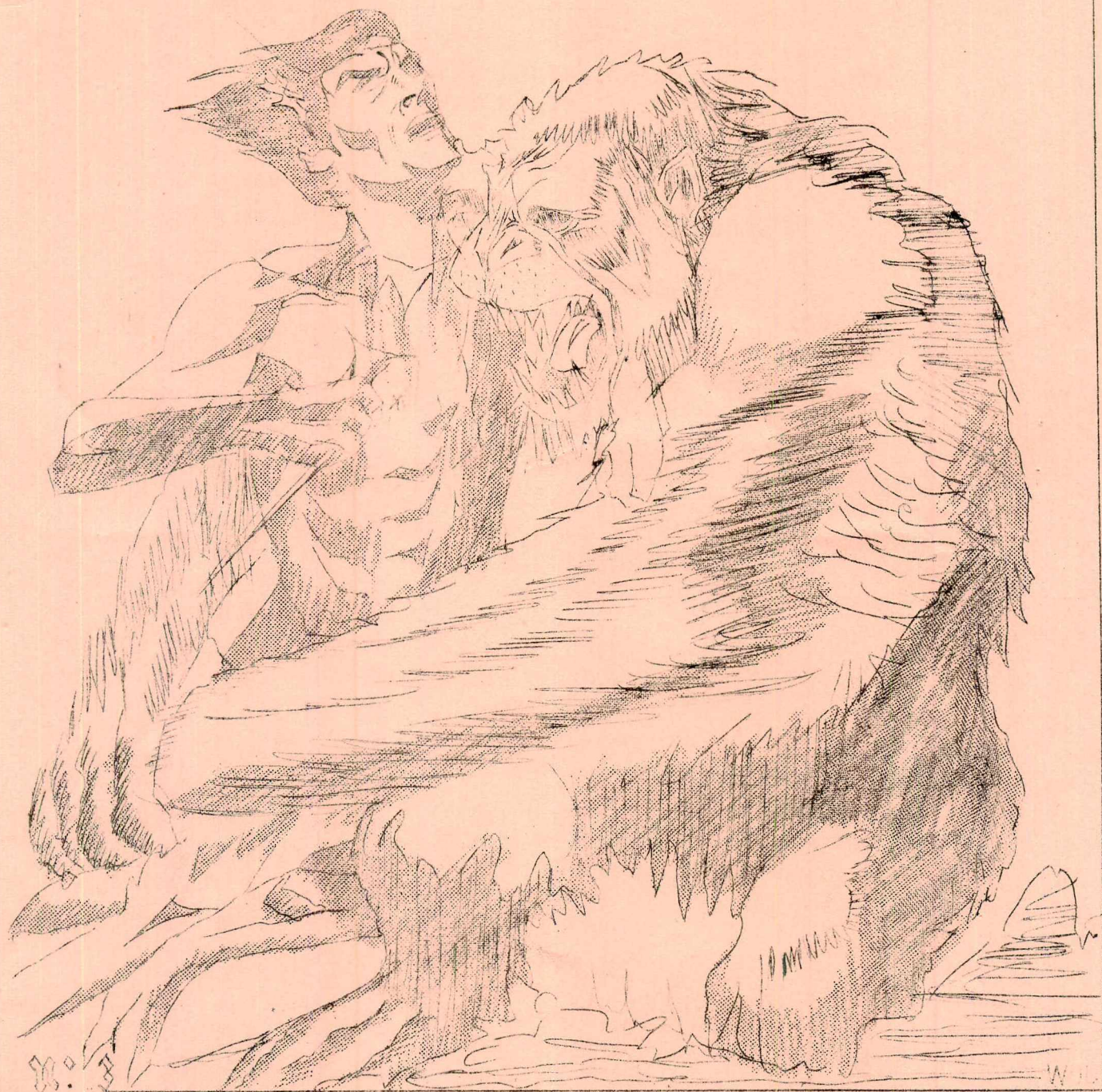


Erbania



The editorial was missed out of the last issue due to the lack of space, but now we are not tied to a specific number of pages due to the fact that we are now cutting out our own stencils and to the kindness of Mike Moorcock who offered to run them off for us. So better late than never I would like to introduce a feature which actually started in the last issue. First and foremost this fanzine is a Burroughzine and will remain so but from time to time we will feature articles on authors who are actually "part and parcel" of "erbania". To elucidate, the authors will be ones that we have found through experience to be of general interest to the majority of ERB fans, such as ROBERT E. HOWARD, OTIS A. KLINE and a few others; also lesser known authors who should be brought to the notice of the fans who have written good Tarzan-type novels without being out and out plagiarisms of the ape-man. Naturally we are trying to please you the reader, so we would like your views on the matter and whether you think this feature should be continued.

Now that the old news has been mentioned, I can start with the new, which is very good news, as from this issue the BARSOOMIAN will be incorporated with ERBANIA. This came about in the course of corresponding with Joe Miller (the former editor of the 'B'), he mentioned that he had a few odds and ends (one of the ends was the end of a moth that died between the pages of an ERB article...aaah what a way to die) that should have seen light in the 'B' had it not folded. So now through the kindness of Joe these articles will appear in future issues of ERBANIA together with a regular informal column written by the BARSOOMIAN's former editor.

ROBERT E. HOWARD fans will be interested to know of the founding of the HYBORIAN LEGION by George R. Heap with L. Sprague de Camp as Royal Chronicler, this is probably old news to most American fans because the Legion has already had several meetings at various U.S. Conventions but I have been informed that I am the only British fan on the Legion lists. Mr Heap is planning to have a meeting of the Legion at the London Convention this year, so if any British fans would like to join the Legion and attend the meeting they should send their names either to myself or to Mr Heap at 513 Glen Echo, Philadelphia 19, Pa., U.S.A.

Now a few words for Talbot Mundy fans, Frank V. Lay of 167 Watford Rd, Harrow, Middx., England, has plans for publishing a fanzine on the creator of Tros, so if you are interested in receiving it, or better still contributing articles, drop Frank a line. That's all for now, see you soon.

D. Peter Ogden.

Erbania

INCORPORATING THE BARSOOMIAN

JULY 1957

NUMBER 3

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Burroughs

by Joseph W. Miller.

Confidential

DEPARTMENT OF ODD ITEMS:

Famed Burroughs authority John Harwood and myself were discussing recently some of the rarer and almost unobtainable Burroughs items. He somewhat startled me by coming up with an oddity of which I had never heard. I can best describe it by quoting from his letter.

"There is one book I have heard of, but have never come in contact with anyone who has ever seen a copy. This is not a book by ERB, but a criticism of one of his novels.

The first I heard of this book was several years ago when Alva Johnson, in his article, 'How to Become a Great Writer', (Saturday Evening Post, July 29, 1939) mentioned the fact that a German writer had published a book in 1925 titled 'Tarzan the German Devourer'. This book was supposed to be criticising ERB for his treatment of the Germans in 'Tarzan the Untamed', where he fed a German officer to the lion. After the publication of this book, Burroughs was boycotted in Germany. This ban must have been lifted a few years later as the Tarzan books were burned during the Nazi regime.

Last year I decided to find out whether or not this was an actual book, a literary fiction, or just the German translation of 'Tarzan the Untamed'. Most of the fans I wrote to were of the impression that it was a translation in German of Tarzan's adventures during the first World War. Letters to several book review editors and an information bureau brought the same opinions. Mr. C.H. Rothmund, general manager of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc., told me that he vaguely recollected ERB mentioning something about that title or a similar one being used for a title to the German translation. He explained that Mr. Johnson's use of the word 'writer' referred to the fact that a translator is usually allowed a little leeway in translating from one language to another.

Still not completely satisfied, I finally wrote to the Library of Congress and received a reply to the effect that the book was not a translation but a criticism of ERB's 'Tarzan the Untamed', used as an example of anti-German war propaganda. According to the Index card they sent me, the book, written by Stephan

Sorel, was titled 'Tarzan der Deutschenfresser; eine Studie uber Volververhetzung'. It is only a small book of 87 plus viii pages.

At last I had obtained the information that the book was an original and not a translation. So far, I haven't been able to find out from a single one of my correspondents any information as to the location of any copies of the book. Not even Richardson, who probably has the biggest collection of ERBania in the world, had seen a copy. Now the question is: Do any copies still exist somewhere in the world? Probably most, if not all, of the copies of the book in Germany were destroyed during the war either in the bombing raids or as a result of scrap-paper collections.'

Isn't that something! Perhaps it's not an item penned by the master, but to the completist it is a piece of ERBania well worth any effort in finding.

RECOGNIZING THOSE FIRSTS:

Most of us are well acquainted with the McClurg and ERB, Inc. first editions, with their fine bindings and (usually) enormous amount of illustrations. These two companies have published the majority of Mr. Burroughs' works, and have done a fine job of it at that. The first edition of TARZAN OF THE APES with its heavy and expensive stock paper and excellently tooled cover is a credit to the story. But there are two other companies who got in on the publishing game and brought out books that were nicely bound and presented also, namely METROPOLITAN BOOKS, INC., and THE MACAULEY COMPANY of New York. Seldom are they mentioned or described by other Burroughs' fans, and a few as yet do not know they exist. Let's take a gander over the crop.

THE MACAULEY COMPANY brought out two editions of "THE GIRL FROM HOLLYWOOD". Dealers often refer to both as first editions, but I think the original copy, which possessed a frontispiece, deserves this honor. To the best of my knowledge, HOLLYWOOD was never reprinted by Grosset and Dunlap, although I may be wrong on this.

Now THE GIRL FROM HOLLYWOOD was printed in very small type on a nice grade of paper (my copy hasn't yellowed yet), and contains 320 pages. It has a black and white frontispiece by P.J. Monahan with the caption, "The director's eyes snapped.....'Only a camera-man and myself are here'". This same illustration was used in color, for the d/w of the book. Also on the spine of the d/w, the publisher tells us that the tale is an "Uncensored story of the motion picture colony" which "tells what the public has long wanted to know". To attract fans of all genre.

The book is bound in red cloth with the lettering in green,

and a pipe is tooled on the cover, also in green. This is the longest of all Burroughs' tales, over 100,000 words in length by my counting. Don't let the number of pages fool you, there are thirty lines of type per page (Land of Terror has 23).

METROPOLITAN BOOKS, INC., brought out four books around the depression years. They were all well bound and contained a frontispiece each, by separate artists. Evidently this company liked variety, for each title was bound in a different shade of cloth. Tarzan and the Lost Empire came out in 1929, and contained 313 pages with large type (30 lines to the page). It was bound in orange with black lettering, and the illustrator was A.W. Sperry. I'm sure we're all acquainted with the caption, I've carried it around in my head for years. The d/w is striking indeed.

TANAR OF PELLUCIDAR was the second book brought out by this firm. It contained 313 nicely printed pages with better proportioned type (33 per page), and had a royal blue cloth cover. The illustration is by Paul F. Berdanier, and bears the quote, "Tanar clamped an arm around the Korsar's head and turning swiftly, hurled the man heavily to the ground". The d/w is one of those fancy jobs on which the illustration goes clear round from front to back. It shows Tanar with one arm about his girl and the other holding a bow high in the air challenging all Pellucidar. A Mammoth's silhouette is in the background, and on the back cover lies a great saber-tooth tiger answering the man's pseudo - challenge. A very "different" jacket.

TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE is the third of the quartet, and is a sequel to Tanar. It is in green cloth, has a frontispiece we all know of, and has 301 pages with 33 lines of type per. The d/w illo extends over front and back covers. The book has more wordage than the previous Tarzan, though less pages. I think I can justly call it the rarest of the Metropolitan firsts.

The final volume, published in 1931, is A FIGHTING MAN OF MARS and is the commonest to obtain. It has a red, almost maroon binding, and an inconsequential frontispiece by Hugh Hutton. This artist did a very poor job on both the interior illo and the d/w. The cover drawing, as usual, extends over the entire book. The lettering on the cover and spine are, by the way in green.

These are books published by companies who brought out only a few titles, but who formed an intermediary firm between the A. C. McClurg Company and the founding of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc.

And with that I'll wind up this informal chatter box until the next issue. See you around.

J. ALLEN ST. JOHN

by A MEMORIAL
D. P. OGDEN

Had this issue of Erbania been out on time, you would have been reading a different article on this page, but for once I was glad that it was delayed for it has given me the chance to pay tribute to a great artist and gentleman.

The death of J. Allen St John on May 23, is the greatest loss to ERBdom, since the death of the master himself. I am not poet enough to write a flowery epitaph to this great man and I'm sure St. John wouldn't want me to in any case, nor do I know enough about art to discuss his work intelligibly, so if the older fans will forgive me I will just relate a few simple facts about St. John's career.

Many British fans who do not have American editions of ERB's books are probably only familiar with St. John's work on the d/j's of the various books and have so missed some of his finest work. The same might also be true of some of the newer American fans who have not started collecting first editions, because in many cases the reprints were minus several illustrations that had appeared in the original editions.

St. John was first introduced to Burroughs' fans, when he did the chapter headings for THE RETURN OF TARZAN, but these small scratchings as good as they were, did not do full justice to St. John's genius. However he had more scope when he was commissioned to illustrate THE BEASTS OF TARZAN, for which he did a wrap-around cover and over thirty inside illos. THE SON OF TARZAN was also similarly illustrated. The first Mars illustration that St. John did was of course that marvelous interpretation of John Carter for THE WARLORD OF MARS, which many years ago he had on public display. Through the years 1919 to 1923 was St. John's hey-day, because the majority of Burroughs' novels published through those years had an average of 9 or 10 full page illos per book. Some of the finest to my mind being TARZAN THE UNTAMED, TARZAN THE TERRIBLE, TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION and AT THE EARTH'S CORE. All told approximately 280 illustrations by J. Allen St. John appeared in the ERB books and magazines.

Mr Burroughs considered St. John one of the greatest illustrators in the United States and once told him that he felt his illustrations were responsible for half the sales of his books.

(continued on page 23)

*****	*****	*****
* UNDER SURVEILLANCE *		* DAVID PRINCE *
*****		*****
* THE OUTLAW OF TORN *		* PETER OGDEN *
*****		*****

It is not going to be the policy of this fanzine to publish out and out reviews of Burrough's books, for the simple reason is most fans allready have the books and if they do not we hope they soon will have them so we do not wish to spoil their reading pleasure. However when interesting facts turn up from time to time regarding certain Burrough's books we will bring them to light in this series of articles.

There has been some controversy as to whether the Outlaw of Torn is one of the worst novels that Burroughs ever wrote (see letter column this issue) so in defence of the "Outlaw" we would like to bring a few facts to the fore. Perhaps few fans know that the novel has been described as one of the best historical novels and not by a particular Burroughs' fan. It is given its due in Jonathan Nields A GUIDE TO THE BEST HISTORICAL NOVELS AND TALES published in England by Elkin Mathews and Marrott. This excellent book lists with a description all the better historical novels in chronological order from pre-historic times up to the 20th Century. (This book is a very useful reference for anybody interested in collecting pre-historic type novels or any others for that matter.) The following is a quotation of the review of "The Outlaw of Torn".

England (London, Derbyshire, Essex ect.) 1243-64 (Mainly 1262-64) This outlaw-and-love story is a really good example of its kind; there are thrilling fictional developments (perhaps one or two situations approach melodrama,) and these are closely associated with real historic figures. The main period is that of the Baron's War - one of the events introduced being the Battle Lewes. A number of real personages play important parts in the novel. The central figure is Prince Richard (youngest son of King Henry III), while among more or less to the fore at various points in the novel are: Henry and his Queen (Eleanor of Provence), Simon de Montfort (Earl of Leicester) and Lady Bertrade his daughter, and Prince Phillip of France - afterwards Phillip III ("le Hardi"). De Montfort's sons and other figures appear to a slight extent.

You've heard my defence, so now I'll hand over to the other defence council - David Prince.

Edgar Rice Burroughs was just as familiar with the materials and traditions of historical fiction as he was with those of science fiction and fantasy. A Princess of Mars, his first novel was compounded of all these ingredients and its serialized version made a big hit with readers of All Story magazine back in 1912. Consequently the editor requested Burroughs to try his hand at a "straight historical romance", so he spent months and months doing research on the Baron's War in 13 Century England and on the struggle for power between King Henry III and Sir Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, patriotic leader of the rebel barons.

The result was his second novel Outlaw of Torn - one of his very best stories and one of the very best things of its kind ever written. For some strange reason it was rejected. His next novel, Tarzan of the Apes and the ones that came after it were so successful, editors were glad to get anything he wrote. The Outlaw of Torn was finally serialized by a rival mag, New Story, in five parts January through May 1914. A.C. McClurg & Co. brought it out as a book in 1927 and it won high praise from the critics and readers alike.

The story begins in London, June 1243. King Henry quarrels with his fiery tempered French fencing master Sir Jules de Vac who becomes his secret arch enemy. De Vac tries to get revenge by kidnapping the king's three year old younger son Prince Richard. He spirits the boy away to the deserted half ruined castle of Torn in Derbyshire. He keeps the child ignorant of his true identity, teaches him to hate all Englishmen and makes him an invincible swordsman. The prince grows up to be the robber knight Norman the Devil, the Outlaw of Torn. With one thousand armored horsemen at his back he sallies forth to gallantry rob the rich, aid the poor, fight duels with wicked noblemen and rescue lovely ladies in distress. The loveliest is Lady Bertrade de Montfort, the earl's daughter. De Vac, who has been vainly trying to make the hero into a scoundrel like himself does not approve of these Robin Hoodish activities, so...

It would be unfair to reveal more of the plot, which is filled with surprises and thrills. But the climax is the historic Battle of Lewes and the last chapter contains the most exciting broadsword combat you have ever read. Many historical characters and incidents are introduced, but the hero and heroine are fictitious. Burroughs pulls two minor 'bonors' as to period detail-

(continued on page 12)

John Harwood

reviews

Timber Jaw



Pat Morgan had invented a new fuel that was both cheaper and less bulky than gasoline. The new fuel needed an engine of new design so he invented that too. He installed the engine in a plane and tried to get patents on both but for some reason had no success in interesting the authorities. Disgusted, he turned to the Russians who offered him money to go to that country and manufacture the fuel and engines for them. He was to get an extra bonus if he would fly the plane there. As a passenger he took Professor Marvin Stade who was going to Russia to conduct experiments in the freezing and reviving of animals and humans for surgical purposes.

They were over northern Siberia when something went wrong with the engine and they had to land in a tiny patch of land next to a river in the midst of hundreds of miles of unbroken forest.

During the first night it rained in torrents and the next morning they saw that part of a cliff across the river from them had been washed away revealing a stratum of pure gleaming ice at the base of the cliffs. Professor Stade excitedly called Pat's attention to the fact that a man was buried in the ice. Stade figured that he had been buried there for fifty thousand years. Jokingly, Pat told him that here was a good opportunity to practice bringing a human being back to life after being frozen to death. Stade took him seriously and they started working on the ancient cave man to bring him back to life.

After thawing him out, giving him a blood transfusion and a series of various injections they finally succeed in bringing the prehistoric man back to life. Pat called him Jimber-Jaw after a big-jawed grizzly he had once seen in Yellowstone National Park.

They taught him to speak English and tried to make him understand how much time had passed since he had been caught in the ice and refrigerated. His greatest concern was for Lilami, who was to have been his mate. He still didn't seem to realize fifty - thousand years had passed since he last saw her. He thought that if he was still alive then she too must be still alive and that some day he would find her.

After shaving off his beard and changing his skins for modern clothes Jimber Jaw, or Jim as they called him, had the appearance of a civilized man.

When they finally arrived in Moscow with an unannounced passenger the Russians accused them of being spies and were about to have them shot when the American ambassador interceded for them and instead of being executed they were evicted from the country and told not to come back.

They came back to America and Pat took Jim home to Hollywood with him. To entertain his prehistoric visitor, Pat took him around to show him the sights of the civilized world. He was impressed with the tall buildings and thought that they were cliffs with caves in them. He didn't believe that Man could make such huge structures. Everything impressed him until Pat took him to a wrestling match. He didn't think much of the two men in the ring as warriors and to prove his point, entered the ring and threw both into the third row. Jim was signed up as a wrestler and won all his fights by throwing his opponents into the audience.

One day a fight promoter asked Pat if Jim could box. Pat said that he didn't know, but that he couldn't wrestle but won all his fights. In his first fight the other boxer came charging out of his corner. Jim swung a powerful right and draped the other fighter over the ropes. All his other fights ended the same way.

Jim's fame spread and the movie producers became interested in him. This lead to him becoming a movie actor.

One night the two friends went to a preview. When the star, Lorna Downs, appeared on the screen Jimber Jaw recognized her as Lilami, whom he had last seen fifty thousand years ago. As she left the scene Jim leaped to the stage and tried to follow her with certain damage to the screen. Pat had to explain that it was only her image that Jim had seen and that in reality she was on a public appearance tour. Jim wanted to go after her but Pat persuaded him to wait until she returned to Hollywood to meet her.

While they were waiting, the two men became social lions and moved in the night club set. Jim was disgusted with the way

the women dressed and acted. He said that they might as well be men, the way they smoked, drank, swore and gambled. If the women of his day had acted like that they would have been killed. He could hardly wait for Lorna to return as he knew she would be different.

They finally met on a movie set where Jim was playing a scene. He went up to her and called her "Lilami" and told her how he had been searching for her. At first she was afraid of him but after Pat explained things to her, but not in too much detail, she became more friendly. After that, she and Jim went everywhere together.

One afternoon she went to a cocktail party without him. He found out about it and followed her there and entered to find her sitting on another man's lap kissing him. Jim yanked her off the other man's lap and knocked him across the room. Lorna lit into him and gave him a piece of her mind. Jim walked out without a word and that was the last Pat saw of him for several weeks.

The police called Pat in to identify the body of Jim who had been found frozen to death in the frozen-meat room of a cold storage warehouse. The police couldn't make out the meaning of the note addressed to Pat which they had found pinned to the lapel of his coat. The note read:

I go to find the real Lilami.
And don't thaw me out again.

UNDER SURVEILLANCE

...continued from page 9.

he has his characters use fencing foils(which hadn't been invented yet), and the king's palace has formal gardens with Greek statuary neither of which were introduced until Elizabethan times. In a couple of "hearts and flowers" passages there is too much sentimentality. Otherwise the book is just about perfect, you're sure to like it.

Lex Barker plans to co-produce and star in Technicolor movie version of this wonderful story to be filmed in England this summer or next.



F.A.M. Webster
creator of
Mwana, Lord
of the Leopards



Lieutenant-Colonel F.A.M. Webster is very well qualified to write a novel dealing with a jungle superman; besides having spent a greater part of his life in Africa, Michael Webster is also an authority on Athletics and the Olympic Games. He has been a Special Correspondent at six meetings of the Games and has attended every Olympic Games from 1912, except those in America in 1932, until his death in April 1949. He was also editor of the Athletic Section of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. He has written many excellent books on this subject and several of them contain references to five people well known to Burroughs' fans, namely HERMAN BRIX, JOHNNY WEISMULLER, BUSTER CRABBE, GLEN MORRIS and ELEANOR HOLM.

Many of you when reading articles on Tarzan films have often come across the statement that the above actors were Olympic champions and you may have wondered what they actually did excell at; so for those of you that are interested the following information has been culled from Lt-Col. Webster's books.

At the 1924 Olympic Games in Paris, J. Weismuller came first, in the 100 metres Freestyle with a time of 59 seconds. Weismuller beat his own record with a time of 58.6 seconds at the next Games at Amsterdam in 1928. Also competing in the swimming events was C.L. Crabbe who came third in the 1500 metres Freestyle.

In the field events of the same Games, Herman Brix came second at Putting the Shot with a throw of 51 ft 8ins. It is ironical that with this throw Herman Brix broke the Olympic Record for the first time in sixteen years, but a few minutes later it was beaten by another U.S. contender.

Back on his home ground for the Games of 1932, Buster Crabbe came first in the 400 metres Freestyle with a time of 4min.48.8sec. The only "Tarzan's Mate" to take part in any of the Games was Eleanor Holm who won the 100 metres Backstroke with a time of 1min., 19.4sec. The last Games to feature a future Tarzan was the Berlin Games in 1936 in which Glen Morris won the Decathlon with the following events.

100 metres 11.15 secs.	110 metres Hurdles 14.9 sec.
Long jump 22ft 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.	Discus 141ft 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins.
Shot 46ft 3ins.	pole Vault 11ft 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins.
High jump 6ft 0 $\frac{3}{4}$.	Javelin 178ft 10ins.
400 metres 49.4 sec.	1500 metres 4m 33.2secs.

It would have been fitting if I could have included in the above champions the name of Bob Mathias, whom many ERB fans would like to have seen play Tarzan. One of the last athletic events F. A.M. Webster wrote about before his death was Mathias' remarkable performance of the Decathlon at the London Games in 1948.

But to get back to the creator of Mwana, Lord of the Leopards he was himself an excellent all-round sportsman and while he was a student in the art of propelling missiles at the London Athletic Club in 1911 he won the English Javelin Championship and again won it in 1923. Webster made the Regular Army his career by serving in the South Staffordshire Regiment. During the Great War he saw action in France and Italy and was later in Egypt and India. With the King's African Rifles he served in East and Central Africa and accumulated a vast knowledge about the Dark Continent, its people and its wild life, which was to serve him in great need when he was invalided out of the Army and took up writing as a career.

After being invalided out of the Army when the War was over he wandered about Europe studying the new conditions of life, later he returned to England to settle down to writing, but writing did not occupy all his time because through the years 1910 to 1936 he was Honorary Chief Coach to Bedford School and the British Universities Team. 1933 to 1934 he was Director of Studies English Summer School for Athletics and was also Founder and Former Head of the School of Athletic Games and Physical Education, Loughborough College. In fact it is surprising that during all this activity Captain Webster, as he was then, had time to write any novels but dur

ing the twenties and thirties numerous books appeared to his credit. One of his earliest novels "Curse of the Lion" published in 1922 was a collection of short stories based on events that happened to him while he was in Africa. In Bruce Logan the narrator of the stories one can recognise the character of F.A.M. Webster. One of the stories in this book "The Ape People" is the account of an Englishman and his son living with a tribe of anthropoid apes.

Other novels that F.A.M. Webster wrote during this time were The Black Shadow, The Man Who Knew, Dark Trails Go East, Gathering Storm, The Islands of the Condemned, Second Wind, Son of Abdan, Mubendi Girl, Star Lady, Dead Venom, East of Kashgar, African Cavalcade and Hill of Riches, to mention a few. The majority of them were excellent examples of African adventure, several novels also appeared under his pen-name of Michael Annesley, the name being his last two christian names reversed, his first name being Frederick.

With the outbreak of the Second World War, F. A. M. Webster again joined the Army and held various Staff Appointments, naturally his output of fiction diminished until after the War when he also turned his literary talents to non fiction and wrote several books on athletics such as:- Olympic Cavalcade, Great Moments in Athletics ect.

But the book that is of major importance to Burroughs' fans is "Lord of the Leopards." For two years previous to the appearance of this book, Webster's animal stories had been appearing regularly in magazines and daily and evening papers. The success of these short stories were so great that he decided to write a full-length novel on men and beasts. Like ERB, Webster was of the same mind that, "the more he sees of men the better he likes beasts". His African adventure novels were already world-famous, but writing a full-length animal story was a more ambitious task and he made use of his experiences in Africa where he used to watch for hours on end the habits of the beasts he loved so well.

The "Lord of the Leopards" like the majority of his books are very hard to get, so for the benefit of those readers who do not have a copy of the book the following review may be of interest.

LORD OF THE LEOPARDS

There is peace in West Africa, Commissioner Sidgwick has just hung Tigligi, chief priest of the dreaded Leopard Society and is now on a visit to his good friend Father Barrabal. When he arrives at the Mission he is pleased to learn that Janet Barrabal the missionary's wife has given birth to twin boys. They cannot decide on names for the children, so they ask the Commissioner to be the God-father and chose the names. The eldest he names Hector and youngest Lysander. The twins are identical and in

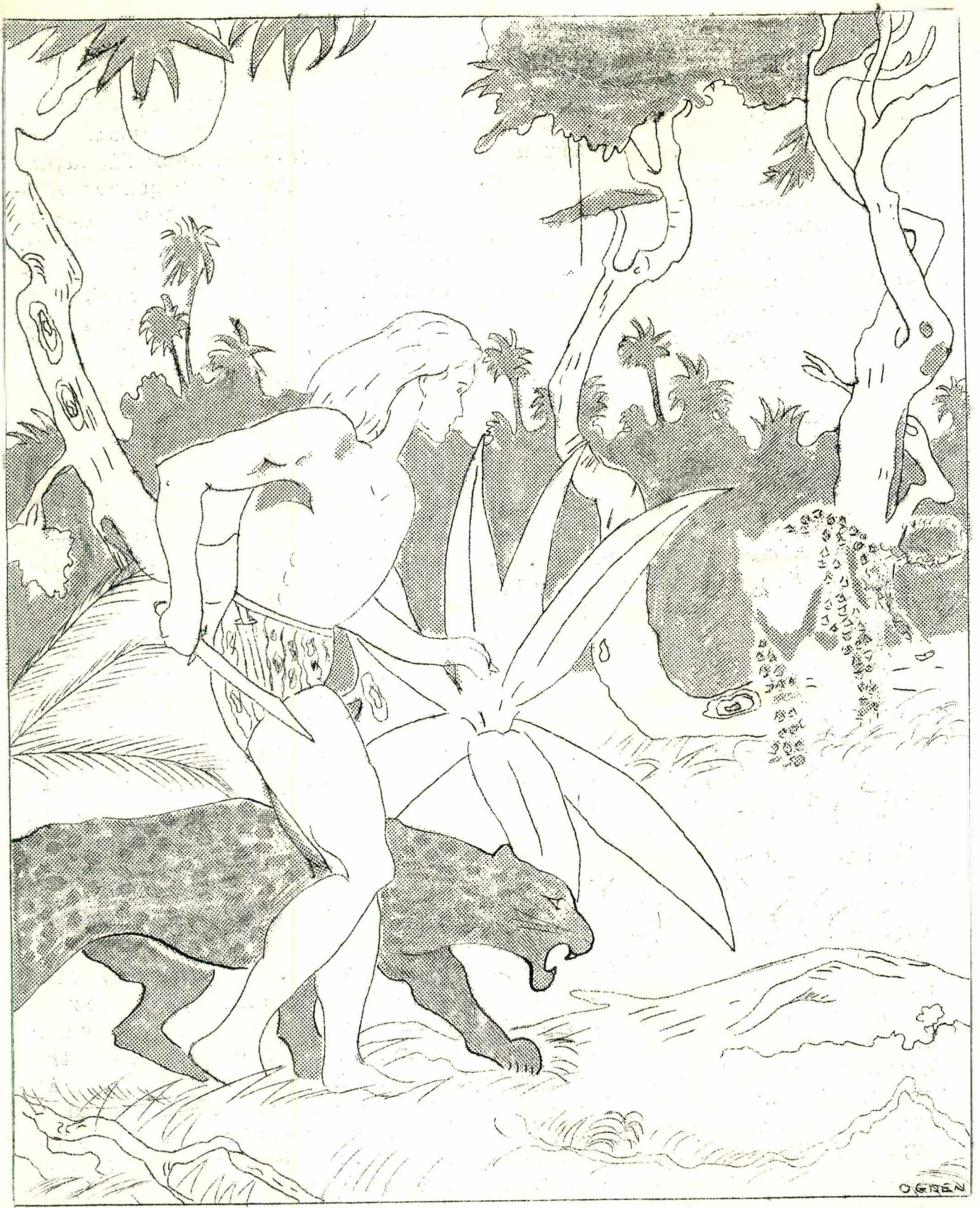
order to tell them apart, Golden Lotus the Chinese nurse has tattooed a design on the breast of each. Hector bears the emblem of the rose and Lysander the Lotus.

The next year there is still peace but already a young man named Mafosi is building up a reputation among his followers and is about ready to be proclaimed high priest, but first he must go forth and kill a leopard. When this is done he must return to the Temple of the Leopards which will be empty save for a sacrifice on the altar, after he has slain the sacrifice he is then ready to be proclaimed high priest.

While Mafosi is out tracking a leopard the native drums are rolling and he knows that M'lama who rules over the Leopard sect while he is being initiated, is arousing the blood lust in his followers so that they will go out and search for the sacrifice that is to redden the altar of Kungai the Leopard God. Once they are aroused there is no stopping them and donning their hideous costumes the savages set out in the direction of the Barrabal mission.

Golden Lotus is absent from the mission when the savages arrive, taking her morning perambulation with the twins. She is discovered by a party of the Leopard-Men and manages to escape but with only one of the twins; Hector is left in the hands of the Leopard Men. The Chinese nurse makes her way back to the mission where she also finds Commissioner Sidgwick; he has however arrived too late to find the only sign of life the jackals and hyenas who have already assembled for their gruesome feast. They discover the body of John Barrabal and his headman Paul beneath a mound of corpses, for during the battle they had drawn over themselves a coverlet of the slain.

Mafosi had not yet killed his leopard, he had spotted one and cast his spear at it, but had missed. He then has a better idea instead of nearly killing one leopard and using its hide for his cloak, he would vary the ancient custom and kill the leopard's cubs using their pelts to fashion the gloves that would be fitted with sharp steel claws. He therefore set out to trail the leopard to its lair. As he reaches the slopes of the Mfumbira he realises the leopard's lair must be nearby so at the first opportunity he kills the leopard. After removing the pelt he spreads it over his shoulders and goes in search of the lair. He soon finds it and settles down to wait. The leopardess soon gets too hungry to wait for her mate to return with food, so she sets out to hunt herself. Mafosi enters the cavern and quickly dispatches the cubs and tediously fashions the pelts into gloves. He avoids the hunting lioness but is treed by a bad tempered buffalo which keeps him



in the tree for the best part of twenty four hours.

In the far mountains lies the Temple of the Leopard, which no white man has ever seen. It is a gruesome place, the walls are lined with the bones of men and women who have been sacrificed; and the altar is composed of skulls. Above the altar is a golden effigy of Kungai the Leopard God. The silence of the hideous place was broken by the yell of a hungry man child who lay on the altar. The sound attracted the attention of the leopardess who was searching for her missing cubs. She sprang lightly to the top of the altar and Hector snuggled closer to the warmth of her pelt and the leopardess took comfort from the small child.

With the dawn came Mafosi, he laid his weapons to one side drew the sacrificial knife and in the dim light advanced towards the altar. As the leopardess rose to her feet he thought the statue of Kungai was coming to life and was so terrified he couldn't strike a blow in his defence as the leopardess struck him down.

Chuirra the leopardess picked up Hector by his clothing and left the temple. Later Sidgwick and a battalion of askari arrive at the temple and destroy it. The Leopard-Men put up a poor fight as they are completely demoralized, thinking that Mafosi has been killed by the Leopard God.

Deep into the forest Chuirra carried Hector far from the haunts of men, many dangers threaten then and they barely escape from a forest fire until Chuirra reaches a lake in the centre of an extinct volcano. Here she swims with Hector to a small island in the centre of the lake. It is on this island that Chuirra raises the boy, she teaches him how to hunt like a leopard and he learns how to swing through the trees like a monkey. At the age of ten he can also swim like an otter, is as strong as a young gorilla and as fleet as a cheetah. The beasts of the jungle call him Mwana, the Son.

At the age of fourteen Mwana has his first fight with another leopard. He spares the life of the conquered leopard who becomes Mwana's companion now that Chuirra has grown old. The next day when he is out hunting with Kafara as the leopard is called, he comes across a hut in the jungle, upon entering he finds among other things a brightly colored belt with a knife. He recognises the knife for what it is, thinking of it as a sharp pointed fang. As the couple are leaving the hut they are watched by Mbuni a Mahundi hunter the owner of the hut, being a Leopard worshipper and highly superstitious he believes that he has seen the resurrection of Kungai the Leopard God. He sets out for the Place of Rocks where the remainder of the Leopard Men hold their meetings. He is greeted

by M'lama to whom he recounts what he has seen. M'lama then tells him to return to his hut and let no one know what he has seen.

When M'buni has left, M'lama immediately sets the drums talking, spreading the word that a new leader for the Leopard Sect has risen. Mwana helps this rumour grow by hunting further afield and being seen by several natives, although he does not see them. He has also met and conquered several leopards until there are fully a dozen that will come in answer to his hunting call.

Several time he visits the hut and it is empty, until one day he finds Mbuni at home. Who is surprised the most is hard to say, but gradually the two become friends and Mbuni teaches Mwana his language.

The peace of the Forbidden Forest as Mwana's hunting grounds are known, is shattered when Robert Lawson a ruthless white hunter enters it seeking okapi. That the area is prohibited due to sleeping sickness makes no difference to him. One day Lawson stops to rest at the side of hill and falls asleep, at that moment old Chuiira feeble and nearly stone blind comes down the hill and bumps right into Lawson knocking him over. By the time he can get to his feet Chuiira is entering her cave, he fires at her and the bullet smashes her spine. Before he can fire again a wild figure comes dashing out of the forest, just as Mwana is about to give his hunting call Lawson shoots again and the leopard-man drops unconscious to the ground.

Lawson's gun-bearer persuades him to flee from the scene, so that later when Mwana recovers there is no sign of the white man. Chuiira is still alive but a few minutes later she dies. A month later when his wound has healed Mwana goes to visit Mbuni to question him about white men. He learns of numbers and superior power and returns to the jungle, determined to gather more leopards under his command with which to fight the white men.

At the same time Lysander returns to Africa from England where he has been educated. He has decided to follow in his father's footsteps and become a missionary and so he returns to the scene of his father and mother's death.

Meanwhile Lawson has become acquainted with a German hunter named Carl Vorbeck; he persuades Vorbeck to finance a safari to find and capture Mwana in order to display him in circuses in Europe. They learn where Mwana was last seen, who now has over a hundred leopards at his call. It is near Mbuni's hut that they dig a pitfall, knowing that Mwana often visits Mbuni. It is on the fourth day that they are lucky and Mwana and a number of leo-

pards fall into the pit. In their fright the leopards turn on one another and when Mwana tries to climb up the side of the pit his knife slashes into a well-spring, filling the pit with water. The leopards who have not fallen in the pit are being shot down by Lawson.

Kafara who escapes the slaughter goes to the hut of Mbuni, who is also being visited by M'lama who has come seeking word of the Lord of the Leopards. Kafara leads the natives to the pit where they read the story of what has happened from the spoor. M'lama tell Mbuni to try and gather the remainder of Mwana's leopards, so while M'lama hides in the brush Mbuni gives an imitation of Mwana's hunting call. Kafara joins in and soon the leopards begin to assemble. When they are all gathered they set out on the trail of Mwana's abducters. They succeed in rescuing him, Vorbeck escapes but Lawson is pulled under by crocodiles as he tries to escape by swimming a river.

Mwana is grateful to Mbuni and he later agrees to go with him to a meeting at the Place of Rocks. M'lama knows that if Mwana with his leopards will lead an attack on the white men all the worshippers of the Leopard God will join in, thinking they are being led by Kungai himself. M'lama finally persuades Mwana, and he agrees to lead his leopards to attack the Mission.

The Mission is deserted when Mwana attacks, except for Lysander and Golden Lotus, Mwana leaps on the veranda of the mission and sweeps away the cross that Lysander is holding in front of him and as he does so, finds himself gazing at a face that is identical with his own. Golden Lotus recognises him as Hector from the faint tatoo on his chest and the two men realise that they are brothers. Hector turns his leopards against the Black Army of M'lama and with the arrival of Commissioner Sidgwick the Leopard Men break up and depart for their homes.

Hector takes up his new life with his brother, with Mbuni as his servant and old Kafara to eke out his days in happy comfort. Even though he learns the ways of civilization there are times, when he strips off his clothes and with Kafara goes back to summon his pack and enjoy the chase with them in the Forbidden Forest.

This meagre review cannot possibly do justice to this story and it is one of the misfortunes of collecting that it is now out of print, but if you are lucky enough to come across a copy do not hesitate to buy it as it is an excellent example of a Tarzan type story of which there are all too few good ones.

INTRODUCING Bantan

It had not been my intention to feature two articles on Tarzan type characters in one issue of this fanzine, but it is always a pleasure to review books written by a Burroughs' fan. The name of Maurice Gardner is well known to a majority of Burroughs' fans and his character Bantan may also be well known to many of us, but for those fans who have not had the pleasure of reading this excellent series of books I would like to bring their attention to them.

Maurice has created in Bantan a character to stand beside Kaspas and Mwana as real persons and not just cheap imitations of the fabulous ape-man. Bantan however, is less Tarzanesque than the other two, due to the fact that he has not yet seen Africa. Bantan's stamping grounds are the South Sea Islands where he was ship-wrecked as a youngster and adopted into the tribe of Beneiro dwelling on the island of that name. This happened in the book BANTAN GOD-LIKE ISLANDER published by Meador, Boston in 1936, I do not want to review this book thoroughly, because it would only spoil your reading pleasure and even though the book is now out of print, a new revised will see light in September of this year published by the same firm but this time with the title BANTAN OF THE ISLANDS. The d/w of this book will be illustrated by Vernell Coriell who also needs no introduction to Burroughs' fans.

The second book in the series is BANTAN & THE ISLAND GODDESS Meador 1942. These two books relate Bantan's many adventures on the different islands, his battles and the two women who bring such complications to his life, but in the third book BANTAN DEFIANT a new menace invades Bantan's home in the form of the Japanese invasion of the islands. How Bantan fights these aggressors makes a gripping story. This book was published by Greenwich Book Publisher Inc., New York 1955 at \$3.00. The d/w of this book is also by Vernell Coriell.

The continuation of Bantan's fight against the Japanese will be told in BANTAN VALIANT also by Meador and with the same illustrator, due out in September. In the works at the moment is, NEW ADVENTURES OF BANTAN which will be a collection of six short adventures of the island hero. What follows after that only Maurice knows but we hope that Bantan will appear for many years to come.

D. PETER OGDEN

KAOR

from the readers

It is only fitting that we should open the letter column this issue with a missive from The Barsoomian's original editor.

Dear Pete:

I received the first two issues of ERBANIA about three weeks after your letter, so I waited till I could assemble both your epistleary and editorial productions before answering. The first issue was fine, nothing to ever be ashamed of, and the second a progressive improvement. I would recommend a right-hand margin, but I see you experimented with that on the last few pages quite successfully. One of the things I always wanted to do with the B was use a photo-offset cover, but I never acquired the info necessary re price, ect. until I had completed my publishing career. Nothing looks better than a beautiful black and white India ink, professionally planned cover. You might consider it. I drew what I considered a fine cover of the B under Bill Blackbeard, but he was so pleased with it that he kept it for himself and I haven't heard from him since.

I see you discussed some Tarzan comic strips in No 1: this is a fine subject; for some fans. Personally I think Burroughs can be juvenile enough, and to even recognize such purely juvenile - aimed matter not even written by ERB and only degrading to the reputation of his 57 books, is treading on dangerous ground. One is building a foundation of sand which will someday bring down the whole ERB tradition in complete ruins about those weak-minded fans who did not think what they were doing. But never mind my opinions.

Enough said for tonite. Best to you and yours.

Joe Miller

We are always glad to hear your opinions Joe, although I don't think the comic strips could really ruin the reputation of ERB, the films have already done that. If you mentioned Tarzan to somebody who had never read the books they would immediately think of the films and their lips would curl in a sneer and they would consider you half rocked. Hope you like the right-hand margin in this issue, now that I am cutting my own stenails I can please myself how I do it. It's a lot more work this way but I think the finished product will be worth it. I hope it comes out OK when it is on the duplicator. I would like to feature a photo - offset cover and would definately feature one if I received an illustration worth reproducing by this method. I hope this statement brings in a few offers. ----DPO.

Dear Pete:

I am glad to hear that The Barsoomian is being revived and combined with Erbania. I don't know how you feel about this but Blackbeard, Stein and I wanted to make the magazine broader in scope by gradual stages, to include more and more material about other science-fantasy and high-adventure writers, H. Rider Haggard, Talbot Mundy, A. Merritt, A. Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope and the like always keeping ERB as the main centre of interest and focal point of the magazine but trying to show how his work was related to that of other authors and to the entire field of fantastic adventure fiction. What particularly interested me was the way Burroughs was influenced by writers like Alexandre Dumas & James Fenimore Cooper who were mainly historical adventure-romance novelists and only occasionally and incidentally concerned with fantasy fiction.

Tarzan entre Pigmeos is the Spanish title for Tarzan and the Ant Men. It is my opinion that Argentine publishers and their staff writers have "stolen" the name and character of Tarzan just as they had previously stolen Sherlock Holmes from his creator, Sir A. Conan Doyle, without his authorization and consent. Since Tarzan is copyrighted and trademarked all over the world, ERB Inc., should sue them for plenty. Yours Truly. Albert E. Gechter.

You have probably read the editorial by now Albert and seen that some of your ideas coincide with ours. Thanks a lot for writing we are always pleased to receive reader's suggestions. Sorry to make it such a brief letter column this issue, but we'll make it up to next time, so start writing those letters now..... DPO.

J. ALLEN ST. JOHN

.... continued from page 7.

Before his death, J. Allen St. John was Professor of Life Drawing and Illustration at the American Academy of Art and for twenty years he was an Instructor at the Chicago Art Institute. His art education took place in Paris, Holland, Belgium and New York. Besides the companies that published the ERB books he has acted as illustrator for the New York Herald, Chicago Record Herald, Chicago Tribune and such magazines as Oriental Stories, Weird Tales, Magic Carpet, Blue Book, Red Book, Harper's Bazaar, Amazing Stories, Fantastic Adventures and Other Worlds. Other well known authors he has for include Otis A. Kline, Robert E. Howard and Howard Brown just to name a few. One of the latest books he illustrated was THE LIFE OF SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE by John Dickson Carr.

There will be no one to compare with the artistry of St John, and no words of mine can express how deeply he will be missed by fans all over the world.

* THE ROUND TABLE *

***** an ERBANIA extra.

Through corresponding with many fans, I have learnt that the majority share similar interests in their reading matter, besides liking fantasy and sf they also enjoy a good historical novel, but whereas sf books are reviewed in the magazines and fanzines, it is very difficult to find out about the latest historical novels, so any that we discover we will review in this column. However we don't want this to be a one-sided affair, so if any of you readers discover a book that you think will be of interest to other fans, write a review of it and send it in.

This feature is in it's trial stages, so I would like to hear your views on it and whether you think it should be continued. The reviews will be kept to the remoter periods of history, which seem to be the scarcest and most appreciated, but if there is any particular period you would like books reviewed on let me know.

THE BARBARIANS by F. Van Wyck Mason.

With a title like that, what ERB fan could resist it and the story is every bit as good as it sounds. This is a novel about Carthage in its glory, a period that is not too often touched in historical fiction. It begins about 214 B.C., the hero of the story is Cealwyn, the son of a Celtic king, who is captured with his sister by Adherbal a Carthaginian, when the latter makes a raid on the Celtic town of Othena. The two are taken aboard Adherbal's galley where they are to be held for ransom, but Adherbal gets drunk and ravishes the maiden and then orders his officers to do likewise, while Cealwyn watches from the mast where he is bound. Adherbal then orders her to be thrown overboard. Cealwyn is yoked with the slave's iron collar, given a Yul Brynner haircut and cast into the grain-mills to work out the rest of his life.

He attempts escape but is caught and insults the Princess Tiratha, by whom he is condemned to death. However instead of carrying out her threat she takes the handsome slave as her secret lover and initiates him in the debaucheries of her decadent world. But Cealwyn has sworn revenge on Adherbal, he leaves Tiratha, and turns pirate, from then on the action really begins. This is the type of story that ERB might have written, there is no excess wordage or rambling spaces, nor is it written in the arty high-brow manner that spoils many historical novels, it is out and out adventure all the way.

Published in this county by Robert Hale at 10/6 (\$1.50)* with

a very striking d/w by Jas. E. McConnell who did the covers for the recent ERB pocket books. Unfortunately I cannot say who published it in the States, but it should be easy enough to locate.

THE GREAT CAPTAINS by Henry Treece.

This book can be compared with historical novels of Talbot Mundy or Mika Waltari's THE EGYPTIAN for a realistic and entrancing picture of a bygone era. It is the story of King Arthur, but not the Arthur of Camelot and his spic and span knights, but Arthur as he might actually have been. Set in the dawn of England's history, Arthur is depicted as an unscrubbed barbarian from the northern wastes by the name of Artos, his "camelot" is nothing more than a collection of mud huts and the "round table" a shield thrown on the ground around which the chiefs gather.

To give a detailed account of the story would only spoil your pleasure, so don't pass up the chance of reading it if you come across it in the library. The publishers are The Bodley Head, and sells for 13/6 (\$2.)* It is very nicely bound, with a magnificent d/w in the most unusual color.

* Any U.S. fans wanting any books reviewed here write to me, I'll be glad to get you copies, address on page 3.

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