

MERRY  
CHRISTMAS

#86

Dec 1955



-HOLOCAUST

Published pretty much monthly by Nameless Ones, a Seattle science-fiction club that gets its mail at Box 92, 920 Third Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington. Anyone can get this bundle of information sent to them by first paying 10¢ for one issue, 15¢ for two issues, 50¢ for nine issues, or a whole dollar for a relentless twenty-one issues. (We aren't really giving discounts -- it's just that we don't add so good.) If you publish a fanzine of your own you must be broke already, so just send us your fanzine and we'll return the insult by trading.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

## SPECIAL FEATURE

aPROpos ..... letter from H. L. Gold ..... 3

## FICTION

Love Thine Enemy ..... by Waddagobble de Gook ..... 16

## AMAZING NEW FEATURE

Table of Contents ..... 2

## PROPAGANDA

Plug for TAFF ..... by Burnett R. Toskey ..... 17

## FAITHFUL OLD DEPARTMENTS

Science Fiction Field Plowed Under ..... Renfrew Pemberton ..... 4

S - F Report ..... Compiled by William N. Austin ..... 6

Amazing In Review .... (Part III - 1928) .... by Burnett R. Toskey ... 8

STF In TV & Movies ..... Eldon K. Everett ..... 11

"The Ripe Weep We Reap" ..... letters from you ..... 12

## FAITHFUL NEW DEPARTMENT

Fanzine Reviews ..... Amelia Pemberton ..... 7

## OFFICIAL STUFF

Meeting Announcement ..... 22

Odds & Ends ..... editorial by Wally Weber ..... 14

Zwei Minuten ..... minutes by Malcolm Willits ..... 15

Cover and all interior artwork and headings by Pierpont Holocaust.

Editor this issue, Wally Weber.

Next issue of the CRY will be loaded with editors, namely:

Malcolm Willits  
John Walston  
Otto Pfeiffer

## MEETING ANNOUNCEMENT

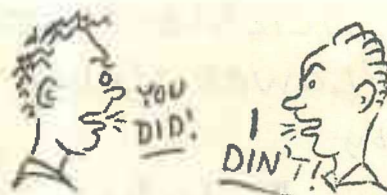
143rd Meeting will take place December 22, 1955

144th Meeting will take place January 5, 1956

Like most meetings of the Nameless, these will be held in the YMCA on 4th Avenue between Madison and Marion Streets in downtown Seattle. May all of you have success in your dealings with these and other one-way, no-turn, no-parking streets. Meetings start around 8pm.



aPROPOS:-



GALAXY PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
421 Hudson St. New York 14, N. Y.

November 17, 1955

Dear Ladies and Gents:

A few corrections of misstatements and misinformations in your otherwise admirable CRY:

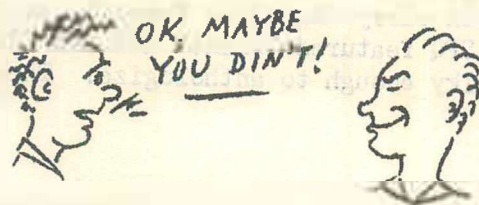
Norman Winslow's article missed the point of my dispute in FANTASY TIMES. Taurasi had declared that nobody had ever challenged Ray Palmer's figures, which Palmer claimed to have gotten from Bill Hamling, so I did, since they were grotesquely in error. Hamling wrote me embarrassedly, explaining the undeniable fact that not only hadn't he been quoted correctly -- he hadn't made the statements in the first place! Since FANTASY TIMES is an important source of data for us in the publishing end of the business, it was imperative to get Taurasi to check his information sources. I don't give a hang about arguments over superior vs. inferior material and circulations. If there were no magazines catering to various levels of readership, we would put them out, and for exactly the reasons Winslow gives. Hell, I wrote for Astounding and TWS and Startling and Planet, was associate editor on TWS and Startling, have sold to Amazing and Fantastic while editing GALAXY, plus slicks here and in Canada! What more proof is needed that I understand -- and act upon -- the logic Winslow presents? (Include Captain Future in the list, please. I just remembered some stories I wrote for it on company time; orders, not finishing time from Standard, though that wouldn't have been a bad idea -- if possible, which it wasn't.)

The review by Renfrew Pemberton (I'll bet there are people who actually think that's a pseudonym) could have been clarified by a simple phone call or postcard, asking the situation. Well, the answer is that we were switching from American News to Kable when the Nov. '55 issue came out. Kable hadn't ironed out the kinks in its distribution pattern and American News hadn't called off the Sept. and Oct. issues. Result -- we had THREE issues on the stands, or trying to get on, at the same time! Forget your teddy bear, Renfrew, and ask next time, will you? Also, check the numbering and see if any issue had been skipped at all.

Wm. N. Austin's report is accurate up to the point where he conjectures that some of the BEYOND stories wound up in GALAXY or were sold to Fantastic Universe. Neither is true. Here again, a postcard would have set the record straight. Come on, guys, check before you print, huh?

Cordially,

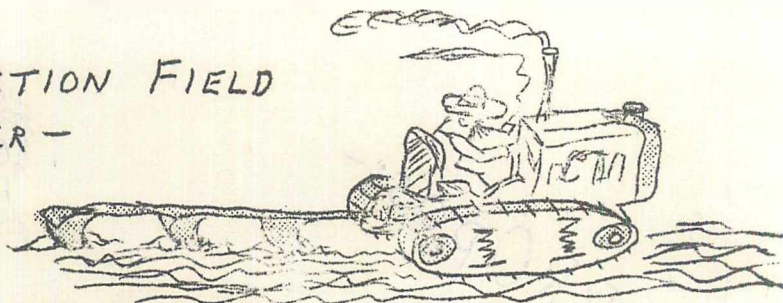
H. L. GOLD



# THE SCIENCE-FICTION FIELD PLOWED UNDER -

by

Renfrew Pemberton



With the dearth of recent issues to put under the plow, we'd be pretty hard up for material this time if it weren't for the foregoing letter from H. L. Gold, a man we respect, admire, and occasionally needle a little. OK, maybe no issues have been skipped by Galaxy, but we've had just one new issue in the past three months. The November editorial stated there would be no December issue. Semantically it may be cricket to hold to the numbering system as a criterion; it's been done before -- just suspend for a couple of years and pick up the numbering where it left off. But from the reader's standpoint it might appear -- appear, mind you -- as if something had been missing. In the case of Galaxy, the reader is missing quite a bit, getting the announcement of a Schmitz serial in mid-September, the first installment early in November, and the conclusion -- ah, when?

Mainly we took off on Mr. Gold because his announcement resembled those of some other editors who spoke bravely but deceptively in the face of disaster recently: (we are combining three magazines into one, because thus we can... better and... we're sure you will... great improvement...) and we felt that H.L. should be above this sort of guff. "It only hurts when I laugh" belongs in Mad, more. So OK, what happened to the early release date on the January issue, promised for about four weeks ago? We sincerely hope that HL and Galaxy are NOT having any serious difficulties, but also that any minor difficulties will NOT show up dripping whitewash all over the place. What the heck, anybody can have problems -- what's so bad about honestly admitting them?

Mr. Gold would have us phone or write him for correct information before publishing, but if we were restricted to facts, these columns wouldn't be half as much fun to work up. Actually, last month's column did not purport to contain the FACTS behind Galaxy's time-lag, only rumors labelled as such, and opinions which were surely identifiable as distinct from "inside info". HL does have a point -- he wants us to go after the true scoop before printing. However, we can't use postcards because the questions only arise at the deadline, when Toskey is tearing half-filled sheets out of this typer to put 'em on stencils. And I fail to see why we should run up our phone bill to get the straight story when HL had the chance to put it in the November blurb. That snow job was the sole cause of our plaint, as should be clear to the point of saturation by here. You're supposedly writing for mature readers, Mr. Gold, so quit telling them there won't be any December issue because Santa Claus broke his leg. And lay off my teddy bear; he's a subscriber.

We're more hurt than angry at HL's cleverly shielded insinuation of pseudonymism. Just because I've lost a little weight lately -- . Anyway, HL, we like you, so let's don't feud.

As mentioned, prozines have been a little scarce since our last. Keep tellin' you to go out and buy some, to keep the market up -- .

The Lowndes duo came out as one, a bit ago. Both are up from last appearances, and more on a par than previously noted. Last time round, SFQ led SFS by a wide margin. This time SFS leads a bit. Both carry "Parodies Tossed", poetic summaries of famous stf epics, by Randall Garrett. SFQ features "Slan!" and SFS "The Demolished Man". I hope these go into a series bulky enough to anthologize. These magazines



probably the least specialized of any in the field today, being neither all-action, over-cerebral, extra-precious, or super-mature. Consequently they are not at the top of any one school of thought in sf but are good reading for any fan not sold on one school to the exclusion of the rest. The Budrys in SFQ is a thoughtful sort of piece.

Fantastic Universe is almost embarrassingly prompt these days: both the Jan & Feb '56 issues at hand since last plowing. Doggone, here we griped for Frank Belknap Long to get off those plushy blurbs and do some stories -- well, he has a couple of two-pagers in these issues, but it appears he's been on the blurbs altogether too long. The stories read more like blurbs than like stories. I guess I'll just quit directing policy for these people, or else do it more forcefully. OK, FBI, purge yourself of blurbism if you're going to write fiction. Or anyway. Whi Taun, Frank Herbert, Philip Dick, & Bryce Walton top the Jan job, while Robt's Silverberg and Abernathy run away with the Feb. Although if F.B. Long is hiding under the name of Edmund Cooper for Feb, he could be doing better than is apparent. Two stinkers out of nine for each issue isn't bad for 35¢. I think this has been mentioned before. Still valid.

December aSF: this hit the stands about a week before we, as privileged subscribers, received our mail-mauled copy. Frank Herbert's serial of the atomic submarine in future war went all out for action this (2nd) installment, losing in character interest accordingly. They're-after-us; heroic genius-miracle. They're-after-us; super-heroic genius-miracle. They're -- oops, lost the place, and who cares? Well, Murray Leinster's "Sand Doom" and two of the short stories redeem the issue, one with a novelette, four shorts, the serial, no article. So no overall complaint. Lou Tabakow's "Faithfully Yours", however, does not by any means come up to "Sven" and should have been given the same treatment.

Sturgeon's "Caviar" anthology (Ballantine #119) contains new "Bright Segment" (brilliant but downbeat), three from aSF, one each from Unknown, Amazing, Imagination, and Galaxy, listed in order of copyright credit. Some I like and some snudder me, but Theodore is never dull.

January F & SF just arrived today; it's good. Only two reprints, one of which is a Schuyler Miller from a '49 Avon, and the other "The Jet-Propelled Couch", which has been reviewed thoroughly elsewhere and merits it. Wellman's John the Minstrel is back and welcome indeed. Phonetics-minded readers will note Kornbluth, Clarke, Cogswell, Carter, and Clingerman; well, the pronunciation may get a little monotonous but the stories don't. This is a good issue.

We were getting worried about "Infinity" until noting it's scheduled as bi-monthly and not due for a couple of weeks yet. Anticipating, though.

Well, in case you don't get your next CRY until next June, don't worry about it. You won't miss even one issue; we'll pick up the numbers right where we left off. We'll do it just to bring you the best possible coverage, entertainment, or what-have-you, though. REST assured.

In case nobody else answers EKE's letter, what thell do you mean by an FDR slant, Eldon boy? We find but nothing in recent issues that could be interpreted to refer to or beat drums as per the Late Great, AT all. If any publication\* (see CRY # 78) could be said to be unpolitical, nonpolitical, impolitical, or apolitical (or purposeless), this is it. Are you making a funny or what?

To get completely off the assignment while the editor is not looking, there has been a lot of loose yammer about Seattle putting in for the Convention for '57. It is well known that any convention held on Puget Sound would be yclept the Pucon but is this enough? Our spies have it that at a recent Nameless meeting, opinion was divided. All those with a working knowledge of conventions were anti; those without, pro. If our spies have misled us, don't call us; we won't call you either. What a timesaver that will be.

On this Convention kick, my idea would be for Eldon K. Everett to revitalize the Tacoma group and get the '57 Convention for Tacoma. In this way the Seattle group could have a Convention close at hand without the hassle of producing it. Another suggestion is embodied in Wally (I Am The Dictator) Weber's cartoon in Creep #6 and CRY #83, where a fanebriate tells a reporter "Ish latest thing. Con Committee has Convention. Fans shtay home!" This is worthy of consideration. Burnett Toskey, insidiously encouraged by L. Garcone, has come up with another twist; when the curtain is raised (by the janitor) at the opening assembly of the Pucon, the stage holds a large sign "HAVE FUN". That's all. From ther it is up to the assembled fans, who are probably up to it, also.

The discussions actually reached the point of attempted selection of a suitable hotel. I don't know what the meeting produced, but the discussion at the Pemberton hutch dallied with the thought of settling the Con into some colorful Skidroad flop-house, winoes and all, before deciding on the perfect choice, the "Ritz-Sourdough" on 4th Avenue just north of Pine Street. Never having frequented the Ritz-Sourdough, our curiosity is whetted to a sharp twanging edge. Further info will be forthcoming if we survive the reconnaissance. But what a gimmick -- can you imagine any fan passing up a convention held at the Ritz-Sourdough???

Having plowed clear across the lane and into the neighbor's potatoes, it's about time.

S - F R E P O R T : December, 1955

Average Ratings of s-f magazines

ASTOUNDING Dec., 1955 (56:4)

- C+ Sand of Doom, nt (Leinster)
- B- The Golden Judge, ss (Gordon)
- C Breakaway, ss (Gimble)
- B Far From Home, ss (Taylor)
- C- Faithfully Yours, ss (Tabakow)
- B Under Pressure (2-of-3) (Herbert)

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE Jan., 1956 (4:6)

- B- The Minority Report, nt (Dick)
- C The Head Hunters, ss (Morrison & Pohl)
- B Wednesday's Child, ss (Tenn)
- B- The Last Quarry, ss (Walton)
- C+ Keepers of the House, ss (del Rey)
- C Life Force, ss (Ferris)
- B- The Nothing, ss (Herbert)
- C- You Got To Have Brains, ss (Bloch)
- D- Preview, sss (FB Long)

FANTASY & S-F Nov., 1955 (9:5)

- A- The (Widget), the (Wadget), and Boff (1-of-2) (Sturgeon)
- C+ The Brass Cannon, ss (Correy)
- C Asking, ss (Seabright)
- C+ Pieces of Eight, s nt (Gruber)
- B- The Logic of Rufus Weir, ss (Porges)
- B The Expert Touch, ss (Nourse)
- B Youth, Anybody? sss (Cartmill)
- B Joy in Mudville, nt (Anderson & Dickson)
- D Dream World, sss (Asimov)

FANTASY & S-F Dec., 1955 (9:6)

- B- Delenda Est, nt (Anderson)
- C- Mellonta Tauta, ss (Poe)
- C Dreaming Is a Private Thing, ss (Asimov)
- C The Hedgehog, sss (Saki)
- B- Of the People, sss (Dickson)
- A- The (Widget), the (Wadget), and Boff (2-of-2)(Sturgeon)

Compiled by W. N. Austin

RATINGS

- A Excellent
- B Very Good
- C Good
- D Neutral
- E to G Below Average to Poor

Send your ratings to:  
William N. Austin  
Box 969  
920 Third Avenue  
Seattle 4, Wash.



# FANZINE REVIEWS

=by=  
Amelia Pemberton

While ol' spouse plows the field I'll do a little digging in the garden patch, as 'twere. Unfortunately, I am by no means as well qualified (at present) to review fanzines as Pemby is to review prozines. He reads all the prozines he likes, & so far I just read the fanzines that happen to find their way into this house.



WHERE IN  
THE WORLDS  
IS 2852  
14th West?



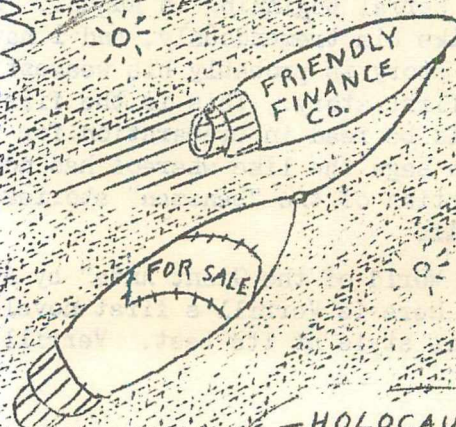
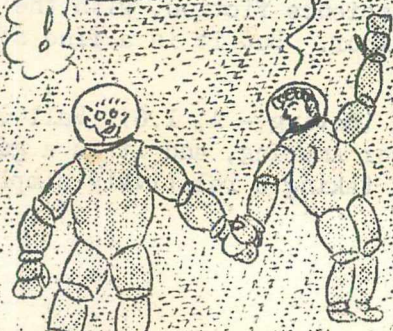
EISFA Vol. III No. 11, Robert & Juanita Coulson, 407½ E. 6th St., N. Manchester, Ind. (5¢ per copy or 12 issues for 50¢. Published monthly)

I liked this -- I enjoyed reading it, but did not regard it with unqualified rapture. I dint like the fiction at all. I often don't like fanly fiction. Fan fiction is apt to be sort of much ado about nothing. I thought the artwork, by James Adams, Neal Wilgus, Larry Bourne, Chuck Spidelly, & Juanita Coulson was all real good. There were four pages of fanzine reviews -- very interesting. I had only read one of the zines reviewed (Really! Our house isn't that hard to find!) and that was ALPHA. Was pleased to discover Coulson regarded this with same lack of real enthusiasm that I did. EISFA has various departments, all interesting except "Ramblings," by Juanita Coulson, which is laid out in such a fashion as to be very difficult to read. Her ramblings are so run together one has to read them carefully to make any sense out of them, & one doesn't want to have to read ramblings carefully.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW no. 23, Richard E. Geis, 1525 N.E. Ainsworth, Portland 11, Ore. (15¢ per copy, 7 for \$1 -- free sample copy sent to whomever asks for).

This is a handsome mimeographed zine with very good artwork, especially that by Dan Adkins, & the cover, by D. Jenrette. This is a sercon fanzine with vivacity & sparkle -- very good reading. Ol' Geis has a real talent with words -- makes them bounce right into place. Reviews Dec. IF with great thoroughness. Henry Moskowitz reviews IMAGINATION, & schnooky ol' Hamling, too. Fine, fine. A lousy story by Harlan Ellison. I dint read it. Could see at a glance it dint have a happy ending. Book reviews by Noah McLeod & Jim Harmon. Good. Last but not least, a mysterious but interesting & amusing department by Fred Chappell, "The Goldfish Bowl," about science fiction & all like that.

WELL, I HOPE AT LEAST  
YOU KEPT UP THE PAYMENTS  
ON OUR SPACESUITS!



-HOLOCAUST

# AMAZING IN REVIEW-!

By Burnett R. Toskey

PART III: 1928

PRELUDE TO ACT III:

1928 was a year of change for *Amazing Stories* in some respects, though greater changes were yet to come in the years to follow. Hugo Gernsback remained editor for the full year, and for the most part the shorter length stories retained the usual low standard of the first two years, with occasional good ones. In April, the size of the magazine changed from the 100 page, 11" tall issue to a 96 page, 11½" tall, though no increase in wordage resulted per page, so the end result was a decrease in total wordage. The December issue was the first issue to sport a red backbone. All other issues previously had white backbones with blue letters. The *Amazing Stories Quarterly* began in 1928, containing 144 pages, profusely illustrated, and no advertisements. Also the quarterly had more wordage per page than the monthly, so the total length of a quarterly was about twice that of a monthly. They ran long novel-length stories here which would have been completely unsuitable as a serial in the monthly, and shorter stories which were along the same general line as in the monthly. The result was in some respects a better magazine.

Both the monthly and Quarterly still had not run out of H. G. Wells or Jules Verne stories during the previous year. The last H. G. Wells story appeared in August (except for one isolated case later on), in the same issue with the first installment of *Skylark of Space*, the first new story to appear in the pages of the magazine which Time has decided to be of lasting stature. "The Sunken World" from the Quarterly is another from this year. Speaking of the stories, here are my comments:

## NOVEL LENGTH STORIES (In order of personal preference)

"The Sunken World" by Stanton A. Coblentz, (rating - A+, 0.8), Summer quarterly.

I have a peculiar affinity for Atlantis stories when they are good, so I possibly am not a good judge of the quality of this particular story. I enjoyed the story tremendously, and heartily recommend it, but whether you will share my opinion and hold the story as one of the all-time favorites is considerably open to question. It is beautifully written, with excellent plotting, and characterizations, and convincingly conceived.

"The Skylark of Space" by E. E. Smith and Lee H. Garby (Rating - A, 1.0) three part serial beginning in August. You either like E. E. Smith or you don't. I happen to like him tremendously, and I have a hard time understanding anyone who doesn't. This story is probably his weakest story, but this is no doubt natural, since it was his first story. This is the first of the three famous "Skylark" stories, and really should be read in preparation for the two which follow. The three stories as a unit are a saga the like whereof has not been seen in science fiction, with the possible exception of the "Lensmen" stories by the same author. But it is a fine story by itself.

"The World of the Giant Ants" by A. Hyatt Verrill (Rating - A, 1.6) Fall Quarterly.

Here is Verrill's first novel-length story for *Amazing*, and it is a good example of his style at its best. Verrill has a knack of taking a relatively simple plot and



weaving an extremely absorbing tale without resorting to any of the hackneyed devices used by other authors. The style is at once fresh, vivid and convincing. His people live and breathe. Gernsback presented this story in exceptionably bad format, pointing up the scientific accuracy with respect to the behavior of ants and suchlike. Do not be fooled into thinking that the story is some kind of treatise.

"The Nth Man" by Homer Eon Flint, (Rating - A, 1.8), Spring Quarterly. Here is a short novel which I enjoyed for its imaginative concept, but which was sincerely panned in the letter columns.

"The World at Bay" by Bruce and Geo. C. Wallis (Rating - A, 1.8) two part serial beginning in November. An alien invasion, by pasty faced troglodytes who hail from South America and who have a nasty habit of spraying cities with poison gas. An exciting story to me, but some of you might not care for it.

"A Story of the Days to Come" By H. G. Wells (Rating - A, 1.9) 2 part serial beginning in April. This story is the main core of Well's 'Future History' series, and is certainly among his better stories. The story is NOT connected in any way to his "Shape of Things to Come" except remotely. This is a fine story of extrapolation, while "Shape" is more like an essay.

"The Invisible Man" By H. G. Wells (Rating - A, 1.9) 2 part serial, beginning in June. Another Well's classic, and my comments in the large on other Wells stories applies equally well here.

"When the Sleeper Wakes" By H. G. Wells, (Rating - B, 2.0), Winter Quarterly. Another episode in Wells's future history. A fine story in most respects and broader in scope than most Wells stories, and only slightly less convincingly written as a result.

"The King of the Monkey Men" by A. Hyatt Verrill (Rating - B, 2.0) Spring Quarterly. A fine short novel by an author gifted with a style that is almost poetic without being cloyed, and at the same time vividly convincing.

"The Moon of Doom" by Earl L. Bell (Rating - B, 2.0) Spring Quarterly. The writer, while limited in some respects as to writing ability, was possessed of a fine sense of imagination when he conceived this story of the Moon crashing into the Earth.

"The Master of the World" By Jules Verne, (Rating - B, 2.2) 2 part serial beginning in February. This is the sequel to "Robur the Conqueror" reviewed in the last article, and this story is so much better that it defies comparison. It does not quite measure up to some of his other stories, but it is well worth reading.

"A Modern Atlantis" by Frederick Arthur Hodge, (Rating - B, 2.6) Spring Quarterly. Most people who have read this story have a low opinion of it, and I will admit that they have good grounds for doing so. The author is not a polished writer, and the story has many obvious weaknesses but I still enjoyed the thing, which is what counts.

"Baron Munchhausen's Scientific Adventures" by Hugo Gernsback (Rating - D, 4.0) six part serial beginning in February. Gernsback could probably write a tolerable article, but as a story teller he simply did not measure up to any acceptable standard. This story is a rather poor example of a story, and was only saved from a lower rating by having amusing incidents here and there.

#### SHORTER STORIES WITH A "B" RATING:

"Flight to Venus" by Edwin K. Sloat, December. The best short story of the year. Convincingly written and dramatically plotted to a high degree. Well above the usual run of short stories of any period in time.

"Vandals from the Moon" by Marius, July. Creatures from the moon invade the Earth in carrot-shaped vehicles. Excellently written.

"Ten Million Miles Sunward" by Geoffrey Hewelcke, March. A rather audacious story of moving the Earth into a new orbit.

#### "C" STORIES

- January: "The Comet Doom" by Edmond Hamilton (his first story!)  
"The Man on the Bench" by W. J. Campbell (could this be J. W.?)  
"The Psychological Solution" by A. Hyatt Verrill  
"Rice's Ray" by Harry Martin  
"The Stolen Body" by H. G. Wells
- February: "The Revolt of the Pedestrians" by David H. Keller (first story!)  
"Pollock and the Porroh Man" by H. G. Wells  
"Four Dimensional Surgery" by Bob Olsen
- March: "Sub-Satellite" by Charles Cloukey
- April: "The Yeast Men" by David H. Keller  
"The Miracle of the Lily" by Clare Winger Harris  
"The Ancient Horror" by Hal Grant
- May: "Dr. Brittlestone's Method" by Samuel M. Sargent, Jr.  
"Thousand and Second Tale of Scheherazade" by Edgar Allen Poe  
"The Master Ants" by Francis Flagg
- June: "The Blue Dimension" by Francis Flagg  
"A Biological Experiment" by David H. Keller  
"The Golden Girl of Munan" by Harl Vincent
- July: "Super-Radio" by Charles Cloukey  
"Just Around the Corner" by Raymond Knight  
"The Educated Pill" by Bob Olsen
- August: "Armageddon - 2419" by Philip Francis Knowlan (Buck Rogers story!)
- September: "The Ambassador from Mars" by Harl Vincent  
"Unlocking the Past" by David H. Keller
- October: "The Menace of Mars" by Clare Winger Harris  
"To the Moon by Proxy" by J. Schlossel  
"The Voyage to Kemptonia" by E. M. Scott
- November: "The Psychophonic Nurse" by David H. Keller
- December: "The Appendix and the Spectacles" by Miles J. Breuer
- Spring Quarterly: "The Second Swarm" by J. Schlossel  
Summer Quarterly: "The Menace" by David H. Keller (really 4 short stories)  
Fall Quarterly: "Stenographer's Hands" by David H. Keller  
"Four Dimensional Transit" by Bob Olsen

#### "E" STORIES, for people who want to torture themselves

- February: "The Disintegrating Ray" by David M. Speaker  
November: "The Moon Men" by Frank Brueckel, Jr.

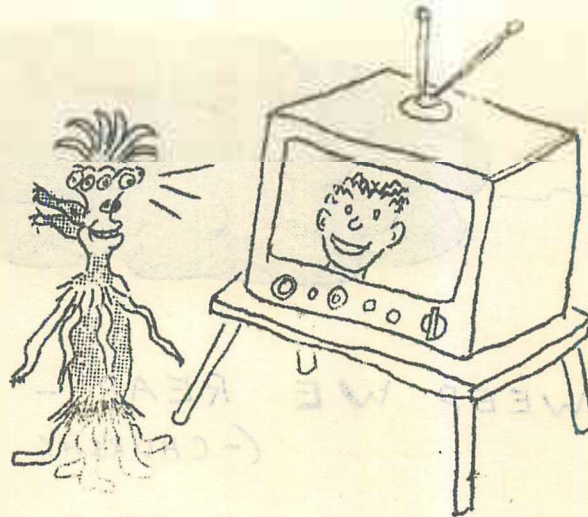
The stories not mentioned in any of the preceding sections are "D" stories, and my advice is not to read them, since there are plenty of stories that are much better.

A word should be said for the stories of David H. Keller. Mostly they are amusing incidents with a common background similar in many respects to Wells's future history. Keller had a style similar in many respects to Don Wilcox, whose stories in later years were high points in the magazine.

Thus four rather well known authors had their first story published during 1928: E. E. Smith, David H. Keller, Edmond Hamilton, and Jack Williamson (a "D" story, "The Metal Man" in December).



# STF IN TV & MOVIES



-by  
Eldon  
K  
Everett

Ivan Tors has bought stf classic-"THE ADAPTIVE ULTIMATE"-by John Taine for use in the "Science-Fiction Theater" series.....Fantasy ballet programs upcoming-"NUTCRACKER SUITE" & a Sadler Well's version of "SLEEPING BEAUTY" .....a la "Johnny Jupiter", a new tv series about 3 5-inch tall robots who come to Earth to help justice is being produced by Americ Tv Agency titled-"THE ADVENTURES OF BLIP, BLOP, & BLOOP" .....an adult 15-minute tv film series titled-"TOP SECRET"-is out now. Series stars Paul Stewart as the head of a Galactic Bureau of Scientific Investigation....."MR. ADAM", the Pat Frank novel, is now in production as a feature film.....a full-color "SHEENA QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE" Cinemascope film starring Irish McCalla will be out early next year....

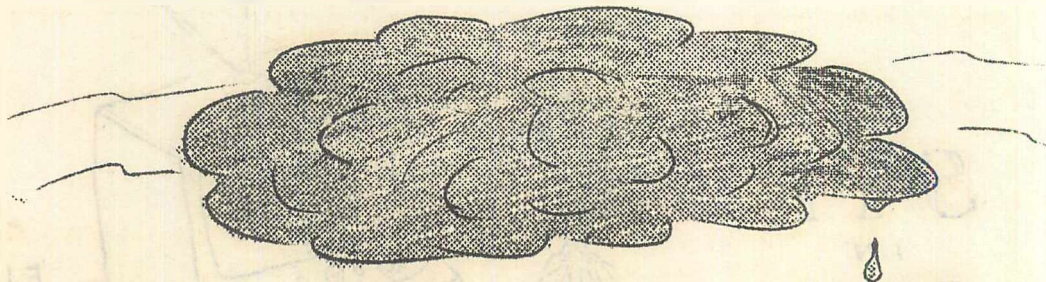
## FILM REVIEWS:

"JOE MACBETH"- (United Artists - Made in England) - Shakespeare's tale of ghosts & curses & other supernaternal items has been modernized in this film. Paul Douglas, Ruth Roman, & Bonar Colleano cavort around through this dull, non-fantastic account of a big-time crook who eventually gets bumped. Yawn.

"TARANTULA" - (Universal-International) - John Agar & Leo G. "Topper" Carroll star in this one. Scientists out in the desert (aren't they always?) experiment with a new type of nutrient & spill some on an unsuspecting spider. The spider starts to grow until he's as big as a barn & is depleting the West's supply of cattle right & left. Bug bites people who turn into cretins & start gobbling other people who ...ad nauseum. Finally Ike gives the word & the USAF starts A-bombing the bug. A few years ago I might have raved over this, but the current horde of giant ants, apes, lizards, & hens has dulled my sensibilities. Special effects ARE good, as are the actors, but this thing doesn't come off too well. If you're an insurgent, exceedingly new noefen, or a slaving entomologist, go, man, go!

In case you do not already know, NBC in the person of KOMO is presenting a show every Thursday evening at Nine Pee-om titled - "THE GOON SHOW". This is taped from the BBC & is terrific...."BOB & MARY" have a half-hour show nightly at five over Mutual, but our Seattle outlet, KVI thinx same is in bad taste & refuses to carry it.....Kudos to KING radio for bringing us the BBC radioplay - "THE CHARTER IN THE SAUCER".....

-E.K.E.



"THE RIPE WEEP WE REAP"-  
(-CHURCHY LA FEMME)

Dear Wally.....

Enclosed is column for the next ish of Cry.

Now to brickbats & nosegays... 'st the brickbat... we Tacofen have noted the FDR slant to the last couple issues. Not since the pre-war Commie influence has fandom entered into politix in any way & I, for one who shall remain Nam&c., am not in favor of putting in any current polytix, or even past party-simple same... seriously, it's not calculated to gain the Nameless national notoriety, & I don't think we should get into such stuff.

Next---the butterup..... I recall that Farnsworth Wright's wife resided in Seattle for a time, but understand that she has moved. Would like to contact the lady, & would be deeply indebted if you could find her name & address & pass along to me.

(Would appreciate a reply, Wallace... you usually file my notes under urgent & forget about them.)

A note to SeattleNamelesses.... We have a great deal of stf bks. & mags hereabouts, personally & available, & would like to swap, sell, & otherwise et cetera..... Do we draw any interest??????

Stfectionately....

Eldon K. Everett

(The one the late, lamented Mines called the Mad Mountaineer)  
2929 Crystal Springs Rd.  
Tacoma, Wash.

It may please your black little heart to know you have caused at least four key members of the Nameless Ones to page frantically through back issues of the CRY in search of anything that could be interpreted as having an FDR slant. We are becoming hollow-eyed from trying to read the illegible print, and with me having four eyes the situation is serious. Toskey is even developing a sty, which is all right for somebody who raises pigs but pretty rough on a mathematician. What does FDR stand for? Fannish Disgust and Revulsion!.....WWW



15 November 1955

To: "The Nameless Ones", Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Wash.

Dear Folks,

Many thanks for the copy of "CRY" and the mag rating sheet. Also many thanks for the several mentions of "Fantasy-Times" in the issue. Find enclosed my check for \$1, to the order of your treasurer, Royal Drummond, in payment for the next 21 issues. Please send it to the FT Box.

I have generally little use for most of the fan-mags being published these days, but "CRY" is like a fresh breeze from the good old days. I'm particularly fond of your regional custom of rating issues of pro-mags. It's become almost a lost art these days. Enclosed find my rating sheet, and thanks for the opportunity.

Here's a scheme that might interest some of your members:

"Fantasy-Times" is now offering to members of e-f clubs throughout the US, reduced rate subscriptions in the form of "club subs". For new subscribers only (no renewals of any kind will be accepted at the reduced rate), available to bonafide members of your group, rates are reduced to 30¢ for a 6-issue sub or 40¢ for an 8-issue sub, half of our regular single-issue price. Any number of subs, from one up, will be accepted.

We would prefer to receive these subs "en masse", over the signature of a club officer, but if your members prefer, we will honor individual subs if this letter is mentioned.

I've enclosed a Business Reply Envelope for your convenience.

Best wishes,

Ray Van Houten  
for FANDOM HOUSE  
Box 2331, Paterson 23,  
New Jersey

Kind words, Ray, and we love you, too. I hope we can prove it with a few club subscriptions. How about it, Nameless? Want to take advantage of this good deal on an exceptionally newsy magazine --- Fantasy Times? .....WWW

The next, and last, letter is from Ger Steward, that sneaky Canadian I told you about last issue in a review of his fanzine, GASH! Well, he's struck a new low. Not only does he continue to deliberately misspell ~~SINIST~~(dammit) SINISTERRA, but he wrote his letter on the back of Bill Austin's prozine rating sheet --- too cheap to buy his own paper!!! .....W!W!W!

Wally

Perhaps an explanation for the reverse is necessary. I do not buy very many science fiction mags. Technically the only mag I buy is Galaxy, and even then, I don't buy or read it very regularly. Spasmodically, yes, regularly, no.

I do buy all the Ballantine pocket books which appear on the stands in Toronto. These too are read spasmodically, but bought regularly.

I feel that while Galaxy has improved in 1955, it still does not come up to the standard set by the Ballantine publishers. I think that, with the occasional exception, the best science fiction available can be had in Ballantine's publications. Therefore, I rate the Ballantine pubs ahead of Galaxy.

As far as the other mags listed go, some I have never read, and others I haven't read in over a year, so I don't feel that it would be fair for me to mention them.

About Cry of the Nameless and Sinasterra. I thought that Cry was pretty poor as fanzines go, and that your two pages of fanzine reviews were possibly the best item in the issue.

Chuckled over the Gasp! review.

Blessings,

Ger, the Deviating  
Derelict Insurgent  
166 McRoberts Ave.  
Toronto 10, Ont.  
CANADA

You'll chuckle a different tune when comes the war with Canada.....WW&W

# ODDS & ENDS

by you r benevolent but modest DICTATOR

I wouldn't wonder if this issue was a little late. Faithful old stencil slasher and mimeograph tamer, Burnett R. Toskey, decided to give himself to his mother for Christmas and, tied with a handsome red bow, he disappeared in the direction of California to accomplish this deed. Faithful old typewriter became neurotic under the touch of my unfamiliar thumbs and threw a ratchet. This left the carriage cowering way over against the right margin stop. Consequently most of the issue had to be typed on old Skip-a-long here. Most parts I corrected the skips as they happened, but this editorial is being left in the same condition it originally happened to emerge from the typewriter. Not only is it a demonstration of the problems of publishing a fanzine, but it's considerably faster to type. The winner is the factor of being mailed in the worst part of the Christmas rush. I tell you, it will be a major miracle if this reaches you at all.

G. M. Carr has probably already mailed you TAFF ballots. I'll be bringing extras down to the next meeting. Even if you don't vote for either of us, at least VOTE! It's going to take at least 600 votes at 50¢ per to send somebody to the Convention at London, and at that the winner will have to swim the last fifty miles on his own.

Speaking of Conventions, I understand Nameless Ones were kicking the idea around about having a world convention in Seattle in 1957. Had I been at the meeting this sort of discussion would not have been permitted because I, your kindly Dictator, know what is best for you and would have decided against even discussing it. FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, you understand. Now that you have stabbed me behind my back this way, I will obtain revenge by bleeding on you next meeting. Bring your conventional ideas for me to squelch. Also, bring some blood for me to bleed. I'm a little low.



# — ZWEI MINUTEN —

## 140th MEETING October 27, 1955

The 140th meeting of the Seattle Nameless Ones was opened by the president at 8:45 P.M. in the downtown YMCA Building. Sixteen members braved the storm to be present. After digesting the minutes, the club elections began. When the smoke had cleared, the winners were Wally Weber, president, Dick Nulsen president of vice, Malcolm Willits, secretary, and Flora Jones, Official BEM. All other club officers were left unchanged.

Discussions centered around the last TV Science Fiction Theatre production. Various members agreed that it had something to do with rats, but exactly what they weren't sure. The subject of a University of Washington science fiction club was mentioned, but as no charter members of this supposed organization turned up, nothing definite was established. Seattle's secret, exclusive, underground, and almost legendary science fiction club was the basis for much discussion, and it was decided that upon further information, the Nameless would attempt to infiltrate this group.

Our official BEM, Mrs. Flora Jones, furnished the refreshments. The meeting broke up around 10:30.

## 141st MEETING November 10, 1955

The 141st meeting of the Seattle Nameless Ones was opened by the secretary, Malcolm Willits, at 9:10 P.M. in the downtown YMCA Building. This pleased the secretary no end, as it was his big moment. A minute later the vice-president barged in and took over control. There followed some criticisms of the wording of the previous minutes, but they proved to be groundless.

President Wally Weber occupied himself by buying and exchanging various packages of tea, and little was seen of him during most of the meeting. Mrs. Woodard announced that the following weekend was Wally Gonser's birthday, and suggested the club send him a card. The secretary quickly volunteered to go down to the drugstore and buy said card, but he was quickly squelched by members who exclaimed; "You're the Secretary, you can't leave, you're needed here." The president, who happened to be in at the time, was allowed to leave and buy the card.

There was an announcement to the effect that the totem pole of F.M. & Elinor Busby had a new addition in the form of Lisa Furshlugginer, 7 weeks old.

The serious and important part of the meeting was taken up by our ghoulish vice prexy, who brought the humerus bone of a girl (dead) and insisted on our adopting it as a club organ. It seems the traditional Nameless bone had been lost somewhere in Wally's basement. The vice-prexy also insisted on our naming his bone, and pulled forth such gems as Napoleon, Bah, Humerous Hortense, Nameless Nellie, Shorty, Boney-Garcone, and Os from the audience. Boney-Garcone won with three votes.

The vice-prexy, bent on being the no. one nuisance for the evening also insisted that he needed a co-visor. After the usual intellectual club debate, he was given a vote of sympathy.

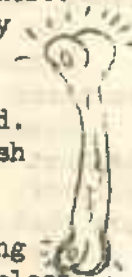
Mrs. Woodard announced she was going to leave her body to a medical society. Various club members congratulated her.

Mrs. Jones called the clubs attention to the latest STF story in Colliers. This reference to STF was politely received by the members, but the discussion swiftly changed to more important topics.

Rose Stark furnished the refreshments.

The meeting, attended in all by 17 members, broke up at 10:00 P.M.

MALCOLM WILLITS  
Secretary



Jason Snodgrass and Myron Winterbottom were bitter enemies. They hated each other with a passion that knew no bounds. They hated each other so much that they would sit for hours together, drinking one glass of beer after another, and telling each other exactly what they thought of each other. When they had had enough to drink they would throw water at each other, intelligently saving the beer for the next night's hate-fest.

Jason Snodgrass was a business executive for international spaceways. Myron Winterbottom was an explorer of Martian Catacombs. Jason Snodgrass, like most business executives, had ulcers. He had them bad. He blamed the whole thing on the beer he drank with Myron. Myron enjoyed perfect health, and this only made Jason hate him more.

Jason sat at his desk, reading a legal document, looking for loopholes in the phraseology. An ash fell on the corner from Myron's cigar and the document began to smoulder. Jason looked up to see Myron sitting on his desk and a muddy trail leading to that position from the door.

"Get out!" stormed Jason.

Myron took off a shoe and scraped the mud off on the edge of Jason's desk. Jason scrambled to his feet, his face an apoplectic purple. "Get out! Get out!" he screamed.

Myron smiled.

Suddenly Jason clutched at his stomach. Sweat popped out in little beads on his forehead. Tears streamed from tightly clenched eyelids. He struggled forward to a nearby couch and after much difficulty, assumed a reasonably comfortable position. Myron waited with a smile on his face. Slowly Jason became calm once more. The pain subsided.

"Hold on, fellow. I know this must be something of a shock, but this time I've got something which may interest you."

"Yes?" Jason looked up dubiously.

"I believe I know of something that can help you out."

"You mean --" Jason's unuttered entreaty needed no translation.

Myron nodded.

Jason considered. Myron knew more about the Martian Catacombs than anyone alive. Could the rumored science of the dead Martian race cure his agony?

"But why would YOU offer ME this?"

Myron shrugged. "After all, I AM human. I hate to see even YOU suffer. The Crorhran will help you out. You will have to come with me."

Jason had never been to Mars. The idea did not appeal to him, in spite of the fact that he would be able to hate Myron all the way over and back. The Crorhran might be a drug, a secret Martian formula, or some native. "You're sure that I have to go?"

"Of course. You have to be in the catacombs, in fact."

Myron left, to let Jason decide with himself, and made preparations for the journey. The next day Jason was ready to go. The two of them and the pilot to Myron's private space yacht took off for Mars.

The trip proved uneventful for the most part, though Jason stared into the depths of space continually. They landed in the midst of a Martian mountain range. Myron led Jason for a short ways into the catacombs and told him to wait until he brought the Crorhran.

Myron returned to the spaceship and said to the pilot, "Sound the dinner whistle."

The pilot smiled and a wailing ululation filled the atmosphere for a short time. The spaceship took off, and hovered above the mountains.

"Look," the pilot said. "The Crorhran!"

A hideous beast the size of ten men and twice as ugly appeared over a crag. Its huge maw slathered in anticipation as it entered the Catacombs to help Jason out.

The End



## P L U G   f o r   T A F F

For those of you who were unable to read the above title, the following is a plug. Before I finish, you will probably be of the opinion that it is the plug which, if pulled, will allow your money to dribble out. What's more, you probably will be right!

Don't get the mistaken impression that reading this is going to cost you money, because we honestly hope this impression will turn out to be true. The only difference is, YOU pull the plug, and not me.

But WHY, you ask, should this plug be pulled at all? There are reasons, of course, but to some of you, these reasons will seem more like mere excuses. This issall right too.

For those of you who are beginning to wonder where all this gobbledegook is leading up to, I will now proceed to let the cat out of the bag. Ouch! (it scratches) Wally Weber has been nominated for the TransAtlantic Fan Fund. There! I said it and I'm glad. I'll say it again just to prove it. Wally Weber has been nominated for the TransAtlantic Fan Fund. Now you know!

Or do you? What is the TransAtlantic Fan Fund anyway? It must be some kind of a fund, and funds most usually cost money. Being transatlantic it probably costs lots and lots of money. You, my alert reader, are right on both counts. This is where your money comes in handy.

For a measle donation of 50¢, you will be graciously allowed to vote for Wally Weber for the Transatlantic Fan Fund. But the 50¢ donation is only the minimum which allows you to vote, and due to the fact that coins of that size should not be sent through the mail, the usual donation is \$1.00. Only the most miserly sort of person would write a check for 50¢, knowing full well that a check from Seattle costs 45¢ to cash in Ohio, which is the place you send it. Oh well, be you miserly or be you generous, it makes no difference. Your vote still counts.

But to what use will this vote be put? Well, let me let you in on something. If you vote for Wally Weber, and if by the accumulation of you people's votes, Wally Weber somehow wins this election, then this means that the money from all you generous and miserly people's donations will be turned over to Wally Weber, for which he will be financially able to make a trip to London next April to attend a science fiction convention being held.

But why should we vote for Wally, of all people? What good will that do me? Why don't I vote for myself? To answer these questions one at a time, not necessarily in the order that you thought of them, it would do you no good to vote for yourself, since not having received an official nomination, you probably wouldn't get enough votes to put you in the running. On the other hand, Wally has been known in fandom for much longer than you, probably, and has probably even been a Nameless One for longer than you have, if you are a Nameless One. Being thus, he has a much better chance of winning than you have. But there are selfish reasons for voting for Wally also. You see, Wally has movie cameras and slide cameras, and even picture cameras, and an uncontrollable urge to take pictures and movies of everything he sees. These films he would bring back to Seattle with him, along with sordid tales of the alleyways of London which should more than appeal to the stronger sex.

So you see, us Nameless Ones should support Wally in his bid to attend this big fan event, because Wally has probably done more for the club than any other existing person, because the club actually owes him its present existence, because the club owes Wally many times the amount of money in the club treasury, money which he probably will never collect. But mainly we should vote for Wally, 'cause then we will get to see the movies and pictures he will take over there.

You will note that G. M. Carr is also nominated. We Magnanimously and democratically hereby allow you to vote for her for second place if you so desire. I would leave the third place vote blank, for it would only help someone outside of Seattle to win. I have spoken.

Burnett R. Toskey

This issue of the CRY is being produced without the aid of Burnett Toskey, who went on strike for higher ratings and shorter paragraphs, plus fringe benefits such as trimmed edges. It has long been held that it is impossible to produce a CRY without Toskey. This issue will prove to all that there is nothing to this contention. It is not in the least necessary to have Toskey's help and we will produce this DRY without him to prove it once and for all. First, pre. of os emtores; y pssob; e t jat we cam cptomie tp p rpdice tje CRU om tj os fasjorm ondefomote; u.; z! z

WEBER, Come JERE

Well, we've put the poor boy to bed (this is Weber typing now) and the doctor thinks he'll be OK in a week or so. It seems strange that he will be O.K. when he has been F.M. for so many years, but then he's just been through a lot. There really isn't anything to this business about Toskey being required to put out the CRY, you know. F.M. just isn't familiar with the techniques involved with putting out a magazine. You see, anyone can do it if they only try to get into it and we'll be a little lag

E!! z

ELINOR help

Well, now, with an ex-professional typist on the job who needs old Toskey? We can put out a CRY all by ourselves. Of course we can. We can put out a fine CRY. Almost perfect. Bye od yjr yo.r gpt s; hppf aagh

TOSKEY COME BACK!

from: The Nameless Ones  
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U.S.A.

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