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String 1946

PUTTING THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE?

I see where some of my worthy fellow members of the FAPA have endorsed a resolution that the fees be upped from a simpleon to two simpleons a year. Gaw! What is the idea, fellows? What are your reasons for this move? Especially when I see no resolution for raising the membership limit. Personally, I think raising the membership limit is more worthy than upping dues another buck. I think it would be a healthier sign. It is all right to boast of belonging to a small, select outfit where the dues are high. It seems to give some people an inflated feeling in the general region of their upper stories. It seems to give thom delusions of grandeur.

Nope, no personalities intended. But I think this talk of higher dues should be shelved for the time being in favor of more members. More members will bring in more of the filthy lucre, and a biggor membership with the new activity requirements ought to result in a danged sight healthier state of affairs than a jacking up of the dues.

OH?

So somebody thought something in Dunk's offering was slightly off color. Now I got as dirty an imagination as the next feller, and you guys know that, but after seeing what Speer said, and looking all through Dunk's affair, I'll be danged if I can see any reason for writing anybody about anything.

Maybo somebody had been catin' dill pickles for suppor and reading something like RACY STORIES. I dunno. Anyway I studied the danged thing carefully. I

looked it over right diligently, especially Bok's bit, and I don't figure there was anything there bad enough to warrant all this tempost in a coffee-pot.

NUMBER 3

I thought wo'd laid this thing low but evidently ghosts die hard, for the specit of one is still abraed.

LET'S INTO THE KITCHEN.....

Some of the boys soom to have the idea that maybe I was pulling their leg when I gave those recipes. Stanley and Wid. and one or two others.

I was telling the truth when I gave those. THEY ARE INTENDED TO BE EATEN.

AND ALSO ENJOYED! What's the matter with them? Great Scott, almost every day I see people eating conglomerations that to me are far word. What about clams- or sucking an east from the shell?- bread pudding can almost turn my stemach and I wouldn't eat a rice dish if I could possibly get out of it.

Pocple belabor their stomachs with liquids no engineer would even dream of putting into the locomotive he handles. Zombies- recall the account of it given some years ago?

I'll bot Stanley cats some stuff that would make me stand and gawp with are

Why not try one of those, Norm! It won't kill you and you may find you like the thing.

C. T.

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to be quite so materialistic as the other churches.

I wouldn't join the Salvation Army. I wouldn't join any church. I wouldn't swear by any actual religion I have seen or listened to yot. But- they all take their belief from the one Book. This Book preaches humbleness, gentleness, doconcy toward your fellow man. Maybo it is right. Maybe it is wrong. But wrong or not, if you take it as the basis of your crood, then you ought to follow it. Follow it a darmod sight more closely than do the average church of teday. That is what is wrong with religion as it is today- it is too insincore. In proaches one thing and does another. Of them all the Salvation Army seems to be closer to the tenets of the Bible than any of the other.

Maybe the SA hasn't contributed anything to the betternment of man, but have any of the others? Den't they all seem to be out to line their own peckets? How many times, too many times to be accidental to my way of thinking, do you see a poor as Job's turks little hamlet with the people ground into the dirt and a great, imposing church filled with gold plate and presided over by a wellfod man who you can be darned sure gots his little stipend on time every menth.

No- the SA may not be perfect, but it sure is better than the rest from what I have seen.

U AND

AND THE OLD DOGS BAY

"Let loose the hounds of war...."
"You can't teach an old dog new tricks....."

Maybe my quotations are slightly off but you recognize them.

All the fine spoken phrases uttered during the war in support of a lasting peace- the war criminals shall be punished- etc etc ad infinitum.

Russo-phobes cry in the night that we musn't trust Russia. The men on the other side of the fence shout that Russia can't trust us.

A little man stood before the League of Nations and pointed the accusing finger...and none refrained from turning their heads. Kramer, the Beast of Belsen, and Irma Grese, die on the gallows. A triumph for justice. American Jackson and his fine accusation, dispassionately uttered. Little men everywhere crying for justice, for vongeance against those that make war.

Manila. Bataan.

The terrible death march.
And a bevy of old dogs give an arch
murderer a stay of execution. He was
fairly tried. He said so. His wife said
so. Yet a team of old canines cannot
learn new tricks.

What of the white crosses? What of those who will never lie under a marker? What of the bayonetted ones- the raped women- the starved, scrabbling eagerly at magget-ridden gruel and slug-infested meat?

Why hang Kramer and let Yamashita off? Was one any the less guilty than the other? If Kramer was guilty then what a frace to let Yamashita have another try at saving his face. If Yamashita is innocent then why hang Kramer? Either boths are innocent or both are guilty.

The lovers of old dogs will shout platitudes about justice, and being sure, ad nauseum. What do you suppose the fallon of Manila, of Bataan, of the Death March would say?

Could you slap your mother in the face and then laugh at her tears?

No wonder Russia holds her nose. No wonder the Gods of War are probably holding their sides and rocking with laughter. No wonder the Master Race of the Third Roich prated about the inferior people.

Justice is fine. Sportsmanship is fine. Giving the other fellow a chance is wonderful.

Then lot that mad dog bito you again. He deserves another chance to prove that forth at the mouth is only his brand of toothpaste backfiring.

WHAT IF ROSSTER'S JOKES WERE OLD? BETTER AN OLD JOKE WELL TOLD XME THAN A NEW ONE BADLY RELATED.

Confuscious say: "Man who make love on side of hill not on level."

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GOSH: IT'S DARK DOWN THERE!

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Funry, when you some to think of it, how so many infmals, both four logged and two logged, are intrigued with holes. From the time they are begatted to the time they are begone, they love to search for and poor into holes.

Consider, if you please:

Mice love holes. They hunt for them and life is just one hole after another. If they can't find knot holes they make them. Incidentally, that is why their favorite flower is forget-me-knots.

Moths love holes. I know a moth isn't an animal and it has wings which no self-respecting animal would own, or own to having, but moths love holes also. They hunt and hunt and hunt for garments in which to gnaw holes. That is why they love the flower, forget-me-gnawts.

Posts lovo heles. And termitos lovo holes which they make in the posss.

Pole cats love heles.

Cats are always watching at some hole or other.

Now what is a holo? A holo is a vast expanse of nothingness, vast depending on the size of the explorer, surrounded by matter of some sort of other. Some holes are surrounded by wood, some by store, some by sand, some by ice, and some by or aaaaaaaa......

To a mouse a hole is a deerway.
To a cat a hole is food. To a dog a hole means a bone. To a bit a job, and to a post a socket.

One post I must not forgot is emily. And also toasties.

But an with the essay. Or assay. I am assaying to write an essay.

Anyway, I essay- a hole is an expanse of nothingness sumrounded by matter. Some are small and some are large. Some contain mice, some bones, some other things.

Even man, who, after all, is an animal, though, to be sure, usually higher developed than the quadruped, leves to investigate holes. Some men make their living from making holes into which other men are put who are done with living.

Some men dig holes from which they take a mysterious mineral they mail gold which they take away at great expense and

bury in a hole called fort knox. Maybe man is a dog eh? A dog buries things but he doesn't give the eashe a fancy name. Those men are called miners, and some have children and these little folk are called miners, which is a different sort of thing altogether.

Then other men, and sometimes women, crawl into holes and poke around and get lost and get found again and make a great deal of noise about nothing.

But thee people do not call the holes holes. They call them mines, and caverns, and sometimes caves.

What is to be found in a cawo? Bats, old bones, mystorious waters, and some mystorious critter called a dero. Now what is a dero? Nobedy knows. One man professess to. He was shaving one day and snickerty-snack he cut through one, which is maybe why he is called a shaver, and he said "Dero dero me, I must buy a new blade! Those do not last longer than a year anymoro!"

But the biggest hele chaser is palming himself off on fandom as an expert of some sort of other. He says he knows things about heles the rest of us would never suspect. Now, I don't understand that, and apparantly I am not alone in this. A hele is a hele, no matter what way you look at it. It can't be anything else. I admit some are fashioned differently. Some are bigger than others. But a hele is still a hele, and a fancy name for a hele is a cave.

Now I've been wendering. Maybe this guy has a dog who buried a bene in some cave and this bene is from some extinct sort of critter such as crebus creetus and he wishes to get it back? Maybe these strange "deres" are anagrams for "rodes" which might be a mispelling of "rodents". Maybe this rat- er- this gentleman is afreid the rats will do away with his poor deggies bene. And what kind of a life would the poor canine lead if he had no bene? Nothing to put in a hole when he wished, and nothing to dig up again.

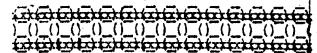
Of course you don't go hunting rodonts armed with a gun, unless this rat has delusions of grandour. Maybe, come to think of it, he is like that Pussycat King of Benot's and thinks he is King of the Rats. Huh?

Of course it could be that this chappie suffers from some obsession. Like some guys suffer from fear of great

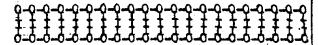
hoights, and some from long of alosed spaces, the follow suffers from four of holes, and you imagine the terrible mental suffering of this poor victim of this dread affliction, looking with terror at taps, stove-pipes, drains, rat holes? Why, he must go into hystorics if he developes a hele in his stocking and sees a great, white thing waggling about within, to eventually croop forth like some white worm from its lair.

So I ask overyone with an ounce of human kindness: for Gawd's sake, send Palmer a bene, any old bene, for his poor dog so he wen't go completely off his nut seme day and scare his secretary to death with the screaming meanies!

HEY, KOENIG, TELL ME: DOES A KETTLE HISS WHEN IT GETS HOT OR JUST SISSLE?



JAZZ? SURE, WHY NOT? EVERYTHING ELSE HAS HEEN COVERED, OR IS BEING COVERED, SO WHY NOT JAZZ? GO TO IT, KANEY.



THE HOMEWARD TREK HAS BEGUN

Pretty soon what there is to Canadian Fandom will be pretty complete
once again: Bob Gibson, Calgary, is back
in civvies, which the readers of Dunk's
news peddling sheet, know by now. Bob is
now on the art staff of LIGHT Magazine.
His cover on the January 1946 issue has
received a lot of good comments from those
who have been fortunate enough to have
seen it.

Saturday, December 29, Ted White arrived in Toronto. He travelled across on the Queen Liz, which arrived in NYC a full 30 hours late due to Atlantic gales. He arrived in Toronto on train 341 at approximately 6:15 pm.

I knew ahead of time that he was due then, through a simple though effective system I had set up with his charming sister Thelma, who is married to a chap also in uniform. The system was that as soon as they knew he was coming and what train he would be on, she would drop me a

card. (In Canada the Red Cross notifies parents, or relatives.) The card said he was on the Queen Elizabeth, would arrive in the city on train 341. By listening to the radio or keeping an eye on the daily papers, I would see when 341 would arrive.

Sunday, just before noon, I followed through on the prearranged plan, and phoned him, long distance. I wonder what the charge will be? It lasted almost 25 minutes, and the 3 minute call to Toronto is somewhere around 60%!

It was sure good to hear his voice again. It's hard for me to tell from the phone voice much about the speaker. It sounded doeper, quieter. But he has been away for ever 42 years, and a lot can happen to a young man in that length of time.

(Incidentally, he had to come and leave his wife, Gwen, in England. They except a little one in the spring, but they have some sort of priority arrangement for the return of brides, so she tan't expected home till late spring or early summer. Ted says it will give him time to find a home, and with the housing shortage what it is ((yup, we have it!)) this may be a tough proposition.)

Tod expects to be up my way semetime this menth. (This is being stencil composed New Years Day ((Happy New Year everybody!)).) So we'll be able to renew things in person. He says he has keeps of getting into the swing of things again and may do some writing for LICHT in the near future.

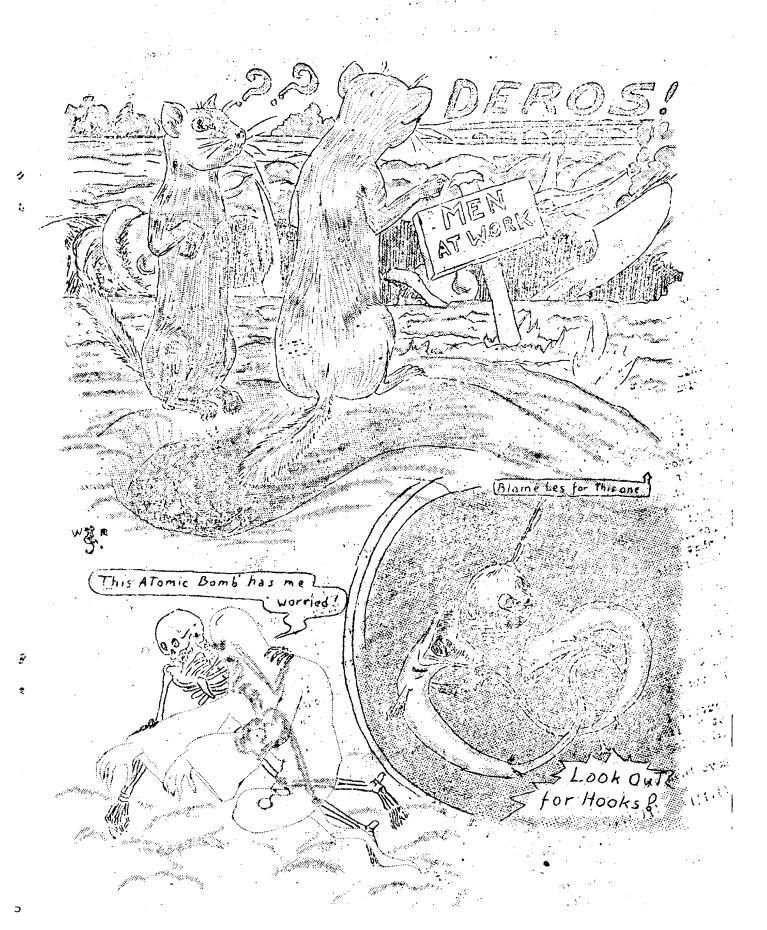
Near the end of the menth, just before I was talking to Ted, I got a short
note from the Stray Lamb, Norman Lamb,
that he was in Repat Camp, not to write
anymore, that he would be home before
the end of January, and he would write me
from there.

So this places the most active of Canadian fon back into circulation again. Civvy circulation, that is. (Nopo, this isn't Senator Claghorn enunciating!)
Bob, Tod, Norm.

Tod's adress for those who might like to send him stuff or letters, is: E. R. "Tod" White, 73 Taunton Rd., Toronto 12, Ontario.

I'll wait till Lamb is home and I know if he'll be in the same place or not before I give any address for him.

WHAT! NO ELECTRONICS THIS ISSUEMUTTERS RUTHMAN



WHY GIVEL THE OLD DOGS ANY REST?

Since writing the little thing on page 2, the march of events has stripped the main actor in this comedy of errors of his colors and sent him to a well-deserved death. Forthwith the old dogs of war ceased chuckling in their kennels and withdrew to their burrows, smarling.

But some misguided men have recently threw another bone to these curs and they have taken up their mouthings once more.

Men who thought they could rest have resumed their turning over and over in their shallow graves.

Maybe the men who reprived him were right. Maybethis second man didn't deserve the original sentence as handed down.

But I still maintain that we have a strange tendency to be too soft, too human, with our late foes. I don't maintain that we should be hard on the civilians, but on the army men, yes. I believe this man should have been shot as was originally the sentence.

It is all right to be sporting about the whole rotten mess, but it is dangerous to set what may even remotely be construed by some future lawyer as a procedent.

Instead of thumping our chests and yowling what tough men we are, and then withdrawing with a crocodile tear in our eye, we should advance boldly, and tear out by the roots even the most remote, the most harmless-appearing rootling that tended to nurture the whole rotten plant.

Yamashita was executed. I commond MacArthur for doing what he did, and the U.S Supreme Court for upholding the original sentence.

Kurt Meyer should have been executed also.

CORN DEPARTMENT

Little Boy Worm to the Little Girl Worm: "Let's go down to the graveyard and make love in dead earnest."

CREDIT DEPARTMENT

The full-page spread of unrelated cartoons appearing on page five is by Bob Gibson, and is a reprint from the back cover of the March 1946 issue of LIGHT. I thought it too good a piece of work not to give it the widest circulation possible. Besides, it dresses up THE VOICE rather nicely, don't you think?

THE VENERRAN-VENUSIAN QUESTION

Thanks for the able replies given me by several readers. It was appreciated. I, frankly, never had looked it up, that I could recall. However when I got Swisher's reply, which he sont to me ahead of time. and thinkes chum, 'twas approciated, I did so. I looked it up in the dictionary here and immediately cursed the goldinged thing for the umpteenth time for the blastard didn't list anything outside of Venus being a star and a hunk of art. I then berrowed the kid brother's school dictionary and looked it up in there. It had "venus" and "veneroal" but no "Venusian" or "vonerean". Quite enraged by this time I dug into a thesaurus I have hore to see if maybe it had anything but still no lucki

So off to the local library hied me to see what I could find there in their immense many-pounder sheep-skin bound affair. Humph- it had something about "venerean" but that was all. Nothing about "Venusian" so I checked the date of the monstrosity. What I found drove me to the bring of librariancide. It was so goldinged old I'll bet the termits would have turned their noses up at the ancientness of the fare offered.

"Did you discover the information you were looking for?" Sweetly enquired the old battleaxe- er- sweet-faced lady behind the desk.

"NO!" Glared I, probably scaring her out of a years second growth. "I didn't, and how could I? I was looking for a MODERN WORD. A word probably invented long after that acient relic was published!"

So I bow my head to the inevitable. Henceforth I shall try to use Venusian sintaed of Venerean and thankee chums. ("sintaed" is Wahoo for "instead".)

SUME OF T COMPOSE THIS STUFF DIRECTLY ON THE STENCIL ALSO, WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE BONERS, NO DOUBT.

D'AR LIMER:

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You know, I don't think those issues of LIGHT were so good either. The reason. I believe, was because I was trying to make the one magazine fit the two demands: that of boing a fAPAzine and that of being a general subscirpition affair. It just wouldn't work out. And I'll tell you, and the rest, why.

In many things I do I am plagued by a Devil called Indicion. While I would be working LIGHT, I-couldn't make · up my mind whether to make an all-out FAPAzine or otherwise. I'd get an idea that would fit best in a subzine, and in it would go. Then I'd get the ing or think of something I wished to say in the mailing, and in that would 20. Maybe for a short time I'd be fed ा अंग ध्रेष्ठ slightly with fandom and I'd say to Heck with any Fapa stuff at all in LIGHT. And so on it would go. LIGHT Meter quite managed to become all one or the others. It just stayed a poor n-between.

Then suddonly I realised what the .trouble was. And I also reliased the only solution possible- or rather the a only TWO solutions possible. (a) That I make LIGHT 100% Fapa and drop all . tideas of outside mailing. (b) That I drop Fapa and devote myself to independ-. oncy: This I thought seriously of doing once, when the NYC outfit were ... riding hord.

OR: I could make LIGHT 100% in-dependent, drop all idea of FAPA stuff of it; and start a second magazine for the FAPA. This way my two activities . oduli be kept soparate, without interfor noo. Then when I felt like a fan and doing some family I could work on THE VOICE and when I didn't I could work on LIGHT. . Therefor I had two outlets for two phases offers mind.

Thus THE VOICE and thus LIGHT. If you have seen the latter you'll have realised that it is also far better than anything that came out in the FAPA. The Fall 1945 number was the last Fapa Edition. It will estimanot appear anymore in the Mailings.

. Oh yos, Elmer, I realise there are drawbacks to the crystal type of pickup. But so far it seems to perform all the requirements about the best of any. In the . Labs today there are being worked on var-... nous other types, and developments of present types that make conceivable make

the crystal one absolute. But right now it seems to be about the best.

One of the disadvantages is the fact it isn't quite as rugged as the magnetic or dynamic types. Dropping the pickup so the needlegstrikes on any object, or striking the needly against the edge of the disc, can fracture the crystal and result in (a) comple inoperation (b) or morely loss of power, (c) or loss of tone or a combination of bother b and c. You also have to pay some consideration when building your own outfit, that the pickup is not mounted where it will be subjected to too great a heat. The top limit of heat is 120° F., any greater temperature than this can result in erratic operation or permanent damage to the cartridge. This means the unit must not be placed over power tubes, rectifiers, or any other source of such heat.

Also in soldering the leads to the pickup, sweating in of the joints, or so-called heavy-handed soldering is a crimo not to be condoned. Use as little heat as possible. Have the iron well, tinned, and the leads well-cloaned, and also the soldering terminals on the crystal cartridgo. Immediately the soldering is done wipe off the joint with a cloth moistened with alcohol. This serves to wipe off excess soldering flux and also to cobl the leads and soldering lugs.

All this may sound darnod complicated but it is really quite simple. I have changed dozons of crystels in the course of my work and never had the least bit of trouble.

When mounting so-called true-tracking pickups, the needle must pass the turntable spindle by about 1/16" on the side AWAY from the tone-arm mounting. Your inch and a quarter sounds off to me, too much- however perhaps the manufacturer of your parcticular unit prescribes that. In all cases manufacturer's instructions should be followed explicitedly. I am giving data as is recommended for all I have seen and worked with, and Astatic in particular.

MANIAC RAPES, ESCAPES, SAYS NEWSPAPER HEAD LINE. TO WHICH LITTLE JOE ENQUIRES: NUT SCREWS AND MAIS? Bolts?

THERE IS NOTHING NEW EXCEPT WHAT HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN.

-Old English Proverb.

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Yesm that's why that issue of LIGHT was held up. Silly, wasn't it? But then some people are like street cleaners, they find dirt because they are continually on the lookout for it.

I have seen it but haven't done more than look through it at the pics and diagrams. A friend of mine who is taking his apprenticeship at the local theatre sent away for a copy of it.

You may be a velevision operator, but what would you do if the equipment be-Loath jour hands suddenly clonked out? Hammanm?

Oh yes, television pictures can be our or frame up or down, or even sideways to the left or to the right. They can also be out of focus and twisted like a bran after a cyclone has passed. a picture can be framed properly and in focus over most of the area, and then the rost can look like a teseract on the loose. Tolevision pictures can pull more acrobatics than your projected motion picture has ever done.

And the voltage used on these "television guns" for projecting is terrific. 20,000 and 40,000 and even 50,000 volts. Of course the current draw is nogligible, but that's enough high tension to fuse your yobber gland in one hullva big hurry if you got tangled up with it.

"TELEVISION?" "I TRIED TO BUT SHE WOULDN'T LISTEN!"

WHO'S INTERESTED IN AMATEUR MOVIES???????

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REPORT OF THE SPO CURRENT MEETING 123456789012345678909876543212345678901452

JOIN THE SPO. Founder is Les Croutch and Associate is E. E. Evans.

EPO is short stuff for Society of Pollyanas and Optimists. Requirements are that you believe in the continued existence of the human race and the world in general; that you do not believe in the end of all things 5 or 10 years hence; concrete proof of your belief is plans for the future.

()()()()()()()()()()()() () Whe wants to join our happy little throng? We don't wear rose-colored glasses, nor are we incurable optimists. We just be-Lieve man isn't that easy to do away with.

This outburst is brought on my Evans report of that LASFS Meeting. He also mentioned it in a personal letter so I know a trifle more than he put in his TALE.

Now I don't believe the world has I know that book on theatre television finally reached its final peace and that we shall have no more wars. In fact I'll be very surprised if I don't see another major one afore I die, and I count on being a kink in this mortal coil for some time yet. I don't think future wars will be any the less terrible than have past ones. In fact, before man gets weary to killing eachother off and starts picking on something less able to defend himself, I think wars will get worse and worse and the aftermath will be tougher and tougher.

> I don't think man has progressed up the ladder of ciwilization far enough to see the senselessness of wars, nor will he until something happons to knock some sense in his head, such as a common foe so great and powerful that he (man) will just be unable to conceive any other course than to join up and be brothers under the skin.

> But this atmosphere of abject futility strikes me as cowardice. I just can't believe that the human race is that easy to do away with. Why, if we are to believe archaeology, history, and anthropoley, man has lived through iceages, and other world wide cataclysms. Maybe he almost got wipod out. But somowhere, somehow a few survived to start things going again.

Why, if we are to believe the Old Testament, once upon a time there were but TWO people in the world. The Snake had everything in his favor when it came to wiping out the souls of those two people, and that's an easier matter than a physical body. But he didn't oven succeed there when the odds were in his favor.

In the science of psychiatry there is a mental processs known wherein the afflicted gets fed up with the responsibilities of life, and starts to yearn after the carefree days of youth when he didn't have to care about anything. His mind then withdraws from adulthood and starts trave'fling down the time trail to youthfulness. Sometimes the mind halts. sometimes it continues. In extreme cases the patient roturns to the embyronic

stage wherein he actually takes on the footal position. IN a recent ASTOUNDING, will be killed, characters withdrew in this fashion.

Aren't

I'm not suggesting some fen are going to do this, But this abject terror of the future is darned dangerous to see. I'm not suggesting we close our eyes to the possibility of what they fear. I believe it is all too possible. But we have progressed beyond the beast. Why should we suddenly draw into a corner, close our eyes, and refuse to believe that the popposite is possible? I think our heritage of racial birth in the scheme of things demands that we at least continue as before, that we admit the chance of a brighter future. and that we have the courage to prepare for it.

It is not necessary to sit down and say, "A bridge ten miles away may be blown up, why continue on my journey?" You may have seen a lorry trundle by and heard the men talking of blowing up that bridge, or some bridge. But until you actually arrive at the spet and see that it is so, and that the rivver is too deep, and the banks toe steep, and no detour anywhere, have you any right to give up your journey. Even then, if there are trees, or materials to fashion another bridge, or a forry, have you any right to lie down and cry that all is lost.

IF you feel that everything is against you, then isntead of quitting, why not tarry just long enough to get some tools, and some lumber on a cart, so when you do arrive at the stream and the worst is true, you can start patching the bridge, or building a boat.

My work is repairing radios. I haven't had a chance to work on a television set yet. If one came into my shop right now I'd have to admit I couldn't do much with it. But because of my lack of knowledge right now am I quitting, laying aside my tools, quitting my work, and going out and becoming a laborer? Absolutely not. I'd be a hairbrained fool to do so. Instead I am buying new test equipment. I need it for regular sets, but I am buying equipment with extended ranges so they will handle f.m and television. I am buying books, and lessons and studying so when the tine does come I'll be able to repair that tolovision set.

Then why lay down on the future?

if the future the future the future will believe in you. Maybe you will get killed, but then again maybe you won't. Aren't you a big enough person to be willing to gamble on that chance? Aren't you willing to try to lessen the odds against you?

But, you may say, you are not an international statesman. You are not a scientist, what can you do? You may have felt you didn't much to win this past war. You may have felt, and rightly so, that your one little bit didn't swing the balance either way. BUT WHAT IF WE HAD ALL, THOUGHT THAT? What if none of us had bought bonds, or stamps, or written letters to the mon overseas?

Whon that faterut notice came for you. to report, did you immediately blow your top and cry all was lost, what was the use of anything, and thon went right out and got drunk, and killed overyone you hated and felt needed killing? Did you? You know damned well right you didn't. You figured it couldn't last forever. That Johnny Jones got back from the last war all right. So why shouldn't you? You may have figured there were so many other guys to got killed and maybe the: odds were in your favor. So you grinned. cracked wise, and got inducted, and served your torm (1) and are probably back in civvies again and proud that you did your little bit, even if at first you were a bit unwilling.

But suddenly you heard about the atom bond and you started to cry like babies. Sure it's dreadful. Sure another war may be in the making. But is that any excuse for you to chuck it all and say "What's the use?"

A little tot in a bright future looks up at his Dad and says, "What did you do, Daddy, when the war started and the bombs came down?"

What will you say? Will you say you were just a common man and did what you did, or will you say you were so dammed scared years before that that you didn't know when the war started because you were out getting pie-eyed and trying to forget it all?

Oripes, fellows, if you can't be optimistic, can't you be courageous?

I admit the coming of another war. Maybe 5 years, maybe 10 years, maybe 20. Within my lifetime, I believe. It'll be dreadful, no doubt about that, and maybe few of us will be left when it is all over.

But in the meantime I am saving money. I am building up my little business.

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I'm building a dandy shop here that well work with typing. also house a den when it is finished. I used and I suppose an going to finish it. Most of my plans are long range and I am going to follow would end all that then through.

I don't excuse my stand. Maybe I am puts according to your way of thinking then everything might go smash tomorrow. But if it doesn't then I'll be a damned sight bigger fool for not having the plain unadulterated old-fashioned guts to take a chance and believe things might have been different.

NOW WHO SELSE WILL JOIN EVANS AND ME IN THE SPO?

SOLAR DENDUTE MATTER SETAM SO HADDY AS WHEN

SOME PEOPLE NEVER SEEM SO HAPPY AS WHEN THEY ARE CORRECTING OTHER PEOPLE. HITLER WAS ONE!

Neat, but not gaudy, as the devil said when he painted his tail sky-blue.
Old English Proverb.

I'M AGIN \$2. FOR MEMBERSHIP BUT I AM FOR AN INCREASE IN MEMBERSHIP LIMITS. THE LATTER IS THE HEALTHIER MOVE, IN MY OPINION.

Here's a little kink that most of you probably know about. But in case there is someone who doesn't. I'll pass it along for his, or her, benefit. That is this tearing of the stencil when working on it with a stylus and when shading. I find that using a piece of cellophane this can be prevented. Lay the cellophane on the stancil and then use the stylus in the regular way. Tearing is prevented, and I find that shading is much easier and seems to come out with a greater degree of faithfulness. At present I am using cellophane such as is used in wrapping articles. In fact that is where I got mine- it was used to wrap a large Christmas gift. The same piece can be used over and over again. The stylus and shading marks noticed on it. whon it it held up to the light become unnoticeable when it is laid on the stencil. I am wondering now how it would

work with typing. A larger sheet would be used and I suppose there would be trouble with it slipping on the platen. But it would end all that trouble with type clogging up as it does on certain types and makes of stencils, such as the Mimeegraph (A.B.Dick Co.).

रेकोत संस्तरात है। तस्तर क्रिया स्टिश्न स्टिश्न के पहला सार्व के क्रिया क्रिया क्रिया क्रिया क्रिया क्रिया क्र

Courting and wooing Bring dallying and doing ...

-Old English Proverb
(I we a whole book of these so
don't get bored too easily.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

When I speak of "The Ten Commandments", I am not referring so much to those as printed in the Old Testament, but to those as popularly known. "The Ten Commandments" as known to man are more rules than commandments. Those in the Bible that provided the basis for these are dictatorial statements which make exceelnt reading but aren't so easy to follow. "Thou Shalt Not Kill" is fine as it stands, why bother with the ramifications as Moses received them on the Mount?

No, I'm not a conscientious objector. In fact I believe I could kill a man a lot easier than I could kill an animal, and I don't hold with unting. For food, yes, for sport, absolutely not. And for food if you can buy it, and have the money with which to buy it, also no. Hunting for sport is unnecessary, cruel, and a wantom waste of nature's wealth.

However there is a great difference between believing in a law and practising it. I believe, you believe, that 2 and 2 is 4. But suppose we were in some strange land where they believed that 2 plus 3 was 4, and their mathomatics for some outre reason, worked on that law. Then it would be silly for us to insist on the 2 and 2 stuff, wouldn't it? We just couldn't get along. In other words, rragardless of what I believe might be best for us, I still believe in adaption. 2 plus 2 is 4 in our world, yet if I discovered that 2 plus 3 also mado 4 in some strango way and it was of benefit to me to use it, I would. I'd adapt myself. The same in some other land where things are different.

I don't believe in the credit system.

I firmly avow that business would function

x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-(THE VO more efficiently and with less headaches IF all was on a strictly cash basis. You buy for eash, you always sell for eash. But credit has become a mainstay of our economy, so, though I dislike it and de not believe in it, I adapt myself to it and make it serve my own ends and to my own benefit wherever possible.

Thus with the Ten Commandments. I believe if we could abide by them it would be better for us all. But we don't and due to our set-up we can't, so we night just as well make do with what we have and make it serve us the best way possible.

Thus another point of my philosophy which is always in a state of flux:
The difference between a crook and an honest man is the crook got caught. In other words, if you must sin or must commit a crime, for the love of mike don't got a hrehended!

Strango? Ruthloss? Maybe but some-how it appears to serve.

Yet above all, I suppose the bost all round rule is "Treat the other man and you would have him treat you." That covers things pretty woll, for you sure don't approve of the other guy killing you or cheating you or sleeping with your wife when you are away.

Of course, it might be of value just to remain single and then that decem't apply!

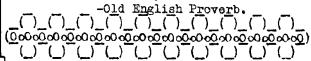
He that never rode, never foll.

-Old English provers.

Well, I sex, in answer to those who criticiso Evan's TIME-BINDER- better a belief, regardless of how sloppy and ill-founded it is, then none at all.

And do you mean there are sex-obsessed persons who actually see phallic symbols in commonplace articles? My Gawd- if that is the case I'm going to hide my telegraph pole- the one with the crack in the side!

An open door may tempt a saint.
-Old English Proverb.



It is now 4:11 pm, Larch, Saturday the 2nd., 1946. I consider I have finished THE VOICE. I think I have covered most things and that I can let things stand as they are until I set down to doing Number 4.

This issue was dated "Winter 1945" at first, but was set aside in favor of the final Fapa Edition of LECIA: The date was therefor charged to "Spring 1946".

Thanks to all the kind people who like this publication. I feel I've got into the swing or things pretty well, and I am happy that it is being accepted favorably. Thanks for the kind remarks, and may this number prove as pleasant to read. And note to you other birds who found fault with it:

