

The BURROUGHS BULLETIN

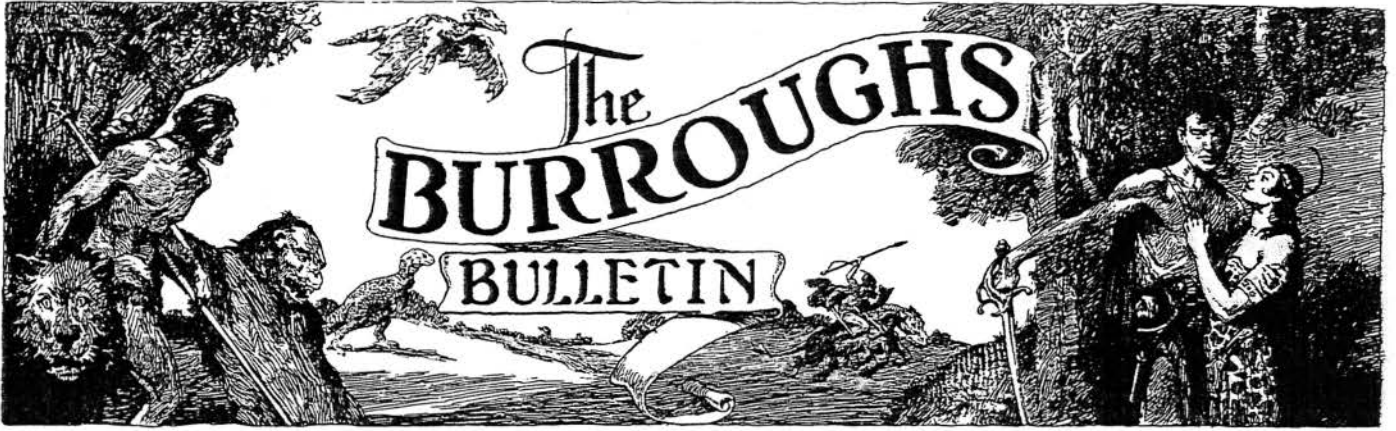
EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

*and other
amazing
Stories*



Experimenter Publishing Co., New York City

50¢



The BURROUGHS

BULLETIN

VOLUME 1

#1 - 12



To the three musketeers of Burroughsania, Maurice B. Gardner, John Harwood, and Allan Howard, whose burroughing into the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs has simplified the task of ERBzine editors and bibliophiles, and whose early efforts the Burroughs Bulletin is proud to have introduced.

The Burroughs Bulletin #1 - 12 has been published in book form by popular demand in answer to the hundreds of requests received for copies of these early issues of the original and only authorized Edgar Rice Burroughs fanzine. It is available to members of the Burroughs Bibliophiles only, on a non-profit basis, in both clothbound and paperback editions, and we shall strive to keep it in print at all times in an effort to combat the exorbitant prices that have been asked for single copies of the out-of-print Bulletins. First printing August 1963.

HOUSE of GREYSTOKE

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The
BURROUGHS
BULLETIN

#1 - 12



FOREWORD

Fifty years ago, a man named Edgar Rice Burroughs found himself. He had been many things, perhaps most truly of all, an adventurer... in mind and spirit as well as physically. He was a man who liked to dream, to think about the wonderful things that might be rather than the humdrum things that are.

And perhaps because he was also a born story-teller, he liked to share his dreams with others. For half a century, now, he has been doing just that. More than one generation has grown up loving the marvelous tales of Edgar Rice Burroughs.

There have been many other writers, before and since ERB who found their way into the hearts of the youthful --and all too many of these have been forgotten with the years, their books no longer read. Who can say but what this might have been the fate of Edgar Rice Burroughs, too, if it had not been for a number of things that happened.

First, and most important, were the books, themselves, and the magic they worked upon the reader of every age and every social level. Even after many rereadings, they fascinate and entertain, for ERB's ideas were many, and often unique, just as his style was that of the born story-teller.

The TARZAN motion pictures, most especially those wonderful Johnny Weissmuller--Maureen O'Sullivan classics. Most of us who were maturing back in 1932-1936 still hold Maureen's face and figure as an ideal of young womanhood.

But there were years when the books were out of print, and years when TARZAN failed to swing across our movie screens. And absence seldom makes the heart grow fonder, although it sometimes plays nostalgic tricks...

It was during those years there came the danger that Edgar Rice Burroughs' work might have been forgotten. Who can say, for Fate plays rough at times. Witness David Wark Griffith, and Thomas H. Ince, who were two of the most famous film-makers, and who slid into limbo so swiftly, in the case of Ince, almost totally forgotten. Or one of Burroughs' own contemporaries, Fred MacIsaac, possibly the most prolific writer of all time, now forgotten. H. Bedford-Jones, who matched Fred MacIsaac's output, whose name ranked that of Burroughs on a magazine cover in the late 1920s and early 1930s, who published more than ten times the number of words ever written by Burroughs--ask for any of H. Bedford-Jones' more than 100 novels at your favorite newsstand, or at your public library... It happened to other men, men as famed as Burroughs.

But one of the boys who grew up with a love of Edgar Rice Burroughs' stories in his heart, and filled with much of the same sense of wonder, much of the same spirit of fun and adventure, felt that it was important to make sure his favorite never really died from the memories of readers. His name was Vernell Coriell, and he spent money that at times he could ill afford, to keep the memory of Burroughs alive, to whet the reading interest of the youth of most of the civilized world in the wonderful books.

THE BURROUGHS BULLETIN was his invention, and his way of saying thank you to ERB for all the pleasure he had given him. Year after year this amateur publication was mailed without charge to readers and fans all over the world. It was read and enjoyed by Burroughs, himself; and it inspired hundreds of fans to collect the books, and to encourage others. News and reviews, sidelights and addenda, the BURROUGHS BULLETIN maintained an uniquely high standard of entertaining reading.

A busy man, living his own full life, Vernell Coriell yet found the time and the energy to continue his chosen championing of Edgar Rice Burroughs. THE GRIDLEY WAVE appeared, in the form of a newsletter to fill in the time lapses between the more ambitious BULLETIN. And in the constantly growing number of Burroughs fans, in the many other amateur "fanzines" that were published, Vern Coriell could take a well-earned satisfaction.

Reading these early issues of the BURROUGHS BULLETIN will be fun. It will be almost like visiting Tarzana, and sitting across the wide desk from ERB, himself, who even at the last, in pain, and confined to a wheelchair, could make you smile, and light your eyes with the stories of exciting adventure he could tell.

Today there is a great new excitement over Edgar Rice Burroughs' books. It is almost a certainty that he will be the largest selling writer in the world in 1963 -- and in 1964, too! One of the reasons you are holding in your hand -- THE BURROUGHS BULLETIN.

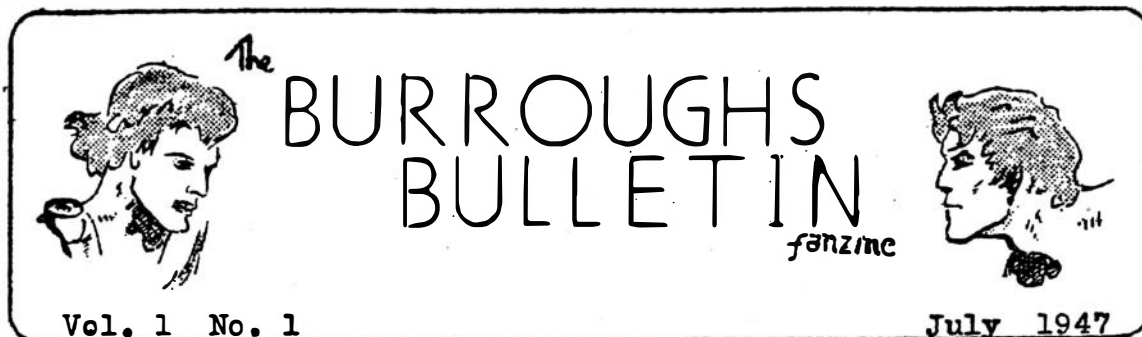
For all your work, all the pleasure you've given me, for the great job you've done, thank you, Vern!

Samuel A. Peeples

June 19, 1963
Tarzana, California

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EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS:
Creator of New Worlds

An Exclusive Interview
By: Forrest J Ackerman

Here in America I have just visited the man who has fascinated two generations with his New Worlds of the imagination:

Pellucidar--the hollow world at the earth's core, timeless land of prehistoric perils.

Barsoom--What we call Mars. Fantastic planet of four-armed sword-smen....of Green men and thoats....of creatures whose heads crawl, crab-like, from their living bodies!

Antor--the veiled amphibious Evening Star, Venus! Primeval globe of dinosaures and fish-men.

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS' books--and there are over half a hundred of them--are available in as many languages. Several have even been rendered into Braille for the blind, and one--notably Principio de Marso--has been published by a progressive English firm in the artificial language, Esperanto!

And what of the master mind behind these out-of-this-world conceptions? Edgar Rice Burroughs today is 71, and taking it easy after two heart attacks sustained while acting as a War Correspondent for the U.S. Navy at Honolulu. He is remarkably well preserved for his age, and converses intelligently and interestedly.

"Granddad" Burroughs, father of three and grandfather of 4, has seen science catch up with many of his "fevered imaginings" since he sold his first story, "Under the Moons of Mars", in 1912. "In some of early Mars books," he chuckles, "I made the mistake of describing 'amazing airships' which traveled at the incredible speed of 200 MILES AN HOUR!"

"Under the Moons of Mars", known in book form as "A Princess of Mars", he signed with a pseudonym: Normal Bean. This pun-name was meant to indicate that the author was a normal being, but the play on words was lost when the name appeared in print as Norman Bean. However, his first Mars story was such a sensational success that he revealed his true identity when he introduced Tarzan, superman of the jungle.

When he moved to California some years ago, to the quiet little suburb of Los Angeles originally known as Reseda, his fame overshadowed the town and today it is known as Tarzana!

Though his aim has been primarily to entertain, he has on occasion proved the prophet. A quarter of a century ago he practically predicted radar when, in "The Moon Maid", he wrote: "About 1940 had come..the perfection of an instrument which accurately indicated direction and the distance of the focus of any radio-activity with which it might be attuned."

In "Beyond Thirty", a magazine novelette of 2 decades ago probably completely unknown in England as it is almost unavailable at any price in America, he spun a fantastic yarn of a strange new world indeed: Grubitten--the barbarian Great Britain of the 22nd Century. England a jungle of wild men and wild beasts!

His latest novel is "Escape on Venus", illustrated by his son, John Coleman Burroughs. This yarn has been preceded by three Venus adventures; "Carson of Venus", "Pirates of Venus" and "Lost on Venus".

Burroughs entered the world of the laboratory in the creation of "The Monster Men", and again in "The Master Mind of Mars" and "The Synthetic Men of Mars".

He went back to the Stone Age in "The Land That Time Forgot", "The Cave Girl", "Tanar of Pellucidar", "Tarzan at the Earth's Core" and "Land of Terror".

In short stories he has told of the time when "The Scientists Revolt", of "The Resurrection of Jimber-Jaw", and adventure "Beyond the Farthest Star".

And what does he think of it all--really? The world on the verge of rocket flight to worlds that heretofore have been reachable only by flights of the imagination?

"The scientists are clever fellows," he gives credit. "If they imagine it can be done--well. they may be right!"

Time, for Burroughs, goes Martian.on!



The Writers Market (1947) sez: "What is divisible copy-right? Let us apply "divisible copyright" to the book "Tarzan of the Apes" by Edgar Rice Burroughs. After author Burroughs wrote this book he sold the North American book rights only to his book publisher, retaining all other rights. He then sold motion picture rights to a producer and retained all other rights. Likewise, he sold radio rights, television rights, cartoon strip rights, foreign rights, England book publication rights, syndicate rights, serial rights for mag-

azine publication, plate rights, cheap edition book reprint rights, stage rights, etc.

ATTENTION, TARZAN FANS:
Am now accepting advance orders for the next Burroughs book
"TARZAN AND THE FOREIGN LEGION"
\$2
Weaver Wright, Box 6151 Metro Station Los Angeles 55, Calif.



MOVIE REVUE

"TARZAN AND THE HUNTRESS"

Latest of the "Tarzan" jungle pictures is one of the best and strongest of Sol Lesser's series featuring Edgar Rice Burroughs' character.

Film carries more movement and sincerity than the majority of the series, and boasts largest number of wild animal sequences to date, all adding up to top entertainment. Lesser and Kurt Neumann, who handled dual chore of associate producer-director, evinced shrewd showmanship in building up story and packed production with values which will sock audiences. Cast headed by Johnny Weissmuller, Brenda Joyce and Johnny Sheffield, in their customary roles are as usual okay.

Plot revolves around party of Americans who arrive in Tarzan's part of Africa, bent on capturing wild animals to sell to zoos of the world, and the ape man's efforts to rout them and save his four-legged friends of the jungle. Intervening action permits plenty of excitement, with a thrilling climax of an elephant stampede.

Film is liberally sprinkled with all types of African wild life, and these contribute to entertainment values of the picture. Animal sequences are splendidly atmospheric.

Weissmuller offers his usual convincing characterization, ably supported by Miss Joyce and Johnny Sheffield, as Boy, latter now almost as large as his "father" in the series. Patricia Morison, as femme hunter, scores nicely, Barton MacLane is up to his usual villainy and John Warburton does well as Miss Morison's partner on the safari. Others in cast rank highly.

ABOUT NYOKA, THE JUNGLE GIRL

A few years ago Republic Studios produced a film adopted from the Burroughs book "Jungle Girl". It was released as a serial and featured Francis Gifford as Nyoka, the Jungle Girl.

The plots of the film and the book are as different as A and Z. The Jungle Girl's name in the book is Fou-Tan while in the film it is Nyoka. But does this give Republic Studios the right to capitalize on the name Edgar Rice Burroughs? And introduce Nyoka as his character? Then later produce another picture titled "The Perils of Nyoka", dropping Burroughs' name from the credit list completely?

Since then Nyoka has become a comic book character appearing in two magazines, Nyoka, the Jungle Girl and Master Comics.

The name JUNGLE GIRL is still being used as a selling point but still no credit is given to Burroughs as the creator of the Jungle Girl.

I wonder if Mr. Burroughs knows of this usurping of one of his characters?

Dell Publications have ready a new Tarzan pictorial adventure book. It is a follow up of Dell's recent book, "Tarzan and the Devil Ogre", and will be on the newsstands about July 15th.

The Republic picture "Jungle Girl" has been re-released. Perhaps some reader following this serial might want to write a chapter by chapter synopsis for the movie column of this publication.

ALEX RAYMOND TO DRAW TARZAN

A newspaper article recently about Alex Raymond, creator of Flash Gordon, Jungle Jim and Rip Kirby, mentioned that Mr. Raymond would soon begin work on the Tarzan cartoon strip. If this is true, he will be the sixth artist to draw the strip. His predecessors are Hal Foster, Rex Maxon, Wm. Juhre, Hogarth, and the more recent artist, Rubimore.

Actress Pat Morison made an oil painting of Johnny Weissmuller which is being used as a lobby display for the motion picture "Tarzan and the Huntress".

The next Johnny Weissmuller film will be titled "Tarzan and the Mermaids"



Wouldn't a Tarzan film in technicolor offer a rare treat to the theater goers?

THE BULLETIN IS FREE

The Burroughs Bulletin is published once a month by Vernell W. Coriell, Box 78, Manito, Illinois. It is distributed FREE upon request to any Burroughs fan interested.

I am at all times in the market for any Burroughs items for my collection. So if you have anything along this line for sale, including toys, games, cartoon strips and novelties, please let me know. V. Coriell Box 78, Manito, Illinois

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Did it ever occur to you how much of a family affair Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc. really is?

Burroughs incorporated himself, with son Hulbert and his good friend Ralph Rothmund, in 1923. He publishes his own books, which is something Mark Twain tried to do, but failed.

Burroughs son-in-law, James Pierce starred in the motion picture, "Tarzan and the Golden Lion", and also played the title role on the Tarzan radio show with Burroughs daughter Joan.

Studly Burroughs, a nephew, illustrated several of ERB's novels. However, this job is being done by Burroughs own son, John Coleman, now.

Hulbert and John have also written several stories.

EDITOR'S CORNER

WELL, here it is, the 1st issue of the Burroughs Bulletin fanzine! I hope you will enjoy reading it as much as I have enjoyed publishing it.

I want to thank the many Burroughs fans who have helped me and sent in articles to be published. All your ideas and suggestions are welcome and with your help the Burroughs Bulletin can become the best fanzine going, so keep on sending in those ideas and anything else about ERB and his characters.

To my knowledge, this is the first time a fanzine has been published about the works and characters of one author, and I promise to do the best I can to make it worthy of the author whose name this publication bears.

Sincerely,

Vernell



The
BURROUGHS
BULLETIN
 fanzine



Vol. 1 No. 2

August 1947

TARZAN'S FAME

In the September 19, 1936 issue of the Argosy magazine the editor had the following to say regarding the fame of Tarzan:

"Tarzan of the Apes," the first of the noted TARZAN stories by Edgar Rice Burroughs, was published in the October, 1912, All-Story--a magazine that was soon after merged with ARGOSY. The freshness in the concept of the character, the imaginativeness of the scene, made the story an overnight literary sensation.

Since that time the whole world has come to know TARZAN. The TARZAN books have been printed in almost every civilized language. Today the readers of hundreds of newspapers follow his adventures in cartoon-form. You can watch him on the silver-screen of the movies. And soon the radio will feature him on the coast-to-coast airwaves. It is a moot question, now, as to which is the better known: TARZAN or Mr. Sherlock Holmes?



A LEAF FROM LEONARD LYONS NOTEBOOK

Edgar Rice Burroughs, the creator of "Tarzan," had been touring the South Pacific, as a war reporter. He decided to transfer to another war region, after having covered 25,000 miles of the campaign in the Pacific. Burroughs wrote to the United Feature Syndicate, requesting an assignment in Africa. He was told that there might be some difficulty in

getting permission and transportation for him. The creator of "Tarzan" jokingly replied: "There shouldn't be any such difficulty, in my case. After all, Stanley and I made Africa."

The new Dell Publications illustrated Tarzan book is now on the stands. It is entitled "Tarzan and the Fires of Tohr" and it also contains a pictorial story titled "Tarzan and the Black Panther." The "Black Panther" being the name of an Arab slave-trader.

The artist is to be complimented for his knowledge of the apeman's history.

Lupe Velez is gone! But the beauty, wit and flaming temper of the late actress will long be remembered by those who loved her. For instance, the act she put on from the ringside at the Hollywood Legion stadium when Glenn Morris, former Olympic champ, was introduced as "the new Tarzan." ("Tarzan's Revenge" 1938) Lupe Velez burned up. She jumped up on her seat and appealed to the fight fans. "Phooey," she phooeyed in Spanish. "Thees man is no Tarzan! My Johnnee (Weissmuller) is the only real Tarzan!" Nobody contradicted her. Everybody was quiet and watched Glenn. Glenn Morris turned a violent red, looked as though he had forgotten his leopard skin!



TARZAN QUIZ

by John Harwood

How well do you Burroughs fans know Tarzan? The following quiz is to test your knowledge of the apeman. Try to answer the questions without turning a single page of the Tarzan series. The answers will appear in the next issue of the BB.

1. In what part of Africa was Tarzan born?
2. In what part of Africa is Tarzan's estate located?
3. What is Tarzan's usual armament when in the jungle?
4. Name two books in which gorillas are highly civilized.
5. In what book does Tarzan appear as a minor character?
6. In what books does Tarzan lose his memory?
7. Which four characters have appeared in the Tarzan books four or more times?

The following three questions are similiar in construction. Each consists of three names, all of which have something in common. You only have to know what the common quality is.

8. Erich von Harben
Paul D'Arnot
La
9. Albert Werper
Sobito
Ibn Jad
10. John Caldwell
Lord Passmore
Manango-Kuwati

Now try it using the books as reference. Give yourself ten points for each correct answer. Double check the answers here in the next issue.

---*---*---*---*---*---*---*---*---*---*---*---*---*---*---*---

Let the editor know what you think of this quiz. Would you like to have another...perhaps with a prize for the first correct answers sent in???

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE

The next issue of the Bulletin will feature an article by a writer who has had four books published and will soon have a fifth to his credit. The writer is Mr. Maurice B. Gardner and the title of his article is "The Burroughs Fascination".

Future issues will contain "The Case of the Spanish Tarzan Books" by Darrell C. Richardson and "The Unwritten Stories of Edgar Rice Burroughs" by John Harwood.

WANTED*WANTED*WANTED*WANTED*WANTED
All-Story October, 1912
New Story June 1913 to May '14
Red Book March to Aug. 1919

If you have any magazines containing Burroughs serial parts or stories for sale please contact me. I am also interested in obtaining any novelties, cartoon strips, articles, etc., regarding Burroughs and any of his characters. What have you?
V.Coriell Box 78 Manito, Illinois

All readers of the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs who enjoy reading about the fantastic wonders of other worlds, the zoom of rocket ships, the weird night life of vampires and other off-trail subjects, will want to become a member of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. Join the N.F.F.F. now! For further information write to K.Martin Carlson 1028 Third Ave. So. Moorhead, Minnesota.

free The Burroughs Bulletin is published once a month by Vernell Coriell Box 78 Manito, Ill. *free*

In fairness to Tigrina, I've been asked to explain, that the article appearing on the following pages was originally written on order for a teenage publication which was discontinued before the article was published, which accounts for the juvenile slant of it,

ADVENTURES in TARZANA

by Tigrina

An ape-man's precarious jungle adventures.....life on other planets.....peril at the centre of the earth.....you've read about them in books, seen them in comic strips, thrilled to them on the screen. All of these fanciful ideas are conceived in the brain of one man--Edgar Rice Burroughs.

In these days of rapidly changing maps, when the Protopolis of today may be the Svoboda of tomorrow, teachers realise that geography students are hard pressed to remember place names; but ask the average highschool student where Pellucidar is, and I know he'll be able to give you the right answer! You'll not find this land on any map, but deep in the heart of every adventurous youngster who has ever travelled to the Earth's core with author Burroughs. What's more, I know that many of you who can't conjugate a verb in Latin, or give the proper French plural of Danielle Darrieux, or distinguish between a hacienda and an enchilada, are quite familiar with thoat, jeddak, panthan and a score of other out-of-this-worldish words, as dished up by Mr. Burroughs. Students: What is the capital of Mars? Helium! That's right!

Recently I journeyed to Tarzana, the town named in honor of its world-famous author resident, to visit the renowned writer, Edgar Rice Burroughs, who has thrilled two generations with his Tarzan stories and tales of wild adventure in other worlds. Books by Edgar Rice Burroughs have been translated into many different languages, including the artificial Universal language, Esperanto.

A charming six-room home on a country lane protects this prolific author (he has approximately sixty-two books to his credit) from the sun, wind, rain and too many adulating fans. The author's residence is surrounded by a colourful garden and lush green lawn. A family orchard and servants' quarters are located in the rear.

Edgar Rice Burroughs himself answered the summons of the musical chimes which served as a doorbell. A man of medium height and stocky build, his alert manner, stalwart physical appearance and the merest tinge of grey in his sparse hair belie his age of seventy-one.

His jovial greeting and cordial handshake made me feel right at home as I stepped cautiously over a luxurious zebra rug in the living room, passed the dining room resplendant with its custom-built furniture and chairs lined in pinto calfskin, and was ushered onto the porch, which also serves as a study and relaxation room.

Before conversation began, I had time to notice briefly some of the unusual furnishings: a golden-brown "tapa cloth" of palm fibre from the Hawaiian Islands, an ornately woven wool American Indian Chief's blanket, a painted tiger slinking across a Japanese silk screen, a huge vermilion jar decorated with ebon elephants, monkeys and other jungle creatures, and a pair of oriental statuettes on horseback, poised on twin tables on either side of the room.

Mr. Burroughs took a chair opposite me and I focussed my full attention on the author who has been a favorite of mine ever since

I was an amp of eight or nine or so.

I felt rather nervous--the moth-millers-in-my-tummy sort of feeling--but Mr. Burroughs' kindly smile, acting like a dose of D. D.T., eliminated them completely.

"At what age did you decide upon a writing career?" I ventured to ask this illustrious gentleman.

"Not until the age of thirty-five," responded Mr. Burroughs. "I was working for a patent medicine company which advertised in various pulp magazines. These magazines were sent to our company so that the ads could be checked, after which they were discarded. I took some home to read, was surprised at the poor quality of the stories, and thought I could do as well myself. I submitted my first story, entitled "Under The Moons Of Mars", to 'All-Story' magazine. It was accepted and appeared serially, beginning with the February 1912 issue, under the pseudonym of Norman Bean."

"Norman Bean?" I questioned. "How did you happen to choose that name, and why didn't you use your own?"

"In those early days, such a wild story was considered unorthodox," Mr. Burroughs continued in his slow, deliberate way of speaking. "Not sure of success, I signed my name Normal Bean, a pun name indicating that the writer was a 'normal bein'', but my signature was misread and appeared in print as Norman Bean, so the significance of the name was lost. The first story proved a success, and I have used my real name ever since. Another proof of the change of times is the fact that in England a portion of one of my books was once used as an example of good English literature," he added, "which information will be of encouragement to teen-agers whose instructors and parents prefer them to read classics instead of Edgar Rice Burroughs' novels."

A prolific author such as Edgar Rice Burroughs naturally must find the most speedy process of transmitting his thoughts to paper. In his early years as a writer, Mr. Burroughs said, he first wrote his stories in longhand. Next, he tried dictating to a stenographer, but this was unsatisfactory because of the inability of the transcriber to spell and punctuate correctly. The same was true when he used a dictaphone. Mr. Burroughs finds that composing his stories upon a typewriter himself is the easiest method, although he is not doing much writing at present, he added.

"Doesn't it annoy you when the motion pictures take liberties with your Tarzan stories--deviate from the original plot?" I asked.

"No," Mr. Burroughs replied. "However, I wish they wouldn't show Tarzan laughing so much in moving pictures. My conception of Tarzan is a rather grim sort of fellow. The movies depict him as a laughing, jolly character. Ironically enough," Mr. Burroughs went on, "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, when making a Tarzan picture some time ago, refused to allow me to write the screenplay of the character I myself created, but preferred to use ten motion picture writers!" Approximately eighteen Tarzan pictures have been produced, Mr. Burroughs added.

"Of all the actors who have portrayed Tarzan on the screen, who is your favorite?" I queried.

"Herman Brix," Mr. Burroughs responded, "Not only did he have a fine physique to portray Tarzan, besides being a good actor, but he was absolutely fearless. He would not hesitate to perform the feats and stunts for which Tarzan is famous."

"Having written so many stories with a jungle background, you must have spent quite a bit of time in Africa," I remarked.

"I have never been to Africa," answered Mr. Burroughs. "I obtain all my information from books on travel and exploration. I am an unobserving sort of person, and can glean more from an informative book than I can from first-hand experience."

"I marvel that you do so well in creating other-worldly atmospheres for your Mars, Venus and Moon stories, with no authoritative books upon the subject," I quipped. "What is your opinion on the possibility of space-travel?"

"If the many news items and statements of the leading scientists are to be believed, the idea of space-travel does not seem entirely impossible. There is certainly enough of it in the newspapers lately," the famous author said.

Besides being a renowned writer, Mr. Burroughs acted as war correspondent in the U.S. Navy during the recent world conflict, sharing in the strenuous life aboard battleships in the Pacific.

Mr. Burroughs showed me his den, on the floor of which sprawls an enormous tigerskin rug, complete with head and paws of the ferocious brute. Several fragments of stone writing tablets from Babylon occupy a prominent place on the bookshelf, and curious ivory and wood objects of art from all over the world are displayed on two unique knick-knack shelves suspended from the wall.

"My word," I gasped when confronted with a round blackened object hanging in the hallway. "What is that?"

"That is a South American shrunken human head," replied Mr. Burroughs.

"Do you mean to say that--thing--was once the head of an actual human being?" I queried, gazing at the round object, which was not much larger than a grapefruit.

"Yes. I bought it many years ago, before the process of preserving shrunken human heads was declared illegal."

Fascinated, I stared. Long brown hair covered its scalp and hung down in strands. The flesh was black (the victim was a native, of course).

"What does it feel like?" I asked.

"I have never been able to bring myself to touch it," Mr. Burroughs replied.

I reached out a tentative finger. The flesh had a velvety texture reminiscent of soft redwood bark. The little eyes, edged with the original eyelashes, were closed, giving the face an almost demure expression. The mouth was neatly sewn together with a kind of

fibrous thread. Far from being an object of terror, it was a work of art, however gruesome.

Among the more pleasant objects of art in Mr. Burroughs' home is an oil painting entitled "Consolation", by John Coleman Burroughs, his artist son, who has also illustrated some of his father's books. A bronze statue of a sabre-toothed tiger, also fashioned by Mr. Burroughs' son, had a prominent place in the den. Mr. Burroughs has two sons and one daughter.

This great author is one of the most modest and unassuming celebrities whom I have had the good fortune to meet. A tribute to his lack of egotism concerning his writing is the fact that he has no entire library of his works on view for visitors, although this is rather unfortunate from the standpoint of the interested Burroughs fan.

To the list of accomplishments as a world-renowned author, Naval war correspondent and father of three children can be added one more--that of Grandfather. Edgar Rice Burroughs has four grandchildren, one granddaughter being sixteen years of age.

His family often visits him on Saturday evenings, at which time they have a private showing of a motion picture or two, as Mr. Burroughs owns a 16mm projector.

Incongruously enough, this world famous author has one hobby, a rather unusual one. He collects autographs of admiring fans who come to visit him. I had the honour to include my name in his fourth autograph book.

Though originally I had gone to visit Mr. Burroughs as an admirer, and had taken no notes nor asked any official questions, I felt now that my experience should not be kept to myself but passed on to others less fortunate than I. "Mr Burroughs," I ventured, "with your permission I would like to try to write about my 'interview' with you."

"By all means, do! Send a copy for my granddaughter, too. And don't forget," he added with a wink, "ten percent commission for me!"

If I have been able to convey to you one-tenth of the thrill it was to meet the "father" of Tarzan, I can feel mission accomplished!

"I have a very poor memory for names and faces," Mr. Burroughs said as he bade me goodbye. "If I should see you again some time and not recognize you, please do not feel too badly. When I meet people in different surroundings and attired in different clothing, I am apt not to recognize them."

Mr. Burroughs," said I, "though you may forget my face and my name after I leave, you may be sure that I shall always remember yours."

I spent approximately three hours with Edgar Rice Burroughs. Looking back on the pleasant afternoon's visit, I know that not only have I been privileged to meet a world-famous author, but a very fine, genuine and sincere person as well.



The
BURROUGHS
BULLETIN
 fanzine



Vol. 1 No. 3

Sept. 1947

TARZAN FILM DOUBLE ^{is} KILLED

Acapulco, Mexico, July 29. - Angel Garcia, doubling for Johnny Weissmuller, was killed here today during filming of Tarzan and the Sirens. Garcia had just completed a spectacular dive when a wave dashed him against the rocks at the base of the cliff from which he leaped. The swimmer was dead when his body was pulled from the surf. His body was taken to the local hospital for an autopsy and then flown to Mexico City.

Maurice B. Gardner, author of this month's article and movie review, has had four books published by Meador Publishing Company, 324 Newbury St., Boston, Mass. The titles of these books are "This Man", "Son of the Wilderness", "Bantam-God-Like Islander", and "Bantam and the Island Goddess". A third Bantam novel is to be published when paper is available and the writer is now working on the fourth in the series.

The pictorial TARZAN adventure magazine is to be published six times during 1948 under the imprint of the Dell Pub. Co.



Hogarth is again at work on the Sunday TARZAN strip. He is the third artist to quit the TARZAN strip only to return to it again. Could it be the "Burroughs Fascination"?



- THE LAD AND THE LION -

The Burroughs Bulletin fanzine received a very nice write-up in Vincent Starrett's column in the July 27th issue of the Chicago Tribune's Magazine of books. Result: Flood of requests for B.B.

TARZAN IS BACK! Edgar Rice Burroughs' immortal creation in a brand-new story--the kind you have been waiting for! "TARZAN and the FOREIGN LEGION" at all bookstores \$2.

The picture at the left is a reproduction of the original cover by Modest Stein for the June 30, 1917 issue of All-Story.

The BURROUGHS FASCINATION

by Maurice B. Sadler

Unfortunately I was too young to read any of the first Edgar Rice Burroughs serials when they appeared in the old All Story magazine. However at a later period of my youth I had the good fortune of making the acquaintance of, notably, the Tarzan tales, the Martian stories, in addition to the other earlier stories that had been serialized through the procurement of back issues. Since that time I have always endeavored to follow the contributions of the popular Edgar Rice Burroughs.

There is a certain fascination about his literary works that makes words hardly adequate to define with exactness the definite appeal that is derived from reading them. In writing the Tarzan tales the author has tapped a latent force in the breast of all of us --an admiration for a fiction character personifying the brute in primitive man in whose great bosom is implanted a tenderness and a love of fair play. Had the author written nothing else than the famous Tarzan books, he would have acquired sufficient fame to last a lifetime.

To prove his versatility as a story teller, Mr. Burroughs produced a series of Martian stories with John Carter starring in the majority of them. An American born Virginian is transported to the planet Mars in a miraculous manner and the adventures he takes part in there transcends any past or present science fiction attempt to make the impossible seem plausible. In "The Swords of Mars" and in "The Synthetic Men of Mars" the author strikes a particularly high note in this respect. To the Martian stories the newer series of Venus novels come into a similar category, and yet they differ respectively, as does "The Moon Maid".

Early in his writing career Mr. Burroughs created a weird, primitive world in the center of the earth which he called Pellucidar, and this series, too, displays his unlimited ability of creating new situations. I'll never forget the thrill of reading the first Pellucidarian story, entitled "At the Earth's Core", and in the last published book of this series, "Land of Terror", the author continues his unusual ability of creating new situations.

In writing "The War Chief" and "Apache Devil", Mr. Burroughs reveals a new side to his personality. In these two books the careful reader can easily determine to what pains the author underwent in gathering his material to portray such a realistic human interest story of the American Indian. I doubt that any Western author could have done better on a similar subject.

In the many singular books Mr. Burroughs also wrote, "The Mucker", "The Eternal Lover", "The Mad King", "The Girl from Hollywood", "The Monster Men", "The Land That Time Forgot" and "The Bandit of Hell's Bend" are outstanding. Even "The Cave Girl" is a different castaway desert isle type of story.

When writing "The Outlaw of Terra" Mr. Burroughs proved he could produce a work ranking with a Scott or Dumas historical romance. I have often wondered why the author never produced other books of this nature. But we can assume he writes what he feels he can do to the best of his ability.

I'm sure many of his followers must wonder why Mr. Burroughs doesn't write a complete novel with La of Opar featured. This Queen appears in four of the Tarzan novels, and since it is apparent she can not be rewarded with Tarzan as her mate, surely her creator can produce one worthy of her. Perhaps if we members of the Burroughs Legion got together on this subject the author might consent to such a story.

The fact that Mr. Burroughs' son, John, has been illustrating his father's books since the appearance of "The Oakdale Affair and The Rider" in the spring of 1937, lends further interest to the literary output from the Burroughs Publishing House. Who, other than an author's son, could better portray the unusual scenes his father creates?

To sum the Burroughs fascination briefly, when Destiny determined Edgar Rice Burroughs should be an author, his almost instant recognition as such was no error as the passing years prove and the greater legion of followers who await each new product from his pen.

Long life and happiness to you, Edgar Rice Burroughs!

MOVIE RE-VUE

by Maurice B. Gardner

In review of "The Lion Man" adapted from "The Lad and the Lion", a few words regarding this story are not amiss. The story was written in 1914. Three years later it appeared serially in the All Story Weekly. The reason for this delay was that it required nearly three years to train a lion to play a part in the original film version, which was a Selig-Poloscope Co. release; thus the story and the picture appeared almost at the same time.

The second motion picture was a Normany production, appearing two years prior to the book publication, and was titled "The Lion Man". While the book has much supplementary material with the original serial, the picture version is quite different in many respects.

The picture opens in London with an explorer and his young son taking a trip to Africa where the father meets tragedy and the boy survives. We readers of the book know how the boy, a prince, is hustled aboard a ship which later sinks, and the boy is res-

cued by a mute aboard a derelict where he first makes the acquaintance of "The Lion". Very interesting reading, too, how they reach Africa, and rescue Nakhla from arabs. Though the picture does not faithfully portray the book, justice must be given Jon Hall, of "Hurricane" fame, who portrays Aziz, and to Katherine DeKille who is very alluring as Nakhla. Though Hall does not have a lion for a companion, he magnificently does what he is called upon to do. There are lions in the picture, to be sure, and there are very nice scenes of the desert. Of course the picture has a triangle and plotting arabs to make the true course of love run uneven. But all ends well.

If any of the readers of the Burroughs books are looking for entertainment through the medium of the celluloid, and "The Lion Man" should be showing at a local theater, their time will not be utterly wasted to tarry a while and see the picture.



**ANSWERS TO TARZAN QUIZ IN
LAST ISSUE**

1. a. According to Jane's letter in "Tarzan of the Apes" the cabin in which Tarzan was born is located "about" ten degrees south latitude. This would place the cabin on the coast of Angolia.
1. b. In the first two Tarzan books a French cruiser picked up the party. As Angolia is Portuguese territory a French ship would not be on patrol duty at this point. The cabin was probably north in French Equatorial Africa.

2. In "Tarzan the Untamed" a German officer with an expeditionary force from German East Africa remarks that an estate they are approaching, can be none other than Graystoke's as there is only his in that part of British East Africa. Later it mentions Tarzan many miles to the east hurrying home from Nairobi. So the estate must be located somewhere between Nairobi and Lake Victoria.

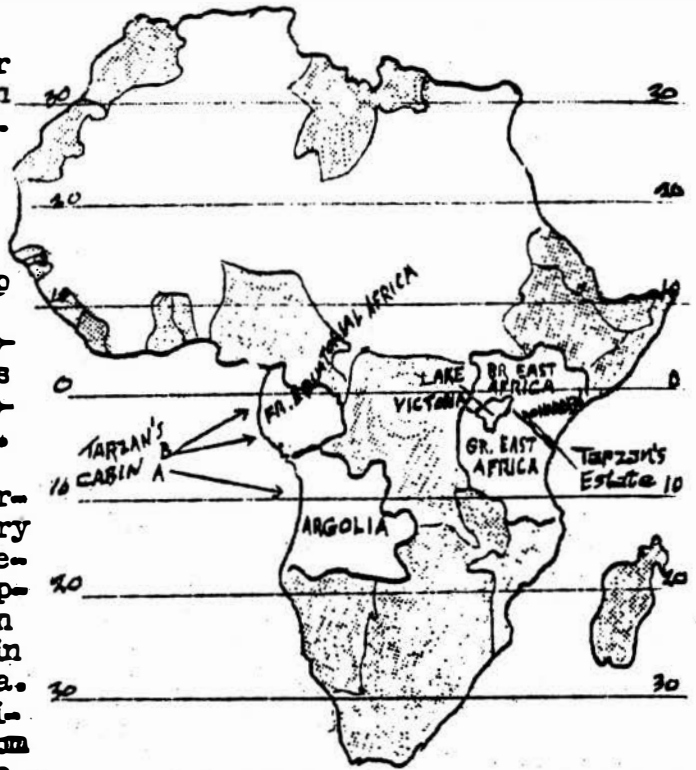
3. When Tarzan is traveling thru the jungle he usually carries 4 main weapons. First and most frequently used is the knife of his father which he found in the cabin where he was born. This is the weapon with which he discovered that he might conquer some of his mightest enemies. Then there is his grass rope which has claimed the lives of many men. This he invented himself before the coming of the natives to his part of the jungle. After the savages came they furnished him with his two other weapons. The bow and arrows and the spear.

4. "Tarzan and the Golden Lion"
"Tarzan and the Lion Man"

5. "The Eternal Lover"

6. "Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar"

7. Tarzan doesn't count for this question. The characters are:
Jane appears in 10 books
Korak appears in 5 books
La appears in 4 books
Jad-Bal-Ja appears in 5 books



↑ Rough map of Africa regarding ↑
answers numbers 1 and 2.

8. All the names are of Tarzan's friends. Erich von Harben is the scientist rescued by Tarzan in "Tarzan and the Lost Empire".

Paul D'Arnot was with the party from the French cruiser and brought Tarzan back to civilization.

La is the High Priestess of Opar.

9. All enemies of Tarzan. Albert Werper was the Belgian renegade in "Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar." Sabito was the witch doctor of Tumbai and a priest of the Leopard Men. Ibn Jad was an Arab slave raider and ivory poacher in "Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle."

10. All these names are ones Tarzan has used. As John Caldwell he was on a secret mission for the French Government in "The Return of Tarzan". As Lord Passmore he led a safari as bait to tempt Dominic Capietro, the slave raider, into making an attack in "Tarzan Triumphant". As Munango-Kuwati Tarzan terrorized the village of Mbonga in "Tarzan of the Apes".



The
BURROUGHS
BULLETIN
Magazine



Vol. 1 No. 4

October 1947

ANSWER TO DR. YERKES

by John Harwood

Dr. Robert M. Yerkes, founder of the Yerkes Laboratories of Primate Biology, enjoys debunking the Tarzan stories of Edgar Rice Burroughs.

In the Saturday Evening Post for August 2, 1947 there is an article by Greer Williams entitled "What We Can Learn From the Apes". The article deals with the work of Dr. Yerkes in his study of the habits of chimpanzees as related to the habits of Man.

He is mentioned as stating 3 instances in which Edgar Rice Burroughs is wrong in his portrayal of the characteristics of the apes in the Tarzan books. They are as follows:

1. Chimpanzees have no language.
2. They do not eat meat, except maybe birds.
3. They do not swim.

From a glance at these three statements it will be seen by Burroughs fans, that Dr. Yerkes can not have read very many of the Tarzan books. In the first place, Burroughs invented a new type of ape when he wrote about the anthropoid apes. The apes with which Tarzan is associated are a cross between the chimpanzee and the gorilla. They are supposed to have the intelligence of the chimpanzee combined with the strength of the gorilla. The Gorilla is about five foot eight to six feet tall while the apes of Tarzan are up to seven feet tall and more than a

match for a gorilla when fully grown.

As Burroughs has said at times, the anthropoid apes do not have a regular language. They communicate by guttural sounds and gestures which convey their meaning, but when Mr. Burroughs writes it down it is more convenient to translate it into a regular conversation instead of just translating the sounds and describing the gestures and letting the reader figure it out for himself.

In the books the apes do not make a regular habit of eating meat. It is only when they kill an enemy that they eat the flesh and it is usually as a ceremonial, a symbol of their victory over the foe. Tarzan needed fresh meat more than the apes, so when he first tasted it at one of the occasions when the apes had killed a foe he discovered he liked it so much he took to it as a steady diet.

Tarzan learned to swim when he was forced to leap into the water to escape the claws of Sabor when he was young. Up to that time he had hated the water. The apes never cared for it and did no swimming unless in the case of an emergency. Yerkes proved that chimpanzees can't swim by dropping

then into water, but as I said before the apes were of a different species than either the chimpanzees or the gorillas. In some of the books white men seeing the apes for the first time are startled to note how much more humanlike they are than the gorillas.

Aside from this, the article is very interesting, describing as it does, the doctor's experiences with the primates.

Editors note-

Mr. Burroughs has often said that he intends only to entertain with his stories. He expects no one to take them seriously or wants anyone to believe that man can talk with ape anymore than Kipling wanted his readers to believe that Mowgli could converse with all beasts. We fans of Mr. Burroughs "believe" in the characters he created because we enjoy them more that way. We believe in Tarzan, John Carter and the other E.R.B. characters in the same way that Mr. Doyle's fans believe in Sherlock Holmes and have even offered proof of his existence. The world of fantasy offers unlimited sources of entertainment and Mr. Burroughs is the greatest imaginative entertainer of them all.

Artist Hogarth is now drawing both the daily and the Sunday Tarzan strips. The daily strip is now running a picturized version of "At the Earth's Core". It may seem strange that the Pellucidar series are being printed in cartoon strip form under the Tarzan title, but Jason Gridley is narrating the adventures of David Innes at the earth's core to the ape-man. Tarzan, himself, is the star of the fourth story in the Pellucidar series, so the series are not really out of place appearing in the Tarzan strip.

September 1st was Mr. Burroughs birthday. In behalf of all Burroughs fans the Bulletin wishes him the happiest of birthdays and many, many of them. Good luck and God bless you, Edgar Rice Burroughs.

BOOK RE-VUE

by Maurice B. Gardner

In "Tarzan and the Foreign Legion", Edgar Rice Burroughs strikes a higher note in entertainment than ever in his 36 years of writing fiction. Though it has been 8 years since the last Tarzan book, (Tarzan the Magnificent, Sept. 1939), this new book is the top notch Tarzan of the entire 22 that have been published. It has been revealed for the first time that Tarzan has acquired perpetual youth, and from the manner of the telling, one might assume the author has likewise done so. The writer of the new Tarzan story reveals Mr. Burroughs has a keen insight, and his ever present ability of plot structure makes the book the greatest straight adventure of his 56 titles.

The action of the book takes place in the Netherland East Indies, far from Tarzan's domain; but it is to be assured wherever Tarzan is, there is plenty of fast action, especially when the Japs are invading that large island during the recent war. Substitutes of his old time friends and enemies are present, in addition to the tiger, whom the ape-man subdues in record time.

THE LOVELY LADY, a B-24 Liberator, is on a photographic mission over Sumatra with Col. Clayton aboard. None of the Liberator's crew know that he is Tarzan. Only when they are forced down in the jungle are they aware the English "Dook" is someone to be admired, for in primitive fashion he furnishes them food and teaches them how to get along in their precarious position, for Japs are ever present.

Two of the crew are woman hater, but the rescue of Corrie van de Meer, and the advent of Sarina, grand-daughter of a Borneo headhunter and a roving Dutch captain, keeps the readers romantic interest unflagged. The humor and repartee of the surviving members reveals that Mr. Burroughs has not patrolled the Pacific as a war correspondent in vain, Cont. page 4

The UNWRITTEN STORIES of E.R.B.

by John Harwood

Have any of you fans ever read a book by Edgar Rice Burroughs and come across a passage that aroused your interest to such an extent that you said to yourself, "Why doesn't Burroughs let us hear more about this?"

I have often had this experience. This article is to let you in on a few of the ideas for other books that have passed through my mind.

You all remember, of course, when Tarzan first visits Opar in "The Return of Tarzan". In one room he notices that there are golden tablets set into the walls. These tablets were covered with hieroglyphics.

Would it be possible that these tablets contained the history of Opar and the mother continent of Atlantis? Why not have the book start off with Tarzan and some archaeologist, maybe Erich von Harben, arriving at Opar. Tarzan persuades La to let Erich study the tablets. As he slowly deciphers the writing on the tablets we see...

A warrior of Atlantis falls in love with a priestess of the Sun. As a punishment for this sacrilege they are banished to the colony of Opar. Just as the ship sails out of the harbor, the earthquakes which have been occurring for several years break into renewed fury. Buildings start crumbling, the mountains start tumbling and the ship has a hard time getting away. A few days later Nature really lets go and as the continent vanishes the resulting waves toss the ship up on the African coast killing all but the warrior and the priestess. After many adventures they finally reach Opar where an official, who has arrived ahead of them by another ship, has them sentenced: the priestess to serve in the temple, never to see any other humans but the priests and priestesses of the Sun; the warrior to be assigned to the most dangerous active duty against the natives and the wild beasts of the jungle.

As decades pass, a new type of man appears on the scene. because of the fact that the only women in Opar are priestesses, the men of the lower classes start mating with captive female apes. This is forbidden by law, but gradually a new race appears in spite of the fact that all offspring of such a union are slain whenever discovered. These hybrids haunt the jungles beyond the city where they thrive in face of the expeditions sent out to exterminate them. The hybrids finally become great enough in numbers to overthrow the humans who are all but destroyed. Among the few who escape are the descendants of the unfortunate lovers we read about at the beginning of the story. The hybrids take over the temple and become as Tarzan found them centuries later.

Remember in "Tarzan the Untamed" the bones of the ancient Spanish fighting man and the map case which Tarzan found? The map case goes into Tarzan's quiver of arrows and that's the last we hear of it. The map can't be of the City of Lunatics because later on in the book one of the characters tells the story of the warrior of long ago. He fights his way into the city, stays long enough to obtain food and water and then fights his way out again. If he had used the map to guide him to the city he wouldn't have come alone if it were such a dangerous place. He couldn't have made the map after he left

the city because he was so closely followed by the party sent after him that he wouldn't have had the time. Besides, what would he be doing with the blank parchment and case when he would have needed more essential equipment?

Maybe this story also could start off with Tarzan and Ehrich von Harben discussing the ancient manuscript. As in the previous story Ehrich translates the writing and we go into the past again. I won't go into any details with this or the following ideas, just enough to let you use your own imagination. Maybe some Spanish party discovers a city in the jungles or deserts of Africa, get into trouble with the inhabitants and escape leaving one of their number behind. The man left behind would stay there for several years before he escapes. Before he escapes he writes down his experiences and makes a map of the city. He does this while the events are still fresh in his mind so that he will be able to relate as much as possible when he returns home. Possibly the city might be the City of Gold and the story would tell of how the people became split into two communities: the City of Gold and the City of Ivory.

In "Tarzan the Magnificent" Burroughs hints at a story in which Tarzan prevents a war by investigating rumors that an European power is trying to bribe the natives to disloyalty to another power. What happens? Tarzan doesn't conduct investigations just by asking questions and receiving answers. That's why Tarzan is so popular with readers all over the world. Again I ask "What happens?" Wouldn't you like to know.

Getting away from Tarzan, how about an adventure of David Innes on the moon of Pellucidar? It would be easy to get there, being only a mile above the surface of Pellucidar. How to get there? Simple! How about some kind of bird or a Trodan or even a Makar? Think of some of the interesting questions Burroughs could answer. What would the inhabitants be like? Would they be small so that the moon would seem as big to them as the earth does to us, or would they be tall and thin because of the reduced gravitation. How would the gravitation effect anyone from the surface of Pellucidar? The light pull of the moon offset by the strong pull of Pellucidar only a mile overhead? The light pull of moon added to the strong pull of Pellucidar when a person is on the opposite side of the satellite?

Last, but very interesting to all fans of E.R.B. how would you like to read a biography or an autobiography about the creator of Tarzan?

These are only a few suggestions for Burroughs books. Maybe you have better ideas of your own. Why not share them with the readers of the Burroughs Bulletin? Send them in.

Book Review continued - - -

for he has caught the spirit of youth that rings true to life.

But what is most amazing is the seemingly new Tarzan that battles his way through odds in the book. There is a magnetism that words can hardly convey in a review of this new book, and only through a thorough reading of it, can one who is familiar with the adventures of the ape-man, realize just

what I mean.

There is not a dull line in the entire book and one's interest is magnetized with the turning of each page until the last, and if a reader who enjoys good, straight, adventure books, doesn't wish the book could go on and on, then he must indeed be wearied of life itself.

The illustrations by John Coleman Burroughs are excellent! "Tarzan and the Foreign Legion" is a truly great book!



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The
BURROUGHS
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November 1947

SCIENCE FICTION DISCUSSION

by John Harwood

If you are a regular reader of science fiction you will sooner or later come across stories of interplanetary travel, time travel, and stories of the fourth dimension. Edgar Rice Burroughs has of course written about the first in the "Mars" and "Venus" books and "The Moon Maid". Has he ever done anything about the latter? Well, let's look over some of the books.

In "The Eternal Lover", the action goes back and forth between the past and present, although at the end of the book it all proves to be a dream. However, there is the discovery, also at the end of the book, of the skeleton of Nu, the pre-historic man, and the skull of the sabre-toothed tiger from the same cave in which they appeared in the dream.

Julian, in "The Moon Maid," tells of what is going to happen to himself, or his reincarnations, in the future. This could be prophecy, but he knows everything that's going to happen in such detail that it seems as if he had actually witnessed the events. Couldn't it be possible that he projected his mind into the future? In this instance it could be a case of a person's mind traveling in time.

In "The Jungle Girl", when Gordon King tries to retrace his steps after a walk in the jungle he cannot locate any familiar land marks. Later he discovers an ancient race of natives. Would this be a time travel or fourth dimension story or maybe a little of each? In some fourth dimension stories a person can step through into another world, in others he steps through into another time. If it wasn't either of these, maybe King was just lost in the jungle and wandered across an ancient tribe that survived into modern times without having come in contact with civilization as in some of the Tarzan stories.

When John Carter travels between worlds does he actually go through space without protection from the cold and low pressure of the vacuum that separates us from Mars or does he get there by some fourth dimensional route? Usually when he makes this trip he tells of a moment of extreme cold and darkness. If he spent any length of time exposed to such low temperatures he would freeze to death before he got there. However, in some of the stories of interplanetary travel we read about space ships entering the fourth dimension, thus being able to travel several times faster than the speed of light. In this way John Carter could reach Mars by entering the fourth dimension and only taking a few seconds to complete the passage.

Of course, I may be all wrong about this. Maybe someone will do another article for the BB proving just how far I've got off the beam.

The CASE of the SPANISH TARZAN BOOKS

by Darrell C. Richardson

"The Death of Tarzan", "The Grandson of Tarzan", "Tarzan and the Red Moon"---- who ever heard of such books? For several years I had heard vague rumors to the affect that many strange new Tarzan titles had appeared in the Spanish language. A friend brought several of these "new" titles back with him from a business trip to South America. After translating some of these books, plus a list of other Tarzan titles published in Spanish, I realized that many of these titles had never appeared in English. To date, only twenty-two Tarzan books have appeared in the U.S., and there are only three Tarzan short novels in magazine form that have not yet reached book publication. (These are: "Tarzan and the Champion" from Blue Book, "Tarzan and the Jungle Murders" from Thrilling Adventures and "The Quest of Tarzan" from Argosy.)

I wrote the Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc., Tarzana, California, about these "new" Tarzan titles. This information seemed to surprise them and they explained these unusual titles as follows: "Many novels are broken-up in parts for foreign publication and printed under different titles. This is because American novels are longer than the average novel abroad, and also because of the fact that other countries cannot charge as much per book, as we do in the states."

This explanation did not satisfy me and I did further research along this line. I obtained several additional titles through various Latin American connections. With my own knowledge of Spanish, along with the aid of a friend from Porto Rico, I read through these volumes, and translated a list of other titles found on the flyleaves of the Spanish books I obtained. As a result, I found that many of the books were entirely new, and to my knowledge had never appeared in English or any other language except Spanish. A brief review, or digest of three of the books follow:-

TARZAN EN EL REINO DE LAS TINIEBLAS (Tarzan and the Kingdom of Darkness)

This book was translated by Alfonso Quintana and is a part of the "Third series of Extraordinary Adventures of the King of the Apes." It sells for 30 centavos and was published in Buenos Aires with J.C. Boviro, Editor, Casilla de Carreo 1451. It was released on August 1, 1933. It, like all the others, is a small paper-back book, but it is a full book-length novel.

Besides Tarzan, the hero of the story is Guy Tibbett, an American explorer and elephant hunter. The leading lady is Norma Kay, who comes to Africa with her grandfather, Leo Kay. The leading villian is a certain Captain Crosby (no kin to Bing!) who leads a group of Arab slave-traders. There is another girl in the story, Joan Bowling, a friend of Norma Kay. Andy Hopkins, another American, is a companion to Guy Tibbett.

Tibbett, falls into some sort of a cave in the jungle, and discovers a strange race of underground people. He escapes back to civilization and tells his story, but is thought to be insane. Later, Norma Kay and friends, who were captured by Crosby and sold to Arabs, escape.

When chased by a rhino, the girls leap into a river to get away, and are carried down into the underground kingdom by the current. Tarzan goes to the rescue. He saves them from countless dangers, and always arrives in the nick of time to aid them (which is a habit of Tarzan.) At the finish, all are rescued, two or three love affairs turn out okay, the villains are cleaned up by Tarzan, and everybody's happy.

TARZAN Y EL BOSQUE SINIESTRO
(Tarzan and the Sinister Forest)

This title was released on January 17, 1933 under the same conditions as the above volume. Characters in this story are Tarzan, Lady Greystoke, Korak, the Son of Tarzan, Danny Key, (a flyer and one of the heroes), Alina Blane, (a beautiful American girl, whose father had been lost in the jungle many years ago), Joe Hansen, (a spy that has just escaped from prison), Sarefu, (an intelligent negro who acts as guide for Joe Hansen), Vicola, (wife of Sarefu, and a beautiful mulatto girl), Richard Larbes, (friend of Joe Hansen), and the old white hermit of the forest (who turns out to be the missing Rodolph Blane, father of Alina), etc.

As per usual in an ERB thriller, the plot is quite complicated, and the action shifts from this party to that in almost every chapter.

Tarzan helps Alina look for her father, and he even tips off his ape friends to watch out for him also. The action then shifts to a distant point where a barbaric native tribe sacrifices a native girl each year as an offering to their gorilla God. Nearby, on a little island lives the white hermit. His island is so surrounded by crocodiles, that it is a trifle risky to visit him.

Joe Hansen is mixed up in some sort of a plot and all of our friends seem to stand in his way. Vicola, the beautiful negro woman, while traveling with Hansen is captured by natives and is about to be sacrificed to the gorilla chief when Tarzan arrives just in time to save her, even though she is an enemy. Joe Hansen kidnaps Alina and promises her to some Arabs if they will kill Tarzan for him. Later the gorillas attack the camp of Hansen and the Arabs and carry off Alina Blane and Vicola.

A mechanic friend of Danny Key's wanders off into a queer forest and is almost killed by living trees. These huge trees have arm-like branches and eat human flesh. Tarzan arrives on the scene and battles the carnivorous trees, saving the mechanic.

Years ago some of the gorillas had inter-married with negroes and formed a tribe of gorilla-men. They looked like human beings from the front but their backs were like a gorillas. The gorilla-men fought a savage battle with the real gorillas in which the latter won and the half human gorillas were wiped out.

In the meantime, Vicola got a gun to Alina and she kills her gorilla guard and escapes. Tarzan appears on the scene again and has a big duel with the King-gorilla. You know what happened--the old gorilla bit the dust!

The hermit leaves his island by means of a rope and meets Alina whom immediately recognizes as his daughter. Alina and Danny suddenly realize that they are in love. (The reader has known this for about one hundred pages).

Joe Hansen sets fire to the jungle and then he and his party attempts to escape by means of the river. Vicola, the negro girl, is killed by an alligator. This angers Sarefu, and blaming Hansen for the death of his wife, he kills him. Then Larbes intervenes and he and Sarefu kill each other.

To escape the fire a raft is built, and Tarzan leads his party down the river to safety.

TARZAN Y LA DIOSA DEL MAR
(Tarzan and the Goddess of the Sea)

This title was released January 31, 1933 just two weeks after the above book. This book is definitely fantastic in approach. The prologue tells of the sinking of a ship many years before. A single life-boat is launched which carries several women and sailors. After many days and nights without food or water the captain kills one of the party so they can eat. They keep on killing another person every few days, drinking the blood and eating the flesh. One day as they are about to kill a girl she leaps overboard and sinks into the sea. The life-boat overturns, and as it's occupants sink into the ocean they see a queer lighted opening in the bottom of the sea. They are drawn through this opening and up into an underworld land where they can breathe. Caverns are lighted by luminous plants which give off a soft glow. Here the survivors form a kingdom. They inter-marry and increase, and the golden-haired girl who had jumped overboard comes to be regarded as a goddess. They had become fond of human flesh so they kill somebody occasionally for a meal.((Burp!)) On an island in an undersea lake they discover a huge prehistoric animal which they call the Dragon. They build a removable bridge across the giant squid and octopus filled waters to the island and offer the Dragon an occasional human sacrifice. Many generations come and go and they keep the custom of both men and women wearing long hair.

In a more modern day there is another ship-wreck and another party reach the undersea kingdom in much the same manner. Included in the party are two American engineers and some girls. The party is captured by the strange tribe and they find that they can converse with each other as the original ship-wrecked crew spoke in classical German and the language had been passed down to the present members of the lost tribe.

Tarzan enters the picture when he is knocked off a boat and begins to swim for shore. He sees the queer lights below the surface of the sea and swims down to investigate. He is drawn through the opening and makes his way to the tribe where he is hailed as a God. While visiting the Dragons island, Tarzan and the white Goddess of the sea are marooned on the island by a jealous priest who takes away the bridge. To escape the Dragon, Tarzan carries the Goddess into the water and there he kills the giant octopus (the cover of the book illustrates this scene) and replaces the bridge.

One of the girls of the tribe who does not eat human flesh, she slips out and catches fish to eat, falls in love with one of the engineers.

The Goddess falls in love with Tarzan and one of the priests overthrows her rule. She flees through a secret passage way to the island of the Dragon with Tarzan. The rest of the party are taken prisoners, including the high priest who has remained loyal to the Goddess. Tarzan slips back at night but is only able to rescue the high priest.

When the time of the sacrifice comes and the false priest stands forth to slay the party, the real Goddess, who has slipped back into the city, reveals herself. At the same time Tarzan looses the Dragon into the city. The Goddess calls to her people that if they would be saved to swim with her back to an island. The city is destroyed by the Dragon, but the Goddess and her people build a new city upon this ~~other~~ island. The Dragon is kept on the island it has conquered as a threat to any of her people who might want to betray her again.

Tarzan and his party leave this fantastic undersea kingdom through the same passageway that they had entered it. By a queer freak of fate a boat is passing by just as they come up to the surface of the sea and they are carried safely back to civilization.

In concluding this article I may say that there are several theories in regard to "The Case of the Spanish Tarzan Books". One possibility is that Mr. Burroughs has sold the name of "Tarzan" to Latin American publishing houses in much the same way that he sells the name to a moving picture company. Again, there is the remote possibility that Mr. Burroughs has written many stories that the American reading public know nothing about, and that he will give them to us gradually through the years.

What seems more likely is that the character Tarzan, has been plagiarized by unscrupulous writers throughout the Latin American Countries in much the same manner that the "Sherlock Holmes" tales have appeared in countries around the world. The stories seem hurriedly written, much on the order of the "Doc Savage", "Shadow" and "Ki-Gor" stories, whose authors produce a full book-length novel almost every month.

I know that Mr. Burroughs has had similar trouble before, because he recently borrowed from me a 1920 copy of "Sovereign Magazine", a British publication, which contained a Tarzan novelette called "When Blood Told". Since he had no record of having authorized the publication of such a story, he had his London lawyers look into the matter of possible plagiarism.

Incidentally, in addition to my magazine collection of Burroughs' works, and a complete set of all his books in first edition, I have various foreign editions in German, Esperanto, French, Swedish, Polish, Danish, Hungarian, Portuguese, British, Canadian, Italian and Braille for the blind.

In all cases these foreign editions are translations of familiar Burroughs titles. It seems that the Spanish language has a monopoly on these "unique" titles. Following is a list of some of these other than familiar titles.

Tarzan en el Valle de la Muerte (Tarzan in the Valley of Death)
Tarzan el Vengador (Tarzan the Avenger)
Tarzan en el Bosque Sinistro (Tarzan in the Sinister Forest)
Las Huestes de Tarzan (The Armies (Allies?) of Tarzan)
Tarzan y la Diosa del Mar (Tarzan and the Goddess of the Sea)
Tarzan y las Piratas (Tarzan and the Pirates)
La Muerte de Tarzan (The Death of Tarzan)
La Resurreccion de Tarzan (The Resurrection of Tarzan)
Tarzan el Justiciero (Tarzan the Justifier)
Tarzan y la Esfinge (Tarzan and the Sphinx)
La Lealtad de Tarzan (The Loyalty of Tarzan)

El Secreto de Tarzan (The Secret of Tarzan)
 Tarzan y el Buda de Plata (Tarzan and the Silver Idol)
 La Huella de Tarzan (The Trail of Tarzan)
 Tarzan y el Profeta Negro (Tarzan and the Black Prophet)
 La Odisea de Tarzan (The God of Tarzan)
 Tarzan y el Elefante Blanco (Tarzan and the White Elephant)
 La Justicia de Tarzan (The Justice of Tarzan)
 Tarzan y el Lago de Fuego (Tarzan and the Lake of Fire)
 El Nieto de Tarzan (The Grandson of Tarzan)
 Tarzan el Implacable (Tarzan the Courageous)
 El Rescate de Tarzan (The Rescue (Ransom) of Tarzan)
 Tarzan y la Luna Roja (Tarzan and the Red Moon)
 El Secuestro de Tarzan (The Capture (Kidnapping) of Tarzan)
 La Venganza de Tarzan (The Vengeance of Tarzan)
 Tarzan en el Reino de las Tinieblas (Tarzan and the Kingdom of Darkness)
 Tarzan el Gran Jefe (Tarzan the Great Leader)*
 Tarzan y el Veld de Tanit (Tarzan and the Veil of Tanit)
 Tarzan entre Pigmeos (Tarzan and the Pygmies)
 Tarzan Contra el Invasor (Tarzan Against the Invader)*

Editors note;- Tarzan el Gran Jefe is the Spanish title for Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle. Tarzan Contra el Invasor is the Spanish title of Tarzan the Untamed.

SCIENCE QUIZ

by John Harwood

Here's an opportunity to test yourself on your knowledge of the science in the books of Edgar Rice Burroughs! There are ten questions, see if you can answer them without looking up the answers in the books.

1. What is the Venusian conception of the universe?
2. What is the strange attraction between Mars and her satellites.
3. Which planet in the Solar System has two moons? One revolving around the planet, the other suspended in the interior of the planet.
4. Name two ways invisibility is accomplished in the Mars books.
5. In what city on Mars did the inhabitants fight their enemies by mental concentration?
6. The green men of Mars have six limbs, two arms, two legs and another set of limbs between the others. To what use do they put this extra set of limbs?
7. What character in the Burroughs

books was reduced to a quarter of his natural size?

8. In the Pellucidar series there are all kinds of prehistoric animals. Can you name three other ERB books in which extinct beasts still exist?
9. In which books by ERB is life created by chemical means?
10. Has Burroughs ever written anything about atomic energy?

There it is, now see how well you can do. The answers will appear on the last page of this issue.

Swap Corner

TRADE FOR WHAT HAVE YOU;
 Jungle Tales of Tarzan, Tarzan of the Apes, Beasts of Tarzan, Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle, Son of Tarzan, Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar and Tarzan the Terrible.
 Early G&D editions, illustrated by Allen St John. I think sum of them are first editions but I have no way of identifying them as such. Write Bob Stein 514 W. Vienna Ave., Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin.

SEND IN YOUR WANTS
 AND TRADE LISTS

John Carter — The Greatest Swordsman. (PERIOD)

The third issue of Variant, the official publication of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, contains an article by Alfred C. Prime entitled "The Greatest Swordsman?". In the article Mr. Prime scoffingly comments on the excessive slaughter that takes place in the Martian books written by Edgar Rice Burroughs.

He even lists the total number of casualties that take place in each book as follows:-

In "A Princess of Mars" John Carter kills 82 green men, two white apes and eight assorted beasts.

In "The Gods of Mars" he does in 80 enemies. Then kills 84 more in "The Warlord of Mars".

In "Thuvia, Maid of Mars", Carthoris kills 17 foes, ten of them red and seven green.

In "The Chessmen of Mars", Gahan of Gathol chops up a banth, 11 kaldanes, an ulsio and three red men.

In "The Master Mind of Mars", Vad Varo kills only one man and he is a policeman.

In "A Fighting Man of Mars", Tan Hadron of Hastor stands as the greatest killer in the whole series. He kills 12 men, one lizard (king-size) and three screaming spiders. Conning the invisible ship armed with the flesh disintegrating ray, the total deaths he is responsible for can hardly come to less than 5500, thus assuring him the record.

John Carter, in "The Swords of Mars", liquidated but 19 primates and 3 lesser beasts.

In "Synthetic Men of Mars", Vor Daj destroys but 7 enemies.

This list, says Prime, cannot hope to mention the number of damn-yankees killed by Captain Carter in the Civil War.

As every reader of the Mars series knows, and Mr. Prime quotes, "Mars is a planet filled with strange and warlike people, and with stranger and even more ferocious animals." Since Prime is such a student of the Martian series, he must also know that the peoples of that planet are continuously at war with each other. Carter is credited by Prime with 278 kills. It has taken the Warlord several years and nine books to reach this total. And yet--in another war on another planet, recently, a warrior was given the highest award of the leading country on the planet for killing, overnight, as many enemies as Carter has killed in the entire series.

Prime says "Tan Hadron eliminates these men (the 5500 disintegrated) personally, himself aiming and firing the weapon." If this be the case, then the man who released the Atom bomb that killed untold hundreds, and the affects of which are still killing to this day, is responsible for all those deaths, eh?

All the slaughter that has taken place in a series of nine fictitious stories dealing with another world cannot compare with the slaughter that has taken place on this--a civilized planet populated by an actual living people.

And Mistah Prime, Suh, since Cap'n Cahtah is a real south'an gen-alman, he did'nt count the damn-yankees a'tall. (That's a joke, son.)

Burroughs fans will no doubt forgive Mr. Prime for writing so facetiously of the Mars series, since he no doubt used the article as an excuse to re-read the Mars books. Proving that he genuinely enjoys the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs.

ANSWERS TO SCIENCE QUIZ

1. The Venusians believe that Venus is a disc-shaped world floating on a sea of molten rock and metal. Whenever they get a glimpse of the sun through a rift in the clouds they think they are looking at the flames from the sea that surrounds the planet and the stars at night seem like sparks from the same source.

2. Any substance transported from the surface of Mars shrinks in size as it approaches either of the two moons so that the substance (mineral, plant or animal) appears to be the same size in proportion to the moon as it does to the planet.

3. Earth has one moon revolving around it and another on the inside hanging over the Land of the Awful Shadow in Pellucidar.

4. In "The Fighting Man of Mars" invisibility is made possible by invisible paint. In "The Swords of Mars" the Tarids use hypnosis to keep people from seeing them.

5. The citizens of Lothar when attacked, mentally conjure up apparitions of soldiers armed with bows and arrows who march out against the foe. When one of the enemy is struck by an arrow he dies as if he had been hit by an actual missile, though there is no mark on his body.

6. The green men use their intermediate limbs as either arms or legs.

7. Tarzan, in "Tarzan and the Ant Men" was brought down to the stature of the ant men by the means of a scientific device.

8. Prehistoric animals appear in "Tarzan the Terrible", "The Land That Time Forgot" and "The Eternal Lover".

9. Life is created by chemical means in "The Monster Men" and "The Synthetic Men of Mars".

10. In the Venus books Carson Napier's plane is run by a fuel that is unknown on Earth. The action of the element vik-ro when brought in contact with the element yor-san which is contained in the substance lor results in the complete annihilation of the lor. Burroughs mentions the fact that the annihilation of a ton of coal would produce eighteen thousand million times as much energy as would be produced by its combustion. This sounds like atomic power. The fact that a handful of this fuel will last for fifty years as a source of power for the plane proves that the scientists of Venus have controlled atomic power.

Correction! In the first of the quiz games by John Harwood that appeared in the 2nd issue of the BB question six asked "In what books does Tarzan lose his memory?" The answer should have read "Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar" and "Tarzan and the Leopard Men". In printing the answers I overlooked the latter title.



How old is Tarzan? Don't miss the answer to this question. It will appear as the feature article in the next issue of the Bulletin.



Nat Pendleton, film actor and former Olympic champion, who looks and acts as if he did not know a thing more than the law allowed in various motion pictures, is in reality one of the most knowingest guys in Hollywood with that Columbia University Bachelor of Arts degree in economics, plus his ability to speak several languages—and perfect English. At one time Nat won a role away from Johnny Weissmuller in "Laughing Lady" and years later Nat was tested for the role of TARZAN, which Weissmuller, in turn, won away from Pendleton. Weissmuller's victory over Pendleton has turned out to be a happy event for Tarzan fans and producers alike.



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WEISSMULLER QUILTS TARZAN

Now that "Tarzan and the Mermaid" has been filmed and ready for release in the near future, it has been said by several Hollywood reporters that Johnny Weissmuller will quit the Tarzan series and be replaced by another actor, probably Willard Parker.

For Mexico City premiere of "Tarzan and the Mermaid", Sol Lesser is trying to round up as many as possible of the actors who have played the jungle hero on the screen. There have been ten.

Elmo Lincoln was the first in 1918. Other Tarzan's were Gene Pollar, P. Dempsey Tabler, James H. Peirce, Frank Merrill, Buster Crabbe, Herman Brix (he's Bruce Bennett now), Glenn Morris, Peng Fei and, of course, Johnny Weissmuller.

Cheta, the chimpanzee will receive \$1,250 a week for a personal appearance with the Tarzan pic.

Sol Lesser wants Linda Christian, who is in the new Tarzan picture, for the next film "Tarzan and the Fountain of Youth".

Tyrone Power has seen Linda's "Tarzan" picture six times.

Producer Lesser has just bought a \$75,000 greenery to use in the future Tarzan pictures.

After wearing tattered shorts and shirts for four Tarzan films in a row, Brenda Joyce will have an Adrian wardrobe for her public appearance tour with "Tarzan and the Mermaid".

Cowboy star Tom Tyler would be an excellent choice for Tarzan.

WEISSMULLER WEDS GOLFER

Reno, Nev., Jan. 29.— Five hours after divorcing his third wife, Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller was married to Allene Gates, 22-year-old Los Angeles golfer.

The 43-year-old film actor earlier in the afternoon had been granted a divorce from Beryl Scott, mother of his three children, and to whom he was wed nine years ago.

This is Johnny's fourth marriage. His previous wives were Singer Bobby Arnst and the late actress Lupe Velez.

Never say that all actors are superstitious. Weissmuller and his wife flew to London on Friday, Feb 13th where the swimmer will appear in an aquatic show.

Johnny Weissmuller's bride will probably be his screen leading lady in the first of Johnny's pictures for Columbia release. Producer Sam Katzman decided to offer her the role after seeing some news reel shots of Allene. Johnny signed a five-year deal with Katzman, guaranteeing him four films in the first two years. He also has the right to make an outside picture each year, leaving the door ajar for more of the Tarzan series. In his new contract, Johnny got what he has been screaming for so long, a percentage of the profits. He will star in a "Jungle Jim" series and westerns.

Brenda Joyce showed a print of "Tarzan and the Huntress" at a party for her 4-year-old Pamela. The pic broke up the party. Pam had hysterics when she saw her mama being chased by leopards.

AN OPEN LETTER TO JOHNNY WEISSMULLER

Mr. Johnny Weissmuller
Hollywood, California.

Dear Johnny,

Ominous rumors, recently coming out of Hollywood, are causing some apprehension in the ranks of the many loyal followers of the Tarzan pictures. It has been said, that for various reasons, you are contemplating withdrawal from the series. You are putting on excess weight, you feel that you are getting a little too old to play the ape-man and you would like to try your hand at westerns. If you should withdraw, Johnny Sheffield would step into the role.

Well, let's listen to the voice of your fans on the subject: the ardent follower of the jungle adventure films, the chap who reads the excellent tales of Edgar Rice Burroughs, the people whose support have caused the Tarzan pictures to become one of the longest, most successful and popular of movie series.

For a number of years you have portrayed Tarzan on the screen and from the first it has been one of those rare happy blendings where the role fits the man so perfectly that it is hard to tell where Johnny Weissmuller, aquatic king leaves off and Tarzan, jungle lord begins. Thousands of devotees of the books of Mr. Burroughs are quick to criticize, in another medium of presentation, any deviation from the world and person of Tarzan of the Apes as created by Burroughs. These fans may disagree on the authenticity of the plots and character delineation of their hero as presented in the movies, but they are as one in agreeing that you as Tarzan dominate the series. Recalling to mind such good adventure films as "Tarzan the Ape Man", "Tarzan and His Mate", "Tarzan's New York Adventure" and "Tarzan and the Amazons", to name but a few, we can't imagine another in them.

And again, it is hard to picture you, armed with six-shooters and astride a cow pony, loping past the sagebrush and chaparral on your way to beat up a gang of rustlers. Where in this alien landscape lurks Sheeta the leopard, and by what water hole does Numa come to drink? Is Dirty Dan about to foreclose the mortgage he holds on the old ranch house of Jane's father? Will Boy be wrongfully accused of the murder of the sheriff and it be up to you to find the real killer? Why hide that mighty chest and those brawny arms beneath a flamboyant shirt and gaudy chaps?

The spirit of Tarzan, and Tarzan himself, is ageless and since you are so well identified as the lord of the jungle, you in the fans eyes, have been ageless too. You would have to show absolute signs of senility and possibly attempt to do the part in the Lionel Barrymore manner before we would reluctantly conclude that we needed a new Tarzan.

Without you the series would very likely shortly come to an end. Johnny Sheffield is firmly established as Korak, or Boy, as the producers prefer, but it would be a mistake to abruptly thrust him out on his own, call him Tarzan, and expect us to accept him. Neither could he draw as Boy, for it is the magic name of Tarzan that brings the fan in to the theatre.

Continue to give us more of these action-filled, entertaining jungle pictures and remember that you are our choice for the role of Tarzan of the Apes.

Sincerely, *Al Howard* - in behalf of your fans.

"HOW OLD IS TARZAN?"

by John Harwood

"How old is Tarzan?" someone asks. A simple question. Feeling important and very learned, you answer, "That's easy. Tarzan was born in the latter part of 1888. This is 1947, so Tarzan will be fifty-nine years old around the end of the year." A simple answer to a simple question. But... If you are a careful reader of the Tarzan books you may or may not have noticed a fact that makes you doubt this. What is this fact? Well, before we go into this, let's just go over the dates in the Ape-man series and see ~~if~~ we can discover any inconsistency.

The first date we come across in "Tarzan of the Apes" is 1888, the year Lord and Lady Greystoke sailed for Africa. They set out for Africa in May. Giving them a month to get ready after receiving orders, they would have been ordered to Africa in April. According to the story, they received these orders three months after their marriage. Thus, they would have been married in January 1888.

They knew when they started that Lady Alice was expecting as they went equipped with children's books so that they could educate their child when he grew old enough. So! January plus nine months brings us to October or possibly November 1888.

Another reference to the date is contained in "The Return of Tarzan" when Tarzan refers to the fact that that he was twenty before he saw his first white man. This happened in February 1909 according to the date on Jane's letter.

Tarzan saw his first native in 1907 when he was eighteen. (His eighteenth birthday would have been in October or November 1906) This is an important date to remember because it gives a clue to a later date.

Now, on what date did Tarzan leave the jungle for the first time? Let's examine the facts. Jane's letter is dated "Feb. 3(?), 1909." She is kidnapped by Terkoz and rescued by Tarzan a month later, this would be somewhere around the first of March. At the time Tarzan rescues Jane, he leaves her at the cabin and rushes off to rescue D'Arnot from the natives. D'Arnot is so weak from his experiences that he develops a fever and has to stay in the jungle for about a week. After they return to the cabin they stay there for another week before leaving for civilization. This takes up two weeks from the time Jane was rescued from the ape Terkoz by Tarzan. So, we can make the date somewhere between the 15th and the 20th. To make a guess, call it March 17, 1909.

"The Return of Tarzan" starts off with him on his way back to Europe from America aboard a liner. On page four it refers to him spending twenty of his twenty-two years in the jungle. He was twenty when he left the jungle in 1909. Two years later must have been 1911. It also states that it is four years since he saw his first native (1907). This again takes us to 1911.

At the end of the book Tarzan and Jane marry and perhaps the next year (1912) sees the birth of their son, Jack (Korak). The next book, "The Beasts of Tarzan," takes place two years after the events in "The Return of Tarzan," or in 1913. The book ends with the death of Rokoff and the capture of Paulvitch by cannibals.

After a captivity of ten years, Paulvitch returns to London with the ape, Akut, in 1923. In 1923 Tarzan would be thirty-four and Korak would be a boy of eleven. So, Korak takes to the jungle at the age of eleven years. He meets Meriem a year later when he is twelve and she is eleven. When Tarzan rescues her from the Swedes she is fifteen. Then a year later Korak returns to his family, or when he is seventeen; This brings the time up to 1929 when Tarzan is forty. At the end of the year in October or November he would have reached his forty-first birthday. Eighteen years later, or in 1947, he would be fifty-nine.

Do I hear someone say, "I told you so," under their breath? Well, don't crow yet. Remember I said something about a fact that makes you doubt the accuracy of this answer to the question.

Here's the fact:

KORAK!

Get it?

Well! What was the year Korak was born? 1912. He was one year old during the action in "The Beasts of Tarzan!" Ten years later, when he goes into the jungle with Akut, he is eleven years old; Six years of jungle life brings him to the age of seventeen. This is in 1929.

Still don't get it? Well, here it is. In "Tarzan the Terrible" when Tarzan finds Jane, she asks for news of Jack. Tarzan tells her that he doesn't know where he is at the present, but the last he heard, Jack was on the Argonne front. The first World War--1914-1918. Korak was born in 1912. Was Korak a World War veteran in 1923 at the age of eleven? He must have been in the infantry.

Now, to do some revising of dates. Say, Korak enlisted in the Army when he was eighteen when the War started in 1914. Counting backwards, we finally wind up with a chronological sequence something like this:

Tarzan was born in October or November of 1872. Along about 1891, when he is eighteen, he meets his first natives. Then two years later, in 1893, Jane comes to the jungle and meets Tarzan. Two more years pass and Tarzan is returning to Africa (1895). Here, after rescuing Jane from the altar at Opar, he marries her. Korak is born a year later, in 1896. When the action in "The Beasts of Tarzan" takes place, it is two years from the time of Tarzan and Jane's marriage, or 1897. At this time Paulvitch falls into the hands of the cannibals for a ten year imprisonment. This brings us up to 1907, during which time Korak enters into his father's footsteps. Korak returns to civilization in 1913 after a six year stay in the jungle. The next year (1914) the World War breaks out in Europe and he enlists. He is now eighteen and Tarzan is forty-one. When the War ends in 1918 they are twenty-two and forty-five respectively. Say, Korak leaves the Army immediately and it takes him a year to locate his parents in Pal-ul-don. Then Korak is twenty-three and Tarzan is forty-six. Twenty-eight years later (1947) Korak is fifty-one and Tarzan is seventy-four (seventy-five in October or November).

This makes sense as far as Korak's age is concerned, but how about Tarzan swinging through the trees at the age of seventy-four? Is he ageless like John Carter? Is his agelessness caused by the eternal youth pills concocted by the Immortal Men in "Tarzan's Quest?" Who knows. Anyway, Tarzan swings on.

This brings up another question. Did ERB just write a series of fiction books without regard to detail? Is Tarzan a figment of the author's imagination? Or, on the other hand, was Burroughs hampered in his research by illegible records? If you remember the first book of the series, "Tarzan of the Apes", you will recall that Mr. Burroughs starts off with an account of how he happened to write the story.

He tells us that he compiled his material from "written evidence in the form of musty manuscript, and dry official records of the British Colonial Office..." and "The yellow, mildewed pages of the diary of a man long dead." "Musty manuscript" and "yellow, mildewed pages." Doesn't this suggest that most of the writing would be faded and hard to read after such long years and the deplorable condition of the records. No wonder Mr. Burroughs' dates should be inaccurate. Anyone familiar with research in old papers will know at once just how hard a job it must have been to comb out the facts from such, shall we say, junk. Mr. Burroughs is to be congratulated on the job that he did accomplish and not condemned for the natural mistakes he may have made.

No matter what errors appear in the dates, readers of the books will still continue to enjoy them. Tarzan will go on entertaining his fans and more fans will be in the making as the years roll on.

(I would like to say that the Editor, Vernell Coriell, is really responsible for this article. When I sent in the Tarzan Quiz, which appeared in the August issue of the Bulletin, I had an extra question about the age of Korak when he rescued his parents in "Tarzan the Terrible." It so happened that Vernell was thinking about writing an article on the age of Tarzan and the question made him realize that he would have to revise his plans to include the participation of Korak in the War. He left out the question and asked me to do some more research on the dates mentioned in the series. I did so and sent him the information. When he found out that I had enough data to do the article myself he invited me to do so, thus leaving himself free to spend the time on the Bulletin.) ((Thank's John, but you did a much better job on the article than I could have ever done.))

THE AGES OF TARZAN AND KORAK

Date	Event	Age of Tarzan	Age of Korak	Revised Date
1888				1872
Jan.	Lord and Lady Greystoke married			
Apr.	Three months later Lord Greystoke ordered to Africa			
May	After month (?) to make ready they sail from Dover for Africa			
June	Arrive at Freetown month later and charter Fuwalda			
	2nd day Black Michael wounded by captain			
	4th day One of crew wounded by mate			
	5th day Sighted battleship			
	6th day Mutiny occurred			
	11th day Land sighted			
	12th day Greystokes marooned			

Date	Event	Tarzan	Korak	Date
1888				1872
July	Cabin built month later			
Aug.	Settled at end of second month			
Oct-Nov.	Tarzan born on same day that father and mother were attacked by ape			
1889				1873
Oct-Nov.	Tarzan taken by Kala after death of parents	1		
1890				1874
Sep-Oct.	Nearly year later before he learned to walk	2		
1898				1882
Oct-Nov.	Tenth birthday	10		
1899	Excellent climber at ten Learns to swim Enters cabin Kills gorilla with knife	10		1883
1901	Discovers pencils	12		1885
1902	Kills Tublat	13		1886
1906	Learns to read and write after years of study	17		1890
1907	Can read fluently Natives enter territory Death of Kala	18		1891
1908				1892
Oct-Nov.	Twentieth birthday	20		
1909				1893
Feb.3(?)	Jane comes to jungle	20		
Mar. 3(?)	Month later Tarzan rescues Jane from Terkoz Tarzan rescues D'Arnot from natives and keeps him in jungle for week with fever Returns to cabin and stays another week before leaving for civilization			
Mar17(?)	Leaves for civilization			
1911	Tarzan returns on liner from America Marries Jane	22		1895
1912 (?)	Korak born	23		1896
1913	Tarzan stranded on Jungle Island Paulviitch captured by natives	24	1	1897
1920	Meriem kidnaped at age of seven	31	8	1904

Date	Event	Age of Tarzan	Age of Korak	Revised Date
1923	Paulvitch rescued after ten years Korak takes to jungle	34	11	1907
1924	Korak meets Meriem	35	12	1908
1928	Tarzan rescues Meriem from Swede at fifteen	39	16	1912
1929	Year later Tarzan finds Korak Korak and Meriem married	40	17	1913
	World War begins	41	18	1914
	World War ends	45	22	1918
	Present time	74	51	1947

If Tarzan had been born in 1888 he would be only 59 at the end of this year (1947) and Korak would be 35,

Editors note- Since the above article was written it has been revealed in the new Tarzan book, "Tarzan and the Foreign Legion", that the ape-man has acquired perpetual youth.

ANNOUNCEMENT FROM EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, INC.

The new Martian novel, titled LLANA OF GATHOL, has been released and is on sale at all good book stores. It is illustrated by John Coleman Burroughs and is priced at \$2.00 per copy. Also priced at \$2 per copy are these recent Burroughs thrillers:

TARZAN AND THE FOREIGN LEGION
ESCAPE ON VENUS
LAND OF TERROR

A PRINCESS OF MARS
THE GODS OF MARS
THE WARLORD OF MARS
THUVIA, MAID OF MARS
THE CHESSMEN OF MARS
THE MASTER MIND OF MARS
A FIGHTING MAN OF MARS
SWORDS OF MARS
SYNTHETIC MEN OF MARS

PIRATES OF VENUS
LOST ON VENUS
CARSON OF VENUS

And here's more good news. ERB, Inc., have reprinted 22 Edgar Rice Burroughs novels, priced at only \$1.00 per copy:

TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE
TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE
TARZAN THE INVINCIBLE
TARZAN TRIUMPHANT
TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD
TARZAN AND THE LION MAN
TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN
TARZAN'S QUEST
TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY
TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT

Here is your opportunity to replenish your library with Edgar Rice Burroughs novels. You are urged to order from your dealer; but if there is no dealer in your community, you may remit check or money-order to Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc. Tarzana, Calif. listing the titles you wish.

The third issue of the Dell Publications Tarzan Magazine is now on sale. It features "Tarzan and the Dwarfs of Didona".

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CORRESPONDENCE
QUOTES

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W.H. Akins, 101 Schiller St.
Little Rock, Ark. has several ERB
books to trade for THE OUTLAW OF
TORN, THE MUCKER and RETURN OF
TARZAN.

I have about 20 ERB books, in-
cluding a lot of the rare ones, for
sale at moderate prices.
J.T. Oliver 712-32nd St. Columbus, Ga.

Edwin Rothouse, 6421 North
Sydenham St. Philadelphia 26, Pa.
has many ERB books to trade & sell.

Robert H. Schlutter, 3004 Iona
Terrace, Baltimore 14, Md., wants
JUNGLE GIRL and THE LAND THAT TIME
FORGOT.

Carl Swanson, Velva, N. Dak.
has many ERB books and magazine
stories for sale. Most are rare
and sought after by collectors.



TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CI-
TY is now being picturized in the
daily TARZAN newspaper strip.

— o —

You are invited to send in
items on ERB and his characters
for publication in the EB.
Burroughs Bulletin Box 78 Manito, Ill.

It is interesting to note, I
think, how many people have at one
time or another been Burroughs fans.
Not too long ago, during my Physics
class, our instructor walked by
and picked up a copy of the new
"Escape On Venus" which I had on
my desk. After class we had a dis-
cussion on it and it seems that
for a number of years Burroughs had
been his favorite author, but when
he had started to work he couldn't
find the time to read so much. Af-
ter he learned I read Burroughs he,
of course, had to borrow the books
he had missed out on.

—Hal Billings

ERB saved a mag that I was
reading in school. It was an old
issue of Amazing Stories. The teach-
er caught sight of it and said "I
don't think you are reading the ri-
ght kind of literature". She star-
ted to take the mag away from me
but when she saw that it contained
a story by ERB she allowed me to
keep it. She seemed to think high-
ly of Edgar Rice Burroughs.

—Bill Searles

The article by J. Harwood on
the unwritten stories struck a re-
sponsive chord here. I've always
wondered what happened to the Bow-
man of Lothar after he disappeared
in the distance swinging that sword
at those fleeing Green Men. And
how about the girl whom Tarjo occa-
sionally materialized? I'm sure that
she got away unscathed somehow.

—Bob Schlutter

Speaking of the linguistic a-
bility of Nat Pendleton, (BB Nov. #6)
Tarzan is something of a linguist,
by circumstance. His first language
is that of the apes. He teaches him-
self English and then D'Arnot teach-
es him French. He uses Arabic and
German in the later books, not to
mention the plethora of African di-
alects, and the dialects of the ot-
her lost tribes he encounters. And
I am forgetting Dutch, mentioned in
Tarzan and the Foreign Legion.

—Gordan Stoeckler

The BURROUGHS BULLETIN

Vol. 1

Number 7

LA of OPAR MURDERED!

La of Opar, the beautiful High Priestess of the Flaming God, has been murdered! Yes, it is true, in the latest issue of the Tarzan magazine (Sept-Oct. No. 5) the writer has killed off one of Mr. Burroughs' most famous characters. The script-writer for the magazine has really been pulling the boners in the past few issues. It started in issue NO. 2, when Tarzan (of all things) held a conversation with Dango, the hyena. Issue #3 brings Jane into the picture as a brunette. She has always been a blonde in ERB's stories. Also Boy and the tree house are introduced in this issue. Both are creations of movie producers and have no place in a genuine Tarzan plot. In issue #4 Om-at and his mate, Pan-at-lee, turn up far from their home in Pal-ul-don looking more like cat-people than tailed, black-skin and hairy-bodied pithecanthropus'. We all admit Tarzan is a mighty man, but never before in all his history has the apeman brushed aside, and stepped through, solid gold bars as though it were cardboard. He does this in "Tarzan and the Men of Greed". All these are forgivable mistakes of an unenlightened artist and script-writer....but when they destroy Opar with an earthquake.... then kill off Queen La and all the inhabitants of Opar... that is the last straw as far as this reader is concerned. However, M-G-M studios tried to do away with Jane by having her killed by a spear in "Tarzan Finds A Son". When Mr. Burroughs found this out he saw to it that a new ending was made for the film..but quick. So I am looking forward to a quick resurrection of La, the High Priestess of the Flaming God of Opar. No, they can not kill La. La, the beautiful; for to many are in love with her to ever let her die. And has the apeman not called her, in his own words, "La, the Immutable!"

LEX BARKER IS NEW SCREEN TARZAN

Alexander Chrichlow Barker, "Lex" for short, is the eleventh actor to portray the famous apeman on the screen. He's a former Princeton athlete who stands six four, weighs 200 pounds, and his first Tarzan film will be TARZAN AND THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

Lex plays Ros Russell's boy friend in "The Velvet Touch". It is probably the last time he'll be seen on the screen with his clothes on.

He recently acquired several acres of land in Tarzana which, he says, he will farm.

The new Tarzan will be introduced to moviegoers via a special

biographical trailer which Sol Lesser will produce.

Elmo Lincoln, who was the original star of the series, is a bit-player in the new picture. Elmo preserved a collection of Tarzania for 20 years, including spears, coyote skins, bows and arrows. Then he lost the whole thing when his garage—which he had turned into a museum—burned down while he was at work.

Sol Lesser's production for RKO release, "Tarzan and the Fountain of Youth," is the 26th film based on Tarzan's exploits. The Chinese Tarzan movie counted.

PELLUCIDARIAN PROBLEMS

by J. N. Williamson

I am not here to discuss the probability of plausibility in the stories taking place at the Earth's core. (How conceited and self-possessing is the mind of man, that he decorates with popular abandon a general term, "earth", with a capital letter.)

No, I am here to comment and examine the fabulous world.

Like every volume by Edgar Rice Burroughs I have had the fortune to consume, "At the Earth's Core" starts off with the proverbial bang.

Can you not imagine how it would be to step into the outdoors, gaze in the distance, and see no horizon? No straight, east and west line separating with finality the sky from the ground. It is finesse in itself that Innes' creator can help him realize—that he is actually looking up!

The dyryth, the colossal bear, and the jabbering, jibbering monkey-men mingled with the hyaenodon, or jalok. The terms so picturesque that a singular atmosphere belonging to the words solely is granted. Sagoths, thipdars—it was Sherlock Holmes, another famous member in the Valhalla of literature, who defined grotesque. The French modeled that word for many of the characters belonging to Edgar Rice Burroughs.

The beauty about numerous "ladies" and "gentlemen" in Pellucidar is that each person, reading the stories, is impressed with something no other person would think of, such as individual descriptions. When perusing chapters concerning mahars, I thought of them, shudderingly so, as a huge lizard-like reptile, gifted with wings length or more of the body, armed with tentacles and Numa-sharp teeth. In reality, a mahar is crocodile-resembling, inarticulate and dumb, and capable of inducing soporific hypnotism.

Two men, one young and the other old, in earthen time, thrown against an entire world. The gradual change of the men, and the world, is tantalizing to observe. Tantalizing because of your helplessness to be with them.

"Land of Terror" offers further proof of this point. Abner Perry, it will be perceived, has decreased in age by nearly ten years, while in that recent story thirty-six years have passed since Perry's subterranean prospector dug through to Pellucidar.

There are few references to anything approaching longevity, but Perry was admittedly elderly when originally venturing downwards, and David Innes states his birth certificate age as being in the fifties. The atmosphere is evidently that that lends itself to youth. That should present to Mr. Burroughs an idea for a future tale featuring a tribe of ancient men possessed of strength the times of dozens of normal people. David mistakes them for prospectively aged men, offers assistance, and is tricked into a nefarious plot I will leave to Burroughs own devising.

A primitive oave-girl of better-than-average beauty and wisdom, in the interesting form of Dian, was sure to endear herself to David. A book of adventure—and there could be no others—minus heroines is unthinkable. A Jane, Duare, or Dejah Thoris must be present for the added touch of romance.

I prophesy more books taking place in Pellucidar, that pyrogenic-reacting world of beasts and men on an admitted equal, for it is a place where we all would like to spend a Pellucidarian day.

CORRESPONDENCE QUOTES

80 DEGREES COOLER INSIDE!

There is one anachronism that is not brought out in the article, HOW OLD IS TARZAN. In TARZAN OF THE APES, in the rescue from the forest fire a rather fast automobile is used. If the date is 1893 according to the revised time-table, I doubt the development of the auto in question.

—Thomas S. Gardner

Perhaps the most remote movie theater in existence is in Ivalo, Lapland, 300 miles north of the Arctic Circle. The project is a fairly new one, but the Laplanders are flocking to it via snowshoe and reindeer sleigh. Most popular picture to date is a tropical item called "Tarzan Finds a Son".

HE'S HAPPY IN THE JUNGLE

In regard to the article about the age of Tarzan I guess I overlooked the fact about the automobile. However, in the list of Great Inventions in the World Almanac the first American gasoline automobile was invented in 1892 by C.E. Duryea. In Europe the two-stroke automobile engine was invented in 1879 by Benz. In 1890 Fernand Forest created the first 4-cylinder automobile at Montrouge, France. The car used by Tarzan may have been one of the automobiles invented the year before or it may have been an imported model. Perhaps it might even have been one of the earlier type of automobile which was run by steam. Anyway I don't believe that they had taxicabs in those days.

—John Harwood

Richard Shavers "Gods of Venus" was stolen from Burroughs' "Gods of Mars".

—Bill Searles

You are not the only reader with that opinion, Bill. I have received many comments about the similarity of Shavers story to ERB's yarn. —Ed.

Mission, Texas March 21.—The wild man of the Rio Grande who sleeps in trees and hunts wild game with a six-foot bow and arrow wants no part of civilization.

That became clear after he disappeared following a night spent in the Mission city hall.

The unidentified man, dressed only in buckskin trousers and shirt, has been frightening Latin Americans in the La Joya area. Officers captured him and brought him to Mission, but he was released after an appearance before a justice of peace.

Deaf and dumb, the man appeared to be about 20. He was clean shaven and fairly tidy. He wrote, in a legible hand, that he had been living in the jungle on wild game killed by arrows.

"Rabbits are mighty scarce," he wrote, "They're hard to find." He wrote he slept in trees and asked only to return to the cactus and brush country north of Mission.

"Nothing I could do," said Justice of the Peace T.H. Spillman, "except tell him to get on out of here."

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THE BURROUGHS BULLETIN

Vol. 1

Box 78 Manito, Ill.

No 8

TARZAN POPS UP IN ENGLAND

LONDON, June 17— Sydney Shaw's hero is Tarzan.

Police found out in court how 17-year-old Shaw's hero worship paid off.

Shaw, arrested for breaking a traffic law, got tired of waiting for his jail lunch. He tore off and broke in two a cast iron feeding hatch of his cell.

"I get impatient, I get hold of things like that or this," he said, grabbing the edge of the witness box.

"Stop that," said the magistrate's clerk. "We don't want you to pull the dock to pieces."

Shaw's mother said: "He can eat a 2-pound loaf made into 4 sandwiches at a sitting. If he fails to eat three plates of potatoes, we wonder what is wrong."

"When he was 10, he saw Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan and has not missed a Tarzan film since then. After the first film he climbed a big tree in our back garden and built himself a wooden hideout.

"Within a few weeks he was swinging from the branches, uttering cries.

"He never knocks on the door at home. He opens the letter box and sends through a special Tarzan scream.

"Since he was about 14 he has been using a hundredweight bar to develop his muscles and he throws it up and catches it without any effort."

Sydney said: "I climb trees because I like it and it seems to do me good. I think it's natural. As for girl friends, Tarzan's Jane is my ideal."

Tarzan was freed after he paid a small fine and the cost of the cast iron gate he broke in two.

The Tarzan comic strip is published by 212 papers with 15,000,000 circulation.

The basic idea of Edgar Rice Burroughs' "Tarzan of the Apes" seems highly imaginative. Yet, as repeatedly claimed, truth is often as strange as fiction. Recently in Malator, Sierra Leone, some baboons tried to kidnap a boy.

BITS ABOUT EX-TARZAN'S

Bruce Bennett, athlete turned actor, has made his hobby of wood-working pay off in handy gadgets about his house. One of his favorites is his "salad bowl" magazine holder, a super-salad bowl which he has turned out of a red-wood slab and mounted on a three legged stool. "You can hit it with a newspaper or a magazine from anyplace in the room," he explains.

Glenn Morris, ex-decathlon champion, is now training future decathlon champions.

Johnny Weissmuller is now a motion picture exhibitor as well as an actor. He has purchased 4 theaters in Mexico City.

When Buster Crabbe is not making films he tours the country with his own aquacade show.

BITS ABOUT THE NEW TARZAN

A striking illustration of the advantages which accompany Hollywood fame was made in an Los Angeles cafe recently. Lex Barker, dining with friends, wanted to cash a check. The manager, never having seen him before, very courteously asked for identification. While supplying the requested proof of his identity. Barker made it known he is the one who's to replace Weissmuller as the hero of the Tarzan films. After that, it was no longer necessary to cash a check. The manager

insisted that Barker's dinner was on the house.



Didjuh know that Lex Barker is a near-champion skier, too.

ERB: CHARACTER BUILDER !

by Norman J. Nathanson

I was wondering if you readers of Burroughs realize that aside from wonderful and fascinating stories of adventure and romance which are excellently written, that the Burroughs books have no doubt resulted in shaping and making better and finer characteristics of the boys and girls who read these stories at their most impressionable age.

It has given them finer and greater ideals and has made better men and women of them.

Perhaps they themselves do not realize this. We seldom know and therefore can not be responsible for how we acquire good or bad.

Burroughs stories have always extolled (most dramatically) the finer virtues of loyalty, generosity, compassion and devotion to truth and justice. Of triumph of ideals over cynicism, treachery, hate and pettiness.

But more than this they have portrayed in the most beautiful way the honor and respect man should properly bestow upon woman. The books have helped to shape a boy's attitude and perspective in his treatment of girls and later of women. And in turn girls are made to realize that true beauty is to be in their sympathy, graciousness and sincerity.

All this perhaps without the reader being aware of the good effect the stories have.

Interest in the books is generally first created by the fanciful and interesting stories themselves, and once interest is created, the reader cannot but be impressed by all these ideals. So Burroughs has not only entertained, but has helped make better people of us.

"LLANA OF GATHOL"

by

Edgar Rice Burroughs

The name John Carter needs no introduction to the Burroughs reader any more than that famous jungle lord, Tarzan. But the fact remains: before Tarzan was created, the author wrote his first Martian story, incidently, it was the first story he wrote.

We have had nine Martian novels, with John Carter starring in the majority of them. Now in the 10th, "Llana of Gathol", Mr. Burroughs loses none of that deft touch that has crowned with glory his other Martian stories, the Venus yarns and the account of the "Moon Maid". As a matter of fact John Carter seems a better champion with swords than ever, and he has sufficient opportunity of displaying his skill.

The story begins in the usual Burroughs manner--John Carter visits the author who was upon the island of Oahu at the time, and he relates the story of his granddaughter's adventures. From the opening of the story we are taken to the ancient city of Horz, where Pan Dan Chee becomes a friend of John Carter. The rescue of Llana is made, after her escape from Hin Abtol, a would-be-conqueror of Barsoom. The Black Pirates of Barsoom are next in line to be visited, and their memories of the master swordsman of two worlds will not soon be forgotten. Then on to the Yellow Men of Mars who reside in the Arctic region where Hin Abtol keeps soldiers frozen when not in action until a future need. Then, last, we are taken to Invak where the invisible people reside, and incidently there is a little romance between John Carter and a girl young enough to be his granddaughter.

All of these adventures are superbly related, and with John Carter, Llana of Gathol, and Pan Dan Chee's seemingly hopeless love for the lovely girl, the reading of these result in high action and mighty interesting reading.

CORRESPONDENCE QUOTES

the type of book we can at reasonable intervals to thrill to the fine adventure-portrays. It makes readers how Mr. Burroughs can go on such interesting yarns and new scenes that, however far, seem to read so natural there is no question such ones could easily be possible sure readers of Mr. Burroughs' newest book will continue he continues writing them indefinitely.

"The Ana of Gathol" is that type of book that will take the reader from his dull, mundane existence into a world all its own.

The jacket design, by John Cole-the author's son, is a splendor.

—Maurice B. Gardner

3).

The October issue of the Famous Fantastic Mysteries magazine featured Edgar Rice Burroughs in its illustrated MASTERS OF FANTASY series.

The text of the feature omitted from the printed version of the following passage: "He (ERB) is the only living fantasy author to be featured in a fan magazine devoted to him, the Burroughs Bulletin." This was omitted with the original text, which I have a copy of, thanks to Perry Ackerman.

3).

The biggest movie house in France is the Gaumont Cinema in the Place Pigalle at the foot of Montmartre. (The G.I.'s called this location "Pig Alley"—a name which the French have good-naturedly adopted.) Showing there now is Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen Sullivan in "Tarzan's New York Adventure."

☆

TARZAN AND THE OUTLAWS OF PALUL-DON, the latest issue of the Dell publishing company's magazine, is now on the newsstands. It still continues to give us a mixture of the original Tarzan and the movie version of Tarzan. All of Tarzan's friends in Palul-don appear wearing red and blue skull caps. Where is the real Tarzan?

Some years ago I ran across a bit of verse that went something like this—

"I long for the wide open spaces
Under a sapphire sky,
Where the song of the wart-hog
mingles
With the sound of the crocodiles
cry.
Shadows athwart the jungle,
Swinging from tree to tree;
Can't you hear our brothers calling,
Calling to you and to me?"

I rather like this, for it is reminiscent of—you know who, and I would like to read the complete poem. The maddening thing however is that it is just a fragment and it might come at any place in the poem. So without the author's name, title, or even the 1st line, it would prove almost impossible to identify.

—Allan Howard

(Can anybody help us out? —Ed.)

"Answer to Dr. Yerkes" very interesting and entertaining. I do know monkeys swim because I've seen one do it. Up at our zoo we have a monkey island and one day one of the monkeys decided that all the popcorn floating out in the water looked good to him, so he waded out to the point where he had to swim and swim he died. He thought it so much fun that he forgot all about the popcorn. This is of course a rare case, if it wasn't the zoo would have more than a pool of water to keep the monkeys in.

—Charles Henderson

NEW TARZAN EDITIONS

Grosset & Dunlap have recently published three of the Tarzan books in brand new editions. The titles are Return of Tarzan, Tarzan the Untamed and Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle. Beautiful new paintings have been made for the dust jackets picturing Tarzan in action. G&D will reprint other titles in the series during 1949.

HELP THE LIBRARIAN

by John Harwood

Years ago you may have read a certain book. You'd like to read it again, but you don't remember the title. As for the plot, you can recall it vaguely, if at all. Sometimes you can only think of a single passage. You may or may not know the name of the author. The book was very interesting and you'd like to read it again. What to do?

The library! Of course! All you have to do is go to the library and tell the librarian the little you know about the book and she will get it for you right away. That's what she's paid for, isn't it? Anyway, that's the way some people seem to regard the library workers. They should know everything.

Take the librarians point of view. There are thousands of volumes in the stacks and its impossible for her to have read them all. Yet she's expected to know from a brief description just the book you want.

Put yourself in her place. Here's five people waiting for you to help them find a book they've read before and would like to read again. Let's see how good you are at the job.

1. The first man says, "There's something about a girl, a princess or some other member of royalty, who is lost in the jungle. In some way she comes face to face with a lion and faints. Being a member of royalty, I guess you'd say she swoons. When she regains consciousness the lion is lying on the ground beside her, so close, she can feel him breathing. She lies as quiet as possible hoping he will go away. Suddenly she is aware that he hears someone coming. He gets to his feet and approaches the intruder. The man doesn't turn and run for safety and as the lion gets his scent he recognises the man as his master."

2. Next man says, "The only thing I can remember about this story is that civilized men have adventures on a strange island in the South Pacific or in the Antarctic. The people who live on the island follow the process of evolution during their own lifetime. If they live so long."

3. A young girl is next in line. She says, "This book tells of a man who gathers around him a band of adventurers and terrorizes the English nobles. He isn't Robin Hood, but the story is reminiscent of the bandit of Sherwood Forest."

4. A boy says, "I remember a book that had a lot of weird stuff in it. It seems to me that there were things like babies growing on trees, fish evolving into people and other people that increased the population by dividing in two. There was some fighting, I think, but the part that impressed me the most was the biological horrors."

5. An elderly man remarks, "The other day I read "The Star of the Unborn" by Franz Werfel. There's one part of the book which tells of how the people of the future go to a place beneath the surface of the earth when they wish to die. When they get there, they find instead of being a place of peaceful death, it is a place of horrors. This reminded me of a similar book by Burroughs. Can you tell me the name of it?"

Well! That shouldn't have been too hard. After all you have read most of the books by ERB. A librarian gets questions about books by hundreds and maybe thousands of authors. This is only an idea of what she has to put up with during her hours at the desk.

The answers will appear in the next issue of the Bulletin. When you have checked your answers give yourself twenty for each correct title.

CONTEST! CONTEST! HEY, LOOK! I'M STICKING MY NECK OUT, WAY OUT! The first fan from each state to send in the correct answers to the Help the Librarian quiz will receive as a prize their choice of any Burroughs book in print. Winners will be judged by the date of postmarks on answers. Entries must be postmarked not later than Nov. 20, 1948. All issues of the BB will be mailed at the same time so they should be received by subscribers living in the same state on or about the same day. Forty-eight states, a chance for forty-eight winners. This is as close as I can come to giving every reader of the BB an equal chance of winning. Winners will be announced in a future issue of the BB. All entries should be addressed to: Vernell Coriell Box 78 Manito, Illinois.

NOTICE TO READERS LIVING OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES:- Unlike most contests, this one is open to you too. In fact any reader living outside the U.S. that sends in the correct answers will be judged a winner. Your deadline is Dec. 31, 1948.

RANDOM BURROUGHS by Allan Howard

In my leisure time, I have often, when reading Burroughs' novels, been much given to forming idle bubbles concerning latent situations or possibilities that suggest themselves. For instance, Tarzan is able to communicate with simians from all parts of Africa because of the existence of a primitive root tongue, spoken and understood to various degrees by all species, as well as some degraded humans, such as the Oparians. When, to my surprise, ERB sent Tarzan to Pellucidar, adroitly linking the two series, the Jungle Lord found the Sagoths speaking the same primal language!

"Well," I thought, "if Pellucidar, why not Barsoom?" As Mr. J.O. Bailey remarks in his history of scientific fiction, "Pilgrims Through Space and Time," Tarzan has adventured in nearly every locale of science fiction. One notable exception is the interplanetary adventure.

"Tarzan On Mars!" What visions of derring-do that title conjures up!

I am sure that Mr. Burroughs would find a plausible reason and method for transporting him there, based on the past pattern of the two series.

On Mars live the great white apes. Ugly brutes who skulk in deserted cities and terrorize deluded pilgrims to the Valley Dor. If we postulate the essential oneness of the cosmos, why shouldn't the white apes of Barsoom speak the same language as the tribe of Kerchak? Picture the surprise of a white ape, mumbling invective as a preliminary to attack, to hear the Tarmangani growl back, "Kreegah! We know of no Martian who speaks in the white apes' own tongue. This would rather disconcert the ape to the extent of throwing the balance of surprise attack in Tarzan's favor or cause them to patch up their

differences and gain Tarzan a possible valuable ally on a hostile planet.

You may recall that Nu of the Niocene in "The Eternal Lover" was able to talk not only with the ape folk of his own era but also with the present-day monkeys he met with. Strangely enough, Tarzan seems to have made no attempt to converse with Nu in "the language of the first men." The ensuing conversation would have made interesting reading.

I was long troubled trying to rationalize the apparent youth and vitality of Tarzan in this latter day when I knew him to be crowding sixty. However, Mr. Burroughs seems to have neatly taken care of this problem in his latest Tarzan book. There is yet another character who, perhaps, may some day need to be taken care of also.

During World War 1, Ulysses Paxton or Vad Varo made the journey to Mars in the same manner as John Carter. Unlike the War Lord and other Barsoomians, Vad Varo does not seem to possess the germ of prolonged youthfulness. In a few short years he must inevitably show his age while his mate the lovely Valla Dia will remain as beautiful as ever. Not only will this situation cause pain and embarrassment to both parties, but the War Lord will lose a staunch friend to Time, the conqueror.

Well, there is an out, but being the sort of man he is, would Vad Varo take it? Paxton could emulate his old teacher, Ras Thavas, and have his brain transferred to a younger body; a thousand year model. However, this idea is repugnant to earthmen such as Paxton or Carter. Even the Barsoomians don't think too much of it. Ras Thavas might replace Vad Varo's organs one by one, as they wear out, but the hitch in this is, that there are certain differences in the internal arrangements of Martians and Earthians. There seems to be no longevity serum on Mars. Possibly because, since the race has never needed it, there has been no compulsion to discover one.

In "Tarzan and the Ant Men," we learned that the apeman is a grandfather. Since then we have heard no more of this young John Clayton. I, for one, would like to know more about him. Did he also succumb to the lure of the jungle like Korak? Has he had an adventure or two side by side with his mighty grandsire? What name is he known by to the apes? Here, fans, is a potential brand new Burroughs hero!

Fans living in Chicago and vicinity will be pleased to hear that some of the recent art work of John Coleman Burroughs is being shown at the present time in that city. The Young Art Galleries have several of Mr. Burroughs' oil paintings on display and Von Lengerke & Antoine (VL&A) 9 North Wabash Ave., have a large group of Western Watercolors. They are priced pretty reasonably so that anyone desiring to do so might purchase them for Christmas gifts.

Most fans know that Coleman is the son of ERB and the illustrator of his father's books,

The first issue of a brand new fanzine for Burroughs fans has made it's bow. It is called THE AMTORIAN and published by Wallace Shore Box 1565, Billings, Montana. Wallace sez, "The Amtorian is published primarily to cover news of the writings of E. R. Burroughs. It will also feature news of the latest scientific discoveries." The first issue is partly mimeographed and partly printed. The first issues will be distributed free of charge. Two printed inserts came with the Amtorian, one listing available ERB books.



THE BURROUGHS BULLETIN #9

TARZAN INTERVIEWED

The following correspondence was received by the Editor some weeks ago.

Cornell University
Ithaca, N. Y.

r. Vernell Coriell
Box 78
Manito, Ill.

Dear Sir:

I noticed a copy of "The Burroughs Bulletin" at the home of a friend. Reading it I discovered that you apparently believed that Mr. Edgar Rice Burroughs had, out of his own mind, created the character of Tarzan of the Apes.

I can assure you that you are entirely mistaken as are thousands of readers of the Tarzan books. Ever since I first started reading the series I held the same belief, but I was later lead to change my mind.

If you are interested in publishing the enclosed article your readers will learn that I have met and talked to "Tarzan of the Apes" ---in person.

Yours truly,

Arthur Maxon M. Sc.

INTERVIEW WITH AN APE MAN
by Professor Arthur Maxon

I was gathering material for a book about the herbs used by the African witch doctors for the cure of some of the tropical diseases common to the Dark Continent. It was an almost impossible task as the witch doctors were jealous of their powers and were unwilling to share them with strangers. Incidentally, I was never able to finish that book, but that's not part of this story. The reason I'm writing this article is to tell of my meeting with that almost legendary character of the African jungle, Tarzan of the Apes.

One morning, after an unsuccessful attempt to gain the confidence of a local healer, I was returning to my hut. Just leaving the chief's hut I noticed a man that I first took to be a native. A second glance

showed me that although he was only a few shades lighter than the natives and dressed in a loin cloth of doeskin, he was a white man. He was about six foot two, had black hair and gray eyes and had an air of confidence about him that suggested he would be a dangerous man to arouse. This suggestion was further enhanced by the glimpse of powerful muscles rolling beneath his bronzed skin. With all the strength that must have lain in those muscles he was a match for any man, even without the weapons with which he was accoutred.

These weapons consisted of a long hunting knife in a scabbard at his right hip, a rope apparently made from the long grasses found in the vicinity over one shoulder, a bow and a quiver of arrows across his back and also at his back a short light spear.

As I approached him I stopped and said, "If I didn't know better, I'd say you were Tarzan of the Apes."

He smiled slightly and replied, "I am Tarzan."

"Tarzan! I thought you were only a legend. When I was younger I used to read the Tarzan books and thought they were the product of the authors imagination. Then since I've been in Africa I've heard all the natives tell stories about you. I figured then, that the author must have heard of the legends in some way and based his stories on them."

Tarzan shook his head slowly, "No, they are true. In fact, I'm a friend of the author, Edgar Rice Burroughs. He visits me at my estate quite often and while he's there he takes notes on the stories I tell him. He also goes over the impressions which I usually write out on some of the lost cities and strange customs I run across on my travels."

"Is it true," I asked, "that you can speak a dozen or more languages fluently?"

"Well, I speak a few languages, but I don't know just how fluently I speak them. Of course, I consider myself good at the language of the great apes, having used no other for the first twenty years of my life. I've had plenty of practice with English,

French, German and Arabic and some of the native dialects, but some of the languages I've had to learn in a few days I'm not so sure of having mastered. In such cases I usually needed know only enough to understand what was going on and to make known my wants. I suppose in the books I can speak perfectly after only a few lessons."

"You suppose--" I broke in. "Don't you read the books about yourself?"

"No! Well! I did read one of the earlier ones. It kind of embarrassed me, reading about myself. It made such a hero of me!"

"What do you think of the actors that portray you on the screen?"

"I've never seen any of the movies." He smiled slightly again as he remarked, "One time when I was in Hollywood I was interviewed by a casting director who was looking for a 'Tarzan'."

"Yes?" I asked as he paused.

"He told me that I wasn't the type."

That seemed to be that. Casting around in my mind for some other subject to discuss I glanced at his weapons. I asked about them.

"This knife," he replied, taking it from its scabbard and showing me the long shiny blade, "belonged to my father. I found it in the cabin where I was born. It was with the help of this knife that I became the master of beasts more powerful than myself."

Removing the grass rope from his shoulder and passing it to me, he said, "Try to break it."

It seemed like a frail sort of a line, being made of grass, but it resisted my strength. Of course, I'm an old man, but I'm stronger than many men younger than myself.

"Its a very strong grass," explained Tarzan. "If you were to soak a blade of it in water untill it rotted, you would find several tough fibers inside, similar to those of flax or hemp. I first discovered the principle of rope making when I was a boy. You know how it is, the way you will pick up something and play with it when you have nothing else to do? Well! I was laying at the foot of a tree with a few blades of grass in my hands. I was just twisting them around and accidentally added a few simple knots. To my surprise I found that they held together. After several weeks of experimenting I finally found myself the proud possessor of a long rope. I think you've probably read how I made life miserable for some of the tribe. The first ropes were very crude and not too strong. I soon found out that the thicker the rope the stronger. Later I found how to braid the grass blades into an even stronger rope. I still make my own ropes."

Next he let me examine his bow and ar-

rows. The bow was very short and when I tried to bend it I was amazed at its strength. I could barely move the string a fraction of an inch. Tarzan took it and bent it easily. "It has to be powerful," he said, "because sometimes in the open its hard to approach very close to you dinner. Then you have to shoot from long range or go hungry."

"It seems short compared to the ones I've seen the natives carrying."

"Well, when you try swinging through the trees a longer bow is a handicap. I found that out when I first started carrying one, but I had to depend on the supplies I could steal from the natives so I had to put up with it. Later, when I learned to make my own, I shortened it. The arrows are made for me by the Waziri. I use so many of them that I don't take time to make my own. Usually I try to retrieve them, but sometimes I'm in too much of a hurry."

Handing me the short, light spear, he remarked, "This is another product of the Waziri. You'll notice how short and light it is. Its made like that for the same reason that I carry a short bow. Ease in traveling through the jungle."

At this point we were interrupted by the arrival of the chief with a handful of men. They stopped a short distance away and waited. Tarzan stepped over and began conferring with the chief. Returning to where I was standing he held out his hand, "It's been pleasant meeting you," he said as I gripped his hand, "I must take these porters and have them escort an expedition back to civilization. They're own porters deserted them about a week ago and I ran across them just a few days later. After getting them started I'll have to look for the deserters."

"Another adventure?"

"Not necessarily. Just a routine job most likely."

After saying good bye he turned and strode off followed by the natives. As I watched him disappear into the jungle, I turned to the chief. "There goes a great man."

The chief nodded, "A great man! A bad enemy, but a good friend. A very good friend."

The Editor forwarded Arthur Maxon's article to Mr. Burroughs. To which, he replied, "The Professor has a remarkable sense of humor."

-***-

SHADES OF DAVID INNES

Will war someday be fought under the ground as well as in the air, on land and sea?

Dr. Fritz Zwicky, a scientist whose job is developing strange new engines for planes, missiles and torpedoes, says it is a definite possibility.

In fact, he told a conference of aviation people that the (continued on page 49)

He's Tarzan The Tenth

By MYRTLE GEBHART

**The Cry of the Bull Ape Has a
Princeton Accent—Lex Barker
Is 6-Foot-4, Former Football Star
at Phillips-Exeter and Fresh Air Fiend**



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PERMISSION.

LEX BARKER, the new and 10th Tarzan, has been described as "an Errol Flynn — with blood." This Lex thinks unfair, because Errol is a close friend of his. They play tennis together, Barker almost always winning.

The comparison is understandable, though, for Lex does possess a great deal of the Flynn type of charm. That, with his Princeton accent giving the Tarzan yell a more refined note, brings to the screen an entirely new jungle lord in the series which has been running for 30 years. And which, by a new contract recently signed by Producer Sol Lesser, assures fans their Edgar Rice Burroughs hero for another 20 years.

At first they hoped to low-pedal the Princeton angle, and moaned would we please forget his real name, Alexander Crichtlow Barker, derived from Sir William Henry Crichtlow, one time governor general of the Barbadoes. Realizing the impossibility of keeping both items secret, now the fact that the tree-swinger and pal of apes is an educated man, and well-born, may prove assets in creating the new streamlined Tarzan, though with the same old muscular agility.

Now 29, Lex is 6-foot-4 of sinew and brawn, who weighs in at 197. Starting off the new series are "Tarzan's Magic Fountain" and "Tarzan At the Olympic Games." For several weeks before filming began, Lex went barefoot around his home grounds to toughen his feet, dropped 3 inches from his waist, adding same to expand his already noticeable chest, by a rigorous training schedule at Terry Hunt's gym.

Jungle style note, to amuse the ladies: Tarzan gets a "new look," too. Lex's loincloth is briefer than those worn by previous players doing the part, and is made of dyed suede.

"I like doing Tarzan," Lex enthused. "I'm a fresh air fiend. Furthermore, I think Tarzan pictures are pure movie. They include fantasy and action, and avoid the problem plots too prevalent now. They're just entertainment.

"Tarzan is progressing," he pointed out. "I have more dialogue than my predecessors. Two-syllable words, too. No more 'You Jane, me happy' stuff. Evidently Tarzan can read now, because they have me picking up some articles and reading the inscriptions."

To popularize the new series, Lex will

make a personal appearance tour of South American countries and here, too. Starting him off, Lesser had 5000 records of the new Tarzan yell, which is several notes lower than the Weissmuller bellow, sent to fan clubs over the United States.

Already his publicity has begun to build. The first Hollywood actor so honored, the Jr. Police and Citizens Corps of Washington, D. C., appointed him a major. And other youth organizations are calling attention to the new kids' hero.

Brenda Joyce, of course, is back in her briefies as Jane. Lex's year-and-a-half-old son, Alexander Crichtlow Barker, III, may be put in the pictures. Lesser thinks perhaps the father-son team would be a good idea, Johnny Sheffield used to play the jungle lord's adopted son, but outgrew the part.

Lex doesn't think so much of letting his 5-year-old daughter, Lynne, come on the set, though. Not since he heard her boasting to neighborhood kids, "My daddy's going to be a monkey."

"My mother was rather upset at first," Lex said, with a broad grin. "But it's all now. She didn't think Tarzan refined, until she read some of the books and discovered that he's really Lord Greystoke. Me? Oh, sure, I've read all the Tarzan stories, ever since I was a kid."

Of English-Spanish descent, Lex is directly a descendant of Roger Williams, founder of Providence, R. I. Born in Rye, N.Y., he is the son of Alexander C. Barker, civil engineer, who hoped that his boy would join the firm but became reconciled to the stage ambitions of the youth.

For after Phillips-Exeter and Princeton, where he was a football and track star, Lex tackled acting, via the summer stock route at Westport, Bridgefield and other straw-hat spots. He made Broadway in "Window Shopping" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

On a train to Westport he was spotted by a 20th Century-Fox talent scout and made a film test, but rejected the offer, as the salary wasn't big enough to suit him. Then, for a year, to please his father, he worked in a blast furnace, the idea being to learn the business of civil engineering from the ground up.

In January, 1941, he enlisted in the army, emerging from the war a major. Recuperating from battle wounds, he approached 20th, and was signed, but during his months of inactivity there had only a small part in "Doll-face."

Another contract, at Warners, was a repetition. He had small roles in "Two Guys From Milwaukee" there and in "Return of the Badmen" at RKO. His first break came when he tested for and got the part of Loretta Young's brother in "The Farmer's Daughter," which led to his choice as Tarzan.

Sol Lesser boasts that the sun never sets on Tarzan, for this amazing movie hero is being seen at some spot on the globe at every moment. He swings through trees on screens everywhere from Calcutta to Arkansas hamlets.

The reason for Tarzan's popularity is that he's escapist entertainment. He fights villains, human or beast; he rules his domain mostly in silence, his theme is action

rather than words.

Lex's contract bristles with taboos. He can't drink or be seen in a night club, is forbidden his favorite sport of skiing, is grounded from planes. He can do nothing that might mess up the body beautiful. Target of the photogs, the new muscle man poses constantly for male "cheese cake art," which goes big with the bobby soxers. A little shy about the amount of his frame displayed, Lex says that, for the money they're paying him, he can probably get used to the exposure.

His wife is a nonprofessional, whom he married in January, 1942. He's the first Tarzan ever to live in Tarzana, Calif., a townlet in the San Fernando Valley which was founded by the author, Burroughs.

Lex speaks fluent French, understands Italian and Spanish. Gifted as an artist, he works in oils and charcoal. He smokes a pipe, likes shrimps and enjoys cooking, particularly baking apple pies and cookies. To keep fit he swims, plays tennis, golf and aquash. His indoor games are backgammon and gin rummy.

THE NEW TARZAN by Maurice Gardner

Today, March 10th, I traveled by rail to Boston, Mass., to attend the first showing of "Tarzan's Magic Fountain" with Brenda Joyce as Jane, and Lex Barker, the new Tarzan, supplanting Johnny Weissmuller, as the jungle lord. To make the trip a doubly joyful one, the R.K.O. Boston theatre also presented Mr. Barker in person on the stage show which accompanied the picture.

My first impression of the new silver screen Tarzan dressed in a fine grey suit, displaying his broad shoulders admirably, was almost beyond words to describe. Six feet four in height and weighing 203 pounds (that was what the placard stated in the lobby). What a man--what a handsome man, I thought. Just the type, unquestionably, to portray the ape-man on the screen.

Johnny Weissmuller was a mighty Tarzan; but somehow I feel that Lex Barker is going to be a mighty fine Tarzan, and a smart one, too. The acting in the picture reveals that, as did the little act Mr. Barker took part in on the stage.

Well, Tarzan fans, we can't deprive Johnny Weissmuller of the prestige he attained in portraying the role; but since age has exacted its toll upon his heavy frame, we must be content to remember him kindly and with no regret.

The new screen Tarzan is a worthy successor to Johnny Weissmuller, and the previous Tarzans. Let's all give him a big hand. He deserves it. Long live the new silver screen Tarzan--Lex Barker!



This is a 1948 Sol Lesser production and introducing the new screen Tarzan, Lex Barker, supplanting Johnny Weissmuller.

With the new Tarzan is Brenda Joyce as the very lovely Jane. Other characters are played by Evelyn Ankers as Gloria James, who was lost in the jungle some twenty years before and, with a tribe of natives who had found the Fountain of Youth, remains young. Alan Napier plays the part of Douglass Jessup, and Albert Dekker the part of Trask, a trader.

Cheta brings a cigarette case of Gloria's to Tarzan and Jane, and when its examined, the latter remembers of the girl flyer lost in the jungle. From the plane's wreckage Cheta brings a diary. Tarzan delivers it to Nyagi over which Trask and Dodd preside--two men who prove to be rascals.

Tarzan goes to the Blue Valley where dwell the Uthonians, who have found the Magic Fountain, the waters of which keep them eternally young. He tells Gloria James of a man in England in prison, and who can be released only by her appearance and testimony. She promises to return to England and have him freed, if the leader will allow her to leave. She is permitted her freedom on the condition she will not reveal the Blue Valley to the outside world. Tarzan returns with her to his jungle home and Jane is amazed at her youthfulness. Trask and Dodd are very much interested in the matter, too. The former sends an expedition into the wilderness to find the Blue Valley, but they meet with death at the hands of the sentinels.

One day Tarzan and Jane are swimming, and Jane pursues her mate, her curiosity regarding the Blue Valley not yet satisfied, for Tarzan refuses to tell her of its location. Presently a plane drops mail for the jungle couple, and a letter from Gloria is read. She writes that the imprisoned man has been freed and that she has married him. She concluded that she and her husband, Jessup, are returning to Africa. Jane again questions her mate as to their reason for returning to Africa, but he refuses to answer.

Meanwhile Trask and Dodd are aware of the return of the couple and their curiosity is more so roused. They bring the couple to the jungle home. Jane is amazed at the change in the woman's age. Trask and Dodd linger on with the pretext that their plane needs to be repaired. When Tarzan returns from a hunt he is angered to see Trask and Dodd. Jane tries to reason with him to lead Gloria and her husband to the Blue Valley, but to no avail. She states she will lead them.

Tarzan follows to their rear. Cheta alternates her time between the two parties. Jane's party camp in a ravine, A torrential downpour almost results in their death, but Tarzan rescues them. The next morning Tarzan, Gloria and her husband are missing. The jungle lord returns them to the Blue Valley, where they are accepted and promise to never venture to the outside world again.

Siko, a malcontent, with several henchmen, abduct Tarzan and are to blind him; but the mighty jungle lord breaks loose and with Cheta, who has stolen a vial of the eternal youth potion, escape from the Blue Valley. Tarzan rescues Jane, after Trask

ANNOUNCING

THE WINNERS OF "HELP THE LIBRARIAN" CONTEST

Alan Howard, Newark, New Jersey
Michael Wigodsky, Houston, Texas
Tom Alioto, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Maurice Gardner, Portland, Mass.
P. J. McCarty, Portland, Oregon
R. H. Schlutter, Baltimore, Md.
Gordan Stoeckler, Washington, D.C.

THE CORRECT ANSWERS

1. TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE.
The girl is Princess Guinalda. The man is Tarzan. The lion is Jad-bal-ja. See p 355, 362 et seq.
2. THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT.
See discussion of evolution on 349.
3. THE OUTLAW OF TORN.
For first mention of Norman of Torn as the outlaw see p 62.
4. ESCAPE ON VENUS.
 - a. babies growing on trees - these are the Brokols see p 161.
 - b. fish evolving into people - these are the Myposans see p. 70.
 - c. people increasing, or reproducing, by division like amoebae - these are the Vooyorgans - see p 206.
5. GODS OF MARS.
the belief concerning death is first discussed on p 40 et seq.

Almost 100 B. B. readers sent in their answers to the quiz, and it was amazing how few were correct. Most of the mistakes were made on questions 1, 3 and 5. They were answered, incorrectly, as:- 1. TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION, 3, THE BANDIT OF HELL'S BEND, 5. AT THE EARTH'S CORE. Want another????

Next month, June, will be the thirty-fifth anniversary of Tarzan's debut in book form. Will a new Tarzan novel be released to celebrate the occasion? . . . The Dell Tarzan magazine is still appearing bi-monthly. . . Sparkler comics has discontinued the Tarzan strip. . . Whitman Pub. Co., has issued a new Better-Little book; TARZAN IN THE LAND OF THE GIANT APES. It is illustrated by Jesse Marsh. . . Willis Cooper's "Quiet Please" program on American Broadcasting System, mentioned Tar Tarkas and Edgar Rice Burroughs on the May 8th program. Incidentally, "Quiet Please" is an excellent fantasy program that can be heard on Sunday afternoons. . . The February issue of Screen Guide had a 3 page pictorial layout on Tarzan's of the screen.

The BB has moved! Address communications for the Burroughs Bulletin to:- V. Corieil
1100 Western Avenue, Peoria, Illinois

Dodd had been killed by flaming arrows
by the sentinels.

Later they are amazed to find that Che-
er, after drinking the eternal youth potion,
has become young again.

This is as fine a Tarzan picture as any,
and I think Les Barker is going to carry on
Tarzan's tradition very nicely.

—Maurice B. Gardner

critics' opinions:- Barker makes a good Tar-
zan; and will be better, when he stops grunt-
ing like Weissmuller, and gives the role
his own interpretation.

†

THE APES OF INNIS (continued from page 2)
"terra pulse" engine theory is known, and
development is in an early stage.

How long it may be before an earth-
returning engine-- able to bore through the
crust-- can be built, Dr. Zwicky did not
say.

He made it clear, however, that it will
take a long time.

HOLLYWOOD REPORT

The eleven best male physiques in Holly-
wood have been named by the National Gymna-
sts Association, comprised of 1,550 athle-
tic instructors. First honors went to Lex
Barker, the new Tarzan. Runners-up were Tim
Molt, George Montgomery, Burt Lancaster, Bob
Stack, John Payne, Howard Duff, Errol Flynn,
John Wayne and Dana Andrews. . . James Ron-
nell, British Negro actor, will play in the
next Tarzan picture. . . Edgar R. Burroughs
and Lex Barker attended the same preparatory
college, years apart, of course. . . The
TV version of "We The People" recently pre-
sented Lex Barker on the program. Also, the
program televised scenes from old Tarzan
films. . . To be seen on a future broadcast
of the same program is a woman from St. Jo-
seph, Mo., who collects stars' screen appa-
rel as a hobby. Her most recent collector's
item is one of Lex Barker's Tarzan outfits
which he wore in the new Tarzan pic. . . If
you are wondering what will become of Johns'
Weissmuller and Sheffield, now that Lex has
taken over, have no fears; they will sur-
vive. Weissmuller is the star of Columbia's
"Jungle Jim" series—in which J. W. makes
like Tarzan, with clothes on! Sheffield,
who used to play Tarzan's son; has gone into
business for himself as a junior Tarzan, in
"Bomba, the Jungle Boy." A new series, by
monogram, based on the Roy Rockwood books of
the same title. . . The March issue of Screen
Stories contains the fictionalized version
of "Tarzan's Magic Fountain.". . . Original
screen Tarzan, Elmo Lincoln, plays a part
in 20th Century's "The Beautiful Blonde from
Bashful Bend.". . . Enid Markey, Lincoln's
Jane, has a role in MGM's "Little Women". .
. . . Ex-Tarzan, Bruce Bennett, stars in War-
ner Bros new film "The Younger Brothers". .
. . . 1931 candidate for Tarzan, Tom Tyler,
is also featured in the film. . . Among the
highest income tax refunds for the last fi-
scal year was \$1,594.00. to Edgar Rice Bur-
roughs, Inc.

TARZAN OF THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Tarzan is the orphaned son of a British nobleman, adopted while a baby by a tribe of anthropoid apes and cared for during his childhood and youth by a fierce animal foster-mother. He learns all the secrets of the wilds, he acquires the strength and agility of his associates, and in time his human intelligence aids him in becoming the leader of the tribe.

His fearless encounters with the jungle terrors, his slowly dawning realization that he is a man, his pathetic efforts to add to his knowledge, are experiences such as have been nowhere else described with so absorbing an interest.

When he meets with others of his kind and is able to note the strange differences, when he sees the woman who should be his mate but is separated from him by unsurmountable obstacles, even greater trials are before him.

It is more than a strong, unique story—it is one that will be remembered and read again and again through the coming years.

ON SALE AT ALL GOOD
BOOKSTORES

THE BURROUGHS BULLETIN
1100 Western Ave.,
Peoria, Illinois



CORRESPONDENCE QUOTES

The verse quoted by Allan Howard reminds me of the poetry Talbot Mundy inserts at the beginning of each chapter in his novels. In one of the BB's Harwood locates Tarzan's cabin somewhere in French Equatorial Africa. He discards Angola, as being a Portuguese territory. He suggests however a point in Angola on the basis of Jane's letter. I favour this location since later on in TARZAN OF THE APES reference is made to Tarzan and D'Arnot leaving the cabin and arriving "at the mouth of a wide river" after about a month. That together with the reference to Cape Town being fifteen hundred miles to the south (p 172 in my edition) would warrant locating the cabin in Angola, which is Harwood's second choice. I should locate the cabin on the coast in the vicinity of Lobito or Benguela in Angola. In fact, so near that I don't see how the Claytons spent a year there without seeing somebody. Maybe these towns were only villages at that time.

—Gordan Stoeckler

This is true, but I still maintain that a French cruiser wouldn't be patrolling the waters of a foreign territory. What do the fans think?

—John Harwood

Our Palm Beach s-f club is building a jetan set. We're only in the planning stage yet but I'm looking forward to our 1st game.

—Bill Searles

I'd like to see the BB campaign for a new edition of TARZAN OF THE APES. With colored illustrations by J. Allen St. John. I believe a good sale could be expected for a properly publicized new edition - a good, clean book for all ages.

—Dr. Charles A. Call

Do you know about the automobile accident ERB was in? He pulled out of an intersection, and a couple of other cars got tangled with him. Coincidence— all 3 cars are of same make, year and color.—R.Manning

I was glad to see your rap agains't the Tarzan magazine. My sentiments exactly. This publication got off to a wonderful start with "The White Savages of Vari" and continued with issue #2 but from there on it is getting to wacky for old Burroughs hounds like us. Of course this magazine is aimed at the extreme juvenile trade that have not yet met the authentic Tarzan and whose acquaintance with the ape-man has been limited to the flickers. The powers responsible for the mag probably felt that the kids would be more at home with the Tarzan they know. The artist is good and the scriptist is on the right track in bringing in as much of the novel background as he does. If only he would desist from fouling it up! The kids are going to be mighty confused when they graduate to the books.

—Allan Howard

I, too, am sorry that La is gone. It would seem that I am responsible for the deed. But before judgement is passed consider these points: the comic book is currently the most maligned and severely censored of all publications. This is due to an exaggerated notion of the comic book's affect on a child's character. Crime, sex and violence are severely excluded from the writer's equipment and rightly so. However, as an example of the length to which this editing is carried, you must believe me when I tell you that the intrusion of a young and appealing female character in a comic book is regarded as an intrusion of something evil and sinister. To assume, as the censors do, that the child has the Biblical attitude toward woman is, to me, a rather far-fetched assumption. Until he is taught to do so, I doubt that a child sees evil in female beauty. This explains what happened to La. I doubt if she will be resurrected from her tomb in the hills of hypocrisy. ERB himself assumes an aloof attitude toward the Tarzan of the comics and movies and I ask of all Tarzanophiles that they emulate the master and look upon us with disinterested amusement.

—Jesse Marsh



THE

BURROUGHS BULLETIN # 10



AN OPEN LETTER TO Walt Disney

Walt Disney,
Burbank, California,

Dear Mr. Disney:

In the past you have produced many enjoyable fantasy films and you have scheduled for the future such other fine classics "Alice in Wonderland", "Peter Pan", and "The Sword in the Stone". Most types of pure fantasy and other-worldly stories with characters and situations not firmly rooted in mundane space or time are difficult to present believably in the conventional moving picture. The first two pictures named as well as "A Midsummer Night's Dream" have been done with living actors and none were notable successes. Likewise, movies of stories set on another planet with human actors cast as alien creatures have somehow failed lately because they failed to be "believable". You are not so handicapped and your mode of presentation is best suited for filming the interplanetary tale, which has been so long neglected by the movie makers.

You are of course, familiar with Edgar Rice Burroughs' world famous jungle hero, Tarzan of the Apes, and possibly at one time you may have read some of his fascinating adventures in book form. Tarzan has been adequately treated on the screen, but however, Mr. Burroughs has written many more tales equally as thrilling as the Tarzan stories. Multitudes of devoted fans around the globe eagerly read his yarns of Mars, Venus and Pellucidar, that savage world located at the core of the earth.

Corner any real Burroughs fan at random and ask him about the geography of Mars, according to Burroughs. Watch his eyes light up and that rapt expression cover his face as he speaks of the cities of Helium, Horz, Bantoom and Zodanga and gives you a detailed description of their inhabitants and history. He knows more about the flora and fauna of the red planet than do the scientists at Mt. Palomar. Hear him refer to thocht, calot, sorapus and plant men as easily as the Sherlock Holmes enthusiast talks of gasogene and tantalus.

Best of all, if you can possibly spare a few hours from your busy schedule, sit down with a copy of Burroughs' "A Princess of Mars" and discover for yourself the fascination of these action-filled adventures on another planet. Ride and fight shoulder to shoulder with John Carter of Virginia as he wins the heart and hand of the fairest daughter of the mightiest empire on Mars.

As you no doubt have suspected, I have been leading up to a suggestion and request that you do "A Princess of Mars" in your own unmatchable manner. Imagine the cheer that will go up from the fan you spoke to above.. and his many cohorts about the world. With the public, since the splitting of the atom and the consequent speculation on space-travel, becoming other-planet conscious, I think you would have a hit picture.

If you should decide to make this picture, I would like to venture a suggestion that you present it as the straight adventure it is and not weave any whimsy into it. Please don't turn our green four-armed Tharks into so many "Willie the Giants" nor clothe our thochts and great white apes in ballet skirts and send them simpering across a dead sea bottom. It is imperative for John Carter to deal harshly with a foe, but, always considering the juvenile trade, it may be necessary for that foe to die as subtly as possible, but die he must. Also, the Barsoomians are humans and Martian counterparts of earthly animals and should not be presented as out and out "horrors" simply because of their unfamiliar forms.

These words of caution should be unnecessary for we fans know that you are the person who can give us "A Princess of Mars" just the way we want to see it. I would especially like to see the way you do the transition of John Carter and his subsequent trip through space which you can also handle better than the standard movies. I will look forward with pleasure to seeing your green men, calots and all the rest on the screen.

Sincerely,

Allan Howard

HOLLYWOOD REPORT

TARZAN AND THE SLAVE GIRL, soon to be released, has promises of being the best of the Sol Lesser productions.... Vanessa Brown will be the new "Jane" in the series.... Lex Barker, who plays Tarzan half clad, was listed as one of the best dressed men in Hollywood.... R-K-O has re-released two Weissmuller Tarzan films, Tarzan's Desert Mystery and Tarzan Triumphs.... Weissmuller is now at work on his third JUNGLE JIM film... G&D has reprinted three more early Tarzan novels in new editions.... Watch for John Coleman Burroughs' new fantasy novel soon to be published.... Bruce Bennett is in FRAME-UP for Universal,... James H. Pierce is in THE KNIFE for M-G-M.

The Works of ERB and the SANDS of TIME

by Thomas S. Gardner

I read my first Burroughs about 1920. Since then I have read practically everything ERB has written, about half in magazine form as it appeared. As I have a fairly complete Burroughs collection it seemed that an experiment could be carried out that would be of interest both to myself and prospective Burroughs fans. I read Burroughs as I grew up. The criticism has often been labeled on Burroughs that his works are juvenile and can only be appreciated as one grows up. A second problem would be the change in attitude of the reader after maturity and with a wider and deeper mental horizon than when he was younger. Therefore in order to determine these points I decided to re-read my Burroughs collection with a critical eye. A specific analysis of each series or type of stories would be of especial interest, and a general analysis could conclude the task. Books were used except wherever noted.

THE MARTIAN SERIES: A Princess of Mars; The Gods of Mars; The Warlord of Mars; Thuvia, Maid of Mars; The Chessmen of Mars; Master Mind of Mars; A Fighting Man of Mars; Swords of Mars; Synthetic Men of Mars; John Carter and the Giant of Mars, (Amazing Stories, Jan. 1941); Llana of Gathol; Skeleton Men of Jupiter (Amazing Stories, Feb. 1943).

The Martian series are written in a romantic style that improves in a literary quality as they proceed except for the single exception noted below. It is interesting to note the desperate haste of Burroughs to attempt to keep Barsoom ahead of Earth in science and technology. The earth has been advancing so fast that even a literary giant and master of the imagination such as ERB has a hard time to do so. Thus in the earlier books the Barsoomian planes rated about 200 m.p.h., ours were about 120, by 1930 the Barsoomian ships had reached 400; our record was less, now jets hit 680, and the X-1, over a thousand with men in them. Get the point? The Martian civilization is depicted as a peculiar mixture of hereditary rulership in the higher cultures with democracy operating. The best example on earth is Sweden. I have estimated the population of Barsoom to be about 200 millions, 5 million green men, about the same black, and yellow respectively, about 3 million Therns, a million or so of the fair haired races such as the Lotharians, etc., and the rest red men and Bantoomians. At least three life forms reached intelligence of a high level on Barsoom. The blacks, reds, Therns, and yellows were the same evolutionary stock. The green men and Bantoomians two different and non-humanoid stocks with the white apes being of the green stock. It is not often that a writer postulates over one dominant, intelligent type, only Burroughs can do it well. Barsoom is depicted as being deficient in the very things that have made our technological civilization advance so rapidly; the discovery of the art of invention and organized research. Research and development

on Barsoom was an individual affair of the garret type inventor. The advent of John Carter catalyzed discovery by his fertile earth mind. In the period described more changes took place on Barsoom than the preceding one hundred thousand years of history! The books got better as the series proceeded and changed from almost straight adventure with a fantasy twist to science fiction and excellent fantasy adventure. The Chessmen of Mars is the first literary classic in the series. Synthetic Men of Mars is mid-way, and the last, Llana of Gathol, is probably the best in many respects. Now here is a bomb shell, theoretically most of the technological advances described by ERB are theoretically possible under certain idealized conditions, even the synthetic flesh. If you don't believe that take a look at tissue culture work, and reproduction of lost organs in the lower life forms on earth. The impossible things are few, such as the anti-gravitational ray, and the two hundred mile rifle bullet. From what we know of science, we must label these two impossible. I do not imply that all the things described are possible, but most can be realized. One fantastic theory has to be discounted, the change in size with planetary size described in Swords of Mars. It should be noted that nothing was mentioned about this in Skeleton Men of Jupiter.

The curious mixture of the use of swords and fire arms always amused me. The use of automatic weapons seemed to have lagged on Barsoom. However the most extraordinary change in the treatment of any theme of the Martian series is the change in the treatment of sex. In the early book sex was treated in a romantic fashion quite untrue to life. As the books progressed it was noticed that the attitude of Barsoomians toward sex came more and more to resemble the various forms on earth, with all the enobling as well as the ignobling attitudes.

Two points need especial note. First, John Carter and the Giant of Mars was probably not written by Burroughs at all. Words are used that Burroughs never employed before or after; such as ray gun for radium pistol, plane for flyer, cruiser, etc. Secondly, John Carter is written in the third person. My opinion checks with Jack Daley, in March 1941 Amazing, also in which the editor of Amazing states that ERB really did write the story. Anyway, it is the poorest thing that Burroughs ever "wrote".

The second point concerns the Skeleton Men of Jupiter, obviously the first part of a four part novel. It should be finished. It is excellent and has the Burroughs touch all the way through. I have amused myself by working out probable solutions. There are three primary ones; to wit, 1. In order to successfully subdue the skeleton men greater types of armament are required than ordinarily possessed by Helium and their allies. It will be recalled that in the

Fighting Man of Mars the invisible cruiser was not destroyed. (The disintegrating ray shells were, also the flying robot bomb. However, good scientists could re-work both from the gun and description.) Thus they have true invisibility, unrelated to the unsatisfactory form of Jupiter. In Swords of Mars practical space ships are developed, with a robot brain which would excell in space fighting or any type of warfare. Both ships existed at the end of the story, and one of the inventors was still living. Also Barsoom has Ras Thavas, the Master Mind of Mars, to help in developing engines for warfare. Such a back-log of scientific and technological material should enable Barsoom to win the war. 2. Barsoom could ask for help from earth whose atomic bomb, radar, guided missiles, RDX, tremendous technology, and highly trained scientists and engineers could permit turning out a space fleet easily able to overcome the Skeleton Men of Jupiter. Earth's scientists would need only a space ship as a model. 3. The typical Burroughs solution involving none of the above. Oh, yes, to contact earth for aid would contradict the Moon Maid in two respects: no contact with earth until about the 22nd century, and no space ship developed until then. But, the space ships in Swords of Mars and the last novelette contradict the Moon Maid anyway! So it would have to be ignored.

Thus every effort should be made to persuade Burroughs to finish this novel. This series is fascinating, and my favorite of the Burroughs series by a few points.

THE VENUS SERIES: Pirates of Venus; Lost on Venus; Carson of Venus; Escape on Venus.

The tremendously interesting romantic style found in the Martian series is also found here. The chief character, Carson Napier, also has the charm and personality of John Carter. The different aspects of various cultures are very finely drawn, too humanly in fact, and the stupidities of tradition, politics and religion of cultural status are portrayed the best of any fiction I know.

Sex is treated in a more normal fashion than in ERB's earlier works, and so cleverly woven into the story that one is not conscious of the idealized freedom, glimpsed by utopian types of novels, along with the degraded outlook of lower cultures in conflict.

Escape on Venus is the best of the series and one of the most imaginative and well thought-out books in the world. The tackling of various life-civilization forms must have been a tremendous job. The character of Duare is developed as well as Dejah Thoris'. (It might be of interest here to note that ERB's heroes are nearly always scanty producers of off-spring. Carson Napier; none; John Carter; two, with one grand-daughter: Tarzan; one son and one grandson, etc. Evidently children are nuisances for romantic novels.) It should be noted that political struggles are paramount in the Venus series. The wealth of unex-

plored territory, and the type of civilizations encountered permits of many more Venus stories. One has the feeling on reading the last novel that the story has just begun. One country approaching a rational social and political form of life, with a whole planet in the conditions described, permits almost anything to happen. People often associate ERB with conflicts with beasts, but he is even better in describing conflicts with other people. Some of the political aspects will be discussed in the general section at the end of this article.

It should be pointed out here that ERB wove Mars and Earth together in the Moon Maid, and the Inner World and the Earth in his David Innes series, but has failed to date to connect Venus and Mars. Such an intermingling of cultures would make excellent reading. The description of atomic energy on Venus was long before our own development. The anachronism of a 1930 type plane built by Napier and powered by an atomic motor is amusing to me, until I remember that it was quite modern when ERB wrote the story! On a semantic basis one must realize the dating of the stories so as not to confuse events.

THE TARZAN SERIES: Tarzan of the Apes; The Return of Tarzan; Beasts of Tarzan; The Son of Tarzan; Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar; Jungle Tales of Tarzan; Tarzan the Untamed; Tarzan the Terrible; Tarzan and the Golden Lion; Tarzan and the Ant Men; Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle; Tarzan and the Lost Empire; Tarzan the Invincible; Tarzan Triumphant; Tarzan and the City of Gold; Tarzan and the Lion Man; Tarzan and the Leopard Men; Tarzan's Quest; Tarzan and the Forbidden City; Tarzan the Magnificent; Tarzan and the Foreign Legion; Tarzan and the Champion, (Blue Book, April 1940); Tarzan and the Jungle Murders, (Thrilling Adventures, June 1940); The Quest of Tarzan (Argosy, Aug. 23-Sept. 6, 1941). Note: Tarzan At the Earth's Core was considered more of an essential part of the Inner World series in story continuity than the Tarzan series. It will be listed there.

There has never appeared a character in fiction that has captured the imagination of man, become as widely known, nor had the effect on the world that Tarzan has had. Tarzan has been translated into most of the languages of any importance, and I would estimate that at least a hundred million books concerning Tarzan have been printed. The world has never before observed such a phenomena. If one includes the motion pictures made about Tarzan, the comic strips and books, etc., it is at once evident that there also may never again be another character in fiction with such prominence or following. The word TARZAN has become a part of the English language and to most people the jungle they picture in their mind is the jungle of Tarzan, and not the real jungle of Africa.

The framework of the Tarzan books comprises three types: First there is Tarzan; his wife Jane; their son Jack, or Korak; Korak's wife, Meriem, and their son (although he is mentioned only once); Muviro and the

Waziri; and Mugambi. All other characters support these. Secondly, the great apes and other jungle animals. Nkima and Jad-Bal-ja are the two most famous ones. Tantor, other animals, and individual great apes enter at appropriate times. It might be of interest to mention here that the great apes of Tarzan are neither chimpanzees nor gorillas, (Jungle Tales of Tarzan, p. 256), but were closely related to the gorillas, (Tarzan of the Apes, p. 46). As ERB intimated that they were cross-fertile with humans this would indicate, by induction, that they had 48 chromosomes in the germ cell--chimpanzees and gorillas, if my memory serves me right, have 24. Thus a doubling of the chromosomes of a chimpanzee or gorilla would result in a new species of man, not ape, altered by about five million years of adaptation and environment reacting on the ape before mutation into a man! This would diverge our species and the "apes" of Tarzan enough to account for the differences. Thus the apes of Tarzan would correspond to man from one to five million years ago, with the cross-hybrids used in the stories being of a higher type! I doubt if ERB ever considered this in postulating his apes. Judging from the books, the apes of Tarzan were very few in number, and perhaps only a half dozen bands of 6-20 adults existed in Africa who roamed widely! According to the Tarzan fictional hypothesis this would account for the fact they were seldom, if ever, seen by man to be recognized as a separate species! Thirdly, the numerous, static-type civilizations encountered by Tarzan constitute a set of patterns for the stories.

The illustrators for the Tarzan stories have varied greatly. J. Allen St. John set up a stereotype that is perfect from the standpoint of physique, and in keeping with the description of Tarzan by ERB. The illustrators for the magazines are fair in Argosy, and terrible in Blue Book. The greatest blunder ever made in regard to the Tarzan series was the lack of control by ERB on the artists in Blue Book. Tarzan is depicted as being long, gangling, and built like a spider monkey with long hair! Also, one artist depicted him as being blond, short, and squat! Frankly, these artists should be disbarred for marring an established stereotype. St. John in the earlier books of Tarzan depicted a man, basing the height on the ratio of body to head, as being about six feet tall, and weighing about 180 lbs. The latter books, starting with Tarzan the Untamed, showed a man over six feet, and about 220 lb. Thus Tarzan continued to increase in size and strength. This phenomenon is a common one with athletes who continue athletics after 30 years of age. Tarzan was actually six feet and three inches in height, as he was a double of Esteban Miranda who was stated to be that height, (Tarzan and the Golden Lion, p. 26.) And in Tarzan's Quest, p. 232, it was stated that Tarzan stood "perhaps a couple of inches over six feet".

The strength of Tarzan was phenomenal. For example; in Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar he carried 320 lb. of gold ingots at a time about two miles underground, and made

six trips in five hours. A phenomenal feat. Also, several times he threw "small" lions an estimated height of 10 feet in the air.. over barriers. Now a small lion is about 350 lb. Basing an estimation on his feats as described by Burroughs and on the estimates of the strength of apes, Tarzan was equal in strength to 7-10 average athletic men, say soldiers in training; or about 4-5 times as strong as the upper 1% of the really strong men of the world, and about twice as strong as the outstanding strong men of history. His fighting ability depended upon his agility, speed, and endurance, as well as his strength. He also possessed health to an infinite degree. His shape was excellent. Thus in all six vectors of physical training he excelled. Tarzan loved black coffee (Tarzan and the Golden Lion, p. 62.) It is also stated here that he did not drink wine nor anything with alcohol in it. This was not strictly true, as he did drink brandy, (The Son of Tarzan, p. 252) by implication, since he offered it to his guest. And wine, (Tarzan the Invincible) by implication, although he did not care for it. Tarzan drank absinth in The Return of Tarzan, p.33 et al., when he was first getting acquainted with the minor points of French culture. Tarzan evidently quit smoking, although he used cigarettes, (Return of Tarzan, p. 55, et al.)

In regard to women Tarzan was attracted only three times, Jane who became his wife, the Countess de Coude, (Return of Tarzan) and most remarkably of all, Nemone, the partially deranged queen in Tarzan and the City of Gold. Tarzan was never closely attracted to La of Opar.

Tarzan has a phenomenal memory and ability to learn languages. He seemed to be an avid reader and remembered most of his reading. His transition with time is interesting. As he grew older he matured and developed more of the habit of civilization. In the last book, Tarzan and the Foreign Legion, his character is different in most respects from his earlier developments as shown in the earlier books. Sometimes Burroughs forgot and was illogical in his stories. In The Quest of Tarzan he spoke to Orang-utans in the language of the mangani and they talked back. Yet in Tarzan and the Foreign Legion, p. 118, he wonders if they will understand him. Also Tarzan had reached the point wherein he had almost ceased to give the victory cry of the great apes, except in the presence of the jungle animals, but not man. (Tarzan and the Foreign Legion p. 200.) He did not understand why he was changing.

The two most impossible things in the Tarzan series are two which I have not heard described before. First; From all the data we have, no child can be raised by the animals and ever attain any form of culture or be able to even associate with man on a normal basis. The gap is too great. Children have been reared by baboons, and wolves, and in no case have they ever succeeded in being brought out of the purely animal reaction stages. In brief, under the conditions described, no one could have educated him-

f, and partaken of man's culture as Tardid. Secondly, no organic form of life that we know could have lived under the conditions that Tarzan did for the length of time he did without becoming a prey to the diseases endemic to the country.

I would have liked to have seen Jack (Jack) appear more often in the Tarzan series. He was an interesting figure and was treated in sufficient stories. The same is true for Meriem. Also Jack's son, the grandson of Tarzan, appears once as a child in Tarzan and the Ant Men. A whole book devoted to him would be of interest. Surely the pull of the jungle was too strong for him to resist.

I should like to mention The Eternal Lover. Although I did not class it among the Tarzan series, Tarzan appears in it just the same. The most remarkable thing about The Eternal Lover is that, contrary to other Burroughs books, there is no logical hook for the story related. As told, it is logically impossible. Thus it is sheer fantasy! I have classified it in my library as number 3 1/2 between The Beasts of Tarzan and The Son of Tarzan. Jack was about two or three years old in the Eternal Lover which takes place on Tarzan's estate in Africa, the familiar farm with the Waziri. It is noteworthy to observe that ERB attempted to change the personality of Tarzan and to wean him away from the jungle in this book and in The Son of Tarzan. The ape-man gives in at the latter part of the Son of Tarzan. This is probably due to the influence of Jane, who later adopted a love for the jungle second only to Tarzan's after the recovery of her son.

Now I seemed to detect an attempt to depict a second change in the ape-man in Tarzan and the Foreign Legion. In that book ERB tried to amalgamate both the jungle personality with a civilized viewpoint. This is an excellent stereotype to develop and I hope to see it continue in many more books of Tarzan.

Tarzan and the Champion, Tarzan and the Jungle Murders, and The Quest of Tarzan should be included in a book, perhaps under the title, The Adventures of Tarzan. (Gratitude to ERB if he will follow!)

The fans of ERB will never quite forgive him for his abortive ending to the magazine form of Tarzan and the Ant Men. Fortunately that was corrected in the book, but the memory of the magazine version will always linger.

It is unfortunate that the Tarzan series cannot continue indefinitely under the able pen of ERB. Everyone would like to see more and more Tarzan novels.

THE INNER WORLD SERIES: At the Earth's Core; Pellucidar; Tanar of Pellucidar; Tarzan at the Earth's Core; Back to the Stone Age; The Return to Pellucidar, Men of the Bronze Age, and Tiger Girl, Amazing Stories, Feb., Mar., and April issues, 1942). Land of Terror.

If one likes to read about wild animals, the inner world series by ERB is superior to the others. The bitter satire on civilization depicted in this series, especially the means of bringing civilization to Pellucidar in improved ways of killing, is an interesting side-light on the personality of ERB. The principal characters are Abner Perry and David Innes, who have contrasting out-looks.

The action of this series is fast moving, the characters well drawn, very humanly depicted, and the plots closely resembling one another. The primary point that impressed me was the insistence that an individual gets used to the particular dangers and hazards of his own environment to such an extent that they become second nature.

Burroughs is one of the few writers who has been able to contrast competing species on the same land area and both being developed naturally from common life stems. Thus, in the inner world of Pellucidar the species to first attain a high degree of intelligence was the Mahars, a reptile type creature. The utter impossibility of living on an equal basis on the same land mass is well developed. Another variation was the Buffalo men, and the most unique was the Gorbuses who had a memory of living on the earth's surface today! No reasonable explanation was ever offered.

The difficulties of navigation, land, air and sea, on a type of curving surface without landmarks overhead is well developed. From a scientific standpoint the hollow world is untrue. Gravitational potential is zero in a hollow world at all points. The assumption of an inner sun, moonlet, and polar openings increasing the impossibility as the gravitational potential would then be directed toward the inner sun and all loose objects drop to it. (Ref. MacMillian, Potential Theory).

The poorest book is Tarzan At the Earth's Core. It is neither a good Tarzan book, nor a good Inner World book. The fizzling out of the fight with the Korsars amazed me. The best book is either Pellucidar, or Back to the Stone Age, with Tanar of Pellucidar and Land of Terror coming in afterwards. Incidentally, although Land of Terror was not published in magazine form and appeared in book form in 1944, the continuity of plot indicates that it was written before the three novelettes in Amazing in 1942.

Sometimes Burroughs inconsistency amazes me. For example, Dian uses a stone knife in the Amazing novelettes, although her people used metal swords, guns, etc. The most outstanding inconsistency of all, however, concerns his Waziri in the Tarzan series. For several books, Tarzan At the Earth's Core, Tarzan and the Lost Empire and others, the Waziri used rifles, military discipline, and very modern fighting tactics. Then suddenly they changed, and started using spears again!

The three novelettes in Amazing should be published together in book form.

A big difference in the Pellucidar series from the others is that the character of David Innes is not as sharply drawn, nor clearly delineated as Tarzan, John Carter, or Carson Napier. The reader never seems to feel that he really knows Innes. I believe that this is due to the plethora of animals and adventures rapidly changing in the Pellucidar series. This makes the plots more rambling and covers a lot of territory, both literally and figuratively. With the setup Burroughs has used, he has an infinite plot system, for Venus, Mars and Jupiter could have Inner Worlds on a fiction basis just as Earth and the Moon.

This might be a good place to mention ERB's peculiar outlook on warfare. He prefers for his peoples to fight with primitive weapons, bows and arrows, spears, clubs, swords, etc., until the situation gets tight, then he blithely brings in guns, etc., to win for his main characters. ERB is determined to win no matter what weapons it takes, but his jumping away from advanced weapons whenever possible indicates a romantic longing for the past. I would certainly like to see a novel by ERB on the Crusades. What he could do with such a topic with all the romantic pageantry seen after nearly a thousand years would be remarkable.

The main female character, Dian, seems pretty naive compared to the characters in the other series. The lack of off-spring by Burroughs' main characters is very prevalent in the Pellucidar series. All the main characters get married, and everybody else has children except David and Dian! Really, Mr. Burroughs, couldn't you have a heart-to-heart talk with them?

I notice one point in the Inner World series contrary to experience. The peoples described are relatively free of any form of disease. This would be contrary to biological reasoning, as a world as prolific in life forms as Pellucidar would also have diseases. The bones of primitive man show disease, and throughout the history of the earth all types have been preyed upon by diseases of some kind.

I do not like the stripping out of personalized passages in the magazine versions of ERB's stories. The book version of Seven Worlds to Conquer, (Back To the Stone Age) develops a more personalized and human character in von Horst. This is true of all stories in magazine form. The most important and necessary change was made in Tarzan and the Ant Men, in which the magazine ending was an abortive insult to the Tarzan fans of the world and far inferior to the book.

Jason Gridley decides to remain in Pellucidar in Tarzan at the Earth's Core, but subsequent books show that he returned to the surface world. Why was the change made?

Burroughs fans will find the Pellucidar series smooth and interesting reading. It is a must for fans.

THE WESTERN GROUP: The Girl from Hollywood, BANDIT OF HELL'S BEND, War Chief, Apache

Devil, Deputy Sheriff of Comanche County, and The Mucker.

ERB stands up to Seltzer and Grey as a western writer. His stories flow more smoothly and have more human interest than those of most western story writers. For some reason The Girl from Hollywood is seldom mentioned, yet it is an excellent novel and would make a good film--but, for obvious reasons, I doubt if it will ever be filmed. The War Chief and Apache Devil are, in my opinion, the greatest Indian stories ever written. They seem to be written by a bitter and angry man. Burroughs is evidently more conscientious and honest than most men, (This is brought out in all of his books), and in these two he resents the treatment of the Indian. Unfortunately, all the statements made by ERB are true. We fiercely resent persecution of people in Europe, but have permitted worse conditions here toward the Indians. It is unfortunate, too, that ERB used the Apaches as an example, for even ERB admits, (p. 38 War Chief), that the Apaches have been the Germany of the Indian peoples, living by war and ravaging their neighbors, evidently long before the white man came. They developed few of the arts and had less to commend them than most of the Indians. In spite of that, their wrongs as recited by ERB are correct.

For some reason I have always thought The Mucker to be a poor book. I resented the Victorian style of treatment and the talking down to the reader, or so it seems to me. The Bandit of Hell's Bend is a good book, and it is very fast moving.

THE MOON MAID. This book is considered by many people to be the best ERB ever wrote. It is an excellent book, and the second part (The Moon Men) seems to be the best part. I would like to see a second volume carrying on the series on the following basis: We have seen that Tarzan and his people have attained immortality. Well, they should liberate Africa just as Julian and his people did America! Due to the development of warfare such a situation as depicted in The Moon Maid can probably not develop. For example, the technics of rocketry with the fact that peace time use of fissionable material is also bomb material prevents a totally unarmed world as long as civilization No. 21 lasts. I have often wondered, and wished to see, how ERB would have written the Moon Maid if it had been written today rather than in 1922.

THE LAD AND THE LION. This novel is well written and somewhat different than most of ERB's books. The double treatment of two plots makes it better.

THE JUNGLE GIRL. A good adventure story of the lost land of the Khmers in Cambodia. In keeping with ERB's novels the story moves fast with plenty of action and interlocking plots.

THE MAD KING. This is another story that people seldom mention. It is a Graustark type of story and I found it very good, and in some ways in the top ten of ERB's books.

We meet again some of the characters found in THE ETERNAL LOVER.

THE MONSTERMEN. This story laid on earth is probably the genesis of the Synthetic Men of Mars. It deals with tissue culture and the creation of humanoids.

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT. This novel probably has caused more discussion than any other novel by Burroughs. The peculiar and original evolutionary theory developed is unique and a tribute to the intelligence of Mr. Burroughs. The plot is well done and no one should fail to read this book.

THE OUTLAW OF TORN. I have never understood why this book is reputed to be a failure. Laid in the days of the Middle Ages it has the action, plot, and suspense of those times, and is very good. I often wonder if the difference between ERB's usual style is to blame. The book is very well written. It is interesting to note that one of Tarzan's ancestors was killed off in the book very early by the old man and the Outlaw of Torn.

THE CAVE GIRL. A surprisingly good adventure story which, incidentally, is true to the extent that the physical regimen depicted has been used to convert the physically deficient into the physically superior. A classical example is Milo of Crete.

THE OAKDALE AFFAIR AND THE RIDER. The first story, The Oakdale Affair, is not too good. It is worth reading however, because of the treatment of character. The Rider is another Graustark story, not as good as The Mad King, but better than most.

THE TARZAN TWINS. Strictly a juvenile story that neither adds to nor detracts from the fame of Tarzan.

THE RESURRECTION OF JIMBER JAW. Argosy, Feb. 20, 1937. A cave man brought to life finds our world too different and too superficial for his taste. A good bit of satire by Burroughs.

THE SCIENTISTS REVOLT. Fantastic Adventures July 1939. A story in a different style by ERB. Some readers did not finish it, but if one sticks to the end he finds a coherent plot and peculiar developments of this world of tomorrow.

BEYOND THE FARTHEST STAR. Blue Book Jan 1942. A wonderful piece of satire. Well written, thoroughly plotted and gives you the shivers for it could be a preview of the earth's future, only better! As true of Nazism as of Red Fascism. This short novel is evidently the first part of a book length novel. By all means it should be finished. It might be Burroughs best story!

GENERAL DISCUSSION. If one reads ERB's books one by one, as they appeared, the most important points can be missed with ease. At first sight one assumes they are pure fiction books. Frankly, I found them political and economic tracts covered over with fiction. Thus their place is deeper than fiction can ever be. To wit:----

Politics. Burroughs exposes, condemns and damns various types of politics. Communism, primitive variety, is given as the basis of the failure to advance of the Green Men of Mars. Communism, Red Fascism variety, is given as the breakdown and fall of the civilizations of Venus and the Moon. The contacts in the Tarzan series are mostly action but still condemnatory.

Fascism, Italian variety, is blasted in Llana of Gathol, and the Nazi variety held up as ridiculous, insane and thoroughly detestable in Carson of Venus.

Democracy, or mobocracy, is often ridiculed. However, Burroughs seems to be divided between two loyalties, one a Republic, and the other, the partially hereditary, individual rise of ability with a form of government resembling Victorian England or modern Sweden in its social outlooks. Burroughs insists always on the individual's right before the state's right; the individual's right to go as high as his ability and energies can take him in all fields. Burroughs could be used as a skillful propagandist in politics.

Economically ERB favors competition, enlightened capitalism, and hates economic and political dictatorship. He doesn't like the idea of industrial work, but admits its necessity.

One of the most important themes in the Burroughs series is longevity. In the Mars series John Carter has a youthfulness in keeping with the five thousand year life span of the Martians, and with the brain transplantation of Ras Thavas potential total immortality. The Venus series include a serum that gives an average life span of about a thousand years, which we recognize as our potential life spans here on earth. In the Pellucidar series a longer life span is clearly stated. Abner Perry, an old man, grows younger, while the old Mass. man in the 1942 Amazing novelettes was over 130 years old and still hale and hearty. In the Tarzan series it is discussed three times. In Tarzan and the Lion Man they have an individual achieve an extended life span by hormones, plant extracts, pollen of flowers and cell transplanation. The problem is really tackled in Tarzan's Quest in which a whole tribe achieve longevity. Incidentally Tarzan and his friends got a whole bag of the youth pills and divided them up at the end of the book. One then assumes that Tarzan would use them, but in the last book, Tarzan and the Foreign Legion, it is stated by Tarzan that he had seen some of his friends regain part of their youth by these pills, then he goes on to tell of a weird rite in which an incredibly young-old witch doctor had made him immortal for all practical purposes. The longevity theme is greatly stressed in the series. One gets to take it for granted. NOW HERE IS THE \$64 QUESTION. Has Burroughs any desire, hopes, or wish to achieve practical immortality? Careful calculation based on present developments in the sciences of aging, gerontology, and especially gerontotherapeutics, indicates that the expenditure of as little as three mill-

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by
Edgar Rice Burroughs



ion dollars over a period of ten years would probably double the human life span. Even as little as \$150,000 to get this work started as a non-profit foundation legally able to collect donations would suffice. Competent supervision and an open mental attitude would practically guarantee success. What an amazing thing if there should be developed A Burroughs Foundation for the Study of Aging. If such a thing should ever take place, the work of Burroughs would be immortalized in the race as well as in fiction.

It is interesting to note the attitude of ERB in regard to religion. I would gather that he inclines toward a pure pantheism on a monism basis. The fundamental, revealed religions, merit the light in which he refers to them, especially the highly ritual ones. In some spots he borders on agnosticism, and in others clearly indicates a religious feeling deeper and purer than the attitudes of most people.

The outstanding trait of all of ERBs books is the impact of dynamic civilizations on static cultures. Most people consider ERB supreme in describing strange beasts, but I maintain that he is superior in describing strange men. In all of his works it is the people that stand out. The impact of dynamic people on static cultures is in strange contrast with a definite fear of progress in some books. Does ERB fear progress? I should say not. But he seems to fear the unorganized muddling that can do harm with superior technology. He fears that man may not measure up to his machines. Thus ERB indicates a deep social conscience.

On the racial angle, ERB casts more stones at the white man than any other type. He depicts good and bad groups in all races, but the worst types are always white, Mars, Earth or elsewhere.

It is interesting to note that ERB has always exhibited a suspicion of Germany, and relaxes to treat some members of Germany gently only a few times. In Tarzan the Un-

tamed and Tarzan the Terrible he called the psychological outlook of the Germans in both World Wars with amazing accuracy.

In summary, I found that I thoroughly enjoyed reading the works of ERB far more than I expected when I started the experiment. They are today superior to 90% of the material published in the last ten years, and some of his works will retain a high rating permanently. I believe that in order to complete the record, The Man-Eater, New York Evening World Nov. 15-20, 1915; Beyond Thirty, All Around Feb. 1916; The Girl From Farris's, All-Story Sept. 23-Oct. 14, 1916; and The Efficiency Expert, Argosy-All-Story, Oct. 8-29, 1921 should be published in book form. I have not read them, but would like to.

In conclusion, I would prefer for my daughter to read Burroughs when she grows up than the vast majority of junk that passes for fiction, both popular and "literature."

It is not the custom of this publication to accept advertisement. Nor is it doing so now. However, I always like to pass on information that I believe would interest Burroughs fans, and I know that a great many ERB fans also enjoyed the works of the late Otis Adelbert Kline. Perhaps the most popular of Mr. Kline's stories were the Planet of Peril series which appeared in the old Argosy magazine. So it is a pleasure (and, no doubt, a surprise to the publisher) to inform EB readers of the publication of the third and last "Peril" story in book form, "THE PORT OF PERIL". To make it doubly interesting to Burroughs fans it is illustrated by J. Allen St. John. Copies are now available at \$3.00 each. Order from:-

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Little Known Works of a Well-known Author

By Darrell C. Richardson, B.A., B.D., Th.M.

In the realm of Fantastic Fiction, Edgar Rice Burroughs' books have had wider circulation than those of any other author. Of the fifty-seven books that have been published by Edgar Rice Burroughs, only three made their original appearance in book form. These three exceptions are "The Tarzan Twins," 1927, Volland Company; "Tarzan and the Tarzan Twins with Jad-Bal-Ja the Golden Lion," 1936, Whitman Company; and "Land of Terror," 1944, E. R. Burroughs, Inc., Publishers. All of his other published books were first printed in Magazine form. The two above mentioned "Tarzan Twin" books are juveniles and are quite hard to obtain. It might be mentioned here that when Lad and the Lion appeared in book form in 1938, (22 years after its first appearance in *All-Story Weekly*) it had been re-written and was almost twice its original length. Therefore, a part of this story never appeared in a magazine.

There have been several Burroughs' stories printed in recent years that will probably see book publication in the not too distant future. Three Tarzan stories have not yet been published in book form. These are "Tarzan and the Champions" April 1940, *Blue Book*, "Tarzan and the Jungle Murders," June 1940, *Thrilling Adventures*, and "The Quest of Tarzan," a 3-part serial, August 23—September 6, 1941, *Argosy*. Three of the Pellucidar stories may soon be printed in book form under the tentative title "Emperor of Pellucidar." These three stories appeared in the February, March, April, 1942 issues of *Amazing Stories*, under the titles, "Return to Pellucidar," "Men Of the Bronze Age," and "Tiger Girl." The fourth of the "Venus" series appeared as four short novels in *Fantastic Adventures*, as follows: "Slaves Of the Fish Men," March 1941; "The Goddess of Fire," July 1941; "The Living Dead," November 1941 and "War On Venus," March 1942.

Six Martian Stories are yet to be printed in book form (All of which appeared in *Amazing Stories*) "John Carter and the Giant of Mars," January, 1941; "The City of Mummies," March, 1941; "Black Pirates of Barsoom," June, 1941; "Yellow Men of Mars," August, 1941; "Invisible Men of Mars," October, 1941; and "Skeleton Men of Jupiter," February, 1943. The first five of these stories will probably form the tenth of the Martian Series under the tentative title, "War on Mars." "Skeleton Men of Jupiter," is the first of the latest incomplete series. Burroughs plans to finish this series in a few months, according to *Amazing Stories*.

Three short stories of a fantastic nature, ap-

pearing in recent years, that can still be had only in magazine form are "The Resurrection of Jimber-Jaw," February 20, 1937, *Argosy*, "The Scientists' Revolt," July, 1939; "Fantastic Adventures," and "Beyond the Farthest Star," January, 1942, *Blue Book*. It might also be mentioned that Burroughs' sons John Coleman and Hulbert have had 3 novels printed as follows: "The Man Without a World," June, 1939, *Thrilling Wonder*; "The Lighting Men," February, 1940, *Thrilling Wonder*; and "The Bottom of the World," September, 1941, *Startling Stories*.

However, the main purpose of this article is to discuss the four oldest and rarest of Burroughs' unpublished novels.

"The Efficiency Expert" was printed as a four-part serial in the *Argosy-All Story Weekly*, October 8-29, 1921. This story is quite different from the usual run of his stories. It is the romantic story of a young man's fight for success and recognition in Chicago, where he finally lands a job as Efficiency Expert in a business firm, although he doesn't even know what an Efficiency Expert is. The hero's name is Jimmy Torrance, son of a wealthy mid-western manufacturer. Although he was very successful in college from an athletic standpoint, he barely scraped through academically. Therefore, to prove to his father that he is really worth his salt, he finally makes a success and finds a wife, also. This story is not the usual Burroughs' type and represents an attempt to write a serious modern romance.

"The Girl from Farris'" appeared as a four-part serial in the *All-Story Weekly*, September 23-October 14, 1916. This novel is similar to "The Efficiency Expert" in that it is not a fantastic or adventurous story, but is a "City Romance." The girl from Farris' is Maggie Lynch, inmate of Abe Farris' place, a notorious house in Chicago's Red Light District. Young Ogden Secor, Foreman of the jury at Farris' trial, where Maggie is a witness, becomes very interested in her. Another leading character is Rev. Theodore Purson who is not especially loved by the reader because of his hypocrisy. Maggie, whose real name is June Lachrop, studies to become a stenographer and is hired by Strickler, the manager of John Secor's business firm. She finds out later that she is working for Ogden Secor, whose father recently died, but is not recognized. Strickler discovers who she really is through a detective, and discharges her when she repulses his advances. That very night the safe is robbed and suspicion falls on her. Secor is badly injured by the bandits and when he recovers, his health and memory are almost gone. Sophia Welles, his fiancée, jilts

him when his business goes to smash. He begins to drink and finally starts for a forgotten ranch of his in Idaho. June, who has long since left Chicago is working in a restaurant in the town of Goliath, which is close to Secor's ranch. She recognizes him and inspires him to mine for gold on the ranch. This hard labor finally brings him back to health. He does not recognize her until Rev. Purson and his bride (the former Sophia Welles) pass through the town and recognize them. Seeing the three together brings back his memory and he realizes who she is.

The story ends with the solving of the two main mysteries of the story. First, the thief is found to be Strickler, Secor's ex-business manager; and second, the mystery of why June was found in Abe Farris' place is cleared up. It seems that a Mr. John Smith visits June in her home town and she finally marries him and he carries her to Chicago to live with him in a "hotel." This hotel turns out to be Farris' place, and the John Smith is none other than John Secor, who is already married. He drops dead the day before she is picked up by the police, and then she unwittingly goes to work for the son of this same man a little later. The story finishes in the accepted fashion with June and Ogden loving each other in spite of their many difficulties.

"Beyond Thirty" was printed in Street and Smith's *All-Around Magazine*, February, 1916. *All Around* was formerly *New Story Magazine* and it had just changed its name to *All Around* with the December, 1915 issue. "Beyond Thirty" is a long fantastic novel with its setting in the future. It seems that during 1922 in the midst of the First World War, which the United States had not participated in, all human intercourse between the Western Hemispheres and Eastern Hemispheres ceased. (Remember that his novel was written in 1915 and printed during the early part of 1916 and at that time the First World War was going on, and America had not yet entered the war.) The story opens two centuries after this; during this period the great Pan-American Federation was formed which linked the Western Hemisphere from pole to pole under a single flag, and which formed the navies of the New World into the mightiest force that ever sailed the seven seas.

For two centuries no man of either hemisphere had dared cross 30° W. or 175° W. Beyond was the great unknown. Even the geographies showed nothing beyond. The Eastern Hemisphere had been wiped from the maps and histories of Pan-America. A decree

[Continued on Page 2, Column 1]

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LITTLE KNOWN WORKS OF E. R. BURROUGHS

(Continued from Page 1, Column 3)

was made that death would be the punishment for going beyond thirty.

The first man to go beyond thirty and live was Jefferson Turck, a young lieutenant in the great Pan-American navy, who was born in 2116, in Arizona. The balance of this long novel is about his weird adventures, after his boat was blown beyond thirty and across the Atlantic. His adventures across the jungles of Great Britain, Europe, and Asia, his romance with the beautiful descendant of the British Queen, and his ultimate return to Pan-America make an intriguing and engrossing story.

The oldest and rarest of the little known works of Mr. Burroughs has an interesting history. For some years I have attempted to collect all the works of Mr. Burroughs. I obtained from the E. R. Burroughs, Inc., Tarzana, California what was supposed to be a complete list of his works, both in magazine and book form. One of the items on this list was a novel called "Ben, King Of Beasts," which was listed as having appeared in *The New York Evening World*, during October, 1915. Gradually, I accumulated his writings until I had each of his 57 published books in the first edition, and some twenty foreign editions of his books. My collection of his stories in their original magazine form grew until I had all of his original magazine stories except for a few serial parts from *All-Story* and *New Story*. I even found a copy of the *All Around* with "Beyond Thirty."

But I could never find any trace of "Ben, King of Beasts." I was corresponding with many of the best-know ERB fans in the country, yet none of these had ever found a trace of "Ben." Finally I wrote Mr. Rothmund of the E. R. Burroughs, Inc., but he knew nothing about the story and had no copy of the novel in the Burroughs' files. In the meantime, *Famous Fantastic Mysteries* wanted to reprint the novel, but The Burroughs Company could not furnish them with a copy. It also seemed that the copyrights were not even owned by the author but were still under the control of the interests that had bought out the old *New York World*.

I wrote some two hundred book stores and other agencies over the nation but got no result. Finally I wrote the American Library Service and they replied that they would furnish me this item at \$50.00 per newspaper copy. (Since the serial was in six parts this would

have been a mere \$300.00.) Naturally, I could not afford such a sum, and on top of that it developed that The American Library Service would furnish me with this item at such price only and if they could find it. So I was back where I started.

Next, through the Public Library of Louisville, Kentucky, I checked all the file sources of the *New York World* in existence. There were less than a dozen in the U. S., and even the Library of Congress had only a few dozen copies. It turned out that only one file covered this 1915 period. I had this file carefully checked for the month of October, 1915 and was informed that no novel by E. R. Burroughs appeared during this month. By this time I was beginning to believe that "BEN, KING OF BEASTS" was some strange and weird tale that had existed only in a forgotten dream of Mr. Burroughs' youthful days.

However, I did not give up. I hired a special research man at the rate of \$1.00 per hour and had him index all the novels that appeared in *The World* from 1913 to 1918. Some dozen serials by E. R. Burroughs appeared in the index. All of the titles were familiar except one. This serial entitled, "The Man-Eater" appeared during November 15-20, 1915. My theory was that this was either a hitherto undiscovered story, or it was the long lost "Ben" printed under a different title. Now that I had something definite to work on, I soon found copies of *The World* with the serial parts of "The Man-Eater." It was with great eagerness that I gave this story a quick perusal. About midway a character appeared named "Ben, King of Beasts" and I realized that my long search for this almost mythical story had at last been rewarded.

Ben, incidentally, is a large black-maned lion. It seems that the title of the story was changed by the editors of *The World* just before publication, and years later when an index of Mr. Burroughs' works was required he remembered it as "Ben, King of Beasts" and thus it became known. I had photostat negatives made and then photostat positives and have furnished a few of my friends with copies.

In regard to the story itself, little can be said in the way of praise, but it is interesting from the standpoint of studying the early style of this popular author.

A brief synopsis of the novel follows: Jefferson Scott, Jr., a rich young Marylander, during a big game trip to Africa marries Ruth Morton, a missionary's daughter. Scott is killed by savages. His widow goes to his father's Maryland home with her baby daughter, Virginia. She brings along her wedding certificate and other papers, which her father-in-law puts away for safekeeping. Virginia grows to beautiful womanhood. Her grandfather dies. She is, presumably, heir to his fortune.

Scott Taylor, a dissolute nephew of the old man, comes from New York to the Maryland

plantation to claim the estate. No will is found. Taylor hints that Virginia's parents were not married. Their wedding certificate being apparently lost, Virginia's mother writes her husband's former chum, Robert Gordon, an African Explorer, asking him to prove her marriage. The letter reaches Gordon's son, Dick. His father is dead. Dick resolves to go to Africa in search of the evidence Mrs. Scott needs. Taylor hires gunmen to follow and kill Gordon. Virginia also goes to Africa on a quest for evidence of her parent's marriage. She is captured by Taylor's emissaries. Gordon saves the life of a huge man-eating lion. The lion exhibits genuine appreciation for the act of mercy. He names it "Ben." Virginia escapes, meets Gordon, warns him of his peril, and together they start back for America. Taylor continues his campaign of enmity against the two, after their return to this country.

In the meantime, Ben, King of Beasts, has been captured in Africa and taken to America and sold to a travelling show. While the show is in Maryland, Ben escapes. As is usual in a Burroughs' Story, he turns up at the right time. He remembers his friend, Dick Gordon, and through a series of remarkable circumstances he aids his master by killing the villain, Taylor, and his crashing into a cabinet in the house brings to light the lost black box which contains the missing wedding certificates and valuable bonds. The story closes on a happy note as Virginia and Dick declare their love. In the closing paragraphs we read: "She leaned forward toward the man, and their lips met above the fierce and loyal head of Ben, King of Beasts!"

In conclusion, I may say that as far as can possibly be ascertained, all of Burroughs' stories have been discussed in this article, except those that have appeared in book form.

A BURROUGHS BULLETIN

SUPPLEMENT

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and

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THE BURROUGHS BULLETIN # 11



TARZAN

THE MIGHTY

I had already called two Frank Merrills without getting THE Frank Merrill I was trying to locate. I was about ready to give up as I dialed a third number.

"Hello" came a strong voice over the wire.

"Is this Frank Merrill?" I asked, "The Frank Merrill who starred in the Tarzan films several years ago?"

"This is he" was the reply.

I explained who I was and of my desire to meet the former screen Tarzan and was invited to do so the next day.

Frank Merrill, star of many screen dramas and two Tarzan films, was instrumental in my becoming a Burroughs fan. This was many years ago. I was eight years old and standing in front of a theatre admiring a large poster of Merrill as "Tarzan". The poster captured my imagination and I was not long in requesting the price for a ticket and permission to see the show from my father. I saw as many chapters of the serial as I could and soon learned that the wonderful adventures of Tarzan appeared in the Blue Book magazine as well as on the screen. It is my opinion that Merrill was the inspiration for artist Frank Hoban's illustrations of the Tarzan stories which appeared in Blue Book.



FRANK MERRILL -- TARZAN THE MIGHTY

Today Frank Merrill lives in a neat bungalow in Los Angeles with his wife Elsie. He is a specialist on tropical fish and plants. The years have been kind to Merrill. He has a tall, straight figure with powerful muscles and only a touch of grey in his dark hair. He has kept himself in excellent condition by physical training. As he grasped my hand when I entered his home I felt some of the power that was stored in his sinews and thought here indeed was the personification of "Tarzan the Mighty."

"I want to get something straight right now," he said with a smile, "I never was a

professional weight-lifter or a circus strong man!"

Many of the magazines when writing of the former screen Tarzans always mention Merrill as "a circus strong man" and Life magazine, in a recent article, stated that Merrill did not last long as Tarzan. This is not true. Frank Merrill is one of the most famous and popular Tarzans of all time and one of the very few to play the ape-man in more than one film; "Tarzan the Mighty" and "Tarzan the Tiger." Merrill's films rank with Weissmuller's and Elmo Lincoln's in popularity.

"Weight-lifting is just a sideline, kind of a hobby with me" said Merrill. "I held championships in rope climbing, the roman rings and parallel bars."

Merrill was awarded 58 National, Metropolitan and Southern California championships for his remarkable feats and ability on the roman rings, bars and rope climbing as well as YMCA and City Championships. Perhaps Merrill himself is the cause of his weight-lifting hobby becoming so well known, since during his personal appearances with his Tarzan films he would hold a fifty-three pound weight in each hand and lie flat upon the stage with arms outstretched and feet together, then without lifting his feet from off the floor or moving any part of his body except his outstretched arms he would do

a lateral raise causing the two weights to meet in the air above his chest and then bear their weights slowly back to their original position. Merrill offered a \$50 reward to anyone who could duplicate the feat and, during his tour of hundreds of cities, out of the 2400 applicants who attempted to lift the weights in the same manner as Merrill only one succeeded in accomplishing it.

A friend of his once entered Merrill's photograph in a contest which was being held in England. One day Merrill received a phone call and was surprised to learn that he had won second place as "The World's Most Per-

fectly Developed Man."

Frank Merrill is one of the few actors who have portrayed the ape-man to be successful on the screen in other roles. Originally from New Jersey, he traveled to California and made a name for himself around Hollywood by doubling for famous stars in the more dangerous scenes. Merrill, himself, starred in no less than 18 screen melodramas and several stage plays even before he played Tarzan. "Perils of the Jungle," "Hollywood Reporter" and "Gentleman Roughneck" were just a few of the films, and as their titles suggest, they were the Doug Fairbanks-Dick Talmadge type adventure films with Merrill doing all his own stunts. At no time in his screen career did Merrill ever use a double including in the Tarzan films.

"During the filming of "Savages of the Sea," the screen star recalled, "I developed a severe case of barbers itch and was unable to shave, so to prevent production from being held up my beard was allowed to grow." The beard was a discomfort to Merrill and, no doubt, to his leading lady for by the time the final scene was to be filmed he had quite a healthy beaver. "Since I was portraying a seaman of the sailing-ship days the beard was in character with the role."

His refusal to use a double caused Merrill to receive many a bump and bruise and doubtlessly a man of less courage would have been willing for a double to take over. For instance a scene in "Tarzan the Mighty" called for Merrill to rescue his leading lady from an alligator. Merrill dove from the tree tops in true Tarzan-like fashion to engage the gator in combat armed with a prop-knife. The knife however, was the only prop as the gator was real and very much alive, not at all like the familiar prop gator that has appeared in recent films. Everything was going fine with Merrill astride the alligators back and the two of them making quite an exciting show, but the gator managed to work the screen Tarzan down upon its tail, wherein lies the alligators strength, and it dealt Merrill a powerful blow across the stomach knocking the wind and senses from him. "I had gone down for the second time before they managed to haul me from the water to safety." said the former jungle man.

Another time they were taking a scene showing Tarzan riding through the jungle upon the back of Tantor, the elephant, when suddenly Tantor stampeded. This was not in the script and Merrill saved himself from possible injury by leaping to the ground just as Tantor passed under low hanging tree limbs.

Frank Merrill was the first screen Tarzan to use the vine swinging technique... a technique which Merrill himself conceived and performed. One of his most daring vine swinging stunts was to leave one vine at the height of the swing and propel himself through space to grasp another vine fully fifteen feet away. The "vines," of course, being properly disguised ropes. When M-G-M started making the Tarzan films they had a

showing of Merrill's "Tarzan" pictures to study his method of vine swinging and rope climbing. A method which the studio adapted but since they were unable to find anyone with Merrill's ability they were forced to hire the foremost aerial trapeze performer in the world, Alfredo Cardona, to perform the swings on trapeze bars which, although spectacular, were not as convincing as Merrill's form of jungle transportation.

During the filming of "Tarzan the Tiger" Merrill was to be shown swinging through the tree carrying Jane, in the person of Natalie Kingston, with him. Merrill made a loop and attached it to the rope on which the swing was to be made so he could insert his hand through it and make his grasp on the rope safer and enable him to bear the extra burden of Miss Kingstons weight. Merrill gave credit to Miss Kingston's courage for volunteering to make the swing with him. "I had one hand through the loop and the other around Miss Kingstons waist to carry her at my side," he said. "As we reached the full length of the swing the loop broke and we both fell to the ground twenty feet below. Lucky for us the ground was matted to make it appear like jungle growth and saved us from any serious injury."

Another Merrill-Tarzan first was the now famous "call" of the savage ape-man... that weird cry so familiar with the moviegoers in connection with the Tarzan films; and an imitation of which can be heard echoing throughout the neighborhood for weeks after a Tarzan picture has been shown, voiced by the hundreds of young Tarzan fans all over the world. Frank Merrill was the first to give voice to that cry on the screen in "Tarzan the Tiger," the first Tarzan film to use sound.

I told Mr. Merrill of producer Sol Lesser's desire to star all the screen Tarzans in a film together and asked if he would be interested in appearing in such a film. "Yes, I would be interested," said the jungle man "if they would do the thing right." Although he admits he has never read a Tarzan story or saw a Weissmuller film, anyone who has met Frank Merrill or remembers his portrayal of the ape-man must confess that Merrill has certainly captured the spirit of Edgar Rice Burroughs' famous character and will go down in screen history as a truly great Tarzan for having done the thing right."

Frank Merrill was indeed, and still is, TARZAN THE MIGHTY!

TARZAN FILM LEADS YUGOSLAV BOX OFFICE

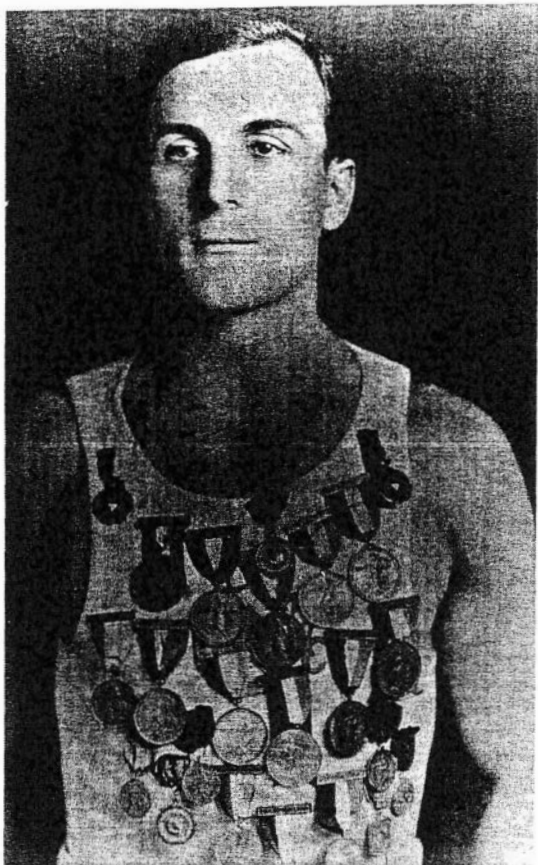
Out of darkest Hollywood comes Tarzan's call—and Belgrade listens, rapt.

"Tarzan's Secret Treasure," one of the first United States films to be shown in Yugoslavia in almost a decade, has been playing to standees for over a month, says the Motion Picture Export Association.

The picture is the first of 25 contracted for under an agreement between Marshal Tito and Eric Johnston, president of the

otion Picture Association of America.

Rest easy, Yugoslavia, the Yugoslav film monopoly has approved "Tarzan's Triumph" as a coming attraction.



FRANK MERRILL, ex-screen Tarzan, Pictured above with just a few of the many championship medals he has won.

OLD TARZAN ROLE STILL BRINGS IN FAN MAIL

Bruce Bennett says he still attributes much of his fan mail to a 1934 film, "Tarzan and the Green Goddess," filmed largely in Guatemala.

In those days Bennett was Herman Brix (his true name). Several years ago he took the professional name of Bruce Bennett, and now he is appearing in "The Big Frame," at Universal-International, and "Without Honor" at United Artists.

Incidentally, the 1934 Tarzan film is being released to European exhibitors for the first time—but with the name Bruce Bennett, not Herman Brix, in the list of cast and credits.

TARZAN IS AGING

What's the longest series in movie history? The Tarzan films, to be sure. They have been on the nation's screens for 34 years and have grossed close to \$100,000,000. Ten actors have played the role of Tarzan on the screen in this country; the best known is Johnny Weissmuller, who appeared in 12 Tarzan pictures. There have also been one stage Tarzan, 2 Radio Tarzans, 2 actors who

have made Tarzan recordings, and 1 Chinese Tarzan; who made a film in Shanghai before the last war.

ITINERARY OF AUSTRALIAN WRESTLER "TARZAN" White includes a fortnight's visit to New Guinea at the end of the wrestling season.

The trip is to satisfy his lifelong ambition to see some real jungle and to win a bet from Edgar Rice Burroughs, author of the Tarzan books.

White became a Tarzan fan as a boy. That's how he got his nick-name.

He suffered something of a disillusionment in a conversation with Mr. Burroughs when he visited America. Burroughs confessed that he had never been in Africa.

The nearest he came to it, he explained, was when he was sent to the South-west Pacific as a war correspondent for UP.

As a man who had written millions of words so vividly about the jungle, he was thought just the man to cover the war in New Guinea.

He was held up for two weeks while in Sidney, Australia waiting for his shirts to come back from a short-staffed laundry. He was very peevish about it because all the time he was waiting the Owen Stanley Ranges fighting was taking place.

He told White the Australian laundries would hold up his trip, too, bet him a box of cigars that would be the case.

Johnny WEISSMULLER

Johnny Weissmuller, more vocal than he was in the Tarzan series, portrays Jungle Jim in "The Lost Tribe." The second of the new jungle series about an equatorial superman who has more perilous adventures every 30 seconds than most of us have in 30 years. He battles tigers, sharks, crooks and what-have-you, swims twice the distance of the English Channel and emerges unwinded, dashes about as heroes should rescuing maidens from danger and even manages to enlist the help of a band of gorillas when the going gets too tough for one man battling twenty. Johnny devotes himself to the backbreaking, perspiration encouraging deeds with a heartiness that adds up to an hour of celluloid thrills and lots of fun for young and old alike.

Johnny seems to be giving the Tarzan films a run for their money—for the Jungle Jim series contain more action and wild animal scenes than has been seen in a Tarzan film since "Tarzan and the Huntress." Although the name "Tarzan" on a theatre marquee is enough to draw the crowds into the theatre, the productions must also contain wild animals and plenty of action if they are going to continue to enjoy the popularity they have for the past 34 years. Two more Jungle Jim pictures have been completed, "Mark of the Gorilla" and "Captive Girl," and after a tour with his own aquacade show Weissmuller will make "Pigmy Island."

Incidentally, when Johnny reported for work on "Captive Girl" he weighed in at 199 pounds, exactly the same as he weighed in 1927 when he swam 100 meters in 51s, a record which still stands. Contrary to reports—Johnny was not replaced in the Tar-

zan series because he had become too fat. When his contract expired with Sol Lesser, the producer of the Tarzan films, Johnny wanted a percentage of the profits included in his new contract, but he and Lesser could not come to an agreement so Tarzan swung down out of the trees and landed in Jungle Jim's boots with a five year contract and, what he wanted, a percentage of the profits.

Correspondence QUOTES

The article by John Harwood, "The Unwritten Stories of ERB," was indeed very interesting. You might tell Mr. Harwood, however, that Burroughs did follow up several of his mysterious passages. Remember in "The Master Mind of Mars" where Ras Thavas told Vad Varo that he was on the verge of producing rational human beings through the action of a group of rays upon a certain chemical combination? Only a small passage that was not elaborated on or referred to again in the story, yet Burroughs followed through on this 12 years later when he wrote "The Synthetic Men of Mars."

—Tom F. Alioto

I saw "Tarzan's Magic Fountain" and for a girl who lives in the jungle, Jane doesn't show much sense when she camps near an ant hill or stays in the ravine when a storm comes up. In the books, especially "Tarzan the Terrible" and "Tarzan's Quest" she shows that her knowledge of junglecraft is much better than that.

—John Harwood

ED. The late Will Rogers once said: "If the movies want to advance, all they have to do is not get new stories but do the old ones as they were written." This especially is true of the Tarzan stories.

—BULLETINS

Johnny Weissmuller, recently honored by the Associated Press nationwide poll as the outstanding swimmer of the past fifty years, and selected by the Helms Athletic Foundation for its Hall of Fame trophy, will be the star in a screen version of his life story which is being prepared by Columbia Studios. Supporting Johnny will be the best swimmers in the land—including Larry (Buster) Crabbe and Eleanor Holm.

After wrapping himself around a tree on the Sun Valley ski slopes, Lex Barker ruefully quipped: "I'm always swinging on trees but I never expected one to swing on me."

Lex is going to England and Africa for the next Tarzan movie which will be filmed in Technicolor.

"Bomba On Panther Island," the second of the new series starring Johnny(Boy)Sheffield, has been released. Roy Rockwood, author of the stories, is better known as Edward Stratemeyer, creator of the Rover Boys.

"Tarzan and the Talking Gorillas," a new record album, has been released by TARZAN RECORDS, Hollywood, Calif.

The title of the new Better Little Book, Whitman Pub., Co., is "Tarzan and the Journey of Terror."

Grosset & Dunlap have added two new titles to their new \$1 reprint editions. They are; "Jungle Tales of Tarzan" and "Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar." They have new and attractive jackets by Monroe.

'HIGHER EDUCATION' TEST. AIMS TO TEACH GORILLAS TO TALK

The San Diego Zoo's three baby gorillas are subjects of studies in "higher education."

Dr. Robert M. Yerkes, professor emeritus of psychology at Yale University, arrived from New Haven, Ct., to see if he can teach the year-old apes to talk.

Yerkes' research has included efforts to teach chimpanzees, orangutans and other apes to use their vocal cords to make symbolic sounds similar to human speaking. But this is the first time he has ever worked with baby gorillas.

The infants, brought here several months ago, are among the few in captivity anywhere in the world. Yerkes said that he plans to spend several months in his experiments.

Linguist Finally Cracks Chimpanzee Vocabulary

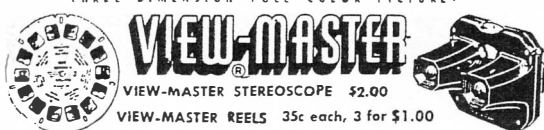
Dr. Stanley Rundle, the general secretary of the London Society of Linguists, can talk chimpanzee! He picked up chimpanzee by listening in at the zoo. Recently he announced that he would give a public display of his knowledge as soon as he brushes up on his chimpanzee vowels and verbs. He claims that he already knows 200 words.

When the cynics ask him what good it is to talk chimp, he reminds them that it may come in handy to know how to say "move over" to a chimpanzee deep in the jungle when the atomic war comes.

While we are on the subject of whether apes can or can not talk it might be mentioned that several years ago Dr. Henry Carpenter, of State College, Pa., made a study of an African monkey jungle and was so impressed by the defiant chatter of a band of apes snarling down at a trespassing "foreigner" that he made a recording of it. Later, when they were quietly feeding, he played the recording—and instantly they massed for battle.

"Tarmangani gree-ah por-kalan, gogo eho eho," said Nkima in an interview today.

THREE DIMENSION FULL COLOR PICTURES



TARZAN IS NOW AVAILABLE IN THE VIEW-MASTER REELS. ORDER FROM A-1 PHOTO SERVICE TORRANCE, CAL.

HAL FOSTER TWO-FISTED ARTIST



Harold R. Foster, creator of the weekly color page entitled "Prince Valiant—in the days of King Arthur," is a two-fisted artist who would rather fish and hunt, but finds time to draw an exciting "illustrated romance" about a young prince, the son of an exiled European king, who becomes a devoted follower of King Arthur.

For sheer artistry, "Prince Valiant" is one of the most consistently beautifully drawn features of its kind now appearing in newspapers. The page represents the work of an artist who believes there is just as much a field for beauty in art in the comic section as anywhere else.

There is much about Hal Foster that is wholesome and colorful. In fact, his early career in Canada would make an ideal scenario for a "wild west" movie thriller.

Skipping for a moment his early beginnings in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and his experience as a guide and gold prospector in western Canada—only to mention his brief career as a professional boxer—we find a young artist of average ability dissatisfied with his work in 1920, as compared with a year previous. He decided to leave Winnipeg and go to Chicago to learn more about art. He studied his chosen field at the Art Institute and the National Academy of Fine Art. While improving his artistic ability, he did commercial illustrating to provide a living for his wife and two sons.

In 1928 he was hired to do the first of the daily Tarzan series, "Tarzan of the Apes," which was first released on January 7, 1929. Later he was employed to do the weekly Tarzan adventure page. Because Hal Foster was able to do such outstanding art work on the Tarzan series, he received fan mail, complimenting him on his artistry. He found that readers of the comic sections were interested in attractive illustrations of their favorite comics or adventure pages. It was then that he conceived the idea of becoming the "D. W. Griffith of the comics." His ambition is to tell in pictures and script impelling stories of adventure and romance.

At this point in his career, the "Buck Rogers" and "Flash Gordon" type of adventure story was capturing the public's fancy. Mr. Foster went in the opposite direction and hit upon the idea of an historical story dealing with heroic legends of the period when knighthood was in flower.

He drew his first "Prince Valiant" page in 1934, but soon discovered that he was not sufficiently grounded in the history of that period. He junked the page and spent the next two years in studying the history of knighthood, costumes, arms, and manner of living. He haunted libraries for back-

ground material and spent many hours at the Field Museum in Chicago. He and his family moved to Topeka, Kansas in 1936, when he began to create "Prince Valiant" as a weekly feature.

Mr. Foster admits the beautiful princesses in his story may not be as glamorous as some of the heroines in other adventure strips. "What I sometimes lack in drawing I make up with a stolen phrase," he confided, in referring to the script that accompanies the illustrations.

A firm believer in good illustration as the foundation for a successful "comic" strip or page, Mr. Foster contends that comics, or "illustrated romances" as he terms his work, have a definite place in modern life. "People, today, are bombarded with printed matter of all kinds," he said. "We have developed a sales resistance to all printed material and it is a great relief to look at a picture." It is this condition that has brought about the success of tabloid newspapers and picture magazines, he stated.



Harold R. Foster, pictured above, is the original artist of the Tarzan cartoon strip. His book, "Tarzan of the Apes, Picturized," published by Grosset & Dunlap, contains over 300 illustrations and is one of the rarest of the Burroughs collectors' items.

Hal Foster is an out-of-doors-man who looks forward to his periodical fishing and hunting trips with keen delight. "My work is a means to an end," he explained. "I go on the theory that we should get as much enjoyment as we can in this little toddle from the cradle to the grave."

Because of family financial difficulties, Foster left school at the age of 13. He has had no further formal education, but his thirst for education has never been satisfied. He recalls that when he left school, his relatives said: "Poor Harold, he won't

get his education." His rejoinder was: "The hell I won't."

"My mind is like the attic of my old home in Halifax, where the seafaring men had brought their curios, ship's logs and lists of cargo," he said. "I have appreciation and any education that doesn't give you appreciation is mere memory work. When I went prospecting for gold in Manitoba, I became interested in geology. Today, as I travel through the country, I can 'read' a story that is written to grand music and I am not merely going from one filling station to another."

Talent, in his opinion, is merely enthusiasm. Practice makes one good, he said.

Mr. Foster lives with his wife, who is his secretary, in a comfortable house in Redding, Conn.



REVIEWED BY MAURICE B. GARDNER

In this new film Lex Barker as Tarzan is much better than in his first Tarzan film, and Vanessa Brown, as Jane, is very sweet and winsome. May she remain Jane for many years to come.

The picture opens with Tarzan and Jane riding through the jungle upon an elephant with Cheta upon a smaller one just behind them, when drums from the Nagasi village are heard. An investigation reveals that the prince's mate has been abducted. Searching about nearby, the jungle couple make discoveries. Presently several mysterious warriors abduct Jane, but she manages to scream to her mate who dashes in pursuit and rescues her, captures one, and gashes the left cheek of Sengo, the leader. The prisoner is stricken with a strange illness, after which the Nagasi warriors are likewise stricken. Jane begs Tarzan to get the doctor from the nearest settlement. The jungle man is accompanied by Cheta who, at that place, is very amusing when he becomes intoxicated.

The harassed doctor is played by Arthur Shields and his assistant is Lola, played by Denise Darcel, who immediately takes a fancy to Tarzan. A safari is formed and Neil, an American neer-do-well, played by Robert Alda, goes along. At the Nagasi village the serum they bring with them does well to spare the warriors who still live. The doctor is anxious to trace the origin of the strange disease and Tarzan agrees to lead the safari; but Jane and Lola must return to the tree home of the jungle couple. There Jane and Lola have words over Tarzan and a lively battle takes place, the aftermath of which, both are captured by the mysterious warriors and borne away with other slave girls to their hidden city in the jungle.

Meanwhile, Tarzan and the safari have difficulties to surmount when meeting the

Waddies, a strange tribe who masquerade in jungle growth and use poisonous blow guns to attack an enemy. The wily jungle lord beats them at their own game, and presently they cross an improvised bridge over a chasm. It is here Neil sprains his ankle. With Cheta he follows behind Tarzan and the safari.

The slave girls are brought to Hionia where the strange disease has originated. Hurd Hatfield plays the part of the Prince, whose father has just expired. As the slave girls are brought by Sengo, it is then the High Priest announces that they should pray for deliverance. He states the girls should be returned to their homes, and adds that the Prince's first born has just been stricken. Sengo's ambition is realized, for he has the High Priest sentenced to death and he is to be the new High Priest.

Lola proves to be a wild cat and Sengo orders her whipped. Afterwards, Lola stabs him in the arm, and with Jane escapes to the queen's tomb. Sengo knows they are there and he orders them sealed in the crypt. The next morning Jane observes an opening at the top. She climbs up and through the opening observes Tarzan's party arriving. She calls to her mate and he hears just before the opening is sealed.

With the quickness of Ara the lightning he evades the guards that surround him and there ensues lively doings for a while, but he ends up trapped in the queen's tomb. He releases Jane and Lola from the crypt, then calls to Tantor the elephant to batter down a wall of the tomb. Tarzan escapes only to run into Sengo, the new High Priest. Another lively fray ensues with Tarzan hurling Sengo into the lion's pit.

Meanwhile, the serum that had been lost by one of Tarzan's bearers, is found by Neil and Cheta, and they return it to Lionia, being just in time to save the new king's first born son from death.

Just at a point when things look dark for Tarzan as he battles with the Lionians, the new king announces that hostilities cease, for Tarzan and his friends have proved saviors of his people.

* * * * *

In this film Lex Barker, as the new Tarzan, seems like a human dynamo, moving with the speed and agility as Tarzan should act.

Announcement

Due to the high cost of the next issue of the Burroughs Bulletin, its distribution will be limited. Whether or not your name is on the BB mailing list, you positively must send a request for the next issue in order to receive it. This will be the large memorial issue. A post card will put you on the mailing list.

Vernell Coriell
Box 652
Pekin, Illinois



THE BURROUGHS Bulletin #12



EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS — PANTHAN

by Joe McCarthy
(Fargo Forum Staff Writer)

A writer capable of completing a full length novel in a weekend and who piloted a plane for the first time at 58, then in the twilight of his career became the oldest World war II correspondent in the Pacific, died on Sunday morning, March 19, 1950.

Edgar Rice Burroughs passed away at 74 just as he always wanted to—in the presence of his family and at his beloved California showplace, Tarzana, named after the mythical jungle man he created in 1912.

Strangely enough, Burroughs was more proud of his role as a United Press correspondent in the jungles of Bougainville, and later the Marshalls and Marianas, than he was of his Tarzan or Martian stories which sold nearly 40 million copies.

Early in 1944 shortly before he began his "down under" assignment, Burroughs told this writer in an interview for a Honolulu newspaper that he was 35 before his first fiction effort was accepted and published.

Previously, Burroughs had worked as a cowboy, salesman, gold miner, clerk and railroad guard. Burroughs had a career fully as fabulous as that of the Tarzan his imagination gave the world.

Seated comfortably on the "lanai" of his home in the shadow of Diamond Head and reflecting on his early writing attempts, Burroughs said that his first story was the "Princess of Mars," based on the adventures of John Carter, a fictitious Virginian who became warlord of that Planet.

Burroughs said the story earned him \$400. He selected Mars as his scene because he felt he would be as much of an authority as the next man on the conditions there.

"I was afraid of tripping up on detail

if I elected to write about familiar places," he said.

Burroughs was past 66 when he packed a portable typewriter and joined American troops clearing the Japanese out of the Pacific.

Under fire on numerous occasions and an observer on a score of bombing flights, the aging writer was finally compelled to return to Honolulu because of a heart condition.

In recent years Burroughs divided his time between the islands and California and did little work except to take care of his real estate holdings and movie interests.

Burroughs never wrote a line of screen plays (excepting two pictures produced by Burroughs-Tarzan Enterprises) but received an estimated \$5,000,000 in movie pay checks for the Tarzan pictures.

One of his last public appearances was in 1945 when he helped dedicate an army library on Bellows air field near Honolulu.

Ironically enough, not a single Burroughs volume was available for the GI readers there.

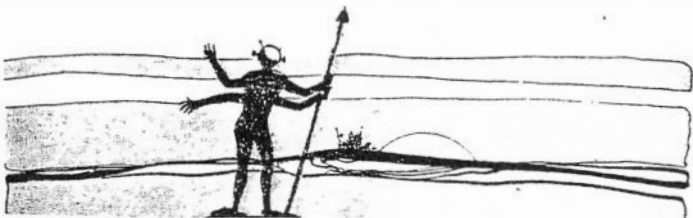
The novel Burroughs always figured would outsell his other works, but somehow failed to catch fire, was "THE MUCKER," the tale of a white hope heavyweight boxer and his adventures

in an imaginative land of fierce warriors and strange beasts. *****

Editors note: After 5 years in the Michigan Military Academy Burroughs found the army was in his blood. Failing to obtain a commission at West Point he sought one, unsuccessfully, in the Chinese army. He finally managed one in the Nicaraguan army, but his family interfered. He then joined the 7th Cavalry against Geronimo. Volunteering for the Rough Riders in 1898 he received a polite letter of regret from Teddy Roosevelt. In 1918-19 he served as Major in the Illinois Militia. He watched the Japs bomb Pearl Harbor. Arriving in Australia to cover the war in 1942 he continued to do so, in spite of two heart attacks, until 1945 when a severe attack forced him to return home, in my opinion, a war casualty.



Edgar Rice Burroughs and Joe McCarthy looking over Japanese war trophies in Honolulu.



PROJECTS **BURROUGHS**

by Thomas S. Gardner

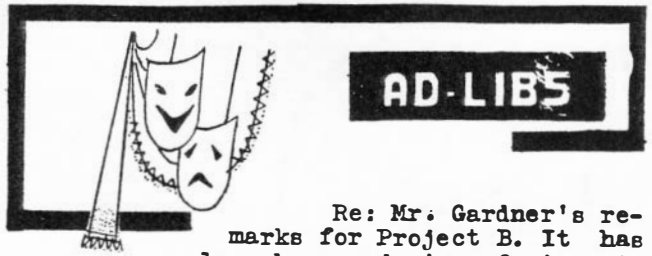
The death of Edgar Rice Burroughs caused more comment on the newscasts of radio than any other person since the death of FDR. Sometimes as much as one third of the time was given to ERB. This is a high tribute to the author. In all newscasts, or nearly all, it was mentioned that many new fans would be made because fifteen books of ERB's remain unpublished. This was not further explained. Due to the universal use of the number fifteen I assume that it was an official figure, perhaps from the Burroughs Corporation. The interest shown in Burroughs and the newscasts suggested two interesting projects.

Project A. The complete publication of ERB's works. Several things occur here. It is possible that some of his works are incomplete. I believe that even fragments of stories should be published, just as for A. Merritt. The latter author had several fragments published, in two cases parts of the first chapters of two separate novels, and they were appreciated by Merritt's fans. * Of course all completed novels should be published as rapidly as possible instead of dragging them out for years. If ERB had 15 unpublished novels that amounts to about 25% of his total published production. If so, then ERB probably foresaw his death and wished to continue to give of himself to his followers—truly a noble ideal! Such foresight is seldom encountered in life. Also the rare, and early work should be published, e. g., BEYOND THIRTY, THE GIRL FROM FARRIS', THE EFFICIENCY EXPERT, etc. The complete publication of all of ERB's output should be a major project of his fans.

Project B. The fans of A. Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes have had for years a club, if I recall correctly, called The Baker Street Irregulars. Why not a similar club for Burroughs fans with the Burroughs Bulletin as the official publication? A moderate sum should be charged for dues each year, say one or two dollars, to take care of correspondence and publication of the Bulletin. Such a club should be exclusive enough to have in it only people who have read and followed ERB's works, not just fans who have heard of or read one or two books. The latter are the perennial joiners and would contribute very little to the club.

Now here are the proposed projects that I would like for the BB readers to seriously consider. What do you think about it? We have in the editor of the BB the ideal man as a center for these projects. I believe that no other person in the country would be as suitable. It is up to the fans to decide.

*Ed's note: J. Frank Autry informs me that when he met ERB he was shown the outline of a proposed story entitled "TWO GUN DOAK FLIES SOUTH". This should be published along with other material by ERB.



Re: Mr. Gardner's remarks for Project B. It has long been a desire of mine to form a club for the more serious collectors and fans of Edgar Rice Burroughs. The name I have in mind for such an organization is THE BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES. If we could form such a club, I would be prepared to have special letterheads, membership cards, pins and stamps, etc., for members. It would then be desirable to have a Burroughs Convention, on the order of the yearly science-fantasy cons, where Burroughs fans could meet and discuss various other projects for the advancement of the organization and preservation of Burroughs' written works and by products. I'd like hearing from 25 serious Burroughs collectors in order to get form such an organization. It is my belief that we would have the blessings of ERB, Inc., as Mr. Rothmund has always been willing to co-operate with genuine fans and collectors of ERB's works.

If you are reading this, you now have in your hand a work that will undoubtedly be a collectors item in the not too distant future. THE BURROUGHS BULLETIN mailing list now numbers over one thousand fans in the United States, Canada, Mexico, South America, Europe, Australia...and one who writes from Africa. In the last issue I requested a letter or postal card from fans who wanted to receive this issue. Just that simple request cut the mailing list for this issue in half. I am, therefore, having only enough issues published to furnish those interested persons who requested copies with same. You are reading an out-of-print issue! And, I might add, your editor is out of funds.

Now that this issue has been published, at long last, you can look forward to more frequent appearances of ye ol' EB.

I am not going to try to thank all the Burroughs fans who contributed to making this issue possible...it would take a special issue just to credit them all.

This, I think, will be news to fans: On pages 3, 11 and 21, you will find the fine art-work of Russ Manning, a former fan-artist who is now under contract to Dell Publishing Co. His work appears in each issue of TARZAN. He is the artist of BROTHERS OF THE SPEAR in that magazine, as well as doing a Tarzan episode now and then.

Here's hoping that within these pages you will recapture at least a spark of the magic that was Edgar Rice Burroughs'.

Vernell

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The Master of Other Worlds

by Samuel A. Peeples

There was a moment of strange chill, a sense of standing naked and alone in the depths of space, then a strange, mad hurtling that ended as abruptly as it began. He still felt the numbing snapping of something inside him, as of the parting of a great golden cord, and for a moment sat groggily on the spongy moss-like yellow sward.

For a moment an appalling sense of loss overcame him, and he closed his eyes in bitterness and defeat, then he opened them. For a moment he was stunned, and his mind refused to believe what he saw. He sat in a slight depression in the great expanse of yellow lawn-like foliage that covered the ground as far as he could see. The sky above was strangely pale blue, almost colorless, and no clouds were visible. In the middle distance the mound-like, crumbling ruins of a great city squatted beside what had once been a mighty sea. Strange, unworldly—yet strangely familiar. He blinked his eyes.

He braced his weight on legs that had pained him so severely, only to find the spring of youth in them, and found himself soaring incredibly into the sky. For a moment dizziness assailed him, then a great happiness. He alighted a full forty feet from where he had tried to climb to his feet—and stood on two strong legs that held his weight without protest. He breathed deeply; the air was thin, and despite the orb of the sun, strangely small in that colorless sky, he felt cold. He shivered, then laughed, and sprang into the air. He alighted as easily, sprawled, and for a moment lay still. He felt a freeness he had never known so fully before. And ever-present the strangely haunting familiarity of this very landscape.

A whisper of a sound made him turn—to stand rooted to the spot with incredulous amazement at sight of what bore down upon him at express-train speed. A rider and a mount—so much he saw, and then he closed his eyes in unbelief. The rider, a gigantic being, four-armed, green of body-coloring, with great tusks protruding from a prognathous lower jaw, couched a fifteen-foot lance in his two right arms, and his demeanor was wholly businesslike—and wholly underous.

Even as the terrible, many-legged beast bore down upon him, he sprang to one side—and found himself shooting to one side at a terrific pace. But he had become accustomed to the strange lightness, and landed on his feet. To his surprise, the giant green man had pulled in his strange mount, and lowered his great spear. One arm was lifted in the universal sign of peace.

"Greetings, Earthman!" boomed a sonorous voice, that, though it spoke in a

tone he had never heard before, he understood at once.

"Kaor, Tars Tarkas!" he called out, and wondered how he knew the form of address, and the strange giant's name. "How is the Jeddak of all the Tharks?"

Tars Tarkas opened his eyes wider. "You know me?" he called out.

"Yes, but how I know is as great a puzzle to me, as it is to you. A moment ago I was on Earth—and I must have fallen asleep—for I awoke—here!"

Tars Tarkas edged the great beast closer. The mighty throat grumbled and growled angrily.

"Then welcome to Barsoom—although I know not whence you came, nor why."

"Nor I!" he answered. Then suddenly, compellingly, he felt the urge to move, to go on. It came, commandingly. He saw Tars Tarkas stiffen.

"You're fading, Earthman! You're but a shadow." The great voice was tumbling away, into a vast distance. The same unearthly chill, the same terrifying sense of flight through a numbing void—then suddenly a great city loomed clearly before him. Towers thrust up into the same frosty, colorless sky. Multi-colored flyers darted at incredible speeds, and he seemed to pass among them, down, down to the gorgeous gardens below. On a brilliant red sward he alighted, to the amazement of two people seated on an amassive bench of polished ersite. The man, a giant of splendid build and striking, leonine demeanor, sprang to his feet, his long sword coming clear on the instant. Bronzed though he was, he was yet an earthman. The woman at his side was of incredible beauty, her skin of dull, throbbing red.

For a moment the earthman advanced upon him, then a broad grin shot across his handsome features.

"Kaor, kinsman!" he called out, happily. "I once told you I would see you on Barsoom, in the capitol city of Helium." A mighty hand seized his, heartily.

"Kaor, John Carter," he answered, and felt the tug of affection for this grinning giant of a man. "Now I've seen the incomparable Dejah Thoris, I know why you could not bring yourself to come again. How is Carthoris and Llana and Thuvia?" The names came unbidden to his lips, from whence he did not know. He wondered, even as he spoke them, how he knew.

"Well—all of them. You are welcome, kinsman—" he broke off, staring. The sen-

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Master Story Teller

by Darrell C. Richardson

In a sense he was a creator . . . because his phenomenal imagination created the most widely known character ever to "swing through" the pages of fiction. No literary creation has ever attained such universal renown as Tarzan of the Apes. Tarzan is a household word on every continent and in practically every nation on earth. More than that Tarzan is now a new American word--and in Webster's New International Dictionary Tarzan is defined as, "the hero of a series of stories by Edgar Rice Burroughs. He is a white man, of prodigious strength and chivalrous instincts, reared by African apes." Two U. S. post offices have been named for Tarzan -- Tarzana, California and Tarzan, Texas.

Kipling liked Tarzan and always thought he was patterned after Mowgli of THE JUNGLE BOOK. According to Burroughs, however, Tarzan is a literary decendent of Romulus and Remus, the mythological founders of Rome who were reared by a she-wolf. There have been 24 Tarzan books in all, and three Tarzan tales are yet to be placed between hard covers. ("Tarzan and the Champion," "Tarzan and the Jungle Murders," and "The Quest of Tarzan")

It is impossible to estimate the tremendous influence that Burroughs has had on the entire field of science fiction and fantasy. With the possible exceptions of Jules Verne, and H. G. Wells, he has done more to popularize the imaginative story than any other writer.

Even more popular than Tarzan with the fantasy aficionado is John Carter of Mars. The first three Martian books, "A Princess of Mars," "The Gods of Mars," and "The Warlord of Mars" are considered classics in their field. There is an "other world" magic in these tales that create an atmosphere of reality in the most impossible situations. I believe that the magnificent illustrations for this series by J. Allen St. John has done much to make these the prototype of all fantasies. These have been the inspiration of countless interplanetary yarns, though hosts of imitators have failed to capture the spirit of the original.

The last of the Martian series were obtained for publication by Ray Palmer when he was editor of AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. One of these--"SKELETON MEN OF JUPITER" was the beginning of a new John Carter series which was never completed.

Demonstrating an equal flight of fancy are the stories featuring David Innes of "Pellucidar" that strange primeval land at the earth's core. Carson of Venus is another and newer science fiction hero. In addition to these, I believe Burroughs wrote at least three books that stand out as classics of fantasy. I refer to "The Land that Time Forgot," "The Moon Maid," and "The Eternal Lover."

And now through the medium of the radio and the press, the world has learned Tarzan's creator is dead. It has come as a shock to millions of us readers, young and old, because we had almost come to hope that he was immortal like his own fantastic creations.

Edgar Rice Burroughs will always be considered as an outstanding example of what may be accomplished with the opportunity of the American way of life. He took merit from his incredible imagination and with it earned a fortune of over \$10,000,000. In his good years, royalties from his books and their byproducts have amounted to more than double the President's salary.

Burroughs never claimed that his stories had any great literary value. He was modest to a fault. An editorial in FORTUNE MAGAZINE quoted Burroughs as saying "that some of his stories are not so hot but reminds me pertinently that they sell -- an argument that admits of no rebuttal." But Burroughs was a great spinner of yarns. He had stories to tell and he told them with an artist's touch. There are pages in his books which have an authentic touch of story-telling genius.

I know that I speak for millions of fans when I say that we will sincerely miss him. However, his spirit, his ideas, and his creations will live on to entertain and inspire this generation and the next and the next.



sation of cold struck at the visitor once again, and the scene faded, spun away into the cold black of outer space.

The sense of falling, of spinning, at a tremendous rate through a great void, and then his eyes opened, and he saw shifting, billowing masses of cloud into which he sank, endlessly. Great trees, of incredible height, spread about him. And when at last he stood on resilient soil once more, his weight seemed more normal.

A great spider-like thing hung in a gigantic web above him. He heard the noisome roar of a mammoth man-eater; and saw a strange tiger-like animal, with enormous chelae protruding from its shoulders, stalking him. Then suddenly a man, a blonde giant of a man sprang before him, and with a slash of his sword, drove off the threatening beast.

"Hello there!" the man said in amazement. "I truly never thought to see you in person. When I left Guadalupe Island, I was indeed amazed that I could remain en rapport with you across the millions of miles of space."

"But you did, Carson Napier," the visitor replied. He smiled, his gentle, kindly smile. "I've told your story, as you wished. How is Duare—and have you ever learned the square root of minus-one?"

"She is here—" A wondrously beautiful girl advanced shyly, held out her hand. The visitor's hand touched hers, then abruptly he felt the sickening lurch of transit once more, and the scene spun madly away into nothingness.

He felt heat next, a muggy warmth that oozed all about him, and the glare of a pitiless sun. He felt growing things, a madness of growth, unchecked, all about him. The scene he saw next took his breath away. It was a nightmare out of the past, when the world was young, and gigantic animals froliced, and hairy mammoths roamed the undulating planes that seemed to climb into the sky in the distance instead of ending in a horizon. Then on the mighty sea that billowed and roiled before him, he saw a strange craft, beating in to shore. Without sails, it's great wooden hull glistening, it sped over the water with a mighty roar, to pile upon the sand with an echoing crash, spilling two men out into the shallow water.

The younger, a man in the prime of life, grinned. "That's the end of the first jet-powered boat in Pellucidar, Perry," he said. The older man shook his shaggy white-haired head. "It was a good idea—just didn't work out."

Then the two became aware of the visitor, turned to him.

"Hello there!" came the cry. "Perry, look who's here!"

They shook his hand. The older man with

a grip fully as powerful as the younger.

"Not bad for a man a hundred and eight years old, heh?" he grinned.

"How are you, David Innes—and Abner Perry—and how is Dian the Beautiful?"

"Everyone is fine," the younger man said. "By George, we'll have a celebration! Pellucidar will ring to it."

"No," strange compulsion held him. "I must go. There is yet another place I must visit—"

Terrible emptiness, falling, falling...

A ringing cry echoed in his ears as he sat up and opened his eyes. A giant white man, nearly naked, stood over him. He smiled, gravely, bent to offer a hand.

"My friend—it is good to see you."

"Tarzan—Tarzan of the Apes—" The visitor felt a great warmth inside him.

"Come, my friend—the upper terraces are open. I see you cannot stay—but this is the freedom, the life you always sought. Come!"

With a lithe spring the ape-man swung up into the nearest jungle giant. For a moment the other hesitated, then he sprang upward, found his hands gripping a limb. A great cry burst from his lips, echoed over the trackless jungles. A lion roared an answer, and he looked down upon a giant black-maned golden lion.

"Jad-bal-ja!" he cried out, and the mighty beast roared his greeting.

For a long, long moment he found the pleasures, the thrill, of being free, of living as he had always wanted to live—then, sadly, tragically, he called out.

"Farewell, Tarzan of the Apes!"

The giant ape-man was beside him, his strong hand gripping his shoulder. "Not farewell, my friend," he said. "We will meet again. We who have tasted of the freedom of life—parting can be no sorrow for us—for we know the certainty that we will meet again! Until then—"

The victory cry of the bull ape thundered from his mighty chest, and his head was tossed back, and one powerful hand struck his chest resoundingly.....

The darkness, the chill, the sense of falling, was greater than ever before. It seemed interminable. Then abruptly he felt solid ground and opened his eyes. A great vacancy was about him. Roiling wisps of cloud, and empty yearning. This was no place he had ever been before, there was no sense of familiarity here. Dimly, he felt the presence of mighty personages, in the shrouding mists of time.

A great, booming voice, cold, mechanical, rang out:

"You stand before us for judgement—and for placing. If there are those who will speak for you—let them advance!"

And suddenly, from the mists came a long line of men, splendid, wondrous men, and beautiful women. He knew them, knew them all. Stern, forbidding of mien, not a smile was cast upon him, and he felt the alien cold creep close. In striking array they stood before him.

Tarzan of the Apes, John Carter, Warlord of Mars, Carson of Venus, David Innes, Abner Perry, Tanar of Pellucidar, the mighty Monster Man, the slim, dark figure of the Bandit of Hell's Bend, the small, leopard-like Outlaw of Torn, in golden armor, The Red Hawk, the bearded Mad King, The Terrible Tenderfoot, and Shoz-dijiji the apache in full war-paint—

No word was spoken, but they stood before him, and suddenly a great fear burst upon him. Who was he in such mighty company? He felt nervous, ill at ease, and lonely.

The great voice boomed out: "Hear me, stranger! Have you conquered the depths of space like John Carter and Carson Napier?"

And, tremulously, he answered, "No."

"Have you made yourself Lord of the Jungle and of the beasts as Tarzan of the Apes has done?"

"No," must be his answer, and his fear grew.

"Have you known the wondrous adventures, the great loves, that have been the lot of these others?"

"No." And he knew he was lost.

"Then, must we judge ye—" He knew he had lost, the great voice, impersonal, betokened his doom.

"Wait!" It came from a chorus of voices. A thrill shot through him. A mighty host seemed suddenly to appear as the mists rolled back. Fighting men, of many worlds, in every garb, in the full panoply of war and glory.

John Carter, Warlord of Mars stepped forward. "As the first-born of all these," he included the wondrous host about him, "I shall speak. This man has none of the honors and the glories that he has given us. But he has more. He has the greatness of immortality, for he created us all."

Then, suddenly warm and glowing, the voice thundered forth: "Then let it be known ye have been judged, and not found wanting. As few men may, you have created myriad worlds for yourself, any and all of which are yours. Forever, as long as men read books, and boys live in the wondrous reality

that is books, for as long as mankind shall endure—you will live. That is the judgement. And before this assembled host, I name thee, Master of Other Worlds."

And ten thousand times a thousand swords lifted high, and millions of voices rang out. And he was one with them, and the shadow-state was gone, and he was there, real. They pressed close about him. Tarzan of the Apes stood beside him, gripping his hand. His smile was grave, kindly.

"Welcome home, Edgar Rice Burroughs," he said, simply. "Welcome home!"



REALISTIC DREAMS

by BASIL WELLS

Even though all his fans knew that Burroughs was a very sick man since the end of the war, it was rather a shock to hear of his death. It meant that no more would Lord Greystoke, Carson Napier, John Carter, and David Innes discover new lands and hidden cities to explore.

Burroughs wrote for the thousands of us in whom the boyhood urge to explore, to look on new and mysterious scenes, and to refuse to be content with the well-worn channel into which life launched us, yet endures. Critics call him inordinately bloody. They term his command of words and plotting mediocre, or poor. A recent article said he had written the same story again and again—particularly the Tarzan saga. Perhaps they are correct—in their own particular approach to his works. . . . but, to us, the readers, the vitality and gentle irony of Burroughs' own personality shone through the mere words. We sensed kinship.

He made his characters live for us. We remember the names of cities and lost, long-forgotten lands of adventure. We know the geography of Mars and Pellucidar as well or better than that of much of Terra. That the moon of Earth is hollow, and that in the South Pacific lies Caspak—of this we are more than halfway convinced. Burroughs made even his most fantastic creations take on three-dimensional reality. We lived with them—knew them.

And all this with (as the critics have it), an inferior command of language, poor plotting, and the same story told again and again! Would that I could approach ERB's story telling!

Do you remember the names, places and backgrounds of the highly touted book club selections of a year ago? Or the three chief characters of that detective pocket book

you just tossed aside last evening?

Another thing about Burroughs. His people are healthy, not overdressed, and primitives in a refreshingly modern manner. But, unlike the current flood of printed bound books, sex is not daubed and smeared, at carefully calculated intervals, over the true story's surface. The hero isn't always making passes at his pal's wife, and the rascal who tries, gets it in the neck. Old-fashioned perhaps, but we don't hesitate to let the small-fry read Burroughs. Personally I'm sick of the boudoir atmosphere and the unhealthy stressing of sex over stomach. Food comes first.

Perhaps this is why science fiction and fantasy are coming into their own. And in this respect Burroughs led the way. Verne, Wells, Haggard, Lovecraft, Heinlein, and all the others, are widely known and read. But Burroughs reached millions more than any of these.

I had hoped to read Burroughs' explanation of the mysterious little planet hanging so close above Pellucidar. That balloon should have landed there. I wish John Carter and Tarzan could have combined forces—say on Jupiter. And what's cooking down in the Land That Time Forgot? The germs of a few score other stories, stemming from Burroughs' fertile imaginings, keep fermenting in my head. But I'm not ERB. I don't know what he planned. Maybe his sons do....Here's hoping.

Kid. Stuff!

by John Harwood

With the passing of Edgar Rice Burroughs, the nation has lost the author, with whose characters many an American has grown up. As the years passed many of these readers gave up the Burroughs books and now refer to the works as kid stuff. Why is this? Just because they liked the stories when they were young is no reason why the books shouldn't appeal to adults as well. It's true that many children read the books, but that doesn't make them juveniles. Besides the adventures of Tarzan, John Carter and the other characters, ERB has written into his novels many things that appeal more to the adult reader than to the kids.

As a youngster you probably enjoyed the way John Carter could fight a dozen swordsmen single-handed and defeat them. If you read the Mars books again today you would find that in addition to the adventures of the Swordsman of Two Worlds that ERB is a very successful prophet of things to come. Not to be outdone by H. G. Wells and Jules Verne, Burroughs has predicted radar, the automatic pilot, the radio compass, the teletype, transmission of pictures by radio or wire and the homing device for bombs and torpedoes.

Burroughs fans who have continued reading the books after becoming adults find that they enjoy the author's comments on

the contrast between primitive and civilized societies. Most of this is lost on children. If ERB's stories are juvenile, why does he waste time on the satires which are above the heads of the kids? He is one of the few writers whose books can interest both groups. The younger readers go in for the straight adventure while the adults read for both the adventures and the more serious matter beneath the surface of the stories. "Carson of Venus," for example, can be read for the thrills or you can look back of the action and read it as a caricaturized picture of the Nazi party of pre-war Germany.

Some of the things that the author says about men and women show that he wasn't thinking of his younger readers when he wrote them. A few examples:

"You can always tell honest men. They go around telling the world how honest they are."

"he snatched the casket from the screaming man as easily as one man takes another's wife in Hollywood...."

"he had known women of the outer crust who were like her. Marriage to them, meant a struggle for supremacy. It was a 50-50 proposition of their own devising—they took fifty and demanded the other fifty."

"only man of all the animals has the faculty of devising torture for amusement."

Another thing that will appeal to the adult reader are the figures of speech that the author uses. Where a youngster may rush over a descriptive passage to get to the action, an adult may go back and read a certain passage to get the full flavor of it. Some of his most poetic expressions are almost lost between the more exciting passages of his works. A few examples:

"The morning mist floated lazily in the still air, the soul of the dead night clinging reluctantly to earth."

"A low sun pointed long shadows toward the east; the tired day was preparing to lay aside its burdens."

"Curiosity is often a fatal poison."

"a company of dead men paddling up a river of death, three hundred ebon Charons escorting his dead soul to Hell."

"the cruel, terrible thousand-eyed thing that is a crowd."

"the great, gray dreadnaught of the jungle...." (Tantor)

"his house of hair..." (Arab tent)

Now it all adds up to this. Forget that you have read the Burroughs books as a child and read them over again. See if you're not surprised to find that they are not kid-stuff after all.

LETTERS IN TRIBUTE TO EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The death of Edgar Rice Burroughs will loose a flood of memories, for boys of every vintage since 1912 have swung from tree limbs and beat their chests with bloodcurdling cries in emulation of his most durable creation, Tarzan of the Apes. Even the little girls who were permitted to play the role of Jane, the Jungle Lord's well-born mate, will be saddened.

Today's youngsters are turning to space ships and atomic disintegrators, little knowing that Burroughs' fertile imagination pioneered interplanetary adventure for their parents—his first sale was a story of Marsmen.

If a man's life is judged by the amount of pleasure and entertainment he has given others, Burroughs stands high on the list. Few writers have reached a larger audience, yet he was free of arty pretense. He neither went to college, nor to Africa. He said he was an escapist—that he wrote to escape being broke. But he kept on writing after he had made several fortunes, and we suspect he wrote for the same reason millions of people read him—because it was fun.

—The Los Angeles Times

Although I was expecting it, the death of ERB came as a great shock. It's hard to fully realize that he is gone. It's terribly hard to see an idol pass, and ERB was an idol to many of us.

I never met Edgar Rice Burroughs; and in a way, it's better like that. I know him from his books alone, and I think there is much of the man in them. He had faith in mankind and in its struggle to become something more; Tarzan and John Carter and the others are supermen. They are men, not as men really are, but as Burroughs liked to think of them, noble, strong, unconquerable. Nothing could ever conquer them; nothing ever conquered Burroughs the man, I think, not even death which he hated so much. In almost every novel he wrote he fought with the inevitable end to all men; he mocked it, denied it, hated it. And, in a way, I think he has won his fight. Every man who was ever a boy, and who gloried in the doings of Tarzan and his cohorts from ERB's pen, owes a vast debt to Edgar Rice Burroughs. He had worldly success, everything this world could grant him; but it was not enough. Like John Carter, his eyes were always on another, better, more romantic world, where immortality is the commonplace and the wondrous but natural. I know he found that world waiting for him when he snapped the feeble cord of life and stood



'Those Were the Good Old Treetop Days'

stronger, more alive than ever, among the stars.

The world will go along without ERB, but in a way it will be an emptier place. In the heart of every boy who reads of Tarzan and the others, he has left his indelible mark. It's the kind of memorial few men leave behind them, and Burroughs more than deserved it.

—Samuel A. Peeples

I met Mr. Burroughs several times and found him to be a delightful and charming person. I was very sorry to learn of his death and feel that the world of make-believe has lost one of its most renowned contributors. Having been a life long Tarzan fan myself, I have read all the Tarzan books and am doing my best to carry on the tradition of Tarzan as I think Mr. Burroughs would want it. We are filming the next picture in Africa, and I am glad for I always felt this series needed more authenticity.

—Lex Barker

My first meeting with Mr. Burroughs occurred in 1921 or 1922 at the old First National Studios, at Santa Monica Ave. and Gower St. in L.A. He arrived with his young son, Jack, who was about seven years of age at that time—a dear little fellow he was.

Afterwards, Mrs. Tabler and I became on cordial terms with the Burroughs family, and enjoyed this relationship over a period of years.

Mr. Burroughs was a fine gentleman and I am sad to learn of his passing.

—P. Dempsey Tabler

In the long summer days of 1930, 1931, and 1932 when I was ten, eleven and twelve years old, I believe that my finest pastime was reciting, from memory, the Tarzan books of Edgar Rice Burroughs. I used to gather friends from the surrounding houses under my Grandmother's great oak tree, and there, in the leafy quiet, intone the chapter and verse of the mighty ape-man, and recount the meetings with Bolgani, and Kerchak, and Hista, and Tantor. I have never forgotten those fine days and how happy they made me. I shall never forget them. There is no doubt that Mr. Burroughs knew his way to a boy's heart more certainly than anyone else who ever picked up a writer's pen. They will be selling Tarzan in the book stalls in the year 2550, and my great-great-great-great grandson will be buying and reciting same.

—Ray Bradbury

I met E.R.B. during the Superior Court case of the director, Scott Sidney, suing the National Film Corp. for his bonus for directing Tarzan of the Apes. I was on the witness stand when we were adjourned for lunch. Just as I came off of the stand, I was stopped by a man who said, "Hello Elmo," and offered me his right hand. I took it and looked him over. He had a big grin on his face, was dressed in an oxford gray business suit; a derby hat and carried a cane. After a few seconds I said, "You have me guessing?" Still grining he said, "Edgar Rice Burroughs!" We had lunch together and he informed me he was going to live in California, and wanted to know if I knew of a home he could buy. I told him I would have a responsible real estate dealer, C. E. Taberman, phone him.

Later I found out Taberman failed to get in touch with him. The next time I saw Edgar, he told me he had bought the General Otis Ranch on Ventura Blvd. for \$125,000. That is where the town of Tarzana is now located. I believe that was in the spring of 1919. Edgar looked and talked like a retired business man. No one, looking at him, would take him for the author of Tarzan and other fantastic stories. From talking with him I am of the belief that his characters were real people to him and his readers, and he enjoyed writing about them.

—Elmo Lincoln

I read the sad news of ERB's passing. I can't say that I was especially surprised for I had understood that he was a very sick man, but still it was somewhat of a jolt to realize he was gone.

I held him in great esteem for his writings and the pleasure they gave me through the years. Like most of us I knew little about the man beyond some brief biographical and personal bits read here and there, and although I never had the pleasure of a personal meeting with Burroughs, I somehow felt I knew something of his inner nature and character from his works.

My greatest exposure to Burroughs occurred in my early teens when one is supposedly in the formative stage. I read as much of ERB as I could get, in as short a time as I could and was enthralled by the wonderful adventures he gave me and the strange new worlds he took me to. I think he had some influence in shaping my character (for whatever it may be worth) and thinking as well as what I like to call my code of behavior and living.

Of late years there has been an intensive campaign to teach "toleration" to the peoples of this country, but long ago I observed the friendship of John Carter for Tars Tarkas and realized the futility and stupidity of dislike for another just for reason of any physical differences that might exist.

The contempt of Tarzan for those who hunt and kill for "sport" has removed any desire I might have had to tramp into the woods in the fall with gun and dog and bang away at anything that moves. As yet I have not been hungry enough. Of course there are probably lots of Burroughs fans who are ardent huntsmen and for all I know maybe Burroughs was one also. (Ed's note: None hunter Burroughs once became a game warden to prevent hunting on his vast Tarzana ranch.) There are lessons in living in Burroughs and a lot of us might be a little better for the emulation of some of the qualities of ERB's heroes.

Burroughs is gone but his wonderful characters live on. They live on but they are now static, they can grow no more. Only for a new reader can they grow, as he moves from book to book.

What now? The finest memorial to Burroughs is the one he built himself; his books. What his fans can do I am not sure. What I have in mind is some sort of an organization on the pattern of "The Baker Street Irregulars," although not an out and out copy. It would have to develop on its own. I think there should be many fans who would be interested in something like this.

—Allan Howard

I never did get to know Ed. Burroughs very well, but he always seemed a very pleasant, mild sort of person that completely belied his wonderful resourcefulness, inventiveness, adventurousness and outdoor activeness that was so evident in his many, many, imaginative stories and works. He holds, I'm sure, a unique position in literature as well as in the hearts of countless millions of readers and fans throughout the world; and I'm sure there is great grief, to which I add my own, that such a contributor to the well being of mankind should be lost to us all.

—Bruce Bennett

It's one of the grand double-crosses of fate that valuable men like Burroughs have to die, while good for nothings like Stalin live on and on. But I suppose that the world will always have some scourge or other; we got rid of Mussolini, Hitler and Tojo, and in their place we've got Stalin, who is even worse than the other three; I suppose that by the time we'll rid the world of Stalin that some even bigger jerk will crawl forth from his cocoon to take his place as world enemy number one.

Be all this as it may, of this much I'm certain: that folks will still be reading Edgar Rice Burroughs long after the Mussolinis, Hitlers, Tojos, Titos and Stalins are dead and forgotten--just as folks are still reading Homer's Iliad even though ages have passed since the demise of the old-time conquerors. It proves that the pen IS mightier than the sword.

—Aurailius Bogdan

To me, Edgar Rice Burroughs' Tarzan served the same purpose as water wings do to a beginning swimmer. Tarzan kept me on top of the water until I had my feet on the ground as Jungle Jim.

I am sincerely grateful to Burroughs and deeply regret his passing.

—Johnny Weissmuller

At the age of eight, I discovered Tarzan - and from that moment my life's vocation was decided: I, too, would be a writer. It was another twenty-five years before I did anything practical about that decision, but the day did come. My first book (naturally!) was far more Burroughs than Browne - so much so that Mr. Burroughs (with whom I'd been corresponding for years) wrote me that "it was one of the best books he (Mr. Burroughs) had ever written! Since then I've written several novels in the detective field, plus something like two million words of magazine fiction, as well as eleven years as magazine editor. None of this, I feel, would have happened had I not encountered the work of Mr. Burroughs at an impressionable age. Years later I met Mr. Burroughs in Chicago - and out of that meeting a friendship developed which endured until his death.

—Howard Browne

It was my good fortune and pleasure to meet Mr. Burroughs but once and I enjoyed our conversation very much. He told me he had first had a hard time getting a publisher to look at his script. However, after the first book was published, which was very popular, they were at his door continuously.

—Joseph C. Pohler
(Gene Pollar)

I met Edgar Rice Burroughs when he was visiting the set, where we were making **TARZAN THE FEARLESS**, in 1933. Although I have played many parts as an actor on television and motion picture screens, I, like the many

others who have played Tarzan, find that **it** is such a famous role that the public never ceases to identify you with it, regardless of what other successes you may win.

—Buster Crabbe

To anyone with a mind attuned to dates and figures, my recollections of Edgar Rice Burroughs will, I fear, prove unfruitful reading. In the first place, I did not meet him until after he had sold "Tarzan of the Apes" to All Story for a comparatively small sum.

Having illustrated for A.C. McClurg and Co. for some years—mostly Westerns and Adventure tales, many of which called for the drawing of animals as well as the human form both clad and semi nude—I was called into consultation with Mr. Bray, editor of McClurgs at that time. Luckily for me, Mr. Bray had the thought that I might be competent to handle a Burroughs book. As for myself, I jumped at the chance and that combination of author and illustrator proved a happy one. I illustrated all the Burroughs that McClurg published from there on.

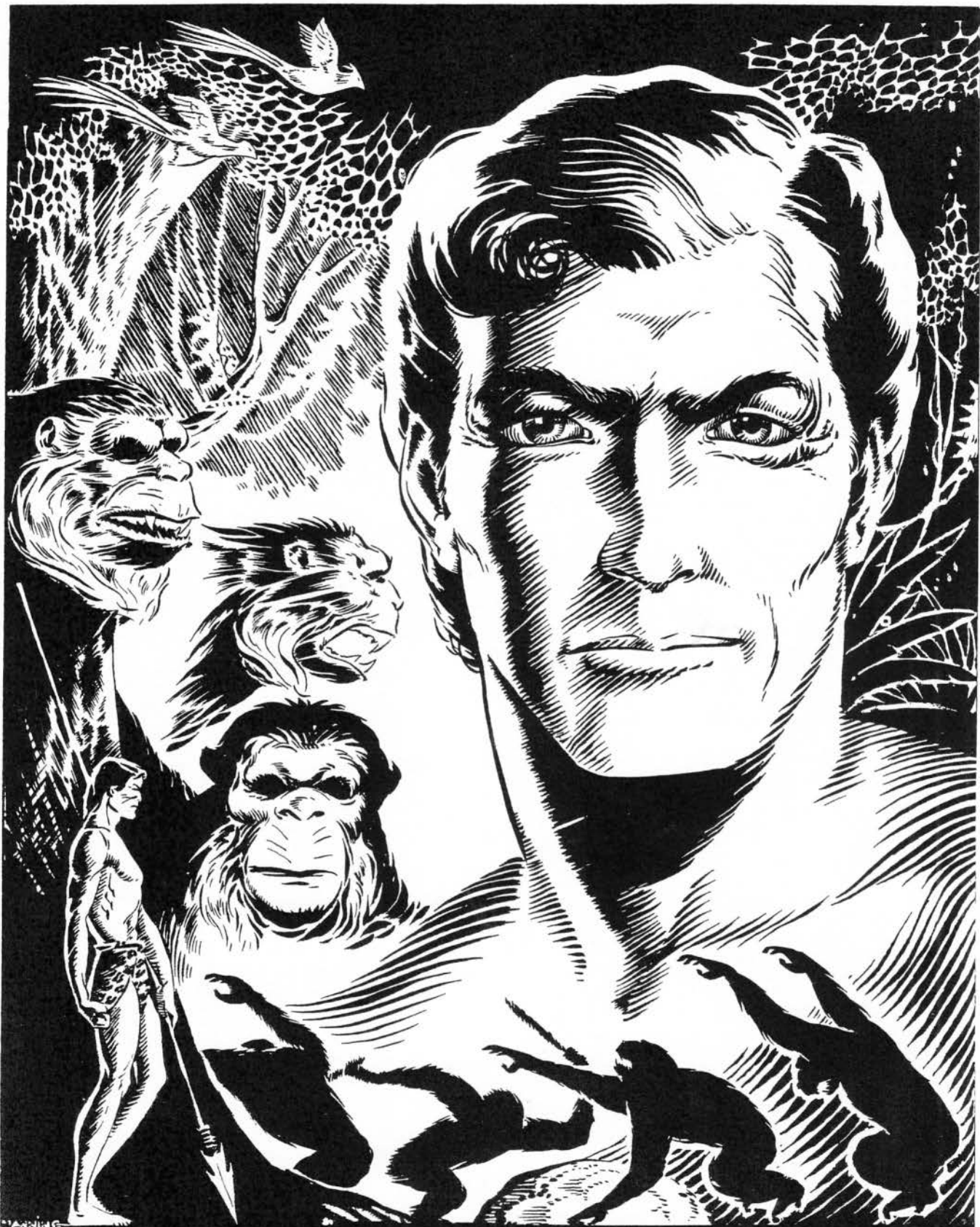
Early in this period, Mr. Burroughs expressed himself as pleased and wished to meet me. Thereafter, he made a number of visits to my studio. On one of these occasions he told me that he considered my work a visualization of the scenes and characters that he had created. This was good to hear and as he never found fault or criticized my efforts naturally lead to a cherished friendship.

He also told me that previous to his writing career, when he was attempting to make a living as a business man, he sought success in many divergent ways, one of which was writing business advice for a correspondence school. That he was not greatly given to the reading of fiction but to the weaving of stories of his own imagination instead of, as most of us do, relying on a book for diversion. He had a flair for the bizarre, the more unusual the better, and to achieve this would send his mind winging to the Planets. The Moon, Venus and, above all, Mars were the setting for a drama of strange beings with customs and thoughts literally out of this world. His magnificent genius did not stop here. There followed the invention of a completely different animal life—monsters and demi-monsters, some of which but not all, horrific. Pure products of a fertile brain and all the more interesting because utterly unlike anything theretofore conceived. But, and herein for me lies the reason for their ready acceptance, always plausible. A lesser writer would have made them ridiculous. With Burroughs they fitted into the tale and I am sure never evoked the slightest feeling of derision.

Edgar Rice Burroughs stands alone in the field that he created for himself. Others will essay to carry on in his line but, of necessity they will probably always show a tinge of imitation. How could it be otherwise?

With great admiration for his achievements and regretting that I have had perforce to speak so much of myself in the foregoing.

—J. Allen St. John



TARZAN *of* The APES

A Visit to Tarzana

I was driving out Ventura Blvd., on my way to Tarzana, Calif. A town named after a legend, for truly TARZAN has become a modern legend. My purpose for paying the town a visit, was to meet the son of the founder of the community, John Coleman Burroughs. I was quite thrilled at the prospect of meeting the son of Tarzan's creator, and at the same time, disappointed that I would be unable to meet the great author himself. For Edgar Rice Burroughs was ill and unable to receive visitors, and my express purpose for making the trip to California had been to meet him. However, since I might call myself a "Burroughs clan fan", I was looking forward with pleasure to meeting John Coleman.

I made a left turn and drove to the top of a hill where the Burroughs home overlooks the township of Tarzana. At the bottom of this hill is the offices and stockrooms of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc. I parked my car and was met at the gateway of a very attractive home by Mr. Burroughs' wife, Jane Ralston Burroughs. John Coleman, himself, came from the house with extended hand and a warm smile that promptly put me at ease. He is a tall well built man who looks a great deal like his father, and, perhaps, one day will prove that he has his father's gift for story-telling. He has already co-authored three stories with his brother Hulbert; one with his wife; and recently completed a fantasy novel of his own yet to be published.

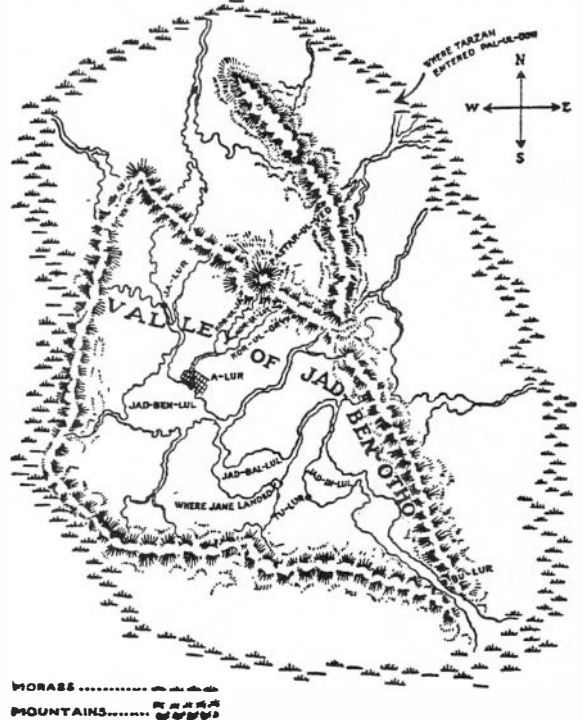
We took seats beside the swimming pool where the two young Burroughs boys were splashing about in the water. And nearby, beneath the shade of a tree, the youngest Burroughs child was napping in a cradle. I had brought along some choice items from my collection which included the Oct. 1912 All Story magazine and Feb. 1916 All Around magazine, containing the original publications of "TARZAN OF THE APES" and "BEYOND THIRTY". Also some rare photographs of various screen Tarzans and ERB. After showing these around Mr. Burroughs invited me into the house where he showed me his library which included many fantasy novels and some A. Merritt books.

John Coleman handed me a large manuscript of one of his father's stories. It was entitled "TARZAN AND JANE". At first I thought this to be an unpublished Burroughs novel, but a closer inspection revealed that "TARZAN AND JANE" was the original title of the story that appeared in Blue Book as "TARZAN AND THE IMMORTAL MEN" and later in book form as "TARZAN'S QUEST".

Of interest to Burroughs fans, were some of the first editions of his father's books that John Coleman showed me. Each contained a humorous cartoon, drawn by Edgar Rice Burroughs, with an inscription and signature by the author. "Dad use to sign and illustrate all his books to personal friends this way," John Coleman said. "He is a capable

draftsman." (Lucky indeed is the fan who owns a Burroughs book so inscribed by the author. One such fan is Sam Peeples of San Francisco.) All one has to do is look in the Burroughs books to see the fine maps that appear there of Pellucidar, Amtor, Pal-ul-don, (reproduced below) etc., these are all the work of ERB.

MAP of PAL-UL-DON



The above map was copied and to some extent redrawn from a rough sketch found among the notes made by Lord Greystoke of his experiences in Pal-ul-don

I was then shown into a room where a beautiful St. John original hung upon the wall. It was an illustration from "THUVIA, MAID OF MARS", showing Thar Ban, the green man, with Thuvia in his arms, astride a galloping thoot. In the background can be seen the towering ruins of a dead city while two Barsoomian moons add light to the subjects. "This is my favorite illustration from Dad's books." said Mr. Burroughs. "I believe that St. John captured the spirit of my father's stories better than any other artist."

This was a fine compliment indeed from one artist of another's work. For John Coleman has capably illustrated no less than a dozen of his father's books. But one is not to ~~take~~ underestimate his ability as an artist by these illustrations alone, for he has painted some remarkable scenes of Mexican and western life in oils and water colors which have been exhibited in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Chicago art galleries.

We returned to our chairs beside the pool to find that John Coleman's sister, Joan Burroughs Pierce, had arrived. A char-

ming woman with bobbed brunette hair. After being introduced to her I again passed around the treasured bits of my collection in which Joan, an ardent fan of her father's works, was very interested. The conversation naturally came around to James H. Pierce, former screen Tarzan and husband of Joan, and I learned that Pierce and John Coleman's wife had posed for the painting John Coleman made to illustrate THE OAKDALE AFFAIR. Also, that Joan and Pierce had played the voices of Jane and Tarzan in a series of radio programs based on TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION. After a short time Joan departed, but not before she offered to arrange a meeting between Mr. Pierce and myself for that evening, which I gladly accepted.

I asked John Coleman what had become of his cousin, Studley Burroughs, who had illustrated a few of ERB's books and I was told that he is now a very successful commercial artist.

The phone rang and Mr. Burroughs left to answer it. When he returned he informed me that it would be permissible for me to go with him to meet his father. This was indeed a pleasant surprise!

We made the trip in Mr. Burroughs' car; a short drive from Tarzana to 5565 Zelzah Avenue, Encino. Here we pulled into the driveway of a beautiful home with abounding yard and garden, in which, a caretaker was at work. I followed John Coleman into the house and there was the master story teller himself. He was sitting in a wheelchair and as I grasped his proffered hand I must have looked all the world like the open-mouthed-young-fan and, I confess, I felt a great deal like one. "We enjoy reading the Bulletin," the author said, "You and your correspondents are doing a fine job."

Thanking Mr. Burroughs for his kind words concerning the Bulletin I noticed that Joan Burroughs Pierce and Mr. Burroughs' oldest son, Hulbert, were also present. As John Coleman made the introduction Hulbert said: "You know, you were our first fan. We were quite thrilled that someone thought enough of our stories to write us about them." He was referring to the series of stories he and his brother co-authored for Thrilling Wonder and Startling Stories which I had written to them about in 1939-40.

I showed Mr. Burroughs the items from my collection. He smiled and asked how large my collection was. I told him that it was complete except for a few of the very rare magazine stories. He told me to make out a list of the ones that I lacked and if his company had extra copies he would see that I got them. I thanked him and asked if he would mind signing my copies of All-Story and All Around. He asked John Coleman for his writing board, which he fitted across the arms of his chair. After signing the first magazine he said: "I hope you will be able to read this. I am ashamed of my writing since I have been ill, I use to have a hand I was proud of." I inquired as to the nature of his illness and he sighed, "Oh, I

don't know, each doctor tells me something different." Then he added, his eyes twinkling humorously, "Personally, I think it's antiquity." I could see that it was a tedious task for him to sign the magazines and as he finished the last one and handed it to me he said, "Mr. Coriell, these are my last autographs, I shall never sign another!"

Mr. Burroughs told me how he had used the pseudonym, Normal Bean (Normal Head), when he wrote DEJAH THORIS, PRINCESS OF MARS, because he did not want his name connected with such absurd imaginings. However, the editor of All Story magazine spoiled his little pun by changing Normal to Norman, and thereafter he signed his own name to his writings.

I asked why BEYOND THIRTY had never been published in book form. And Joan Pierce joined in, agreeing that it was worthy of book publication. But before the author could answer the telephone rang and he spent the next few moments conversing with the party on the other end of the line.

When the author hung up the phone Joan asked him why he did not take a trip to the studio where the latest Tarzan film was in production. He replied that the studios tired him but that Sol Lesser had been calling, wanting him to come out and that he might do so the following morning. He asked if I would care to join him at the studio the next morning at ten o'clock. I explained that I had just paid the studio a visit the previous week but that I'd be most happy to accompany him on a return visit.

With these arrangements made I took leave of the Burroughs household. Before departing I asked about Mr. Burroughs' war reports. "I have them under lock and key," he stated "and it is doubtful that they will ever be republished." I hope this will not prove to be true. For due to a mistake in his credentials Mr. Burroughs' reports were never cleared here in the United States while he was covering the war in the Pacific for the United Press. However, a number of these reports were published in the Honolulu Advertiser (I have a copy of the July 12, 1945 Advertiser containing one of these). But since the wars end the Advertiser's files of back issues have been completely destroyed by fire. So unless these reports somehow or other find their way into book form Burroughs fans will be missing a unique chapter in Mr. Burroughs' career.

On the way back to John Coleman's home we stopped at the offices of ERB, Inc. It was after office hours, but John Coleman let us in with his own key. The first office is a receiving room for visitors and several original paintings illustrating the Burroughs novels hang upon the wall. I followed John Coleman into the adjoining office which contained the desks of Mr. Rothmund and Hulbert Burroughs. The walls of this room are lined with book shelves, containing copies of ERB's books in almost every known language, and many rare magazines containing Burroughs' stories. Among these I saw a

beautiful illustrated edition of THE TARZAN TWINS that had been published in England.

We then entered ERB's own office. In the center of the room was a handsome modern desk where he received his visitors. Along one wall was a large library that Mr. Burroughs used for research. In a corner was a very large old desk. This was Mr. Burroughs' work desk. It was here that the adventures of Tarzan, John Carter, David Innes, Carson of Venus, and a host of other characters, were turned out on the keys of a typewriter. Lying on the desk was two manuscripts. One a satire of the modern detective story entitled MORE FUN, MORE PEOPLE KILLED! It was complete with a floor plan, drawn by ERB, showing where each victim was killed in the story, (which includes practically every character in the story; including the detective). The other was an uncompleted Tarzan on which the author was working when he became ill. A letter, I received from Mr. Burroughs while he was working on this novel, informed me that "The locale of the new Tarzan novel will be Darkest Africa." However, it was quite a large manuscript and I would judge it to be almost finished. Also on the desk was a TARZAN TARGET GAME, of Mr. Burroughs' own design, and a very interesting statuette that had been carved and sent to ERB by a fan in Europe. It depicts the boy, Tarzan, looking at a picture book and pointing to an ape while tapping himself on his chest.



We then went into the stock rooms where the wrapping and mailing of the Burroughs novels is done. The place is stacked with hundreds of boxes containing the latest ERB novels and reprints.

Returning to John Coleman's home he showed me his studio. A two story affair, with his workshop upstairs. On the easel was a fine western scene in water colors. He then displayed several original paintings and drawings he had made for his fathers' books. Also, some of the JOHN CARTER OF MARS cartoon strips that he did before the war. From the wall he took a beautifully carved sword. "This is John Carter's sword," he said. "I made it to use as a model in the illustrations for the Mars stories." One would think that John Carter, himself, had paid a visit to John Coleman's studio and had left his sword behind.

I asked about the T shaped trade mark that appears on the ERB novels. "We were all out on a fishing trip one day," John Coleman explained, "and as dad and I did not care too much for fishing, we were lying in the shade of a tree talking. Dad was doodling in the sand with a stick and he happened to make this T shaped thing. He said that he thought he would use it for a trade mark and he has ever since. Perhaps,"

he added, "Dad had something in mind concerning it, but he has never said so."

The hour was growing late and I had yet to stop by the Pierce home, where I was to meet James H. Pierce, former Tarzan of the screen (I will describe this meeting in the next issue of the BB). So I said goodnight to John Coleman. "You know," I said at parting, "It doesn't take much of a detective to realize that it was you and your sister who made it possible for me to meet your father." "Well," John Coleman replied, "We knew how much you wanted to meet him, and today was the first time that the doctor allowed him to have visitors, including ourselves. That is why Hulbert and all of us were there."

Driving back to Los Angeles I realized that I had spent a day such as most Burroughs fans dream about. I had been privileged to meet not only the fabulous Edgar Rice Burroughs, but his entire family and James H. Pierce, as well. I shall always consider it an honor having met this fine group of people.

The following morning when I arrived at the studio I found Mr. Burroughs watching the filming of scenes for the Tarzan picture in production. Jane Burroughs, Jean Pierce and Mike, her son, had accompanied Mr. Burroughs to the studio. "He was very excited about the visit," his daughter said. "He was up at 7:30 getting ready."

Needless to say, the studio was all a-stir with ERB present. Newspaper and publicity writers hovered about him asking questions. "I enjoy the movies," Mr. Burroughs said. "They've done very well by Tarzan. But I wish they would make some of my books!"

Producers discarded Burroughs' own stories of Tarzan after the first few movies, and, as all fans know, ERB's Tarzan and the movie Tarzan are two entirely different characters. This peeved the fans as well as ERB, who received \$175,000 per picture plus a percentage of the profits. "I'm mostly interested in the box office," the author said. "But the screen writers got a lot of ideas I wish I'd thought of," he chuckled, watching the starlets in chiffon harem clothing.

This was Burroughs' first trip to a studio in several years. "I don't like the movie business," he said, "too tedious."

Sol Lesser announced that the photographer had arrived to take pictures. "Well, bring me my girls," ERB laughed. And several of the "Slave Girls" were rounded up to pose with him.

Flash bulbs popped as ERB, posed in turn with the "Slave Girls," Jane Burroughs, His daughter and grandson, Sol Lesser, and Lex Barker. "When these are printed," Lex said to Burroughs, "I'd like for you to autograph one for me." Burroughs waved his hand, "No autographs," he said, "I signed my last one yesterday." Lex looked perplexed, I don't think he quite understood the

reason for the authors refusal. I hope he will find the explanation in this article.

I finally managed to manuver myself into a picture with Mr. Burroughs, Mike Pierce and Lex. "I just had to get in one picture with you," I explained to the author. He smiled, "I'm glad you did," he said.

Shortly after Mr. Burroughs left to talk business with Sol Lesser. I learned later that Lesser had made arrangements to produce 15 more Tarzan pictures, proving ERB's statement earlier that day. "Long after I'm gone," he had said, "Movie writers will be batting out Tarzan adventures."

RANDOM BURROUGHING

by Allan Howard

Kaor Fans:

Just received a communication (by extremely short wave) dated Helium, Barsoom. It seems that in the absence of John Carter (he would appear to be still on Jupiter) all hell has broke loose.

Zodanga is on the march again. Hastor has fallen and Greater Helium has been ringed by siege. Tardos Mors has been kidnapped by the assassins guild and Mors Kajak is heading a provisional government. Tars Tarkas is off chasing the Warhoons and Kantos Kan languishes in a First Born jail. Kar Komak and Carthoris are unheard of for months, since they left on an expedition to investigate a mysterious race of white men and a lost equatorial city in the Kaolian highlands. Ptarth and Gathol are flexing muscles at each other instead of coming to the aid of Helium. I mean to say, things are really fouled up! Alas, if only the Warlord could return and straighten this mess out. But I guess he is stuck on Jupiter for all eternity.

It sure is tough. A thousand untold stories of Barsoom, Pellucidar and Africa and no one to tell them. Maybe, like the youthful Ray Bradbury, when he couldn't afford to buy or was to impatient to wait for a new Burroughs book, we fans will have to write our own further adventures of the characters of Burroughs.

Tom Gardner speaks in BB #10 of the longevity theme in Burroughs' books; the long life of the Barsoomians, the serum of the Antoriens and the psychological prolonging of youthfulness in the Pellucidar series. I think Burroughs dwelt on this theme so much because he himself greatly loved life, had an intense dislike of dying and would have throughly enjoyed living forever. I don't doubt that he once had the slightest suspicion that he was not as other men, that he would age yes, but at a somewhat slower rate than others! And as it was, this seemed to be true, at least up until the time he tackled what was really a young man's job. I mean junketing about the Pacific as a war correspondent. You recall John Carter once remarked that the years had treated ERB kindly, which fact John Carter attributed to ERB's relationship to the Warlord!

I think all of us feel that way. One part of us accepts the inevitability of death while another says that is for other people, with us things will be different. If you ever read the Studs Lonigan trilogy by James T. Farrell you will remember that early in the story the young Studs looks at himself in the glass and is quite pleased with what he sees. He compares himself with his father and vows that he'll never get paunchy and out of shape. He tells himself that years later his graying friends will clap him on the back and ask him how he does it.

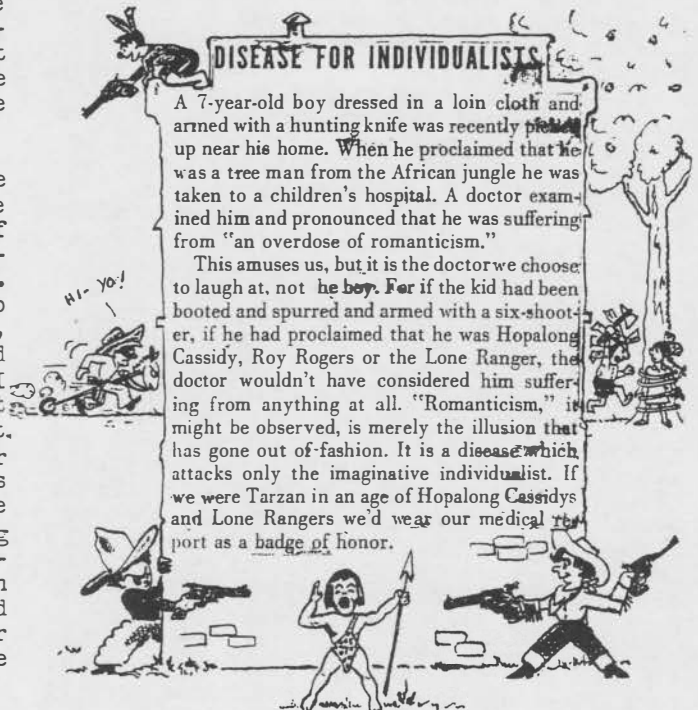
If you read the book you will know he didn't do it. However, what I mean is Farrell couldn't have written this about Studs if he, Farrell, hadn't once, or still, felt that way about himself.

Even I, yes, even I look in a mirror and say "By God, Howard, here you are thirty-seven and you don't look it. You could pass for thirty or younger easy." Oh yes, some people have been kind enough to look amazed when I told them how old I am.

And then I go to a dentist and he says, "Ah my lad, we will have to take that one out." And then I realize that I too am but mortal and that I am slowly disintegrating. It is all very sad.

I am inclosing a clipping (reprinted below) from a recent "Life" which reports the sad fate of an individualist. Yes it is true that the individualist is always suspect. In my own small way I consider myself one also because I am addicted to the reading of fantasy stories, and in some circles it could be pretty disastrous to admit this, as you no doubt know.

In my seven-year-old days we were all Tom Mix's and Buck Jones's and God help the kid who would have shown up and proclaimed himself Elmo Lincoln. We were also cops, robbers and soldiers, but never ape-men. Be as individual as you like but please do it in the approved and proper channels. Is this a paradox?



The Golden Age and the Brass

by Philip Jose Farmer

When I was ten, I built my personal pantheon of heroes. There were many stalwart and crafty and bold men and demi-gods among them. Hercules and Autolycus (the Greek Shadow) and Manabozho and Thor were in the front ranks. A little ahead of them stood broadshouldered Odysseus. Him I often imagined myself to be; a dug-out along the creek-bank became Polyphemus' cave, and I escaped the blind Cyclops' hands by throwing a sheep-skin (an old burlap sack) over my back and crawling out on all fours, baaing like mad.

Bright as these Greeks and Norse and Algonquins were, however, they were outshone by others, men and demi-gods who sprang, like Athena from Zeus' brow, full-grown from the mind of an American.

This man was a modern. He was Edgar Rice Burroughs, a man as fertile in the making of modern myths as his middle name indicates. From his brow and nimble fingers --some say too nimble--sprang tall heroes and divine heroines. They were, though created by a man of our times, not the characters you would expect in latterday myths. There was nothing of the whining, brooding, and introspective protagonist who haunts and shadows so many present day novels and whom so many novelists would have you believe bodies forth the Zeitgeist of the twentieth century. Not these mighty-thewed and utterly courageous giants! These men had no qualms about what they were doing; their only concern about their destination was in removing those who stood in their way. Their moral code, if rather simple and stiff-necked--even, if I dare say it, unrealistic--was still one that they did not doubt, one that did not throw them into throes of agonies over whether or not they were doing the right thing. These mightily-muscled gorilla-grapplers and sizzling swordsmen were pitted against forces that they knew were evil. There were no greys or other shades in their universes; you were either black or white. The moral issues involved were few but were simple: the oppression of the good by the vicious and brutal, the forcing of good and clean and faithful women by lustful and foul men. All was very simple, and all was, after the encountering of many novel and very interesting and heart-pounding dangers, simply solved. Alexander cuts the Gordian knot; John Carter cuts down the villainous Jeddak, Tarzan breaks the Arab slaver's neck.

This, it must be admitted from a viewpoint that has now been aged and matured in the wood of time, was not an altogether admirable outlook on the universe. But for its time and for its readers it was good enough. The hero did not toss off drinks right and left and leap into buxom blondes' beds--or anybody's, for that matter--nor did he take a vicious and bestial delight in shooting women in the belly. Indeed, he adhered to the code that you must not harm a woman with fist or weapon. And even though the hero was as likely as not to take justice and vengeance in his own hands instead

of leaving it to the legally constituted authorities, he was not so tarred with the same brush as the villians' that it was hard to see the difference between them--especially in a dim light.

As I was saying before I got off on a slight tangent, I had my personal pantheon when I was ten. Some were heroes and demi-gods of the Golden Age; others were not. The latter existed in a sort of auriferous limbo which, while it did not have the anti-quity and prestige of the legendary men, had a glow all its own and one, indeed, that shined rather more brightly than the more legitimate Valhallas and Olympuses.

Be that as it may, I spent far more time playing John Carter than I did anything else. I "was" John Carter, late of the C.S.A., and the woods and creekbanks not too far from my house was the dying planet Mars. Armed with a lath for a rapier, I slashed through hordes of big green "dumb Warhoons" and rescued the lovely red-skinned Dejah Thoris (whom I thought of as being, literally, scarlet-skinned) from various lustful Jeddaks.

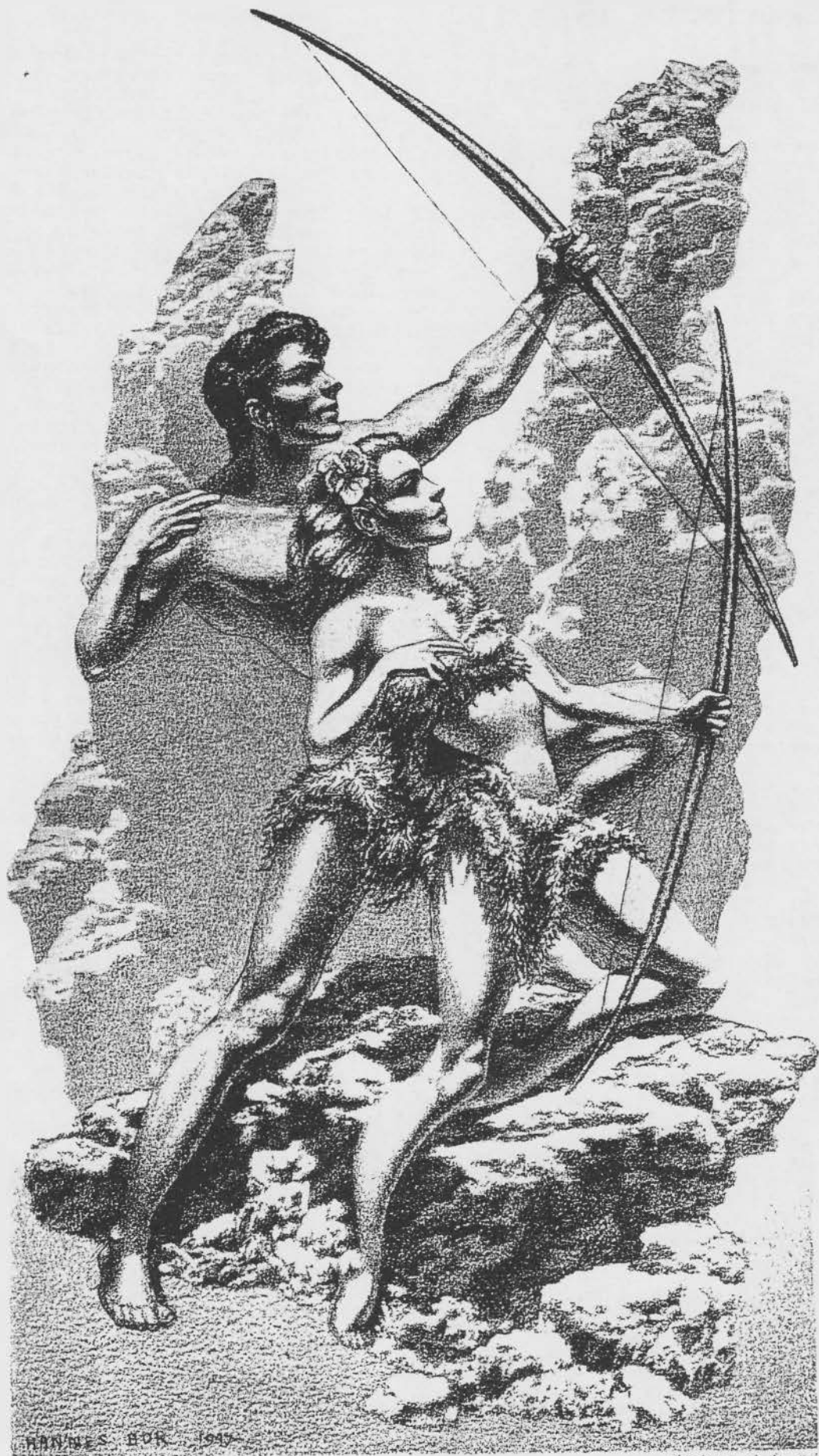
When I had exhausted Mars for the time being, I shifted into Tarzan's "valence," swung through the trees and dropped in on lions and mad gorillas and Ay-rabs and broke their necks or slit their gullets. So proficient did I become in this, I was soon called "Tarzan" by all my classmates. And, incidentally, I built muscles during my arboreal activities that helped me later in my athletic career.

My really favorite character, David of Pellucidar, was, for some unknown reason, neglected in my play. I preferred to sit around and dream about what Dianand he were doing. Usually, they were being chased by some dinosaur--which dinosaur, by the way, I imagined them as being, in some way, fond of. Dinosaurs, I think, dwell in an affectionate part of every science-fiction and fantasy lover's heart; they are such blundering and lovable--albeit slightly fearsome--beasts. Just so, I think, did the knights of old love their dragons, and they must have been very sorry when the last dragon died.

What has the above got to do with today or even with the admitted subject for this project? Briefly, it is this. I read the Oz books and the Raggedy Ann stories, Grimm's Fairy Tales, the Mark Tidd books, Jules Verne, a series about some world-traveling, animal-collecting juveniles whose author I can't recall, and, climax, Edgar Rice Burroughs. All glowed golden, but Burroughs' books gave me the deepest and most lasting thrills. I read each one of his series at least twenty times. To get them I had to visit the local libraries, reserve them, and then, after waiting a few weeks, seize them, fondle them, and dream over them during the two weeks I was allowed to keep them out.

I saved money from my allowance, and, one by one, built up an almost complete Edgar Rice Burroughs library. My father wasn't

(concluded on page.113)



HANNES BOK 1917

FOR JOURNAL

Illustration of a man and a woman in a rocky landscape.

the Perfect Guest

By

OLIVER R. FRANKLIN
Lt. Col. USAF, (Retired)

Am much interested in the idea of a fanzine devoted to my old friend Edgar Rice Burroughs, as he seemed always too vital a personality to be regarded as gone merely because his heart stopped beating.

I knew him before the war when he lived at the Niunalu Hotel between Ft. DeRussy and Waikiki in Honolulu. He came out to my bachelor cottage across Oahu on Sunset Beach a few times when a storm rolled in spectacularly high waves along the beach. He enjoyed sitting on the shore dune with me, where the bones of many ancient Hawaiians lie buried, watching the tall whitecaps roll in over the reef to break into mountains of spray and salt foam. We talked of many things out there. His philosophy of life, a sort of idealistic agnosticism, is similar to mine, a belief we shared with other and perhaps wiser men such as Luther Burbank, Thomas Edison, Albert Einstein and earlier thinkers such as Thomas Paine and my kinsmen, Benjamin Franklin. Ed's amused contempt of current religious forms and ceremonies is neatly portrayed in his Martian stories, where he best proves his mastery of satire as well as his unmatched narrative ability.

When the war hit us on Oahu---14 men killed in my Squadron at Hickam Field---my duties as senior bombardier kept me too busy to maintain civilian contacts, so for two years I did not see Ed. My outfit, the VII Bomber Command, had been "island hopping" it's way across the Pacific, and I was on my third tour of bombing missions, serving as Bombing Officer, when I next caught up with Ed. I was on the staff of the C.O., Brig. Gen. Ted Landon, (I am told he now holds three star rank in USAF Hq.), and we had pulverized most enemy targets in range of our base on Tarawa so were preparing to move to Kwajalein. After constantly bombing heavily defended targets, often as far as 1000 miles from base, several of our B-24s had limped home so badly damaged they had to jettison guns, turrets, armor plate, and even the extremely valuable Norden bomb sight. I often let it be known that I would throw out the co-pilot before parting with my special bomb sight, so managed to keep the same one four years. To restore these planes to flight status, wrecks were cannibalized, and new equipment flown in from the Air Depot at Hickam Field. Bomb sights were my responsibility, so the morning of our movement by air from Tarawa to Kwajalein found me just returning from Oahu with a plane load of Norden bomb sights. To my pleasant surprise, I found Ed at our Hq. as the guest of the General, serving as war correspondent for the Los Angeles Times.

The navigation chart showed that our flight route to Kwajalein passed right over the Jap held atoll of Jaluit. Naturally, we loaded bombs in the bomb bays not needed for cargo in our Hq. B-24, aptly named "The Pacific Tramp". Our heavy loading limited us to six 500 lb. G.P. demolition bombs, so the General decided to treat Ed to a bit of pin-point precision bombing. There were two 75mm A.A. guns still in action on Jaluit,

and our intelligence reports showed that an old three-story wooden structure, built by the Germans as their administrative headquarters when they held the Carolines Mandate before World War One, was in use as a food storage and geisha house, so might be considered a legitimate military target.

Ed spent an hour of the flight forward in the "greenhouse" with me and my bomb sight, examining everything with fascinated interest and shouting questions so I could hear him above the roar of our four engines. He presented an unforgettable figure kneeling there on the floor beside me, dressed in suntan shirt and trousers, a baseball cap set backward on his sparse grey hair, his eyes sparkling with greater enthusiasm for living than most men half his age.

As Jaluit came in over the horizon, Ed went back to the right waist gunner position, with throat mike and headset plugged into the interphone system. Our first run over the target was to draw enemy fire so we could spot the active gun positions, and not waste bombs on others previously knocked out. The muzzle flashes were soon winking up at us, and Ed's voice could be heard calmly calling off the air bursts: "Quarter mile behind. 'Way low and' left. Right and high. Wow! Just lost my cap and half my hair---put my head too far out the window."

Our first three bombs silenced one gun, so we made our final run over the geisha house, dropping the last three bombs at 100' intervals. The middle bomb crumpled one wall and the whole building was soon ablaze as we closed the bomb doors and flew on north to Kwajalein. That afternoon was spent getting settled and digging our own fox-holes. Ed cheerfully helped fill and place sand bags and soon had as neat a bomb shelter as his host, the General.

At the same time the bomber strip was being built on Kwajalein, a similar one was built on Eniwetok to the west. As our bombers would often stage thru there to bomb Truk and targets beyond, the General decided to inspect it next morning. Ed wanted to see more precision bombing, so we loaded up eight more 500 lb. G.P. (general purpose) demolition bombs for a dawn job on an active enemy radio station on Rongelap atoll, a bit to the north of a direct route to Eniwetok. We scored a direct hit on the concrete structure housing the radio station, and it went off the air for the duration. Ed seemed a bit disappointed that there was no enemy ack-ack, but as it was my 91st mission, I assured him I preferred them all that way.

Proceeding on to Eniwetok, we orbited the island and the General prepared to set down the first four engine plane ever to land on that runway. Fate proved unkind though, for all wheels came down as usual, but the hydraulic lock on the nose wheel failed to catch. Landing light as a feather on the main wheels, the tail came up to touch the nose wheel down, and it folded up. We slid to a stop, the nose of the plane plowing a nice furrow in the coral. No one

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THE

Passenger

by *Jean McJee*

Major Grant rose abruptly, and began pacing back and forth across the small room in the narrow corridor between the desks. The other two officers watched, their eyes occasionally straying back to the chronometer clicking away on General Kelly's desk.

"That energy you're expending won't bring 'em in any faster, you know," mentioned Richards. When Grant failed to answer, he added, "And anyway, why worry about all this? I keep telling you it's not going to be as different as you expect." He punctuated his sentence by stubbing out his cigarette. The smoke was instantly whisked away by the whispering fans and replaced by the slightly laboratory-scented manufactured air that supported life on Moon Base 1.

"Don't tell me you're going into that Burroughs act again." Grant had turned and paused, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. "Just because the astronomy boys have changed a lot of their opinions since we got here, it still doesn't mean that Mars is going to turn out to be Barsoom straight out of a hack-writer's imagination. So they have a better atmosphere - and the temperature range hasn't the extremes they previously thought: that's still no sign that they have an involved civilization, with the plush carpets rolled out, and John Carter personally on hand to welcome their Earth neighbors, is it, Kelly?"

Richards merely raised an eyebrow, and the General answered. "You can't really convince him, you know. I've been listening to this ever since they transferred him direct to White Sands out of West Point. Long as the Psych boys decided it wouldn't interfere with his getting a job done, why should we complain? Anyway - so far things have turned out definitely in his favor. They've proven the existence of a lot more water than was previously thought possible, and there are several 'mystery spots' on the plates from the 200-inch that might just possibly be translated as cities, if you wanted to favor that point of view."

Grant resumed his pacing, the slow measured steps of a caged animal. "Yeah, but who outside of this pulp-bug would want to? Say he is right - why hasn't his precious Carter developed a few radio sets and gotten in touch with us? Put a civilized man down in an uncomplicated culture, and you're going to have a few basic improvements, at least. Got any theories on that one?"

"Sure," said Richards. "Take you - you're a fairly well-educated man; in fact, I'd say that there aren't many men in the Air Corps - and none out of it - who can equal your knowledge of rocketry, including a healthy helping of fuel manufacture, and metallurgy, of course. I'd venture to say that if we dropped you off in a spot unreached by explorers, that has nevertheless progressed a good way through the Age of Metals, we'd still never hear a word from you. And if you couldn't manufacture a radio, and the power source to operate it, why should a professional soldier, such as Carter is said to have been? Be reasonable, man!"

Grant shrugged, "You're right - give me a waterfall and all the parts for a turbine, and I probably still wouldn't be able to electrocute myself. But answer me this one - how about a biological impossibility like the reproduction system supposed to operate there? Since when would a woman as obviously endowed with mammary glands as Carter's Princess is supposed to have been, lay eggs? That in itself would throw the whole thing out in my estimation."

"Remember a little critter called a Duck-Billed Platypus? It's just as much mammal as any one of us - but it hatches its young, and any more they don't even consider it strange. Besides, you're forgetting that you - along with the rest of us human males - carry vestigial nipples. Haven't heard you complaining about being a biological impossibility."

Grant's reply was halted by the appearance of a sergeant in the door.

After a perfunctory exchange of salutes - discipline being slightly relaxed this far from home - he stepped forward to Kelly's desk and handed him a sealed envelope, and withdrew. The star on Kelly's shoulder gleamed as he leaned back, slit the paper, and drew forth the message. He glanced over it, grinned, and passed it to the other two who were hovering anxiously before him.

"Hold onto your hats - it won't be long now," he admonished as they pounced on it.

The paper was a routine traffic slip from Operations - standard procedure when any space-craft desired landing clearance. They read down the form quickly, then paused as the implications of one entry sank in.

Occupants: Crew - 3, Passengers - 1.

"They're bringing someone - something - back!" breathed Grant. "There were only three men on board when they left here--" His voice trailed off into silence.

"But why couldn't they say more?" Richards clutched the scrap of paper as if it would disappear at any moment.

"And let our little Russian friends over there in the Third Quadrant know what all this is about? So far we've managed to keep "Operation High-Jump" pretty much a secret - but even on a scrambled circuit they're not going to risk being decoded by saying 'We've got a Martian on board'. Now if you two don't calm down, I'll pull rank on you and order you to stay here. If the critter happened to be telepathic, it'd have hysterics within five minutes trying to follow the way you two think."

As they left the office, Richards' eyes were gleaming almost as much as the twin eagles on his shoulders; Grant wore the perpetually dazed look of the man who, down the ages, has skeptically protested in the face of scientific progress, that "this just can't happen!"

The next hour flew, as the set routine of a military establishment attempted to stretch itself to take in a situation that was distinctly not regulation. The possibility of the ship returning with a live specimen had been considered, and some prepa-

(concluded on page 113)

WHAT MAKES TARZAN ACT THAT WAY?

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Some one is always taking the joy out of life. For years I proceed blissfully writing stories to keep the wolf from my door and to cause other people to forget for an hour or two the wolves at their doors, and then up pops an editor and asks me for an article on the Tarzan theme.

Frankly, there aint no sich animal; or if there is I didn't know it.

Breathlessly, I flew to Mr. Webster, determined to create a Tarzan theme with his assistance; but I was disappointed in somehow not finding Tarzan in the dictionary. But I did find "theme". Webster calls it: "A subject or topic on which a person writes or speaks; a proposition for discussion or argument; a text."

That definition simplified my task for under this definition the Tarzan theme consists of one word—Tarzan.

"A proposition for discussion or argument," says Mr. Webster. The Tarzan stories are a means for avoiding discussion or argument, so that definition is out, and there only remains the last, "a text". As this connotes sermonizing we shall have to hit it on the head, which leaves me nothing at all to write about on the Tarzan theme.

Tarzan does not preach; he has no lesson to impart, no propaganda to disseminate. Yet, perhaps unconsciously, while seeking merely to entertain I have injected something of my own admiration for certain fine human qualities into these stories of the ape-man.

It is difficult and even impossible for me to take these Tarzan stories seriously, and I hope that no one else will ever take them seriously. If they serve any important purpose it is to take their readers out of the realm of serious things and give them that mental relaxation which I believe to be as necessary as the physical relaxation of sleep—which makes a swell opening for some dyspeptic critic.

I recall that when I wrote the first Tarzan story I was mainly interested in playing with the idea of a contest between heredity and environment. For this purpose I selected an infant child of a race strongly marked by hereditary characteristics of the finer and nobler sort, and at an age at which he could not have been influenced by association with creatures of his own kind I threw him into an environment as diametrically opposite that to which he had been born as I might well conceive.

As I got into the story I realized that the logical result of this experiment must have been a creature that would have failed to inspire the sympathy of the ordinary reader, and that for fictional purposes I must give heredity some breaks that my judgment assured me the facts would not have warranted. And so Tarzan grew into a creature endowed only with the best characteristics of the human family from which he was descended and the best of those which

mark the wild beasts that were his only associates from infancy until he had reached man's estate.

It has pleased me throughout the long series of Tarzanic exploits to draw comparisons between the manners of men and the manners of beasts and seldom to the advantage of men. Perhaps I hoped to shame men into being more like beasts in those respects in which the beasts excel men, and these are not few.

I wanted my readers to realize that man alone of all the creatures that inhabit the earth or the waters below or the air above takes life wantonly; he is the only creature that derives pleasure from inflicting pain on other creatures, even his own kind. Jealousy, greed, hate, spitefulness are more fully developed in man than in the lower orders. These are axiomatic truths that require no demonstration.

Even the lion is merciful when he makes his kill, though doubtless not intentionally so; and the psychology of terror aids the swift mercy of his destruction. Men who have been charged and mauled by lions, and lived to tell of the experience, felt neither fear nor pain during the experience.

In the quite reasonable event that this statement may arouse some skepticism, permit me to quote from that very splendid work on animals, *MOTHER NATURE*, by William J. Long, a book that should be read by every adult and be required reading in every high school course in the land.

"There are other and more definite experiences from which to form a judgment, and of these the adventure of Livingston is the first to be considered, since he was probably the first to record the stupefying effects of a charging animal. The great missionary and explorer was once severely mauled by a lion, his flesh being torn in eleven places by the brute's claws, and his shoulder crushed by the more terrible fangs. Here is a condensation of the story, as recorded in *MISSIONARY TRAVELS AND RESEARCH IN SOUTH AFRICA*:

"Growling horribly close to my ear, the lion shook me as a terrier does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror."

Compare this, then, with the methods of the present day gangster who cruelly tortures his victim before he kills him. The lion sought only to kill, not to inflict pain. Recall the methods of the Inquisition, and then search the records of man's experiences with lions, tigers, or any of the more formidable creatures of the wild for a parallel in studied cruelty.

Let me quote one more interesting instance given in Mr. Long's book:

We open at random to the experience of an English officer who, in 1895, was fear-

fully clawed and bitten by a lion, and who writes of the experience:

"Regarding my sensations during the time the attack upon me by the lion was in progress, I had no feeling of pain whatever, although there was a distinct feeling of being bitten; that is, I was perfectly conscious, independently of seeing the performance, that the lion was gnawing at me, but there was no pain. To show that the feeling, or rather want of it, was in no wise due to excessive terror I may mention that, whilst my thighs were being gnawed, I took two cartridges out of the breast pocket of my shirt and threw them to the Kaffir, who was hovering a few yards away, telling him to load my rifle."

Perhaps I am not wise in giving further publicity to these statements, since they must definitely take much of the thrill out of Tarzan stories by placing lion mauling in a category with interesting and pleasurable experiences.

Having demonstrated that the most savage animals in their most terrifying moods reveal qualities far less terrible than those possessed by man, let us see how association with these beasts combined with the hereditary instincts of a noble blood line to produce in Tarzan a character finer than either of the sources from which it derived.

Necessity required him to kill for food and in defence of his life, the example of his savage associates never suggested that pleasure might be found in killing, and the chivalry that was in his blood stream prevented him imagining such pleasure in youth without such example. His viewpoint toward death was seemingly callous, but it was without cruelty.

His attitude toward women and other creatures weaker than he was partially the result of innate chivalry, partially the natural outcome of a feeling of superiority engendered both by knowledge of his mental or physical superiority to every creature that had come within his ken and by heredity, and partially by an indifference born of absolute clean-mindedness and perfection of health.

His appeal to an audience is so tremendous that it never ceases to be a source of astonishment to me. This appeal, I believe, is based upon an almost universal admiration of these two qualities and the natural inclination of every normal person to enjoy picturing himself as either heroic or beautiful or both. Linked to these is the constant urge to escape that is becoming stronger in all of us prisoners of civilization as civilization becomes more complex.

We wish to escape not alone the narrow confines of city streets for the freedom of the wilderness, but the restrictions of man made laws, and the inhibitions that society has placed upon us. We like to picture ourselves as roaming free, the lords of ourselves and of our world; in other words, we would each like to be Tarzan. At least I would; I admit it.

Unconsciously or consciously, we seek to emulate the creatures we admire. Doubtless there are many people trying to be like the late Theodore Roosevelt, or like Robert Millikan, or Jack Dempsey, or Doug Fairbanks because they greatly admire one of these characters. Fiction characters are just as real to most of us as are these celebrities of today or the past; d'Artagnan is as much flesh and blood as Napoleon. Perhaps the influence of d'Artagnan has had a finer influence upon the forming of character than has that of the great Corsican.

To indicate the force for good which a fiction character may exercise I can do no better than cite the testimony of Eddie Eagan, former Amateur Heavyweight Champion of the World, whose very interesting series of articles appeared in the SATURDAY EVENING POST. As a boy Eagan read the Frank Merriwell books, and his admiration for this fiction character shaped his future life. Among other achievements Merriwell became an athlete and a Yale man, and these became two of Eagan's ambitions. Although a poor boy, Eagan worked his way through an education, first in college in Denver, then through Yale, and finally Oxford; and he became one of the greatest athletes of our times.

Years ago, when I came to a realization of the hold that Tarzan had taken upon the imaginations of many people, I was glad that I had made of him the sort of character that I had; and since then I have been careful not to permit him to let his foot slip, no matter what the temptation. I must admit that at times this has been difficult when I have placed him in situations where I would not have been quite sure of my own footing, and it has also not been easy to keep him from being a Prude.

On the whole, however, I must have been more or less successful for all ages and both sexes continue to admire him; and he goes his bloody way scattering virtue and sudden death indiscriminately and in all directions.

He may not be a force for good; and if he entertains, that is all I care about; but I am sure that he is not a force for evil, which is something these days.





REX MAXON

VETERAN TARZAN ARTIST

Rex Maxon was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, the home of the late artist, Clare Briggs. When Rex was still a boy, his brother, Paul, and Briggs studied cartooning together. The Maxons moved to St. Louis and Rex was raised there and in suburban Webster Groves.

The Mississippi waterfront seemed to hold the youthful Maxon in a spell and he spent most of his time there sketching the old river steamers. However, the Maxon's thought one artist in the family was enough and suggested that Rex become an electrical engineer. Rex refused to be discouraged and while still a lad of 17, in high school, he obtained a job with the Government during summer vacation painting the river steamboats.

"My first newspaper job, in my late teens," says Mr. Maxon, "was on the St. Louis Republic, which has since folded. After a short period in Chicago, where I studied art at the Art Students League, I did advertising art for the Lord and Thomas Agency. Then I came to New York and did newspaper features, theatrical and semi-comic, for the Evening Mail and later the New York Globe."

"From that work," Mr. Maxon continues, "I went to free-lancing, dividing my time between advertising and illustrating. It was during this time while I was illustrating fiction for the Metropolitan News Syndicate, that I was chosen to do the Tarzan daily strip--which as you know, I did for about eighteen years."

Rex Maxon illustrated all but five of the 27 story-strips that were published in newspapers about the famous Tarzan. He continued the strip with fresh material when the story-strips finally caught up with the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs, until he resigned in 1947. Mr. Maxon also introduced the first Sunday Tarzan page in color on March 15, 1931. However the job of drawing both the daily and Sunday features took up so much of his time that he relinquished the Sunday color page to other artists.

A great many of Mr. Maxon's Tarzan drawings have found their way into book form. Almost all of his early works were reprinted in the Whitman Big-Little and Better-Little Books, and also in handsome editions with hard covers. I have two such volumes, published in Canada, in French text, entitled TARZAN ET LES JOYAUX D'OPAR and TARZAN ET LA VILLE D'IVOIRE.

It is interesting to note the change in Mr. Maxon's version of Tarzan over the years that he worked on the feature. His original drawings of the apeman showed a handsome figure with short hair and a shoulder draped leopard skin, not unremindful of James H. Pierce's film Tarzan. As the strip progressed through the years and the public's idea of the apeman changed, so did Mr. Maxon's. At the beginning of TARZAN THE UNTAMED Maxon's old Tarzan is still there, but as the sequences progress and the story has Tarzan revert to savagery, the drawings are in attune with the change. It seems, to me, that Mr. Maxon did this very cleverly. You could witness the change in the pictured Tarzan with each episode. Day by day, his hair was shown just a little longer, the straight, handsome figure more savage looking. Bulky muscles seemed to flow out into leaner, more supple ones. The draped leopard skin disappeared and was replaced with a breechcloth about the loins. The change was made gradually until at last Mr. Maxon had modernized his Tarzan into the graceful, lean-limbed figure that he continued to draw for so many more years.

Mr. Maxon resigned from the Tarzan strip to free lance in the field of fine arts and illustration, which he is doing at present. "One of my clients," he states, "is the Dell Publishing Co., who put out the more respectable comic books. In one of these, The Lone Ranger, I do the companion feature, "Young Hawk," about two Indian boys and their adventures."



Rex Maxon relaxes on the bridge leading to his sister's cabin in the South St. Urain Canyon in Colorado.

As the accompanying photograph shows, Rex Maxon is fond of the out-of-doors, and usually spends a part of the summer in Colorado painting and enjoying the rugged scenic beauty of that part of the country.

Mr. Maxon lives with his wife, the former Hazel Carter, a newspaper feature writer, and their daughter, Jeanne, about 45 miles from New York in Rockland County on the Hudson river.





TEX
MAYON

TO VERNELL CORIELL
WITH BEST REGARDS - R.M.

TARZAN



AND
BUCK
by
Robert C. Ruark



The death in a week's time of Edgar Rice Burroughs and Frank Buck was a considerable shock to an age group which was raised to manhood before the advent of television and the sundered atom. We were of a group which had to seek simpler heroes than Raygun Terwilliger, the interplanetary man, and Hopalong Cassidy was then unborn.

We settled for a magnificently romantic specimen called Tarzan of the Apes, created in a moment of inspiration by Mr. Burroughs, who had never been to Africa. Tarzan's vogue was such that anybody who even ventured into the jungle, in the flesh, also automatically became a demigod. The likes of Frank Buck and the late Martin Johnson were romantic, to my set, far beyond the appeal of the Rover Boys and that arrant prig, Tom Swift, with his lousy little electric rifle.

There is no doubt in my mind that Tarzan of the Apes was the greatest single fictional achievement of our time. I forget how many volumes are devoted to his exploits, but there must have been some 20-odd movies made about them. I read the original book again, the other day, and still find it fascinating.

Tarzan was a simple soul, and therein rests his charm. He carried a knife and a rope and a spear, and he could break a lion's neck with no weapons at all. He did not become cluttered up with conversation and sophistication until very late in the piece--and he always felt more at home in a G-string than in the silly habiliments of civilized man.

Tarzan never really understood civilization. He only killed when he was hungry or angry, never for fun. When he made a kill he flexed his muscles, threw back his head and roared. He swung effortlessly from tree to tree--this cost me a broken arm at a very early age--and when he fell in love he just picked up the dame and shoved off with her through the tall timber.

So long as Tarzan was competing with Numa, the lion, or Hista, the snake, or Bolgani, the gorilla, he made out fine. It was only after he learned to read and write and talk, and decided he wasn't an ape that he got into trouble. In that respect Tarzan is rather typical of the human race in its current dilemma.

In the knowledge that it was highly unlikely that a Tarzan could exist, we settled for Frank Buck. He was a burly, powerful man, with a bull-neck and a rough-cut face, made dapper by a small mustache. He was always just leaving or just back from a safari.

There was a lot of showman in Frank, and you always felt he had personally wrestled anything he brought back alive,

even though most the time he bought his wild beasts from native hunters. Frank gave off an aura of invincibility, just like Tarzan.

That's why none of us was surprised when Buck acquired cancer, and seemingly beat it on a 1,000-to-1 shot. The disease seemed licked, and Frank thought so, too. He gained back a lot of weight, and took off for Malaysia again. He returned with a flock of beasts, a deep tan, and all of his old bounce. It was a shock to read that he had died of cancer, after all.

At 66 life didn't owe Buck very much, because he lived it all the way up. It is just that his death inspires a quiet grief over the passage of a whole way of living. Buck would not cut a tremendous dash today, where people commute from continent to continent and the jungle is as close as the delicatessen. So much bigger game than tigers is stalked daily in the papers.

I imagine modern youth finds Tarzan a very dull fellow, too, when ranged alongside the comic book heroes and our own everyday dramas of spies and H-bombs and guided missiles, schnorkel submarines and radar. But Tarzan was a mighty myth, from where I sat, and Frank Buck was a much bigger guy than Buck Rogers. I regret the youngster of today and tomorrow is doomed to be cheated of such simplicity as hero worship.

THE PERFECT GUEST (concluded from page 84)

seemed hurt, so I hurriedly crawled up into the nose to see if my favorite bomb sight had been damaged. The rest of the crew crawled out thru the open rear bomb bay.

Ed was next to last out, followed by the General. Ed then showed a bit of the instinctive kindness and diplomacy that made him the cherished friend of all who really knew him. Ignoring the bomber with nose in the dust completely, as though the landing had been perfectly normal, and gazing blandly past the quickly gathering crowd, he began exclaiming excitedly about the coconut trees decapitated in the battle to wrest the atoll from the Japs, the wrecked landing craft along the lagoon shore, etc. The General was understandably red faced with embarrassment at our mishap, but after watching Ed calling attention to most everything else but the bomber for a few moments, he suddenly grinned, and placing an arm over Ed's shoulder, I thought I heard him say: "Thanks a million, Ed. You're the perfect guest."

In the days that followed, I renewed my friendship with Ed, and we made a half serious compact after I got back from an especially rough mission. He promised that if I should die in combat he would write a column for the Los Angeles Times in which he would solemnly declare that I had been a better man than Tarzan, if I would do the same upon his earthly departure.

A few years ago I kept my part of that compact, but I have never felt that Ed is truly gone ----- I feel sure that wherever he is he is marching and laughing among his chosen company, the bravest men who ever lived to fight and dream the matchless dreams that are given only to those who have learned to live proudly, without fear.



with

TARZAN

by

STANLEIGH B. VINSON



Beyond a doubt, John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, better known as Tarzan, is by far the best known character in fiction. This may come as a surprise to the many who never read "Tarzan of the Apes". However, it is not so much the cake as the frosting that has made Tarzan so famous. Let us look at a few of the factors that make this claim possible.

We are not concerned here with the literary quality of Edgar Rice Burroughs' works, but only with their wide acceptance. The cake mentioned is not just "Tarzan of the Apes" but the 21 other Tarzan books that followed. Probably few, outside a relatively small number of ardent fans, have read them all. Many people have read only one or two, any one of which is a high adventure story in itself, and retained a lasting memory of the Apeman.

It might be said that the raisins in our cake are represented by three short stories, several childrens books, and the many "Big-Little-Books".

The frosting mentioned falls into three major parts. The first of these "special" items that have added to Tarzan's fame is the comic strip. There are few people today that do not read the newspaper and, especially, the comic page. During the past 25 years only a few papers have not carried the Tarzan comic at one time or another. And in spite of Superman, Buck Rogers, and the Atomic Age, the daily Tarzan, as well as the Sunday page in color, remain favorites of both young and old alike.

The Tarzan magazine, or so-called "comic book", is also well known. Probably the best of these are the Dell comics, which are published in Canadian and Mexican editions as well as the U.S. In England, Tarzan is published as a weekly magazine, reprinting the U.S. newspaper strips. France also reprints the U.S. strips, but in handsome volumes between boards. Twenty-one of these have been published so far. Italy, too, reprints the strips in small 3x6 1/2 booklets. In this country, Tip-Top Comics is again carrying Tarzan after a lapse of several years. Some of the older comics featured Tarzan, and there have been a few special ones published as advertisement for Sears, Roebuck and other companies.

Second is the motion picture. How many millions of people have come to know Tarzan through one or more of the thirty movies it is difficult to say. Tarzan has been the best paying and longest lasting of all movie series, and after wearing out ten "Tarzan" actors they are still going strong. These

films have been shown in almost every country of the world, hereby adding millions of Tarzan fans, even behind the iron curtain, where they are creating a major problem in Russia. One of the earlier movies was made in China with Chinese actors portraying the Burroughs characters.

The third, and probably most important factor in this world-wide recognition, is the foreign publication of the books. It has been said that the Tarzan books have been translated into 50 to 56 different languages. After a study of the standard reference work, "The Loom of Language", by F. Bodner, Norton 1944, it would seem doubtful that there are 56 languages involved. When you try to list this many languages you are down to such unlikely choices as Maltese, spoken on the Island of Malta; Tibetan, from Tibet; Maori, from New Zealand; and Cushite spoken in parts of Ethiopia. It is dubious that the books have been translated into these remote and little used tongues. Ethiopian, yes—but not Cushite.

On the other hand, we may feel that we gain something from books published in the same language but in different Countries. This would include the U.S. and British editions, the Spanish of South America and Spain, the French from France and Canada, etc. On this basis we can add quite a few Countries if not languages.

It has been this wide spread and diversified distribution of the comics, movies, and books that have made Tarzan a world renown figure. You can write anywhere in the world and ask for a Tarzan book and they will know what you are talking about. Only once has anyone questioned my request, and that was in Arabia where they wondered if I was interested in Tarzan or The Koran.

Based on my belief that the wide distribution of the books have made Tarzan the best known character in fiction, let's look at some of the foreign editions available.

Probably first in importance are the British editions. Almost all the stories have been published in hard covers by Methuen & Co. Ltd., undergoing many printings and cheaper editions. "Tarzan of the Apes" has ran at least 30 printings. Odhams Press Ltd., and The Bodley Head have also published Burroughs books.

At the present time there are 31 Burroughs titles available in "pocket books", or paper backs, from W. H. Allen. It seems to me that these are of special interest to the American collector, as they are printed in English, their smallness make them easy to carry and store, and each have good cover illustrations in color. Some titles, such as "Lost Empire" and "Lord of the Jungle" have had as many as three different covers. Also, many titles are available in this series that are out-of-print in the U.S.

In France probably the most interesting item to the average collector are the comics published by Hachette and printed in Paris by Georges Lang. These are in 20 volumes now, bound in boards with full color illustrations. There is also a cheaper edition by Mondiales which is a collection of comic magazines bound in boards. Hachette has published some of the regular books in a paper back edition. A few were printed in

hard covers before the war, but, I believe, only in paper backs since.

"Tarzan Bei Den Affen", or "Tarzan of the Apes", in German has been popular since the war. The latest editions, published by Pegasus in Berlin, include seven titles in hard covers with illustrated jacket. The best known pre-war edition was by Berlegt bei Died & Co. in Stuttgart, who published at least eight hard cover titles.

About 1935 R. Bemporad published seven interesting titles in Italy. They were paper backs, about the size of the old Blue Book magazine, with a nice cover illustration in color and eight black and white interiors.

One of the most recent editions is in Hebrew from Tel Aviv, translated by C.B. Hanna, in hard covers with jacket illustrations. The Hebrew alphabet is so different from ours that it takes about 15 books to cover the material that normally is published in about three volumes printed in English. It makes these rather unique. Also, like the Chinese, they read from the back to front and right to left on a page.

Probably one of the nicest sets are the Martian stories from Spain. "Una Princesa de Marte", edited by M. Aguilar, Madrid 1947, is a beautiful red leather volume, size $3\frac{1}{2} \times 4\text{-}3\frac{1}{4}$, with 420 pages of thin paper and frontispiece. Also available is "Gods" and "Warlord", in one volume, and "Thuvia" and "Chessmen", in one volume, to match the above. This article primarily concerns Tarzan editions, but I mention these three books because of their interest to the Burroughs enthusiast.

Gustavo Gili published about 12 Tarzan books in Barcelona, Spain around 1929. These had illustrations imprinted on the hard covers but no interiors. The best known Spanish editions are the Ediciones G. Gili, in hard covers, and the Editorial Tor paper backs, both from Buenos Aires, South America. These Argentine editions ran into a great many titles, some of which were not written by Burroughs. These latter used the Tarzan name and were the same type of story but nothing like any of Burroughs' books. Librerias "Cultura", Santiago de Chile, have published 22 Tarzan titles in paper back editions. These are the first eleven Tarzans broken up to make two books of each title. Editora Nacional, Sao Paulo, Brazil, printed about 20 paper backed titles around 1947 with cover illustrations taken from the U.S. editions. Several of these, like "Tarzan and the Golden Lion", run into two volumes. In addition to the above, Editorial Abril, Buenos Aires, published several "Big-Little-Books" during 1945-46.

"Tarzan Apenes Konge" heads the new edition (1949-1951) of twelve volumes from Oslo, Norway. This is a very nice set with gold stamping, hard covers, a color cover illustration and 4 or 5 interior drawings.

As mentioned before, the Iron Curtain has limited collecting somewhat, but occasionally I still see an old 1922 Polish edition in used book stores. They were hard cover books with about 15 very good illustrations.

"Tarzan Apinain Kuningas" is the first of about 15 titles from Finland that have appeared since 1948. They are in hard covers with illustrated jackets and there are sev-

eral Martian and other ERB stories to make this an attractive set.

The Danish editions, of which there are about 29 volumes, are of recent publication and available at the present time.

Several volumes are available from Greece, some of which contain two of our books, with hard, illustrated, covers and many small interior drawings. Usually, where our alphabet or similar is used, Tarzan is spelled Tarzan, but here we find it Tapzan because of the difference in our characters.

Before the war the Chinese paper back editions were not unusual in this country. I believe there were ten titles with cover illustrations and about 130 pages. They of course read from back to front, and the Chinese characters make them most interesting.

The Dutch editions from Amsterdam, Netherlands, are nice hard cover books but unillustrated.

Sweden issued hard cover editions from Stockholm around 1925, usually two books in one volume. About the same year we find paper back editions of "A Princess of Mars" and "The Girl from Hollywood", which is a little surprising at that time.

It is rather difficult to find true Tarzan books in Japan, but there are some available. What you find in great quantity are Tarzan books written by Japanese authors with little resemblance to ERB stories. They are interesting as they are comic type books, in boards, and therefore, at least partly understood.

While there are a few items available from Canada, Mexico, and other countries, I believe the above illustrates my point that Tarzan is a World famous character. These foreign editions make a very interesting part of any Burroughs collection, and yet you seldom hear about them from collectors. By writing anywhere in the world and mentioning Tarzan they know immediately what you are talking about. I know, for I have traded coffee for Tarzan books from Norway and postage stamps for them from Japan.

CENSORED

From Budapest comes word that the Hungarian Government has banned 10,000 books written by foreign authors, and has confiscated copies of them found in libraries and book stores. Compensation for all books seized is at the rate of 50¢ a pound, giving the dealers money with which to buy Government-approved Communist literature.

The list of authors whose works are outlawed includes Louis Bromfield, A. J. Cronin, Edna Ferber, Fannie Hurst, John P. Marquand and P. G. Wodehouse. Books specifically banned are James Hilton's "Lost Horizon," Richard Wright's "Native Son," and Edgar Rice Burroughs' Tarzan stories. The heavy hand of Hungarian censorship even falls on Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People," presumably because the Communist hierarchy does not want its subjects to form a friendship for any American.

"Tarzan of the Apes" has been allowed to return to Soviet cinemas after an absence of many years. The revival had a premiere

(concluded on page 113)

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS'

TARZAN'S PERIL



with
LEX BARKER - VIRGINIA HUSTON

A
Maurice
E.
Gardner
Revue

For the first time in the screen history of Tarzan, a photographic unit, including Lex Barker, went to Africa, the locale of the Tarzan series, and filmed scenes which are incorporated into the finished film.

TARZAN'S PERIL concerns gun-runners in Africa, trading their merchandise for precious jewels, and it takes the inimitable Tarzan to bring a halt to this illegal traffic. The new Jane is lovely Virginia Houston, and such eye-filling beauty did not make the reviewer disappointed that she was to remain unknissed, as the Janes of previous films have been.

Radijeck, the leader of the gun-runners, is ably portrayed by George McCready with all his customary screen villainy, and his two minions are Trask and Andrews, played by Douglas Fowley and Glenn Anders.

The picture opens with a ceremonial dance in the Ashuba village as Melmendi (portrayed by Dorothy Dandridge) is being crowned queen. To the village comes Bulam, chief of the war-loving Yorango, accompanied by warriors, with an offer of marriage to the queen, which she promptly rejects.

Peters, the African commissioner, and an assistant by name of Connors, witness the rejection of Bulam, and they are pleased, for Bulam is not to be trusted. It is to his village that the gun-runners are bound. Peters and Connors come upon a disabled jeep in which they discover a couple of rifles. Tarzan and Cheeta appear, and the three men talk of the jungle drums and the message they were sending concerning the escape of Radijeck. It seems Tarzan and Jane had been responsible for Radijeck being imprisoned because of his part in slave-running, and naturally it is to be expected the escaped prisoner would seek to harm the jungle lord and his mate. Cheeta is intrigued by Peters' watch which plays an important part in the picture. The chimpanzee steals a notebook from Peters.

After leaving the two white men, Tarzan returns to the tree-house where he joins Jane. It is then they learn Cheeta had stolen a notebook containing vital information.

Meanwhile, Peters and Connors meet the gun-runners, and they are shot. Before reaching Bulam's domain, Radijeck is instrumental in nearly killing Andrews, and Trask regards him with suspicion, feeling the leader would purposely do as much to him were he given the chance.

In the meantime, Tarzan, Jane, and Cheeta are on their way to Randini in a canoe. They stop at an inviting cove to fish and swim. The ubiquitous Cheeta discovers Andrews, who has been deserted, in a critical condition. Upon him they find Peters' watch.

Tarzan suspects something serious has happened to the commissioner.

Radijeck contacts Bulam, and while they are in conference, Tarzan binds the canoe guard and is in the act of throwing the rifles into the river above Rohono Falls, when Radijeck and Bulam's warriors attack him. In the furious battle Tarzan escapes and dives into the river. As he fights the strong current a large floating tree sweeps him over the falls and he is moored in shallow water helplessly pinioned beneath the tree.



Trask is displeased with his division of the jewels, and in the night Radijeck shoots him. The natives have deserted, so the leader of the gun-runners is alone.

Cheetah rescues Tarzan from his plight by summoning an elephant to lift the tree from the jungle floor. The two then backtrack the trail and coming to the Ashuba village learn that it is now in the possession of Bulam and his warriors. Tarzan rescues the imprisoned queen, then releases her warriors of their bonds. After waiting for Bulam and his followers to become almost helpless from their drinking, Tarzan leads the inferior Ashuba warriors to battle with their numerical superior enemy. Much action ensues, and it is natural that Tarzan and Bulam must fight to the death with Tarzan emerging the victor. Melmendi, the queen, begs Tarzan remain with them, but the jungle lord must be on his way--he now seeks Radijeck, and he has a sneaking suspicion where he is to be found.

Meanwhile, Jane has returned to the tree-house, and there Radijeck comes and compels her to promise to lead him out of the country. It is then Tarzan makes a timely appearance. One must see the motion picture to appreciate the agility with which Tarzan moves to send Radijeck to his death and assure the future peace of the jungle dwellers.

Once again Lex Barker gives an excellent portrayal as the jungle lord.

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS'
**Tarzan's
Savage
Fury**

Reviewed by
Maurice B.
Gardner

CASTING BY
ALEX BARKER - DOROTHY HART
PATRIC KNOWLES - CHARLES KORVIN
and
TOMMY CARLTON

The opening scenes of the film shows the disposal of Oliver Greystoke, a cousin of John Greystoke, known as Tarzan of the Apes. This foul deed is perpetrated by Rokov, played by Charles Korvin. He is an enemy agent on safari searching for diamonds with which to help his country's finances. Edwards, (Patric Knowles,) a weak-willed Englishman and companion to Rokov, is informed he shall impersonate Greystoke. His protests are futile.

Meanwhile, Tarzan is wandering through the jungle, and comes upon a party of natives who are using small boys as decoys for crocodiles. One of the boys is white; his name is Joey. This part is played by Tommy Carlton. When Joey's life-line is snagged upon an exposed limb of a tree and his life is in danger, Tarzan dives into the river and gives battle to Gimla, the crocodile. Questioning Joey, Tarzan learns his parents are dead. The jungle lord adopts the boy, and on the return to the tree-house teaches him how to outstare savage beasts. Thus they return unharmed to be greeted by Jane, played by lovely Dorothy Hart. Then Tarzan introduces Joey to Cheta, the friendly chimpanzee.

The safari which Rokov is leading reaches Tarzan's jungle, and near exhaustion, the jungle dwellers take them in and tend to their needs. Rokov is something of a magician and delights Joey. Tarzan is not impressed. Edwards is introduced as Tarzan's cousin, and he displays papers, a passport, and a diary of Tarzan's parents, also a map, showing the location of diamonds. Edwards tells Tarzan England is badly in need of the diamonds to bolster her faltering financial condition. Jane begs Tarzan to assist Edwards and Rokov in their search. The jungle lord enlists the aid of the Goras to guide the safari. The heat of the jungle weakens Edwards. There is a heavy case that belongs to Rokov that is carried on the trip, and there is something mysterious about it. A herd of hippos is encountered and Rokov shoots at them, causing panic, with the result the hippos attack the safari. Only for Tarzan there would have been disaster. The jungle lord warns Rokov and relieves him of his rifle.

Reaching a river, rafts are constructed and the party is ready to cross. Rokov recovers his rifle, and as the waters ripple with crocodiles. Rokov again shoots. One of the rafts is overturned. A native loses his life, but all white members are spared. Once again Tarzan speaks harshly to Rokov, and the safari organized again, resumes its trek. Over an almost impregnable mountain range they pick their way and then beyond there is a desert to be crossed. All are

suffering from thirst when Tarzan finds water in the bush land of the Wazuri. An attack by cannibals follows, but the Wazuri come to the rescue. The Wazuri mistrust Rokov and Edwards. Tarzan explains to them that he and his parents lived with them when he was a boy. One of the elders recognizes Tarzan as the son of the Greystokes, and he greets the jungle lord. The elder Wazuri gives Tarzan a Bible that had belonged to his father and mother. Tarzan leaves his companions to be presented to the Chief of the Wazuri. Meanwhile, the evil Rokov is making plans. With Edwards, he sneaks into the temple and finds the diamonds. A guard discovers them, but Rokov kills him. Later, when the temple guard is found, Jane and Joey are placed under guard.

A message goes through to the tribe's Elders about the stolen diamonds and Tarzan vows to recover them.

Meanwhile, Jane, having discovered Rokov is a foreign agent, instructs Joey how to escape, and when finding Tarzan, tell him about Rokov. The boy escapes into the jungle and has many narrow escapes with beasts and a mighty python.



Rokov and Edwards are escaping with the diamonds and the radio transmitter. When Edwards falters, Rokov hurls him over a ledge into a lion pit. Presently Tarzan comes upon the scene and Rokov hails him, telling him how Edwards had fallen into the lion pit. When the ape-man seeks to rescue Edwards, Rokov fires at him with his pistol. The agile Tarzan manages to escape the hail of bullets, but becomes lodged upon a narrow shelf where falling stones pin him helplessly. It is Joey who comes to Tarzan's rescue and enlightens the jungle lord of the true Rokov. The boy frees Tarzan. In rage the ape-man seeks the evil Rokov and comes upon him radioing his confederates in a plane. The death struggle is brief, for the enraged Tarzan hurls Rokov into the lion pit.

Returning to the village, Tarzan is timely in sparing Jane who has been ordained to death. The diamonds are restored to the temple, and once again all is well.

The enemy plane crashes against a mountain peak, and thus the plans of a foreign country are foiled.

Once again Lex Barker, as Tarzan, is inimitable as he swings through the trees and takes part in opposing the schemes of villains and brings about their ultimate end.



Reviewed by Maurice B. Gardner

The 1953 Tarzan picture is, in the estimation of this reviewer, as good as any of the previous ones.

The picture opens with Tarzan riding upon an elephant—the part of the jungle lord being played by Lex Barker.

The scene then shifts to Vargo and Lavar, played by Raymond Burr and Michael Granger—they are elephant hunters, working for Lyra and Fidel, played by Monique Van Vooren and Tom Conway. Vargo and Lavar plot to make a raid upon a herd of elephants and share the profits with no one else. Their present raid was a small one and with inferior natives as carriers they return to Dagar where Lyra and Fidel entertain Vargo. Vargo tells Lyra if they must continue hunting elephants they must have stronger carriers, and he mentions the Lytoko tribe.

Tarzan returns to the tree house to find Jane, played by Joyce MacKenzie, sleeping. He awakens her, and tells her to prepare breakfast. The ostrich eggs are consumed, so Cheeta is dispatched to find some. The chimpanzee encounters a little difficulty as the ostrich sees her and gives chase, but Cheeta does manage to obtain one. Meanwhile, Jane has decided to return to bed and sleep some more, but Tarzan sweeps her into his arms and carries her outside and drops her into a pool. He dives after her and they enjoy a swim. Later, returning to the tree house, Cheeta arrives with the single egg.

Meanwhile, the ivory hunters raid the Lytoko village and force the warriors to return with them to Dagar. The Lytoko women come to the jungle lord's house and in tears tells what has happened. Tarzan and Cheeta are off to the rescue. While a dancing girl is entertaining the guards, Tarzan overpowers two of them, leaving Cheeta with a rifle to watch them. He drops many rifles into a well, then releases the Lytoko warriors. They are discovered in their flight, but escape. At a celebration in the Lytoko village, M'Tara, the chief, presents Tarzan with an amulet which he tells him is for good luck. The ape-man in turn presents it to Jane.

The ivory hunters recapture the Lytoko warriors, and when Tarzan seeks to rescue them, he is compelled to fight Selim, a giant, and overcomes him, then escapes again. Lyra and Fidel decide only by taking Jane captive can they force Tarzan to do as they wish. With a couple of men Fidel goes to the tree house, and in the attempted capture, a lamp is overturned and fire breaks out. Jane loses the amulet, but manages to escape by a burning vine which breaks, and she falls to the ground. She reaches a water hole, and falling in, is menaced by an alligator and a boa constrictor. But she evades them, and crawling out of the water hole, collapses. A friendly elephant comes along and gently picks her

up and bears her to the Lytoko village. In a delirium she relives her recent terrors, but the chanting of a witch-doctor and the beating of a tom-tom arouses her to the present.

Tarzan returns to the burnt tree-house with Cheeta. The chimpanzee finds the amulet Jane has lost, and the jungle lord believes his mate to be dead. In mute despair he is captured by the ivory hunters, and Vargo does not spare the whip. Tarzan is bound along with the Lytoko natives, and because of the supposed death of Jane he does not seem to care whether he lives. Vargo constantly threatens the ape-man to no avail.

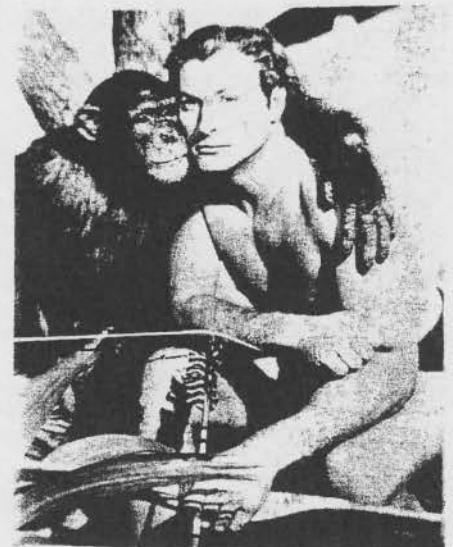
Meanwhile, Jane has recovered and she sets out for Dagar. She is captured by Lyra's men. Fidel had overheard Vargo and Lavar plotting to take the profits from a great herd of elephants they had been tracking, and he has returned to Dagar to inform Lyra of this. Together, with Jane, and some guards they set out in the direction of the huge stockade that has been built. They reach there in time to see Vargo applying the whip to Tarzan. Lyra orders Vargo bound. She then tells Tarzan that Jane is alive. The jungle lord is permitted to see her. He promises to lure the herd of elephants into the stockade in order to save Jane. Fidel goes hunting, and a wild bull charges him. He shoots at the pachyderm, and the herd stampedes. Tarzan's call rings out, luring the elephants to the stockade, but as the mighty herd bursts into view, the jungle lord orders the Lytoko warriors to close the stockade gates and they seek shelter therein. The raging herd has been turned on Tarzan's enemies. Vargo breaks loose and meeting Lyra, shoots her. He then steps into the path of thundering elephants and is crushed to death. Tarzan, meanwhile, rescues Jane, and with Cheeta in a shallow cave they watch the destruction of the huts. And with this mad rush of trumpeting elephants the picture comes to an end with Cheeta gleefully watching the havoc that is being wrought.

This reviewer disagrees with the reviewer of Variety who states this is the slowest of all the Tarzan films.

L E X
B A R K E R
as

TARZAN

with
C H E E T A
the chimp



TARZAN



by Ted McInerney

When I reached Los Angeles the other A. M., I was mad at the world in general, and TWA in particular. They had separated me from my luggage somehow, and I was stranded at the International Airport with the clothes I had slept in all night, a partially depleted pack of Luckies and a thinning wallet. Calling Mary MacLaren, star of silent pictures on the old Universal lot, it was good to hear my friend's throaty contralto over the wire as she said: "Forget it. You're hungry. Get in a cab and come on out. By the time you get here, I'll have breakfast ready--with plenty of black coffee."

I arrived at Mary's beautiful home on Manhattan Place, in Hollywood, an hour later, fit to be tied and hungry. I rang the front doorbell, and in no time at all the mistress of this lovely house opened the door, and greeted me warmly. Even though Mary was a star long before many of the present day celebrities of the celluloid were born, she is only fifty-four, and looks less than forty. Her once blond hair is grey now, and she is a little heavier, but there is still that warm look of sincere girlhood in her bright blue eyes, and her dainty smile lights up a face that is pleasant to behold.

"What are you doing in Hollywood, this time?" she asked as we sat down to the warm breakfast set out on her well appointed table.

"I'm going to do some feature stuff on anyone or anything I can find. I believe people would be interested in an article on Gordon Scott, Sol Lesser's new 'Tarzan', and I'm out to get it," I answered with more confidence than I felt.

"It's almost daylight. Why don't you get some sleep, and we'll talk later," Mary said.

She led me to her guest room on the second floor, and after a refreshing shower, I settled down to sleep between snowy sheets in a bed fit for a king.

Five hours later, I awoke, dazed for the moment. Slowly, I realized where I was, and went to the window and raised the venetian blind. To my pleasurable surprise, I found my luggage was in the room, and unpacked. Mary had taken my baggage checks, gone to the Airport, got the bags, and all I needed to do now was to dress, and join her at a tastefully spread luncheon in her large dining room just off the rear patio of the house.

"I want to call RKO-Pathe as soon as I can," I told Mary.

"You can use the phone in the library while I clear things away."

I called Hank Fine, Publicity Chief for Producer Sol Lesser. He was more than courteous, he was downright friendly when I explained who I was, and what I was up to.

"It just happens Gordon's going to be out here today for lunch with Mr. Lesser and myself. Why don't you and Miss MacLaren join us?"

I was overjoyed--so much so that I

didn't have the heart to tell him we had just eaten.

"Of course, if you're sure we won't be intruding."

"Nothing like it. We'll wait for you in my office. Make it as soon as you can."

I hung up, and rushed to Mary, telling her what I'd let us in for. She fell in with the scheme of things like the good trouper she is.

"I want to powder my nose. You get ready and wait for me on the front porch. I'll drive us out. It's been a long time since I've been to Culver City, and it'll be fun visiting the old lot again."

A little later I stepped into Mary's Cadillac convertible, and we drove over to the RKO-Pathe studio in Culver City.

Naturally, the receptionist stopped us. She phoned Mr. Fine, and he came out and got us. There is a warmth about this man that is friendly and reassuring.

In his office, he said, "Sit down. Gordon hasn't arrived yet, but he did phone. He's taking a voice lesson this morning and is working hard to perfect the 'Tarzan' call before we begin actual shooting."

"Then, he will do the 'call' himself rather than some weird, dubbed in sound, as has been done in other 'Tarzan' pictures," I asked.

"Yes, yes indeed. Also, he'll use no doubles or stunt men. You see, with his Army training, as drill and judo instructor, Military Police Sergeant and his life-guard experience, he is well able to perform the many hazardous feats 'Tarzan' is called upon to do before he finally rids the jungle of the villains who menace the wild animal life in his district."

"Can you give me a brief run-down of the plot without divulging anything you hold sacred?" I asked hopefully.

Mr. Fine laughed outright. "I'll be glad to. The name of our picture is 'Tarzan's Hidden Jungle', and the locale is East Africa. Tarzan is grown and protects animals from hunters who are slaughtering them wild for hides and furs. He saves a United Nations' doctor, who, with his daughter, are studying jungle diseases. They get mixed up and captured and are about to be sacrificed by a village of animal worshippers when Tarzan steps in. There is only a hint of a romance between Tarzan and this girl. After many adventures, the villains are finally routed, the UN Doctor and his daughter continue their research, and Tarzan returns to his jungle. Of course there will be plot changes and different thrill sequences including plenty of footage for our old friend, 'Cheeta', the Chimp, but in the main, that's the general idea of our story."

"Sounds mighty good. Is it one of the Burroughs stories, or an original?"

"It's an original screen-play by Frank Gruber, using the Burroughs' characters, of course. Hal Schuster is our director, and the picture will run at least ninety minutes. The African footage was actually filmed in hitherto unphotographed portions of the Dark Continent and no stock shots of jungles, animals and so on will be used."

There was a pause in our conversation. I was sitting with my back to the door; Mr. Fine was at his desk in front of me, and

Mary was seated to my left, facing the door. I glanced her way. Her blue eyes were wide with amazement, her mouth was open in astonishment, and her general expression was one of inhibited pleasure frustrated at the onset by good taste and natural poise. I turned my head, searching for who or what had disturbed the lady.

In the doorway stood a bronzed giant--by name, Gordon Scott. He stands over six feet, three inches, and weighs about 212 pounds. His eyes are brown and they don't just sparkle--they are alive and alert at all times. His hair is thick and heavy, and Mary says it's a sun-burned brown in color. The man's forehead is high, slightly receding at the hair line, and his chin is strong and there is a hint of a dimple at its base. Taken as a whole, Gordon's face is not handsome in a pretty sort of way, but leaves an indelible impression of strength of character and a will to complete and succeed in anything he sets his mind to.

"Come in, Gordon," Mr. Fine invited.

Gordon Scott was pleasantly nervous in my first chat with him. He sat there in Hank Fine's office at RKO-Pathe chatting with Mary MacLaren and myself. After the preliminary introductions were over, the four of us settled down as though we were old friends that had suddenly and unexpectedly met.

He was born August 3, 1927 at Portland, Oregon; attended grade and Grant High School there. He entered Oregon University at the age of 18, but left it after completing one term in physical education to enter the Army at Ft. Lewis, Washington, in the Infantry. That was September 18, 1944. For the next 16 months, Scott was at Camp Roberts, San Miguel, California with the 81st Training Battalion. In short order he rose to sergeant. He specialized in teaching close order drill, the use of the rifle, bayonet and pistol, judo, and hand to hand combat. From Camp Roberts, Gordon was transferred to the Oakland Army Base. Here, he became a member of the Military Police Battalion, whose job was transporting dangerous prisoners. Gordon was honorably discharged on February 22, 1947.

For a year he worked as ax man with the Oak Knoll Navy Hospital Fire Department. Scott had previous experience as a fire fighter. At the age of 16, and big for his age, he had talked himself into a summer job with the Portland, Oregon fire department as a hook and ladder man.

In 1950, Gordon went to Eastern, Oregon, where his oldest brother, Jim, owns and operates a working cattle ranch. Two years later, after a stretch of cowboying, Scott went to work for the Minneapolis-Moline farm implement company's division in Portland. It was while working for these people that Scott went on vacation to Las Vegas, a resort he had once visited while waiting the transfer of a military prisoner. The Hotel Sahara management watching him work out in the pool, offered him a job as life guard, making the offer so lucrative he could not afford to turn it down.

It was while he was a life guard at the Hotel Sahara that Scott was spotted by Hollywood actor's agents Ed and Walter Mayers, brothers. They brought him to the at-

tention of film producer Sol Lesser. A test for the 'Tarzan' role followed. Gordon Scott was chosen to play the internationally famous ape-man over 200 others. He was the only one who had never been before a camera other than for a newsreel shot taken at the Sahara pool with Eleanor Holm, Olympic swim champion, who strangely enough herself had appeared in a Tarzan picture in 1938 in the role of "Jane".

The morning of my interview, Gordon was tastefully dressed in a deep, navy blue sport shirt, open at the throat, grey slacks, pink and black socks and black loafers. His big hands, not particularly artis-



tic, are well formed, and they look like they are used to hard work. Gordon's nice smile reveals strong, even teeth, and his physique is well developed, but is definitely not musclebound. He talks well in a natural manner and attempts no four-flushing pretense at profound remarks. This naturalness of manner, this charm of youth, sophisticated, but unspoiled, was refreshing to both the ear and the eye.

"Have you ever been heroic?" I asked this modest young man on the verge of fame and fortune.

He hesitated. "Not that I know of," he finally answered.

Hank Fine laughed out loud. "What do you mean: 'not that I know of'? In the time he spent as a life guard, he saved 75 lives --31 of them in a four months period at Seaside, Oregon, where the beach is especially treacherous with undercurrents and hidden rock formations."

'Tarzan' grinned. "So what?" he asked.

"Do you smoke, Gordon?" Mary asked.

I knew what was coming. Mary has a de-

finite phobia against smoking, and coastfully brags about being the direct cause of 59 persons forsaking the weed.

"No--not that I've got anything against smoking or smokers--but I knew it would cut down my wind, and if there's one thing a life guard needs, it's wind and good breathing."

Thereupon, Mary MacLaren established a definite en rapport with the ape-man, which indicated to me that Gordon has a warm affection somewhere for an older woman--no doubt, a mother or an elder sister--and a respect for older people in general. He is the youngest in a family of nine--four brothers and four sisters being older than he. There was none of the cocky, over-confident impudence of the smart-aleck one would almost expect from a young man on the verge of stardom in his initial effort.

Hank's phone rang. "Yes, Mr. Lesser, I understand. We'll see you in the commissary, then, a little later."

Hank turned to us and said: "Mr. Lesser is deep in a production conference and says for us not to wait for him--but he'll join us later in the commissary--so we might as well go on over."

As one, the four of us rose--Gordon helping Mary with her chair. As we left Hank's office, I noticed he was by her side. Timidly, she took his arm.

"Do you dance, Gordon?" I heard her ask him.

"I've never had any lessons, if that's what you mean, I'm crazy about the rhumba, though. There's something about that calipso rhythm that sends me. Even if I'm not dancing, I can't sit still when I hear a rhumba."

"That's one on me. I'm afraid my dancing is restricted more or less to three quarter time, even though I used to tango quite well with Rudolph Valentino. I'll bet you'd manage though, regardless of tempo."

Mary was buzzing like a Geiger counter in a mine field.

"This is it," Hank said.

We stepped into a modern if modest, restaurant. The pretty waitress smiled impartially at all of us as she motioned for us to sit down at a far table. Gordon helped Mary with her chair again, and I maneuvered to get the one facing the door so that I could rubber-neck around--and was I rewarded!

At one table was John Wayne--the 'Duke' in the flesh. Charles Laughton and Edward G. Robinson were seated at another table. Off in a corner quietly attending to his own business, Joel McCrea nibbled on a steak.

Hank asked me about Washington, political trends and The Pentagon. He had been with Military Intelligence during World War II, and if I remember correctly, he still holds a reserve commission as a Major. We found endless things in common to talk about. All the while, Gordon and Mary kept up a steady stream of conversation. Now and then, I caught bits of it--such as:

MARY: Gordon, do you like the Opera?

GORDON: Well, I've never really seen or heard one. But I've got the complete recording of "Carmen"--that is, "Carmen Jones".

Hank fine smiled.

MARY: Do you like to read?

GORDON: You bet! Especially, historical novels. I've read "The Robe" five times.

I could understand this--for in my youth, I had read General Lew Wallace's, "Ben-Hur", three or four times and had enjoyed it more with each reading.

About half way through our lunch, Mr. Lesser and his party came into the commissary. They went to a reserved table and sat down. As soon as he spotted us, he came over. Hank introduced us.

"I'm sorry I got tied up and can't join you--I know you will understand. If there is anything I can do to help, be sure and let me know." He shook my hand and rejoined his friends.

Producer Sol Lesser is a quite, dignified man who was very busy that morning, but he was not too busy in the midst of his production conference at this time to extend the courtesy of his organization to us. There is an air of genuine friendliness about him that one seldom finds in studio high places.

My antenna in the form of my good ear caught Mary and Gordon's wave length again. MARY: Do you have a girl or a romance?

GORDON: No. Of course I have girl friends, but no one in particular. I have been too busy and will be for some time to come.

MARY: What kind of girls do you like?

GORDON: Blondes, brunettes and red-heads.

I laughed noisily, which broke up the private conversation between the erstwhile heroine of "Shoes" and Gordon.

"What lucky girl is going to play the daughter of the United Nations' Doctor, Mr. Fine?" Mary asked our host.

"We haven't selected her as yet."

Mary's eyes brightened preternaturally. As though her life depended upon it, she began to talk.

"They perform miracles with make-up these days, and I could have my face lifted and loose fifty pounds in a week and dye my hair--and, well, anything--if you think I'd have a chance to be Gordon's leading lady!"

Mary winked at Hank and me. For a ghastly minute, Gordon thought she was serious, and he turned appealing eyes to Hank. Then, he caught on, and grinned sheepishly.

Mary and I bid the Ape-man good-by, as he joined Mr. Lesser at the conference table. Hank showed us to Mary's car and we thanked him the best we could for his hospitality.

Our whole visit had lasted a little more than an hour. Yet, I felt we were leaving old friends. I'm sure Gordon will be a success, for he is Edgar Rice Burroughs' character in every sense of the word. He gives the impression of great physical strength, a kindness of mind for people--and a gentleness for children and animals. He not only looks like 'Tarzan', but I believe he thinks and reacts like the Ape-man would, were his honor, his integrity or his manhood challenged. He can't fail--for he has everything, plus loyal backing in Mr. Lesser and Mr. Fine, and the entire RKO-Pathe organization.

Good Luck, 'Tarzan', Gordon Scott!



EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS'
**TARZAN'S
HIDDEN JUNGLE**

GORDON SCOTT
VERA MILES · PETER VAN EYCK
with JACK ELAM and ZIPPY



A 1955 Sol Lesser Production with screen play by Wm. Lively, and featuring the newest screen Tarzan, Gordon Scott.

The opening scenes show Tarzan swimming in a jungle stream while Cheta is chattering and cavorting on the bank. Swimming ashore, the jungle lord and Cheta climb a tree and bask in the sunshine. Distant gunshots are heard and the pair go to investigate.

Berger and DeGroot, played by Jack Elam and Chas. Fredericks, have come to Tarzan's jungle for the purpose of collecting animal hides, furs, and ivory for an unscrupulous dealer in Nairobi. Tarzan comes upon four native hunters and disarms them, breaking their spears, and sends them back to camp in humiliation. The poachers instruct Reeves, another hunter, to try his luck at bagging game, and he wounds a baby elephant. Seculoo natives in hideous headdress take him captive. Cheta daringly approaches and relieves Reeves of his pocket watch. This he drapes about his own neck.

Later Tarzan comes upon the wounded elephant and treats the wound with a jungle medicine. With vengeance in mind he sets out to track down the hunter. Encountering Berger and DeGroot he extracts, from the latter, information that a doctor from the UN has set up camp not far distant. The jungle lord disarms the two men and sends them back to their camp. Tarzan then leads the wounded elephant toward the doctor's camp, Cheta accompanying.

In another part of the jungle, Dr. Celliers (Peter Van Eyck) and his lovely nurse, Jill Hardy (Vera Miles), are trying to stop the internal bleeding of a native camp boy. There are a number of caged animals about the camp which the doctor uses for his studies. Jill Hardy takes a swim, and it is thusly that Tarzan first makes her acquaintance, somewhat embarrassing the girl.

At the doctor's camp, Cheta finds a female chimpanzee, and they become fast friends from the beginning. Dr. Celliers observes Tarzan inspecting the animal cages and approaches him, protestingly, as the apeman is about to release the animals. Later, while extracting the bullet from the wounded elephant, the doctor wonders why the elephant does not bleed internally. Tarzan tells of the jungle medicine he has knowledge of and the doctor begs him to fetch some for his patient. Tarzan departs, leaving Cheta with his amour.

Berger and DeGroot, knowing the doctor is friendly with the Seculoo natives, decide to visit him under the pretext of being photographers, and hope he will permit them to accompany him when he goes to visit the Seculoo village. With their native gunbearer they travel in a jeep to the doctor's camp site. Enroute, they observe that the wild animals have deserted the immediate vicinity for the sanctuary of Seculoo land where the natives revere them. Prompted by Jill Hardy Dr. Celliers permits the two pseudo

photographers to accompany him. After Berger, DeGroot and the doctor are gone, the gunbearer recognizes the wounded elephant, and starts beating him. Jill, with the help of a native boy, makes the animal beater desist. From him Jill learns the duplicity of Berger and DeGroot. Fearful for the doctor's safety, she leaves in a stationwagon.

Meanwhile, Tarzan returns with the jungle medicine, and learning of the events, he goes in pursuit.

Jill's automobile stalls in the jungle, and she proceeds on foot. Fear and terror gripping her, she sprawls into quicksand, and to add to her horror, a python is crawling along the branches of a tree toward her. As she waits, helplessly, for death to claim her, a vine is tossed from above, and looking up she sees Tarzan in a tree. He rescues Jill and carries her to the bank of a slow-moving stream where he bathes and revives her.

Dr. Celliers reaches the Seculoo village and is hostilely greeted by the witch-doctor; but the chief makes an appearance and trouble is diverted.

Berger and Degroot are determined to drive the wild animals out of Seculoo land. Removing the muffler from the jeep they race the motor, frightening the animals.

Learning of this, the chief and his people feel Dr. Celliers has betrayed their confidence. He is condemned to die in the lion pit. Tarzan and Jill arrive at the village. Jill is taken prisoner, but the jungle lord manages to escape.

At the moment Dr. Celliers and Jill are thrown into the lion pit, Tarzan leaps to their rescue. Armed with a spear he shouts at the lions and bluffs them into retreating. Once out of the pit, Tarzan voices his weird cry, and recognizing it, the fleeing animals return to Seculoo land. The chief and his people realize Tarzan, Dr. Celliers, and Jill Hardy have not betrayed them.

Berger and Degroot are trampled to death by the elephants returning to the Seculoo sanctuary.

With peace again restored in the jungle, Tarzan grasps a vine and goes swinging through the tree tops uttering his victory cry.

The concluding scene reveals Cheta and his amour are very much in love.



**GORDON
SCOTT**
a
new
TARZAN





Bruce Bennett has been appearing regularly on various TV programs, including the Lorretta Young show, Science-Fiction Theatre and Ford Theatre. He also appeared as Quantrell in **QUANTRILL AND HIS RAIDERS** on Tales of the Century. His **HAWK OF THE WILDERNESS** serial and old movies are also popular on TV. He has just completed a TV series entitled **THE TALKING PICTURE LETTER**. His latest movie is **THE ADVENTURES OF DANIEL BOONE**, which he may also do as a TV series.

Elmo Lincoln, the original Tarzan, can be seen in Republic's "Belle La Grand," RKO's "The Good Bad Man," and Paramount's "Carrie." Lincoln, considered a film-historian, was a guest columnist for Lowell E. Redelings in the Hollywood Citizen-News and appeared on the "You Asked For It" TV program. Film clips from Elmo's 1918 version of **TARZAN OF THE APES** were shown with what was probably the former jungle star's last professional appearance.

Enid Markey, the original Jane of the Tarzan films, has been appearing frequently on television. She has starred in "Buy Me Blue Ribbons" and "Up Above the World So High", both for TV Playhouse, and "The Rose Garden" for TV Theatre. She has also had leading roles in several hit plays the past few years, "Mrs. McThing," "Mrs. Petterson," and "The Southwest Corner". The latter play was seen on television's Kraft Theatre with the original Broadway cast.

Jon Hall has made the complete cycle from jungle films to leading man and back to jungle films. He started as ERB's "Lion Man" and co-star for Dorothy Lemour and her serong.

"Now that I'm playing Ramer on TV," he said, "I make more money in six months than I did when I was starring in movies."

Each week brings scores of inquiries to CBS Radio as to the identity of the deep-voiced actor who plays "Tarzan." In order to preserve the drama's illusion and to protect the home life of the actor, no information is released about his identity or whereabouts. BB readers know him to be Lamont Johnson, who can also be heard on several other radio dramas. He has appeared in films **RETRIEAT**, **HELL!** and **THE HUMAN JUNGLE**. At present he is directing for NBC-TV.

An issue of Avon's **STRANGE WORLDS** had a story in which alien creatures were shown speaking ERB's Amtorian. If a fan bothered to translate the script appearing in the balloons above the characters heads he could more readily understand the severe censorship the "comics" have suffered. Wow!

Hal Foster, top-ranking "pro" among adventure strip artists and creator of King Features **PRINCE VALIANT**, presented Ted Mack with an original Val drawing when guest-visitor on the NBC-TV Original Amateur Hour program. More recently, Foster was the subject for **THIS IS YOUR LIFE** television show. 20th Century-Fox's film version of **PRINCE VALIANT** has been filmed on a lavash scale in Technicolor and CinemaScope with an all-star cast. It's proved so successful that a sequel will be made called **VALIANT AND ALETA**. Foster did the **TARZAN** newspaper strip for several years and was awarded the "Silver Lady" statuette as the outstanding cartoonist of 1952.



LEX BARKER

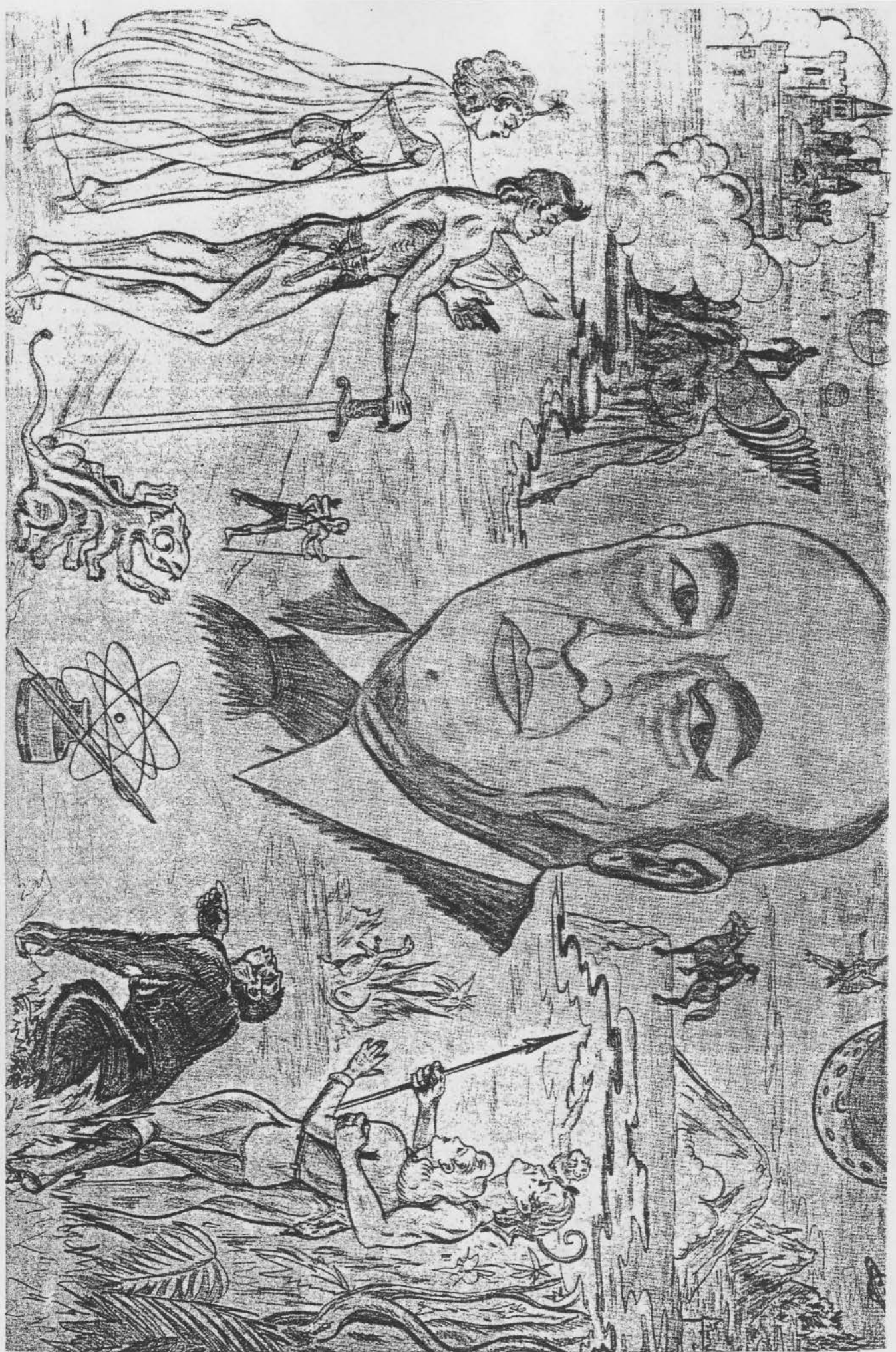
Lex Barker's chums say he wishes he'd never quit the Tarzan pictures. Lex has a contract with Universal for a series of technicolor action films. The first of these, **YELLOW MOUNTAIN**, was released recently. Lex has been dickering for the rights to film Edgar Rice Burroughs' **THE OUTLAW OF TORN**. It is about time someone made movies of ERB's non-Tarzan stories. Burt Lancaster as **THE MUCKER?????**

The attempts to film the life story of Johnny Weissmuller hit a snag when relatives of the late Lupe Velez cautioned producers Pine and Thomas they would be unable to depict Lupe in the film without official family approval. There are more than twenty persons related to the fiery actress, who took her own life after a tragic love affair that followed her divorce from Johnny.

Palisades (N. J.) Park pulled another strong drawing card out of the talent pack when Buster Crabbe, former aquatic star and lately a TV cowboy name, was engaged to teach calisthenics and swimming at the spot last summer. Crabbe also has been conducting a morning calisthenics class via television. Crabbe's last film appearance was in the Columbia serial, **THUNDA, KING OF CONGO**. He is now starring, with his son Cuffy, in a new TV series, **CAPTAIN GALLANT OF THE FOREIGN LEGION**. Also on television, recently, the former Terzen starred as **THE CORNERED MAN** on TV THEATRE. His portrayal, with the aid of make-up, of a middle-aged ex-champion was excellent.

The ad below is from a recent issue of the Kansas City Star. You have to be a real fan to sit through a triple feature Tarzen program, plus 4 cartoons!

OPENS 1:30 STARTS 2:00	ALL ACTION TARZAN PROGRAM!		
Mary Lue	TARZAN'S TRIUMPH	TARZAN'S DESERT MYSTERY	TARZAN AND THE SLAVE GIRL
4918 PROSPECT FREE PARKING	1-1-4 COLOR CARTOONS 1-1-4		



EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS' NOVELS

TITLE	FIRST EDITION	COLOR	SIZE	ILLUSTRATOR
TARZAN SERIES				
Tarzan of the Apes	1914-McClurg	red	5 x 7½	Fred J. Arting
The Return of Tarzan	1915-McClurg	green	" "	N.C. Wyeth & St. John
The Beasts of Tarzan	1916-McClurg	"	" "	J. Allen St. John
The Son of Tarzan	1917-McClurg	"	" "	J. Allen St. John
Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar	1918-McClurg	black	" "	J. Allen St. John
Jungle Tales of Tarzan	1919-McClurg	orange	" "	J. Allen St. John
Tarzan the Untamed	1920-McClurg	green	" "	J. Allen St. John
Tarzan the Terrible	1921-McClurg	red	" "	J. Allen St. John
Tarzan and the Golden Lion	1923-McClurg	tan	" "	J. Allen St. John
Tarzan and the Ant Men	1924-McClurg	brown	" "	J. Allen St. John
Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle	1928-McClurg	green	" "	J. Allen St. John
Tarzan and the Lost Empire	1929-Metropolitan	orange	" "	A.W. Sperry
Tarzan at the Earth's Core	1930-Metropolitan	green	" "	J. Allen St. John
Tarzan the Invincible	1931-Burroughs	blue	" "	Studley Burroughs
Tarzan Triumphant	1932-Burroughs	"	" "	Studley Burroughs
Tarzan and the City of Gold	1933-Burroughs	"	" "	J. Allen St. John
Tarzan and the Lion Man	1934-Burroughs	grey	" "	J. Allen St. John
Tarzan and the Leopard Men	1935-Burroughs	blue	5½x7-3/4	J. Allen St. John
Tarzan's Quest	1936-Burroughs	"	" "	J. Allen St. John
Tarzan and the Forbidden City	1938-Burroughs	"	" "	John C. Burroughs
Tarzan the Magnificent	1939-Burroughs	"	" "	John C. Burroughs
Tarzan and the Foreign Legion	1947-Burroughs	"	" "	John C. Burroughs
MARTIAN SERIES				
A Princess of Mars	1917-McClurg	brown	5 x 7½	Frank Schoonover
The Gods of Mars	1918-McClurg	red	" "	Frank Schoonover
The Warlord of Mars	1919-McClurg	"	" "	J. Allen St. John
Thuvia, Maid of Mars	1920-McClurg	green	" "	Monahan & St. John
The Chessmen of Mars	1922-McClurg	red	" "	J. Allen St. John
The Master Mind of Mars	1928-McClurg	orange	" "	J. Allen St. John
A Fighting Man of Mars	1931-Metropolitan	red	" "	Hugh Hutton
Swords of Mars	1936-Burroughs	blue	5½x7-3/4	J. Allen St. John
Synthetic Men of Mars	1940-Burroughs	"	" "	John C. Burroughs
Llana of Gathol	1948-Burroughs	"	" "	John C. Burroughs
PELLUCIDAR SERIES				
At the Earth's Core	1922-McClurg	grey	5 x 7½	J. Allen St. John
Pellucidar	1923-McClurg	red	5 x 7-3/4	J. Allen St. John
Tanar of Pellucidar	1930-Metropolitan	blue	5 x 7½	Paul Berdainer
Tarzan at the Earth's Core	(See Tarzan series data above)			
Back to the Stone Age	1937-Burroughs	blue	5½x7-3/4	John C. Burroughs
Land of Terror	1944-Burroughs	"	" "	John C. Burroughs
VENUS SERIES				
Pirates of Venus	1934-Burroughs	blue	5 x 7½	J. Allen St. John
Lost On Venus	1935-Burroughs	"	" "	J. Allen St. John
Carson of Venus	1939-Burroughs	"	5½x7-3/4	John C. Burroughs
Escape On Venus	1946-Burroughs	"	" "	John C. Burroughs
NOVELS				
The Mucker	1921-McClurg	green	5 x 7-3/4	J. Allen St. John
The Girl from Hollywood	1923-McClurg	red	5 x 7½	P.J. Monahan
The Land that Time Forgot	1924-McClurg	green	" "	J. Allen St. John
Cave Girl	1925-McClurg	blue	" "	J. Allen St. John
The Bandit of Hell's Bend	1925-McClurg	"	" "	Modest Stein
The Eternal Lover	1925-McClurg	"	" "	J. Allen St. John
The Moon Maid	1926-McClurg	"	" "	J. Allen St. John
The Mad King	1926-McClurg	"	" "	J. Allen St. John
The Outlaw of Torn	1927-McClurg	red	" "	J. Allen St. John
The War Chief	1927-McClurg	orange	" "	Paul Stahr
The Monster Men	1929-McClurg	tan	" "	J. Allen St. John
Jungle Girl	1932-Burroughs	blue	" "	Studley Burroughs
Apache Devil	1933-Burroughs	"	" "	Studley Burroughs
The Oakdale Affair & The Rider	1937-Burroughs	"	5½x7-3/4	John C. Burroughs
The Lad and the Lion	1938-Burroughs	"	" "	John C. Burroughs
The Deputy Sheriff of Comanche County	1940-Burroughs	gray	" "	John C. Burroughs
THE TARZAN TWINS BOOKS				
The Tarzan Twins	(boxed) 1927-Volland	illustrated	6½ x 8½	Douglas Grant
Tarzan and the Tarzan Twins	1936-Whitman	covers	7¼ x 9½	Juanita Bennett

IN THE MAGAZINES

DATE	STORY TITLE	BOOK TITLE	LENGTH	ILLUSTRATOR	
				COVER	INTERIOR
ALL STORY MAGAZINE					
Feb. 1912	Under the Moons of Mars (Princess)		6 parts	none	none
Oct. 1912	Tarzan of the Apes		complete	Clinton Pettee	none
Jan. 1913	The Gods of Mars		5 parts	none	none
July 1913	The Cave Girl		3 parts	Clinton Pettee	none
Nov. 1913	A Man Without a Soul (Monster Men)		complete	Monahan	none
Dec. 1913	The Warlord of Mars		4 parts	Small	none
ALL STORY WEEKLY					
Mar. 7, 1914	The Eternal Lover		complete	Modest Stein	none
Mar. 21, 1914	The Mad King		complete	Modest Stein	none
Apr. 4, 1914	At the Earth's Core		4 parts	Modest Stein	none
MAY STORY-CAVALIER WEEKLY					
May 16, 1914	The Beasts of Tarzan		5 parts	Small	
Oct. 24, 1914	The Mucker.		4 parts	Monahan	none
Jan. 23, 1915	Sweetheart Primeval (Eternal Lover)		4 parts	Monahan	none
May 1, 1915	Pellucidar		5 parts	Modest Stein	none
ALL-STORY WEEKLY					
Aug. 7, 1915	Barney Custer of Beatrice (Mad King)		3 parts	W. Fairchild	none
Dec. 4, 1915	The Son of Tarzan		6 parts	Monahan	none
Apr. 8, 1916	Thuvia, Maid of Mars		3 parts	Monahan	none
June 17, 1916	The Return of the Mucker (Mucker)		5 parts	Monahan	none
Sept. 23, 1916	The Girl from Farris's		4 parts	Williams	none
Nov. 18, 1916	Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar		6 parts	Monahan	none
Mar. 13, 1917	The Cave Man (Cave Girl)		4 parts	Small	none
June 30, 1917	The Lad and the Lion		3 parts	Modest Stein	none
Dec. 14, 1918	H. R. H. The Rider (Oakdale Affair)		3 parts	Small	none
Mar. 20, 1920	Tarzan & the Valley of Luna (Untamed)		5 parts	Monahan	none
ARGOSY-ALL STORY WEEKLY					
Feb. 12, 1921	Tarzan the Terrible		7 parts	Monahan	none
Oct. 8, 1921	The Efficiency Expert		4 parts	Stockton Mulford	Mori
Feb. 18, 1922	The Chessmen of Mars		7 parts	Monahan	Mori
Dec. 9, 1922	Tarzan and the Golden Lion		6 parts	Monahan	Stout
Mar. 5, 1923	The Moon Maid		5 parts	Monahan	Stout
Feb. 2, 1924	Tarzan and the Ant Men		6 parts	Stockton Mulford	Mori
Sept. 13, 1924	The Bandit of Hell's Bend		6 parts	Modest Stein	Mori
Feb. 21, 1925	The Moon Men (Moon Maid)		5 parts	Stockton Mulford	Mori
Sept. 5, 1925	The Red Hawk (Moon Maid)		3 parts	Modest Stein	Mori
Apr. 16, 1927	The War Chief		5 parts	Paul Stahr	Mori
May 19, 1928	Apache Devil		6 parts	Paul Stahr	Mori
ARGOSY MAGAZINE					
Mar. 12, 1932	Tarzan and the City of Gold		6 parts	Paul Stahr	Samuel Cahan
Sept. 17, 1932	Pirates of Venus		6 parts	Paul Stahr	Samuel Cahan
Mar. 4, 1933	Lost on Venus		7 parts	Paul Stahr	Samuel Cahan
Sept. 19, 1936	Tarzan & the Magic Men (Magnificent)		3 parts	Hubert Rogers	Samuel Cahan
Jan. 9, 1937	7 Worlds to Conquer (Back to Stone Age)		6 parts	Emmett Watson	Samuel Cahan
Feb. 20, 1937	The Resurrection of Jimber-Jaw		complete	Emmett Watson	Samuel Cahan
Jan. 8, 1938	Carson of Venus		6 parts	Rudolph Belarski	C. Brigham
Mar. 19, 1938	Red Star of Tarzan (Forbidden City)		6 parts	Rudolph Belarski	Samuel Cahan
Jan. 7, 1939	The Synthetic Men of Mars		6 parts	Rudolph Belarski	Samuel Cahan
Aug. 23, 1941	The Quest of Tarzan		3 parts	Virgil Finlay	Virgil Finlay
NEW STORY MAGAZINE					
June 1913	The Return of Tarzan		7 parts	N. C. Wyeth	?
Jan. 1914	The Outlaw of Torn		5 parts	N. C. Wyeth	?
ALL AROUND MAGAZINE					
Feb. 1916	Beyond Thirty		complete	none	none
BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE					
Sept. 1916	New Stories of Tarzan (Jungle Tales)		12 parts	none	Herbert M. Stoops
Mar. 1918	The Oakdale Affair (& The Rider)		complete	none	Dom J. Lavin
Aug. 1918	The Land That Time Forgot		complete	none	Quin
Oct. 1918	The People That Time Forgot (Land)		complete	none	Quin
Dec. 1918	Out of Time's Abyss (Land Time Forgot)		complete	none	Quin
Dec. 1927	Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle		6 parts	Frank Hoban	Frank Hoban
Oct. 1928	Tarzan and the Lost Empire		5 parts	Frank Hoban	Frank Hoban
Mar. 1929	Tanar of Pellucidar		6 parts	Frank Hoban	Frank Hoban
Sept. 1929	Tarzan at the Earth's Core		7 parts	Frank Hoban	Frank Hoban
Apr. 1930	A Fighting Man of Mars		6 parts	Laurence Herndon	Frank Hoban

The asterisk before a title means second magazine publication

DATE	STORY TITLE	BOOK TITLE	LENGTH	COVER	ILLUSTRATOR	INTERIOR
BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE (continued)						
Oct. 1930	Tarzan, Guard of the Jungle	(Invincible)	7 parts	Laurence Herndon	Frank Hoban	Frank Hoban
May 1931	The Land of Hidden Men	(Jungle Girl)	5 parts	Laurence Herndon	Frank Hoban	Frank Hoban
Oct. 1931	The Triumph of Tarzan	(Triumphant)	6 parts	Laurence Herndon	Frank Hoban	Frank Hoban
Aug. 1932	Tarzan and the Leopard Men		6 parts	Joseph Chenoweth	Frank Hoban	Frank Hoban
Nov. 1934	Swords of Mars		6 parts	Cheroweth & Zaula	Robert Fink	Robert Fink
Oct. 1935	Tarzan and the Immortal Men	(Quest)	6 parts	Herbert M. Stoops	Frank Hoban	Frank Hoban
Nov. 1937	Tarzan and the Elephant Men	(Magnificent)	3 parts	Herbert M. Stoops	J. Cannon	J. Cannon
Apr. 1940	Tarzan and the Champion		complete	none	L. R. Gustavson	L. R. Gustavson
Jan. 1942	Beyond the Farthest Star		complete	none	Grattan Condon	Grattan Condon

RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Mar. 1919	An Eye For an Eye	(Tarzan the Untamed)	complete	none	Chas. Livingston	Bull
Apr. 1919	When the Lion Fed	" " "	complete	none	Chas. Livingston	Bull
May 1919	The Hidden Locket	" " "	complete	none	Chas. Livingston	Bull
June 1919	When Blood Told	" " "	complete	none	Chas. Livingston	Bull
July 1919	The Debt	" " "	complete	none	Chas. Livingston	Bull
Aug. 1919	The Black Flyer	" " "	complete	none	Chas. Livingston	Bull

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

June 1922	The Girl from Hollywood		6 parts	none		none
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AMAZING STORIES ANNUAL

1927	The Master Mind of Mars		complete	Paul		Paul
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AMAZING STORIES

Feb. 1927	*The Land That Time Forgot		3 parts	Paul		Paul
Jan. 1941	John Carter and the Giant of Mars		complete	St. John		St. John
Mar. 1941	The City of Mummies (Llana of Gathol)		complete	St. John		St. John
June 1941	Black Pirates of Barsoom	" " "	complete	St. John		St. John
Aug. 1941	Yellow Men of Mars	" " "	complete	St. John		St. John
Oct. 1941	Invisible Men of Mars	" " "	complete	St. John		St. John
Feb. 1942	Return to Pellucidar		complete	none		St. John
Mar. 1942	Men of the Bronze Age		complete	none		St. John
Apr. 1942	Tiger Girl		complete	none		St. John
Feb. 1943	Skeleton Men of Juniter		complete	St. John		St. John

TRIPLE-X-MAGAZINE

Nov. 1929	*Tarzan Returns (Beasts of Tarzan)		4 parts	none	Chas. E. Dameron	
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MODERN MECHANICS AND INVENTION

Nov. 1928	*Conquest of the Moon (Moon Maid)		4 parts	none		C. Saunders
Feb. 1929	*Lost Inside the Earth (At Earth's Core)		3 parts	none		C. Saunders
Apr. 1929	*Carter of the Red Planet (Princess)		4 parts	none		C. Saunders

LIBERTY MAGAZINE

Nov. 11, 1933	Tarzan and the Lion Man		9 parts	none		Ray Dean
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FANTASTIC ADVENTURES

July 1939	The Scientists Revolt		complete	none		Julian Krupa
Mar. 1941	Slaves of the Fish Men (Escape On Venus)		complete	St. John		St. John
July 1941	Goddess of Fire	" " "	complete	St. John & McCauley		St. John
Nov. 1941	The Living Dead	" " "	complete	St. John		St. John
Mar. 1942	War on Venus	" " "	complete	St. John		St. John

THRILLING ADVENTURES

Mar. 1940	The Terrible Tenderfoot (Deputy Sheriff)		3 parts	Rudolph Belarski	C. A. Murphy	C. A. Murphy
June 1940	Tarzan and the Jungle Murders		complete	Rudolph Belarski	C. A. Murphy	C. A. Murphy

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

How I Wrote the Tarzan Books	Sunday World Magazine	Oct. 27, 1929
Men Who Make the Argosy	Argosy	Mar. 12, 1932
The Tarzan Theme (reprinted in Boston Post June 9, 1932)	Writer's Digest	June 1932
Protecting the Author's Rights	Writer's Year Book	1932
Tarzan's Seven Lives	Screen Play	May 1934
Untitled article for Tacoma newspaper	Tacoma News Tribune (?)	1934
Burroughs, Author of Tarzan, Pens Own Opinion of Film	Studio News	June 8, 1939
Meet the Authors	Amazing Stories	Mar. 1941
Four letters from ERB to Cyrel Smith	Hobbies	July 1950

No attempt has been made to list the UP and Honolulu Advertiser articles written by Burroughs as a war correspondent.

Readers knowing of any other newspaper or magazine articles written by ERB please contact the editor.

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS In Newspapers

NEW YORK EVENING WORLD

Jan. 6, 1913	Tarzan of the Apes	28 parts
Jan. 19, 1914	The Return of Tarzan	24 parts
Apr. 13, 1914	The Eternal Lover	7 parts
June 8, 1914	At the Earth's Core	5 parts
Nov. 30, 1914	The Beasts of Tarzan	6 parts
Apr. 5, 1915	The Mucker	6 parts
July 12, 1915	Sweetheart Primeval	6 parts
Nov. 15, 1915	The Man-Eater*	6 parts
Dec. 6, 1915	The Man Without a Soul	5 parts
Jan. 3, 1916	Under Moons of Mars	6 parts
Jan. 31, 1916	The Gods of Mars	6 parts
Mar. 2, 1918	Tarzan of the Apes**	8 parts

TACOMA TRIBUNE

Feb. 20, 1920	Girl from Farris's	26 parts
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BOSTON GLOBE

Jan. 13, 1929	Beyond Thirty	2 parts
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BOSTON POST

Mar. 25, 1934	Jungle Girl	24 parts
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PHILADELPHIA EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER

Nov. 25, 1935	Pirates of Venus	24 parts
Feb. 3, 1936	Lost on Venus	28 parts

The above stories were also serialized in many other newspapers throughout the United States.

*THE MAN-EATER is the title of the story sometimes referred to as HEN, KING OF BEASTS.

**JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN



Reprint Data

The first five Tarzan books were originally reprinted by A. L. Burt Co. Grosset & Dunlap reprinted titles 1 thru 20 innumerable times. During World War II, a matched set of the first eleven titles were published in cheap, war time, editions by G&D. A matched set of titles 12 thru 21 were reprinted by ERB, Inc. during 1948. Grosset & Dunlap has since reprinted eight of the 1st eleven titles (excepting TARZAN OF THE APES, THE BEASTS OF TARZAN and THE SON OF TARZAN) in fine \$1.00 editions with new dust jackets by Edmund Monroe. TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY was published in an abridged pocket edition in 1940. by Bantam Books. Dell Books released TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE in pocket edition in September, 1951. In 1952 Whitman Publishing Co. reprinted TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD and TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY in abridged editions with dust jackets by Don McLoughlin and illustrations by Jesse Marsh. Whitman reprinted these again in 1954 with the McLoughlin covers in glossy finish and new illustrations by Tony Sgroi. In 1927 Grosset & Dunlap published a special edition of TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION with dust jacket illustration and four scenes from the motion picture.

The first eight titles in the Martian series were reprinted, countless times, by Grosset & Dunlap in 75¢ editions. ERB, Inc. published all the Martian series, except LLANA OF GATHOL, in matched \$1.00 reprint editions during 1948.

Only the first four Pellucidar titles have been reprinted by Grosset & Dunlap in 75¢ editions. However, remainders of BACK TO THE STONE AGE first editions were distributed by Grosset & Dunlap, for 75¢, in G&D dust jackets. LAND OF TERROR appeared in first edition only.

PIRATES OF VENUS and LOST ON VENUS were reprinted by Grosset & Dunlap in 75¢ editions. All the Venus titles, except ESCAPE ON VENUS, were reprinted by ERB, Inc. during 1948 in matched \$1.00 editions.

All of Burroughs' novels, except THE GIRL FROM HOLLYWOOD and THE DEPUTY SHERIFF OF COMANCHE COUNTY, have been reprinted by Grosset & Dunlap in 75¢ editions. No data or record of THE GIRL FROM HOLLYWOOD in reprint edition is available. DEPUTY SHERIFF OF COMANCHE COUNTY appeared in 1st edition only. In 1950 Dell published THE CAVE GIRL in pocket edition.

TARZAN OF THE APES and THE RETURN OF TARZAN were published in Armed Services Editions. THE TARZAN TWINS was published in first edition and reprinted at least seven times by the P.F. Volland Co. The 2nd TWINS title was never reprinted. The dust jackets for the reprint editions of TARZAN OF THE APES and TARZAN AND THE LION MAN are different than the first edition jackets.

MISCELLANEOUS ERB PUBLICATIONS

The Illustrated Tarzan Book No. 1 "Tarzan of the Apes" Picturized	Grosset & Dunlap
Tarzan and the Golden Lion (Photoplay ed.)	G&D
Tarzan the Avenger (Fast Action Book)	Dell
The Tarzan Twins (Fast Action Book)	Dell
John Carter of Mars (Fast Action Book)	Dell
The Cave Girl (pocket book)	Dell
Tarzan and the Lost Empire (pb)	Dell
Tarzan and the Forbidden City (pb)	Bantam
Tarzan of the Apes	Armed Service Edition
Return of Tarzan	Armed Service Edition
The New Adventures of Tarzan Pop-Up Book...	Pleasure Books, Chicago
Tarzan and a Daring Rescue	Whitman
Tarzan and his Jungle Friends	Whitman
Tarzan & the City of Gold (abridged ed.)	Whitman
Tarzan and Forbidden City (")	Whitman
TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI	Whitman

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Eldon K. Everett informs me that a nov-
elette in booklet form of Elmo Lincoln's AD-
VENTURES OF TARZAN, written by Bert Ennis,
was distributed as a premium to the serial
goers when the film was released. Also, that
a 15 part novelization of the film was pub-
lished by some newspapers, running coexis-
tently with the motion picture serial.

"TARZAN" MERCHANDISE

TARZAN HALLOONS

Pioneer Rubbe Co., Willard, Ohio
TARZAN STATIONERY & TABLETS
 Birmingham Paper Co., Birmingham, Ala.
TARZAN MOULDED RUBBER TOYS
 Auburn Rubber Corp., Auburn, Indiana
TARZAN SPEARS, KNIVES, LOCKETS; MECHANICAL WOODEN TOYS Clara Hyde Toys, Memphis, Tenn.
TARZAN INDOOR GAMES

Parker Bros. Inc., Salem, Mass.
TARZAN PLAQUES

Metcalf Mfg. Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

TARZAN STATUETTES

Gem Clay Forming Co., Sebring, Ohio

TARZAN COSTUMES

A. Fishbach Inc., 18 W. 20th St., N.Y.

TARZAN KNIVES

Imperial Knife Co., 401 Broadway, N.Y.

TARZAN GAME

Lindstrom, 200 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

TARZAN HLOUSES & SHIRTS, FREE TIE & STORY

Commercial Shirt Corp., 1239 Broadway, N.Y.

TARZAN MAGIC CARDS

Brandt & Brandt, 108 Grand St., N.Y.

TARZAN CARTOON AND MOVIE SUBJECTS ON FILM

Irwin Corp., 27 West 20th St., N.Y.

TARZAN AND HIS MATE TOY FILM STRIP

Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

TARZAN COLORING BOOKS AND JIGSAW PUZZLES

Sealfield Pub. Co., Akron, Ohio

TARZAN PAPER MARKS, RESCUE PUZZLE, TREASURE HUNT & JUNGLE MAP

Einson-Freeman Co., L.I.N.Y.

TARZAN TOY STRIPS, MOVIE PROJECTOR & JUNGLE SWINGING TARGET

J. Schneider, Inc., N.Y.

TARZAN RUBBER HUNTING KNIFE, HATCHETS, BALLOONS AND BASEBALLS

Barr Rubber Co., Sandusky, O.

TARZAN CELLULOID BUTTONS

M. Pudlin and Co., 286 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

TARZAN PAPER-MACHE HELMETS

Hawley Products Co., St. Charles, Ill.

TARZAN BOW AND ARROW SETS

The Archers Company, Bristol, Conn.

TARZAN SWEAT SHIRTS

A.A. Smith & Son, 346 Broadway, N.Y.

TARZAN BELTS

Pioneer Suspender Co., 315 N. 12th, Phila., Pa.

TARZAN ICE CREAM CUPS AND CONTAINERS

Lily-Tulip Cup Corp., 122 E. 42nd St. N.Y.

TARZAN BREAD WRAPPERS

Milprint Products Corp., Graybar Bldg. N.Y.

TARZAN BADGES AND BRACELETS

Etched Products Corp. Long Island City, N.Y.

TARZAN PAPER TRANSFERS

National Trade Mark Co., Phila., Pa.

TARZAN BOARD GAMES

Lutz & Sheinkman Inc., 2 Duane St., N.Y.

TARZAN PACKAGE CUT-OUTS ON BOXES OF SALT

Myles Salt Co. Ltd., New Orleans, La.

TARZAN PHOTO STAMPS

Photo Stamp Inc., 303 W. 42nd St., N.Y.

TARZAN BOW AND ARROW SET

The Outdoor Sports Co., Forestville, Conn.

TARZAN BROOCHES

President Jewelry Co., 1220 Broadway, N.Y.

TARZAN TIES

Seaglade Gravats, 302 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

TARZAN MASKS

Stephen Slesinger, N.Y.

TARZAN CANDY

Schutter-Johnson Corp. Chicago-Brooklyn.

TARZAN OF THE APES JIG-SAW

Midwest Distributors, Inc., Minneapolis.

TARZAN OF THE APES AND TARZAN AND THE BLACK BUY, TWO STORIES ON RECORDS.

Decca Records, N.Y.

TARZAN SONG

Fred Fisher Pub. Co., 1619 Broadway, N.Y.

TARZAN GAME AND SPINNER

United Features, N.Y.

TARZAN GIFT PICTURE NO. 1

United Features, N.Y.

Most of the previously listed items are no longer being manufactured or published and are therefore unobtainable from the distributors. Your editor is trying to complete a collection of this material and will be glad to hear from anyone with such items for sale.

Following is listed new merchandise that can be purchased from the manufacturer or your local dealer.

TARZAN IN THE VALLEY OF TALKING GORILLAS

Tarzan Records, 6607 Sunset, Hollywood

TARZAN YELL RECORD

T. J. Valentino, Inc., 1600 Broadway, N.Y.

TARZAN SONG AND JUNGLE DANCE

Little Golden Records, N.Y.

TARZAN 35mm COLOR SLIDES

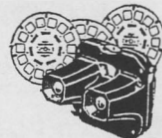
National Picture Slides Co., N.Y.

TARZAN



PICTURE CARDS
& BUBBLE GUM

TARZAN 3D BUBBLE GUM manufactured by Topps Chewing Gum, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y. contains a series of sixty Tarzan picture cards, in three dimension, and story based on the Sol Lesser production **TARZAN AND THE SHE DEVIL.**



STEREOSCOPE \$2.00
VIEW-MASTER REELS \$3.00

ADVENTURES OF TARZAN VIEW-MASTER REELS (4)

Sawyer's, Inc., Portland, Oregon

TARZAN COLORING BOOKS (2)

Whitman Pub. Co., Racine, Wis.

TARZAN INLAY PUZZEL

Whitman Pub. Co., Racine, Wis.

TARZAN 8MM & 16MM MOTION PICTURE FILMS

Hollywood Sales, Burbank, Calif.

TARZAN PLANTER (Made in Japan)

Available in 5 & 10¢ Stores

TARZAN LICENSE PLATE

Tarzana, Calif.

TARZAN "CLICKER" TOY (Made in Japan)

Available in Novelty Stores

TARZAN AND THE DISTINGUISHED MONKEY (a "be-bop" jazz record)

Publisher unknown

MISS TARZAN (two-piece Leopard Print)

Frederick's of Hollywood

Collectors can look for a flood of new **TARZAN MERCHANDISE** to become available with the release of the **TARZAN** series on television, which will certainly cause renewed interest in the character, similar to the Davy Crockett fad.

Tarzan Story Strips

The daily Tarzan cartoon strip made its first appearance in January 1929 and was followed by a Sunday page in March 1931. The feature is carried by more than 300 American newspapers, plus many foreign publications. Following is a list of the daily Tarzan story-strips and their illustrators, in order of publication.

Tarzan of the Apes	Harold Foster
The Return of Tarzan	Rex Maxon
The Beasts of Tarzan	Rex Maxon
The Son of Tarzan	Rex Maxon
Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar	Rex Maxon
Tarzan and the Lost Empire	Rex Maxon
Tarzan and the Golden Lion	Rex Maxon
Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle	Rex Maxon
Tarzan at the Earth's Core	Rex Maxon
Tarzan the Terrible	Rex Maxon
Tarzan and the Ant Men	Rex Maxon
Tarzan the Untamed	Rex Maxon
Tarzan the Apeman	Rex Maxon
Tarzan the Invincible	Rex Maxon
Tarzan and the City of Gold	Rex Maxon
Tarzan and the Lion Man	Rex Maxon
Tarzan and the Fire Gods	Rex Maxon
The Tarzan Twins	Rex Maxon
Tarzan and the Leopard Men	Rex Maxon
Tarzan and the Mayan Goddess	Wm. Juhre
Tarzan's Quest	Wm. Juhre
Tarzan the Magnificent	Wm. Juhre
Tarzan Under Fire	Wm. Juhre
Tarzan the Fearless	Rex Maxon
Tarzan and the Forbidden City	Rex Maxon
Tarzan and the Elephant Men	Rex Maxon
Tarzan and the Fires of Tohr	Rex Maxon

With the conclusion of "The Fires of Tohr" the daily Tarzan strip dropped the four-picture illustrations, with text below, and began the present type strip featuring new Tarzan exploits illustrated by the following artists.

Numbers 1 to 2508	Rex Maxon
Numbers 2509 to 2616	Burne Hogarth
Numbers 2617 to 2892	Dan Barry
Numbers 2893 to 2958	John Lehti
Numbers 2959 to 3276	Paul Reinman
Numbers 3277 to 3414	N. Cardy
Numbers 3415 to 4500	Bob Lubbers
Numbers 4501 to dste	John Celardo

The Sunday Tarzan page has been drawn by Rex Maxon, Hal Foster, Burne Hogarth, Rubimore, Bob Lubbers and John Celardo.

It is interesting to note that the Tarzan cartoon strip was the first to introduce the now popular continued drama-adventure type story. Previous strips had all been of humorous nature.

It should be mentioned here that in June 1942 United Features released the JOHN CARTER OF MARS cartoon strip which was featured by many Sunday newspapers. It was drawn by John Coleman Burroughs and ran for almost two years before Mr. Burroughs' war work made it necessary for him to discontinue the strip.

John Coleman also illustrated most of the John Carter episodes that appeared in THE FUNNIES magazine. He also illustrated the John Carter Big-Little-Book, which was adapted from JOHN CARTER AND THE GIANT OF MARS. Many other HLB items had covers by John Coleman. John and his brother, Hulbert Burroughs, co-authored the stories that are listed below.

THE MAN WITHOUT A WORLD T. Wonder June '39
THE LIGHTNING MEN Thrilling Wonder Feb. '40
BOTTOM OF THE WORLD Startling Sept. '41

John Coleman and his wife, Jane Ralston, also co-authored the story below.

HYBRID OF HORROR Thrilling Mystery July '40

John is also the author of an unpublished novel entitled LAIR OF THE FALCON.

THE BIG-LITTLE and BETTER LITTLE BOOKS
Whitman Publishing Co., Racine, Wis.
Title and Illustrator

Tarzan of the Apes	J. Bennet
The Return of Tarzan	Rex Maxon
The Beasts of Tarzan	Rex Maxon
The Son of Tarzan	Rex Maxon
Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar	Rex Maxon
Tarzan the Untamed	Rex Maxon
Tarzan the Terrible	Rex Maxon
Tarzan and the Golden Lion	Rex Maxon
Tarzan and the Ant Men	Rex Maxon
Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle	Rex Maxon
Tarzan and the Lost Empire	Rex Maxon
Tarzan, the Story of J. Weissmuller	} Ill. with movie stills
Tarzan Escapes	
Tarzan the Fearless	
New Adventures of Tarzan	
Tarzan's Revenge	J. Bennet
The Tarzan Twins	J. Bennet
John Carter of Mars	J.C. Burroughs
Tarzan in the Land of Giant Apes	J. Marsh
Tarzan and the Journey of Terror	J. Marsh

MAGAZINES CONTAINING VARIOUS ERB ITEMS

Tarzan of the Apes (Feature Book #5)	Dell
Tarzan and the Hidden Treasure (Famous Feature Stories)	Dell
Tarzan and the Devil Ogre #134	Dell
Tarzan and the Fires of Tohr #161	Dell
Tarzan (Single Series #20)	United Features
Tarzan in COMICS ON PARADE	Issues #1 - #30
Tarzan in TIP-TOP COMICS*	Issues #1 - #60
Tarzan in SPARKLER COMICS	Issues #1 - #92
Tarzan in POPULAR COMICS	Issues #38-#43
Tarzan in CRACKAJACK FUNNIES	Issues #16-#36
John Carter in THE FUNNIES	Issues #30-#56
David Innes in HI-SPOT COMICS	Issue #2
Tarzan the Ape Man	Screen Romances Apr.'32
Tarzan and His Mate	Screen Romances Jan.'34
Capture of Tarzan	Screen Romances Dec.'35
Tarzan Escapes	Movie Stories Jan.'37
Tarzan's Magic Fountain	Screen Stories Mar.'49
Tarzan's Peril	Screen Stories Apr.'51
Tarzan and Little Konga	Golden Digest #1

*Tarzan began reappearing in TIP-TOP COMICS with issue #171, Nov.-Dec. 1951, and ran through issue #188, Sept.-Oct. 1954.

RADIO

TARZAN RADIO PROGRAMS

During the 1930's Tarzan was heard on the radio in two series of programs, consisting of 364 fifteen-minute episodes. For the first series James H. Pierce recreated his motion picture role, **TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION**, with Joan Burroughs Pierce as Jane. Following Pierce, in the second series, Carlton Kardell was the "voice" of Tarzan.

In Puerto Rico Tarzan is heard every afternoon at 5:15 P.M., Monday through Friday, on WKAQ, The El Mundo Broadcasting Co., in San Juan. The program is also broadcast throughout the rest of the Island by various local stations.

If you live in Oakland, California you can hear the daily Tarzan adventure strip read dramatically over KLX each week day. The notice below appears above each Tarzan strip in the Oakland Tribune.

Hear Tarzan Over KLX at 6:05 This Evening

Commodore Productions informed us that. "The **TARZAN** radio series is presently being released for broadcast over the entire Don Lee Mutual Broadcasting System, comprised of some 45 stations in the Western States, and is heard each Thursday night at 8:00 P.M., P.S.T..

The role of **TARZAN** is played by an anonymous radio actor, with no air credit being given. This is due to the fact that we are striving to build the name **TARZAN**, only, without having it identified with any other personality. In radio, as in the famous books, **TARZAN is TARZAN**.

The writer of the series is Bud Lesser, a well known Hollywood scripter, and the entire production is supervised by Walter White, Jr. Music is composed and conducted by Albert Glasser.

As soon as **TARZAN** has earned its wings, so to speak, on the regional network under sponsorship of Dr. Ross Dog and Cat Foods, it will be offered to a national sponsor, and at that time will be heard coast-to-coast. It is now in the grooming stage that both "Hopalong Cassidy" and "The Clyde Beaty Show" went through before they reached national stature."

The above correspondence was received late in 1951. Since then, on March 22, 1952, the Tarzan radio program made its debut on the CBS network and was heard Saturdays at 8:30 P.M., Central Standard Time, for sixty-five consecutive weeks. The program was sponsored by Post's Cereals with the part of Tarzan, excellently portrayed, by Lamont Johnson in original stories by Budd Lesser.

A radio play, "Young Tarzan Goes" by Akamare Yamada, was broadcast in Japan late in May 1954.

The Commodore series was translated into Spanish and broadcast by Radio Programas Continental of Panama.

The following reviews of the Commodore series are by Maurice B. Gardner.

TARZAN AND THE COWARD

April 19, 1952

In the New York penthouse of William Dudley Pendler, a stockbroker, his nephew, Harry, and Scorroti, a gambler, are discussing a gambling debt. The nephew speaks sinisterly of his good graces with his wealthy uncle, and that during a planned big game hunt to Africa, his uncle shall meet with an "accident!" Mr. Pendler presently joins their company, and further details are discussed of the proposed hunting trip. The wealthy stockbroker shamefully compares his only son's lack of manliness to his own youth, and when Billy joins them, he chides him openly. Plans are made that Billy shall be made to accompany the party on their big game hunt.

In the jungle, Tarzan comes upon Wappi with an arrow through its body, and he recognizes the arrow, and believes Torgo, a native boy he admired, had killed the antelope. Gunfire arrests his attention and he departs in its direction and comes upon a hunting party. Tarzan expresses his anger toward Pendler and his companions, but takes an interest in Billy who doesn't seem to "belong" with them.

Scorroti, now known as Smith, chides Harry because of his seeming reluctance to shoot Mr. Pendler, but the nephew assures him he will do so when the time is more favorable.

Later, Tarzan rescues Billy from Sheeta, the leopard. The two become better acquainted, and Tarzan admires the youth's admission of not wishing to slaughter animals. Billy informs Tarzan of his fears for his father.

Tarzan returns to the camp with Billy in time to avert an "accident". The jungle lord decides to remain as a guest and guide.

Tarzan takes Billy in hand and tells him much of the jungle and its inhabitants. After swimming in the lagoon, the jungle lord finds his knife has been stolen. That night Tarzan intercepts Harry in an attack upon Mr. Pendler.

The next day Tarzan leads the party in search of rhinos. Harry and "Smith" make their treacherous plans. They come upon a band of rhinos. In the action that ensues, Harry is mortally attacked by Buto, and when Billy sees "Smith" about to fire at his father, he shoots the gambler. Mr. Pendler is amazed to learn through Tarzan that his own son shot and killed the gambler who had been about to shoot him. Mr. Pendler assures Billy he will never think he is a coward again.

The musical interludes are hauntingly beautiful throughout the program.

TARZAN AND THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

April 28, 1952

Tarzan is at peace with the jungle. He was remaining at the Punya village before returning to his seashore cabin. With a native girl he is joking about her pet parrot whom he names Bill. From her he learns a strange warrior wishes to see him. He enters

the jungle to find that Murivo seeks his assistance against the strange women who lure warriors to their death. Together they seek the Kahali stronghold.

Beyond the last outposts Tarzan is first to hear the strange music; but it is Murivo who succumbs to its spell. Fleet though Tarzan is, he fails to halt Murivo in his speedy flight.

The jungle lord doggedly follows the trail, and when night falls, tired and thirsty, he comes upon a well and drinks of the water, which is drugged. Then savage women come upon him. He is bound with chains and carried to a cell where he is imprisoned. In the morning one of the jailers, by name of Margaretta, tells him he is to go to the Trial Chamber with her and be judged by the Queen. There Tarzan finds all present are women, and from Coñsuella, their queen, he learns of their hatred for all men. A vote is taken to decide his fate, which is to be death upon the following day.

Back in his death cell, he learns that Murivo is in the cell adjoining his. From Margaretta he learns much of the history of the Kahali, and of the instrument their queen had perfected to lure men to their death. From Igwana, who brings a frugal meal, he learns still more—and that the strange instrument also haunts women. When the girl departs, Tarzan and Murivo make their plans for escape. Murivo is successful in begging Igwana to let him see the instrument, and he passes it to Tarzan. Stuffing their ears so as to be free of the affects of the instrument, Tarzan blows it. Margaretta comes to his bidding. The jungle lord bades her to open their cells, and together he and Murivo escape from the fortress of the Kahali. Tarzan tells Murivo he will inform the territorial authorities of the Kahali, and let the law bring the city of "man killers" to justice.

Many moons later Tarzan returns to the Punya village, and there he learns that the parrot he had named Bill proved to be a female. He does not wish to take her with him, having had experience enough with the female of the species.

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TARZAN AND THE KILLER
May 3, 1952

Luanda is the setting for a prize fight between a black man and a white giant weighing some three hundred pounds and standing seven feet in height. An English cockney by name of Herbert Graves congratulates the giant, and thus a pact is formed of an unholy alliance that was to terrorize that part of Africa.

In his seashore cabin Tarzan was teaching Wa-Neeta, (green bird) a parrot, when Captain Lawrence of the Government Police comes and informs him that he is wanted for savage beatings and wanton robbery and other crimes. The jungle lord and the captain go to Headquarters and Tarzan demands of the Major the particulars, and from him he learns of the crimes he was credited with.

While Tarzan languishes in a cell, Graves and the "killer" hide in a shack on the outskirts of Luanda. The "killer" is reluctant at such inactivity, but Graves

advises him what is best.

Captain Lawrence visits Tarzan in his cell and advises him not to act rashly; but later the jungle lord pulls apart the bars of his cell and escapes with bullets flying all about him.

Meanwhile Graves tells his giant companion of a further murder that must be committed to further implicate Tarzan. An elderly chief who is near death and attended by his grand-daughter, is killed, and so another crime is charged to Tarzan.

In the jungle Tarzan spares a patrol from Sheeta, the leopard, only to learn the patrol was stalking him. The ape-man protests his innocence and bargains that he be given a chance to clear himself of the accused crime.

In Luanda Tarzan learns where the "killer" and his companion are to be found. Yumboya, a small native village, was in a state of terror, caused by the presence of the "killer" and Graves. There Captain Lawrence advises the jungle lord to be careful and begs him to allow the law to deal with the "killer" and his companion. But Tarzan is adamant in settling scores in his own way.

Entering a building where food and whiskey is to be had, Tarzan recognizes Graves as an old enemy. The "killer" attacks him and a terrific battle ensues with Tarzan emerging as the victor. Watching the tide of battle, Graves escapes into the jungle, but it is certain he will not get far alone, so he is not pursued.



KING OF THE JUNGLE AND HIS MATE

From darkest Africa, land of enchantment, mystery and violence, comes Tarzan, the bronzed son of the jungle, hero of CBS Radio's weekly adventure series based on the famous Edgar Rice Burroughs tales.

-MOVIES-

THE LAD AND THE LION	Vivian Reed
Selig Polyscope Co. 1917	
TARZAN OF THE APES	Elmo Lincoln
First National 1918	
THE ROMANCE OF TARZAN	Elmo Lincoln
First National 1918	
THE OAKDALE AFFAIR	Reginald Denny
World Film Co. 1919	
THE REVENGE OF TARZAN	Gene Pollar
Weiss Brothers 1920	
THE SON OF TARZAN	P. Dempsey Tabler
First National 1920	
THE ADVENTURES OF TARZAN	Elmo Lincoln
Weiss Brothers 1921	
TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION	James H. Pierce
FBO-Gold Bond 1927	
TARZAN THE MIGHTY	Frank Merrill
Universal 1928	
TARZAN THE TIGER	Frank Merrill
Universal 1929-30	
TARZAN THE APE MAN	Johnny Weissmuller
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer 1932	
TARZAN THE FEARLESS	Buster Crabbe
Sol Lesser 1933	
TARZAN AND HIS MATE	Johnny Weissmuller
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer 1934	
THE NEW ADVENTURES OF TARZAN	Herman Brix
Burroughs-Tarzan 1935	
TARZAN AND THE GREEN GODDESS	Herman Brix
Burroughs-Tarzan 1935-36	
TARZAN ESCAPES	Johnny Weissmuller
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer 1936-37	
THE LION MAN	Jon Hall
Normany 1937	
TARZAN'S REVENGE	Glenn Morris
Sol Lesser-20th Century Fox 1938	
TARZAN FINDS A SON	Johnny Weissmuller
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer 1939	
JUNGLE GIRL	Frances Gifford
Republic 1941	
TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE	Weissmuller
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer 1941-42	
TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE	Weissmuller
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer 1942	
TARZAN TRIUMPHS	Johnny Weissmuller
Sol Lesser-RKO 1943	
TARZAN'S DESERT MYSTERY	Johnny Weissmuller
Sol Lesser-RKO 1943-44	
TARZAN AND THE AMAZONS	Johnny Weissmuller
Sol Lesser-RKO 1945	
TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD WOMAN	Weissmuller
Sol Lesser-RKO 1946	
TARZAN AND THE HUNTRESS	Johnny Weissmuller
Sol Lesser-RKO 1947	
TARZAN AND THE MERMAIDS	Johnny Weissmuller
Sol Lesser-RKO 1948	
TARZAN'S MAGIC FOUNTAIN	Lex Barker
Sol Lesser-RKO 1949	
TARZAN AND THE SLAVE GIRL	Lex Barker
Sol Lesser-RKO 1950	
TARZAN'S PERIL	Lex Barker
Sol Lesser-RKO 1951	
TARZAN'S SAVAGE FURY	Lex Barker
Sol Lesser-RKO 1952	
TARZAN AND THE SHE DEVIL	Lex Barker
Sol Lesser-RKO 1953	
TARZAN'S HIDDEN JUNGLE	Gordon Scott
Sol Lesser-RKO 1954-55	

In order of appearance, the following actresses have portrayed Jane: Enid Markey, Karla Schramm, Louise Lorraine, Dorothy Dunbar, Natalie Kingston, Maureen O'Sullivan, Jacqueline Wells, Eleanor Holm, Brenda Joyce, Vanessa Brown, Virginia Houston, Dorothy Hart and Joyce Mackenzie.

During 1935-36 Edgar Rice Burroughs Inc. formed their own motion picture company under the name BURROUGHS-TARZAN PICTURES. The first films to be released by this company were "The New Adventures of Tarzan" and "Tarzan and the Green Goddess"; which were filmed in Guatemala and starred Herman Brix. Later releases included "The Drag-Net" starring Rod La Roque, "Tundra" and "Three Wise Monks." In course of preparation when the company was dissolved were the following stories; "Murder At the Carnival" by Edgar Rice Burroughs, "The Mad King," "The Outlaw of Torn" and "Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle." Mr. Burroughs planned to star Herman Brix in a whole new series of Tarzan films.

It is also interesting to note that M-G-M once planned to produce "The Monster Men" under the title "The Wild Man from Borneo" with Johnny Weissmuller as the star.

"The Adventures of Chinese Tarzan" with Peng Fei in the title role was produced by the Hsin Hwa Motion Picture Co., Shanghai, China in 1940.

Following is a list of BURROUGHS-TARZAN ENTERPRISES films known to be released.

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF TARZAN
TARZAN AND THE GREEN GODDESS
THE DRAG-NET
TUNDRA
THE PHANTOM OF SANTA FE
THREE WISE MONKS

Some fans claim to have seen THE MUCKER on the screen, starring George O'Brien. In answer to my inquiry ERB wrote: "Insofar as I know, THE MUCKER was never made into a movie. If it was, somebody owes me a lot of money." It is my belief that in the film entitled THE ROUGHNECK, which starred Gene O'Brien, these fans have mistaken a similar theme for THE MUCKER.

Also, many letters have been received from fans insisting they remember Joe Bonomo in a film as Tarzan. Mr. Bonomo offers the following explanation:

"Many years ago when I was starring in pictures in Hollywood, I was under contract to Universal Pictures. When I began my career I was a top-notch stunt man and excelled in all kinds of stunting, especially rope climbing, trapeze work, etc. For many years I doubled for some of the outstanding stars in Hollywood. Later on, I was starred in many pictures in my own right, such as THE GREAT CIRCUS MYSTERY, PERILS OF THE WILD, THE IRON MAN, COLLECT COWBOY series, etc. I was signed to do a Tarzan serial for Universal and a lot of exploitation and publicity about it got around. At this time I was finishing a serial for Universal called PERILS OF THE WILD (adapted from the classic SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON) and Louise Lorraine was my co-star and leading lady in this and other productions. It was in reality a Tarzan film, but the actual name of the character was not Tarzan. In other words, it was a jungle film and I worked with animals and spent considerable time in the trees, etc. At the finish of this I was to go into the Tarzan serial, but towards the end of the picture, while performing a stunt, I broke my leg and severely injured my sacro-iliac and, as the film was scheduled for immedi-

ate production, they got hold of Frank Merrill, who took over and made several Tarzan films for Universal.

So you can see how easily people have been confusing me with the original Tarzan, Elmo Lincoln. There have been many articles written about me as Tarzan and a lot of publicity was sent out at that time by the studio."

—Joe Bonomo

The film listed as **THE REVENGE OF TARZAN**, is the one usually referred to as **THE RETURN OF TARZAN**. The film was produced under the latter title, but it was released and shown as **THE REVENGE OF TARZAN**.

TARZAN ON STAGE

TARZAN OF THE APES Broadhurst Theatre N.Y.
Produced by George Broadhurst 1921

Cast

Lionel Glenister	John Grattan
Alice Mosley	Lawrence Marks
Howard Kyle	Minna Gale Haynes
John F. Morrissey	Greta Kemble Cooper
Edward Sillward	Boyd Clarke
Alfred Arno	Forrest Robinson
Ethel Dwyer	Ford Chester

Ronald Adair
as Tarzan

TELEVISION PROGRAMS

TARZAN OF THE APES, the original Elmo Lincoln film, and **THE LION MAN** are the only ERB motion pictures that have been shown on television. Burroughs always scratched out the TV clause when he contracted to sell motion picture rights. ERB, Inc., recently sold Sol Lesser, the Tarzan film producer, the rights to film a Tarzan TV series. Gordon Scott, the current screen Tarzan, will star. The Tarzan television show is already being sold to sponsors, and without even a pilot film in the can. An unprecedented procedure, but such is the fame of the ape-man, that sponsors are willing to buy the show without seeing an audition print.

TARZANA, CALIFORNIA

Out of respect for Edgar Rice Burroughs the founder of Tarzana, the Merchants of that city and some of the adjoining communities, closed their doors and observed a period of quiet for several minutes soon after the author's death.

At the regular meeting of the Council of the City of Los Angeles, held March 21, 1950, a resolution was adopted that the City Council adjourn in memory of Edgar Rice Burroughs in recognition of the services rendered to the City of Los Angeles through the medium of his literary works and civic activities. A leather-bound certified copy of this resolution was presented to the family of Edgar Rice Burroughs.

ERB Inc., will continue to function, managed, as before, by Ralph Rothmund.

Plans for unpublished and unfinished stories are as yet indefinite.

TARZAN, TEXAS

Yes, this place was named after Mr. Burroughs' Tarzan. Mr. Tant Lindsay built the first store here about 30 years ago. He named the town and post office Tarzan.

This is a small town with two churches, a 4 teacher school, barber shop, blacksmith shop, help-u-self laundry, 3 stores, a gin mill and the post office

There is rich farming land and Ranches surrounding the town.

Tarzan is in Martin County, 20 miles NW of Stanton on the Andrews highway. 30 miles from Andrews and 35 miles from Midland, Tex.

The Tarzan Marketing Assn. is also here. They have an office and bring in thousands of Mexican Nationals, by contract, to gather the crops each year. Last fall this post office received mail for about fourteen hundred Nationals.

--Mrs. Nellie McMorries, Postmaster
Tarzan, Texas

THE TARZAN MAGAZINE

Dell Publishing Co., 10 West 33rd St., N.Y.

The Tarzan magazine originally appeared as a "one-shot" publication for two issues, **TARZAN AND THE DEVIL OGRE** and **TARZAN AND THE FIRES OF TOHR**. It became a bi-monthly with the Jan. 1948 issue, featuring **TARZAN AND THE WHITE SAVAGES OF VARI**, and remained a bi-monthly until the July 1951 issue, when it went monthly, which it has remained to date.

TARZAN'S JUNGLE ANNUAL

Dell Publishing Co., 10 West 33rd St., N.Y.

This is a 25¢ Annual publication, somewhat larger in size than the monthly magazine. It features wildlife covers, stories, games, cutouts, etc. Most of the artwork is handled by Jesse Marsh, the illustrator of the monthly publication, but the work of Russ Manning and Tony Sgroi also appears. There have been four issues to date, 1952, '53, '54 and '55, with the '56 issue now in preparation. Russ Manning illustrates the lead story in the '56 Annual. Following is a list of the feature stories that have appeared in the Annuals.

TARZAN RETURNS TO OPAR	#1-1952
TARZAN IN THE VALLEY OF TOWERS	#2-1953
TARZAN AND THE PIRATES STRONGHOLD	#3-1954
TARZAN DEFENDS THE WALLS OF CATHNE	#4-1955
TARZAN AND THE VIKINGS	#5-1956

JOHN CARTER OF MARS MAGAZINE

Dell Publishing Co., 10 West 33rd St., N.Y.

The John Carter magazine appeared as three "one-shot" issues. Jesse Marsh illustrated all three issues. An attempt was made to modernize John Carter by making him a

soldier who is killed in action during the Korean war. The plots were adapted from PRINCESS, GODS, and a brief part of WARRIOR. The titles and issues follow.

THE PRISONER OF THE THARKS #375
 THE BLACK PIRATES OF OMEAN #437
 THE TYRANT OF THE NORTH #488

The above issues are not dated. Numbers refer to the Dell "one-shot" numbers.

TARZAN IN MARCH OF COMICS
 K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

K.K. Publications is a subsidiary of the Dell Publishing Co. The MARCH OF COMICS is a small, 5x7½, magazine distributed by Sears, Roebuck & Co., and other stores, as "give-away" advertisements. It features a famous character each issue. Three issues, that I know of, have been TARZAN numbers. There may have been others. Marsh illustrated the first two numbers, and Russ Manning the third.

TARZAN AND CHIEF MITEY-POO #82
 TARZAN AND THE DEATH SPELL #98
 TARZAN AND THE HORNS OF THE KUDU #114

Fans knowing of other Burroughs items can be of assistance in correcting and adding to the foregone and future listings by informing the Editor of same.



Former "Lion Man" Jon Hall returned to the jungle in his own TV series, RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE. Hall is now producing KNIGHT OF THE SOUTH SEAS and SIR FRANCIS DRAKE for TV ... TUNDRA, the old Burroughs-Tarzan Enterprise film, has been re-released under the title ARTIC FURY.... Maureen O'Sullivan returned to ape-antics in BONZO GOES TO COLLEGE. She recently completed a TV pilot entitled ROOM-MATE.... Ex-Jane, Julie Bishop, co-stars with Bob Cummings in MY HERO for TV.... A TV show for Johnny Sheffield about BANTU is in progress. His LORD OF THE JUNGLE movie is his final Bomba film... Sabu stars in JARAGU, a South American Tarzan, based on Rex Beach's yarn.



...Kumor has it that Dick Dare, famous star of Ed Wheelan Productions, will come out of retirement to star in a new Tarzan series.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER

Recently I stopped in to see one of Weissmuller's JUNGLE JIM epics playing at a Minnesota theatre. Frankly, I did not expect to enjoy it, but found it to be surprisingly good! Not much plot, but packed with plenty of action and derring-do. And Johnny was down-right vocal--tossing dialogue and villains about with equal ease, plus doing away with old Numa in an exciting fight sequence. The theatre was well filled, and, on the way out, I stopped to talk with the Manager. "They don't make enough of these Jungle Jims," he said. "I play them all, then re-run the old ones. They are better box-office than the Bombas and even Tarzans, unless it's an old Weissmuller re-release. The kids just won't accept the new Tarzan. To them, Jungle Jim is Tarzan. I'll play a Jungle Jim in preference to a western anytime. They are good family pictures."

I thought about this after I left the theatre and had to confess it was true. Weissmuller has been Tarzan to two generations of movie goers and in spite of the fact that he has not made a Tarzan film in almost eight years, his popularity has not diminished and he is still Tarzan to most fans. Both Sol Lesser and MGM continue to re-release his old Tarzans, Lesser just issuing TARZAN'S DESERT MYSTERY & TARZAN TRIUMPHS for the third go-round while MGM brings back the very first and third Weissmuller pix, TARZAN THE APEMAN & TARZAN ESCAPES, (the second and best Weissmuller vehicle is unable to get past today's blueses). And does all this capitalizing or Johnny's old Tarzan films hurt his present endeavors? Not in the least! He continues to turn out 2 or 3 Jungle Jim films annually, for which he reaps, on a percentage basis, something like \$200,000 a year for 27 days work. And now he is invading TV with his own filmed JUNGLE JIM series while producers Pine and Thomas are preparing to screen his life story. From 1932 to 1948 Johnny made 12 Tarzan films and from 1948 thru 1954 he has turned out 18 Jungle Jims, the latest with a Burroughs-like title, THE MOON MEN.

Even a bad Tarzan picture makes money for its producer, but the lack of action in recent films has definitely hurt the series. Now that movies have the competition they deserve in television. Tarzan films should expand; and I don't mean that fraud, cinemascope. They should not be low budget "quickies" aimed at the Saturday matinee gang. They should be well plotted, wild animal, darkest Africa, slam-bang, cramed-with-action, once-a-year circus affairs! Just good Tarzan pictures--in technicolor.

The fact that the new Tarzans are not accepted by the public is not the fault of the actor, but of the producer, who insists all his Tarzans imitate Weissmuller. We fans want a new Tarzan in a new version of Tarzan, or better yet, ERB's original version! There is only one Weissmuller--still King of the Jungle cinema!

CENSORED (concluded from page 92)

in Moscow which was preceded by a film censor's note supplying the missing link between Karl Marx and the apes. The censor explains that Tarzan is supposed to be a child of an English peer lost in a shipwreck but he has been reared in a healthy proletarian environment of apes. Tarzan is uncorrupted by bourgeois culture until he meets an American explorer and his beautiful daughter.

---COMIC COVERUP---

Catholic action groups have begun a special campaign against American comic strips featuring girls who wear two-piece wardrobe. Now the heroines in such comics as Lill Abner, Tarzan, and Abbie and Slats (Italian favorites) must wear modest dickies

THE GOLDEN AGE (concluded from page 82)

interested in fantasy or s-f, but he indulgently allowed me to purchase such with my own money. On birthdays and Christmas I would ask for, and get, at least one ERB, usually a John Carter or Tarzan, but occasionally there would be The Moon Maid or The Monster Men.

The point is, if my father had had the ERB collection I now possess, I would have blithered with joy, blown a tender young bloodvessel with ecstasy. But my son is being raised in the heyday of the comics. He, in common with most of his kind in this neo-Noachian age, is being flooded beneath a deluge of crud that will last longer than forty days because there seems to be no end to paper, whereas even rain can last only so long.

(Lest I be assused of being partial, I hasten to add that some comics are quite good.)

My son, instead of living in the golden age, is surrounded by brass. Brass is notoriously easier to get than gold and is far noisier. Not that I mind the presence of brass. I can ignore it and reach for the gold.

Unfortunately, most people don't. And most can't see the gold--which they would naturally prefer--because brass glitters in their eyes and they can't see beyond it. My son looks at the John Carter, the David Innes, the Moon Maid, the Land That Time Forgot, the Tarzan books. There is an interested but dubious expression on his face. Then, after leafing through their pages--which contain so many words--he turns to the comics--full of pictures and their swiftly-read balloons. I am somewhat impatient, because I want him to know the joys I knew, because he does have the type of imagination that revels in the things that throng in ERB.

Yet, I can't force them on him, and I wouldn't want to.

Time passed, as it always did and does. I resigned myself to letting dust gather and dim the golden treasury of Burroughs.

Then, one bright day in the midst of many grey, I noticed one thing that gives me hope. Among all the hundreds, perhaps the thousands, of comics he has read, he remembers none over six months old. Except two, which he read at least eight months ago. Both these are John Carter comics, ERB transliterated. He still talks of those,

and I am gently guiding him back to those dusty volumes, gently, gently, for I hope his interest leads to the day when he, too, knows the delights, raptures, and terrors that I, as a child and budding adolescent, found in the mythmaker Edgar Rice Burroughs.

THE PASSENGER (concluded from page 85)

rations had been made in the event of it actually happening, but now the plans seemed pitifully inadequate, and the men wavered on that edge of bad temper with which they tried to disguise their forboding.

The three stood at the TV screen which eliminated the necessity of suiting-up for the surface, from the caverns carved in the age-old pumice of the Moon's crust. The scene reflected none of the hectic activity inside, showing only the grey expanse of dust that stretched to the opposite side of the crater, broken here and there by the flower-shaped spots where the rocket-exhausts had fused the dust into glassy islands.

"Here they come," murmured Kelly, as a spot half-a-mile out on the plain suddenly billowed dust. The cloud greyed until it almost obscured the ship, riding its braking rockets down to the surface. From the airlock, out of sight to the left of the screen, streaked one of the small open "moon-bugs", atomic-powered cousin to the earth-bound jeep, which were used for most transportation purposes outside. It disappeared into the cloud of floating pumice.

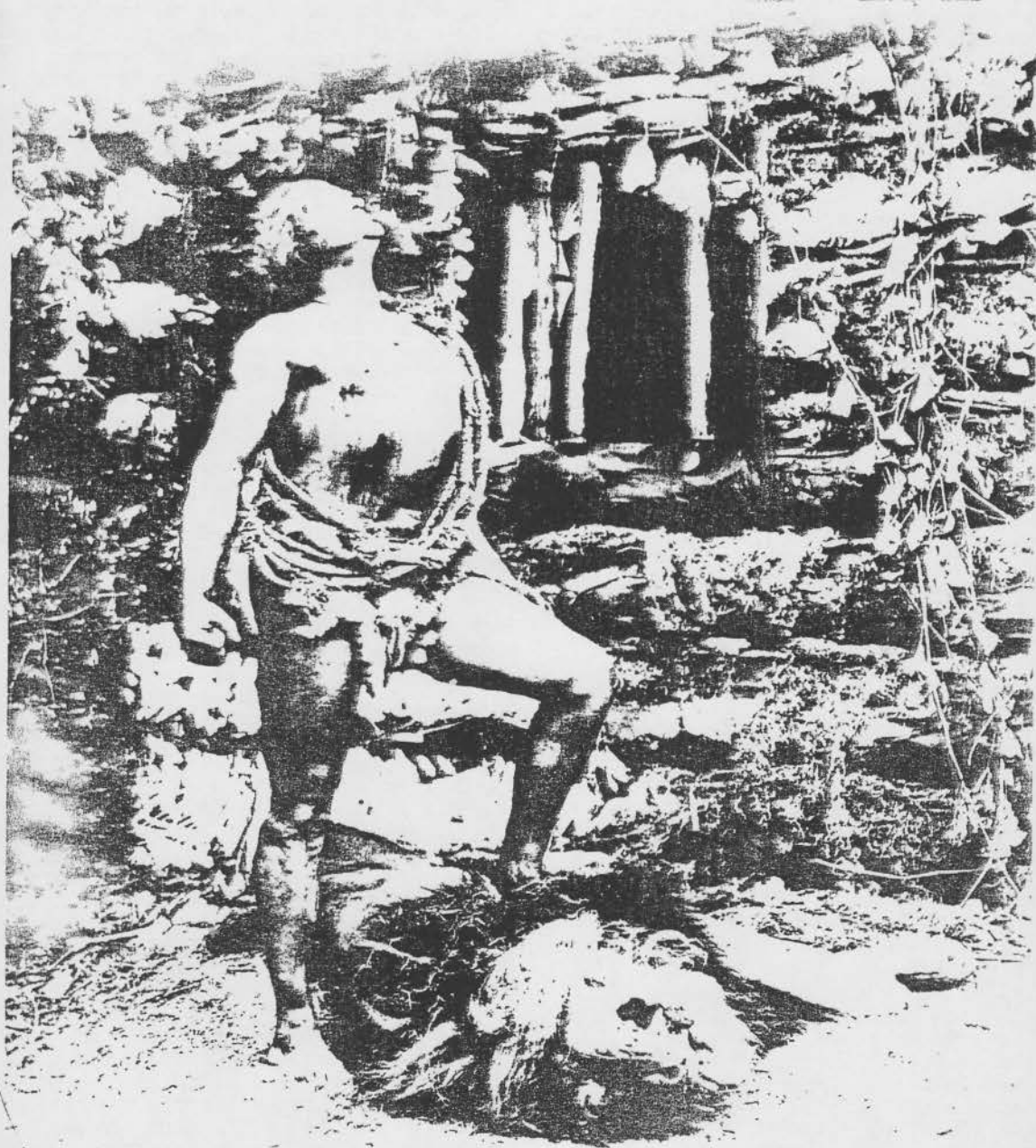
The three were beginning to mutter impatiently at the delay when the phone next to the screen buzzed insistently, and at the same time the reflected scene disclosed the larger, closed car with the telescoped airlock, with which they transferred freight and other items which would be harmed by vacuum, following the "bug" toward the hidden ship.

The general answered the phone brusquely, listened a moment, then with a grunt returned the receiver to its cradle. With a quick jerk of his head, he motioned the way toward the door. He ignored the questions of the other two, and they had lapsed into a puzzled silence as they stepped into the large unloading cavern just inside the huge airlocks leading outside.

Finally, a red light blinked on, indicating that the car had entered the lock, and there was a thin whine as the compressors brought the airpressure inside the lock up to a point where the doors could be opened. The general stood, a half-eager, half-taut expression on his face, with the other two officers inside the rail of the fenced-off area just outside the elevator, as the door of the car opened.

A grinning uniformed man stepped out, waving. Richards recognized him as the pilot of the exploratory ship. Moments later two more -- the crew -- had followed him. The colonel -- impatient -- turned to the general. "But, where's--" then paused again as he caught sight of the stunned expression on Major Grant's face as he stood clutching the railing as if it were his sanity. He swung back toward the car where a towering, imposing green figure with four arms was just straightening up. But his yelp of joy was cut short by Kelly.

"My God," breathed the general, "A Thark!"



In Memoriam

OTTO E. LINKENHELT
Born Feb. 6, 1889
Died June 27, 1952

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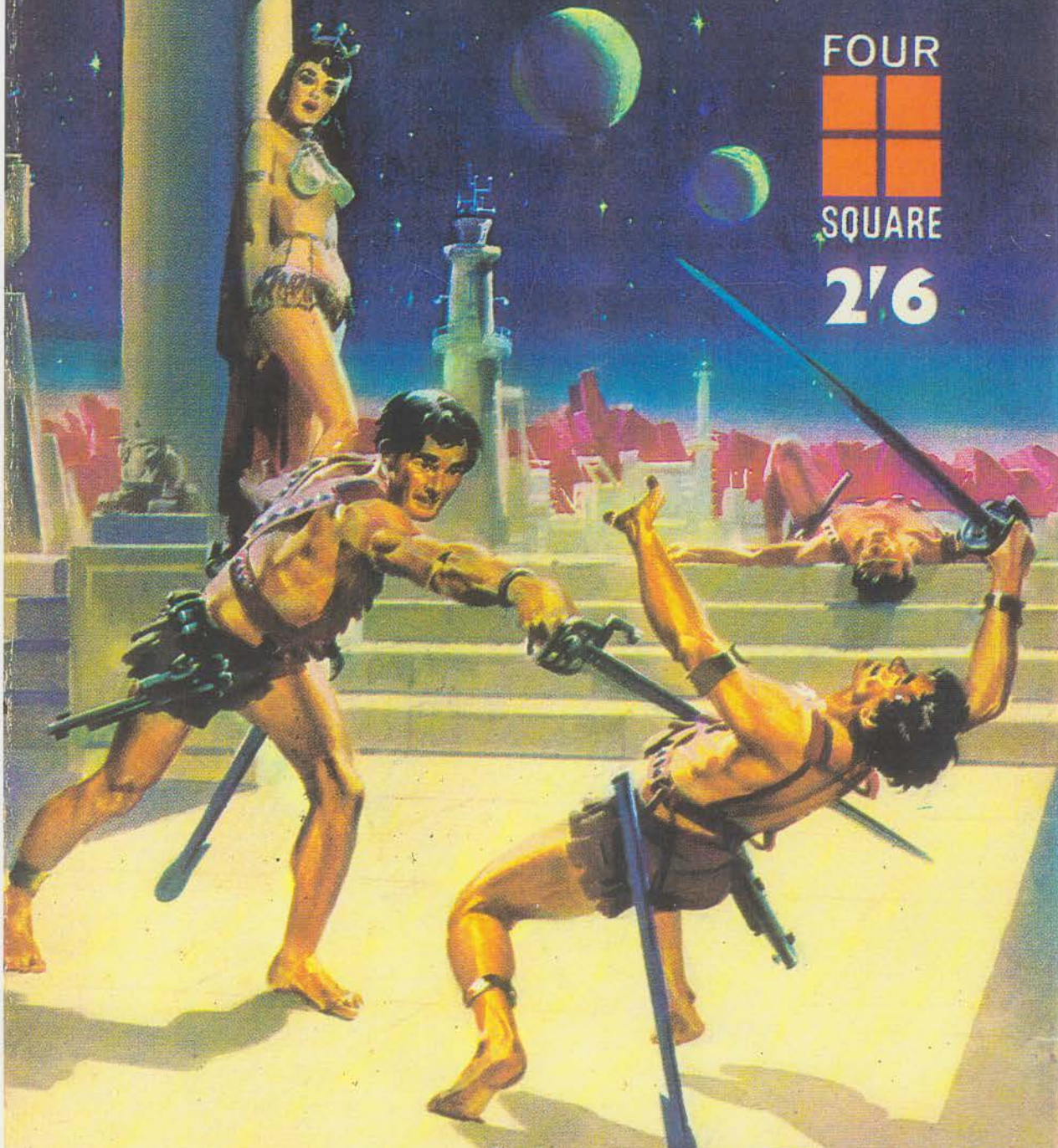
EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

FOUR



SQUARE

2'6



A PRINCESS OF MARS

an Earthman in a world
of strange beings



Big Jim Pierce and the Golden Lion

James H. Pierce, the 4th actor to portray the famous Tarzan, was born in Freedom, Indiana, on August 8, 1900. Freedom is a small town with a population of about 500 which was founded and settled by Pierce's grandfather.

Jim Pierce received his education at Indiana University, where he was All-American center for two years running and had the pleasure of playing against such immortals of the gridiron as Bo McMillan and Red Roberts of Centre; Duke Slater of Iowa; George Gipp of Notre Dame, and many other great players. He graduated in 1921 with an A.B. in football.

"Knowing little or nothing about anything other than football," Pierce says, "I turned to coaching after I was graduated. I was fortunate in lining up with Arizona University at Tucson. Toward the end of the second season I happened to be in Los Angeles with the team for a game. Naturally we were eager to see the inside of a studio and meet some of the stars. This was arranged and we were entertained royally."

The magnificent, six-foot-four physique and handsome features of "Big Jim" Pierce happened to be noticed by an enthusiastic executive and he was promptly offered a contract. "So with the promise of big money ringing in my ears," Pierce explains, "I chucked coaching football and went Hollywood."

But it was Edgar Rice Burroughs, himself, who was responsible for the casting of Pierce as the fabled ape-man. The author had just sold the screen rights of *TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION* to Edwin C. King, head of FBO (the company that later became RKO), when he set eyes on Pierce. He took one look at the former football star and said: "That's just what Tarzan looks like in my mind's eye." Burroughs was so impressed that he insisted that Pierce be given a chance to perform as Tarzan.

"My salary," said Pierce "was not much to start with, but I was assured by the studio officials that it would skyrocket once I galloped across the screen, clad only in a loin cloth, and the great American womanhood got a look at me.

"So with \$75 a week as a starter, I was off. This is perhaps the lowest salary ever paid anyone for a starring role, but I believed their spiel that all the publicity and subsequent fame that was to go with the break they had given me would be worth at least a million."

Like many of the early screen Tarzans, Pierce used no double; preferring to do his own stunts.

This turned out to be quite hazardous as during most of the filming of *TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION* his time was spent with Numa, a very famous movie lion, at his side. Anyone who knows anything at all about lions realizes that chumming around with Simba is touchy business, regardless of how well the lion is trained. Numa, of course, was portraying Jad-bal-ja, the Golden Lion.

In one scene, Pierce, as Tarzan, was to be pursued by an unfriendly lion and he was to escape by crossing a ravine, thirty feet wide and about sixty feet deep, by swinging hand-over-hand on a vine. The vine, of course, was a camouflaged rope, and after testing it by hanging on it, Jim okayed the stunt for a take.

Now lions are lazy creatures at heart and to make sure the beast would pursue Tarzan, it was allowed to become hungry, then fresh chicken blood was drained along the path it was to chase the apeman. Pierce was given a head start, the lion was released from its cage, cameras started grinding from behind the safety of wire screens, and Simba, following the blood-scent with visions of food in his mind, loped down the trail close on the heels of the screen Tarzan. Needless to say, if the lion had overtaken him, Jim Pierce would have been badly mauled and perhaps even killed. However, Pierce reached what safety the ravine crossing afforded and started swinging his way, hand over hand, across the perilous bridge out of the lion's reach. About midway across an unexpected obstacle was encountered; the studio-applied "moss" on the rope-vine proved to be quite slippery and Pierce was fast losing his hold. Slowly he made his way toward the far end of the "vine" and just as he was on the verge of completely losing his grip he managed to throw a leg across the limb of a scrub tree that was growing from the embankment of the ravine and was able to climb to safety. The cameras caught the entire action, and as Pierce looked down into the ravine he realized that they had come very close to filming the end of Tarzan or, at least, the end of his career as Tarzan.

Pierce had several close calls with the big cats and here is how ERB describes one of these incidents in his article, *TARZAN'S SEVEN LIVES*: "In one scene of *TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION* Tarzan is standing on the veranda of his African bungalow directing the golden lion to start on some mission for him.

It was the end of a long and tiresome day. The lion was tired, nervous and irritable. Furthermore his cage was inside the bungalow and he wanted to go to his cage far more than he wanted to go on any mission. Ten or twelve times in

succession he turned and ran into the bungalow instead of obeying his trainer's command.

Pierce was tired, too, and wanted to get the thing over, so the last time, instead of stepping out of the lion's way as he had previously, he stood directly in the doorway, and when the lion tried to go between his legs he brought his knees together and stopped him.

The lion was Numa, a very famous animal belonging to Charlie Gay, and though an old-timer in the picture business, he was a lion no one could touch.

When Pierce stopped him, he backed off in surprise, bared his fangs and commenced to growl.

Gay rushed in, shouting to Pierce to stand still, and with prod and chair held the lion off while Pierce edged his way slowly to the gate and safety."

One day when Numa was not feeling well another lion was used as a stand-in for a scene in which Tarzan was to swing down from the walls of Opar, via a vine, and land beside Jad-bal-ja in the court yard of the worshipers of the Flaming God. Numa's double was Slat, a very mean and nervous animal, and even Charlie Gay was worried about what might happen if the lion was startled when Pierce landed beside it. The trainer was more concerned about the stunt than the man who was going to perform it.

"Not that I was brave," Pierce explained. "I just didn't know any better and was following the Director's orders."

Pierce took his position on the wall and with Tarzan's weapons in one hand and a firm grip on the vine with the other, he made the swing successfully and landed beside the lion without mishap, much to the relief of all concerned.

While visiting the set of another jungle film, Pierce witnessed what could happen when things went wrong in scenes involving trained animals. Jim was visiting the set of KING OF THE JUNGLE, a serial starring Elmo Lincoln, who had originally starred in TARZAN OF THE APES, nine years earlier, and the action called for a lion to leap across a pit in which a man was supposed to be trapped.

The camera was set at an angle, shooting downward, in order to picture the lion's leap and to obtain a picture of the man in the pit at the same time.

Some difficulty was encountered in getting the lion to leap the pit so the cat was placed on a metal plate and when they were ready to take the scene again a small charge of electricity was ran through the plate.

This bit of ingenuity not only bolted the animal into action but enraged him as well. The lion leaped...but straight into the pit, killing the unfortunate actor entrapped there!

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION was based on ERB's novel of the same name, with adaptation by Wm. E. Wing (who also wrote the screen play for the above-mentioned KING OF THE JUNGLE). J. P. MacGowan was the director.

Contrary to reports in various newspaper and magazine articles, Edna Murphy did not play the part of Jane! Dorothy Dunbar, who later married Max Baer, was Jane in the picture, while Miss Murphy was seen as Flora Hawks. Fred Peters impersonated Tarzan's impersonator, Esteban Miranda. The film also gave Boris Karloff, the now famous horror man, his first screen break.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION was released in 1927, and like all motion pictures about the famous jungle hero, it was a box office success. It was not, however, successful with the critics. They lambasted it mercilessly. Even Pierce was prone to agree with them when he said; "Because of poor direction, terrible story treatment and putrid acting, the opus was a 'stinkeroo'. I emerged from the stench with nothing to show for strenuous efforts, and I mean they were strenuous, except the title TARZAN. I was out of a job."



JAMES H. PIERCE AND DOROTHY DUNBAR between scenes on the set of the 1927 Tarzan epic. Miss Dunbar played Lady Jane Greystoke in the film. The "monk" is the famous Joe Martin, one of the few trained orangutans in the world.

Strangely enough, the film was one of Edgar Rice Burroughs' favorite motion pictures adapted from one of his works and Pierce was one of his favorite Tarzans. In a letter addressed to Gordan Dorrance of Philadelphia, dated December 9, 1926, Burroughs wrote: "I want to suggest that you be sure to see the new Tarzan picture, TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION, which is just being completed by F. B. O. here. I have seen some of the work during the making and also some of the rushes, and am convinced that it is going to be the greatest Tarzan picture, and possibly one of the greatest animal pictures, ever made. We have at last found a man who really is Tarzan, and whom I believe will be raised to the heights of stardom."

But the author who had predicted radar, space travel, and other scientific wonders, was wrong when he predicted Pierce's future.

"Practically broke, and with no experience in other work to fall back on," Pierce recalled, "I floundered about the studios hoping to get another acting job. Casting directors only smiled and pitied me. I was typed as Tarzan. They seemed

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to expect me to break out with a scream and start beating my chest at any moment.

"I heard about a football picture which was coming up. Gathering up my scrapbook of football clippings, I rushed over to the studio. After waiting several hours I got a chance to see the producer. With one quick flash at me, he said, 'No--No--No--Not the type. You're Tarzan. I want someone who looks as if he had played football.' He wouldn't look at my clippings or listen to anything else from me."

Pierce, wisely enough, went back to coaching football in high schools and acting "bit parts" and character roles in movies. To name a few, Jim has had featured parts in MGM's *THE KNIFE*, Columbia's *YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY*, *FOLLOW THE SUN*, and appeared as the heavy in an early version of *THE DEERSLAYER* and was King Thun of Mongo in the super serial *FLASH GORDON*, which starred another former Tarzan, Buster Crabbe.

But Jim Pierce was still not through playing Tarzan. If he thought so, he reckoned without Edgar Rice Burroughs, who knew a good TARZAN when he saw one. The author invited Pierce to his Tarzana home and feted and dined him. Present was Mr. Burroughs' beautiful 18-year-old daughter, Joan, who soon came to share her father's enthusiasm for the stalwart football hero. Jim Pierce had similar ideas, making it a threesome. The result was a very splendid wedding between the "author of Tarzan's" daughter and "Tarzan" in Tarzana on August 8, 1928.

In 1932 Burroughs placed his eldest son, Hulbert, in charge of a newly formed radio division of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc.; contracted with an independent radio producer to make a series of Tarzan transcription records; arranged for Mr. and Mrs. James H. Pierce to star in the radio series as Tarzan and Jane and by 1934 "The Tarzan Radio Act" had been sold to stations in every state of the union, "produced and distributed under the personal supervision of Edgar Rice Burroughs."

"Tarzan" and His Bride



MR. AND MRS. JAMES H. PIERCE pictured here on the lawn of the Burroughs' home in Tarzana, shortly after their wedding in 1928.

Jim and Joan Pierce played radio's Tarzan and his mate for 325 episodes during 1932-34. That the "Tarzan Radio Act" was successful goes without saying, for in three weeks after one sponsor, the Signal Oil Co., started announcements concerning the Tarzan Club they had applications from more than 12,000 boys in the State of California alone. To become eligible for membership, applicants had to obtain a new customer for the Signal Oil Co. By December 15, 1933, Signal Oil Company's Tarzan Club had grown to 125,000 members, and every member was a potential salesman for Signal Oil Co. Not only was the "Tarzan Radio Act" successful but it proved to be a most profitable program for its sponsors during the toughest years of the depression.



LORDS OF THE JUNGLE--TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION.

Jim Pierce is a commercial pilot with several hundred flying hours to his credit. He interested both Hulbert and John Coleman Burroughs in aviation and they took flying lessons together. When they went to proudly display their pilots licence to their father, ERB showed them his own; not to be outdone by his sons, the author had secretly been taking lessons of his own and acquired his pilots license at the age of 58!

ERB always had a tough time remembering names. He could carry a whole Tarzan plot around in his mind without jotting down even a faint outline of the story. But the cast of characters for it had to be written down and referred to constantly. Burroughs liked to tell of the time he and the boys were out to do some flying: "We were standing out at Clover Field one day," said the author, "and an awfully nice little woman came up and spoke to me. She introduced herself...and I thought that was mighty fine of her.

"Do you fly? I asked.

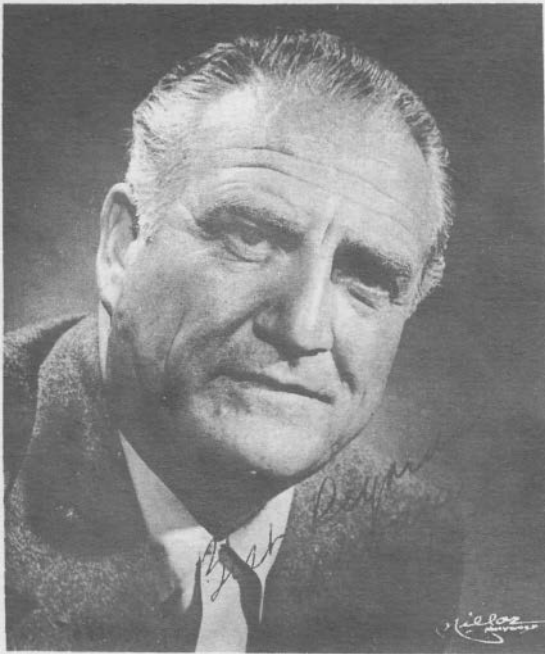
"A bit," she said.

"Her name was Ruth Elder.

"My memory's just that way."

This coming August Mr. and Mrs. James Pierce will have three anniversaries to celebrate. On August 8th the couple will celebrate their 34th wedding anniversary, and on the same date James Pierce will be 62 years of age. They have two children, Joan Burroughs Pierce II, 32, and Michael, 29, who presented his parents with a grandson who will be one year old in August.

The years have been kind to Pierce, and he has changed but little since his football and Tarzan days. Perhaps the lines of his face have deepened and his hair has a steel-grey tint, but his weight and measurements are exactly today what they were when he was All American center for Indiana University. Pierce is now a realtor but still finds time for an occasional movie role. During World War II, Jim was selected by the U. S. Government to operate one of its pilot train-schools. He often shows prospective realty purchasers various properties and ranches from the air.



Several years ago, when I visited Tarzana, I asked Mr. Pierce if he had read ERB's works.

"Yes, I'm a fan," he said. "I think Mr. Burroughs has a brilliant mind and is certainly the most popular writer of imaginative fiction in the world."

"However," he added, "I think more attention should be paid to his western stories. They are wonderful!"

And Burroughs, himself, thought Jim Pierce was a wonderful Tarzan and there are thousands of fans who think the same.



Did Burroughs Create Tarzan

By Russ Manning

What was the name of the man who invented Paul Bunyon?

Who created King Arthur?

Can anyone name the person who conceived a jolly fat man giving away gifts, gratis...and named him Santa Clause?

Did Edgar Rice Burroughs create Tarzan?

Or did Mr. Burroughs serve as the connection between a typewriter and a folk hero waiting to be born? Did mankind's collective consciousness become aware of an unbalance, an overemphasis on some one aspect of our makeup, and as it has in the past, adopt a folk hero to fulfill a deeply felt need?

In our scientific age the close affinity of man to other animals, in fact the basic animal nature of man himself, is apparent. The sub-conscious levels underlying our entire race has always been aware of our animal nature, but social-cultural aspects of our lives have at times denied and smothered complete realization of all instincts. During historical periods when spiritual-intellectual, rather than animal, qualities in man were being overemphasized, symbols of man's desire for balance were at times evident.

Animal-headed gods appeared in Ancient Egypt where the entire life of the people was based on an intellectual and spiritual preparation for a hereafter. During the medieval ages, when man's "baser" instincts were drastically over-ridden in the struggle to assert spiritual guidance to man's every effort, werewolves welled up from a deep racial realization of need. The beast-man to balance the angel-man.

Then came the machine...the industrial revolution...and mankind was subjected to another anti-instinctual unbalance. Almost immediately animal-man tried to come to the rescue. Rudyard Kipling created Mowgli. But somehow the folk hero was incomplete. Mowgli is not mankind operating at the level of animals...and Mowgli's animal friends are intellectuals, almost philosophers...not true animals. Mowgli and his friends think too much.

Then from the hands of Edgar Rice Burroughs came an animal-man, suckled at the breast of man's nearest animal kin...a man knowing nothing of machines, and needing them even less.

Tarzan...folk hero...the end result of a need that showed itself in the Egyptian animal-headed men, gradually refined and distilled through the centuries. All credit to Mr. Burroughs, when he created Tarzan, he created him perfect... fifty years have seen no improvements. Like Mowgli, Tarzan might have come to us flawed, and the race of man caused to divide up between two blurred symbols the chore of relieving the strains of the machine age.

Did Edgar Rice Burroughs create Tarzan? If allowing a basic need of our race to flow from his fingers free of stylish vagueness and unmarred by murky philosophy...if allowing a folk hero to leap fullborn and vital, deep into the consciousness of the entire world, can be merely called creating...then Edgar Rice Burroughs created Tarzan.



Edgar Rice Burroughs . . .

TITAN! by Aurailius Bogdan

When Edgar Rice Burroughs passed into immortality, it was like the sudden extinguishing of a sun which had burst across our vision like a nova. There has never been another quite like him; and most likely there never will be.

Nevertheless, the passage of this titan across the literary firmament has left in his wake a trail of stars which will blaze as long as the human spirit thrills to the stirring call of high adventure and distant horizons. Burroughs, the man, has departed; but what he has created lives on.

That is the living monument of every great created artist of every age and realm.

Any fascinating phenomenon will inevitably invite exploration of its particular nature in the scheme of things, and the works of Burroughs are no exception; they have in them a mysterious something which is as elusive to investigation as a shimmer of moonglow.

Perhaps the two major keys to the nature and consequent effect of Burroughs' works are the quality of his imagination and language—in short, the converging interaction of WHAT he says with HOW he says it.

Burroughs' stories are tales of swift-moving action with the accent laid upon adventure. The context of this action is usually composed of the hero's efforts to conquer the various obstacles which at first place beyond his reach the woman of his choice.

This theme is generally developed around a set of circumstances involving the abduction or capture of the heroine by villainous antagonists. Homer used this same motif in his Iliad; it is a theme whose nature stresses the fact of pursuit of a given desideratum, and therefore its essence is intrinsically that of action instead of character or setting.

The various plots which Burroughs weaves around this theme are comprised of repeated patterns of action. Included amongst these patterns are flight from and pursuit of enemies, physical conflict occurring on both individual and massed scale, capture and imprisonment, narrow escapes from captivity, rescuing others from captivity, and other similarly dramatic and suspenseful patterns of swiftly transpiring action.

Up to this point, Burroughs stands upon common ground with several other writers. It is the essentially different settings against which stages his plots that define his line of departure into the realm of individuality.

Whether his backdrop be the African jungles or the inner world of Pellucidar, the distant horizons of other planets or some equally remote locale, Burroughs' settings always represent some background far removed in time and space from the reader's environment.

Several other authors have tried this type of setting without much success. Invariably, their failures are occasioned by their inability to construct some psychological bridge to span the abyssal gulf thus created between the reader's surroundings and the backgrounds of their respective stories. Burroughs succeeded where so many others failed because he realized that that which is partially different can be fascinating, whereas that which is so completely different as to be devoid of precedent can only be meaningless. In Burroughs' works, this psychological bridge between his reader and the story's setting is that

essential humanity which the story's actors share in common with the reader.

Burroughs' settings usually depict some era of primeval human existence whose survival into a later period has occurred by means of geographical isolation; in his famed Martian novels, the background stresses a contrasting triple motif of latter day Martian civilization set into an environment which includes both the surroundings of primordial existence and the crumbling splendor of vanished civilizations. Burroughs' portrayal of background attains its zenith of splendor in these Martian novels.

His characterization is always simple and psychologically valid; the respective personalities of his stories' various actors and actresses are of such nature that they hold a mirror to the background across which they move. In effect, this process amounts to a stripping away of external camouflage to unmask the elemental human nature—for which reason Burroughs' portrayals of character are as strong as they are accurate.

In addition to all these factors, Burroughs utilizes another feature which lends a very distinguishing note to all his stories: he weaves a succession of animals into the action, using them to inject extra drama and suspense into the plot. Needless to observe, Burroughs has no equal when it comes to portraying or inventing animals!

Any survey of the nature of Burroughs' texts would be incomplete without noting the fact that his writings stand completely clear of all obscenity; Burroughs' entire appeal is to the human nature of his reader, and never to his mere animal instincts. In this respect Burroughs' writings represent a refreshing contrast to the often morbid literature of present-day authors, many of whom are seemingly obsessed with the notion that the only convincing characterization is represented by heroines who are a mixture of sewer-sludge and arsenic, and heroes whose only clothing is their so-called libido.

The second key to analysis of Burroughs' works is his matchless splendor of language.

That this style of language plays a substantial, if fractional part in the artistic effect created by his stories can be proven readily: if a closely detailed plot-synopsis of a Burroughs story were to be animated by the language of any writer other than Burroughs, the resulting effect would be both vastly different and inferior to the effect produced by that story as Burroughs wrote it.

Burroughs' style of language possesses evenness of quality which permits a detailed examination of any one of his stories to hold a mirror to the language of his remaining works.

To this end, the writer has chosen his all-time favorite from Burroughs: THE WARLORD OF MARS.

Even a cursory examination of almost any Burroughs story will reveal that he favors short paragraphs composed of but few compound sentences, rather than several short sentences.

The resultant rolling breadth of outline makes for a leisurely coverage of large territory which can never be approached by the stubby outline of today's clipped phraseology; while eminently suited to the short story, this journalistic idiom of clipped phraseology misses fire when applied to the novel.

For example, the approximately 55,800 words of THE WARLORD OF MARS are grouped into a succession

of 1,318 paragraphs. This fixes the length of the average Burroughs paragraph at about 42 words—eight words less than the usual 50 word limit of the newspaper paragraph. It is with relative rarity that Burroughs deviates either over or under this paragraph-norm by any margin much in excess of ten-fifteen words.

Often, a single long, multiphrased sentence comprises the entire paragraph; almost as often, two such sentences comprise the whole paragraph. But rarely is the average Burroughs paragraph comprised of much more than two sentences.

By building short paragraphs, as we remarked before, from a few, long sentences, Burroughs achieves a rolling breadth of outline, whose enveloping effect integrates an entire paragraph into massive unity—a device which generates an illusion of tridimensional depth.

The resulting simplicity of outline makes for an ease of reading which permits the full impression of the text to reach the consciousness of the reader without first having to be filtered through the maze of fragmented word-patterns.

Dispersed throughout these 1,318 paragraphs of THE WARLORD OF MARS are 440 short, simple sentences which consist of little more than subject and predicate. This fixes the average occurrence of these short sentences at about every third paragraph (or, after about every 126 words.)

These short sentences very rarely comprise an entire paragraph by themselves. Generally occurring as attachments to the longer sentences of the same paragraph, these short sentences appear both singly and consecutively in pairs with about equal frequency, and are usually placed at either end of the paragraph. Their general position in the paragraph indicates their use as paragraph leads or summations, which usually accent the most important element of that paragraph.

The contrast of these short sentences, overprinted in fairly regular dispersion across the territorial extent of the longer sentences, serves to accent the latter's breadth of outline; this device of overprinting also achieves a second important effect, one which could best be compared to the multitude of whitecaps which throng—but do not obscure—the surface of a choppy sea. Structurally speaking, the resulting psychological impression is one of tapestried richness.

Before proceeding any further, we must clearly emphasize the fact that all the foregoing and impending observations pertain only to the mainstream of Burroughs' style of language; all these various devices crystallize themselves into patterns by virtue of constant repetition. Burroughs offsets this pattern by means of contrasts which break into the pattern; when he wishes to portray a particularly exciting turn of events, he doesn't abstain from momentarily erupting into a consecutive succession of short sentences which, under circumstances as such, will collectively aggregate a paragraph; the effect of this sudden contrast is volcanic.

Conversely, when Burroughs wishes to build up a specially gorgeous effect, he will paragraph a single, multiphrase sentence to a length far in excess of 42 words; the effect of this swift-riding chain of several short phrases linked together into a long train is, again, like the whitecaps which enrich but do not obscure the expanse of a choppy sea. The opening paragraph of the first chapter of THE WARLORD OF MARS represents the utilization of just such a device; it is about as gorgeous as anything which has ever been written in our language.

Backtracking from our little digression, we find that Burroughs' pattern of punctuation serves as intrinsic a purpose in his style of language as does his pattern of wording.

Aside from periods, his punctuation runs mostly to commas, the frequency of these commas being limited to that absolute minimum less than which

would render incoherent the intended gist of the text; in this matter, he was far ahead of his time.

Burroughs' strategic employment of the semi-colon is sheer mastery. Throughout the entire length of THE WARLORD OF MARS, he employed the semi-colon in only 196 instances—which means that his semi-colons are separated by an average of about 284 words, or nearly seven paragraphs.

These semi-colons are employed in only such places where (a) the text following the semi-colon is in the nature of an after-thought or appendix whose addition rounds into completion the sense of that portion of the text which preceded the semi-colon; (b) in almost every instance, the first word following the semi-colon (either because of its semantic character or its position in the context) is of such nature that it could not be used as the starting word of a sentence. In short, it requires the context of that which preceded the semi-colon to explain the bridging sense wherein the first word following the semi-colon is employed.

Of the 196 occurrences of the semi-colon in THE WARLORD OF MARS, 80 of them are followed by the word "but"; in 52 of these instances the first word following is an "and"; the remaining 64 miscellaneous instances are collectively comprised of 8 uses of "nor", 8 uses of "for", 5 uses of "so", 4 uses of "then", 3 uses of "there", 3 uses of "that", 3 uses of "yet", 2 uses of "it", 2 uses of "as", 2 uses of "here", 2 uses of "after", and a single use of each of the following: "or", "of", "my", "instead", "deep", "their", "above", "no", "had", "counting", "see", "in", "piling", "deafening", "whom", and "his".

Other similar words which Burroughs could also have employed, but didn't, include such words as "however", "also", "nevertheless", "its", (possessive) "therefore", "anyhow", "at", "because", "consequently", "her", (possessive) "neither", and "either"; however, Burroughs obtained a sufficient variety within the choice of words he did employ.

Yet another intrinsic feature of Burroughs' language is his choice of words, as considered from their phonetic structure. This factor adds immeasurably in producing that leisurely richness and deep luxuriance so typical of Burroughs' language; it likewise generates the flowing smoothness of his language.

Whenever the vocabulary of our language affords a choice of more than one word to represent the same meaning, Burroughs will usually select the phonetically soft, rounded word, in preference to the phonetically hard, angular word; in short, he generally excludes such words whose sharp-cornered phonetic structure wouldn't pe it them to roll like a wheel.

In specific terms, this means that Burroughs' choice usually falls upon the word whose phonetic structure is dominated by either the foamy softness and fluency of the word-sounds or, at least, by the almost equal softness of the least angular among the consonant-sounds. He tends to avoid such words whose phonetic structure exhibits the sharp corners of the harder consonant-sounds.

For example, Burroughs' choice of words would generally use "commence" instead of "start", "slash" instead of "cut", "finish" instead of "conclude", "allow" instead of "permit", "hit", instead of "struck", "despondent" instead of "dejected", "burnished" instead of "brilliant", "slay" instead of "kill", "shining" instead of "glittering", "also" instead of "like-wise", "agree" instead of "concur", "succor" instead of "aid", "immense" instead of "great", et al.

The succession of such phonetically soft, fluffy words cumulatively generates a marvelously deep, veiling effect of misty richness which cloaks—but does not obscure—the sense of the word within an exciting aura of mystery; it transfigures the context of any passage with a soft,

The City of Unseen Eyes

by John Harwood



"Opar, the enchanted city of a dead and forgotten past, the city of the beauties and the beasts. City of horrors and death; but city of fabulous riches."

So muses Tarzan of the Apes on the occasion of his first escape from the ancient city of the Atlantean colonists.

All the followers of Tarzan's adventures in little-known Africa remember the ventures of the ape-man into this stronghold of the last survivors of one-time Atlantis. In all, there are four of the books dealing with the contest between Tarzan and the inhabitants of Opar, especially his friendship with La, High Priestess of the Flaming God. It's probably unnecessary to remind the readers that the four titles are:

THE RETURN OF TARZAN
TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR
TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION
TARZAN THE INVINCIBLE

What do we know about the history and the location of this abode of evil? Mr. Burroughs was very vague about either of these two subjects. True, La does tell Tarzan something of the history of the city, but only enough to whet the readers' interest for more facts. It's in telling of the location that the author really got close-mouthed about the whole thing. Maybe it wasn't his fault. Tarzan doesn't believe in conferring the benefits (?) of civilization on any of the remote communities he visits, so most likely he didn't go into detail when he told of his adventures. He may have just given a general idea of the site of Opar when he was telling the stories.

If we bring together a few of the facts collected from the various books in which they are scattered perhaps we can draw a clearer picture of the origins and whereabouts of this settlement.

First, how did Opar originate and why did it finally become a city of ruined buildings and degenerate humans? (Not that the women could be classed as degenerates) According to La, Opar was only one of a number of cities which made up the colony established by Atlantis in Central Africa ten thousand years ago. Ten thousand years ago, or 8000 B.C. takes us back to the time when Man in Europe was just beginning to live in communities. This means that the inhabitants of Atlantis must have been highly civilized; living in cities when the people of Europe were still in the Stone Age of development. As the colony in Central Africa was a mining center for gold, diamonds and other jewels, the people of the mother country must have reached the stage where the use of these valuable objects for purposes of decoration was recognized. Not only did they use the precious metal and jewels for ornamentation, but the descriptions the author gave of some of these objects proves that they possessed highly skilled goldsmiths. Even the galleys which they used to transport the wealthy from Atlantis were bedecked with the noble metal.

The mines in the vicinity of Opar were very productive as is proven by the fact that Tarzan's first two raids on the gold vaults didn't make

an impression on the amount of the ingots stacked in the treasure chamber. When he first discovered the gold he thought that the ingots must be of some baser metal because there were so many thousand pounds of the stuff. Each of the ingots weighed about forty pounds and each time the vaults were raided, a hundred ingots were removed. The first two times Tarzan had each of fifty Waziri carry away two ingots apiece. The last time, the gold was removed by the party headed by Flora Hawkes. This party also had the precious metal carried by fifty blacks, each of whom was burdened with two ingots. Three raids which resulted in the acquisition of one hundred ingots each time or three hundred in all made up the grand total of twelve thousand pounds of gold removed from Opar without the knowledge of its inhabitants. What would be the value of this treasure? At the present time gold is held at \$35 an ounce. Before 1934 the value was \$20.67 per ounce. It will take a little figuring to find the value because of the fact that the \$20.67 is applied to the troy ounce and the weight of the bars from Opar is most likely given in avoirdupois pounds. As both ounces and pounds are different in the two scales, we'll have to go back to grains which are the same for gold or feathers. The Troy ounce is equal to 480 grains and the Avoirdupois pound contains 7,000 grains. By dividing the 480 grains into 7,000, we get the equation:

1 Avoirdupois Pound - 14.5833 Troy Ounces
14.5833 x \$20.67 = \$301.4368 per pound
\$301.4368 x 12,000 pounds = \$3,617,241.60

This means that \$3,617,241.60 (to go into detail) was removed from Opar in three trips and still there was no appreciable reduction in the amount of gold in the chamber. Thus, Tarzan gets well over a million dollars for each visit he pays to this city of horrors.

What does Tarzan do with all this wealth? We may well believe that much of it goes for taxes and the rest for living expenses and investments. He makes his second raid because of the fact that he lost most of his fortune through bad investments. During World War I Tarzan contributed most of his money to the cause of the Allies and the building up of his ruined estate after the war took about all that was left. After he obtained the gold which Flora Hawkes' party looted plus the diamonds from the Palace of Diamonds which he recovered from Esteban Miranda, Tarzan had no need of any more treasure.

What do we know about the life of the inhabitants during the time when Atlantis was still in touch with her African colonies? We know that the rich Atlanteans only spent a few months of the year in Opar and the other cities and then returned to their homeland during the rainy season. During this period the only persons left in the various cities were the inhabitants who were connected with the working of the mines. The mine superintendents had to see to it that the slaves were kept producing the gold and jewels for shipment to Atlantis. The merchants had to provide the necessities of life. The soldiers had to guard the cities and mines against the enemies of the Empire and also to keep the slaves in order. Possibly there were some of the priests and priestesses who had to provide the religious influence for all those who remain behind to keep things running. Finally there were the slaves who had to do all the hard work of the city.

The religion was the horrible one of human sacrifice to the Flaming God. As is so often the case in early times the Atlanteans were Sun worshippers. Theirs was a religion of blood-stained altars and struggling human victims. The first objects of sacrifice were probably slaves who had displeased their masters and were punished as an

object lesson to the other slaves to follow the rules laid down by their owners. Originally, the disobedient slave was punished by his master with death or some milder form of discipline. Then, as the priests needed more and more victims, the slaves were taken from their masters as they were about to be tortured or killed and sacrificed to the Flaming God. This would account for the fact that the priestesses rescue the victim just as he thinks he is about to die beneath the bludgeons of the menacing horde. The priestess taking the intended victim from the killers most likely is symbolic of the priesthood using a condemned slave as an offering to the Sun. As the centuries pass this practice continues, but without meaning to the present creatures of Opar.

The galleys in which the Atlanteans travelled to and from the colonies give an indication of their skill at ship building and navigation. After the mother country disappeared under the waves of the Atlantic and the expected thousands of upper class members of society did not return for their annual visit, a large galley was sent out to find what had happened. They sailed about for many months without finding a trace of the home continent. For a galley to sail around the Atlantic for months means that the vessel would have to be large enough to contain an enormous amount of supplies. That also means a large crew to sail it.

The use of locks and keys reveals in another way how highly civilized they were when our ancestors were just beginning to band together. The locks and keys also means doors which tells us that they must have known the principle of the hinge. Most of the doors in Opar were of wooden construction and equipped with wooden hinges, but Tarzan has also encountered doors made of iron bars, such as the door used to separate La from the lion which was kept in the same cell with her. This event takes place in *TARZAN THE INVINCIBLE* when the ape-man discovers that the High Priestess of the Flaming God is once again in trouble with her people. As the creatures of Opar have no mechanical knowledge, they can use only those locks that have not been ruined by time and ignorance. Therefore, most of the doors are fastened with bars. While these may be as old as the locks, they are not as likely to get out of order. In his adventures in the pits of Opar, Tarzan has come across two distinct methods of barring the doors of the cells. First, there is the type of bar that holds the door closed when it is slid across the portal. The second kind of bar is the one that is hinged at one end and has to be lifted out of a socket at the other end.

The ruins of Opar are an impressive sight to those who see them now. What must they have looked like when the city was a power to be reckoned with? Think of all the labor that must have gone into the building of all those massive edifices. The foundation walls of some of the larger structures were fifteen feet in thickness. All the buildings were made up of blocks of granite of various sizes. Beneath the surface of the ground these blocks were left in a rough state, but above the ground they were very smooth. Perhaps when they were first installed they were polished. At present, they still present a smooth surface. The walls of the temple (the only building whose interior we have "seen") are carved with strange figures of men and beasts. Would these beasts be of the kind now found in this part of Africa or would the colonists from Atlantis have been familiar with animals which are now extinct? 8,000 B.C. would take us back before the time of known history and who knows just what type of life was roaming around Opar in those days. The carvings of birds surmounting the pillars on either side of the great entrance to the temple are described

as "grotesque". Would this be the result of primitive artistry of the times or would the sculptor have been faithful to his art and given us a likeness of some prehistoric type of flying creature?

Did the original inhabitants of Opar use two kinds of granite in the construction of the city or did they use some of their treasure of gold to gild the buildings? On at least three occasions ERB described the city as it lies in the distance. Once he told us: "And on the far side of the valley lay what appeared to be a mighty city, its great walls, its lofty spires, its turrets, minarets, and domes showing red and yellow in the sunlight." Again: "At the edge of the desolate valley, overlooking the golden domes and minarets of Opar, Tarzan halted." Finally: "In the bright light of the African sun, domes and minarets shone red and gold above the city." We know that granite can be red, pink, grey, black and sometimes green. But is it ever yellow? The author never told us that the buildings were decorated with gold, so we are left guessing.



The shaggy, knotted, hideous little men seized him

Albert Werper is captured by the beast-men of Opar in a scene from "Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar" as visualized by J. Allen St. John.

Much of Opar is of a subterranean nature. Beneath the city are miles of dark corridors and hundreds of rooms, cells and chambers of various kinds. How many levels of these passageways exist we have no means of knowing. We do know that there is the level just below the sacrificial court, the entrance to which is located just behind the altar. The corridor which leads to the treasure vault of the long-dead Atlantean colonists is twenty feet lower than this upper passage. Then still further down is the level of the missing jewel room of Opar. When Tarzan plunged down the shaft to the bottom of the well, how far did he fall? Would this have been another twenty feet or would he have passed other levels in his descent? If each level is twenty feet below the next higher level then the corridors on the level of the treasure vault must be about forty feet below the ground. If the jewel room is only twenty feet lower than this we have three levels, if it

is more, then we have who knows how many levels of passageways beneath the city. Perhaps there are still more levels under the jewel room. Would it be possible, if this were so, that these deeper tunnels might be inhabited by descendants of the original Oparians who escaped destruction when the ancestors of the present denizens of the ruins of the once beautiful fortress of Opar overthrew the human dwellers of the city?

In the Burroughs Bulletin #3 there appeared an article by Maurice B. Gardner entitled "The Burroughs Fascination." Mr. Gardner wondered why ERB hadn't written a novel featuring La of Opar. If La leaves Opar and goes into the jungle she is in Tarzan's territory and the book should be one of the Tarzan series. To have La featured in a book without the ape-man she should stay within the limits of the city. In this case she might accidentally discover some hidden way into the levels far below the jewel room. Here she could have adventures with the lost race of Atlanteans who survived to this day. This might have been interesting, not only because of La's adventures, but also to have found out how Mr. Burroughs might have handled the effects of Nature on a race of people who hadn't seen the sun for thousands of years. What would they do for food in a place where there is no animal or vegetable life? What would they do for light in a place where the sun never shines? would they live an animal life in the dark or would they have developed into a highly civilized race through scientific means? Would they have a knowledge of the city far above them or would they have forgotten their history and lost all memory of the possibility of living a life above ground. This might have led to a new series with La of Opar as the leading character. Now we'll never know what might have happened.

This is getting a long way from being a discussion of Opar. Now to get back to the subject. One of the interesting things about a description of Opar is the immense walls which surround it. These walls are fifty feet high and are very thick. How thick, we don't know. In the entire length of the wall there is only a single opening which is very narrow, being only twenty inches in width. This shows us something of the nature of the colonists. They must have come into the country expecting trouble. With walls this thick and towering above the surrounding plain, the fortress of Opar must have been a tough nut to crack. Imagine that you are a native warrior in the army of one of the chiefs whose people have been stolen and made to work as slaves in the mines of these foreign tyrants. To get to the headquarters of the enemy you have to climb up a steep escarpment with all of your equipment. When you get part way to the top you find yourself dodging rocks and boulders cast from above by the soldiers of the enemy and as you approach nearer to your goal you find yourself under a hail of spears and arrows. Being more powerful in numbers, you slowly drive the defenders mile by mile back across the long valley in which the fortress is located until they are at last fighting under the very walls which they tried to keep you from approaching. The chief notices that the soldiers are trying to enter into a very narrow opening in the wall. He sees that only one at a time can enter so he orders a charge, intending to massacre the handful left outside. Within fifty feet of the aperture the front ranks are cut down by a rain of spears and arrows delivered by more of the city's defenders who are manning the crest of the outer wall. Your commander orders a withdrawal. After dark you try again and succeed in reaching the cleft through the wall. Before any of your party can enter a few fall, transfixed by spears, but several dozen arrows clear the way for you. Inside all is darkness and you have

to grope your way along. The enemy apparently knows the inside of this Stygian tunnel like the palm of his hand because every time you feel your way around a turn in the passageway you run into a cloud of arrows which cut down your numbers until at long last you debouch into the court between the inner wall and the outer wall. Here you run into more misfortune. From the top of the inner wall the soldiers have flung down combustibles to light the slaughter pen in which you find yourself trapped. Caught between the volleys of arrows and spears from the battlements of the two walls, the chief finally calls the order for the retreat. You end up with only a remnant of your once overpowering force and have accomplished nothing decisive in your encounter with the captors of many of your friends who now labor in the mines of Opar.

What happened to all the other cities in this African empire of the motherland? As La tells Tarzan, after the disappearance of Atlantis the colony started to disintegrate. We don't know just how long afterwards it happened but the natives gradually lost their fear of their conquerors and rose up against them and as the years rolled by, first one city and then another fell to the black tide of vengeance which swept over the lands once ruled from the continent which now lies beneath the waters of the Atlantic. As the centuries passed over the Dark Continent only Opar remained unconquered by the natives and was still inhabited by the descendants of the early colonists. But, such descendants!

Could this history of the African empire of Atlantis hold the solution to the mystery of the ruins at Zimbabwe? As some of you probably know, the men of science are divided into two schools of thought regarding the origin of these ruins in Northern Rhodesia. One group of scientists believe that these buildings were of ancient beginnings while the other group claim that this is not so, but that they were built by a Negro civilization. Couldn't it be possible that when the natives revolted against their former masters they occupied some of the cities that they didn't utterly destroy? This would explain the objects of native culture found among the ruined buildings of this mysterious place.

So much for the history of this city of horrors. What about the people? As we know, there is a world of difference between the male and female dwellers of the ancient ruins. The males are about as ugly a set of characters as we wouldn't like to meet in our dreams. As for the females; that's the time we'd hate to hear the alarm start ringing right in the middle of our dreams.

The priests and warriors of Opar, while having white skins, are very ape-like in appearance. They are very short and seem even shorter due to the fact that they carry themselves bent over. As they have no barbers in Opar, their long, thick matted hair falls low over their receding brows and hangs in filthy masses about their shoulders and backs. Long, dirty beards hang low, mingling with the foul coat on their chests. The rest of their bodies, including their arms and legs, are scantily covered with hair. Short, crooked legs are an indication of their simian ancestry as are their long muscular arms. Only in the worst of nightmares would it be possible to find such hideous faces with their close-set, evil eyes peering through fetid locks and bared, yellow fangs. These depraved creatures of the ghost of a once beautiful city speak with the tongue of the great apes who are their moral superiors. Only in the course of their religious rites do they use the language of Atlantis and even this they have degraded into a corrupt version of the original speech.

Loin cloths of lion or leopard skin are their only garment and for ornamentation they wear necklaces of the claws or the same beasts that furnished the skins for their wearing apparel. Their arms and legs are adorned with circlets of virgin gold.

For weapons, they carry long knives and heavy, knotted bludgeons. These last they use either as clubs or as throwing missiles. When Tarzan was asking about Opar from the Waziri, Busuli told him that when his father was a young man some of the tribe discovered the city and had a skirmish with the inhabitants who, at that time, were equipped with bows and arrows and spears. Years later they had no knowledge of such armament. Not only had they forgotten the use of these weapons in the comparatively short time between the visits of the Waziri, but they have become very furtive. On the first trip to Opar, the Waziri were hard pressed when the beast-men rushed from the city to the attack. The next time they went, under the leadership of Tarzan, they didn't even see the inhabitants. When Tarzan was exploring the ruins he saw no signs of anyone, but he could sense the fact that there were vague movements in the deep shadows of the place and he had the impression that he was being observed by many unseen eyes. So vague were these movements, that when the ape-man looked directly toward the place where he had thought someone was lurking, he could see absolutely nothing but the darkness of the shadowy opening into a corridor or a gaping doorway of some mysterious chamber. Instead of rushing out to defend their lair, they had been reduced to the practice of trying to scare away their enemies by uttering weird, unearthly screams. Then if this failed they overpowered their adversaries by sheer weight of numbers.

In direct contrast to the priests and warriors of the ruins, the women were slender, shapely, smooth skinned and very often were beautiful. They had long, black hair and large, soft black eyes and seemed to be much more intelligent than the males. Like the members of the opposite sex they wore the skins of animals caught about the waist with belts of rawhide or chains of gold. In addition to these skins, they wore head-gear and breast plates of pure gold.

La, High Priestess of the Flaming God, like the lesser priestesses, was very beautiful. Being descended from a princess of Atlantis, her color differed from the other females. Her head was crowned with an abundance of wavy hair which sparkled with golden bronze lights when touched by the fingers of the Flaming God. Like the eyes of Tarzan, whom she loved, the eyes of La of Opar were grey.

How is it possible that the two sexes of a single race can be so dissimilar? What could bring about such a contrast between the males and the females of Opar?

La has told Tarzan at various times a little of the history of Opar and among the bits of information she has given to him are a few hints



*"I am crying for joy," La said,
"—joy that perhaps I shall be
with you for a long time."*

A scene from "Tarzan the Invincible" by artist Frank Hoban.

regarding the reason for the difference between the beauties and the beasts of Opar. In the old days when Opar was a flourishing colonial city of the mystery continent of the Atlantic, the only women in the city were the priestesses of the Temple of the Flaming God. As such, they were allowed no freedom from their duties and with no other women in the city the men had to turn elsewhere. Probably some of them turned to the native women and produced half-breeds. Years later some of these mated with the female apes with the result that after long ages hybrids began to appear. All those men who were found guilty of such unnatural acts were banished from the city. What became of their offspring isn't known. Perhaps they were destroyed or possibly they went with their fathers into exile. These banished men may have formed settlements in the wilderness and carried on with their biological experiments. After the great catastrophe which submerged the motherland and the rising of the native tribes, the regulations may have been relaxed and this sort of thing may have become commonplace. Possibly there was a truce between the Oparians and the half-men from the settlements and the change gradually extended to everyone. Another possibility might be a war between the human occupants of the city and the sub-human creatures of the surrounding countryside. The war could result in the beast-men taking over and either destroying the humans or banishing them forever from Opar. If the human inhabitants had looked far enough ahead and realized that they might possibly be on the losing side they might have started excavating an underground retreat where they could go to escape their bestial conquerors. They might still be living in a forgotten world of their own as I mentioned a few paragraphs back.

In the case that they might have been driven out of the city, isn't it possible that they might have wandered for generations across the face of Africa, settling here for a while, moving on again to better lands until finally they reached the northern part of the Dark Continent? Here, after centuries of roaming, they might have developed into the earliest ancestors of the ancient Egyptians. One thing both the Oparians and the Egyptians had in common was their worship of the Sun as a god.

Now we come to the hard part of this article. Can we compile enough facts to discover the exact location of Opar? The answer, according to the few facts I've gathered together, is "No." About the only hints we have as to the locale of the city of unseen eyes are as follows:

1. Location of Tarzan's cabin
2. Location of the Waziri country
3. Direction of Opar from the Waziri country
4. Travel time from the Waziri country
5. Location of Tarzan's African estate
6. Direction of Opar from Tarzan's estate
7. Travel time from Tarzan's estate
8. Travel time of Tarzan and the Waziri

Most of these facts are fairly easy to work out. This should make our work easy. That's what you think. While the first seven facts can be discovered from a study of the Tarzan series, it's the last item in the list that sets up the problem. Let's take these facts in order.

1. Location of Tarzan's cabin

In TARZAN OF THE APES Jane Porter mentions in her letter on page 236 (of the book, not the letter) that the cabin is on the "West Coast of Africa, about 10 degrees South Latitude. (So Mr. Clayton says.)" If we look at the map we find that this part of Africa is within the boundaries of Angola, which is Portuguese territory. If this

is so, then the French cruiser couldn't have landed men on the shores of the colony of a foreign power. Thus the cabin must have been located further north somewhere between the Equator and the southern boundary of French Equatorial Africa.

2. Location of the Waziri country

When Tarzan is tossed overboard by Rokoff in THE RETURN OF TARZAN, he lands near his cabin. He goes to the cannibal village to get weapons, but it is deserted. Following a stream which flows from the southeast, he comes to the country of the Waziri after four days of travel. How fast he travels we have no way of telling except that as he goes his way he hunts for food so we know that this wasn't a hurried journey.

3. Direction of Opar from the Waziri country

When Tarzan asked Busuli where he obtained the gold ornaments, the Waziri pointed to the southeast. Waziri, the chief, explained that they started on the first trip to Opar by following the river which ran from the southeast to its source high in a mountain range. Crossing over the summit, the party discovered another stream descending the opposite side of the mountain which they followed down until it entered a great forest. They travelled along the banks of the river until it emptied into a greater river. This river they traced to its source near the summit of still another mountain range. On the other side of this mountain lay the valley containing the ruined city of the ancient Atlanteans. There must have been a change in direction when the Waziri started following the third river because the two rivers couldn't have met head on. We can assume that the first river which flowed past the Waziri village (and also past the cannibal village of Tarzan's childhood) came from the mountain range marking the boundary of the Waziri country in a general southeasterly direction without making too many deviations. The second river could have run to the southeast until it merged with the third river. For the second river to flow into the other river in a southeasterly direction then the third river must be travelling to the east or south or some direction between these two. It's possible there might be a big bend in one of the rivers before they joined because Tarzan looks back across the valley they had just crossed and saw the mountains marking the boundary of the Waziri country.

4. Travel time from the Waziri country

When the Waziri made their first trip to Opar, they took thirty days to get there. It took them ten days to travel from their village to the source of their river. Then crossing the valley on the other side of the mountain range took another twenty days. With Tarzan leading them they made the next visit in twenty-five days. Possibly Tarzan inspired them to greater effort or on the other hand they knew where they were going on this second journey.

5. Location of Tarzan's African estate

In TARZAN THE UNTAMED when the Germans came in sight of Tarzan's estate, one of them mentioned the fact that there was only one farm in that part of British East Africa and that belonged to Lord Greystoke. In the same book Tarzan is mentioned as being far to the east hurrying home from Nairobi. When Tarzan started off for Opar on his second raid on the treasure vaults he started toward the southeast. (This takes place in TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR) If he went to the southeast then this would put his estate in the Waziri country. We doubt this however, because of a passage further along in the book. When Al-

bert Werper was thinking of escaping from the camp of Achmet Zek he realized that only one direction of escape was open to him. On page 175 you will find this passage:

"The second reason was based upon the fact that only one direction of escape was safely open to him. He could not travel to the west because of the Belgian possessions which lay between him and the Atlantic. The south was closed to him by the feared presence of the savage ape-man he had robbed. To the north lay the friends and allies of Achmet Zek. Only toward the east, through British East Africa, lay reasonable assurance of freedom." At this point in the story the camp of the Arab raider is supposed to be located north of Tarzan's estate.

6. Direction of Opar from Tarzan's estate

When Tarzan wanted to replenish his war-diminished fortune in TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION, he travelled toward the southwest on his expedition to Opar.

7. Travel time from Tarzan's estate

Opar is supposed to lay a good twenty-five days trek from the estate but with picked men Tarzan expected to make the trip in twenty-one days.

8. Travel time of Tarzan and the Waziri

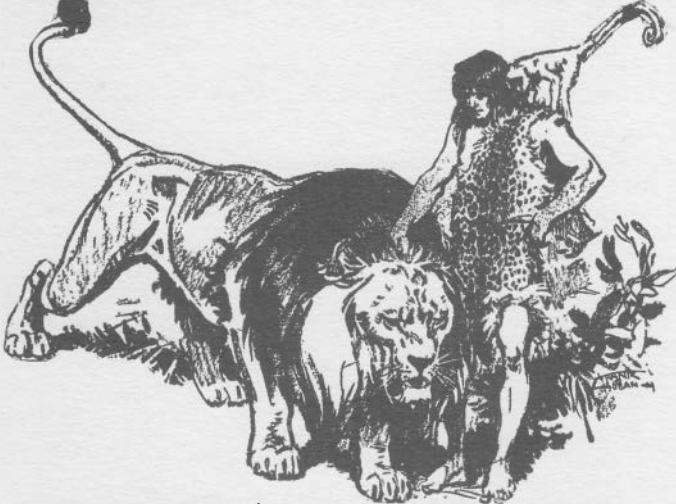
Whenever Tarzan went to Opar with the Waziri, the distance travelled is mentioned, not in miles, but in the number of days it took to get there. How many miles can the Waziri march in a day? This is one of the times that ERB was reluctant to give out any definite information about the exact location of Opar. He told us the directions and the number of days travelled but he was silent when it came to giving us any facts that would enable us to translate the time in days into the distance in miles. In TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION the author did mention the fact that the expedition was limited to the speed of the slowest member of the party. Also mentioned was the fact that if he had been alone, Tarzan could have travelled two or three times faster.

Well! There are the facts. How are we going to get any further along the road to Opar. (There is a title for another "Road" picture with Hope and Crosby) Maybe we can figure some way.

According to Martin Johnson, in CAMERA TRAILS IN AFRICA, the Government of British East Africa has rules regulating the treatment of the native bearers by the white men who hire them. These bearers are not supposed to carry more than sixty pounds and may not be forced to travel more than fifteen miles a day. The Waziri or Tarzan are depicted as being superior to most of the natives of Africa. As such, they could most likely travel further than other natives. Of course, the other natives may be able to travel more than fifteen miles a day or there wouldn't be any laws forbidding the white men to force them to do so. Say, for instance, that these natives could go twenty-five miles a day. Then the Waziri could go even further than this, maybe thirty miles or more. This would be with sixty pound packs. When the Waziri travel with Tarzan they live off the country so that they don't need the packs. This would allow them to add a few more miles to the distance covered in a day. All this is only guesswork and is not to be taken as the amount of territory that the Waziri can leave behind them in a day's time.

Let's see if we can find anything in the Tarzan books about the speed of Tarzan. Here's something! When Bertha Kircher slugs Tarzan in TARZAN THE

UNTAMED, she starts for the town of Wilhelmstal which is thirty miles away. When Tarzan comes to, he figures that it should take her about two days to get to her destination, but then he hears a train stop in the distance and then start off again. He knows the girl has taken the train when he follows her trail to the tracks. It must have been around noontime when he starts after her and he arrives in town after dark. So he must have covered the thirty miles in half a day. This makes it sixty miles a day that the ape-man can travel. He was in a hurry when he tried to overtake the girl so if we want to find out the speed of the Waziri we will have to divide the sixty by three (Tarzan goes two or three times faster



than the Waziri), which leaves us with twenty. Surely the Waziri can go more than twenty miles a day, especially when they travel light. Let's try it anyway. At twenty miles a day, they would be able to travel five hundred miles in twenty-five days from the Waziri country and four hundred and twenty miles from Tarzan's estate. First, we'll have to find out the location of the Waziri country to give us a start. This is four days travel from the cabin. I think we agreed awhile back that the ape-man's journey to the Waziri country wasn't a hurried one. If it were only twice the speed of the natives, he travelled about forty miles a day or one hundred and sixty miles in from the coast in a southeasterly direction. This means that the Waziri country is in either French Equatorial Africa or Angola. All this depends on the location of the cabin. If it is near the Equator, the Waziri country is in French Equatorial Africa. If the cabin is near the southern border of the French territory the Waziri country is in Angola. It's also possible for them to live in the Belgian Congo if the cabin is located a little further north. I think we can eliminate French Equatorial Africa and the Belgian Congo because in THE RETURN OF TARZAN, the slave raiders headed to the north. Or, in the words of ERB: "Toward the north they marched, back toward their savage settlement in the wild and unknown country which lies back from the Kongo in the uttermost depths of The Great Forest." To reach the Kongo from French Equatorial Africa they would have to go either east or south. Thus, the Waziri country must be in Angola. There is only a narrow portion of the Congo near the coast and the Waziri didn't live too near the great river. Remember how they escorted the remnants of the raiding party on a week's journey to the boundary of their country. Five hundred miles southeast of here would be about the middle of Angola. Four hundred and twenty miles southwest of Tarzan's estate far to the west of Nairobi in British East Africa (now Kenya) is in German East Africa (now Tanganyika). These two points are about nine hundred miles apart. This would be a great deal of territory to cover if you wanted to find Opar.

If, instead of measuring the distances in miles, you draw a line from the Waziri country southeast and another line from Tarzan's estate southwest, the intersection of the lines would be in Northern Rhodesia. This seems likely because of the fact that this is the general location of the ruins of Zimbabwe which might have been a sister city of Opar in the colonial African Empire of the long-dead continent of Atlantis.

This may be a great disappointment to many of you who read this expecting to find the exact location of the treasure city of Central Africa. You are civilized and would, perhaps, like to confer the benefits of civilization on the inhabitants of the ruins, but I think that Tarzan would be just as well pleased if civilized man never discovers the city. The ape-man knows both humanity and the beasts of the jungle and all the Burroughs fans know which he prefers. So if you would know more about Opar don't try to get there, just hope that we can follow Tarzan on another of his adventures to this city of unseen eyes. Or a story dealing with La of Opar. Maybe someone will be able to continue with the series.

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 LINES FROM "THE VOYAGE OF ITHOBAL" BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

Ithobal, pushing o'er the main,
 Reacheth a shore with stress and pain;
 Strange men and birds and beasts hath seen,
 And winneth where no man had been.

That night, as many nights before, we sate
 Girt by a fence of thorns, in light robes wrapt,
 The camp-fires brightly burning, flinging sparks
 Into the murk, and lighting trees and tents,
 While the wide river and the meeting sea
 Made us a sleep-song. Other voices too
 The lonely Libyan night hath; creatures wild,
 That hate the sun, make by the moon and stars
 Their hunting time. You heard the river-horse
 Splash in the reeds; the owl hoot from his branch;
 The grey fox bark; the earth-bear whine and sniff;
 The apes,—four-handed people of the wood—
 Fretfully chatter; then the spotted dog
 Utter his devilish laugh, the lynx scream,
 Till near at hand the lion, lord of beasts,
 Lays muzzle on the ground, and roars a peal
 Of Angry thunder, rolling round the hills,
 Hushing the frightened wilderness. Far off,
 His neighbour lions catch the thunder up,
 And with fierce answers shake the shuddering
 ground.

As so we lay with those rough voices ringed,
 The watch-fires gleaming back from the green eyes
 That showed and shone and vanished, Nesta raised
 Her eyelids from what seemed a dream, and
 asked:—

"Know'st thou, my Master! what the lions say?
 They have been kings: they are kings to-night;
 All this is theirs; the river and its reeds,
 The hills, the thickets, and the roaming game,
 The village people and their lives—all's theirs,
 And this dark world must listen when they speak,
 Will listen many an age. Yet it is spite
 Makes them to roar so bitter; centuries pass
 Like moons at last and after centuries
 The lions know that down this stream will come
 A white man bringing to the darkness dawn
 As doth the morning star; opening the gates
 Which shut my people in, til good times hap,
 When cattle-bells, and drums, and festal songs
 Of peaceful people, dwelling happily,
 Shall be the desert's voice both day and night:
 The lions know and roar their hate of it.
 Hark! Ist-a-la-ni! Ist-a-la-ni! cries
 The Marsh Hen: knowing what will come at last;
 And wolves snarl—dreaming of 'the Stone-
 Breaker.'"

*Relative name of Sir H. M. Stanley.

The Tail of JAD-BAL-JA

by William Gilmore



"The boy is certainly growing," said Tarzan of the Apes.

"Yes," agreed Korak, proudly. "Mother and Meriam surely won't know him when they return."

"Definitely not," laughed Tarzan; "seeing that they have been in London for the entirety of the last three weeks."

Korak joined in the laughter as father and son continued to observe the movements of the subject of their conversation—a small boy who played diligently upon the well-groomed lawn which fronted the wide veranda of the ape-man's rambling bungalow. Khaki-clad, the two men sat, enjoying the shade the veranda offered from the heat of the equatorial sun at midday.

"He has undeniably inherited your fondness for baiting," said Korak. "Nkima scampers for safety at the very sight of him; and Jad-Bal-Ja—woe betide the poor lion if his tail is near the boy's grasp. Let him get it between his small hands and he swings upon it like a pendulum on a clock. We must curtail his desire and endeavor to rid him of this rude habit."

"Jad-Bal-Ja loves the boy," said Tarzan; "even though the affection is reciprocated with nothing more than a sore dock. The lad is no different than others of his age. They do the same thing to their plush toys."

"But plush toys and living animals are of an entirely different nature," objected Korak. "Suppose that some day he does this thing to a stray forest lion or some other beast of the jungle. If one of those wandered within sight of the boy, he would undoubtedly run to meet it. He is positively without fear of any creature."

Further comment was interrupted by the shouting of voices from somewhere in the rear of the bungalow. Rising swiftly, both men hurried to the end of the veranda and, leaning over the railing, peered around the corner of the building and saw a column of black smoke streaming skyward from one of the stables some seventy-five yards to the rear. They also saw Muviro, hereditary chief of the Waziri, hurrying toward the bungalow; and as this warrior saw father and son leap over the railing and commence running in the direction from which he was coming, he stopped, shouting: "Fire, Bwanas! One of the stables has caught fire!" He then turned and joined the two toward the billowing clouds of smoke.

"We must get the horses out!" shouted Tarzan. "And Jad-Bal-Ja—his cage lies next to the stable!"

"I have already released the great lion, Bwana," said Muviro; "and others of your children are hurrying to combat the blaze."

From all directions came the Waziri, their white-plumed head-dresses accentuating the ebon of their bodies as they converged upon the burning stable—and little Jack Clayton played on, quite oblivious to the sudden surge of activity which sprang up around him.

Presently, he tired of the occupation at hand and wandered across the grass until he stood at the side of the road which lay between the lawn and Lady Greystoke's flower gardens on one side, and upon the other by the great plain, stretching wide, parallel to the road. To the front, and a half-mile away, loomed the outer reaches of the jungle which lay dark and forbidding beyond. From out of the wood a small antelope peered curiously,

and as he espied it, little Jack sped across the road and onto the plain as fast as his short legs could carry him—and behind him, his elders supervised the removal of the terrified horses from their burning shelter.

As the boy neared the forest edge, the antelope turned suddenly and melted into the jungle. Surely he hasn't gone far, the boy thought; he must be waiting for me in the wood beyond. Accelerating his speed, the lad ran past the nearest trees and into the maze of brush and creepers which closed about him like an ominous cloak of evil.

But where was the antelope? He wasn't waiting for him after all. Reluctantly, the boy turned to retrace his steps, disappointment written upon his countenance, and was puzzled to see a green wall of verdure completely encompassing him. How did this happen? He was sure that he had come along a beaten path; but he also remembered plunging through numerous shrubs and bushes which blocked the trail. It must be close by, he thought. Yes, it's just behind this clump of bushes. More bushes were behind the clump however, as he soon saw after thrashing through it; but on he went, quite sure that the trail he sought was behind each successive bush—and less than a mile away, the flames from the burning stable were being quickly brought under control by a seemingly endless supply of water conveyed to the blaze by a bucket brigade consisting of a hundred Waziri.

That he was lost was of little or no consequence to young Jack Clayton. It is doubtful that he realized it. His prime thought was the re-discovery of the elusive path which had led him into the jungle, but, unknown to his young mind, each step took him further away from it.

He thrashed through an unusually troublesome mass of undergrowth and was pleased with himself when he observed a small area entirely free of the irksome brush. This assuredly must be the trail, he thought; and, attempting to increase his pace, he stepped out into the clearing just as his foot caught on a low-lying creeper, sending him sprawling headlong upon his face. He arose and looked dolefully at the front of his clothing, and suddenly burst into laughter at the sight of the sticky mud which adhered to it. Wiping his face with a muddy sleeve, he was about to resume his steps and was surprised to find that he could not lift his leg. It was likewise when he tried to lift the other. What was this that held him fast? And that terrible sucking which he could feel about his ankles as well as hear it? What kind of mud was this? It certainly wasn't the kind in which he sometimes played behind the bungalow after a rain. Now it was sucking around his knees! Sucking, ever sucking, it crept up to the boy's hips; and then on to his waist! Was that another sound which broke the awful monotony of the terrible sucking noise? Yes! Someone was coming! The boy could hear the crashing of a heavy body moving through the undergrowth from which he had emerged but a few

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FORTUNIO MATANIA, R.I.

by Pete Ogden

Edgar Rice Burroughs like Rider Haggard before him has been privileged to have some really fine artists illustrate his novels, moreso than any other artist of their period. Whereas Rider Haggard had A.C. Michael, Russel Flint, Griffenhagen and Paget to name a few, Burroughs of course had J. Allen St. John, Studley Burroughs and John Coleman Burroughs, but one of the greatest artists ever to illustrate a Burroughs' novel is also one of the lesser known, to the majority of Burroughs' fans that is, because his other work is world famous. I am speaking of Fortunino Matania R.I. who illustrated PIRATES OF VENUS and LOST ON VENUS when they were serialized in the British weekly magazine "Passing Show" from Oct. 7, 1933 to Feb. 3, 1934.

Although Matania only illustrated these two Burroughs' novels, the authenticity and painstaking detail will never again be equalled. The majority of artists when illustrating a book taking place on an alien planet would take the easy way out and pick a scene featuring men and women only, but it takes a really good artist to tackle a scene featuring some imaginable beast when all he has to go on is the author's description. Fortunino Matania was not afraid to attempt such illustrations and his rendering of the basto, tharban, targo, kazars, etc. are some of the finest I have ever seen.

It was therefore a great thrill to me when I was invited to his studio anytime I was in London, so on our next visit to the City another fan and myself rolled up to his studio in Hamstead. The door was answered by a tall, slender and very pleasant woman who introduced herself as Mrs. Matania, who had also been the artist's secretary for a number of years. She took us through the house to an enormous room which was the studio, seated behind an easel was Mr. Matania who apologized for not rising because he had recently injured his leg in an accident and found it difficult to get about. He bade us be seated and over a glass of sherry and a cigar he told us something about his life.

He was born in Naples in 1881, the son of Professor Chevalier Eduardo Matania an eminent artist, under whom it was only natural that he study art. He did his first oil painting at the age of eleven and having no models his subjects were the hens that pecked around the yard. This work of art was sent to the Illustrazione Italiana and it was so good that nobody would believe that it had been painted by an eleven year old boy, with the result that young Fortunino had to travel to Milan to paint under the eyes of the skeptics. He was employed by the Illustrazione Italiana until he was about twenty at which time he went to Paris for the Illustration Francais and later the same year his work appeared in the Graphic, an English periodical.

Matania returned to Italy at the age of 22 for Military Service in the Bersaglieri. When this was finished he returned to London and was engaged by the Sphere; he was now 24. In those days photography was in its infancy and it was almost impossible to photograph ceremonies that took place indoors, it was therefore Matania's job to paint and illustrate all these important happenings. His first big assignment was the coronation of Edward VII. In 1911 he was the guest of His Majesty at Dunbar and was awarded the

Coronation Medal. With the outbreak of the First World War he became a War Artist and spent nearly five years in the trenches and sent out thousands of drawings. During the past half century Fortunino Matania has literally illustrated history as it took place. In 1918 he was made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

Throughout his life Matania has appeared in the principle magazines in America and Europe and nearly every year his work has been exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Royal Institute of Art. During the thirties he turned author as well with a series of historical short stories which he also illustrated called OLD TALES RETOLD which ran in Britannia and Eve for nearly twenty years.

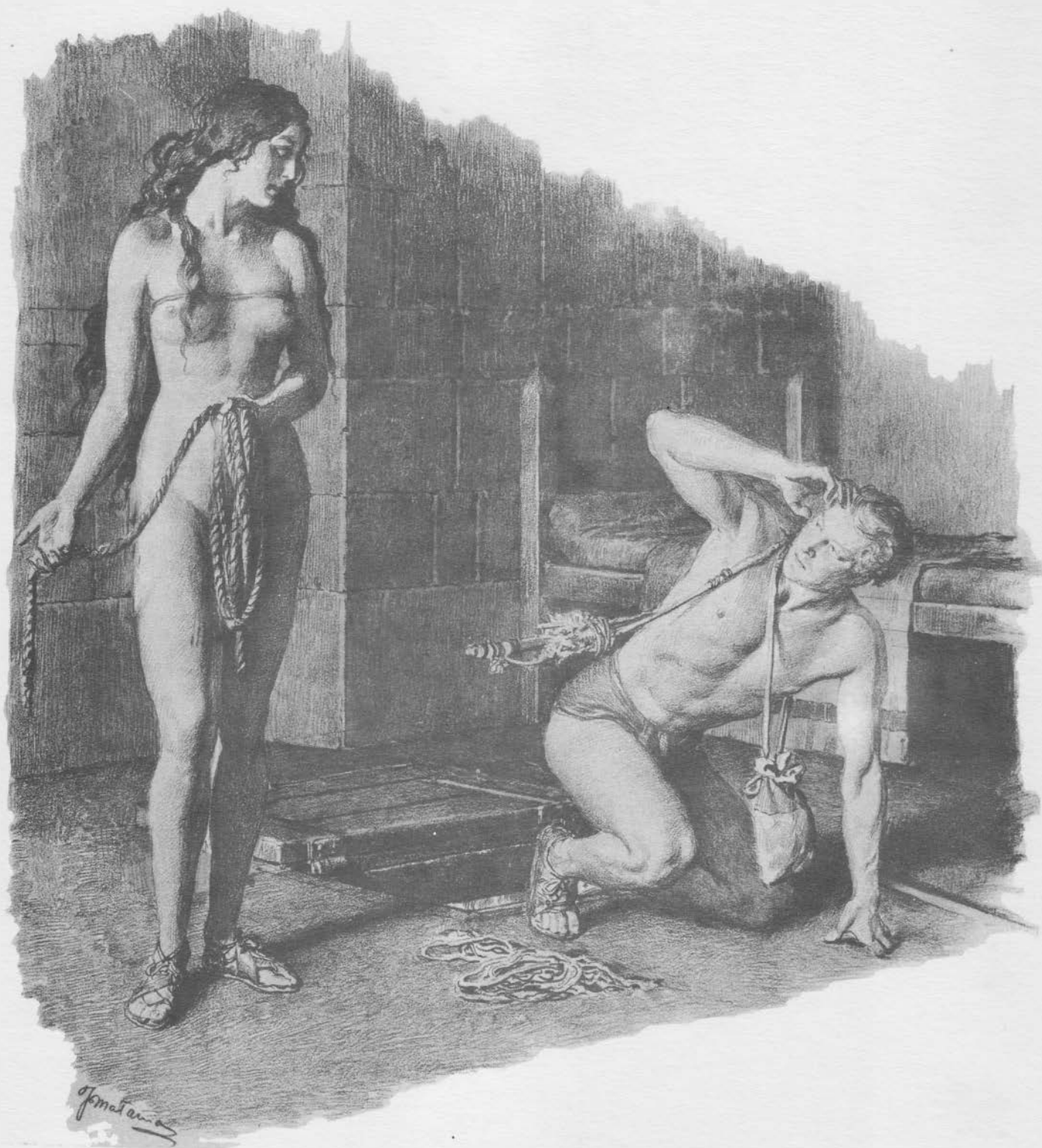
The time flew past as we listened to this amazing man to whom nothing in the field of art is impossible; he is not a specialist but will paint any subject that is commissioned of him and if need be will spend months of research in gathering material for the authenticity of his painting. He mentioned that when he illustrated a scene in the Venus series where Carson is trapped in a room full of snakes that before he even attempted the illustration he spent an afternoon at the zoo studying snakes and discovered that the cross section of each species of snake is different. The illustration is a fine example of Mr. Matania's work and shows Carson looking on from the safety of a table top after leaving the Room of Seven Doors, at a fight between a tharban and a number of snakes. One huge python-like snake is coiled entirely around the body of the tharban, a smaller snake is in the tharban's mouth and another one impaled on its fangs. There are also numerous snakes on the floor of the room as well. It is easy to see that he studied snakes very closely but where on earth did he study the tharban because it is drawn to perfection from its four taloned paws to its great jaws and short still hair. Even the viens on the tharban's body have been drawn in as they have been made visible by the constriction of the snake.

Another fine example of Matania's artistry is shown in a fight between a tharban and a basto while Carson and Duare look down upon them from the branch of a tree. This time the angle is different and the white stripes running lengthwise along the body of the tharban can be seen. The basto is equally as well drawn with the top of its head resembling an American bison except that it is covered with short curly hair. Its eyes are small and its snout like a boar's but broader and carries heavy curved tusks. The front legs are short while the hind ones are longer with the difference in the size of the three toed feet are shown. It is interesting to note that the tharban drawn by John Coleman Burroughs (Carson pp 24) is more like the one drawn by Matania than is the one drawn by J. Allen St. John (Lost pp 96). No words can really do justice to these illustrations which really have to be seen to be believed and appreciated.

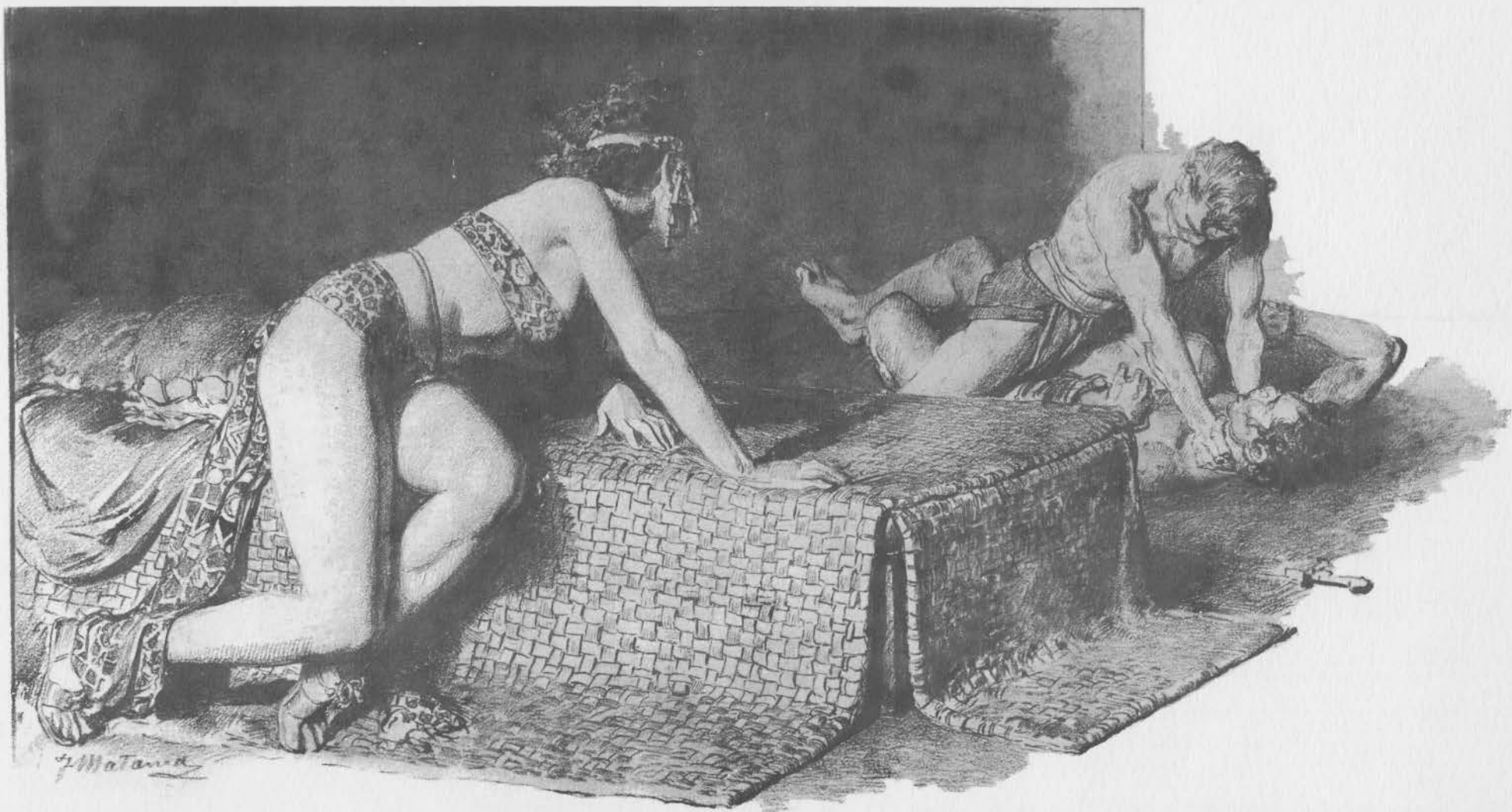
Matania also illustrated several other of novels for "Passing Show" such as John Benyon's THE SECRET PEOPLE and Balmer & Wylie's WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE and as we looked through some illustrations from the latter he was mildly surprised that science had caught up with his imagery drawing of a rocket propelled spaceship.

The late Cecil B. DeMille was a great admirer of Matania's work and he commissioned him to do a series of paintings on the period of The Ten Commandments. He knew Matania's reputation for authenticity on historical periods and these paintings were used to set the stage for the filming of that epic.

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Two of the original Matania illustrations for the Venus series now in the collections of Stanleigh B. Vinson and Vernell Coriell.



RANDOM BURROUGHING

All About Amtor

By Allan Howard

(A talk given by Allan Howard to the Eastern Science Fiction Association, Newark, New Jersey, February 4, 1962.)

Beginning in 1912, and for about twelve years thereafter, Edgar Rice Burroughs had things pretty much his own way with a certain kind of inter-planetary romance. He was the undisputed Jeddak of Mars.

In 1924, Ralph Milne Farley, with his "Radio" series in ARGOSY, which was set on Venus, and some other lesser known authors began to offer him a somewhat pale form of competition. Ray Cummings also did some pretty fair stories along this line, followed in 1929 by Otis Adelbert Kline, who started a series of sword-slinging stories of Venus. The latter was one who really approached the style of the Master. Kline also created a Tarzan-like character in "Jan of the Jungle", in ARGOSY, and with "Tam, Son of the Tiger", in WEIRD TALES.

Right about here I can just picture ERB saying, "Well, if these boys want to play games, let's see what I can do with Venus."

In September, 1932, his "Pirates of Venus" appeared in ARGOSY as a six-part serial. Coincidentally with "Pirates", Kline had submitted a third Venus novel, even more coincidentally entitled, "Buccaneers of Venus". Faced with a choice, ARGOSY bought the Burroughs story, since his was the bigger name. Kline had to be content with seeing his story in WEIRD TALES. It is possible that this may have irked Kline, for the following year there appeared all the signs of a feud. (If he can do Venus, I can do Mars.)

Kline published "Swordsman of Mars" in ARGOSY, and Burroughs countered with "Lost on Venus". Kline came back with "Outlaws of Mars", and also wrote another "Jan" story. After that, he sort of petered out as an ERB competitor, while the Master went rolling along. "Carson of Venus" appeared in ARGOSY in 1938, while the four novellettes that make up "Escape on Venus" were printed in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES in '41 and '42.

The four Venus novels are really one complete book. The story line of each succeeding one picks up just a few minutes after the ending of the previous one. In a way these endings are cliff-hangers. The ending of "Escape on Venus" however, has a ring of finality, as if the story had been told, and the curtain rung down. Of course, if Burroughs had lived it is very likely he would have written many more of the Venus stories.

Possibly, you remember "Wrong-way" Corrigan, who, when he was forbidden to fly the Atlantic, gave it out that he was flying to California, and then when he landed in Ireland, claimed to have lost his way. Well, Burroughs' hero, "Carson Napier" started out in his space ship for Mars, and landed on Venus. This of course was in the days when any guy with a little know-how and some money could build a space ship. Today we are not so naive; we know that nobody can afford it but big government. Carson arranges to transmit his adventures to Burroughs by telepathy.

Carson Napier, a blue-eyed blond (where most other Burroughs heroes are black-haired and grey-eyed) lands on Venus and launches into a series of hair-raising adventures and narrow escapes. He has thrilling encounters with strange beasts

and even stranger men. He is captured many times, and escapes just as often. He wins for himself the beautiful Venusian princess, Duare. (Most Burroughs heroes seem to wind up with a beautiful princess.) Unlike John Carter, or Tarzan, he doesn't meet his adventures head-on, with a smile. He is more like David Innes, cautious, and tending to try to avoid trouble. But trouble seeks him out nevertheless—and then he reacts. He is never quite sure of himself, but somehow he usually does the right thing, and all is well—until the next adventure.

The physical makeup of Venus, or Amtor, as it is called by its inhabitants is such that there is room for endless stories using this locale. Amtor is surrounded by two cloud envelopes that prevent the sun from scorching all life. These clouds that hide the sun, planets and stars have prevented the Amtorians from learning anything of Astronomy. They believe that their world is a huge disc, with upturned rim, like a saucer. It floats on a sea of molten metal and rock. This is proved by the flow from mountain tops when a hole has been burned in the bottom of the world. Above is a chaos of fire and flame. This is proved when occasionally a rift occurs in the clouds, and intense light and heat pours down.

Carson lands in the southern hemisphere, and as he travels around finds there are no trustworthy maps to guide him, because of the peculiar beliefs of the Amtorians. They have no knowledge of a northern hemisphere, and believe that the north pole is the periphery of their world, and see the equator as a dot. This makes their maps, to say the least, somewhat distorted. When Carson points out that surveys must have shown the opposite to be true, the Amtorian scientists admit this, but argue Carson down by an ingenious proof all their own.

Because of these faulty maps, and a lack of celestial guides, the Amtorian navigator sails mainly by the seat of his pants, and rarely out of sight of land. Consequently any journey is incredibly prolonged. They have extremely good instruments, as well as a form of radar and sonar, using gamma rays, but the value of these instruments is greatly reduced. They may know land is ahead, and how far, but they are rarely sure just what land it is. Consequently there has been little exploration, with vast areas in the southern hemisphere never discovered, and a whole northern hemisphere never even guessed at. Even the most advanced civilizations are extremely provincial and secluded, having no contact, and little knowledge of their neighbors, who might possibly be stone-age savages, or even non-human. So you see, there is plenty of room for unwritten Amtorian stories of strange and unguessable countries and men.

Tom Gardner has remarked that people usually associate Burroughs with continual conflict with beasts, but that he is even better in describing conflicts with strange men and stranger civilizations. To read these books simply as fast-paced adventure stories is to miss a lot. Burroughs was a man who always had something to say about his own time and culture; political, religious, and sociological, usually wryly, and in a satirical manner. His imaginative mind and inventiveness are in evidence throughout.

Carson encounters a form of Communism in "Pirates" and "Lost" and shows how learning and cul-

ture go down the drain when greedy incompetents and theorists take over. He does an even better job on a Hitler-type government in "Carson", showing it up for the insane and ridiculous menace it was. I might say, still is, because just recently there was a character named George Lincoln Rockwell, who wanted to hold a rally in New York City to celebrate Hitler's birthday.

In "Pirates", published in 1932, we find that the Amtorians have a form of atomic energy. They have pistols charged with an element that emits a ray of extremely short wave-length that is destructive of animal tissue, but the element emits these rays only when exposed to the radiation of another element. A similar usage destroys all matter, eventually even the gun that discharges the rays. Another set of elements used results in complete annihilation of a substance, giving unlimited power to propel ships and vehicles. Carson constructs a propeller-driven airplane that uses atomic energy.

Although Burroughs is a persuasive writer, who makes his settings and characters come alive, it is sometimes a little hard to willingly suspend disbelief. For instance, in spite of the fact that the Amtorians we encounter are isolated, and in spite of the fact that some are more advanced than others, they all speak the same language. This is a handy device for an author to use to speed up the action, because the hero only has to take time out once to learn a language. Even when Carson penetrates the unknown northern hemisphere he finds the same language.

And take the curiously static state of even such advanced cultures as the futuristic city of Havatoo, in some ways even more advanced than we. They live enclosed by a wall. I find it hard to believe that people that far advanced could fail to be "pushy", like all advanced people. It seems that they would be bound to spread out and advance their brand of civilization to more backward areas, by force if necessary, even as on

Earth. Yet they even allow a predatory city of zombies to exist just across the river, especially when those zombies are given to raiding Havatoo for recruits.

Possibly the best and most imaginative book is "Escape", where Carson encounters four separate backwaters of strange cultures and people. Carson and Duare are successively prisoners of the Mypos, a race of fish-like men, complete with gills, the Brokols, a vegetable race whose young grow on trees until they are ripe enough to fall off. They are also captured by the Vooyorgans, a race of man-like amoebas, who have numbers instead of names, and who multiply by dividing. (A good trick.) One of them even falls in love with Duare. Last of all they get entangled in a three-way war of land ironclads.

Midway in this book Burroughs gives us one of those tantalizing hints of a mystery with no explanation, that makes you want to know more. Carson encounters a girl amnesiac from Earth, with no knowledge of how she got to Venus. She later disappears, and according to an editor's note reappears on Earth, in Brooklyn, from which she had vanished 25 years before.

Because of this talk I re-read the Venus stories for the past month. The first time around many years ago I read them as I got my hands on them with lapses between books. Reading them now, in one sitting, as it were, I got a different reaction to them. The first time around I didn't warm up very much to Carson Napier and the Venus series. Since I was already a follower of John Carter and Tarzan, I tended to regard Carson as a Johnny-come-lately. However, I found the series much more rewarding on this second reading. It has been said that Burroughs not only created a style of writing, but was himself that style of writing. If you are one of those who can't abide Burroughs, you won't like the Venus stories, but if like me, you thrill to adventure in impossible worlds, by all means read them.

The EXPLORERS

by Ken Robeson

The odd-looking craft rested silent and perpendicular upon what was obviously its nose. Two men, one young and one old, stood a little apart from the craft and proudly observed the solid pile of metal before them.

The younger man clapped the other upon the shoulder. "Ready at last," he said. "Now we shall see whether or not there is another world below the surface of the ground."

"Yes," agreed the other; "and I'm rather anxious to get started on this quest. Ever since hearing of the marvelous trip of the man called David Innes, I've been imbued with determination to build this ship which will burrow underneath the surface of the ground. I must see if all I have heard of this man is true."

The young man nodded excitedly. "And now we are upon the very threshold of possessing this knowledge," he said. "There is nothing more to be done other than entering the ship and pulling the starting lever. Again I must thank you for your confidence in me; and I'm sure that you'll have no reason to regret your choice of colleagues on this project. I just can't believe that we are finally ready to begin, and that this ship is actually patterned after Innes's underground craft."

"It is," replied the old man confidently. "I've studied the matter carefully and I'm convinced that what you see before you is a replica of the projectile he and Perry used, and that it will perform exactly as theirs did. But come, we must

begin without further delay. There will be plenty of time for discussion later."

Both men entered the ship, and the older one took his place in a seat behind a stout lever protruding from an immense pile of rods, wheels and gears; but, oddly enough, there were no instruments by which to gauge its pressures, temperatures, and general operation. The same fact was evident in a smaller machine resting in a niche in the ship's hull, and it is doubtful that even a trained eye could distinguish this apparatus as being a power plant for the manufacture of oxygen. There were various other pieces of strange looking equipment, but nowhere was there an indicator or gauge of any kind. Apparently the machinery was of new concept and design, possibly coincidental to the dark and unknown realms of its forthcoming navigation. Who can say what theories and decisions had passed through the obviously brilliant brain of its inventor as he drew up plans for its construction?

The older man turned in his seat and smiled into the gleaming eyes of his younger companion. He then resumed his former position and slowly pushed the starting lever. The engine sputtered into life. The ship vibrated from stem to stern and suddenly lurched forward into motion. Both men knew that the initial thrust into the earth's crust had begun, and that each turn of a gear or movement of a rod took them further into the bowels of the unknown depths below.

For some time the older man sat motionless, his

hand gripped firmly around the starting lever. Then slowly he commenced pushing it forward until it could be advanced no further. The ship rumbled and shook. The great engine screamed in protest to the increase in power, and then settled into a steady hum of surging energy.

The old man released his grip on the lever and straightened in his seat. For a few moments he stared in fascination at the now smoothly running mass of machinery before him; then he nodded in silent satisfaction and turned to the youth.

"The ship is now on a true course at full speed," he announced; "a course which cannot be altered from the perpendicular. We are now committed to either break the surface of a new world, or have our bones lie forever in the depths of eternal darkness."

"Do not forget, also, the great seas of which we have heard," admonished the young man. "Fate would be unkind if we were to break the distant surface only to find that we were at the bottom of a fathomless sea."

"That is a problem we can neither influence nor control," said the old man. "Let us hope for the best."

"Yes," agreed the young man, "let us hope for the best."

Downward burrowed the great mechanical mole. The two men sat in sullen silence. Business is the greatest remedy for the boredom of inactivity, but there was nothing to do. There was no steering, no navigation problems, no watches to stand. Eating and sleeping was the only order of routine. The discussions on their success of embarkation, the unhoped for perfect running of the machinery, and the anticipation of discovery, had been covered and re-covered until there was nothing more to be said on the subjects. But still there was no nervous dissension between the two. If thoughts of the terrors of the unknown had any effect upon the minds of either of them they did not show it—at least not outwardly.

The stratum of intense heat was reached and endured; and then that of bitter cold. Suddenly, there came the sensation which almost convinced the two that they had turned turtle and that the ship was proceeding upward.

With up-lifted eye-brows, the young man glanced inquiringly at his older companion. "A normal occurrence," the old man told him, after the suddenness of the event had worn off. "We have passed the center of gravity, and are half-way to our goal." Both then lapsed into the silence of his own thoughts.

The engine continued to operate perfectly as it projected the craft on a definitely upward course. Again through the strata of heat and cold the ship plunged. Both men were beginning to wonder when their seemingly endless journey would terminate, and each turn of the screw saw their apprehension mounting nearer and nearer to the breaking point. The young man constantly paced the limited space allowed to him. He wrung his hands in anxiety, and then rubbed them vigorously on the sides of his head as if endeavoring to dry them of the clammy sweat in which they were saturated. He continued this procedure until the old man, who had been eying him with increasing nervous tension, suddenly sprang from his seat and pushed the youth violently on the chest, sending him sprawling backward upon the floor.

"Stop it!" he screamed. "I can stand it no longer! I know we are doomed to die in a fool-hardy and never-ending venture; but your constant pacing is driving me insane. Stop it, I say, before my reason totters!"

The young man sat up, and for a moment he looked blankly at the menacing figure standing above him. His eyes narrowed into slits of limpid fire. He placed the palms of his hands flat upon the floor and drew his legs beneath his body, assuming a crouching position. Lightning-like, he

launched himself full upon the body of the old man, his hands clawing at the tough, wrinkled skin of the other's throat.

Suddenly, there came a distinct change in the sound of the machinery, which had heretofore been a constant, monotonous, and seemingly ever-lasting whine. The old man instantly noticed the sudden deviation and tore frantically at the clutching hands on his throat, and struggled vigorously as he sought to break that relentless grip of death. His eyes bulged in their sockets and he knew he could not escape the hideous irony of what had happened to the machinery. If the younger man had heard and understood the meaning of the sound deviation, his wild, flashing eyes gave no indication of it.

The old man was slipping swiftly into the blackness of oblivion when he felt the powerful grip relax, and he staggered backward, gasping for breath. He heard the youth sobbing, "I can't do it! I know I am even now mad, but I can't do it!"

The old man slumped into his seat and commenced the throes of vigorous coughing. When finally he could speak, he whispered hoarsely, "The ship has stopped. We have arrived."

* * * * *

The door slowly opened, sending a shaft of light cutting into a shroud of darkness. The two men peered curiously into nothingness without. Cautiously, they stepped beyond the door and into the path of light, following it for several yards until they came to a patch of shrubbery. Where were they? Had the projectile burrowed into some dark subterranean chamber and left them possibly within a short distance of their goal? This surely must be true, for they could see countless glittering objects studding its black roof far overhead!

Motioning his companion to follow, the old man thrashed through the dank shrubbery, and once out of the faint shaft of light emanating from the ship, his eyes quickly grew accustomed to the darkness. He led the way up a short incline, and as both men reached its summit they looked back and saw their craft silhouetted against the background of a slow-moving river. Beyond the wide stream were innumerable towering peaks of various heights, many of which were surmounted by needle-like spires adorned in glowing stones of red, green and yellow which reflected in shimmering streaks across the surface of the river. At some distance to their left, a great bridge-like structure, encrusted in light, spanned the river. Two tall double-pillars, one on each side of the great stream, seemed to support a system of immense cables from which was suspended an interlying roadway, but whether this was a natural formation or man-made, the two had no way of knowing.

They exchanged glances.

"Can it be possible that this dark and gloomy place is the other world we sought?" breathed the old man.

"It must be," replied his companion; "but we have been disillusioned. There obviously is no sun here. Look at how evenly proportioned those four-sided peaks are. Each one is utterly unscalable, for never have I seen such sheer cliffs. I wonder what makes all those stones glow thus?" and the young man pointed to the peaks across the river and then swept his arm at the myriad of glittering objects above.

The old man shook his head ruefully. "I do not know," he said. "It is possible that they could be a means of artificial illumination devised by the inhabitants; but if this is so, how can one see by the meager amount of light they shed? I do know, however, that this is no place for us. If this world is populated, then it is by people who know no other except one of complete dark-

ness and are in their natural element. Were we to remain in this dismal darkness, then assuredly would we be driven to madness. Come, let us get back to the ship and assemble the mechanism to invert her, and return to our own world where there is sunlight."

The young man nodded agreement. "You are quite right, Kómar," he said. "I'm sure we could not explore much of this treacherous territory anyway, without killing ourselves. Let us return to Pellucidar as quickly as we can."

* * * * *

Some time later, the projectile disappeared below the surface; and behind the bluff, beyond where the two had stood, a huge placard with gigantic lettering stood out in bold relief. If the two had seen it and had understood the words, they would have read:

PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK, NEW JERSEY
Closed for the Season

Across the river, beyond the mass of "towering peaks", the darkness lightened into gray.



MERRIE CHASE

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Paul Reinman started illustrating the Tarzan strip with #2959 thru #3276. He illustrated the following stories:

- #2959 thru #3012 TARZAN AND THE FIRES OF TOHR (based on the original radio drama and daily strip, Z-series, and Dell one-shot #161.)
- #3013 thru #3066 TARZAN AND THE BLACK PANTHER (based on the story in Dell one-shot #161.)
- #3067 thru #3120 TARZAN & THE WHITE SAVAGES OF VARI (based on Dell TARZAN #1 contents and material loosely adapted from TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT.)
- #3121 thru #3198 TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN
- #3199 thru #3276 TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD (with material adapted from TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE.)

PAUL REINMAN

I was born 51 years ago in a sleepy little town on the Rhine in Germany near the French border.

Before I went to school I must have shown quite an interest and skill in drawing, because I remember that my grandfather always bought crayons and paper for my artistic efforts. By the way, I was the only one of 5 children who showed any talent in art.

After High School, I succeeded in getting a job in a department store as an apprentice for sign painting and show card writing. Later, I worked for many leading stores as a fashion artist and designer of window displays.

I came to America in 1934. My first job was as an assistant to a designer of neon signs. Then the going got tough and I took any kind of job just to make ends meet, and I worked in the check room of an exclusive men's club on New York's East Side. A few weeks later my boss wanted to promote me to the job of elevator operator, but luckily I had a chance to go back to art and I took a job in a studio of a match factory. Here, I did designs of match covers and lettering.

A few years later I quit and started to freelance in posters, fashion drawings and package designs. Then I brushed up on my drawing technique and practiced illustration in many mediums. I succeeded in getting assignments for dry brush drawings for pulp mags. And following this, I broke into Comic Book Cartooning. I've worked for many publishers such as National Comics and Hillman Publications. Among the features I did were THE GREEN LANTERN, BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD, ROY AND DUSTY, and many more.



Then in January, 1949, I started drawing TARZAN* and later worked with Renny McEvoy on MERRIE CHASE. At present my work appears in Vista and American Comic Group publications.

I am married and have a 17 year old daughter who shows some interest in art.

My favorite sport is tennis, and my favorite hobby is carpentry.

In my spare time I have done many paintings in oil and water colors and had many exhibitions.

*see adjoining column for information



With
Best Wishes
to
Vernell Coriell
from
PAUL
REINMAN
3/11/50

C. T. Stoneham should need no introduction to Burroughs fans, as his stories of Kasper, the lion man, can usually be found right alongside Tarzan of the Apes in most libraries. Actor, hobo, navy, lumberjack, white-hunter, soldier: Stoneham was each. He lives in Africa and has recently completed his third Kasper novel. It is with a great deal of pride and pleasure we present the first American publication of

DREAMING LION

by

C. T. Stoneham

Simba was the oldest lion the zoo had ever owned and they were proud of him. When visitors watched him lying with curled paws on the floor of his cage, gazing over their heads into infinite distance, the calm majesty of his pose made them think him the very king of the wilderness. But he was king of the zoo in a Midland manufacturing town.

He had been born there, and Bill, his keeper, remembered it. Bill was very fond of Simba; he could go into the cage and stroke the big lion who growled amiably at him, never resenting the liberty.

Simba had lived all his days in a big octagonal cage at the junction of several asphalt paths in the gardens. His interest in sightseers was fleeting. It seemed he could not concentrate on them for more than a passing minute.

It did not occur to him to crave liberty, for he did not know what it was. He slept and mused and paced his cage, interested only in the daily ration of horsemeat.

In his fifteenth year Simba fell ill. He was feverish, his chest wheezed, he had all the symptoms of a bad cold. The veterinary surgeon said he could do nothing. The lion was senile, his teeth were rotting, the hair was falling in tufts from his luxuriant mane. Everything reached the end of its natural span, and Simba's race was nearly run.

Bill was in despair. He shut Simba into the half-darkness of the den, away from the prying mob, he brought the lion hot food, dainties from his own table.

Simba would not eat, he moped, hardly rousing himself to growl half-heartedly at this known friend. So the big lion gradually failed, and neither fuss nor sorrow meant anything to him now. Being confined in the den was not to his liking. He missed the vista of grass and trees and the wide sky above them. Often as he gazed at the sky it seemed he was swimming in that radiant space, questing over a luminous field of vast dimensions. Then he was tireless and he went on and on towards some unimagined goal which would be supremely satisfying.

One night when the noise of human voices and distant traffic was done with, Simba had a dream. He was afloat in the lambent sky, speeding smoothly over a great distance, to be set lightly down in some place which had an odd familiarity, as well known as the paths and lawns about his cage, and like this in the sense that though he had never set foot there it was all intimate to him.

He lay among big rounded boulders on the side of a low hill. Over gaunt mountains the sun was setting in an incandescent blaze of yellow clouds. It was still hot but the cool breeze of coming night was stealing among the crags. From the foot of the hill a vast plain rolled to the mountains, rising and falling in long waves of grass, streaked by lines of dark green bush and trees which marked the course of dongas. Here and there on the plain animals were moving, distinct in the foreground but merely light-colored formless shapes beyond.

Simba knew this was his kingdom. He felt strong

and fierce and there was a growing hunger in him. Still he lay quiet and watchful while the sun sank and the breeze grew chill and the luminous sky quickly faded to a dull green hue. Light went out of the veld, the shades of night came flowing up from the edges of the world and veiled the sky, where huge golden stars began to show.

The lion roused himself, stretched and yawned. Then he hunched his body, put his nose to the ground and roared long and deep. His voice crashed upon the stillness, vibrant with the savagery and exultation that filled him. Far away to the east another voice replied in waves of moaning sound that throbbed in the air and beat back from the granite rocks.

Simba walked slowly down a narrow dusty trail on to the flat. Nothing moved about him, all was still, as if Nature held its breath. At a scummy pool in a donga he drank. The water was old and stale but it tasted sweet in his throat.

His drink finished, he went back up to the veld, following a well-used trail with the breeze in his face. Plovers rose before him, filling the night with mournful cries. From the flank a jackal yapped twice, having winded the monarch. Simba walked slowly on—nose, ears, and eyes keyed up to a high pitch of sensitiveness.

The turquoise sky paled in the east; smoothly the golden rim of the moon thrust up from the horizon; the veld was streaked with light and shadow. Simba turned aside into the gloom of camel-thorns along the banks of a vlei. At once the reek of antelope was in his nose. He flattened down and went forward through the grass at a sliding run, belly to the ground.

A dark shadow materialized beside a bush, there was a snort and the rustle of unguarded movement. Simba rushed and sprang. The waterbuck went down under his weight, as his jaws fastened unerringly on its neck.

In a moment he rose from the twitching carcass and stood waving his tail, growling softly. This was his meat which he had taken from the wilds by strength and skill; none should dispute it. He made this known in a burst of triumphant roaring. Then he dragged the kill to a smooth spot and buried the entails at a little distance. Without haste he began to feast.

A sound made him pause. Standing watching him with the moon behind her was a sleek young lioness, ears raised, head up in the attitude of inquiry. She made a low purring sound as he started towards her.

Greetings exchanged they went to the kill and ate together. It was a delicious satisfying repast such as Simba had never known.

Replete, the young lioness turned away and walked quietly off into the open. Simba was at her flank. Side by side they went out on the veld in the moonlight, heading towards a rocky kopje where he knew she had her lair.

The free wind scurried over the grass and ruffled his mane, nightjars flew trilling from the stunted bushes. About him was the spaciousness of the land by ridge and valley, as far as thought could travel. It was his hunting-ground; here he was king.

Simba stopped to roar. After a minute his mate joined in; there huge, resonant voices pealed out across the lonely waste. Simba had never been so happy, ecstasy filled him to the point where it could not be borne—his senses failed and a dark cloud seemed falling about him, blotting the cherished scene from his gaze.

There was a great weariness upon him. Thankfully he lay down in the grass. The lioness was gone; there was nothing but loneliness and the stale hot smell of the den.

When Bill went at dawn to see how the sick lion had passed the night he found him dead. The sorrowful keeper gazed in astonishment at the beast. For a moment it seemed to him that Simba's glazed eyes held a look of ineffable gladness.



DEJAH
THORIS

a
folio
of

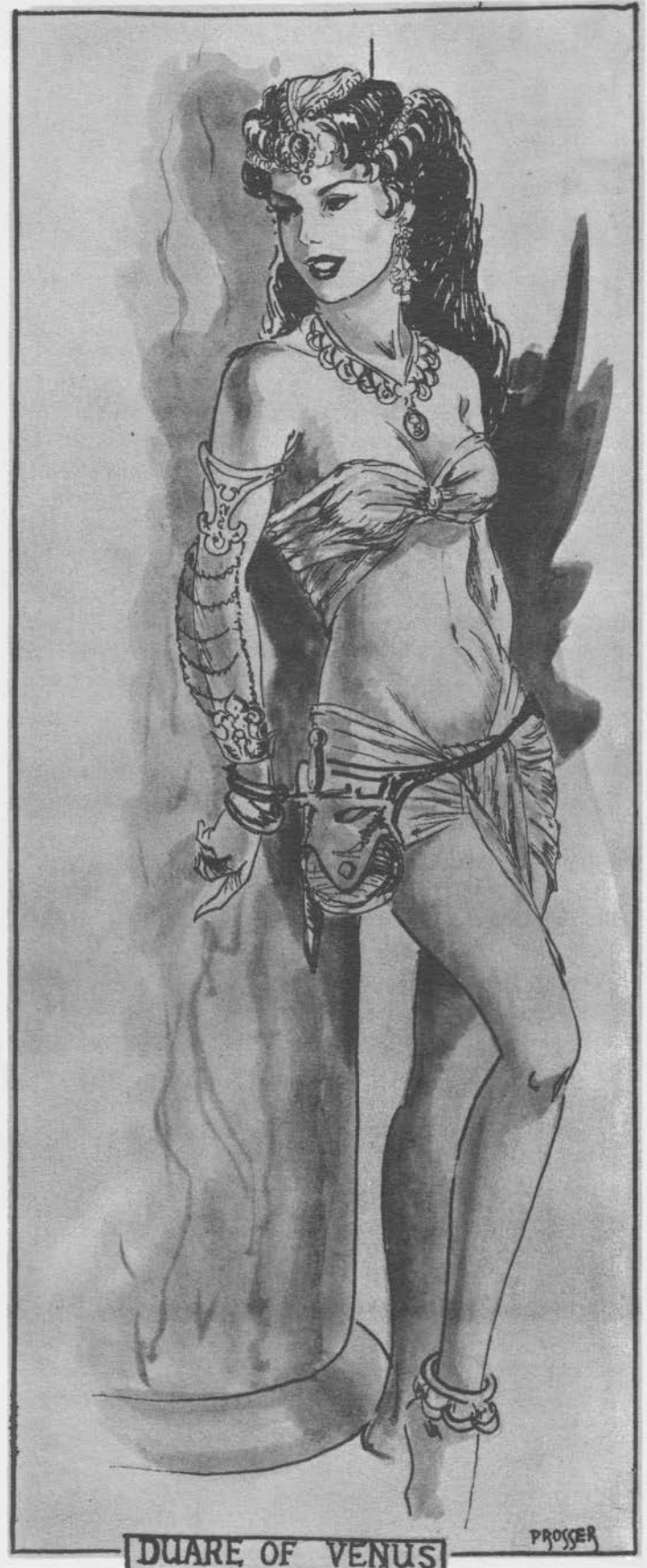
BURROUGHS
BEAUTIES

by

Dave Prosser



THUVIA, MAID OF MARS



DUARE OF VENUS



PROSSER

THE MOON MAID



PROSSER

JUNGLE GIRL



PROFFER
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The Evolution of JAD-BAL-JA

by Arthur Maxon

He was only a small fuzzy ball of a lion cub but he had a heart as large as that of a full grown king of the beasts. Is it any wonder then that his show of spirit in the face of danger appealed to the Lord of the Jungle?

His mother had just killed and been killed by a black. When Tarzan found the recently orphaned cub he was on his way home from the prehistoric land of Pal-ul-don with his wife, Jane and his son, Korak. The young cub had snarled and backed against his dead mother as they approached. When Tarzan reached out to pick him up the cub struck at him with a show of courage beyond his years. Soon, however, the ape man had by some mysterious means known only to the dwellers of the jungle established a bond of friendship with the son of Sabor. From the golden color of his coat, Tarzan called him Jad-bal-ja, which meant the Golden Lion in the language of Pal-ul-don.

From that time on, Tarzan and Jad-bal-ja were together as teacher and pupil until the day the Golden Lion graduated with honors when Jane and Korak witnessed for the first time the results of Tarzan's training of the great lion. To Jad-bal-ja, this was probably only another hunting expedition with his friend but to Jane and Korak it was a demonstration of Tarzan's mastery over a natural enemy by means of friendship mixed with a bit of firmness.

As the lion grew up and became large enough to be dangerous he was kept caged on the estate until that memorable day when one of the Waziri accidentally left the door of the cage ajar. Jad-bal-ja escaped to start out on the beginning of his first great adventure with his master. Many times since then the two strange friends have had adventures together and many times has the lion saved the life of the ape man. Later when the Golden Lion returned to the jungle, the paths of the two friends crossed many times.

Jad-bal-ja has appeared in the following Tarzan books:

	Magazine	Book
TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION	1922	1923
TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN	1924	1924
TARZAN LORD OF THE JUNGLE	1928	1928
TARZAN THE INVINCIBLE	1930	1931
TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD	1932	1933
TARZAN AND THE LION MAN	1933	1934

For the benefit of those fans who haven't read the Tarzan books for some time, here is a resume of the adventures of Tarzan and the Golden Lion.

In the first book Tarzan left his friend behind when he made one of his trips to Opar. However, Jad-bal-ja escaped and followed his master. On his arrival in the ancient Atlantean outpost, Tarzan discovered that Cadj, the high priest, had gained control of the city and ordered La, the high priestess to kill Tarzan, who had been captured. Instead she freed him and together they escaped from the city. They discovered the Palace of Diamonds in a valley beyond Opar which was ruled by a tribe of civilized gorillas who had enslaved the native inhabitants. La was captured and made prisoner and was to be sacrificed to the lion god of the gorillas. Tarzan entered the city in time to kill the lion just as La was being thrust within reach of his talons. Tarzan rallied the slaves within the room to him but they were outnumbered by the gorillas. The arrival of Jad-bal-ja at the critical moment turned the tide of battle and allowed them to drive their enemies out of the room where they barricaded

themselves long enough for messengers to round up the natives of the valley who defeated their former masters.

With the natives and gorillas as allies Tarzan and La marched on Opar and helped restore La to her throne. Before the final victory Cadj lured Tarzan into a trap and was about to sacrifice him on the blood-stained altar of the Flaming God when Jad-bal-ja appeared and killed the high priest.

Meanwhile an expedition led by Esteban Miranda, a double of Tarzan, had looted the treasure vaults of Opar or much gold. Miranda doublecrossed his friends by burying the gold in a location known only to himself. To enable him to find it again he drew a map on the inside of his leopard skin. Later Jad-bal-ja was instrumental in bringing back the leopard skin with the map thus enabling Tarzan to recover the gold.

The Golden Lion appeared only momentarily in the next book in the series, TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN, when he saw through the disguise of Miranda who had turned up again and tried to take Tarzan's place.

In TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE Jad-bal-ja rescued the Princess Guinalda from the apes who were fighting over her. Later he helped Tarzan terrorize the Arabs who had looted the City of the Sepulcher of its treasure.

When La was lost in the jungle in TARZAN THE INVINCIBLE it was Jad-bal-ja who protected her from the dangers of wild animals and helped to keep her from starving by hunting for meat for the two of them.

The great lion made an appearance just in the nick of time in TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD when he was able to kill the hunting lion that was about to kill the ape man.

Jad-bal-ja appeared briefly in TARZAN AND THE LION MAN when Tarzan found Stanley Obroski, the movie lion man, captured by cannibals. In this book the Golden Lion had a mate.

Another book in which the Golden Lion appeared is not one of the regular Tarzan books but one of the juveniles, TARZAN AND THE TARZAN TWINS WITH JAD-BAL-JA, THE GOLDEN LION. This book which was published in 1936 was the seventh book in which the Golden Lion appeared but the action takes place just after the first book in which he appeared, TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION. (1923) In this story, the Tarzan Twins were lost in the jungle and with the help of Tarzan and Jad-bal-ja, rescued a young girl from the priests of Opar who had left the ancient city in exile after the death of Cadj who was killed by Tarzan's feline friend. In this book, as in the first book, Jad-bal-ja killed a high priest just as he was about to kill a victim bound on the altar.

Jad-bal-ja was a very big lion. In TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD, ERB told us that Belthar, the hunting lion of Nemone of Cathne, was a huge lion. Now, to an ordinary man any lion might look huge, especially if it were uncaged. In Tarzan's case, however, there is a difference. He had known lions all his life and killed quite a few of them. For a man of his experience, to call a lion huge means that a lion would have to be much larger than any ordinary lion to be found in the jungle. Yet when Jad-bal-ja killed Belthar, he sank his fangs into the hunting lion's throat and shook him like a cat would a mouse.

The Golden Lion was a majestic looking beast. He was large and powerful and had a beautiful golden coat from which he had received his name. In contrast to his golden coat he had a black mane that added a look of dignity to his bearing. If the ordinary lion can be referred to as the King of Beasts, then Jad-bal-ja must be the Emperor.

Despite the great friendship between Jad-bal-ja and the ape man, this was not the first time that Tarzan had formed a partnership with one of his natural enemies.

To go back to the very beginning, ERB first had the idea when he had Tarzan and Sheeta become friends in THE BEASTS OF TARZAN back in 1914 (All-Story Cavalier, May 16—June 13).

From a leopard to a lion was only a short step and the author wrote a couple of stories of the friendship between a lion and man before he brought Tarzan together with a friendly lion.

The year after Tarzan and Sheeta joined forces Mr. Burroughs told the story of THE MAN-EATER (New York Evening World, Nov. 15-20, 1915) in which a man-eating lion was befriended by a man who rescued him from a trap. While not as sympathetic a character as some of the other lions in the works, Ben was instrumental in foiling the villain and restoring the heroine's fortune at the end of the story.

THE LAD AND THE LION (All-Story Magazine, June 30—July 13, 1917) was the tale of a strange alliance between man and lion with the two fighting shoulder to shoulder against their common adversaries.

A series of stories appeared back in 1919 in Red Book Magazine (Mar.—Aug.) that dealt with Tarzan's adventures during World War I. In the course of the series the ape man captured and tamed a lion which became his friend. This was the lion that he turned into the German trenches during the campaign in Africa. This unusual method of warfare caused confusion and terror among the German native troops which allowed the British forces to throw the German lines back for a considerable distance. Numa of the Trenches was also later on in the series able to save Tarzan's life when, lying unconscious, he was attacked by Sheeta.

Tarzan befriended another lion in TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF LUNA (All-Story Magazine, Mar. 20—Apr. 17, 1920) when he rescued a huge black lion from a native pit. The ape man let the lion out, not because of any feeling of friendliness, but to annoy the natives who had been giving him some trouble. In gratitude the large sable beast followed Tarzan through the jungle. During the adventures in Xuja, the City of the Lunatics, Numa of the Pit was a big help in the escape from the city.

These stories were later published in book form under the title, TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

Thus from the very first book in which Mr. Burroughs brought together man and feline in friendship the idea kept evolving until the result was Jad-bal-ja, the Golden Lion. The greatest lion of them all.



TARZAN FINDS JAD-BAL-JA

ERB TITAN! (continued from page 6)

translucent glow that is like moonglow filtering through a bank of mists.

The second effect of such phonetic arrangement is just this: the maximum possible absence of phonetic angularity makes for a flowing smoothness of word-succession which "pours" with the effortless ease of water spilling from an overturned tumbler. The resultant speed of word-flow is all to the good in a swiftly-spaced story of action.

Last—but far from least—such a style of language will never inflict mental fatigue upon the reader; to the contrary: a reading of Burroughs is as relaxing to the nerves as a luxurious bath!

As a final touch of mastery, at fairly close and regular intervals, Burroughs intentionally interpolates words whose phonetic structure is dominated by consonantal angularity; again, the resultant effect is like a seascape when the ocean is choppy with thousands of whitecaps whose foamy appearance enriches, without obscuring the broad expanse of that ocean.

Simplicity represents a phenomenon of perfect integration—but such integration itself represents the interacting convergence of the various factors of an immensely complex creative art.

Burroughs' language is simplicity itself—insofar as the reader is concerned; it is so natural and spontaneous that it approximates these features as manifested in the improvisational nature of our everyday conversation. For this same reason, his language is also a very plastic medium which enables him to assemble words into pictures, very much in the fashion of assembling a mosaic.

An achievement such as this represents much more than mere excellence of craftsmanship: it represents art.

Burroughs spoke the language of the gods; but the stories brought to life by that language were those of human nature. But few writers of any period or age have ever been able to hold the mirror so steadily to those deep-laying urges and ambitions which drive human beings to greatness or madness.

But above all this thunder and surge of stirring adventure, in every story by Burroughs there blazes the glow of romantic beauty and idealized love; his heroines are all woman, his heroes are all man, and their actions and ambitions reveal the depths of human personality.

Student of human nature and titan of imagination, wizard of words and weaver of spells, Edgar Rice Burroughs was one of the greatest of them all.

GREYSTOKE

by

Thomas Rookes

The 22 Tarzan books contain little information in regard to the relationship of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke and his English peerage. A certain commercial publication did contain an article relating to the Greystoke peerage but this appears to be merely of fictional origin. It may therefore interest readers to know that there was a Greystoke peerage at one time (a long time admittedly) and there are also certain places in England to which the name is dedicated.

The village of Greystoke lies in Cumberland (North West England) about 27 miles from the coast, and a mile or so to the west of this we can find Greystoke Park, a section of land 8 or 9 square miles in area, and apparently the one-time home of the Greystoke family.

The Greystoke peerage, as contained in THE COMPLETE PEERAGE, is as follows: (The first one is given in full, but most of the others are abbreviated)

GREYSTOKE or GREYSTOCK

Barony by Writ 1295 to 1306 1/ Sir John de Greystoke, Cumberland, Morpeth, Northumberland, and c., styled Baron of Greystoke s. and h. of William de Greystoke, of Greystoke (who died 17 April, 1289) by Mary, widow of Walter de Bolebec, and eld. da. ana coh. of Roger de Merlay of Morpeth, Northumberland, was born 29 Sept. 1262 or 1263. The king took his homage 14 June, 1289, and his realty 8 July, 1289, and he had livery of his father's land. He was summoned for military service from 16 Apr. (1291) 19 Edw. I, to 10 May (1306) 34 Edw. I, to attend the King wherever he might be 8 June (1294) 22 Edw. I; to attend the King at Salisbury 26 Jan. (1296/7) 25 Edw. I; and to Parliament from 24 June (1295) 23 Edw. I to 22 Jan. (1304/5) 33 Edw. I by writs directed Johanni Baroni de Greystok' or Greystok, or Johanni de Greystok', whereby he is held to have become LORD GREYSTOKE. In 1294, he was excused from attendance in Gascony, but later accompanied the King there. He was in Scotland in 1299 and 1301. He appears among the nobles on the roll of Humphrey (de Bohun), Earl of Essex, containing offers of service made at the muster of Carlisle in 1300 for the army in Scotland. As John de Greystoke, Lord of Morpeth, his seal is appended to the Baron's letter to the Pope, 12 Feb. 1300/1. In 1306 he was ordered to assist Henry, Earl of Northumberland in the defense of the parts of Carlisle and Galloway. He married Isobel. She, from whom he had been separated, sued him in 1297 for alimony, but as he offered to resume cohabitation, the suit was unsuccessful. He died s.p. 2 Sept. 1306. At his death any hereditary barony which may be supposed to have been created by the writ of 1295 became extinct.

Barony by Writ 1321 1/ Ralph de Greystoke feudal Lord of Greystoke, s. and h. of Robert Fitz Ralph by Elizabeth, his wife, and grandson and h. of Sir Ralph Fitzwilliam of Grimthorpe and Hildreskelf, co. York (Lord Fitzwilliam), was born 15 Aug. 1367 and was buried in Durham Cathedral Church.

1323 2/ William (de Greystoke), LORD GREYSTOKE and LORD FITZWILLIAM s. and h., born and baptized at Grimthorpe, 6 Jan. 1320/1. He died 10 July 1359 at Brancepeth, aged 38 years and was buried in Greystoke Church.

1359 3/ Ralph (de Greystoke) LORD GREYSTOKE and LORD FITZWILLIAM, s. and h. by second wife, born and baptized at Kirkly Ravensworth, co. York, 18 Oct. 1353. He died 6 April, 1418, aged 64.

1418 4/ John (de Greystoke) LORD GREYSTOKE and LORD FITZWILLIAM, s. and h. aged 28 and more at his father's death. He died 8 Aug. 1436.

1436 5/ Ralph (de Greystoke) LORD GREYSTOKE and LORD FITZWILLIAM, s. and h., aged 22 and more at his father's death. He died 1 June, 1487. (SIR ROBERT DE GREYSTOKE, s. and h. op. He died v.p. and s.p. m., 17 June, 1483)

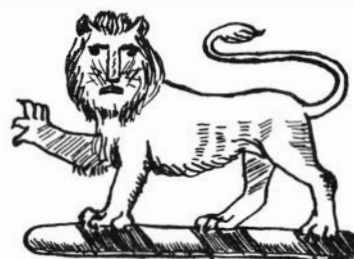
1487 6/ ELIZABETH GREYSTOKE (de jure apparently) suo jure BARONESS GREYSTOKE and BARONESS FITZWILLIAM, granddaughter and h. general, being daughter and h. of Sir Robert Greystoke, by his second wife, Elizabeth, born and baptized at Morpeth, Northumberland, 10 July, 1471. She married Thomas (Dacre) Second Lord Dacre of Gilsland. She died 13 or 14 Aug. 1516, aged 46 years when the Baronies of Greystoke and Fitzwilliam, according to modern doctrine devolved on her son, William Dacre. Thomas, Lord Dacre, died 24 Oct. 1525.

1516 7/ William (Dacre) LORD GREYSTOKE and LORD FITZWILLIAM, s. and h. On the death of his mother, Elizabeth suo jure Baroness Greystoke, in Aug. 1516, he succeeded in that barony. He succeeded his father as Baron Dacre (of Gilsland) 24 Oct. 1525. He died 18 Nov. 1563.

1563 8/ Thomas (Dacre) LORD GREYSTOKE, and C., and LORD DACRE (of Gilsland) s. and h. He died 1 July, 1566.

1566 9/ George (Dacre) LORD GREYSTOKE, and C., and LORD DACRE (of Gilsland) s. and h. He died young and unmarried, 17 May 1569, when the Barony of Dacre, having been declared by the Commissioners to have its origin in a writ, fell in abeyance between his three sisters and coheirs, and hereditary right to the Baronies of Greystoke and Fitzwilliam presumed to have been created by the writs of 1321 and 1295 also fell into abeyance.

There is no Greystoke coat of arms, but there is a Greystoke crest, "a lion passant gardant" which is something of the lines of the following:



This has the motto, "Volo no valeo— I am willing but not able."

Unfortunately the crest is shared by 60 other families, and the motto by the family Howard.

The name Greystoke is not confined to the ancient barony and the land wherein Lord Greystoke once dwelt, although these other instances have apparently originated either from the barony of Greystoke or from the village of Greystoke.

(continued on page 33)

Burroughs Bibliophile

by Stanleigh B. Vinson

Vern Coriell has asked me to write a few notes on the life and loves of a Burroughs collector. It always seems that the first question is "How did you get started?" Naturally every collector has a different answer.

When I was back in grade school, I became interested in Astronomy but could find no more than a dozen books a layman could read on the subject.

This led to a continued interest in science-fiction which seemed to be the next best thing. Early in this reading of science-fiction, I came across a copy of "A PRINCESS OF MARS" and was a dyed-in-the-wool Burroughs fan from that moment on.

With a natural love for the out of doors and having read all I could find on Africa by such writers as Carl Ackley and Martin Johnson, to mention a couple, Tarzan created a conflict with John Carter I have never been able to resolve. I sometimes think I may like John Carter best.

By the time I was through Ohio State University and married, I had quite a sizeable library of Burroughs books and other items but still did not consider myself a Burroughs collector. I guess it took both Darrell Richardson and Vern to bring out the real pack-rat instinct in me.

So this is how it started but I would like to point out that it is still a hobby with me and not a business. While I like to find a comic magazine to fill in a blank spot in my collection, it is not one-tenth as exciting as to find something really new such as an early Burroughs letter. It is often the little things that add to the understanding of the master story-teller.

However, the true fun and enjoyment of being a collector has come through gaining friends in all walks of life and all over the world. I had a visit last summer with a young Japanese University Professor that I had corresponded with for over ten years. It was a real pleasure to meet and visit with him a few days on his way home to Hiroshima after a year's scholarship at Cornell University. Or how about the friend in Norway I have never met but with whom I have traded coffee for Norwegian Tarzan books. Or the fun of a morning's visit with John Coleman Burroughs in his father's office. Or, might I say, best of all, an evening with Mrs. St. John in the studio of her late husband, that wonderful man, J. Allen St. John. And not to mention fans and friends among the many like John Harwood and Maurice B. Gardner. These are the profits, so to speak, in collecting that cannot be measured in words or balanced against the material items that you are lucky enough to collect.

One thing more, what other author can compare to Burroughs from the standpoint of a collector? No other character is better known than Tarzan. Few, if any, other authors present such a large and wide field to the collector. Books, magazines, comics (daily, Sunday and magazine), movies, radio, television, art work, novelties, foreign items in all these fields, etc., etc. As a result, collecting the works of Burroughs is a full-time hobby and the collector cannot divide his love over any broader field.

Born in Mansfield, Ohio, in 1908. Graduated at Mansfield Senior High School. Five years Ohio State University in Industrial Engineering. Also attended Culver Military Academy, University School in Cleveland and Ashland College.

One son (24) married and living in Mississippi.

One daughter (21) married and living in Mansfield. Married Grace Cameron of Columbus in 1935. Living at 1060 West Cook Road, Mansfield.

Editor's note: Stan Vinson, for those who may not know, is President of the Ideal Electric Co., who manufacture electric motors and generators from 20 to 6000 horse power.

When I asked Stan for his Burroughs Bibliophile profile he sent me the foregoing, which, in my opinion, left a lot of things unsaid in the way of Stan's accomplishments. Vinson is not a shy guy but at the same time he is not one to beat his own chest. So, without his permission, I am adding the following facts about him, gleaned from the April, 1960, Ideal News.

"Mr. Vinson started at Ideal on July 2, 1923, at the age of 14. He worked during Christmas, summer, and spring vacations, while attending high school and college.

During this interval, he worked in various areas of the company which included: Stock Room, Test Floor, Panel, and Drafting Depts. His beginning wage at Ideal was a mere 12½¢ per hour.

Having attended Ohio State University, Stan holds an Industrial Engineering Degree from this school. While at Ohio State he was President of Pi Tau Pi Sigma, The Signal Corps Fraternity; President of Student Society of Industrial Engineers; and President of the Ohio State Rocket Society.

After graduation from college, Stan spent his first summer at Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico, assisting with the installation of a new Ideal generator and the rebuilding of an existing control panel. Both the generator and control are used for the lighting of this famous cavern.

Upon return to the home office, Stan worked in various departments such as Design, Sales, and Advertising. He spent most of the World War II years in Purchasing and Payroll with Mr. Howard McDaniel."

Stan is very much civic minded. His activities include President of United Realty Associates; Operating 450-acre farm southwest of Mansfield; Treasurer of the Friendly House Settlement Association; Past President and member of Board of Directors of the Mansfield Kiwanis Club; Director of the First National Bank of Mansfield; Director of Mansfield General Hospital; Member of the Mansfield Public Library Board; Director of the Richland Astronomy Society; Past President of the Men's Garden Club of Mansfield, Richland County Bee Keepers Association, and the University Club; Director of the Ohio State Alumni Association of Mansfield; Director of the Mansfield Kiwanis Memorial Foundation; Member of the Mansfield Chamber of Commerce and Manufacturers Club.

Readers of this publication know Stan Vinson as one of the top Burroughs collectors in the country and Vice President of the Burroughs Bibliophiles.

Burroughs collectors have to give Stan a nod of thanks, as he has been responsible for discovering many lost and forgotten Edgar Rice Burroughs items. It was Stan who only recently located the Burroughs article in Screenland, entitled "Wild Animals in Pictures", and he has written a very interesting article based on recently discovered Burroughs letters, now in his possession, which will appear in a future BB. It was also Stan, in collaboration with Darrell C. Richardson, who brought to light that ERB rarity "Ben, King of Beasts", after much research and a great deal of expense. "Ben" is better known as ~~Ben~~ **THE MANEATER**





Stan's Sensational Collection on Display at the BOOK SHOP in Mansfield.

MATANIA (continued from page 14.)

At the age of 80, Mr. Matania is reputed to be retired but how can you keep anybody who enjoys painting as much as he does away from an easel? He mostly spends his time painting subjects that he himself likes, after a lifetime of painting for others, mainly scenes of Roman life, of which we saw several fine examples in the studio. Of recent years he has entered a new field and has been allowed to paint his favorite subjects for the covers of several historical pocket books, such as THOSE ABOUT TO DIE, SPARTACUS and THE GALILEANS.

Leaving the studio for a moment he showed us through the rest of the house; one room, the dining room consisted of original Florentine furniture and of course some more marvelous painting, one of the legendary PYSCHÉ. In the hallway was a Roman table of bronze and marble which Matania had built himself and which we had previously seen in one of his Roman paintings. There were also several other pieces of furniture and bric-a-brac made by his talented hands. He has a fondness for everything that is beautiful in art and architecture, he loves the use of marble and other attractive building elements and he abhors the use of concrete even as much as he does modern art, of which he says, "Those who paint modern pictures in bad faith are frauds. Those who paint them in good faith need a doctor. These paintings will one day be in museums like ancient instruments of torture to show the depths to which art fell."

But eventually it came time to leave this fascinating man who although he has hob-nobbed with royalty is as natural and as friendly as anyone you would care to meet, he thanked us for our interest in his work and invited us to call again whenever we desired and for the first time I felt a twinge of regret that I would soon be leaving England. I would have left much happier had I been able to think that sometime in the future I could spend another interesting afternoon with this astounding artist.

TAIL OF JAD-BAL-JA (continued from page 13)

moments before. I hope it is not daddy, thought the lad, for he will be furious to find me playing in all this mud. It was not daddy, however, for parting the verdure at the outer edge of the brush was the noble head of Jad-Bal-Ja, the Golden Lion. As the great beast saw the boy's plight, he raised his head high, emitting one dismal roar, and suddenly turned completely around so that his buttocks were where his head had been, his tail twisting tantalizingly on the surface of the bog well within the limits of the boy's reach—and the fire at the stable, now but a mass of charred lumber, was given in charge to Muviro.

"Where is Jad-Bal-Ja?" demanded Tarzan. "Have you seen him since you released him from his cage?"

"He loped off in the direction of the rear of the bungalow, Bwana," replied Muviro. "I'm sure he's about somewhere."

"More than likely he's with Jackie," said Korak. "I swear, father, sometimes I think the lion is psychic. He seems to sense when the boy is playing outdoors and wastes no time in seeking him out. One would think that the lion would welcome a respite from the cage by a jaunt into the jungle and a rendezvous with Sabor—but not Jad-Bal-Ja—instead, he'd rather remain with the boy to have his tail pulled from its veritable roots."

Tarzan laughed. "Come," he said; "let us get back to the house."

As they rounded the corner of the veranda, they

saw, just entering the front lawn, the bedraggled figure of John Clayton III swinging gaily from side to side upon the tail of Jad-Bal-Ja, the Golden Lion.

"What did I tell you!" said Korak, emphatically.

"You were right, my son," replied the ape-man with a smile; "but look at the boy—he is filthy from head to foot. I've often wondered how the lad can get so dirty with no apparent dirt to get into."

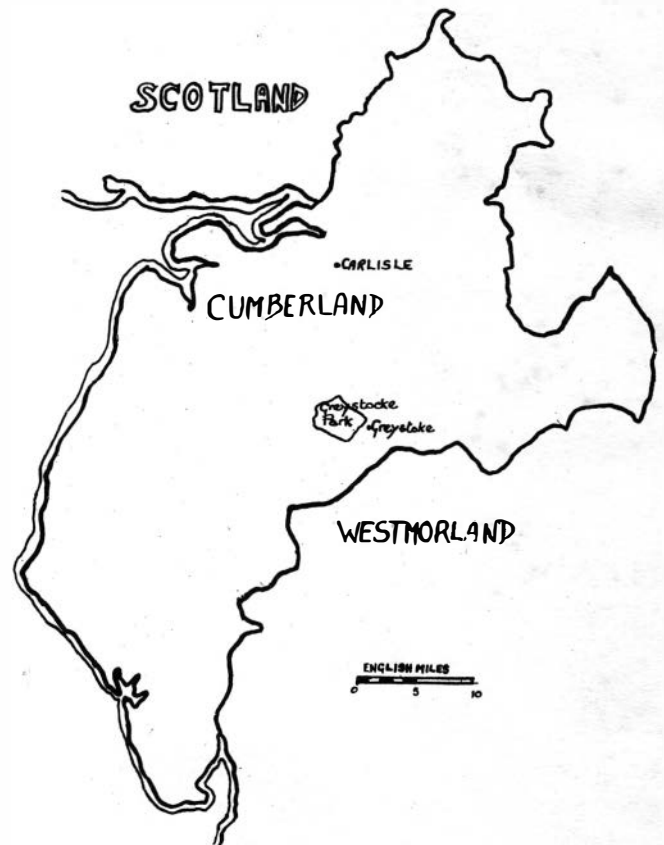
"It is quite a mystery," rejoined the Killer; "but look at that poor lion—I do wish we could curb the lad of that awful habit of hanging on the brute's tail."

"He's enjoying it as much as the boy," said Tarzan of the Apes, cheerfully. "Come, Jad-Bal-Ja! Come to heel!"

†

(GREYSTOKE (continued from page 29)

Two railway engines of the London North Western Railway (a railway which existed prior to the grouping of 1923) were named Greystoke, the name of which was probably after the village. The first was an Allan 2-4-0 goods engine of 1845 (number 80); the second was an "Experiment" class 4-6-0 number 2116 built in January 1909. The name Greystoke was also used for a street in Blackpool; Greystoke Place on which Greystoke Hotel is situated. Greystoke is also the name of a house at Gainsborough in Lincolnshire.





THE

BURROUGHS

Bulletin

