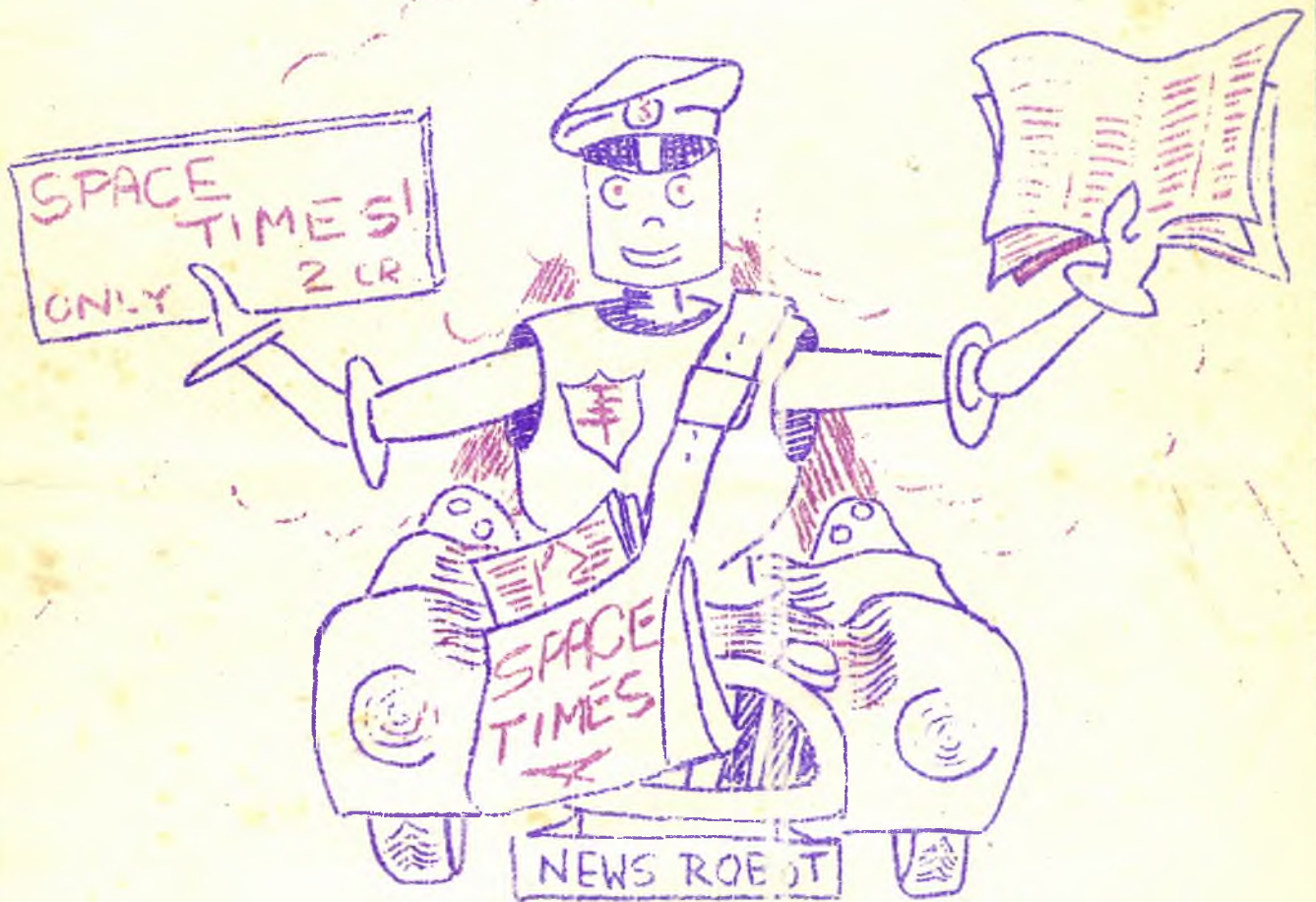


VOL 1 No. 5 OCTOBER '52

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# SPACE TIMES



Redwin



COVER BY BRIAN LEWIS.

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Space-Times is published by the Nor'west S-F club, on the first of each and every month. Editor, Eric Bentcliffe, editorial address 47, Alldis, St, Gt. Moor, Stockport, Cheshire. Printed at the Space-Times Press by Eric Jones, 79, North View, Eastcote, Pinner, Middx. All MSS to be accompanied with a suitable bribe, to ensure publication. Subs of 5/- per year to the N.S.F.C. will bring S-T to your Door every month, write, E.B. All binds, means and groans to E.B; for publication, not later than the 20th of each month. This periodical is registered with the G.P.O. as scrap paper...  
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EDITORIAL

by

Eric Bentcliffe.

The original idea of publishing Space-Times, was to provide a newsletter only. The magazine, however, seems to have 'grown on us', this is, I think, a good sign, for when a club of our size can support a monthly, then it must mean that most members are interested to some extent in "Space-Times".

With your further support, we intend to make S-T, not only the BEST U.K. newszine, but also the best fanzine of any type. Obviously, at the moment, we cannot compete on the production side with our U.S. opposites and their "photo-offset" and professionally printed magazines, but we do intend to feature material that is second to none.

If, and when N.S.F.C. has enough members, well, we may go photo-offset too. If you wish to see S-T continue to improve, you can help by introducing new members to the club, and, of course, by delugeing us with comments and manuscripts.

This issue features a short story by "George Rowlands", whose name may be remembered by some of our older members from the pages of Amazing and Wonder. "George Rowlands", isn't his real name and he is a member of N.S.F.C., that is all we can tell you for the moment, as George is a very modest person...

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THE EGO SPOT - BY Eric Bentcliffe.

This month we bid a temporary farewell to the founders of N.S.F.C., and as we gaze backwards we notice that there is no sign of tears. We cut to camera two and cue Eric Jones, -- the man who put Space-Times where it is today. (Alright you wits!) Actually we would much rather talk about the female half of the Jones Symbiosis, Margaret, but as Eric is bigger than this one, perhaps we had better not. (Ahem! E.J.)

We first met Eric about six months ago when he spent a day in Manchester. For identification he carried with him a copy of 'Unknown', which we immediately borrowed. We have got together several times since, notably in a Chinese Restaurant off Piccadilly (Lon), and several assorted Railway Stations. ---What's a Chinese hash joint gotta do with S-F did you say? --- Have you ever tried to eat Chow Mien and discuss the "World of A" at the same time? Try it!!!

Eric is like your's truly, a R.A.F. type, (seems to be a predominance of us in Fandom) and was a W.O. For those of you not in the know, the W.O. is a rare type usually only found in dark lanes near the W.A.A.F 'ery, or dashing off on a Wednesday for a 48.

Eric is at the moment, a civil servant, he did at one time work on chemical Rockets and one of his ambitions is to get sufficient quals, emigrate to Australia and work at Woomera. --From where the first Moon Rocket will leave fairly soon. Another ambition (shared with ye Ed) is to see Space Times with 120pp AND glossy covers, on sale everywhere. Favourite Stories - "Ole mother Methuselah" by Rene Lafayette, and H.Beam Pipers "Last Enemy". Favourite Authors, Van Vogt, Leinster, Arthur Clarke, and Neil. R. Jones (Just one of the family) Eric's other hobby is Leatherwork, (Astitch in time) and a quantity of Fantasy Leatherwork will be on sale at the Mancon.

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Does anyone know a fan, or fans in the North Middlesex area? (Harrow, Eastcote, Uxbridge) Help is wanted to produce S-T--- Contact Eric Jones please.

THE EGO SPOT - BY Eric Bentcliffe.

DALE'S DIARY, OR THE AMERICAN COLUMN.

by

Dale.R. Smith.

1,050 humans and Science-Fiction fans were in actual attendance for the tenth Anniversary World Science-Fiction Convention in Chicago. Beneath the flood of fan magazines, flying saucer discussions and magazine editors, undoubtedly raged several major currents of vital interest to fandom. But of these I am totally ignorant, for, this being my first convention, I was blinded by the glitter and kept busy trying to meet people who had been only names to me before.

A full programme scheduled and carried out pretty much according to plan, even though all sessions were consistently late in starting. Highspots, in my estimation, were :

Saturday, Aug. 30th -- A debate between Raymond A. Palmer and Willy Ley on "Flying Saucers - What are They ?" Instead of a debate it sounded to me more like a meeting of the minds. No definite conclusions, but a general implication that the Saucers are unexplained phenomena and not man-made, or visitors from another Planet or System. I had expected much more fight from Palmer in view of his book, "The Coming of The Saucers".

Saturday evening (late) - Open House for all convention members in the Convention Committee Suite. Choice of punch - plain or spiked. Beer in the hotel bar was better.

Sunday, Aug 31st - The following bits of data obtained directly from the Panel of Editors:

John.W. Campbell, Jr. (ASF) - Cartier is not doing any more S-F work. Not enough money..

Evelyn Paige Gold. (Galaxy) - Italian edition scheduled to begin this Oct. or Nov. .

Lester Del Rey (Space Science Fiction) - Going monthly.

Anthony Boucher. (Mag of F & S-F) - Anthology will be an annual event. The second is scheduled for next March.

Howard Browne (Amazing & Fantastic) - Fantastic No.3. will feature a story by Mickey, BLOOD & SEX, Spillane. Reaction to this announcement ran from groans to yelps of protest. But Mr. Browne contends that he is in business to sell magazines, and since Mickey, SEX & BLOOD, Spillane has a following of several million, he will help to sell 'Fantastic'. - I have just received the issue in question. "The Veiled Woman" by Spillane has the lead spot, and is Billed as his first S-F story.----Frankly, I enjoyed it - but not as S-F. There will be much more on this point raging in the fan-mags.

Hugo Gernsback was Guest of Honor at the banquet, and received a very large ovation. Other speakers included L. Sprague de Camp, E.E. Smith, Clifford Simak and Walter. A. Willis. We didn't get too many words from Walt, but we were certainly pleased at his attendance.

The Masquerade Sunday evening was well attended and the punch was wet. Probably the get-up attracting the most attention was displayed by a shapely Miss sporting a Third, thinly veiled, breast - right in the middle!! The judges awarded her, or it, honorable mention.

Monday, Sept.1st. - Panel Debate: "Fandom - Is It Still A Force In Science-Fiction ?" Pro - E. Everett Evans and Walter A. Willis. Con - Edward Wood and Dave Tucker. The Pro's lost the actual debate, but the judges added that they felt that many of the arguments of Ed. Wood made a good case for the Pro's.....

/cont.

Monday evening was devoted to entertainment. A Science-Fiction Ballet, complete with B.E.M.'s, Songs of the Spaceways by Ted Sturgeon and Guitar, which used up some time (or maybe I just don't care for hillbilly tunes), an atom-splitting comedy skit by Garry Davis, world citizen, and the showing of two TV films.

Philadelphia, and not San Francisco, will be the site of the '53 meetings, and they promised, with hundreds of witnesses yet, that their sessions will all start punctually.

Other items of interest: The Dec. issue of "Galaxy" will start a new serial by Clifford D. Simak, entitled "Ring around the Sun". Mr Simak's original title was "Strange Dog". - Sam Moskowitz's "Immortal Storm" originally mimeographed is now out-of-print, but a new edition between hard covers will appear next year. - "The Red Peri", a collection of Weinbaum stories, has been released by Fantasy Press. These stories appeared in ASF, TWS and Amazing from 1935 to 1938.

That is all for now. I'll see you next issue, if the editor doesn't decide to look for a better reporter.

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THE FAN.

by

Peter Baillie.

Science Fiction is read by fans,  
To escape life's dreary ways, and plans.  
To visulise the stars and suns,  
From behind the sights of Atom Guns.

To read of planets, far away,  
Where creatures weird, hold eternal sway,  
With earthmen coming at the speed of light,  
To save the planet from its awful plight.

From Betelguese to distant Mars,  
From Venus, to the far flung stars,  
Through time and Space and endless night,  
The space-ships drive on, in terrific flight.

Till at last the story's done,  
The hero, has the damsel won,  
And we return from airless moons,  
To the safety of our cosy rooms.

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" 4 "

SYNTONY.

by  
GEORGE ROWLANDS.

Peter Walden couldn't remember a time when there had been no 'Blue Lady'.....

Now, at 24, he was a presentable young man at whom Ann Claire gazed wistfully whenever she thought he was preoccupied, - which was by far, too often.

Lying on his bed, he looked reflectively at the small square pane in the centre section of his bedroom window, and decided for the thousandth time that it was not different from the forty other leaded panes in the window, and yet....?

When he had first seen the picture form itself on that square of glass as a child, he had accepted it as part of the fairy tales which formed his bedtime interest. The beautiful garden with impossible exotic flowers and spacious lawn, and then the lovely lady in a blue, blue dress who walked into the garden, crossed the picture, and disappeared behind the leaden frame.

Strange, he mused now, that he had never questioned nor wondered at the picture itself, but that the unearthly, thrilling blue of the girl's frock had always been the centre of interest.

Once, when he was twelve, he had reached out in the excitement of the moment to touch that frock, and his hand coming into contact with the hard coldness of the glass had shocked him like a douche of cold water, and he had never attempted to repeat the experiment. - Nor could he bring himself to examine the glass closely when there was no picture, though during all these years he had neither entered nor left his room without, at least, a glance at the window, and the window, for him, meant that one small section.

Had anyone else seen the picture he wondered? He remembered as a boy, trying to tell his mother about it, and of being told gently but firmly that it was not good to become so imaginative,----and with hot shame, his school-friend's crude comments when he had tried to share his secret. Since then he had been careful not to mention it to anyone, and so, through the years of adolescence and early manhood, he had come to regard the 'Blue Girl' as part of his private life, and a secret joy that he had fallen in love with the 'Blue Girl', he readily acknowledged to himself.

She was so alive, so vivid and vital; the grace of her movement and her glad-some, captivating smile had enslaved his emotions. Yet she had never glanced his way, never deviated from her straight course across that garden, and her welcoming smile was obviously for the person toward whom she went. "Who was it?" Peter wondered anxiously. "Why did the picture not continue like a film sequence instead of presenting that one short shot, always always the same? Always unsatisfying, though never losing it's ability to thrill him for those few moments".

Peter's interest in Ann Claire, while providing some emotional outlet, was always tempered by the thought of the 'Blue Girl', and so the friendship had not developed as Ann would have wished, and she often lost patience with him. Only the night before she had gone home alone after angrily bringing him out of a daydream wherein he had entirely missed her conversational gambit, designed to bring matters to a head.

He stared now at the window, as though willing the picture to form, - hoping again that something further would happen and help him to overcome the frustration that was growing in him till nothing but the 'Blue Girl' seemed to matter any more.

He urged himself to concentrate - to apply all his mind and will-power in an effort to bring the picture into being. Presently the pane of glass misted over. That had never happened before. "I'm succeeding", he thought, "I shall know now."

Desperately he applied his whole mind to the effort, and as the picture formed he saw that it was now shot through with rainbow colors that shimmered and swum, making the picture indistinct. His concentration grew until he lay tensed and sweating, striving to bring his entire nervous system to bear.

The picture on the window flashed and sputtered, and Peter felt the whole room spin crazily, then suddenly his eyeballs were seared by a blinding, coruseating light against which the entire window and the world outside seemed to dissolve!!!

He shrieked with shock and pain.....

Lon Arlda gave his companion a triumphant glance - "Now do you realise that these people have powerful minds", he asked. His companion grunted, "It was only one of them", he said, "And that one may have been exceptional". "Nonsense", replied Arlda, "You know how long you have searched for the lens, and how quickly we found it once I had persuaded you to search for the mind that must have knowledge of it". "I wonder if we did any harm by removing it?" The other shrugged, "Only good can result from removing something that couldn't possibly be understood by these people, anything they do not understand they either Worship as a miracle, or fear as supernatural, increasing their inhibitions in either case and so retard their progress.

"Proof of that is in the fact that they have been using the viewing lens for nearly twenty of their years, - a long time for people so short lived. Yet they never probed or tested a seemingly common article that was producing what must have been to them extraordinary phenomena. Look at their crude radio and television, and other mechanical devices!

"They marvel awhile but will soon forget what they no longer have, and anyone not having seen the lens will never believe the story of those who have".

"All very wise as usual, my erudite friend," retorted Arlda, "But don't overlook the really important point which is that these beings have minds as powerful as ours, and can attune them when they wish, as witness the demonstration we've just had. We should be searching yet if we hadn't called on that mind to lead us to the lens, and Froxa would never have lost the lens on his visit here if he had known the telepathic potential of these people."

"The really important point," replied the other, "Is that Beth can now rest content and not be continually called to the viewer at the behest of a being she does not even know". "Well, there's no great harm done since the lens wasn't investigated enough for these people to realise how easily they could have visited us, and we can return to Saloon with the good news that these Earth people will not leave their Planet before we have time to prepare against their coming".

He locked round uneasily, "I have a feeling", he said, "That we have one of them with us, - Let's go". He dropped his hand to the controls and the hovering ship shot away into space towards the distant stars.

- - - - -

Peter came out of the darkness slowly and painfully to find Ann and his mother sitting in patient anxiety at his bedside.

When he had recovered somewhat he looked fearfully at the window-----  
One small pane in the centre section was gone, leaving the rest of the window undisturbed.

"The Blue Lady is gone", he said wistfully, and knew with complete certainty that he would see her no more.

"What is it?" asked his mother, "You screamed and we found you unconscious and you seem to have knocked a pane out of the window". He sighed, recovering himself then smiling at Ann in a way that made her heart leap, said, "What does it matter, except that it's over and I'm safe with both of you".

(cont--

Long after Peter had married Ann and was happy in his children, he thought sometimes about the day the 'Blue Lady' vanished for ever, and about his strange dream of a marvellous spaceship containing two glorious beings, whose weird language he, oddly, understood, and with whom he felt an affinity.

END.

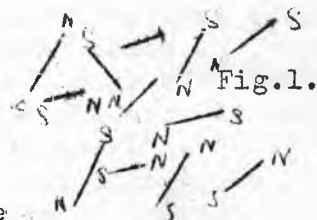
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THERMOMAGNETISM.

by

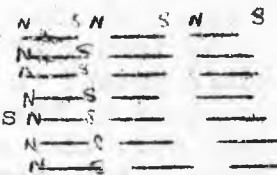
Terry Jeeves.

S-F readers will know the elementary theory of magnetism which postulates any magnetic alloy to be composed of very tiny magnets, arranged in random order. (Fig.1.)



By stroking, or the application of an electric current, these rearrange themselves in a line to form a magnet whose strength depends on many factors. (Fig.2.)

Working on and beyond this theory, Dr. Eich of the Boskon Steel Corpn. in Sheffield has developed a method of forming an extra powerful magnet using a heat treatment which has been brought to perfection in the Boskon Research Labs.

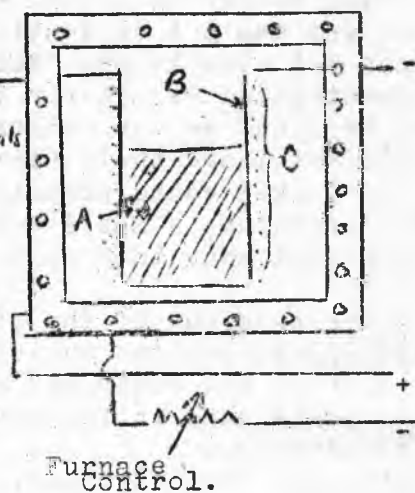


Dr. Eich's theory is based upon the fact that when a metal has reached a plastic state before actually melting, its molecules are free to move (with random motion) in any direction. If the alloy could be magnetised at this moment, all molecules could be forced into the magnet forming line, instead of only those near the surface and with fewer powers of movement.

Obviously, the stroking method is impracticable, even on an experimental scale, and the solution is to provide a special crucible in the shape of the magnet to be formed. Around it is wound a solenoid for the magnetising field, and the whole is immersed in a small electric furnace with provision for gradually lowering the heat to ambient temperatures. (Fig.3.)

- A. is magnet alloy in plastic state.
- B. Crucible. C. Solenoid winding.
- D. Electric furnace with heat control.

Fig.3.



Once the alloy is plastic, the solenoid is energised and the molecules are all forced into lines. The temperature is slowly reduced to normal, the field is switched off and the magnet removed.

Magnets formed in this way are at least 75% more powerful than the older type, the exact amount depending on the alloy; i.e. Iron magnets are 75% stronger; those using nickel, 90%, while those made of Nickel-Cobalt steel have not yet been tested, their great strength having damaged the delicate testing instruments.....Stronger ones are being made but at the time of writing, no results have been published.

In connection with alloys however, one amazing point arises. Metals hitherto considered non-magnetic, such as copper and Zinc, have shown definite magnetic



properties under Dr. Eich's system. Special uses have already been found for these super-magnets, one special type involves the magnetising of an iron ring. Since the magnetic field is entirely within the iron, there is no external influence to affect nearby equipment such as a compass. The ring is honeycombed with a continuous copper winding, and as the circulating magnetic field continually cuts it, an alternating e.m.f. is produced. Small models have been used to power electric irons which never cool, and larger units are to be marketed capable of supplying the heating requirements of the normal domestic consumer. After the initial cost, no further cash outlay will be required.

Already on the drawing board is a light plastic plane with a central rod of Nickel-Cobalt steel in two parts. When the rod is fully open, the terrific pull of the magnet will cause the plane to home on the North Magnetic Pole. With the rod folded, the aircraft will be at rest, and when the rod is reversed, the repulsion causes the plane to home on the South Pole. Intermediate directions are followed by the use of a second smaller rod, in which case the aircraft will fly along the resultant vector.

Some of Dr. Eich's associates are already calculating the magnetic repulsion power needed to attain that goal of the rocketeer, Escape Velocity. At the moment it is impossible to estimate the effect that this one discovery will have on almost every branch of science, to say nothing of its effect upon our everyday lives. Magnet-powered watches, razors, radios, cars are but a few of the thousand and one possibilities that spring to mind.

For readers interested more in the manufacture, than the use, the following notes (\*) may be of use. Magnetic strength may be calculated from the equation:-

$$S = \frac{B.A.t^{\circ}.\Theta.k}{L.t} (A-L)$$

B is magnetic field strength.

A is cross sectional area in centimetres.

t<sup>°</sup> is alloy temperature.

t is time of cooling.

Θ is phase angle of current.

L length of magnet in centimetres.

k is a constant for the alloy.

Differentiating, equating to zero and solving, maximum S is obtained when A=L/2. An increase in B, A, t<sup>°</sup>, Θ or K will increase the power, but in practice B is limited by the power which can be dissipated in the solenoid. A, must not be too great, or the field will not affect the centre. t<sup>°</sup> if exceeded will vaporise the alloy. Θ cannot as an axiom of geometry, exceed 180° k is a constant.

If all these factors are set for maximum, there is still another way to increase S. If either L or t can be reduced, an added boost in power will be gained (\*\*). L=2A is the optimum value for the former as has been proved. The only remaining variable being t, it has been given great attention. Automatic

controls have already reduced it considerably, rationing has also cut down t. It is obvious that as t approaches zero, S approaches infinity. If a method of instantaneously cooling the magnet from, say 1000° to zero can be found, the problem of Escape Velocity will have been solved. Unfortunately, this requires the application of a perfect square wave, but Dr. Geo. Smith is working on the problem and his researches show promise.

This is only a brief resumé of Dr. Eich's work. A more detailed and technical account may be found in the Bibliography.

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(\*) Taken from 'Some Aspects of Applied Thermomagnetism in Alloys'.  
 (\*\*) Reduction of underlings increases stature.....Euclid Bk. 1Va.

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SOMETHING LACKING.

by

Joe Bowman.

A programme on the wireless the other day made me sit up with a start. I was listening to a controversy on "Life on Other Planets", and the bit that made me sit up was the remark by one of the conversationalists, - that writers of Science-Fiction were lacking in imagination. I was indignant. Who were these smug intellectuals, sitting back and accusing the authors of my favorite literature of not enough imagination. Some of the people were convinced that just the opposite was the case, that science-fiction readers and writers were over-imaginative. Yet when I sat back again to think it out, I came to the conclusion that the gentleman in question could be right after all.

For what is a B.E.M.? It is merely a protracted image of an Earth animal with fancy trimmings. What science-fiction writer can claim to have created something really new? He merely takes a creature that he knows of, exaggerates it, gives it a couple of extra eyes, horns, claws, from his stock in trade, and there is your Martian/Venetian/Plutonian B.E.M. If it is to be a Human B.E.M., he imagines an Earthman, twists him about a bit, gives him extra eyes, horns, claws, legs, from his stock --but why repeat myself ! But can any S-F author ever lay claim to creating anything as outlandish, as mind staggering, as the giant reptiles that roamed our little old earth in the misty past ? Some creatures on Earth, even now, are more grotesque than any imaginary B.E.M. ever thought of; there are creatures in the deeps of the sea that even exceed a fan's wildest nightmares....This old world of ours can show us creatures more weird than the wildest 'other-world' fantasy ever conceived by man.

When an author or fan really shows us something new; we'll doff our hats to him...But who can really be expected to get a glimpse of what might really exist on another world ? Things are beyond imagining..But our Authors really try, and we appreciate it, - and isn't it a change to be accused of being UNDER-IMAGINATIVE ?

\*\*\*\*\*

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In this, and subsequent issues, we intend to reprint what we consider to be "Fan Classics" chosen from Fanzines published pre-war. If you know of a story, or article which you consider to fall into this category, we would be pleased to hear from you.....

FAN CLASSIC No.1.

TRAVEL BY WIRE.

by

Arthur.C.Clarke.

Reprinted from "Amateur Science Stories", Dec '37, by permission of E.J.(Ted) Carnell.

You people can have no idea of the troubles and trials we had to endure before we perfected the radio-transporter, not that it's quite perfect even yet. The greatest difficulty, as it had been in television thirty years before, was improving definition, and we spent nearly five years over that little problem. As you will have seen in the Science Museum, the first object that we transmitted was a wooden cube, which was assembled all right, only instead of being one solid block, it consisted of millions of little spheres. In fact, it looked just like a solid edition of one of the early television pictures, for instead of dealing with the object molecule by molecule or better still electron by electron, our scanners took little chunks at a time.

This didn't matter for some things, but if we wanted to transmit objects of art, let alone human beings, we would have to improve the process considerably. This we managed to do by using the delta-ray scanners all round our subject, above, below, right, left, in front and behind. It was a lovely game synchronising all six, I can tell you, but when it was done we found that the transmitted elements were ultra-microscopic in size, which was quite good enough for most purposes.

Then, when they weren't looking, we borrowed a guinea pig from the biology people on the 37th floor, and sent it through the apparatus. It came through in excellent condition, except for the fact that it was dead. So we had to return it to its owner with a polite request for a post mortem. They raved a bit at first, saying that the unfortunate creature had been inoculated with the only specimens of some germs they'd spent months rearing from the bottle. They were so annoyed, in fact, that they flatly refused our request.

Such insubordination on the part of mere biologists, was of course deplorable, and we promptly generated a high frequency field in their laboratory and gave them all fever for a few minutes. The postmortem results came up in half an hour the verdict being that the creature was in perfect condition but had died of shock, with a rider to the effect that if we wanted to try the experiment again we should blindfold our victims. We were also told that a combination lock had been fitted to the 37th. floor to protect it from the depredations of kleptomaniacal mechanics who should be washing sars in a garage. We could not let this pass, so we immediately X-rayed their lock, and to their complete consternation told them what the keyword was.

That is the best of being in our line, you can always do what you like with the other people. The chemists on the next floor were our only serious rivals, but we generally came out on top. Yes, I remember that time they slipped some vile organic stuff into our lab, through a hole in the ceiling. We had to work in respirators for a month, but we had our revenge later. Every night after the staff had left, we used to send a dose of mild cosmoics into the lab, and curdled all their beautiful precipitates, until one evening old Professor Hudson stayed

Travel by wire/cot.

behind and we nearly finished him off. But to get back to my story-----

We obtained another guinea pig, chloroformed it, and sent it through the transmitter. To our delight, it revived. We immediately had it killed and stuffed for the benefit of posterity. You can see it in the museum with the rest of our apparatus.

But if we wanted to start a passenger service, this would never do - it would be too much like an operation to suit most people. However, by cutting down the transmitting time to a ten-thousandth of a second, and thus reducing the shock, we managed to send another guinea pig in full possession of its faculties. This one was also stuffed.

The time had obviously come for one of us to try out the apparatus, but as we realised what a loss it would be to humanity should anything go wrong, we found a suitable victim in the person of Professor Kingston, who teaches Greek or something foolish on the 197th. floor. We lured him to the transmitter with a copy of Homer, switched on the field, and by the row from the receiver, we knew he'd arrived safely and in full possession of his faculties, such as they were. We would have liked to have him stuffed as well, but it couldn't be arranged.

After that we went through in turns, found the experience quite painless, and decided to put the device on the market. I expect you can remember the excitement there was when we first demonstrated our little toy to the Press. Of course we had the dickens of a job convincing them that it wasn't a fake, and they didn't really believe it until they had been through the transporter themselves. We drew the line though at Lord Rosscastle, who would have blown the fuses even if we could have got him into the transmitter.

This demonstration gave us so much publicity that we had no trouble at all in forming a company. We bade a reluctant farewell to the Research Foundation, told the remaining scientists that perhaps one day we'd heap coals of fire on their heads by sending them a few millions, and started to design our first commercial senders and receivers.

The first service was inaugurated on May 10th, 1962. The ceremony took place in London, at the transmitting end, though at the Paris receiver there were enormous crowds watching to see the first passengers arrive, and probably hoping they wouldn't. Amid cheers from the assembled thousands, the Prime Minister pressed a button (which wasn't connected to anything), the chief engineer threw a switch (which was) and a large Union Jack faded from view and appeared again in Paris, rather to the annoyance of some patriotic Frenchmen.

After that, passengers began to stream through at a rate which left the Customs officials helpless. The service was a great and instantaneous success, as we only charged £2 per person. This, we considered very moderate, for the electricity used cost quite one hundredth of a penny.

Before long we had services to all the big cities of Europe, by cable that is, not radio. A wired system was safer, though it was dreadfully difficult to lay polyaxial cables, costing £500 a mile, under the Channel. Then, in conjunction with the Post Office, we began to develop internal services between the large towns. You may remember our slogans "Travel by Phone" and "It's quicker by Wire" which were heard everywhere in 1963. Soon, practically everyone used our circuits and we were handling thousands of tons of freight per day.

Naturally, there were accidents, but we could point out that we had done what no Minister of Transport had ever done, reduced road fatalities to a mere ten thousand a year. We lost one client in six million, which was pretty good even to start with, though our record is even better now. Some of the mishaps that occurred were very peculiar indeed, and in fact there are quite a few cases

which we haven't explained to the dependants yet, or to the insurance companies either.

One common complaint was earthing along the line. When that happened, our unfortunate passenger was just dissipated into nothingness. I suppose his or her molecules would be distributed more or less evenly over the entire earth. I remember one particularly gruesome accident when the apparatus failed in the middle of a transmission. You can guess the result...Perhaps even worse was what happened when two lines got crossed and the currents were mixed.

Of course, not all accidents were as bad as these. Sometimes, owing to a high resistance in the circuit, a passenger would lose anything up to five stone in transit, which generally cost us about £1000, and enough free meals to restore the missing ebopoint. Fortunately, we were soon able to make money out of this affair, for fat people came along to be reduced to manageable dimensions. We made a special apparatus which transmitted massive dowagers round resistance coils and reassembled them where they started, minus the cause of the trouble. "So quick my dear, and quite painless! I'm sure they could take off that 150 pounds you want to lose in no time! Or is it 200?"

We also had a good deal of trouble through interference and induction. You see, our apparatus picked up various electrical disturbances and superimposed them on the object under transmission. As a result many people came out looking like nothing on earth and very little on Mars and Venus. they could usually be straightened out by the plastic surgeons, but some of the products had to be seen to be believed.

Fortunately these difficulties have been largely overcome now that we use the micro-beams for our carrier, though now and then accidents still occur. I expect you remember that big lawsuit we had last year with Lita Cordova, the television star, who claimed £1,000,000. damages from us for alleged loss of beauty. She asserted that one of her eyes had moved during a transmission, but I couldn't see any difference myself and nor could the jury, who had enough opportunity. She had hysterics in the court when our Chief Electrician went into the box and said bluntly, to the alarm of both sides' lawyers, that if anything really had gone wrong with the transmission, Miss Cordova wouldn't have been able to recognise herself had any cruel person handed her a mirror.

Lots of people ask us when we'll have a service to Venus or Mars. Doubtless that will come in time, but of course the difficulties are pretty considerable. There is so much Sun static in space, not to mention the various reflecting layers everywhere. Even the micro-waves are stopped by the Appleton "Q" layer at 1000,000 Km. you know. Until we can pierce that Interplanetary shares are still safe.

Well, I see it's nearly 22, so I'd best be leaving. I have to be in New York by midnight. What's that? Oh, no, I'M going by plane, I don't "travel by wire"! You see, I helped to invent the thing!!!!

Rockets for me! Goodnight!

END.

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IF YOU ARE NOT A MEMBER OF N.S.F.C., THEN YOU NEED THE 'CHECKLIST OF SCIENCE-FICTION & FANTASY' which gives you all the magazines, P.B's & Books published in G.B. Part one, (magazines) is now ready and costs 2/- or for all three parts 5/- or 75¢. Write, Eric Bentcliffe, 47, Alldis St, Gt. Moor, Stockport, Cheshire.....U.S.A. Dale R. Smith, 3744, Oakland Ave, Minneapolis, Minnesota, U.S.A.

NEWS AND VIEWS.

by  
Eric Benteliffe.

Nebula has arrived!!!! That is the big news in Britain this Month. The first issue with a cover by Hunter, contains a long novelette by E.R.James, "Robots never Weep" and two short stories, "The Asses' Ears", by Peter.J.Ridley, and a reprint Van Vogt "Letter From The Stars", from, we think, Super Science Stories. The lead novel is quite well written, but is spoiled in our opinion by the rather 'heavy' overlay on the plot, of sex. The most STARTLING thing about Neb' is its Departments, no less than seven are listed on the contents page, and among folks taking part are, Walt Willis and Matt Elder. Whether this large number of Departments will prove popular with the "Reader", we are in doubt, but it is simply 'home' to the fan. We applaud Peter Hamilton on his venture into Science-Fiction, and trust that Nebula will be a great success.

Also new is "Space Stories", a new Standard publication, "To feature Space Opera" and complete (?) this chain of S-F mags. Issue one features "Man of two Worlds", by Bryce Walton, - a story in which everything but the kitchen sink is featured.

Around Manchester: Most of the news is Convention News, rehearsals and mailings are keeping us busy.. Another Exhibitor to add to your list are NEBULA S-F who will be represented by John Brunner, who, incidentally, recently sold a yarn to ASTOUNDING. Ken Slater paid us a visit (2 day) at the end of August, and much nattering was done; the results of his visit you will be hearing about soon. On the second day of his visit, fans from Liverpool and other places came over, and an expedition set out for Belle Vue, where O.F. got hell knocked out of it on the Dodgems. Came the evening, and a grand meeting was held at the 'Waterloo' which was enjoyed by all.

Walt Willis is reported as writing "LEE HOFFMAN IS WONDERFUL"!!! --- We wish that someone would pay OUR fare to America!!!! How about it Paul ??????

See you at the Mancon Folks!!!!



More comments on issue number 4 have been received than for any previous issue, we thank you for them, and hope that we shall hear your remarks on this issue. Here are extracts from several of the letters received.....

Geoff Lewis:

Thanks for S-T received, better 'n better. Glad to see this issue in black and white instead of the 'orrible blue -- Pity that Alan Hunter didn't leave the last two verses out of his poem--- the first two are good and complete in themselves, the second two are poor and spoil the effect. --You know, I think you fellows decided on excellent titles for your mags----Space-Times & Astroneer, I like 'em both - but good.

Mrs Jeeves:

I think that the cover on the latest S-T by Jeeves is TERRIFIC! The book is enriched by that marvellous film review done by Terry JEEVES.. Even his letter reflects a terrific INTELLECT!!!

We thank you Mrs Jeeves, for your intelligent and unbiased comments...Ed.

Vince Clarke:

Tch! 8 days late with the Fourth S-T....Or did I get a late copy? Anyway, thanks. It's nice to see someone bringing out a zine so frequently.... Dale.R.Smith's column may be interesting, tho' he will have to improve his style As for the cover, for a minute I thought it illustrated the "Face in The Abyss", but on second thoughts guess it's supposed to be "The star Watch"

After that crack Vince, we are cutting you short...Yep! You got a late copy..Ed.

Brian Varley: The much vaunted cover of Vol.1.No.4 has, I am afraid, arrived in stunned silence (Long,Loud silence PLEASE ..Ed)Corny in the extreme, still you can't go any worse, so here's hoping.....

Which just goes to show that you can't please all of the people----Wassa matter, did it arrive while you were sober? ...Ed.

Tony Thorne: Cover very nice (no hands on the big watch tho').K.F.S. article, I Don't agree with this, Myself, I definitely read S-F because I like to be entertained first and foremost. No other literature seems to do that so well (suited to my temperament). Next, the science is the thing, I don't care if the predictions don't materialise, they might have! Logical extrapolation is the thing that appeals to me. e.g. Gravy Planet, Beyond Bedlam, etc.My favourite type of yarn is the social science type.e.g. The Emissary. (for me, the best ASF story for ages) Escapism! -Nuts...I like life; with all its fears and worries, the present suits me fine. ODOUR.- Clever, nice job Eric, we all liked it. Your STOP PRESS - That story was nothing to do with rockets to Mars, surely ?

"BLACK SATURDAY" is an ADAPTATION of the story Blackout, and several changes have been made in the plot. Stop Press was correct. Thanks for the comments Tony, incidentally, you seem to be the only one who spotted the omission of hands from the "Star Watch" ..A.W.O.L. perhaps..Ed. (Needed two more for dup'ing.E.J

Joe Bowman: No.4. certainly a great improvement..here is, at last, a regular British Fanzine that is definitely not turning out to be one of those hit and miss kind...Capt Slater is a little harsh in his slating of S-F when he condemns it for not forecasting the ball-pen...I look upon S-F as entertainment myself. As for 'escaping the harsh realities of life', that doesn't seem to add up with me either....No. I read my Science-fiction for pleasure, like going to the pictures, or having a pint.....

The majority of letters received did not agree with K.F.S.'s escapism theme, however, we must say 'thanks'to Ken, for he caused more letters of comment to arrive than for any other issue..... E.J.

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NEW MEMBERS OF N.S.F.C.

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STOP PRESS

(Further info on Project Fanclub).

Project Fanclub is Orv Mosher 3's pet name for the booklet he plans to publish to be called "HOW TO FORM A SCIENCE-FICTION FANCLUB". The booklet will deal effectively with all aspects of forming and maintaining a S-F fanclub. The booklet will not be published before the winter, but already the info received by the instigators, has been offered to various Fanclubs (Stateside), with the result that one club that was nothing, before the info was given to them, is now STATEWIDE!!! Orv Mosher has a column in T.N.F.F. and N3F's NEWZINE, called "The Fanclub's Counsellor", in it he tries to clear up the various Fanclub problems. This booklet will be available to English and Australian Fan-groups. Anyone wishing further info, write Orv Mosher, 1728 Mayfair, Emporia, Kansas. U.S.

FLASH! John Russell Fearn will not be able to attend Mancon. Owing to illness and various other delays, the promised film "Black Saturday" will not be ready for the Mancon. Many tentacles are at work in an effort to rectify this drop-off.....We are keeping our fingers crossed....

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