

CRY

NUMBER 173 ½
APRIL 1964

fifteenth year of publication



"if you'll remember, we said we'd let you leave the country on a
tuff visit. nothing was said about letting you back in
again - even if you are being chased by a SCOAW"

CRY

NUMBER 173
APRIL 1964

Presented by the Society of Authors



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You'll never guess the trouble we have taken to bring you this CRY 1732, for April 1964. Not even the CRYgang ourselves know the whole story and so far it has paid off. We remind you again this is our fifteenth year of publication, and a lapse of memory at this age can be expected and even welcomed.

To avoid monotony, our subscription and trade policy (the one you didn't realize existed) is being changed. I'll explain, but don't feel too bad if you don't understand; you should know to begin with in order to understand the explanation.

Elinor has absconded with the CRY funds (which accounts for this slim issue) and we feel she has been encouraged to do this ^{by} you gullible subscribers who have made out checks and money orders payable to her. In the future please keep your checks and money orders and send her train tickets instead at the rate of 25 miles of travel for single issues, 5 issues for 100 miles. Our UK agent, John Berry, has also absconded, and since he ran out of travel expenses halfway across the Atlantic, we regret to announce his replacement is Ella Parker, 43 Wm. Dunbar House, Albert Road, London, N.W.6. England. As for trades, we exchange one-for-one with odd numbered fanzines issued in even numbered months during mixed numbered years except February which has less. Of course contributors will always receive our heartfelt condolences free with a nominal charge for shipping and handling.

Before you leave, you might take note of our deadline for next issue which is: R.I.P./

...as an added attraction we now bring you C O N T E N T S :

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At the crank this issue: London Electric Board

Interior illustrations: moTA page 2, Weber page 9.

Stencils cut: Weber 7, Parker 3, ATom 1 (ATom 4 TAFF, of course.)

I hope all you faithful readers who are CRY readers as well are prepared to attend the Worldcon in London in 1965. A few of us in Seattle debated the possibility of not attending until our spies across the sea reported Ella Parker, as chairwoman, was making a list and checking it twice. Clearly; in the case of CRY readers, the choice is not between attending and not attending, but between attending and being dealt with by Ella. Keep in mind, Ella has been known to leap continents in a single bound, and everyone she has dealt with has been thoroughly shuffled first. (Wally Weber, who has absconded with the lettercol, will confirm all of this -- send for his free, bloodstained booklet.)

Once again CRY presents to you ~~the same old~~ and edification
T H E B O T T O M O F P A G E T H R E E

RE: PETERCON

by George Locke, M.B.S.B.A.
(Member, British Safe Breakers Assoc.)

/Convention reports fall into two distinct groups - good ones and bad ones. This is a bad one, so anybody launching to emulate Walt Willis should hunt elsewhere for inspiration. - G.L.

Most convention reports start well before the con. itself.

This one starts at Peterborough, yes. But at Peterborough in 1963. The scene is the television lounge. The cast - all the characters who were interested in having a convention in 1964. The business of the meeting - to find some willing bodies to run it. (The opposite happened at P'boro this year - there were rival groups lobbying for the honour.)

At the end of more than an hour of discussion heated by the lack of ventilation, jobs had been farmed out to various noble-hearted, weak-willed fans, under the general chairmanship of Tony Walsh, who was to direct matters from his ~~ample~~ country seat in Bridgewater.

I had volunteered to run off the newsletter, provided somebody cut the stencils. A nice, easy job, see? Very little for my talent for lousing things up to get a grip on. Only, thinking it over, I said to myself: "Why stop at running East Fanganian Times off? Why not cut the stencils at the same time? Four stencils four times a year is not much."

So I cut the stencils for the first issue, squeezing the material onto two foolscap pages. I ran out of foolscap halfway through duplicating the thing. I bestowed some fannish blessings on the contraption, then hunted round for some more paper. The only other available foolscap had already been used on one side, and I didn't want to confuse prospective con attendees with a catalogue of furs. (I'd once confused Horace Gold, in the days of my impecunious youth, with a manuscript typed on the stuff, but that's another story.) However, I found some nice yellow paper which had an ample surface to take the print - 10" x 12". With a bit of teasing, the duplicator would accept it, and so I ran the rest of the issue off.

By the time the second issue was due, I'd thought how nice it would be to run it all off on the nice yellow paper. EFT would therefore become a real, genuine yellow-sheet. Gee-whiz, gosh-wow...Not to mention the sadistic wrecking of everybody's filing systems based on a nice quarto.

There were to be four pages this time, full of fabulous bits of news like announcing that Wastebasket Weber had won TAFF. Trouble began in earnest with this issue. The duplicator, which had objected very strenuously to thirty nice yellow sheets, decided that several hundred were too much for its sensitive bowels. It refused to pass them. It took a couple of hours to cure it of its constipation, but eventually, it was done. But this was only the start of the troubles. Though I decided to scrap the yellow sheet idea for the third issue, this second issue was the beginning of the end. The centre two pages contained a long, sometimes bitter, diatribe about auctions, the upshot of which, the official auctioneer having left for parts unknown - Newcastle being as good as unknown territory - was my taking on the job of collecting the material. I had also suggested strongly that a catalogue of auction material be distributed prior to the convention, and I had no moral choice but to either escape to Newcastle myself - a terrifying prospect - or issue said catalogue.

Naturally, I left it to the last minute, and my morale was meanwhile shattered by a gaffe of cosmic proportions. I dropped a clanger which would have drowned the voice of the Last Trump. Earth moved in its orbit - in fact, it moved forward two whole days. Easter moved with it, and was announced in the hotel liason form as occurring on 29th - 31st March. Must have been Weber's fault - winning TAFT. No other cause occurred to me.

This clanger made itself heard with the third issue of EFT which, apart from having been printed on translucent paper and being smothered with last-minute addenda which crept like insidious snakes round the margins, was a fairly straightforward issue. (The paper practically dissolved in the dunder ink, but I won't mention this as I don't want to be accused of being another Berry).

The auction catalogue was to be distributed through a small-circulation imitation of EFT called SKYRACK - with Bennett living in Liverpool, it should have been called SKYWHACK. It was duly distributed to those folk not on the normal EFT mailing list, and I waited for all those fabulous postal bids from the Croeser Americans. Eventually a single letter arrived, from Bob Coulson. This letter made a couple of bids, then went on to describe the inaccuracies in the catalogue regarding the labelling of the NOVA artwork. In assigning the numbers of the magazines on which the covers had appeared, I had gone by certain pencilled notes on the backs of the illos. These had said things like: N.W.121, which I had taken to mean the illo decorated NEW WORLDS No. 121. Bob Coulson carefully pointed out that the illos did not in most cases appear in the issue I quoted, but in another issue, usually of a different magazine.

Ron Bennett complained that the Bradbury ms. listed on his copy did not appear on any other copy. This wasn't a clanger - it's simply one of those strange mysteries which seem to go hand in hand with Bonnett. He also complained that there were two lots with the same number. Perhaps aliens were interfering with my mind at the time - I can't think where my counting could have gone wrong. I've eleven fingers like everybody else.

After this catalogue went out with SKYRACK, some additional material came in, some of it donated by Frederik Pohl of GALAXY, which I added onto a supplement. I had learnt by my previous experience. I was going to be a lot more noncommittal about describing the artwork this time. Pohl had pencilled on the backs certain numbers which were obviously some code for the issue number of the magazine. I tried to crack the code, but made no progress, save in a few cases where security had slipped and Pohl had pencilled in the name of the magazine. There was no way of checking, since the material was quite recent and hadn't made its way in published form across the Atlantic.

Finally, let me relate what happened to the proof sheets of Edgar Rice Burrough's TALES OF THREE PLANETS, donated by Dick Lupoff of XERO and CARNIVOROUS PRESS. I was much surprised at the convention to see Ethel Lindsay bidding spiritedly for it. Finally she out-bid the other keen ERB fan, Dick Ellingsworth, and secured it, clasping it tenderly to her breast. I asked her afterwards what attraction this item had for her. Swinging gaily on the chandelier, she said: "Me Jane I want to send it to Dick Lupoff - he'll just lo-o-ove it."

After all this, do you seriously think I had the nerve to show my face for more than brief moments at the Repetercon, 1984? — George Locke.

Seattle Fandom is coming East! At the time of going to press, our man, W.W.Weber is in London. Tosk proposes to follow his example come summer and Buz and Elinor will, we hope, be coming over for the '65 world-con. Having already had a sample meeting of the Nameless Ones here one Friday night, it might just be possible to induce the above named members to remain in London so we could open a branch of our own. How about it, Busbys?

There has been some talk in the past about whether or no TAFE has out-lived its usefulness. In view of the reception accorded to the latest delegate, I would venture an opinion and say, yes, it has. Not that you are going to find anyone willing to admit they dislike Weber or that they are displeased with the manner in which he behaved himself while here. After all, that sword of Damocles, his report, has yet to be written and we are a bit anxious to discover how he liked us.....or even if he did. Therefore: we like Wally. We have enjoyed having him here. We would like to have him come back sometime.....in the distant future.

I didn't really intend writing a Con report, so I hope you aren't hoping for or expecting one. I must mention though how enjoyable it was this year. I know I say that every year, and it is always true. On consideration, I would say this one was the best ever. If anything the whole deal was under-programmed, and I consider this to be a Good Thing. I made a point of asking a couple of fen, whose first Con this was, what they thought about it. They agreed that it was just right as it gave them time to go around and meet people they'd never met before and talk. Apart from the personal (as distinct from the 'Official') success enjoyed by Wally, was the resounding success of the Ed Hamiltons. Ed, of course, is the shy one and is not so readily forthcoming as his charming wife, Leigh, but once you got him talking he was well away. They were to be found any where there were a bunch of fans sitting around. I can't remember the last time we had professionals so available to us. We will be sorry if they can't manage to look in on us before they have to leave London for home.

A new group fast coming up to prominence is the Manchester Group. Last year was their first Convention and they walked away with first prize for their costumes; they did it again this year. But, this year they had prepared an item for the programme which by popular demand was repeated on the evening of the same day it had first been done. The item? They had made some films. I have never seen anything so funny - or so good - before. I tell you, it was quite something. When I heard they were going to do a repeat of the show; I was just about to go out for dinner; they were to show a couple of items we hadn't seen in the afternoon and I didn't want to miss them, so I asked Harry Nadler if it would be possible to show them last so I wouldn't miss them. He assured me that what with the films to be rewound and the sound to be re-calibrated it would be some time before they were ready. I arrived back in a rush only to find they had been waiting for me for ages. Everyone else was in their seats and they were all ready to roll. There were other highlights, like the majority of IF being present which always makes for a good con., and, at last, I got to meet Madeleine Willis! Yes, I think I'll go again next year. It's bound to be a good convention.

RETURN OF THE CAMERA THAT WALKED LIKE A MAN.

Staggering slightly under the combined weight of photographic equipment and several S.F. books, I made my way up to No. 43 and pressed the door-bell. Through the murky, dimpled, glass in the door I glimpsed a vague shape approaching. No light appeared as the door swung open, but I was able to discern the outlines of a monstrous figure that stretched up to the ceiling. The monster apparently had two heads, one of which seemed reasonably normal though the eyes appeared to be glazed, but the second head carried but one solitary eye which gleamed wickedly from the darkened doorway.

As I strained my eyes to focus on the apparition the third eye blinked and I was blinded by a brilliant flash of light. At the same time someone found the switch for the house-lights and, as my eyes cleared, I heard a voice saying in a thick foreign accent, "I'm Wally Weber, who are you?"

Tucking his second head under his arm he bent down and shook hands.

After an introduction like that, my first objective was to assemble the photographic equipment and blast him out of existence with several well-aimed flashes. Knowing what it is like on Friday evenings at Parker's Palatial Penthouse, survival of the fittest being the golden rule, I rushed past Wally and managed to grab the last vacant chair.

I flashed a weak smile around the room then concentrated on the camera.

At last I settled back and joined the conversation while I watched for a suitable moment to enlighten the two-headed monster.

From my seat in the corner, I stalked him round the room, but each time I looked through the lens, I would find his eye peering back at me through his viewfinder. This went on for some time until help appeared in the shape of another camera on the other side of the room and, in a burst of rapid cross-fire, Wally's defences crumbled and he slumped to the floor. In his weakened condition, or it may have been that the Friday-night veterans refused to vacate any of the chairs, he spent the remainder of the evening lying on, crawling over, sitting upon and otherwise occupying various portions of the floor.

I must admit that I thought we had offended him when I found him tucked into the small space beneath the TV set, but no, he assured me he was quite comfortable and felt much safer there. I found out why when Ella charged into the room crunching used flashbulbs into the carpet with every step and yelling for Weber.

Unfortunately for Wally, his hiding place was not Parker-proof and in the ensuing battle I was able to take several leisurely shots of the combatants.

Revenge is sweet!

Ted Forsyth.

See title of this column below *

You may have noticed some confusion in the placing of my column title, and what you're thinking is probably right but you'll get no congratulations here. Things have been unbelievable around here since DNQ information about the CRY Letterhack Card scandal seeped into this isolated West Coast fishing village. Considering the circumstances, one misplaced title is not too much to expect.

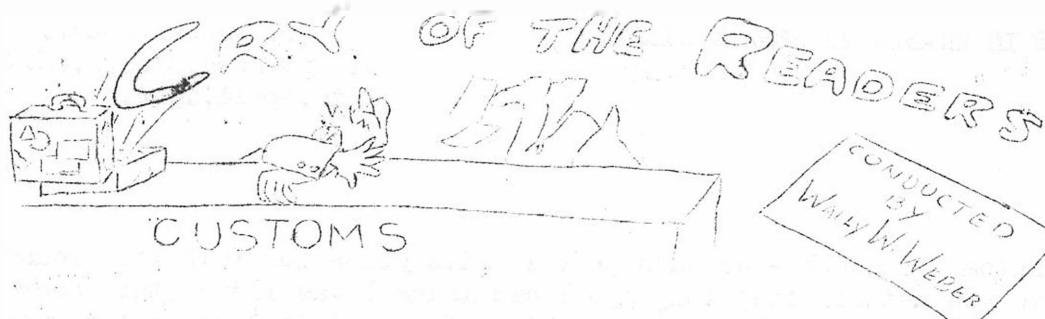
*W i t h K e e n B i - E y e s a n d a B l u e c y c l e . . .

Concerning the scandal itself, there is little I can say without violating confidences covering half the planet (the inside half -- I've gone underground for the duration). I can only beg for a cooling down period in this witch-hunt for the counterfeit card constructor. Though it is obviously the ultimate sin, who will we get to print the real cards if we lynch Don Franson? And if Rich Brown turns up to be the evil one, how can we hope to drum him out of fandom before he enters another of his normal periods of GAFIation? Think, fan, think.

Nobby retrieved another postman Saturday so the unanswered mail stack is nearing critical mass. This problem was not relieved even a little bit by the arrival of Wrai Ballard's latest novel about a psychologist on the planet Odiferous IV where the dominant life-form's metabolism is based on wood. "The Musky Teak Id" leaves this reviewer boughing in admiration. Trust Wrai to make a high grade story out of wooden characters and stilted dialog! Even a corny beginning does not go against the grain, and the mind-splintering ending will make you beam.

Having pedalled my way into the science fiction field, this might be an appropriate time to mention Avram Davidson's most recent issue of Microcosm of Fans & Super-Fans, September 1965. While I am broad-minded about the practice of dating magazines forward to prolong newsstand display, it does seem to these Blue Eyes that publishing the report of MF&SF winning the Hugo for Best Fanzine at the Worldcon in London is one straw too many for this sway-backed, reversed-hump, camel to bear. Like precognition has been patented by Campbell for Analog, so watch out for the infringements, hey. Fortunately the remaining contents are more to taste. Bob Smith's tale of Berkeley being overrun with alien weeds, "Daunt a Hoe," should provide fandom with a topic of conversation for years to come. Betty Kujawa points out some new concepts with her "Dotty Typewriter". Mae Strelkov's article, "The Care, Feeding, and Finding of Galactic Brothers," though easily recognized as a quick rewrite of her collected letters to CRY, should certainly make the lives of extra-terrestrial visitors more comfortable. I was particularly interested in her description of how flying saucer folk got hives from honey instead of the other way around.

Just before I leave this scene to pedal my way into two months of oblivion, I have another scene to describe, SCENE No. 1, as a matter of fact, available from Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London, S.W.2. England. Price is 6d per issue "or the U.S. rate for some," which Toskey, after filling three blackboards and a quire of Gestetner stencils with calculations, estimated to be seven cents. In four pages it gives you news of the Science Fiction Club of London, a suggestion for London sightseers, and fanzine reviews. It reminds the readers London is bidding for a Worldcon in 1965, so don't you forget either. And remember to vote ATom for TAFF in 1964, by all means.



RON BENNETT WANTS WINTER UNDERWEAR 17 Newcastle Road, Wavertree,
Dear Beanpole, Liverpool 15, ENGLAND 9 Jan 64

I have it on good record from a fanzine called 'Skysparkle or Starwreck or some such that you have been selected from a large representative sample of the world's population to represent the host country of the United Nations at someclambake or other which will take place at Easter in the old Soke of Peterburgh. Well, that's the way it goes I guess, as Miss Muffet is reputed to have said, but you get no congratulations from me. I'm all in favour of one of the CRY gang coming over here, but I voted for John Berry. So there.

Still, as you just possibly will be coming over here to see what our fair country is like -- listen Weber, I know very well you were here in fifty-seven but you think I don't know that in the state you were in you could just see anything -- I got to thinking. You know very well just how well I think; if you don't, just reflect on the time gap between your being elected and my writing this letter.

Enough. Let me off before I forget that we hate you, Weber. My regards to Gem, Buz and Elinor and the most important advice anyone has yet given you: pack your winter underwear. Don't think I'm kidding.

Rules of brag provided on request,
Very bestest,

Cecil, Liz and

Ron .

[I'm not so much interested in the rules to brag as to how to get around the rules, Ron. As I understand it, you collect all the money whether or not you are playing. --- www/

F. M. BUSBY TOURS UNRIPENED LAKE 2852 14th Ave. W., Seattle, Wash.,
Dear Ol' Swingin' Group way Over There: 98119 March 22, 1964

We were pleased to get your note from the airport, Wally, and we hope you are having a real ball in faroff exotic London. We here are doing fine for being up so late last night. Joe White has shown us some of his slides of his tour of Great Britain last May, and we are really fascinated by the views of Wales, in particular, let alone other attractions.

Today after last night was a shot rock. We did walk around Green Lake (Wally, tell Ella about Green Lake) so got about 3 miles worth of fresh air and sunshine. But no action toward getting CRY mailed out. As yet.

FRED: we all thoroughly appreciated your letter awhile back. We weren't sure whether you meant it for publication in CRY or not, so always trying to avoid breaking a confidence, we didn't, though it was certainly worthy of being printed. That's the trouble with CRY; we never know what's personal.

Best,

--- Buz

[I described Green Lake to Ella; now she wants to drown me there. --- www/

ELLA PARKER IS UNABLE TO REMAIN SILENT

43, Wm. Dunbar House,
Albert Road, London, N.W.6.
13th. April, 1964.

Dear CRY:

Custom - and CRY - demands that I write you a LoC this time round. As I wrote to you not all that long ago I did think I was rid of this chore for a while, but your readers, to say nothing of your lettercol editor, makes it impossible for me to remain silent. Down, Weber!

I honestly think that Ted Forsyth's description of Wally's visit to the 'Pen' comes as near to the truth as can be reasonably expected; especially after such an evening as that turned out to be. Now I come to think of it, he seems to have spent most of his time here on his knees. If anyone wanted to talk to him they had to go look round the carpet for him; mostly he was under the couch.

I don't think George Locke gave a very good picture of our con. It was much more hectic than he seems to recall. I shudder to think what our '65 Worldcon is going to be like if Wally turns up there too. Ethel got the Lupoff MSS, admitted, but she didn't know from whom she had won it in the bidding. If whoever it was comes to the LonCon he can bid for it there again; I have it for the auction. I don't know why it is, but a lot of George's writing leaves me cold. He becomes so involved and seems to lose the thread of what he is describing, I am always surprised at the end to find he was arrived at the point for which he was aiming in the first place....or was he?

Keen Bi-Eyes wasn't so hot this time. I don't know, it might be just the mood I was in when I read it, but it seemed to lack spontaneity. I do approve, of course, in your plug for London in '65, naturally, and that we should vote in TAFF. I just think we should take more care when voting in the latter; look what it can bring!!!!

Tom's cover is, as always, most good. I can promise you it is also nearer the truth than he may have meant it to be. Prophetic!

CotRs: Betty: I admit I did tell you our butchers kept their meat on show uncovered, but since a lot of them have been moved into new and/or rebuilt shops they have had to adhere to the hygiene rules a bit more. Now they keep it in the cold room until sold, and they've given up wrapping it in newspaper; oh yes, they used to. Now they use clean cellophane and it's much nicer....the paper, I mean, not the meat, that is just as tasteless as ever.

All in all, not a bad issue, but, on the other hand, not a specially good one, either. I'll make it do me until something better comes along.

All for this time. As ever, yours.

Ella (S.C. or W. Certified).

/Ella, I wish you would take better care of your equipment. The left-hand margin on this typer has gone out of its mind, and part of your letter wandered clear off the edge of the printing area. It's difficult enough editing your letters with decent tools. -- www/

BETTY KUJAWA LIKES HER CENTER HEATED

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend,

Dear Wally:

14, Indiana

Well,,,,,, you will have been in England about 3 weeks now when you receive this letter.....I hope those Anglofen are treating you humanely.....Heck,,, Wally,, when Ella Parker came over for the SEACON you made such a fuss about the way she treated you,, and yet you insist on staying over there far longer than you need.....-
.....You a masochist or something????????????? STILL.....maybe Brother Fred will look after you; he sounds real nice,,,,, peachy in fact!-
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Dont forget we will expect to hear from you what hes really like!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! You are going to write your report for CRY aintcha????????????? You better, you Weber.

Another thing Ill expect from you is the truth on how they manage to survive in that barbaric country where central heating is almost unheard of!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Ugh!!!!!!!!!!.....makes me shudder to think of it!!!!!!!!!! And those descriptions Ive had from Ella of how the meat shops have their wares hanging up in the window.....uncovered!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I have been thinking more on the subject of going over to London myself for '65..... Once my flying instructor gets out of the hospital and we can resume my lessons..... I did tell you how he got his injuries????????? Oh well, that's another and much longer story..... I should be able to make the trip with or without Gene's permission.....-
....of course, it is Genes plane but by then he may have bought me one of my own.....

Good Health kid.....

Betty

/Yes, you told us how your instructor kept bailing out, and when Gene sent him up without a parachute to keep him in the plane, he bailed out anyway. I understand Gene is going to weld his safety belt release next time. -www/

ETHEL LINDSAY COMPLAINS

Courage House 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton.

Dear Cry,

Surrey. Ct. Britain.

I have a complaint to make.

But first I must recount an incident that occurred whilst I was TAFF delegate at Chicago. I was sitting with a group of fans amongst whom was your WW Weber and Doreen Webbert. I'm not just sure what persuasions Doreen used but I came away from there clutching a note which read..."I Doreen Webbert hereby deed Wallace Wesley Weber to Ethel Lindsay for the grand amount moneywise two cents on this date September 2nd 1962 Doreen Webbert (owner)."

Later at a room party WWWeber asked me what I intended doing with this.. I informed him it would be displayed to the SFCOL, at which he moaned aloud. I then complained that I had not got my moneys worth as he did not do what I told him. He eagerly offered to return the money, and I accepted this. Naturally I did not return the note. I figured if he was daft enough to go dancing around the room shouting "free! free!" when I still held the note of ownership it wasn't my place to enlighten him.

I did feel that you were a little tardy in shipping him to me; but I knew I could depend upon the well known integrity of CRY to come through in the end.

Well: now we come to my complaint. He looks shop-soiled! Some-one has been using him.. I can see by the ink-stained hands, by the way he shudders away from the typer, by the way that the sight of a stencil makes him vomit.. that some-one has been using him up. I bet its that Elinor Busby!

I had meant to chain him to my Gestetner and allow him out at intervals for cutting stencils and stapling SCOTS: but the man's a wreck.

I figure I have been robbed somewhere. I know I got my money back.. but I think I also ought to be paid for taking him off your hands. Like: say, 50 dollars? Otherwise I'm sending him back.

And that's my final word on the subject.

cheats!

Ethel.

[I may not be free, but so far I've at least been pretty cheap. -- www/

FRED PARKER GIVES SHORT OUTBURST 43 Wm. Dunbar House, Albert Road,
The Cry Cult-ers, London. N.W.6. England

In writing this truncated comment I plead ignorance of the cult known as sesquipedalianism, as I am more inclined to such short outbursts of YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. The above sentence being inspired by the pediferous creature rescued on the front cover of CRY number 172 Feb. issue.

This is the issue that WWW went and cut 18 stencils and aims to please. Superb marksmanship Wally. The issue came right through our letter box. Wait!! Perhaps it was Buz aimed it with such accuracy. You know, keen Blue eye? Or could it have been Elinor?

I must stop.

Cheerio

Fred

[Rest assured it was Elinor's marksmanship, or markswomanship. The post office isn't ready for the type of aim Buz and I would conjure up. -- www/

WE ALSO HEARD FROM

AVRAM DAVISON writes something about quintuplets, but the letter was too incoherent to decipher, BOYD RAEBURN tried another letter but it weren't literate enough to print, WALLY GONSER begs for his collator back because the help at Kenworth where he works are getting dizzy walking around a table, BURNETT TOSKEY wants us to help with his new textbook on higher mathematics (he can't count the pages -- not enough fingers), BILL DONAHO wishes to thank everyone for their unusual cooperation, HARRY WARNER JR. plans to sue Sam Moskowitz for retroactive plagiarism as soon as Harry's fan history is published, and KEN CHESLIN, CHARLES SMITH, JOE PATRIZIO, WALT WILLIS, JOHN BERRY and JIMMY GROVES send us sticky shillings, bless their little Beatle hair-dos. See you in London in '65. -- www

from CRY

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507 Third Ave.

Seattle, Washington 98104

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If no number shows up after your name, you have received this issue free and are entitled to feel sorry for yourself. If you do see a number after your name, it indicates that you should see your eye doctor immediately.

Gently cram this down the throat of: