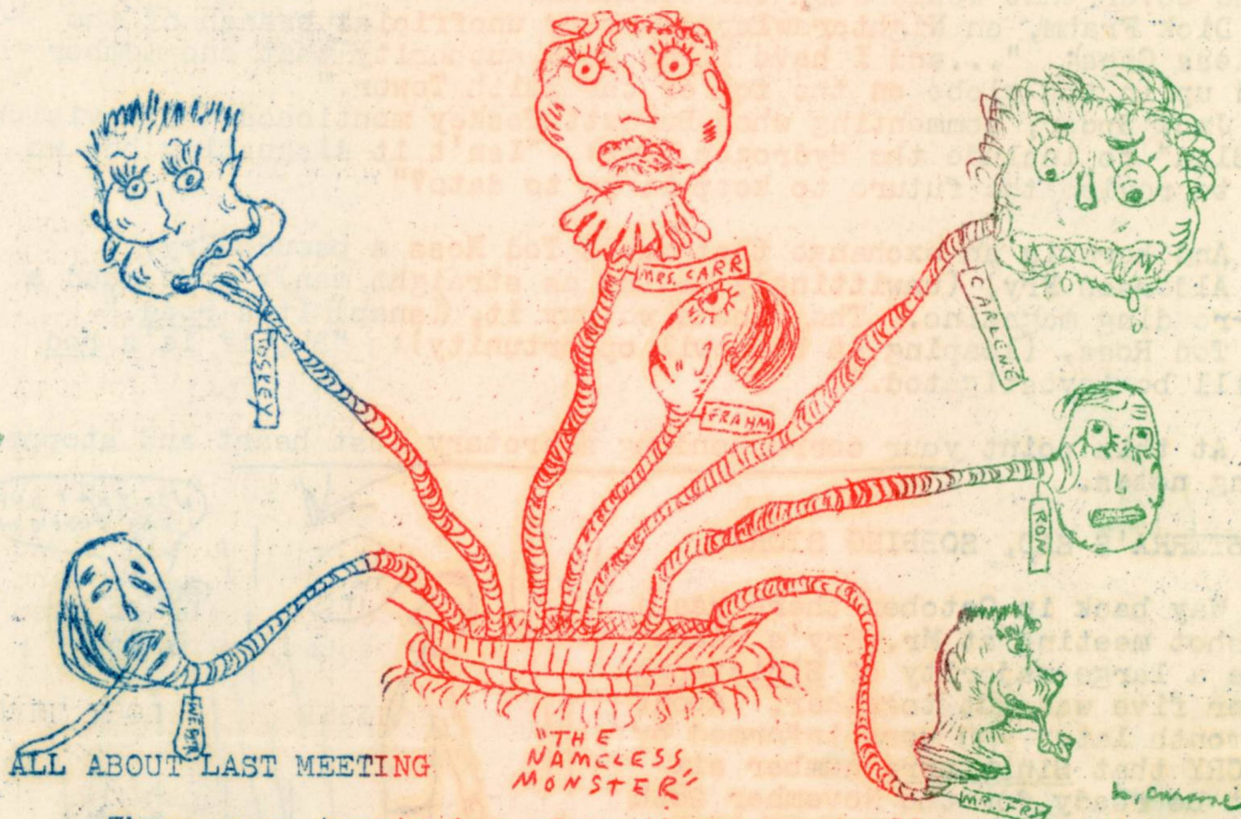


THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS

number 19

December 19, 1951



ALL ABOUT LAST MEETING

There were twenty-two of us there eventually, including your corresponding secretary for a change. There was a reasonably short business meeting followed by a reasonably profitable auction followed by a reasonably interesting talk on rockets by Bob Rösling, all well interspersed with Mr. Fry's unreasonable puns. It ought to be a club project to determine just how our Health Sciences librarian manages to think them up so fast.

After the meeting came the usual gabbing session. We had a visitor, Private George H. Young, a prominent Michigan fan. He was duly cross-examined as to the life and habits of fans in Michigan. George gave us the unhappy news that he will be a Korean fan for the next nineteen months. We would have liked to have him stay here where we could pump him for information, but I imagine we fans will have to put up with these horrors of policing action.

ALL ABOUT NEXT MEETING

The general opinion seemed to be that the day after Christmas was a poor time to hold a meeting, so the next meeting of the Nameless Ones will not be held until January 9, 1952 (A.D., for you members who haven't been around for a while..). We'll still be meeting in the HUB on the University of Washington campus even though it will be next year when we do it.

Incidentally, the eight o'clock meeting time doesn't mean you can't come earlier. The room is reserved from seven o'clock on, and there is usually somebody there by 7:30. Come to think of it, though, perhaps there really isn't any purpose in coming too terribly early. It always takes Alderson Fry a little while to really get into the swing of his gags anyway.

STUFF SAID AT THE MEETING

Ted Ross, our auctioneer, describing an Amazing: "...with a face on the cover that would stop the calendar."

Dick Frahm, on Nightcrawlers (a very unofficial branch of the Nameless Ones): "...and I have it on good authority that one member ended up in the globe on the top of the Smith Tower."

Jack Speer, commenting when Burnett Toskey mentioned the revision of "Slah" to include the Hydrogen bomb: "Isn't it disgusting how we have to revise the future to keep it up to date?"

And here is an exchange that makes Ted Ross a pseudo-Fry:

Alderson Fry, (unwittingly acting as straight man): "We need a self-reading magazine. The minute we buy it, ((snap)) it's read."

Ted Ross, (leaping at his evil opportunity): "But if it's red it will be investigated."

At this point your corresponding secretary lost heart and stopped taking notes.

SINISTERRA'S SAD, SOBBING STORY

Way back in October there was a one-shot meeting at Mr. Fry's place where a large majority of Sinisterra number five was put together. About one month later you were informed by the CRY that Sinisterra number six might be ready for the November 28th meeting. Aside from the fact that your cunning corresponding secretary counts poorly and should have referred to issue number five in both cases, no Sinisterra of any issue whatsoever appeared at the meeting.

To shorten the story a bit, you are referred to the calendar and your stock of Sinisterras.

Sinisterra number five needs (a) covers run off, (b) some corrections and additions made; and (c) assembling. In all probability this will not be done until next year, although the covers might be run off with this issue of the CRY. We plead for your patience.

SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW

Mrs. G. M. Carr, a few of you know her, is running for the presidency of the National Fantasy Fan Federation at the suggestion of Rick Sneary, the retiring president. Should she lose, her opponent will probably appoint her to the position of secretary-treasurer, an office ranking second to the presidency. Inasmuch as Mrs. Carr was voted the most popular new fan of 1950 by the NFFF, it is more likely that she, herself, will be doing the appointing.

Whatever the case, we are anxiously waiting for what will come of Mrs. Carr's action in office. Perhaps there will be a rash of Nameless five percenters. Will Mr. Carr soon be sporting an expensive mink coat? Or will there be a scandal uncovered in the dues-collecting department? Possibilities are endless. You can bet the CRY will be ready to expose all.

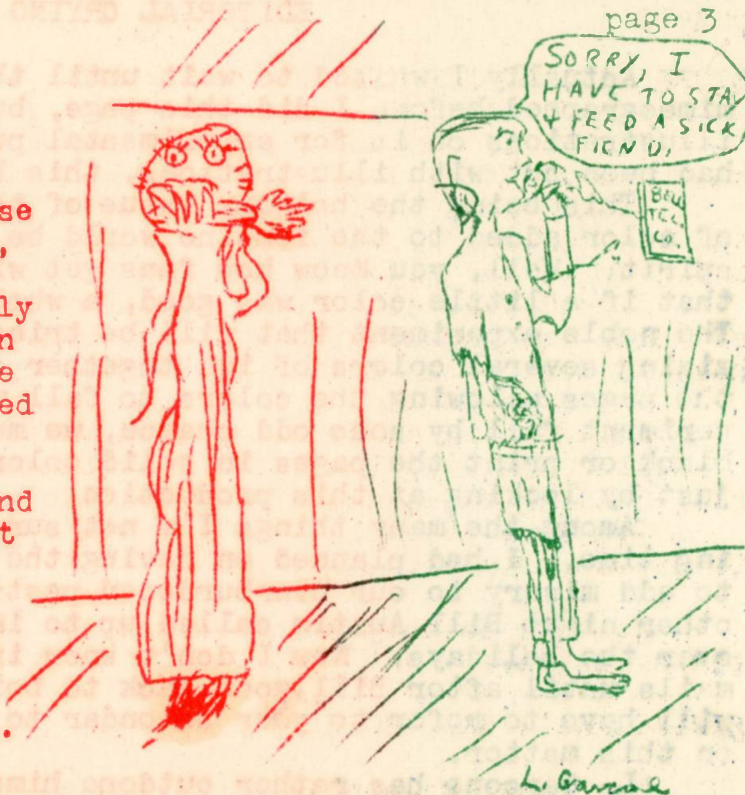


COVERLESS IMPOSSIBLE

Sinisterra isn't the only Seattle fanzine with delaying problems. Take the pitiful case of Burnett Toskey's Impossible, the fanzine that lives up to its name. Burnett energetically cranked out a monstrous edition of his fanzine way back in June or May. He got it all assembled except for the cover.

The cover was going to be an ultra affair. Both front and back covers were going to sport illustrations lithographed in color. Unfortunately the shop that was doing the work became inundated with work during the summer and fall catching the covers in an uncompleted stage.

Worse, letters have been coming in to the editor from people who want to obtain this fabulous fanzine, not to mention the gripes from contributors who want to know when their work is going to hit the mails. If things keep up, Impossible may become the first fanzine in history to be mailed in two separate installments to be assembled by the reader.



NEW ADDRESS

The Carrs have moved into, but not quite settled, their new place of business. The address is 5319 Ballard Avenue and the phone number is DEXter 5351. Everybody should swarm down to see the place. You corresponding secretary has, of course, and was quite struck by the green, violet, and assorted other colors that you find on the walls.

LITTLE GREEN MAN

We've read stories where the hero has discovered something out of the ordinary but because he can't prove his discovery the other characters peg him as batty. Burnett Toskey claims to be in a situation something like that. According to him he was riding in a car and listening to the radio when a song started up having to do with a little green man, a flying saucer, interplanetary travel, and such subjects as would be of interest to science-fiction fans. That was quite some time ago. He hasn't heard the song since and so far hasn't produced a fellow witness to the event although he claims the driver of the car heard it, too. He even remembers a portion that goes:

"Little green man all covered with scars,
Cracked his saucer on the way from Mars."

With this flimsy evidence he has been attempting to convince your corresponding secretary that his fantastic tale is true. He has even asked for the song in record shops. After describing the song, his only results are nervous record clerks and suspicious glances. If any of you who read this can shed some light on the subject, I'm sure Mr. Toskey would be deeply grateful.

Actually I wanted to wait until the rest of the fanzine was all mimeographed before I did this page, but we needed a page without any illustrations on it for experimental purposes. Since the other pages had been cut with illustrations, this had to be the one.

This being the holiday issue of the CRY, it was felt that a bit of color added to the fanzine would be in keeping with the holiday spirit. Well, you know how fans get with an idea. It occurred to us that if a little color was good, a whole lot of color would be better. The noble experiment that will be tried on this page has to do with mixing several colors of ink together on the mimeograph and printing the pages allowing the colors to fall where they may. Should the experiment fail by some odd chance, we may either go back to straight black or print the pages in solid colors. You'll know how we came out just by looking at this production.

Among the many things I'm not sure about this issue is the mailing time. I had planned on having the issue mailed before Christmas to add misery to our overburdened post-office department, but just the other night Bill Austin called up to inform me he was a letter carrier over the holidays. Now I don't know if I can trust the CRY to the mails until after Bill goes back to being a more husband again. You will have to refer to your calendar to see what was finally decided on this matter.

L. Garcone has rather outdone himself on the illustrations this issue. I feel he has captured the true holiday spirit with his work on page five. He found the spirits, I am told, in a chandolier where he hides them during the rest of the year. One thing about L. Garcone illustrations, they're authentic.

Victor Stredicke, who mentioned in the CRY a couple issues ago that Suspense magazine had folded, says the magazine is still going. He based his initial statement on the fact that his subscription to the magazine had been returned, but now he finds the magazine still being published. Either the magazine has been revived or something peculiar must have been going on in the subscription department.

Burnett Toskey and I went to see "Flight to Mars" the first day it appeared at the Coliseum. In a way we were disappointed. We had been hoping for a sort of Flash Gordon epic in color. The previews had given us that impression. What actually turned up, however, was a picture that was only corny in spots. We noted with glee, however, that those remarkable glowing meteors from "Rocketship X-M" were back with us again. They look purdy in color. We knew from the very first look at the Martians that they were crooks because they were wearing spacesuits stolen from the men who went to the moon in "Destination Moon." I didn't notice the worst flaw of all until Burnett pointed it out to me; the Martians weren't really Martians at all, but merely Earthmen actors and (yum, yum) actresses.

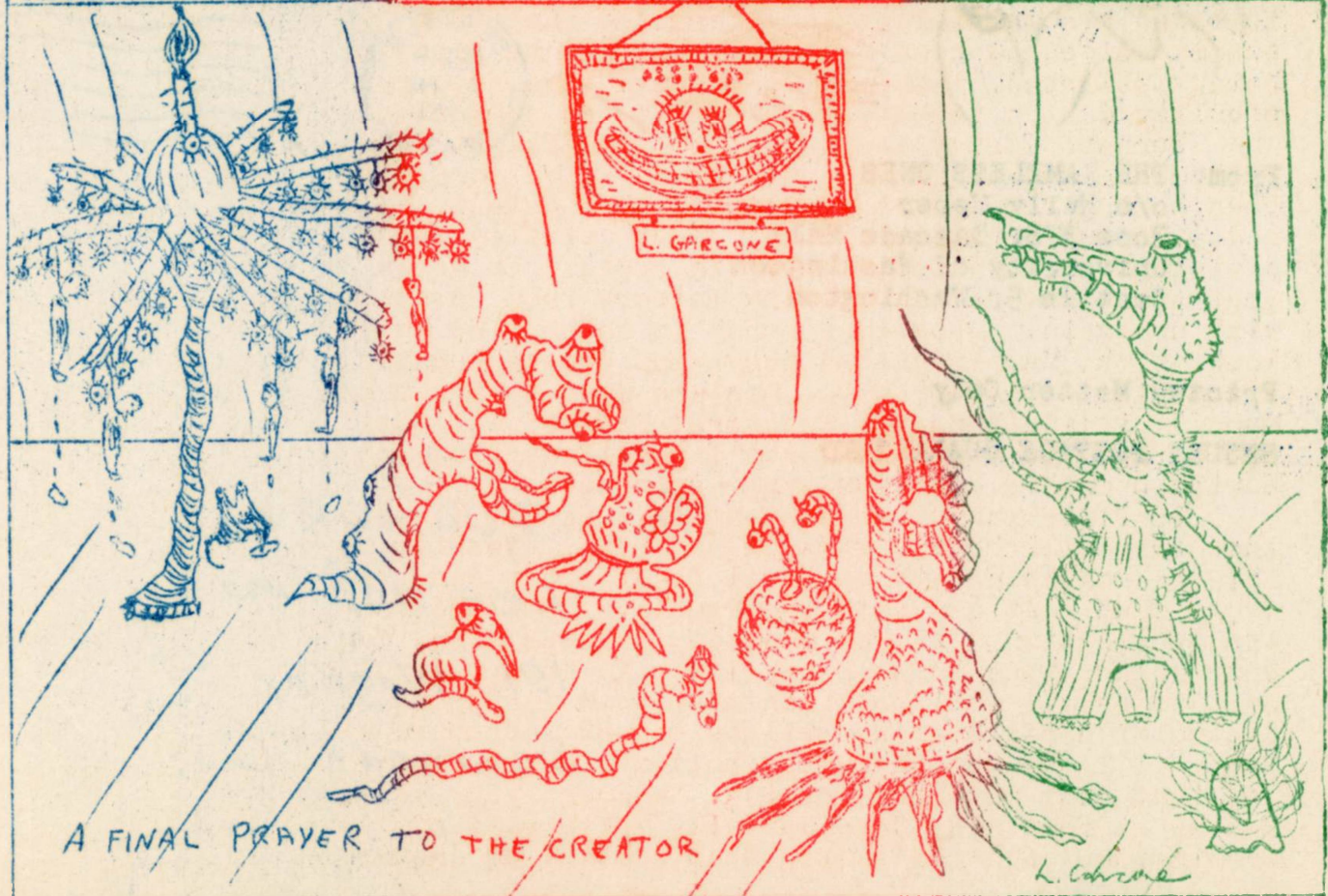
In finishing up my part of this issue, I would like to point out that this will be the last CRY of 1951. Despite what you might think, this is really not my personal fanzine but one that belongs to the whole club. At any rate the Nameless Ones are footing the bill for its publication. If you want any changes made, don't hesitate to send your suggestions in so I can laugh at them. Any items of news you care to submit will be given more than its share of distortion, and financial contributions will be eagerly accepted without acknowledgment. I'll be gone over the holidays until January 7, 1952, but don't let that stop you from writing. Address your letters to me, Wally Weber, at room 378, Cascade Hall, University of Washington, Seattle 5, Washington. And don't miss that meeting on January 9, 1952.

CRISTMAS
IN
MONSTER-
LAND

WRITTEN
AND
ILLUSTRATED
BY
L. GARONE



CHRISTMAS DINNER AT MR. AND MRS. MONSTER'S
SAYS POPPA MONSTER: "ANYONE CARE FOR MORE WHITE MEAT?"



A FINAL PRAYER TO THE CREATOR

SCENE IN
A SEATTLE
POST-OFFICE



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