

NEW LARGE SIZE

"ESCAPE THROUGH
TIME"

BY JAMES
THOMAS

SPACE-TALKERS

BY

WEBBER

10

NYX-WEBBER-NUTTY-THOMAS

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 3. SPACE --o-- TALES

Editor

Art Editor

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Bernard Webber

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <u>FEATURE</u> | |
| Copyright SF Magazine Contest ---by Editor | 10. |
| <u>COVER</u> | |
| Illustrates "Escape Through Time" ---by Bernard Webber | 1. |
| <u>FICTION</u> | |
| Escape Through Time ---by James Thomas | 4. |
| Slave Ship Of Space ---by Charles Nutt | 6. |
| Revolt of the Robots ---by Chair Holding | 10. |
| Flight of the Silver Star ---by James Terasi | 12. |
| <u>ARTICAL</u> | |
| First Rocket Flight ---from Times | 16. |
| Trip to the Moon Within Century ---by Dr. Alter | 18. |
| Los Angeles Convention News ---by W.J. McCarthy | 19. |
| Comics ---by [unclear] | 20. |
| <u>ILLUSTATIONS</u> | |
| "He faced the seven doors" ---Bernard Webber | 4. |
| "The monster charged" ---Bernard Webber | 6. |
| "Wingirl" ---FVX | 11. |
| "The ship was about to leave" ---Charles Nutt | 12. |
| "Pics. Showing First Rocket Ship" ---From Times | 18. |
| <u>POETRY</u> | |
| Star Gazer ---Dolores H. [unclear] | 5. |
| <u>DEPARTMENTS</u> | |
| Space Waves or Editorial ----- | 3. |
| Fan Magazine Reveiw ----- | 8. |
| Addvertisement ----- | 15. |
| Hot Air Department or Readers Letters ----- | 14. |
| The Futurescope ----- | 16. |

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STORIES, PICTURES, ARTICALS, gladly accepted but no payment can be made as this is a non profit magazine. Any material sent us can not be returned, we can be [unclear]

We can not be responsible for any opinion that appears in this magazine unless it is in the editorial.

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Notify us as soon as possible if you change you address for if we send the issue of the magazine to you and you don't get it don't blame us. So let us know if you change you address. The next issue of this magazine will be out June 7.

If this is a sample copy please send .25 for three issues.



Well we had the chance to use a mimeograph so we grabbed it and kept our promise though we were about to say in our Editorial this issue that we were sorry we were not mimeographed... This mimeographing idea came as a surprise to your editor and he was not right up on this subject so if you find we are too light or dark on the ink in spots please wait until next issue to complain, then if we are still bad let us know but we should be up to par by that time providing your ed. does a little studying on mimeographing.

Well we had to change our editorial a lot this issue for as you can see we changed our size. Partly to help with defense for we use much less paper this size than we did before. We were planning to give you 40 pages in the small size that equals about 1250 square inches but instead we give you this new big size and we give you about 2000 square inches. If you compare this with our last number you can see that in reality we give you more than twice as many pages. We like this new size better than the small size and we hope you do too but let us have your opinion in the "HOT AIR DEPT" or better known as "READERS LETTERS".

James Thomas has a swell novel this issue (At least we think so) intitled "ESCAPE THROUGH TIME". Our cover is built around this story and we believe Webber did a swell job.

Here comes that mans name again "Webber" well as we just said he did the cover but we might also say that this is our semi-year number. We are the newest amateur SF and Fantasy magazine as you know and we believe that we are giving you material as good or better than any other amateur magazine.

We also changed our name this issue. You were all set to see UNIVERSE STORIES spread across the cover but instead you found SPACE TALES. Well we like this name better than the old one and we make you a promise that there will be no more changes in our name.

For the benefit of other Fan Magazine Editors we make the this statement, "From now on we will not put "Condensed from so and so magazine" but instead if you want to know if a story was condensed from some other magazine just write us and we will let you know by return mail as soon as possible.

And now we close our editorial by reminding you to see our new subscription rates over at the bottom of page two. You who paid the old rate will be paid off in the new rate. We also have new ad rates and if any of you want to do a little advertising if you use this way you will be sure to get results for all the fans will be sure to read it.

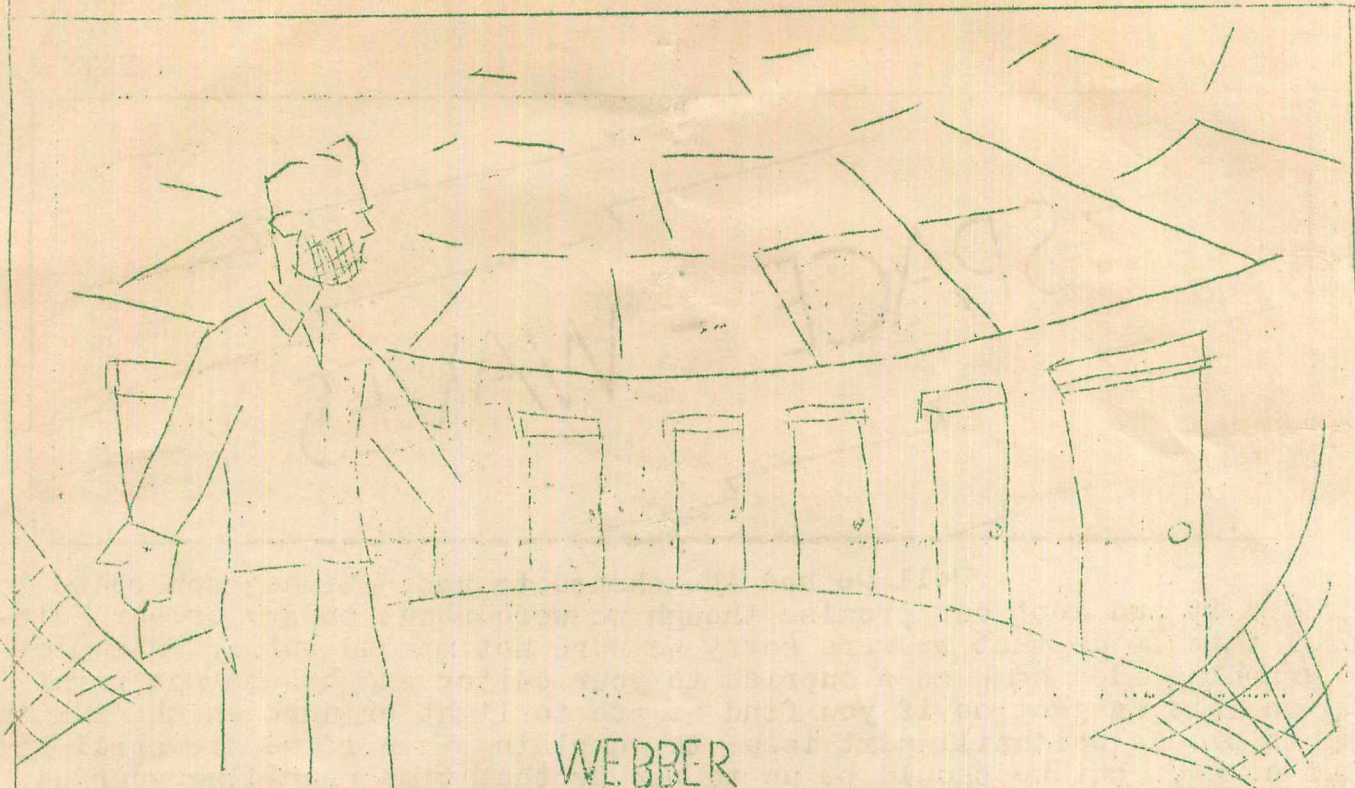
Calling all Talented SF Fans

If you can write stories or write articles or draw pictures let us know for we can always use material. Just send it to us and we will take a look at it and if it's any good well we will use it.

Buy Defense Bonds and Stamps

✓ We will publish this magazine right on schedule if possible but in case something comes up to interfere with this and we have to stop publication we make the statement that we will continue just as soon as this mess is over but until then remember "V" for Victory.

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WEBBER

ESCAPE THROUGH TIME

by James Thomas

"No, they won't kill me," said Ring who stood in a damp cell in Cairo Egypt. He had earlier that day been told he was to die the following morning but one look at the prisoner would tell you that he would not die without a fight. He was not a brave hero of war but instead he was a low sneaking criminal, not a coward as most of them are but instead a very brave steady neived man. "The Niles going to flood this place tonight," he said watching a small trickling stream of water run between two bricks in the wall. He reached down and grabed a slender piece of steel he had planed to use on the guard but now he would not have a chance to use it on the guard for in the morning there would be at least a half a dozen other guards in the hall when the door to his cell was opened. "Yep, the Niles going to flood this joiny," He jamed the piece of steel between the bricks and pulled side ways. The old cement crumbled and the bricks fell to the floor, then one after another they fell till a space as large as his body was cleared. He then started digging the dirt away. An hour or so later he pushed the bar of steel through the dirt into the water outside. When he pulled it back the water began to pore into the cell making the hole larger and larger. "Well heres where I say good-bye to this duso," he said as he took a breathe and pushed himself through the hole into the water outside. It was a tight squeeze but a minute later his head poked above the water. Ha! That was easy I should have thought of it before, he said with a laugh. He pulled some rubbish from the edge of the river and half covered himself with it, he then turned over on his back and floated down the river.

It seemed that ages had past before the sun came up but at last it did and it's heat made it almost impossible to keep moving. He stopped looking for some place to hid when far off in the distance he saw a pyramid. "Well that's not over six miles," he said starting off in a trot. After dodging several farmers he reached his goal. Pulling himself from one rock to another he finally reached a point almost at the top. He sat down in the sun and watched a few farmers on there way to the river. He leaned back and pushed a few small rocks protruding from two big blocks up and down. As suddenly as it could happen the huge rock next to him slowly lowered till it felt an entrance. The fugitive hesitated at first but in a few minutes he walked down a underground hall. In front of him were seven door ways each marked with a different date. The first was marked 14,002 B.C. The second 3079 B.C. The third 450 A.D. The fifth 2569 A.D. The sixth was 3511 A.D. and the seventh was marked 9999 A.D. "Well what's this", he said taking hold of the first door witch was marked 14,002 B.C., he opened it and stepped in the door slamed behind him.

All about was jungle but he was standing there atop the pyramid going about. Far below he saw a group of cave men were climbing up toward him. He ran for the door and tore at the rock,

the leading cave man's spear flew forward. The door opened, he ran in as the spear hit the door slamming it in Rrog. Time spun all about him as he stood suspended between hundreds of centuries, then he fell in as a blinding shock hit the room. Smoke poured up every where. "Oh my Gosh," said the fugitive as he stumbled along the wall to another door, he found one, he opened it stepped in and fell.

Hours later he awoke strapped to a huge metal table. All about stood men in white robes. "He has awoken, you can examine him now Dr. Pogan", said the attendant nearest me. The so called Dr. Pogan came forward and after a lot of pawing around the examination finally ended. "Well we will examine him again tomorrow under the "Truth Ray", said Dr. Pogan, you can take him away now. "Put him in room F-14096", he said. The attendant wheeled me into a small room with no windows, he shut the door and opened a small box that contained a lot of buttons, he pressed one and the room filled with light, he then pressed another button and the light stopped, he opened the door and pushed me out.

I found myself in a room much like you find in a modern hospital of 1942 the only difference being that it was much larger. "You will stay here until tomorrow", he said as he unstrapped me. "Where are we", said Rrog. "Where are we, repeated the attendant, why in the "Science Advancement Building" of course. They found you down by the old pyramid down at the garbage dump. You just missed being destroyed by the dissolving machine," he said. "What! Say what year is this," said Rrog as his senses begin to come back. "Why 9999 A.D. of course". No, it can't be your kidding me, said Rrog, why the Third World war just ended five days ago June 4, 1958 A.D. The attendant looked at him in his sly way again. "I think I better put you in the barred rooms, he said, don't you know that the Third World War is just a myth a story told by fools or are you one of them." "You really mean this is 9999 A.D. said Rrog. "You better come along with me", said the attendant as he grabbed Rrog's arm. Rrog wheeled and struck the attendant then he ran to the window. What he saw made him dizzy and fearful, far far below maybe hundreds of miles down was earth. Far off in the distance he could see the curve of the earth slowly level off even with the sky.

He ran to the attendant who was just rising from the first blow Rrog had struck him. "Take me down you rat", said Rrog, "Take me down". The so called rat took Rrog down to the ground where Rrog hit him again and then ran off onto a building. He ran along the building wall till he reached the steps going down. They were old and had not been used for many years so as Rrog had hoped he met no one. He reached the bottom of the steps and looked over the rail. Down maybe two blocks was the old pyramid, it was almost covered with rubbish but the top still was showing. A huge building was just about to be dumped over onto the pyramid and Rrog knew that unless he reached the door back to 1958 A.D. before the old building toppled over on the pyramid he would be stuck in the future.

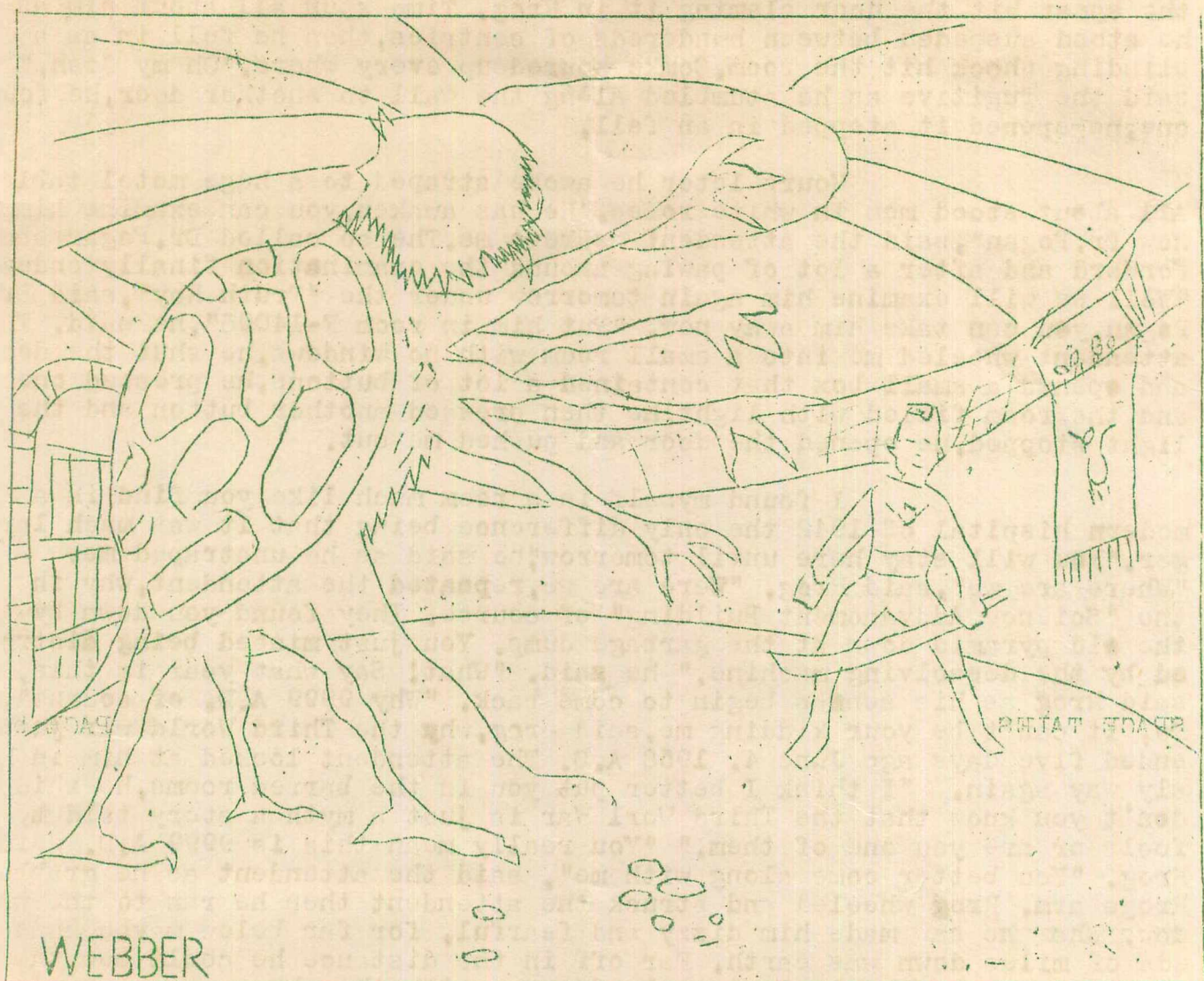
He rushed along the wide smooth road that stretched in a slow slant down toward the pyramid. Suddenly in the distance he heard a perring sound. He ran on but the sound grew louder. He turned and looked back, there racing toward him was a streamline car (that should not have been invented for seventy centuries after he died) racing down on him. ((SEE THE COVER)) He turned to run but the car raced forward and then A thud a splash of crimson spotted the car just as a huge building toppled over on an old pyramid.

END

"STAR GAZER"

by Dolores H. Lapi

I wonder if on planet far one sits in deep sunrise,
Much the same as I am now and gazes at the skies.?
Perhaps he sits and speculates upon his small green sphere
Much the same as I am sitting speculating here!
It could be that he looks like me
Or does not walk but flies
He might be small, gigantic, or compare with me in size.
But though he may look odd, And live on Venus or Mars
I wonder if he dreams like me
And gazes at the stars! ?



SLAVE SHIP OF SPACE

by Charles Nutt

"Earth calling scouting ship number seven, Earth calling scouting ship number seven". "Come in Earth, this is number seven," was Dan Rockwell's reply. "Report to Earth office immediately, Commander Barlow wishes to see you. That is all. Dan snapped off the space audiovisor eagerly. He wondered what the Commander wanted of him. "Oh well", he shrugged, "anything to relieve the boring job of being captain of a scouting ship." "Reverse direction and proceed at full speed toward Earth", Dan shouted into the funnel. Having nothing else to do he resumed his game of solitaire. Suddenly he heard the navigators whistle in the funnel. "Yes," Dan answered. "What is it?" "Dark ship coming along side sir, it looks like a Martian job." "What the devil do they want with a scouting ship? We carry no cargo or anything of value," Dan muttered. "Pardon sir it looks like the ships I've seen in pictures, I believe they were supposed to be slave ships." "What", Dan boomed, "well we'll give them a fight for there money, roll out the super chargers and arm every man with a small space disintegrator. Get me the gunneryman." "But sir they are armed with five gunnerys where we have but one. It would be sheer folly to put up a fight. Or even run, for they have hohl guns (B) sir and the..." Its too late to do anything now except get those hands above your head," boomed a voice from the top airlock and a heavy set Martian in a space suit with the helmet in one hand and a needle gun (B) in the other. "You see my men have already boarded your ship and have taken over." "What are you going to do to us," Dan asked. "Do to you," the Martain officer said in false surprise, "nothing except take you for a little trip to Mars." Little trip to Mars hell! "your going to put us in slavery every to your filthy ruler to work like slaves or dogs in your fabled pits but you just think you are because you aren't going to put me or any part of my crew into slavery", Dan Exploded as he lunged forward on a flying tackle. The Martain officer smile as he pointed the gun straight at Dons face and pulled the trigger. Then laughed as Don went down in a heap with a horrible contorted look on his face. "You

Kohl Gun Powerful cannons that is capable of shooting over fifteen hundred miles and can be carried only by battle wagons and other gigantic craft.

Needle Gun A small compact automatic that, although painful only puts one to sleep.

"I'll make a fine slave", the Martain said as he picked Dan and carried him over to the airlock. He put a suit on him strapped him to a gravity belt and tossed him off into space. He floated to the slave ship then the space ship was taken off and Dod was thrown into the hole with his other officers and men. "Make yourself comfortable the Martain officer tanted and closed the top hatch blocking out all light.

Dan recovering consciousness heard a loud explosion and knew that it was his scout ship being blown up by a disintegrator. Hours passed until they finally landed but at last the hatch was opened and a deep bass voice rang out "Okay c'mon out scum". Dan blinked at the light but finally growing used to it he clambered up the rope ladder that was lowered, with his companions. "Bah, another Martain spat", never have I seen such a lousy lot. "Now you dogs," he yelled behave yourselves and you won't be hurt but misbehave and you will be staring straight into eternaty," "You won't get away with this", said Dan "We'll get lose and when we do....." "Oh, a insolent one already", the Martain growled, let the following example be a lesson to you". Dan was stripped to the waist and his hands were tied above his head. A burly looking Jovian stepped forward with a Cat O'Nine Tails. The officer bawled out lustily "twenty" and the Jovian fell to flogging Dan with great gusto. Finally when the twenty lashes were given Dan's back was a bloody mass of flesh. Of course he was in a coma. Generally we don't take that much trouble smeared the officer, we nearly do this! he raised a disintegrator and told the navigator to step forward. The young navigator not understanding did so. The Martain pointed the disintegrator directly at his chest and squeezed the trigger. The young navigator had already made his peace with God. "Come on", he bawled to the nine men that now made up the crew of scout ship seven. "You two carry your captain" he said pointing to two engineers. Finally after two miles had been covered they reached the famous green place of the ruler of Mars. After they had walked many confusing corridors they reached the throne room of Tai Ruler of Mars. Dan was up and walking now. The throne room was comprised entirely of green translucent marble and on the throne sat a grizzled and withered old Martain and at his feet were semi-nudes dancing. Dan noticed but one of these. Her eyes seemed full of loneliness. Her eyes met and his. He was about to speak when the ruler spoke, "Omne ne na ati eh turn", the officer (also interpreter) said "The almighty ruler says that you should step forward dog". He pointed at Dan. Dan stepped forward with the blood still oaked on his back. The girl he had noticed got up and whispered something into the ruler's ear. He smiled and exclaimed, "Taly kos noo taires". "Already the ruler says you stay here" said the interpreter. You will make great sport. You will not have to work in the pits you will work up here and have it easy! Dan raised his head and looked gratefully at the girl. Then his prey was led to the pits. He then realized that his life's ambition would be to smash the pits and the keepers. The suddenly he fainted from loss of blood.

When he awoke he was lying on a comfortable cot. He was clean and had on nought but a breech cloth. The girl was leaning over him and was running her hands through his hair. When he awoke she jumped away in fright. "Don't be scared", he said in a hoarse voice. He managed to sit up, "how long have I been out?" "You have been unconscious for two days, you were bath and clad in fighting trucks." "Where are we," inquired Dan. "We are alone in your dressing room, you have been chosen to fight the mighty zekolo and I am supposed to be your adviser as no other man will do it for they do not want to train an enemy." "Your from Earth ain't you?", asked Dan. "Yes, and so was Dad". She then burst into tears. "Where, Where, soothed Dan, whats the matter with you?" "Ruler Tai put dad in the pits and made him work like the rest till he died from exhaustion" Oh, I see, said Dan understandingly. "And say by the way I don't even know your name". She finally refrained herself from crying and answered, "Iat Trent". "That's a beautiful name", said Dan. "Thanks" she said. "Mr. Rockwell I...." "Cut it", Dan said. "To my friends I'm Dan." "Well then Dan, we've got to stop Tai he's got men and women down in that artificial hell working their heads off to draw the water out of the ground" "Without the water the Martain race would be destroyed. They also make Atomic Power which they some say hope to use on...." "A very nice story the ruler will be interested in hearing it I am sure," said a voice from behind them. The Martain in the doorway took out his needle gun and continued, "on your feet both of you! Then smiling said "You're going to pay the ruler a little visit". In a few minutes they were standing before the ruler of Mars. "Tai estrocks kardal kos tarry! His highness says that both will be given twenty lashes and that will teach them a lesson". "After you fight the mighty zekolo if by chance you survive you will be a trustee of the ruler!" "Ah, but now I'm going to take great pleasure in flogging you till you collapse. Dan was stripped to the waist and Iat already was bare. They were both strung up, smiling. They soon realized their backs red with blood. When they awoke they were again in Dan's dressing room with the door latched and on the locker was

was a letter giving Pat instructions as to when the fight was to be held. It was at for sunrise so into training went Dan. To him the hours seemed like they were passing extremely swiftly. And practically before he and Pat knew it the sun was rising. "If you win you will be Tai's favorite and if you don't I don't know what I'll do with out you", she said very slowly. Just then a husky page informed them that the ruler was waiting at the arena. Dan strode out with a triumphant look on his face Pat not far behind him. The arena was similar to those of ancient Rome. And to either side of it there were hundreds of Martians cheering their heads off at least till Dan came in and then boys came up, for he was a prisoner and was a slave to them. Suddenly there was a series of ohs and ahs among the crowd and all grew silent. Dan whirled and looked at a huge door opening at the end of the arena. Emerging from it was creature words fail to describe but it was about fifteen feet in height and about seven feet in width. It had four arms and as many legs with a shell like that of a tortoise on its back. Its head was a mass of hair and only an eye was showing. It was advancing on Dan as if to spring and that it did but Dan was on the alert and dodged so that huge monster missed him. Dan brought the sword down with all the force he could on the monster's shell spitting it. With a roar of anger the monster turned and grabbed Dan and flung him into the side of the arena. Had it not been that he hit the wall with his foot and that he hit near the bottom he would have been killed but as it was he was just stunned. Getting up again he groggily circled the beast then with astonishing speed he leaped sword first into the abdomen of the Zakolo. The blood spurted in a purple rivulet from the monster. His sword plunged again and again until he was covered with blood. Then Dan jumped away from the still quivering body of the beast and bowed at Tai. He loved Pat and Pat loved him he knew but before he could take her away he must free his mer. Then he tore his eyes away from Tai who was nodding to him to come to the dressing room. "A splendid performance!" said Tai in the dressing room. "You have earned the right to be my bodyguard if you want". Dan understood what the ruler was saying for he had a telepathic hand around his head. "I am delighted and also ashamed of my previous actions and will try to make up for it in any way possible". With this statement he bowed as he had seen the other guards do. This was evidently just what Tai wanted for he said, "Good, Good, at last you have come to your senses. Perfectly," said Dan under his breathe, even better than you know". With this Tai withdrew from the room leaving Dan and Pat alone. "Pat", Dan said cautiously, "I've never had any experience making love but I want to tell you that I and so went the conversation. Two weeks later Dan is in the utmost confidence of Tai. Finally he decides to pop the important question. "Would you grant this servant a wish?" "Of course what is it Rockwell?" "May I visit the pits and once more see my unfortunate comrades". "I will grant you this favor but I shall accompany you for it should prove interesting as I have not visited the pits for years. This was exactly what Dan and Pat wanted and so they felt just like screaming with joy. But their hopes fell when the ruler appointed two huge Jovians to come with them in case of emergency. "We will go tomorrow at noon after we have lunched. The hours seemed like years to the pair of Earthlings. Neither of them slept that night but were up at dawn ready to go. At lunch they hurried as fast as possible so it was before noon when they met Tai. "You two are getting a little more than friendly aren't you," he said with a smile. Flushing Dan replied, "Well we are a little more than friends, both of us are from Earth you know. "Yes, of course, well lets get started," said Tai. "Err, Yes, it is, Dan said trying to be as casual as he could. "Well then let's be on our way. And so they went to the elevator that led to the pits and got in. Oh about those two Jovians. Oh well you can guard against those barbarians should they try anything. You can imagine how Dan and Pat felt deep inside. Lately luck was sure rooting for them. The elevator started and a sickening sensation crept over them all. But it passed and they realized that the elevator had stopped so they got out. They were met by a burly Martian. He bowed low and allowed them to pass into the first pit. It was like a vast crypt of horrors but in reality it was a gigantic cave with scorching fires sticking all along the ground and to each one was attached a iron pipe which was worked by hand. It was the most pitiful lot of humans he had ever seen. They were all in a dither of sweat. And they were further tormented by Martian giants standing over them with big bull whips and they were using them. Dan was on the verge of breaking out and taking hold of Tai's neck and squeezing it until his face turned blue and his eyes bulged. But at the cost of tremendous will power he subdued his impulses. Tai laughed. "Look at the dogs alive for we look at them, Ha, ". At that instant when Tai was blind with laughter, Pat slipped a long needle knife to Dan and just in the nick of time too, for Tai stopped laughing and said, "Come with me visit the other pits. "In what pit is my comrade in?" asked Dan. "Because of their innocence they were -

placed in the most remote one," said Tai. "Then let us go there immediately for these other slaves interest me not", said Dan. "Very well," said Tai. So they passed up all of the other pits and finally stopped at the one they wanted. It was even more dismal than the other ones. There were no guards or Jovians anywhere around. Instead every prisoner was shackled with iron chains. "Every time one gets out of line or stops to rest an electric current is shot through their body, but as the material used in making them is scarce these are the only ones we possess, the whips are just as effective anyway." "Captain Dan, Captain Dan sir", cried one of the prisoners. Dan ignored them the best he could. "Well don't you think we better be going we don't want to spend too much time down here", said Tai. How does one go about getting the shackles off?, asked Pat. "There is a switch in the wall and I am the only one that has a key", said Tai. Then Dan thought that it was time to go into action, whipping out his knife Dan snarled, "All right Tai we've had our little game and I happen to be the victor so far." "What does this mean", said Tai? "Quick," Dan said, "hand over that key". Reaching into his pocket Tai took out a small brass key and passed it to Dan. "Good here Pat, he said handing the key over to her, unlock the switch box and pull the switch. A few minutes later each man was armed with a iron pipe and advancing along the corridor cautiously. This being the prisoners advantage they jumped the Jovians and a few minutes later were just outside of space ship they had come to Mars on. They were just about to get onto the ship when Tai pulled out two guns. "All right scum up with your hands i've let you get this far because I thought it would be amusing to watch your faces when you were so near victory and then failed. Then to the surprise of everyone Pat made a beautiful flying tackle and Tai went down. Pat took over and in a few minutes they were far out in space. As they went through a cosmic cloud and the ship was blacked out Dan reached over kissed Pat. A few days later they arrived at Earth. The End

FANZINE REVIEW

Spaceways: Published at Westford N.J. It comes out eight times a year. It is mimeod and had two stories a few articles besides the very issue features. It has one article of interest to all fans intitled "INTO THE FORTH AND BEYOND" by Joe J. Fortier.

Shangri-l affaires: Published at Los Angeles, Calif. By the editor of Voice of the Imagi Nation. It is the news of the Southern California SF and Fantasy activities. It is a one page sheet which comes out every six weeks we understand. It is quite newsy but is of interest to California Fans only.

Fantasy Times: Is published at Flushing, N.Y. It comes out every month. It is printed and looks like a news paper. It has four pages this issue but usually has only two pages. Has a swell story and some news that is very interesting to all fans but it has a little too much about the copyright SF magazines.

The Vonniden Portfolio No. 1: Is published at Los Angeles, Calif. It has some swell pictures and for you boys who like the Mac Girl on the AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES covers will sure like this magazine. It is mimeod. About once every year.

Infinite: Is published at Indianapolis Ind. It comes out every other month. It is mimeod and has some swell illustrations that are hectod. The stories are good it has two or three every issue. It has the Dea-vention speech for 41 but it takes up a lot of pages and the average fan would like to have a story or article instead. It has four poems but the average fan does not like poems ether.

Vom Maiden Portfolio No. 2. It is published at Los Angeles, Calif, and is a lot like portfolio No.1. mention above. It has a few more pages and is in larger size than the first. It is also mimeod with an article at the bottom of each page.

The End

You Fan Magazine editors send in a copy of your magazine each issue and we will rate them in this department.

THE REVOLT OF THE ROBOTS

by Clair Holdings

What has happened in Last Day, Germany had invented a robot so that they could win the war but the United States steals the plans and builds one like the one Germany had been working on. Martains finally took over the robots and started to destroy all the major cities. Nobody had been able to stop the Robots till he reached Los Angeles there while he was fighting the planes the people on the ground melted his legs with "ACID DESTROYERS". The first battle was one.

Part Two

The United States now rid of her menace set to work to help the other more unfortunate countries. It was at this that the message was received. At exactly 3.00 World Standard Time all radios gave forth what most people would have considered Chinese. Those who fortunately copied it down to the best of their ability were later rewarded for it. The message ran thus: "E haw aoplet fy arse ntendis on earth si slessi ou ryt ndt topa sue hanklo so ga lafoa satoga arantti cartlyn to sea; ggtse L. Akenheg". Experts on cryptograms soon discovered the meaning of the message, which translated meant; "We the people of Mars, intend to conquer you earth. It is useless to try and stop us, we shall land in Australia. We hope you will soon be able to see us, it is us who have taken control of your robots. Acanthyg, Ruler of Mars.

The governments of the world dispatched all of their available airplanes at once to Australia. All of them were equipped with the deadliest weapons available. But three days were left before the Martains were due to arrive. Slowly the days crept on. Two, One, and finally the day arrived. At last it became dark. The world was beginning to think it was the victim of a giant hoax. Then a dull droning sound was heard over Australia. Down from the skies came monstrous space defying ships shaped like wheels with four long tails and two searchlights. The world realized they were the same type of ship as those used by the Skyscraper Kidnappers. Not only were the Martains responsible for the revolt of the warlike robots, but also for the kidnapping of the Old Eifel Tower and the Empire State Building. Haddened with thoughts of revenge, the aviators began diving, dashing, and shooting bombs at the Martian craft as fast as possible, but they had little effect. Then from the craft of the Martians came the much feared "Green Rays" whose power had been learned when the world was protecting her buildings from the Kidnappers. Thousands of airplanes were hurled at an unthinkable speed into the airless void. Whirling, dipping, spinning, and round the alien machines flew the world's airplane, hurling bombs at them. The entire continents of Australia was lighted more brilliantly than if it was day by the bursting bombs. The terrific din of the battle was heard the entire world over. Airplane after airplane was sent rocketing to eternity by the Green Rays-but the world had one card left to play. The Aciddestroyers. When it was seen that the world was losing the terrific battle with the Martains the aciddestroyers were brought into play. Over three fourths of the world's airplanes had now been shot into space. But again (as in the case of the Skyscraper Kidnappers) the world seemed doomed. For the aciddestroyers had no effect upon the space ships. They were evidently built of a metal of greater strength than aluminum. Through the air like monstrous searchlights the Green Rays came. Thousands were praying for an eclipse (which would deprive the space ships of their power) but to no avail. For it was a beautifully moonlit night which no one was able to enjoy. Only nine of the forty space ships had been destroyed while over two thousand of the world's three thousand airplanes had been demolished. Then at the very moment when it seemed the Martains would win the battle the earth began to shake. The waters began to rise quickly, as in the legend of Atlantis, and with one last tremendous shake Australia sank carrying under the sea all the men and ships from here that riding the world of the menace from Mars.

A Contest

To enter this contest you have to have a subscription to this magazine or you have to send .25 in with your entry for three issues.

We have a special rating of the pro mags. for the copyright SF and Fantasy magazines. You have to rate what you think are the top three. You can have three guesses with three ratings in each one. If you have them right or the same as we do you will get the first prize if nobody gets the answers we will award the prizes to the people who came the closest. Identical prizes will be awarded in case of a tie. But remember you have to have a subscription to this magazine or you have to send one in with your entry to be eligible for this contest. It will end after next issue. Contest prizes next page....-

I LIKE

INFINITE

by Gus Statton

The old AMAZING STORIES was the real magazine", quavered the oldster, his ruby button nose twinkling like a traffic signal amid the tossing white jungle of his beard. "Take them early stories, now, about giant insects and the first interplanetary expeditions-----why they were, they were..... his voice trailed off into a gloating wordless mumble.

"Brazil nuts, Grandpop, Shorted little Egbert Satoorn, third generation fantasy fan, WONDER STORIES, ASTONISHING STORIES & MARVEL STORIES have that old rag backed off the fiction map. I will admit that the modern AMAZING is fairly good but it lacks the fire and blood of my favorite three. They have the real life and color of distant untamed worlds on their every thrill crammed page.

"Huh", laughed sixty year old Kimball Minnison Satoorn from the superiority of forty years reading experience, "you fourteen year olds go for nothing but gore and bruised knuckles, and space ships, down to their last pint of superfrugi fuel, attacked by pirates, Give me the light hearted, swift action of Ziff Davis for mine. There's a minimum of blood shed and a maximum of laughs in their two SF mags. They slip up on a few stories like "VOYAGE THAT LASTED 600 YEARS", the Mok Stories, and just lately now the Burroughs JOHN CARTER stories, but most of the time their stories are snappy and funny." Next to those two mags. I put WEIRD TALES. Boy those new short stories they're using give me the creeps all right! Make good ghost stories to tell the gang.

"I know," grinned little Egbert, dodging toward the open door "You tell 'em to Eloise she'll get scared and grab you around the neck. I saw her just last night on the front porch.

Tarzan Satoorn, the boys, father ceased exercising on the tree limb suspended from the ceiling and dropped into a chair beside his bearded old father. He flexed his skinny arms and adjusted his thick horn rimmed glasses.

"You know, dad," he said. "I think all of you are wrong. The best mags. on the market are ASTOUNDING & UNKNOWN, with COMET, COSMIC & STIRRING trailing. Of course there are a few other other magazine. LIBERTY, BLUE BOOK etc: almost as good in other types of fiction but the first five lead the fantasy field.

Now, now," grumbled gran'dad, clacking his ersatz nippers angrily, "You know that ain't so. Now, Dr. Keller wrote a yarn way back.

Thus every day, in a million scattered households in Canada, England, U.S.A., and the islands of the sea, to say nothing of Australia, South Africa, Lysores and Byrdland, the battle of pro mag. is waged. Pandom itself is cut across with the varying allegiances of its members but it is so loyal to the ideal of science fiction (Personally I prefer the coined word Gernsback, scientifiction) that these differences of opinion mean little.

The Ziff Davis due, AMAZING and FANTASTIC, outsell any other fantasy magazine on the market: yet the majority of fans, the outspoken ones at least, seem to dislike the general type of material used.

The Prizes

First Prize: Is a great Science Fiction novel by Roy Lockwood intitled "ON A TORN AWAY WORLD" this is the adventures of a small group of people stranded far out in space when part of the Earth flies off.

Second Prize: Is a half year subscription to this magazine added to your present subscription.

Third Prize: Is Volume 1. No. 1. of this magazine.

You must have a subscription to this magazine before you can enter this contest. Contest ends next issue.

Apparently the stories are well written amusing, informative and lively but rarely does a story stick with the readers longer than the following day. Entertainment then is the chief purpose of Ziff-Davis due.

The Street and Smith fantasy magazine UNKNOWN & ASTOUNDING, are recognized by the majority of perpetual fans, the long time readers and critics of SF and fantasy, as being the aristocrat of the field. The stories are carefully written almost art-dectives, adventure or love--- and they present many a new, thought provoking idea every issue. Next Page-

The ultimate choice of the true fantasy fan if he be allowed but two magazine, will almost invariably be one or both of these aristocrats.

WONDER STORIES and its companion magazine: STARTLING and CAPTAIN FUTURE are all three entertaining, interesting magazines with definite juvenile appeal. Witness for this is Sarge Saturn chatter and the BUGLYE MONSTER complex on the covers. Many a worthwhile story has appeared in these magazine, in particular the long novels and the reprints in STARTLING have been outstanding. For the average reader searching for entertainment or reading fantasy for the first time these are good reading.

COMET the new monthly edited by Orlin Termaine, has not yet proven itself although it does feature several interesting new types of stories and offtrail plots. Time will settle this question. A magazine worth watching however. The same goes for Albing's two fantastics: COSMIC and STINKING SCIENCE. These last two feature a grand assortment of new authors, new artists, new ideas and ex fan editor---truly pro mags for stf fans and stf readers.

PLANET STORIES is in a class by its self. Some like it others do not. It features the big names of fantasy and its stories are in the main the tried and true stories that are the backbone of this type of writing. Most fans, it is probable, would like to see the editor step over the line and try something more offtrail.

Finally we have FUTURE FICTION, SCIENCE FICTION (and a reprint quarterly by the same name), ASTONISHING, SUPER SCIENCE, MARVEL, UNCANNY STORIES, STRANGE STORIES, and last, but not in quality, WEIRD TALES. WEIRD TALES, the old queen of fantasy, has slipped but even yet is leader in her own particular field. All these last named have good stories written by good authors and have a good following of fans who claim them the best in the field.

All these magazines, and a few adventures magazines: ARGOSY BLUE BOOK, ACTION, and the others that feature fantasy from time to time, serve their purpose in shutting a few readers into the inner circle of this hield of the future,---fantasy fandom. From this inner group that is increasingly dominating the editorial polycys of the stf magazine, the future growth or decline of fantasy will come. Their varied ideas, ideals and honest opinion bleat together to raise this finest of all literature to the pinnacle where it belongs.

The final polished maturity of fantasy and science fiction has not been reached, only glimpsed. Vaguely the readers know what they want. They read a story; they catch a glimpse of perfection, and they say "I like that...." no reason....but I just like it.

And that, fellow slans, fellow mutants in the world of literature, is where we come in. Our task is to root out the truly fantastic among the muddle of disguised westerns, blood and thunder pirates of space, and tittering sissies in rubber padded space ship that smother the newstands of the day.

(ONCE AGAIN I SAY) The later artical has nothing to do with the contest of pro magazines. It gives the opinion of the author. Ed TL

Just a Sample

Because of the large amount of these that will be going out as samples to you the reader we give the following

First if this is a sample you want to send in .25 for three issues right away or you can send .50 for seven issues.

The reasons. We give you as good as material as any other fan magazine, and in many cases better. There are 16 pages in this issue but starting next issue and every issue after this we will have 20 pages. As you see we have colored ink, cartoons, jokes, pictures, stories, articals, many depts. etc. At the time this is written we are sure that starting next issue we will have the following new depts. and maybe more by the time it comes out. The following BACK SLAPS, THE PRINTED STORY, CO LIDS, SPACE NOTLS, NORTHWEST FAN NEWS, MONSTER AND DIFFERENT PLANETS. Five more pages than we have now that equals about 28 letter size pages. Don't delay send .25 for three issues to SPACE TALES 2310 Virginia Everett, Wash.

The following statement was sent to all the fan magazine editors and to many of the well known fans and so we recopy it for you.

Dear Fellow Fans:

Six weeks ago we planned an issue of Pacificonews which would start arrangements to meet the date of the Pacificon and which would contain the first of a series of articles on the various attractions in the Los Angeles area. But the coming of war has changed the entire situation, and plans formerly made must be altered to meet the crisis.

After waiting a short period for clarification of the local situation, the Convention Committee met to consider what should be done. Our first decision was that the Convention belonged to the fans and they must be the ones who will decide on the final fate of the Pacificon. This would necessitate a vote, best carried out under the supervision of the Convention Committee. Second, we decided that this vote should be delayed as long as possible, in order that the trend of events might become more evident and that the first wave of war hysteria might die down.

Therefore we regrettably announce that the convention Committee will cease action until March 15, at which time a ballot will be sent out to all members giving them their choice of several possible alternatives. This date will give us time to make all necessary arrangements even if it is decided to hold the Convention here early in the summer, and will still give the fans a chance to discuss the matter by correspondence and the fan magazines.

In order to give a basis for discussion and to indicate the possible choices, we now outline the situation and alternatives as we see them. Certain facts are clear; Los Angeles may be subject to bombing attacks and will at least be bothered by blackouts from time to time. All fans, including Convention officials, will be subject to more stringent draft regulations, and consequently may be taken away from their duties. Defense work will take more of the time of us all. Even more important, transportation will become more expensive and perhaps by next summer may be impossible. Gatherings in this city may be forbidden, even as they already have been in Washington, D.C. Moreover, all cities on either coast are subject to the same dangers and the same restrictions. Of all of these points, the most important is probably the transportation problems.

Therefore there are certain alternatives. First is to cancel the Convention entirely. If this is done all money in the Convention treasury will be divided and returned to the members. This would be the best choice if it is agreed that all fan activities should be curtailed during the war. Second, the Convention can be postponed for the duration, in which case all membership fees will simply be frozen and the Convention Committee will cease action until after the war. This would permit local conferences, yet would insure a stable and well-financed Convention once the trouble is over. Third is to transfer the Convention to some city in the interior of the country. This would not solve the transportation problem and might cause some dissension among rival candidates, yet could be handled by a vote of the fans. The local group would be glad to cooperate with any group so selected. Fourth and last, we can continue in the hope that a Convention in Los Angeles will be possible. We would be more than happy to do this, our only fear is that fans might not care or would be unable to come to Los Angeles under the circumstances. You are still more than welcome if you can possibly come.

Please consider the matter very carefully and be prepared to vote. Although the final choice must be made by the members of the Convention Society, we would like to have the opinions of every one of you.

Sincerely yours,

The convention Committee

Advertisement

by Walter J. Daugherty
Director;

and
Forest M. Ackerman

Ads in this magazine are .75 One-
Page, .40 Half Page, .25 Quarter -
Page. Ads per word is $\frac{1}{4}$ cent. If
you wish to have it by line it is -
.02¢ Per line. If you have been -
corresponding with some fan in so-
me part of the country and would -
like to find more friends use this-
Dept.

P.S. If you fans wish to send your
votes to us we will pass them on.

FIRST ROCKET FLIGHT



ITALIAN ROCKET TESTED

Propellerless. This Italian plane, driven by compressed air and exhaust gasses, apparently on the rocket principle was credited by Stefani, Italian new agency, with making a flight of 285 miles on November 30 between Milan and Rome. Top-"Is a Broadside view of the Ship Center-"Is the Plane in Flight". (Times)

For some time scientists have tried to send a ship skyward by using compressed air and now it has happened. The next step is Uranium 235. At the present time it is being experimented with in California. (Ed.)

TRIP TO THE MOON

A trip to the moon may not be as fantastic as it sounds. Our great grandchildren may make the first one, is the opinion of Dr. Alter, director of the Griffith Astronomical observatory.

Dr. Alter predicted that man's first visit to the moon would take place "Some time within the next 100 years-if not soon-er".

The first flight, he said, depends on the development of a new element known as Uranium 235, now being studied at the University of California at Berkeley.

"It's possible to send objects to the moon right now," the scientist said. It has been estimated the cost of a rocket to span the 232,000 to 235,000 miles would cost about \$100,000,000."

He revealed that once on the moon, there would be no trouble leaving. The take off would be simple because the planet's gravitational pull is only a sixth that of the Earth.

FUTURESCOPE

James Thomas will have a new story next issue in-titled "RAY TO MOON SEVEN" and we think it's a swell story so watch for it next issue.

We will have a lot of readers letters next issue so watch for the "READERS LETTERS" dept.

A new cover by webber and all new stories and material. Alls watch for Contest Winners in Volume 1. Number 1. of this mag.

Extra Page

Well we didn't mean to give you this extra page but it just came up so here it is. Next issue we will have 20 or more pages in this size so if this is a sample please send .25 for three issues right away.

Magazine Sale

We have a huge no. of issues one and two left so if you want any of these back numbers send .05 apiece. We were hoisted at that time. After taking a count we have 60 issues numbered 10 and about 100 copies of number one.

Suggestions

Do you think you could write a dept. or an editorial or story send it to us and if its any good well we will publish it. Also if you have suggestions send your letters to the HOT AIR DEPT. or Readers Letters as it is also known as and we will see what we can do for you.

From Infinite

THE CORY JOKE OF THE MONTH

It seems that once upon a time an ardent fan and collector was struggling wearily down the road, a huge bundle of ~~MAZINGS~~ on his back. The day was hot and the fan was very tired, but he staggered gamly on, determined to get his precious bundle safely home.

After a while he came to an old bridge, which was precariously suspended above a rather large stream. Sighing with relief, he stopped and leaned against the railing for a slight rest. Alas, the railing was in a bad state of repair, and it immediately collapsed, precipitating the unfortunate fan into the stream.

A terrifying thought flashed through his mind, he couldn't swim. Then he remembered the bundle of ~~MAZINGS~~ tightly clutched in his arms. Safety. The paper in the magazines were so light that the bundle would easily support him.

As the waters closed over his head for the third time, he observed, grasping.

"Confidentially, they sink."

A Advertisement

SPACE TALES wants the first copy of ~~MAZINGS~~ VOICE, SUN SPOTS. If you have any of these please contact us right away. Also anybody who has a copy of the big little book "THEY BUILT A CITY UNDER THE SEA" which is by Phil Hollar and was published in 1952 please let us know how much you want it for.

Futurescope

We are adding two new dept next issue PRO MAGS, BOOK REVIEWS, we may also have a new dept called PROPHETIONS but we are not sure if this new dept. will come yet. Gerald Webber will also start a new series of book covers featuring men from different planets.

End.

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First Class



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