

Greetings and Salutations! Now that the Editorial Staff has had a chance to recover from the strain, we lift our little heads like the buttercups in spring and look cheerfully around at the rest of the world. So far the comments re SINISTERRA have been very nice, but the professional comments have not yet been heard. In the meantime, drop us a line and let us know what you think of your bouncing baby. Also it is time to start dropping in material for the next issue. Stories, jokes, poems, pictures, etc. to be included in the next issue should be in Editorial hands the sooner the quicker. For instance, here's a very nice poem that got here too late for Issue #1:

We call ourselves "THE NAMELESS ONES"
That name, at last, seems set.
We like to trace the course of suns
That never rise nor set.

We take interplanetary trips
In a book that's in our pocket,
On (as yet) unbuilt space ships
Or on a moon-bound rocket.

We argue questions pro and con:
Which is our favorite story?
What writer has the guerdon won?
Which artist gets the glory?

We hope that someday we will stand
On a pinnacle of fame;
And THE NAMELESS ONES, a close-knit band,
Will be an illustrious name.

Julia Woodard.

There was an election of officers at the last meeting, and your new Secretary is Burnett Toskey. He's the boy that will sit there busily wielding a pencil and keeping all those motions straight when the "Aye's" and "No's" start flying around dodging amendments and amendments to amendments. The fellow that's going to keep the addresses and memberships straight is Don Brown, 721 Ninth Avenue. Any and all changes of address should be reported to him, and whenever you hear of an undisclosed fan in or near Seattle, be sure and let him know about it. You folks are still stuck with the same old Corresponding Secretary, though. Too bad; you should have dumped out those corny puns while you had a chance, now you will be subjected to that ghastly sense of humor (?) for another six months, more or less.

Dr. Hatch (that's really his name and it has absolutely nothing to do with the eggs the Easter Bunny was dropping around) gave a very interesting lecture on his interpretation of Science Fiction. Among other things, he gave a suggested basic library of Fantasy and Science Fiction that a beginner might do well to start with:

H. G. Wells' "Seven Famous Novels" & "Famous Short Stories" - 1937

Wagenknecht's "Six Novels of the Supernatural" - 1944

Wise & Fraser's "Great Tales of Terror & the Supernatural" - 1944

Conklin's 2 Anthologies, "The Best of Science Fiction" - 1946

"A Treasury of Science Fiction" - 1948

Healy & McConas' "Adventures in Time & Space" - 1946

In case any of you are interested in other suggested "Basic Libraries" you might like to know that the Arkham Samplers gave quite a few suggestions in this regard from various well known stf writers. The University of Washington has a complete set of Arkham Samplers in their library.

At the time of going to press (euphonism for 'typing this blasted stencil a whole week in advance') the program for the next meeting is still undecided. In fact, it usually is undecided until the moment it's run off. As for instance, we decided last meeting would feature THE GREEN SPLOTCHES -- but something undecided us and it turned out to be THE LOST WORLD -- but that had been decided upon for the previous meeting -- only that was the meeting we had the genuine authentic Hindoo dances from India.... So now we fool everybody and state frankly we don't know what the heck we're in for. All we can say is that Les Mangiantini will probably show up with something good on his wire recorder, and Alderson Fry still has access to the Univ. Film Library (after that racy Paramecium film I'm always hoping he'll come up with something lush like the love life of a caterpillar, or daring-do among the Doodlebugs) and ever since Toskey bowled us over with his History of the Shaver Mystery, we've been besieged with offers from members to do likewise with other authors. We ran out of time on the auction two meetings ago and had a lot of good stuff left over, and last meeting we just ran out of time, period. Consequently this coming auction ought to be a dilly. Come and bring your pocketbooks.

Those deeeelicious fruitcakes we enjoyed with our tea at the last meeting were donated by a kindhearted fan in whom the milk of human kindness gushes with superhuman charity. Jerome Frahm deserves a special mention in our private hall of fame for taking pity on all us 'lean and hungry look'ing fans - (and also for being handy with a dishtowel afterwards!) - along with our genial host who is permanently enshrined therein.

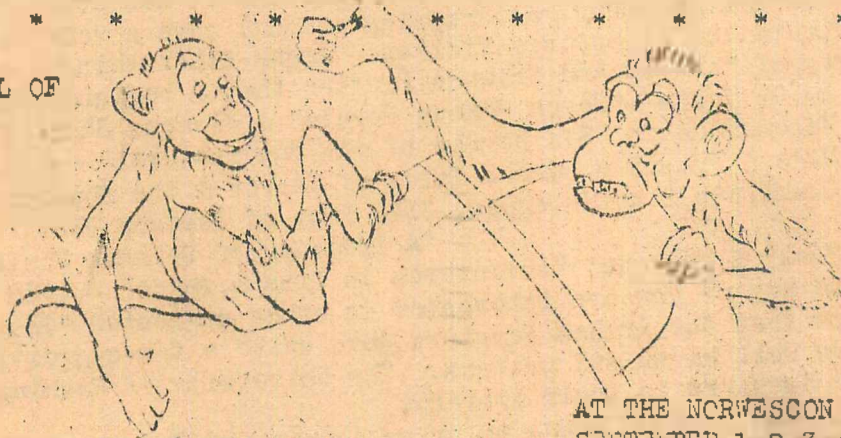
Our fearless foreign correspondents on the farflung fronts of Sumas, Aberdeen and Anacortes report that they are holding their own against the fierce onslaughts of Spring Fever. I think our Tacoma correspondent lost the battle, though, since she reports trouble in reading the signatures on the cards she receives. Can't see how that could be, seeing as we take especial pains to make them as illegible as possible. Mt. Vernon is still with us, and what is more, reports a 400 percent growth in membership (or is it 500 percent? Never could figure out those percentages!) Also, what is more to the point, sends in a subscription for the first four issues of SINISTERRA. That's the kind of confidence we like to see. Frederick McLean writes in from Anacortes that he's feeling fine again and up and around, but serious word comes that Mary Bylsma has been ill. To quote our gallant lady, "I don't know how I will come out as I have had two pictures (X-Ray) taken two days ago and may have to go to the hospital or take treatments or die or something so I cannot come to your meeting...."

By the way, as you have all no doubt noticed by now, we have something new in our Cry. For fealthy lucre, we have sunk to a commercial level and accepted advertising in our Newsletter. These attached lists are stuff you can get -- purchase, that is, -- at the Wolf Den. No longer need you pine and chew your fingernails away to the elbow for lack of something to read; Bill's place is loaded with luscious little stf tid-bits. All you need is a good reading appetite and a fat pocketbook, both of which all stf fans just naturally can't help having -- the latter especially! (Don't all yell at once!) Seriously, though, its nice to know where you can find all these books you've been hearing about so you can look them over and see if you want them before you buy them, instead of having to send away for them sight unseen and take a chance on getting something you mistook for some thing else you wanted instead....doggone! How can sentences get so mixed up? Must be these gremlins in the typewriter!

THE NAMELESS ONES meet again
 Tuesday, April 25, 1950
 In the Health Sciences Library at 8 PM
 (and this turned out to be a pome! Ain't it nifty?)
 Just can't help it folks, that's the way my brain cells function!

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MORE FUN THAN A BARREL OF

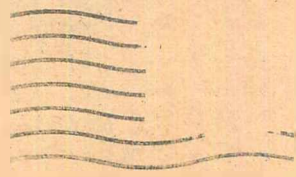


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