

SPACEMEN

35¢

SEPTEMBER 1961

K

GREAT SPACE MOVIE PREVIEWS

WILL THERE BE

WAR IN SPACE?

... SEE PAGE 23

SEE IT IN PICTURES
FOR THE FIRST TIME

THINGS TO COME

H.G. WELLS' CLASSIC





THE EDITORS SPACE

A funny thing happened to me on the way to Mars. I took off (from a jet-propelled crouch) without a space suit. I noticed this about the time I passed the Moon; something told me I should have worn mittens and packed an oxygen tank when I turned purple and one of my fingers froze off.

Around Marsport they're now calling me Nise Fingered Ach.

Reasons to be Tying High.

RAY BRADBURY took time out from his busy chronicling of Martians to write from Palm Springs: "There were loud cries of delight when the first issue came out. The daughters fought several hours back and forth, for time with it. Even Old Dad enjoyed looking through."

A.E. "SLIM" WEST phoned his congratulations.

OUR OWN TOMA (Miss Heavenly Body) called it "as creamy as the Milky Way."

In March 1953, after viewing the preview of WAR OF THE WORLDS, I wrote George Pal a rave, to which he replied: "I have just re-read your letter for the 700th time and for the 700th time I've tried to put into words my appreciation. When an authority on the subject matter of a picture writes its producer in such glowing terms, he is really walking on air. And that's just where I am—on Cloud #9."

YOUR enthusiastic acceptance of SPACEMEN prompts me to inquire: "George, mind if I move right next door—to Cloud 10?" But I see Publisher Warren has already taken a 99 year lease on it!

700 thanks, pals George and all the rest of you.

—FORRY ACKERMAN



ROCKETPORT #1 REPLIES! Now we know what it's like to go thru a meteor shower! We have been deluged with droves of letters from the 4 corners of the Solar System and (by Faster Than Light drive) from as far away as Galaxy X. Three mailmen quit their jobs after complaining that their pouches couldn't handle the increased load. **SPACEMEN** is now the only magazine in existence that has its correspondence delivered by kingsize kangaroo.

CAPSULE CONGRATULATIONS

Another first in magazine entertainment. If **SPACEMEN #1** is a fair idea of a wonderful mag, it is going to go spaces—**FRANKLIN FOMBY**, W. Columbia, S. C. Now that **SPACEMEN** is out we won't have to reach Mars; the Martians will come to Earth to get a copy of **SM!**—**SCOTT CHELMOW**, Phila., Penna.

THE MARTIAN CHRONICLER



FIA (of Yesterday) and Friend

● Teenage **RAY BRACBURY** in Monster Mask designed by teenage **RAY HARRYHAUSEN** menaces youthful "4st" Ackerman in 1939 foto, 22 years before the launching of **SPACEMEN**.

THE CHANGE-OF-PACE MAG

I have been buying the science fiction mags for a little over a year and I agree with you that **SM** is not an s.f. periodical. I found your articles and fotos much more interesting than many of the s-z-f stories I have read. Opening editorial informative, letter columns good—I for one wouldn't mind if you expanded it a page or two. Contents page—something a

bit different. Specially enjoyed the fotos illustrating "Collision Course" even if the article's title was the same as Robert Silverberg's recent novel. Jim Harzon's short good. Recommend for your reprint consideration Chas. Webb's "Space Opera". Continue Orbituary Dept. All in all I welcome **SPACEMEN** as a change-of-pace from my regular fare.

BILL BOWERS
BARBERTON, O.

A MINOR TRIUMPH



● Altho it gives every evidence of being a scene shot directly from a screening of **THE CONQUEST OF SPACE**, foto above is a shot of a home-made model, the work of talented young science/film enthusiast **MIKE MINOR** of Wilmington, Cal. Mike considers himself George Pal Fan #1 and delights in attempts to recreate in his own workshop model copies of Pal triumphs like the Martian War Machines, the Wellston Time Machine, etc. **SPACEMEN** readers will be seeing more of Mike's work in our pages—and so, we predict, will Hollywood filmmakers interested in "model" young men with "spacial" abilities.

METEOR BOMBARDMENT

Why collector's issue? You have called the first issue a Collector's Edition and I would like to know the reason for it. Did you give it the honorary title because it was your first issue or because you felt it was worthy of such a title? If the latter, then I will have to disagree with you. I feel such a magazine to be so designated would have to contain the kind of rare and priceless material which would make it worth

collecting. I do not think, on the whole, #1 had that quality. Not to say it didn't have any good material; on the contrary, it did have some very worthwhile sections; but you were not consistent. You should have crammed the mag with nothing but old stiffs taken from famous moments of famous space films; (Then aren't that we have done for an encore? There aren't that many great scenes from great spaces available.) It was just a mediocre issue and is no way compared to **FAMOUS MONSTERS #1**. (We practically put all our eggs in one basket in **FM #1** because at the time we didn't dream that today we'd be celebrating our 13th issue and anticipating our 21st.) It is beyond me why you wasted 8 sides on **12 TO THE MOON**; your story on **BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE** was hardly any better because you chose to write about a film which was all spectacle and no plot. (This is Publisher Warren speaking, getting Fery off the hotspot by taking the "blame" for **12 TO THE MOON** and **BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE**. I think of the magazine in terms of visual appeal first, Fery only follows orders—sometimes yelling all the way to the bank—when I hand him a fistful of exciting stiffs and instruct him to write a story around them even tho he may have detested the picture. In general, whatever is great about the magazine you can praise Fery for, and whatever is lousy you can blame me for. That isn't true, but Fery sneaked this line into the linotype one nite when I was out giving Saturn a ring and I didn't see it until it was too late to stop the press. Fortunately, it was not too late to stop payment on his paycheck.—JMI) An interesting fact is that the picture on pg 45 shows Earth on the side where Japan is located. It seems funny until you realize it is only natural because **BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE** was a Japanese film. With all the accidents that took place during the filming of **RIDERS TO THE STARS**, according to a rumor I heard they were planning to call it **RIDERS TO THE SCARS**. (We they would exile into outer space without a helmet for such a suggestion.—FIM) **Space Monsterrama** and **Orbituary** were the 10 best pages in the book.

GEORGE KAHIN
STAMFORD, CONN.

SATISFIED CUSTOMER

SPACEMEN is everything you promised us and a lot more besides! The trend toward more adult literature was magnificent as well as informing

Continued on page 6

SPACEMEN

SEPTEMBER 1961
VOL. 1, No. 2

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

**JACIE
ASTRACHAN**
spacelanes
hostess

**HARRY
CHESTER**
production
pilot

**JAMES
WARREN**
interstellar
publisher

COVER by Brian Minney
Spaceman of Distinction

**GREAT
SPACE
MOVIE**

WILL THERE BE
WAR
IN SPACE?

SEE IT IN PREVIEW
AND FIND
THINGS
TO COME
IN HIS NEXT ISSUE



THE SPACEFILM TELE-SCOOP

the Shape of
Ring-a-Dings
to Come

PHANTOM OF THE SPACE OPERA

Spaceman into
unknown
adventures
on THE
PHANTOM
PLANET!



**WAR OF THE
WORLD'S**

A short
story by
one of
Science Fiction's
best known
names

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ATTACKED
THE WORLD**

Behind-the-scenes of the
masterpiece about movie
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You asked for it again!
An all-request section
for SPACEMEN ONLY

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Why "Aerial Brain of
R. O. WILS could have
created this fantastic
story of space, the future,
and "THINGS TO COME."

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"It's not an easy
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an expert

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**JULES VERNE'S
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VALUABLE INFORMATION

Unless you're a collector, don't bother with this valuable page about valuable back-issues of our companion magazine

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

Time to sign up for the next 6 issues

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1054 E. Upsal St.
Philadelphia 50, Penn

Your Name _____
Address _____
City _____

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SPACE SUPER MARKET

A super section of
space items to take you
into orbit for hours!

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and enjoyable. My brother would never look at all of my **FANDUS MONSTERS** but he read **SPACEMEN** twice as soon as it came in the mail. My favorites are the old silent movies. I realize fotos are hard to get but please try to give us fans some pictures and stories from the earliest space films. (**GIRL IN THE MOON** coming up and we are trying to work out something on the legendary **AELITA!**) More recently I enjoyed **THE ANGRY RED PLANET**. I hope you can cover this movie as well as you did **BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE**. (Go battle George Kanin, the letter writer who preceded you! Are any pictures available from the television series **MEN INTO SPACE** or the now syndicated **FLASH CORDON** tele-series? (We'd welcome them from any source.) Why not take one of the Flash Cordon serials and portray in pictures and story 2 or 3 of the episodes in each issue—a continued story in **SPACEMEN**, a cliff-hanger. (Where'd you get that Meatscape? We didn't know they were on the market yet. Gordonwise, you've been reading our minds! Briefly, issue #1 was so great, such a large step forward, that I intend to buy at least 3 more copies as soon as it hits our newsstand. (Bless you.)

RONNIE HALL
DEERFIELD, WISC.

STELLAR DALLAS



• Texan **DALE HART** submits this delightful foto of himself and a couple of Dallas Space Girls taken at Sci-Fi Convention where Marion Zimmer Bradley, author of "7 to the Stars", was Guest of Honor.

WANTS US AROUND IN 2961 A.D.

I couldn't have been more pleased. I am a science fiction space-fiend and I read the magazine a half dozen times and upon each reading discovered something new. The pictures and text are simply wonderful. My only regret is that such a publication should have been on the market 10 years ago. Won't you please continue to orbit for the next 1000 years or so? Thank you for a clean, wholesome, hearty magazine which the whole family—Grandpa right on down to 4-year-old Jo Ellen—can sit down and read and enjoy without having to go to someplace in the home where, perhaps, the redness of their faces couldn't be discerned. Keep up the good work for many Eons to come and we'll all trust **SPACEMEN** will become a national symbol (as well as a weekly) in the very near future.

BUSTER HUNT
FENWICK, W. VA.

AMONG OUR SOUVENIRS



• We found this fine foto—is it a model or painting? Maybe its maker will recognize and identify it for us—and that we'd share it with you.

THRILLED

I was thrilled with **SM** #1. I had to fight with my cousins to see who would read it first. Would it be possible for you to print the story of **THIS ISLAND EARTH?** (Yes.) By the way, I recently acquired an issue of **Science Fiction Digest** (1954) and inside was a story called "Dwellers in the Dust"—by Forrest J Ackerman! I thought it was great. Could we have more stories by Mr. Ackerman? (When last heard from **FJA** was writing a story called "7 Up to the Stars; or, Battle in Outer Space.")

STEVE KAPLAN
FREDHOLD, N. J.

ME DH MY DH MAYD

SPACEMEN #1 didn't make any great impression on this reader. Most of the fotos of people in drab bulky spacesuits—were not very interesting. Actors dressed in colorful, unusual costumes (such as were seen in the old serials) would be far more attractive. The films reviewed were probably nothing to rave about. The last worthwhile space opera I saw was **WORLD WITHOUT END**, a fairly entertaining picture; the most recent, **ANGRY RED PLANET**, a drab limbo-killer. You mentioned **THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES** by Bradbury. I'm not familiar with it but if it's representative of most of today's stuff then it's not for me. (That's Bradbury, alright; just a common everyday ordinary hack writer) America's answer to **Vargo Station**. After his poor showing with **NOBBY DICK** and **IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE** we don't expect much more from his **MARTIAN CHRONICLES** than a poor man's **FIRE MAIDENS FROM MOONSOLIA**. We do not believe the rumor that he had a major space article in **LIFE** magazine last year.—**FJA & T. O'Connor Slowee.** I hope future issues of **SPACEMEN** will concentrate on more interesting material and perhaps encourage the film makers to turn out productions that are more fantastic, colorful and elaborate. Best wishes.

JAMES MAYO
CRESTVIEW, FLA.

HELPFUL CANADIAN

I guess the editor would like to know why the Moon people in **12 TO THE MOON** changed their minds about freezing Earth. Well, 2 of the crew, a man and woman, were scouting on the surface of the Moon. They got into a cave-tunnel and were captured by the Lunarians. The remaining 10 of the crew tried to find them but soon gave up hope. That "sile" the Moon men sent a message in Chinese saying the specimen should leave. Reason: an investigation of the 2 captured Earth people had revealed they had evil ways. The crew departed for Earth, to find it frozen upon their arrival. Two men risked their lives to try to save the world, after which an other broadcast came from the moonpeople saying they had been wrong, the prisoners had taught them how to love one another, and they (the moonpeople) were relaxing on the Big Freeze.

ROBERT BRIGHT (age 14)
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA

HONEY MOONERS



• **DAVID A. KYLE** of Radio Station **WPM**, Patsdam, NY, with his Bride Ruth, at Masquade Ball of the 15th World Science Fiction Convention, London, 1957.

END OF A SPACE MONSTER



• **BDB BURNS**, our Special Photography Editor of **FANDUS MONSTERS**, setting that the hard puppet known as "The Beast with a Million Eyes" was rapidly reaching last stages of disintegration, propped him up against a Morris Scott Dollens interplanetary backdrop and took this portrait of the poor beast before he's completely gone to pieces.

SPECIAL DELIVERY letters (which cannot be answered personally) may be addressed for consideration for publication to Astrid Notte, 915 South Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles 35, Calif.

Friends, Roaming Men, Chairborne Rock-
eteers—Lend not your ears but your Eyes to
our skyscraping Cosmoscope and get the
dope on the Shape of Ring-a-Dings to Come
in the Space Film Future

Word reaching us from all over Europe indicates that THE SILENT STAR is one of the greatest interplanetary adventure films ever produced and well worthy of dubbing and importation into this country.

It seems also to bear the title of SPACE-SHIP VENUS DOES NOT REPLY. Shades of FLOATING PLATFORM #1 DOES NOT REPLY!

It is a German-Polish collaboration based on a Polish book called "Astronauts" and translated into German as "Planet of the Dead".

It takes place in the year 1970.

It features a robot called Omega.

THE SPACE FILM TELESCOPE



Inhabitants of Twinsylvania? Burgess Meredith is bewitched, bothered & bewildered by mustachioed mites with headlights in hilarious episode of TV's *Twilight Zone*, "Mr. Dingle, the Stranger".

Tamarrows' Spacemen (and Women) as envisioned in *FLIGHT TO MARS* (Managram, color, 1951).



all aboard for planet #2

The preparations for launching the first (filmic) spaceship to Venus remind one of how it was done about 30 years ago in *THE GIRL IN THE MOON* (still's & story next issue)—only this time as the excited crowds converge on the launching grounds we hear the full accompaniment of sounds and there are telecasters present to cover the leap into space for the watching eyes of the world.

A German pilot, an atomic physicist from the USA, a Russian cosmonaut, a mathematician from India, a Japanese woman doctor, a TV technician from an African state and a Chinese specialist in philology and biology—these constitute the crew of the Venus venture. And their flight is quite purposeful: to solve the mystery of the so-called "Mongolian meteor" of 1908 which, it has been learned during the late 60s, was no natural sky-wanderer but an artificial object bearing a taped message! A message that cannot be deciphered.

Since learning that Venus once sought contact with our planet, return messages have been regularly sent by radio & radar—but the veiled world of mystery maintains planetary silence.

Kosmokrator #1, the earth ship, departs. En route, a minute mistake in calculation of its course directs it dangerously into a meteor swarm but alert action from the Lunar outpost's technicians saves the menaced ship.

They approach the reddish floating fog of Venus.

beneath Venus' veil

On the surface of our sister world, strange sights & sounds greet the space conquerors:

The ceaselessly, senselessly functioning remains of a superscientific civilization

... Skeletons of steel, the rusted remnants of half-topped towering skyscrapers

... Tiny metallic insects which are discovered to be a form of archive, revealing, when deciphered, that Venus had created giant weapons of war intended to destroy Earth—till some fortunate malfunction destroyed the potential invaders.

In a hairbreadth escape from Venus, 3 of the crew sacrifice their lives so the remaining 5 may return safely to Earth and give mankind assurance that Venus constitutes no menace.



The favorite of many Space-Fans: **THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL**, with Michael Rennie as the **SPACEMAN**—shown here with "Gart." (Watch for the complete photo story in a future issue.—Ed.)



Agnes Moorehead clenches her fists in anger at attic antics of Incredible Shrunken Spaceman dreamed up by Richard Matheson for TV instalment of *Twilight Zone* known as "The Invaders".



A mystery that's never been solved: **EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS** explores the flying saucer question—and it looks as if these airline pilots have found the answer!

meatier showers

The sprinkling of meteoric movies announced in our first issue is beginning to grow.

THE FLIGHT THAT VANISHED will show an interplanetary abduction by kidnappers from another world.

SPACE WOMEN will be enhanced by special effects, shooting of which has been completed.

Hot on the heels of the finished reels of **THE PHANTOM PLANET**, producer Fred Gebhardt phones the offices of **SPACEMEN** for a Stop Press announcement that a sequel has gone into immediate production. In this one a Kongsize ape (Zantar?) menaces the tiny inhabitants of Rehgou.

Ib Melchior is huddling with Jon Lackey for conferences on the creation of the "cute creature" required for **ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS**.

MARTIAN EYE script has been turned in to Bill Rotsler for Sunday Productions.

Importwise, we await **A MARTIAN IN PARIS** from France and from Italy a production called, of all things, **SPACEMEN!**

"a riotous comedy of space travel"

—That's what the Four Square people, British pocketbook publishers of **MAN IN THE MOON**, call the new Kenneth More movie about Luna and lunacy.



This is One Artist's Concept of a Xenomorph from *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE*.

Another Artist's Picturization of what one of Ray Brod-bury's Interplanetary Beings resembles in *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE*, story and actual foto of the Xenomorph soon to appear in our pages!



Totally immune from sea-sickness, tropical diseases, even the common cold, William Blood (K. More) is picked by his scientific superiors as the perfect choice to be the first human being on the moon.

His secret? "Just don't worry about anything, then you won't catch anything." Which unique ability makes him the answer to the scientists' prayer. Just the man to spend 3 days in a moon-bound capsule and land on Earth's satellite.

A superman in training who delights

... astounds

... then confounds the scientists at

N.A.R.S.T.I.

(The National Atomic
Station and
Technological Institute)

Atomic Missile Development

Atomic Aeronautics Institution

Atomic Hydraulic Institution

Atomic Medical Foundation

Atomic Vehicle Research Center

Atomic Space Project

"into the chambers of horrors"

From one cubicle to another, Blood is put thru a series of harrowing experiences as Icicles form on his eyebrows at—40°!

His sweat turns to steam at 160°!!

He survives 25 G's in the centrifuge!!!

He's the man for the Moon, alright; and when he gets there—well, there's a surprise waiting for him ("a creature uniformly gray and vaguely anthropoid, with a peculiar mushroom-like growth where the head should have been, and a single arm looping from shoulder to shoulder!") ... and a big surprise for you, the viewer!

last flash

Phoned in by Alex Gordon at deadline time: "Columbia has allotted me over half a million dollars for production of a fictionalized space-race film called *THE COSMONAUTS!*"

WATCH FOR IT!

END



Impossible Mystery! An Astronaut has vanished right out of his Spacesuit! Nothing outside the Rocket but Empty Space! From one of the Best Space films of 1956—THE CREEPING UNKNOWN, based on the British teleserial *The Guortermass Experiment*.

THE PHANTOM OF THE SPACE OPERA

Now you see it. Now you don't. An inhabited planet in a dangerous orbit. A miniature world of tiny people—at war with a planet of monsters. Plunge, with a daring space-man, into unknown adventures on THE PHANTOM PLANET!



continued



1 Capt. Frank Chapman, commander of rocketship Pegasus III, takes off from U.S. Air Force Lunar Base #1 to solve the interplanetary riddle of 1980: what is causing the disappearance of reconnaissance research rockets?



2 Trouble aboard Chapman's spaceship as a meteor rips thru the metal exterior in a fiery blaze, almost striking the commander's companion, Lt. Makonnen, who attempts to cope with the spreading flames.



3 To repair the damage caused by the colliding space fragment, the astronauts must venture outside onto the hull. Captain Chapman goes thru the airlock first, the lieutenant helping him with the equipment.



4 An eerie moment—alone in the black and airless void—on the outer shell of the pierced rocket. Captain Chapman activates the sliding metal panel of the airlock so that Lt. Makonnen may follow him—outside.



5 Peril in the Great Vacuum as a swarm of minute but deadly meteors pockmarks the skin of the Pegasus, narrowly missing the pilot & navigator who are trying to repair the penetration damage of the space-stones.



6 Makonnen was lost in space. Captain Chapman, alone on the peculiar planetoid which has pulled his ship to its surface, warily explores the rocky terrain of the alien world. Will he survive its rigors?



7 What's wrong? Chapman's feeling groggy—stumbling—falling. Is this what's happened to those before him who have disappeared on the wandering planetoid? Is his number up? Is he doomed to a quick death?



9 Spaceman Chapman, late of Lunar Base #1, lies unconscious on the gritty surface of a strange world of midgets. He does not even know the little planet's name. Will it be his death world, his unknown, unmarked grave?



11 Incredibly, Chapman has vanished from his own suit! Certainly he didn't crawl out of it and abandon it—what then? Did something corrosive in the atmosphere disintegrate his flesh & blood & bones—leaving emptiness???



8 Before he blacks out completely, Chapman sees an astounding sight thru the visor of his space helmet: a "welcoming" committee of 10 human-looking men but—can he believe his blurring vision?—they're only 6" tall!



10 One of the puzzled planetoid people, braver than the rest, steps forward for a closer look at the "giant". The captain, having fainted, is unaware that he is being closely observed thru the transplastic of his helmet.



12 Capt. Chapman comes to—inside his own helmet! Astounding fact: he has shrunken till, like the inhabitants of the phantom world, he is only half a foot in height! The peculiar atmospheric properties were responsible.



The captive Solarite escapes, kidnaps Zetha, who faints at the sight of it.

Sesom, venerable leader of the Rehton race, lies unconscious between the misshapen legs of the horrible Solarite.



story continued from the picture panels:

Chapman learns that he is on a little roving world known to its inhabitants as Rehton. The gases of their "air" (fortunately breathable by him) caused him to dwindle to their small stature.

The Rehtonians ages ago gave up most of their scientific achievements to lead a simpler life but have retained their Universal Gravity Control in order to maneuver their planet like a super spaceship.

Fierce Solarites, fire-people of an enemy Sun satellite, have for generations been carrying on a "hot" war with the Rehtonians. Object to capture the Rehtonian secret of gravity control. One of the powerful Solarites has been captured by the Rehtonians.

adventures on the small planet

Capt. Chapman's visit to Rehton is an exciting one. At first he fears his life may be forfeit when he is tried by a Rehtonian jury on a charge of injuring several citizens but he is cleared of this misdemeanor and soon rises to a position of power in the community.

Two beautiful Rehtonian girls vie for Chapman's affection and at one point he is forced into a fight-to-the-death with Heron, jealous Government official. It is a weird scientific duel whose object is to push one's opponent onto a super-G plate—a gravitron grid of such intense potential that the affected individual immediately disintegrates. Chapman maneuvers his challenger into a lethal position but spares his life.

Chapman is "aboard" the pygmy planet when it makes a mad dash for its life, thru minor star-clusters and then the misty veil of the Milky Way itself in an effort to elude an attack by the Solarites.

When the Solarite captive on Rehton escapes, the life of ruler Sesom himself is endangered. Chapman is instrumental in destroying the horrid flame-beast.

hope of return to home and normalcy

The chaos of battle has brought Rehton



The repellant face & form of the enemy inhabitant of the Sun satellite.



Earthmon & Rehtonion fight the Sun satellite creature.

Proof that the amazing adventure really happened: Capt. Chapman, once again his normal size, regards the mementa given him by Zetha when he was as small as she, the lovely Rehtonian girl.



closer to Earth's Moon than it has ever been before. Perhaps, with guided direction, the planetoid can be moved near enough to Luna for our Base there to detect the Phantom Planet and send a rescue party after Chapman.

But what good rescue if he is to remain a midget?

A theory works, and oxygen remaining in the spare tank of his spacesuit causes Chapman to return to his normal size. A scout ship picks him up but no one can believe his wild, improbable story. Chapman begins to regret he left Rehton—and the lovely Zetha.

Perhaps he will return?

END

O'HENRY'S COMET

tales with a twist in their tail

Tale #2 is by one of Science Fiction's best known names. In fact, Donald Allen Wallheim wrote the world's first definition of "science-fiction" into a dictionary in 1952. He edited the original *Packetbook of Science-Fiction* in 1943 . . . and is soon to make new marks for himself with a series of sky-stratosphere-space novels revolving around an adventurous young character named Mike Mars.



Author Wallheim

THE first hint to reach us about the robot trouble on the planetoid Pallas came from that intrepid reporter of interplanetary news, Sandra de Long. Sandra had been on Pallas writing a book about the major asteroids and their scenic interests. Pallas, you know, has the only natural deposit of pure plutonium in the solar system—outside of the debatable and inaccessible claims made for certain mountains on Neptune's smaller moon. Because plutonium is the stuff from which atomic reactors

too, in her last telecast she had spoken of trouble with the robots. There was a steadily increasing number of inexplicable errors in their work. One technician had already expressed the opinion that the radioactivity of the mines was impairing their mechanism.

Sandra had suggested that perhaps exposure to the vast power of the plutonium had altered the delicate atomic chargings of the robotic brains.

The next thing we of the Asteroid

SPACE WORLD REBELLION

are made, it's valuable and still pretty expensive to fabricate, even in this day and age, 250 years after the Manhattan Project.

Plutonium, being highly radioactive, is mined exclusively by robots. They are directed from the mining settlement of Valiersdorf, where the Terrestrial technicians and reduction engineers live. Sandra had sent back two stories about the rough-and-ready life of the mining town—mostly pure invention, since the pioneering days have long been past and the bubble-domed town is as comfortable as any suburban hamlet on Earth.

But Sandra had an eye for odd detail and she had ferreted out some of the older artifacts, and one of the worked-out pits, and had poked her shapely nose into the robot warrens

Patrol knew, word came that Pallas had suddenly gone out of communication with the rest of the universe. Our ships were ordered there.

Aboard our space cruiser there was plenty of speculation about the mission. Ted Winston, our commander, was specially worried, and as his lieutenant I knew what was bothering him. It wasn't robot trouble, it was Sandra. They were engaged.

When our vessels came in sight of Pallas, everything seemed quiet. True, there was no sign of life in the mines, the domed town seemed strangely silent and lightless, but nothing was exploding.

We settled for a landing near the town, when the first robot battery opened up on us! It was a near thing but it was what we had expected.

The blast of an atom-heat ray just missed our ship—had it hit us, we'd have blown up and that would be the end of this story. But it missed, doubtless because of inexperience and because it wasn't a true weapon. It was a mining beam, up-ended and being used like a gun.

We got out of its range and made a landing in a small valley between two tiny stony Pallasian hills.

Pallas is like the rest of the asteroids, a bare, lifeless rocky world. None of these tiny planets have the gravity to hold down an atmosphere, and you can't walk about without a space mask and your own portable air supply.

Ted and I took counsel as to what to do next. The question was who had shot at us and why. Someone had to go out and investigate and it would have to be us. Then Sparks came in and told us there was a message coming in.

It was from the robots. They announced their independence, were going to hold the mines and earth crew as hostages, were willing to release

The metal man was carrying Sandra like a sack of potatoes, slung under one arm! The poor girl was wiggling and apparently yelling for help.

Ted Winston stood like a man struck. The sight was certainly calculated to drive him to desperation. He couldn't dare attack the robot now, even tho he could see the thing was armed and that if it got too close the machine-man could probably destroy our spaceships with a good blast—or at least cripple them.

Ted was on a spot and I didn't envy him. He didn't dare fire, for his shot would destroy Sandra too. He didn't dare not fire, in spite of robot promises, because the ships and his men were in danger. The robot had violated its promise and was armed.

It was an old gangster trick—the helpless hostage as a shield for the killer.

Then Ted Winston did what we never expected. He dashed forward, raised his flame pistol, and fired! Fired point-blank at the robot—and at Sandra!

The robot sizzled for a moment, then suddenly exploded! There was a terrific flash and when the dust cleared, there was only a hole in the ground and little bits of metal and Sandra scattered about!

But Ted somehow didn't seem appalled at what looked to us like a cold-blooded act of murder—how could he kill his own fiancee like that?!

We dashed out of the ship, armed, and surrounded him. And then in a few words we understood.

Ted had saved us all. For he had recognized the robot plot and we had not. The thing we thot was Sandra was not her at all—it was a cunningly constructed robot—designed to look like Sandra and actually loaded with enough plutonium to blow our ship to smithereens. It was the intent of the robots to hand her over to us, to have Ted bring her aboard our ships under the impression it was Sandra, and there to blow us up when the dummy detonated!

But how had Ted caught wise to all this? Simple, when you think of it, but a robot couldn't think of it. They don't have to breathe, you know. So it never occurred to them to put an air helmet on their dummy Sandra!

Ted knew the real Sandra couldn't have survived out there on the airless surface of Pallas, couldn't have yelled as the phony Sandra did, couldn't have been so obviously active in the robot's clutches! So he destroyed them both.

How we rescued the real Sandra and the Pallas rebellion collapsed is a story you all know from your history books. But the story of Ted Winston's clever act of deduction is probably new to you.

END

SPACE WORLD REBELLION

Sandra de Long to us as evidence of their good faith. Sandra would be able to give us the details on their demands.

It was clear, just the same, that the brains of the robots were cracked. Just the way the message was worded was proof of it. They couldn't hope to win. Still, Ted told me, if we could get Sandra clear, he'd feel a lot better about dealing with the situation. For of course we could not make a deal with these crazy automatons.

Ted told the robots by radio to bring Sandra to the ship and he would meet them. They must come unarmed. They agreed.

We didn't want Ted to chance it but he insisted. Sandra was his girl and he wasn't going to let someone else risk her rescue. He put on his oxygen helmet, took his gun, and left the ship. The rest of us watched with halted breath from the ship's observation ports.

Coming towards our rocket we could now see a robot and it was carrying something. It came closer. We gasped.

HOW MARS ATTACKED THE WORLD

HGWells imagined it. . . Orson Welles panicked the country with his rendition of it on radio. . . George Pal magnificently produced it as one of the Outstanding Scientifilms of All Time. Producer Pal takes you behind the scenes of his \$2 Million Masterpiece to reveal how the Martians almost massacred Earth.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS had been owned by Paramount for 26 years but no producer had ever tackled it. But by 1951, with the big vogue for films of a science fiction nature, it seemed a "must".

I was stimulated by the problems it posed. Altho written 56 years before, in many respects it had withstood the advances of time remarkably well and remained an exciting and visionary story of the future.

It offered me my greatest challenge up to that time to figure out how to film the Martian machines, their heat and disintegration rays and the destruction and chaos they cause when they invade Earth.

SPACEMEN'S thanks to Mr. Pal, Paramount Studios and original copyright holders Street & Smith (1938) Astounding Science Fiction, now Amazing S.F. for their cooperation in making this revised version available to a whole new audience.





A model of the Martian War Machine, supported by almost invisible piano wires, floats above the surface of a sound set on the Studio lot as technician makes last minute adjustment.

It ended up by being my most costly picture till then: \$2,000,000 as contrasted with \$586,000 for *DESTINATION MOON* and \$936,000 for *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE*.

It also took the longest period of time to make. More than 6 months of special-effects work plus an additional 2 for opticals were needed after our regular shooting schedule with the cast was concluded; work with the actors took 40 days at the studio and on location in Arizona.

More special-effects went into *WAR OF THE WORLDS* than any of my previous pictures. More than 4 times as many, for instance, as were featured in *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE*. Actually half the film consisted of some form of special-effects.

It is my great sorrow that my good friend Gordon Jennings, Paramount Special-Effects Director for more than 2 decades, a multiple Academy Award winner and the recognized leader in his field, died of a heart attack shortly after we finished work on the picture and before it was shown publicly.

modernizing the old master

If for one moment you think the challenge of modernizing Wells' story was child's play, just take a scrap of paper and list the commonplace inventions and scientific discoveries which we utilize in our daily living that were utterly non-existent when Wells wrote his story.

There were no airplanes, atom bombs or tanks with which to fight the Martian machines at the time he wrote his tale. His readers followed his story on a flight of imagination. Our audience comes to the theater today conversant with the terms nuclear physics, atomic fission, gravitational fields and space platforms.

Even children play with space helmets and ray guns and are as familiar with such expressions as "blast off" as their elders.

It was exciting to take Wells' imaginative work and couple it with modern discoveries and come up with a film that would be entertaining, credible and believable to an audience geared to scientific awareness.

decision: 6000 mile switch in locale

One of our first decisions was to move the setting from London and environs to Southern California. Our audiences might well believe that such a Martian invasion could take place in such a locale.

Los Angeles as the metropolis invaded by the Martians was a logical choice, too, because it was possible for us to arrange to actually clear a portion of the city streets of the populace for several of our scenes.

I'll wager that if I could climb into the Time Machine which Wells wrote about in another story and flash back 56 years for a conference with the gentleman, he'd have approved the changes.



First Appearance of Martian War Machine. Sleek & Streamlined, it hovers an Anti-Gravity Beams above the surface of the ground, its Sinister Stalk Spitting a Catastrophic Death Ray.



Inserting the mechanism that will make the cobra head of the killer mechanism from Mars "wark".



A gas tank on the verge of blowing up as Martian flame-beam strikes sparks from its metallic surface

Now how he would have taken our addition of a romantic interest I won't hazard a guess. But in the film business you have to be practical. No one is less interested in doing routine boy meets girl stories than I. But a boy-and-girl theme is necessary even in a science fiction film of the scope of *WAR OF THE WORLDS*. Audiences want it.

Wells' conception of a Martian being was an octopuslike creature. We made ours a huge crab-like being with one giant Cyclops eye with three separate lenses, a big head to hold its oversize brain, and long spindly tentacles with suckers on the end for arms.

The Martian was the handiwork of our talented young unit art director Albert Nozaki who worked from start to finish under Paramount supervising art director Hal Pereira.

After Nozaki finished his design I called in a sculptor, make-up man and artist named Charles Gemora, who became famous as the gorilla in the film *INGAGI* years ago. I asked him to build the monster.

He built it out of papier-mache and sheet rubber, created arms that actually pulsed—thru

the use of rubber tubing in them—and painted the whole thing lobster red. It was a startler all right—something right out of your worst nightmare.

Gemora is a short-statured man who could fit into the contraption too, so we hired him to operate it. When he got inside he moved around on his knees, holding his arms hunched out. His hands came just to the elbows of the Martian's formidable-looking tentacles.

Then we showed only one fleeting glimpse of the creature in the final picture! All that effort, money and time for a few seconds on the screen.

Why? Naturally there was an argument on how much the Martian was to be shown in the finished picture. But we decided that a hint of horror is often more effective than a large dose. And anyway, would you have wanted to know this thing intimately?

special effects "bug" #1

Our greatest special-effects problem was building and operating the warlike Martian machines which land on Earth to destroy its inhabitants. We came close to electrocuting our crew in de-

signing this one.

We went back to the original Wells book for inspiration. My first edition is illustrated with scenes of a huge, disklike object on giant stilts.

However, Wells' conception of the machines was mechanical. In this era we decided ours should be electrical.

I wish we'd never seen the illustrations of the stiltlike legs at all! We'd have saved a lot of grief. For the original plan, worked out by the special-effects people, was to have the machines—which were to be miniatures—rest on 3 pulsating beams of static electricity serving as legs.

The idea was to use a high-voltage electrical discharge of some one million volts fed down to the legs from wires suspended from an overhead

rig on the sound stage. A high velocity blower was used from behind to force the sparks down the legs.

We made tests under controlled conditions on our special-effects stage and they were spectacular. I couldn't have been more delighted.

But there was one great problem. It was dangerous to generate a million volts on a regular sound stage. It would be too easy for the sparks to jump to damp dust, dirt, metal or what have you. It could have killed someone, perhaps set the studio on fire.

So after the test opening scene we reluctantly gave up the electrical legs for the machine, although a great deal of hard work had already been expended on them.

It was in actuality as dangerous as we had wanted it to be on the screen!

war-machines were amazing miniatures

The Martian machine and its destructive rays, tho looming large on the screen, in reality was scaled down to one sixth real size when we filmed it.

We built 3 miniature machines, 42" in diameter and made out of copper to maintain the reddish hue always identified with Mars, the red planet.

They were flat, semi-disk shaped objects. We

gave them 3 distinctive features, a long cobra neck which emitted a disintegrating ray, an electrical TV camera type scanner on the end of a snakelike metal coil which emerged from the body of the machine, and wing-tip flame throwers.

Each machine was operated by 15 hair-fine wires connected to a device on an overhead track. By means of these wires we carried the electrical controls to make the cobra neck, the scanning eye and other portions operate properly.

This was indeed puppetry on a huge scale!

Here is another trade trick on how we made the triple-lensed scanner:

(Continued on page 56)



Defeat for the Martians comes miraculously at Earth's 11th Hour as they are overpowered by invisible invaders in their own alien blood systems: bacteria! A limp Martian tentacle extends from a crashed war craft at the conclusion of **THE WAR OF THE WORLDS** (Paramount 1953; HG Wells & Geo. Pal).

ORBITUARY DEPARTMENT

We are pleased to report that this Feature has met with your Overwhelming Approval. If 4 pages of pix are not enuf for you Space Buffs we may have to make this all-request

section a little meteor. Make your desires known to **SPACEMEN**, Dept. 4SJ, 915 So. Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles 35, Calif.



763-832

My Science Teacher told me there was a great astronomical scene in **THE INVISIBLE RAY**, which I believe starred Bela Lugosi & Boris Karloff. Could I please see it?—**BERO CRABTREE**, Muir Woods, Calif. (Dear Zero: There's nothing like trying to please a nd if this isn't the picture your teacher had in mind just let us know and we'll try again.—FJA.)



I read in a book somewhere, around 1953, about a movie called DREAM OF THE STARS. Would you please print a scene from it?—JORDIS LUDWIG, Butler, Penna. (I imagine you're referring to an article I did on Morris Scott Dollens' production, in the April 1953 issue of Hugo Gernsback's Science-Fiction Plus, in which I called the projected scientific film "a 'Clarke's Tour' of the Solar System, intended to propel its spellbound audiences millions of miles into space, with stops on the Moon, Mars and the other planets."—FJA

ORBITUARY DEPARTMENT



Your feature on Metal Monsters in FM #12 has whetted my appetite to see more automotons, especially of the interplanetary variety. Incidentally, is there any truth to the rumor that Robby the Robot had an oncestor who robbed from the wretch and gave to the pure: Robby Hood? — RICK SOUTHGATE, Snearysville, Col. (Rick, here's Robust Robert in a scene from *THE INVISIBLE BOY*, 1957, which MGM melodrama included a 250' rocket and "the top secret satellite space station." But how can you accuse a relative of Robby's of steel-ing when you know he has a heart of gold? —FJA.I



That rocket shown in ORBITUARY #1 from *SPACESHIP #1 STARTS* was as beautiful a model as the best of Hollywood. Can you repeat on this Bavarion film as it is unlikely I shall ever get to see the movie itself.— PAUL F. HAFER, Payette, Idaho. (Are you the same Hofer for whose fanzine, *Polaris*, I wrote a "Imogi-Movies" column many years ago?—FJA.I



FLASH GORDON is a Star Attraction to **ART EDELMAN** of Teaneck, NJ; **JOHN MULLET** of Gory, Ind.; and **EDDIE PYLER** of Uniondale, Long Island, NY; and here he is, in the person of **Buster Crabbe**, in a spot as tight as his trousers! **END**

Only the Aerial Brain of H.G. WELLS could, in 1936, have envisioned the Ships of Things to Come from 1940 to 2036 AD!

WINGS OF TOMORROW





John Cabal, Representative of "Wings Over the World" Organization of 1970.

Oswald Cabal, Space Age Chief of 2036 AD.



1000 Enemy Bombers attacking EVERY-town. Without warning!—myriads of man-made bumblebees droning ominously overhead, darkening the skies with their numbers, laying lethal eggs of death & destruction on civilization's cities—that was the way it began, a little way ahead, 4 years in the future when THINGS TO COME was current. When HGWells' mightiest motion picture burst upon the amazed world of 1936 like a premature atom bomb, the actual A-Bomb still lay cradled in its crèche in the Realm of Unborn Things, ticking till that time of terror 9 years hence when Mars, God of War, would call it forth to obliterate horror-stricken Hiroshima.

THINGS TO COME was not filmed in CinemaScope, it did not have Stereophonic sound; it was simply a self-contained miracle, and the thunder of its impact echoed 'round the world.

At a private showing in our nation's capital (it was reported) foreign ambassadors of every important country, the biggest government officials and most influential newspaper correspondents applauded the picture for 10 minutes at its conclusion. A quarter of a century later, *SPACEMEN* still applaud it.

stings over the world

"War is a highly stimulating thing," one character had argued; and "Yes, but you can overdo a stimulant," John Cabal (Raymond Massey) had rejoined. "If we don't end War, War will end us." Then War came like Instant Inferno—tragic, terrible, totalizing. A thousand winged messengers of death stinging the earth simultaneously with block-bursting explosions. Everytown in ruins. The world in shards & shambles. And the Wandering Sickness, like a plague revived from the Dark Ages, spread its zombie-virus across the pockmarked face of the shattered planet. It was difficult to believe that man would ever imitate the birds again and find his fallen way back to flight.

But away in Basra a band of foresighted savants had taken precautions against the smash of civilization, preserved a cell of science & sanity. And they emerged in 1970—these last of the engineers & mechanics, airmen & thinkers—as "the natural trustees of civilization when everything else had failed."

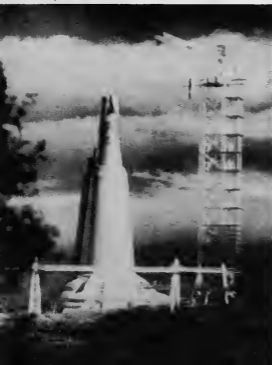


Pilot John Cobal in his Black Monoplane from Basra startles Barbarians of Ruined Everytown in 1970 with his Scientific Knowhow.



Autogiro of 2036 about to take off for the Space Gun.

Site of the Colossal Cannon which will shoot the Space Projectile Moonward.



The Boss of Everytown, a low-browed brigand (Ralph Richardson), dreamt of the arrival of the Basra airmen—"great ugly inhuman chaps in black, come bombing and bombing. But we'll fight 'em!" he boasts to his companion, Roxana. "What is this World Communications, anyhow? Some sort of air bus-drivers. My boys'll get 'em. They're not magic."

not magic? an armada!

But the superplanes of the winged technicians were flying fortresses, cloud-borne skyscrapers horizontalizing thru the upper air on roc's wings with the span of a city block. Each huge mechanized air monster big as a Tyrannosaurus rex, they immobilized the Boss and his people from the heights with a bombardment of the Gas of Peace, then parachuted down by the scores to write fins to the world of the warlord and the barbarians.

After that, man left the scarred face of Terra to burrow, mole-like, beneath the surface of the planet and construct a gleaming germ-free new Everytown architecture of glass and transparent metals.

By 2036 (much later than in reality) the great white well-ordered world was ready for its first moonshot! (Here even Wells was overcautious in prediction and inexplicably unscientific in his selection of a long-outmoded Verneque device for transporting humans to our neighboring satellite—a space cannon!)

Oswald Cabal (again Raymond Massey) is the grandson of John Cabal, who was the head of the Wings Over the World organization that tied up the old world. As President of the Council of Direction, Oswald is concerned, in the last reel of the film, with the controversial Space Proposal.

250' higher than the (long since destroyed) Empire State Bldg. stands the Space Gun, a towering 1500' tall. It has passed all preliminary tests and now nothing remains but the selection of the pair to ride inside the big bullet to the moon.

human jello blobs

There was criticism even in 1936 by astronautics experts like Arthur C. Clarke,



Spacious living quarters in Wellston Wonder World of 2036.

Wm Temple & Willy Ley, who realized that such a device as the space cannon was impractical for sending living people into a circumlunar orbit; nevertheless it did, admittedly, provide a spectacular visual climax for the classic.

Catherine Cabal, daughter of Oswald, wants earnestly to go to the moon with her sweetheart, Maurice Passworthy. Maurice's father has been influenced by Theotocopulos (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), spokesman for the anti-lunar faction of Everytown-2036, unimaginative timid souls who fear that they will be forced to travel into jet-liners for drab outposts of our own earth . . . other, perhaps, than soldiers; and military forces, of course, no longer exist in the broadly peaceful world of the 21st century.

Passworthy demands of Cabal: "Why do you let your daughter *dream* of going on this mad moon journey?" And Cabal answers: "Because I love her. Because I want her to live to the best effect. Dragging out life to the last possible second is not living to the best effect. Our fathers and our fathers' fathers cleaned up the old order of things because it killed children, it tortured people in vain, because it was an ugly spectacle of waste. But there is nothing wrong in suffering *if* you suffer for a purpose."

all—or nothing at all

Theotocopulos precipitates a crisis. Angry



Adam & Eve of Space are secured in belly of the Big Bullet shortly before Lunar Launching.

crowds surge to destroy the Space Gun. "There is the man who would offer up his daughter to the Devil of Science!" cries Theotocopulos to the mob. Cabal calls back across a chasm, a chasm both physical & mental: "*Beware of the concussion!*"

Masses run to destroy the Gun. The music mounts. Tension ticks thru the countdown to zero-takeoff.

The Colossus coughs.

The projectile, with its human cargo, is launched. Cabal & Passworthy follow its trajectory on a giant telescopic screen. Monstrous or magnificent, this assault on the universe? Cabal philosophizes: "For Man, no rest and no ending. First this little planet and its winds and ways, then the planets about us; and at last—out across Immensity, to the stars. It is this—or that. ALL the Universe . . . or nothing."

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

WHICH SHALL IT BE?



"There! There they go!" On Lens of Super Telescope proud father Oswald Cabal locotes Moon Capsule bearing his daughter and his friend's son on their Epic Lunar Journey.

END



It might prove a little tough to talk to this Space Guy but at least you'd have no trouble seeing Eye to Eye with him; (The Master Mind Monster from the Planet Gordonalex, featured in Allied Artists' ATOMIC SUBMARINE, 1959.)



**HOW TO SAY
HELLO TO
A
MARTIAN**

"It is not an easy matter," says William F. Temple,
a member of the British Interplanetary Society



The English Lesson with The Blood Beast seems to have progressed (?) as far as "This is a knife."
(Martin Varno's Creature from Galaxy 19 in THE NIGHT OF THE BLOOD BEAST.)

Most movie fans are familiar with the scene that shows the first meeting between Earthmen and Marsmen, or people of other planets; and many and varied are the methods used to enable the 2 races to converse with each other. The commonest method is little short of cheating—for here the scripter supposes that Martians can at least speak, even if they *do* have tentacles and purple spots all over their bodies. Since the Martians have the right kind of anatomy for speaking, they also have their own language, and all the Earthmen have to do is learn it.

There is nothing new in this method, of course. Every explorer who has happened

upon a primitive tribe has used it. He thumps himself on the chest and says "Man" several times. The native cocks his head and then finally points to the explorer and repeats "Man." The explorer nods and looks happy. Then he points to the native and tries to look as tho he is asking a question. The native replies with his own equivalent word for "Man." From that beginning it is merely a matter of time and persistence before the 2 people can converse as well as they need.

Now that is all very well for darkest Africa—or any other place where the natives have vocal chords. But Martians *may* not have these structures that seem to be essential to speech. (Of course, we are not



This is the best kind, the interplanetary Man with the Vox Box Vest which automatically takes care of the translation. (THE MAN FROM PLANET X, 1951.)

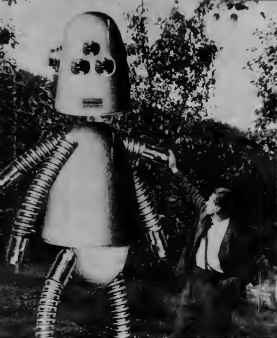
limiting this discussion to Martians—who probably do not exist anyway—but are considering *any* alien race.) They may not be like men at all. They may be like birds or lizards, or fish. Not only do these types of creatures not have vocal chords, but they may be deaf too. What happens in a case like that?

Well, you could try mouthing the words and hope that the alien creatures would learn to lip-read by linking up the shape of your lips with the thing you are pointing to. But you probably would not get very far that way. It might be better to use a graphic means of communication—pictures & diagrams. This assumes, naturally, that the alien can hold a writing or drawing instru-

ment.

Perhaps the first thing you would do is draw a simple map of the solar system, a set of circles representing the orbits of the planets with the Sun at the center. You point to yourself and to the 3d planet from the Sun. Then you point to the Martian and to the 4th planet from the Sun. If the Martian has any sense worth speaking of, it will not be long before he sees what you are driving at. After that, the pair of you simply have to increase your “vocabularies” of pictures.

If you had landed on Mars you could have drawn your pictures in the desert sand, and the Martian, if he were a lizard, could have used his tail to draw diagrams.



If you meet a Maan Man like this from *Metal Luna* it might be a wise precaution to have Rabby the Robot along as an interpreter. (From "The Wizard of Wuppertal", starring Klaus Unbehaus.)

If Venus is discovered to be a Sea World, it may have spawned such a Denizen of the Deep as this. (Citizen of "Venus" actually MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD. A production shot courtesy of the Producers.)



And you would both be under a clear sky, in which case the Martian would be aware of the Sun and possibly of the planets. But if you had landed on a planet like Venus you might find that there is no land at all, that the planet is one enormous ocean, that the sky is always opaque with clouds, and that the creatures of the planet are fish. This is no place for drawing a picture of the Sun in sand!

Perhaps you would go down in a diving suit—your spacesuit would probably do—and try to communicate with the goggle-eyed fish by gesturing at them. Ordinary fish might have difficulty talking back, but something like an octopus could wave its tentacles about. Still, perhaps this approach is too simple.

Quite a number of fishes on Earth normally "talk" to each other in a crude kind of way—for sound travels perfectly easily in water. Whales, for example, can be heard bellowing from miles away. So you might be able to use a sound language for the alien fish-men after all. Dr. Hans Hass did a roughly similar thing in the Red Sea not long ago. He played a record of the "Blue Danube" beneath the surface and the fish for miles around came and danced to it—in a fishy manner, of course, and not with ballroom technique!

Now there is another method that authors sometimes use to get over the language problem, and that is telepathy—thot-reading and thot-sending. For a very long time hard-headed people laughed at the idea of telepathy, but strictly controlled scientific experiments are indicating that it really is possible. Professor C. D. Broad of Cambridge University, Prof. H. H. Price of Oxford University and the late Dr. C. E. M. Joad of London University have all stated their convictions that telepathy is "an experimentally established fact."

But it's being a fact does not make it very useful, and everyone concerned will readily admit that telepathy has not yet been brought under real control. Nobody can switch it on & off, as it were, and either speak or not speak. So, before we could communicate telepathically with alien creatures, we would have to find some way of making telepathy as easily controlled as ordinary speech.

Even then, we come up against the difficulty that the thoughts of the aliens may



Wonder if he's read any good books lately? (THE BEAST WITH 1,000,000 EYES.)



This Unicarneaed Unicarneaed seems more inclined to make a meal than a friend out of the unfortunate individual. "But you were supposed to grasp my language, not me!" (From THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD, Ray Harryhausen artistry, used to illustrate possible Cyclopean life of another planet.)

Don't be fooled by the expression on the face of this Person from Planet 2; note his arm raised in friendly fashion denoting "Hi!" (IT CONQUERED THE WORLD, 1956.)



be of a different *kind* from those we have ourselves. It is hardly likely, for example, that dogs think in the same kind of way as we do; their world is not so much sight and sound as *smell*. If we want to get into telepathic communication with dog-like creatures, we will have to train ourselves in thinking concretely in terms of smell.

Should the aliens be something like bats, we may have to do our thinking to them in the form of mental sound images. For the bat senses the world as a pattern of echoes of the high squeaking noise it emits constantly when in flight.

So much for telepathy. But there may be other ways in which aliens normally communicate—ways which to us are quite meaningless or unobservable. They may talk at such a high pitch that we cannot hear what they are saying, let alone understand it. The human ear can pick up sounds that occur only in a fairly narrow range of pitch; sounds that are higher or lower do not register. Or the aliens might use some language that utilizes light. We could see it only if the light were of a wavelength within the normal visual band. If the aliens used infra-red or ultra-violet light, we should not be able to see what they were saying.

You can see now, perhaps, that conversation with aliens is not likely to be as simple as some movie makers would have us believe.

Professor Lancelot Hogben thinks that we should start looking into the question now by sending radio messages out into space in the hope that some intelligent race will pick them up and answer us. It is possible that aliens are already trying to communicate with *us*—the Northern Lights, the "radio stars," and various cosmic noises may be messages from space.

If they are, the aliens probably think that humans are too dumb to understand, for nobody is trying to decode them or answer them. And how *could* we try to answer? What kind of language should we use? Professor Hogben has devised a scheme for this purpose, based on numbers—which all intelligent creatures should be able to understand. The language is known as *Astraglossa*, which means "Star-Tongue."

Professor Hogben's idea is that we should



If you meet a Planet "Man" like this one, forget about teaching him your language and start learning his feska vida (that's Planetarian for "very quick"!)



Now here's a real problem in extraterrestrial communication! No eyes, no ears, no mouth! Well, at least they can See na evil, Hear na evil and Speak na evil! (EARTH vs. THE FLYING SAUCERS, 1956.)

As another illustration (Universal's GIANT MANTIS) the Intelligent Life on Another World might be insect rather than animal.



set up a radio station that will continuously send out dot and dash pulses in the form 1, 2, 3. A radio receiver would be constantly alert for a repetition of this signal, an indication that a race in space had picked up the message and was sending it back as a sign that they understood. Then we modify our transmitter to send out the message: $1+2+3=6$, using groups of dots to represent the plus and the double bar. In this way, the Professor thinks, could be built up quite a complicated system of communication. The only drawback is that, even if the alien race were in the vicinity of Earth's nearest star, we would have to wait eight years between sending out a message and getting an answer, for that is how long the radio wave would take to cover the double distance. Obviously, we are not going to get on speaking terms with star people very quickly!

Then, of course, there is the question of speed of thinking. We all know some people who think much more quickly than average, and other people who think much more slowly than average. The rates are close enough together to make both intelligible, even if sometimes a little boring. But suppose a person tried to communicate with you by saying one word—or perhaps even one syllable—every day or every week. You probably would not realize that he is talking at all. You would think he is merely making noises!

And there is no reason why some alien races may not be very slow or very rapid thinkers. Creatures who live on frozen planets might be sending us a radio message in the form of one dash a month. Who is going to recognize the sense in that? An alien who lives in a fiery inferno may have thought processes that proceed with the speed of light. His radio message would be composed of words tumbling so closely one upon the other that they would be meaningless to even the most alert listener. Similarly, our own messages, if sent out in the way envisaged by Professor Hogben, might fall on sluggish or lightning-speed minds, and so be ignored.

There seems to be little doubt about it—the only practicable way to get in touch with the races of other planets is to go there in person. And even then—well, you see what I mean!

END



Of course there's a forout chance that the life on another world might resemble something humon—but on a Giant scale. In a cose (as illustrated by this Genie in *THE THIEF OF BAGDAD*, 1940) like this, there'd be not only a Languoge Borrier to over-come but a Sound Borrier!



Servadac & Denning gaze in awe at their Own Earth from the viewpoint of their temporary dwelling in the Valley of Dragons on the Verne World.

JULES VERNE'S LOST WORLD

We're Off On A Comet for A Wild Ride and Wilder Adventure on An Interplanetary Preview of Columbia's VALLEY OF THE DRAGONS.

Eons ago (so the story goes) a comet struck the Earth a glancing blow, knocking off a fragment inhabited by prehistoric life. In 1881 the comet returns, scooping up Capt. Hector Servadac & Michael Denning and transporting them

THE VALLEY OF THE DRAGONS itself, where Mastodons and Armadillos as Big as Elephants terrorize Cavemen.



to the little world of living Neanderthals.

Planetoid One Million B.C.

In this strange world of Verne's imagination (and Hollywood's re-creation) unknown birds fly overhead . . . a dinosaur hattles to the death with some huge unnamed beast . . . the Earthmen themselves must fight a giant spider . . . a great mastodon attacks Servadac & Denning, who get separated in the process.

Servadac is discovered by Deena, a beautiful female specimen of the River People.

Denning is befriended by the Cave People when he saves their chief from an attack by a musk-ox.

Strange sights and creatures abound in the picture. Servadac has a fierce fight with an immense prehistoric monster which is menacing a 10-year-old girl. Later, Servadac & Deena are attacked inside a cavern by a flying reptile akin to Earth's teranodon. Deena escapes but is captured by a group of Morlock-like barbarians, great shaggy bleached creatures with horrihlc claws.

A dormant volcano erupts as an aftermath of an earthquake. Denning, who has found and rescued Deena in the meantime, barely escapes with the girl from the incandescent horror of the molten lava. Deena & Servadac are reunited.

Word reaches the River People that the Cave People are being besieged by an onslaught of dinosaurs. Servadac hastily constructs several sulphur-charcoal-saltpeter bombs and, together with a party of River tribesmen, rushes to the aid of the beleaguered Cave People.

With his home-made gunpowder Servadac blasts a number of huge rocks free from the side of a cliff and the resultant avalanche buries the fierce plateosaurs which have been attacking the Cave People.

Formerly enemies, the Cave People & River Folk become friends after having fought together in a common cause against their mutual greater enemy, the Dinosaurs.

Calculations suggest that in 7 years the comet will once again pass close enough to Earth that Servadac & Denning will be able to figure out a way to return—provided they want to leave Deena & Nateeta, the two Comet girls who attract them as strongly as gravity. **END**

A Subhuman Neanderthal, Ferocious Inhabitant of the Cometary World.



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The Army takes measures to repel the Creatures from Planet 4.

It was actually thick plastic with hexagonal holes cut in it. Behind these, rotating light shutters gave a flickering effect.

But in creating the flicker we got into fresh trouble. We got a strobatach effect, the sort of thing you see in a movie of wagon wheels in which the turning spokes seem to go faster, then slower when they are in conflict with the camera shutter speed. Our answer was to very carefully regulate the shutter speed behind the head.

These vicious-looking fire rays emanating from the machines were burning welding wire. As the wire melted, a blow torch set up behind, blew the wire out. The finished result looked highly realistic.

artwork plays important part

Before we ever started shooting the picture, more than 1000 sketches were prepared by Nozaki supervised by Art Director Pereira, working in close collaboration with Director Byron Haskin. These showed their conception of how combined live action and special effects, or each of them separately, would look.

Originally, they were rough sketches but by the time we were ready to begin shooting in January, 1952, detailed drawings were completed and inserted at the

proper places in the script to guide Director Haskin, Cameraman George Barnes, A.S.C., and the rest of the crew.

It isn't customary to detail so carefully what each scene and camera setup will look like but in a science fiction film of this type it is vitally necessary to hold down costs and production time.

Nozaki's drawings were especially valuable in the extensive sequence showing the evacuation of Los Angeles and the attack on the city by the Martian machines. Both live action and special-optical-effects were extensively mixed in these complex scenes.

In addition to shooting the downtown section of Los Angeles in real life, we created it in miniature on a sound stage.

small models mean big headaches

Minatures are becoming a worse headache with each picture made. I've learned that even the teen-agers can spot them in most films these days.

We absolutely had to maintain an aura of credibility and authenticity for our story. This tends to give those expensive ulcers you read about to special-effects men and producers.

As a result we built minatures more carefully than ever before. We strove for lifelike authenticity by making them

larger. Our Los Angeles City Hall miniature, for example, was 8' tall.

Quite a few experts told me that they couldn't distinguish between the minatures and the real thing which really made me feel proud.

how to film a panic

A check was made with Civil Defense Authorities before staging the evacuation scenes in order to incorporate the latest techniques for such an emergency.

Automobiles, rather than taxicabs, were the requirements for the 900 extras hired for the sequence. We wanted a traffic jam.

One of the scenes turned out to be unrehearsed real life. During the filming we heard one day that there had been a crash on the Hollywood Freeway which had caused a bad traffic tie-up. A camera crew was rushed to the spot like a newsreel staff, and caught the scene.

We needed a deserted city. Ours was Los Angeles at 5:00 a.m. on a Sunday morning. Its normally clear streets at that hour were enforced by police outposts hooked up with our company by walkie-talkie.

It was hard work to frame a panic evacuation scene—but even more work to clean up the fallen masonry, rubble, papers and trash scattered for blocks up and down the center of one of America's largest cities afterwards!

real life vs. reel

Here's an example of how we tied in special-effects with the real-life evacuation:

We photographed a street on the back lot. With this we matched 4" x 5" ektachrome still shots of Bunker Hill in downtown L.A. These were rephotographed on Technicolor film.

A hand-painted matte, done on an 8" x 10" blowup, then reduced to regulation 35 mm. film frame size, of the sky, background, flame-effects and the Martian machines was then matched with the live action.

This complicated business was accomplished in the special-effects camera department with large, expensive, custom-built, optical printers under the direction of Paul Lerpae. The optical printer cameras were mounted on lathes with adjustments calibrated down to 1/10,000 of an inch. They had to be in that great detail. The tiniest mistake made on a single film frame is magnified 200 times on an average-sized screen, even more on the modern wide screens.

FOR WAR OF THE WORLDS the optical-effects department painted between 3 & 4000 celluloid frames for us!

In one brief flash in the picture an "army colonel" Vernon Rich, himself a science fiction fan as well as actor is disintegrated by a Martian machine. It

took exactly 144 mattes of his inked-in figure to accomplish this illusion.

the army vs. the aliens

But everything I've described so far was just a practice session for the biggest hurdle of them all. The single, most difficult sequence to create in the entire picture was when the United States Army attacked the Martian machines and they fought back.

First we did the easy part—the live action with our cast and the National Guard on location near Phoenix, Arizona. For 2 days the outfit went thru maneuvers while our cameramen shot scenes of them defending our country against Martians.

Then the special-effects boys went to work. First, matte shots of trees and a command post were made. Then miniatures of a gully where the actors could hide and the approaching Martian machines were photographed.

Next the rays and explosions were inserted. After that came the bright yellowish foreground explosions.

In all we had 5 complicated processes to contend with. *At times we made as many as 28 different exposures to get one single final color scene!*

For a scene where an attacking tank is disintegrated, we inked in the tank outline on an opaque matte. Then we changed the color to red, then to red-blue. We got a flaring out of sudden flame from the tank by using diffusion glasses. Here was the spot where we switched from red to yellow. Afterwards we photographically "dodged in" the burnt areas around the area where the tank had been.

home-made atom bomb

When the United States forces drop an atom bomb on the Martians we had to come up with a gimmick to protect the invaders in this crisis. Special-effects devised a large, plastic bubble, 5' in diameter.

First, the machine was filmed alone. Then we photographed the explosion and the bubble and superimposed that negative over the first to get the final result.

There was no clearance needed for the facsimile of the atom bomb we used. It was a stunt engineered right on the sound stage by powder expert Walter Hoffmann, who was 81! He got his effect by petting a collection of colored explosive powders on top of an air-tight metal drum filled with an explosive gas. Rigged up with an electrical remote control, its second try reached a height of 75' with the mushroom top of the real thing.

astronomical artist #1

While producing both DESTINATION MOON and WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, I had employed the unique talents of artist Chesley Bonestell. I naturally wanted him back for WAR OF



The downtown district of great West Coast metropolis Los Angeles is on inferno as the Military Might of Mars sears everything in its path.

THE WORLDS. When he came he served a double role.

A series of his paintings of the planets in our solar system were shown during the prologue with the voice of Sir Cedric Hardwick impersonating that of H. G. Wells in describing why the Martians were forced to migrate from their planet:

"No one would have believed that human affairs were being watched keenly and closely by intelligences greater than man's and yet as mortal as his own. No one gave a thought to the older worlds of space as sources of human danger, or thought of them only to dismiss the idea of life upon them as impossible or improbable. Yet, across the gulf of space, minds that are to our minds as ours are to those of the beasts that perish, intellects vast and cool and unsympathetic, regarded this earth with envious eyes, and slowly and surely drew their plans against us.

"Looking across space, with instruments and intelligences such as we have scarcely dreamed of, they saw, at its nearest distance only 35,000,000 miles sunward of them, our own warmer planet, green with vegetation and gray with water—a star of hope

to those inhabitants of a world far gone in its cooling. L L L

"And before we judge of them too harshly we must remember what ruthless and utter destruction our own species has wrought."

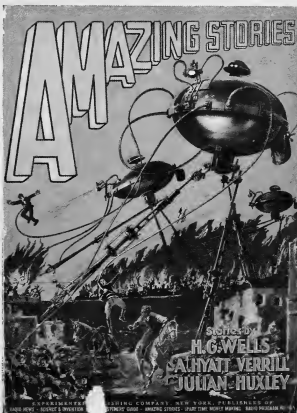
—HG WELLS

Most of Bonestell's paintings were made on canvas of standard size but in the case of Jupiter he painted on glass. He created a mural 7' x 4' showing Jupiter's rugged terrain, leaving cut-out areas in order that the special-effects department could insert lifelike looking streams of molten lava coursing down the mountainsides.

troublesome planets

Bonestell was also our trouble shooter in his role of technical adviser. He's the one who questioned accuracy when screenwriter Barre Lyndon gave the night temperature on Mars. As Dr. Robert S. Richardson, Mt. Wilson Observatory solar specialist affirmed, we have never seen the night side of Mars then telescopes so we can only guess at the temperature. Better cut it out.

Then there was the Saturn incident. The script had presented the planet as peaceful and quiet. Bonestell advised that the lands around Saturn—not the



The Striding Terrors as described by Wells and depicted by artist Frank R. Paul, on the cover of *Amazing Stories* for August 1927. In the film they become The Gliding Terrors. (Paul Cover Reproduction Courtesy Copyright Holder Hugo Gernsback, Father of Scientifiction.)

famous rings—appear stormy.

As contact man between us and Mr. Wilson and scientists at California Institute of Technology—which we called Pacific Tech in the picture—Bonestell kept us on the right track.

Unfortunately for the straining ingenuity of the creators, you aren't thru with a science fiction film when it looks right: It's got to sound right too!

the sounds of super-science

Just what does an out-of-this-world

cry or noise sound like? Gene Garvin, our dubbing mixer, took on this problem and pondered and tested it for 3 months.

How would a Martian scream sound? The boys pondered a long time on that one. Finally they arrived at the unusual conclusion of scraping dry ice across a contact microphone and combining it with a woman's high scream recorded backwards!

It was the weirdest sound anyone has yet come up with for one of my pictures.

The vibrating, almost singing noise of the machines themselves was a magnetic

recorder hooked up to send back an oscillation sound.

The eerie sound of the Martians' death ray was chords struck on three guitars, the sounds amplified, then played backwards and reverberated.

martians vs. teenagers

The nerve strain on co-ordination in a film like *WAR OF THE WORLDS* is tremendous. If one department lets you down the whole illusion can be spoiled no matter how the others have knocked themselves out for perfection. You get so wrapped up in your own particular problems and your part of the teamwork that by the time the film is in the can the whole thing is sort of a haze.

You've knocked yourself out on details and technicalities so that when someone asks you, "Is it good?" you can't answer "yes" or "no" for sure. The whole thing is a blur. A conventional picture is considerably easier to produce and judge.

That's why the first sneak preview at the Paradise Theater in Westchester, a Los Angeles suburb, had all those who worked on the film slightly off this world's gravity. We'd used our imagination and ingenuity—given it everything we had. Was it good or was it ripe for blasé teenagers' laughter?

It was a fine feeling which the 'cast and creators shared when the preview cards came in "good." Just to make sure that this favorable audience wasn't an exception, we staged a second sneak preview in nearby Santa Monica. Another top response. Then we really relaxed.

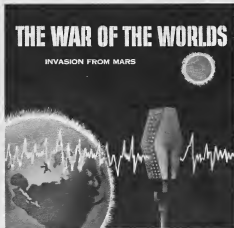
Those Friday nite audiences of youths from 12 to 25 in jeans and leather jackets are the toughest audiences in the world to please. We were satisfied that, if they took our version of HGWells, we'd made the grade.

Uncurling our fingers, almost arthritic with crossings, the print was shipped to New York. But was it time to vacation? Not by a planetful! *CONQUEST OF SPACE*, *THE NAKED JUNGLE*, *TOM THUMB*, *THE TIME MACHINE*, *ATLANTIS*, *THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO*—these lay ahead, and many man hours of intense concentration and experimentation would have to be got behind many of us before the behind-the-scenes work on them was done and they were ready for presentation to the public. THE END

After *The End of THE WAR OF THE WORLDS*: George Pal need not have got knots in his fingers for his effort earned the Ackerman Award for Scientific Excellence. **END**

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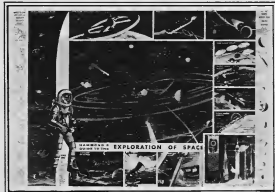
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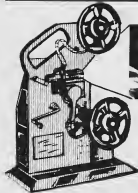
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