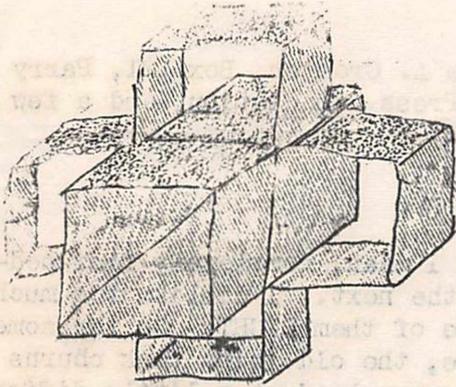


Grant

June
1955



LIGHT

NÚMERO SESENTA DOS

62

Leslie A. Croutch,
Box 121
Parry Sound, Ont.,
Canada

"Anything might happen, and
probably will!"
—FUTURE PROVERB.

This is the 62nd issue published solely by Leslie A. Crutch, Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada, for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, and a few close friends interested in such things as follow.

APRIL MONDAY 25, 1955

When an issue of LIGHT is put to bed, by which I mean, completely finished--ready for mailing out, I start to think about the next. I dislike too much uniformity. I like variety in many things, one of them LIGHT. So for some time before I start the actual work on an issue, the old think tank churns over all sorts of ideas by which the next issue can be just a little different. I will be satisfied if the difference is very small. Just so that it cannot be said that the exactly same sort of set-up has been used again. You who have read LIGHT for many years know that I have not always been successful. But this time I feel that I have been. I do not recall having ever seen a fanzine set up in quite the way that I have decided to set this sixty-second issue of LIGHT up. This is all I am going to say. Read on and decide for yourself whether what will be done is acceptable or lousy as hell!

To start things going, I have a letter here from Bill Grant, Toronto, dated (I'll be damned, it ISN'T dated)(anyway it arrove some time ago). To quote:

"I can see that one of your writers has been out on the Indian Reservation. 'The Romance of the Feel' was quite an article, you sure do come up with some surprises." Now, Jasper P. Bibulous may be some writer but he hasn't be trying to make a fast buck that I know of. Maybe a fast buckess, but not a fast buck.

ST. CATHARINES, APRIL 13: "Sex-Drive thing was good, altho' the first item on fuel keeps coming out * . . . other than that used to stroke the passengers & . . ." Makes just about as much sense that way, too! Would the Sex-Drive work in free space (gravity-free, that is)? Somehow I have picked up the opinion that gravity is one of the essentials of a properly operated Sex-Drive. Try to imagine operating without gravity! / This is a subject which should be treated with gravity! Imagine the dangers of free fall. Would the operators have difficulty with fall-out? And what if something got thrown out of joint?- ED / "Talking of that ballot card with the English stamp-- I actually came upon a postcard from a US firm today, soliciting subscriptions to their magazine, on which they had (believe it or not) covered the "no postage necessary if mailed in the US" legend with four CANADIAN stamps. Migod, they're getting smart in the US. Of course, we still receive numerous stamped addressed envelopes with the US 3s on them, but there really is one firm that knows better! (Incidentally, I scrounged the card and soaked off the stamps.) / If USers would only put STAMPS on their envelopes and so on when they prepay postage, I wouldn't complain. I can always use US stamps when writing to US firms. I send them stamps instead of small amounts of coin when that is requested.--ED /

TIME FOR A NAUGHTY POEM:

A nymphomaniacal nurse
Was cursed with a terrible curse.
She could not bring to fruition
The act of coition,
Except with a corpse in a hearse.

I have been requested to not let out who sent that delectable ditty. But that is a sample of the kind of filler material I like to receive in the mails. Cute, isn't it?

This issue is being typed on Gestetner White Stencil No. 62. Very nice material to work with. Only thing that may cause a little trouble is that I may not have the material placed right and my duper will need slight re-adjusting. However I have used Gestetner stencils before and had no real trouble.

A high school boy was driving his father to the office in the family car one Saturday morning. Father, in an ominous voice, said: "My boy, you were out awfully late with the car last night. I presume you had a flat tire."

"No, dad," replied the son lightly, "If she had been, I wouldn't have been out so late."

SIMCOE, ONT., MAY 1: A letter from Canadian Postal Employee, Norman V. Lamb, has this, among other things, to say: "We don't have an Orange march around here. Used to have them in Toronto when I lived there-- saw the last one circa 1917-- after that was old enough to refuse to bother with them. Mashed potato sandwiches-- hot or cold-- ugh! [But, Norm, have you ever tried them? Or tomato sandwiches? Or raw hamburg sandwiches?-- ED] Belt with the friction-type clasp-- claspe-- never wore one-- wouldn't chance it. Not old fashioned enough to wear a belt and suspenders too but I do like feeling secure. We don't have tax supported radio and tv? What??? You bet your bloody life we do and no mistake. 15% of the value of all radios and tvs go to the CBC so they can support themselves in stupor. In addition they also get a grant each year from the gov't. Hell we do nothing but support them-- if my memory serves me right we gave them around 13 million bucks last year. [You are absolutely right. What I had in mind was that we no longer have a direct tax in the form of a license fee. But 15% of radio and tv and tubes at manufacturers value goes to the CBC. And I think your memory is right about that grant voted the CBC. These sort of errors on my part comes from typing and composing direct on the stencil. If I were to write the copy first, then correct it, then put it on stencil no doubt a lot of these errors would never occur. However LIGHT has readers who will, never fear! -- ED] Stonewall Jackson episode-- where in hell is Glaggett, Ontario? [I dunno. Never heard of it. I was thinking that you would know if anyone would, having to know post offices in the course of your job. If you haven't heard of it then it is 99 99/100% certain there isn't a Glaggett, Ontario--ED] The whole thing appears to be a hoax from the word "go". It reads like one of those "Reprinted in its entirety" fillers that the New Yorker prints from time to time-- and entitled "Dept. of Utter Confusion". The feel-- damn good. Jasper is to be complimented. He talks like a Master Feeler. He should have all the readers' approval of his stated sentiments. [I think there is one class he neglected, though. How about Mistress Feelers? And shouldn't that "stated" perhaps be "sated", or is that too low to be punny?-- ED] If Bob Gibson saw it I think we can believe he saw something that the U.S.A.F. just can't explain away in their usual glib manner. I always found him to be 100% reliable. [I agree. Bob can be absolutely objective on any report. There is no doubt in my mind that he did see something, but what? -- ED] Bob Tucker's new Spaceflight drive will doubtless prove to be popular. He forgot to mention that amateurs must take due precautions at first. Older and more professional users will find they need the Jumbo or larger size drive if they are to get satisfactory results. I don't know if Galaxy is hitting the skids-- their novels are having a tough time making the deadline-- 23 issues in over 4 1/2 years. Their Beyond is coming out less often than quarterly at present. I will agree that the illustrations in Galaxy have always been the weakest portion of the magazine. For my money they still My biggest objection to the mag. is the 12 pages wasted on Willy Ley's meanderings--

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if they want to print his little-known and little-wanted-to-be-known things I suggest they hold them for a year and then put out a magazine of them-- and not label it Galaxy. In spite of anything I will state again-- articles in science FICTION magazines do not belong. Print a mag. separate just for them and see how many they sell-- damn few, I'll bet. Wish they would have a vote about articles in SF mags-- bet they'd be voted down at least 3 to 1. Wanta fight? / No, won't fight, as I have to agree with you to a certain extent. I like some of the articles in the sf magazines-- perhaps 10% of them. I'd hate to miss those. But I have to be honest and admit that if they appeared all by themselves in a magazine devoted to that type of material, why I don't think I'd buy. That answer your question? /-ED/

At an International Convention of Dentists held in Europe, a dentist from Russia bragged to a dentist from the U.S: "In Russia we can now make an extraction in four hours." Rather surprised, the American said, "In four hours? Why, we can do that in the States in four minutes." "Ah yes," replied the Russian, "But in the USSR everyone is so afraid to open his mouth we have to do it from the other end."

"Mother," said the son as he held his dying mother's hand. "Is there any last wish you want to make? Any last request." "Son," said the old Irish lady, "I'm going to be a long time dead, so before they put the cover on me coffin, will you sprinkle a little Irish Whiskey over me." The son thought a moment, then said, "But Mother you won't be able to taste it and what a sad waste of good Irish Whiskey it would be. Do you mind if I drink it first?"

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FOR SALE

I have for sale the following bundle of fanzines. The bundle goes as a unit. It will NOT be split. The bundle contains: 1 Science Fiction New Letter- July 1952; 1 Sevagram- April 1953; 1 Snix- Vol.1 #2, August 12, 1947, (FAPA); 1 Terazine- Vol.1 #1, 3rd. Quarter 1952 (FAPA); 1- Requiem- October 18, 1947 (FAPA); 1 Spacewarp- June 1950- 27 pages of darned good reading; 1 Incinerations- Vol. 1 #4 1950.

Just send 75¢ and the bundle will be sent to your address postpaid. DON'T SEND MONEY WHEN YOU ORDER. THIS WILL SAVE ME THE TROUBLE OF RETURNING IF MORE THAN ONE ASK FOR THIS ITEM. JUST ORDER. I'LL MAIL IT PRONTO TO THE FIRST ONE UNDER THE WIRE, WHEREVER YOU ARE. WHEN YOU RECEIVE THE BUNDLE SEND ME THE MONEY.

-(30)-

THE PARABLE OF THE KING by S. Wilmer Midgely

Upon the world of Yxlo, far from Sol, lived a group of antelope-type creatures who had a civilization of sorts. They were far enough advanced to have a king. The only thing that differentiated these creatures from Earthly-type antelopes was a second pair of ears, over the haunches. This was a very happy civilization, for nothing could be said behind anyone's back.

The King of the Yxlans was distinguished from his subjects by the fact that his headward pair of ears were somewhat larger than usual, leading the people of his kingdom to call him "Old Wild-Ears", comparing his ears to some wild growing thing.

Upon this peaceful world landed David Edward Crock, Terrestrial hunter and wild game trapper extraordinaire. Crock was completely unaware of the semi-civilization flourishing before him when he went hunting, in his usual method of "living off the land".

(continued on page 10)

THESE SRAMBLIN' FAPS

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MAY 25TH.

The 71st Mailing arrived here this A.M. For those who are interested, the postage was 28¢, and from the postmark, it looks as though it left Los Angeles on the 18th. I welcome dear old Block(head) to this Irreverent Conclave of Unintellectuals. Regarding Tucker's Committee report, Let me go on record that I have opposed the membership increase, and will continue to do so. My reasons are that it is better to have a strong membership of 65, than a weak one of greater strength. If 65 could be active with no deadwood then the organization would be a stronger and healthier one. It is fine and dandy at this present time when there is a waiting list to shout for an increased membership. But what of the day that may come when there is no waiting list? Suppose there were even a dearth of members and we couldn't raise even the 75 proposed? I believe that a small but strong edifice, built to stand storms and future slumps in fandom is far better than some immense affair that crumples its overburdened foundation and collapses under its own weight. Perhaps I am cynical; perhaps I am too conservative; but let us not become too ambitious and over reach ourselves.

NOW TO THE FIELD OF COMBAT-- AND SUCH LOVELY COMBATANTS SOME OF THEM ARE-- TOO. . .

(PRIMAL)

A lot of highly interesting crud in this issue. Warner's discussion on Organized Religion parallels my ideas to some degree only I refer to it not as Organized Religion but as Organized Chrchliness. There is nothing wrong with religion, or Christianity that abolishment of the Churches and the people who manage them won't cure. We don't need Churches. We don't need ministers. But I do believe we need a return to the sincere simple sort of religion our forefathers had and that the Bible seems to teach. Sitting in a sumption edifice that cost enough money to feed and clothe a lot of stoupy people, listening to some man preach AT us, is not my idea of worship, nor do I think it will get us to the Happy Hunting Ground a bit faster than if we went out into the fields or woods and with the trees and animals all around us, tried to reach a personal communion with whatever being we feel is God! You won't find your Religion by listening to somebody else and his ideas. You've got to think it out yourself and find your own way and your own philosophy and answer your own questions to the best of your ability. . . Capitalism is relative. Anyone with a better home, a much better job, more money than you is a Capitalist, especially if you happen to be hungry, living in a hovel, and maybe out of a job. What IS a capitalist, anyway? In my idea, it is just some guy with CAPITAL-- more capital than YOU have. I've had guys call me a capitalist and say I was getting rich because they figured I charged them too much for repairing their radio! Damned foolishness, I figure. In my book every man is entitled to get as much of this world's good as he can, and more power to him. . . money, muscle, brains, it's all superiority in one way or another. I don't believe in equality, because there just isn't any such thing. We certainly aren't born equal, regardless of what some people say. We are never all equal. One baby is born with more money in his future-- another with better muscles-- another with more mental ability. Why hold

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the people who can climb higher up the ladder down to the bottom rung? What would there be to work for then? If everyone was held to a common level what sense working, inventing, thinking, trying to improve oneself? I don't begrudge any man getting more than I do or working his way up the ladder, if he is smarter, or luckier, or stronger. He's welcome to it and more power to him. But, on the other hand, I'll be damned if I believe in sharing what I've got by work and ability with some stupid clod too lazy or dumb to reach my level. If he can't get up to my level that's HIS tough luck and why should I support him? I don't expect it from those above me, so why should he? If the underdog is down because of no fault of his, such as a broken leg, or illness, then that is a different story. But how many of the so-called "underdogs" are there because of conditions out of their own control? . . . I just bet somebody will light into me and say that I have typed a real set of contradictions-- that my remarks on religion and my remarks in the foregoing reflect two natures that just do not jell. I'll be waiting. . . Look, ever think that censorship may be the result of jealousy-- envy? Envy on the part of those who have knuckled under to the "thought control" of teachers and thus lost their initiative in mental freedom for the rest who kept theirs-- to get their education but didn't lose their ability to think as they desired and not as they were told? It would be a seeking of revenge by the slaves for the freemen. . .

(FAPA SNOOZE)

The OE must have it in for me. He sent me TWO copies of this-- this-- thing! If he does it again I'm going to send him a-- a-- I dare not even pronounce the word!

(LIMBURGER)

What we need in the FAPA is more fan-type females. . . Illo I liked best this issue is the one on page 7. . . Felthy interlineations? You naughty but interesting person, you. . . I agree with you on GMCarr: sometimes she irks me so much I could send her bomb; then other times I laugh like hell over something she has said. But whether I am angered or pleased I still enjoy whatever it is she has written. . . A more constructive and uplifting thing is the male hand!

(BLEEN- 5)

Button-fly trousers are still common up here, Dean. In fact, half the trousers that I own have button flies. I like the zipper because it is neater-- no gape. But watch it if you get a zipper with a poor lock-- the damned thing'll slip and start sliding down. I read a poem once, maybe I have it somewhere about, that had to do with the zipper-- and how awful it was for the poor male who got his caught in the zipper! I actually heard of this happening, once! When zippers first became the rage on women's slacks, one of the favorite gags of the younger set in school was to unzip a girl's slacks or skirt. Funnier than unzipping boys' flies, of course. . . Hmm, "son" pronounced "Jackson"? I'll buy that. Thank you. It never occurred to me. . . Here in Parry Sound we have a Pine Street; a Cedar Street; and a Prospect Street, though the prospects on Prospect Street have never been any prospector than on any other street. No doubt Bloch will flinch at this! . . . We have a transport company working into Parry Sound called "HOAR TRANSPORT". Yup, you pronounce it that way. . .

(STUFFANTASY)

Ever consider that perhaps the reason dogs dote on humans so is that everything seeks its own level? Maybe the dog was the only animal low enough to associate with the average human. Ever watch a dog? He's got all the lousy dirty tricks most people have. I doubt any other living thing would associate with a dog the way some humans will. Me, I prefer the smooty, aristocratic, independent, to-hell-with-you cat! . . . That gal in the ad on page 17 would be just the kid for a guy with four hands, wouldn't she? . .

(RANLAW EARVEST)

Why the hell waste your time trying to analyze fandom, Bob? Just sit back and enjoy the thing and to hell with what makes it tick.

(FAPA-- Clyde's Campaign Flyer)

Virility: "as man most likely to" -- to what? To do or to just try? Big difference there, Bill. You really ought to be more explicit about these things. Here the fair ladies of the FAPA may read into that claim the wrong meaning and help vote you in. Then they would find you were a washout. I really think you should clarify the statement, don't you? . . . Available for what? This ties in with the Virility statement. . . I don't think us men ought to allow an eager beaver like you loose among all these chicks. Not that we believe you for one instant. Nosiroe-- but those chicks-- you never can tell-- we might have a revolution on our hands.

(THE RAMBLING FAP)

Salaams to you, sir, for ~~your title~~ your title ~~in this issue.~~ I liked it. . . Gad, all this shooting talk leaves me cold. . . Nicely reproduced little issue but for me was almost a total loss.

(FIENDETTA)

. . . But Author Churchill and Ex-PM Churchill are one and the same. . . I once owned a rubber belt on which the friction buckle worked quite well. The belt also wore quite well, too. The belt was embossed and black and on first glance looked exactly like a black leather one. Only rubber belt I have seen-- man's rubber belt, that is.

(BIRDSMITH)

Your stump speech about prejudice interested me greatly. I don't know why, exactly, unless because it was written in an easy-to-read manner. Personally I am not sure whether I am preduji-- ouch!-- prejudiced or not. I imagine I must be because I do not believe there is any person who is entirely prejudice-free, if he or shee just to the time to search themselves deeply. . . One thing about an FAPA Membership-- you can get a free psychoanalysis without any trouble at all. The whole thing is a poorman's psychiatric couch. If you don't analyse yourself to the undying amusement of the ot' 64 (at present), then one of the other 64 will analyse you! Of course, I very much doubt it is psychoanalysis that some of the bucks would like to get some of the female members on their couches for!

(FRANK!)

Now don't you be blowing your feathers all over the ladsnape that way, Maril. Nobody takes Browne seriously. Just write him back: "Who the Hock are you, Sonny?". That ought to flatten the geezer. . . Over the weekend of May 20, 21, 22, and 23, I was at my brother's place in the city (Toronto), and while there I got well acquainted with the Big Eye, TV. I saw such shows as Jackie Gleason, Sid Ceaser, and the Ed Sullivan jambake, along with a lot of other live shows and several feature movies. Well, for my money, I think the old movies are a helluva lot better entertainment than the so-called funny jerks who try to act funny but can't-- who stumble all over their lines-- introduce amateurs and professionals alike who struck me as being very untalented and also stale-- until I got to the point where I wondered what all the hassel was about over big-monied contracts and so on. I saw one old cowboy feature, Tom Mix in "Aces and Bullets" or was it "Bullets and Aces" and personally, I enjoyed it more than Jackie Gleason, and look what they are paying him! Phooey!. . . Latest old time movie to be purchased for my slowly-growing little collection is a Blackhawk print of Laura and Hardy's "The Live Ghost". As I haven't screened it yet I can't say anything more about it. . . Thank you, Maril, I like you, too!. . . Vulgarity? What's vulgarity? Depends on the mood you are in. What strikes you as vulgar one day will be funny as hell the next. Or at least that's the way it is with me. I'm waiting to read what

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have to say about the last page of LIGHT 60. . . Know what the definition of a bastard is: A bastard is a little boy crying in the back of a church while his father and mother are getting married. . . Me? I'M from Income, Texas. . . "Mary had a little lamb"-- dirrrrrrrty gurrrrrrrl!. . . I enjoyed your rebuttal to GGC (Glamorous Grandmother Carr); I think it behooves all of us to stick up for our own professions and our co-professionals. More power to you, Maril. Just keep in there pickthing.

(HORIZONS)

Maybe, Harry, because the long learned article covers the subject matter so thoroughly it doesn't leave much to say. And maybe because the odd remark now and then, such as the one about belt buckles, triggers a very personal memory and you know how the average person likes to reminisce. (!) In the FAPA I think people enjoy just a homely gabfest more than they do an erudite lecture from a mimeographed podium. . . Something like shop talk. . . Well, I dunno. I think an article "I Married a SF Fan" from Mrs. Bob Tucker might be highly interesting. I don't imagine life with Tuck would be too tame, but then you never know Hoy might just be the pipe, dog, and slippers boy of distinction. . . In Canada we have government indirect-supported radio and tv-- supported by grants taken from taxpayers' monies. Yet polls show that the majority of Toronto and S. Ontario tv-ers watch the US stations, such as WREN-TV and WGR-TV. The percentage watching public-owned tv is very small. Of course, the ratio between the lovers of fine entertainment and the others is pretty large. . . I read with vast enjoyment Harry's experiences with visiting fans. I know just what you mean, Harry, for I, too, at times in the past have been visited by males connected more or less remotely with fandom. Those were in the days when I was a more or less (I loath that phrase!) active in Canadian fandom. Some of them I got little pleasure from. The ones I enjoyed the most were the least fannish and talked the least about science fiction. Some of them I am no longer in touch with. I am more fortunate than you in that I live far enough North that I am almost completely off the beaten track. Or else too many people still believe those hoary old jokes about the land of ice and snow.

(LARK)

The more I see of dogs the better I like cats. . . I am annoyed whenever someone sends me or hands me a chain letter with the admonition that turrrible things will happen to me if I break the chain. I've always broken them and nothing so awful has happened to me yet. . . I have my favorite charities to which I subscribe because I feel they are sincere; all others get nothing-- N-O-T-H-I-N-G. . . Wells can also check his antenna and leadin for corroded joints, weather worn lead, etc. . . RCA and Philco wereb't the ONLY ones that had that "tv adapter" gimmick on their chassis. In Canada General Electric did it also and some Westinghouse sets had them too. In Canada Philco IS interested in sets made 15 years or more ago. If they haven't the exact part required they'll tell you what substitute can be used and what changes, if any, are to be made to return the set to original condition. RCA Victor is also very good in this respect. Maybe the Canadian jobs are a better bunch, no?. . . "Mother" is the right term for the disc made from the master. . . It also depends on the material from which the resulting record is pressed what kind of fidelity you can have. . . Now that we have thrashed this friction buckle business pretty well out, how about braces, or suspenders? . . .

(GEMZINE)

Crowded elevators hold interesting possibilities for the type of research you mention, GM. . . How come you neglected Grandmother Joan Bennett? I think the world would be all the better for such glamorous grandmaws as the ones you mention. Joan and Hedy still have more on the ball than plenty of girls young enough to be their granddaughters. . .

Martin Alger could, if he so desired, worry photography, especially motion picture photography, to death. . . If Ireland is Heaven then Irish Colleens are angels and Irishmen are cherubs, and I don't think Walt Willis could possibly be mistaken for a cherub. Ergo, Ireland isn't Heaven! . . . All I can about carnivals and midways is that I seldom attend the shoddy affairs that play this town. They are real gyp dives and filthy too boot. In case Maril starts to claw into me, let me hasten to add that I have seen carnivals that were the very opposite. There is good and bad in all things.

(DAY STAR)

Geas, Marion, I admire you your courage and stick-to-itedness: coloring that nail box-- how many copies do you turn out? 70? . . . Nice duplication, but I shudder at that wasted paper. My humble soul sobs at one-sided printing.

(SHAZAM)

Soon as I looked at this cover I thought: "Hah! Peter Lorre". After looking at it for the umpteenth time, I still think the little man looks a bit like Peter Lorre. Coincidence, no doubt. . . I wish gas cost only 22.9¢ a gallon up here. Our price in Parry Sound is 44¢ for #2, and 46¢ for #1. Of course, the Imperial ~~gallon~~ is larger than yours, but not that much larger! . . . I've read ONE gallon Hemingway book all the way through, and three or four others partly. I still can't see what all the hullabaloo is about. To me, he isn't anything wonderful. . . Cyrano de Bergeron.

-(30)-

DEDICATED TO DANNER

by
LESLIE A. CROUTCH

Come on all you fan-types if you want to hear
The story of a proud engineer;
~~William M. Danner~~ was this hogger's name,
William M. Danner
And on a gauge 0 he won his fame.

He laid his road on the basement floor,
Trains hauled by a D16 with a powerful roar;
He ran it by gosh, and he ran it by guess,
And when it left the rails it made an awful mess.

Being a bachelor without any ~~W~~ife,
This hogger had a really reckless life:
Cars and type all over the place--
Grease in the attic; printers ink on his face.

But late one night came Billy's Waterloo:
The train jumped the track and started an awful stew:
The loco whistled an headed for the stairs,
Billy collected bruises from falling over chairs.

It went through the first floor with a vengeful moan,
Bill saw the wreckage and let out a soulful groan;
"Stop, you dirty bastard," Willy's voice was full of ire--
But the loco flicked its tender and spat sparks of fire.

THE
FINAL
ONE

On the next floor to Danner's cries it just wouldn't bark,
As it put the drivers to that work of art called Lark:
Instead it strowed the precious material all about--
And all that Bill could do was to rant and rave and shout.

Then that diabolical machine, headed for the attic stair,
While along behind came Bill, yankin' out his hair;
It headed for the window, resondant with new glass,
And Bill tripped on a shoelace and ended on his ass.

It went through the window, just like a bloody bird,
Its crashing on the pavement was the next sound Willy heard;
"You dirty rotten bastard! You misbegotten whore!"
Was all that Willy cried as he got up off the floor.

Now this lousy bit of poetry started out like Casey Jones;
Except that Casey got scalded, while Bill got splinters in his bones.
There is no moral to this story, so I'll wind it up right here--
And leave poor William Danner picking splinters from his rear.

-(30)-

TO BURBEE

Beer, beer, beautiful beer--
Beer is the drink we all love--
When I die and they lay me away,
I hope they've got beer up above.

PARABLE continued

In fact, the antelope-type creature he killed and ate with gusto was, unbeknownst to him, "Old Wild-Ears". This, of course, upset the Yxlans considerably, but, having been peace-loving people, they didn't know what to do about it. Therefore, this did nothing.

But the old men of the Yxlans, having through devious means learned the name of the perpetrator of this heinous act, oft t

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MARTIN LUTHER DIED A HORRIBLE DEATH. HE WAS EXCOMMUNICATED BY A BULL.

TOAST

Here's to the man that I damn,
Here's to the man that damn me,
'Cause I don't give a damn
about any damn man
Who doesn't give a damn about me.

the younger members of the tribe the sad stories in this colloquial manner, with appropriate solemnity:

"Dave E. Crock et the King with the Wild Front Ears!"

-(30)-

Patient: "I dream every night about baseball."
Psychiatrist: "Don't you ever dream about something else-- girls, for example?"
Patient: "What-- and miss my turn at bat?"

RAY SCHAFFER JR, Nth. Canton, Ohio. writes on June 1955: Upon reading your interlinations in LIGHT #60, extreme enjoyment induced me into informing you, by personal mail, of the pleasure I received. They were by far, the best to be found in the entire 71st FAPA mailing. Just one little thing bothers me, in reference to using toilet paper twice, once on the front and once on the back. On the front and back of the toilet paper, or on the front and back of the body? And that is a nasty, messy thought isn't it? Oh, my evil young mind!

-(30)-

Elderly Lady: "Isn't it wonderful how these filling station people know where to set up pumps and get gas?"

SORRY LIGHT IS LATE. BLAME THE HEAT WAVE