FANTASY-FICTION TELEGRAM

Are you surprised at the appearance of this issue? If you are, I advise you to prepare for more surprises. I honestly believe that this issue places us near the top of the amateur fan magazines. Of course, our method of reproduction is not the best there is, but it will have to suffice for the present. Anyway, if the magazine were printed or mimeographed, illustrations such as appear in the ETT would be mechanically (and financially) inadvisable.

Although this issue is a great improvement over our three preceding numbers, our following issues will be even more better! As soon as circulation permits we are going to add a few more pages and hope to eventually bring the number of pages up to twenty. This will be an equivalent of forty of the smaller pages we previously contained and will be worth the small increase in price.

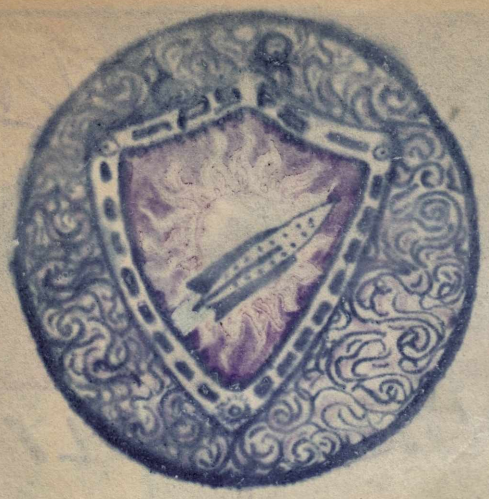
Due to the fact that there is not enough good science fiction material available we have widened our scope to include articles and discussions on science. After all, this is a scientific fiction fan magazine, and science is certainly not out of place here. Of course, we will evade articles which are too technical and abstruse. Your suggestions on this subject will be welcome.

This issue features a great variety of amateur fantasy-science artists. The cover, which strikes me as being quite symbolical of science, was drawn by Milton A. Rothman. Morris Dollens, whose cuts for last month's "Eternal Wanderer" made such a hit, appears this issue illustrating the same column. Bill Miller, who employs a nice style, also has an illustration this month. But of course, the majority of the art work is done by JVB.

The most popular article in the last issue was undoubtedly "Chuck Rogers in Astounding" by George R. Hahn. Although the author is but fourteen, he sure can write burlesque. We will endeavor to obtain more of the same type from Mr. Hahn.

Here is the lineup for next month: "Brain, Part One," by Oswald Train; a new and interesting gossip column by Daniel Norman; an illustrated poem by Irvin L. Koch (unfortunately Mr. Koch couldn't have it complete in time for this issue.) All these and others will appear next month. Of course, all our regular features will appear also.

Hoping you like this issue as much as I.....The Editor



FANTASY FICTION TELEGRAM

JANUARY 1937

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ROBERT A. WIRIG ..... Editor
JOHN V. BALTADONIS ..... Managing
OSWALD TRAIN ..... Associate
MILTON A. ROTHMAN ..... Associate

CONTENTS

The mile-long space liner "Philadelphia" drove majestically on through the vast and frightening void of interspace with a speed millions of times in excess of that of light.

She was a Terrestial ship who had left the Earth eighteen years ago, in 3314. Earth seemed forgotten, and had been so for many years. The world of these people was enchanted by the calls of the mighty ships, calls that were deeply scarred and pitted from countless meteor strikes.

Eighteen years had been spent in a fruitless and somewhat vague search for another habitable planet. For the people of Earth were populous. There was no more room to expand in. Another world must be found and conquered, if necessary. In order that the people of Earth might survive but estimate where the "Philadelphia" had begun to give up hope of ever finding a planet that would successfully support Earth's teeming multitudes. Some worlds were too hot, others too cold; sometimes the gravitation was too high. In many cases there

existed poisonous gases in the atmosphere.

Ever since the "Filadelfia" had left Earth, the men and women on board had noticed a peculiar thing. Every sun, large and small, bright and weak, was one of three colors; blue, green, or red.

However, one morning a bell tinkled in the room of Gregre Zrmb ---the sign that meant, in the language of the old sailing ships, "All hands on deck!" Gregre yawned once, scratching himself aimlessly and began to dress. He was a young man, slim and supple, with clean cut, regular features. Except for a head that would have taken a size nine hat, he would have passed easily for a man of the twentieth century. The large head was characteristic of his time. Finished, he bounded up the metal steps to the control room. There he found the scientists gathered together, gesticulating at something that lay ahead in the starry firmament.

It was a great, golden sun. It was very large, and very beautiful-- a great, golden-yellow disc, as beautiful and large as they had ever seen. A peculiar feature of it was the noted absence of the corona. Merely a brilliant yellow globe.

"The air seems to be charged with a great amount of Million rays, Jen," remarked Gregre to one of the scientists.

"Yes," replied Jen. "And the nearer we get to that yellow sun, the greater the intensity of the rays. I wonder---can it be--------" and he set to work consulting various instruments before him.

A step was heard on the floor of the control-room cabin. It was Jean Spale, Gregre's sweetheart. She always followed him wherever he went.

"What is it, Gregr?" she asked curiously. "I heard the alarm bell."

"Look, Jean. Up ahead."

"Oh..... it's beautiful. The first yellow one we've ever seen, isn't it? And listen! What's that noise?"

They all listened carefully. A sweet, singularly distant vibration seemed to permeate the entire ship. It reminded them of a flute---a silver tones flute, playing a swiftly-moving fantasy of intoxicating rhythm. A large instrument, playing strange, peculiar music. Or was it music? They did not know. Gradually it grew louder ---a sweet, vibrant tune--unbelievably beautiful strain--it seemed to pulsate with something indefinitely strange---alien.....

The little group sized reeled to the floor, practically hypnotized by the weird, trilling music, eyes fixed steadily on the great, golden sun.

The great ship bored steadily on. The silvery music grew louder. It was only with an effort that they regained possession of their faculties.

"What is it?" asked Jean calmly.

"I have no idea", answered Gregre. "It certainly is exotic and entrancing, isn't it? To use a phrase what our forefathers called 'slang', it 'gets you'."

The ship has stopped, and the scientists were busy taking numerous experiments to determine the cause of the melody.

Suddenly Jen sat up before his gauges and instruments and announced in an excited voice.

"I have made two marvelous discoveries. The golden sun is the cosmic ray machine that supplies this entire universe with cosmic rays. That is why there are so many of them here. And the weird music you have been hearing is the [illegible] given off by these rays [illegible]

the ship."

He snapped a switch, and an almost inaudible hum arose below. At the same time the trilling disappeared. Now it was safe to progress, and the ship moved ahead, enveloped by a red glow, the force screen.

Still other things happened to puzzle the scientists. The temperature outside in space did not grow as they advanced toward the sun. They were very close to it--only about a hundred miles away. The golden luminescence filled the entire void.

And then the most stupendous revelation of all. The Golden Sun was not a sun! Instead, it was a great disc, millions of miles in diameter, and possessing no thickness whatsoever.

They stopped the "Filadelfia" only a few feet from the rim of the "sun," and several people got out in space-suits to determine what manner of thing it was. They found that it was merely a hole in space. They poked iron rods through it, and the rods did not appear on the other side. They shot dynapel pistols into it, and the tiny explosive pellets did not appear on the other side. Finally a man put his arm into it. He felt no pain; he withdrew it, and it was perfectly intact and unharmed. Then Gregre took a deep breath and stepped through, in an awkward, weightless way. Then he looked around him. Everything was a dull, golden color. Off in the [illegible]

[illegible] Built [illegible]

[illegible] saw [illegible] of a [illegible] about fifty [illegible] Gregre. He gave [illegible] a short, quick blast, [illegible] beside the anxiously waving [illegible]. He gripped it in a hand-shake and was pulled back. He was beside the ship, and everything was black. They went into the ship.

"Oh, you don't know how good it is to be back," he exclaim[illegible] "I was awfully bewildered." Then he described the yellow space which lay beyond. Everyone was excited. Then Jon said,

"I have a suggestion to make. Why not fly "Filadelfia" through this yellow disc, into the space Gregre has described? So far we have been fruitless in our search for habitable planets. Gregre says there were suns, purple suns, off in the distance. Why not look for a new world in that golden space? With the aid of the ship's instruments we can always determine the exact position this disc, [illegible] can return, if we do not find [illegible] here.

The idea was met with unanimous approval, and so the great space-cruiser was greased for the trip.

Up in the control room, Gregre pressed a key, and the ship moved forward. It took but a second to reach the golden universe, and the arrival was punctuated by a [illegible] of exclamations of delight from the passengers. The switch moved forward in its notched base, and the mighty ship headed toward the cluster of purple suns.

Up in the control room, Jon said, in answer to many questions

There is no doubt in my mind that this also is the place where the third dimension connects with the Fourth. This union generates a tremendous amount of energy, [illegible] into space [illegible]

Soon they were there. On their [illegible] it was found that the [illegible] atmosphere [illegible] like Earth's fifth planet, [illegible] recalling their [illegible]. There were sixteen [illegible] all of them [illegible]

The air pressure [illegible] 30 and [illegible] for a slight increase [illegible] the air [illegible] like their [illegible] The globe was [illegible] a [illegible] iron and radium, [illegible] perfect [illegible]

"On this planet we will live, [illegible] and multiply. It is to be our future home." Gregre and Jean looked at each other, joyfully. Jen went on, "We shall live here, [illegible] I have selected for this [illegible] men who are to be trusted. There will be no strife and trouble. Let us be happy. To bring other Earthmen here would cause friction and jealousy, perhaps."

A tiny, almost hairless dog, the utmost in 34th century canine breeding descended from one of the mighty steel doorways. He pawled around, sniffing and wagging his tail furiously. Presently he curled up for a nap on the grassy turf. He too had found a new home.

THE END

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Another story will soon appear by Douglas Blakely. Watch for it.

Write in and tell us your opinion concerning the new format.

We will soon conduct a cover contest with valuable science fiction literature for prizes. Another thing to look forward to in the future issues of FFT will be a new gossip column by Daniel McPhail.

The following article appeared in "The Megaphone," the leading High School publication of Philadelphia:

"FANTASY FICTION" MAGAZINE EDITED BY ASPIRING PUPILS

The "Fantasy Fiction Telegram" is a science magazine edited by a pair of enterprising Northeasters.

The idea of this monthly periodical was conceived by Robert Madle, D-5, and John Baltadonis, D-1. The contributors to the hektographed publication are strictly amateur. Rocket ships and human machines are the type of weird stories contained in the "Telegram."

To date, two issues have been circulated. Although 30 copies have been all the boys were able to sell, the editors predict a rise in distribution when their printed magazine appears. Any boy interested in relating some scientific tale has been invited to contribute to the periodical. In addition to amateur stories, the youthful editors plan to invite prominent authors to contribute to their magazine.

Madle and Baltadonis hope to see their periodical develope into a printed publication. The proceeds obtained from the sale of the magazine will be used to buy printing equipment, by means of which the "Telegram" will then be published.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

It is not generally known, but Ye Editor has a science fiction author for the Art class. His name is Stephen G. Hale, author of several fine stories in Amazing.

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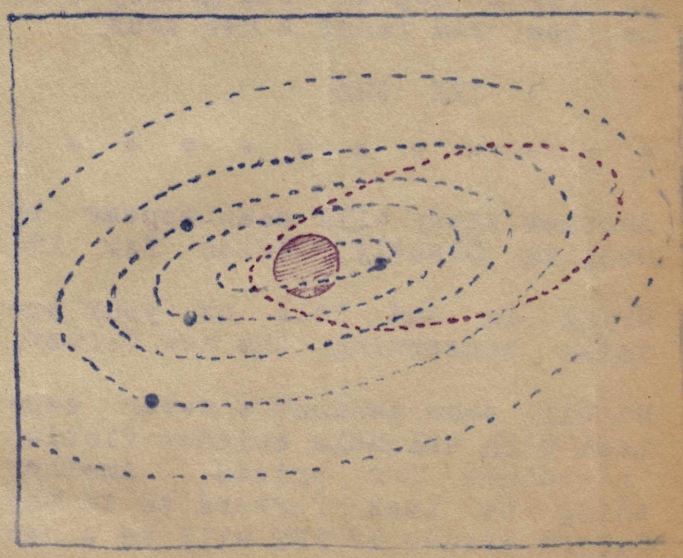
The New York Fans are bringing out a "Who's Who in Science Fiction," which will contain fans, clubs and publications. The exact date of appearance is unknown, but it should be forthcoming when we hear further.

When a small planetoid was found to have passed within a million and a half miles of the earth on February 7, 1936, it recieved considerable attention. It was found to be a member of the family of asteroids which lie between Mars and Jupiter. Its very elliptical orbit of 830,000000 miles carries it from beyond Mars to extremely close to our mother, the sun, closer in fact than Mercury.

The approach of this undiscovered, unknown planetoid was not detected, because it came from the direction of the dazzling sun. It was only after it had passed the Earth's orbit that it was discovered and its course plotted. It is to Professor E. Delparte, a Belgian astronomer who has found a great number of the little asteroids, that we owe the discovery of the celestial object.

Its close approach to the earth has been compared to two automobiles--one passing over the other by way of an underpass bridge. Some scientists have been wondering that by some succeeding passage its orbit may be deflected by the attraction of the Earth--like the attraction of a magnet for a rolling steel ball--enough to strike us. Though this small heavenly body is but a mile of a mile in diameter, the results of a collision might even cause the annihilation of our planet's inhabitants, or at least a nation-wide destruction in some part of the world. Others have speculated upon the possibility of the Earth's attraction instead of causing a collision, might capture little Anteros for a moon! It would however, probably not maintain its orbit, under the moon's complicating attraction, and fall to the Earth. On the other hand, it might happen that the object (which Delparte has named Anteros, in contrast to asteroid Eros, long that our nearest neighbor, outside of the moon) might speed up from its motion of 11.5 miles per second, and ejected into outer space, never to return. It is however, while it lasts, the smallest astronomical object ever given a name of its own.



LESSONS IN SUPER-SCIENCE

WORK = FORCE × DISTANCE

BY MILTON A. ROTHMAN

Before proceeding, lets make a few points clear. I have been accused of digging up a dead argument. But the argument has never been dead, at least to me, and it will not be until it is finally settled. In case somebody has been under the impression that I am defending "The Irrelevant," I wish to state that the opposite is the case. I have merely been presenting the argument as given by the author of the story, and now I am in the position of a puzzled soul trying to figure out whether the thing is righter wrong, and why.

We have the equation :- w = f x d. If we divide through by t (time) we get Power = f x velocity, which is more convenient to use. Since v is a variable in a body under acceleration, and force is constant, then the power is variable, a function of v. So we are getting a variable power produced by a constant force, which in turn is produced by a constant expenditure of fuel.

Three things can be deduced, assuming that the velocity is constantly increasing : 1-That the power increases. 2-That the power is constant and the force decreases. 3-That the power increases, but a greater expenditure of fuel is required to maintain a constant force.

Number one, which is the cause of the rumpus, seems to play havoc with conservation of energy.

If we demand that the power remain constant, we can't have a variable and a constant equal a constant, so the force must necessarily be inversely proportional to the velocity. But we get in to a worse fix here. The acceleration, or rate of change of velocity, is directly proportional to the force. If the force decreases, the velocity will get greater at a lesser rate, and as f is inversely proportional to v the force will get smaller at a lesser rate and the velocity will get greater at a still lesser rate, etc., etc. Resulting in the two quantities approaching limits, which can only be that the force will be zero and the velocity constant. Which means that the power will be approaching zero. All this fuel going to waste!

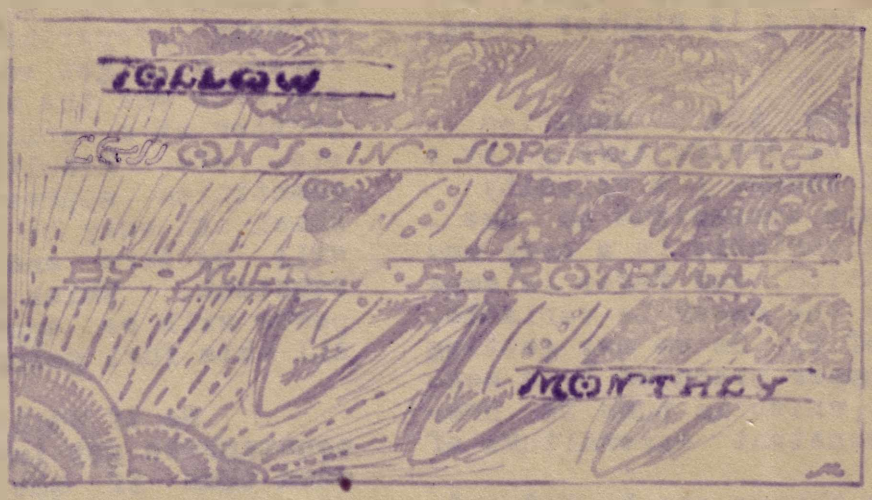
So if we let the power be constant we get into a worse paradox than if the power is increasing.

We can let the power increase if it wants to, but require a greater expenditure of fuel to keep up the constant force. But this seems silly also. However it can easily be determined experimentally whether it does require an increasing amount of fuel to maintain a constant acceleration

These are all the possibilities I can think of under the above conditions. But I wonder if we have not all been going off on the wrong track. If an automobile is [illegible] at the rate of 30ft per second and passes another car going [illegible] ft per second, while the [illegible] giving a push of 3000 [illegible] then the work done relative [illegible] is [illegible] ft lbs. per [illegible] and the work done relative [illegible] second car is only 3000 [illegible] But the work [illegible] second car [illegible] effect [illegible] is [illegible] the road, and not against [illegible]

Why not apply this to the rocket and measure the [illegible] relative to the thing it [illegible] against, which is the exploding gases pushed out from behind. It can be seen that the relative [illegible] the rocket measured with respect to these gases is always constant, once the gases have left the [illegible] of the rocket.

My knowledge of physics does not permit me to foresee the results of this, so for a couple of years I'll have to let it go at that. Perhaps some of you have suggestions. Letters are exceedingly welcome.



A trip to the moon. That has fascinated rocket experimenters and thrilled science fiction fans for years. It would open new frontiers and new markets and lead the way to new worlds. Interplanetary travel, a realization of an ultimate dream of a select group of intellectual eccentrics, as the realities of rocketry is called, there has been so much confusion and misinformation about this subject that I feel an article of this type is timely.

Many decades ago, Tsiolkovsky, the scientist, informed his scientific audience that a heavier than air machine could not fly and was mathematically impossible. And they gravely agreed with him.

Years passed, then came the Wright brothers. At Kitty Hawk one day a queer contraption rose into the air. Newcomb's belief crumbled into dust and a new science was born: the science of flight.

Years later an even more fantastic dream was given birth: the science of rocketry and interplanetary flight. The public scoffed and said it was impossible. They reasoned, then, that it did not stop these courageous experimenters. It was almost impossible to find money to finance their work. Business men would want to waste their money in such an absurd technical fad. Many experimenters banded together and formed societies. They managed to [illegible] themselves go [illegible]

[illegible] Fiction writers recognized the rocket as new material and wrote many stories about it. Newspaper reporters had their fun. People scoffed. Churches [illegible] and most scientists were afraid their reputations would be harmed if they expressed belief in this new lunacy.

In recent years, science has taken gigantic strides and rocketry has gained some recognition. The few really wise people who investigated the subject are with us now.

It is absurd to believe that an experimenter could build a rocket and blast off to the moon. We have to learn to walk before we can run. There is plenty of theoretical science supporting the rocket. In fact, science has the material on hand, but rocket fuel and acceleration are other things.

The use of rockets would be practically useless on the ground and its future lies in the skies. The last three years there has been a steady advance in the rocket field.

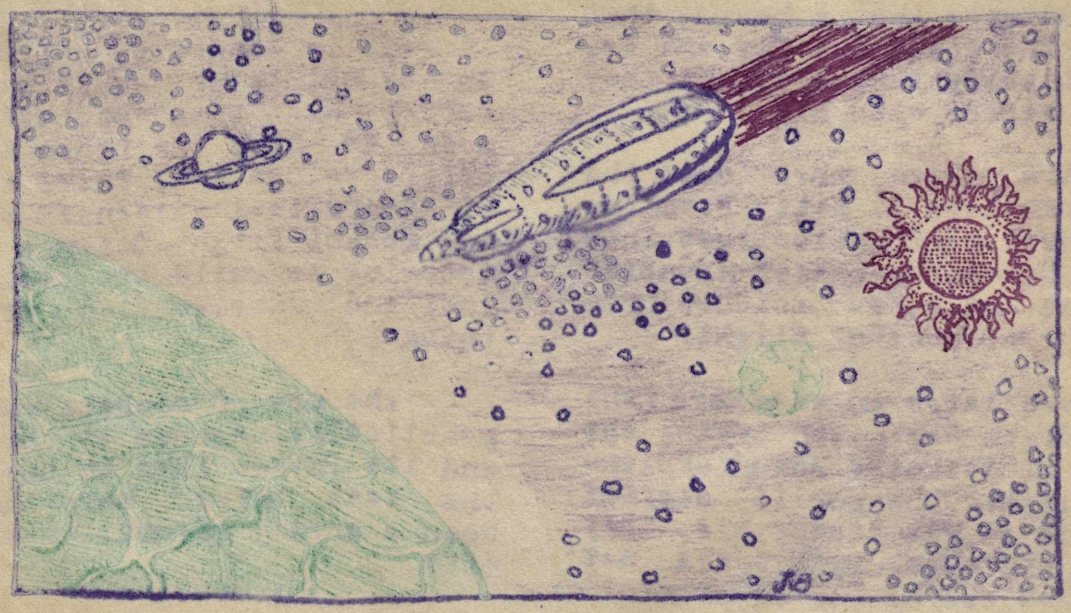
It is true that in years from now rockets will cross their way from New York to Paris, the other hemisphere, [illegible] and we [illegible] may be able to [illegible] The job is [illegible]

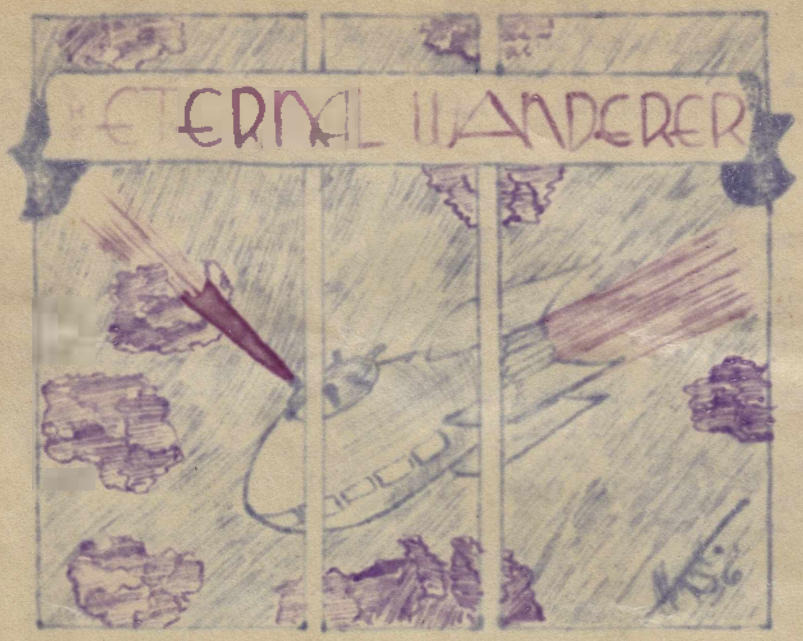
The only way we can get to the moon is by a "step up system." I mean by this, a series of rocket tubes which can be dropped off in space. An example, when the rocket ship leaves the Earth, one tube is used for a certain distance. Free of gravity, it unhooks that tube in space and then the second tube (rocket) is put into action, and so on, until the remaining tube, the "rocket proper" is used to send the ship back to Earth. This is the only safe way a rocket could go to the moon and return. Four such "stepup rockets" would take us to the moon and back. The total tonnage of the ship would seem to 40,960 tons. Herman Oberth, the Austrian experimenter has reached these amazing figures. Naturally, the weight of the "four step rocket" is surprizing to the uninitiated.

The total fuel [illegible] would be between thirty-five million and forty-five million dollars almost as costly as a first-class battleship.

In order to reach space the rocket must accelerate the speed of six and a half miles per second, approximately 25;000 miles an hour. The power of the fuel must be strong enough to break the gravitational attraction of the Earth.

What would be the effect of the rocket on industry? It would undoubtedly create new trades, a demand for skilled pilots and skilled labor, speedier transportation, etc. Its ultimate effects upon civilization would be far reaching, and bring many blessings.





by OSWALD TRAIN

Ray Cummings is one writer I would like to see come back into his own. After putting out such great stuff as "The Girl On The Golden Atom," "Tarrano the Conqueror," "The Man On The Moon," etc., he declined and began living out his tripe and hash of recent years. In a few stories such as "Brigands of the Moon," "Killer of Time," the Tama stories, and a few more, it looked very much as though he was reaching back to old heights. But alas, he didn't. Ray, what happened to you, one of the old masters? Your new stories are always read, in hopes of discovering your comeback, and while it is true you shine in spots, you haven't done a great story for years. The beauty of a glittering object is marred if it shines only here and there; so it is with a story.

Milton Asquith, a fairly recent newcomer to science fiction, in trying his hand at writing, and has done several pretty good stories. Milt and I may do a collaboration in the near future. If the first is a success we may be more together later.

I have to little but admiration here for Burroughs fans. His first short story since the old days of the Tarzan Jungle Tales in 1916-1917 will appear in the February 20th Argosy. Title? "The Resurrection of Jimber-Jaw." I haven't the slightest idea what it is about. By the way, his latest Pellucidar yarn, "Seven Worlds To Conquer," has begun in Argosy. It concerns the last member of the G-220 expedition to the core of the Earth, Von Horst.

Frank K. Bridge reached his peak in 1930 with the "Warlord of Venus" in Wonder Stories. This was a great story and I have waited in vain for a story from his pen that approached this one.

George Paul Bauer, if my memory does not fail me, has had but two stories in science fiction magazines; "Below the Infra-Red" in a 1937 Amazing and a serial in Wonder, "A Buccaneerman Adventure." Both stories were excellent. A sequel was promised for the latter one---in fact, it was announced that Bauer was working upon it all the time. But it never appeared.

Another promised sequel, which did not appear yet for a long time, "The Men of Mars," by Wesh Jackson, came in Wonder.

[illegible]

[illegible] Robert A. Heinlein, our regular [illegible] editor, was in New York over Thanksgiving. While there he saw [illegible] Kent Weisinger, Will Sykora, and a lot more.

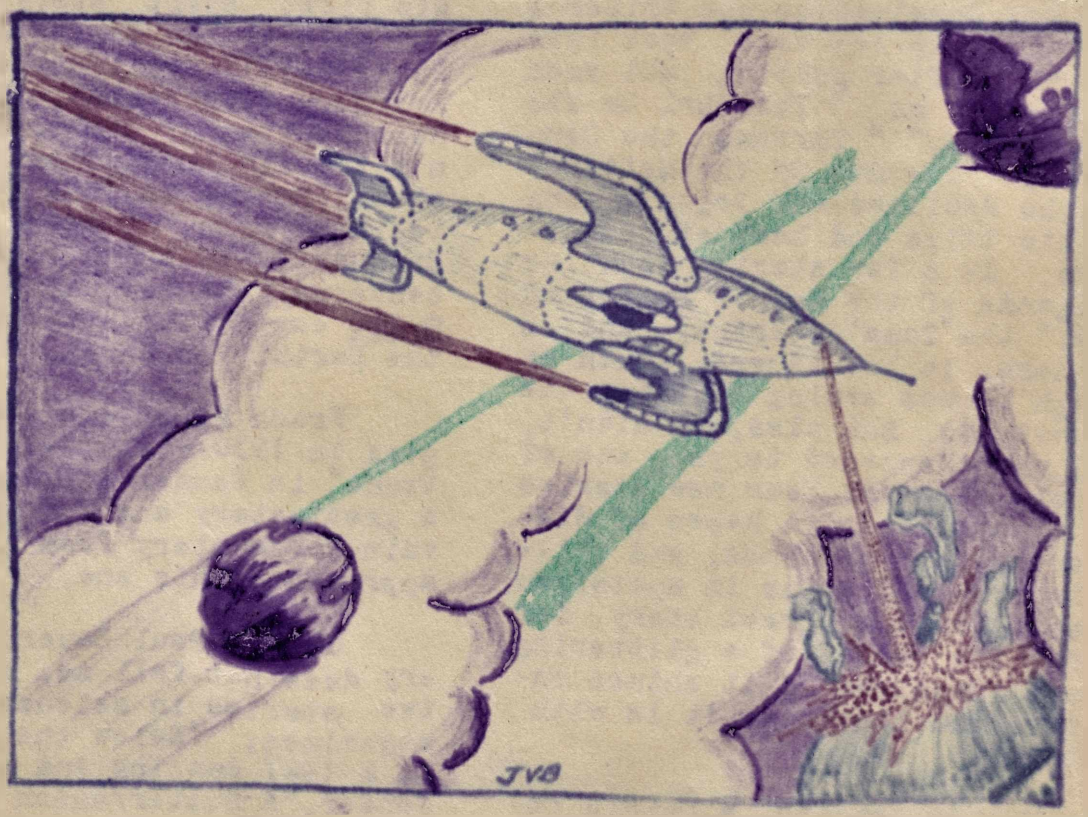
I am told that the Incest issue of Lark, the pictorial mag [illegible] zine, contains a picture of A. Langley, along with an X-ray of his head. I must appreciate it.

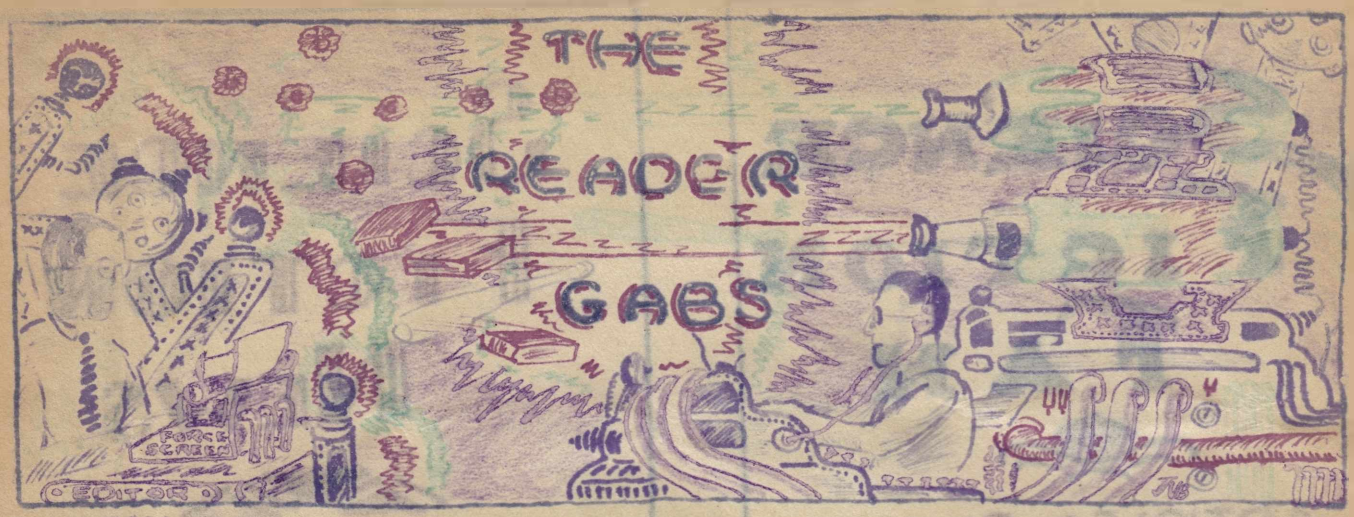
[illegible] Ed Morris

[illegible] which story, and [illegible] upon the subject [illegible] posted by [illegible] [illegible] doesn't have [illegible] send it out [illegible] future.

By the way, [illegible] beneath to my column the [illegible] I am [illegible] about how [illegible] thing different in [illegible] at one of the meetings, or to my home address, 6740 N. Marvine St. Philadelphia, Pa.

That's all.





Dear Editor:

Received the Bee ... today, want to congratulate you on an all round good issue. The illustrations in particular are swell with the exception of the heading for "The Reader Gabs" column; it's bad. Good also is Bert's column. Missed K.A.Rothman's column very much. Am glad to see that it will appear next month.

Sincerely,
CLON F. WIGGINS

Dear Mr. Madle:

Third FT has arrived, and it's swell. This leads me to believe that you have finally agreed on an exchange. But I still haven't received a copy of the second issue. Please send 'em along as soon as possible, as I'm eager to see it. When will the fourth issue be ready for distribution?

Best in the issue was Hahn's "Cluck Rogers In Astounding," but everything was excellent. Bert's column strikes an unique chord, and Dollen's art heading is very attractive. Let's have more of Morris' work, but don't drop Jack Baltadonis.

Best wishes,
WILLIS CONOVER, JR.

Dear Mr. Madle:

I sure got a kick out of Cluck Rogers, if I remember right you will have something about Flash Gordon in the next issue. Or am I wrong? Anyway, I see no reason why Hahn can't write a long, continued episode(s) about Cluck and Wilma. I don't think it would get tiresome for 7 or 8 issues anyway. Of course you couldn't run it too long.

Lil' Dollen is a fine ... illustrations. If his actual ... ings are as good as this ... page from ... he should be great ... course. There is really no ... there to judge upon, but it's ... ranged excellently. Dream nearly ... bubbles shaded beautifully and the lettering looks swell.

JVR's work is good. His best in the third issue was the one for "Weird Whisperings." The cover was equally good, and four colors! I had very little trouble reading the magazine. (Referring to your lektogenching.)

Very sincerely,
ROY TENT

Dear Editor:

I thought absolutely the best thing in it was Hahn's little skit on Rogers, and the worst his story "The Illusion." I that his little satire was perfect. A bit childish in places, but in very few places and the thing as a whole had me rolling on the floor, even at second reading. (Four stars) ... Bert's thing was okay-not too interesting but still ok. Train was not bad, but not much worse than before. I like his subject, but he seems to have said very little than isn't commonly known. Your "Reader Gabs" is a bit superfluous I like it very much, but I hold that two pages of valuable space could have been put to a much better use. Issue as a whole your best. But missed Rothman's article. Let's hope he keeps monthly from now on.

Sincerely yours,

BILL MILLER

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