

NOTE TO ADVERTISERS
 printing of this ish
 is approx 240 copies;
 Next issue, and until
 further notice, I
 expect to circulate
 less than 200 copies.

December 1954 ----- No. 7

ANDROMEDA

AN ELEVENTH FANDOM PUBLICATION

ANDROMEDA is published by Pete Campbell, 60 Calgarth Rd, Vindermere, England. 4d (5¢) per copy, or by exchange. Advertising rates: 7/- (1 dollar) per page; smaller areas pro rata (or fan rate if you prefer).

Assistant editor: PAUL FINEVER.
 Art editors: GEORGE WHITING and ORVILLE MOSHER.

Hi, people! Been a longish week, hasn't it? But one of the advantages of editing a fanzine is that the days just fly past. Instead of being two and a half months, it seems only a couple of days since I mailed out the last issue, and already several people have sent such flattering enquiries as

"What's happened to ANDROMEDA???" or

"You've forgotten me!" or even

"Is it true you're thinking of reviving ANDROMEDA?"

I always read every word on Christmas Cards, and none of these little notes escaped my attention.

A short while ago, I intended this issue to be out before Xmas, but it gradually dawned on me that I'd not be able to buckle down to it until the Christmas break, so my latest intention is to mail it out before the end of 1954. You should get it before the Cytricon anyway.



By now, of course, you've all heard of the forthcoming convention at Kettering. But way back a couple (pardon, I done a typo) of months ago, when the con was only a wicked thought in the minds of Kettering fandom, I thought the news was a possible scoop for ANDRO; my enquiry brought the following letter from Dennis Cowan:-

42 Silverwood Rd,
 Kettering, Northants.

Dear Pete,

Sorry if I've seemed a long while answering your card, but I wanted to get things settled and definite before I sent you any information regarding the convention. Now everything is fixed and here is the gon:

The place: The George Hotel, Kettering
 The date: the 8th 9th and 10th of April '55—a three day con! although the Friday is only an informal get together,

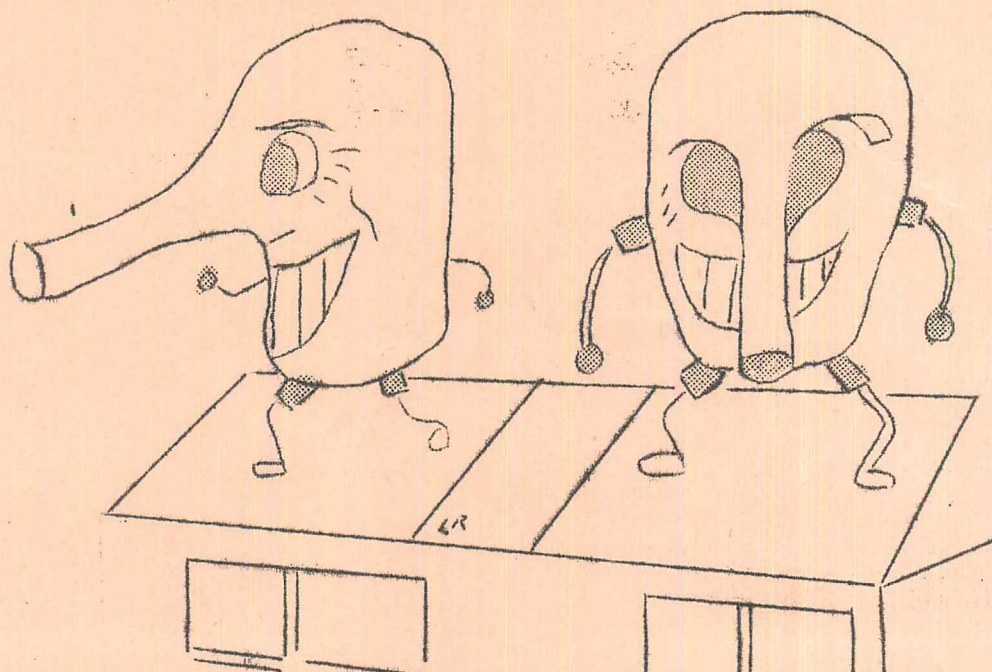
the actual con starting on the Saturday.

Registration Fees: 2/6's should be sent as soon as possible to JOE AYRES, 7 DORIS ROAD, KETTERING. The daily session fee will be 6/- per day, the 2/6 being deducted from one of the days: wives and Juniors will be at reduced rate of 4/-.

Rooms: Plenty of accommodation, we've taken over the hotel. B & B charges are 20/6, Lunch at the hotel is 8/- per person. Anyone wishing to book a room should let me know when they send their registration fee.

Combozine: As last year's zine seemed a success, we have decided that one will

SUPPORT THE T.A.F. FUND!



VOTE FOR KEN SLATER!

be issued this year (providing that all fan editors are agreeable); details of this will be sent out later.

The Auction: All mags, tattered and torn or otherwise, that anyone cares to donate, should be sent to me at the above address.

Tables: loads of tables for anyone who wants to show off their fanmags etc; no charge for these!

One point I would like you to stress, Peter, and that is the booking of rooms; naturally the management wants to know as soon as possible how many rooms they will have full, in case of other people wanting to stay at the hotel.

As for getting to Kottering, that will be one of the easiest things to do. I think Kottering is one of the few places in the country that you can reach direct from such places as London, Leeds, Manchester, Glasgow etc, both by road and rail.

Sincerely,

DENNIS COWAN.

All I need add to that is that I hope you'll all be there! Vindermere expects to send a delegation of at least one.....

NOT S F, SURELY ?

"The NOVY MIR (NEW WORLD) is the chief journal in present-day Russia."

---ENCYCLOPAEDIA

BRITANNICA,

Vol 17, page 516.

RED any good books lately, comrade?

Now to drift over one or three other subjects that come to mind... I was at first enthusiastic over this microscopic-lettered typer I'm now using, but one or two people have pointed out some faults.

The commonest criticism--both from the readers and from myself--is that the mag is not as legible as it used to was. This is due either to the typer or to the way I use it. As an experiment, I'm stencilling a few pages in block paragraphs, with vacant lines between 'em (you noticed?--good!); if this isn't any improvement, I could always switch back to the older machine....

Another point is the occasional use of a "V" in lieu of a "W". This brainstorm came to me while stencilling the answer to Derek Pickles' letter in the Crypt.....it may be eccentric, but at least its neater!

Ken Potter is currently afflicted with a somewhat unpleasant form of gaffia, to wit, flu. To cheer him up in his moment of adversity, and speed his recovery, I am printing a poem of Mr. Wansborough's in this issue. Only a short one, it is true, but I know Ken will be pleased...

Harry Turner reports the Fantasy Art Society has folded; the usual trouble--lack of time.

AUTHENTIC recently carried a letter from a Mr. R. Goldberg. Could this perhaps be Rube himself...?

reviews

Before starting on the fanzines, we have some science-fiction to be briefly reviewed... **ENTERPRIZE** 2115 by Charles Grey (Merit Books Ltd; 2/- in a pocket edn., or 6/6 clothbound). In content, this book is very similar to much of van Vogt's work. It concerns Rosslyn, a pilot who dies in space, only to be miraculously returned to life when his body is found two centuries later; and Comain, a scientist and friend of Rosslyn's, whose discoveries have shaped the entire civilization of two centuries hence. The tale combines fast action, sound science, lively writing and ingenious plotting; well worth the 2/- asked—or even the 6/6 if you buy hard-cover editions.

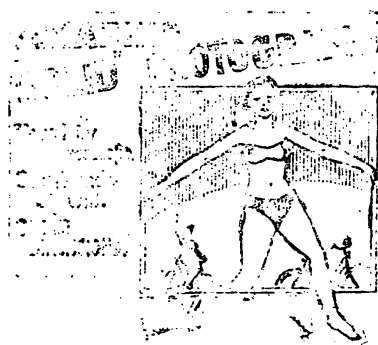
SATELLITE No.4 (Don Allen, 3 Arkle St, Gateshead 8, England) A 56-page 'New Year' issue, priced at 1/6 instead of the usual 1/- . A printed cover by Jim Gawthorne gives an excellent effect in black on yellow paper. Articles on French and Belgian fandom, "What I Think of American Reprints" by H.J. Campbell, two other articles and two stories; a top-line selection of features — all that and **DIZZY** too—**DIZZY** being a 15-page cartoon section of better quality than I ever expected to see in a fanzine.

ALPHA 7 (Jan Janson, 229 Borchomlei, Borgehout, Belgium—bimonthly, 4/- a year) with its usual friendly atmosphere and neat darning, plus some novel effects of lettering and ornamentation, plus a humorous backcover which has little or nothing to do with either s-f or even fandom.....28 pages.

PSYCHOTIC No.17 (Richard E. Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12 Oregon 20¢, 5 for a dollar) One of the acknowledged leaders of American fandom, **PSY** is now in lithoed format; good all through, particularly "The Padded Coll" by Vernon McCain; but then McCain always writes an interesting column. 32 pages.

EYE No. 3 (produced by Vinco Clarke, Jim Rattigan, Stu Mackenzie and Ted Tubb; 67 Houston Rd, London SE 23—6/- for 4) With the possible exception of the **IMMORTAL STORM**, this is the biggest fanzine I ever saw. The pages are not numbered, but a rough count gives the score of 170 pages !!

The four mags listed above are merely the top of the heap. Being down to the last inch on the last stone, I've hardly space to even mention **HYPERION** (52 pages) or **FANZINE** (60pp). In the next **ANDRO** I'll try, for once, to allocate enough space for reviews—and by then I may have digested **EYE** sufficiently to comment in detail.....



Viewer, in box, 1/11 or 4/11. Handling charge 7d extra. INCLUDED: Methods of taking 3-D photos without a 3-D camera, notes on "Film Stars in 3-D at Home", "3-D Photos from Drawings, Paintings and Ordinary Photos." and much more. By post only from Cairns, Gladstone House, North Hylton Road, Castletown, Sunderland.

PRIZES! As stated in **ANDRO** No.5, the contributors to **ANDROMEDA** during each 3-month period are eligible for prizes—winners being selected by reader-vote. The prizes are £1, 15/- and 10/- for writers, and 10/- and 5/- for artists. Follows a list of contributors and their works during the last quarter of 1954:--

WRITERS:
 (ANON.)—"The Anonymous Column";
 BRIAN VARLEY—"Tilted Bhoor Stein" (No.5 and No.7);
 NORMAN G. WANSBOROUGH—"Terra Forever"
 TERRY JEEVES—"The First Spaceship", "News in a Nuts-hell" and "Your Future in the Stars"
 ALISTAIR FERGUSON—the front-page 'news-stories' in **GALACTIC STAR**
 GEOFF LEWIS—"Round & About Tycho"
 PETE CAMPBELL—"Manchester in Confusion", editorials, reviews etc.
 (Writers in "Post-Crypt" and "People in Fandom" are also eligible for prizes, and also, of course, contributors to **GALACTIC STAR**.)

ARTISTS:
 LEE RIVERS—page 3 in &-5; pp.2, 8, 10, 11 in &-7.
 ALLAN MARTIN—page 2 in &-6;
 DENNESS MORTON—page 12 in &-7.
 ORVILLE W. MOSHER—page 13 in &-7.
 TERRY JEEVES—page 14 in &-7.

Will readers who have seen all contributions from **ANDRO** 5 to the present issue, please vote for your favorite writers and artists. Winners will be announced next issue.

POST-

CRUPT

"I rather admire your intention to put out a weekly -- wonder how long it'll last?"

--SANDY SANDERSON

((You were so right, Sandy!

((To introduce the next letter, I'll quote the sentence that inspired it, from the "Anonymous Column, ANDRO 5--
"The item that caught my attention was the revealing news that in Paris brassieres are now described as 'les lollos'."

3 Square du Thimerais,
Paris 17e, France.

Dear Peter,

Thank you for ANDROMEDA 5. Reading it gave me much pleasure, not only because of its post mark reminding me of your wonderful Westmorland, but also it was not so much Lady Windermere's fan (stop here, please) than Gina Lollobrigida's bosom that caught my roving eye.

And if you allow me to tread ground where angels do not dare looking, I would like to point out a slight error in your TIMELY remark on the cult of the bosom in your "Anonymous Column." As a matter of fact, this error is not yours, and if I had not been so busy--as usual--I would perhaps have written to TIME.

In saying that "In Paris, a new phrase 'les lollos' is used in brassiere advertisements" they made a whole series of mistakes.

1. In the first place, this is a case of taking the container for the contents,

2. The words "les lollos" have been used in Parisian argot (slang) for "the breasts", since long before Gina Lollobrigida was born; they derive not from her name as inferred by TIME, but from baby talk: "lolo" for "lait" (milk). The relation to breasts is quite apparent.

3. The Parisians were quick to name la Lollobrigida "Lolo" for short, with a touch of Gallic humor, when her bust showed so overflowing on the screens.

4. No self-respecting French brassiere manufacturer would ever dream of using this argotic expression--even as a pun--in advertising his wares. They go in for much more dignified, if almost bare, expression of the full facts in their ads.

5. Further, presently you may know, quantity as suggested by "lollo" is rather frowned upon with the new Dior "string bean" look (la ligne haricot vert), which favors less showy outlines...

This phi-lolo-gical point being disposed of for your personal edification and perhaps that of your readers, should you care to publish this highly important

piece, it does not lack in phi-lolo-sophical and bio-lolo-gical aspects, to say the least.

It is quite seldom that I find time to write for fun, but this was the time: lolo or never!

Appreciatively,
GEORGES H. GAILLET

((As a Parisian, George, you are in an excellent position to know the full facts of this most intriguing matter; if I may say so, your letter adequately covers the situation, leaving nothing unrevealed; many thanks for this well-rounded description. Write for fun again sometime.

"I hae ma doots about that weekly schedule."

--AVC in EYE 2.

((You were so right, Vinç!

311 Babbacombe Rd,
Torquay, Devon.

Dear Pete,

Your reply to Terry Jeeves: of course Torquay is too far for a li'l old common-or-garden two-day convention. But Terry was talking about the convocation, which will be a one- or two-week holiday. People sometimes travel miles and miles for holidays. Even fen sometimes travel miles and miles for holidays. Whichever resort is eventually chosen, it needs to be a salubrious spot to put a spring in the gait of o-old and tired fans: a place of beauty to bring peace to their shattered minds; a sunny olime to warm their old bones; and above all, a resident fan to ensure no gafia is being committed. Where else will you find this combination but in Torquay, the Queen of the English Riviera?

NIGEL LINDSAY

((OK, Nigel, you've convinced me! My one regret is that I'll not be able to make the Convac myself, but I certainly hope to hear that the occasion is a resounding success!

129 Maple Av,
Sharonville, Ohio.

Dear Pete,

I need help!

Who can I find to do some trading with in England? You once asked me that when I subscribed to ANDROMEDA. I had all I could handle then; but now I'd like to find some British fan who needs some USA material for his collection.

Hoping for a prompt reply,
DON FORD.

((Read on a li'l, Don.....

POST-CRYPT

6 Rugg Street,
St. Albans, Vermont,
U. S. A.

Dear Peter,

I have been interested in the forming of a club to trade books and mags. We plan to have chapters in the U.S., Canada, Argentina, the British Isles, Australia and Belgium. The chapters would distribute club literature and lists of club members. They could also publish a fanzine if they wished.

Now to what I wrote you about: I need some fan to organise a chapter in Great Britain. If you know of anyone who would do it, tell him about the club and ask him to write me. I'd appreciate this very much.

JOEL COVEY

((Well, Don and Joel, although I used to be 'contact man' for the O.F. membership, I don't keep in touch with that aspect of fandom anymore. That's why I'm publishing your letters instead of answering 'em--some British fan may thus decide to answer your SOS. I'll be glad to do the same for anyone who needs a contact.

"The typeface on your new machine--its rather too much of the compressed elite for good reading. Is there no way of having a little space between the lines of type? --I believe it only entails having a new cogwheel fitted to the carriage."

--DEREK PICKLES

((But Derek, I like it this way! Even though this machine does 96 characters to the square inch, instead of the usual 60 or 72, yet it still isn't any more crowded than professionally type-set matter. Only complaint is that capital W--it tears up the stencil like a crimped-up bulldozer! Which makes me think I may be able to eliminate that particular key and use another in its stead. We shall see...

*****HE PLOPPED IN, PLOPPED, AND PROMPTLY PLOPPED OUT AGAIN*****

42 Rothbury Road,
Hove 3, Sussex.
B.C. Umteen-foofy-fiff.

Dear Pete,

Wall, wall, wall. I guess it had to come to it, at that. I'm disappointed, naturally, at the reduction in sighs--and not a little apprehensive at the thought of a MANDRO every week....BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DOOPLICKATER? Jist piccoz yer goink weakly's no scyoos for the patchy pages!!! And your Wubblouze!***+%. Wanta buy a Ronco 500 Series II? Only £85.....

SELLING OUT!

B. R. E.'s

SPACE: Vol. 1 Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 each 9d
Vol. 2 Nos. 1, 3 " 9d
GALAXY: Nos. 15, 16, 17 " 9d
IF: Vol. 1 Nos. 2, 8, 9, 10 " 9d
AMAZING: Vol. 1 Nos. 1, 4, 5 " 9d
E. & S.F.: Vol. 3 Nos. 3, 2 " 9d
THRILLING WONDER: Summer 1953
" " " No. 103 } 1/- the lot
STARTLING STORIES: No. 17
BEYOND: Vol. 1 No. 4 9d

British

Spencers: TWILIGHT ZONE 6d
MENACE FROM MERCURY 6d
NEW WORLDS: No. 24 (poor condition) 3d
Cherry Tree Novels: GABRIEL OVER THE
WHITE HOUSE--Thomas Twedd 9d
TALES OF WONDER: Winter 1939
(front cover missing) 1/6

U. S. A.

FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES: May '51 1/6
A.S.F.: July 1953 1/3
AMAZING: Jan 1953 1/-

Please send no money with orders--cash on delivery.

Orders post-free over 5/-. Send to:-
4147777 A.C.1 Taylor P.G.,
Examining Wing,
Royal Air Force,
Little Rissington,
CHELTONHAM, Glos.

It's probably not fair to comment on the first of these weaklies--better to wait till you get going. But anyway, its bright and cheerful! For title for the noo "Sitter Luction" is crafty--though I abnmore the banner on page 5--but this section promises to be the post bart of the noo "8"!

Just soon your mention of spirit duplicator...ha ha... Just ghostshow!

My stf reading's been limited to ASF and an occasional GALAXY for over a year now...still immersed in F S NOOZ o'course. Despite your wunnerfulpage ad, I don't intend trying AUTHENTIC. Only 'cause I consider that (like smoking) it may be one of those things you don't miss if you don't have--so I shan't subject myself to the possibility of the craving.

Have got enuff FS material on hand here for the next six issues at least, and am considering a 'One Shot' (kinda Year Book) about the size of the old "8" to get some of the articles published which usually got held over indefinitely. Trouble is, we're removing soon. Will lot you knowthe noo address soon as I do myself.

Wanna buy a... Oh, I done said that before, diddle I?

For Ghu's sake don't publish any of this...

Anyway, all the very best to your now scheme--and plocz get your thusiasm up

POST CRYPT

enuff to include sum fiction.....pleez.
Yers weakly,

D. RICHARD HUGHES

P.S. What happend to the mail-coach? My copy took a hundred years to get here ...no wonder you're in the Crypt by now...

((There are people up with whom one cannot put, and Richard, if you make any more porny cuns you'll certainly find yourself in the unputtable-up-with category! Weakly indeed... As to fiction, you'll pretty surely see some in the next issue: come to think of it, you might consider GALACTIC STAR as a sort of fiction...or maybe its just yellow journalism...))

68 Leopold Road,
Wimbledon,
London SW 19.

Dear Pete,

I see you've got a new typer--I like the smaller letters, they look neat.

"The number by your name on the mailing wrapper indicates the issue with which your sub expires"...but whatinell am I to make of "fl" ???

Lotta truth in Pete Taylor's letter; good policy to have. After all, we can't all be Willisos, can I?

Say did I really spell 'punctuable' like that in my letter? I don't usually leave the 'z' out...

I guess I was a little unfair in insinuating that FISSION is not legible readable and good. The copies of No.2 that I saw were pretty poor as far as duping was concerned, but Colin has since explained that he only sent the better ones out---those that I saw were the bad ones. The contents, as I now realise, are good for a fanzine. I apologise.

By the way, our proposed fanzine is to be called ION, because of the puns we can get from it, the SURREYALIST was seriously considered...

Egoboochly,

JOHN B. HALL

((The "fl" by your name on the mailing envelope, John, indicates that you're on the "free list": but you needn't worry about these technicalities--as you originally subscribed, then took on the LSFO, and are now going to edit a fanmag yourself, you're as likely as anyone to keep right on getting ANDRO (of course, if you want to make really sure, you could always do a fanzine review column for ASF...))

6 Tudor Close,
Cheam, Surrey.

Dear Pete,

Weekly publication has never happened

before, has it? Can't seem to recall any instances.

"The Anonymous Column" wasn't particularly fannish--or wasn't it meant to be? One thing did interest me though, and that was the last para but one ((on a Supply Pool for fanzine equipment)). In my opinion its a darn good idea, and the fact that materials would be cheaper than shop price would please plenty of fan, especially me. Only trouble is, a central pool wouldn't be able to hold a great variety of stuff. Presumably it would stock white duping paper in quantities, and for those awkward types who wanted to use coloured paper for covers etc, they'd have to buy their own. If you look around--in London at any rate--you'll find you can quite often pick up stencils (Gestetner etc) well under cost price. At the moment I can get hold of some at 13/6 a quire & others at 9/-, the only stipulation being that you must buy in lots of one quire or more. I second the idea of a central pool, but who's going to look after it?

Cheerio,

GEOFF M. WINGROVE.

((You're practically the only person to make constructive suggestions on the Supply Pool, Geoff--the Jan Janson also suggests that the OMPA organisation may be able to use the scheme. Anyone else with ideas? --this correspondence is not closed! Meanwhile, here's a starter: I can offer Manilla envelopes, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2", @ 3/6d per 100; except that they have not been duplicated on, they're the same as that which you got this issue of ANDRO in.

I think ANDRO is the first British fanmag to claim weekly circulation, the SPACE TIMES once mailed out two issues five days apart. There've been several American weeklies.

8 Durnley Road,
London N 16.

Dear Pete,

Thanks to Bheer, anyway, that I have one ish of the old "ANDRO"--the "A" that I shall always remember (sob). After all, how can you use a magnificent word like "ANDROMEDA", with all its associations fannish and otherwise, to describe your present scheme, good in its way though it may be?

Optimist. There will never be a last word on the Supermancon.

I am interested in carrying out a campaign against Oogo, the dark upstart from the murky, murky north. There is only one Bheer and His Disciple is Johnny Walker!

Re those adverts: Are you sure you aren't (Ghuforgiyosuchsacrilego) making a profit? I read in some zine that you are a foul pro. This cannot be true. Why its as bad as being a Bloody Provincial or Mal Ashworth.

Noo-fannishly,

MICHAEL KELLY

((All faneds could make a profit, Mike --if they'd only worship the great and true ghod; His name is Cidher !

TILTED

Bheer ~ Stein

SWANSONG ? A few sundays ago I was in Manchester, and decided to pay a visit to the old NSFC-- now renamed the Manchester Circle--at "The Thatched House", their new headquarters.

I arrived at a quarter to eight and found the place empty of fans. Undaunted, I lashed out on a bitter, and waited. The bitter went and nobody came, and insidious doubt crept into my mind. I wondered, had they changed their meeting-place again? With this thought in mind, I ambled off to search the other pubs in the vicinity. Into a dozen different pubs I wandered, into saloon bars, public bars and private bars. NO.

In desperation I sought once more the "Thatched House" and there, in regal solitude, I found Dave Cohen. Together we quaffed a couple of pints, smoked innumerable cigarettes, talked and...waited and waited. Around nine o'clock I was prepared to give up the ghost; but at the crucial moment in walked Frances and Cyril Evans. There we stayed, just the four of us: one visitor and the three visible remains of a once-thriving club. Admittedly I enjoyed myself, but who couldn't with Frances sitting next to them?

Why should a club in the third largest city in England be reduced to such pitiful numbers, when in small places like Kettering and Gillingham clubs continue to flourish? The reason appears simple: (1) inability to hold and attract new members, and (2) feuding between senior members. Both these faults have been terribly evident in the Manchester club; the first one still is.

Take the Sunday that I first joined. Thrust willy-nilly into a room holding a dozen or so people, all nattering madly about the past London and the imminent one-day Mancon, with a few wittily disparaging remarks about Vargo Statten and King Lang thrown in. Had I been alone, I might have sneaked out after half-an-hour and forgotten all about the NSFC; but fortunately there was Sandy, so I stayed. After a couple of meetings things were much better; I became absorbed in the intimate details of running the club and a convention.

From thence to the 1953 London Con, things ran smoothly. At times I was vaguely aware of new faces appearing, only to disappear almost immediately. What was there for the new member? For the Vargo Statten fan, nothing but derision for his hero; for the serious student of ASF, GALAXY or NEW WORLDS nothing but talk of zap-guns, conventions and luscious femme-fans. Hardly the kind of club that one envisaged from ASF.

As for feuding, well, those ashes have been raked over a dozen or more times--sufficient to say that it existed. When a feud springs up, you might as well go

home and start chicken-breeding on club nights. Eventually the feud springs into open war; a sharp clash, a sudden defeat, and off wanders the beaten portion--never to return. In addition, a few of the peace-loving neutrals will quit in disgust and the victor finds himself left with a club two or three strong, mainly composed of people who can't think of anything better to do with their time anyway.

This, then, appears to have been the fate of Manchester. The convention gave it an artificial life for a few more months, but now it has collapsed; the soul has departed from the body and the carcass has given its last feeble twitches.

I am sorry, terribly sorry, that this has happened. The NSFC introduced me to fandom and gained me several good friends. I only hope this isn't the collapse of fandom in Manchester: maybe some stray Mancunian will read this and feel the urge to go and take a look for himself; I only hope that somebody does, or maybe a benevolent doctor with an immense supply of adrenalin....

There'll be nothing like it!
The Xmas issue of.....

SATELLITE

Packed with fun, stories, articles, jokes, cartoons and plenty of surprises. We have many new ideas in store, so be sure to get your copy. Price 1/6d. From Don Allen, 3 Arkle St., Gateshead 8, Co. Durham.

We have so much good material on hand and due to come in that it is impossible to estimate the number of pages there will be. But we do know that there will be many extra pages of enjoyment.

WATER'S LUVVLY DEPT.

The following headline appeared on the NEWS CHRONICLE (15 Oct 54):-

"DOCKS: MONCKTON STEPS IN"

TYPOS, HENYONE ?

"Two negatives invariably make a positive"

--Barrington J. Bayley, EYE 2.

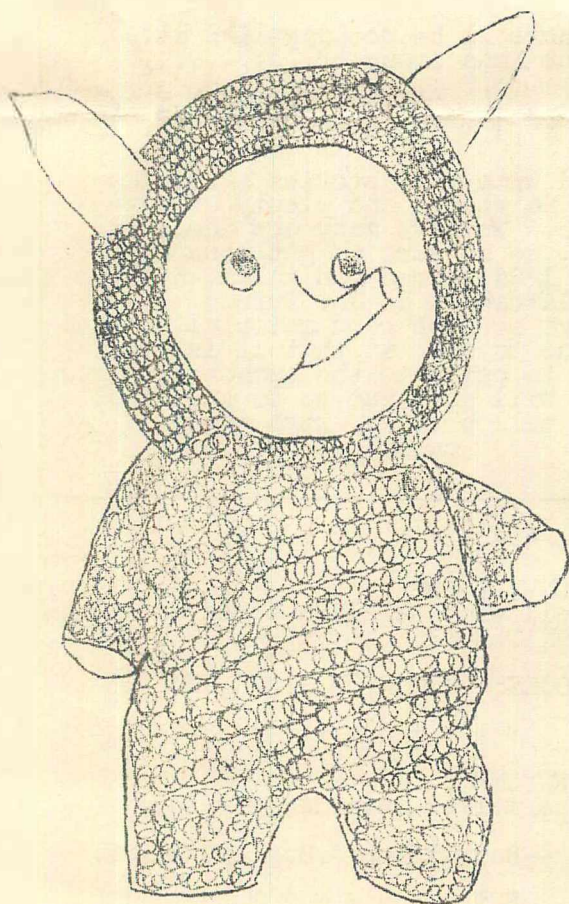
TERRA FOREVER!

A POEM BY NORMAN G. WANSBOROUGH

TERRA FOREVER!
LET YOUR GLOBE AND SPACESHIP FLY
O'er OUR GREEN HILLS AND DALES,
AND CLEAR AZURE BLUE SKY.

TERRA FOREVER!
THE GALLANT COLONISTS CRY
AS THEIR SHIP BLASTS OFF FROM TERRA
FOR OTHER ALIEN SKY.

TERRA FOREVER!
SPACEMEN IN CHORUS SING,
TERRA FOREVER!
ROUND THE UNIVERSE SHALL RING.



FLOOK by LR

PRICES DOWN

CASH WITH ORDER, PLEASE, TO PETE CAMPBELL.....ANY CHANGE WILL BE REFUNDED OR CREDITED AS YOU WISH

	price each
THRILLING WONDER (USA)	
1936 April Aug Oct	1/- (15s)
1937 December	1/- (15s)
1938 August December	1/- (15s)
1939 Feb April June	1/- (15s)
1946 Summer Fall	1/- (15s)
1947 Feb April June Aug Oct	1/6 (25s)
1948 April	1/6 (25s)
1949 April June Aug Oct Dec	1/6 (25s)
1950 Feb April June Aug Oct Dec	1/6 (25s)

STARTLING (BRE) No.3 9 (15s)

STARTLING (USA)	
1946 Fall	1/- (15s)
1947 March Sept Nov	1/6 (25s)
1948 January	1/6 (25s)
1949 May November	1/6 (25s)
1950 March May July Sept	1/6 (25s)
1952 August	1/6 (25s)

CHILDREN'S TREASURY OF GREAT STORIES (hard cover) contains "Alice in Wonderland," 12 Tales from Shakespeare, etc; 447 pages; 4/- (60s)

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES (USA)	
1948 May	9 (15s)
1949 Feb March April	9 (15s)
" June July Aug Sept	9 (15s)
1950 Jan Feb March April May	1/- (15s)
" Aug Sept Oct Nov Dec	1/- (15s)
1951 all twelve issues	1/- (15s)
1952 Aug Sept Oct Dec	1/- (15s)
1953 Jan Feb March	1/3 (20s)

WEIRD TALES (USA)	
1949 Jan May July Sept Nov	1/3 (20s)
1953 March May	1/9 (25s)

OTHER WORLDS (USA)	
1949 Nov (cover missing)	1/6 (25s)
1950 Jan March July Sep Oct Nov	1/6 (25s)
1951 Feb April June Sep Nov	1/6 (25s)
1952 Jan March May July	1/9 (25s)
" Sept Oct Dec	1/9 (25s)
1953 Jan Feb April May Jun July	1/9 (25s)

The New Educational Library—12 volumes:--
THE ARTS: Painting, Drawing, etc
BIOLOGY: The World of Living Things
ECONOMICS: Man & His Material Resources
ENGLISH: Language & Literature
FRENCH: How to Speak & Write It (415pp)
GEOGRAPHY: The World & Its Peoples
GERMAN: How to Speak & Write It
HISTORY: Mankind & His Story
LAW & GOVERNMENT: In Principle & Practice
MATHEMATICS: In Theory & Practice
PHYSICAL SCIENCE: Matter & Space
PSYCHOLOGY: The Study of Man's Mind
published by Odhams Press in a uniform red binding; 384 pages, 8 1/2" x 6"; illustrated; I'll hold them for a week in the hope that someone will offer £3-0-0 for the twelve. After that, the price will be 8/- (31.25) each

people in fandom

ERIC BENTCLIFFE

It has been said that fans are born and not made; with this point of view I heartily agree, because I was born myself. Having disposed of the opening gambit, let us proceed to dissect ourself. I first contacted fandom around 1950, my first contacts being on a mercenary plane with the swap of magazines in mind. From this I chanced onto the job of helping to form the Norwest S F Club.

Then came contact with Eric Jones and Terry Jeeves, and SPACE TIMES came into being.

Apart from my fannish activity I have one or two other hobbies: playing the piano (by ear) is one, this to the consternation of neighbours and the confusion of passers-by.

Women (you know what they are, don't you?) also play quite a part in my life ... I think I can quite honestly say that I like the breed.

My substituent occupation is that of buyer of Domestic Goods for a large firm of ironmongers: any fan who cares to visit me at the firm can be assured of a discount. He should display a copy of aSF as identification...if it's a '43 issue he can have the whole darn shop.

Future plans, which will be accomplished fact by the time this sees print): A new and independant fannmag to be produced together with Terry Jeeves and Eric Jones ((TRIODE))...and various one-shots on highly divergent themes.

TERRY JEEVES

Born 1-10-22; started reading s-f in '32; subbed aSF '38; began fanning in earnest c. '48. Hobbies: art, radio, maths, snooker, chess, (natch, s-f); member of OF and FAS, subber to umpteen fmz, contributor when accepted. Interested in meeting members of opposite sex with view to ((censored)). Collect aSF, GALAXY (SF & NOVELS), NEW WORLDS, SCIENCE

FANTASY, NEB, & sundry BRES. Of no religious belief, non-superstitious, but believe it bad luck to leave money lying around loose. Occupation: teacher; interested in astronomy and possibility of space flight.

STUART WHITEHEAD

Born in 1926 in the fair(?) city of Oldham, Lancashire, in the murky month of November. I was weaned on HOTSPURS, MAGNETS, and my Poppa's old copies of CHUMS (wherein I developed an early taste for Sax Rohmer's Fu-Manchu stories!). I read the E.R.B. stories in the early teenage years.

Thrust by the "Dad" and threat of the big stick (!), at the age of 14 I served a year's apprenticeship in the Lancashire Optical Manufacturing Company's workshops in Manchester, wherein much hard work and an old copy of M.J.James BEST SHORT STORIES (retrieved from the wastepaper sack, minus covers and covered in rouge, that red messy stuff with which optical lenses are surfaced and polished!) developed me into a Fantasy Fan (the hallowed name of Fan was, however, unknown to me at that time).

Later on in the teens I went to an optical college and studied the science of Optics and kindred subjects. Qualifying at 20+ years, I sat back from dreary old text-books and got cracking on the important things of life! ASF BRE, motor cycles and girls!

About three years ago I became a fan: happy day! Also a bridegroom: happier still!!

JOAN W. GARR

Still something of a noofan I think, having never met any fans (apart from Sandy) other than by letter. Main interest is in trying to develop the latent talents of the distaff side of fandom. Frances Evans, Ethel Lindsay and I discussed this at some length, and eventually decided to have a magazine written entirely by femmes. I was appointed Editor, and the first issue of FEMZINE appeared at the Supermancon. My ambition is to see a woman represent U.K.Fandom at an American convention (but not until I get home from Egypt!). Interests outside s-f include being a student of jazz and the classics, humorous poetry, psychology, philosophy et al.

H. P. (SANDY) SANDERSON

Occupation: science fiction fan. Chief hobby: combination soldier/clerk. Became involved in fan-activity by accident while attending the 1952 Con. Somebody introduced me to "Some more people from Manchester", and my reading days were over. Attended the 1953 Convention and left for

Egypt straight after. Met Joan Carr during my second month out here, and decided there was no point in suffering on my own. Main hobby outside of s-f is sunbathing. My chief ambition is to go to the 1956 World Convention, when I have finished with this land of heat and flies--but that is a while away yet.

SAM SACKETT

Editor of FANTASTIC WORLDS, the literary quarterly of science fiction. Am 26 years old; married, with two sons. Presently am a candidate for the Ph.D. degree at the University of California (Los Angeles); this fall I'll hold an assistant professorship in the English department of Fort Hays Kansas State College. Have been a fan, of sorts, since 1944, but my only fan activity has been the publication of FANTASTIC WORLDS, to the editorship of which I succeeded two years ago.

DON ALLIEN

I'd been a silent fan for too long (6 years too long): now I've become active. In the past year ('53) I started writing letters to zines, then articles to fanzines, mainly American. In November '53 I decided it was time the North-East had a s-f club. So I got in touch with Ted Mason of Birtley (thru ASF), and together we worked on the problem. The North East Science Fiction Society (nicknamed Nez-Fez) is now in operation, and I am editing SCIENCE FICTION SATELLITE, it's fanzine. The club holds regular meetings and we have a large membership. During Winter '52 I formed a Junior Astronomical and S F League for teenagers. It ran successfully for five months, then it folded as it got too big for me to handle. Keenly interested in astronomy, space-travel, ESP, space-time. Also writing and cartoon drawing (need any samples?) During 1953 I attended, by invitation, the annual meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, also went to astronomical meetings at Kings College, Newcastle. I'm 16 years of age, but will be 17 when PEOPLE IN FANDOM comes out.

DEREK CRITCHLEY

My birthplace was in the Channel Islands, 20 years ago, but on the outbreak of war, and shortly before the Nazi invasion of those islands, my family evacuated to the

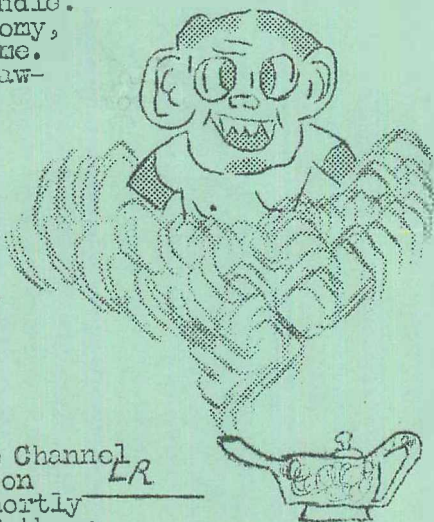
mainland, where we've lived ever since. On trying to borrow some magazines from Pete Campbell, I was promptly enrolled as a member of the Lakeland SFO. One of my pastimes is drawing, under the pencil-name of Lee Rivers or LR. My greatest frustration in life is that whenever I try to imitate Virgil Finlay's shading technique, the result looks something like an over-fried crottled greep. Ambitions: to go to America, break the bank at Monte Carlo, do nothing, and be a free-lance artist.

COLIN PARSONS

While at college I obtained a pocket s-f thriller. I liked it, and graduated to AMAZING and FUTURE, then on to hard-covers, Wells and van Vogt predominating. I returned to pulps with ASF; alternated afterwards between Bradbury and Statten. In 1953 a letter published in AUTHENTIC started me in actifandom. I met half a dozen people around Sutton and began FISSION with Geoff Wingrove. Now have a club of six and a fanzine. I think that at sixteen I'm the youngest fan-ed--am I?

BRIAN LEWIS

I was born in 1934, which makes me almost twenty-one: people say I don't look it, and I'm inclined to agree with them. The place: Pembroke Dock, a little town on the tip of Pembrokeshire, S.Wales. Since then I've been around a little: Great Yarmouth, Greenock and up to now, Gillingham. It was here, about two years ago (how that time's gone!), that I bought a copy of WORLDS OF FANTASY, and from this start rapidly jumped to Statten. About this time I became interested in astronomy, and during a visit to the old home town, persuaded Dad that buying a 4-inch refracting telescope with the proceeds of the old family piano was a worth-while investment. It was, too. Lugging that scope all the way from Home Town to Gillingham was something of a major achievement. Just before this holiday, I'd strolled into a newly-opened shop down the street and met up with a guy named Tony Thorne. So naturally, immediately I arrived back from South Wales, I made my way thence and casually remarked that I was installing a telescope. Tony was suitably impressed. He promptly coerced me into the hybrid Medway Science & Fantasy Club, and equally promptly enrolled the scope as an honorary mem-



PEOPLE IN FANDOM

ber. And I've been there ever since. Assisting with the JOURNAL, assisting with the Medcon, assisting with--oh--any damn thing that Tony dreams up; inextricably entangled in this thing called fandom, and genuinely striving to become a True Fan. Proud owner of the gun that made a little history at the Supermcon, and an enthusiastic swing fan. I dabble in drawing, cartooning etc, with little luck as yet. Am at present employed as a shipwright apprentice in HM Dockyard Chatham. Favourite magazine: FANTASY & S F; favourite novel: Bester's DEMOLISHED MAN; favourite band: Ted Heath and his Music; favourite pastime: heh-heh! You'd never guess!

* * * * *

DENNIS GIFFORD

'Til recently I have been a comic strip artist, and favoured a flavour of fantasy in my funnies--i.e. "Steadfast McStaunch in Puzzleland" in THE KNOCKOUT COMIC--and also I created the first science-fiction comic strip for CHIPS (which was the world's first comic, 1890's) called "Sammy Sprockett And His Pocket Rocket" (not to mention Guzzle the Gromlin and Skowle the Sky Pirate). This ran until the Amalgamated Press decided to fold up the comic and concentrate on American-style strip-papers...and I was out on my neck.

For a while I drew 'straight' s-f strips for SPACE COMICS weekly, such as "Speedsmith--Lunar Trouble-shooter" and "Jet Black--Rocket Man"; but the pay was so lousy that I had to work myself silly churning the stuff out, to make ends meet. Then SPACE COMICS went monthly, and Wham!--back on my neck again!

So I turned to writing scripts for radio and TV, without much success, and lived on my capital for seven months, trying to bust in the BBC's closed shop. I did a oneshot discjockey show called "Cartunes"--and worked in some fantasy ("Two little Men in a Flying Saucer" and "Destination Moon") and a little horror (Tod Slaughter in "Sweeney Todd"). Then I was assigned to help save Morecambe & Wise's TV series, "Running Wild," and was partly responsible for the last three. Unfortunately, a terrific idea I wrote for the last show, in which Eric & Eamie went to Vasaria and met Dr. Frank N. Stein and his Monster--played by Boris Karloff in person--fell through; but I secured Britain's Karloff--Tod Slaughter--and rerigged the whole affair to fit Sweeney Todd, and it wasn't too bad.

Now, after a long period of inactivity, I've switched to Commercial Radio and, having launched the first three "Shilling a Second" shows for CWS, I've taken over the script

and gimmick-creation department of Pye Radio's "People are Funny"--so listen in for moonmen and monsters--I'm doing my darndest to work in horror and s-f stunts!

* * * * *

PETE BAILLIE

I was born in May 1921. To save you counting, I am now 34. The first seven years of my life were spent uneventfully in the small mining village of Amsthill, Lanarkshire. When I was eight the family moved to Castlecary. It was here that I got my first weekly paper--the SKIPPER, which I haven't seen around since the war years.

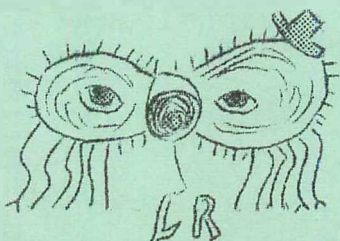
Another move to the village of Bonnybridge, then the great event of leaving school. I was apprenticed as a stove and grate fitter in one of the many iron foundries for which the area is famous.

Around about this time I graduated from the BULLSEYE, ROVER, etc. and began to read s-f and fantasy. My enormous appetite for reading was curtailed by an almost always empty pocket.

Nineteen-thirty-nine, and I joined the Territorial Army as a private in the Argyll Sutherland Highlanders; Good fortune favoured me, as I was then only 18 and considered too young for overseas service. The rest of the division (51st HD) went to France. Everyone knows the debacle which followed; lucky me, I was at home doing points guards. The war years dragged past on leaden feet and I was transferred to the RAOC as a fitter. Leaving the infantry for a technical corps was like a transition from hell to heaven.

April 1942 and I was in Egypt with a REME field workshop and once again attached to the 51st HD. October and the long advance from Alemein to Tunis. For me at this stage changed from a thrilling adventure into a grim reality. When we reached North Africa, I was invalided home suffering from acute rheumatism. My health restored, I landed at Stirling, about 10 miles from home. I was promoted to the dizzy height of Lance Corporal, and given the task of testing Bren carriers which had been in for overhaul. Rather an odd accident

occured that nearly cost me my life: while testing one day, the steering locked at a corner and the carrier ploughed thru about two hundred yards of wood fencing! I felt quite safe behind half an inch of armour plate: but as the vehicle slowed down, a pointed fence-post entered a gun-port and struck me on the chest. After this million-to-one chance there followed about a week in which the doctors gave up all hope; but I survived, and my chest is OK again--thanks to



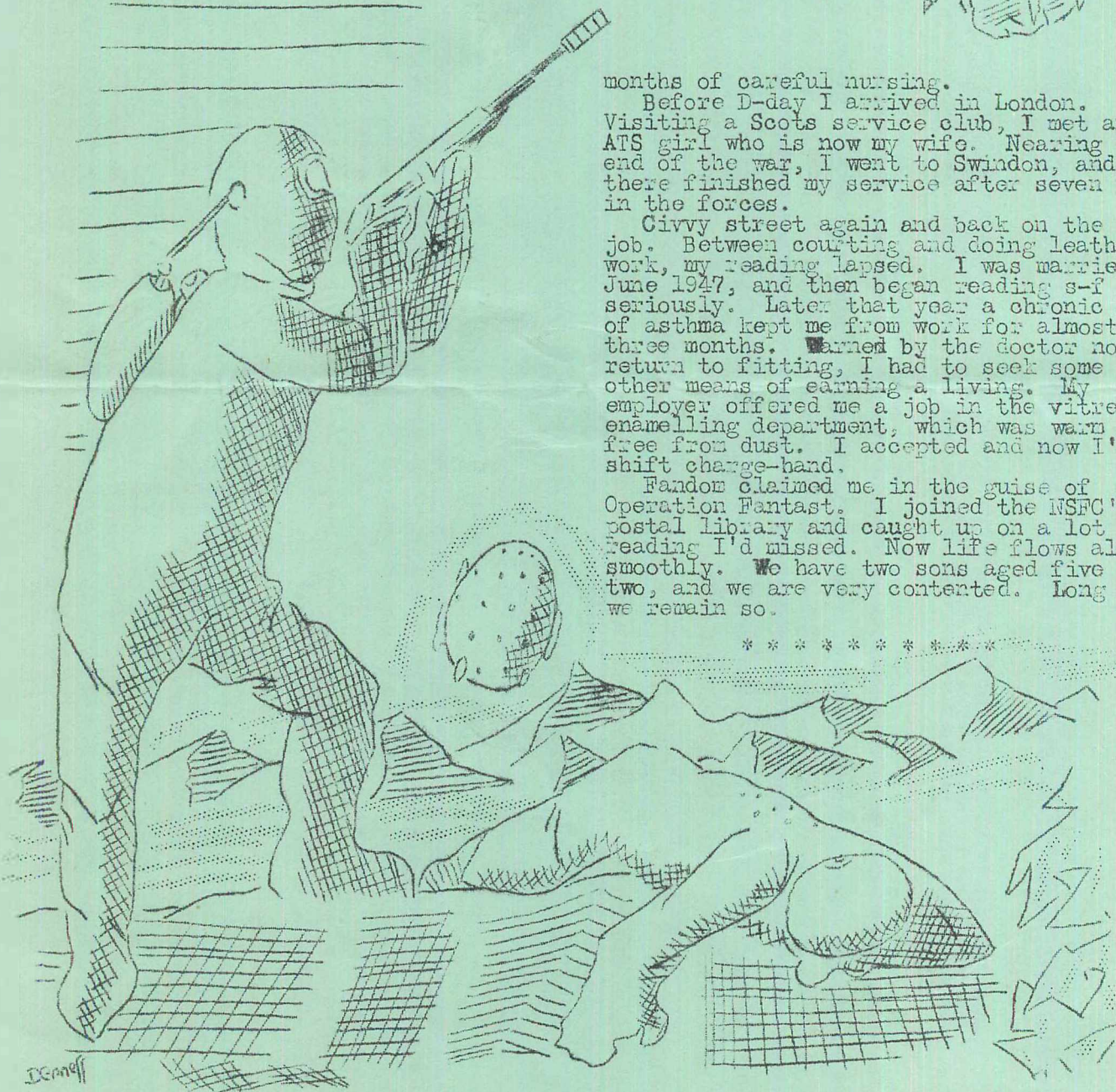


months of careful nursing.

Before D-day I arrived in London. Visiting a Scots service club, I met an ATS girl who is now my wife. Nearing the end of the war, I went to Swindon, and there finished my service after seven years in the forces.

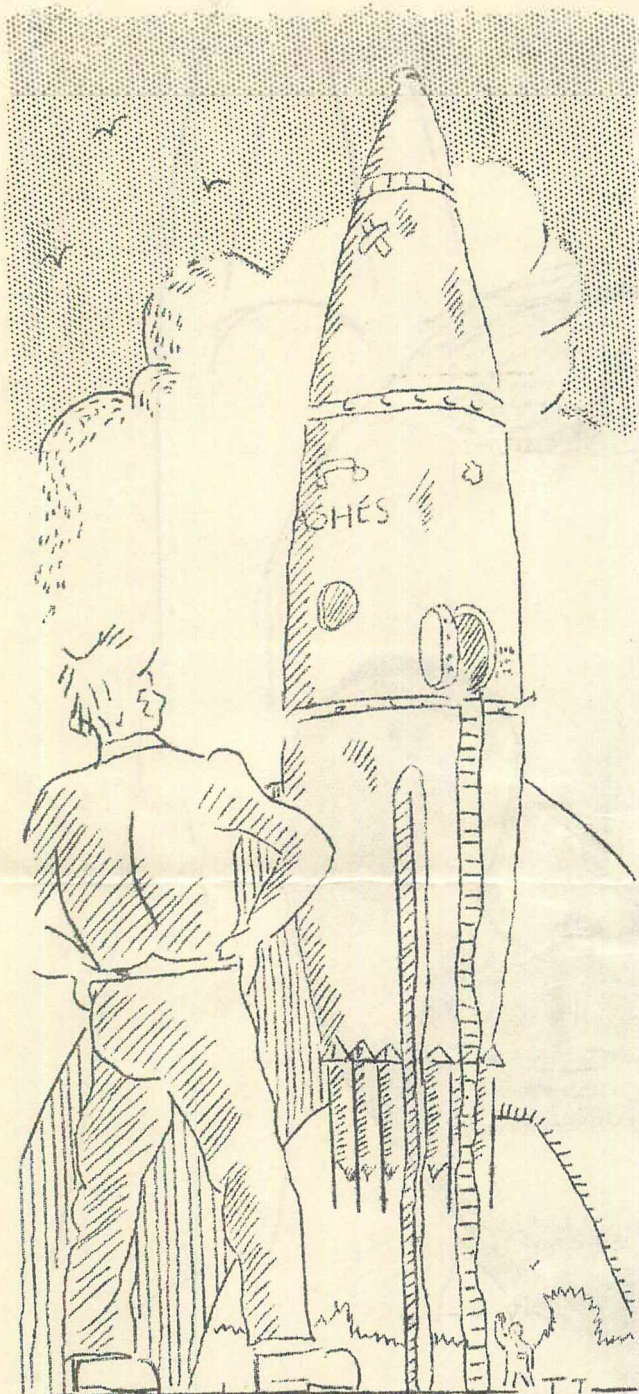
Civvy street again and back on the old job. Between courting and doing leather work, my reading lapsed. I was married in June 1947, and then began reading s-f seriously. Later that year a chronic bout of asthma kept me from work for almost three months. Warned by the doctor not to return to fitting, I had to seek some other means of earning a living. My employer offered me a job in the vitreous enamelling department, which was warm and free from dust. I accepted and now I'm a shift charge-hand.

Fandom claimed me in the guise of Operation Fantast. I joined the NSFC's postal library and caught up on a lot of reading I'd missed. Now life flows along smoothly. We have two sons aged five and two, and we are very contented. Long may we remain so.



ISandoff





THE FIRST SPACESHIP

by TERRY JEEVES.

From the far side of the field, the spaceship looked grand. From where John Thomas was standing, six feet away, she still looked good, at least, until you opened your eyes. John opened his and once again surveyed his creation. From the six fins upon which she stood his eyestravelled slowly upward past the plating so tastefully decorated in an autumnal shade of rust, past the airlock door, so laboriously converted from a Chubb safe; they hastened quickly past the odd holes plugged with chewing gum, where John had carelessly upset some acid from the batteries, and slowed again as they beheld the recently installed radar eye in the nose. Not for John the mass produced uniformity of other rockets. His nose clearly showed the work of human hands, or to be precise the fists of his co-partner and builder, with whom he had binged and fought the previous evening. However, that was forgotten. Soon the ship would be complete and together he and Dick Cole would be the first men to venture into the void.

John opened the entrance port and crawled inside, threaded his way between the clusters of carnival balloons containing the emergency air supply and wriggled into the control room where Dick was busily engaged in sleeping off the effects of the night before. John tapped him gently behind the ear with a spanner until he awoke and then said;

"Well, Dick; only the lino to lay in the engine room and the curtains to fit to the portholes and we're ready to take-off."

Dick grunted. "I think we could rough it a bit and do without lino and curtains. We're all fueled up - plenty of food, air and drink. Why not go now?"

"No" answered John. "When my rocket takes off, I want it to

THE FIRST SPACESHIP.

be the most luxurious in space, even if it is the only one."

At that precise and immediate instant, no earlier and, by no cosmic whim, of fate, no later, it happened. Fifty million monkeys strumming on typewriters would have had a better chance of writing the Bible backwards, but by the laws of chance everything CAN happen and this time it did. The multimillionth chance paid off.

At that immediate and precise instant (the same one) all the electrons rotating round their nuclei in the metal atoms composing the take-off lever, swung to the same side of the nuclei. To be precise, not all of them; that would have strained the laws of chance too far. Actually one happened to be on the other side, but it was not big enough to count - at least - not more than five, as it had no fingers.

What happened then was inevitable. All the atoms were forced in that direction by the one-sided pull of electrons; naturally the bar formed of those atoms being the take-off lever, that moved too, in exactly the way required for a take-off. On the way it made all its usual connections, relays clicked, force pumps whined up the scale and the tape recorder began to play the takeoff sounds recorded from Destination Moon. John had insisted on this as being essential to provide the true atmosphere.

At the split second when 'zero' was counted an electric igniter lit forty seven blue touch papers in the tail rockets and with a "whoosh" the rocket took off. The airlock door slammed shut and the key fell out, though John and Dick were too upset to notice. They were slammed back in their armchairs by the acceleration. John thought quickly. Raising his arm against the steadily mounting gravity he snatched a couple of anti-g tablets from his pocket, swallowed one and passed the other to Dick. He poured two glasses of water to help down the tablets and sat back with a thankful gasp as the g-meter recorded the number of g's. 7,8,9....22,23....At 42g the pressure eased and dropped back to a steady 40g. John blessed the good sense which had caused him to spend a whole day inventing those tablets. Without them there might have been some ill-effect.

Dick Cole rose from his chair and strolled across to the g-meter.

"I wonder why it's still at 40g?" he said. "Your tablets are darned good. I can't feel a thing."

John joined him and together they inspected the meter which had been rebuilt from an old barometer. From force of habit, John tapped the dial. That did it. The needle freed itself and dropped back to zero-g. Dick floated up from the floor, cracking his head on the chandelier. John managed to grab the towel rail, and stood gazing at Dick floating amidst a cloud of books, magazines, cups, saucers and other bric-a-brac. With great presence of mind he quickly turned to the g-meter and adjusted the needle to read a steady 1g.

He recovered consciousness to find Dick bending over him with a bottle of smelling salts.

"Here, smell this," said the latter. "You should have moved out of my way before giving us some gravity. Anyway, I wonder what happened to make us take off?"

"Search me," said John.

Dick blushed. He'd already done that before bringing the

THE FIRST SPACESHIP

smelling salts. To cover his confusion he put on a spacesuit and went to the nearest window. Running up the blind he was able to look over the opaque lower half and, far below him, was a tiny ball.

"Come and look at the Earth," he called to John.

John also ran up the blind and together they gazed at the sphere far below them. At this moment the cord securing the blind gave up the unequal struggle and deposited them on the floor. From this stable position they held a council of war. How were they to turn the ship to get it back to Earth? Since the takeoff had been unscheduled the gravity of the moon could not be used to swing them round and head them back again, as had been originally planned. Plan after plan was advanced, discussed and discarded. Tablecloths became covered with calculations, for both had been reared on literature that regarded this as standard practice.

Sliderules smouldered, the electronic computer that Dick had filched from Cal Tech blew a fuse and even the log table in the kitchen warped under the strain. Then Dick had an idea. Donning a spacesuit again - he'd taken it off before to repair a hole - he climbed out on to the side of the rocket, worked his way to the tail and with the help of a blowtorch and a nail file he managed to remove three of the six fins. Then he made his way back to the cabin and explained his theory to John.

"In space," he said, "there's very little matter, perhaps only one atom to a cubic mile but even so, with three fins on one side and none on the other the unbalanced resistance should eventually turn us back to Earth."

Sixty three million years later their rocket screamed into the Earth's atmosphere. John swallowed another of his patent longevity pills (made on another day off), coiled his beard thirty seven times round his waist and hobbled to the stern to cast out the parachute. With a billowing crack it opened and the two intrepid voyagers sailed slowly down towards the surface of their beloved Earth. Finally, with a resounding splash her pontoons were extended in time to receive the ship as she settled in the Atlantic.

Smoothly she settled beneath the waves as the water rushed in through a tiny hole left by Dick when removing the fins. Quickly she sank out of sight and the two astronauts were drowned like rats in a trap, even as a salvage craft hitched a tractor beam to their hull, hauled out the ship and deposited it on the deck. The door was forced open and the two bodies removed. The captain of the salvage ship gazed sadly at their remains and murmured:

"What a shame! The first travellers to reach this planet from space and they drown on arrival."

Turning, he scratched his thorax with his left mandible, meanwhile vibrating his antennae with instructions for disposal of the bodies.

THE END.