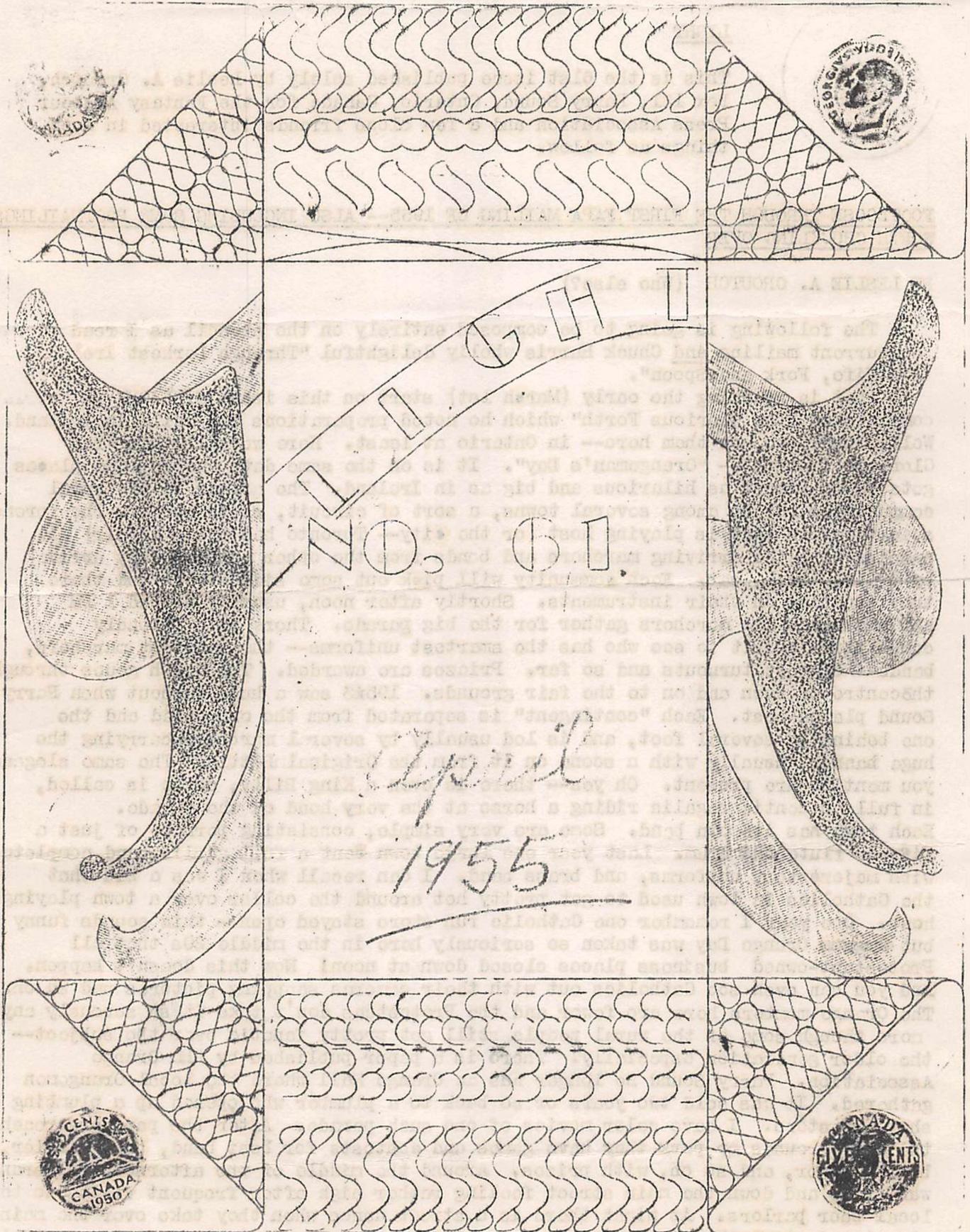


Bill Grant



NIGHT

NO. 61

April
1955



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LIGHT

This is the 61st issue published solely by Leslie A. Croutch, Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and a few close friends interested in such things as follow.

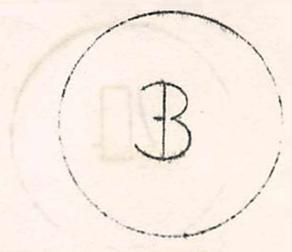
FOOTLOOSE THROUGH THE FIRST FAPA MAILING OF 1955-- ALSO INCLUDING SOME POSTMAILINGS WORTH CHUCKLING OVER

BY LESLIE A. CROUTCH (Who else?)

The following is going to be composed entirely on the stencil as I read through the current mailing and Chuck Harris wholly delightful "Through Darkest Ireland with Kifo, Fork and Spoon".

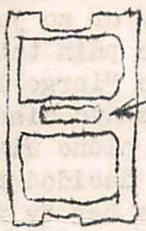
What is sparking the early (March 1st) start on this issue of LIGHT is Harris' comments on "The Glorious Forth" which he noted preparations for while in Ireland. Well, Chuck, we got them here-- in Ontario at least. Here we call them "The Glorious Twelfth"-- "Orangeman's Day". It is on the same date and in some places gets to be almost as hilarious and big as in Ireland. The affair in the rural communities rotate among several towns, a sort of circuit, so to speak. The forerunner sees the town that is playing host (or the city-- Toronto has a big affair) all a-noise with the arriving marchers and bands from the other towns. They arrive by train, truck, car. Each community will pick out some side street and there they practise on their instruments. Shortly after noon, usually around 1 PM all the bands and marchers gather for the big parade. There is a friendly competitive spirit to see who has the smartest uniforms-- the smartest marchers, bands-- biggest turnouts and so far. Prizes are awarded. The March goes through the centre of town and on to the fair grounds. 1953 saw a huge turnout when Parry Sound played host. Each "contingent" is separated from the one ahead and the one behind by several feet, and is led usually by several marchers carrying the huge banner, usually with a scene on it from the Original Battle. The same slogans you mention are present. Oh yes-- there is even a King Billy, as he is called, in full authentic regalia riding a horse at the very head of the parade. Each town has its own band. Some are very simple, consisting perhaps of just a fife or flute and drum. Last year one large town sent a full girl's band complete with majorettes, uniforms, and brass band. I can recall when I was a kid that the Catholics in town used to get pretty hot around the collar over a town playing host. One year I remember one Catholic run store stayed open-- this sounds funny but ~~Parry Sound~~ Orange Day was taken so seriously here in the middle 20s that all Protestant-owned business places closed down at noon! Now this doesn't happen. And you can even see Catholics out with their cameras snapping pictures and so on. The Orange members here are fewer and the Protestants don't take it so seriously any more though some of the rural people still get pretty fanatic over the subject-- the older generation especially. There is a paper published by the Orange Association. Parry Sound no longer has an Orange Hall where the local Orangemen gathered. It was sold two years or so back to a plumber who opened up a plumbing shop and store. I have color movies of one such parade. After the paraders reach the fair grounds or park they have games and contests for best band, best fiddler, best drummer, and so on, with prizes. Around the middle of the afternoon celebrants wander up and down the main street feeling rather high after frequent visits to the local beer parlors. At night there is a street dance when they take over the main street and strut the light fantastic. A lot of them by midnight are in no condition to do much of anything!!

###Cold mashed potato sandwiches? I've eaten those. Also hot
mashed potato sandwiches. Both with and without onions. They're
good. . .Here they are termed ORANGE LODGES, Local so and so,
and each Lodge has a number. Women and children march; the
women have their own sections and the children have theirs.
Now and then you'll see an all-girl section (little girls) and
an all-boy (little boys!) section. Now and then some lodge
comes along that has a billy goat as a mascot and he'll have a capo or some such
cloth thrown over him with Orange pictures and emblems worked into it in a pattern.
. . .Well dammit boy, we have a variation of your "colcannon" here at home-- quite
often Mother mixes in green onion tops in mashed potatoes. Never creamed, just
regular mashed potatoes that have been steamed so they are nice and moist. At the
table I always put in lots of butter or margarine, salt and pepper. I like it when
it is about 50-50 potatoes and onion tops. . .



I WENT OUT TO MILK THE GOAT AND IT WAS DOING THE MAMBO

9.5 MM motion picture film is an amateur film still highly popular in Europe. In England new equipment in that size is still being produced and none of it need take a back seat to our 16MM and 8MM. 9.5MM film was standard in Europe before 8MM was developed on this side and from what I can find out 9.5MM is as old as 16MM or almost. It was once fairly popular on this side of the Atlantic. I have an old pre-war catalog of a Montreal dealer which lists all kinds of 9.5MM equipment-- cameras-- silent and sound projectors-- raw film-- sound film-- travelogs, comedies, even multi-reel features for sale and for rent. By "prewar" I mean the middle 30s. 9.5MM film is 9.5 mm overall. The frame is the same size as the 16MM one! This apparant contradiction is achieved through the somewhat fantastic (fantastic to us anyway) position of the sprocket hole. The sprocket hole is a longish, fairly wide opening in the centre of the film between the frames! In other words, the frame line is extra wide and accomodates the sprocket hole which is about half ~~an~~ long, if I recall the strip I once had correctly, as the frame. Herewith a rough sketch:



On sound films the side of the After all, it takes special advantages over our 16MM question. This side is very if you could find any stuff

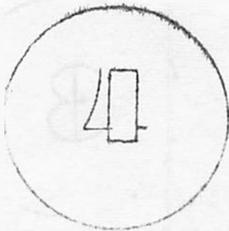
where else could it be? As you can see equipment, but it does have certain and 8MM sizes, if you but study the rare over here now. In fact, I doubt in that size anymore at all.

You beat me to it! I was going to publish "Dor Liddle Fur Cap" in LIGHT eventually. You scoundrel, sir!

Why not handle the reprint question in FAPA publications by an amendment to the effect that reprinted material but be at least 5 years old?

GEOMETRY TEACHES US TO BISEX ANGELS

My reasons, SCHIZO AND OTHERS, for not using the bolt with the friction-type buckle anymore is because I just don't trust the damned things! When I was a younger and up to about 17 or thereabouts I used them but after one or two rather embarrassing incidents I stopped and went to the tongue-hole kind. The first incident was once when I was walking along the street and for some reason or other I thought to look down at my fly and dammed if I didn't see both ends of the bolt hanging down! The second incident was when I was doing some electrical wiring for a friend of mine. I was up on the step ladder reaching upward, and when I let down my arms and relaxed I felt the comforting grasp about my waist let go and my damned



pants, not having a snug waist fit, slid down to my knees before I could grab them. Fortunately, in both cases, I was alone. Or at least I think, and hope, no one saw! But I decided twice was warning enough and I threw the cussed thing away and bought myself an old-fashioned trusty tongue-through-the-hole type. I know lots of others who won't use the friction buckle for the same reason-- you just never can trust the things. I also found that where the friction buckle habitually grasped the belt, the leather became checked, stretched, and rather weak-appearing. I never saw one that actually broke. The other type of belt doesn't do this. I am currently wearing one that must be at least 7 years old and it is as good as the day I bought it-- well, almost as good. It looks to have another 7 years left in it. . . I am currently wearing a pair of shoes that were purchased almost two years ago. These have seen steady wear, 7 days a week, since then, except for a week the first year when I went on a short vacation. These shoes have the "raw cord" sole. I paid \$3.98 for them. They'll have to be replaced in another month or so. As I am heavy on my feet-- weighing in at 240 right now, they have not been pampered. Signs of wear is stitching letting loose on one and the soles are getting thin. I don't think they owe me anything.

FLYING AUCERS? SO WHAT? GEORGE MCMANUS HAD 'EM YEARS AGO!

When I feel a sore throat coming on, Phyllis Economou, I gargle with warm water in which I have placed a heaping teaspoonful of salt and one aspirin. This is a perfectly lousy combination, I admit, and can make the weak sister sick to her stummick, but it works, for me anyway. How do I feel a sore throat coming on? I know it when I wake in the morn to a dirty taste in the mouth and a strange feeling that my vocal cords are not all right. If I ignore these osoteric symptoms I'll be down with a nasty throat by the next day. If I get at it with my home-made remedy the soreness will not, in most cases, develop. My "most cases" I mean 9 out of 10 times, which is a good enough average for me. This gargling is performed on an average of every three hours over the day. Next day I do it after meals only and keep it up for another day or so just to make sure. For chills I take aspirins. They never do me any good as a pain tablet but as a cold tablet they really work.

Are you by any chance the "large Economou size"?

I am sure that the snailshave discovered artificial insemination, don't you? That Lady Snail who lived all alone with those Goldfish for years, apparently overcame her racial prejudice and decided that a mixed marriage was better than no marriage at all. No doubt she has by now been snubbed by all her hoity toity relatives. Or maybe she is innocent and one of the goldfish is a scoundrel, a cad, who has led her astray!

MOTHER'S GOOSSED could be termed a "pain in the buttocks", to be delicate!

I wish I could have been there to mow that dratted bass drum.

In this country we have tax-supported radio and tv. For my money, and a great many agree with me, much of the radio is lousy and I am informed the tv is even worse. Tax supported stations would help, but they wouldn't be as good as Warner seems to hope. Incidentally, I must correct the lead sentence. We USED to have tax-supported radio and tv. Directly that is. Now the tax is a government grant from one department to another. Us poor citizens no longer are asked to divvy up a license fee as was once the case. But tax supported radio is NOT the cure for poor programming and too much commercialism. The cure lies in the stations, networks, and the advertisers, admitting that the evargo listener is not a 10-year-old child.

LARK'S TAIL. ANOTHER LARK?

You don't have to travel and tune pianos, Clyde. You can stay home and repair

radios! It's much more fun and also much more profitable.. .I have yet to hear or read a joke so filthy I was forced to laugh to cover up my embarrassment. Only prudes or naive jokers have to do that. . .A joke doesn't have to be sexy to be funny-- but it helps!



A GOOD MILK COW CAN BE TOLD BY HER RUDDER

I don't know whether there is any significance or not, but every time I see the initials "GMC" I immediately think "General Motors Corp" and not GMCarr!. . . "Person" came out "Anderson" to me; "main" was Quartermain; "son" though got me. I've never come to any definite conclusion, and I haven't been able to find anyone who could definite it to suit me. I got "Buckson", "Dollaron", "Moneyon" and so forth. "Son" might be the answer but comparing it to the others, it just didn't appear to jell, somehow. Maybe I was looking for something too complicated and it is supposed to be simple. I'm still open to suggestions if for no other reason than to satisfy my curiosity. . .Your delving into the more parapsychical aspects of the Bible interest me. I have always thought there must be a logical explanation to the Biblical miracles. But not logical according to the laws and sciences we know so far; but according to laws that exist but as yet are unknown and perhaps even unsuspected. The "faith that can move mountains" strikes me as being definitely telekinetic. After all, if you have no faith in yourself-- no self-confidence, you are well and truly licked before you start. I admit over confidence can get you into trouble because it makes you foolhardy, but that is only where you don't have the latent or subconscious ability to back up your faith. How many times have you discovered that some task was easy after you had hedged and tried all sorts of schemes to get out of doing only because you lacked faith in your ability? I have.

A CENSUS TAKER IS A MAN WHO GOES FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE INCREASING THE POPULATION.

I have not commented or even mentioned many of the fine publications in the 70th mailing. This omission does not mean that they were not enjoyed. It just means that nothing sparked me into making some sort of comment. Why say "noted" or "observed" or some such thing? The space can be used more beneficially.

"I represent the Mountain Wool Company, Madam. Would you be interested in some coarse yarns?"

"Gosh, yes. Come right in and tell me a couple."

"Do you believe in clubs for women?" a friend asked W. C. Fields.

"Yes," replied Fields, "If every other form of persuasion fails."

"He says I don't know how to dress, huh? Tonight I'll wear my low-cut dress and show him a thing or two."

In spite of advertising campaigns, the average summer cottage is still

five rooms and a path.

Sign in restaurant window: Man Wanted-- To Wash Dishes And Two Waitresses. Frequent Rest Periods. -Radio Appliance Trade Builder.

Sign in an army mess hall: If the steak is too tough for you, get out. This is no place for weaklings.

-Radio Appliance Trade Builder.

A biology professor was unwrapping a parcel before his class which he explained to his pupils was a fine specimen of a dissected frog. Upon dis-



closing two sandwiches, a hard-boiled egg and a banana, he was non-plussed and ruminated: "But surely I ate my lunch!"

LIGHT has taken great pleasure in the past in having much fun over the antics of American visitors to Canada during the summer months. Now that the shoe is on the other foot, LIGHT has to be honest and reprint the following which was sent to me by Bob Tucker:

STONEMARCEACTIONSONGSANGSHOUSECRITICSCAPTURES... (mirrored text)

STONEWALL JACKSON FAN SHOWS REBEL SPIRIT

Richmond, Va. (HP)-- Thomas P. Bryan Jr., mayor of Richmond, reported the following telephone call from Claggett, Ontario, Tuesday night.

"Is this the governor of Virginia?" the caller inquired.

"No," replied Bryan, "I'm the mayor of Richmond.

"You'll do," the caller assured. "I just called you I've been reading about a man you have down there-- Stonewall Jackson. I certainly admire the way he marched his men and fought.

"I want to tell you that you're doing a good job down there. Keep it up. Goodbye."

Naturally I can pick a lot of holes in this UP story, but I'll leave this to the other LIGHT Canadian readers, if they should wish. Personally, I'm thinking that boy from Claggett must have gotten into some spiked coffee, or something!



THE ROMANCE OF THE FEEL

by Jasper P. Bibulous.

At no time in history did the feel play such an important part in romance as it does today. Gone are the old-time barriers, the numerous devices designed to impede the activities of the fool. In these more enlightened times, the feel is oftentimes encouraged, and it is obvious to the most unenlightened that the obstacles which previously rendered hazardous the progress of the fool, are less and less frequently encountered. Exponents of the feel may be said to be enjoying a feel'd day. The advantages and enjoyment of the modern or free-feeling outlook are readily apparent to all master, graduate, and would-be-feelers.

It would perhaps be best at this point to indicate the degrees of proficiency of the four grades of feelers.

(A) Master Feelers are, of course, the most experienced grade, and hence are covering familiar ground. While they do not head directly for the ultimate goal of their feel, they forge onward at an even speed, covering all the intervening interesting topography on route. They are thoroughly acquainted with all the types of barrier which may, even today, be encountered, and know the best method of overcoming each. A Master Feeler is a pleasure to observe; each motion is calm, unhurried, almost instinctive, yet nonetheless irresistible. It takes many years' study and practice to reach the Master ranks.

(B) Graduate Feelers consist generally of those who have come up from the Apprentice Feelers' ranks and who have not yet achieved the finesse which is the hallmark of the Master. Barriers may be overcome, but with considerable waste motion and loss of valuable time. Not all the topographical features are observed



but accelerating sharply in its rate of dimming. I then thought of witnesses. And that critical ones would be better than ones given a positive suggestion. I said: "The reflection of that plane might almost be a flying saucer."

When I spoke it was still about as bright as a bit from the middle of a new moon.

Three people looked in the indicated direction. One said, "You must have sharp eyes. I can't see it."

I said, "It's faded."

(It's altitude was nearer 15° than 20°. I checked later, with a photometer to get its angle above the horizon.)

(There was no plane. And it was very unlike the reflections I have seen on planets.)

[That "photometer" isn't the work Bob has done. I can't just make out the word, but now it looks something like "protnitor" or some such thing. This was written in longhand. - Editor]

It was then a small circle visible against the darker part of a cloud; sharply defined, but no brighter than the brighter parts of the distant cumulus. It was then somewhat higher than when it first appeared past the frame of the car window. I soon lost track of it. And I had no witnesses. Now did anyone from the other cars mention it.

As I said, there was no plane. One near enough to show a gleam that size would have been very visible itself. I do not think it was a balloon. There was no change in the sunlight and it did not itself move far enough to catch light at a different angle. And if a balloon that had chosen that moment to burst it would hardly have shown as a clear and ~~distinct~~ definite circle as it faded.

If it were a mirage it was one that did not affect the clouds optically nearby mountains, just visible on the horizon. It was a drift- /and/ ing spider web-- the car was making more than 40 mph, and there was little or no breeze. It was not a flying insect or seed. I'm well familiar with both, and again, the car was in motion and this U. F. O. was far enough away to make parallax against the clouds imperceptible.

It was a sharply defined, featureless circle, slightly bluish white in color, about an eighth the diameter of the moon angularly. Much brighter than Venus by day, in front of clouds that have been more than 100 miles away, and low in the west when the sun was well up in the south-east.

Have you got any explanations?

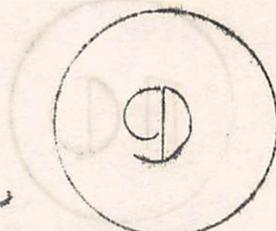
THE MANUFACTURERS AND ENGINEERS CLAIM THAT THE DAY WILL EVENTUALLY COME WHEN RADIOS AND TV SETS WILL NOT NEED SERVICING BUT WILL OPERATE FOR YEARS WITH NO ATTENTION. I BEG TO DIFFER. AS LONG AS THERE ARE COMPANIES THAT PUBLISH "FIX IT" BOOKS AND KITCHEN MECHANICS WHO THINK THEY KNOW SO MUCH THERE WILL BE WORK FOR SERVICE ENGINEERS STRAIGHTENING OUT THE MESSSES.

Shoeless, he climbed the stairs, opened the door of the room, entered, and closed it after him without being detected. Just as he was about to get in bed his wife, half-aroused from slumber, turned and sleepily said, "Is that you, Fido?"

The husband, telling the rest of the story, said, "For once in my life I had real presence of mind. I licked her hand."

TWO ELDERLY SALESMEN WERE SITTING COMFORTABLY IN THEIR EASY CHAIRS AT THE ELKS' CLUB ENJOYING AN AFTER-DINNER CIGAR. SAID ONE TO THE OTHER: "EVERY TIME I COME HERE MY WIFE THINKS I'M OUT CHASING WOMEN. . .GAD, I WISH SHE WAS RIGHT!"

Break the power
monopoly which is
prohibiting inter-
stellar flight !!



NO MATTER WHO HOLDS THE PATENTS? NO MATTER WHAT THE FANCY NAME AND FANCY CLAIMS?
THERE IS BUT ONE INTERSTELLAR POWER SUPPLY CAPABLE OF DRIVING YOU AND YOURS TO THE
FARTHEST STAR!

THE UNIVERSAL SEX-- DRIVE

"The Sex-Drive will get you there when the Bergenholms fail !"

- * Such a drive needs no extra fuel, other than that used to stoke the passengers and crew.
- * Such a drive is in little danger of becoming inoperative.
- * Such a drive rarely suffers from inertia.
- * Such a drive does not later become radioactive.
- * Such a drive requires only a minimum shielding.
- * Such a drive is plentiful, cheap, and easy starting.

THE UNIVERSAL SEX-DRIVE IS THE ONLY ANSWER TO SPACEFLIGHT !

It ignores the Einstein Theory and almost every other scientific supposition; it sneers at the Rule of Diminishing Returns; it faithfully obeys only one scientific tenet-- and that one hurls the ship forward over unimaginable distances: Action and Reaction!

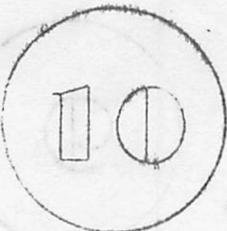
The Universal Sex-Drive can deliver a powerful thrust, anywhere, anytime. The gravities of earth or any other planet do not affect it. It is especially rugged and powerful in free-flight, delivering a tremendous performance capable of building a truly amazing velocity. (Safety belts are recommended for those unaccustomed to free-fall.) The Universal Sex-Drive starts in the coldest weather or under the most adverse planetary conditions; it does not require an anti-freeze compound or special lubricating oils.

THE UNIVERSAL SEX-DRIVE IS THE CHEAPEST ANSWER TO SPACEFLIGHT!!

Every man can own one. It is not an exclusive tool of the rich but the plaything of the poor. It costs nothing to install, requires a relatively small upkeep, and with the proper care and handling is guaranteed to last a lifetime.

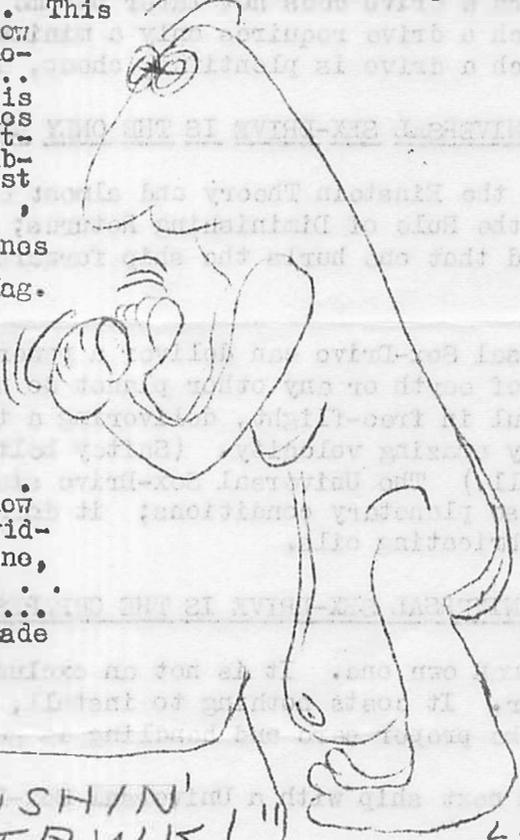
Power YOUR next ship with a Universal Sex-Drive!

UNIVERSAL SEX-DRIVE CORPORATION
Box 702
Bloomington, Illinois



THIS is going to be an awful shock to some of you, another issue of LIGHT right on top of #60, so to speak. Just put it down as another prime example of the inconsistency of Crouch and let it go at that, shall we? . . . What column is this? Oh yes, I did neglect to put a title up there, didn't I? Well, in case you haven't by now suspected the awful truth, this is "LIGHT FLASHES", a sort of "last page" if this was by Danner! . . . The only letter to arrive commenting on LIGHT #60 was from Sam McCoy, who said he was mildly peeved at the page of interlineations. Sam says he is no prude, BUT-- I have suggested that HE try such a page and see if he can do

any better. I now know from (in)experience what a tough proposition such a page is. Of course, a lot of the lines were made up, but those were in the majority. Some were original with me, but had NOT been said-- they were just sort of "thunk", like that line about "Government of the people by the government for the government", which was brought on by a news item to the effect that our Income Tax department have been digging up old returns and assessing afresh-- AFTER deductible items had already been okayed by a precoding inspector. I wonder how long I would be in business if, when things got slow in the shop, I dug up some old bills, about 5 or 6 or even more years old, that had been paid, and sent a bill to the customer saying I had "reviewed" their bill and decided that I wanted another \$5. or \$10. or whatever the case may be. If I could do this I'd quit work tomorrow and just spend my time "reviewing" old bills and demanding more money. And if the customer said "to hell with you chum" then I could hail him into court, and add interest-- fantastic, and dishonest as hell? Yet isn't that what the Income Tax department does all the time? The Canadian and yes, even your American? Apparently what is legal for the government is illegal as hell for you or me. Which is why when I read in the paper where some guy has cheated the Income Tax department out of a few thousands, I think, "Bully for you chum. I wish you had got away with it!" Another thought also-- according to Canadian law a debt is outlawed after 7 years unless you have obtained a court order after suing the guy, or something. Then if this is so for you and I and the other poor civilians, then why aren't tax reassessments outlawed on returns over 7 years old? Huh? Huh? See now why I suggest that what we have more or less is "Government of the people by the government for the government?". . . I have a new thought on this reprinting in the FAPA for renewal credits. FIRST-- nothing under 5 years of age can be reprinted and credit obtained for it-- if the item is over 5 years of age, then allow only HALF credit. Or I am being too complicated and trying to make too much work for the long suffering official in charge? . . . Credit should be based on the standard page size of 8 1/2 x 11, except in the case of printed work, when half that size will be counted as equal. This is to give a sort of reward to the fellow who goes to all the work to give us something a little different and better. . . . Would it be heresy to wonder if GALAXY is on the skids? A page reduction sometimes is the prelude to less frequent publication. For my 35¢ GALAXY has NOT been publishing its usual high quality the last few issues. Its illos are, of course, strictly from Hunger and almost always have been! My box score for the magazines I buy now, is, in order of preference: ASPEN; FANTASTIC UNIVERSE; GALAXY; IF; Mag. of FANTASY ETC doesn't come here often enough anymore to be rated. I buy none of the others nowadays! . . . Didn't know I was a cartoonist, did you? Well, neither did I, but the one on this page is my own handiwork. Those who wish to congratulate my facile stylus will kindly line up at the loft. . . . MGM pulled an awful clambako with the now ROSE-MARIE. For one who can recall vividly the Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald one, this new one is strictly for the birds. . . . I heartily recommend BRIGADOON however. . . . Stencils used this issue are REGALS made by Remington-Rand, I'm not too pleased with them as they appear to be rather flimsy. --LES CROUCH.



"DUH-DIS CONSITUSHIN'
IS FIGHTINI' TAWIK!"

LAC54