to disrobe, taking his time about it, while she watched with a certain fascination that she found somewhat frightening.

This is it! This is what I have killed for-- ever since the day her first came here-- my sister hanging on his arm, laughing, laughing-- how I hated her, then? Always she had everything-- my looks-- my birthday-- everything. . .

As he placed his outer clothes, neatly folded, on the chair with exasperating care, he talked.

"This is a great triumph for you, I suppose. I thought it was to be your sister who would be married this day. How you must have hated her-- to take from her the most beautiful thing in her life."

Elaine stared. This is strange talk-- well, you are no better than I am. Throwing back her head, she laughed, a high brittle sound that was flung back from the lofty ceiling.

"You didn't have to marry me, you know." She smiled. "But you couldn't help it-- you know, when we met, that it was I you loved, not that little milk-sop with the puritan ideals and her cheap little charities."

His bare toes dug into the deep pile of the expensive rug. Clad in singlet and trousers he looked slim, somehow, not at all as masculine as that first time she had happened on them, swimming together in the pool. Then was when she had decided it was to be her's-- no matter what the means, or the cost.

Her golden hair flew as she gave her head a toss. Rising from the bed, letting the robe slip from her shoulders in a manner she considered bewitching, she slipped toward him, to press against him.

"Love me!" She crooned, her arms sliding about his neck. "Love me-- as I have never been loved before!"

Laughing amusedly, he slipped out of her embrace. "Are you sure you want me to?"

"Oh yes, yes. Why are you so cold-- you have never kissed me-- never held me in your arms-- like you hold her-- oh, I watched you. . ." she bit off the words.

Slowly he unzipped the trousers





by LESLIE A. CROUTCH

and let them slip to the floor. With a cry that was sheer joy she flung the robe from her and waited.

Slowly he stooped and picked up the garment; as slowly he folded them garment and laid them on top of the pile of clothes on the chair.

Then he started to slip out of the singlet. Elaine watched, a tensing of her whole body evidencing itself. She could feel her heart beating loudly. One final message of triumph she flung toward the distant cemetery. "I have won, Eileen. In a few moments he will be mine-- mine-- all mine. . ."

"You never met my brother, did you?" He asked, his back toward her, the singlet now about his hips.

Brother? Why is he talking of his brother now?

"Yes, I had a brother. A brother as close to me as you and Eileen, who were twins."

A little shivering doubt started gnawing at her mind. Twin brother? What madness is this— no! Is he trying to tell me I haven't married Eilen's man at all-- but his twin?

"He is dead now. But you don't know that, do you? Remember the automobile Eilene died in? The papers said something about another body. . ."

Elaine clutched at her breast. Then she smiled, as logic took over. What am I fearing? Another body—yes—but it had been assumed it ~~was~~ someone she had been given a ride into town. Ellison had always been doing things like that.

The singlet was folded neatly and placed on the other clothes. Then, slowly, her husband turned. For one long moment she stared-- then tears came-- and she was laughing, crying, beating at her bare body with fists that bruised, tearing with nails that left long red furrows that ran down in rivulets of crimson.

And through it all she could hear  
the voice, cold, hate-ridden now.

"Yes-- my brother, Elaine. They were driving home from a play I was in at the time. I was appearing in a male role-- so successfully no one knew I was

really a woman. . ."

The  
End

[illegible]

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There has appeared in Canadian drug stores and no doubt in photographic stores as well, a product of Hobbycraft Headquarters of Canada, Toronto, a coloring kit called "TEK-NI-KOLOR SNAPSHOT". This contains 6 bottles of coloring and is intended to be used to color snapshots at home. I purchased a kit to experiment with, but not on snaps. I wanted to try it on movie film. It works all right but it laborious in application. I tried it on short title strips. Results are worthwhile. Each kit is supplied with 6 applicators. I applied the dye, or whatever it is, in the following way. Pick the strip you wish to give a color to. Apply the coloring to the emulsion side of the film, spreading evenly and not rubbing too hard. Don't soak the film in water first. The dye will wet it enough. You can actually watch the coloring taking place. When you have the depth of tone you wish, stop application. Wipe excess moisture off carefully to prevent water spots. Don't use the cotton supplied with the kit. This sticks to the soft emulsion and you have to clean it carefully when dry. I found running the film very gently through the fingers, did the trick all right. Allow to dry thoroughly which, in my room, takes about three minutes. The red, yellow, blue, and green dyes work best. Violet seems to be too weak. You get a clean pastel shade that really looks nice on the screen. The yellow works well on all sorts of outdoor shots, giving a sopia hue such as you see in the theatre some times. Although this method is inferior to regular toning and tinting, it is worthwhile, in my opinion, and needs little fuss or equipment set up. The kits sells for a dollar. By tinting yellow, then red over it, or green you can achieve shades of the original. It is very easy to blend too. I tried it on a "The End" title. Three colors, so the screens fades gently from one to the





"LIGHT FLASHES"

other, giving a rather nice effect. Don't expect deep colors such as Kodachrome or Technicolor afford. You have a gentle pastel shade that is delicate, pleasing to the eye, and a 100% improvement over plain black and white.

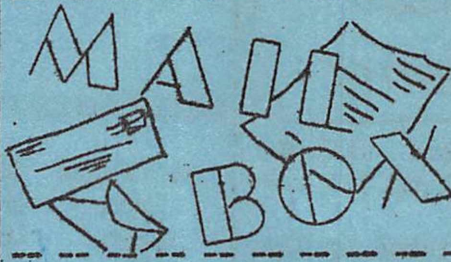
Here's a service to steady readers of LIGHT. The following back issues of LIGHT are available at 10¢ a copy, cash or swap in science fiction, weird, or fantasy magazines or books-- or 8MM projection film at 2¢ a foot. The film exchange is for Canadians only as import restrictions make importation from the States impossible at the present time. The list of copies follow:

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Jan. 23, 1949.

Re: "Creation's Doom"; I was interested in Dr. Papp's belief that "if the solar system should run into a tenuous cloud of star-dust it would probably lower the earth's temperature sufficiently to bring about a new ice age." I was quite surprised last year to hear our geology professor at UWO say that the earth would enter a new ice age if the mean temperature of the earth were to rise by 5°. His theory was that a rise in the average temperature would result in a considerably greater increase in evaporation and precipitation. This would result in a proportionally greater snowfall in the winter in the arctic and antarctic regions, a fall that would exceed the amount of melting in the summer time. The world would then witness a gradually advancing ice sheet, which would drive forward in the winter and retreat only half that distance in the summer. I never did get around to asking him if the converse held true-- if a drop in average temperature would bring about the elimination of ice-caps entirely.

Sam McCoy.

[This is a switch on the old theme all right. Makes me almost fear a milder climate. Here is a royal chance for an argument. I wonder if any of the readers will take advantage of it.- Editor.]

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Feb. 6, 1949.

Doubtless when you have had  
more practise with your cam-

era, you will be going in for more elaborate films-- with your imagination and the werewithal to do it I can't see why you shouldn't be able to turn out some darn fantastic films. For unusual shots I believe the European films are way ahead of Hollywood. I have seen many continental films and to me-- ignorant as I am about the know-how--they looked to be superior as far as odd stuff was concerned.

Good of you to tip the photofans off about the film "Lost World". Don't think I would like the un-asculated issue that you say is good--would rather save up the odd pennies and get the whole thing--who's a perfectionist now? I remember seeing the original film two or three times, besides reading the story about a dozen times and I would hate to be fobbed off with a midget version of it.

"Kinsey Report"--well, well, how times do change-- say I remember when I was a freshman back in good old B. Ugger 'U' (class of 65) we didn't have the advantages ~~the~~ modern student has in this co-ed days. Our only female acquaintances were of the Senior or

Post-Graduate types. Poor modern students having to go through the entire rigmarole in order to graduate us such degrees. Woo is them.

Norm. Lamb,  
Simcoe, Ont.

I'd sooner have the complete print of "The Lost World" too, Norm, but our government is still saving U.S. Dollars. Result-- can't import films. Just have to wait. -Editor 7

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