



The BURROUGHS BULLETIN fanzine



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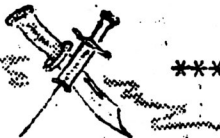
August 1947

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 imp 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 untill 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.