

# CRY OF THE NAMELESS

## VITAL INFORMATION CONCERNING THE NEXT MEETINGS

The 130th meeting (count 'em -- one-hundred-and-thirty!) of the Nameless Ones will take place next Thursday, June 9.

You'd think that would be enough, now wouldn't you? But no. On June 23 there will occur the 131st meeting of the Nameless Ones.

Don't go -- there's more, still! July (not June, but July) the seventh (7th) 1955 is the date set for the 132nd meeting of the Nameless Ones.

This could go on and on and on. It has for years. When, I ask you, WHEN IS THIS CLUB GOING TO BECOME NAMED?

Sorry. Lost my head there for a moment. Never mind there -- never use it anyway. Where was I? Oh, yes!

All those meetings -- the 130th, the 131st, and even the 132nd -- are scheduled to be held at the YMCA at or about 8pm. The room number/name is always -- well practically always -- shown on the announcement board in the lobby, except they usually dignify the name by calling us a Science Fiction Club, or some such silly thing. ~~my-z~~ (That's true, you know)

The YMCA is located, in case you're at all interested, on 4th Avenue between Madison and Marion Streets in downtown Seattle Washington.

GET YOUR BURNABLE EASY-PIERCING ACID-SUSCEPTIBLE ROE PHILLIPS Voodoo DOLLS AT THE NEXT MEETING!

THE NAMELESS ONES relentlessly publish CRY OF THE NAMELESS every month. Subscriptions are 10¢ per issue, two for 15¢, nine for 50¢, or 21 issues for \$1. Address all letters containing money, material, and praise to The Nameless Ones, Box 92, 920 Third Avenue, Seattle 4, Wash.



# Minutes

By Burnett R. Toskey

May 12, 1955 \*\*\*\*\* 128th meeting

The din that normally preceeds the opening of the meeting was shattered as the official bone crashed into the most available object at hand capable of emitting enough noise to drown out the bedlam, and the secretary introduced the new president, Rose Stark. With an abnormal amount of pompous foofaraw, the bone was passed over officially into the hands of said president, the beforementioned Rose Stark, and the claimant to the highest official position in the Nameless Ones, namely that of president, rose and claimed said office, officially and in full view and with full cognizance of all members of the aforesaid organization.

These proceeding having proceeded to the aforementioned point, the newly elected president, who, as we have said, was the alleged Rose Stark, rose stark and staring from the chair wherein she had formerly been seated comfortably, and with firm cadence, marched to the fore of the assemblage herein assembled, being the 128th official meeting of the said club, The Nameless Ones.

The new president then delivered a short inauguration address to the group in which she promised more than had any president before her in the history of the club - namely she promised to try to please everybody.

The minutes were then read, after which there arose a storm of controversy over a proposed change. The secretary, however, refused to change the minutes so the motion was thereby defeated.

The rest of the meeting consisted in some of the members reporting on current science fiction magazines and TV programs, as well as a goodly number of independent conversations. Finally the meeting proper was adjourned when it became evident that nobody cared to listen to just one person talk at a time. Individual conversations consumed the remaining time and the members at least made some attempt to consume the remaining refreshments.

.....

## ODDS & ENDS

Well, hoo hah, and helloooo again. Here I am again. But now that I'm here, what do I do? Same as before, no doubt. Just fill the space to the bottom of the page.

The way this rotating editorship of the Cry has been working out still amazes me. Thirty-four real live (or at least live enough) subscribers! (I predicted a maximum of ten and expected only five subscribers.) Some of the volunteer editors put out their issues with no help from me; others put out their issues despite help from me. They all deserve a lot of gushing over and stuff like that, so here is a list of the peoples and issues to which you can refer when gushing.

December '54.....Burnett Toskey  
January '55.....Burnett Toskey  
February '55.....Evelyn Stroud and Clyed Bacon  
March '55.....F. M. and Elinor Busby  
April '55.....John Walston  
May '55.....Malcolm Willits and Marlene Hoff  
June '55.....Burnett Toskey and WALLY WEBER (look, ma!)

Editors lined up for future CRY's are Royal Drummond (next issue), Ed Wyman, and Victor Stredicke. Now if you want to put out an issue, or even just help put out an issue, let us know at a meeting, or write us a letter. Don't just sulk in a corner.

Well, Good-bye again. Hoo boy!



# Minutes

By Burnett R. Toskey

May 26, 1955 \*\*\*\*\* 129th meeting

From eight o'clock or thereabouts until nearly eight-thirty, members of the club arrived from various garrets, cellars, and other abodes and sat around and shot the breeze with one another until finally, the secretary, in the absence of the president, deemed it perhaps wise to do something. A table was moved to the front of what the YMCA flatteringly terms a room, and the secretary placed an ash-tray upside down thereupon and banged upon it with the official bone. The question was asked whether or not we should wait for a little longer for the president, or proceed on the assumption that she probably missed her glow boat from Portland. It was decided to hold the meeting anyway, so the President of Vice, Ed Wyman, was called upon to preside over our vices for this evenings revelry.

He called for business, the dreamer. By popular disgust, the secretary was called upon to read the minutes of the previous meeting. The reading of the minutes was followed by a request to insert the fact that the meeting had been tape recorded. This the secretary refused to do. Mr. Gonser objected to the meeting being classed as "proper", to which the secretary replied by instructing Mr. Gonser in some of the rudiments of English grammar.

An article in LIFE magazine was announced dealing with alien conditioning. It was announced that the club magazines were all arranged in a reasonably ordered fashion, and orders for magazines would be accepted to be purchased at the next meeting at 10¢ per. There were no takers. Victor Stredicke gave a report on a highly informative article on a prospective trip to the Moon appearing in the new magazine MAD. It was announced that a SF movie would be appearing soon at the Orpheum entitled "Islands of the Earth". A new member, Claude McKinney, was introduced.

The treasurer then returned, looking somewhat the worse for wear from his recent trip to Mexico with the club treasury, and informed the club that he had to notify the YMCA by some sort of official form of our intention of meeting there during the summer, fall, and winter. There seemed no particularly violent objection to this maneuver, so the treasurer was given the green light.

The meeting was never formally adjourned, due to some oversight on the part of somebody, but nevertheless individual conversations were carried on from some undetermined point just as if it had been adjourned, and lasted until a later undetermined point.

## I DID NOT TALK WITH GHOD

No, really and truly I didn't. I didn't talk with Ghod because I called SE 0541 like it said in the May issue of the CRY, and SE 0541 is as mistaken a phone number as the spelling of Ghod in the same issue. The real phone number to talk with Ghod is CO 4497, but I still haven't talked with Ghod because the line was busy.

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25¢

??WOT??

Better look through this issue from beginning to end first, just to make certain. We'll wait. Hmmm. La dee dah. Dum de dah dum. .... Well? You really did? After we told you not to miss it in this issue, YOU STILL MISSED, "THE DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN FUTURE??!"

tsk.

## STF IN TV & MOVIES

by

Eldon K. Everett

New stf tv film series are bustin' out all over, & speaking of things in this genre, ex-burlesque queen Irish McCalla plays the lead in the new "SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE"-series.

Judd Holdren & Aline Towne, who starred in the "Commando Cody, Sky Marshall of the Universe" movie shorts, are now skedded to star in a "COMMANDO CODY" TV film series.

A TV series based on "THE PHANTOM" comic strip may turn up. Ditto "TWIN EARTHS".

Following in the footsteps of "Capt. Video"; "Capt. Midnight"; "Capt. Fortune"; "Capt. Gallant", et al; Larry Harmon is starring in the new "GENERAL UNIVERSE" Tv series. Besides pulling rank, he'll be the only general in the business with more than 5 stars. Yuk.

"Clink-a-long Clackitty" fans do not despair. "ROBOT ROUNDUP" will return next autumn.

Introducing an almost archaic dept. ---- "X MINUS ONE" ---- a new radio stf series aired over NBC-KOMO at 7:30 p.m. Sundays. As I understand it, this will be partially new programs, & partly rebroadcasts of "Dimension X" shows. Remember when?

"FRANCIS JOINS THE NAVY" -- starring Donald O'Connor & Martha Hyer -- is now out.

### FANTASY FILM REVUE:

"ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET THE MUMMY" - (Starring Bud Abbott; Lou Costello; Marie Windsor; & Peggy King.)

A. & C. have romped their way through a number of very good fantasy films --- "The Time of Their Lives"; "Comin' round the Mountain"; "A. & C. Go to Mars"; "A. & C. Meet Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde"; "A. & C. Meet the Invisible Man"; & the all-time classic - "A. & C. Meet Frankenstein". This time they've dug up the Mummy, who most of us neo-oldsters recall with fond glee. Something has been lost, & something else has been added however. Khar is still searching for his long-dead princess Ananka, but this film doesn't seem to come up to the expectations. Abbott & Costello are stranded in Egypt & try to get a job with a scientist who is trying to smuggle a mummy (Kharis) back to the U. S. The prof is killed & the Egyptian dingle-worshippers steal the living mummy back & fill him full of his usual dingle-berries to keep him going. Femme fatale Marie Windsor is also after Kharis, due to the fact that since the last pic in the series he has started sporting an ancient medallion showing the whereabouts of hidden treasures. Costello swallows the medallion. Don't worry tho, everything comes out all right. Somehow, all concerned get mixed up in the hidden caverns under the pyramids, & Kharis accidentally blows himself up with a few stix of dynamite. Last time around it killed him for 10 yrs. Ghu alone knows how long it'll be this time. Among other things, Peggy King of Geo. Gobel's show turns up with a rendition of "You came a long way from St. Louis" - which is a rather rhetorical statement.

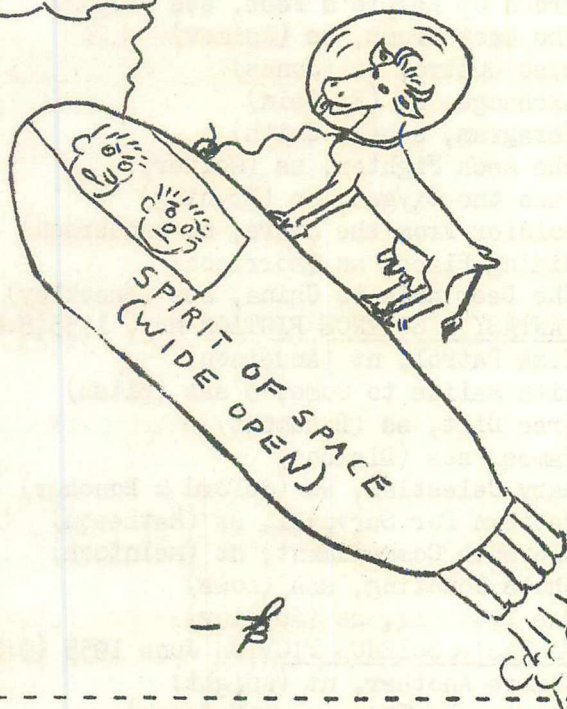
### ENGLISH FILM REVUE:

"3 CASES OF MURDER" - (contains 3 stories; 2 of which are fantasy.)

"IN THE PICTURE" - Starring Alan Badel & Hugh Frysse. A museum guard is fascinated by a strange painting of a darkened house in the museum. He discusses it with a mysterious stranger, & they both agree that a light in the house would definitely improve the picture. The stranger takes the guard into the picture, & they meet a woman & a taxidermist. The taxidermist wants the guard's skin, &  
(more next page)



"YOU AND YOUR  
COWBOY STORIES -!"



(more Stf In Tv & Movies)

the stranger wants his soul to light up the house. They start arguing & finally make a deal. The guard screams. A light appears in the picture.

"LORD MOUNTDRAGO" - Starring Orson Welles & Alan Badel. A politician is hated by his political rival. In nightmares, the rival always finds him in uncompromising conditions & ridicules him. After a time or 2, the politician discovers that he can control the action of these dreams, & that anything that happens in the dreams comes true in life. The politician dreams that the rival dies, so the rival up & kicks the bucket. All is not fertig, however, because the politico is then haunted.

"ONE TOUCH OF VENUS" will be presented as an NBC-TV spectacular starring Eddie Albert & Viviane Blaine on Aug. 27.

Lippert has just released - "KING DINOSAUR" - starring B. Bryant & W. Curtis.

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#### NEW YORK NEWS

/Reported in current issues of FANTASY-TIMES, Fandom House, P.O. Box #2331, Paterson 23, New Jersey. 12 issues for \$1.00/

Two German s-f magazines, UTOPIA: JIM PARKER'S ABENTUEUR and UTOPIA—GROSSBAND, are under fire by the Barverian government and may be forced to discontinue. Criticisms like "cruel, sinister, too realistic" make us wonder who's being unrealistic....

With IF reverting to a bi-monthly schedule after fifteen monthly issues since early 1954, only five monthly s-f magazines remain in the American scene: Astounding Science Fiction, Galaxy, Fantastic Universe, Fantasy & Science Fiction, and Imagination. It has been rumored that at least one of these is considering a change of schedule.

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#### LATE FLASHES AND ASSORTED STUFF

Production of this issue has been facilitated, not to mention abetted, by the arrival of our president, Rose Stark, attended by F. M., Elinor, and Nobby Busby and a jug of hot chocolate. After reading the minutes of the meeting of May 12, President Stark submitted the following information:

The president is rather concerned over the statement appearing in the minutes that she had promised more than any president before her in the history of the club. Not that she considered the members of the club hard to please (if allowed to make enough noise, they are apparently happy), but should she withdraw from setting up a standard not openly aimed at by her predecessors? No, she determines to carry on, let the chips fall where they may, and hopes the eventualities will not reveal her starkedness.

A change of address has happened to Richard E. Geis. If you care to subscribe to his fanzine, he now gets his mail at 1525 N.E. Ainsworth, Portland 11, Oregon.

Have you read Rog Phillip's review of the CRY in the July OTHER WORLDS? Well then, have you seen the ad on this issues cover? Act now!

# S - F R E P O R T

Compiled by W. N. Austin

## RATINGS

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

### AMAZING July, 1955 (29:4)

- E These Bones For Hire, nt (Guthrie)
- D- Be My Guest, ss (Stanley)
- E But the Planet Died, nt (Thames)
- D+ The Man Who Talked to Bees, ss (Jorgensen)

### ASTOUNDING May, 1955 (55:3)

- C- Millennium, nt (Cole)
- C Risk, nt (Asimov)
- B Allamagoosa, ss (Russell)
- C Watch Your Step, ss (Budrys)
- B Long Way Home (2-of-4) (Anderson)

### ASTOUNDING June, 1955 (55:4)

- B Final Weapon, nva (Cole)
- D Shock Absorber, nt (von Wald)
- B+ The Guardians, ss (Cox)
- B+ Criminal Negligence, ss (McComas)
- D As Long As You Wish, ss (O'Keefe)
- B+ Long Way Home (3-of-4) (Anderson)

### BEYOND #10

- B Stream of Consciousness, nva (Hutchins)
- C+ Sizzlestick, nt (Merwin)
- C Age Cannot Wither, nt (Cartmill)
- B Dragon Lady, ss (Ev Smith)
- B- Paynim's Flute, ss (Spencer)
- C+ It's Colder Inside, ss (Battles)
- C They, ss (Gilder)

### FANTASTIC June, 1955 (4:3)

- D- Beyond the Black Horizon, nt (Fairman)
- E The Typewriter, ss (Allerton)
- D+ Too Tough to Bury, ss (Butler)
- D+ For the Greater Good, ss (Costello)
- E The Killer Within, nt (Thames)

### FANTASTIC UNIVERSE May, 1955 (3:4)

- D The White Rain Came, nt (Ferrat)
- E- Flight From New Mu, ss (Archibald)
- C- Space Doctor's Orders, ss (Bryning)
- C- Terror in the Stars, ss (Sentry)
- C- Incident, sss (O'Hara)
- D+ Genus: Little Monster, ss (Banks)
- D+ The Hunter, ss (R. R. Smith)
- C- The Shark, sss (Janvier)
- C All Were Monsters, ss (Wellman)
- D- Paradise Preserved, ss (Stevens)
- C- Inferiority Complex, sss (Hunter)
- C+ The Loneliest Town, sss (Dancy)
- B- Pink Grass Planet, ss (Merwin)

### FANTASTIC UNIVERSE June, 1955 (3:5)

- B+ The Riddle of Ragnorak, nt (Sturgeon)
- B- In the Still Waters, nt (del Rey)
- B- Grown-Up People's Feet, sss (Young)
- C- The Last Trump, ss (Asimov)
- B- Miss Quatro, ss (Jones)
- C- Exchange, ss (Epstein)
- B+ Teragram, ss (Ev Smith)
- D+ The Mech Fighter, ss (McIver)
- C+ Pass the Oxygen, ss (Bryning)
- C+ Soldier From the Stars, nt (Anderson)
- B- Hiding Place, ss (Morrison)
- B The Deep Hole to China, sss (Sheckley)

### FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION May, 1955 (8:6)

- B Time Patrol, nt (Anderson)
- C- With Malice to Come, 3 sss (Blish)
- C- Free Dirt, ss (Beaumont)
- C+ James, sss (Dickson)
- C+ Mary Celestial, ss (deFord & Boucher)
- C+ Pattern For Survival, ss (Matheson)
- B- Eleventh Commandment, nt (McIntosh)
- D+ Who's Counting, sss (Lowe)
- C The Tin Ballo, ss (Novotny)

### FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION June 1955 (9:1)

- B+ You're Another, nt (Knight)
- B- Created He Them, ss (AE Jones)
- D Soul of Laploshka, sss (Saki)
- C- Adv. of Ball of Nostadamus, ss (Reynolds & Berleth)
- B Faithful Friend, ss (Ev Smith)
- D Astronomy Lesson, ss (Marsh)
- B+ Walk Like a Mountain, ss (Wellman)
- C A Slice of Life, ss (Wodehouse)
- C+ The New Sound, ss (Beaumont)
- A Artifact, s nt (Oliver)

### GALAXY May, 1955 (10:2)

- C+ The Dreaming Wall, nt (Pearce)
- C Sam, This Is You, nt (Leinster)
- B A Woman's Place, nt (Clifton)
- D+ The Aggravation of Elmer, ss (Arthur)
- C- Middle of Nowhere, ss (Pohl)

- B- Competition, ss (Causey)

### GALAXY June, 1955 (10:3)

- B Preferred Risk, (1-of-4) (McCann)
- B Princess & the Physicist, nt (Ev Smith)
- C+ Inside Story, nt (Wilson)
- C The Necessary Thing, ss (Sheckley)
- D Picture Bride, ss (Morrison)
- C Grandy Devil, ss (Pohl)

### IF May, 1955 (5:3)

- B- Snowball, nt (Anderson)
- C Easy Does It, nt (von Wald)
- D+ Waterfished, ss (Blish)
- D They Were Different, ss (Kenney)
- D- The Pacifists, ss (Fritch)
- C- The Laboratorians, ss (Peattie)
- D+ The Outer Quiet, ss (Kastle)
- D+ Witness, ss (G. H. Smith)
- C- Firth's World, ss, (Cox)







(In some fashion or other this mislaid, no doubt intended for some person or other, found its way into our fell clutches.)

### LIKES GIRLS

Dear Bill,

You may think I ought to be more formal and start out Dear Editor or Dear Mr. Hamling but I think I have been reading your mag long enough so I can feel free to call you anything I want to. I sure think you have a swell mag, Bill. I read every ish that comes into the secondhand store here. Gee, I sure did like the story I read the other day when I was waiting for a bus all about this fellow he goes to Venus and finds a real beautiful girl there. She likes him a lot but it takes an awful long time before they get anywhere. You should have more stories like that with fellows finding beautiful girls on Venus and places like that and these girls nice to the fellows like in that story I just read.

One thing I don't like very much is stories about atom bombs killing off all the people. I think these kind of stories are a bad influence on people and make you sad. But it is not so bad if there are some people left after all if some are girls.

Stories about robots are not very good to my mind at least. Don't have very many stories about robots please unless the people win. People are better for real good stories especially with nice girls in them.

Well I just want to say that I think Madge is the best mag I know of these days and I will sure be glad to see more stories like I said here.

Yours sincerely,

R Pemberton

#####  
NEWS FLASH!                      EXTRY.                      READ ALL ABOUT IT!

### CLOCKHEED ANNOUNCES NEW AIRCRAFT

IP (Inebriated press dispatch) Dispatch.

TODAY your IP correspondent obtained an exclusive interview with Clockheed's Chief test pilot. Over a healthful glass of "Hoose-milk" in Grogan's Bar and Grill, we chatted with quiet modest Algernon "Jettface" McCoofnik, who told about the two new sky-giants now being assembled in the company's branch plant at Rebuture Springs, (Calif.).

"These two new jobs," said McCoofnik, "will make the 'Constitution' and 'Constellation' look like Piper Cubs. The first one is a ten-motor turbo-prop cargo deal. We call it the 'Consternation', from the reaction we got from the Air Force and all the airliner when they started talking prices. It operates on its back at 30,000 feet, which makes it the perfect plane for ex-fighter pilots. We don't know what its top speed is, because I always get dizzy flying upside down and have to land right away.

"Then there is the twelve-jet passenger job. That hunk of rivets has jets all over it, including one they put in the john by mistake. They named it the "Constipation" -- it don't move so good, either. Some of those jets are on just a bit sidesaddle, and when you pour on the coal it tips up on one side and all the slot-machines in the lounge hit the jackpot at the same time."

"What does the Air Force think of that one, Jettface?" we asked, ordering him another 'Hoose-milk' and a Brono for our ulcer.

"Hard to tell, Mac. We took a bunch of brass for a ride the other day. They wanted a look at some speed, so I racked it up. About the time I got it straightened out, the Big Wheel grabbed his middle and headed for the little boy's room. I hadn't told him about the inside jet yet, so now the Air Force has a black-faced full general.

"Then they wanted a blind-landing, so I took the fifth out from under the seat and proceeded to get blind. I made a fine landing, I hear, but the brass didn't see it. They all hit the silk when I did the slow-roll under the Golden Gate Bridge to get limbered-up. There's just no pleasing some of those hard-hats. But wait until they see the plane that's coming off the drawing-boards now!"

"Yee?" we asked politely, fingering the change in our pockets worriedly and signing once more to the Barman.

"Yeah, the 'Capitulation' -- they've give up trying to fly it."



Prithi & Trust Company  
21 West Street  
East Hingham, Mass.

This letter is intended for all the many people who are bewildered and plagued with uncertainty in this complex civilization, who look longingly for aid and advice in traversing the perilous path that life in this present age has become. Take the liberty of addressing it:

Dear Fellow Civilization,

Are you one of the few of the group who are chronically fouled-up? Do you get anxious when people make fun of you? Do you slumber while running errands? Do you find yourself shrinking from participation in social activities? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, ANYWAY?

We have just what you need. Never doubt it. If you think you don't need what we have, just stick with us. You will need it by the time you finish this letter. Take our word for it.

No, you can't be shivering in a corner, waiting for the home to come along and put on and to your work as if you were a machine. Let us do the for.

Well, you can't be if there are things to do daily here. You have to think. Let us give you a finger to pull, of course. Let us tell you to think of it. We are all busy here.

Now you say "How can I get a copy of this?" may well be the question. Do not expect an answer. After all, you are not a member of any group yet. You will, though. We have a plan and we got a name on our mailing list.

As a timely reminder of how we can help you, we offer as bait for our unsolicited introductory literature offer: an autographed copy of "How to Win Head-aches" and "How to Win Backaches" by First, Second and Third M. O. One, two of our most popular books. (These are the only two books in the series.)

For you, if you are a member of the series, we will be glad to send you these books, consisting of the first volume in all.

First, you can get a copy of the first volume of the series and have the SRPE Series for your very own.

AND ONE FINAL THING! If you don't have it, borrow it. You want to be a creep all your life?

You may think the price is a little high. That is probably the first correct notion you have had in your life. But it is not a high price for the first volume of the series. It is a high price for the first volume of the series.

short of extortion. You are not a member of the series, do you? After all, we had first crack at the SRPE series and we are making it pay off. We think after you have a set for your very own, you will have the first volume of the series. We do.

Some of the titles in this series are:

"Stupid Enough to Be a Fool" by First, Second and Third M. O. One. You are

"How to Have Fun With Delirious Tremors"

"Advice for Every Action, Including Unfortunate"

"How to be the King of the Party with Your Friends"

"How to get a Man out of a Window"

"How to get a Man out of a Window"

"How to get a Man out of a Window"

"How to get a Man out of a Window"

"You Don't Have to be a Fool of Anything, if You are Stupid Enough"

"Fifteen Proven Ways to the Other Side of the Street"

"How to get a Man out of a Window"

"Narcosis: a story you can afford"

"Things to be with Your Friends"

"Theory and Practice of Vampires"

and many more, which will be a complete and utter surprise to say the least. Order PHREAS right now.

Yours truly,

Roger L. Bramine, Pres



In order to give recognition to a little-known segment of the field, in order to let on that we are good-fellow types and not high-hat like some fanzines, and mainly in order to fill up a page, we give you reviews of a few prozines which have sent review copies to our favorite newsstand.

First, OTHER WORLDS: this is a special-interest zine edited by Roy Balmer. The July issue, which is either Number 12 or Number 33 depending on how you read parentheses, is largely devoted to the egoboo of Indians. Calmer likes Indians almost as well as he likes flying saucers; in fact, this liking approaches his sheer adoration of Balmer. This zine carries a fanzine column by Rug Phillisp (imagine an upstart prozine having the audacity to review FANZINES!) \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ (all those things mean is that they fascinate me on this mill — aren't they cute?) \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

Boy, come to think of it, there are more gidgets on this machine. It has a real exclamation point !!!!! instead of having to use the apostrophe and backspace for a period to hold it up like this !!!!! and they never line up and usually you forget to upshift and get your emphasis like this ~~oooo~~ Well, hoo boy, back to the old slander —

Anyhow, ETHER WORLDS: if you are a relative or creditor of Roy Pulmer, this is for you. Otherwise not.

Then there is SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, one of the few remaining quarter quarterlies. This is edited by Robert W. Lowndes, which shows you we can too spell if people don't give us a bad review. Robert W. also edits the convertible SCIENCE FICTION / FUTURE, which has swapped mastheads and issue numbers more times than any other magazine, including Walmer's. The August '55 SFQ has a lead novel by Sam Merwin, Jr., which contains a good idea that was highly enjoyed when used by Jack Vance in "The Dying Earth" and is still pretty good. One thing about Merwin — he knows a good idea when he reads one, even if he reads it in his own works, for that matter. Not too proud, he, to use a good idea just because he's used it before.

Have you read PLANET lately? We love PLANET, and someday we are going to look thru the contents pages of Toakey's complete collection and write a full-length novel composed only of the wonderful non-sequitured blurbs from those contents pages, arranged to make a connected though possibly incoherent sequence.

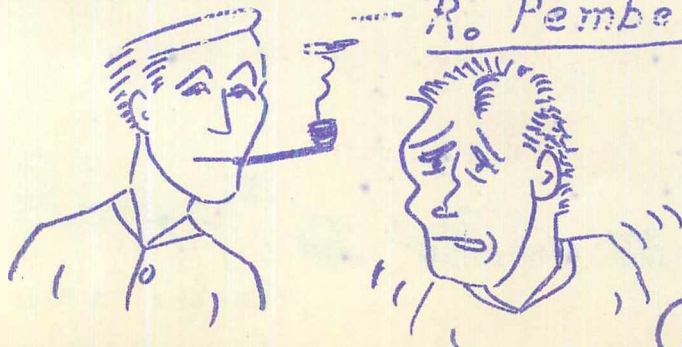
Actually we love all these mags and don't want to see any of them go out of business, even Qualmer's. There is only one magazine we really feel the field could do without just now, and we will merely say that it is the only magazine in the field that is presently running two serials at the same time, and sometimes carries stuff from a predictor with his head on backwards.

Looks as if we will have to start filing R&SF under "R" for "Reverent Stories". Don't mind a religious type story now and then, we don't, but a slight variation in viewpoint wouldn't hurt. Boucher only seems to slant 'em one way, all same Hollywood.

Well, I guess it's about time for the commercial: all you people go out and buy some prozines, because actually prozines have made a certain contribution to Fandom even though they don't have any great merit, on the whole, but after all we have to go along and make these pros feel good, just out of the bigness of our souls. We have to encourage these pro writers and editors so that they don't get discouraged and drop out of the field altogether, because after all many pros have grown in stature and gone on to become fans if given sufficient encouragement, and we don't want to cut off the incubator of potential fans, do we? So that is why we condescend to review these fumbling amateurish prozines and tell them they stink and suchlike. There is really nothing like the glow that comes to the heart of a pro editor when somebody secure in his fanhood leans down and warmly tells this poor struggling pro "You stink". It is things like this that make one believe in the essential goodness of the human race.

THIS, I — believe!

— R. Pemberton



(I'll show perturbation of poor prozine editor under calm indifferent demeanor of lordly fanzine editor.)



# WAS IT A GHOST?

By  
BURNETT R. TOSKEY  
&  
ROBERT R. MENGAR.

## CHAPTER I THE RETURN OF HENSHAW

After Henshaw had been hung, as you, dear reader, should remember from the first story, Galson became very lonesome. He decided to return to his medical profession. A few weeks later, therefore, he hung out his shingle.

But the weeks wore on and Galson had nary a customer. The vast reserve of money he and Henshaw had saved up began to dwindle. Then, one stormy night, Galson had a visitor.

He arrived at about midnight and entered without knocking on the door. In fact Galson didn't even hear the door open and close. The visitor entered the sitting room where Galson was and stood there, face expressionless. Galson looked up in surprise. He dropped the book he had been reading; his eyes bulged. He took off his glasses, let out a hideous moan, and keeled over. It was Henshaw! Henshaw smiled vaguely, spit on the floor and vanished.

The next thing Galson knew he was awake. He was in his own bed. He looked around the room. There, on the other bed, was Henshaw!

"Had it all been a dream?" he thought. "Is it true that he was not dead after all? Or was it a ghost?"

Then Henshaw was awake. He yawned loudly, sneezed, belched, threw off the covers, and jumped out of bed. Seizing Galson's bed he flipped it over, dumping the plump doctor on his bean. Before Galson could straighten himself out, Henshaw had him by the scruff of the neck.

"Come on, slowpoke, get dressed! We've got things to do today!" Henshaw bellowed.

"But...your...supposed....to be dead," gasped Galson as he was rudely shoved into his longies, knickers, and tee shirt simultaneously.

"Ha!" snapped Henshaw, already dressed himself, as he plopped Galson down on his boots. "Do I look dead?" and he leaped into the air, turning several cartwheels as he did so.

"But --- you were hung!"

"Poof!" said Henshaw. "Left nothing but a red mark around my neck," and he turned his collar down exposing a ghastly, hideous mass of seething flesh, with puss oozing all around a gaping slice clear around his neck. The adam's apple palpitated slightly as its associated form hung limply out, attached by only string to his throat. At sight of this, Galson promptly fainted.

"Lily-livered weakling," said Henshaw as he pushed him outside and into his car, "but the only true friend I have."

## CHAPTER II THE GREAT DEFECTIVE

"I hope you will excuse my weak stomach," apologized Galson, as he heaved all

[WAS IT A GHOST - continued]

over the dash. "You see, I'm a doctor."

"Of course, I realize that," wheezed Henshaw, air leaking in occasionally through the side of his neck. He pressed a button and a flood of sulfuric acid poured down the dash removing the erg and what paint remained, sending up wisps of vapor. The liquid collected in a trough and ran into a cup near Galson's foot. As they rounded a corner on two wheels, Henshaw pushed another button and the liquid suddenly shot out in a gushing mass directly into the face of a plump-looking individual standing on the curb. The plump man gave a ghastly scream, fell writhing to the ground, and as they rounded another corner, Galson saw him whip out his revolver and blow his brains all over a curious hungry-looking mongrel.

"Good Lord, Henshaw!" whispered Galson taken aback, "Such cruelty. Did you know I'd had limburger cheese for supper?"

"Eserves him right," Henshaw spoke in a calm steady voice. "H-he d-d-deserves it. H-he's th-th-th-the vilest crook in t-town." His steel nerves drew Galson's admiration.

Galson had no chance for further remarks, for at that moment Henshaw swerved right, bumped over the curb, rolled across two lawns, ran down three union pickets and with a crash and a shower of glass came to a standstill six inches inside a large brick Spanish-style lean-to.

"No brakes," Henshaw explained.

As they climbed out the windows (doors locked - no key) a beautiful girl came up to them, smiled, and said, "Welcome."

From under his coat Henshaw whipped out a sawed-off double-barrelled shotgun, pointed it at her stomach, and pulled the trigger. As the noise died away, Galson sobbed hysterically, "She's pretty. Whadja shoot her for?"

"She's the murderess," explained Henshaw. "That blood all over her dress gives her away."

"Yes," Galson protested, "but there wasn't any blood until you shot her."

Before Henshaw could explain, a man stuck his head out a window and said, "Come in, Henshaw, we've been expecting you."

With a quick motion Henshaw reached out, grasped the poor fellow by his ears, whirled him around his head like a propeller, and sent him sailing across the rooftops covering these barren plains.

"I hate discourtesy," explained the great man. "He had no consideration for anyone else. Did you see him stick his head out at me?"

Galson nodded, understanding his position perfectly. Stepping into the room, the master mind glanced quickly around and a smile lit his face.

"Gentlemen," he began, although Galson was the only one present, "your killer is seven feet tall, weighs thirty-six pounds, paints his toenails, has only one thumb, is a man, married with two children (twins), has a grouchy mother-in-law who's been smoking Lucky Strikes for nigh onto fifteen years, (At this point he broke into the familiar auctioneer chant, finishing with a loud burp), walks on crutches, and beats his wife. He probably even smokes."

"No," Galson exclaimed incredulously.

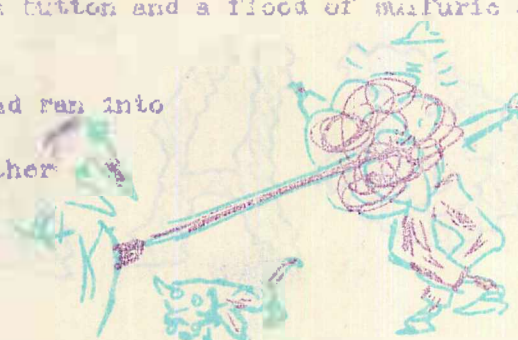
"Yes," he replied.

"But the girl doesn't fit that description."

"Poof! More details."

"How did you deduce this?" Galson asked, languidly digging his toe into a large dunghill in the middle of the room.

"Look," he pointed triumphantly, and skillfully dodging a hail of lead, Galson saw, written on the wall in blood the sinister words: "KILROY WAS HERE."





CHAPTER III  
WHERE IS KILROY?

"Who was Kilroy?" questioned Galson, wiping away the bloodstains from his head where it had come in contact with the message.

Henshaw turned an incredulous countenance toward Galson and said with astonishment, "You mean you don't know who Kilroy is?"

"Yes!" pause, "I mean no!" mumbled Galson as he smeared the bloodstain on his pants.

Henshaw gave him a friendly kick in the groin and as Galson doubled up in agony and collapsed in a heap, Henshaw said with a knowing smile, "Why, Kilroy is the murdered man."

"But where is he?" asked Galson.

Henshaw took out his specs and magnifying glass and jumped over to the sinister inscription. After studying it carefully for about a half-hour, he turned to Galson and said, "I know where he was."

"Where?"

Henshaw lifted his finger. "Here!" he stammered.

"But where is he now?"

"Why did you ask that?" sobbed Henshaw, and he broke down completely, his head in his hands. Galson put a comforting hand on the great detective's august temples.

"You will find him," comforted Galson.

Henshaw stopped his bawling and a haunting look came into his bloodshot eyes. His eyes glazed over as he raised his right hand high and spoke slowly, "Though I meet unforeseen obstacles, seemingly insurmountable, in the path of my chosen profession; though failure stalks me at every hour; though death is before me, behind me, beside me; though all mankind and all nature is against me irrevocably and completely; in the END, the prevailing edge of my sword will emerge victorious."

Just then police sirens were heard outside and Galson watched several police cars pull up. A squad of policemen, armed with formidable cap guns, approached the door and timidly knocked.

"Now I wonder who that could be," said Galson to Henshaw.

"Well, don't stand there panting, answer the door," Henshaw replied impatiently.

Kicking the girl's body aside, Galson waded through the blood and opened the door outward, knocking several flatfeet off their flat feet onto their flat heads, striking the pavement in the key of E flat. They were flattered to say the least. The remnants of the noble six hundred flatfeet gathered themselves together for the charge of the light brigade. In a pack, cap guns cocked, they surged forward. Of the two that escaped being knocked cuckoo by slipping on the blood, Galson picked off one with his trusty bean-shooter and Henshaw fired a spitwad in the other's eye, blinding him.

Dodging through the bodies at blinding speed, Henshaw sped toward the police car, while Galson contented himself with kicking the bodies aside. However, as luck would have it, Henshaw stumbled over the last body in his path, and as he hit the pavement with a sickening thud, Galson saw his head break off, being almost off already, roll to a telephone post and crack open, littering the street with sawdust.

Before Galson could move, the torso had risen, picked up the head, scraped the sawdust back in, and placed it on his shoulders. Then he leaped into the door and behind the wheel. Galson leaped after him.

"Well, where do we go now?" asked Galson.

Just then they discovered the body at their feet on the floor. It was the body of the man Henshaw had thrown over the rooftops.

"This," exclaimed Henshaw excitedly, "is Kilroy!"

CHAPTER IV

THE GREATEST PROBLEM; or MR. SHERLOCK HENSHAW

"But that makes you the murderer!" exclaimed Galson, conviction and a sob in his voice. This was a jab in the -- well:

"You forget, my dear Galson," mumbled the great defective, "Anything could have happened to him between the time I caused him to drop five hundred feet onto solid concrete and when he was brought here. Although he obviously died from the



(WAS IT A GHOST -- continued)

"There's not a shred of evidence that will convict me."

"True, true," shouted the doctor quietly, his attention suddenly diverted by a fly crawling across his knee which he was vainly endeavoring to impale with a long needle.

At that moment Henshaw pressed the starter button, which consisted of a mounted human nose. "I hate nosy people," he was wont to say. The engine gave a wheeze and a gurgle, coughed twice, and caught. Huge clouds of smoke rolled out the rear, engulfing a postman who deposited three bags of mail down Galson's neck before the long needle ran him through. Henshaw meshed the gears and the transmission fell out in the street.

Nothing daunted, Henshaw pressed the accelerator and the motor caught fire, emitting weird shrieks and whistles and sending out flaming masses of color resembling a fourth of July show gone awry.

"Doggone!" swore the great man, "I would have bet my shirt that the gunpowder would enrich the gas!"

"No takers?" asked the man on the floor.

"No shirt," said Galson, wittily (so he thought).

"No gas either, merely hydrated lime," was Henshaw's caustic remark, and then he broke down and emitted peals of maniacal laughter. The walk back to Galson's rooms was invigorating to say the most.

Later, Henshaw was seated in his favorite chair with his favorite blonde on his lap. She had that sexy, "Ye gods, what's wrong with this guy?" look on her face that Henshaw so admired.

"But Henshaw," pleaded Galson, as he went down on his knees and kissed the great man's feet, "you haven't solved the crime."

"Ah, but (At this point Galson succeeded in impaling the fly on Henshaw's foot; I have," continued the great man without pause (and Galson realized he'd impaled the fly on his own foot)).

"Who done it?" Galson coined.

"The steady voice said weakly, "You - while I was examining the inscription on the wall



## CHAPTER V

### THE GHOST DEFECTIVE

At that moment one of the most ghastly, hideous of all loud noises was heard coming from the street outside. The two half-wits in the room couldn't hear themselves think - they would have been unable to think anyway. Galson broke the silence with the remark, "Henshaw, my fine tethered friend, you have made a very stupid mistake. You know that I could not possibly have had time to dispose of the corpus delicti!"

"Hmm," muttered Henshaw with a short giggle, "perhaps you have something there, after all! But, my dear Galson, you forget that you are guilty until proven innocent. Anything you say might be used against me. Ah - ahem. Do you have any ideas?"

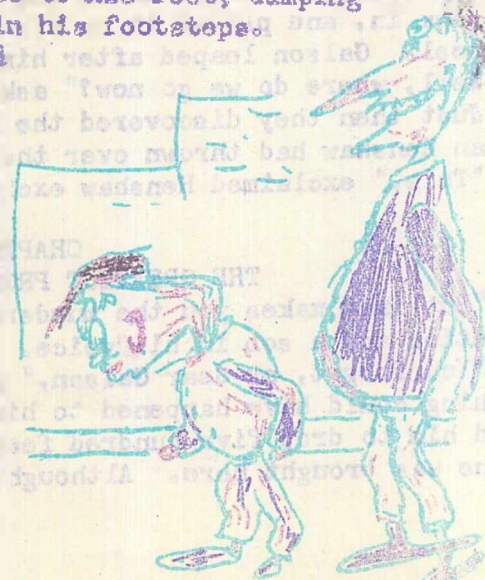
"Ideas!" whispered the doctor, "I'm fizzling with them! If you will come with me I will prove to you that the man who was murdered never existed - that is, he isn't alive now."

Galson got up and paraded out of the door as Henshaw rose to his feet, dumping the blonde down the laundry chute as he did so and followed in his footsteps.

Galson tramped through the streets with his back hunched over grotesquely and his head shifting uneasily from side to side while Henshaw followed about three centimeters behind, taking this opportunity for studying the stars, which might have been gratifying if the sun didn't continually blind his eyes. They left the outskirts of the town on the upgrade just as it became so dark that nothing could be seen. Galson said that the house on the top of the hill was their goal.

"Rah! Rah!" piped Henshaw. He used to be a football game machine player.

The pair trudged on until at last they reached the top of the hill. Henshaw took out his pinpoint flashlight







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