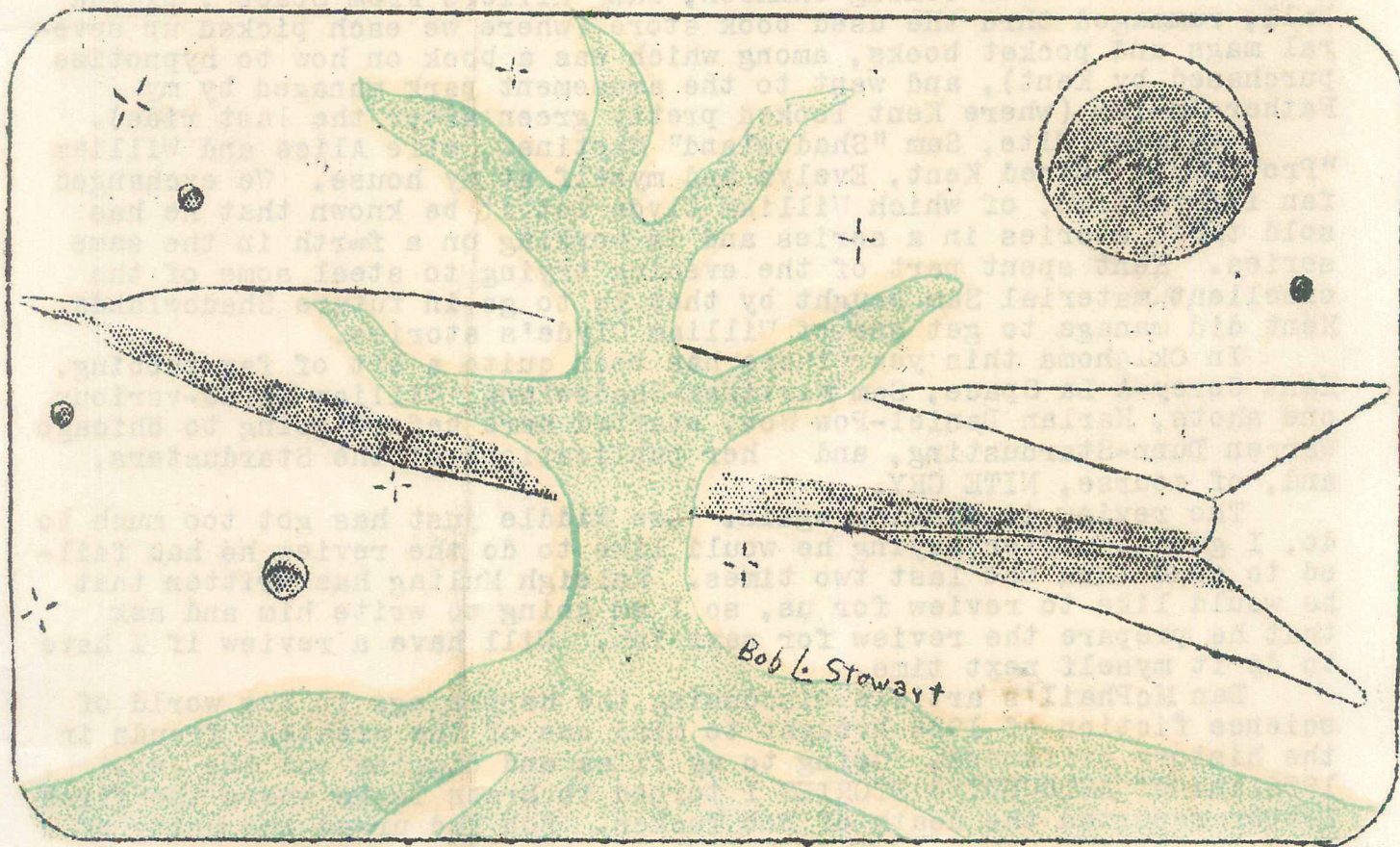


5

NITE CRY

JULY 1954



EDITORIALLY SPEAKING...

Time for the editorial, NITE CRY is a little late again, and with the temperature about 110 deg. F. I am not much in the mood for banging on the ole typer.

This past weekend (this is Tuesday) Kent "A La Space" Corey spent Saturday and Sunday with us. We talked over fannish things, made plans for the forth coming OKLACON, saw "Killers From Space", played ball, rummaged thru the used book store (where we each picked up several mags and pocket books, among which was a book on how to hypnotize purchased by Kent), and went to the amusement park managed by my Father-in-law (where Kent looked pretty green after the last ride).

Saturday Nite, Sam "Shadowland" Martinez, wife Alice and William "Pro" Clyde joined Kent, Evelyn and myself at my house. We exchanged fan information, of which William Clyde let it be known that he has sold three stories in a series and is working on a fourth in the same series. Kent spent part of the evening trying to steal some of the excellent material Sam bought by that is to go in future Shadowlands. Kent did manage to get one of William Clyde's stories.

In Oklahoma this year there has been quite a bit of fan-pubbing. Kent Corey-A La Space, Sam Martinez-Shadowland, William Clyde-various one shots, Harlan Daniel-Pow Wow, started here before going to Chicago, Warren Dunn-Stardusting, and her publications of the Stardusters, and, of course, NITE CRY.

The review is missing again. Lee Riddle just has got too much to do, I guess. After saying he would like to do the review he had failed to come thru the last two times. Raleigh Multag has written that he would like to review for us, so I am going to write him and ask that he prepare the review for next ish. Will have a review if I have to do it myself next time.

Dan McPhail's article discussing the happenings in the world of science fiction of 1936 brought to mind one of the greatest frauds in the history of fandom. Going to my files and digging out the Jan. 1936 ish of ASTOUNDING STORIES I turned to Brass Tacks where the first letter reported the death of Bob Tucker. Bob had urged the unity of

cont'd on page 12

DON CHAPPELL
editor
publisher

NITE CRY

EVELYN
art editor
co-publisher

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ART

Front Cover
BoB L. Stewart

Burton K. Beerman
Claude R. Hall
Evelyn

Back Cover
Walt Bowart

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PERFECT DISGUISE



by Buddy Nelson

He was a lithe youth in appearance, somewhere within the age group of twenty and above. Curls of vivid black hair hung in a slightly girlish fashion across his forehead, giving him that "hell for the devil" attractiveness. He walked slowly now, the tweed sport-suit hiding the height of his six three frame of muscles and sinew as tough as rawhide. His stroll was gracefully silent, poised on the balls of his feet, padding like a cat and his eyes, which often laughed when his face did not, were searching each street that he passed, yet giving no sign that he was doing more than taking an innocent afternoon pleasure walk, admiring the sunshine of this beautiful spring day.

He reached the corner and turned up the street to this right toward the YMCA. Within lay safety for a few moments, until they, if "they" would be the correct term to use, could change his women tail to that of a male. Of course, they might have both sexes tagging his tracks, but he doubted it. He entered the YMCA, seeing her for an instant in the reflection of the glass door. Quite pretty, he thought.

The reception room was stuffy. He went through, down some steps to a dressing room and there filled a basin quickly with cold water. He splashed the water on his face for a moment, then with his fingernails, reached up and started peeling off the plastic skin and discarding the strips in the trash can. Filling the basin with hot water, he poured a vial of greenish powder in it and swirled it with his hands until it turned a ruddy brown in color. He applied the lotion to his face, smoothing it with his fingers, molding his nose just a trifle larger as the quickly drying plastic skin hardened beneath his fingers.

The entire process had taken three minutes and now with the brown plastic skin covering his hands, assuming the natural pattern of his own palms, and his face, --he was now a passable Latin American.

Except for his clothes.

He rumaged through several lockers until he found someone's cloth-

ing large enough to fit him. The someone would be surprised as hell to come out of the gym and discover that his clothes had been stolen.

Looking like a common laborer, he made his exit out of the back door, slightly limping for effect, favoring his left heel. Three blocks later, he decided to give the girl a little more credit than he'd thought her due. She was still trailing him.

At the next block, he entered a store that advertised a clothing sale on bright colored socks. He didn't buy anything--just stood there watching the doorway to see if he could gain a more accurate glimpse of his "lady". The girl proved even to outguess him. She never came in. After a few minutes, he went back outside. A coincident? He shrugged the thought away in his mind. Surely some earth agency hadn't devised a scanner!

She wasn't anywhere around when he came out but three minutes later, she was following him again.

He decided to quit playing cat and mouse. As he stepped around the next corner of a building, he reached under his arm and punched the tele-jumper button for six miles, which he figured would carry him beyond the city limits in the direction he was facing.

Then he was standing on a narrow path through a section of woods. Among the chirp of birds, the tiny trinkle of a brook came to his ears, so he walked in that direction.

At the edge of the stream, he stopped and sat down on a rock to think in silence and peace for a few moments before starting the return trip back into the city to resume his business for the Unit. He had hopes that his trailer had not been from some earth-group. It was unlikely that this was so--because he knew of no earth committee that even suspected the alien that watched over them on the planet. The job of the Unit, of which he was a member, was to keep a tight check on all problems of strict importance and to report to the supreme member of anything seriously wrong. There were uncounted thousands of Unit agents doing the same job as he but he knew of none personally due to the many disguises, etc, and the different lives that each agent carried on. It was their task to be inconspicuous even to the extent of marrying an earth elite even though they had to adapt special sexual organs to carry off the pretense.

He sat there, smoking and enjoying himself by contemplating the

beautiful females of his own race--for whom he yearned and--to which he'd return when his duty-hitch was completed. He was also dreading the several tele-jumps he'd have to make going back into the city. One tele-jump wasn't so bad at all, but several in a row were nerve-racking due to the intricate calculations that must be made instantly and correctly in orders to pre-determine the destination of the jump. Although the tele-jumper had a safety factor which pushed the disembodied person past any material object to materialize beyond, someone would be seriously frightened to have a man appear so suddenly--"Bump"--against them. Coming out of the city had been simple--he'd determined the percentage of landing near anyone--close enough to spot him anyway. But going back in, he'd have to be careful, materializing only where no one could see him--then walking the last mile or so into the city itself. Back in his own world, tele-jumping was the favorite method of transportation, but here, you had to watch yourself in order to not get caught by an earthing.

"Hello." The voice said behind him.

He jumped clean off of the rock and almost into the stream in surprise. Then he saw that it was the girl who'd been trailing him. She was laughing at his antics and covering her mouth with the back of her hand, trying to keep the giggles down.

"I thought you might be a Unit man when I saw your ears as you passed me on the corner over three hours ago. You'd forgotten to put plastic skin on them the first time and conceal the points. Then, when you came out of the YMCA in a different skin and I could tell it was you because my scanner proved you had the same palm pattern as the guy who'd entered the front door--I knew then, but I had to trail you for a while and make sure in order to-----". She stopped.

He stared at her, realizing that the reflection in the glass hadn't done her justice at all.

"In order to what?" He asked.

She almost blushed.

"Well, the mating season for us ends tomorrow and due to the scarcity of U-males on earth now, I hadn't been able to find anyone to Pap me. If you'd oblige, I'd be grateful, cause I'd hate to miss the season this year."

He looked at her sort of warm like and said, "I don't mind at all. The Pleasure's all mine."

After it was over and they had shaken the dirt off of their clothes, each made ready to start "jumping" back toward the city.

"If you will," he told her, "please mail me one of the litter. Just put it in a bottle of some kind and I'll plant it at home."

"That's only fair," she agreed. "It was nice of you to do this for me. But are you sure that your earth-wife won't discover it? You mustn't give your disguise away, you know."

"No need to worry. I'll plant it in the garden. Anyway, I have a special disguise that I wear at home, changing it enroute to work everyday. We've been married three years and she doesn't even know where I work--of course, I don't much really, besides keeping a check on the population."

She smiled. "You're lucky. I have to clean house and wash dishes every morning and then, after my husband leaves for his job, I change disguises and start my tour of checking too. He never even suspects that his lovely wife leaves the house."

Both of them laughed.

"Well, she said, glancing around secretively, "I must be going. The Pap will be fremented by tomorrow and I'll see that your offspring is sent to you. What was that address?"

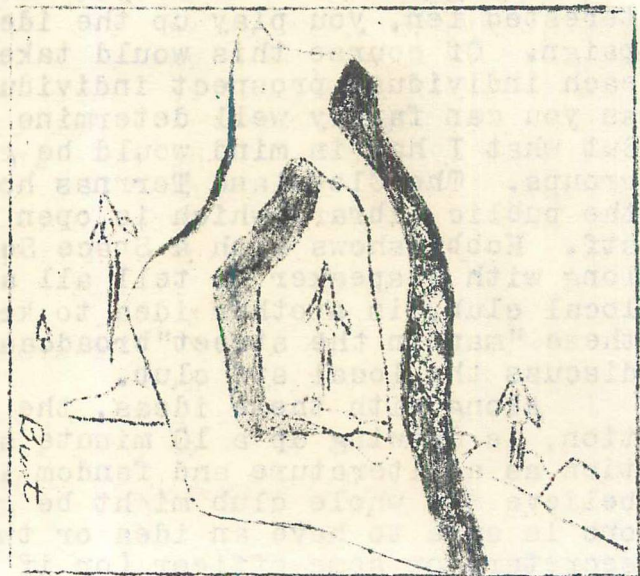
He told her.

She turned pale.

"My husband!" She screamed.

--*-THE END*-*-*-*-*-*

I would like to urge all fans to attend the FRISCON over the Labor Day weekend. But for those unable to make the FRISCON that are from the Southwest there will be the OKLACON Sept. 4th.



Fan Views & News

by Orville W. Mosher

It seems to me that the most effective means of passing on the news about your club is by word of mouth. The visual things like slip-ins in mags and write-ups in the newspapers just don't seem to attract as much as someone mentioning a fanclub.

This word of mouth method hasn't been explored as much as it should. The only ones who pass the news along are members of the club its self, if they bother. The ones which come to meetings are usually the ones who have heard mention of the club from someone else, and not from reading about it in the prozine readers column. I am not saying that word of mouth is the only effective means of acquiring members, but it is certainly the best.

I suggest that after you have rounded up maybe three or four interested fen, you play up the idea of a word of mouth publicity campaign. Of course this would take into account the idea of talking to each individual prospect individually (which is a good idea anyway, as you can fairly well determine if the club can use the individual). But what I had in mind would be giving of a series of talks before groups. The Cleveland Terrans hold a panel discussion every year at the public library which is open to the public--an introduction to stf. Hobby shows with a Space Sceince and Science Fiction Exhibit along with a speaker to tell all about it, and naturally to plug the local club, is another idea to keep in mind. If your city has one of these "man in the street" broadcast, that is a good opportunity to discuss the local stf club.

Along with these ideas, the most important one in my consideration, is drawing up a 10 minute speech on the subject of science fiction as a literature and fandom in particular. As a matter of fact, I believe the whole club might be glad to work on writing it -- everyone is sure to have an idea or two to toss into the speech. Then the secretary or some officer (or if your club doesn't have an officer.

Caterwauls to a Full Moon

a prospective column by John Hitchcock

Before I delve deep into the intricacies of Eighth Fandom, let me pause to make the rather overworked paragraph on Why I Gave My Column It's Present Inappropriate Name. I was rereading some old correspondence from Chappell when I came across a request for a column in NC. (It had better be NC and Chappell that wanted it.....) Astonished as always, by my strange lack of consideration for the poor devil, I immediately set my mind working, and, after breathing pure oxygen for a few hours and thereby recovering from the effort, attempted to choose a title. Obviously, the name should be something appropriate if I wanted to fit in with the regular scheme of the zine. Too often I have seen an editor try like all hell to keep some continuity of column heads, and some BNF calls his new column, beside excellent, something that render the fannish mind rent upon preceiving it glaring at him from the zine's glare-proof paper. It is only because I have a soft spot (bloody soft) (soft, nothing gloppy) in my heart for this receiver of vilest curses for his various innovations that I decided to think up something besides RENEW -Ed Ramblings. Therefore, I followed this thought pattern (watch out! Remember Gourland!): I want to do something daring. What, oh, what? (Pause, followed by zany leaps all over the living room, which is how it got its name) I got it got it got it! I'll adventure into the treacherous land of tritenes. At last some excitement. I set about thinking what trite ideas might be appropriate and probably because I am rather fond of oats, I decided to use CATERWAULS TO A FULL MOON. After all, I had to do it. My originality was getting trite, and I had to be trite in order not to be trite; however, some will probably consider me trite anyway, so perhaps I shouldn't have been trite in order not to be trite because I was trite to start with because I wound up being trite instead of being trite.

That was the initiation into eighth Fandom. The only thing I

have against it is that it's too trite. In order not to be trite, it should be trite, because originally that it wasn't trite made it trite, so that to the careful and experienced reader, it would not be trite, only HACKNEYED! Ah, that accused most of you; will someone please arouse Mr. Geis from the land of Nod? Thank you. For some reason, I didn't want him to miss the egoboo about to be dished out. It was in Erwins tenth issue that I found my name mentioned. Also a lousy review of Star Rockets, the other fanzine of Baltimore. This caused some minor irritation and incompatibilities in this fair city, which as yet are not smoothed out. Someone will have to use his head. Getting back to the issue at hand, I wish to insert a few comments that should take up a lot of valuable time. First I would like to depart from the feebly witty and marvel at the way the new fandoms seem to arise. In my own case (I'M collecting deposit), I remember the days of the height of 7th fandom, when I was completely inactive. The only contact I had to fandom was thru Multog, horrible enough, and everything seemed over my head. All the zines I reviewed in the first two issue of Renew were forbidding, with a few exceptions. Notable among these were SR and PSY. In the third ish of Renew, I devoted my entire fanzine review section to a page-by-page appreciation of the first issue of NITE CRY. This thing has an aroma around it I liked. Nostalgic sort of sentimental glop. I felt as though this was a new zine that should by rights get to the top. (All right, so my euphony is defective....) Other zines turned up like that (this is before 54)--among which were CF, SPY, ZIP, SFmz -- I could go on forever. These, I felt should be given recognition as having passed from the bourgeois into the nobility; but the remaining BNF's and such like stuck to their staghant astigmatic view that the best were still around--ghost inhabited the seats of glory; ghost like VEGA and SFB. (The fact that many withdrew from Seventh Fandom is unimportant; they withdrew from the ostracism-happy bunch calling itself Seventh fandom, but the era remained the same.) Perhaps now something will start. Now that both Browne and Kessler have taken cracks in the same issue of PSY at being Silverbergs, two things should happen: nobody pays any attention or Seventh Fandom agrees-- what's left of it. If the later should happen, two

things again should happen: Seventh Fandom yields--which is worse fantasy than that concocted in the pages of Vortex, or Seventh Fandom fights, which should bring about some decision. Never having given much thought to the matter of a change in Fandoms, I failed to comprehend the mass overhaul that is taking place under the bloodshot eyes of Geis and Riddle. Now I have learned that the only thing that could possibly stir up these egoboo addicts is something new in the Nth Fandom articles, concerning the "eighth fandom" zines and names. I put eighth fandom in quotes because there is no telling what might happen --7th fandom might reincarnate in much the same way as OOPSIA!, which it is apparantly trying desperately to do. So much for getting the b'hoys I think should get some credit into the limelight. You perhaps might ask by now, What about yourself? You're named in Kessler's article. I would much rather not enter into the cycle of rising glory to self-consumption or self-combustion which is the modern-day fandom, but plod along my own weary way, keeping perhaps not UMBRA and RENEW alive, but Fanditing in general around my house. I intend to set myself in a class of longevity with Peon and Psy--only time will tell. New interest may come along; college may stifle my fannish exploits-- I my even develop annishitis, that most disgraceful of all diseases.

THE END

Cont'd from page 6

then a member) will contact the Chamber of the Commerce for a list of addreses of various clubs and organizations about the city (it would be a good idea to register your club at that time). This list will give the addreses of the secretarys of the various groups, and the next step will be to write them. The letter would merely state that the such and such Science- Fiction group has a speaker available, and that he would be more than happy to speak before the so and so club on the topic of science-fiction. As a rule, most groups are rather desperate for a speaker and will jump at the chance if one were offered.

Maybe you can think of some other good word of mouth methods.

FINIS

I'LL COME HOME, SALLY

by don howard donnell

Sally cried. The tears rolled down her cheeks like the gentle sprinkle of spring rain as she sobbed on her husband's chest.

"Sally....." His voice was strangely taut. He stroked her hair. "Don't cry."

"Mark. Mark...." She looked up into his face, her soft brown eyes dulled by the film of moisture over them. "The baby...." Mark gently broke the embrace and stepped back.

"I've got to go, Sally." He stood there for a moment robbed from eternity and stared at her. But then he turned and watched the other men as they boarded the buses that would take them to the dock. Their wives and sweethearts were there, also, and there were many red eyes.

"Why do you have to fight a war?" Sally asked miserably. Mark turned and kissed her.

"I'll come home, Sally." he said, holding her as tightly to him as he could. "Don't worry. I've felt I would ever since I knew we were going to Korea." He took her chin in his hand and raised her head so that he could see her eyes. "Buck up now, kid!" He grinned, and she managed a weak smile.

"I love you," she said.

"Goodbye, darling," he said, and walked away to the lines forming in front of the busses. She followed his every movement until he was aboard the bus. She watched him sit down by a window and look back at her. He waved as the bus pulled out and left her standing alone, smelling exhaust fumes and feeling miserable. She watched the bus as it moved down the winding road and disappeared in the distance. Then she went home, walking slowly, feeling sad.

She cried all that night and didn't sleep.

The front was a dull roar to Mark's ears. Two short weeks after leaving Sally, he was disembarked at Pusan and was plunged into a literal hell on earth. War had become a very grim reality to Mark Ross,

and a very evil one. You marched, you fought, you ate dirt and saw people killed and did a little killing yourself. Then, maybe, you could rest a while before you started the cycle all over again. He felt extremely uncomfortable in the coat of dirt and sweat he'd acquired but it was something you had to endure. So, thankfully, wearily, Mark sank into a foxhole and rested after the forty-eight hours of action he'd been through. His nerves weren't quiet enough yet to permit sleep, but it gave an opportunity to do some thinking, and that thinking quite logically, was of Sally Ross. The thousands of miles that separated them was not so immense when you had memories and a photograph and the intimate knowledge of love that you shared with a person.

He removed his wallet and withdrew a soiled photograph. "My wife," he thought, and was filled with pride with the word. "What a wife or sweetheart meant to men facing death every moment was something you couldn't express in words. He talked to the picture. It was one-sided but satisfying.

"I'll come home," he mused aloud. He was bitter at the thought of the promise he had made to his wife. It was easy to say----then. Now----Now it was stupid. Death was too real. But it had been said, and all he could do now was hope he could make it come true.

He put away the soiled picture and thought of her again. He closed his eyes and mirrored her in his mind, recreating her features on a mental screen accessible only to himself. He pictured her as he saw her last; sobbing, with the wind playing through her autumn colored hair, disarranging it. Her face was beautiful, he thought, appreciating it more now that it was denied to his sight. That was his Sally, the woman he knew he must return to.

He was thinking this as a mortar shell exploded three feet from him, sending a sliver of shrapnel through his stomach.

A word formed on his lips; was caught in his throat. He twitched once and died.

The neat white crosses of those fallen in battle were laid out in sombre rows under the indifferent glow of the brittle stars marching silently in the heavens. Something was there---then gone. In the morning, the army was at a loss to explain the open grave under a cer-

tain cross. They marked it off to grave robbers or someone with a perverted sense of humor. With the weight of war pressing on them, it was soon forgotten.

The house was dark and heavy with sorrow. Sally sat in the living-room, staring out into nothingness, her eyes moist and seeing things that were not, and could not be. The light in the room was weak, reflecting the morbidity and grief the house had known. A yellow envelope lay on a table, the way it had lain when it arrived weeks ago. Outside it was night, black and depressing, with no moon and the whole of the galaxy showing. It was cold, and frost was on the windows. A chill wind patrolled the dark streets and peered into each house, breathing it's icy breath.

Sally started to cry as she unearthed a particularly poignant memory in her silent wanderings over the past spent with Mark.

The front doorbell rang, splitting the silence of the room. Sally moved to the door, not trying to conceal her tears. The veil of tears lifted as she flung the door open. A pale, familiar face smiled at her. She did not notice the small hole in the man's stomach as she threw herself upon him. Strong arms entwined about her. The clothes of the man were rotted, but it didn't penetrate the shell of pure joy that had enclosed upon her. She did not smell the faint odor of the sea and things un-lived that seeped into the room, almost unnoticeably. She only knew that love had returned to her. Mark looked down at his wife.

"I'm home, Sally," he said.

FINIS

** ** ** ** **

cont'd from inside cover

fans in his last letter before his "death". The editor (and I quote) had the following to say: "We have lost a staunch supporter, and he leaves a challenge to you to carry on. Think carefully over his message concerning sciencefiction organizations. There could be no finer tribute to his memory than the accomplishment of the goal toward which he bend his thoughts. Will you accept his challenge and work for unity?" And now he is a Pro.

Be seeing you in the mailbox.

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SMOKE SIGNALS

FROM OKLAHOMA'S SCIENCE FICTION PAST

by Dan McPhail

Under the above name, which was the title of a column in the long-ago OSA WAR DRUM, we again look backwards to the fan world of 18 years ago.

As spring came to the Sooner State of 1936, it brought changes in the science fiction world. Amazing Stories was to fold and not appear again for two years. And then in the April issue of Wonder Stories, Hugo Gernsback pointed out that he launched the first s-f magazine, with a circulation of 100,000 copies, but now in 1936 all magazines combined hardly reach this figure. Therefore, in hopes of avoiding the waste of unsold copies (usually over 50% of the total print), he announced a "great experience in sociology," in which he was taking Wonder off the newsstands and would mail it to anyone requesting same, after which they would mail the cost to him. However, this Vol 7, No.8 was the swan song for Gernsback and science fiction was not to see him again for 17 years!

Frank R. Paul produced a very beautiful oil painting on the cover and its 138 pages included illios by Winter, Schneerman and Paul. The best was by Paul and illustrated "World of Singing Crystals" by Gardner which also copped the cover. In the Swap Column is listed mags for sale by Kenneth Pritchard, Milt Latzer and Charley Hornig. Also ads for S. F. Critic and S. F. Comment (which did not appear, but Editor E. H. Lichtig contributed an excellent movie coverage for my Science Fiction News). The ten stories included one by Francis Flagg and Forrest J. Ackerman (idea by FJA, story by FF). An obituary for Stanley G. Weinbaum points out that he became a top writer in only 1½ years! This final issue mentions that the SF League had almost 1200 members with over 70 chapters organized and headquarters talks of perhaps a national convention "in two years". Notices report Paul Freehafer and Roy Test Jr. desire correspondence. The later is age

14 and likes Esperanto, printing and chemistry. 29 letters include two by FJA. One reader jumps the SFL, complaining about a chapter mag, The Brooklyn Reporter. He said that, like George Washington, the editor, George Clark (member #1) invented his own spelling as he went along. But I found the Reporter an interesting mag and Clark really knocked himself out in producing it.

From March to June, Astounding Stories concluded H. P. Lovecraft's "At the Mountains of Madness", Eando Binder's "Spawn of Eternal Thought" and began Jack Williamson's "The Cometeers", a sequel to the popular "Legion of Space". Feature yarns included Stan Weinbaum's "Redemption Cairn", one of his last; "Child of the Stars", by Raymond Gallun and "Shadow out of Time" by Lovecraft. Howard Brown did all the covers, the best being "The Shadow". Marchioni, Wesso and Scheenan did fine inside illios, but I believe Brown again took first with his work which captured the very feeling of being "At the Mountain of Madness". A special note must be made of the beginning in the latter issue of a science series by J. W. Campbell, Jr. with excellent drawings by Dold. Interesting letters were those by E. E. Smith of Skylark fame, Julius Schwartz, RAP, Bill Miller, James Taurasi, L. A. Esbach, Roy Test, Duane Rimel, Claire Beck, Willis Conover and Oliver Saati.

I would like to mention here that, in memory of Stanley G. Weinbaum, the Milwaukee Fictioneers produced a very fine book of his representative work. Titled "Dawn of Flame" from the feature novel, it also contained six other stories, with an excellent picture of Stanley. Its 316 pages were beautifully printed and bound by Rupert of Fantasy Press. Ray Palmer sparked the sale of the book, profits of which went to Mrs. Weinbaum.

In the fan field we find a dozen entrants for this period. Fantasy Magazine in issue #36 featured a psychological yarn by Clark Ashton Smith, a bio-sketch of August Derleth and usual depts. No. 37 (June) was slightly smaller in format. Dedicated to the memory of David R. Daniels, who died at age 22, it contained a sketch of C. L. Moore and news regarding a new Thrilling Wonder Stories.

The Fourteen Leaflet, so-named for Chapter 14, SFL, of Chicago, numbered 6 to 9 pages, printed on one side of a sheet and featured short fiction by members in its monthly issues.

The Science Fiction Critic came out dated June 15th, but all inside pages were printed April. It was dedicated to Hugo Gernsback and he commented that he discontinued Wonder because of a declining market prevented his continuing a high-type magazine. He said less than 2000 returned coupons favoring a "mail-order" edition. 12 pages included the very fine "Hammer and Tongs" by Claire P. Back, certainly one of the best departments of literary comment to grace any fan mag. Also featured was Ted Carnell's "Europe Calling".

The April issue of Arcturus was #4 and 15 pages. Featured an interview with Leo Marguillies, editor of TWS, a cartoon, London News-Reel by Carnell, science articles and the popular "13" by Willie the Wisp, which commented on that number of persons each issue. #8 this time said: "Daniel McPhail: This young chap, was a big fan several years ago who, after dropping out for a while, is making his return. McPhail's pet hobby is collecting fan magazines of which he has an A-1 collection. Started the Okla. Scientifiction Ass'n and edits Science Fiction News which may be printed soon."

Phantagraph issue #21 was 20 pages of interesting material, printed in both black and blue inks. Cover by Clay Ferguson, articles by Robt. Howard, Lovecraft, Louis C. Smith, Wollheim and C. A. Smith. Many short bits scattered thru the mag, such as the fact that the first complete story put into motion pictures was "A Trip to the Moon", in France, in 1902!

For April, Jim Blish brought out his 6th issue of the Planeteer. Large size, 14 mimeoed pages contained another space patrol yarn of The Planeteer himself, and a short story by Laurence Manning. Readers page included actual signatures of letters by FJA, DMOP and others. It was announced that original art work would be given for the best letter each issue. Seems this idea was adopted by the pros later on!

International Observer, official pub of the ISA, for March contained 22 large mimeoed pages, and featured gossip by Wollheim and regular science departments. Very good embossing on the cover.

In March appeared England's first fan mag, Novae Terrae (the original New Worlds!) Mimeoed, it was the size of NITE CRY, except its type ran "down" the page instead of "across". It usually ran 12 pages, monthly, with no cover design or illios, but excellent articles.

Two unusual items appeared about this time: The first issue of Fantasy World by David Kyle, 7½ x 8½, filled with cartoon strips. Mimeood, with crayon-color. Well-worth the 5¢ charged.

And as a burlesque, the ISA brought out Flabbergasting Stories, 8 large mimeood pages and sub-titled "spicy s-f number", which should give you an idea of its contents.

During this period, William Crawford (who now edits SPACEWAYS), was doing his best to get out a pro mag, but his efforts were confined to subscription. He was bringing out an excellent Marvel Stories and while holding its 6th issue in hopes of getting it on the newstand, he bought out Unusual Stories. This issue #2 contained 54 5x8 pages of fiction by Robert Bloch, Lowell Morrow and others. Unlike Marvel, this mag did not contain illustrations.

I have been asked to give more details on Science Fiction News, "Oklahoma's Own Fan Magazine", so---March featured a printed cover with the OSA emblem: a circle with the name along the outer edge, enclosing an outline of the state, with a rocket rising above, and an Indian in headress on each side. Editorial was In Defense of S. F. Covers, in which I pointed out that unlike other types, stf. mags could not count on the daily press to create news interest which could effect the public choice of reading matter. Tales of the future, etc. are items not often found in the newspaper; as are murders, war, aviation, exploration, etc. which may boom sales in those types. Thus stf. mags must find other ways of attracting readers and gaudy covers are one. The life of a newstand mag is a constant fight for the attention of prospective readers and a conservative cover may not only fail to get buyers attention, but in a s-f mag, may fail to give a "true picture" of the story illustrated!.....The OSA Bulletin welcomes new members Robert Feval of Muskogee and Wallace Wardner of Hobart. A committee of Francis Stewart of Muskogee, Jack Speer of Comanche and the Secretary are drafting a constitution. The OSA announces support of the American Interplanetary Society in holding a rocket air-mail test flight (such a flight was later made and a special stamp issued!).....Speer gave a complete coverage of comics and radio while The Rocketeer's "Flashes" gave a scoop on the sale of Wonder.

April had a heavy paper stock and hectoed drawing symbolic of all

Amazing Stories covers. This 16 page number was dedicated to the 10 years of Amazings continuous publication. (Note: Later a letter from the editor, Dr. T. O'Conner Sloane said; "I am writing to thank you. I only wish I could feel that I deserve..even a part of what you express....the very clever cover... appeals to me, for it has a familiar look. The editorial impresses me as excellent. You realize to the full my personal desires in the editing of Amazing Stories and I can assure you it is not easy to maintain the desired standard..we get words of appreciation..but few so well put as yours in Science Fiction News.")a drawing of "a new niche carved in the S. F. Hall of Fame" heads an appeal for the Weinbaum Memorial Volume....Edward J. Carnell (now editor John Carnell of NEW WORLDS) in "England Calling" goes into the attempts of fans there to get a pro mag published. Ted also contributes the first preview of "Things to Come" to appear in any fan-mag. OSA news revealed that a special ballot gave McPhail authority to serve the remainder of the year as President-Secretary and a Board of Directors will be appointed by him to serve as advisors....Virgil Leonard of Oklahoma City is a new member...Speer suggests we assemble an anthology..... in addition to Flashes and Looking 'Em Over (fan-mag reviews) a letter dept., Televising the Editor, was inaugurated.

May's editorial was on The Future of Fantastic Fiction in which I took exception to Eando Binder's editorial in Fourteen Leaflet. He claimed stf would decline into a medicore, adventure-type fiction because of a lack of scientific interest on the part of the public. My point of disagreement was based on a belief that future developments in the fields of transportation, medicine, education, etc. would tend to increase public interest in technical matters. I leave it to presentday readers of this jet and rocket age as to who was right.....a highlight of this issue was the first science fiction cross-word puzzle, originated by Jack Speer....with this issue, SFN joined the Science Fiction News Service, of New York and London.

The June edition was the 5th Anniversary Issue with a color cover of "Rambling Round the Universe", a pictorial feature with art by James Rogers and text by McPhail. Here, by means of a mythical "Solo-radio" a view of sights on various planets would appear each issue.....16 pages included all regular departments with Fantasy Films reviewing a Karloff pic, THE Walking Dead..... Cont'd on page 29

CLAUDE RAMBLES ON.

by
Claude R. Hall

Now rises the fire tailed horde
Toward the twinkles of the darkness
Softly pushing--the murmur
Of women-folk stayed behind.

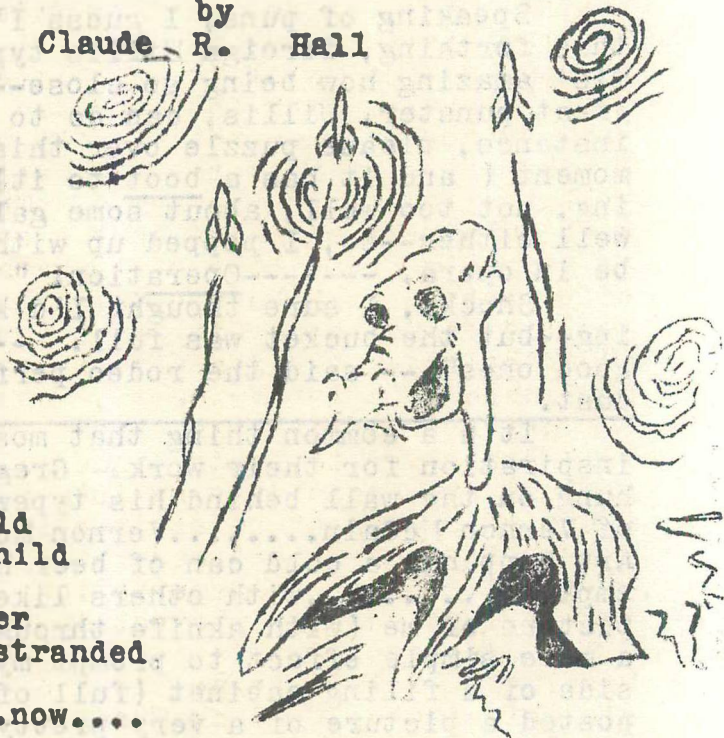
Big--the blackness that swallows
The puny "things" of earth.
Huge--the laughter, of the Mocker
Zooming, Booming, the rocket roar

Hence they ride, ever yonder
To seek the wonders not yet known
Hunt the star-lure, kiss the un-world
Tromp the weird soil of the space-child

Born--them--in thunder, die in wonder
Landed--lust wanded, homesick--but stranded
In rust, the rocket rests forever
Nothing will go--no, never--home....now....

* * * * *

Prose is more of a "seldom" thing with me-- as I seldom find the urge to express myself in that manner. However, having written the above, I deemed it suitable to for fan-consumtion--after several days



of debate with myself--thus you've now either read it and liked it or read it and stated: "This Claudius character should take his head out of the oat-bag." (Aw, I was just horsing around.) But, actually, when all due consideration is given, I must admit that I should get a metal for my contribution to Prose--and no flock of Geis in the crowd had better say, "O'er the head!" (That's a pun for the birds)

Speaking of puns, I guess I'm slowly beginning to absorb some of this forthright, foreign Willis type of atmosphere while here in Germany. Tis' amazing how being so close--less than a thousand miles--from the great punster, Willis, can do to a thick-headed fan like myself. For instance, please puzzle over this pun I thought up--on the spur of the moment (and it has a boot to it)-- this morning. Some fellow was singing, not too well, about some gal who didn't love "Dear John" any too well either--so, I popped up with this: With that voice, you should be in opera. -----Operation! "

Shucks, I sure thought I'd kick the bucket after that one--laughing--but the bucket was full. --"Now and then, I sure get off some good ones" -- said the rodeo performer, picking himself up out of the dust.

It's a common thing that most fan-eds and fan-writer need to have inspiration for their work. Gregg Calkins has a picture of Sam Mines hung on the wall behind his typewriter.....Richard Geir has a picture of Vernon McCain.....Vernon McCain stares in a mirror.....and Art Rapp has a cold can of beer hanging by a string (generally, soon empty).....with others like Mari Wolf and Nan Gerdning having a picture of me (with a knife through my heart). I, myself, have chosen a more simple effect to prompt myself into a writing mood. On the side of a filing cabinet (full of dull army regulations, etc.) I have posted a picture of a very pretty blonde which I cut out of a magazine. With colored pencils, I added a little "life" to her and now she smiles so pretty that I naturally had to find something to contrast with her. So, out of a recent issue of LIFE magazine, I cut two pictures of an H-bomb explosion (in color). One of the pictures was the cover--showing the fire-ball's eruption. The other is a picture of the mush-ball rising some six odd miles into the stratosphere.

A Hardy Race

by Phil Davis

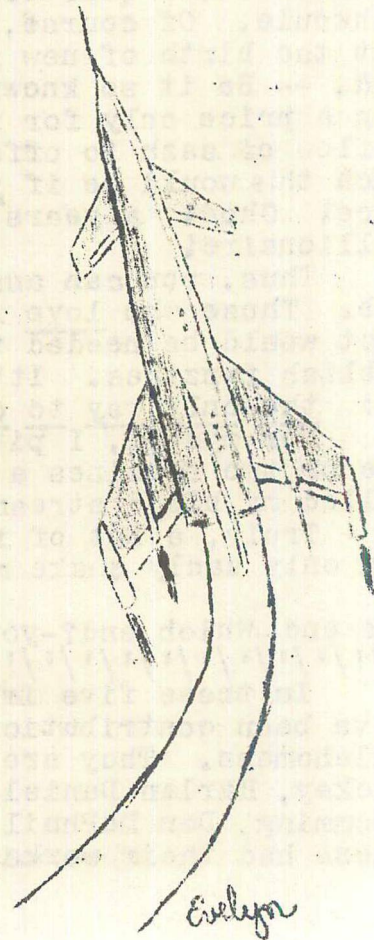
"We'll blast off at seven," The Captain said,
His face was lined and drawn.
And his bald head gleamed like a silver egg
In the first faint light of the dawn.

Oh, we blasted off with a mighty roar
Promptly at seven o'clock,
At seven:one we landed again
We'd forgotten to shut the air lock.

With our ship sealed tight, we sailed thru space
Bound for the planet Mars.
And we played stud poker all the while
By the silvery light of the stars.

Oh, we had a cargo of Yo Yo String
To trade for Martian wares.
For Martians thrive on Yo Yo strings,
They weave them into chairs.

They weave them into chairs and things.
They make them into lace.
They build their lives on Yo Yo Strings
They are a hardy race.



ILLINOIS

Ohio

MARYLAND

MISSOURI

DENIS MORREEN

CALIFORNIA

CANADA

Oklahoma

NORTH CAROLINA

From the State of Illinois Denis Moreen sent our way the following via postal card.

NC is quite interesting as a fanzine, but it always seems to just reach a height of greatness without quite making it. Your cover came out beautifully, and shows that a conservative use of color can be effective. For your type of zine, your cover format is good...Material is mostly so-so. Orv. makes a point with his suggestion about school clubs. But Orv. can do better. I think I liked Wegars' poem the best in the issue, although I'm not a poet-loving person by nature. But it is an excellent job, and illustrates another quality of the ever-widening Wegars qualities. The movie review is readable. I'm Curious isn't bad; in fact, it's pretty good. The absence of Lee Riddle's column was too bad, cuz I looked forward to it. But I'm afraid Lee is finally sinking from fandom.....Kirk is interesting...Fletcher handles the standard theme with good writing, and does it adequately. Although not being an Oklahoman (how could you guess?) I enjoy the history quite well--another high point this zine. You have some good letters, but the whole section seems dead. Perhaps you could liven it up by commenting at end of each letter. 214 Ninth St., Wilmette, Illinois

* Thanks for you card, Denis. Our Letter section dead???? We do*
 * comment at the end of each letter!!!! Maybe you missed them!!!!!!*
 * The comments that is. Eh?? Anyhow we'll try to do better.*
 * * * * *

LYNN HICKMAN

From the State of O-Hoho came Lynn's comments of disagreement with our #4 editorial.....

I must disagree with you on the point that no fans became active after leaving their teens. Although I started reading sf in 1937 and had

written in to a few of the magazines since 1938. I didn't become an active fan until I attend the Convention in 1949. I was 22 at that time. Another case in my own town was Don Duke Fruchey. He became active after I took him to the first Midwesterncon. in 1950. He was 24 at that time. I'm sure there are many more who didn't become active until in their 20's and beyond. I personally know of a number of who didn't. NITE CRY #4 was enjoyed. 705 W. Main St., Napoleon, Ohio.

 * Just what is an active fan???? A reader of sf and fantasy????*
 * Or a fanzine editor or writer or artist?? If "active fan" refers *
 * to the latter (editor, writer etc.) then we stand corrected. Since *
 * we ourselves did not become involved with fan-editing, publishing *
 * etc., until elected President of OSFC a year ago.... *

RALEIGH MULTOG

From Maryland and Rem came these comments.....
 Did you notice the poor reviews we got in the latest issue of that Canadian fanzine FIE? The guy's nuts! I like NITE CRY.....
 Whatever size you want to keep, it is your own darn business. I have just received the fourth issue (May 1954). And it looks like you have got a good lot of writers. 7 Greenwood Road, Pikesville 8, Md.

 * Fie on FIE!!!! We're just American crud to Fie.....But why *
 * worry about what Fie thinks of us if we like each other.... So, *
 * THREE CHEERS for American Fandom..... *

ELMER R. KIRK

From Author and Poet, Kirk of MO came the following.....
 NC came and, like wine, and women, it gets better with age.....Also, I have a sneaking suspicion that Brad Raybury is ... one D. C., or EVELYN -- or both. What a twist for a pseudonym! Old Ray Bradbury would surely get a bang out of that one....Box 472, Buffalo, Mo.

 * Your suspicions, sneaking or not is, oh, so wrong. Isn't either *
 * of us!!!! Yes, it's quite a pseudonym....Want to guess again??? *

RON ELLIK

From the West Coast came Ron's card which read like this.....
I was reading your editorial in NITE CRY #4, the one about teen-agers being the foundation of fandom; besides just reading, I was remembering something else I read once. Remember a story in a very recent Imagination about kids being used in rocket wars because more elderly gentlemen (of about 17 or 18) had lost the enthusiasm and flush of patriotism that a kid has until his 15th or 16th year. I don't remember what ish it was or anything else about it; but it did express the same point you were making in your editorial. Fandom is based on us teenagers because we still have the enthusiasm and excitement in us that comparative oldsters have lost. Not that one ceases to enjoy fandom at 16; the age here should be upped to 20-25. But the older fans don't think teenagers are fit fan, as you may have noticed in FIE #2 (re: Gerry Steward). I've never had that kind of trouble with American fan, though. 232 Santa Ana, Long Beach 3, Calif.

* Oldsters always think the younger generation is going to pot, *
* be they sf fans or not. If there were no teenagers-what would happen *
* to fandom?? Soon all the old fans would pass on. Or have they *
* found the fountain of youth or something!!!!!!????????? *
* *****

HOWARD LYONS

A Canadian DERELICT sends us these few lines.....
I received the fourth issue of NITE CRY, yeah.....A great improvement, really now.....I especially like the Fahr. 32 bit. Very nice.....The overall impression was much better, better repro and so on. The size is fine and what I meant is that the sheet is 7/12's of a letter size, not 7by 12, get it?????,.....You might pass the word around that the Lyons Literary Aid Society still has some money left if any old-broke or new-broke faneditor wants some. Remember though, just the latest copy is what I want to start with. PO Box 561, Adelaide PO, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

 * Thanks for the kind words. Guess all Canadians are not down on *
 * us after all.(re: FIE'S review of NC) We'll pass on the word and *
 * in no time should be broke. Like we American-editors seemed to be *
 * all the time... *

WARREN DUNN

STARDUSTER, Warren sneezed these kind words our way.....
 Received NITE CRY and have just finished reading it from cover to cover.
 My comments:(from cover to cover) First, I enjoyed the two color thish.
 It turned out very good. Your editorial I agreed with, mainly because
 I am a teen-age fan.....Enjoyed Fahrenheit 32, very much, however
 the satire directed at Ray Bradbury's FAHRENHEIT 451, was not too good.
 The author had a good fanfiction story in the plot, he should have left
 well enough alone. I skipped over the poem..... Orville's article,
 although short, was very helpful.....THE BOP SUIT OF THE FUTURE
 goofy enough to get a few laughs out of me.....The Movie review
 was good, although a little late. I must say I agree with Val.....
 The article I'm Curious hits me where I like it, along the factual lines.
Missed mostly the PASSING IN REVIEW by Riddle, he is goot and I
 like the way he presents the zines for reviews, even if it isn't ori-
 ginal.....All I can say about E. R. Kirk's is that there will be
 asmarter editor next time if he ever starts publishing again....Loved
 Love, but the plot was old.....Hall is good, but the article seem-
 ed like a column of worries, trouble and I-want-zines. Oh, well, was
 goot.....Sooner Flashback was interesting, but so was Oklahoma's
 Early Days of Fandom in #3.....Ebb Tide, was, as always, informative,
 interesting and helpful.....The back plate was simple enough to be
 good, very good.....1610 W. Admiral Rd., Stillwater, Oklahoma

* Your cover to cover comments noted and we thank you for your *
 * opinions. We missed Riddle too. But you can't print what you have- *
 * M't got, can you???? Lee must be a busy man lately we haven't heard *
 * from him for months!!!! *

JOHN HAMMER

From Illinois State again this time John's pushing his pen around to say.....

I received your 4th issue of NITE CRY the other day. Needless to say you're improving with each issue. The two color cover was very good..After only four issue you mag is looking like an old experienced one.... Artwork helps, and both covers were fine. DEA's contribution was also good. Anything she does is always good. How about a cover or two from her?.....The fiction was down from last issue..... Fletcher's story was good short reading.....Jann Hickey is your best article writer. "I'm Curious" was interesting not only in reading, but it showed her personality. She is a fan who undoubtedly enjoys science fiction because she has brains. (I take it Jann is a girl. Sometimes names fool you though.).....I missed Riddle and enjoyed Mosher. He has good advice in his article. I'd like to see his column continued.....I've got one kick and a question left. I prefer an issue of any fanzine to be all one color (except covers). I liked the shade of green. But good old black and white always are best.....The question is: Can I get a first issue of NITE CRY anywhere? I think I know what the answer is. 923 Daisyfield, Rockfield, Ill.

* We'd like a cover from DEA. How about it, DEA??????? Yes, Jann*
*is a girl. One of our Oklahoma sf fans.....We prefer one color, *
*too. Black on white is best. I don't think it will come out like *
that again.....No, we have no copies of #1 available. So Sorry...

DON WEGARS

From the State of California the Fog came rolling in.....
#4 was a big improvement over #3, as is usually the case with a new zine. The problem now is just how far can you progress. There comes a time when progress is impossible, but it all depends on the editor-- and his money.....Liked Fahrenheit 32 muchly. It looked like the author started out to write a satire and got carried away, making the story plausible in the end. I guess Europe has it's effect on Brad Raybury.....2444 Valley Street, Berkeley 2, Calif.

* I think progress has been stopped by many an editor for lack of *
* money (fan and pro) so we won't be alone IF and WHEN it happens.... *
* Don't quite understand your last comment. Do you mean THE Ray *
* Bradbury????? Or our Brad Raybury???? Our Brad Raybury is in the *
* Pacific..... *

HARLAN DANIEL

Who just moved to the windy city in Illinois writes us.....
NITE CRY #4 finally caught up with me last week..... The color on
the front cover came off nice....I liked the back cover too, but the
best illustration was the one by D. E. A..... She is one of the few
fan artist who has a really distinctive style. Stratford Hotel,
4131 N. Sheridan Road, Chicago 13, Ill.

* Sorry to have you move so far away.....DEA is good..... *
* Quite a style she has....We'll have a cover by her sometime..... *

SAM JOHNSON

And last but not least this stinging (ouch) note from Sam of Elizabeth
City.....

Thank for the copy of NC, although I'm dubious still.....Your
cover appaled me. And YOU ask about the value of lettering guides!
If you had had the wisdom to use them on that cover, your mag would
not look quite so sloppy. My first impression of your mag was not too
favorable.....General quality of material was fair. Just fair,
not outstanding or even above average, as some other people seem to
think.....May I hand you some advice..... Why don't you pay
some attention to neatness? Perhaps I'm mistaken, but the only thing
I have against NC at the moment is the fact that it looked so darned
sloppy. Seems that for a bi-monthly you could take care with illios
and lettering and typing. I know about how mimeo does some work, etc.
but there was simply no excuse for that. Main gripe was this thing,
I've heard so many good things about your unusual size, and wonderful
quality, that the real thing was a great let-down. I think people
tend to dramatize too much when talking about a fanmag. Still, it is
fairly good.....Main thing I enjoyed was Fahrenheit 32.....
.....Maybe I should correct myself by saying that your mag was by no

means a crudzine, but it is far-far from being one of the top mags....
.....I think you'll be better off to practice hard cutting
stencils carefully, and also rejecting crud when you get it. From the
sound of one thing I heard in there, I understand that you accept any
thing passable. No matter how short on material you are, don't contin-
ue doing that...go irregular if you must, but choose your materials...
.....I've got to be going so I will simply wish you every bit
of luck with your mag that I can muster.

* SO, we are sloppy are we? Not nearly so sloppy as some zines *
* I've seen. Why its perfectly obvious that most fanzines editors *
* don't bother to dummy. They must just type along on the stencil *
* until they come to the end.....Top zine??????? Whoever said we *
* were any where near the top? Not us, thats for sure.....I don't *
* think we do such a bad mimeo job. Consider this.....Our mimeo **
* is 40 years old....hand cranked.....and the paper is hand fed piece *
* by piece....and typewriter is 40 years old!!!!!!! We use good *
* stencils and cut them with much care.....We'd don't accept just *
* anything. Each piece of material is carefully read and we try to *
* print what we think the fen will like to read. *

cont'd from page 18

Ted Carnell reveals that Walter H. Gillings is preparing to publish to
"Scientifiction", Englands first printed fan mag.

In closing, may I review a Sooner "one-shot", issued by Edgar
Hirdler of Oklahoma City. The Oklahoma Fantasy Fan was dated April-
May and typed on regular size paper with a total run of three (3) cop-
ies, typed on one side of the page only. 8 pages of reviews of "Ark
of the Covenant" by Victor MacClure from the initial issue of Air Won-
der Stories and the movie The Invisible Ray.

I have been trying to recall who has the other two copies of this
little-known mag. One copy, I think is owned by Damon Knight. Owner
of the other escapes me at the moment, but it may be Wollheim.

Some day I'll compile a list of Oklahoma fan mags published to
date and I'll wager the number will surprise you!

FAMOUS. LAST WORDS



-DOWART

"OKLAON OR BUST....."
ATTEND THE OKLAON SEPT 4, 1954
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HIRE THE HANDICAPPED
ITS 5000 BUSTLESS