

Read **SIR A. CONAN DOYLE'S POISON BELT**

Scoops

STORIES of the **WONDER-WORLD** of TOMORROW



MAILS BY ROCKET *See Inside*

The Man who Lived Fast

★THE INVISIBLE BENEFACTOR

MEANWHILE extraordinary things were happening in England. They convinced thousands of persons of the existence of supernatural and invisible beings.

A London bank clerk saw the door of the bank open and close again very quickly. For a moment he could have sworn he saw a shadowy blur on the threshold. Then he decided it was imagination.

But the next moment something amazing happened. The drawer containing the cash shot open and closed again so quickly that he saw nothing but a flash and heard a quick rattling noise. A split second later the door of the bank opened and closed again. This time he felt certain he saw a shadow in the doorway.

The whole thing had taken only a second, but when he went to the drawer he found the cash had gone. Instead was a note in neat handwriting:—

"For further information please apply to Dr. Farrow. He is staying at Jecou's Hotel, Kingsway."

The bank authorities were astounded to find that in one morning this occurred at no fewer than ten banks in London, involving a total loss of more than £50,000. In some cases several drawers were cleaned out.

Needless to say, the police called on Dr. Farrow. He had no explanation to give, but he looked extremely frightened. Still, when they enquired into his movements they found he had been quietly eating his breakfast when the robberies occurred.

The next curious incident—and one which many people considered must be connected

the British Inter-Planetary Society should arrange to shoot Herr Zucker's rocket in England!

It is too early for me to say now whether this can be arranged. Apart from the question of expense, a suitable ground for the demonstration—which would be open to the public—will need to be found.

However, I am communicating with Herr Zucker, and, if the "shot" can be arranged, the first miniature rocket vessel to leave English soil will soon be soaring skywards.

A Station in Space

I HAVE received from Ing. Guido Pirquet, who is a leading member of the Österreichischen Gesellschaft für Raketen-technik (Austrian Society for the Technique of Rockets), some interesting details of a space station which has been proposed by him.

By means of this space station a journey to the Moon or the planets would be made very much easier.

It is well known that the comparative weakness of our present rocket fuels is one of the greatest of the problems which hinder the achievement of Inter-Planetary travel.

Calculations show that a rocket ship departing directly from Earth would, in order to reach outer space, expend three hundred times the amount of energy required for a similar departure from the space station suggested by Ing. Pirquet.

But is the idea feasible? Will the problems of the construction of the space station be easier to overcome than the fuel problem itself? Ing. Pirquet answers both questions affirmatively.

I cannot go into details of the construction of the station here. Briefly, it would be built in space itself, and not on earth. The necessary materials would be taken up, three tons at a time, by rocket ships. When completed, the station would continuously describe an orbit round the earth, just like a miniature moon. At a height of 600 miles, and travelling with a speed of 4½ miles a second, it would not fall to earth any more than the moon does.

And the cost? Ing. Pirquet says about two million pounds. But if it could be done, it would be worth it.

in some way with the others—was that in one quarter of the East End no fewer than a thousand poverty-stricken families found a parcel of £50 in cash thrust into their letter-boxes. Each parcel contained a little note: "Please thank Dr. Farrow."

The odd thing, according to the police, was that hundreds of people must have been employed in delivering the money, for the parcels arrived almost simultaneously. Yet no one was seen with a parcel of the kind anywhere in the neighbourhood.

The idea seemed to be epidemic. Within an hour of the London incidents, places as far apart as Liverpool, Brighton and Glasgow reported wholesale bank robberies and robberies of insurance companies—even of large manufacturing companies.

At the same time hundreds of thousands of poor people were gratified by receiving money gifts, none of which exceeded £100.

Indeed, it was calculated that more money was distributed in this way in a few hours than all the philanthropic institutions were accustomed to receive in the course of a year.

Hospitals also benefited by the shower of money. Bags of cash arrived in mysterious ways. Some were found lying about the wards, some in the secretary's office.

It was quite obvious to the police that the stolen money was being redistributed in this way. But as it was all in the form of silver, sovereigns and Treasury notes of small denominations, it was impossible to trace it. So the poor people and the hospitals kept it and rejoiced at their fortune.

If one were to record all the apparently supernatural happenings which took place in England on that amazing day, it would take an eternity to accomplish. The more important ones were recorded in the local and national papers.

Several people were snatched from under the wheels of traffic by an apparently miraculous hand.

A racing car driver was lifted out of his car when it was travelling at 150 m.p.h. and gently deposited beside the track, after the steering had failed and the car was travelling straight for the edge of the banking, over which it presently shot.

Various hooligans beating up unoffending members of the community were astonished to find themselves being painfully pommelled by an apparently invisible assailant.

Perhaps the most remarkable event occurred early in the afternoon at the House of Commons. The "dole" was being discussed, and, as usual, the Members were arguing at great length but with little real interest. Suddenly the Speaker gave a cry of alarm.

The mace had disappeared!

The next moment it was seen hurtling among the benches and into the Visitors' Gallery.

"Look at that wall," yelled an awe-struck Member.

Some invisible hand was writing on the wall on each side of the Speaker's Chair. The entire sentence appeared almost simultaneously.

"WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING PRACTICAL INSTEAD OF JUST TALKING?"

The Leader of the Opposition moved that the supernatural writing was a vote of censure on the Government, which ought to resign. The Prime Minister, however, adjourned the House until next day, to give time for the matter to be investigated.

Meanwhile, Dr. Farrow's demonstration before the Royal Society began. Fortunately he knew the assistant Secretary of the meeting; so that he had been able to arrange for his demonstration to be included in the programme instead of that of Jay's. Both men were known to the Committee of the Society, and as Jay had given no inkling of the nature of his discovery, no suspicion was likely to attach to Farrow.

The distinguished scientists listened to him patiently while he explained the possibilities

appeared. Panic-stricken, Farrow glanced again at the apparatus. With horror he realised that instead of turning the knob to slow he had turned it to fast—to the maximum!

Jay had begun to live so fast that it was impossible to follow his movements. He had simply disappeared!

Farrow waited in terror. For a few seconds he heard scuffling noises. Then there was an ominous silence.

What ought he to do, he wondered dismally. Jay was somewhere around. If he found Farrow he would take a terrible vengeance. Even if Farrow had not succeeded in murdering him, he had vibrated him out of the human world.

Then Farrow remembered that a few minutes of his time were now equal to several days in Jay's life. Therefore, if he waited in his cupboard until midnight, Jay would be certain to have cleared off, for by that time nearly a year of Jay's life would have elapsed. . . .

Five hours later Farrow crept cautiously out of his hiding place. Nothing happened.

Farrow threw all his things into a trunk and moved to a hotel. He ought to be safe from Jay there. In fact, the inventor would probably be dead of old age by the time Farrow had delivered his lecture to the Royal Society.

As this occurred to him, Farrow chuckled and rubbed his hands. After all, he had been clever. He had got rid of Jay just as effectually as if he had slowed his reactions down to nothing! It would be perfectly safe for him to claim to be the inventor of the wonderful ray box!



By P. E. CLEATOR

(President of the British Inter-Planetary Society.)

Professor A. M. Low and the B.I.S.

IT is with great pleasure that I am able to announce that Professor A. M. Low, D.Sc.—who is well known to SCOOPS readers—has honoured the British Inter-Planetary Society by becoming a Fellow.

This famous British scientist has devoted many years to a study of the problems of rocketry. He has very generously placed his vast knowledge of the subject at the disposal of the Society.

A German Rocket—In England

AT the time of writing I am in the tantalising position of possessing information of extreme interest which I am not at liberty to disclose. But by the time that this appears in print, the need for secrecy will be over.

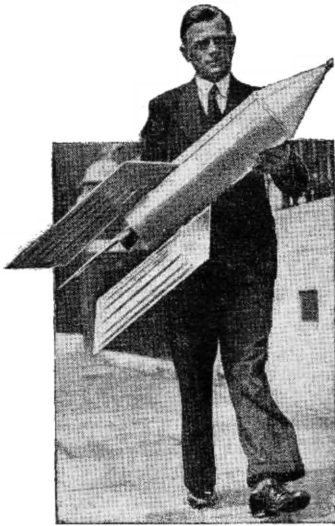
The fact is that I have just received a most interesting letter from Mr. Francis J. Field (who is a member of the British Inter-Planetary Society), one of the committee members of the International Air Post Exhibition. The exhibition will be, or—by the time you read this—was held at the Horticultural Hall, London, from May 7 to May 12.

All methods of letter transport were represented—including rockets! The rocket exhibited was one of Herr Gerhard Zucker's, a well-known German experimenter.

Reverting once again to the time of writing, I have been requested to communicate with Herr Zucker in order to arrange to meet him when he comes to London for the exhibition. For it has been suggested that

MAILS BY ROCKET

The Rocket Post is flying in Austria and Germany, and setting up new records for postal transport. This special article tells you how the Rocket Post is operated, and something of its history



Herr Zucker, the German rocketeer, recently visited London, and here he is holding one of his mail-carrying rockets.

The Rocket Post

"ROCKET Mail" stamps on sale! It hardly seems true, but that is the case. They could be bought as cheaply as five shillings each at the recent International Air Post Exhibition in London.

So definitely have the world's first rocket mail services proved themselves that postal authorities have willingly issued special stamps for use on letters travelling in the latest mail-carrier yet.

Scheduled rocket flights are now taking place between Shöckel and Badegund, near Graz, in Austria. With anything from 200 to 300 letters in a sealed container on board, the rocket is loaded with a special mixture of chlorate and nitrate powder and is shot from the earth at an angle of about 55 degrees.

Its rapid, high-soaring flight continues until the fuel is exhausted, when a parachute opens automatically and drifts the mails rocket back to earth—at the destined spot.

The inventor of the rocket knows by experience just how far his rocket will fly, and

careful calculations are made before each flight, so that there is not the slightest hitch about its arrival at the desired destination.

By constructing larger rockets, or by narrowing the soaring angle so that the rocket will not travel so high, much longer flights than the present ones would be quite possible.

Rocket Details

MUCH careful thought has been put into the construction of post-carrying rockets.

The case of the rocket is made from thin brass sheeting with an asbestos inner lining, and at the end of it is a loam-covered firing chamber from which the gas escapes by rushing through the blast pipe in the tail.

This escape of gas hurls the rocket onwards by the principle of recoil, which, as everyone knows, provides the "kick" when a gun is fired.

The pressure of gas forces it to seek to escape to the outer air. This it does by means of the blast pipe, but in the process it drives the rocket swiftly forward.

Anything up to a thousand letters can at present be carried by the Austrian rockets.

The History of Rocket Mails

THE first piece of mail ever to be carried by a rocket actually travelled no distance horizontally.

It was in the nature of an experiment, and was sent up vertically from Dielingen, near Osnabrück, in Germany, by Reinhold Tiling, a German rocketeer, on April 15, 1931.

It carried 188 postcards, and the rocket attained a height of 1,800 metres, landing near the place of start. The cards were accepted and redispached by the post office.

Herr Tiling was unfortunately killed by an explosion of one of his rockets in 1933.

The first real rocket post came into being in Graz, in Austria, when mails were flown

by rocket from the summits of mountains to places in the valley by Friedrich Schmiedl; and in September, 1931, a rocket mail service was opened for general posting. Private stamps, printed on a hand-press, were issued.

The rocket post has been operating from various parts of Austria since that time.

In 1933 a German rocketeer, Herr Gerhard Zucker, also carried out a rocket post flight over the Harz Mountains, transporting 420 letters.

Experiments have continued in Germany, and in this year a special flight was made on behalf of the German Winter Relief without redispach by the post office.

Forerunner of the Space Ship

IN spite of all this, however, the rocket post is still only in an experimental stage, and some time may elapse before it becomes a recognised form of postal transport.



(Left) One of the Austrian rocket stamps issued in 1932. (Below) A stamp issued for the German Zucker-Rocket Post.



But there is undoubtedly a great future in the rocket post, for it is the speediest form of locomotion yet discovered, and before very long rocket-mails may be flying from country to country, across oceans and rivers, over mountains and valleys, and through the upper atmosphere.

Maybe, too, the rocket post will be the forerunner of that illusive vision of the future—the space ship.

Continuing

DEVILMAN of the DEEP

imagined. They knew they were discovered, yet they must not move. The sharks were there, and the fish-men were there, and it was impossible to say which were the more ferocious. But Stannore raised his gun in the patent sheath that kept the water from the mechanism and aimed straight at Devilman. The next instant he lowered the gun in amazement.

For, from behind the swirl of the sharks' tails other shapes came into view. The sight made Stannore and Kells gasp.

Fish-men, and not blacks, like Devilman's, but taller, whiter, more human in form—Sea Flight's troops, swimming four deep in military formation with the precision of disciplined ranks! And at the head of them, separated from them by the length of a man, were the three leaders; and the centre one was Sea Flight himself!

They swam down, bending in a graceful curve as porpoises bend, and landed between the two men and Devilman's forces. Once more the Prince of the Submarine world had come to the help of the Earthmen and was repaying them for their aid.

* FAREWELL TO THE DEEP

BEFORE Devilman realised the situation, every one of his black fish-men had been seized by several of Sea Flight's troops and held prisoner. Only Devilman himself remained free from attack.

He rose slowly from the sea bed until his full height could be seen, and as he rose the troops of Sea Flight drew back with their prisoners, each black clamped firmly by hand and foot, and rendered helpless. The remnant of the rebels had been caught, and only Devilman remained without a hand upon him; but Sea Flight's troops were around him; he was hemmed in by a circle, a silent circle that waited for the word to take him.

He knew his hour had come. The expression on his ugly face changed from surprise to rage, then to fear. His eyes glanced swiftly in every direction, seeking a loophole. There was none. He stood there waiting for the advance of the tall fish-men, but no fish-men advanced. They remained where they were, every one with sucker arms raised pointing at him like so many weapons.

Were they communicating with Devilman?

Stannore and Kells believed that something was passing between Sea Flight and he. Was it a demand for surrender, an attempt by Devilman to get the best terms he could, a bargain for his life?

They could not tell, but they saw at last that Devilman dropped suddenly to his semi-kneeling position again, gathering himself together; and then he loosened and straightened like an arrow and rose.

He went up like a torpedo, and as he shot from the bottom of the sea Sea Flight shot too, and with him his troops in a cloud of electrified actions that turned the sea into a miniature whirlpool. But, remaining where they stood, were the fish-men who held their prisoners firmly, taking no part in the pursuit.

If Devilman had the strength, his foes had the agility. He thrashed the water as he swam, but no thrashing could keep the tall fish-men from him. They met him, swam above him, and forced him by numbers back to the bottom of the sea. He touched the ground lightly with his feet, sprang again, dived, thrust out his hands to catch a foe, but never caught one.

Down he came again, and this time he did not rise, for Sea Flight was waiting for