

CRY OF THE NAMELESS

September 12, 1952

number 36

Bi-weekly notice of the NAMELESS ONES, box 92, 905-3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Wash. Free to any fan in the state of Washington who can stand and to a few outside the state who are special enemies.

NEXT MEETING

Takes place September 18th (a Thursday as before) at 8pm in the Student Union Building on the University of Washington campus. I'm not sure that we have a room scheduled for that night, but the building will definitely be open and if the club isn't mentioned on the board we can all assemble in the lobby. They have a greater number of softer chairs in the lobby anyway.

The program as usual is not predetermined. However if Mrs. Carr shows up she will undoubtedly be called upon to give us a blow by zap description of the convention at Chicago.

For the business part of the meeting there might be a couple of things to think over. Like for instance I have applied to the University for a Nameless table to advertise the club during part of the first school week. You might like to make a suggestion or two as to how it should be done. Also we're ready for another election of officers. I believe October 16th is the meeting date for holding elections.

LAST MEETING

Was held at the home of our president, Mr. T. Ross. A total of fifteen persons assembled.

The Nameless explored Ted's rock collection while awaiting the arrival of more. (More Nameless, not rocks!) When enough were present that Ted was finding it difficult to keep track of his various specimens, he retrieved what he could of his rocks and called the meeting to order. Without much fuss, the meeting was turned over to Fred Ballantine and his thinking machine. Nobody had brought along a supply of batteries needed to run the machine so it remained lifeless throughout the talk and probably accounts for the fact that Jack Speer had the courage to sneer in its presence, "It looks very moronic to me." Later on Jack was heard whispering to his wife, "Bet I can out-wit it!"

The method in which the machine (which plays tic-tac-toe, incidentally) operates was explained down to its most fiendish element, the Killer Relay. (It is not true that the machine makes use of this relay on its opponent when in danger of losing a game.) Fred even explained what a relay was despite the fact that Ted Ross assured him we all knew about relays. ("I ran in one once," Ted went so far as to remark.)

When Fred ended his fine talk and the conversation degenerated into speculation by various Nameless on how they could trick the machine, coffee and cakes were served by our first lady, Mrs. Ross.

After our appetites had been taken care of, the meeting was turned over to Jack Speer, and his letter from God (Einstein to you non-believers.) Somewhere toward the start of the discussion Mark Walsted started to say something and was cut off by an exchange between Speer and Charles Ballantine (The latter was armed with a huge book and had braved coming to this one meeting purely in the interests of mathematics). Unable to get a thin word edgewise into the conversation, Mark impatiently waited for a lull. When at last it looked as though he might have a chance, he opened his mouth and Jack Speer asked, "Is that all you had to say, Mark?"

No definite conclusion was ever reached on the Einstein question other than that something must happen when a spaceship approaches the speed of light if it is only that the ship is increasing its velocity.

The meeting reached a satisfactory conclusion much later than would have ever been allowed in the Student Union Building and the various Nameless set out for their various homes in an attempt to reach them before Friday occurred.

C R Y O F T H E R E A D E R S

August 20, 1952

Dear Wally,

Everytime I think of the dark hours before I knew about "The Nameless Ones" I shudder! It wasn't until I began working at ARC, Madigan Hospital that I heard about your club.

Would you please add my name to your mailing list?

Enthusiastically yours,
Patricia Halversen
Box 307
Steilacoom, Wash.

/I have a grinding fear that I'm misspelling your name. Am I right? --- Wally/

Curt Lang
Sec. of the Hibited Men
3308 Dieppe Drive
Vancouver B. C., Canada

Wally,

I wrote "Dear" in front of your name then changed my mind. Such sentiment is not for the fan! We must be firm about these matters!!

Look ma, no typewriter. I just hope you can decode (or decranch, or something) my cuneiform scrawl.

This missive is partly in apology for the fact that HH has suspended publication for the summer months (or at least until we locate a new mimeo). Partly to give thanks and express awe that a "regularly" published newsletter gets out our way. And partly to compliment you on your multilith reproduction, very nice.

Speaking of multilith reproduction we hope to see emerging from the wilds of Western Canada (fanfare) A FANZINE!! — our very own. Also HH will resume publication on a more or less monthly basis (we hope). All will be multilith, the fanzine bi-monthly or at least quarterly, and we hope to set a new standard in artwork anyway. No kidding, compared to any fanzine art I have hitherto laid eyes on, our art will really be something. I swear on my helical tentacle. We shouldn't do too badly for poetry either, as Al Purdy is very accomplished along such lines (so is Terry Barker—another club member). Prose & articles have yet to be proven but we hope to have something good. Is all for now.

Happy Fanning,
Curt Lang

P.S. Any collector up your way in the market for old (pre '40) Shadow, Doc Savage, etc.? If so, let me know.

/If Norman Browne's VANATIONS is anything to go by, your fanzine should certainly be tops, particularly with all multilith reproduction. I'll be waiting with open mail-box. --- Wally/

Sept. 9, 1952

Would you be kind enough to remove my name from your mailing list.

Bill Walpole
305 B E. 54th Ave.
McLaughlin Ht.
Vancouver, Wash.

/Coward! — Wally/

Cry of the Readers (continued)

September 2nd, 1952
627 - 33rd Avenue
Seattle 22, Wash.

Dear Wally -

I have just been informed by my oculist that I have recovered sufficiently from the incredible eye-searing shock I received when I gazed on that last Cry. Legibility like spelling is an attribute that few Nameless can claim to have demonstrated.

My usual method for deciphering the Cry calls for the Unabridged Oxford English Dictionary, a handbook of Codes and Cross-word puzzles and a fourteen thousand page statistical analysis of mimeo-smears prepared for me especially by a manic-depressive mimeograph salesman. Last but not at all the least — an electron microscope.

I generally forward the Cry to Pluto where its incandescent matter can cool to a reasonable degree. I make a very pretty sum when I charge the Plutonians for their monthly heating bill. Then a few Plutonian martyrs place the Cry under maximum Electronic Microscope magnification. By this time I have made my semi-monthly trip to Mount Palomar where I gaze at the Cry through the 200 inch telescope equipped with filters, of course.

By this simple method I occasionally make out a splotch or two — once I made out a date — the effect was positively traumatic — but on the average I can reassure you I remain totally ignorant of Nameless doings.

I must hereby extend a most serious warning to you young man! If the Nameless ever discover the true time and meeting place and the meeting takes place, the shock of seeing each other face to face in such numbers will undoubtedly produce a condition I will call not nuclear but Nameless FISSION. The N-bomb and the fate of this galaxy rests in your twitching hands. Don't in the name of Uranium betray your sworn trust of illegibility!

I have spoken.

W. Richard Frahm

[The sacraficeBlap^{en} *4no^bberp^{lip}retroruminationgatchzap! — Wally]

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ENDING SOBS AND SNIFFLES

The calandar (whatever that is) has just tapped me on where my shoulder should be and said most of you will get this after the meeting if you get it at all. I wish thst thing would shut up. A couple days ago it claimed I had all sorts of time.

Carlene Bosselman and Ron McBeth, secretary and president respectively of the University branch of the Nameless, have decided to make it Mrs. & Mr. McBeth. They met the first time at a Nameless sponsored party where Phil Barker, then president of the Nameless, was circulating his petition to impeach himself. Can you imagine romance blooming in such surroundings of science-fiction and madness? Evidentally Ron and Carlene could. Or perhaps it was merely a matter of two sane persons banding together for survival in a fannish snake pit. Whatever cupid's reason if the critter needs a reason, congratulations to both of you from the club that brought you together.

Something else I have to say before giving up on this issue. Yeah, that's right. I'm moving again. I'm leaving 3933 - 15th N.E. and am living exclusively in a shack behind 9021 - 3rd N.W. (I've been living there the past five months and just first found out the address). My mailing address remains the same, box 92 905 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington.

from: The Nameless Ones
c/o Wally Weber
Box 92
905 Third Ave.
Seattle 4, Wash.

Printed Matter Only

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