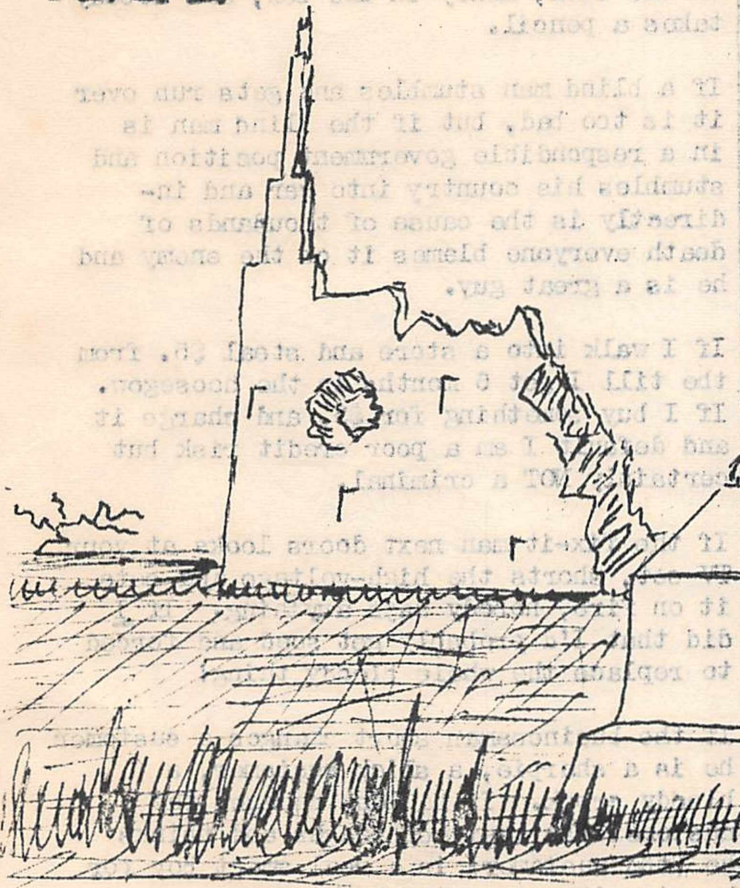
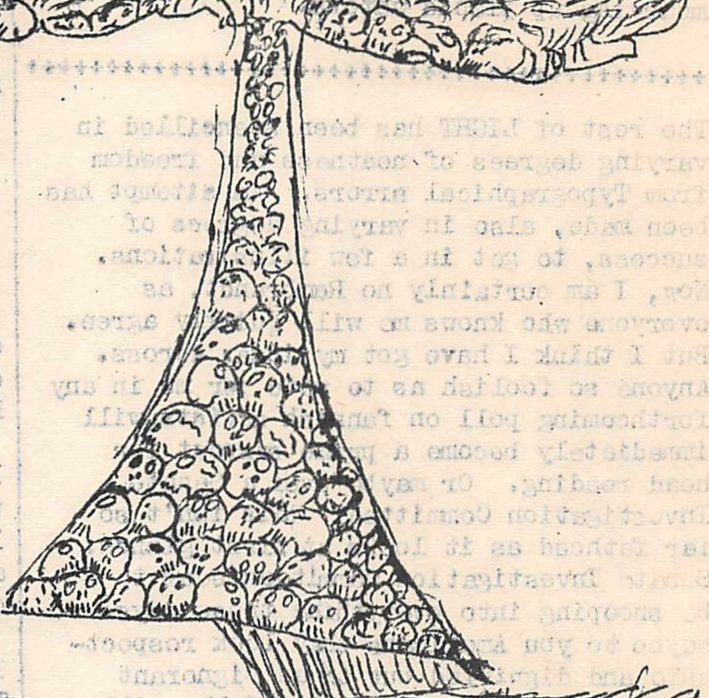
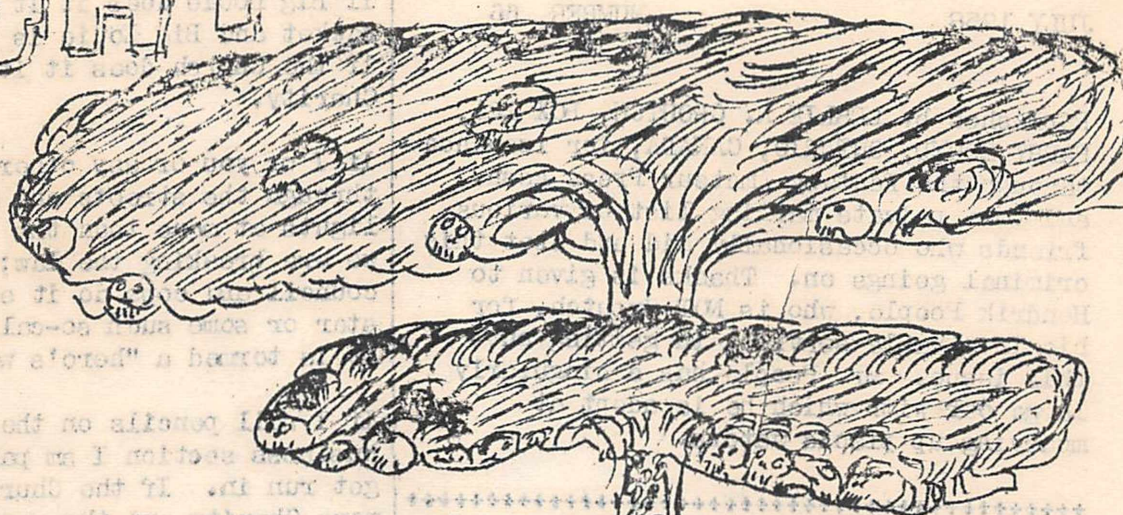


LIGHT

NUMBER
66

JULY
1958



LAC/58

L I G H T

JULY 1958

NUMBER 66

Published by LESLIE A. CROUTCH, BOX 121, PARRY SOUND, ONTARIO, CANADA, for issuance through the Fantasy Amateur Press Assn., and to a private mailing list of various friends who occasionally aid and abet this criminal goings on. Thanks is given to Hendrik Poople, who is NOT Croutch, for his invaluable services in getting out this issue. Mr. Poople has a singularly large ear with which he is adept at muddying up placid waters.

The rest of LIGHT has been stencilled in varying degrees of neatness and freedom from Typographical errors. An attempt has been made, also in varying degrees of success, to get in a few illustrations. Now, I am certainly no Rembrandt, as everyone who knows me will quickly agree. But I think I have got my ideas across. Anyone so foolish as to vote for me in any forthcoming poll on fannish artists will immediately become a prime suspect for head reading. Or maybe even a Senate Investigation Committee; this isn't so far fetched as it looks at first glance: Senate Investigation Committees seem to be snooping into everything these days. Maybe to you Americans they look respectable and dignified but to an "ignorant alien" they look goddamned awfully silly. If housewives did it over their back fences it would be called anything from gossiping to scandal mongering, and possibly open to court action for libel or malicious gossip.

Nowadays it all depends on what job you are holding down whether what you do is legal or open to prosecution on grounds of criminal action.

If Russia does it, it is a moral crime against humanity-- if we do it, it is protecting our rights and the rights of some people and a Christian action.

If the government does it with threats of incarceration for non-payment, it is known as income tax; if a private citizen does the same thing it is a racket, a gangster

protection racket.

If Big Louie does it it is the numbers racket and Big Louie is a bad bad boy. If the Church does it it is Bingo and for Charity.

If I or you or any other citizen speeds through the streets and through red lights at more than the legal speed limit we are breaking the law; if the town council and cops do it escorting a movie star or some such so-called dignitary it is termed a "hero's welcome".

If I sell pencils on the main corner of the business section I am panhandling and might get run in. If the Church does it it is more Charity and the canvasser gets a pat on the back, money in the box, and nobody takes a pencil.

If a blind man stumbles and gets run over it is too bad, but if the blind man is in a responsible government position and stumbles his country into war and indirectly is the cause of thousands of death everyone blames it on the enemy and he is a great guy.

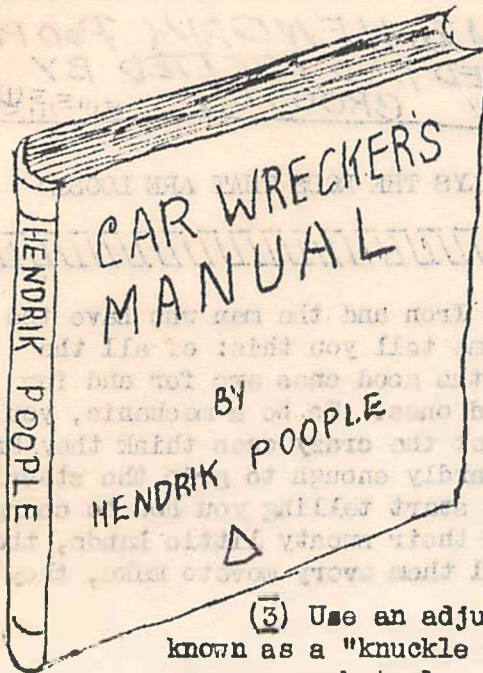
If I walk into a store and steal \$5. from the till I get 6 months in the hoosegow. If I buy something for \$5. and charge it and default I am a poor credit risk but certainly NOT a criminal.

If the fix-it man next doors looks at your TV set, shorts the high-voltage and sets it on fire, nobody says anything. If I did that I'd probably get sued and forced to replace the whole bloody thing!

If the businessman short changes a customer he is a sharpie, a slick customer, a bloody crook. If he long changes the customer the customer laughs and thinks he (the customer) is a real smart boy for keeping it and saying nothing.

If YOU want a 20% wage increase that is ok, your right, and you are going to get it. If I want a 20% wage increase I am a crook, greedy, getting rich over night, and don't deserve it.

If I am a Protestant, the Catholics say I won't go to Heaven; if I am a Catholic the Protestants say I won't go to Heaven. So why go to Church at all? I'm doomed anyway!



SAVE MONEY!

ON CAR MAINTENANCE.

"HOW TO REMOVE, CLEAN, AND REPLACE YOUR SPARK PLUGS IN TEN EASY LESSONS"

+

- (1) Open the engine compartment and start the engine running. If engine is missing, look in the trunk: some foreign manufacturers love to hide it in there. If the engine misfires it definitely needs new plugs. Do not let anyone talk you into any other job.
 - (2) If you like, you can remove the wires from the plugs by a firm sideways pull. Under no circumstances try to lift them straight up, because that will not damage the terminals.
 - (3) Use an adjustable wrench (a Stilson is just dandy), otherwise known as a "knuckle buster". It is not advisable to use a socket wrench or some such tool.
 - (4) Loosen the plugs and remove by hand. Don't worry about the sand and gravel in the plug wells, for such material is beneficial to the valves and rings if it falls into the cylinders as its abrasive action will make it unnecessary to buy top lube any more.
 - (5) One has to make sure not to lose the sealing gaskets, because if one does, the plugs will still fit in the head without leaking.
 - (6) If plug electrodes look burned, do not replace them. File them up until the required gap is attained.
 - (7) If, while removing a plug, your wrench slips and breaks the porcelain top, don't worry. Just take some bonding cement and glue it together. It will still do a good job.
 - (8) Should one find a cracked base you'll be surprised how good a match will fit into the crack and hold things in place.
 - (9) Don't test the compression of each cylinder. This is just a waste of time, and besides, it is too much work.
 - (10) Reinstall plug hand tight only. Do not use a torque wrench. The escaping gasses will keep the car up in the air for a smoother, friction-free ride, and besides, the gas and oil companies have to eat too.
- (PS) If you wish, you can now have your engine checked by a competent mechanic. There might be some minor adjustment you have missed. A dollar will cover this service amply.

THE ABOVE IS JUST A SAMPLE OF THE THOUSAND AND ONE HINTS CONTAINED IN THIS INVALUABLE TOME ON AUTOMOTIVE UPKEEP. SEND JUST \$1.98 AND YOUR CRACKED CYLINDER HEAD EXPRESS PREPAID TODAY AND RECEIVE THIS WONDERFUL BOOK IMMEDIATELY IT IS OFF THE PRESSES SOMETIME NEXT YEAR. MR. DENRIK POOPLE IS AN EXPERT ON CARS, BEING PRESIDENT OF THE CAR WRECKERS ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA; CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF THE HANDY ANDY FIX-IT CORPORATION; AND MANUFACTURER OF THE LITTLE JIM DANDY OUTHOUSE WITH THE AUTOMATIC FLUSHER.

HENDRIK POOPLE POPULAR PUBLICATIONS
13 POOPED AVENUE — POOPERVILLE — ONTARIO

ARE TOWERS CUSTOMERS?

by A. MacRanie as
TOLD to HENDRIK POOLE
AIDED AND ABETTED BY
CROUCH

or "IT'S NOT ALWAYS THE RODS THAT ARE LOOSE"

Some people have it in for the Detroit Iron and the man who have the job of keeping them on the road. But let me tell you this: of all the customers served in the average shop, the good ones are far and few between. It seems the woods are crawling with the bad ones. To be a mechanic, you have you have a silly grin on your face from 9 to 6, and let the crazy ones think they know something about their car. Most of the owners know hardly enough to grip the steering wheel tight enough going over the bumps, and yet they start telling you how to change a set of plugs. If some of them had the tools right in their sweaty little hands, the know how, and ten mechanics standing alongside to tell them every move to make, they'd still end up with all four wheels on the floor.

Let me illustrate.

Just the other day a self-evaluated big-shot (I wanted to spell that second word with any "I" but the editor wouldn't let me) drove into the garage parking lot, and asked if we had a mechanic available. As it happened, the three of us were standing around at the moment, shooting the breeze, and looking over our daily work sheets.

"Yes, sir," I said. "All of us."

"I drove all last night," he said, "without dash lights and got stopped twice by the OPP for speeding. All of them tried to help me out but with no luck."

I climbed into the buggy and turned the dash light switch and everything came on fine and dandy. I checked all the wiring back of the panel but could find nothing wrong. Finally I turned the lights off and asked the owner to turn them on himself. All this time he had been shooting off his mouth about how badly the '58 cars were slapped together. He shut off his audio and came over to the car to comply with my request. He turned the switch and said, "See, they don't work".

Now, do you want ten guesses as to what he turned?

If you say, "the defroster switch", then you win the big cigar with the gunpowder in the butt. Because that is exactly what he did. He didn't know that on his car, as with most of the newer models, the dash light switch is integral with the headlight switch. The shafts come out as a dual concentric, operated by a solid front knob and a rear ring knob.

Then there was the guy that drove up and told us to clean his carb because his car wasn't starting right, and after some persuasion he admits he had it cleaned the week before somewhere in Toronto (again I wanted to make this a different word, but this blasted editor wouldn't let me. "After all," sez he, "I got readers in 'hog town'!") and it was still acting the same way. So we checked and we find that his all his trouble was was that one of the connections on his battery was dirty: the distributor wires were loose and corroded. He had checked the ignition points himself and left one of the cap clips loose; a big wad of grease on the terminals. So in the end old goofy had to pay twice as much as if he had taken it to a reliable place to be checked properly.

Yes, I know. Some of you readers are saying "that guy is nuts".

But I happen to belong to that class of repairmen who believe that if a job is worth doing at all it is worth doing properly.

And just to make life interesting, there is the smart Alec in the factory who thinks it is the height of rare good humor to instal his own private little 2 "bug". Witness the following two tales of woe:

A motnh ago we got two new cars in. It is the policy of our place to check every car thoroughly before delivering it. We found a rattle somewhere in the rear of one of the cars. After about four hours searching for it, we discovered that one of the bastards in Windsor had tied a coke bottle to the back of the rear seat so it just touched the floor, and would rattle to beat hell. To add insult to injury, this co-called accident to the human race had left a note in the bottle saying "You're ----hot if you find this one."

A fellow mechanic had the same sort of experience with an asperin box that he found soldered to the underside of the dash above the glove compartment, with two sheet metal screws inside. To this therewas a note attached: "You're a good mechanic if you find this rattle". There 's a saying in the business, "you don't have to be crazy to be a mechanic, but it sure does help".

End

God must have lovedd all the prostitutes, he made so many of them!

One thing about the sack dress, you can now describe a woman as a sack full of bag!

A woman complained to an elderly man who every evening walked his dog by her house, because the Scottie always paused by her new shrubs.

"I wouldn't worry," he said. "I always start around the block the long way, and by the time he reaches your brushes, it's only a gesture."

~~~~~

A farmer had arranged to have his aged mother cared for in a nursing home, where he had been visiting her twice a week. Each time he brought her a special lunch of delicacies from the farm, including a bottle of fresh milk in which he slipped a littl brandy-- on advice of the family doctor.

The old lady was always delighted with the lunches, and one day, as she sipped the milk, he said gravely, "Oh, John, don't ever sell that cow!"

~~~~~

"I'm glad you children are not disturbing Daddy while he had his nap."

"Shhh, Mom! We're waiting for his cigarette to burn down to his fingers!"

~~~~~

Heard at a public dance:

"Which is your aunt? The one on the right or the one on the left of that horse-faced woman?"

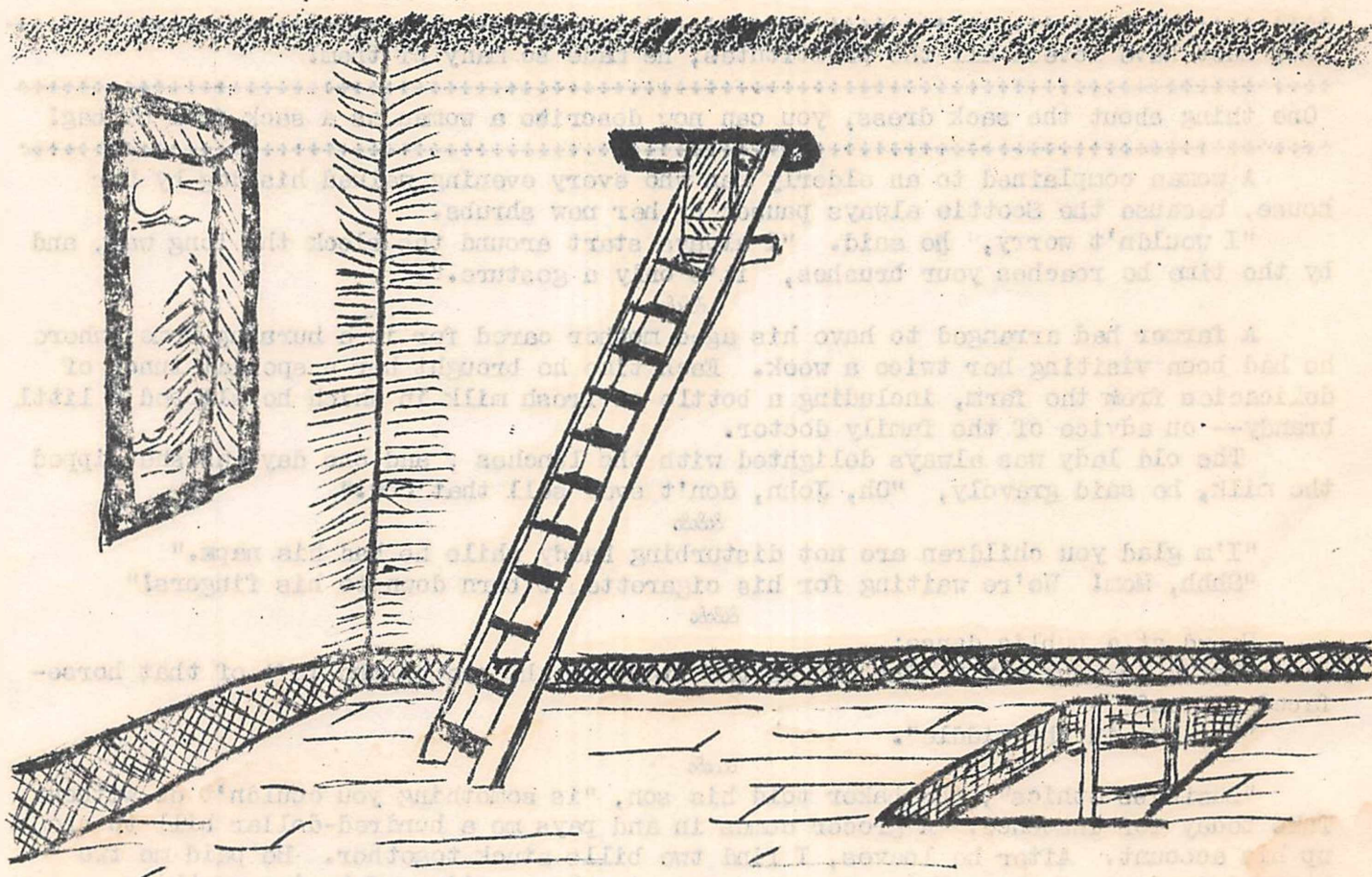
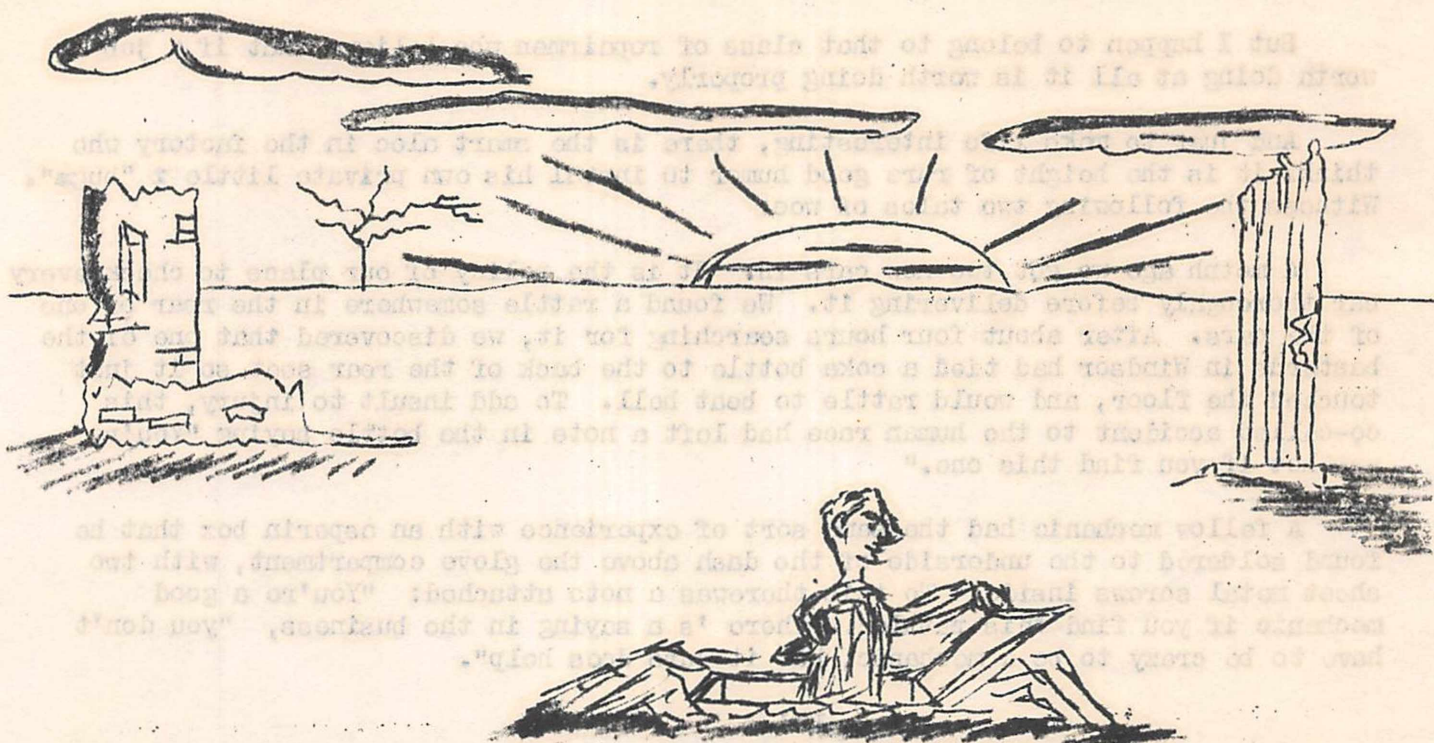
"The one in the middle".

~~~~~

"Business ethics", the baker told his son, "is something you couldn't do without Take today for instance. A grocer comes in and pays me a hundred-dollar bill to close up his account. After he leaves, I find two bills stuck together. He paid me two hundred instead of one. Here, my son, comes in the question of business ethics. Should I tell my partner or shouldn't I?"

~~~~~







# □□ DIALOG □□

reprinted from the Toronto Daily Star; November 6 1957 issue.

"The ads say the '58 cars are LONGER. Why are they making them longer, Dad?"

"Well, son, that must be so people will have to build new garages. You've heard there's going to be a lot of unemployment this winter. That'll keep a lot of men working, building bigger garages."

"The new cars are WIDER, too. Why's that, Dad?"

"You got me stumped, boy. It can't be that the auto designers think there's too much room on the streets now. Wait a minute! Maybe there's an unemployment angle to that, too. Every third house will have to be knocked down, on the old streets, to make the driveways wide enough. And, of course, those houses will have to be replaced. It looks like a boom for the building trades."

"The '58's are LOWER, too. How about that?"

"I can see two reasons, possibly three. First, it will teach people not to drive their shiny new cars on country roads-- the bottom will drag anything higher than a potato bug. Second, it will make a higher drive-shaft hump inside the car, so that even a short-legged grown-up won't be able to sit in the middle. The auto makers want the middle reserved for kids or dogs. Third, they may be trying to whip the North American male into shape, in a roundabout way."

"Huh?"

"Well, a lot of us will have to go into training-- take exercises at the "Y"-- do as to wiggle in and out of the new cars without slipping a disc or catching a charley-horse."

"Gee! Those auto companies think of everything, don't they, Dad?"

"They sure do, son. They sure do. And sometimes I wish they'd stop."

-30-

"I'm knitting something that will make my boy friend happy."

"A sweater for him?"

"No-- one for me."

Sometimes, the resemblance of a political party to a flock of sheep is frightening. You have the leader, the Judas Goat, and the loyal party followers, the flock; and like sheep, they'll follow the leader blindly, even when it is to their doom whether at the slaughterhouse or the polls, the graveyard of broken promises.

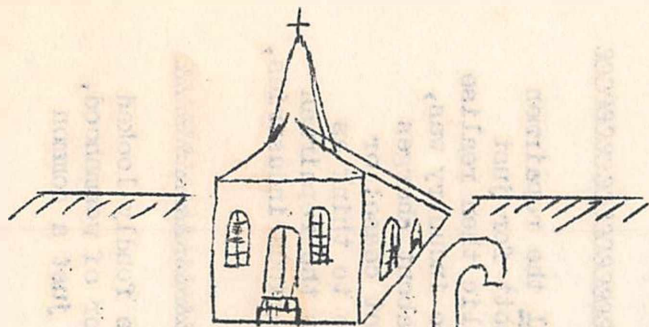
|       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| ( )   | ( )   | ( )   | ( )   | ( )   | ( )   | ( )   | ( )   |
| ( )   | ( )   | ( )   | ( )   | ( )   | ( )   | ( )   | ( )   |
| ( - ) | ( - ) | ( - ) | ( - ) | ( - ) | ( - ) | ( - ) | ( - ) |

A puzzled small girl watched a party of anglers putting off in their boat.

"But, Mummy," she asked, "do the fishes like all that beer?"

Now just suppose that all the repairmen decided on a public boycott for just 72 hours; would the public then realise how important the service industry was, would all the quibbling about charges and promptitude of payment cease; or would the public continue to think as it does now and look upon the repairman as the ass-hole of the various industries, getting all the shit?

Many an adolescent female fondly looked upon as the budding flower of womanhood, later on turns out to be just a common stinkweed.



GIVE ME A CHILD UNTIL HE IS SEVEN,  
(THOUGHT MIKE), AND HE IS FOREVER AFTER  
MINE. WHEN THE FASCISTS SAY IT,  
THEY'RE BUMS AND KIDNAPPERS, BUT  
WHEN THE CHURCH SAYS IT, IT IS  
KNOWN AS PUTTING A KID ON THE RIGHT  
TRACK.



— PEYTON PLACE —

