

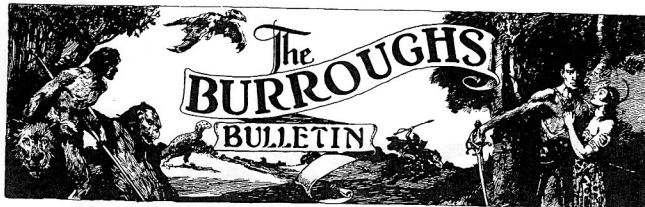
Tarzan IN PELLUCIDAR

ILLUSTRATED

BY

BURNE HOGARTH and DAN BARRY





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Tarzan IN PELLUCIDAR

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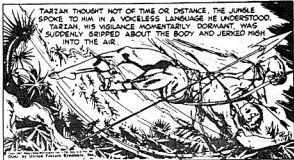
THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY AUTHORIZED EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS FANZINE
"I STILL LIVE"—Edgar Rice Burroughs

Tarzan IN PELLUCIDAR

CONTINUED FROM BB#21



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UNLIKE THE GREAT APES OF THE OUTER CRUST, THE SASOETHS FOUGHT SILENTLY. TAR-GASH SEEKING TO YAD'S JUGULAR WITH HIS SHARP, WHITE FANGS. "KA-SODA" (SURRENDER) TAR-GASH SAID...



... HIS GREAT FANGS ABOUT TO CLOSE ON TO-YAD'S JUGULAR. "KA-SODA" TO-YAD GROWLED.

"IF THE GLAK TRIES TO ESCAPE," TAR-GASH SAID, POINTING TO TARZAN, "KILL HIM!"



"WHEN M'WA-LOT COMES, HE WILL KILL TAR-GASH! THEN WE WILL EAT YOU," GROWLED TO-YAD. "PERHAPS," TARZAN REPLIED.



"M'WA-LOT COMES WITH THE TRIBE," TAR-GASH SAID. "SODA" TO-YAD MUTTERED. "WE WILL SOON BE RID OF TAR-GASH."



"I AM M'WA-LOT WITH PEOPLE OF MY TRIBE," ANNOUNCED THE GREAT BLUE-FACED SASOETH. "I AM TAR-GASH WITH OTHERS OF M'WA-LOT'S TRIBE," SAID TAR-GASH.



"NEARBY IS A THAG KILLED BY A TARAG," TAR-GASH SAID. "UGH," GRUNTED M'WA-LOT. "WE WILL EAT THE THAG AND SAVE THE PRISONER FOR LATER."



AHEAD OF TARZAN WALKED M'WA-LOT AND TO-YAD WHO, POINTING TOWARD TAR-GASH, SEEMED TO BE WORKING THE CHIEF INTO A FRENZY OF RAGE.



THEN THE STORM BROKE. SAVAGELY, M'WA-LOT RAISED HIS GREAT CLUB AND LEAPED TOWARD THE UNSUSPECTING TAR-GASH. "KREEE-AN, TAR-GASH," TARZAN CRIED WARNINGLY AS HE BRUSHED TO-YAD ASIDE WITH A SWEEP OF HIS ARM AND LEAPED TOWARD M'WA-LOT'S BACK.



AT THE WARNING, TAR-GASH WHEELED TO SEE TARZAN THROW M'WA-LOT OVER HIS HEAD INTO THE FACES OF THE ASTONISHED WARRIORS.

TARZAN SPRANG TO TAR-GASH'S SIDE AND, WHEELING, FACED THE SURPRISED SASOETHS. INSTANTLY, A SCORE OF CLUBS WERE RAISED AGAINST THEM.



"SHALL WE FIGHT?" TARZAN DEMANDED. "THEY WILL KILL US," TAR-GASH SAID. "LEAD THE WAY, THEN," TARZAN SAID, "I'LL FOLLOW."



"COME!" TAR-GASH GROWLED, HURLING HIS CLUB INTO THE FACES OF THE ONCOMING SASOETHS...



... AND HE SPURTED UP THE TRAIL WITH TARZAN.

"THEY WILL NOT FOLLOW FAR," TAR-GASH SAID. "WHY DID YOU WARN ME?" "BECAUSE YOU DID NOT KILL ME WHEN YOU CAPTURED ME!"



"WHERE ARE YOUR PEOPLE?" ASKED TAR-GASH. TARZAN, WORKING ON A BOW AND ARROWS, LOOKED UP. TARZAN OF THE APES WAS LOST.



"I KNOW A TRIBE OF GLAKS," TAR-GASH SAID. "I'LL LEAD YOU TO THEM." THEY TRAVELLED TOWARD THE MOUNTAINS, LIVING ON THE FEAT OF THE LAND.



SUDDENLY, THE SILENCE WAS SHATTERED BY A HOARSE SCREAM FROM UP THE CANYON. "IT'S A DYAL," GROWLED TAR-GASH.



BEYOND THE BOULDER, A GREAT BIRD-LIKE CREATURE WAS CLAWING AT A SPEAR PROTRUDING FROM A CREVICE IN THE CLIFF.





"IT IS A TERRIBLE BIRD," TAR-GASH GROWLED. "BUT ITS MEAT IS GOOD, AND I AM HUNGRY. I'LL BREAK ITS LEGS WITH MY CLUB. WHEN IT'S DOWN WE CAN KILL IT!"

1853



AS THE CREATURE RUSHED UPON HIM, TARZAN'S BOW SANG AND AN ARROW PERCED ITS BREAST.



LAUNCHING HIS SECOND ARROW, TARZAN SPRANG ASIDE. THE DYAL'S HUGE BEAK GRAZED HIS SHOULDER.



AS THE DYAL TURNED TO RENEW THE ATTACK, A SPEAR DROVE PAST TARZAN'S SHOULDER...



THEN TARZAN SAW THE MAN WHO HAD CAST THE SPEAR: A TALL STALWART WARRIOR...
...AS FINE A SPECIMEN OF MAN-WOOD AS HE HAD EVER SEEN.



"I AM TAR-GASH, THE SASOTH!" TAR-GASH GROWLED. "I KILL!"

"I AM THOAR OF ZORAM!" REPLIED THE STRANGER. "I AM WAITING!"



"I AM TARZAN!" THE APE-MAN SAID. "THOAR, DO YOU UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE OF THE SASOTH?" "A LITTLE," REPLIED THE WARRIOR. "THEN THOAR 'TAR-GASH,' TARZAN SAID. 'THE ONE EACH OTHER OUR LIVES. LET US BE FRIENDS.'"



1855

"LET US TRAVEL AND HUNT TOGETHER," SAID TARZAN, MOVING AWAY. "SIX HANDS ARE BETTER THAN FOUR."



"SOON THE WATERS WILL FALL," THOAR SAID, INDICATING THE BLACK CLOUDS. "WE MUST REACH HIGH GROUND."



EVEN THE ANIMALS, IN THEIR FEAR OF THE COMING STORM, MOVED SIDE BY SIDE DOWN THE VALLEY TO ESCAPE THE COMMON TERROR.



A RAW, COLD WIND SWEEP DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS, AND THE MEN, CLIMBING TO THE ALMOST SHEER WALL, SHIVERED IN THEIR NAKEDNESS.



THEN THE RAIN CAME IN GREAT, ENVELOPING BLANKETS THAT ALMOST SMOTHERED THEM. IT BOILED DOWN THE CLIFF, TURNING THE VALLEY INTO A RAGING TORRENT. ABOVE THE CRASHING THUNDER AND THE HOWLING WIND, ROSE THE PIERCING DEATH-SHRIEKS OF THE MONSTERS OF ANOTHER DAY.



THE THREE BEAST-MEN SAT IN STONE SILENCE, THEIR BACKS HAUNCHED AGAINST THE FURY OF THE STORM.



"I AM HUNGRY," SAID TARZAN. THOAR INDICATED THE BODY OF A RED DEER THAT HAD BEEN CRUSHED IN THE MAD STAMPEDE. "WE SHALL EAT," HE SAID.



THEY ATE THEIR MEALS RAW, FOR THERE WAS NO DRY WOOD FOR A FIRE, AND WHEN THEIR BELIES WERE FILLED, THOAR TOLD TARZAN, "I WILL HELP YOU FIND YOUR PEOPLE."

1857



THEY MADE SLOW PROGRESS ALONG PERILOUS TRAILS, TAKING SUCH CHANCES ALONG DIZZY HEIGHTS THAT TARZAN WONDERED THAT THEY CAME THROUGH ALIVE.



ON A RIDGE, THEY WERE ROBBING A THIPDAR'S NEST OF ITS EGGS WHEN THOOR BECAME SUDDENLY ALERT.



"A THIPDAR!" THOOR ENCLAINED. "OUR WORST ENEMIES, TARZAN..."

"...THEY ARE NEVER DEFEATED UNTIL THEY ARE DEAD." ON CAME THE GIANT REPTILE, THE THREE MEN WAITING, POISED, READY, EXPECTANT.



THE GIANT REPTILE RECEIVED A WARM RECEPTION, RISING SUDDENLY AS THOUGH TO ABOARD THE ATTACK, IT SKIMMED OVER THEIR HEADS.



THEN, SUDDENLY, WITH THE SPEED OF A SPARROW-HAWK, IT WHEELED AND DROVE STRAIGHT AT TARZAN'S BACK.



THE REPTILE STRUCK SO QUICKLY THERE COULD BE NO DEFENSE, SHARP TALONS WERE BURIED IN TARZAN'S BACK, NEITHER TAR-GASH NOR THOOR COULD STRIKE FOR FEAR OF WOUNDING TARZAN AS THE APE-MAN WAS CARRIED AWAY.



MEANWHILE, GRIDLEY MOVED OVER TARZAN'S LONG ABSENCE, STARTING IN SEARCH OF HIM, PROMISING TO RETURN TO THE MOLE WITHIN A REASONABLE TIME.



DROVEN INTO THE TREES BY FIRST ONE GREAT BEAST AND THEN ANOTHER, GRIDLEY SEARCHED IN VAIN FOR SIGN OF TARZAN, AFTER MANY SLEEPS...



...HE FOUND HIMSELF AT THE EDGE OF A VAST SEA, GAZING BEYOND MINUTE ISLANDS INTO THE STRANGE, BOWL-LIKE DISTANCE OF PELLUCIDAR.



DISCOURAGED AT LAST, HE TURNED TO RETRACE HIS STEPS, AS HE THOUGHT, BACK TO THE MOLE.



AS HE DISCOVERED THE HUGE WOLF DOGS, GRIDLEY REALIZED THEY WERE WATCHING SOMETHING TO HIS LEFT, AND TURNING, HE SAW...



...A GIRL RUNNING TOWARD THE HYAENOONS SHE HAD NOT YET SEEN. BEHIND HER CAME FOUR SQUAT HAIRY MEN APPARENTLY BENT ON HER CAPTURE.



BEBUILDING, THE GIRL, PAUSED. ONLY ONE WAY LAY OPEN FOR ESCAPE. AS SHE TURNED IN THAT DIRECTION, SHE SAW GRIDLEY IN HER PATH OF FLIGHT.



AS GRIDLEY RAN TO MEET THE GIRL, HE DREW A REVOLVER AND FIRED, DROPPING THE FOREMOST HYAENOON IN ITS TRACKS.



AT THE SOUND OF THE SHOT, THE GIRL'S PURSUERS, BOTH MEN AND BEASTS, PAUSED IN STARTLED SURPRISE, NEVER BEFORE HAD THEY FACED SUCH A WEAPON.



TWO OF THE HYAENOONS TURNED TO ATTACK THE HAIRY BRUTE-MEN AS THE THIRD SLUNK, BARE-FANGED, TOWARD GRIDLEY AND THE GIRL.



MADDENED BY PAIN, ITS JAWS CRIMSONED BY BLOODY FOAM, THE HYAENODON LEAPED FOR GRIDLEY'S THROAT, AND HE WENT DOWN UNDER ITS SAVAGE ATTACK.



THE SAVAGE BATTLE BETWEEN MEN AND BEASTS WENT UNNOTICED BY GRIDLEY WHOSE WHOLE ATTENTION WAS OCCUPIED BY THE WOUNDED ANIMAL AT HIS THROAT.



AS GRIDLEY SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET, HE SAW THE GIRL TUGGING AT HER SPEAR IN AN EFFORT TO DRAG IT FROM THE HYAENODON'S BODY.



AS THE GIRL POINTED OVER HIS SHOULDER, GRIDLEY TURNED HIS HEAD AND SAW THE FOUR HARRY BRUTES ADVANCING TOWARD HIM, SWINGING THEIR CLUBS MENACINGLY.



AS THE LEADING PHELIAN PREPARED TO THROW HIS CLUB, GRIDLEY FIRED. THE FELLOW WHIRLED AND FELL DEAD IN HIS TRACKS.



GRIDLEY DODGED THE THROWN CLUB AND FIRED AGAIN, BRINGING DOWN ANOTHER OF THE HARRY BRUTES. THE REMAINING TWO TURNED AND FLED.



"WELL, GRIDLEY SAID, SURVEYING THE BATTLEGROUND, 'IT'S A GREAT COUNTRY, BUT I'M DARNED IF I SEE HOW ANYONE GROWS UP TO ENJOY IT.' AS THEY WALKED TOWARD THE NEARBY MOUNTAINS, THE GIRL POINTED TO HERSELF AND SAID WITH A LITTLE SMILE, 'JANA!'



AND SO, LITTLE BY LITTLE, GRIDLEY LEARNED THE LANGUAGE OF THE GILAKS, AS THE TWO TRUDGED TOWARD THE MOUNTAINS OF THE THIDWARS.



"THERE, JASON," JANA SAID, INDICATING A DISTANT FLAT-TOPPED MOUNTAIN, "LIES ZORAM, THE LAND OF MY PEOPLE."



AS JANA BUILT A FIRE, GRIDLEY, THINKING OF FRESH MEAT, TURNED BACK TO THE FLAIN WHERE HE HAD SEEN A HERD OF RELAZING ANTELOPE. JANA DID NOT SENSE THE DANG'ER CREEPING UPON HER FROM THE DARK CANYON.



BEFORE SHE COULD DO MORE THAN DRAW HER KNIFE, JANA FELT HERSELF IN THE GRASP OF STRONG ARMS.



"WHO ARE YOU, WOMAN? WHERE ARE YOUR PEOPLE?" DEMANDED THE LEADER. "I AM JANA OF ZORAM," JANA SNAPPED, "AND I-I AM ALONE."



"WOMEN OF ZORAM ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR GREAT BEAUTY," THE MAN SAID ADMIRINGLY. "I AM CAPT OF GLOW, YOU SHALL BE MY WIFE."



EXPECTING TO BE GREETED BY JANA'S CHEERY VOICE, GRIDLEY HALTED IN SURPRISE WHEN HE DID NOT FIND HER.



AT FINDING HER SPEAR, HE KNEW SHE COULD NOT HAVE GONE FAR. HE LOOKED UP THE DARK CANYON, "JANA!" HE SHOUTED. AN EERY ECHO ANSWERED, "....JANA!"



"SHE WOULDN'T WANDER OFF ALONE," HE THOUGHT. "MAYBE THOSE DARN PHELIANS, OR SOMEONE ELSE - GOOD LORD."

AS GRIDLEY HURRIED UP THE CANYON, HE THOUGHT OF TARTAN. "IF HE WERE ONLY HERE," HE MURMURED, "HE'D PICK UP HER TRAIL AT ONCE."

SINCE GRIDLEY HAD SLEPT OFTEN HE KNEW MUCH TIME HAD PASSED SINCE HE HAD LOST JANA; YET HE STILL CLUNG TO THE HOPE OF FINDING HER.



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OF SMOKE CAME TO HIS NOSTRILS AND HE SAW A THIN MIST RISING FROM A CANYON JUST AHEAD.

GRIDLEY LOOKED DOWN INTO THE CANYON AND SAW A BRONZED WARRIOR ROASTING A FOWL OVER A FIRE. IT WAS THOAR, OF ZORAM.



GRIDLEY'S ATTENTION WAS ATTRACTED TO THE OPPOSITE END OF THE CANYON. THERE STOOD A GIANT, ARMORED DINOSAUR WATCHING THE MAN IN THE CANYON.

AS THE GIANT BEAST SLIDED TOWARD THOAR, GRIDLEY LEVERING A SNELL INTO HIS RIFLE, LEAPED DOWN THE CANYON SLOPE.



PAUSING, GRIDLEY TOOK QUICK AIM AND FIRED. THE BEAST VEERED TOWARD HIM, USING ITS TAIL AS A RUDDER.



GRIDLEY'S BULLETS, BRUISING THE TINY BRAIN THROUGH THE OPEN MOUTH HAD APPARENTLY HAD NO EFFECT UPON THE CREATURE. SCREECHING FIENDISHLY, IT CAME DIRECTLY TOWARD HIM.

A FEW FEET FROM GRIDLEY, THE CREATURE SWERVED UPWARD, PASSED OVER HIS HEAD AND LANDED BEHIND HIM. INSTANTLY, IT TURNED TO RENEW THE ATTACK.



IN MID-CHARGE, THE CREATURE STUMBLER, BEFORE GRIDLEY COULD FIRE OR THOAR CAST HIS SPEAR. IT DUG ITS NOSE INTO THE GROUND AND FELL DEAD.



"IT IS DEAD! WHAT COULD HAVE KILLED IT? NEITHER OF US CAST A SPEAR," SAID THOAR, SURPRISED. GRIDLEY TAPPED HIS RIFLE. "THIS KILLED IT."



"NOISE DOES NOT KILL," SAID THOAR, SKEPTICALLY. "EXAMINE THE ROOF OF ITS MOUTH," GRIDLEY SUGGESTED. "YOU WILL SEE WHOSE WEAPON SPEAKS."

"TRULY YOUR WEAPON SPEAKS WITH A DEADLY TONGUE!" THOAR SAID, AMAZED. "WHAT SEEK YOU IN ZORAM?"



"GOOD GRIET!" GRIDLEY EXCLAIMED. "AM I IN ZORAM?" THOAR NODDED. "YOU ARE," AND YOU ARE A MAN OF ZORAM? GRIDLEY DEMANDED.



"I AM THOAR OF ZORAM," SAID THE PELLUCIDARIAN. "THEN," GRIDLEY ASKED LAZILY, "DO YOU KNOW JANA, THE RED FLOWER OF ZORAM?"



"WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF JANA OF ZORAM?" THOAR DEMANDED. "WE WERE COMING TO ZORAM," GRIDLEY SAID. "SHE DISAPPEARED, AND I AM SEARCHING FOR HER."

"HOW ARE YOU CALLED?" ASKED THOAR. "I AM JASON GRIDLEY," THE AMERICAN REPLIED. "JASON," THOAR EXCLAIMED. "TARTAN SPOKE THAT NAME."



"TARTAN!" GRIDLEY EXCLAIMED. "YOU HAVE SEEN TARTAN? HE IS ALIVE!" THOAR SPOKE SLOWLY. "TARTAN IS DEAD, A THIPDAR CARRIED HIM AWAY."



"YOU WERE FOND OF HIM?" ASKED THOAR. "YES," SAID GRIDLEY. "SO WAS I. I COULD NOT SAVE HIM. THE THIPDAR STRUCK SO SUDDENLY."



"WHERE DO YOU GO, JASON?" THOAR ASKED AS GRIDLEY ROSE. "I MUST FIND JANA," GRIDLEY SAID. "WE WILL SEARCH TOGETHER," SAID THOAR.

FROM GRIDLEY'S DESCRIPTION, THOAR RECOGNIZED THE GORGE FROM WHICH JANA HAD VANISHED. THEY TURNED BACK TO FOLLOW HER TRAIL, AMONG JAGGED PEAKS, THOAR LED THE WAY. WHEN THEY WERE HUNGRY, THEY ATE; WHEN THEY WERE TIRED THEY SLEPT. FOR A LONG TIME THEY TRUDGED ONWARD.



MEANWHILE, TARZAN HUNG LIMPLY IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE THIPDAR FAR FROM THE SPOT AT WHICH HE HAD BEEN SEIZED. PRESENTLY THE THIPDAR CIRCLED A GRANITE PEAK TOWARD THE SUMMIT OF WHICH IT CROPPED, AND THERE, TARZAN SAW A NEST OF SMALL THIPDARS.



AS TARZAN'S BLADE PERCEDED ITS HEART, THE THIPDAR SCREAMED, RELAXED ITS HOLD, AND DROPPED HIM INTO THE NEST AMONG THE GRAPING JAWS OF ITS FRIGHTFUL BROOD.



FORTUNATELY FOR TARZAN, THERE WERE ONLY THREE; AND THOUGH THEY WERE STILL YOUNG, THEIR TEETH WERE SHARP AND THEIR JAWS STRONG.

TWENTY FEET BELOW HE FOUND PRECARIOUS FOOTING; WHILE AGAIN, HE LOOSED THE ROPE OVER A SLIGHT PROJECTION IN FRONT OF HIM.



THIS STAGE OF THE DESCENT WAS THE MOST APPALLING, SINCE THE ROPE WAS BARELY SEATED UPON A SHELVING PROJECTION FROM WHICH IT MIGHT SLIP AT ANY INSTANT.

IT SEEMED USELESS TO ATTEMPT TO FIND HIS COMPANION AGAIN AMONG THESE STUPENDOUS GORGES AND PEAKS; AND SO HE DETERMINED MERELY TO FIND A WAY OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS BACK TO THE FORESTS AND PLAINS THAT LAY FAR BELOW.



"THE TRACKS OF MANY BEASTS THOAR POINTED OUT. 'I HAVE OBLITERATED ANY SIGN THAT MAY HAVE BEEN HERE. WE MUST SEEK FARTHER.'"



"WE SHALL GO TO THE LAND OF THE PRELIANS," THOAR DECIDED. "THOUGH WE MAY NOT FIND JANA, WE SHALL AVENGE HER."



AS THE CREATURE HOVERED OVER ITS NEST, TARZAN DREW HIS KNIFE, HIS OTHER HAND REACHED UP TO GRASP THE SCALY ANKLE ABOVE THE CLAWS.



THE REPTILE DESCENDED SLOWLY. TARZAN'S FEET WERE ALMOST IN THE JAWS OF THE DEMONS BELOW WHEN HE STRUCK UPWARD WITH HIS BLADE AT THE THIPDAR'S BREAST.



ON HIS STOMACH, TARZAN MOVED SLOWLY AROUND THE PERIPHERY OF THE LORTY AIRID, EXAMINING THE SHEER WALLS FOR A POSSIBLE MEANS OF DESCENT, LOOPING THE CENTER OF HIS ROPE OVER A PROJECTION, TARZAN SEIZED BOTH STRANDS IN ONE HAND AND LOWERED HIMSELF OVER THE EDGE.



THEN THE WALLS BEGAN TO SHOW FISSURES AND CRACKS, AND THE DESCENT TO THE BASE BECAME A MIRACLE OF EASE. AND PRESENTLY TARZAN STOOD AGAIN UPON HIS TWO FEET ON LEVEL GROUND.



PRESENTLY THE STEEP GRASS GAVE PLACE TO LEVELER LAND; THERE WERE GRASS AND SHRUBS AT FIRST THEN STUNTED TREES, AND FINALLY —



"WHAT WAS ALMOST A FOREST, AND HERE HE CAME UPON A WEED-THICKET TRAIL."







"WHY HAS THIS STRANGER NOT BEEN KILLED?" CARB DEMANDED ARROGANTLY. "THE WARRIORS IN COUNCIL," REPLIED AVAN, "SHALL DECIDE HIS FATE."



"I WILL NOT LIVE WITH AN ENEMY. KILL HIM," CARB SAID. "IS CARB GREATER THAN THE COUNCIL?" ULAN ASKED DRYLY. "LET US WAIT AND SEE."



"WHY WAIT?" CARB DEMANDED, STEPPING FORWARD, KNIFE IN HAND. "KILL HIM NOW." "LEAVE THIS TO ME, ULAN," TARTAN SAID QUIETLY.



SAVAGELY CONFIDENT, CARB RUSHED, HIS KNIFE RAISED MENACINGLY. TARTAN, HIS OWN WEAPON UNDERARM, ALERT AND POISED, AWAITED THE ATTACK CALMLY.



AS CARB RUSHED HIM, TARTAN THRUST ASIDE THE CAVE MAN'S KNIFE AND DROPPED HIM WITH A SMASHING BLOW TO THE JAW.



WITH A BELLOW OF RAGE, CARB BOUNCED TO HIS FEET AND RUSHED AGAIN, ONCE MORE TARTAN AWAITED THE MAN'S WIDE-OPEN ATTACK.



GRASPING CARB'S WRIST IN BOTH HANDS, TARTAN TURNED, STOOPED, AND WITH THE CAVE MAN'S ARM ACROSS HIS SHOULDER, THREW HIM COMPLETELY OVER HIS HEAD.



"HOLD!" ULAN CRIED. "TARTAN DEFENDED MISTAKE, IT IS ONLY WHAT ANY MAN WOULD DO. LET THE COUNCIL DECIDE HIS FATE."



"YOU ARE A PRISONER, STRANGER," AVAN GROWLED. "GO INTO THE CAVERN AND REMAIN THERE UNTIL THE COUNCIL HAS DECIDED UPON YOUR FATE."



THE WARRIOR THRUST THE GIRL ROUGHLY INTO A CORNER. "REMAIN THERE, WOMAN OF ZORAM," HE SAID. "CARB WILL COME FOR YOU WHEN THE COUNCIL HAS SPOKEN."



"YOU ARE FROM ZORAM," TARTAN ASKED. "YES," REPLIED THE GIRL. "I AM JANA OF ZORAM."



"DO YOU KNOW THOR OF ZORAM?" TARTAN ASKED. "THOR?" JANA EXCLAIMED. "MY BROTHER! WHO? DO YOU KNOW OF HIM, STRANGER?"



"WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF MY BROTHER, THOR?" JANA DEMANDED. "WE HUNTED TOGETHER," TARTAN SAID. "ON THE WAY TO ZORAM, WE BECAME SEPARATED."



"WHO ARE YOU?" JANA DEMANDED SUDDENLY. "I AM TARTAN," THE APE-MAN SAID. "TARTAN!" JANA EXCLAIMED. "THE FRIEND OF JASON."



BEFORE TARTAN COULD QUESTION JANA REGARDING JASON, ULAN AND AVAN CAME TOWARD THEM BEARING TARTAN'S WEAPONS AND A LIGHTED TORCH. "THE COUNCIL HAS REACHED A DECISION," ULAN SAID. "THE GIRL GOES TO CARB AND YOU, TARTAN, WILL BE KILLED."



"I OWE YOU A DEBT, TARTAN," SAID THE YOUTH. "YOU SAVED MY LIFE. I AM YOUR FRIEND AND WOULD HELP YOU."



"FOLLOW ME," ULAN SAID, LEADING OFF TOWARD THE BACK OF THE CAVERN. "ONLY I, ULAN, CAN SHOW YOU A WAY OUT."



THE CAVERN NARROWED, THE FLOOR BECAME STEEP AND ROUGH AS THEY ASCENDED THE NARROW PASSAGE WITH DIFFICULTY.



ULAN HALTED IN A SMALL CAVERN, POINTING TO A FISSURE IN THE WALL. HE SAID, "THERE LIES A TRAIL TO FREEDOM, TARTAN. GO! ULAN'S DEBT IS PAID."



"U-LAN HANDED THE TORCH TO TARZAN AND WITH-OUT AN-OTHER WORD, TURNED AND WALKED HIS WAY BACK TOWARD THE CAVERN."



"FOR SPENDING IN YOUR BEHALF," U-LAN SAID, "THE COUNCIL BANISHED ME FROM THE TRIBE. I WOULD GO WITH YOU," "COME, THEN," TARZAN SAID.



FOR A LONG TIME THE RUSTIVES CLIMBED SLOWLY AND LABORIOUSLY UP-AND-THROUGH THE NARROW ROCKY PASSAGE.



AT LAST THEY REACHED THE END OF THE PASSAGE, EXTINGUISHING THE TORCH. THEY ADVANCED CAUTIOUSLY TOWARD THE SUN-LIT OPENING.



"THAT," JANA POINTED OUT, "IS THE PLAIN OF THE GREAT GYORS. TO REACH ZORAM, WE MUST SKIRT IT. THE WAY IS LONG AND BESET WITH GRAVE DANGERS."



THEY ATE AND SLEPT MANY TIMES DURING THE SLOW AND DANGEROUS DESCENT OF THE MOUNTAINS; BUT AT LONG LAST—



—THEY STOOD AT THE EDGE OF THE VAST PLAIN OF THE GYORS OR, AS JANA CALLED IT, THE GYOR-CORS.



"YOU CALLED THIS THE GYOR CORS," JANA, WHAT IS A GYOR? TARZAN ASKED. "A TERRIBLE CREATURE," JANA REPLIED. "IT IS TWICE THE SIZE OF A TANDOR, AND—"



"YOU ASK WHAT IS GYOR," TARZAN, U-LAN INTERRUPTED JANA'S DESCRIPTION. "LOOK-OUT THERE."



"A GYOR!" JANA WHISPERED, "LIE DOWN AND HIDE IN THIS TALL GRASS BEFORE IT SEES US!"



"IT'S COMING IN THIS DIRECTION," SAID U-LAN. "I BELIEVE IT HAS ALREADY SEEN US."



"HE HAS CAUGHT THE SCENT OF SOMETHING COMING UP THE CANYON," TARZAN SAID, WATCHING THE DINOSAUR. "MEN, RIDE YOUR LIZARDS!"

"THEY ARE NOT MEN," U-LAN DECLARED. "THEY ARE HORBS. THE THINGS THEY RIDE ARE OOROBORS."



THE LEADING HORB, HOLDING THE ATTENTION OF THE CHARGING DINOSAUR FOR THE HUNTERS BEHIND IT, LED THE ENTIRE PACK DIRECTLY TOWARD TARZAN AND HIS COMPANIONS.



THE TRICERATOPS STOOD AT BAY, ITS ATTENTION ON THE SLOWLY APPROACHING HORB LEADER. SUDDENLY THOSE IN THE REAR DARTED FORWARD AND DROVE THEIR LANCES INTO THE GREAT BODY.



AS THE CREATURE FELL, TARZAN WAS CONGRATULATING HIMSELF ON THE GOOD FORTUNE OF HIMSELF AND HIS COMPANIONS IN ESCAPING DISCOVERY BY THE HORBS, WHEN—



—THE ENTIRE BAND OF SNAKE-MEN WHEELED THEIR MOUNTS AND RACED SWIFTLY TOWARD THEIR HIDING-PLACE.

THE HORIBS FORMED A CIRCLE ABOUT TARTAN AND HIS COMPANIONS, CONCEALMENT BEING NO LONGER POSSIBLE, THEY ROSE AND FACED THE CREATURES.



TARTAN RECEIVED THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE WHEN THE SNAKE-MAN SPOKE. "YOU CANNOT ESCAPE," HE SAID, "LAY DOWN YOUR WEAPONS."



"WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH US?" TARTAN DEMANDED OF THE HORIB "YOU WILL BE WELL TREATED IN OUR VILLAGE," THE CREATURE REPLIED.



"HE CANNOT ESCAPE NOW, PERHAPS WE'LL FIND AN OPPORTUNITY LATER," JANA WHISPERED. "RIGHT," TARTAN AGREED.

"WE ARE READY," HE SAID, TURNING TO THE HORIB.



MOUNTED UPON THE NECKS OF GORBOBS, EACH IN FRONT OF A HORIB, THE JOURNEY TO THE VILLAGE OF THE SNAKE-MEN BEGAN.

MEANWHILE, THOAR AND GRIDLEY, IN THEIR SEARCH FOR JANA, HAVE LOCATED A NARROW PATH LEADING INTO THE TREACHEROUS SWAMPLAND OF THE PHELIANS.



BY THE EXERCISE OF SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE COMBINED WITH LUCK, THEY ESCAPED THE GIGANTIC REPTILES THAT INFESTED THIS GLOOMY, TREACHEROUS LAND.

PRESENTLY THOAR PAUSED BEHIND A GREAT TREE AND POINTED FORWARD. GRIDLEY SAW SEVERAL LOG HUTS CRUDELY BUILT, ON TOP OF A BARE HILL.



"THE PLACE LOOKS DESERTED," GRIDLEY SAID. "DON'T BE DECEIVED," SAID THOAR. "WE'LL BE SEEN THE INSTANT WE LEAVE THE SWAMP."



"WELL," GRIDLEY SAID IMPATIENTLY, "WE'RE HERE. WHAT DO WE DO NOW?"

"WITH YOUR THUNDER STICK," THOAR SAID, "WE MIGHT FIND JANA OR VENGE HER IF SHE IS NOT HERE."



"I'D SACRIFICE MORE THAN AMMUNITION FOR JANA," GRIDLEY SAID. "COME ON," BEHIND THEM, CONCEALED BY THE DENSE UNDERBUSH, REPTILIAN EYES WATCHED THEM COLDLY.

"THERE IS NO ONE HERE," GRIDLEY SAID. "BETTER LUCK IN THE NEXT HOUSE, THEN," THOAR GROWLED.



BUT THE BUILDINGS WERE ALL DESERTED. "THEY WILL RETURN," THOAR GUESSED. "WE WILL HIDE BESIDE THE RIVER AND WAIT."

UNCONSCIOUS OF DANGER, THEY WALKED DOWN THE HILL AND ENTERED THE UNDERBUSH AT THE RIVER'S EDGE.



SCARCELY HAD THE FOLIAGE CLOSED ABOUT THEM WHEN A DOZEN HORIBS SPRANG UPON THEM AND BORE THEM TO THE GROUND.



THROUGH THE GLOOMY FOREST, THE CAVALCADE MARCHED DOWN DARK, WINDING CORRIDORS OVERHUNG WITH DENSE VEGETATION.



AFTER MANY SLEEPS, THEY CAME TO THE SHORE OF A LAKE WHERE HOBIS SWARMED, LOLLING IN THE WATER OR SUNNING THEMSELVES ON THE MUDDY BANK.



"IF YOU TRY TO ESCAPE, I WILL KILL YOU!" SAID THE HOBIS, INDICATING THE GOROBOR. HE ADDED "MOUNT AND SIT WELL FORWARD."



DISMOUNTING ON THE BANK, HIS CAPTOR, SUDDENLY CLAMPED A HAND OVER GRIDLEY'S MOUTH AND DROVE INTO THE WATER, CARRYING GRIDLEY WITH HIM.



GRIDLEY FELT HIMSELF BEING DRAGGED OVER SLUDDY MUD. THEN THE HAND WAS REMOVED FROM HIS MOUTH AND HE GASPED FOR AIR.



AS GRIDLEY'S EYES BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO THE DIM LIGHT HE PERCEIVED THREE FIGURES SITTING ON THE GROUND NEARBY.



"THOAR?" HE SAID. "HAI!" CAME THE RELIEVED REPLY. "I THOUGHT WE WERE DONE FOR WHEN THEY DRAGGED US INTO THE WATER!"



"WHAT ARE THESE OTHER TWO?" GRIDLEY ASKED. "I DO NOT KNOW," REPLIED THOAR. "NO DOUBT THEY ALSO ARE PRISONERS."



"WHO ARE YOU?" THOAR DEMANDED, RAISING HIS VOICE. "IF YOU ARE SPEAKING TO US," REPLIED A FAMILIAR VOICE IN ENGLISH, "WE DON'T UNDERSTAND."



"DR. FRANKLIN!" EXCLAIMED GRIDLEY. STARTLED, "YOU! HERE? AND DORIS?" "DORIS REPLIED CALMLY. "I'M HERE, TOO, JASON!"



"WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH US, JASON?" DORIS ASKED ANXIOUSLY. "PROBABLY FEED US TO THE FEMALE," GRIDLEY REPLIED GRIMLY. "IF WE DON'T ESCAPE!"



"I HAVE TAUGHT THOAR A LITTLE ENGLISH," GRIDLEY SAID. "AND HAVE LEARNED HIS LANGUAGE. HOW WERE YOU CAPTURED?"



"WE WANDERED TOO FAR FROM THE HOLE," FRANKLIN EXPLAINED. "THE HORRIBLE REPTILE-MEN CAUGHT US, AND - WELL, HERE WE ARE."



"YOU SAID THEY'D FEED US TO THEIR FEMALE?" DORIS ASKED SHAKELY. "SO THEY TOLD US," GRIDLEY SAID. "BUT WE MUST TRY TO ESCAPE."



"THEY'LL WATCH THE WATER ENTRANCE," GRIDLEY SAID. "OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO DIG A TUNNEL TOWARD THE FOREST."



AS JANA DROPPED FROM THE GORBOB'S BACK, SHE SAW THE HORB'S LANCE LYING IN THE TRAIL, SNATCHING IT UP, SHE SPRANG TO ULAN'S AID.



"WE MUST BE WELL CONCEALED IN THE TREES," ULAN SAID "WHEN THE HORBS RETURN TO SEARCH FOR YOU AND THEIR COMRADE."



"UP IN THE TREES, JANA!" ULAN WARNED. "THE HORBS COME! I DO NOT THINK THEY HAVE SEEN US YET. HURRY!"

JANA AND ULAN VANISHED INTO THE THICK FOLIAGE OF THE TREES, AS THE HORBS RODE UP AND STOPPED BESIDE THE BODY OF THEIR FALLEN COMRADE.



AS THE HORBS RODE AWAY, ULAN EXPLAINED TO JANA, "TARZAN'S RUSE TO MISLEAD THEM WHILE HE, ULAN, ATTEMPTED HER RESCUE."



TARZAN DROPPED SUDDENLY TO THE LIMB ON WHICH HIS COMPANIONS STOOD. HE SMILED AS THEY TURNED TO FACE, AS THEY THOUGHT, A NEW MENACE.



TO REACH THE MOUNTAINS, TARZAN EXPLAINED THEY MUST RE-CROSS THE SHOR CONES ON A SHORTER, MORE DANGEROUS ROUTE, SAINT A LAKE A SHORT DISTANCE AHEAD.

"WE MUST BE NEAR THEIR VILLAGE," TARZAN SAID, INDICATING THE LAKE. "ONCE WE PASS THESE SCATTERED TREES, WE SHOULD BE SAFE ENOUGH."



AS TARZAN SILENTLY WORKED HIS WAY THROUGH THE UNDERBUSH BEHIND HIS FRIENDS, THE GROUND SUDDENLY GAVE WAY BENEATH HIM.



COLD FINGERS CLAMPED RELENTLESSLY TO HIS ANKLES AND DRAGGED HIM DOWN INTO A DARK SUBTERRANEAN HOLE.

TARZAN'S STAFF LOOSED ACROSS THE OPENING, CLINGING TO IT, HIS POWERFUL LEGS GRIPPING ITS UNSEEN ATTACKER. HE DREW HIM OUT OF THE HOLE.



INSTANTLY HE GRASPED THE MUO-COVERED FIGURE BY THE THROAT, HOARSELY IT GASPED, "GREAT SCOTT-TARZAN!"



TARZAN WATCHED WITH A GRIM SMILE OF AMUSEMENT AS THE BEDRAGGLED AND MUDDY FIGURES OF THOSE DE FRANKLIN, AND DORIS CLAMBERED OUT OF THE HOLE.



CAUTIONING THEM ALL TO MOVE SILENTLY, TARZAN LED HIS FRIENDS ALONG THE TRAIL LEFT BY ULAN AND JANA.

AT THE SOUND OF NEARBY VOICES, TARZAN MOTIONED HIS COMPANIONS TO SILENCE.



HE SAW JANA AND ULAN IN THE GRIP OF A HORB.



TARZAN LEAPED FROM THE TOP OF THE FALLEN TREE AND LAUNCHED HIMSELF AT THE STARTLED HORB, WHO DROPPING JANA, WHIRLED TO MEET THE ATTACK.

HOLDING THE HORIB IN A HEADLOCK, TARZAN AGAIN AND AGAIN WHIPPED THE MIGHTY BODY OVER HIS HEAD, DASHING IT TO THE GROUND.



THE HORIB DEAD, TARZAN CALLED HIS FRIENDS AROUND HIM AND QUICKLY MADE THEM KNOWN TO EACH OTHER.

AS HE WATCHED THE LOVING REUNION BETWEEN JANA AND THOAR, GRIDLEY SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT HE HIMSELF LOVED JANA.



"MY BROTHER," SAID JANA, "WOULD THANK YOU, JASON, FOR SAVING ME FROM THE JALOKS AND PHELANS."



"YOUR BROTHER," EXCLAIMED GRIDLEY "YOU MEAN HE ISN'T GREAT SCOTT! HE WAS SO ANXIOUS TO FIND YOU I THOUGHT YOU WERE HIS WIFE!"

"WE CAN TALK AND REST WHEN WE ARE SAFELY OUT OF REACH OF THE HORIBS," TARZAN SAID "IN WHICH DIRECTION DO YOU SUGGEST WE TAKE, THOAR?"



"BEYOND THE LAKE," THOAR POINTED OUT, "LIE THE MOUNTAINS OF ZORAM AND SAFETY."

ONCE BEYOND THE POSSIBILITY OF RECAPTURE, THE MEN WITH TARZAN'S HELP, FASHIONED CRUDE BUT EFFICIENT WEAPONS.



AS THE PARTY PASSED A WILD PLUM TREE, DORIS COULD NOT RESIST THE LUSCIOUS FRUIT AND, WITH THE STALWART ULAN STOPPED TO FILL THEIR QUIVERS.



ULAN TURNED AT A SLIGHT SOUND TO SEE TWO GREAT JALOKS LEARNING TOWARD DORIS.

ULAN SNATCHED UP THE SPEARS, HURLING ONE, HE STOPPED THE FOREMOST JALOK AS THE OTHER SPRANG FOR HIS THROAT.



AS THE JALOK SORE ULAN TO THE GROUND, DORIS SNATCHED UP A BOW AND ARROW AND LOOSED THE SHOT INTO THE BEAST'S HEART.

"IT MIGHT HAVE KILLED YOU," DORIS SAID WEAKLY, "IT IS TRUE," ULAN SAID GENTLY, "THAT THE WOMEN OF PELUCOAR FIGHT BESIDE THEIR MEN."



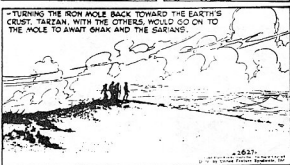
"ARE EITHER OF YOU HURT?" TARZAN ASKED, "HE HEARD," "WE ARE UNHURT," ULAN INTERRUPTED, "THANKS TO THE BRAVERY OF DORIS."

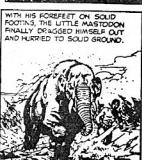


IT WAS SOME TIME LATER WHEN THOAR RAISED A WARNING HAND, "SOMEONE COMES," HE SAID SORTLY.

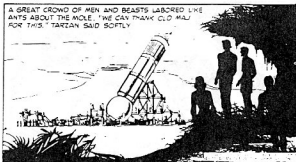
PEERAS OVER THE RISE, THEY SAW A GROUP OF HEAVILY-ARMED SAGOMBS, LED BY A LEASSED WHITE MAN, APPROACHING OVER A ROUGH TRAIL.











In BB #21 we reported that Al Williamson had inked some of the daily episodes of the Tarzan strip after Berne Hogarth had taken over the production of the feature. We were later informed by Mr. Hogarth that this statement was incorrect. In fact, said Mr. Hogarth, Al Williamson never worked on the daily strip in any capacity. From the beginning, we were told, it was Dan Barry who inked Hogarth's penciling, but after a few weeks, Hogarth considered Barry's work so competent that the production of the strip was turned over to him with Hogarth simply supervising.

This strip is, of course, a version of TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE. Starting on page 20, however, the closing episodes are based on events found in ERB'S LAND OF TERROR. A change of style in Barry's work can be noticed in these episodes too... and looking over the strips throughout this issue of the BB, the observer will recognize that some of the art has been adapted from earlier work by Hogarth and Foster for TARZAN and the latter's PRINCE VALIENT.

THE BARSOOMIAN CHRONICLES by Allan Howard

III—"Partners in Plunder"

As is very well known, thievery is a rare thing on Barsoom. On the other hand, the honorable acquisition of loot carries no opprobrium; a fine distinction drawn by the warriors of two planets for millenia. Indeed, in many cases it has been the only currency available to impoverished monarchs and governments with which to pay their soldiers in war and conquest.

Ger Motis and Minger Han were two panthans who, unlike Fo-nar, had escaped being captured by Hin Abtol when he sacked Raxar on his way to attack Gathol. With chaos all about them at the last stand in the jed's palace, the two panthans had very wisely decided to look out for themselves, and found others doing the same. They spied a dwarf of the jed's elite guard getting away with a large packet of gems of the first water from the erstwhile closely guarded crown jewel room, and by reasonable persuasion induced him to relinquish them. Leaving the palace by a side door where there was little activity, they came upon a disheveled noble preparing to mount a fine thout. The pair tossed him into a drainage ditch and rode happily away.

Morning found them in low hills near the shore of a vanished sea. Ger Motis was in possession of the jewels and turned ugly whenever Minger Han suggested it might be his turn to carry them. Ger Motis' idea was to shake Minger Han at the first opportunity. Minger Han made it his business to stick closer than adhesive, and in turn schemed to get sole possession of jewels and thout — and to lose Ger Motis. The value of the booty was great enough to make both, in a trite phrase, wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. But the possession of one fortune never made the acquisition of another less desirable.

In order to get their bearings, Ger Motis climbed a nearby pinnacle; a thing Minger Han wouldn't do while Ger Motis carried the jewels. What Ger Motis saw when he reached the top caused him to descend immediately. He slipped near the bottom, and falling on Minger Han, they went down in a tangle of arms and legs. Ger Motis, up first and careful to give Minger Han a bit of trampling, leaped for the thout's back. As he galloped off, a war party of green men came around the pinnacle between him and Minger Han.

Ger Motis turned and called, "Farewell, Minger Han, there was little time, and I got the thout first."

Minger Han pulled his longsword and prepared to sell his life dearly. With his other hand he held something up, and yelled, "Yes, you dirty ulsio, you've got the thout, but I've got the loot!"