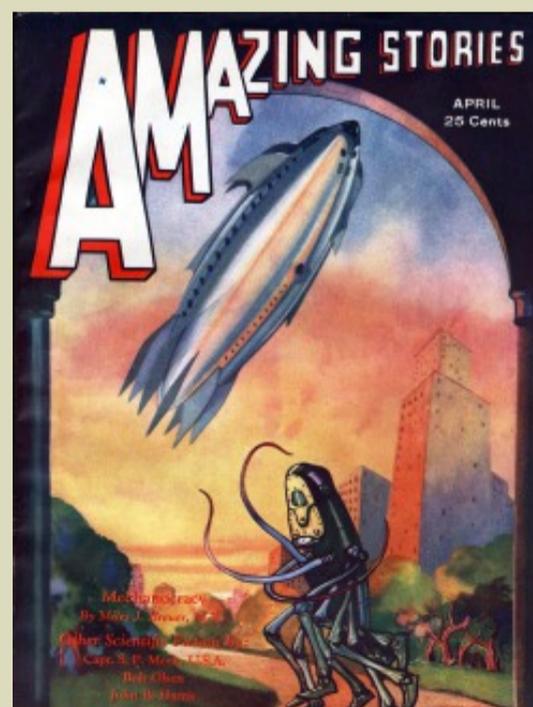
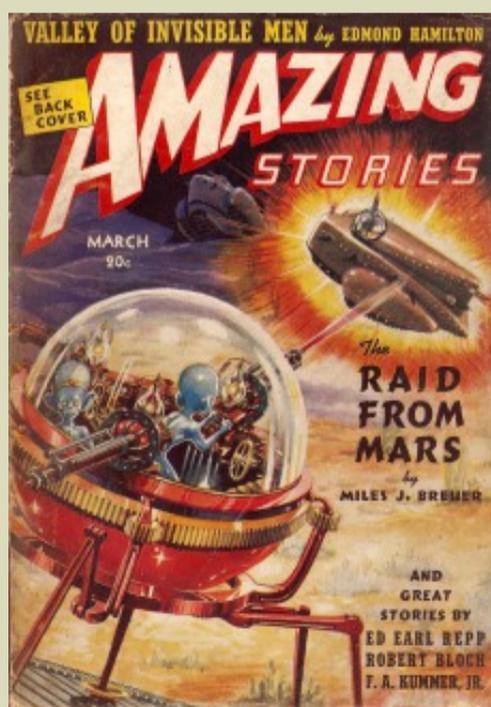
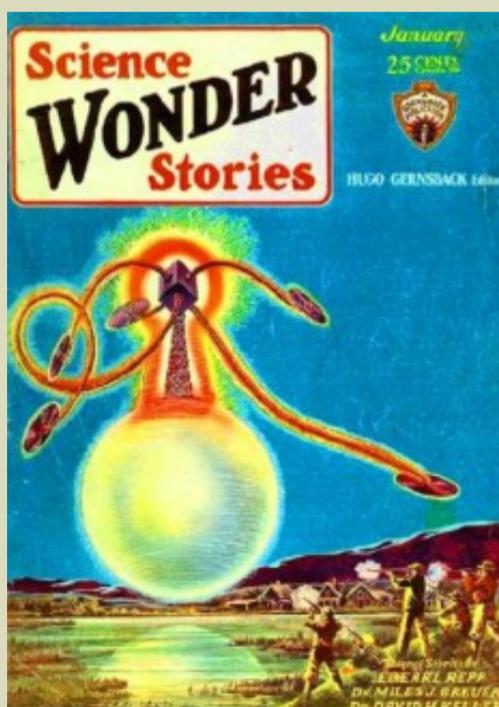


The **AMAZING** **BREUER**

**Early Czech-American Science Fiction Author
Miloslav (Miles) J. Breuer (1889–1945)**







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BREUER

Early Czech-American Science Fiction Author
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**Published on the occasion of the 75th anniversary
of Miloslav (Miles) J. Breuer's death**

Vyšlo u příležitosti 75. výročí úmrtí Miloslava (Milese) J. Breuera

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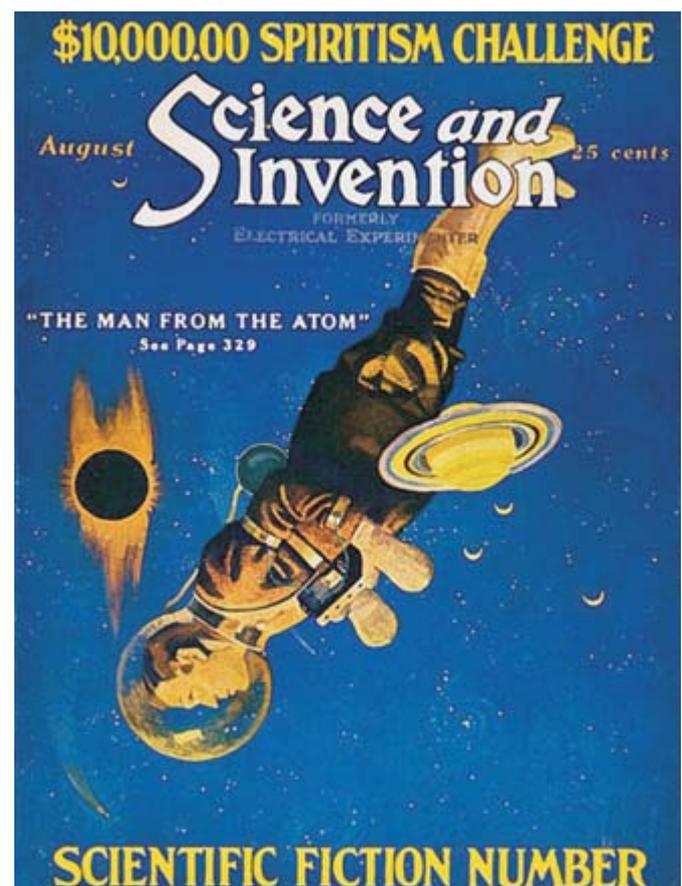
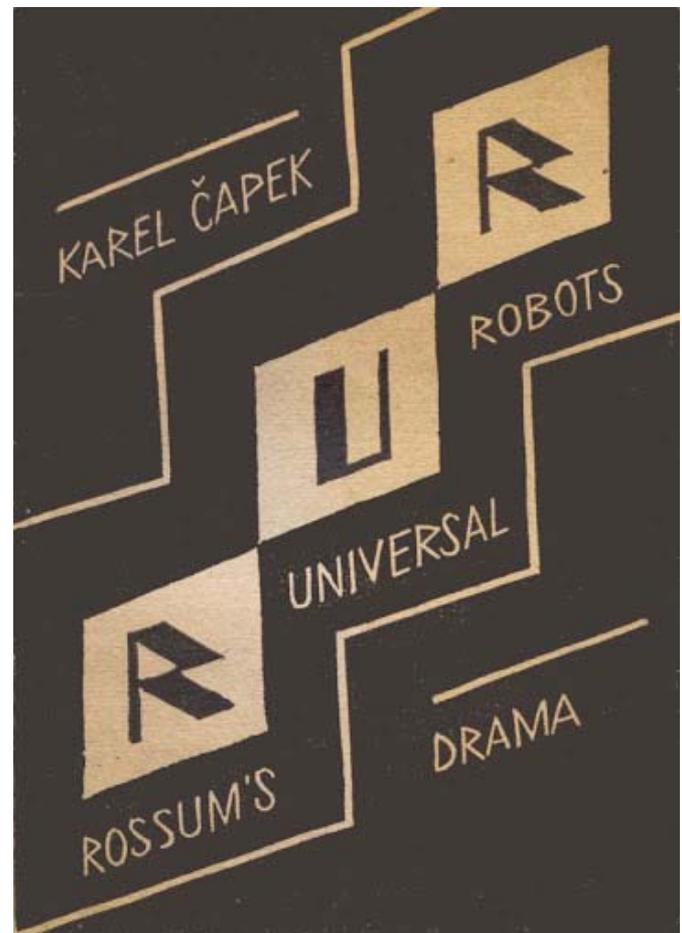
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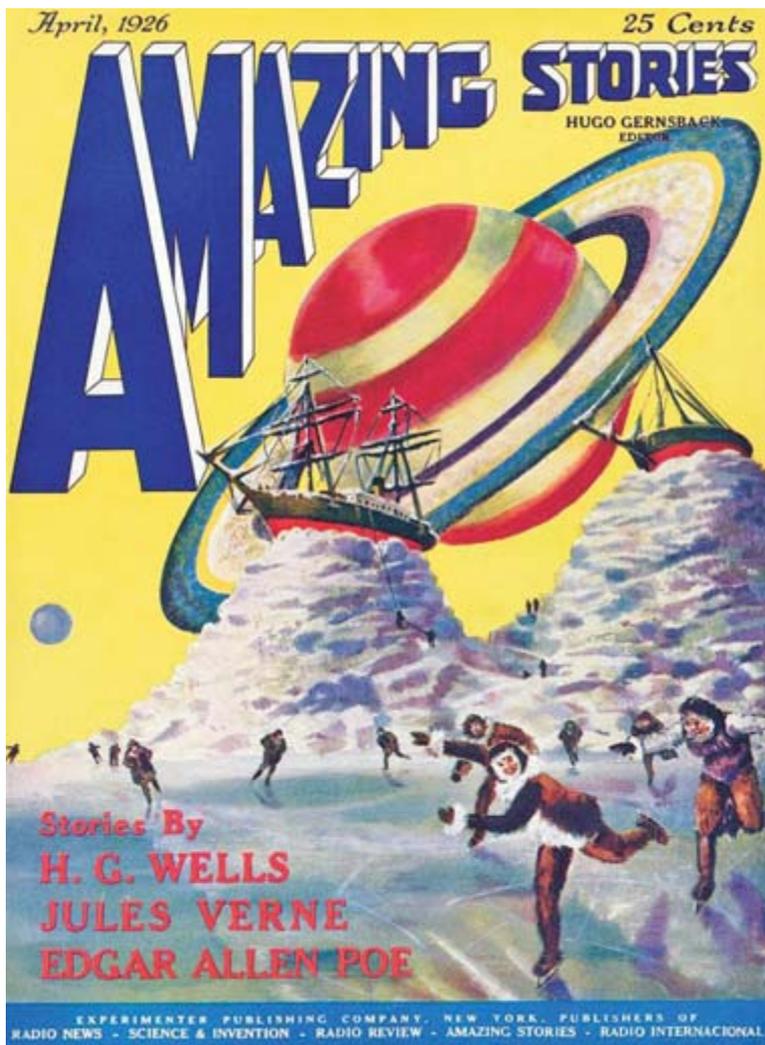
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Following in the footsteps of pioneering authors such as Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, the 20th century saw a boom in science fiction literature. In 1920, Czech author Karel Čapek published his famous play *R. U. R. Rossum's Universal Robots*, in which the term “robot” was coined. In places such as Germany, France, Italy and Scandinavia, utopian and technologically-oriented novels and novellas began to gain favor with readers, describing fantastical inventions and trips to the stars and beyond. Meanwhile, in the United States, Hugo Gernsback, editor of the monthly magazine *Science and Invention*, began to conceive of a publication that would exclusively feature science fiction tales, which he initially labeled as “scientifiction”. This led to the founding of *Amazing Stories* in 1926, albeit Gernsback was soon faced with a shortage of authors. For its first nine issues, *Amazing Stories* contained reprints of classic stories from the likes of Verne, Wells and Edgar Allan Poe, supplemented by more modern works from writers such as Edgar Rice Burroughs and Abraham Merritt, both of whom were already publishing their works in pulp magazines.





Only in subsequent years did *Amazing Stories* feature a new generation of writers. In 1928, Jack Williamson, whose career as a science fiction writer would span three-quarters of a century, published his first story in the magazine. A year earlier, *Amazing Stories* featured a story by David H. Keller, one of the pioneers of early technological “scientifiction”. However, the very first writer in this wave is the now largely forgotten Miles J. Breuer. His story “The Man with the Strange Head”, featuring a dead man stuck in a still operational human-like machine, was published by Gernsback in the January 1927 issue – as soon as the serialization of Wells’ *The First Men in the Moon* concluded.

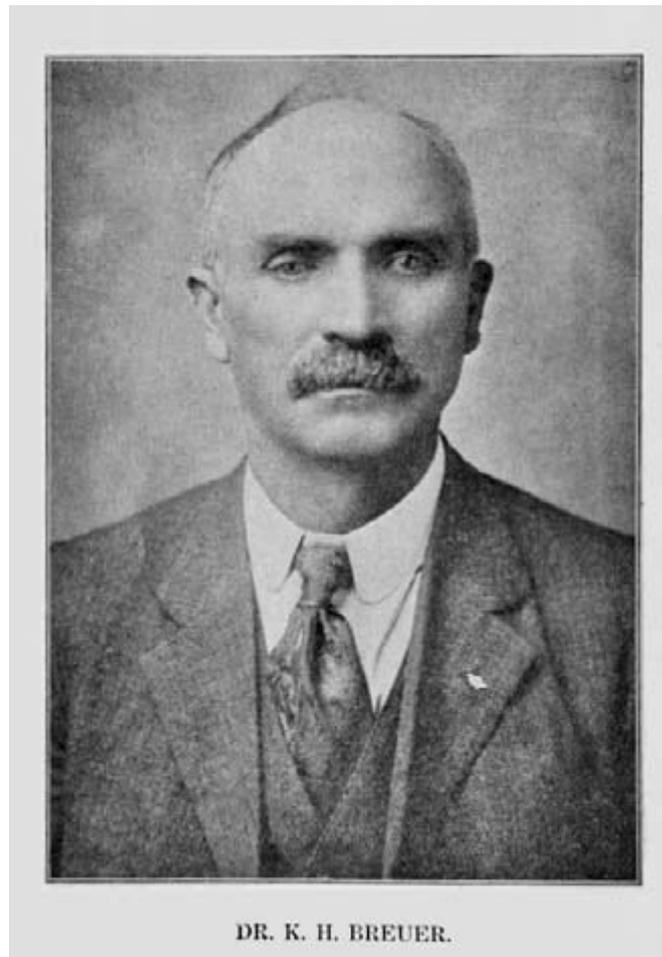
Breuer was born in Chicago, studied in Texas, became a doctor, lived in Nebraska and died in Los Angeles. At the turn of the 1920s and 30s, Breuer’s readers viewed this author, who was supposedly “discovered” by Gernsback, as a major star of the science fiction genre. However, Breuer’s career as a writer did not begin with *Amazing Stories*. Rather, his first genre story in English had already been published almost two decades prior. Indeed, writing as “Miloslav” – the Czech version of his name – Breuer had already published numerous stories also in the Czech language (which were subsequently published in English in early science fiction magazines).



Czech Background

During the second half of the 19th century, the United States became a kind of Promised Land to hundreds of thousands of immigrants from Central Europe. By the end of that century, the “largest Czech city” in the world essentially became Chicago. For it was here that 150,000 Czechs settled. But even by the turn of the 20th century, Chicago Czech immigrants often struggled to overcome language and cultural barriers. But Karel (Charles/Chas) H. Breuer (1866–1946) was an exception to this rule.

Karel H. Breuer left his native Czech lands at the age of ten, and ended up studying medicine in the US – which represented a rare success story among Czechs of the time. Despite making his living as a doctor, Breuer was also an active member of Czech Chicago’s literary and journalistic communities. During this period, the number of qualified and educated Czechs living in the US was relatively small, while the number of community periodicals was conversely high. This meant that Karel H. Breuer had considerable space to offer his services editing and translating existing German-language and English-language novels and short stories into Czech. It wasn’t long, however, before Breuer began contributing his own works – beginning with journalistic pieces on illnesses and their respective



DR. K. H. BREUER.

Novoroční dárek.

Povídka z pruskofrancouzské války. Přeložil Karel H. Breuer.

I.

Kočár, tažený dvěma bujnými oři, na jehož kozlíku seděli kočí a sluha v zelených livrejích, jel rychle jednoho letního odpoledne starým městem Saint-Jean-Sur-Loir. Celá ekypáž ale byla poněkud již sešlá, což nasvědčovalo, že její majitelé nevládnou přílišným jměním. Tmavé úzké uličky tohoto města byly dnes plny života; velké náměstí před katedrálou bylo přeplněno rozličnými vozy, kočáry, elegantními ekypážemi a deštníky, pod nimiž se ukrývali obyvatelé města před palčivými paprsky slunečnými. Na širokých stupních katedrály stáli dva pánové v bílých vestách, majítee též deštníky v rukou, živě rozkládající rozčilenému množství o posledních událostech v Paříži—o možnosti války, neb dnes byl den výročního trhu v městečku. Bylo to v prvním týdnu července 1870.

V kočáru seděly čtyři osoby; přední místo zaujímala stará, nápadně bleďá dáma, černě oděna, podle níž seděl starší již venkovský abbé, který bez ustání k ní hovořil a naproti těmto seděli dva mladí mužové, velmi elegantně oděni, tak že se zdálo, jako by byli připraveni na nějakou vznešenou návštěvu neb slavnost. Jeden z těchto mladých pánů se zdál býti jaksi zádumčivým a smutným. Ačkoliv byl velmi příjemného zevnějšku, že se téměř hezkým zvatí mohl, nebyl daleko tak příjemný jako jeho bratr, který se stále usmíval a někdy i zažertoval. Snad byly žerty jeho dráždivé aneb zlomyslné, ale tolik jest jisto, že se bratru jeho nikterak nelíbily, neb se stával čím dále tím zasmušilejším, temný mrak vystával na čele jeho a odpovídal mu stále řídčeji. Ku příkladu, když přofížděli náměstím, uopotali oni dva nánové na stupních

Ludvík, bratr Karlův, když byli právě minuli zahradu, v níž hrála hudba úryvek z nějaké nejnovější opery.

„Vždyť budeme pak mít peníze,” pravil Karel mrzutě, „ona může žít kde si přeje a já také — já budu žít, kde si budu přát.”

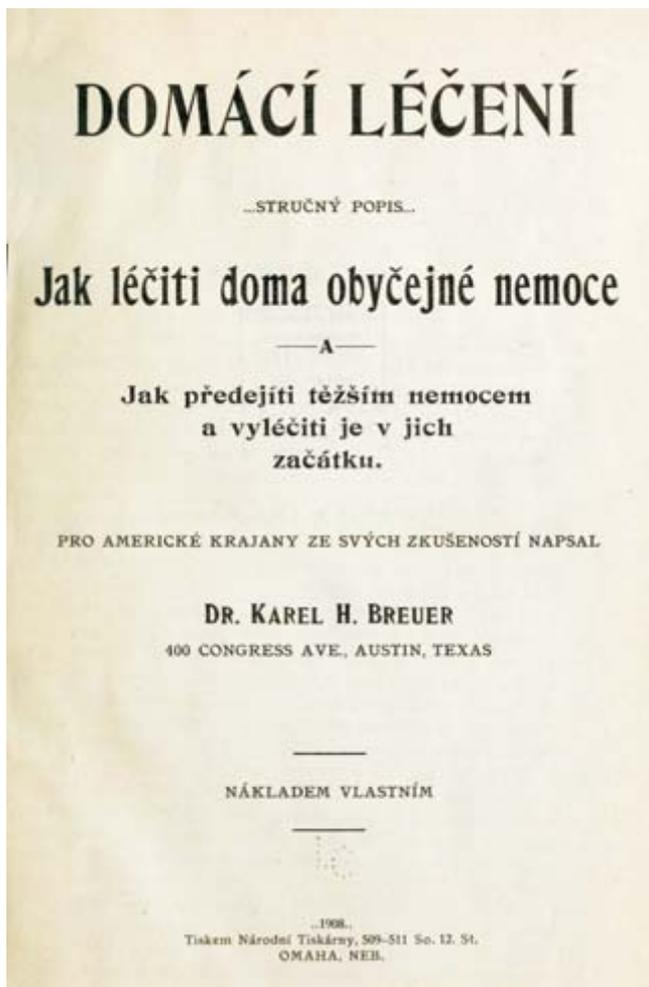
„Může též být, že se jí bude v Mesnilu lépe líbit než v městě.”

„Já myslím že ne. Já tuším, že by raději žila v Trouville a Biarritzu, s malými přestávkami v Paříži. Čím hezčí je, tím budu radši, čím méně ji budu viděti, tím šťastnějším budu. Osoba, která by s námi chtěla bydlet na našem statku, osoba, vychovaná panem Duvalem, jest nestálá a nevydrží dlouho na jednom místě.”

„Pan Duval jest dobrým katolíkem; jest to řádný a vážný muž. Já se obávám, že jest slečna spíše tuze vážnou,” pravil Ludvík.

„Ne, ne; v tomto případě bych ji nikdy za manželku nepojal,” pravil Karel, hrabě z Mesnilu.

Ludvík se jen usmíval, byl již na mrzutou povahu svého bratra zvyklým. Mrzelo ho to též, že jest bratr jeho pořád tak zasmušilým a zádumčivým, přece se ale smál jeho výstředností. Tento ubohý Karel byl jedním z nejpříčinlivějších mladých studentů Francie. On byl pro své studie tuze zaujat, že nemyslel na nic jiného a zlobil se, když byl ze svého dumání vytrhováán svým veselým bratrem. Pakli nebyl zahloubán ve svých knihách, zajisté bys jej byl našel na některé ze stinných pěšinek domácího parku, neb v lese kolem zámku se prostírajícím. Obyčejně nosil na rameně ručnici ale nikdy nic nezastřelil. U večer obvyčejně se probral ze



cures. Such publication continued even after Breuer worked full-time as a medical practitioner, leading to self-penned books such as *Nemoco koňské* (*Horse Illnesses*, 1899), *Domáci léčení* (*Home Medical Treatment*, 1908) and *Zdravověda* (*Hygiene*, 1923). Additionally, the doctor-turned-writer also authored travelogue articles. For example, a 1914 trip to the Czech lands led to *Vzpomínky z cesty po Evropě* (*Reflections on a Journey Through Europe*) published a year later.

Over the ensuing years, Breuer's Czech wife Barbora gave birth to four children, of which one died tragically young. Having been brought up as proud Czechs propagating national culture and traditions, the remaining three siblings all followed in their father's footsteps, becoming a mix of doctor-artist-authors. Czech-American periodicals of the day suggest that Libuše (Libbie) Breuer (later married as Scholten), translated dozens of Czech stories, poems and stage plays into English, comprising works by authors such as Eliška Krásnohorská and Julius Zeyer, as well as translating certain American prose into Czech. Meanwhile, son Roland G. Breuer, who would often play piano at Czech cultural functions, also translated several pearls of Czech poetry into English, for example passages from *Lešetínský kovář* (*The Lešetín Blacksmith*) by Svatopluk Čech. However, in terms of the history of Czech-American literature, it was their brother Miloslav (Miles) J. Breuer who would play the greatest role.



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Dr. Karel H. Breuer, řídící.
ADRESUJTE: OMAHA SANITARIUM
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Česká nemocnice
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Kdo nemůže sám přijet aneb v lehčích případech, porada udílí se též poštou a léky, jež Dr. Breuer sám připravuje, se zasílají.

Vypíšte Váš případ podrobně a zašlete si pro dotazník.

Toto jest první česká nemocnice v Americe a nemocní jsou poctivě a levně obslouženi, jak lze dokázat mnoha sty dosvědčeními.

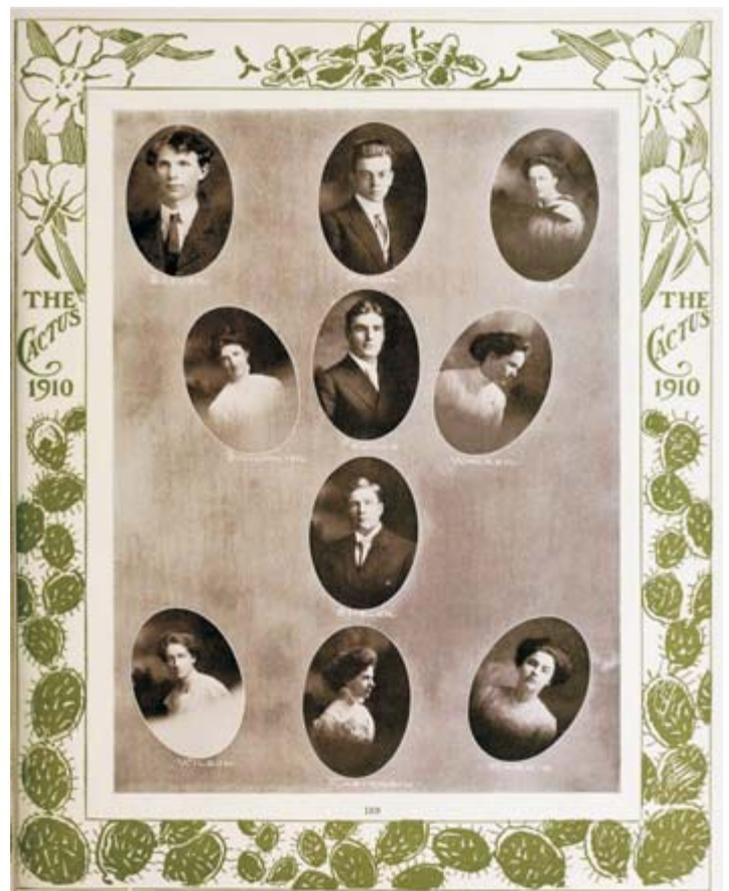
O podrobnosti adresujte na řídícího:

Dr. KAREL H. BREUER - - CRETE, NEB.

Life and Studies

Miloslav J. Breuer was born on 3 January 1889 in Chicago. His family soon left Illinois for Nebraska – the US state with the highest number of Czech-Americans. It was here, in the city of Crete, where Karel H. Breuer set up his medical practice. For first-generation European immigrants, a doctor who spoke their native language was something of a godsend. Indeed, Breuer’s practice advertised itself as being Czech and bought ads in local Czech-language publications – the very publications for which he would also write his medical-themed articles.

Miles (which is what Miloslav was called in America) was already a successful student in high school, where he was regarded as a talented poet, albeit writing in English. During the 1910s, the family moved to another Czech immigrant stronghold, namely the state of Texas. Miles studied chemistry, physics and mathematics in Austin. In 1909, he also began to assist in Czech-language studies, establishing the “Čechie” club along with four fellow students of Czech origin. The club offered lectures and readings of literary works, and would last beyond the Second World War.





DR. AND MRS MILES J. BREUER.

Who were married on January 2 and have recently returned from their wedding trip to make their home in this city.

Miles J. Breuer was the first Czech to gain a Master's degree at the University of Texas. He soon moved to Chicago, spending several years studying at Rush Medical College, regarded as one of the best medical schools in the country, gaining a degree in 1915. In the meantime, the family returned to Nebraska, where father Karel H. Breuer ultimately opened a number of Czech hospitals in Crete, Omaha and later also in Lincoln. After his studies, Miles married Julia Strejc, a fellow American-born Czech. Like Miles, Julia was an active supporter of Czech cultural life among the immigrant community and would go on to become a well-known member of the Nebraska social scene. Miles J. Breuer's medical career was interrupted for two years by the US's entry into the First World War. In 1917, Breuer enlisted in the army, and was posted to a field hospital in France. During this time, Miles' experience as a doctor led him to begin to write his first medical-themed papers. In the 1920s father Karel H. Breuer, along with sons Roland and Miles built a medical facility in Omaha that boasted advanced equipment and a quality laboratory.

DR. MILOSLAV J. BREUER.

Jak již před měsícem jsme oznámili, dokončena byla organizace nové základní nemocnice (base hospital), přičiněním university státu Nebraska a členové její 11. března odejeli ku praktickému výcviku do tábora Riley v Kansasu. Personál je rozdělen na několik odborů a sice odbor operační, odbor vnitřních nemocí, laboratoř, zubolékařský, zásobovací odbor a odbor pohřebnický. Vrehním náčelníkem nemocnice je Dr. Stokes, který má důstojenství majora. Řiditelem operačního oddělení je major Dr. Hull z Omahy, a řiditelem odboru vnitřních nemocí je major Dr. E. L. Bridges z Omahy, a řiditelem laboratoře je Lieut. Dr. Rowe z Lin-



They had a hand in winning World War I . . .



How many of these men do you know? They were the ones who made up a portion of the A. E. F. of World War I, and the photos show them as they looked in those days.

One of these men is a doctor. Another is the president of the Lincoln community chest.

One is in the cleaning business.

One runs a pool hall. You can hardly miss guessing the one who means so much to the Lincoln recreation system.

And that man with the blackest hair is now about the grayest of the local legal fraternity.

As one of these six men so admirably put it:

"After looking at these pictures, showing the way we all looked then, I'm not at all surprised the Germans ran from us." (See key at bottom of page.)

Early Writings

Even during his studies in Texas, Miles J. Breuer was already partaking in literary-oriented activities, writing a number of stories for the university magazine. Among these was "The Stone Cat", which was later published in Czech in the magazine *Bratrský věstník (Fraternal Herald)*, and two decades later published in *Amazing Stories*. 1909 also saw publication of Breuer's hitherto oldest documented professionally published short story "The Adventures of the Bronze Mahadeva". Published in (the today very rare) pulp magazine *10 Story Book*, the story was also reprinted by various small local papers across the US. From this time, Breuer's only translations from Czech to English have also been unearthed - namely a poem by Vítězslav Hálek and a story by František Herites; furthermore, a preserved university yearbooks published during his study in Texas also features a number of short poems written in English.

Kamenná kočka.

Povídka od dra. Miloslava J. Breuera.

Četli jste o tvrdých českých palicích. Události o nichž jste četli, měly za jeviště půdu českou, a za kulisy chalupy některé české vesnice. Já, jenž jsem českou vlast nikdy nespasil, budu vyprávět o tvrdé české palici v době drsné přítomnosti, v nesmírném moderním městě bzučícím obchodem a vědou; a nebudou v něm sedláci a panírnámy, nýbrž lidé, již měli mysl cvičenou a ruce obratné ve svém oboru pokročilé vědy, a žili způsoby a zvyky vzdělané a složité společnosti.

Myslím, že v den, kdy ukazoval doktor Blažek mně a mladému Koenigovi kamennou kočku, bylo posledně co jsem spolu s Koenigem navštívil laboratoř, a vůbec naposledy, co jsem Koeniga viděl. Jak jsme otevřeli dvéře, na odpověď dra. Blažka našemu zaklepání, ohlížel jsem se po velké, jasné světnici, neboť mi nijak nechtěla připadat známou a všední. Měla zveřvenou vzdušnost a světlou, se třpytem slunce na nesčíslných skleněných věcích a lesklém kovu různých barev. Koenigovy oči však rychle přelétly světnici a stanuly na druhém konci, kde pracovala slečna Vlasta, neboť obyčejně když jsme našli dra. Blažka pracujícího ve své laboratoři, jeho dcera Vlasta mu pomáhala.

Měla na sobě sbíranou zástěrku s ohnutými rukávy; slunce vrhalo lehký odlesk s jejích hnědých vlasů, a jak byla nahnuta nad stolem s očima sklopenými nad svou prací, přebírající jemným dotknutím bílých prstů tenké, pavučině podobné parafinové stuhly, byla skutečně půvabnou Minervou mezi třpytícími se sklenicemi a nástroji. Když jsme vešli, zvedla oči a spatřivše Koeniga, kynula mu na pozdrav. Koenig váhal, ohlédl se po světnici, a konečně následoval mne ke stolu, u něhož seděl u práce dr. Blažek. Doktor nás roztržitě pozdravil, vyzval abychom se posadili, a pracoval dále. Vyndával kapacími trubičkami tmavé tekutiny různých odstínů z řad zkoumavek a kapal je na červené kusy, podobné syrovému masu, na Petri-místičkách, načech tyto zčernaly a scvrkly se, a páchal do nich zubatou jehlou. U lokte mu stál drobnohléd, a vedle něj poznámková knížka s nesrozumitelnými



Nejsme dosud národně ztraceni.

Nový dokladem toho, že netřeba nám zoufat nad budoucností česko-americké větve, — které někteří tak rádi říkají odložené, — přičiníme-li se jen sami a dostatek o buzení národního citu a pak i hrdoši na vše české u dítek našich, podáváme čtenářům našim v následujícím. Pan Miloslav J. Breuer, syn známého českého lékaře K. H. Breuera, nyní v Cameron, Tex., poslal nám ukázkou svých prací, sestávajících z překladů českých básní. S největší radostí ukázkou tuto uveřejňujeme a přejeeme panu Breuerovi stejného úspěchu při pokračování na vytuknutí dráze, tak aby byl příkladem dorostu našemu, jak ulehčitým způsobem možno seznamovati veřejnost americkou s plody českého písemnictví. Cesta tato, dle nedávno námi podaných ukázek, byla nastoupena panem Janem Havlasou a dále pěstovány jsou překlady básní českých do angličtiny členy některých klubů Komenaků, najmě českými studujícími na státní universitě nebraské v Lincolnu. U pana Breuera je činnost jeho o to pozoruhodnější, že v celku nemá velké příležitosti seznámiti se s českým písemnictvím a vzdor tomu píše nám v bezvadném českém slohu. To ukazuje nad slunce jasněji, kam může přivést i českoamerické dítko přičinění a péle, je-li současně vedeno národně uvědomělým otcem a matkou, jako tomu jest u Miloslava Breuera. Doporučujeme z plna srdce našim rodičům v Americe, aby si všimli příkladu tohoto a řídili se jím při výchově svých dětí, na místě stýskání: "Co jest to všecko platné, když děti nechtějí česky mluvit." Kdyby naši rodiče od dětí svých vyžadovali, aby alespoň doma za každých okolností mluvily jen a jen česky, jaká skvělá budoucnost by nám tu Čechům v Americe kynula! A něco podobného není naprosto těžko.

Mrtvých stráž.

Přinesli hoča na hřbitov —
už bylo pozdě za dne,
a přec ho ještě vložili
do hrobu noci chladné.
Když půlnoc se přiblížila,
tu hroby mrtvých pukly,
a mrtví z hrobů povstali
a kol něho se shlukli:
"Dokud jiného nevesnou
co stráž ti stát zde nutno?"
A hoch má ve vsi milenku,
a je mu bez ní smutno.
Bez ní se lině vleče čas,
když všude tmou jen černou,
a milenka mu slíbila
až za hrob lásku věrnou.
Milenka kouká z okna ven
a smutno, smutno kolem;
a nebe se ztratil měsíček,
a jako duch jde polem.
A před ním chladno jako mráz —
to sám je její milý:
"O rozpomeš se dívka má,
co jsme si přislíbili.
"Co jsme si tenkrát slíbili
pod večr sladkým hlasem,
nuž pojď, drahoušku, pojď, pojď!
dvá pohlem spíše časem."
A lidé mní že poledne;
o modlitbě hlavy klouf —
o ne, vy dobří lidínky,
to jeho milé zvoní.
A lidé mní že svatba to,
když hudba zazní plesem —
o ne, vy dobří lidínky,
to jeho milou nesem.
Vítězslav Hálek.

The Watch of the Dead.

They brought a youth late toward eve
To the graveyard, dim and still,
And yet they laid him in the grave,
As night drew damp and chill.
Then midnight came and all the graves
Stood open; and the dead
Arose and trooped about the youth,
With voices clam'ring dread:
"Alone you stand on watch until
They bring another here!"
And lonesome he without the lass
In the village, to him dear.
Slow, without her, drags the time,
Black night on every side —
She'd promised him her love would fast
Beyond the grave abide.
His sweetheart by the window stands,
The night her sadness feels —
The moon is gone; and through the fields
A wraith-shape toward her steals.
His presence chills like winter's frost —
'Tis her lover coming thus:
"Oh bethink you, maiden mine,
What once we'd promised us
"What we two then had promised us
In words by twilight sweet:
So come, dear one; for two of us
The time will lighter fleet."
And people think the noon-bells ring,
And bow their heads in prayer —
Oh no, good people, 'tis the knell
Rung for his sweetheart fair.
And people think a wedding's there —
The music and the crowd;
Oh no, good people, we but hear
His sweetheart in her shroud.
Translated from the Bohemian
of Vítězslav Hálek, by Miloslav

MILOSLAV J. BREUER.
SESTRÍČKA.
 Arabeska z texaského života.
 (Dokončení.)

S panem Šrastoým to již začínalo být tak, že se na to těšil, že se sejde s Vlastou, aniž by to byl sám tužil. Vlasta když dojem osoby Vlastiny mu tkvěl děje a stále živěji na mysl, přece musel poznati, že se mu Vlasta líbí. A tu se zarazil, a ptal se sám sebe, kam to vede. Vždyť ani s Klárou si tak dalece na nic nepomyslel. Ale když na to přišel, proč by ne? uvažoval. Měl hezké postavení a byl sám na světě, proč by ne? Ano, Kláry se má držet. Oaa je mu rovna v myslí a ve vzdělání a k tomu všemu má dokonalou těle-

paň za to hledí jako na nadišský uadandho, učeného, zkušeného člověka, a hladově dává pozor po každém jeho slovíku, spíše než když o ni s někým mluví kdo už jí dávno rozumí tak dobře jak on sám. Jemu to ještě nepadlo.

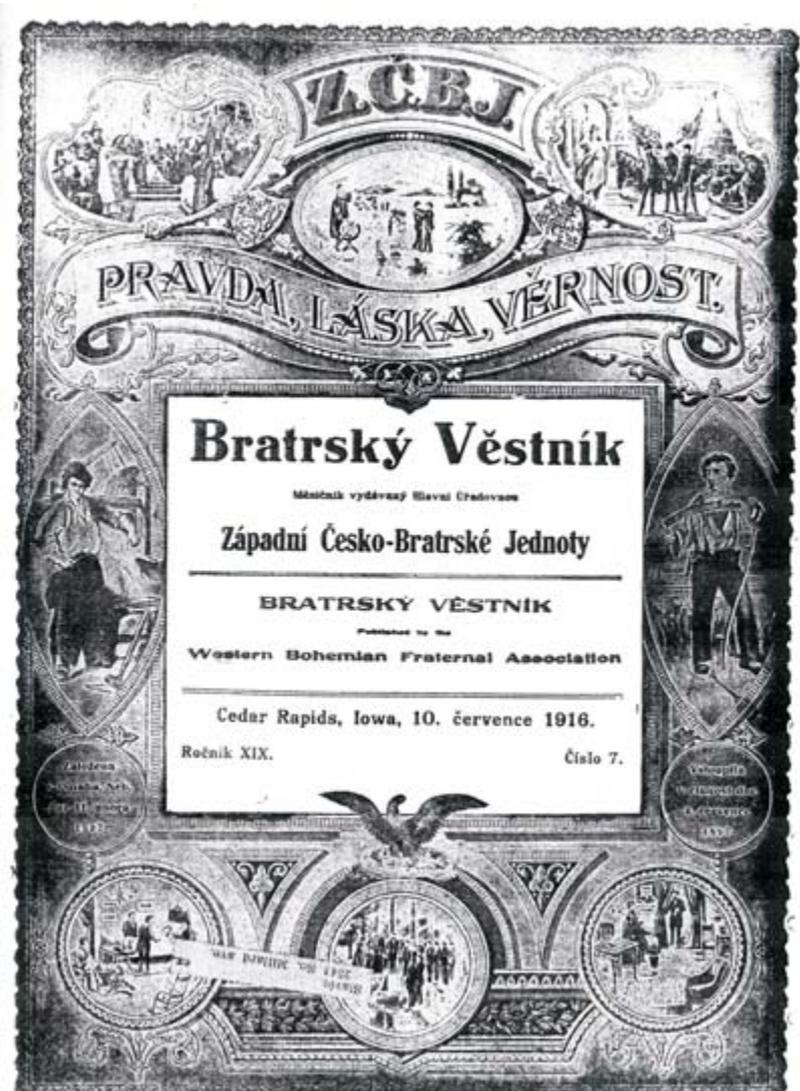
"Brrrr!" pravil sám sobě, když o svém jednání přemýšlel, "co se s tebou děje? Styd' se!" Nechtěl to tak dělat, a přece to dělal. Ne snad že by to byl nějaký hřích. Nebyl sličně Kláre nijak zavázán, a nikomu po tom nic nebylo, chodil li s tou neb oaa. Ale takovou přiležitost neměl nechat ujíti; ze všech uznávaných důvodů byla pro něj tou jedinou, vzácnou bytostí. A on to uznával; všechny důvody rozumu a vhodnosti k tomu nabádaly—a přece nemohl zapít, že má Vlastu rádli. Když si je obě ana-

se jí to zdálo neuvěřitelné. "Co jen on mohl viděti v ní?" se jí zdálo. A "co jen on mohl viděti v ní?" ptalo se naše městečko, neb tomu také nemohli rozuměti.

A bylo li pak z toho něco? Proč by ne? Vždyť přece tomu tak na tom světě bývá dosti často. Jestli se měli dost rádi, a nějaké neštěstí se mezi ně nevpadlo, proč by z toho něco nebylo? Ale jestli jste myšleli, že bude vypravovati jak "se šťastně dostali a pak spokojeně šli až do smrti", tedy mi to musíte odpustiti. To jest dosti vědní povídka pro každého mimo ty, kteří ji hrají. Toto předěle jsem popisoval jen proto, že naše městečko se jednou skutečně podivilo, poněvadž všechno nedopadlo právě tak, jak to měli všichni předem vypočteno, že to má být.

In 1926, New Yorker Tomáš Čapek, arguably the greatest expert on Czech-Americans during the first half of the 20th century, wrote that "...everything born in America inherently belongs to America - statistically, linguistically and even ideologically". However, it could be said that this is only half true in the case of Breuer and his siblings. For the Breuers never forgot their mother tongue. Even though it is often said that second-generation Czech-American immigrants no longer possess the ability to write in sufficiently good Czech, Miloslav/Miles and his sister Libuše/Libbie were undoubtedly exceptions to this rule. As early as 1911, the Texas-based Czech daily *Obzor* (*Horizon*) featured a Breuer story titled "Sestřička" ("Little Sister"), reflecting a contemporary trend for sentimental Czech-American prose. The shift to Nebraska, coupled with the previous years spent in Chicago enabled Breuer to position himself in the heart of the Czech-American literary scene.

During the 1910s, the monthly *Bratrský věstník* (*Fraternal Herald*), published by the Západní Česko-Bratrská Jednota (Western Bohemian Fraternal Association) - the largest Czech life insurance firm in the US - featured a number of Breuer's short stories. Aside from realistic stories always featuring Czech protagonists - often scientists or doctors - the magazine also published Czech-lan-



Člověk bez hladu.
 Povídka od dra. Miloslava J. Breuera.

Po svém návratu ze studií v Praze a Vídni, rozhodl jsem se započítí praxi v českém Chicagu, i zařídil jsem si úřadovnu na západní 26. ulici. Brzy potom jsem obdržel první profesionální návštěvu, v osobě sličné mladé dámy, nevěsty dobrého mého přítele, doktora Volného. Srdečně jsem ji uvítal, neboť jsem již dávno neviděl ani ji, ani jejího manžela. Zdála se býti velice znepokojená. Dlouho neokolkovala.

"Pane doktore," pravila mi, "přicházím k vám jako k příteli a jako k lékaři, a prosím vás o radu. Zdá se mi, že můj manžel musí býti nějak nemocen."

"A nač si stěžuje?" ptám se.

"On říká, že se nikdy necítil zdravějším nežli nyní, a vypadá tak. A přece jsem jista, že ničeho nejl. Vždycky jídlo na talíři jen tak zpěvračí, a když jej odnáším, vidím, že z toho nic nebylo. Když se jej ptám co mu je, říká že nic, a tváří se jako kdyby jedl; ale já vidím, že nic nejl."

"A nejl snad někde jinde?"
 Zavrtěla svou krásnou hlavou.

"Nikoli. To by mi řekl. Takový on není. Ničeho přede mnou netajl, vyjma svých vědeckých prací, kterým já nerozumím. Nejprve jsem myslela, že snad je to vinou mého vaření, a že s tím není spokojen. Avšak vždyť přece mám rozum a nejsem rozmarné šestnáctileté děvče. Jsem dosti dospělá ahych to poznala, kdyby tomu tak bylo."

guage versions of existing English-language science fiction stories. “Člověk bez hladu” (“A Man Without an Appetite”) is the only Czech-language short story hitherto uncovered in Breuer’s American bibliographies. And because only fragments of this magazine are preserved in the Czech Republic, it is entirely possible that both during and after the First World War, *Bratrský věstník* featured many additional stories authored by Breuer.

For Miloslav J. Breuer (aka Miles J. Breuer), the 1920s and 30s represented a peak for both his medical practice and his literary output. Immediately after the end of the First World War, Czech immigrant culture, literature and art in the US were at their strongest in terms of intellectual scope. This also impacted Czech-language print media of all varieties. During the first quarter of the 20th century, around 9 dailies, 33 weeklies, 6 bi-weeklies, and 31 monthlies were published by the Czech community in the United States. Additionally, more than 30 annual almanacs were published, of which the Chicago-based *Amerikán* (*American*) had the greatest readership. Six of Breuer’s stories were ultimately published in *Amerikán*, of which only one can be considered neither science fiction nor fantasy. Three of these stories were also subsequently published in English in the pages of American pulp magazines.



Osudný paprsek.

Pro kalendář *Amerikán* napsal dr. Miloslav J. Breuer, Lincoln, Neb.



Dr. Miloslav Breuer

I.—Pokus.

Cestující jednatel firmy, který vše, co v následujících řádkách bude popsáno zavinil, přišel do naší nemocnice právě když jsem prozatímně obstarával její řízení za nepřítomnosti správce, dra Penrose. Obchodní zástupce onen byl vzorem uhlazené zdvořilosti a mluvil s vědátorskou zdrželivostí. Leč z jeho vylíčení vlastností a účinků nového uspávacího prostředku, jenž mi nabídl a z výstřížků a otisků z odborných časopisů lékařských, jež mi předložil, dospěl jsem k přesvědčení, že tuto příležitost nesmím v zájmu nemocnice a pacientů nechat ujít. Byl bych se rád poradil s doktorem Penrosem, tento se měl vrátit teprve za dva dny; a lučební jednatel mi pravil, že je mu nutno opustit Lincoln ještě téhož večera. Osvojil jsem si tedy právo koupiti několik krabiček nové, spánek přivádějící drogy.

Uplynul týden, za kterého mi ležel nový uspávací prostředek stále na mysli. Pečlivě jsem prostudoval odbornou literaturu o něm. Byl to nitrylovaný odvoděk z uhlovodíku. Účinek jeho měl tedy býti podobný onomu tekutého kyslíčnicku dusičnatého. Nevyvolával dávení, nenechal sebou žádné nebezpečí srdečního neb dechového klesnutí, a účinky jeho mýjely za několik minut jakmile se ustalo s jeho podáváním pacientu. Onoho týdne jsme operovali několik případů, avšak nemoohl jsem se rozhodnouti, abych na některém z nich zkusil nový uspávací prostředek. Dr. Penrose zdržel se na své cestě mnohem déle nežli očekával a já sám neměl jsem odvahy vzít na sebe zodpovědnost experimentu s novým prostředkem.



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"Lincoln"! vydechl jsem těžce.

A Star Is Born

In late 1925, publisher Hugo Gernsback notified readers of his intention to create a new monthly magazine exclusively featuring scientific tales. Many contemporary literary periodicals also contained ads announcing the same news – and seeking new authors to contribute. Breuer was evidently not a reader of *Science and Invention*, as he would have presumably sought to offer Gernsback some of his writings earlier. Whether Breuer himself was inspired by Gernsback’s advertising campaign, or if he decided to send samples of his work after reading the first issues of *Amazing Stories*, is difficult to determine today. But what is clear is that the January 1927 issue of *Amazing Stories* featured his short story “The Man with the Strange Head”, which only a few months prior had been published in Czech as “Muž se zvláštní hlavou” in the pages of *Amerikán*. And the story was evidently well received – as in September of the same year *Amazing Stories* published another of Breuer’s existing works, namely “The Stone Cat”

The STONE CAT
By Miles J. Breuer, M.D.
 Author of “The Man with the Strange Head.”



...In some way the doctor had gained an advantage, and was pushing Richard behind the curtain. Again a cry broke from Richard's throat, something between a gasp and a shout of "No!"

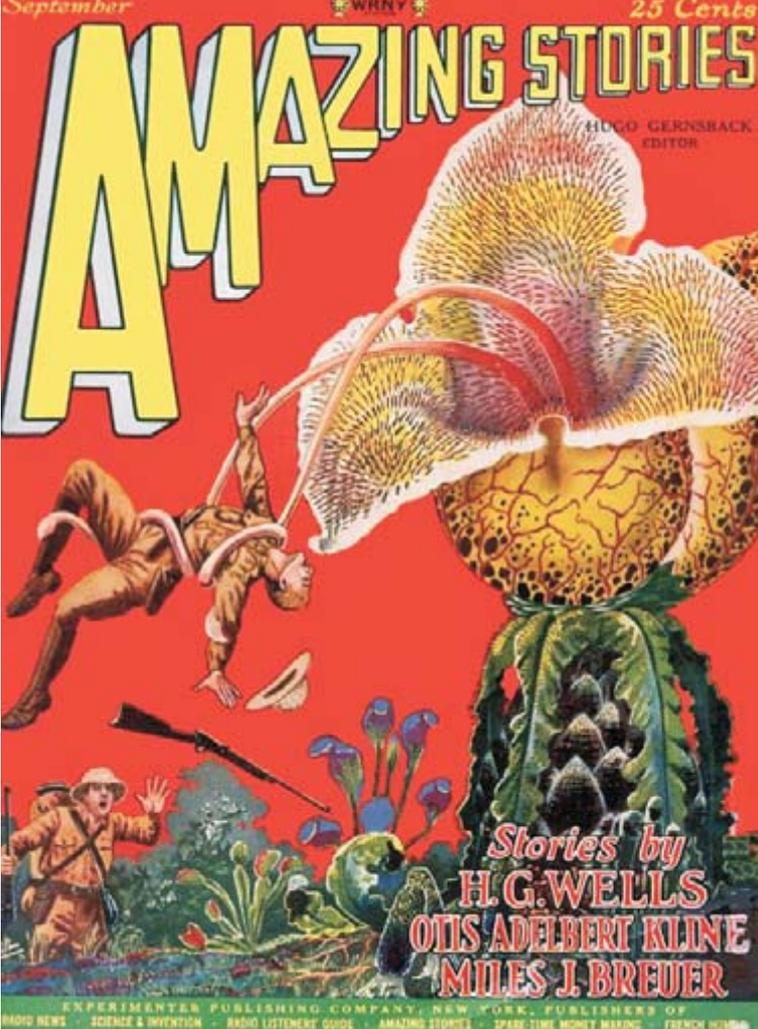
INVESTIGATION showed that I was the last person to see young Brian before his sudden and mysterious disappearance. I saw him on the day that my remarkable friend, Doctor Fleckinger showed the two of us the stone cat. We found the doctor working in his laboratory, a big, airy room with the sunlight gleaming brightly on the myriad things of glass and polished metal. As usual, Miss Lila was there, busy at some of the doctor's scientific tasks. Brian had eyes only for the demure young lady in the white apron and rolled-up sleeves. As we came in, she looked up and saw him, and nodded her head to him with a smile in her deep, dark eyes. Brian wished the doctor good morning, and then went over to where she sat cutting sections on a microtome, handling the gossamer-like paraffin ribbons with a consummately delicate touch. I walked over to the other side of the room where the doctor was working with some Petri dishes and a microscope, and exchanged greetings with him. Dr. Fleckinger went on with his work, and such was his concentration that in a few moments he had forgotten about me. He was pouring a black liquid on some lumps of flesh in the Petri dishes and watching them blacken and crinkle; and then he teased out pieces to examine under the microscope. For a while he gazed abstractedly at his notebook. Then came the unsmooth thing that makes me shiver when I think of it. Suddenly he jerked up his cuff and bared his arm, and poured some of the greenish-black stuff on one spot. The effect was hideous. The flesh blackened and shriveled, and his arm shuddered. He regarded it for a while; then, seizing a scalpel, he pass-

HAVE you ever seen a petrified forest? If you have, you must have wondered by what process this came about. The processes that make petrification possible are not very well understood by science today, but it is thought quite probable that it is within the scope of scientific knowledge to create similar conditions. We all know the biblical story of Lot's wife, when she looked back and was turned into a pillar of salt. Evidently we have to do with petrification in this instance as well. You will enjoy this unusual and interesting story by the author of "The Man With the Strange Head."

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September **25 Cents**

AMAZING STORIES
 HUGO GERNSBACK
 EDITOR



Stories by
H.G. WELLS
OTIS ADELBERT KLINE
MILES J. BREUER

EXPERIMENTER PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK, PUBLISHERS OF
 RADIO NEWS • SCIENCE & INVENTION • RADIO LISTENERS' GUIDE • AMAZING STORIES • SPARE-TIME MONEY MAKING • FRENCH HUMOR

about a mad scientist turning living beings into statues using petrifying liquid.

Despite this issue of *Amazing Stories* also featuring H. P. Lovecraft's "Color Out of Space" as well as a serialized installment of H. G. Wells' *The War of the Worlds*, the cover prominently features Breuer's name. Additional Breuer stories would also be published by Gernsback in *Amazing Stories* – one more in 1927 and two in 1928 (including the popular "The Appendix and the Spectacles"); over the ensuing four years, Breuer would publish 22 stories in a variety of pulp magazines.

Over the space of a mere few months, Miles J. Breuer thus became one of the most influential authors of a newly emerging genre initially termed "scientifiction". In Gernsback's eyes, Breuer had earned his stripes, both for his shared appreciation for the works of Wells, but also because he was one of the few contemporary authors that appeared to fulfill the perception of the budding science fiction genre as popularizing science through literature. In addition, Breuer was also a real scientist; only he and fellow author David H. Keller could sign their stories with an "M.D.", thus giving such writings extra weight in the eyes of contemporary readers.

The APPENDIX and the SPECTACLES

By Miles J. Breuer M.D.

Author of: "The Riot at Sanderc," "The Puzzle Duel," etc.



LD Cladgett, President of the First National Bank of Colgelburg, scowled across the mahogany table at the miserable young man. He was all hunched up into great rolls and hanging pouches, and he scowled till the room grew gloomy and the ceiling seemed to lower.

"I'm running a bank, not a charity club," he growled, planting his fist on the table.

Bookstrom winced, and then controlled himself with a little shiver.

"But sir," he protested, "all I ask for is an extension of time on this note. I could easily pay it out in three or four years. If you force me to pay it now, I shall have to give up my medical course."

Harsh, inchoate, guttural noises issued from Cladgett's throat.

"This bank isn't looking after little boys and their dreams," he snarled. "This note is due and you pay it. You're able-bodied and can work."

Mechanically, as in a daze, Bookstrom took out a wallet and counted out the money. When the sum was complete, he had ten dollars left. The hope that had spurred him on through several years of hardship and difficulty, the hope of graduating as a physician and having a practice of his own, now was gone. He was at the end of his resources. Once the medical course was interrupted, he knew there was no hope of getting back to it. Nowadays the study of medicine is too strenuous; there is no dallying on the path to an M.D. degree.

He went straight over to the University to apply for an instructorship in Applied Mathematics that had recently been offered to him.

IN the movies and in the novels, an ogre like Cladgett usually meets with some kind of retribution before long. The Black Hand gets him or a wronged debtor poisons him, or a brick house collapses on his head. But Cladgett lived along in Colgelburg, growing more and more prosperous. He was bound to grow wealthy, because he took all he could get from everybody and never gave anybody anything. He kept growing a little grayer and a little fatter; and seemed to derive more and more pleasure and happiness from preying financially on his fellow-beings. And he seemed as safe as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Then, after fifteen years, a sudden attack of acute appendicitis got him. That morning he had sat at his desk and dictated letters to his directors commanding them to be present at a meeting four days hence without fail. The bank was taking over a big estate as trustee, and unless each director signed the contract personally, the deal was lost and with it a fat fee. In the afternoon he was in bed groaning with pain and cursing the doctor for not curing him at once.

"Appendicitis!" he shrieked. "Impossible!"

Dr. Banza bowed and said nothing. With delicate finger-tips he felt of the muscles in the right lower quadrant of the abdomen. He shook his head over the thermometer that he took out of the sick man's mouth. He withdrew a drop of blood from the patient's fingertip into a tiny pipette and took it away with him.

He was back in an hour, and Cladgett read the verdict in his face.

"Operation!" he yowled like a whipped boy. "I can't have an operation! I'll die!"

He seemed to consider it the doctor's fault that he had appendicitis and would have to have an operation.

"Say," he said more rationally, as an idea occurred to him. "Do you realize that I've got an important directors' meeting in three days? I can't miss that for any operation. Now listen; be sensible. I'll give you a thousand dollars if you get me to that meeting in good shape."

Dr. Banza shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm going to dinner now," he said in the voice that one uses to a peevish child. "You have two or three hours in which to think it over. By that time I'm afraid you will be an emergency."

Dr. Banza sauntered thoughtfully over to the College Tavern, and walking in, looked around for a table at which to eat his dinner. He felt his shoulder touched.

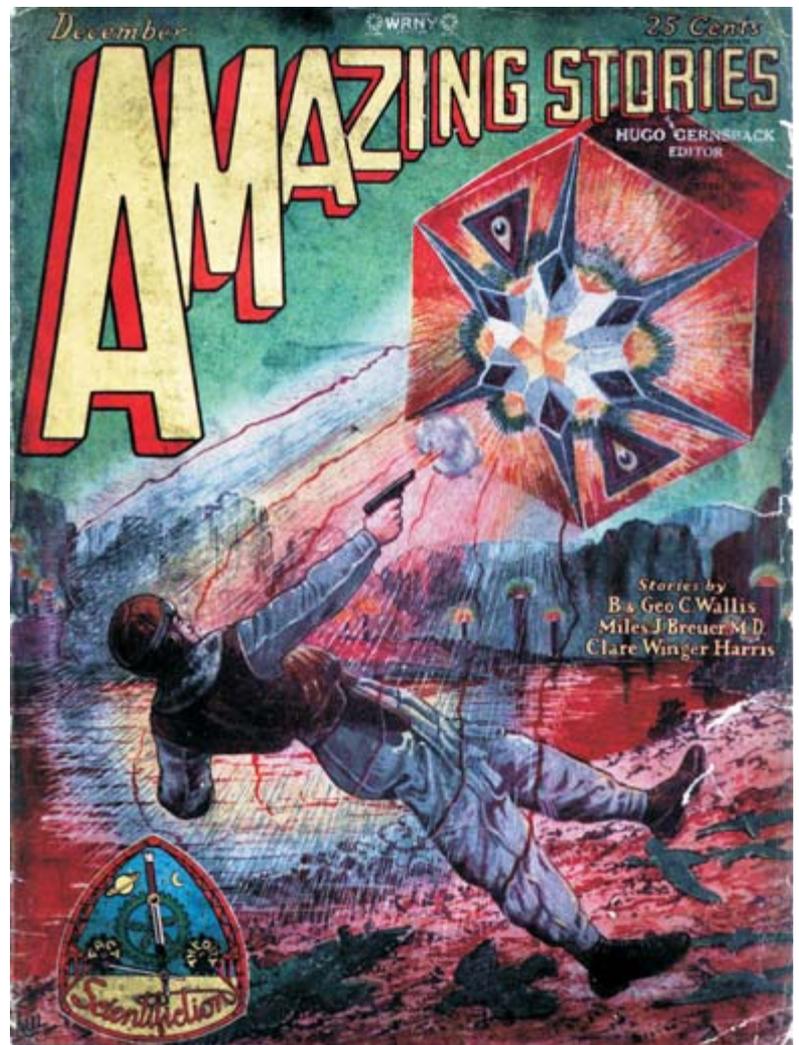
"Sit down and eat with me," invited his unmotivated friend.

"Why, hello Bookstrom!" he cried warmly, as he perceived who it was.

"Hello yourself," returned Bookstrom, now portly and cheerful enough, with a little twinkle in each eye.

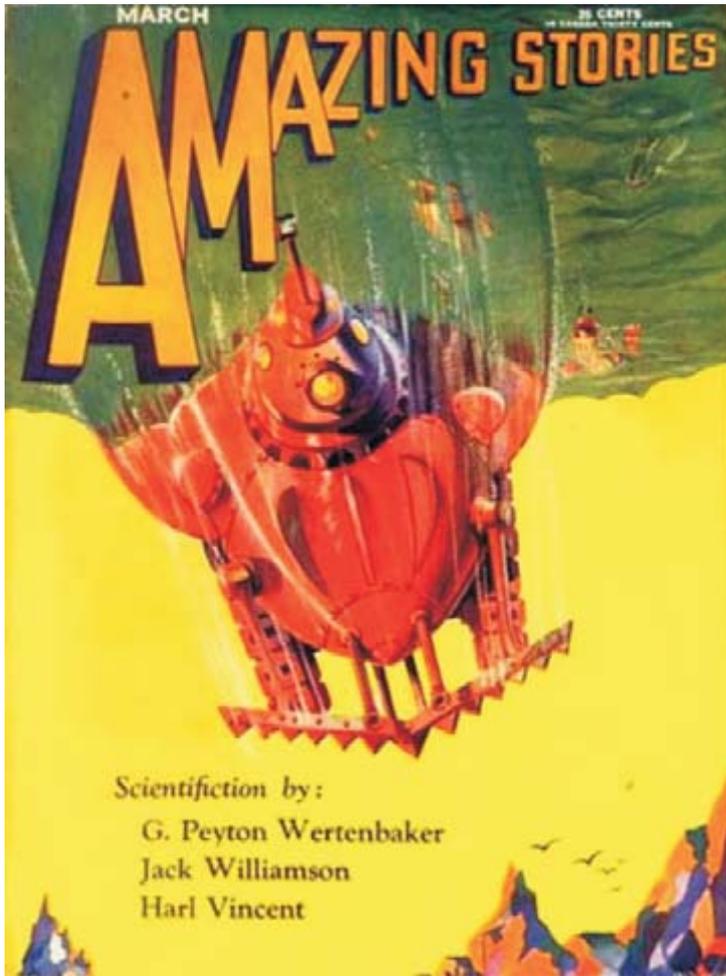
"But what's the matter? You look dark and discouraged."

So, over the dinner, Banza told his friend about the annoying dilemma with the obdurate and irascible



At the Height of His Fame

Miles J. Breuer's success during the late 1920s inspired the doctor-author to further writing. During the 1930s, Breuer updated and polished certain existing works, but the majority of his output over the decade was represented by entirely new stories. 1930-32 represents the peak of Breuer's literary writing, with works published in both *Amazing Stories* and the rival *Astounding Stories* and *Wonder Stories*. In total, 16 new stories were published over this time period, including "The Captured Cross-Section" featuring a favorite Breuer's topic, namely the fourth dimension. The most famous is undoubtedly "The Gostak and the Doshes", which continues to be reprinted to this day in various anthologies – in the era of "fake news" and disinformation, this story of a parallel Earth where nonsensical political slogan induces the populace to declare a "justified", righteous war, appears more pertinent than ever.



Everything is relative

There seems to be very little doubt about that statement. We can't just "move"; we must move in relation to something else. This brings us to the question of "relativity" and Einstein. And in the matter of gravitation. It is very likely that no one will ever know what it is. Acceleration may increase our apparent weight; inertia may do the same, but neither is gravitation. But let Dr. Breuer talk for himself. Unless we very much miss our guess, "The Gostak and the Doshes" is going to create a lot of "distimming." But be sure to read the story when your mind is thoroughly clear and rested. There will be a marked difference in your reaction.

The Gostak and the Doshes

Illustrated by
MOREY

By Miles J. Breuer, M.D.

Author of "The Book of Worlds," "The Captured Cross-Section," etc.

LET the reader suppose that somebody states: "The gostak *La distims the doshes*." You do not know what this means, nor do I. But if we assume that it is English, we know that the *doshes* are *distimmed* by the *gostak*. We know that one *distimmer* of the *doshes* is a *gostak*. If, moreover, *doshes* are *galloons*, we know that some *galloons* are *distimmed* by the *gostak*. And so we may go on, and so we often do go on.—Unknown writer quoted by Ogden and Richards, in *THE MEANING OF MEANING*, Harcourt Brace & Co., 1923; also by Walter N. Polakov in *MAN AND HIS AFFAIRS*, Williams & Wilkins, 1925.

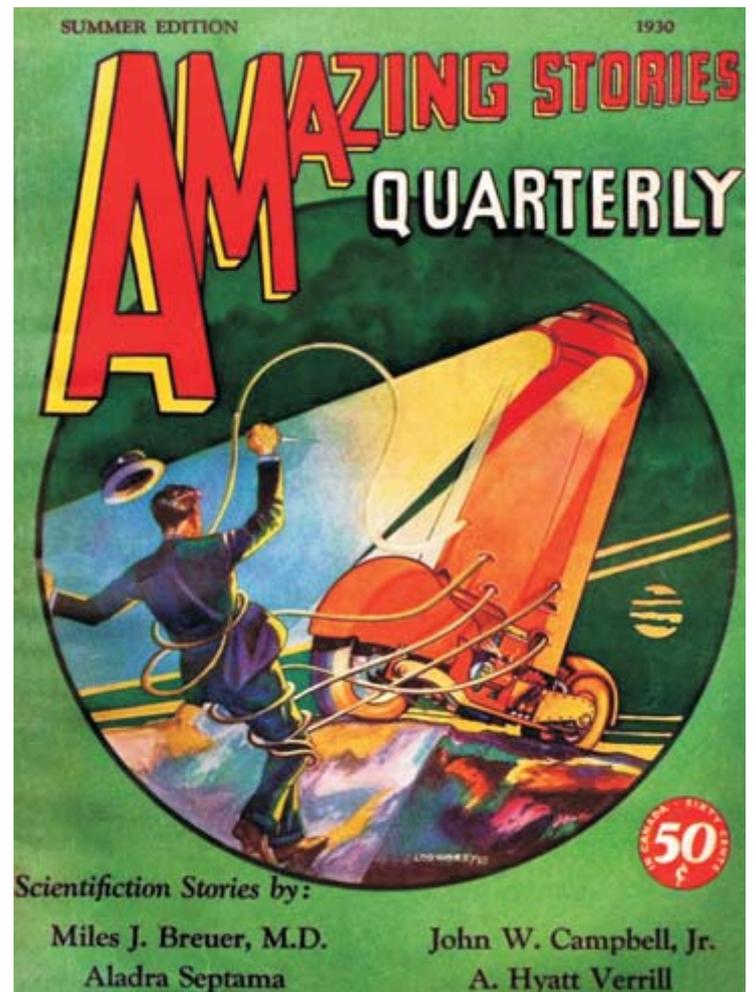
WHY! That is lifting yourself by your own bootstraps!" I exclaimed in amazed incredulity. "It's absurd." Woleshensky smiled indulgently. He towered in his chair as though in the infinite kindness of his vast mind there were room

"Merely relativity. It doesn't take much physical effort to make the moon move through the treetops, does it? Just enough to walk down the garden path."

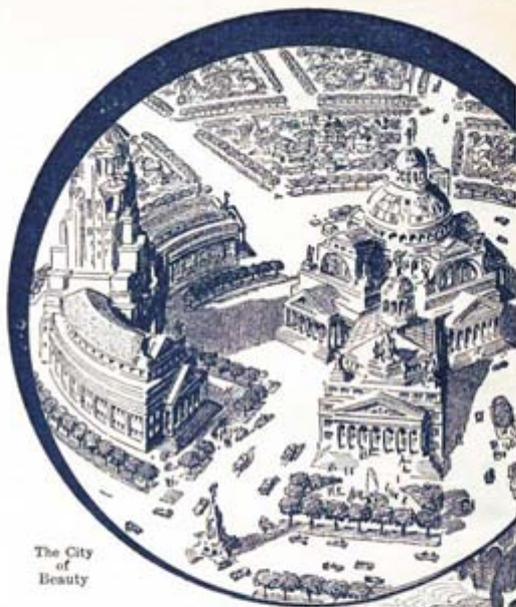
I stared at him and he continued: "If you had been born and raised on a moving train, no one could convince you that the landscape was not in rapid motion. Well, our conception of the universe is quite as relative as that. Sir Isaac Newton tried in his mathematics to express a universe as though beheld by an infinitely removed and perfectly fixed observer. Mathematicians since his time, realizing the futility of such an effort, have taken into consideration that what things 'are' depends upon the person who is looking at them. They have tried to express common knowledge, such as the law of gravitation, in terms that would hold good for all observers. Yet their leader and culminating

The “novel of an ultra-machine age” – as exclaimed in the sub-heading of the summer 1930 issue of *Amazing Stories Quarterly* – was quintessential to the field of science fiction writing. Breuer’s novel *Paradise and Iron* is one of the first modern science fiction tales to warn of the dangers of a technologically oriented civilization, depicting a humanity threatened by what we today call artificial intelligence. Alas, Breuer evidently never used the word “robot” in his writings, despite almost certainly being aware of Čapek’s *R. U. R.* One possible reason is that Čapek’s robots were synthetic creatures rather than artificial mechanisms.

What we do know is that Breuer retained a fascination with the future technological and social advancement of civilization for the rest of his life. This is evident both in his expert factual articles and critiques in *Social Science*, as well as the fact that it was in this magazine’s pages that he published his first version of the novel *Paradise and Iron*, namely the roughly third-as-long short story “The Superior Race”.



¶ The early models of even a brilliant invention are at best only crude affairs, often within an exceedingly short time perfected beyond recognition. This is just as true of the airplane as it is of the automobile and the telephone and numerous other mechanical inventions that we now take quite for granted. For many years there has been much talk about building thought-machines. Even now there are calculating machines that quickly solve mathematical problems that would otherwise take eminent mathematicians and skilled computers months to solve. And constant improvements are being made on these mechanical “robot” mathematicians.



The City of Beauty

Paradise and Iron

and

Iron

CHAPTER I

A New Kind of Ship

WHY anyone so old as Daniel Breckenridge, my grandfather’s brother, should keep on working as hard as he did, was a mystery to me. He was about eighty-four; and a million little crinkles criss-crossed on the dry, parchment-like skin of his face where it was not covered by his snow-white beard. But he still went briskly about his duties as shipping manager of a great ship chandler’s establishment at Galveston.

Just now he whispered sharply to me, and drew me by the arm behind some bales of canvas in the depths of the vast shipping-room.



Airplane View of the Island



The City of Smoke

¶ It is a far-fetched vision, perhaps, to think of a time when the thought-machine, which now can be worked with very little supervision, might some time get to a point where it can make suggestions for its own improvement—mathematically figured out improvements, of course—but it is not impossible. And if and when that happens, who can forecast the future of mechanical progress? In this complete novel, Dr. Breuer gives us, in good literary style, a wealth of absorbing elaborations on the possibilities of the machine age, which makes the story one of unusual scientific interest.

By

Miles J. Breuer, M.D.

Author of: “The Gostak Distinct the Dostak,” “The Stone Cat,” etc.

Illustrated by WESSO



“Old John Kaspar, the Mystery Man!” he whispered again.

That suddenly galvanized me into action. I took one more good look at him, and got into motion at once. “Do you think you could hold him here somehow until I get my outfit?” I asked. “I’ll be back in ten minutes.” It was now my turn to be tense and thrilled.

“It will take them longer than that to load up the truck,” he said; “but hurry.”

I shook hands with him hastily but fervently, knowing that I might have no further opportunity to do so,

and then dashed out after a taxi. While my taxi is rushing me off to my room, I can explain all I know about John Kaspar, the mysterious octogenarian.

Forty years ago, back in the days when the gasoline industry was just being opened up, John Kaspar was the richest man in the world. His father had been a manufacturer of automobiles in Ohio and, foreseeing the importance of gasoline, he had bought up half a county of the most promising oil lands in East Texas. Before his death, oil was found on every acre of it. The son John, the old man at whom we have just been looking, was not interested in becoming a financier; he was working out some original ideas in automobile design. There were some wildly headlined newspaper clippings in my grand-uncle’s collection, about John Kaspar’s having thrown a reporter bodily into the ash-can because the poor fellow had made his way into Kaspar’s shop and was looking too closely at some marvelous new invention on an automobile.

Science Fiction Series

No. 1

THE
**GIRL FROM
MARS**

BY

JACK WILLIAMSON
AND
DR. MILES J. BREUER



Published By

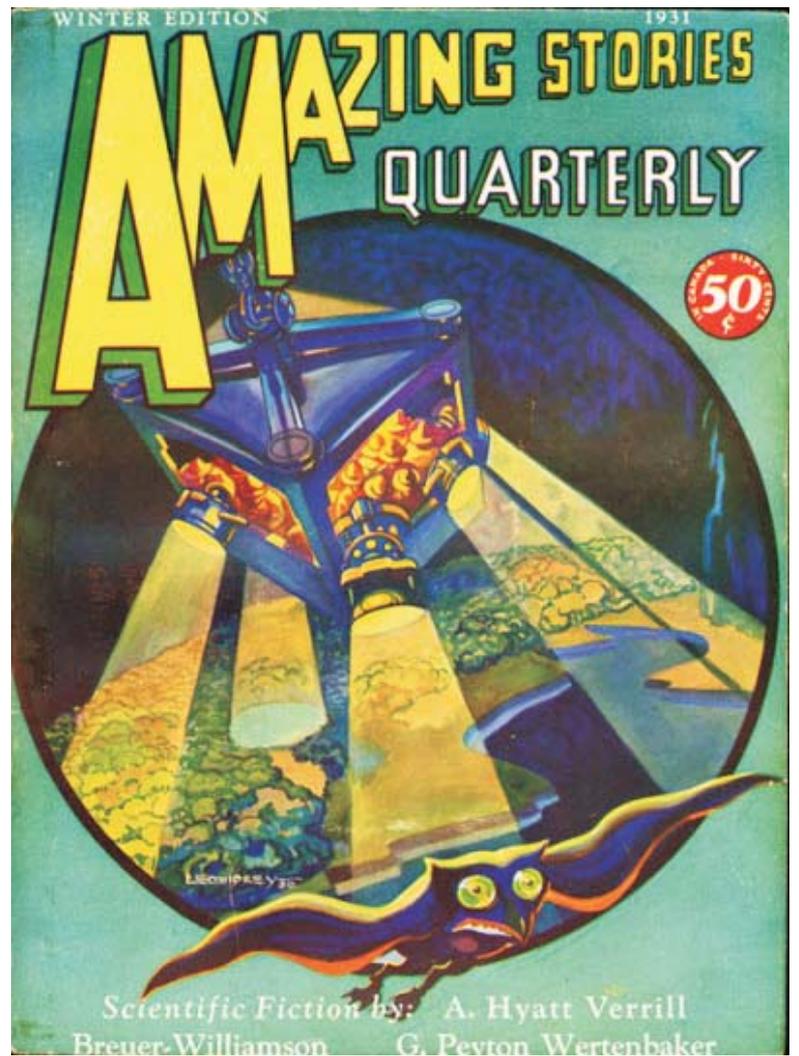
STELLAR PUBLISHING CORPORATION
96-98 PARK PLACE
NEW YORK

Social Science also featured a story by Breuer that was never published anywhere else. Titled “The Legion of the Fittest”, the story pondered on potential future sociological development and is arguably one of the most interesting works penned by the author. However, in light of the horrors inflicted by Nazi Germany, today, the story’s embrace of eugenics can be considered to be well outside the realms of acceptability. Also of note is the fact that aside from featuring protagonists with typically Czech names, it is unique in presenting depictions of Czech life and institutions.

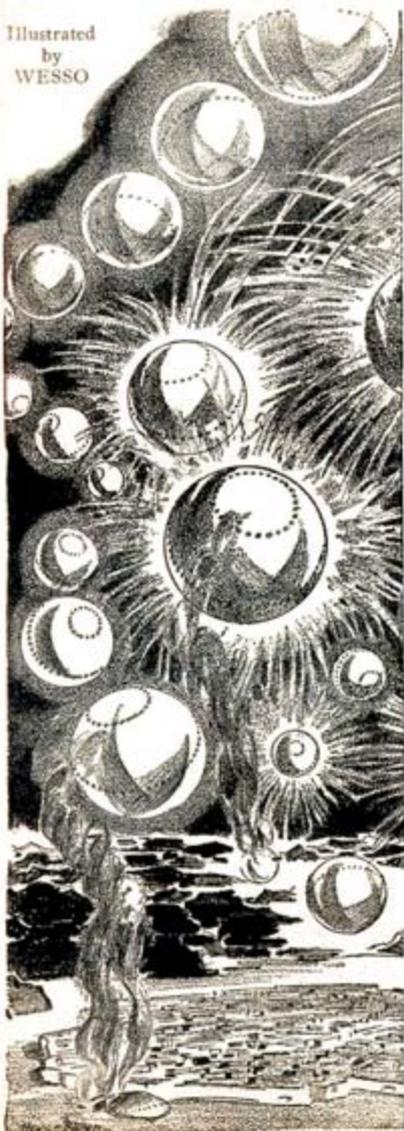
Despite the fact that Miles J. Breuer did not live on the US East Coast, which was rapidly becoming a hub of science fiction fandom, he was nonetheless able to remain in contact with his readers and fans though living in Nebraska. This led to certain long-distance collaborations, such as on “A Baby on Neptune”, co-authored with Clare Winger Harris (1891-1968), the first American woman science fiction author. Breuer also partook in the Science Correspondence Club, which was one of the very first science fiction clubs of its kind. Another of its members, twenty-year-old New Mexican Jack Williamson (1908-2006), wrote to Breuer and ended up serving as a kind of long-distance “apprentice”. Few would have guessed at the time that Williamson would himself go on to become a renowned science fiction writer, publishing works well into

the 21st century. Breuer persuaded Williamson to write truly “science-based” science fiction instead of fantastical stories in the guise of the then popular author A. Merritt. The pair’s relatively brief but intensive collaboration was based on a mutually beneficial symbiosis: Breuer had ideas and stories, while Williamson had the time to actually turn them into written works.

In November 1929 – only a few months after Gernsback was forced out as editor of *Amazing Stories* – the new writing team published their joint work as the first volume of the newly founded *Science Fiction Series*. Breuer and Williamson’s *The Girl from Mars*, a thin 24-page work, thus became the first book in the world to be formally titled as “science fiction”. At the start of 1931, *Amazing Stories Quarterly* presented the complete novel *The Birth of a New Republic* to readers, depicting an outer-space version of the battle for American independence set on the Moon. It is possible that the story inspired Williamson’s friend, author Robert A. Heinlein. In 1949, Heinlein praised *The Birth of a New Republic*, in 1966 he would go on to write the similarly themed novel *The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress*.



Illustrated
by
WESSO



The Birth of a New Republic

By Miles J. Breuer, M.D.
and Jack Williamson

CHAPTER I

The New Frontier

NOW, in the last year of the twenty-fourth century, I am setting out to devote the final years of a long and active life to the writing of a narrative of my small part in the historic period just closing, which was perhaps the most important in human history. During my lifetime, the human colonies on the moon have grown from weak, scattered cities to the powerful and prosperous Lunar Corporation. I was in the midst of the terrible struggle in which the autonomy of that corporation was won; and it is my purpose to write what I saw of that greatest of wars as simply and justly as I can.

My story must begin with my father. He was born in Pittsburgh in the year 2276. Even at that time, now over a century past, the United States of America, in common with the other political organizations that once had ruled the world, had ceased to have any real power over the people within its ancient boundaries. Pittsburgh was a stronghold of the Metals Corporation, one of the most powerful of the half-dozen huge trusts that now ruled the world.

It was typical of my father that he should decide to migrate to the colonies on the moon. His pioneering spirit rebelled at the complex, well-ordered life of the earth. He was a deep thinker, in an original way; he had spent much of his youth roaming the earth in quest of an outlet for his restless energies of spirit. Far too much of a philosopher he was, to get any satisfaction out of the mockeries and superficialities of life in the great cities of earth.

Father was not the man to shut himself up back of a desk in a little glass cage for eight hours of every day, to provide himself with a golden fringe to his tunic and take his wife out to fashionable gatherings, where they would chatter of the latest riqué shows and bet on the rocket races, squander a working man's for-

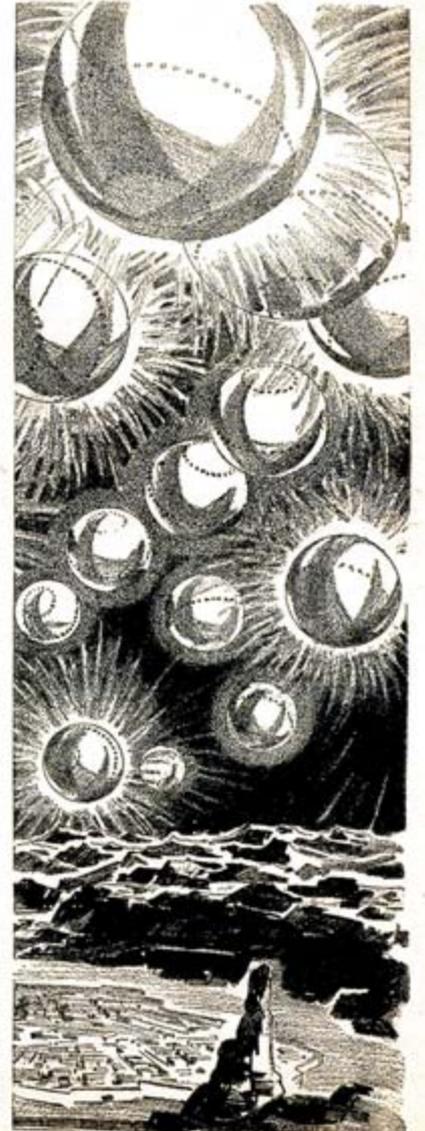
"Only some twenty-odd of Van Thoren's globes came out."

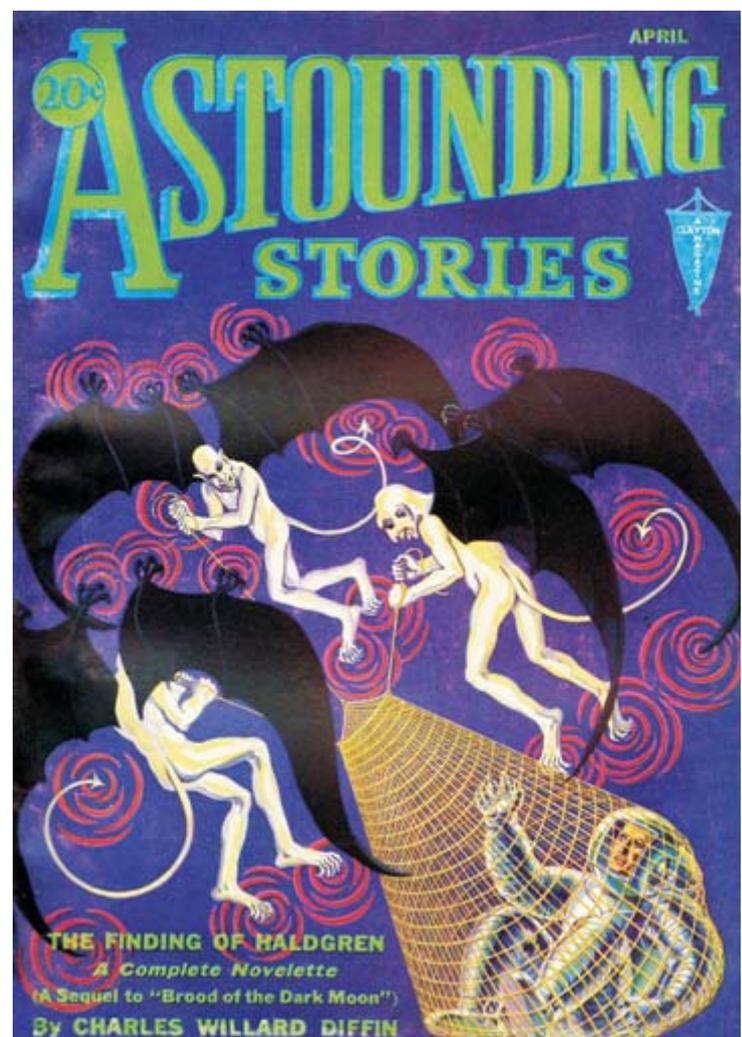
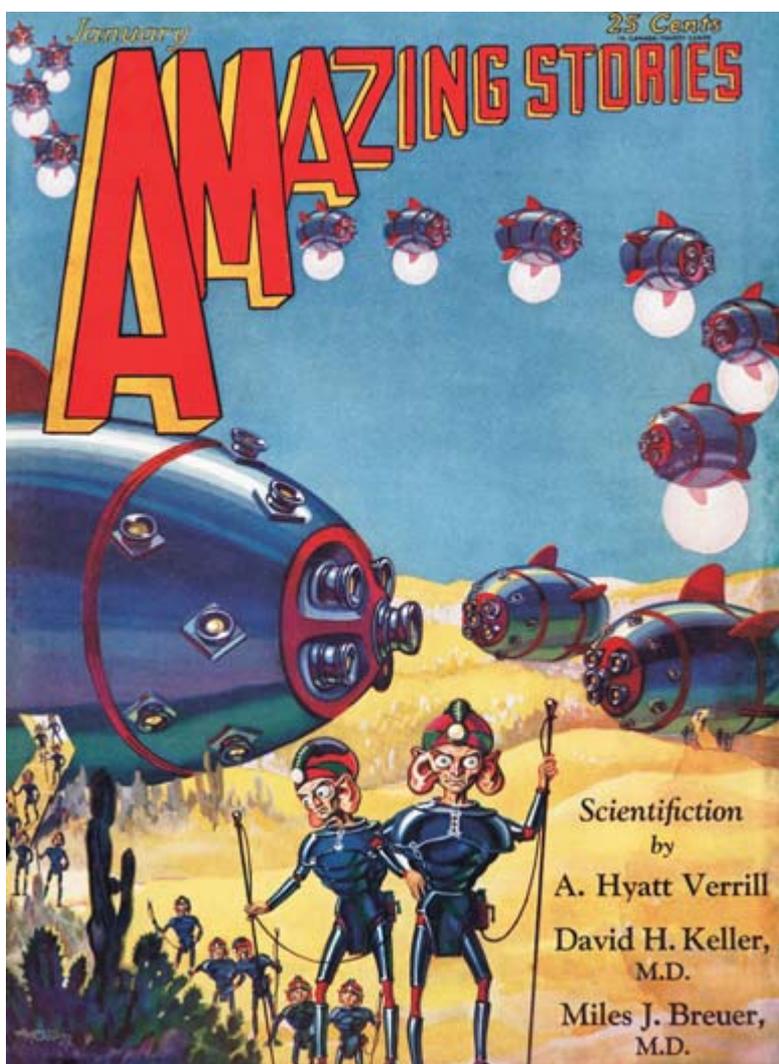
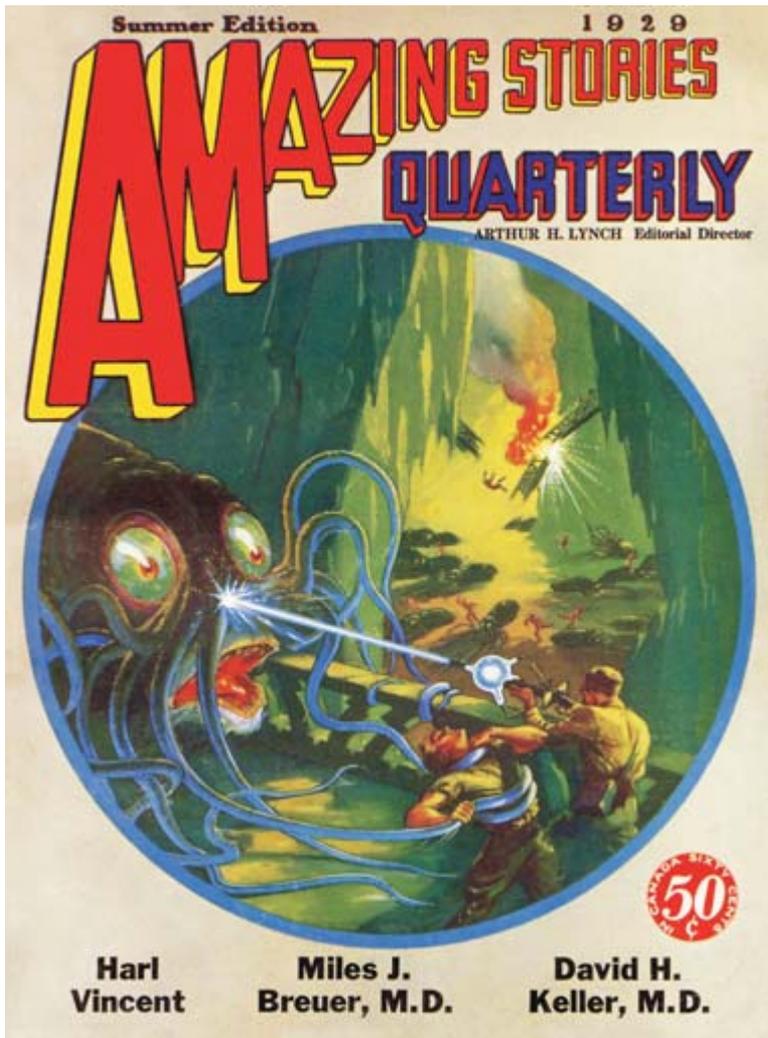
IN these days of standardized comforts and minimized dangers in living and traveling, we find ourselves—those of us, at least, who have a hankering for the unusual—trying to dig out stories of the old colony days, or, more recently, of the frontier days of the Golden West, in order to add a little romance and adventure to this work-a-day world. But such pleasure must, at best, diminish in intensity as the stories become more familiar and anecdotes are repeated. And even if the thrill of new adventure must remain vicarious for an uncertain length of time, tales of pioneering on different planets or other bodies entirely separated from the earth, with its absolutely strange and necessarily conjectural dangers and difficulties, if presented realistically and with plausibility, must be absorbing indeed. A yarn by either of these authors would promise much. The combination of Breuer and Williamson leaves little to be desired.

time at cards and dance themselves ragged to blaring jazz, to go home tipsy with "2,200 port." My parents were not that kind of people at all.

It is natural that they thought of emigration to the moon.

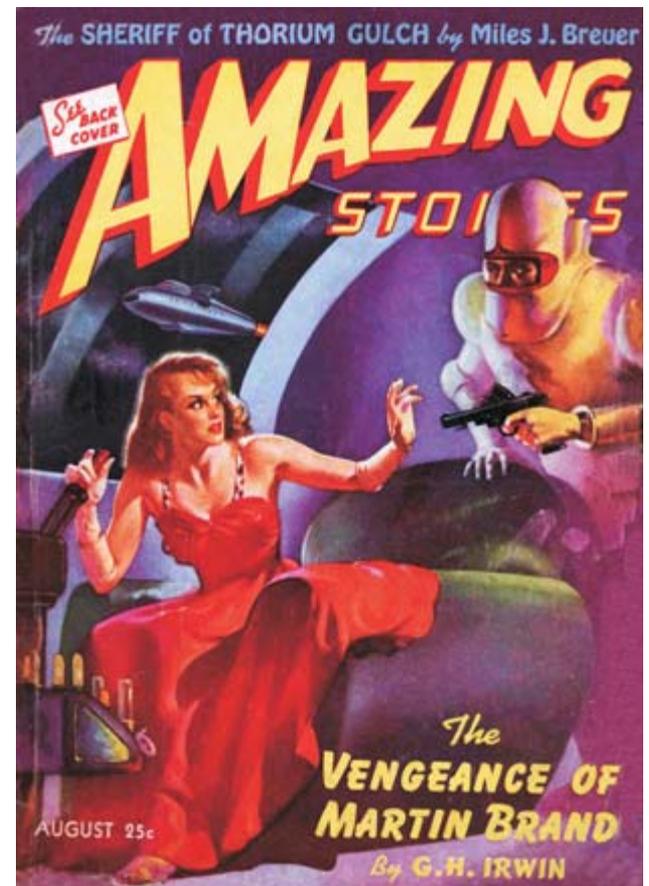
There was a new world waiting. There, beyond a quarter of a million miles of space, hardy pioneers had opened up a new frontier, two centuries after the last frontier had vanished on earth. Life was simple there and hard. Men were free from convention and artificial restraint. They lived close to nature. They fought for what life gave them, depending upon their hands instead of their purses. On the earth's satellite was a new field for men with initiative and independence, men who could live and work beyond the protection of the machine. On the moon a man was not a





Road to Oblivion

In 1933, Breuer essentially disappeared from the literary scene. The new magazine *Unusual Stories* promised readers a fresh Breuer story, albeit this never materialized. Plans were also afoot for Breuer to pen a serialized novel for *Fantasy Magazine*, but this was also not to be. In December 1933, the author only published one story; the next was not published until the spring of 1935. Up to his death a decade later, Breuer only published ten English-language stories. Many of these later works have not fared well with critics, and editor Michael R. Page describes Breuer's final work, the adventure story set on the Moon titled "The Sheriff of Thorium Gulch" (1942), as his weakest.



WHY have you dodged me all evening?" The way the gazes of the two young people devoured each other left no doubt as to their mutual regard. It was June 4th, 2142, the night of the splendid reception given to the graduates of the Engineering Department of the Harvard University by the A.A.E.

In spite of his *magna cum laude*, his fine fraternity associations, in spite of his showcase full of athletic



Světoborný nález Majka Gruntoráda.

Pro kalendář Amerikán napsal Dr. Miloslav J. Breuer.

Matěj Gruntorád rozmrzel kopl do chomáče stříbrošedé divoké šalvěje.

"Bylo to hloupé ode mne," bručel pro sebe, "rozzlobiti se na Kačenku. Mohl jsem pozorovat, že mne má stále ráda. Kdo to může mít holce za zlé, když jde raději s hochem, který má příjemné způsoby, krásně se šatí, a dělá vše, aby se jí zalíbil? Dnešní dobou nelze už ovládati děvčata křikem. Proč vždycky dělám tu nepravou věc?"

Písek chrupal pod těžkými jeho kroky. Oranžově žluté paprsky zapadajícího slunce vrhaly stíny nízkých, okrouhlých pahorků bílého písku směrem k němu.

"Zato, že moje hlava tak pomalu pracuje, Thompson si vede moji holku do cirkusu. A já blouzním a brečím jako kajot. Ted' — když je již pozdě — ted' vim co jsem měl říkat a dělat."

Takovým přemítáním se jeho tesknost jen stupňovala. Vždyť měl dost jiných nesnází a Kačenka byla jedinou radostí jeho života, která mu je pomáhala překonávat. Je to podivné, jak taková hnědooká holčice, když se na člověka rozzlobí, může způsobiti takový rozvrat v životě, že pak tento nestojí ani za zlamanou cigaretu.

Matěj bloudil mezi nízkými pahorky. Bylo jako dřívějším letem

Notably, despite his literary success in the English language, Breuer never turned his back on writing in Czech, leaving behind dozens of Czech-language articles on the subject of medicine as well as a number of stories. And although large gaps exist in the preserved archives of Czech-American periodicals, two such works from Breuer's final years have been uncovered. "Světoborný nález Majka Gruntoráda" ("Majek Gruntorád's Epochal Discovery") was published in 1932, the same year a revised English-language version titled "The Perfect Planet" was published in *Amazing Stories*. The story of a developmentally disabled man whose mental capabilities are dramatically increased by a new invention perhaps served as an inspiration for Daniel Keyes' famous 1959 short story "Flowers for Algernon".

The Perfect Planet

By Miles J. Breuer, M. D.

Author of "The Captured Cross-Section," "On the Martian Liner," etc.

WHAT is it that enables us to think clearly, or prevents us from seeing the obvious solutions to even ordinary, everyday problems? Isn't there some medicine or help for the muddle-headed individual, who means so well? Dr. Breuer thinks there is—and perhaps he is actually working on something himself, even if he does locate this "miracle-working something" on another planet.

Illustrated by MOREY

GUESS I'll look for the meteor," said Gus Kersensbeck out loud.

There was no one in those vast solitudes of sand-hill and sage-brush to hear his voice, but the arrival of that inspiring idea seemed to cheer him up. He lifted his head, and his drooping body became alert with interest.

He had been mooning along gloomily over the sand-hills for the greater part of the Sunday afternoon; for the sand-hills were his refuge when he was troubled and depressed, which the Lord only knows was often enough. Here among these wastes of sand, majestic as a frozen sea, he could think. That is what he had been trying to do now—in his halting and difficult fashion.

"Just because my head works too slow," he talked aloud, kicking at a tuft of gray sage, "but such of a Thompson is taking my girl to the circus and I'm snooping around here like a coyote. Now, after it's too late, I can see what I'd ought to have said and done; nowadays you can't boss girls around by yellin' at 'em. I can't blame Kitty for going with a fellow that's got good manners and dresses swell and tries to please her all the time."

His feet crunched along through the sand. The low sun, shining orange-yellow through the dust pall, cast shadows of the low, rounded hills toward him.

"It don't seem right. Hard as I work, I can't more'n earn a bare living for myself, and have nothing left to offer to Kitty. A girl don't want a pauper. Thompson leads an easy life and has lots of money. Supposen' everybody knows he's a bootlegger; as long as he never gets caught he is more welcome at dances and parties than I am. And he comes by the garage in his swell clothes and sneers down at me when I'm under a car in

my griny overalls—I could throw a grass-rag in his pink face!"

About that time he conceived the idea of looking for the meteor. He stood on top of a rounded knoll of smooth, shining sand, somewhat higher than the others. He peered in all directions for signs of the meteor. But he saw nothing, except far in the distance behind him a tiny black dot where his Ford coupe stood. He had driven it as far as he could, until the road disappeared and the sand became too deep for driving. Everywhere else were unbroken, billowed wastes of sand.

"I suppose," he grumbled on, "after Forbes fixes me for fiddling that transmission job and I'm sunk with nothing to live on, then I'll figure out how I could have fixed it."

At seven o'clock the previous evening he had flung down his tools and left the shop in utter discouragement. He had been trying to repair the reverse gear of an old Model T Ford that would not work. All that afternoon he had toiled in the black grease, with gear-wheels and wrenches all about him.

"Who the hell can understand that?" he had exclaimed, and decided to spend his Sunday afternoon in solitude among the sand-hills, with his 22 rifle, some sandwiches, and a canteen of water.

The idea of searching for the meteor had struck him when the afternoon was all but over; but it lifted him somewhat out of his depression. Two weeks before, about four o'clock in the afternoon, all of the little town of Chadron had been startled by a flash of green light that was bright even in the afternoon sunshine, and by a dull, thunderous reverberation. It seemed to be almost on top of them, at the very edge of town at least. But every inhabitant of the village had joined in a minute search of

Breuer's final Czech literary work was published in autumn 1942 and is titled "Padělané žití" ("Faked Living"). Like his final English-language story, "Padělané žití" is widely considered Breuer's weakest fantastic story.

In terms of the causes for the relatively sudden demise of one of America's pioneering science fiction authors, in his memoirs, Jack Williamson noted that Breuer was really just an overworked doctor with a serious appetite – albeit very little time for – writing literary works. Hardly surprising, given that, along with his father and brother, Breuer managed a Czech hospital in Nebraska. Later, Breuer also headed the pathology department of a Lincoln hospital, along with enjoying countless other pursuits and hobbies, such as hiking and serving as a Scout leader. Furthermore, Breuer also established a photography club in Lincoln and gave regular public lectures both in Czech and English. He also served as editor of *Social Science* for many years, including contributing a number of reviews and articles. Raising three children no doubt added to the pressures on Breuer's time – during the mid-1930s, oldest daughter Rosalie served as the chair of a local Komenský Club for Czech students studying in Lincoln, and also ultimately entered the medical profession.

The New Frontier

A Guest Editorial

By DR. MILES J. BREUER

Famous Scientifiction Author

It has always been the adolescents of the race who have lived on adventure. Adventure has always involved pushing out from the known and familiar into the new and unknown. The adult of the race has usually been satisfied with the established order.

When the human race was confined to small areas of the earth's surface, almost every individual was surrounded by adventure. It was a perfect setting for youth. A stone's throw away was darkness and fighting, and new lands. As people spread and congested upon the earth, those crowded into the middle of the group did not have opportunities for adventure as did those on the edges. Thus an ever decreasing proportion of young people were able to get out into new frontiers. More and more were forced to stay at home and live the life of the old people.

Therefore, tales and stories of adventure took the place of real adventure. The creative art of story-telling dates back into the dimmest dawn of human beginnings. Savage youngsters sitting around a fire and listening to the experienced storyteller, are our original prototype of the science fiction magazine.

Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are good science fiction. Those things probably never really happened. They were invented to appease the realnessness of those who wished adventure and could not reach it.

We are denied knowledge of the inspiration for adventure which must have existed in Europe from the 15th to 17th century, with the Americas open to those who wanted a taste of glory. It must have been a grand science fiction period.

We do have real knowledge of the "go West" period of American history lasting

two hundred years. In those days there was not merely action; there were stories, and what stories! They are still famous and always will be.

At the present time geographical frontiers have been exhausted. It seems that new fields for adventure are closed to adolescents in that respect. With the exception of small areas at both Poles, there are practically no new lands to conquer.

As usual the story teller is ahead of actual life. Nearly one hundred years ago Jules Verne took an exploring into the Arctic, under the sea in submarines, and flying in the air. He slyly skipped technicalities. He knew that clever engineers would work them out later.

So, today the frontier is the stratosphere, the Moon, the Milky Way. Technicalities do not matter. Are not the adults working them out? Youth is waiting for their elders to build the ships and forge the guns. In the meanwhile, we can tell stories about it.

Even the prosaic oceans that border our continent offer a new frontier. Man has not yet probed their incredible depths, prospected the lands that lie submerged. Jules Verne skimmed the surface of this vista in his visionary works; it remains for the pioneers of tomorrow to go deeper, unveil the secrets of the submarine regions.

Nowadays we cannot all sit about the fire and listen to an expert tell a story. There are too many millions of us. The age is not addicted to blank verse, but the modern science fiction magazines serve the same function as did all the mythological variations down the ages. It is still the inspiration of adolescents to adventure and progress. That is how the human race has always gotten ahead and always will.



Dr. Miles J. Breuer



Dr. MILOSLAV J. BREUER,
Operace, ženské a zastaralé nemoci
Dr. KAREL H. BREUER,
Vnitřní a dětské nemoci
ČEŠTÍ LÉKAŘI

Lincoln, Nebr. 1115 O Str.,

Pohodlné a dokonalé nemocniční opatření pro všechny nemocné. Laboratoř ku konání všech prohlídek a pokusů. Jedeme též na venek do celého státu na konzultace. Připravujeme své léky. Adresa: Drs. BREUER, 1115 O Street, Lincoln, Nebr.



Nyní nás hledejte v nové kamenné budově Security Mutual Bldg.
DR. KAREL H. BREUER
DR. MILOSLAV J. BREUER
12. a O ulice.
LINCOLN, —:— NEBRASKA.



Lincoln Hospital

Dokonalé zařízená moderní nemocnice ve středu města Lincoln, které jest bez odporu nejpřihodnější mjestem pro všechny české osady v Nebrasce, Kansasu, Jižní Dakotě pro českou nemocnici a nemocní krajané se tam nejsnáze dostanou. Krajané obslouží české ošetřovatelky a čeští lékaři.

DR. KAREL H. BREUER
koná všechny operace a léčí nemoc ženskou.

DR. MILOSLAV J. BREUER
léčí vnitřní, zastaralé a dětské nemoci.

ČEŠTÍ LÉKAŘI. 11
Úřadovna: 1115 O Str., Lincoln, Neb.

Dr. Miles J. Breuer, Former Physician Here, Dies In West

Dr. Miles J. Breuer, 57, former Lincoln physician, died Sunday in Los Angeles, Calif., following a

short illness, according to word received by Lincoln relatives. He had practiced medicine here from 1914 to 1942. Dr. Breuer was a veteran of World War I, serving overseas in the medical corps.



Dr. M. J. Breuer

Active in social and civic groups, Dr. Breuer was a past president of the Lincoln Optimist club. He was also associated with the Executive and Lincoln Camera clubs.

Surviving are his wife, Ruby, Los Angeles; two daughters, Mildred, Lincoln, a student in the state university, and Dr. Rosalie Breuer Neligh; Ann Arbor, Mich.; a brother, Dr. Roland P., San Jose, Calif.; a sister, Mrs. Harry Shelton, Gilroy, Calif.; and his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Charles H. Breuer, San Jose.

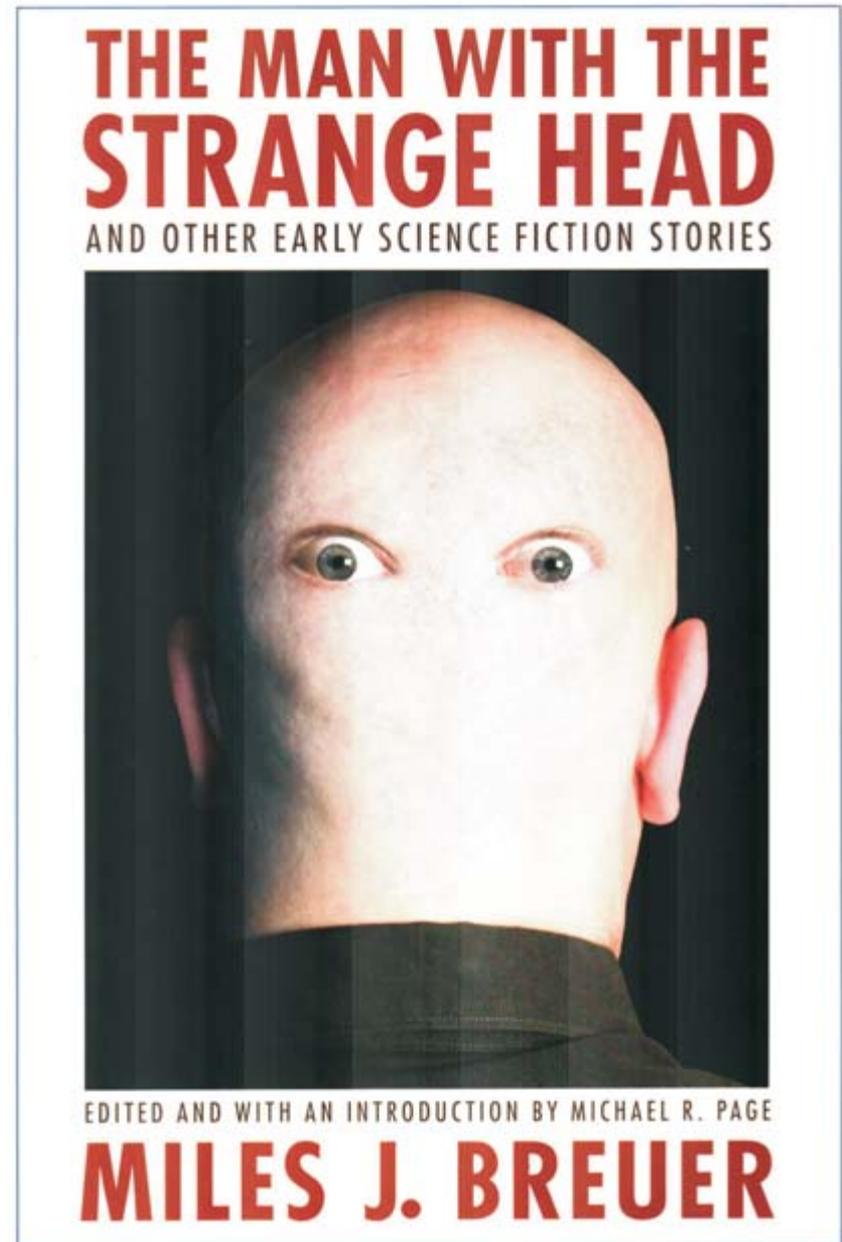
By the end of the 1930s, Miles Breuer's life had entered a period of multiple crises. Divorcing first wife Julia, Breuer then married his laboratory assistant; albeit this, too, soon led to divorce. Shortly before his death, Breuer married a third time. In addition to this turmoil, son Stanley tragically died during a mountain trek in 1939. And then Breuer's health began to fail. On several occasions, Lincoln local papers reported on his hospital stays. Shortly before turning fifty, Breuer even authored an article titled "Padesátiletý člověk – co s ním?" ("What to do with a fifty-year-old?"). In it, the doctor-author reflected that "...middle age, from 45 to 55, is the most dangerous time in the life of a modern man." Some time in the early 1940s, Breuer suffered a nervous breakdown, ultimately leaving Nebraska in 1942 and moving to California to be with his brother Roland and father Karel. He soon gained a local medical license and opened a private practice. However, only a few months later, on 14 October 1945, Miles J. Breuer passed away following a brief illness. As a veteran of the First World War, he was buried at Los Angeles National Cemetery.

Breuer spent his entire professional life away from the epicenter of the burgeoning science fiction fandom scene. As a result, he very likely never attended any of the early science fiction conventions,



and died too early to become a living legend of the genre. Right after the end of the Second World War, science fiction books were still not being published, and even genre anthologies were rare up to the 1950s. Not one of Breuer's works made their way into the first of these, when trend-setting editor Donald A. Wollheim published a series of science fiction-oriented anthologies in the early 1950s. And so Breuer began to fall into obscurity. Subsequent occasional reprints did little to rekindle past glories. As late as the early 21st century, the date of Breuer's death was misstated in numerous sources as 1947, while the 1994 *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*, edited by John Clute et al., noted the lack of availability of Breuer's works.

It wasn't until 2008 that the science fiction stories of Miles J. Breuer would find themselves under a fresh spotlight. For it was then that Nebraska-based science fiction historian Michael R. Page published the first collection of Breuer's short stories titled *The Man with the Strange Head*. The English-language collection undoubtedly represents a tentative step in the wider reappraisal of Miles J. Breuer's work. However, a full assessment of the author's overall contribution to the history of science fiction – including his Czech works – is still in the kind of imaginary future about which Breuer so often liked to dream.



A Personal Note

Since as far back as 1984, when I attended the first major science fiction convention in the southern English city of Brighton, I have been seeking out Czech science fiction authors from around the world. After more than thirty-five years, I had come to the conclusion that the most prominent of these was Swiss-based Luděk Pešek. During the 1960s and 70s, this author penned three Czech-language novels, which were only published in German and then translated into several other languages. We at the Czech Science Fiction Association (AFSF) planned to publish one of these works in 1994, but this ultimately only came to pass in 2020.

The fact that the Chicago-born Miles J. Breuer had Czech roots was unknown not just to me, but also to many of his close friends and colleagues from the burgeoning world of science fiction fandom. I was able to meet with editor Don A. Wollheim in the 1990s – a member of Breuer's generation – and he made no mention of this fact. Nor did Jack Williamson, with whom I spent several days in China in 1991. And evidently nor did Forrest J. Ackerman, with whom I met repeatedly during the 1980s and 90s. I had hours of discussions with Ackerman, for example when I served as his guide during a 1990 visit to Czechoslovakia. Back in the 1930s, he wrote in *Fantasy Fan* that he possessed both manuscript by Breuer as well as a signed photograph. How priceless a possession that would have been, especially since today, not one good-quality photograph of Breuer has yet to be unearthed.

Jaroslav Olša, jr.

Prague, October 2020

PADĚLANÉ ŽITÍ.

Pro kalendář "Amerikán" napsal dr. Miloslav J. Breuer,
Lincoln, Nebraska.

Bylo půl dvanácté v noci. Ve filmovém divadle "Lyric" v městečku Plzni v Nebrasce se zavíralo. Poslední párek návštěvníků se již před čtvrt hodinou odebral do Ploužkovy lékárny na občerstvení, zmrzlinu, limonádu, nebo ně-

Lumír vyšel po schodech na třetí poschodí budovy divadla, a odemkl pečlivě uzamknuté dveře. Zadíval se ve velké místnosti, zaujímající celé poschodí, na skupinu různých strojů, mezi nimiž bylo lze rozeznati elektrické přístro-

Jak utekla chimaera.

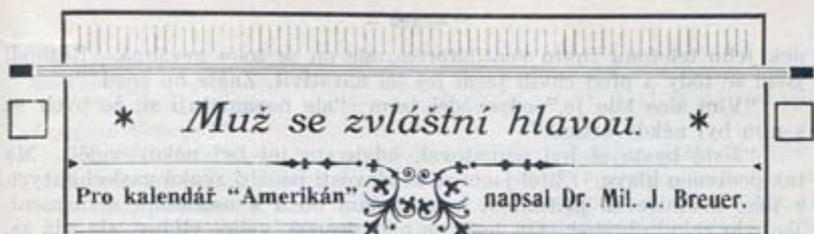
Pro kalendář Amerikán napsal Dr. Miloslav J. Breuer.

Pan Izaiáš Zátek soudil, že se mu skýtá vzácná příležitost. Hleděl zvědavě na svazek papírů, jež jsem držel v ruce. Až na to své neohrabané jméno, byl pan Izaiáš Zátek zcela moderním tvorem; šat jeho přiléhá ve vkusných tazích; limeček zářil rozlehlou šíří neposkvřené bělosti, slaměňák klobouk, téměř první v sezoně, způsobná cigareta — skutečně musel se člověk podívat dvakrát do jeho čistě oholené tváře nežli poznal, že náleží k vyvolenému národu.

VYLÉČENÁ RAKOVINA.

Pro Duch Času napsal Dr. Miloslav J. Breuer, Lincoln, Nebr.

'Tak ty opravdu myslíš, že já bych ti mohl být nějakým způsobem prospěšným!' zvolal můj strýc, a vypnul

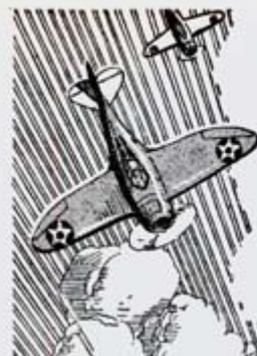


Kdosi v šedém klobouku stál téměř na konci chodby, pokufuje doutník. Podle všeho zajímal se o moje klepání a čekání. Zaklepal jsem

U RADIOGRAFA.

Povídka od Miloslava J. Breuera.

Když jsem byl ještě mladým začátečníkem v Chicagu a měl jsem úřadovnu na Ashland Boulevard, byl jsem jeden večer na zábavě v síni Libuše. Dal jsem se náhodou do řeči s mladým mužem, který seděl naproti mne u stolku. Měl kotvový odznak v dírce u kabátu a choval se jako důstojník. Tuším že mne oslovil nejdříve.



THE RAID FROM MARS

BY
MILES J. BREUER

By Miles J. Breuer, M.D.

Author of: "The Book of Worlds,"
"The Appendix and the Spectacles," etc.

The Hungry Guinea-Pig

The Superior Race

By Miles J. Bruer

I.

A Very Strange Ship.

IF YOU love mysteries, there's one for you!" The aged clerk caught me by the arm. "That's John B. Kaspar. Thirty years I've worked here, and all that time I've had

The Einstein See-Saw

By Miles J. Breuer

TONY COSTELLO leaned glumly over his neat, glass-topped desk, on which a few papers lay arranged in orderly piles. Tony was very blue and discouraged. The foundations of a pleasant and profitable existence had been cut right out from under him. Gone were the days in which the big racket boss, Scarneck Ed, generously rewarded the exercise of Tony's brilliant talents as an engineer in re-designing cars to give higher speed for bootlegging

In their pursuit of an unscrupulous scientist, Phil and Ione are swung into hyperspace — marooned in a realm of strange sights and shapes.

The CAPTURED CROSS-SECTION

By Miles J. Breuer, M.D.

Author of: "The Man with the Strange Head," "The Appendix and the Spectacles," etc.

THE head of Jiles Heagey, Instructor in Mathematics, was bent low over the sheets of figures; and becomingly close to it, leaned the curly-haired one of his fiancée, Sheila Mathers, daughter of the Head of the Mathematics Department. Sheila was no mean mathematician herself, and had published some original

"That pretty little head has something on the inside, too. That is just exactly what they are: electromagnetic integrals. You see, the rotation of coordinates looks very pretty in theory, but when you hook it up with a little practical dynamics—don't you understand yet?" Sheila stared at the young mathematician in question-

Covers of US pulp magazines featuring M. J. Breuer's stories are available under the Creative Commons CC0 License via Wikimedia Commons. These works are in the public domain, as they were published in the United States between 1925 and 1963 – although there may or may not have been a copyright notice, the copyright was not renewed. These are works by (in alphabetical order): **Robert Fuqua** (Joseph Wirt Tillotson, 1905-1959), an American artist who illustrated pulp magazines in the 1940s and shortly before and after (*Amazing Stories*, March 1939); **Manuel Rey Isip** (1904-1987), a Filipino-American artist, who created numerous illustrations and a few pulp covers in the 1940s (*Avon Fantasy*, No. 12, 1950); **Harold W. McCauley** (1913-1977), an American artist, who produced art for various pulp magazines in the 1940s and 1950s (*Amazing Stories*, August 1942); **Leo Morey** (Leopoldo Raúl Morey Peña, 1899-1965), a Peruvian-American artist known for numerous notable illustrations and covers of early *Amazing Stories* (*Amazing Stories*, March 1930, July 1930, March 1931, April 1932, December 1933, March 1935, October 1935; *Amazing Stories Quarterly*, Summer 1930, Winter 1931, *Comet*, December 1940); **Frank R. Paul** (1884-1963), an American artist of Hungarian-Czech origin, born in Austria, the most influential early artist of Gernsback's *Amazing Stories* (*Amazing Stories*, April 1926, September 1927, December 1927, December 1928, February 1929, April 1929, *Science Wonder Stories*, July 1930); **J. W. Scott** (John Walter Scott, Jr., 1907-1987), an American artist and pulp magazine illustrator during the 1930s to 1950s (*Future Fiction*, November 1939); and **Wesso** (Hans Waldemar Wessolowski, 1893-1947), a German-American artist, who for decades produced many memorable illustrations for pulp magazines from the late 1920s (*Amazing Stories*, January 1930, *Astounding*, April 1932).

Other featured covers are Karel Čapek's *R. U. R.* created by **Josef Čapek** (1887-1945); a cover of *Science and Invention* by **Howard V. Brown** (1878-1945), the author of many early Gernsback magazine covers, and later a cover artist of early SF pulps until 1940 (both on p. 3). The covers for the Australian pulp *American Science Fiction* magazine and *Amazing Stories Quarterly* (Summer 1929) are uncredited.

Also included are a few in-text illustrations of M. J. Breuer's stories, which are either uncredited ("The Stone Cat", p. 14), or attributed to artists such as **F. S. Hynd**, who illustrated several stories in 1920s pulp SF magazines ("The Man with the Strange Head", p. 4); **Hugh Mackay**, illustrator of several stories in SF pulp publications at the turn of the 1920s and 1930s ("Rays and Men", p. 13); **Jay Jackson** (1905-1954), active in pulp SF magazines at the turn of the 1930s and 1940s ("The Sheriff of Thorium Gulch", p. 21); and Wesso (see above) ("Paradise and Iron", p. 17, and "The Birth of a New Republic", p. 19). Illustrations from the Chicago-published Czech yearbook *Amerikán* are usually uncredited (as in the case of "Světoborný nález Majka Gruntoráda", p. 22). An in-text illustration for Breuer's "Osudný paprsek" (p. 12) is uncredited, albeit signed "B. Butler", which could be the work of US artist **Bud Butler** (Alban B. Butler Jr.) active in the 1920s. The cover of *Amerikán* for 1923 (p. 11) was created by US-based Czech illustrator **Emanuel Václav Nádherný** (1866-1945).

The photograph of K. H. Breuer is uncredited and appeared in his book *Zdravověda* (1923) (p. 5). Photographs of M. J. Breuer are uncredited and appear in the following publications: *Amerikán* yearbook for 1923 (frontispiece); *Czech Pioneers of the Southwest* (1934) by R. Henry Maresh and E. Hudson (p. 7); The University of Texas at Austin's *Cactus Yearbook* for 1910 (p. 7); *The Nebraska State Journal* of 23 January 1916 (p. 8 top); Omaha's biweekly *Květy Americké* of 27 March 1918 (p. 8 right middle); *The Lincoln Star* of 8 February 1942 (p. 8 down); the pulp *Startling Stories* of May 1940 (p. 23) and *The Lincoln Star* of 16 October 1945 (p. 24). The photograph of Breuer's grave is by Aneta Campbell.

