

SCIENCE  
FICTION

# FANTASY-SCOUT

WEIRD  
FICTION

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THIS ISSUE DEDICATED TO:

because of its large  
size, the dream of the  
fans.

because of the series  
(on the back cover) by  
famous PAUL, the best of  
all time.

Let's hope it soon goes  
monthly.

*Fantastic*  
*Adventures*

Our thanks to you ZIFF-DAVIS &  
Editor Palmer.

--the staff of FANTASY-SCOUT

THE TERRIBLE TANNER

by DALE TARR

I THOUGHT I would have a snap in the writing of this blog because the flaws and virtues inherent in the man, Charles R. Tanner, are as readily apparent as the lack of hair on a bald head. Wither I'm off balance at present (?) or Charley-horse (as I affectionately call him, not to his face) is hard to write up owing to the ramifications he presents to the delver after knowledge. You'll just have to take it as its dished out. (So will he).

Charles Tanner was born February 17, 1896. He managed to make it thru grade school as far as the eighth year, and left school before he finished the latter term. About this time he reports an interest in science fiction and evidently little suspected what it would lead to.

In 1910 he became employed as messenger in the Hamilton county courthouse (Cincinnati, Ohio); in 1914 he joined the navy, in the following year purchased his discharge and then in 1918 he joined the army and was overseas six months. Ten in '23 he married, thus placing his decision to settle down at the age of 27.

His first science fiction story, written in '29, was the prize winner in a contest run by Science WONDER. Story title was "COLOR OF SPACE". "FLIGHT OF THE MERCURY" was his first professionally written story and he followed it up later with "TUMITHAK OF THE CORRIDORS" which he likes best of all his published work. Then he turned out a sequel



entitled TUMITHAK OF SHAWM, which was his last published story until the new AMAZING printed THE VANISHING DIAMONDS in their first issue. His writing was held up from '32 to '37 by the onset of the depression and work. He is now busily engaged in trying to get out something for the new mags.

According to himself, Tanner might have been a mystic or such if he hadn't strayed across a book called STARLAND and become interested in astronomy and therefrom all the sciences. The knowledge which he has gleaned is evident in his talk. He seems to have an astonishing array of scientific, historic and mythical education. Perhaps as a result of that knowledge he has a pronounced dislike for science fiction that is not nailed to a solid bedrock of science. Still he likes good fantasy and also liked the E.E. Smith Skylarks. He believes that sf should be defined as Wells proposed -----"the probable results of an improbable happening."

Tanner, I at least believe, is slightly opinionated. In arguing he is liable to force his views over others by voluble insistence rather than by reasoning. Such vocal tactics, while highly distressing to an opponent, does not destroy his capacity for being liked. He is that unbelievable paradox, the loud mouth who gets along with his associates. In other words he's a nice guy to know. He's average height & weight, dark face, with hair of indeterminate color owing to the fact that he works in a dye factory.

One of his chief joys at present is the Friday night get-togethers which he sponsored. Inmates of the society are Lee Greenwell and Mike Neumeyer, artists; Phil Stevenson, steam engine builder; Bill Grover and Clyde Rocklin, occasional attendants; Ross Rocklin, sf author; Tanner, of course and then too, myself. - - - - - it

## ● WEINBAUM RETURNS by Ralph Milne Farley

Eric F. Russell's suggestion, in an author's note to his "Sinister Barrier" in the March issue of UNKNOWN, that the untimely death of Stanley G. Weinbaum and others may have been due to their having been "taken for a ride" by extra-spatial gangsters, because they "knew too much", reminds me of one as yet unpublished item about Stan.

Shortly after his death, I was working late one night in my study, on completing his unfinished "REVOLUTION OF 1950". I became stumped as to how to write a certain paragraph.

"How would Stan have phrased it?" I asked.

"Like this," spoke a voice.

I looked up. Stan himself was standing at the corner of my desk, smiling down at me in his old sweet way. Quietly he dictated the missing passage, as my quivering hand took down the words. Then he faded from view. But his presence hovered over me, close to my mind, during the remainder of the undertaking. Result: I challenge anyone to point out the page where Stan left off, for you see he didn't.

Also it proves that the extra-spatial gangsters did not get Stan.

● A B Y S S

Where silence is not rarity, but rule;  
Where stars in undiluted candor  
blaze;  
Where strange adventure lurks in  
every mile,  
Besetting all who follow the starways.

-jorg lee-

ADVERTISE IN FANTASY NEWS - T H E  
WEEKLY WITH THE LARGEST CIRCULATION



NOTHING I S PERFECT

by Percy T. Wilkinson

Jesse McFarland glanced at the dull-brown, dust-filled sky and remarked that it was one hell of a day to try out the new super-rocket spacelines.

Jim Comstock grinned crookedly and jested, "Yeah, ol' man Moore would pick a day like this. But it'll take lots of guts to try that test ship out - - even on a clear day."

Jesse cast a sharp glance at the other. "If anything goes wrong, Moore will lose a lot . . . in money and prestige." He turned and ambled toward the laboratory which housed the scientific miracle of the age.

Jim, left alone, looked toward the road leading to Denver and noticed a new Packard Eight speeding in his direction. The old man was in a hurry, a devil of a big hurry!

Moore swung his car on the lawn and clambered out in great haste. His face was streaming with perspiration and lined from the loss of sleep. But Moore had been handsome in his day, and strong traces of his physique and personality remained, for all of his seventy-four years.

"Great Caesar!" gasped Moore. "Haven't you even got the ship on the runway yet?"

Jim told him that Jesse thought it wise to keep the liner hidden from possible saboteurs, and the elder muttered disparagingly of a fellow afraid of his own shadow.

The great spaceliner blasted smoothly through the outer reaches of the stratosphere. The gasoline motor had been cut off long ago, and now the rockets were firing.

Suddenly the atmosphere in the ship dropped swiftly to zero. The three men blanched.

Observers on Earth, through glasses, saw the rocket mushroom into nothingness. External forces undetected on the world of men had blasted it from the heavens.

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the end  
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AND OTHER SUPPLEMENTS

RAEDER'S DEPARTMENT

DEAR EDITOR:

There is very littla to I can say to further praise FANTASY-NEWS, my vocabulary is limited, you know. Just keep up the good work and I'll still say FANTASY-NEWS is the best.

Ray Pauley

(Thanks for the kind words Ray, we'll do our best to keep the standard of FANTASY-NEWS on the high plane it now is. - ed)

THOTS FROM EXILE

DEAR EDITOR:

Re Ray's remarks: (in last issue of "SCOUT") As in 100 cases out of 101, there is more misunderstanding than disagreement. My article was confined to the second of Ray's eras--fandom. Nor do I insist my division of it into two periods--now three--was the only possible one. Sam Mosk, emphasizing fan mags rather than fan thot, found six periods....I might warn Pauley against such expressions as "the present era belongs to the fans"-----I dealt with pro stf separately in a rotten parallel in one of Mc's SFNews--I won't tell which, for someone might be able to look it up, that issue having been the first printed one and samples widely circulated....The recognition of pro and fan field as two different tho interlocking things is too infrequently seen.

Jack Speer

(Thanks for your answer Jack, but don't you think a little more details about where and which copy your article appeared would help the fans find it and look it up? ed)

HEY TUCKER HERE'S COMMENT ON YOUR SUPPLEMENT

DEAR EDITOR:

Weinbaum is the logical one for your reprints in FANTASY SCOUT. Bob Tucker's ZOMBIE is great. He's a fine humorous, writer, no kidding. Was that rustling sound, the late Mr. Miller turing over in his grave with envy, or my imagination?

Joseph Gilbert

(No Joseph, that wasn't Miller, that was just Tucker flinting, when he heard the news that someone was commenting on his super(?) magazine. ed)