

THE VOICE

THE VOICE, a Light Publication, mimeographed on a Hamilton Rotary Duplicator, at Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada, by Leslie A. Croutch. Circulated exclusively through the Fantasy Amateur Press Association.

Spring 1946

NUMBER 3

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 simoleon to two simoleons 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 them 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 bigger 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 Spoor said, and looking all through Dunk's affair, I'll be danged if I can see any reason for writing anybody about anything.

Maybe somebody had been eatin' dill pickles for supper 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 tompost in a coffee-pot.

I thought we'd laid this thing low but evidently ghosts die hard, for the spoorit of one is still abroad.

LET'S INTO THE KITCHEN.....

Some of the boys seem 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? Groat Scott, almost every day I see people eating conglomerations that to me are far worse. What about clams- or sucking an egg from the shell?- bread pudding can almost turn my stomach and I wouldn't eat a rice dish if I could possibly get out of it.

People 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 bet Stanley eats some stuff that would make me stand and gawp with awe.

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

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
x ALL GOD'S CHILLUN x Well, Spoor, I ad-
x GOT RELIGION! x mit the Salvation
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
Army isn't perfect. It has its faults, and God knows some of them stick in my craw. But the point I make is that COMPARED to what the other croods offer us, theirs seems to be the most sincere. They don't seem

* GOSH: IT'S DARK DOWN THERE!

Funny, when you come to think of it, how so many animals, both four legged and two legged, are intrigued with holes. From the time they are hatched to the time they are hatched, they love to search for and peer 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 love holes. And termites love holes which they make in the posts.

Pole cats love holes.

Cats are always watching at some hole or other.

Now what is a hole? A hole 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 stone, some by sand, some by ice, and some by- or- aaaaaaaa.....

To a mouse a hole is a doorway. 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 forget is Emily. And also toasties.

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

Anyway, I essay- a hole is an expanse of nothingness surrounded 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, loves 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 call 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 cache a fancy name. Those men are called miners, and some have children and those little folk are called minors, 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 these people do not call the holes holes. They call them mines, and caverns, and sometimes caves.

What is to be found in a cave? Bats, old bones, mysterious waters, and some mysterious critter called a dero. Now what is a dero? Nobody knows. One man professes 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 anymore!"

But the biggest hole-chaser is palming himself off on fandom as an expert of some sort of other. He says he knows things about holes the rest of us would never suspect. Now, I don't understand that, and apparently I am not alone in this. A hole is a hole, 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 hole is still a hole, and a fancy name for a hole is a cave.

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

Of course you don't go hunting rodents armed with a gun, unless this rat has delusions of grandeur. Maybe, come to think of it, he is like that Fussycat King of Bonot'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

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.

So I ask everyone with an ounce of human kindness: for Gaud's sake, send Palmer a bone, any old bone, for his poor dog so he won't go completely off his nut some day and scare his secretary to death with the screaming moonies!

ssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssstttt

(Incidentally, he had to come and leave his wife, Gwen, in England. They expect a little one in the spring, but they have some sort of priority arrangement for the return of brides, so she isn'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.)

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

Near the end of the month, 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.

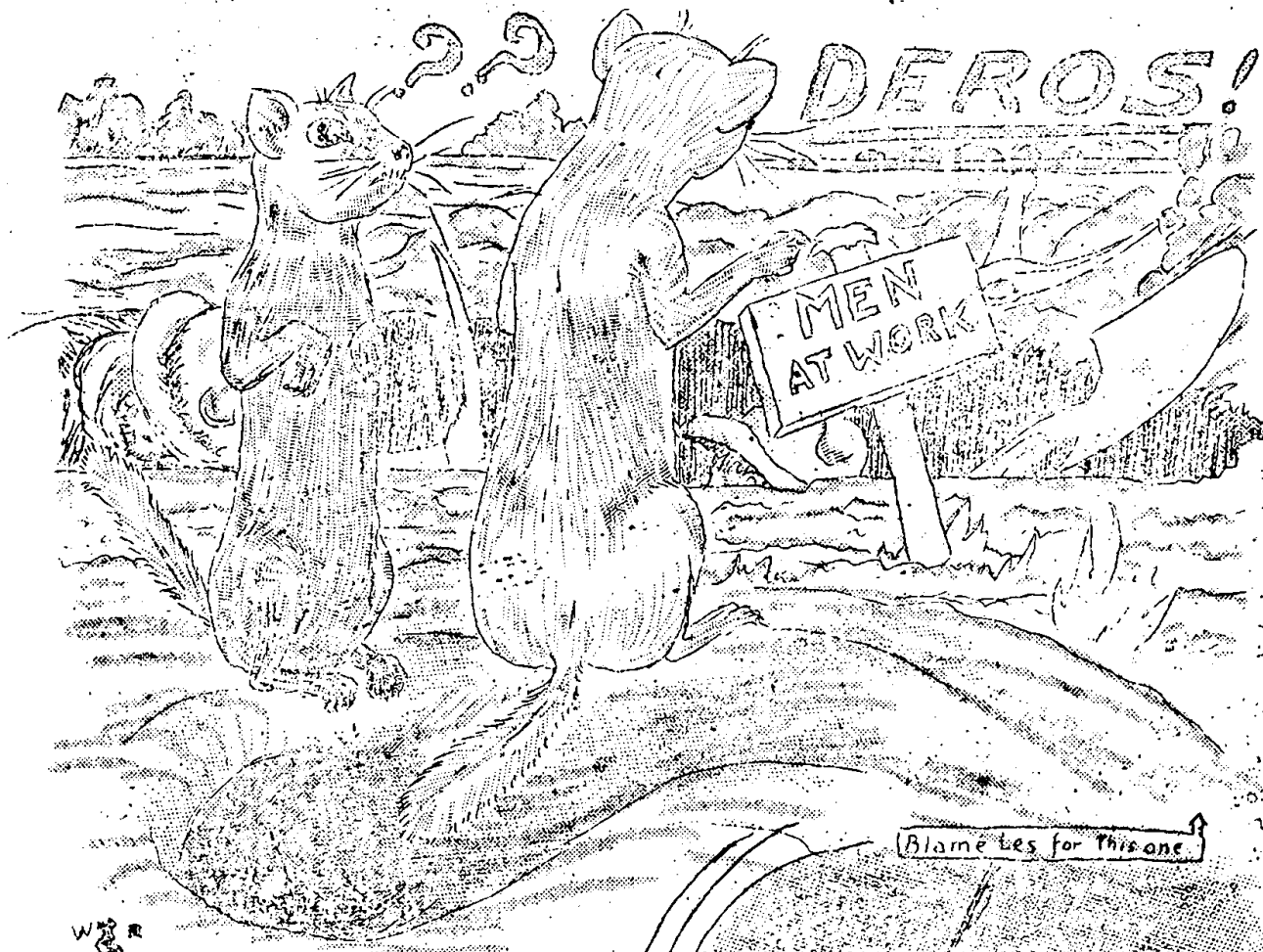
So this places the most active of Canadian far back into circulation again. Civvy circulation, that is. (Nopo, this isn't Senator Claghorn enunciating!) Bob, Ted, Norm.

Ted's address for those who might like to send him stuff or letters, is: E. R. "Ted" 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 ISSUE MUTTERS ROTHMAN

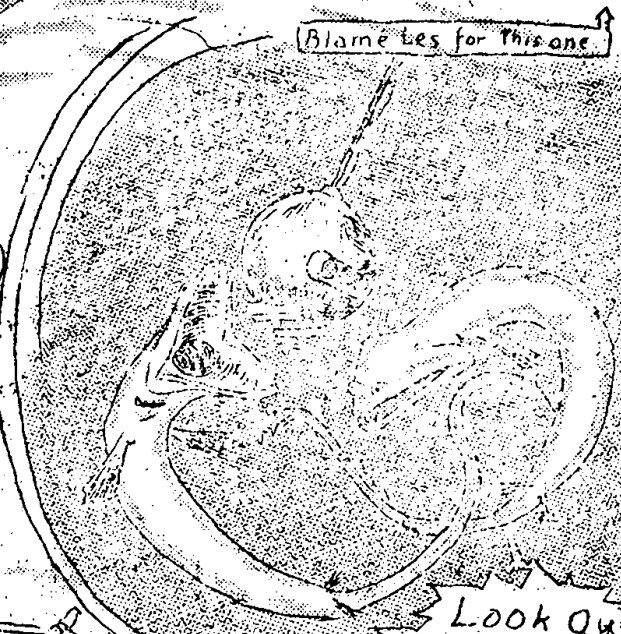
I knew ahead of time that he was due then, through a simple though effective system I had set up with his charming sister Theima, who is married to a chap also in uniform. The system was that as soon as they knew he was coming and what train he would be on, she would drop me a



This Atomic Bomb has me worried!



Blame tes for This one



Look Out for Hooks!

WHY GIVE 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, snarling.

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 reprimed him were right. Maybethe 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 precedent.

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 commend 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 VENEREAN-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 sent to me ahead of time, and thankee chum, 'twas appreciated, I did so. I looked it up in the dictionary here and immediately cursed the gold-dinged 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 borrowed the kid brother's school dictionary and looked it up in there. It had "venus" and "venereal" but no "Venusian" or "venerean". Quite enraged by this time I dug into a thesaurus I have here to see if maybe it had anything but still no luck!

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 librarianicide. It was so gold-dinged old I'll bet the termites 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".)

STRENGTH I COMPOSE THIS STUFF DIRECTLY ON THE STENCIL ALSO, WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE BONERS, NO DOUBT.

DEAR ELMER:

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 being a FAPazine and that of being a general subscription 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 Indecision. 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 mailing or think of something I wished to say in the mailing, and in that would go. Maybe for a short time I'd be fed up slightly with fandom and I'd say to heck with any Fapa stuff at all in LIGHT. And so on it would go. LIGHT never quite managed to become all one or the others. It just stayed a poor in-between.

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

OR: I could make LIGHT 100% independent, drop all idea of FAPA stuff in it, and start a second magazine for the FAPA. This way my two activities could be kept separate, without interference. Then when I felt like a fan and doing some fanny I could work on THE VOICE and when I didn't I could work on LIGHT. Therefor I had two outlets for two phases of my 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 not appear anymore in the Mailings.

Oh yes, 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 various 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 needle strikes on any object, or striking the needle against the edge of the disc, can fracture the crystal and result in (a) complete inoperation (b) or merely loss of power, (c) or loss of tone or a combination of both 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 crime not to be condoned. Use as little heat as possible. Have the iron well tinned, and the leads well-cleaned, and also the soldering terminals on the crystal cartridge. 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 cool the leads and soldering lugs.

All this may sound darned complicated but it is really quite simple. I have changed dozens of crystals 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 particular unit prescribes that. In all cases manufacturer's instructions should be followed explicitly. 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 BOLTS? Bolts?

THERE IS NOTHING NEW EXCEPT WHAT HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN.

-Old English Proverb.

() DEAR TUCK:

I know that book on theatre television 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.

Hypothese?

And the voltage used on those "television guns" for projecting is terrific. 20,000 and 40,000 and even 50,000 volts. Of course the current draw is negligible, 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!"

123456789012345678909876543212345678901452

SPO is short stuff for Society of Pollyannas 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.

In the science of psychiatry there is a mental process 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 travelling down the time trail to youthfulness. Sometimes the mind halts, sometimes it continues. In extreme cases the patient returns to the embryonic

stage wherein he actually takes on the foetal position. IN a recent ASTOUNDING, "The Fairy Chessmen", one of the main characters withdrew in this fashion.

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 opposite 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 spot and see that it is so, and that the river is too deep, and the banks too 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 ferry, have you any right to lie down and cry that all is lost.

IF you feel that everything is against you, then instead 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 hair-brained 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 time does come I'll be able to repair that television set.

Then why lay down on the future?

THE VOICE 9
I don't believe in 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 do 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 men overseas?

When that fateful notice came for you to report, did you immediately blow your top and cry all was lost, what was the use of anything, and then went right out and got drunk, and killed everyone 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 get killed and maybe the odds were in your favor. So you grinned, cracked wise, and got inducted, and served your term (!) 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 bomb 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 damned 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?

Cripes, 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.

Some are atheists only in fair weather.

() () () () () () () () () ()
 () () () () () () () () () ()
 () () () () () () () () () ()

It is now 4:11 pm, March, 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 LUGW. The date was therefor changed to "Spring 1946".

Thanks to all the kind people who like this publication. I feel I've got into the swing of 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 nuts to you other birds who found fault with it!

THE END

II

-Old English proverb.

XX

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!

XX

-Old English Proverb.

IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII'IIIIII'IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII