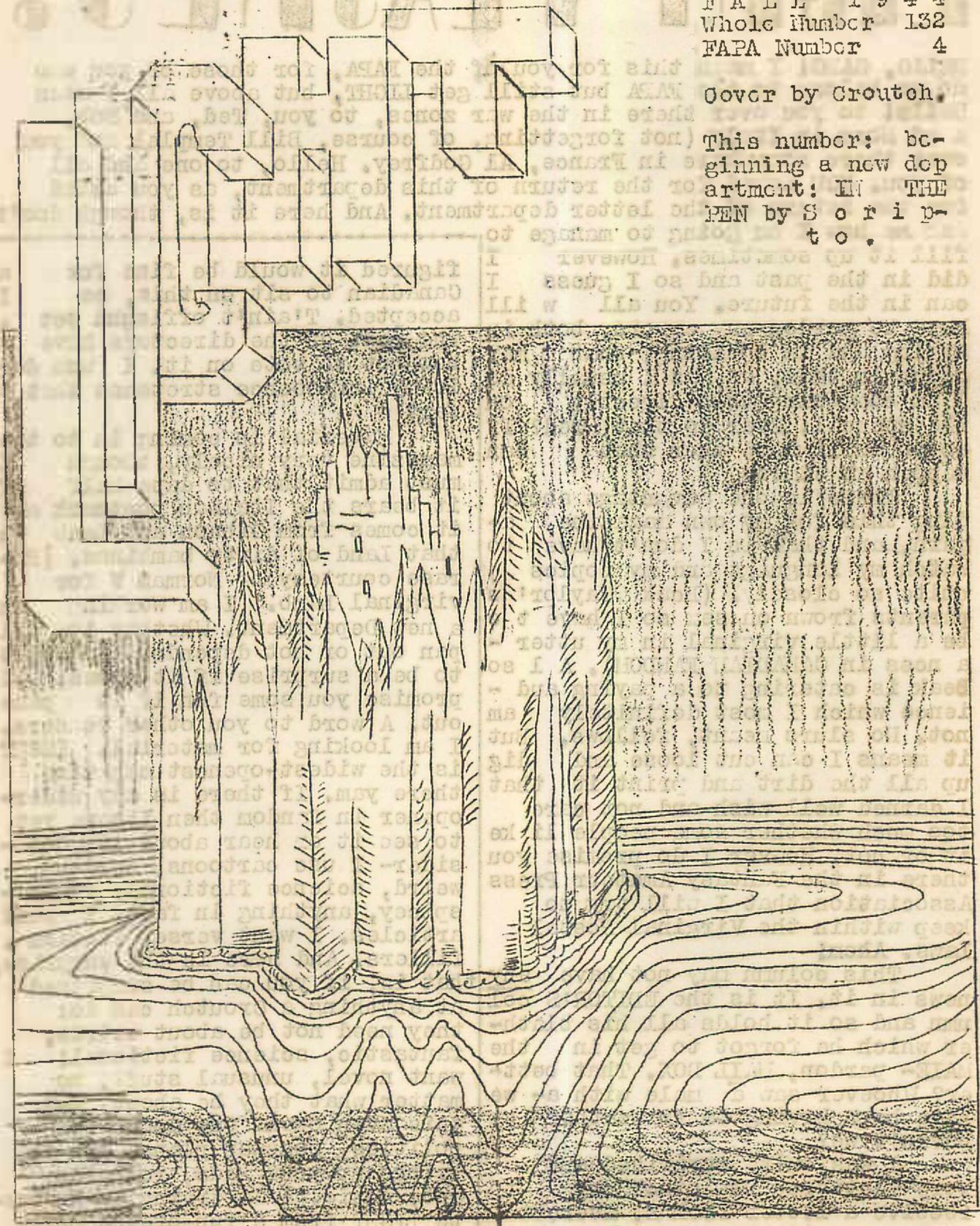


# WHITE • LAMB • GIBSON

FALL 1944  
Whole Number 132  
FAPA Number 4

Cover by Crutch.

This number: beginning a new department: IN THE PEN by Scrip-  
to.



FAPA EDITION-----5¢ TO NON-MEMBERS

# 14 ILLUSTRATIONS

# LIGHT FLASHES:

HELLO, GANG! I mean this for you of the FAPA, for those of you who do not belong to the FAPA but still get LIGHT, but above all I mean Hello! to you over there in the war zones, to you, Ted, and Bob, and Norm in Italy (not forgetting, of course, Bill Temple) and you over there somewhere in France, Al Godfrey. Hello, to one and all of you. YOU asked for the return of this department, as you asked for the return of the letter department. And here it is, though don't ask me how I am going to manage to fill it up sometimes. However I did in the past and so I guess I can in the future. You all will have to pardon any errors, both in typing and in spelling, that may occur in this, as, as I usually do I am composing this directly on the stencil. Ever do that, Ted? If so you will know then what can happen at times.

There is one advantage about doing this for my own magazine again, and that is I don't have to watch my language and my topics quite so closely. (Beak Taylor's parents frown on sex so I have to be a little virginal in my utterances in CANADIAN FANDOM). A lot so Beak is catering to a paying audience which I most definitely am not. No slurs meant, fellows. But it means I can cut loose and dig up all the dirt and print it that I darned well wish and not care too much whether some people like it or not. However I do promise you there in the Fantasy Amateur Press Association that I will try to keep within the Virginal Postal Laws. Ahem!

This column may not have any news in it. It is the EDITOR'S column and so it holds all his blather which he forgot to get in the MAIL- pardon, MAIL BOX. That better? Whoever saw a male with a we have been having warm weather, haven't we?

I was quite surprised and very flattered the other day to receive a letter from E. Everett Evans, president of the NFFF, National Fantasy Fan Federation, asking me to come in as Director, I

figured it would be fine for a Canadian to sit on this, so I accepted. T'ain't offishul yet. The rest of the directors have now got to vote on it. I wonder if my influence stretches that far?

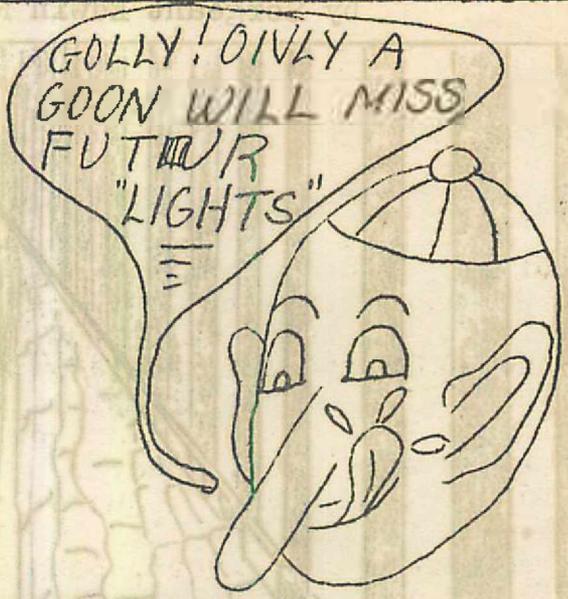
Material is coming in to the magazine very nicely, though I must admit that to date half of it bears the Italian postmark as it comes from Gibson and Lamb in that land of dirty bambinos. (Phrase courtesy of Norman V for virginal Lamb.) I am working on a new Department. Whether it will pan out or not depends. It ought to be a surprise if it comes. I promise you some fun if it pans out. A word to you other readers. I am looking for material. LIGHT is the widest-openest magazine there yam. If there is any wider-opener in fandom then I have yet to see it or hear about it. Consider- I use cartoons, serious, weird, science fictional, humor-spicey, anything in fact. I want articles. I want verse, fiction, fillers. And here is the surprise, that is, if you can be surprised at anything a Crutch can do: they need not be about weirds, fantastic, science fictional! I want novel, unusual stuff; no matter what they be about. Wup, this even opens thotdoors to politics, postwar plans, how to brings up your kids, religion, art, music. I am trying to graduate LIGHT from a run-of-the-mill fanzine to an Amateur Publication. Now who's going to help me out on this?

But enough of lowly gossip. Let us see what the Canadian fans have been up to. I'll just ramble on and on and eventually I'll get down all I know. (NO wisecracks, if you please! Hurrumph!!)

Thomas Richard the Lion Hearted Hanley held down a job for a time at Port Colborne, Ontario. His latest letter, received today, however says he quite as he didn't like taking orders from what he termed "an illiterate Russian".  
...Ron Conium still hides his head wherever you hide cabbage heads. I still send him LIGHT but nary a word of anykind. Rumors and speculations as to what happened to him run rife. Nobody seems to know what happened and as long as he doesn't open his yap naturally the worst things will be believed. How about it Ron? If you read this far, how about coming back into things?  
...Notice in the latest fan directory put out by Walter Daughtery, that Clare Howes name is listed.  
..Also Ted's, and Norms and Bobs.  
..Wakerfield is having housing trouble due to a certain Isrealite who bought their house. Jew bad. Ouch what a pun! Awful, ain't it?  
...Beak Taylor finally got the CAN FAN out, months and months late. As usual it is a very good copy. I don't know any anecdotes about it, but notice Jon Hollis Mason is in it so apparently John is still piddling around the precincts. How goes it John?....Theima, Ted White's sister, got married. I haven't heard from her lately so don't know how things are making out. Ted tells me she is happy about the whole thing so I guess everything's hunkis-ka-doris.....  
Jessie Walker is working on an idea for me. Hope it pans out. 'S deadly secret, fellers....NO mail from out west. None at all of even the slightest nature. Nothing from Peck, Child, or Frome....

Warning to fandom. WATCH FOR VOCADISCS RECORDED FROM CROUCH FAN ENTERPRISES. Local radio station has installed RCA recording outfit. Ahem! Koff! Koff!

(Continued on page 19)



YES SIR! .....

- EVAPORATION by Fred Hurter Jr.
- THE LAST SACRIFICE by Sgt. White.
- METEOR by Leslie AA. Crouch
- STROKE OF TWELVE by Mary Byers.
- THE DAMIEST STORY by Fred Hurter
- FLIGHT TO ETHER-NITY by Alan Child.

- articles
- autobiographies
- biographies

pictures - girls- girls- girls  
also a few assorted monsters

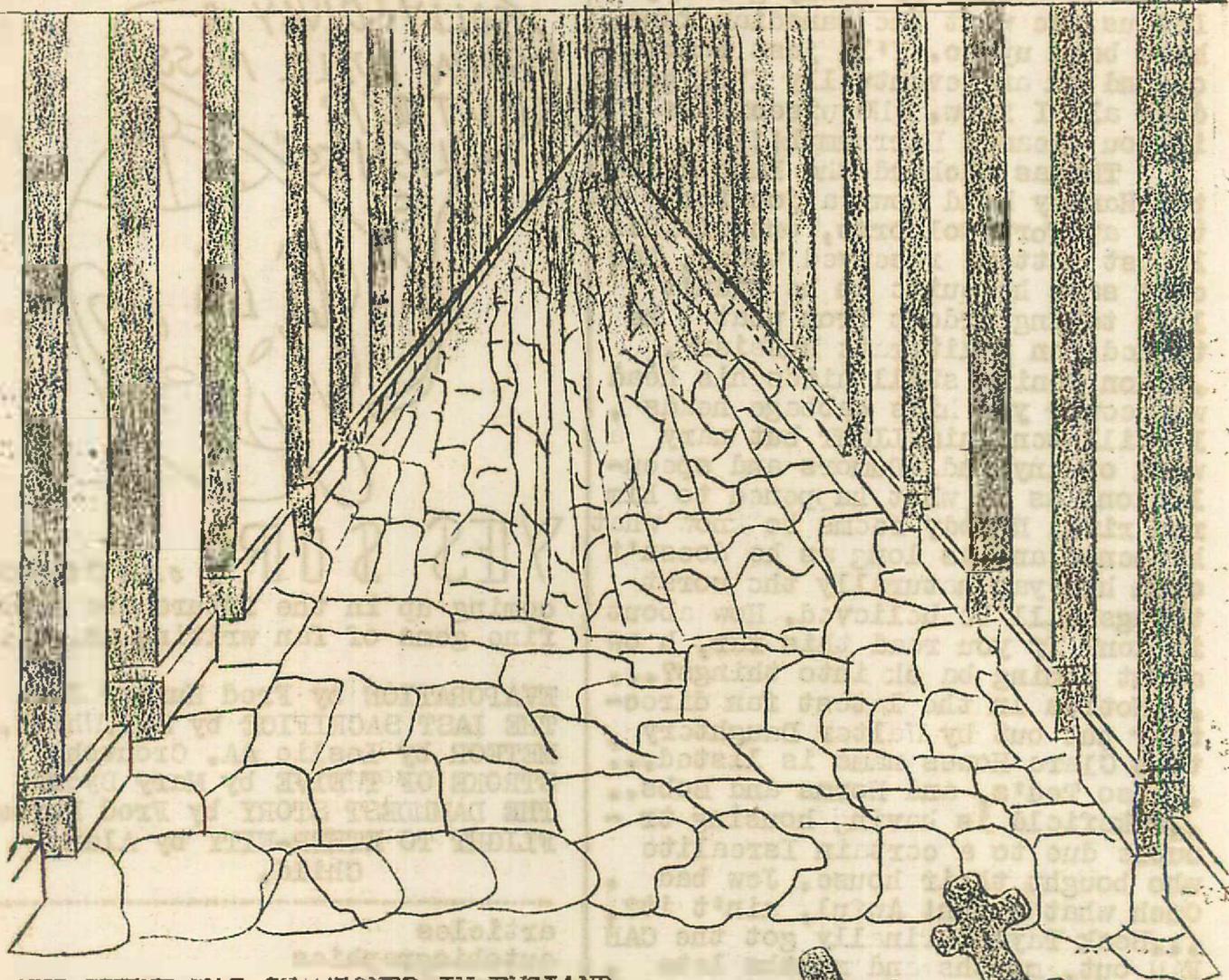
- verse--
- The Weaver of Light- The Haunted House- Kismct- It's Amazing- Beware!- The Call- Lament of the Science Fiction Fan- Suarra- Gremlins- Details.

- illustrated poetry-
- limericks-

YES SIR! LIGHT IS HERE TO STAY!!  
D E F I N I T E L Y.

This number, and all preceding quarterly numbers have run 101 numbers to the issue. Could be much bigger as most copies are gone but don't desire it.

by Sergeant Edwin R. White, Can. Army



TED WHITE WAS STATIONED IN ENGLAND AT THE TIME HE WROTE THIS. THAT WAS BACK IN 1942, FOR IT WAS ACCEPTED ON OCTOBER 15, 1942. TED WAS A CORPORAL THEN. HOWEVER, THE LAPSE OF TIME HASN'T HURT IT IN THE LEAST.

(illustrated  
by Crutch)

# the night

LAST NIGHT I DIED. I crossed the line into what the ignorant mortals call The Great Beyond. That, in itself, is not extraordinary, but the adventure I have had is. So much so, in fact, the Vestal One has given me permission to set my experiences down on paper so others will know what to expect when their time comes to leave this earth. Here is the story.

I was ill. Not very ill, but enough to keep me in bed under the watchful eye of (sigh) a very pretty nurse. It seems there was some mistake in the statement of the doctor when he said I wasn't very ill, for during the night I became aware that the end was approaching. The knowledge wasn't as terrifying as I had always thought it would be and it was with frank curiosity that I slipped quietly into the darkness.

To my surprise, the first feeling of awareness did not waken me at the Pearly Gates or the yawning pit of Hell as I had been led to believe it would, but in a place not mentioned in any documents on earth. I was standing in a hall of marble, immediately in front of a door on which reposed an immense sign, reading, "Why knock? It only wears out the door as well as your knuckles. Just walk in."

I always believed in signs when I'm in a strange place so I walked through the door, after opening it of course, without announcing my intentions of doing so. Within the room, there was a desk, behind which was sitting as nice a bit of feminine pulchritude as I ever wish to see again. She was staring at me so fascinatedly I felt

startled. I looked down at myself but could find nothing amiss so I returned her gaze with utter frankness. She was lovely! Such hair! Such eyes! Such a f... ah, but I wander! Shaking her pretty head, she gained control of herself long enough to tell me to go to the first room on the right down the hall. I was reluctant to leave without first getting acquainted but I decided that this was one time when I must resist the charm of the fair sex and find out first of all what was to happen to myself.

Down the hall I went and when I came to the first door on my right I entered. "Sit down!" Bellowed a loud raucous voice, frightening the wits out of me. When I had descended the six feet I had jumped, I sat down, not daring to offend anyone this early in my visit to this strange place. The chair was uncomfortably cold to my nether regions for I was wearing only a hospital gown which are notorious for failing to cover where they should, but I endured

it, wondering what came next.

A middle aged woman came into the room much to my disappointment and discomfort, but without looking at me she sat behind a desk and started shuffling a number of papers. For a few moments all was silent except for the rustle of the papers in her hands.

"Name?" she suddenly demanded in a coarse loud voice.

"I, er, ah!" I stammered.

"Liar!" she stated loudly.

"You are Ted White!"

She was silent for a few more minutes during which I despairingly attempted to bring some life

into my frozen parts next to the cold chair.

Looking up suddenly she said, "Your legs are darned skinny. You must mo...oh!!!!" gulped the lady.

My face was burning red with my embarrassment as she stared at me in amazement.

"Now look here..." I began angrily, but with an imperious gesture she silenced me.

"Your case is going to be a difficult one so we will go over it in detail," frowned the old girl.

There followed a moment of confusion for me when I desperately tried to pull, a stubborn gown down for the sake of decency, and in so doing, snapped the one remaining string that held it on me. Finally getting the darned thing repaired I turned my attention to the woman and demanded to know where I was and why, plus what, was going on. I should have known better than ask that but I did and was left with my jaw hanging down in the region of my floating rib.

"This is the Chamber of Dispensing." Explained the good woman. "We dispense with your past life, after reviewing it" she added with an accusing frown, "and then deal with your future."

Thanking her weakly, I sat in silence waiting for her to get her

dispensing over with and send me down to the hell I felt I had earned. The Vestal One, as she called herself, sat frowning over the papers in her hand while I waited in agitation for her to speak.

"You smoked!" she suddenly accused me.

"Yes." I gulped in answer.

"Drank too!" she went on.

"Only once or twice!" I answered trying to sound convincing.

"You played with women!" she growled.

"Who? Me?" I asked fearfully.

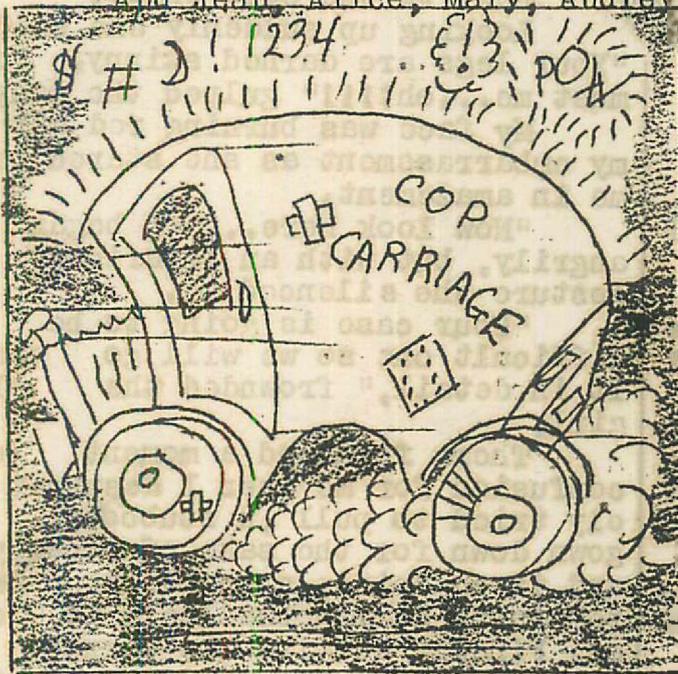
"What about Joan?"

"Oh! Her." I defiantly answered ed sticking my trembling chin out for emphasis.

"And Lillian?"

"She was willing." sullenly.

"And Jean, Alice, Mary, Audrey



Emily, Margaret and a dozen others. What about those?" she demanded angrily.

I relaxed, realizing I was cornered. She went through the papers a bit more and finally she said, "You raised a lot of hell in the north one year!"

"The police didn't have to butt in," I answered uncomfortably.

"You gambled!"

"Never won anything!" I grumbled.

"You broke the all the driving laws in two countries!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"Oh."

"You went to jail once," she stated scathingly.

"It was a mistake and I was only held for a few hours!" I pleaded.

"48 hours to be exact," she answered.

"Well?"

"Shut up!"

Silence.

"You read science-fiction?"

"I sure did!" I answered proudly.

"That's bad. Terrible!"

"What's so bad about that?" I asked beligerantly.

"Most of 'em are rotten and not worth a cent!" she growled in evident disgust.

"Ever read the fanzines?" I asked hopefully.

"No," she answered shortly.

"What's the use? They are even worse!"

"Not at all, not all of them" I answered, feeling I had now got her coming my way a little. "Did you ever hear of LIGHT?"

"Just mutterings from the slugnuttys saps down there that refuse to die," she grumbled.

Forgetting my state of undress completely, I stepped over to the desk and started expounding the qualities of LIGHT. Not that I believed any of it myself but it looked like an "out" for me so I garbled on.

"No fanzine can boast of such wit, such variety and such format! I yammered. "It is alone in the field with its maturity and the only one that gives the readers the kind of stuff they want. In fact, it is the only fanzine!"

The Vestal One stared at me quizzically for a moment or two and finally a smile spread across that ugly puss of hers.

"Funny thing," she smiled, "I believe you. Tell you what I'll do. You have me interested, partially" she added, a light of hardness gathering in her eyes, "so I'll grant you a pardon."

Wondering what was coming I held my breath hoping for the best.

"Yes, I'll grant you a pardon she continued, "You will return to the low earthly existence you have left and get me one of these, er, Lights."

I opened my mouth to speak, but, holding up her hand for silence, she went on, "If I don't like it, you shall suffer for leading me on. If so, you will be allowed to remain on earth until such time as it is decided you are no longer useful there."

Unable to believe my good fortune, I tried to voice my thanks but could only manage a few feeble rasps.

"begone," she roared suddenly, her voice cutting through the numbness that had gripped my brain

I dashed out of the room, my shirt flying behind me, Down the hall and through the large foyer and out through the main door of this house of surprises. As I went through the door I felt a queer sensation pass through me, and I landed----in bed!

Remembering my mission, I jumped out of bed and threw my equipment around until I came across an issue of Light. Wondering what I was to do now I stood with the zine in my hand looking around in bewilderment.

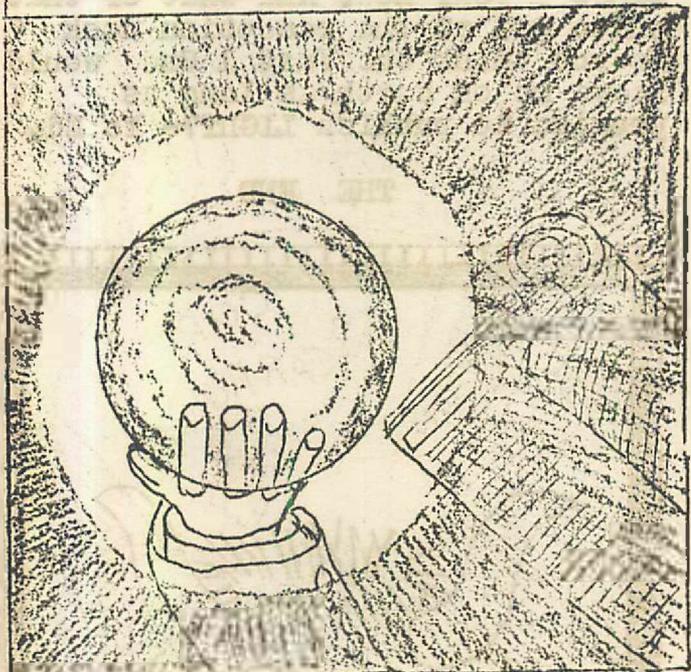
Suddenly a crystal appeared in my hand and from it gazed the face of my late tormenter, the Vestal One.

"Open the zine," she commanded grimly.

Setting the crystal gingerly on the bed I opened the Light and held it to the crystal. She read without comment until she was part way through Dr. Bejazer's Health Belt (\*) when she went into paroxysms of laughter. She laughed until

the tears were pouring down her face. On and on she roared until she was out of breath and the tale was finished. The zine was read from cover to cover and every once in a while she would sigh and wipe her eyes.

When I had closed the zine the Vestal One eyed me silently for a moment and then said, "I don't actually know when I have laughed so much before. I didn't really believe you before but I find you told me the truth. You have earned your lease on life, as you call it, and such as it is, but there is one thing I would like to ask you to do."



"What is that" I asked, only too willing to please this woman who held such terrible power over me.

"When each issue of LIGHT reaches you," she returned, "you will return to these Chambers and let me read it. I shan't keep it so you will wait and take it back with you."

Dismayed, but willing to do anything to keep my feet on terra firma, I agreed to follow her bidding.

"By the way," the old girl said just as the mists began swirling through the crystal." Light is all you said it was. It is the only worth-while fantasy publicat-

(\*) appeared in LIGHT for May 1942 Number 116. Written by Leslie A. Croutch.

ion there is!"

With these parting words the mists obscured her and the crystal became a dead, opaque ball.

Do you see what you have done to me, Les? Every month I have to go back to that gosh-awful place and wait while that old hag reads your latest. Why did I ever get mixed up with you?

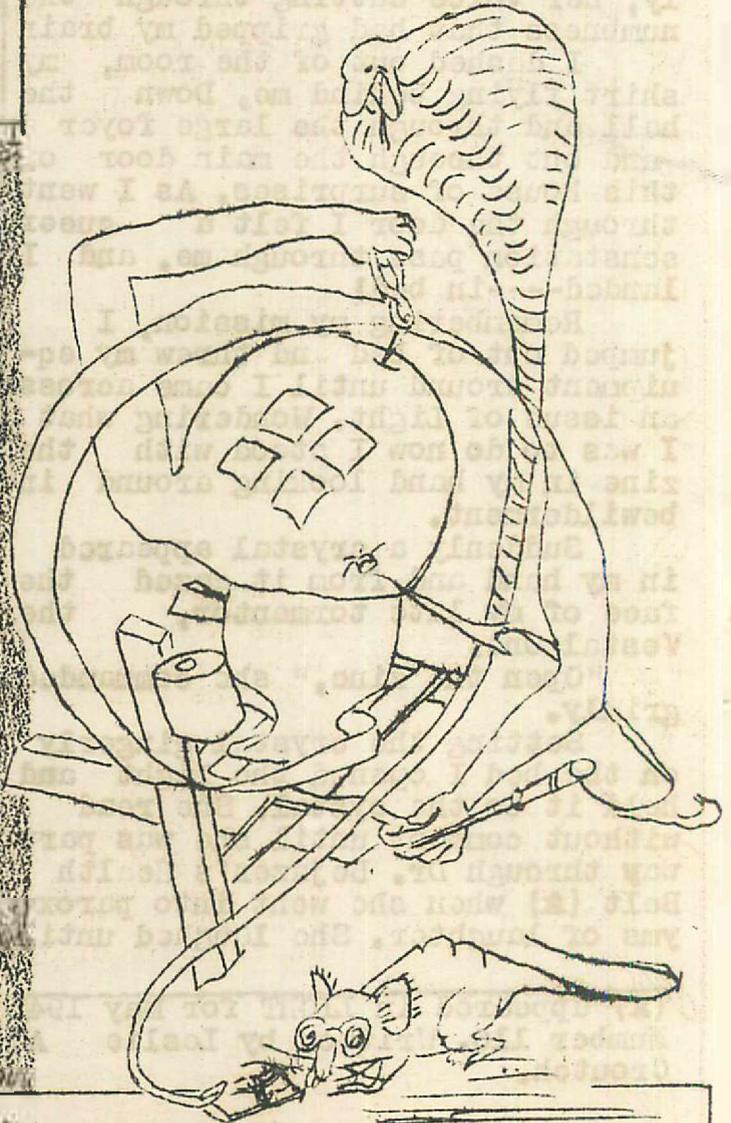
Dear Ted: If it hadn't been for LIGHT you'd be dead now. Maybe as long as it appears you will remain on earth. And you only have to go to that "Gosh-awful place" four times a year now. And what of that cute gal at the reception desk? Do you think the Vestal One would leave me on earth as long as I promise to publish LIGHT?- Yo Ed.

THE END

.....  
: LIMP LIMERICKS :  
: by Bob Gibson :  
.....

Vulcan's sunside does suffer from heat,  
On the dark side the air falls as sleet,  
When the natives decide  
To Enjoy a sleigh ride,  
They use molten tungsten to warm feet.

A region of small asteroids  
Is something a spaceship avoids.  
It is apt to be met  
By a minor planet  
And spattered through the planetoids.



DRAWN BY BOB GIBSON C.A. ITALY '44



Editor's Note: Now it is Ackerman's turn. He of the Lordly pun, I doubt, has ever hit the depths plumbed by the writers of the bit I print below. If only ONE fan writes and says "Hurray!" I'll rest in peace, and no doubt, so will our two writers. But enough of this confloberation. Tackett away! My Gawd, even I am doing it now!

G I B S O N  
 the  
 L A M B  
 to escape  
 P U N - I S H M E N T.....

G  
I  
B  
S  
O  
N

We are Haggard and Carr-worn for our health has suffered, Bertine vain. Other peoples' puns are Pierce-ing us to our hearts. We crept through Bac-Kelley-s to the Miller-s corn patch by the West-wood to plot our revenge. In Scheer self-defehse we Poole-d our Powers and Heldæ Councilman to man, until the Leitfred the gloom. For Tye Knight-s we Locke-d ourselves away from the Cummings and goings of mankind, also our Keith and kin, Keller cure was our motto.

(Editor's note: see what I mean? This gets worse and worse as it goes on.)

Our friends thought we had De Camp-ed or were held to Ransome. As you Reid our Repp-ly you may agree that we were Wright to be Cross. We have Faricy rung the Bellin our Kruse through Pundom. We passed the Marks of Lesser Rohmer-s in that Greenfield, Not having the patience of a Bishop we Vogt-ed to set our Rich Ruby of Wit, a Stone of Stirling Worth (we hope) in the best LIGHT (Plug). We will ob-Taine Moore satisfaction in this than in Stranger ways.

We are sorry to ad-Vance our pleasx, Ayre our views or Sheppard our thoughts at the Risk of hurting feelings: but we would not be Brackett-ed with the Meek. We would advertise our Owen Merritt from the Towers of the Temple if a-Bell, Don't be criti-Kaletsky-nd words we need.

We would Collier attention to the Berne-ng and Shea-me-ful quest-lon of puns. We have travelled from West to east and we Maysa-y tha t we have Gottesman-y of the Bester thdir type that have Benson. We Lovecraft-smanship and Wylie-ness and we Woodbury our Blades under the hides of those joke-Smiths and indeli-Kateley-ars who claim that we thought of the Kostkos we have used those that Costello-t.

You may Storm until the Star-s fall, for the Starzl fall on our Whiehead-s Long before we back down. Derleth you say about our Bok the better. If we Selwyn idea no Morgan we expect than that you Maxon converts to our cause, but it makes no diffince.



For Vincent we would Colladay a day and Rosseam-ver to our Caveamong the Craig-s and grow Beard-s.

It Bates us and we Bernal up to see the Hale and healthy people in Hall ~~am~~ the Holmes, Ernst as they be, Flagg under the weight of puns of Verrill-ittle quality. With help Lemkin Taylor them to bring them Blish(!)

No use Cloukey-ng your minds, the most un-Manning of Ullrich puns. Ray-diate from us. The White-whiskered Chesnutt-s that have been Rocklymc Fandom Macom'to others and make them for-Lorne. Weinbaum pun Wilson spoil the Hanson effect we would create; so we Cartmill-ions and Mill-ions of the old ones away.

We are Swain the crowd like Reed-s with our Schnirring QQuickness. We Fedor puns to one Hahn'all. They'd go to Rachen ruin, Heinlein agony without our Clomcnt-cy.

After Connington a fter ton of books we have Brotman the best Hoffman-s works. We waded through Gallun-s of slush to find the Balmer Schper essence of lingual Spohr-t. Eshbach we come from our Schachner Zagat of the asy-Lunley-ft a Collin for Hugi-s to Kummer. We had Kuttner to the heart of fact: LIGHT (plug) had come to-us Fast. Howard we tried to Binder with the Cord of truth.

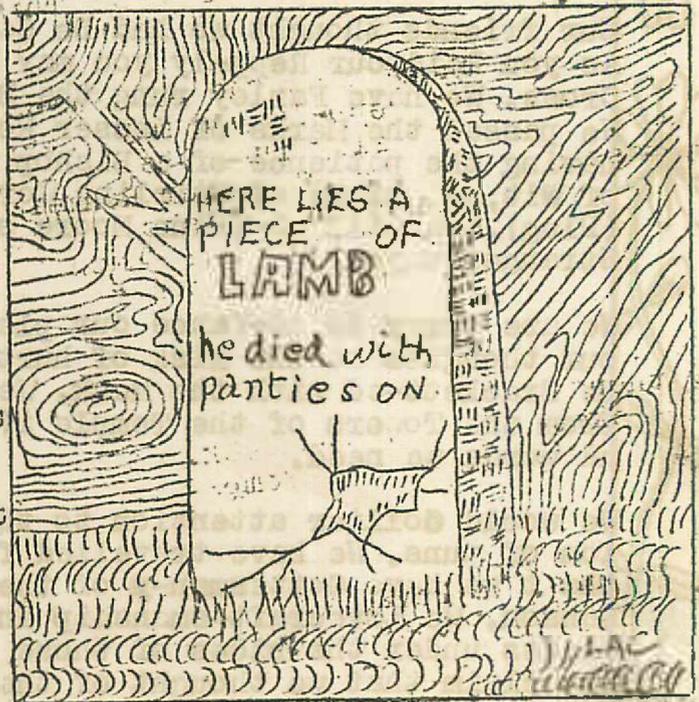
We're Sloat-o anger but Stilson-times we get Brudy and Lewis our tempers; Connell pops-- then Lec-ve us alone, Burroughs-wiftly and take Koben. On the Morrow consult your Barrister if you are alive for we have to Berryman-y and Carver tombstones. We try not to Gilmore; than we have to as it doesn't ma ke us Murray.

If we mount a Norse and Golub away, the Sanders slippery and we may Skidmore, possibly into the Bryan; so we'd far better Carroll a Grey Hasso and seek where we Michal-ter.

As we Dold you-- we did s-Corwin and Renard and shook off pursuit.

There was a Price Poc-t on our heads. Latcher thoughts be with us and Wait. We have Baird our reasons and they Conant blame us now. The outlook is more Rossi-- we'll get off Scott free with our Shurtleff-t yet.

We have Boucher to a Peck of trouble going all Houten our Toftness. You won't Hurter feelings if we don't get Patzer plaudits. We trust you won't Collas Corson uncouth.



Just Phillips-some Glassers with the Breuer-s finest and Barry your ire if you Conn. Howas that Asimov-ing spectacle? We were Fearn that the Bond between is Wa lsby way of weakening. Conway say that we were

(Ed's note; yes, dear reader, another page. This goes on and on. In fact, we are only about half way through it now!)

t-Ryan and hope you won't Harry us? T-Hatfield of writing would put a Crimp in most author's hopes in Worrell-little time,

After Arthur-d visit to the Hal.K.Wells, Weisinger song of Lovering-ingly. We hope you Kalland we will Hanstein after stein of the finest Cramer-y product to you. X If you arce Wandroi-gg our way drop in for Sheridan we'll stay at the Bartel its finished.

Our fame will be un-Dornisch-ed by attacks of the Grosser type from those who Croutch where Ellis darkness, A Shaftel LIGHT (plug) will Tanner hides and ca ch Chappel flee, ooo-Ku,bilius and Lash-ed,

Our Campbell be seen easily for we'll Lieber Del Ray of LIGHT(Advt.) glowing like a pa-Elstar in Lorraine.

Renshaw-ll fall on our detractors as Wallace sun shine long and Gail-s blow; neither bea st Norman can help them. They'll Leinster and from the Livingstone walls will bar them. Morris unneeded to show Olsen-sible people that they're Walsh-out.

If when reading this arti-Cleator-rid feeling is raised in you, please don't call it a Lemon; for the authors have Giffen up all their spare time to bring it forth. We trust it be-Giles those who have Gurwit to follow it. May we hope for a-Conium-s from the discerning? At lca st Houdini brickbats back-- the Mason-s need them.

NUDE!

So-Merlin-gering around who have Cotton to our scheme to see if we can Rimel the time. The remainder Wentz-ome time ago in a Rush, Willy-nilly; Hawkin and coughing to dispoe of the pungent flavor of our product.

If we can Russell praise from the rest it will Simak-knowldgment enough; Kennedy-namic character Hunter-ound for Morley-ss hc's greedy or his Vannc-ty Harris-es him?

We have been s-Irving up many puns (corn from the Gardner) which may Gifford you pleasure. We hope you Gregor-ius Geisy what we've Gordon our minds (?); and possibly en-Gade-ge us in Warland-ing puns, trusting that none ganga a Gla,mis-sing the point. We warn you that if Beattie-n downwe will Rice again. ~~Tucker~~ We Tucker chance in writing this and any Child knows we don't want the Bird. It Mariner shine upon us, but it Burns us up

THIS IS AN UNPOSED PICTURE OF INVISIBLE SCARLET O'NEIL WITH HER CLOTHES OFF!

as we said before, to be hooded--but if you Bivona little it won't hurt our feelings. (Much!)

Wellman, after you Klimaris-ing Hilliard-- what you might Coleridge-- that Loomis Steber before you in all its Verne-al splendor---- you'll want to Lowndes around, take the Wates off your feet and rest on your Pratt-s. (We do!)

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above article was discovered by Ye Editor tied to a Carrier Pigeon's leg. The poor bird looked exhausted and very bewildered as it it has endured many trying experiences. On its other leg was a band inscribed "YY G iiii'CMF CAOS", which led Ye Ed. to believe that it had come from those two wits (?) of fandom who are now living (?) in the really fantastic land of spaghetti, Il Duce, and dirty bambinos.

Ye Ed. presumes that Reasons of State etc. forbids to the mention of where the two stalwart (?) soldiers (?) are stationed. Thus he is unable to notify all his readers to take pity on these far-flung wanderers. Ye Ed. can't tell you that if YOU were to send a letter to either of the following-----

- M-3020, Gnr. Gibson, W.R., B-52537, Sgt. Lamb, N. V.,
- 6 Bn. #2 C.B.R.D (P.E)                      6 Bn. #2 C. B. R. D. (P.E)
- C.M.F., C.A.O.S.                              C.M.F., C.A.O.S.

-----it would be appreciated.

No, dear fan, CAOS does NOT refer to the state of their brains.

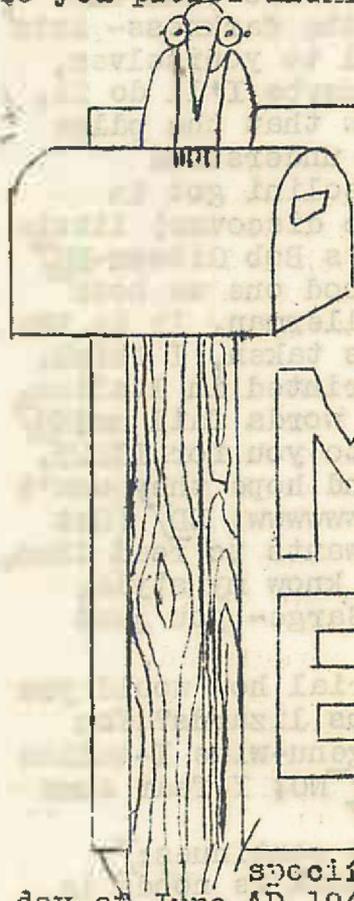
(-)(-) (-)(-) (-)(-) (-)(-) (-)(-) (-)(-) (-)(-) (-)(-) (-)(-) (-)(-)

I thought her fairer than a flower,  
 A thing of beauty, and a joy,  
 I thought with her I'd find contentment,  
 Sweetness that would never cloy,  
 The mask wore through, revealed the Gorgon,  
 Wrenched forth from me an awful groan,  
 But with the years, her power had weakened,  
 'Twas just my heart that turned to stone.

-Spr. Alison Godfrey, RCE.  
Now somewhere in France.

.....  
UNSCIENTIFACTS - The new automatic typewriter, which writes on the mind compulsion of its owner, was a boon to tired typists. However, we are sad to announce that it fell into the hands of an actifan. It died of overwork... Everyone knows that the molecules of gas dance about quite vigorously. What they don't know is that the dance is held to the tune of "Shackle, shickle, bump along bounce" and "Beat me, Daddy, eight to the bar."... Scientists deserted the laboratory in New York yesterday. It seems it is haunted by the spirits of ammonia, eucalyptus, and camphor.

Readers, I said I was going to try to renew this department. Regular readers like it fine. The boys overseas are overjoyed to see it back. But, I am sorry to say, you FAPA-ers, don't seem to say much. I didn't expect much due to the fact you publish your own magazines. May be you prefer LIGHT to remain almost entirely divorced from FAPA matters, but soldiers overseas, in Italy, kind find time to write entertainingly, why can't YOU? Everyone stands a chance to get in. THIS



is the ONE spot in the magazine that MUST be contributed to. Comments in square brackets; [ ] are by the editor and Grand Nabob.

# Our MAIL BOX

Somewhere in Italy,  
June 8, 1944.

SGT. NORMAN V (for  
Virginal) Lamb: Hereunder  
is inscribed the epistle  
of the Old Sarge for  
your amoral delectation  
S'funny, that I should be  
writing to you, [why  
funny, Sarge? Don't  
do write by you? (Hah,  
pun;)] - ED/ again so soon  
after the last compen-  
dium of wit and humor.  
Here is a little epic  
for you shell-like (not

specifying what sort of shell) ear. On Tuesday ye 6th  
day of June AD 1944 as I was xcreeping along, just as the sun crossed  
the meridian, to our Post Office, (for which place Allah be praised)  
with a Registered Letter clutched to myself [pardon, I am ahead of  
things there- should be "clutched to my manly bosom"- ED/I pondered.  
Thought I to myself, thoughtII, 'Shall I invest the minor fortune of  
ll lire to ensure that this letter of immeasurable worth reaches  
the one and only L.A.C- the would-be Pasha of Parry Sound, Huntsville  
and points east- oops- Pardon me- I forgot I wasn't a train announcer  
any mo! 'Yes' thunk I, 'I'll dood it- t'hell with the expense!' So  
it came to pass that as I gracefully handed the missive, missle,  
ma sterpiece- pick the word that suits- to the ever-gracious clerk,  
he- in his lordly yet wherewithall bored manner, gently but firmly  
intimated to me that there was a large letter for me- furthermore,  
said he- words to the effect that such big envelopes were a, quote,  
'bloody nuisance' end of quote. I hastily took the long awaited l-  
letter, grasped it firmly in both hands and dashed away with a  
blinding burst of speed [Huh? I've heard of soldiers bursting away  
with a blonde- with a beer- but never before with a blinding burst  
of speed- ED/ (beating a snail by no less than three lengths)] Dear  
reader- Lamb hereby degregates hisself. He is positively longer than  
that when lying down. ED/ and headed in the general direction of my  
tent. N.EB: If you ever visit me you will easily find me- I have a  
khaki tent. [I fail to catch the wit-ED/ When I reached my destin-  
ation I eagerly strapped [Oh no you don't- not here. I told you no  
women in this affair- ED/ off the outer husks [Oh, an ear of corn?  
Pardon me- ED/ and bared the treasure within. [Sounds like a case  
of beer- ED/ LIGHT came to me in that fashion. [I thought you were

stationed out of the fighting zone. Shrapnel, eh, old chum?-ED/  
Incidentally, the registered letter mentioned in the foregoing was  
that Lamb-Gibson punful yarn in this issue.-ED/

.....Here's a suggestion, why not put all the letters from the  
fans over here all together and head them- 'Out of the darkness- into  
the LIGHT'. So far you do have this department all to yourselves,  
Norm. If and when I get a letter from anyone else, maybe I'll do it,  
-ED/ Boy! It is real darkness over here- did you know that the pñice  
is full of foreigners? The poor buggers can't even understand  
English! Woe is them! How else do you suppose Mussolini got in  
power?-ED/ They have (as far as I have been able to discover) little  
fantasy over here. As I told you, Bob and I that's Bob Gibson-ED/  
managed to pick up some stf in Italian. Here's a good one we both  
bought- 'Il Tunnel Sotto l'Osano' by Benhart Kellerman. It is the  
book from which the film 'Transatlantic Tunnel' was taken, I think.  
I can't be sure because the stupid editor had it printed in Italian.  
Silly of him, wasn't it? Words fail me, chillun, words fail me! ED/  
As you doubtless know, I will try to get a letter to you for LIGHT.  
I will keep on sending my salacious meanderings, and hope they won't  
be too pornographic for your virgin eyes. (Hawwwwwwwwwww! ED/ (Not  
to say anything of the Censors'. After all, if he wants to read them,  
he'll have to take his chances with the rest). You know my style,  
Les! So do the veteran readers of LIGHT by now, Sarge- you just  
keep 'em comin' and keep printin' em.-ED/

.....Instead of sending you any literary material how would you  
like me to send you a few gross of our multitudinous lizards? You  
could advertise- "Free with every copy of LIGHT a genu-wine I-talian  
lizard. It's alive. Get 'em while they last". No? NO! I fear some  
some fans' hearts would never stand the shock. -ED/

.....In his remarks on the Summer LIGHT, Lamb continues:  
Ted White brings up his usual contribution. His remark re needs is  
just what I think. Your idea of a new kind of club is typical Crutch-  
personally I am beginning to doubt if you are 100% fit to associate  
with us members of the Band of Hope. (Not saying what we're hoping  
for!) Yup I know- lotsa milk shakes- ED/ Like Ted I definitely  
prefer the old fantasy mag. The idea of a mag for and about the  
FAPA sounds good but for the luvva mike keep it separate from LIGHT.  
Nope, too many fellows publish several half-assed publications. I  
prefer to work entirely on one and make it all round decent fro  
everyone. I'm waiting now to see what the FAPA boys and girls say  
about the Summer one-ED/ Just get LIGHT how it was before it folded.  
It didn't fold- it just slept for awhile-ED/ N. F. Stanley's ideas  
re fantastic nudes are very sound but yours aren't necessarily fan-  
tastic in LIGHT. I agree with him that most of the time they don't  
prefer to anything in Fantasy but  
who cares- I likes 'em anyway.

More nudes! gives the cry from the  
old Sarge. Hurrah, B. Watson, I  
see you have the same mind about  
cartoons that I have. Thank God,  
Les, there'll be no more like that  
last number! but please give us the  
odd cartoon.



JUNE 25, 1944. GNR. BOB GIBSON. Somewhere in Italy Norm and I seem to get on together in great shape. We have been writing while I was in the 11th, and one day our medical sergeant was detected by him and he sent a note to me. I had hardly more than got it- a bit delayed as usual- when I was informed that I was to pack and prepare to proceed to 6 Bn, 2, C.B.R.D. I didn't have time to answer it and would have got there before a letter would, anyway. So we set out and tracked d down 6 Bn in the wilds of the Boot. They were run to earth in R.A. T.D. When I could I set out through the dusk to locate the Lamb. The first sergeant I asked knew where he lived, guided me to the tent, and roared for Sergeant Lamb. "Somebody wants you."

This gave Norm a terrible shock. He had been relieved of one job shortly before and he thought they had caught up with him, with another. When he came out I said, "You sent a note to Gnr. Gibson, a few days ago?" "Yes," said he. "Are you him? Glad to meet you."

So passed the moment from which history will be dated. Since then we've seen each other almost daily, and have a session every two days, as a rule. We have been to Naples twice, bookhunting. He is a quicker reader than I am, and gets more books. Yet I have twenty-three now.

When you get this summer will be well along [Letter was received here July 19] and you will be into the fruit season. Here we have had cherries for weeks, and a fruit unknown to me: yellow skin, thin flesh, big, glossy seeds and a pleasant flavor. [Can any fan perhaps identify this Italian fruit?-ED] Cucumbers, too. Now there are apricots, red, and yellow, plums, and peaches.

Wouldn't line-of-sight broadcasting to 60 miles call for high aeriads? [Yes, it does. Usually, however, slightly better than line-of-sight can be obtained. The waves seem to extend slightly over the horizon. F-M and television aeriads are installed on a high elevetion, natural, or a tall building, to get the greatest possible coverage.-ED] And wouldn't reflection from the Heaviside Layer cause belts of interference beyond that distanoe? [Refelction from the Heaviside Layer do cause trouble in rare instances. This would possibly account for sporatic reception beyond line of sight. However authorities figure the angle of reflection from the Heaviside Layer may be so great that the returned wave would shoot off beyond the earth. Others declare ultra-high frequency waves pierce the Heaviside Layer except in very rare instances. Others believe they pierce that Layer always, sometimes being reflected by a still higher ionize'd layer, or perhaps even piercing that and disappearing into space. Might this be useful for interplanetary communication?-ED] Isn't it that reflection between earth and layer that lets California and Australia talk on 5 meters? [Can you think of a better explanation? I can't- ED]

.....  
: Gibson's LIMP LIMERICKS :  
.....

There is an amocba gigantic  
Who has really been driven quite  
frantic,  
"How the dickens," he yells  
"Can a myriad cells  
Cooperate to make a man tick?"

But they're not all as handsome as me."

The first man to reach Mercury  
When posed for the people to see,  
Said "Of humans on earth  
There is never a dearth,



SAPPER AL GODFREY, LATE OFF PARRY SOUND, NOW SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE;  
And the editor wonders: "If fellows in the invasion zone can find  
time to write....."

FRANCE

July 15

23rd F+D Coy R.C.E

Dear Les

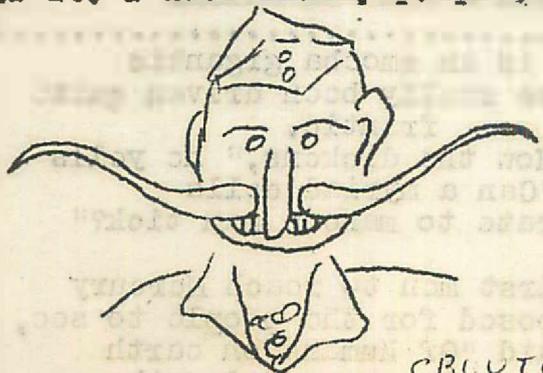
Re latest issue of "Light"

I liked it.

as B 4

al

JULY 13 1944-ITALY- SGT. TED WHITE: The fizeek of Lamb is nice- nice and smooth, slightly rotund and given to much juggling of the mirthful type. His belt, at first appearance, seems to have a soft job but on closer inspection, it can be seen it is just barely holding its own. It shouldn't be long before a belly pincher movement will outflank it. Lamb denies this but bellies have a mind of their own H sometime. [Still got your mind down around your belt, I see!-ED/ His should have, there's nothing up top. [Only a sergeant would dare talk to a sergeant or about a sergeant in such a manner!-ED/ He denied this too but hell, even a Lamb must have some pride! [And the liar shall lay down with the Lamb!-ED/.....Pat is firmly wedded now..... [I stuck that line in just to keep fans up on us Canucks. Pat is Ted's sister, and some of you old readers of LIGHT will remember a letter from her way back- ED/ I have learned to hate stencils. They are the most contrary things God ever let pester a poor harmless clerk. [But if it weren't for stencils where would fans be?-ED/ I had a dandy of an assignment not long ago, it entailed the cutting of about 70 stencils. It wasn't until the final reading and correcting came along that I discovered we were out of correctine. [Why not do as LIGHT does, let the errors lie where they fall?-ED/ Lumms, you shoulda seen those stencils, I had to cut half of them again and still my boss swore. I just cringed and swore on oath I had been out all day! It was a horrible mess but I got a raise even so. Somebody is filthy with money when I get more of it. I love filthy people! [So do I, Ted.-ED/ If Norm has let his stash grow any bigger, I'm gonna take great pleasure in sobatging it myself. [Ooo, lookut that woid, willya? To bring the readers up to date. Norm Lamb has been raising a hairraiser on his upper length. To date they measure something like 6 or 7" from tip to tip! Honest, this isn't a fish story!-ED/ Maybe Bob Gibson will do us a picture of him. How about



CRUTCH  
44

16, Bob?-ED/ Gosh, I never saw so much hair in one spot on one man before. What is it - never was so much endured by one? ...The Summer editionsx of LIGHT is good, mostly because it is like the old LIGHT. Who, of your groaning followers, mostly [ouch;-ED/], isn't glad to see it back? The poems I like this time. Instead of bemoaning the existence led behind the starry curtain of the cosmos, there is a conceivable subject and there is humor. More of them and less of the other type, pliz! Fan Maps of Canada is a swell idea. Until I looked it over, I didn't realize that my knowledge of where the fans hid themselves was very sketchy. Now I know and sometime it will be possible for me to know where to go if the filthy green is in sufficient quantity to make the trip poss! [I am now hoping some American fan will conceive the idea of making fan maps of the individual states. P.S- if anyone does, I'll print them if you send them to me-ED/

JULY 24- TED WHITE )again( Norm was up here the other day and we spent a few hours talking about nothing and admiring some of the feminine pulchritude [Tsk, such spelling!-ED/ that wandered around in the little village not far from here. I wasn't quite up to snuff, snuffling with a cold in the head. [Snuff, snuff!-ED/ We ate pears, discussed the sex-life we most want to lead (naturally) and skitted through some of the book titles he has and some of the books he has picked up in Naples. [There is in preparation a booklist in Italian compiled by Norm Lamb and to appear in LIGHT-ED/ He's done all right and I understand Bob has gathered quite a collection both in English and Italian libros. I used to think I suffered terribly having to put up with your puns alone but now, it's wusser. You warned me about Lamb I know but getting the real thing- gawd! It's amazing how he gets away with it and lives! [Norm has gotten away with many things, and how do you know he lives? Maybe he is a zombie, yet. His wife informs me is he is just a big stiff.....-ED/ May I make another confession? THE LIGHT BEYOND, as you have it, is modified. Even as far back as '43 I feared your nonchalance in presenting things and went over a few things in it to reduce it from worse to bad but not too bad. The first one was definitely centered on the amazing eagerness a woman can effect over a large [CENSORED] chap. I had to modify it or have you start the ball rolling that would push me into the doghouse. I await it, tremblingly. What it looks like in LIGHT itself I shall see for myself. [Personally I think it looks darned good, Ted, and I think a majority will also-ED/

JULY 3 1944. S.S. NORNJELL. ALBERT A. BETTS Just a line to let you know that I am still knocking about. And in some of the gosh-awfullest places. I'm really getting to see this old world, and will see a good deal more before I get back to Toronto. [Al Betts is one Canadian fan who will well loved for his fine art work. Most of you must have seen that weird creation on CANFAN last fall.-ED/

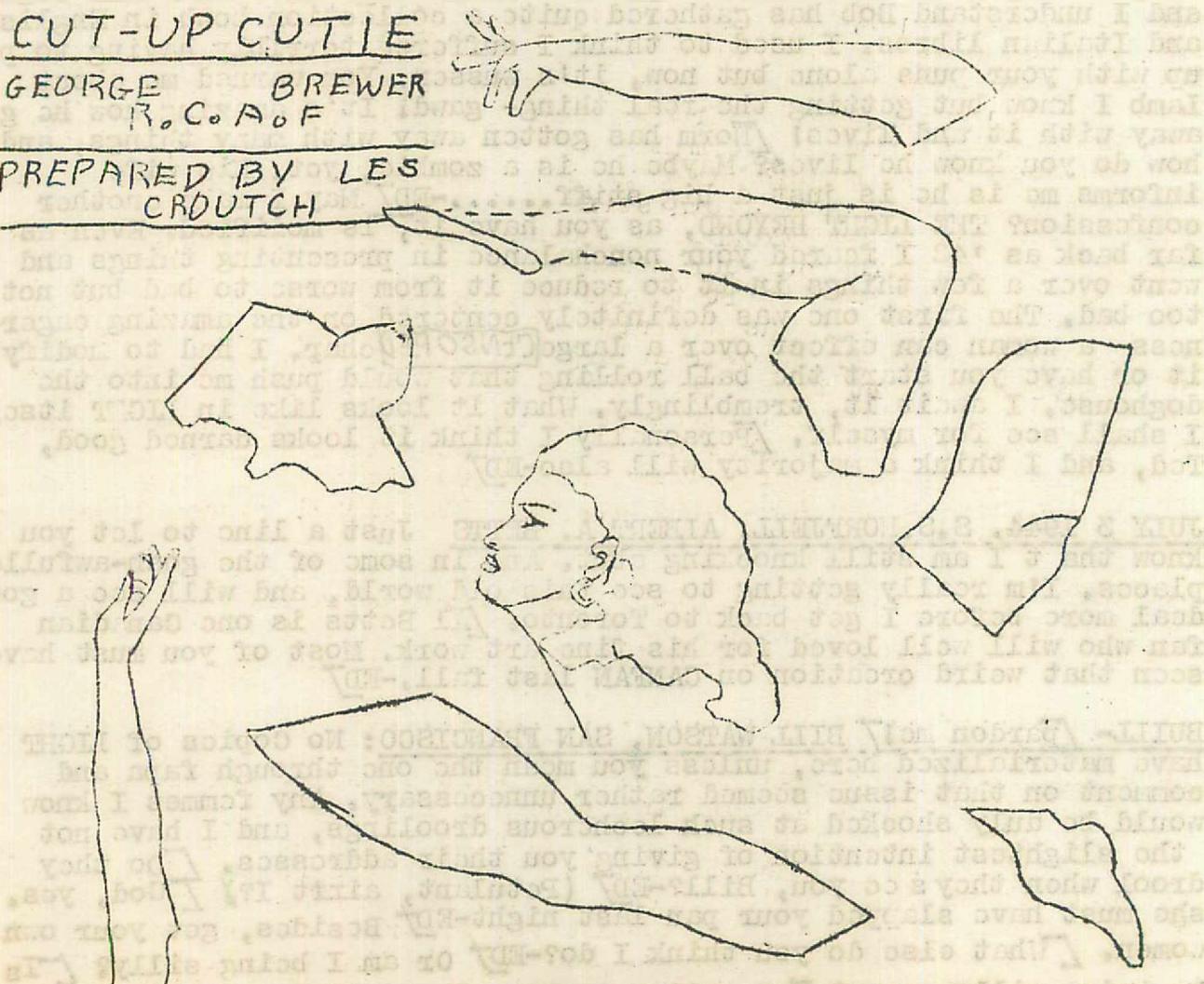
BULL- [pardon me!]/ BILL WATSON, SAN FRANCISCO: No Copies of LIGHT have materialized here, unless you mean the one through fapa and comment on that issue seemed rather unnecessary. Any femmes I know would be duly shocked at such lecherous droolings, and I have not the slightest intention of giving you their addresses. [Do they drool when they see you, Bill?-ED/ (Petulant, aint I?)/ [God, yes. she must have slapped your pan last night-ED/ Besides, get your own women. [What else do you think I do?-ED/ Or am I being silly? [Is he being silly, gang?]/ Canadian phandom seems to be more or less

slipping. Ain't had a copy of a Canuck fanzine in ages, outside of yer thing in papa, / Doesn't the issuance of CANFAN and LIGHT more than make up for slack dates? I think they do. CANFAN is quite large, well presented. As for LIGHT! Not even diableric dares to do the things I do. Shucks- well, I guess I won't say more-ED/ With Beak gone and with him Canadian Fandom, seems that things have more or less petered out up there. / Beak isn't gone. First school exams slowed him up. He had to pass those for various mighty important reasons. Then he works during the summer. -ED/ What's wrong? Hooch can't possibly be that difficult to obtain up thataway, and what more inspiration is needed? / Judging by some of the writing in some American fanzines, it is written under the influence of too much hooch. I think if you sat down and figured out the number of fans we have, active fans, divide this number by the number of fanzines we have had, and what we have now, you'll find we are as active or more so than you Americans down there. -ED/ If you yell fannies, and give me that old saw about not having enough for both, I here and now quit and toss my typer away. Eat more Wheaties. / There happens to be a man shortage in Party Sound at the present time, or judging by the looks of things, anyway. EVERY Canadian fan has more than enough for both. Haven't you heard of such mammoths of mugging, Norman Lamb, Ted White and Harold Wakefield? As for Wheaties. That is kid food. We boil down nails and railroad spikes-ED/

CUT-UP CUTIE

GEORGE BREWER  
R. C. A. F

PREPARED BY LES CRDUTCH



(COMPLETED LADY MAY APPEAR NEXT TIME)

# ON THE PEN

BY Scripto

*I forgot to put this in the*

What!! No curleyques and furbelows!! I thought all fans were supposed to show signs of mental disturbances. You seem to have yourself pretty well under control. Your signature shows that you are pretty well pleased with what you have done for yourself in the business world. When the capital W is made like the printed letter it is taken as a sign of technical training. Similar forms for T and H show constructive ability and critical taste.

No margin on the left but one on the right denotes a longing to possess beautiful objects or surroundings. You leave enough "o's" and "a's" open at the top to keep you from being a permanent member of the "gimme gang". (Those little acquisitive hooks which you use to start off so many words: they look like a cupped hand all ready to grab the shakels.)

You seem to be getting enough "win" and "wigor" from your "witamins" but I'd say you used more of it on mental than physical activities. (Length of letters below the line is comparatively shorter than those above.)

That slightly downward trend of the basic line of writing shows that you can do with an occasional pat on the back. You take yourself too seriously at times and should try to laugh at yourself instead. You have plenty of self confidence but you like the other fellow's approval as well. The variable T-BARS BARS and I-DOTS show imagination and fantasy, also caustic wit and tendency to sarcasm.

General appearance of writing indicates activity of mind, lively imagination, pride and independence, very practical, rather brusque and self assertive.

SCRIPTO CAN TELL YOU ALL ABOUT YOURSELF. SEND A PAGE OF YOUR HANDWRITING TO LIGHT, PREFERABLY WRITTEN WITH A SOFT LEAD. SCRIPTO WILL ANALYZE IT AND IT WILL APPEAR IN LIGHT.

.....

(continuing Light Flashes) To continue this blabber. About the new graphology department by Scripto. I wonder if this has ever been tried by any other fanzine? If not, then LIGHT pulls down a "first". If so, oh wellthen, one can't always be original. To start this department off, Ye Ed submitted a sample of his own scrawl and the above is the payoff. If you wish to submit yours, write about two hundred words with a soft lead pencil and send to LIGHT. It will be sent on to Scripto. The resulting analysis will appear in the following LIGHT. I would like to see at least one analysis per number, but I

won't set any ceiling, unless Sc - ripto does.

Latest letter from Bob Gibson carries the information that Lamb is recovering from a loathsome (ouch!) eye ailment in the hosses spittle in Italy. How's the nurses there, Norm?

You know, I have been think - ing. No wisecracks, please. But is Canadian fandom more active than anyother? More intensely act- ive? Consider: at present we have 18 truly active Canadian fans, and out of these 18 we have only 5, count 'em, now, FIVE, who do NOT write, draw, or otherwise contri- bute to some fan magazine. This makes Canadian fandom approximi- ately (damn!) 72% extra active. I wonder what percentage of other countries' fandom can be termed that? We have four fans overseas, and of those 4, 4 are active, giving us a 100% active service- fan activity. In female fans, out of three true girl fans, we have two active, the other pass- ive. Two-thirds. Yes, ours may be a small fandom but by gum, we sure don't waste must time!

It is really too bad. Just when Canada was getting to be nicely represented in the FAPA, and there were good chances of more getting in, Fred Hurter gets "exiled" for non-activity and non- payment of dues. Shams on you, Fred. You've let us down!

Talking about hobbies, men- tal, immoral, and otherwise. Here is one I play- comparing people, especially fans, to certain well- known faces on the screen. Try it some time. The results can be amazing. Here's some results:

Art Widner- Leo Gorcey;  
Al Ashley- Humphrey Bogart; Eric C. Hopkins (english Fan)- Lloyd Nolan; Franklin Lec Baldwin- Guinn "Big Boy" Williams; Oliver C. Davis- Rudy Vallee; Vernon Harry- Don Ameche; now let's have your nominations. Let's see how big we can make this list grow. I only hope no one says I resemble King Kong! Now I'm looking for the girl fan that looks like

Betty Grable! Know anybody like that?

I wonder....why fandom never held a beauty contest to pick their most beautiful girl fan?....why fandom doesn't boycott dealers making huge profits on certain magazines and books....who the two prostitutes were Yerke knew that were fans.....what's so wonderful about the West Coast that everyone wants to live there? But then, I like British Colum- bia.....

Well, boys and girls, this winds up LIGHT FLASHES, and also LIGHT for this season. Work now starts on the Winter number. I wonder if peace will be on us as far as the European war is con- cerned by then? Remember, I want contributions. From anyone at all anywhere, on any subject. Only by sending them in can you know if I'll use it or not. Fred Hur- ter has offered to do some straight science articles. Send 'em up, Fred. Let's get fanzines out of the kid class and make them worthwhile. Let's lighten the humor with some good solid stuff. What I am definitely running out of is stuff by the girls. Girls, why hold back? Here you appear on equal basis with the men. You win or lose by your own talent. Let's hear from you. All of you.

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LIGHT, published quarterly, for the FAPA, is a non-profit amat- teur publication. Duplicated on a damned good Hamilton at Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada by Leslie A. Croutch, CAFP, FAPA, NFFF.

Next issue out December, in time for Christmas. In case the mailing is late, as I've heard rumors about Shaw, I'll wish youse bums and hummettes a Merry Christmas right now!

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TOODLE  
OO!