

Grant

L I G H T

MAY 1959

NUMBER 67

Published by LESLIE A. CROUTCH, BOX 121, PARRY SOUND, ONTARIO, CANADA, for issuance through the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, and to a private mailing list of various friends who occasionally aid and abet the goings on that are presented herein.

F. A. P. A. COMMENTARY

For the first time, I have check-marked items in some of the offerings in the 86th Mailing that I want to remark on. This was done several weeks back. Since then much water has passed under the bridge, and what I intended to say has slipped from my mind. But here goes, we shall see if it comes back to me or not. Those magazines that are not mentioned here are not ignored. I enjoyed everything. But why put down some assinine remark such as "noted" when there is nothing to be said?

GENZINE 4:22

Check-marks, check-marks, were's the check-marks. . . eh, here they are. . . the way Mr. Carr operates his business looks a great deal like the way I operate mine, judging by what you said here, anyway. Every so often somebody makes the remark that pretty soon I'll have to hire a helper. Or somebody asks me if I need a helper,

an "outside man", as they term it. My reply always is "no", that I see no point in it. My views on the subject have always been as follows: I hire someone to work for me. Immediately I become an employer. I have got tangled up with the government on unemployment insurance, hospitalization, workmens compensation. Deductions have to be made for the above plus income tax deductions. All this means more book-keeping. Either I do all this myself, or else I have to hire a bookkeeper, which means more overhead so I have to do more business, which means the present shop isn't big enough-- you see the spiral I am in. The helper learns more and soon wants more wages-- or he quits and goes somewhere else and I have to hire a new green hand. If the guy who quits goes to work for a competitor he takes along a lot of what I call "tricks of the trade", and they are no longer my sole possession. The government starts wanting more information-- they start sending through forms wanting to know this and that and why didn't I report such and such-- or "please send us more details". If I make a good income working a set number of hours a week, why should I work more hours and maybe not make any more money, and not have the freedom I have now. I usually have more than enough to fill the average day. Quite often I work evenings, and have worked on Sunday in the shop just to catch up. The way things are now I don't worry too much, I can afford to be a little independent and turn down certain jobs for certain reasons that appear valid to me. If things get slack, as they always do in any business, I haven't a huge overhead to eat up yesterday's profits. I'm not



getting rich, but who is these days, what with taxes and all. But I'm as well off or maybe a little better, than the average wage earner; each year sees the old sock a little fuller; I'm not working myself to the bone all the time; I'm as independent and free as I figure you can be in these times-- unless you have enough dough to be really financially independent-- and I don't have any symptoms of ulcers. So why should I trade this just to be a bigger success? Here in Ontario we now have a government sponsored hospitalization set-up that started January 1st. I joined this just because I thought it a good thing, and I did it for my own personal satisfaction, just as you probably have taken out some other kind of insurance.

Radio and TV owners are just as bad, Gertrude. Everyone thinks his is the only set on the blink. They seem to have the idea that you are sitting in the shop with your fat little hand on the phone waiting for him to call and that you leap from the phone into your car and fix his set in half an hour and will charge him only a buck and wait six months for the dough and if the leg falls off the cabinet thirty days after you put in a dial lamp it is your fault and you should fix it for free or else! Or if they lug their old clunker in, and no matter how swamped with work you are, and you are up to your ears in a job on the bench, you should drop everything and clear the place for THEIR job and fix it immediately. THEY work an 8 hour day 5 days a week, but if you want to quit at 6pm, and not work on Sunday oh my Lordy! that is terrible! And yes-- the demander of faaaaaast service is usually the one you have to dun and dun and dun. . . Oh, we gottam all, Gertrude, we gottam just the same as you have, and I bet every service business can tell the same story.

I intended to vote. I even filled out the ballot. I was sure I had mailed it and wondered when I saw the list of those who did vote why my name wasn't down. Then some time after I found the ballot that I had forgotten to mail. Ah well, I had

other things on my mind, and the results wouldn't have been changed any. I voted NO on the subsidization question. And I will continue to vote NO. I am fed up to here with the government taxing me like hell just to featherbed somebody else so why should I support it under another name? I cannot see why it is any greater a burden for foreign members to pay the full tariff than it is for us domestic types. If you were going to subsidize Canadians I'd refuse to become a member or continue to be a member unless I was permitted to pay the full amount. Just because the FAPA has some loot on hand for a change why get light-headed and start throwing it away. What's wrong with being rich for a change? If the treasury went into a deficit, would all those worthy people ante up an extra amount to get it out of the hole?

#### TARGET: FAPA

So all right, I'll be the first to admit there are swindling servicemen. But to every gyp repairman how many gyp customers are there? Every serviceshop's books are full of accounts that were never paid. Is it any worse for a repairman to gyp a customer than it is for a customer to gyp a serviceman? What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, too. There is one way for servicemen to fight back and that is cash on the barrel head backed up by cash and carry. But how many of us can afford to be that strict? I've done plenty of home jobs and I wasn't told it was a credit job until it was finished and I presented my bill. Wouldn't the honest thing be to tell me before I started that I would have to wait for my money? But no, plenty wait until the bill is presented, and THEN I am told I'll be paid" on payday" or some such mythical date. And "payday" never comes, and I never get paid. Isn't THAT swindling? Isn't that gypping?

#### HORIZONS

I am usually in a cheerful mood, Harry. But that doesn't mean I can't also get pretty hairy over what goes on. Some people are angry all the time, and some people are



cheerful all the time. One is just as psychopathic as the other. I have my ups and downs same as everybody else, and LIGHT is the one place I can really unburden myself and know I am in understanding company.

I think every person who buys a car should get a few books on mechanics and learn something about the monster he has under him. If nothing else happens, it might at least teach him what NOT to touch and what NOT to take apart and try to fix himself. I respect a man who doesn't try to do a backyard valve job-- and I also respect the man who knows enough to take out a burned-out sealed-beam unit and instal a new one.

#### DIE AND DAT

I note with some disgust that my own personal gremlin is still with me. This gremlin has a favorite trick-- he moves the typewriter keys about, so when I am aiming for one letter I get another one instead! There are a lot of these gremlins around. I understand every fan publisher has one lurking in HIS typewriter, only some refuse to admit it, and call the tomfoolery a "typographical error"!

My sister puts horse radish on her apple pie! It looked awful to me, but I tried it anyway. Tastes rather good! You should try it sometime.

#### LARK

I think better automobile servicemen are to be found in small and moderate-sized towns than in cities. In cities they don't have to give a damn-- there is always a new sucker coming down the street. But in the smaller centers where there is a limit on the number of new customers obtainable, a garage has to watch itself more carefully because word gets around and the repair shop with a bad reputation can lose a lot of business. But not all the fault can be laid at the door of the mechanic. A mechanic has to have something to work with in the first place, and

you know as well as I that what is being turned out today is well nigh unrepairable in many cases. Take metal TV cabinets, just as an example. The fibre back is held on with sheet metal screws. And few removals and reinsertions and the holes are too big to hold the screw anymore. So friend repairman slaps in a slightly larger screw, but the hole is so close to the end it breaks out and nothing will hold. I have had fairly new sets in that had to have all new holes drilled. Of course I'll admit some repairmen would just say to hell with it and leave the screw out.

So Chrysler has brought out swivel seats. If that isn't an admission that their cars are awkward to get in and out of, I don't know what is. I wonder how SAFE these seats will be in an accident? Will they break loose? How free of rattles will they be? And how long before they are loose and squeaky and otherwise just another source of never-ending trouble?

#### WRAITH

Our local theatre is also crying the blues. A good night now is when it is half full. Usually it is a third or even less full. I have gone when there were only a dozen or less when the evening program started. In fact, I believe there was one time when there were only six in the place! Like most theatres, the management blames TV. I think that is flaying a dead horse. TV didn't steal the people away from the theatres. The theatres have driven their customers to TV because they, the theatres, were so sure they had it made, and did nothing about keeping their customers. Noise from kids and teen agers; poor films; indifferent projection and sound control; poor seats; all will drive people away. Increasing admission prices isn't the solution, that only increases the dissatisfaction and increases loss of patronage. Here in our theatre they have the same seats they had when it opened, during the early days of the war. It is becoming increasingly difficult to find a seat that is really comfortable-- most



of them are becoming broken down and mighty discomforting to the backside. I could go on, listing many such items of general deterioration, but why bother?

# PHANTASY PRESS

Nope, that isn't an error. That isn't an underground room, Dan. That is the attic room of the house, and the ladder doesn't lead through the trapdoor out to the roof but into another dimension. Norm Lamb caught the idea immediately. I actually had such a dream once-- where I was in the upstairs of this house, and was stacking things up on the floor so I could reach a trap door in the ceiling. When I went through this trap door I found myself another room, whereas I should have been in the attic. This other room was the upstairs room of another house in another world. I have had several dreams of a like nature. The most recent one was this winter where I discovered a small hole in the wall of this room, up near the ceiling. I made the opening larger and crawled through into the attic of another house in another world.

And of you amateur psychiatrists have any explanations?

I go for some time not remembering any of my dreams, then for a short time I recall several in a row, most of them of a science fictional or fantastic nature. One I consider of such good possibilities as a story germ that I will respectfully decline from discussing it at the present time.

I may make all kinds of errors in my typing, Dan, but in what sketching I do, if something is present that looks out of place, I assure you it has been included for some definite reason, which may not be immediately apparent.

# ROUGH CUTS

(From the  
"Canadian Industrial  
Equipment News")

supplied by Sam W. McCoy

## "EINSTEIN -- KID'S STUFF"

DESPITE the high I. Q.'s drifting around our colleges, we're told that only a handful of people actually understand Einstein's Theory of Relativity. This is surprising because Relativity's a cinch once you get the hang of it. But to come to grips with the subject, you've got to have a completely clear, uncluttered mind. If you're good at arithmetic or know the meaning of too many big, multisyllabic words you might as well quit. They'll only get in the way when it comes to learning Einstein's mode of thinking. Maybe that's the trouble with all these cloistered, academic types; they've got too much to unlearn. It takes a moron to really understand Relativity.

Question: Of what importance is Relativity to the working man?

Well for one thing, Einstein makes it plain that, no matter how many souped-up jets they build, nobody but nobody can fly faster than the speed of light. Once you hit the speed of light, you're a goner, in fact, the way things are rigged in the universe, you're lucky to get anywhere at all.

Believe it or not, the moment you get up speed you change shape; you start getting flat. And the faster you go, the flatter you become. At 161,000 miles a second you'd be about the shape of a steamrollered schmo.

But you'd never know the difference because your eye balls, tape measure and any other gimmicks you might use to detect the change, are altered so that everything







British observers also believe that eventually it will pay producers of 35MM and 16MM films to make 8MM prints available for home movie clubs. It looks very much as though 8MM is rapidly being recognized as something beyond just a toy. It will be interesting to watch for further developments along this line.

-30-

-30-

-30-

-30-

-30-

-30-

-30-

## THE DISILLUSIONED

by Lolita McGillicuddy O'Toole

When I was a little girl, I played with dolls and toys;  
Now I am a big girl, and play with all the boys.

When I was a little girl I drank just milk and water;  
Now I am a big girl, and drink with Satan's daughter.

I was once a little girl, and good and happy then;  
I'd give up anything to be a little girl again.

|||||

Optimist: one who double-parks his car outside a house of ill repute.

Dignity: That reserved and competent air which you can't quite maintain when your garter breaks in public. (Girls: for "garter" substitute "girdle".)

Decorum: The way you conduct yourself when you're not having fun.

Hygiene: Keeping clean even where it doesn't show.

Resort: A sunny place for shady characters.

Sympathy: What one girl offers another in exchange for (all) the details.

Women: Generally speaking, are generally speaking.

|||||

For some past issues of the Fapa there has been quite a palaver going on about what was done when we were kids. So far I have managed to keep out of this. Not because I was never a child, or never did anything worth talking about, but because I haven't been in a gabby mood. But the last mailing sort of sparked the tinder and a bit of smouldering has been going on since. Let us now fan it and see if it will burst into a small flame. Perhaps after a few lines the flame will develop into a robust blaze:

Two things we did here as kids was brought back to mind just this past week when I saw a wee tad doing one of them. It isn't too common anymore hereabouts. This was walking on cans. Evaporated milk cans were the best, not the small ones, but what is known as the "tall" tin. Milk cans were favored over other cans because milk cans were merely punched at one end to drain the contents, whereas other cans had the tops either completely or partially removed. One method was to punch two holds in the band just below the top rim, one hole opposite the other. Strong string was strung through this hole and the can tied to the instep. With a can under each shoe the wearer would



then stroll or even attempt to run about as though on a low pair of stilts. The second use was of the same type of can for the same reason. The can was laid on its side. You then stamped your foot on it (in a boot of course) until the side buckled and the ends sort of folded up so as to clamp more or less tightly across the instep. With a can thus fastened to each foot you moved about best as you could for varying lengths of time. It was this latter use of such a can by a small boy the other day that brought this back to me. Don't ask me the reasoning back of this. If there was any, I have forgotten it. But that is one of the nice things about youth-- you don't have to have logical reasons for anything you do.

Another thing we did, boys and girls both, though this was predominately a boys' "exercise", was to roll the hoop. A piece of wood of the proper length had another shorter piece fastened across the bottom, forming a T-shaped affair. A hoop, or wheel, of whatever size you could find, was then rolled along with this implement. Naturally little walking was done, it was all run run run. Good exercise and helped build healthy appetites. A variation of this game was to roll an auto tire with the hand though this time the hand was not held against the periphery of the tire, but was used to apply momentum by quick propelling flat-handed slaps against the top of the tire as it rolled along. Also recommended for wearing off excess energy and building healthy appetites. Also made the shoe makers happy as your shoes had a shorter life.

There were soft ball sand-lot games in which a team of boys played a team of girls. Much fun especially when a player had to slide into a base defended by a member of the opposite. I dare say there were times this led to other games we shall not mention here. I do distinctly recall players disappearing from time to time in mixed pairs. Of course maybe they were called home to supper or to perform some chore. I wouldn't know, of course.

Another fond game was attending the local theatre when you had no money. This was accomplished in various ways. The manager also entered into this game and was usually quite good natured about it. Neither side ever got mad. One tactic was to investigate all the exit doors in case one had got unfastened. Another was to draw the managers attention (there wasn't a ticket taker half the time) (the mgr took tickets) and while he was occupied elsewhere one or two daring souls scooted behind him into the darker reaches of the show. Now and then a brave lone-wolf would successfully perform the tactic of walking up to the manager and brazenly asking to see the show for free! Astonishingly enough, this tactic actually worked sometimes! A more honorable method was to ask if he wanted something done so you could see the show. Quite often some small duty was asked for and done. I think a lot of these simple tasks were an excuse to let a kid in free without letting him think he was actually mooching. But the tasks weren't actually worthless-- such as "here go and post this letter for me", or "get me the paper", or something along that nature.

Another game was played when a large group got together and it was a lazy summer afternoon and nobody wanted to do much of anything, so the game of silence was played. The first one to say anything or make a sound had to perform some silly trick or task. You never saw such a quiet bunch sometimes. Maybe a dozen, sometimes a few girls also, all sitting around or maybe moving a bit, and not a blessed sound out of anyone. Thinking back on it I bet it must have been a weird thing to any grown-ups that witnessed it, because kids of that age are usually noisy as the devil.

Sometimes a group of girls would get off by themselves in one of their backyards, pitch a small tent, and play some girlish game with dolls and so forth. Then a group of boys would team up and have a raid. They'd come whooping and hollering fit to wake



ONT.

PAGE SEVEN plus ONE makes EIGHT

the dead and scare the little bijiggers out of them (at least the girls always made out they were scared but I think this was show more than anything else-- it being part of the game) and they'd rare through the little "camp" like a pack of wild Indians, or maybe buffalo on a stampede would be a more apt description. Of course, the girls had their raids in retaliation, only they always played "dirty" or at least the boys said they played "dirty", for the girls almost with exception brought along cans and bottles full of water and the boys got a pretty good soaking on top of the bust up. But nobody got mad. It was turn about and all good high fun.

When the kids got older the games became slightly more sophisticated. Then at nights groups of perhaps a dozen mixed would raid gardens and swipe corn to have a corn roast-- or swipe tomatoes or berries if there were berry bushes. I never hear of these raids anymore. Of course in those days teen agers weren't loaded with money or have cars, nor did their Dad's have cars that could be borrowed. But one game was just as popular then as now, judging from memory and what I still hear now and then-- every now and then there is a story about some girl and fellow "having to get married": that sort of thing.

You don't have to go far from your home in Parry Sound to be right out of town. A walk of a mile up the shore and you could go in for private swimming. And not always did everyone have bathing suits. That was fun! Four or five boys would set out deliberately up the shore to see if any of the girls might have gone in naked someplace. It happened! A mile and a half or more and in some little inlet that was well protected you found them that way quite often. The girls did that to the boys also, and that old gag about throwing the clothes up into the trees, or hiding them in the bushes or tying them in knots isn't imagination either. It happened.

We didn't have air guns then. I don't recall ever seeing an air gun before I was in my teens, or even during my early teens. But we all had sling shots and sling shots are just as effective, just as much fun, and cheap enough so everyone could have one. They broke windows just as well as air guns, and a stone from a sling shot hurt just as much as a pellet from an air gun, so don't think for an instant that sling shots were poor kids toys and to be laughed down on. Out of town the targets were the same as they are today for air guns-- one of the more popular being insulators on telephone and telegraph poles, and in town, some had to show how brave they were by popping off at street lights.

Another good passtime was prowling back of the garages investigating the old wrecks of cars that were standing out in all the weather, gradually being robbed of parts to keep luckier brothers still going.

XXXXXXXX

THERE IS WHAT I HOPE WILL PROVE TO BE A BIT OF A TREAT BEING PLANNED FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF LIGHT. IT WILL BE SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE THIS ISSUE ABSOLUTELY UN-DATABLE

XXXXXXXX



THE SIXTIES ARE  
HERE !

HERE :

've had a bit of a gander at the new Dodge ART, and, as is usual, my reactions are mixed. Superficially I think the styling is somewhat of an improvement over the 98s, but still not as good as those of several years back. I still like my old 1 better, though I do wish it had a larger trunk. Dodge has dropped the tail in slightly but they no longer can laugh at Ford and those big tail headlights. The bumpers steadily become ornaments instead of things to bump with. My mechanic friend says "Well, you aren't SUPPOSED to go around running into walls with them!" I agree, but if you do hit something, or something hits you in a collision it would be nice to have something there that would give you some protection, not something chrommed up out of low grade tomato cans. I found the front seat better than last years but still inferior to mine. Remember when all the jazz was about how much visibility you had because you sat up high and the hood sloped down low? Now I don't think you have any better visibility than you did in 1940 when the engine hood went way out. The front fenders are not to be leaned upon because they go BOING BOING just like Gerald McBoing Boing, popping up and down like the side of a square shaped syrup can. Personally, I still like the new Ford contour better than most I have seen, even if they do have that rounded snout out front.

And the light trucks are going the same way-- Chev is yakking about their new independent front suspension making for an easier ride. I agree, it probably will. But on a truck how long will it last? A truck is for work, not for pleasure cruising, and I'd prefer a truck to be kept as simple and rugged as possible, with as few fancy frills as possible to go wrong and keep you always running to the

garage to keep it in working order. But as I suppose this is a trend and all the companies will eventually do the same thing I guess we'll just have live with it and like it.

So I think my trusty old 51er, even if it does cost money, and will need more the longer I keep it, will have to do it for a few months longer.

0-0

0-0

"UP HERE WE BELIEVE IN FREEDOM. EVERY MAN IS ENTITLED TO WHAT HE BELIEVES AND WHAT HE SAYS. A MAN IS NATURALLY DOING SOME SMALL HARM IN REFERRING TO A MINISTER AS A 'THIEVING SCAPEGOAT' BUT HE ISN'T TRYING TO MAKE OTHERS BELIEVE THE SAME-- HE ISN'T INCITING TO RIOT-- HE ISN'T TAKING A LIFE-- HE IS MERELY PRONOUNCING HIS OWN PERSONAL OPINION, AND IF, THROUGH EXPERIENCE, HE FIRMLY BELIEVES MINISTERS ARE THIEVING SCAPEGOATS AND HE HAS NEVER EXPERIENCED ANYTHING TO MAKE HIM BELIEVE OTHERWISE, THEN THAT MAN IS NOT PRONOUNCING A LIE-- BUT WHAT, TO HIM, AT LEAST, IS AN ERREVOCABLE TRUTH. BESIDES, MAYBE A MAN IS A THIEF -- AND FURTHERMORE, WE JUDGE A MAN BY WHAT HE HAS BEEN AND DONE, NOT BY WHAT HE HAS SAID AND BELIEVED."

-The Saga of Captain Harry Dockett.

[illegible]

"Redbeard heaved himself from his seat and departed for spots unknown, the wench hanging giggling on one arm. Bert watched them go, a far-away look in his eyes.

"Damnne," grumbled Harry Dockett. "The Lord too me as I was so I guess He's satisfied. And that's the way I'm staying. So I guess He'll still be satisfied. . . hey, where are you going?"

Bert looked back-- "That big Viking  
swined my girl! The Sunnawabitch!"

-The Sage of Captain Harry  
Dockett.



. . .the minister, considering he'd done his duty to what what he had considered an evil man, an atheist and a blasphemer, turned his steps homeward, full of righteous thoughts and his opinions of himself. Maybe if he'd had his eyes down where they belonged instead of up in the skies trying to spy on the Lord, he wouldn't have slipped in the patch of slimy mud and took a cropper into the road. His head landed solidly on a rock and the next thing his spirit knew it had left its earthly shell and was bound toward its heavenly reward. . .

. . .and what was all this crush about? It looked like bargain day in the girdle department of a ladies wear store. He once docked in China and the line-ups there at the soup kitchens was almost as bad as this. . .

. . ."and what of his blasphemy?" Demanded the preacher. "The times he has called me a beggar-- the church a foul blot on the conscience of humanity?"

The clerk smiled again. "Oh, those are worth one black march each, that's all!"

. . .the next time he had heard of Whiskey's name was that Whiskey had died under somewhat mysterious circumstances. Knowing Whiskey's love for drink and members of the opposite sex, single and attached, Harry figured some Whiskey had either fallen down in some gutter and there drowned in the next rain, or some husband had come home and caught Whiskey with his trousers hanging on the foot of the bed. . .

. . .as he legged it along the street, looking neither to the right nor to the left of him, he thought: "What kind of a Heaven is this, anyway? No streets of gold. No heavenly choir. No harps or nightshirts or angels or wings? Shucks this might be earth but for one thing-- I feel too goldanged peacable to be on earth!". . .

. . ."Well, you might try the Sailor's Haven.". . .

! . .it was the sight of these ships that convinced Harry Dockett that he must either be stark raving nuts or still dead and suffering some terrible delerium. For there was a modern yatch-- a brigantine of the time of the American Revolution-- a stately Viking longboat, and one or two others he couldn't recognize. . .

. . ."I bet it floored you Cap'n, when you found out my name. Ain't it a bastard to hang on a guy, though?". . .

". . ."Arise, ye pickled men!" It cried. "Cease this drinking and carousing and singing of lewd song."

Loud laughs greeted these words. Cries of "Have a drink, Sam" and "How many have you saved today, Sam" filled the room. The comfortable waviness departed from Harry.

"My God," he said, "If it isn't the Preacher. Hiyah, Preach!". . .

. . ."Aye!" answered Redbeard, giving the wench a pinch on the buttock. . .

. . .Round John shrugged. "Who knows? This is Eternity. Heaven is eternal in time and in space. Everything is out there for a sailor. Olaf, the Viking with the red beard, has been discovering new and strange lands for hundreds of years. We have a Greek from Homer's time who has been exploring mystic lands of enchantment, where dragons breathe fire and sirens ~~sing~~ sing from rocky isles.". . .