

The Man's Esquire. . . . .or . . . . .The Poor Man's Bedroom Companion

# L I G H T

SEPTEMBER 1949 ○○○○○○ 5¢

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Light is published whenever the mood inspires. Restricted mailing list and issuance through the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. 5¢ per copy, cash or swap, to all non-Fapans. No subscriptions accepted. This is a non-profit publication and no payment beyond a free copy in

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FLOOGLES' GALLERY

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L I G H T

Genesis Sept. '41.

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- Walter Besant-- The Revolt of Man. Reprint. Mint. 75¢.
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NORMAN V. LAMB, c/o POST-OFFICE SIMCOE, ONT CAN.



"PSAMMEAD-  
RIDDEN"

# PSAM MEAD-RIDDLEN by

Bob Gibson

It was a dream. I fully understand  
That I was dreaming. . . There I seemed to be  
Upon some desert or some dune-drowned strand.  
Sand rustled with the thin, chill wind that blew  
About me, and sand whispered up to me.  
The chill wind blew it and I heard its voice  
But understood it not. . . A woman's form--  
Skeleton - thin, sand - dry, sand-voiced-- then drew  
A - near me in the gloom, and said, "This sand  
Fore - shows Earth's doom. Not yours-- you are our choice.  
Water will go. With sand you'll find your norm,  
Adopted child of dessications!" Then I knew  
I could not die; that I was of the band  
That would outlive all life. With solemn glee  
See life with water end, and then rejoice--  
Triumph through dessication o'er the worm.

I woke, filled with revulsion, from the dream--  
-- That 'twas a dream I fully understand.  
But why is it I shudder near a stream?  
But why do I shun water and seek sand?

□ X □ X □ X □ X □ X □ X □ X □ X □ X □ X □

*Light  
Flashes*

*WHERE THE EDITOR TOOTS HIS HORN*

I have recently received the current (August) issue of the FAPA Mailing, and have read with amusement the decided lack of agreement between the two officers at the helm as to whether the recent amendments were passed or not. I think the amendment re the upping of the dues were passed by a rousing majority! Isn't the FAPA conducted on a democratic basis? In a democracy the will of the people are shown and evidenced by the making of a vote. The results of that election are based not on whether or not a stated percentage of the electorate voted, but on which party running gained the majority of votes cast. True, the majority is supposed to be a true one. But all this folderol whether the amendments passed because only 32 out of 65 voted sounds to be highly irregular and very undemocratic. We shall always have with us those who refuse to vote. Then let them either abide by the rule of those who do vote, or let them pay fines for not making use of their ballot. In the meantime let the majority vote rule. Therefor the amendment that gained by a 29 to 3 vote was accepted rousingly, I maintain, and on that basis I shall remit the 50¢ required and I think it best that all do likewise. And I believe it might be best right now to revise the constitution to read "by a majority vote". Either that or set up a system of fines to levy on those who will NOT vote. Let them pay 25¢ for each time they don't vote, or assess them 8 pages of published matter for each time they refuse to vote. If we don't do that we shall eventually discover either elections will be useless or else we shall find it possible for a very small minority out of the whole to run the whole Association.

(continued on page 8)

3

Part three  
of four parts,  
one more to go

Let us continue this  
madness

# MIMED INK IN MY VEINS

by Leslie Alton



new light  
showed in the  
sky. Nanek,  
authoress, artist and  
poetess, started to hit  
LIGHT consistently. Her

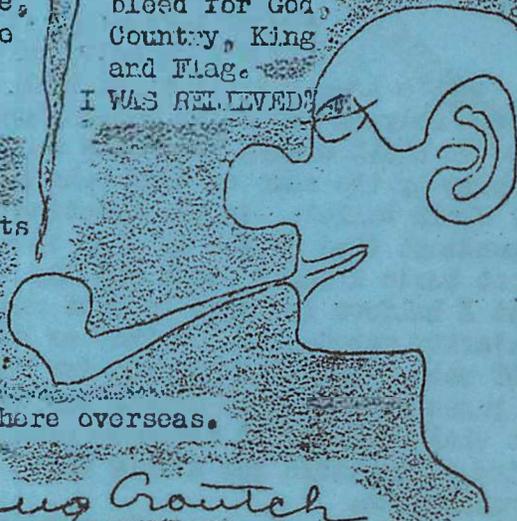
first cover appeared in the November 1942, 122nd., issue. This started a long and very pleasant association. An association which still goes on, and which, I hope, will continue to do so for many long years to come. Time has wrought many changes: she is now married and a mother. But still she is her old charming self, and her work still carries the beauty it had in the beginning.

One of the mammoth issues of LIGHT comes out with every now and then hit the mails the end of 1942. The Christmas Number had 32 pages, and featured stories, poetry, and articles. I think the highlight was the article I wrote on van Vogt. It was, I think, the first article on him to hit fandom. I know I covered everything about him so thoroughly that even today it is now and informative. It was correct in every phase. It was bound to be, seeing van Vogt read and corrected the copy before I printed it.

LIGHT's circulation was still pretty modest. But then, I never did bother trying for record smashing. However, what it may have lacked in circulation, it made up in the universality of its readers. The MAIL BOX in #123 had letters from Francis T. Laney (US), Irene Shillog (CAN), Harold Wakefield (CAN), Ted White (CAN) in England, John Mason (CAN), Edwin MacDonald (SCOT), van Vogt (CAN), John Hilkert (CAN), Bob Gibson (CAN), also in England, E. A. Godfrey (CAN) somewhere overseas.

LIGHT, however, was nearing a temporary eclipse. By now my second army call had come up and I had been put in F-- which meant I was, as far as the military was concerned, nothing but a big failure. I had flat feet, believe it or not! And here I had been expecting my eyes to hold me out-- I had worn glasses since I was 7. But they told me my eyes would never lower my category enough. It was the flat foot. I'll make no bones about it and try for false heroism and say I fell to the floor and beat my head and wailed because I couldn't bleed for God, Country, King and Flag.

I WAS RELIEVED!



doodling by Doodlebug Crutch



"I'd look thru my files"

The radio repair business was good and I was getting increasingly busy. I was looking for a car to use to get around with and when I got one I lost interest in LIGHT for a time. As a result, without warning, I stopped publication with the May 1942 issue. However, I'll say this, it recessed in a very healthy shape. I had a file bulging with material awaiting publication. Some of it I handed out to help others, but I'll admit that I kept the juiciest for myself, for I had a feeling I'd be back turning the old crank again.

The vacation wasn't a long one. Winter 1933 saw issue number 129, FAPA #1, out. If it hadn't been for membership in this august body, I might not have started again for several months. But I would have never fear.

Night I would look through my back issues and re-read them and remember. I'd look through my files and read the material, and then I'd dream of what could be done.

In the meantime events were rushing along. Harry Warner had been doing some spade work publicizing the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, later on somewhat lovingly referred to as a Graveyard where mighty behemoths retired to die! For while I had resisted all of Harry's efforts to get me to join. I wasn't too interested just then, but finally I did give in and my name went on the waiting list. Suddenly I was notified that I was IN!!

Let it be said here that THIS Elephant didn't look upon it as death but as a very exciting adventure.

I was all out of practise. I shudder even now when I look at the new few issues I ran off for the FAPA. Sometimes I think the members shudder with me! Frankly, they were atrocious, the most god-forsaken crud I ever produced. I had lost the "golden touch" and couldn't get it back right away.

Not all was due to the rest I had taken, however. Part of the trouble was my misinterpretation of what the FAPA stood for. I started off by trying to make the lion look like a tiger. And it wouldn't work-- I just couldn't get going with a personalized sort of thing the other members seemed to turn out with no effort. Some of them looked like it, too! Things to say couldn't be thought up in rebuttal to arguments and in commentary on other offerings.

The only thing about that issue that I am the least bit proud off is that the circulation was 101.

Spring 1944, number 130, Fapa 2, was another stinker. At the time there was a stream of sexiness running through certain FAPA publications and some of the boys were getting away with murder. I thought I'd show them something and turned out an issue that brought matters to a boil. I literally outsexed and out-pornographed the others. #130 had sex that was pure and undistilled.

Down poured the villification. Even now I do not believe it was all deserved. But what happened was simple. My effort was the straw that broke the camel's back. It was the final bit that tectrod the seesaw. So I



got the sticks and stones. But no bones were broken. And it did serve its purpose. The air started to clear up both in FAPA and within my own publication offices.

"Within my own publication offices"? Gawd, doesn't that throw you? A two-bit outfit consisting of a mimeograph and some home-made equipment. No aspirations to commercialism. Error ridden un-corrected mimeographed publication and I have the gall, the effrontery to term it a "publication" and my room "publication offices"!

Number 131 started to get back on the beam, and about time too. I saw I couldn't do my best trying to imitate the other FAPAazines. So why try? I had proved I was best at the variety type of zine so why not go back to it? Why try to keep to the rutted and over-trafficked path being trod by all the others?

I did.

LIGHT for Christmas 1944 was another whopper. It outdid all former giant issues. And it was back in the groove. 38 pages of a little of everything hit the readers and FAPA. I was back in stride-- and boy, it sure felt good. The doldrums had been weathered-- no longer would the dark clouds dim my vision-- what there was of it!

Too, another improvement was evident. For the first time in my publishing career, or hobby, call it what you will, I was using regular mimeograph paper, and the quality of reproduction jumped accordingly.

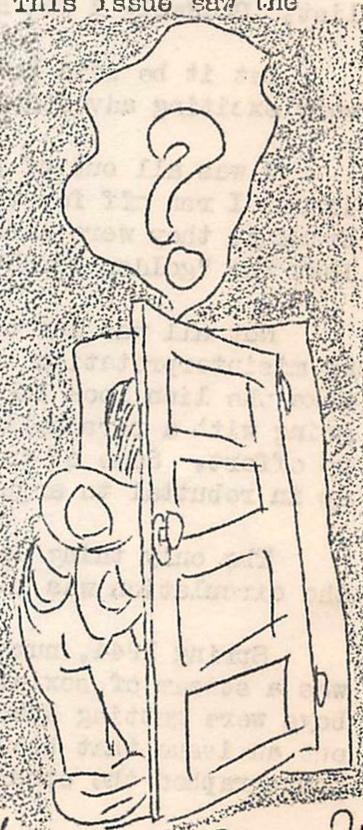
Spring 1945 saw another era drawing to a close. Though it had nothing to do with it, type size changed in #134. The portable, which sported pica type, was bogging down. Finally I got fed up and purchased the present machine, which still doesn't spell any better than the old, with its elite. This issue saw the change-- part of it was in pica, the rest in elite.

About now a sort of feud developed between me and the FAPA. It grew out of that sexy issue I mentioned awhile back, and a picture in #144, on page 17, in which a small elfin female figure appeared, complete with public adornment-- in other words, NAKED! The current editor of the FAPA held the issue back, saying it was not fit to appear in the Mailing. Apparently, like the Watch and Ward Society, various Ladies Aid Societies, and the Johnson Office of Hollywood, he felt the innocent innocents in the Association should not be allowed to grow up by letting them in on the tremendous secret that **WOMEN ARE DIFFERENT FROM MEN!** Later on this issue did appear and the members saw nothing wrong with it. But I became highly incensed. I got suddenly very fed up with the apparent prudishness of certain FAPA members and became determined that no more would I spend time on big issues of LIGHT only to have some too-big-for-his-hat editor ban it from a mailing. So for a time LIGHT did not appear in the FAPA. I boycotted it. I wonder how many members would like to have those missing copies to fill up their files?

#136 NEVER APPEARED!



(continued on page 8)



"Hey, where's #136, Crotch?"

CROUTCH'S

CASH OR SWAP.

WANTED - 1948  
ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-  
FICTIONS-- QUOTE  
PRICES.

# SWINDLE PAGE

NOW LET'S BE HONEST ABOUT THIS. I GOT STUFF YOU MIGHT WANT. YOU GOT DOUGH I DO WANT. IF I CAN PART YOU FROM IT AND GIVE YOU AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE, I WILL. SO DON'T YELL I DIDN'T WARN YOU.

### POCKET BOOKS

Weird Shadow Over Insmouth- H. P. Lovecraft. (mint)	.50
Topper Takes a Trip- Thorne Smith	.50
The Face- Thos. P. Kelley	.50

### CLOTH-BOUND BOOKS

The Camborwell Mistake- J. P. Beresford	.50
Upsidonia- Archibald Marshall	.75
Piano's Plane- John Beynon	.75
Asleep In The Afternoon- H. C. Large	1.00
The Man From Up There- Maurice Lincoln	1.00
The Return- Walter de la Mare	1.50
Dracula- Bram Stoker	.65
Mystery Men of Mars- Carl H. Claudy	.65
Dawn Over The Amazon- Carleton Beals	2.00

### ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION

August 1939- fair-	.40
June 1945- mint-	.40
December 1945- fair-	.35

### FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES

Sept-Oct 1939 (vol. 1 #1) tbc	2.00
November 1939- tbc-	2.00
January 1940- excellent-	1.50
February 1940- excellent-	1.50
March 1940- fair-	1.00
April 1940- excellent-	1.50
March 1944- fair-	.65
June 1944- fair-	.65

### COMET

January 1941- vol. 1 #2- honestly now, this looks like it came from an out-house-- or the dog has slept on it-- it's all there, though, even the covers, but needs some repair work. If you don't like my price, then make me an offer. .99

I WANT: 8MM PROJECTION FILMS-- ALL SUBJECTS, ALL LENGTHS. QUOTE PRICES.

REMEMBER NOW-- TERMS ARE CASH OR SWAP.

### SUPER SCIENCE

December 1945- Canadian edition- absolutely mint- I'll defy you to find any in better condition. 5 copies available. 50¢ each or all 5 for 2.00

### WEIRD TALES

January 1946- Canadian edition- same remarks for these too. 4 copies available. 35¢ each or all 4 for \$1.25

### ASSORTED ENGLISH CRAP

Arctic Bride- S. P. Meek-- pamphlet get up-36 pp.	.20
Masque of the Red Death- Edgar Allan Poe-- pamphlet style- 16 pp	.20
Country of the Blind- H. G. Wells, pamphlet style- 16 pp.	.20
Facts In The Case of M. Valdemar- pamphlet style- 16 pp-- Poe	.20
Land of the Ironclads- Wells-- pamphlet-- 16 pp	.20
(the foregoing are excellent condition)	
Into the Fourth Dimension-- Ray Cummings- pocketbook-- nbc- all there though, also contains Power Plant, Ebony's Spectacles, and some other stories	.25
Another 7 Strango Stories- The Man and The Snake, The Spectro Bridegroom, Squire Toby's Will, The Upper Borth, The Black Cat, Mrs. Bullfrog, Running Wolf. Pamphlet style- 80 pages- a little battered but all there.	.50

FINAL WORD: anything you want and think I'm asking too much for it, make me an offer. I'm a reasonable bird to deal with. U. S. coin or bills accepted. Unused Canadian postage stamps accepted, no denomination over 10¢. All prices at Canadian par-- take it from there.



FREE!!! = I'LL PAY THE POSTAGE! GENEROUS, AIN'T

((MISSED LINE IN MY VEINS--- continued from page 6))

Comment had been made from time to time about the huge number appearing on LIGHT'S cover. I started to see it was mis-leading and decided to change it. LIGHT was actually not a magazine when it was just a swap list. I started to see that the magazine actually was born the day I picked the present name. So instead of numbering the November 1945 issue as #136, I numbered it #29. This was its 29th appearance since September 1941 when the first one under LIGHT as a name appeared. Thus LIGHT's new numbering is correct and not at all misleading as some contended.

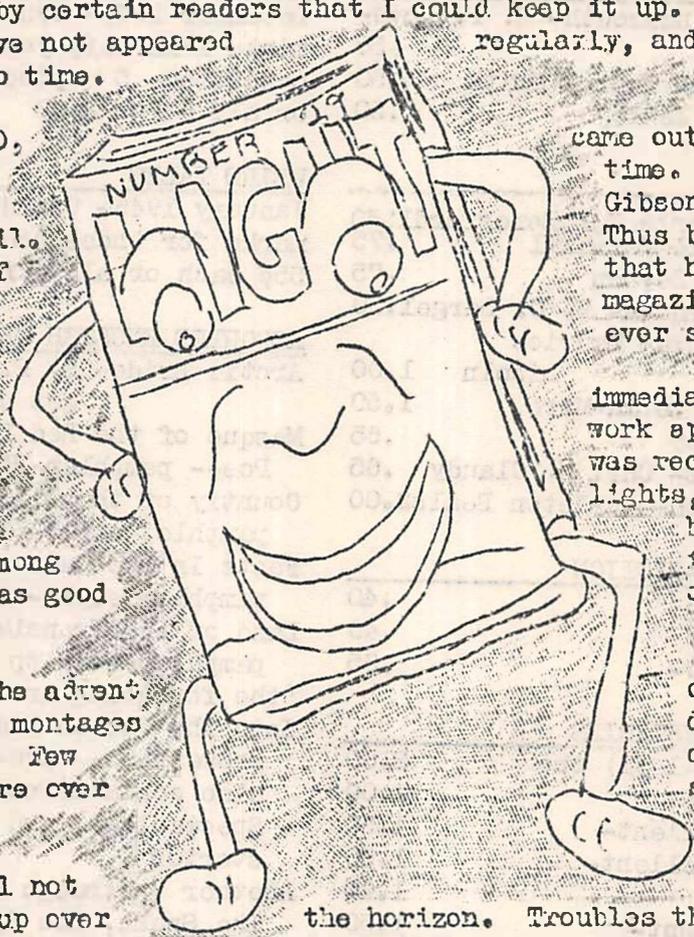
With #29, and LIGHT's temporary withdrawal from the FAPA, I tried for a more frequent appearance. Bi-monthly appearance was being sought after instead of quarterly, as it had been. In this issue, also, I started the book reviews. Some doubt was shown by certain readers that I could keep it up. It is only recently that they have not appeared regularly, and more will be published from time to time.

January 1943, #30, best covers of all have been--- for Bob directly on the stencil. between Bob and myself beneficial to the mutually enjoyable,

Bob was the art staff. His on covers and he soon of fandom's brighter certain, Canada's and steadiest flame among know I have met none as good as he.

March 1931 saw the advent for LIGHT-- full page montages on stencil by Gibson. Few have had such a feature over time consistently.

But all was still not Troubles were coming up over the horizon. Troubles that again threatened the magazine and which required fast work to avoid another recess. I'll tell you about that in the next part of this article.



came out with one of the time. And so it should Gibson did this one Thus began a collaboration that has been highly magazine, and, I hope, ever since.

immediately added to work appeared regularly was recognized as one lights, and is, I feel brightest fan artists. I or as consistent

of back covers drawn directly others magazines such a length of

smooth sailing.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN LIGHT NUMBER 43)

.....  
LIGHT FLASHES / What's the matter with the old officers? Didn't you guys feel certain enough of garnering votes to run for another term? I have noted no president wants to run for president a second term. In your country, in mine, in England, when a party's term is finished, the leader and his ministers do not, usually, stop down. They contest their seats with newcomers who strive to unseat them. Laney says it is a dangerous indication when an election comes up with only one member running for each office. I agree. Then why not make it possible for officers to run for a second term, and the newcomers to strive to take their office from them. Then we would usually have TWO men for each office. No longer would we have an election wherein you vote for the man running or not at all for their is no choice. (continued on page 10)



SOUL'S MEMORY  
by  
Laura McDonald

The fire dies  
To glowing embers;  
Wrapped in dreams  
The soul remembers.

What the body forgets  
In its brief being  
Of toil and lust, greater  
Is the soul's seeing.

Through walls of time  
And oases of strife;  
Foolish; to think that this  
Could be the only life!

ALL THAT LIFE IS by Phyllis Woods

Life is a life, a hallowness,  
The vision of an angelchild  
Who, when it wakes, forgets  
And so is not defiled.

Life is a peace and a satisfaction,  
A graciousness, and mild  
Distractions midst a certainty  
That stays through tumults wild.

Life is a joy and a happiness,  
The singing rapture of a lark,  
An ecstasy of love and light,  
A fearlessness when comes the dark.

Life is a pain and a melancholy,  
An evil shade and angers deep,  
A desolate mourning and a piercing sadness  
A host of beastly ills that creep.

Life is a shadow and a strangeness,  
A whisper in the wind, a dream  
That comes, and goes, an instant  
In a silent night, a solitary gleam.

XX

SORRY

"I Meet The Income Tax Inspector" did not  
appear due to lack of room. It will  
be published in an early issue.

X  
XXXXX  
X

*the*  
MAIL BOX

*created by sundry crudists*

(MCE DINER, MONTREAL, QUEBEC) Thanks very  
much about LIGHT #41. I enjoyed the  
thing. You ought to be scalped with a  
red-hot tomahawk for "Mouse in a Stock-  
ing". How long has that been lying a-  
round? But I enjoyed your memoirs. Any  
chances of getting #40? I'd like to get  
the first part.

As for your remarks re the EAPA, nuts  
to you. Speaking as a Lazarus who has  
risen from that fan's graveyard, I say  
its membership should most certainly be  
raised to 75. If you hold it down to 65,  
you're going to frustrate a lot of good  
enthusiasm, and probably choke off sev-  
eral potentially worthwhile fan publish-  
ers. As for the probabilities that  
later such huge figures won't be justifi-  
ed-- well, Les, the membership can be  
cut back to the old figure. Indeed,  
wasn't it 75 once?

[The amendment re upping membership was  
squashed. The one concerning upping the  
dues passed. See other comments re the  
mouse-- and was the mouse a mouse or  
was the mouse the mouse?-- EE]

(ARTHUR H. PAPP-- SAGINAW, MICH) LIGHT  
#41 received a few days back and taken  
to the last MSFB meet in Detroit, where  
it was dutifully drooled over by those  
less fortunate mortals not on your mail-  
list. Outstanding in the ish was, natch,  
"Mouse In A Stocking". Ah, what action,  
what conflict! Reminds me, you know,  
of the young mouse who announced his  
engagement. After congratulating him,  
one of the older mice told him: "Tonight  
will determine whether you are a man or  
a mouse. If you can get her to bed  
with you tonight, you're a man; if not,  
you're a mouse. Which are you?" So the  
mouse sex, "I slept with her last night.  
I must be a rat." By the way, isn't  
LIGHT the sole remaining glimmer in the  
stygian vastness of Canadian fandom  
these days? No CanFan, no Macabre, no  
nuthin'. Gad, even the U.S is showing  
a decline in fanpubbing recently. What  
are we, archaic remnants of a vanishing  
era?

The last time I heard that joke, Rapp, it concerned a young man about to be married. Otherwise the essentials is the same. Ned Madson recently brought out a CONRAN. You likely received a copy.--ED/

(HAROLD WAKELING, TORONTO, ONTARIO) Quite a good issue, Les. I thought it more akin to the old breezy style of the zine of the period when I first met it than many later issues. (P) To me, "Mineo Ink In My Veins" is extremely interesting since it deals with the period when first I met you. I was entirely satisfied with your remark about me. They express my position perfectly. The remarks about the other chaps were correct except for Hoves who I imagine has not even a faint interest in fantasy now. (P) I never thought of Child and Peck as the same person., and I corresponded with both at one time. X Indeed, Child spoke very disparangly of Peck as an honest man. (P) "Mouse In A Stocking" was very, very neat little horror bit with an ironic twist. More of this sort of stuff please. (P) The swap page contained no bargains for me. It did indeed seem like old times to see this feature back. The point you make about the charge fanzines with such small circulations charge for ads is very good. It is of course commonplace in newspaper circles that the bigger the circulation the more expensive the ads.

Coming soon is a yarn called "The Propositioner" which I am sure you will like, both for its unusualness and its humorous aspect. In fact, I'd say it was right down your and Norm Lamb's ally! It looks as though Diner is in a minority concerning his remarks about the mouse and the mouse in her stocking!--ED/

(SAM MCCOY, LONDON AND REEF, AYMER, ONTARIO) "Mouse in a stocking" was a very pointed short story, and a noteworthy one at that. Three bottles of worcestershire sauce and a soupcon of essence of burnt cork for you! (P) Poetry bores me; "The Things etc" was no blasted better than a good deal of other Romanticist poetry, which I can read at any time. This one didn't even have the redeeming feature of being somewhat fanatical (I know, you hate fans!). Four bottles of flat beer and a tubful of dirty water. (P) "The Mail Box" and "Light Flashes" were the only worthwhile departments in the whole mag. S. Whatisname Mideget or whatever it is (who plagiarized my nom de Keller?) tells a fairly reasonable tale; let's hear what TKWuffendoofer has to say in reply. The letter from McCoy, of course, sparkled with gem-like brilliance. (So does glass--- ED/ Note to Mr, Paul Revey: Thanks for the kind words and suggestions, but I add a great big flatulent noise to that offered to you by Editor Crutch. I'm referring to your sadly worn statement about "the number of finely balanced factors upon which our existence depends" and so on; the conditions were here first-- man only turned up later, and naturally, adapted himself to the conditions, in fact, was a result of the conditions. Your sentence might better have been worded: "It's astounding when you think of the number of fine adjustments we have made to continue our existence in the environment in which we find ourselves." The locale was NOT prepared for man, but vice versa. Down with religion! Note to Mr, Paul Revey: AGREED!-- as an autobiographer, Mr. Cutch stinks.

The fact that you and Revey appear to be in a sad minority deals, I think, with your remarks quite adequately! After all, someday YOU might wish to have YOUR autobiography printed. From reports being placed currently before me by my spies I think you could write a very interesting one, though I might have trouble getting it by certain societies who have set themselves up as the self-appointed watchers over the morals of their fellow men! --ED/

Cont'd on Page 11

APHONYLI MANOPIE CAPTION CELA DW I PHA HA TRY O DA PEUR I ED THEA PE YOU DAMN FOOLY OUA T EASQUARE  
TOOLANJYOUUHAVEPUMPA LOUPOREHAP "DUTIFULLYCLEANEDUPFORPRESENTATIONBEFORETHEFAPA!!

LIGHT  
FLASHES



I see no earthly reason why a man who has done a fine job should not run a second term, if he so wishes, just because the constitution says it mustn't be so. If such was the case in democratic countries, where would Canada's MacKenzie King have been-- or U. S.'s Roosevelt? And that ballot, a thing I consider a rank insult to all thinking fen.

I understand fully that Laney may have been using his sense of humor and wit to try to shock the members into seeing this deplorable state of affairs, but I certainly do think it bad taste to write up a ballot in the manner it was. I dislike this Germanic, dictatorial touch, this suggestion that we are not having a free vote but that these men will go in perforce and there is nothing we can do about it. And if it comes right down to it, Laney is right-- IF that is what he was trying to put over. Of course, we thinking fen can show your thoughts on the matter by writing in our own choices for office.

Have we a member in the postal department? Last mailing came to me for 18¢. But I note this time they stuck the PAPA for 10¢ more. 28¢ from Alhambra to Parry Sound. What was on YOUR mailing?

THE MAIL BOX

PROF. THADDEUS K. WIFFENPOOF

"REBUTTAL AIMED AT S. WILMER  
MIDGELEY"

It has been brought to my attention that both you and I are being sued for libel by one S. Wilmer Midgeley. Tush, the man is a barbarian. It is quite easy to see for he even misspells your name at the start of his letter. Note it well, Mr. Crath, and see if I am not correct. I might state that my lawyers are undertaking the defense against his suit for Libel and Plagiarism and have assured me of my success. As one of the partners says in his nearly unintelligible brogue-- "Say Prof., you're a ten to one shot down the straight-away." I do not know the exact English for that statement but I gather that he assumes that I stand an excellent chance of winning the two cases. He also stated that he was sure of taking the two cases easily and wished they were Scotch. That baffled me for I do not see what the country of origin has to do with it. My lawyers-- Messrs. Doolittle, Doolittle, Doolittle and Doitwell will arrange with you to represent me in your case upon my instructions.

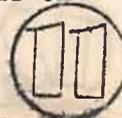
I notice that my statement re the "author" was slightly in error. I regret to state that he was not the janitor after all-- he was the latrine inspector and was only acting as a janitor. The Wiffenpoof Laboratories always tries to raise men from their natural bents-- in this case I believe we should have let this "Mr" Midgeley remain in his proper environment.

The statement that he stole his plots from the laboratory is correct and will stand up in any court. His "brief" case that he carried could far better have been designated as his "Attache" case for he attached everything that wasn't actually confined down safely. We had to discharge him after giving him a small trial at his job for his ways were too taking to be pleasing. Yes, he lasted a mere 27 years and a few odd months before we had to give him his discharge. Poor fellow and then to turn around and attempt to bite the hand that had fed him. Alas, such ingratitude. We are at a loss to understand what he means when he states we steal our plots from "Readers Digest". That is not the name of a magazine-- that is a statement. The basic idea-- of course amplified into the present article on Beds-- was obtained from a Blackwoods Magazine circa 1852 and hence is quite up to date.

He lies definitely when he states he gets his plots from Coronet-- who in the Nobility would even deign to talk with the churlish knave. I was gazing through some ancient tomes the other evening and I noticed one containing an article that more than resembled his-- the varlet copied his item word for word from a Godey's Ladie's Companion for March 1825.

I am anxiously awaiting his second article and heartily Poohpooh the assertion that people will write to you and praise his artistic (sic) efforts. He will have to hire a claquo if he expects to clicque.

You may tell the type of person he is when you judge his lawyers who are presumably his betters-- what an assortment of exotic types. Now take my lawyers-- Messrs. Doolittle, Doolittle, Doolittle and Doitwell-- there is nothing at all esoteric about them. I have just come from a meeting with them and found them as normal as you or I. The elder Doolittle merely brewed an infusion of Cannabis Indica and inhaled it while we chatted. The medium Doolittle was not available as he was experimenting with the effects of Pexcomorpheus Sulphate on the human anatomy. The younger Doolittle was quite interested in our conversation and from time to time would inject pertinent remarks as he paused from his



avocation which is writing a book on the perils of future war. He has allowed me to scan his masterpiece in manuscript. The tentative title is "If The Spanish Fly Will That Make The French Safe?" It goes deeply into many subjects and appears to be quite a comprehensive work. Mr. Doitwal-- he was extremely busy and begged to be excused from the conversation as he was deeply engaged in his life work which is drawing up petitions to do away with the "Blueboard" story in the Historical Crimes series. I might mention that his beard is a delicate Azuro Blue.

Believe me Mr. Crutch I will stand behind you to the end and we will defeat the nefarious machinations of this dastardly creature or go down to defeat together. However that last contingency may be practically disregarded and I hope to see the villain routed in a way befitting his deserts.

Wiffenpoof Laboratories,  
 (Proof, Not Spoof from Wiffenpoof)  
 per Prof. Thaddeus K. Wiffenpoof.

Light Publications wishes to state that it has engaged the noted firm of lawyers, Messrs. Ation, Ation and Ation, known to their friends as Cop, whose middle initial is U., Forn, whose middle name is Ivan., and their sister Carrie, whose middle name happens to be Natalie. Miss Ation assures me the case will be settled in Light's favor as the case is almost certain to come up before that World-renowned judge, Lydia Pinkham. Miss Pinkham is no relation to the Compound Pinkhams. -- ED/

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 I recently saw the Selznick-International film starring Joseph Cotton and Jennifer Jones, "Portrait of Jennie". How many saw it and adjudged it of an Unknownish theme? This is decidedly an off-trail film. It can't be rightly termed a "ghost" story. It certainly isn't stfish. It might be fantasy. It has an appearance of a "spirit", but not a conventional spirit. Time enters into it-- and also a touch of the supernatural. I'd like comments from anyone who saw it. THE EDITOR.  
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