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THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY AUTHORIZED EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS FANZINE
"I STILL LIVE" — Edgar Rice Burroughs
A POLICEMAN'S LOT

by Allan Howard

A group of science fiction fans once took a boat ride up the Hudson river. One of them brought along his bicycle, paying freight rates for the privilege. On arrival at Bear Mountain he found that bike riding was not allowed in the State Park. While his unencumbered fellows were enjoying themselves, he spent the day walking beside a vehicle which had turned into excelsior baggage. He could be heard muttering, "Cops—you can't go anywhere without meeting cops. Probably even on Mars!"

The heroes in Burroughs' novels operate in a milieu generally devoid of law and order. They carry their policeman in a brawny fist or good word-arm. But their are policemen on Mars, as Ulysses Paxton found out. Being on Paxton's side was tend to jeopardize his actions. Nevertheless, in this instance, Paxton and his companions were the criminals, as opposed to a policeman carry out his lawfully appointed duties. Of course, as Burroughs pointed out, there really are no police, as such, on Barsoom where virtually every man is a warrior, and there is little crime, except assassination. Police duties are assumed by palace guards and specially assigned units of the standing army, as needed. This seems to be true of Amtor, and generally of Poloda. Pelucidar, praise be, is too backward to need a police force.

In his own jungle Tarzan performs the function of a policeman, keeping his eye on suspicious characters, and apprehending and punishing evildoers. Sometimes, in the manner of the old time foot patrolman, he merely chivies them to the limits of his beat, leaving it up to some other jurisdiction to worry about them. On occasion Tarzan has done some creditable detective work. In one of his first encounters with civilization the ape man was introduced to the science of fingerprinting, as unerring a means of identification as is a jungle-bred sense of smell. On another occasion Tarzan took on four Paris gendarmes while resisting arrest in Rue Maule, 27. He wiped the floor with them, doing much to the delight of every red-blooded American, incipient cop-hater who ever read this passage. Upon learning the error of his ways, Tarzan was ever afterward a staunch upholder of the law, albeit in his own irregular style.

Leaving the exotic locales of Burroughs we find that the residents of more prosaic communities, particularly Chicago and Los Angeles County have had many a run-in with the law. "The notorious West Side rowdy", Billy Byrne, innocent though he was of the crime suspected, engaged in what the police term, "unlawful flight to avoid arrest". (Is there such a thing as lawful flight? If not, why the adjective?) After apprehension and conviction, and while undergoing transportation, he compounded his crimes by threatening the life of an officer of the law and fleeing from imprisonment.

From his writings it is evident that ERB was an exponent of law and order and backed the Establishment. He had admiration for the decent and upright minions of the law, but contempt for the brutal and corrupt authors of police abuses who cause good policemen to be labelled Cossacks and pigs. While the reasons and methods used by the Chicago Police Dept. in securing Billy Byrne's conviction were scarcely admirable, two of its members, Patrolman Lasky and Sergeant Flanagan come through as decent and honorable men.

In "The Girl from Farris's", Detective Doarty is a type of old time "dick" we hope has been eliminated from modern police forces. While tenacious and efficient, he is also vindictive and "on the take". Sergeant O'Donnell in "The Efficiency Expert" seems a more decent type, if we ignore the somewhat biased opinion of "Little Eva".

There is scarcely any tale of the old cow country that does not have in its cast of characters that exemplar of law and order, the county sheriff. Burroughs draws two entirely different law men of the Old West in "The Bandit of Hell's Bend" and "The Deputy Sheriff of Comanche County". In "Bandit" Gum Smith is a caricature. He provides comic relief, and at the same time is an example of the self-important, cowardly and venal, total incompetent that sometimes manages to get elected when good men do not do enough. Buck Mason of Comanche County is the very paragon of all western story deputy sheriffs. Honest and upright, and a deadly man in a gun fight, he solves a murder case with some fairly brilliant detective work.

It would have been interesting to see what Burroughs would have done with a straight detective mystery story, or one in which the lead character was a policeman. Elements of mystery and detection enter into some of his other work, such as "The Oakdale Affair" and "The Girl from Hollywood". In "Pirate Blood", Lafitte was a reluctant policeman, but was on the job hardly long enough to get a line on his abilities and fitness. In view of his subsequent career it is my guess he would have been both efficient and corrupt, depending on who it was he was dealing with.

This photograph of Edgar Rice Burroughs was taken by ERB's wife, Emma, during the time the author was a railroad policeman in Salt Lake City. Picture is one of several given your BB editor by John Coleman Burroughs in 1949.
The Curious Case of Two Dutchmen
by David Cantrell

Some time ago, upon reading two of Edgar Rice Burroughs' books, THE LAD AND THE LION and TARZAN AND THE CASTAWAYS, within a short period of each other, I was struck by the similarity in names of two characters mentioned in these works. I refer to Hans de Groot in THE LAD AND THE LION, and Hans de Groot in TARZAN AND THE CASTAWAYS. It is my theory that these two Dutchmen are father and son.

Hans de Groot (or de Grote) is by no means an uncommon name among the Dutch, so the similarity here could be purely coincidental; but there are some curious resemblances and dovetailings between the two books which support the possibility of a non-accidental connection between them.

Hans de Groot, as you may know, was one of the more important characters in THE LAD AND THE LION, written in 1914. The son of Dutch gardeners, he seems likely that he was born in 1870 or very early 1870's, for he was in his early twenties at the end of LAD. On the other hand Hans de Groot, in TARZAN AND THE CASTAWAYS, was a sailor, for a short time the second mate of the Saijou, and thus became involved in Tarzan's adventure on an island in the Pacific inhabited by a lost Mayan tribe. It is briefly mentioned that de Groot was the son of a Dutch ship-builder. In the story, he fell in love with Janette Leon, and presumably married her. The very last of the CASTAWAYS story is around the beginning of World War II, that is, the summer of 1939.

Let's return now to the first Hans de Groot. His father, Martin, was stationed at the royal palace of an obscure European kingdom as chef gardener of the royal gardens. After attending the Royal Military Academy, Hans de Groot was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Tenth Cavalry and for a time was sent to the border for Frontier duty. His pretty sister, Hilda, fell in love with him and became the mistress of the Crown Prince and future king, Ferdinand — to the great dismay and shame of Hans; for Ferdinand was a cordially-hated, arrogant snob whose father, Otto, had usurped the throne by engineering the assassination of his own brother, the hereditary king. At the battle urging of one Carlyn, a once-disgraced palace officer who joined a group of revolutionary terrorists, Hans became involved in two assassinations — first, quite innocently in that of King Otto, and then, quite deliberately in that of the new King Ferdinand and his mistress, Hilda de Groot. An official bulletin issued the morning after the latter murders reported that immediately after the death of his sister, Hans had shot himself to death.

Certainly Hans was present at the shooting of his sister and the king, and may really have killed himself, either in remorse or in shame at Hilda's dishonor of the family escutcheon. (We should bear in mind that in virtually all European monarchies it was quite the accepted convention for kings, princes, and other high noblemen to keep mistresses, and usually no public opprobrium attached to the women; quite the contrary, they often received great adulation from the lesser peerage and the common populace because of the influence they might exercise upon their royal lovers. But it is very clear that Hans de Groot did not share this common continental attitude — he regarded Hilda as a disgrace to the de Groot honor.) But the report of Hans's suicide may have been subterfuge, published in order to divert attention from other officers involved in the plot and at the same time give de Groot an opportunity to leave the country unnoticed, being believed dead by his family and everyone else except the participants in the plot, and matured enough, Hans probably moved either to his ancestral Holland or to one of its East Indian possessions, took up ship-building, got married, and had a son whom he named Hans. (The spelling of his surname may have been purposely changed by adding the terminal "en," or this may simply be one of those Thuvia—Thuria mistakes.)

As Hans the younger grew up, he rather naturally became a sailor, chanced to sign on as second mate of the Saijou, and thus entered the CASTAWAYS adventure.

Are the times right for Hans de Groot and Hans de Groot to be father and son? According to the magazine version of THE LAD AND THE LION, which contains no reference to "Il Duca" of Italy, Hans the elder was born around 1890, married a niece, got (perhaps shortly after) the outbreak of World War I, and had a son about 1917 or 1918. The son, Hans de Groot, could therefore have been old enough for marriage to Janette Leon in 1929 or early 1930. On the other hand, if the book version of LAD is taken as authentic, Hans de Groot would not have gone into exile until 1923 at the earliest; allowing a couple of years before the birth of his son, the latter would be only 11 or 15 years old at the time of the CASTAWAYS affair. Of course, maybe he was big for his age, and matured rapidly. Hans de Groot is, after all, a Dutchman.

It seems to me that Edgar Rice Burroughs was thinking of THE LAD AND THE LION when he wrote CASTAWAYS, for notice the early events in each: in LAD we have the young Prince Michael on the dervish ship, with the caged lion and the mad old deafe-mute; in CASTAWAYS we have a parallel situation of people and animals in cages on board the Saijou, with the villainous Schmidt as the counterpart of the old man. In both books the starring characters, Prince Michael and Tarzan, have temporarily lost their memories; in each book there are Arab characters, and of course, de Groot in LAD and de Groot in CASTAWAYS.

Also, the rather indefinite ending of THE LAD AND THE LION leaves the way open for a sequel. In the father-son theory, RR never actually said Hans de Groot was dead; he just said that de Groot was reported dead — and he said it in such a way that you could interpret it either way. To me, the whole narrative of LAD is torn very systematically and if the editor is really dealing something of importance, something that wasn't meant for the reader. RR did not give us the name of the kingdom in THE LAD AND THE LION, much less the true names of André, Bulvik, or Carlyn. We cannot even be sure that Hilda de Groot was assassinated, though it is probable that she was. But she might have been spared and allowed to escape — and if she did, she most likely left with Hans. However, Ferdinand, it can be safely believed, was shot by his rebellious officers.

Briefly, this is my case. The style of LAD, the dates of LAD and CASTAWAYS, the conspiracy between the revolutionaries and General Count Sarrya, seem to me all to point to one thing: that the son of Martin de Groot is the father of Hans de Groot. Believing this theory, I can, therefore, connect THE LAD AND THE LION to the Tarzan series, and regard TARZAN AND THE CASTAWAYS a sort of sequel to THE LAD AND THE LION.

* This is a very confusing point. It is true that THE LAD AND THE LION was written under the title "Men and Beasts" in early 1912, and saw magazine publication as "The Lad and the Lion" in mid-1912. Twenty years later, some 21,000 words were added for the book version, THE LAD AND THE LION, published in 1938. On page 203 of the book there is mention of "Il Duca" — Benito Mussolini, dictator of Italy — who did not attain that position until Oct. 28, 1922. Assuming that Mussolini had only recently come into power in Italy, this would suggest that Hans de Groot was born in 1900 or maybe very shortly before.
Unlike the mishandled John Carter strip, or the interesting - if uneven - adventures of David Innes, or the almost forgotten Tangor episodes, Korak, the son of Tarzan, and Carson of Venus fared better at the hands of National Periodical Publications. Smooth writing and, in the case of Carson, outstanding artwork have been the keystones of the KORAK, SON OF TARZAN magazine since its DC takeover.

Continuing our analyses of the current Edgar Rice Burroughs' comic adaptations, we come to KORAK 52, in which former John Carter/Tangor illustrator Murphy Anderson - with Robert "Enemy Ace" Kanigher scripting - began work on the Korak section.

In "The Outcasts", Korak continued his odyssey in quest of the missing maid Meriem - "odyssey" being the correct word, for, like the wanderer Odysseus cast up from the billows, Korak (and Professor Dred), fresh from the terrors at the bowels of the earth, encountered a Cyclopean horror on an island of radioactively scarred mutants. And let's not forget that ridiculously huge python Korak fought, or the giant shark either. (Currently popular author Peter Benchley has given the reading public a much more convincing and terrifying vision of this most fearsome beast on earth - the 30-foot, 3-ton Great White Shark - in his bestseller, JAWS. The monster's graphic and gruesome forays against humankind would probably make even the staunchest ERB devotee wonder if Korak could defeat a creature of that size that easily - especially when the reader comes across the scene where Benchley's shark lands in the protagonist's boat like a modern-day Moby Dick.)

Again Anderson brought his clean and ordered style to the strip, rendering Korak's world almost antiseptically sterile - a great change from Frank Thorne's previous neo-Kubert "rough" art. Korak's battle with the one-eyed colossus was altogether too short to be gripping, as are most of the fight scenes in comics today, but writer Kanigher did give us a moody fadeout scene with the love-struck youth glimpsing Meriem's face in the dancing flames - a malady of inner vision which would grow more obsessive with each issue.

Korak met up with "The Tribe That Time Forgot" (not Carson-related) in issue 53. After seeing Meriem's pert countenance in a limpid pool (1) the son of Tarzan left his friend Dred to trek into the untamed depths of the Dark Continent. He came upon a lion savaging an old man and dispatched the feline with his dad's skill. Korak discovered that the old man Kanya had been left to die by his tribe which would not acknowledge weakness, infirmity or pity. Carrying Kanya back to his village, Korak found himself the object of a great outcry, a taboobreaker. An axe-wielder rushed him; Korak's face became suffused with bloodlust (much as the hero's hand turned glowing red in the martial arts film FIVE FINGERS OF DEATH) and Korak made short work of his attacker. But soon he had more problems. Chief Zuno ordered the youth tied between two bulls which were then goaded to pull him apart. Silently Korak resisted the titan strain (hey! this is beginning to sound like a summary of TARZAN'S THREE CHALLENGES until suddenly the ropes snapped. The tribe was impressed, but not so Zuno who mounted a bull and tried to bash Korak's brains out. Now, if somewhere on this emerald ball spinning through the cosmos there is a Yakima Canutt of the comic world, then where are you now that we need you? If the real life stunt-master Yakima could stage sequences in films as thrilling as the tournament of Calahorra in EL CID or the cable car fight in WHERE EAGLES DARE, then why could not this final battle between Korak and Zuno have been a nail-biter, instead of just being there - on the page? At any rate, Zuno was downed and Korak named chief, but the son of Tarzan bid adieu to Kanya. Seeing Meriem's face floating across the moon, Korak yielded to his "Luna-cy" and departed into the night.

This issue also boasted a pleasing Joe Kubert cover showing Korak literally between the horns of a dilemma; it had, in addition, a nice insert-portrait of Carson (looking vaguely Grecian - or mayhap like the Viking Prince?) and Duree, with Amtor swirling behind them.

In KORAK 54, the son of Tarzan became "Blood Brother" to Mtnombo when the latter saved him from a strange-looking stegosaurusoid creature with a hydra-head in a land of steaming volcanic cones. Chief Mtnombo welcomed the youth to his clan, incidentally introducing him to his comely sister Salamam. Relationship developed between Korak and the warrior based on their mutual respect for each other's manhood and fearlessness. Korak saved Mtnombo from a charging boar; Mtnombo returned the favor by saving him from a mammoth croc. Salamam danced for Korak, just as Aleta of the Misty Isles danced to win food for Prince Valiant. Life flowed gently on, but the village elders, bone-casting, determined that the two friends had to fight to the death. Either that, they declared, or 2Mtnombo and his sister would die. The first ordeal was that of the spear-throw, and each man passed it unscathed. For the final test, they braved the depths of the ebon pool wherein dwelt a monstrous squid...Korak again saved Mtnombo and the tale had a happy ending (unlike most films these days!) with Korak kissing Salamam farewell and moving off for Meriem.

Korak finally found her!
Well, at least in KORAK 55 he found he was on the right trail. In "Terror Mountain" (with a title like that, one might expect Doc Savage and crew to pop up - or maybe Doc Caliban?), Korak found himself in treacherous cliff country; that his thoughts strayed never far from his beloved was evident when he saw her face in waterfall mist. High on the windswept heights he was attacked by three Mongol-looking gentlemen, who would not make that particular mistake again. Descending to the valley he was again attacked with a resulting deadly underwater swordfight. Entering a Tartar village Korak was accorded honor as a valorous warrior - and presented with the sly tawny-skinned Lotus. She it was anon who told him of a "light-skinned maid", slave to Fghang, Khan of the Citadel of Skulls. The episode ended with Korak on his way to witness the Festival of the Moon Dancers - and the marriage of Fghang to his slave!

Korak finally caught up with Meriem in issue 56 at "The Mound of Skulls" - pausing by the way to battle and beat the vengeful Iagho. It was indeed Meriem who sat next to the obese Fghang - although we readers were not (and still have not been) given an explanation as to how she escaped from the earth's center. Details, details. To show his intended how brave he was, Fghang vowed to fight the Demon Beast; all eyes grew wide. Meanwhile Korak was lugged by Lotus who tried to make him forget Meriem first with a rather silly dance and then in her own supple-thighed manner. The Demon Beast turned out to be an overgrown beatle. In one of the less logical Korak climaxes of all, Korak rescued Fghang from the insect's maw only to have to battle the jealous man a moment later. Beaten once and for all (by a woman's sash at that), Fghang committed suicide with his poison serpent ring. Meriem was kidnapped by Iagho. And poor lonely Korak wandered off into the pages of his father's 60¢ 100-page magazine. Exeunt, all.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Mike Kaluta continued to wow us with his delightfully opulent, delightfully barbaric art style on the Carson of Venus strip, making the two-month wait between issues almost unbearable.

In the episode in KORAK 52 titled "Duare, Princess of Venus", Carson and his band of mutineers had scarcely celebrated their victory when the massive shape of a Thorist flagship bore into view behind them. Intelligence disclosed that this vessel belonged to Moosko the Ongyan, one of the hundred hated Thorist Tyrants, in whose possession was Duare. During the night, Carson and a daring band made a sortie through the steamy darkness to the Thorist ship. Sneaking below deck, Carson opened an ornate cabin door and found a gross bulk asleep and dreaming like something out of a debauched fantasy by M. P. Shiel or Aubrey Beardsley. Kaluta, also doing his own scripting, caught the mood perfectly:

"...The strange half light that filtered into the cabin sparkled off the gems and baubles that lay heaped about Moosko the Ongyan..."

But a sword edge nicking his throat soon convinced the sweating fat man to accompany Carson above decks where he was silently, but quickly transferred to Carson's ship. Threatening death at the hands of the gun crews, Carson "prevailed" upon Moosko to transfer his captives to the free ship, including the fanjong of Vepaja. As Carson made ready to visit his new royal guest, his thoughts were on the nameless girl in the garden who had refused his love - and rushing open the door, he found himself face to face with her.

Kaluta continued to display his spectacular skill at adapting Burroughs' prose to the comic page and the only comment one might make was "More pages, more pages!" as indeed some readers did.

"Catastrophe" struck Carson and crew in KORAK 53. Duare was again letting Carson know that her feelings for her rescuer had not mellowed in any way when winged Klkan burst into the chamber. Readers were treated to another Mike Kaluta battle royal which left all the other DC/ERB efforts looking pale by comparison. Carson leapt and ducked amidst the frantically moving Klkan, steel slicing air and wood, his own sword blade flashing - until a sizzling ray bolt from Moosko's gun and whizzing shrapnel made the lights go out for Carson. When he regained consciousness - a unique shot of helmeted heads
peering down - Moosko and Duare were gone. Now the treacherous Amotarian seas and winds themselves conspired to thwart the earthman as a titan storm raged the ship and swept Carson into the raging waves. In another classic sequence, Carson battled the sea for survival until at long last he came to an unknown shore. Though exhausted and battered, he turned inland; soon, a woman's scream alerted him to nearby peril. Sure enough, there was Duare - and her klangan guardians - in pitched battle with the beast-men. As the last of the winged creatures was finished off, Carson entered the fray and ended it. The haughty Duare was afraid, but Carson assured her that he would speak no more of love. They waited for the storm to cease so that the ship could be signalled. All this in five pages!

With KORAK 54, Kaluta began scripting and drawing the great Edgar's LOST ON VENUS with an episode titled "Into the Land of Noobol!". Surely it is the best segment he has turned in on the strip so far - a superb blending of sinister mood and peril and high swashbuckling adventure. Carson and Duare were attacked by Thorist warriors; in a very St. John-ish panel, Duare was swept aloft, wind-ripped, by a klangan and borne away. The Thorists force-marched Carson to the city of Kadpor where Moosko delightedly informed the earthman of his fate: he was to be placed in the Room of the Seven Doors. Circular in extent, it had seven identical exits, only one of which led to freedom. From the others would come death - swift and sure - from a rain of steel spikes, flaming gas, disintegrator rays, a fierce tharban, acid corrosive, or crushing metal walls. Inside the chamber Carson mused: a table stood therein; on it bowls and cups, only one each of which were free of poison. A noose hanging from the darkness completed the gloomy scene. Suddenly the floor was alive with hissing horrors, snakes crested and opaline. Moosko certainly believed in getting the show on the road. So did Carson as he threw a door lever. Out sprang three hundred pounds of snarling fury; but the tharban was horribly crushed by the largest reptile of all. Fixing its phosphor eyes on the human, it struck. Carson moved faster, catching hold of the noose and scurrying, fear-haunted, up the rope into the maze of cross-beams and roof-works. A cooling breeze led him to an exit. Carson had survived the Room of the Seven Doors. A superb rendering of Burroughs by a consummate artist!

Carson really did become "Lost on Venus" in issue 55. Using the rope, he moved from the tower to an adjacent structure. A female cry brought him crashing through a window to dive at the bloated figure of Moosko. Carson dealt the man grim justice with his bare hands, then rose and turned to the disheveled Duare. She handed him the Ongyan's ring; together, cloaked and silent, they stole through the corridors - wiping out a guard crew - thence through a sudden downpour to the gate of Kadpor where there was an uneasy moment with the guard before he yielded to the grim-faced hooded man with the ring of the Ongyan. The two fugitives moved through the rain, heading, they hoped for the coast. But when dawn came, it was clear they had trekked miles inland - and were lost.

The "Babes In The Woods" in KORAK 56 (final issue) again met up with the Noobargan, the savage beast-men of Venus. Carson's ray gun was no match for their deadly slings. A sure fate over the cooking pits would have been their lot had not a tharban pack arrived and put the beast-men to flight. The rest of this episode was on a quieter note, with Carson and the comely Duare (see page 4, panel 6) setting up house in the jungles, learning crafts, making bows, and wandering. Sometimes Carson philosophized ("Golf is a mental disorder.") They did not lack for food. Trending all the time, hopefully, toward the coast, the two finally came to a sheer cliff.

Unlike the Korak segment (with Meriem of necessity lost from issue to issue), Carson of Venus, as scripted and drawn by Mike Kaluta was a compact masterpiece. His artwork, if anything, kept improving as he pictured Burroughs' savage landscapes and beasts as well as the oddly primitive cities and barbaric trappings of Amotarian civilization. Carson was a hero in the classic mold, Moosko hateful - and, oh! that Duare! He also probably designed the arrow-figure for the letter column, "The Ape Vine."

KORAK, SON OF TARZAN ceased publication as a separate entity with issue 56. Beginning with the first Gold Key issue in January, 1964 (Russ Manning art), it had lasted until January, 1972 when DC took over publication with issue 46. It went only ten more issues.

Nothing good ever stays the same and comic fans are surprised any more if an artist stays with a feature for more than ten issues, or even if the format itself remains unchanged. Korak and Carson have now been incorporated into the bi-monthly 60¢ 100-page TARZAN comic. What has happened to them in their further adventures will be covered at a later date.
HALT! LOATHSOME CREATURE! YOU HAVE COMMITTED A FOUL SACRILEGE... YOU HAVE TREAD WITHIN THIS HOLY TEMPLE!

BREATHE YOUR LAST! OUTLANDER... THE PUNISHMENT FOR YOUR OFFENSE IS DEATH!

SC'EM R'CHATIK!
Wait! There's no need for violence!

If I just left, nobody would get hurt.

Sik!

Klomp!

Must you rush off?... Well now that you know where we live, don't be such a stranger!

Ah...food...ouch!

Who knows?
EPILOGUE TO "THUVIA"
by Ann Ebyuddies

THUVIA, MAID OF MARS surely ranks among the most exciting of Edgar Rice Burroughs' Martian tales, because of its thrilling, fast-paced plot and because of its introduction of a truly fascinating original concept: the phantom woman of the incredibly ancient, secret city of Lothar. Yet, when the last sentence has been read and we lean back in the chair and think up what we have described in the closing chapters of the book, situations which vitally affect the fates of the principal characters of the story and the Martian nations which these characters represent.

For instance, are told in the second-last chapter of THUVIA that Fthark, Kaoi, and Dusar have declared war on Helium and have dispatched battle fleets against Tardos More's empire. These fleets have been intercepted by the Helumantic navy, "southeast of Dusar, and a battle is impending." Did this battle develop, with its attendant loss of life and aggravation of misunderstanding and distrust between formerly friendly nations? If not, by what means was it averted?

Each fleet is said to be under direct command of its own jedak. However, when Thuvia, Carthoris, and Kar Kosak flee from Dusar toward Fthark aboard the stolen Thuria, they find Kulan Tith's lone flier shot down by green horsemen on a dry sea bottom several thousand hands northward of Fthark. How does it happen that Kulan Tith, jedak of Kaoi, should be on an unscheduled flier so far from the fleet he commands?

Again, the Dusaruan fleet is supposed under the personal direction of Natus, the jadak. But Natus must still be in the city of Dusar, thousands of hands from his navy, at the time Thuvia and Carthoris escape on the Thuria. We recall that on the previous day, prince Astok had an interview with his sire in which, not daring to reveal that he already had Thuvia imprisoned in the east tower of his own palace, he indicated only that he knew where the Maid of Fthark was hidden, and suggested he had brought her to Dusar. Natus, dragged by his son's insistent folly into a war he did not relish, and realizing the calamitous effects to himself and his nation if the truth of the affair should become known to the other powers concerned, decreed that Thuvia must die in secret, and demanded that he be shown her corpse. It was this grim command which impelled Glog, Kerdos, and the trusted henchman, Bas Kor, at a farm on the Dusaruan waterway, to perform the hideous deed Natus had ordered. When the Thuria returned to Dusar with the two villains, toward noon of the next day, she carried Kar Kosak and Turjana, the parthen in her crew. The ensuing scene in the secret tower-room is described in the last chapter of the book. At this time Natus must be in his palace at Dusar, waiting to be summoned to view the dead body of the Princess of Fthark. So what happens when the girl escapes, and Astok is unable to show her lifeless form to Natus? The jadak must surely be impatient to join his fleet and its allies confronting the mighty navy of Tardos More. Can he afford further delay? Dare he fly to the battle-front without assurance of Thuvia's death?

Astok of Dusar is last seen on the roof of his palace, screaming with frustrated rage as Thuvia, Carthoris, and Kar Kosak speed away to the coast on the sleek Swift. Certain he must be aware of the consequences to himself, as well as Dusar, if their escape should be successful. What does he do now?

Our last glimpse of Kar Kosak is as he leads his charging phantom archers behind a low promontory in pursuit of the green warriors who were attacking Kulan Tith's doomed flier. Does he return to the two disabled ships where Carthoris, Thuvia, and Kulan Tith wait? Or does he, after routing the green men, dissolve with his ghostly bowmen into the nothingness from which he came?

Ultimately, we may be sure, Thuvia, Carthoris, and Kulan Tith must have returned to their own countries. But at the end of THUVIA their two fliers are lying helpless on the moss-covered plain, badly damaged by the gunfire of the green tribesmen; how then do they leave that spot? They are far from their homes, apparently with no friendly red nation nearby. What effect does their continued absence have upon the courts of Kaoi, Fthark, Helium, and Dusar, and on the perilous diplomatic and military situation involving these countries?

To append a final chapter to THUVIA in which these questions are answered would, obviously, have been antilactic; the story's dramatic impact on the reader would have been dissipated. Burroughs therefore very properly terminated his narrative with the scene where Carthoris and Thuvia, having avowed their love, receive the pledge of eternal friendship from the noble Kulan Tith, jedak of Kaoi.

But the questions still dangle before us. Thanks to the cooperation of Jason Gridley on Earth, and Ulysses Paxton on Barsoom, it is possible for us to relate the ultimate outcome of the story of THUVIA, MAID OF MARS.

The Aftermath

On the roof of his palace at Dusar, Astok the prince watched in swiftly mounting panic as the Thuria disappeared in the eastern sky, unharmed by the shots of the pursuing Dusaruan patrol craft. Clammy fingers seemed to squeeze his heart, for well he realised the inevitable aftermath should Carthoris and Thuvia make good their escape and reach Earth; the whole vile plot Astok had engineered would be disclosed, and then Thuvan Ehn, mightiest jedak in the northern hemisphere, would turn his wrath against Dusar, and particularly against Astok. At the very least that would mean the fall of Natus, jedak of Dusar, and as for his own fate -- Astok quailed at the bare idea.

Then there was his own father, the jedak, to answer to. Natus did not know that Thuvia had already been a secret captive in Dusar for two days; should he learn how his son had deceived him, should he learn -- as inexorably he must -- that the maid had escaped and was now flying to her father's protection, his fury would be such that his own sword might pierce Astok's heart.
The prince was in a desperate position. Down in the great square that lay between his palace and his father's he could see warriors running from Nutus's magnificently built palace to his own. Evidently the commotion attending the Thuria's escape had attracted the attention of the royal guard, and an investigation had been ordered. Nothing now could keep Nutus from discovering the facts. Then —?

No, Thuria must not reach her father's court. But how to prevent her? Astok thought rapidly. He knew there were Dusarian warships to the east and south; perhaps he could radio them to intercept the Thuria and shoot her down, destroying her utterly, leaving no survivors. However, the Dusarian expeditionary fleet was under direct command of the jeddak, so any special orders to its vessels would have to come from Nutus himself, with their authenticity carefully verified — and it would take a bit of explaining by Astok why it was so important to destroy the Thuria. The prince did not relish the embarrassment this might entail. The only alternative would be for him to overtake the fleeing Thuria in one of his own ships, but even the fastest of them could not quite match the speed of the Thuria. Under his breath Astok cursed the abominable marksmanship of the gunners on the Dusarian patrol fliers. Cursed Carthoris and Thuria and the white-skinned strange women! He cursed his dear comrade, Vas Kor, for his ineptness with the blade; he even almost cursed his own folly, but not quite — for like all moral cowards he sought to foist the blame for his own villainies and the miscarriage of his plans on everyone but himself.

There remained one possible chance to Astok. The Thuria was apparently following the traditional air route eastward from Dusar to Ptarth, but in this direction there were some two hundred degrees of longitude between the two cities. Much shorter routes joined Dusar and Ptarth lay across the northern polar ice cap; but for ages any ship or force of men that had ventured to penetrate those frozen regions had simply disappeared without trace. Only within the past year had John Carter finally broken the sinister power of the yellow men of Okar, and although there was now some limited intercourse between the Okarians under their new jeddak, Talu of Merentina, and a few of the outer nations, most peoples of lower latitudes still avoided the polar air lanes. Yet to Astok it seemed that here might lie his best possibility of heading off the Thuria.

His eyes swept the landing stage and stopped suddenly as they alighted on the cruiser Kantolian moored near the edge of the roof a hundred feet away. She was his best available ship — a trifle smaller than the Thuria, not quite so speedy and a bit less well armed, but probably adequate for his needs. He snapped a question at the dwarf of the roof-guard standing beside him.

"Is the Kantolian ready for immediate lift-off?"

"She is, Prince Astok," replied the officer.

"Then man her with a minimum crew and four of my personal guardsmen. I will command her. She will depart on a highly confidential mission as soon as her crew is aboard."

As the dwarf turned to the score of Dusarian soldiers who had gathered nearby as result of the recent excitement, and began to select a crew for the Kantolian from among them, a young padwar emerged from the doorway of the communications-tower of the palace and hastened to where Astok stood scowling anxiously eastward.

"Prince Astok, the dwarf of the jeddak's guard is inquiring about the nature and cause of the disturbance on the roof of this palace during the past few days. He says the jeddak particularly wishes to ask you if all is well. What shall I report to the dwarf?"

Astok forced a fleeting, nervous smile to his lips, hoping that he looked unaffected, if not nonchalant.

"Inform the dwarf that some Holomitic spies gained entrance to my palace a short time ago and attempted to assassinate me. However, upon being thwarted in this effort they fled to the roof here, where as fate would have it they found the Thuria unguarded for a few moments, and are attempting to escape on her. I paused briefly, an expression of suppressed panic tightening his features, but it was immediately banished.

"I feel sure," he went on with an affected confidence he was far from feeling, "that the patrol ships will shoot down the assassins. You may advise the dwarfs, and let them pass on the word to Nutus, that I am unharmed."

The young padwar nodded, turned, and hurried back to the communications-tower containing among other instruments, the visio-phone by which he could see and hear the dwarf of the royal guard, standing before a similar apparatus in the palace of Nutus. Scarcely had the padwar departed than Astok was boarding the Kantolian, followed by a dozen Dusarian warriors when the dwarf of the roof-guard had selected to man the vessel. Each man knew his assigned position, proceeding immediately to his appropriate station on the ship. Some went to the control-cabin, others down to the fliers' engines, to the ship's supply-room, while others stationed themselves about the vessel near her rapid-fire guns. One officer — a padwar who belonged to the lesser nobility of Dusar — placed himself beside Astok as aide.

Within three minutes the four triple-bladed propellers of the Kantolian began to spin. First slowly, them with increasing speed as her eight-ray tanks gently lifted her boat-shaped, fifty-foot-long hull off the roof of Astok's palace. As she rose, her nose swung toward the north; in a few more minutes she was racing at full speed northward to disappear in the distance.

What fate ultimately befall Astok and his crew we can only speculate upon, for after the Kantolian was lost to sight over the northern horizon she was never again reported in any of the civilized nations of Barsoom.

Roughly half an hour previously Nutus, jeddak of Dusar, had been passing a row of large windows in his palace, facing upon the great plaza around which Dusar's most important buildings are placed, when he saw the familiar shape of Astok's Thuria; Thuria was about to leave the open square from the south, slow to a halt above the roof of the prince's residence, and then descend featherlike to the landing stage. The sight interested Nutus intensely so he halted a moment to watch, but his vision was obstructed by the hither edge of Astok's palace-roof, and he could see nothing of the debarkation or subsequent occurrences around the flier. But he knew what the return of the Thuria portended — or should portend. She had left Dusar with Astok the previous afternoon for the express purpose of fetching from a remote hiding-place the Princess of Ptarth, either alive or dead — preferably dead. In any event, Nutus expected within another ten days or so to receive a sign that he, Nutus, could come to Astok's palace and view the lifeless body of the woman whose beauty had moved the Prince of Dusar to abduct her and bring four of Barsoom's mightiest empires to a state of declared war, the consequences of which could only be frightfully costly to all. Inwardly Nutus muttered a terrible curse upon his son as he continued toward his private quarters.

It was fortunate, he reflected, that the Thuria had not come back a few hours earlier; for only that morning, not long after sunrise, Nutus bade farewell to a royal ally who had flown in unexpectedly on a lone flier from the southwest the evening before — Kulan Tith, jeddak of Kaol and betrothed of Thuria of Ptarth,
cinctly reasserted to the jедак of Kao! the essential facts surrounding the girl's abduction from the gardens of Thuvan Dihn: how Astok's soldiers had torn Helium-ite Thuvia's banners bearing the Sultarian coat-of-arms. Thuvia's own suspicions on the prince of Helium; how Kas Kor had contrived Carthoris's appearance at Aaen-chor, and how at last, when the prince had learned the truth, Natau of Dusar had decreed her secret death to save his throne. As Kulan Tith listened in silence his copper-skinned face blanched with shock and rage at the perfidy of the Dusarics.

"I might have known," he muttered at last in a low, tense voice. "The honor of John Carter, Warlord of Barsoom, and of the royal house of Helium is so well attested by their histories as to be quite beyond question. That the Warlord's own son should betray that honor was almost unbelievable. Yet, men have been known to do strange and ungodly things in passion for a woman; and so cleverly did Dusar's agents accomplish their nefarious work -- for I know and can guess at more than you have told me -- that both Thuvan Dihn and I were completely fooled by their monstrous lie. But they shall pay for it! I swear by my ancestors and by my sacred sword!

In turn, then, the Kaolian jедак informed Carthoris and Thuvia of the events that had transpired in the great cities of Mars during the past fortnight or so since Thuvia's abduction. As Carthoris had already learned during his brief masquerade as Turjum the panthan, a gigantic air battle was even now impending some two thousand miles southwest, where the combined navies of Dusar, Pfarth, and Kao were confronting the huge battle-fleet of Helium. Although the Kaolians were keeping the actual fighting from the Kaolian's horizon in clear view, the engagement had not yet opened as far as Kulan Tith was aware. The Heliumitic fleet, under the command of Tardos Mor, refused to fire the first shot because John Carter was still making strenuous efforts to avert hostile action, believing his son to be innocent of the charges underlying the war and insisting that Thuvia's disappearance must have some other explanation. The allied navies on their part had thus far refrained from attack because each was awaiting the arrival of its jедак to assume personal command.

"Only yesterday morning," concluded Kulan Tith, "I left Natau in Dusar, where I had a conference with him the previous evening upon my arrival from Kao. And to think --" he paused as his voice rose angrily, "to think that even while I was in Natau's palace, you, Thuvia, were being held prisoner, under sentence of death, in Astok's tower across the plazai! By the ancient gods! Had I had but an inkling!" Again Kulan Tith's inner fury made him stop for a few moments. "I must have left Dusar scarce two hours before your escape. I was to meet Thuvan Dihn coming from Pfarth, and then we both were to turn south to join our fleets. Astok presumably is now on his way to join the Dusaric force. Hardly more than five egsis before your arrival here, my flier was shot down by the Kalgars."

Thuvia stepped forward eagerly to place her hand on Kulan Tith's arm.

"You were to meet my father before reaching Pfarth? Then he must be on his way in this direction!"

"Yes," agreed Kulan Tith with a nod. "In fact, I should expect his flagship to arrive almost momentarily. As soon as my flier was struck by the Kalgar fire and started to fall, I had my radio operator send out a call to Thuvan Dihn telling him what had happened, and giving our location.

"Thuvia, you were to be in the Kaolian's words filled Carthoris with a sudden sense of relief which brought home what a burden of fear for Thuvia's safety he had carried continuously since the day his father had advised him of the Ptharban mother's vanishing. True, she was not yet among her own people, but at least she had full score doughty Kaolian swords available for her defense, and more help was on the way. Carthoris glanced over at the girl, to see her turn

After Kar Komak and his bowmen had vanished around the low tongue of rocky land, Thuvia and Carthoris succinently reasserted to the jедак of Kao! the essential facts surrounding the girl's abduction from the gardens of Thuvan Dihn: how Astok's soldiers had torn Helium-ite Thuvia's banners bearing the Sultarian coat-of-arms. Thuvia's own suspicions on the prince of Helium; how Kas Kor had contrived Carthoris's appearance at Aaen-chor, and how at last, when the prince had learned the truth, Natau of Dusar had decreed her secret death to save his throne. As Kulan Tith listened in silence his copper-skinned face blanched with shock and rage at the perfidy of the Dusarics.

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toward him with a wondrous light of hope and thankful-
ness shining in her eyes. She extended her hand toward
him, and as he moved forward quickly to take her arm
the presence of Pfarth smuggled against his side, pil-
lowing her head upon his breast with a sigh.
A wry smile touched the lips of Kulan Tith for a mo-
moment; then the jekdak of Kaol turned away to join a
little knot of his warriors behind him.
Just then the sun was rising on the city of Dusar far
to the west, to find the awakening city being greeted
with the shocking news that three nobles in the retinue
of Prince Astarand had been found dead by their own hands,
and that slumped at the foot of his immense body of
Mutos, the fingers of his right hand still touching the
hilt of the imperial dagger driven into his heart.

"Ah!" exclaimed Thrivia suddenly, pointing across the
sea-bottom. "Our friend Kar Komak returns!"
Carthoris and Kulan Tith turned to see the figure of the
Bowman descending the sloping side of the low point
of land around which the regiments of yelling archers
had vanished a half-hour before. He came alone, carry-
ing in his arms several heavy swords, two pistols, and
a long radium rifle.
The sight of him reminded Kulan Tith sharply of the
fantastic scene he had witnessed only a short time be-
fore -- hundreds upon hundreds of braovy, primitive,
armed warriors of a forgotten age pouring out of the
hold of a cruiser that could not conceivably accommo-
date over fifty. The Kaolian's brows tightened and he
turned a puzzled face to Carthoris.
"Who is this fellow, Carthoris? Where are the others?
And how in the name of Issus, how can you to carry
twenty or thirty utans of men in your tiny ship?"
Carthoris laughed lightly and shook his head.
"I shall explain very soon, Kulan Tith, but pray be
patient -- it really is not important at the moment.
Just let me assure you that the approaching warrior is a
brave and honorable friend whom I met some days ago."
In a few more minutes Kar Komak was approaching the
little group at the two fliers. Carthoris advanced to
meet him, and when the Bowman of Lothar had dumped
his double armful of salvaged Kalgar weapons on the ground,
the young red man took Kar Komak's arm.
"Kulan Tith, jekdak of Kaol," he announced after the
approved form of formal introductions on Mars. "It is
my honor to convey to your favorable attention Kar
Komak, edwar of the armies of Lothar. Lay your hand
upon the shoulder of a brave and honorable warrior who
freely proffered his sword and his life in the service of
the Prince of Pfarth, and through whose resources-
fulness and fearless in the face of danger she was
enabled to escape her enemies."
If Kulan Tith was somewhat of a loss what to make
of a man who could summon an army out of the bowels of
a fifty-man flier, and yet who returned from the battle
alone, bearing the spoils of combat in his own hands
like a common slave, he repressed his bewilderment well
as he stepped forward and placed his palm on the white
shoulder of the Bowman.
"Kar Komak," he said earnestly, "that so renowned
and respected a warrior as Carthoris, Prince of Helium,
should call you his friend is ample assurance to me
that you well deserve the confidence of every righteous
man. That, in addition, you have fought for the honor
and liberty of Thrivia, Prince of Pfarth, whose father
is my staunchest friend and ally, engenders in me a
feeling of personal obligation and gratitude greater
than I can say. Kar Komak, to the hospitality of the court
of Kaol is yours whenever you may need it."
"The jekdak of Kaol is most gracious," answered Kar
Komak simply. "I hope I may merit the honor by render-
ing some service to you."
"My friend already done so, edwar," replied Kulan
Tith, waving his hand toward the two fliers beside
which they stood. "But for your timely appearance
with your warriors, Kaol would have been without a jekdak."

As he mentioned Kar Komak's bowmen the pursed ex-
pression darted again into Kulan Tith's eyes and he
 glanced toward the low ridge as if wondering why the
utans of strange white warriors did not return with
their leader.
Kulan Tith noticed the look and smiled.
"My archers will not return," he said. "They have
gone back to the dark savannah whence they came."
Kulan Tith could see another odor, a lookout
called his attention to the appearance of half a dozen
little black specks over the gently-rolling eastern
horizon, moving rapidly toward them. Several powerful
field glasses were trained on the distant dots instantly,
and in a few moments Kulan Tith, who had been
scrutinizing the approaching fliers through his own
glasses announced:
"They bear the colors of Pfarth, Thrivia. Your father
and his convoy, I imagine."
And so they were. Within a hundred-man bat-
tleship and two fifty-man cruisers emblazoned with the
insignia of Pfarth glided to a halt above the Thrivia
ought by事先ien, and commenced dropping groundward
while three other corax tens took up a watchful patrol,
circling slowly at a height of a few thousand feet.
Thrivia touched Carthoris's arm.
"It occurs to me, my Prince, that since my father be-
lieves you to be the instigator of my abduction, we
could avoid an awkward scene if you were to remain out
of sight until I have had an opportunity to enlighten him
about the facts."
For a second the young Kaolian hesitated. It did
not accord with his nature to confer in the shadows while
another pleaded his case; but he quickly saw the wis-
dom of the girl's suggestion, which Kulan Tith immedi-
ately seconded, and as he too wished to spare Thrivia
Dihn any needless embarrassment that might follow their
meeting, he nodded, and his companions a slightly
wry smile, and dropped back to mingle unobtrusively
with the Kaolian personal bungying themselves
among the two fliers.
The two descending cruisers landed on opposite sides
of the grounded ships, keeping their guns on the lat-
ter -- obviously they were taking no chances of being
manoeuvred into a Hemelitic trick. A moment later the
battleship Zidair, flagship of the royal house of
Pfarth, settled to the sea-bottom; a gangplank was
lowered and a small group of Pfarthian officers began
descending it, among them a tall, stately, grave-faced
man whose finely-wrought harness and gem-studded orna-
ments proclaimed his special station -- Thrivia Dihn,
jekdak of Kaol. Kulan Tith stepped forward to meet
them, followed by Thrivia and several members of his
own retinue.
A few paces apart the parties halted, the two jek-
da the laid palms on each other's shoulders, spoke each
other's name and exchanged "korei" of friendly greet-
ing. Then, glancing past Kulan Tith, Thrivia Dihn's
eyes flew wide at sight of his daughter standing among
the Kaolian delegation.
"Thrivia!"
Thrivia Dihn almost bowed over the Kaolian as he
sprang with that glad, grateful joy toward his daugh-
ter, who held out her arms to him with a happy laugh
upon her beautiful lips.
For a moment Thrivia Dihn held his daughter close,
then they parted, and from where he stood beside
the Thrivia Carthoris equalled an earnest, animated
conversation among the girls; the jekdaik, a low jek-
daik. He could not quite hear what they said, but by
watching the play of emotions on Thrivia Dihn's face
-- concern, anger, surprise, persuasion, disbelieve,
thoughtfulness, and finally again a suppressed wrath
as the Pfarthian looked westward toward distant Dusar
-- Carthoris could inter in the course of the discussion.
Presently the little group began casting glances in
his direction; then Kulan Tith beckoned him to join
them.
Carthoris advanced quickly until he stood before
Thuvan Dihn. The latter regarded him solemnly for an instant in silence, then he spoke.

"Carthoris, Prince of Helium," he said then, "my daughter has just told me what really occurred at the time of her disappearance and since. I realise now that I, my people, and my allies were the victims of a vicious deception deliberately aimed at arousing and directing our enmity at you, your honorable house, and the great nation with which in the past we have enjoyed the most friendly and mutually beneficial relations. I have wronged you grievously, Carthoris—and words cannot express the regret I feel at my lack of faith in your integrity. I hope you will forgive a man whose grief at the loss of his beloved daughter unbalanced his judgement."

With a smile Carthoris stepped up and placed a palm on Thuvan Dihn's shoulder.

"I understand, Thuvan Dihn. Astok's plot was very cunningly planned and executed. It is entirely probable that many of my own people harbor doubts of my trustworthiness. But the important matter now is that Thuvia is again with her own kin, and that our friendship is as strong and cordial as it has ever been."

It was a happy group that boarded the Zitidar to the wild cheering of the Tharian soldiers when they recognised their restored princess. Dozens of swords clattered at her feet as she trod the deck with her father toward the ship's bridge, and guns boomed in salute as the joyous tidings of Thuvia's return were signalled to the other vessels.

Many of the Tharian officers knew Carthoris by sight, and their faces reflected their wonderment at his presence; but the fact that he walked in obvious honor beside Kulan Tith, immediately behind Thuvia and Thuvan Dihn, assured them that he stood in the good graces of their jeddak. At the entrance to his cabin on the ship, Thuvan Dihn turned and raised his hand for silence.

"Men of Ptarth!" he cried, when the cheering had died down, "Your princess has been returned to you, safe and well, by one whom we mistakenly accused of her abduction. This I have from her own lips. Your Jeddak will take immediate steps toward the restoration of peaceful and friendly relations with the royal house and the people of Helium, for it is to Carthoris, Prince of Helium, that we owe the happiness of this moment!"

As the cheering broke out and a hundred swords flashed high in salute, but now it was the young Prince of Helium who was the object of the ovation. He smiled and raised his arm in acknowledgement of the thanks so enthusiastically given by the warriors of Ptarth; then, accompanied by Kulan Tith, Kar Komak, and a small coterie of Tharian and Kaolian officers, turned to follow Thuvia and her father into the Zitidae's command cabin.

And there the story of THUVIA, MAID OF MARS reaches its effective conclusion. A brief, carefully-worded radio message was flashed from the Zitidar to the great battle fleets, stating only that the missing Princess of Ptarth had been found alive and well, and that by her own account there appeared no justification for the current state of belligerence. The authors of the message, sent first in secret military codes to their respective fleets and then in the international diplomatic code, identified themselves as Thuvan Dihn and Kulan Tith, requested an immediate cessation of any military action that might be in progress, and stated their wish to confer under flag of truce with Tardos Mores and John Carter, with a view to clearing up certain serious misunderstandings underlying the present state of affairs.

Within minutes replies began coming in on the Zitidar's receiving sets: the Dusarian fleet had early that morning begun to withdraw northward, with no explanation save that it had been so ordered by Nitus; overt hostile action had not broken out between the disputants, and the jeddak of Helium would be pleased to undertake discussions at once with the opposing rulers.

Thus ended the war between Helium and the allied powers of Ptarth, Kaol, and Dusar. Three Tharian cruisers were left behind to help in partially repairing the Thuria and the Anteria, and then to escort the crippled vessels to Ptarth, while the Zitidar and two cruisers headed southward toward the great navies that still confronted each other, but now under colors of truce.

In the high bow of the Zitidar stood Thuvan Dihn and Kulan Tith in conversation with a small number of their officers. Kar Komak, the Bowman of Lothar, lounged against a corner of the ship's cabin, casually watching the young red-skinned couple to whom he looked for guidance in adjusting to this new, strange, barren Barsoom in which he would now live. They stood beyond the cabin doorway, by themselves, paying no attention to their surroundings. They were not speaking—there evidently was no need for speech. The man's left arm lay protectingly, and somewhat possessively, about the girl's shoulders. Presently Thuvia turned a little more toward Carthoris, and her hand crept up about his neck to draw his face down to hers.

Kar Komak smiled, turned, and sauntered to the port rail to scan the monotonous, rolling ochre sea-bottom. Yes—this Barsoom was a far different world from that he had known a million years ago, but in some ways, quite evidently, nothing had changed at all.
BATTLE SONG OF THE TORQUASIAN WARRIORS

Out across the desert sand,
Laying waste the fertile land:
Deadly spears in every hand--
For Torquas, charge!

On your thoats, then, men of Torquas, ride!
Lance and longsword, turn the battle's tide!

Till our war-thoats all go lame,
Till the red men fall in shame,
Till all Barsoom quakes at our name:
For Torquas, charge!

On your thoats, then, men of Torquas, ride!
Lance and longsword, turn the battle's tide!

Mighty Helium shall fall,
None shall answer Duhor's call,
Lothar's bowmen vanquished all:
For Torquas, charge!

—J. G. Huckenpahler