

NEXT MEETING

Thursday, March 25, 1954 at 8pm in Room 4122 of the Arcade Building located next to Rhodes department store on second Avenue between Union and University streets in downtown Seattle.

JERRY FRAHM WILL BE THERE, with a couple hundred slides to show us. The slides are pictures he took while overcas in the Far East. They will be accompanied by Frahm-like comments and explanation.

Jerry will not be with us long, for soon he will be shipped out into the wilds of eastern Washington. Be sure to see him while he's available.

The Cry of the Nameless is published twice each month and contains belated information about next meetings after they happen as well as rehashes of old meetings, obsolete letters, even more obsolete commentary, slanderous stories, irritating cartoons, and literally purple passages. If you wish to send letters of complaint, address them to: The Nameless Ones, Box 92, 905 Third Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington. All bombs and lethal booby traps will be detected and returned to the sender at club expense. We lose more darn members that way!

HUNDRETH MEETING

March 11th the Nameless Ones converged on the Press Club to meet for the 100th time, and it amounted to an exclamation point emphasizing the gradual increase, or revival, of interest in the club. Twenty-six members and one dog attended to fill the meeting room with Nameless-type personalities and noises. Those attending were:

Mr. & Mrs. Ed Wyman	Mr. & Mrs. Bill Austin	Mr. & Mrs. Carl Carter	
Mr. & Mrs. Jack Speer	Mr. & Mrs. Ted Ross	Mr. & Mrs. Glenn Lasater	
Gwenn Cunningham	Evelyn Marshment		
Julia Woodard	Flora Jones	Virginia Cowling	Rose Stark
Elinor Deub	F. M. Busby	Royal Drummond	Phil Barker
Wally Gonser	Victor Stredicke	Wally Weber	

Richard Frahm (who came late despite the fact he had gone 36 hours without sleep)

The dog (a genuine, honest-to-goodness Pomeranian) belonged to Gwenn Cunningham. It was probably the most sought-after member of the assemblage and was exhibited by popular demand to the non-Nameless inhabitants of the Press Club.

Wally Weber (shucks, that's me maw) first caused everyone to open their eyes wide with disbelief by appearing in suit and (gasp) necktie, and then took cruel advantage of the situation by blinding everyone with flash bulbs. The flash bulbs seemed about as brilliant as cigarette ashes when compared with Evelyn Marshment's dress, however. A color photograph was taken of the spectacle but there is little hope that any photographic emulsion could possibly record the full range of colors radiated by the outfit.

Two of the members, Mr. & Mrs. Carter, were fairly recent additions to the club who came all the way from around Granite Falls to attend. Mr. Carter was gullible enough to invite fans to visit him, evidently not aware of what he was letting himself in for. His distance from Seattle may save the peace and sanity of his home.

Since a majority of the club's past presidents was there (namely, Phil Barker, Richard Frahm, Ted Ross, Wally Gonser, and F. M. Busby), each of them were forced to give a short speech about that sordid period of their lives.

Phil Barker evidently had more to drink than we thought because he admitted he was the author of the slanderous serial concluding in this issue of the CRY. He had written the sinful thing so long ago that he was forced to read it as it was published in order to remember what he had done. He expressed deep remorse over many of the lines in the story and suggested that the club Crier would express ~~even~~ greater remorse if anything unpleasant came from publishing the story uncensored.

F. M. Busby came out with the startling revelation that the night of the 100th meeting coincided with his birthday, and before he could protect himself he was deluged with "HAAAAAPPY BIRTHDAAAAAY TOOOO YOOOOOOOU!" as sung to the bitter end by the Nameless-Hundredth-Meeting-Birthday-Chorus. He may still recover, but chances are he will die before letting himself have another birthday on a meeting night.

This does not begin to describe the meeting. Like Evelyn's dress, it would have to be seen with your own eyes. You should have been there if you weren't.

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

Carter Stump Ranch
Riverside

February 21, 1954

Dear Wally,

Thanks for writing some time ago. I am sort of slow in corresponding too, but now that I have lots of time and can't do anything else, I am catching up on some of my correspondance when not reading or sleeping.

I have been enjoying "The Cry" and thought that I would be able to make it down to the next meeting since my wife isn't working. However, I tried to amputate a foot last Monday with an axe so will be laid up for a couple of weeks. I am sure tired of lying around. At times when working I think it would be nice to have a rest but when like now about one day and I have had enough. You can't get a real rest with a woman in the house anyhow since they never give the yak a rest.

Our address is Arlington, however, we live out on the Jordan Road or just off of it at Riverside which is 11 miles from Arlington and four miles from Granite Falls. Arlington is sure a poor excuse for a town. You can't even buy a science fiction mag there anymore and not a craftsman in the place. You couldn't pay me to live there. In fact you couldn't pay me to live in town period.

Spokane is my home town where I was born December 21, 1920. I lived there till I graduated from high school. I have lived in Seattle for a total of better than four years off and on. For two years before the war, I attended the University. Also I have spent nearly five years in Alaska all together and have been all over Alaska from Petersburg to Pt. Barrow where I spent five months in the vicinity of.

I work for the Navy at the Naval Radio Station "Big Jim" which you have probably read of when they had the Dedication last November. I am a machinist on the maintainance. We came up here the first of 1950 from Seattle where I had been working for the past six months for McKales at #4 station which is at the south end of the Fremont Bridge. I came up as a surveyor on the construction and when about finished about a year and a half ago transferred over to maintainance which is more or less a permanent job.

We bought a place here of twelve acres and want to buy more land. There is four acres cleared, including the orchard with thirteen apple trees and a pear tree, or rather two pear trees. The only stock so far is a few chickens, a horse, and two dogs. (It will probably be about a dozen dogs before long from the way Daisy looks.) The one dog is a male husky that I brought down from Alaska with me. We want to get some beef stock this spring. I have taken quite a little pulp and cedar off the place since we've been here and some bark. Eventually the place will pay for itself in timber products.

I have been reading science fiction and fantasy since I learned to read almost, if you count the Oz books, Jules Verne etc. which was legal and others in the pulp line when I could sneak them in and hide them from my mother. I also cruck in and read such as "Operator Five", "The Shadow", "Doc Savage" etc. I was in the Seabees during the war mostly overseas and did lots of reading but couldn't get much science fiction but have made up for it since. That is my chief recreation though I do read other types but not so much.

There is no one around here that has enough sense to be a fan. They think that science fiction is inane. They sit and watch television night after night. Even my wife thinks it is horrible and all she reads is true detective stories. It could be

worse of course if she read true confessions and other such rot.

I am going to try to make it down to the convention this year if I can talk my wife into going then. We will be going to LA anyhow to visit my mother and Texas where my wife's folks live and my sister.

Have rambled on about long enough and my foot is hurting some so guess I had better get some more rest. If you get a chance to get up this way would sure like to have you drop in for would be swell to talk to an intellectual for a change. As far as I am concerned, anyone who enjoys and reads science fiction and fantasy is an intellectual. Would be happy to hear from you again too. Best of wishes in everything.

Most sincerely yours,

Carl E. Carter
Rt. 2 Box 205
Arlington, Wash.

Was glad you and your wife could make it to the 100th meeting, Carl, but you really should have brought your dogs along. You could have come rushing into the Press Club (you probably have a full dog team by now) and given them something by which they could remember the Nameless Ones at the Club. As it was, the meeting was too tame. :: If you get the urge to ramble on again sometime don't forget us. You've established a criterion for an intellectual that certainly must appeal to everybody reading this rag.

--WW7

3-2-54

Dear Wally:

Enclosed are a couple of letters from Mark that I didn't get down to club meeting last time to read...looks like he would enjoy some mail. I thought Jerry's idea about the baroque pearls was fascinating. I wonder if he could do a little discreet smuggling...I'll bet every member in the club would like a string of them. I know I would. Gosh... By the way, send a CR to the following address. She's interested in books on witchcraft, both the humorous fantasy and the straight non-fiction type. Laughed so hard at Thorne Smith that she couldn't finish "Night Life of the Gods." (Being pregnant at the time and preferring to keep the baby rather than the book. Guess she isn't a TRUE fan, yet.) Has a library of about 750 books -- not all fantasy & stuff, of course. Also, she's in the market for H. Rider Haggard. Anybody got a set they want to get rid of -- cheap?

G. M. Carr

P.S. Re that serial -- could it be that editing the CRY has become so lacking in danger the OR must edit it deliberately? HMMMM?

The address of the lady who wants a set of H. Rider Haggard is Mrs. Hendrickson, 5233 - 12th W., Seattle 7, Wash. Your OR has been worrying so much since the serial started in the CRY that he forgot to include the address in the note. :: Re the comment on the serial, Gem, in the words of Toskey I am "breeding a bloody stump on the end of my neck." The serial had been written a long time ago (as you probably know) and has been passed from hand to hand like a hunk of uranium at critical mass until recently when I, in a reckless moment, put it in the CRY. Have mercy.--WW7

TWO LETTERS BY PVT WALSTED
FOLLOW! READ ON →

Pvt. Maurice Walsted
US 56227043
Co M 20th Inf. Reg.
Fort Ord, Calif.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Carr,

Got this new address a few days ago, so now I can write. This training is going to be rough, but I think I'm shaping up nicely. The cycle is 8 weeks basic, 2 weeks of leave, and then 8 more weeks of basic if you're going into the infantry or O.C.S. I hope I won't get the infantry. I'm going to do everything I can do to keep out of it.

At the same time I'm going to get everything out of the basic I can, at least until I'm assigned. Still I get little free time. Right now I'm writing this in an army dentist's waiting room with about 40 other guys. We all had dental appointments assigned without our asking. We march around a lot. Wherever we go we run, and when we get there we stand in line. There seems to be not enough hours in the day to do everything that needs to be done. After a couple of weeks though, I'll have a little free time. In the meantime I snatch time to write letter whenever I can.

There's one thing I can't get here that I wish I could, and that's the magazine, Scientific American. I haven't seen it on any of the PX's, which incidentally are off limits for us for a couple of weeks.

The other day we went to an education orientation lecture telling us what courses we could take in the army to continue our education. After the lecture on the correspondence courses, questions were asked, and naturally I upped my pretty (pretty dirty) paw and asked if they had courses in advanced physics and mathematics. When the man had finished gasping, he said no physics since it's a lab course but they did have five graduate courses in Math, so it looks like I can get some schooling in the army I can use, as well as some I hope I'll never use.

Especially after seeing a movie they showed us the next day. It was an infantry battle in Italy, actually filmed in combat. I was almost physically sick, though some people seemed to like it. It wasn't that it was full of horrors, but it was nothing a person of imagination should see.

There is emphasis on religion here in the army. More than you get in school. Now I know you'll immediately get up on your hind legs and yell that the army is better than the University but I still would like to be back in the U.

There are naturally a few odd balls and gold bricks around, but generally either the zen take care of them, or the sergeant does. There is one across from me in the barracks. Every time in formation when we stand at attention he would reach out and kick me. I couldn't move and he was hidden from the sergeant. An awful dumb guy. Can't march at all. I finally found out who it was and read him a riot act in the barracks last night. I didn't fight, but if it happens again, and it won't, I'll teach him how to kick, and there still won't be a fight. He's the same size as me so it's all right but I know I can lick him if necessary.

I haven't messed up yet. If I do, I suppose I'll get special K.P. or some other detail. For having buttons unbuttoned or such you get to do pushups.

- Later -

Right now I've been standing in one place for an hour and half, and expect to go on another hour. About 60 guys came down to get their eyes checked... I got through first and was told to start a platoon, stand up, smoke, but keep on your feet. My feet are beginning to hurt.

- Next Day -

Am starting on gas today. Be ten hours including a dose in a gas chamber with mask off and tear gas.

- Later -

We've been double training all day and my legs are ready to collapse.

Affectionately,

Mark

Pvt. Maurice Walsted
 US 56227043
 Co M. 20th Inf. Regt.
 Fort Ord, Calif.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Carr,

I've got a three day pass and no money to go anywhere, so I'm staying around the post here amusing myself the best I can. This is the first time I've had the time to really write a letter to other than my mother.

Things were pretty bad for a while. They were marching us and double timing us from one place to another. My feet and knees began to hurt, and I could hardly walk. I can march now, but my feet still hurt, and when I try to double time it wrecks my legs for the rest of the day. We have the usual things you can imagine. Classroom & movies, drill, classes in field, physical training, bayonet practice, rifle practice & firing.

I don't care for the army. Soon after we started basic we were shown a picture of an actual battle in Italy. The battle of San Pietro. It was taken in actual combat, and it was awful. I sat there with tears streaming down my cheeks, and when we were given a break after the film we went out, and I was almost physically sick.

We get haircuts often, and quite short. I don't care for it.

I still hope for White Sands. What happened was this. Coming in they told us there were only a few schools open, such as vehicle drivers and cook, and of course O.C.S. I don't want to go to O.C.S. It means about 4 years in the army instead of two. The only school that was even vaguely interesting was an atomic school. To get that we would have to re-up for another year for the most interesting courses, electronics and nuclear. To give you an idea of the level of the courses, however, one of the requirements was trigonometry! Anyway I signed up for it. Anything to get out of the infantry. The same day after I'd finished signing the papers I got a letter from a professor at school who'd written to a Colonel at White Sands about me. The Colonel said he could use me but it would be necessary for me to apply for a transfer through my commanding officer. I trotted on down and had them tear up my application. Then I found out that I would have to finish basic and be permanently assigned before I could apply. So I put down for a choice of schools stenographer, supply, and vehicle driver in that order. I'll apply to White Sands as soon as I can.

Please write.

Sincerely,

Mark

✓ Ahh, you lucky so and so, getting the glory of defending our nation against the evil aggressors. How I wish I had my health (sneak-cough-wheeze) and could be with you. But carry on, lad. We will back you up on the home front publishing CRI's, attending meetings, and making all the other sacrifices expected of us. Chin up, and all that old topper. ---NNNN/

ORLS & ENDS

In addition to the slides next meeting, 14 black & white prints of photographs taken at the 100th meeting will be available to stare at. Anyone wanting copies may order them at the meeting. Some 18 Kodasolor photos (minus pictures that didn't turn out) are still being processed but should be available for showing at the first meeting in April.

D I C T A T O R I A L P O L I C Y

SYNOPSIS: Thousands of years have passed since the twentieth century when an auto accident plunged me into Bottomless Lake. Archaeologists of this present age have found my body and miraculously preserved brain, and they have been able to restore my consciousness. My eyes have also been restored and I am able to hear and talk with the aid of artificial mechanisms. I am only able to observe and comment, however, since the rest of my body was too damaged to restore.

Despite their marvelous science, the people of this age seem to have made no social or political advances since my own time. I have seen the president of the universe, Faelus Burper, with his non-human Chief Councillor and Scribe of the Records, Purnet Schmoski. I have also met a number of other persons including Alderan Cook, Wolis Slabber, Giblets Tudor and his mistress Smellie, and Snark Doorsted. On the surface they all appear content and happy, but actually there is a deep unrest caused by the Matriarch, a determined woman who dictates the moral standards of the universe and enforces them with an iron will. Her real name is Ermintrude G. Autow and she has formed the universe into a single culture having only her religion and her race.

There is an opposition, however, in the form of the fanatical William Crosley, an apple-seller from the slums of the fifteenth level, who speaks of a revolution. Also, there is the Matriarch's minister of propaganda, a native of the icy wastes of Pluto named Thramm, who, according to Crosley, plays both ends against the middle by carrying lies to both her and Burper, although he is too clever ever to be caught.

All this had not effected me, personally, until I let it be known that in my century we were striving to get rid of dictatorship, race-prejudice, and religious intolerance. The sound of tramping feet has interrupted a secret visit by Crosley. Crosley has scuttled away in the darkness and I am now confronted by the Matriarch's secret police led by her present spouse and Thramm. Mr. Autow has informed me I have brought things out of the past that should better be forgotten and that I, on orders of the Matriarch, am to be destroyed.

Part 4 - Spine-Tingling Conclusion

"No," I shrilled, "That's murder!" I suddenly found an intense will to live, even in this strange and distant world.

"Guards," snapped Autow. Several stepped forward with sledges.

"No -- no -- you can't do this!" I tried to scream, but my voice volume had been turned down too low to make myself heard. The first hammer was raised over me, and suddenly there was a crash, glass tinkled and rained down over my range of vision. My voice stopped, cut short.

Then there was a whirlwind of fury, and Crosley leaped upon the nearest guard. They tussled, and the lamplight rocked crazily to and fro. Crosley had stayed! I tried to shriek -- Crosley strangled the guard with his thin hands. A hammer raised over Crosley's head -- I could make no faintest sound.

The hammer crashed down.....

More footsteps. Someone was coming! My hopes rose, and my limited range of eyesight desperately tried to twist around so that it could see. The guards stopped beating Crosley, and Autow turned to look. Thramm started to slink away, a wicked smile on his pointed, sardonic features.

The room was full of men, and I saw faces among them I recognized -- Schmoski, Burper, Slabber (hands still ink-stained) and Doorsted. Others were leaping into the great hall momentarily, but in the forefront was a man I had not seen before, a stout man with heavy blue-black hair and flashing eyes.

Weapons clanged in the semi-darkness, and Autow's men gave way before their rush. Cook's powerful hands seized my case and swung me up and back, out of the battle. Now more voices were coming from the other direction -- a woman's foremost among them. I tried to groan; it was the Matriarch.

Thramm had slid back behind the fighting and was attempting to flee. Doorsted and Tudor seized him and held him. Thramm squeaked like a spitted rat and tried to scratch his way loose. Tudor held him tightly, and Doorsted placed a neat blow against his skull to quiet him. Thramm relaxed into silence.

Now the Matriarch herself was in the room, and with her were many soldiers in the silver and black of the secret police.

Cook raised a weapon, pointed, and fired. Three soldiers dropped before its scarlet beam. Science had not slept entirely during the reign of the Matriarch. The battle raged, and many black coats were down. I watched from the protective safety of Cook's arm. Now the battle was all in Burper's favor. He, himself, was not doing much fighting, for his duty was to coordinate and make sure that no angle was overlooked.

Now the last black and silver trooper was down, and only the Matriarch herself remained. Her shrill cries of "Freedom! Victory!" ceased, and she saw that she was lost. Ermintrude Autow turned ignominiously to flee. She was clear of the battle and racing for the door, bearing her stout bulk with the rapidity of an aged adder; suddenly a form rose before her. Crosley! Beaten and near death, but his fanaticism burning in his hollow eyes, he seized her. She beat at him ineffectually, her fat face livid with fear. The forces of Burper were upon her, yelling their victory.

Autow wrenched one hand free, and Crosley saw it held a knife. Cook and Burper dashed forward -- too late. She plunged it once into Crosley, and then into her own breast. She fell over Crosley's body.

Later I sat in the same great hall with Cook and Schmoski and Slabber and the rest. A thin, bond man with a sharp voice was judging the remnants of Autow's forces. He was Sperm, the chief lawyer for the democracy. Finally, as the last one was led out for execution, Burper rose.

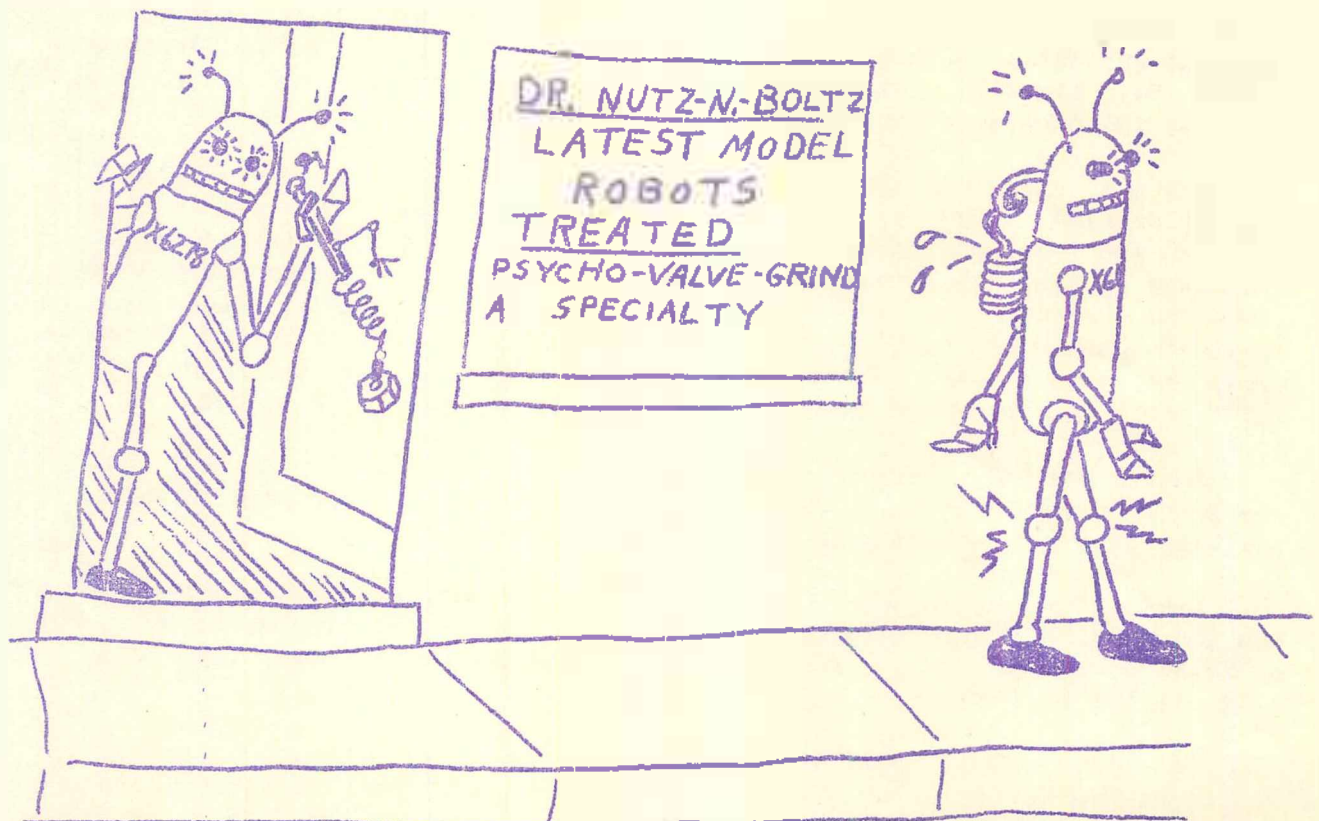
"We have at last ended the tyranny of Ermintrude Autow. She will be buried in the traitor's section of the prison graveyard, along with her husband and her cohorts, Thramm and the rest. We are at last free to do as the will of the people sees fit. But there is one person who is not with

us today, and he is the one who most deserves my place here. William X. Crosley, the poor apple salesman from the fifteenth level. He died for a cause he believed was right, and it was only the timely call he sent out over his pocket radio that called his true friend and firmest cohort, Bulldog Bummin, to the rescue of our friend from the past. Bummin called me on the visio, and thus we have not only saved a valuable contribution to history, but we have obliterated the most terrible menace to our culture since the last great dictator. It is Crosley who is the hero here today. And Crosley shall sleep in the garden of princes, among those who have done our nation the greatest possible service."

Tears came unbidden again to my eyes, and yet I was not ashamed, for others there were weeping too. I was suddenly glad that I had been brought to this world, and I found my brain dictating a smile to my facial muscles which were not there. Cook had promised me a robot body soon, though, and then I would smile all the rest of my life.

Burper was finishing his speech, "— and thus, we shall set a new government over the old, and let everyone once again return to the active use of both body and mind that characterized the age of our man from the past. And this, my friends, we all owe to a little man, a crippled man: William X. Crosley, a poor seller of apples in our deepest slums. And horse apples at that."

The End



"Oh, well, no sense telling him I had all this left over —
he'd just worry!"

