

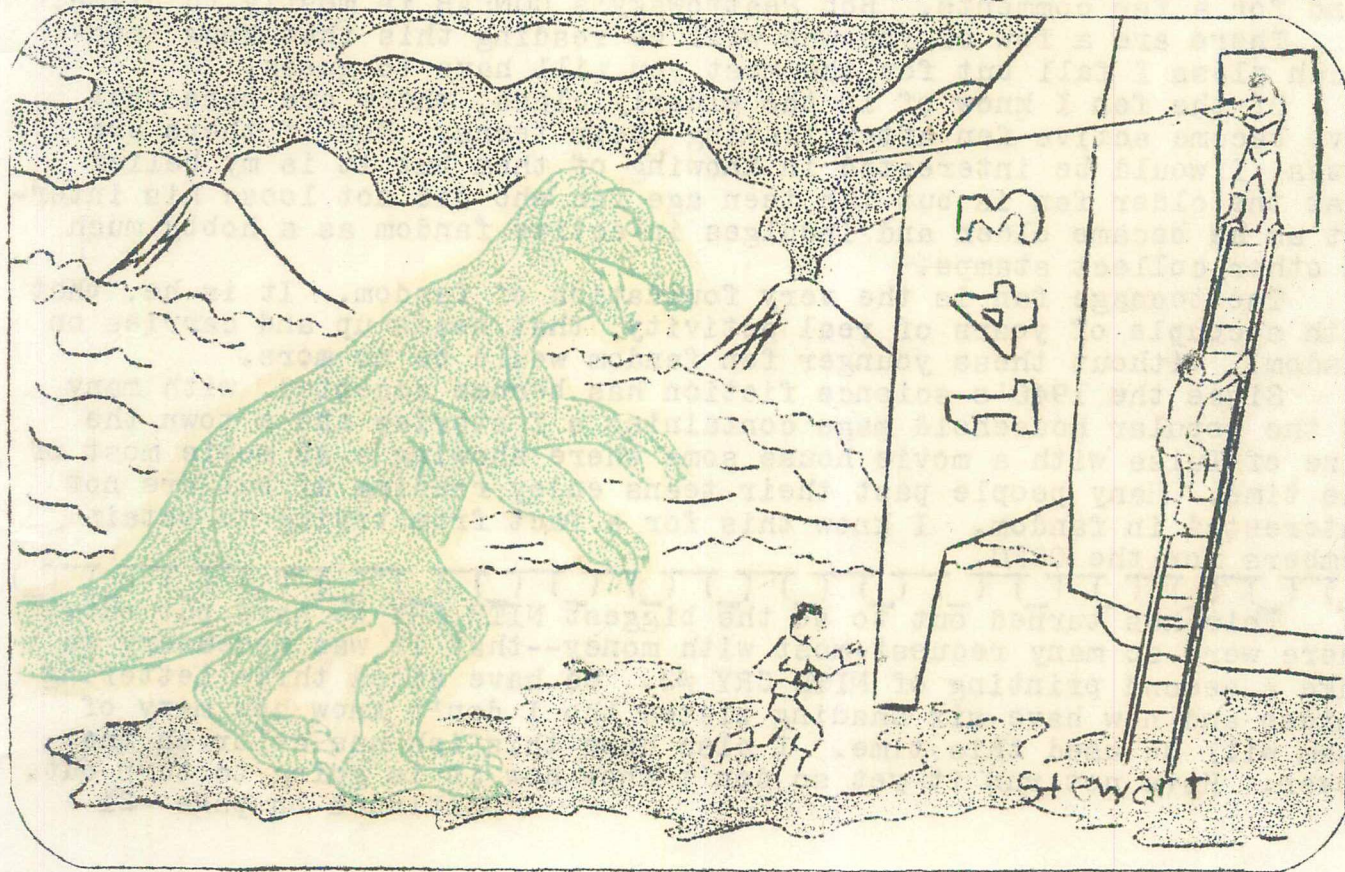
NITTE

CITY

Vol. 1

No. 4

MAY 1954



EDITORALLY SPEAKING

I have read, with various degrees of interest in the past, of the bartering between the teen age fen--those up to the early twenties---and the elderly class--those about twenty-five and older. The flareup of this--shall we say feud, yes,--feud has caused me to take typer in hand for a few comments. Bob Peatrowsky's CONTAB is mostly to blame.

There are a few of you who will be reading this that know into which class I fall but for the most you will have to guess.

Of the fen I know of in the elderly class, there are none that have become active fen after leaving their teens. Now if there are cases, I would be interested in knowing of them but it is my belief that the older fan is but the teen age fan who did not loose his interest as he became older and indulges in active fandom as a hobby much as other collect stamps.

The teenage fan is the very foundation of fandom. It is he, that with a couple of years of real activity, that heads up and carries on fandom. Without these younger fen fandom would be no more.

Since the 1940's science fiction has become accepted, with many of the popular household mags containing s f stories and a town the size of Tulsa with a movie house some where showing a sf movie most of the time. Many people past their teens enjoy reading sf but are not interested in fandom. I know this for a fact from trying to obtain members for the OSFC.

This has turned out to be the biggest NITE CRY we have put out. There were so many request-most with money--that it was necessary to make a second printing of NITE CRY #3. We have added three lettering guides and now have six shading plates tho I don't know how many of them will be used this time. I also hope this ish has color on the cover. Have not run it yet so don't know how it is going to turn out.

Continued on page 21

DON CHAPPELL
editor
publisher

NITE CRY

EVELYN
art editor
co-publisher

Vol. 1 No. 4

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FAHRENHEIT 32

Fahrenheit 32, the temperature at which ice melts, and runs away-----
by Brad Raybury

IT WAS A PLEASURE TO MELT. Iceman Kontent leaned against the ice-blue Icewagon and watched the ice cubes melt. Ha! What glee he felt as the hard pieces of ice glistened and died on the sun-warmed lawn. And in the cold shade of her porch, Mrs. Lambert watched with hard eyes and pale face.

Sixteen wet spots now marked the lawn, and as Kontent turned toward his Icewagon, he could still see that pale face, and his mouth contorted in a frown.

On the way back to the Icehouse, Kontent fondled the silver Icepick holstered at his side. He wished that Mrs. Lambert were dead, and he wished that his Icepick had killed her. She was undoubtedly a Mutant. Her icebox proved that. And the mutants must somehow be responsible for the recent series of unexplainable deaths of Iceman. Every few weeks, another Iceman would be dead in bed, or would take sick during the day, and die that evening. Heart failure, the doctors said.

But they couldn't tell. The mutants were not to be trusted. They had ideas about being a susperior form of life. After the big war, so many strange biological monstrosities had appeared, all hoping to inherit the earth. But fortunately, humans were in the majority. And now only this one varition, externally normal, almost susperior Kontent thought bitterly, and then shivered as he recalled what he had read about their strange metabolism. The whole conflict was distasteful to Kontent, and he brightened as he thought how soon his Friday night walk home would be.

He looked at his watch. This was his last call of the day. One more hour. Kontent frowned, and ground his teeth as he regretted how the moral laws of the day prevented violence toward the mutants. The humane way was too slow.

Walking home that Friday night Kontent had forgotten the icebox raid at Lambert's, was wondering if he would see the Pink Girl again, tonight. She was usually sitting at the fountain of the Corner Drug. He has seen her many times through the plate glass, sitting motionless over a drink and a sandwich, like a mannequin at lunch. And each time he had almost gone in and had a drink.

He slowed his pace and saw her. Her face was half turned, and her big dark eyes were gazing dreamily at a blank spot on the wall. Her pale, clear complexion fascinated Kontent. It was pure and almost transparent like cold, skimmed milk. Tonight, as usual she wore a limp, figure-revealing coral pink slacksuit. Long-sleeved, it nestled against her body from wrist to ankle, where modest little plastic white slippers adorned her feet. Her hair, too, he thought, was very light. Kontent was walking so slowly that he had no choice but to push through the glass door, and in a moment he found himself sitting beside her.

Kontent was shocked, as if he had suddenly been awakened nakedly sleepwalking on main street. The long row of empty stools and his place beside her made his motive too obvious. Her deep quiet eyes looked at him, and she said, by way of introduction, "You are the Iceman, aren't you?"

Kontent nodded and formed a silent "Yes" with his mouth. His iceblue satin uniform and the big black "32" on his chest spoke for him.

From the depths of her big, liquid eyes, an inquiring brain looked out at his, and made a decision. Her eyes indicated the booth. "I've always wanted to meet an Iceman. I'm Larisse. The booths are secluded and we can talk."

His lips worked in search of a few words, but he followed her soundlessly, cursing his embarrassment, and surprised at her fearlessness. She was young, but yet she had a poise that hinted at worldliness.

"At school I am writing a paper on Icemen." Her pretty head was propped by slender pink arms on the black tabletop. It mirrored a pale ghost image of her. Her eyes looked eagerly at him, and she seemed almost juvenile in her hunger for information. "And I came

across a funny thing."

The whiteclad fountain man, surprisingly pale for one so portly, silently slid a tall pink drink near Larisse. Briefly startled, Kontent asked for water. Larisse was drinking a cherrycream, almost the same shade of pink as were her lips and flushed cheeks. The fountain man returned with the water after a slight delay.

The drinks seemed to make old friends of them, and Kontent began to feel confident. He laid his hands, like fleshy crabs, on the smooth table, and asked, "What is this funny thing?"

Larisse was flooded with interest, and leaned forward as if she would come across the table at him. "Is it true that Iceman didn't always melt ice? I heard that once upon a time Iceman made ice, and sold it." For a moment she looked apologetic, and then added, "Of course, that was long ago."

Kontent felt like her father now, he was so at ease. Confidently he swallowed a sip of water, and licked his lips. "My dear, let me put your mind at ease. Iceman have always destroyed ice, where ever it may be found." Her mouth shaped a vowel, as if to speak a word, but Kontent continued quickly, and the vowel slowly melted. "And we go out and find it. We, Iceman, realize the importance of our work. It is a work to suppress the Mutants. There are a few left, you know. A sort of underground. They stick together. After the big war, you know. Found people who could eat ice. Imagine that! Warm-blooded creatures capable of tolerating a solid piece of water at Fahrenheit 32! They were mutants of course." Larisse looked different now. She was really just a pretty child. Listenly patiently. He cradled his glass of lukewarm water in his hands, and continued.

"Mutants, but we were mer ciful with them, you understand. Ice is somehow necessary to their metabolism. Take the ice away, and they evenyually grow pale, and die of some blood disorder. But allowed to eat ice regularly, they thrive. Ice gives them strange mental powers. We don't understand much about that. But you see how dangerous these Mutants would be if we don't keep ice outlawed."

Larisse nodded quietly, calmly. Kontent felt satisfied that she was no longer a vision, but just a child. She would no longer entrance him, he felt. And it was so relieving to have straightened the

poor child out. He rose, leaving his empty water glass as a sort of token.

"Perhaps we shall see each other again, Larisse," offering his hand, which she clasped. Her hand seemed a bit cold, he thought, then thought of something about cold hands and chuckled inwardly. "It's getting late and I must be going." He seemed to feel a little different as he pushed out through the swinging glass door, leaving Larisse in the dark, secluded booth.

Larisse waited several minutes before she took the first sip of her cherrycream. She had sat entranced as he talked hoping he would not comment that she had not touched her drink. She looked strangely at the empty water glass, and then threw a knowing glance at the white clad fountain man. He winked, and nodded approvingly as he came over to pick the glass up, and destroy it. Larisse Lambert wondered how many days it would take for the slow-acting poison that had been in the glass to kill Iceman Kontent. Perhaps three, perhaps four. It depended on his metabolism. He might live a week. A few of the Iceman had.

Her face was very pale now, and smiled wryly. She stirred her drink, and it tinkled musically with little bits of ice, concealed by the opacity of cream. She spooned the ice out, and munched it. Gradually the color of pink began to return to her face.

FINIS

AN ODE TO SCIENCE FICTION

by Wanda Weichel

Answer me, please, Science Fiction
From my mind ease the friction

Just tell me how--

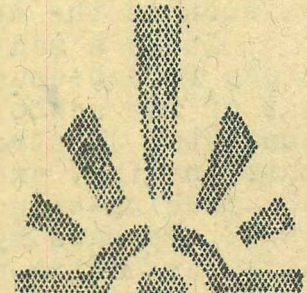
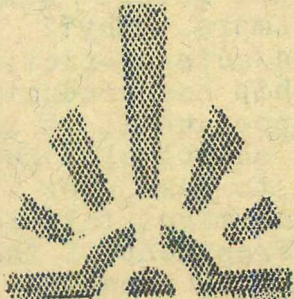
-(Don't "sell" me now)-

And don't act dumb

'Fess up-how come

You cause such very rapt addiction

Oh, give to me your benediction!



Fan Views & News

by Orville W. Mosher

This is the start of a new column. If you like it, tell your editor, Don Chappell, and he can tell me if you are interested.

Have you ever attended a science-fiction convention? If you have, you will, no doubt, recall it was a lot of fun. I know that some of you attended the OKLACON. But what I am speaking of are the national or world conventions--Conventions like the CHICON, the PHILCON and the coming FRISCON. If you have to travel as far as I do to attend one (I've only been to the CHICON), you will know that the cost just getting to one is quite high.

Sheldon Deretchin (1234 Utica Avenue, Brooklyn 3, New York) has found a way of beating the problem of transportation cost. He is going to the world convention in San Francisco, California, and he is going down with a lot of other fen. He has a plan to save money. By next September, Sheldon will be in possession of either a bus or truck capable of carrying a number of fen-- including sleeping accommodations. The cost of the whole trip--out and back--figures to about \$20 to \$25. Outside of food, this figures a little less than one-way bus fare. Right now, Shel, is lining up those who want to go with him.

Starting a club in highschool or college? Well, if you are, you may find that by end of the semester you have a good one going. But, as soon as the next semester starts, your club is no more. Why??

It is a sad fact that many highschool and college science-fiction clubs fold because the active majority of the membership has graduated out of the school. Few fen realize that this will happen until it is too late. I strongly recommend that those starting a school club keep this in mind, and make sure a Junior is well equipped to take over the club re-organization when he becomes a Senior. How might this be done? Perhaps by letting him become the chairman or President of the club, or having him a V. President. Give it some thought, those of you who start clubs while in school.

THE END

The Bird of Death
by Don Wegars

The hills of Mars, like giant rubies
Stood away in the distance,
The fleeting rays of the sun, glancing
Like shining spears off their sides.

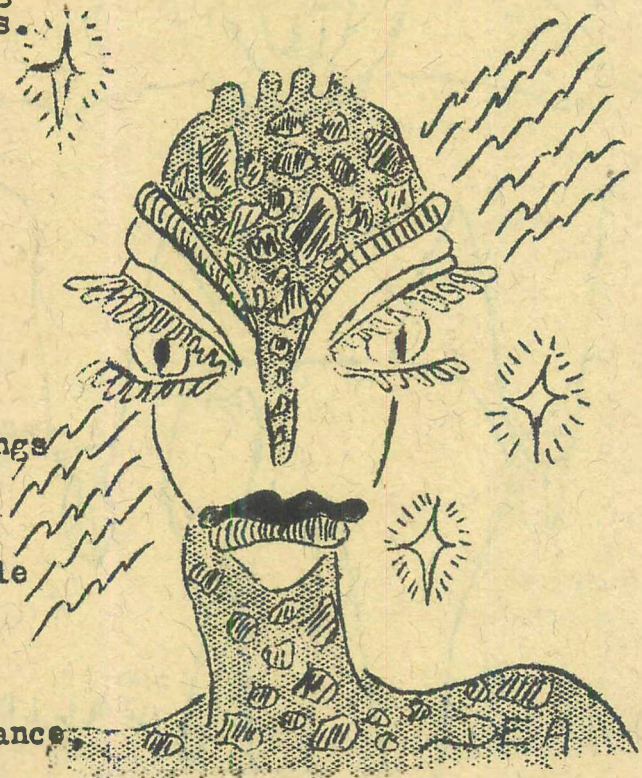
I stood looking, my eyes not seeing
The beauty that was around me;
My mind thinking of the death that
Was sure to come--on black wings.

Still, I could not put the mountains
Out of my mind, even though
The wings I so feared were even then
Approaching out of the twilight.

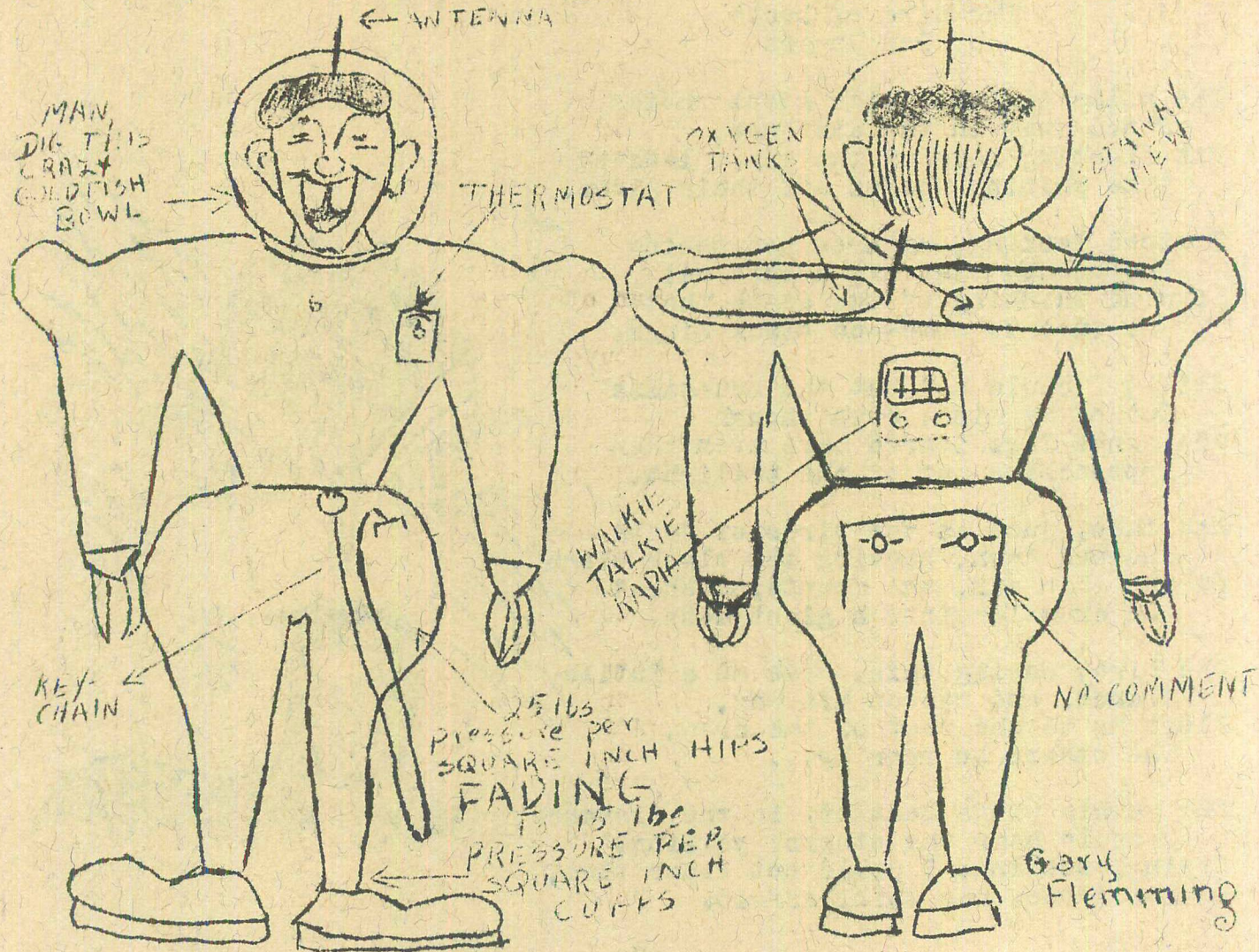
And then, just as the birds of death
Swooped down, beating its black wings
On the thin air, the mountains shook
And crumbled into a giant mass.

The bird, seeing this, gave me a futile
Glance, and was on his way,
Fleeing to the rest of the crew,
The others so near by...

And as his wings beat off in the distance,
I could hear the others; yelling,
Crying, sobbing; I could not blame them,
For I too, was still afraid.



A BOP SUIT OF THE FUTURE



MOVIE REVIEW

by Larry (Val) Walker

As a movie, RIDERS TO THE STARS, could not be graded very well. While the acting was competent, if not academy award winning, they seemed very unexcited by the prospects of rounding up a stray meteor. That was the keynote of the whole film, unexcitement and incredibility.

As a Science-Fiction movie it was far below many I've seen, but on the other hand it was better than others. The story seemed below Curt Siodmak's usual high level.

It did have an authentic air about it. How it accomplished this, I'll never know, since the focal point of the picture was the ascension into space to catch a meteor in the trap door located in the nose of the ship.

The reason for this meteor catching business was as follows; It seems they had sent an unmanned ship into space; the pieces of the ship returned, crystalized by cosmic rays.

Fine--so far. One of the scientist then reasoned, that if meteors came through outer space, uncrystalized, they must have a protective covering. This protective covering was burned off, however, by the time they reached the earth. Answer--simple, send a spaceship to catch a meteor. Two little points they over look here. What will keep the spaceship number two from crystalizing and what will keep the coating, when they get it, from burning off in the spaceship. Onward..?

They had picked three men to send up in three different ships. Perhaps it was the tests the men were put through that made it authentic. Now the story becomes a fairy tale. Men had never been in space before, yet they set up there, in their little cushioned chairs, firing rockets and using fuel like mad. Another point, the meteor was rounded-up by manual operation, tracked by the bare eye, timing controlled by human reflex etc.

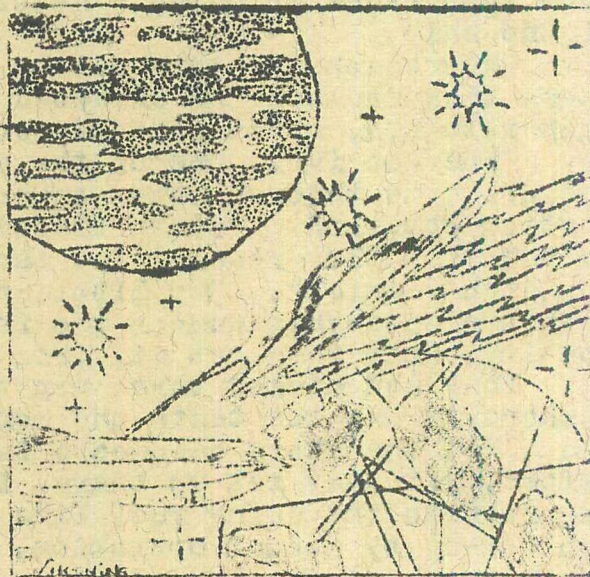
To go on, after the meteor had been run down our hero makes a dead stick landing from 420 miles up. Let us visualize this; we have our hero 420 miles up traveling at a speed of at least 4000 M. P. H., out of fuel, and he lands the ship! He did have wing flaps, but I am afraid that wouldn't help much when a ship entered the atmosphere at that speed--he would burn!

Nevertheless he landed, covered with glory and diamonds. Yes, diamonds! That was the magic ingredient that kept meteors from burning--the magic shield.

View at your own risk!

FINIS

READ
NEBULA
FOR
GOOD
SCIENCE
FICTION



I'm Curious

by Jann Hickey

For years Mars has been, to me, the greatest mystery in the skies. Neither so far from us or so cloud-wrapped that we can frame only the most elementary questions about it nor so near to us that our curiosity is quickly satisfied, Mars is truly a dreamer's planet. I have myself built many a dream castle along-side its canals and peopled its deserts with many a shadow kingdom. And I, together with many others, have enjoyed the creations of those writers who were fascinated by the red planet.

Recently, however, my thoughts have been turning more and more often towards another planet. Venus. So cloud-covered as to be nearly featureless, Venus has not the air, half-familiar and half strange, that is the secret of Mars' glamor. Still, I reasons for my change of interest.

Perhaps you have memories of seeing an item---in Ripley, in a textbook, used as a newspaper filler---saying that some bug, fish, or animal could cover the earth within a very short time if it were allowed to breed free from natural checks. I suspect that such a statement could be made about most living species. Remember Australia and the rabbits? Plants have also done their share of spreading when suddenly transferred to a new, more favorable habitat. And birds. All have been checked; no single species---save man?---has a chance to dominate this planet today. But there was a time---

You may have also seen another statement. One saying that the carbon dioxide-rich atmosphere of Venus may be the kind of atmosphere earth possessed before the beginning of life. I understand that oxygen in the absence of plants would remain locked in chemical combinations with various other elements, instead of free in the mixture we call air. And thus, while earth has an oxygen-rich atmosphere, little or no free oxygen has been detected in that of Venus. Naturally such a change ---from a Venusian to an earth-type atmosphere---would take millions of

years. Or would it?

In the beginning----

In the beginning, from the first coobling of the earth until the second that saw the birth of the first living cell (or cells) there were four things whose interaction determined how the planet would look. Solids, liquids, gases, radiation. You wouldn't have recognized the world. The earth where it wasn't covered by water was barren, rent and fused by volcanic action, shaken by earthquakes; the water was purer than it is nowadays, even that of the oceans was only slightly salty. You could not hve breathed in the atmosphere. And because of the difference in the atmosphere there would be a difference in the wave lengths of the radiation reaching the earth's surface. The presence of more undecayed radioactive elements in the earth's crust would make the planet hotter. But the great difference between then and now I haven't mentioned yet.

The earth was sterile.

Then there was a living cell. Though I have heard many thepries, I will not venture a guess as to how that cell came into existance. It was; that is what matters.

It lived and it bred. It breed fast, and there is no'reason to compete; death comes only by accident. Indeed death is only a local or an acoidental phenomena. You would not call a man who had lost a hand or a foot dead. Forty-eight generations a day is my minimun figure. By the second day there would be millions of cells in existance. But even this increase would not be great enough to fill more than a tiny space. An hundred years might be enough to distribute life fairly evenly throught the ocean. Long before this some individuals cast upon the land and forced to live there or die. Those who managed to live would be the first plants. There would begin the transformation of the atmosphere. I believe this process must have been rather rapid; that plants, despite the harder conditions, must have evolved and spread much faster than is generally believe, for life was also evolving in the oceans. After the ocean was fully populated and competition had entered the picture as a general rather than as a local force, evolution would proceed much faster there than on the land. Remember how fast the common house fly changed when exposed to DDT? And the quick development of penicillin and sulfa resilient strains of germs? Of course these

examples do not involve the change to or evolution of a totally new species, but the primitive cells being very simple, but potentially anything, could have developed new species rapidly. Simple oxygen-breathing animals (worms) may have crawled onto the land within a few thousands of years. And you can't have an oxygen-breathing animal with some oxygen to breath. The change had to be well along by that time.


And there you have my reason for being interested in Venus. Perhaps conditions on Venus were much more unfavorable for the development of life than those on earth, perhaps it is just a matter of chance. When I look at the brilliant, low-hanging planet I wonder if it may have seen the birth of life (this goes for our kind of life, not silicon, not gaseous) within the last million years. I wonder if astronomers will observe the first signs of an atmospheric change within my lifetime.

Even if it hasn't, even if conditions of Venus are such that indigenous life could never develop, I would still be curious. About the findings of the second Venusian expedition. Human beings carry certain organisms in their bodies. If they leave their wastes on Venus, if conditions are not too horribly bad that second expedition might find a surprise waiting for them.

I wonder what we would find if, instead of sending an expedition to that planet when space travel becomes possible, we sent instead a ship filled with pond water. But I suppose that would be an irresponsible act. After all, there may be life under those clouds; we could not tell how much damage we might do with such an act. Perhaps an expedition that only observes and does not land should be sent. Then if not life were observed the experiment could be made. We could learn much about how evolution proceeds from a planetary laboratory

T H E E N D

* * * * *



EDITOR'S
NOTE

DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL "PASSING IN REVIEW" BY CHARLES LEE RIDDLE WILL NOT APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE. BE LOOKING FOR IT AGAIN IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

THE FOIBLES OF AN EDITOR

by E. R. Kirk

Several readers have asked me why I quit the lucrative job of being an editor and publisher and started writing weird-fantasy and science-fiction stories.

There is an old addage which goes something like this: It is much better to be a live writer than a dead editor... For, whether you know it or not, an editor can easily get maimed for life, die in the electric chair or go completely mad---just because of only a few fan letters. No other job is quite so hazardous.

No kidding. During World War II, I published a "little" hobby magazine, THE SHO-ME ADVERTISER, for a vicious little group of fan and mail order enthusiasts. Naturally, being the publisher, my own ads cost me nothing and, therefore, I was "making munnie by de pockets!" But that wasen't enough; I wanted more. I would have to increase circulation in order to get it.

So I started to include fiction stories in my vile little advertising rag. And, that did the trick. As most publishers know, good fiction adds a wider scope, viz; The SEP magazine. In other words, it then caters not to just one select little group but it of general interest to all who read it---thus, the subscription department enlarges and, me, the publisher gets sub-happy.

But there are always some flies that get into all ointment. Where was I going to get stories without raising my editorial expense account? Budgets are a big fly in any publisher's soup. Why not write the stories myself? That was it-----or was it?

At this juncture, I should have folded and joined the foriegn legion where life expectance is considered to much longer that that of an editor. But I didn't....

I inserted my own love and adventure stories in my little mag under the psuedonyms of Howard Barton and Elmer Glasgow and let it go at that. I was just being smart, or so I thought.

Then all hell broke loose. One avid fan, a good subscriber and

cash-paying advertiser, wrote me that Howard Barton was a prince of a writer and his stories should appear in the slicks but Elmer Glasgow, the no-good SOB, should be digging ditches...What a spot! A space ship pilot in dark outervoid without fuel has less worries than most editors.

I came up with a bright idea. I wrote said fanzie-panzie a very beautiful epistle stating that I was in perfect accord with his views and that I would see to it that no more stories would appear by such a no-good bad word as Elmer Glasgow. Of course, that would be easy. I merely took a new pen-name----Ozark Pete---and told my fan-happy friend that the so and so Elmer Glasgow was dead. Smart editors, like me, come high----about a dime a dozen.

At this point, you can see how easy it is for an editor to disillusion his unsuspecting fans, the poor gullible things! They demand a story in the very next issue by Howard Barton and up it pops, quicker than a cat can lick its--paw. The editor, or his top-man, is Howard Barton---or take your pick.

Then it happened! Elmer Glasgow was dead; I had killed him. But now it seemed that several other fans had liked the no-good SOB's writing and demanded more of his stories, posthaste. Some editors under such circumstances, go raving mad---or they take up the gentle art of ditch digging, which pays more at the present union scale and is far less dangerous....

(This spot, my dear reader, is called "the climax" of a story by some few editors. The protagonist is down, out, in an impossible situation. He can't win. Then the unexpected happens; it always does. The hero wins----as if you didn't know.}

The United States Government came to my rescue, no less, believe it or not, As I said before, all this happened during World War II. Paper restrictions hit my commercial printer so hard that I had to fold, just when my circulation was increasing by leaps and bounds.

And that, my dear friends, was when I started writing about the supernatural, the weird, the fantastic and about funny little people living on planets in the far reaches of dark outer space.....Under the pen-name of Elmer Glasgow.

THE END

LOVE

by John G. Fletcher

This is my story.

I suppose you might call it a short auto-biographical sketch, on me, Peter.

Only it isn't the complete story of my life. It is just the ending of it. Now I am waiting to be.....Executed you might call it.

Executed because I am in love.

Sounds funny doesn't it.

It isn't in the least bit funny though. It's something that couldn't happen to everyone.

You shall be the one to know my story. Tell all your friends. Let the world know what happened to me.

Let the world know.

"Henry! Did you bring the blue shoes down or do I have to go up and get them?"

"I brought them down. Never fear." Henry Simkins walked into the room carrying a pair of dainty feminine shoes.

"Henry! They are my azure green toe shoes! I knew you couldn't get anything right. Honestly...The things I have to go through." Cynthia dashed up the stairs. "Tell Peter we're leaving now. And tell him we won't be back till late. This is our night for renewing our marriage. And this time it's for good!"

"Shall I tell him all that?" A smile replaced a cloudy frown on Henry's face.

"That won't be necessary, Sir." I stepped from behind the drapes in the hall archway.

"Peter! You gave me quite a start!"

"I'm sorry, Sir, I didn't mean to surprise you." I continued.

"Are you going to make it a permanent marriage?"

Henry stuck out his chest proudly. "Yessirree, I'm taking the

fatal plunge."

I forced a smile. "My heartiest congratulations, Sir. I wish you the most joyful future." I also suppressed the desire to cry. But I could not cry if I wanted too.

"I found it, Henry, dear, the necklace that I lost last week, I mean. It was behind the bureau. I found it when I leaned over to pick up my blue shoes."

"Hello, Peter. How are you? Well, is everything taken care of?"

I smiled a real smile. As much of a smile as I could possible make. "I'm very well, thank you. Everything is taken care of. Enjoy yourselves this evening."

The door shut behind them. I walked to the kitchen and checked the automatic dish-washer. Everything was perfect.

The doorbell rang. I looked into the view. It was Henry. Mr. Simkins.

"Back so soon, Mr. Simkins?"

"Forgot the car keys. They're in the kitchen table drawer. Get them for me, will you, Peter."

I walked to the kitchen.

The keys were in the drawer. But I did not tell Henry I found them. A plan was forming in my mind. A bitter plan. I must have Cynthia. I couldn't bear to see her permanently married. Even though I had no chance for her heart.

"Peter! Did you find them? Come come. Cynthia's waiting in the car."

Henry walked into the room. Somewhere deep down inside me I knew something was wrong. Somewhere a cord snapped. Somewhere something happened.

I turned to Henry. I knew it was impossible. I knew I couldn't be on my own. I KNEW IT!

But it happened.

I held Henry tight in my arms. Tight, Tighter, till I could feel his blood coursing through his veins. Tighten still, till the blood did not course through his veins.

I let go. Henry's limp body fell to the floor.

The rest of the story is simple. I wanted Cynthia for myself. But she would not have me.

The police came. I was arrested. Not even tried in court. And now I await Eternity.

Why? Because I never should have felt that emotion called love. I never could have. But I did.

I never could have killed Henry Simkins.

And now I await dissembling.

People will still ask themselves when I'm gone, "How could a ROBOT love?"

Tell them for me.

T H E E N D



CLAUDE

RAMBLES

by Claude R. Hall

Here I am, over among scenery that had been basic ideas and background for thousands of stories--probably millions. I'm just ten miles from the scenic Rhine, two miles from castle ruins, over the town where Kaiser William, the ruler of Germany during WWI, lived and

Continued on page 31

"SOONER FLASH-BACK"

or

THE FAN WORLD OF 18 YEARS AGO

by Dan McPhail

As a self-appointed "Historian" for the Confederation and readers of "Nite Cry" in general, I am going to look backwards this time to the year 1936. Franklin Delano Roosevelt had been re-elected, Chevrolet had taken the sales lead from Ford finally. Dan McPhail was out of school and working as a reporter on a weekly newsheet and ----Oklahoma's first s-f club was officially announced.

So, if you were a typical fan 18 years ago, what would be your supply of reading material, your fanzines, your movies, your news-events of that time? First, let's go to the newstand:

Amazings Stories, dated Feb., was nearing its end of over 10 years of constant publication. This Vol. 10, #8 issue was small size, 144 pages, 25¢, with a good oil painting by Leo Morey depicting a bathasphere, its cable to the surface broken, falling into "The Maelstrom of Atlantis", the start of a 2 part serial by Joe Skidmore. Also 6 short stories, an article, science questionnaire, discussions and one of Editor T. O'Conner Sloane's carefully written editorials, this one a 4-pager on the history of gas lighting. Letters included those from Corwin Stickney Jr. (age 13) and Willis Conover, Jr. (age 14) and Robert W. Lowndes.

Astounding Stories had an interesting "machinery" cover by H. V. Brown fronting its 160 pages for 20¢. Farley & Weinbaum, Schachner and Van Lorne were featured on the cover and Charles Williard Diffin concluded his serial "BLu Magic" with H. P. Lovecraft coming. Inside art gave a wonderful variety including the unique styles of Mary Marchioni, H. W. Wesso and Elliott Dold, who had established his fame as art director of the rare 2 issue Miracle, Science & Fantasy Stories. Brass Tacks featured the sad ruse of Bob Tuckers "death" as well as letters by Conover, Oliver Saari and Milt Rothman.

During these days, Hugo Grensback provided, in Wonder Stories, as good a buy in the stf mag as can be had. The only trimmed edges,

covers by Frank Paul (this one a beautiful interplanetary theme), a number of interior artist and an excellent typographical lay-out; all for 15¢! Six stories included an excellent part one of "A World Unseen" by Skidmore, Editorial and many features. A movie review of the marvelous "Transatlantic Tunnel" starring Richard Dix. The Science Fiction League section announces, among others, formation of SFL Chapter #31, of Muskogee, Oklahoma, with Frances Stewart (member 882) as Director.

In the fan field, one could find about as much top-flight talent as in the pros! As witness The Phantagraph, Vol 4, #2, printed by Wollheim & Shephard for Terrestrial Fantascience Guild members. 16 pages, 5 x 8½, excellent linoleum-block cover by Clay Ferguson, Jr. and fine material by Lovecraft and Clark Ashton Smith. The latter being excerpts from his privately-printed Ebony and Crystal.

The distinguished Fantasy Magazine (originally S. F. Digest) was entering its final year with this 35th issue. The 15¢ price tag gave you 40 pages with no illos other than department head cuts. Dedicated to the memory of Stanley G. Weinbaum, whose meteoric career had just been cut short by death the previous month; this issue featured Editor Julius Schwartz's Annual Fantasy Fiction Analysis. It revealed J. W. Campbell had 155,000 words printed in 1935, followed by Weinbaum (114,000) and John Russell Fearn (112,000). Weinbaum had most stories-ten. RAP and F. J. A., staff members, had regular departments, Robert Bloch and Ralph Milne Farley provided fiction and among other material was a review of the million dollar British production, H. G. Wells' "Things to Come", which I rate as one of the best movies of all times.

The International Cosmos Science Club had just brought out the 1st anniversary issue of their large size mimeoed International Observer. It was edited by John Michel and contained 40 pages, but few illustrations. Feature this time was Dr. Kellar's "Phases of Scientific-tion." This club was largely Scientific and contained reports on many experiments carried out by members, including the first rocket-mail flight in America.

The Last New York SFL put out a neatly mimeoed Arturus and Jan. was their second issue, and contained 11 pages, having print only on one side of each sheet. Club news, gossip, short-story, letters, a

cartoon page and Santa Claus astride a rocket on the cover rounded out this number.

And now, finally, we come to that official announcement we mentioned at the start of this article. Jack Speer of Commanche and myself in Oklahoma City had been corresponding re a state s-f club and in as much as I had been printing (by typewriter) my private magazine, Science Fiction News for several years, it was decided it would become official organ for the Oklahoma Scientifiction Ass'n. Hence I made a number of carbon-runs & mailed out a dozen copies to readers whose addresses I found in magazines. Titled "the voice of Oklahoma fandom", the News numbered 14 pages, size 9½ by 6, with a printed cover, and a rather neat OSA emblem, carved from linoleum. This Vol. 4, No. 1 issue had a 2 page spread about the OSA, a number of news items about state fans, such as Monroe Ruch of Grandfiel who had a story in Wonder Quarterly, a coverage of comics and radio by Speer, a fan mag review column (including S. F. Critic & The Planateer), Editor McPhail describes his collection, a note on SFL Chapter #41 of Oklahoma City, Edgar A. Hirdler, director and McPhail & Paul Ishmael members; Fantasy Films reviews, Karloff in "The Invisible Ray" and there are two gossip columns, "Howls from the Ether" by the Spacehound (later to appear in the national Fantasy Fan) and "Flashes" by Rocketeer. All this for a nickel!

And that was the picture 18 years ago when fandom first organized in the Land of the Red Man! Magazine science fiction was only 10 years old and helping popularize it then was an uphill battle, but it was fun!

THEEND THEEND THEEND THEEND THEEND THEEND THEEND THEEND THEEND THEEND

Pete Vorzimer has put in a request for writing and art. Hope that all those that find their names in his letter in EBB TIDE will rush the desired material to us. If you readers will let me know whose material you would like to see, we will run the letters and when you see in the letter column that someone has requested something by you, all you have to do is to rush it to us in time for the next issue.

All for this time. Be seeing you in the mail box.



PETER HAMILTON

Many thanks for sending me the latest issue of "NITE CRY" which at first glance seems to be a nicely produced fanzine, I like the reproduction of the various illustrations and think that the general lay-out is above average. NEBULA SCIENCE FICTION 159 Crownpoint Rd. Glasgow, S. E. Scotland.

(Thank for the kind words, Peter. Just hope we deserve them.)

HOWARD LYONS

Many thanks for the copy of NITE CRY #3, Don, and like everyone else I'm not sure it's Don I should thank.

You know the reason I dislike your 7/12's size sheet???? I can't bind it in with my other files of fanzines.

What was that on the cover? And I can't help but feel that E. R. Kirk sympathized with the evil scientist, note his treatment of Little Miss Judas.

Riddles' review column good. Pleased to see excellent rating for Canfan. Was it really that good? We wonder.

Isn't it in Psychotic the latest that someone defends so called crud-zines? The relevant comment is the defense of the editor's or publishers right to determine his own format. Geis' comment seems strange in that respect: "...as practical and stupid as any of the other odd-ball formats I've seen." As a subscriber (I assume he is) he has a right to criticize I suppose. P. C. Box 561, Toronto, Ont. Canada.

(7/12????? We've been called a lot of different sizes but that sure tops them all. It's 7/8¹/₂! We had a idea that some would not like our size for the very reason that you mentioned. Geis is not a subscriber, we trade zines with him. Yes, Canfan is really that good.)

JOHN G. FLETCHER

Thanks for NITE CRY, but I'm sorry to say that I'm not putting out HENCE anymore. I sort of got sick of it. Plus the fact that money and time were wearing thin.

THE HEART OF A FAN was terrific. Great. I didn't like Hitchcock's COOF, tho.

Your size is puzzling. I don't know where to put it in my zine pile. 347 Oak, Clenside, Penn.

(So HENCE is past tense. Too bad. But we'll get NITE CRY to you for material or monies, then. Money is a problem to us all, fanzine, or not.)

G. M. CARR

Enjoyed McPhail's article, didn't care too much for the fanfiction. The reproduction is getting better, both as to text and artwork. If "Evelyn" is a girl, she should be able to make use of the tips for inexpensive stylii mentioned above. Re your format explanation, surely it was two reams you bought for \$6.80 (1 rm - 500 sheets). Anything over \$2 per ream for legal size 20 weight is robbery, especially white paper. 3319 Ballard Ave., Seattle 7, Washington.

(We bought a ream of uncut paper(500 sheets 17x28) and had it cut into 4 reams of legal size (2000 sheets 8 1/2 x 14) and we run it off then cut it to 8 1/2 x 7. \$6.80 is what we paid for the uncut paper, or \$1.70 per legal size ream. Clear now???? Evelyn is a girl and thanks you for the info.)

HARLAN DANIEL

I received NITE CRY #3 last week. The mimeoing on this issue was really great, much better than #2. Bob Stewart is improving on the back cover the additional shading helped too. I didn't care much for the front cover.

I like Riddle's fanzine reviews. I often wondered why more of the fanzines don't have review columns. Most of the fanzines editors raised all kinds of devils and little BEM's when a prozine drops it's fanzines reviews but few review them in their fanzines. Don't let Riddle get away. He is one of the best critics in fandom. Incidentally why do all the critics rate things with astericks?

The interior illustrations are much improved. I especially liked McPhails article and Beermans poem. Neither of the stories appealed to me. I had hoped that the days of the mad scientist stories were gone.

The way the publisher's statement at the bottom of the contents page is written makes me wonder if you aren't or haven't studied law. NITE CRY is one of the few fanzines I have seen that the postal authorities might not be able to find fault with.

Oh, I almost forgot the editorial and letter columns were good.

The big staples you use on NITE CRY are nice. Most other fanzines use small staples and come apart before you get them half read. Box 223, Arapaho, Oklahoma.

(Bob Stewart is good; it is our stencil cutting which has messed up his art but we are learning and we hope improving. Maybe the asterisk is the most practical thing the reviewer can find on his typewriter. We have not studied law in school but we looked into the matter before writing said statement. EVELYN is the one who bought the big staples. They also make the job of stapling easier.)

DAN McPHAIL

Some comment on #3 NITE CRY (my opinion, of course): Cover is fair, but I believe the "across the top" name spread is neater than the present arrangement with the illo in a box. Editorially speaking is always good, and your layout for the contents page the same. The fiction was fair. Where is #1 of The Chronicles?

Both poems I liked very much, and I welcome Charles Riddle's fan-mag review column. Wish we had Charles back in Oklahoma, but perhaps he can make Oklacon II.

And finally, I am 100% in favor of the half-legal size format. It is unique among fan mags (I seem to recall that a Lincoln, Neb. fan club used such a size about 1936) and as you say, it saves money. Nuff said.

The cover design by Orville Mosher was interesting, and I find I like the art work of EVELYN (is she Mrs. Chappell?) and Bob Stewart turned out a very fine back cover.

(The #1 of The Chronicles is in John Hitchcock's February, 1954 edition of Umbra. We are hoping for Riddle to be here for the OKLACON.)

DON HOWARD DONNEIL.

Now for NITE CRY #3. It's good, but as I've stated before, I think it would be better in an 8x11 format. But you stated some very sound financial reasons for your present size in your editorial.

LITTLE MISS JUDAS I've read before, I don't care too much for it.

The Poetry I always skip, and I couldn't get interested in CHRONICLES...In fact all I read was the editorial, Riddle's review column, and Ebb Tide. They were by far the most interesting reading in the mag.

It shapes up like this. Repro is good---totally readable. It (mag) had a personality (imparted to it by the ed, no doubt) which says a lot for it. Although the material, fiction-wise, could be improved. I liked the zine. 5425 Santa Monica Blvd., Apt 205, Los Angeles, Calif. (Glad to hear from you, Don, and we will be looking for a story from you real soon)

DON WECARS

So it got here at last, eh? Was waiting, ya know.

The first bit of fiction was pretty good, nothing special. But the last one, by Hitchcock was just plain nothing! I didn't like it at all, and I'm not an anti-fanfictionist.... Just think what Balint would say!!?

I liked the poem by Beerman but not so the one by Clyde. The bit by Beerman sounded like the one in latest ECLIPSE by Peatrowsky, I believe.

I didn't enjoy reading about the early days of Oklahoma's Fandom, but it was well-written.

Passing in Review by Riddle was good, but I don't like his system too much. There's not enough information given...

But then the letter column...Well, what I meant by more experience was WHISPERING SPACE. Never having seen the thing, I could only judge by what I read. Soooo, I took it that it was pretty bad. Then, when I saw NC, I recognized Val's name. So I said, "...considering the experience..." Forgive me! 2444 Valley St. Berkely, Calif.

(So the poems herein. Sorry you were disappointed last time, no room. Yes, there was a poem similar to Beermans in ECLIPSE.)

GILBERT E. MENICUCCI

26 pages, huh? Well, well and mebbe well. I thought that you intended to 32 pages per.....HMMMMMMMMMMMM.

You know, you're worth your 10¢.

I won't have any reviews about your material because a person who writes a letter and who hopes to get it published is being a fool to review the past issue. Why? Well, if on some off chance it IS published, it'll bore everybody that reads it.

It appears that there is a definite campaign on to ignore me in fandom. And then when my letters ARE published, they're always the lousy ones.

Your reproduction is much better than the average. Although your art is slightly sickening.

Oh well, what more can a fan ask than good reproduction!

I note with overbearing joy that Mr. Glub-glub himself, Harlan Ellison, seems to be slipping in fandom. A quote from somebody, who I don't remember: "A while back it was 'I don't go Pogo', now it seems to be 'I don't Go 7th Fandom'." I'm not sure if thats the quote word-for-word, but it's about right.

Or is I wrong, Mr. Geis??

You have a good li'l zine with NITE CRY. It has room for improvement, but then, so does Fantastic Worlds and INSIDE. PEGASUS Science Fiction, 675 Delane Ave., San Francisco, 12, Calif. (The size of our zine is determined by the amount of material we have on hand. #3 had 28 pages cover to cover. This one is larger. More material sent in lately. And we are limited only by the fact that they just don't give away stencils and paper.)

PETER J. VORIZIMER

M'boy I wish to compliment you again on a fine fanzine. I say 'fine', because I don't mean excellent nore do I mean poor, just 'fine'.

I think you need a little advice. Not that I'm any great judge of what should or should not be in a fanzine, I would just like to give my opinions, more or less.

ONE: As good as your size may seem to be, it has so many disadvantages, that the good ones are completely overshadowed. Indeed, it is very unusual, but it must be practical---from all points. To get off

the track for a second: I noticed you had many an experienced editor in your letter column also writing their criticisms on your format. Believe me, by listening to them you are benefiting from years--sometimes more--of experience. Those guys know what they're talking about.

ON YOUR BEHALF: I realize that by printing on legal size(8½x14), you can print up two pages on a single sheet and then cut them down to size, but you forgot two important things.

1)You, yourself, said that your zine will grow larger, perhaps to fifty or more pages. Remember, if and when you ever get above thirty, you won't be able to fold your zine the way you have been--then what?? Mailing envelopes? At about 2¢ apiece?

2)The size, as it is now, to be frank, is not at all convenient. At least from the way I see it. From what I have seen of CRY(issues #2 and #3), I must be frank to say the art was poor. A good example being both the cover on #3 and Boob Stewart's cartoon in #2. When you're working on such small space, the stencils are much harder to cut. The reason the cover on #3 was so extremely bad was because it was so undistinguishable for lack of a shading plate. Also inconvenient in size is the holding of it by the reader. Uncomfortable.... and not quite pocket-size... All this leads up to say just one thing Switch to large size... much better for everything and everyone.

I know you've probably already made up your mind to sticking to your original size, but think it over, would we(that is, all the other people who have written to you, and myself) be taking up our good time to set to our typers and write you, if we didn't know from experience that in mimeographing the only convenient size is 8½ x 11?

TWO: (This beginning to sound like: PART TWO, IN A SERIES OF "TAKING APART 'NITE CRY' LIMB FROM LIMB," formerly titled, "MOTHER VORZIMER'S LECTURE ON HOW NOT TO PUBLISH A FANZINE" BY " CRUDZINE McVORZIMER", but believe me, it isn't--it's just constructive criticism.)

Well, back to TWO: ARTICLES--one of the essential things that makes a fanzine a 'fanzine'. One of the best you could get to write articles for your zine would be Geis. He is one of the best. Right now, you'll have to wait, I'm trying to get him for ABSTRACT, my zine. I consider myself an article writer, since I have never written fiction of any great quality, and would be very glad to write for you, should I be asked. (Boy! if that is subtlety, by Ghod, I don't know what is.)

THREE: E X P A N D! ! IN CRY, you have only the equivalent of 13 pages of regular (8 1/2 x 11). You kind of remind me of a man who is already fat and wants to get bigger--only around the waist instead of up and down. You can't possibly expand CRY in its present format to the point where it contains as much material as a regular size zine...that would take a minimum of 50 pages..and to what purpose?

Don't neglect Piper's criticisms just because his was the only bad letter...He had some interesting things to say. DO GET YOURSELF SOME LETTERING GUIDES..AND SHADOWING PLATES!!!! By ghod, these two seemingly small and unimportant things are the only things that differentiate between good and bad mimeo. More criticism by the score.....

Humor...get some...you need it...also makes it a fanzine. Cut out so much of the local stuff...or...add some stuff about other clubs etc., get somebody like Mosher to supply info on happenings in other parts of this large fan world. You see, it all leads up to articles, thats the solution.

I never gotten quite so interested in a zine before, it's because I believe you have the potentials of becoming a very, very good zine. Thanx for printing my letter, even though you did change one or two words...Making it, to my point of view a little more neo-fan* nish. (Cliches like: "when NITE CRY popped out of my mail-box, eto")

I've said all that I have to say and have just about winded myself in doing it. Keep up the good work.

In parting I would like to give you a small list of those who I would like to see in NITE CRY.....

For art work...Robert E. Gilbert, Lynn Hickman, Bowart, and a few others(DEA, etc.).

For Fiction..... Don Howard Donnell(the best, by far, in fandom:)

For Articles.....V. Paul Nowell, Richard E. Geis, Vermon McCain, Claude Hall, Gregg Calkins, and.....myself.

There is some damn good talent in fandom...if you look for it.

1311 N. Laural Ave., West Hollywood 46, Calif.
(FIRST: I want to say that not one word of the letter we received from you was changed when we printed it. We may leave out something but we don't change the wording of the letters. Thanx for all your advice

and your interest in NC, of course we don't agree with some of it but then not too many people see things the same way. As you have no doubt notice we are still using our same format. And I don't see any change in the immediate future. I don't think the size of the zine effects the cutting of the stencils. So we can't get above 30 pages and fold? Well, #1 had 34 pages and this one will be somewhere above 30 and have had no trouble folding them yet. I think we could fold up to 40 pages. I personally don't think lettering guides are necessary but it seems that nothing else but lettering guides will do. As long as the headings are readable and neat I don't see what difference it makes whether they are done with a lettering guide or without. We have one lettering guide but it is so hard to use I don't use it. We are acquiring shading plates and lettering guides but those things cost money and we have to go easy on the money there is not too much of it around these days. NC #3 had 26 pages which equals 17 pages of an 8½x11 zine. We hope some of those you list will send us some material, and you too. Why should we cut out the local stuff???? If we did this we would not longer be the Official Organ of the OSFC. You'll find an article by Mosher in this issue. Now I've winded myself.)

CLAUDE RAY HALL

I don't want to anger Jann Hickey but I just plain didn't understand her piece, "Wonder". Guess I was born thirty years too soon or something like that. Boob Stewart's cartoons were swell. I gather that this Boob Stewart is the one from Calif. and not our own Stewart of Commerce, Texas?

Isn't it a shame that artwork on stencils is so hard to cut? Your artwork in NITE CRY is very much better--but still not up to what "good" artwork should be. I can't say anything much about NITE CRY'S artwork when mine was never up to par either. McMillan was pretty good--except on people--but as for myself, I just can't cut stencils! I really wish that I could because good artwork can make or break a fanzine very often. Look at what Keaslar was able to accomplish with good artwork. Oh, well, everybody can't be another Keaslar.

Here hoping for more and more NITE CRY'S. They definitely have the Claudius seal! I, Claudius, so swear it!

Orville W. Mosher or no, it was still drappy for lack of the shading plate you mentioned of having bought.

That novel, by E. R. Kirk--"Little Miss Judas" was well thought out, but a little dull to me.

Dan McPhails column was terrific and there's no two ways to say different. Wouldn't it be swell if he'd consent to doing some more of this "remembering". I'd really like to hear about some of the stuff they went through and did. For instance, he could give his own personal reviews of his own fanzine. That would be something. I'd like to hear about his adventures in the FAPA OF YORE. When ideas for material ran out, he could give biographies of the fen he knew. Very interesting source of column--if he will.

PASSING IN REVIEW by Charles Lee Riddle was also tops with me--except for his comments via Mr. Geis' thing. Whereas, he could never be more wrong.

CHRONICLES OF OUTER SPACE didn't impress me. I guess I'm just not hep.

With that, I thank you again for NITE CRY--long may it stand erect in the halls of Oklahoma Science Fiction! PFC HALL, US 54100511, 517th Med. Co.(Clr)(Sep), A. P. O. 46, New York, New York.

(This is parts of two letters we have received from Claude. You are correct it was Boob Stewart of Calif. You are so right about stencil cutting. It certainly is a delicate job. Even more so for us since our mimeo is 40 years old. Glad you like McPhails column, we are very happy with it. I know Dan will welcome your suggestions about material. He is doing a column for us so look for his interesting tales of yore in each issue of NITE CRY.)

((This is all for EBB TIDE this time we'll be looking for you all in the mail box, so drop us a line about what you think about NITE CRY))

The End

* * * * *

A NEW FANZINE COMING OUT IN THE NEAR FUTURE. SEND FOR YOURS.

L'envoi

Larry (Val) Walker 6438 E. 4th Place Tulsa, Oklahoma

* * * * *

made his headquarters, and I'm hemmed in muchly by mountains that cause my writer's heart to sparkle with inspiration. But can I think up a good plot for a story? Heck no! I guess I'm too busy looking at all of this scenery.....

If you will, please send fanzines to my army address--so I will receive them in plenty of time to write letters of approval, etc. It takes toolong for the trip into New Mexico and then out of it and over here--at least, too long for my fannish heart to wait. In the past five years, I've gotten so used to receiving and living off of fanzines --that now I miss them like rain misses Texas. As the old saying goes, "you never miss the water until the well goes dry". Well, that's exactly what I've discovered about fanzines. When I return stateside and start making money(for a change) I'm going to either sub to every fanzine in the world--or trade zines with their editors for my lowly fanzine. One way or another, I'm going to make sure I receive enough fanzines to read. Right now, I'm having to substitute a western every now and then into my reading diet and I'll tell you now that there's no worse death for a good little fan-loving stffan to suffer! I've come to hate Max Brand like I hate Richard Geis.

I'm sorry to say, but Muzzy is being held back until January. The only thing I'm working on over here is my SAPS zine and I honestly haven't been able to do much work on it so far. I've got about nine stencils cut and ready to mail off--but I want a larger issue than that, if possible and I'm waiting and hoping to think of something else to hack up in the way of material. If and when I get it out, it'll be a killer. And you can be sure that I mean that literally.

Galaxy is the only stf on the PX news stand. I've changed my Madge sub and subbed to Planet. For other stf, I've ransacked the hospital (near by) library for what few books they have. And then, I've got what few fanzines are coming over.

I went into Bad Kreuznach Saturday and discovered a book shop with some stf--in german. There's Huxley's 'Brave New Worlds'(translated) and a couple more that I didn't have knowledge of. A german translated them to read (the titles) something like "The Call of the Birds" and "Upside Down" or something to that effect. I didn't price the books, but the 'Brave New Worlds' was a pocket size edition for only 90pfgs or

about 20¢ American. It, I bought.

And now to Mr. Geis in the last letter section.

I suppose that I could send him the original newspaper clipping that prompted that story--but I won't. Because it's four thousand or more miles away....What really makes me wonder tho--is how Mr. Geis can consider himself as an authority on newspaper writing.

My good friend, Bob L. Stewart--a past member of the fabled Monroe House ("We Beat Up Old Ladies") Gang--had deserted me, I feel like I've just been run over by his jeep! Irregardless, I can't let him go away with such tomfooled notions in his head about vampires. I know a little bit about them, having studied them for some time(12 yrs). First, the vampire bat is never what you'd term as "small" and secondly-- it can suck an awful lot of blood. They urinate quite frequently --more so than a dog. I've heard of actual reports from old timers of cowboys who had the blood drained from them during the night by such tiny little creatures. Most of the bodies would be found without a bit of blood in them. However, my story did not concern these vampire bats of the general regions of New Mexico, Texas and Old Mexico. I was referring, indirectly to the type of vampire that could change into man and did so at the coming of dawn each day. The actual basis for my story can be traced to a newspaper clipping taken from the El Paso Times. It concerned the report of a woman to the police of being seduced and then sucked almost dry of blood by this Italianish looking man. I can furnish the clipping (upon my return) or you can check MUZZY one for a filler I used concerning the incident. As to the vampire bats that exist on the plains, you'd better believe that it can suck the blood completely out of a human body!! They are known to leave cows so weak as to be unable to eat or drink in some cases-- thus dying. If not dying, because of not being weak from loss of blood, the cows become affected with some kind of disease with which I'm not familiar and the disease is then transmitted thusly to the whole herd of cows.

About vampires, I know! Stewart is just a neo where vampires are concerned. His field is the plowed one.

THE END

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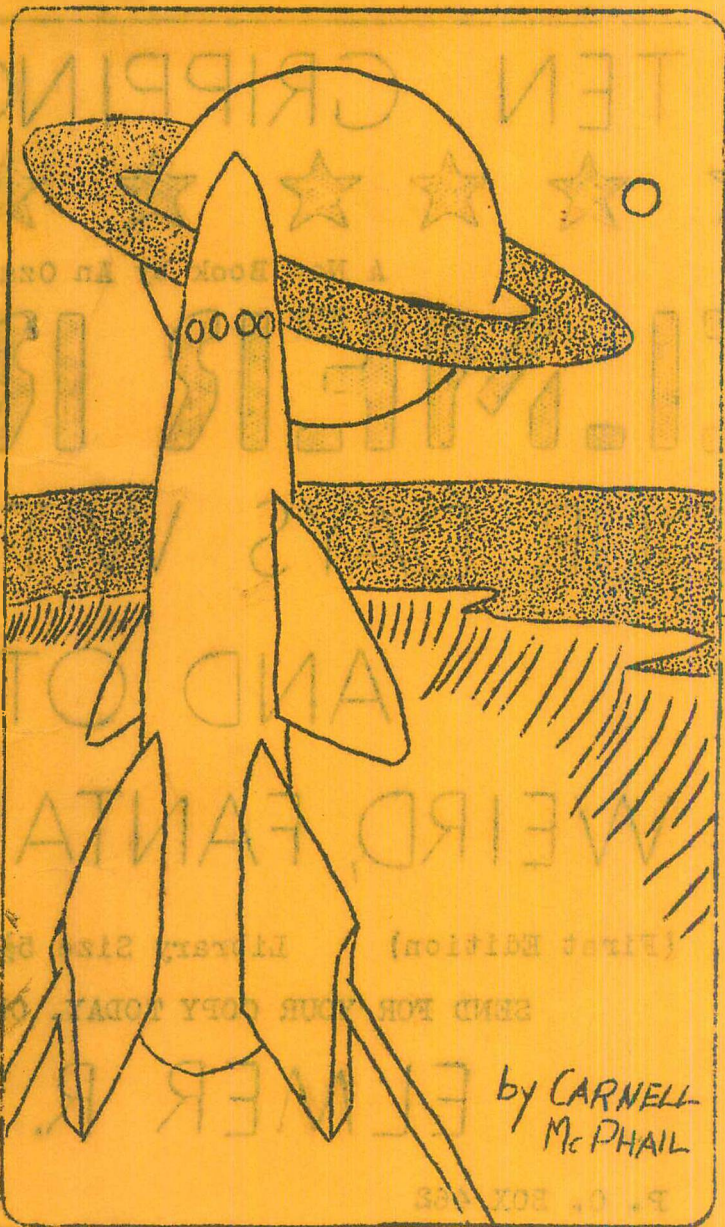
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