

NOV 13  
1954  
TRY  
CORY



# Editorially Speaking - - -

Ray Palmer in the March ish of UNIVERSE discusses his difficulties with writing editorials. I know what he means. The editorial is the last thing written for NITE CRY. I have a hard time thinking of what I want to say and once I get started I have a hard time stopping.

Larry Walker has left the staff of NITE CRY. He is working towards a scholarship and has found all his time taken up with school work (and girls?). Hope Larry finds time now and then for a story and will rejoin us when school is out.

In answer to the many letters about the 'half size' of NITE CRY. To begin with, it is not half size if by half size is meant half the size of the regular  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$  typpaper most zines use. I use half legel size which is  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 14$ . This makes my page size  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ .

The  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 7$  half size is used for reasons of economy. A regular size zine of twenty pages uses twenty stencils. NITE CRY for the same wordage would contain 32 pages which would take 16 stencils. This would constitute a saving of from 65¢ to 80¢, depending upon the cost of stencils, as legel size stencils cost no more than standard size.

I bought a ream of paper at a cost of \$6.80. This was out into legel size pages and gave me two thousand sheets or four thousand half size sheets or eight thousand potential pages of NITE CRY for you lucky readers. Now this paper is twenty pound bond not one of the cheaper, lighter grades. I could not get standard size paper of close to the same grade at anywhere close to this price.

Thirst Thirst Thirst Thirst Thirst Thirst Thirst Thirst

The goof, boo-boo, typo, dumbo etc. is admitted. All concerned have been sentenced to typing 'thirst' one million times with one finger on this forty year old Underwood. Evil Thirst was well liked and I think Claude will forgive us.

Except for Tom Piper, Willy and the Fanzine by Boob Stewart seemed to go over pretty good. I would like to receive more cartoons of this type and along these same lines.

One of my favorite parts of NITE CRY is the back cover drawings by Bob L. Stewart. We are doing our best to give you good reproduction on them because of the fine job Bob is doing. To further aid the art department we have obtained another shading plate.

*Cont'd page 2*

DON CHAPPELL  
editor  
publisher

EVELYN  
art editor  
co-publisher

# NITE CRY

Vol. 1 No. 3

March 1954

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### ART

Back Cover  
Bob L. Stewart

Evelyn  
Charles Lee Riddle

Front Cover  
Orville W. Mosher

NITE CRY is the Official Publication of the Oklahoma Science Fiction Confederation. Published bi-monthly at 5921 East 4th Pl., Tulsa, Okla. Donations will be accepted to offset cost of publication. 10¢ an issue. 50¢ for six. Ads. 50¢ page. Deadline for May issue April 17.



As the ones of you know who mimeo their zines, it is difficult to copy off work onto the stencils with the same smooth, freeness the artist used in his drawings. We keep trying to improve and have been helped by suggestions you have sent.

I went to Enid, Oklahoma, Friday, 20, Feb. and attended a meeting of the Enid Science Fiction League. They have a strong, growing organization. The main purpose of the meeting was the discussion of OKLACON II to be held in September.

A Twenty Questions science fiction game was a part of the entertainment and turned out to be lots of fun. We also tried some experiments in ESP but with no conclusive results.

While in Enid I went to the print shop of Kent Corey's father where ALA SPACE is printed. It was my first time in a print shop and very interesting. ALICE had left her mark all over the place.

SHADOWLAND, A LA SPACE, AND NITE CRY are the three fanzines now in active publication in Oklahoma. But we are to be soon joined by another zine by what I hear from Lawton, Oklahoma. Dan McPhail writes that he is digging his mimeo out of the mothballs. Dan published SCIENCE FICTION NEWS from 1931 to 1936. (See Dan's article thish)

On hand for next ish, I have a story by Brad Raybury-----  
Fahrenheit 32 and an article by Orville W. (Project Fan Club) Mosher----  
Fan Views & News. Look for them along with our regular features-----  
Passing in Review, Ebb Tide, and back cover drawings by Stewart.

We may not be "The Aristocrat of Fandom" or Fandom's Finest Fanzine" or a Freiberg Publication but we will try to give you better and better stories, articles, and artwork as we gain experience.

Why don't some of you editors quit baiting the Postoffice with your comments on the back cover and some of the stuff on the inside, too. The Postoffice boys might jump to the bait one of these days and I would hate to see some of my favorite eds in trouble with the G'ment.

Well, here I am down to the bottom of the page with still more to say but it will have to wait until next ish.

Be talking to you again in May. Look for NITE CRY. *Don*

# Little Miss Tudas

by E. R. Kirk

When Doctor B. X. Kilgore first made his amazing discovery, the results surprised even him. The fate of the universe was at his fingertips. Nothing could stop him now. He guarded his findings with the utmost secrecy.

Sometimes, Doctor Kilgore thought of himself as a god, sometimes Antichrist. Then he would go back into his laboratory, study his weather charts, check his anemometers for the velocity of the wind---and laugh the laugh of a madman. He, one man, would doom the earth to a destruction heretofore unthought of by the most frenzied Hitler, Stalin or Russian Red Communist.

Doctor Kilgore first became interested in the thought that he could control the elements when the local Weather Bureau broke up a drought by sending a professional rainmaker into the clouds to create a man-made thunderstorm.....

"Could I, like God, create a tornado?" He thought.

From that moment on, Doctor Kilgore took his meteorological studies seriously. He moved his private scientific laboratory to a remote section of the Ozark mountains and set up a secret weather bureau of his own. He, one man, without the aid of armies, navies, planes or submarines would unleash such turbulent violence upon the face of the earth that no one, except for a chosen few, would be left alive.

Doctor Kilgore was a smallish, Hitler-like little man with piercing black eyes set close together, a firm mouth and a solid chin. His only daughter, whose mother had died during her birth, was his only





solace in life and Rhonda, in turn, loved her father and aided him with his weather maps, charts and bulletins. Then, Rhonda noticed, her father started to act strangely, interested only in severe storms of hurricane intensity. It grew into an obsession with him.

"If God can do it. I can do it," Doctor Kilgore thought. "Soon, very soon, there will be no tomorrow for those now living. I will see to that."

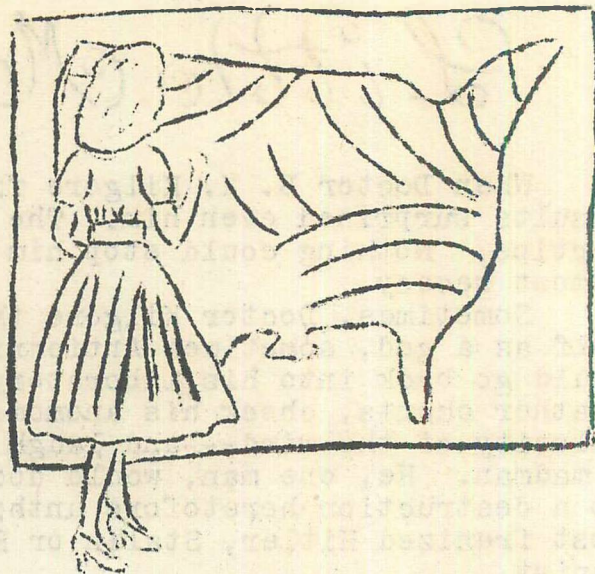
In charting these destructive prognostications, he learned to give the greatest weight to temperature, atmospheric pressure and humidity. Rightly, he never confused equal-temperature isothermal lines with equal-pressure isobars. He was more accurate than most weather bureaus.

He learned that when Nature directed a cold air mass to collide with a warm air mass, all hell broke loose in the form of a tornado. Why could he not control this combination of natural forces and, at will and without suspicion, destroy the entire world and all that was in it?

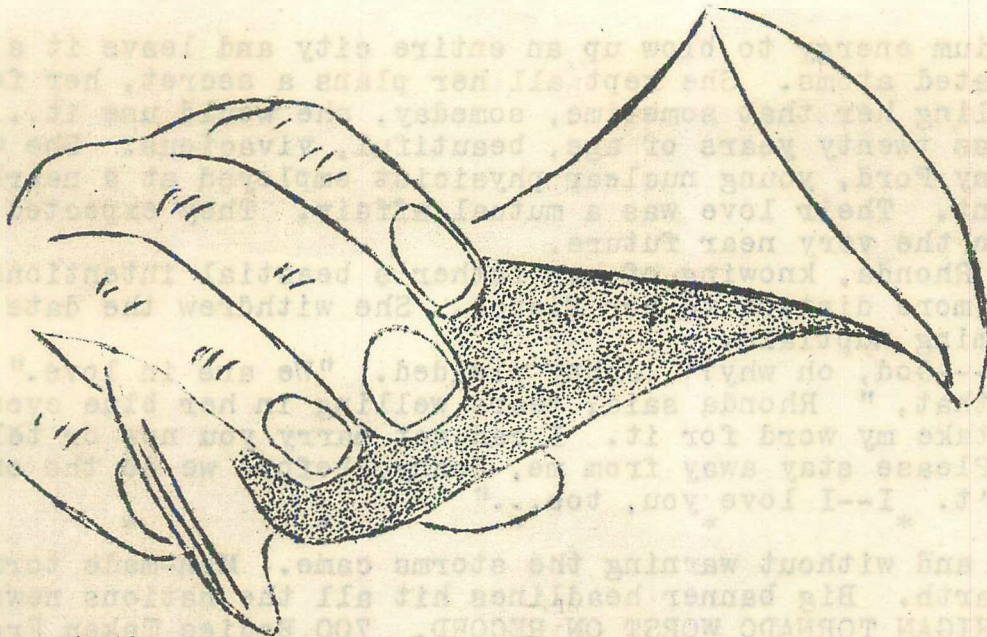
But it wasn't quite that easy. He knew that when these conflicting air masses merged there was no knowing their exact reaction. The collision formed a wedge upward releasing violent heat energy which caused an intense whirling motion at the base of the cloud. This down-draft of death dealing force ended in a funnel-shaped vortex---a God-made Atom bomb, a tornado.

He worked the formula out methodically with drawings and symbols and further developed the chemical combination for heating and cooling his man-made air masses. He could condense the atmosphere, make clouds, and collide them at will.

Doctor Kilgore brought his scientific knowledge of nuclear fission







into play at this juncture, formulating a jet-spray of hydrogen, similar to dry ice, that could freeze normal air into a heavy air mass and explode it. This sky-blasted fuel he called H-235. A one-gallon container held enough potential power to demolish the entire surface of the earth.

It would take a fast jet-powered plane, the know-how and money to consummate his evil plans. But these essentials meant nothing to Doctor Kilgore---he possessed all three of them! He guarded his knowledge with the utmost of secrecy. Not even Rhonda suspected his catastrophic plans. Or to be more exact, that was what he thought.

Rhonda, in her own right, was a female wizard with chemistry and physics. Her knowledge of thermodynamics enabled her to do her own research in connection with Atomic energy. She understood the deadly destruction of her father's sky-blasting H-235 fuel and made a small part of it into a tiny bomb of her own construction.

This miniature bomb, no larger than a fountain pen, could release



enough plutonium energy to blow up an entire city and leave it a mass of disintegrated atoms. She kept all her plans a secret, her female intuition telling her that sometime, someday, she would use it...

Rhonda was twenty years of age, beautiful, vivacious. She was in love with Johnny Ford, young nuclear physicist employed at a nearby Atom bomb plant. Their love was a mutual affair. They expected to be married within the very near future.

But now, Rhonda, knowing of her father's bestial intentions, became more and more distant to her fiancé. She withdrew the date of their forthcoming nuptials.

"But why---God, oh why?" Johnny pleaded. "We are in love."

"I know that," Rhonda said, tears welling in her blue eyes. "You will have to take my word for it. I can not marry you now or tell you the reason. Please stay away from me, Johnny, before we do the one thing we shouldn't. I--I love you, too..."

\* \* \* \*

Suddenly and without warning the storms came. Man-made tornadoes blasted the earth. Big banner headlines hit all the nations newspapers: "MICHIGAN TORNADO WORST ON RECORD. 700 Bodies Taken From Ruins. 1000 injured. Property damage set at \$25,000,000....."

Many of the bodies were never identified.

The sucking tornado cut a path four blocks wide and ten miles long. Nothing was left standing. Entire families disappeared.

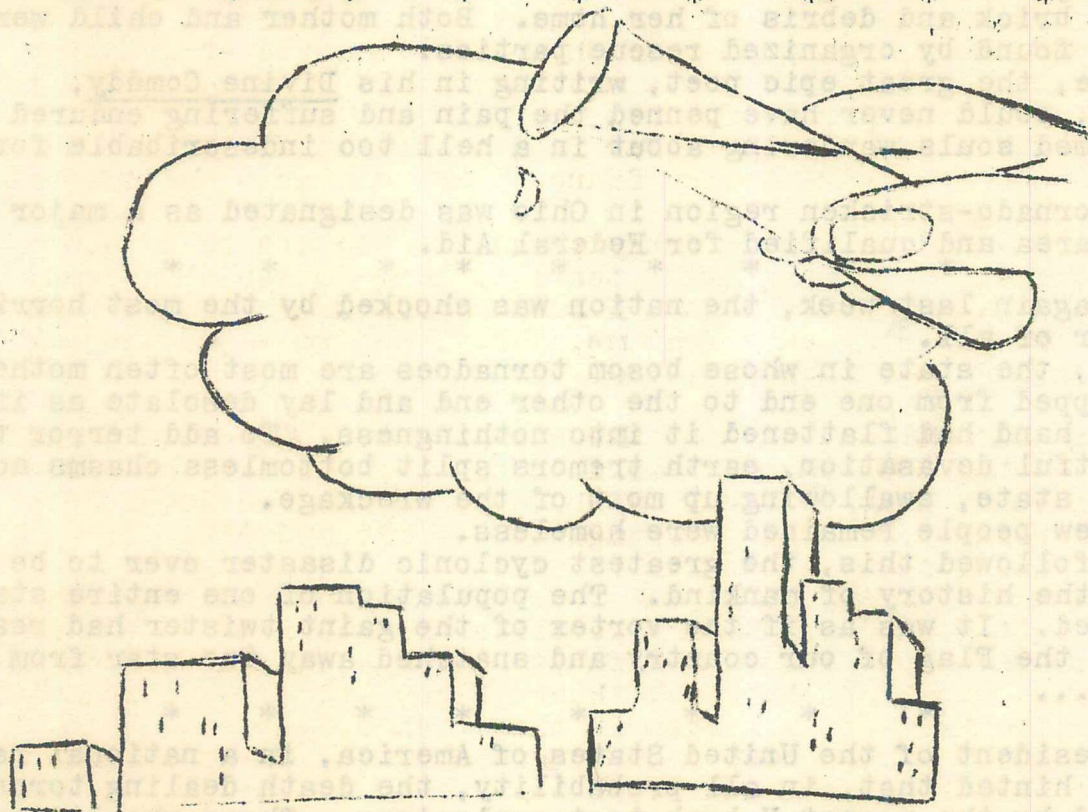
The macabre A-bomb blast that flattened Nagasaki and Hiroshima had nothing on this monstrous tornado. Human blood and gore, mixed with that of domestic animals, run deep in the ditches.

Stark tragedy etched deep into the face of one woman survivor. She stood hopelessly in the rubble of her home. In one arm she held the battered body of her dead child. In the other her husband's clothing. His naked and tortured body lay twisting in agony on the ground, a fence post rammed through his vitals. She swooned from nervous shock and fright, blubbering like an idiot.

Injured men, with bloody faces, probed in the ruins, trying to find wives or children. And when they found one without a head, or the body torn and gutted, they simply sat staring into blank space, unbelieving and horror-stricken.



The Red Cross and Salvation Army did what they could to alleviate the pain and suffering.



Then, on the heels of all this utter devastation and stark horror, another tornado more deadly than ever hit Ohio the following week. Fifteen hundred persons lay dead in the twister's wake. Two thousand were injured. The property damage was put at fifty million dollars. Everywhere one looked there was nothing but destruction and death.

Human bodies dangled grotesquely from uprooted trees, babies with decapitated heads lay like broken dolls among the wreckage and woman,



stark raving mad, screamed like banshees in purgatory.

One injured woman gave natural birth to a baby while pinned beneath the brick and debris of her home. Both mother and child were dead when found by organized rescue parties.

(Dante, the great epic poet, writing in his Divine Comedy, "Inferno", could never have penned the pain and suffering endured by these doomed souls wandering about in a hell too indescribable for words.)

The tornado-stricken region in Ohio was designated as a major disaster area and qualified for Federal Aid.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then, again last week, the nation was shocked by the most horrible twister of all.

Kansas, the state in whose bosom tornadoes are most often mothered, was ripped from one end to the other end and lay desolate as if some gaint hand had flattened it into nothingness. To add terror to this frightful devastation, earth tremors split bottomless chasms across the entire state, swallowing up most of the wreckage.

What few people remained were homeless.

Chaos followed this, the greatest cyclonic disaster ever to be recorded in the history of mankind. The population of one entire state had vanished. It was as if the vortex of the gaint twister had reached up into the Flag of our country and snatched away one star from its blue field...

\* \* \* \* \*

The President of the United States of America, in a national radio broadcast, hinted that, in all probability, the death dealing toronados were caused by the recent H-bomb test explosions. Those who listened were inclined to believe him.

But there was one, and only one, person in the entire world who knew how to stop these man-made waves of wind-blown death. That person was Rhonda Kilgore. She had a job to do--- and she did it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Doctor Kilgore brought his jet plane down safely on his own pri-



vate landing strip and

He was in high  
soon be at his feet  
exuded delight,  
ness...king of

He felt like the  
who threw down  
from the heavens  
and disobedient

Tomorrow  
the elements  
lide his man-  
and cold air  
together over  
ton, D. C.,

his thunderbolts of death and destruction upon the wicked and unsus-  
pecting city and leave it in a heap of twisted human bodies and splin-  
tered rubble. He laughed in maniacal delight at the thought of it.

At the door to his private laboratory, he met Rhonda. She looked  
ill and frightened.

"Daughter", he said. "I hope there is nothing wrong. If there is  
anything you need to make you happy, just ask and you shall have it."

"Father", she said, evading his question. "Your evening meal is  
ready for you on a tray, inside. You no doubt have had a horrible day  
with your silly clouds."

"On the contrary, I have had a most pleasurable day of it. I pre-  
dict that a tornado may destroy Washington, tomorrow. But don't let  
that worry you....Yes, I am a bit hungry."

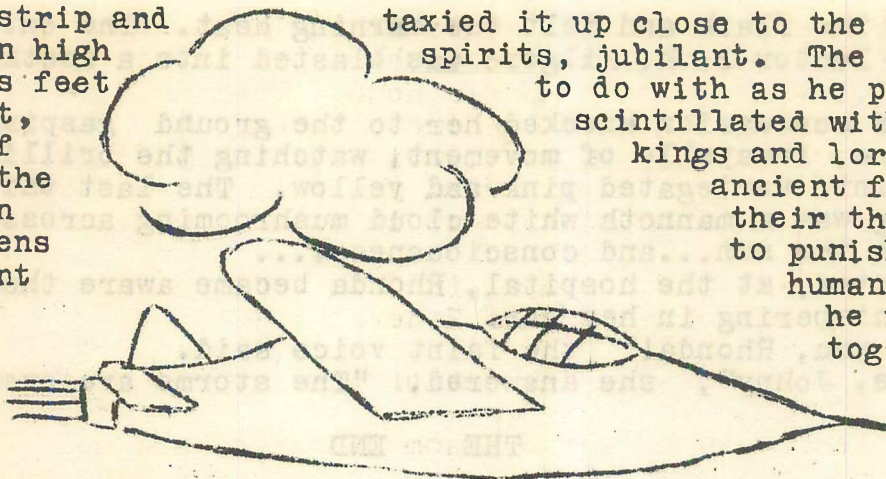
She stood on tiptoe...and kissed her father...little Miss Judas  
Iscariot, who also betrayed Him.....

He went inside.

Rhonda ran to her car, got in and drove madly to the far end of  
the grounds where she had installed the remote control apparatus for  
detonating the tiny plutonium bomb. She pulled the switch and closed  
the circuit.

taxied it up close to the hanger.  
spirits, jubilant. The world would  
to do with as he pleased. He  
scintillated with power mad-  
kings and lord of lords.  
ancient fabled gods  
their thunderbolts  
to punish a wicked  
humanity.

he would fuse  
together, col-  
made hot  
masses  
Washing-  
release





She saw the flash and felt the burning heat. The entire estate of the late Doctor B. K. Kilgore was blasted into a seething mass of nothingness.

Then the concussion knocked her to the ground gasping for breath. She lay there, incapable of movement, watching the brilliant white light turn into variegated pink and yellow. The last thing she remembered seeing was a mannoth white cloud mushrooming across her vision, blotting out the sun...and consciousness....

Hours later, at the hospital, Rhonda became aware that a familiar voice was whispering in her ear.

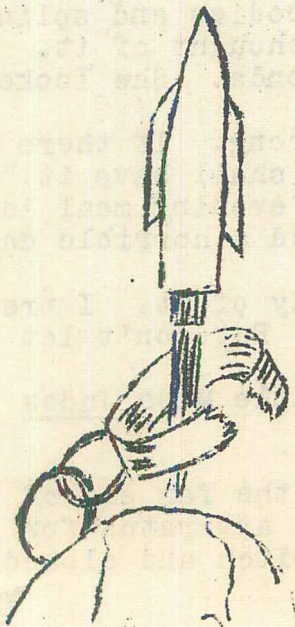
"I love you, Rhonda!" the faint voice said.

"Kiss me, Johnny", she answered. "The storms are over."

THE END

# ESCAPE

by William Clyde



I once was an earth bound, wretched mortal who,  
Midst dark and shadows knew a million fears,  
Afraid to lift my eyes to the stars above,  
My plodding soul dwelt in this vale of tears.  
Long days of slavery, striving endlessly,  
Beset by fearsome terrors in the night,  
Until at last I raised my weary head,  
And breaking loose my bonds, my soul took flight.  
I left behind my terror and my fears,  
To roam enchanting universes far,  
For what can harm a mortal here below,  
Whose fancy dwells up-yonder on a star?



# Early Days of Science Fiction in Oklahoma

by Daniel McPhail

Now that Oklahoma Science Fiction fandom is enjoying a revival of activity, it strikes me that many fans would be interested in 'looking backward' with me at some of the early years in the Sooner State.

I recall that Edgar Rice Burroughs "Maid of Mars" was my first fantasy, at what must have been about age 12. At that time I was a real aviation fan. The dramatic flight of Lindberg in 1927 had given me an interest that years later was to provide me employment as an aircraft maintenance foreman. 'The American Boy', 'Air Trails' and 'Wings' were my 'big three' in magazines.

Then, in April, 1929 I saw my first Science Fiction Magazine Cover! It was at Marshall, Oklahoma, and was the magnificent Frank R. Paul's illustration for "The Moon Strollers" by J. R. Ullrich on Amazine Stories. Today, after 25 years, I can still recall the thrill of the "other world" feeling I got when I saw it!

Shortly thereafter, we moved to Oklahoma City where I was able to pick up some 'second hand' Amazings (some late ones were a dime, but I got some "old" 1926 copies without covers for only a nickel). Then in 1931, mainly to record my own impressions and comments regarding my new hobby, I hand-printed my first issue of Science Fiction News, which was destined to appear in a variety of forms for the next five years. At that distant time, an organized fandom was almost unheard of, although some early attempts were underway, such as the Boys Scintifiction Club, International Science Correspondence Club, and the Terrrestrial Fantascience Guild. The names you saw then most often in the discussion column included Forrest J. Ackerman, Raymond A. Palmer, Linus Hoganmiller, Jack Darrow, and Allen Glasser, later to bring forth the first 'national' fan mag, The Time Traveler.



During this period, I met my first fellow-enthusiast, old timer Louis Watts Clark of Commanche. Now Prof. Clark (organic Chemistry) of Kansas State College, he had his own lab when still a teen-ager and had early acquired a taste for s-f, a la Science & Weird. I recall him coming up to me and saying in one breath; "I understand you have the volume one, number two issues of Amazing Stories!" And I remember many a pleasant summer night in his combination lab-library shack in his backyard, where I read countless marveleous old mags, while bunson burner flickered and our talk and dreams roamed the universe.

With the assistance of Louis, I continued SFN through highschool on a typed format, sometimes reaching a size of 24 full-size pages, with several carbon copies being 'printed'. Now a collector's item, most copies of the old News are unobtainable. In October, 1935 I increased my circulation to 15 copies and added regular departments, including "Transatlantic Commentary" by Ted Carnell of London, thus beginning a correspondence friendship that last to this day. From state-wide it became national in September, 1936 as a printed magazine that featured many scoops, including the first stf crossword puzzle by Jack Speer.

In the final quarter of 1935, I announced the Oklahoma Science-fiction Association. For some time, I had been toying with the idea of a state-wide group of fans who would be connected by correspondence, a club journal and perhaps a yearly meeting, and the OSA was the answer. During its some three years of activity, the OSA grew to include about 15 members including chapters at Muskogee & Oklahoma City. The most active members included Speer of Comanche(now in private law practice in Washington.); Mary & James Rogers, fan artists of Muskogee, Ausin Roquemore, short-wave ham of Ponca City, the late Walter Sullivan of Bristow and Edgar Hirdler of Oklahoma City, who issued a one-shot fanzine. Speer & myself were also active in the formation of the Fantasy Amateur Press Ass'n. I had the honor of being its first vice-president.

Highlights of that period was a meeting, termed the OSA Pow-Wow, held June 18, 1938 at the Hudson Hotel in Oklahoma City and selected a delegate to the First National Convention(the Nycon) in New York.



Shortly thereafter, several factors, mainly the advent of World War II and its attendant population shifts over the country, caused the demise of Oklahoma's first fan organization.

THE END

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## THE HEART OF A FAN

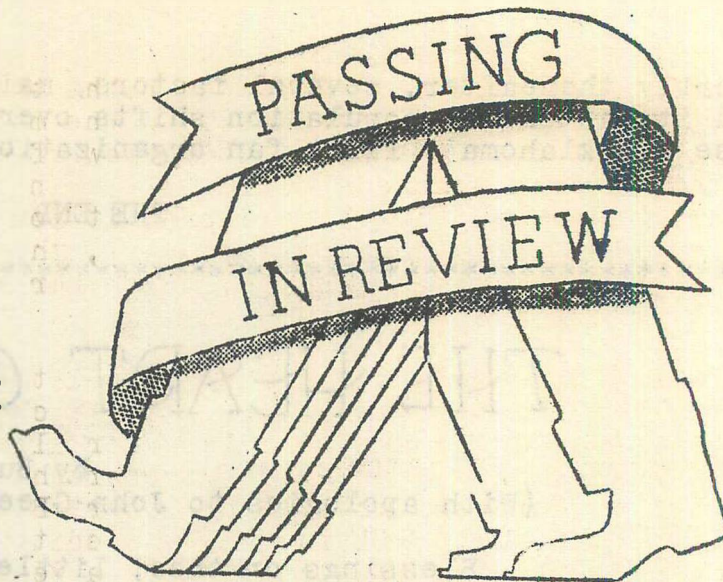
by Burton K. Beerman

(With apologies to John Greenleaf Whittier.)

Blessings on thee, little man,  
Glowing sciencefiction fan!  
With a mimeo in your hand,  
Your eyes are fixed on a promised land.  
With your spaceship made of dust  
Of dreams in childhood's lonely trust.  
With the stars' light on your face,  
Longing to challenge outer space.  
Your own fanzine to give you joy;  
With your own heroes in your employ.  
Prince thou art.. for many a grown man  
Is just a lowly neofan.  
Let no slighting move you aside  
From your endeavor with you astride.  
For eyes are toward the sky  
Out of reach of ear or eye.  
Concientious...in fandom's span.  
Blessings on thee, little man.

by Charles Lee Riddle

Since it will be utterly impossible for me to review with any degree of fairness; each fanzine that I receive, I will attempt to list and review in detail those deserving a special note of mention. And at the end of the detailed reviews, I will list those which have also been received, with a brief rating of each. Please send your fanzines for review to me at 108 Dunham Street, Norwich, Connecticut.



**PSYCHOTIC #7.** Richard E. Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland, Oregon. Published monthly, 10¢ each, 6/50¢.

Appearance: Neatly reproduced with varied colored headings throughout the zine. Abstract cover depicting "Fan Leaving Newstand".

Variety: Editorials, letter column, columns by Vernon McCain, Bill Reynolds, article on Olaf Stapleton, and a short-short by James B. Non which is a penname if I ever heard of one!

Comment: Dick has become a very fascinating editor to watch. I don't know of any other editor who manages consistently to put out such an interesting fanzine each time. Well worth the price asked.

**GEM TONES Vol 4, #4.** G. M. Carr, 8325 - 31st NW, Seattle 7, Wash. The last issue under the present title, and is usually exchanged.

Appearance: Very nice mimeographing, half sized 8 1/2 x 14 paper. All art evidently done by the editor.

Variety: One or two letters, the rest of the pages devoted to fanzine reviews of SAPS mailing and general fanzines.



Comment: In spite of what you might think if GMCarr from the NFFF she does the best fanzine reviews on the market today. She tries hard to give a detached and critical review of each fanzine she receives, and I believe she succeeds quite well. In fact, I like her style of reviewing so much that I've copied it for these fanzine reviews. She is hunting for a home for Boo Jest, the review column, so that she may attempt a new style fanzine. With her experience at pubbing, I'm looking forward to the new one.

OOPSLA #11. Gregg Calkins, 2817 - 11th St., Santa Monica, California. Published eight times a year. 15¢ each, 4/50¢.

Appearance: Cover and some interior illos by Dea, others by Hopkins. The usually expected expert mimeographing is here again.

Variety: Humorous article by Robert Bloch, columns by Vernon McCain, Shelby Vick, Walt Willis, and the editor.

Comment: After an absence of over a year, Gregg returns with OOPSLA, and with the word that he expects to issue 8 issues this year of 1954. He apparently is trying to take over the place of the now defunct, QUANDRY, what with snagging the type of article by Bloch that you'd expect in Q, and also Q's column by Willis. OOPSLA reads as well as ever, and I am very glad to see him return with it. Gregg is still in the USMC, but publishes from his grandmother's house. This, incidentally celebrates the beginning of his third year of publishing, and is definitely recommended.

SPIRAL #5. Denis Moreen, 214 9th St., Wilmette, Ill. 10¢ each, 3/25¢. Published bi-monthly, or "thereabouts".

Appearance: Three colored mimeographed cover, interior illos by Bennett Kashian, Hazlehurst, and Rotsler. Mimeographed very well.

Variety: Columns by Richard E. Geis, Pay Thompson, poem by Burton K. Beerman, Letter section, articles by Bret Harland, Art Kunwiss, and yours truly.

Comment: This is one of the younger set, so-to-speak, and represents some mighty hard work on the part of the editor. Denis has proven to be one of the newcomers to watch in the future, and after dropping his

intention to be an imitator of Quandry and such, he has found his own style. Try a copy and see if you don't agree with me, that SPIRAL is destined for greater things!

\*\*\*\*\* Excellent      \*\*\*\* Good      ALSO RECEIVED      \*\*\* Fair      \*\* Poor      \* Awful

ECLIPSE #7, Ray Thompson, 410 So. 4th St., Norfolk, Nebra. 3/25¢.  
Ditto'ed, irregular schedule. RATING: \*\*\*

CANADIAN FANDOM #19, Gerald Steward, 166 McRoberts Ave., Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada. 4/50¢. Expertly mimeo'd. RATING: \*\*\*\*\*

BREVIZINE ADVENTURES, Vol 3, #1. W. A. Freiburg, 5369 W. 89th St., Oak Lawn, Ill. Fair Mimeographing. RATING: \*\*\*

THE COSMIC FRONTIER #5, Stuart K. Nock, RFD #3, Castleton, N. Y.  
Ditto'ed, monthly. Young fan type. RATING: \*\*\*

CAMBER #2, Fred J. Robinson, Cardiff, South Wales, Great Britain.  
4/50¢. Mimeographed. English fan news and stuff. (U. S. Subs to Charles Lee Riddle, 108 Dunham., Norwich, Ct. RATING: \*\*\*\*)

SWARM #1, 462 So. 5th East, Salt Lake City, Utah. Poorly Mimeographed, numerous typos, but signs of interest. 6/\$1.00. RATING: \*\*

FANZINE MATERIAL POOL NEWSLETTER #3. Terry Carr, 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 12, Calif. Free. Of interest to fanzine editors and would-be authors. RATING: \*\*\*\*

THE END

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COME TO THE OKLAGON - OKLAHOMA CITY - SEPTEMBER 4, 1954  
A Southwestern Con open to all fan. Send \$1.00 for reservation to, or for more information, write to Donald A. Chappell, 5921 East 4th Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma.



# CHRONICLES OF OUTER SPACE

Reprt 2: A STREAK OF PAINT  
Entered by John Hitchcock

There was no one around. It was night and the dimmest stars were visible. Gaynor decided it was time to go into action. He got out of his spacester and walked down the lonely street. He reached an old warehouse with two green doors. He jimmied the lock on the smaller of the two doors, opened it, and sneaked in, his heart in his brain.

Inside it was totally dark, but he knew the lay of the land from former instructions. He checked to see if anyone was outside; then he closed the door quietly and walked in a straight line away from the door and across the black room.

Before he had gone ten paces, he found the door to the next room. He opened it, walked in, and shut the door behind him. The odor of the priceless nefe leaves stored there in crates was heady; he had to fight "oxygen drunkenness".

He pulled a flashlight out of a recess in the wall and snapped it on. He turned to his left and strode gingerly over to a small boarded up window. He peered thru a crack in the boards.

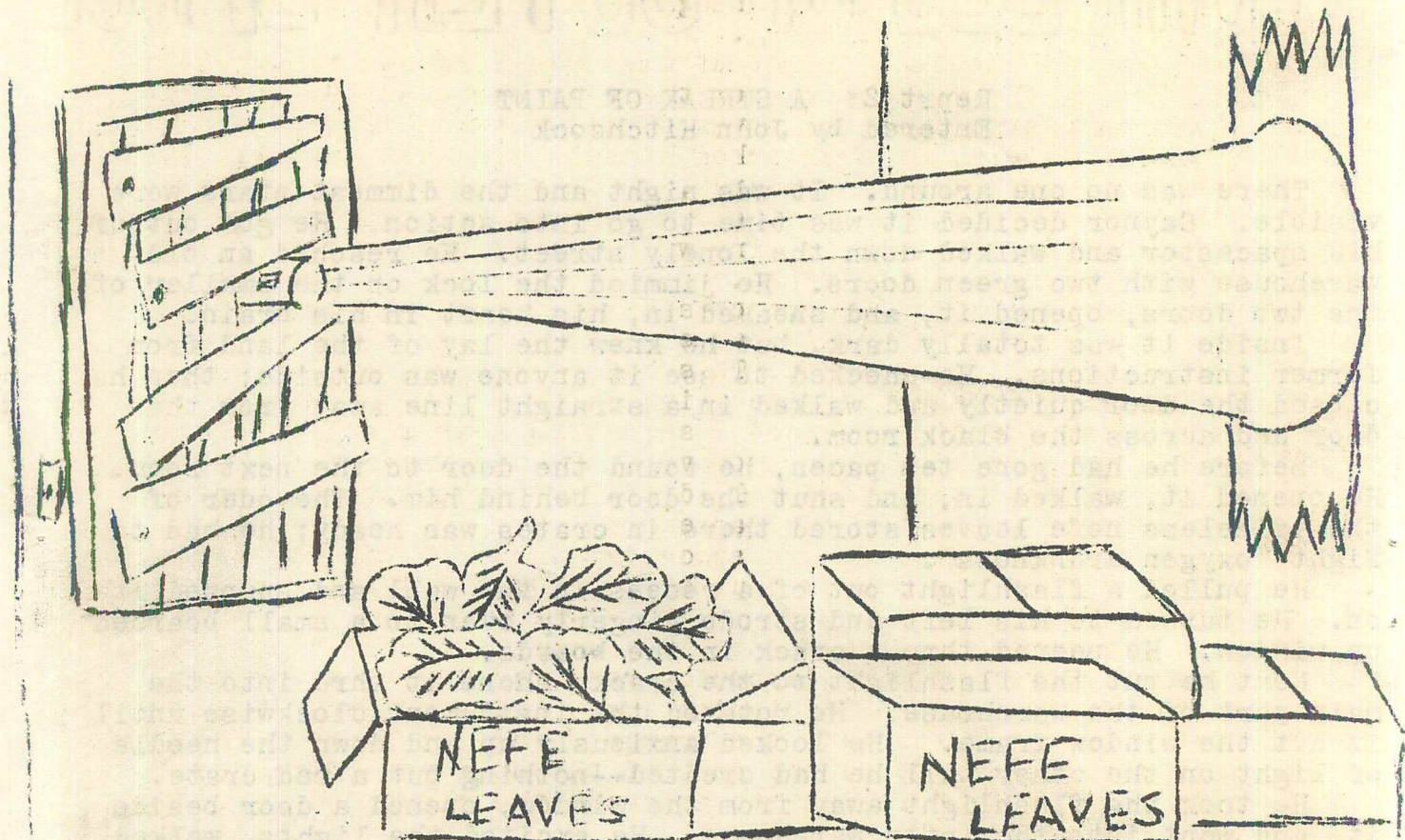
Next he put the flashlight to the crack, shone it thru into the main part of the warehouse. He rotated the instrument clockwise until it hit the window frame. He looked anxiously up and down the needle of light on the other wall he had created--nothing but a red crate.

He took the flashlight away from the window, opened a door beside it, and went into the lofty warehouse. He excited the lights, walked over to the red crate he had seen, took it down, and returned to the second room, dousing the warehouse lights as he entered.

He trained the flashlight in the same direction as before; now there was an orange streak of paint in his light's rays.

He opened one of the crates of nefe leaves, removed a leaf the size of a dollar bill, crumpled it, and smeared it over the lightning





end of the flashlight. Using the tape he had brought with him, he fixed the light to the frame so that it shone continuously on the streak of paint.

Then he took the four yellow carts on the far side of the room, put all the nefe crates he could into them, and quickly wheeled them out into the first room, one by one. It would not take long now before the nefe rays completely activated the orange carnezion paint on



the far wall so that it returned enough of its own rays to stop the nefé rays and blow up the building.

Gaynor grinned when he thought of what would happen then. Centuries ago, during the great invasion there on Herakles IV, Gaynor's ancestor was entrusted with the lives of all the humans occupying the planet. Unfortunately, he overworked himself and went insane. Just before the Tnotl conquered the planet, he designed the booby trap Gaynor had just set off. On that old warehouse was painted the orange carnezion streak on the wall in line with the northern side of the little intramural window and its frame.

Carneziology has since become considered a superstition. The Tnotl were told that if anything happened to the walls of the warehouse, the planet would blow up. (This had been presented to them in a plausible manner, 76 pages of fine print.)

The Tnotl had therefore placed a secret 24 hour guard on the warehouse for all those centuries.. However, the new Emperor of Tnotla refused to believe the story, and called off the traditional guards. That night, Gaynor activated the carnezion.

He put the nefé leaves in his spacester and took off for Herakles V, the first stop on his secret journey back to Sol III, or as he liked to call it, "Earth".

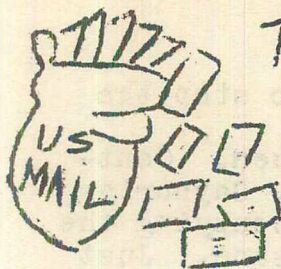
Back in the warehouse the paint had gradually turned black under the nefé rays. More and more carnezion rays were emitted. Finally they clashed, and a blinding explosion dug a thousand feet into the ground, exposing for an instant the orange carnezion layer. The light of the explosion shining thru the rest of the nefé leaves produced enough nefé rays in that instant to activate the carnezion layer completely...

By the time Gaynor landed, Herakles V was Herakles IV, and the capital planet of the aggressive Tnotl was an asteriod belt. The Tnotl, now without a leader, relinquished their holdings. They had gotten as far as Sol IV and Sol II.

THE END

WRITE TODAY FOR APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE OSFC. JOIN NOW!!!!





TEXAS - CALIFORNIA - ILLINOIS.

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elbblb tiddle

CONDUCTED BY THE ONE WHO DOESN'T CRANK THE Mimeo.

Burton K. Beerman

Dear Val;

--or Don, if you are the one who doesn't crank the mimeo--

NITE CRY is a good little zine. I like the aura it has about it more than the material it prints. The Evelyn poem is a gross putrification of what poetry should be. Jann Hickey can't write to save herself. However the Hall story reads quite well. I'm happy to see my good friend Lee Riddle is going to write for you. Oklahoma was his home state and when I saw him last, I mentioned to him there was new fan-blood in the sooner state. As he was pleased then, this must be the results. He doesn't do much crifanac aside from that entailed by Peon. The only other column he does is for the Aussie zine straight up. Grove School, Madison, Connecticut.

(Thanx for the Poem, Burton. Hope you enjoy Riddle's column in this ish. We, too, are glad to have him write for us.)

John M Hammer

Dear Val,

I received the second issue of NITE CRY today. I was more than pleased with it. It is one fanzine I can sit down and read easily. The poem Nite Cry by Evelyn was great. Evil Thirst by Claude R. Hall was very well written. One of the best pieces of fan fiction I've read.

But to honest; I enjoyed Willy and the Fanzine the most of all. It was clever and humorous.

Keep up the good work, Val.

Hear from NITE CRY in March, HuH? 923 Daisyfield, Rockford, Ill.

(Since Val was one of the editors of this fanzine most of the letters are addressed to him. He was not able to help with #2 and



will not be on our staff any longer. We are sorry to lose him and hope when he has some time he will come back with us. Seems as though his school work has somewhat snowed him under.)

Gilbert E. Monicucci

Dear Larry(?);

I trust you are the same Walker that put out Whispering Space.

As of N-C #2. I think that thing is too much fiction and not enough fannish stuff. This was rather small, wasn't it? I don't feel like getting up and looking through my files, but I believe the other was around 32 pages, didn't it? Or am I confusing you with some other zine?

The fiction by Hall was quite satisfactory, and in fact very good. Hall writes good stuff, but I'm sorry to say that it is just fiction, and nothing special. I see that Claudies has sort of a li'l fandom all of his own down in Texas.

Nite Cry (poem) quite satisfactory, although I'm not a fan-poem feind.

I Wonder (article) isn't this a reprint, or something? I seem to remember reading something like this before. Oh, well....

Ebb Tide ---It sounded like an admiration society for you and NC.

Willy and the Fanzine by Boob Steward. Good, slightly overworked, isn't it? The art wasn't too well done, but the idea was a little better, BUT the Memeographing was very very very very good. PEGASUS, Science Fiction, 675 Delano Ave., San Francisco 12, Calif.

(Righto, #2 was smaller. Lack of material, time, etc. I Wonder is not a reprint to our knowledge anyway. We are sorry Ebb Tide sounded that way we didn't mean for it too. We just printed every letter we had received and that was all we had to offer.)

Peter J. Vorzimer

Larry;

I don't know how on earth you got my name and address, unless it was through Kent Corey. This is probably it. Anyway, I was pleasantly surprised when NITE CRY popped out of my mail box.

You have a great little mag. It's excellent for its second issue. But .....now here it comes.....you'll have to fill out. You'll find that you're going to increase, both in size and in material. I would like to see it letter size, however that is not too important. What is important is living up to your price of 10¢. You need to have a little more material. I will say, however, that the material you have got has been good.

I Wonder, by Jann Hickey did not please me. I enjoyed.....WAIT A MINUTE! ....EGAD! .....FORSOOTH!.....GADZOOKS! .....SOMEBODY GOOFED!....EVIL THRIST?.....Yooooooooooooow! I just saw it. While sitting placidly at my typewriter, banging away, I stared down at your fifth page...and there it was! Gad, will brother Claudius burn when he sees your little boo-boo.

Well, anyway to get back to the story, I liked it, I liked it. It's been done before....but then what hasn't? Letter column was interesting, don't you get any bad letters? 1311 N. Laurel Ave, West Hollywood 46, Calif.

(What we would like to have is more material! Yup, we did it.... we goofed... we admit it. We hope Claudius won't be too mad after all we are only humans and humans all make mistakes don't they?????????)

Richard E. Geis

That is, I think it's Don to whom I am speaking. It could be Larry. I dunno.....

Anyhoo, a comment or two about the NITE CRY #2 that crept into my mail box and cried and cried until I took pity on it and released it. It is now lying bent and battered on the desk before me. (I carried it in my pocket all day at work.)

I often wondered why no one ever used the format you use; it seemed to me as practical and stupid as any of the other odd-ball formats I've seen. To me the half-size fanzine is at a definite disadvantage when it comes to layout and contain less material than a twenty page 8 1/2 x 11. And it is also usually at a disadvantage in that half-size zine usually is unwilling or unable, because of space limitations, to use long length material. For instance, V. L. McCain, the top columnist of PSYCHOTIC, uses up five or six of the regular sized pages. He will



write three to four thousand words and still keep going. Could you handle such a column or articles? Many items of interest simply have got to have that much room for development. That is, proper development.

The poem was amateurish; awkward and ill phrased.

EVIL THRIST: shouldn't this be "EVIL THIRST"? Whether you admit it or not I suspect a king-sized typo of the goof-type. I know whereof I speak when it comes to typos of all kinds. Brrr. When I think of PSY #5.....

It was a well written story in spots. It showed that with a lot of practice Hall could be a smooth writer. What ruined it right off for me was the newspaper report he quoted. Very bad; no newspaper would have printed the report like that.

The illos all through the issue are nothing to look at even once. I know, tho, how damned hard it is to get a good illo out of mimeo.

The letter column, EBB-TIDE, struck me as being loaded with kind-words and little else. Heaven's, there must be a few critical things coming in. Like this. Another reason against half-sized fanzine; little space for letters. If I were you I'd cut out a lot of the ratings and print some "content". Controversy too.

WILLY AND THE FANZINE was pretty darn good. I got a laugh or two there. I'd like to see more of this feindish humor in future issues. Especially in cartoon form.

I WONDER, by Hickey, set me to wondering too. It does seem that there should be some world shattering news coming out of White Sands after all this time. 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland, 12, Oregon.

( I don't know why editors, fans, writers, etc; insist upon referring to NITE CRY, or any zines using the same size format, as half size zines. A letter size zine is 8½x11 and NITE CRY is 8½x7. 7 is not half of 11. We use the format we do, not only because we like it but for economy. NITE CRY has 34 lines of type per page(average) and letter size zines have 53 lines; therefore it takes 1½ pages of NITE CRY to equal 1 page of letter size, not twice as much. To put out as much material as a 20 page letter size zine we have to use 32 pages. Whereas it takes 20 stencils for a 20 page zine we have to use but 16 (legal) stencils. You send us a long column or article and we'll

print it. We do not have a limit set on either stories or articles or on the size of our zine.)

Bob L. Stewart

I'd like to see your editorial at least two pages long. Maybe you could have the comments on the former issue on the first page and sort of a condensed article on the second one. Also, why not enclose the front page drawing in a box? Makes things look much neater.

I liked the poem "NITE CRY". I'll return Claude's compliments of my story in regard to his. He did a fair job. By the way, I don't know exactly how much blood the human body contains but it numbers in the gallons. Those kids must have really had a thirst. Also, the vampire bat is quite small and delicate. One wouldn't have a chance with a half-grown cat, let alone a grown man.

Liked the letter column but disagreed with Don Wegars about getting BNF's. Get good material in the zine and then look to see if the author is a BNF. If so, fine and dandy. If not, so what??

Didn't care for drawing in the cartoon by Boob S. but his moral was so true.

I Wonder was the best feature in N. C. this time. HMMMM, I wonder. Route 1, Brasher, Texas.

(Thanks for the drawing. The average human body has 5 to 6 quarts of blood. Least enough to get good and drunk on, don't you think??)

Ray Thompson

Cover thish very good. Is that the Bob Johnson who does/used to publish and edit ORB? If so, hang on to that boy...he's got art on the brain. Claude Hall writes a VERY good weird tale in EVIL THIRST.

Say, where does John Hammer get the notion that I abhor fanfiction? I think he's got me mixed up with Vermon McCain or Larry Balint, both ardent antifanfictionists. I will not say that I like ALL fanfiction, no more than I like all pro fiction. Fred Chappell writes some of the best fanfiction I've seen. To Hammer, I say, with deep breath, I do not HATE fanfiction. It all depends on the individual story. After all, I have printed fanfiction in ECLIPSE have I not????

Boob Stewart's (that's one way to tell all the Stewarts apart)



cartoon stories I don't care for much. In the first place, he not a good enough cartoonist. As an artist, he is a good fanzine editor.

Tell me, by the way--what else have you (Don Chappell and yourself) done in the ampubbing field? I was somewhat surprised at Don Wegars comment, "...seems it could have been better, considering all the experience you guys have had..." I wonder if Don considers that pathetic thing, WHISPERING SPCE, as experience....

I'm bent o'er with laffter at the pretentions attitudes of your OSFC chapters. MY, my... look at us. But then, I never was one much for Science Fiction clubs where the members do nothing but stare at each other, or write letters back and forth.

I WONDER ... is a good extrapolation in several directions. However, I feel that Jann could have concentrated on one or two of the extrapolations, and made the article quite a bit longer, and porportionately more interesting.

I like that legal-size half page layout of yours. 410 South 4th Street, Norfolk, Nebraska.

(What have we done in the ampubbing field besides NITE CRY. Not a thing! Larry Walker did put out Whispering Space. I didn't understand Don Wegars comment either.)

Tom Piper

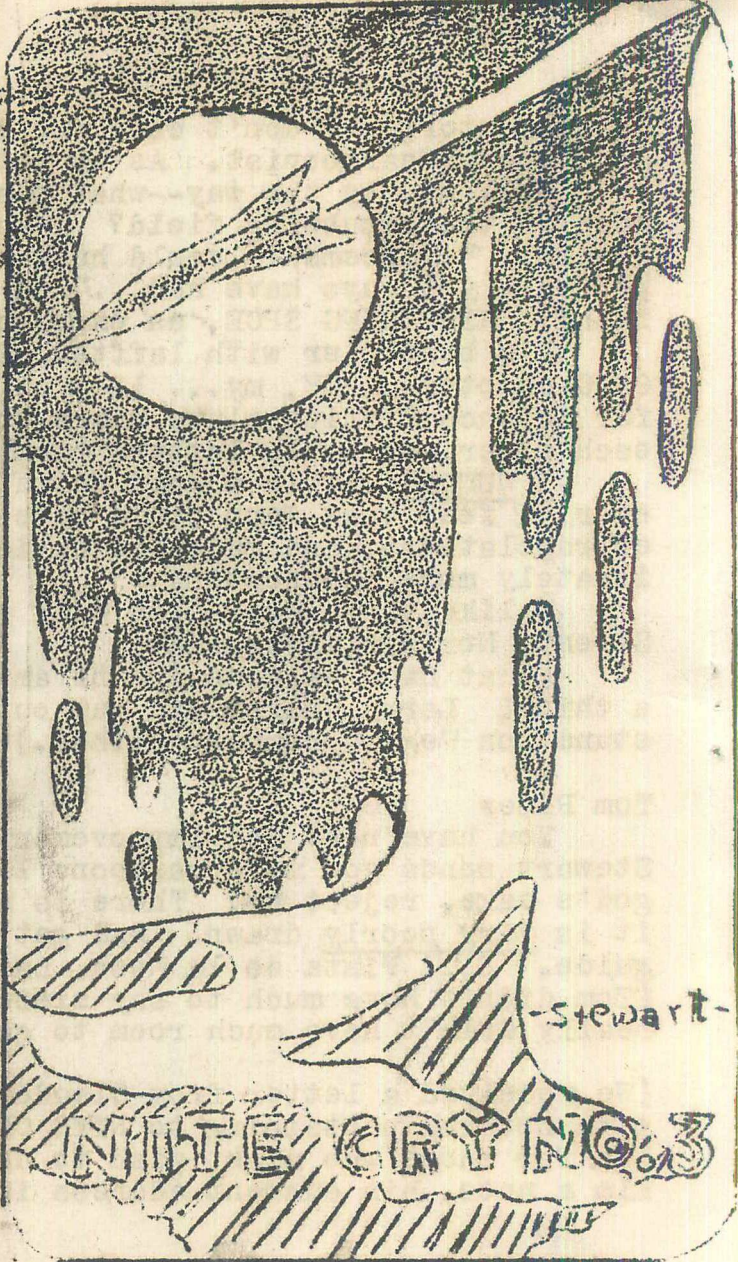
You have need for improvement in CRY. In the first place, if Stewart sends you more cartoons like the ones you printed here, for god's sake, reject em! There is not one bit of humor in the thing and it is very poorly drawn. And get yourself at least one lettering guide. 6111 Vista de la Mesa, La Jolla, California.

(Tom didn't have much to say since his comments came via post card he really didn't have much room to go into detail.)

(We received a letter from Claude Hall with nothing pertaining to NITE CRY but for those who might wish to drop him a note, his current address is:

PFC Claude R. Hall US54100511  
517th Medical Co (Clr) (Sep)  
APO 46, 8 PM  
New York, New York.





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