

L I G H T

NO 41

5¢

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Sam W. McCoy (contributing).
Norman V. Lamb (contributing).

Light is published whenever the mood inspires. Restricted mailing list and issuance through the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. 5¢ per copy, cash or swap, to all non-Fapa members. No subscriptions accepted. This is a non-profit publication and no payment beyond a free copy in which material appears, can be made. Unsolicited material not desired. 120 copies, only, per issue.

FLOOGLES' GALLERY

The fact that you received this copy is proof sufficient that you deserved it. Just drop a line or send in your nickel and you'll get #42.

ADVERTISING RATES

25¢ half column; 45¢ full column. No more than 1 column per advertiser per issue. (Column is half a page, like this one.) You can advertise anything that's fit to print.

LIGHT-- GENESIS, SEPT. 41--

L I G H T :

THE FAN'S ESQUIRE
or

THE POOR MAN'S BEDROOM COMPANION

JULY 1949

Light Flashes
by Leslie A. Croutch

So it's time to compose on stencil another "LIGHT FLASHES". You will have noticed ONE big change this issue. The price drop. LIGHT started selling for a nickel, then changed to a dime during the war years. But, in fandom, high prices have become slightly ridiculous, especially in the fanzine class. Therefor I am cutting the price of LIGHT by 50%. Once again the Canadian Nickel comes into its own. Second change, though it isn't an actuality yet, is going to be the re-introduction of advertising rates. I've been doing some thinking about advertising rates. The average fanzine has a circulation of between 100 and 150. Is \$1. a page a proper rate to charge for advertising, considering the limited reader response that likely results? Out of, say, 100 copies circulated, how many readers buy something from the advertiser? Does the full-page advertiser find it a worth while investment to spend a buck? I can't say "yes" and feel truthful that I am being strictly honest in my belief. Therefor, with LIGHT 42 I will sell advertising space at the rate of

45¢ a half page. Regular 25¢ for a quarter page. You will be assured of a circulation of approximately 110 copies per issue. 65 of these will be through the F.A.P.A., and starting with #42, LIGHT will be sent to the F.A.P.A editor without fail immediately on publication. Advertising may be paid for in hard Canadian or American cash, unused Canadian or American stamps, or in items on a swap basis. You can advertise absolutely any item that will not run afoul of postal laws. Steady advertisers will receive a cut rate after the third con-

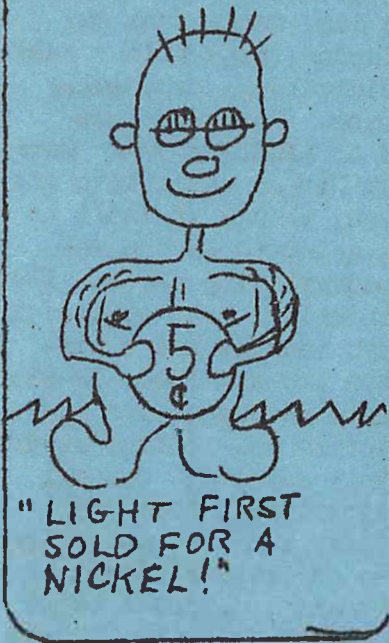
(Continued on Page 11)

PART 2 OF 4

TATTING BY CROUTCH

MIME O INK IN MY VEINS

by
Leslie Alton



continued from the March 1949 number
.....

In LIGHT #123, dated Christmas 1942, there appeared an article by Ted White, "The Birth of Ontario Fandom". Ted gives a very good account of the birth of the name, LIGHT. I will repeat here in its entirety that section dealing with the magazine.

But first, a prologue, so to speak. Ted was trying to foster a science fiction organization in Toronto, and was meeting with very small success. I was in the city for a few days, and Clara Howes— with whom I was staying— and I went over to Ted's one evening. There we met John Hollis Mason, and another chap by the name of Campbell, who soon disappeared and was apparently never heard from again.

We discussed an association and plans for printing a magazine. Ted was employed in a print shop at the time and his employer had given permission for Ted to use the equipment. Ted's plans were to turn out an all-printed job.

Ted goes on in his article:

"Croutch, the ambitious, tentatively suggested the mag be called THE CROUTCH NEWS and said he would discontinue his own efforts in Parry Sound. Probably noting the disapproving looks on the rest of us, he hastily withdrew his suggestion with the explanation that it was only a joke. I still don't believe it. I didn't call him ambitious just to write a nine-letter word for the room it takes up.

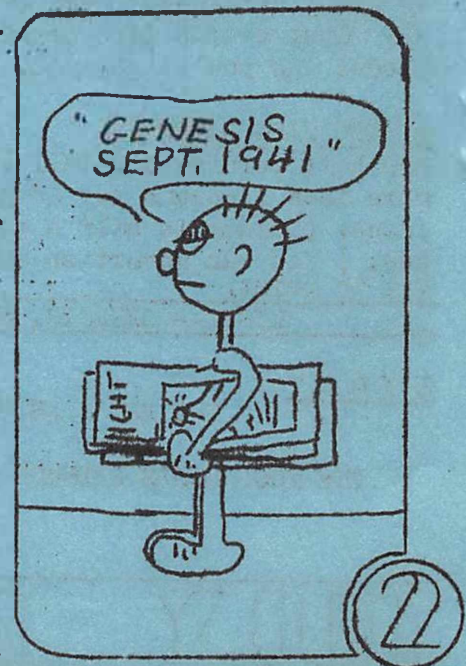
"Several titles were discarded in rapid succession

when someone, I believe it was Lac, mentioned LIGHT. It, and two other titles, now forgotten, were torn apart, and the two that failed to mend in one piece were also thrown to the dogs. Needless to say, LIGHT was victorious. We parted that evening having got no further than that, but satisfied that were at least started."

This took place in 1940, before Ted went overseas to help put Hitler and his minions in their places.

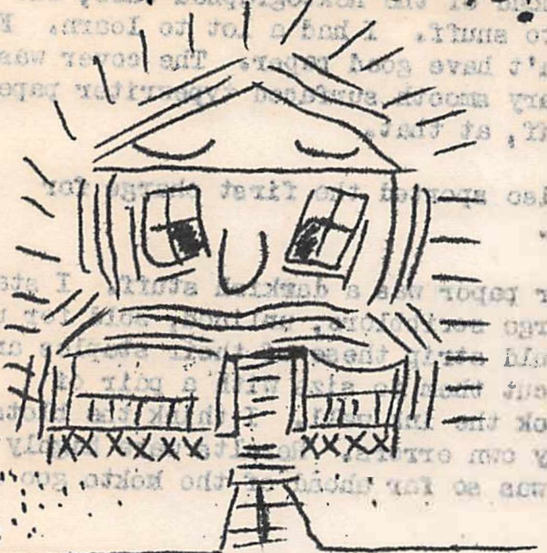
Ted goes on, "One month later, I joined the army. That little act caused untold damage in many ways to myself and it also disrupted all plans we had made for the mag. I was the only one who had access to the print shop where the key to the whole matter lay. So what happened. The idea remained an idea and everyone sulked for a month.

"CROUTCH NEWS came out regularly (sometimes) for the



Mimeolink in My Veins

A MEETING TOOK
PLACE AT TED'S
PLACE IN '40!



73 TAUNTON-TORONTO

so on, that had preceded it. I didn't think then of any confusion that might arise. Later on this showed itself and. . .but this is getting ahead of my story.

I could give the indexes of subsequent issues but it would make this article overly long, and, perhaps, would not be of sufficient interest to a sufficient number of readers. I will hit the high lights only as I go along.

Now that the name LIGHT was a fact, the magazine started to amount to something. It sported actual covers, and many interior illustrations and decorations. The hekto had one advantage-- its usage made possible without too much work, multi-colored reproduction. The standard purple was predominant, of course, but there were also red and green. For the first several issues I used a hekto ribbon in the typewriter. This proved messy, having to put in and then remove the ribbon every time I wanted to type out a master. Later on I purchased a number of hekto carbons and these gave much better results. I still have a ribbon, several carbons, ink and pencils in the three colors. I have thought from time to time of running pictures in hekto for the mimeographed magazine but always hesitated as I have never been sure enough of results, especially now that I run 120 copies to the issue.

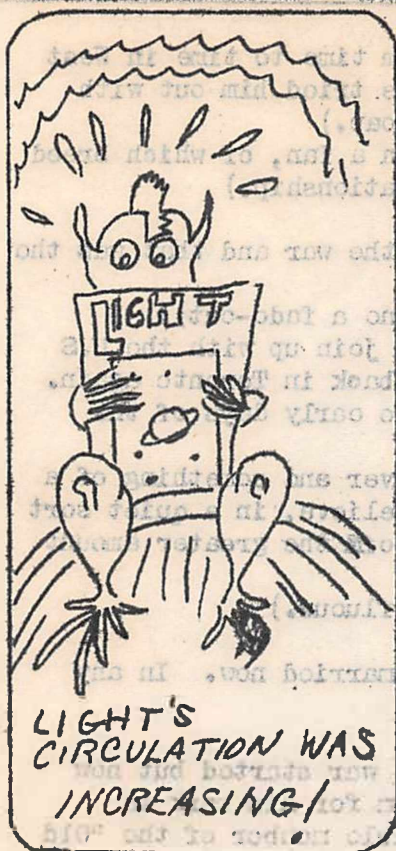
The spring of 1942 I started to think of the stencil method of duplication. I could purchase a small, simple machine from the T. Eaton Co. in Toronto-- a Canadian counterpart to Sears Roebuck in the States-- for a very nominal price. I forget the exact price now, but believe it was \$29.95. I do know it was less than \$30. I put off buying the machine, called the Hamilton-- made by Remington Rand-- because I had received my draft notice for the army and I wasn't certain what was going to happen. I thought of putting the purchase off until the final call came through, as I didn't figure it was worth buying and using maybe a couple of times and then having to leave.

The first medical exam passed me, not as an A, but certainly not as F. I hated the hekto method as the jelly was starting to pit and the copies were coming off an overall purple. Even at its best the results were far from perfect. So I took the plunge. I decided to purchase the duplicator and use it for as long as I was a free agent.

next year during which time I had been shipped overseas. Just what caused Lac to adopt LIGHT for CROUTCH NEWS I can't say for I was practically out of touch with things then, but what little strength I had left in me (being very ill at the time-- oh, very, very ill)-- was knocked out on receipt of the old CROUTCH NEWS renamed LIGHT. Our plans for numerous illustrations, wide variety in the contents, and the sponsoring of Canadian activities in stidom had all been adopted with the title. I was surprised. I was flabbergasted. I was tickled pink."

For the record, it was I who thought of the name LIGHT. It was short, snappy, lent itself easily to punning, of which fact many have taken advantage, was easy to remember, and was distinctive. It didn't smack-- though I must admit I didn't think of this then-- of such rather childish attempts as seem to plague the American field of fan publications.

The numbering, I might say here, was continued right on from the old CROUTCH NEWS, and



pected me to get any decent results from it. I surprised him, though.

Those were the days when all the stencil working equipment I had was the writing plate and stylus that came with the initial box of supplies. For shading screens and plates I used a variety of files. They worked out all right, as other publishers have also found. Later on I built a scope—an illuminated drawing board—but it has been used very little. I suppose half a dozen stencils have been processed on it to date.

LIGHT by now was a full-fledged magazine. The editorial column name had been picked, LIGHT FLASHES, and, with a few exceptions, has been used ever since. The same goes for the readers' department, THE MAIL BOX.

Readers and friends such as Ted White, Norm Lamb, Bob Gibson, and others have been with me almost from the first. White and Lamb, especially, have been in the swim from the early beginning. I am speaking here of contributions, as well as readers. Others that appeared now and then as contributors, but who have been with me from before the beginning as readers, are Clare Howes, Harry Warnor, and a few others.

LIGHT 117 showed a circulation of 50. It was appearing monthly without fail and was running 12 to 18 pages in size. LIGHT FLASHES was running newsy notes that, if I so desired, could be the basis, almost, for a fan history of Canada. Sometime I may write a sort of "Croutchian Memoirs", using LIGHT as a source of information.

In LIGHT 117, for instance, I read-- while typing this article-- with fond memories, that I went to Toronto for a few days over March 8, 1, and 10, 1942; That I left Parry Sound on the 1:40 AM train, Friday morning, and arrived in the city at 6:15 AM. Quotes from LIGHT FLASHES on the fan field in Canada, are as follows-- and what pictures they conjure up--: "John Mason is said to be suffering from the throes of considering whether or not he should give birth to a fan-mine... Canadian fan overseas, Bob Gibson, just wrote to ask me about swapping and getting LIGHT... John Mason has revised his plans for a fan publication somewhat. Now he is thinking of a one-shot affair, of about 70 to 100 pages, containing work by as many Canadian fans as it is possible to get to contribute... ((incidentally, John's ambition never did come to anything-- it just sort of fizzled out))... Norman V. Lamb is no longer a corporal. He is now Sgt. N. V. Lamb... ((remember that, Norm?))"

Number 121, LIGHT ran what I believe is the first Canadian Fan Directory. No doubt many were missed, but it was compiled from my own mailing list and so was as complete as I could possibly make it. Canadian fandom was pretty slim then. Some of the Old Guard is still with us. Judge for yourself from the Directory, which follows, with suitable comments in parenthesis.

Alan Child-- Vancouver. (Alan disappeared suddenly. Whether he is living or not, I don't know. I once suspected he was actually Gordon Peck in disguise.)

Ron Conium-- Toronto. (Ron has faded from sight also. For a long time he was very active. He helped LIGHT considerably with paper and contributions.)

Croutch--

(I think no comment is necessary here).

Nils H. Frome-- Fraser Mills, Bc.

(Who knows? I see his work from time to time in West Coast American fanzines. I have tried him out with sample issues of LIGHT but no soap.)

Bob Gibson-- Calgary.

(Bob is more of a collector than a fan, of which breed he has always declaimed any relationship.)

John Guislan-- Nova Scotia.

Joined up in the early days of the war and that was the last I ever heard of him.)

Tom Hanley-- Toronto.

(Seems to be another who has done a fade-out).

John G. Hilkort.

(He was a Toronto man. Left to join up with the U.S. Armed Forces, but I hear he is back in Toronto again. Haven't heard from him since the early days of the war.)

C. Howes-- Toronto.

(Never a fan-- but a fantasy lover and something of a collector. Is still in it, I believe, in a quiet sort of way, though he has disposed off the greater amount of his magazines.)

Fred Hurter-- Montreal.

(Comment here is somewhat superfluous.)

Viola L. Konally-- St. Catharines.

(Via, I think, may possibly be married now. In any event she dropped from sight.)

Sgt. N. V. Lamb-- Toronto and Simcoo.

(Was living in Toronto when the war started but now resides in Simcoo. You know him for his work in LIGHT. Is definitely an Honorable member of the "Old Guard".)

John H. Mason-- Toronto.

(Has faded from sight to these many moons though now and then some of the gang sees him wandering about. Did attend the Convention in Toronto. No one knows for certain his status or what he is doing, though there are plenty of rumors.)

Gordon L. Peck, Vancouver.

(No longer with us-- no anyway, to be definite).

Shirley Peck.

(Gord's sister-- same comment).

Harold Wakefield-- Toronto.

(Still in there pitching in his reserved manner. Is a demon collector of weird and erotic fiction. Will be around for years yet, I think. Is definitely NOT a fan-- in fact, rather despises the breed.)

Cpl. E. R. White-- Toronto.

(Tod White, later a sgt., now a civilian, married, and a proud pappy twice over. Still interested, though quietly.)

THUS WE COME TO THE END OF PART TWO. PART THREE WILL BE PRESENTED IN LIGHT NUMBER 42, OUT SOMETIME THIS SUMMER.

NO 112 MIMED INK VIEWS
MEET THE INCOME TAX
PLUS OTHER JUNK INSPECTOR

The First List In Years

LESLIE A. CROUTCH, BOX 121,
PARRY SOUND, ONTARIO, CANADA.

YOU KNOW ME-- THE SWAPPING FOOL FROM PARRY SOUND. PRICES ARE NOT SALES PRICES. THEY ARE SWAP VALUES. THOSE WHO HAVE SWAPPED WITH ME IN THE PAST AND WHOSE CREDIT IS

SWAPS

GOOD CAN CHARGE. ALL OTHERS MUST SWAP ON A "CASH" BASIS. JUST ANYTHING AT ALL. NOT ACCEPTED. YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU HAVE AND WHAT YOU FIGURE IT IS WORTH AS A SWAP VALUE. LIST FANTASY AND SCIENCE-FICTION BOOKS AND MAGAZINES. SECONDARY CHOICES ARE 2ND

FIRM FOR PROJECTION, RADIO TEXT BOOKS. WHY NOT TELL ME WHAT YOU HAVE? I PAY THE POSTAGE ANYWHERE IN THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND THE UNITED STATES. ALL ITEMS ARE IN GOOD TO EXCELLENT CONDITION. CODING IS AS FOLLOWS: NFC, no front cover; NBC, no back cover; NC, no covers; TFC, torn front cover; TBC, torn ~~back~~ back cover; tp, torn pages; CB, cloth bound; PB, paper bound-- pocket book editions. IMPORTANT: only books and magazines accepted from sources outside of Canada due to duty and import regulations. Orders filled in order of receipt, and not necessarily any order accepted.

POCKET BOOKS

Weird Shadow Over Innsmouth by
H. P. Lovecraft (mint).... 50¢
Topper Takes a Trip..... 50¢
The Face by Canadian author
Thomas P. Kelley..... 50¢

CLOTH BOUND BOOKS

Werewolf of Paris by Guy En-
dore..... \$1.75
Upsidonia by Archibald Marshall
.....1.00

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION

August 1939- fair- 40¢
June 1945- mint-40¢

FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES

Sept-Oct 1939 (vol.1 #1).\$2.00
tbc.....
November 1939- tbc- 2.00
January 1940- excellent- 1.80
February 1940- " - 1.80
March 1940- fair - 1.50
April 1940-excellent- .. 1.80
March 1944-75

SNAP THESE UP AS SWAPS AS THEY MAY NOT LAST LONG. I AM THINKING OF BUYING AND SELLING ON A CASH BASIS BEFORE LONG, AND THIS MAY TAKE EFFECT ANY TIME WITHOUT PREVIOUS WARNING.

COMET

January 1941- vol.1 #2-
covers slightly tattered-
covers slightly stained-
.....\$1.00

SUPER SCIENCE

December 1945-- Canadian
edition-- ABSOLUTELY MINT-
these are not swap copies,
I bought them myself-- 5
copies available. A snap
buy priced for QUICK dis-
posal. 50¢ EACH.

WEIRD TALES

January 1946-- Canadian edition
in same condition as the fore-
going magazines. 4 copies
available. A real snap for the
completist collector. Priced
for fast moving. 35¢ EACH.

SPECIAL SERVICE

I will purchase any Canadian
magazine and mail it to you
postpaid for COVER PRICE plus
10¢ to cover postage and hand-
ling.

NOTE: Several fans have had swap credits with me for a long time. I am desirous of looking after them as soon as possible. Such fan will receive top priority in filling orders until my debts with them have been balanced.



MOUSE IN A STOCKING

by *Leslie A. Crutch*

All night now she had tried vainly, to catch the mouse in her stocking. Squeaking, crawling, terrified little creature,— fuller of fear than she. Its mousy little brain fluttered in the abyss of its terror as it struggled to escape through the mesh, on the other side of which could be seen the light of freedom, and, far off, the dark spot that was the entrance to safety through the wainscot.

And all the time it raced and ran and tore and leaped to escape the clawing of the hideously long, crimsoned nails that scratched and snagged the open mesh. He sped from toe to heel and instep to thigh and back again and all the while the palms beat and attempted to trap his scurrying little form.

Up and down and down and up and all around and in and out the slipping sliding tiny feet carried the furry form. Down to the toe to snap at a strand that had parted there, then back to the thigh to push frantically against the binding circlet of the garter.

Thump and thud and slap went the hands and scream and squeal went the voice and wiggle and twitch and squirm went the form.

Until finally he gave up the fight and lay panting in the hollow behind her knee, waiting the tearing pain he knew would come when those red-tinted claws tore the length of his warm, voraciously trembling body.

There they were now— striving to lay hold but the stocking fabric was too strong and he hopped. . .hopped. . .hopped. . .

But no, the garter was stripped off and the stocking was rolled down and he dropped to the floor. He lay there, on his back, too weary to move, panting. Down swooped the pinkish mass that was the palm and he was caught. But he strove not to give up without a last final struggle. The little keen teeth sank deeply in the soft

moist
tearing
the
swept
sudden
lose

drop,

flesh. A
scream beat against
still night and he
up, up and then a
jerk flung his grip
and he was stilling
against the wall, to
half stunned, on the hard,
cold floor.

Flying feet just missed him. The little mouse drew tight against the wainscot and stared up at the titans that flung themselves on the girl. He watched them sway, struggling to and fro, grunting with effort, the light glinting flashingly off the something one held.

Then suddenly all was still, and the girl sank weeping onto the bed.

The little mouse stuck his head out of the hole in the baseboard and listened to the far-off rumbling human talk.

"There," panted the man-voice. "That will keep her for awhile. They sure do out up sometimes."

And the girl-voice sobbed heart-brokenly, gradually fading off into incoherent mumbling, then into silence.

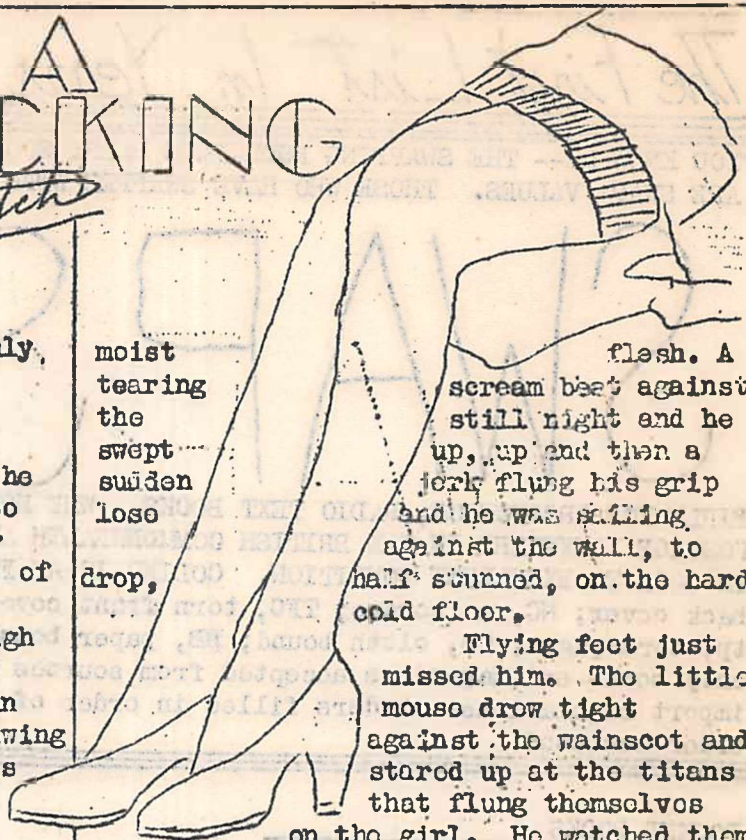
". . .a mouse— a fat mouse— it was in my stocking— I couldn't get it out. . .

The other man-voice said as they slipped out through the door. "Delirium— imagine all sorts of things— a pretty kid, too."

"A fat mouse— in my stocking—"

". . .she'll sleep soon's the needle works. . ."

The little mouse scuttled off down the dark, friendly lane through the wood work. Never again, he vowed, would he crawl into piled-up clothing, just to satisfy his curiosity. . .



THE END

The Things I Know and Love

BY
CYNTHIA
CAREY.

A soft rose bursting its sheath of green;
The quivering wings
of a poised humming bird
as it sips the nectar
from the cups of a columbine;
The mourning call of the wild dove-
These are the things
I know and love.

Swift-darting lightning flash;
Soft patter and splash
of warm rain on my eager face;
Early morning mist
that drapes the mountains
as with old lace;
These are the things I know and love.

Warm fragrant pines
scenting the drowsy moon
as they whisper
"here is peace!"
The thunder of the riotous river
in the moon's silver gleam;
The winking stars as they shine
up above;
These are the things I know and love.

A bluejay's quick flash
in the aspen grove,
Scolding squirrel and camprobber;
Treble notes of the meadow lark-
Antlered stag, shy, in the mountain park-
Dainty anemone in a sheltered cove -
These are the things I know and love.



As an autobiographer, you stink.
[And a great big loud flatulent noise
to you, too, Paul. EDITOR]

secutive run. Size of ad makes no difference. (It'll have to be two bits at least, anyway!!)

My Torcon film is now in its fluid finished state. I say "fluid" because it will remain "open" for some time yet to add footages that will work in and make it more interesting. I say "finished" because I have recently added the titles, and the various still shots. The finished film is, as a rough guess, about 20' long. I used titles made up from the Torcon Book and very effective they are, too. The completed film has, so far, soon presentation before my immediate family and one outsider, only. Comments were that it was "very interesting".

other movieist will have their equipment on hand to do what I did at the Torcon?

A change has to be made for the Swap Page. 8MM movie film is no longer on the import banned list. So if any American wishes to pay for books with 8MM movie film-- positive projection prints, not camera film-- there will be no difficulties. For the information of Canadians who may be interested, the duty is 25% ad valorem, and 8% sales tax on the duty paid value.

Britishers, I guess, will have to swap for what they want.

So the F.A.P.A wants to up its membership by 10, from 65 to 75? I'm neither for it, nor am I against it. But what is the value of a membership of 75? How often has there been a waiting list of 10? And which looks the healthiest-- a full membership with several waiting-- or a partially full membership and none on the waiting list? So I voted NO on the recent ballot on this amendment.

It's too bad the fees had to be upped 50% from \$1.00 to 1.50 but if it has to be, it has to be. Better that than have the Association collapse.

Harry Warner and I have been comparing postage rates on mailings. I forget now what the second to last was, but I do know there was less postage on the one to me than the one to Harry.

The latest one, the Spring 1949 one, took 18¢ postage from Alhambra to Parry Sound. What was yours?

-30-

SORRY

Crowded out of this issue is an item sent in by Bob Gibson. It will appear in #42. It consists of the usual Gibson full-spread art spread, PLUS a neat bit of Gibson verse to go along with it, called "PSAMMEAD-RIDDEN". Don't ask me what it means. I only print the stuff!



