

FANTASY FICTION

FIELD

Presents —

*Richard Tooker*

*E. R. Burroughs*

FAPA

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Julius Unger  
6401 24 Ave.  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

# Edgar Rice Burroughs

FACTS ON THE WORKS of EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS - Compiled by D.C. Richardson.

The general magazine title of the book: JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN in BLUE BOOK was "New Stories of Tarzan". This series was published in 12 short stories with the same titles as the chapter headings in the book.

TARZAN THE UNFAMED in RED BOOK contained fully 75% of the complete book. TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF LUNA in ALL-STORY was about the last quarter of the novel.

TARZAN AND THE LION MAN appeared in nine weekly issues of LIBERTY as follows: November 11, 18, 25, December 2, 16, 23, 30, 1933; Jan. 6, 1934

THE book title of the 6th Pellucidar novel is THE LAND OF TERROR. This includes RETURN TO PELLUCIDAR, MEN OF BRONZE and TIGER GIRL.

The next Mars book may be titled WAR ON MARS. This book is supposed to include: John Carter and the Giant of Mars, City of Mummies, Black Pirates of Barsoom, Yellow Men of Mars, and Invisible Men of Mars. (Skeleton Men of Jupiter is the first of a new series). ERB is now abroad and can not finish this group right now.

The original title for "Slaves of the Fish Men" was "Captured on Venus", This title was probably changed by the Editors of FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. J. Allen St. John said that this was the most remarkable Burroughs story he has ever read or illustrated.

According to the BLUE BOOK people -- the original title (as given by ERB) for "Land That Time Forgot" was "The Lost U-Boat". However, it was never printed under this heading. Just before first publication in 1918 the title was changed.

According to the BLUE BOOK people -- the original title for "The Oakdale Affair" (as given by ERB) was "Bridge and the Oaskaloosa Kid."

"The Outlaw of Torn" was not published complete, but appeared in 5 issues of NEW STORY, i.g., January -- May 1914.

"Under the Moons of Mars", the first ERB story ever printed was listed as by NORMAN BEAN, ERB's first and only pen name. Incidentally, the name was supposed to have been NORMAL BEAN, and there was a misprint making it Norman instead of Normal. ERB was not pleased with this typographical error and wrote the editors of ALL-STORY in protest. This was the last time he used a pseudo-name. This information was gleaned from the Sept. 1912 ALL-STORY Magazine.

BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE really featured ERB stories. For example: T. AT THE EARTH'S CORE was featured on all seven monthly covers with beautiful color paintings by Frank Hoban. T. AND THE LOST EMPIRE was featured by 4 cover illustrations out of five issues. T., LORD OF THE JUNGLE was featured by 2 cover illustrations out of 6, and the other 4 covers had large "blurbs" announcing Allen St. John. This same illustration is reproduced in the book, both McClurg and GD edition. T. GUARD OF THE JUNGLE in the ENLARGED BLUE BOOK was featured by 6 covers out of 7. THE TRIUMPH OF T. had 2 cover paintings out of six, T. AND LEOPARD MEN had at least 2 cover paintings out of 6. A FIGHTING MAN OF MARS had 5 covers out of 6 and SWORDS OF MARS 2 out of six. Other BLUE BOOK ERB stories featured only the first part of the serial with a cover painting.

THE TARZAN TWINS, 1927, was reprinted by the Volland Co. at least 7 times but the original is designated FIRST EDITION on the fly leaf. I have both a first and seventh edition in my possession. The second TARZAN TWIN BOOK "Tarzan and the Tarzan Twins with Jad-Bal-Ja the Golden Lion" was published by Whitman Publishing Co., Racine, Wisc. It is a paper-bound big-big book, number 4056.

To date 3 stories have been printed by JOHN COLEMAN BURROUGHS and HULBERT BURROUGHS, sons of ERB. These two write together and are co-authors. These stories are "THE MAN WITHOUT A WORLD", Thrilling Wonder Stories, June 1939. THE LIGHTNING MEN (a sequel to the above title) Thrilling Wonder, Feb. 40. and one complete novel: THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD, Startling Stories, Sept. 1941. This last story is also illustrated by J.C. Burroughs.

The McClurg first editions of ERB contain any number of beautiful illustrations by J. Allen St. John that never reappear in any subsequent reprint. Several titles have as many as 10 or more very fine full-page illustrations. Some of the titles having extra pictures are: T. AND JEWELS OF OPAR, T. UNTAMED, TARZAN TERRIBLE, T. GOLDEN LION, THUVIA, CHESSMEN OF MARS, AT THE EARTH'S CORE, LAND THAT TIME FORGOT, etc.

I have a few metropolitan and McClurg original book jackets, the only McCauley 1st ed. jacket (Girl from Hollywood) and all of the ERB, 1st ed. jackets. McClurg jackets (All I have seen except T. OF APES, featured a picture of ERB where the book review generally comes, and place the review of the story on the back cover. The original TARZAN OF THE APES book jacket was illustrated by FRED J. ARTING and was a silhouette picture (similar to the GD jacket) with only four dull colors used: black, green, gray and yellow. The ERB, Inc. jacket for TARZAN AND THE LION MAN is different than the GD jacket. There are also two different jackets to T. AND THE GOLDEN LION. One is by Allen St. John. The other is a photoplay jacket illustrating the motion picture.

The first five TARZAN books were reprinted by A.L. Burt Co. They are rather old and are considered collector's items.

MOST of Burrough's stories were printed in magazines abroad as well as books. I have a copy of Burrough's story, printed in the June-July issue of the British magazine, Sovereign Magazine, entitled WHEN BLOOD TOLD, ERB himself has this mag right now. He said he never did know that it was published in England and has his London lawyer looking into the situation. (Note: WHEN BLOOD TOLD is pt. 4 of TARZAN THE UNTAMED.)

Almost all the Tarzan stories have appeared in Comic Strips in the KANSAS CITY STAR as well as various other newspapers throughout the U.S.

A number of ERB stories have been reprinted in Modern Mechanics and Invention during the early years of the magazine - from 1928 - 1930.

The N.Y. Evening World reprinted UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS in six installments beginning with the Jan. 3, 1916 issue and A MAN WITHOUT A SOUL beginning with the Dec. 6, 1915 issue. There may have been other stories reprinted by this newspaper. I have photostat copies of these stories.

PIRATES OF VENUS and LOST ON VENUS were published as serials during 1926 in the PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER. Several Tarzan stories were supposed to have been printed in this newspaper. (reprinted)

The book version of THE LAD AND THE LION contains a great deal of material not included in the magazine story. It seems almost like a second story woven through the original one.

The book and the magazine version of TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN differ greatly in text. The book deals at length with Tarzan's impersonator of TARZAN and the GOLDEN LION: Esteban Miranda, while the magazine story does not. Also in this book Tarzan was revealed to be a grandfather - a fact which has not cropped up since.

OUTLAW OF TORN was the second story ERB ever wrote altho it was the 3rd published. This was intended to be a serious novel and he spent 6 months in research work for it. It was a financial failure considering the time spent, so he didn't fool much with research in the future. The research for this novel was not altogether a loss, though, for he did use a lot of the material later in TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE.

There may be some connection between the TARZAN COMIC STRIP: "TARZAN & THE MAYAN GODDESS" and "THE QUEST OF TARZAN" from the 1941 ARGOSY.

"BEYOND THE FARTHEREST STAR" was supposed to have been the first of a series, and is considered as a good piece of satire.

Otis Adelbert Kline's novel "Buccaneers of Venus" did not appear in ARGOSY because at the time he submitted it ERB submitted PIRATES OF VENUS. The story was similar in locale and title and even though they had already printed 2 of Kline's Venus novels, they turned it down because ERB was a greater drawing card.

Farley also had <sup>the</sup> some trouble. He wrote a couple of novels about the Earth's Core and ARGOSY delayed them for years because of ERB's Pellucidar series.

A LIST OF VARIOUS E.R.BURROUGHS COMICS, BIG LITTLE BOOKS, AND SIMILAR.

Big-Little-Books published by Saalfeld Publishing Co. and Better-Little books published by Whitman Publishing Co.

Tarzan of the Apes 1933	Son of Tarzan 1939
Tarzan of the Screen 1934	Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar 1940
Tarzan the Fearless 1934	John Carter of Mars (Fast Act. Story) 1940 (A juvenile remake of first half of A PRINCESS OF MARS)
The Tarzan Twins 1934	John Carter of Mars (Better-Little Book) 1940
New Adventures of Tarzan 1935	Tarzan the Untamed 1941
The Return of Tarzan 1936	Tarzan the Terrible 1942
Tarzan Escapes 1936	Tarzan and the Golden Lion 1943.
Beasts of Tarzan 1937	
Tarzan with the Tarzan Twins in the Jungle (Fast Action Story) 1938	
Tarzan's Revenge 1938	
Tarzan the Avenger (Fast Act. Bk) 39	

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NEW ADVENTURES OF TARZAN Illustrated Pop-Up Edition, Pleasure Books, Inc. Chicago.

THE ILLUSTRATED TARZAN BOOK NO.1 1925 (pictureized TARZAN OF THE APES) Grossett and Dunlap.

TARZAN AND THE CRYSTAL VAULTS OF ISIS 1933 (a Tarzan story of a set of 50 candy picture cards.

An incomplete list of Tarzan Comic Strips: TARZAN OF THE APES, RETURN OF T., BEASTS OF TARZAN, etc. TARZAN AND THE FIRES OF TOHR, T. & THE MAYAN GODDESS, T. UNDER FIRE, THE T. TWINS, T. THE APE MAN, T. THE FEARLESS, TARZAN AND THE FIRE GODS, T. & THE HIDDEN TREASURE, THE 7 LIVES OF T. etc.

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A PRINCESS OF MARS was printed in Great Britain in 1938 by the ESPERANTO under the title, "Princino De Marso."

THE RED STAR OF TARZAN comes after TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT in strict chronological order, but was printed in book form one year before the latter title.

Every ERB story that has ever been printed in book form (U.S.A.) was just printed in a magazine except the two TARZAN TWIN stories.

ERB considered TARZAN THE TERRIBLE as his best and most ingenious Tarzan story. He has been quoted as saying that TARZAN AND THE LION MAN, in his opinion was his poorest TARZAN story. However, it had one of the best sales records.

# ABRAHAM MERRITT, EDITOR, DEAD AT 59 - AUGUST 21, 1943. N.Y. Times

reprinted from *TIMES* of August 22.

ABRAHAM MERRITT, EDITOR, DEAD AT 59 --- Head of American Weekly, Magazine Section, Noted as Author of weird fiction - Executive for 52 yrs. Grew Unusual Drug and Poison Plants for Hobby - Writer on Archaeology and Botany.

CLEARWATER, Fla., Aug. 21 (AP) -- Abraham Merritt, editor of the American Weekly, widely published Sunday magazine section, died of a heart attack early this afternoon at Indian Rocks Beach at the age of 59. He arrived here from New York yesterday for a vacation.

## LEFT HERE THURSDAY

Mr. Merritt, who had achieved as much renown as a writer of horror tales as he had as an editor, appeared in good health Thursday when he left New York with his wife, Eleanor, by plane for Florida. He had intended to combine business and pleasure on the trip, for he was owner of The Banboxes, a small colony of homes at Indian Rocks Beach, near Clearwater. Mr. Merritt, who made his home at Cloverdale Road, Hollis, Queens, was born in Beverly, N.J., the son of William Henry and Ida Priscilla Merritt. He studied at Philadelphia High School and in 1902, at the age of 18, began as a reporter on the Philadelphia Inquirer. He remained with this paper until 1911, rising to the post of night city editor. Then he went to work on the American Weekly as an associate editor.

## PROMOTED TO POST IN 1937

In 1937 William Randolph Hearst promoted him to editor of the magazine section upon the death of Morrill Goddard, whose assistant he had been for twenty-five years. He helped build the section to its present circulation of more than 7,500,000. Mr. Merritt, while spending his days as an editor, became a writer at night, turning out fiction in the study of his Hollis home where he had shelf upon shelf of books dealing with demonology and other weird subjects. His books include "The Moon Pool", "The Ship of Ishtar," "Seven Footprints to Satan," "The Face in the Abyss," "The Woman of the Wood", "Dwellers in the Mirage," "Burn, Witch, Burn;" and "Creep Shadow." He also wrote on a variety of serious subjects, including modern survivals of ancient cults, archaeology and Botany.

## KEPT STRANGE GARDEN

Although he was busy as an editor in the daytime, and wrote fiction by night, Mr. Merritt found time to keep one of the strangest flower gardens in the country. In it could be found many exotic plants such as the Peruvian daffodil, the Mexican shell lily and the African trumpet. But Mr. Merritt, with a peculiar flair for horticulture, also grew the datum, the mandrake and the monkshood, some of them plants with weird histories, others producing powerful drugs and poisons. Mr. Merritt's interest in such a weird hobby originally stemmed from a visit he made in his youth to Central America. Here he came in contact with some of these plants, learned their history and their effects. He was a member of the Flayers and of the Lotus Club of New York. Mr. Merritt leaves a widow, the former Eleanor Humphrey Johnson, whom he married after the death of his first wife, the former Eleanor Ratcliffe. Surviving also is a daughter, Ida Eleanor, of New York -- rep. fr. NY Times 8/22/43

TRAGIC SHOCK TO FANTASY --- loss to both amateur and professional fields. Merritt was an ardent fan --- we owe him an eternal debt that we never will be able to repay --- Julius Unger in Fantasy Fiction Field 8/24

# FANTASY FICTION FIELD present

## the AUTOBIOGRAPH of ABRAHAM MERRITT

Publisher's Note: This article was sent to me June 16, 1943 by Abe's agents Brandt and Brandt who said that it had been compiled by A. Merritt himself. W.D.

Abraham Merritt was born January 30, 1884 at Beverly, N.J. Beverly was then a good old-fashioned wholly American village, on the Delaware River about 25 miles north of Philadelphia. The population was about a thousand who maintained themselves by fishing in the river, farming in the rich country round about, and commerce as then exemplified by two side-wheeler riverboats that picked up the truck twice a day and by what was known locally as "THE ROYAL K". Beverly runs of shad were famous -- progress in the way of water pollution not having arrived as yet -- and the hauls, sold in Philadelphia, was good meant three or four months' prosperity for the whole village.

Mr. Merritt's grandfather had been a Quaker, but when his wife, Emily Grace of Maryland, refused to become a Quaker either "by conviction or adoption," he was dropped from the Burlington, N.J. Friends Meeting House Rolls. He was an architect and a builder, and designed and erected most of the new churches and stately edifices of Beverly as the village grew in size and prosperity. He had a careless habit of forgetting bills, however, so that when he died his estate consisted of mostly uncollectable accounts, and the Merritt hacienda ultimately became a Public Park.

The historic Burlington Friends Meeting House; some twenty miles north of Beverly, has a lot of Merritts in it, the oldest of their tombstones dating back to 1681. There are many Abrahams among them, also Jobs, Hezekiahs, Nehemiah, Joshuas, and other fine old Biblical names. Mr. Merritt, the subject of this sketch, was christened Abraham after their grandfather and has always been thankful that the other names, for example Job, were by-passed by the naming committee.

In Mr. Merritt's family tree there hang quite a number of obits of quite distinguished Americans, but he is really proud only of four. One is General Wesley Merritt, whose father and old Abraham's father were brothers, Panimore Cooper who roasts there by virtue of Mr. Merritt's maternal grandmother Hannah Fenimore, a Quakeress also read out of the Meeting House because of her stubborn husband, and Col. Grace who licked Tarleton's men in the historic battle of Cowpens. And a pre-Revolutionary character who was a highwayman pursuing his business along the Boston Post Road; a most interesting scoundrel whose headquarters were at Hamaroneck and whose assassins, instead of being hanged for their crimes, were presented with medals by a grateful countryside.

When Mr. Merritt was about ten years old, his parents moved to Philadelphia, taking him with them. His father's name was William Henry

Merritt, and he was also an architect and a builder. His mother's name was Ida Priscilla Buck, the daughter of Hannah Fenimore Buck, whose husband had been Philip Buck, the son of Old Cap'n Buck of Cape May, N.J., one of the first skippers of the Yankee Clippers plying the China and Far East trade. Philip died of wounds received during the Civil War. He was on the Union side, as were a number of the Merritts, and Fenimores, Coopers and Stevensons -- also grouped in the family tree and most of them what were known as Fighting Quakers.

On the other hand, most of the Graces were killed, wounded or survived fighting on the Confederate side -- which did not make for family peace in the Beverly households.

When he was thirteen, Mr. Merritt was graduated into the Philadelphia High School with high honors. After studying there for a year, he decided that his future lay in the law and that completing the four years of high school would be a waste of time. He began "to read", as it was then called, in the office of Andrew J. Maloney, one of the outstanding estate lawyers in Philadelphia, also attending lectures at the University of Pennsylvania.

The first year of this, he read Blackstone through twice from cover to cover, Simon Greenleaf's "Treatise on the Law of Evidence," and a few other legal classics. Also, at the advice of Mr. Maloney, who considered the Bible as useful in law as Blackstone, he took up the Book -- no stranger since it had been enforced upon him both in Beverly and Philadelphia, and he can even now quote whole chapters by memory. To the Bible and Blackstone he largely owes, he thinks, whatever present proficiency in English and Latin he may possess.

About this time, he met two great men who influenced potently his thinking. One was the famous Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, at that time carrying on his classic experiments in the medical properties of rattlesnake venom, the author of "The Red City," "Hugh Wynn" and other books. Dr. Mitchell, for some reason, took a fancy to Merritt, and turned his mind toward folk-lore and its modern survivals, and other phenomena then wholly speculative and unorthodox, but many of which have since become scientific fact. And also toward some of the little explored paths of literature.

The other was Dr. Charles Eucharist de Medicis Sajous, whose studies and discoveries about the ductless glands and their effects upon personality paved the way to most of the modern discoveries about them-- but were then considered also by the conservative wing of the medical party as somewhat too unorthodox. He turned Merritt's mind toward another side of science and literature. Both men gave it a permanent bent.

Merritt had the faculty of rapid reading, an unusually retentive memory, an omnivorous curiosity about everything. So the next year and a half represented at least a four year college course, but, of course, a highly specialized one. Later, he was to repay some of his debt to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell by certain personal observations of witchcraft practices, survivals of blood sacrifices, and so on, in the Pennsylvania Dutch region.

At this time when he was nearly 19, but looking several years older, he decided that probably his proper field was the newspaper business. One of his very good friends was a star political reporter. It seemed

a good idea to serve a sort of apprenticeship with this genius before applying for a job on a newspaper. Merritt thought that maybe if he learned enough in advance he could get on the staff of the Sun in New York -- an ambitious project born of ignorance, of course.

But in serving this apprenticeship, he unfortunately was a witness of a singularly unhappy political incident in which he had no part beyond that of an innocent bystander. Nevertheless, he qualified as an essential witness. The political opposition was anxious to force him into this, while the side the political expert was on was just as anxious that he shouldn't be an essential witness.

The consequence was a speedy trip to Mexico and other points south where writs of extradition did not run.

It was here that he first conceived a strong interest in matters archaeological, although he admits that he spent most of his time studying the habits and customs of the natives with special emphasis on fiestas and bibiendo, or drinking as they call it in the United States.

Once, he likes to relate, he won \$600 on a Panama lottery which he had bought from an old Indian woman in Miraflores, spent a couple of hundred of it, then filled with gratitude, sought for the old woman who had sold him the ticket and presented her with most of the balance. This so overcame the seller, who was quite an important person in her tribe, that a few days later, Merritt says, he found himself a member of it by full blood rites.

He was down in that country for more than a year, a good part of the time in Tehuantepec and Chiapas. He went treasure hunting over in Yucatan with a rather reckless scout for one of the big Eastern University Museums, was one of the first white men to enter the ancient Mayan city of Tulum since Catherwood nearly a hundred years before. Here he almost lost his life by falling into an ambush of hostile Indians who were on the warpath.

He turned up later in Cichon Itza and fished for awhile in the cenote, or "sacred well," from which was later taken golden objects to the bullion value of \$5,000,000.

From there he went to Costa Rica where he spent some time wooing the senoritas up at the San Juan de Potosi. While there the cloud was lifted from him and he was recalled to Philadelphia. He didn't want to leave, but if he stayed he wouldn't get any more money, so he had to come back.

Shortly thereafter he got a job as a reporter on the old Philadelphia Inquirer in the days of the Elversons.

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Merritt's talent/for what is called "feature writing". He rose rapidly on the Inquirer, covering murders, suicides, hangings, mysteries, romances and political stories, and one personally conducted lynching party in Delaware that still keeps him awake some nights.

In six years he had marched up to the night city editorship on the Inquirer, becoming, on the way, special Philadelphia correspondent for Morrill Goddard, the great feature editor who left Joseph Pulitzer to take over the American Weekly for William Randolph Hearst. This was then called simply "the Sunday Supplement" of the Hearst Sunday Newspapers. Later it was forged into The American Weekly by Mr. Hearst

and Mr. Goddard, The magazine has always been one of the publications closest to Mr. Hearst's heart.

Goddard, in 1912, approving of Merritt's work for him, offered "to take a chance on him for a year, if Merritt felt like taking the same chance on him." Merritt took the chance and became Goddard's assistant.

In 1957 Goddard died suddenly and Merritt moved into his place as editor of The American Weekly, a post he has held ever since.

Since that time The American Weekly has grown from a circulation of around 5,000,000 to approximately 8,000,000. It is carried now not only by the Hearst Sunday newspapers, but eight influential non-Hearst papers, perhaps the most important being the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Before Merritt took the post of full editor he had written seven novels, several short stories and a number of papers upon ethnological and archeological subjects. Most of which were either privately printed or are held in manuscript form for those interested.

His books are "Moon Pool," "The Ship of Ishtar," "Seven Footprints to Satan," "The Metal Monster," "The Face in the Abyss," "Burn, Witch, Burn," and "Creep Shadow." A novelette, "The Woman of the Wood," has been reprinted many times here and abroad. Two of the books have been made into motion pictures. "Burn, Witch, Burn" was printed in America, in England, Holland, Spain, France and Russia.

In all of his stories Merritt weaves much of what he has seen, heard and read of strange rites, of superstitions, of science, of religion. They are fantastic, but they are accurate and they are very unusual.

Last fall, Merritt wrote a book upon philosophy and mechanism of feature making, as he sees it. It was not for sale, but was printed privately by The American Weekly and sent out as a Christmas gift to a great number of prominent gentlemen in the scientific, advertising and business worlds. The book was called, "The Story Behind the Story" and showed, often in lively fashion, how the formulas worked out in actual practice.

It was so well received that the edition of 10,000 was soon almost exhausted. It was very popular with the schools of journalism at various universities and colleges, which are rapidly absorbing the few copies that are left.

Merritt has many interests. Outside of his editorship he is most interested in horticulture, especially sub-tropical. This is no fad, no passing hobby. He is definitely and seriously interested and is an expert.

He has one experimental farm near Clearwater where he has planted the first olive groves in Florida. On this place he also has some 200 varieties of trees and plants, food bearers, largely from South and Central America, but others from Africa, Asia and Australia.

Here also he is experimenting with some 50 Fofjoa plants from Brazil, which bear a delicious fruit and whose flowers are the only edible flowers known. Here, too, he is growing the Chorimoya, another delicious but little known fruit.

In Bradenton, Florida, on Tampa Bay, he has another experimental farm of some 75 acres where he is specializing in avocados, mangoes and litchi, so popular with the Chinese.

Merritt is also much interested in the possibilities of some 750 acres he owns near Santo Domingo, about a hundred miles south of Quito in Ecuador. This is the richest land and with J.M. Sheppard, President of the Pan-American Tropical Research Society, who owns about 2000 adjacent acres, he is planning another experimental farm, largely to handle medicinal plants and trees, vanilla beans and quinine. The hacienda is at present pretty much virgin forest and Colorados Indios. Merritt is a Director of the Society.

He is also an expert apiarist, or bee man.

He has married twice, first to Eleanore May Radcliffe, by whom he has one daughter, Eleanore.

After his first wife's death, he married Eleanore Humphrey Johnson, who shares in most of his tastes and is an expert in floriculture as he is in horticulture generally.

His only club is the Lotos.

Private residence 87-25 Clover Hill Road, Hollis, L.I., and Indian Rocks Key, Pinellas County, Florida.

Business Address -- The American Weekly - 255 East 45th Street, New York City."

----- and so ends the sketch as presented by Brandt & Brandt.

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This is sent to you through the courtesy of Julius Unger - owner and Editor of the FANTASY FICTION FIELD - the National Fantasy Review - illustrated newsweekly - sub. rates 5¢ per copy - 6 for 25¢. It was originally intended that this was to go out with the December FAPA mailing - but due to "misunderstandings" and the "speedy" mail service between Brooklyn and Fargo, North Dakota - where Walt Dunkelberger publishes FFF has necessitated this long delay. Sorry!

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# Richard Tooker

The following information was gleaned from "personality sketches" - Am. Fiction Guild Bulletin and from a personal letter to Julius Unger from Mr. Richard Tooker, author of "The Day of the Brown Horde".

Richard Tooker: Born July 3, 1902, Farina, Ill. At the age of four an involuntary pioneer to the Dakota plains. Wrote his first yarn at the age of eight on the rough board floor of the old homestead. It was a gory Indian fighting story, inspired by Henty's "Golden Canyon". Influenza, from which he nearly died, turned his head for life at the age of fifteen, when he wrote an interplanetary novelette, later published in WEIRD TALES under Edwin Baird.....Looking for adventure in the raw, he joined the Marines at twenty-three and found out so much about Haiti in sixteen months that he could never write a saleable story about the Magic Island... ..Wrote "The Day of the Brown Horde" blindly at white heat inspiration. Stock market crash diseased the sales, but the novel established his reputation fairly well. After that he really learned to write in a most painful period of discovery that "works of genius" may be bad medicine when depression gives you buck ague and you can't repeat. Learned deliberate technique so rousingly well that he has been able to help others make the grade from the SATURDAY EVENING POST and ESQUIRE to the pulps and the juvenile weeklies.....LATEST Book: "Inland Deep", just published by Penn of Philadelphia. A Jules Verne type of romance for young people.... LATEST Magazine CONTRIBUTIONS: Esquire, Ken, ASTOUNDING STORIES, Hard-boiled, Thrilling Mystery and THRILLING WONDER. (above from Am.Fict.GB)

"My next science fiction story is a long short entitled "Mongrovia Caravan", which ought to appear in THRILLING WONDER STORIES in the next issue or two. They are publishing so seldom now that it takes awhile to get any one story on their roster.

Books I have worked on lately can be ordered from Paul M. Kourennoff, 617 -B Pennsylvania St., Vallejo, Calif. They are "Oriental Health Remedies" and "The World Healer". I get no by-line credit but was well paid for my time, which is sufficient heart's ease for me.

My time is almost entirely taken up with ghost writing contracts, not all fiction by any means. I usually have contracts far in advance for my time.

Just at present my main efforts on work of my own are devoted to a realistic novel of American life; set on the Missouri Slope of North Dakota where I spent seventeen years of my life in two periods, no, three, all rather widely separated. Now that I am older I find that my early experiences grow more vivid and significant.

I can understand why H.G.Wells left science fiction for the realistic novel. I can also understand why A. Merritt apparently stopped writing fantasy in his later life. After a score or so of science fiction stories, a writer tends to lose his zest for this type of story. He has given it his best and instinctively turns to a less plowed field, which invariably will be found in the realistic novel or short story or the biography. The modern novel seems to be interpretive biography carried to the nth degree of development.

WEIRD TALES fans of earliest recollections may recall that I had the featured novelette in one of the first two or three issues of WT. The title was "Planet Paradise". Edwin Baird was then editor. I never sold a story to Farnsworth Wright. I never could write earnestly for pay-on-publication and the out-and-out weird story never was my type.

How much do I write? Almost a million words a year. But not nearly all fiction. I do almost every kind of writing there is. No doubt I'd rank as a hack writer and how! As I see it, we have two roads to choose, either we will do all the kinds of writing there are to do, or we will have to do something else besides write for a living, and that means we will lose out completely as writers.

Very few writers can keep alive their talents while spending their major hours and efforts on another job. When one is very young, with the pristine fire, he can burn the midnight oil after working hours and achieve some creditable writing, but the time will come and soon when he must either give up his writing ambitions or debouch on an all-time writing career.

Nearly fifteen years ago I discovered that to live well by one's writing, and to keep the talents warm and fluid, one must write everything and sneer at nothing however lowly that would turn a dime with the typewriter.

I am a great lover of science fiction and fantasy fiction. It depicts man's highest reaches toward perfection. Any changes for the better in civilization have been first plowed out of the future by science and fantastic fiction. A great politician might not be a fiction writer, but he would use the processes of fiction when he conceives a better world, a peace assuring world, without want and without intolerance.

We still live in an age of superstition and ignorance. Little more than a hundred years ago, old women were being tortured as witches; innocent young girls were burned at the stake.

Most of us think that superstition and ignorance just about ended with witchcraft. That is far from the truth. We are still ruled by superstition and ignorance and intolerance. It is evident almost everywhere, and it is found in the very persons who think themselves highly tolerant.

The seeds of a third World War are already being planted. We cannot talk about that now. We will talk about it and see it after the peace comes - what peace there is with all the intolerance and bigotry waiting to leap out viciously as soon as the national emergency passes.

Peace can come only when all nations are under one great government and when all peoples adjust their numbers to their national resources. Internal peace -- internecine peace -- can come only when we are so organized that a group or a few cannot control the wealth and property and industry for their personal aggrandizement and profit.

Happiness and contentment will come for human individuals with certainty only when the morality and laws of nations and society become tolerant and naturally founded.

The idea of "sin" must be abandoned. The shame attached to the human body must be overcome completely. Artificial sex stimuli must be educated out of society. All sex repression must be overcome by entirely new attitudes and laws regarding sex, marriage, courtship, incest, etc.

This is no new discovery of mine. I have studied and searched for many years, and I find what all the others do if they are honest.

The average man of today is a child filled with savage notions concerning right and wrong. He is guilty of senseless jealousies and horrors concerning sex that could not reside in a racial unit of true intelligence.

This average man worships great wealth, which has caused all of his troubles, and will be the cause of most of them. The average man of today ascribes to luck the success that comes of long, unintermittent struggle.

We will have war and poverty and murder just as long as we permit a few grasping men to amass our natural wealth and tell us what share we shall receive. We will have war and poverty just as long as it is difficult for young people to marry and expensive to have children. The suppression of the individual in every nation breaks out in the furious flame of war like a pent-up volcano. We must release all these repressions through education, over a period of centuries perhaps, but we must begin now, and one of the greatest beginnings is science fiction. If we only had scientists in our pulpits who could preach the modern gospel!

Best of luck to FFF and its readers and you!

Sincerely

RICHARD TOOKER

This

Space

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so

that

you

may place Mr. Tooker's picture here

The September issue of  
FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES,  
containing "The Day of the  
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by Lawrence, will be out  
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