



Congratulations to our youngest NAMELESS ONE -- who, strangely enough, has been yelected Gilbert Stuart, for no discernible reason except, perhaps, that a certain Gilbert Stuart who happens to have been the NAMELESS ONE in charge of the China Pheasant Festivities also happens to be his father... Welcome and felicitations to the lucky boy that was perspicacious enough to choose a couple of nice people like Gil & Delcie for his parents.

The big whing-ding at the China Pheasant really dinged (or did it dong?) At any rate all 27 of us that were there can cheerfully state that us NAMELESS really know how to throw a party. More fun...!! Costumes galore! Even Ed Wyman peered out from behind his camera with a false nose on. Costume prize for females was won by a visiting witch that blew in accompanied by her familiar, a big black monkey. Her ghastly, ghostly green complexion fascinated the judges (or maybe she threw a hex on them). Runner up was a Venusian Priestess of the Sun, whose gorgeous golden glitter contained such subtle beauty that it was almost impossible to decide which was the loveliest, the gilded mask when she wore it as a mask or as a headdress to crown her beauty. Speaking of beauty -- we'd better not, because if we start detailing all the lovelies that were there we'll never get anything else done, and we've got lots to talk about! The male costume prize was won by a Martian Census-taker that dropped in to check on Terran recreational habits. I think he decided to remain on Terra... at any rate I saw him at our last NAMELESS meeting, minus the oxygen mask. Runner up was a certain tall, bearded Norseman that danced all evening with a black velvet catwoman. Luckiest person there was a certain young gypsy maiden that kept winning prizes in the lottery and kept turning them back so somebody else could win something. It's no use tantalizing you NAMELESS who live too far away to have attended, and if any of the local NAMELESS wonder what they missed, well, all I can say is you can get a small idea by dropping in at the China Pheasant, 10115 E. Marginal Way, any Sunday after 6:00 and diving into the Chinese Smorgasbord (!) they put on for \$1. All the Chinese Food you can eat for \$1, they say (Hah! Little do they reckon!) and believe me that stuff is GOOD!

NAMELESS NEWS NOTES:

The NAMELESS treasurer was jubilant last night with the information that the club treasury now (momentarily, at least) contains the magnificent sum of \$633. It seems that what with the Lottery, previous auctions, SINISTERRA money, and the proceeds of last night's auction, we are now in the chips. Perhaps this happy condition will enable further expansion of SINISTERRA and other services to the NAMELESS. One of the happiest sources of this dough was a windfall donated by our Seattle NAMELESS member named Weyman H. Robinson. He volunteered an armful of mint condition hard cover science fiction for the auction, which, needless to say, did not linger long on the auction table. Thanks, pal. (Somebody remind me to remind Mr. Fry the next time Robinson shows up at a meeting, so we can vote him our sincere thanks.)

As per usual, the meeting last night was very interesting. Aside from a series of assorted frustrations by the guys that tried to operate the projector (screw drivers were flying through the air as our master mechanics volunteered their service and assistance) the program progressed (for once!) per schedule. The panel discussed the topic they were supposed to discuss, the auction auctioned, and the movie moved (once it got started). We learned all about making automobiles (not hotrods, but real cars.) We found out that they are not made of tin, but apparently gucked together with boards and mud, at least in the early stages. The aftermath, also as usual, was an adjournment to the Social Chamber where the NAMELESS conversed over their tea. Unfortunately, the little birdie that gathers up tidbits of news was unable to join all the groups at once that sat around on every available chair, bench and cushion, and, failing that, draped themselves gracefully on the floors, to quote vigorously from the open books in their hands; and was only able to come up with the following:

ERIC & ISOBEL MOUM are mo'om to Haiti.. (Fry beat Carr to the draw but it was apparent that they both Haiti, like Hades to see them go!)

ERIC CARR is cooling his heels in Texas, waiting for the Air Force to make up its mind whether it wants to make a Pilot out of him.

OLE HUFF, Jr. of Aberdeen, has moved to Oregon. Still wants to be NAMELESS, tho.
GORDON LECKENBY has finally been located. He's in the Army at Fort Ord, Cal.
Address: PFC GORDON LECKENBY, R. A. 19367840, Co. G - 12 Inf. Reg. Fort Ord, Cal.

NEWS NOTES ABOUT NAMES:

Wedding Bells have been pealing forth for our good friend ROG PHILLIPS, according to confidential news sources available to anybody that wants to pay a buck for it. The name of the bride is Mrs. Rog Phillips, natch, but used to be Marie Wolf. If that's the same Marie Wolf that attended the NORWESCON from California with the North Gate bunch, all Ye Olde Correspondinge Sec. can say is, "Well, that's one gal that made the Norwescon pay!" From where we stood it looked as though they had just met, but never let it be said that BEM-blaster Phillips would let grass grow under his feet! Congratulations to both bride and groom and we wish them every happiness. It couldn't happen to a nicer couple. Ahhh! Love!..... Ain't it wonderful?

The next news (from the same source) hints at catastrophe. I quote, "IS RAY PALMER DEAD FROM A STROKE?" There, you know as much about it as I do. However, it could be very tough on Bea Mahaffey to be left with two brand new magazines on her hands, to say nothing of FATE. That's a big job for anybody, though she's been carrying it very nicely during his illness. (She's sure a beautiful girl-- watch for her picture in the next SINISTERRA.)

Those of you who have noticed the review in STARTLING STORIES on the Irish fanzine SLANT, may be interested to know that in the opinion of Ye Olde Corres. Sec. this 'zine is extremely interesting. At least Issue #4, which is the only one I have seen to date, is. The Editor states that he is willing to exchange SLANT for American 'zines and I quote:

"The present rate is 2 issues of SLANT for one 25¢ prozine, 3 for one 35¢ prozine or pocketbook. Current issues preferred, but any issue of any s-f prozine will do. Magazines or books mailed as 'printed matter' (i.e. in ungummed envelope or wrapped with open ends) go at one and a half cents for each 2 oz. No customs declaration is necessary. Nos. 1 and 2 are out of print. A few copies of No. 3 are still available, and can be included in your subscription at the current rate... Please address all correspondence to:

WALTER A. WILLIS

170 Upper Newtownards Rd.,

BELFAST, Northern Ireland."

Well, back to these United States again, we hear by carrier pigeon express that Harry Moore is not going to let anybody get away with calling his NO L ACON a mere No. v acon. No can do! Thass all wrong! So, ye naughty olde correspondinge sec. hides her erroneous head in shame and confesses that she was misled and betrayed by a confidential information source that shall still remain nameless. But don't let that slight difference in title stop you from sending in your dollar if you haven't already done so. Harry writes all kinds of interesting things (what I can decipher) about hotels and fan dancers and somebody having a baby (Hm! we have them, too!) and being a Pa Pa where he used to be just a Pa (not Harry, but the fellow that's in charge of locating a hotel that can stand up under the strain of a NO L ACON.) He hints fascinatingly about Doc E.E. (Skylark) Smith moderating a panel discussion, about Lillith Lorraine as a guest speaker ... but heck, why tell you guys what he says... you can send your own dollar in! However, I will share this much of his last letter with you,

"...I have the formula of 'guk'* now; are there any chemists, pharmacists, biologists, or M.D.s among THE NAMELESS who are competent to administer it?"

*Guk, those of you who are not Dianetically-minded, is the concentrated essence of Vitamins which is used in producing a Chemical Clear, or a clear by the Chemical method. Don't ask me how it works, because I am so very pre-clear that I'm practically muddy! In fact, that's what my boy used to call me, way back when...

LETTERS TO THE NEWSLETTER, or, HOW CONFOOSIN' CAN WE GET?

Tacoma (Presumably)
Postdated Nov. 15

Hi!

Here I is again, well stop shivering, it isn't that bad, and further mor--oh, stop it now.

To be seroius, tho, I write of SIN... and how surprising it was. The second ish was so much better than the first, that I practically dropped dead (any more improvements of such a degree, will result in one less subscriber) Also I awate no 3 with much eagerness. Oh, an' don't let me forget, before I close this letter, I want to include my quarter for No. 3. Now don't leave me forget like I did last time.

All the art work was much better. Also more of it, which is very good. The first couple of paragraphs introducing the HALL OF SHAME selection were quite "cute". But if you send this ish in to be reviewed by TWS or its companion, you'll get some sort of a reaction from the editor. . . . heh heh



I like the poetry corner, hope you can keep it up.

uh'udhav written sooner, because #2 really deserved a nice long letter, written just after it was rhed. But this colletch I attending, really keeps me hoping to (or is that a double 'p'?) get homework done. I'm somewhat behind in my reading, also, too, also.
(About a week and a half later)...

If I don't finish this letter now, you probably well never get it..used to was, homework kept me busy, but I fixed that, am now going to the vocational school, and such an improvement..one has only to pay for the books, the rest is free. And 'tis such an improvement, y'know the teachers are almost human. No kidding, I was beginning to loose my faith in humanity at that place I was going.

Oh, vell, enuf of that...

say, wh- don't you come out more of'ner? Or rather, why doesn't SIN.. come out at more frequent intervals- is probably a shortage of materials, huh? The 'Agony Column' was'nt quite as strong as it could have been.

Back again, I'm never going to finish this letter... letter??! hah--

The three stories this time were good, tho each one I liked for a different reason (words of wisdom?) The plot was good in Asteroid Meeting....(Ed. Note:.. com ents deleted! When you say that, Suh, Smile!)...and so I close, didn't say as much for SIN..no.2 as I could have, in fact, I really deserved seven nice long paragraphs. But rejoice! (that I didn't rite same) for seven paragraphs from me, would be long but they probably wouldn't be...

whosaidthat ?

Enclosed one quarter plis to find (Ed.Note: This part I like)

Zoe



7542 33rd Ave. N.W.
Seattle 7, Wash.
November 1, 1950

Dear Fellow Fan:

Finally found time for this letter, and I guess it's about time. Have been very busy, what with moving, changing to graveyard shift and changing sleeping hours twice, with attendant grief, doing a great deal of homework on a mail sorting scheme so I could do the work on the new shift (I work in the Postoffice as a clerk) getting started on dianetics (not ready to report on that yet) etc. etc.

Here's another poem....(Ed. Note: Sir, you are speaking of the Fanzine I Love!)

I have been reading science fiction for over 20 years. Of course, Astounding is by far the best in this field, and I also buy numerous science fiction books, mostly by Astounding authors. Read other mags occasionally, but don't find very regarding, since the old Thrilling Wonder, if I have the name correct, at the time of the Hollywood On The Moon stories.

My real interest in fantasy began with the appearance of Unknown--Campbell had the right formula for me.

Other interests, if any one cares, chess, stamps (only those I consider beautiful or especially interesting), poster stamps & stickers, Esperanto (have started to learn it three times, haven't made it yet, but still want to), 3 or 4 hundred records, lots of books, and many other odds & ends. Never figure to get bored. Wouldn't have time for it all even if I didn't have to work for a living. Guess that's all, so long now,

GORDON SPRINGER

Sumas, Wash.
Nov. 13, 1950

Dear G.

I finally found time to write, not that I would be too busy, but I am one of those that like better to read than to write. I'm glad you had a good time at Portland. I can see that all of them are much younger than me and have lots of energy. Thanks for the nice writeup about my flowers... we have now something else that gives perfume sometimes.... There is a skunk living above the kitchen He comes down and eats what the cat left on her dish on the kitchen porch. He jumps over the rafters in the attic, today I saw him on the porch in the daytime.

I got a little paper named 'Thrills, Inc.' from New Zealand. It is a 52 page magazine and is published in Sydney. It was a surprise to me but goes to show that there are very few readers of fantasy that are not honest. I guess they have not much to send from New Zealand. I have some odds and ends of mags, and I have 3 or 4 of the same, and some new ones I will send so the boy will have something to read. I am trying to catch up with my correspondence before Christmas comes.

How did the dance come off? I would like to have sat there and watched. My brother says 'Hello'... He has gone to big Texas again. Next year, he says go to Colorado.

I have been visiting my sister in Bellingham for 4 days. I have not met Rocky yet. My husband was not well for a while after he went fishing at nights, but is OK now. I have not heard from Freddy lately, I guess he is busy reading.

Best regards,

MARY BYLSMA

How did you like that? Shall we do it again? There has been quite a bit of suggestions that we have a letter column in SINISTERRA, but due to space limitations... well, anyway, would you like a letter column in THE CRY, instead? If so, you know what you can do -- write a letter for me to put in it!

In regard to when the next issue of SINISTERRA is coming out. I will answer you frankly. I don't know. All I know is that we have 4 pages of Norwescon pix holding up production. Now that there's moolah in the old kitty, however, no doubt we'll be getting somewhere. SINISTERRA #3 was scheduled for October. I am afraid it is not going to make it on time unless Phil can get his Time Machine working. But, rest assured, from what preliminary reports I have seen (not being very much of an Editor any more - just a minor assistant Editor to the Editor) it's going to be a doozy!

Also, speaking of pictures -- Ed Wyman took some very good shots at our ball. I don't know how much he is charging, but I do know he has prints for sale. Any of you who are interested in what went on even though you couldn't be there, can send in for prints. Probably won't cost very much, maybe two bits or fifty cents or so. His address is:

Ed Wyman, 2727 Warren Avenue, Seattle, Wash.
Telephone: AL 2651

Another interesting outcome of our China Pheasant outing was the suggestion made by Mr. Wyman that we have another in the not too distant future. He has access to the Press Club and says we could have a party there, complete with eats. What say, interested?

Copy

Of the Nameless



(Psst! Scoop! Have you seen those IMPOSSIBLE TALES? Toskey really spread himself on this one! Send a dime and find out)

NAMELESS NEWSLETTER
% G. M. Carr
3200 Harvard Ave. No.
Seattle 2, Wash.

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED



"Quandry"
101 Wagner St.
Savannah,
Georgia

THANKS FOR SAMPLE 'ZINE. I'LL BE GLAD TO PUT YOU ON THE MAILING LIST OF 'THE CRY' IN EXCHANGE. OK?