

# 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.

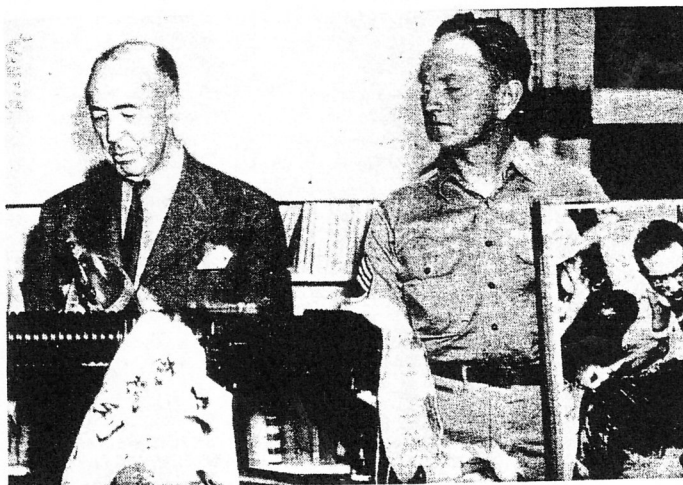
One of his last public appearances was in 1945 when he helped dedicate an army library on Bellows air field near Honolulu.

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

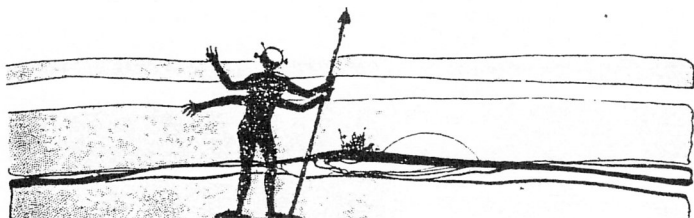
The novel Burroughs always figured would outsell his other works, but somehow failed to catch fire, was "THE MUCKER," the tale of a white hope heavyweight boxer and his adventures

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

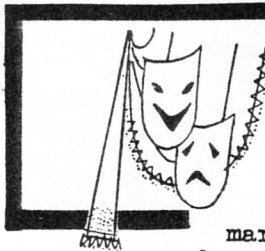
The death of Edgar Rice Burroughs caused more comment on the newscasts of radio than any other person since the death of FDR. Sometimes as much as one third of the time was given to ERB. This is a high tribute to the author. In all newscasts, or nearly all, it was mentioned that many new fans would be 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.



**AD-LIBS**

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' BB.

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 murderous.

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

tongue 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 vasty 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 in 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 that 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 mer his incredible imagination and with it earned a fortune of over \$10,000,000. In 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 artistic flair. There are pages in his books which have the 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 frolicked, 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, be-tokened 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 Mars-men.

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.

—Aurelius 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.

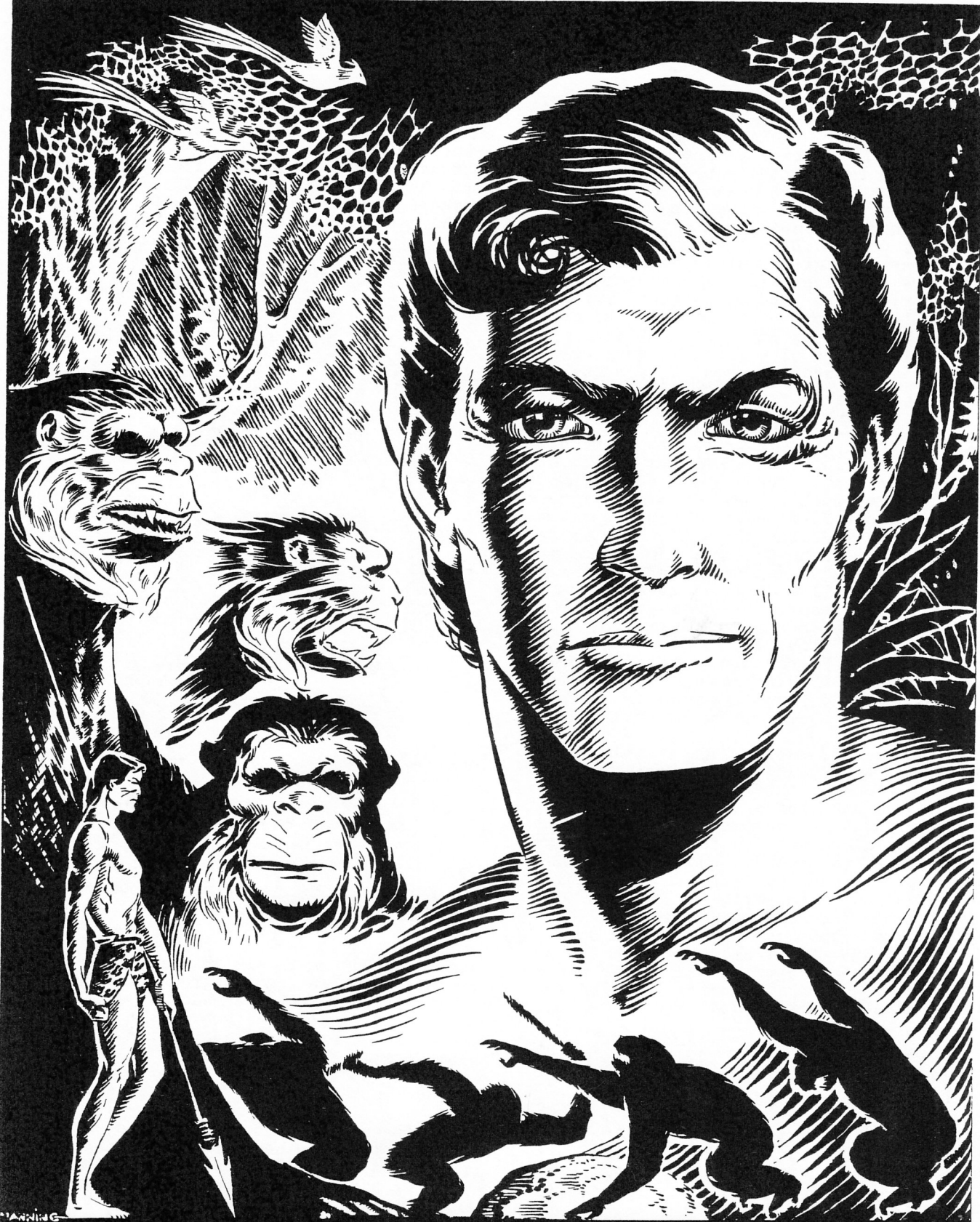
He also told me that previous to his writing career, when he was attempting to make a living as a business man, he sought success in many divergent ways, one of which was writing business advice for a correspondence school. That he was not greatly given to the reading of fiction but to the weaving of 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 fathers' 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.

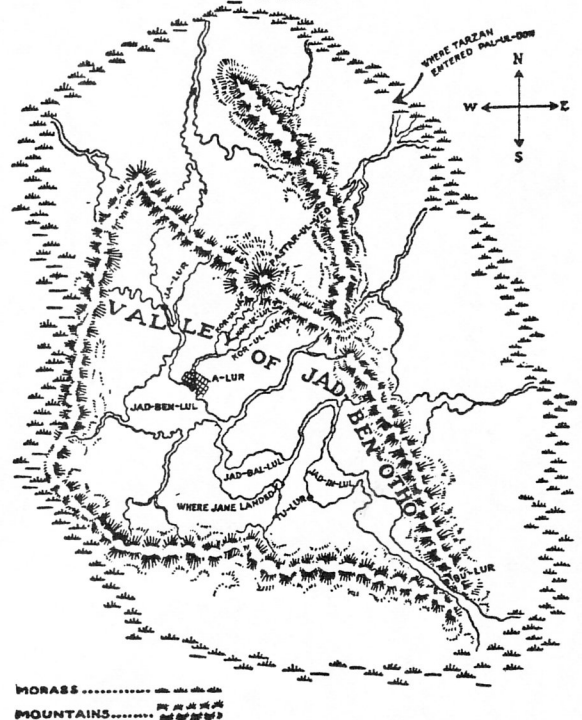
We took seats beside the swimming pool where the two young Burroughs boys were splashing about in the water. And nearby, beneath the shade of a tree, the youngest Burroughs child was napping in a cradle. I had brought along some choice items from my collection which included the Oct. 1912 All Story magazine 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 fathers' 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 fathers' 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 thoat. 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 fathers' stories better than any other artist."

This was a fine compliment indeed from one artist to another's work. For John Coleman has capably illustrated no less than a dozen of his fathers' books. But one is not to judge John's 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 astir 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 maneuver 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 Cathol 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 too 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 Amtorians 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 thoroughly 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.

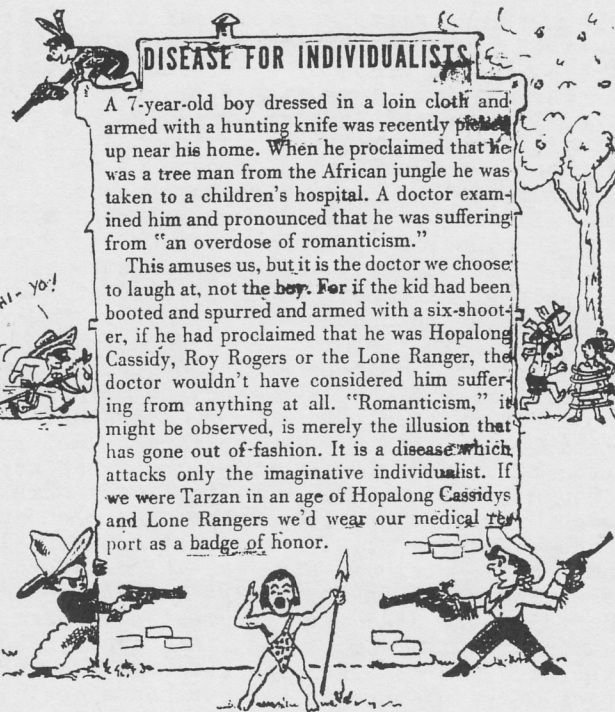
If you read the book you will know he didn't do it. However, what I mean is Farrell couldn't have written this about Studs if he, Farrell, hadn't once, or still, felt that way about himself.

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 villains' 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.

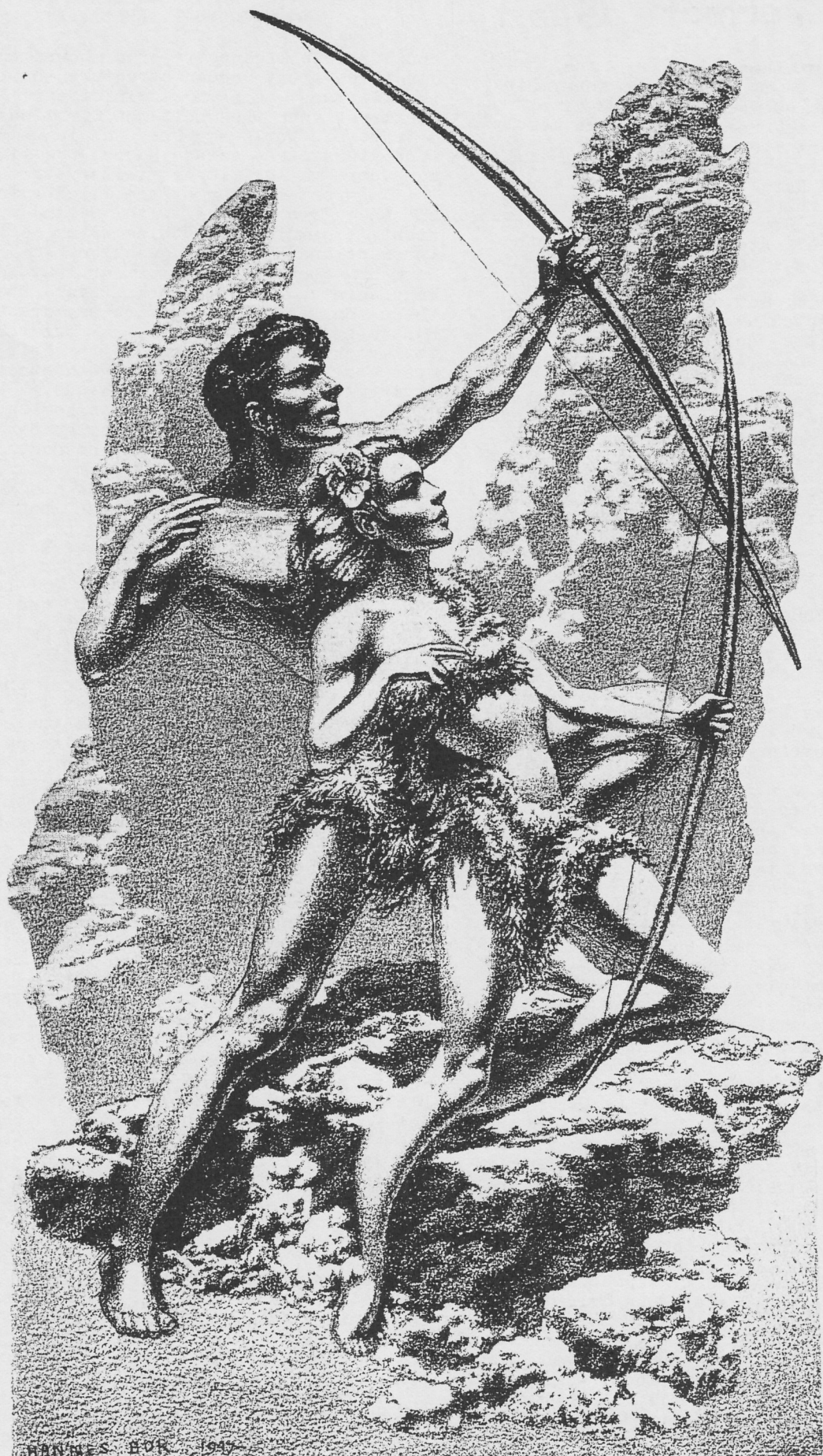
My really favorite character, David of Pellucidar, was, for some unknown reason, neglected in my play. I preferred to sit around and dream about what Dianand he were doing. Usually, they were being chased by some dinosaur--which dinosaur, by the way, I imagined them as being, in some way, fond of. Dinosaurs, 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

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HANDEL BOK 1947

FOR JEROME

Illustration by H. B. 41

# 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 Miumalu 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 kinsman, Benjamin Franklin. Ed's amused contempt of current religious forms and ceremonials 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 preparation

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# WHAT MAKES TARZAN ACT THAT WAY?

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

**S**ome 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 Tarzanian 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 men, 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."

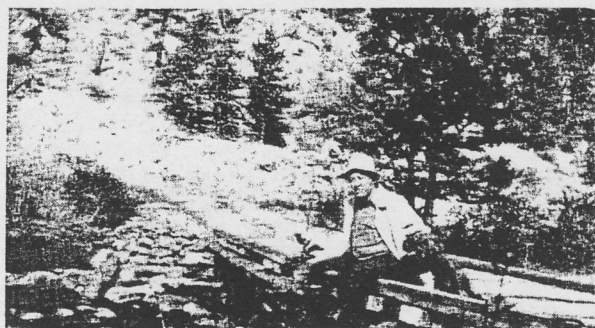
"From that work," Mr. Maxon continues, "I went to free-lancing, dividing my time between advertising and illustrating. It was during this time while I was illustrating fiction for the Metropolitan News Syndicate, that I was chosen to do the Tarzan daily strip---which as you know, I did for about eighteen 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



starring  
**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 Huston, 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 villiany, 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 camp 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

STARRING: LEX 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.

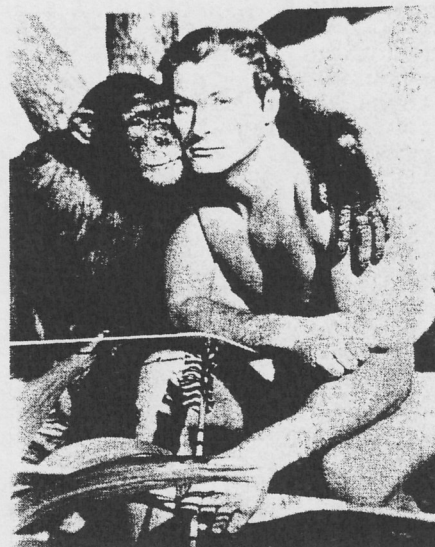
Meanwhile, Jane has recovered and she sets out for Dagar. She is captured by Lyra's men. Fidel had overheard Vargo and Lavar plotting to take the profits from a great herd of elephants they had been tracking, and he has returned to Dagar to inform Lyra of this. Together, with Jane, and some guards they 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.

LEX  
BARKER  
as

**TARZAN**

with  
CHEETA  
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 wildly 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 boastfully 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-bye, 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!



# TARZAN'S HIDDEN JUNGLE

**GORDON SCOTT**  
VERA MILES · PETER VAN EYCK  
with JACK ELAM and ZIPPY

A  
Maurice  
B.  
Gardner  
Revue

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 witchdoctor; 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 Loretta Young show, Science-Fiction Theatre and Ford Theatre. He also appeared as Quantrell in **QUANTRELL 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 Lamour and her sarong.

"Now that I'm playing Ramar 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 **RETREAT**, **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 dicker 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 Tarzan 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 Tarzan program, plus 4 cartoons!

OPENS 1:30 STARTS 2:00 <b>Mary Lue</b> 4915 PROSPECT FREE PARKING		ALL ACTION TARZAN PROGRAM! <b>TARZAN'S TRIUMPH</b> 4-4-4 COLOR CARTOONS 4-4-4		<b>"TARZAN'S DESERT MYSTERY"</b>	<b>"TARZAN AND THE SLAVE GIRL"</b>
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# EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS' NOVELS

TITLE	FIRST EDITION	COLOR	SIZE	ILLUSTRATOR
<b>TARZAN SERIES</b>				
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
<b>MARTIAN SERIES</b>				
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
<b>PELLUCIDAR SERIES</b>				
At the Earth's Core	1922-McClurg	grey	5 x 7½	J. Allen St. John
Pellucidar	1923-McClurg	red	5 x7-3/4	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
<b>VENUS SERIES</b>				
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
<b>NOVELS</b>				
The Mucker	1921-McClurg	green	5 x7-3/4	J. Allen St. John
The Girl from Hollywood	1923-Macauley	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
<b>THE TARZAN TWINS BOOKS</b>				
The Tarzan Twins	(boxed) 1927-Volland	illustrated	6½ x 8½	Douglas Grant
Tarzan and the Tarzan Twins	1936-Whitman	covers	7½ x 9½	Juanita Bennett
with Jad-Bal-Ja, the Golden Lion				

# IN THE MAGAZINES

DATE	STORY TITLE	BOOK TITLE	LENGTH	ILLUSTRATOR	COVER	INTERIOR
<b>ALL STORY MAGAZINE</b>						
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
<b>ALL STORY WEEKLY</b>						
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
<b>ALL STORY-CAVALIER WEEKLY</b>						
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
<b>ALL-STORY WEEKLY</b>						
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
<b>ARGOSY-ALL STORY WEEKLY</b>						
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
<b>ARGOSY MAGAZINE</b>						
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		
<b>NEW STORY MAGAZINE</b>						
June 1913	The Return of Tarzan	7 parts	N. C. Wyeth			?
Jan. 1914	The Outlaw of Torn	5 parts	N. C. Wyeth			?
<b>ALL AROUND MAGAZINE</b>						
Feb. 1916	Beyond Thirty	complete	none			none
<b>BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE</b>						
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
BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE (continued)				COVER	INTERIOR
Oct. 1930	Tarzan, Guard of the Jungle (Invincible)		7 parts	Laurence Herndon	Frank Hoban
May 1931	The Land of Hidden Men (Jungle Girl)		5 parts	Laurence Herndon	Frank Hoban
Oct. 1931	The Triumph of Tarzan (Triumphant)		6 parts	Laurence Herndon	Frank Hoban
Aug. 1932	Tarzan and the Leopard Men		6 parts	Joseph Chenoweth	Frank Hoban
Nov. 1934	Swords of Mars		6 parts	Chenoweth & Zaula	Robert Fink
Oct. 1935	Tarzan and the Immortal Men (Quest)		6 parts	Herbert M. Stoops	Frank Hoban
Nov. 1937	Tarzan and the Elephant Men (Magnificent)		3 parts	Herbert M. Stoops	J. Cannon
Apr. 1940	Tarzan and the Champion		complete	none	L. R. Gustavson
Jan. 1942	Beyond the Farthest Star		complete	none	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

#### TRIPLIE-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
June 1940	Tarzan and the Jungle Murders		complete	Rudolph Belarski	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

Eldon K. Everett informs me that a nov-elette in booklet form of Elmo Lincoln's ADVENTURES 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 published 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 BLOUSES & 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

Saalfeld 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, BAL-

LOONS 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  
BOY, 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

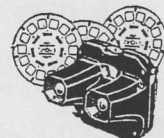
National Picture Slides Co., N.Y.

# 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

### 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 date	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 BLB 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 Scarroti, 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.

Scarroti, 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 Puna 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.

.....  
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 George 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, COLLEGE 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

### TV TELEVISION PROGRAMS TV

**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.



...Humor 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 blue-noses). 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 freud, 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 Li'l Abner, Tarzan, and Abbie and Slat (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 grayed 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.

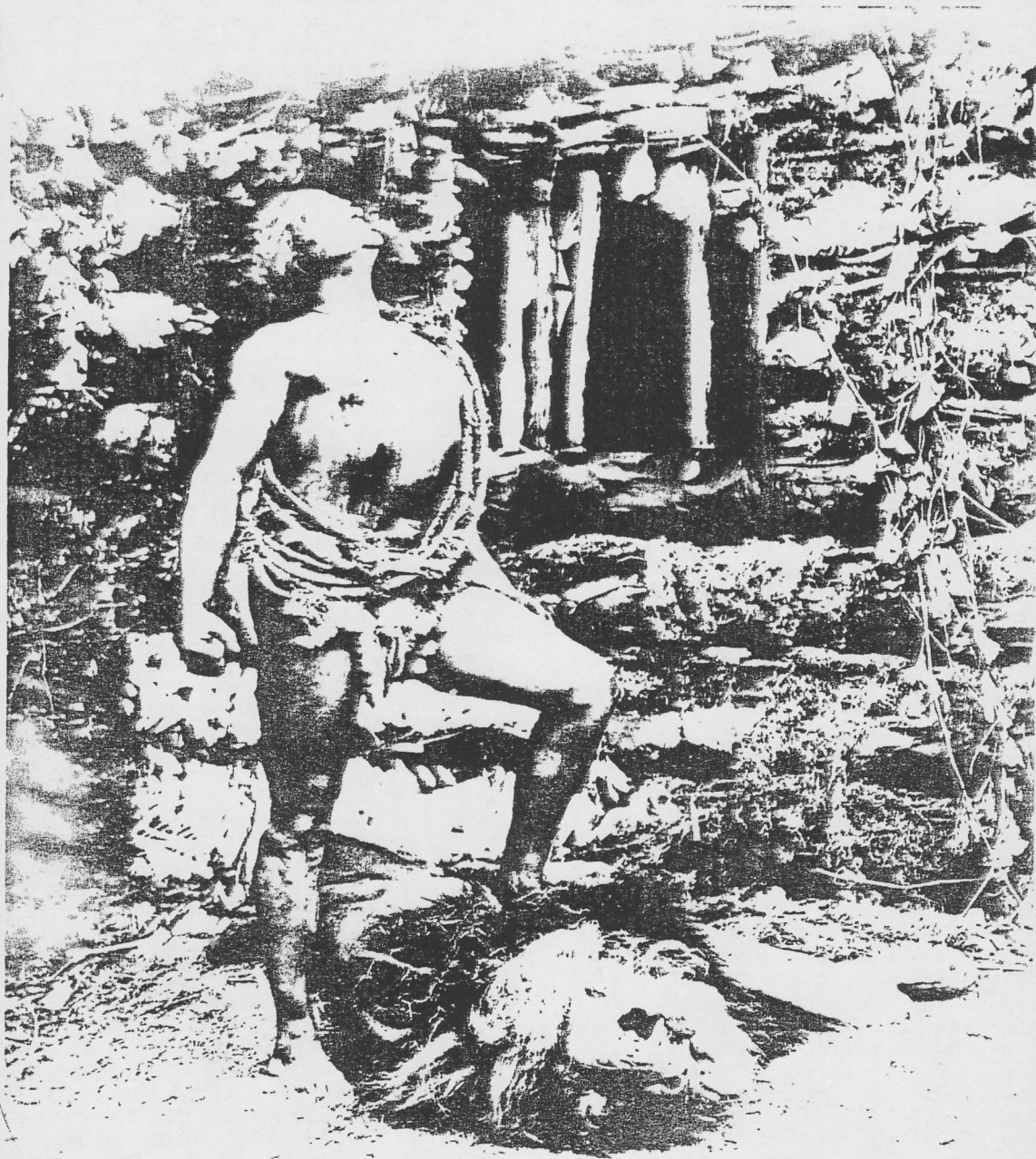
The general answered the phone brusquely, listened a moment, then with a grunt returned the receiver to its cradle. With a quick jerk of his head, he motioned the way toward the door. He ignored the questions of the other two, and they had lapsed into a puzzled silence as they stepped into the large 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