Tarzan IN PELLUCIDAR

ILLUSTRATED

BY

BURNÉ HOGLARTH and DAN BARRY

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IN
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THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY AUTHORIZED EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS FANZINE
"I STILL LIVE"—Edgar Rice Burroughs
"And there's a hole in the mole," Dr. Franklin said. "Indicating the existence of the earth's crust!"

"No, boss!" Tarzan exclaimed. "You won't be through in 4 hours!"

"I'm afraid you're right," Franklin replied. "About 500 miles!"

"Seven miles an hour," Tarzan exclaimed. "Six miles!"

"Six miles!" Franklin exclaimed. "We should be through the crust in 4 hours!"

"The oxygen won't last for two hours," Tarzan reported.

"Doctor," Gridley gasped. "Oxygen, the tank! Empty!

"Five hundred miles," gasped Tarzan. "I'm sorry, Tarzan."

"Franklin," he whispered. "I can't breathe."

"I can't breathe," Dr. Franklin whispered. "I'm sorry, Tarzan."

"I'm afraid you're right!"

"Four hundred ninety-five miles!" Tarzan muttered. "We're all done for!"

Suddenly the huge machine stopped. The distance meter read, "500 miles!"

"Five hundred miles!" Tarzan exclaimed. "It's air! Where are we?

As Tarzan turned to open the door, Franklin leaned over. "Frank, don't!"

"What is it?" Tarzan asked.

"The door opens into a void of air!"

"From the doorway of the mole, the adventurers gazed in silent awe at the praelav beauty of horizonless Pellucidar."

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"I'm beautiful," Doris breathed. "Yes," Groley admitted. "And, according to Perry, filled with savage, prehistoric men and beasts!"

Later, cautioning his friends to remain near the hole, Tarzan went in search of fresh meat.

The great shadowy brute, the thing of Pellucidar, stopped abruptly and eyed the helpless ape-man.

Unable to lift a hand in his own defense, Tarzan faced the final experience of all created things—death!

The saber-tooth leaped upon the bull's shoulders, then, with lightning swiftness, delivered a crushing blow to the side of the bull's head... dropping it dead in its tracks!

Hearing a rustling overhead, Tarzan looked up and saw several gorilla-like men, as the saber-tooth sprang forward. Tarzan was drawn swiftly upward.

"I am Tarzan!" replied the ape-man. "If your warriors will free my arms, I'll fight Tar-Gash!" "How do you learn the language of the savages?" Tar-Gash demanded. "It is the language of my people." Tarzan replied. "You speak it to your own!"

"Do not the men, he cannot escape!" Tar-Gash growled. "I am to blame!"

In a snarling, savage manner, they dropped to the ground.
LIKE THE GREAT APES OF THE OUTER CRUST, THE SODON'S FLOCKED SILENTLY. TAR-GASH SEEKS TO-YAD'S JUGULAR WITH HIS SHARD, WHITE RANGE. KA-SOBA (LUPHENDR) TAR-GASH SAID.

ON TO-YAD'S JUGULAR, KA-SOBA, TO-YAD GROWLED.

"WHA-LOT COMES WITH THE TRIBE," TAR-GASH SAID, "GOOD TO-YAD, MURDER. WE WILL SOON BE RID OF TAR-GASH." I AM WA-LOT WITH PEOPLE OF MY TRIBE." ANNOUNCED THE GREAT BLUE-FACED SASSAN. "I AM TAR-GASH WITH OTHERS OF WA-LOT'S TRIBE," SAID TAR-GASH.

"NEARBY IS A THUG KILLED BY A TARAIG," TAR-GASH SAID. "LET'S PUT TAR-GASH, WE WILL EAT THE THUG AND SAVE THE PRISONER FOR LATER." AHEAD OF TAR-GASH WALKED WA-LOT AND TO-YAD WHO POINTING TOWARD TAR-GASH, SEEMED TO BE WORKING THE CHIEF INTO A FRENZY OF RAGE.

"WHA-LOT'S RIGHT! " TAR-GASH WHEELED TO SEE TAR-GASH THROW WA-LOT OVER HIS HEAD INTO THE RACES OF THE ASTONISHED WARRIORS.

"WILL YOU FIGHT?" TARZAN DEMANDED. "WHA-LOT SAS." TAR-GASH SAID, "LEAD THE WAY THOUGH, TARZAN SAID, "I'LL FOLLOW." CAME!" TAR-GASH GROWLED, HURLING HIS CLUB INTO THE RACES OF THE ONCOMING WARRIORS.

"THEM WILL NOT FOLLOW FAR," TAR-GASH SAID, "BECAUSE YOU DO NOT MILL ME WHEN YOU CAPTURED ME." "WHERE ARE YOUR PEOPLE?" ASKED TAR-GASH. TARZAN, WEARING A BOW AND ARROWS, LOOKED UP, TARZAN ON THE APES WAS LOST.

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

SUDDENLY, THE SILENCE WAS INTRUDED BY A NOISEE SREACH FROM UP THE CANYON. "IT'S A CANYON!" GROWLED TAR-GASH.

BEYOND THE BOLDER, A GREAT BIRD-LIKE CREATURE WAS CLAWING AT A SPEAR PROTRUDING FROM A CREVICE IN THE CLIFF.
"IT IS A TERRIBLE BEAST! TAR-SASH GROWLED, BUT ITS MEAT IS GOOD, AND I AM HUNGRY. I'LL BREAK ITS LEG WITH MY CLUB. WHEN IT'S DOWN WE CAN KILL IT!"

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

LAUNCHING HIS SECOND ARROW, TARZAN SPRANG SIDE THE DUAL'S HUGE SKIN BEATE HIS SHOULDER.

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

THEN TARZAN SAW THE MAN WHO HAD CAST THE SPEAR FROM A TALL STALKING WARRIOR. AS HE HAD NEVER SEEN

"I AM TAR-SASH! THE SADAOH! TAR-SASH GROWLED. "I WILL!"

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

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

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

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

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

THE THREE BEASTS... MEN SAT IN STONE, SILENCE, THEIR BACKS RAISED AGAINST THE PURY OF THE STORM.

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

THEY ATE THEIR MEALS RAW, FOR THERE WAS NO DRY WOOD FOR A FIRE. AND WHEN THEIR BELLYS WERE FILLED THOAR TOLD TARZAN. "I WILL HELP YOU FIND YOUR PEOPLE."
ON A ROCK, THEY WERE ROBBING A THUNDER'S NEST OR ITS EGGS WHEN THOR BECAME SUDDENLY ALERT.

"THUNDER!" THOR EXCLAIMED. "OUR WORST ENEMIES, TAKAZAN...

...THEIR ARMS NEVER REMEDIED UNTIL THEY ARE DEAD." ON CAME THE GIANT REPTILE, THE THREE MEN HATING, POISED, READY, EXPECTANT.

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

THE REPTILE STRUCK SO QUICKLY THAT THERE COULD BE NO DEFENSE, SHARP TALONS WERE BURIED IN TAKAZAN'S BACK; NEITHER TUR-ER-EM-11 NOR THOR COULD STRIKE FOR FEAR OF WOUNING TAKAZAN AS THE APE-MAN WAS CARRIED AWAY.

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

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

...A GIRL RUNNING TOWARD THEM. ITS EYES SHE HAD NOT YET SEEN. BEHIND HER CAME FOUR HUMAN MEN, APPARENTLY BENT ON HER CAPTURE.

AS GRIDLEY RAN TO MEET THE GIRL, HE CRIED A REVOLVER AND FIRED, DOWNING THE FOREMOST HYAENODON IN ITS TRACKS.

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

TWO OF THE HYAENODONS TURNED TO ATTACK THE HUMAN MEN AS THE THIRD, SHARK-BASED, FANGED, TOWARD GRIDLEY AND THE GIRL.

AT THE SOUND OF THE SHOT, THE GIRL PULLED HER REVOLVER AS SHE AND BEASTS, PAUSED IN STARTLED SURPRISE, NEVER BEFORE HAD THEY FACED SUCH A WEAPON.
MADDENED BY PAIN, IT'S JAWS CLEARNED OF BLOODY FOAM, THE HYACINTHON LEARDED FOR GROLEY'S THROAT, AND HE WENT DOWN UNDER ITS BLOODY ATTACK.

AS GROLEY SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET, HE SAW THE GIRL TURING AT HER SPEAR IN AN EFFORT TO DRAIN IT FROM THE WOUNDED ANIMAL AT HIS THROAT.

AS THE GIRL POINTED OVER TO HIS SHOULDER GROLEY TURNED HIS HEAD AND SEW THE FOUR Hairy BRUTES ADVANCING TOWARD HIM, SWINGING THEIR CLUBS MENACINGLY.

"HELLO, GROLEY," SAID MARY, "SURVEYING THE BATTLEFIELD, "IT'S A GREAT COUNTRY, BUT I'M DASHED IF I SEE NOW ANYONE GROWS UP TO ENJOY IT." AS THEY WALKED TOWARD THE NEARBY MOUNTAINS, THE GIRL POINTED TO HERSELF AND SMILE WITH A LITTLE SMILE. "JANA!"

GROLEY DOSED THE THROWN CLUB AND PREPARED TO BRING DOWN ANOTHER OF THE Hairy BRUTES. THE REMAINING TWO TURNED AND FLED.

"AND SO, LITTLE BY LITTLE, GROLEY LEARNED THE LANGUAGE OF THE INHABITANTS AS THE PAN TUMERED TOWARD THE MOUNTAINS OF THE TURQUOISE.

" THERE, JASON, " JANA SAID, "INDICATING A DISTANT PLAT-TOPPED MOUNTAIN." GEE ZORAM, THE LAND OF MY PEOPLE!"

BETORE SHE COULD DO MORE THAN CRAWL HERSELF IN THE GRASP OF STRONG ARMS.

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

"WOMEN OF ZORAM ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR GREAT BEAUTY," THE MAN SAD ADORABLY. "I AM GROLEY, OF ZORAM, YOU SHALL BE MY MATE."

TO PREVENT GROLEY FROM WALKING INTO A DEATH-TRAP JANA HAD DELIBERATELY LIED, BUT HER HEART TOLD HER THAT HE WOULD FOLLOW.

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

AT FINDING HER SPEAR, HE KNEW SHE COULD NOT HAVE GONE FAR. HE LOOKED UP THE DARK CANYON, CAN'T... HE SHOUTED, AN EVER-echo ANSWERED. "JANA!"

AS GROLEYurved UP THE CANYON, HE THOUGHT OF TARTAN. "IF HE WERE ONLY HERE," HE MURMURED, "HE'D PICK UP HER TRAIL AT ONCE!"
Gridley looked down into the canyon and saw a hunched, wingless creature. He shot it with his rifle. It was Thoar, of Zoram.

Suddenly Gridley's attention was attracted to the opposite side of the canyon. There, it seemed, a giant, armored dinosaur was watching the man in the canyon.

As the gigantic beast glided toward Thoar, Gridley, levering a shell into his rifle, leaped down the canyon slope.

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 stumbled, before Gridley could fire or Thoar cast his spear. It dug its nose into the ground and fell dead.

"Thoar! Thoar of Zoram!" said the Pellodarian. "Then, Gridley exclaimed, "Do you know Jana, the red flower of Zoram?"

"Good grief! Gridley exclaimed, "Thoar nodded. "You are," and you are a man of Zoram." Gridley demanded.

THOAR DEMANDED, "WHERE DO YOU GO, JASON?" Gridley asked. "JASON!" Thoar shouted. "Did you see Jana?" Gridley demanded. "I am searching for her." Thoar answered, "I saw Jana, the red flower of Zoram."
FROM GREYLE'S DESCRIPTION, THOROGHLY RECOGNIZED THE SCENE FROM WHICH JANA HAD VANISHED. THEY TURNED BACK TO PICK UP HER TRAIL. AMONG JAGGED PEAKS, THOROGHLY LED THE WAY. WHEN THEY WERE HUNGRY, THEY ATE. WHEN THEY WERE TIRED, THEY SLEPT. FOR A LONG TIME, THOROGHLY WANDERED.

MEANWHILE, TARZAN HUNGRY, SNIPPED IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE THOROUGH WERE THE SPOT AT WHICH HE HAD BEEN SEIZED. PRESENTLY THE THOROUGH CRAWLED A GRANITE PEAK TOWARD THE SUMMIT OF WHICH IT DROPPED AND THERE, TARZAN SAW A NEST OF SMALL THOROUGHS.

AS TARZAN'S BLADE PIERCING ITS HEART, THE THOROUGH SCREAMED, RELAXED ITS HOLD, AND DROPPED HIM INTO THE NEST AMONG THE CLIMBER'S JAWS OF ITS TIGHTER BROOD.

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

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

ON HIS STOMACH, TARZAN MOVED SLOWLY AROUND THE PERIPHERY OF THE LITTLE AERIAL FOREST. HANGING THE KNOTS TO HIS ROPE OVER A PROJECTION, TARZAN SEIZED BOTH STRANGERS IN ONE HAND AND LOWERED HISSELF OVER THE EDGES.

THEN THE WALLS BEGAN TO SHOW RISSEES 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.

IT SEEMED USELESS TO ATTEMPT TO RIDE HIS SIDE AGAIN AMONG THESE STUPIDOUS CORROSIONS, AND THOROUGHLY WAS TO RISE AND OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS BACK TO THE FORESTS AND PLAINS THAT LAY FAR BELOW.

PRESENTLY THE STEEP ROCKS GAVE PLACE TO LEVELER LAND. THERE WERE GRASSES AND SHRUBS AT FIRST, THEN STAUTER TREES, AND FINALLY—

WHAT WAS ALMOST A FOREST, AND HERE HE CAME UPON A WELL-WORN PATH.
The trail wound through the forest, then climbed to a rocky ledge overlooking a deep canyon. Tarzan could not see the trail far ahead; as it continually wound around the shoulders of jutting crags.

As Tarzan's arrow sank into the beast's back, it whirled about on the ledge to face the ape-man. In quick succession, three arrows sank into its chest as it charged down upon Tarzan.

With all the force of his giant muscles, backed by the weight of his body, Tarzan hurled the spear.

Then tragedy: the rope parted, and Tarzan tumbled to the broad back of the cave bear.

It was no place to stage a fight for life. On one side rose the cliff; on the other, vanished the gloomy gorge below.

At last the blade found the spinal cord. The bear stilled and Tarzan dropped from its back as the mighty gorges tumbled off the ledge.

"I am Tarzan. I come as a friend," said the ape-man. "I am an ally of the boy. What do you in my country?"

"I am lost and would be friend with you and your people," Tarzan asked. "Why do you attack the bear?"

"I am not attacked the bear. I would have killed you," replied Tarzan. "I purposely saved my life! The boy asked curiously. "Yes," replied Tarzan, "but my people will not believe; it is our custom to kill all strangers."
"I will go with you," Tarzan said. "Owan, the chief" said Owan, "is my father. Perhaps he will believe if my people decide to kill you. I will try to help you because he is my father, too."

"Owan noticed the wounds made by the thugar's talons in Tarzan's back, and when their way led near a brook, he thought he might be able to cleanse them.

As the man and boy travelled beside Owan, Owan suddenly abandoned his suspicious attitude and accepted Tarzan as a friend.

Several hours later they halted on the brink of a canyon. "Beyond that bend lies Owan's home. I hope my people will not kill you," he explained.

"Perhaps," Owan, cautioning a stalwart warrior, "it were best to hear the boy very well," growled the chief. "Speak, Owan!"

"If I would kill Ovan's friend," said the boy, stepping in front of Tarzan, "must first kill Ovan."

"Very well," Owan growled, "we shall hold council when Caras returns, and decide what to do with him. Meanwhile, he remains as a prisoner."

"Let him stay!" suggested the stalwart warrior. "I, Ovan and Owan shall be responsible for his conduct," he said. "We stay, agreed."

"I have the thugars to speak of," the ape-man said. "He comes as a friend. He shall remain as such, or not remain at all."

"Caras returns," cried the warrior, "Caras returns with the most beautiful woman of Zoram!" Down the trail and flung onto the ledge came Caras's party, among them a girl, her hands bound behind her back.

"Caras returns?" cried the warrior, "Caras returns with the most beautiful woman of Zoram!" Down the trail and flung onto the ledge came Caras's party, among them a girl, her hands bound behind her back.

"It is Owan!" Ovan said, "It is Owan!"

"It is Ovan," Caras said, "perhaps he brings news."
"Why has this stranger not been killed?" Cars demanded arrogantly. "The warriors in council." Replied Aman, "shall decide his fate.

I will not live with an enemy. Kill him." Cars said. "Is Cars greater than the council?" Ilean asked dryly. "Let us wait and see.

As Cars rushed him, Tarzan thrust aside the cave man's knife and dropped him with a smashing blow to the head.

With a bellow of rage, Cars bounded to his feet and rushed again. Once more, Tarzan avoided the man's wide-open attack.

You are a prisoner, stranger." Aman growled. "Go into the cavern and remain there until the council has decreed upon your fate.

The warrior thrust the girl roughly into a corner, "Remain there, woman of Zoram." He said. "Cars will come for you when the council has spoken.

What do you know of my brother Thor?" Jana demanded. "We hunted together," Tarzan said. "On the way to Zoram, we became separated.


I owe you a debt, Tarzan," said the youth. "You saved my life. I am your friend and would help you.

"Follow me," Ovan said. "I lead off toward the back of the cavern. Only I, Ovan, can show you a way out.

The cavern narrowed. The floor became steep and rocky as they ascended the narrow passage with difficulty.

Ovan knelt in a small cavern. Pointing to a passage in the wall, he said, "This leads a trail to freedom. Tarzan, go! Ovan's debt is paid."
“For speaking in your phrase,” John said, “the Council banned this from your presence. I would go with you.” Come then,” John said.

“Let’s point out, is the plain of the great cows. We must skirt it the way is long and beset with grave dangers.”

“Has caught the scent of something coming up the canyon,” John said. Watching the animal, “Men, ride in the bushes!”

“He has caught the scent of something coming up the canyon,” John said. Watching the animal, “Men, ride in the bushes!”

“Are not men,” John declared, “are horses. The things they ride are orcods.”

The triceratops stood at bay, its attention on the slowly approaching horrib leader. Suddenly, those in the rear darted forward and drove their lances into the great body.

The entire band of snakes, men smeared their mounts and raced swiftly toward their hiding-place.

As the creature fell, Taneen was congratulating himself on the good fortune of himself and his companions in Escapade’s discovery by the horrids. When —
THE HORRORS FORMED A CIRCLE ABOUT TARZAN AND HIS COMpanions. CONCEALMENT BEING NO LONGER POSSIBLE, THEY ROSE AND Faced THE CREATURES.

"WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH US?" TARZAN DEMANDED OF THE HORRIS. "YOU WILL BE WELL TREATED IN OUR VILLAGE. THE CREATURES REELED." TARZAN AGREED.

"WE CANNOT ESCAPE NOW, PERHAPS WE WILL FIND AN OPPORTUNITY LATER," JANA WHISPERED. "RIGHT," TARZAN AGREED.

Meanwhile, Thoar and Gridley, in their search for Jana, have located a narrow path leading into the treacherous swampsland of the Phœnicians.


"WELL," GRIDLEY SAID. "PATIENTLY, WE ARE HERE." "WHAT DO WE DO NOW?"

"UNCONSCIOUS OF Danger THEY WALKED DOWN THE HILL AND ENTERED THE UNDERBRUSH AT THE RIVER'S EDGE."

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

"SCARCELY HAD THE SILENCE" GRIDLEY SPOKE. "A OCTOON HORSSES SPRANG UPON THEM AND BORE THEM TO THE GROUND."
HE CAUGHT ULAN'S EYE; THEN GLANCED UP AT THE LOW-HANGING BRANCHES AND AGAIN AT ULAN. THE LATTER NOODLED AND PREPARED TO FOLLOW TARZAN'S LEAD.

THE MOMENT THEY ENTERED THE FOREST, TARZAN KNEW HE MUST ESCAPE. IF ULAN WERE AS AGILE AMONG THE TREES AS HE WAS AMONG THE CROCS, AND CLIPS OF CLOVES!

PRESENTLY THE HORBS, WHO HAD CLIMBED THE TREES, GAVE UP THE SEARCH AND DROPPED TO THE GROUND TO RESUME THE INTERRUPTED MARCH.

TARZAN SPRANG LIGHTLY TO HIS FEET AND UP INTO THE TREE, ALMOST AS AGILE, ULAN VANISHING INTO A TREE OF HIS OWN CHOOSING.

TARZAN WATCHED AS THE ANGRY HORBS MOUNTED AND FOLLOWED BY JANA AND HER CAPTOR, RODE SLOWLY DOWN THE TRAIL.

JANA SAW HER COMPANIONS ESCAPE AND HER HEART BUMMED. THEY HAD DESERED HER. SHE WONDERED IF JASON, HAD HE BEEN HERE, WOULD HAVE LEFT HER THIS TO THE HORBS.

ACROSS THE TRAIL A LIMP BENT, LEAVES RUSTLED SOFTLY. THE FOLIAGE PULLED CAUTIOUSLY, AND ULAN'S FACE PEERED OUT FROM AMONG THE LEAVES.

OUT OF THEIR RESPECTIVE TREES, THE TWO DROPPED TO THE GROUND. "WE MUST RESCUE JANA," ULAN SAID. "WE CANNOT DESERT HER."

"WILL TANS TO THE TREES," TARZAN EXCLAIMED. "I'LL GET AHEAD OF THEM AND SHOW MYSELF. THEY'LL PURSUE ME THEN YOU MUST DROP ON TOP OF JANAS' GUARD."

AS THE HORBS DASHED TOWARD HIM, TARZAN SPRANG BRIEFLY INTO THE TREES AND SWUNG LEASURELY THROUGH THE LOWER TERRACE AROUND THE TRAIL.

AS THE GORDBOR PASSED BENEATH HIM, ULAN DROPPED SQUARELY ONTO THE LIZARD-HAN'S SHOULDER AND BENT HIM TO THE GROUND!

MEANWHILE ULAN POSED ON A SQUAD LIMP AHEAD THE TRAIL. HE SETTED ALERTLY AS JANA, AND HER CAPTOR APPROACHED.

AS THE LEADING HORBS SIGHTED THEIR ENTHUSIASTIC CAPTIVE, THEY RAISED AN EXULTANT CRY TO THOSE IN THE BASS, AND WITH LANCES LOWERED, DASHED FORWARD.

AT ULAN'S NOC, THEY SPRANG INTO THE TREES, SWIFTLY TARZAN SPRANG THROUGH THE UPPER TERRACE TOWARD THE HEAD OF THE HORBS COLUMN.

AS THE GORDBOR PASSED BENEATH HIM, ULAN DROPPED SQUARELY ONTO THE LIZARD-HAN'S SHOULDERS AND BENT HIM TO THE GROUND!

THE FALL BROKE ULAN'S HOLD. THE HORIB, THRASHING AROUND, STRUGGLED HIS WAY LOCKED HIS CLAMMY HANS AROUND ULAN'S THROAT IN A DEATH GRIP.
As Jana dropped from the borobor's back, she saw the Horibs lunge lying in the trail, snatching it up she sprang to Ulan's aid.

Jana and Ulan vanished into the thick foliage of the trees, as the Horibs rove up and stopped beside the body of their fallen comrade.

"We must be well concealed in the trees." Ulan said, with the Horibs return to search for you and their comrade.

Tarzan dropped suddenly to the limb on which his companions stood, he smiled as they turned to face, as they thought a new menace.

As the Horibs rove away, Ulan explained to Jana that with a little mislead them while he, Ulan, attempted her rescue.

Tarzan, his staff locked across the opening, clinging to it. His powerful legs gripping his unseen attacker, he drew him out of the hole.

Tarzan watched with a grim smile of amusement as the bedraggled and muddy Lusiers and those of Franklin and Doris clambered out of the hole.

At the sound of nearby voices Tarzan motioned his companions to silence.

Tarzan leaped from the top of the fallen tree and launched himself at the startled Horibs and, dropping Jana, whirled to meet the attack.

He saw Jana and Ulan in the grip of a Horib.

Up in the trees, Jana: "Ulan warned, 'The Horibs come! I do not think they have seen us yet. Hurry!"
AS THE SAVAGE AND HIS PRISONER CAME CLOSER, DR. FRANKLIN UTTERED A STARTLED EXCLAMATION.
"GREAT SCOTT!" HE SAID. "IT'S DAVID INNES."

AS DAVID INNES AND THE SAVAGES APPEARED AT THE HEAD OF THE CULT, TARZAN FIXED AN ARROW TO HIS
SPEAR, AND WAITED.

"AND SO WE CAME," FRANKLIN SAID. "TO RESCUE YOU FROM
THE MAHARS. INSTEAD, YOU WALK INTO OUR ARMS."

"AND, INNES CONCLUDED, "I WAS ON MY WAY NOW TO RECOVER
THE FORMULA AND RETURN IT TO
THE MAHARS IN EXCHANGE FOR
MY FREEDOM.""

"SINCE YOU ARE FREE, DAVID," FRANKLIN DECIDED. "OUR MISSION
IS FINISHED AND WE MUST THINK ABOUT RETURNING TO THE
OUTER CRUST."

"I WILL REMAIN IN PELLUCIDAR, JANIE," INNES SAID GRATEFULLY. "GOOD HEAVIES, DAVID."
"FRANKLIN EXCLAIMED, "YOU
AREN'T SERIOUS." "QUITE," INNES REPLIED.

"IN VAN, FRANKLIN ARGUED AGAINST
THE DECISION OF HIS FRIENDS TO
REMAIN IN PELLUCIDAR, BOTH
REMAINED STEADFAST.

"AND SO IT WAS
FINALLY ARRANGED, JANIE,
THOR, BRENDAY AND JANA WOULD GO TO SARI AND ENLIST GHAK'S HELP IN
TURNING THE IRON Mole BACK TOWARD THE EARTH'S
CRUST. TARZAN, WITH THE OTHERS, WOULD GO ON TO
THE MOLE TO WAIT OHAK AND THE SARANS."

"WE MUST RESCUE
HIM!" FRANKLIN DECLARED,
"OF COURSE, TARZAN SAID, AND
QUICKLY OUTLINED HIS PLAN OF STRATEGY."
TARZAN COMpletely BY SURPRISE, TARZAN FOUGHT IN VAIN AGAINST THE WEIGHT OF THE MUSE.

"OFTEN HAVE I HEARD OF THESE MAN-EATING GIANTS OF AZARAN," ULANA SPOKE. "THERE IS NO HOPE FOR US."

"WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH US?" TARZAN ASKED. "YOU WILL BE FITTED INTO THE GIANT, THEN WE'LL EAT YOU."

"WHEN WILL THEY EAT US?" TARZAN ASKED THE NEARBY PRISONER. "WHEN WE ARE EAT ENOUGH TO PLEASE THEM, THE MAN REPLIED."

AS THE WOMEN PREPARED THE ROASTING PIT FOR THE COMING FEAST, TARZAN WORKED AT HIS BONES, RUBBING...

THE GRASS ROPE AGAINST THE ROUGH BARK OF THE TREE.

AS THE ROPE BOUND HIS ARMS, TARZAN HEARD THE TRUMPEETING OF A MUSTOCCO BEYOND THE PAUScade.

HORING THE MUSTOCCO WERE THOSE HE HAD RECEIVED, HE RAISED HIS VOICE IN A CRY OF: "TANTOO! KID, TANTOO!" (COME, TANTOO!)

SOME OF THE AZARANS TRIED TO FACE THE GREAT BEASTS WITH THEIR CLUBS, BUT THE MUSTOCCO SEIZED THEM AND THREW THEM HIGHER INTO THE AIR.

"TODAY, ULANA CROWNE, WATCHING THE MUSTOCCO GENTLY LIFT FRANKLIN TO ITS BACK, TARZAN MUST BE OF ANOTHER WORLD, THAT HE MAKES HIMSELF LESS WEL.

FOR A LONG TIME, THE GREAT BEASTS WALKED ON CARRYING THEM FAR FROM THE LAND OF AZARAN.
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 VALIANT.
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 dwar 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 thoot. 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 thoot — 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 thoot’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 thoot 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 thoot, but I’ve got the loot!”