

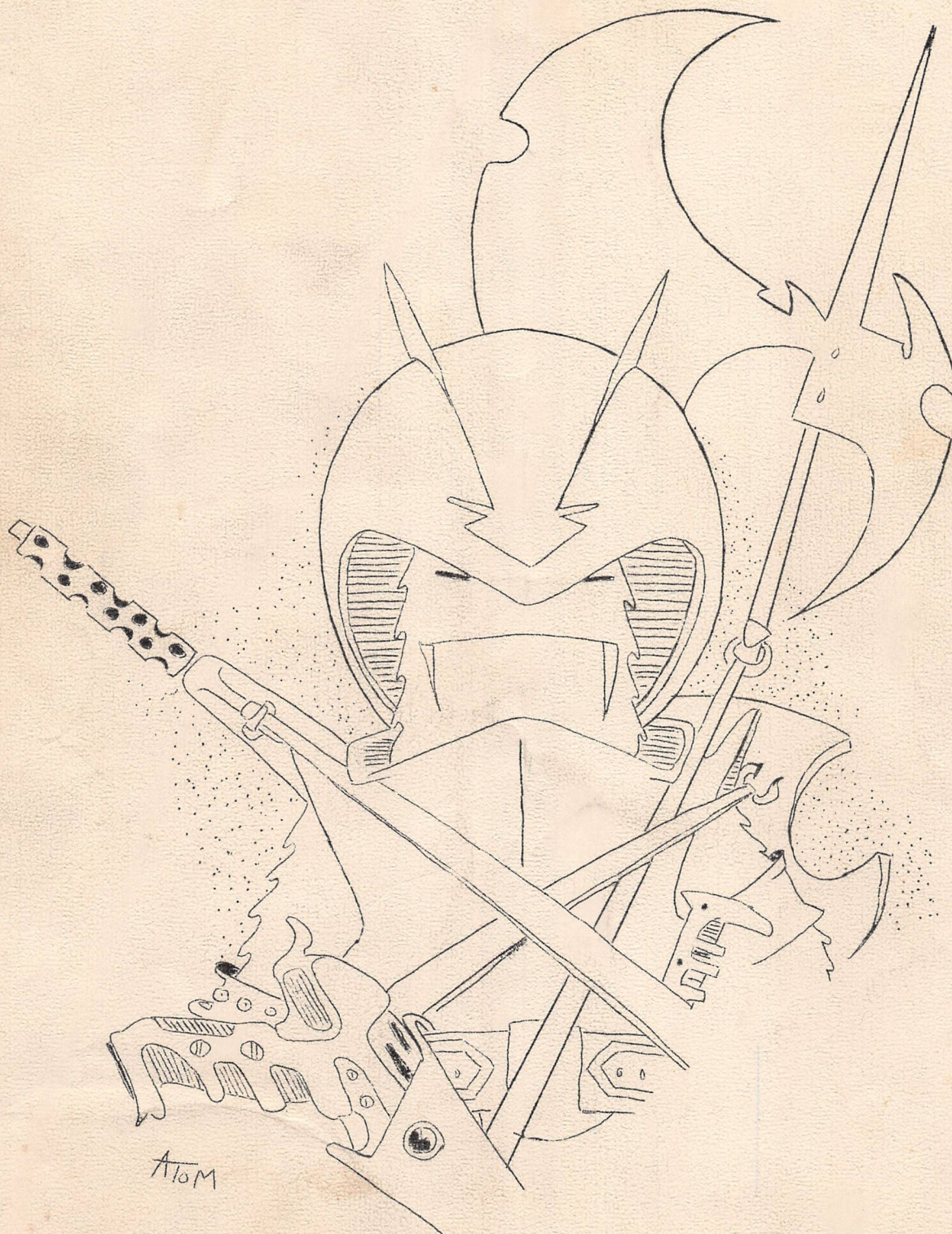
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CRY

of the nameless

FEB 1960

NO 136



Be it known that this is page ==3== of CRY #136, Feb 1960, and whoever told you we hadn't clowned around with the page-numbers, Ella, honey? Used to do it all the time, back when the Plow was still turning an honest furrow.

Yeh. CRY. Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wn. John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland: UK agent. 25¢(or 1/9)each, 5/\$1(7/-), 12 for \$2(14/-). Free if you appear herein. Some few trades. Monthly as they come. Checks payable to Elinor Busby. Stamps hardly acceptable, especially 25¢ airmail stamps, Schultz. Return postage advisable with contributions, Henstell, unless we already hold one such offering, but you're forgiven this once. And like, wow.

Famous Last Words Dep't: "The next issue will revert to 40pp or less" --FMB

Because, lookie: C o n t e n t s :

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Interior Art: ATom 4 8 18, Nirenberg 21, Reiss 46, Weber (I hope) 28, Babyis 3.

Stencils cut by: Wally Weber 21, Elinor 19, Buz 5 (Gee, dig the current new champ!)

Duplicating: Walljs Gonser & Weber, Tosk, & Jim Webbert propose to be here for that.

CRYplugs Dep't: Get your registration fees in for Pittcon and (westerly) Boicon! Get your Fanac Poll ballots in yesterday!... and your Hugo nominations in soon! And getcher programs, folks; get 'em here: can't tell the puns from the typos without a program. Vote early and contribute like, loot, to TAFF. Seattle in '61, Chicago in '62, D C in '63, and we're a little hung up on '64 until we know for sure whether San Francisco is bidding, since SF's last Con was 4 years before LA's. '65, anyone?

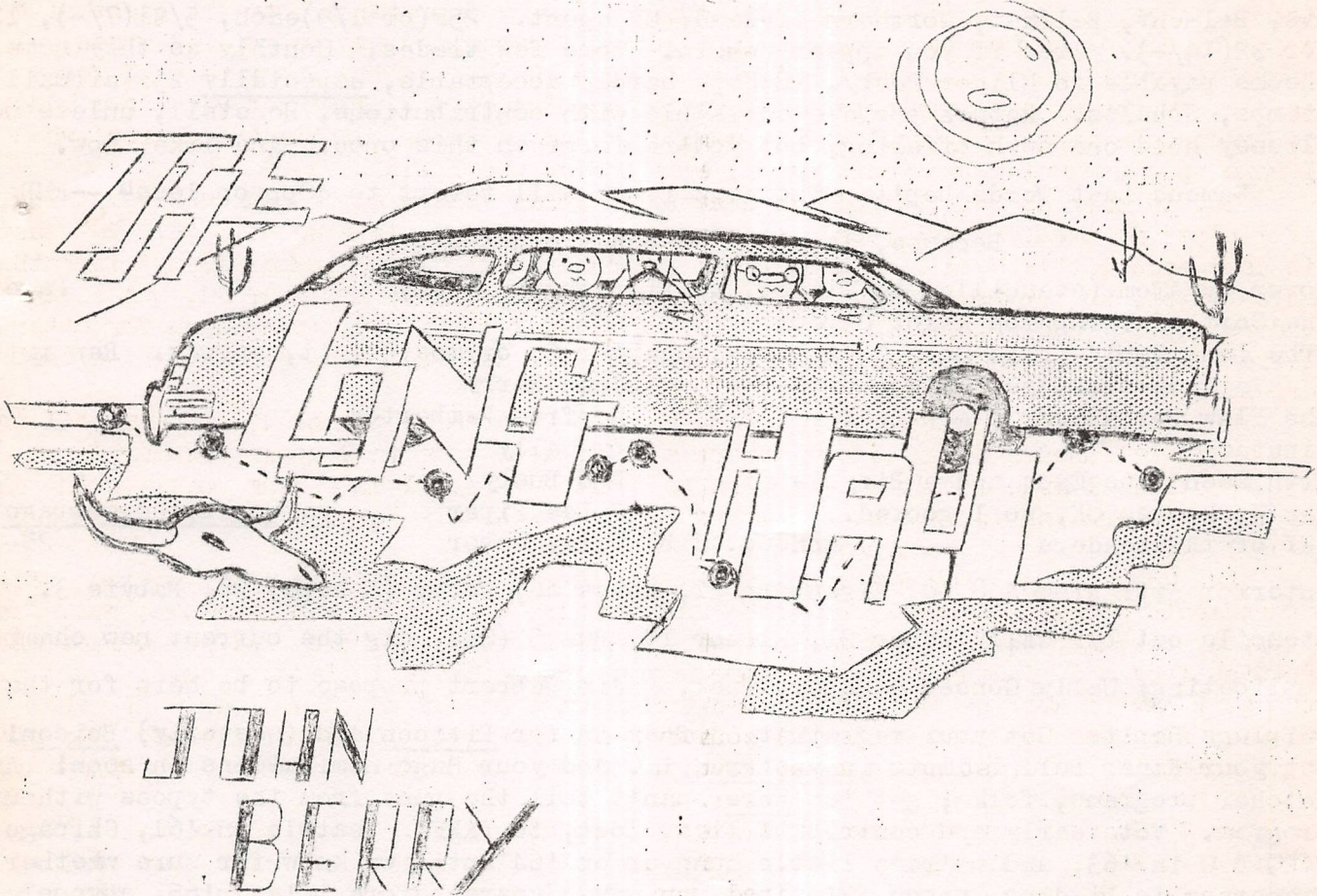
Personal Plugs Dep't: Elinor & I say "Mal Ashworth for TAFF!" We say this without prejudice to the other two fine nominees known to us at this time: our good friend Sandy Sanderson, and Eric Bentcliffe, with whom our acquaintance is slight but pleasant. But we do, heartily, commend to you "Mal Ashworth for TAFF!" This particular commendation is based solidly upon two major items: (1)A sort of helpless (with laughter) acceptance of Mal's superb mastery of such things as wit, humor, farce, & similar ways of upending the ordinary viewpoint so as to give the reader a charge, and (2)Reports by such as Wally Weber, among others, of Mal's indispensability at fangatherings at London (Pseerotics comes to mind, and how are we doing at beating the Russians to the development of the Inter-Continental Ballistic Psneer?) and elsewhere. Re item (1), we hope to have material in CRY to refresh faanish memories and to convince those who didn't see Bem or any of Mal's material in UKzines or FAPA. As for item (2), the only proof can be at PittCon, given a favorable vote.

So, from this slate of three fine candidates, I urge "Mal Ashworth for TAFF"; so far as I know, "the CRY" has no Policy (we live, and sometimes we learn). Live it up.

Bob Leman, we are covered with rue that pages 59 & 60 turned out backwards in the Annish & threw your story all out of kilter-- rue, Rue, RUE is on our heads. (It itches.) But people who contribute to CRY Annishes live dangerously.

Coming up this week, here, is a sub-convention: Dick and Pat Ellington are in town; upcoming are Jim Caughran, Terry & Miri Carr, Bill Donaho, and Dan Curran. If all goes well, maybe the Feb 13th Nameless meeting can be updated to Feb 6th, to give the club and the visitors a good unobstructed view of each other & damn the torpedoes. This gimmick always works pretty well when schedules permit, except for guitarists. (Sandy Cutrell excepted.)

This issue of CRY comes to you thru the courtesy of your friendly neighborhood Post Office. If at all. Be warned, live right, and eat Wheaties. -- F. M. Busby.



I've been looking forward to writing this chapter for many reasons, but mainly because it represents a unique incident in my life.

From 3 pm on Monday the 7th of September 1959 to 11 am on Thursday the 10th of September I travelled just over 2,550 miles by car.....in other words, this (to me) fantastic distance was covered in under three days. By Americans this will probably be met with a shrug. A lot of them are used to it. But to me it was phenomenal. It is perhaps pertinent to consider why this journey appears so outstanding and noteworthy.

Northern Ireland, where I have lived for the last eleven years, is under 100 miles from north to south or east to west. In the course of my job as a dactyloscopist I am sometimes sent to the furthest Point of Northern Ireland to carry out my duties. This necessitates a two and a half or three hour journey, and it is a red letter day when this happens. I feel I am living. I talk about the long journey for days afterwards.

When I was in the army I sometimes travelled the length of England in convoys. The distance would be about 400 miles. There was usually no rush, and I can still vividly remember passing through different places like York and Chester and Oxford, etc. This after sixteen years or so.

In Germany, I did a couple of long treks on the autobahns in army trucks and jeeps, but none of them could have been more than a very few hundred miles.

You can see why I was so looking forward to this long haul from Detroit to SeattleI mean, consider that, as the crow flies, the distance from London to Moscow is 1,520 miles. In effect, I travelled 1,000 miles more than that in under three days.

I am going to tell the story of this journey in great detail. I am sure that nothing like it will ever happen to me again, and in my old age I intend to read and

re-read this narrative, and for this reason I'm rather selfishly writing down now everything that comes to me. I've a considerable amount of material to assist me. I've got my memory. In some things, I find I can retain details. In the fingerprint line, for instance, I have successfully identified a finger impression from the scene of a crime by coming across it by chance in a set of fingerprints two years afterwards. I can also recall conversations I had when I was a child. On the other hand, I forget things, important and unimportant. I forget appointments....I forget who I owe money to (and, more important, who owes me money)....and on one significant occasion (when I woke up one morning two years ago) I even forgot who I was!

But insofar as this Detroit to Seattle jaunt is concerned, I can see everything, if I close my eyes. I can recall scenery, conversations, place names, etc. But just in case some little detail does escape me, I have my diary. Perhaps 'diary' is rather an ostentatious term for a big rough note book with scribble all over it, but I can understand it, and it reveals lots of things which I might ordinarily have forgotten. I wrote down notes in the car, when the others were asleep (yeah, I'm including the driver), and when we stopped for petrol.

Then I have my photographs. I took about a hundred on the haul, and they all came out well. (I used a 35 mm Ilford 'Sportsman' camera, made in Western Germany.)

Finally, I made it almost a fetish to collect maps. I have maps covering the whole of the northern United States, and my route is marked on a large scale map, with red pencil, with pin point accuracy.

One more thing. You Americans will perchance find some of my story boring, because it reflects scenes and occasions you probably think are common and everyday, but, for example, consider the awe and mystery which will flash across the bewildered eyes of British fans and readers when they come across 'Burma Shave'! Because quite a lot of things I saw in America which are taken for granted amazed me, I want to tell other people, strangers to your wonderful country, all about it. So bear with me. You might find something interesting in my approach to things you consider mundane and uneventful...

.....

Wally Gonser took the wheel. Toskey was on his right. I sat behind Wally Gonser with Wally Weber on my right. Weber stretched himself, closed his eyes, and rapidly passed away from our ken. I was tired, too, but I wasn't missing anything. The boys made it quite clear from the start that their main aim was to get to Seattle as quickly as they possibly could. They planned two detours, but except for those brief stops, the car would be moving all the time, day and night.

I was thrilled. I felt like a little boy seeing Santa Claus for the first time. I had driven all over the eastern part of America with Eney, but I was now going to be whipped through the part of America which I'd always dreamed about. I've always been a Western fan, you see. Dakota, Montana, etc., names which cropped up all the time in Western films and books were about to be mine.

Gonser moved the car into gear and we swung off the parking lot. There seemed to be a difference of opinion between Toskey and Gonser as to which was the proper route to take to get on Route 10. The car was whipped about with abandon. I was tempted to tell them I was an expert at finding my way around Detroit. It was on the tip of my tongue to say that I had personally navigated Eney with pin point precision, and all that was required was for them to stop and let me sort out my maps from the suitcase in the boot. But a sign showing Route 10 appeared, both Toskey and Gonser took the credit for the discovery, and I sat back.

Gonser was a smooth driver. After all, it just had to be. It was Wally Weber's car, and he seemed quite satisfied to let Gonser take the metaphorical reins, and if he could take the the responsibility with but a snore, what was it to me? I insured myself for a considerable amount before leaving for America, and that was some consolation. I was secretly worried that we'd maybe have a crash. I had learned with some misgivings, before I came to America, that because the roads are so good and wide, and because the cars are so highly powered, Americans have a fatalistic attitude toward driving on the road. I read gory statistics of the literally hundreds of thousands of road accidents in America every year. It seemed to me that the law of averages was bound to be against me. Consider that it was planned to drive the car non-stop, day and night, for over

2,500 miles....and the car drivers, Messrs. Toskey, Gonser and Weber had had very little sleep for three days. I will not attempt to deny that these thoughts flashed through my mind. But I'll keep you out of suspense by telling you now that the three boys drove superbly and we did not crash.

The trouble was, I didn't know that at the time!

Although I tried my hardest to keep awake, I must have slipped over. I didn't think I had, yet we drew in to a garage for petrol (or should I say 'gas') and I looked at a sign post which said it was '20 miles to Detroit.' I was flabbergasted.

Whilst the car was being gassed up, I swaggered into the building and sorted myself out a couple of maps. I went into the toilet and washed my face and combed my hair, and noticed how big my moustache seemed to be. I ran fingers up the insides of my bracers, and felt really on top of the world. I was atingle all over. To think that Berry was on his way to the west coast, thus completely traversing America, from east to west, by road. It maybe seems a queer thing to be thinking about in the toilet, but that's the way my mind works.

We drove on northwestwards, along Route 10. Toskey, who through the power of his personality rapidly assumed the leadership of the group, made a few lightning calculations and said he hoped we'd cross the Mackinac Bridge by 9:30 pm.

I examined my map, flitched from the gas station, and saw that we had to travel approximately 290 miles. And with all my straining will power I could not keep my eyes open all the time. But I was pleased that I kept waking up. I aimed to stay awake for the whole journey. Actually, I didn't think it was humanly possible to do the haul in under three days. I suspected that even if our frames were capable of the strain, the car couldn't manage it. But it did. Don't ever let me hear anyone disparage American cars or their drivers.

Some of the places we passed through I'd heard of before. Our first big city was Pontiac....then Flint...then Saginaw. At Clare, we parted from Route 10, and joined Route 27. It began to get dark, and then, as Gonser continued driving, I again began to have fears that he needed sleep, and no matter how good a driver he was, he was bound to succumb to tiredness. It was a physical impossibility for him to drive much longer. Maybe Toskey saw my worried features in the mirror, I don't know, but he turned to me and told me that the system was that as soon as one driver felt the slightest suspicion that he was going to sleep, he was to stop the car, and let someone take over. The theory appealed to me enormously, but the only drawback I saw was that he, Toskey, wasn't catching up with his sleep, so that when his turn came he'd be refreshed.

Later, we stopped at a roadside cafe for food. With typical shrewdness, Gonser came out with the interesting observation that wherever a long-distance lorry was parked outside a snackery, that place sold good food--cheap. The place we stopped at had this sign post, and it proved true. We didn't have too much. Toskey was anxious that we should be on our way. It seemed so exciting, sitting at a table in a snackery somewhere in Michigan, with three fans, all tired out, with the wonderful prospect of thousands of miles yet to come. I suspect that, to them, my enthusiasm was somewhat childish, but I honestly felt like an explorer, or, if you will, I confess I felt like the original trekkers must have felt a hundred or so years ago, when America was still largely virgin territory, and they set out in covered wagons. This probably sounds foolish, but, truly, that's how I felt. For the greater part of this journey, I felt less a fan and more a dedicated soul. I knew I was tremendously lucky.....lucky not only to be going to Seattle and crossing America on the way, but even more lucky with my hosts. The three of them were completely diverse characters.

Gonser I was very impressed with. He seemed to find fun with everything and everybody. He cracked jokes with the waitresses, said witty things when he was driving (and when he was sleeping) and, to sum up, seemed to find life an endless opportunity for fun and enthusiasm and enjoyment.

Wally Weber had been asleep most of the time since we'd left Detroit, but he was always quiet and courteous and kindly.

Toskey seemed to have a natural flare to be a leader. He wanted things run his way, which he said, by implication, was the best way. He was also kind and polite, but definitely a thinker. He worked things out and did everything to ensure that his calcula-

tions became fact.

We started out again, Gonser continuing to drive. We passed through Gaylord, Sheboygan, Mackinaw City, and then came to the toll at the Mackinac Bridge. The charge was \$3.25. To my everlasting regret, it was dark, really pitch black, and we did get to fully enjoy the sensation of travelling across the world's longest suspension bridge. Toskey, with a grin, said it was twenty past nine, and we were on schedule....his schedule!

It must have been a magnificent sight to cross the bridge in daylight. All we could see by the headlights of the car were the vertical steel hawsers reaching upwards. I can at least always say I've crossed the bridge, even if I'm unable to go into detail. I must, however, give here a few details about the Mackinac Bridge, for the perfectionists:

"Connecting Michigan's two great peninsulas at the Straits of Mackinac. The world's longest suspension bridge, 8,614 feet from anchorage to anchorage. Centre span 3,800 ft. Two majestic towers are 552 ft. above water, and their foundations (on rock) reach a depth of 210 ft. below water. There is a total of 33 spans and 34 piers. One of the south shore trusses is 2,080 ft., the world's longest continuous truss."

The drive through the night continued.

I was half asleep, when the car suddenly stopped. Without a word Wally Gonser got out of the driving seat, and Toskey moved into it. Gonser appeared in Toskey's seat, settled back, his eyes heavy, and the drive continued along Route 2. We passed through towns; I see on the map they were Blaney Park, Manistique, Gladstone, Escanaba, Spalding, Iron Mountain, Crystal Falls, Iron River, Waters Meet, Ironwood, and as we passed through each of them I ticked them off in my notebook. I was certain that the scenery must have been glorious, because of the place-names, but, unfortunately, I shall never know!

It gradually became light. I shook myself and combed my hair, and felt the stubble on my face. I saw blue water on the right, long stretches of it, and Wally Gonser opened an eye and told me it was Lake Superior....that we would soon leave Michigan and enter Wisconsin. It seemed too incredible to be true....that we'd been driving at a very fast rate for fifteen hours, and we were still in Michigan. I've just checked on the map, and I see the distance from Detroit to Ironwood, just on the Michigan-Wisconsin border, is roughly 630 miles. That means our average speed for the first fifteen hours was 42 m.p.h. Average speed is the operative phrase. Remember part of that drive was through the heavily built-up area of Detroit, and we stopped a couple of times for snacks, and gas, and to pay toll, and to change drivers....and half of the drive was at night. Remember also that the boys had had little sleep for some days. Weigh those things in mind and you see that the 42 mph average assumes a greater significance.

All night long, Wally Weber had been asleep next to me. He hadn't moved during the night, but as we approached Ashland, on the shores of Lake Superior, Toskey turned left outside a snackery.

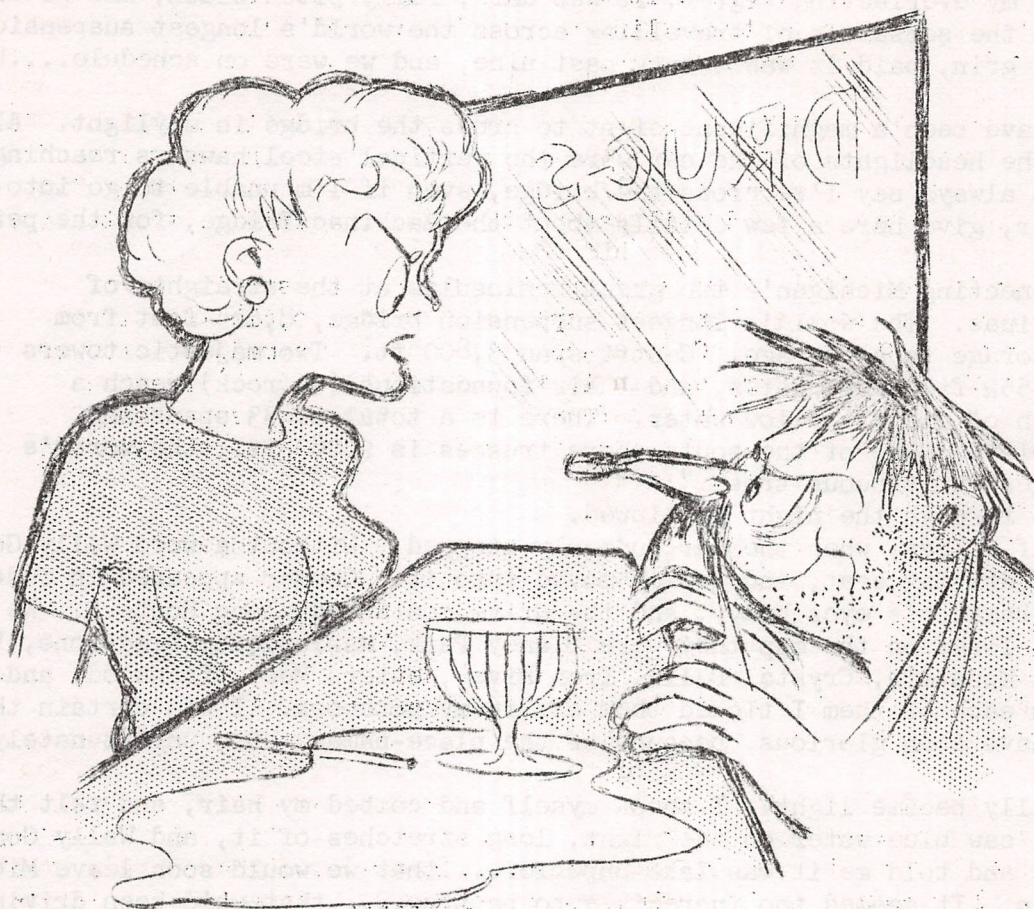
We woke Weber, crawled out of the car, and streeetched.

We slammed the car doors shut, and, as if still half asleep, slouched to the door of the roadside eating place, and looked inside.

A girl, maybe about twenty, stood behind the counter. Her eyes were, to say the least, apprehensive, as she surveyed us. I caught a look in the mirror, and I could see what was passing through her mind. I guess Ernest Hemingway, when he wrote 'The Killers,' would have loved to have seen us, for copy.

The girl had every reason to be alarmed. I've seen a similar sort of scene in American movies. A car, packed with gun-totin' gangsters, are half an hour in front of the state police...or..perhaps...want to hold up the cafe for the cash in the till. Well, our entrance would have made Alfred Hitchcock get on his knees and blow kisses all round him.

We stood in the doorway, surveying the room. We were looking for a comfortable table near the window to get a view of Lake Superior as we were eating, but the girl didn't know that. All she saw were four grim-looking men, unshaven, grimy, and, let's



face it, dressed for the part. Heck, all right, I admit it..I felt as though I was in a charade. Gonser took a step inside, his hands clutching at his side. He said to the girl.."Hi."

He meant it as a pleasant greet^{ing} at such an early hour, but his voice was throaty, and it sounded razor-fine....and....menacing. Toskey stepped in behind him. There is no need for me to explain to you all that Toskey in the early ays is a horrible sight! Beside that, his shirt, made from old curtain material, looked as though its primary function was to clean the windscreen after driving through a thunderstorm...or.. perhaps, to titillate the sump if it was misbehaving. Also, and this is another well-known fact, Toskey has a passion for women. I don't mean that in the literal sense, I just mean that Toskey takes even more interest in them than I do, and I spend a good ten hours a day in pursuance of this absorbing hobby. And, you've guessed it, Toskey looked at the girl, with big and hungry eyes....I could see she didn't mind so much the vision of Gonser hunching from table to table, but those Toskey eyes, filled with unexpurgated chapters from his Hubbard Green stories.....

Wally Weber entered next. Well, let's face it, he still had his beanie on, and that, to normal eyes, is uncanny, but at six am? He still seemed to be in a somnambulist state, more, so it seemed to the girl, like a zombie.

She put her hand to her mouth and her eyes grew bigger as Wally Weber meandered forward, oblivious to everything except the back of Toskey's head.

Then I came in.

Well, it's no secret that I was the only one of its type in America. Vivid purple and orange American shirt, wide dirty bracers and a big uncontrollable moustache which turned up at the ends at the sight of the girl, who, by the way, wore her sweater very well thank you. I tripped over a table, got up on all fours, and crawled over to the

table Gonser had seized in the corner.

We sat there, daring the girl to come over to us.

She stood and dithered, and I swear we'd be sitting there still, but the door opened and a big man came in, built like a barn door, and spoke to her. She obviously knew him, maybe her brother or husband, and at the sight of those bulging muscles she came over to us and took our order.

I remember I had ham and eggs. The ham was about half an inch thick, and the eggs were probably laid by an ostrich. Then I had four cups of coffee, with liberal dashes of cream and sugar, and I felt ten feet tall.

The other three perked up enormously, too. Toskey had egg all over his mouth from eating and looking at the girl at the same time, which I recall I thought to be disgusting behaviour on his part, and I told him so after I'd mopped up the rest of the coffee I'd been pouring in my ear!

I walked over to a postcard stand on the counter and sorted through picture postcards to send to my friends and family and fans in the British Isles, and Toskey saw immediately that it brought me to within three feet of the girl, and came over and said he'd like a postcard of the Mackinac Bridge as a souvenir. I must confess admiration for his mind, because he gave her ten cents for a card with 'Postcards Five Cents' written on it, and didn't seem to notice. He even forgot his change, and I got it for him when I went back for mine. Yep, that girl could sure fill a sweater!

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Gonser took the wheel again, and we continued along Route 2, which ran alongside Lake Superior through Ashland, Iron River and Duluth.

Duluth is just inside the State of Minnesota. We stopped for a few moments, and I took a couple of snaps of the place.

Then on we drove, Gonser still at the wheel.

Minnesota sported most delightful countryside...the fields seemed greener, small lakes abounded, and I sat in the back of the car and let my eyes feast on the superb surroundings. I tried to imagine how the early settlers must have gazed in awe at this new and beautiful world.

Then, gradually, gazing out of the window, I found I had unknowingly become a 'Burma Shave' advert. addict.

Pausing to allow my non-American readers to reach for the iced water and aspirin, I must explain that Burma Shave is an interesting aspect of American advertising psychology....done on a nationwide scale which is permanent and a little bewildering, but with a dash of fascination thrown in.

The advertising is done on a series of small notice boards, some yards apart from each other. The letter is black, on a yellow background, and on each board is a line of a gimmick poem which purports to show how superb Burma Shave really is. I couldn't resist the temptation to jot down all the different poems I saw (I suppose 'poem' is the word) and I became such a fiend at this novel hobby that the other three in the car, yep, even the driver, went out of the way to ensure that I had them written down word perfect. Well I remember Wally Gonser, the wheel spinning in his hands, craning over his shoulder to get the last line of a gem. And I'm not going to keep you in suspense any longer, I'm going to quote a few of the choice ones. This will undoubtedly bore you Americans, but take pity on the provincials who haven't seen life as I have.....

Said Farmer Brown,
Who's bald on top,
"Wish I could
Rotate the crop."

This cooling shave
Will never fail
To stamp its user
First Class Mail.

Drinking drivers,
Nothing worse.
They put the quart
Before the hearse.

If daisies are
Your favourite flower,
Keep pushing up
Those miles per hour.

The draftee
Tried a tube
And purred.
"Well, whaddya know?
I've been defurred."

Men with whiskers
Neath their noses,
Ought to kiss
Like Eskimoses.

He lit a match
To check his tank.
That's why they call him
Skinless Frank.

Baby your skin;
Keep it fitter.
Or 'Baby' will have
Another sitter.

The poorest guy
In the human race
Can have a
Million dollar face.

Many a forest
Used to stand
Where a lighted match
Got out of hand.

Use this cream
A day or two.
Then don't call her,
She'll call you.

I've lots more, but I'll spare you. You must admit, though, that they all contain good common sense. Unfortunately, I happened to ask if Burma Shave was any good for shaving...only one of the three had tried it, Wally Gonser, and he said it wasn't any good. Pity, in a way.....

Another interesting thing, at least, it made my eyes open, was the subtle blurbs on the registration number plates of the motor cars.

For instance, in England and Northern Ireland, a car number plate is thusly:

MZ 29311

In America, however, I soon spotted the technique. The number plates, besides doing their normal function and showing the number of the car, also express a choice little phrase about the nicest or most prominent feature of the particular state in which the car is registered. So:

19 ILLINOIS 59
3065440
LAND OF LINCOLN

And a few random examples:

Michigan
Water Wonderland

Florida
Sunshine State

Alabama
Heart of Dixie

Wisconsin
America's Dairyland

All this I found absolutely fascinating. You see, I did more than just sit back in the car and peer at the scenery. I really tried to delve into everything I saw, to try and glean what I could about the American Way of Life. I know, even as I am writing this in December 1959, that the chance of my going to America again is remote, and I have no regrets that, instead of resting and sleeping and talking, I kept my eyes open, and jotted down things that interested me. I'm sure that Messrs. Gonser, Toskey and Weber thought I was asking some damn fool questions, but there was logic behind all my curiosity, a reason for my hurried scribbled notes whenever I saw anything the slightest bit unusual or interesting.

And all the time the car thundered along, stopping only for fuel for the car and sustenance for ourselves.....

After leaving Duluth, we diverted off Route 2, and applied ourselves to Route 210,

at Motley, and carried on along Route 10. I'm not exactly sure of the time we left Duluth, must have been somewhere around 8:30 am, and we reached Fargo, on the Minnesota/North Dakota border at exactly 2:30 pm. The distance across Minnesota, from east to west, I make about 260 miles. Therefore, on this jaunt, our average was about 43 mph. But I didn't tell you of the stop we made at Brainerd, almost in the exact centre of Minnesota.

Wally Weber and Toskey had been telling me about a strange propensity which Gonser possessed, that of having a relative or relatives in almost every town in the north of America. I took this to be a slight exaggeration. It seemed that the rush to get to Seattle was so great that it wasn't possible for Gonser to do a tour of his kin, but we stopped in Brainerd for almost an hour whilst he visited a dear old lady, who greeted him with open arms. We went up to the room with him, too, and I was truly touched to see that Wally Gonser possessed a tender side to his nature, which it seems to me is all too rare these days. The halt at Brainerd brought up our average mph to over 50, and we made other stops beside. For the record, we passed through the following places in Minnesota: Carlton, Cromwell, McGregor, Aitkin, Brainerd, Motley, Wadena, Detroit Lakes, Moorhead, and into Fargo.

Fargo was an important junction to us, because, from there, we were scheduled to do a safari in search of Wrai Ballard, who lives in Blanchard, somewhere up north in the wilds of North Dakota!

One glaring obstacle stood in our way. Toskey, usually the essence of preciseness and accuracy, had lost the map giving directions, and we had to rely on his memory to bring us to the proverbial doorstep.

We drove north from Fargo, along Route 81. Weber was at the wheel, and sitting next to him was Toskey, who, in the great mental strain required in recalling all the minute details in the instructions, had curled himself up into a little coiled spring with the effort. His eyes were tightly compressed with concentration. He knew, of course, that his prestige was at stake, as mine had been when I'd guided Eney into Detroit, and when I'd lost the letter giving instructions for Eney to find Parma, where Nick Falasca lived, and when I'd nipped from door to door looking for Nick's house.

After driving northwards for some time, Toskey opened his eyes, took a mental grip on himself, and said, "Turn left at the next junction."

I had noticed that the countryside had suddenly become flat and dry, with raised tracks running from north to south and east to west, cutting the flatlands into squares.

It was onto one of these tracks that Toskey diverted us. It was just wide enough for the car wheels, and there was a hump in the middle of the track, and the chassis of the car glided along on this, occasionally bumping sharply upwards.

"Turn right after two miles," ordered Toskey, not looking as confident as he'd have us feel. We duly swung right along another track and drove along this for some distance.

To add to the excitement of the situation, a dust storm sprang up. In some places it swirled near us, and, looking northwards, the whole horizon was blotted out.

Eventually, we stopped at a shack. Toskey sauntered out of the car and knocked at the door. Some moments passed before it opened, and when the woman saw Toskey in his unbelievable shirt, she refused to go to the extreme and open the transparent partition behind the door. She looked through it, and started to bite her nails. Toskey and she nodded their heads like a couple of pigeons, and Toskey came back to the car again, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Up the track for two miles, turn right, third farm along," he said in his confident manner.

We duly bumped along the track, and...look....I'll cut a long story short. I was quite happy to traverse the whole of North Dakota....it was all fresh and new and fascinating to me. After all, it wasn't my car, and if Wally Weber didn't mind the new sensation of chassis-jumping, why should I worry? I'll just let you get your breath again by confessing...yep....we did get to Wrai's house eventually. And don't think that Toskey's prestige suffered in any way by the zig-zag route we took to Wrai's house...all the same, it was pleasant to see a learned mathematician with such divine faith in the Law of Averages!

Wrai Ballard!

Well, from reading about him in SAPS, and from using my perhaps over-vivid imagination, I had formed a mental picture of Wrai...and this is what I saw in my mind's eye.. I saw an old, bent, senile figure, thin, grizzled, and with a short clay pipe hanging upside down from his mouth. I imagined this mental Wrai to be wearing a dark blue shirt, well worn at the cuffs, and to have a pair of dirty light brown overalls on top. A straw hat was clamped on the side of his head, and he was sitting outside a shack such as is oft pictured to be delapidated and bereft of roof, like in the Ozark Mountains!

Honestly, folks, this I thought to see.

And what did I see?

Suffering Catfish.

The Ballard House is a large timber-built structure, clean and tidy looking, which incorporates all the modern conveniences. The bathroom and toilet is even better than the one in my suite at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.....HONEST!

More about the house later, but Wrai.....

He was about seven feet tall, and as broad as a Chev with both doors open. His features are clean cut and intelligent..rather like Superman just before leaping from the Empire State. He is handsome, cultured, talented and packs finesse with a capital phew. He was dressed impeccably, and he spoke in a delightfully sincere way. He was young, and say, girls, it's worth the trek!

Wrai introduced us to his parents, who were most courteous. Then he took us up to his bedroom for a talk.

His bedroom was like Rockefeller's office with a bed in it. The room was but BIG, and prozines in shelves bordered the walls, and a few guns lay against the wall, giving me the impression that Wrai might at some time find it necessary to jump from his bed and leap for the window, pushing a round up the breech at the same time, ready to repulse an attack...

Gonser, that stalwart Man of the Steering Wheel, heeded none of this. He stood in the centre of the room, surveyed the bed, and his eyes grew wide behind his spectacles. He swayed from left to right, staggered forward again, and stretched himself out at full length on the Ballard Bed. His nostrils twitched a couple of times, then settled down. A blissful, serene look took his face over, and Wally was away over those verdant celestial plains....

As an experiment, Wrai played a few records on his Hi-Fi equipment (rivaling Bill Donaho's in size and decibel force) but even when the set was tuned to the highest pitch, it didn't disturb Gonser. Personally, although I was sorry to see that he wasn't taking part in the sublime fannish repartee, I must confess I was pleased to see him so soundly asleep. He was a glutton for driving, and certainly earned his sleep.

I felt hot and stuffy and tired and dirty, and sensing that I wouldn't be able to keep my eyes open much longer, I asked Wrai if I could use the bathroom.

And listen.

I didn't exaggerate up there.

The Ballard Bathroom has everything except a masseur! I stood in the bath, leaned against the tiles, and turned on the shower. That shower was worth more than money! I felt I could have run to Seattle. I alternated from hot to cold, and just stood there, sticking my chest out. It was a pleasure having a bath in that place. I'd go back again any time!

I dressed again, and nipped upstairs and told Wrai I'd like to see around his farm.

We all trooped down the stairs and outside. The blast of hot air was like the initial blast of a flame-thrower. It was HOT. And, along with the hot wind went the dust. It bit at our eyes and swirled round us. I was thrilled. What a thing to tell my children and, ultimately, their children. I had stood in a dust storm in North Dakota.

As far as I could see, the land all round was completely flat, and very arid. I asked Wrai what it was like in the winter, and I gather it can be mean.

Wally Weber swaggered about with his movie camera, taking candid shots when we weren't looking, and I took a few snaps too, which I shall treasure. One of them shows a view of the house and our car (and the Ballard Car..as long as a New York 'bus) and a tree next to the house bent over almost to an angle of 45 degrees by the wind. Another

depicts Wrai, Toskey and myself, also leaning at an angle of 45 degrees.

We went inside again, and Wrai's mother invited us to sit down for a meal.

I'll never forget that meal. Somehow, it didn't fit my preconceptions of North Dakota. The table was big, and it sagged in the middle with goodies. The slices of ham were one and a half inches thick. We had fowl, too, and vegetables..woosh, the works...and ice cream after that from a refrigerator about half as big as my house. The coffee tasted like no other I've had before or since....it WAS coffee..and with thick cream and piles of sugar. I guess I made a glutton of myself. Mr. Ballard, Wrai's father, only had to ask me once if I wanted more.

From seeing Westerns at the movies and on TV, I always got the impression that it was kinda backwards around North Dakota, folks eating beans and making flap-jacks and things suchlike. I never expected to see such luxury in the heart of such countryside. And make no mistake about it, it was luxury. The room where we retired to afterwards had a large screened TV set, and the furnishings and decor were most excellent. Call me a provincial if you will, but in the course of my occupation I've been to some big houses in Northern Ireland, and found few to equal the Ballard residence!

And of course, just my luck, the hands of the clock seemed to go round twice as quickly as usual.

Eight pm came and went, and we said we'd have to go. Mrs. Ballard asked us to stop the night, that the wind was mean outside, and tornadoes had been forecast, but nothing could abate THE LONG HAUL, or the determination of the Seattle Boys to press onwards, and we made our goodbyes.

I shall always remember that all too brief five hours at Wrai Ballard's. Of such things are fannish memories.....

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We drove northwards, until we reached our old friend Route 2.

And until we did reach it, we had a rough drive. After leaving Wrai's place, we passed through Blanchard, and then found that the road was undergoing considerable alteration. For miles we drove along on nothing more than flattened earth. It suddenly became very cold..the stars seemed twice as big in the sky..and the wind literally rocked the car from side to side. Occasionally we came across tricky patches where the old road crossed the site of the proposed one, and once I recall I could see nothing out of the windscreen, even by peering over Gonser's shoulder, yet he drove at about 40 mph and seemed to know exactly where to twist the wheel.

We reached Route 2 at Larrimore, where we stopped for petrol. I got out of the car, and my teeth started to chatter. A few hours ago the heat had been unbearable, and now the cold was similarly so. I marvelled at the sudden contrasts. The petrol attendant, who was polite almost to excess, told us that tornado warnings had been broadcast on the wireless. The wind was at high velocity, and as we drove westwards, it seemed to build up like an invisible wall in front of us. How the car was kept on the road I do not know.

I peered out of the window on my left, straining my eyes, and all I could see was the white line in the middle of the road..the driving was of such a high order that the white line didn't ever waver towards or away from me..and I guess this sort of hypnotised me..my eyelids became just too heavy..and no amount of mental control would avail against the inevitable.

I didn't want to, but I fell asleep, and such a deep, comfortable sleep it was.....

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I woke up again, and it was light. I'd slept for quite a long time. Toskey was at the wheel, and the car was still bowling along at about 70 mph.

I asked where we were, and Toskey said we were dead on schedule, and that we were in Montana. This historic name made the blood surge in my veins. I knew from my study of Indian lore that Custer had his Last Stand somewhere in Montana, although I sensed it was a couple of hundred miles south of where we were travelling.

Gonser was asleep next to Toskey, and Wally Weber, always so quiet and polite, was still somewhere amongst the angels. He was really getting his share of sleep, but I realised later, after we left Helena, that it was probably to some sort of pre-arranged plan, because he took over the wheel and kept there for a considerable time..but I'm

getting ahead of my story.

It was cold outside, as I discovered by opening my window the slightest bit, but looking behind me, to the east, I saw a red glow in the sky..a cloudless sky, and I knew it was going to be one warm day.

The scenery was just wonderful. I know I've used 'wonderful' so much in this story, but believe me, everything was just that. The car was whizzing along a deserted road, the countryside was flat and brown, and I had the hell of an appetite. Toskey was as competent behind the wheel as Gonser, in fact, his mathematical mind seemed to control the technique of his driving, every turn seemed to be made with an invisible compass, and when the road was straight, Toskey drove as if he'd bolted the steering wheel into place. America, I feel, breeds a super race of drivers..able to withstand the hypnotic urge which is surely a great temptation. The roads are so straight and the top speeds so consistent that it has always been remarkable to me that the drivers I was with in America, Messrs. Eney, Gonser, Toskey and Weber, could drive so many hundreds of miles along (to them) boring roads, and not make a single error which could be put down to inattention or tiredness. I always felt perfectly safe, even when we neared the 90 mph mark at night....

The sunrise was a blaze of colour, and I ogled both it and the transitions of colour which flashed across the landscape as the sun rose higher.

I looked at the sun and actually saw it break contact with the horizon.

We stopped for breakfast at a place called Malta. I don't recall what we all had, but I know I made a glutton of myself. Malta was about 180 miles from the North Dakota state line, and approximately 540 miles from Blanchard. We'd left Wrai well after 8 pm, and arrived in Malta at 7:30 am (on Wednesday 9th September) so our average speed was over 50 mph, and remember, as I've said so often before, that we made stops for gas, etc. For the record, after leaving Larrimore in North Dakota, we passed through the following places, Lakota, Devils Lake, Rugby, Minot, Stanley, Williston, and then over the state line into Montana and thence through Bainville, Culbertson, Poplar, Wolf Point, Nashua and Glasgow into Malta.

Gonser took over the wheel when we left Malta. The country was still essentially flat, and to the left, in the far distance, I could see mountains. We followed the railway line for some distance, and it suddenly occurred to me that in all my travels in America I had seen very little of the railroads.

As we drove further west, my heart literally leapt when I saw buttes rise up in the distance. We gradually neared them, a couple on either side of the road. My fellow passengers didn't show much interest, but to me there was something romantic and yearning about these isolate steep-sided hills. I always remember in some of the classic westerns, seeing buttes forming the background to the story. Perhaps they aren't called buttes at all, but I always call them that. To me, they typified the Wild West! I thought them most spectacular and colorful..the whole panorama of land all round us was brown, in the distance black mountains could be seen silhouetted against the horizon, and these buttes thrust themselves upwards from the earth..and to add to the picture, the brilliantly warm sun made the scene shimmer before my eyes. I'm not trying to be poetic about this picture I shall always have in my mind. I didn't even ask Wally Gonser to stop the car, so I could take a picture..because the snapshot would just be black and white, and it would spoil the memory of all this majesty..this solid, gripping vista....

We passed through Harlem and Chinook, and left Route 2, at Havre, a fairly big place..and settled for Route 87. The scenery was much the same, so much brownness, and hillocks here and there, and little shacks, and cars and other vehicles seemed few and far between.

All the time we were riding along, we talked. I haven't mentioned this aspect of our trip before. I asked a lot of damn fool questions, but I was trying my hardest to accumulate all the knowledge and lore I could. I asked the other three about all aspects of the American Way Of Life..economic..political..scholastic..crime..occupations..Indians..every thing which came into my head and interested me. They all answered, giving their own views and opinions. I'm sure I learned more in the Long Haul than many pupils would learn from a book in a year. I really began to feel that I understood

America and its fantastic variations..yet I was to see much more..

About 130 miles south of Havre we came to Great Falls. Apparently great big waterfalls were to be seen, but we hadn't the time...

After leaving Great Falls, and continuing southwest, we entered the most magnificent stretch of scenic beauty it has ever been my privilege to witness.

Look. That is not an idle statement. I've seen some gorgeous scenery in my life. People do say that the Coast Road from Belfast to Portrush, in Northern Ireland, a hundred miles or so of the beautiful County Antrim on the left and the Irish Sea on the right, is the nicest scenery in the world. I've done it many times. The Mountains of Wales, so mysterious and spectacular, get many people's votes. I've been there too. The Highlands of Scotland..purple with heather..yep..pretty good....the River Rhine in Germany, with the castles (schloss's) dozens of them, seemingly on every hill, overlooking the river..and the houses nestling on the river bank, and the vineyards....so OK, I've done it, from Konigswinter to Mainz....and it rates very high in my book..as do the moors in Devon and the lakes in Westmoreland and the windmills in Holland and the Mountains of Mourne in County Down and the little bays in the Isle of Man.....

But nothing, in my opinion, is as consistently magnificent as the 50 miles or so from Great Falls to Cascade.

For one thing, for a great part of the distance, the Missouri River meanders alongside the road. Sometimes it is on a level with the road, sometimes away below. The road follows the natural valley of the Missouri, and thus on either side of the road the ground rises. Tall dark green pine trees reach upwards, and fantastic rock structures jut out all over the place. In some places the pines are thick as can be, in other places fairly sparse. The road winds in places, is reasonably straight in others. And on top of all this, when we passed along Route 91 (we changed from Route 87 at Great Falls) the sun burned down, and here and there white clouds puffed about playing tag. We were all silent with wonder. Some of the surrealistic figures of rock drew excited comment, and even Gonser at the wheel, turning corners like mad, had to have a peep. I shall never forget it. Definitely an artist's paradise....or a haven for a business tycoon..or just somewhere to go to see that there must be a Divine Plan, or this just could not be possible.

We rose upwards after leaving Cascade, and my heart thumped once more as Toskey said we were less than 50 miles from Helena, where we were to meet SAPSite Walt Coslet.

And now I come to what I consider to be a miracle..a natural phenomenon which defies explanation. It cannot be attributed to my imagination, because each of us in the car felt the same thing..let me tell you about it.

Helena, roughly speaking in geological jargon, could be termed as being in a sort of basin, with high ground all round it, some considerable distance away, admittedly.

I said before, a paragraph or two ago, we were on high ground, over 5,000 feet high ...and the road suddenly swept down before us, and there, below us, was Helena. I could see spires and individual buildings..AND THE ROAD RIBBONED DOWN TO IT IN A DIRECT STRAIGHT LINE.

This is important.

I swear if I had got out of the car I could have thrown a stone into the middle of Helena, it looked so near, and yet a sign on the sign of the road said: HELENA NINE MILES.

THIS COULD NOT BE, I said to myself. It seemed fantastic. The others in the car seemed stunned. "I don't care what anyone says," said Toskey, getting aggressive. "That's not nine miles." I agreed with him. "It couldn't be more than two," I swore, "I can almost see the hands on the clock on that building."

The general consensus of opinion was that it was round about two and a half miles, AND NOT AN INCH MORE.

Gonser said he'd take a reading on the mileometer, and tell us exactly what it was. I'm serious now. At that spot, allegedly nine miles from Helena, I would have bet \$10,000 that it could not be nine miles, or even half that distance.

Gonser drove off, and Helena got closer and closer, and I could see people walking about, and it looked to me as if we were going to hit the town hall, and yet Gonser said that if the signpost was right, we still had eight miles to go, and then seven..and we

seemed to be up the main street and yet we still had six then five then four.....

Look. It was nine miles. Was it a mirage....?.....was it an optical illusion, accentuated by the haze caused by the strong sunlight? I don't know what it was..all I can do is reiterate that all my senses told me it couldn't be nine miles, and yet it was..the signpost said so, and the car reading confirmed it.

We were in Helena, anyway.....

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Helena's main street seemed just the same as many of the other towns we'd been through..except the atmosphere was somehow different. People who've been to London know that as soon as they step off the train, an atmosphere that is London settles over them like a cloud. (As an aside, if you're in Punxatwaney and haven't a snowflake's chance of ever getting to London, get a record of Elgar's Cockaigne Overture and play it, it'll save you the trip!) I reckon if I was blind-folded, I could tell whether I was in London, or New York..or Helena. I don't think I can describe the Helena atmosphere..perchance smug..a faint suggestion of superiority..anyway, I don't care what anyone else says, Helena has something.

Gonser drove us to Walt Coslet's house..he knew the way,the three of them had called en route to Detroit a few days previously.

The house was on a higher level than the town, and was fairly big.

Walt Coslet, I saw, was small, slightly plump, with spectacles.

He took us into the house, and the big room we were in seemed to have an excess of furnishings, reminding me of an antique shop in Tunbridge Wells. Walt guided us into another room, filled from top to bottom with books. This, of course, was typically fannish at first sight, but the books were all Bibles.

Now when I was young I was sort of forced into religion by my mother. One of my possessions with which I wouldn't part actually is a bible, given to me by my mother when I was confirmed into the Church of England in 1939. Since I was about sixteen years old, however, I got to thinking about things, and my resultant enthusiasm for church parades in the army was only a means of avoiding 'fatigues', or, I think the American equivalent is, 'K.P.'

I must confess I felt rather strange being surrounded by bibles.

Walt asked me if I'd write something for his SAPSzine, which, strangely enough bears the title THE BIBLE COLLECTOR, and I of course readily agreed. I sat on some really thick bibles, rested the typewriter on a massive one, flexed my fingers, and without the slightest prompting a plot came into my head and I rattled off three stencils in a short time. The others seemed bewildered at my speed..but, modestly, I must confess there was nothing to it. I had so much in my head that I could have stopped there a week without lifting my fingers from the machine!

We went out on the lawn, which was ankle deep in grasshoppers..BIG grasshoppers..and Walt's little son came out to play, too. He was perhaps two or three years old. He was watering the lawn with a long hose pipe, and I stared fascinated as he stuffed the end of the pipe down the front of his little trousers. Walt picked up the little boy and took him inside to get wrung out, and I rolled up my shirt sleeves as high as they would go, trying to get all the sun I could. Because the sun was just about the hottest I've ever known it..and although the sun did its best every single day I was in America I rarely got the chance to let it work on my pigments. Walt told us a little of Helena's history. He said it was an important mining town in the last century. He said lots of big strikes were made in the vicinity, and, underneath Helena, the ground was riddled with tunnels, and in fact, it was the usual thing for a house to fall down every so often, caused by tunnels collapsing.

Walt said he had to be at his office fairly soon, but offered to take us round the museum. I was thrilled with this..he said the museum dealt with Indian Lore, and with Helena's history..and he hinted that, a few score years ago, things had been tough in Helena...

I am glad to report that the museum was all that Walt had promised. The building was beautifully clean, and the exhibits were attractively arranged. I pressed my nose to the glass showcases and lapped everything up like a thirsty dog. I was literally jumping with enthusiasm.

One minor incident occurred. I went to the desk where the attendant was, and selected a few picture postcards to send to my family and friends back home. I selected half a dozen, crossed to a table, wrote clever quips and the addresses on them, when Toskey came up to my elbow. "Er, have you, er, paid for them yet?" he asked tactfully. Of course, I hadn't..I felt a real idiot and went back to the desk and told the attendant, who had narrowed his eyes, that I wanted to pay for the cards. I stressed my accent to show I was a visitor, and thumbed my bracers to show I was a provincial and he accepted my cash without a word. I'm sure there would have been much jubilation in fandom if I'd appeared at the local court for swiping six postcards, although I was quite innocent.....in my excitement I'd picked 'em up and walked away to write on them without a thought of mundane finance in my mind. That incident set me to thinking, though. As most of you know, I am a member of the constabulary here in Northern Ireland, and almost every day I examine fingerprints of unfortunates who are up for shoplifting. Most of them are hardened criminals, of course, but occasionally one hears about respectable people who are hauled up for taking small things like handkerchiefs without paying ..and it has occurred to me that a small percentage must have made an innocent mistake, like I did. It makes ya think.....

I must take up a paragraph to describe the futuristic posting arrangements in this museum. Running from the ceiling to the floor in the corridor was a transparent fixture about six inches wide and two inches deep. At eye level was an inlet about an inch wide. I stuffed my cards in this recess one by one and they disappeared downwards at 32 ft. per sec. Presumably there was a chap below holding a sack. Some job.

After a most enjoyable half an hour, Walt took us outside again, and we drove to a garage where Wally had left his car for a check up..something to do with having half of North Dakota mixed up with the cylinders and things, a souvenir of our cross-country ride in search of Wrai's place.

Walt advised us to walk around for an hour, and he'd meet us again at such and such a junction and take us to the garage to pick up Wally's car.

We said 'cheerio' to him, and we meandered up and down the main street in Helena, which, and you'll never credit this, bears the romantic name of 'Last Chance Gulch'. Heck, I loved it..I let my mind slide back about sixty years, and I could almost see the grizzled miners with their pack ponies loaded with gold dust staggering up the street, looking for somewhere to hitch-up and get hitched-up. Then Wally Weber said something about us all having Vanilla Flan, and that spoilt the illusion!

The local paper was being hawked about, and I bought one and saw that someone had shot his wife that very day in Helena....

I noted that quite a percentage of the Helena populace...mostly the young men, fancied themselves as cowboys. It was fascinating to see them strolling up and down 'Last Chance Gulch', with clean stetsons on, and check shirts and shin-length riding boots, and kerchiefs round their necks. They swaggered, as if they did have a couple of colts at their hips. And they spoiled the whole thing by stopping to look in the windows of F. W. WOOLWORTH! Like I said, this Helena, it's got something!

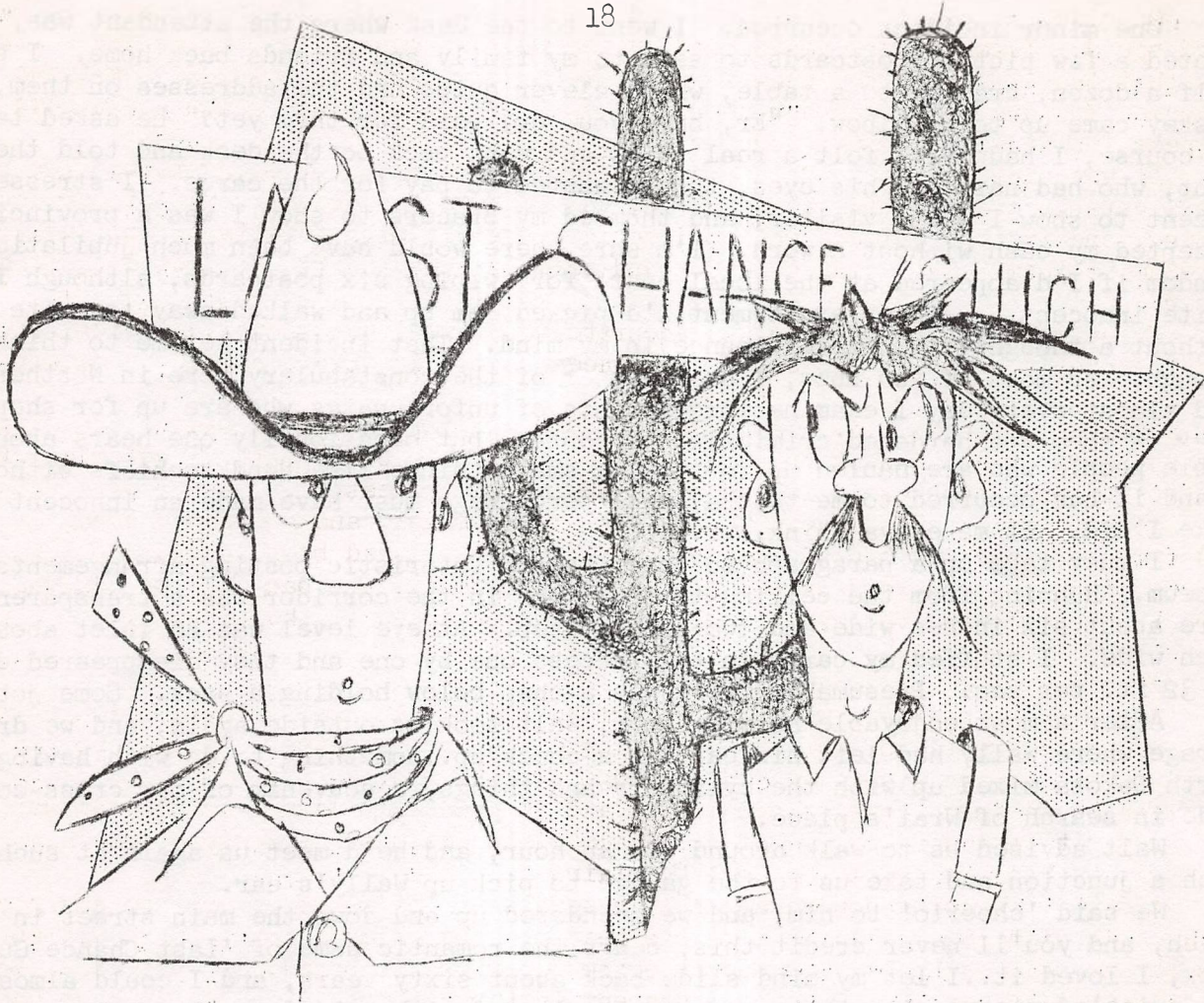
Walt showed up on time, and drove us to the garage. Wally's car was ready, and we said goodbye to Walt, and climbed in. Walt gave me a sub to RETRIBUTION, and we drove off. The last I saw of him was a little figure, with the rocky hills miles away in the background forming a back-cloth.....

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"We're going to a place which'll suit you," the others told me. "You're interested in the old west, well, just a short distance from here is a really accurate replica of an old western town."

This proved exactly right. The road from Helena to the west rose steeply, and we had only driven a very few miles when we swung to the right, and, in front of us, stood a real frontier township. A stockade of logs surrounded the place, and a tower, also made of logs, stood at the left. I half-expected John Wayne to pop up and let loose a few rounds with a muzzle-loader!

We parked the car outside, and sauntered warily through the open log gate. Toskey said there was a price for admission, and this was confirmed by a notice board. We stood there ready to pay, but no one came looking, and after waiting there, keen and



dying to pay, for at least five seconds, we decided they were going to let us in for free, and we hunched into the township. Man, this place was the works. I know fifty little boys who would have stood there with eyes glistening at the hard road, and the hail and the saloon and all the other buildings, all made of logs, which one would associate with a frontier town. Look. I let my mind wander again..I pretended to myself that I just come in to sell a few pelts, and Bronco Toskey, Chuck Weber and Hawkeye Gonser were going to help me shoot up the town afterwards. I needed mighty little imagination.. just to stand there did the trick without the slightest effort.

"Let's go in the bar," drawled Gonser out of the corner of his mouth, and I fancied, for a moment, that his right hand strayed just that inch towards his thigh, as though to make sure his Colt was loose in the holster.

Inside the bar, I honestly did think I was a cowboy, and all my life before had been a long dream. The barman was exactly as he looked in all the western movie classics. There were spittoons on the wooden floor, and a long rail about nine inches off the ground, along the side of the bar, for a foot rest. The barman even spoke in a drawl, and when he put his hands down behind the bar there seemed a fifty-fifty chance that he would snap up with a sawn-off shotgun.....

Another thing, quite a number of the guests were dressed as cowboys, and some of them even had guns at their waists. I was afraid to look at anyone in case I was asked to draw.....

We went to a souvenir shop, and looked round for a time. I purchased a silk headscarf for my wife, with MONTANA plastered all over it, and all sorts of cowboy paraphernalia painted on it too, and Diane still wears it (I'm writing this just before Christmas, 1959) and I'm mighty proud when I see people looking at it, and I feel like going up to them and telling them confidentially out of the corner of my mouth that... "I've been there, y'know, pard."

Outside, it began to get dark, and I could see the boys were anxious to be home-ward bound. I was hungry again, and by the way the boys were licking their lips I could see that they too felt the pangs. Wally Weber suggested stopping at the first snackery we came too, and after another short drive we came to a place which would have been more at home inside the frontier town we'd just left.

It was nice and warm inside, and the woman behind the counter looked the homely type, capable of preparing a mean steak, and we gave our orders. Whilst our food was coming, and it took quite a while, I noticed a shelf with fossils on it, and went over to examine them. The woman came out and said her husband had collected them; he was a miner.

My appraisal of the woman was accurate. Our meal was plentiful, rich, wholesome, and reasonably cheap. We cleaned our places so nicely they'd have done credit to a detergent plug.

Outside, it was cold....a biting cold....and for the first time I could recall, I put my Harris tweed jacket on, and snuggled up in the back seat. I asked how far we had to go, and Toskey said it was about 750 miles to Seattle.

It grew dark, and darker, Toskey was at the wheel, and we roared along just as we had done for the previous 52 hours.....well, the meal had been large, and I was happy, and had seen so much..and it was dark anyway..and say, the back of the car was so comfortable that I wondered why I'd always preferred a bed in the past.....

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A squeal of brakes woke me up.

And for the next few moments (before I fell asleep again) I was privileged to witness a superb example of the co-ordination of man and machine. Wally Weber was at the wheel of the car..his car..and it seemed a part of him.

The squealing of brakes continued, and it gradually dawned on me what was happening.

I don't know how long I had been asleep, but we must have crossed some high ground. In fact, we had navigated the Rock Mountains.

And we were going downwards along a series of 'S' bends, steep and sharp ones, which Wally took with impeccable skill. His head and body didn't move, there was no ostentatious showmanship as he twirled the steering wheel in his hands, he just made the car do exactly what he wanted. On such a descent in the daytime, I think I'd have had my finger nails chewed down to the first knuckle..on second thoughts, not with Toskey, Gonser or Weber I wouldn't, but at night, at first consideration, it would appear that the descent, at speed, would have been even more nerve-racking.

Far below I could see the lights of car approaching us on the climb, and the twisting movements of these headlights showed better than anything else in the darkness what great skill was required to keep to the road. Gradually, the lights came nearer, and whoosh, the cars were past us, but even with the sudden burst of headlights in his face, Wally Weber deviated not one iota. The brakes squealed as he swung round a corner, and squealed again as he immediately swung the other way, but I yawned, curled up in my seat, and closed my eyes again.

Greater faith had no fan.....

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"We're at Ritzville," said Wally Gonser, shoving an elbow gently into my ribs.

I shook my head to bring myself to the required dimension.

Ritzville meant nothing to me.

The others got out of the car, and I stretched (and believe me, it was sheer luxury of movement) and staggered out too.

It was cold, and the stars seemed so near I could touch them. And I wondered what was special about Ritzville to get us all out of the car at 'What time, Tosk?' crikey, at 4:30 in the morning!

Where was Ritzville, anyway?

Whilst I'd been asleep, we'd been in three states. We'd followed Route 10 from Helena, through Garrison, Drummond, Missoula, Superior and St. Regis and then we left Montana and passed into Idaho.

We crossed Idaho via Mullan, Wallace, Kellogg, Coeur d'Alene, and so into Washington State. I was asleep when we passed through Spokane, a pretty big place, and through

Cheney, and Ritzville came next.

This distance was just about 390 miles, which made our average speed from Helena over 50 mph...

Toskey told me that Wally Weber's folks lived at Ritzville, and that we were going to wake them up. We crossed a lawn to a big-looking bungalow, and Wally duly hammered on the door. There was a pause, then the lights went on one by one, and a big man in a white vest came to the door. He bellowed a greeting, and we went in one by one.

The bungalow was delightfully furnished. Wally introduced us to his father, and then his mother made an appearance too. Neither Mr. or Mrs. Weber seemed the slightest bit surprised at being wakened at such a horrible hour, and they bade us all make ourselves at home.

I collapsed into an armchair which was so comfortable it was a strain to keep my eyes open.

Wally talked a great deal to his parents, and his mother went out and soon I could smell the delicious odour of food...good food...wafting into the room. Mrs. Weber prepared the table, and spared nothing. The feed at Wrai Ballard's I've already enthused about; this was equally good. I was starving with hunger. Sitting at the back of a car for over 50 hours does that to you, you know!.....

Mr. Weber prowled about with the coffee, and filled cups up without the slightest provocation, and Mrs. Weber waved a hand over the table giving us carte blanche, and I fear once again I gave the impression that I was a glutton looking for a chance to exercise my jaws. Mrs. Weber also introduced me to cantaloupe for the first time. I was going to make a pun about my previously thinking that a cantaloupe was something with long twisted horns which pranced about in woodlands, but I thought better of it..I mean, these people were good to me, and, even wit out considering that, it was five am, and folks find it hard to control themselves at such an unearthly o'clock!

But all good things soon come to an end, and after being at the Webers' for just over an hour, the relentless journey had to continue.

We piled into the car again, with Wally Weber still at the wheel. Instead of continuing along Route 10 and taking the direct route to Seattle, we cut southwest along Route 395. The boys said the general idea was to take me through an Indian town, and to approach Seattle from the south, through the very beautiful Mount Rainier National Park.

As we progressed along Route 395, the ground gradually levelled out into big brown plains, with just the blue ribbon of road bisecting it. For dawn came again in all its splendour as we whizzed along, and once again I was treated to an out-of-this-world series of colour transformations, like the result of a Walt Disney staff artist going berserk with his pot of paints!

We passed through Connell, swung west at Pasco to Kennewick and joined Route 410, thence through Richland, Grandview, Sunnyside and Yakima. I have a note in my papers that we passed through Yakima at exactly 8:30 pm on Thursday, the 10th of September 1959.

Somewhere along the run between Grandview and Yakima we inspected the Indian town, called Wapato.

I must confess to sincere disappointment.

It was exactly the same as any other township, one of the hundreds we'd passed through. There was literally nothing to distinguish it. Admittedly, I did see some young boys and girls, who Toskey and Co. assured me were of pure Indian blood, and they were, physically, different from all the other various-hued people I had seen on my travels in America. But the boys had leather jerkins, just like any other American boys, and the girls wore jeans and pony tails. The same cars were outside the same houses and the same television aerials pointed skywards and the drug stores were the same.....

If I had not been told I'd been through an Indian town, I would not have known. I must confess that I didn't expect to see wigwams and totem poles and scalps hanging out to dry...but I did have high hopes of snatching a fleeting glimpse of a feathered head-dress, or a pair of moccasins, or even a suit of buckskin...even if it was only one man dressed up to display to the tourists. But not even that, I'm afraid.

.....

.....

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH)

SOMEHOW I JUST
KNEW I HAD TO
FIT INTO
FANDOM. I
WANTED SO MUCH
TO CONTRIBUTE
SOMETHING
TO POSTERITY
SO....



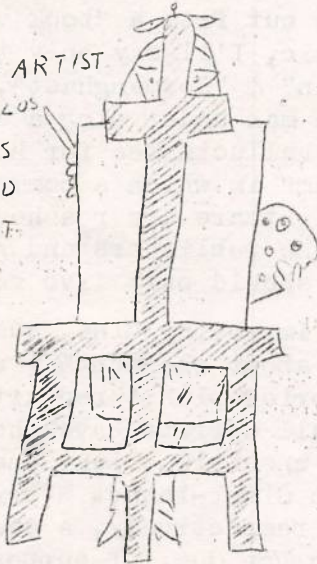
I BECAME A WRITER:
I WROTE FAN-FICTION
PARODIES & POEMS.



BUT EVERYONE
SAID IT WAS
CRUD & NO ONE
WANTED TO PUB
IT.



THEN
I BECAME AN ARTIST
I DREW ILLUS
& CARTOONS
AND I DID
SPACE ART.



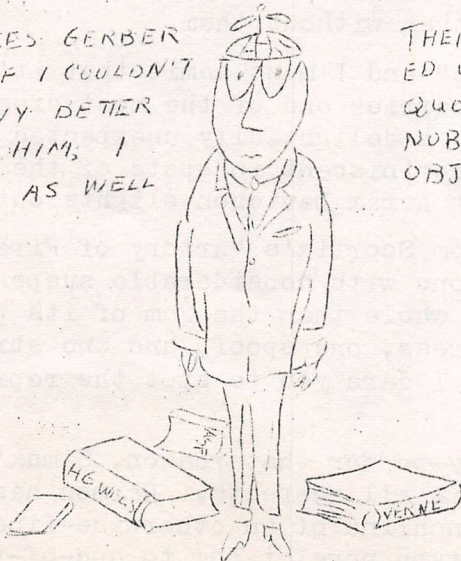
BUT,
NO ONE LIKED
IT. EVEN BRUCE
PELZ TURNED
IT DOWN.



THEN I TURNED
TO REVIEWING
BOOKS & PRO-
ZINES.



BUT LES GERBER
SAID IF I COULDN'T
DO ANY BETTER
THAN HIM, I
MIGHT AS WELL
QUIT.



THEN I START-
ED WRITING
QUOTE CARDS &
NOBODY
OBJECTED.



I THINK I'VE
FINALLY FOUND
MY NICHE IN
FANDOM.



J. Les Paper

The Plow Turns Over A New Leaf

by Renfrew Pemberton

Since the Bicycle used up all the space intended for Plowing, let's put on our other hat, a fresh stencil, and our usual ludicrous pretensions of omniscience, and see what's doing in and around the Field.

We have the first issue of ~~Astounding~~^{analog} or ~~Analoging~~ (dated Feb): it reads about the same as did its predecessor. Campbell writes his own article this time, on the Land Color Process, reporting personally-conducted experiments on various aspects of the SciAm article. I'm not a home-darkroom photo-bug, so the details of developer-fluid and etc didn't send me very far, but the rest of it went well.

Middle section of Harrison's "Deathworld" takes an interesting twist. Mack the ~~Reynolds~~ postulates a Cold War that's friendly at the Summit but dire to the public, for reasons that are all too believable. Budrys' 2nd "Atlantis" piece makes a lot more sense than the first one did, and Shades Of Artur Blord. Darrell Langart and Murray Leinster (the one who isn't Will J Jenkins) illuminate various psi-aspects. And Cal Knox continues the ~~Apollyon~~ Horseplay on the Moon series. Alligators, yet.

The most unusual story in some years is Ward Moore's "Transient" in the February Amazing: 80 pages of fairly-small type-- may or may not be cut from a "book version". Since Ted White has 6 pages coming up in Yandro on this epic, I'll say only that it compares to "The Circus of Dr Lao" and Peake's "Titus Groan" & "Gormenghast", and reads much like an unedited version of the inner experiences of a man undergoing a schizoid "break" during which his entire subconscious boils up and hallucinates for him. The first part is a perfect dramatization of the "anxiety dream" in which a commonplace event gradually goes more and more wrong^{as} the fringes of nightmare are reached.

Mainly, you should forget all about past follies of the publishers and get that Feb Amazing and read this thing of Moore's. Paul Fairman should only live so long...

Fantastic Universe draws honors for the most rapidly improving zine, just now. I wasn't enthusiastic about the size-change or optimistic about the monthly schedule, but I'm happy to be proved wrong. For Feb, FU has six stories plus three articles as such and two fannish items. J T McIntosh and Mister Randall Garrett have the good subtle tricky problem-pieces; Mister David Gordon has the unsubtle tricky one. Howard Fast performs the impossible by writing the Thinking Man's Giant-Insect Story, and a couple of new names like Cluff and Rosenquest contribute, respectively, a seagoing fantasy and a rather solid depiction of the Guinea Pig Who Won Out. I suppose it was inevitable: next month FU starts a serial: Fred Brown's "The Mind Thing". Let's hope it will be of the quality of his mystery novels rather than that of his previous s-f serial "Martians, Go Home". Hope Ivan Sanderson is correct about Abominable Snowmen; the world would be much more interesting with them than without them.

F&SF for March is subtitled the "All Star Issue" and I must admit that it's not idle chatter. Poul's "The Martyr", for instance, carries one of the most crushing punchlines ever. John Collier's "Man Overboard" has a delightfully unexpected (but so right) ending. Simak has a very good robot story, reminiscent in spots of the "City" series. Bradbury, Sturgeon, and Sheckley do OK, but Avram Davidson slights out.

Science Fiction Stories, for March, features Tom Scortia's "Artery of Fire", which combines several good established extrapolations with considerable suspense-type Action and a psychological punchline for a bit less whole than the sum of its parts. The shorts: one outre-offtrail, one psyche-under-stress, one spoof, and one straight oddity (McLaughlin, Wilhelm, Morley, and Raymond). I dare you to spot the reprints before seeing the credit-lines.

The March IF is 2 weeks old and hard to testify-to for that reason. Simak's "Gleaners", a time-manipulative bit, is the leader in all respects. Harmon has a fine confusing odd one. Ray Russell poops out on the punchline of an otherwise-fine item. Four OK-but-not-outstanding shorts and one similar-type novelet bow to end-of-page, since there may or may not be another page on this two-shot appearance of the Plow.

OK, to bring the pagecount out even on the backcover:

The world hasn't really come to an end; it only seems like it, when two of the top item of the month appear under Ziff-Davis auspices. Not content with presenting Hugo-bait such as Moore's "Transient" (which is actually closer in mood to "Boy in Darkness" than to the other two Peake items, cited), Cele Goldsmith leads off the Feb Fantastic with Frank Herbert's "The Priests of Psi". Now here is one that fits my feelings of what a psi-piece ought to be: full of speculation as to the nature of psi (dramatized, not drily lectured), and stimulating to the intellect and imagination. Also, I like the nature of Herbert's guesses; they seem to fit, in many respects.

The story is not perfect. The protagonist is too needlessly smart-aleck for too much of the continuity and sometimes inappropriately. However, this may derive from the story's other flaw: it reads as if it has been cut heavily in order to meet zinc space requirements, and if so, I would very much like to see the section that's missing here; hope a full-length book-version appears. But with these faults, I see no single item except for Moore's piece that beats "Priests of Psi", this month.

Also, seven shorts, ranging from 5 to 20 pages: Leiber, Leinster, Mary Armock, quite good; Bunch, Solomon Scheele, Porges, J Harvey Haggard, mostly routine.

Amelia here (~~By~~ Pemby hasn't read this one). Science Fantasy for February leads off with "Sound-Sweep" by J. G. Ballard, a poignant, strange, mood-creating fantasy. It's all sort of new and full of Sense of Wonder. The other novelette is J. T. McIntosh's "The Ship From Home." It's reminiscent of his F&SF piece of some years back in that it deals with differences between human beings, who have mutated divergently on divers planets. Whether it fits into the same Scheme of Things or not, I don't know. It's real typical J. T. McIntosh--if you like McIntosh (as I do) you'll like this one. Ooog--after swearing to Pemby that I'd read this zine (& I really thought I had) I see I read only the two novelettes, which comprise 70 of the 111 pp. I didn't read "Not A Sparrow Falls", by W. T. Webb, because it looked like a refugee from Galaxy, and I didn't read "Suspect Halo," by Clifford C. Reed, because I read a halo story all too recently in F&SF and didn't like it. & I didn't read the Moskowitz article because I never read articles about prehistoric stf. Perhaps these **three items are very good**. In any case, the two novelettes make the zine worth getting. The Ballard piece in particular--offtrail and like wow. ((And like ~~1/1/1/1/1/1~~ Amelia isn't au fait with this typer any more, it seems. All that corflu...))

OK, Galaxy, Apr: GOSmith's 46-page novella suffers from a trick punchline laid on with complete disregard for the ethics of coincidence-stretching. Of 3 novelets (22-27pp), Earl Goodale's "Success Story" is a terrific spoof of Heinlein's ~~1/1/1/1/1/1~~ "Starship Soldier" (ohmighod the typo I almost made there!); the protagonist is an average cowardly goldbrick drafted into the Armed Forces of a dictatorial alien empire that invades Earth, and the Heinlein version of Basic Training is given the business, but good. I wonder if this one was written to editorial request. Then we have Cordwainer Smith's "The Lady Who Sailed the Soul", enjoyably offtrail as expected but marred by a superfluous sequence tacked on at the end. Then there's Leonard Rubin's "Don't Look Now", the second-worst story Galaxy has ever printed: incoherent, patchy, frenetic, and slight. Sorry to have to be so rough on a new name, when it's the editor's fault for letting it by in this form and condition.

The shorts: Simak (with a croggling indeterminate ending) and Fred Brown are on the solid side; St Clair sort of cotton-candy; Stammers could use some tightening.

This month's Big Picture: F&SF leading, but somehow not by so much as you might think. aSF still slumping due to Too Much Message, but still in first-ranked group. FU (better budget, with new publisher?) in first-ranks (this month, anyway) for first time since the 50¢ issues. Amazing & Fantastic very close to first-ranks on the strength of fine individual presentations recently, at least. Science-Fantasy also a top-ranker. SFS & Future handicapped in getting out of second-ranks by low budget; Galaxy and If second-ranked by rarity of items with Content and Impact, and abundance of really slight works. New Worlds (the UK version; haven't seen Hans') second-ranked here by reprint-content & B-grade lead stories, SFA similarly. And not one crudzine! --RP

MINUTES

MINUTES OF THE JANUARY 3, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

Due to the fact that the Seattle Science Fiction Club was holding elections for the coming year, and were wanting as many members present as possible, the Nameless Ones held their meeting first this time. The meeting was called to order at 8:31 PM by President F. M. Busby, and the first thing on the agenda was the reading of the minutes of the last meeting. Our sterling Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Wallace W. Weber not being in attendance, being on a trip to Canada after some rum for the Busby's, the minutes were read by the official BEM, Jim Webbert, from the page printed in the January TENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE of the CRY, which had been assembled over the past month by the fearless CRYstaff, and completed only an hour before the scheduled time of the meeting, thus surprising the entire staff, who never expected to get it done in time. The aforementioned minutes were accepted (NOT -- repeat, NOT -- approved) as published, for once they have been published it is useless to try to get them changed. (Of course, knowing our Sterling SEC-TREAS, it is impossible ((and that isn't a plug for Toskey's old APAzine, either)) to get them changed, anyhow, once they're written).

Under Old Business, Jerry Frahm wanted to know if Guy Terwilleger, in Boise, Idaho, needed any help on the Westercon, to be known as the BOYCON, which is to be held there over the 4th of July weekend. We were informed that he is probably snowed under with advice, which is about all we could offer in the way of help, with the exception of memberships from the individual members of the club, in addition to the one taken out in the name of the club. (Any loot collected in advance by TWIG would be much appreciated in getting things organized.)

Mention was made by our esteemed President that a resolution may be offered for consideration at the BOYCON suggesting a rotation plan for the Westercon in the future. Seeing as most of the west coast fans live in California, with the exception of the Terwillegers and the Nameless and Don Day and company in Portland, the idea is that only one of each four Westercons should be held in the area north of the California-Oregon border, and the other three be held south of the line. It was moved and seconded that the Nameless go on record as being in favor of San Diego the the 1961 Westercon, in the event they place a bid for it. The motion was carried unanimously.

During the entire meeting, there was much going and coming by a Mr. Harry Kaplan, who had been brought to the meeting by Marge Wyman, and the only apparent reason for bringing him seemed to be so he could act as convoy/baby sitter/attendant for Linda Wyman, aged 3-1/2. Mr. Kaplan seems like a very agreeable man, and we would like to see him come back at any time. Even for the purpose of attending a meeting for real.

Then somebody goofed. Somebody brought up the subject of SCIENCE FICTION, of all things! In particular, the up-coming name change from Astounding Science-Fiction to Analog: Science Fact Fiction, and the article on plutonium in the latest issue. Re the name change, I think the best description of this is the one by Donald Franson, quoted in YANDRO -- "The change in name from Astounding Science-Fiction to Analog: Science Fact Fiction is the greatest idea since the Edsel." A short discussion was held on whether diamonds are organic or inorganic material, without a real conclusion being settled upon. The meeting was finally adjourned by the president at 9:06 PM, so that the meeting of the Seattle Science Fiction Club could be held.

Wally

MINUTES OF THE JANUARY 17, 1960 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES:

President F. M. Busby called the meeting to order at 9:27 PM. When it actually did come to order, he became power-mad and called for the minutes to be read (aloud). The Faithful and Obedient Secretary-Treasurer faithfully and obediently read the minutes (aloud) word for word, all the way through. Despite all this faithfulness and obedience, Elinor Busby was dissatisfied. She complained that reference to Toskey's defunct fan-

zine, Impossible, as an APAzine was an inexcusable falsehood. (To give her due credit, she was not so over-optimistic as to suggest the minutes be changed; she merely had the nerve to complain about them as they were.) The SEC-Treas could not see how she could be POSITIVE Impossible hadn't been an APAzine since she had not been active in fandom at the time Toskey had been publishing it, and what's more there was a perfectly reliable source (namely, the MINUTES under discussion) that stated Impossible really was an APAzine.

Before blood could be let, the mighty President changed the subject by calling for the treasurer's report. The stubborn, irresponsible Sec-TREAS refused to give the report, using the excuse that he hadn't the vaguest idea how much money was left in the club treasury, and since his private Christmas expenses had apparently been covered, he no longer really cared. (Actually this is not the complete story. Part of the trouble was that the President's supply of Captain Morgan Black Label Rum had been purchased in Canada with United States money and the Sec-TREAS was having trouble figuring the money exchange.) When pressed for some sort of estimate, the Sec-TREAS eventually guessed that maybe there was in the neighborhood of \$15 in the treasury, not counting the two sacks of Varda Pelter I.O.U.'s. (The Sec-TREAS does not permit Varda to reclaim the I.O.U.'s because they are so much prettier than the actual money.)

Ill-mannered Jim Webbert moved that the Sec-TREAS be censured for not keeping accurate books, but by this time things were too disorganized to obtain a second for the motion let alone vote on the matter, so the motion was merely adopted as a resolution by the chair, and anyone knows those resolution things never amount to anything anyway.

By this time it was after 9:30 and everybody was getting hungry, so the topic turned to how to obtain food for club meetings without bothering the treasury. Elinor Busby, who for all her unreasonableness earlier in the meeting, had been bringing refreshments to meetings without charging the club, and everyone thought this was a good solution to the problem. F. M. and Elinor seemed to think that an even better solution would be to have other members furnish the refreshments from time to time -- once each two weeks for example. Rose Stark was the first to break down, and she offered to bring something to eat at the January 31st meeting.

With this important step out of the way, President F. M. Busby turned the group's thoughts away from refreshments and brought up some business about conventions. Although this sort of thing was supposed to be handled by the Seattle Science Fiction Club, F. M. Busby (who is a mere, insignificant member in the SSFC) had forgotten to read an article by Howard DeVore telling how to put on conventions, and he was not about to forget it any longer. He read it (aloud) word for word all the way through, just as though they were minutes, except that the members all agreed with the article and thought that Howard DeVore was an exceptionally brilliant fan with exceptionally sound ideas. I figured as much as early as last issue, and THAT'S why you ended up in the WeAlsoHeardFroms last issue, Howard. -- WWW Not too much discussion was allowed on the article since the fate of the Seattle convention is largely (like 100%) in the hands of the Convention Committee that had been appointed by the Board of Directors of the Seattle Science Fiction Club. (This fabulous Convention Committee, in case you should care to know, consists of Jerry Frahm, who is the chairman, F. M. Busby, Jim Webbert, Wally Gonser, and Wally Weber, who takes clear, concise notes. It also consists of Elinor Busby, who feeds the Committee, and Burnett R. Toskey, who will make the contacts for printing progress reports and such, only Burnett R. Toskey will never admit he is on the Committee. He's shy since his APAzine, Impossible, folded.)

Since the convention is out of its hands, the members decided something should be done to while away the time at meetings. Jerry Frahm suggested that programs be planned to fill up the time when we had nothing else to do. He said nothing about actually having a program, but just that we plan for one.

This all sounded very fine, but to while away the time this particular meeting, the members decided to eat the refreshments that Elinor had brought, so the meeting was adjourned at 9:40 PM and the membership retired to the kitchen.

Wally

With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle
by F M Busby

It's been a good year for fan-travels. The Berry Fund succeeded overwhelmingly; TAFF went over the top so well and so early that now the push is on to bring a UKfan to Pitt rather than wait until 1961: nominees are Mal Ashworth, Sandy Sanderson, and Eric Bentcliffe.

But before considering the new campaign, let's look at the 1959 campaign. Don Ford is to be congratulated for winning it, and all three candidates are to be congratulated for coming through that long arduous period of suspense without flipping 100%.

Have you stopped to realize that Don, Terry, and Bjo were each and all left to hang on the hook for roughly fifteen months, on this deal? Now I don't know how you, dear reader (yes, even you with the egg on your collar), would feel about it, but for my part I would think long before letting myself in for any such Suspense Marathon. Why, for fifteen months these three people, their families, friends, and supporters in more of the casual-acquaintance category, have all been kept up in the air on the suspense as to whether each of the candidates should make big plans for a future big occasion or should simmer down and plan for continuation of normal activity. Rough.

Maybe I'm a little overboard on the subject, but I don't think it's a good thing for anyone to be in this kind of suspense-situation for so long a period of time. And that is why, with TAFF at its most successful point to date (plugging valiantly for two trips in the same year, and let's back that push), I feel that a couple changes are urgently needed before the '61 eastbound campaign starts.

I ~~shd~~ urge that (starting with the next eastbound campaign) the TAFF voting-period be confined to (say) a 3-month period immediately following the closing of nominations, and that the remaining time be devoted to an all-out fund-raising drive for the known-and-announced winner, along the lines of the Berry Fund campaign.

The Berry Fund demonstrated that fans are not bound to the four-bit thinking that has hampered TAFF because of the old mildewed fiction that fans are all broke and living out of discarded peanut-butter jars. Now, let's note that Bob Madle wanted to up the ante to a buck on this recent campaign, but hesitated to hold up production long enough to sound out public opinion. Let's also note that if anyone really can't afford a buck, he can't afford 50¢ either, and by this line of argument we'd have to sob in our caviar and allow anyone to vote for the price of a postcard. Well, that's a possible viewpoint, too-- but I don't care much for it; I'd sooner see the vote used only by people who cared enough about the outcome to put a buck or two (at least) into an envelope (which takes some deliberate effort to address), put a stamp on it, and get it in ahead of a reasonably-abrupt deadline, to put the candidates at rest.

It strikes me that the Berry Fund also demonstrated that people are more apt to pony up in quantity for a wholly-defined goal-- a known objective, by name... than for the indefinite concept of helping one of a group of possible winners. This is only my own theory; it may be correct, and may not; I'd like to see it tried-out, though, since it appears to figure, from experience.

Another needed change is toward a planned and announced schedule for nominations and voting, publicized well in advance. (Mind you, this is not a gripe against the current short-fuse nominations-schedule, which resulted from an unexpected early success and a reasonable amount of time for cross-checking before deciding to plunge for a PittCon TAFFrep; I'm thinking of the '56 and '58 campaigns, when announcements of nominating procedure were distributed just barely prior to nominating-deadlines.) A predetermined schedule would help considerably: more on this, later, perhaps.

((Looks as if we'll need another page, here; you can be taking a deep breath while I'm digging out another stencil, to appear across the way, with luck..))

OK, what would be a workable schedule? Let's say the goal is a matched pair of Trips, one each way, every two years; any fund-raising failure would naturally postpone the entire future schedule for one year, but let's figure on success. Consider 3 factors: (1) BritiCons are generally held around April, USCons in September; (2) For numerical reasons and those of current world economics, the major part of the loot must be raised from this side, so that (3) It's somewhat easier to put a westbound fund over than an eastbound one (in this respect, importing is more popular than exporting). So for these 3 reasons, a strictly-symmetrical schedule isn't practical, timewise-- almost but not quite. So let's try a sample schedule for size:

November-December '60 (& '62, '64, etc, throughout this discussion): nominations for the eastbound trip. Jan-March '61 (& etc), voting. March-to-ticket-deadline, fund drive for the happy winner. Nov-Dec '61, nominations for westbound trip, concurrent with windup of eastbound fund-drive if necessary. Jan-March '61, voting for westbound candidate. And so on. Naturally, money will be raised in the voting process, as at present; a rough report of the amount at hand and the amount needed should go out with the voting-results.

By now, figures should be available as to the costs of trips both ways; with these figures at hand, there's no reason why a particularly-successful drive can't bequeath a good head-start to its successor. (Hmm-- I think maybe this has already been done at least once, come to think of it.) At any rate, if TAFF funds can once get a bit ahead of the game, there'd be a cushion against ticket-deadlines, so that it would no longer be necessary to solicit votes/money from "unqualified" voters.

Now I promise you that anyone who raises the old "fanzine-fan/convention-fan" bit of mislabelling in comment on this piece will have that portion cut from his letter before it hits stencil: I hereby define a "qualified" voter as one who knows what he's voting on; the only "unqualified" voter is the one who knows only that he signed a piece of paper and gave that nice guy in the bar a buck, because it seemed to be expected. And let's don't be pointing any fingers just yet-- under the current setup, what faction in recent years hasn't hit up the unknowledgeable members of the local clubs or fringe-fan acquaintances on grounds of friendship and "it's a good cause"? It's been said that TAFF can't operate without this money. If so (and I doubt the statement), the answer is simple enough-- hit 'em up for funds after the vote and then (read on, dammit, before you start screaming) for their money give 'em a couple-three TAFFnewsheets plus a Final Campaign Report, so that the next year they'll be interested, "qualified" voters.

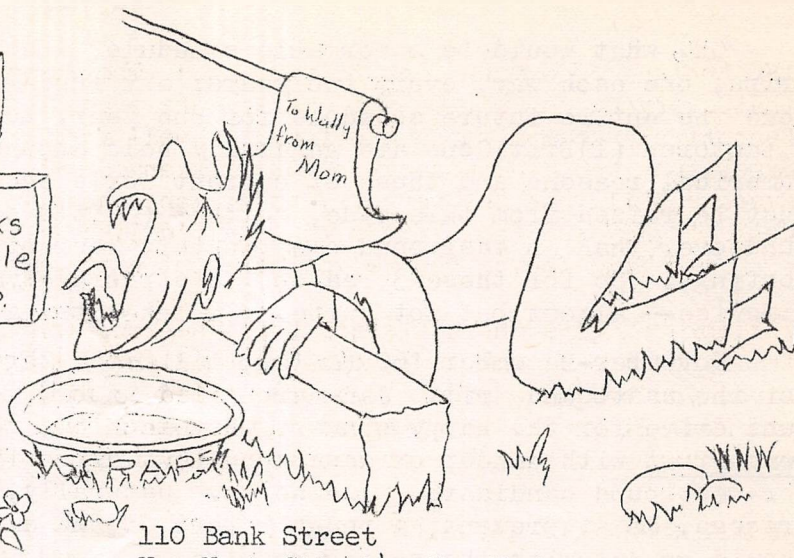
OK, that's it in a clamshell: Short, regularly-scheduled nominating and voting periods, well-publicized. Major fund drives after the voting, toward a known goal. Thus, elimination of doubtfully-qualified voters plus good chances of making Ignorant Contributors into Qualified Voters next time around. And, most important, making TAFF candidacy fun again, instead of the ordeal it has become in recent years. Well, while the specific timings suggested are of course purely tentative, the foregoing is just about the way I see it, for the best good of all concerned with TAFF.

In a way, it's wasteful to use space telling you all this, since after all you do not have a vote on it, any more than I have. Only two people may specify any conditions for TAFF; one of these is Ron Bennett, and the other is (or will be, shortly) Don Ford. (Oh, all right; I know he's been Don Ford all along; you know what I mean; quit clowning and wipe the egg off your collar). The point is, no change is going to be made in TAFF unless and until Ron Bennett and Don Ford are convinced that the change is desirable and acceptable. I've outlined the bulk of these suggestions to Don; haven't heard from him yet; I imagine he's fairly busy, right about now. But, keeping in mind that Don has done enough work and received enough complaints re that work for TAFF to last him quite awhile, so that (and as with most of us) suggestions are apt to go a lot further with him than are demands or ultimatums or such claptrap; how about letting Don know your attitudes towards these suggestions? Sort of a Poll, like, only without the work of printing and mailing out ballots? So, speak up.

- = - = - = - = - = - = - = - = - = -

CRY OF THE READERS

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REACH HARD, BARGE IRON

110 Bank Street
New York City 14, New York

Enclosed is another \$. I suppose you were well aware that you weren't losing a reader by filling out my sub with back issues. You knew that only an idiot wouldn't renew for the coming installments of "The Goon Goes West" and anyone who would send money to Cry might be a little dangerous with a meat cleaver, but certainly not an idiot. :: I must say that I am impressed with this fanzine of yours peoples. Since Burbee dropped Shaggy (or was it the other way around) such co-operative efforts have been singularly personalityless things. Only one gripe though, Elinor should have a page of her own every issue! For instance, in an effort to keep the Annish typical, Plow makes an appearance, but the only credit I see for Mrs. Busby is under stencil cutting: 38 pages! I think she should have the letter column back -- unless she begged out herself. :: #131: The Plow seems even more clipped than damon knight, though it's interesting in its own infuriating way. I haven't read any of the stories covered in the installments at hand. However, Cry was instrumental in prompting me to buy my first promag in literally about 5 years. I had to see Fantastic Universe to believe it. It was more fannish than Skyhook! What are pro-zines coming to when an editor makes casual references to Rick Sneary and Ted White? Whatever it is, I hope it's soon. I like it. Perhaps FU is really a slick fanmag -- it's so psuedo-Cambellian! :: I still think one of the best things Buz ever wrote is his letter of comment in Spectre 2. :: Liked Grennell's ruminations re olfactory responses being stimulated by memories. I don't find that this occures with me in reading. Often as not I'm concentrating on the disenchantment aspects of whatever I might be reading again. However, a record that carries me away can usually bring back uncanny perceptions of another time -- the awareness of the setting it was first enjoyed in. It's quite an eirie feeling to sense another room around you with its smells and expectancies from hundreds of miles away. :: #133: For Berry's information: the New York subway fare is 15 cents. "The Goon Goes West" is a wonderful account. The sections I've enjoyed the most were (1) the sights and sounds in New York City. There's nothing quite so fascinating as descriptions of things that are familiar by someone to whom they are new. (2) the fan-panel at the con, which I haven't seen adequately reported yet (haven't seen the Jan Fantastic Universe yet). Every account has been intriguing -- in that they left so much to be desired in information -- but Berry's is the best so far. It sounds incomprehensibly giddy: the panel addressing questions to the audience! (3) and the Big Name Hunt: the meeting with Harry Warner. :: Webber's Minutes remind me that I won't used to be the recording secretary of a 4-H club in Newport Vermont. Unfortunately I never realized my power -- the minutes were automatically published -- unscreened-- in the local newspaper. One time I embarrassed those members who had flunked a quiz by reporting their unpreparedness. Various families were furious at me. It might even be worth it to re-join that club sometime and burn Newport to the ground! :: Greater Andros island is on the cover of the Feb Fantastic Universe. :: I wondr if Berry was told (while he was taking that cruise around Manhattan) that a girl swam around the island last summer? ::

THE Annish: Too much fann fiction. :: The Berry report is in fine fiddle. It seems that everyone is worried that he'll make a botch of his speech. Willis, Berry, and Bennett all seemed to come off pretty well from published reports. It would seem that experience would do wonders. Actually anyone who can do one thing with greater than average skill has the capacity to do many another thing equally or better than passingly well if they put their minds to it. I'd like to have heard Bloch's first speech!

Fine fanmag you've got here but watch out for that Fantastic Universe!

Richard Bergeron

[Elinor can have the lettercol back when she promises to keep it from being as popular as the Minutes. :: FU is psuedo-Campbellian? Gosh, are you sure it's only been 5 years since you bought a promag? :: We tried to find out about Bloch's first speech, but Mr. and Mrs. Bloch Sr. won't agree on whether it was "Mama!" or "Dada!" In either event, it was obvious he would never amount to anything. --WWW/

UNIONS MAKE DOCK INJURIES ILLEGAL

85 Locust Ave.
Millburn, N.J.

Dear Town CRYers,

I thought the Bell Company was reissuing our telephone books when I got the latest CRY. I'm rather sorry there were no photos in this issue, as I was looking forward to them, but the splendid back cover just about made up for it. And the ATOM front cover was surprisingly different for him, not like the old ATOM, but like a new one. Could it be that ATOM has split?

That was a very imposing line-up too, like having all the old CRY-fen back for one last fling, it seems. Berry's report continues to progress along as one of fandom's most monumental epics. In fact, I think the writing in this episode was better than the preceding ones, or so it seemed. How come Berry hasn't sold any prozines stories yet? He certainly has the knack for it.

That Index to Cry should be an invaluable aid to completists, and may the listing be twice as long for the twentieth anniversary issue. Do you think you could stand it?

It's unfortunate that it has to take a special annish to get forth another column by Pemby. He should be kept as a regular no matter what. His comments on Analog were particularly interesting, and I'm waiting for the date when John Campbell will announce what a horrible mistake he made in changing the titles, and will switch back to the old Astounding. Or else, the only other alternative is that Astounding will become an all fact issue, and then the sf readers will drop it en masse. I think that the most definitive move Long John could take would be to change the title to PSIONICS STORIES, and then sit back and wonder why Ziff-Davis has gone out of business.

Campbell reminds me of Ray Palmer, in a way. Palmer was more of a seller and less an editor. He was the only ed I knew that reprinted old Shaver stories without giving any prior credit to them (one was even under a pen-name) as well as calling an 18,000 word story 30,000 words.

Leman's THE OTHER FANDOM has gotten me worried. You can never tell when Leman's Ghouls may appear. This may account for the magnificent masquerade costumes worn at the con, and maybe Harness had a reason for wearing the devil costume that Berry describes. And how safe will the food served at the banquets be--suppose someone spikes the punch bowl with truth serum and the fans go blurting out how much they really know.

For the info of Pemby and Don Franson, FANTASTIC UNIVERSE is the most exasperating magazine published. Ever since the first issue, when it progressed along as only a third rate zine, I could always get it around here. But now that it's gotten fannish, I can't find the damned thing anywhere, and I'm very interested in seeing it. This distribution problem is a mess anyway. American News knew how to do its job, but IND has a lot to learn.

Carrsville by Piper was a wonderful bit of humor, and I hope you can persuade the author to do more of these. Maybe it will be another "Face Critturs."

Comes the Revelation by Franson was very good, and I propose that the text of the play be delivered to some Broadway group for immediate showing.

LICHTMAN: It's invariable that every neo picks up the fan-lingo as soon as he becomes serious about fandom. I do not think all new fans should be shown copies of the NEOFAN'S GUIDE. That way they will latch on to the terms immediately, and use them just to show that they know these terms, instead of if they are called for. The best way to learn is through experience Bob, and it's the same with fandom.

FLASCA (Flask of bheer?) In the case of cartoons, I'll agree with you that very few are funny. And it isn't so much the joke as it is the character involved in the joke and whether they are truly humorous or not. Probably the best example of a funny strip is Charles Schultz's PEANUTS where the characters in it are genuinely humorous. This is due mainly to the way they look, with their innocent, likable expressions on their faces, and when Charlie Brown announces it's Beethoven's birthday, well now that is laughable, as is Linus who walks around with a blanket on his arm and his thumb in his mouth. Another factor is that many of the things they say are so uncommon for a youngster to utter, that this absurdity provides the humor. Another example is the Huckleberry Hound cartoon show on tv, which is probably the only funny cartoon show. I wouldn't say the Three Stooges possess much of their humor, and they are watched mainly to see one guy slap around the other two.

BROWN: There's nothing wrong with the CRY lettercol that a few good letters won't cure. I happen to like the way Wally handles it, and after all, this zine needs such changes at times.

I must argue your statement Wally, that PLANET STORIES was the only true sf mag published. PLANET STORIES had a habit of... /Sign off and turn in your typer, Mike. You are all through! --WWW/

SIN-cerely,

Mike Deckinger

/And if any more of you care to write letters downgrading PLANET STORIES' habits, there is room in the editorial wastebasket for your typers, too! # Fantastic Universe has come up with an ingenious solution for your problem with the newstand distribution of FU, and they call it, "subscribing," a corruption of the correct term, "subbing," stolen by FU from the fanzines like CRY which it is attempting to immitate. On page 3 of the January FU the claim is made that by sending \$4 to GREAT AMERICAN PUBLICATION, Inc., 270 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., you will have purchased a 12-issue sub. If you include your name and address, they will even mail your copies to you. They also claim you can get 24 issues for \$7 or 36 issues for \$9, but I don't know if you can trust a prozine to last more than 12 issues. They aren't dependable like fanzines, you know. -- WWW/

WOW, BUB, LIKE MAN!

6137 S Croft Avenue
Los Angeles 56, Calif

Happy Birthday!

I was just thinking, as I was trying to build up enough energy to attack the commenting of this Tenth Annish of CRY, that there's not many fanzines around that are as old. In fact, the only one I can think of that's older is (choke!) SFTimes, and that's burned out a long time ago, while the CRY is fresh and full of enthusiasm. And then there's.... well, there isn't, is there?....oh yes there is: Harry Warner's Horizons...it's even older than SFTimes, I believe. Goshwow!

The cover by ATom seems to suffer from a case of someone trying too hard to do a good job of stencilling it. It's not a particularly good cover for mimeo anyway; it'd look far better done up in shocking five-color ditto.

And now I've turned to the next page and I'm about ready to quit again. Good grief, that contents listing is twice as long as it should be. I won't grotch at all, Buz, for your cutting my contribution; if anything, it's improved (and since I didn't keep a carbon, I can't tell where you cut it), and thank you ever so much for changing several words in the last paragraph for me.

John Berry has written the best report yet of the Detention (and no doubt it'll be the best report to come out, period). I recall reading in Pot Pourri #2 or #3 (which?) the spot where John was musing on how he'd never been to a convention and how he'd like

to go and how he'd felt that all his fannish writing over the years was just warming him up for writing The Convention Report. And now he really has done it....this was truly a fabulous, marvelous (ghod, what hackneyed adjectives, but you get the point) report and no one will ever, ever equal or surpass it.

As for relating it to the Willis report of the ChiconII... well, I don't really think there's much comparison. The two writers have such different styles that any comparison between them is spurious. No doubt, though, in the future this will be the source of many fannish articles or natterings. Well, W*E know!

The Index to CRY is as monumental a work in its way as the Berry report was in its. At just a quick run-through I found only two errors (there must, just must be more!): one of them Don Durward will tell you about, I'm sure, and the other is the lack of mention of Wally's Detention report. As for the others, just check the lettersacomment as they come in.

Moffatt was very interesting. I'd never heard the story of The Fan Who Carried A Mimeograph With Him Wherever He Went and this made the item a piece of necessary reading. The FanCy II doesn't, I note, have anything on this, though, so I wonder if Len isn't spoofing us all.

Wally, you edited out the part where I asked you about the significance (if any) of the varying SEC-Treas, Sec-TREAS, Sec-treas, etc. So what is it, darn it!?

Seems Bob Leman has done quite a number of these fandom-isn't-what-you-think-it-is items lately. Nice to see Bob appearing again after he near dropped out of fandom due to his moving and all.

Foo, who would ever have thought that Les Nirenberg could be Dean A Grennell? I understand Franson did, but he must have been a minority of one. Personally, I now believe in Les (have for some time now) and think this is all getting a little silly.

I near croggled in disbelief when I got several paragraphs into Hal Lynch's story! Good Ghod, so this is the thing he postcarded me about! (Had received some card from him about how he wrote you-all about the TLoTR buz and all, but discovered you were wrong fmz and oh! all confused /maybe just me?/) Anyway, I dug this deeply though one of you should have corrected the spelling of my fanzine name, by Roscoe.

Terry Carr's column was quite up to his usual high standards this time. The punch-line about "There is nothing so dangerous as an enraged squirrel" was enough to send me in gales of laughter, and the rest of it was pretty darn funny too.

Feiffer imitation excellent: the end caught me entirely by surprise, and then I went through again and it was doubly funny. // Gerber on How To Write Faan-Fiction seemed a bit repetitive, but quite okay. // Nice to see the SForever column back for another go: this wasn't the best of the series, but the fan names made it a bit more fun. // Rapp brought up a good lpoint, but he didn't seem to go into the subject enough. // Wanschel was inane & ~~ridiculous~~, but fun. // Franson went just a wee bit too far with those character analogies. Ghoulson killed me(!). But despite the distractions, this was amusing enough. // Is Rich Brown (or is it supposed to be rich brown, like damon knight?) serious? I hope not.

Wally, it seems now that you always cut out before finishing your column. Why don't you turn over the lettercolumn to Buz all the way? I'm serious: a) you seem rather apathetic towards the job, what with cutting the letter to nothing, b) if you just cut some of the general material, you would have less to do, which c) would leave you more time to do more than your recent skimpy contributions to SAPS.

Norm Metcalf: Halliburton doesn't have competition from John Berry. After all, mundanes don't read Berry, nor do fans as a rule read such things as Halliburton (I skimmed one of his books many years ago, pre-fan, but nothing since by him or anyone in the mundane travel field).

Welcome Back, Rich Brown!! MFFYF! isn't so mystifying to me. Someone told me what it meant, so I can share the joke and great inner-circle-type esoteric humor in it. After all, what good is a mysterious symbol like MFFYF! if no one but its originator knows what it means?

Say, if Hans Santesson reads CRY, you might ask him why the issues of FU don't arrive on the stands in L.A. until some two weeks after they're supposed to. This is most annoying, but I suppose that if nothing is done I will adjust to it.

Les Nirenberg: write an article for Ethel Lindsay all about the Co-existence Candy Store. Send it to CRY so we can all enjoy it, of course.

Still and all, noting the bacover (which is just as good here as on TGSF and is probably the best Garcone work ever published), I think this just about completes comments on this giant CRY. Now to fall back and relax for a minute...

! oof !

Bob Lichtman

I believe SHAGGY was started before the CRY. And how about WHIZGIZZ ONCE-IN-A-WHILE? # In my secretary valence I am SEC-treas; as treasurer I am Sec-TREAS; as an officer I am Sec-treas; when any other version appears, it means I am a lousy typist. # I would turn the lettercol over to Buz if it wasn't for Buz turning it right back over to me. I've done it twice now in as many issues, and you see how far it got me. --WWW/

BOB'S MYTH

I Timor St.,
Puckapunyal, Victoria, AUSTRALIA

Dear CRYeds:

Some comments on 133 which hoveed into sight some days back:

I notice that Elinor's usually sane letter column has been handed over to a madman, but welcome, WWW...Wally, I also note you are inquiring about Frank R. Prieto...surely you do not mean the one that has a hand in SF TIMES? The only reply I can think of for your blurb beneath my letter in 133 is a rather perplexed "Huh?" Now that was a most interesting letter from Art Rapp on Heinlein's "Starship Soldier" and as a serving member of the Australian Army I found the yarn quite good, but, as Pemby says, it was minus a Plot. My main grievance is that Heinlein takes almost two-thirds of the combined Oct-November issues of my favourite magazine to get his Message & ideas across, presumably to the American public. I have passed this yarn around to various Army types, just to get their impressions of a sort-of story written by a soldier of the not-so-distant future, and most of them summed it up like this:- 1): No Plot, to speak of; 2): this is a gigantic recruiting ad; 3): all that 'service' slang and idiom gets on one's nerves after a while -- no one could be that much of a dill, they feel; 4): most agreed that the infantry man would still be top boy in future wars, whether limited or global or whathaveyou; Sure Art, you'd have a better army anywhere if the barracks were all burned down, but you'd also have a much smaller one too! You must have a certain standard of comfort in peacetime otherwise your ranks will be thinned, with less men reenlisting, less men joining; and your army will certainly be rough and tough if not very large. Comes the time for a war and the average soldier knows he's in for some tough training to prepare him to do his job, just as does the reservee who finds himself back in uniform for that specific reason, but you're not fighting wars all the time! Quite possibly men were too soft to take POW conditions in Korea and WWII, but isn't the U.S. Air Force rectifying that with these 'survival' and 'brain washing' training camps they have? I have spoken with ex-Japanese Army personnel who were captured by the Soviet in Manchuria, etc., and even they -- used to a rough life in the Army and in Japan -- had found POW life pretty rugged, and I don't have to tell you how rugged they could make a POW camp!

A good ish, with Berry at the top of his serious, honest form in "The Goon Goes West", and describing every step of his journey is the only way we unfortunates can get that true WorldCon flavour. FMB's 'pedalling' column was great, and we seem to have got around the lack of prozine reviews very nicely, what with him and Don Franson's Diggings. "Minutes" were hilarious (will that get me into the letter col, Wally?) as usual and I really enjoyed Terry Carr this time. That Jules Feiffer-type cartoon strip by J Les Piper (Hmm...now I get it...) was fabulous! Heh, heh, pore Les Gerber must "suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous nonsense!" Letter Col was illuminating, as usual, but methinks somebody ran amok with a blunt hatchet!

The 'time-lag' between CRY coming out and me finally getting same seems to be widening. Publishing the date of next ish does help to give me a rough idea how long I have to wait -- usually six or seven weeks!

'till the next CRY,

Bob Smith

/Frank R. Prieto has a hand in SF TIMES? What kind of cookie jar is SF TIMES? -- WWW/

IF THE TAD IS TOO NARROW, MAKE THE TAD
WIDER

107 Christopher St.
New York 14, N.Y.

Dear Crypiddle,

CRY's 134 and 135 here, and much appreciated. Since I borrowed 134 a while back in order to read the Goon Saga, and I'm not up to rereading the entire issue, the zine is none too fresh. About the only thing I'm moved to comment on is Terry Carr's FANDOM HARVEST -- which I freely admit is the one thing in every CRY (discounting the Berry report, which I trust won't become a permanent fixture, ala another trip/con report that's still appearing monotonously regularly) that I turn to first. It's true, I suppose, that Terry's writing style makes the column appear light to some of its readers (but not a couple of months back...!), but Terry does strike right to the heart of matters quite often, without anyone -- perhaps even Terry! -- realizing it.

Like where he refers to the Taurasi bid for the '64 Faircon. This has all blown over now; Hans Santesson managed to breathe a note of sanity into Taurasi's grandiose plans, and convince the Faircon committee that a regional con would be much more appropriate. But back at the November Phillycon feelings were running high. I was talking with the anti-Faircon contingent, and Bob Silverberg said, "I've been talking with Dave Kyle, and he's agreed to bid for the 1964 Worldcon." "What?" I said in my usual slow-on-the-uptake manner. "I talked Dave into entering a competitive bid for the 1964 convention," Bob said. We talked it over with the others, and everyone agreed that this was truly the best way to keep Taurasi from committing his fuggheaded plan in the name of New York City. I don't remember the details, but apparently the split bids from New York in the past were done for the same reasons, with Dave entering a second bid to scotch the first.

Now, please turn to page 53 of CRY 134, and read down from the top of the page... sound familiar? Terry was postulating what could be done, and he has uncannily recreated it almost exactly as we'd planned it.

The Tenth Annish is rather staggering in its bulk, but a little skimpier than I would have expected in material. This really seems like just an average issue of CRY, but a little larger -- or maybe like two average CRY's. There are little excellencies, like Nirenberg's "Carrsville", Terry's "Fandom Harvest", and several of the stories had cute points -- and of course the Berry Detention report -- but with the hurried presentation, typewritten titles and sloppy lettering-guided stuff, as well as a percentage of expendable crud, it doesn't strike me as did, say, the VEGANNISH, the QUANNISH, or the INNISH.

Still, I'm not griping. CRY has grown considerably in its standards.

"A Site for Sore Eyes" suffers I think from the same problems which plagued Bennett's Solacon report, and to some extent Willis' Chicon report. Up till the point of the con, the writer has been relatively (relatively, I said) unrushed, things haven't been happening with quite such machine-gun-like rapidity, and he's had a chance to sit down (as when travelling) and think things over a bit. The people he meets he will usually not meet in such a rush, and this allows him to get better acquainted with them. They're not thrown at him with quite the shotgun-blast that occurs when he walks into a full-blown convention. As soon as he is introduced into a convention, he feels he must get around, see as many people as possible, and he begins to stretch himself a bit thin. Thin in that no one gets to really know him, and thin also in that he forms only surface fleeting impressions of those he meets -- there are so many!

This is no criticism, because it seems to be a necessary evil. They feel -- rightly -- obligated not to let themselves be monopolized by one small group. They feel they must meet all the people who contributed to bring them over. They could feel no less. But maybe we should bring them over to a month-long con, at which there would be no more than, say, 20 fans at a time, so that they might not have to cram so much into so little time.

(Better, I'd say, to make the thing a round-the-country trip, perhaps climaxed by the con -- if only the representative had the time, and the Fund the money. These things don't seem to have easy solutions.) For the sake of future representatives, I hope we can find a slightly slower-paced way of exposing them to as much as we can...

As to the report itself, I'd like to go on record as one of those who thought John's Man With Chair idea was great. He shamefacedly confessed it to me at the masquerade, and I thought it was a pity he didn't go through with it.

The index was interesting. It certainly is comprehensive. Gee, even I am mentioned, with only two letters and a couple of times on a photo cover.

Moffatt's story was reasonably well done. Seemed a mundane adaptation, more than really intrinsically fannish, but there were some nice lines.

Leman's story I liked, though here again the rationale didn't get me nearly so much as the writing, which is really quite nice (sith some good subtle satire on the mundane equivalent) especially at the beginning.

The "Plow" seemed -- as usual, and thus, I guess, to be consistant -- rather rushed and hurriedly composed. I did enjoy, though, the analysis of Campbell's policies. They seem quite likely. I've grown increasingly suspicious of Campbell as an editor -- he seems to be going into editorial senility, and I hate to see him taking ASF with him. Trouble is, I've heard that S&S keeps ASF going to humor him; he's highly thought of by S&S. It seems likely that if JWCJr ever leaves ASF, the mag will be dropped. The stories I've heard about his editorial judgement -- his reasons for picking and rejecting stories -- would curl your hair. And these tales have come from contributors and other editors...

There's an error in saying that Leiber's "novel" appeared in the December AMAZING -- it appeared in January. The December issue had a Nourse novel in it, and shame on you, Kenfrew, for overlooking it. I'd also like to point out (proudly) that the Naxill Girl on the cover of the February F&SF is Sylvia. Renfrew has met her -- didn't he recognize the pic? (Ah, but I guess I'm just jealous of that lost egoboo-by-association.)

Aha! I recognize Warner's "Post Mortem!" It is a rewrite of a shorter version from HORIZONS #48, Autumn 1951. At first I thought Harry had unconsciously repeated himself, but rereading the original shows blocks of writing carried over whole. I think I preferred the original version for presentation, but the new version has better writing and a more detailed explanation and buildup.

Grennell's short disclaimer reminds me of the article he wrote several years back for OOPS on constructing logical-sounding pseudonyms. Leslie Nirenberg fails on all counts: the name must consist of a single-syllable first name, and a double-syllable last name with the accent on the first syllable. Of course this is not a conclusive test, but...

Hal Lynch's piece is not at all bad for a self-avowed club-fan. I suspect that the Philly boys are slowly being won over to Our Way Of Life... There is one absolutely priceless line in his piece which I cannot let go unheralded: "Offhand, The Immortal Storm is the only book I can recall in which World War II comes as an anticlimax."

Terry's "Fandom Harvest" sets my lascivious thoughts into action...I wonder if he has speculated on the importance of the sex of the person who polishes his Hugo. He'd better watch out, and Ellik even more! The taint of the olden LASFS is not that far removed... Then again, if the Hugo is a symbol, who is it symbolic of? Terry might have reason to be jealous of Miri's handling of that award, too...

Lichtman's "Past Perfect" is a very competent serving-up of pro-hack cliched writing, unobtrusively handled -- which means it was good enough in that the writing did not break out of character with an amateur slip of the phrase... It read like a rewrite of Berry's recounting of his trip to this country, cast in future terms. Not a bad idea, either, but somehow it just lies there; it doesn't excite me.

Gerber's "How to Write Faan-Fiction" reminds me of the endless numbers of "How To--'s" being written around 1953-55 for many of the average and mediocre zines of the day. Unless the author has something really new to say, these little summations of the obvious become a boring drag. This is no dig at Gerber; I think he's improved a good deal recently, but I think he could aim higher for ideas.

Ed Cox's satire was cute, but a trifle heavy-handed.

Art Rapp says that which has been said many times before, and no worse so. The title is doubly appropriate.

The Jeff Wanshel piece is interesting; this is the first time I've been written into a story by someone with whom I've had no contact, whom I do not know. This isn't badly handled (though a bit rushed -- which may be due to the editing).

The Franson story is odd -- I don't much care for the idea, but I found myself enjoying it.

Rich Brown makes a good point here (not dissimilar to Lynch's, superficially), and reminds me that I had once had plans for a FANNUAL.

Andy Young's point about the puns in the letter-col is well taken. I think (if memory serves) that Tosk did about the best job on that score... Rich Brown will certainly Get It from Don Franson -- I quote, "Nirenberg has a good cover here..." referring to CRY 134... On the other hand, Don Franson may Get It from me -- I was not "bitching" in that conreport in FANTASTIC UNIVERSE. I was asked for something different, a "minority report." I don't see how you can say that calling the Detention "one of the finest conventions of this decade," is "bitching..." I agree that FANNOTATIONS is a good column; I think Belle has found her Own with this. It contains just the right blend of Inness and Outness to be interesting to outside readers without being a drag to fans who might read it. Belle admirably refrains from axegrinding, as well. I think that fandom will have to look to FU as the only prozine willing to meet fandom half way. (Although the recent change in AMAZING's lettercol may portend an improvement fanwise there as well...)

yhos,

Ted White

/Don't think you fooled any of us. Behind all these kind remarks you are really bitching, and we all know this. # FU is not only meeting Fandom halfway, it is beating Fandom at its own game. # I have thoughtfully cut out your best supporting arguments for your remarks in this five-page letter of yours, not to mention using sentences out of context, so that letterhacks can chew you out with greater ease in next month's lettercol. That should teach you, you blasted bitcher. -- WWW/

DUN ILL FRIEND'S SON

6543 Babcock Ave.
North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Lisa and Nobby,

As CRY will undoubtedly go to the dogs after that tremendous annish, I might as well address this directly to you.

I think the Jan. 1960 CRY was the best CRY and best fanzine I've ever seen, lacking only color and artwork, though the back cover, which sneaked up on me, made up for that. (I didn't know it was there until I saw the note on the bottom of page 102.) Tell Garcone it was great, if it doesn't fear the scent of dogs. Bite Papa Busby and Uncle Weber for holding the lettercol down to 13 pages, after all that jazz about "unlimited space".

I haven't read and digested this CRY completely, because if I did I wouldn't have time to write a letter of appreciation before the deadline. It arrived horribly late -- the 16th of the month. But I have read a lot of it, and liked everything, including the way you edited (did not cut) my own stuff. Incidentally, I wish to state that my play was not a thinly disguised caricature of any existing fan club, living or dead. This was actually written twenty-nine years ago, and lampoons the Science Fiction Trading, Stealing and Fencing Society of Chicago, otherwise known as "Le Club Hot Stf." Anyway, no fiction can approach the true fabulosity of an actual LASFS meeting.

Got to use seven-league boots to hit the high spots, but they are: an artistic Atom Cover, beautiful orange Logo, nice typing throughout the zine. John Berry is G*R*E*A*T. That Index is wonderful, chock-full of egoboo. But --- ha,haaaaaaa! Toskey left out Wally's Detention Report, in #132. I knew he was evial. Len Moffatt, Bob Leman, Harry Warner, Hal Lynch, Ed Cox and others seem to have given of their very best: I haven't read everything yet, but glanced at all of it. I defy anyone to read Leman through with a straight face. Things like "meadle" and "Boxwell Timp" break me up. There isn't a bad item in the batch here -- even neofan Jeff Wanshel comes through with a nice bit. Even

neofan Terry Carr has his funniest column to date. Gad, Gerber, Lichtman, Brown, Rapp, Weber, Pemberton -- suspend the CRY until next January and you can get the awards on the basis of this issue alone for 1960. (I was only kidding, Rich Brown.) Rich, you were gone so long from the letter column I was just about to say: "I'm an old CRYhack; I even remember Rich Brown."

It's incredibly, anyway. Too much to really comment on. Oh, yes, bite Weber again. -- the letter titles are getting worse. But, lick his hand -- the answers in the letter-col are extremely witty.

Well, I'd better not make this any longer or you'll cut it -- or bite it.

Yours,

Donald Franson

P.S. Forgot Nirenberg and Weber cartoons -- gad again. And who is Dean A. Grennell?

/Wirf, Wirf. -- LB/ ((Ralph! -- NB))

FANS WHO ARE NEWER MIGHT GAFIATE

P.O. Box 35

Lowry AFB, Colorado

Dear Cry, Wally, etc.

Berry is staggering to the imagination (down, Hamling, down). To do so well in writing a con-report is truly a feat to make one's sense of wonder return. (And now that great trio of epics, "Sense of Wonder", "Sense of Wonder Returns", and "The Son of Sense of Wonder".) Too bad the Goon couldn't have gone even further west than Seattle. "Around the World By Ten Fan-Funds and Eighty Cons."

Our thanks to Toskey & Pelz for the tremendous amount of work involved in indexing Cry. It provides a nice stimulation to try and fill in the missing back issues.

The reason that Science-Fantasy appeared so often for a while is the fact that they are trying to catch up to schedule from the British printing strike last summer. New Worlds had one undersize bi-monthly ish to maintain its schedule. ScF and SFA speeded up. Wasn't Orphey Cranshaw the fan interred with supplies of Palmer Amazings until Philly won the '60 Con? It's refreshing to have further word of his activities. Let's hope that he doesn't attain Fugghead Nirvana for many years.

How did Ed Cox become involved with the psalmist? Psalms 110:4, "You are a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek." Cox does a good job of satire here although offhand I can't recall any story in which some means of logical escape wasn't offered.

Until next month.

Best,

Norm Metcalf

/Let's start a fund to make a fannish time capsule out of Orphey. -- WWW/

ANTS IN MODELS' DRESSES CAUSE RESTIVE 1809 Second Ave.

STYLES N.Y. 28, N.Y.

HULLO THAR, WALLY WEBER, OF FABULOUS SEATTLE WASHINGTON;

Thru some bumbling mistake of the shiftless minions of the Postal Office (for those of the CRY can do no wrong) I did not receive CRY #134; this makes me sad... I feel unwanted and left out. (And besides I had a letter printed in it.) So I'd appreciate it if you'd send me said issue. If you don't... well, we of the Tong have our methods.

I coggle at all the material here in issue #135; there is so much of it that I don't think I can comment at length... Suffice to say, everything was marvelous.

I noticed that "How To Write Faan-Fiction" was signed "Leslie Gerber." Les' himself told me over the phone he was going to write under a psuedonym; therefore, if "Gerber" is just an alias, Leslie must be Nirenburg!!!

I notice (ain't I crafty, noticing everything?) that Dick Schultz made a recommendation for the Pittcon flyer, so I too would like to, so!

I sincerely, and seriously, recommend Wallace Wood for best pro S.F. artist. Why so? Because: .../CENSORED -- WWW/ honestly yours, Steve Stiles

/You are crafty at that. It wasn't until I read your reasons why Wallace should win over Freas and EMSH that I realized you said Wood instead of Weber. Bah! -- WWW/

BET SHE COULD JAR A NAME PUNSTER

2819 Caroline
South Bend 14, Ind.

Dear Wally;

Well now!! CRY no. 135 came two days back -- whaddaya mean "Our Price 50 cents... too much."????? Not in my estimation!!! Not at all!!

After deep thought I honestly say that this issue is but the BEST single issue of ANY zine -- at least any I've ever read. (And finding my own sweet name in it in 4 places had NOTHING to do with this opinion, she says untruthfully...)

Seriously now, this was the issue of issues. Nice front cover. Tho how the rocketeers got down from that door still bothers me -- winged bems, huh? AND THAT BACK COVER -- like geeeeeeee! That IS a honey.

And what words are left to say about this newest episode of TGGW??? Everyone else keeps saying it for me -- this is the conreport to end conreports. It's just the livin' end, and I pray it will go on and on and on and on.

Would like to say this -- Dick Schultz said in his letter, "Wonder if such a sense of identification is possible to those who have never met John?" Far as I'm concerned it surely is -- indeed it is. I, too, am living it all thru John and it's a deeeelightful experience. As other have already said there is some truly good writing herein-- plus an excellent insight into the many and varied faanish personalities. Aw gee, you know what I mean. Am avidly chomping at the bit for that next installment when he meets Kindly Old Wrai.

That Index to CRY and that list of Contributors!! Toskey and Pelz deserve some kind of an award for all that work -- golly. Every bit of the faaanish fiction was top drawer, too. (How are you-all ever gonna top this issue??) Renfrew was much appreciated by me -- having given up on so many of the prozines -- this fills a need in mine heart.

Heartened more than I can say to see DAG say he believes in Dodd -- specially since a week ago when A Real Live Faaan came to visit -- Lynn Hickman it was and HE doubts the reality of Dodd -- even after I showed him many many photos and curios (like the tail feather from Alan's parrot Egggar) -- and I even played a recent tape from Alan and Lynn says..."Sandy Sanderson, maybe??"you could hear my scream a block away.

Adored Lynch's casting of the IMMORTAL STORM movie -- har. Am tempted to bring it more up to date with present faans played by.....ulp...I'd better not. Although I keep seeing Terry Jeeves played by who else, Jack Hawkins. Herb Shriner as Wrai (ever notice the similarities in their voices??). Susan Hayward as BJO. Better NOT put down my choice of actress who could play GMCarr -- better not. Better get off this kick faaaaaast.

Lichtman's "Trans-Time Fan Fund" plot was a dilly. SCIENCE FICTION FOREVER by Cox was dandy and I agree with Rapp whole heartedly.

I'd like to toss in 2 cents worth on Deckingers topic of loyalty oaths and college scholarships, please. This is not my own original objection -- this is one stated by college heads and I agree with it -- here is my point: Now other groups receiving aid and the like are NOT obliged to take any loyalty oaths at all to get the loot. So WHY single out the student and not those others????? Huh??? Why????

Finished a glorious book -- expensive but a MUST to all lovers of comics, Walt Kelly, Buck Rogers, Peanuts, Mr. Magoo and everything and anything to do with comic art. Tis called COMIC ART IN AMERICA.

And speaking of books -- just finished an epic work of fantasy and science fiction -- yes indeedy!! MY WICKED WICKED WAYS, a bio by one Errol Flynn. All the ingredients of a true-faan are here. Plus fantastic adventures and feats of prowess that would make some among us green with envy. For sheer fantasy of the astounding variety I recommend this book.

And with that high thought I close.

Betty Kujawa

[So you read things like, "My Wicked Wicked Ways," "Comic Art In America," and CRY #135. Perhaps it's not my place to point out your shortcomings, but really, don't you think you should get more variety in your reading diet? -- WWW]

I SHOOT HOLE IN CHIEF. SORRY CHIEF.

McBurney YMCA, 215 W. 23rd
New York 11, New York

Dear people of the CRY

I was about to send you a postcard pointing out that I went and sent you something Valuable in which I inadvertently misspelled Lichtman's fanzine -- dear friends Orphey Cranshaw and Will Jenkins forgot to tell me that tho it's spoke as "Sigh-fie" it is given that crazy Greek spelling that recalls the old joke about the letter in swimming pool.

I was about to, and then decided as long as I had you on the line anyway, I might as well renew my sub for another gripping year (s) (now let's see did I spell that right?) of the thinking man's Rogue.

So enclosed is nice money for one, not two long years of finding out how long the Thallians will put up the the nameless types, and other excitements, which I probably won't want to miss I suppose.

breathlessly

Hal Lynch

/Thanks for the nice money. # Can you, Orphey, or Will help it if Lichtman insists on misspelling the name of his own zine? -- WWW/

HEAT RAY HITS BIRD. RAY BURNS.

89 Maxcme Ave.
Willowdale, Ont., CANADA

LETTER OF COMMENT ON CRY #134.

I was very pleased to see the large chunk of Berry saga this time. It made very interesting reading, and even surprising in places. John seems to have a penchant for generalizing from the particular. He saw lots of cockroaches, therefore, he considers, the whole of New York is infested with cockroaches. This is utter nonsense. He saw a lot of bums in doorways, therefore he looks upon this as a "feature of New York." It is a feature of ONE SMALL SECTION of New York, just as the Piccadilly Commandos were a feature of one small section of London, although, until recently, when they were driven off the streets, they seemed to be spreading out into a wider territory. All New York isn't like the Bowery area, John. I wonder whether that everpresent smell he noted "like burning rope" could be the smell of cigars, which is one of the first things a visitor to U.S. cities notices. To the alien nose, U.S. public places reek of cigars, just as Paris smells of Gaulloise (sp?) /? www/ cigarettes.

I'm quite surprised by his diatribes against turnpikes, and just can't see his point of view. Dammit, is the taxpayer supposed to pay for everything? A specific turnpike is built by a group (somewhat the same as a Crown Corporation) set up for the purpose. This group sells bonds to provide funds to build the road. The interest and principal has to be paid on the bonds. This can only come from tolls. Does John grouch because the transit authority in Belfast or any other U.K. city has the nerve to actually charge people to ride on their trains? He admits that people don't have to use the turnpikes or thruways to go from A to B, so I can't see his complaint at all. Look at it this way Johnpostulate that a group of private individuals get together, pool their capital, buy land, and build a private road. They then let people use this road for a fee. Fair enough? Turnpikes are the same deal, except that they are not built for private profit.

Regards,

Boyd Raeburn

/Actually all the New York bums immigrate from Brooklyn. I don't know where the cockroaches or turnpikes immigrate from, however. Anything else I can clarify for you?--WWW/

HAIRY WAR. NERTZ!

423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Cries Almighty:

That's the only thing that I can think of, to describe my general reaction to the size of this latest issue. I think that the best ways that I can show appreciation are by keeping this letter to two pages, reserving the infliction of long letters upon those who put out insignificant fanzines, and by sending it airmail in order to impress upon

you the fact that I read the monster and commented on same in a great hurry despite its bulk. In fact, I read Saturday more than 100 pages of fanzines, more than half of this Cry and an issue of Smoke from George Locke. When I was a youth, I would have had to save up incoming fanzines for two or three weeks at least to indulge in such a reading spree.

Consider, please, that I have just repeated all the fine things that others have undoubtedly written already about this fourth part of the Berry convention report. Maybe I could add one thing that may not have occurred to others although it suddenly strikes me as utterly logical and something that we should have thought of from the beginning. We should have made this Berry Fund a hardy perennial, with each contributor gladly taking upon himself the obligation to renew his contribution next year and the next and so on. Then we would be assured of complete coverage for each annual convention like the Detention enjoyed. It seems to discriminate against conventions to come, to think that they probably won't receive this kind of literary glory, simply because the Berry Fund was a one-shot affair. I wonder how many persons who actually attended Detroit has as fond memories of the event as I have, just from reading about it?

This issue of Cry has made a liar out of me, incidentally. I just finished a couple of weeks ago my next installment of the fanzine review column for Oops! Therein is the basic premise that the last Renfrew Pemberton prozine review column marked an epochal event in the history of fandom, that it was a symbol almost like the death of the last mammoth, marking clearly the last severance of the old ties between fandom and the prozines. The column goes on to assert that the fanzines have surpassed the prozines in brilliance of writing and sheer bulk of material (and if I'd seen this spectacular back cover, I could have added that at least one fanzine can afford full-color reproductions while at least one prozine can't). So Renfrew comes along and calmly proceeds on his prozine reviewing task. But I can't very well blame Buz for this innocent demolition of my mighty verbal structure. The Washington crowd had already undermined it by producing this first prozine-slanted Speculative Review.

The index is something that more fanzines should do from time to time, even before they've produced 135 issues. Probably the nature of Cry's contents didn't warrant inclusion of another category that most fanzine indexes should cover: an index of subject matter of the major articles, something like you'll find in the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature. But I assume that for most of its career, Cry has been either a chatty club-centered publication or a large-size production containing few formal essays as it is now.

Of the briefer things in this issue, The Other Fandom is easily the best. Bob Lemar's items are always worth reading if only for the names; Hosmer J. Rusk, for instance, is a creation that equals in brilliance many a six-page narrative by a lesser fan. Curiously, many of the other shorter things in this issue did not impress me unduly, although it may simply represent eclipse behind the brilliance of the major contents of the issue. Most of them seem rushed and more like synopses than actual narratives. Jeff Wanshel's contribution gave me a particularly dizzying time, just like a van Vogt epic.

I can't find the spot now, but I wanted to nominate as the best single line in a fanzine for 1960 so far the one in the letter section that defined The Immortal Storm as the only book in the world in which World War Two forms an anti-climax. That tells more about Sam's volume than a six-page review could do.

I don't pretend to know what sort of process you used on that cover and how much it costs and if you can use it every time with assurance of such perfect registration, but whatever the circumstances, it's marvellous. It's the only thing in the world that could cause me to forget to mention until this late stage an Atom cover.

I hope you do this well every time you publish a tenth anniversary issue of Cry, but I don't think you'll manage it again.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

/I wonder how much Fantastic Universe might have had to do with this revival of interest in the prozines among fan-writers? # The full-color Garcone cover was printed commercially by three-color photo-litho. Toskey, who paid the bill, dearly sympathises with prozines who can't afford such covers. Of course if Garcone threatened editors like it did Toskey ... --WWW/

STARTED FOUR SIGHS THE OTHER DAY

139 Buccleuch St.
Edinburgh 8. SCOTLAND

Dear CRY,

In the contents for CRY 134 I see that page 2 carries an article on the Offset Process. I did try to read this informative tale but I'm afraid that the type-face used proved too small for the resolving power of my spectacles. Were it not unthinkable one might consider the page to be blank!

The Goon Goes West. The only comment really necessary here is "Put me down for a copy of the complete book!" I suppose John will be the British agent for this when it materialises? How much of the total was written/typed on the road and how much at home? One impression left by the reading of the Goon story is that it could be titled The Gastronomic Goon; each episode intails the consumption of several new examples of American cooking. I'm not sure that the Goon is correct when he says that toll is not paid in the British Isles. Certainly no road comes under this iniquitous tax but I think some bridges may. When the road bridge over the Firth of Forth is completed it will be a toll bridge.

I'm glad to see that RP/FMB likes Science Fantasy. I rate this one of my favourite proz, perhaps because of the greater fantasy element in some of the stories. The Pember-ton/Busby columns are full of good stuff. Provided at least one of the columns is carried by each CRY I will not be too unhappy.

In CRY 133 Carr's cartoon captioning comments could cause considerable controversy. I feel that for a given cartoon there may be hundreds of acceptable captions but only a few really appropriate ones, and that the full effect is not obtained when several captions are given to the same cartoon. From the point of view of economy you could publish the same picture in each CRY with a different caption. Thus you would have an infinite supply of illos. At various times of the year the caption would be topical (conventions, Christmas, etc) and possibly quite effective.

In CRY 132 Ian R. McAulay suggested that Toskey personally rowed across the Atlantic to deliver the issues. I'd like to endorse this opinion since the December issue of the CRY arrived on the 21st WITH A POSTMARK 20th DECEMBER. (Toskey for the Olympic Games).

Yours,

Ted Forsyth

Toskey hasn't the stamina required for the Olympics. It took him until the 23rd of December to get back to Seattle. -- WWW/

JEW PATTEN EASY, OH YOU BET

72 Glenvarloch Cresc.
Edinburgh 9. SCOTLAND

Dear Nameless Ones,

At last I have seen CRY, the fmz that Ella Parker has been badgering me into getting ever since we first made contact. I have no complaint whatsoever, CRY is all that she said it was, and then some.

The Goon Goes West was what first prodded me into getting CRY, and I have been able to read the complete thing so far, thanks to Ella Parker and Ted Forsyth who lent me 132 & 133 respectively. This is really a marvellous piece of work which will rate alongside The Harp Stateside, but comparisons are odious so we'll say that they are both the best and leave it at that. There is hardly any need for me to say that I'll want a copy of the book form of this work but I will, so put me down for one.

I see that my name was mentioned in Joy Clarke's letter in CRY 133, but somebody got my middle initial wrong. It was probably Joy as the day I was at Inchmery she managed to call me every name in the book except my own one. The middle initial is not, as you had it, B as in Bdelium, but P as in Pneumatic. Clear now?

There's not much I can say about FM's piece except that it is the sort of column that always seems too short. However I can say a bit about his remarks on Fancy II, and that is that I completely agree with him. Ever since I got my copy it has been of immense help in enabling me to understand what people are talking about in fmz. Any neo interested in fandom in the least NEEDS this book.

For me the letter col is one of the most important parts of a mag, so I was glad to see that CRY had quite a big one. The big argument going on seems to concern STARSHIP SOLDIER. Well let me say right away that I haven't read this story yet, but from what I can gather from the letters the main point seems to be that only ex-soldiers can vote. Surely this would mean that the only people with the vote were those that had been trained to think in a special way, the way that the army (and so presumably also the government) wanted them to think. This would mean that in the event of an election the majority of the voters would support the men in power, as far as I can see, but as I say I haven't read the story so this point may already be accounted for.

I was disappointed to hear that the Berkeley tower was a myth, and I was just going to send a few dozen assorted that I had collected too. Ah well, that's life.

This has been rather a short letter, but I hope to do better next time, so until then I'll sign off wishing you the best for 1960.

Yours,

Joe Patrizio

/Clever of you and Ted Forsyth to send your letters together airmail for about the same cost as sending them separately by surface mail. Too bad Toskey, when he delivers CRY, can't wait for you to write your letters and bring them back with him. I'm not altogether certain that our current, real-life voters have not been trained to think in a special way already. -- WWW/

HE HELPS LESSEN IRE IN BURGERS LIKE SEATTLE

1217 Weston Rd.

Toronto 15, Ontario, CANADA

Dear Buz & Elinor & Wally & Tosh and the rest of fabulous Seattle Fandom,

Berry was GREAT! GREAT! GREAT! as usual. Other than that, there isn't anything else I can comment on re TGGW, oh yes, except the bit about the Customs men at the US-Canadian border. When I went to Mexico last year I had a little bout with them which makes me wonder just what goes on in their little heads. About ten minutes before plane-time and after all my baggage (which consisted of one Gladstone bag) had been confiscated by the guys who load the plane, I suddenly realized that my two cameras (an 8mm and a 35mm) hadn't even been noticed by the customs boys. The first thing that entered my head was how was I going to get them back into the country. I spent what seemed like an hour rushing around trying to find a customs man, or the customs office or somebody who could help me. After asking 15 or 16 people, I was finally directed to the Customs & Immigration office. I entered, puffing hard from the long run down the corridor. It was a large room, made, I could see, to accommodate great masses of humanity. Railing were set up at one side of the room for incoming traffic. I approached one of the counters, then I saw one of them. He was sitting behind the counter out of sight reading a comic book. I stood there silently for about 15 hours, then got up enough nerve to say,

"Er..ey...ahem," I said.

He looked up, annoyed at this interruption. "Yes?" he asked, a little snottily.

"I'm leaving for Mexico in about ten minutes," I said. "Do you think it would be a good idea to register my cameras?"

"If you want to," he said, turning back to his comic book and flipping a page.

"Er..I hate to bother you, but how do I go about doing that?"

"Fill out a C235X Form." (I don't know the exact name of the form, so I'll call it a C235X.)

"Like, where do I get one?" He gave me an 'If-looks-could-kill' look.

"I'll give you one," he said bigheartedly, flattened his comic book out on a nearby desk, stood up, and wearily shuffled over with a blue (I think) form. "I'm not the regular man, you know," he said, angrily. I decided not to answer that crack.

"Name?" he asked. I told him my name. "Address? City, Postal zone etc.?" I told him. "How long you gonna be?"

"Two weeks," I said.

He put his pen in his pocket and sat back down and began reading his comic book again.

"Say, Mac," I said, a little annoyed myself, by this time. "Don't you want the numbers on the lenses?"

"Ohh, all right." He stood up again and grabbed the form which I was surprised, was not in tatters by now. I have him the numbers and he wrote them in, and sat down again. As I left, I looked back at the blue form as it fluttered from the desk, helped by a healthy breeze from the loading platform, and thought of the "regular man," whom I imagined was out somewhere rounding up some dangerous dope smugglers or illegal immigrants.

When I came home from my holiday, I was, with about a hundred other people, herded through the efficient railing system. My bag was opened, and thoroughly examined, and numerous questions were asked. I answered them all. Then the customs officer spotted my two cameras.

"Aha!" he said with a glint in his eye. "Let me see them."

I put them on the counter.

"Do you have a registration receipt?" he asked, looking at me with a twisted smile.

"YES!" I said proudly, and presented the carbon brother of the little blue form.

His smile disappeared when he saw it and he waved me on.

The story doesn't end there. The customs officer didn't notice the torn shopping bag in my right hand. It contained four Mexican police billies, which Tony and I had bought in the thieves market in Mexico City, two riding crops, two eight inch stilletos, and two copies of Henry Miller (Tropic of Cancer and Tropic of Capricorn). They were all at the bottom of the bag, which was on the verge of splitting, and were covered by two pairs of bongos and a set of maracas. Heheheh, I win after all.

Leslie Nirenberg

/You fiend, you; a 3-page letter with each page forty feet long! It was either cut your customs story or your egoboo to the contributors. Oh well, they're getting enough of the egoboo anyway. -- WWW/

IF YOU CAN'T PARK ON THE STREET,
BE AN ALLEY PARKER

151, Canterbury Road, West Kilburn
London. N.W.6. ENGLAND

Dear Wally & Etc's (how do you all like being etc's?);

A new beginning for the New Year....and the same to you.

First, a request. I was going to make ORION #25 (blatant plug) a very special Arthur Thomson Apprec. Issue. I have been persuaded that a better idea and more to the taste of fens would be an anthology of ATOMillos. Put your heads together and choose one as being best and let me know your choice. If you can't send me the original sketch, name the zine in which your choice/s appeared, won't you?

Now on to CRY #135. This arrived today and a better cure for "that Monday morning feeling" has yet to be devised. That bacoover! Mmmmm. As soon as I've finished this letter off it comes to grace the walls of my room. It's a dream.

Buz. I'm past being surprised at how much you can get into the 3/4 or 1/2-page left after the contents have been listed. It was a pity to see the Pemb column become a casualty in the war for space. I don't get anywheres near all the mags you reviewed and normally this is the type column I least like to see in a fmz. This one I enjoyed immensely.

I can't speak too highly of the way John began -- and has continued -- his report TGGW. It was generous of him to take the time and trouble to let us in on the preliminaries to his trip. I felt as anxious and disappointed as John himself must have done to read his account of the attempts he made to arrange his air-passage only to be refused again, and again. Silly, I know. He got there, didn't he, and what I was reading proved it, but just for a minute there the tension and doubts filtered through and had me worried. It was inevitable, I suppose, that John would find TGGW being compared with THS. Comparisons are invidious at the best of times and it's unfair to John to attempt to make one between the two works. His personality is as different from Walt's as it possibly can be and this difference shows in their writings. If anything John has an exuberance that Walt lacks -- his writing has, anyway. John was frankly excited and impressed by the people he met and said so with an enthusiasm that I for one find infectious and pleasant. Restraint is all very well but I'm glad he didn't attempt to portray a nonchalant he obviously didn't feel.

Apart from the tremendous gusto with which John relates how he enjoyed himself I think a lot of the appeal this has for most fen is the utter honesty of the account. Unpleasant incidents occurred; these are related along with all the nice and exciting things that happened to him. You can't help but respect a man for being as truthful about the Randy Garrett episode as he was about his unabashed joy at meeting Bloch.

Sheer extravaganza! A full page introduction to the letter section. "Letter headings are good American words arranged in an exciting and original manner." You in answer to AndYoung. Original, maybe, but exciting? If you agree that excitement denotes irritation as well as pleasurable anticipation then I'll concede you that one too.

Lichtman: Do you think you remember with the same clarity those fannish expressions that were explained to you as the ones you figured out for yourself? Heck, there's a lot of fun in finding out for yourself what Fanspeak is all about and I still remember easier those I found out for myself than those I had explained to me.

Steve Stiles: You suh, are the most ungallant, indiscreet of fen! What is the idea of this unseemly interest in a girl's(?) age? I see Jim Groves being tactful about it. Ethel Lindsay is tempted to betray what she thinks may be the truth but manages to resist it, only I notice, in case I should do her the same disservice in retaliation.

It would be interpreted as a friendly gesture on the part of you Amerifen if you shipped some of your glamorous femme-fans over here. Femmes are in the minority so no matter how old or homely it is possible to enjoy a certain amount of popularity. I'm not convinced that girls/women make good fans. There are exceptions I've no doubt, but generally speaking I think women are a nuisance in fandom. They marry the Bems and waste no time clamping down on the amount of time and money to be spent in fanac (not yours Terry, siddown.). No, I don't think women really belong in fandom.

Rich Brown: I miss the atmosphere to be found in the lettercol in those "taking over the CRY" days. Whether the difference can be attributed to the cessation of hostilities or loss of Tosk as editor to the lettercol I wouldn't care to guess. Apart from you not getting to Seattle I don't think the threat of invasion could have been maintained after that masterpiece (by Buz, I think?) in a back issue relating the keen way in which the CRYstaff made all arrangements to smooth the path for you, even to leaving the keys hanging on the outside wall of the Fen-den. All very carefree and amusing but the way the wind was taken out of your sails with help instead of a fight was the final touch of genius.

I'd be interested in hearing if the Parker you hated was me or Ron Parker. If me, you are in possession of info not generally known.

The number of femmes featured in the lettercol is always very low. I know we are in the minority in fandom but there's a lot more of us around than find their way here. I would like to suggest to the rest of femme-fandom who receive CRY that we do a bit more toward putting the 'fluence on the lettercol in the future.

Bye and Best.

Ella A. Parker

Rich Brown wrote that piece you thought maybe Buz had written about taking over the CRY, you stupid clod of a woman. # Lots of girls write in to the CRY, but I leave out all the letters from femme-fans under 65 years of age, because I hate to see so much sex in a nice lettercol like we have here. -- WWW/

FAN LAND MORE FIT FOR PLOWING

10202 Blecher
Downey, Calif.

Dear CRYstaff,

The New Year thus far has been overwhelmingly fannish for me. Just one darn fanzine after another -- and each of them worth responding to, for one reason or another -- and yours truly trying to cut down on his fanning....hoo boy. I almost seriously considered the idea of publishing a mag in self-defense, but throttled the idea before it got to the stencil-buying stage...

I find it difficult to comment on each item in #135 in my usual (or unusual?) critical (constructive or otherwise) manner. My reaction is one of complete enjoyment, and it

would be extremely difficult for me to say that this was better than that, or that such and such wasn't up to par, etc. Naturally -- there are one or two exceptions to this general feeling of "All of it was good-good-good," but they are rather obvious ones.

For instance, my own account of the legendary fan-with-portable-mimeo could have been better written and better organized. And, of course, Berry was Tops, and Warner was Wonderful. If I HAD to pick the two best items in the ish, John's Goon Goes West and Harry's Post Mortem would be my immediate picks. ATom's cover and Nirenberg's cartoon strip would be my choices for the best cartoon/art of the ish, although Weber's full page cartoon-intro to the lettercol isn't bad. The bacover painting looks like Christmas & Fourth of July combined. A unique cover for a fanzine, but the spaceship seemed to detract from the rest of it.

Speaking of ATom, when I first heard he might be running for TAFF I got busy and composed a two verse limerick, aided by Anna. Mike Hinge did a couple of full page illos, also plugging ATOM for TAFF. Then we got the bad news that ATom would not be able to run this time. (I like that "this time" part, though -- as all of us here sure hope he can manage it in the near future!) Anyway, here's the first verse:

There is a young fannnamed Art
Whose drawings piled in a cart
Would need Bennett's pet
(An elephant yet!)

To give the damned thing a start....

The second verse rhymes prolific with terrific and specific, and Pitt with hit. Well, maybe I'll get to replace the Pitt-hit lines with Mordor -- '84 -- or even something Sooner? Let us all our orisons make.

Thank you one and all for a wonderful 10th AnnIsh!

Keep Smiling!

Len Moffatt

/With that limmeric, are you and Anna for ATom or against him? -- WWW/

WALLOWING IN THE GROG BIN FOR DAYS

Boyd House
Norman, Oklahoma

Dear FM & Elinor:

The Berry item, pt. 2, is wonderful. This is in the line of the Great Old Ones... Willis' American tales, the TAFF reports of some years back. This isn't material such as Carr's variety, or any of the other excellent stuff being produced today, though. This is writing of the sort which lives on because it can communicate the feeling, the atmosphere of one time to another. I feel as though this series was somehow meant to be. It's much like reading the Harp over again -- the people are mostly gone or not hyperactive, and the issues aren't the same as today's, and yet it seems like a virtual gospel, because it communicates the ideas and feelings of fans in years past. Fandom hasn't changed a lot in the last five years. Fans are still fannish, and any work which can get this feeling over in later times is worth saving. I'll bet good money this series is collected and printed in one large volume, and that it sells very well. The Goon Goes West is the stuff of fandom, and thus will form part of the growing core of our little microcosm.

There's a small chance that Jim (he really does exist, you know) and I might move to the west coast sometime next year or so. We might transfer to Caltech if we decide to switch to straight Physics instead of Engineering Physics. So look out for us. And I enjoyed CRY immensely.

Greg Benford

/Why don't you, and Jim too if he exists, switch to mathematics and take course like "Basic Counting" (prerequisites: eight fingers and two thumbs) and "Advanced Counting" (prerequisites: ten toes and a course in "Basic Counting") from Burnett R. Toskey PhD. at Seattle University? Then you could try to take over the CRY and bring back the good old days to ancient Ella Parker. -- WWW/

CAT WHO SINGS ON FENCE AT NIGHT MUST
DUCK SHOES

19159 Helen
Detroit 34, Michigan

Dear El Gato Real,

You probably have guessed the reason for this missive. At'sa righta, bambino. It'sa "Bellow Ofa Da Title-less Mob #135."

Well, well. Tenth Anniversary Issue. Thick lil' bugger, isn't it? But I see that despite all that room, the letter column was still judiciously pruned. 14 pages of letters. *SOB!*

At last. Berry in Detention! You can't know how long I've waited for this. At last I hold it in my stumpy little ~~four~~ fingers and quickly leaf through. The high points of John's report were many, but the most outstanding were -- the meeting with Bloch, the masked ball/elevator scene with Jack Harness and Erik Gunther (who was the SHAPE), the banquet scene, which actually was about 12 separate experiences, the Canadian trip.

The moments of hard feelings have arrived. You (Wally) remember those pictures I sent you at the end of September? Well, I meant for them to be used to illustrate the con. They were meant to be printed up -- THEN RETURNED! I want those pix back if you are not going to use 'em. I thot that that point was made clear in my previous letters. Toskey + Pelz must have worked like fiends to put up that index to CRY. Years from now I will pull CRY #135 out to check this list, or just to gaze in awe upon it.

Skipping the mag let me get to the letters. JIM GROVES: It was in Skyraek #8 or #9 that Eney had a paragraph in which he stated that the waving of the MM banner caused the group to be ousted.

Len Moffat's The Fan (with the mimeo) was just too durned close to real life to be real. I could have sworn that at Detention...

The plow. ****sigh**** I'll just lay a wreath on the mound of this faithful soldat. Warner goofed. He should stick to fmz reviews.

I BELIEVE IN LESLIE NIRENBERG! (boyd raeburn told me so)

Hal Lynch is quite fannish (fmz fannish) for a social type fan. "Rin-Tin-Tin on a War elephant," "WWII an anticlimax," "What fmz do these guys Darwin and Wallace publish." Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle.

Carr & outraged squirrel should go to Cons more often. Like -- Pittcon, say, yes, Terry?

Bob Lichtman could have cut some prose out there, but the ending was unexpected, so..

Go to it Les. That cartoon (in a continuing series) off a Pfeifer joke is frabjulous.

Les Gerber is either improving or my taste is deteriorating.

Cox was poor. Not enough faanish, not 'nuff straight parody, not enough straight humor, a hodge-podge.

Rapp is on a crusading kick these days, bully & all that, and he's good at it, but, oh, for the Rosconian days!

Jeff Wanshel pulled a dooly off. (Dilly is for mundania.) "Elled Lines," "Mhilk bottles," chuckle, chuckle. A little too much name dropping, tho, if he'd stuck to a dozen characters...

Franson dropped just a few too many names, and he should have DeVour as the newstand boy instead of Hackman. It fell very flat.

Damn the torpedos! Full speed, etc.

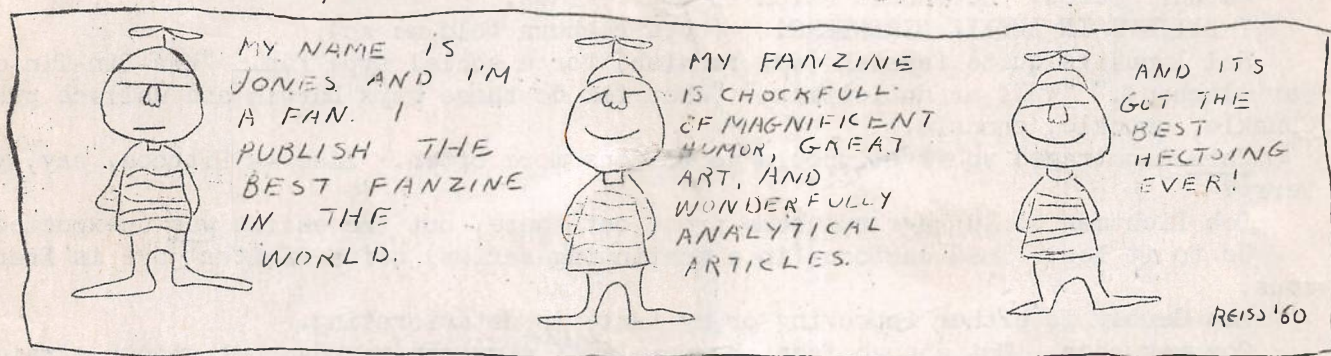
Dick Schultz

/You sneaked by this time, you rascal, but the next time you sub to the CRY with 25¢ airmail stamps, you'll be strapped down and made to listen to scratchy recordings of L. Garcone reading aloud all your letters to CRY, uncut! -- WWW/

AND WHEEL SWORD FROM: Jeff Wanshel says TGGW is the best thing he has ever read in fandom, "and if that doesn't make Berry kill himself, nothing will." Felt his contribution was cut too much, "But that is fandom..." Don Durward was mean to his typer and made it mad so it doesn't work like it should, but by doing half the typewriters work for it he

can still cause it to write letters to CRY. He complains that his letter on page 26 of CRY #129 was left out of the index. David Stubbs sends 10 cents for a CRY, the optomist. We may use some of the money to mail him a crudsheet of this page informing him CRY is two-bits -- and not in large-denomination airmail stamps, either. Only Schultz can get away with that (once). P. F. Skeberdis claims our infallible index is chock-full of "small insignificant minour errors," which he spotted with his spotty memory, and also he claims to have detected errors in the Berry adventure, but he doesn't say what the errors are. He congratulates Berry, however, for his poem in the January 16th, "The Nation," magazine. [JOHN, IS IT TRUE? YOU ARE A POET, TOO?] Peter Hope's wife has got him interested in reading fanzines again [?!] and he sends us a 24 issue subscription! Pete Mansfield read a review of CRY in Norm Metcalf's New Frontiers and would like a free CRY because a 25¢ CRY involves sending money out of his country (England) which is hard to do. He, too, may get a crudsheet of this page, or we may let John Berry deal with him; wonder if we'll ever hear from Mr. Mansfield again? [Incidentally, Norm, we received New Frontiers #2 today, Jan. 30, and it looks great.] Marty Fleischman wants to know how come he got the December issue, which was published in November, in the middle of January. We suspect he's out of phase. Ex-Nameless-President/Dictator Evelyn Stroud send a Christmas card, "To the Nameless Ones -- Inc./not Inc. and just plain Name-less! To one & all my old & new friends, enemies and just plain old 'things' this means you -- nostalgic greetings from olde Deutchland." And a Hep-Hep-Heppy New Year to you, Sgt & Mrs. Herschel Stroud. And that's all the mail to be reported on this issue, since Walt Willis called his CRY comments in his letter to the Busby's, "private comments," and we didn't have time to consult him as to whether or not he meant it that way, so I'll send the axe out to be sharpened now for next issue. luvablWallyWeber

JONES by REISS



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