

June 20, 1952

number 51

### NEXT MEETING -- SURPRISE!

Thursday, June 26th, is our next meeting of the Nameless Ones. 8pm is the time and the student union building on the University of Washington campus is the place, just as per usual.

But according to Ted Ross, our President, it will not be so per usual.

There is to be a surprise for those who come.

And what will that surprise be?

Gee Whiz! It wouldn't be a surprise if you knew, would it?

### MRS. CARR'S "PROFESSIONAL SALE"

Last issue we got all excited over a letter from Norman Browne congratulating G. M. Carr on her first professional sale. The alleged authoress dampened our enthusiasm by being completely ignorant of her triumph over the tight-fisted, miserly publishers.

As things developed, however, there was a certain amount of fact backing Norman. In a short note to the CRY, Mrs. Carr explains the details as follows:

"The big mystery is solved. I just saw Ackerman's column in 'Fantasy Times' where he mentions 'placing' my story about the mean nightclub singer who made phonograph record of a prayer song and dropped dead. Prayer wheel principle. He 'placed' it all right -- in 'Fantastic Worlds.' But no money, alas! Just for free in another semi-fanzine. I could just as well have published it in Zobble. .GMC"

[cont.]



"Mrs. Carr's First 'Professional Sale'," continued from page one

We're not sure Mrs. Carr told the complete story with her note to us. I think Fantastic Worlds is the magazine that has some sort of contest deal connected with the stories it prints. The three winning stories are paid for, but the losers are just published for free. If such is the case, Mrs. Carr still has a good chance of getting some returns for her efforts.

Congratulations are still in order. Despite what Mrs. Carr says, there is still considerable difference between Fantastic Worlds and Zobble.

#### T-R-I DEVELOPEMENTS

Tape-Respondents, International, the new organization that corresponds by tape and wire recordings, seems to be growing from the looks of the advertising it is sending out. At least progress has been made in that the club has a printed letterhead now.

From the open letter sent out, nothing basically has changed since the letter from Fred Goetz which was printed in the May 23rd CRY. T-R-I is set up to bring together persons with similar interests who would like to correspond with each other by wire or tape. You send in the make, model, and type of recorder you own along with a detailed account of your hobbies and interests, and if you have a particular sort of person you wish to correspond with send that information in, also. The club does all the matching and arranging.

Where all the money for printed letterheads, stamps, and envelopes is coming from I don't pretend to know. No mention was made in any of the advertisements of anything like dues. Any information about the club you care to know can be obtained from Fred Goetz, 3488 22nd Street, San Francisco 10, California, U.S.A.

#### SINISTERRA CONTRIBUTORS

Our new SINISTERRA editors have fresh addresses. They are:

Bill Austin  
Box 969, 905 3rd Ave.  
Seattle 4, Wash.

Royal H. Drummond  
Box 366, 905 3rd Ave.  
Seattle 4, Wash.

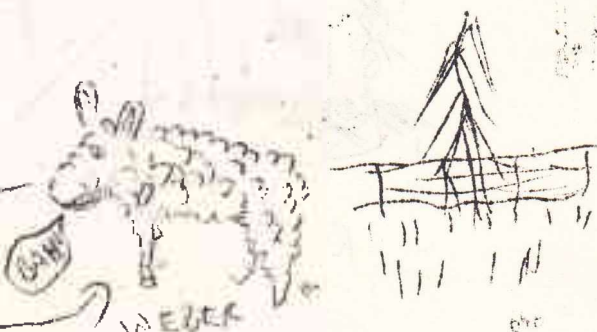
SINISTERRA #6 still has room for articles, fiction, illustrations, poetry, cartoon. If you want your work preserved for future generations to admire, send it in to either of the above addresses.

If you're interested in a subscription, however, the club address is the place to send your money. That's the same address as appears on the back cover of the CRY. Hurry if you want to get a back issue. We've only about 300 left.

What do you suppose next meeting's surprise will be??

#### TOSKEY WIGGLES OUT

Last issue we mentioned Burnett Toskey being given the title of "Official Ben" to put down on the form he had to fill out for reserving our meeting place over the summer. We'll never know what the University officials would have done when they read it because Toskey, the coward, called himself "Assistant Corresponding Secretary." Ben!





## LAST MEETING (June 12th)

Another Nameless meeting has come and gone, and seventeen members were on hand to participate.

President Ross officially opened the meeting somewhere along the line—I wasn't paying much attention so I couldn't say exactly when. Ed Wyman, our secretary and treasurer, was unrepresent so we left him get by without reading the minutes.

Mrs. Carr, by the way, was engaged in some mysterious sort of activity involving thread, a peculiar oval-shaped object, and intricate movements with her hands. She referred to the process as "tattooing" and appeared to take very little interest in how her hands went about doing it. She seemed to enjoy watching us while we watched her hands. Richard Frahm observed, "Mrs. Carr is probably tattooing mobius strips into it."

The problem somehow came up as to what we should do about all the unpurchased Sinisterra's the club has on hand. It was mentioned that we had some three hundred copies of various issues to sell. "That's impossible!" Richard Frahm exclaimed. "No," corrected Mrs. Carr, "That's Sinisterra."

President Ross practically solved our problem for us. As he so effortlessly put it, "The only problem is getting people to want to buy them."

The talk got around to considering advertising Sinisterra in some of the professional magazines. Mrs. Carr seemed to think this a good idea. When somebody mentioned advertising in Amazing, she listed a number of advantages in such advertising ending with, "...not to mention the prestige." Richard Frahm's eyes widened. "In Amazing?" he choked.

In the end it was decided that the club consult with its treasurer, Ed Wyman, before doing anything drastic. Somehow the conversation drifted around to, of all things, deducting fan expenses from income tax. It seems that an F. T. Laney wrote a wishful article in FAPA concerning a hypothetical fan who started deducting his fan expenses and ended up having the government owe him money.

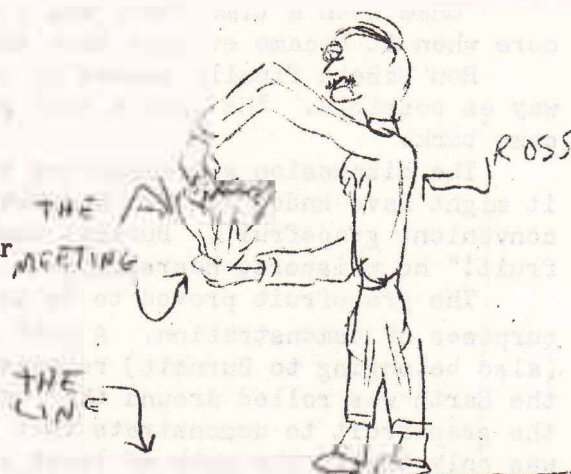
The business meeting gave way in time to Mark Walsted who, reports hinted, was going to talk on Einstein. At this point Richard Frahm disappeared and has not been heard from since.

After an introduction in which Mark told of Einstein's early life (when informed of Einstein's age when his theory of relativity was first published, Jack Speer gave a moan of despair and cried, "Migosh he was younger than I am. I'm a failure!"), the lecture turned to the theory of relativity itself. Mark began with, "Let us take

something familiar to all of you — a spaceship at near the velocity of light." Thus setting us all on familiar ground, he began his clarifying explanation.

Even with this help, however, the audience got bogged down where the spaceship occupants spent no time at all to complete a voyage that lasted two hundred years in a spaceship of zero length and infinite mass. "That hasn't been put to the test yet, has it?" Pat Doyle wanted to know. I don't remember anyone answering him.

[continued next page]



"ROSS OPENING THE MEETING SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE"



## Last Meeting (continued)

Pat Doyle, by the way, was the one to bring up an objection to the theory that time on the speeding spaceship during the trip would seem shorter than the time on Earth. By considering the spaceship stationery and assuming the Earth to take off of the spaceship near the speed of light, the time ratio would be just opposite. "It's a paradox," Pat complained.

"Once upon a time there was a doc," Jack Speer began to explain, but said no more when it became evident that the other members weren't interested.

Ron McBeth finally summed up the space-pilot's situation in about as clear a way as possible. "He hasn't been gone as long as the people have waited for him to come back."

The discussion was appearing to get out of hand and it is difficult to say where it might have ended if Mark had not obtained order by pounding the table with a convenient grapefruit. Burnett Toskey winced at the pounding. ("That's my grapefruit!" he whispered hoarsely.)

The grapefruit proved to be used for purposes of demonstration. A golf ball (also belonging to Burnett) representing the Earth was rolled around the surface of the grapefruit to demonstrate that Earth was only taking the path of least resistance in its orbit around the sun. Jack Speer, who is a lawyer and therefore has a quick mind, caught on immediately. "The Earth," Jack suggested, "is following the easiest path between two moments."

"No character," was Pat Doyle's judgement of the planet at this point.

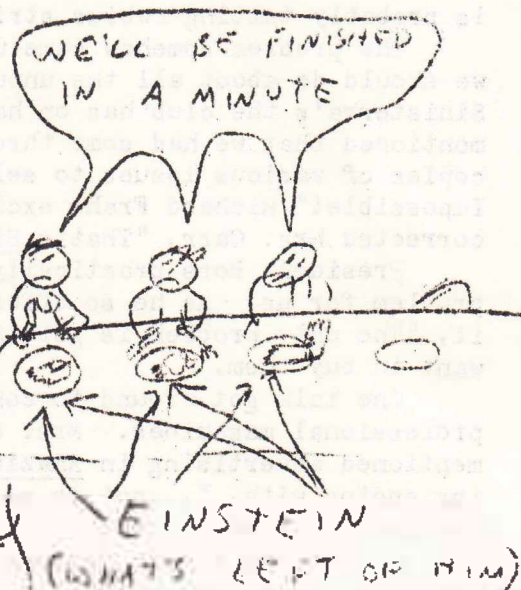
Somehow Mark brought his talk to a close and limped away from the battlefield. The audience was still not entirely finished with Einstein, however, and everyone kept the arguments going a while longer. Everyone but Toskey, that is. He was more interested in repossessing his grapefruit, which, I am given to understand, served as part of his breakfast the following morning.

Mrs. Carr brought a magazine to the meeting containing an article on "flying saucers" which was read to us by the President after Einstein was finished by the club. I forget the name of the article, it's author, and the magazine in which it was printed, but it described experiments that indicated "flying saucers" could be the result of freak atmospheric conditions causing a mirage.

Of course the reading did not go smoothly. (Nothing at the meetings really does.) There was a matter of the article being continued to another page which for a long while did not seem to be in the magazine. Fortunately the corbinal handless minds set themselves to work on the problem and located the proper page in the time-stream and placed it where it belonged in the magazine.

Another interruption occurred while Ted Ross continued the reading. I don't know that anybody discovered the true cause of the commotion, but the sounds of a lot of sirens kept pouring in through the open window. There were plenty of theories to be had on the subject. One was that invaders from another world had finally started their campaign. Another was that flying saucer pilots were making their objection to the reading of the article. ("I was just thinking of that -- little green men walking!" Bill Austin said.) When it was suggested that perhaps Ted Ross's wife and children were being cremated in their home, he remarked, "Oh well, the house is insured." (I hope Ted is insured if his family reads this.)

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## Last Meeting (concluded)

All good things usually come to an end, which was true of the article, the meeting, the short auction (in which all the magazines went into the library), not to mention Mark Walsted's talk and Toskey's grapefruit.

As per usual, a considerable portion of the club adjourned to Lun Ting's, but I did not follow. (Work the next day, you know.) As far as I was concerned, that was the meeting.

CRY OF THE READERS (our newly installed letter department)

June 10, 1952

Dear Wally -

Not too long ago, I donated a dollar so you'd send "Nameless" to the Madigan Army Hospital. Neither you nor they replied.

Did or didn't? You?

Enclosed card to let me know. In case you forgot, here is the address again.

Field Director  
American Red Cross  
Madigan Army Hospital  
Tacoma, Washington

Sincerely,

Mrs. Elsie Allen, 2922 North 16th Street, Tacoma 6, Washington

[Ten thousand apologies to both you and the hospital, Mrs. Allen. I haven't sent a CRY or SINISTERRA to the hospital since I've been corresponding secretary. I remember the address in the files when I took over, but I assumed it to be one of Mrs. Carr's personal mailing records and so I removed it. I thought the fellows in the hospital would be having a difficult enough time without sending them the CRY.

They're back on the mailing list now, Mrs. Allen, and they'll also get copies of all the available extra back issues, too, plus the latest SINISTERRA. And I'm really sorry about the mistake. Thanks a million for writing and letting me know.

---Wally7

- \* -

June 11, 1952

Dear Wally,

Now that you have added a blow by blow of the meetings of the Nameless, I know what that elusive something was which always sent me away---after reading the "Cry"---slightly unsatisfied. Now I can feel that I have at least attended by 2"proxy" --- as the chances of my ever getting there in person are remote.

What happened? The outside cover illo looks like it's about humans? For once my mailman didn't give me that look from half veiled eyes --- partly of wonder and fear.

Perhaps you can use a little moola so you'll be sure to keep sending the "Cry" at sootible intervals --- thanks no end to all who have sent it along to me --- mit-out even hearing or seeing a word for lo these two years.

Keep up the increasingly better work you are doing on the "Cry" and don't --- I repeat --- don't lose the nameplate of

Evelyn V. Marshment, Burton, Washington

[Thanks for the money (my gosh, at the rate we're getting donations we'll have to increase the size of the CRY to keep from going in the black!) and thanks even more for the letter, Evelyn. Sub-humans like myself, super-humans like Toskey, and even utter non-humans like L. Garcone have egos, and it helps a lot just to know somebody reads this thing. About that outside cover illustration about humans --- you know, it's strange. I thought it was pretty nice, myself. But L. Garcone looked at it, and I saw the creature show fright for the first time! ---Wally7

## CRY OF THE READERS (Continued)

Dear Wally,

I am taking this opportunity of tying this letter on the stencil, for two reasons: 1) You are not here to stop me, and any way of foiling you is a millstone on my road to success; 2) L. Garcone is in his cage pleading to be let out to torture the public with this page filled with his characteristic caricatures; 3) There is a movie to be reviewed which you neglected to review in the preceding pages of the cry. 4) With the rest of the cry in elite type, I thought it would make it that much more messy looking if I typed this page in pica. Enough of my two reasons for doing this, on to the movie review.

reviewing "RED PLANET MARS"

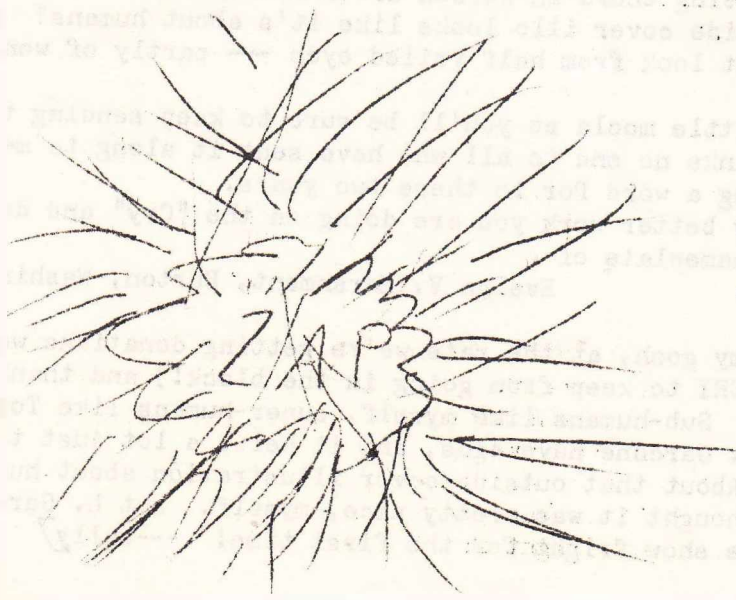
Here is the most stupendously thrilling movie to be released to the eager science fiction fans since the advent of that wonderful epic "ROCKETSHIP X-M". In fact, in my opinion, this latest thriller diller surpasses in many respects that oft-forgotten X<sup>M</sup>.

How my heart throbbed at the plight of poor Linda. Linda was the Martian girl who was disguised as an Earth girl married to an Earth man on Earth, but she didn't know she was a martian! I'm not yet certain whether the part was played by an Earth girl or whether it was played by a Martian disguised as one, but maybe she didn't know either. Anyhoo, the idea seemed to be centralized around messages coming from Mars and the effect of the translation of same by code experts on the public. When it was disclosed that the Martians lived 300 Earth years, insurance companies discontinued the writing of annuities. When the public learned that the Martians garnered enough power from one lump of coal to power a fleet of ships indefinitely -- the coal mines shut down.

I won't give away any more of the details of this marvelous production, but will close the review with a general opinion. It is definitely the most stupefying film ever to be presented; in fact, it was downright stultifying. My only complaint on the whole movie is that it seemed thematically to be somewhat sacreligious. But, on the whole, it is a film that I wholeheartedly recommend for all true science fiction fans to miss.

I believe I had better let out L. Garcone to finish up my page --- I guess I've tortured him long enough -- besides he's almost eaten his way out of his solid neutronium cage.

Burnett R. Toskey  
714 E. Garcone Avenue  
Burnettville, Mars



YIPE!

HE'S  
LOOSE!!!

## STREDICKE ON THE SOAP BOX

Dear Wally,

At one of the meetings a while back Richard Frahm mentioned the fact that in our constitution which the club prepared to qualify for the use of the Hub was an article which stated: "The purpose of this club shall be to promote science-fiction." He at the time expressed the view that as far as he knew the club had done little of such work.

I believe I have found an organisation which will do something about it!

Radio-Television-Science Fiction, presided over by Harry B. Schwendeman, Jr. of 2026 Amber Street, Philadelphia 25, Pennsylvania.

This organisation is attempting to re-instate many of the science-fiction programs on radio and television. First of the members are now gathering a petition for the Mutual Broadcasting System to return "2000 Plus" to the air waves. It is not necessary to join the club to petition the network, but why not? It's free! And you get a smart-looking wallet sized membership card. Besides that when future petitions are prepared you will be right in there with the rest.

As I climb down from my soap box, I'd like to have everyone of the Nameless who doesn't already belong to this club to send in their petition and membership application. They can do it by filling in these two boxes and mailing them to H. B. Schwendeman, Jr.

Victor Stredicke

/Thanks for letting us know about the club, Vic. It's interesting to find out that such an organization is being formed. You didn't send along any examples of what kind of box you wanted me to make up for interested persons to fill out, so I hope the layout below is something like you had in mind. Incidentally, don't be bashful about sending in cartoons and illustrations for the CRY to mutilate.---Wally/

Dear Harry,

I have read about Radio-Television-Science-Fiction in the CRY and have become interested in the club and the work which it is doing. I understand membership is free to those who would like to join the club, and I would like to become a member. My name and address is:

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Thank you.

Dear Mutual Broadcasting System,

I have enjoyed your program, "2000 Plus," in the past and want to add my name to the list of many persons who want you to return the program to the air.

My local Mutual station is \_\_\_\_\_ (call letters) in \_\_\_\_\_ (city).

My name and address is:

(signature)







from: THE NAMELESS ONES  
c/o Wally Weber  
4003 7th NE  
Seattle 5, Wash.

Printed Matter Only

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED