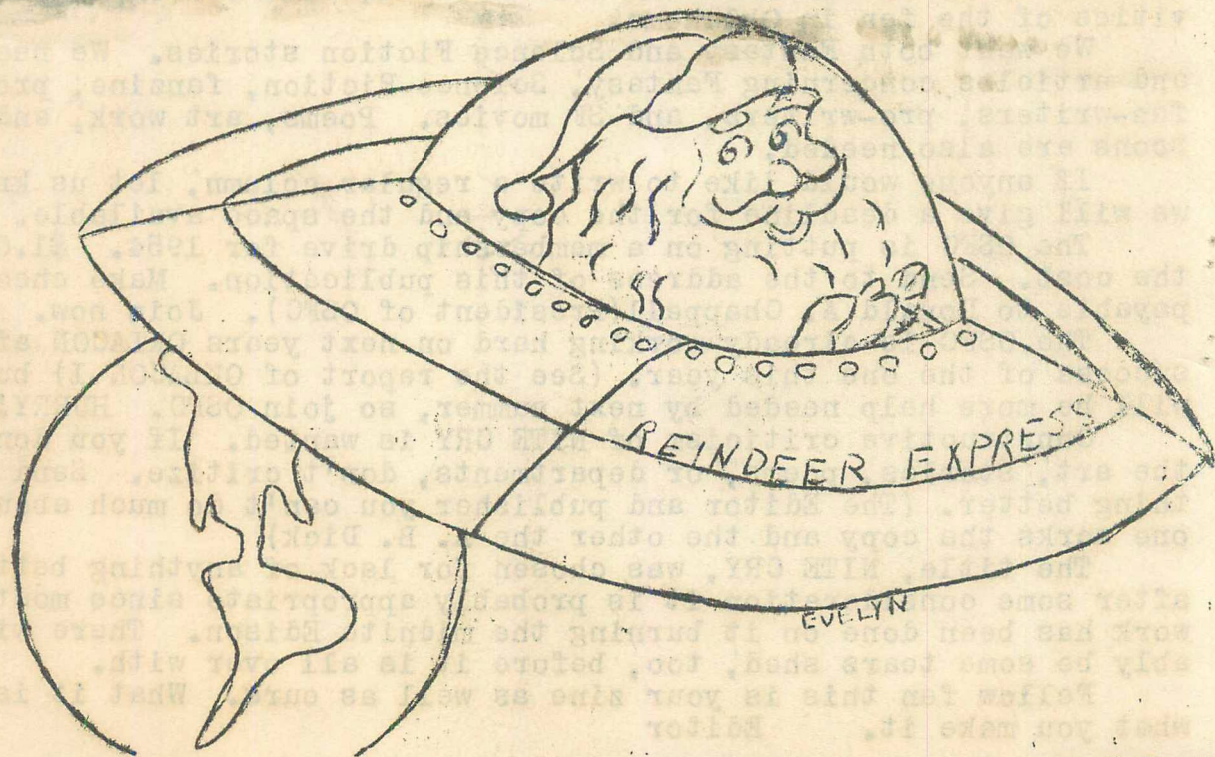


NITE

CRY

VOL. I NO. I

DEC. 1953



SEASONS GREETINGS



# Editorially Speaking

This starts the publication of a fanzine of the Oklahoma Science Fiction Confederation. Its purpose is to bring the activities of the fan world to the Oklahoma fan and to acquaint fandom of the activities of the fen in Oklahoma.

We want both Fantasy and Science Fiction stories. We need news and articles concerning Fantasy, Science Fiction, fanzine, prozines, fan-writers, pro-writers, and SF movies. Poems, art work, and cartoons are also needed.

If anyone would like to write a regular column, let us know and we will give a deadline for the copy and the space available.

The OSFC is putting on a membership drive for 1954. \$1.00 is the cost. Send to the address of this publication. Make checks, etc. payable to Donald A. Chappell (President of OSFC). Join now. HURRY!

The OSFC is already working hard on next years OKLACON after the success of the one this year. (See the report of OKLACON I) but there will be more help needed by next summer, so join OSFC. HURRY! HURRY!

Constructive criticism of NITE CRY is wanted. If you don't like the art, stories, poems, or departments, don't criticize. Send in something better. (The Editor and publisher you can't do much about since one works the copy and the other the A. B. Dick)

The title, NITE CRY, was chosen for lack of anything better but after some consideration it is probably appropriate since most of the work has been done on it burning the midnight Edison. There will probably be some tears shed, too, before it is all over with.

Fellow fen this is your zine as well as ours. What it is, is what you make it. Editor

LARRY WALKER  
editor

DON CHAPPELL  
co-editor  
publisher

# NITE CRY

Vol. I No. I

Nov. 1953

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art editor EVELYN

Christoff

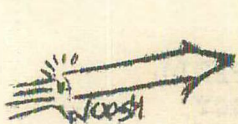
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Evelyn

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NITE CRY is the Official Publication of the Oklahoma Science Fiction Confederation. Published bi-monthly at 5921 East 4th Pl. Tulsa, Oklahoma. 10¢ an issue, 50¢ for six. Ads 50¢ page. Deadline for January issue December 11th.





by Larry (Val) Walker

Tomorrow would be the Fourth of July. Rickie remembered the last July fourth. It had been quite a boring day. A day filled with speech after speech from the television set in the living room. There had been no way to escape it. The set was there brooding over the room like a monster. When there was a government program on, everyone watched it.

Rickie didn't want to do that again tomorrow. He would much rather go over to the ruins in the old town. People said the ruins were dangerous and you would die if you went into them. Rickie knew this was not true. He had visited the ruins many times. Grownups were not always right.

On the morning of the next day Rickie was at the ruins. He was supposed to be at the government sponsored gym doing exercises with his class. It was nicer in the ruins though. So quiet, no T.V. blaring constant nonsense. No government official telling him to breathe deeply. It was so quiet and peaceful.

Rickie found some things in an old factory. He had supposed the government had destroyed all of them long ago. He remembered the last Fourth of July; the television said these items had all been thrown in the river. Here was everything a boy could want. Tiny bombs that went woosh, zip, bang. Things that had many colors in the middle of them. Things that scooted along the ground and went pop.

The thought occurred to Rickie, as he returned home, that it would be against the law to shoot these off. But who would know it since no one ever came into the ruins.

Later, during the hour the T.V. was silent for dinner, Rickie slipped away from the house. He knew as soon as the hour was up more speeches would be coming on. Big, fat, red men telling all the wonderful things the government had done for the people. Rickie had hated every minute of the day.

Continued on Page 14



# Boye Boye Belladonna

Reporting the 101st World Urban 11th League Airborne Science Fiction Convention of 1953  
by Earl Kemp

All the paratroopers, the Urban League members, and the few staggering Science Fiction fen have long departed from the seemingly elevator-less Bellevue-Stratford, becoming part of history. We have now, our aptly handled newspaper clippings and our memories to recall all of you by. After some two weeks have passed, I take my little convention booklet in hand, and sit down to write this report. But first a word of warning. I'm prejudiced and how I'm prejudiced; -- you see, I attended the Chicon II last year, and so far nothing can top that. So you're reading this con-report, forewarned and strictly from the birdseye view point of yours truly.

Nan, my wife, and I left New York bright and early Saturday morning, after having spent most of the ready cash, and were no more than seated in the Pennsy Choo-choo when we accosted by a bem. A real live science fiction type, like, character. Who turned out, after much deliberation, to be Lewis Grant (He wasn't wearing his mask at the time.) a fellow member of the University of Chicago Science Fiction Club. A spontaneous wit who kept us laughing most of the way to Philly. We arrived at the Bellevue-Stratford shortly after 11:00 AM, checked in without incident (Outside of being molested by Robert Bloch and Haran Ellison in the lobby.), and were shown our very nice room on the lucky number floor (I thought hotels didn't have 13th.).

We registered at the con-registration desk, were given our badges and an extremely large 12" x 14" envelope that contained absolutely nothing, excluding the Chamber of Commerce flyer, "Historic Philadelphia". Next item on the agenda was to claim two previously reserved display tables in the "Junior Room", adjacent to the main Convention hall. One, naturally for DESTINY, and the other



for the UofCSFC, of which yours truly is President. Displays arranged to suit, we left in search of people we knew. First we located DESTINY'S only GOOD half-an-editor, Malcolm Willits who flew in from Europe for the convention. We located most of the Chicago crowd without any trouble, Ed Wood - of the Journal of Science Fiction, Ted and Judy Dikty - from Shasta, Frank M. Robinson, Jean Williams, Evan Appleman, Rog Phillips and about eight others representing the UofCSFC, including our newest recruits from distant Peoria, Phil and Betty Farmer.

The opening session was called for two PM Saturday. From noon til two everyone was actively engaged (In the Hunt Room cocktail lounge, and otherwise.) in trying to locate the program bulletins. Finally they arrived and were distributed to the satisfaction of the majority.

TWO PM: The convention hall was filled by 4 to 4 hundred of the 839 paid members (Claimed at 1,000), where everyone had the opportunity of witnessing the Keynoter of the whole convention, directly above the stage was a large banner, reading simply B-S (It Does stand for Bellevue-Stratford too, you know.) to add a somber air to the proceedings. One thing you can say for the 11th SF Con, their sessions started almost promptly as called. Irvin Heyne called the opening session to order and introduced the Chairman, Dr. Milton A. Rothman, a Physicist of some note who repeated his words of frequent appearance some months before Con-time, "If you don't have a good time, it's your own fault!". And more or less left the con-delegates on their own from that point. L. Sprague de Camp read the rules of the convention, which were passed, after some amendment, and Robert Madle began to introduce the notables in the delegation. After which a recess was called and the notables proceeded to disappear.

One low-point was obvious throughtout the convention, the proceedings, the after-affairs, etc., and that was the noticable absence of the professionals in attendance. Pity the poor neo, who went for the expressed purpose of meeting his current hero. I doubt very seriously if he had the opportunity.



The exhibits in the Junior Room were very interesting, and exceedingly well handled. Some of the displays, to mention a few, were as follows: FANVARIETY INTERPRISE, FANTASY PRESS, N3F, PHILADELPHIA ROCKET SOCIETY, JOURNAL OF SCIENCE FICTION, BALLANTINE BOOKS - WHERE Bradbury's FRAHRENHEIT 451 was un-veiled, GNOME PRESS, Russell Swanson's display of the new FINLEY PORTFOLIO and the con INTERPLANTERY STAMP ISSUE, and the previously mentioned UofCSTC and DESTINY.

After the recess Irvin Heyne introduced Willy Ley who delivered a speech about solar energy, pro and con. The proceedings next adjourned until 8:00 PM.

The Burgundy Room, where the auction was to be held at 8:00 PM, was not filling up as promptly as should have been. Sam Moskowitz stalled the auction as long as possible, reading (Very aptly so.) poetry, several others sang, etc., stalling for time. Finally enough people were present to begin the auction. It moved very slowly, 10¢, 25¢ and 50¢ bids held it up considerably, only a very few pieces of artwork, and MS's were disposed of. Shortly after 9:00 PM the auction was adjourned and a meeting of the N3F was held in the same room.

After this meeting, the Rose Garden, on the 18th floor, (Completely sans garden.) was opened to the delegates for an informal gathering, around the "Pay Bar", and pay you did, to the tune of 85¢ per drink.

We deserted the Rose Garden about 10:30 PM in favor of 1010, the Rothman's suite, having been invited to view the sleeping little fatty Milton. (Jr. NOT Sr!!) quietly, as any cocktail party is apt to be (So as not to awaken the cutest little delegate to the convention.), we assembled on the floor in another room to kill what was left of the Black & White, and talk about various 'things'. (Harlan is in that catagory, isn't he?) So assembled, besides ourselves and the Rothman's were Lester del Rey, George O. Smith, Willy and Olga Ley, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Pratt, Phill and Betty Farmer, Noreen Falasca, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sheckley, Mrs. Frederick (G for georgious.) Pohl and others. And we sat and talked (Even about SF.) until



long after the scotch was all gone.

After 10:00 AM, SUNDAY: Science Fiction abroad, it was called, with a speech delivered by Bert Campbell, editor of AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION, who is a very nice chap. (That is the British word, isn't it?) Next spoke Tetsu Yano, the live-wire fan from Japan. Irv. Heyne spoke (With chalk and blackboard as usual.) on the future of love, just leading up to the main event of the Sunday AM session.

Then it came. Sex reared it's wonderfully compatible head. SF AND THE KINSEY REPORT, a very interesting report on the works of the good Dr's. Kinsey, Pomeroy, etc., delivered by Phillip Farmer. Very well handled talk, regardless of the absence of SF, by a very sincere individual. He was somewhat embarrassed, at the conclusion of his talk, as were most of the delegates, when some fan, after securing the floor mike, praised the speech a little too highly for comfort. RECESS, RECESS. ANYONE FOR LUNCH AT THE H&H AUTOMAT ACROSS THE STREET? WHO CAN AFFORD THESE B-S PRICES?

The incomparable M. C. of S.F., Robert Bloch returned to the podium at the 1:00 PM Sunday session, passing out his brand of excellent funny-stuff, and introducing George O. Smith who tried to top each thing Bloch had said. George O. spoke on the THE SEVEN STAGES OF THE SF WRITER, which was perhaps the single most amusing talk delivered at the whole convention--if a little long. I for one, thought it well deserving of the length, despite comments to the contrary.

Following Goerge O., THE GAME FROM OUTER SPACE, was played by the PSFC, a satire on "WHAT'S MY LINE", complete with moderator, panel, guest, and mystery guest. The mystery guest was a robot. With the panel blindfolded, sample conversation went like this:

DOROTHY: Are you a man?

ROBOT: NO!

DOROTHY: Are you a woman?

ROBOT: NO!

DOROTHY: Oh! God, NOT ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE!

Following a short recess, L. Sprague de Camp, Lester del Rey and Lloyd N. Eshbach spoke as a panel on SF AS A CAREER, speaking



on writing, editing and agenting and publishing, respectively. This discussion lead into FANS WHO HAVE BECOME PROS, another panel discussion, moderated by Bob Tucker, that consisted of Frank M. Robinson, Harlan Ellison (Bless his little heart, he sold a story to F&SF.) and E. E. Evans. Next panel on the podium was moderated by Ted Sturgeon, introducing Bea Mahaffey, Kathrine MacLean, Evelyn del Rey and Pat (Pardon me, I couldn't catch that last name, but she works for Sam Mines at the Thrilling group.), talking about the place of WOMEN IN SF. RECESS, RECESS. CALLING BRINKS ARMORED TRUCK COMPANY. BRING ME SOME CASH, IT'S TIME TO PURCHASE THE BANQUET TICKETS....AT FIVE SEVENTY FIVE A WHACK!

7:00 PM SUNDAY, THE BANQUET: Quoting Isaac Asimov (The Toastmaster.), "You have just consumed \$1.00 worth of food. Now you are going to receive \$4.75 worth of Asimov." And he went on to deliver some of the most interesting ad lib (I believe.) remarks, jokes, etc. possible. A really wonderful wit, (A pity he couldn't interject some of it into his otherwise drab fiction.) In my opinion there are three great wits in SF, Bloch, Smith (George O.) and Asimov. Willy Ley, as guest-of-honor, made a short speech, then Asimov again resumed the mike, saying, "Once someone asked Mr. Ley, 'Do you prefer to be called Willy or Villy?', to which Mr. Ley, replied, 'Willy or Villy, it makes no difference!'" Asimov next made the presentation of the awards, in the various categories, as follows:

NOVEL...DEMOLISHED MAN, ALFRED BESTER ---In Mr. Bester's absence, award was accepted by Evelyn Gold.

NOVELETTE...SALLY, ISAAC ASIMOV----No award given.

FAN PERSONALITY...FORREST J ACKERMAN ---- Mr. Ackerman, making one of the most gracious acts that it has ever been my privilege to witness, declined the honor, and presented the award to Bert Campbell to be delivered to CAPTAIN KENNETH F. SLATER.

PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE...GALAXY.....SF -----Announced as "tie" pre-posterous.

COVER ARTIST...BOK...EMSH-----announced as tie. In Mr. Bok's absence, his award was accepted by Lester del Rey.

INTERIOR ILLUSTRATOR...VIRGIL FINLEY--- In Mr. Finley's absence,



award was accepted by Russell Swanson for delivery.  
NEW SF AUTHOR....PHILLIP JOSE FARMER  
FACT ARTICLE...WILLY LEY...FOR YOUR INFORMATION-GALAXY  
FAN MAGAZINE...NO AWARD GIVEN

These awards were in the form of trophies, a stainless steel rocket ship, on a wooden base, to be suitably engraved now that the winners were publicly announced. It is asinine, bordering on the stupid, to expect the convened delegates to except the fact that GALAXY and ASF tied for first place, "A very close vote, too small to be decisive." THERE IS ONLY ONE LEADING MAGAZINE IN THE FIELD, THE DELEGATES WHO VOTED DESERVE THE RIGHT TO KNOW THE ACTUAL, FACTUAL, FIGURES. But the professionals could not \$\$\$ afford \$\$\$\$to offend either the Messrs. Gold or Campbell, by saying that one was the better of the two. IN AN OPINION OF THIS TYPE, ONE VOTE CAN OFTEN EXPRESS THE THOUGHTS OF THE MAJORITY.

It is wise to notice that there were two categories in which NO AWARDS WERE GIVEN. No award was given for the Novelette, although Asimov's Sally was named. No award was given in the category of BEST FAN MAGAZINE OF THE YEAR, nor was any zine named. Ironical, isn't it, that TWO AWARDS WERE NOT GIVEN AND TWO AWARDS WERE GIVEN DOUBLE AS TIES. It would seem that the con-committee expected no ties when Statuettes were ordered. Again, ONE VOTE CAN BE DECISIVE.

Ted Sturgeon followed the presentation of the awards by singing several songs, accompanying himself on his guitar. Included in the songs he sang was "Thunder and Roses". Julian May Dikty followed Sturgeon, by ginging four songs from an Operetta being prepared for UofCSCF presentation this winter, entitled "SON OF THE THING". RECESS, RECESS. BRING OUT THE GREASE PAINT.

11:00 PM, MASQUERADE: My personal choice, of the few costumes parading around the stage (NO, NO DANCING IN PENNSYLVANIA ON SUNDAY!), was VAMPIRENL, The Charles Adams cartoon character. The lady (I'm actually sorry I don't know who she was, can anyone supply me with name and address, PLEASE!) had her costume to perfection, completed it with a small act, strictly in keeping with the Adams' cartoons. And the pity of it, she didn't even place. Six winners were chosen



by Kelly Freas and Emsh as judges, in two each of three categories. Most beautiful costume, most unusual costum and the costum with the most imagination (Other worldish.). ADJOURN!

EVERYONE INVITED TO THE "CLEVELAND IN '54" PARTY, COME ON UP! And they did, out in the halls, all over the 12th floor, dodging house detectives, long enough to consume the 32 fifths provided by the Cleveland supporters, all the potato chips, mixes and incidentals. STOP THROWING THOSE BOTTLES OUT THE WINDOW! Round and round it goes, and whose room you stop at, nobody knows--or cares. Sunday night is the night for visiting, from door to door, seeing old friends, making new ones, all night long.

1:00 PM: Fletcher Pratt will now speak on ROBOTS AND COMPUTING MACHINES. And the aging historian did a very fine job, telling about all the new mechanical wonders, including the automatic door lock, that won't open to the owners voice--if he has a cold. A panel discussion, alled IS SCIENCE CATCHING UP WITH SF, was next moderated by Doc Smith. An exclusively Ph. D panel discussed the various phases of science and SF. Among the Dr.'s were Alastair Cameron, Oscar Bruner, and R. S. Richardson.

BIG DEAL: SELECTING OF THE '54 CONSITE. Three cities in contention, London, England, Cleveland and San Francisco, and IT IS SAN FRANCISCO IN '54.

CLOSING SESSION: I must be dense, but I think I was there (After taking a quick taxi trip to see "5,000 FINGERS OF DR. T" again.) most of this session, yet we missed all the entertainment offered on the program. We arrived shortly after 8:00 PM, the called time, and an auction was in progress. This went on, mixed well with an occasional drawing for raffle prizes, until after MIDNIGHT. Where some truly wonderful bargains were picked up at remarkably fair prices, and some stinkers of the first order went at a premium. NO OFFICIAL ADJOURNMENT OF THE '53 CONVENTION WAS MADE. We were among the last to leave the hall. Then there were the goodbyes, the drink, the hand shakes, the see you at Midwescon, and the enevitable see you in San Francisco in '54.

fooling with the luggage at 2:00 AM, trying to get a taxi, rush

ing to the station, Choo-choo in 30 minutes, back to New York for another glorious day, hunting SF books, then off for parts unknown for another week.

All the while, making plans like mad to be in Cleveland in 1955, but above all, to support Es and Les Cole, the Elves', Gnomes' and Little Men'S Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society and San FRANCISCO IN 1954!

The End

\* \* \* \* \*

### SCRAPS

Scraps being what's left over, this is the space left over. When we get NITE CRY a little more organized, this space and as much more as needed will be devoted to the happenings of the OKLAHOMA SCIENCE FICTION CONFEDERATION. The next issue of NITE CRY, which will be out January 1st, will contain the 1953 Financial Statement and the list of members who have paid their 1954 dues.

We want news! We want news of and from Oklahoma Fen. We want National and International Fan news. We want any news that would be of interest to fen on any subject.

Letters to the editor will be welcome. The best parts of the good letters will be printed in the issue of NITE CRY to be made up after receiving them.

Would you like to write a department? If you would, write and let us know the kind you wish to do. Prozine, fanzine, book, and SF movie reviews are a few of the departments that we might run in future issues.

We would like to have art work of a type that will print well on a mimeograph. They should be simple, straight line drawings, with no shading and little shadowing. They can be full page, half page, or quarter page. Cartoons will be considered as art work.

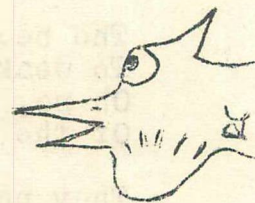
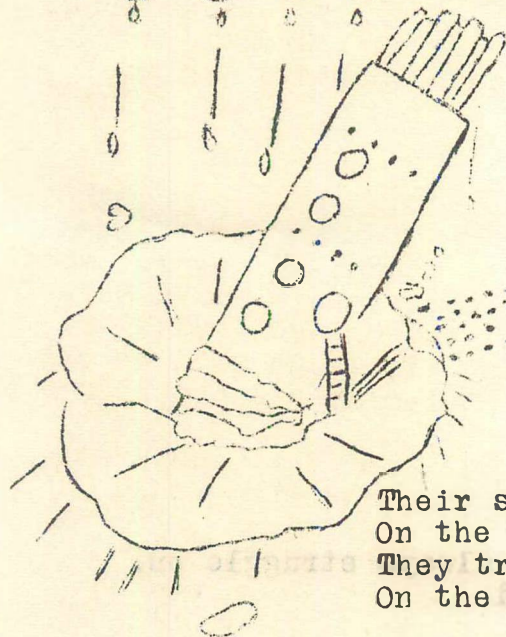
Send in your stories and articles. You fen and neofen that have not tried your hand at a story for a fanzine, are the ones that we are looking for. See something you have done in print. Hurry!

THE END



# COOL COOL RAIN

by Fredrick B. Christoff



Their ship had crashed a week ago  
On the burning sands of Mars.  
They trudged off in a search of water  
On the journey that took them far.

A long weary week they have traveled  
While their frail bodies burn so hot.  
Their minds slowly turn mad  
And they see things that are not.



With faces taunt and eyes that burn,  
And souls that cry in pain;  
With throats burned dry and raw cracked lips,  
They softly pray for rain.

The slimly things that love this hell  
Dance in filthy frenzy with gestures insane.  
With their bright eyes that love the heat  
And hate the cool cool rain.

The sun beats down as if in joy  
At the agony it inflicts.  
The men march on with filmy eyes;  
With poor souls and mind so sick.

These slowly dying men  
Have memories of long ago.  
Of a green land where once they felt  
The wind, the rain, the snow.

The heat and sand are not enough  
To weaken and turn them insane.  
Oh no, they must have the memories  
Of the soft, cool, cool rain.

They never stop, they never rest, its always struggle on.  
On and on through the fire of the sand  
And all, around dancing and mocking  
Are the slimey horrors of this strange land.

One by one they kiss her lips  
And fall to embrace the sand.  
And so it goes until there are none,  
None left to join deaths band.

The sands are now so quiet.  
But in the place where they have lain,  
Comes the pit pat, the pit pat  
Of softly falling cool, cool rain.



# BRADBURYANA

by Bill Tuning

I feel that perhaps I have a unique connection with Bradbury in that I am personally acquainted with one of his old high school chums, one Dave Beebe, who lives here in Santa Barbara. Mr. Beebe recalls when Ray Bradbury began writing at the age of 15, confessing that at the time he thought him somewhat of a screwball, because he would flagrantly neglect his high school work to write science fiction. So Beebe gave Bradbury a hand in his school work, and helped him get through high school.

Bradbury, meeting with opposition from almost every side, ruggedly stuck by his guns, and wrote furiously for six years, until, at the age of 21, he sold his first story to Planet Stories. He started out to learn by doing, which is, I believe, the best way to learn anything. Bradbury threw himself into writing with a passion and vigor seldom found in young men of his years. He had been struck by life and wanted to express himself and his views of life. Where he met with opposition was the manner in which he expressed himself. He was unique--Bradburyian. The science fiction world had not, I believe, ever known anything like him before. He lived science fiction, and made himself a part of science fiction, carving his own place in it.

He was an avid fan, struggling and suffering to put out his own fanzine, reading and writing omnivorously, and attending every convention he could.

He had, in his writing, a style so unique that editors and readers alike had a hard time accepting it, because it was so new. The short, choppy sentences, and the powerful adjectives are noticeable to every reader. These, together with the expounding descriptions, the wispy, dreamlike plots, and the sometimes inexplicable motivations went to make a distinctive, dissonant, almost incredible style that has been copied but never duplicated.

Ray's formula for success is to "Write like hell every day for four or five years." He followed his own formula, and made it work. His stories will live because they are unique branch of escape literature. They are neither fantasy, nor science fiction. They are Bradburyian Literature--Bradburyana.

His books include, Frost and Fire, The Martian Chronicles, The Illustrated Man, all published by Doubleday. (Also Dark Carnival, The Golden Apples of the Sun, and Fahrenheit 451, ed.)

The last time I heard anything about him, he was leaving for his native Illionis to write a novel, his first I believe. It will be non-stf. I think you will all agree that a non-stf novel by Ray Bradbury will be something well worth waiting for.

THE END

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BANG.....Continued from Page 2.

The ruins had small noises in them tonight. Night animals slipped along their private trails as Rickie slipped quietly through the dark-en ruins. The fireworks were where he had left them. He had taken some matches from the box in the kitchen. He would have some fun tonight. All the town would see the beautiful colors of the sky rockets and hear the loud bangs of the 'crackers when they went off.

Rickie was half way through the big box when the police came. Just as one of them seized him, he ignited the biggest sky rocket in the box.

Rickie looked longingly back at the beautiful colors exploding from the rocket in a myraid of beauty, as they carried him away.

He was happy.

THE END

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Remember to send your story, article, poem, or art work in to NITE CRY before the December 11th deadline. See your name in our January issue.

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Send in your subscription to NITE CRY today.

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# "WAR OF THE WORLDS"

by Don Chappell

A review of the Paramount Picture from the story by H. G. Wells.

"War of the Worlds" is the finest Science Fiction movie to be made to date. This tops 'When Worlds collide' which I believe held the number one place before.

It cost a little more than twice as much to produce "War of the Worlds" as did "When Worlds Collide", -\$2,000,000 as compared with \$936,000.

The movie except for the plot and basic theme does not resemble the story by Wells. For those that like fast action the picture is an improvement over Wells' slow moving story. (Not to take anything from H. G. Wells' skillful writing. I just like stories to move faster.) Earth is attacked by the inhabitants of the planet Mars.

One half of the picture consists of special-effects. George Pal the producer, is to be congratulated upon the attention that went into the details that provided the realism of these special effects.

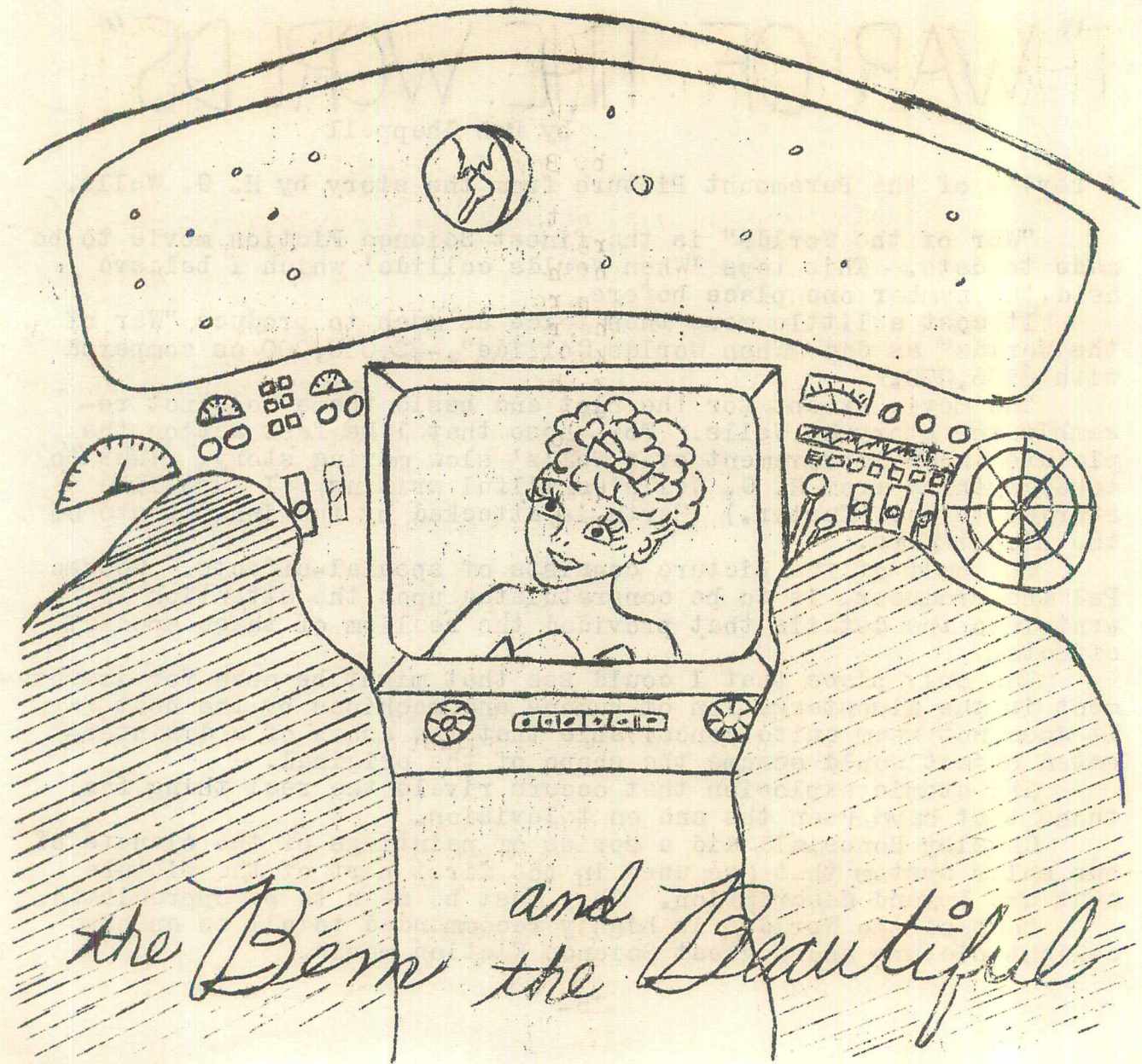
The only place that I could see that might be open for improvement is the disintegration of humans and machines by the heat ray. It does not seem quite conceivable that the ashes of a disintegrated object would assume the shape of the original.

The atomic explosion that occurs rivals the real thing for those that have seen the one on television.

Chesley Bonestall did a series of paintings of the planets of our solar system that are used in the first part of the picture that are beyond description. They must be seen to be appreciated.

"War of the Worlds" is highly recommended to all as an excellent picture and a great Science Fiction movie.







# THE BEM AND THE BEAUTIFUL

by Bob L. Stewert

The alienship cruised just outside the earth's atmosphere. Despite its great altitude, the crew of two kept it hovering over parts of the earth's surface, which were covered by thick blankets of clouds. This was a needless precaution, for if, on a clear night, any earthling had seen their ship as a pinpoint of reflected light, it would have been mistaken as a meteor or a faint star. But the visitors were not taking chances that they should be discovered before they desired to be.

The two occupants of the temporary satellite were not just engaged in spatial sight-seeing. They had had a specific mission to perform. So they had come all the way from Alpha Centaurus for the express purpose of opening diplomatic relations with earth. Now they were worried.

"We are going to have enough trouble introducing ourselves to earthlings--and now this." The speaker gestured toward a newly built television receiver.

"Yes, Ardor," said Lagor as he turned on the set. Dagmar flashed onto the clear screen.

"Uh, ghastly, Lagor. Look at that epidermis. It seems to be ----- white!" Ardor sat down feeling suddenly weak in the---(Er, Ardor doesn't seem to have anything resembling legs, let alone knees.)

Lagor stared at the voluminous terrestrial beauty in fascinated horror. "Look at that face--two eyes! Look Ardor, she--she has teeth!! Twisting his (ug) face in scorn, Lagor joined his companion in a reclining position.

"Well, What do we do now?" asked Ardor.

"One thing's sure. We simply can't fly down and land in front of the Pentagon. Besides our physical difference, the people of

earth seem to be a warlike race. Witness the recent affair in Korea. Why the fool would probably open fire on us."

"Then looking at it from their point of view," said Ardor, philosophically. "As repulsive as they are to us, we must be just as frightening to them."

"What we need, Ardor," said Lagor, "is an intermediate. Someone on earth who will understand our purpose and have enough environmental knowledge to get us in contact with this world's leaders."

Ardor rolled from his couch. "Excellent idea. I'll get to work on an individual brain wave calibrator immediately."

For weeks they hunted. England, Germany, Russia, Japan and then at last the United States. They were becoming discouraged. Everyone they had tested so far had lacked an essential quality which was necessary to the success of their mission. Then one day as Ardor finished compiling the data on a subject he shouted, "Eureka, I have found it."

Lagor flowed over to him. "Yes, yes, highest degree of intelligence and physical fortitude to be found on earth today. We have found our emissary, Argor."

\* \* \* \* \*

Stan Duncan hummed as he proof read his manuscript. It had been a good idea to come to this isolated cabin in the Rockies. He had never written better science fiction in his life.

"The ghoulish, misshapen mass of the Martian scout moved toward the beautiful Zarna. The eye stalks waved in anticipation of the blood he would soon see flowing from his lovely victim. The protoplasm like hands formed themselves into claws as strong as steel. Zarna screamed."

"That's not bad even if I do do it myself. It almost frightens me." softly humming, "Further Along", Duncan finished reading the yarn.

Duncan was preparing for bed that night when the space ship landed in a clearing near his cabin. He rushed outside clad only in his pajamas. From the porch he could see the sleek nose of the ship



shining over the young pine trees. He wasn't frightened. Why should he have been? He'd been writing about this sort of thing for ten years. Calmly he went back inside, lit a light, and redressed. He knew just what was happening. He would show these boys earthmen knew how to handle a situation.

He had just finished a cigarette when there was a soft knock on the door. Crushing the cigarette out, he went to open the door. "Welcome, my friends," he said to the two figures muffled in great cloaks, "Come in".

Ardor and Lagor explained the situation to him in detail and ended by explaining why they had chosen him for the important job.

Duncan smiled proudly. "To think that I, of all the world's population should be picked. But, please, won't you take off those cloaks and let me see you?"

"We warn you." Ardor said, huddling his garment more closely about him. "We have the certain physical features which tend to make us repugnant by your earthling standards."

"Please don't let that worry you." Duncan chuckled. "Why the creatures I've dreamed up would shock your imagination."

Slowly the two aliens drew back their cloaks.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three days later the medical examiner finished examining Stan Duncan's lifeless body. "Well," he said, "It doesn't look as if there was any foul play involved."

"Then what did he die of?" Asked the sheriff as he took a blanket from the bed to spread over the body.

"As near as I can make out, it was heart failure brought on by extreme fright. You can see the expression on his face is one of sheer horror."

The sheriff finished covering the body and picked up a page of scattered manuscript. 'The ghoulish, misshapen etc.' He read. "Maybe he scared himself to death." He laughed, then looked down at the corpse, and cleared his throat.

High over head a silver streak sped upward.

"It was a shame about poor Duncan, wasn't it?" said Ardor to Lagor.

"Yes, it was. It's obvious there will never be congenial

relations between our world and earth. Too great a difference in our physical forms."

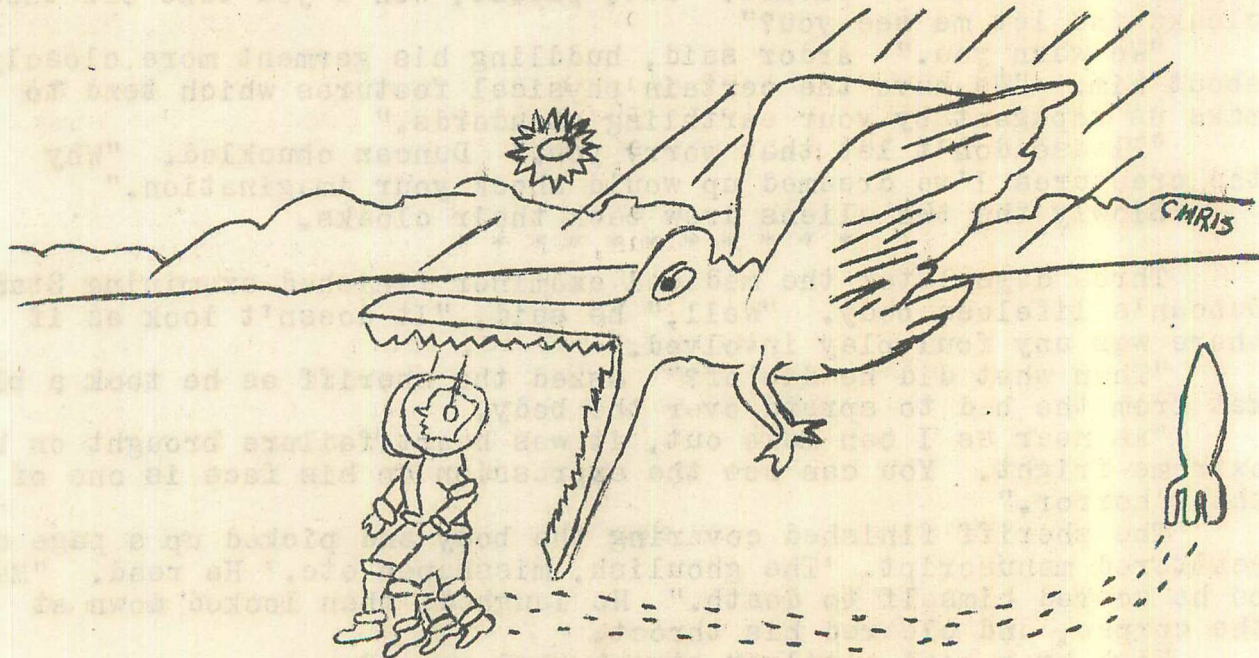
Ardor nodded as he turned on the television set. Dagmar flashed on in all her glory, and then faded as the distance became too great for even that super powered chassis. (The T. V.'s not Dagmars!)

"You know," said Ardor, "I can see why earthman would enjoy watching this female. She has some quality. Some--some element."

"Could it be sex, Ardor?" asked Lagor as he threw the great ship into space drive.

With a burst of speed the alien ship flashed by the moon, leaving earth and the late science fiction writer, Stan Duncan far behind it.

THE END



Evidently the place is uninhabited



# ★ STAR TRAILS ★

by Carol McKinney

## POLARIS

This is actually the most important star seen from the northern latitudes. It does not appear to move during the Earth's turning as do the other stars and constellations, and therefore, much navigation is based upon it. However, it does have a different position for every latitude within the northern hemisphere, and at the equator is just at the horizon. It cannot, of course, be seen from the southern latitudes.

Polaris is the brightest star in the constellation, Ursa Minor, or the Little Dipper, and is at the end of its handle. The best computed value for the distance of Polaris from our sun is 211 light years.

A spectroscopic analysis shows it to be type F8. This means that metallic lines are conspicuous, with calcium most prominent, and is .8 of the way from the first of the F types to the first of the G types. (Our sun is a G O type.)

Polaris is a triple binary,--that is, three stars in the same system revolving about each other. Such combinations of stars, when they are actually in the same system, having a common center of gravity, are known as binaries. A double star may be double only because the two stars composing it happen to lie in the same line of sight, although they may actually be many light-years apart, one is beyond the other. Very few binaries may be seen with the naked eye.

Polaris is a variable star, with a period of variation from brightest to brightest, of just under four days.

Polaris has an apparant magnitude of two and an absolute magnitude of -- 1.8. It is a yellowish star.

All stars seen with the naked eye have been classified according to their brightness and placed in six arbitrary groups. There are twenty first magnitude stars which are  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times brighter than the greater number of stars in the second-magnitude group, and the seconds are  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times brighter than the third magnitude stars, and so on down proportionately throughout the scale. There are, however, a few stars brighter than first apparent magnitude. These are reckoned on the same scale: stars  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times brighter than first magnitudes are designated at 0 magnitude. Stars brighter than that are labeled minus.

Absolute magnitude is a measure of stars' light as if they were all placed, theoretically, at the same distance from us. By this method, a truer comparative study of their brilliance may be made. The distance selected as this standard is 32.6 light years. Our own sun judged by this standard would be an insignificant fifth magnitude star.

Polaris is about eight times the size of our sun, but is made up of tenuous matter and its density is only 5/10,000 that of our sun's.

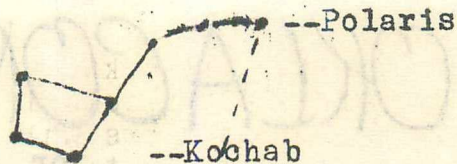
Polaris, the pole star, is very easy to locate in the northern sky when one follows the "pointers" of the Big Dipper (Ursa Major). These pointers are the two stars opposite the handle of the Dipper. By following a line from the bottom of the bowl through the pointers and extended about five times the distance between them, Polaris is easily found.

One star in the Little Dipper is fifth magnitude, three are fourth magnitude, one is third magnitude, and the other is as bright as Polaris, being magnitude 2.2. The other stars in the Little Dipper are designated by Greek letters (as are all stars in all constellations) but the two brightest stars in the Little Dipper, Polaris (Alpha) and Kochab (Beta) have names besides.

POSITIONS AT 9 P. M. ON OCTOBER 1ST



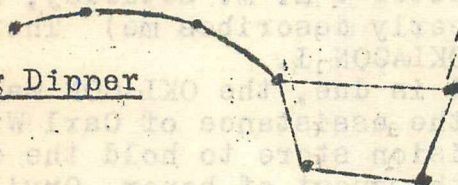
Little Dipper



--Polaris

--Kochab

Big Dipper



Pointer Stars

POSITIONS AT 9 P. M. ON APRIL 1ST



Big Dipper

Kochab

Polaris

Little Dipper

It takes a clear, moonless night to see the entire pattern of Ursa Minor, the Little Bear or Little Dipper, because of its dimmer stars.

THE END

# THE OKLACON REPORT

or

WHEN DO WE EAT? by Don Chappell

I arrived at the Williams Television Agency, site of OKLACON I, bright and early, a little after 9 A. M. Saturday, September 5th. (Bright describes the day, early describes me) There I was met by Kent Corey the chairman of OKLACON I.

To give credit where it is due, the OKLACON was almost entirely the effort of Kent with the assistance of Carl Williams, who kindly let us use his television store to hold the con.

Kent introduced me to the guest of honor, Orville Mosher of Project Fan Club fame. Orville was a beaming bundle of enthusiasm which seemed to be the attitude of the con as a whole.

Registration was to have been from 8 til 9, but was extended to 10 due to waiting for the Tulsa delegation to arrive. The Tulsa group fail to show. It was learned that Sam Martinez, editor of SHADOWLAND from Tulsa and one of the speakers, had broken his leg and the rest did not have transportation.

We started off with announcements and introductions. Then Orville Mosher gave the main address of the con, followed by a speech from Carl Williams.

The scheduled panel debate turned out to be a question and answer period on the subject of fandom with most of the answering being done by Mr. Mosher and Dan McPhail.

It was during this period that Dan McPhail gave a short talk on previous cons in Oklahoma. The first to his knowledge took place in 1939 at the Huckins Hotel in Oklahoma City. There were five persons in attendance of whom Dan was one.

By now it was past noon and the battle cry of 'When do we eat' was heard from all sides.

A Bar-B-Q had been planned but some how these plans had been fouled up. I never did discover what happened.



We decided to adjourn for a while to let everyone stretch their legs and the late comers see the exhibits. There were drawings from Universe SF sent by Ray Palmer, who had just bought half interest. (RAP now edits Science Stories, Universe and Mystic all bi-monthlies. Other Worlds has folded). There was a first edition of Amazing, several fanzines and the prozines and books that were to be auctioned also on exhibits.

When do we eat? It was now almost 3 PM and still no plans for eating.

It was decided to go ahead with the auction and in the absence of Sam Martinez, I acted as auctioneer. We made between \$70 and \$100. I lost count when we went over \$70.

I was disappointed in the low prices paid for some of the art-ideals. The art work brought the largest bids though I was practically held up on the prices I paid for a few prozines I bid on, because it was generally known I was after them to fill gaps in my collection.

The auction took two and half hours with many cries of 'when do we eat?' throughout this time.

A drawing of door prize was made. I do not remember who received the prizes which were art work.

It was now 5:30 and we were finally going to eat, so we piled into cars for the much needed food.

At 7:30 we met again to view three film, which were all of a scientific nature. The first was on our solar system followed by one on gravitation and another on the working of the television tube.

It was decided by all that OKLAGON II would be held again in Oklahoma City, Saturday, September 4, 1954.

A presentation of awards was made. Kent Corey presented Carl Williams with a cigarette lighter and Kent was given a small dagger. (Whether this dagger is to open letters or a hint that Kent should out his throat is unknown. I do have my own opinion.)

The meeting was then adjourned until 1954.

THE END

# HOW TO MEET A SF MAG EDITOR

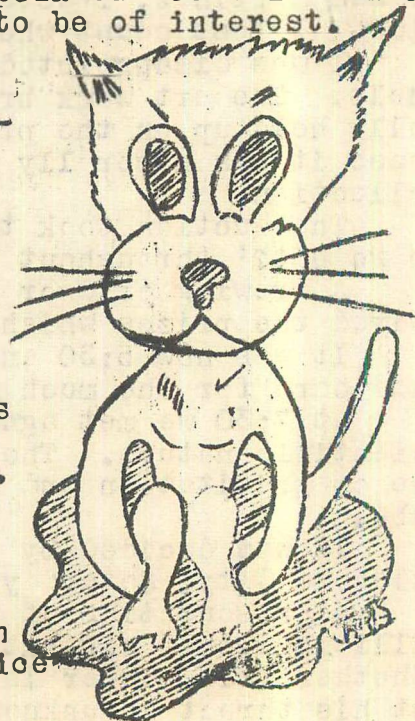
by Fredrick B. Christoff,

Amongst the many hopes of an average fan is the great desire to meet a Science Fiction editor face to face. In some cases this would be face to faces, as you can never be sure just who or what is editing your favourite prozine. I refer of course to one Yoe Hoe who visited an editor and came away disappointed for said editor was a Martain Zuck, and Zucks are too common to be of interest.

However the above is an isolated case as there are many incidents wherein a fan has been seen to enter an editors office and bravely shut the door. From the accounts of eye witnesses or rather ear witnesses there immediately came sounds of howling, screaming, growling, and crunching. Amazing however is the fact that this fan was never heard of or seen again. This makes for interesting speculation, but I am getting ahead of myself.

Most fen are frightened of visiting an editor due to the horrible rumour that editors are people. This is not true as I know from experience that they definitely are not human.

The first thing to do when planning to visit an editor is to convince yourself that there isn't an editor alive or dead that can scare you. This, of course, takes a great amount of self confidence which you can obtain by practice. There are many forms this practice can take but the best way to achieve this end is to throw yourself in front of speeding trains, jump off high cliffs, set yourself on



SAM MINES



fire and empty a machine gun into your head. After you have practiced these things a few times your confidence should be strong enough to convince you that an editor can do no worse.

The next thing you need is suitable equipment. I shall list the articles needed below which you can obtain by sending all the money you have to me in care of W. S. .

1. One small sized atomic cannon.
2. One gallon DDT.
3. One steel for protection against acid words.
4. One flashlight to find your way around.
5. One ray gun.
6. One pound of raw meat to pacify the editor.
7. Also ten gallon raw alcohol.
8. One dose of arsenic for yourself.
9. One copy of a competitors mag to taunt ed with.
10. One large life insurance policy for obvious reasons

After you have accumulated the necessary equipment you are ready for the Great Adventure. However you should never write the editor for an appointment or permission to visit him or even to say you are coming for if he knows of your intended visit he will set up a barricade you'll never get through. It is best therefor to just drop in on him.

Everyone know how to get to New York and to the editorial offices of the magazine editor you wish to visit. So I will take up from the time you reach the editorial building.

Now you are standing outside the building. Inside the main entrance a suspicious character is leaning against the wall wearing a black Humbug hat. This is what makes him look suspicious for that is all he's got on. However you do not have to worry about him as he is only the janitor. You are now ready to enter so for the benefit of any passerby's you must assume the pose of a business man. You do this by throwing your shoulders and posterior back and letting your stomach sag out. Do not over do this for you might be mistaken for an editor. However once you have done this boldly enter the door and kick the janitor once or twice. Do not

be afraid of offending him for he is used to this kind of treatment from the editor and staff of Startling Stories. (I am using Samines and SS only as an example.

Once inside you will come upon a dark stairway. This is where your flashlight comes in handy for this is the favourite haunt of ex-editors. In navigating this stairway you must exercise extreme caution and if you should come upon a poor and be-draggled young man beat him up a little then toss him a quarter for this is Sam Merwin and he hasn't been getting much to eat or drink lately.

For this article to be of any use I must assume that you passed the stairway despite the efforts of Merwin, Norman Browne and The Bhaver Mystery to stop you. Once you have reached the top of the stairs you will come across a group of offices plainly marked, "Startling Stories. Fen! Keep the Hell Out.". Ignore this and walk right in but prepare yourself for the worst.

For once inside you will have to fight your way through millions of fan letters that are strewn all over the place, you will have to be careful not to get in the way of the screaming and naked secretaries, the crazy drooling office boys and the poor captive Bems. To be sure you are on the right trail I offer you the following land for which to look. I must caution you to keep a clear head despite the screaming secretaries, the pitiful wailing of the Bems and the anguished cries of the proof readers.

After you have covered about half a mile of this wild melee you should come upon several dead and decaying bodies. These are the bodies of authors that brought their work in too late for publication. To make sure that these are the correct bodies you should look for manuscripts which should be clutched in their hands. From here walk directly north until you come upon an elderly gentleman who is painting a picture (This is the new discovery Gernsback promised would appear on next month's cover. Whole trouble is he hasn't finished yet so don't disturb him.). From here on you can smell your way to the editors office. You can be sure it is the editors office by the group of fen kneeling in front of it and raising and lowering their arms and shouting "Salomie".



The next must be done very quickly, rush in and grab Mines by the throat, throw him on the floor and kick him in the head several times, shove a couple of pencils in his ears and stuff the raw meat and alcohol down his throat and then let him have a few rounds of your atom cannon and ray gun. If this doesn't pacify him I suggest you get the hell out of there quick. However if he just lays there with a merry twinkle in his eye you have won and may relax. Pick him up and set him on his throne, once this is done you can utter those words that are famous throughout fandom....."Can I have an original?" and he will utter the equally famous words....."Don't be so dam foolish!"

At this point most fen become stuck for further conversation so I will set down my conversation with Sam as an example of how and what to talk about to an editor.

Sam.... "How do you do Mr.. Ah Mr. Ahh Ah Mr."

me.... "Fredrick B. Cristoff and you don't have to call me Mister. Can I have an original?"

Sam.... "Well, Fred what is the occasion for this visit?"

me.... "I just want to know if I can have an original?"

Sam.... "You stupid "#\$%&\*&#&#" No!"

me.... "Oh!"

Sam.... "Is there anything else you would like to know?"

me.... "Yes, why don't you print my letters?"

Sam.... "Yah,,, Ummmm Well you se its lik thisah uh mm yah. well ,,,??? uh lets see ah...yah."

me.... "Oh is that why!"

Sam.... "I'm glid you understand."

me.... "How did you get in this?"

Sam.... "Well, it all started about seventy-five years ago. I was quite smart when I was a ba...."

me.... "Have you got Brad bury hidden in here?"

Sam.... "No. As I was saying I was quite smart when I was a baby so my mother...."

me.... "Whats Kuttner's real name?"

Sam..."Dbn't be stupid."

me...."Oh, can I have an original?"

Sam..."Just what are your fan activities?"

me...."None although I read Ga, Madge, PS, AS, Fa, If, F, Stf, Ow, astF, S.Stf, and several others. Please Sam can I have an original?"

Sam..."No..Say don't you read Startling Stories."

me...."Now..I never have time for that."

At this point Mr. Mines became very red in the heads. He reached over and grabbed me by the hair, dragged me out of his office through the screaming secretaries, the Bems, proof readers, office boys and dead bodies. Down the dark stairway to the front door. Here he changed his grip on me and neatly booted me out of the door. I was very confused to say the least, I couldn't figure out what I had said to offend him. I picked myself up and went home where I tried to figure out what I had done wrong. I finally realized my mistake, soooooooooo- if you ever visit an editor, never, never, never, stick pencils in his ears, use your foot instead.

THE END

\* \* \* \* \*

### FLASH

### FLASH

### FLASH

Kent Corey reports from Enid, Oklahoma that a fan club has been formed there. It is to be known as the Enid Science Fiction League.

There were seven members in attendance at the formation meeting and they expect to increase this number rapidly.

Wayne Greisel was elected president of this new organization and Walt Bowart was elected to the directorate of the Oklahoma Science Fiction Confederation.

We welcome this new Fanclub and look forward to many great things from them.

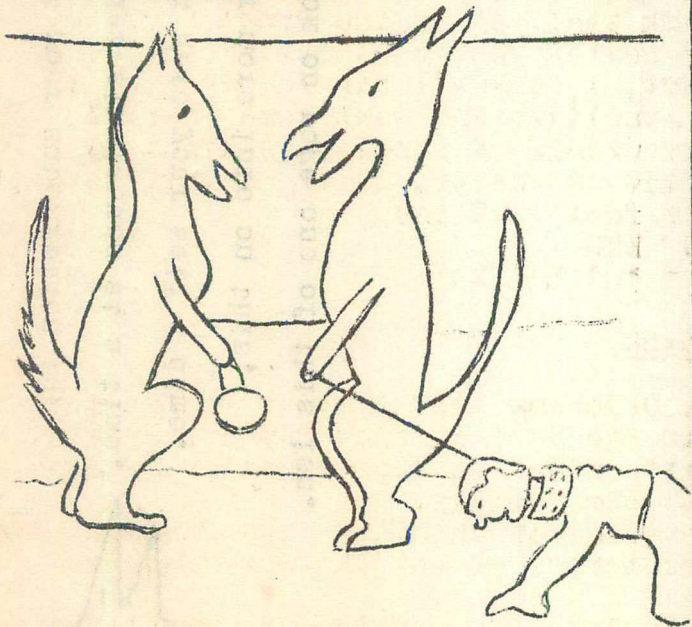
\* \* \* \* \*

You other fans in Oklahoma get in the news of your locality to NITE CRY.



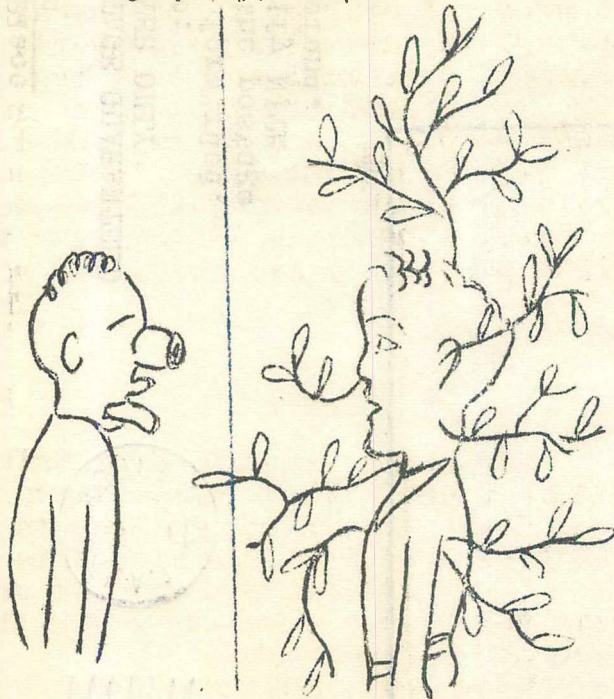
# Cartoons by Chris -

## PET SHOP FOR SALE PEDIGREE EARTHMEN



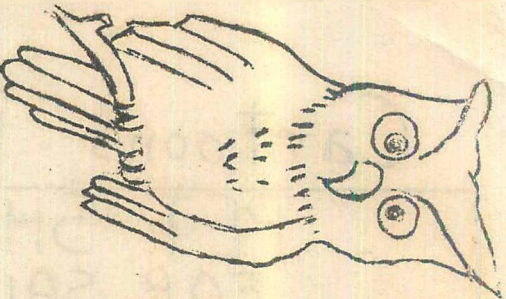
"Yes, He's a pure bred Earthman."

## ARRIVING VENUS STATION 2

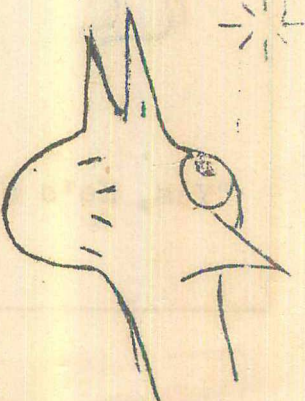


"Yes, Venus seems to grow on you after awhile."





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