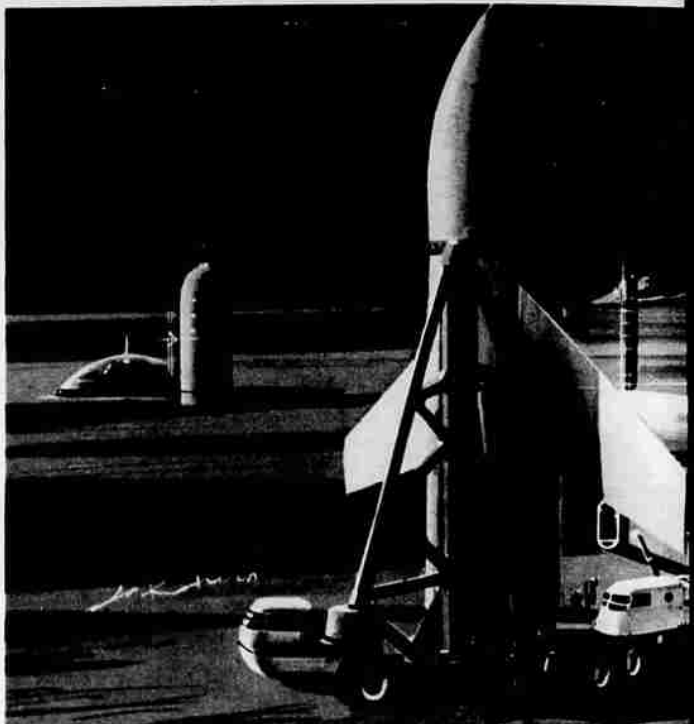


Come Aboard on a Trip to the Moon!



In a few short years, you'll be able to rocket your way through

A TICKET to the moon on next Thursday's rocket, please."

The year is 1975. The scene is a travel agent's office. And the speaker—that could be you.

Fantastic? Not at all. Our first manned landing on the moon should take place in 1967, and within a few years after that, lunar vacations should be relatively commonplace.

All you will need will be the price of a round-trip ticket (probably several thousand dollars) and the ability to pass a minor physical checkup. After that, you will be whisked to Cape Canaveral, Fla., via ballistic passenger liner (as described in FAMILY WEEKLY, Sept. 2, 1961). You might spend a short time in the beautiful resort city of Cocoa Beach before boarding the majestic silvery Nova rocket that will take you out of this world.

Just before flight time, a bus picks up you and the other lunar tourists at the rocket port and takes you to a van at the launch complex.

Here you put on your space suit, which is much lighter and less cumbersome than the ones used by our first astronauts. The suit is form-fitting, cotton-lined, and has a helmet which becomes an oversized collar when not in use. You'll wear this suit during the entire trip except in the hotel on the moon.

The gantry elevator takes you up to the Nova passenger cabin, which is in the third-stage section of the three-stage rocket. The stewardess directs you to your contour couch, checks your seat belt, and secures the air-lock doors. You can

hear the conversation over the ship's intercom between the pilot and blockhouse. When the countdown reaches zero, you hear a tremendous roar as the 4,500-ton rocket lifts away.

When its fuel is gone, the first stage of the rocket separates and is recovered by a special patrol boat 300 miles out in the Atlantic. The second stage also separates when empty and is picked up.

The third-stage section in which you are riding fires until it reaches a speed that will allow it to coast to the moon in 55 hours. Then the motor shuts off, and you are weightless. After a few moments, the pilot announces over the intercom, "Lunar tourists, you are on your way. You may open your helmets and unfasten your seat belts if you wish to float around the cabin."

The Newest in Bird's-Eye Views

There are grab rails along the aisles so that you can pull yourself about. At a porthole you watch the earth through binoculars and enjoy the beautiful spectacle once reserved for astronauts. You gaze at the glorious, star-studded heavens and then at the moon, which already appears larger than you have ever seen it.

"Meal time," says the stewardess.

Everyone returns to his seat and fastens himself in. The food is in a hinged-lid pan which clamps onto your knee. A fork, pincher tongs, and a plastic squeeze bottle for beverages are clamped on the side of the pan and connected to it by strings. All food is bite-sized. While you are chewing, the lid must be kept closed so your food doesn't float away.

Before the eight-hour sleeping period, you go

to the rest room to wash up. You fasten your belt to a hook and stick your hands inside a washing tube. Pushing a valve with your foot causes warm water to spray from several nozzles inside the tube. A fan in the bottom of the tube pulls the used water into a collector so little spheres of the liquid don't float about the room. You suds your hands and face, moisten a washcloth for rinsing, and then dry yourself on a cycling towel machine.

Sleeping weightless while strapped in your couch is the easiest thing to do in space. When you awaken, you eat breakfast, then the stewardess announces: "Those who wish to go outside the ship, please form groups of three and line up."

When it is your group's turn, the stewardess ushers you into the air-lock chamber and closes the inner door. You put on your gloves, plug the lines from the radio and the air-supply container on your belt into your collar receptacles, and close your helmet. The stewardess checks your equipment and makes sure your safety line is attached to a rail inside the air lock. Then she touches the decompress button, a sign reading "Vacuum" lights up, and the outer door opens to the black, star-speckled void.

Over her radio, the stewardess says: "Push yourselves gently out the door and you will drift away from the ship. By gripping your safety line and applying friction to it, you can stop and hover several yards from the ship. When you want to return to the air lock, draw on your line, hand over hand, until you drift back in."

While you are hovering in this immense emptiness, your companions hand you their camera