

EXPEDITION PLUTO

by Richard M. Elam

“The lieutenant doesn’t think you’ve got your mind on navigation, Rob,” Duff Ford was saying, as he and Rob Allison stood before a port of the rocket ship *Rigel* looking out over the sea of space.

“Does it show that much?” the lean young spaceman answered.

“We’ll find him, Rob,” the redhead answered. “Stop eating your heart out.”

“You never knew Jim Hawley, did you, Duff?” Rob asked.

“No, but from what I’ve heard of him, he’s quite a guy. Always smiling and bursting with friendliness.”

“That’s Jim,” Rob said, a tightness in his throat. “I sure would like to know what happened to him and the others on Pluto.”

“How come you didn’t get to go along on the first Pluto expedition?” Duff asked. “I thought you and Jim Hawley always went together.”

“I’ve been working with my brother in the States,” Rob replied. “As the new president of Interplanet Exploration, he’s been awfully busy.”

“There’s a real guy,” Duff said with admiration, “your brother Grant. I guess he’s the greatest spaceman who’s been born. And judging by your own record around the solar system, Rob, you’re not far behind him.”

“Thanks for the flattery,” Rob said, grinning.

It felt good to smile again. He hadn’t smiled since he’d learned about the break in communication from the Pluto expedition ship *Capella*. The breakoff had come suddenly after landing, and the source of the trouble was unknown. As soon as Rob had heard that the *Rigel* was going in search of the missing explorers, he had signed up for the trip as assistant to the navigator. He’d been grateful for the companionship of young Duff Ford, a likeable fellow he’d met in space school. Duff was a regular crewman, an air purifier, on the *Rigel*.

Duff was speaking again. “Think we’ll get by the big boy there with the halo?”

Rob looked at the giant, glowing pearl of Saturn, which had been growing before their eyes for the past couple of days. Though placid and beautiful against the velvet sky, the ringed planet was a real menace to the *Rigel*.

“Lieutenant Stone said it’s going to be a tight squeeze,” Rob answered. “We hope we’ve got enough rocket power to fight off the terrific gravity pull of Saturn and his moons.”

“I can’t understand why we couldn’t go on a beeline to Pluto without even coming close to the other planets,” Duff said. “Pluto is a long ways off the plane of the outer planets, isn’t it?”

“We could,” Rob answered, “if it weren’t for floating clouds of explosive hydrogen which have been found to exist outside of the plane of the ecliptic. That’s why we have to stay in close until we’re past Neptune.”

“Won’t Uranus and Neptune give us trouble?” Duff asked. “They’re pretty big too.”

“Uranus is far around on his orbit, and Neptune is heading away from us. However, we’ll see Neptune at a distance.”

Hours later Rob was in the navigation compartment with Lieutenant Stone, his immediate superior.

They were leaning over a level ground-glass screen upon which were a projected television image and a panel of dials. In the middle of the scene was poised the oblate sphere of Saturn and its spinning necklace of millions of meteoric particles. Scattered about were globes of varying sizes, which were Saturn's moons. The screen surface was roughened to take pencil marks. A tiny dot represented the *Rigel*, and arcs were drawn to show the motions of all the objects.

"Our closest approach to the planet will be here at point 'X'," spoke the navigator. Glancing at his watch, he added, "We've got about five minutes to go."

As they waited, Rob went over to the side port where he could watch the luminous planet directly. He thought he had never seen a sight so beautiful. Saturn was banded with color layers something in the manner of Jupiter, only in softer tints. Riotous masses seethed and tossed in the cauldron of fury beneath the apparently paper-thin girdle of shaded bands.

"It's gorgeous—but deadly too," Lieutenant Stone commented.

"Yes, sir," Rob murmured, "and I'm in no mood for a bath of methane and ammonia. We've got to get to Pluto; that's the only thing that's important!"

At zero hour, all rockets were blowing at full capacity. Rob could feel the *Rigel* bending to the implacable will of the big world. As the ship's nose was pulled inward, the young spaceman could see the anxiety on his superior's face.

"I hope we've calculated this thing correctly, Rob," the lieutenant said tightly. "The ship should begin to turn tail on Saturn in a little while."

But the *Rigel* still had not turned after twenty, nor even forty, minutes.

"We're losing ground!" Lieutenant Stone said, checking a dial on the screen. "Something's wrong! But that can't be!"

Rob went over to the screen, where the spectroscope dial showed that the globe was growing closer, although it was not visibly so. If the *Rigel* were not checked within a short time, the space ship would plunge into Saturn's poisonous atmosphere! Rob picked up a clipboard of papers and began studying it.

"I'd give anything if we were on the *Procyon* which took you and your brother to Jupiter!" Lieutenant Stone complained. "The *Rigel*'s built primarily for distance and hasn't a fraction of the *Procyon*'s rocket thrust!"

"There seems to be something wrong in the figures for Titan!" Rob suddenly spoke.

Lieutenant Stone looked over his shoulder. Silently the two went through the figures, inspecting every equation where the numbers appeared relating to Saturn's largest satellite.

"The figures are wrong in two places!" the officer exclaimed. "No wonder we miscalculated the total gravity pull! Whoever prepared these notes back at the base will surely catch it! I guess we can't blame him too much, though. These figures were worked up on extra short notice for us."

"What're we going to do, lieutenant?" Rob asked. "The ship's on top power drive now!"

Lieutenant Stone explained the new development over the intercom phone to Spacemaster O'Leary. The skipper verified the fact that the *Rigel* was on full thrust. He said that there was no other alternative but to abandon ship and make for the moon Japetus in the two space boats and hope to be picked up later from there.

"We can't abandon the ship!" Rob burst out uncontrollably.

"And why not, Allison?" came the skipper's retort over the intercom.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I was thinking of the *Capella* and her crew!" Rob said. "What will happen to them?"

"That can't be helped I'm afraid," the skipper replied. "My first duty is to my ship and men. Both of you prepare to abandon ship."

When Spacemaster O'Leary had cut off, Lieutenant Stone said, "I'm sorry, Rob. I know how much you thought of Spaceman Hawley, but there's nothing more to be done. Better get together what stuff you want to take along."

However, as the officer began getting up his things, Rob remained at the screen, poring over it and a little mathematical machine called an electronic computer.

"Ready to go, Rob?" Lieutenant Stone asked sometime later.

"I think I've found something, sir!" Rob said, holding a place on the screen with his finger.

"A die-hard, if I ever saw one," murmured his superior, with an admiring grin. He came over to see.

"Scylla is known to have a slightly unpredictable orbit," Rob said. "During the past few minutes I've traced it cutting inward toward the planet. I've checked the moon's gravity-and-distance ratio on the computer, and I believe if we delay the abandon-ship for several more minutes we can pull free of Saturn and its family!"

"Let me see," the lieutenant said. They checked the slight movement of Saturn's tenth satellite, which had been discovered in 1963. Scylla was tiny, a dense ball of rock only three miles in diameter. But its diminishing gravity pull as it moved away could be enough to swing the balance in favor of the *Rigel*.

Lieutenant Stone agreed with Rob's finding in general, although in the brief time available there was no opportunity to make a positive measurement. He phoned the skipper, who was ready to send out the first space boat. Lieutenant Stone reported to him Rob's find.

"If you agree it's worth a chance, lieutenant, I'll play ball," the skipper replied.

As Rob stared apprehensively at the big planet from the side port, he tormented himself about whether he had done the right thing in suggesting what he did. Had the *Rigel* been abandoned, as was planned, all hands would have been saved. As things stood now, however, the entire crew might perish. Still, Rob could not really regret taking the responsibility. Times before, when there had been lives at stake, he had stuck by his convictions and had never failed to accept danger when that seemed the best move for all concerned.

Rob and Lieutenant Stone kept their eyes glued on the TV screen, particularly the speck that was Scylla and the slight motion it was describing. Rob felt shudders rock the space ship as great powers locked in combat.

Some minutes later, Lieutenant Stone checked the dials and said with a deep sigh of relief, "I think we've done it! Thanks, Rob!"

They had done it. The balance was swung in favor of the *Rigel* as Saturn's tiny companion continued to move away, giving up the fight. From now on the planet would appear to diminish in size, but it would be many hours before its commanding sphere would be lost among the other millions of lights in the heavens.

For days and days, nothing seemed to change in the endless depths of black space as the *Rigel* sped toward Pluto. There were the same monotonous patterns of stardust and the eternally broad sweep of the Milky Way and other remote galaxies. Only the distant planets grew and shrank in size. As the space ship neared Neptune, the big green world enlarged importantly. Rob and Duff, in an off-duty

hour, watched the frigid, lonely planet.

“Neptune reminds me a little of Earth,” Rob said.

Duff’s brows raised questioningly. “I can’t see *any* similarity. Why, Neptune is four times Earth’s diameter!”

“But Neptune’s mean surface gravity is the same as Earth’s because of its low density,” Rob replied. “Like Saturn, another big puffball, Neptune has a small rocky core surrounded by huge layers of ice and atmosphere. Both Neptune and Earth have a greenish cast, and each has a satellite of about the same size and at about the same distance away.”

“There’s one big difference, though, Rob,” Duff said. “Neptune’s a zillion times colder.”

“It’s still not as cold as we’re going to find Pluto,” Rob reminded him, “near absolute zero!”

The redhead made a wry face. “Why did you have to say that? It’s so warm and comfortable in here!”

As the *Rigel* drove onward, thousands of miles a minute, day upon day, Rob grew impatient to reach Pluto. He was thinking of Jim Hawley and the *Capella* crew undergoing unknown hardship and peril. The radio circuit with the ill-fated space ship had been left open in case she was able to get a message through. But none had come during all this time, and Rob was beginning to doubt that he would ever see his fun-loving friend again.

The day finally came when the *Rigel* hovered over the little planet, which was not quite as large a world as Mars. Rob and Duff, with some of the other crewmen in the pilots’ compartment, stared down upon trackless wastes of incredible frozen beauty. Ever since the ship had dropped low enough to reveal the dazzling surface features of the solar system’s most distant planet, no one had spoken. The bizarre landscape seemed to have awed everyone into a state of silent fascination.

Suddenly Duff broke the quiet. “Look, what a pretty blue lake!”

Rob saw the small body of water partly surrounded by a canyon of towering ice cliffs. In the twilight glow of stars and the weak sun, the lake and peaks sparkled with a clarity that reminded Rob of great jewels.

“It’s a lake rightly enough,” Spacemaster O’Leary said. “You can see the ripples, but that’s no water.” He checked the thermocouple. “It’s 348 degrees below zero Fahrenheit down there! That’s a lake of *liquid oxygen*. I’ve seen them on the dark side of Mercury.”

Rob gasped in astonishment. He had visited most of the planets, but there was nothing to compare with a wonder such as this.

Lieutenant Stone then spoke. “Those ice cliffs don’t look to be frozen water. Do you think they might be chunks of dry ice, sir?”

“That’s my opinion,” the spacemaster replied, “—solid carbon dioxide. Notice those other crystal peaks off to the right. They are probably ammonia. I’ve seen them on Mercury, too.”

There was a scant, dense atmosphere close to the ground—that had been known. It was a strange-looking substance, Rob thought. It lay like a blanket of gray-blue mist between the space ship, which was several thousands of feet up, and the ground below. The compressed atmosphere was filled with small clouds of icelike particles which floated lazily near the surface like tiny fish in a cosmic ocean. Everything about the scene suggested a terrible coldness almost beyond human realization.

“Our bearings indicate this is approximately the area where the *Capella* was last heard from,” the skipper declared. “But I see nothing of the ship. Do any of you?”

With the others, Rob strained his eyes to pick out a shiny cigar shape in the bleak stretches below. It seemed an impossible task, and he was reminded of an old analogy of the elusive needle in the haystack. There were broad areas of dark rock between the icebergs, filmed over lightly with rime. Such dark expanses could account for Pluto's weak solar reflection, Rob decided.

The *Rigel* cut its power to a low cruising speed and began making a detailed search. Scanning scopes were used to magnify the view, but the job promised to be a long and painstaking one.

Perhaps it would even take too long to be of any service to the *Capella*, Rob thought gloomily, as his scope swept the ground. His speculations then took an even grimmer turn. Perhaps the lake of oxygen had swallowed up the space ship! Or maybe the craft lay buried under layers of frost.

The hours of search, many of them, dragged by. At last the skipper called his crewmen together and make a pronouncement that shocked Rob.

"There's no purpose in keeping up the search any longer," he said decisively. "Even if we should find the ship now, we don't have enough fuel to land and blast off again. I'm afraid the elements have claimed the *Capella* and that the first expedition to Pluto will have to be written off the books."

"But, sir,...!" Rob burst out.

The spacemaster looked at him levelly.

"I'm sorry, Rob. I realize you've got a more personal interest in the *Capella* than the rest of us. But we're simply licked."

Rob turned away from him in abject despair and stared unseeingly out of the port. Filling his inner eye, to the oblivion of all else, was the sight of a grinning young spaceman, with a perpetually rumpled shock of blond hair. *He'd never see Jim Hawley again.* Knowing this, it was as though a part of himself had suddenly died.

As the *Rigel* headed away from the area over which it had cruised unsuccessfully for so long a time, a burst of static came over the long-silent, open circuit of the space ship's radio. Rob's heart thrilled with hope. Could it really be the *Capella* trying to make contact?

More static followed, then a muffled voice, barely audible, saying: "*Capella* to space ship. Can you hear?"

Spacemaster O'Leary scooped up the radio mike, eager as a child. "Yes! Yes! Give your location!"

The communication came over badly, but O'Leary found out that he was speaking to the *Capella's* skipper, Spacemaster Nielson. Port telescopes were pointed to the spot given as the location of the downed rocket. Rob focused his on the upright craft, which was buried in hoarfrost and situated on the top of a slope leading down into the blue oxygen lake. Rob realized that only the luckiest of glances could have picked up the camouflaged ship.

On the mike again, Spacemaster O'Leary asked, "Are all aboard the ship well?"

"We're all suffering from the cold," was the reply. "Remember we've been here for weeks, although it seems like years! We had to draw from the atomic reactor to make a heater, but that isn't adequate. Some of the men have frostbite. The ship is under a foot of frozen matter as you can see. The truth of the matter is we came woefully unprepared to tackle such an icebox!"

"How did you get marooned?" asked O'Leary.

"As soon as we landed, the frost began piling up," Nielson replied. "It clogged our jets and our aerial, which is the reason we lost contact with Earth. The hull defrosters were a complete failure. We just now got the antenna partially repaired after all these weeks. One of the crewmen, Jim Hawley, had to work

outside on it. He's taken an especially rough beating from the cold."

"I hate to tell you this," O'Leary said somberly, "but I don't know how we can save you." He explained about the lowered fuel supply. Then he reminded Spacemaster Nielson of the fact that even should the *Rigel* enter Pluto's atmosphere, she would most certainly be overcome by the same fate that had been the *Capella*'s.

Rob, hearing this, made a suggestion to Spacemaster O'Leary. "The two space boats may be able to go down there and back before the frost gets them, sir."

The *Rigel*'s commander looked at him gravely, "I can't ask a crewman to take a chance like that."

Rob looked at him steadily. "I'll pilot one of the boats myself, sir."

"You Allisons have more courage than sense," O'Leary retorted gruffly. "But you can try it."

Lieutenant Stone spoke up. "I'll take the other boat down, sir. Lieutenant Myers can fill in as navigator if I fail to get back."

Shortly later, as Rob climbed into one of the rescue craft, Duff Ford followed him, similarly clothed in a cumbersome space suit. "You may need some help, Rob," he said.

Rob smiled at him. "Thanks, Duff. I guess I would like some company."

Both youths carried heat guns, as did Lieutenant Stone, for blasting ice. The escape locks of the *Rigel* opened, and the boats slipped out into the vacuum of space. The life crafts were propelled by jets of compressed air and could seat nine men comfortably. Both boats would thus easily accommodate the sixteen crew members of the *Capella*. The suits worn by Rob and Duff were like those carried by the *Capella*'s crew on the expedition. They were heavily insulated, electrically heated, and contained air spaces for additional prevention of heat loss.

Rob dove quickly toward the planet's surface. Time was the important element in this venture. He saw the capsule shape of Lieutenant Stone's boat, which had gotten a head start, just below. Rob felt a steady battering against the hull as he neared the ground. This was caused by the suspended frozen particles in the atmosphere.

Rob opened the forward braking jets, which poured against the big flat area of dry ice beneath. A dense cloud enveloped the craft as the surface of the carbon dioxide was warmed and evaporated into gas.

The landing, therefore, had to be made more through judgment than through vision. When Rob felt a gentle bump under him, he felt immeasurably better.

"That was close!" Duff remarked over his helmet radio.

"I see the lieutenant landed safely too," Rob said. "He's getting out."

"He left his jets idling," Duff said. "Maybe we ought to do the same."

"Right," Rob agreed. Cutting down the engine power, he then jumped out with his heat gun, followed by Duff.

The *Capella* stood about forty feet away. The flat of dry ice was free of the cloud now, and visibility was good under the glow of the stars and the sun, which resembled a bright arc light. As Lieutenant Stone came over with his gun in hand, Rob was shocked to see a coating of frost growing over the officer's suit just like a fur covering! The same thing was happening to him and Duff, of course. Rob was grateful for the antifreeze compound which had been rubbed onto the facepiece of his helmet to keep vision clear.

"Let's get over there," the lieutenant said over his helmet radio.

Rob could already feel the insidious cold getting in to him, seemingly to the very marrow of his bones. The grimness of the situation was relieved to some extent as he saw Lieutenant Stone crunching along in front of him, clouds of vaporizing dry ice swirling comically upward with every step he took. It looked as though his boots were smoking!

The *Capella* was an awesome, frigid sight. Its prow jutted upward into the twilight sky like a gigantic icicle. It seemed unbelievable that anyone could still be alive inside such a desolate, arctic tomb. Rob and his companions made a quick search about the ship to see which place had the thinnest coating of ice on it.

“I believe the jet chambers are the easiest escape openings,” Rob suggested. “There’s less ice on them than anywhere else.”

Lieutenant Stone nodded. “Let’s start blasting.”

Dense white vapors poured over them from the generated heat as they fired upward into the jet cylinders. There were small, rocking explosions, and balls of fire burst before their eyes. Duff was knocked off his feet, and Rob and the officer were shaken. Duff rose again and valiantly went back to work with his companions.

“We must have ignited small amounts of explosive gases in the atmosphere,” Lieutenant Stone said.

The explosions began to be fewer, but the white vapors persisted. At last holes were opened in three of the large cylinders. Rob looked up, and presently space-suited figures appeared overhead in the opening he had blasted out. The men quickly hooked ladders, used for cleaning the jet chambers, over the side and started down—clumsily after the bitter ordeal they had gone through.

Some were so overcome by the raw cold they could scarcely walk when they were outside. One of the research scientists complained mournfully about having to leave his equipment behind. Each man was assisted across the ice to the waiting space boats. Spacemaster Nielson, who appeared in somewhat better shape than most of his men, helped in this.

“The engines have gone dead!” Duff noticed.

“I sure hope we can get them started up again,” the lieutenant groaned, helping the last crewman he was to take into his rocket.

Rob told Lieutenant Stone to go on, that he had only one more crewman to help out of the *Capella*. Lieutenant Stone got in, closed the door, and started up the stalled jets. They sputtered reluctantly, then began firing evenly. Rob was grateful to see the capsule shape lift safely into the sky a moment later.

Rob and Duff returned to the doomed ship and motioned for the last crewman at the top of the rocket shaft to come down. The space-suited figure was about to start when he suddenly collapsed and fell over on the floor up above!

“Give me a boost into the chamber,” Rob asked Duff.

Duff assisted him, and he caught hold of the lower rung of the ladder and pulled himself inside. It was an exhausting climb up the ladder in his bulky suit, and for a moment or two he thought he could not make it except for the man’s pressing need.

Finally he reached the floor level and leaned over the crewman who had collapsed. It was Jim Hawley, his face ashy gray with cold! Rob hastily propped him over his shoulders. In Pluto’s light gravity pull it was not too much of a load.

Carefully Rob started down the ladder. The icy glaze that encrusted the metal rungs was treacherous. A fall might easily be fatal, for a torn suit would bring quick death from the temperature.

Rob found Duff jumping up and down to keep warm. He looked like a frolicking polar bear in his frost-whitened suit. Gently Rob handed the limp body of Jim Hawley down to Duff. Then Rob leaped to the ground. Together they started off, supporting Jim between them. Suddenly Duff halted, jerking Rob backward. Rob turned and saw Duff pointing upward at the *Capella*, which was tottering on its base fins! The fire blasts had obviously upset the ship's balance.

Rob motioned for them to hurry. Just as they reached the space boat they felt the ground tremble. They turned and saw the space ship topple over with a ground-shaking crash and begin to roll down the slope toward the lake of liquid oxygen.

Rob gave a cry of fear.

"What's the matter?" Duff asked.

His voice came muffled over Rob's helmet. It seemed that the freeze was going to destroy their means of communication too. "When the ship reaches that lake, there's going to be a fierce explosion!" Rob replied.

"Why?" Duff inquired.

"Our heat guns warmed up the ship and when it hits the lake," Rob told him, "the liquid oxygen will reach its boiling point and vaporize with terrific force!"

Duff's steps quickened at this, and finally the two, with their burden, were at the craft. They blasted at the frozen seams of the door with their guns. Even in the few minutes' time, layers of frost covered the small rocket. White clouds and small explosions accompanied his and Duff's efforts.

The door had had to be closed in order to keep the crewmen inside from suffering even more from the bone-chilling temperature. Through the frosted window Rob could see the men pushing against the door with their feeble strength, trying to help.

Rob felt panicky. It appeared that the few minutes' delay in rescuing Jim might cost them their lives. He glanced down at the huddle on the ground that was Jim Hawley. If Jim didn't get out of this biting freeze in another minute, he would probably never survive it.

Suddenly remembering the terrible danger from the *Capella*, Rob glanced in its direction through an opening in the clouds. "There's a break!" he said hopefully over his radio. "An ice boulder has blocked the ship temporarily!"

In reply, Rob heard only a muffled squawk over his receiver. Their radios had succumbed to the freeze.

When it appeared that the door seams were free enough, Rob and Duff dropped their guns and began tugging on the door. Those inside pushed at the same time. With a tearing sound the door swung open. Rob and Duff helped Jim in swiftly.

"Keep him on his feet and moving!" Rob told them, forgetting for a moment that his radio was dead. He then made motions to show what he wanted them to do.

He jerked the door partially closed, took his pilot's seat, and started the jets. They choked and gave fitful bursts. Then they died. Rob grabbed up his heat gun and hopped outside. He crunched over dry ice to the rear of the space boat and began blasting into the jet tubes.

The numbing glacial cold seeped through his insulated boots and space dress. He stamped his feet as he worked. Now and then he cast a glance at the *Capella*, which was working free of the ice boulder and slipping downhill again. The instantaneous freezing nature of the climate was causing friction and helping to delay the huge craft to some extent.

A moment later, when Rob decided that the jet tubes were opened, a strange feeling came over him. It

was a mixture of giddiness and sleepy lethargy.

“You’re freezing to death!” his subconscious warned. “Get moving! Get moving!” He shook himself and staggered back on numb legs to the door of the space boat. His head cleared as he forced open the door with the help of Duff from inside. He crawled in and slumped into his seat, panting heavily and drinking in gulps of sweet oxygen.

He dared not even think what would happen if the jets should not fire this time. He switched on the power and slammed his foot against the choking pedal. The jets sputtered, then quickened, then purred with regularity! Rob heaved a mighty sigh and opened the throttle. The space boat lifted into the sky with a jolt that caused the weary passengers to tumble against each other.

When they were well above the ground, Rob motioned for Duff to keep his eyes on the *Capella*, which was nearing its destruction. A moment later they saw it plunge into the oxygen lake, and Rob flinched. There followed a ghastly flash and roar, a detonation that was as fierce as Rob had predicted. The two young spacemen felt some of the shock currents even at their height. But they were safely above the danger, and that was all that really mattered.

Some hours later the *Rigel* was heading earthward again. As soon as he was permitted, Rob paid a visit to the infirmary where most of the crew of the *Capella* lay for treatment. In one of the beds Rob saw a familiar smiling face and tousled sandy head that warmed his heart.

“Hi, hero!” Jim Hawley greeted. He had a comical appearance with his cold-reddened ears and nose.

“How are you doing, Jim?” Rob asked, pressing his shoulder gently.

“Fine. I’ve got some frostbitten appendages, but the doc says I won’t lose any of them, thanks to you.”

“Thanks to you, your whole crew was saved,” Rob countered. “If you hadn’t fixed that antenna....”

Jim looked thoughtful for a moment. “I guess it’s thanks to everybody on this trip, Rob.”

Thinking of the heroic work of Lieutenant Stone and Duff on Pluto and the other crewmen who had trusted their lives to his doubtful theory in the Saturn crisis, Rob had to agree with him. “You’re right, Jim,” he murmured. “This trip it’s ‘thanks to everybody.’ And I can’t say it too much.”

Source:

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