

AUGUST

# SCIENTI- COMICS

1940







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SCIENTI-COMICS

VOL. 1 NO. 2

AUGUST 1940

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## ..... EDITORIAL .....

No doubt this small sized issue will be somewhat of a surprise to some of you. Beginning with this issue, I had planned on having S-C large size. As a matter of fact the cover and several pages were already hektoed when I made up my mind to keep the same format. The small size seems to be quite popular, but that isn't the only reason I junked the partially hektoed large size number. The other reason is that my trusty (?) hekto wasn't functioning properly and didn't turn out such good copies, and I'm kinda particular that way. Anyway, since the cover came out okay, I'm sending copies of it out with this ish. ( Have to get rid of them some way.)

My thanks to Mort Weisinger for his review of S-C in Startling Stories, though I didn't want the mag to gain a "Buck Rogers" atmosphere as Startling implied. To Harry Warner, Tom Wright, and Bob Tucker, thanx for including S-C in the fan mag reviews of Fantasy News, Mercury, and Le Zombie. They were all very helpful in acquiring quite a few subscribers.

Beginning with the next ish there will be a readers section----- that is----- if the readers supply the proper material. So, come on, write, even if it's to tell me how lousy the mag is. Anybody got 'ny suggestions as to a good name for the department?????

Contributions such as fiction, drawings, articles, poetry, or anything that's good are badly needed ( As witnessed by the contents of this issue) and would be greatly appreciated. Another thing; how about some good stf or weird plots to illustrate? Of course, ordinary fiction will do, but plots written especially for comics would be much better.

( contd. on page 4 )



(contd. from p.2)

ALCHEMIST #3 just arrived from Lew Martin, 1258 Race St., Denver, Colorado, and if you haven't got it send a dime quick for a copy. This issue contains seventy small pages of top-notch material. Outstanding is a full page wood-cut by Roy Hunt which could easily grace any professional magazine or book.

Would anyone be interested in forming a Society for the Succor of Small Town Scientifans? ( I didn't think so ). I don't doubt but that there are many small town fans in the U. S., entirely isolated from the rest of fandom ( like myself ), who languish for the companionship of other fans.

Oh Well, 'twas just an idea.

*Phil*

**FOR SALE**

\*\*\*\*\*  
odd numbers of scientifiiction magazines  
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THRILLING WONDER STORIES, Oct. 1939, @ 20¢

" " " , Aug. 1939, @ 20¢

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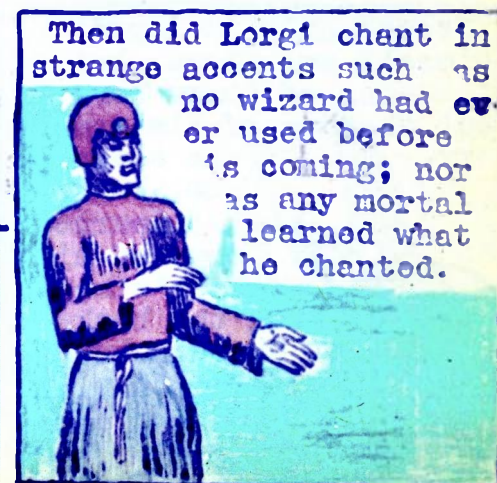
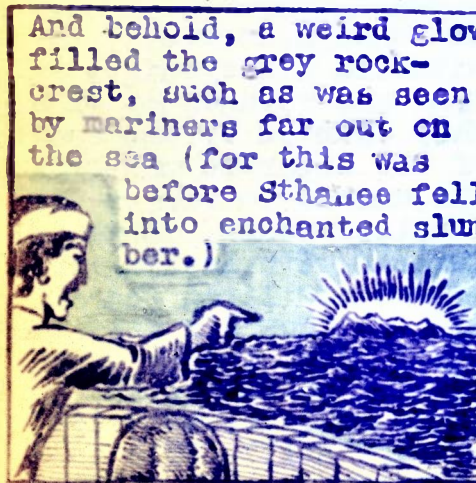
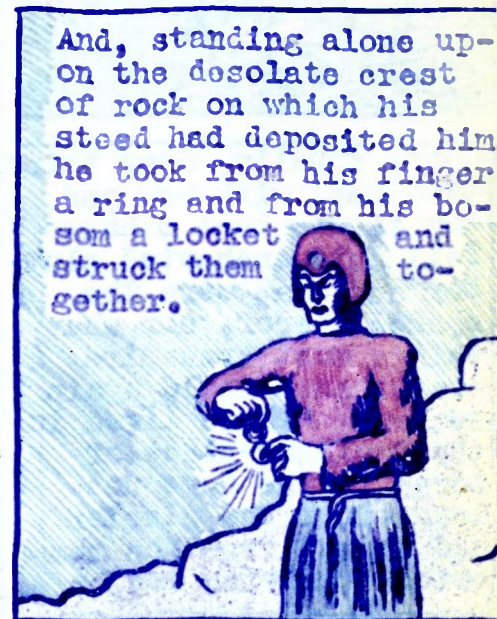
Also two stf books, THE LAND OF NO SHADOW by Carl H. Claudy --35¢, and THE SON OF TARZAN by Edgar Rice Burroughs -- 40¢. Send low denomination stamps or cash. All orders sent postpaid. Phil Bronson, 224 W. 6th St. Hastings, Minn.

# WHEN STHANEE WAKES

..... by ROBERT W. LOWNDES .....

Originally published in SPACEWAYS for July 1940

.....Illustrated by Phil Bronson .....





All night the weird glow hung over the crest of the grey rock. And when the night had expired there was the dwelling place of Lorgi.

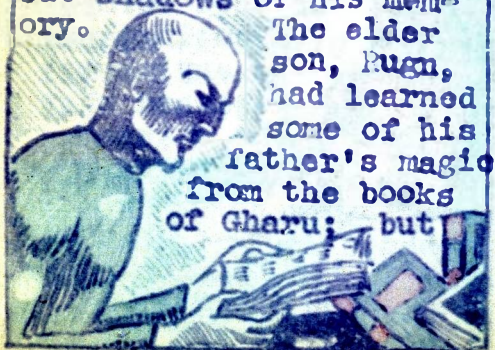


Of the life and workings of Lorgi and of his triumph over all the cities and kingdoms of Lanth, this tale does not tell. Nor is this tale concerned with the passing of Lorgi. Nor, again, is this story concerned with the Great glacier that came out of the polar night, to cover all of Lanth and to rule unchallenged for untold ages.

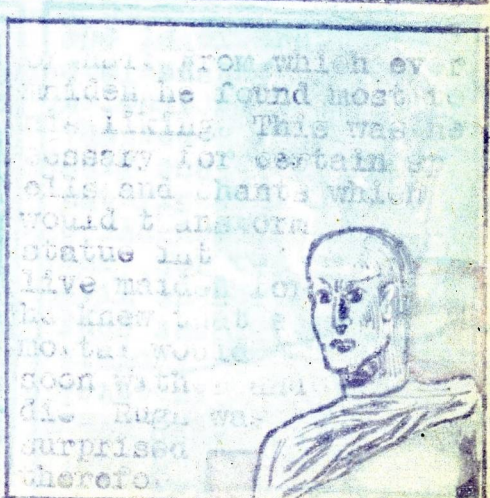
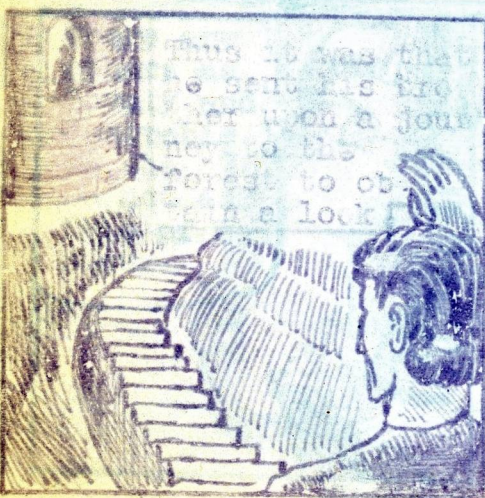
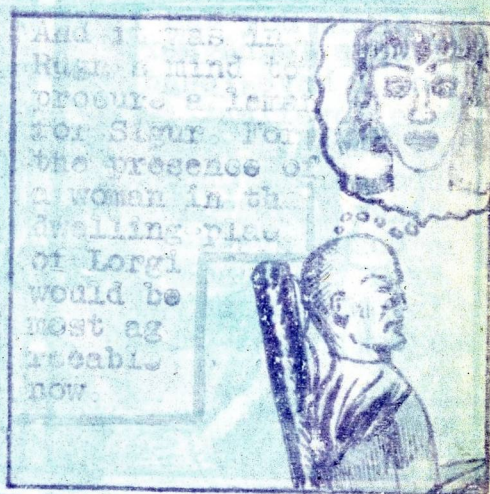
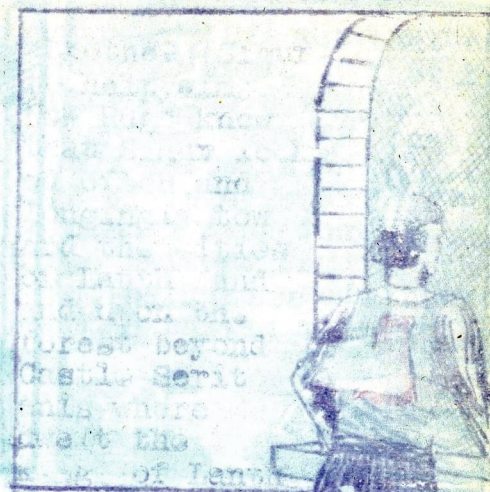
Nor, finally, does this tale deal with how and why it was that Sthaneer fell into enchanted slumber and what were the phases thereof, nor what things must transpire ere Sthaneer could again awaken. There lived in the dwelling-place of Lorgi in the days not long after the glacier had passed from the memories of living men, a

certain necromancer by the name of Gharu. Long lived he here, but at length death took his shoulders and he was gone; then did the sons of Gharu prevail in the silent halls their father had once peopled with demon-folk, elementals, and a multitude of slaves, both living and dead, which he had stolen from Lanth.

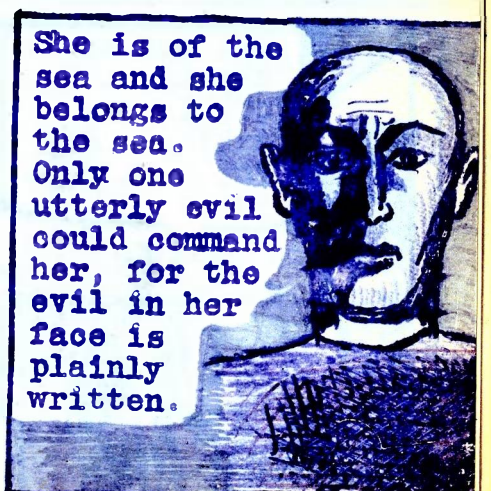
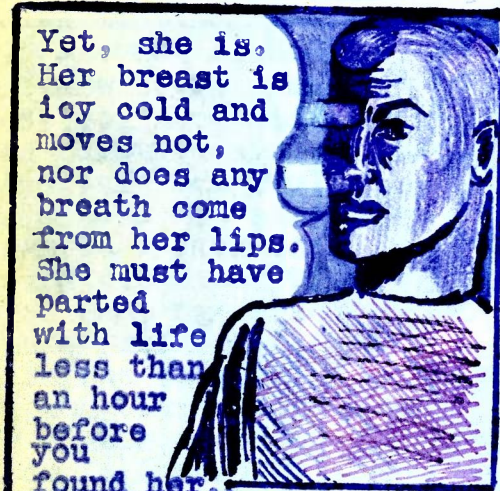
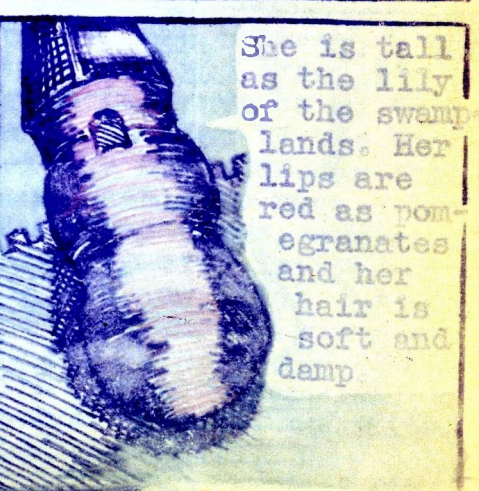
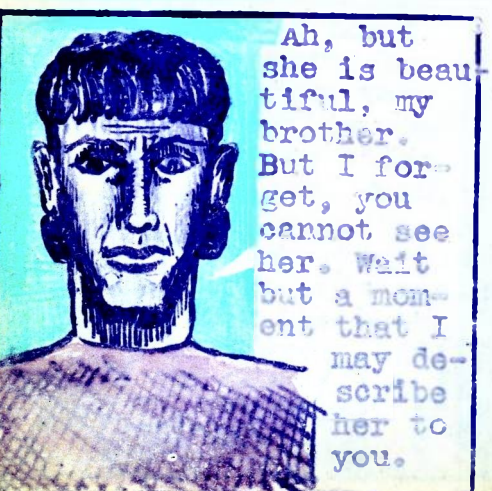
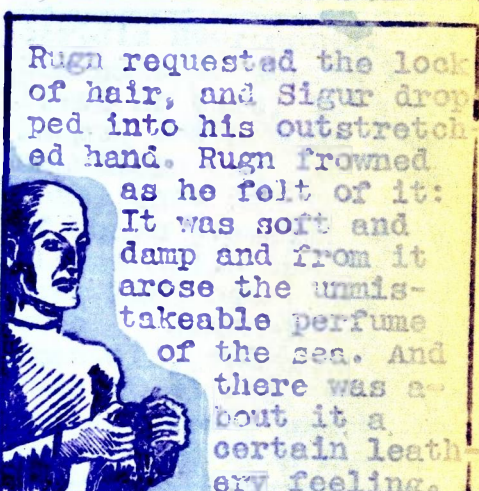
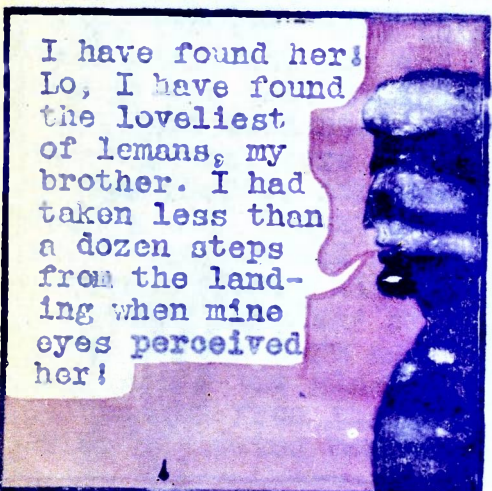
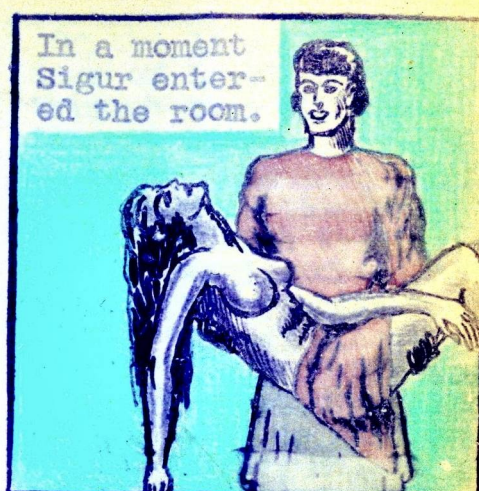
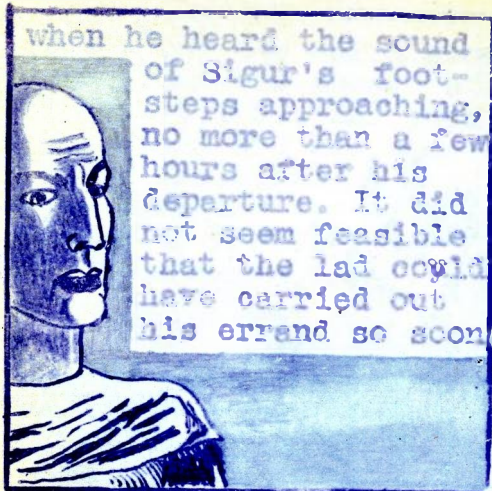
Second only to Lorgi himself was Gharu, but the sons of Gharu were but shadows of his memory.



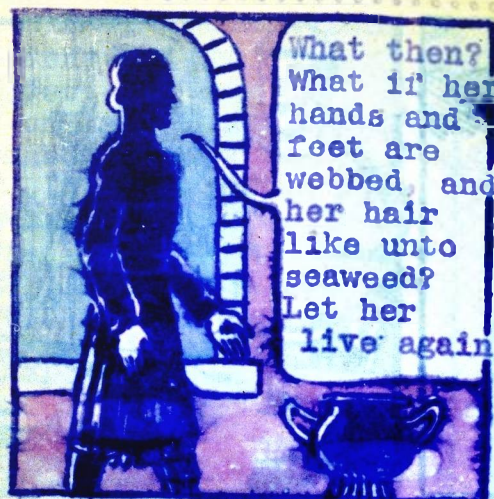
The elder son, Rugn, had learned some of his father's magic from the books of Gharu; but not enough, however, to withhold his eyesight from the ravages of time, who, daunted by the spells of the departed master, and unable to ravage the dwelling-place, contented himself with letting those who now lived therein know his presence. And Rugn, though straight of shoulder, and sound of limb, was quite blind. Still, this call-







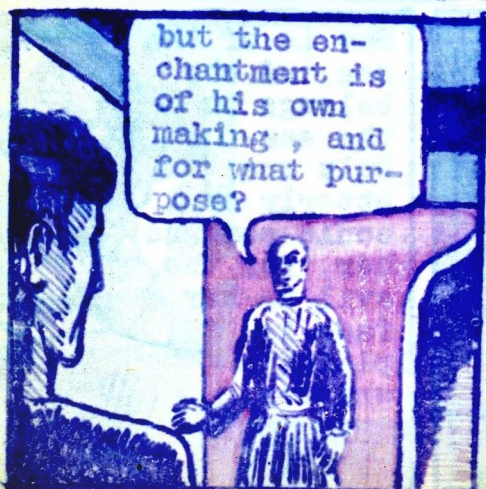




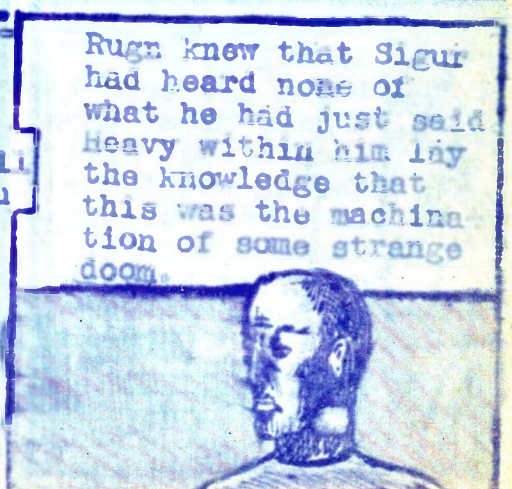
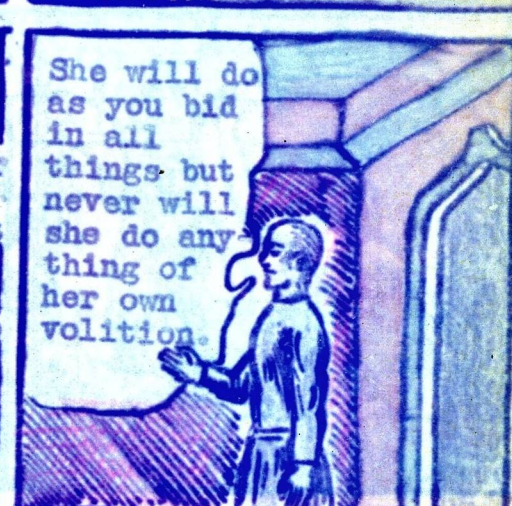
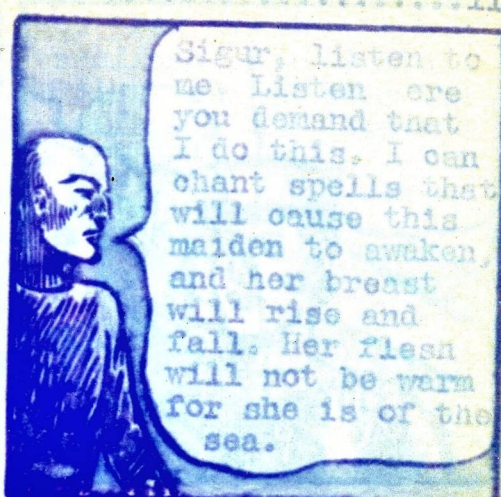
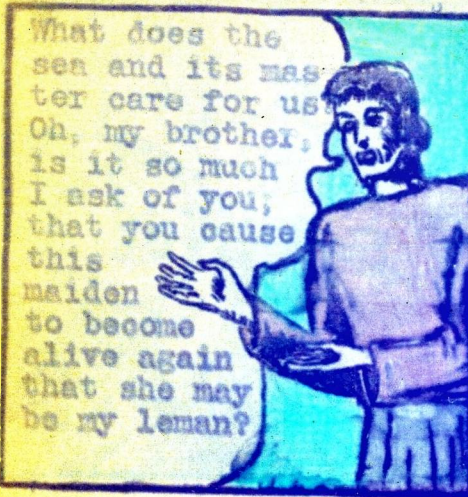
Sthanees is  
master of the  
sea and all  
that swells  
therein. By  
his will move  
the tides  
with their  
terrible pow-  
er, and by  
his will come  
storms, typh-  
oons and hur-  
ricanes.



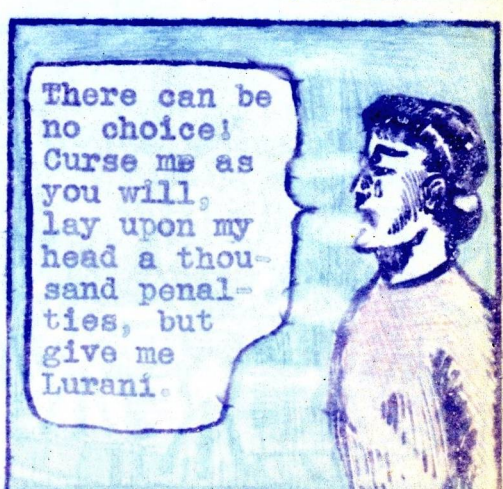
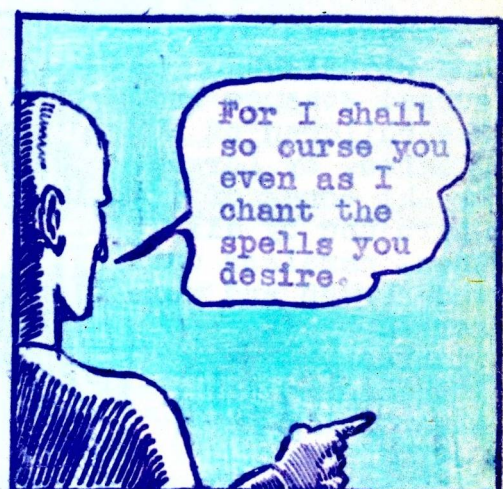
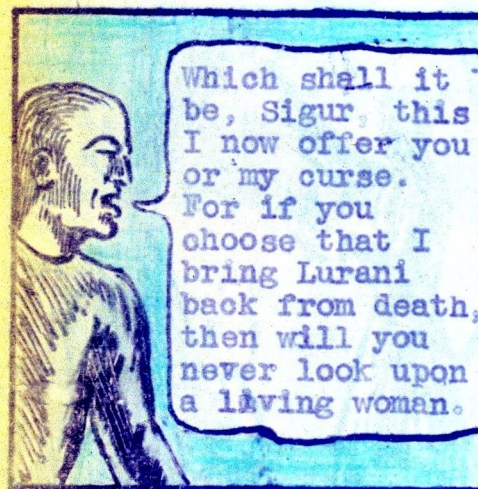
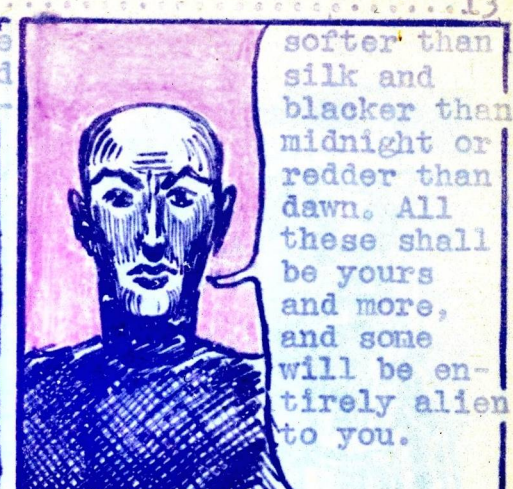
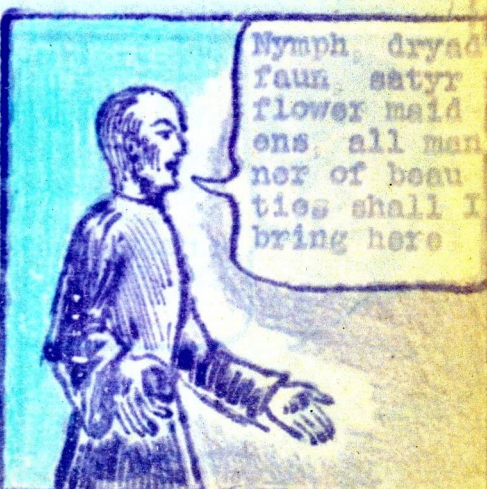
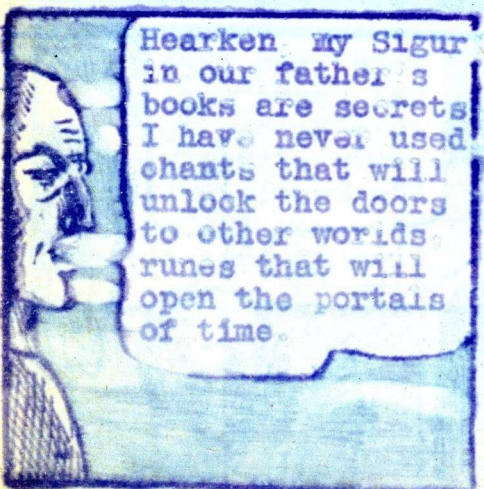
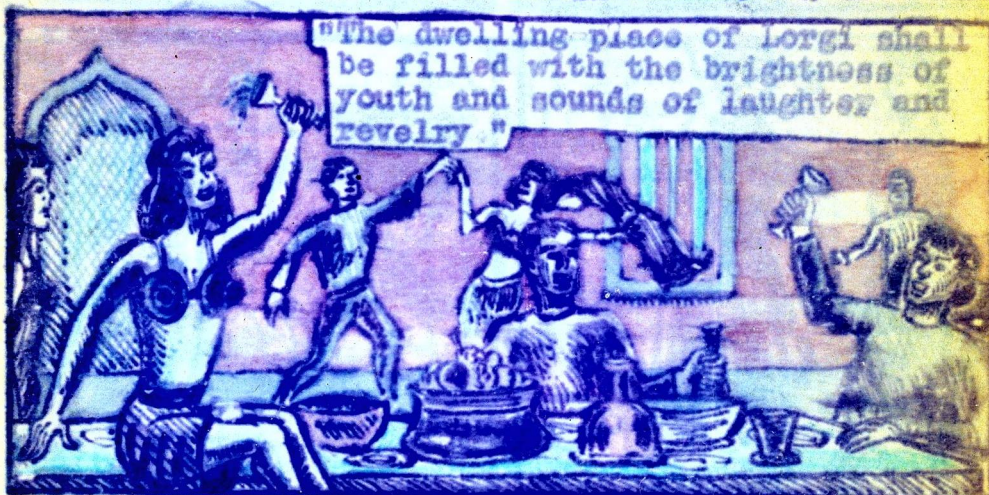
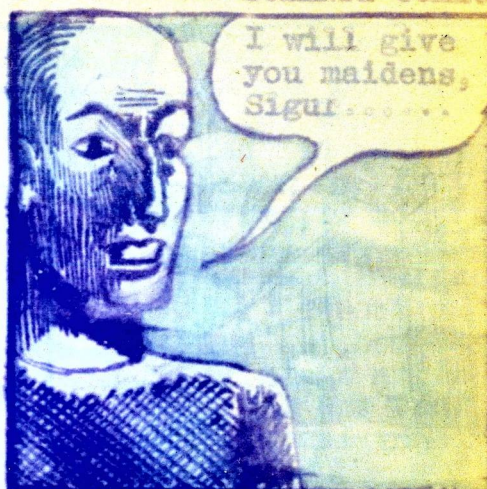
Behold how the tides  
have waged war on  
this rock for thou-  
sands of years be-  
fore the glacier  
came out of the north  
and more thousands  
of years ere Lorgi  
came and made here  
his dwelling place.  
Yet, the sea has  
not tired. Now  
Sthanees sleeps the  
enchanted slumber.



"Is that not  
proof that  
Sthanees is to  
be respected?  
Behold how  
this grey rock  
is worn and  
wounded. It  
is not well  
to offend  
Sthanees."









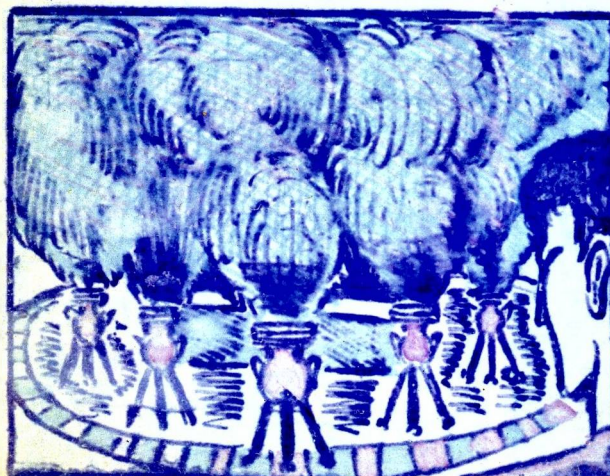
I repent me my words  
and that I ever felt  
anger against you, even  
though but for a moment.



I shall not  
curse you  
Sigur; I  
shall curse  
the sea and  
its master  
for sending  
this dead  
thing to  
you and  
making you  
mad.



With solemn rite  
and ritual Rugn  
cursed Sthane and  
the children of  
Sthane, by Lorgi,  
by the bones of  
Gharu and by all  
those nameless ones  
who served and were  
served by ancient  
wizards.  
But Sthane lay  
sleeping.



Then Rugn performed  
the necessary en-  
chantments to awak-  
en Lurani. Within a  
circle of braziers  
he placed Lurani on  
a couch. And, as he  
chanted, there rose  
up incense-fumes  
which made a veil  
around the circle  
which the eyes of  
Sigur could not  
pierce.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



"But, Jon, you have absolutely no assurance that your so called time machine really works. I will grant that you have made things disappear and reappear again at a later date, but the High Council of Science says that it surely must be a form of electrical change which the experimental body undergoes thru the influence of your machine. And the Council says that this effect gradually wears off and the matter assumes its original condition.

"You will have to admit that that is a rather satisfactory explanation. And the Council adds that at the moment they have no use for your work, but they will look into the matter and perhaps allow you to turn the work over to the Training school to experiment with."

Letting a scowl dig into his massive features, Jon dug his powerful fingers into the heavy Las-to-plastic cushions of his favorite lounge couch. With sudden decision he heaved two hundred and twenty-five pounds of solid muscle and bone into a semi-upright position.

"You fool, you stupid fool. What about the things I sent into the past? You didn't see those



come back did you? Of course not. And they did go into the past too, I tell you. And don't look at me like that, you dried up mole. I could tear you to bits and you know it. If you were half a man you would stay out in the fresh air instead of haunting those holes in the ground you call ruins. And that High Council isn't any better, giving you credit sheets for as much as you can waste. Ever since it was formed in 2168 it has never passed a sensible decree. And the worst thing they have ever done is to allow your grave robbing to continue. Get out before I tear your head off."

As the victim of Jon's tirade turned toward the exit panel, his eye was arrested by a slender green metal rod extending from a half concealed Insulo case. Wheeling, he grated out to Jon, while indicating the case and rod with a shaking finger, "What's that interceptor doing here? The Council took your regular power interceptor away last week and forbade you to experiment further without their express permission. And even your ugly strength won't save you if you're caught with it."

With an oath Jon reached for the other's thin neck but dropped his long, hairy, arms to his side with a sudden change of character. His brutish face became even more repulsive as he attempted to smile. Pleadingly he rasped out in what apparently was his conception of a persuasive voice.

"Now, Ralf, we've been friends a long time. You know how much this means to me, and to have the Council take my work away from me and then turn it over to the Science Training School is a pretty big blow. I'm convinced that my machine will work, even if nobody else is. Please, Ralf, try and be understanding."

Practically overcome by his sudden assumption of authority, the frail archaeologist wilted within himself at the thought of what the ape-like creature before him might do. His befuddled brain could think only one thought: Humor the monster

Running his thin hand nervously over his bald, carefully powdered head, Ralf managed to sound almost sure of himself as he bargained.

"That is correct, we have been good friends for a long time, but I am sworn in my duty to the Council. Yet I believe there is no need for the Council to ever know that you have been tapping power with your unregistered interceptor, but you must not continue to do so. It would go hard with me if you were found using one after I was supposed to have relieved you of both your regular one and your spare. If you give this one to me, I shall say nothing more of the matter."

Jon, casually enough for all the seriousness of the matter, with a shrug of his massive shoulders spoke out, "All right, we'll do that, then I'll say nothing about you, not taking all my interceptors," and he leered in appreciation of his own humor. "While you in turn say nothing about my forgetting to turn them in."

With that Jon leisurely paced across the laboratory to the outlaw power interceptor. Carefully disconnecting the cable head, he picked the heavy case up easily in his two long arms and turned toward Ralf, who was watching him suspiciously.

"Well, don't stand there stupid. Push the button and open the panel for me. I'll put this set in your Airbus."

As Ralf complied, Jon stepped quickly out into the storage room and kicked open the door of the visitor's Airbus, flinging his burden behind the seat into the storage compartment.

"Thank you, Jon. Now I think I had better start home where I can drop this off before some person sees me with it. After that I must hurry out to our new excavation. We hope to really make a find there. A few of us think that perhaps it is the site of one of the ancient many museums. But enough of this. I shall go now. And Jon, please don't anger the Council. You stand none too well with them. Indeed, a num-



ber of them contend that you should be placed in the Cell and gassed. Even your great record and magnificent brain are the subject of much envy. So it would not be wise to do anything rash. Well, good bye." And Ralf stepped daintily into the machine and shot up thru the roof exit.

After making sure that Ralf was well on his way, Jon hurried back to his laboratory. Once inside he quickly fastened the storage room panel, then secured the panel across the room, the one which led into his living quarters. Then he stood for a moment by the panel, listening.

"Bah, those stupid Council representatives," he thought, "As if somebody of my ability couldn't make his own interceptor set. But that ~~Ralf~~ might notify them now that he is out of my reach. Guess I had better hurry before anybody else comes." And, so decided, he stepped forward to the opposite wall where he passed his hand before an electric beam. A part of the wall slid open, revealing another power interceptor. But this one was massive compared to the one surrendered to Ralf. Apparently constructed for the reception of a tremendous load of power, the receiving set was a heavy weight even for the powerfully built Jon. Though broad and heavy, he stood a good three inches less than six feet, which still made him an extremely tall man in his period of civilization --- a civilization that had developed mentally but retrogressed physically to the point where the delicately formed Ralf was considered a model of perfection.

His receding brow furrowed in thought, Jon carried the set to the place shortly before occupied by the other one, the one now in possession of Ralf. Ripping the seal of the High Council of Science from the cable head, he prepared the bared cable for a terrific overload the while cursing beneath his breath the Council, now the dictating power in the year 2532.

He jerked suddenly erect as the wall red

to signal receiver crackled, then abruptly cut out.

Scrambling to his feet, Jon leaped for the receiver, turning it on the roof landing broadcaster above him. Sure enough, there was a Council Airbus dropping to landing on his platform. His body trembling with excitement and rage he wheeled back to the power set. Snapping the connection shut, he stepped back to survey the machine he believed in. He pushed his hand back thru his hair thru hair on the top of his head, something which no other man of that age possessed, then with a broad hideous grin, stepped onto a green metal dais beside the maze of electrical machinery to which it was connected by a single thick insulated cable. Stepping to the farther edge of the platform he reached out to a panel and turned two of the numerous dials, then snapped a switch to "ON". Instantly a film of light surrounded the dais, covering it with a dome a foot or two above Jon's head.

With the same grin on his face the panel and surrounding wall cease to exist and two armed Council Deputies step in. With gloating in his voice he spat out, "Late, as usual. But come, take me..... and die trying. Come on you stupid dolts. Or are even your puny brains capable of recognizing a force shield? I'm going into the future where your quavering Council won't even exist. And try and stop me!"

"Don't worry, Jon, you won't get far," one of the two said. "Bring the power case, Uri."

The one so addressed brought in a light green case similar to Jon's interceptor, only this was about one third the size. While he replaced Jon's set with his the first speaker again spoke.

"No Jon, you won't go far into the future. Rather you will go into the past. The Council has ~~your~~ plans for this machine, and if it works, by your own calculations, you must die horribly we hope. The power drainer now



attached will draw all the power from your machine and add negative force, which you declare will send things back in time. Fate and the Council decree that you die by your own work.

"Ready, Url? Then close the switch. Good-bye, Jon, and may you arrive at a point in time where your brute-like body and alien way of thought may be more suited."

"NO: DON'T." And then Jon felt a terrific pull on every atom of his body. Suddenly light burst in on him, all the world turned white. With his trained mind he realized that he was lying on ice, next to a crevice. Startled to even find himself alive, he felt that he must continue to live, must continue to live and prove to the Council that he was stronger than they. A tremendous fire burning within him, he struggled to his feet. Shrieking in agony, he tore his clothes from his body, then stumbled to his knees, coughed, and fell forward dead, the seal of the Council glistening, mockingly, on his finger, fastened there by Ralf when Jon took the oath of allegiance to the Council.

Then, with a sharp snap of breaking ice, what was once Jon, genius of a great civilization, plunged with tons of prehistoric glacial ice to a cold and jagged tomb before the dawn of history.

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The two men struggled their way along the side of Mighty Sue, the trickiest glacier in that part of the country. Finally one, the smaller of the two men, sank to the ice and slowly unstrapped his heavy pack. The other stopped beside him, then followed the example of the first.

"Holy Christmas," he moaned, "to think we came all the way up here just so you could go back to your lousy rich friends and say you prospected in the Mighty Sue country. Cripes,

wish I had half the dough yer old man has, the little dried up....." and he stopped with a weak shift of his shoulders. "Jeez, I'm sorry, kid, but it kinda gets a guy down.....been tryin ta hit a stake all my life — and I ain't done it yet. Then some old mummy catcher like yer old man pulls up with more dough than any two guys like him can use."

In a manner that gave the appearance of having been acquired thru constant reiteration, the younger and smaller man stated: "Again, Dad is no 'mummy catcher'. He's an archaeologist, hasn't much money, but the institute pays all, or nearly all of his expenses. He is not old and dried up, and I'm not prospecting. You are supposed to be showing me glacial deposits left when the ice receded at the end of the fourth glacial age. I am then to make a complete report to the Smithsonian on my findings.....and then pray that I am accepted. There are reports that a complete Mammoth is preserved in the ice around here somewhere, and I would like to prepare a separate report on it if I can find it."

Apparently lost in his subject, and speaking more for his own benefit than his guide's, he continued. "And this field here seems to be almost what we are searching for.. In fact this very fissure was perhaps formed when the ice was on its backward track." Then, with a sudden change of attitude he laughed out, "Of course. Boy, I'm sure glad that no Institute man is here. I'd never get in if they thought I was as uncertain as that."

Almost in terror, the guide gripped the young man's arm. "Listen," he breathed, "It's moving, the ice is cracking, the glacier wall is crumbling."

Without another word the two leaped to their feet and rushed back the way they had come.

A brittle snap, a running crackle, and tons of prehistoric ice plunged down. Rolling thunder split the men's ears as the ice shattered at the end of its long plunge. A few small reports and a miniature repetition of the main



ice mass's booming destruction, and all that remained to signify what had gone before was the occasional sparkle of uncovered clear ice and the fine white powder that was now fast settling.

The men stopped running and turned toward the new face of the glacier. The younger was the first to start retracing his steps. As he walked forward he scanned the glacier face. Finally his eye came to rest on one spot. He frowned. He squinted his eyes. "It can't be," he mumbled. As he drew closer he stopped entirely. With a shout he raced forward and clawed at the ice, trying to get at the object buried within. "Matt, bring an axe," he shouted. "Quick." As the guide stumbled around on the jagged ice, cursing their luck at having all their equipment buried, the young man stepped back and surveyed his find, his face beaming with joy. Not noticing that Matt failed to hand him the axe, he burst out, "And to think that I should be the one to find the first whole prehistoric man. Gad, he must have been buried there for 45,000 or 50,000 years. Whata find, whata find. This glacial field will be almost sacred from now on. All science will acknowledge this to be the greatest thing since Newton. The Institute probably will build a field museum on this very site. I can see the tablet explaining the discovery of the first completely preserved prehistoric man:

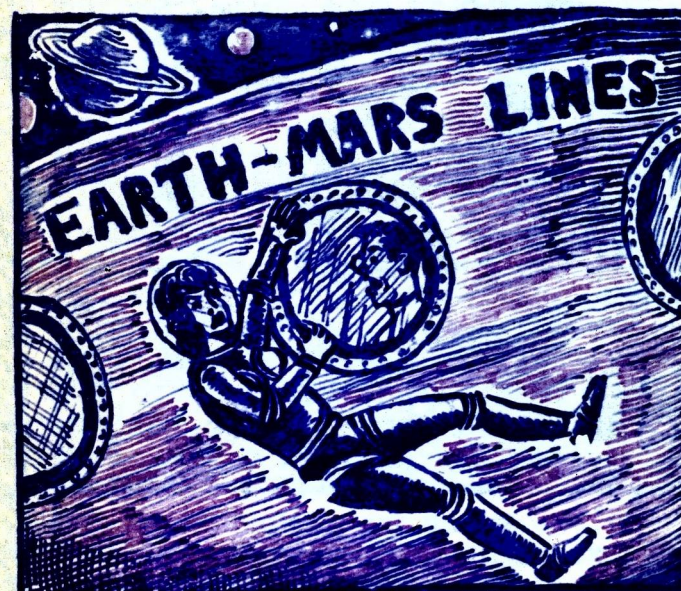
Discovered by Dr. A.B.  
Grimes  
1940 A. D.  
The first Prehistoric  
Man found completely  
preserved. Dates from  
about 47,000 B. C.

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As Ralf shot up from the laboratory he breathed a sigh of relief. He thanked his stars that at last he was out of Jon's hands. Yes, and  
(continued on page 25)

# SCIENTI-CARTOONS



"A woman! In here? Why Captain!  
We're deeply hurt! (idea by Martin)"

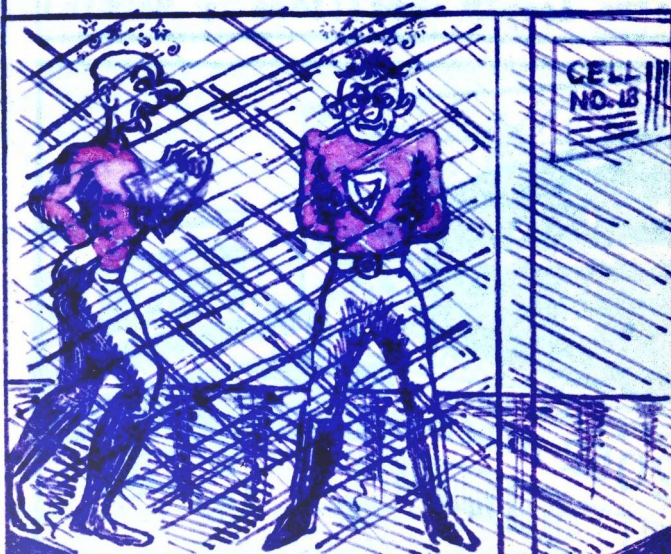


"Let's wait till next year and see  
what they're like then.".....





"Hic, guesh we pashed that red light fast enough!"



"You must be crazy!"  
I'm Kimball Kinnison!"

(contd. from pge. 22)

he would see that Jon never again had a chance to harm him. With a slender finger he flicked the call button of the Deputy branch of the High Council of Science. The deputies would take care of Jon for him.

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Having left his Airbus on the temporary landing stage, Ralf hurried down into the excavation to see how the work was progressing.

He halted behind a group of workmen bunched before a strong glass case. Forcing his way through, Ralf angrily dispersed the men. As they quickly returned to their tasks, Ralf surveyed the object of their curiosity. In a tremendously thick case of wondrous clear glass was a man, or what he mentally termed as some species of man, but such a man more powerful than the ancients who had placed him in the case, yet not so tall. With a shudder Ralf saw the face, for an instant he thought the mighty Jon was before him. Then he smiled as he thought how Jon would fly into a rage if he saw the encased figure for it must have been so prepared at least 500 years ago in the days when men still looked like brutes, and prided themselves on their strength, as Jon still did.

Ralf smiled in a superior manner as he thought how the Council had almost completely bred brutishness out of the race. Then his eyes fell to the metal tablet at the bottom of the case.

In strange lettering Ralf saw:

isc vered y Dr. B

rim s

1940 A D.

Th irs tor o

Man foun mplete y

pre er ed. D tes rom

about 47,000 B C

"Well," thought Ralf, "I will copy that down



and have someone at the Council decipher it for me. I guess," he mused, "the deputies have already taken care of Jon. Good chance."

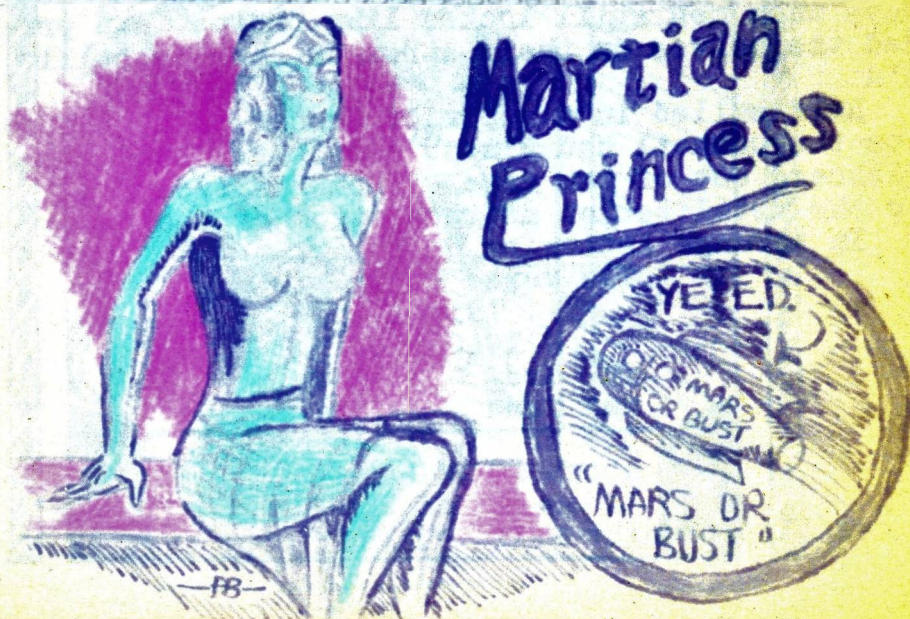
Peering more closely at the almost perfectly preserved, encased figure he muttered, "Humm... that band of metal run on his finger..... it somewhat resembles a crudely shaped Council seal ring. ... strange coincidence." And he smiled as he walked away.

THE END

The author of "Inevitable Necessity", although not new to stf is new to fan magazines I.N. being his first attempt at fan fiction. As such, I thought it was pretty good.

Of course you realize that "C. Christopher Crosse" is merely a pseudonym. A good one at that. Chris Crosse get it? Hah, nah. criss cross. .... Oh, well.

(PB)



# BOOK REVIEW

by  
Bronson

"Egotistical Admonitions", published in 1936 by the Thaumaturgical Publishing Co. and authored by Sir Ignatz I. Igglewitch.

For some strange reason only one copy of this book was printed. I, having resorted to theft, am today the owner of that priceless volume.

The plot seems to bear no relation whatsoever to the title, but is excellent, being something new. The hero while visiting his light o' love wanders into her father's laboratory to see a new invention. The invention proves to be a combination space time trans-dimensional ship. Having cracked under the strain of his incessant labors, the mad professor forces the young couple into to enter the ship and sends them into the unknown.

The hero and heroine land in a strange country known as Skrifst and there are captured by the denizens of this weird place. The Skrifstians are odd creatures that resemble a cross between pink elephants and purple alligators. They are very bloodthirsty and are just about to relieve the heroine of her blood when the hero rescues her and with the aid of the space-time-trans-dimensional ship returns them both to their own world where they bash the mad professor's head until he regains his original senses. Then the two young lovers are married and live happily ever after.

Although the author wrote this 200,000 word novel in an extremely refreshing style, I am of the opinion that the story would have been better if he had cut it down to at least 100,000 words.

The book is handsomely printed on slick paper and is profusely illustrated by that beloved stf artist, Ray Jackson.

I am sure that this book would be greatly enjoyed by most fans and as I am not in the least bit selfish I will not keep this treasure to myself. I will lend it to any fan upon receipt of one hundred dollars for security.



And in conclusion, I'll add that if you should happen to find a little red devil or rocket ship stamped somewhere in this issue your sub was expired.



As the incense fumes rolled back, Sigur saw that Lurani was indeed breathing.



Scarcely could he contain himself for joy as he rushed into the circle and clasped her in his arms.



If Rugn could have seen, he would have wondered at the sea-maiden's eyes, for they were not pools of blackness as he had predicted they would be. They were filled with strange light.



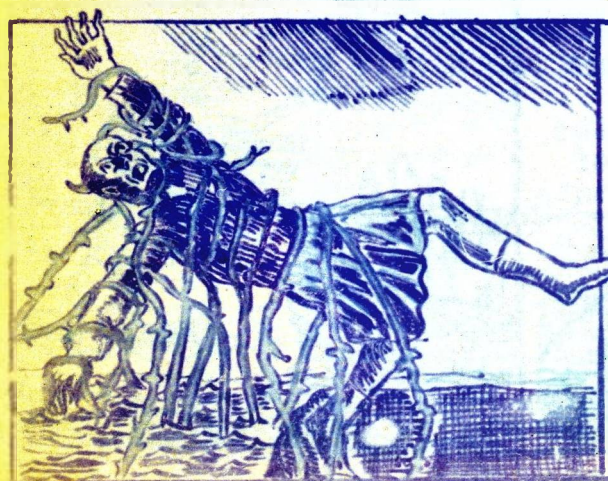
But Rugn had left the room and had gone out of the dwelling place. And he walked to the edge of the grey rock overlooking the sea. It seemed to him that a voice cried out in terrible accents, crying: "Sthanee, Sthanee!", but he was not certain.



If he had not been blind Rugn might have seen the strange prodigy that now came to pass, the like of which had never been known before or has been known since. For Sthanee had awakened and the sea was climbing the grey walls of the rock upon which stood the dwelling place of Lorgi.



Higher still higher and yet higher it rose, until its surface was almost level with the rock-crest and the feet of Rugn. Then from the waters rose fingers of seaweed that crept along the rock and stealthily approached the feet of Rugn, who stood unaware of what was happening..



Swiftly moved the tentacles of seaweed, and they wrapped themselves around the living body of Rugn, stifling his cries, and carried him over the side of the grey rock, into the depths whence they came.





Then arose from the sea a bevy of maidens, like unto Lurani, beautiful as she; soft and leathery was their hair. Out of the sea they rose and ran quickly into the dwelling place of Lorgi to the room where were Sigur and Lurani.

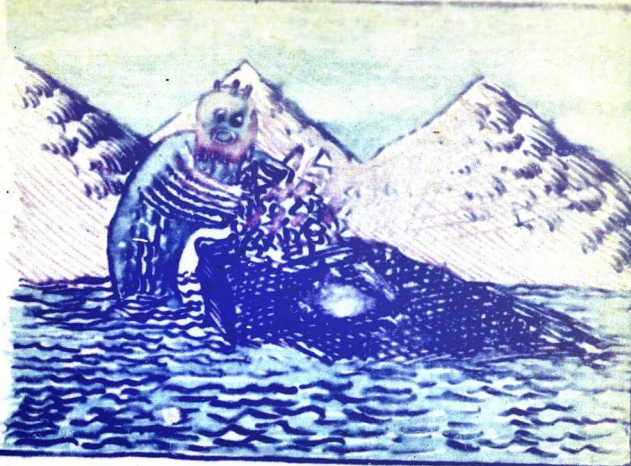
And in the hands of the maidens they bore a net. This they flung over Sigur and Lurani, imprisoning them in the net, and hastened back to the edge of the rock whence they leaped into the sea, bearing their captives with them.



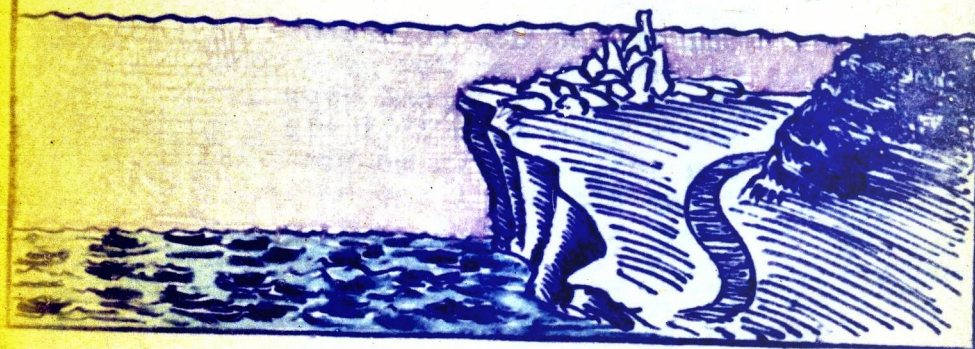
And finally there arose a great beast from the sea's depths, the terrible head of which reached far into the sky.



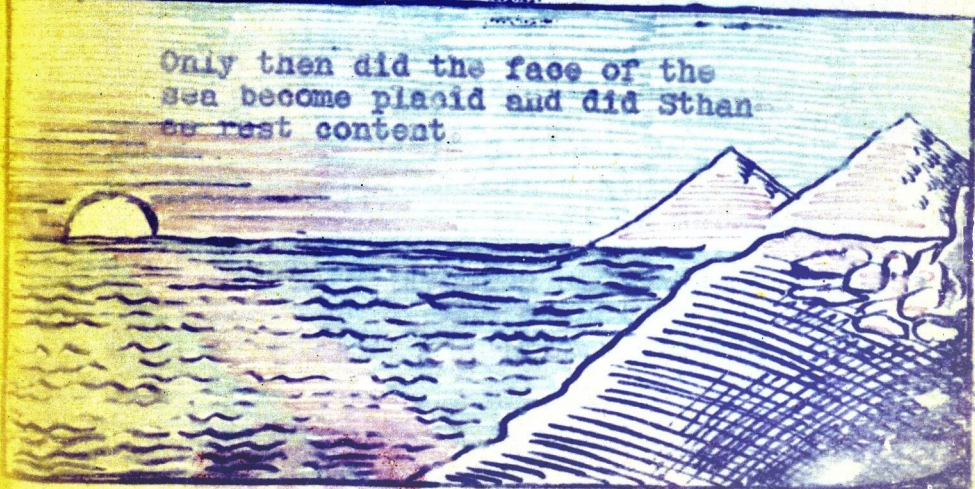
With twelve monstrous, sucking arms reached out and crashed with in their grasp the dwelling place of Lorgi. And the beast dragged the shattered dwelling place from its position on the crest of the rock.



Then the sea sank down, down, down, until at last it came to its own shores.



Only then did the face of the sea become placid and did Sthan rest content.





some more  
EDITORIAL NOTES

Here I am again. Hope you don't mind these ramblings of mine scattered throughout the issue like this.

It seems that another apology is due. This time for the lousy hektoing in most of the issue. I recently purchased a new hekto (being disgusted with the results of the old one), and as yet have not become accustomed to its idiosyncrasies.

I forgot to include Art Widner's address in the poll section, so, in case you want to enter your votes, here it is: Art Widner, Jr., Box 122, Bryantville, Mass.

Oh, the woes of the stf collector. So many mags on the market, but so few good ones. I have no less than eleven unread mags lying around and I don't know when I'll get a chance to read them. The collector in me practically forces me to buy any stf mag I see on the stands, yet when it comes to reading some of them..... Guess I'll have to clamp down on my pocketbook as the collecting mania is extremely hard on it.

In a sense the illustrated stories in this mag are not "comics" but since the word "comics" seems to have become synonymous with "picture story" and since "picture story" more or less aptly describes the main feature of this pub I thought that "Scienti-Comics" was a befitting title for this magazine, regardless of the commonness of it.

Many thanks to Doc Lowndes and Harry Warner for their permission to adapt "When Stihane Wakes" to pictorial use. And I hope that I did the story justice.

(PB)



PICTORIAL INTERPRETATIONS  
OF FAMOUS STFL  
CHARACTERS ----- # 1

CAPTAIN  
(LONE RANGER OF THE) FUTURE

