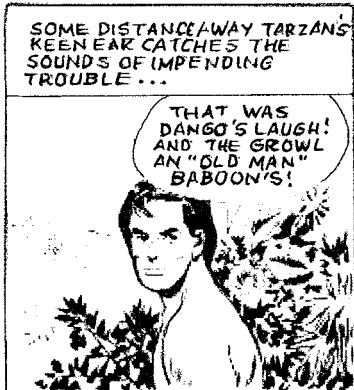


The GRIDLEY WAVE

CONTACTING THE WORLDS OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

More Tarzan Comic Book Tidbits

Super-sleuth Bob Barrett discovered that one page of a Jesse Marsh Tarzan comic had been taken out of Dell *Tarzan* #37 in 1952 because the issue was one page too long. It was originally designed to be page three of the Tarzan story "Old Man Baboon." The cartoon of Jesse Marsh (*below*) was drawn by Alex Toth in a letter to Bob Barrett. It shows Jesse with a beard, which resembles his creation of a comic book character named Doctor Alexander MacWhirtle. Jesse told fellow artist Russ Manning that the cartoon character was modeled on Jesse's father.



The Gridley Wave #308 ☞ May, 2008

Published monthly for the Burroughs Bibliophiles as a supplement to *The Burroughs Bulletin*. Edited by George T. McWhorter, The Edgar Rice Burroughs Memorial Collection, William F. Ekstrom Library, University of Louisville, Louisville, KY 40292.
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NEWS NOTES AND A CORRECTION

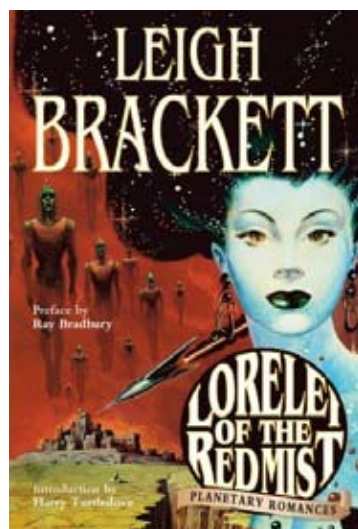
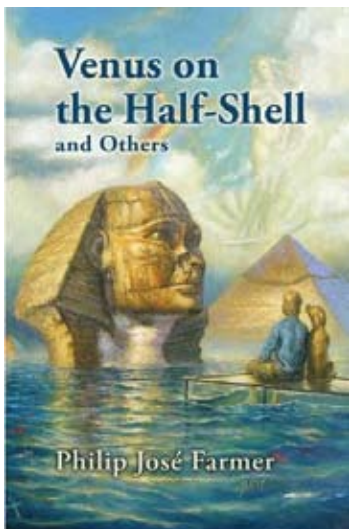
The clipping at the right comes from the editorial page of *The Wichita Eagle* for Sunday, April 6, 2008, and was sent in by Bob Barrett. He adds that a former film festival at Wichita State University was picketed for scheduling Tarzan films several years ago, which makes the column of great interest.



The telephone number given for Vanguard for placing orders for Steve Korshak's second volume on J. Allen St. John was incorrect in last month's *Gridley Wave*. The press apparently no longer takes direct phone orders, but you can call co-editor David Spurlock at (908)735-8882. All three editions are also sold by Bud's Art Books (formerly Bud Plant Comic Art), and the two trade editions (but not the deluxe hardcover) can be ordered through most online booksellers or your local bookstore.

A note of interest: Author Reiner Boller tells us that he has created a new Lex Barker website on the Internet, with many pictures and on-going updates, such as Arlene Dahl's autobiography due to be published this year. It's at <http://www.lex-barker.com>.

Two small-press items of interest to ERB readers were published earlier this year. Subterranean Press continues its Philip José Farmer project with another massive volume, *Venus on the Half-Shell and Others* (400+ pages, ISBN 1596061421, \$40). It includes, in addition to the title novel purportedly written by Kurt Vonnegut's Kilgore Trout, the first authorized reprinting of *The Adventure of the Peerless Peer*, first published in 1974. Also available is the second volume of Leigh Brackett's planetary romances, *Lorelei of the Red Mist* (Haffner Press, \$40, ISBN 1893887243, 496 pp), a welcome edition for anyone who loved *Planet Stories* and John Carter-style adventures.



Tarzan yell may hold lesson for today's kids

By Patric Rowley

The "Tarzan yell" of my youth began with a rolling yodel and reached a long, full-throated howl in the middle to the end. In the movies, the yell allowed Tarzan to summon help from an assortment of elephants, apes, lions and tigers; or to warn of impending danger; or in some cases, to send SOS messages to friendly natives.

To my generation, the Tarzan yell was an opportunity to exercise free speech without fear of impediment by parents, teachers, cops — or any other authoritarian figures. In a culture where kids were expected to be seen but not heard, it gave us our own unique voice.

And since there were no lyrics to the Tarzan yell, we could make it say whatever we wanted it to say. If you discover the girl you like best likes someone else, you climb a tree, beat your chest and do a Tarzan yell, and you feel better.

Yelling Tarzan-style was a special way of communicating down the block and through the neighborhood. Just step outside and yell like Tarzan. Someone would respond in one way or another. They would saunter over to your backyard, or they might yell back, and you would both drift down the alley or up the street to a meeting place.

Tarzan yells were a positive remedy for boredom. More than once I have stood out of view, thrown back my head and howled into the sky as much like Tarzan as I could manage. Then I was treated to an inner vision of huge herds of elephants churning across a jungle clearing, trumpeting their response to me as I swung smartly through the trees in my miraculously muscular new body.

These kinds of fantasies were great stuff back in the '30s. We would step out of the nickel-movie matinees into the hot glare of midafternoon, blinking and stumbling, still in the grip of that last-minute rescue by "Tarzan of the Apes" as



The Tarzan yell was an opportunity to exercise free speech.

he came hurtling across the jungle sky, yodeling that wonderful yell that only boys could really understand. It was grand opera. In our minds, it transformed us from skinny 12-year-olds with Depression haircuts into heroic creatures with pure hearts and mythical powers. It was a yell to be imitated, practiced, perfected and deified.

In some way or another, practically everyone in our neighborhood temporarily escaped his true persona with some sort of voice characterization or sound effect. It was actually a device used in storytelling.

Out on the sidewalks, on front porches and up and down the streets, kids would point their fingers and make "Ka-pow!" sounds as they engaged in gunbattles with no guns. Others mimicked much heavier artillery as they played war.

The Great Depression was really a good, gentle, nurturing time for many of us. As deprived as we might have been, we had a superb opportunity to get in touch with our own creativity.

Now, in these days of kid violence, gang culture and closed-up neighborhoods, there might be a lesson in that great, wonderful, talent-laden era in which we used tongue and cheek and lips and larynx to add interesting new dimensions to our lives. At the very least, it may be a low-cost diversion to a bored-silly culture. For survivors of the '30s, it may just be the perfect gift for our great-grandkids.

Patric Rowley lives in Wichita.