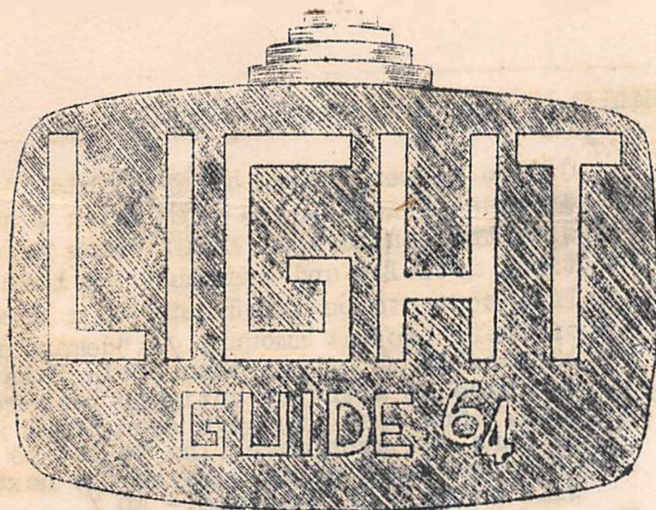


Grant



BETTER THAN EVER
NEW
MOVIES FOR TV

A Great Moment from the
German Film "M", which
Fritz Lang directed in
1932. Peter Lorre was the
star of this first and
best version.....WDG



*This is the 64th issue published
solely by Leslie C. Crichton,
Box 151, Parry Sound, Ontario,
Canada, for issuance through
The FAPA and to a limited
private list.*

THE
MAIL
BOX

(JENNIS CAMPBELL-- Niagara Falls, Ont)

"LIGHT" wasn't too bad, though you might cut
down on the FAPA mailing comments. Why not
run some more articles, etc? In a private
reply, I have already given my reasons for
LIGHT being the way it is just now: I have
neither the time nor the inclination to
put out more than one magazine. When I
read a mailing things are said that I wish
to have a few words on. LIGHT being my
only publication naturally my comments see
the light of day-- no pun intended-- there-
in. I try to balance the material but I
don't always succeed for many and various
reasons. Thus for the present LIGHT will
just have to continue on in this manner--ED/

(SAM W. MCCOY-- ST. CATHARINES, ONT)

Rec'd the latest LIGHT, which was entirely
too philosophical for my liking. Better
luck next time, or you pays your money and
you takes your choice. The reply to the
foregoing letter also applies to this one--
ED/

(NORMAN V. LAMB-- SIMCOE, ONT.)

Alas and alack the Pasha of Parry Sound has
sold out to the enemy. The FAPA has taken
LIGHT over in its entirety. Alas and a
couple of alacks what a dismal fate for
what was easily the sprightliest Canadian
Fannag. Woe is I. Come on Les-- give us
more of the old LIGHT-- we demand stories,
articles, cartoons, not page after page of
comments on comments which were originally
commenting on something the authors had
seen someone commenting on. I am trying my
best-- an article in your hands now-- and
another limerick to brighten up everyone's
life. Now if you will get out after some
more contributors to aid you, you can
brig LIGHT back to where it proudly stood.
Get after S. Wilmer Midgoley to write some
more of his nauseating articles. Get W. R.

Gibson to send along a few of his immitab-
drorings (sic). . .so with which I shall close
with the demand that LIGHT bring more fic-
tion, articles and drawings and that the
FAPA contents be toned down to a fraction
of their present amount. A "demanding"
letters in more ways than one! This issue
was made up with you anti-FAP readers in
mind. Now that you have seen LIGHT will you
be sure and drop me a line to let me know
what you think of it. Maybe the next issue
will be more of the same.-- ED/

-30-

There was a young student of Trinity,
Who shattered his sister's virginity.
He buggered his brother,
Had twins by his mother,
And took double honors in Divinity.

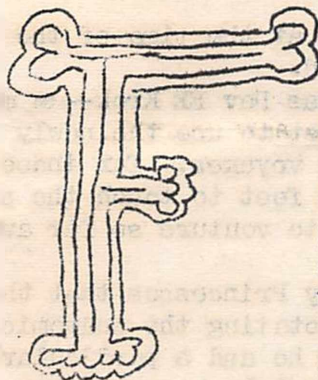
LIGHT
FLASHES

Dec. 2, 1956
.....

I have on hand a book review on the
privately printed "The 120 Days of Sodomy",
entitled "The Original Psychopathia
Sexualis", submitted by a reviewer who wishes
to remain anonymous, and so calls himself
"The Scribe". I've had this on hand for
some time now and inted to print it in this
issue of LIGHT. However, Bill Grant men-
tioned some sort of rumble he had had
about one George Wetzel who was threatening
to send a list of certain amateur publicat-
ions to the postal authorities as magazines
to "watch out for". One fan, a correspond-
ent of Bill's, had already had some such
trouble and as a result was pretty well
"fed up with fandom". Bill also mentioned
some slight delays in receiving fanzines
mailed to him in Toronto. As a result of
this I am holding up this book review for
the time being until I can find out the way
the wind in blowing. The review is couched
(continued on page 10)

The Authentic Apologue

OR-----
"The Maladroit
Iconoclast Exposed"



ORASMUCH AS ONE MUST GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE AT ALL TIMES, IT behooves us to vouchsafe the information that S. Wilmer Midgeley is indubitably a careful and competent writer.

HIS CAREFULNESS IS THE CAUSE OF HIS WORDY COMPILATIONS BEING correct syntactically while remaining but inconsequential hodge-podges of little known facts concerning esoteric subjects: subjects about which average readers are in absolute ignorance: subjects to which the same two readers are completely indifferent.

S. WILMER MIDGELEY IS COMPETENT: HIS ABILITY CANNOT BE QUESTIONED. Never once has he been aught but dexterous in his use of words and phrases. Alas! His competence succeeds in producing the utterest balderdash ever perused by man-- Terran or other.

LET US CAREFULLY EXAMINE THE LATEST EFFUSION FROM HIS MISGUIDED PEN, TO WIT "THE Parable of the King". It is remotely possible that in some far-off day an article divorced from the truth may be written. If such comes about doubtless S. Wilmer Midgeley will be presponsible for it. He, liken unto the little brook of Tennyson, appears to go on forever; never changing, never improving: ever gushing away madly.

ANY PERSON HAVING A GRADING HIGHER THAN THAT OF IMBECILE (FIRST CLASS) SHOULD BE aware that the event he described so erroneously took place on the planet Olxy. This satellite of a foreign sun is not as far away from Sol as he infers: cosmically considered Olxy and Terra are almost bosom companions. The now Space-Engulfing (engulfing) Xenembole craft see to it that the trip to the farthest point seems to last but a short time: indeed using the S-E-X method provides the travellers with 69 days of delight en route to Olxy. (On this trip it is suggested that wayfarers use the 2/1-2-4/1 Model.) It is possible that Midgeley's Staller-travel equipment is so grossly outmoded that it took him so long to reach this veritable Garden of Eating he believed it was located in a portion of the Milky Way fantastically distant from Earth.

THE DOMINANT RACE OF OLXY IS STILL KNOWN BY THE NATIVE NAME OF KUHN-- A WORD impossible of translation into any Terran tongue. So far were they from being antelope-type creatures that it would be more logical to refer to them as having been Unkelopes. Newcomers to their planet are much/immediately stricken by a feeling of queerness for the Olxyans reverse the human appellations denoting the sexes. What are quite obvious! Female Kuhns are called "men" and vice versa. This is disconcerting at first but the more enterprising visitors soon discover that the Kuhn males react quite favorably to the stimuli provided by Terran-- or true-- males.

FROM THE EARLIEST KNOWN TIME EACH MALE KUHN HAS POSSESSED NO LESS THAN FOUR mammary appendages. Even at the time of the unfortunate happening these were compared both in size and shape with those that Terran females have proudly flaunted during all recorded history. In the native tongue both the front pair of organs and the rear set are known as "tiers". Some of them possess tiers conspicuous enough to be noteworthy the proud owners of these larger complements of mammary equipment are known as "Duzer

The King of all the Kuhns, yclept Mabel, possessed by far the largest tiers of any man on the entire planet. His brothers, high Egenes and Becky, were numbered among the countless admirers of his marvellous development. The populace was so enamored of them that numerous clubs were founded in order that the many admirers could gather together and properly express their appreciation of them and extol their virtues. In their language the word "wild" was the highest possible praise; such was the appellation they gave to his physical conformation. The King, graciously assenting to their many proposals, gave these Wild Tiers clubs his Royal Patronage. At the start both pairs of tiers were equally admired but as time passed the front pair were given special adoration.

Such was the state of affairs on the peaceful world of Olxy at the time of the unforgiveable crime. Everything was serene on the day HE arrived.

The villain, if he may be designated as such, of the plot was Dav EE Krok-- a man from the Atlantean Division of Terra. He was among the very first to use the newly developed Space Metamorphosizer-Unit Transformers in his spatial voyages: far indeed he did travel in his S-M-U-T equipped craft. His were the first feet to touch the soil of many an alien planet: his was the only spirit strong enough to venture so far away from the comforting bosom of Mother Earth.

Continuously he sought for the more-than-beautiful Planetary Princesses that the literature (S-F moiety) of the day described so graphically, annotating the anatomical nuances so finely. His every thought was of the pleasing pranks he and a particularly pulchritudinous Planetary Princess could play together. Unfortunately he was never successful in discovering one: never did he cease his fruitless Galaxy-wide search. As time passed, while not despairing of his ultimate success, he began wondering if he had set his sights too high for the first shot. He was not adverse then to the idea of being amiably amused with the artful aid of an Asteroidic Arch Duchess. When that project failed of fruition he contemplated being cunningly consoled with the competent carresses of a Cometary Countess.

His invariable custom was to eat of the flora and fauna of the multitudinous planets he visited: never once did any of the exotic nutriments cause any unhappy repercussions in his digestive system. He was ever anticipating the conclusion of the current quest in order to be enabled to masticate fresh comestibles and forget, if only for a while, the omnipresent pills and potions that were a Space Traveller's sole provider.

This day Dav came to Olxy.

Leaving his machine he took his trusty Flintlock (T.M.Reg'd) Raygun and proceeded forthwith to blast away at the animals who had gathered nearby to view this strange chariot from the Skies. Unknown to him they were Unkelopes-- the Master Race of the planet. Alas and alack! The second blast emanating(emanating) from his powerful weapon terminated the existence of Mabel, King of the Kuhns. ~~Altogerher~~ Da Although Dav noticed that these strange beasts were attractively similar to Terran Females in certain vital portions of their anatomy his hunger for fresh meat forced him to disregard the fact. Immediately he set to work to ingest as much of the tasty flesh as was necessary to slake his inordinate desire for such ~~neruishment~~ nourishment.

His stay on the planet was but short as the Kuhnian civilization of that time had not progressed sufficiently to have produced radio, T.V., movies or feelies.

Indeed he considered it to be a veritable hive of dullness. With his knife-- the Bow-E that had so lately sliced the delicate flesh of mabel-- he hacked away at a suitable taco. There-- for all to see-- he left his inscription-- "Dav EE Krok was here." His ravenous hunger for natural food satiated for the nonce, he departed-- cordially hated by every Kuhn who had witnessed his vile Regicide.

The mournful natives pondered deeply over this strange message for many a day until one of the more intelligent scholars managed to translate it. Now they had a

specific name to execrate-- no longer would they just hate the peculiar creature, so oddly deficient in shape. They mourned for their late King for the customary period of three months. (Be it noted that this time was measured by the rotation of their fourth moon and not the fifth as some misguided, self-titled scientists are wont to assert.)

Wishing to commemorate their late lamented leader they erected a cairn to his memory at the site of his culinary assassination. On the plate embedded in the stone epitaph they inscribed a statement that, unknown to all at the time, was to go down in the history of two planets, Olxy and Terra. It read "Dav EE Krok et the King of the Wild Front Tiers".

A Day of Remembrance was held each Olxyan year to keep this foul deed ever fresh in their minds. On those days all would sonorously chant the magic words from the monument and ferociously vow vengeance on all Galactic interlopers like Dav.

Aeons passed and Evolution's inexorable progress brought about drastic changes in their physical appearance. Eventually they came to resemble terrans in all respects except that their males proudly bore quadruple evidence of their mammalian origin.

In the XX th. Century (Terran reckoning) the Kuhns, after many discouraging failures, succeeded in transporting a small party of their males to Earth. By sheer chance this group landed on a large land mass which was known as Amurika by the natives. The first Terran to see them in their innocent state of nature was a man whose livelihood came from directing motion pictures. These movies were displayed in theatres all over the world so that all could be entertained thereby. His solemnly stated reasons for having them exhibited thusly was to glorify the Amurikan way of life. All of his film were noted for the fact that the female characters appearing in them vied among themselves to discover who could expose even more of their secondary sexual characteristics without drawing down upon themselves the ire of the Sensor.

Immediately upon noticing the super equipped forms of the Kuhns this man knew that with their multiple shapely organs, they would most definitely aid him in procuring vast quantities of that which he sought assiduously. It appears he possessed a quaint fondness for acquiring some noteworthy objects called "dawlers", or, variously, "bux". He was well aware that if he kept more than abreast of the current fad of exposing the mannae he would never go bust. With that object in mind he signed the Kuhns to long term contracts knowing they would place in the fore-front of film makers.

The Kuhns were baffled by the pleasing treatment they received from one and all but this did nothing to prevent them from remembering their designs of vengeance. Whenever they uttered their battle cry-- those immortal words inscribed on The Cenotaph -- their somewhat imperfect command of the Amurikan language led their listeners to believe they were but praising one of the historical characters of the Great Amurikan West-- one David Crockett. Their constant reiteration of their slogan started the craze of idolizing the semi-forgotten frontiersman. This habit quickly spread throughout the entire country and the younger generation adopted it vociferously.

What happened to the Kuhns. Their treatment by the Terrans was so overwhelming that in time they entirely forgot their basic reason for visiting Terra. Their original mentor-- the film maker-- paid them munificently for appearing in many gigantic, colossal epics; all, of course, utilizing the same plot. He, in turn, collected countless numbers of his much desired dawlers.

They had never covered the upper portions of their bodies on Olxy and saw no reason for adopting the customs on Terra. As was expected the Sensor banned the first film in which they appeared because of the total exposure of their tiers. Immediately the film maker obtained a release from this embargo. It was logically argued that since the Kuhns were extra-planetary in origin their great resemblance to Terrans was irrelevant, non locus standi and, withal, quite appealing-- if not to say titillating.

Cravely the judge gave down the verdict that the ukase concerning superfluous exposure in publicly exhibited films applied to humans only. Hence the film maker was able to produce picture after picture utilizing their intrinsic appeal to the ultimate. So popular were these pictures that very soon he was able to fairly loll amongst the many bux the vast masses of People surrendered to him in order to be able to view the Kuhns' supernumery assets.

There was much wailing and gnashing of teeth and/or dentures among the other makers of films when they discovered that the wise man had signed the Kuhns to iron-clad, long term contracts. It was impossible to locate any more of these welcome immigrants and the outsiders loudly bemoaned their fate. Without exception all of them had females under contract who previously had been willing to bare "all" in order to aid them. But once those females had gazed enviously at the Kuhns possessed they unequivocally (what) stated that they would lonovr compete in such a revealing contest. They baldly stated thatm no matter to what lengths they were willing to go, the Kuhns doubled their greatest possible exposure with no trouble whatsoever. In desperation the females refused to even bare as much of themselves as they had done before the arrival of these "Unfair-to-Double-Breasted-Women" creatures. From this rebellion came yet another slogan, "Trouble or Nothing".

The above is the true and complete story of the origin of the coon skin cap craze. Accept no substitute-- especially those writton by such misinformed writers as S. Wilmer Midgoley.

Discerning readers will note the razor sharpness of each phrase in the above essay. This perfection is not easy of accomplishment-- just "As the Man Who Hones One".

--NONA VERITAS
LEGGITORE.

(30)

The editor wishes to apologize for the various types in the foregoing. The Kuhns are just not his type!

OUR
PAL
GEORGE?
PAL
BY
BILL GRANT

THERE is no doubt about it, George Pal is the best thing that has come along in trick photography in many a moon. I'm not a Forrest J. Ackerman; I haven't got any inside dope, to reconstruct or valuate. All I can go by is the end result.

"Destination Moon" in 1950 was a milestone in the movies, not only for the fans, but the general movie going public. The film was released at the poorest time of the movie year, several months before Christmas. Audience reaction (not critics or reviewers) was good. At the time I was managing theatres in a strictly "old country" English area. The general opinion was that it was pretty far-fetched, but the photography was beautiful. Generally the audience had been entertained, but they had expected Buck Rogers. So Pal at least converted quite a few people to an adult outlook on science-fiction with his first feature why by the way was independently released by the now defunct Eagle-Lion (Hollywood) trademark. And in passing all other productions (41 of them) released by this outfit are not late show material on TV, all except for "Destination Moon" (Correct me if I'm wrong).

The receipts while not great woke up Paramount and with the thought of better distribution and advertising, Pal was invited back to his old company. What "Destination Moon" lacked in razzle dazzle "When Worlds Collide" made up for. The second job had all the potentials to get the people into the theatres. The film was generally booked into better first run situations and the receipts jumped surprisignly well.

Paramount felt good, so the green light went on and Pal took on an even greater challenge in trick photography.

Around this time "The Day The Earth Stood Still" had made its bid and this job more than held its own. In fact I think most of you will agree that this is the best SF job of them all in the last six years, and Fox also took the plunge by starring name performers. The quickie "Rocketship XM" was also around and it made a pile of dough. Then some of the real slush jobs appeared on the market and while those "dogs" appeared Pal was working on "War of the Worlds".

By now Pal's work had been recognized by the Academy Award boys, which certainly didn't hurt things.

With the same bookings as "When Worlds Collide", his third film traveled along with the same speed in most situations, but those "dogs" had done their damage in some areas, thus "War of the Worlds" was hit slightly.

With Pal being established, still strong, this is the spot when they should have insured themselves. This is where a couple of star names, or well-established performers injected into "Conquest of Space" might have saved the day-- many a pot-boiler had been saved this way-- but as far as the movie moguls were concerned spectacle was the bible. How they must have cried when they saw the preview audience reaction. The name William Redfield will stick in my memory for quite some time. "Conquest of Space" was the lower half of a double-bill first run up our way and I can well imagine in many other situations too.

In other words we have seen a very vivid example of three strikes and out, but I repeat, Pal has been a milestone for his contributions in color work and trick photography and one dud out of four, particularly in this field is an amazing record. Nobody else can make that claim. So what will the ex-puppetoon master do next?

How About it, Dr. Cyclops?

BY BILL GRANT

YOU know "Dr. Cyclops" wasn't a bad picture. It was certainly an escape picture for the movie ~~man~~ goers who saw it late in 1940 and in '41 and '42. The darned thing was in technicolor and was stritly a stab in the dark to see if the public would bite. It didn't. The film cost a little under a million dollars and featured some excellent trick (film masking) photography; the script was simple and good. Albert Dekker starred (at the time he was a fairly well-known heavy), the girl in the cast, Janice Logan, was very good looking. She appeared in one other film after that and then disappeared.

I think Paramount could make some money on this film if they reissued it right now. There are so many exploitation angles that could be used. Sex, passion, mad doctor, monster animals, color, and so on. What could they lose, strictly print costs. I have found advertising is still in stock in most of

...

the major poster companies. Who knows we may see this yet. How about a couple of random letters to the Paramount publicity department?

Another thing that always puzzled me about this film. It ran 80 minutes in Canada and 77 minutes in the USA. I have seen the film four times, and for the life of me I couldn't see those three minutes that might have been edited out of the American version.

Then again when I saw "When Worlds Collide" at the Nolacon it worked out to 91 or 92 minutes running time. When it was generally released six months later the film ran 81 minutes and after digesting both versions I couldn't perceive what had been edited out. Usually I'm pretty sharp that way, because in theatre business I had the luck to do some editing myself on some major productions that showed in some of the local runs. There is one answer, of course: I'd better write Paramount myself.

WATCHING AND WAITING

BY BILL GRANT

(Editor's Note: this is being stencilled on April 13, 1956. As an illustration to further the article that follows: tonight on CKVR-TV, Barrio, Ontario, Channel 3, the first evening feature movie is being run as an addition to the regular program fare. The film to be

shown is the English one, "~~The Long~~ Passage Home". Tonight and Tomorrow night at the local theatre, owned and operated by Famous Players, the same picture is scheduled as the second half of a double bill! If the theatres are going to have this sort of competition in the future, what can they do to win their patrons back? Especially in the summer time with Drive-Ins cutting into their business drastically?)

Up in the fair city of Toronto we are watching a tug-of-war, a battle between the distribution of top-flight English movies (first run) to theatre outlets or spectacular "one shot" TV premieres.

We have at hand two samples, both films have shown in Toronto prior to TV release in the USA. The first film "The Constant Husband", ran for three months at one picture palace, then it had its US premiere on TV. Quite a bit of time has elapsed, as yet the film has not turned up on its subsequent (or second) run anywhere in this city. The fate of "The Constant Husband" is that it will be put away in moth balls for a couple of years, then it will be booked into theatres as the lower half of a double bill. Like "Davy Crockett" it has become shopworn as far as the motion picture exhibitor is concerned and it will be sold down the river at bargain rental prices, but there is an angle. Instead of 250 prints being made for distribution in the U.S., the total is now around 100, and believe me these prints will get a lot of use before they go into the ash can. Just imagine the saving on actual print cost, and along with this goes advertising. So which is the answer? Straight movie runs or TV followed by not so many movie runs? Frankly I think TV will win this battle.

The second film in question is "Richard III", which will also show in Canada prior to its US premiere on TV. This film is quite another problem, being a classic and from all reports Olivier's best Shakespearian opus to date, its fate will not be suspended animation for a couple of years. Having a more limited appeal it will go on the usual art house run. The TV run will not effect it in any way, people with black and hite sets will be kind of interested in seeing this film in a theatre; after all it has been photographed in Vistavision and Technicolor.

These two pioneer experiments have been with British films. I don't think the Disney' film enters into the picture, as its producer originally decided to realese it on TV in parts and then look at the re-runs on TV. But if the day comes that TV purchases a major Hollywood production, watch it. That will be the beginning of the end for a goodly portion of the smaller theatres in America.

Right now I've got my fingers crossed. I think the time is quite close at hand when some company in Hollywood is going to announce that they have gone into TV films exclusively. Right now as far as I know, Columbia and Republic are turning out a goodly portion of the TV films today, and I think it will be one or both of these that will take the big step. To me this will be the final clincher, the moment that MGM, Fox, Paramount, Warner Brothers and Universal dread. Mind you

I like these announcements in TV Guide about the big package backlog movies that are being sold to the new medium, but there again the profit is actual and quick, or get it while you can before it is too late. This is just one more reason that will keep people in their homes at night.

I speak from experience. I have kept a log of all the films I've seen from 1933 onwards. The total is a little over 3,000 up until the end of 1954. Since then I've seen five shows. Where do we go from here?

-30-

1956 and the
JUKE-
BOX
automobile(?)

reprinted without the permission of the Canadian Industrial Equipment News, through the thievery of Sam W. McCoy. Nov. '55 issue.

The 1956 cars are rolling off the production line and they look just like juke boxes. Bright as neon, flashy as a technicolor movie, sleek as a space ship, they blaze along the highway in gaudy recognition of man's never-ending urge to get places in a hurry, and look prosperous while getting there.

They work like juke boxes, too; everything runs by push-button. You push a button to shift gears, push a button to adjust your seat, push a button for a complete grease job. If you like, you can have air conditioning to keep cool and a high-fi record player to keep calm in heavy traffic. Reversible upholstery offers a seat-cover change at the first drop of spilled beer.

Apparently those are things the car-buying public wants. Consumer ~~research~~ research says so. But what about the former hot-rodder who, now that he can afford a better car, wants a real machine instead of a chrome-plated side

show? Time was when the mechanically-minded auto fan looked lovingly at the Morris people whose MG underwent a stylo change about once every hundred years. But now even the staid Morrisitos have ben caught in the rush to please a flock of imaginary Flash Gordons. Time was wher you could knock a car apart, kick it, hammer it, hear the roar of the engine and fool that you had a solid hunk of engineering. Nowadays you go limping to the garage at the first dented mud-guard. And driving with no motor noise and no gears to shift, is about as exciting as knnitting a sock.

It's time automakers produce a mechanic's car, one a man can get his teeth into, nuts and bolts plainly visible, a body that will stand some pounding, a transmission, that makes a shift of gear feel as if you had some power at hand.

Perhaps the helmet and goggles era should be revived-- "the backward look"-- Or perhaps designers should start from scratch, scrap every preconceived idea and work in a sealed room so nobody knows what the other is doing. Maybe we would then have cars that 1) look different and 2) be engineered to suit a man's point of view. Whatever the case let's get rid of those affominate juko boxes with all the kitchenware.

-30-

((Why not buy adelivery truck? Then fix it up the way you like. This is the light work horse of the automobile world and so far isn't dressed down to the gingham and crinoline point of view-- LAC))

[illegible]

LIGHT FLASHES continued

in terms that are perfectly acceptable. It just is that some people might take exception to the type of book that is the subject matter.

There is likely only one reason this issue of LIGHT is going to see publication before the end of the year and that is I would like 1956 to see at least one appearance. I have been most lax in my publishing habits this year, this I admit. But after putting in a tough day in the shop and out on calls, I just didn't feel like coming up to my room and working over the typewriter or the mimeograph. And, too, the enthusiasm to publish wasn't as keen. My plea recently for material netted some nice fat fish. Bill Grant's appearance in these pages was one result. Next issue you will see a Bob Gibson illo. It's been a very long time, too long in fact, since Bob has appeared in these pages, but this work more than makes up for his absence. The last time he appeared was in the second 1951 number of LIGHT! Let us hope he won't make us wait that long before he comes out into the sunlight again.

During the summer evenings I watched a lot of tv. Reason for this strange procedure is because the chassis is in the shop, and during the cool months I didn't consider it worth the heat to watch tv more than just now and then. I saw some good tv and I saw some mighty poor stuff. I watched Ed Sullivan several Sundays then stopped as it started to get stale, too out and dried, too much of the same old stuff over and over again, except some some rare exceptions. Some of the programs seemed like a netting of the brown-nosers' club-- a sort of "I'll kiss your ass for awhile then you can kiss mine"! I like Westinghouse's Summer Theatre and Studio 1 because of the fine plays that can be seen thereon, many of them fantasy, such as "The Power" by Frank Robinson. The Ernie Kovacs' show was excellent and I would sooner watch him than Sullivan. Dragnot paled finally and now I can take it or leave it, usually leave it.

I still consider the feature movies as some of the best entertainment to be seen on tv. I saw some old movies I had seen originally 10 to 15 years ago, but which I would just as fine entertainment today. One such was "Dark Command" with Walter Pigeon, Claire Trevor, John Wayne. Another was Walter Huston in "The Devil and Daniel Webster". I even saw one English film that hasn't reached Parry Sound yet, nor has it, I believe, shown in Toronto so far! I watched Noel Coward's "In Which We Serve". I could go on and on in the same vein. . .

Here is a likely tale as handed me by Norm Lamh:

Fearing an attack by a neighboring tribe, an African chieftain ordered that his golden throne should be hidden in the grass roof of his hut. But the roof would not bear the weight and the throne fell through and squashed the chief flat.

Motto: People in grass houses should not stow thrones.

It's all very well for other countries to point the accusing finger at England over Cyprus and the Suez Canal and shout "imperialist", "war mongerer" and other names. Let something of the same sort happen to one of those accusers and see how quickly they'd start shouting and acting the same way!

Bill Grant writes: "I have heard a couple of rumbles about a George Wetzell, who has sent in a list of fanzines for the post office to keep an eye on. Dean Grennell's GRUE has suffered from this character. From what I can understand Dean is pretty disgusted with fandom, and could possibly fade from sight. So God knows what else has happened.

Is there anything now on this wet cell character?

I HAVE A CLOTH-BOUND EDITION (1920) OF ALGERNON BLACKWOOD'S "THE EDUCATION OF UNCLE PAUL" WHICH I HAVE NOT READ BUT WISH TO GET RID OF. IF ANYONE IS INTERESTED MAKE ME AN OFFER.