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LIGHT FLASHES

by You Know Who, D.D.T.,
P.E.W., P.F.U.T., etc.

Veteran readers of this journal will recognize the comet-tail name. It was a steady appearer for LIGHT from its inception up to the Fall 1945 issue.

So far no one has seconded Boggs' motion for reprints from earlier issues of LIGHT. I am neither for nor against it. It'd certainly fill up the pages, I'll grant you that, but I think I can keep on getting enough new material not to have to resort to such measure. I am still wide open for material. Marion Bradley's article on music appearing in this issue will show you that I'm not strict about subject matter. Appearing in the next issue will something on postage stamps by Norman V. Lamb. I hope you enjoy both.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

No art work has come through as yet, though (as of December 2nd., when this is being typed.) I like a magazine, any kind of a magazine, with pictures, and lately LIGHT has been looking pretty bare in that respect. So to spur some of you amateur artists I'm going to relax my requirements a little. I'll accept line drawn cartoons or pictures on paper. Don't make them too complicated, please. And don't expect to see them reproduced exactly as you worked them up. Errors are bound to creep in in the process of tracing.

It is really tragic that man cannot progress with retrogressing. What a fine place the world would soon be if we could, as we found new things, discard only the bad. But it seems that as fast as one section of the race throws off another few links of the chain that connects it to the animal, another section is busy forging new links with which to keep in subjection a portion of the human race.

One section of a country that prides itself on being democratic-- that is busy trying to be one of the leaders toward that ever brighter dawn man is so he will some day see-- has recently taken a page right out of Hitler's book, and no doubt out of Stalin's book. His government has passed laws by which citizens who spy and tattle-tale on their neighbors will be rewarded! This law is to fight that food of the Devil, that Nectar of Hell, that most horrible of all foods, Margarine. To combat the possibility of it entering, or being made in, or even consumed in, those lands under his dictatorial hand, this proud example of ersatz homo sapiens, this strutting peacock has made it law that any citizen knowing of such traffic in margarine, and reporting it to the law, will receive half of any fines levied! Shades of Germanic Naziism! This proud excuse for a man has also said that any vehicle, any person, found carrying this butter substitute, whether deliberately or innocently, can be arrested and jailed! Presumably this can mean any automobile, airplane, child's wagon, scooter, postman, deliveryman, can be thrown in the local hoosegow because he or she carried, guiltily, or innocently, margarine! This means a citizen can become a criminal just by crossing a border and buying and then carrying home and being found in possession of this horrible substance.

Is this in Asia-- Germany-- Russia? Is this banned product the produce of some foreign power?

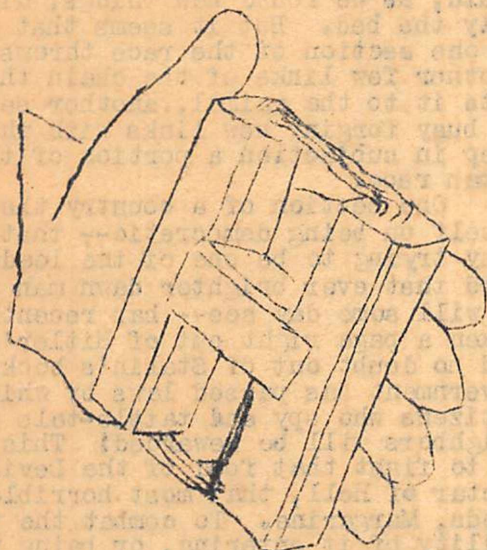
Not at all. For the man is Premier "The People be Damned" Duplessis, and the province is Quebec!

NO COMMENT SHOULD BE NECESSARY

An authentic report made to LIGHT's readers by Leslie A. Croutch.

AN OLD BIRTHDAY TOAST:

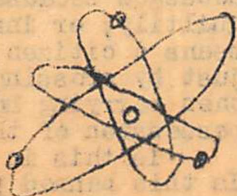
"May You live as long as you can enjoy life...
And may you enjoy life as long as you live."



ATOMAGNET

Your Personal
Magnetism
Re-generator

Magnetism
the Force that
Holds the World
Together.



To the left you will see a reasonably accurate facsimile of the cover of a beautifully printed, highly calendered paper brochure consisting of cover and three pages. Page two informs the reader, in an octagonal frame: "Never give up! It's the secret of Glory." This statement is separated from another statement, (the first is in black, the second in red) by a fanciful S standing 1" high: "It's the secret of physical fitness too!"

Now the reader is in a proper frame of mind to be hoaxed, we turn to page 3, where we read the following under the leader: "Many of Men's Ills. . .":

"are due to the body being allowed to run down. Any machine will stop running if the "psark" fails. Your body is a wonderful machine-- it works automatically, making its own repairs, replacing its worn out tissues, requiring only fuel and control. It should operate perfectly-- and automatically-- and indefinitely, as long as its activating magnetic force is maintained.

"It is a simple matter to keep your magnetic force up to par, for the supply of magnetism is infinite-- it is in everything, everywhere, in every atom of all matter, and is in continuous circulating between the north and south magnetic poles.

"All you need do is to tune in on this all pervading circuit, and you regenerate your run down portion of the great motivating force of life. This process is simplified for you by the

"ATOMAGNET"
(patents pending)

a "permanent magnet" device which exerts a magnetizing influence on the body when brought into contact with it. The result of this influence is an activating of the natural functions of the muscles and tissues of the body, with a consequent improvement in physical fitness."

Page four goes on with this drivel, as follows:

**The Development of the
"Atomagnet"**

is due to the efforts of a prospector, now a hale and hearty 75 years old, who years ago became aware of the radio-activity of cobalt. For nearly 20 years he has worked on the project of applying the principle of "permanent magnet" to the human body and met with encouraging results all along the way. He himself found renewed vigor and vitality from contact with the device. He passed it on to others and they experienced similar benefits. Reports from users include:-

Refreshing, uninterrupted
sleep

No more cramps
Stiffness in joints now past
Get up without ache or pain
Leg swelling all gone
Muscles supple
Better appetite
Clear head
Alert mind
Steady pulse
Feel years younger
Ready for anything
Can really enjoy the good
things of life again.

~~THESE EXPERIENCES MAY~~

BE YOURS. . .

for, since the magnetic force exists in everyone alike, "ATOMAGNET" will have exactly the same effect on everyone alike, varying only in relation to the varying conditions of the individual.

(Are you still with me? Page 5 goes on):

AND IT'S SO EASY AND SIMPLE!

No dosing
No time-table
No schedule
No preparation
No mixing
Nothing to remember or forget
No plugging in
No recharging
No upkeep—

just put it in your bed and leave it there. It works while you sleep. You don't even feel it, except maybe a slight pleasant warmth, as you drift comfortably into a relaxed refreshing sleep. The re-

laxation spreads throughout your tissues on the magnetic impulses re-activated in your body by contact with the magnetic force harnessed by "ATOMAGNET". It functions perfectly under all atmospheric conditions.

NOW AVAILABLE

"ATOMAGNET" is now available to you in attractive quilted cover, at \$35.00 in natural finish, \$60.00 in silver finish, and you are invited to send for it by mail. It cannot possibly do you any harm. It will likely prove to be the best investment you ever made in your later life, and it will last indefinitely.

(Page 6 of the brochure concludes):

DIRECTIONS

"ATOMAGNET" can be used on any part of the body. For best general results place it between two pillows or in one pillow folded double, and lie with the head immediately above or at either end of the "ATOMAGNET". Benefits are accumulative, increasing with continuous use.

GARANTEE

If after a period of sixty days you are not satisfied with results, return the "ATOMAGNET" and your money will be refunded in full.

PHYSICAL FITNESS FOUNDATION
Winnipeg, Canada

(The address of the retailer is stamped below with a rubber stamp):

VITA HEALTH CO.,
296 Kennedy St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

(In reprinting the above every effort was made to be accurate to the original. No words have been deleted. No words have been added. If permanent magnets are so beneficial to human health, then radio men ought to be the healthiest humans on earth, considering the number of p.m. speakers now in daily use!!!!)

HARRY WARNER WILL HATE ME
FOR THIS

by

Marion Zimmer Bradley

"I can fight my enemies, but only
God can save me from my friends".
-Abraham Lincoln.

The above quotation might have been written about fans-- science-fiction, baseball or be-bop. Because it is not the casual reader who destroys science-fiction, or the casual listener who destroys the opera. It is the Serious Constructive Fan, damning ROCKETSHIP X-M and AMAZING STORIES, who ensures that science-fiction will remain thought-of as a lunatic fringe of fiction, inhabited by violent crusaders and meaningless except to the special devotee of the field. He resists angrily any attempt to popularize his beloved reading, but at the same time, he gripes about the lack of "slick" magazines in the field, the dearth of "straight" science-fiction movies (untainted, of course, by such vulgarities as Borgey girls or audience-appeal) and the general indifference shown by the public.

In the same manner, it is the "serious constructive" fan of grand opera who, trying hard to preserve the snob-appeal of his favorite music, insures that the serious opera companies will be forever running into the red. Witness the shrieks of rage from the operatic snobs when the sensible Rudolph Bing put Die Fledermaus into the repertory. "Gross catering to the box office," they howled, "Serious 'Servitude to commercialism'-- etc.

Rudolph Bing is a man of sense. If he had even more sense, he would add the best of the modern operas such as OKLAHOMA, SOUTH PACIFIC and KISS ME KATE. I said, operas. And I meant operas. OKLAHOMA, for instance, if produced in a foreign language in the musty operatic atmosphere, could hold its own in lyrical beauty, technical perfection and "musical importance" with the light operas of

Puccini or Looncavallo, if not with Verdi or Meyerbeer. OKLAHOMA is certainly better opera than IL TROVATORE.

The arias-- I insist on the term "arias"-- from SOUTH PACIFIC, if sung in some foreign language by some unfamiliar opera star, before they become juke-box popular, would have set up their composer as the equal of Mascagni or Monotti. And I will dare swear that in two hundred years the score of KISS ME KATE or BLOOMER GIRL will stand up, in impartial judgement, beside that of FORZA DEL DESTINO or THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST. I defy anyone to say and prove that the music of Sigmund Romberg, George Gershwin, Victor Herbert is inferior to the stupid and banal claptrap ground out by Donizetti and Rossini for the Italian opera circa 1835. And Bellini, who achieved a minor miracle in NORMA, also wrote two operas which would be hoisted out of a modern musical audience-- I PURITANI, LA SONNAMBULA; and if those are operas, then THE RED MILL and ROSE MARIE can't be dismissed as "light opera"; in fact, many of Mozart's pot-boiler operas-- IDOMENEO, IL SERAGLIO, etc-- are even cheaper and more catch-penny than the modern juke-box junk. But because they are "opera", they are idolized, and the much-superior music of modern film writers is dismissed as "inconsequential".

Now, I'm not trying to say that the ITALIAN STREET SONG can stand up against the Grail Scene from PARISAL. That would be silly. There's a vast difference between "great music" and "good music". But one cannot say with facility that "opera" is ipso facto "serious", and that operetta is "inconsequential".

The great mistake of the musical mind, so far, is in making the division between "classical" and "popular" music. The majority of Italian and French operas-- (and German too, if we except the esotericism of Wagner and Strauss) were once the diversion of the "popular" audience. In musically illiterate America, the very name of "opera" has become so classicalized that it is "intellectual" to prefer-- say-- Bellini's CASTA DIVA to the ITALIAN STREET SONG from NAUGHTY MARIETTA. I see no great difference, when they are

taken impartially. Both are vocal fireworks, and both contain lovely melodious airs. Both can be murdered, on occasion, by incompetent sopranos (soprani ?) and both can be delightful when competently sung. They are about equally difficult. And I will say, and maintain forever, that the song Bali Ha'i is a better "operatic aria" than-- for instance-- La Donna e Mobile, or Celeste Aida. And I say this-- being a rabid opera fan.

In Italy, I understand, such operatic arias as Rodolfo's Racconto from LA BOHEME, are sung as popular songs-- the equivalent of Stardust or O Promise Me.

Only in America is the foolish and futile distinction still made, and the artificial barrier is hard to break down-- but it can be done, I think. It is, of course, necessary to make a distinction between "popularization" and "vulgarization". First, produce the better modern operas-- or musical comedies, if you insist-- as opera: but, right along with them, on the same stages in the same repertories, produce CARMEN, LA BOHEME, MANON, MIGNON, even AIDA. Try CARMEN JONES-- which is not a parody, but an honest attempt at presenting legitimate opera in modern dress. Try a modernized TRAVLTA; it isn't out-dated, for fathers still do have family tantrums when sons imperil the family name by affairs with a notorious trollop. LA BOHEME would be just as convincing if laid in Greenwich Village with Mimi in a sweater and skirt. On the other hand, the more romantic musical comedies could be given the full operatic treatment, instead of being "dressed down" for Broadway or Hollywood.

Musical drama is musical drama, whether it's by Verdi, Romberg, Mozart, Hammerstein, Puccini, Strauss, Gilbert and Sullivan, Bellini, or Rogers and Hart. Some is better than the rest; but the composer's name and language do not automatically insure the quality of his opera. Let's throw the snob-appeal out of opera, and at the same time, put a little musical discrimination and good taste into musical comedy; and "She was built like a prize hon-- good to the last lay."

perhaps there will be born anew and living, American Opera from the marriage, the marriage of a crumbling baroque "opera" and a vulgarly commercialized "Broadway show". It should be possible to strike a living, now and vital medium between Hollywood's horrors and the Mothballs of the Met.

-30-

(Editor's comments: I agree pretty much with everything Author Zimmer has to say. So far I have liked most of everything Rudolph Bing has been doing at the Met. I heard DIE FLEDERMAUS one afternoon and I think I got more pure undiluted enjoyment out of the "modernization" than I have out of any "regular" opera I have since heard. I personally don't like GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST. It sounds to me too much like a horse opera putting on airs and being something that it "ain't"!)

XX

THE MAIL BOX

SAM W. MCCOY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

I, too, have glanced at the current Fantastic. I'm fed up to the back teeth with the cheap, asinine, BORING reprints -- and I do mean Poe! Of all the goddam useless crud to foist upon an unsuspecting public, this just about takes the cake! So, in the current issue, it's a previously unpublished Poe story, completed by Bloch. SO what? It's still Poe, just as wordy, actionless, pointless, suspenseless and ever. For 35?, I want something better. I bought the first three issues of F., but no more-- not until they drop Poe, and the remainder of his ilk. I do notice one improvement--they have removed those reprint detective stories that they were so proud of in the first two issues.

(This letter reflects MY reactions to the magazine perfectly. I have the first 3 issues, 99% unread. I doubt that I shall purchase more. I wonder what word rates is being paid other editors to say those sickly sweet platitudes about F.? And I wonder how many tongues are in checks at the same time?-- ED)

". . .so he took out his Colt .45 and filled the big bad rustler full of holes. He knew it was loaded with bird shot."

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE MACHINES

This appeared under the column head "Rough Cuts" in Canadian Industrial Equipment News, for September 1962. It appears thru the courtesy of Sam McCoy who sent it to LIGHT for reprinting.

We read the other day that M.I.T developed an electronically-controlled machine tool that is almost human, will turn a finished part in nothing flat.

The young whelp writing the article projected himself into the future, had visions of robot factories with nobody in sight except a few men to push buttons. Now Charlie ("Modern Times") Chaplin thought of this long ago. So did H. G. Wells. And one Olaf Stapleton in "Last and First Men" predicts that mechanical brains will soon be bossing us around. Not to be outdone we hereby present our own version of Joe Green's atomicago working day.

7:00 AM.--- Bed explodes, catapulting waking body into bath of cold, cleansing glue. Joe is scrubbed and shaved by a maze of machinery while sucking liquid bacon, eggs and coffee from a tube. . . Glue sticks to body and Joe is sprayed from neck with anatomized wool (his clothing) until he looks like a fugitive from a pastoral ballet.

7:01-- Trap door drops body into pneumatic tube and in one blast Joe is at the factory.

7:01 A.M to 11 P.M.-- Joe walks moving treadmill. Every five rounds a metallic fist appears, pounds him on the head Joe then takes oil can, lifts aluminum cap and adds a drop of oil. Every ten rounds Joe takes a cloth and polishes a brass rail.

11:00-- Joe is dropped into the pneumatic tube, clothes are blown off while travelling and by 11:02 he lands in bed. Room is sprayed with perfumed chloroform and in two seconds Joe, tired but happy, is asleep.

7:00 A.M.-- Bed explodes. . . ad. nauseum. . . Wondering whether this sort of living routine could ever come true we interviewed the chief mechanic of a large adding machine manufacturer.

QUESTION: "Would you care to make a statement, Sir, for the benefit of CIEN

readers on whether the human race will ever be dominated by electronic brains?" ANSWER: "Don't give it another thought.

If the machine gets tough, give it a kick in the selenium rectifier."

So what are we worried about!

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LIGHT FLASHES (continued from page 1)

Ah, Adolph! How you must be laughing this night, wherever you are!

I can see now the posters in front of your local movie theatre, advertising a modernized version of "The Informer", starring a Quebecker, and probably produced by-- but let us refrain from sullyng these pages further!

Pursuant to our discussions on cars, the following information may be of some interest to certain readers, Bill Danner, for instance. The 1953 retail price, as advertised in a December 1953 issue of a Toronto daily paper, for the English VANGUARD, is: "local delivered price, de-luxe 5-door sedan, including over \$200. worth of extras, ready for the road...\$2,095.00". There is an exact price with which you can compare your American,

The United States had a nice little revolution to get away from monarchist England. Canada, in much later years, has been following the same road, though a peaceful branch, of declaring itself free of kings and queens and their influence. Yet deep down Canucks and Yanks are always doing their dangedest to set up replacements for royalty and titles. The Yanks are always voting somebody or other one of the ten-best-dressed women-- as if any sensible person gave a tinker's damn. Canuckland won't have titles, yet Canada calls top political leaders Right Honorable So-and-so. Citizens of both countries strive to do something in order to attempt a Command Performance, be presented at court, or otherwise get within germ-passing distance of royalty. I wish the average Joe would be honest and admit that down at heart he is still a Royalty-loving jerk and stop preetending otherwise. Even Russians can't be too original and imitate Royal functions at their State dinners and functions. Looks as though Monarchism is still the strongest force in the world, maybe even stronger than democracy!

-30-

LOOKING OVER THE 61ST MAILING

This is being conducted in my usual slap-happy manner-- reading the offerings once again and composing directly on stencil as the thoughts come. Fully responsible for all grammatical and typographical errors, some of which, I am sure, are funnier than those deliberately intended.

SKY HOOK

I don't necessarily like vintage cars, nor am I an "old foof". But I do maintain a lot of the old gas buggies had qualities that the engineers leave out of the newer ones. It looks to me that every time we have an improvement we are deprived of some past advantage. The newer cars are streamlined things of beauty. I'll grant you that the average 1953 car is smoother lined and more colorful and also more comfortable, but I do not admit they have improved to any great extent mechanically. To achieve streamlining the body makers have engineered in pockets, folds, ledges that catch mud, snow, the slats the highways are covered with during winter. This sludge lies in these hard to drain nooks and crannies and as a result you soon have a car that looks as though termites have been feasting on! The older type car was so open and so plainly built underneath there were fewer places to collect such stuff and thus they lasted longer. I think Detroit (to use Detroit as a symbol of the car industry) would be better advised to drop their mad race to always have something glaringly different on the road come each year, and instead settle on a good solid style, and then work to make it better. If an improvement was incorporated, do so but not at the expense of some other valuable detail. The sales department has got so sales crazy they are trying their damndest to make the motoring public trade in his or her car every year or two just to keep up with the Joneses. In England, I understand, when a man buys a car he intends to make it last the rest of his life. As a result the average Englishman takes care of his car, and the manufacturer tries to build a car to LAST more than just a few years. As a result you get a conservatively styled car, but

also a car that isn't going to look like Noah's Ark in 36 months! Incidentally, read what Tom McHill says about the Mayflower in a recent MECHANICS ILLUSTRATED. Another thing-- what are we gaining by having 150 hp, and up, motors in our modern automobile? What use are 100 and 120 mph cars when they are driven, usually, on 50 to 60 mph highways, and by motorists with 50 mph brains and 35 mph reflexes? Before the war the average 80 to 90 hp. engine had plenty of pep to all average purposes, and the prewar cars were always breaking the speed limit. Is it because we need big gas greedy power plants to haul around the elephantine barges Detroit calls bodies, supported on great blobs of rubber cushions that are only increasing friction? Squashy tires, great weight, and the engineers found people were fighting to steer their massive monstrosities, so they are bringing out power steering. And if you have to purchase a Nash Golden ~~W~~ Airflyte Ambassador so the girls will ride with you, what use are the women? If all they think of is a sporty car then why marry them? She doesn't love you, she loves your car. Then why bother popping the question and running yourself the expense of supporting the gal? Sleep with the gal, let her ride in your palace of wheels, and trade her in when you trade the car in, on a newer, more up-to-date, less battered model, with better upholstery, an improved and faster and also greedier power plant, and an unscratched paint job! . . . Ok now so let us put the shoe on the OTHER foot regarding radio service. What other trade is plagued by stupid customers wanting a carte blanche guarantee that because they spent \$5. on the old crock that it WON'T give ANY trouble for another 5 years? Does the automobile mechanic have people ring him up and tell him their car won't start and want to know exactly WHY, and WHAT it is going to cost to repair it? How many professions are required to give a guarantee of ANY kind? How many radio technicians can haul down the charges that carpenters, bricklayers, doctors, plumbers and automobile mechanics do? Before the war surveys in your country showed that the radio profession was the poorest paid profession of them all, and

in many instances radio technicians got no more than common laborers? When radio was new, and even now, countless people bought parts and made their own sets. Immediately countless people got the idea that it was a simple game, and anybody could repair a set, and so why pay a regular businessman a decent fee when the kid down the block could horse around and sometimes fix it? How long would radiomen be able to get away with the practise of the medical profession of charging \$3. and up for just telling you what MIGHT be wrong in 5 minutes in his office? You call in a radioman and he fixes your set and if something else goes the next day you yell bloody murder (I am using the pronoun "you" here to denote the public as a whole) about being gypped and demand a free job or else. Yet you don't mind paying your garage \$25. today and another \$10. tomorrow and another \$20. the day after that. The doctor works on an ache in your leg for months and months and you don't kick because his first bottle of medicine or first bit of "work" didn't clear things up! You call in your plumber and he puts a new gasket in your toilet and you don't ask him to guarantee that NOTHING will go wrong ANYWHERE else in the house after that. Yet a vast majority of the public demand a radioman to guarantee that they will have NO troubles, and if they do, that he will repair it for free, within the guarantee period! The MISTAKE radio service technicians made was to sell their labor so cheaply in the beginning-- to ever guarantee their work-- and to try to treat the average John Citizen as a human being instead of the way the garageman, the plumber, or the doctor does! You suggest that it is easier for the radioman to cheat than the plumber et al. Then you suggest that if we adopted a fancy name to describe our profession we could charge higher prices. Is THAT strictly honest? Because I call myself an "Electronician" instead of a "radio repairman", does that mean I did a better job-- used a higher priced part?-- that my time is worth more?

FAPA FILE

The picture on the cover reminds me of the guy who couldn't buy blended tobacco so he added another bowl to his pipe and blended the smoke! . . .

TAMBOR-HI

I don't think that I have met anybody yet that I didn't disagree with at one time or another. After all, to always agree with the other fellow's opinion you'd have to be some sort of a super-yes-man. It is only the actual narrow-minded to refuse to admit anyone else is entitled to a different opinion and who will not listen to that other opinion. After all, there is an outside chance that there has yet to be presented an opinion by anyone that was completely correct, unless that opinion deals only with the person expressing it, such as: "In my opinion, I am fortunate to enjoy such good health." As far as the utterer is concerned, that opinion is substantially correct. . . I enjoyed your comments on the various members.

FLOOK

I think Winne turned out a highly interesting magazine for his first FAPA offering. I only hope he can keep up the tough pace he has thus set himself. . . Well, I SAY I worry about my non-FAPA readers, but actually I worry about NONE of my readers at all! LIGHT gets run as I want it run, and usually I give not a tinkers dam for anyone! . . . Ottawa censoring may sound like Boston, and possibly may be to some extent as far as it concerns the printed word. But after listening to the plays put on by the CBC you'd be sure to wonder, what with all the "Gods" and "damns" and "hells" that pop up in some of their dramatic offerings. It's actually more British than American when it comes to freedom of speech. . . I suspect our personal taxation set-up may be simpler than yours. I know I have to fill out only one government form once a year. With it I send in a profit and loss statement. From income I deduct \$1,000.



SMOKE MILLIP PHOGGUS -- they're guaranteed to be free of all purities.



YELLOW FEATHER CAMPAIGN help all your your unfortunate brothers who are afraid to help themselves!

which is the basic deduction for everybody and then pay income tax on the rest. That is all the taxes I pay outside of two here in town-- business tax and poll tax. . . .

SHORT CIRCUIT

This illustrates what I was talking about a few lines back: about different opinions. I LIKED the music from "American in Paris", but I didn't care for the story at all, and most of the acting. Some isolated scenes pleased me, and I enjoyed Kelley's dancing. I agree with you that Academy Award pictures need not be terrific; I do approve of the Award's switch. But I don't think "American in Paris" was THAT good! And hereabouts I've met very few people who did. Technically I admit the film was superb, but techniques do not necessarily make an enjoyable film. . . . As refers to Marlon Brando, I agree with you there. The man just doesn't have anything on the ball. He can't enunciate worth a damn-- his lines sound like surly grunts. Personally I considered "A Streetcar Named Desire" a fizzle from beginning to end. All it appeared to be was yak yak yak and still more yak. Everybody went around mad at everybody else. They all acted like surly kids who had found the school hand't burned down after all. . . . Leslie Caron may not be a polished actresses but yet I enjoy her very much. She has, to me anyway, a refreshing, pixie-like charm that is arousingly different. In my opinion () she has more on the ball than a lot of the new Hollywood starlets that are ballyhooed as being crosses between the Venus di Milo and something God gave the poor starving Israelites! . . . I like Gaary Cooper because he always strikes me as being natural. . . Now I make a statement that I may get tangled in: that is your comment that I may not understand not understand another's enthusiasm over "American in Paris". Now, although I wasn't enthused, yet I can well see that another could be. Enthusiasm merely reflects a person's degree of approval or liking of something. I hope I am clear.

UNASKED OPINION

Well, actually, isn't any belief a religion? By "belief" I mean where any two or more people, or even one person, practises a worshipping or believing in

some sort of supreme being or beings, whether they be a god, gods, devil, devils, or what have you? No I do not think I confuse religion with any churchly tenets. If I did could I then believe it is possible to be a Christain or Believer without belonging to any church, sect, or that it is even necessary to believe in what those sects or churches teach? I don't think I have thought along such lines for all of 20 years now. What I meant by that question-- "WHAT ASSURANCES HAVE WE THAT ANY OF IT IS THE GOSPEL TRUTH?"-- was, are we to accept the Biblical stories on their face value as miracles wrought by some Higher Being, without trying to find the truth, or the true explanation? I believe Jericho fell, but I do not believe implicitly that that the walls were brought down by the simple expedient of marching around it several times and then blowing the trumpets. If that did take place, the collapse at that time was a coincidence and due to natural causes, or else there is some other facts left out of the story, or the true facts are camouflaged until what actually did occur can't be ascertained. . . . Like you, I enjoy the shrill skirling of the bag pipes. I know of few who do-- personally know, that is. Most people laugh and make disparaging remarks, though I have yet to understand why. . . . Give America back to the Crown? Tsk ts! Why? Come in with us instead. We're not at all stuffy!!

HORIZONS

It may not be the official tenet of any religious organization that everything must be believed in the Bible, yet there are yet ministers who hold to the old-fashioned belief, and some people too, and not elderly people at that. Their belief is pure and simple: everything in the Book must be accepted at face value and without question; if you believe one thing you must believe all. To question even one small detail is only to weaken your faith and make you that much less a Christian. . . Personally I doubt if it ever will be settled beyond question that there is an actual Deity-- concrete unshakable proof, I mean.

There appears to be only one way to find out for certain, and that is to die, and that is a rather drastic method. But we all have to shuffle off this mortal coil sooner or later, and I rather think the person with a belief of some kind or other finds his coming demise much easier to take than the person who has absolutely nothing.

REVOLT IN' DEVELOPEMENT

When I looked at "the Neon Nelsons" know the first thing that came to my mind?

"Gad, the guy looks like Leo Gorcey of 'The Dead End Kids'!" Honest, I'm not kiddin'.

LAPK

Yes; some girls do it for a lark also but THEY never produce speckled eggs. How com I agree with you about AC-DC chassis in $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood cabinets selling for as much as \$200. Yet, if the manufacturers would just make the speaker a 12" or the improvement in tonal quality would give the buyer a little more for his money. As it is we find those huge 6" or at best, 8" speakers! You can rework a cheap AC-DC set, Bill, and really make something out of it, if you want to spend the money, the time, and want the experimentation that goes with it. Chuck the little 4" spkr., put in a 12". Add negative feedback around the output tube. And chuck the dinky little output transformer as well and either put in a decent 10 or 15 watt one, or leave the output in and shunt feed it. It's the output tube's plate current saturating the tiny output xformer that causes a lot of the inefficiency. If you shunt feed it, you keep the dc out and let only the audio go through. This will end the saturation and up will go the tone. Of course, there is the question: is the damned thing worth it all? . . . I just had a gander at the new Dodge with the new Dodge V-8 power plant. This car also had automatic transmission. A sedan. It sold for approximately \$5,200. The standard manual shift job with the straight-6 engine sells for roughly \$2,600. An extra \$600. is, to my way of thinking, too much extra moolah to spend to purchase the doubtful merits of automatic transmission and 8 cylinders, even if the engine IS supposed to be a bearcat on wheels. It wants to be at THAT price!

. . . There's an M.G. here in town. The
 owner has installed tan-colored side
 curtains to keep out the wintry winds.
 Have also recently seen a Singer. It
 was a truly smart, sleek, long-nosed
 two-tone job. . . Read where Mercedes-
 Benz has brought out a smaller model,
 think it had a 4-cylinder engine. The
 Guy who wrote the article spoke very
 highly of the finish, coachwork, and
 its all-round performance. In the
 picture it looked like a poor man's
 Rolls-Royce in a smaller edition. . . One
 thing about the diamond tipped needle is
 it can be resharpened. Thus you have a
 new needle for a fraction of the cost
 of actually buying one. . . Anyone who
 purposely looks at the sun with the naked
 eye can't possibly have rocks in his head.
 He might have had but not any more: the
 sun had turned them to lava! Why point
 up the danger with a Speed Graphic? A
 cheap lens used as a burning glass will
 tell the same tale.

Thus ends the comments. The erudite words were typed without benefit of "carbon" or cushion sheet between the stencil and the backing sheet. Time will tell what the results are-- better or worse.

ZZZ



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