



PULPDOM # 100

***KASPA  
IN  
CHAINS***

*by Mike Taylor*

C.T. Stoneham and E.R.B.

SANKNER

**PULPDOM** #100, Oct.. 2020. Ed & Pub by Camille Cazedessus, © 2020  
12450 Parklake Ave., Baton Rouge, LA 70816. 🍏 [ridgefirecz@gmail.com](mailto:ridgefirecz@gmail.com)  
Front cover by Rob Sankner. Interior illustrations by several artists.  
Mike Taylor - Associate Editor. Rob Sankner, Illustrator in Color.

---

# KASPA IN CHAINS

The Lion Man is captured and chained  
in a dungeon, but of course he escapes!

Latest adventure in the series. *by Mike Taylor*

## C. T. STONEHAM

Writer of Africa,  
Creator of Kaspia

*by D. Peter Ogden (d. Oct, 2017)*

## The Domain of E. R. B.

Celebrating 60 years of ERB-dom & Its Art, by Caz  
Hints of Barsoom and a jungle man-monkey, by Caz

“Tarzan on Mars” and other ERB pastiches,

*by Mike Taylor*

---

Please go to [pulpdom.com](http://pulpdom.com) for more information  
about back issues of Pulpdom and more.

---





# KASPA® IN CHAINS

*by Mike Taylor*



# KASPA IN CHAINS

By Mike Taylor

**(Featuring the character created by C. T. Stoneham. For all those who read and enjoyed “Trek into Tirambitar” in Pulphdom 99, please note that this story takes place much earlier on the timeline of the Lion Man’s adventures.)**

*The chains were heavy and corroded with rust. They stretched out some six feet from ringbolts driven into a massive block wall that wept with condensation. Ancient padlocks secured the fetters at leg and neck. The broad collar was especially painful and the big man hunched his sloping shoulders in frustrated anger as it chafed against his collarbone. The air was chill and damp—he had been afforded neither garment nor blanket.*

*His cell was bathed in perpetual twilight—no nights, no days—the source of which he identified as ambient torchlight bleeding in from the outside corridor, encroaching through narrow slots at the top of the walls and a barred window in the heavy oaken door.*

*The prisoner was fed once a day: a chunk of moldy bread and a bowl of thin gruel. A tall container of brackish water stood in one corner, replenished only when the guard saw fit, and a slops bucket in another, emptied likewise at the guard’s whim.*

*His primary gaoler, a skinny, evil-looking Arab sporting an ugly crater in place of his left eye, derived a sadistic pleasure from jabbing at his prisoner’s mid-section from a safe distance, using the butt-end of a spear. Painful and humiliating though it was, the man welcomed those visits as the only breaks in the grinding monotony of his captivity.*

*Born and raised into the wild, with a beast’s instinctive distrust of closed spaces, he*

*found this type of confinement particularly onerous. But as galling as his captivity was, he decided, it afforded him ample time to reflect back...*

Kaspa Starke took a small sip of cognac and regarded his surroundings in the private dining room of the Westlands supper club. The outskirts of Nairobi had become more cosmopolitan over the past few years; tuxedos and evening gowns had supplanted bush jackets and safari trousers for evening dinner wear. Even the lion man had donned a coat in deference to urban fashion.

He regarded those around him with a mixture of quiet bemusement and tacit recognition of how obviously he did not fit in. This group had their clearly defined customs and rituals even as did the native tribes and, for that matter, the pride of lions in which he had been raised. He himself resided in a peculiar limbo somewhere outside the extremes of both.

He was spared further contemplation by the appearance of the man he was there to meet. Jeffrey Loudon was the deputy district commissioner for the territory and a good friend to Martin Sefton, the man who had guided Kaspa through the unfamiliar maze of civilized behavior after he left the jungle. It was at Sefton’s request that the Lion Man had agreed to meet with the civil servant. Loudon was a short, spare fellow, bearing satchel in hand, British to the core. And he wasted no time on preliminaries:



"You're familiar with the territory northwest of Lake Tanganyika, I understand? A band of Shifta slavers has been operating freely there for several months. Their leader is a well-known bandit, Sheik Ibn Jad."

"I know the country and I know of him," Kaspas said. "Said to be a very loathsome fellow."

"Indeed. To be perfectly frank, the government has not spent a great deal of time pursuing these slavers, because in most cases their trafficking was made up of natives sold to them by their own villages. That has now changed. Last week two European women--British subjects, mind you--were abducted."

His tone was of suppressed outrage. Kaspas did not comment. He had learned early on that the English tribe was extremely protective of its females.

"Lady Maureen Bern-Ashford and her ward, Julia Montcalm, were on a camera safari that the raiders ambushed. Both were carried off. I don't have to tell you the fate of a white woman who ends up in the slave trade."

"The militia has searched for these slavers?"

"Extensively. Our patrols have been out constantly since the attack. They found no sign of the raiders."

Loudon opened the satchel, produced a detailed topographical map, spread it on the tabletop. "The safari was trekking in the Ruwenzori foothills when they were ambushed. The gun bearers were murdered and the porters driven off."

The Lion Man examined the map carefully. "The recent attacks on native villages were also in that vicinity?"

"Indeed. These red X's mark the other locations visited. But our searches have turned up no trace of the Shiftas' location."

Kaspas nodded thoughtfully. "I believe I know where to find their stronghold."

"I can have a detachment readied and under your command by dawn."

"No need for that. This will require tracking skills and fast travel. There is only one man I wish to accompany me."

*On a high arid plateau, deep in the remote fastness of the Mountains of the Moon, stands the forbidding ruins of Tanoth, the City of Secrets, a grim pile of ancient stone now little more than a pallid corpse, dreaming in the moonlight...*

The soft night breeze carried on it an unfamiliar scent. Kaspas's nostrils flared. A sense of unease that had been lurking all day flared within the Lion Man's chest. Residing deep in his subconscious was an extensive catalog of jungle smells and this one did not belong.

It was just past moonrise and a silvery radiance crept along the walls and floor of the twisting defile he was traversing. A night bird repeated its mournful call from somewhere on the cliffs above. Otherwise there was only brooding silence.

A bronzed hand touched Kaspas's arm. "What is it, my lord?"

"I'm not sure." He turned to his companion. Barumda was a famed Masai warrior chieftain, Sandhurst graduate, and one of the jungle's best trackers. He towered a foot taller than Kaspas's six-foot-two, was lean, superbly muscled.

"The breeze is blowing out from over there," the native said. He indicated the dark opening of a branch canyon opposite their campsite.

"Something is going on up there," Kaspas said. "We had better have a look."

They had been traveling along the verdant confines of a vast natural depression for nearly a week now and only recently had begun climbing the canyon-riven uplands that stairstepped into the Ruwenzori range. Now Kaspas kicked out the coals of their small fire. Barumda picked up his Enfield, Kaspas the short spear that he favored, and they walked

slowly to the mouth of the side canyon. The entrance was perhaps twenty feet across, perpendicular walls on either side rising up four times that, the floor clotted in deep shadow. An eddy of warm air brought that elusive odor once more; it caused the lion man's neck hairs to stir.

Barumda snorted uneasily. "I do not like this. A good place for an ambush."

Kaspa grunted his acknowledgment but proceeded into the gloom. The passage hooked to the right as they advanced. A hundred yards in, the walls slowly widened out, admitting more moonlight. As they rounded a sharp bend the gorge suddenly debauched onto an open space. Gnarled trees and scrub bushes dotted the floor and through a screen of leaves they could make out the silhouettes of manmade structures bathed in the lunar light.

They approached cautiously, emerging from the undergrowth into the midst of a dozen thatch-roofed huts which were clustered around a large firepit. Coals still smoldered at its bottom and wisps of smoke rose from the remains of individual cooking fires scattered about the small village.

Kaspa called out but there was no response. He moved to the nearest hut and peered within. Barumda bent to inspect a different one and shook his head. It took only a few moments for them to ascertain that there was no one in the entire village. And yet—

"The fires are still warm," the Masai said. "Where could they have gone?"

Kaspa shook his head. The indefinable scent which had first drawn him was stronger here. He strode to the perimeter of the little village and slowly circled it, head down, studying the ground intently.

"Here!" he called, dropping to a knee on the side opposite where they had entered. Barumda joined him and the Lion Man pointed out a newly made path where a parade of bare feet had trodden down the grass.

They set off along the trail. Ahead, the canyon again narrowed and the villagers' track disappeared into the gloom. A few objects had been dropped or discarded along the way, including a child's crude doll and several wooden combs. Kaspa soon noted that the barefoot tracks of the natives were overlaid by the hoofprints of shod horses. He had his answer—the whole village had been taken by the slavers!

As the cleft above them shrank, vegetation gradually disappeared, being replaced by small boulders and rough outcroppings. A ways further along they came upon a bloody killing ground where Ibn Jad's henchmen had disposed of the village elders and very young children—those of no value to the trade.

Barumda cursed softly in his mother tongue. "No more than an hour or two old."

They set off again in pursuit. Kaspa, no stranger to cruel and violent death in its many primitive forms, was appalled nonetheless at this wanton slaughter. There would be a grim accounting, he decided, when they caught up with the perpetrators and their leader.

A few more twists and turns, then the canyon opened onto a wide mesa. Kaspa immediately recognized where they were. In the near distance, aglow in the light of the rising moon, stood a large cluster of white stone buildings: Tanoth, the remnants of a long-lost outpost of the ancient empire of Carthage. His ultimate destination all along, because here the Lion Man was certain they would find the stronghold of Ibn Jad. From the moment Jeffrey Loudon had shown him on the map the location of villages struck by the raiders, Tanoth as an operating base had jumped to the forefront on his list.

The trail they followed suddenly split, with a number of the barefoot tracks and one or two horses veering off from the main party. The two men paused to examine them.

Kaspa said, "These prints that branch off are all larger, made by males. Possibly a work party headed somewhere other than the



city. We should separate and see what this means--meet back here at dawn if possible—leave a sign otherwise.”

Barumda grunted agreement and melted into the shadowy reaches of the mesa. He took the lesser track while Kaspā continued following the trail leading toward the city. The boulder-strewn tableland provided adequate cover and he felt confident of reaching the ruins without being detected. There were no signs of life visible on the outside of the stone structures; if they felt secure, the raiders might even have neglected to post a guard.

The once-formidable outer wall surrounding the city had been reduced to a series of random piles of rubble. Kaspā had the choice of a dozen entry points; he chose one near to a large structure that shielded him from view. He reached the side of the building with no alarm being raised. Emboldened at breaching the perimeter thus easily he chose a narrow thoroughfare and prowled deeper into the heart of the city.

The passing millennia had wreaked havoc on the limestone structures. Stunted bushes and strips of wire grass had pushed up through paving stones. Walls and columns were coated with lichen. Many of the buildings were cracked or had tumbled down. Only the dry climate on the plateau had prevented worse destruction.

From somewhere up ahead he caught the rise and fall tide of many voices. A few more cautious steps brought him in sight of a large courtyard ringed by two-story structures. Entrance to the square was gained by half a dozen arched streets like the one he had followed. Ruddy torchlight cast dancing shadows around the enclosure. The area had been roped off into a hive of smaller pens, apparently for the purpose of separating males from females and the fit from the weak. These makeshift corrals contained dozens of captured slaves.

Kaspā watched intently for nearly an hour. Gradually he was able to pick out the two women he sought, their linen garments and white skins standing out amidst the dark-skinned natives. But how to approach them? A yellow-maned giant would not escape notice in this crowd. There were a number of Shifta guards armed with long rifles circulating between the pens. And occasionally one of them entered or left the courtyard through one of the various sidestreets.

A quarter-hour later found the Lion Man emerging from a nearby archway, now in possession of a floppy burnoose and covering robes of dirty white. He stepped boldly out into the throng. Emulating the other guards, he walked slowly, casting his gaze about, ostensibly keeping an eye on the knots of prisoners. Most of these groups consisted of poor wretches sunk to the ground in various attitudes of sleep or despair. He passed by the pen confining the two Europeans twice without stopping. They were being held along with five native women inside a ten-by-twelve square bounded by triple levels of rope, the topmost reaching to about shoulder-height.

On the third pass by he paused, checking the locations of the other two guards. Those worthies were currently engaged in baiting a large native prisoner, taunting him in their bastard tongue. Kaspā swung his own weapon to port-arms and called softly, “Lady Bern-Ashford. A friend. Over here.”

The woman who turned at his beckoning was prematurely gray, regally handsome even in soiled garments and with dirt smudges on her cheekbones. The young girl who clung to her side looked rather the worse for wear; her eyes were fevered and her clothes bore swatches of dried blood.

“What would you, slaver?” the woman snapped, her voice dripping with contempt.

Kaspā shoved the burnoose back slightly so she could make out his face. “I will get the two of you out of here—I come

from the district commissioner. Look away from me and listen. Are there normally just three guards?"

Hearing English spoken, Julia Montcalm gave a loud whimper. The woman pressed a hand over the girl's mouth. "Yes. Just three—they have little fear of us fleeing. Where could we go?"

"The same number in the daytime?"

"Yes. But there is much more activity then, all manner of Arabs coming and going. Lately they have been displaying us." Her mouth twisted. "I suspect some of the traffic involves bidding on us. They hope to sell us to some northern ruler."

"Then now will be as good a time as any. Both of you can walk?"

"We can. They beat us when we misbehave but are careful—they don't want to damage the goods—except that they have branded her."

The woman pulled back the girl's sleeve. A raw quarter-moon slaver's mark was seared into the inside of the pale left arm.

"Make yourselves ready. Give me a few minutes and I will return for you."

He moved gradually away from the pen which held them. The other two guards had lost interest in tormenting their earlier victim and were now circulating through the enclosures. Kasper pretended to inspect some of the native prisoners while keeping an eye on the guards. The one whose garb he had appropriated earlier was not likely to awaken anytime soon. Lady Bern-Ashford gave him a tentative nod and he started back towards their pen. If he could get the two women to an entranceway without arousing suspicion...

*The first bullet struck him high on the left thigh, about ten inches above the knee-joint. The leg buckled and he toppled quickly to the ground. The second shot splintered stone chips off the wall near his head. Kasper managed to lurch to one knee before a steel-plated musket butt cracked against his skull...*

At first he thought it must be a dream. The Lion Man raised his head off the cold stone floor at the sound of a voice—someone speaking his name. A sputtering torch lay on the floor nearby, driving back the perpetual darkness. With the only diversions limited to sleeping and exercising his wounded leg, he had begun losing all track of time's passage since his incarceration. The leg was still sore but now fairly functional; the bullet had passed through muscle tissue, missing the bone. The entrance and exit wounds had scabbed over and, based on his past healing experiences, Kasper estimated several days must have passed.

"My lord?" Barumda's deep tones vibrated into his ear. A powerful arm raised him up to a sitting position.

"You found me," Kasper croaked, his voice raspy from disuse. "How, old friend?"

"These slavers are careless sods," the big Masai replied. "The tracks I followed when we parted led to a salt lick just beyond the ruins. Nothing for us there, so I made my way back to the city and eventually found the slave pens. I have been lurking about these past days, watching and listening, stealing their food, learning their routine. Just tonight I heard the guards talking. The women are being kept somewhere inside since they captured you. Ibn Jad plans to take the two of them northward to the markets in the morning. We must get them out tonight if we are to save them."

Kasper rattled the slack in his chains. "Do it then. Leave me."

Barumda chuckled and held up a crude key. "I have been busy, my lord."

He unlocked the collar from about Kasper's neck, and then struck the fetters from his ankle. The Lion Man climbed stiffly to his feet.

"I dislike roaming about, searching for the women," he said. "But it seems we have no other choice."

"Aye. Let us hope the slavers remain convinced you were alone."



Torch in hand, Barumda led the way up a narrow ramp to ground level. Kaspas paused at the top, taking in great gulps of the sweet night air. The entrance to the underground cells opened onto a wide corridor which in turn led to that central courtyard again where the prisoners were held. Barumda doused the torch.

"We will need a distraction," Kaspas murmured as they lurked in the dark mouth of the passage, surveying the comings and goings of the guards. They appeared to have doubled the watch.

The Masai reached inside his tunic and produced a small cylindrical object. It was an ordnance smoke marker of the type used to guide incoming aircraft. Kaspas raised his eyebrows. No use to wonder why his companion was carrying it or where he had obtained it. Just how to best make use of it.

As if in answer, an errant breeze brought the unmistakable odor of stabled horses to his nostrils. "Our way out," he said, "if we can locate the women."

They began to search through the ruins, careful always to avoid alerting any of the slavers to their presence. The ancient grandeur of the city had largely been reduced to piles of rubble, making their task easier—a matter of eliminating one by one the few standing structures.

Working outwards from the area around the courtyard they soon made a fortuitous discovery. Over the entrance of a mostly intact flat-roofed two-story building a large tent had been erected; in front of it a staff flying several brightly colored pennants was planted. Two armed Arabs stood guard just inside the tent.

Barumda growled, "The quarters of old Ibn Jad himself, I suspect. Shifta chieftains like to flaunt their power."

"Those we seek may be inside," Kaspas said. "We must get in there."

Stealthily they made their way around to the near side of the structure, finding

naught there but a solid wall. It was likewise for the back and the opposite side; no means of ingress. With a significant glance upward, Barumda laced his hands into a stirrup and hoisted the Lion Man above his shoulders. Kaspas managed to secure handholds on the coping and pull himself up. Slinging the heavy Enfield, the Masai leaped high to grasp a powerful extended arm and thus they gained the roof.

It proved to be barren except for a raised slab of stone near the center. Together the two managed to slide the slab to one side, revealing an entrance with a narrow ladder, its rungs laden with dust. Kaspas gingerly swung his weight onto the first step, only to have it crack beneath his foot. All the rungs proved to be rotten and they were forced to shimmy their way down using the supports.

As they descended further the sound of voices could be heard. Reaching the upper story floor in almost total darkness, they found themselves in a single large, totally empty room. Another opening led down to the first floor; this one was uncovered. Peering over the edge cautiously, Kaspas looked down onto a group of Arabs arguing in loud voices.

There were five, all talking and gesticulating at once. Standing at their center was an old white-bearded man dressed in resplendent blue and white robes. His face was cadaverous, ravaged by decades of dissipation. But he still projected a commanding presence and the others grudgingly deferred to him. This man, Kaspas decided, surely must be Ibn Jad. The argument seemed to be over what disposition of the Englishwomen would bring them the greatest reward. Kampala was closer but a trek up to Khartoum's vast slave market might bring them more money. Of the captives themselves there was no sign.

Barumda edged up beside him to have a look just as the group was breaking up. The four subordinates disbursed after some parting instructions from Ibn Jad. A scowl

darkened the leader's countenance as he stared at their retreating backs. "Fools!" he muttered. Obviously everyone was not in accord with his wishes.

As the henchmen disappeared, Kaspasprang down through the opening like a great cat, landing at arm's-length behind Ibn Jad. The Arab tried to turn but froze as the Lion Man's iron grasp locked onto his shoulder.

"The women...where are they?"

The sheik struggled to wrench his shoulder free but Kaspas's grip was like steel. "Where are you holding them?"

"In...in the slave pens," he gasped.

"Try again," snapped Barumda, landing lightly beside them. "The Englishwomen are not with the others."

Ibn Jad struggled and tried to twist around to see who was holding him but the Lion Man refused to let him turn.

"One last chance. Or make your peace with Allah," Kaspas grated, shaking him hard for emphasis.

Ibn Jad suddenly sagged towards the floor. "A room...on the other side of the pens. You can find them there. Shaitan curse you, take them and be gone."

"You will show us." Kaspas relaxed his grip enough so that the sheik could turn sideways to see him.

"You! The dungeons..." His eyes widened in disbelief.

"We must go now! If any of your men challenge us, say we are prospective buyers you are taking to view the Nasrani women."

"And I will be right beside you," Barumda added menacingly, waving a wicked-looking dagger before the old man's eyes.

The threesome left the building, passing the guards and continuing out from under the tent covered entranceway without incident. It was fast approaching dawn, reinforcing the need for haste. Ibn Jad moved along slowly, dragging one leg—whether he was truly crippled or just dissembling to gain time was uncertain.

As they skirted the courtyard containing the slave pens, Kaspas said, "Take us on around to the other side; do not let anyone see us."

Keeping to the shadows well away from the courtyard they made their way through the ruins. All was quiet in the slave pens at this hour with most of the inmates asleep and the guards nodding as well. The old sheik led them by a circuitous route to the far side. He paused in front of a tall arched doorway, indicating that this was their destination.

Unfortunately the entrance was still within sight of the courtyard. As they started into the building one of the sleepy guards spotted them and, sensing something unusual, moved slowly in their direction. Barumda nudged Ibn Jad roughly. Realizing that his life might hang in the balance, the sheik raised a hand to forestall the guard from investigating. That man halted uncertainly as they quickly ducked inside.

*Deep in the ruins something stirred and awakened—an unlikely survivor from millennia past, a creature born out of myth and legend. For countless years the dead city had been its refuge and its hunting ground. Nothing had entered to disturb it. But now the intrusion of an outside presence had made the creature restless. Raising its great head it tested the vagrant currents of air and emitted a low warning challenge.*

Half the roof was missing from the building, but one corner contained an intact room and therein they found the two Englishwomen where Ibn Jad had secreted them. Only one slaver had been left to guard them and before he could grasp what was occurring Barumda had subdued him.

Lady Bern-Ashford greeted her rescuers quite calmly, while promptly fetching the sheik a stinging slap across the face. Julia Montcalm, her ward, had tears of



relief in her eyes as she rushed forward and embraced Kaspas.

"Thank Jesus!" the young woman cried. "When I saw you go down I feared they had killed you. We lost all hope."

"We are still not out of here," Kaspas said. "Lady Bern-Ashford, can you stand guard over these two while we secure mounts?"

"Bind them and leave me your rifle. They will stay put" she assured him.

Ripping their robe into strips, Barumba trussed up and gagged the sheik--who was livid over being struck by a woman--and his still unconscious henchman and handed her his Enfield.

"We will return shortly," Kaspas said, "or not at all. Give us half an hour. After that..."

He and Barumba eased out into the damaged area of the building and, after checking the outside and finding it clear, went off in search of the Shiftas' horses. Kaspas' sense of smell, which was almost animal-keen, told him the animals were being kept at the end of a broad boulevard which led into the heart of the ruins.

His nose was spot-on and led them to a makeshift corral occupied by two dozen or so poorly nourished horses. Exploring the area cautiously they discovered a small room to one side where a meager assortment of tack was kept. Within minutes they had led four of the stronger looking beasts out of the corral and saddled them up. Opening the gates they drove the rest of the bunch deeper into the ruins.

Leading the four horses back up the once magnificent boulevard, riven now with cracks and stunted bushes, Kaspas and Barumba encountered no Shiftas before reaching the courtyard.

Handing the Masai the reins of the horses he led, Kaspas said, "Hold our mounts. I will bring the women out."

He slipped into the building without incident. Lady Bern-Ashford and Julia

evinced great relief at his return, while the two Arabs glared impotently. Checking that their bonds were still secure, Kaspas motioned for the two women to follow him. They stepped out into the broken interior and through the doorway--and there their luck ran out as they were confronted by half a dozen slavers.

Apparently one of the guards had seen him entering the building. There was immediately a loud hue and cry and several shots rang out to raise the alarm. Kaspas snatched the Enfield from Bern-Ashford's hands but was unable to return fire without chancing hitting some of the prisoners. His movement was answered by a barrage of shots fired into the air. Kaspas smiled grimly. It seemed neither side dared aim directly at the other.

He pointed the women around a corner toward where Barumba waited with the horses and, crouching low, backed after them. The Masai held the reins of the four beasts with an iron grip.

"We are discovered?" he said, laughing. "Then I am glad I brought this along..."

He retrieved the smoke grenade out from under his burnoose. Pulling the release pin he hurled it out into the midst of the approaching slavers. It exploded on impact and a cloud of white acrid smoke enveloped them. Blinded and coughing uncontrollably, they temporarily ceased to be a threat.

Kaspas snatched a set of reins from Barumba. "Ride!" he ordered the others. "I will be right behind you."

The three mounted and set off down the boulevard. The Lion Man fired a few shots at the feet of the Shiftas to give them further pause, then swung aboard his horse and set out after the others.

They had already ridden out of sight. Kaspas kicked his heels against the sides of the horse, glancing back. The Shiftas were still milling about.

He had covered another fifty yards before one of the raiders got off a lucky shot. He felt the horse shudder underneath him before it plunged to the ground. The Lion Man managed to leap clear, landing cat-like and springing instantly to his feet. But the rifle clattered across the cracked pavement and as he retrieved it Kaspasaw that the bolt had been badly damaged—leaving him with only a long-bladed knife as a weapon.

No doubt as soon as they got organized the Shiftas would be after him. He also knew that when he did not join the others, Barumda would be turning back to investigate. Ignoring the wounded leg, Kaspabroke into a long, loping stride even as the noise of pursuit sounded not that far behind him.

A little way farther on, the street curved to the right. As he entered the bend his ears were assailed by the frenzied screams of terrified horses just ahead. A burst of adrenaline propelled him forward to a point where the other members of his party were in view. Before him was a stunning tableau.

The street ended in a cul-de-sac. Barumda and the two women were on foot, trying desperately to control their rearing, plunging steeds. Confronting them, uttering thunderous growls, was a creature the like of which the world had not seen for centuries.

Having been raised by a pride of lions, Kaspasaw naturally had more than a passing interest in the big cats and had studied their history exhaustively. So he knew exactly what he was looking at now. He had never expected to see one alive, but he had not survived these many years in the wild by doubting his senses. The beast currently threatening the group was undoubtedly a cave-lion! Extinct for many thousands of years, the species was also supposedly native to Northern Europe. Well, those scholarly experts on the distant past have been proven wrong as often as not. This creature possessed the massive, seven-foot-long body,

huge pads, and those prominent tusks just a shade smaller than those of a saber-tooth.

Dismounting, Barumda pulled the two women from their saddles and shoved them behind him. The horses immediately bolted back down the boulevard. The Masai chieftain stood loosely, slightly crouched, armed only with a dagger but ready to receive the charge when it came. And the cat was tensed to spring.

Kaspasaw raced forward and loosed an ear-splitting roar worthy of his days of hunting on the veldt. Upon hearing this challenge the cave-lion swiveled its huge head and regarded Kaspasaw from lambent yellow eyes.

There ensued a “conversation” between two rare anomalies separated by countless centuries and divergent species. This odd communication consisted of a series of growls, grunts, purrs, coughs, and what amounted to a telepathic reading of each other’s intent. Kaspasaw gleaned that the predator was acting from anger rather than hunger, was outraged that its domain was being intruded upon. But suddenly it was hesitant, confronted by this man who “spoke” to it.

This unlikely exchange was suddenly interrupted by cries from the Shiftas as they followed the trail of their quarry down the ruined street. Kaspasaw immediately focused his efforts on convincing the cave-lion that his true enemies stood not before him but in that direction.

The big cat stared at him for a long moment, then wheeled suddenly and tore off down the boulevard like an express train, running low to the ground, its tail raised straight in the air. Kaspasaw smiled grimly. The raiders were going to have their hands full very shortly. Barumda and the Englishwomen stared at him in astonishment as the beast abandoned its attack on them.

“I have never seen...you were talking to it...” Lady Bern-Ashford’s voice was shaky and she could not finish her thought.

“Nor I,” Barumda rumbled. “Well done, my lord.”

“Kudos later,” Kaspas declared. “We need to be gone while the Arabs are otherwise engaged. Miss Montcalm, are you able to walk?”

The stunned girl nodded uncertainly as Maureen Burn-Ashford threw a protective arm about her.

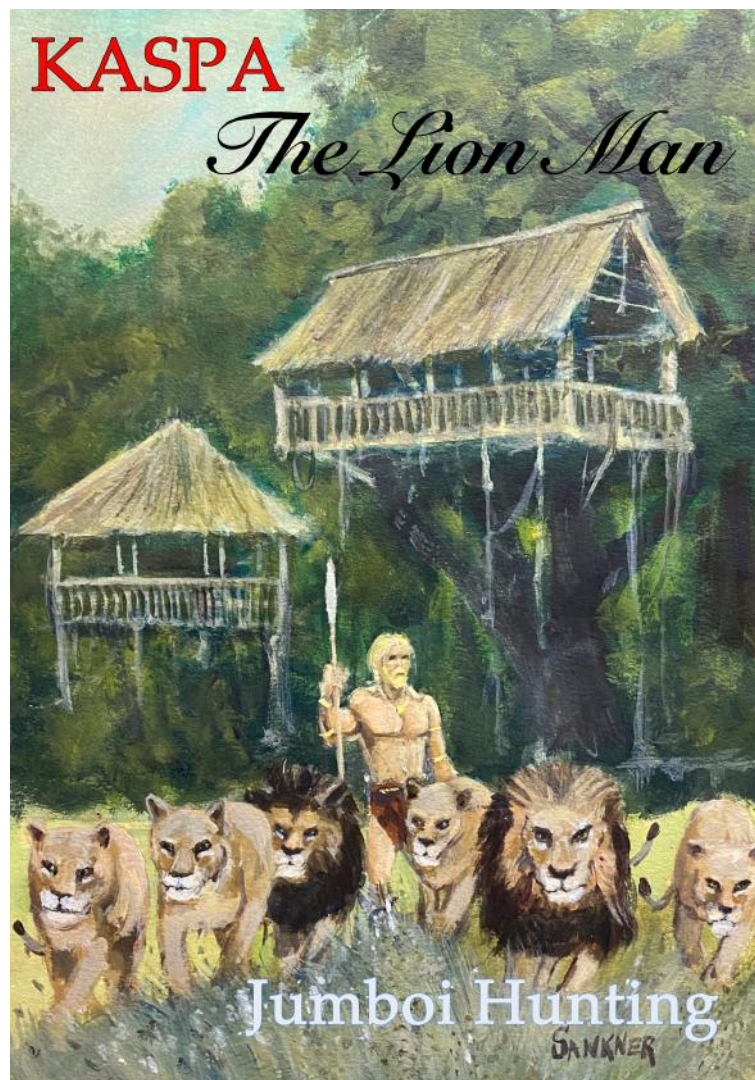
“Then let us leave. I have no doubt we will come upon some of their horses scattered around the city; with luck we will ride out of here.

And Kaspas was as good as his word...

If you think this story sounds farfetched, I can only refer you to a certain lady of centenarian years who still lives in a tiny cottage on the outskirts of Southampton. A glass of vintage grape and a bit of prompting just may persuade her to pull back the sleeve of her modest blouse and reveal the small sickle-shaped scar on the inside of her left forearm...

THE END

**Coming Soon - HUNTING THE JUMBOI, the exciting sequel to TREK INTO TIRAMBITAR, in Pulpdome 99.**



\* \*

COMING IN THE NEXT ISSUE

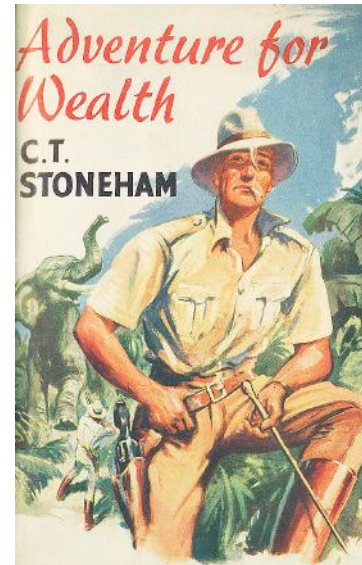
# C. T. Stoneham

## Writer of Africa

Creator of Kaspia the lion Man

by D. Peter Ogden

from ERBANIA 1989



During his years of popularity, Edgar Rice Burroughs had many imitators. Otis Adelbert Kline and Howard Browne were excellent at copying ERB's writing style and William L. Chester, F.A.M. Webster, and C.T. Stoneham created, without doubt, the best variations of the Tarzan theme. Wm. Chester's Kioga, Webster's Mwana, and Stoneham's Kaspia are all genuine characters who can stand on their own merits. (See Pulpdome #45 for a detailed look at The Legacy of Tarzan.)

KASPIA THE LION MAN was created out of Stoneham's knowledge of lions and the African veldt, for he was not an author who wrote with an encyclopedia at his side, but one who wrote from his own experiences as naturalist in Africa for many years.

His life was as adventurous as many some of fiction, and he wrote about it.

Charles Thurley Stoneham was born in England in 1885 and raised in Brighton. At the age of 17 he emigrated to Canada, "the land of opportunity for boys like me, who had learnt little except to box and play football." "For in my day at a Public School, to work was the act of a cad and a sneak; scholastic attainments were admirable only if they came like manna from heaven. "Either you were born clever or you weren't, to try to be clever was disgraceful." "The biggest dunce in a form was often admired for his thick head - if he were an athlete he was an object of envy." It seems like some things never change.

His reason for going to Canada was to emulate the exploits of Jack



London and similar romantic writers, but arriving in Toronto he discovered he was unskilled labor, fit only for farm work, or a pick and shovel in a construction camp. He took a job with a farmer, a hundred miles north in Port Perry. He lasted a week at this slave labor before telling the farmer what he could do with his job and his wages.

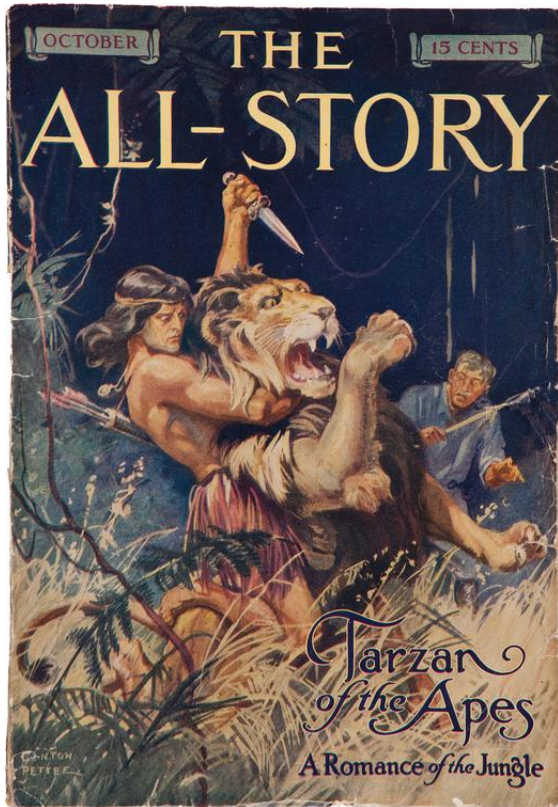
Back in Toronto, the call of the wild came upon him and still having money he brought from England, he purchased supplies and rented a birch bark canoe. The next six weeks he spent canoeing and fishing on Lake Scugog and exploring the surrounding country.

His next job was moulding molten iron into stove parts in Oshawa, but after three days he got into a fight with the foreman and was fired. He got another job immediately, loading box cars, but again he had an exasperating foreman who made his previous foreman look like a saint. One of C.T.'s co-workers could take the above no longer and locked the foreman in a box car which would not be opened until it reached Chicago. Fearing the consequences when the foreman returned, C.T. quit and took a train to Bowmanville, twenty miles

away, where he obtained work in a tire factory. This job only lasted a week, when again he got into a fight with a foreman, knocking him out with a chunk of raw rubber.

He finally made his way back to Toronto, broke, hungry and freezing. A friendly cop advised him to try the Salvation Army, who sheltered him and found him some odd jobs to do. Desperate for work, he applied for a job as a carpenter, even though he knew nothing about the trade. He was hired to repair box cars at Lambton Yards outside Toronto. The monotony of the job was sometimes alleviated by having to go out on the breakdown train to the scene of a derailment or accident. "One night we were coping with a head-on collision between two freight trains." "The locomotives lay like wounded monsters, hissing beside the tracks, box-cars were up-ended or lying on their sides all along the torn and twisted permanent way." "I found a wrecked car full of glossy American magazines, pages of which strewed the ballast. I stole some and put them aside for subsequent perusal; they contained stories by Edgar Rice Burroughs about a mythical character called Tarzan, of whom the world had not yet heard..."

The year was 1912, so there is no doubt that the magazine in question was THE ALL-STORY for Oct. 1912. This must have given Stoneham the opportunity to read TARZAN OF THE APES before the rest of the country.



The spring of 1913 CT attending of barbering college with the intention of going into business with another Englishman. They intended opening a barbers shop in Saskatchewan, but before he could complete the course his partner changed his mind and embarked as a steward on a ship line. CT quit the college and got a job as a

short order cook which also ended in disaster when the head cook up-tipped a pot of stew over the proprietors yet.

For the remainder of the year Charles Stoneham finally found a job that suited him. He became a door to door salesman for need it silver soap he made the soap himself in the kitchen sink each tablet cost two cents to make and sold at three for \$.50 and it even worked. He found that by saying he was only demonstrating it and not selling that most housewives would invariably want to buy it. He would work on an average less than four hours a day and make as much as a laborer got for 12 hours. He traveled over most of Canada in the eastern United States.

He earned more than enough to return for a holiday to England in the summer of 1914. He booked passage on the Ascania, even though the travel agent strongly advised him to travel on the empress of Ireland she was newer better equipped and more comfortable and although she would depart three days later she would get there first.

During his last two days in Toronto he met a beautiful young temptress who wanted him to stay for

a few days longer. He was sorely tempted to take the latter shift but he stuck to his guns and sailed on the *Ascania*. When the ship docked in Plymouth they heard the news that the empress of Ireland had sunk in the gulf of Saint Lawrence with the loss of most of the passengers and crew.

His reunion with his mother and his pleasant summer vacation was disrupted by the outbreak of World War I in August. Two months later on October 4 he walked around to Kingston Barracks and enlisted in an East Surrey Italian. His fellow soldiers were mostly untraceable young hooligans from the east end of London so low on the scale of evolution that the high command was ashamed to send them overseas to the front. CT transferred to the Royal Fusiliers and by the end of the year was promptly made a sergeant.

While WWI brought misfortune and misery to many, for CT Stoneham it was the beginning of a new experience and through it he would find that special niche in life. In February 1915 his company were given sailing orders and issued tropical gear but no hint as to their destinations. It wasn't until they had been at sea several days that their destinations was

disclosed. East Africa exclamation the land he had read about in books on big game hunting and fiction. The one place in the world he had long to visit.

Early March found him stationed in Kajiado, 50 miles from Nairobi. A month later he still hadn't seen anything of Africa except the army camp so one morning after roll call he went AWOL and sneak off into the veldt. Armed with his army rifle and caring supplies and his haversack he roamed for NY over the veldt taking in the sights and sounds of this fascinating land. His idyllic track was suddenly shattered when he came face-to-face with an angry rhino. "I was petrified. Most hunters encounter their first rhino in the company of other men black or white who tell him what to do and lend moral support but their mere presence; I met my first rhino alone armed with a .303 Service rifle, equipped with the knowledge gained from reading the accounts of seasoned actors who despite valor and experience head off and escaped that narrowly with their lives."

He tried to avoid this leviathan from a forgotten age but when the rhino prepared to charge he fired at the base of the trench. The rhino went tearing off into a donga. CT thought he had missed him but after

following his trail into the bush he discovered the rhino dead.

Arriving back at camp he found that he had not been missed but when he told his intimates that he had shot a rhino," they jeered their disbelief. I did not mind. I was filled with client satisfaction. I knew that one day I should become a hunter and Rome at large over this fascinating land."

But life was not all fun and games in the army although he did see a lot of the country through forced marches of 25 to 35 miles a day. He had his share of discomfort when life consisted of heat, cold, hunger and painful move-ment, Plus his share of fighting, much of it with a bayonet. He contracted malaria and he was invalid did out to Cape Town in late 1917, but by stating he had never been in the service he was able to join the south African mechanical transport as a driver and return to Tanganyika to see the finish of the campaign.

Fine now Africa was in his blood and he remained there after the war. In 1921 he and a friend sailed from Durban to Mombasa to see adventure and livelihood in the new colony of Kenya. They settled in Nanyuki, a small township on the foothills of Mount Kenya. The country was as wild as they could wish. They set up

business as a butchers when they found that properly but your dish was nonexistent. A Somali would occasionally kill in ox but he sold it and oddly shaped chunks and you never knew which part of the apps you were liable to get. They soon discovered that they knew as little about butchering as the Somali but I did buy a cook and a diagram in Pears Encyclopaedia they preserved and gradually became proficient in cutting meat.

What's the business was progressing CT and his partner Walter would take at least one day off a week exploring the wild country that surrounded them.

" I know of no one else who walked about wild Africa alone without even a native attend it, carrying what he needed on his own shoulders. Walter and I considered it not only natural but desirable. Both of us liked this solitary exploring. We would go together when we could but when one had to stay and learn the business the other was not constrained."

At the end of a year, the partners could afford to buy ponies and were able to explore the country even further. One safari took CT to the Meru Forest.



"At night the Meru forest was a place to Kearney the blood. I always made camp well outside it -no native would have slept there for a fortune - but a few times I was caught by bad weather, I lost my way, and had to spend the night alone among the enormous trees." My first experience of night in the forest was enough to turn my hair white when darkness fell the noise was appalling. Leopards fight with each other like gigantic tomcat, monkeys screamed as they fought in the roost, strange eagles and owls screamed even louder, elephants played and curled, tearing off boughs with a great uproar of splitting wood and hooting cries - a variety of creatures which I could not name became vocal all around me."

His five years in Nanyuki was full of experiences like this, but on one safari he developed a painfully sore thumb on his left hand, and while soaking it in hot water he wrote a short story about lions and the men they hunt, and the friendship of a man and a lion. It was called "Companions of the Night". He sent the story to an agent in London who, after a few weeks, and sold it to THE TATLER.

"I concluded that my fortune was made. All I had to do was to go on writing stories which would

provide the wherewithal to live at present and future and make safari into any part of the country I fancied. There could be nothing more satisfactory." "I set to work and read 15 stories and all sorts of subjects from ancient Norse history to big game hunting." "The agent did not manage to sell one of them."

His partner had left the business to him two years ago, so saddened and disillusioned he sold his business and decided to track over the mountains to Nakuru where he thought he might get a job. He ended up in the Aberdares. The buffaloes in that district had multiplied to the extent where they had become a public danger so he made a precarious living as a Buffalo hunter for the next three months.

Paragraph paragraph in 1925 he met up with two farmers, Tom and Frank Black. He joined the brothers on an elephant hunt and later spent some time with them as a guest on their farm. Tom Black went on to become a famous flyer the lover and mentor of Beryl Markham and later the husband of actress Florence Desmond. He was killed in a freak airplane accident in England. After his death CT found out that Tom Campbell black and his brother had attended the same college in

Brighton at the same time as himself. He was astonished that he had learned nothing of their mutual background on the elephant hunt or while they caroused at the Blacks' home in Rongai.

For the next five years CT spent his time leading safaris and exploring the dark continent. He married Kathleen Hawking and she joined him on many of his excursions into the wild. But he had not given up on writing and during his stay in Kenya he saw several stories and finally a book. In Cape Town he sold several stories to newspapers took a series of articles for the Cape Times on the poverty of its color residence. In 1931 he returned to England, determined to make his way as an officer. He shared with Philip Gibbs the manuscript of a new novel, *THE LION'S WAY*.

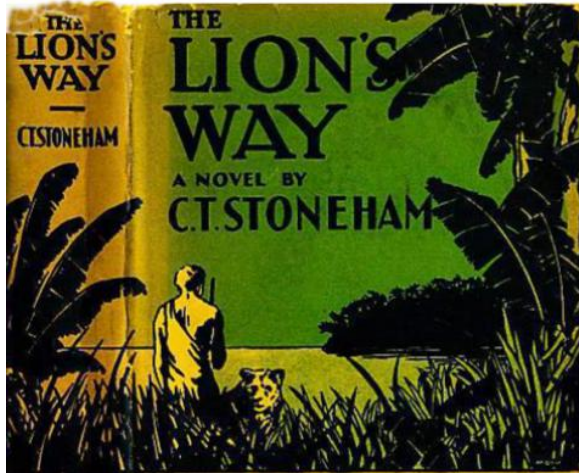
A letter of recommendation to Sir Philip Gibbs resulted in that worthy reading and approving of the story. He recommended it to a publisher, saying, "it was the best thing of its kind that he had read and comparing me favorably with the best of African-adventure riders in the heyday of the cheap edition."

Hutchison accepted the novel, but in the meantime he was hard

pressed, so he started writing short stories, mostly about animals and told from their point of view. The Daily Mail and the Evening News but as many as he could produce and the evening news continue to print his stories 25 years later.

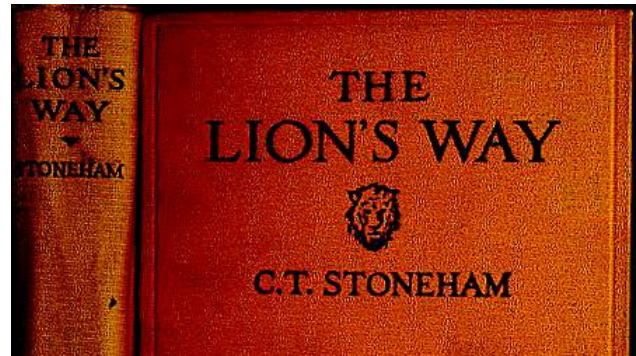
At last the book was published and it was well reviewed but sales were negligible, so he continued to exist and small sums derived from his short story work. Until one day he had a telegram from his agent saying paramount had made a good offer for film rights to the book. Paragraph paragraph the film was *KING OF THE JUNGLE* starring Buster Crabbe. *THE LION'S WAY* was published in the States by Stokes and Grosset & Dunlap brought out in a photoplay edition. In England Hutchinson's issued a paperback tie-in novel.

*THE LION'S WAY* opens with the pride of lions roaming the veldt. Calley alliance has recently lost her cubs to a pack of hyenas. The lions discover a golden haired man child about to be attacked by hyenas and Kali recognizing the creatures that had stolen her young, attacks them, saving the life of the boy Kaspas. The lioness adopts Kaspas and he grows to manhood with the lions. Like Tarzan it is the discovery of the knife that



makes him invincible and a productive member of the pride. He discovers it the hard way, when a native throws one at him and it sticks in his shoulder. He tears the knife loose and kills the native with his own weapon. He later becomes leader of the pride when he kills an intruder who has driven off the old leader and taken his place.

Kaspa has many adventures until rumors of his activities reach the ears of a Canadian newspaperman on holiday in Africa. Horton, the Canadian, arranges with a white hunter named Cloete, to capture the lion-man and ship him to Montreal. Cloete succeeds in capturing Kaspa and cages him, but he is befriended by Martin Sefton, the Commissioner of NYOKA (Kaspa's hunting ground). Sefton realizes Kaspa is human and cannot be shipped to Canada like an animal. He quits his job and takes



Kaspa, who has grown to like him, to Canada. During the voyage he tutors Kaspa on the ways of civilization.

Arriving in Canada they are met by Horton who recognizes Casper by his name and appearance, as the grand-son of Denison Starke, a multimillion-aire whose son and daughter-in-law had been killed in a native uprising in Africa. Casper had been rescued by a servant, but had later wandered off and had thought to have been killed by lions. The servant is brought to Canada, Casper appears in court and is proven to be the heir of Denison Starke.

Casper then develops relation trouble in the form of his step-cousins Lucian Marley and his sister Sheila, and Sheila's fiancé, Harland Reeves. He also encounters the Marley's step-mother and his great aunt, Mrs. Johnson Marley, who takes a liking to Casper. Madelaine Moore, Mrs. Marley's beautiful paid companion, also takes a liking to Casper. He has a

number of brushes with the Marley's and falls in love with Madelaine, but he goes back to Africa realizing he could never settle down in civilization, nor could he take Madelaine to live in the wilderness.

Lucian Marley and Harland Reeves, now married to Sheila, follow him to Africa to kill him, in order to inherit his fortune. Sefton and Madelaine, unaware of their plans, accompany them, hoping to persuade Kaspas to return to Canada. Harland and Raines arrange with Chloete, and Loudan Grant, the dissolute district Commissioner to kill Kaspas. One evening Kaspas surprises Lucian, who explains to Kaspas that he is in debt. Kaspas agrees to put a generous sum of money at Lucian's disposal. Marley immediately regrets his actions and tries to stop the attempt on Kaspas's life, but he is too late. In the attempt, he narrowly escapes death by the hands of Kaspas, Chloete is killed by Ruka, one of Kaspas's lions, while Kaspas receives a bullet wound in the thigh. The story ends with Kaspas being taken away by Sefton and Madelaine.

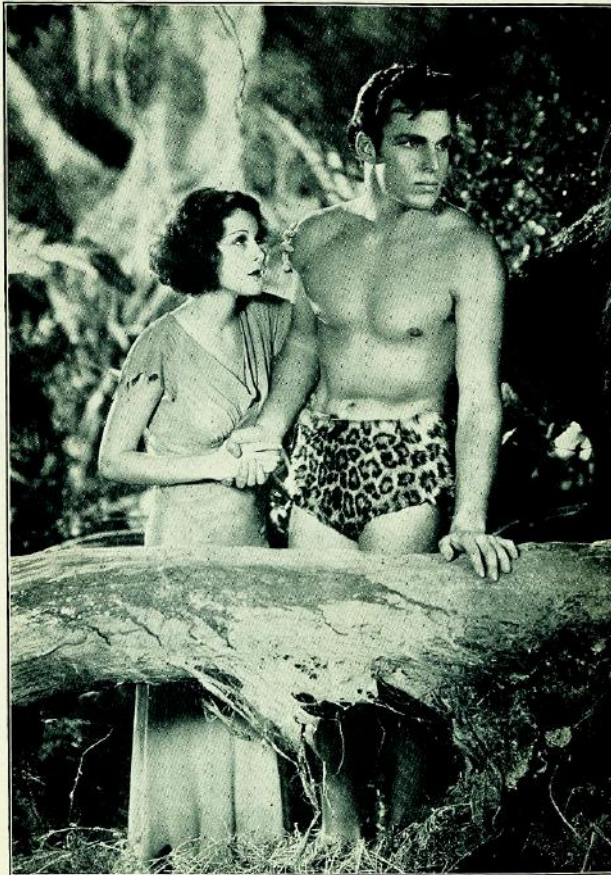
We have learnt that C.T. Stoneham read "Tarzan of the Apes" almost twenty years before he wrote "The Lion's Way". Whether he re-

read it or read any other Burroughs in the interim, we will never know. It is probably unlikely because I can't see Burroughs' books being readily available in the Africa of 1914 thru 1929. But it was probably a tip of the hat to Burroughs when Stoneham named Kaspas's foster-mother Kali.

Oddly, the pilot structure of "The Lion's Way" is more reminiscent of GREYSTOKE than "Tarzan of the Apes" with Kaspas trying to adapt to civilization. But don't let that put you off, it isn't full of silly ass Englishmen, because Stoneham took Kaspas to the country where he spent his own youth - Canada, and he has Kaspas roaming that same wilderness around Lake Skugog that he explored. The meat of the story is in the African locales, but the Canadian scenes don't bog the story down and it is a well-rounded tale that grips you every minute.

When Paramount brought it to the screen in 1933 starring Buster Crabbe, it was changed drastically, as can be expected of Hollywood. It begins basically the same with a child wandering the veldt clutching his father's hunting knife, after his parents have been killed (off-stage). He is adopted by a lioness and raised with her two cubs. After he has grown to manhood he is captured by





A Paramount Picture.

King of the Jungle-movie of The Lion's Way.

Madeline is fascinated by this strange wild creature.

# KING OF THE JUNGLE

*Photoplay title of*  
**THE LION'S WAY**  
 A STORY OF MEN AND LIONS

By C. T. STONEHAM

*With Illustrations from*  
 THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE



**GROSSET & DUNLAP**

*Publishers* - *New York*

a rancher (Douglass Dumbrille) when his lions are driven to stealing cattle during a drought. He is sold to a circus representative Forbes, played by a pre-Charlie Chan, Sidney Toler. Forbes names him Kaspas and ships him to San Francisco in a cage. Arriving in San Francisco a custom's inspector demands that the cage be opened; when it is, Kaspas dives overboard. He swims ashore and enters the house of Anne Rogers (Frances Dee) and her room-mate Sue (Nydia Westman).

Anne, a school teacher, befriends Kaspas and later when Forbes catches up with him and takes Kaspas to a circus, she quits her job and goes along as Kaspas's tutor. Originally intended to be a wild-man exhibit, when Kaspas shows how he panhandle lions he becomes a lion-tamer and the star of the circus. The scriptwriters, Max Marcini and Philip Wylie, may have got the circus idea from one scene in the book where Kaspas, Madeline and the Marleys attend a travel-

ing circus in Port Perry. During an act with lions and a tiger, the animals get out of control and the lion tamer is injured. Kaspas enters the cage and helps the lions kill the tiger.

The circus travels throughout the States and Kaspas learns the ways of civilization. At the conclusion of the film, a roustabout (Irving Pichel) who delighted in tormenting the lions and had lost an arm in the process, causes a fire and a panic at the circus. Kaspas saves his lions from the fire and with money he has been saving, buys them from the circus owner and takes them and Anne back to Africa.

Despite the fact that the film only barely resembles the book, it is an entertaining film and well produced. Fortunately Kaspas is not made to appear a buffoon, the approach is serious and once Kaspas learns English he speaks it properly. Directed by H. Bruce (Lucky) Humberstone, a competent director of action films and musicals whose career would span over fifty years and include *TARZAN & THE LOST SAFARI* and *SHEENA*. He exacted a good performance out of Crabbe as the primitive and educated Kaspas. Crabbe made an impressive Kaspas although his hair was the wrong color. A minor point but it

might have stopped the use of stills of Kaspas to illustrate Crabbe as Tarzan in all the articles to come. The film's portrayal of Kaspas is certainly better than Tarzan received in many films.

Paramount later borrowed their version of Kaspas but renamed Jakra/Tama in *BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON* (1942), in which Richard Denning played a "lion-man" tutored by a school teacher (Helen Gilbert), who performs in a circus as a lion-tamer.

With the success of *KING OF THE JUNGLE*, the Stonehams moved to a flat in Brighton and C.T. set to work on a sequel to "The Lion's Way" in the belief that it would be filmed and published in America. But the Depression was at its height and he had no takers. Hutchinson's also refused the book but it was picked up by old reliable Methuen and published on April 7th, 1933. The dust jacket featured Buster Crabbe as Kaspas.

"Kaspas, the Lion Man" opens on a farm on then Likana Rier owned by Loudan Grant, now retired. His niece Eve Linton resides with him. One day while she is out riding she comes across the camp of a young man. He introduces himself as Lucian



Marley and invites her to stay for dinner. During the meal the roaring of lions brings the talk around to lions and eventually to Kaspā. Lucian explains that the lion who roared is Dogo, one of Kaspā's brothers, and he proceeds to tell Eve the story of Kaspā, including her uncle's part in the plot to kill Kaspā. After the death of Cloete, Kaspā was arrested for his murder. He admitted that he had ordered Ruka to kill Cloete and was sentenced to five years. He was taken aboard a ship and while it was passing the mouth of the harbor, he jumped over-board. One of the guards shot at him and he never surfaced. Before they had taken him away Kaspā made Madelaine promise that she wouldn't spend her time waiting for him. She later married Martin Sefton.

On the way home, Eve meets

Dogo and manages to make friends with him. Everyday after that, Eve goes out onto the veldt to spend some time with him. They soon become firm friends and Eve finds herself falling in love with a man she has never met, Kaspā.

Thirty miles across the river from Grant's farm, is Luba Town, a native village run by Da Costa, a disreputable Portuguese, who orgies are the talk of the territory. It is rumored that the natives of the town are members of the Leopards. Da Costa is a friend of Grants, and Grant often goes across to Luba to visit with him. One day while he is away Eve receives a letter from Da Costa, saying that he uncle is very ill from black-water fever and she should come at once. Eve suspects that it is a trap to lure her to Luba, because she has been fighting off Da Costa's advances for years. But she decides to go just in case her uncle really is ill, however she takes a protector in the form of Dogo.

As they near Luba they stop for a rest and Eve falls asleep. When she awakes she finds that Dogo has gone. She hears a number of lions roaring in the bush and minutes later a lion appears. At first she thinks it is Dogo, but a second glance shows it is a stranger. Then a lioness appears,

followed by Dogo who walks over to greet her. He brushes against her and then trots back to the bush to meet a huge, naked man. Thick golden hair falls to his shoulder and his only clothing is a leopard skin.

"Kaspa!" Eve cries in wonder. She explains to Kaspa how she uno of him and Kaspa in turn tells what happened when he jumped overboard. The bullet had lodged in his shoulder and instead of swimming for the nearest land, he had swam in the opposite direction, clear across the harbour. Exhausted, he had fallen into the hands of the Warungu, a tribe in revolt against the Government. During a fight he receives a head injury and loses his memory. The tribe heals his wounds and keeps him as a hostage. He is later taken further inland and sold to another tribe, the Bakakutua. One morning as though awakened from a long sleep, he finds himself carrying a big log. He can only take small sites due to a rope tying his ankles together. He is guarded by two men armed with spears and a whip. He stops and one of the men strikes him with the whip. Kaspa throws the log at the man and he is crushed by it. He also kills the other guard, cuts himself free and heads for Mt. Nyoka that he can see in the distance. While he climbs the

slopes to the mountain forest, the past all comes back to him and he realizes he must be considered dead. He decides to live the remainder of his life in the wilds. Kaspa and Eve fall in love and they spend many happy days together before Eve decides to leave Kaspa for a while and continue on to Luba. Kaspa accompanies her to the outskirts, where he remains within call if she needs help.

It is, of course, a trap, and Kaspa rescues her, at the same time taking Da Costa with them as a hostage. Later Da Costa is rescued by his men and Eve and Kaspa barely escape with their lives. Eve returns to then farm and writes a letter to Da Costa, saying if he releases Grant, who has been kept drugged, she will not report the matter to the authority. Once Grant is free, she hopes with then aid of Lucian Marley to be able to prove Kaspa innocent of the murder of Colette. Even as she is thinking of this, she is visits by Lucian and tells him the good news that Kaspa is alive.

Later the farm is attacked by Da Costa's naives and Eve is abducted. Lucian manages to escape to bring help, but he is shot in the back with an arrow. He crawls a considerable distance from the farm until he collapses. He is found by Kaspa, and



after he relates what has happened, he dies in his arms.

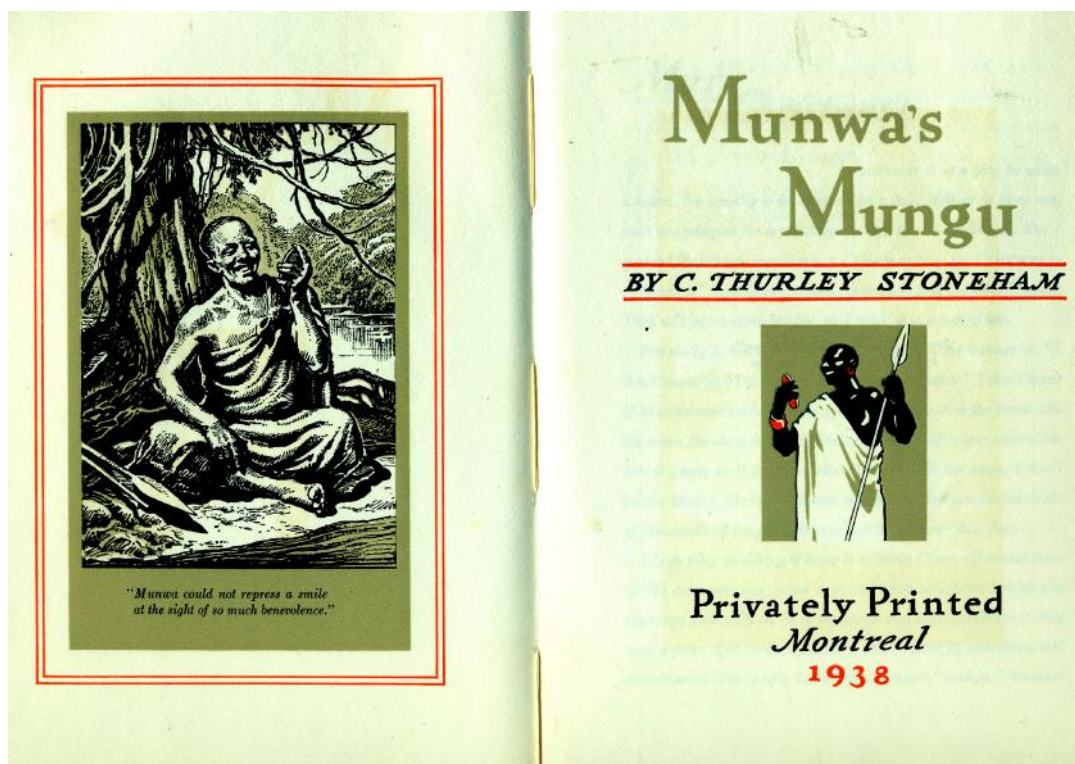
After a number of adventures Kasper rescues Eve from a fate worse than death at a ceremony of the dreaded Leopard Society. Grant is also rescued, he kills Da Costa and later dies himself, but not before he proves Kasper innocent. Eve inherits the farm and Kasper and herself settle down on it.

\* \* \*

But the Kasper saga does not end here. Stoneham wrote a third Kasper novel, *KASPER AND THE CAVE MEN* probably in the 1940s. It was finally published as a serial in *Pulpdome* in 2017 as *KASPER AND THE THE CAVES OF DOOM*, slightly edited by Mike Taylor.

It was unfortunate for C.T. Stoneham and for the fans who would one day try to collect his works, that the two great English-speaking nations were in a state of depression when he tried to make his mark as an author. It was probably because of the depression that his books were not published in great quantities, which makes them extremely difficult to find.

But the thirties were good to Stoneham. He continued to sell his short stories to the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening news*, as well as to *THE PASSING SHOW*, *STORYTELLER*, *20 STORY MAGAZINE*, *THE WINDSOR*, *PEARSONS*, *CORNELL* and several other magazines both British and American. He was made a member of the prestigious *SAVAGE*





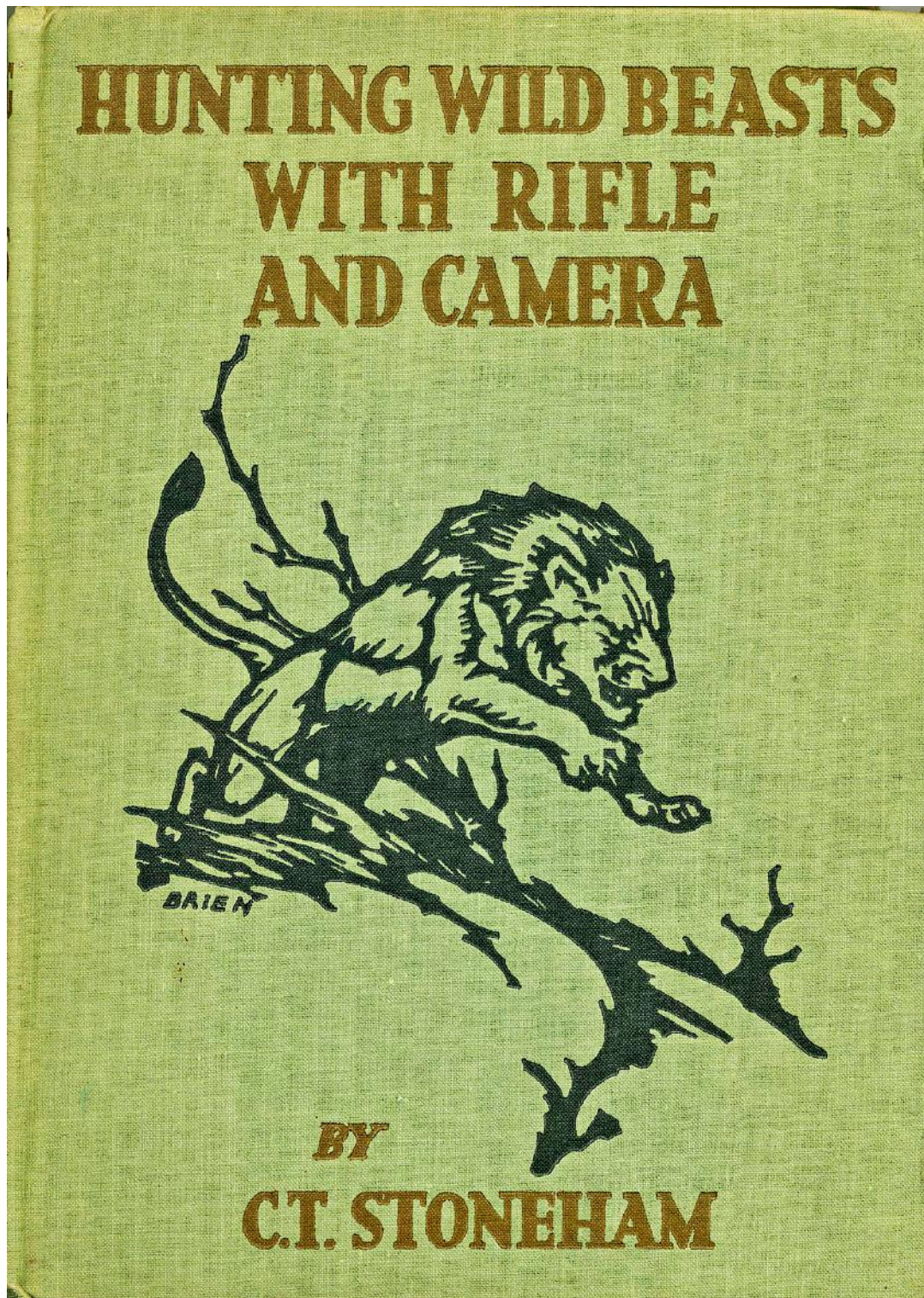
CLUB and had several hardback books published. WANDERINGS IN WILD AFRICA was a collection of true experiences from his various safaris. KILLERS AND THEIR PREY, VICTIMS OF THE BULLET were collections of his short stories. Other titles included THE BLACK LEOPARD, GAME TRACK AND TRAIL, KNIGHT OF THE WOODS, JUNGLE PRINCE, THE WHISTLING THORN, WHITE HUNTER and THE MAN IN THE PIG MASK.

Although Stoneham's early ambition had to become a big game hunter, which he had fulfilled, he quickly tired of then killing and was appalled by the ruthlessness of some of the hunters he took out on safari.

His fiction denotes this change in his outlook and many of his stories depicted man in an unadmirable guise and engaged the sympathy of the reader for his victims. He did have an occasional stalwart hero, usually a game warden, but many times the hero was an animal itself. He wrote the kind of fiction that would have appealed to Burroughs and consequently most Burroughs fans would have found them hard to resist.

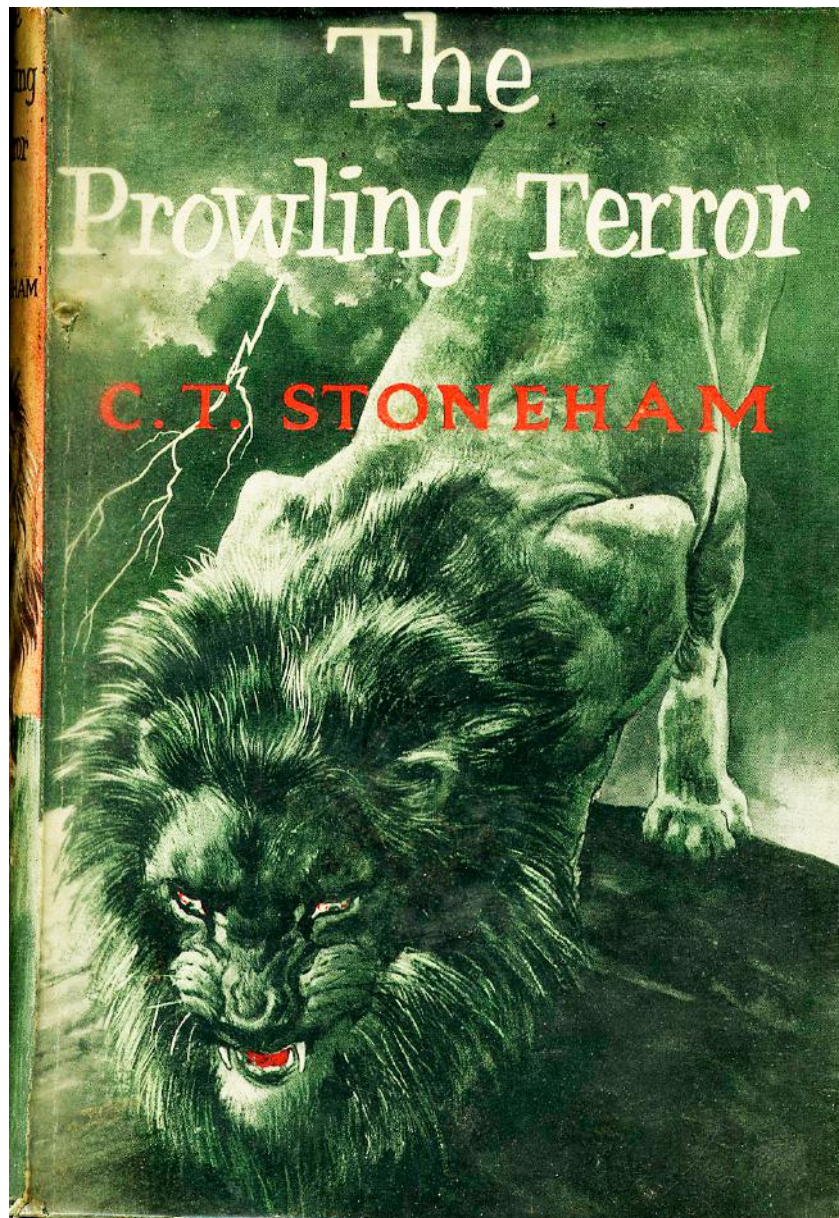
The first World War gave C.T. Stoneham the opportunity to travel to East Africa, but the second World War stopped him from returning to the land he loved so well. During the war he worked for the Admiralty Department and had little time to write, but





Large cloth volume by Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., London, Edinburgh, New York, Toronto and Paris, n.d.(1936), 41 black and white photographs and 15 chapters, from Africa to Canada, 219 pagezs





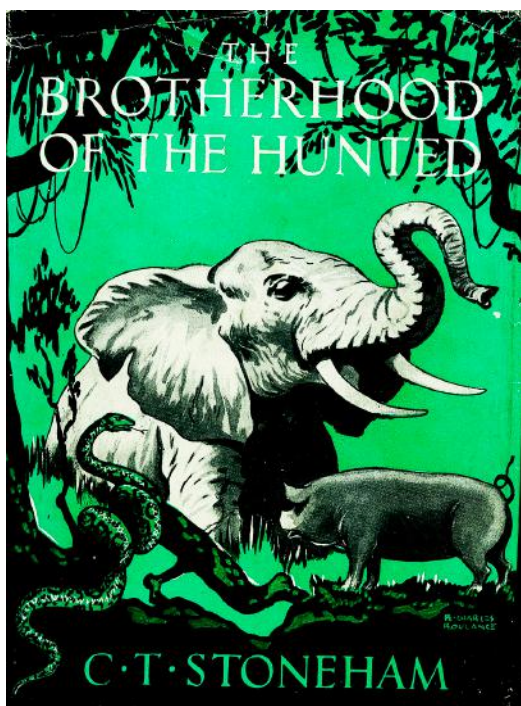
Jacket design  
by  
Eric Tansley

**THE PROWLING TERROR**, John Long, London 1937, 208 p.

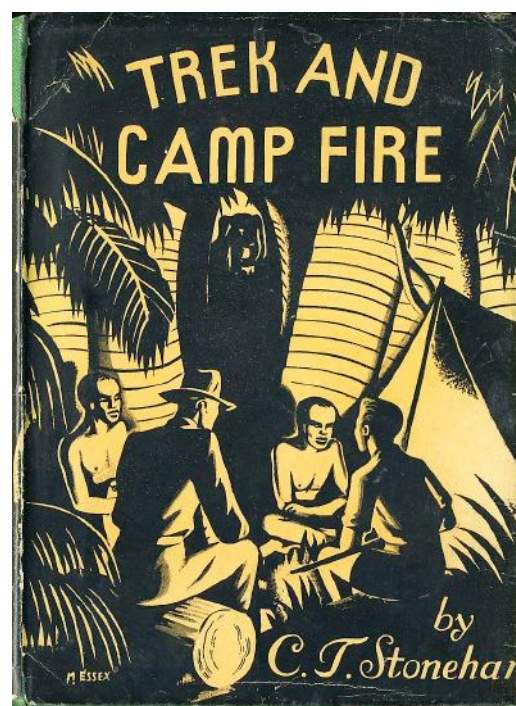
*At the little Tanganyika post of Matapa terror ruled the night. A pair of man-eating lions hunted there and already their kills were numbered by the score. The natives suffered uncomplainingly; such evils were customary and they knew of no redress, The Game Department short of staff offered the job of exterminating the killers to Selwyn Barrett, an enthusiastic amateur. This was Selwyn's first experience of man-eaters and he found that of all creatures they were the most sinister and terrible.*

*Selwyn soon discovered that the male lion was not the only killer on the prowl and his task became more hazardous and unerving. The big black male, roaming the dark rainy night, selected his victims with ruthless cunning; his human rival was hardly less proficient.*

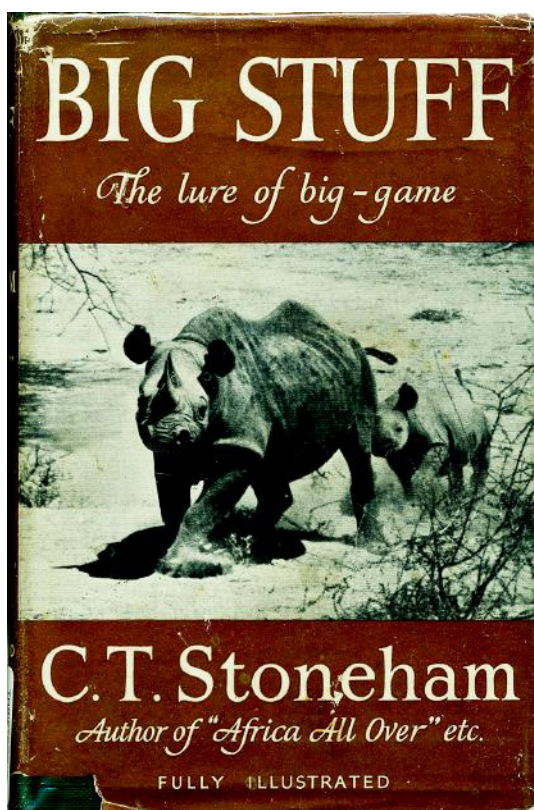




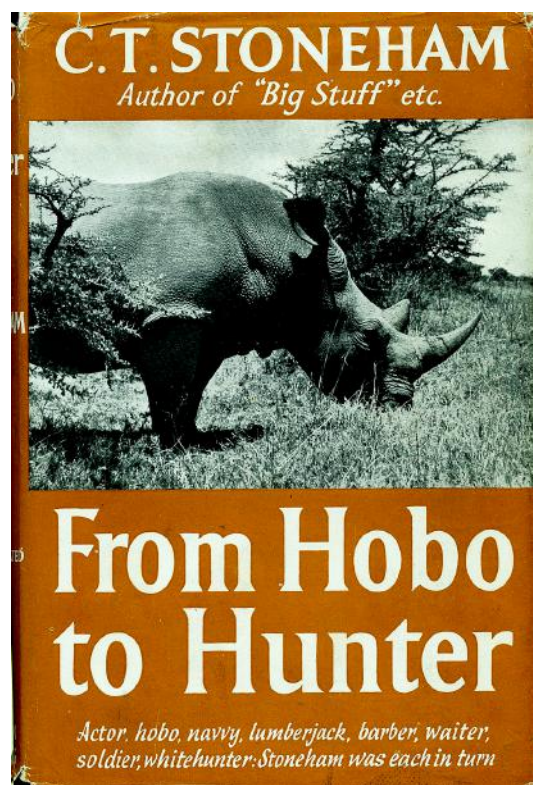
Schofield and Sims, Ltd. n.d. (1947).  
Illustrations by J. H. Lunn



Schofield and Sims, Ltd., n.d. (1948),  
Illustrations by J. H. Lunn



John Long, 1954, 17 illustrations



1956, John Long, 11 halftones



due to paper restrictions could not have sold more than he produced.

It was two years after hostilities ceased before C.T., his wife and son could obtain passage back to Kenya, but this was finally accomplished in September 1947.

Kay and C.T. were delighted to get back to the land they had so rashly vacated seventeen years before. Their son Michael, aged sixteen, was as enthusiastic as themselves; he had been reared on tales of life in Africa and the joys and thrills of safari.

They found great changes. C.T. was most astonished by the absence of ox-transport. The three-ton wagon with its san of sixteen oxen had been replaced by a multitude of lorries driven by Indians and Africans. Living was still cheap and food plentiful, but crime of all kinds was rife in the towns, and the police were powerless to control it. Robbery and murder flourished. The African criminal did not balk at taking life, though eat the time he confined his slayings to his own color. Punishment was negligible and often charges were dismissed for lack of evidence. It was not until later when the Mau-Mau rose and struck, that anyone under suspicion of

criminal or terrorist activity was quickly arrested.

Despite these disadvantages life in the Colony was delightful after the restraints and privations of Britain and C.T. and Kay quickly adapted to the modern Kenya. The exploring safaris were resumed, and C.T. took up the pen again. Mostly non-fiction which included BIG STUFF, a collection of true short stories, showing how hunting has progressed through the ages. Other titles were MAU-MAU, OUT OF BARBARISM and KENYA MYSTERY.

In 1956 John Lang published his autobiography FROM HOBO TO HUNTER. Fascinating reading but disappointing as an autobiography. Due only to the fact that he has only taken certain events from his life and recorded them out of sequence and in many instances without dates which makes it difficult to determine when a certain event took place. He is also too modest on his writing accomplishments and devotes only one short chapter to it, mentioning only by name the two Kasper novels. Instead of a comprehensive autobiography it is merely a series of amusing incidents from his life.

C.T. , Kay and Michael survived the Mau-Mau uprising and terrorist attacks, but whether they remained in Kenya after the colony gained its independence I have no way of knowing. I would imagine that they did. C.T. got along well with the Africans and he finished his autobiography by stating there was only one place he desired to live - Kenya.

Charles Thurley Stoneham is gone now, but he left a legacy to us Burroughs' fans in the form of two of the finest pseudo Tarzan novels ever written. Pseudo Tarzan is perhaps a bad description, they were no more

imitation Tarzan, than Tarzan was imitation Mowgli. All three were feral children and there the resemblance ends except for minor similarities. Stoneham wrote a more realistic story than Burroughs and Kipling, in fact he assures the reader in the preface to "The Lion's Way", "From a long experience of lions and their ways the author has no hesitation in assuring the reader that there is no incident in Kaspas' wild life that would seem impossible to those naturalists and hunters who have studied the habits of the great African lion, the King of Beasts."



## ERB and CTS

How did a guy who had never been to Africa write two dozen stories about Africa that have thrilled the world for a century, when another guy who spent most of his life in wild Africa, also writing about a white man raised by wild animals in the African jungle, be of only mediocre success?

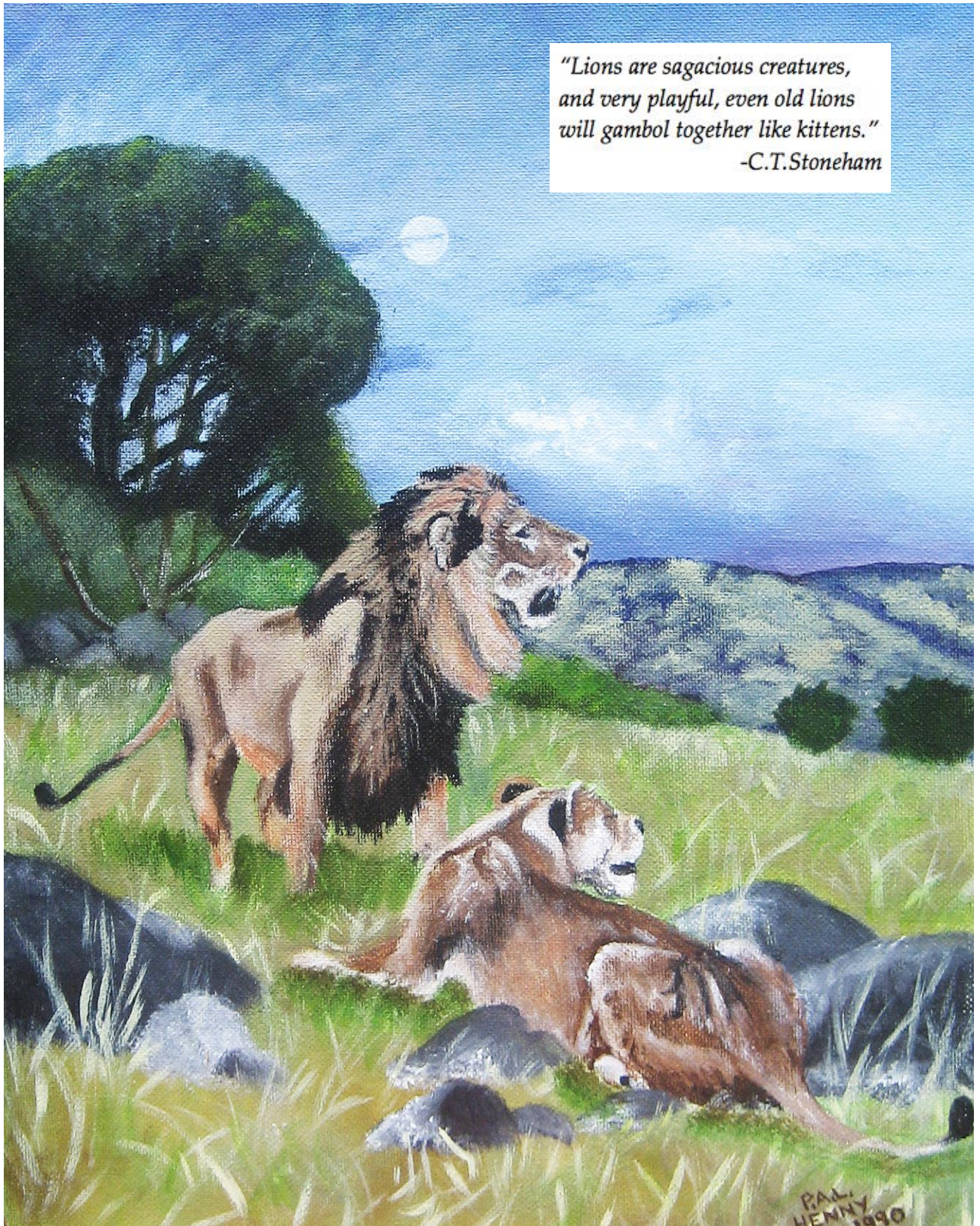
I guess it is all in how you tell the story and who you can get to read it.

-Caz

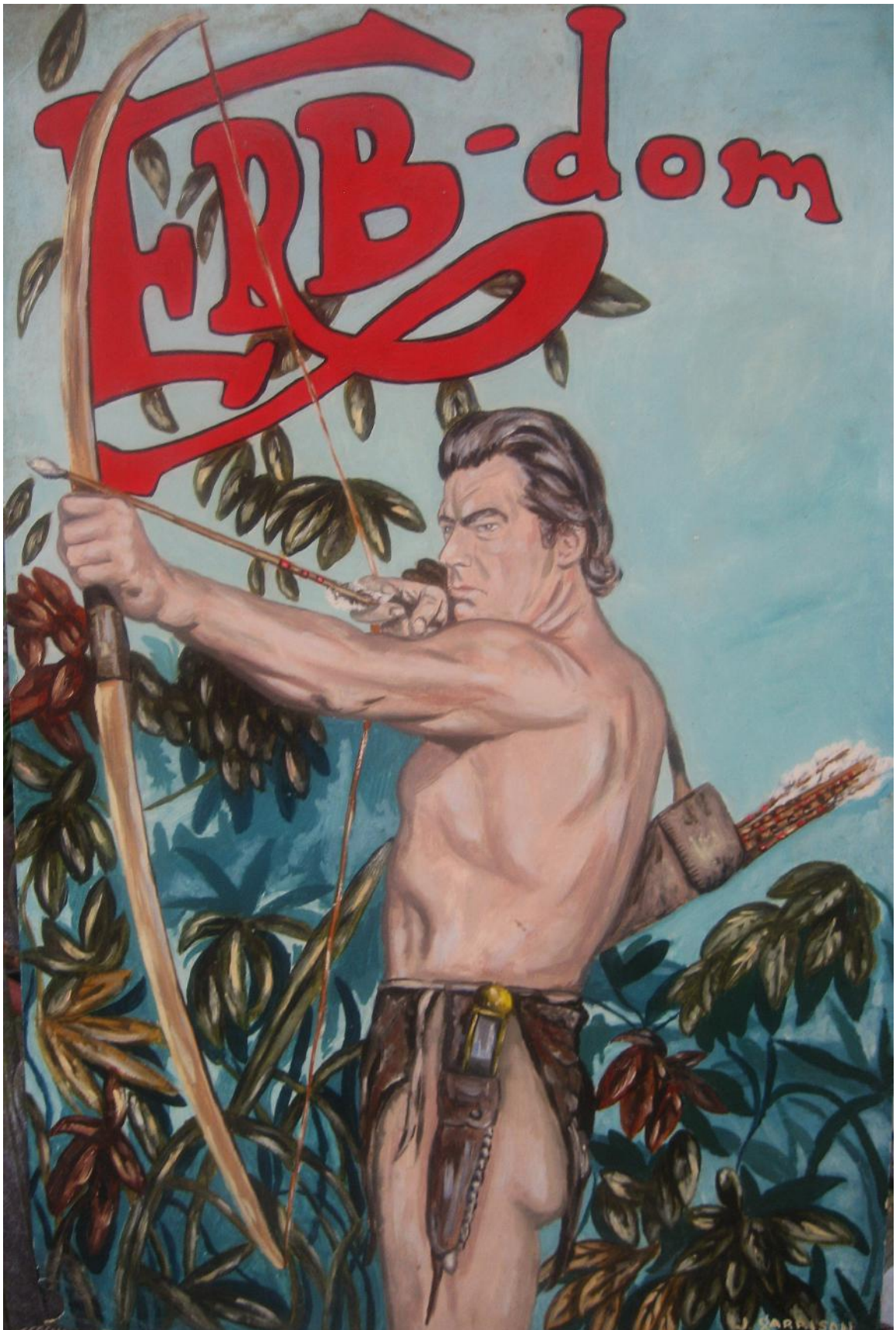


*"Lions are sagacious creatures,  
and very playful, even old lions  
will gambol together like kittens."*

*-C.T. Stoneham*

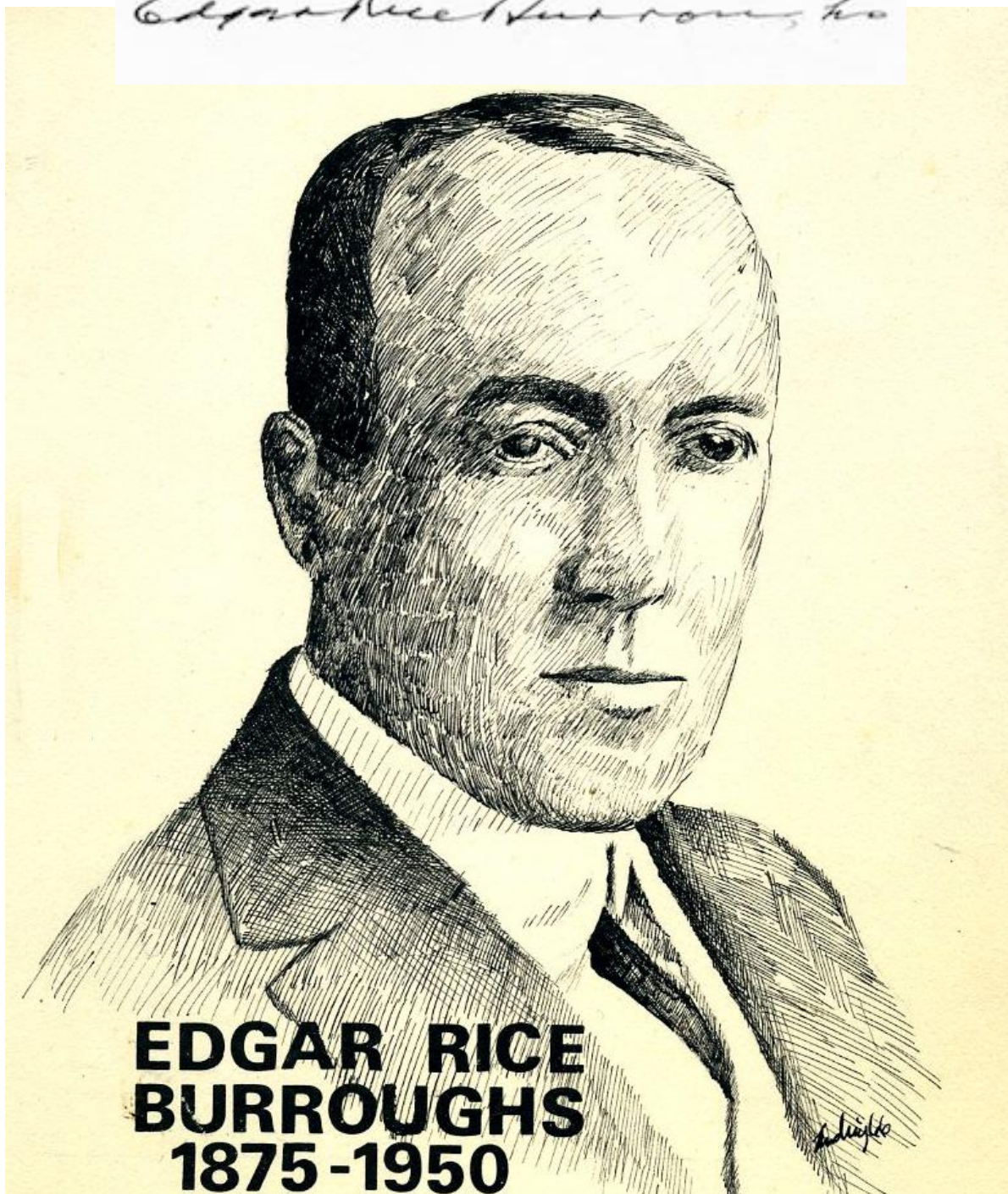








*Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc.*







# TARZAN<sup>TM</sup> ON FILM

SCOTT TRACY GRIFFIN

FOREWORD BY CASPER VAN DIEN

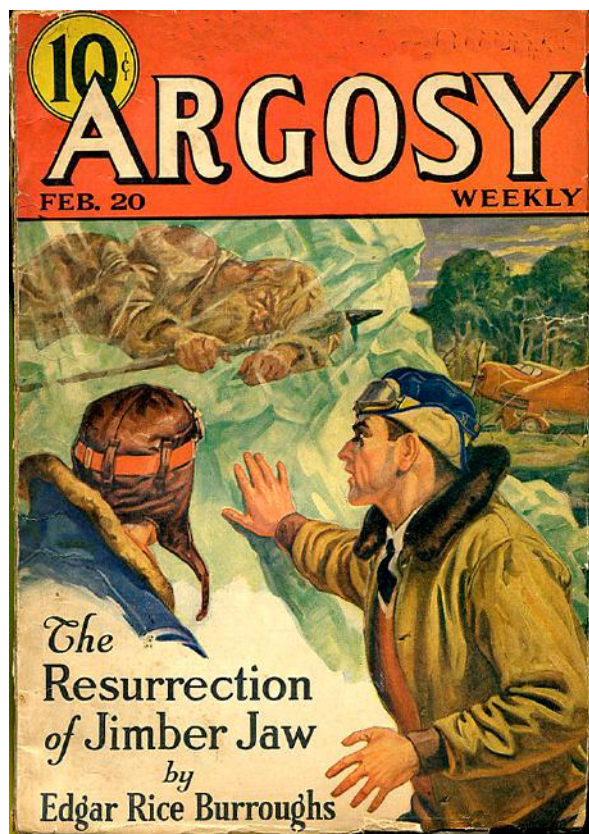
Large size, 224 pages, profusely illustrated, about \$35 and worth every penny! Great job!

## My first years with E. R. B.

I was reading ERB books in the late 1940s, and remember seeing ERB's obituary in the local paper in 1950. I remember reading *CARSON OF VENUS* by flashlight under the bed covers, hiding from my mom. Some years later I remember being stunned and aghast with the John Coleman Burroughs dust jacket illustration for *BACK TO THE STONE AGE*. This guy Burroughs was prolific!

I was also an X-1 radio hound and had started reading *GALAXY* and SF pbs.

As I began to search for more Tarzan books, I found the Mars and other series. I ran an ad in local newspaper: *Tarzan Books Wanted*. Lo, Baton Rouge resident E. W. Bennet, called and asked me a question: had I ever read ...?... *THE RESURRECTION OF JIMBER-JAW*.



He said it was in an old magazine named *ARGOSY*, and if I wanted to read it, I could come over.

At his house, there was a room with walls of pulp magazines, stacked from floor up to 5 or 6 feet....1000s of them! Eddie put me in touch with Darrell C. Richardson, through whom I met the veteran ERB fans of the day: Vern Coriell, John Harwood, Maurice B. Gardner, Bill Gilmour, and Pete Ogden in England. It was Pete who gave me the names and addresses so Al and I could send out free ERB-dom #1, asking for subscriptions. Vern Coriell was publishing *The Gridley Wave* (Dec.1959), but Al Guillory and I were determined to publish our own fanzine about ERB.

So it began. Except for a few years in the early 1980s, *Pulpdom*, *Son of ERB-dom*, lived on, but more inclusive. I think this is my 250th "zine" since 1960.

Back in 1966, ERB-dom and I won the World Science Fiction award, THE HUGO, voted best amateur magazine of 1965. It was handed to me by Isaac Asimov, and in front of several thousand people, I remember saying that it was because of Edgar Rice Burroughs, which it was.

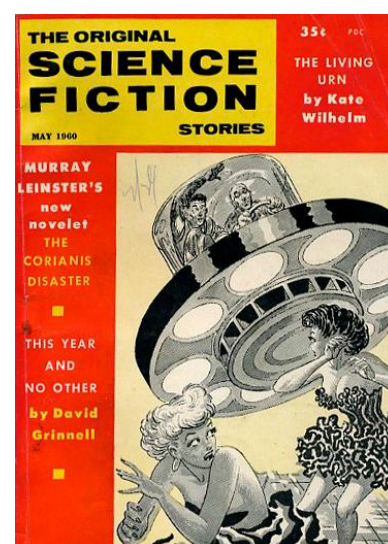
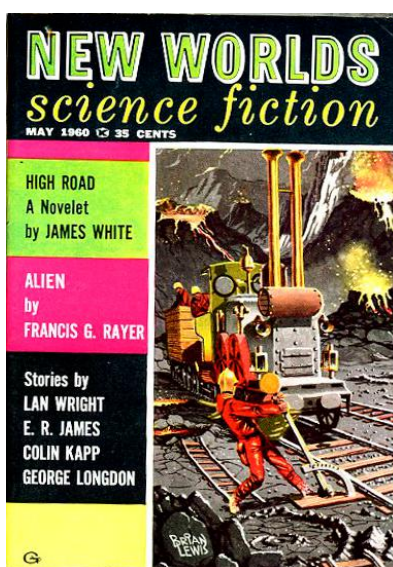
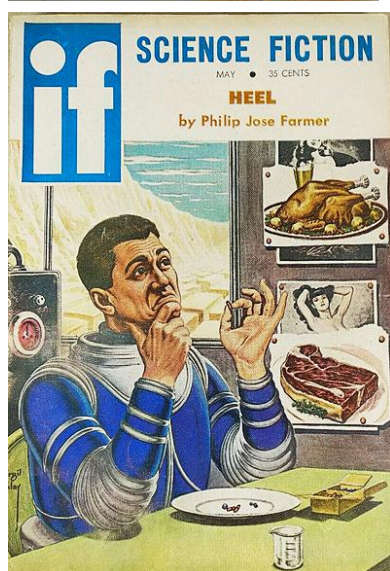
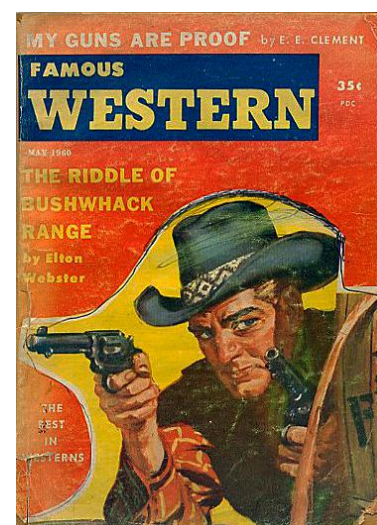
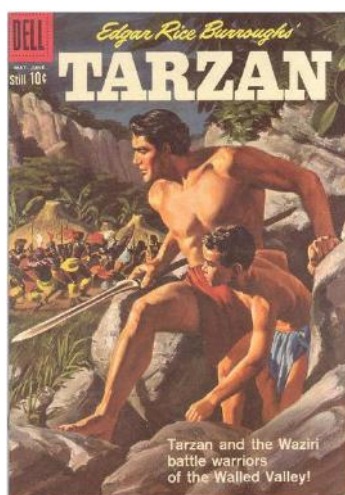
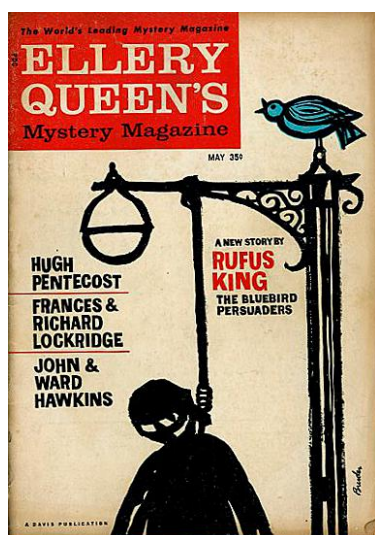
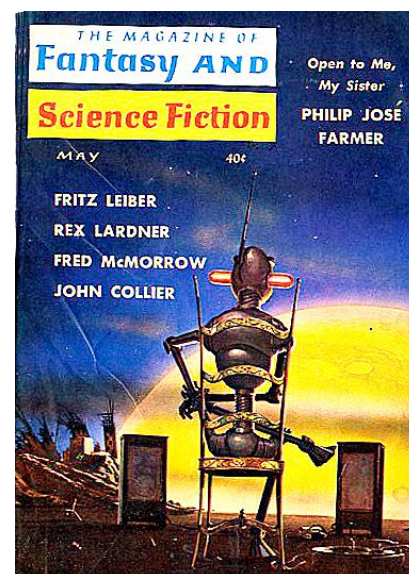
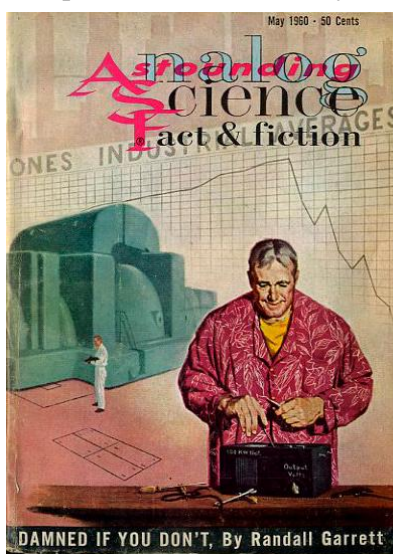
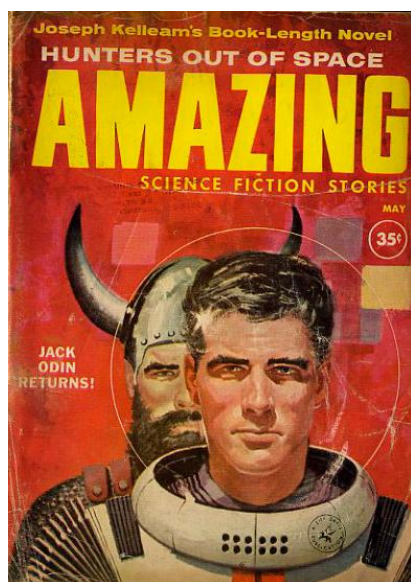
And now there is a huge explosion of new editions and colorful reprints of all types under the aggressive leadership of Jim Sullos of Edgar Rice Burroughs Inc., Tarzana, California. Dozens of new editions, new stories and new videos are available all over the world.

Clearly, ERB was almost forgotten in the 1950s, even *Tarzan of the Apes* was out-of-print in 1960 USA. But not now!

Glad to have had a little something to do with it. -Caz



Nine periodicals dated May, 1960





## ERB-dom #1, May 1960

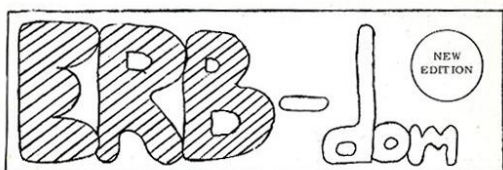
### -Origin-

It was 20 pages, mimeographed on a machine in a Catholic church in Chataignier, Louisiana. It was Al's dream to pub an ERB zine, and I was his willing assistant. So we did it!

Chataignier is a very small rural town in central Louisiana, about an hour west of Baton Rouge, where I was living. Al was the only son of a traditional middle class Cajun family, and they all spoke French + English. He was killed in a car wreck in 1962, a most tragic event.

I had subscribed to ERBANIA from England, D. Peter Ogden Editor and Publisher. I was stunned that his USA contact lived about an hour away from me in Louisiana. So I met Al and we soon determined to publish a zine: **ERB-dom, the Edgar Rice Burroughs domain.**

I used a little yellow portable Royal typewriter, with an italic font that I thought was "cool." I typed all of the mimeo originals and hand lettered the article titles.



Volume 1 Number 1 May, 1960

It was "published to accomplish three aims. *First to give information and ideas to any and all Burroughs fans & to stimulate their enthusiasm in the domain of Burroughs. Second to provide a possible unifying factor to all Burroughs fans in order to preserve, prolong and rejuvenate the memory of Edgar R. Burroughs and the characters he created. And Third, to supply a medium through which fans may contact and correspond with other fans.*"

ERB fans corresponded by mail and in deep south Louisiana, there were very few ERB fans but A and I. So we were all pen pals, with few live interactions. I did meet Stan Vinson and Vern Coriell after very long auto drives.

ERB-dom #1 was one column, and margins were hand justified. I did the front cover, a montage sketch of ERB pulps I owned, and had a friend draw the back cover, a lame sketch of 'Tarzan.'

The great ERB fan, pastor and bibliographer Darrell C. Richardson contributed "Rare Burroughs Collector's Items", I wrote an extensive article on "The Tarzan Story Strips" in newspapers. The then new movie "Tarzan's Greatest Adventure" was reviewed by John Harwood & Maurice B. Gardner, & the movie "Tarzan the Ape Man II" was also reviewed by them. Both John & Maurice were serious ERB fans and good friends.

My memory is we mailed out about 150 copies (postage was 5¢ ea.) and asked for subscriptions. We got some replies, perhaps 50, and more as the year went on. Hard to believe we had 150 addresses of ERB fans, but maybe so.

Some years later I reprinted **ERB-dom** #1 in a two column 12 page regular font edition and added some illustrations to the articles. I can reprint this issue for you for \$6 pp, or send you at PDF for \$2.

**ERB-dom** #2 was published in November, 1960, mostly about all the Tarzan movies. #3 appeared in June, 1961. Maybe one day I will reprint all of them, perhaps a "**Best of ERBdom.**" -Caz



Neal MacDonald Jr.

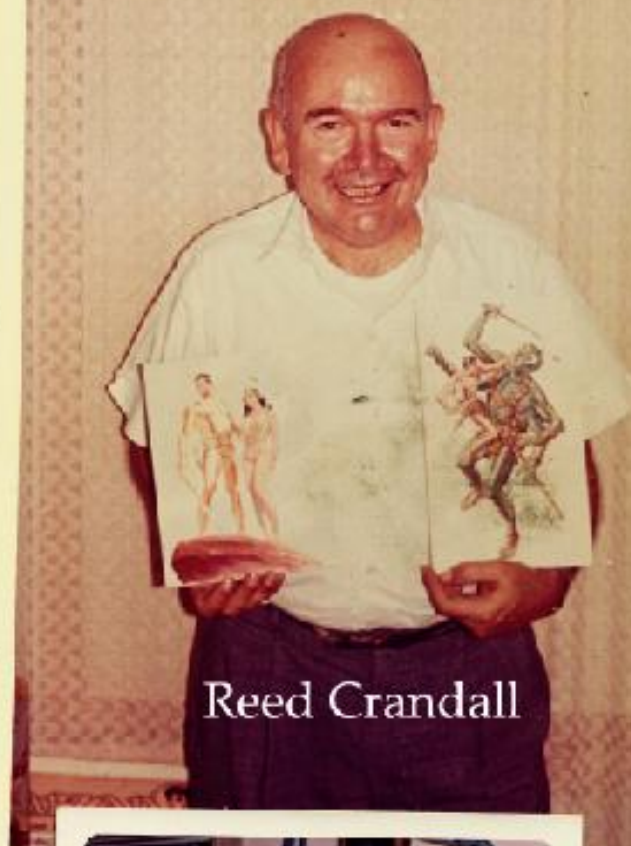


Caz & Gordon Scott

Caz & Vern Coriell



Famous ERB fans



Reed Crandall



Jesse Marsh



## Old ERB-dom Illustrations

In going through my files one last time, I have uncovered a number of drawings by Neal MacDonald, Bob Barrett and others that were contributed to **ERB-dom** years ago, and here are some of them. Jim Garrison did this Johnny Weissmuller cover, and I have many more by he and others, alas.....too many. Very sorry it took me 50 years to get them in print, but I did save them from oblivion.

The Barrett pieces are from the first days of ERB-dom. Bob was very versatile with creative fonts and did great drawings and sketches. His fine map of Caspak on #8, Dec. 1963, is reprinted here. Most Neal MacDonald pieces here are labeled, some themed for a planned Amtor issue that never came about. Neal later moved to New Mexico, and Bob is still in Missouri.

Those were some great days back in the 1960's and early 1970s, and ERB-dom evolved and generally thrived until late 1976 (**ERB-dom** #89) when my personal world exploded and I quit my focus on ERB to rebuild my personal life.

But I started publishing again in Dec., 1988; *The Fantasy Collector* evolved into *The Fantastic Collector/ERB-dom* and it evolved into *Pulpdome* in Jan. 1997.

While FC/*Pulpdome* began primarily as a pulp info magazine, after 23 years and 98 issues No. 99 inaugurated a fundamental change - *Pulpdome* became primarily an illustrated fiction magazine with some non-fiction articles.

I thank all my old friends and readers for many years of support. Most have passed now, but there are 1000s of new fans, and maybe some will enjoy this nostalgic look back at early ERB fandom.

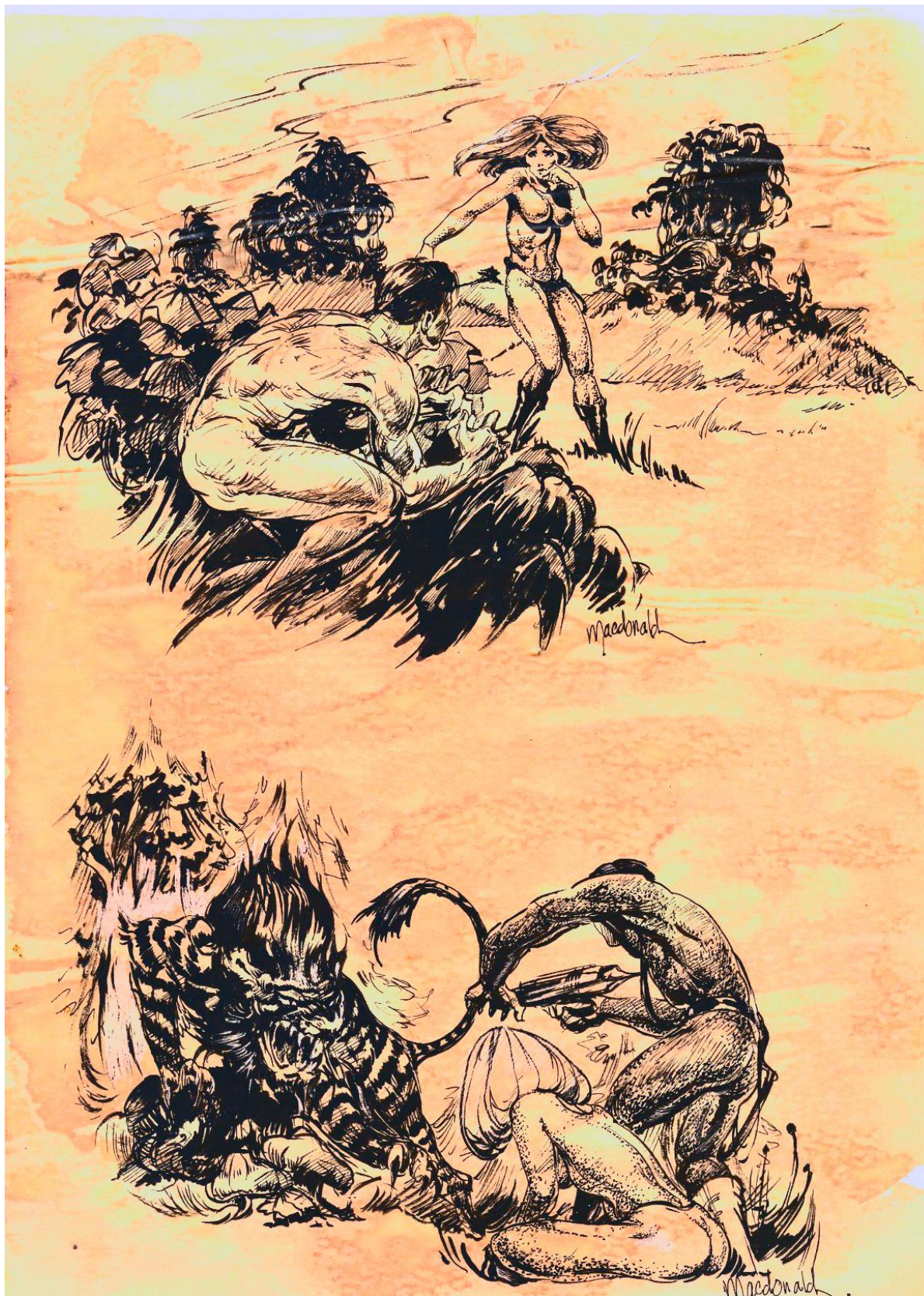






ERB, *Carson of Venus* by Neal MacDonald, submitted to ERB-dom in 1976.





Sketches on paper discolored in the intervening 45 years. ERB - Amtor by Neal MacDonald





Neal Macdonald

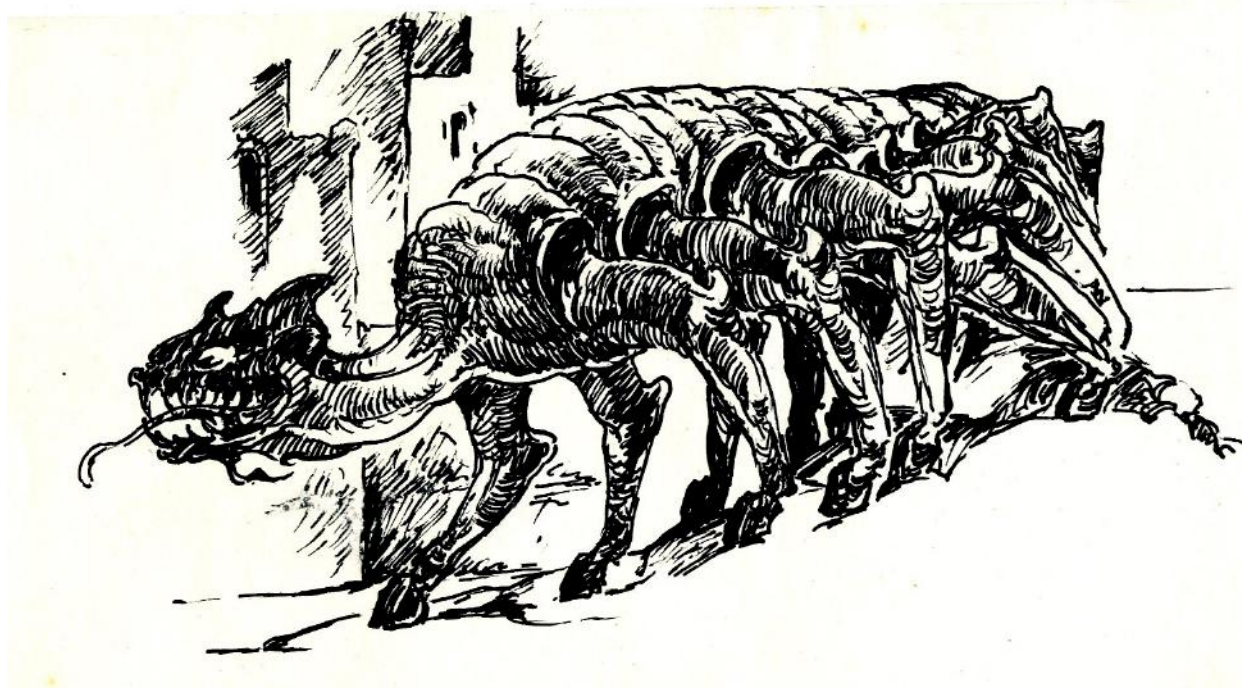
*"She had a clear view of  
Prang's face..." E.R.B.  
- JUNGLE GIRL, Chapter 11*



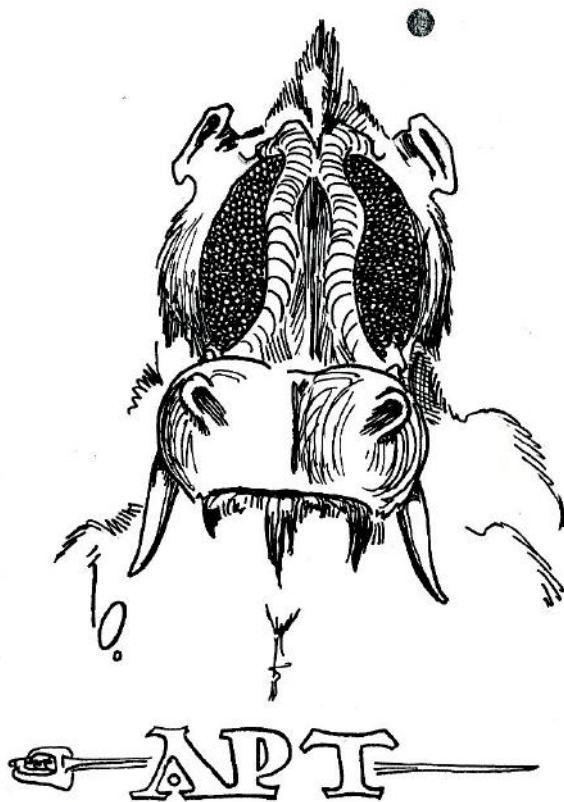


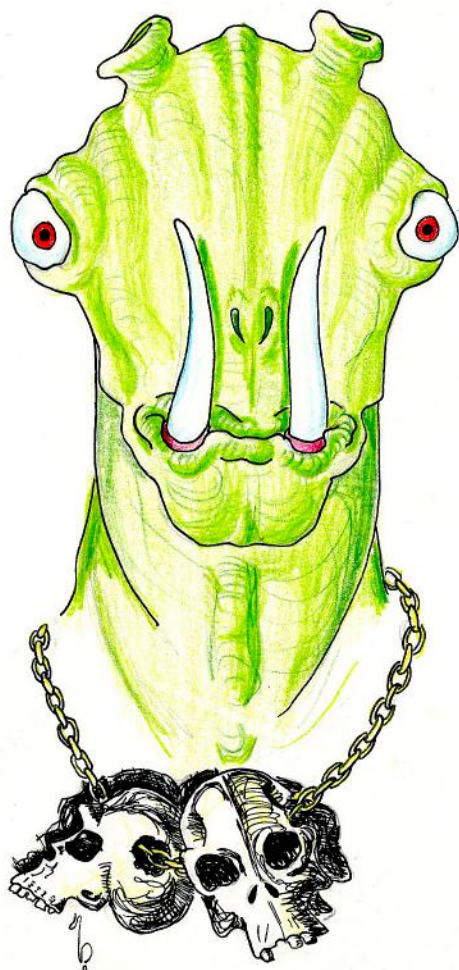
Pen and ink sketches by Neal Macdonald.

Below: "Gontuopors, a repulsive looking creature..." ERB, **Skeleton Men of Jupiter**, Chapter 3







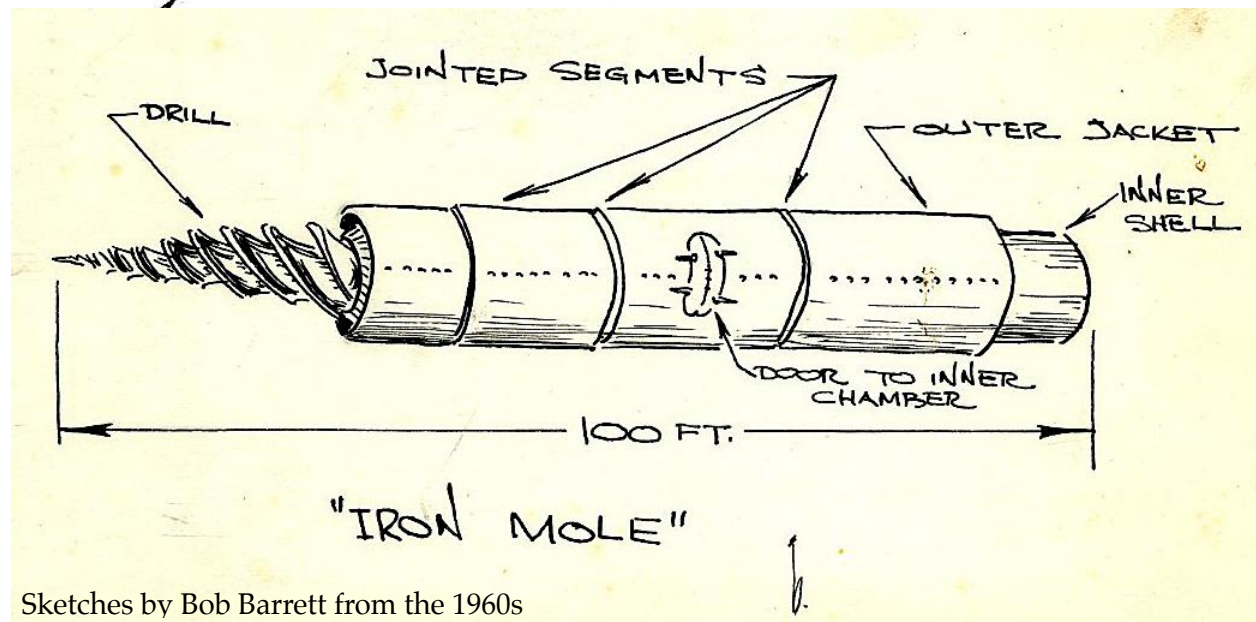


Bob Barrett, his old color pencil drawings shown here, was Associate Editor of ERBANIA for 33 years, 1980-2013.



TARS-TARKAS  
of  
BARSOOM...





Sketches by Bob Barrett from the 1960s





An old drawing by Bob Barrett, a scene from ERB's Amtor series.

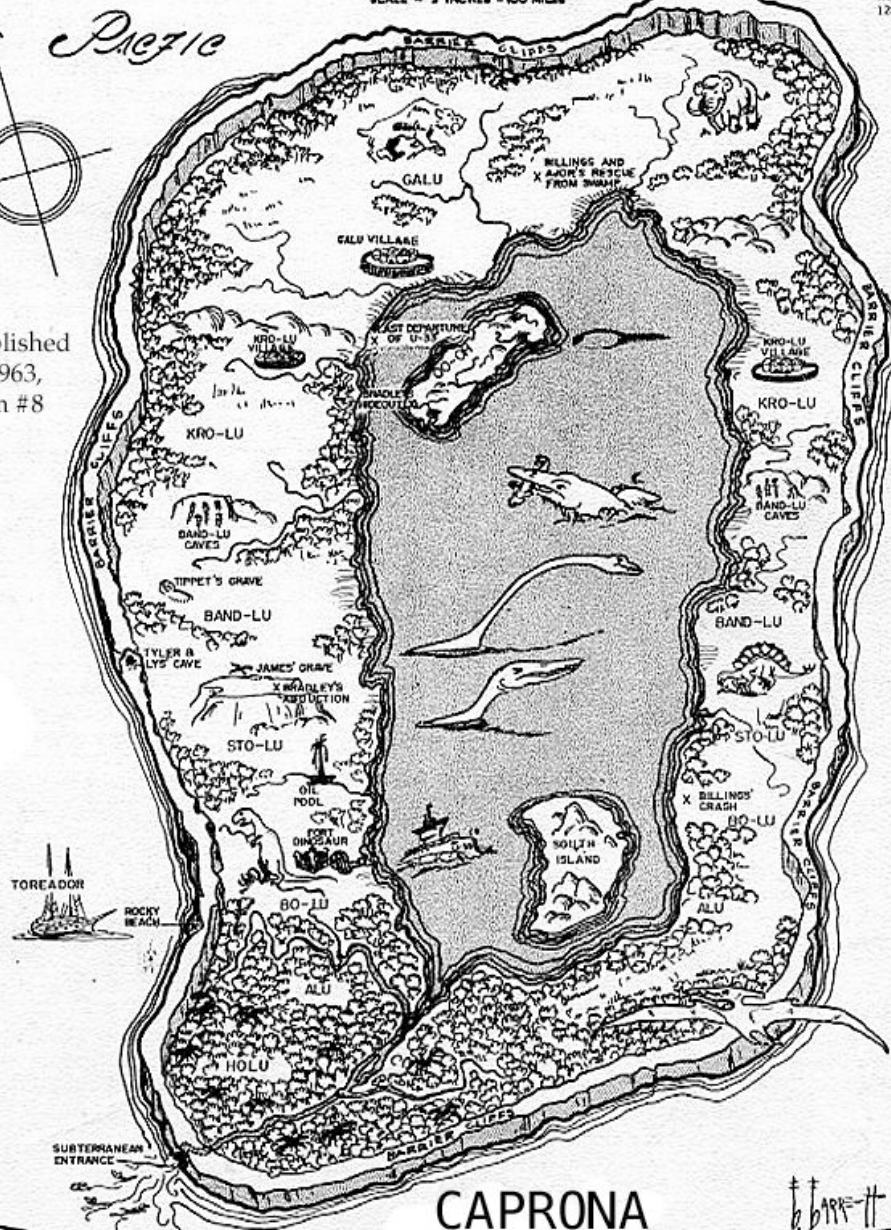
# CASPAK • THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT

FIRST DISCOVERED IN 1721 BY THE EARLY ITALIAN NAVIGATOR, CAPONI. HE CALLED THE LOST CONTINENT CAPRONA...  
FIRST EXPLORED IN 1916 BY BOWEN J. TYLER JR., THOMAS BILLINGS AND BRADLEY

SCALE - 3 INCHES = 100 MILES

ESTIMATED POSITION  
126° long.; 42° S. lat.

First published  
in Dec. 1963,  
ERB-dom #8



DRAWN FROM SPECIFICATIONS &  
SKETCHES SUBMITTED BY: MIKE  
RESNICK, JOHN F. ROY AND CAZ



HOW I WROTE THE TARZAN BOOKS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

- - -

With his thirty-first and latest novel, "Tarzan and the Lost Empire," Edgar Rice Burroughs's books have passed the 8,000,000 mark in American and British editions alone. They have been translated into sixteen foreign languages. Yet at thirty-five, when Burroughs began to write, he had "failed at every enterprise attempted." He is now fifty-four years old, wealthy, and lives on his ranch in Southern California.

- - -

I have often been asked how I came to write. The best answer is that I needed the money. When I started I was thirty-five and had failed in every enterprise I had ever attempted.

I was born in Chicago. After epidemics had closed two schools that I attended, my parents shipped me to a cattle ranch in Idaho where I rode for my brothers who were only recently out of college and had entered the cattle business as the best way of utilizing their Yale degrees. Later I was dropped from Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.; flunked examinations for West Point, and was discharged from the Regular Army on account of a weak heart. Next, my brother Henry backed me in setting up a stationery store at Pocatello, Idaho. That didn't last long either.

When I got married in 1900 I was making \$15 a week in my father's storage battery business.

In 1903, my oldest brother, George, gave me a position on a gold dredge he was operating in the Stanley Basin country in Idaho. Our next stop was in Oregon, where my brother Harry was managing a gold dredge on the Snake River. We arrived on a freight wagon, with a collie dog and \$40. Forty

*File*  
*Tarzan*  
*promotional*

This is a facsimile of the famous mss. that ERB wrote on his own type-writer, and that was eventually published in **New York Sunday Sup.**, Oct 27, 1929. It is also how he wrote the Barsoom books. It is not a signed mss, but it is the original.

- Page Two -

dollars did not seem much to get anywhere with, so I decided to enter a stud game at a local saloon and run my capital up to several hundred dollars during the night. When I returned at midnight to the room we had rented, we still had the collie dog; otherwise we were flat broke.

I worked in Oregon until the company failed, and then my brother got me a job as a railroad policeman in Salt Lake City. We were certainly poverty-stricken there, but pride kept us from asking for help. Neither of us knew much about anything that was practical, but we had to do everything for ourselves, including the family wash. Not wishing to see Mrs. Burroughs do work of this sort, I volunteered to do it myself. During these months, I half-soled my own shoes and did numerous odd jobs.

Then a brilliant idea overtook us. We had our household furniture with us, and we held an auction which was a howling success. People paid real money for the junk and we went back to Chicago first class.

The next few months encompassed a series of horrible jobs. I sold electric light bulbs to janitors, candy to drug stores and Stoddard's Lectures from door to door. I had decided I was a total failure, when I saw an advertisement which indicated that somebody wanted an expert accountant. Not knowing anything about it, I applied for the job and got it.

I am convinced that what are commonly known as the breaks, good or bad, have fully as much to do with one's success or failure as ability. The break I got in this instance lay in the fact that my employer knew even less about the duties of an expert accountant than I did.

Next I determined there was a great future in the mail order business, and I landed a job that brought me to the head of a large department. About this time our daughter Joan was born.

Having a good job and every prospect for advancement, I decided to



- Page Three -

go into business for myself, with harrowing results. I had no capital when I started and less when I got through. At this time the mail order company offered me an excellent position if I wanted to come back. If I had accepted it I would probably have been fixed for life with a good living salary, yet the chances are that I would never have written a story, which proves that occasionally it is better to do the wrong thing than the right.

When my independent business sank without trace, I approached as near financial nadir as one may reach. My son, Hulbert, had just been born. I had no job and no money. I had to pawn Mrs. Burroughs's jewelry and my watch in order to buy food. I loathed poverty, and I should have liked to have put my hands on the man who said that poverty is an honorable estate. It is an indication of inefficiency and nothing more. There is nothing honorable or fine about it. To be poor is quite bad enough. But to be poor and without hope--well, the only way to understand it is to be it.

I got writer's cramp answering blind ads, and wore out my shoes chasing after others. At last I got placed as an agent for a lead pencil sharpener. I borrowed office space, and, while sub-agents were out, trying unsuccessfully to sell the sharpener, I started to write my first story.

I had a good reason for thinking I could sell what I wrote. I had gone thoroughly through some of the all-fiction magazines, and I made up my mind that if people were paid for writing rot such as I read I could write stories just as rotten. Although I had never written a story, I knew absolutely that I could write stories just as entertaining and probably a whole lot more so than any I chanced to read in those magazines.

I knew nothing about the technique of story writing, and now after eighteen years of writing, I still know nothing about the technique, although, with the publication of my new novel, "Tarzan and the Lost Empire,"

- Page Four -

there are thirty-one books on my list. I had never met an editor, or an author, or a publisher. I had no idea of how to submit a story or what I could expect in payment. Had I known anything about it at all I would never have thought of submitting half a novel; but that is what I did.

Thomas Newell Metcalf, who was then editor of the All-Story Magazine, published by Munsey, wrote me that he liked the first half of a story I had sent him, and if the second half was as good, he thought he might use it. Had he not given me this encouragement, I should never have finished the story and my writing career would have been at an end, since I was not writing because of any urge to write nor for any particular love of writing. I was writing because I had a wife and two babies, a combination which does not work well without money.

I finished the second half of the story and got \$400 for the manuscript, which at that time included all serial rights. The check was the first big event in my life. No amount of money to-day could possibly give me the thrill that that first \$400 check gave me.

My first story was entitled "Dejah Thoris, Princess of Mars." Metcalf changed it to "Under the Moon of Mars." It was later published in book form as "The Princess of Mars."

With the success of my first story I decided to make writing a career, though I was canny enough not to give up my job. But the job did not pay expenses and we had a recurrence of great poverty, sustained only by the thread of hope that I might make a living writing fiction. I cast about for a better job and landed as a department manager for a business magazine. While I was working there, I wrote "Tarzan of the Apes," evenings and holidays. I wrote it in longhand on the backs of old letterheads and odd pieces of paper. I did not



- Page Five -

think it was a very good story and I doubted if it would sell. But Bob Davis saw its possibilities for magazine publication, and I got a check--this time, I think, for \$700.

I then wrote "The God of Mars," which I sold immediately to the Munsey Company for All-Story. "The Return of Tarzan," which I wrote in December, 1912, and January, 1913, was rejected by Metcalf and purchased by Street & Smith for \$1,000 in February, 1913. That same month, John Coleman, our third child, was born, and I now decided to devote myself to writing.

We were a long way from home. My income depended solely upon the sale of magazine rights. I had not had a book published at that time, and therefore no book royalties were coming in. Had I failed to sell a single story during those months, we would have been broke again. But I sold them all.

That I had to work is evidenced by a graph that I keep on my desk showing my word output from year to year since 1911. In 1913 it reached its peak, with 413,000 words for the year.

I had been trying to find a publisher who would put some of my stuff into book form, but I met with no encouragement. Every well known publisher in the United States turned down "Tarzan of the Apes," including A. C. McClurg & Co., who finally issued it, my first story in book form.

Its popularity and its final appearance as a book was due to the vision of J. H. Tennant, editor of The New York Evening World. He saw its possibilities as a newspaper serial and ran it in The Evening World with the result that other papers followed suit. This made the story widely known and resulted in a demand from readers for the story in book form, which was so insistent that A. C. McClurg & Co. finally came to me after they had rejected it and asked to be allowed to publish it.

And that's how I became a writer.

(Copyright, 1929, The New York World)

## WHAT ERB READ IN 1909 ?

*It was early 1991. I had just bought a small box of 1909 **Argosy** pulps, had unpacked them, and set them on my desk. The issue on top was coverless, and the lead story was "Off the Earth" by John Q. Mawhinby. Really? Likely a Science Fiction story, so I quickly read it.*

*In a few weeks I published a facsimile of the story in my old zine, *The Fantastic Collector* (Renamed *Pulpdom* in 1997). It was a two part serial in FC issues #233/234 and 235/236. in 24 pages, Aug thru Dec. 1991. with several Craig Black illustrations.*

*I remembered ERB had said he had "gone through some of the all- fiction magazines" and said to himself, I "could write stories just as rotten." And late 1909 was the perfect time, he was near broke, living in Chicago.*

*1. I suggest that ERB read the story in late 1909, when it was first published, but it could have been in 1910. He began writing "Princess" in July 1911, and remembered a few ideas from the Mawhinby story. Not many, but a few that are particularly obvious, at least very coincidental*

*Here's what I wrote and published in my magazine 29 years ago;*

*— — — — - from **THE FANTASTIC COLLECTOR** #233, Aug. 1991 — — — —*

*2. Although torn from Earth against their will, Craig, one of the heroes, expresses himself like this, "why be morose...a new world. How lucky we are!" Later he says "Never say die." A story about this guy is going to be uplifting. This sounds like John Carter's attitude: "I still live."*

*3) The setting: purple mountains, lavender streams, tall trees with umbrella-like tops, silver and crimson birds, unfamiliar flowers "and ... away in the distance ... spires and domes of countless dwellings patterned after an unknown architect." And then: "a dozen gorillas, semi human in appearance ... the leader ... holding the slender form of a girl ..." whom Craig and friend promptly rescue, and whom they find to be blue and beautiful. The two*



heroes' subsequent meeting with 10 beautiful girls set "*to make (them) comfortable for the night*" rather elevates this story to an adult fantasy, not a boys' story. Nothing sexual happens, it was just a hint.

4) The writing style seems modern, pleasing to read; it's an immediately entertaining story. And the tale seems to be being "told", not written. The plotting seems punctuated with new and creative dilemmas that require action...and there is a sense that this story is actually rather humorous. Note the guy who fell on the "sleeping hog." Even the author's name is sort of a joke: John Q. "Mighty Windy" Mawhinby. Remember ERB says he "became very much interested in it (PRINCESS) while writing," and used the pen name "Normal Bean". Humor! Mr. Mawhinby seems willing to reveal his story is a preposterous adventure, but one worth taking just for the fun of it.

5) And Zephri, the blue princess, reminds me of Dejah Thoris, the red princess.

6) Finally, the story concludes somewhat before the reader is told enough about this other civilization, and in fact ends rather abruptly and a bit silly — quite possibly "rotten" as ERB said. However, there are some memorable scenes in this colorful other world, and I suggest Burroughs embellished, enlarged and extended the general concepts when he began writing his Mars tale several months later.

Of course, it's not the "sole source" for Barsoom, but I do think of it as a semi-source for Barsoom, and I think I first recognized that. Yes, there is GULLIVAR OF MARS by Edwin Lester Arnold, long touted by Richard A. Lupoff and others, and it's certainly a plausible source candidate also.

\* \* \*

*Somebody should reprint it so you can read it yourself. -Caz*

### **"THE MIGHTY OBEAH"**

Yes, there are many pre 1910 jungle man stories, TO-HO and others. But there is also this one from **The All-Story**. I discovered it in late 1997, and reprinted it in Pulpdome #8 and #9, November and December, 1997.

**BEYOND THE BANYANS**, by Epes Winthrop Sargent (*The All-Story*, Oct. 1909) is an odd but maybe partial source for a white jungle man. My reasons are, first it is coincidentally the same month as the publication of *OFF THE EARTH* in **Argosy**. But also because of slight ideas about a large white man who easily leaps into and travels in trees, and who is repeatedly being chased and escaping a band of dark hairy men-monkeys.

*BANYANS* is set in a remote African jungle, wherein author Sargent says "the mighty Obeah, more mighty than aught anyone will ever know, and the men-monkeys" dwell. Three white explorers venture thereabouts, find a southern style plantation house with black slaves and an eccentric old man and his beautiful daughter in charge.

Their arrival has been tracked by the "men-monkeys" where soon "a score of hairy forms had dropped down and closed around them. Neither monkey nor human they seemed, but an odd mixture of both, and as they uttered their shrill cries (they) turned and fled."

"The banyan-grove is invested by apes" says the old man. That night one of the explorers reports: "a shrill cry awoke him" and he observes "down by the shore of the lake, two forms were running across the turf. One seemed to be a monkey-man, but the other was white, though his hair was long and matted, and the body was partly covered with a hairy growth." Suddenly they "sprang into the branches...it was a good twenty feet to the lower branches, for he had admired the very tree (earlier)...to reach the lowest branch required a clean sprint of not less than fifteen feet, yet both white and black swung themselves into the tree without an instant of pause. "

*A fifteen foot leap on to a low tree branch is no easy feat.*



*Later, at the lake "there was a loud out cry from the far side (and) as they turned, from the very top of one of the highest banyans a figure sprang far out over the lake, and fell into the water with scarcely a splash." One of the men says "that is no ape. It is a white man..."*

*"As he spoke, a dozen darker figures sprang out from the banyans and into the lake, apparently seeking to head off the white swimmer..." and soon "the blacks had surrounded the white swimmer, who turned and headed again for the banyan grove. As he dashed up the bank, his body gleaming from the water, he sprang upward and vanished among the branches."*

*Later the author says: "Through the trees he could see the white skin of the fugitive of the morning, and now the other apes were closing in upon him. It was evident that an ambush had been planned, but the ruse was unsuccessful. Even as he watched, the white fugitive dropped through the banyans to the ground and was running across the open toward the house."*

*Soon, "more than hundred black apes had swarmed from the grove, and by surrounding the white one had driven him into the banyans again."*

*One of the men "could not rid himself of the idea that the fugitive who had engaged his interest as a white man metamorphosed through some cruel process into an ape..."*

*This "white ape" turns out to be a normal man, but who had voluntarily infused himself with the life essence of an 8 ft tall muscled black man, all in an effort to extend his life. It failed, and they both died. The three white explorers abandon the African plantation with the daughter to return home. It's really a pretty dull story.*

*Obviously that is not "Tarzan", but there is something familiar there. If you have read the Tarzan books, maybe you can see it.*

*Anyhow, I think so. -Caz*

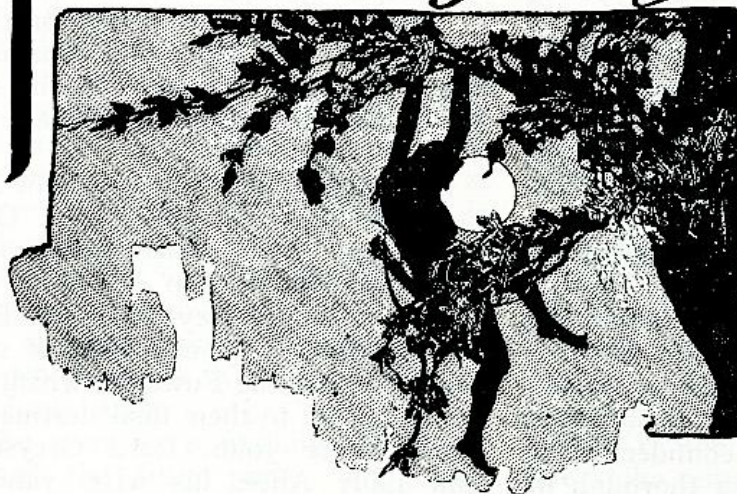
# THE ALL-STORY

VOL. XXIV

OCTOBER, 1912.

No. 2

## Tarzan of the Apes



by  
*Edgar  
Rice  
Burroughs*  
(*Norman Bean*)

A BOOK—COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### OUT TO SEA.

I HAD this story from one who had no business to tell it to me, or to any other. I may credit the seductive influence of an old vintage upon the narrator for the beginning of it, and my own skeptical incredulity during the days that followed for the balance of the strange tale.

When my convivial host discovered that he had told me so much, and that I was prone to doubtfulness, his foolish pride assumed the task the old vintage had commenced, and so he unearthed written evidence in the form of musty manuscript, and dry official records of the British Colonial Office, to support many of the salient features of his remarkable narrative.

I S

I do not say the story is true, for I did not witness the happenings which it portrays.

The fact, however, that in the telling of it to you I have taken fictitious names for the principal characters quite sufficiently evidences the sincerity of my own belief that it may be true.

The yellow, mildewed pages of the diary of a man long dead and the records of the Colonial Office dovetail perfectly with the narrative of my convivial host, and so I give you the story as I pieced it out from these several various agencies.

If you do not find it credible, you will at least be as one with me in acknowledging that it is unique, remarkable, and interesting.

From the records of the Colonial Office and from the dead man's diary

# WHO, WHERE, AND WHEN - THE HEROES OF E. R. B.

by Caz and Mike Taylor

BOOK/HERO	AREA	TIME	BOOKS
<b>Tarzan</b>	Africa	19-20 <sup>th</sup>	21
-At Earth's Core	Pellucidar	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
-Foreign Legion	Sumatra	1943	1
-Castaways	South Pacific	1930's	1
<b>John Carter</b>	Mars	c.19 <sup>th</sup> -20 <sup>th</sup>	5
-Skeleton Men	Jupiter	1940's	1
-Ulysses Paxton	Mars	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
-Thuvia of Ptarth	"	"	1
-Tara of Helium	"	"	1
-Hadron of Hastor	"	"	1
-Vor Daj of Helium	"	"	1
<b>Moon Maid</b>			
-Julian 5 <sup>th</sup>	Luna	Late 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
-Julian 9 <sup>th</sup>	Chicago	Early 22 <sup>nd</sup>	1
-Julian 20 <sup>th</sup>	California	Late 25 <sup>th</sup>	1
<b>Venus</b>			
-Carson Napier	Venus	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	4 ¼
<b>Land/Time Forgot</b>			
-Bowen J. Tyler	South Atlantic, Caprona	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
-Thomas Billings	"	"	1
-Bradley	"	"	1
<b>Farthest Star</b>			
-Tangor	Poloda	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	2
<b>Earth's Core</b>			
-David Innes	Pellucidar	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	3
-Tanar	"	"	1
-Von Horst	"	"	1
-Hodon/O-aa	"	"	1
<b>Eternal Lover</b>			
-Nu of the Niocene	Africa	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
<b>Beyond Thirty</b>			
-Jefferson Turck	Future Europe	c.22 <sup>nd</sup>	1
<b>Monster Men</b>			
-Bulan	Borneo	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
BOOK/HERO	AREA	TIME	BOOKS



**Bandit/Hell's Bend**

-Bull Taylor	American SW	Late 19 <sup>th</sup>	1
--------------	-------------	-----------------------	---

**Deputy/Comanche County**

-Buck Mason	American SW	Late 19 <sup>th</sup>	1
-------------	-------------	-----------------------	---

**War Chief/Apache Devil**

-Shoz Dijiji	American SW	Late 19 <sup>th</sup>	2
--------------	-------------	-----------------------	---

**Mad King**

-Barney Custer	Lutha (Europe)	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
----------------	----------------	------------------------	---

**Cave Girl**

-Waldo Smith-Jones	South Pacific	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
--------------------	---------------	------------------------	---

**The Mucker**

-Billy Byrne	South Pacific, Mexico	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
--------------	-----------------------	------------------------	---

**The Man-Eater**

-Dick Gordon	Africa/Virginia	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
--------------	-----------------	------------------------	---

**Jungle Girl**

-Gordon King	Cambodia	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
--------------	----------	------------------------	---

**The Oakdale Affair**

-Bridge	Oakdale USA	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
---------	-------------	------------------------	---

**The Rider**

-H.R.H. the Rider	Middle Europe	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
-------------------	---------------	------------------------	---

**Lad and the Lion**

-Michael/Aziz	Europe, North Africa	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
---------------	----------------------	------------------------	---

**I Am A Barbarian**

-Britannicus	Ancient Rome	1 A.D.	1
--------------	--------------	--------	---

**Outlaw of Torn**

-Norman of Torn	England	Mid 13 <sup>th</sup>	1
-----------------	---------	----------------------	---

**Girl From Hollywood**

-Custer Pennington	Southern California	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
--------------------	---------------------	------------------------	---

**Girl From Farris's**

-Maggie Lynch	Chicago, Idaho	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
---------------	----------------	------------------------	---

**Efficiency Expert**

-Jimmy Torrance	Chicago	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
-----------------	---------	------------------------	---

**Marcia of the Doorstep**

-Marcia Sackett	New York, South Pacific	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
-----------------	-------------------------	------------------------	---

**Pirate Blood**

-Johnny LaFitte	Glenora USA, Malaysia	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
-----------------	-----------------------	------------------------	---

**Resurrection of Jimber Jaw**

-Jimber-Jaw	Beverly Hills, CA	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
-------------	-------------------	------------------------	---

**Beware!**

-Macklin Donovan	Assuria	Early 20 <sup>th</sup>	1
------------------	---------	------------------------	---

# SOME THOUGHTS ON ERB PASTICHES

By Mike Taylor

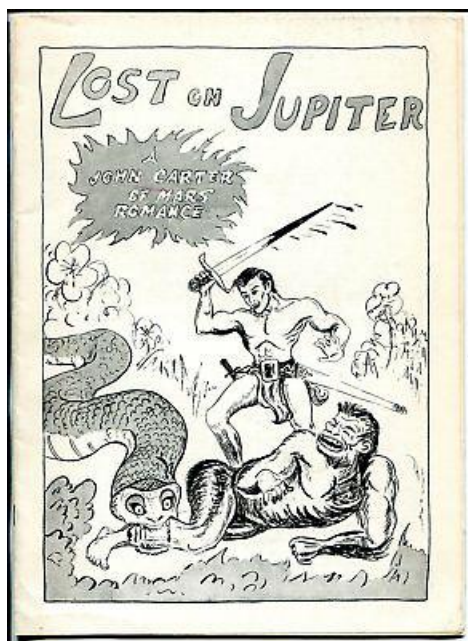
ERB passed away on March 19<sup>th</sup>, 1950. It didn't take long for folks to start adding to the Tarzan canon. A short list of ERB Inc. licensed works:

- 3.1 *The Adventures of Tarzan* (1921, 2006) [movie tie-in]
- 3.2 *Tarzan the Mighty* (1928, 2005) [movie tie-in][Arthur B. Reeve]
- 3.3 *Tarzan and the Lost Safari* (1957) [movie tie-in]
- 3.3-1 *Tarzan and the Lightning Man* (1963) [Fan-fic][William Gilmour]
- 3.4 *Tarzan and the Valley of Gold* (1966) [movie tie-in][Fritz Leiber]
- 3.5 *Tarzan: The Mark of the Red Hyena* (1967) [juvenile]
- 3.6 Endless Quest Books
  - 3.6.1 *Tarzan and the Well of Slaves* (1985)
  - 3.6.2 *Tarzan and the Tower of Diamonds* (1986)
- 3.7 *Tarzan: The Epic Adventures* (1996) [TV series tie-in][R.A. Salvatore]
- 3.8 *The Dark Heart of Time* (1999) [Philip Jose Farmer]
- 3.9 Young adult reboot [Andy Briggs]
  - 3.9.1 *Tarzan: The Greystoke Legacy* (2011)
  - 3.9.2 *Tarzan: The Jungle Warrior* (2012)
  - 3.9.3 *Tarzan: The Savage Lands* (2013)
- 3.10 The Wild Adventures series
  - 3.10.1 *Tarzan: Return to Pal-ul-don* (2015) [Will Murray]
  - 3.10.2 *Tarzan on the Precipice* (2016) [Michael A. Sanford]
  - 3.10.3 *King Kong vs. Tarzan* (2016) [Will Murray]
  - 3.10.4 *Tarzan Trilogy* (2016) [Thomas Zachek]
  - 3.10.5 *Tarzan: The Greystoke Legacy Under Siege* (2017) [Ralph Laughlin and Ann Johnson]
  - 3.10.6 *Tarzan and the Revolution* (2018) [Thomas Zachek]
  - 3.10.7 *Tarzan: Conqueror of Mars* (2020) [Will Murray]
- 3.11 Edgar Rice Burroughs Universe Series
  - 3.11.1 *Tarzan and the Dark Heart of Time* (2018) [PJ Farmer]
  - 3.11.2 *Tarzan and the Valley of Gold* (2019) [Fritz Leiber]
  - 3.11.3 *Tarzan: Battle For Pellucidar* (2020) [Win Scott Eckert]

# FIRST PASTICHES OF BARSOOM

Reviews by Mike Taylor

Follow-ups to the Barsoom series were fewer in number, but the first (unauthorized) story first popped up in 1955 and it was a doozy, a fan legend, featuring both Tarzan and John Carter—**TARZAN ON MARS** by John Bloodstone (second tier SF writer Stuart J. Byrne). More on that later...



Two other pastiches, these sanctioned by ERB, Inc. appeared: "The Forgotten Sea of Mars" by Mike Resnick in 1965 (ERB-dom/Caz), and "Lost on Jupiter" by William Gilmour in 1962 (Burroughs Bulletin/Vern Coriell.)

The novelette "Forgotten Sea" follows directly upon the events related in "Invisible Men of Mars," which became Part IV of the book **LLANA OF GATHOL**. It's again told by John Carter

and Resnick comes pretty close to capturing his voice. The premise is that in Barsoom's northern region exists an underground sea called Ayathor, a counterpart to the Sea of Omean in the south. The Warlord journeys there in hopes of rescuing Tan Hadron of Hastur, that worthy having been taken captive by the evil Panars at the end of **LLANA**. His old nemesis Hin Abtol takes Carter prisoner and he is consigned to the pits of the subterranean city. From that point on much derring-do ensues. The story was enhanced by a number of excellent illustrations by new artist Neal MacDonald, Jr. It turned out to be the beginning of a long and successful writing career as Resnick parleyed this effort directly into a sword-and-planet book duo featuring his own heroic character, Adam Thane. Here's part of what he said about it many years later as published in **ERB-zine 1930**:

I wrote **THE FORGOTTEN SEA OF MARS** in 1963, when I was 21 years old, at the request of Vern Coriell, who was editing the *Burroughs Bulletin*. He sat on it for 2 years, so I pulled it back and gave it to Camille Cazedessus Jr., editor/publisher of *ERB-dom*. Had Vern not initially requested it, the novella would never have been written.

"I met Don Grant at Tricon, the 1966 Worldcon. He'd seen **THE FORGOTTEN SEA OF MARS** and told me if I'd lose the copyrighted characters but keep the plot as part of a novel, he'd buy it. And he did. (*It became **GODDESS OF GANYMEDE**, again illustrated by Neal MacDonald.*)

Paperback Library then contacted me and offered a 2-book contract, for **THE GODDESS OF GANYMEDE** and a second **GANYMEDE** book (which I'd already written: **PURSUIT ON GANYMEDE**).

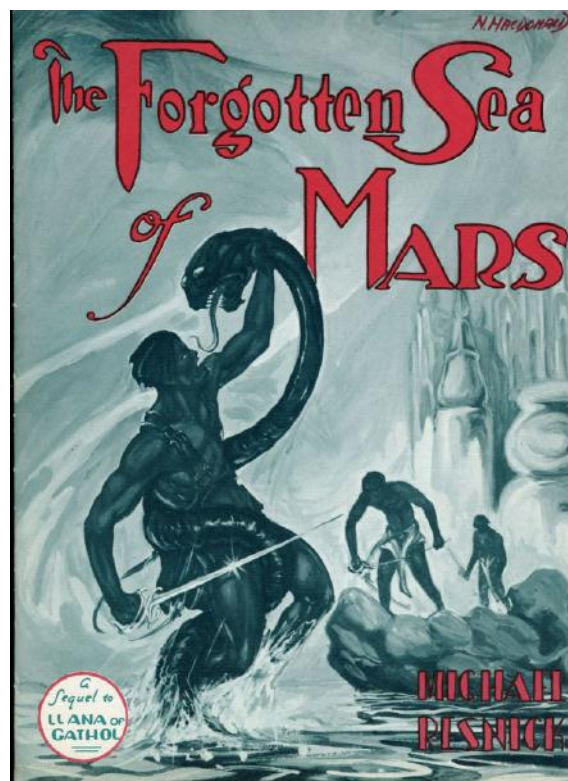


I had no illusion about the quality of these things. I wrote the pair of them in less than two weeks, while holding down a full-time editing job. I wanted to use a pseudonym -- I didn't mind 400 ERB fans (Grant's hardcover print run) knowing I wrote them, but I didn't want 100,000 people thinking these books, which I ground out for filthy lucre, were typical of what I could do. They said no, that GODDESS was already copyrighted in my name, and they were using my name. “

(Mike eventually relented and allowed “FSM” to be reprinted as part of the 2011 anthology THE WORLDS OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.)

Gilmour’s “Lost on Jupiter” is a less successful attempt at duplicating John Carter, this time continuing his adventures as begun by ERB in “Skeleton Men of Jupiter.” “Lost” is fanfic at its most annoying, full of long meandering sentences and one-dimensional characters. Gilmour nails the problem himself right at the end of his obligatory prologue: *“At my request the great Warlord seated himself comfortably on the sofa and promptly began the narrative which I am about to re-tell as nearly in his own words as my faulty memory can recall them, notwithstanding the fact that it reeks of poor literary quality—an impotence which was non-existent in my illustrious and greatly talented predecessor.”*

Anyway, John Carter learns that Dejah Thoris has not been taken to a safe haven as he believed, but is once again in the hands of the Morgors. So he sets out in search of her. His quest takes him to a friendly village--but a gargantuan Jovian storm sweeps across the landscape. Carter is whirled aloft



and carried along by the wind for hours before being deposited in the distant land of Haak, whose inhabitants insist that their home-land encompasses the entire universe. After some random ad-ventures Carter is given a means to return to the land of the Morgors. The open ending promises further stories to come but they did not materialize.

(Gilmour also penned another pastiche, “Tarzan and the Lightning Man” in 1963, also published by the Burroughs Bulletin.) Note: Bill was a super ERB fan - he had typed up rare ERB pulp texts and had them nicely bound. I have several. -Caz.

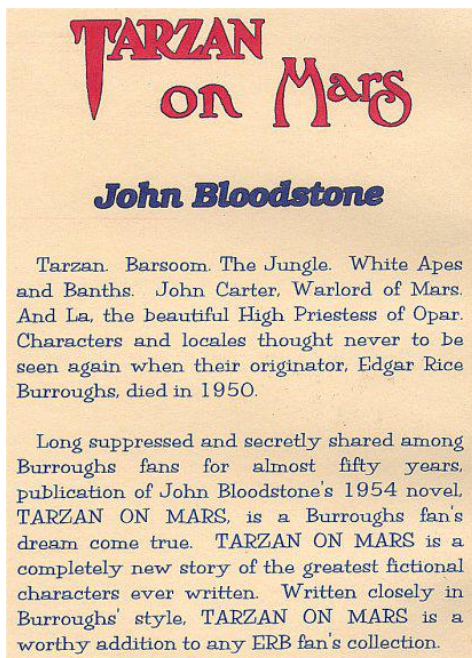
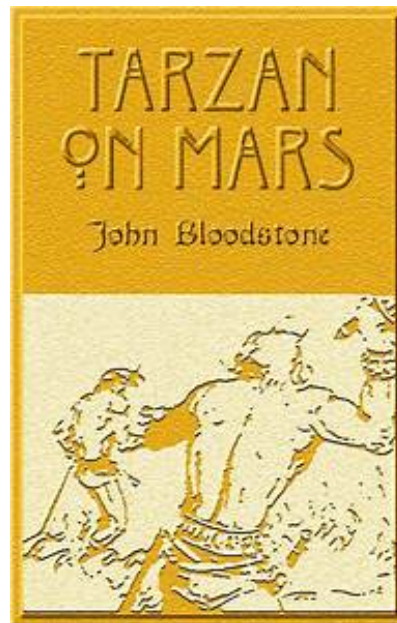
Now back to TARZAN ON MARS: In late 1955 the ever ambitious Ray Palmer decided he wanted to appoint the successor to the mantle of the author of Tarzan, John Carter of Mars and so many

other famous characters. He declared this in the November 1955 issue of *Other Worlds* in a piece called "Tarzan Never Dies":

*I hereby propose that the Edgar Rice Burroughs interests nominate a successor to Edgar Rice Burroughs to continue the adventures of all of his famous characters. I further propose they nominate a man who has proved he can continue in the high standard and tradition of Edgar Rice Burroughs, as based on 100,000 words already written. I propose that Tarzan and all of his friends be allowed to live again, and walk once more through the pages of the books of the land, for the enjoyment of millions of fans everywhere.*

In "Tarzan Never Dies" Palmer was vague as to who the successor to Burroughs' crown is and what this 100,000 word novel was called. He did reveal that the novel featured both Tarzan and John

Carter as well as La of Opar and Kar Komak. In the June 1956 issue, Palmer published a list of some big name supporters of his plan including Ray Bradbury, Forrest J. Ackerman and Everett E. Evans, and announced that the writer was John Bloodstone, and the novel would be called TARZAN ON MARS.



He apparently contacted ERB Inc. with the proposal but was rejected. Then he tried to get public opinion on his side. After writing "Tarzan Never Dies", a three pager explaining his love of Burroughs' work, his satisfaction at having been part of publishing the last works of ERB in the early 40's, and finally suggesting that a successor be appointed, he started a campaign under the name "Dimes For Tarzan". The letter columns were filled with this up throughout 1956, when Cyril Ralph Rothman, ERB Inc.'s business manager, sent a letter (which Palmer published in the letter column)

saying that Tarzan was a copy-righted name and that Palmer did not have the right to use it in his "Dimes for Tarzan". The Dimes for Tarzan soon stopped and the project faded away.

Long story short: TARZAN ON MARS by John Bloodstone never appeared commercially. Or did it? The 1971 book *Thundarr: Man of Two Worlds* is apparently a reworking of this novel. The book appeared during the sword & sorcery boom and was marketed as such. The work may have inspired the TV cartoon, *Thundarr the Barbarian*, and if so Stuart J. Byrne finally did make his mark on fantastic literature.

Meanwhile copies of the unauthorized novel circulated among hardcore ERB fans for decades. One of those copies finally found its way into my hands just last year. Just after I read it, what should occur but the appearance of a new authorized novel: TARZAN, CONQUEROR OF MARS by Will Murray. Murray had already done two Tarzan pastiches in the "Wild Adventures" series: TARZAN: RETURN TO PELLICIDAR and KING KONG VS. TARZAN.

My purpose here is to contrast the two stories conceived more than 60 years apart. The basic plot of the Bloodstone novel has Tarzan organizing a rescue mission via spaceship to Mars to save Jane and La of Opar, who have been taken there. The main premise of the story is the discovery that La is actually a long-lost incarnation of the Barsoomian goddess Issus. The cast

of characters is large, introducing many new characters, and Byrne/Bloodstone does a fair job of capturing the Burroughs narrative style, while fumbling a few of the basic tenets of the canon. Of particular interest is the role of Kar Komak, the phantom bowman of Lothar who became flesh-and-blood. The plot is rather complex so instead of trying to summarize it here I'll refer you to ERB-zine #1938, which has an in-depth (and I do mean in-depth!) synopsis of the story.

Byrne completed 31 chapters of his story, apparently on spec, before sending it to Ray Palmer. He left the ending up in the air:

*Dear Ray:*

*You can see that at this point I could branch in either one of two directions:*

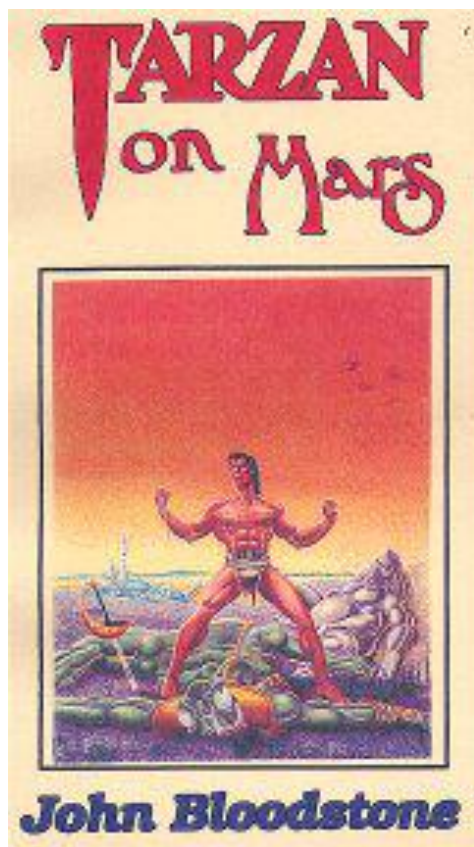
*1) To wind up the yarn as quickly as possible, with Tarzan rescuing Jane and bringing Zithad and Sardon Dhur to justice; and by Carthoris coming up with a Martian space ship to take them home, after contact is once more made with Jason Gridley.*

*2) Or I could expand the treachery of Zithad and Sardon Dhur into a long stretch of adventures for continued serialization, taking Tarzan to Venus, not to Earth. Anyway, you'll probably want to know one thing: What about La's secret curse of the ages? I was saving that for a punch line, as on Barsoom her "curse" turns out to be a blessing, proving she is undeniably a Martian female. At the end of the story, Tarzan and Jane are shown her new pride and joy, in an incubator atop the Temple of the Sun beyond the Sea of Korus.*

*It is an egg.*



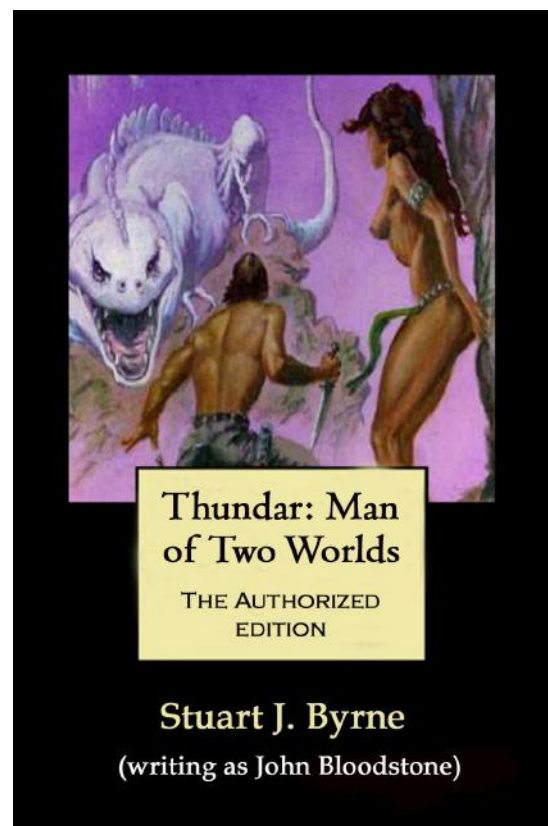
Interesting wrap-up...and you can see that Byrne put some serious thought into continuing the saga.



On to Will Murray's *TARZAN, CONQUEROR OF MARS: An African witch doctor's malevolent power casts Tarzan across space to the red planet. The story starts out slowly(very slowly) with the ape-man wandering around the moss-covered dead sea bottoms, trying to adjust his muscles to the lower gravity and his thinking to a new world, while of course encountering various dangerous, exotic beasts.*

(One wonders if anyone, including the author, proofread this for content. Early on, Tarzan is

threatened by a Martian "lion" the size of a bull elephant. He leaps on the creature's back and wraps his legs around its chest. Really? Mighty long legs.)



Anyway, Tarzan, having appropriated a giant chariot pulled by a zitidar, finally comes upon a dead city—this one inhabited by a band of the huge, ferocious white apes of Barsoom. He soon defeats their not-too-bright leader, Murdank, is subsequently inducted into the tribe, becomes a Jedwar (general), and is christened "Ramdar"—red scar—for the mark on his forehead.

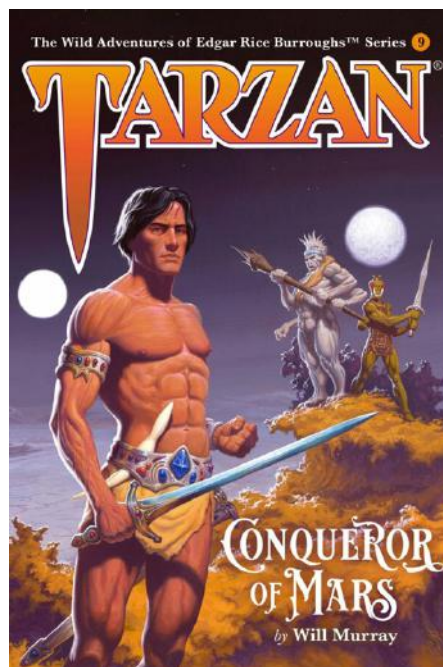
Dwindling food supplies force the tribe to undertake a long journey to a distant city, Uxfar, this one inhabited by red men. Chained

behind the chariot now is Dag Dolor, a captive green Martian, being taken along as an emergency source of food. On the way they encounter a vicious life form—the *denjurus*, a kind of aerial jelly fish which sting their victims and inflate their bodies so that they float into the air where they are drained of life. Murdank is slain during the battle and Tarzan becomes leader of the white apes.

Ranging far ahead, the ape-man discovers a mysterious verdant valley surrounded by a range of mountains and he conceives of it as a new habitat for his tribe. It boasts the Martian equivalent of a jungle (quite a feat for a planet so severely lacking in water) and the ape-man tries to introduce the apes to a different way of life. Then they run afoul of a horde of green men...lots of battles ensue, before Tarzan discovers an alluring woman who is the last surviving Orovar—that ancient white race that once ruled Barsoom.

I found the first half of the story, recounting Tarzan's advent on Mars and his gradual ascendance to power, pretty tedious going. I didn't really recognize this Tarzan as the ape-man I grew up with. When John Carter finally comes on the scene around the middle of the book, the narrative shifts back and forth, conflict between these two titans escalates, and things pick up a bit.

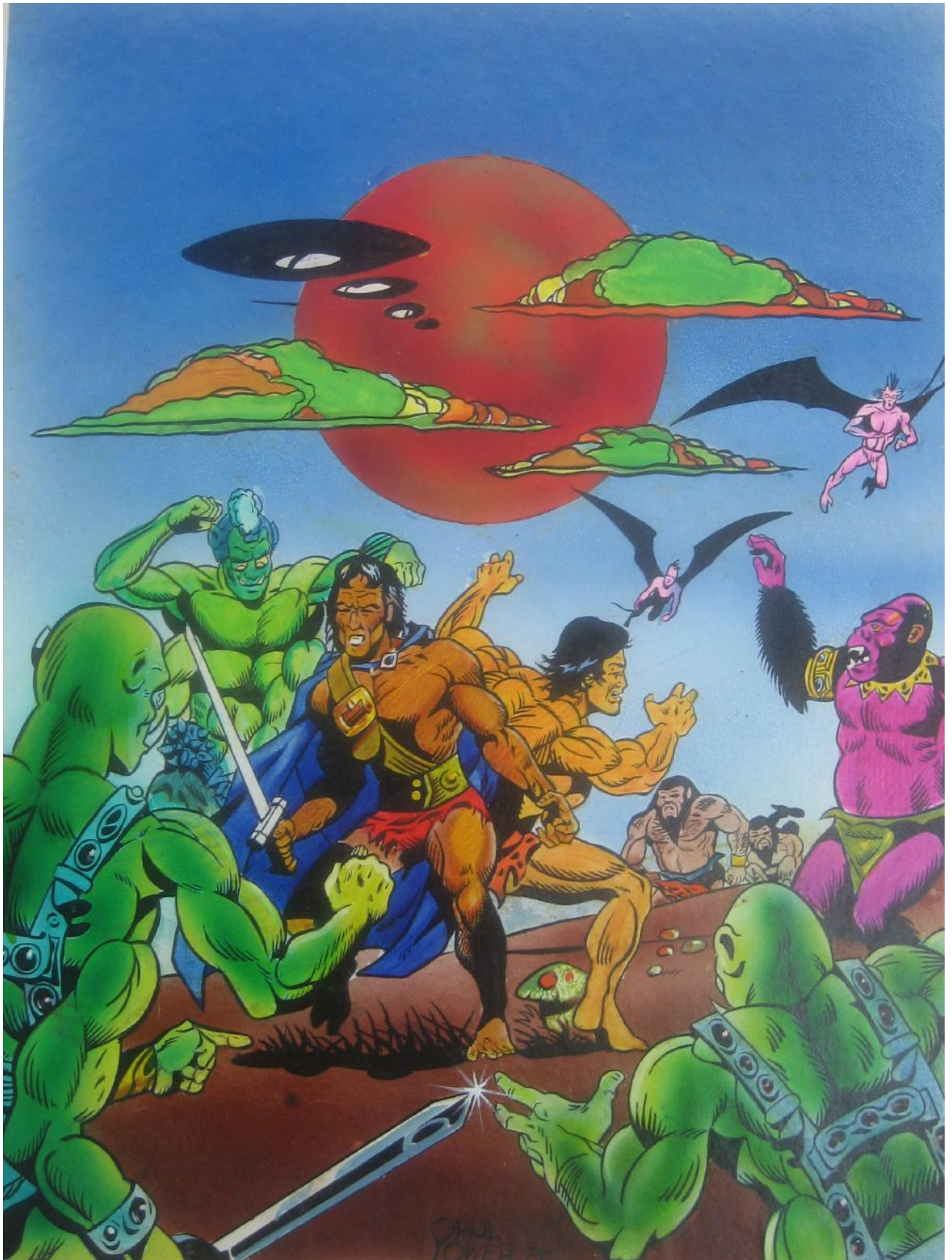
With ERB Inc.'s new honcho, Christopher Paul Carey, committed to the "Burroughs Universe" concept—having a stable of writers churning out new adventures of the



master's best-known locales and characters, it appears we are to be treated to many more continuations, cross-overs, and expansions to the original canon. New tales of Venus, Pellucidar, and Mars have already been published and more to come. ERB Inc. is forging a new era!

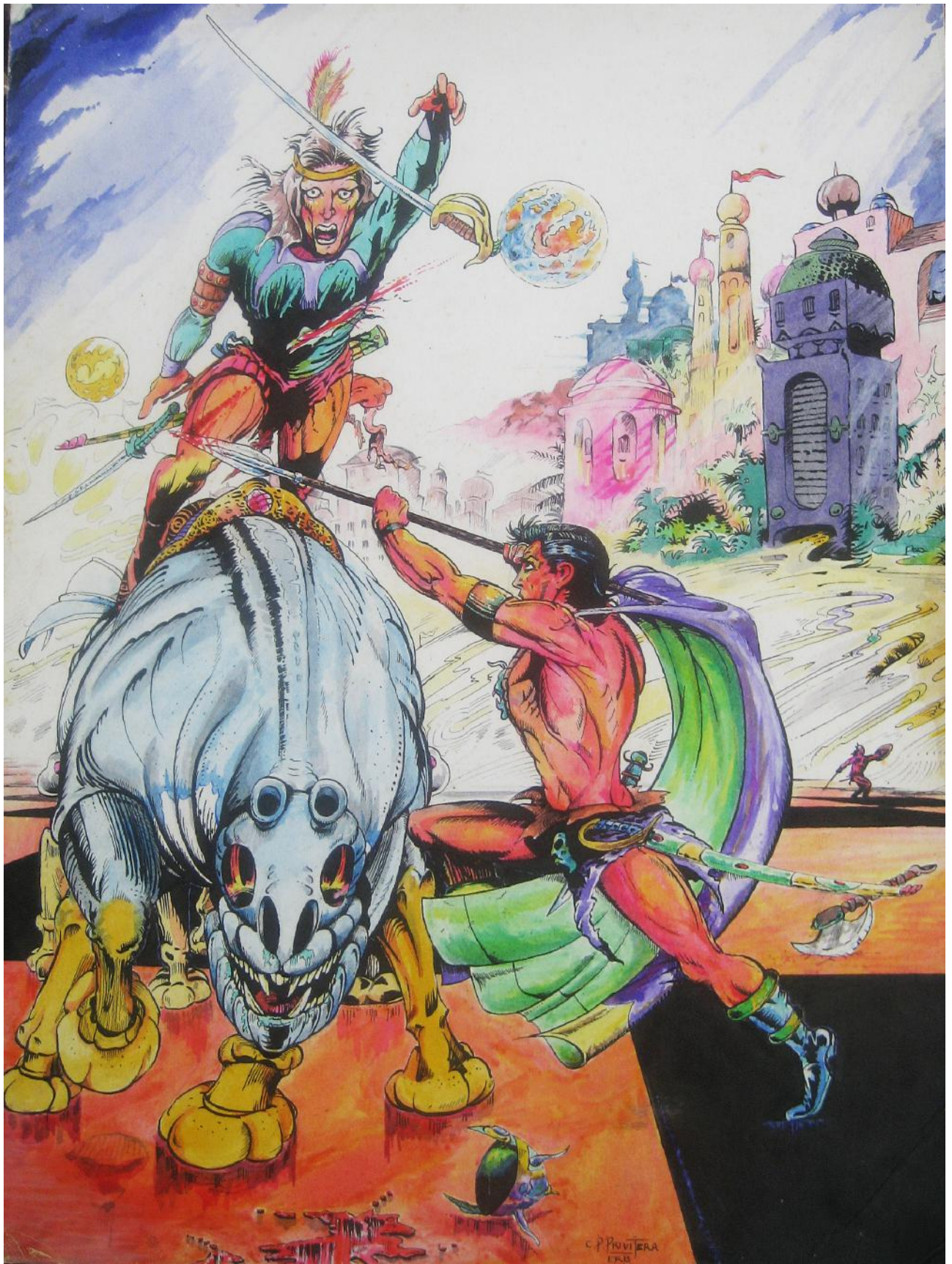






Tarzan and John Carter by Paul Power, 1974





Water color by Paul Privitera.