

BOB TUCKER DIES!

B-U-L-L-E-T-I-N

Monday, 22 August 1949

B-U-L-L-E-T-I-N

Today is a tragic one thruout fandom, for today were were notified that Wilson Robert Tucker, known everywhere among fans as "Bob", died late Sunday evening in a fire at the theatre in Bloomington, Illinois, in which he was employed.

Tucker worked at the Phil-Kron Theatre as a projectionist. In addition, he was a "spare-time novelist;" he has had three detective novels published and a fourth is slated to appear this fall.

The sad news was received from Mari-Beth Wheeler, noted femme fan and one of Tucker's closest friends. Her telegram came early this morning, and is reproduced below:

"Bob killed in theatre fire. Must stay here for funeral arrangements. His last words: 'Tell them I'm sorry.' He died peacefully.

Mari-Beth Wheeler"

It is assumed Tucker's last words referred to fandom, and the fact that he wouldn't be able to attend the Cinvention.

A long-distance call to Mari-Beth brought further details of the tragedy:

Tucker received news Saturday that Rinehart Publishers had lost the manuscript of a psychological-love novel upon which he has been working for the past five months, and requested that he send a duplicate. They assured him publication of this novel and stated they thought it would be a best-seller. But one of the Tucker children had found the only duplicate of the mss. in the study a few days before, and, thinking it was scrap paper, had taken it out to the alley and used it as fuel for a bonfire! Tucker drank his worries away all Saturday night, and according to his fellow theatre employees, was in a dazed condition when reporting for work Sunday. While the projector was running, it is surmised, Bob dozed off -- possibly with a burning cigarette in his hand.

Bob had just finished plans for a suprise announcement at Cincy. He was going to create a central fan organization, Fandom Inc., in Chicago, and was going to set up a headquarters in the Windy City, complete with a linotype and presses for the publication of a professional fan magazine -- a daily, no less!

Mari-Beth also revealed that for the past year and a half Bob had been writing for aSF and Merwin under no less than five pseudonyms -- all assumed by fandom to be new authors. Pending clearance from the publishers, she refused to disclose the pennames.

Mari-Beth announced her intention to adopt the Tucker children -- "and I'll see that both of them go thru college -- and have access to science-fiction magazines always. I know Bob would have wanted it that way."

Hoy Ping Pong Tucker will never be forgotten by fandom. He was an outstanding example of what fandom can do to a person. From a gangling, mediocre, non-literary youth, he developed into a gangling, successful, selling novelist. He was beloved by all who knew him, and his dry humor -- and his pranks -- became a legend in fan circles. Bob never liked long-winded eulogies -- so we'll end this right here.

(Mari-Beth has asked us to spread this sad news around the fanworld. She also requests that friends and mourners refrain from

trying to contact her by telephone. Naturally this has been a great shock to her, and between her own grief, and the many details to be taken care of, she is unable to spare the time to answer phone calls.)

(Watch for the 30-page memorial volume, "Bob Tucker, Fandom's Success Story" which will be on sale at the Convention!)

BOB TUCKER
1914-1949
R. I. P.

2120 Bay Street
Saginaw, Michigan

printed matter only



Arnim Seiestad
1500 Fairholme
Grosse Pointe 30,
MICHIGAN

BOB TUCKER DIES