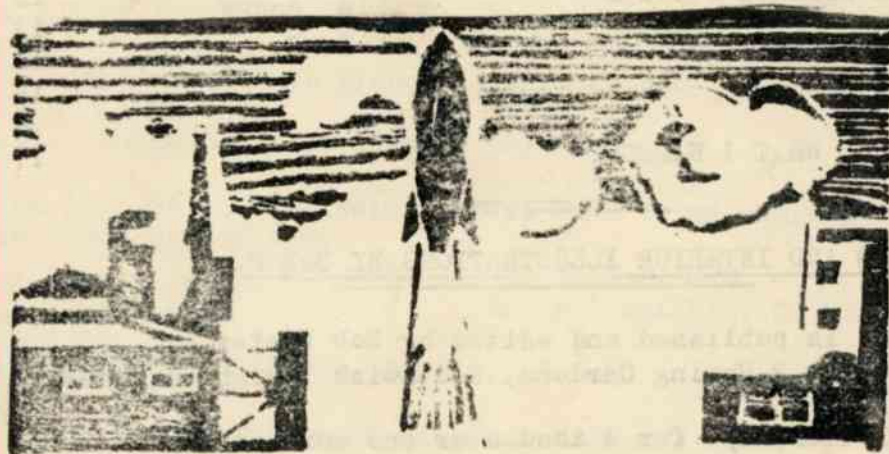


# SLUDGE



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COVER AND INTERIOR ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB F.

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S-F PROMAG, U.S.A. Edition.

No. 1

SPRING

OFFICIAL SUCCESS

By BOB F.

From: Police Constable 843 14.1.66

To: Sgt of Bodwin Police Station.

Daily Report.

Sir,

During the course of my duty today, Tuesday 14.1.66 I was approached by Farmer Harman of "Hill View", who asked me if I would accompany him to his farm.

There I was shown a hole in the ground. The hole was similar to the ones described in "Home Office Circular" 534-B, the diameter of the hole measuring 6 feet, the depth of which I was unable to ascertain as the sides had crumbled in, in parts, thereby filling in the hole.

(Signed) Chapman. C. Police Constable.  
Time 4.15.pm.

From: Chief Constable, East Sussex 15.1.66

To: Director of Bomb Disposal, War Office.

Subject: Suspected unexploded bomb.

On 15.1.66 the following report came to my notice. Enclosed please find copy of same.

(Signed) Sir W. Wilson, M.M.  
Chief Constable, E. Sussex.

From: Commanding Officer, D.B.D., 16.1.66

To: Major French, o/c Bomb Disposal Company, R.E.

Subject: Suspected U.X.B.

Reference: L/4

Meet me Friday 17.1.66 at Bodwin Police Station  
Time 11.00 hours. Map reference 64

(Signed) Colonel K. Slater, D.S.M., M.C., R.E.  
For C/o D.B.D.

From: O.C 8 B.D Coy. R.E 17.1.66

To: O.C 16 Bomb Disposal Section, R.E.

Subject: Suspected U.X.B. Bodwin, Map Ref.64

Reference: U.X.B 4090

Take one N.C.O eight other ranks, with material for Category A. Bomb. Suspect it may be Y4 bomb. Extra width to hole "over normal 4 ft." caused by subsidence of earth. Suspect that reason for late discovery was land not in use since 1957 because of slight Radio Activity in soil, due to "A" bomb dropped on London during war.

Keep me informed daily. Will visit you 20th.

(Signed) Major French, D.S.O., R.E.

O/c 8 B.D. Coy, R.E.

From: O/C 8 B.D. Coy, R.E.

To: c/O D.B.D., War Office.

Subject: U. X. B. Bodwin.

Reference: L/43

Further reports on Confirmed missile, L/4. To-day a fragment of the stability or control unit was uncovered. Depth 25 ft., angle of entrance shaft still 45°. Diameter of missile confirmed at approx. 4 ft. Fragment was minus any points or distinguishing marks. Have passed fragment on to D.B.D. and suspending work on project until further information from them. Have ordered evacuation of area within a radius of 1 mile.

Major French, D.S.O., R.E.  
O/c 8 B.D. Coy, R.E.

The following conversation was overheard in the cookhouse of 8 Bomb Disposal Co.,

"What's cooking over on the job, Nobby?"

"Not much, Fred. How about a cup of Rose's?"

"Sure! Just making it now."

"Now, Nobby, you've had the tea, let's have the real dope."

"Well, I heard old man Froggy telling some of the big bugs from the War Office - Now remember, you blokes, not a word of what I says is to go any further as I don't want to lose my job as the Old Man's driver -"

"Sure, Nobby, " was the chorus.

"Well, the O.C said that bit of metal - alloy, I think was the word - anyway, the ruddy stuff was'nt heavy. I saw them jerks from D.B.D loading on to one of their trucks. Them blokes have a ruddy cushy job, a bunch of ruddy creepers, that lot!"

"Never mind about them, Nobby, what did the O.C say?"

"Well, from the size of the Fin, he didn't say 'fin' but that's what he was on about, I know. Say, Fred, got a fag? I'm out of 'em at the minute". Voice from the rear. "He's never got any fags when he's something to spout about! Which is ruddy well often."

"All right, you tight wads, well the Old Man says that from the size of the tail unit that bomb is at least 50 ft long."  
"No." "It's the truth and what's more its not made of any metal we know of, and that we can't use a "Redfan Counter" on it because the field is Radio Active." Voice from the doorway:  
"Driver Clark, the O.C wants you." "Well, thanks for the tea, Fred." That's O.K, Nobby, its a nice night for a drive anyway, eh?" "Sure is. Did you hear that bloke on the radio about the night sky in January, something about one of the planets having life on it. Lot of bunk, I says. Talking about stars, you heard

the one about the Film Star who .... ?" His voice was cut off. For a split second the landscape for miles around stood out clearly, lit by a pale, quivering glare. "Cor blimey, what the hell's that?"

NEW YORK TIMES - TUESDAY, 31ST JAN. 1966

"The whole world was in mourning today for the bereaved and injured folks in England. For the violent explosions which devastated 250 square miles of Sussex and Surrey Counties in the South of England over four hundred thousand people were killed and injured, thousands on the limits of the explosion are suffering from burns as the explosion was Atomic. Our correspondent goes on to say that no country in the world ...."

From: The Commanding Officer, Project, Rocket Research.  
To: The President of the United States of Brimral.  
Subject: Research into Space Travel

Sir,

Today our Observation Department witnessed and recorded an explosion on the 3rd Planet. You will recall that we launched a rocket propelled 9 bomb at that Planet a year ago today, for the purpose of research into rocket fuel. It is evident that our first and second impact fuzes failed to work. It was with this in mind that we included a third fuze, "one of the acid type".

I am happy to announce "Official Success" for if there had been no explosion today, we would have taken it that our fuel was not powerful enough for Space Travel.

Today week we will launch further rockets, for the purpose of testing our latest fuels. It will also be possible to test our latest Atomic Bombs, for before we were afraid of "chain reaction on our Planet".

(Signed) General Shalv Dern.  
Commanding Officer.

---

SALES BY AUCTION

LORD OF THE LEOPARDS	By	F. A. M. WEBSTER
TARZAN & THE FOREIGN LEGION	"	E. R. BURROUGES
WORLDS IN COLLISION	"	IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY
SPURIOUS SUN	"	GEORGE BORODIN
TIME MARCHES SIDWAYS	"	RALPH L. FINN
LIVE WITH LIGHTING	"	MITCHELL WILSON

What offers?

## NEWS YOU MAY HAVE MISSED

That because Britain is getting her "upper air" from America, there is a distinct possibility that radio-active snow or rain will fall on Britain during the next few days.

Better get those COUNTERS out!

---

Speaking in the House of Commons' debate on food cleanliness, Earl Winterton, M.P. for Horsham, quoted from a newspaper from the Future, dated 2nd February 2051.

Now where did he get that?

Nothing about Space Travel in it, eh?

---

WE SHALL WALK THROUGH WALLS says Dr. A. J. Glazewski, the Physicist, at Newton Abbot, Devon. It will be possible to disintegrate a man in Britain and integrate him in America. These feats would be possible by insultation from the force of gravity.

It will save postage anyway!

---

### NEXT ISSUE

INVASION	By	B.F.
CARTOONS	"	DON.
HELL SHIP "SERIAL"		FRANK LAND.
ILLO'S	"	DODGER

# LEAVING TIME

BY

BOB SHAW



# LEAVING TIME

By  
BOB SHAW.

Dear Jack,

By this time the news has probably spread round to your neck of the woods about Sam Kennedy's disappearance. What you don't know is that the story the newspapers got was not on the level. I know the true facts of the case and seeing you knew him as well as I did, I figure you have a right to know. As well as that, you were always interested in science-fiction, so you might believe me ... nobody else would. I'll give you the dope straight from the beginning, or at least from what I think was the beginning.

The first thing was about two weeks before Sam vanished into thin air (and that's not kidding). We were working in the Lab. here when one of the atometers started grunting and squealing like a pig. Like sensible boys, as soon as it gave the first squeak, Sam and I dropped about a thousand guids' worth of delicate equipment on the floor and ran, but fast, without waiting to see what was going to happen. Not very heroic, but you stay healthy that way. Sam was just diving into the first screened corridor, with me trying to claw him back so I could get in first when the atometer went up through the roof. Thanks to us being so nippy on our pins, we didn't go up with it. All that happened was that our heads rang like bells for about an hour afterwards. First time I ever had a hangover without getting drunk.

That was the first. The second was really a series of screwy happenings like so: I had lost my micrometer and I needed a piece of alloy rod under a certain thickness. I picked up a likely looking hunk and asked Sam roughly what diameter it was. He glances at it sideways and says, sort of casual like, "At a rough guess I'd say about . 327 centimetres."

A ROUGH guess - that's some going. The wackiest part was that I knew quite well by holding it in my hand that it was nearer .3269 centimetres. For a laugh I checked up and I was dead right! After the shock died off and we had a few more tests, we were tickled pink about being able to estimate like we had vernier

scales instead of fingers. That night Sam emptied every pinball machine in Big Joe's before he was thrown out. The way he sent those balls into the 500 hole every time was something to see. For about two weeks we went around as pleased as a Geiger with a set of logarithms although I, and Sam too I'm sure, felt a bit uneasy though we wouldn't have admitted it. We didn't tell anybody - natch. Not after the time Clem Davies was kept away for three months because he got a boil on his neck ... seems that anybody working on atomics these days must be overhauled every time they stub their toe.

Next and last, we were mooching round our rooms when I decided we would see a flick. Sam went for the idea in a big way and started trying to remember the picture on at the 'Drome the last time he was by there. I was shaving at the time and I could see Sam in the mirror walking up and down with his face screwed up the way it goes when he thinks. He was muttering to himself.

"Let's see now. Reconstruct. It was Tuesday, nearly dark, the lights were on in the foyer. I could see them reflected on the wet footpath. I looked up and saw the ...." Just there, and this is the honest to God, Jack, he disappeared. Just like that. I jumped so high I nearly cut my throat with the razor. I walked round the place sort of stupid like, looking under chairs and lifting cushions - don't ask why. Then I got sick. Sam was gone there was no doubt about it, vanished into nothingness. The police and army asked a lot of questions but of course I told them that when I came in Sam was out and I had'n't seen him since. They believed THAT.

It was just a few hours ago I remembered that book you lent me a couple of years back, you know the one, about the guy who could travel in time by thinking about it hard enough. Well, I reckoned that was what happened to Sam. Perhaps something in the leak radiations from the atometer that blew up affected his brain. Now he is in a different time stream .... I'm sure you remember the book. I THINK I gave it back to you ... let me see now. Where was the last place I saw it? We were sitting in Ted's house - the wireless was on. Ted was looking through some pulps, I sat down on the sofa and .....

THE END

Bob Shaw.

?

## MY LIFE IN SCIENCE FICTION

By  
B. FOSTER



On the 25th May 19 --, it happened. I was born! Most people are, but some are hatched; "Authors and Editors of Science Fiction belong to this group", or so I've heard.

Anyway, by the time I was two years old, I was capable of reading, so was given a book the title of which was A.B.C.

For years this was read and re-read by me; by the time I was three years old I was ready for a change - literature, I mean. So comic papers were to be the next step, for the twenty or thirty years that followed I went from comic paper to strip cartoon. By the time I had reached the age of twelve, I'd grown out of these and was ready for something greater, more fitting to my manly mind.

So the day came when two shillings burning a hole in my pocket, I called on my newsagent and there ordered three TARZAN books. From then on, I lived and fought in my own jungle. When these had been read from cover to cover a thousand times each copy, I knew it was time to go and visit my friend the newsagent, for wasn't he my friend, had he not got me those fine books years ago without which my life would have been empty?

Upon being asked if he had more books similar to the ones he sold me before, he replied "No more of that junk".

"JUNK!" I said to myself. By the GREAT APE! He was lucky that I did not thrust my spear into his foul heart, but after hearing the victory cry of a bull ape, he quickly sold me a copy of Astounding.

From then on I roamed from star to star with my space heroes. But alas! time was passing too quickly for me.

Fate had decided I was to become a MAN and as such would have to put away childish things. I did.

Now instead of buying Astounding only, I buy Amazing, Planet, New Worlds - in fact every one that comes my way.

Now who the H....s this bursting into my TIME MACHINE?

"How you can sit there pretending to read in the dark when we are in the middle of a power cut."

It's the wife.

She does'nt know that "MARCON" needs NO light.

---

### A FANZINE

by

Dave Cohen.

Fanzines offer a grand chance for fans to express their thoughts and to show their hidden talents - if any - to fellow fans of similar interest, in forms of writing, verse and articles. Many who fight shy in writing to pro-mag, find Fanzines offer them the opportunity to express their thoughts without fear of ridicule, tho' open for contradiction, that via a Fanzine they can answer back; for as I have discovered all fans are open-minded and are willing to discuss good and bad points of theories offered, of stories offered, with all good faith and goodwill and many helpful hints are to be expected from fans of similar interests.

Fanzines are the mediums for fans from different parts of the United Kingdom and outside, to discuss or to discard theories etc., of fellow members, to converse on variable subjects of general interest, attached to S.F. and F. To convene their inner thoughts into writing, to write to an appreciative audience. These are the requirements of a Fanzine.

D. H. COHEN.

## FILTERING

By B.F.

THE GREEN MAN OF GRAYPEC, FESTUS PRAGNELL.

PUBLISHER: GREENBERG \$2.50

THE HOUSE THAT STOOD STILL, vV.

PUBLISHER: GREENBERG \$2.50

The Green Man of Graypec was first published in Wonder Stories in "I Believe 1936. Scientific Romance, for those who like it!

The House that stood Still, a scientific Detective, once again vV explains it away, with the snap of his fingers.

Well, we British Fans cannot "moan" now about not having our own stuff!

For the market's full of it!

"IT" is the right word, its real "space opera" and not even good opera at that, 15 out of 18 I read were pure "horse".

Also we have a new TARZAN, take out the T and R leaves AZAN, only this one is Group Captain Chanders, D.F.C., who suffers from loss of memory, which is a pity.

The series start with AZAN THE APEMAN "THE LOST SAFARI"? by Marco GARON, Publisher Curtis Warren Lt. Price 1/6d. Also another line similar to E.R. Burroughs.

????? of Mars by John Russel Fearn, Publisher Hamilton

Why! this John after "BLACK OUT"?

THE END

## CONVENTION NEWS

Preliminary sessions will be held on May 12th & 13th, and a farewell session on Whit Monday evening.

Preliminary sessions at the "white Horse", Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

Main sessions at the "Bull & Mouth" 31, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1.

Programme. Banquet on Saturday, May 12th at Convention Hall, price 12/6d. Buffet Sunday evening 7/6d. Send membership fee of 2/6d to Convention Secretary, White Horse Tavern, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

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FOR SALE

Two Flying Saucers?

ADVERTISE IN "SLUDGE". Rates "If any"

To Box AI c/o "SLUDGE"



## EDITORIAL

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Well, I saved this until now, in case you didn't get this far.

This is the first copy of "SLUDGE". "Should be the last!" Who said that?

Someone told me, "Do" the first lot of junk yourself, print it, put it away for six months, and if its still alive after that, let some other goons read it!

Well, with lots of advice from D. Pickles, Walt Willis, Bob Shaw, and not forgetting Ken Stater "who started me on the way to the House on the Hill", its done, I've dood it!

What I want now, to keep it alive, is efforts, from you, scribes, poets, lino-cut maniacs and Boffins, come out of your shells! But keep it short 400 or so words, more if its real good of course.

Best enclose a stamp if you want it back.

No more Flying Saucers?

What now! Flying Jam Jars?

A campaign has been started by S.F.N.L. "Vince Clark and Ken Bulmer", against the unfair increase to TEN DOLLARS of the British sub rate to A.S.F.

British readers should protest, by mail!

Address letters to.

Street and Smith Publications, Inc.  
122, East 42nd Street,  
New York, 17. NEW YORK, U S A.

Well, I hope to hear from some of you in the future.

B.F.

## H E A T

In England at present we are having a coal shortage. But everything points to the fact that it will get worse.

Can we use some other type of fuel? URANIUM! But is uranium the cheap way out? Take uranium and the cost of other types of fuel. Starting at freezing temperature, 1 pound of U235 will supply enough heat to boil 10,000 tons of water, 150 pounds of ordinary uranium would produce the same amount of heat. But it would require 2,000 tons of coal or about 330,000 gallons of petrol or fuel oil to heat the same amount of water.

The cost of coal or petrol to heat this amount of water. Coal £6 per ton £9,000, petrol 3/- per gallon £49,500. But ordinary uranium ore was selling before 1939 at 10/- per pound. So 150 pounds would cost only £75. Even if purifying the uranium raised the cost twenty-fold, it would still be cheaper than other types of fuel.

But can uranium be used in the home?

As far as we know, uranium is the only NATURAL material with which we can start a pile. The plutonium or the U335 produced from uranium in a pile are secondary products, that do not occur in nature. "Both of these are FISSIONABLE." The main types of energy produced directly by the pile are "radiation" and "heat". The use of a pile for heating houses, factories etc., would be the simplest possible use of atomic energy. The heating would have to be of the central heating type, where hot water or steam is piped to a number of nearby places. The plant itself could be sufficiently enclosed to prevent the leakage of harmful radiations, but the water itself would be radio-active. To get over this the water or steam used in the central heating would have to be heated by an independent supply, heated by the pile.

Is there enough uranium in the world.

The price pre-war shows there is, "10/- per pound!"

Every country has more or less got deposits of the ore. The uranium in the earth's crust is about one-fifth that of coal. Enough to last two thousand million years at present rates of using energy.

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