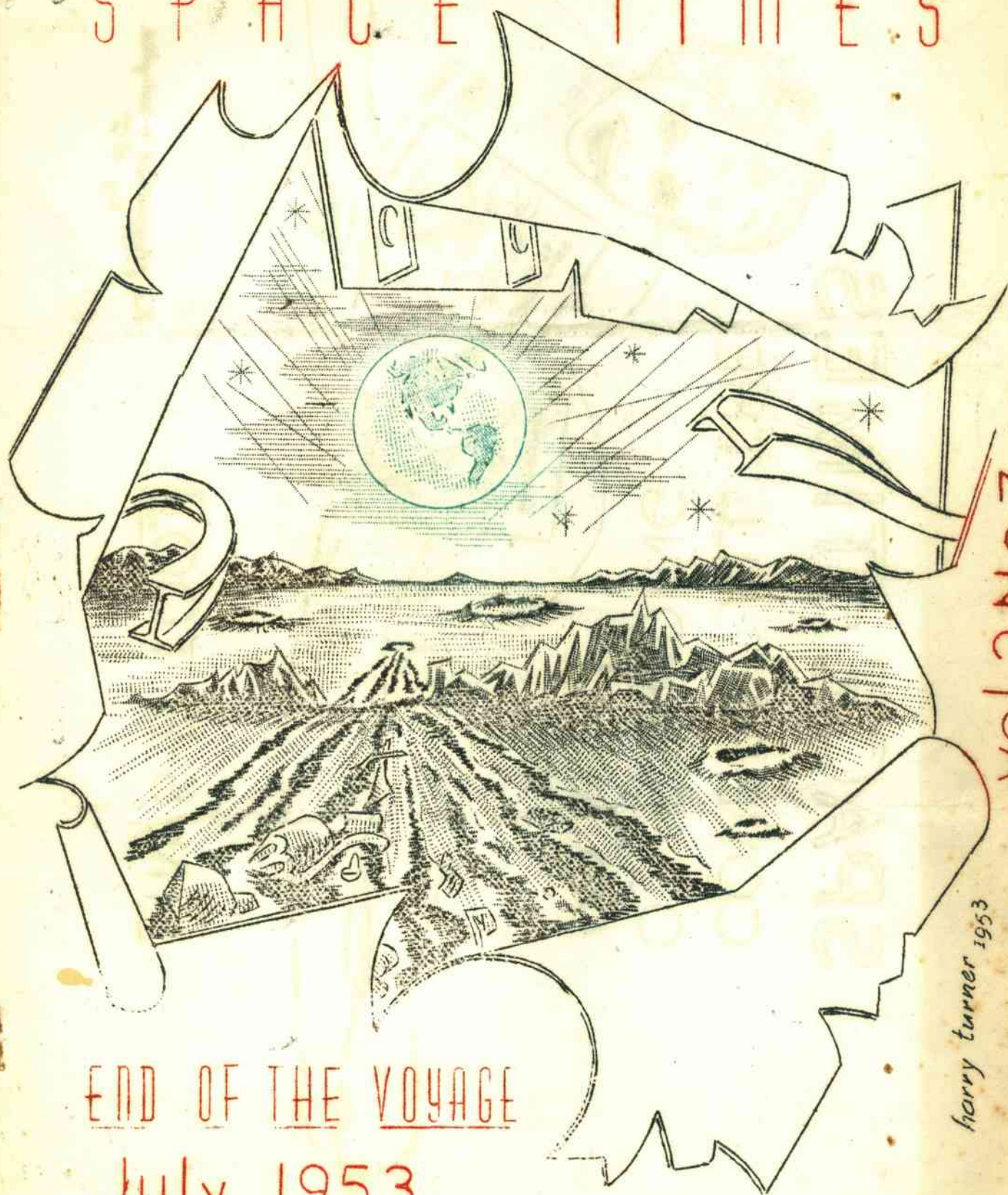


SPACE TIMES



VOL. 2. NO. 7.

Harry Turner 1953

END OF THE VOYAGE

July 1953

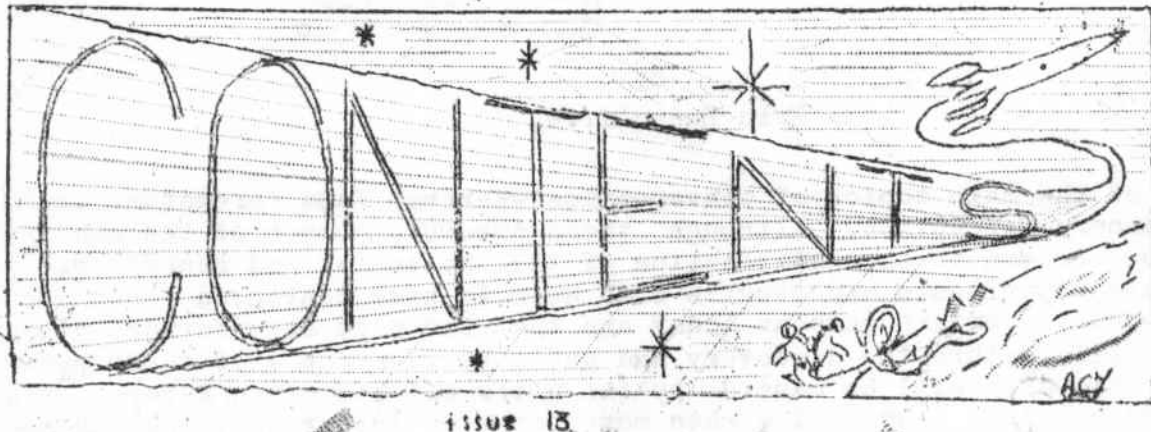
SPACE-TIMES

COVERS ALL THE
OUTSTANDING
POINTS!



[IN S-F TOO.]

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BACOVER LINO-CUT BY JONES.

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Special note: The amount of material in this issue has been cut with the view to getting ST back to schedule...Eric Jones.

Space-Times is published monthly by Eric Jones for the Northwest Science-Fantasy Club. Editors, Eric Bentcliffe & Eric Jones. Ed. address, 47, Alldis St, Gt Moor, Stockport, Cheshire. Art Ed. Terry Jeeves, 58, Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield, 12. (to whom all artwork should be submitted. Ass. Eds. H.P. Sanderson & G.R. Lewis. Printed at the SPACE TIMES PRESS, 44, Barbridge Road, Arle, Cheltenham, Glos, Printer Eric Jones. All material for publication, send to Ed. address. Sub's to the NSFC of 7/6 per year will bring you SPACE-TIMES regularly.. Write E.B. THIS PERIODICAL IS REGISTERED WITH THE G.P.O. AS SCRAP PAPER.....

an editorial on E.S.P.

By

Eric Bentcliffe.

One of the main topics of conversation wherever fans foregather is ESP, Extra Sensory Perception. Although these possible powers of the mind have yet to be proven to the satisfaction of the scientist and general public, Dr Rhine's experiments and vVogt's SLAN seem to have convinced that ESP is to be found in certain persons today and that the next step forward of Homo Sapiens will feature the discovery and use (by everyone) of these powers. Whether this step will be caused by the after effects of an A-bomb or by the sharp steel of a scalpel , when more has been learnt of the blank spots in our grey matter is still a matter of contention.

Whatever the future of ESP , it can certainly be used to explain away many of the " myfteriefand majickef" of the present and the past . For instance . What price poltergeists !!! Authenticated reports indicate that in seven out of ten homes where this phenomena has occurred, a child or young adult has been present. It has been found by psychologists that the mind is at its most powerful during the formative years . Many of the poltergeists have only made their presence known when the child has also been present . In an investigation carried out some few years ago , it was decided by the investigator that the child was a " medium ", and that the spirit appeared through the child . As an experiment the child was strapped to a bed in an immovable position , the room was sealed and the investigator waited outside . After a time movements were heard followed by the usual crashes & bangs of poltergeist manifestation; worried for the safety of the child the investigator unsealed the door and entered..to find the child still strapped immovably to the bed . The spirit had appeared through him ???? Or had the child an uncontrollable and unknown (to him) sense of Telekinesis?

Many of the tricks performed by the magicians of the middle ages are unknown to the performers of today AND unexplained by science. What, we ask, would you have done if you had been born some three-hundred years ago and found yourself possessed of powers seemingly impossible to man!! Would you have risked ridicule and disbelief by demonstrating your talents to the so-called savants of the day!! Perhaps not just ridicule , perhaps death , for you might be judged- Warlock, and been burnt at the stake. But there is an outlet for you . You decide to become a conjurer and magician , for every one knows " that it is all done by mirrors ", on the stage.

It is possible as we have said before, to fit ESP into, and with it explain away, many unsolved mysteries BUT WHAT IS ESP??? Are we by doing this merely calling levitation , telekinesis ??? Giving only new names and not solutions we wonder

ANIMAL, NEGETABLE OR ALIEN...Continued from Page 7.)

is now to feature an occasional serial, the first is THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS by Poul Anderson a two part story which will begin in the September issue of this magazine.....We would like to congratulate Ken Slater on the OPERATION FANTAST HANDBOOK for '53, this is a 64 page item containing information on every fannish thing imaginable , if you are not a member of O.F. we urge you to send a 1/- P.O. for a copy to: Mavis Pickles, 41, Compton ST Dudley Hill, Bradford, Yorks....You will not regret it.....

THE END OF THE VOYAGE

By
George Whiting.

Robert Williams had been a brilliant student and later a patient and clever engineer. From the date of his graduation his journey through life had been directed to one end, to cross the new frontier, to journey into space. The sight of the silver disc of the new moon stirred no feelings of romance in his breast, but conjured up visions of sunlit and airless plains, jagged Lunar peaks and massive walled craters. Although at heart a pacifist he swallowed his convictions and, with tongue in cheek, discussed the military importance of Earth satellites and a Lunar base. His work on guided missile projects brought him fame. The Williams reaction motor made space flight possible. His achievements, and much special pleading, had brought to the head of the "Manned Satellite Project". Five years of patient work on a skimpy budget had produced the first prototype of a man carrying rocket.

The rocket towered up inside its enshrouding framework, the early morning Australian sun gleaming on its metal skin. Each of its component parts separately tested and now mated together for the first time. Across the bare sandy desert in the main office building, facing the rocket, Robert Williams stood gazing from the office window at his brain-child; the harsh sunlight silhouetting him with a bright fringe. Johnson, the project's electronic engineer, cleared his throat in the background. "Well chief, I have about ten or so modifications to the main power pack chassis before I am ready for a final test," Williams swung round.

"O.K. John, go ahead, but let me know when you are ready."

"Roger, chief," Johnson picked up his papers and swung out of the office. Before the door could close behind him it opened wide again to admit the Army radio operator.

"Excuse me, sir," the operator said nervously. "Capt Filton said you were to see this right away."

In silence Williams accepted the flimsy extended towards him, the operator left the room, the door clicking shut behind him. Williams read the message through twice, dazed by its import; certain phrases stood out:

HOSTILITIES HAVE COMMENCED.....WE ARE NOW IN A STATE OF WAR.....
PROJECT ABANDONED.....TRANSPORT TO RECOVER MATERIALS WILL ARRIVE..

Williams sank into his chair, white-faced and weary, the thing he had dreaded had come to pass. For a long time he sat there, his shadow shortening on the desk top. People came and went, their queries he answered in monosyllables until, embarrassed they left. It was early afternoon before he aroused himself and began making feverish calculations, soon his desk was littered with computer tape. Johnson came in and sat on the desk, he said nothing just smoked and gazed out of the window at the distant rocket.

"John," Williams said suddenly, pushing the paper aside. "I'm going to take her up. Tonight will be ideal but I need your help."

Johnson nodded without surprise.

"After all these years," Williams continued. "To be cheated" He stopped.

"The war may not last," Johnson said quietly.

Williams laughed bitterly. "My ingenuity and that of others won't leave much behind, man will be heartily sick of science and rockets after this."

"She isn't tested," Johnson said wearily.

"Can we fuel her without the military finding out?" Williams queried ignoring the remark.

"They're whooping it up in the mess, they won't hear us," Johnson replied.

It was dusk when they took the fuel tanker out across the desert to the towering gantry and the rocket. The sounds of merry-making and drunken voices died out behind them as they left the cluster of buildings. In grim silence they coupled up the hose, the steady chug of the fuel pump the only sound. On the second trip they completed the refuelling and, panting, manhandled two cases of provisions onto the lift and into the airlock.

"Well, nobody has seen us so far," Johnson said as they emerged onto the gantry. Williams grunted.

"Right John, you go ahead and operate the gantry," he said gruffly.

"It's crazy but it might work, what do you plan to do?" Johnson said.

"The Moon and return," Williams replied shortly.

"Good luck Willy," Johnson extended his hand in the darkness; in silence they shook hands. Standing in the airlock with a light desert breeze brushing his face Williams heard the lift whine down. Doubts and fears almost overwhelmed him, he gripped the side of the airlock the cold feel of the metal reassured him and he patted the ship affectionately. Somewhere below a motor hummed and whined protestingly, a patternwork of girders passed between him and the distant lights. Groaning and creaking the gantry slid away. From below Johnson's voice floated faintly up.

"I'm driving the truck away now, you're clear."

"O.K." Williams shouted. Suddenly aware of the great height he withdrew back into the airlock. Far away a whistle shrilled. A distant pair of headlights fanned round the buildings and headed towards him. Stepping back he depressed the airlock lever, fumbling in the darkness; with a hiss the door closed, blocking out the distant lights, silence and darkness descended. As the inner door opened he snapped on the lights, blinking in the sudden glare.

Out on the desert Johnson drove the fuel truck grimly towards the oncoming headlights. As they drew closer he slowed and stopped; as he has surmised, it was the military truck with Captain Filton leaning out full of importance and slightly drunk.

"What the devil's going on?" Filton shouted.

"Don't go near that rocket it's taking off in a few minutes," Johnson shouted in reply. Filton shouted something unintelligible, lost in the roar of the truck's engine as he accelerated towards the silent rocket.

Wearily Johnson climbed out of the truck and sat on the running board, overhead the Moon swung in silver majesty. Johnson fumbled for his cigarettes, watching the flickering red light of the truck bouncing and receding towards the dark bulk of the rocket. "They can't stop you now Willy boy," he said quietly in the darkness. Other lights were swinging out from the buildings behind him, reaching down he struck a match, it flared. Abruptly flames flickered from the base of the rocket, spreading outward illuminating the gantry and silhouetting the rocket. With the flame came a tremendous noise, roaring and bellowing the motors multiplied their lift. As the pumps took over, the noise increased in pitch and volume. For an instant, Johnson, deafened and trembling, saw the black outline of a truck and a running figure suddenly lost in the flame. Slowly and majestically the giant rocket rose on a pillar of fire. Visibly its speed increased, the pillar of fire lengthening, pushing the rocket up towards the stars. The flame shortened, lost contact with the ground and then like a flaming torch leapt skywards, diminishing until it looked like a flaring comet lost amidst the other stars. Stunned, the unlit cigarette crushed in his hand, Johnson became aware of others standing around him. Ignoring their questions he stumbled through them heading for the radio shack at a steady trot.

Williams struggled back to consciousness, aware that the noise of the motors had ceased. Although strapped in the pilot's chair he nevertheless experienced a feeling of weightlessness. I've made it, he thought, fumbling with his straps. Finally he floated free of the chair and guided himself with trembling hands to the control console. Reaching out he flicked the switches controlling the Television and Radar scanners.

For what, to him, seemed an age, he watched the blank grey face of the Cathode ray tube, it remained a blank grey... It was then he noticed the gap in the rack, a chassis was missing. Stupified by the shock of his discovery, he remained gazing at the control console until he remembered the radio and moved to switch it on.....

Johnson swung into the radio shack and rushed to the transmitter, click went the filament switch, the extraction fans hummed to life. Waiting impatiently for the time delay to operate, Johnson gazed around and then froze, his eyes widening. Standing on the bench was the Telerad power supply chassis from the ship! The shack door burst open to admit the gang, Johnson spoke directly to one of them, ignoring the excited remarks of the others.

"Perry, when did you take this chassis out?" He indicated it with his hand.



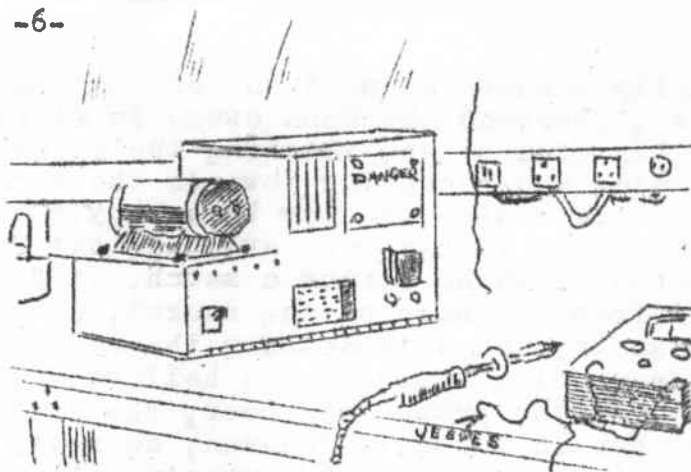
" This morning , to modify it, " Perry answered. " My God ! he 's blind without radar or television, "Johnson's voice shook." Like a rat in a metal box."

They were all silent . The red light glowed on the transmitter panel in silence . Johnson switched on the H.T. The reciever came to life and immediately William's voice filled the shack , it had a metallic

and unreal quality about it. "Johnson," the voice screamed."There is a chassis missing from the rack here, how can I get the radar and television on? Answer me. Over."

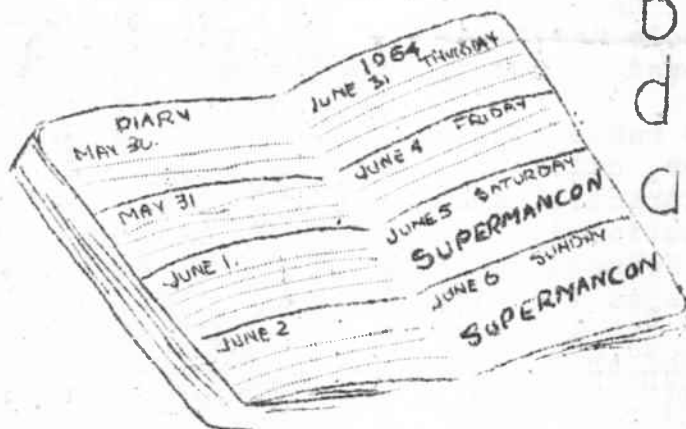
Reluctantly Johnson picked up the microphone, in short stacatto sentences he told Williams of the missing chassis. For half an hour they argued, considered and rejected various methods of solving the problem without success. After this Williams broke down and his screaming and babbling filled the shack. Silent and white-faced, Johnson turned the reciever volume down until it died to a whisper. Suddenly a detonation shook the hut, followed almost at once by a screaming roar, the lights blinked out.

"Homed on our radio transmissions," somebody said in the darkness. The War had arrived.



Nobody saw Williams reach the end of his voyage. At least the aim was good, he plunged straight into the lunar surface . But then the world was pre-occupied with other matters.....

THE END.



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THE ADDRESS IS: THE NOR'WEST SCIENCE-FANTASY CLUB.
4, FORT STREET, MANCHESTER 3.

Animal, Vegetable or Alien?

By
Eric Bentcliffe.

Any new magazines ? Of course there are. The latest to reach us is COSMOS Science Fiction; we should not need to tell you that it is digest size, and sells at 35cents. Nothing outstanding about it for us to remark upon, the stories are average so is the artwork ; the staff give the usual reason for bringing out a new magazine "ours is going to be better"....Among magazines projected, but not yet published, are STELLAR, NOVA, SPACEWAYS, and GEORGE PAL'S TALES OF SPACE AND TIME, (if they keep that title they will not have to worry about hiring a cover illustrator), these of course are American... The new magazine to be published shortly by Peter Hamilton and Crownpoint is to be entitled AMERICAN SCIENCE FICTION. You must have stayed awake nights thinking that one up Pete...We are pleased to announce that OTHER-WORLDS has folded , Ray Palmer is to put out SCIENCE STORIES bimonthly and has bought UNIVERSE which will appear in-between times; personally we think a Rose by any other name would smell as strong, there is however a chance that Palmer may leave the story choice up to Bea Mahaffey in which case we look forward to seeing the mags....On the British scene the following books are scheduled. From John Lane MEN OF SPACE AND TIME, IMAGINATION UNLIMITED, both due Sept-Oct and both priced at 8/6 ; In spring '54 the same company will publish Ken Crossen's FUTURE TENSE, all anthologies, all reprints..... Grayson and Grayson follow up their excellent choice BEYOND HUMAN KEN (this does not refer to the Slater) with the third in the series of BEST SF STORIES edited by Blæiler and Dikty, and TWENTY SECOND CENTURY a collection of original stories by John Christopher..... Two books that have recently appeared and which we can reccomend are John Wyndham; KRAKEN WAKES (we are afraid that this title will be misleading to many folks up north, Wakes are the annual holidays there) an excellent story in Triffids style and a novel in the 1984 class LIMBO '90 by Bernard Wolfe; this latter a reprint item published at 15/- by Secker and Warburg.....BALLATINE BOOKS of America who publish pocket book and hard cover book editions simultaneously are bringing out some really worthwhile items, here are a few of the titles now out and soon to be published, "SPACE MERCHANTS"(Gravy Planet), THE UNDYING FIRE (Conditioned Captain), CHILDHOODS END(A.C.Clarke) Although two of these items are reprints and the third an extension of a previous story (Clarke's Guardian Angel), they are very good value for money in either \$1.50 or 35 cent edition.....In foreign climes Science Fiction is getting a hold, in two more countries clubs have been formed.....Israel now has several local groups holding meetings as has Jerusalem, information on these groups can be obtained from Maxim Gilan, P.O.Box 11, Tel Aviv..In Greece also, fandom rears its head ; the Athenian Science Fiction Club was formed late in '52, and has eighteen members to date, Secretary is John Genematis, 45 Charilaou-Trikoupi St, Athens.....DESTINY is one of the more recent U.S. fanzines to find its way through the letter box, this is one of the several photo-lith 'zines now being produced by fans and it is very neat, we wonder tho' if the material warrants the expense, for 25 cents you can buy a pro-mag with twelve times the wordage in DESTINY, whose price is the same but only has 31 pages of articles and stories by fans..... THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY, AND SCIENCE FICTION which has previously published only short stories

(Continued on Page 2)

IN NEWLANDS

Peter Baillie pays a visit to the
GLASGOW CLUB.

Glasgow. A mighty collection of buildings huddled together as if seeking shelter from a persistent drizzle that fell from a leaden sky. The streets were black placid rivers with streams of humanity hurrying along their brinks.

Esconced in the warmth of Buchanan Street Bus Station, clutching a copy of the latest AMAZING that was to be a clue to my identity, I awaited the arrival of Alan Mackie who was to be my guide through darkest Glasgow. After a ten minute wait, a tall figure emerged from the seething mass of Glaswegians and approached me, eyes agleam as they fastened themselves onto the female adorning the cover of the Amazing.

Making ourselves known, and with Alan taking the lead, we ventured forth. A cacophony of sound blasted my sensitive, country bumpkin eardrums. Nervously I kept my eyes on the ceaseless flow of traffic. At crossings I no doubt amused a city hardened Alan who strode nonchalantly through speeding cars and honking buses, whilst I held back, afraid to brave the maelstrom. After several hair-breadth escapes, we reached the comparative quiet of Clydeside where we awaited a bus for Clarkson. Gasping in lungfuls of air, I at last got around to the subject of my visit to the "Newlands Science-Fiction Club. "We will be there in half an hour," was all the reply to my feverish questions. "Here's our bus."

Entering the vehicle first so's to get an inside seat which would leave Alan to pay the fares, we got to discussing SF and our favourite yarns. 'Four Sided Triangle' seemed to be Alan's pet hate. This, in a moment of foolhardiness, he had mentioned at a previous meeting bringing down the wrath of the other Newlanders about him. Disembarking from the bus we penetrated a complexity of of brightly lit streets which comprised suburban Clarkson. Here we at last reached our goal and entering the gate of a neat modern house, a sharp knock at the door brought us into the presence of Dave Page, Treasurer of the Glasgow club. "Was I going to run into tall chaps all night", I wondered as Alan and Dave stood looking down at my five-foot-three-and-a-half.

Introductions over, I was ushered into the house where we met Mrs Page who made me feel right at home. No one else had arrived yet so I grabbed a seat near a small table on which there was a transparent oigarette box. Needing no second invitation from Dave, I helped myself, slipping ten into my pocket for later. Now came a discussion on what part of the Universe I belonged to, no one seemed to have heard of it --no wonder. Mrs Page then did the rounds with a large box of chocolates. "This fanning is just the job," I thought extracting a handful. This chocolate chewing interlude was interrupted by the arrival od Scottish Fandom's leading light, Matt Elder. To my delight he was not much taller than I, though he could still look down upon me. Reading so much of Matt I had expected him to look much older than he did. Matt is, at the moment, recovering from a

severe illness and is taking remedial exercises which perhaps accounts for the glow of well-being which emanates from him.

Time was marching on and the considered opinion of Matt and Dave, later verified, was that owing to inclement weather and long distances, no more of the Newlanders could be expected to put in an appearance. After some friendly banter between Matt and Mrs Page, we were ushered upstairs to Dave's library and den. Here was fanning personified, racks of books and magazines almost filled the the room; Astounding as far back as one likes to go. Weird Tales so old that but for the application of sellotape they would have fallen apart from senile decay. We browsed thru the collection and Dave invited me to have a few to take home and read, an offer which I was pleased to accept. On a small cabinet stood two model rockets made from .5 anti-tank shells, with stub wings and tail fins sweated on. They provoked a remarkable likeness to the conventional space-ship of science-fiction.

Mrs Page cut short our sojourn in this sanctum of science-fantasy with a call to tea. Soon we were seated round a lavishly spread table tucking into a galaxy of goodies Dave's wife had prepared.

During discussions I queried the non-appearance of the Newland fan-mag. Various reasons for its present state were given, chief of which was the fact that the club has not yet managed to scrounge a duplicator. There are still high hopes however that Scotland will someday startle fandom - if only with a 'one-shot'. Discussion round the table ranged far and wide until the stealthy march of time drew our conversation to an abrupt halt. Parting with some of my hard-earned cash I had my name enrolled as a member of Newlands.

Upstairs again whilst Alan took his pick of Dave's collection, then back down to where Mrs Page had our coats, warm and dry. After goodnights to a very pleasant couple, Matt, Alan and I departed from Clarkson by means of a Glasgow Corporation bus. Reaching the city, where the persistent rain had now stopped, I bid adieu to Matt and a faithful Alan who had escorted me through many dark and winding ways into the sight of my bus station. I ran up a now quiet road praying to Ghu that the last bus had not yet departed. Luck was with me and I had five minutes to spare.

I settled back comfortably and to the sound of hissing tyres on a still wet road, began the long journey home.

THATSIT THATSIT THE END THATSIT THATSIT

IF YOU WILL BE IN OR NEAR LONDON ON NOVEMBER 7th.....

IF YOU WILL HAVE THE TIME TO SPARE.....

THEN WRITE TONY THORNE AT 21, GRANVILLE ROAD, GILLINGHAM, KENT. NOW.

THE..... MEDWAY CON

(A one-day Convention to be held By the Medway Group on Nov 7th,) WILL BE THE 'BIGGEST LITTLE CONVENTION' EVER HELD. SUPPORT MEDWAY!!!!

WHICH

WAY ?

By
Joe Bowman..

Almost every invention in transportation, despite its primary use, has eventually developed into a weapon of war . There was a time, long ago, when man cast his eyes across the wide river. He wished to reach the other side so he discovered that by the use of wood and bark, which floated, he could devise a craft which enabled him to do so. Later he found that he could harness the power of the wind in sails, helping him along giving him speed for less work. Then came the ship, and eventually, and inevitably, the war-ship. From arrows to cannon-balls, thence to 15 inch shells; he armed his ships thus making them more efficient in the destruction of his fellow men.

Man wished to travel faster on land, He domesticated the horse to carry him. Came the War-horse. The horse-drawn gun carriage. After the horse-drawn coach came the car , then the armoured car and the tank.

Then he sought to fly like the birds and it was the same old story. Greater speed, greater power. Civilian planes were a side-line. The end result is the jet fighter and bomber.

Each of these things were originally made to serve a peaceful purpose ...It ended as a weapon of destruction , only serving its original purpose in times of peace. The most expensive ships and planes, those containing the most ingenious devices, are the ones built for destruction.

But now we come to the latest method of propulsion. The rocket. And here we find something that is developing in the reverse manner entirely. The first rockets, now in use alongside Germany's V1. and V2., were essentially weapons of destruction. Is this a promise that the rocket will go in the opposite direction, growing from a guided missile to a noble vessel of peace ? Inevitably, our S-F authors have depicted war in space. Colonised planets attacking each other with mighty space-fleets even as did the navies of Earth. Logically they see the return of piracy - the coming of death-rays slashing across the void, melting and destroying. Are all man's dreams to end up in the agony of war? Or dare we hope that the space-ship and atomic energy will lead us to an era of peace; with men climbing to the stars, climbing out of themselves; that the great shining space-ship will be a symbol of glory of man's conquest of space ? Or will it be a vast bulking shadow of death, with Earth's finest brains gone into its ingenious weapons of doom, crawling across the face of the stars to its cruel rendezvous with destruction - even as did the blacked-out warships that slid through the cold dark seas of Earth in times of bitter conflict?

I may be an idealist, but I hope that latter will never be the case. Far better that our children's children stay on Earth, than to carry destruction with them through space to other worlds - SF authors not withstanding.-.

Yet progress, no matter which way it goes, can never be halted.....

END.

COME TO THE SUPPERMANCON FOR A FEAST OF SF FUN!!!!

(This is not a Proxyboo crack!)

