

L I G H T

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LIGHT FLASHES

or-- our excuse for an editorial column.

It appears I am slated to go through life raising someone or other's ire in one way or another. After reading stories and articles on accident prone, I am starting to wonder if there is such a thing as being destined to always be in hot water in some way or other. With me, it seems to be either I have charged somebody too much for a repair job-- or else the job didn't last enough years-- or I have printed something in these pages that somebody doesn't like so I am a heel, a low crude character, or one of the devil's minions in disguise!

Of course, I am really lucky for all my hot water comes in cupsful and pints, whereas it might have come in bucketsful or in thousand-gallon tanks! So far I haven't been sued; or hung; or imprisoned; but patience, I am sure that if I manage to live long enough I may be able to achieve even those things!

This paen of disgust comes from an assortment of "browed-offedness" which comes upon me every now and then. The phase always passes and so this one will blow over. But while it is with me I am going to "enjoy" myself by being as acidly sarcastic and cynical as it is within my power to be. So you'll pardon me, I hope, while I blow off steam for a few hundred loose-typed lines, won't you?

(see page 6)

FANTASY VIGNETTES

no. 8
Norman V. Lamb

THIS IS THE 8TH. OF A SERIES OF BOOK REVIEWS. THE LAST ONE WAS PUBLISHED IN JANUARY 1949. THIS REVIEW ON "THE HOUSE OF LOST IDENTITY" IS MR. LAMB'S LATEST. WE HOPE IT WILL NOT BE HIS LAST.

"The House of Lost Identity"-- Donald Corley. London, George G. Harrap & Co. 325 pages. Copyright 1927 by R. M. McBride & Co.

Synopsis-- Eleven short tales with an introduction by James Branch Cabell; illustrated by the author; tales of magic told in the style of Cabell, Frank Owen and Lord Dunsany.

Review--

"The House of Lost Identity"-- An introvert finds his metier after sessions of card playing, drinking and lectures from his ghost ancestor, who had been a buccaneer. After a loss at Piquet, a jug of Muscadine opens his mouth and releases his inhibitions. The ghost taunts him into being a man. He strides away in a virile manner. The ghost, who had inhabited a model clipper ship, vanishes and the model breaks.

"The Price of Reflection"-- An Asiatic Russian monk gives a Kirkhiz chief a pocket mirror in exchange for hospitality. The chief offers him two camels for it. The camels are refused. However, the

(see page 3)

in which S. WILMER MIDGELEY discourses
learnedly on

“BLOOD”

(This is the fifth in a series of seventeen articles on the wonders of nature. The first four articles have yet to be written.)

Blood is a curious reddish substance which most people (alive) have in varying quantities, depending upon various factors, none of which will be mentioned here. It is useful as an indicator for the location of contusions on the human body; when a cut cannot be readily traced, a keen eye can always locate the telltale crimson starin, beneath which, invariably, lurks the miscreant gash.

In addition, this fluid provides a steady diet for many of our citizens, or, more correctly, denizens, who seldom appear during the daylight hours. They apparantly thrive on it, and all of us might take a lesson from this.

Further uses of blood are for the staining of white shirts, detection of hangovers, telling Mr. Wasserman about your love life, and allowing one to bask in high (or low) blood pressure. In view of all these amazing oops, astounding facts, it behooves us to pay more attention to this little known stuff.

Blood consists of a heterogenous collection of odd-named chemicals and liquid, and red and white corpuscles. As loyal, democracy-loving comrades, we shall discuss the white corpuscles and leave the reds alone.

White corpuscles are all named, and all possess the same name, namely, Luke O'Cyte (these Irish emigrated everywhere). The main task of Luke and his blood brothers (pun intended) is to keep the joint clean and tidy. They take keen delight in consuming intruding microbes, such as spirochetes, machetes, spirifers, conifers, and streptococyx. Many of these are aided and abetted by the reds, who desire this continual guerrilla warfare in order to keep the Whites weak and defenceless. One of these days,

comes the revolution, and the reds will take over. We will all then be ruled by Red-Blooded American Boys.

Blood is indeed a very complex substance. For example, there is the Rh factor, which means that your blood is full of Rhubidium or Rhodium, or something (one of the rare earths), and that you shouldn't get married to someone of the opposite sex, or have children yourself, etc.

Presumably it is all right to get married to one of the same sex!-- Editorial thought.]

Blood goes bad very quickly, and all readers are advised to continue to breathe as long as possible, as fresh air is a prerequisite to the preservation of blood. Refrigeration is also of assistance, but tends to become uncomfortable after awhile. The author has found that the average refrigerator is eminently unsuited for the comfort of the human body. The author, be it known, has an average human form, and has personally tested all the better known makes of refrigerators.

Another preservative, and one much more likely to obtain public acceptance, is alcohol. It is realized that much propaganda and general education will be required before the people will take to the idea of imbibing alcohol or alcoholic beverages, but the effort must be made. Our blood must be saved at all costs. It must be admitted that this method entails slight losses of blood occasionally, as an unusual lack of control of the faculties is observed when alcohol in sufficient quantities is imbibed, and the occasional scratch or bump ensues. But it is felt that this is a small price to pay in the search for preservation of one's blood.

The author is prepared to suggest several methods by which the oral administration of alcohol may be made palatable. For complete instructions, write the author, care of the editor of this publication, enclosing a fifth of Four Roses for packing and handling, (that glue tastes awful), and your recipes will be returned by the first dero meeh leaving Mt. Shasta.

Finis

FANTASY VIGNETTES continued from page 1.

chief leaves the two camels at a khan for the monk but he has no use for them. The chief also leaves a Kirghiz girl for a slave or wife. Being a monk, the recipient of this gift has no use for her so he marries her off to a Kirghiz boy. When the newly wed couple departs, the girl turns and smiles-- and the monk curses himself for being such a fool.

"The Daimyos' Bowl"-- Hiro-tani, a potter, is afraid of death. He attempts to make a perfect bowl to placate his Daimyo. After many trials he compounds the eyes of a cat who had drunk lacquer glaze, a lock of his old love's hair, and clay his old love had given to him. The bowl astonishes his Daimyo who senses the magic in it. He sends Hiro-tani in search of a witch who can state whether the magic is beneficent or malefic. She is brought before the Daimyo and tells him the ingredients of the container. He becomes brave and breaks it. Hiro-tani thereupon states that all his fears are gone. The witch is discovered to be his long-lost love. She is still enamored of him so they wed and presumably live happily ever after.

"Figs"-- Parizoor, a shopkeeper, becomes enamored of the Princess Lillume. She returns his affections secretly and neither knows the other's emotions. From descriptions he paints a parchment book of pictures of her-- which no one was allowed to see. He spends all his energy in this labor of love and finally is forced to sell the book for food. It comes into her hands and she thinks of him and searches for him. Her handmaiden discovers the painter and on what was to

be her wedding morning, Lillume goes to him. They escape from the city in panniers on a camel. The driver claims they are young fig trees when questioned by the city guard. Their escape is accomplished and they are free to love. A modern Arabian Nights' tale.

"The Manacles of Youth"-- Chevalier Denys Raoul de la Tour du Fec falls in love with Isabella, Contessa dei Surresti, a married woman. He professes her his devotion and she sets him three deeds to prove his love. First he has to obtain the chains of her city gates, which had been fiached from them after a war. This deed he accomplishes and the keys are brought to her. She then orders him to obtain the release of her brother, who was imprisoned in Rome. This he also does. Then as a last request, the Contessa orders that the Elixir of Youth be obtained. For forty long years he wanders all over the face of the earth and studies alchemy and magic. Finally he discovers the Elixir in Athens. On the Chevalier's return so much time has elapsed both are old, and the vial of Elixir falls and breaks between them. The fumes cause them to become as youthful as when they first met and the tales ends with the inevitable ending of love and passion.

"The Ghost Wedding"-- Lei-suan is to be wedded to the death tablet of her Governor's ancestor. She is in love with one Tawakkei who is a poor man. After the wedding Lei-suan takes her loved one to her home. It is discovered that she has been married to the wrong tablet. To make the deed proper, she has to marry a commoner who will then be beheaded the morning after. She marries her lover, naturally, and obtains a substitute for the next morning. She is then married to the proper death tablet. The governor finds out her deception, and banishes the couple. They live happily for years, and on the death of the governor find that he has revoked their banishment. A Chinese Fantasy after the style of Frank Owen.

"The Glass Eye of Throgmorton"-- An

SPACEPORT AT NIGHT

BY THEOPHILUS ALVOR '46

"Theophilus Alvor" is, as you may well deduce, a pen-name. I won't divulge who wrote this, but I will hint that "Alvor" is a present F.A.P.A. Member. Maybe I should run a contest of "guess who"!(?)

The giant mouth of darkness lips
the blazing nipple of the peak;
with meteors for fingertips
the black void strokes the mammoth cheek.

Above the uterus of flame
the sky unlinks the searing eyes
that split the neon, bathes the frame
that tilts between the steel-girt thighs.

The fetus rams through chamed cloud
against night's amniotic sea;
unborn, its brazen roar is loud,
hurled through the cervix' fiery crack.

Out of the womb of soaring earth,
out of the crucible of brain,
the beloid ship, in instant birth,
stands sky-tall on a hurricane.

★ Finis ★

"FANTASY VIGNETTES" continued from preceding page

Englishman in Africa has a monocle which he wears over his glass eye. He works for a trader whose daughter falls in love with him. He removes the glass eye and leaves it to oversee his native workers. They work very hard and tire of being supervised by the false orb. They get a sorcerer to put a spell on it. Trudy, the Englishman's lover, gets him to take anti-spell precautions. She, in turn, puts a spell on the sorcerer and it stops HIS spell. She conquers the Englishman's fear of the spell and he marries her.

"The Legend of the Little Horses"-- Pierre

Salabat, a somewhat moronic habitant, falls madly in love with the horses on a merry-go-round. He rides on them all day and spends all he possesses. Instead of returning home he wanders off. He works as a sailor and travels all over the world before returning to his home port of Halifax. After being paid off he heads for home and passes the fair where he had squandered all his money years before. He meets his children and goes home with them. His wife greets him as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened and life goes on placidly for them.

"The Tale that the Ming Bell Told"-- Telfair, a geologist, hears a Chinese Temple bell ring with no one present.

It is haunted by an ancient princess who had spruned her husband-to-be. He takes his sampling hammer and rings the bell loudly. This breaks the spell and the daughter of the inn-keeper, who had been his servant, appears to him as a bride of the Ming Dynasty. She, who had been dumb from birth, sings.

"The Book of the Debts"-- Richard Castigan gives a feast to celebrate the payment of his debts. His friends and debtors are astounded by his bequests for he returned their payments in kind-- money for money and kindness for kindness. Bringing a brass box an unbidden woman opens it. A black butterfly flutters out and alights on her shoulder. She falls senseless. A year later one of the guests meets an entomologist who tells how he had given Castigan the cocoon in a South American jungle. When he hears of the strange woman's collapse, he states that it was in expiation of an offense in a previous incarnation.

"The Song of the Tombelaine"-- Merville-of-the-amber-tresses was bathing and sunning herself on the Rock of Tombelaine on her wedding day. Her step-sister, Irtegrane, being jealous of her, sings the mournful 'Song of the Tombelaine' and puts Merville-etc to sleep. Then Irtegrane weaves the seaweeds into her long hair. Merville sleeps and as the tide rises she drowns. Her stepmother tells Merville's intended that she was untrue to him and he marries Irtegrane instead. The following morning Merville's body drifts below the bridal chamber. Hedragor, her intended, sees it and strangles his wife. Placing Merville's body on a boat, he sails it away into the Unknown West.

Author's note: This book deserves to be much better known-- the stories are all little gems-- much better than these reviews could convey. By all means read the book at your earliest opportunity.

N.V.Lamb.

Somebody has suggested "why should we bear children to be blown to bits in the next war?" Well, there IS a chance we can duck a new war-- or even prevent wars by why bear children to be taxed to death?

THIS ECHOES MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY.

In a recent letter, Sam McCoy sent me the following clipping, saying: "Inclosed clipping I find very biting, and too damn true-- probably agrees with both your and Lamb's opinion. It's cut from CIEN-- Canadian Industrial Engineering News, I believe. I know the capitals, but am not sure of the proper name; it's Canadian ---- News, anyway! Latest issue (May 1952)."

Under the column cut "Rough Cuts"; --

Darwin, Democracy and Beer
We live in a free country; we like to think of ourselves as free. But, whether we like it or not, we are all being batted around by an old Darwinian principle: Preservation of self; preservation of species. Translation: we've got to eat.

So we slug out our days at the office, trading a good deal of our freedom for food. The only time we can really call our own is after five o'clock and even then there are routine jobs to tackle around the house. The hours we have to read, hob-nob or drink beer, the hours of freedom at its best, are precious few.

That's one reason why it makes us downright mad when we hear that a few misguided innocents are trying to tell us what we should do with our leisure time, are trying to say what we should or should not read.

For example, a report from Ottawa has it that the local authorities have seized "obscene" literature by Erskine Caldwell and John Steinbeck. Now chances are the Ottawa morality squad haven't gone much deeper than the cover of the book, or, if so, haven't the vaguest idea of the meaning behind it. Steinbeck and Caldwell don't do their typewriting on a cash register; if they use a sort of vulgar realism it is not to sell but to put across a point. Among contemporary writers they stand as good a chance as any of lasting beyond their time.

The fact that their work should be seized along with some news-stand trash is the best argument in the world against this type of censorship. No one-- least of all the Ottawa morality squad-- is equipped to do it.

More important: The right to decide between good and bad belongs, not to a group of fluttering Victorian nursemaids but to the individual. And if we have our employers, our wives and Darwin all whittling merrily away at our diminishing minutes of freedom, we've had enough.

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

This police business in Korea for instance. Why do not the governments come right out and be forthright and call it what we know it is-- an outright punitive action-- war on a smaller than what we have been used to scale? To me it looks more like the Spanish Civil War-- it is a made to order testing ground for both sides to try out their new weapons-- a nice big laboratory in which men are the guinea pigs. We are told the Communists do not want peace. What proof have we that OUR side want it any more? It is admitted that certain governments censor the news for fear of injuring the public safety. What assurance have we that we are told the truth of the peace negotiations? After all, it is to be expected that our side will always paint the enemy in the blackest hues on the palette, and paint our part of the scene in the brightest paints at their command. Once we admit that we are reading censored reports then it is logical to question everything we read. After reading the theories of censorship and propaganda and conditioning in the science fiction magazines, one goes on to the idea that perhaps there is no war in Korea but that we are being conditioned and propagandized to think there is. This hypnotic conditioning might also be carried to the armed forces so THEY believe they are at war and so report when writing home and say when they come home.

Now for some cynical utterances that I know is going to put me right in a great big pot of boiling hot water with all the religious readers of this journal: let us carry this propaganda and conditioning into religion and the church. For thousands of years we have been subjected to preachings and teachings of the Bible. We are told we must believe ALL of it without reservations-- that we CANNOT believe some of it and reject the rest. Now I ask you-- WHAT ASSURANCES HAVE WE THAT ANY OF IT IS THE GOSPEL TRUTH? So far all we have ever seen is the ONE side of the question. It has been like sitting in a jury box, listening to the prosecuting team drag up ALL the evidence against the accused. We have heard the direst things impuned against his character. We have been showed what seems to be conclusive proof that he is the blackest thing that ever was brought before us for judgement. Yet it is a tenant of democratic justice that the accused is always presumed to be innocent until proved guilty. Yet we in the jury box have never yet been allowed to hear the accused give evidence for himself. He is never allowed to speak-- to present evidence in his favor. If any witness is so bold as to offer evidence in his favor the police force rise and condemn him and throw him out. Yet here for thousands on thousands of years we have been expected to believe Satan is all bad and we have been asked to judge him without ever having heard his side of the

story. I suggest that it might be highly edifying to listen to the other side of the story-- to turn the shield about and see whether what we know now IS the truth or whether we have been conditioned and propagandized to someone's benefit in some gigantic celestial war of which we so far know nothing.

The United Nations has an idea that birth control would be a mighty fine thing for overpopulated countries whose birthrate is greater than their ability to feed. But the plan has been dropped, because those countries that are Catholic dominated raised such a hue and cry. Now I ask you? WHEN can we plan our destinies for the benefit of the human race without bowing to some Church with a perpetual axe to grind? Is it Christianity to breed children to grow up in poverty and ignorance and disease? Does the Pope only wish to overpopulate Heaven with a hungry sick mob? Or is the Pope only interested in maintaining his rule over a people who can never rise enough up the ladder of civilization to see the sun shine in all its splendor?

I've lambasted religion enough-- before I boil alive and the meat slows from my bones, I shall leave this horny question and get to something else.

Formula for writing science fiction serials in 3 parts seems to be: part one-- start her off with a bang-- get the reader all worked up-- part him from his 35¢; part two: rip ~~her~~ along at a rousing pace-- sex it up a bit, drag in some good ideas, chop it off where it gets good and promise something really hot for a climax; part three: oh hell, this has gone far enough, let it die about page three and then keep it limping along on two legs like a kicked hound dawg with his tail between his legs, when the yarn is dead and starting to rot write "The End" and collect your check from the editor who then can write a blurb using all the high-powered adjectives Hollywood publicity writers have worked to death-- and continue to work to death-- every time the same old dog comes out! The trouble, it seems, with fantasy and science fiction these days is the writer is so danged scared of predicting something that WON'T come to pass that he plays safe and contents himself by being sickly puerile!

Now I am in hot water from the science fiction purists in the crowd. I should be very clean after all this boiling!

Actually, for some time now, the most pleasure I have received from fantasy has been divided equally between perhaps 20% of what is being published in the magazines today and what I find in the mailing every three months! I don't believe that I have read ANY magazine completely within the last year. I HAVE been read-

ing almost 95% of the recent mailings, word for word, carefully. The other 5% was sort of slipped over, yet not so hastily that I didn't know what was being presented.

I am thinking that by this time I am more "in the soup" than when I began this column. Sam McCoy will probably be getting ready to "bawl the p" out of me for this spacing, but I had to do something to get into the issue all I wanted to and not have it come to more than 10 pages. Sure, sure, I know what somebody is bound to say, "Well, why keep it down to 10 pages?" To cut costs and for no other reason; I am trying to keep LIGHT down to 10 pages, no more and no less, each issue, and I am trying this as one way in which to do it. I shall await the verdict.

I shall also be in the soup for what is going to follow. Two of my readers, both of them non-Fapans, have been criticizing the amount of FAPA material I have been running. One of them became quite noisy and suggested that I run the odd issue completely void of Fapa stuff. This I tentatively promised to do, and I really did intend that this time. But I have just got done reading the last mailing and, really, there is so much in it I want to comment on, that I just can't go through with my original plan. So follows Fapa material. . .

LOOKING OVER THE 59TH, FAPA MAILING

CHOOG MAY 1952

You will notice, Lee, that this typing machine has been sliding this stencil around up there. I am using Presto stencils this issue, and they seem to be somewhat waxy. The carbon cushion sheet definitely is. As a result, with this screwy sort of spacing, the stencil refuses to behave every now and then. I am glad to see you have given up cigars. I never could stand a girl who smoked cigars. Bad enough when they chew tobacco or spit through their teeth-- but CIGARS! Hmml! That "Ha!" denoting an expression of humor re LIGHT. Are you laughing AT LIGHT, or WITH LIGHT? I got hell from one quarter for the "crude" jokes I ran last issue, so I polished up my halo and cleaned LIGHT up a mite. I still expect to catch hell for my remarks on Religion, though. From your remarks to "TV AND THE COMMON ME" I am led to believe your father is a tv repair technician. Am I right? If he is, then I sure don't blame him for not working on your set after working on the dam-- er-- pesky things all day long. I don't think there has been any instrument

devised to send man to the devil any quicker than has anything to do with electronics, especially the repair end. Just be happy the way he is-- thank God he doesn't come home twiddling his lips with his fingers and going "Nyaa nyaa!" while he looks you over cross-eyed! I bet I get as many irritating phone calls as you do. Mine being a business phone seems to be plagued more than it should. I think the one that made me cuss the most though was the day a voice said, soon as I picked up the receiver and greeted "Crutch Radio Service", "Will you send a load of manure to --- Street?" I spoke my business name again and without so much as a "sorry" the other end hung up. My number is 569. 596 is the number of a guy who has farm connections, and he has probably been selling fertilizer. I shudder to think anyone should think I was a ---- peddler!

FANTASY JACKASS SPRING 1952

You evidently have the same method I have for deriving enjoyment from a film whose entertainment factor is zero: picking holes in it. I recall the naked zipper in "Roseanna McCoy". In fact, I saw the pic twice to make sure I wasn't dreaming. I have already read or heard somewhere the incident of the scene with the nekkid gal in the background. I have never seen anything like that myself, though. But I have seen some terrific boners in some of the recent Roy Rogers' films, which pics seem to have lately reached an all-time low in nauseous mediocrity. I forgot the name of this one I now have in mind but in scenes closeup of the wagon there were always FOUR guards riding behind the driver, whereas in distant shots there were only THREE! Talking of Oscar-winning films-- I don't see where "American in Paris" was THAT good, and neither does anyone in this town that I have talked to about the film! In some newsreel shots shown here of the Art Students ball in Paris I've seen women naked from the waist up-- and this more than once, too.

LARK 1345

I wrote that stuff on "hi-fi" from the viewpoint of economical hi-fi, Bill. I realize, of course, that TRUE hi-fi is another step up the ladder. But so also is the cost. A pickup with a range up to 10K cps would still be a mighty big improvement over most of the stuff being sold the public at prices under \$100. There ARE, of course, pickups, and associated equipment that will go right on up into super-sonics, but from the practical viewpoint, what good are they? I'm laughing like hell these days at the boys at the Dodge garage where I get my work done. At first I ribbed them about it, but now my Christain-like character has come to the fore and I let them weep in secret. Before the

automotive industry went hi-compression conscious and started playing with overhead valves, V-8 motors and so on, the staff of this garage from the owner down through the shop foreman to the mechanics all ran the Ford V-8 into the ground. One of their songs was to the effect that the V-8 engine always wore the cylinders egg-shaped due to the pistons working on an incline. I also heard this at other garages. They ran Chevrolet into the ground because of the overhead valves, saying they were noisy-- impossible to make quiet, and so on-- when G.M brought out the now almost universal front-opening rear doors (hinged at the front is what I mean) they laughed, saying what a crazy idea it was, and demonstrating how a woman would dirty her skirts or her coat on the rear fender getting into or out of the rear seat. But now that Chrysler have got all these things, they say "Well, Chrysler improved them, they haven't got all the bugs in they used to have!" Now as Chrysler and the others all swipe off each other for all they are worth I have to smile to myself for a lot of the items Dodge is using or is slated to use are things this garage always said was no good, "If it was, Dodge would have them!" They said. Yes, somewhere or other I read that some company in the States was working on a steam car, that they had surmounted some of the bugs that had made the steam car of the past somewhat impractical. I'll be interested in seeing some real dope on it, if and when it becomes a reality. What you have to say in favor of the Anglia is held up by satisfied owners in this locality. Incidentally, Vanguard, Hillman, and Morris are sold locally and all are thought just as highly of. I saw a Vanguard all-steel station wagon up town the other day and is the first English job I've seen that would be flexible and roomy enough for my work. The English G.M Vauxhall is also a nice little job, and the English Ford Consul is a lot of small car also, even though Consumers Union doesn't think too highly of it. The English car's economy is a big feature up here where gas is 42¢ to 45¢ a gallon, though this economy is offset by the initial higher cost of the car. You can buy them much cheaper down there than we can by several hundred dollars-- and Canada is always bragging about trade agreements with Britain to help the British out! Your mimeoing is ok this time.

HORIZONS

I think it would be all right to merge with the SAPS, but the merge should be on the terms of the party accepting the proposition, not on the terms of the party withing to merge. The only change under

the merge in activity requirements should IF any are made, be in requirements for renewal of membership. I don't see why it should be necessary to have more than four mailings a year. More would add a lot to the duties of the editor and the secretary and I don't think that should be done as they are donating their time free and doing their official duties as a part of their hobby. 8 pages a year requirement look to me to be sufficient as things stand now. Why make it more? But I DO think a ruling should be made as to the eligibility of postmailings. Either these should NOT be counted, or else they should be counted at half value. You have a point in doing something about those who wait until the last minute and then whack off something just to be able to renew their membership, though such a publisher might turn out something far more entertaining than someone else who takes his time. Suppose we change the regulation so it reads a member must have issued AT LEAST 3/4s of the 8 pages by the time the 3rd mailing of his membership is issued. But why worry too much over this? Usually the last man home sort of member drops out sooner or later anyway just because he finally cut things too closely.

IRUSABEN

The crossword puzzle was sent in already stencilled. The definitions on page 7 was typed out by me. The answer to the puzzle on page 11 was sent in also already stencilled. Your mimeography is getting better all the time.

TANGENT

WHY doesn't Leo just whip out one big whopping fanzine instead of splitting up her undeniable talent into so many? Do you mean to say, Laney, that in your country you can declare charitable expenses for income tax purposes WITHOUT having to produce a receipt? In Canada you have documentary proof that you gave that many away, or else you just don't claim it, and that's that, brother! After all, there IS a difference between he who gives to the church and he who works for the church, eg., a minister. The donator is giving to a charitable institution. The minister is employed by the church, and anything that is a professional expense incurred in earning his income is, like that of a businessman or a doctor or lawyer, deductible. If the minister donated out of his earnings to his church or any other church, then he could claim that donation and likely have it accepted. I do agree with your contention, though: too many of the modern churches appear to think more of the dollar than they do of Christ. And how many young male fans have I met who were also pimply and had chopped hair and were altogether abnoxious?

WASSAW ETC

The way to handle those two speakers if you haven't done so, Walt, is to place

them some distance apart, facing each other. Sit between them, adjusting your position until the sound reaching each ear is identical. When you reach the proper position the speakers themselves appear to vanish as far as sound is concerned, and the sound itself seems to originate inside your head. The sensation is an eerie one and everything takes on a vastly different timbre and resonance. Try it if you already haven't. No, wait, radiomen here aren't all shining Sir Galahads, far from it. But I contend that you will find no greater percentage of crooks in that field than you will find in any other field, say, carpentry, plumbing, auto-mobile mechanics, and so on. Perhaps your locality is accursed worse than most with its share of poor workmen. Or perhaps the pay is so miserable that the good men have gone elsewhere rather than stay put and have to cheat in order to make a living. Another thing, too-- how many of your so-called "radiomen" are true technicians, trying to do their best, and how many are tinkerers, screw-driver mechanics or fix-it men who have read a little of the art and decided they now know it all and have stepped out as "radio servicemen". There are three of this latter class in this town. Don't forget that many times dear old John Q. Public asks for such treatment by shopping around for the cut-rate artist, and refusing to support the man who does know what he is doing, and always gives the best that is within him and is always trying to become better at his trade. Those that shop for a bargain in any kind of repair work deserves just what he or she gets and they deserve no sympathy from me. Of course, I don't condemn the man who charges more than the article can be replaced for for fixing it up-- unless the customer knows ahead of time and still authorizes the job. In that case it is entirely the responsibility of the customer. There is only ONE way to comment on a mailing, I have found. Do it without pause, without letting it "mellow"-- do it while the inspiration is hot. Do it right on stencil and never correct anything you have said. Then your comments are more like live conversation, than it could ever be otherwise.

A LA BABOOM

I still think the best thing about this l'il zine is its illos. Gad, how I wish I be as facile with stylus. . . I think it is high time Li'l Abner did get married to Daisy Mae. It is much more moral this way than it was when they were single. After all, in the words of a friend of mine who uttered them before he got married-- "He sure ain't going with that girl all this time for nothin'!"

ELFIN

WHY should I change to "DARKNESS"? Aand after all this work to rack up such a nice number? Are you serious?

ORLST

Well now I dunno. Is that cover what I think it is or am I just being Freudian? I showed it to my brother and he got the same interpretation that I did, and I never said a word. . . If they abolish

staples in prozines what the hell are they going to bind them with? The samples I have seen without staples fall apart at the first page-turning. At least staples are durable. I say leave well enough alone.

UNASKED OPINION

Yes, I can remember when I used to do the same thing-- rotate needles in the chuck to get a new point. When I first read about needles wearing chisel-pointed I didn't believe it, so I got a powerful lens and had a look for myself. I have never rotated a needle since. There is NO such thing as a "permanent" needle. The closest to it is the diamond. It is more exact to call them "long playing" as that is all they are. I think the best way to preserve valuable personal recordings would be by use of tape.

DUCKSPEAK

When we were living out in Hanna, Alberta when I was about 8, we had a "hired girl"-- a female servant in other words-- and I recall once we spoke of someone as being "cute". This girl, who was a sort of smart-alecky jerk, started to laugh. When we finally got her cooled down she told us that "cute" meant "bow-legged", and not even a visit to the dictionary could show her that. Since then I have decided "leggy" or family cute meant being bow-legged or else it was some sort of local colloquialism. As I don't for one moment suspect that Lee is bowlegged I'll buy our definition of the term "cute" and admit that it means the same thing to me. If Lee isn't flattered by the adjective then I fear there isn't much hope for her. . . Sign in shoe store window somewhere in the Southern Central States as reported by TIME-- "Our shoes make street walking a pleasure!" ??????

Look at that, will you? I have a page left for something or other. Those magazines not commented on were yet enjoyed. I just haven't things to say on everything I read, but don't think you were ignored deliberately.

SALE OR SWAP

Fantasy Stories, November 1950, in good condition with covers. 15¢.
Suspense, Spring 1951, in my opinion, a pretty fair bit of reading. 99% mint condition-- 1% depreciation due to eye tracks. 35¢ swap; 25¢ cash.
"Glimpse"-- Novel printed in the Feb. 2 1952 Toronto Star Weekly; by John Russell Fearn. Make me an offer.

LES CROUTCH, BOX 121, PARRY SOUND, ONTARIO

SPEAKER DATA FOR AUDIOPHILES

The following data is for p.m. speakers manufactured by the General Electric Company. I trust it will be some information to you.

CATALOG NO.	SIZE	MAGNET WT. (OZ.)	POWER RATING (WATTS)	V.C. IMP. OHMS	V.C. DIAMETER	RESONANCE (C.P.S.)	FREQ. RESPONSE
400D	4	1.3	4	3.2	9/16	185	140-7,000
402D	4	1.0	4	3.2	9/16	185	140-7,000
403D	4	.68	4	3.2	9/16	185	140-7,000
500D	5	1.3	4	3.2	9/16	160	125-8,000
503D	5	.68	4	3.2	9/16	160	125-8,000
525D	5 1/4	1.3	4	3.2	9/16	160	120-7,000
526D	5 1/4	1.0	4	3.2	9/16	160	120-7,000
527D	5 1/4	.68	4	3.2	9/16	160	120-7,000
625D	6 1/2	1.3	4	3.2	9/16	140	110-9,000
650D	6 1/2	2.98	8	3.2	3/4	150	100-10,000
703D	6 x 9	1.47	8	3.2	3/4	100	70-13,000
800D	8	2.98	8	3.2	3/4	100	80-11,000
810D	8	6.8	12	3.2	1	100	80-10,000
1000D	10	6.8	12	3.2	1	75	80-10,000
1001D	10	14.5	25	8.0	1 1/4	70	60-8,000
1200D	12	6.8	12	3.2	1	75	60-8,000
1201D	12	6.8	25	8.0	1 1/4	70	50-13,000

LAST MINUTE NEWS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

The backlog of material here is getting sort of enemic. Which means I'm soon going to have to start soliciting material from you readers. Right now I am almost completely out of poetry, fiction, and articles. I am completely out of art work. So here is your chance to get into LIGHT. FAPA Members who do not have a mimeo or hekto and need some credit can help himself/herself and LIGHT at the same time. Art work submitted must be, for the time being, completed on stencil and ready to run. I can use a few stories, but they shouldn't be too long. I'd suggest nothing over a thousand words. Short shorts would be better. The same for articles: articles need not be of stricte fannish nature. Poetry-- the shorter the better, prefer limericks that are fantastic or science-fictional, and somewhat saucy, but not outright dirty. LIGHT is at present wide open for take-off or highly fanatastic advertising. LIGHT publishes practically anything at all, providing it will pass postal regulations. However, the

soliciting material does not necessarily mean I will accept carte blanche ANYT sent my way. I still reserve the right to reject, and to edit that which I accept. LIGHT, having but 10 pages, cannot promise to publish material immediately, so don't send something in and demand that it be run in the next issue because you just HAVE to have the credit. LIGHT will try for a quarterly appearance so it can come out in every mailing. However no promises are made in that respect.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

A friend of mine who owns an English 6-cylinder Rover, informs me this smaller than the Plymouth Cranbrook, weighs just as much.

oOo

If you see Jane Wyman in "The Blue Veil" watch one scene in a park where a dog licks the face of Nurse Wyman's charge. After being chased off, the canine proceeds to irrigate some foliage in the background. Mr. Censor, how did you miss scissoring THAT out of the film?

oOo