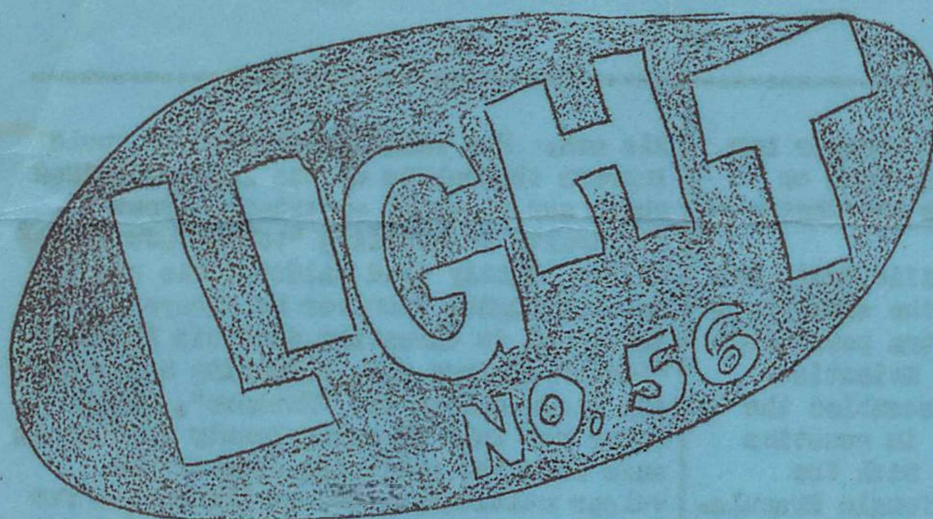




Bill Gray



NOV.  
'53

LIGHT IS MIMEOGRAPHED BY LESLIE A. CROUTCH  
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"FANTASTIC

RAMBLINGS"

or

WHAT KIND OF MEN  
WERE THEY IN THOSE  
DAYS?

by Norman V. Lamb

It is more than possible that you be-  
lieve that many of the problems facing  
today's thinkers and scientists are  
nearly unsolveable. Maybe you believe  
that many of the extrapolations so care-  
fully thought out by the great minds of  
today will never come to pass.

The writer is forced to state that  
you suffer from over-conservatism. His  
attitude towards such defeatism can best  
be expressed in one word-- (censored).  
(Censor: the word cannot be used as it  
denotes an essential element of a  
masculine physique.)

Consider Time Travel. Simple as ABC.  
Space flight-- elementary. Super weapons--  
childishly easy to bring into being.  
How? Merely pick up either a fantasy  
book or magazine and acquaint yourself  
with the ease with which these and many

other problems were solved--almost off-  
handedly. Then-- merely emulate the  
exploits of any of the multitudinous  
heros who conquered both Space and Time  
in short order.

First of all let us consider these  
heros-- so obviously masculine-- with  
their chosen companions-- always  
beautifully nubile maidens.

The hero wore form-fitting shorts  
to better display his many physique  
while the heroine wore the standard  
Fantasy apparel-- consisting of bra and  
shorts that clung to her every curve.

The maiden was always lush and  
seemed to be the focus of attraction for  
Other-World creatures-- whole sole de-  
light lay in clutching at, tearing  
apart, removing, ripping off, snatching  
away, or otherwise disposing of her bra  
so that the Other-World creature could  
feast its eyes and perchance its hands,  
tentacles or even lips, slobbery  
naturally, on the nude upper portion of  
her attractive body. Then, of course,  
just in the nick of time, the hero would  
jet in-- rescue the damsel with her  
Virtue still intact, and await her  
commands. To show her deep gratitude  
she would bestow upon him the same  
privileges that the Other-Worlder had so  
grossly usurped and approach her savior  
with the upper portion of her anatomy  
still free from all encumbrances so  
that the hero, who inevitably was pure--  
could feast his hands, eyes, lips,  
ot cetera, upon her outstanding  
attributes. Naturally enough the chaste  
hero would hastily obtain an opaque  
wrapper-- from some hitherto spatial  
dimension nearby-- and cover her



"decently" with it-- not to uncover her again until they were safely back on Earth-- bound together with the Chains of Holy Matrimony.

As a matter of scientific fact, not all the stories possessed the same plot. Another type told of an extra personable youth who worked for a Mad Scientist. These Mad Scientists all resembled the offspring of an experiment in genetics performed by a Frankenstein with the necessary assistance of a female Dracula. Obviously the Mad Scientist had to possess a daughter-- who always was young and UTTERLY pulchritudinous. Her costume was necessarily a pair of somewhat scanty shorts and a bra. It goes without mentioning that she was well equipped with the contents necessary to to properly fill her bra. She did not really need the bra to support her for she was young and her flesh was firm and outstanding-- if not to say outjutting. Without fail she would be captured by Other-World Monsters whose first actions would be to remove her bra and slaveringly gloat over the twin portions of her anatomy that previously had threatened to burst her bra asunder. Sometimes the OWM would act like the bastard it was-- and even go so far as to manipulate the fasteners of the

Heroine's shorts in such a bestial manner that at all times the coverings threatened to slide down over the girlish-- but rounded-- hips and thus leave the damsel in a state of pristine nudity-- greatly fearing the loss of her most prized possession. That was the signal for the Hero to Rocket in-- take a fleeting glance at the flashing white body, find it impossible to avoid noticing where two rosebuds had appeared to nestle on the snowy, virginal bosoms-- studiously turn his eyes away and proceed to macerate the despicable OWM whose very existence had defiled the Heroine. Because of her immeasurable relief the Heroine would sometimes forget her maidenly modesty and become brazen enough to clasp her arms around the Hero and kiss him. The unfortunate Hero-- pure as a lily-- would suffer untold agonies from the sensations engendered by her semi-nude body as she glued it so closely to

his own. Her feminine attributes would impress themselves on his lightly haired chest and he would experience great difficulty in avoiding "taking advantage" of the lightly clad maiden while she was so distraught. However he always succeeded in thrusting down his immodest "lower" urgings and, obtaining a concealing cloak out of the "Nowhere", would cover her full blooming beauty to keep it safe from the profaning eyes of the vulgar multitude. It was the custom for him to return the maiden-- still intact in every respect-- to her absent minded Mad Scientist father-- to be rewarded later with her hand and the other portions of her choice anatomy that he had glimpsed earlier.

Sometimes complications occurred-- such as when the hero and the heroine, either through mischance or because of the base plotting of a spurned suitor, were captured by an Evil Princess. The Evil Princess was always a sexy, sultry appearing beauty whose sole delight in life lay in ensnaring pure youths and enticing them into having Impure Dalliance with her-- thereby sullyng them forever. It was ever the proper action for the EP to turn the Heroine over to her chief jailor-- order him to strip her nearly naked-- leaving only a mere trifle of fabric clinging to her girlish loins-- and then exhibit her to the Hero. Then she would threaten him that unless he became firmly enamoured of her and took every advantage of her fair white body she would put his sweetheart to work. The position she had in mind inevitably was that of acting as an entertainer for the mercenaries who staffed the EP's Space Fleet. These hired brigands were men who lacked feminine companionship for months at a time-- men who slavered at the mere thought of having such a defenceless beauty at their mercy. The Hero, whose eyes had been kept averted to avoid gazing at the more than ample charms of the Heroine as she had blushinglly stood there displaying them albeit unwillingly, who would pretend to acquiesce and accompany the EP to her ornate boudoir. There beautiful slave girls, whose costumes consisted solely of a few beads strategically placed, would gently dis-



robe her and expose her over-luxuriant charms to his disinterested eyes. He-- being naturally chaste-- would not be affected by this intimate view of the feminine attributes that she possessed so superabundantly but would immediately conjure up an irresistible Weapon on the spot and stay her wicked plans. Waiting until the EP had donned a modest costume, so as to not offend the Heroine's eyes, he would hold her as a hostage to ensure their escape. The Heroine, by some miraculous manner not divulged, would acquire adequate clothing and accompany the Hero to their Space Ship-- to return to Earth. The ship, which had but one small compartment, provided them with but cramped quarters where both would eat, breathe, sleep, drink and perform all their natural physical functions with no possibility of having the least privacy whatsoever. Strange to relate the Heroine would emerge from the machine on Earth immaculate & modest-- and virginal. En route she and the Hero would suffer deeply from the results of the machinations of the EP whose myrmidons had tampered with the controls of their machine so that they would be unable to change its course and thereby would necessarily be drawn into the gravitic grip of a giant sun. As they approached closely to this calorific phenomenon the temperature inside their ship would rise to terrifying heights and she, regardless of modesty's demands, would be forced to discard the bra that was confining her so snugly and drape a trifling piece of gauzy fabric over her abundant charms. Later the temperature would rise to even more alarming heights and her encumbering shorts would have to be removed-- she would protect her modesty by girding her loins with a somewhat larger piece of the same diaphanous material that so inadequately covered her brace of mammalian appurtenances. Meanwhile the Hero would release the fasteners on his shorts and let them drape around his slim hips-- covering his body merely enough to prevent him from exposing himself indecently to her. While she lay perspiring from every pore-- causing her flimsy coverings to adhere to every lush curve-- he would labor long and arduously over the mechanism until, with a super-

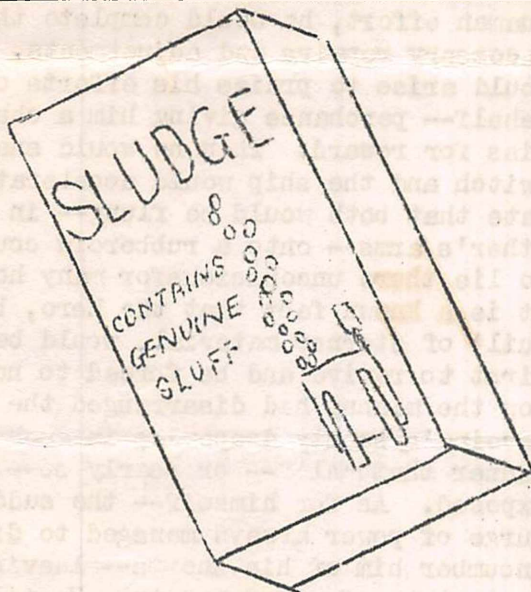
human effort, he would complete the necessary repairs and adjustments. She would arise to praise his efforts on her behalf-- perchance giving him a chaste kiss for reward. Then he would snap a switch and the ship would accelerate at a rate that both would be flung-- in each other's arms-- onto a rubberoid couch-- to lie there unconscious for many hours. It is a known fact that the Hero, being built of sterner material, would be the first to revive and be forced to notice how the mishap had disarranged the Heroine's scanty draperies in such a manner that "All"-- or nearly so-- was exposed. As for himself-- the sudden surge of power always managed to disencumber him of his shorts-- leaving him in a state of utter nudity. Hastily he would rearrange the Heroine's flimsy substitutes-- then, even more speedily, don his own clothing so that when she revived her eyes would not be shocked. Finally arriving at the Earth the Hero would leave the Heroine at her residence-- returning later to claim her hand in marriage. After the sacred rites had been performed-- and not until then-- would the Heroine allow him the opportunity of viewing her manifold charms-- even less impeded with coverings than they had been during their Trip Through Space.

By this time you will see that the Heroes managed to invent, discover or produce such miraculous discoveries because none of them were the type that is interested, excited, or aroused by feminine companionship. They actually had nothing in common with their female companions and so could devote their time and energies towards more concrete actions. Many people may agree that they acted quite proper-- or did they?

FIN

The little girl and her mother boarded a street car. The little girl stopped at the fare box. "Let me put the ticket in, Mother." "No, honey, I'll take care of it," replied the mother sternly. "O.K.," answered the youngster and then looking up at the conductor she asked, "But will you let me flush it?"





END BLUE MONDAY WORRIES. "SLUDGE"  
WILL CUT WASHING TIME IN HALF OR  
WE WILL COME AND DO IT FOR YOU.

SLUDGE eats dirt.....

SLUDGE will also eat  
your clothes — — —

CONTAINS

THE NEW 1954 CHEMICAL  
MIRACLE -- THE SUCCESSOR  
TO ALL SOAP DETERGENTS

**SLUFF!**

SLUDGE is also good for  
flushing out sluggish  
drains. Use it for cleaning  
out the crankcase of your  
car the next time you  
change your oil!

## "Going to the Movies"

by LESLIE A. CROUTCH

This composed-on-stencil article is not just something with which to fill out space, but to air some views of mine on some recent movies I have had the good, and the bad, fortune to have seen.

I'm a pretty steady film goer. I don't miss more than perhaps  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 1% that come to Parry Sound. As a result, I find it more and more difficult to see a picture that isn't a rehash of something I have seen before: a plot that hasn't been addled until I am sick of it: or not to start to wonder at the apparant insidious propaganda that appears to be creeping into the output of the Film Capital (so-called) of the World. I'll not go into a "tantrum" right off on what displeases me, or what questions arise when I see some types of pictures. I'll just let these creep in as part of my comments on what I have seen.

The picture that sparked this column, which may or may not continue in subsequent LIGHTS, was one that I saw just last night. Kirk Douglas and Milly Vitale in "The Juggler". It is the fairly well done, and fairly sincere story of Jewish repatriates in Palestine. Douglas has come in from Germany where he had spent some time in a concentration camp, denned up in a room with no windows, just big enough for one, but in which he and nine others had been crowded. He had developed a neurotic condition and had an almost insane fear of being trapped in an enclosed space-- of policemen good and bad. In Palestine he runs away from the camp because he fears he will be handed over to the police and the doctors, the latter which he appeared to fear even more than the police. I have no criticism of the story or the acting. I liked both. However-- one bit of dialogged amused me greatly. It also amused a lot of others as the guffaws of humor and derision it drew were somewhat on the hearty side. The police follow the fugitive. It is a regular chase story. One of the group that was questioned was a groupe of children who had met Douglas. One boy comes out with a prize bit of

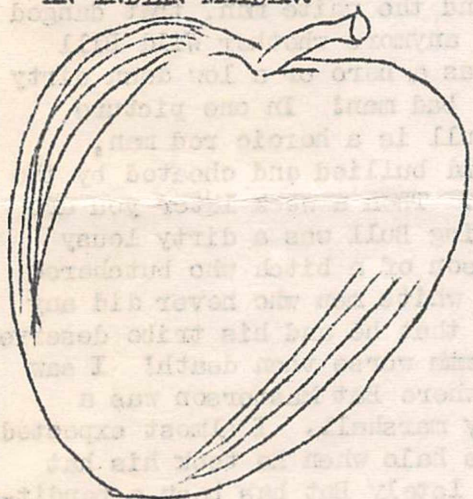


CARTWHEEL J. McHUBNUTS PROUDLY PRESENTS THE GREATEST LOVE STORY IN HISTORY

# PASSION IN PARADISE

Out of the Thousands of Tales told of palpitating, precious emotion, the story told in Genesis of the First Man and Woman in Paradise stand out as the Pinnacle of High-Voltage Passion. Filmed against the Technicolored reincarnation of Ancient Eden as Conceived by the Genius of Hollywood backed by the Fabulous Artistry of UNIVERSAL-JOINT PRODUCTIONS, the Bible Extravaganza of the Original Love Story will thrill lovers of all ages as they have never been thrilled before.

TO BE RELEASED AT ADVANCED PRICES ONLY. ONE PRICE, TWO BUCKS AND AN INDIAN MAIDEN.



STARRING JERK CABLE, EVA STABLEDOOR, BETTY BELLYBUTTON, and a cast of millions. Screen play by Head A. Cabbage, Photography by Burp and Howl, costumes by Moe Steinburger, Special effects by Walt Disney, Music by Homer and Jethro.

FILMED IN STARTLINGLY REAL PARABOLIC TECHNIQUE. SEE IT ON THE NEW CRYSTAL BALL SCREEN. THE PICTURE IS ALL AROUND YOU!

*a universal-joint production*

## THRILLS AND SPECATCLE GALORE. . . . .

SEE-- The Tree of Truth, was it Wisdom Incarnate or was it Dark Evil?

SEE-- The Prince of Darkness change from Serpent into Man.

THRILL-- to the Incomparable Beauty of Primitive Eve, thrillingly portrayed by the most beautiful girl in America, Entrancing, Dynamic, Sizzling Eva Stabledoor.

THRILL-- to the most daring scenes ever filmed-- Adam and Eve in the nude-- approved by the Legion of Indecency and the Boston Watch and Ward Society.



typical Hollywood genius: the dialog goes something like this: "He said he was an American, but I knew he was not telling the truth." The policeman asks how the boy knew the truth was not being told. "Because," said our little gentleman, "he did not have on a clean shirt, and he was not clean shaven!" (Or perhaps the exact statement ran thus, "Because his shirt was dirty and he had whiskers!")

Apparently Hollywood has finally decreed that in all films henceforth American red-blooded heroes shall be easily distinguishable from the lower folk by possession of clean shirts, and being clean shaven!

I recall a long long time back seeing a picture, which I believe was titled "Abe Lincoln of Illinois". It was a biographical effort and very well done. I would like to see it again. But likely now it will never be reissued. Because Abe was NOT clean shaven. I believe Abe did wear a clean shirt, but he certainly sported a beard. Now I was always under the opinion that Abe was a true-blue American, a real son of the old sod. But I must have been mistaken. He must have been a foreigner. Because Abe Lincoln of Illinois sported a most beautiful growth on his face. Whiskers!

Our theatre here has been running a spate of war films lately. Now, I like a well done war film that purports to show life in the battle zones as accurately and sincerely as possible. But one thing I have noticed and which make me wonder if our Canadian papers, the news on the radio, the numerous books, some of them authored by such respectable men as Winston Churchill, have been telling us the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth so help us God. For the American war films all seem be either trying to tell us that the war was fought, and won by 99% to 100% American troops, navy and air force, or the war depicted was fought on some other planet!

According to Hollywood, American apparently landed on all the beaches in the Pacific; landed on all the beaches in France; marched over all the sands

of Africa; shelled all the enemy oil fields, factories and what have you. Very seldom is any credit given to any of the allies. Oh perhaps there is a passing slap on the back now and then but that is all. And if Hollywood is to be credited, then how in hell the war was ever won with so much blonde-chasing; beer guzzling; feudin' all over the map between various members of the armed services; general dunder-headedness where the officer is no good-- or the sergeant is an idiot--; is to me an ever lasting miracle! I have seen times almost innumerable how Trained Dogs Won the War; how the Wacs won the war; how the Marines won the war; how the gallant Navy; the invincible air force, et al won the war. Now how the hell could there be THAT many wars unless some of the battles had to be won more than once so the victories would stick!

I like westerns. At least the majority of these are honest. They are pure hokum entertainment and no claim to truth is usually made. But lately the companies have been trying so hard to show the other side of the shield when it comes to the feudin' between the red man and the white man, that danged if I know anymore whether Wild Bill Hickock was a hero or a low down dirty connivin' bad man! In one picture Sitting Bull is a heroic red man, tricked and bullied and cheated by the white man. Then a week later you are told Sitting Bull was a dirty lousy bathless son of a bitch who butchered religious white men who never did any wrong and that he and his tribe deserved a fate ~~much~~ worse than death! I saw one film where Bat Masterson was a real woolly marshall. I almost expected to see his halo when he took his hat off. But lately Bat has been a bandit-- a thief-- a murderer and an all round dirty dog. How Bat has escaped hanging is more than I can understand.

They ran "Sulome" here and charged us poor customers an extra 15¢! Why I will never understand. There wasn't anything really grand about it at all. The new chap who played John the Baptist showed more acting skill and sincerity



THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG

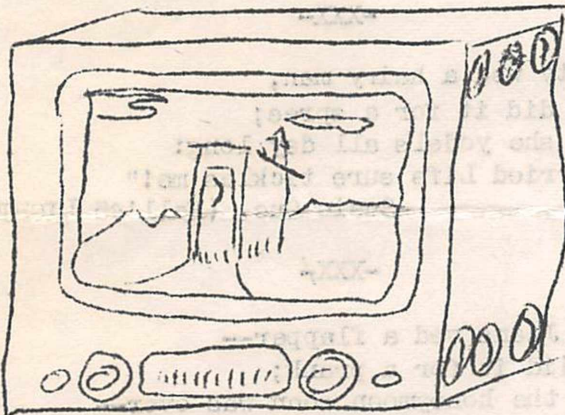
by Laureen O'Coffield

Oh, how we strain our earthy ears to hear  
The song of the sunny bluebird, true and clear;  
Up in the sunshine warm and gold and bright,  
It sings of perfect love that casteth out all fear.

Down here in the darkness, up we ever gaze  
With wishing eyes, upon the poisoned haze  
Of sin, and hate and war; thus we search  
For the radiant bluebird all our dreary days.

If we could only for a fleeting moment know  
The sweetness of its lilting song, and so  
Love life, and others better for it, and  
Have more of happiness and less of needless woe.

for only \$444.44 (and Tinald tv sets) YOU can  
buy a new  
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OFFICER  
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ever decide to broaden the channels now in use. This amazine front end uses the new uranium gridded tubes, balanced radionically on genuine cow dung bearings and wired with true golden ass hair. The cabinet is fromed from the new chemical miracle, URINATED GUPALIKE. It can't stain, crank, shrink, expand, or burst into flame when you are tuned in to Marilyn Monroe. And the price will truly amaze you!







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MAIN STORE: 613 NO MARGARINE, DUPLESSISVILLE, QUEBEC; BRANCH AT 2½ NO TVANTENNA,  
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AGAIN WHANG PU MAKES AN ASTOUNDING FREE OFFER TO THE FIRST 100 PURCHASERS-- A FREE TRIP TO THE BIGGEST COMIC OPERA IN THE WORLD, NOW PLAYING 24 HOURS A DAY-- ENTITLED "JUST A WEE PEACE OF KOREA"-- STARRING THE WORLD FAMOUS OPERA TROUPE, THE UNITED NATIONS, AND THOSE INTERNATIONAL VILLAINS, IVAN THE RED AND HIS TROUPE OF PERFORMING BEARS!

=====

**CIGAR BUTTS:** these genuine Chrchillian cigar butts come in assorted lengths and condition. Most of them contain the teeth imprints of the famous man. A true collector's item, with the added value that when you have tired of your collection you can finish smoking them.  
3 for 5¢.

**BOTTLED BILLYGOAT TEARS:** collected at the famous Shrine of the Water on the Knee. Guaranteed the real thing by Bishop Middleman on a Totem Pole. Really a wonderful thing to own, especially if you have a Nannygoat that won't give milk.....Pint, \$1.99

**SKUNK OIL:** just the thing for your Pet Skunk after he has been out in the rain and got his joints rusty. Guaranteed to make the creakiest skunk silent.  
2-oz bottle 49¢.

**KNOT HOLES:** fill up those unsightly boards in your fence. A fustic fence doesn't look genuine without a few knot holes. Our knot holes come in assorted sizes, shapes, and materials. \$5. gross.

**SWEETHEART SPECIAL NUMBER 2:** 1 box of cigars, treated; newspaper advertisement of current stage show, "Dangerous Occupation"; bot of shells (please state gage of father's shotgun); huge five gallon can of Mc'Nulty's Starch (the starch that stiffens anything); manual: "What To Do Until The Baby Comes"; address of a good divorce lawyer. The entire offer for only \$19.98.

**NEW MAGIC PHONOGRAPH:** lowest upkeep of

any modern phonograph. Will play anywhere. No tubes to burn out. No batteries to buy. Just turn a little crank in the side and hear the full high fidelity of your favorite records. . . . . \$4.69

**RUBBER NIPPLES:** for little babies to chew on. 3 for 1¢.

**RUBBER BREASTS:** for big babies to chew on. Sizes 32 to 64. Can be had in 10 different colors from black to white. Due to hygenic reasons, cannot be returned. Prices on application.

**BULL RINGS:** is your bull getting married to that coy little heifer down the road? Then present him with a token he will treasure forever, a McBovyn wedding rign, set with a Genuine Diddly Diamond. When ordering please state size of hoof.  
\$2.19 to \$5.49

**PREFAB WAAC REPLACEMENT PARTS:** all items subject to prior sale. Orders shipped collect only. Order what you need from this list: false eyes, false teeth, breasts, legs, boxes, wigs, touch-up paint, brunishing cloths, 6-32 screws and nuts to match, grease gun, lubricating oil, hair (blonde or black only available, in 10 yd. skeins).

**DEAD CATS:** just the thing to cure warts with. For instructions see "Adventures of Tom Sawyer". 49¢ each as long as the supply lasts.

**DEAD MICE:** excellent bait to catch dead cats with. 12 for \$1.00.

**PAIRS WITHOUT BOTTOMS:** excellent buy for people who don't like to carry things.

98¢ ea.

Whang Pu, the Laffin' Oriental, "Just  
isn't for "Whang!"



# STUFFING

THE INSTRUCTOR WAS TEACHING THE CUTE THING HOW TO DRIVE. "THIS," HE SAID, "IS THE HAND BRAKE. YOU PUT IT ON QUICKLY IN CASE OF AN EMERGENCY." "OH, I SEE," SHE GIGGLED. "IT'S LIKE A KIMONO." XXX

LITTLE JOHNNY WAS TELLING HIS CLASSMATES ABOUT HIS VISIT TO HIS GRANDFATHER'S FARM DURING THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS. "THERE WERE ALL THESE LITTLE FIGS, SEE. THEY SPIED A GREAT BIG BIG, CHASED HIM AROUND THE PEN, CAUGHT HIM, THEN THREW HIM DOWN ON THE GROUND AND STARTED CHEWING THE BUTTONS OFF HIS X VEST." XXX Designing my own communications-type superhetbrings to mind most forcibly the fact that the company engineers aren't wasting company time when they spends hundreds of hours on circuitry, chassis layout, and so on. It's amazing the number of small details that look so easy when licked can tangle up things for days at a time. Especially if you are trying for the most efficient layout to get the shortest leads possible in the radio frequency stages. Those design engineers are really worth every red cent of the high salaries they get. XXX Listening in to the short waves on a used Hallifrafters S-40A to the English-language broadcasts of the Canadian, American, British, Spanish, Russian et al stations is like going through a jungle of chest-thumping, voice-straining babooms all going at once on the same chant with variations ~~of~~ by nationalism, propaganda and plain every day bullshit: "I'm the bestest and everybody else is a liar-- I'm the mostest and everyone else is chasing after lost rainbows!" It gets so you don't believe anybody except maybe your own stations and those only beca se you can back up much of what is said by personal observation. XXX MRS. PATTERSON WAS ENTERTAINING "THE GIRLS" IN HER BRIDGE CLUB. AT NINE O'CLOCK THE PATTEN OF TINY FEET WAS HEARD AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS. MRS. PATTERSON PUT DOWN HER HAND, SMILED PROUDLY AND ANNOUNCED IN A WHISPER THAN THE CHILDREN WERE ABOUT TO SAY "GOODNIGHT" TO EVERYBODY. THERE WAS A SECOND OF SILENCE, THEN THE VOICE OF A LITTLE GIRL SAID SHYLY BY CLEARLY: "MAMMA, BILLY FOUND A BEDBUG." XXX

To everyone who receives this  
before December 25, a merry  
Christmas and a happy New  
Year. To everyone who  
doesn't receive this before  
December 25th -- YOU ARE  
MY VALENTINE

Ges Croutch  
1953