Bruce Eliot Jones

I was born in Kansas City, Missouri on October 31, 1944. I was the first kid on my block to own a TV. That and the radio took up most of my time. When the family moved to St. Louis, I began to attack the movie houses with the same enthusiasm I had for television. A kid next door, a junior higher who doubled as a baby sitter, devised a unique method of telling me stories from a diary he bought at the dime store. He drew the stories on the diary pages while telling them, thus adding another dimension to the tales. I acquired a diary and filled it with similar scribblings. At that time I discovered comic books. Back then (late forties-early fifties) comic books were really great stuff and I spent all my pre-comic code days buying all the gruesome horror rags I could get my Clark bar covered hands on— which my parents promptly snatched up and tore to shreds. "They'll give you nightmares, Brucie." They did—but who the hell cared? Better TALES FROM THE CRYP than LITTLE AUDREY!

By now my parents had finally gotten hip to the idea that I liked to draw so, in order to save the walls and window shades, they bought me a $20.00 drawing board on which I was to create such immortal characters as DIRTY LOUIE, JOE BLOW, and other assorted mongoloids better off forgotten.

Then, sometime between 1960 and 1964, I got involved with the opposite sex and forgot all about drawing. After that first kiss in a darkened basement, I figured I was an idiot to sit alone in my room drawing goofy little pictures all day (an observation which still haunts me to this day). At the University of Kansas, I learned that there are a great many other art forms in the world than that of the graphic story. I also learned that for a guy who could barely draw comic-style, they were practically unattainable.

I quit school somewhat depressed and confused and did what was probably the most stupid thing that I have ever done in my life...I joined the army! I was released from active duty in the summer of 1967 with a six year reserve obligation. Yeech!

And so, after spending twenty-two years of my life with my feet in the clouds and my head on the ground, or something like that, I began to draw comic art earnestly in August of 1967 while earning tons of money every week washing dishes at the local pancake house. After a year of slinging ink all over the house, collecting old comic books and losing most of my friends, I stuffed my best work into a portfolio, all the money I had into my wallet, got married, and scampered off here to New York. As yet, I haven't set the industry on fire...but I'm still trying and hope to succeed. If not, I can always say this for choosing art as my vocation; I've had a lot of experience at dish washing.

—Bruce Eliot Jones

Ad-11b: It has been almost a year since Bruce Jones first visited the House of Greystoke and became an enthusiastic member of the Burroughs Bibliophiles. In a short space of time, we got to know Bruce pretty well and enjoyed his visits because we were interested in the same things which prevented us from becoming bored. You know, things like ERB, St. John, Frazetta, etc. One time Bruce even let us meet Yvonne, a very attractive young lady who was soon to become Mrs. Jones. Anyway, if you don't believe Bruce is an enthusiastic Burroughs fan, just take a gander at the following pages. You'll be seeing more of Bruce Jones' work...not only in the BB, but in future issues of Fantastic and Amazing magazines and on the covers of paperbacks.

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THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY AUTHORIZED EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS FANZINE
TARZAN! TARZAN! HELP US!

IT IS THE WHITE WITCH! SHE HAS CAST AN EVIL SPELL ON HIM, TARZAN.

I HAVE HEARD OF THIS WHITE WITCH. SHE LIVES BY THE GREAT SWAMP. I THINK IT'S TIME I PAID HER A VISIT...

STAY WITH YOUR BROTHER. I WILL RETURN.

WHAT IS IT, NAKUBA?

TARZAN! TARZAN! MY BROTHER... HE IS DEAD! THE WHITE WITCH...!
STRANGE... THAT FAMILY OF APES... I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM SLEEP THAT WAY BEFORE.

AND THAT LIONESS SHE'S COMPLETELY MOTIONLESS YET SHE STALKS NOTHING.

AS I THOUGHT... LIKE THE APES AND NAKUBA'S BROTHER. THEY ALL APPEAR TO BE HYPNOTIZED DOUBTLESS THIS "WHITE WITCH" IS A SOPHISTICATED WOMAN OF CONSIDERABLE SCHOOLING.

TARZAN!
I AM THE WHITE WITCH... ZARA, THE ALL POWERFUL

IS THIS HOW YOU PROVE YOUR POWER?

I HAVE CAST A SPELL ON HER. SHE IS IN MY CONTROL

TOGETHER TARZAN, WE COULD RULE THE JUNGLE. SAY YOU WILL JOIN ME...

TARZAN JOINS NO ONE!

ADMIT, ZARA, THAT YOU ARE DR. KEN'S DAUGHTER. RUN AWAY FROM YOUR HOME IN KENYA LIKE A FOOLISH CHILD...

...AND USING THE HYPNOSIS HE TAUGHT YOU TO SCARE THE LOCAL NATIVES.

VERY WELL, TARZAN.

YOU ARE AS BORING AS MY IDIOT FATHER. WATCH MY POWER NOW... BALAK! ATTACK!
WELL DONE TARZAN, BUT I AM NOT THROUGH...

ALL THE ANIMALS ARE MY SLAVES AND I -

OH TARZAN, WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN. CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME? THE OTHERS...

WILL AWAKEN SOON, UNHARMED. I...I WANT TO GO HOME NOW PLEASE.

THE END
BY THE GODS! IS THERE A BLEAKER LAND IN ALL THE WORLD? IF THESE DEMONIC CLIFFS DON'T DASH ME TO MY DEATH THIS SATANIC WIND WILL. IN ALL MY DAYS I'VE NEVER KNOWN SUCH WILDERNESS. UNLESS I SOON FIND SHELTER THE ELEMENTS WILL DO ME IN...

BRUCE EJOT JONES 1926
A room for the night, keeper, and a hot meal... I've come a long way through the mountains.

Excuse me, sir, did... did you say "through the mountains"?

Of course...

I liar! No man dares traverse the mountains at night! It is death! We don't like strangers in this town...

...especially impudent ones!
IT WOULD APPEAR, INN KEEPER, THAT SOME OF THE TENANTS OF YOUR FINE LODGE ARE IGNORANT OF THE MEANING OF HOSPITALITY; I WAS CAUGHT WITH MY PANTS DOWN THAT TIME...

...Perhaps I can return the favor...

BRING MY SUPPER TO MY ROOM, KEEPER. I'VE GROWN TIRED OF YOUR GUESTS.
INcredible as it may sound, the people of this village believe a demon is haunting the town. To appease the creature, three townsfolk are chosen each year to chain a young virgin to a cliff high in the mountains...

Forgive me sir for daring to approach you at this late hour, but I must warn you... there is great danger here! You must leave Sir! Oh, oh, oh... you will... (sob)... you will... be... KILLED!

There, there... be at ease, girl. Now tell me what this is all about...

Incredibly as it may sound, the people of this town believe a demon is haunting the town. To appease the creature, three townsfolk are chosen each year to chain a young virgin to a cliff high in the mountains.

...there she is left until morning. When the villagers return to where they had bound her, nothing remains but empty shackles against a cliff streaming with the poor girl's blood...

This all sounds fantastic I know, but you must believe me for your own sake. Every stranger who enters the town is put to death to protect the secret...

Tonight is the eve of the annual sacrifice. Tomorrow morning three men in the tavern below will take the chained one to the cliffs... the chosen one. Is... is... me!

Weep not, fair one. While more breathes not all the monsters of hell will harm thee. Now close the door and I will make you forget these dark thoughts...
Gone! And my purse too! So that was her scheme; to fill my head with lies, mock me, and steal my money.

Umm...my head...someone...Tolanda...

By the gods she'll pay for this! If I have to search every nook and cranny in this hateful village.

Nowhere to be found. She could only have hidden in the mountains hoping I would go away without revenge.
YOLANDA! THE LEGENDS WERE TRUE!

I AM HELPLESS! EVEN IF MY FURY SWORD COULD PIERCE THAT SCALY HIDE, I COULD NEVER REACH HER IN TIME. UNLESS...

PERHAPS IF I CAN GET HIGH ENOUGH ABOVE THE BEAST, MY GLADE WILL HAVE MORE EFFECT.
The beast seeks to dislodge me. My cape may prove more distracting than my sword.
IT IS COMPLETELY BLINDED, DROPPING TO THAT CRATER LIKE A MOTH TO A FLAME... IT IS TIME I PARTED COMPANY WITH THIS NIGHTMARE.
HIGH ABOVE THE JUNGLE FLOOR AMID THE LACE WORK OF VINES AND LEAVES THAT ARE HIS HOME, TARZAN OF THE APES PAUSES OVER HIS AFTERNOON'S KILL AND CATCHES A STRANGE SCENT IN HIS KEEN NOSTRILS. SILENTLY, LIKE A CAT, HE TWISTS HIS LITHE BODY ABOUT ON THE MOSS COVERED LIMB AND GAZES QUIETLY ALONG THE GAME TRAIL BELOW HIM FOR SOME SIGN OF MOVEMENT. BEFORE LONG THE CRUNCHING SOUND OF FOOTFALLS REACHES HIS EAGER EARS AND STEEL SPRING MUSCLES TIGHTEN IN ANTICIPATION...

TARZAN DISCOVERS THE FOOTFALLS AS THOSE OF A HUMAN... BUT A MOMENT LATER ANOTHER SOUND MIXES WITH THE FIRST...
NOT ONE HUNDRED FEET FROM WHERE THE APE-MAN CROUCHES A YOUNG JOURNEY SCARRED WOMAN HESITATES WEARYLY BELOW A HUGE SHADE TREE...

"MOVE AWAY SLOWLY," TARZAN TELLS HER CALMLY. "NUMA IS GOING TO CHARGE US BOTH IF YOU DON'T." PETRIFIED, THE GIRL STANDS ROOTED TO THE SPOT...
THE JUNGLE LORD NIMBLY SIDE-STEPS AS THE LION RUSHES IN, BARELY MISSING THE FLAILING CLAWS AND RAZOR TEETH...

...AND IN THE SAME MOVEMENT LEAPS UPON THE MONSTER'S BACK!

THE HUNTING KNIFE FLASHES UPWARD, GLINTING IN THE BRILLIANT SUNLIGHT, THEN ARCS DOWN BETWEEN THE SHOULDER OF THE ENRAGED BEAST, A SCREAM OF PAIN ECHOES THROUGH THE FOREST...

AGAIN AND AGAIN STEEL BLADE FIERCES FLESH AND FUR SEARCHING FOR THE VITAL SPOT WHILE THE LION TRIES IN VAIN TO DISLODGE IT'S CLIMBING AGRIVATOR...

...UNTIL AT LAST, STREAMING WITH SWEAT AND BLOOD, TARZAN FINDS THE GREAT HEART AND NUMA COLLAPSES WITH A SHUDDER...
"YOU...YOU REALLY KILLED HIM?" STUTTERS THE GIRL. "WHO ARE YOU?" "I AM TARZAN OF THE APES, THIS IS MY JUNGLE. WHAT BRINGS A WHITE GIRL TO IT WITHOUT THE MEANS TO DEFEND HERSELF?"

"TARZAN...THEN IT'S TRUE! I NEVER REALLY BELIEVED IN YOU, THE NATIVES SPOKE THE TRUTH."

"MY NAME IS LAURA PETERS. MY HUSBAND AND I WERE MARRIED IN THE STATES ONLY A WEEK AGO. WE DECIDED ON AFRICA AS A CHOICE FOR A HONEYMOON..."

"AFTER CHECKING THE RATES WE FOUND IT WOULD BE MUCH CHEAPER TO USE BOB'S OWN PLANE. WE'RE ABOUT THREE MILES OUT OF CAPE TOWN YESTERDAY EVENING WHEN THAT TROPICAL SQUALL CAUGHT US AND BLEW US OFF COURSE. SOMETHING HIT THE RIGHT WING ALL AT ONCE, PROBABLY LIGHTNING, AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW WE WERE ON THE GROUND AND BOB WAS UNCONSCIOUS. I LEFT THE PLANE TO SEARCH FOR HELP..."

"I MUST HAVE WANDERED FOR MILES BEFORE YOU FOUND ME. I WANT TO THANK YOU, TARZAN."

"YOUR HUSBAND MAY BE IN GRAVE DANGER, MRS. PETERS. WE MUST FIND HIM AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. COME; WE WILL MAKE BETTER TIME THROUGH THE TREES."

"YOU HAVE COME SOUTH FROM THE EDGE OF PALULDON," SAYS TARZAN. "THERE IS MUCH DANGER THERE."
LAURA PETERS GASPS IN ASTONISHMENT AS MIGHTY SINESHES BEAR HER UPWARD AND THE GRASSY EARTH RUSHES AWAY...

"THERE IS PAL-UL-DON," SAYS T ARZAN...
AS THE TWO DESCEND CAREFULLY INTO THE LUSH MOUNTAIN STUDED VALLEY THAT TIME FORGOT, TARZAN IS AWARE OF A PAINT HUMMING ON THE WIND...GLANCING DOWN HE BEROLS A HUGE GROTESQUE SHADOW AT THEIR FEET...

"DOWN!" HE CRIES SUDDENLY AND LAURA FINDS HERSELF SPINNING TO THE THICK GRASS...

"WHAT IS IT, TARZAN?"

"THIRDAR, LAY DOWN AND KEEP QUIET. THIS GARLIC BUSH MAY KEEP OUR SCENT FROM THEM."

"DOES THIS TERRITORY LOOK FAMILIAR?" ASKS TARZAN. "I'M NOT SURE," REPLIES THE GIRL.
"A STEGOSAURUS, MRS. PETERS. HE'S A HARMLESS PLANT EATER..."

WITH AN EARTH-SHATTERING ROAR A TYRANNOSAURUS REX LEAPS INTO THE SCENE...

"IT'S HORRIBLE!" WHispers LAURA. "NOT TO THE TYRANNOSAURUS," REPLIES THE APE-MAN..."
"TARZAN, WE'VE BEEN TRAVELING FOR HOURS NOW... HAVE YOU LOST THE TRAIL?"

"NOT AT ALL, MRS. PETERS. LOOK STRAIGHT INTO THAT GROVE OF TREES AHEAD... IS THAT NOT THE PLANE?"

"DARLING... WE'RE COMING! WE'RE COMING!"

"GONE! HE'S GONE! MY GOD... HE'S BEEN EATEN ALIVE...!"

"I THINK NOT," SAYS TARZAN.

"BUT IF WE DON'T HURRY HE WILL BE HANG ON, MRS. PETERS..."

"THE PLANE! THE PLANE!

BUT TARZAN IS MORE CONCERNED WITH THE TRACKS THAT SURROUND THE AIRCRAFT."
NEARLY AN HOUR LATER
TARZAN HALTS AT THE
EDGE OF A WIDE CLEARING
AND LAURA GAZES
DOWN AT A WEIRD AND
TERRIFYING SIGHT.
CHANTING INSANELY
BEFORE THE LIZARD,
GOD THEY WORSHIP IS
A TRIBE OF PAL-UL-DON'S
WOLF-PEOPLE, THE MOST
DREAD OF ALL THE CREATURES
THAT TREAD THE FORGOTTEN
LAND.

TARZAN AND LAURA STEAL
QUIETLY AROUND BEHIND
THE CLAY IDOL IN AN
ATTEMPT TO GET CLOSER TO
HER HUSBAND WITHOUT
BEING SEEN...

BUT THE REAL ROOT OF
HER PAIN LIES NOT
IN THE BESTIAL RITES
OF THE PRIMITIVE WOLFPeople BUT IN THE AGONY OF
THEIR HELPLESS CAPTIVE...HER HUSBAND BOB PETERS!

WITHOUT WARNING
A PYTHON THRUSTS
IT'S UGLY HEAD
INTO VIEW BEHIND
LAURA...

"I'M SORRY, TARZAN!
"STAND EASY," REPLIES
THE APE-MAN.

UNTHINKINGLY SHE
SCREAMS...
CONCERNED FOR HER SAFETY, TARZAN ALLOWS THEM TO BE TAKEN CAPTIVE.

BOB PETERS, DESPITE HIS DESPERATE FLIGHT, SMILES VAGUELY IN THE REALIZATION THAT HIS WIFE IS ALIVE...

WITH WOLFISH GLEAS THE LEADER OF THE CREATURES POINTS TO THEIR MONSTEROUS PET; A SABER TOOTH TIGER! THERE IS LITTLE QUESTION IN TARZAN'S MIND AS TO WHAT IS TO COME NEXT, BUT ALREADY HIS MASSIVE ARMS ARE WORKING AT THE PLIMGY JORDS THAT BIND HIM...

AS THE VINE ROPE SNAP FREE, THE JUNGLE LORD IS NOW AWARE OF A NEW SCENT DRIFTING INTO THE CLEARING FROM THE SURROUNDING JUNGLE. AS THE GREAT CAT PREPARES TO SPRING BEFORE HIM HE TOSSES BACK HIS DARK MANE AND GIVES VENT TO A STRANGE WAILING CRY...

THE SABER TOOTH CHARGES, TARZAN DIVES ASIDE, AND THE FULL WEIGHT OF THE FELINE CRASHES HEAVILY INTO THE STURDY STAKE...

DAZED AND BATTERED THE SABER TOOTH IS NO MATCH FOR TARZAN'S LIGHTNING BLADE. HE QUICKLY DISPATCHES THE BEAST THEN TURNS TO FACE HIS TORMENTORS...
BUT THE KING OF THE JUNGLE WILL NOT FIGHT ALONE... TARZAN'S CRY IS ANSWERED BY A HONKING GRUNT AND OUT OF THE FOREST LUMBERS A GIGANTIC PREHISTORIC TRICERATOPS OR "GRYP," THE WOLF-People's MOST HATED ENEMY. IN FEAR AND TERROR THEY SCATTER...

LONG AGO DURING HIS FIRST VISITS TO THE LOST LAND OF PAL-Ul-DON, TARZAN LEARNED TO MASTER THE WILD GRYPHS. NOW, FLOWING THROUGH THE PACK OF HYSTERICAL WOLF-MEN, HE HEADS THE ANCIENT DINOSAUR UP THE ALTAR STAIRS, STRAIGHT TOWARD THE CLAY IDOL...

TARZAN, MEANWHILE, HAS TIME TO FREE THE REMAINING CAPTIVES...

THEN, SHEATHING HIS KNIFE, HE JUMPS ASTRIDE THE PONDEROUS REPTILE'S BACK...

"HOW CAN WE EVER THANK YOU?" ASKS Bob Peters.

"BY KEEPING A SECRET FOREVER THE LAND OF PAL-UL-DON," REPLIES TARZAN.