

Big Jim Pierce and the Golden Lion

James H. Pierce, the 4th actor to portray the famous Tarzan, was born in Freedom, Indiana, on August 8, 1900. Freedom is a small town with a population of about 500 which was founded and settled by Pierce's grandfather.

Jim Pierce received his education at Indiana University, where he was All-American center for two years running and had the pleasure of playing against such immortals of the gridiron as Bo McMillan and Red Roberts of Centre; Duke Slater of Iowa; George Gipp of Notre Dame, and many other great players. He graduated in 1921 with an A.B. in football.

"Knowing little or nothing about anything other than football," Pierce says, "I turned to coaching after I was graduated. I was fortunate in lining up with Arizona University at Tucson. Toward the end of the second season I happened to be in Los Angeles with the team for a game. Naturally we were eager to see the inside of a studio and meet some of the stars. This was arranged and we were entertained royally."

The magnificent, six-feet-four physique and handsome features of "Big Jim" Pierce happened to be noticed by an enthusiastic executive and he was promptly offered a contract. "So with the promise of big money ringing in my ears," Pierce explains, "I chucked coaching football and went Hollywood."

But it was Edgar Rice Burroughs, himself, who was responsible for the casting of Pierce as the fabled ape-man. The author had just sold the screen rights of *TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION* to Edwin C. King, head of FBO (the company that later became RKO), when he set eyes on Pierce. He took one look at the former football star and said: "That's just what Tarzan looks like in my mind's eye." Burroughs was so impressed that he insisted that Pierce be given a chance to perform as Tarzan.

"My salary," said Pierce "was not much to start with, but I was assured by the studio officials that it would skyrocket once I galloped across the screen, clad only in a loin cloth, and the great American womanhood got a look at me."

"So with \$75 a week as a starter, I was off. This is perhaps the lowest salary ever paid anyone for a starring role, but I believed their spiel that all the publicity and subsequent fame that was to go with the break they had given me would be worth at least a million."

Like many of the early screen Tarzans, Pierce used no double; preferring to do his own stunts.

This turned out to be quite hazardous as during most of the filming of *TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION* his time was spent with Numa, a very famous movie lion, at his side. Anyone who knows anything at all about lions realizes that chumming around with Simba is touchy business, regardless of how well the lion is trained. Numa, of course, was portraying Jad-bal-ja, the Golden Lion.

In one scene, Pierce, as Tarzan, was to be pursued by an unfriendly lion and he was to escape by crossing a ravine, thirty feet wide and about sixty feet deep, by swinging hand-over-hand on a vine. The vine, of course, was a camouflaged rope, and after testing it by hanging on it, Jim okayed the stunt for a take.

Now lions are lazy creatures at heart and to make sure the beast would pursue Tarzan, it was allowed to become hungry, then fresh chicken blood was drained along the path it was to chase the apeman. Pierce was given a head start, the lion was released from its cage, cameras started grinding from behind the safety of wire screens, and Simba, following the blood-scent with visions of food in his mind, loped down the trail close on the heels of the screen Tarzan. Needless to say, if the lion had overtaken him, Jim Pierce would have been badly mauled and perhaps even killed. However, Pierce reached what safety the ravine crossing afforded and started swinging his way, hand over hand, across the perilous bridge out of the lion's reach. About midway across an unexpected obstacle was encountered; the studio-applied "moss" on the rope-vine proved to be quite slippery and Pierce was fast losing his hold. Slowly he made his way toward the far end of the "vine" and just as he was on the verge of completely losing his grip he managed to throw a leg across the limb of a scrub tree that was growing from the embankment of the ravine and was able to climb to safety. The cameras caught the entire action, and as Pierce looked down into the ravine he realized that they had come very close to filming the end of Tarzan or, at least, the end of his career as Tarzan.

Pierce had several close calls with the big cats and here is how ERB describes one of these incidents in his article, *TARZAN'S SEVEN LIVES*: "In one scene of *TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION* Tarzan is standing on the veranda of his African bungalow directing the golden lion to start on some mission for him."

It was the end of a long and tiresome day. The lion was tired, nervous and irritable. Furthermore his cage was inside the bungalow and he wanted to go to his cage far more than he wanted to go on any mission. Ten or twelve times in

succession he turned and ran into the bungalow instead of obeying his trainer's command.

Pierce was tired, too, and wanted to get the thing over, so the last time, instead of stepping out of the lion's way as he had previously, he stood directly in the doorway, and when the lion tried to go between his legs he brought his knees together and stopped him.

The lion was Numa, a very famous animal belonging to Charlie Gay, and though an old-timer in the picture business, he was a lion no one could touch.

When Pierce stopped him, he backed off in surprise, bared his fangs and commenced to growl.

Gay rushed in, shouting to Pierce to stand still, and with prod and chair held the lion off while Pierce edged his way slowly to the gate and safety."

One day when Numa was not feeling well another lion was used as a stand-in for a scene in which Tarzan was to swing down from the walls of Opar, via a vine, and land beside Jad-bal-ja in the court yard of the worshippers of the Flaming God. Numa's double was Slat, a very mean and nervous animal, and even Charlie Gay was worried about what might happen if the lion was startled when Pierce landed beside it. The trainer was more concerned about the stunt than the man who was going to perform it.

"Not that I was brave," Pierce explained. "I just didn't know any better and was following the Director's orders."

Pierce took his position on the wall and with Tarzan's weapons in one hand and a firm grip on the vine with the other, he made the swing successfully and landed beside the lion without mishap, much to the relief of all concerned.

While visiting the set of another jungle film, Pierce witnessed what could happen when things went wrong in scenes involving trained animals. Jim was visiting the set of KING OF THE JUNGLE, a serial starring Elmo Lincoln, who had originally starred in TARZAN OF THE APES, nine years earlier, and the action called for a lion to leap across a pit in which a man was supposed to be trapped.

The camera was set at an angle, shooting downward, in order to picture the lion's leap and to obtain a picture of the man in the pit at the same time.

Some difficulty was encountered in getting the lion to leap the pit so the cat was placed on a metal plate and when they were ready to take the scene again a small charge of electricity was ran through the plate.

This bit of ingenuity not only bolted the animal into action but enraged him as well. The lion leaped...but straight into the pit, killing the unfortunate actor entrapped there!

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION was based on ERB's novel of the same name, with adaptation by Wm. E. Wing (who also wrote the screen play for the above-mentioned KING OF THE JUNGLE). J. P. MacGowan was the director.

Contrary to reports in various newspaper and magazine articles, Edna Murphy did not play the part of Jane! Dorothy Dunbar, who later married Max Baer, was Jane in the picture, while Miss Murphy was seen as Flora Hawks. Fred Peters impersonated Tarzan's impersonator, Esteban Miranda. The film also gave Boris Karloff, the now famous horror man, his first screen break.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION was released in 1927, and like all motion pictures about the famous jungle hero, it was a box office success. It was not, however, successful with the critics. They lambasted it mercilessly. Even Pierce was prone to agree with them when he said: "Because of poor direction, terrible story treatment and putrid acting, the opus was a 'stinkeroo'." I emerged from the stench with nothing to show for strenuous efforts, and I mean they were strenuous, except the title TARZAN. I was out of a job."



JAMES H. PIERCE AND DOROTHY DUNBAR between scenes on the set of the 1927 Tarzan epic. Miss Dunbar played Lady Jane Greystoke in the film. The "monk" is the famous Joe Martin, one of the few trained orangutans in the world.

Strangely enough, the film was one of Edgar Rice Burroughs' favorite motion pictures adapted from one of his works and Pierce was one of his favorite Tarzans. In a letter addressed to Gordan Dorrance of Philadelphia, dated December 9, 1926, Burroughs wrote: "I want to suggest that you be sure to see the new Tarzan picture, TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION, which is just being completed by F. B. O. here. I have seen some of the work during the making and also some of the rushes, and am convinced that it is going to be the greatest Tarzan picture, and possibly one of the greatest animal pictures, ever made. We have at last found a man who really is Tarzan, and whom I believe will be raised to the heights of stardom."

But the author who had predicted radar, space travel, and other scientific wonders, was wrong when he predicted Pierce's future.

"Practically broke, and with no experience in other work to fall back on," Pierce recalled, "I floundered about the studios hoping to get another acting job. Casting directors only smiled and pitied me. I was typed as Tarzan. They seemed

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to expect me to break out with a scream and start beating my chest at any moment.

"I heard about a football picture which was coming up. Gathering up my scrapbook of football clippings, I rushed over to the studio. After waiting several hours I got a chance to see the producer. With one quick flash at me, he said, 'No--No--No--Not the type. You're Tarzan. I want someone who looks as if he had played football.' He wouldn't look at my clippings or listen to anything else from me."

Pierce, wisely enough, went back to coaching football in high schools and acting "bit parts" and character roles in movies. To name a few, Jim has had featured parts in MGM's *THE KNIFE*, Columbia's *YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY*, *FOLLOW THE SUN*, and appeared as the heavy in an early version of *THE DEERSLAYER* and was King Thun of Mongo in the super serial *FLASH GORDON*, which starred another former Tarzan, Buster Crabbe.

But Jim Pierce was still not through playing Tarzan. If he thought so, he reckoned without Edgar Rice Burroughs, who knew a good *TARZAN* when he saw one. The author invited Pierce to his Tarzana home and fêted and dined him. Present was Mr. Burroughs' beautiful 18-year-old daughter, Joan, who soon came to share her father's enthusiasm for the stalwart football hero. Jim Pierce had similar ideas, making it a threesome. The result was a very splendid wedding between the "author of Tarzan's" daughter and "Tarzan" in Tarzana on August 8, 1928.

In 1932 Burroughs placed his eldest son, Hulbert, in charge of a newly formed radio division of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc.; contracted with an independent radio producer to make a series of Tarzan transcription records; arranged for Mr. and Mrs. James H. Pierce to star in the radio series as Tarzan and Jane and by 1934 "The Tarzan Radio Act" had been sold to stations in every state of the union, "produced and distributed under the personal supervision of Edgar Rice Burroughs."

"Tarzan" and His Bride



MR. AND MRS. JAMES H. PIERCE pictured here on the lawn of the Burroughs' home in Tarzana, shortly after their wedding in 1928.

Jim and Joan Pierce played radio's Tarzan and his mate for 325 episodes during 1932-34. That the "Tarzan Radio Act" was successful goes without saying, for in three weeks after one sponsor, the Signal Oil Co., started announcements concerning the *Tarzan Club* they had applications from more than 12,000 boys in the State of California alone. To become eligible for membership, applicants had to obtain a new customer for the Signal Oil Co. By December 15, 1933, Signal Oil Company's *Tarzan Club* had grown to 125,000 members, and every member was a potential salesman for Signal Oil Co. Not only was the "Tarzan Radio Act" successful but it proved to be a most profitable program for its sponsors during the toughest years of the depression.



LORDS OF THE JUNGLE--TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION.

Jim Pierce is a commercial pilot with several hundred flying hours to his credit. He interested both Hulbert and John Coleman Burroughs in aviation and they took flying lessons together. When they went to proudly display their pilots licence to their father, ERB showed them his own; not to be outdone by his sons, the author had secretly been taking lessons of his own and acquired his pilots license at the age of 58!

ERB always had a tough time remembering names. He could carry a whole Tarzan plot around in his mind without jotting down even a faint outline of the story. But the cast of characters for it had to be written down and referred to constantly. Burroughs liked to tell of the time he and the boys were out to do some flying: "We were standing out at Clover Field one day," said the author, "and an awfully nice little woman came up and spoke to me. She introduced herself...and I thought that was mighty fine of her."

"Do you fly? I asked.

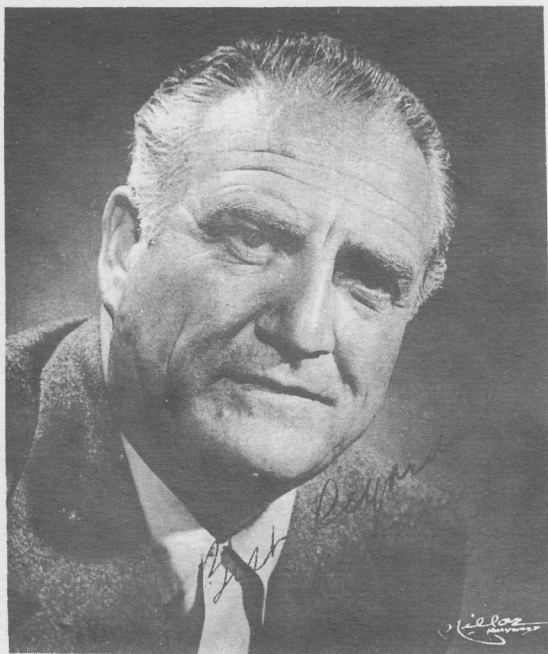
"A bit," she said.

"Her name was Ruth Elder.

"My memory's just that way."

This coming August Mr. and Mrs. James Pierce will have three anniversaries to celebrate. On August 8th the couple will celebrate their 34th wedding anniversary, and on the same date James Pierce will be 62 years of age. They have two children, Joan Burroughs Pierce II, 32, and Michael, 29, who presented his parents with a grandson who will be one year old in August.

The years have been kind to Pierce, and he has changed but little since his football and Tarzan days. Perhaps the lines of his face have deepened and his hair has a steel-grey tint, but his weight and measurements are exactly today what they were when he was All American center for Indiana University. Pierce is now a realtor but still finds time for an occasional movie role. During World War II, Jim was selected by the U. S. Government to operate one of its pilot train-schools. He often shows prospective realty purchasers various properties and ranches from the air.



Several years ago, when I visited Tarzana, I asked Mr. Pierce if he had read ERB's works.

"Yes, I'm a fan," he said. "I think Mr. Burroughs has a brilliant mind and is certainly the most popular writer of imaginative fiction in the world."

"However," he added, "I think more attention should be paid to his western stories. They are wonderful!"

And Burroughs, himself, thought Jim Pierce was a wonderful Tarzan and there are thousands of fans who think the same.



Did Burroughs Create Tarzan

By Russ Manning

What was the name of the man who invented Paul Bunyon?

Who created King Arthur?

Can anyone name the person who conceived a jolly fat man giving away gifts, gratis...and named him Santa Clause?

Did Edgar Rice Burroughs create Tarzan?

Or did Mr. Burroughs serve as the connection between a typewriter and a folk hero waiting to be born? Did mankind's collective consciousness become aware of an unbalance, an overemphasis on some one aspect of our makeup, and as it has in the past, adopt a folk hero to fulfill a deeply felt need?

In our scientific age the close affinity of man to other animals, in fact the basic animal nature of man himself, is apparent. The sub-conscious levels underlying our entire race has always been aware of our animal nature, but social-cultural aspects of our lives have at times denied and smothered complete realization of all instincts. During historical periods when spiritual-intellectual, rather than animal, qualities in man were being overemphasized, symbols of man's desire for balance were at times evident.

Animal-headed gods appeared in Ancient Egypt where the entire life of the people was based on an intellectual and spiritual preparation for a hereafter. During the medieval ages, when man's "baser" instincts were drastically over-ridden in the struggle to assert spiritual guidance to man's every effort, werewolves welled up from a deep racial realization of need. The beast-man to balance the angel-man.

Then came the machine...the industrial revolution...and mankind was subjected to another anti-instinctual unbalance. Almost immediately animal-man tried to come to the rescue. Rudyard Kipling created Mowgli. But somehow the folk hero was incomplete. Mowgli is not mankind operating at the level of animals...and Mowgli's animal friends are intellectuals, almost philosophers...not true animals. Mowgli and his friends think too much.

Then from the hands of Edgar Rice Burroughs came an animal-man, suckled at the breast of man's nearest animal kin...a man knowing nothing of machines, and needing them even less.

Tarzan...folk hero...the end result of a need that shoved itself in the Egyptian animal-headed men, gradually refined and distilled through the centuries. All credit to Mr. Burroughs, when he created Tarzan, he created him perfect... fifty years have seen no improvements. Like Mowgli, Tarzan might have come to us flawed, and the race of man caused to divide up between two blurred symbols the chore of relieving the strains of the machine age.

Did Edgar Rice Burroughs create Tarzan? If allowing a basic need of our race to flow from his fingers free of stylish vagueness and unmarred by murky philosophy...if allowing a folk hero to leap fullborn and vital, deep into the consciousness of the entire world, can be merely called creating...then Edgar Rice Burroughs created Tarzan.



Edgar Rice Burroughs . . .

TITAN! by Aurailius Bogdan

When Edgar Rice Burroughs passed into immortality, it was like the sudden extinguishing of a sun which had burst across our vision like a nova. There has never been another quite like him; and most likely there never will be.

Nevertheless, the passage of this titan across the literary firmament has left in his wake a trail of stars which will blaze as long as the human spirit thrills to the stirring call of high adventure and distant horizons. Burroughs, the man, has departed; but what he has created lives on.

That is the living monument of every great created artist of every age and realm.

Any fascinating phenomenon will inevitably invite exploration of its particular nature in the scheme of things, and the works of Burroughs are no exception; they have in them a mysterious something which is as elusive to investigation as a shimmer of moonglow.

Perhaps the two major keys to the nature and consequent effect of Burroughs' works are the quality of his imagination and language—in short, the converging interaction of WHAT he says with HOW he says it.

Burroughs' stories are tales of swift-moving action with the accent laid upon adventure. The context of this action is usually composed of the hero's efforts to conquer the various obstacles which at first place beyond his reach the woman of his choice.

This theme is generally developed around a set of circumstances involving the abduction or capture of the heroine by villainous antagonists. Homer used this same motif in his Iliad; it is a theme whose nature stresses the fact of pursuit of a given desideratum, and therefore its essence is intrinsically that of action instead of character or setting.

The various plots which Burroughs weaves around this theme are comprised of repeated patterns of action. Included amongst these patterns are flight from and pursuit of enemies, physical conflict occurring on both individual and massed scale, capture and imprisonment, narrow escapes from captivity, rescuing others from captivity, and other similarly dramatic and suspenseful patterns of swiftly transpiring action.

Up to this point, Burroughs stands upon common ground with several other writers. It is the essentially different settings against which stages his plots that define his line of departure into the realm of individuality.

Whether his backdrop be the African jungles or the inner world of Pellucidar, the distant horizons of other planets or some equally remote locale, Burroughs' settings always represent some background far removed in time and space from the reader's environment.

Several other authors have tried this type of setting without much success. Invariably, their failures are occasioned by their inability to construct some psychological bridge to span the abyssmal gulf thus created between the reader's surroundings and the backgrounds of their respective stories. Burroughs succeeded where so many others failed because he realized that that which is partially different can be fascinating, whereas that which is so completely different as to be devoid of precedent can only be meaningless. In Burroughs' works, this psychological bridge between his reader and the story's setting is that

essential humanity which the story's actors share in common with the reader.

Burroughs' settings usually depict some era of primeval human existence whose survival into a later period has occurred by means of geographical isolation; in his famed Martian novels, the background stresses a contrasting triple motif of latter day Martian civilization set into an environment which includes both the surroundings of primordial existence and the crumbling splendor of vanished civilizations. Burroughs' portrayal of background attains its zenith of splendor in these Martian novels.

His characterization is always simple and psychologically valid; the respective personalities of his stories' various actors and actresses are of such nature that they hold a mirror to the background across which they move. In effect, this process amounts to a stripping away of external camouflage to unmask the elemental human nature—for which reason Burroughs' portrayals of character are as strong as they are accurate.

In addition to all these factors, Burroughs utilizes another feature which lends a very distinguishing note to all his stories: he weaves a succession of animals into the action, using them to inject extra drama and suspense into the plot. Needless to observe, Burroughs has no equal when it comes to portraying or inventing animals!

Any survey of the nature of Burroughs' texts would be incomplete without noting the fact that his writings stand completely clear of all obscenity; Burroughs' entire appeal is to the human nature of his reader, and never to his mere animal instincts. In this respect Burroughs' writings represent a refreshing contrast to the often morbid literature of present-day authors, many of whom are seemingly obsessed with the notion that the only convincing characterization is represented by heroines who are a mixture of sewer-sludge and arsenic, and heroes whose only clothing is their so-called libido.

The second key to analysis of Burroughs' works is his matchless splendor of language.

That this style of language plays a substantial, if fractional part in the artistic effect created by his stories can be proven readily: if a closely detailed plot-synopsis of a Burroughs story were to be animated by the language of any writer other than Burroughs, the resulting effect would be both vastly different and inferior to the effect produced by that story as Burroughs wrote it.

Burroughs' style of language possesses evenness of quality which permits a detailed examination of any one of his stories to hold a mirror to the language of his remaining works.

To this end, the writer has chosen his all-time favorite from Burroughs: THE WARLORD OF MARS.

Even a cursory examination of almost any Burroughs story will reveal that he favors short paragraphs composed of but few compound sentences, rather than several short sentences.

The resultant rolling breadth of outline makes for a leisurely coverage of large territory which can never be approached by the stubby outline of today's clipped phraseology; while eminently suited to the short story, this journalistic idiom of clipped phraseology misses fire when applied to the novel.

For example, the approximately 55,800 words of THE WARLORD OF MARS are grouped into a succession

of 1,318 paragraphs. This fixes the length of the average Burroughs paragraph at about 42 words—eight words less than the usual 50 word limit of the newspaper paragraph. It is with relative rarity that Burroughs deviates either over or under this paragraph-norm by any margin much in excess of ten-fifteen words.

Often, a single long, multiphrased sentence comprises the entire paragraph; almost as often, two such sentences comprise the whole paragraph. But rarely is the average Burroughs paragraph comprised of much more than two sentences.

By building short paragraphs, as we remarked before, from a few, long sentences, Burroughs achieves a rolling breadth of outline, whose enveloping effect integrates an entire paragraph into massive unity—a device which generates an illusion of tridimensional depth.

The resulting simplicity of outline makes for an ease of reading which permits the full impression of the text to reach the consciousness of the reader without first having to be filtered through the maze of fragmented word-patterns.

Dispersed throughout these 1,318 paragraphs of THE WARLORD OF MARS are 440 short, simple sentences which consist of little more than subject and predicate. This fixes the average occurrence of these short sentences at about every third paragraph (or, after about every 126 words.)

These short sentences very rarely comprise an entire paragraph by themselves. Generally occurring as attachments to the longer sentences of the same paragraph, these short sentences appear both singly and consecutively in pairs with about equal frequency, and are usually placed at either end of the paragraph. Their general position in the paragraph indicates their use as paragraph leads or summations, which usually accent the most important element of that paragraph.

The contrast of these short sentences, overprinted in fairly regular dispersion across the territorial extent of the longer sentences, serves to accent the latter's breadth of outline; this device of overprinting also achieves a second important effect, one which could best be compared to the multitude of whitecaps which throng—but do not obscure—the surface of a choppy sea. Structurally speaking, the resulting psychological impression is one of tapestried richness.

Before proceeding any further, we must clearly emphasize the fact that all the foregoing and impending observations pertain only to the mainstream of Burroughs' style of language; all these various devices crystallize themselves into patterns by virtue of constant repetition. Burroughs offsets this pattern by means of contrasts which break into the pattern; when he wishes to portray a particularly exciting turn of events, he doesn't abstain from momentarily erupting into a consecutive succession of short sentences which, under circumstances as such, will collectively aggregate a paragraph; the effect of this sudden contrast is volcanic.

Conversely, when Burroughs wishes to build up a specially gorgeous effect, he will paragraph a single, multiphrase sentence to a length far in excess of 42 words; the effect of this swift-riding chain of several short phrases linked together into a long train is, again, like the whitecaps which enrich but do not obscure the expanse of a choppy sea. The opening paragraph of the first chapter of THE WARLORD OF MARS represents the utilization of just such a device; it is about as gorgeous as anything which has ever been written in our language.

Backtracking from our little digression, we find that Burroughs' pattern of punctuation serves as intrinsic a purpose in his style of language as does his pattern of wording.

Aside from periods, his punctuation runs mostly to commas, the frequency of these commas being limited to that absolute minimum less than which

would render incoherent the intended gist of the text; in this matter, he was far ahead of his time.

Burroughs' strategic employment of the semi-colon is sheer mastery. Throughout the entire length of THE WARLORD OF MARS, he employed the semi-colon in only 196 instances—which means that his semi-colons are separated by an average of about 284 words, or nearly seven paragraphs.

These semi-colons are employed in only such places where (a) the text following the semi-colon is in the nature of an after-thought or appendix whose addition rounds into completion the sense of that portion of the text which preceded the semi-colon; (b) in almost every instance, the first word following the semi-colon (either because of its semantic character or its position in the context) is of such nature that it could not be used as the starting word of a sentence. In short, it requires the context of that which preceded the semi-colon to explain the bridging sense wherein the first word following the semi-colon is employed.

Of the 196 occurrences of the semi-colon in THE WARLORD OF MARS, 80 of them are followed by the word "but"; in 52 of these instances the first word following is an "and"; the remaining 64 miscellaneous instances are collectively comprised of 8 uses of "nor", 8 uses of "for", 5 uses of "so", 4 uses of "then", 3 uses of "there", 3 uses of "that", 3 uses of "yet", 2 uses of "it", 2 uses of "as", 2 uses of "here", 2 uses of "after", and a single use of each of the following: "or", "of", "my", "instead", "deep", "their", "above", "no", "had", "counting", "see", "in", "piling", "deafening", "whom", and "his".

Other similar words which Burroughs could also have employed, but didn't, include such words as "however", "also", "nevertheless", "its", (possessive) "therefore", "anyhow", "at", "because", "consequently", "her", (possessive) "neither", and "either"; however, Burroughs obtained a sufficient variety within the choice of words he did employ.

Yet another intrinsic feature of Burroughs' language is his choice of words, as considered from their phonetic structure. This factor adds immeasurably in producing that leisurely richness and deep luxuriance so typical of Burroughs' language; it likewise generates the flowing smoothness of his language.

Whenever the vocabulary of our language affords a choice of more than one word to represent the same meaning, Burroughs will usually select the phonetically soft, rounded word, in preference to the phonetically hard, angular word; in short, he generally excludes such words whose sharp-cornered phonetic structure wouldn't permit them to roll like a wheel.

In specific terms, this means that Burroughs' choice usually falls upon the word whose phonetic structure is dominated by either the foamy softness and fluency of the word-sounds or, at least, by the almost equal softness of the least angular among the consonant-sounds. He tends to avoid such words whose phonetic structure exhibits the sharp corners of the harder consonant-sounds.

For example, Burroughs' choice of words would generally use "commence" instead of "start", "slash" instead of "cut", "finish" instead of "conclude", "allow" instead of "permit", "hit" instead of "struck", "despondent" instead of "dejected", "burnished" instead of "brilliant", "slay" instead of "kill", "shining" instead of "glittering", "also" instead of "likewise", "agree" instead of "concur", "succor" instead of "aid", "immense" instead of "great", et al.

The succession of such phonetically soft, fluffy words cumulatively generates a marvelously deep, veiling effect of misty richness which cloaks—but does not obscure—the sense of the word within an exciting aura of mystery; it transfigures the context of any passage with a soft,

(continued on page 28)

The City of Unseen Eyes

by John Harwood



"Opar, the enchanted city of a dead and forgotten past, the city of the beauties and the beasts. City of horrors and death; but city of fabulous riches."

So muses Tarzan of the Apes on the occasion of his first escape from the ancient city of the Atlantean colonists.

All the followers of Tarzan's adventures in little-known Africa remember the ventures of the ape-man into this stronghold of the last survivors of one-time Atlantis. In all, there are four of the books dealing with the contest between Tarzan and the inhabitants of Opar, especially his friendship with La, High Priestess of the Flaming God. It's probably unnecessary to remind the readers that the four titles are:

THE RETURN OF TARZAN
TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR
TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION
TARZAN THE INVINCIBLE

What do we know about the history and the location of this abode of evil? Mr. Burroughs was very vague about either of these two subjects. True, La does tell Tarzan something of the history of the city, but only enough to whet the readers' interest for more facts. It's in telling of the location that the author really got close-mouthed about the whole thing. Maybe it wasn't his fault. Tarzan doesn't believe in conferring the benefits (?) of civilization on any of the remote communities he visits, so most likely he didn't go into detail when he told of his adventures. He may have just given a general idea of the site of Opar when he was telling the stories.

If we bring together a few of the facts collected from the various books in which they are scattered perhaps we can draw a clearer picture of the origins and whereabouts of this settlement.

First, how did Opar originate and why did it finally become a city of ruined buildings and degenerate humans? (Not that the women could be classed as degenerates) According to La, Opar was only one of a number of cities which made up the colony established by Atlantis in Central Africa ten thousand years ago. Ten thousand years ago, or 8000 B.C. takes us back to the time when Man in Europe was just beginning to live in communities. This means that the inhabitants of Atlantis must have been highly civilized; living in cities when the people of Europe were still in the Stone Age of development. As the colony in Central Africa was a mining center for gold, diamonds and other jewels, the people of the mother country must have reached the stage where the use of these valuable objects for purposes of decoration was recognized. Not only did they use the precious metal and jewels for ornamentation, but the descriptions the author gave of some of these objects proves that they possessed highly skilled goldsmiths. Even the galleys which they used to transport the wealthy from Atlantis were bedecked with the noble metal.

The mines in the vicinity of Opar were very productive as is proven by the fact that Tarzan's first two raids on the gold vaults didn't make

an impression on the amount of the ingots stacked in the treasure chamber. When he first discovered the gold he thought that the ingots must be of some baser metal because there were so many thousand pounds of the stuff. Each of the ingots weighed about forty pounds and each time the vaults were raided, a hundred ingots were removed. The first two times Tarzan had each of fifty Waziri carry away two ingots apiece. The last time, the gold was removed by the party headed by Flora Hawkes. This party also had the precious metal carried by fifty blacks, each of whom was burdened with two ingots. Three raids which resulted in the acquisition of one hundred ingots each time or three hundred in all made up the grand total of twelve thousand pounds of gold removed from Opar without the knowledge of its inhabitants. What would be the value of this treasure? At the present time gold is held at \$35 an ounce. Before 1934 the value was \$20.67 per ounce. It will take a little figuring to find the value because of the fact that the \$20.67 is applied to the troy ounce and the weight of the bars from Opar is most likely given in avoirdupois pounds. As both ounces and pounds are different in the two scales, we'll have to go back to grains which are the same for gold or feathers. The Troy ounce is equal to 480 grains and the Avoirdupois pound contains 7,000 grains. By dividing the 480 grains into 7,000, we get the equation:

1 Avoirdupois Pound - 14.5833 Troy Ounces
14.5833 x \$20.67 = \$301.4368 per pound
\$301.4368 x 12,000 pounds = \$3,617,241.60

This means that \$3,617,241.60 (to go into detail) was removed from Opar in three trips and still there was no appreciable reduction in the amount of gold in the chamber. Thus, Tarzan gets well over a million dollars for each visit he pays to this city of horrors.

What does Tarzan do with all this wealth? We may well believe that much of it goes for taxes and the rest for living expenses and investments. He makes his second raid because of the fact that he lost most of his fortune through bad investments. During World War I Tarzan contributed most of his money to the cause of the Allies and the building up of his ruined estate after the war took about all that was left. After he obtained the gold which Flora Hawkes' party looted plus the diamonds from the Palace of Diamonds which he recovered from Esteban Miranda, Tarzan had no need of any more treasure.

What do we know about the life of the inhabitants during the time when Atlantis was still in touch with her African colonies? We know that the rich Atlanteans only spent a few months of the year in Opar and the other cities and then returned to their homeland during the rainy season. During this period the only persons left in the various cities were the inhabitants who were connected with the working of the mines. The mine superintendents had to see to it that the slaves were kept producing the gold and jewels for shipment to Atlantis. The merchants had to provide the necessities of life. The soldiers had to guard the cities and mines against the enemies of the Empire and also to keep the slaves in order. Possibly there were some of the priests and priestesses who had to provide the religious influence for all those who remain behind to keep things running. Finally there were the slaves who had to do all the hard work of the city.

The religion was the horrible one of human sacrifice to the Flaming God. As is so often the case in early times the Atlanteans were Sun worshippers. Theirs was a religion of blood-stained altars and struggling human victims. The first objects of sacrifice were probably slaves who had displeased their masters and were punished as an

object lesson to the other slaves to follow the rules laid down by their owners. Originally, the disobedient slave was punished by his master with death or some milder form of discipline. Then, as the priests needed more and more victims, the slaves were taken from their masters as they were about to be tortured or killed and sacrificed to the Flaming God. This would account for the fact that the priestesses rescue the victim just as he thinks he is about to die beneath the bludgeons of the menacing horde. The priestess taking the intended victim from the killers most likely is symbolic of the priesthood using a condemned slave as an offering to the Sun. As the centuries pass this practice continues, but without meaning to the present creatures of Opar.

The galleys in which the Atlanteans travelled to and from the colonies give an indication of their skill at ship building and navigation. After the mother country disappeared under the waves of the Atlantic and the expected thousands of upper class members of society did not return for their annual visit, a large galley was sent out to find what had happened. They sailed about for many months without finding a trace of the home continent. For a galley to sail around the Atlantic for months means that the vessel would have to be large enough to contain an enormous amount of supplies. That also means a large crew to sail it.

The use of locks and keys reveals in another way how highly civilized they were when our ancestors were just beginning to band together. The locks and keys also means doors which tells us that they must have known the principle of the hinge. Most of the doors in Opar were of wooden construction and equipped with wooden hinges, but Tarzan has also encountered doors made of iron bars, such as the door used to separate La from the lion which was kept in the same cell with her. This event takes place in *TARZAN THE INVINCIBLE* when the ape-man discovers that the High Priestess of the Flaming God is once again in trouble with her people. As the creatures of Opar have no mechanical knowledge, they can use only those locks that have not been ruined by time and ignorance. Therefore, most of the doors are fastened with bars. While these may be as old as the locks, they are not as likely to get out of order. In his adventures in the pits of Opar, Tarzan has come across two distinct methods of barring the doors of the cells. First, there is the type of bar that holds the door closed when it is slid across the portal. The second kind of bar is the one that is hinged at one end and has to be lifted out of a socket at the other end.

The ruins of Opar are an impressive sight to those who see them now. What must they have looked like when the city was a power to be reckoned with? Think of all the labor that must have gone into the building of all those massive edifices. The foundation walls of some of the larger structures were fifteen feet in thickness. All the buildings were made up of blocks of granite of various sizes. Beneath the surface of the ground these blocks were left in a rough state, but above the ground they were very smooth. Perhaps when they were first installed they were polished. At present, they still present a smooth surface. The walls of the temple (the only building whose interior we have "seen") are carved with strange figures of men and beasts. Would these beasts be of the kind now found in this part of Africa or would the colonists from Atlantis have been familiar with animals which are now extinct? 8,000 B.C. would take us back before the time of known history and who knows just what type of life was roaming around Opar in those days. The carvings of birds surmounting the pillars on either side of the great entrance to the temple are described

as "grotesque". Would this be the result of primitive artistry of the times or would the sculptor have been faithful to his art and given us a likeness of some prehistoric type of flying creature?

Did the original inhabitants of Opar use two kinds of granite in the construction of the city or did they use some of their treasure of gold to gild the buildings? On at least three occasions ERB described the city as it lies in the distance. Once he told us: "And on the far side of the valley lay what appeared to be a mighty city, its great walls, its lofty spires, its turrets, minarets, and domes showing red and yellow in the sunlight." Again: "At the edge of the desolate valley, overlooking the golden domes and minarets of Opar, Tarzan halted." Finally: "In the bright light of the African sun, domes and minarets shone red and gold above the city." We know that granite can be red, pink, grey, black and sometimes green. But is it ever yellow? The author never told us that the buildings were decorated with gold, so we are left guessing.



The shaggy, knotted, hideous little men seized him

Albert Werper is captured by the beast-men of Opar in a scene from "Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar" as visualized by J. Allen St. John.

Much of Opar is of a subterranean nature. Beneath the city are miles of dark corridors and hundreds of rooms, cells and chambers of various kinds. How many levels of these passageways exist we have no means of knowing. We do know that there is the level just below the sacrificial court, the entrance to which is located just behind the altar. The corridor which leads to the treasure vault of the long-dead Atlantean colonists is twenty feet lower than this upper passage. Then still further down is the level of the missing jewel room of Opar. When Tarzan plunged down the shaft to the bottom of the well, how far did he fall? Would this have been another twenty feet or would he have passed other levels in his descent? If each level is twenty feet below the next higher level then the corridors on the level of the treasure vault must be about forty feet below the ground. If the jewel room is only twenty feet lower than this we have three levels, if it

is more, then we have who knows how many levels of passageways beneath the city. Perhaps there are still more levels under the jewel room. Would it be possible, if this were so, that these deeper tunnels might be inhabited by descendants of the original Oparians who escaped destruction when the ancestors of the present denizens of the ruins of the once beautiful fortress of Opar overthrew the human dwellers of the city?

In the Burroughs Bulletin #3 there appeared an article by Maurice B. Gardner entitled "The Burroughs Fascination." Mr. Gardner wondered why ERB hadn't written a novel featuring La of Opar. If La leaves Opar and goes into the jungle she is in Tarzan's territory and the book should be one of the Tarzan series. To have La featured in a book without the ape-man she should stay within the limits of the city. In this case she might accidentally discover some hidden way into the levels far below the jewel room. Here she could have adventures with the lost race of Atlanteans who survived to this day. This might have been interesting, not only because of La's adventures, but also to have found out how Mr. Burroughs might have handled the effects of Nature on a race of people who hadn't seen the sun for thousands of years. What would they do for food in a place where there is no animal or vegetable life? What would they do for light in a place where the sun never shines? Would they live an animal life in the dark or would they have developed into a highly civilized race through scientific means? Would they have a knowledge of the city far above them or would they have forgotten their history and lost all memory of the possibility of living a life above ground. This might have led to a new series with La of Opar as the leading character. Now we'll never know what might have happened.

This is getting a long way from being a discussion of Opar. Now to get back to the subject. One of the interesting things about a description of Opar is the immense walls which surround it. These walls are fifty feet high and are very thick. How thick, we don't know. In the entire length of the wall there is only a single opening which is very narrow, being only twenty inches in width. This shows us something of the nature of the colonists. They must have come into the country expecting trouble. With walls this thick and towering above the surrounding plain, the fortress of Opar must have been a tough nut to crack. Imagine that you are a native warrior in the army of one of the chiefs whose people have been stolen and made to work as slaves in the mines of these foreign tyrants. To get to the headquarters of the enemy you have to climb up a steep escarpment with all of your equipment. When you get part way to the top you find yourself dodging rocks and boulders cast from above by the soldiers of the enemy and as you approach nearer to your goal you find yourself under a hail of spears and arrows. Being more powerful in numbers, you slowly drive the defenders mile by mile back across the long valley in which the fortress is located until they are at last fighting under the very walls which they tried to keep you from approaching. The chief notices that the soldiers are trying to enter into a very narrow opening in the wall. He sees that only one at a time can enter so he orders a charge, intending to massacre the handful left outside. Within fifty feet of the aperture the front ranks are cut down by a rain of spears and arrows delivered by more of the city's defenders who are manning the crest of the outer wall. Your commander orders a withdrawal. After dark you try again and succeed in reaching the cleft through the wall. Before any of your party can enter a few fall, transfixed by spears, but several dozen arrows clear the way for you. Inside all is darkness and you have

to grope your way along. The enemy apparently knows the inside of this Stygian tunnel like the palm of his hand because every time you feel your way around a turn in the passageway you run into a cloud of arrows which cut down your numbers until at long last you debouch into the court between the inner wall and the outer wall. Here you run into more misfortune. From the top of the inner wall the soldiers have flung down combustibles to light the slaughter pen in which you find yourself trapped. Caught between the volleys of arrows and spears from the battlements of the two walls, the chief finally calls the order for the retreat. You end up with only a remnant of your once overpowering force and have accomplished nothing decisive in your encounter with the captors of many of your friends who now labor in the mines of Opar.

What happened to all the other cities in this African empire of the motherland? As La tells Tarzan, after the disappearance of Atlantis the colony started to disintegrate. We don't know just how long afterwards it happened but the natives gradually lost their fear of their conquerors and rose up against them and as the years rolled by, first one city and then another fell to the black tide of vengeance which swept over the lands once ruled from the continent which now lies beneath the waters of the Atlantic. As the centuries passed over the Dark Continent only Opar remained unconquered by the natives and was still inhabited by the descendants of the early colonists. But, such descendants!

Could this history of the African empire of Atlantis hold the solution to the mystery of the ruins at Zimbabwe? As some of you probably know, the men of science are divided into two schools of thought regarding the origin of these ruins in Northern Rhodesia. One group of scientists believe that these buildings were of ancient beginnings while the other group claim that this is not so, but that they were built by a Negro civilization. Couldn't it be possible that when the natives revolted against their former masters they occupied some of the cities that they didn't utterly destroy? This would explain the objects of native culture found among the ruined buildings of this mysterious place.

So much for the history of this city of horrors. What about the people? As we know, there is a world of difference between the male and female dwellers of the ancient ruins. The males are about as ugly a set of characters as we wouldn't like to meet in our dreams. As for the females; that's the time we'd hate to hear the alarm start ringing right in the middle of our dreams.

The priests and warriors of Opar, while having white skins, are very ape-like in appearance. They are very short and seem even shorter due to the fact that they carry themselves bent over. As they have no barbers in Opar, their long, thick matted hair falls low over their receding brows and hangs in filthy masses about their shoulders and backs. Long, dirty beards hang low, mingling with the foul coat on their chests. The rest of their bodies, including their arms and legs, are scantily covered with hair. Short, crooked legs are an indication of their simian ancestry as are their long muscular arms. Only in the worst of nightmares would it be possible to find such hideous faces with their close-set, evil eyes peering through fetid locks and bared, yellow fangs. These depraved creatures of the ghost of a once beautiful city speak with the tongue of the great apes who are their moral superiors. Only in the course of their religious rites do they use the language of Atlantis and even this they have degraded into a corrupt version of the original speech.

Loin cloths of lion or leopard skin are their only garment and for ornamentation they wear necklaces of the claws of the same beasts that furnished the skins for their wearing apparel. Their arms and legs are adorned with circlets of virgin gold.

For weapons, they carry long knives and heavy, knotted bludgeons. These last they use either as clubs or as throwing missiles. When Tarzan was asking about Opar from the Waziri, Busuli told him that when his father was a young man some of the tribe discovered the city and had a skirmish with the inhabitants who, at that time, were equipped with bows and arrows and spears. Years later they had no knowledge of such armament. Not only had they forgotten the use of these weapons in the comparatively short time between the visits of the Waziri, but they have become very furtive. On the first trip to Opar, the Waziri were hard pressed when the beast-men rushed from the city to the attack. The next time they went, under the leadership of Tarzan, they didn't even see the inhabitants. When Tarzan was exploring the ruins he saw no signs of anyone, but he could sense the fact that there were vague movements in the deep shadows of the place and he had the impression that he was being observed by many unseen eyes. So vague were these movements, that when the ape-man looked directly toward the place where he had thought someone was lurking, he could see absolutely nothing but the darkness of the shadowy opening into a corridor or a gaping doorway of some mysterious chamber. Instead of rushing out to defend their lair, they had been reduced to the practice of trying to scare away their enemies by uttering weird, unearthly screams. Then if this failed they overpowered their adversaries by sheer weight of numbers.

In direct contrast to the priests and warriors of the ruins, the women were slender, shapely, smooth skinned and very often were beautiful. They had long, black hair and large, soft black eyes and seemed to be much more intelligent than the males. Like the members of the opposite sex they wore the skins of animals caught about the waist with belts of rawhide or chains of gold. In addition to these skins, they wore head-gear and breast plates of pure gold.

La, High Priestess of the Flaming God, like the lesser priestesses, was very beautiful. Being descended from a princess of Atlantis, her color differed from the other females. Her head was crowned with an abundance of wavy hair which sparkled with golden bronze lights when touched by the fingers of the Flaming God. Like the eyes of Tarzan, whom she loved, the eyes of La of Opar were grey.

How is it possible that the two sexes of a single race can be so dissimilar? What could bring about such a contrast between the males and the females of Opar?

La has told Tarzan at various times a little of the history of Opar and among the bits of information she has given to him are a few hints



"I am crying for joy," La said, "—joy that perhaps I shall be with you for a long time."

A scene from "Tarzan the Invincible" by artist Frank Hoban.

regarding the reason for the difference between the beauties and the beasts of Opar. In the old days when Opar was a flourishing colonial city of the mystery continent of the Atlantic, the only women in the city were the priestesses of the Temple of the Flaming God. As such, they were allowed no freedom from their duties and with no other women in the city the men had to turn elsewhere. Probably some of them turned to the native women and produced half-breeds. Years later some of these mated with the female apes with the result that after long ages hybrids began to appear. All those men who were found guilty of such unnatural acts were banished from the city. What became of their offspring isn't known. Perhaps they were destroyed or possibly they went with their fathers into exile. These banished men may have formed settlements in the wilderness and carried on with their biological experiments. After the great catastrophe which submerged the motherland and the rising of the native tribes, the regulations may have been relaxed and this sort of thing may have become commonplace. Possibly there was a truce between the Oparians and the half-men from the settlements and the change gradually extended to everyone. Another possibility might be a war between the human occupants of the city and the sub-human creatures of the surrounding countryside. The war could result in the beast-men taking over and either destroying the humans or banishing them forever from Opar. If the human inhabitants had looked far enough ahead and realized that they might possibly be on the losing side they might have started excavating an underground retreat where they could go to escape their bestial conquerors. They might still be living in a forgotten world of their own as I mentioned a few paragraphs back.

In the case that they might have been driven out of the city, isn't it possible that they might have wandered for generations across the face of Africa, settling here for a while, moving on again to better lands until finally they reached the northern part of the Dark Continent? Here, after centuries of roaming, they might have developed into the earliest ancestors of the ancient Egyptians. One thing both the Oparians and the Egyptians had in common was their worship of the Sun as a god.

Now we come to the hard part of this article. Can we compile enough facts to discover the exact location of Opar? The answer, according to the few facts I've gathered together, is "No." About the only hints we have as to the locale of the city of unseen eyes are as follows:

1. Location of Tarzan's cabin
2. Location of the Waziri country
3. Direction of Opar from the Waziri country
4. Travel time from the Waziri country
5. Location of Tarzan's African estate
6. Direction of Opar from Tarzan's estate
7. Travel time from Tarzan's estate
8. Travel time of Tarzan and the Waziri

Most of these facts are fairly easy to work out. This should make our work easy. That's what you think. While the first seven facts can be discovered from a study of the Tarzan series, it's the last item in the list that sets up the problem. Let's take these facts in order.

1. Location of Tarzan's cabin

In *TARZAN OF THE APES* Jane Porter mentions in her letter on page 236 (of the book, not the letter) that the cabin is on the "West Coast of Africa, about 10 degrees South Latitude. (So Mr. Clayton says.)" If we look at the map we find that this part of Africa is within the boundaries of Angola, which is Portuguese territory. If this

is so, then the French cruiser couldn't have landed men on the shores of the colony of a foreign power. Thus the cabin must have been located further north somewhere between the Equator and the southern boundary of French Equatorial Africa.

2. Location of the Waziri country

When Tarzan is tossed overboard by Rokoff in THE RETURN OF TARZAN, he lands near his cabin. He goes to the cannibal village to get weapons, but it is deserted. Following a stream which flows from the southeast, he comes to the country of the Waziri after four days of travel. How fast he travels we have no way of telling except that as he goes his way he hunts for food so we know that this wasn't a hurried journey.

3. Direction of Opar from the Waziri country

When Tarzan asked Busuli where he obtained the gold ornaments, the Waziri pointed to the southeast. Waziri, the chief, explained that they started on the first trip to Opar by following the river which ran from the southeast to its source high in a mountain range. Crossing over the summit, the party discovered another stream descending the opposite side of the mountain which they followed down until it entered a great forest. They travelled along the banks of the river until it emptied into a greater river. This river they traced to its source near the summit of still another mountain range. On the other side of this mountain lay the valley containing the ruined city of the ancient Atlanteans. There must have been a change in direction when the Waziri started following the third river because the two rivers couldn't have met head on. We can assume that the first river which flowed past the Waziri village (and also past the cannibal village of Tarzan's childhood) came from the mountain range marking the boundary of the Waziri country in a general southeasterly direction without making too many deviations. The second river could have run to the southeast until it merged with the third river. For the second river to flow into the other river in a southeasterly direction then the third river must be travelling to the east or south or some direction between these two. It's possible there might be a big bend in one of the rivers before they joined because Tarzan looks back across the valley they had just crossed and saw the mountains marking the boundary of the Waziri country.

4. Travel time from the Waziri country

When the Waziri made their first trip to Opar, they took thirty days to get there. It took them ten days to travel from their village to the source of their river. Then crossing the valley on the other side of the mountain range took another twenty days. With Tarzan leading them they made the next visit in twenty-five days. Possibly Tarzan inspired them to greater effort or on the other hand they knew where they were going on this second journey.

5. Location of Tarzan's African estate

In TARZAN THE UNTAMED when the Germans came in sight of Tarzan's estate, one of them mentioned the fact that there was only one farm in that part of British East Africa and that belonged to Lord Greystoke. In the same book Tarzan is mentioned as being far to the east hurrying home from Nairobi. When Tarzan started off for Opar on his second raid on the treasure vaults he started toward the southeast. (This takes place in TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR) If he went to the southeast then this would put his estate in the Waziri country. We doubt this however, because of a passage further along in the book. When Al-

bert Werper was thinking of escaping from the camp of Achmet Zek he realized that only one direction of escape was open to him. On page 175 you will find this passage:

"The second reason was based upon the fact that only one direction of escape was safely open to him. He could not travel to the west because of the Belgian possessions which lay between him and the Atlantic. The south was closed to him by the feared presence of the savage ape-man he had robbed. To the north lay the friends and allies of Achmet Zek. Only toward the east, through British East Africa, lay reasonable assurance of freedom." At this point in the story the camp of the Arab raider is supposed to be located north of Tarzan's estate.

6. Direction of Opar from Tarzan's estate

When Tarzan wanted to replenish his war-diminished fortune in TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION, he travelled toward the southwest on his expedition to Opar.

7. Travel time from Tarzan's estate

Opar is supposed to lay a good twenty-five days trek from the estate but with picked men Tarzan expected to make the trip in twenty-one days.

8. Travel time of Tarzan and the Waziri

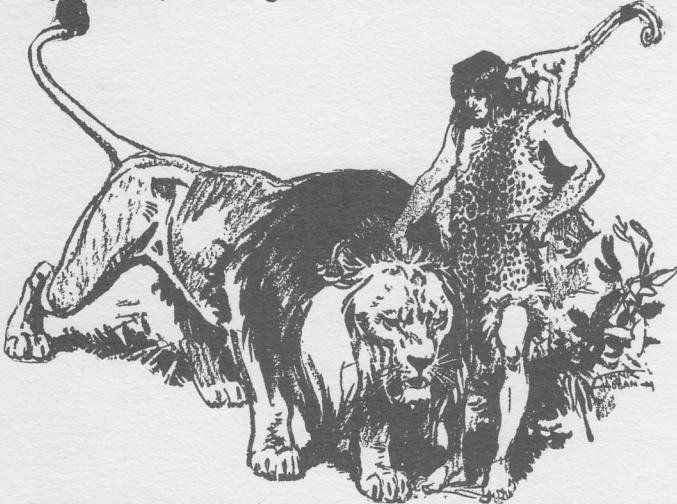
Whenever Tarzan went to Opar with the Waziri, the distance travelled is mentioned, not in miles, but in the number of days it took to get there. How many miles can the Waziri march in a day? This is one of the times that ERB was reluctant to give out any definite information about the exact location of Opar. He told us the directions and the number of days travelled but he was silent when it came to giving us any facts that would enable us to translate the time in days into the distance in miles. In TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION the author did mention the fact that the expedition was limited to the speed of the slowest member of the party. Also mentioned was the fact that if he had been alone, Tarzan could have travelled two or three times faster.

Well! There are the facts. How are we going to get any further along the road to Opar. (There is a title for another "Road" picture with Hope and Crosby) Maybe we can figure some way.

According to Martin Johnson, in CAMERA TRAILS IN AFRICA, the Government of British East Africa has rules regulating the treatment of the native bearers by the white men who hire them. These bearers are not supposed to carry more than sixty pounds and may not be forced to travel more than fifteen miles a day. The Waziri of Tarzan are depicted as being superior to most of the natives of Africa. As such, they could most likely travel further than other natives. Of course, the other natives may be able to travel more than fifteen miles a day or there wouldn't be any laws forbidding the white men to force them to do so. Say, for instance, that these natives could go twenty-five miles a day. Then the Waziri could go even further than this, maybe thirty miles or more. This would be with sixty pound packs. When the Waziri travel with Tarzan they live off the country so that they don't need the packs. This would allow them to add a few more miles to the distance covered in a day. All this is only guesswork and is not to be taken as the amount of territory that the Waziri can leave behind them in a day's time.

Let's see if we can find anything in the Tarzan books about the speed of Tarzan. Here's something! When Bertha Kircher slugs Tarzan in TARZAN THE

UNTAMED, she starts for the town of Wilhelmstal which is thirty miles away. When Tarzan comes to, he figures that it should take her about two days to get to her destination, but then he hears a train stop in the distance and then start off again. He knows the girl has taken the train when he follows her trail to the tracks. It must have been around noontime when he starts after her and he arrives in town after dark. So he must have covered the thirty miles in half a day. This makes it sixty miles a day that the ape-man can travel. He was in a hurry when he tried to overtake the girl so if we want to find out the speed of the Waziri we will have to divide the sixty by three (Tarzan goes two or three times faster



than the Waziri), which leaves us with twenty. Surely the Waziri can go more than twenty miles a day, especially when they travel light. Let's try it anyway. At twenty miles a day, they would be able to travel five hundred miles in twenty-five days from the Waziri country and four hundred and twenty miles from Tarzan's estate. First, we'll have to find out the location of the Waziri country to give us a start. This is four days travel from the cabin. I think we agreed a while back that the ape-man's journey to the Waziri country wasn't a hurried one. If it were only twice the speed of the natives, he travelled about forty miles a day or one hundred and sixty miles in from the coast in a southeasterly direction. This means that the Waziri country is in either French Equatorial Africa or Angola. All this depends on the location of the cabin. If it is near the Equator, the Waziri country is in French Equatorial Africa. If the cabin is near the southern border of the French territory the Waziri country is in Angola. It's also possible for them to live in the Belgian Congo if the cabin is located a little further north. I think we can eliminate French Equatorial Africa and the Belgian Congo because in THE RETURN OF TARZAN, the slave raiders headed to the north. Or, in the words of ERB: "Toward the north they marched, back toward their savage settlement in the wild and unknown country which lies back from the Kongo in the uttermost depths of The Great Forest." To reach the Kongo from French Equatorial Africa they would have to go either east or south. Thus, the Waziri country must be in Angola. There is only a narrow portion of the Congo near the coast and the Waziri didn't live too near the great river. Remember how they escorted the remnants of the raiding party on a week's journey to the boundary of their country. Five hundred miles southeast of here would be about the middle of Angola. Four hundred and twenty miles southwest of Tarzan's estate far to the west of Nairobi in British East Africa (now Kenya) is in German East Africa (now Tanganyika). These two points are about nine hundred miles apart. This would be a great deal of territory to cover if you wanted to find Opar.

If, instead of measuring the distances in miles, you draw a line from the Waziri country southeast and another line from Tarzan's estate southwest, the intersection of the lines would be in Northern Rhodesia. This seems likely because of the fact that this is the general location of the ruins of Zimbabwe which might have been a sister city of Opar in the colonial African Empire of the long-dead continent of Atlantis.

This may be a great disappointment to many of you who read this expecting to find the exact location of the treasure city of Central Africa. You are civilized and would, perhaps, like to confer the benefits of civilization on the inhabitants of the ruins, but I think that Tarzan would be just as well pleased if civilized man never discovers the city. The ape-man knows both humanity and the beasts of the jungle and all the Burroughs fans know which he prefers. So if you would know more about Opar don't try to get there, just hope that we can follow Tarzan on another of his adventures to this city of unseen eyes. Or a story dealing with La of Opar. Maybe someone will be able to continue with the series.

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LINES FROM "THE VOYAGE OF ITHOBAL" BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

Ithobal, pushing o'er the main,
Reacheth a shore with stress and pain;
Strange men and birds and beasts hath seen,
And winneth where no man had been.

That night, as many nights before, we sate
Girt by a fence of thorns, in light robes wrapt,
The camp-fires brightly burning, flinging sparks
Into the murk, and lighting trees and tents,
While the wide river and the meeting sea
Made us a sleep-song. Other voices too
The lonely Libyan night hath; creatures wild,
That hate the sun, make by the moon and stars
Their hunting time. You heard the river-horse
Splash in the reeds; the owl hoot from his branch;
The grey fox bark; the earth-bear whine and sniff;
The apes,—four-handed people of the wood—
Fretfully chatter; then the spotted dog
Utter his devilish laugh, the lynx scream,
Till near at hand the lion, lord of beasts,
Lays muzzle on the ground, and roars a peal
Of Angry thunder, rolling round the hills,
Hushing the frightened wilderness. Far off,
His neighbour lions catch the thunder up,
And with fierce answers shake the shuddering
ground.

As so we lay with those rough voices ringed,
The watch-fires gleaming back from the green eyes
That showed and shone and vanished, Nesta raised
Her eyelids from what seemed a dream, and
asked:—

"Know'st thou, my Master! what the lions say?
They have been kings: they are kings to-night;
All this is theirs; the river and its reeds,
The hills, the thickets, and the roaming game,
The village people and their lives—all's theirs,
And this dark world must listen when they speak,
Will listen many an age. Yet it is spite
Makes them to roar so bitter; centuries pass
Like moons at last and after centuries
The lions know that down this stream will come
A white man bringing to the darkness dawn
As doth the morning star; opening the gates
Which shut my people in, til good times hap,
When cattle-bells, and drums, and festal songs
Of peaceful people, dwelling happily,
Shall be the desert's voice both day and night:
The lions know and roar their hate of it.
Hark! Ist-a-la-ni! Ist-a-la-ni! cries
The Marsh Hen: knowing what will come at last;
And wolves snarl—dreaming of 'the Stone-
Breaker.'""

*Relative name of Sir H. M. Stanley.

The Tail of JAD-BAL-JA

by William Gilmore



"The boy is certainly growing," said Tarzan of the Apes.

"Yes," agreed Korak, proudly. "Mother and Meriam surely won't know him when they return."

"Definitely not," laughed Tarzan; "seeing that they have been in London for the entirety of the last three weeks."

Korak joined in the laughter as father and son continued to observe the movements of the subject of their conversation—a small boy who played diligently upon the well-groomed lawn which fronted the wide veranda of the ape-man's rambling bungalow. Khaki-clad, the two men sat, enjoying the shade the veranda offered from the heat of the equatorial sun at midday.

"He has undeniably inherited your fondness for baiting," said Korak. "Nkima scampers for safety at the very sight of him; and Jad-Bal-Ja—woe betide the poor lion if his tail is near the boy's grasp. Let him get it between his small hands and he swings upon it like a pendulum on a clock. We must curtail his desire and endeavor to rid him of this rude habit."

"Jad-Bal-Ja loves the boy," said Tarzan; "even though the affection is reciprocated with nothing more than a sore dock. The lad is no different than others of his age. They do the same thing to their plush toys."

"But plush toys and living animals are of an entirely different nature," objected Korak. "Suppose that some day he does this thing to a stray forest lion or some other beast of the jungle. If one of those wandered within sight of the boy, he would undoubtedly run to meet it. He is positively without fear of any creature."

Further comment was interrupted by the shouting of voices from somewhere in the rear of the bungalow. Rising swiftly, both men hurried to the end of the veranda and, leaning over the railing, peered around the corner of the building and saw a column of black smoke streaming skyward from one of the stables some seventy-five yards to the rear. They also saw Muviro, hereditary chief of the Waziri, hurrying toward the bungalow; and as this warrior saw father and son leap over the railing and commence running in the direction from which he was coming, he stopped, shouting: "Fire, Bwanas! One of the stables has caught fire!" He then turned and joined the two toward the billowing clouds of smoke.

"We must get the horses out!" shouted Tarzan. "And Jad-Bal-Ja—his cage lies next to the stable!"

"I have already released the great lion, Bwana," said Muviro; "and others of your children are hurrying to combat the blaze."

From all directions came the Waziri, their white-plumed head-dresses accentuating the ebony of their bodies as they converged upon the burning stable—and little Jack Clayton played on, quite oblivious to the sudden surge of activity which sprang up around him.

Presently, he tired of the occupation at hand and wandered across the grass until he stood at the side of the road which lay between the lawn and Lady Greystoke's flower gardens on one side, and upon the other by the great plain, stretching wide, parallel to the road. To the front, and a half-mile away, loomed the outer reaches of the jungle which lay dark and forbidding beyond. From out of the wood a small antelope peered curiously,

and as he espied it, little Jack sped across the road and onto the plain as fast as his short legs could carry him—and behind him, his elders supervised the removal of the terrified horses from their burning shelter.

As the boy neared the forest edge, the antelope turned suddenly and melted into the jungle. Surely he hasn't gone far, the boy thought; he must be waiting for me in the wood beyond. Accelerating his speed, the lad ran past the nearest trees and into the maze of brush and creepers which closed about him like an ominous cloak of evil.

But where was the antelope? He wasn't waiting for him after all. Reluctantly, the boy turned to retrace his steps, disappointment written upon his countenance, and was puzzled to see a green wall of verdure completely encompassing him. How did this happen? He was sure that he had come along a beaten path; but he also remembered plunging through numerous shrubs and bushes which blocked the trail. It must be close by, he thought. Yes, it's just behind this clump of bushes. More bushes were behind the clump however, as he soon saw after thrashing through it; but on he went, quite sure that the trail he sought was behind each successive bush—and less than a mile away, the flames from the burning stable were being quickly brought under control by a seemingly endless supply of water conveyed to the blaze by a bucket brigade consisting of a hundred Waziri.

That he was lost was of little or no consequence to young Jack Clayton. It is doubtful that he realized it. His prime thought was the re-discovery of the elusive path which had led him into the jungle, but, unknown to his young mind, each step took him further away from it.

He thrashed through an unusually troublesome mass of undergrowth and was pleased with himself when he observed a small area entirely free of the irksome brush. This assuredly must be the trail, he thought; and, attempting to increase his pace, he stepped out into the clearing just as his foot caught on a low-lying creeper, sending him sprawling headlong upon his face. He arose and looked dolefully at the front of his clothing, and suddenly burst into laughter at the sight of the sticky mud which adhered to it. Wiping his face with a muddy sleeve, he was about to resume his steps and was surprised to find that he could not lift his leg. It was likewise when he tried to lift the other. What was this that held him fast? And that terrible sucking which he could feel about his ankles as well as hear it? What kind of mud was this? It certainly wasn't the kind in which he sometimes played behind the bungalow after a rain. Now it was sucking around his knees! Sucking, ever sucking, it crept up to the boy's hips; and then on to his waist! Was that another sound which broke the awful monotony of the terrible sucking noise? Yes! Someone was coming! The boy could hear the crashing of a heavy body moving through the undergrowth from which he had emerged but a few

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FORTUNIO MATANIA, R.I.

by Pete Ogden

Edgar Rice Burroughs like Rider Haggard before him has been privileged to have some really fine artists illustrate his novels, moreso than any other artist of their period. Whereas Rider Haggard had A.C. Michael, Russel Flint, Griffenhagen and Paget to name a few, Burroughs of course had J. Allen St. John, Studley Burroughs and John Coleman Burroughs, but one of the greatest artists ever to illustrate a Burroughs' novel is also one of the lesser known, to the majority of Burroughs' fans that is, because his other work is world famous. I am speaking of Fortunino Matania R.I. who illustrated *PIRATES OF VENUS* and *LOST ON VENUS* when they were serialized in the British weekly magazine "Passing Show" from Oct. 7, 1933 to Feb. 3, 1934.

Although Matania only illustrated these two Burroughs' novels, the authenticity and painstaking detail will never again be equalled. The majority of artists when illustrating a book taking place on an alien planet would take the easy way out and pick a scene featuring men and women only, but it takes a really good artist to tackle a scene featuring some imaginable beast when all he has to go on is the author's description. Fortunino Matania was not afraid to attempt such illustrations and his rendering of the basto, tharban, targo, kazars, etc. are some of the finest I have ever seen.

It was therefore a great thrill to me when I was invited to his studio anytime I was in London, so on our next visit to the City another fan and myself rolled up to his studio in Hamstead. The door was answered by a tall, slender and very pleasant woman who introduced herself as Mrs. Matania, who had also been the artist's secretary for a number of years. She took us through the house to an enormous room which was the studio, seated behind an easel was Mr. Matania who apologized for not rising because he had recently injured his leg in an accident and found it difficult to get about. He bade us be seated and over a glass of sherry and a cigar he told us something about his life.

He was born in Naples in 1881, the son of Professor Chevalier Eduardo Matania an eminent artist, under whom it was only natural that he study art. He did his first oil painting at the age of eleven and having no models his subjects were the hens that pecked around the yard. This work of art was sent to the *Illustrazione Italiana* and it was so good that nobody would believe that it had been painted by an eleven year old boy, with the result that young Fortunino had to travel to Milan to paint under the eyes of the skeptics. He was employed by the *Illustrazione Italiana* until he was about twenty at which time he went to Paris for the *Illustration Francaise* and later the same year his work appeared in the *Graphic*, an English periodical.

Matania returned to Italy at the age of 22 for Military Service in the Bersaglieri. When this was finished he returned to London and was engaged by the Sphere; he was now 24. In those days photography was in its infancy and it was almost impossible to photograph ceremonies that took place indoors, it was therefore Matania's job to paint and illustrate all these important happenings. His first big assignment was the coronation of Edward VII. In 1911 he was the guest of His Majesty at Dunbar and was awarded the

Coronation Medal. With the outbreak of the First World War he became a War Artist and spent nearly five years in the trenches and sent out thousands of drawings. During the past half century Fortunino Matania has literally illustrated history as it took place. In 1918 he was made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

Throughout his life Matania has appeared in the principle magazines in America and Europe and nearly every year his work has been exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Royal Institute of Art. During the thirties he turned author as well with a series of historical short stories which he also illustrated called *OLD TALES RETOLD* which ran in *Britannia* and *Eve* for nearly twenty years.

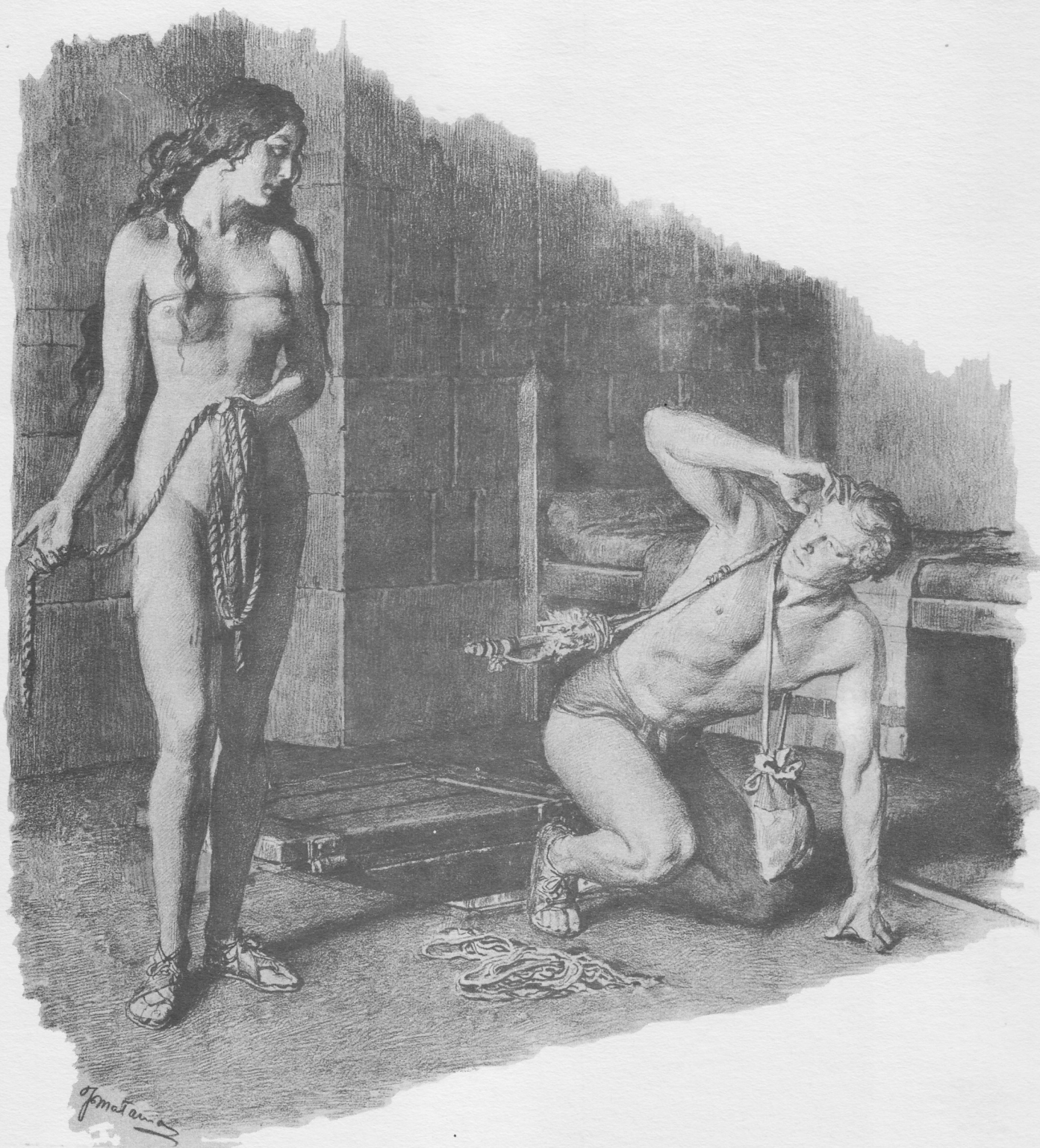
The time flew past as we listened to this amazing man to whom nothing in the field of art is impossible; he is not a specialist but will paint any subject that is commissioned of him and if need be will spend months of research in gathering material for the authenticity of his painting. He mentioned that when he illustrated a scene in the Venus series where Carson is trapped in a room full of snakes that before he even attempted the illustration he spent an afternoon at the zoo studying snakes and discovered that the cross section of each species of snake is different. The illustration is a fine example of Mr. Matania's work and shows Carson looking on from the safety of a table top after leaving the Room of Seven Doors, at a fight between a tharban and a number of snakes. One huge python-like snake is coiled entirely around the body of the tharban, a smaller snake is in the tharban's mouth and another one impaled on its fangs. There are also numerous snakes on the floor of the room as well. It is easy to see that he studied snakes very closely but where on earth did he study the tharban because it is drawn to perfection from its four taloned paws to its great jaws and short still hair. Even the viens on the tharban's body have been drawn in as they have been made visible by the constriction of the snake.

Another fine example of Matania's artistry is shown in a fight between a tharban and a basto while Carson and Duare look down upon them from the branch of a tree. This time the angle is different and the white stripes running lengthwise along the body of the tharban can be seen. The basto is equally as well drawn with the top of its head resembling an American bison except that it is covered with short curly hair. Its eyes are small and its snout like a boar's but broader and carries heavy curved tusks. The front legs are short while the hind ones are longer with the difference in the size of the three toed feet are shown. It is interesting to note that the tharban drawn by John Coleman Burroughs (Carson pp 24) is more like the one drawn by Matania than is the one drawn by J. Allen St. John (Lost pp 96). No words can really do justice to these illustrations which really have to be seen to be believed and appreciated.

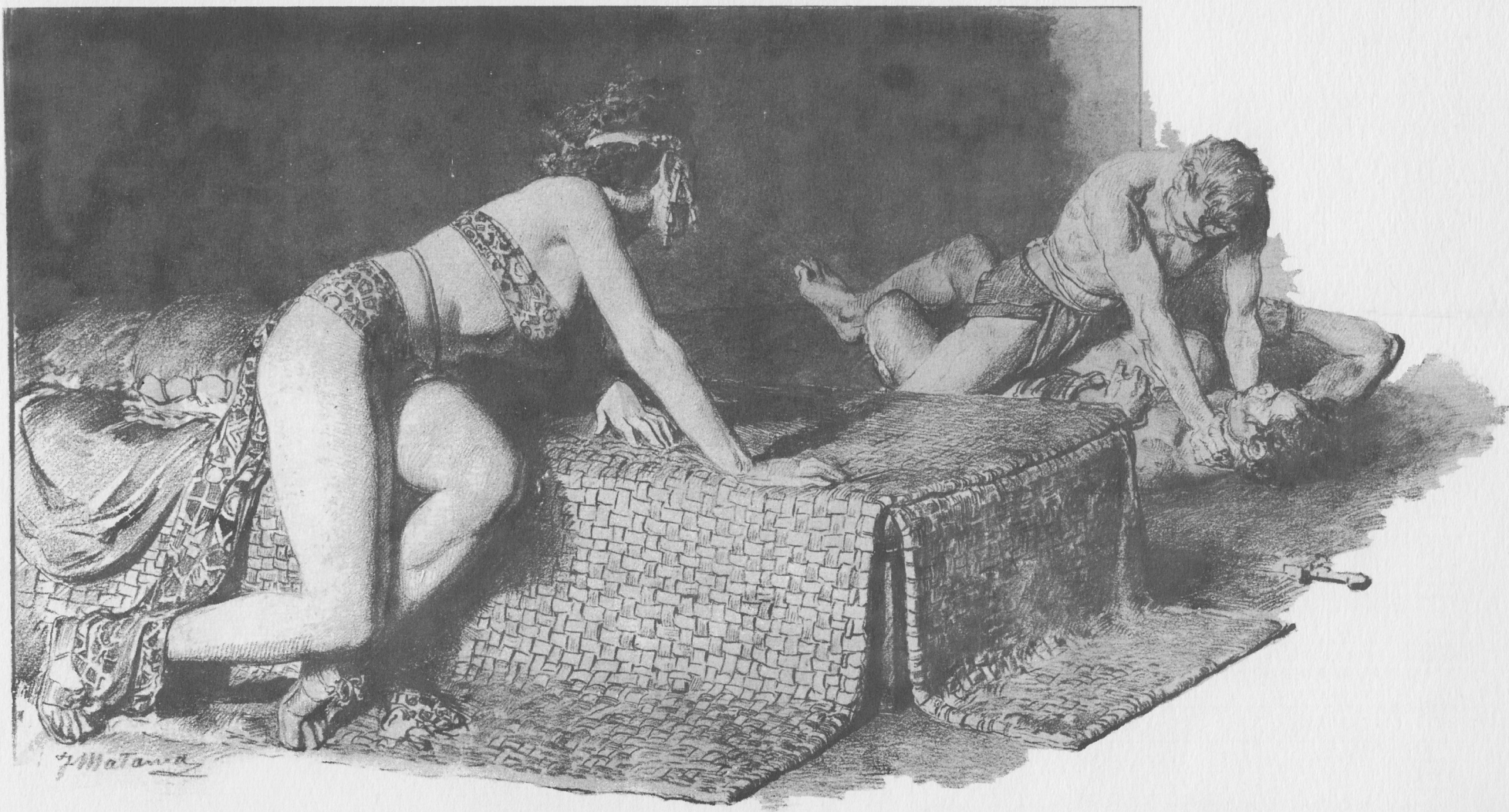
Matania also illustrated several other sf novels for "Passing Show" such as John Benyon's *THE SECRET PEOPLE* and Balmer & Wylie's *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE* and as we looked through some illustrations from the latter he was mildly surprised that science had caught up with his imagery drawing of a rocket propelled spaceship.

The late Cecil B. DeMille was a great admirer of Matania's work and he commissioned him to do a series of paintings on the period of The Ten Commandments. He knew Matania's reputation for authenticity on historical periods and these paintings were used to set the stage for the filming of that epic.

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Two of the original Matania illustrations for the Venus series now in the collections of Stanleigh B. Vinson and Vernell Coriell.



RANDOM BURROUGHING

All About Amtor

By Allan Howard

(A talk given by Allan Howard to the Eastern Science Fiction Association, Newark, New Jersey, February 4, 1962.)

Beginning in 1912, and for about twelve years thereafter, Edgar Rice Burroughs had things pretty much his own way with a certain kind of interplanetary romance. He was the undisputed Jeddak of Mars.

In 1924, Ralph Milne Farley, with his "Radio" series in ARGOSY, which was set on Venus, and some other lesser known authors began to offer him a somewhat pale form of competition. Ray Cummings also did some pretty fair stories along this line, followed in 1929 by Otis Adelbert Kline, who started a series of sword-slinging stories of Venus. The latter was one who really approached the style of the Master. Kline also created a Tarzan-like character in "Jan of the Jungle", in ARGOSY, and with "Tam, Son of the Tiger", in WEIRD TALES.

Right about here I can just picture ERB saying, "Well, if these boys want to play games, let's see what I can do with Venus."

In September, 1932, his "Pirates of Venus" appeared in ARGOSY as a six-part serial. Coincidentally with "Pirates", Kline had submitted a third Venus novel, even more coincidentally entitled, "Buccaneers of Venus". Faced with a choice, ARGOSY bought the Burroughs story, since his was the bigger name. Kline had to be content with seeing his story in WEIRD TALES. It is possible that this may have irked Kline, for the following year there appeared all the signs of a feud. (If he can do Venus, I can do Mars.)

Kline published "Swordsman of Mars" in ARGOSY, and Burroughs countered with "Lost on Venus". Kline came back with "Outlaws of Mars", and also wrote another "Jan" story. After that, he sort of petered out as an ERB competitor, while the Master went rolling along. "Carson of Venus" appeared in ARGOSY in 1938, while the four novelllettes that make up "Escape on Venus" were printed in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES in '41 and '42.

The four Venus novels are really one complete book. The story line of each succeeding one picks up just a few minutes after the ending of the previous one. In a way these endings are cliffhangers. The ending of "Escape on Venus" however, has a ring of finality, as if the story had been told, and the curtain rung down. Of course, if Burroughs had lived it is very likely he would have written many more of the Venus stories.

Possibly, you remember "Wrong-way" Corrigan, who, when he was forbidden to fly the Atlantic, gave it out that he was flying to California, and then when he landed in Ireland, claimed to have lost his way. Well, Burroughs' hero, "Carson Napier" started out in his space ship for Mars, and landed on Venus. This of course was in the days when any guy with a little know-how and some money could build a space ship. Today we are not so naive; we know that nobody can afford it but big government. Carson arranges to transmit his adventures to Burroughs by telepathy.

Carson Napier, a blue-eyed blond (where most other Burroughs heroes are black-haired and grey-eyed) lands on Venus and launches into a series of hair-raising adventures and narrow escapes. He has thrilling encounters with strange beasts

and even stranger men. He is captured many times, and escapes just as often. He wins for himself the beautiful Venusian princess, Duare. (Most Burroughs heroes seem to wind up with a beautiful princess.) Unlike John Carter, or Tarzan, he doesn't meet his adventures head-on, with a smile. He is more like David Innes, cautious, and tending to try to avoid trouble. But trouble seeks him out nevertheless—and then he reacts. He is never quite sure of himself, but somehow he usually does the right thing, and all is well—until the next adventure.

The physical makeup of Venus, or Amtor, as it is called by its inhabitants is such that there is room for endless stories using this locale. Amtor is surrounded by two cloud envelopes that prevent the sun from scorching all life. These clouds that hide the sun, planets and stars have prevented the Amtorians from learning anything of Astronomy. They believe that their world is a huge disc, with upturned rim, like a saucer. It floats on a sea of molten metal and rock. This is proved by the flow from mountain tops when a hole has been burned in the bottom of the world. Above is a chaos of fire and flame. This is proved when occasionally a rift occurs in the clouds, and intense light and heat pours down.

Carson lands in the southern hemisphere, and as he travels around finds there are no trustworthy maps to guide him, because of the peculiar beliefs of the Amtorians. They have no knowledge of a northern hemisphere, and believe that the north pole is the periphery of their world, and see the equator as a dot. This makes their maps, to say the least, somewhat distorted. When Carson points out that surveys must have shown the opposite to be true, the Amtorian scientists admit this, but argue Carson down by an ingenious proof all their own.

Because of these faulty maps, and a lack of celestial guides, the Amtorian navigator sails mainly by the seat of his pants, and rarely out of sight of land. Consequently any journey is incredibly prolonged. They have extremely good instruments, as well as a form of radar and sonar, using gamma rays, but the value of these instruments is greatly reduced. They may know land is ahead, and how far, but they are rarely sure just what land it is. Consequently there has been little exploration, with vast areas in the southern hemisphere never discovered, and a whole northern hemisphere never even guessed at. Even the most advanced civilizations are extremely provincial and secluded, having no contact, and little knowledge of their neighbors, who might possibly be stone-age savages, or even non-human. So you see, there is plenty of room for unwritten Amtorian stories of strange and unguessable countries and men.

Tom Gardner has remarked that people usually associate Burroughs with continual conflict with beasts, but that he is even better in describing conflicts with strange men and stranger civilizations. To read these books simply as fast-paced adventure stories is to miss a lot. Burroughs was a man who always had something to say about his own time and culture; political, religious, and sociological, usually wryly, and in a satirical manner. His imaginative mind and inventiveness are in evidence throughout.

Carson encounters a form of Communism in "Pirates" and "Lost" and shows how learning and cul-

ture go down the drain when greedy incompetents and theorists take over. He does an even better job on a Hitler-type government in "Carson", showing it up for the insane and ridiculous menace it was. I might say, still is, because just recently there was a character named George Lincoln Rockwell, who wanted to hold a rally in New York City to celebrate Hitler's birthday.

In "Pirates", published in 1932, we find that the Amtorians have a form of atomic energy. They have pistols charged with an element that emits a ray of extremely short wave-length that is destructive of animal tissue, but the element emits these rays only when exposed to the radiation of another element. A similar usage destroys all matter, eventually even the gun that discharges the rays. Another set of elements used results in complete annihilation of a substance, giving unlimited power to propel ships and vehicles. Carson constructs a propeller-driven airplane that uses atomic energy.

Although Burroughs is a persuasive writer, who makes his settings and characters come alive, it is sometimes a little hard to willingly suspend disbelief. For instance, in spite of the fact that the Amtorians we encounter are isolated, and in spite of the fact that some are more advanced than others, they all speak the same language. This is a handy device for an author to use to speed up the action, because the hero only has to take time out once to learn a language. Even when Carson penetrates the unknown northern hemisphere he finds the same language.

And take the curiously static state of even such advanced cultures as the futuristic city of Havatoo, in some ways even more advanced than we. They live enclosed by a wall. I find it hard to believe that people that far advanced could fail to be "pushy", like all advanced people. It seems that they would be bound to spread out and advance their brand of civilization to more backward areas, by force if necessary, even as on

Earth. Yet they even allow a predatory city of zombies to exist just across the river, especially when those zombies are given to raiding Havatoo for recruits.

Possibly the best and most imaginative book is "Escape", where Carson encounters four separate backwaters of strange cultures and people. Carson and Duare are successively prisoners of the Mypos, a race of fish-like men, complete with gills, the Brokols, a vegetable race whose young grow on trees until they are ripe enough to fall off. They are also captured by the Vooyorgans, a race of man-like amoebas, who have numbers instead of names, and who multiply by dividing. (A good trick.) One of them even falls in love with Duare. Last of all they get entangled in a three-way war of land ironclads.

Midway in this book Burroughs gives us one of those tantalizing hints of a mystery with no explanation, that makes you want to know more. Carson encounters a girl amnesiac from Earth, with no knowledge of how she got to Venus. She later disappears, and according to an editor's note reappears on Earth, in Brooklyn, from which she had vanished 25 years before.

Because of this talk I re-read the Venus stories for the past month. The first time around many years ago I read them as I got my hands on them with lapses between books. Reading them now, in one sitting, as it were, I got a different reaction to them. The first time around I didn't warm up very much to Carson Napier and the Venus series. Since I was already a follower of John Carter and Tarzan, I tended to regard Carson as a Johnny-come-lately. However, I found the series much more rewarding on this second reading. It has been said that Burroughs not only created a style of writing, but was himself that style of writing. If you are one of those who can't abide Burroughs, you won't like the Venus stories, but if like me, you thrill to adventure in impossible worlds, by all means read them.

The EXPLORERS

by Ken Robeson

The odd-looking craft rested silent and perpendicular upon what was obviously its nose. Two men, one young and one old, stood a little apart from the craft and proudly observed the solid pile of metal before them.

The younger man clapped the other upon the shoulder. "Ready at last," he said. "Now we shall see whether or not there is another world below the surface of the ground."

"Yes," agreed the other; "and I'm rather anxious to get started on this quest. Ever since hearing of the marvelous trip of the man called David Innes, I've been imbued with determination to build this ship which will burrow underneath the surface of the ground. I must see if all I have heard of this man is true."

The young man nodded excitedly. "And now we are upon the very threshold of possessing this knowledge," he said. "There is nothing more to be done other than entering the ship and pulling the starting lever. Again I must thank you for your confidence in me; and I'm sure that you'll have no reason to regret your choice of colleagues on this project. I just can't believe that we are finally ready to begin, and that this ship is actually patterned after Innes's underground craft."

"It is," replied the old man confidently. "I've studied the matter carefully and I'm convinced that what you see before you is a replica of the projectile he and Perry used, and that it will perform exactly as theirs did. But come, we must

begin without further delay. There will be plenty of time for discussion later."

Both men entered the ship, and the older one took his place in a seat behind a stout lever protruding from an immense pile of rods, wheels and gears; but, oddly enough, there were no instruments by which to gauge its pressures, temperatures, and general operation. The same fact was evident in a smaller machine resting in a niche in the ship's hull, and it is doubtful that even a trained eye could distinguish this apparatus as being a power plant for the manufacture of oxygen. There were various other pieces of strange looking equipment, but nowhere was there an indicator or gauge of any kind. Apparently the machinery was of new concept and design, possibly coincidental to the dark and unknown realms of its forthcoming navigation. Who can say what theories and decisions had passed through the obviously brilliant brain of its inventor as he drew up plans for its construction?

The older man turned in his seat and smiled into the gleaming eyes of his younger companion. He then resumed his former position and slowly pushed the starting lever. The engine sputtered into life. The ship vibrated from stem to stern and suddenly lurched forward into motion. Both men knew that the initial thrust into the earth's crust had begun, and that each turn of a gear or movement of a rod took them further into the bowels of the unknown depths below.

For some time the older man sat motionless, his

hand gripped firmly around the starting lever. Then slowly he commenced pushing it forward until it could be advanced no further. The ship rumbled and shook. The great engine screamed in protest to the increase in power, and then settled into a steady hum of surging energy.

The old man released his grip on the lever and straightened in his seat. For a few moments he stared in fascination at the now smoothly running mass of machinery before him; then he nodded in silent satisfaction and turned to the youth.

"The ship is now on a true course at full speed," he announced; "a course which cannot be altered from the perpendicular. We are now committed to either break the surface of a new world, or have our bones lie forever in the depths of eternal darkness."

"Do not forget, also, the great seas of which we have heard," admonished the young man. "Fate would be unkind if we were to break the distant surface only to find that we were at the bottom of a fathomless sea."

"That is a problem we can neither influence nor control," said the old man. "Let us hope for the best."

"Yes," agreed the young man, "let us hope for the best."

Downward burrowed the great mechanical mole. The two men sat in sullen silence. Business is the greatest remedy for the boredom of inactivity, but there was nothing to do. There was no steering, no navigation problems, no watches to stand. Eating and sleeping was the only order of routine. The discussions on their success of embarkation, the unhoped for perfect running of the machinery, and the anticipation of discovery, had been covered and re-covered until there was nothing more to be said on the subjects. But still there was no nervous dissension between the two. If thoughts of the terrors of the unknown had any effect upon the minds of either of them they did not show it—at least not outwardly.

The stratum of intense heat was reached and endured; and then that of bitter cold. Suddenly, there came the sensation which almost convinced the two that they had turned turtle and that the ship was proceeding upward.

With up-lifted eye-brows, the young man glanced inquiringly at his older companion. "A normal occurrence," the old man told him, after the suddenness of the event had worn off. "We have passed the center of gravity, and are half-way to our goal." Both then lapsed into the silence of his own thoughts.

The engine continued to operate perfectly as it projected the craft on a definitely upward course. Again through the strata of heat and cold the ship plunged. Both men were beginning to wonder when their seemingly endless journey would terminate, and each turn of the screw saw their apprehension mounting nearer and nearer to the breaking point. The young man constantly paced the limited space allowed to him. He wrung his hands in anxiety, and then rubbed them vigorously on the sides of his head as if endeavoring to dry them of the clammy sweat in which they were saturated. He continued this procedure until the old man, who had been eying him with increasing nervous tension, suddenly sprang from his seat and pushed the youth violently on the chest, sending him sprawling backward upon the floor.

"Stop it!" he screamed. "I can stand it no longer! I know we are doomed to die in a fool-hardy and never-ending venture; but your constant pacing is driving me insane. Stop it, I say, before my reason totters!"

The young man sat up, and for a moment he looked blankly at the menacing figure standing above him. His eyes narrowed into slits of limpid fire. He placed the palms of his hands flat upon the floor and drew his legs beneath his body, assuming a crouching position. Lightning-like, he

launched himself full upon the body of the old man, his hands clawing at the tough, wrinkled skin of the other's throat.

Suddenly, there came a distinct change in the sound of the machinery, which had heretofore been a constant, monotonous, and seemingly ever-lasting whine. The old man instantly noticed the sudden deviation and tore frantically at the clutching hands on his throat, and struggled vigorously as he sought to break that relentless grip of death. His eyes bulged in their sockets and he knew he could not escape the hideous irony of what had happened to the machinery. If the younger man had heard and understood the meaning of the sound deviation, his wild, flashing eyes gave no indication of it.

The old man was slipping swiftly into the blackness of oblivion when he felt the powerful grip relax, and he staggered backward, gasping for breath. He heard the youth sobbing, "I can't do it! I know I am even now mad, but I can't do it!"

The old man slumped into his seat and commenced the throes of vigorous coughing. When finally he could speak, he whispered hoarsely, "The ship has stopped. We have arrived."

* * * * *

The door slowly opened, sending a shaft of light cutting into a shroud of darkness. The two men peered curiously into nothingness without. Cautiously, they stepped beyond the door and into the path of light, following it for several yards until they came to a patch of shrubbery. Where were they? Had the projectile burrowed into some dark subterranean chamber and left them possibly within a short distance of their goal? This surely must be true, for they could see countless glittering objects studding its black roof far overhead!

Motioning his companion to follow, the old man thrashed through the dank shrubbery, and once out of the faint shaft of light emanating from the ship, his eyes quickly grew accustomed to the darkness. He led the way up a short incline, and as both men reached its summit they looked back and saw their craft silhouetted against the background of a slow-moving river. Beyond the wide stream were innumerable towering peaks of various heights, many of which were surmounted by needle-like spires adorned in glowing stones of red, green and yellow which reflected in shimmering streaks across the surface of the river. At some distance to their left, a great bridge-like structure, encrusted in light, spanned the river. Two tall double-pillars, one on each side of the great stream, seemed to support a system of immense cables from which was suspended an interlying roadway, but whether this was a natural formation or man-made, the two had no way of knowing.

They exchanged glances.

"Can it be possible that this dark and gloomy place is the other world we sought?" breathed the old man.

"It must be," replied his companion; "but we have been disillusioned. There obviously is no sun here. Look at how evenly proportioned those four-sided peaks are. Each one is utterly unscalable, for never have I seen such sheer cliffs. I wonder what makes all those stones glow thus?" and the young man pointed to the peaks across the river and then swept his arm at the myriad of glittering objects above.

The old man shook his head ruefully. "I do not know," he said. "It is possible that they could be a means of artificial illumination devised by the inhabitants; but if this is so, how can one see by the meager amount of light they shed? I do know, however, that this is no place for us. If this world is populated, then it is by people who know no other except one of complete dark-

ness and are in their natural element. Were we to remain in this dismal darkness, then assuredly would we be driven to madness. Come, let us get back to the ship and assemble the mechanism to invert her, and return to our own world where there is sunlight."

The young man nodded agreement. "You are quite right, Kómar," he said. "I'm sure we could not explore much of this treacherous territory anyway, without killing ourselves. Let us return to Pellucidar as quickly as we can."

* * * * *

Some time later, the projectile disappeared below the surface; and behind the bluff, beyond where the two had stood, a huge placard with gigantic lettering stood out in bold relief. If the two had seen it and had understood the words, they would have read:

PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK, NEW JERSEY
Closed for the Season

Across the river, beyond the mass of "towering peaks", the darkness lightened into gray.



MERRIE CHASE

© 1950 by McNaught Syndicate



Paul Reinman started illustrating the Tarzan strip with #2959 thru #3276. He illustrated the following stories:

- #2959 thru #3012 TARZAN AND THE FIRES OF TOHR (based on the original radio drama and daily strip, Z-series, and Dell one-shot #161.)
- #3013 thru #3066 TARZAN AND THE BLACK PANTHER (based on the story in Dell one-shot #161.)
- #3067 thru #3120 TARZAN & THE WHITE SAVAGES OF VARI (based on Dell TARZAN #1 contents and material loosely adapted from TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT.)
- #3121 thru #3198 TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN
- #3199 thru #3276 TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD (with material adapted from TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE.)

PAUL REINMAN

I was born 51 years ago in a sleepy little town on the Rhine in Germany near the French border.

Before I went to school I must have shown quite an interest and skill in drawing, because I remember that my grandfather always bought crayons and paper for my artistic efforts. By the way, I was the only one of 5 children who showed any talent in art.

After High School, I succeeded in getting a job in a department store as an apprentice for sign painting and show card writing. Later, I worked for many leading stores as a fashion artist and designer of window displays.

I came to America in 1934. My first job was as an assistant to a designer of neon signs. Then the going got tough and I took any kind of job just to make ends meet, and I worked in the check room of an exclusive men's club on New York's East Side. A few weeks later my boss wanted to promote me to the job of elevator operator, but luckily I had a chance to go back to art and I took a job in a studio of a match factory. Here, I did designs of match covers and lettering.

A few years later I quit and started to free lance in posters, fashion drawings and package designs. Then I brushed up on my drawing technique and practiced illustration in many mediums. I succeeded in getting assignments for dry brush drawings for pulp mags. And following this, I broke into Comic Book Cartooning. I've worked for many Publishers such as National Comics and Hillman Publications. Among the features I did were THE GREEN LANTERN, BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD, ROY AND DUSTY, and many more.



Then in January, 1949, I started drawing TARZAN* and later worked with Renny McEvoy on MERRIE CHASE. At present my work appears in Vista and American Comic Group publications.

I am married and have a 17 year old daughter who shows some interest in art.

My favorite sport is tennis, and my favorite hobby is carpentry.

In my spare time I have done many paintings in oil and water colors and had many exhibitions.

*see adjoining column for information



With
Best Wishes
to
Vernell Coriell
from

PAUL
RINMAN

3/1/50

C. T. Stoneham should need no introduction to Burroughs fans, as his stories of Kaspas, the lion man, can usually be found right alongside Tarzan of the Apes in most libraries. Actor, hobo, navvy, lumberjack, white-hunter, soldier: Stoneham was each. He lives in Africa and has recently completed his third Kaspas novel. It is with a great deal of pride and pleasure we present the first American publication of

DREAMING LION

by

C. T. Stoneham

Simba was the oldest lion the zoo had ever owned and they were proud of him. When visitors watched him lying with curled paws on the floor of his cage, gazing over their heads into infinite distance, the calm majesty of his pose made them think him the very king of the wilderness. But he was king of the zoo in a Midland manufacturing town.

He had been born there, and Bill, his keeper, remembered it. Bill was very fond of Simba; he could go into the cage and stroke the big lion who growled amiably at him, never resenting the liberty.

Simba had lived all his days in a big octagonal cage at the junction of several asphalt paths in the gardens. His interest in sightseers was fleeting. It seemed he could not concentrate on them for more than a passing minute.

It did not occur to him to crave liberty, for he did not know what it was. He slept and mused and paced his cage, interested only in the daily ration of horsemeat.

In his fifteenth year Simba fell ill. He was feverish, his chest wheezed, he had all the symptoms of a bad cold. The veterinary surgeon said he could do nothing. The lion was senile, his teeth were rotting, the hair was falling in tufts from his luxuriant mane. Everything reached the end of its natural span, and Simba's race was nearly run.

Bill was in despair. He shut Simba into the half-darkness of the den, away from the prying mob, he brought the lion hot food, dainties from his own table.

Simba would not eat, he moped, hardly rousing himself to growl half-heartedly at this known friend. So the big lion gradually failed, and neither fuss nor sorrow meant anything to him now. Being confined in the den was not to his liking. He missed the vista of grass and trees and the wide sky above them. Often as he gazed at the sky it seemed he was swimming in that radiant space, questing over a luminous field of vast dimensions. Then he was tireless and he went on and on towards some unimagined goal which would be supremely satisfying.

One night when the noise of human voices and distant traffic was done with, Simba had a dream. He was afloat in the lambent sky, speeding smoothly over a great distance, to be set lightly down in some place which had an odd familiarity, as well known as the paths and lawns about his cage, and like this in the sense that though he had never set foot there it was all intimate to him.

He lay among big rounded boulders on the side of a low hill. Over gaunt mountains the sun was setting in an incandescent blaze of yellow clouds. It was still hot but the cool breeze of coming night was stealing among the crags. From the foot of the hill a vast plain rolled to the mountains, rising and falling in long waves of grass, streaked by lines of dark green bush and trees which marked the course of dongas. Here and there on the plain animals were moving, distinct in the foreground but merely light-colored formless shapes beyond.

Simba knew this was his kingdom. He felt strong

and fierce and there was a growing hunger in him. Still he lay quiet and watchful while the sun sank and the breeze grew chill and the luminous sky quickly faded to a dull green hue. Light went out of the veld, the shades of night came flowing up from the edges of the world and veiled the sky, where huge golden stars began to show.

The lion roused himself, stretched and yawned. Then he hunched his body, put his nose to the ground and roared long and deep. His voice crashed upon the stillness, vibrant with the savagery and exultation that rilled him. Far away to the east another voice replied in waves of moaning sound that throbbed in the air and beat back from the granite rocks.

Simba walked slowly down a narrow dusty trail on to the flat. Nothing moved about him, all was still, as if Nature held its breath. At a scummy pool in a donga he drank. The water was old and stale but it tasted sweet in his throat.

His drink finished, he went back up to the veld, following a well-used trail with the breeze in his face. Plovers rose before him, filling the night with mournful cries. From the flank a jackal yapped twice, having winded the monarch. Simba walked slowly on—nose, ears, and eyes keyed up to a high pitch of sensitiveness.

The turquoise sky paled in the east; smoothly the golden rim of the moon thrust up from the horizon; the veld was streaked with light and shadow. Simba turned aside into the gloom of camel-thorns along the banks of a vleis. At once the reek of antelope was in his nose. He flattened down and went forward through the grass at a sliding run, belly to the ground.

A dark shadow materialized beside a bush, there was a snort and the rustle of unguarded movement. Simba rushed and sprang. The waterbuck went down under his weight, as his jaws fastened unerringly on its neck.

In a moment he rose from the twitching carcass and stood waving his tail, growling softly. This was his meat which he had taken from the wilds by strength and skill; none should dispute it. He made this known in a burst of triumphant roaring. Then he dragged the kill to a smooth spot and buried the entails at a little distance. With-out haste he began to feast.

A sound made him pause. Standing watching him with the moon behind her was a sleek young lioness, ears raised, head up in the attitude of inquiry. She made a low purring sound as he started towards her.

Greetings exchanged they went to the kill and ate together. It was a delicious satisfying repast such as Simba had never known.

Replete, the young lioness turned away and walked quietly off into the open. Simba was at her flank. Side by side they went out on the veld in the moonlight, heading towards a rocky kopje where he knew she had her lair.

The free wind scurried over the grass and ruffled his mane, nightjars flew trilling from the stunted bushes. About him was the spaciousness of the land by ridge and valley, as far as thought could travel. It was his hunting-ground; here he was king.

Simba stopped to roar. After a minute his mate joined in; there huge, resonant voices pealed out across the lonely waste. Simba had never been so happy, ecstasy filled him to the point where it could not be borne—his senses failed and a dark cloud seemed falling about him, blotting the cherished scene from his gaze.

There was a great weariness upon him. Thankfully he lay down in the grass. The lioness was gone; there was nothing but loneliness and the stale hot smell of the den.

When Bill went at dawn to see how the sick lion had passed the night he found him dead. The sorrowful keeper gazed in astonishment at the beast. For a moment it seemed to him that Simba's glazed eyes held a look of ineffable gladness.



DEJAH
THORIS

a
folio
of

BURROUGHS
BEAUTIES

by

Dave Prosser



THUVIA, MAID OF MARS



DUARE OF VENUS



THE MOON MAID



JUNGLE GIRL



The Evolution of JAD-BAL-JA

by Arthur Maxon

He was only a small fuzzy ball of a lion cub but he had a heart as large as that of a full grown king of the beasts. Is it any wonder then that his show of spirit in the face of danger appealed to the Lord of the Jungle?

His mother had just killed and been killed by a black. When Tarzan found the recently orphaned cub he was on his way home from the prehistoric land of Pal-ul-don with his wife, Jane and his son, Korak. The young cub had snarled and backed against his dead mother as they approached. When Tarzan reached out to pick him up the cub struck at him with a show of courage beyond his years. Soon, however, the ape man had by some mysterious means known only to the dwellers of the jungle established a bond of friendship with the son of Sabor. From the golden color of his coat, Tarzan called him Jad-bal-ja, which meant the Golden Lion in the language of Pal-ul-don.

From that time on, Tarzan and Jad-bal-ja were together as teacher and pupil until the day the Golden Lion graduated with honors when Jane and Korak witnessed for the first time the results of Tarzan's training of the great lion. To Jad-bal-ja, this was probably only another hunting expedition with his friend but to Jane and Korak it was a demonstration of Tarzan's mastery over a natural enemy by means of friendship mixed with a bit of firmness.

As the lion grew up and became large enough to be dangerous he was kept caged on the estate until that memorable day when one of the Waziri accidentally left the door of the cage ajar. Jad-bal-ja escaped to start out on the beginning of his first great adventure with his master. Many times since then the two strange friends have had adventures together and many times has the lion saved the life of the ape man. Later when the Golden Lion returned to the jungle, the paths of the two friends crossed many times.

Jad-bal-ja has appeared in the following Tarzan books:

	Magazine	Book
TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION	1922	1923
TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN	1924	1924
TARZAN LORD OF THE JUNGLE	1928	1928
TARZAN THE INVINCIBLE	1930	1931
TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD	1932	1933
TARZAN AND THE LION MAN	1933	1934

For the benefit of those fans who haven't read the Tarzan books for some time, here is a resume of the adventures of Tarzan and the Golden Lion.

In the first book Tarzan left his friend behind when he made one of his trips to Opar. However, Jad-bal-ja escaped and followed his master. On his arrival in the ancient Atlantean outpost, Tarzan discovered that Cadj, the high priest, had gained control of the city and ordered La, the high priestess to kill Tarzan, who had been captured. Instead she freed him and together they escaped from the city. They discovered the Palace of Diamonds in a valley beyond Opar which was ruled by a tribe of civilized gorillas who had enslaved the native inhabitants. La was captured and made prisoner and was to be sacrificed to the lion god of the gorillas. Tarzan entered the city in time to kill the lion just as La was being thrust within reach of his talons. Tarzan rallied the slaves within the room to him but they were outnumbered by the gorillas. The arrival of Jad-bal-ja at the critical moment turned the tide of battle and allowed them to drive their enemies out of the room where they barricaded

themselves long enough for messengers to round up the natives of the valley who defeated their former masters.

With the natives and gorillas as allies Tarzan and La marched on Opar and helped restore La to her throne. Before the final victory Cadj lured Tarzan into a trap and was about to sacrifice him on the blood-stained altar of the Flaming God when Jad-bal-ja appeared and killed the high priest.

Meanwhile an expedition led by Esteban Miranda, a double of Tarzan, had looted the treasure vaults of Opar of much gold. Miranda doublecrossed his friends by burying the gold in a location known only to himself. To enable him to find it again he drew a map on the inside of his leopard skin. Later Jad-bal-ja was instrumental in bringing back the leopard skin with the map thus enabling Tarzan to recover the gold.

The Golden Lion appeared only momentarily in the next book in the series, TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN, when he saw through the disguise of Miranda who had turned up again and tried to take Tarzan's place.

In TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE Jad-bal-ja rescued the Princess Guinalda from the apes who were fighting over her. Later he helped Tarzan terrorize the Arabs who had looted the City or the Sepulcher of its treasure.

When La was lost in the jungle in TARZAN THE INVINCIBLE it was Jad-bal-ja who protected her from the dangers of wild animals and helped to keep her from starving by hunting for meat for the two of them.

The great lion made an appearance just in the nick of time in TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD when he was able to kill the hunting lion that was about to kill the ape man.

Jad-bal-ja appeared briefly in TARZAN AND THE LION MAN when Tarzan found Stanley Obroski, the movie lion man, captured by cannibals. In this book the Golden Lion had a mate.

Another book in which the Golden Lion appeared is not one of the regular Tarzan books but one of the juveniles, TARZAN AND THE TARZAN TWINS WITH JAD-BAL-JA, THE GOLDEN LION. This book which was published in 1936 was the seventh book in which the Golden Lion appeared but the action takes place just after the first book in which he appeared, TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION. (1923) In this story, the Tarzan Twins were lost in the jungle and with the help of Tarzan and Jad-bal-ja, rescued a young girl from the priests of Opar who had left the ancient city in exile after the death of Cadj who was killed by Tarzan's feline friend. In this book, as in the first book, Jad-bal-ja killed a high priest just as he was about to kill a victim bound on the altar.

Jad-bal-ja was a very big lion. In TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD, ERB told us that Belthar, the hunting lion of Nemone of Cathne, was a huge lion. Now, to an ordinary man any lion might look huge, especially if it were uncaged. In Tarzan's case, however, there is a difference. He had known lions all his life and killed quite a few of them. For a man of his experience, to call a lion huge means that a lion would have to be much larger than any ordinary lion to be found in the jungle. Yet when Jad-bal-ja killed Belthar, he sank his fangs into the hunting lion's throat and shook him like a cat would a mouse.

The Golden Lion was a majestic looking beast. He was large and powerful and had a beautiful golden coat from which he had received his name. In contrast to his golden coat he had a black mane that added a look of dignity to his bearing. If the ordinary lion can be referred to as the King of Beasts, then Jad-bal-ja must be the Emperor.

Despite the great friendship between Jad-bal-ja and the ape man, this was not the first time that Tarzan had formed a partnership with one of his natural enemies.

To go back to the very beginning, ERB first had the idea when he had Tarzan and Sheeta become friends in THE BEASTS OF TARZAN back in 1914 (All-Story Cavalier, May 16—June 13).

From a leopard to a lion was only a short step and the author wrote a couple of stories of the friendship between a lion and man before he brought Tarzan together with a friendly lion.

The year after Tarzan and Sheeta joined forces Mr. Burroughs told the story of THE MAN-EATER (New York Evening World, Nov. 15-20, 1915) in which a man-eating lion was befriended by a man who rescued him from a trap. While not as sympathetic a character as some of the other lions in the works, Ben was instrumental in foiling the villain and restoring the heroine's fortune at the end of the story.

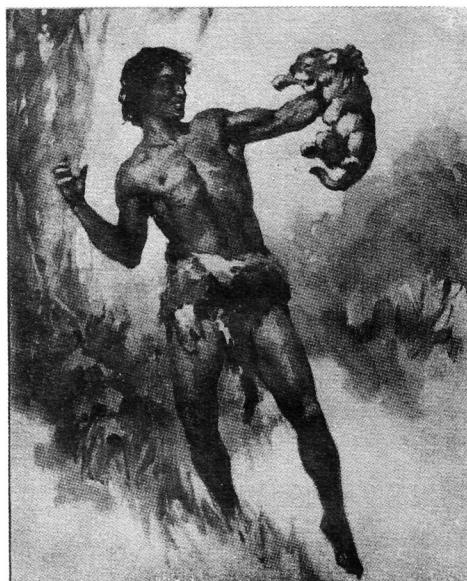
THE LAD AND THE LION (All-Story Magazine, June 30—July 13, 1917) was the tale of a strange alliance between man and lion with the two fighting shoulder to shoulder against their common adversaries.

A series of stories appeared back in 1919 in Red Book Magazine (Mar.—Aug.) that dealt with Tarzan's adventures during World War I. In the course of the series the ape man captured and tamed a lion which became his friend. This was the lion that he turned into the German trenches during the campaign in Africa. This unusual method of warfare caused confusion and terror among the German native troops which allowed the British forces to throw the German lines back for a considerable distance. Numa of the Trenches was also later on in the series able to save Tarzan's life when, lying unconscious, he was attacked by Sheeta.

Tarzan befriended another lion in TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF LUNA (All-Story Magazine, Mar. 20—Apr. 17, 1920) when he rescued a huge black lion from a native pit. The ape man let the lion out, not because of any feeling of friendliness, but to annoy the natives who had been giving him some trouble. In gratitude the large sable beast followed Tarzan through the jungle. During the adventures in Kuja, the City of the Lunatics, Numa of the Pit was a big help in the escape from the city.

These stories were later published in book form under the title, TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

Thus from the very first book in which Mr. Burroughs brought together man and feline in friendship the idea kept evolving until the result was Jad-bal-ja, the Golden Lion. The greatest lion of them all.



TARZAN FINDS JAD-BAL-JA

ERB TITAN! (continued from page 6)
translucent glow that is like moonglow filtering through a bank of mists.

The second effect of such phonetic arrangement is just this: the maximum possible absence of phonetic angularity makes for a flowing smoothness of word-succession which "pours" with the effortless ease of water spilling from an overturned tumbler. The resultant speed of word-flow is all to the good in a swiftly-spaced story of action.

Last—but far from least—such a style of language will never inflict mental fatigue upon the reader; to the contrary: a reading of Burroughs is as relaxing to the nerves as a luxurious bath!

As a final touch of mastery, at fairly close and regular intervals, Burroughs intentionally interpolates words whose phonetic structure is dominated by consonantal angularity; again, the resultant effect is like a seascape when the ocean is choppy with thousands of whitecaps whose foamy appearance enriches, without obscuring the broad expanse of that ocean.

Simplicity represents a phenomenon of perfect integration—but such integration itself represents the interacting convergence of the various factors of an immensely complex creative art.

Burroughs' language is simplicity itself—insofar as the reader is concerned; it is so natural and spontaneous that it approximates these features as manifested in the improvisational nature of our everyday conversation. For this same reason, his language is also a very plastic medium which enables him to assemble words into pictures, very much in the fashion of assembling a mosaic.

An achievement such as this represents much more than mere excellence of craftsmanship: it represents art.

Burroughs spoke the language of the gods; but the stories brought to life by that language were those of human nature. But few writers of any period or age have ever been able to hold the mirror so steadily to those deep-laying urges and ambitions which drive human beings to greatness or madness.

But above all this thunder and surge of stirring adventure, in every story by Burroughs there blazes the glow of romantic beauty and idealized love; his heroines are all woman, his heroes are all man, and their actions and ambitions reveal the depths of human personality.

Student of human nature and titan of imagination, wizard of words and weaver of spells, Edgar Rice Burroughs was one of the greatest of them all.

GREYSTOKE

by

Thomas Rookes

The 22 Tarzan books contain little information in regard to the relationship of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke and his English peerage. A certain commercial publication did contain an article relating to the Greystoke peerage but this appears to be merely of fictional origin. It may therefore interest readers to know that there was a Greystoke peerage at one time (a long time admittedly) and there are also certain places in England to which the name is dedicated.

The village of Greystoke lies in Cumberland (North West England) about 27 miles from the coast, and a mile or so to the west of this we can find Greystocke Park, a section of land 8 or 9 square miles in area, and apparently the one-time home of the Greystoke family.

The Greystoke peerage, as contained in THE COMPLETE PEERAGE, is as follows: (The first one is given in full, but most of the others are abbreviated)

GREYSTOKE or GREYSTOCK

Barony by Writ 1/ Sir John de Greystoke, Cumberland, Morpeth, Northumberland, and c., 1295 to 1306 styled Baron of Greystoke s. and h. of William de Greystoke, of Greystoke (who died 17 April, 1289) by Mary, widow of Walter de Bolebec, and eld. da. and coh. of Roger de Merlay of Morpeth, Northumberland, was born 29 Sept. 1262 or 1263. The king took his homage 14 June, 1289, and his realty 8 July, 1289, and he had livery of his father's land. He was summoned for military service from 16 Apr. (1291) 19 Edw. I, to 10 May (1306) 34 Edw. I, to attend the King wherever he might be 8 June (1294) 22 Edw. I; to attend the King at Salisbury 26 Jan. (1296/7) 25 Edw. I; and to Parliament from 24 June (1295) 23 Edw. I to 22 Jan. (1304/5) 33 Edw. I by writs directed Johanni Baroni de Greystok' or Greystok, or Johanni de Greystok', whereby he is held to have become LORD GREYSTOKE. In 1294, he was excused from attendance in Gascony, but later accompanied the King there. He was in Scotland in 1299 and 1301. He appears among the nobles on the roll of Humphrey (de Bohun), Earl of Essex, containing offers of service made at the muster of Carlisle in 1300 for the army in Scotland. As John de Greystoke, Lord of Morpeth, his seal is appended to the Baron's letter to the Pope, 12 Feb. 1300/1. In 1306 he was ordered to assist Henry, Earl of Northumberland in the defense of the parts of Carlisle and Galloway. He married Isobel. She, from whom he had been separated, sued him in 1297 for alimony, but as he offered to resume cohabitation, the suit was unsuccessful. He died s.p. 2 Sept. 1306. At his death any hereditary barony which may be supposed to have been created by the writ of 1295 became extinct.

Barony by Writ 1/ Ralph de Greystoke feudal Lord of Greystoke, s. and h. of Robert Fitz Ralph by Elizabeth, his wife, and grandson and h. of Sir Ralph Fitzwilliam of Grimthorpe and Hildreskelf, co. York (Lord Fitzwilliam), was born 15 Aug. 1367 and was buried in Durham Cathedral Church.

1323 2/ William (de Greystoke), LORD GREYSTOKE and LORD FITZWILLIAM s. and h., born and baptized at Grimthorpe, 6 Jan. 1320/1. He died 10 July 1359 at Brancepeth, aged 38 years and was buried in Greystoke Church.

1359 3/ Ralph (de Greystoke) LORD GREYSTOKE and LORD FITZWILLIAM, s. and h. by second wife, born and baptized at Kirkly Ravensworth, co. York, 18 Oct. 1353. He died 6 April, 1418, aged 64.

1418 4/ John (de Greystoke) LORD GREYSTOKE and LORD FITZWILLIAM, s. and h. aged 28 and more at his father's death. He died 8 Aug. 1436.

1436 5/ Ralph (de Greystoke) LORD GREYSTOKE and LORD FITZWILLIAM, s. and h., aged 22 and more at his father's death. He died 1 June, 1487. (SIR ROBERT DE GREYSTOKE, s. and h. op. He died v.p. and s.p. m., 17 June, 1483)

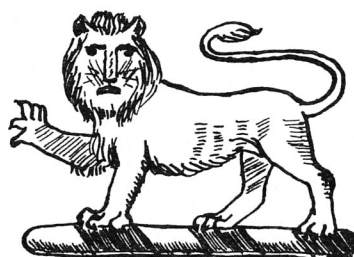
1487 6/ ELIZABETH GREYSTOKE (de jure apparently) suo jure BARONESS GREYSTOKE and BARONESS FITZWILLIAM, granddaughter and h. general, being daughter and h. of Sir Robert Greystoke, by his second wife, Elizabeth, born and baptized at Morpeth, Northumberland, 10 July, 1471. She married Thomas (Dacre) Second Lord Dacre of Gilsland. She died 13 or 14 Aug. 1516, aged 46 years when the Baronies of Greystoke and Fitzwilliam, according to modern doctrine devolved on her son, William Dacre. Thomas, Lord Dacre, died 24 Oct. 1525.

1516 7/ William (Dacre) LORD GREYSTOKE and LORD FITZWILLIAM, s. and h. On the death of his mother, Elizabeth suo jure Baroness Greystoke, in Aug. 1516, he succeeded in that barony. He succeeded his father as Baron Dacre (of Gilsland) 24 Oct. 1525. He died 18 Nov. 1563.

1563 8/ Thomas (Dacre) LORD GREYSTOKE, and C., and LORD DACRE (of Gilsland) s. and h. He died 1 July, 1566.

1566 9/ George (Dacre) LORD GREYSTOKE, and C., and LORD DACRE (of Gilsland) s. and h. He died young and unmarried, 17 May 1569, when the Barony of Dacre, having been declared by the Commissioners to have its origin in a writ, fell in abeyance between his three sisters and coheirs, and hereditary right to the Baronies of Greystoke and Fitzwilliam presumed to have been created by the writs of 1321 and 1295 also fell into abeyance.

There is no Greystoke coat of arms, but there is a Greystoke crest, "a lion passant gardant" which is something of the lines of the following:



This has the motto, "Volo no valeo—I am willing but not able."

Unfortunately the crest is shared by 60 other families, and the motto by the family Howard.

The name Greystoke is not confined to the ancient barony and the land wherein Lord Greystoke once dwelt, although these other instances have apparently originated either from the barony of Greystoke or from the village of Greystoke.

(continued on page 33)

Burroughs Bibliophile

by Stanleigh B. Vinson

Vern Coriell has asked me to write a few notes on the life and loves of a Burroughs collector. It always seems that the first question is "How did you get started?" Naturally every collector has a different answer.

When I was back in grade school, I became interested in Astronomy but could find no more than a dozen books a layman could read on the subject.

This led to a continued interest in science-fiction which seemed to be the next best thing. Early in this reading of science-fiction, I came across a copy of "A PRINCESS OF MARS" and was a dyed-in-the-wool Burroughs fan from that moment on.

With a natural love for the out of doors and having read all I could find on Africa by such writers as Carl Ackley and Martin Johnson, to mention a couple, Tarzan created a conflict with John Carter I have never been able to resolve. I sometimes think I may like John Carter best.

By the time I was through Ohio State University and married, I had quite a sizeable library of Burroughs books and other items but still did not consider myself a Burroughs collector. I guess it took both Darrell Richardson and Vern to bring out the real pack-rat instinct in me.

So this is how it started but I would like to point out that it is still a hobby with me and not a business. While I like to find a comic magazine to fill in a blank spot in my collection, it is not one-tenth as exciting as to find something really new such as an early Burroughs letter. It is often the little things that add to the understanding of the master story-teller.

However, the true fun and enjoyment of being a collector has come through gaining friends in all walks of life and all over the world. I had a visit last summer with a young Japanese University Professor that I had corresponded with for over ten years. It was a real pleasure to meet and visit with him a few days on his way home to Hiroshima after a year's scholarship at Cornell University. Or how about the friend in Norway I have never met but with whom I have traded coffee for Norwegian Tarzan books. Or the fun of a morning's visit with John Coleman Burroughs in his father's office. Or, might I say, best of all, an evening with Mrs. St. John in the studio of her late husband, that wonderful man, J. Allen St. John. And not to mention fans and friends among the many like John Harwood and Maurice B. Gardner. These are the profits, so to speak, in collecting that cannot be measured in words or balanced against the material items that you are lucky enough to collect.

One thing more, what other author can compare to Burroughs from the standpoint of a collector? No other character is better known than Tarzan. Few, if any, other authors present such a large and wide field to the collector. Books, magazines, comics (daily, Sunday and magazine), movies, radio, television, art work, novelties, foreign items in all these fields, etc., etc. As a result, collecting the works of Burroughs is a full-time hobby and the collector cannot divide his love over any broader field.

Born in Mansfield, Ohio, in 1908. Graduated at Mansfield Senior High School. Five years Ohio State University in Industrial Engineering. Also attended Culver Military Academy, University School in Cleveland and Ashland College.

One son (24) married and living in Mississippi.

One daughter (21) married and living in Mansfield. Married Grace Cameron of Columbus in 1935. Living at 1060 West Cook Road, Mansfield.

Editor's note: Stan Vinson, for those who may not know, is President of the Ideal Electric Co., who manufacture electric motors and generators from 20 to 6000 horse power.

When I asked Stan for his Burroughs Bibliophile profile he sent me the foregoing, which, in my opinion, left a lot of things unsaid in the way of Stan's accomplishments. Vinson is not a shy guy but at the same time he is not one to beat his own chest. So, without his permission, I am adding the following facts about him, gleaned from the April, 1960, Ideal News.

"Mr. Vinson started at Ideal on July 2, 1923, at the age of 14. He worked during Christmas, summer, and spring vacations, while attending high school and college.

During this interval, he worked in various areas of the company which included: Stock Room, Test Floor, Panel, and Drafting Depts. His beginning wage at Ideal was a mere 12¢ per hour.

Having attended Ohio State University, Stan holds an Industrial Engineering Degree from this school. While at Ohio State he was President of Pi Tau Pi Sigma, The Signal Corps Fraternity; President of Student Society of Industrial Engineers; and President of the Ohio State Rocket Society.

After graduation from college, Stan spent his first summer at Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico, assisting with the installation of a new Ideal generator and the rebuilding of an existing control panel. Both the generator and control are used for the lighting of this famous cavern.

Upon return to the home office, Stan worked in various departments such as Design, Sales, and Advertising. He spent most of the World War II years in Purchasing and Payroll with Mr. Howard McDaniel."

Stan is very much civic minded. His activities include President of United Realty Associates; Operating 450-acre farm southwest of Mansfield; Treasurer of the Friendly House Settlement Association; Past President and member of Board of Directors of the Mansfield Kiwanis Club; Director of the First National Bank of Mansfield; Director of Mansfield General Hospital; Member of the Mansfield Public Library Board; Director of the Richland Astronomy Society; Past President of the Men's Garden Club of Mansfield, Richland County Bee Keepers Association, and the University Club; Director of the Ohio State Alumni Association of Mansfield; Director of the Mansfield Kiwanis Memorial Foundation; Member of the Mansfield Chamber of Commerce and Manufacturers Club.

Readers of this publication know Stan Vinson as one of the top Burroughs collectors in the country and Vice President of the Burroughs Bibliophiles.

Burroughs collectors have to give Stan a nod of thanks, as he has been responsible for discovering many lost and forgotten Edgar Rice Burroughs items. It was Stan who only recently located the Burroughs article in Screenland, entitled "Wild Animals in Pictures", and he has written a very interesting article based on recently discovered Burroughs letters, now in his possession, which will appear in a future BB. It was also Stan, in collaboration with Darrell C. Richardson, who brought to light that ERB rarity "Ben, King of Beasts", after much research and a great deal of expense. "Ben" is better known as ~~Ben~~ The MANEATER





Stan's Sensational Collection on Display at the BOOK SHOP in Mansfield.

MATANIA (continued from page 14)

At the age of 80, Mr. Matania is reputed to be retired but how can you keep anybody who enjoys painting as much as he does away from an easel? He mostly spends his time painting subjects that he himself likes, after a lifetime of painting for others, mainly scenes of Roman life, of which we saw several fine examples in the studio. Of recent years he has entered a new field and has been allowed to paint his favorite subjects for the covers of several historical pocket books, such as THOSE ABOUT TO DIE, SPARTACUS and THE GALILEANS.

Leaving the studio for a moment he showed us through the rest of the house; one room, the dining room consisted of original Florentine furniture and of course some more marvelous painting, one of the legendary PYSCHÉ. In the hallway was a Roman table of bronze and marble which Matania had built himself and which we had previously seen in one of his Roman paintings. There were also several other pieces of furniture and bric-a-brac made by his talented hands. He has a fondness for everything that is beautiful in art and architecture, he loves the use of marble and other attractive building elements and he abhors the use of concrete even as much as he does modern art, of which he says, "Those who paint modern pictures in bad faith are frauds. Those who paint them in good faith need a doctor. These paintings will one day be in museums like ancient instruments of torture to show the depths to which art fell."

But eventually it came time to leave this fascinating man who although he has hob-nobbed with royalty is as natural and as friendly as anyone you would care to meet, he thanked us for our interest in his work and invited us to call again whenever we desired and for the first time I felt a twinge of regret that I would soon be leaving England. I would have left much happier had I been able to think that sometime in the future I could spend another interesting afternoon with this astounding artist.

TAIL OF JAD-BAL-JA (continued from page 13)

moments before. I hope it is not daddy, thought the lad, for he will be furious to find me playing in all this mud. It was not daddy, however, for parting the verdure at the outer edge of the brush was the noble head of Jad-Bal-Ja, the Golden Lion. As the great beast saw the boy's plight, he raised his head high, emitting one dismal roar, and suddenly turned completely around so that his buttocks were where his head had been, his tail twisting tantalizingly on the surface of the bog well within the limits of the boy's reach—and the fire at the stable, now but a mass of charred lumber, was given in charge to Muviro.

"Where is Jad-Bal-Ja?" demanded Tarzan. "Have you seen him since you released him from his cage?"

"He loped off in the direction of the rear of the bungalow, Bwana," replied Muviro. "I'm sure he's about somewhere."

"More than likely he's with Jackie," said Korak. "I swear, father, sometimes I think the lion is psychic. He seems to sense when the boy is playing outdoors and wastes no time in seeking him out. One would think that the lion would welcome a respite from the cage by a jaunt into the jungle and a rendezvous with Sabor—but not Jad-Bal-Ja—instead, he'd rather remain with the boy to have his tail pulled from its veritable roots."

Tarzan laughed. "Come," he said; "let us get back to the house."

As they rounded the corner of the veranda, they

saw, just entering the front lawn, the bedraggled figure of John Clayton III swinging gaily from side to side upon the tail of Jad-Bal-Ja, the Golden Lion.

"What did I tell you!" said Korak, emphatically.

"You were right, my son," replied the ape-man with a smile; "but look at the boy—he is filthy from head to foot. I've often wondered how the lad can get so dirty with no apparent dirt to get into."

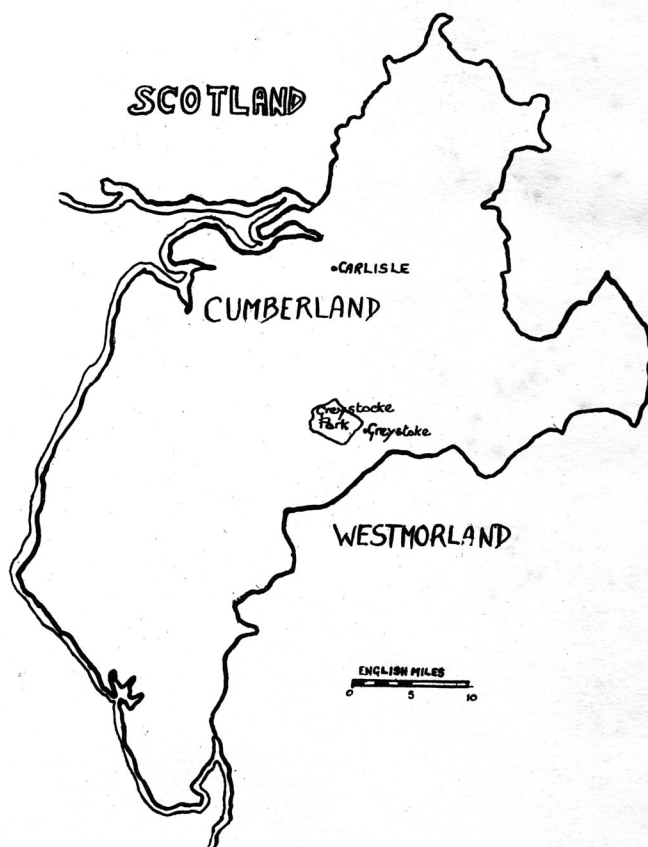
"It is quite a mystery," rejoined the Killer; "but look at that poor lion—I do wish we could curb the lad of that awful habit of hanging on the brute's tail."

"He's enjoying it as much as the boy," said Tarzan of the Apes, cheerfully. "Come, Jad-Bal-Ja! Come to heel!"

†

(GREYSTOKE (continued from page 29)

Two railway engines of the London North Western Railway (a railway which existed prior to the grouping of 1923) were named Greystoke, the name of which was probably after the village. The first was an Allan 2-4-0 goods engine of 1845 (number 80); the second was an "Experiment" class 4-6-0 number 2116 built in January 1909. The name Greystoke was also used for a street in Blackpool; Greystoke Place on which Greystoke Hotel is situated. Greystoke is also the name of a house at Gainsborough in Lincolnshire.





THE **BURROUGHS** Bulletin

