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CONTENTS

Editorial

The Polar Sea *T. O'Connor Sloan, Ph.D.* 7

Serials

"When Atlantis Was" (Two Part Serial—Part One)
H. F. Arnold 12

The Fireless Age (Conclusion) *David H. Keller, M.D.* 42

Stories Complete in This Issue:

The Last Ice *George H. Scheer, B.Sc., EE.* 71

"On the Planet Fragment" *Neil R. Jones* 97

Poem

Elegy to a Dead Satellite: LUNA *Elton Andrews* 136

Science Questionnaire 11

Discussions 137

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Elegy to a Dead Satellite: Luna

by Elton Andrews

Darkness descends—and the cluttering towers
Of cities and hamlets blink into light.
The harsh brilliant glitter of day's bustling hours
Gives place to the glowing effulgence of night.
The moon—that blanched creature—the queen of the sky
Peeps wistfully down at the life-forms below,
Thinking, perhaps, of the æons rolled by
Since life on her bosom lapsed under the snow.
A dead world, and cold, this satellite bleak,
Whose craters and valleys are airless and dry;
No flicker of motion from deep pit to peak;
No living thing's ego to ask, "Why am I?"
But once, ages past, this grim tomb out in space,
Felt bustle of life on her surface now bare,
Till Time in his flight, while speeding apace,
Swept life, motion, thought away—who can know where?