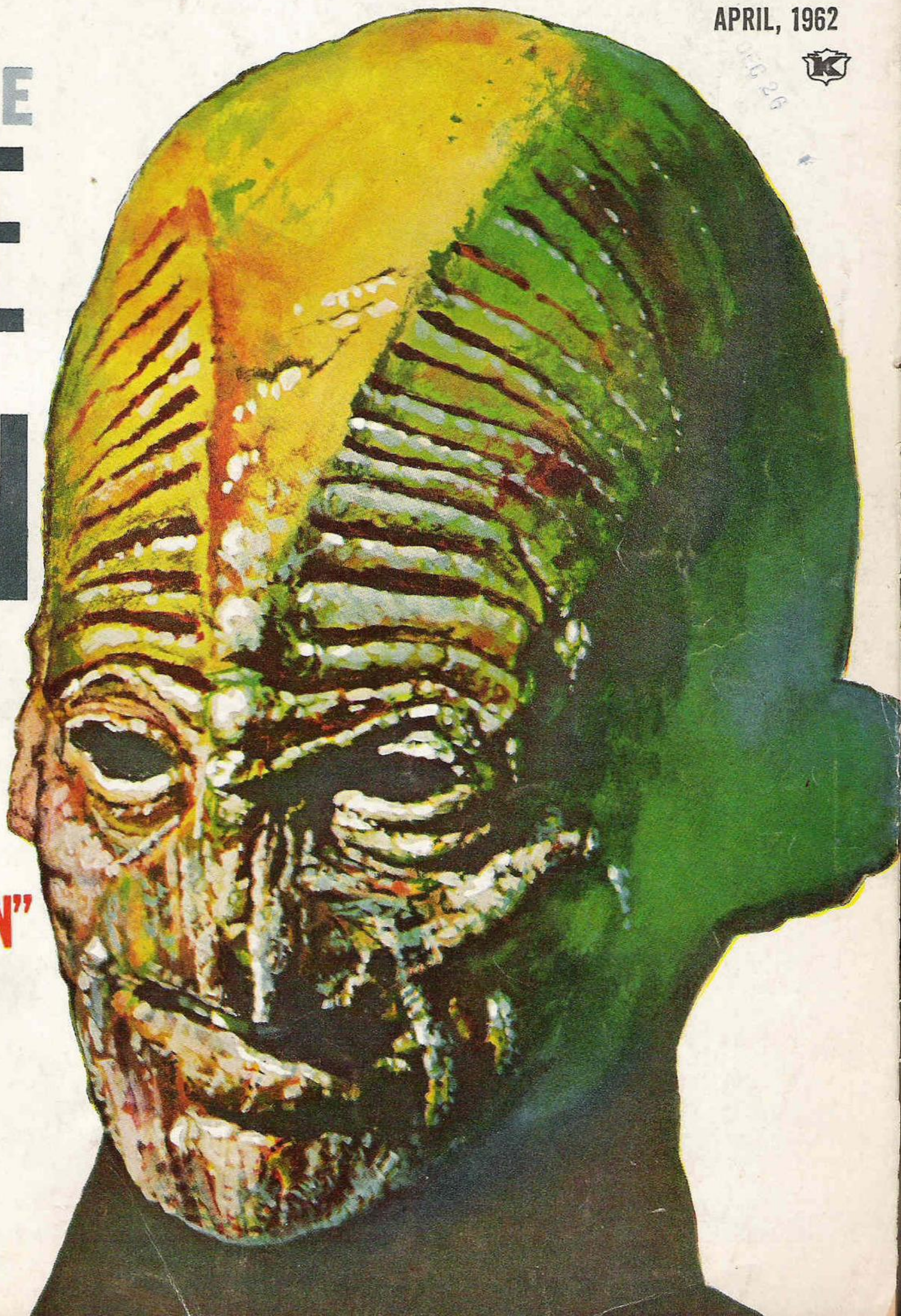
SPACEMEN

No. 3

35¢

APRIL, 1962

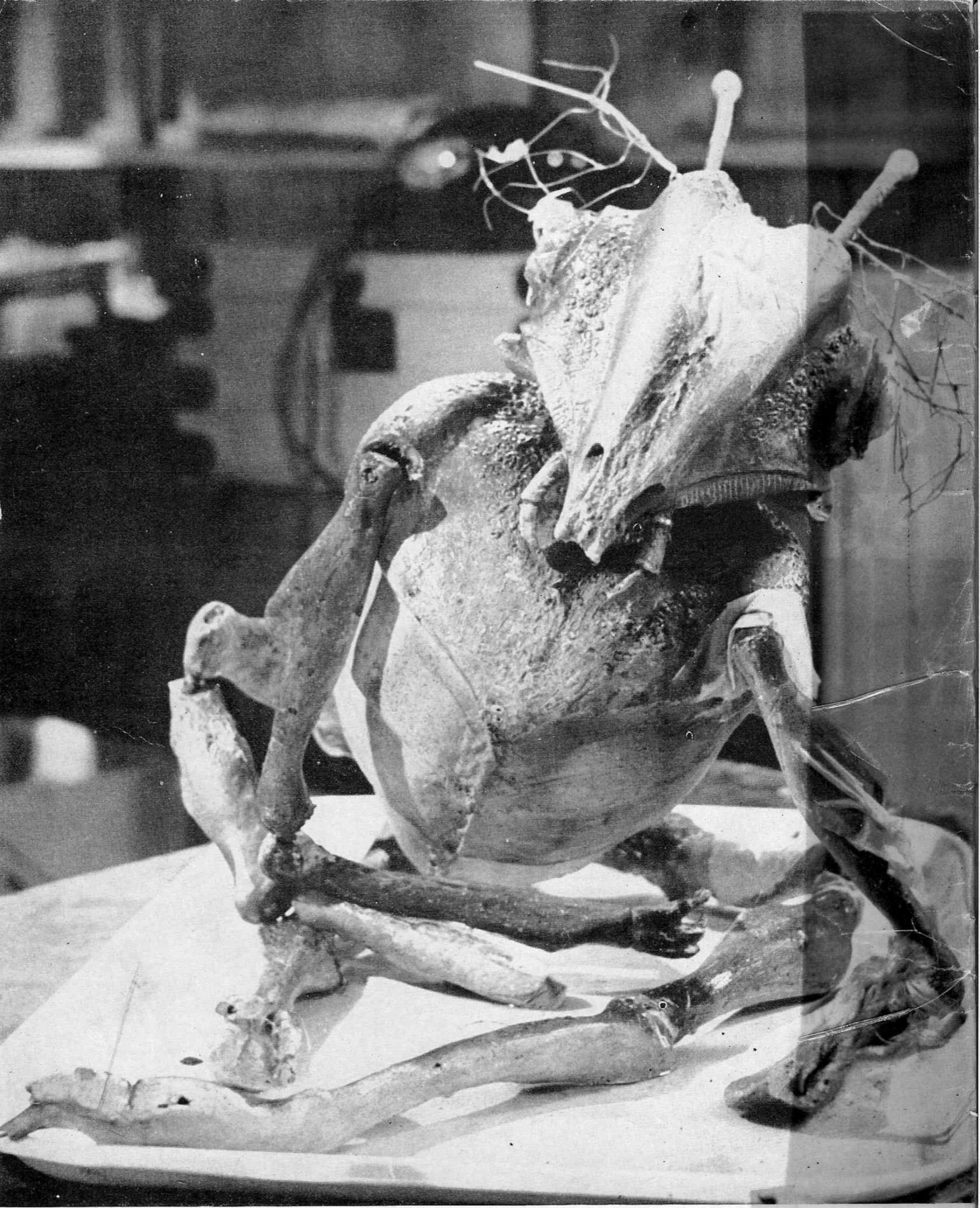
ARE PEOPLE ALIVE ON THE MOON ?



SEE

"GIRL IN THE MOON"

–STARTS THIS ISSUE ON PAGE 46



As promised last issue, one of the Martians from the English televerson of QUATERMASS AND THE PIT, soon to be made into a movie.

SPACIAL WISHES — FJA 2077

THE EDITORS SPACE

A prize-fighter has been known, on radio or TV (or at least in movies), to turn to the audience and address a word over the mike to his mother, such as, "It was a hard fight, Mom, but I won."

After wrestling with the first 3 issues of SPACEMEN your editor would like to exercise a pugilist's privilege of presenting a little personal word from a grand old 77 years young lady who has never seen herself in print and will probably be as astonished as if she just opened the door and found a 10' green Martian standing there when she (Carroll—Mrs. William S. Ackerman) finds herself published in her son's magazine with these words:

"Forry dear:

"Your second issue of SPACEMEN is smashing—so full of interesting reading for adults and young folks. Thanks for your magazine.

Love, Mother"

Mother has come a long way since 1929, the one & only time when (I was just a teenager then) she and my dad (who died 10 years ago) ganged up on me and suggested I should take up some hobby more sensible than collecting magazines about space & time.

So, to you young readers I say: Don't be discouraged if anyone around you today, amongst family or friends, questions your taste in reading material when you bring this magazine to learn what it'll be like to be a Space Cadet or How the First Girl got to the Moon or How to Make Worlds Collide for Fun & Profit. Because one day early in the 21st Century (which is only 40 years away) you'll probably get a spacecard from your mother or dad reading:

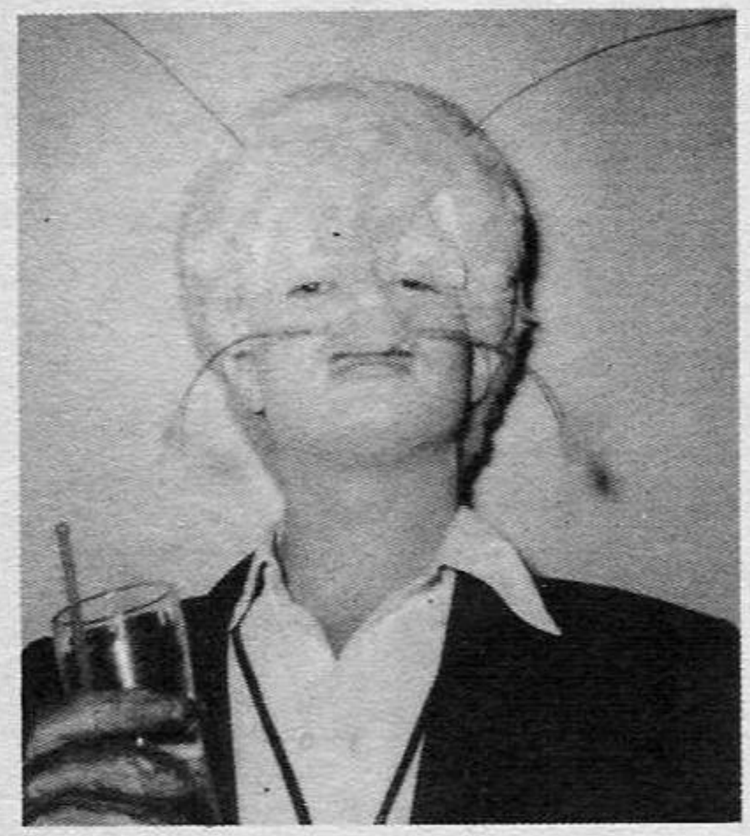
"Having wonderful vacation here in New California, pleasure capital of Southern Mars. Wish you were here.

"PS: Found a wonderful present for you in the Old Martian sector of Barsoomville, in a magazine shop featuring rarities of Earth, Mars & Venus: we're bringing you back a mint copy of the 1986 Silver Anniversary issue of SPACEMEN!

Love, The Folks"

HI, SPACE SPORTS! Space Port #1 here has been showered (meteor showered, that is) with your missives & missiles, and here is another selection of All Star letters from the 4 corners of space. (Come to think of it, if space has corners, then we must live in a Square Space—no wonder it's so hard to get around in!)

A TOAST FROM AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL



"Here's to you Aces of wide open Spaces! Never slacken your Paces to faraway Places, And show us the faces of alien Races!"

JOCK ROOT
(Temporary home: New York)

FICTION FANCIERS

The O'Henry's Comet shorts were very good in both issues. My father, who can usually guess the endings of stories such as these, was bewitched, bothered & bewildered by the endings of "The Space Smuggler" & "Space World Rebellion". Here's my vote for a picture-story serial on FLASH GORDON. I have been reading sci-fi novels & magazines for about 3 years now (I'm 11) and I think SM is about the best magazine on Science Fiction that I've read yet.

MICHAEL LLORET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SATISFIED SPACEMAN

I have nothing but compliments for **SPACEMEN.** The articles and fotos in SM #1 seemed hard to match but when I bought SM #2 those were words of the past. My favorite article in SM #1 was 12 TO THE MOON and in #2 the behind-the-scenes review of THE WAR OF THE WORLDS. Basil Gogos' cover was great but I'd like to give special praise to newcomer Bruce Minney for his fabulous cover on the 2d issue. I have just one request: I would enjoy a review of the motion picture THE ATTACK ON THE SAUCERMEN in a future issue. **SPACEMEN** and **FAMOUS MONSTERS** are 2 of the greatest periodicals on the market. I'll be buying them for years to come.

PAUL YEREANCE
NEWBURGH, N. Y.

● Thanx, Paul. It's very likely we'll run a review of the Saucermen film in a future issue—perhaps even publish the original story on which it was based, for comparison.

THREE THINGS

I would like to see in your magazine three things—(1) An article on some great science fiction movie of the near past like 1984, THIS ISLAND EARTH, THE TIME MACHINE, FORBIDDEN PLANET, CONQUEST OF SPACE;—(2) A story or preview of some forthcoming film;—and (3) An article on some early historical scientifilm like JUST IMAGINE. You are already doing most of this but in a very poor way. In your article on WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE there were too few pictures. I would much rather have 3 to 5 smaller pictures a page than 1 or 2 large ones. There were 10 pictures of WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE and I figure there could have been 20 to 24. **(One thing, Spaceman Corcoran: availability. We don't always have as many fotos as we'd like to publish on any one picture. If you or anyone else can supply us with another dozen of the great shots you would like to see, no one would be happier than we to share them with our readership.)** Last is my biggest disappointment—the written articles: I thought you said they were going to be "less punful, more serious". Yet they weren't. Please leave out the jokes, puns and sensationalism; just give a good story outline of the film and let it go at that. I don't mean to sound like someone who finds the worst in everything. You need a lot of improving but I like the magazine well enough to send in my subscription. PS——Is it possible to work in some color photographs?

CORCORAN SNEED
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

● Color pix? Sure—if you want to pay $1 a copy . . . or induce a couple hundred thousand more readers to subscribe!

SALUTE TO AN ARMCHAIR SPACEMAN

● The late E. Everett Evans, author of "The Planet Mappers", "The Man of Many Minds" and "Alien Minds"—3 books among many shorter space stories—as he was seen at the special midnite showing of DESTINATION MOON at the 8th World Science Fiction Convention (Portland, Ore., 1950).

ALL HE WANTS IS EVERYTHING!

Requests: the Martian who is inside a glass globe from the movie INVADERS FROM MARS . . . more pictures of Rocket Man . . . flying saucers from all different kinds of movies and also those on TV . . . the Ymir fighting the bull elephant from 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH . . . the creature from IT!—THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE . . . the rockets, planets, beings from other worlds, etc., of TV's Rocky Jones . . . a close-up of THE BRAIN FROM PPLANET AROUS . . . the Martian thing and the city from THE ANGRY RED PLANET . . . some scenes from THE MOLE PEOPLE . . . more scenes from the BLACK LAGOON series . . . THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN (giant size) at a distance . . .

Continued on page 6

SPACEMEN

APRIL, 1962
VOL. 1, No. 3

FORREST J ACKERMAN
editor-in orbit and writer to the stars

JACIE ASTRACHAN
spacelanes hostess

HARRY CHESTER
production pilot

JAMES WARREN
interstellar publisher

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COVER: By Basil Gogos, Jon Lackey in his own make-up as a Moon-Man.

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Time to sign up for the next 6 issues

SPACEMEN, Subscripti
1426 E. Washington Lane
Philadelphia 38, Pa.

Your Name.....

Address.....

City.....

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Continued from page 4

all the Flash Gordons . . . space battles, people melted down by ray guns, etc? How about showing some scenes in which Superman (or Superboy) is flying, and how they make Superman fly? I would like to see Superman (George Reeves) in your magazine and stills from his adventures (screen) with the Mole people, the Moon men, etc. And from his television series: some SUPERMAN AND THE MARTIAN, THE TWIN SUPERMAN (where he spits into 2 persons). **(We take it that writer Manuel means splits as we never heard of Superman doing anything so crude, not to say unsanitary.)** Remember, Superman is a spaceman from another planet!

MANUEL MAESE
EL PASO, TEX.

● Dear Super-Manuel: Give us time—like 10 years—and we'll cover half your requests. But somebody's going to have to step forward with some of these strange stills if we're to publish all the prize shots you and other spaceniks are panting to see.

LIVING LEGEND

RICK SNEARY

WE feel signally proud & honored to receive & publish a letter from RICK SNEARY, one of the most well-known & well-liked individuals in the field of science fiction fandom. It was Sneary's dream (and work for that dream) that caused the 16th World Science Fiction Convention—across a span of 10 years—to materialize in Los Angeles in 1958 as predicted. Collectors of sci-fi mags of the 40s like Planet Stories, Startling Stories, Captain Future and Thrilling Wonder Stories will find many letters of comment & criticism by Sneary therein. Rick here writes what almost amounts to a Guest Editorial:

Congratulations; in my opinion **SPACEMEN** is much better than **FAMOUS MONSTERS.** But then like most science-fictionists I have never cared too much for monster movies or horror stories. I find the writing better in SM than in the last FM that I read; of course, this is only natural with material by such names as George Pal and Don Wollheim. I liked your approach to THINGS TO COME: it was both a review of the movie and a synopsis of the plot so that it was of interest whether one had seen it or not. I'm sure such reviews of old classics will create an interest in them in the younger readers who haven't had the opportunity to see them themselves. And when they do, they will be better able to enjoy them for knowing some of their background. It even settled a question in my mind—I'd seen the picture of the Super Telescope on p.41 before but it has never been in the film versions I have seen. I had begun to believe it must be from METROPOLIS (which I've never seen) but now I know it was just one of the things cut out of the versions I saw. It is really too bad that these classics get hacked up as the modern viewer may get a poor impression of the result. The Pal feature appealed to me greatly and I hope you will continue this policy of running articles from time to time on how the movie effects are done. I don't think this destroys the illusion of the story but makes it more interesting. The thing that pleases me most about **SPACEMEN** is the number of new people it will introduce to science fiction. While there is science fiction everywhere these days, there are few magazines still devoted to it. An interest in space and space adventures is one of the chief starting points of a science fiction fan. Through reading **your** magazine I believe many will find they want to read more of the same kind of fiction and articles and will try **other** magazines. And from there find that they want to write or talk about it with other fans of science fiction. I've been a science fiction fan for over 15 years and enjoyed it as much as any hobby I can think of. The correspondence with other fans; the clubs I've belonged to; the Conventions I've attended; and above all the many friends I've made—they all started for me by writing letters of comment, much like this one, to editors of magazines. So I look to **SPACEMEN** as a starting ground for new Fans; a magazine where readers, especially the young readers, who are interested in Space and the Future can get together and exchange ideas. As a science fiction fan whose star has never wavered for 36 years, Forry, I'm sure this hope is in good hands.

RICK SNEARY
SOUTH GATE, CALIF.

POTENTIAL SCI-FI FAN

Boy, did I miss something! While passing a newsstand your cover caught my eye so I glanced through **SPACEMEN** #2. It recalled my seeing #1, which I hadn't bothered to buy; and it got me all excited upon seeing the pictures of movies I had seen some time ago and thought were forgotten. The article on WAR OF THE WORLDS was great! I liked the movie so much I saw it 4 times. Now I'm going to send in the $2 for my subscription and also the half-rock for SM #1 that stupid me missed!

PHIL URBANSKI
TOLEDO, O.

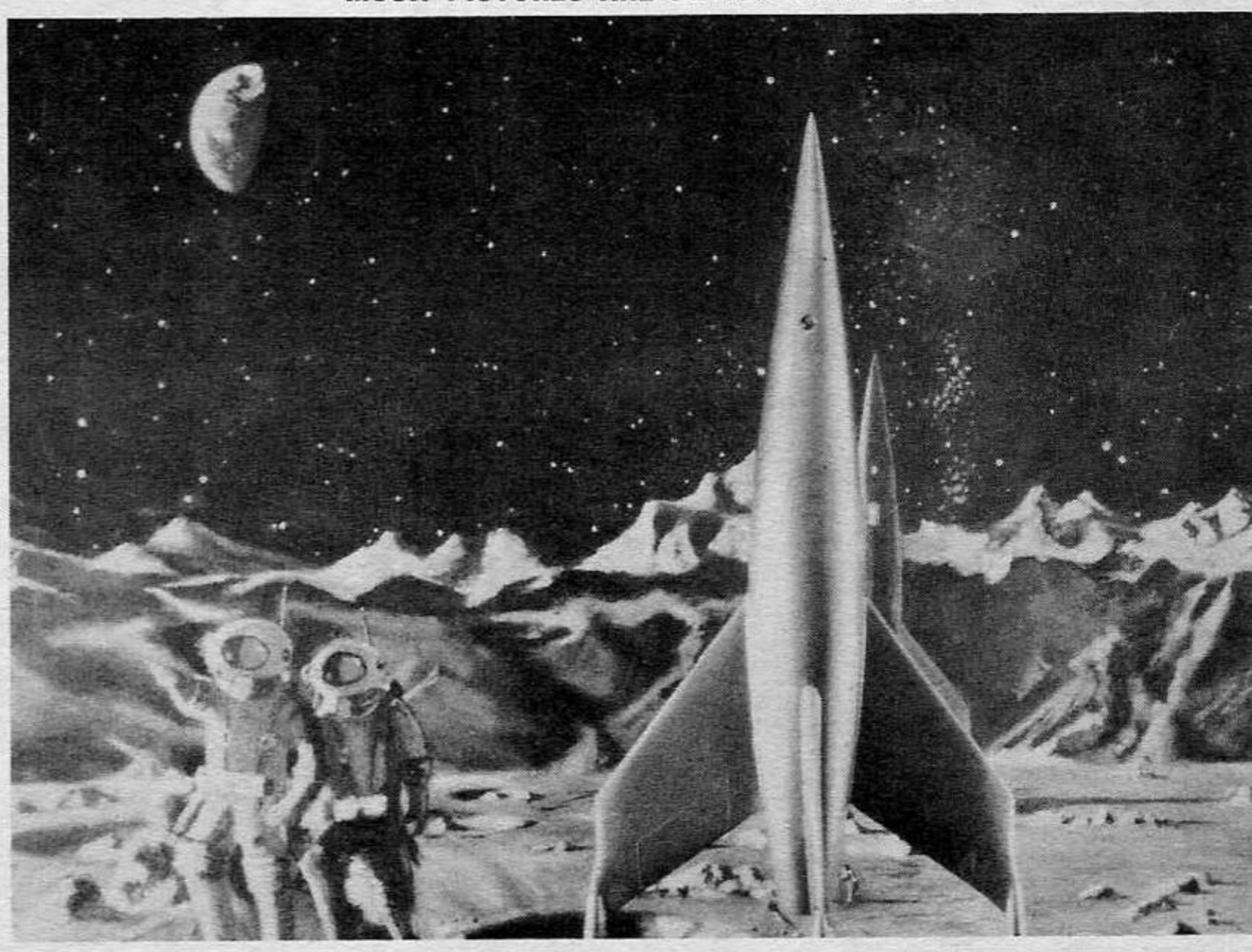
STARS IN HIS EYES

MORRIS SCOTT DOLLENS

● Pictured above with one of his famous interplanetary paintings is the Hollywood artist whose work you frequently find featured in our pages, the producer of DREAM OF THE STARS.

SPACIAL DELIVERY letters intended for publication should be addressed to Astrid Notte, 915 South Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles 35, Calif.

MOON PICTURES ARE BETTER THAN EVER

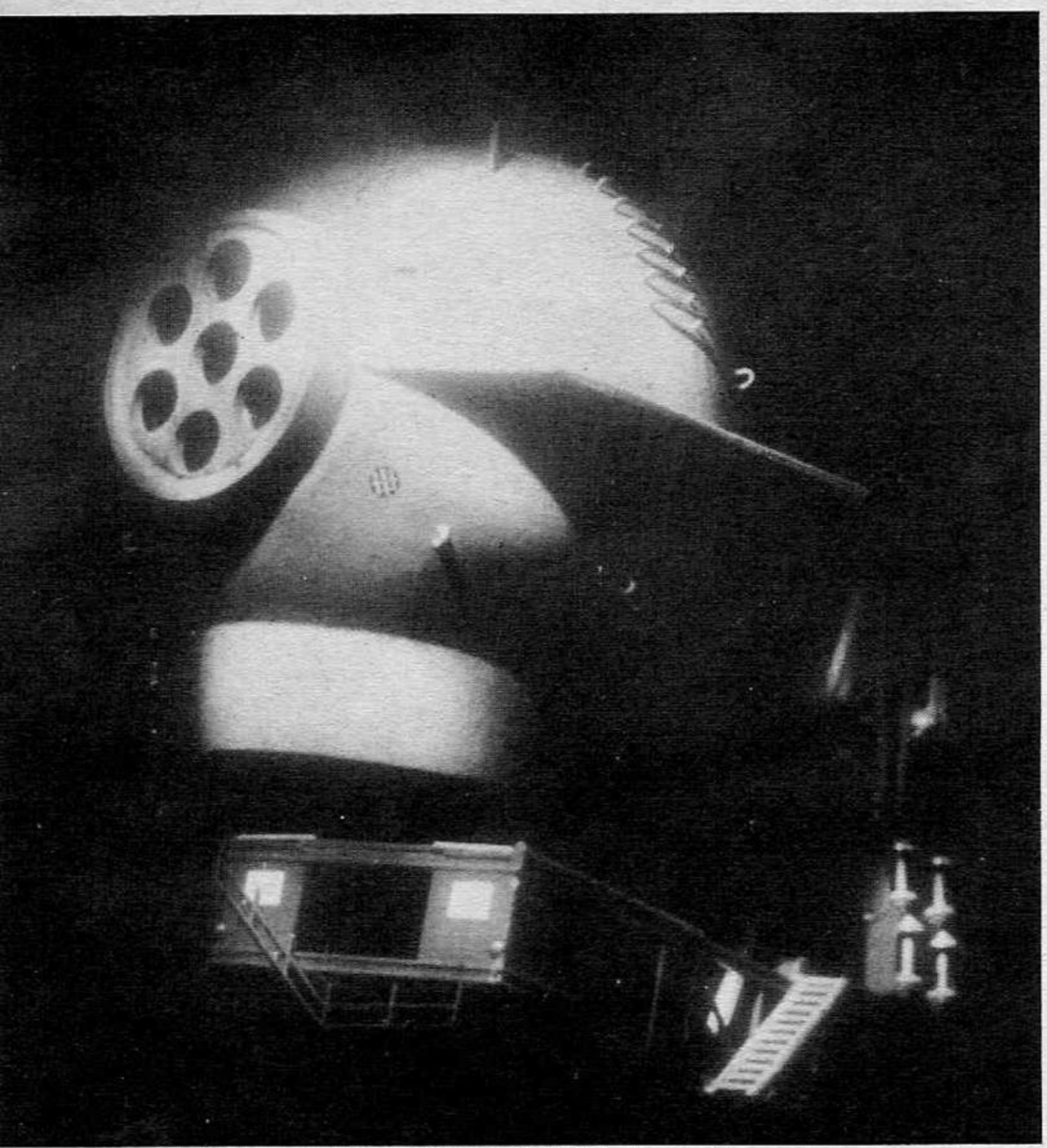


● Realistic composite showing Man on the Moon is the combined effort of painter & model-maker MIKE MINOR and photographer & make-up artist BOB BURNS, both of whose work you have seen before (and will see again) in these pages and those of our companion magazine. These young men become more & more professional by leaps & bounds.

SHIP OF THINGS TO COME

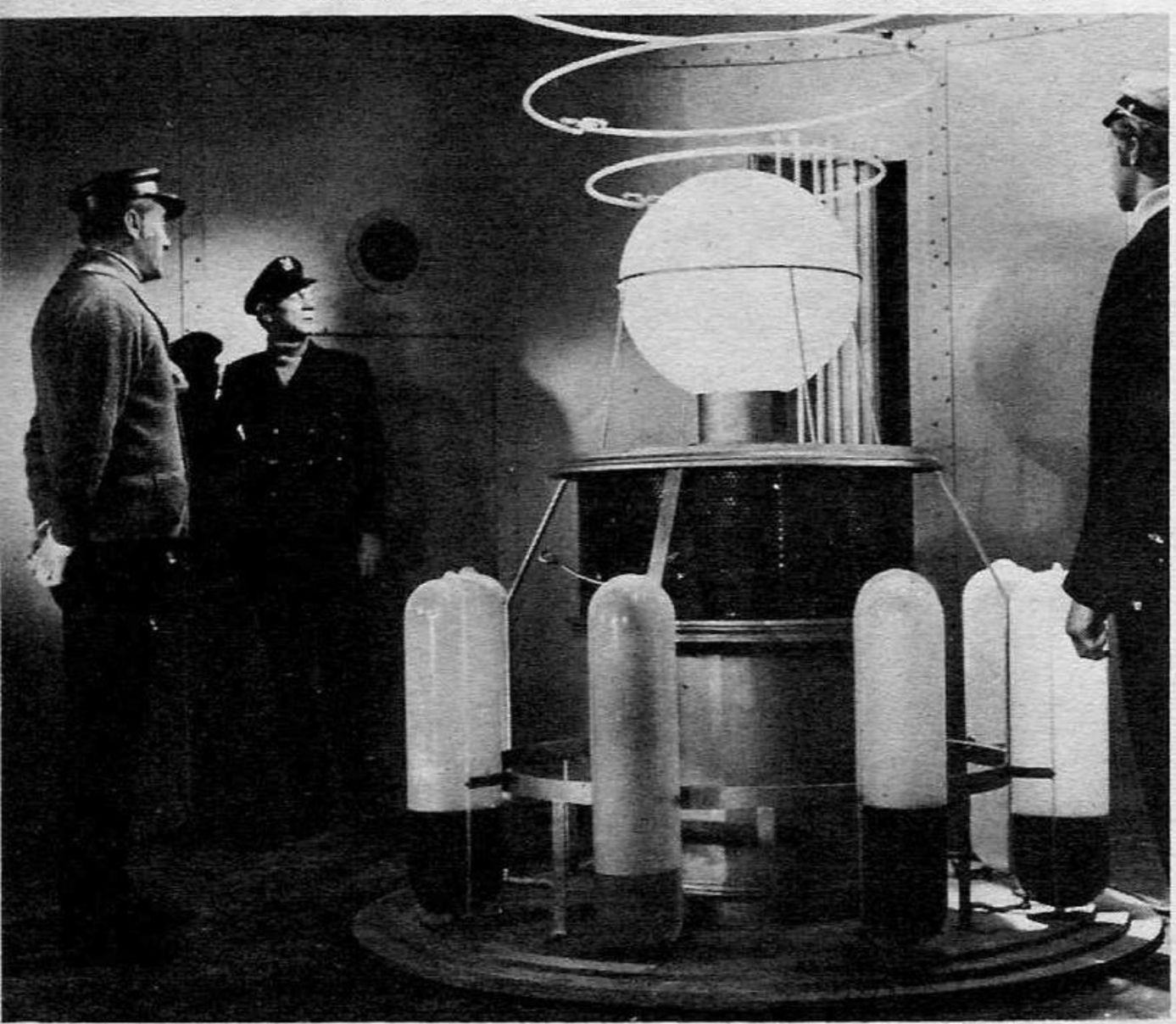
All Aboard the S.S. Celluloid, the Space Ship of the Void, bound for the Moon & Mars and Movie Stars. Chart your Course from Here to Xmas with these Wide Open Spacers that you'll soon be Thanks Giving for!

KING OF THE ROCKET MEN poses again for the fans who have not forgotten his Republic serial made in 1949.



THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE that discovers an undersea Saucer from another world in the 1959 Allied Artists production.

Part of the weird propulsion unit that propelled Geo. Sanders & Jos. Cotten (left) FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON via Jules Verne's imagination and Warner Bros. film distribution in 1958 (in Technicolor).



THE PLANET OF EXTINGUISHED MEN!

There's a title to conjure with.

And we couldn't be happier when we tell you the name of the distinguished American star who is to be featured in this 3d of Italy's new space films. (First 2: SPACE MEN and DEATH COMES FROM SPACE.)

It's the Invisible Man himself!—the *Man Who Reclaimed His Head* and became a *Clairvoyant* and took a *Strange Holiday*:

CLAUDE RAINS!

Our Italian reporter, Giovanni Scognamillo, airs us the info that Rains' brand new movie will involve him in a series of amazing adventures with a group of space explorers who land on a strange planet inhabited only by—

Robots!

tears in the milky way

Out around the Big Dipper they have a saying: "No use crying over spilt milk, there's enough water in it anyway." But since last writing this column your editor had a phone call that made his eyes more than a little misty.

In fact, with water commanding a price of $1 million per ½ oz. on waterless Mars, the tears I shed could have made me a multi-millionaire if I'd cried them there instead of here. I was genuinely sorry to hear —and have to report to you—the word from Ray Bradbury himself, phoning from his writer's cubicle at the MGM Studios:

"Forry, I don't think they're going to make THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES after all."

After all that work!

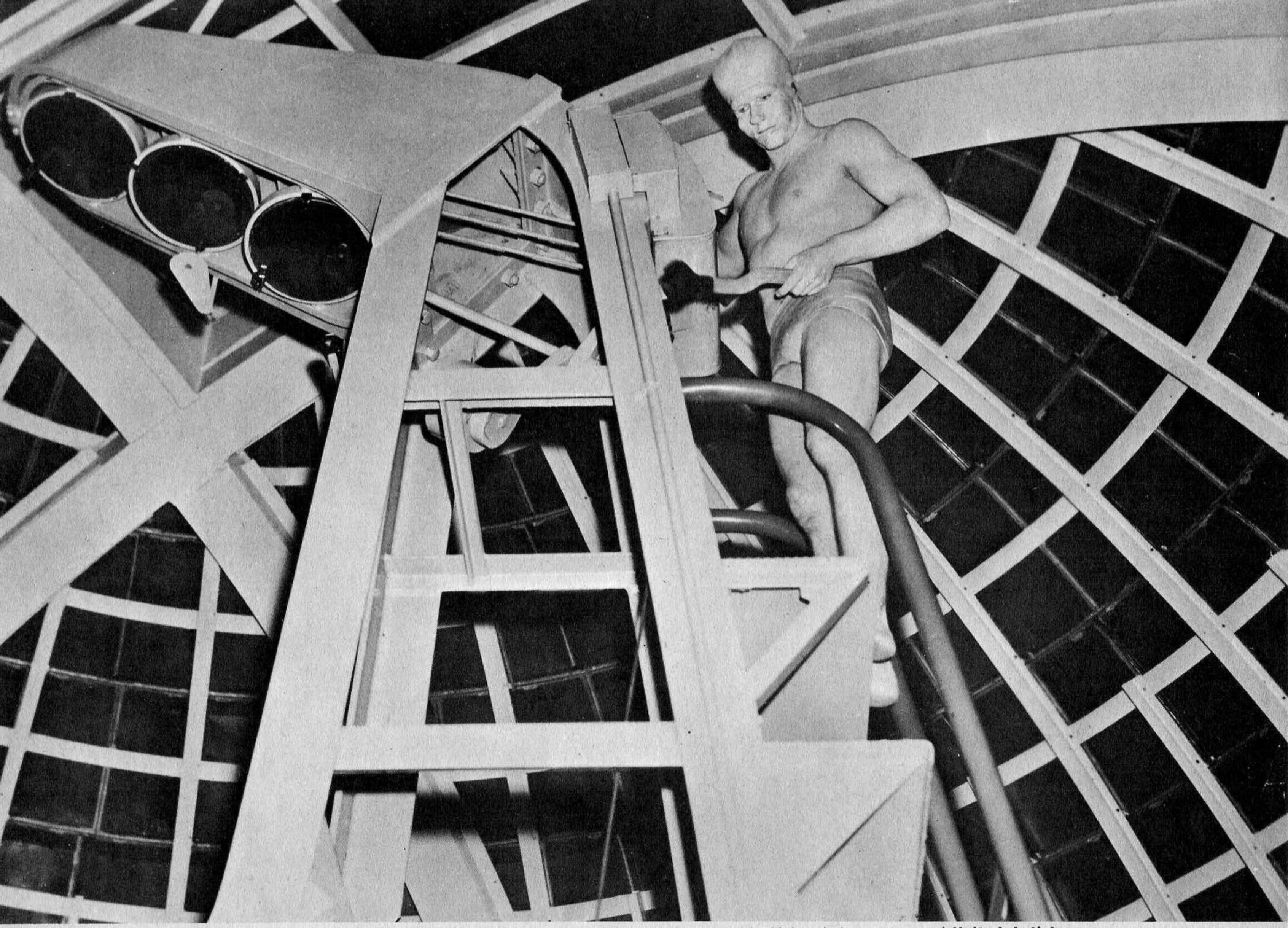
After all our high hopes!

Readers, I'm wondering if we should take this lying down? I'm not positive there's anything could be done to reverse the Studio's decision but I have an idea I think worth trying.

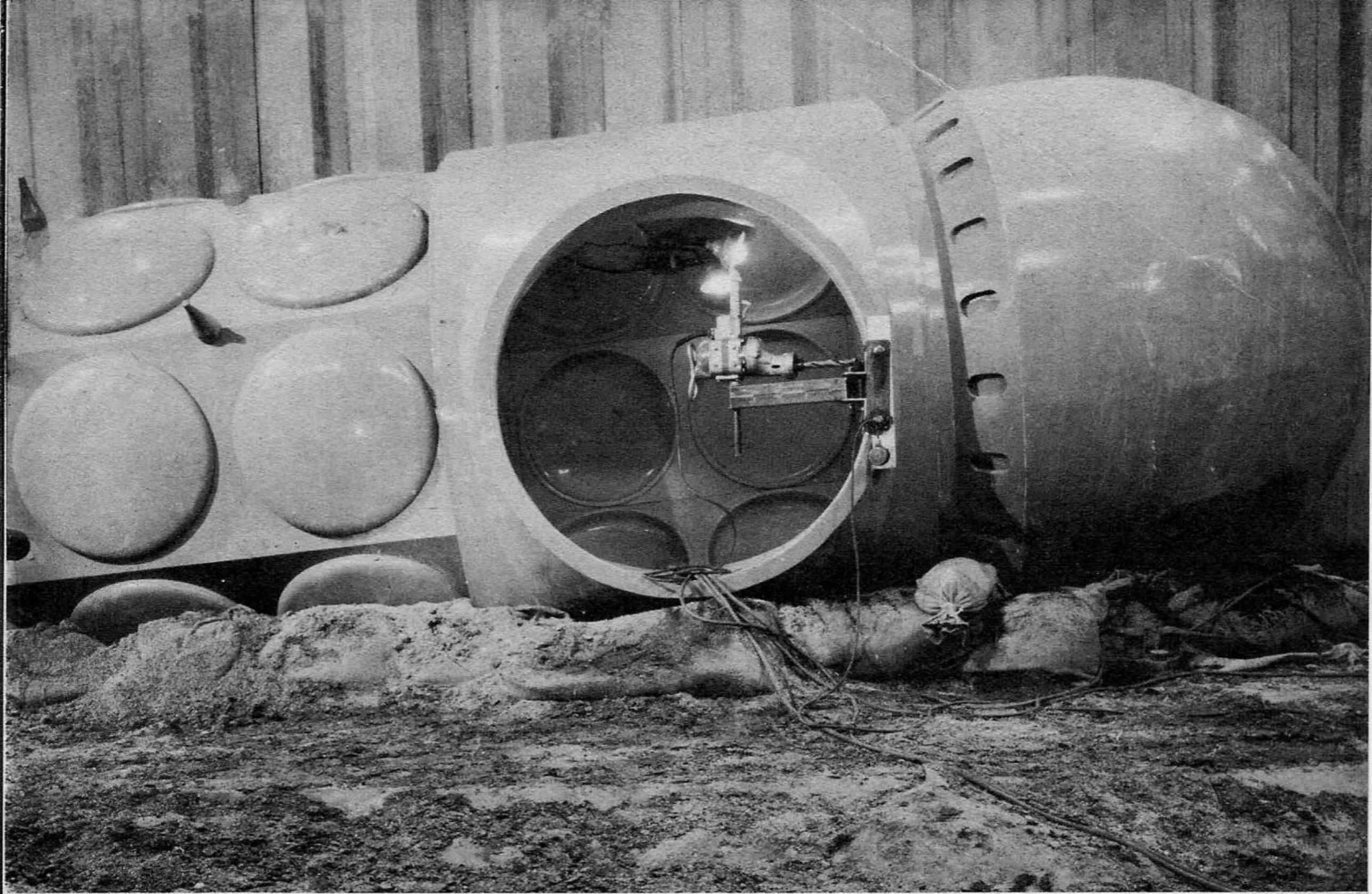
Would you risk 7c on a gamble to see THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES made? Four cents? Even 3?

Once before, in my companion magazine, *FAMOUS MONSTERS*, I asked for reader support to try to enthuse the Studio of your choice to produce FRANKENSTEIN FROM SPACE. We got about 100 letters, which weren't enough. This time we'd need

A spaceflight breaks the Time Barrier and arrives in the world of the future, sometime after the great Atomic Holocaust of 2188. Here Nelson Leigh is a victim of the "mutate", one of the horrible one-eyed shaggy semi-human inhabitants of our ruined WORLD WITHOUT END. (Allied Artists, 1956, in color.)



The mysterious PHANTOM FROM SPACE, as seen when he menaced EARTH in 1953 courtesy of United Artists.



The rocket seen in the videoplay QUATERMASS AND THE PIT, latest in the ever-popular British series. While we Americans unfortunately miss the originals, luckily the very fine film versions eventually reach our shores (THE CREEPING UNKNOWN and ENEMY FROM SPACE, so far)

1000 times that many. Can I get that kind of co-operation? The cause is great, the investment small. The world can probably live without FRANKENSTEIN FROM SPACE but think what we're missing if THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES isn't made after all—!

spacemen of the worlds, unite!

I'm suggesting—entirely on my own initiative, without Bradbury's knowledge or consent—that every last one of you, after reading these lines, takes 5 minutes and at least a 3c postcard (but preferably a 7c airmail) to write what well may be the most important letter of your space-film life.

Write direct to the head of the Studio himself, *Mr. Joseph Vogel, MGM Studios,* 10202 *Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.* Make your letter dignified. Write or print or type it as best you can. If you have a brother or sister or mother or father or aunt or uncle or wife or husband or friend(s) that you know would go to the show with you to see THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES, tell the man so. If, the week after *SPACEMEN* appears, the Studio receives absolutely *thousands* of requests that work on THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES be resumed, I believe it will have a positive effect and we may all be rewarded by eventually seeing an Academy Award-worthy space film.

This is a great experiment and I hope that every one of you will participate in it. Don't do it for me or for Ray Bradbury but for yourself. Convince the Studio that that picture is *wanted,* that it will make them money and win them awards.

Do it.

Crosby & Hope are coming!

On the lighter side of the news, after a 9 year vacation since their last "Road" work, Bob Hope & Der Bingle have now embarked on a project which they expect

Villainy in the void as one spaceman attempts to cut off air supply from oxygen helmet of the other. (PROJECT M-7; J. Arthur Rank British production released in USA by Universal in 1953.)

will lead them ere long on the airless ROAD TO THE MOON. (Readers with long memories or old issues of *Imagination, Space Travel, Imaginative Tales, Nebula, Spaceway, Science-Fiction Times*, etc. will remember from my columns Scientifilm Marquee, Scientifilm Previews, Scientifilm Parade, etc. that I've made this announcement off & on for nigh on to 10 years but don't blame me if Bob & Bing couldn't agree on who's to be the first to set foot on the Moon. If they don't watch out, Jerry Lewis is liable to beat them to the green cheese concession!)

Already, over in England, comedian Kenneth More has got himself involved in lunar hi-jinks. The import, THE MAN IN THE MOON, is currently playing in some parts of the U.S. I understand a 10 week run has been predicted for it in New York.

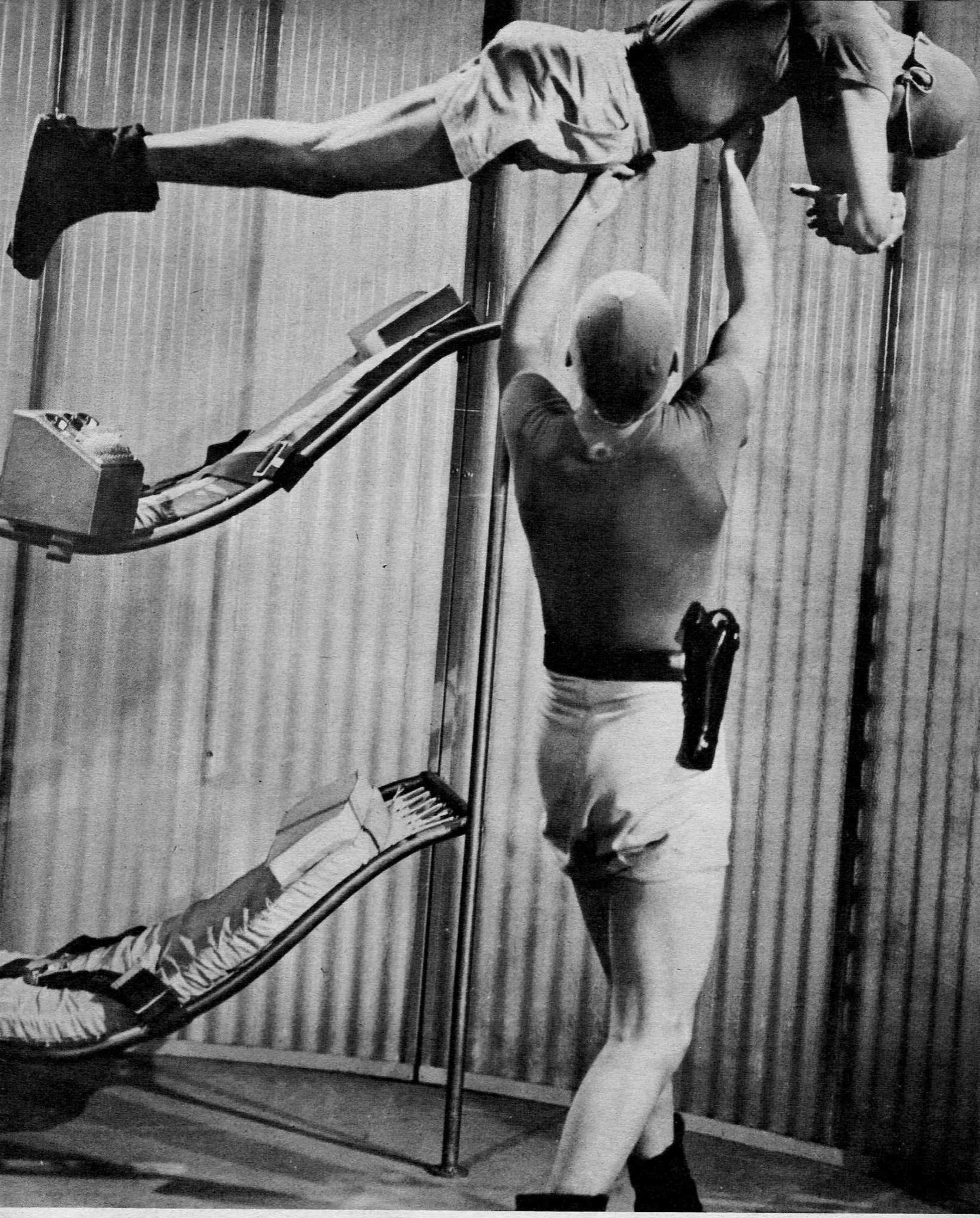
THE COSMONAUTS will be Alex Gordon's first big space venture and Bert Gordon has been eyeing THE STAR-BEAST as a film property.

Production began at the beginning of Aug. on a space-spoof about a goof named Astro who discovers an all-female planet where babies literally grow on trees!

John Agar, recovered from his bout with THE BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS, sets out Uranusward for a JOURNEY TO THE 7TH PLANET.

Planet 4 seems to be getting the big play with ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS, MARTIAN EYE, THE MAID & THE MARTIAN and A MARTIAN IN PARIS made or to be made.

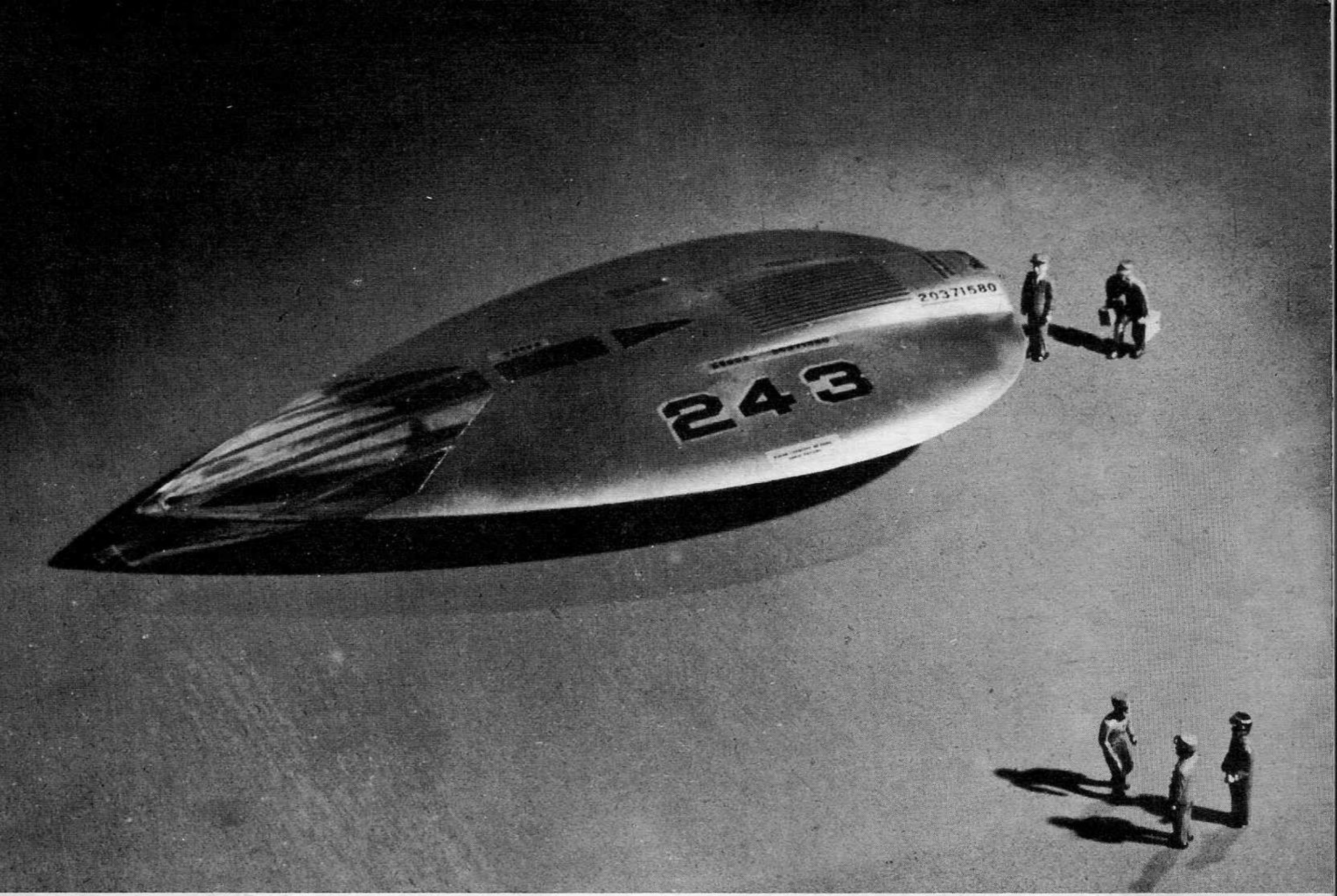
Coming: Big News on THE HEAVENS ARE CALLING and PASSAGE TO THE END OF SPACE! **END**



The Wonders of Weightlessness graphically illustrated in the interior of the rocket of PROJECT MOONBASE (Galaxy Pictures—Lippert 1953) as astronaut effortlessly lifts companion.

TRAINING FOR SPACE

Calling All Space Cadets! If you feel that piloting an interplanetary ship may be just the job for you, or you envy those who one day will fly the spaceways, here's a thrilling preview for you of Space Academies to come.



On the other hand, you might glide along to the reception grounds in an auto like this Arojet, atomicar of tomorrow.

Thru the AIR to Space

AMERICA. ISRAEL. RUSSIA. Place their initials side by side and you have AIR; add up their initial attempts to assault the great vault of the Universe with their man-made rockets and you realize why there is no longer room for doubt in serious minds that mankind is on the road to the stars.

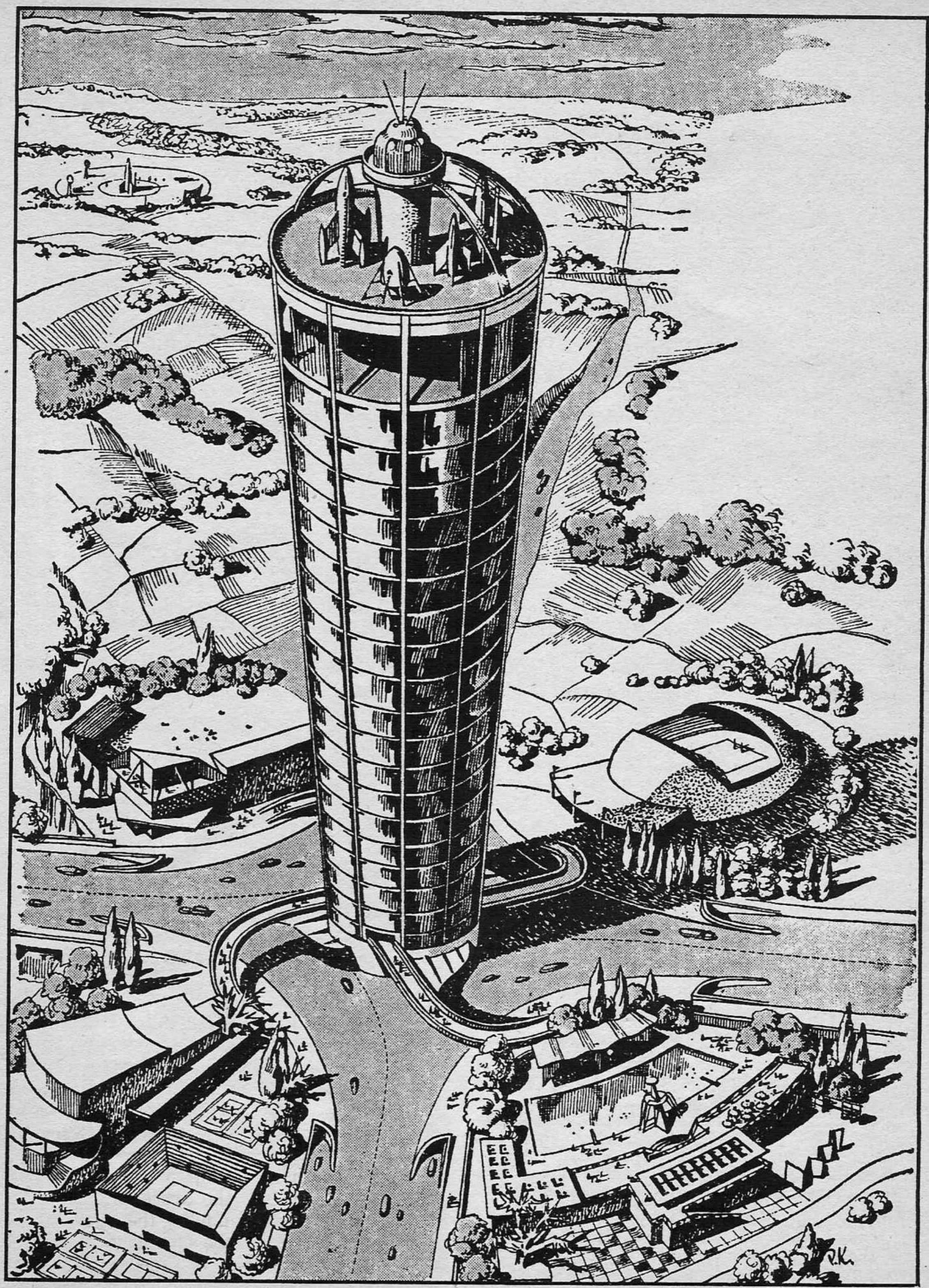
As the Space Age takes form a time will come when a great need will be manifest for young men to pilot & navigate the ships of the void. Just as there are aviation schools today, so there will be Space Academies in the future. Let us imagine one and how its students will be trained to transport people to faraway planets.

The building, of course, will be a superb piece of architecture, made of durable metals and designed especially for its purpose. It will be located some distance from the large towns and will be a complete little world in itself. It will have bedrooms, classrooms, an observatory, shops, cinema & recreation rooms.

Educating Space Cadets

Spacemen will have to learn considerably more than present-day airmen learn. The Space Academy will take cadets when they complete their primary education and will put them thru courses in all the subjects that are essential for the men who are to take charge of vessels in the void of space. Mathematics, physics & engineering will be the most important subjects. Astronomy, too, will play an important part, being, as it is, the geography of space.

Perhaps, to help cadets to become familiar with heavenly bodies, the Space Academy will have a large planetarium filling the whole center of the building up to the first floor. Here, the planetary models will circle a model sun in imitation of the Solar System and the cadets may



"The building, of course, will be a superb piece of architecture."

Does your instructor remind you of a movie star, maybe?

study them when they please.

Above all, space cadets must be physically fit. A sick man, or even a rather weak man, might crack up under the rigors of space flight; he might endanger the whole ship. So, the Space Academy will be amply provided with sports grounds, a gymnasium & swimming pool. Athletic pursuits will be a regular and compulsory part of the curriculum, with inter-class competitions and matches.

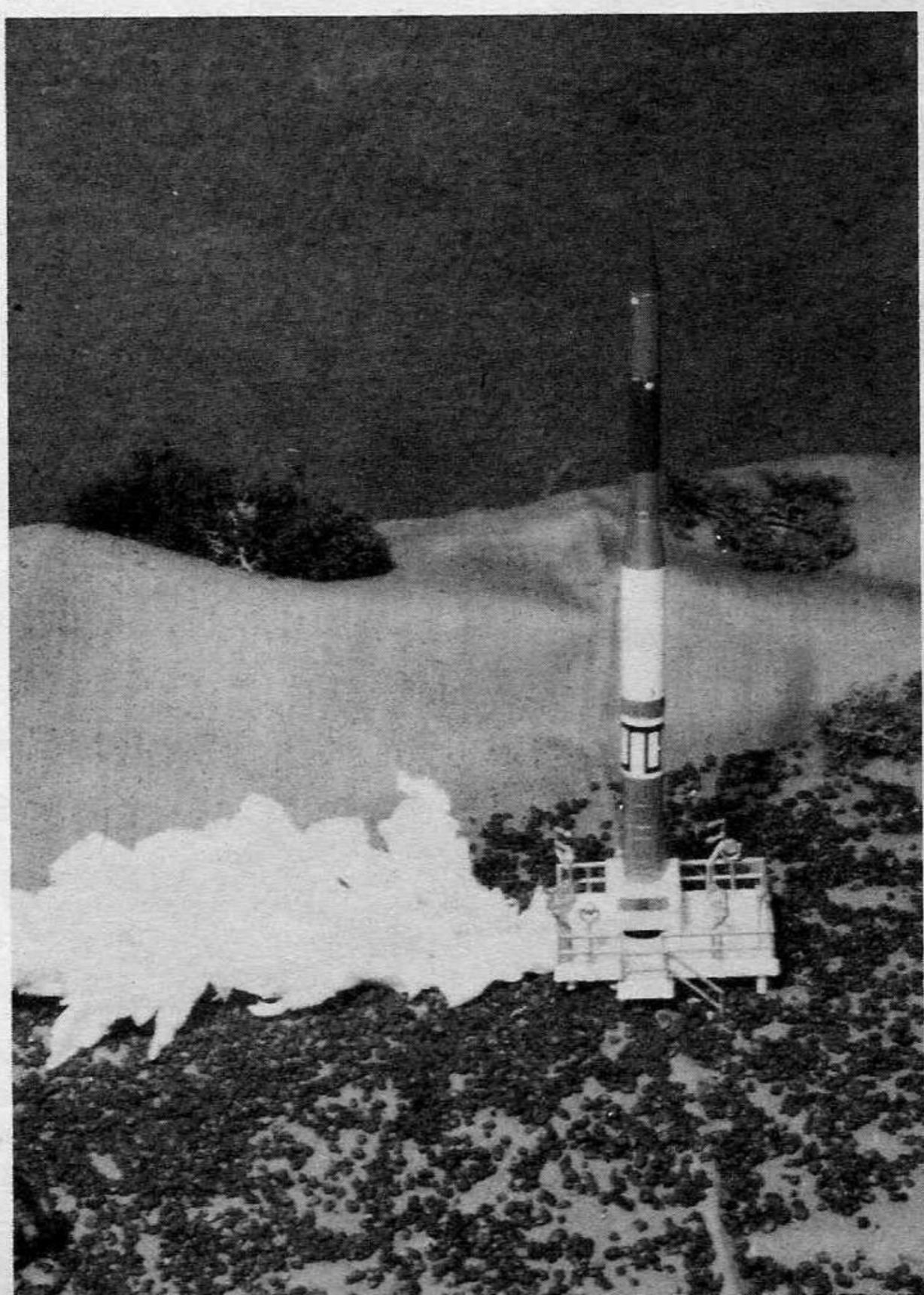
One good reason for maintaining perfect health is that all spaceship crewmen will have to withstand very strong forces when the ships take off and land, due to the tremendous acceleration necessary to escape from Earth's gravity field. Escape velocity is 7 miles per second, and the effect of this is that the men will be pressed down into spongy mattresses by what seems like a giant hand.

Up the Wall!

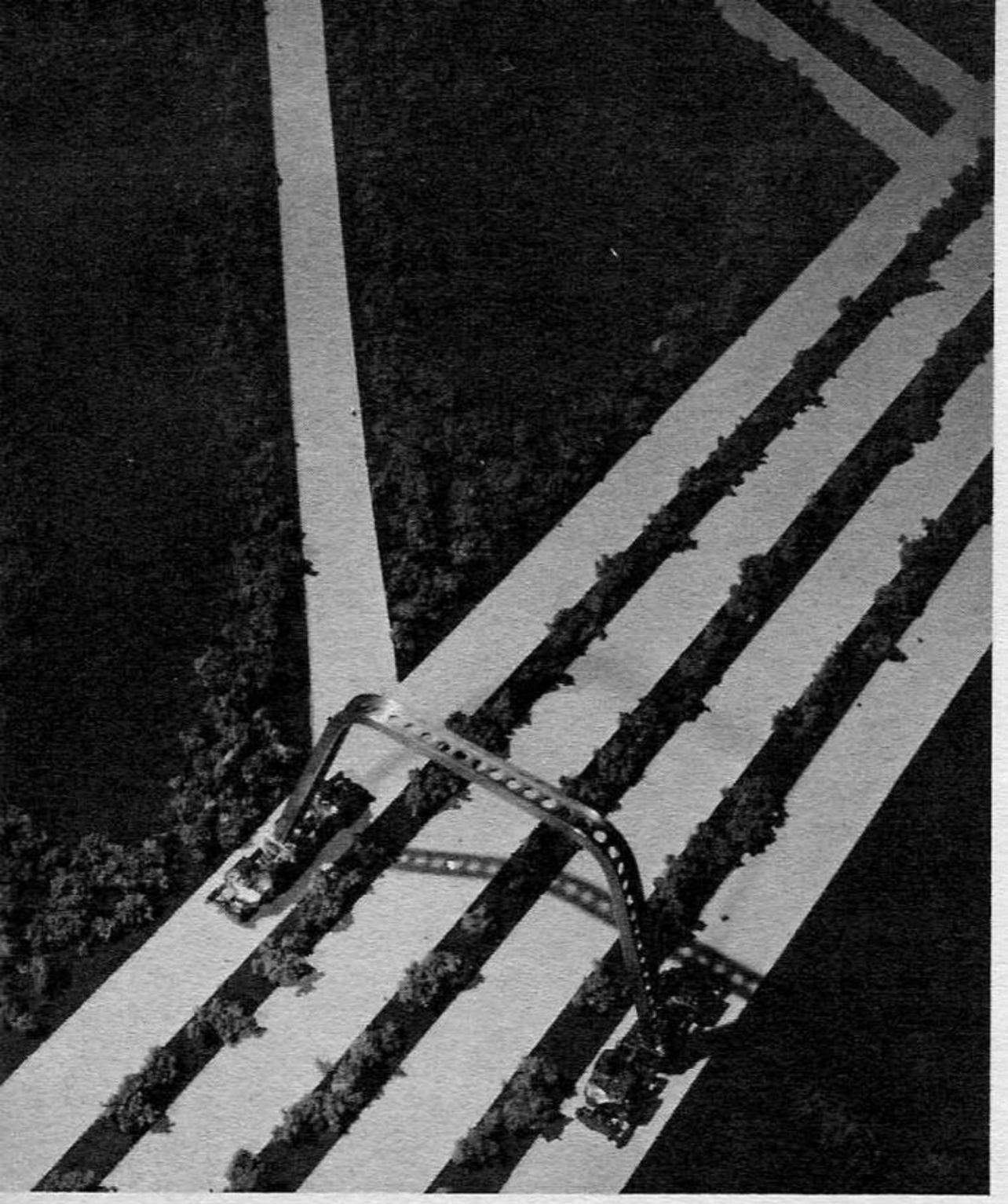
To prepare cadets for this experience by easy stages, the Space Academy will have a centrifuge room. In this, for so many minutes a day, the cadets will be spun round on the revolving walls, centrifugal force pushing them outwards and simulating the drag of gravity. Gradually they will become used to the experience and when they graduate from the Academy they will take blast-offs and landings in their stride.

Naturally, there will be terrific competition among young men for places in the Space Academy, and the authorities will have a very stiff entrance examination for weeding out the unsuitables. We can be certain that the wealth of the boy's parents will count for nothing. Successful candidates will be those who have shown their ability at the primary school, who are willing to work extremely hard while they are at the Academy, and who possess the correct personality for a spaceman.

Rocket testing pad. You'll get used to the roar of these—but the vibrations may shake your teeth loose!



You and your buddy—at the controls—in your first trip into space!



If you were arriving by helicopter at the Space Academy, this would be an aerial view as you neared your destination.

This question of mental characteristics will loom very large. Space voyages will be long & arduous, monotonous perhaps, and not a little dangerous. However clever a man may be at, say, physics, he becomes a liability in space if he tends to be irritable, selfish or belligerent. Careful psychological testing will be applied all thru the courses to detect such mental weaknesses.

If the man *is* good at physics, the Space Academy might think it worth while to treat him to better his personality. If he is *not* good at physics—well, he would have to leave anyway!

As with most careers, bookwork is not all. Every course will have its practical side—cadets will actually handle the complex air-locks, radio and television apparatus and rocket engines. In the early stages these will be mock-ups in the lecture rooms, but later on the cadets will train in actual spaceships. Various types will be kept on the flat roof and cadets will practice using the controls, navigation gear & engines.

Springboard to the Stratosphere

Near the Space Academy will be a launching apron—a great disc of strong metal—and from this, under supervision, advanced cadets will take off in spaceships, pilot them out into the void under instructions from the control tower and bring them back safely. All cadets will eagerly await the day when they are allowed to take a ship up without the instructor present.

An important part of the cadet's training will be slanted at emergency conditions. To this end he will be instructed in the care and use of the spacesuit. When he makes actual trips into space, he will put his knowledge into use by climbing outside the ship on repair drill, feeling all alone out there among the stars with only his safety line connecting him to the ship. At first it may be a little frightening, but the true spaceman will soon be carried away by the excitement of the moment.

There will, of course, be a certain amount of discipline required to keep the Space Academy running smoothly. But beyond this the cadets will be allowed considerable freedom. A vessel in space is so isolated that every man must be able to act on his own initiative, without needing someone to tell him what to do. The Academy will train cadets to obey orders—and to act sensibly and quickly when orders are lacking.

We can imagine a space cadet, rising early in the morning because there is a lot to be done, leaving his private room and going along to the bathroom for his morning wash. There he joins in a conversation with his companions about the best way to land a ship on Jupiter.

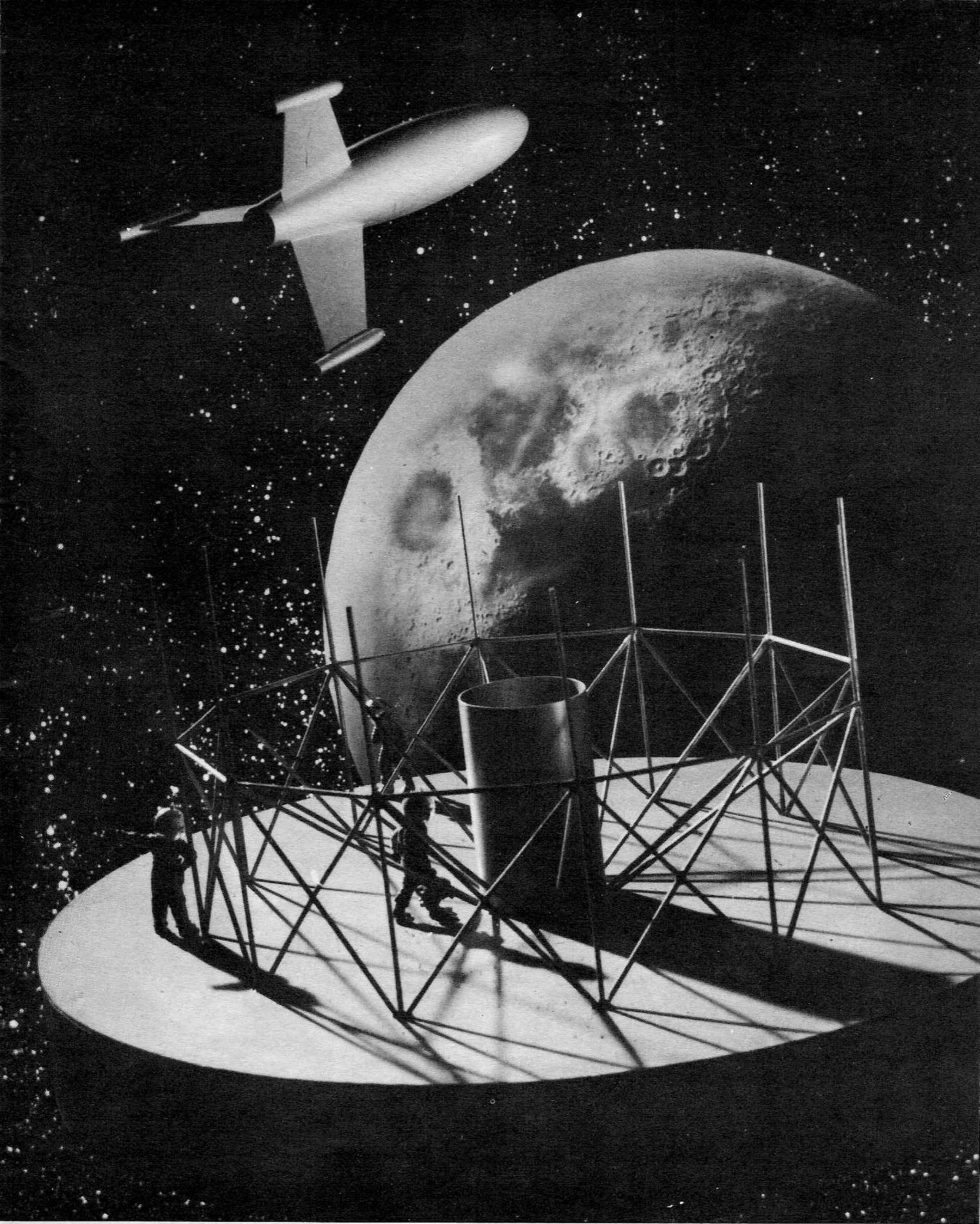
After his wash, he goes down to the diningroom for breakfast, smart in his uniform, with the spaceship flash gleaming on his arm. Here he continues the conversation, learning something from his friends and teaching them something in return.

During the morning he works at mathematics, physics & chemistry. A little before lunch the whole class goes off to the football field or the tennis courts and works up a fine appetite. After a shower there is lunch—and another discussion.

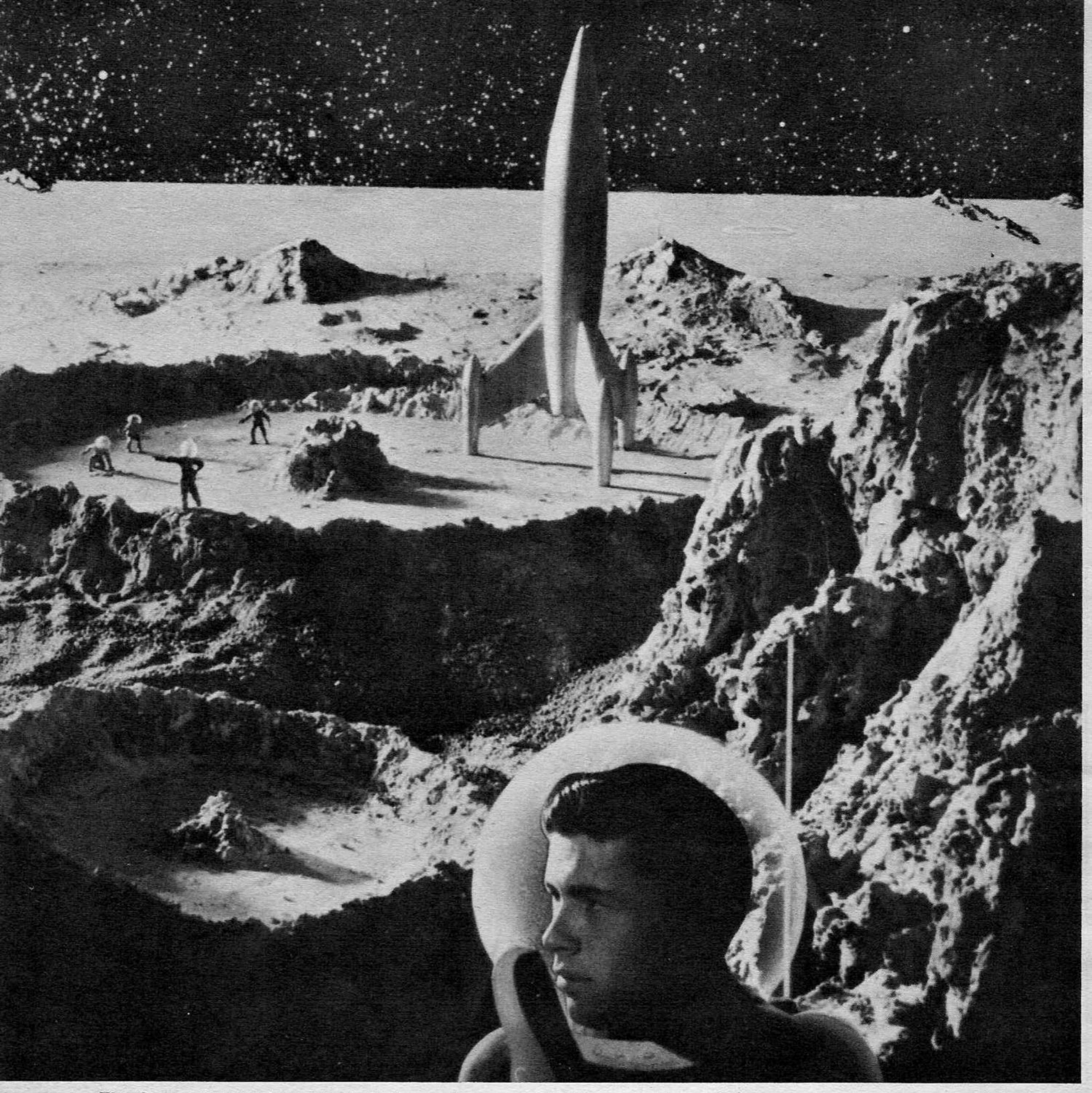
New Laws to Learn

In the afternoon, our cadet attends classes in botany, zoology and space law! Then in the early evening he joins some friends at the swimming pool or in the games room. Another shower and he goes to dinner, only this time he talks about football or table tennis or the breast stroke!

Dinner over, he may take a stroll in the grounds or watch the planetarium for a while,



Your first view of a Space Station under construction.



The Space Cadets have landed! A scouting party looks over the strange surface of the new world.

memorizing the relations between the planets. As soon as it is dark he goes up to the observatory under the roof and spends an hour or two looking thru the telescopes and taking photographs of the stars.

Finally he goes back to his room and reads up a little rocket engineering in preparation for a lesson next day. When that is finished he climbs into bed, tired but happy, and looking forward to the day when he graduates. Besides, *tomorrow he is actually going up into space!*

Picture Identifications:

1. Helicopter design by Jacque Fresco.
2. Model, Fresco; photography, Phebus.
3. Model, Fresco; photography, Phebus.
4. Artwork by D.K.
5. The late Humphrey Bogart!
6. Tabletop model work by SM reader Allen Essman.
7. From THE PHANTOM PLANET (Four Crown Productions, 1961).
8. DREAM OF THE STARS, Morris Scott Dollens.
9. Painting by space-minded Nick G. Stasinos, courtesy of Arthur Louis Joquel II.
10. DREAM OF THE STARS, Morriss Scott Dollens.

END

A quarter million miles from home! the new recruits back home at the Academy! Boy, wouldn't they give their eye-teeth to see what you're seeing!

O'HENRY'S COMET

tales with a twist in their tail

Tale #3 is by the astounding Robert Silverberg, young man of many pen names, many claims to fame. His FIRST AMERICAN INTO SPACE, the dramatic true story of *Mercury* astronaut Commander Shepard, is a best-selling pocketbook. He has had over 600 stories & articles published since he started writing sci-fi in high school. TAB Books, an affiliate of Scholastic Magazines, published his space novel, "Revolt on Alpha C"; Ace Pocketbooks has published his "Invaders from Earth", "Stepsons of Terra". He has won a Hugo, science fiction's highest annual honor award. We think his story, reprinted here from the April 1957 issue of *Imagination*, will entertain and surprise you.

OLD SPACEMEN

The old man came down the ramp of the spaceship and stood at the edge of the landing field, just looking around. It was good to see Earth again. For a quarter of his lifetime he'd seen Earth only in snatches, between space trips.

He stood there, one hand on the cold metal of the ship's catwalk, and looked at the field. It had been a night flight in from Callisto, and the field was brightly lit, sparkling sodium lamps and glittering constellations of guide-beams to illuminate the landing strip for pilots coming down. Bright light was necessary. It was a split-second job, landing a spaceship, calling for devilishly good reflexes.

The Old Man looked at his own unshaking hands and smiled proudly. Then he picked up his duffel bag and started to walk across the field.

After about 4 steps a gray-clad figure stepped out from behind a rocket and grinned at him.

"Hello there, Carter!"

"Hello there," the Old Man said amiably. But the blankness on his face told the other that the Old Man did not remember him.

"I'm Selwyn—Jim Selwyn. Remember now?"

A smile crossed the Old Man's space-tanned, strain-lined face "Sure I do—Lieutenant."

"Not any more." Selwyn said, shaking his head. "I'm retired."

He remembered Selwyn from the far-off past of his trainee days. Lt. James Selwyn had been one of the big men of the Space Patrol and he had paid a visit to the Academy to talk to the new recruits—one of whom had been the Old Man. The Old Man blushed a little for his younger self, as he remembered the blunt idol-worship with which he had approached Selwyn then.

And here was Selwyn now. Retired. A hasbeen.

"What are you doing these days?" the Old Man asked.

"Ground Mech. Can't get the feel of rockets out of my system, I guess. They retired me after one of my flights on the Pluto run. Guess I slowed down taking the turnover curve, or something. It's a good thing they spotted me before I had an accident."

"Yeah," the Old Man said. "Good thing. You got to have real good eyes to stay behind one of those big crates. Eyes and hands. The second your reflexes start to go, you gotta come out." Suddenly he glanced inquisitively at Selwyn. "Say, Selwyn, tell me something."

"What?"

"You're not bitter about getting bounced—getting retired, are you? I mean, it doesn't kill you to look at the ships going out and leaving you here?"

Selwyn chuckled. "Oh, no! Not any more. I kicked like the devil when I first got my notice, but it wore off. I miss it, a little—but I know my time was up when they yanked me. You remember Les Huddleston, don't you?"

The Old Man nodded grimly. Huddleston was one of the few who'd managed to fool them. He'd lasted past the usual retirement age, bluffed his way—until the day he was taking up the Mars ship, and didn't quite have it. He was only a fifth of a second off in his coordination but it cost a hundred lives and $50 million. They kept an eye out for the Huddlestons, now.

"Have a good trip?" Selwyn asked.

The Old Man nodded. "Pretty good. I did the Callisto run. It's all frozen and blue ice out there. Not much to see."

For some reason Selwyn's eyes looked misty. "Yeah. Not much to see. Just blue ice."

"That's all. But I made the trip okay. I'm due to take out the Neptune run this time around. Pretty good job."

"Neptune's an interesting place," Selwyn said, leaning on the rocket. "Venus was always my favorite, tho. It's got—"

Suddenly there was a crackle and the field PA system came to life. "*Flight Lieutenant Carter, please report to Administration Building at once. Flight Lieutenant Carter, please report to Administration Building at once. Thank you.*"

"That's me," the Old Man said. "Guess I gotta go. They probably want to give me my new assignment, and they've got my paycheck for me. Pretty good paycheck, too."

Selwyn smiled and clapped the Old Man on the arm. "Good luck, Carter."

"Don't worry about me," the Old Man said. He picked up his duffel and started walking across the field to the big gleaming frosty-white dome of the Administration Building.

He passed a couple of other pilots on the way—green kids, right out of the academy, without the knowing look and air of competence that there was about a veteran pilot. They were running springily someplace, perhaps just working off excess energy before their next trip up—or before their *first* trip up.

"Hey there, Old Man!" they yelled, as they ran by. "How's things, Lieutenant?"

"Can't complain," the Old Man said, and kept walking.

He thot of Selwyn again. So that was what it was like to be washed up? You hung around the spacefield, tinkering with feedlines and hauling fuel grateful to be allowed to smell spaceships and feel the rumble of takeoffs after your time was up. You watched the pilots who still had the eyes and the hands, and envied them.

The Old Man shook his head bitterly. It was sometimes a lousy business, running spaceships. The tests, for one thing. A test before you took off, a test when you landed. They gave him a test on Callisto, and they'd give him another one when he was ready to take out the Neptune run. They kept watch on you, all right.

"Hello, Lt. Carter. Have a good trip?"

It was Halvorsen, Base Medic. "Did all right, Doc. Nothing to gripe about."

"Be in to see me for a checkup soon, Lieutenant?"

"Soon enough," the Old Man said. "I'm taking the Neptune run, I hear." He grinned and kept walking.

After a few minutes more he was at the entrance to the Administration Building, and the plastic door silently swung open as he walked up to it. A crisp-looking, efficient secretary came forward and flashed a row of white teeth at him.

"Good evening, Lt. Carter. Commander Jacobs would like to see you as soon as possible, Lieutenant."

"Tell him I'll be right in," the Old Man said. He walked over to the water cooler, took a long slug—he couldn't risk drinking anything stronger, for fear of damaging his pilot's reflexes—and headed for the panelled door that said on it D. L. JACOBS, Base Commander.

The Old Man paused for just a moment, adjusting his flight jacket, straightening his tie, squaring his shoulders. Then he rapped on the door.

"Yes?"

"Lt. Carter to see you, sir."

"Come right in, Lieutenant!"

The Old Man pushed open the door and walked in. Commander Jacobs stood stiffly behind his desk, looking very military and stern. The Old Man's arm snapped up in a crisp salute, which the Commander returned.

"Have a seat, Lieutenant."

"Thank you, sir." The Old Man pulled out a chair and glanced expectantly at Jacobs. Jacobs was an old spacer himself, the Old Man knew. He wondered how come Selwyn had become a rocket mech and Jacobs a Base Commander, and then decided neither job was worth a damn next to that of being a space pilot.

Commander Jacobs fumbled in his desk drawer, took out a long brown envelope. At the sight of his paycheck, the Old Man grinned.

"How was your trip, Lieutenant?"

"Not bad at all, sir. I'll be filing the log later. It was a good trip, tho."

"They *have* to be good trips, Lieutenant. Anything less is disastrous. You know that, of course."

"Of course, sir."

The Commander scowled and handed the Old Man the pay envelope. "Here's your pay for the flight just concluded, Lieutenant."

The Old Man took the envelope, slid it into his breast pocket, and looked up. The next item on the agenda was usually the flight assignment. Those came in thick green envelopes.

But Commander Jacobs shook his head. "Please open the pay envelope, Lieutenant. I want to make sure you read it now."

The Old Man frowned. "The pay computers haven't made a mistake yet, sir. I'd be willing to bet—"

Commander Jacobs nodded. "I'm afraid so. That test you took at Callisto—"

"But I passed that!"

"I know. But the indications are that you'd have failed the next one, Lieutenant. We're just avoiding an unpleasant and inevitable scene."

"So you're throwing me out?" the Old Man asked. The world seemed to spin around him. He should have expected it but he hadn't.

"We're retiring you," Jacobs corrected.

"I still have some time time left, tho! Can't you let me take the one more flight to Neptune?"

"You're not a good risk," the Commander said bluntly. "Look here, Carter—you know that a pilot must be right up to peak, and nothing less than perfection will do. Well, you're not perfect any more. It happens to all of us."

"I'm still young, tho!"

"Young?" Jacobs smiled. "Young? Nonsense, Carter. You're a veteran. They call you the Old Man, don't they? Look at those wrinkles around your eyes! You're *ancient*, as space pilots go. You're ready for the scrapheap. And I'm afraid we have to let you go. But there'll always be room for you here, some sort of ground job."

The Old Man swallowed hard, fighting to keep back the tears. The thot of Jim Selwyn struck him, and he knew he was like all the rest. There was no place in space travel for old men. You had to be young and fresh with trigger reflexes.

"Okay—sir," he said hoarsely. "I won't fight it. I'll come around in a couple of days and talk over a ground job with you. When I'm feeling better."

"That's wise of you, Lieutenant. I'm glad you understand."

"Sure. Sure, I understand," the Old Man said. He picked up the paycheck and slid it into his pocket, saluted limply, and turned away. He walked outside, looking at the row of gleaming ships that sat there ready to spring toward the stars.

Not for me, he thot. Not any more.

But he admitted to himself that Jacobs was right. Those last few flights had been pretty shaky, tho he tried to deny it.

There was no sense hiding the fact any more. He waved to Jim Selwyn, and started to walk toward him to tell him the news.

It was too bad but it made sense. He was old, as space pilots went, and couldn't expect anything else but this. It had to happen some time. He was *ancient*, in fact.

Why, he was nearly 20. **END**

"Open the envelope, Lieutenant."

"Yes, sir."

The Old Man ran a fingertip down the envelope, opened it, took out its contents. There was a neat blue check in there, and he put that aside. He looked at the amount briefly, then whistled.

Then he read the accompanying voucher.

"Carter, Lt. Raymond F.

"For Callisto tour, round-trip, at usual rates: $7,431.62

"Severance pay, $10,000

"Total, $17,431.62."

Numb, the Old Man looked up.

"*Severance pay?*" His voice was a harsh puzzled whisper. "But that means I'm—I'm—"

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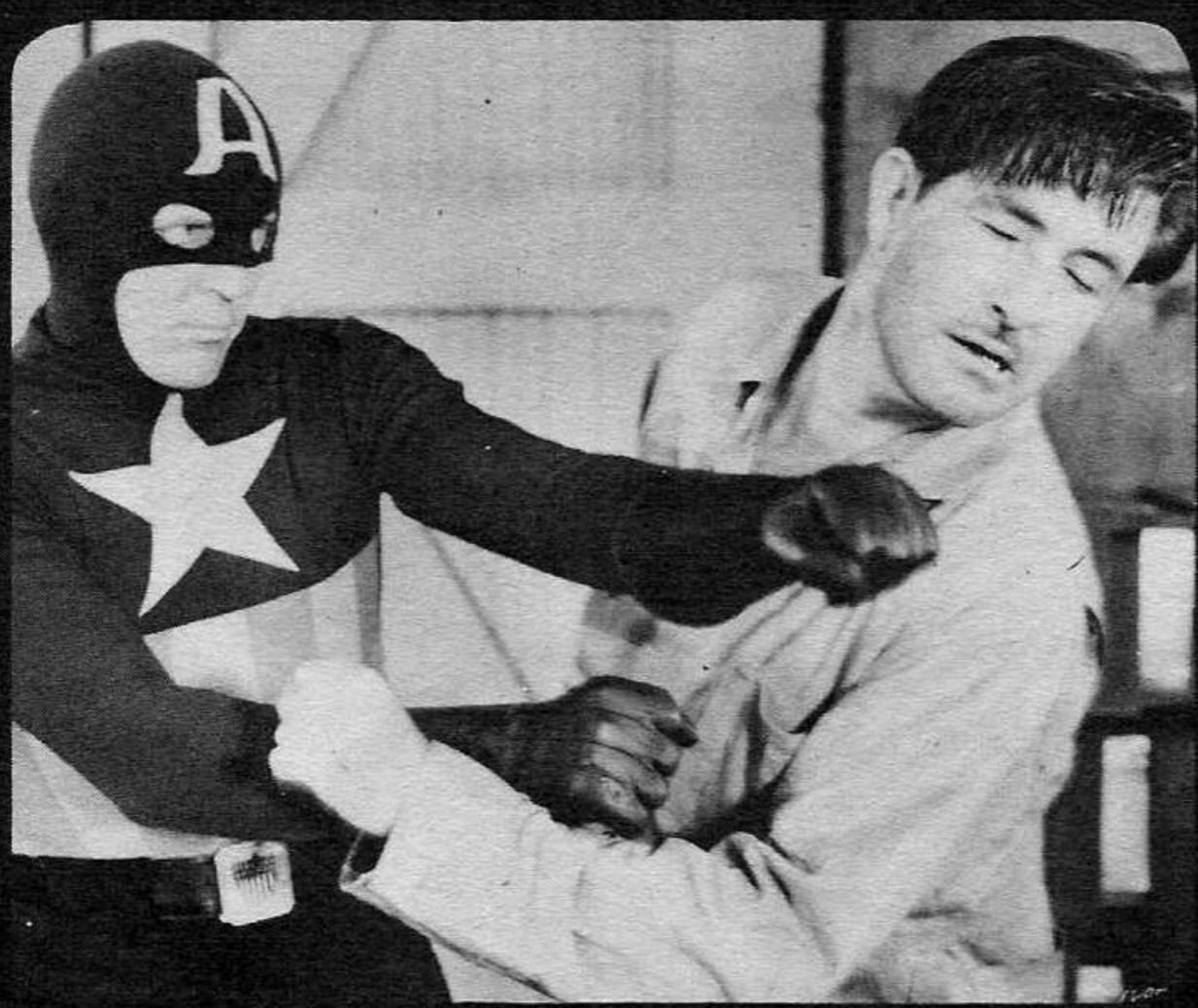

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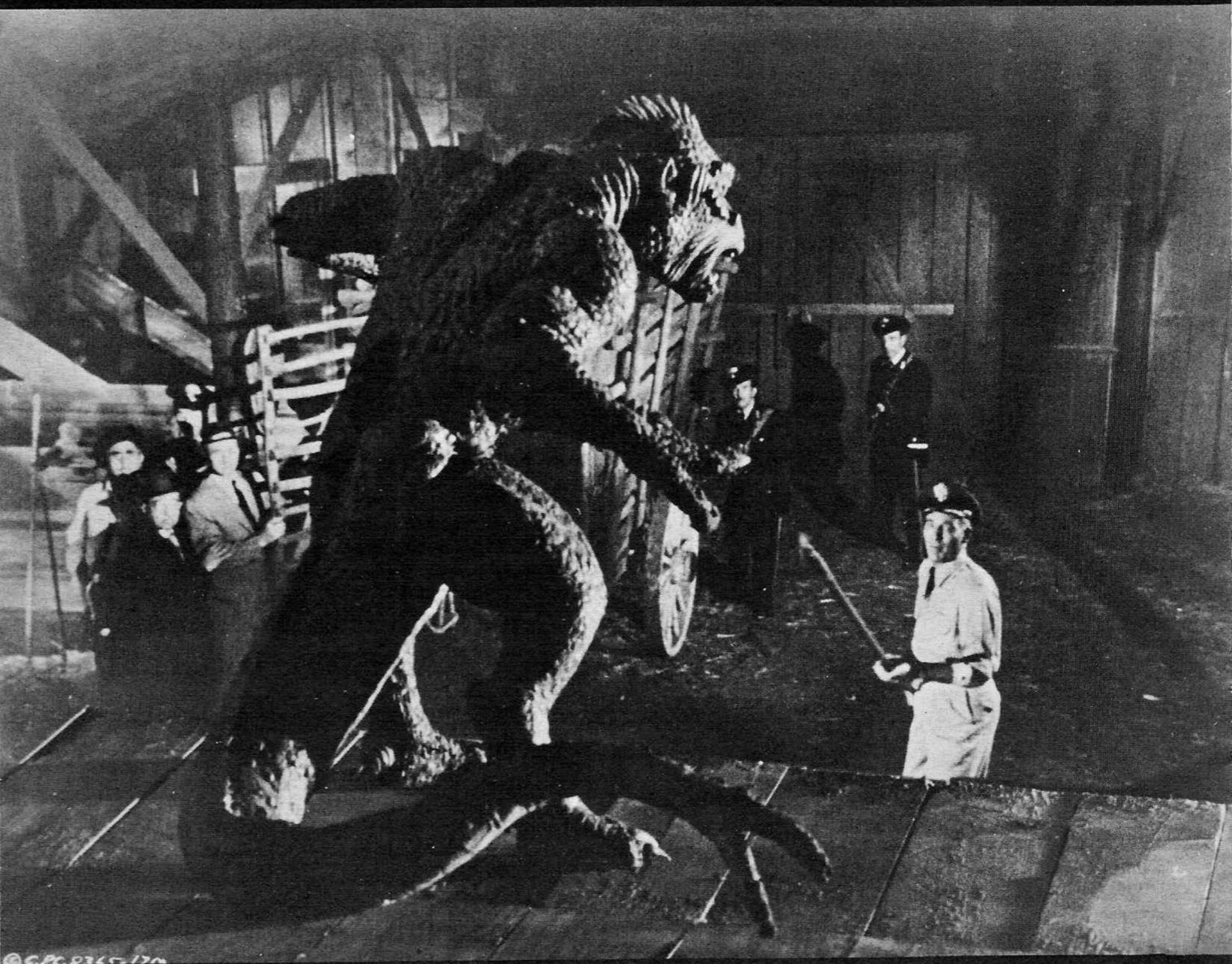
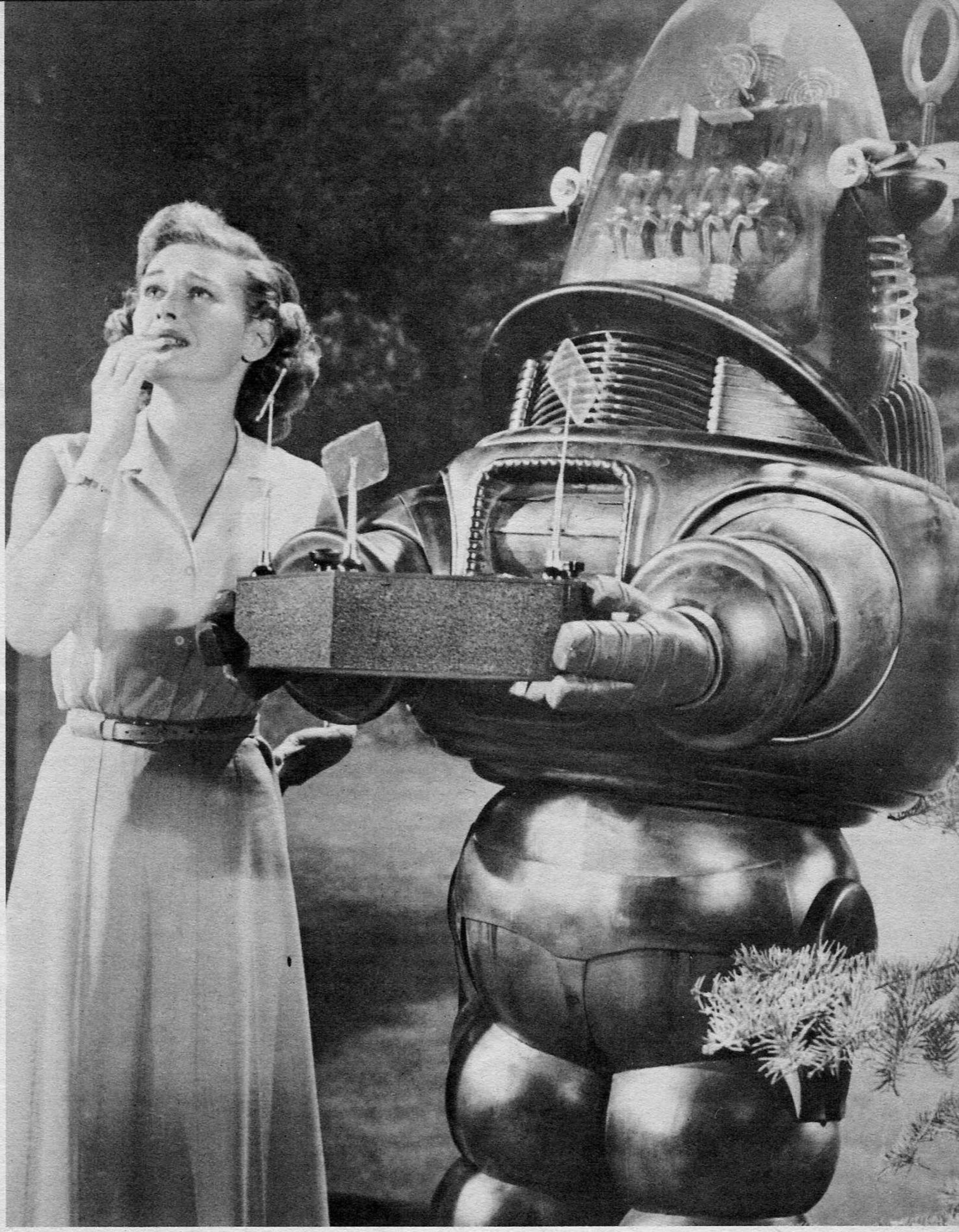
ORBITUARY DEPARTMENT

Beginning immediately this feature is increased to 6 pages to help take care of the overwhelming number of requests. Apparently we could fill a whole issue with nothing but photos from FORBIDDEN PLANET and FLASH GORDON and thousands of you would be happy. Let us know what else you want to see here by writing *SPACEMEN*, Dept. 4SJ, 915 So. Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles 35, Calif., and we'll do our best to oblige.



You can't show too much of Ray Harryhausen's work to suit this fan. How about another look at his Venusian Ymir from 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH?—DAVID ALLEN, Santa Ana, Calif.

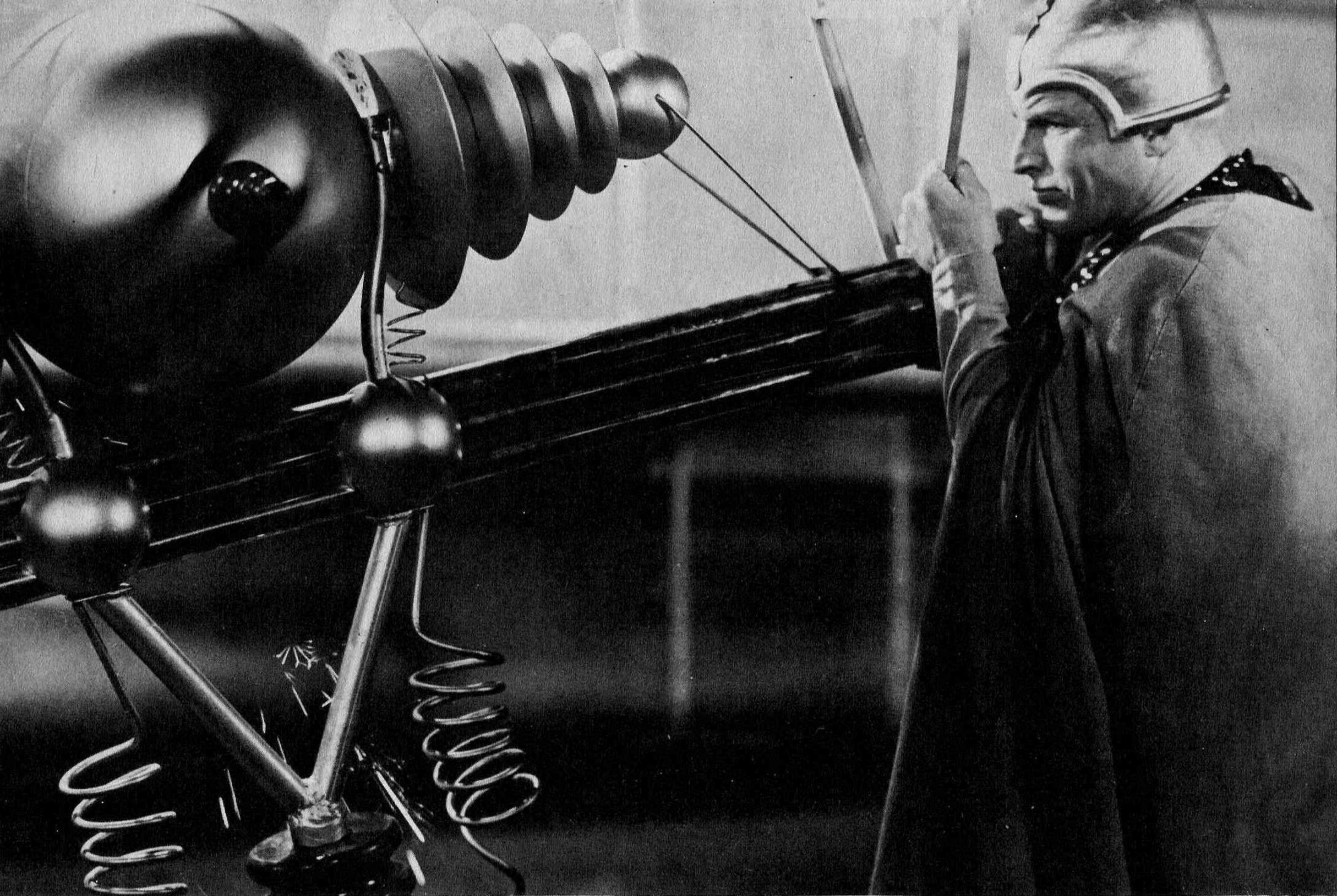


For EDDIE LITZINGER of Baltimore, Maryland, this close-up of Robby the Robot from the MGM (1957) production of THE INVISIBLE BOY, Robby's second screen appearance.

ORBITUARY DEPARTMENT

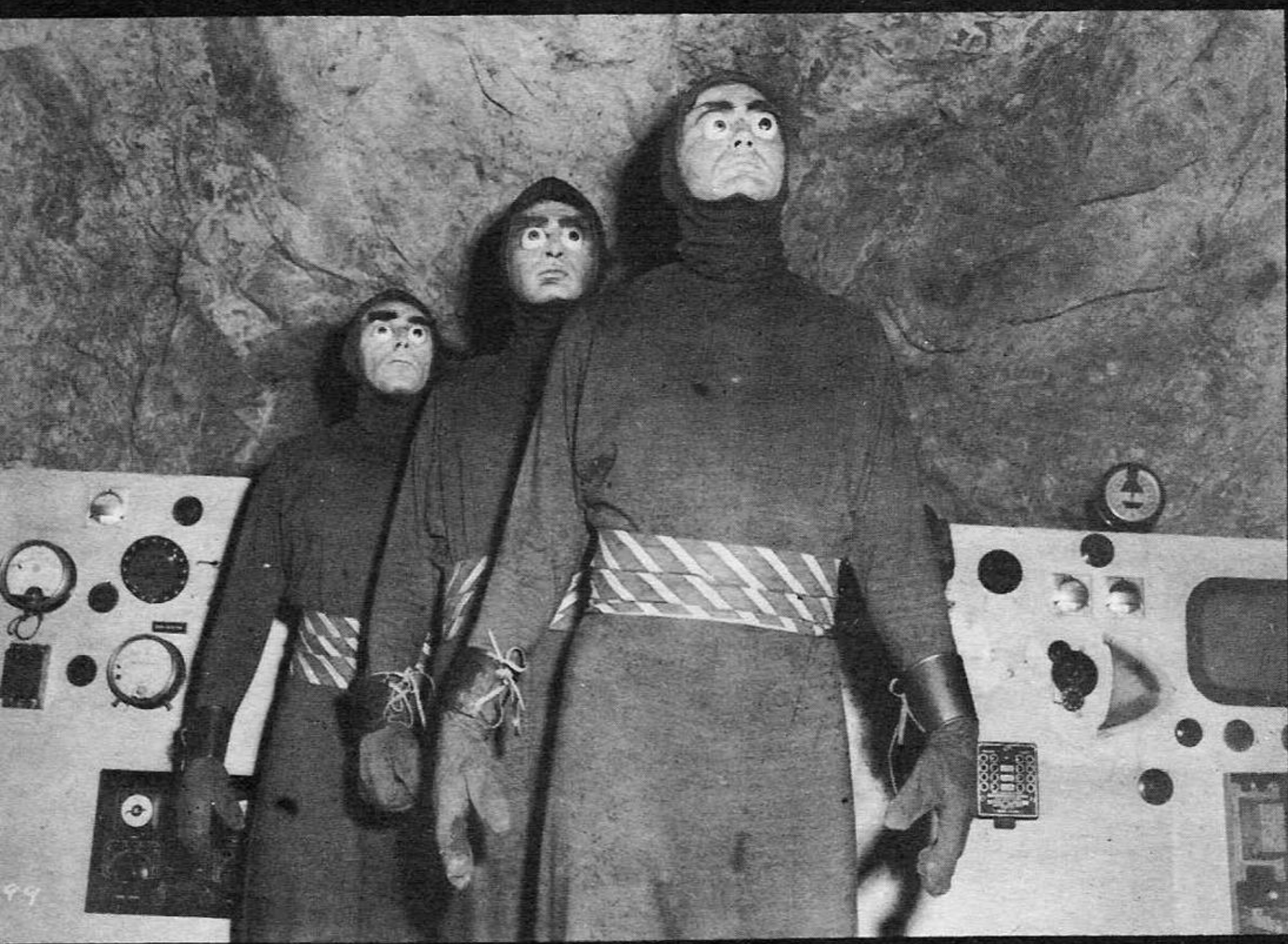
For TIM DILLENBECK of Arcadia, Calif., this Orwellian "dim view" of the future as foreshown in Columbia's 1956 release of "1984", one of Tim's favorite scientifilms.

For FRANK P. RUDOLPH (age 77!) of Teaneck, NJ, a look 39 years ahead at strange doings in the ciry of his birth, Vienna. From the Austrian scienti-fun film, "April 1, 2000". (With Curt Jurgens.)



Attention, IAN LOVESTOCK (Texas) . . . JACK RIPP (Chicago) . . . EDWARD PYLER (NY) . . . BRUCE McMATH (Wash) . . . STELLA CLINKER (Chicago) . . . DAVID SIMMONS (Ariz) . . . KEN KETTER (Ontario, Canada) . . . BARRON RICHTER (Illinois) . . . and DAN JONES (Georgia)—here's another FLASH GORDON photo to keep you company till we do his complete life story. —FJA.

ORBITUARY DEPARTMENT

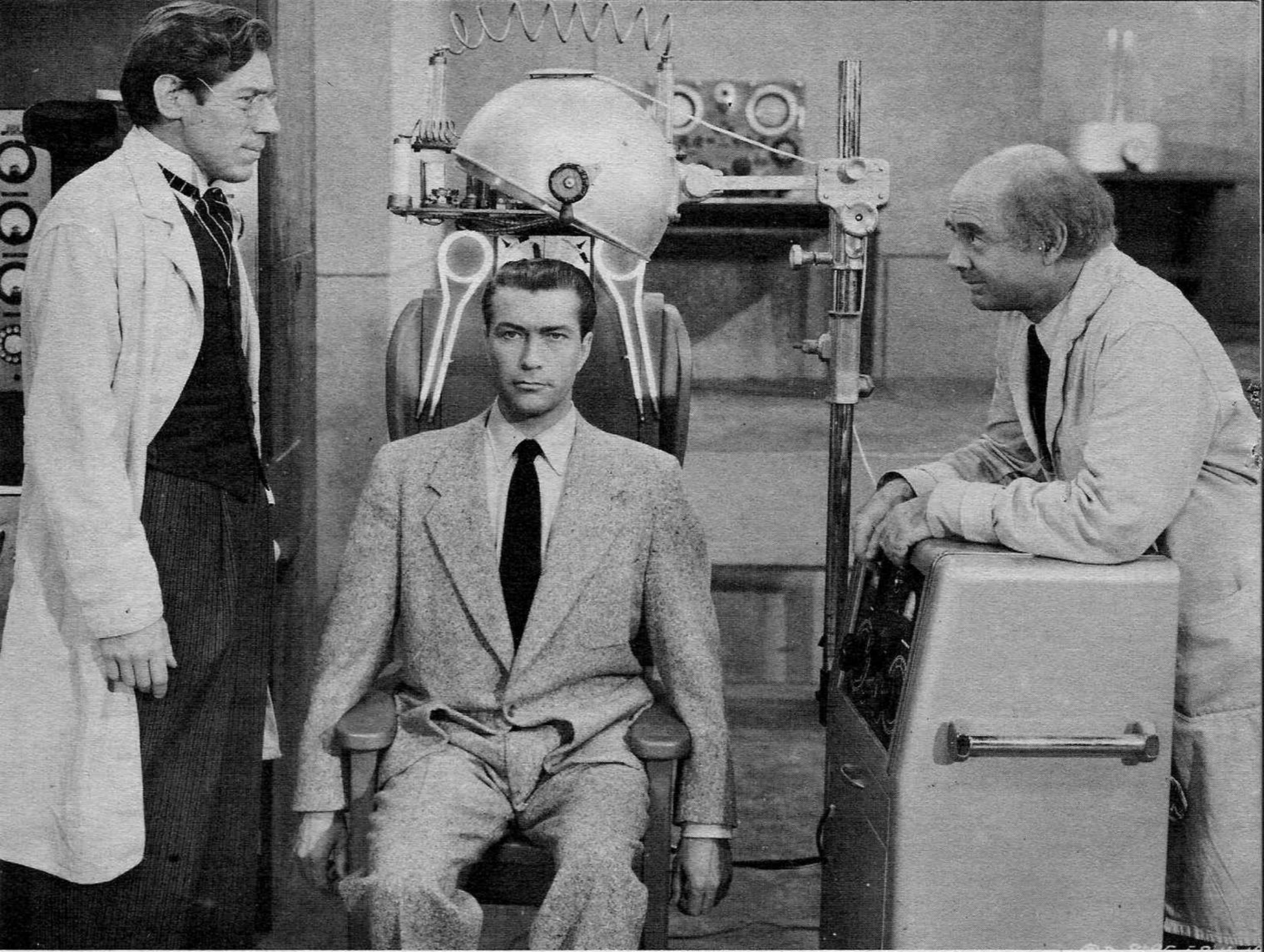


Those pop-eyed Planetmen called KILLERS FROM SPACE were so unbelievably ridiculous that we'd like to see them again . . . just *for laffs!*—LORI PETERS & HANS ORLAC, Oberlin, Ohio.

JOHN WIGGINS OF Philadelphia and ROBERT WOODS of Michigan both wrote requesting a scene from the same film, EARTH vs. THE FLYING SAUCERS.

To satisfy DOUGLAS ROYAL of North Carolina . . . DON LOFFTUS of Calif . . . DON WILSON of Maryland . . . JAMES GROVES of Calif . . . and JAY ARIAZ of Calif . . . this shot from FORBIDDEN PLANET. And there are more in store!

WE FOUND THE LOST PLANET



The evil Dr. Grood places Barrow under the Subconscious Mind Control Machine.

Rex Barrow, Conqueror of Space, battles Out-of-This-World Crime in a Time to Come and on a World Far Distant from Our Own—Outside the Solar System!

By Ron Haydock (Spacial Reporter)

Among the last half dozen serials made, before cliff-hangers began to become part of the colorful past, was a Sam Katzman special for Columbia. Released in 1953, it consisted of 15 exciting chapters directed by action veteran Spencer G. Bennet.

THE LOST PLANET was a mad scientist's dream—or nightmare—for it featured more outlandish devices than a FLASH GORDON and BUCK ROGERS serial combined: *a stellarscope, fluoro-ray, atomic activity spray, prysmic catapult, cosmojet, astra radio, dissolving door, neutron detonator, sonic vibrator, cosmic cannon, mind monitor, thermic disintegrator, invisibility cell, portable pulverizer, quadro-occilator, fraublisher freneticizor*—and many other weapons & wonders of the worlds to come.

THE LOST PLANET is sometimes, but should not be, confused with LOST PLANET AIRMEN, the latter being a Republic production released in 1951 and based on the earlier serial, KING OF THE ROCKET MEN.

When a cosmojet from the extra-solar planet Ergro crashes on the side of Mt. Vulcan, news reporters Rex Barrow, Ella Dorn and photographer Tim Johnson rush to investigate the strange occurrence. They are captured by the robot men of a Dr. Grood, electronics wizard who has succeeded in gaining control over the people of the

Grood places Rex Barrow in the Hypnotic Ray Cabinet to turn him into a human robot.

Ella fights to persuade Grood not to use his Cosmic Cannon to destroy Earth.

Grood (Michael Fox), with the assistance of Reckov (Gene Roth), prepares to train a Death Ray weapon at Rex Barrow's cosmojet.

far planet Ergro as his initial step in the conquest of the universe. Grood has previously captured Prof. Dorn, one of the nation's leading scientists, and transported him to Ergro for the exploitation there of his vast knowledge.

Grood's 3 prisoners—Rex & Tim—are shot to Ergro in a space vehicle and there, hypnotized and put under the influence of mind monitoring helmets, are forced to work mining cosmonium, the planet's mystery metal.

Rex manages to break his hypnotic spell and with the aid of Prof. Dorn rescues Ella. They hide in a cave, believing Grood knows nothing about their escape, but the electronics wizard has been watching them on his televisor screen. He aims his death-ray machine at the cave, intending to destroy them!

Dorn grabs a cosmic raygun and blasts the death-ray machine to pieces before it can destroy the cave. Grood then orders [illegible]ture the 3 earth people, [illegible]age to elude them. Dorn [illegible]s laboratory.

[illegible] attempt to free Tim, [illegible]m and Ella is captured. [illegible]es his way to Dorn's laboratory where he learns the secret of another Ergro mystery metal: *dornite*.

The professor tells him that when *dornite* is in contact with *cosmonium*, the re-

Cosmic Crime-Fighters, Rex Barrow (Judd Holdren) and Ella Dorn (Vivian Mason) discover one of THE LOST PLANET'S terrifying secrets—a Neutron Wave Reverser!

Prof. Dorn tries to stop Grood & Reckov from blasting Rex & Ella with their Thermic Disintegrator.

sult is a ray which causes invisibility. They decide Rex should become invisible and smuggle himself back to Earth aboard one of the cosmojets.

Not yet invisible, Rex hides in a cosmojet when Grood discovers his supply of *dornite* is missing. The power-mad scientist sends his robot men to hunt for it and they locate Rex in the spaceship. Grood orders the ship blasted with the thermic disintegrator, a device which causes complete destruction thru intense heat.

Rex renders himself invisible thru *dornite* and breaks out of the cosmojet just in time!

When the invisibility wears off, he is captured by Grood and sent to work with Prof. Dorn, who tells him of a hidden spaceship which he can use to leave Ergro.

disaster in the stratosphere

While Rex & Dorn are fueling the cosmojet, Grood is secretly watching them on the televisor screen. Determined that Rex shall not leave Ergro alive, the wily scientist trains a new weapon on the ship and aims a bombardment of nuclear rays at it.

As Rex's ship pulls free of the planet's gravity, a fragment of cosmic waste intercepts the ray and he is saved.

Returning safely to Earth, Rex contacts Prof. Dorn by interstellar radio and learns that Grood has followed him and is now back at his secret mountain laboratory.

Rex enlists the aid of 2 friends, Bren & Hopper, in the capture of Grood. But when

Rex Barrow captures cosmic criminal Karlo (Karl Davis) in Prof. Dorn's lab.

they reach the wizard's lab, they find he has once again returned to Ergro.

Volcano of Death

When Rex, Bren & Hopper rocket back to Ergro, they are captured by the robot men. Rex is placed in the hypnotic ray machine to be destroyed but Dorn makes him invisible and he is saved.

Now Rex sets out to free Ella & Tim who are imprisoned in a cell located in a dead volcano. After releasing them, all start to make their way down the mountainside, when Grood suddenly activates the solar thermo furnace. Its intense heat rays melt the rocks and send a lava-like flow pouring towards Rex, Ella & Tim!

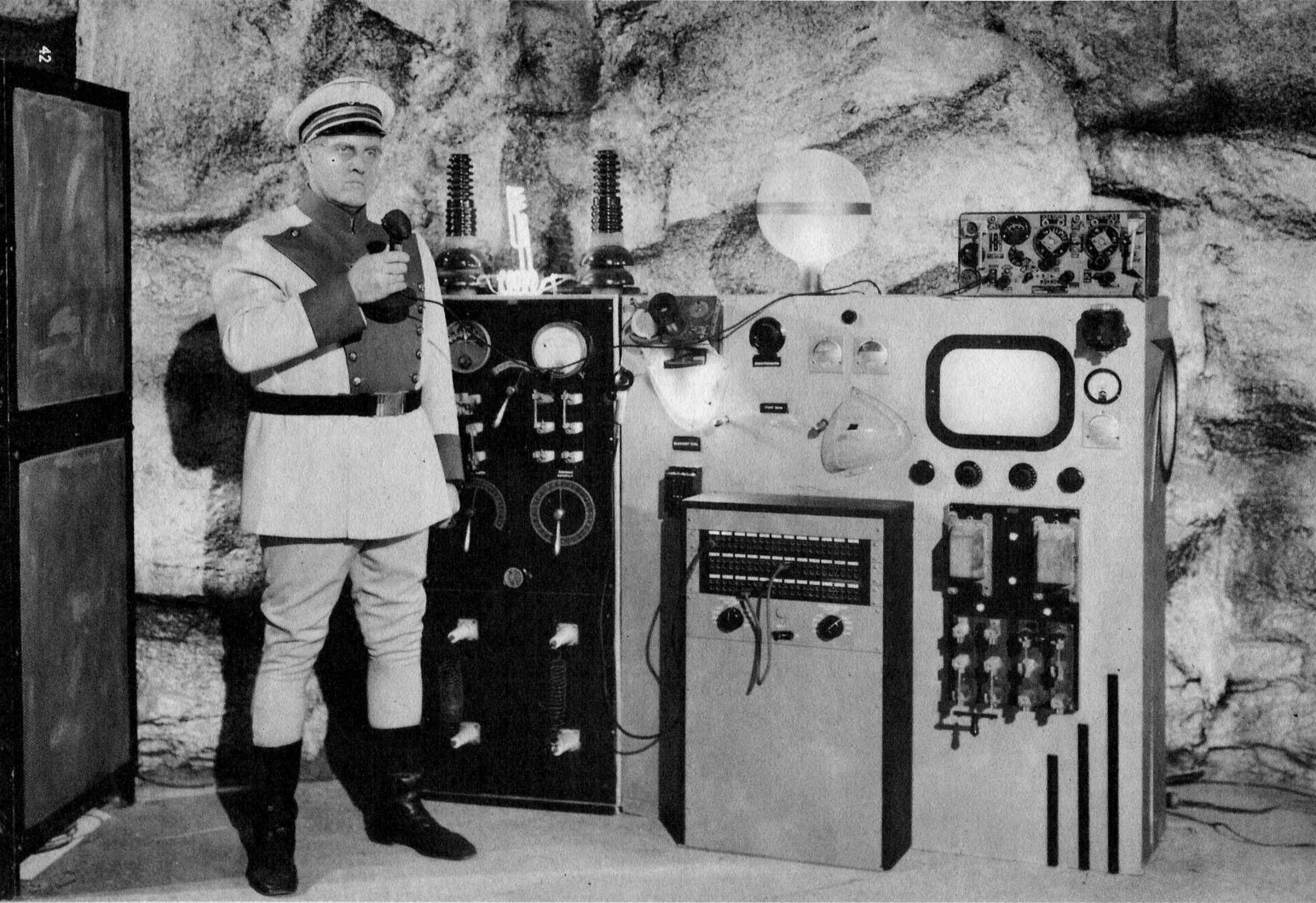
But the flames that envelop them are *cold!*

Prof. Dorn has reversed the charge at the solar furnace and created a *de*-thermo flame!

The Planet People Attack

Grood forces Dorn to lure Rex and the others towards the degravitizer, a machine which counteracts the flow of gravity. As the degravitizer's beam hits them, they shoot up into the air and are headed for certain doom when Dorn persuades Grood to turn the machine off.

Meanwhile, the planet people of Ergro rebel and Jarva, their leader, orders all the Earth people captured. Rex, Tim & Grood,



Reckov uses his Astra Radio to communicate with Dr. Grood on Earth.

along with his henchman Reckov, are taken by the Ergroians and placed in one of the spaceships to be shot back to Earth.

Grood gains control of the cosmojet and returns to Ergro where he and Reckov are immediately recaptured by Jarva. Rex & Tim hop aboard another cosmojet and return to Earth.

As they make their way towards Grood's mountain laboratory, they are unaware that Grood & Reckov have made themselves invisible and escaped from Jarva. As they approach the mountain retreat, Rex & Tim are frozen with fear to see a speeding train bearing down on them!

the cosmic cannon

As the train rushes by, leaving them unharmed, Rex realizes it was only a ghost train created by Grood's cosmic projector, a device which produces optical & sonic illusions.

After destroying the wizard's lab, Rex & Tim leave for Ergro. Again Grood has been watching them, and when Rex's cosmojet approaches Ergro, the evil scientist launches a flying missile into the ship!

Rex manages to evade the missile by a quick dive. Landing safely on the planet, he discovers a man named Hopper is the only Earthman free. Grood, still invisible, has ordered all the others confined to cells.

Now the master of electronics aims his cosmic cannon at Earth and prepares to fire at our world as a warning that he is ready to conquer the universe!

sentenced to space

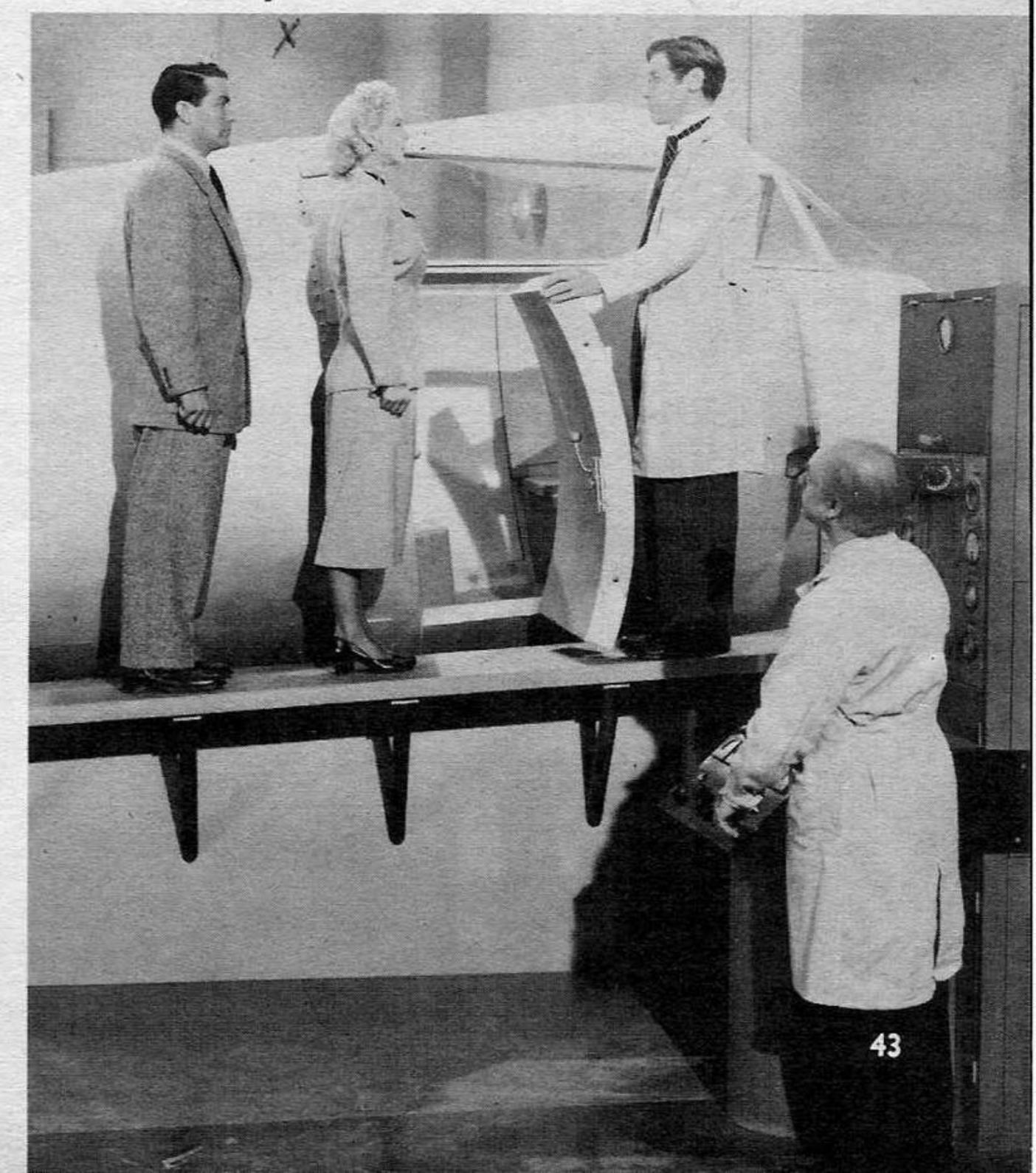
Rex successfully diverts the cannon's rays just in time and saves Earth. Grood, seeing his game is up, flees with Reckov to their cosmojet. He orders a robot to set the course thru space but the mechanical man directs the ship for *infinity* and then destroys the control panel.

Grood & Reckov are doomed to an endless journey in space!

When Ergro is restored to the rule of its own planet people, Rex, Tim, Ella, Dorn and the others return to Earth in a cosmojet—with many memories of their hair-raising adventures on the Lost Planet. **END**

Equipped with Mind Monitoring Head Sets, the Earth people listen as Karlo instructs them to begin mining Ergo's mystery metal, *Cosmonium*.

Grood captures Tim Johnson, Rex Barrow & Ella Dorn; commands them to enter the Cosmojet to blast off to Ergo where they will becomes his slaves.



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A SIMULATED VOYAGE TO THE MOON—and a dozen other thrilling adventures, from a tour 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea to a breathtaking monorail ride to the top of the Matterhorn—can be yours **free** at famous, fabulous Disneyland, California, with the compliments of our companion magazine, FAMOUS MONSTERS.

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RON HAYDOCK, who contributed MENACE FROM THE MOON in **SPACEMEN** #1. . .

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JUDGES FOR FAMOUS MONSTERS—AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES MAKE-UP CONTEST

ZACHERLEY
America's Top TV Ghoul

FORREST J ACKERMAN
Editor
Famous Monsters

JAMES WARREN
Publisher
Famous Monsters

JACIE ASTRACHAN
Managing Editor
Famous Monsters

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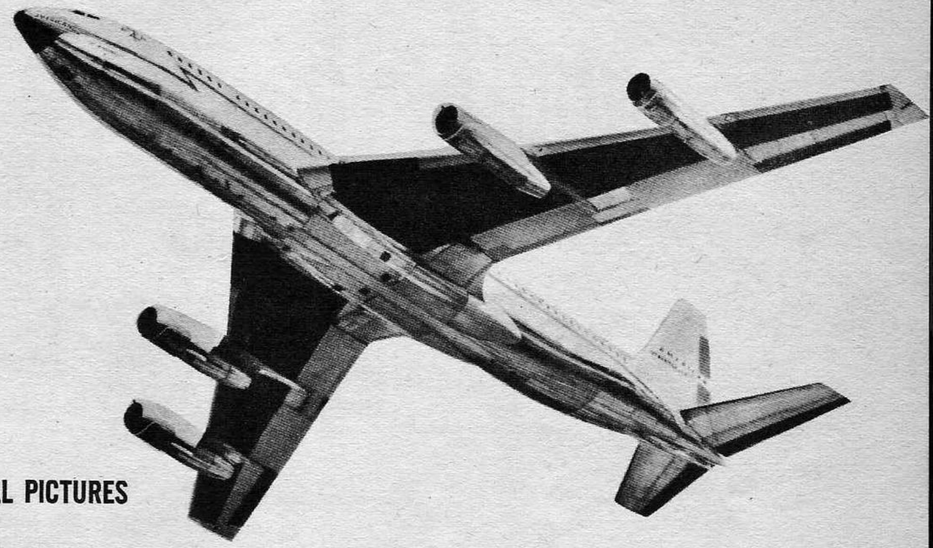

FAMOUS MONSTERS

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. You must be an amateur monster fan, under 21.

2. Mail the ENTRY BLANK COUPON below, along with $4.95 for the OFFICIAL CONTEST MAKE-UP KIT. Your complete OFFICIAL KIT will be rushed to you immediately.

3. Using the materials in the KIT (as well as other props, etc., you may want to use), make yourself up to the best of your ability. You can create a new unusual face, or you may re-create a face that appeared in FAMOUS MONSTERS.

4. Send in a nice clear snapshot, polaroid print or glossy 8″ x 10″ photograph of yourself—BEFORE and AFTER the make-up job, along with OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK APPLICATION which will be enclosed in each MAKE-UP KIT!

5. You may send as many different poses of yourself in the **same** make-up as you wish, with a single ENTRY BLANK APPLICATION; but if you wish to submit a picture or pictures of yourself in **more** than one make-up (such as a Mummy **and** a Man from Outer Space), a separate ENTRY BLANK APPLICATION must accompany each **different** make-up. You will find several ENTRY BLANK APPLICATIONS in each MAKE-UP KIT.

6. The FAMOUS MONSTER-AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES MAKE-UP CONTEST closes at midnight, January 15, 1962. All entries must be postmarked before then to be eligible. Prize winners will be notified by telegram, and will be flown to Hollywood early in February.

7. Winners will be judged on the basis of originality and artistry of their make-up creations. All photographs become the property of Famous Monsters Magazine.

8. Anyone may enter—excepting employees of Central Publications, Inc., and American-International Pictures, its affiliates or their families. Contest is subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

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This natural rubber make-up kit is devised so that all types of character and monster faces can be created easily. Latex adhesive (harmless to the skin) is included to completely change the shape of your face.

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GIRL IN THE MOON

FRAU IM MOND.

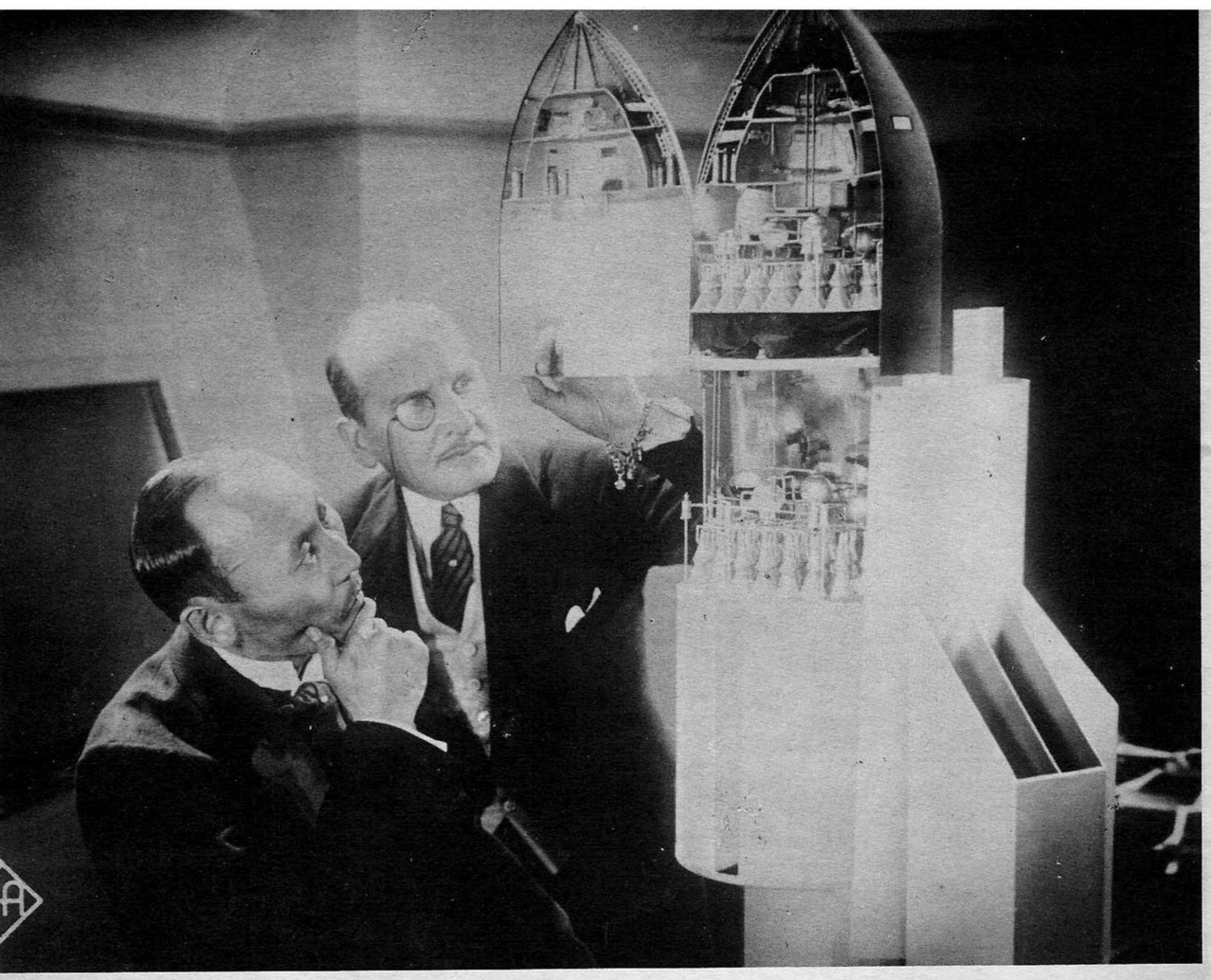
GIRL IN THE MOON.

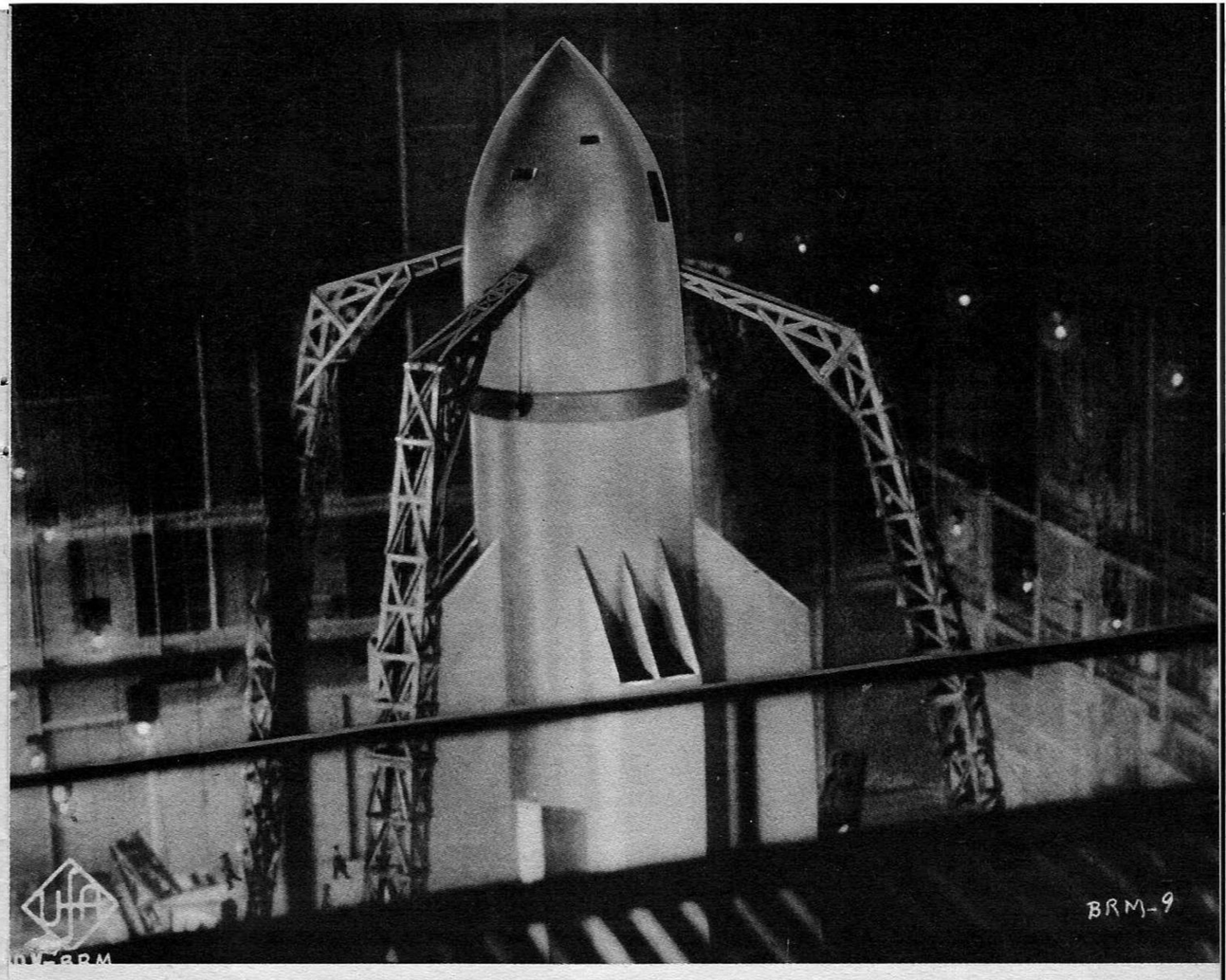
THE WOMAN IN THE MOON.

And BY ROCKET TO THE MOON.

They called it by many a name; but whatever they called it, they all agreed it was *great*. World Acclaim greeted the cinema saga of the German spaceship that made the Lunar leap 10 years before America achieved a similar destiny in DESTINATION MOON . . . and a whole Generation before the real life Race for Space which probably will culminate in Russia or the USA landing a rocket on the Moon before you can say *Yuri Gagarin and His Vostokian Cosmocraft*.

Here for your Entertainment & Edification, based on the 50,000 word book and thrill-a-minute motion picture screenplay, is the digest version of the First Sound Film of Space. (It did not talk but, in its way, it *sang* to those who saw it—and believed.)





THE MODEL OF THE MOONSHIP (LEFT) BECOMES THE ROCKET IN REALITY

golden menace

Wolf Helius, young German multi-millionaire, was the creator of an amazing machine in which he meant to try and fly to the moon. He stepped from his chauffeured car and pushed open the door of the dwelling where lived the old scientist who had first given him the startling idea of moon flight.

Prof. Manfeldt was poor. He had devoted his whole life to the study of the moon and had told the world that the distant lunar mountains were formed of raw gold.

Wolf went running up the stairs to Manfeldt's and as he reached the first landing heard a hoarse voice shouting above. He looked up to see the professor struggling with a stranger. With a last heave the gray-haired scientist sent the intruder pitching onto the steps. He came crashing down, head over heels, legs and arms flying, to land in a heap beside Wolf.

"Get out of here, you thieving scoundrel!" the scientist roared. "Get out!"

Wolf had a glimpse of the man's face, of his fat, smug features and scared eyes. Then the man lurched to his feet and went down the rest of the stairs in one wild plunge, to vanish thru the little doorway into the street.

"Who was that?" Wolf gasped.

"Some no good thief!" the scientist growled. "He tried to buy my treatise on *The Golden Mountains of the Moon* and when I wouldn't sell he tried to steal it. He got more than he bargained for, tho!"

Manfeldt had a thatch of shaggy iron-gray hair. He was not very big, but his body was full of surprising, sinewy strength, and a smile broke on his bearded face as Wolf ascended the stairs.

"I thot you were too busy to come and see me," he said. "How is it with the rocket?"

"Everything is ready," Wolf answered. "That's what I want to talk to you about."

He followed the old scientist into his room. One side of it was taken up by the squat shape of a super-powered telescope.

"And you are off to the moon, eh?" Manfeldt smiled as he turned to the young millionaire. "Soon, then, you'll be able to prove that my theories are accurate—that the mountains are of raw gold flung up from the interior by eruptions.

"That American fellow—Walt Turner he said his name was—he wanted my treatise so he could find out what I based my theories on. But he didn't get it!" Manfeldt chuckled as he patted a thick pad of papers. "There's my life's work in this!"

Wolf looked, saw pages covered with small writing and close calculations, and he smiled a little. This idea that the moon was practically made of gold had become an obsession with Manfeldt.

two days till takeoff

"That fellow Turner is clever!" The scientist turned to him suddenly. "Wolf, suppose your trip is successful, and you get back alright. Others might imitate you. If they do they'll bring back gold—tons and tons of it. Gold will in time become worthless! Banks will smash, rich men will become paupers; and that's why Turner wanted my papers here, so that the people he represents could discover the extent of the danger."

"The people he represents?" echoed Wolf.

"Yes, the International Finance Syndicate—never heard of them? They're the wealthiest syndicate on earth and they control our gold supplies. They're very interested in your venture and if they knew the facts I've got here they'd probably try to stop you from going. They'd be ruined if gold became worthless."

"I see," Wolf nodded. "Well, you'll soon know whether your ideas are right or wrong."

"I hope you'll get back safely and be able to tell me that yourself," Manfeldt said. "Wolf, how I wish I were coming with you!"

"That's what I came to see you about," Wolf replied. "I wanted to ask you if you'd care to come along. If you would, I'll take you."

"*You'll take me?*" Manfeldt stared at him for long moments, his eyes wide, while an elated expression gradually dawned on his face. "You mean that?"

"If you'll come," Wolf said. "What good is a scientific expedition without a real scientist?"

"My boy, I've almost prayed that you'd ask me," Manfeldt breathed. "Of course I'll come. And here, take this manuscript, lock it up in your big safe so that when we get back we can prove that everything I've said in it is true. Now, when do we start?"

"I'll let you know that tomorrow. Don't trouble to bring anything with you, I have all we can possibly need. And I'll look after these papers of yours."

He stood, smiling at the scientist, then went on:

"Well, I must go, I've a lot to do; and I'll keep my eyes open for this Walt Turner and his gang of financiers. I should think we ought to be able to start in 48 hours and within 100 hours after we leave be landing on the moon!"

the stolen manuscript

Thotfully, Wolf sat in his big limousine with the scientist's manuscript on the seat at his side. Until this moment he had regarded his expedition in the light of a more or less sporting venture. He had put models of his machine thru searching and prolonged tests and was convinced he could make the journey in safety.

He was now thinking about the American and the Syndicate. It was quite easy to understand that if Manfeldt's ideas about gold on the moon were accurate the Syndicate would naturally want to take steps to prevent gold from being brought to the earth to become as common and valueless as lead. That would follow inevitably. Once Wolf's space-machine had led the way and shown that trips to the moon were possible, hundreds of others would follow in copies of this machine, because its mechanism was simple and its details had been published by newspapers all over the world.

Manfeldt's ideas, too, had been given plenty of publicity, but people regarded them only as the wild imaginings of an old man who was half a fool. It was evident, however, that the Syndicate took him seriously. Wolf had little doubt that the scientist was right because Manfeldt was amazingly clever.

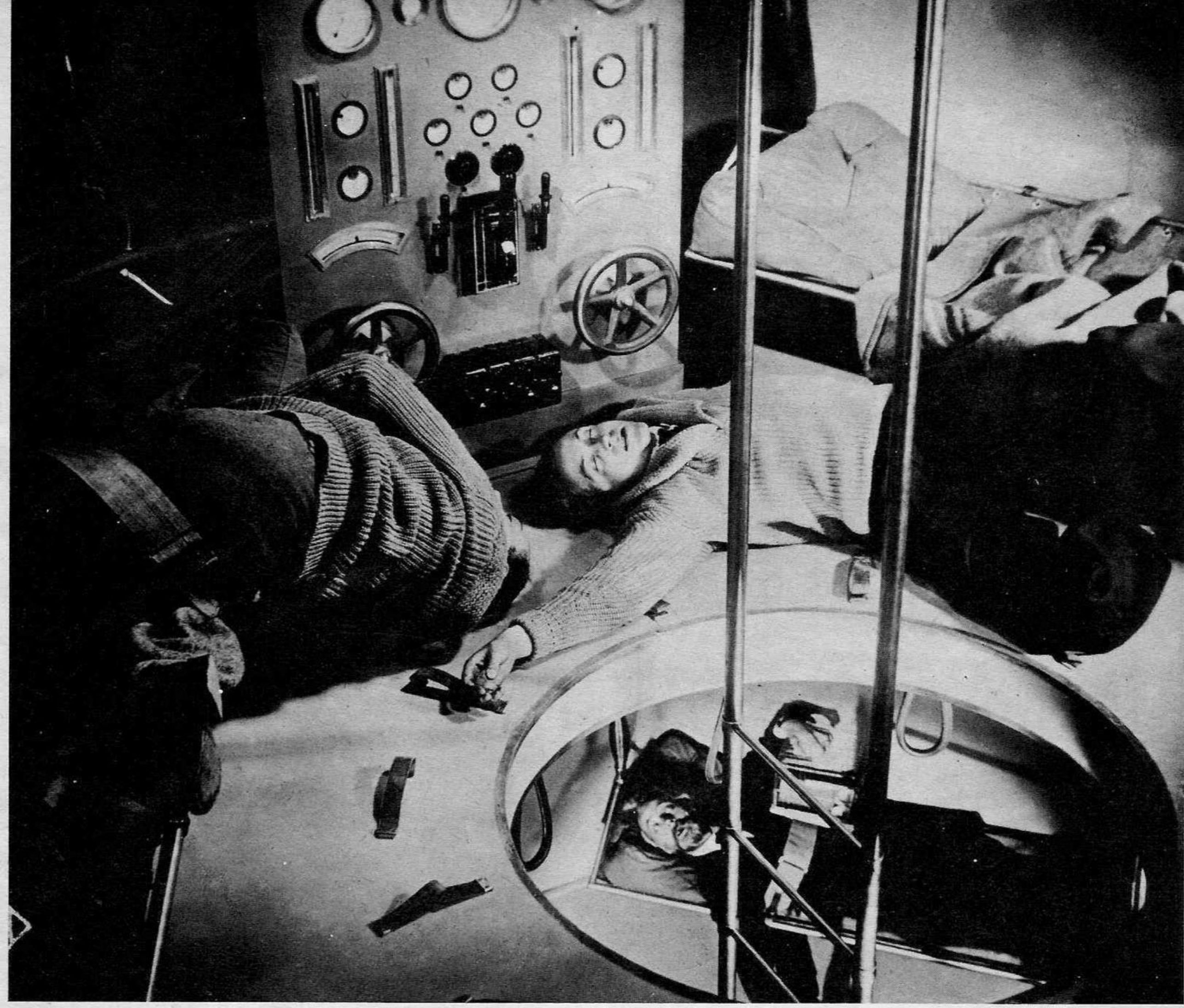
The car stopped outside the big building where Wolf resided and the door was whipped open by a smiling boy.

"Hello, Gustav!" Wolf greeted the son of his housekeeper.

"Hello, sir!" Gustav's eyes were alight as he looked at the young millionaire. Wolf was his hero, there was no one whom he admired more. Gus felt it an honor to operate the elevator lift which swiftly carried Wolf up to his apartment, where he was met by his housekeeper.

"There's a gentlemen waiting to see you, sir," she said. "He has been here some minutes now. His name is Turner."

"Turner!" Wolf smiled grimly and hurried to the room where the man was waiting. It was a large room and in one corner stood an immense safe with double doors. Seated in a chair near this was the man whom Wolf had seen on the stairs at Manfeldt's house. He rose.



In the Author's own words: "The terrible phantom Gravity was now their passenger in the spaceship and it pressed the ribs in their bodies like reeds, pressed their knees right and left against their lungs, pressed their fists against the veins in their necks and pressed their heads, their every corporal part, against every other near it. There was no more blood in their veins, cold and twisted; the bones of their heads were tied in knots; their nerves fluttered like the strings of violins."

"Glad to meet you," he greeted.

"And I'm pleased to make your acquaintance," Wolf answered. "I understand you tried to steal these papers!" He patted the manuscript that he held.

"Yep, we *have* stolen them," Turner smiled. "That's not the manuscript Manfeldt gave you!"

the uninvited

Wolf glanced at the papers and his eyes widened: the man was right!

"We've gotta be slick when we're handling a clever guy like you!" Turner said. "We switched those papers in a traffic jam while you were coming here—you left the windows at one side of your car open. Remember that smashup you passed? We'd fixed that so's it would hold your attention while we got the manuscript." He added, "And you gave us a lot of trouble to get this safe open, believe me!"

"What do you mean?" Wolf asked.

"Well," the American smiled, "I put a

couple of men in here just after you went out and they were working on the safe while I kept your housekeeper talking out there. It's still open."

Wolf strode past him and gripped the big steel handles of the safe. The locks they controlled were smashed on the inside and the heavy doors swung open at his touch. He saw that the shelves within were completely bare.

"We made a clean sweep of everything," the audacious American went on. "Two models of your Moon Machine and all the plans about it! Everybody knows the general idea of how it works but we wanted to make sure of all the details, that's why we took them."

Wolf turned slowly; his eyes narrowed and his chin squared. He looked the man up and down, then said quietly:

"You've stolen Manfeldt's treatise about gold on the moon and you've stolen the plans of my machine. What is to stop me calling the police and having you arrested?"

"Nothing!" Turner chuckled. "Nothing at all. Only I happen to have the International Finance Syndicate behind me and no police force in the world would keep me a prisoner more than half an hour!"

"I see," Wolf nodded slowly, while his right hand slid around to the powerful little automatic which he always carried. "And what exactly do you want now?"

"It won't be any good you pulling that gun," Turner said. "It won't do any damage because we fixed the cartridges. They won't fire. None of the cartridges that you've got in the third drawer in the left of your desk are any good, either. We've seen to that!"

He stood grinning at the young millionaire, then went on:

"But we don't mean you any harm, Mr. Helius, we're just protecting ourselves. You see, if what old Manfeldt says about the gold on the moon is true, then we've got to take a hand. We can't have everything upset by a lot of moon-gold being brought down here, and that's what would happen. So the Syndicate has decided that I've got to come on your little trip, just to investigate things."

"You've got to—come with me?" Wolf regarded him in amazement.

"Yep, that's the big idea," Turner grinned. "I'll be their representative on this journey. And if you say that you won't take me—then we'll blow up your machine, so you can't start!"

death risk

His voice was grim and threatening despite his smile. Slowly, watching the man, Wolf drew his automatic. He pointed the muzzle towards the nearest window, then pressed the trigger.

Nothing happened beyond the click of the striker on a dead cartridge. He tried again, and again, while Turner's smile widened.

"The International Finance Syndicate is the richest and most powerful organization in the world," he said. "You can't beat us, Mr. Helius! Better let me come with you, and I can promise that Manfeldt's manuscript and the plans of your machine will return to you."

"Do you realize that the Moon Machine may never get there?" Wolf asked. "That, if you come with me, you may be going to your death?"

"Yes—but we'll get back alright," Turner answered. "You see, we've examined your machine, watched your tests, and we've checked up your calculations. We reckon that, apart from a certain element of risk, the stunt is possible and ought to be pulled off alright."

Wolf gasped at the man's words. Apparently the Syndicate had been spying for months.

"I come with you—or you don't go. Which is it to be?" Turner asked suddenly.

"I can't decide immediately," Wolf answered. "I'll give the Syndicate my answer at this time tomorrow."

"OK!" Turner nodded casually as he picked up his hat. "Only don't try to get away before then—because we'll be watching you. I go with you, or you don't go at all. Understand that, Mr. Helius?"

"I understand," Wolf replied.

complications

As soon as the American had gone Wolf reached for the phone and called Hans, his engineer on the Moon Machine. Wolf asked him to come over to his apartment at once.

"May I bring Friede with me?" Hans asked. Wolf's face clouded a moment before he answered. "Alright." He didn't like meeting Han's fiancee, Friede Velten, because Wolf himself was in love with her. He had been for a very long time, altho he strove to hide it from her.

He sat thinking as he waited for the two to come. His telephone bell rang 5 times during the interval, always reporters wanting to know when the Moon Machine would start its great flight.

Hans came at last, thick-set and strong. With him was Friede, with fair hair and fine eyes and a smile for Wolf.

"It's just thrilling to see you!" she exclaimed. "Whole crowds of people are outside now. They've heard that you're home and they're just waiting to get a glimpse of you."

"Then they'll wait for some time," Wolf answered, and went on: "Hans, have you ever heard of a man named Walt Turner—an American?"

Hans hadn't and was astounded when Wolf told him what had happened and how the Syndicate had been spying on them. Wolf explained, too, that Turner insisted on going with them.

"Well, we can carry 6 in the rocket, Hans, altho we'd planned only for you and Manfeldt and myself to go. I think we had better take this American with us and avoid trouble. After all, we've only got Manfeldt's word for it that there is gold on the moon, and it is possible that he may be wrong. We don't want a bomb or something put under the machine now, for everything to be wrecked after all our work, and this Syndicate seems ruthless enough to do even that."

"What sort of chap is this Turner?" Hans asked.

"I don't like him," Wolf admitted. "But he's pretty cheerful and not really offensive. I don't think he'd give us any trouble and he's got plenty of nerve and that's what's wanted."

"Then take him," Hans said.

"And if there is room for 6, there will be room for me," Friede added.

"For you?" Wolf stared at her.

"For me." She smiled. "Why shouldn't I come, Wolf? After all, I'm engaged to Hans."

Wolf caught his breath while his eyes met hers. Her gaze held his own, and in that moment he knew that she had learned his secret—that he was in love with her. He saw, too, that it was not for Hans' sake that she wanted to come, but so that she could be near him. Her face, her eyes, the expression on her curving lips told him that she loved him, even tho she might be engaged to his engineer friend.

"You can't come," he said shortly. "It's too risky."

"That's why I want to come!" She was smiling again now. "In fact, I've made Hans promise that if you won't let me accompany you, then he won't go!"

"But I can't make the trip without Hans!" Wolf exclaimed.

"Then you'll have to take me!" Friede answered.

Wolf tried more protests but to no avail. As soon as they had gone the millionaire adventurer went across to the vast works to give orders for the final preparations for the machine's leap into space.

Late tho it was, there was still a crowd outside his apartment and a vastly bigger throng by the housing entrance and out on the open field from which the Moon Machine would start. They cheered Wolf when he appeared.

Telegraph wires and cables flicked the news that he was soon to leave across the world. Railways, stagecoach organizations and airway firms set in motion the arrangements they had made to bring sightseers to the scene. For hundreds of miles around automobiles started with the dawn, hurrying from distant cities to get to the launching spot.

The following evening, when the start was only 24 hours away, Turner came to Wolf's rooms, to be told his decision.

"Good; I'm glad you're being sensible," he told Wolf. "What time do you start?"

"At 10 o'clock tomorrow night."

"I'll be right there," the American said. "All aboard for the moon, huh? Well, so long!"

He went off without saying more, grinning his satisfaction. Wolf stood frowning at the closed door, then went to bed to sleep until dawn, when he started for the launching site again.

With the approach of the fateful night vast forces of police formed cordons about the hangar and the heath, keeping

the mighty crowds of spectators clear from the heavy rails which ran out from a massive shed built on the edge of the Helius Works. These rails ran to where a deep, square pool had been built on the adjacent ground and from this pool the Moon Machine was to start its perilous journey.

pandemonium

Dusk came at 6 o'clock to find Wolf going over the machine, testing all its controls. At 8 o'clock Hans and Friede and Manfeldt came, at 9 o'clock Turner arrived, and a few minutes later the great crowd saw the huge doors of the hangar drawn slowly open.

Searchlights cast beams from every angle as from out the building a long slender silvery shape emerged. Mighty cranes lifted it on end.

The spectators saw the Moon Machine now as a bullet-like form with a hollow base surrounded by long vanes. It was propelled by rockets firing from tubes set in this base, inside the vanes, and in all its titanic shape there were no visible hatches or portholes; all were concealed.

Officials, photographers, friends, all gathered about the base of the machine while a mechanic inside opened a slot-like panel and dropped a steel-runged, flexible ladder to where Wolf and his companions were waiting quietly.

They had already said their goodbys and Manfeldt was looking at the rocket with shining eyes, muttering to himself as he surveyed its outlines. He was the first to mount the ladder when the mechanic had descended. Turner followed him, then Hans went up; Friede climbed steadily, then Wolf started to mount the rungs.

A rousing cheer rang out as the searchlights picked up Wolf's muscular figure, then he entered the spaceship. The watchers saw the metal panel slide shut, merging with the shining envelope of the machine.

The moment Wolf disappeared, the craft began to roll forward along the broad, heavy rails, carried on trucks. It slid out across the grounds accompanied by the murmuring of the awed multitude gazing from all around.

They saw it reach the end of the line, then cranes on the trucks lifted it and lowered it until it was standing upright in the great pool. The trucks backed away and the Moon Machine stood there, silvery and steady, while high in the sky the moon itself shone out, its cold light rivaling that of the beams concentrated on the shining shape which would soon be hurtling towards it.

excitement mounts

Inside the machine Wolf was standing by a ladder which ran by an opening up to the compartment in the nose. There were bunks around the walls here and one in a small chamber at the side. On walls and ceiling and floor were leather hand-holds and Wolf was saying:

"Up above is the control room, where Hans and I shall work. Friede, you will take the bunk in that little room there. Lie down on it and strap yourself in tightly. Manfeldt and Turner, you will do the same on the bunks here—and make sure that your straps are secure!

"When we start, we have to gain a speed of 7 miles a second—over 25,000 miles an hour—if we are to get beyond the attraction of the earth, and we must reach this speed within 8 minutes. The pressure on us will be terrific; the drag of the earth will try to pull us to pieces. But we should be able to stand it.

"Hans and I will release the rockets and operate the machine. Once the first 8 minutes is over we should be alright. Now, you 3 get into your bunks! Ready, Hans?"

Friede went resolutely to the bunk and stretched herself upon it; the scientist and Turner did the same. Through the acute silence in the compact machine Wolf heard the snapping of buckles over straps.

The control room was much like the steel chamber below, save that one side of its circular shape was a control board covered with wheeled valves for releasing the rockets and dials registering both speed and pressure.

Bunks were set close alongside this, and to them Wolf and his companion strapped themselves, each leaving one arm free with which to operate the controls. Above the board was a clock, and it already registered two minutes to 10 by the time that they were all ready.

"Alright down below?" Wolf called, and each of the trio there replied.

"Two minutes and then we're off!" Wolf answered, his gaze on the clock.

Those two minutes seemed an age but the time was almost up when he called:

"Hans, you spin your valve control 15 seconds after we start, then leave the rest to me. I'll fire the first set of rockets."

"Okay!" Hans answered shakily.

"10—9—8—7—6," Wolf began to count the last 10 seconds before they left earth, "5—4—3—2—now!"

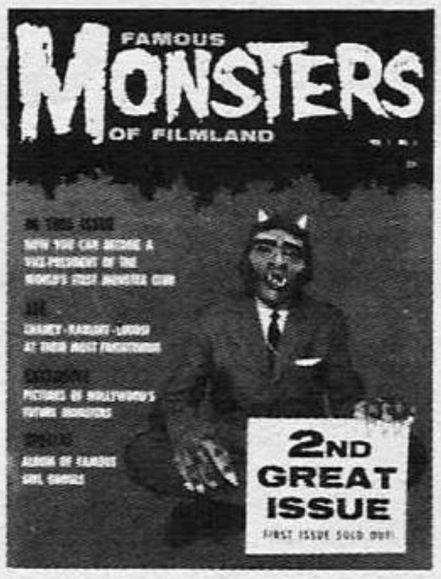
The shining wheel spun under his hand, starting the Moon Machine on its space-devouring journey.

Prof. Manfledt nears the Moon, "its eastern edge indescribably large and clear—no sign of life."

END OF PART I
To Be Continued next Issue

IF YOU LIKE SPACEMEN YOU'LL LOVE FAMOUS MONSTERS

It's happened! Our Second, Seventh and Eighth Issues have now been officially listed as ONE DOLLAR Collector's Items by the Periodical Collectors League! But you can still get limited copies — and the remaining back issues are STILL ONLY 50c. Better get yours NOW — while the short supply lasts! FAMOUS MONSTERS is produced by the same staff who bring you SPACEMEN.



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I enclose $..... for the following issues:

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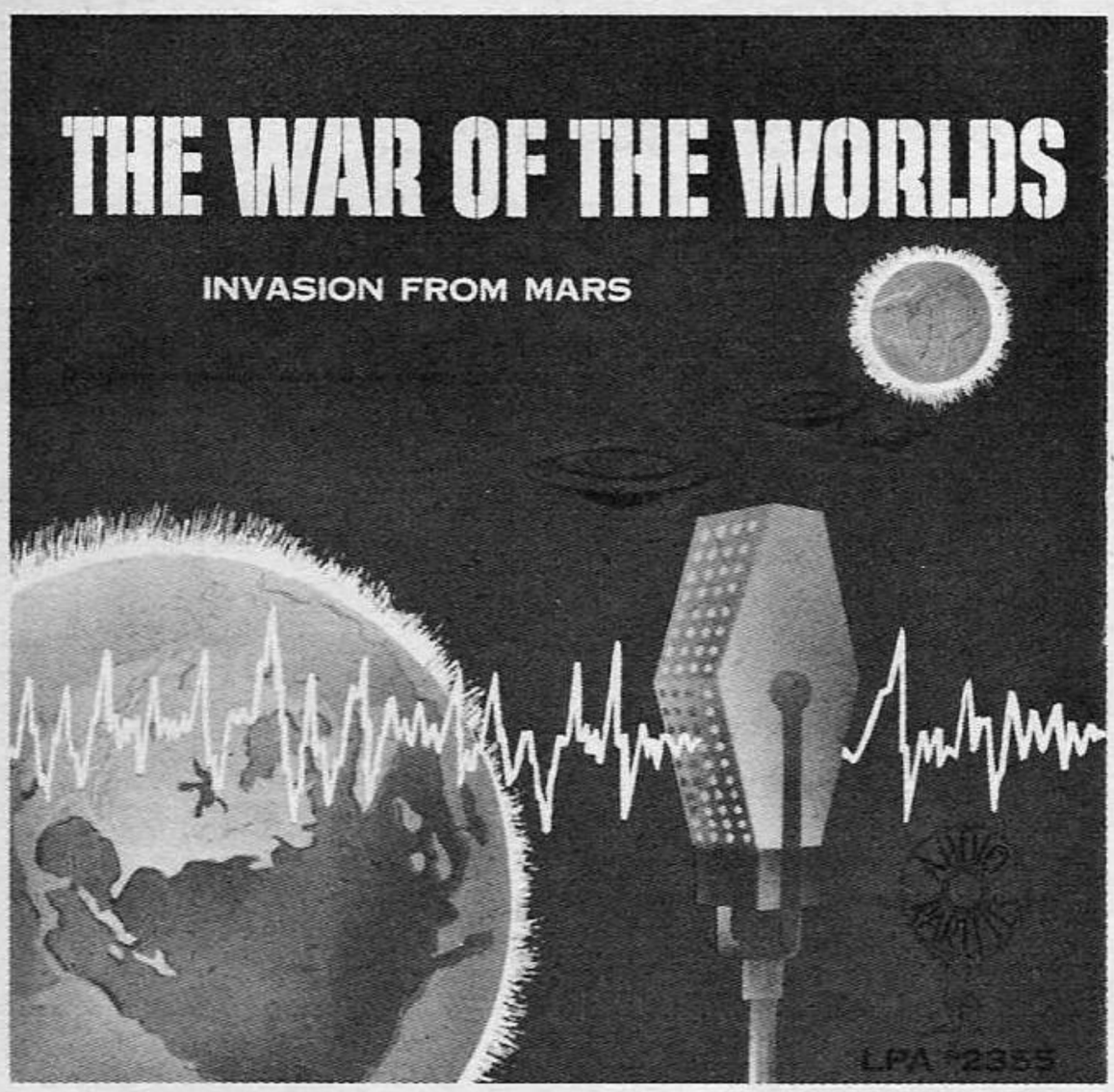
THE RADIO BROADCAST THAT SCARED AMERICA!

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS



An LP recording of the original Famous Orson Welles broadcast that frightened the nation in 1938.

Intended as a Halloween prank, this broadcast caused mass hysteria throughout New York and New Jersey. People abandoned their homes and fled in their cars—all roads were jammed, and never before had people in all walks of life become so suddenly disturbed as they did on this night. The original broadcast took place at eight P. M. Eastern Standard Time on the evening of October 30, 1938. Orson Welles and a group of his Mercury Theatre actors took their places before the microphones in the studio, little realizing what the outcome would be.

Included in this fantastic album are the main portions of this broadcast—and we believe that you will understand by listening to this re-enactment—how thousands of people were fooled on that October evening. A great, rare collector's item! Only $5.98 plus 30c postage & handling.

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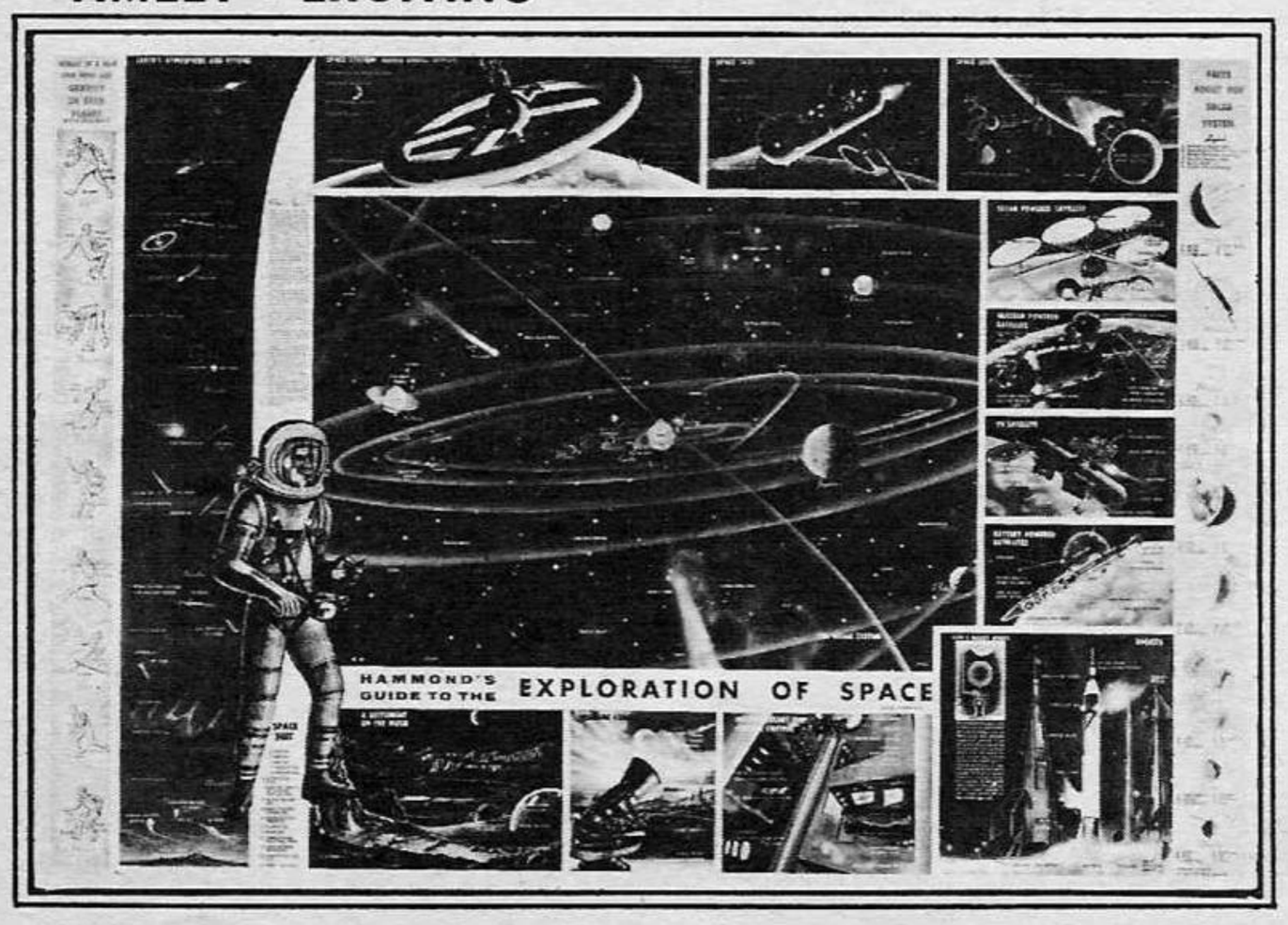

New! Spectacular! Timely! Huge map-mural of Outer Space in 8 brilliant colors! Authentic, educational, thrilling. See close-up shots of the planets! See nuclear powered rockets, satellites, space taxis, space ships zooming across the skies. See 101 bizarre, unusual wonders—the fantastic world of tomorrow in exciting pictures & fascinating text! $2.00 value—yours for a limited time only at this special price of $1.

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Here's fabulous news for anyone with a slide collection—or anyone about to start one: this revolutionary ELECTRIC REFLECTING MICROSCOPE projects your slides bright and clear on a giant ILLUMINATED SCREEN—enabling people to view the image a full 10 FEET AWAY! Does away with eyestrain and uncertain peering through dirty lenses. Makes it easy for you to actually photograph the objects you are studying. BATTERY OPERATED and PORTABLE it can be moved easily from place to place without damage. The PRECISION GROUND LENSES give absolute undistorted magnification and perfect viewing. Complete with 3 slides and specimens. Has handy ON-OFF SWITCH. Uses only 2 low cost type D batteries (not included). Super sturdy construction. Money-back guarantee. **$5.95**

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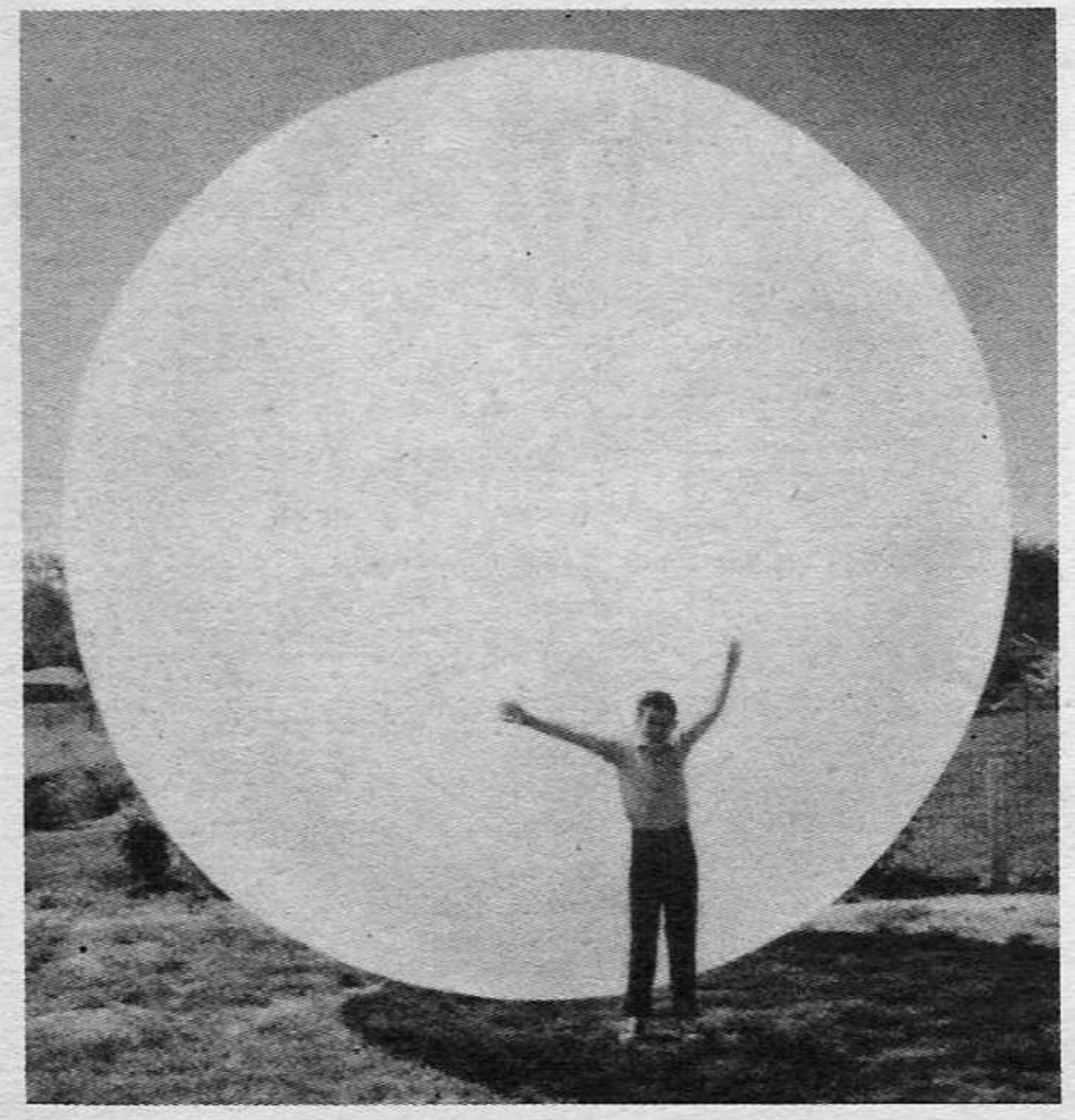

INFLATES TO GIANT 20 to 30 ft. DIAMETER

MONSTER-SIZE balloons! Special Air Force surplus balloon made of genuine Neoprene Rubber for extra durability. Never used. Out of this world (it even looks like a flying saucer when inflated!). Think of the fun you'll have: Draw a picture of a monster on the balloon with luminous paint and inflate it at night. Wow! The neighbors will run screaming! Special limited offer sold at fraction of cost. $2.00 plus 50c postage and handling

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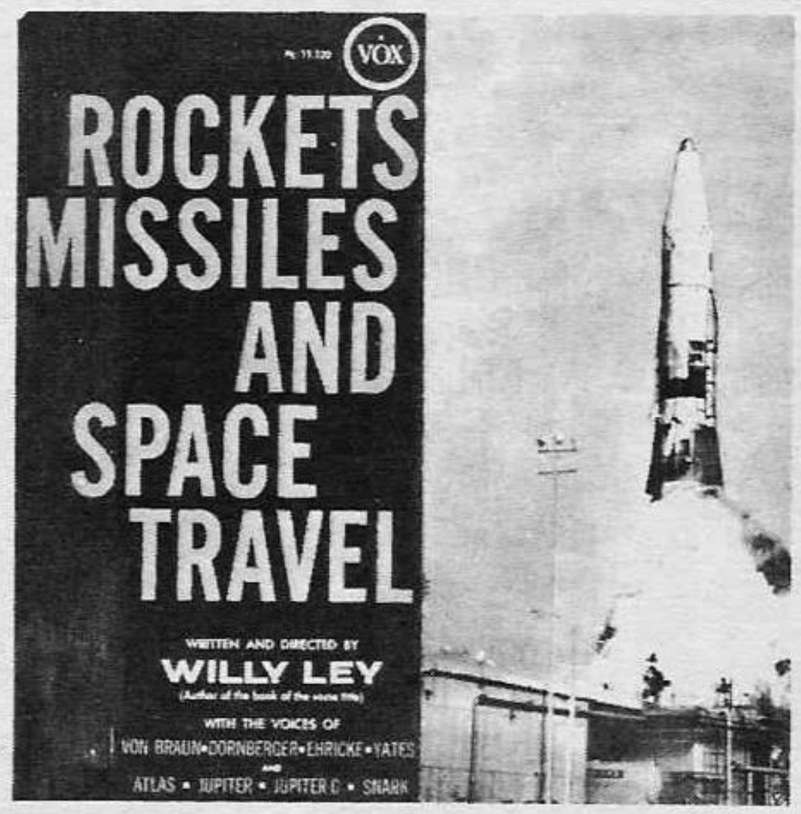
ROCKETS MISSILES & SPACE TRAVEL



An outstanding record of the sounds of history being made now at Cape Canaveral—the thunder of an **ATLAS** take off, the **COUNT-DOWN** and firing of a **SNARK,** the screaming blast of a **JUPITER MISSILE,** personal interviews with **VON BRAUN** and others at the Atlantic Missile Range. **Only $5.95**

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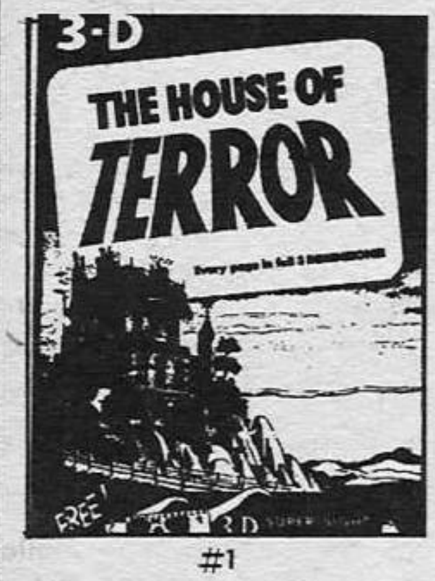

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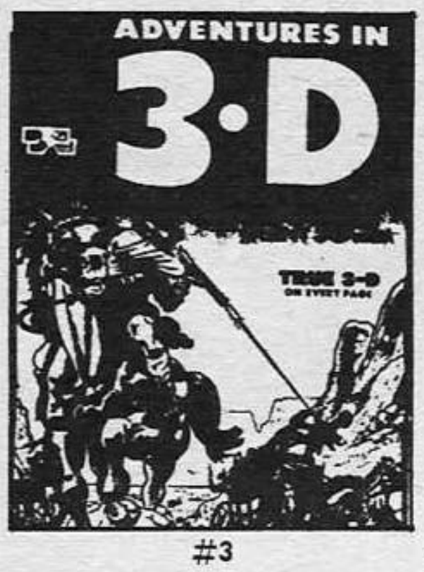

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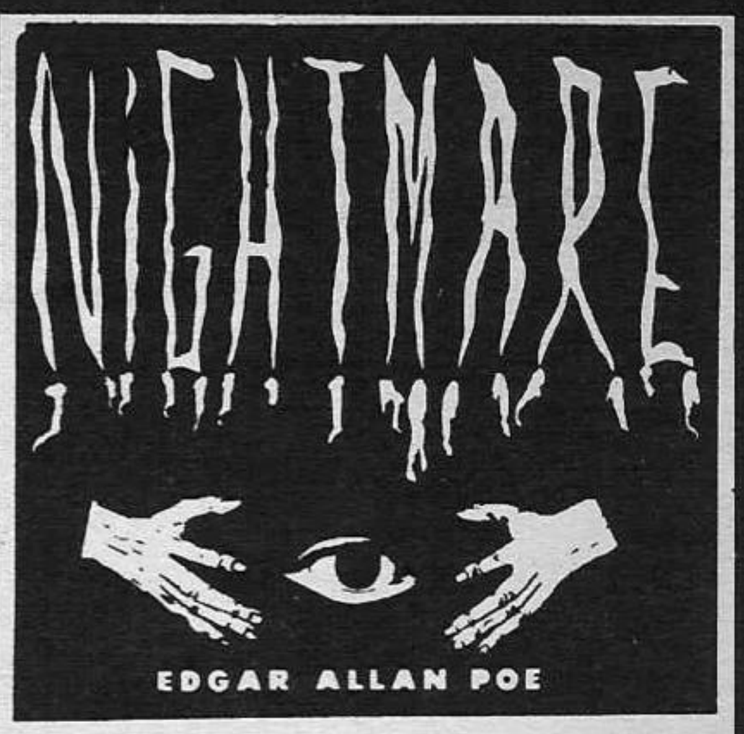
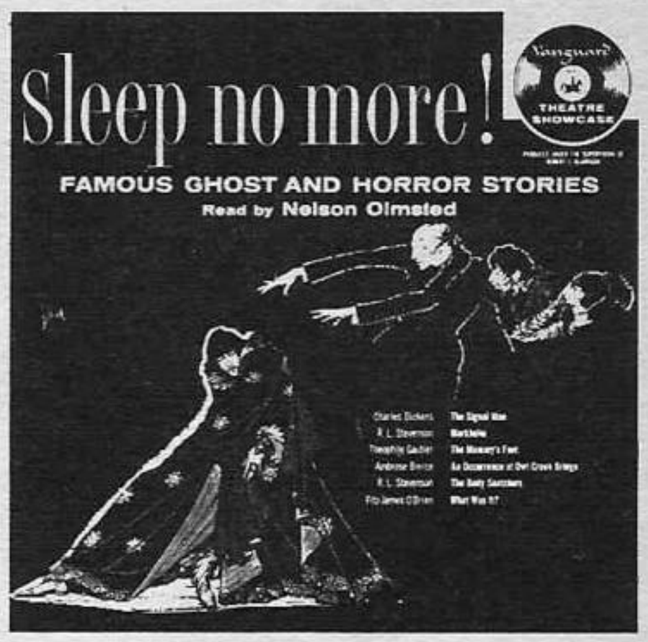
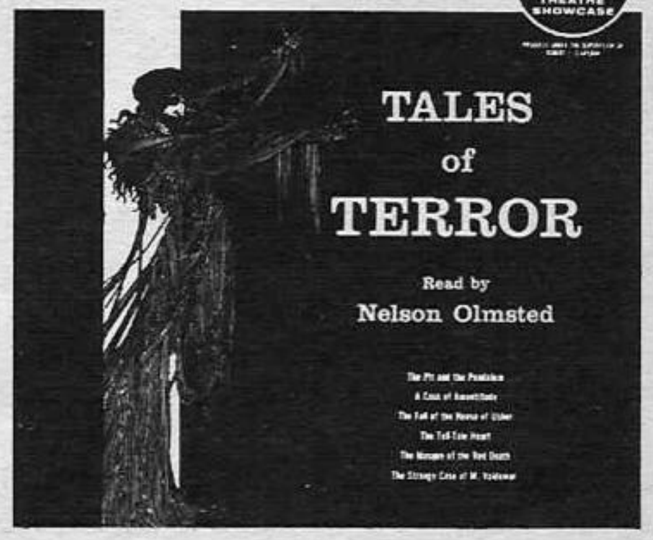


NIGHTMARE, ANYONE? You've heard of records in a humorous vein — well this one can only be called HORROR IN A JUGULAR VEIN. A frightening narration from the stories of the old master of horror himself — Edgar Allan Poe. THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM is tough enough on your nerves, but wait until your hear THE TELL-TALE HEART — one of Poe's best and most terrorizing stories. Long Play Album. Only $1.98.



FAMOUS GHOST & HORROR STORIES read by Nelson Olmstead, radio's famous sinister voice. Includes THE SIGNAL MAN by Charles Dickens; THE MUMMY'S FOOT, WHAT WAS IT, THE BODY SNATCHER, OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE and others. Only $4.98.

Edgar Allan Poe



A GREAT ASSORTMENT of Edgar Allen Poe tales, narrated by Nelson Olmstead of radio fame. Famous classics as A CASK OF AMONTILLADO, THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER, THE TELL-TALE HEART, MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH, THE STRANGE CASE OF M. VALDEMAR and others. Only $4.98.

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Features themes & sound effects from the following motion pictures: HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN • HORROR OF DRACULA • SON OF DRACULA • CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON • REVENGE OF THE CREATURE • THIS ISLAND EARTH • THE MOLE PEOPLE • THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US • THE DEADLY MANTIS • IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE • TARANTULA • THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN •

At last FAMOUS MONSTERS makes available the famous music, the eerie themes and frightening sound effects from the latest favorite horror films. The idea of listening to this music in your own home is enough to scare you out of your wits! Put the lights out and have your blood curdled by the sound of Dracula's voice! Feel the walls of the HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN actually close in on you! The most nightmarish music ever heard outside of a movie theater! Yours for only $3.98.

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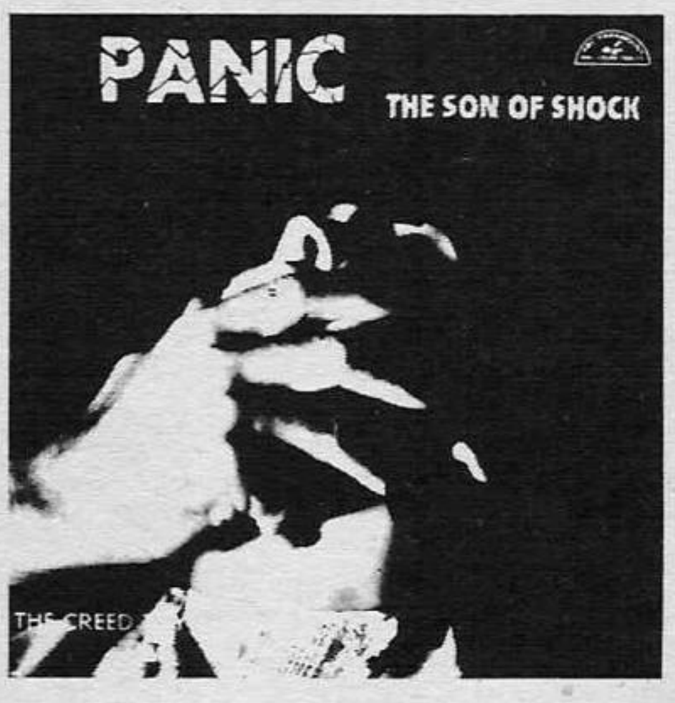

PANIC—SON OF SHOCK is similar to SHOCK, but with 12 new series of strange effects. Features OUT OF THIS WORLD, THE PRISON BREAK, RAIN, THE OPERATION, YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY, A SHOT IN THE DARK and others that will make you PANIC! Long Play Album. Only $1.98.

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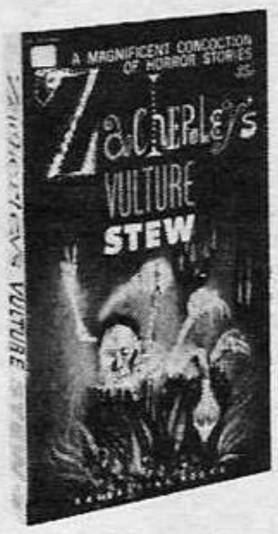
Nine great tales of horror by Fritz Lieber, Jr. Bone-chilling stories of ancient evils who come to life wherever and whenever violent human emotions call them into being, to feast on the grisly terror of their hapless victims. Sheer mayhem! Real terrors that exist in large cities! Read this one at your own risk!

ZACHERLEY'S VULTURE STEW



Once again, ZACHERLEY dares to present a magnificent concoction of superior horror stories. This selection will chill, edify, delight and paralyze — spicing them (as Zacherley always does) with ghoulish humor, the result is sheer mayhem. An excellent collectors item!

INVISIBLE MEN

Invisibility is an idea which has enchanted mankind for ages—and is the perfect blueprint for exciting horror. No wonder that some of the finest writers have written on this theme! Among the very best are stori in this paperback.

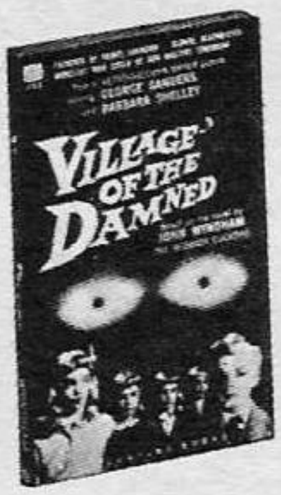
TALES TO BE TOLD IN THE DARK

Do you have a secret desire to chill blood, tingle spines? Here are ten stories by the masters of horror, with hints by the editor on reading them aloud to your own circle. You'll be the life of the wake.

BEST STORIES OF H. G. WELLS

Before flying was more than a wild dream, a story by H. G. Wells described with extraordinary vividness the first days of flight. Before tank warfare was even imagined, he had foreseen the use and effectiveness of the tank. Wells was a pioneer in science fiction before it even had a name.

VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED



Here is a great story of children fathered by fiends unknown . . . blonde, blazing-eyed monsters who could be our masters tomorrow. The terrifying original story that was made into the hit MGM movie . . . one of the outstanding films of the year. Enough to scare the bravest reader!

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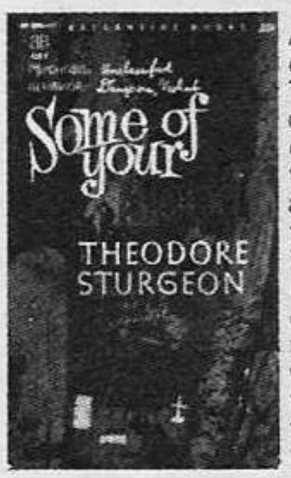
A tale of piercing terror about the agony of a poor victim who cannot escape the strange mastery of an egomaniac practicing unknown horrors. A graphic, emotional short novel of weird and chilling characters that seem absolutely real — by a new author of frightening tales: Sarban. Don't miss this!

SOME OF YOUR BLOOD



Another great modern horror story by Theodore Sturgeon - one of the most exciting authors of the terrible tale. Here is a short horror novel that reaches a haunting intensity. A brilliant novel of modern times that will play fantastic tricks with your imagination. The best from the master of fantasy!

NIGHT RIDE

Don't play peekaboo with nightmares! Get them out of your system. Read these stories — one, two, three or more a day, according to individual requirements. Some may need just one high-pitched, musical scream; for others it may take four or five deep, gravelly growls to banish Troubled Sleep.

THE OTHER PASSENGER

Selected short stories calculated to chill the blood. Like the hero of The Other Passenger, you suddenly feel beyond the yellow circle of your reading lamp there's something waiting, waiting to pounce. The bristles on the back of your neck rise up, a shiver runs down your spine . . .

THINGS WITH CLAWS

Here's one we could not put down until the last page was read! An absolutely fascinating collection of stories having to do with "clawed creatures with murderous motives." Truly terrifying tales of worlds we dream about but wouldn't want to visit—and the creatures that inhabit these dream worlds!

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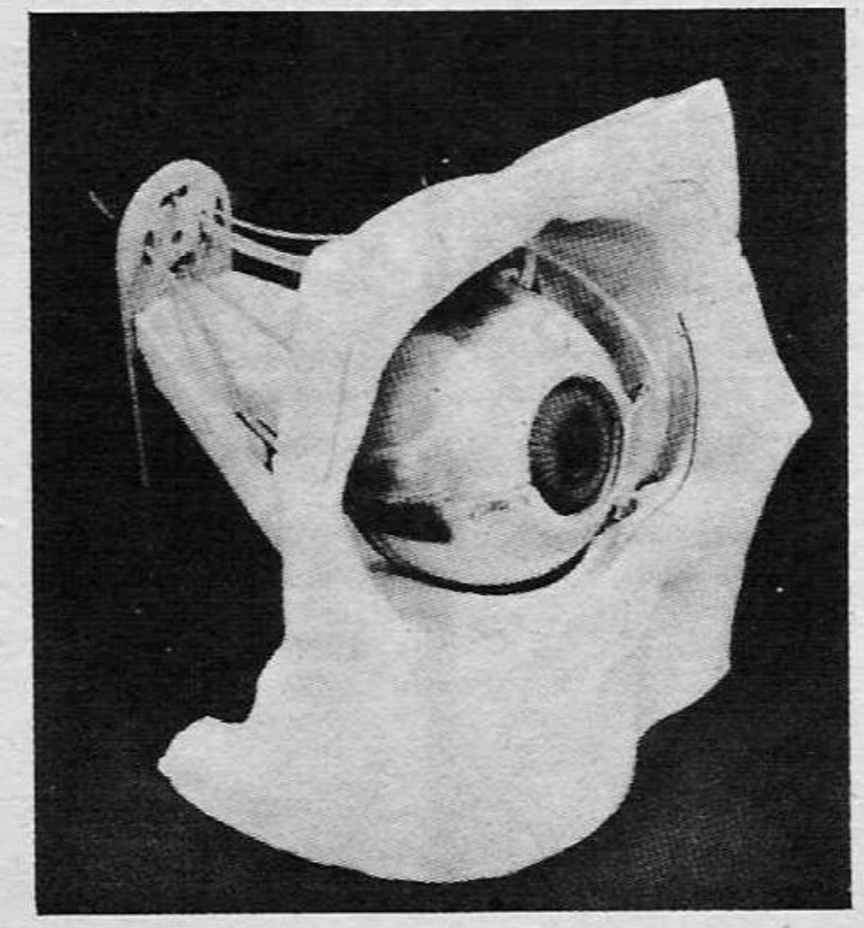

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Hundreds of readers asked for it—and here it is: a SUPERLON plastic kit for construction of a complete model of the Human Eye, featuring a unique "life-like" movement of the actual eye & muscles. Kit contains full bone skull section for eye orbit, which is used as a display stand for assembled model. Includes transparent lens, cornea, full-color anatomy charts, easy-to-follow instructions to make your own "EYE". Only $2.00. Add 35c for postage & handling. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

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There it sits, the **MYSTERIOUS BLACK METAL BOX**—Quiet, Sinister and Waiting. You throw the Switch to **"ON"**. Immediately there is a terrific grinding of power as **THE BOX** starts jumping as if it contained a hidden **MONSTER.** Then the lid slowly rises . . . and from inside **THE BOX** emerges a frightening, eerie **GREEN HAND.** The **GREEN HAND** grabs the switch, pushes it to **"OFF"** and quickly disappears back into **THE BOX.** The lid slams shut—and all is silent again! Once seen, this is never forgotten. The most haunting, maddening object you've ever witnessed! Only **$4.95** plus 25c postage & handling.

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SINISTER!

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NO BATTERIES NEEDED! NO ELECTRIC OUTLET!

This tiny radio measures only 3" x 2", yet is powerful enough to pick up local radio station broadcasts. The miniature radio is completely safe for all to use — as it does not connect to any source of power or electricity. Perfect for everyone who wants a private, personal radio — for listening in bed without disturbing anyone, terrific for sports news & your favorite program. In the event of a power failure the GERMANIUM RADIO will allow you to hear the news & civilian defense broadcasts.

SIMPLE TO OPERATE

THE MINIATURE GERMANIUM RADIO comes complete with private listening **EAR PLUG, 5-INCH ROD ANTENNA** and **METAL CLIP ANTENNA.** Simply clip antenna to any metal object in the house (water faucet, pipes, plumbing, lamp, etc., or any metal object outside the house, such as a wire fence, etc.) Engineered for efficiency, the **GERMANIUM RADIO** can pick up as many as 6 stations in some areas. Only **$2.00** plus 25c postage & handling.

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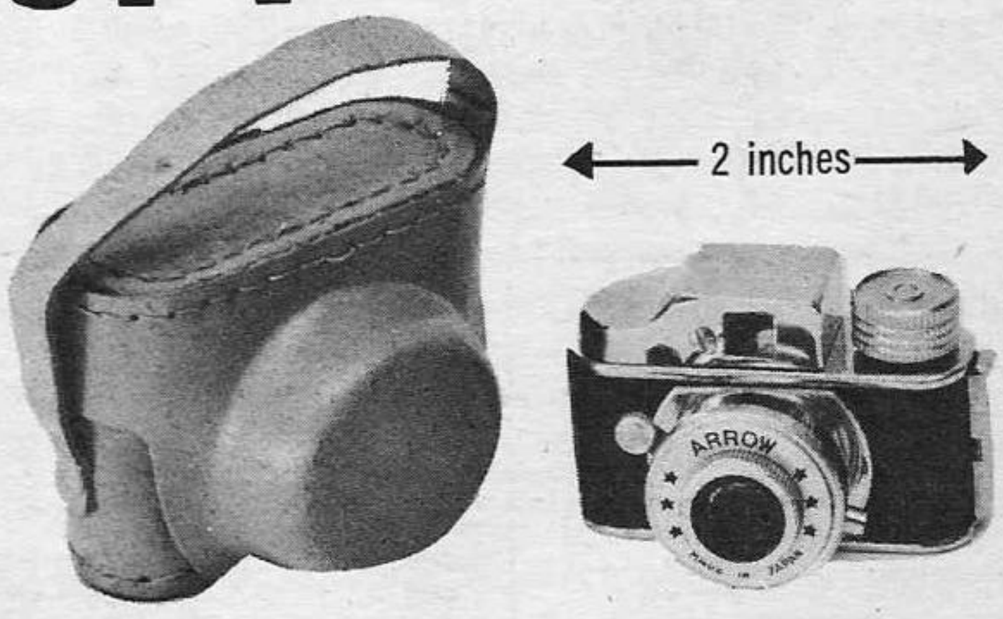

FITS IN PALM OF HAND—YET TAKES 10 PICTURES WITH 1 ROLL OF FILM!

This tiny SPY CAMERA is only 2 inches long but will take clear, sharp 2½" x 2½" pictures that can be blown up to snapshot size. Camera has fixed-focus lens and quality two-speed shutter. Uses low cost film (10 pictures to a roll). Complete with pigskin case and 6 rolls of film that will give you 60 pictures! Camera, case & film—all for only $2.00 plus 25c for postage & handling.

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DISCOVERED BY ARTHUR DOBBS, COLONIAL GOVERNOR AND NATURALIST

On Jan. 24, 1760, Governor Dobbs wrote, ". . . the greatest wonder of the vegetable kingdom is a very curious, unknown species . . . Upon anything touching the leaves they instantly close like a spring trap . . . It bears a white flower; to this surprising plant I have given the name Fly Trap."

ADMIRED BY CHARLES DARWIN, WORLD FAMOUS BOTANIST AND EXPLORER

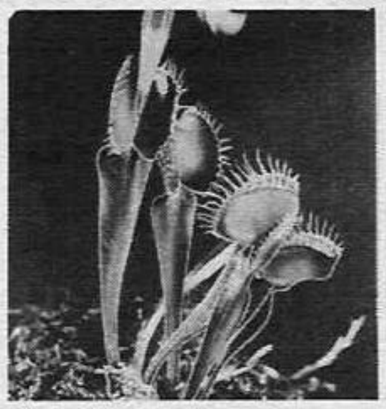
In 1875 Professor Darwin wrote, "This plant, commonly called 'Venus Fly Trap,' from the rapidity and force of its movements, is one of the most wonderful in the world . . . It is surprising how a slightly damp bit of meat . . . will produce these . . . effects. It seems hardly possible, and yet it is certainly a fact."

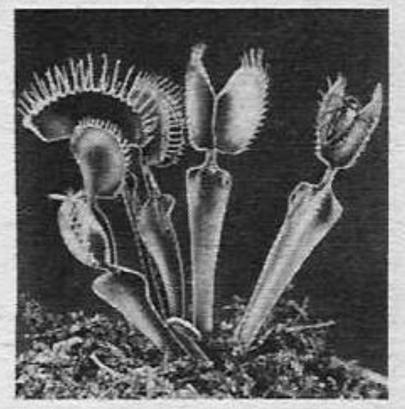
A BEAUTIFUL PLANT! The VENUS FLY TRAP is unusually beautiful! It bears lovely white flowers on 12" stems. Its dark green leaves are tipped with lovely pink traps—colorful and unusual!

EATS FLIES AND INSECTS! Each pink trap contains a bit of nectar. It is this color and sweetness which attracts the unsuspecting insect. Once he enters the trap, it snaps shut. Digestive juices then dissolve him. When the insect has been completely absorbed, the trap reopens and prettily awaits another insect!

FEED IT RAW BEEF! If there are no insects in your house, you can feed the traps tiny slivers of raw beef. The plant will thrive on such food. When there is no food for the traps, the plant will feed normally through its root system.

EASY TO GROW! The VENUS FLY TRAP bulbs grow especially well in the home. They thrive in glass containers and develop traps in 3 to 4 weeks. They will beautify any room in your house. Each order includes 3 FLY TRAPS plus SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL packed in a plastic bag. Only $1.00.





Unwary insect touches sensitive hairs, causing trap to shut. Plant then dissolves & digests insect. Trap will bite at (but will NOT bite off) more than it can chew—such as a finger or a pencil. In a few days, after eating an insect, it will reopen for more food.

CAPTAIN COMPANY, Dept. SP-3
BOX 6573, PHILA. 38, PENNA.

☐ Enclosed is $1.00 plus 25c for handling & mailing for 3 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL. Rush!!

☐ Enclosed is $1.75 plus 25c handling & mailing for 6 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL. Rush!!

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NOW - SHOW IN YOUR OWN HOME!

NOW ON FILM — AVAILABLE FOR THE FIRST TIME!

THE MOST FRIGHTENING HORROR MOVIE SCENE EVER MADE!

LON CHANEY IN THE ORIGINAL "PHANTOM OF THE OPERA"

The original Lon Chaney's performance in the movie PHANTOM OF THE OPERA is ranked as one of the best classics of the silent films. Now—for the first time anywhere—you can show in your own home the famous 100 feet of film depicting the thrilling "Unmasking Scene" that takes place when Mary Philbin rips the mask from the Phantom's face in the underground dungeon beneath the opera house! Exposed for the first time is the hideous, grotesque face of the Phantom—played by Lon Chaney, wearing the masterpiece of makeup he created just for this picture! Every collector and horror fan will want to own this thrilling role of film — available in either 8mm or 16mm – your choice!

8mm $4.95

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YOUR CHOICE OF THRILLING FILM

50 FEET 8mm

or

100 FEET 16mm

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BOX 6573 PHILADELPHIA 38, PENNA.

Rush my PHANTOM OF THE OPERA film to me by return mail. I enclose $4.95 for 8MM, or $5.95 for 16MM, plus 25¢ postage and shipping charges.
I want the following film size: ☐ 8MM ☐ 16MM (please indicate).

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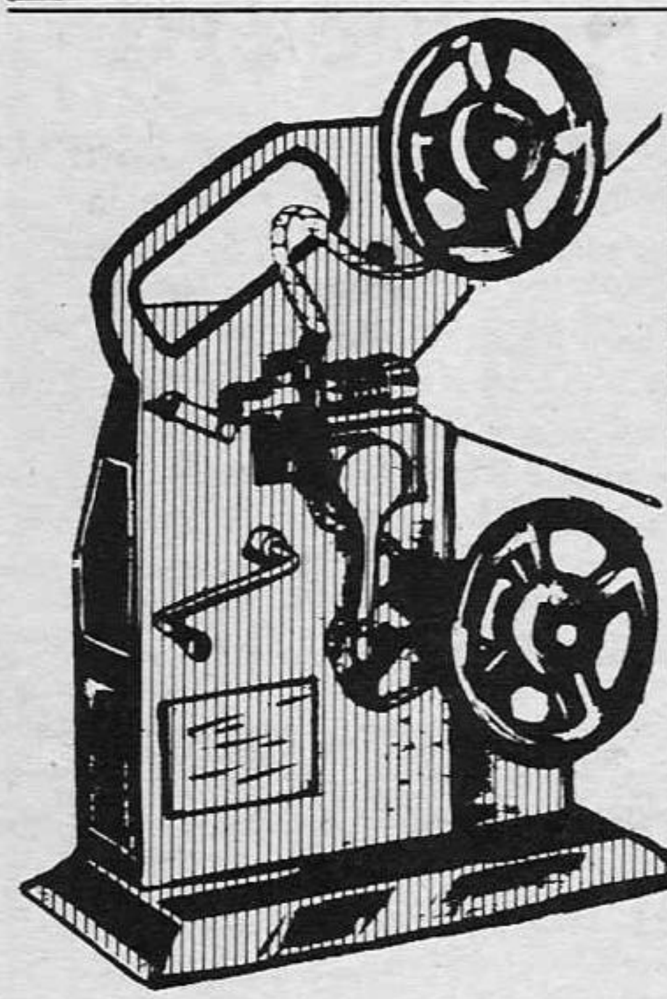
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____



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Here is a precision motior picture projector that will show color or black and white films right in your own home! Sturdy, not a toy, completely portable for showing anywhere in or out of the house. Reel holds 200 feet of any 8mm film (like the PHANTOM OF THE OPERA film shown in above ad). No plugs or connections to bother with—runs on inexpensive flashlight batteries. Projects real pictures on any surface. Show home movies to friends, at parties, etc. Perfect entertainment! Guaranteed in full

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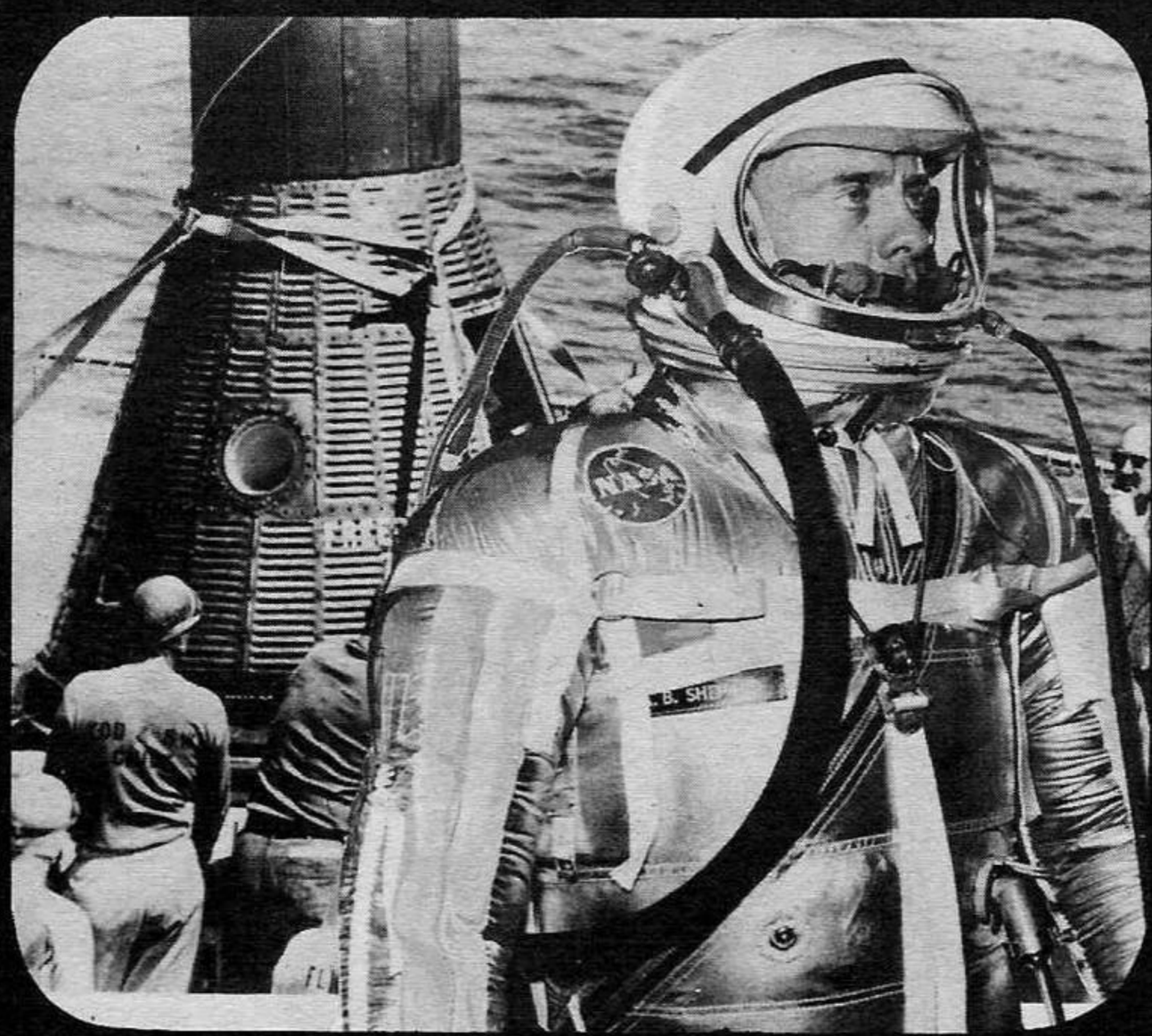
on film U.S. SPACE PIONEER



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8 mm (160 feet)
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Now you can own & show this historic COMPLETE film in your own home! SEE the preparations for the launching, SEE the Giant Redstone Rocket soar into space with the Astronaut inside the FREEDOM 7 Capsule, SEE the daring recovery at sea —plus the welcome with President Kennedy in Washington! Only $5.95 for 8mm; $10.95 for 16mm.

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Now you can own and show this COMPLETE film right in your own home! Truly a classic of the motion picture screen Desperate men from a strange universe kidnap a noted scientist to help stem the unearthly furies of an outlaw planet. A powerful barrage of exploding missiles follows his remarkable escape. Only $5.75 for 8mm; $10.75 for 16mm.

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Enclosed is $5.75 plus 25¢ for handling.
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☐ I want the 16 mm U.S. SPACE PIONEER
Enclosed is $10.95 plus 25c for handling.

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ASTRONAUT SPACE SUIT

BRAND-NEW, HIGH ALTITUDE FLYING SUITS MADE FOR THE AMERICAN ASTRONAUTS!

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY you can own a genuine, absolutely brand-new high-altitude space suit originally made for the U.S. Government at a cost of $180.00 each. THIS IS THE REAL THING—purchased by us at a special surplus sale. Each suit weighs seven pounds and is constructed of specially reinforced lightweight Air Force green nylon with padded ribbing at cuffs and neck. ELASTIC AIR COMPRESSION CHAMBERS run the entire length of both arms and legs, and along the sides of the body. These chambers are easily inflated with any hand pump or gas station air pump through the three AIR HOSES and AIR-LOCK VALVES. Suits come complete with a total of 8 ZIPPERS (on cuffs, ankles, neck & shoulders, front & back) and 2 concealed INSIDE POCKETS. Only a LIMITED QUANTITY of these valuable suits available at only $7.95.

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- ★ ***INSIDE POCKETS***
- ★ ***ALL NYLON CONSTRUCTED***
- ★ ***WEIGHS 7 LBS.***

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YES! I WANT ONE! Rush my ASTRONAUT SPACE SUIT to me by return mail. I enclose $7.95 plus 75c postage & handling charges. If not satisfied I can return for full refund. Hurry!

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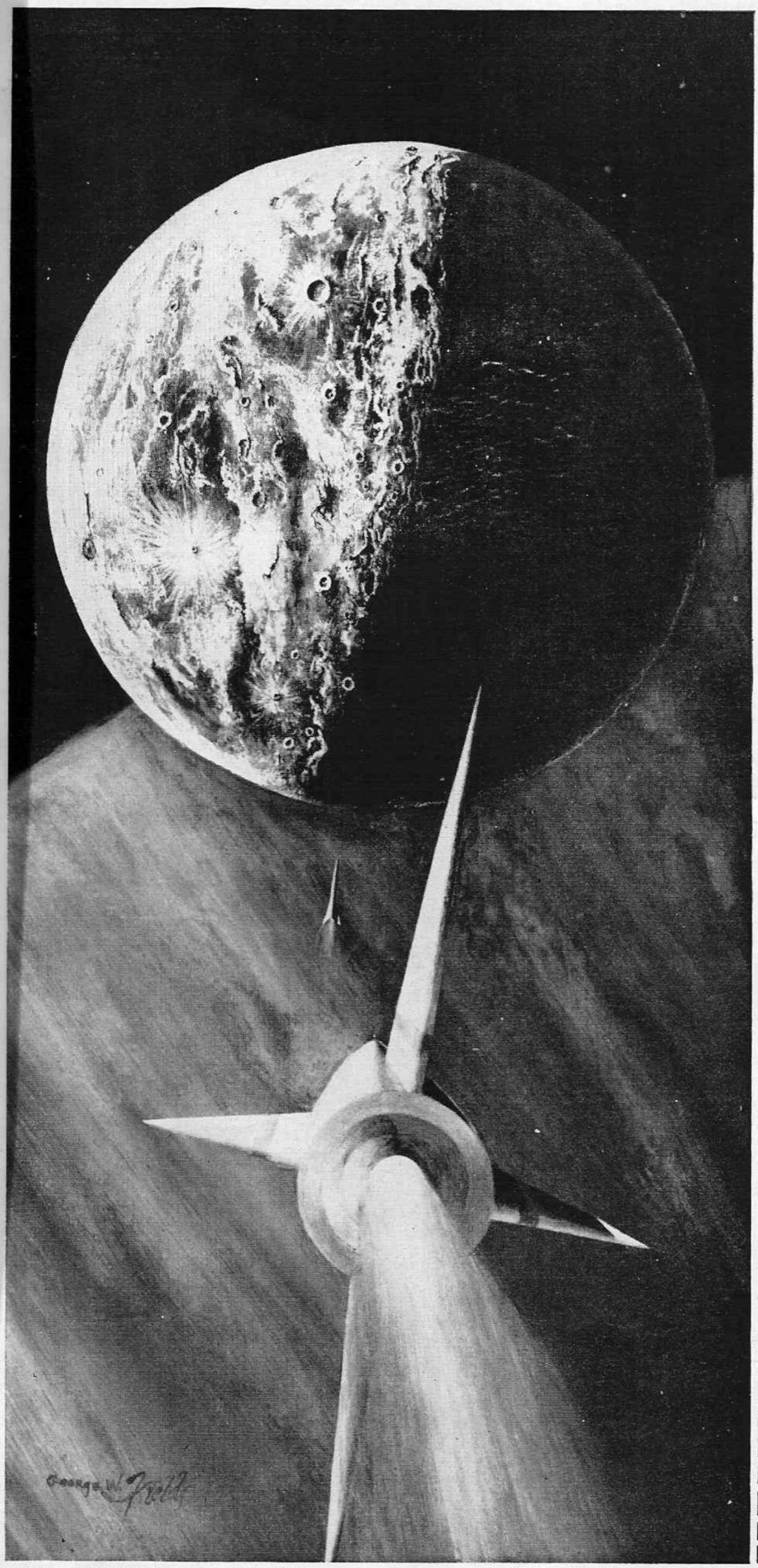

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Forgive me, I was asleep at the Count Down and missed #1 when it blasted off!

☐ Here's my 50c for Issue #1.

☐ Here's my 50c for Issue #2.

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