

L I G H T

5¢

NUMBER 44.- LESLIE A. CROUTCH, BOX 121, PARRY SOUND, ONTARIO, CANADA- FEBRUARY, 1950.

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

Another year has begun.
The end of the first
half of the twentieth

century has been heralded in. What will the next 50 years bring us? In every magazine and newspaper we pick up these days we find somebody asking us those questions. They point out what strides the aeroplane, the train, the automobile has made. We are told we now can fly faster than sound-- see pictures over the air-- and so on. But nowhoro has anyone looked at anything but the bright side. How many men can one man kill in modern warfare as compared to the first world war or the Boer War or the Spanish American war? How many cities are turned into dust with one bomb? What is the incidence of juvenile delinquency and other crime? How many men can one man put out of work when he calls a strike? Writers tell how much more WE make than dad did or grandpop. But nobody seems to care how much more they could buy with a buck than we can. Science is going ahead by leaps and bounds and yet, morally and ethically, we puny humans haven't gone more than a stone's throw from the home of our ancestor, the cave man.

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Witness: the church and the religion it pretends to purvey. 50 years ago so and so many bibles were printed; so and so many marriages were consummated and so and so many children were yanked into a cold world without benefit of hospitalization during childbirth or any pretense at the easing of pain. Once men of religion cried out that it was against God's wish that woman should give birth without suffering. Now the Godfearing try to tell us the men of the cloth have changed and now smile benignly on such antics. Churches have become greater and richer since 1900. But have the men in the pulpit become anymore godly, any better leaders? Now, instead of trying to teach their flock to be good many of them stick their long interfering noses into the lives of innocent people and drive them to suicide. In Quebec, Canada's province still laboring in the Dark Ages, a young Baptist wood and wedded a young Catholic girl. For 7 years he had carried on this courtship and finally the couple had eloped to Vermont. But mother-in-law trouble reared its many-honored head. His own mother was determined to break up the marriage. Finally she apparently succeeded for Lucille went back to her own mother. Nicol, the husband, tried to see his wife but the Abbe Lambert Collette turned him away, telling him that the marriage was not recognized by the Catholic Church! They had been married by a J.P. Later Nicol was told Lucille would ask for an annulment. Nicol saw her a week later in a Convent where the girl seemed to have changed her mind; asked him to arrange a reconciliation with her mother and the priest. When the girl's mother still refused to recognize the marriage, the man sued her and the Abbe for \$2,000. A few days later Lucille hanged herself in the Convent.

Nicolas wanted to bury his wife but this was refused him. He learned from strangers where the funeral was to be held and attended it, unasked. After this he pushed his trucking business to the side and asked for an additional \$11,000. damages.

Last week (this is being typed Jan. 10, using the story from the January 9th, TIME) Justice Francois Caron, another Quebecer, and, no doubt, another Catholic, handed down his decision: \$400. damages and the costs of litigation for Nicol.

The court held that the marriage was legal beyond doubt, that Lucille, being 24, had had every right to enter into a marriage contract. A letter from the Abbe to the girl was introduced as evidence. I am quoting from TIME. The letter said, in part: "You must remain free. . .the marriage at Newport means nothing. . .Nothing obliges you to marry him. . .May le bon Dieu help you in your decision." In the court's opinion, this constituted not advice, but an order. The facts, the judge pointed out, clearly established that both mother and priest had refused to let Nicol see his wife, and "on these grounds alone" he was entitled to damages.

Of the Abbe Colloto's part in the affair, the court commented, "The right of a minister. . .is not absolute. . .liberty of conscience, as all liberties, find limits in the rights of one where the rights of the others begin."

The Ten Commandments strictly enjoin that "Thou shalt not kill!" "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain". In this case, who is the actual murderer? Is such a person fit to remain a leader of people? It is really too bad that in every barrel of apples we usually find one absolute rotter! And in the afterlife what will the Abbe's God be thinking when this man stands before him for judgement? Will He remember that His name was used in this low deed?

x x x

Looks as though King Farouk of Egypt still believes his country lives in a Biblical Age. Here we find the somewhat disgusting sight of a monarch, who should know better, and who should, even if he has no morals, at least consider the dignity of his position, literally stealing the affianced of another man. The fact that David of Biblical Lero set a precedent whitewashes the matter not at all. TIME published a picture of Farouk and the girl in question, Narriman. God, what a waste of young womanhood, that she should be obliged to give herself to this piggish small-time dictator. Too Bad Britain ever gave this country into the tender mercies of such an ersatz roue.

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As we are in a somewhat Biblical frame of mind, let us consider for a moment the somewhat ludicrous position the Old Testament places mankind. The heroes of that piece of Hebrew literature that are held up to every Sunday school kid as an ideal-- King David, Solomon-- et al.,-- prance through the Book of Books committing all the various bits of adventure that is specifically prohibited today. David went a-kidnapping and disposed of his rival by the simple procedure of placing him in the forefront of battle where he would be sure to get killed. Solomon committed bigamy, not once but a thousand times. Another old bastard who couldn't have children by his lawful spouse seduced her maid! These are but desultory incidents. Yet these men, who are held up before youthful eyes as near saints, wise men, and so on, galivanted about in a manner that if we imitated them, would land us in the hoosegow pronto. What are we think when we are told to study a man and revere his works when that man did things that we are told are evil, sinful, and criminal?

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My American readers probably shall not get as much out of "The Immigrant" as will Canadians, due to their unfamiliarity with the Canadian scene. "The Immigrant" was written March 9, 1949. It was brought on by the newspaper announcements that Duplessis, Quebec Dictator, Second rate, has said that margarine could not be sold in the province, nor could it be imported by citizens who had purchased it in Ontario. It was liable to confiscation and the people whose possession it was found in would be subject to stiff fines. I thought, what if this goes on? Just suppose it gets steadily worse, might not things be at such a pretty pass in perhaps 20 years that Quebec will consider itself an independent autonomy? Suppose then a Quebecker tried to leave to live in Ontario and Quebec didn't like this. A sort of little-Russian-Iron Curtain act. Ridiculous and far-fetched? Perhaps it will read so to Americans but there is nothing farfetched or funny about the recent running out of a Quebec town of two Jehovah Witness girls by what amounted to a mob-- a mob practically aided by the police and abetted by the town

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MAIL BOX

(SAM MCCOY, LONDON, ONTARIO) I didn't like your cover. [Doc.49 issue]. I much prefer the more dignified "editorial page" cover as used previously; to my mind, it gave the casual reader an impression of solidarity that was rapidly dispelled on glancing into the interior. Maybe the "dignified" cover was a camouflage, and dishonest, but I liked it. [So do I, Sam, hence it's use this month]. Besides, I didn't like the drawing (?); there may have been an idea there, but it got lost in the too-casual presentation. [Other precincts to be heard from may change this- Ed]. "Mimeo Ink" dribbles to a close. Fine. Seems to me that such a history of LIGHT would be of more interest to someone who had

been receiving the mag all the time--sort of a "memory book". I've come to the conclusion that there is nothing more dismal than an old fanzine--fads and discussions about things that are long past, and forgotten. "Timely" articles that are now old stuff; predictions and reviews that are now meaningless, and dry as dust. Even a back-dated (say, ten years) prozine makes fairly dismal reading--not "war" stories, in which Hitler, Hirohito, et al, are defeated by the hero's new invention; jugs of Xono, kiwis, Frogears, and the rest. On to the future! [I don't altogether agree with you, Sam. Neither has some of the other readers. Now that the series is finished I will no doubt get many letters pro and con on the subject. So far, there have been more in favor than against. -Ed]

(HAROLD WAKEFIELD, TORONTO, ONTARIO)

Speaking of the latest issue of LIGHT, I thought Gibson's poem just about the best you have ever run in LIGHT. The illustration for the poem was quite good also. [LIGHT #42] though not amongst the best of his work. Please continue to feature as much work as you can by this gifted and versatile Canadian fan. [All Bob's got to do is send it in, Hal; I'll run it.] "Mimeo Ink In My Veins" was of particular interest to me since it recorded my own hesitant entrance into Canadian Fandom. Apart from this I consider this series could well develop into a complete history of Canadian Fandom much after Moscowitz' current history of American Fandom. Re "Portrait of Jennie" The critics' were all agreed that the Hollywood Gang had hopelessly messed up Nathan's novel so I didn't see it. Anyhow, comparing the novel with a work on a similar theme, I don't consider "Portrait of Jennie" in the same class as Margaret Irwin's superb "Still She Wish'd" For Company". Now there is a story dealing with time that would have been a sensation in UNKNOWN. [How about a review of it for these pages, Hal?] Another yarn that would have delighted readers of UNKNOWN is John Metcalf's "Mr. Meldrum's Mania".

(NORMAN V. LAMB, SIMCOE, ONT) I see that TWS is going to have a reprint quarterly--goody goody, now we can read all their "Masterpieces"

(CONTINUED ON PG. 4)

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from 1940 on. Gaaaaaaa. As if their H. of T. in STARTLING didn't print enough hog-wash! Incidentally, FANTASTIC ADVENTURES for February 50 has a good editorial-- yes it actually happened they had a good one. The new editor inveighs against the current crop of fantasy books and claims that the publishers are just trying to make a fast buck out of the current vogue and not caring about trying to make it a permanent one. He says-- and I agree with him-- that they are taking stories written for mags-- and making books out of them and they are neither long enough nor written for book publishing in mind. He claims that they should try to get good books written for them and publish them. Talking of that-- this week I got a book on loan from a chap in the States. The book came from England and cost him \$3.00 in good American currency. To begin with-- the entire book is a re-issue of the same title from a few years back. Still \$3.00. There are 14 stories in it and ALL are reprints. 90% of them date from the middle of the nineteenth century and are as usual dated and about as interesting as you can imagine. The editor takes great pride in telling how he has resurrected them from long defunct magazines and I claim that he should have let the mouldy remains stay in their cosy bed of mildew. I believe that there are 2 stories from this century-- both reprints of course-- and they are damn soul chilling. Almost as much as a lukewarm bottle of pop. After seeing what you get for that much money I, for one, have no desire to get it for my collection. Can you blame me? No matter how much of an ardent collector you are it puts a crimp in your proclivities to see such goddam crud sold at such a price. Personally when I buy a book I want to get something I haven't read before-- if the story or stories happen to be crud, well that's my tough luck, but I am still helping an author to make a living. But when you buy reprints the bloody publishing house is making ten times as much and the poor author gets little or nothing. Besides which a hell of a lot of the reprint stuff is stuff from the public domain and the copyright has expired-- hence the cost is minute. Right? Do you think that that is legitimate publishing? I don't.

If you like the appearance of MAGAZINE OF FANTASY-- restrain your knowledge of the magazine to just that-- don't read it. You will discover it to be chock full of reprints and you would lose your good impression. The cover is a really attractive one-- remember AS with the second and third issues by Z-D when they had photographic covers? Hope this one doesn't quit too soon-- the covers I mean. ARKHAM SAMPLER has folded at last. They announced that if they decide to reissue they will notify their old subscribers. It will occasion very little loss for they carried little but reprints and not the creme de la creme as they announced at the start. Another thing they gave abridged versions and not even the original versions of stories. That, to me, is the one unforgivable sin in publishing. I always claim that the author know best what he wanted to say and it was a damned impertinence for some joe with a pair of scissors to cut and hack a story to suit his tastes and then foist the results onto the public that maybe had never seen the original.

Oh yes, I bought A. MERRITT'S MAG. You know me-- the complete collector. Don't think that it will last long for the reason that there just can't be many suckers like myself that will buy mags to keep sets. I believe that over 75% of fantasy mags sales must be to joes who read it along with whodunnits and westerns etc. And I can't see them buying the same story two and three times-- they are more than likely liable to quit buying the damn mag altogether. Talking of reprints, did you notice that FANTASTIC NOVELS reprinted a reprint from their own mag in the September issue? Yop, the same yarn was in their April 1941 issue. It is the third printing-- apart from the book-- that I have seen of this story.

[This is one man's reaction to the current crop of reprints. Personally, I never read a reprint unless it is in book form-- I'm too scared of getting a cut version. How about some more opinions on this cheap form of magazine production?-- ED]

the IMMIGRANT

by Leslie A. Crandall

"For the love of Christ, don't send me back! I don't care what you do-- send me to Kingston-- send me to Burwash-- but don't send me back there!"

Judge McHill frowned down at the defendant. The courtroom murmured sympathetically. The judge looked at the prosecution. That worthy deliberately looked the other way. The judge looked around at the bailiff, the members of the Canadian Mounted presented. Each man singularly seemed intent on something or other. Finally, the judge looked back down at the defendant.

"The law says," he intoned, "that anyone who enters Canada by secrecy, guile, or otherwise improper channels, shall be deported immediately on apprehension."

"But judge-- your honor-- back there? If you had lived there all your life you wouldn't sentence a fellow being to such a fate. Find mercy in your heart, judge; if not for me, then for my wife and child. Especially for the child. Don't condemn her to the fate that will be hers in the land of her birth."

The murmurs in the courtroom became much louder. The judge picked up his gavel, looked at it contemptuously, laid it down again.

"The law," he intoned. . .

Then he halted, peered over his bi-focals at the prosecution. That worthy now returned the look. Rising to his feet, a huge tomo in his hands, he cleared his throat preparatively.

"Your honor," he said, "there is a little known law, passed in--" he consulted the book-- "--in 1965, that says, to put it plainly, that if there is any reasonable doubt as to the advisability of deporting an alien if said deportation will bring hardship on a minor that is a relative of said deportee, then proceedings may be halted for a time of at least sixty days, and not exceeding 120 days."

The judge fingered his chin. He looked up, a sudden glint in his eyes. "But could this man be properly termed an 'alien'?"

Ories of "No! No!" filled the room as spectators rose to their feet. The gavel thudded loudly and order was restored.

"Could we term any person an 'alien' whose birthplace was that of the country he is being tried in?"

Newspaper reporters rushed from the room. Here was a new twist-- could a Canadian be termed an alien in a Canadian court?

The papers played it up big. "CANADIAN ALIEN MAJESTY ILLEGAL ENTRY INTO CANADA" went the sum of the headlines.

Associations for the preservation of the rights of man rushed to the "alien"'s aid. Religious organizations took up and presented petitions to Ottawa. There was talk of sending a committee to the King in London, though what good that would do, seeing the country had severed its political ties years before, was hard to see. There was talk of a declaration of war-- of sending troops into the locality that was demanding the man's return.

Finally the 120 days were up. Judge McHill was back on the bench. The same prosecutor was on hand, this time with a certain intent grimness to his mien. There was also a certain Monsior Dorosior, representing his government, on hand to demand recognition of that government's sovereign rights.

Judge McHill opened court with a pronouncement from the bench. "The court has examined the pros and cons of this exceedingly unusual case," he said, resting his chin on steeped fingers. "The nub of the contention seems to be-- is

this man an alien, or is he a Canadian citizen?"

Murmurs from the spectators rose.

"The court must not allow sentiment to sway its decision. If a judgement is handed down that is not strictly legal, it will only cause disension. . ."

Someone in the audience gave a horse laugh.

". . .ahem. . .disension which might lead to grave consequences within the country."

The horse laugh sounded again. The bailiff rushed down the aisle, looking for the laughor. He was unsuccessful.

"The court has looked up all the laws pertaining to the illegal entry of a so-called alien into Canada, and has decided that none can be said to apply strictly to the matter at hand."

Monsier Derosier squirmed in his seat and looked as though he might like to say something. A policeman, sitting next to him, changed his position slightly, crossing his foot over his knee, and the sole of his boot left a broad mark on Monsier Derosier's impeccable trousers.

"If the defendant," the judge continued, passing his hand across his mouth to hide a smile, "had been born in any other country, we could term him an alien, and we would deport him. However, it can hardly be said he has made illegal entry into the country merely by the act of crossing the Ottawa River from the Province of Quebec, even if certain laws passed in the said Province of Quebec declares it illegal for a Quebecer to leave the Province."

Here Monsier Derosier bounded to his feet. "This is an insult to His Excellency, the Premier of Quebec."

Judge McHill moved his gavel.

"A province has certain rights-- but those rights exist only within the province. For instance, it can hardly be said legal to collect income taxes from a citizen of another province. If that citizen lived in Quebec, taxes could be collected. However, the right would cease the moment he left the province to reside in any other part of the country."

Monsier Derosier bounded to his feet again. "I protest. You are trying to becloud the issue. We are not here to discuss income taxes. We are here to send this man back to the Province of Quebec, from which he left illegally."

Judge McHill wielded his gavel. "There are no laws which say a man may not move from one part of the country to another," he said. Then he turned to the defendant. "I therefore judge that you have NOT entered Ontario illegally."

Monsier Derosier started to scream, waving his hands hysterically. "This is an insult! We have rights! We are a sovereign state! This insult shall not go unnoticed!"

Judge McHill said, "May I point out that you are in a court of law, and that I can fine you for contempt?"

Monsier Derosier drew himself up. "Fine me-- I would appreciate the opportunity of going on record. . ."

Judge McHill sighed. "I shall not fine you because that would only make a ridiculous affair the more ridiculous. However, I shall remind you, Monsier Derosier, that your words are being made a matter of record, and your actions do not reflect to the credit of your province or your government, and God knows both need plenty of that!"

Monsier Derosier was tomato red in the face.

Judge McHill hunched his shoulders and launched into a prepared speech.

"However, Monsier Derosier, you can carry this back to your premier. He has the right to attempt to revive a modern dark age in his own province. He has the right, given him under our Constitution, to enact laws which are rapidly meaning virtual slavery to his people. He has the right to say what shall and what shall not enter the province. He has the right to say what shall be eaten-- what taxes shall be paid-- what new places may fall under his infamous Lockout Law. He can even instruct his police to prevent any citizen from leaving the province, but

he cannot force any court of law to send that citizen back if the citizen has not broken any law and is therefore not wanted by the police. Legally your premier has all those rights, Monsier Derosier. Legally, but not morally. The Constitution of the country gives certain rights to the provinces, but I doubt that the right was ever given to keep a people in virtual slavery whereby they are forbidden the common deencies of life and the common deencies of food. I doubt that he has the right under the Constitution to practise religious prejudice and to lend his police to the persecution of religious minorities, the like of which the world has not seen since the trials of the Christians in Rome, or of Hitler in Germany. The sooner, Monsier Derosier-- I repeat-- the sooner your Premier recognizes the fact that he is a Canadian, and that Quebec is Canadian soil, and not a private monarchy on which he is the sole dictator, the sooner shall he and his kind merit some kind of respect from the decent thinking people of this land.

Monsier Derosier's face was detachly pale from anger.

Judge McHill rose, swept his robes of office about him. Without a backward glance at the hate-filled face glaring up at him, he walked majestically to the judge's quarters.

THE END

LIGHT FLASHES

by the town council which not only approved the action but openly applauded it. These two girls, sincere in their convictions returned and tried to continue their work of going from door to door, passing out literature and preaching, and again they were "escorted" from town and warned not to return. In addition newspaper reporters and at least one Cameraman employed by the liberal Toronto Daily Star were also hustled along. Now, I admit that members of the Jehovah Witness sect can be very annoying, very much a nuisance, and very persistent. But one of the main tenets of a democratic country is the freedom to worship in any way you wish. It does not give citizens the right to form into mobs and run people out of towns, threaten physical injury, and so on to their persons. This to me smacks of deprivation of the rights of a citizen. And this is not just an isolated incident in Quebec. It appears that there any religious activity other than Catholic soon gets either sh ~~wt~~ shift or treatment which gives the lie to "religious tolerance" and "democratic freedom". It is a great pity. A country like Canada, rapidly growing into responsibly adulthood, doing so much to help the cause of freedom in the rest of the world, yet has so much dirt right in its own back yard that needs taking care of.

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If you come right down to it-- you would think democracies would wipe their own noses first and THEN try to tell the rest of the world how to live. We do set some pretty funny examples at times. It seems to be almost a case of "do as I say, not as I do"!

(MORE OF THIS INTELLECTUAL BELLYWASH

x x x WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 10!)

THE MAGIC ISLAND

BY

W.B. SEABROOK

Bound in black cloth, title silver stamped on spine. New York, Harcourt and Brace, 1929. Illustrated with drawings by ~~mma~~ Alexander King, and photographs by the author. 336 pg. No dust wrapper but otherwise in excellent condition.

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CONTINUING #43'S "NOTHING OVER A BUCK"!!

WANTS

1950 ASTOUNDING.

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I am desirous of opening a swap route with England & Scotland. I don't want an indiscriminate route, but would prefer to swap only with two or three reliable fans. THIS IS A 100% SWAP OFFER. NO MONEY WILL BE INVOLVED.

Leslie A. Croutch,
Box 121,
Parry Sound, Ontario.

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

: Just read in the papers where a certain city council in
: the New England States refused a party of Japs joyriding
: about the States permission to enter their council
: chambers and study democracy in action. Apparently some
State bigwigs in the State Capitol are rather worked up about this "shameful" deed
and the Japs are puzzled as to why some men should take this attitude. Send a man
to prison for an indeterminate number of years and when he has paid his debt to
society and gained his freedom the police still have him in their black book, if I
am to believe everything I read. Let a crime be committed in the same locality
where he is unfortunate enough to be sojourning for the present and they immediately
consider him a suspect. Let a gang of little boys get the name in their neighborhood
for being mischief makers and immediately they are blamed for everything that
happens. In other words, where the individual is concerned man appears to be mighty
unforgiving. Even a fellow countryman, let him be so indiscreet as to commit some
crime and be sent to the hoosegow is always suspect even when he comes out. In
other words-- give a dog a bad name-- never let a guy who has made one mistake
another chance to do it all over again. And this with fellow countrymen-- people
of our own race and religion, perhaps people we have known, and who never did another
rotten thing in all their lives. Yet a country of people who committed the
greatest crime and caused the deaths of thousands are being forgiven, given every
chance to rehabilitate themselves, wine and dine and fete and expected to be
given the keys of the kingdom wherever they go! Why are these Japs meritorious of
more Christain compassion and forgiveness than your own fellow countryman whom who
has committed a lesser crime, and has paid for it according to the laws YOUR
government has set down? If one man is suspect and liable to go wrong again and
therefor must always be watched and treated with suspicion, why must these other
men be given any better treatment? If Americans are expected to not forgive
thieves and murderers then must they be expected to forget men whose crimes have
been in a far greater degree? What is sauce for the goose is also sauce for the
gander and in my opinion those sneaky little Orientals got the treatment they
deserved. So they appeared innocent and hurt and puzzled. So did the Japanese
envoys appear innocent right up to the eve of Pearl Harbor in Washington. Maybe I
sound off too much, and get too interfering with my opinions about a country that
I am not a citizen of, but such questions come to me and I wonder. Hanged if I
can forgive an enemy when he has proven a master of deception and sneakiness.
EVERY MAN MAKES A MISTAKE ONCE BUT ONLY A DAMNED FOOL MAKES IT TWICE!!!!

x x x

A passing thought. Maybe we Canadians ought to sue the United States for swiping
our oil! After all, maybe what the Texans and others have been pumping up out of
the earth is just the overflow from Alberta!

x x x

I wonder if the day will come when the labor leaders call up a motor car company
and say, "Look, Hank. We are calling a strike! Oh, nothing the matter-- we just
figured maybe we could think up something more to ask you guys for and we can't
do it while we are working. Nothing like a little vacation to make the old think
tank churn out new ideas, you know!" What IS the strike at Chrysler over anyway?
Chrysler offered the union exactly what Ford gave and the Union took with cheers.
Maybe the Union wants Chrysler to tuck them in their downy little beds every night
into the bargain!

x x x

Next thing we need is for country to come out and say they have discovered a bomb
a thousand times more powerful than the hydrogen one! Then some morning we will
wake up and each man will find he has the earth all to himself. We'll be sitting
on top of a new asteroid belt!

x x x

I was going to say somethere here about the Japanese who reported the huge ex-
plosion on Mars but consider it has probably got wide-enough newspaper coverage
for all of you to have seen it. Ditto the TRUE MAGAZINE yarn about the flying
saucers being real. Looks like us stf hounds' day has come at last!

x x x