



LIGHT— published every so often by Leslie A. Croutch, Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada, for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and a motley crowd of hangers-on, all of whom get the magazine gratis. No payment beyond a free copy in which material appears, but as everybody gets his/her copy free who gives a damn? The editor is abetted now and then by the able help of the disabled Robert, W. Gibson, Samuel Welcome-to-my-house McCoy and ex-sergeant Norman Vee Lamb.

shall we start off with

LIGHT FLASHES

????????????????

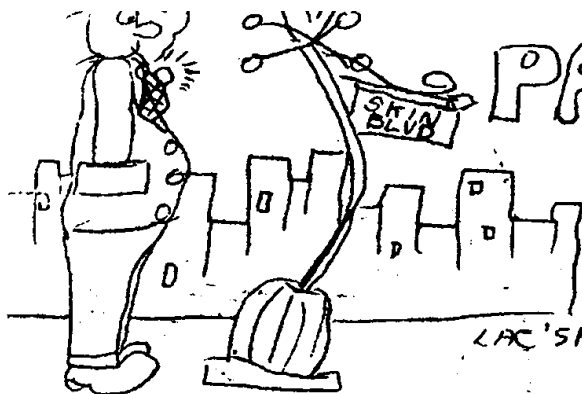
we shall? good then. . . .

Regardless of what the manufacturers said, or what the retailers said, or what the hi-fi hounds said, cactus needles never were any good. When tested in research labs it was found that cactus needles were actually detrimental to the life of the record. The walls of the grooves aren't perfectly smooth— they are roughed by countless microscopic pits, scratches, and so on. The newer vinilyte materials are smoother. When the cactus needle rushed over these walls at considerable speed, wear took place. Every user knew this wear was quite rapid. In fact, there were sold little gadgets by which the owner could sharpen his needle, restoring it to "use". Where did all this material go when it was ground from the needle? The labs found it was actually ground into the groove walls, resulting in gradual obliteration of the music in some instances, and in a great increase in "hiss" in almost every case.

What is wanted is a needle that will not wear to such an extent that material will be ground into the walls. Yet is it patently much better to have the wear take place on the needle than on the record, if wear has to be present.

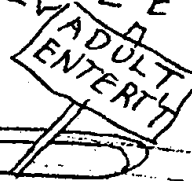
Mixed in with the raw material that went into the old hard rubber and later on shellac discs was a compound that was an

(continued on page 7)



PROPOSITIONER

BY
LESLIE A. CROUTCH



WWW I WASN'T A LOVER OF NATURE AND
LIKED TO GET OUT IN THE FRESH AIR
IF NOW AND THEN THIS MIGHTN'T HAVE
HAPPENED TO ME. But it was such a
WWW nice night, the moon shining, and
fleecey clouds sailing in the blue vault
of a heavenly sea, that I left the car in
the garage and walked to the theatre. So
what happens? You guessed it. It clouded
over and when I got out it was raining to
beat hell.

I'm about half way home from the car
stop when this little jerk stops me. He
comes waltzing out from this dark house,
about half way between two street lamps,
and he says, "Wet out tonight, ain't it?"

I gives him a quick look. There's
been more than a modicum of stickups in
this burg lately. But I sees he's just a
plain little twerp about half my size,
with a pimply, ratty-looking phiz, so I
says, "What about it?"

He grabs me by the sleeve and says,
"It's dry inside."

"It's dry at home, too," I informs
him. "And it's no far."

"But I have something inside you
haven't got at home," he says. "And it's
cheap, too."

"Yeah, I betcha it's cheap. And how
d'ya know I'm not a married man? G'wan,
with ya before I slug ya one."

I expects him to go backing off but
he hangs right on like a leech. "But this
one's different. And it don't cost you a
thing. Think of that-- it's free. And
this one's different-- you never saw her
like before."

"If she's free I don't want to," I
tells him. "Hell, bub, if she's free she

sure must be in a holluva mess. Now
screm, pimp, before I hangs one on that
kisser of yours."

He sees I'm not a good prospect so
he drops back into the shadows. As I
walk on he calls out that if I want to,
he'll be there all night.

I shrugs and ramming my hands deeper
into my pants pockets, I starts to make
up lost time. It ain't any fun getting
doused on a chilly spring night.

Then I meets Alf and he starts to
argue with me. "Hell," says Alf,
"whatcha got to lose? He's small. We
can bop him like nobody's business and
walk out if we don't like the looks of
the bim."

"But she's free," I argues back.
"Hell, chum, you know what that means.
She's likely dosed higher'n a kite and
covered with running sores-- it makes me
shudder just to contemplate."

"Ain't ya even curious," asks Alf
from his little nook way back in my
noggin. "He says she's different. I say
let's have a look and then walk out."

So finally I gives in to my bump
of curiosity and we goes waltzing back
to this house and sure enough little
Pimple Puss pops outta the shadows and
leads the way up the front steps and in
through the door and up another flight of
setps and raps on a door.

There ain't no answer that I can
hear but he opens it and walks in and
I follow.

It's dark inside. I sniff and can't
smell nothing. Then there's a wlick
and on comes a ceiling light. I looks
around, muttering, "ok, suker, now

FOUR

"YOU'RE here, so what?"

Pimple Puss sticks his fingers in his kisser and lets loose a shrill blast. Then I notices curtains across a doorway across the room. These do a bit of shivering and shaking and then through 'em steps. . .

. . . just about the swellest looka hunka femininity it's been my good fortune ever to see. Her coloring is all right and she don't look like she's got one foot in the grave. I looks real hard and she grins invitingly and bookons with her trigger finger.

Pimple Puss eases himself out of the room, saying he'll keep watch outside.

"Well," say Alf, "now we got our look, let's get outta here."

"Ta hell with you, chum," says I. "You got me in here, now I'm staying." To which I follows her through the curtains into a little nook with a table, two chairs, and a nice big wide bed.

I expects this babe to start the riling blather but hell, she's as quiet as the proverbial grave. Maybe she's dumb, I think, and am happy, as I don't like my women yak yakking all the time. It's all right to talk, but shucks, there's atimes when you don't want a blooming radio announcer hanging over your shoulder.

Without any preliminaries she undoes the little clasp at her throat and down comes the filmy garment she's wearing. Up above she's the real meecy and I don't mean sam. But down below I gets the shock of my life. Pimple Puss sure was right. She's different all right. She's got the loveliest skin, like alabaster or ivory or something, with the smallest, neatest, tightest built-up little breasts I ever saw. She's got the flattest, cutest little belly ever, but from there on things just ain't ~~no~~ kosher, as the Hebrew would say.

Alf ain't talking now and neither am I. In fact are both trying to get outta the door without no tarrying, and when we gets it open we just about tumble old Pimple Puss into the boards on the way over him. He just lets one squawk outta him and that's all.

We pounds down the stairs and slams the front door so hard the glass comes out all over us in a shower. Then we went galloping up the street tight as we could go.

At the corner I wakes up to the fact that I am alone. Alf has gone back to

where he should have stayed. Next time I won't listen to that twerp.

I'm uncomfortable as the devil. Both mentally and physically. To think of that swell looking babe with so much promise and then to see. . . maybe she's a freak from a circus or something. I dunno. Maybe she wasn't even from this earth. Reading those damned science fiction mags gives a guy screwy ideas like that once in awhile. But it sure ain't fair, to treat a galk that way. In my mind's eye I could still see the smooth contours of her hips-- the smooth ivory columns of her legs-- the soft silkiness. . . well, never you mind. . . then there was that which spoiled it all.

I'm asking you-- I'm telling you-- she sure was different-- but who wants to make love to a girl with three legs? All perfectly formed in every way, covered with soft curly hair from the thighs down, and where there should have been-- there wasn't-- just a flat porly smoothness.

But that's enough-- I gotta get home and get comfortable-- it ain't no fun saked to ~~the~~ hide from the rain. . .

I sure feel sorry for that girl. . .



"Well, bleass my soul," said the ram, as he plunged headlong over the cliff, "I didn't see that ewe turn."

A business tycoon called in his first vice president one day.

"Bill," he said, "I want the truth. Have you ever flirted with my secretary?"

"Well, er, yeah," the other confessed, "I have."

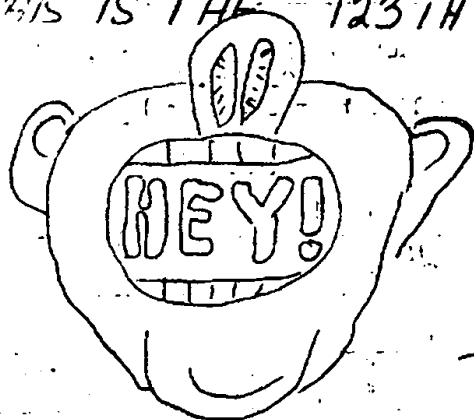
The second vice president answered the question the same way. So did the third vice president.

Finally the company's treasurer came in. When asked the question, he replied. "Hell, no, I don't even think she's attractive."

"You're my man," the tycoon beamed. "You fire her."

XX

THIS IS THE 123TH LISTING TO APPEAR
OLDER'N' "LIGHT!"



LET'S
SWAP!

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT? --- POSTAGE PAID --- CASH OR SWAP
8MM MOVIE FILM --- RADIO BOOKS --- I WANT
FANTASY BOOKS AND ANTHOLOGIES --- STUFF WEIRD AND

POCKET BOOKS

Weird Shadow over Innsmouth and other stories-- H. P. Lovecraft-- mint..... 35¢
Topper Takes a Trip-- Thorne Smith-- good condition..... 30¢
The Face That Launched a Thousand Ships-- Thos. P. Kelley-- mint..... 50¢
Face in the Abyss-- A. Merritt-- mint..... 50¢
Rebirth-- Thos. C. McClary-- mint..... 50¢
The Stuffed Men-- Anthony Rudd-- mint..... 50¢

MAGAZINES

AMAZING STORIES: May, Sept, Dec 47; May, July, Aug, 49..... each 30¢

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION: Jan 37-- no back cover, last 2 pages missing, stories
all there..... 25¢

Sept, Dec 48; Jan, Feb, Mar, Apr, May, Jul, Aug, Sep, Oct '49..... each 35¢

Jan, Feb, Mar 1950..... each 35¢

CAPTAIN FUTURE Spring 1943..... 20¢

FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES Sept-Oct 1939-- good outside of half back cover gone 50¢

Jan, Apr '40..... ea 50¢

Feb 46; Aug 47; Oct 47; Oct 48; Dec 48..... ea 35¢

Aug 49..... 30¢

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES

September 1947..... 25

June 1948..... 25

August 1948..... 25

February 1949..... 25

March 1949..... 25

December 1949..... 25

FANTASTIC NOVELS

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Fall 1945..... 25

Winter 1946 25

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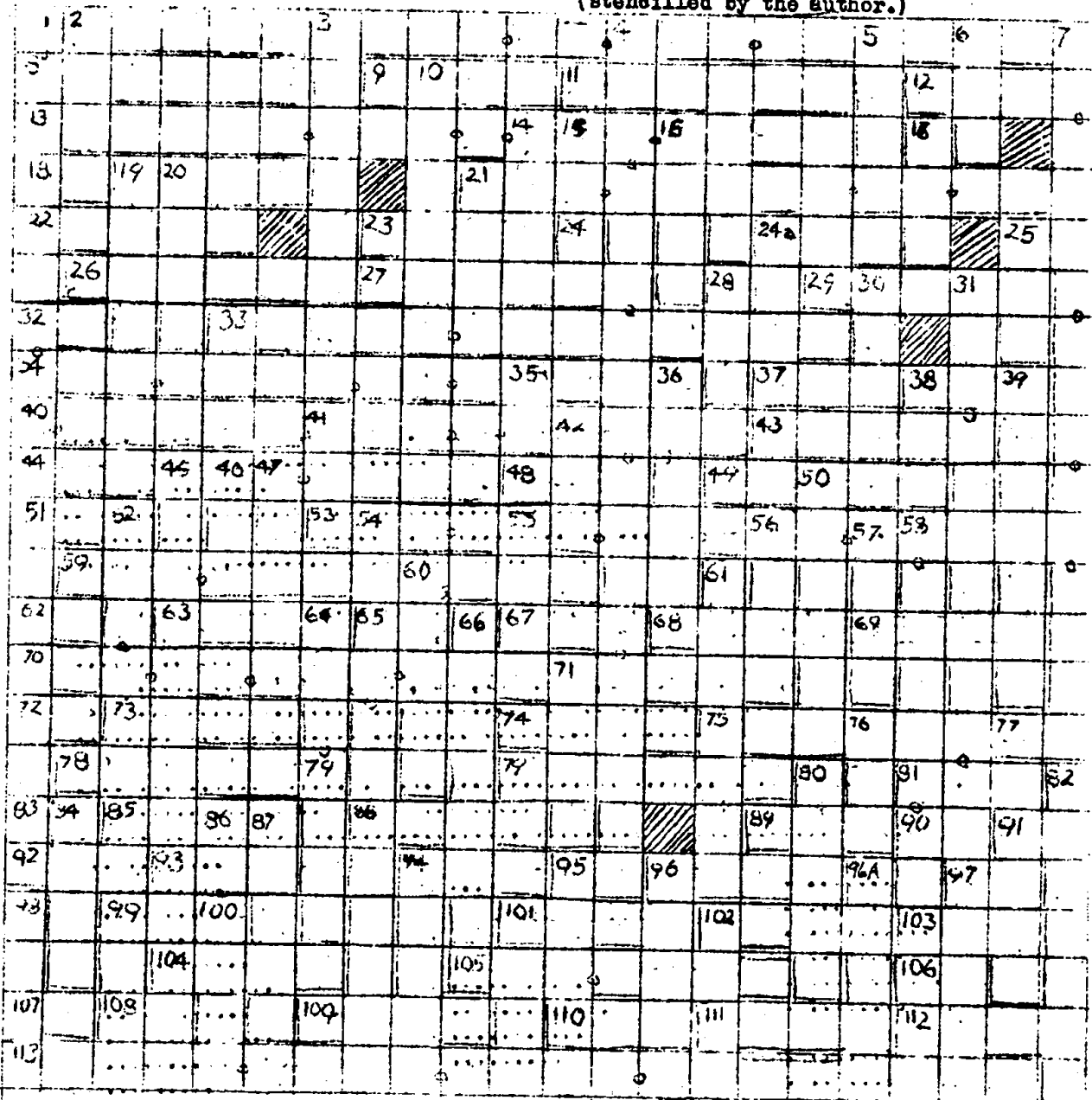
December 1947..... 25

April 1948..... 25

June, Aug, Dec 48 ea- 25

AT TIME OF PRINTING NO CHANGES IN BOOK LISTING IN LIGHT

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE DESIGNED BY ROBERT W.
GIBSON.
(stencilled by the author.)



(solution on page eleven)
(definitions on page seven)

PUZZLEHorizontal

- 1 Quattrocchi-- Astounding, Fall 1951.
- 8 Where are Atlantis and Mu?
- 9 They named it "uneatable".
- 11 Our neighbor's satellite.
- 12- Mack Reynolds wrote it, also "Futurian War Digest".
- 13 Del Rey "...That Wears..."
- 17 Highly advertised byproduct of modern living.
- 18 One of the Jones boys got it into Marvel.
- 20 Dryfoos on relative density, Fantasy Story.
- 21 Universal solvent.
- 23 Homo semi-sapiens erectus, plural.
- 24 Degree.
- 25 His Restless Tide arose in Marvel.
- 26 All the local stars.
- 28 Just this side of Planet X.
- 31 A rare earth, cut for formulae.
- 32 At less than five light years, a target for tomorrow.
- 33 Cartier put this into F.F.M.
- 34 Once was full of ships. Earlier said to be falling.
- 37 Has got the girl on many a past magazine cover.
- 39 Jones quotes Einstein in Galaxy.
- 42 Used in non-hydroponic agriculture.
- 43 Ashby wrote this in Imagination.
- 47 Old lad who suppurated patiently.
- 48 Burks in New Worlds last summer. Hercules killed one.
- 50 Some- to live, others live to--
- 52 In Worlds Beyond, by Greene.
- 58 Fyfe in Planet, last March.
- 61 Manganese, not magnesium.
- 62 Basis for a stem.
- 64 Forms trio with myself and I.
- 66 Group having direction but not discipline.
- 67 Microorganism (obselete).
- 68 Prefix referring to divinity. Part of man's name.
- 69 Rocklyne and Walton cooperated in Future/Science Fiction.
- 71 British. Usually cartographical.
- 72 Often brought by atoms ~~same~~ or playing margins.
- 73 St. Clair in Planet, last fall.

DEFINITIONS

- 74 What you does with any checks you gets.
- 76 Heraldic gold.
- 77 Planet and goddess.
- 79 Most-trodden planet.
- 81 Gault's tale in T.W.S. last June.
- 83 We, or a large country.
- 85 One thing Les must do with Light.
- 88 Famous for "won't-power".
- 89 A sort of thing oft scattered on the floor.
- 90 Strictly conditional.
- 91 Male.
- 92 Family name of the pigs.
- 93 Labor.
- 94 Trees live by it. A life preserver.
- 95 Libra (abr. not CGS).
- 96 Author's name suggests a musical instrument.
- 97 Not two, not too, but...
- 99 Parable by Seabrook in Worlds Beyond.
- 101 Pistols for two.
- 102 To expel.
- 103 It is.
- 104 Time queries include this one often.
- 105 Author who introduced tendrils, callidity, and toti-potency.
- 106 You'll find it in multitemporal stories, and in every bite you eat.
- 107 Oops-- we had this one before-- about 21 back.
- 108 This indicates iron.
- 109 Energy stored as molecular motion.
- 110 New Worlds story by Francis-- Summer 1951.
- 111 Ex-editor of Southern Literary Messenger; wrote fantasy, detective and sf stories.
- 112 Minor Egyptian deity.
- 113 Story by Kris Neville-- Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, Spring 1950.

Vertical

- 1 Deutsch did it for Dec. 50 ASF.
- 2 A nearby star (pop.).
- 3 Wrote about nymphons.
- 4 Written by our most reverend editor.
- 5 Philosopher?
- 6 Diplomats slip on it.
- 7 Del Rey in Fantastic Adv. Sept. 50.

EIGHT

- 10 Nearby planet.
- 14 Shaver's major opus.
- 15 Act of detecting certain vibrations.
- 16 Seari's last in ASF (it was when this was made).
- 18 Any one else's sum.
- 19 Slim and slippery.
- 20 Applied in lubrication, baby care and ceramics.
- 22 Travelling, Sturgeon hints.
- 23 Body that gave Antares its name.
- 24 Artist in three letters, writer in same.
- 27 Not yours, say we.
- 29 "Robert Willey" by any other name.
- 30 Again the "World-Wrecker" a year ago last September-- Startling).
- 34 "3rd p. sing. Pres., indic of be", (dictionary).
- 35 Used often to be pulled.
- 38 Irritates cold-sensitive nerve endings.
- 40 Said to get on the covers.
- 41 Group of whales.
- 44 Weird Tales, tried a Coblentz, May 1950.
- 45 Once tried an apple.
- 48 Rivers did this, and machines.
- 49 With ILL makes team of Flight and Fear
- 51 Counselman put her in W.T one May.
- 53 Wellman, Weird Tales, March 1950.
- 54 Nom de guerre of a Jules Verne leader.
- 55 Where each of us can always claim to be.
- 56 Used for scratching.
- 57 Fantastic story reprinted this Young one.
- 59 They pass by, or we go through them.
- 60 Few of us have seen this planet overhead.
- 63 Elliot's share of Magazine of Fantasy and Sci. Fantasy, April 1951.
- 65 Referring to non-Hollywoodian stars.
- 70 Used to write stf. Doomed to inherit the earth.
- 75 Elderly lady lacking beauty but often not malice.
- 80 What some of these definitions may make you do.
- 82 By Jarvis in Fantastic Adv., Feb. 51.
- 84 Adjunct to a pump in drainage.
- 86 By Jupiter, and one of his girl friends.
- 87 Has been used on internal combustion engines.

- 94 Clifford B. -----
- 95 Variable; and aid to song writers.
- 96 Miniature iceberg.
- 96A Boiled-off H₂O.
- 98 James Blish, with a cover by Timmins.
- 100 They squeeze it from cheese.

|||||

According to the way it was told to me, these country bumpkins were putting on an amateur theatrical in a hillbilly version of the Old Red Barn. Everything went pretty well until they came to the big court scene where Lilly May was testifying to the judge how her spouse had beaten her and otherwise made their marriage incompatible. Half way through her testimony a way of feminine shrieks, cries, and other types of vocal pandemonium ran through the actors seated in the court room. This brought the rehearsals to a dead halt while the assistant director ascertained the cause of the commotion. It turned out to be a young fellow, who, with script in hand, had been going through the "audience" and energetically squeezing the breasts of all the girls.

"Young man," said the "judge", "what possessed you to act in such a manner as to disrupt our play this way?" "I'm only doing what the script calls for." Protested the culprit. "Where does it say anything like that in the script?" Demanded the "judge".

"Right here," said the other, and he was right.

In brackets after Lilly May's lines ran the directions, "A titter ran through the courtroom".

Anyway, that's the way I heard it.

Prodhunter J. Shorthammer.

A WOMAN IS A THING
OF
BEAUTY AND A JAW
FOREVER.

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--()--
()

actual abrasive, and this was done deliberately. The idea was to grind the steel needle so it fitted the groove closely. If you don't believe that this grinding action takes place, take a steel needle after one or two plays and examine it thru a strong lens. You will note that the point has assumed a definite chisel tip. This is the reason it is very unwise to place back into the needle chuck a needle after it has been removed-- you are almost sure to get it turned so the chisel tip becomes a chisel in fact and it will cut into the record groove and ruin the record.

To fellow theory, it was then assumed that the best needle would be one that would NOT wear and which in turn would NOT wear the groove.

Jewelled needles, such as ruby, sapphire and diamond, came into vogue and worked better than the steel needle, but the great weight of the old-fashioned acoustic pickup, and later on the somewhat less, though still excessively heavy electric pickup, still caused record wear.

Current practise is to use a pickup that is either so light, or so well counter-balanced as to exert pressure on the record on the order of only a few grams-- some of the better pickups exert a needle point pressure of the order of 3 to 5 grams, believe it or not. Combine this light pressure with a precious metal needle, or a sapphire needle, or a diamond tip, and you will find that even after many thousands of plays there is no apparent wear either with the needle or with the record.

A new pickup I have been reading about-- it is not yet available commercially-- exerts a tip pressure of 1.5 grams, uses a diamond tip needle, and even after 100,000 plays neither record nor needle showed any signs of wear! The frequency response of the pickup is roughly 10 to 50,000 cps. The voltage output is around .01. A preamplifier is necessary between it and the conventional amplifier.

Now for Warner's comments on speakers: the following I am quoting from memory from various articles I have read. First the hi-fi stuff. I read recently in one

of the foremost U.S. radio trade magazines that decent hi-fi results can be obtained using a poor man's setup using the cheapest type of speakers. It seems, and I'll admit this was a revelation to me though, to be frank, I had suspected something of the sort for a long time, that the little 4" speaker such as is used in Auntie Hortense's Horrible Pipsqueak (\$4.95 and a couple of boxtops) will reproduce frequencies as high as 10,000 cps. But its low frequency response is terrible. It just simply won't get down below 100 or maybe even 150 cps. And that's where the jazz boys and the hi-fi hounds start baying-- "listen to that boom boom!" they yodel in the hills. So, it is suggested, buy a 12" or a 14" speaker which will get down to about 50 or 60 cps, or buy an 18" and get down to maybe 40 cps. Hook the two up with a cross-over network and you have a practical hi-fi outfit at an ordinary man's price.

Of course-- to have this extended range of perhaps 50-9,000 or 10,000 cps., you have to have a pickup with that fidelity and boy! they cost dough! And the audio transformers in your amplifier will also set you back. And plenty. That's the joker in all this hi-fi biz: a joe comes along and says his circuit will reproduce 30-10,000 cps. Fine, you say, I'll build me one of those. But God! Have mercy upon us-- the price is terrible. And when you start getting down to 30 cps, or even 40 cps, the law of diminishing returns comes into the picture-- A practical hum filter network can be built fairly reasonably that will make an outfit sound hum free if you aren't going down below 50 cps. But for every extra 10 cps below that, your trouble with filter hum, and your battle to eliminate it, grows almost at the rate of square root proportions.

And this stuff about push pull triode outputs-- push-pull pentodes, beam power tubes, with proper negative feedback, can give you the same curve within reason. In fact, it can be carried to the point where your reproduction is so flat from 50-10,000 cps it sounds like hell. I read once an article where this guy built a single ended job that gave almost the same fidelity, using negative

feedback, of course.

WHY go to all the expense to build super hi-fi outfits? Is it necessary? You build a lovely job with a flat response from, say, 30-15,000 cps. And then what do you do? You add a so-called tone control. Ever see even a commercial job without one? "So that the tone can be adjusted to suit the individual" says the blurb. What does a bass tone control do? It actually is a "losser" control-- you merely bypass all those lovely hard-won highs so that the output sounds as though the bass had been boosted. Why build an expensive outfit if you are going to stick a tone control on it?

Why not just build something that makes music sounds good to you? Build it so you can listen to it hour after hour without fatigue. Anything more won't give you any more pleasure, and it will probably cost a lot less.

So Less Hoffman is not a "Mister" but a "Miss". Great thing, knowledge.

I checked through "Are You Sane" in Lee's magazine (SCIENCE-FICTION 5 YEARLY). I don't know whether I am a genius or just a genius. My score came out 4. Of course I am no collitch freshman-- I'm just a plain everyday ordinary undiluted freshman.

Lee's struggles with a Speed-O-Print amused me. Not that I own anything better or have mine completely tamed-- I am just sympathetic. I find that for precision work the Speed-O-Print isn't to be relied on-- this is entirely due to the bastard type of paper feed the machine is equipped with. The feed on mine kept flying apart also. This was at the "joint" at the end of the drum-- I cured this (at least I haven't had any trouble recently) by filing the arm slightly thinner so that the shoulder of the stud would project slightly, thus allowing the nut to turn up firmly and not be caught by the arm as the drum revolved. If this sounds involved, it was to me too until I found what the trouble was. For a long long time I never used the automatic feed on my machine but the last LIGHT was run off using the feed.

At the time I was very enthusiastic over the results as LIGHT was run off in about half the time due to not precounting the paper-- just putting a stack in and then counting the sheets as they came through. But in the last few weeks I have been reconsidering and now I am wondering if this advantage is worth the disadvantages. For one thing, using the automatic feed increases paper wastage quite a bit. Using hand feed you can put 100 sheets through and get 100 sheets that are usable. Using the feed you have to put at least an extra 10 sheets through and even then you can't be 100% sure of getting 100 perfect ones. Using hand feed you CAN get registration that is a good 90% better than when using the feed. Another thing, it is easier to adjust your speed so that you can get better copies by going slower near the end of a run than when using the feed, where you seem to run faster, and where the feed arm acts as a drag that has to be overcome, resulting in a certain amount of jerkiness if the speed is lower than a certain minimum. I have not yet decided whether this issue will be run off "by hand" or "by feed".

In an effort to get cleaner copy this time, I am not using the cushion sheet back of the stencil. I shall also ink more heavily.

RADIO-TRADE-BUILDER-- December 1951--
Wagner Research Corp., 150 W. 56TH. St., New York, is introducing a 16 rpm disc and attachment. It is believed the new record will have 448 grooves to the inch. It will not be used for music, but will be "talking records", holding readings of classical literature. The first ones, it is reported, will hold selections from Shakespeare, Poe, Conan Doyle, biographies, and so on. Alexander Secourby, radio and TV actor, has already recorded a reading of half the Bible. The new discs are very thin vinylite and are only 4.75 inches in diameter. Decca, Columbia, MCM and Victor say they have no plans to go into production on the 16 rpm discs. "A spokesman stated that many of the firms had been experimenting with a fourth speed 'in a very small way'." Now all we need is one that stands still. . . . !

TWELVE

SORRY!

BUT THIS IS NECESSARY

Every so often it is my practise to bring the mailing list of LIGHT up to date; to make sure that it goes out only to those who sincerely wish to receive it. Due to rising costs of material and postage this is even more necessary. I have figured that LIGHT costs approximately 5¢ a copy, and an extra 2¢ a copy to mail it. I have not figured in the costs of mailing it to the official editor of the F.A.P.A. As LIGHT now goes FREE to those who want it, I see no reason to waste it on those who never acknowledge receipt of their copies-- who never get anything in swap-- who never by so much as a fare-thee-well even admit it arrives at their mail box. You're not forced to swap but I do think some of you who have been getting the magazine should drop a card now and then to say "Thank you!" or, if it doesn't please you, to say, "Nutz to you!" THEREFOR---- from now on if you have been getting LIGHT, and you suddenly become a member of the FAPA, you will not receive a copy through the mails. If you have been sending me your magazine as a swap, and your magazine does not come to me through the FAPA, I'll send you a subscription. To those others who have been getting LIGHT regularly, and who do not correspond with me, or who do not acknowledge receipt of said magazine now and then, the following is addressed:

THIS IS THE LAST COPY YOU WILL RECEIVE UNLESS I HAVE RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING COUPON DULY FILLED OUT BY THE TIME LIGHT NUMBER 50 IS DUPLICATED. ALL IT WILL COST YOU TO KEEP ON GETTING THE MAGAZINE IS A FEW MINUTES OF YOUR TIME AND THE 4¢ STAMP REQUIRED TO MAIL IT.

OKAY. NOW IT IS UP TO YOU!

Leslie A. Croutch, Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada.
Please continue to send me LIGHT. My address is the same as that on the cover ☐ is now ☐. (If different address or any change is to be made, give in space below.)

(If you don't wish to mutilate these words of wisdom (!) send a postcard.)

A WORD TO THE WISE SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT :