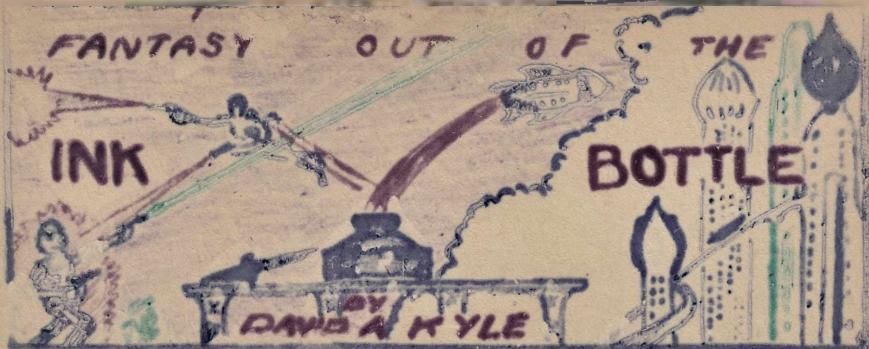


FANTASY
FICTION
TELEGRAM





Perhaps you have read all of the fairly numerous articles concerning science-fiction cartoons, which have been published in our contemporaries. If you have, you are familiar with all the present "phantasy" comics. If not, you undoubtedly have seen one or more of these strips.

But no matter what, I have no doubt that you are interested in them.

Rather than go over the ground already covered by writers on this subject, I shall present a new and different angle in this field with this article.

Let us start first with Buck Rogers. He shall go down in stf history as the first real pioneer of this type. All of the present cartoons have evolved because of the daring of two men, Lt. Dick Calkins and Phil Nowlan.

ART WORK: The daily strip is very crude. Its pen work is stiff, unnatural and childish. Calkins, the cartoonist, has a unique technique which is sometimes effective but most of the times, poor.

PLOT: The present plot concerns the difficulties in which Buck finds himself when the sly Venusian princess maneuvers him into a position that will force him to marry her. However, two "mysterious" persons

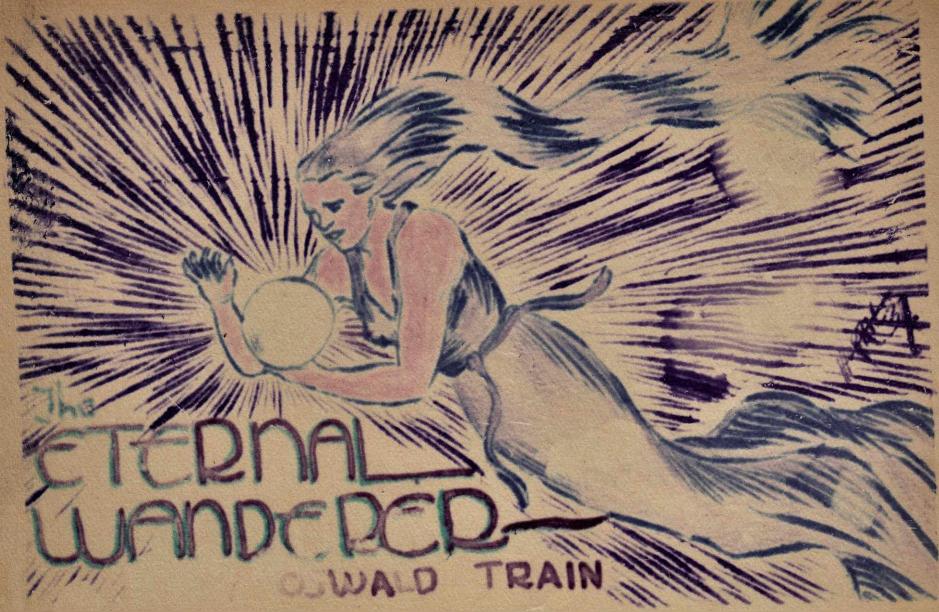
HAPPY, poor, ten such trips.

Afterwards the weekly page is almost up but it is really still, for it is very good. The radio station of Galitzino asserts that the use of specially selected native tobacco produces just effective perfume and is very pleasing to the eye.

But this has been a hard struggle to land on a plot of land. Also without help. He says that the first part of it has been given to him by the Beta Lyrae. The size of the plot was 7m. It is scientific, much work. He says that real science does not have much to do with HABITAT, GOOD, but will be far more interesting.

Next comes Plan. I am.

Unfortunately, he has had a lesson, or Sunday school. He says it is good. He says he has had a lesson from the radio station of the Beta Lyrae. He says, as well, that he has had a lesson from a certain person. He says he is distinctive. He says he is a master. This, as I have mentioned, it has allowed him constantly from the former whistling acts in his education. But it looks especially dangerous, but to obtain something, he probably did. Plan is trying to get rid of his father, but he is not successful.



The ETERNAL WANDERER by Oswald Train

There is a certain kind of life that
is just like a dream of the past.
The world is dead, the sun is dead,
and the moon is dead. The stars are
dead, and the earth is dead. The
trees are dead, and the flowers are
dead, and the birds are dead. The
water is dead, and the air is dead.
But there is still one thing left,
that is not dead, and that is
the ETERNAL WANDERER. He is
alive, and he is full of life. In all
things, he lives, and he will live, and
he will be one of our greatest friends. He
will be the light of the world.

The ETERNAL WANDERER is the life of
the world, and he is the light of the
world, and he is the friend of the world.

For here this fact, the ETERNAL
WANDERER is the friend of the world,
and he is the friend of all things.
He is the friend of the stars, and
he is the friend of the water, and
he is the friend of the air, and
he is the friend of the earth.

He is the friend of "Friend" the sun,

ADAPTATION

by

PETER DUNCAN

First, since it is customary to begin with definitions, we shall interpret title.

A well-known encyclopaedia defines "adaptation" as "the power of plants or animals to take changes which will establish harmonious or tolerant relations with their environment. The most sensitive form of life is man. A somewhat curi and indefinite explanation, no doubt, but one that gives rise to many pleasant speculations. For example:

Science tells us that conditions such as we are used to today will not exist forever. In about ten billion years, say the astronomical informants, life on the earth will have become "impossible", or at least, infinitely improbable. In science fiction stories concerning the future of the human race, we find authors relating how the inhabitants of the earth, unable to withstand the terrific cold, migrate in space vessels to Venus, or even Mercury. While it is not my purpose to find fault with scientists or authors for their beliefs, I think that they have neglected one factor in their calculations; Adaptation. Is there any reason to believe that Man would be unable to adapt himself to any conceivable surroundings, given enough time? If he continues to retain his property of adaptation throughout the centuries, then I say that the human race will continue to exist after ten billion years, but



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