JUNGLE WORLD

SINCE HE IS THE SWIFTEST CAT IN THE JUNGLE, THE LITTLE, LONG-NECKED SERVAL HAS NO FEAR OF NUMA...
WELL, JANE—BOY—LEST WE BE LATE, LET US START NOW FOR THE WEDDING OF KILUMO AND N’TALA!

JUST A MINUTE, TARZAN! OUR GIFTS ARE ALMOST READY!

I THINK KILUMO IS GOING TO LIKE MY GIFT—a weapon worthy of the son of Muviro, Chief of the ‘Waziri’!

AND I’M SURE THAT DEAR LITTLE N’TALA WILL LOVE THIS NECKLACE—OF REAL RUBIES AND EMERALDS FROM THE TREASURE HOUSE OF OPAR!

IT’S AWFULLY PRETTY—for a girl! But I’LL BET KILUMO’S EYES WILL POP WHEN HE SEES THIS KNIFE—WITH SIX TOOL BLADES!

WHY, LOOK! HERE COMES KILUMO, RUNNING!

HE’S CALLING FOR YOU, TARZAN! SOMETHING IS TROUBLING HIM!

TARZAN! HAI, TARZAN!

KILUMO! WHAT AILS YOU?
IT IS N'TALA—MY BETROTHED!
SHE HAS BEEN CARRIED OFF NOT
HALF AN HOUR AGO!

CARRIED OFF!
BY WHAT—OR
WHOM, KILLIMO?

IT IS
UNBELIEVABLE!

TELL ME THE
WHOLE THING
—QUICKLY,
O SON OF
MUVIRO!
WHY DIDN'T
YOU PURSUE?

WE COULD FIND NO
TRACE TO FOLLOW!
N'TALA WENT TO THE
RIVER WITH HER
BRIDESMAIDS TO
BATH!
AS YOU KNOW,
TALL TREES
OVERHANG THE POOL.

SUDDENLY N'TALA SCREAMED!
SHE ROSE IN THE AIR—
STRAIGHT INTO THE TREE TOPS
AND THAT WAS THE LAST
THEY SAW OF HER! I BE-
SEECH YOU TO HELP US!

COME, THERE'S NO TIME
TO LOSE! THERE'LL BE
SOME KIND OF SPOOR!
DIDN'T THE BRIDESMAIDS
SEE WHAT DREW HER UP?

ONE GIRL SAID SHE
SAW A THIN, SILVER
ROPE —THE OTHERS
SAW NOTHING!

HA! MUVIRO!
TARZAN COMES!

TARZAN!
NOW WE SHALL
KNOW!

THERE IS
NOTHING IN
THE TREES
NOW, TARZAN,
MY FRIEND!

PERHAPS I'LL CATCH A
SCENT TRAIL THAT YOUR
SENSES CANNOT
DETECT!
(SNiff!) Hmm! Yes, there is a strong scent here! But it is strange to me! (SNiff!) And N'tala's scent mingles with it!

Hah! This is strange, too! Far thinner than a rope or vine, but stick!

And very strong!

I'll follow the scent spoor through the treeways, Wazir! You trail me on the ground as well as you are able!

Lead on, Tarzan!

Racing ahead at a dangerous speed, Tarzan wonders...

Quickly... too quickly... the Wazir! Are... outdistanced...

Tarzan! Tarzan! He must have crossed the river! The branches there are still in motion!

No ape carrying a girl could have made this leap!
THE STRANGE SCENT IS DOWN THERE—ON THE ROCKS OF THAT STREAM BED! THE GIRL'S STILL LINGERS IN THE AIR!

THEY CAME THIS WAY UP STREAM!

BUT WAIT! THE SCENT SPOOR GROWS COOLER! WHATEVER IS CARRYING N'TALA MOVES FASTER THAN ANYTHING I HAVE EVER KNOWN—EXCEPT A BIRD!

NOW—IT GOES UP THE WALL!

LIKE A HUMAN FLY TARZAN CLIMBS—WHERE THE STRANGE ODOR LEADS HIM...

AND ON THE SECOND DAY—RIGHT OVER THE TOP OF A SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAIN RANGE...

WHAT CAN THIS BE AT LAST TRACKS! TRACKS THAT I CAN SEE—BUT NOT LIKE THE FOOTPRINTS OF JUST ONE CREATURE!
From the icy crest, Tarzan gazes out over mountains so wild and little known that even he has never yet explored them...

The scent of the strange creature grows stronger here... it went straight down!

Two hundred feet sheer drop—to the treetops below! Did the thing sprout wings and

No! Here is another one of those strong sticky filaments stuck to the ledge! It climbed down!

A naturally walled valley—With no outlet that I can see!

What giant trees! Their tops are still about two hundred feet from the valley floor! In that case even if the filament ends, I can still descend!
A SPIDER WEB! AMAZING! IT MUST BE EIGHTY FEET ACROSS! AHA! THAT EXPLAINS MANY THINGS!

A SPIDER THAT MATCHES THIS WEB WOULD BE MORE DANGEROUS THAN A LION — AND ONE MAY BE NEAR! THE SCENT OF THE THING IS POWERFUL!

I MUST TREAD CAUTIOUSLY — THIS STUFF IS FRESH AND VERY STICKY!

CAUGHT — LIKE A FOOLISH FLY! PERHAPS I CAN CUT ENOUGH STRANDS IN TIME!

IT'S NO USE TO STRUGGLE — EVEN MY KNIFE HAND IS CAUGHT! THAT Fellow PROBABLY HAS ENOUGH POISON IN HIS BITE TO KILL AN ELEPHANT!

BUT IT MAY NOT BITE — YET! N'TALA'S SCENT SPOOR SHOWED HER STILL ALIVE WHEN SHE REACHED THIS VALLEY!
IF I USE MY KNIFE—OR TRY TO HE'S SURE TO BITE... I'LL WAIT FOR A BETTER CHANCE!

BOUND TO THE SPIDER'S BACK, TARZAN FEELS HIMSELF HURTLING THROUGH THE AIR...

WHAT A LEAP! MY WEIGHT MEANS NOTHING TO HIM!

A CITY! AND NOT IN RUINS! CAN IT BE THAT ITS PEOPLE HAVE TAMMED MONSTERS LIKE THIS ONE? OR...

THIRTY FEET UP IN ONE BOUND!

MEN WATCHING—NOT AFRAID! THE SPIDER IS TAMED AND TRAINED, TOO!

A WHITE SKIN AND A POWERFUL ONE, TOO!

THE QUEEN WILL BE WELL PLEASED WITH HIM! COME—UNBIND HIM!

THEY SPEAK SWAHILI! I WONDER—
AND WHO IS THIS QUEEN OF WHOM YOU SPEAK?

HA! HE SPEAKS OUR OWN LANGUAGE, NAGETA!

THEN WHY NOT ANSWER HIM?

THE RULER OF ARRACK IS QUEEN MATAHA! HER WORD IS LAW! BY HER COMMAND WE TAKE TO HER AT ONCE ALL CAPTIVES THAT THE SPIDERS BRING IN!

WERE YOU BROUGHT IN, MY FRIEND?

YES—WE WERE BROUGHT HERE AS CHILDREN AND HAVE BEEN SERVANTS EVER SINCE!

BUT I DO NOT THINK YOU WILL BE MADE A SERVANT! NO DOUBT YOU WILL BE MARRIED TO ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE NOBLES TO IMPROVE THE RACE!

OR ELSE YOU WILL BE SACRIFICED TO THEIR GOD, MAGON, WHO LIVES IN THE DEEP POOL!

INTERESTING! IS THAT WHY YOU KEEP MY ARMS BOUND?

THIS IS THE THRONE ROOM OF QUEEN MATAHA! BE READY—AND KNEEL BEFORE HER WHEN WE DO!

TARZAN KNEELS TO NO MAN—OR WOMAN, EITHER!
HAIL, QUEEN MATAHA! KINDLY INSTRUCT YOUR SLAVES TO CUT MY BONDS—THAT I MAY GREET YOU AS ONE RULER TO ANOTHER!

YOU—ARE A RULER—WHERE?

I RULE A COUNTRY BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS, FAR LARGER THAN YOUR OWN, O QUEEN! MY NAME IS TARZAN! I DEMAND THAT YOU RETURN ME, FREE, TO MY OWN LAND AND PEOPLE!

NO MAN—OR WOMAN—HAS EVER LEFT ARRACK, TARZAN! AND EVEN IF I COULD, I WOULD NOT LET YOU GO AWAY!

SLAVES! CUT THE LORD TARZAN FREE! AND RAISE THE WEBS OF ARRACK! LET THIS MIGHTY RULER PROVE HIS STRENGTH!

GLANCING ASIDE, TARZAN GLIMPSES THE TRAGIC FACE OF PRETTY LITTLE N'TALA, THE WAZIRI MAID—BUT GIVES NO SIGN OF RECOGNITION...

OHHHHH!
PRAISES! N'TALA IS UNHARMED! IF ONLY I CAN RETURN HER SAFELY TO THE WAZIR!!

SLOWLY, A STRONG METAL FENCE ARISES FROM 'SLOTS' IN THE MARBLE FLOOR...

THE "WEBS OF ARRACK?" AN ARENA, PERHAPS, O QUEEN?

YES, TARZAN! I WOULD SEE HOW WELL YOU FIGHT!

A TRAP DOOR LIFTS...

YOU HAVE A STRANGE IDEA OF HOSPITALITY, MITAHA! BUT TARZAN MAY POSSIBLY SURPRISE YOU!

HAAH, LITTLE MAN! I THOUGHT HER MAJESTY HAD WORK FOR GUDDO, THE WRESTLER — BUT BREAKING YOU IN PIECES WILL BE BUT CHILD'S PLAY!

THEN MAKE IT GOOD, GUDDO! YOU MUST NOT DISAPPOINT YOUR QUEEN!

LIVE FOREVER, O QUEEN OF ARRACK! GUDDO AWAITS YOUR ORDERS!

CRIPPLE THE STRANGER IF YOU CAN — BUT SAVE HIS LIFE FOR THE GOD MAGON! BEGIN!

HO, HO, HO! THIS WILL TAKE BUT A MINUTE!

COME THEN! TARZAN IS READY!
GET YOUR HOLD, GUDDO! IS IT FAT THAT MAKES YOU PUFF?

UGH—PUFF—UGH!

HAI, LOOK!

IT IS MAGIC, O QUEEN! GUDDO HAS NEVER FAILED BEFORE!

IT IS NO MAGIC! GUDDO HAS MET A MAN!

TARZAN PLAYS

THUS!

NOW, WHAT IS YOUR PLEASURE, MATAMA?

LOOK BEHIND YOU, TARZAN!

ARRRR-UGH!

HERE ARE WEAPONS, STRANGER—SHIELD AND SPEAR!

TARZAN HAS NO NEED OF WEAPONS...

COME, NUMA! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR COURAGE BEFORE A MAN!
Rrrraugh!

He has thrown the beast!

Incredible!

Ha, ha! Tarzan is not impressed, Mataha!

You are a fool, Tarzan! The beast will kill you! Take the spear and shield.

Kreegah, Numa!

Arrrowr!

In mid-air, Tarzan twists about and...
HE IS CONQUERING THE BEAST — WITH HIS BARE HANDS!

SUDDENLY THE GREAT CAT’S STRUGGLE REACHES ITS CLIMAX...

TARZAN! TARZAN!

AAAAGH! UGH!

AND IT FALLS HELPLESS TO THE FLOOR...

HAHH! BUNDOL!

TARZAN VOICES THE TERRIBLE VICTORY CRY OF THE BULL APE...

EEYAAOWW!

THAT SOUND — IT ISN’T HUMAN!

IS YOUR MAJESTY SATISFIED? OR HAVE YOU MORE GAMES FOR TARZAN TO PLAY, MATAHA!

YES, ONE MORE! AND THIS TIME YOU WILL NEED THE SPEAR AND SHIELD!

ARM YOURSELF, JUNGLE MAN — OR ACCEPT YOUR FATE LIKE AN ANIMAL!

A GLADIATOR! I WILL SEE THAT YOU EARN YOUR KEEP TODAY, MY MAN!
TAKE THE HELMET—THE BODY ARMOR, O TARZAN! MADOR, THE GLADIATOR, HAS NEVER BEEN OUTFOUGHT!
I SHOULD FIGHT BADLY UNDER A LOAD OF METAL... THE SPEAR IS ENOUGH!
HA! YOU ARE QUICK, WILD MAN! BUT YOU DO NOT KNOW ALL THE TRICKS...

DO YOU KNOW THIS ONE, MADOR?
OW!
—OR THIS?
YA-UUGH!

THIS IS NOT THE WAY GLADIATORS SHOULD FIGHT, BUT —

...I AM TIRED OF PLAYING WITH YOU!
CLANK! CLINK!
Lower the webs! Bring the Lord Tarzan a royal robe! Quickly, men of Arrack— and pay him honor!

Kneel, men of Arrack! Kneel to a prince of men!

Behold, O men of Arrack, my royal consort—my husband and your master—The Lord Tarzan! I take him here and now—

You do me far too great an honor, O Queen of Arrack!

But I must refuse! I am already wed—and I must leave you now!

Oh, you fool! You dare to insult—

Die—dog of a stranger! No man can do thus—

Ahhh! He removes the robe!
FROM THE WINDOW OF THE QUEEN'S THRONE ROOM, A PIERCING WHISTLE SOUNDS...  

TREEEEED! TREEEEED! TREEEEED!

A SPIDER! THE WHISTLE CALLED IT! THE THING WILL SURELY CATCH ME...

WHIPPING OUT WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, A LONG, STICKY THREAD WRAPS AROUND TARZAN...

THE KNIFE WILL ONLY INFURIATE THE CREATURE... BUT TARZAN WILL NOT DIE WITHOUT A FIGHT!
KREEGAH! AHHHHH!

THE POISON IS WORKING.

HE COMES! ARAKNID BRINGS THE OUTLANDER DOG!

HE LIVES, O QUEEN!

THEN CARRY HIM, BOUND TO YOUR APARTMENTS, LEPU! HE WILL REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS IN TIME FOR THE SACRIFICE TONIGHT!

BUT THE BRIGHT, ANXIOUS EYES OF N'TALA WATCH WHERE TARZAN IS TAKEN...

LAW HIM ON THE SLAVES' BUNK AND LEAVE HIM!

SOMETIME AFTER DARK TARZAN AWAKES FROM HIS POISON-INDUCED SLEEP...

CLICK! CLICK!

I HEAR SOMEONE TRYING THE LATCH—NOW, WHO—?
N'TALÁ! YOU ARE IN DANGER, COMING HERE...

DID NOT TARZAN RUN INTO DANGER SEEKING ME HERE IN ARRACK?

IF THERE IS ANY POSSIBLE CHANCE TO ESCAPE, TARZAN WILL FIND IT... IT IS BETTER TO DIE THAN TO BE MARRIED OFF TO A MAN OF ARRACK!

YOU ARE A TRUE DAUGHTER OF THE WAZIRI! N'TALÁ!

I WILL GO OUT FIRST AND LOOK AROUND... HSSST! LISTEN —

AH! I THOUGHT SO, WHEN I MISSED THE WAZIRI GIRL! IN A MOMENT THEY WOULD HAVE GONE! SEIZE THEM!

NO! HAVE MERCY...

QUIET, CHILD!

THE TIME OF THE SACRIFICE DRAWS NEAR! BRING THEM BOTH NOW TO THE POOL OF MAGON!

TO HEAR IS TO OBEY, O QUEEN!

DO NOT FEEL BADLY FOR ME, TARZAN! I CHOSE THE RISK! I WOULD CHOOSE IT AGAIN!

AND SO WOULD I, N'TALÁ! I AM PROUD OF YOU!

SILENCE!
WE ARE NEARING THE POOL—WALLED IN BY THE END OF THE VALLEY! WHO OR WHAT CAN MAGON BE?
A DEVIL, PROBABLY! BUT I AM NOT AFRAID!
BIND HIM TIGHTLY TO THE STAKE! THEN BRING THE GIRL!

WHAT HAPPENS NOW, TARZAN?
WE CAN ONLY WAIT AND WATCH, NTALA! WHEN THE TIME COMES, I WILL BREAK THE CORDS THAT TIE ME—AND THEN YOURS!

WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO US? THE WALLS OF THIS POOL ARE TOO STEEP TO CLIMB—AND ARMED MEN GUARD THE BANK!
LOOK, TARZAN—A CROCODILE!
HUMPH! SO THAT IS THEIR GOD, MAGON! AND WE ARE EXPECTED TO BECOME HIS DINNER!
TARZAN!
HE'S GOING TO——

YES——HE IS ALMOST READY...

— AND SO AM I!

LOOK! LOOK!
TARZAN HAS BURST HIS BONDS AND IS BREAKING THE STAKE THAT HELD HIM!

IT WILL DO HIM NO GOOD!
IF HE DIVES, MAGON WILL HAVE HIM ALL THE SOONER!

EEK! HE'LL KILL YOU——

HE WON'T KILL ANYBODY UNLESS WITH HIS TAIL!

THEY'RE PULLING THE RAFT ASHORE! SAVE YOURSELF, TARZAN!

I WILL SAVE BOTH OF US, N'TALA!
TRUST ME, CHILD! HOLD YOUR BREATH, NOW!

BUT... BUT WHAT...

LIKE A FLASH, TARZAN DIVES...

A CANOE - A LOG - ANYTHING! BUT THERE IS NO CANOE OR LOG HERE, YOUR MAJESTY!

GIMLA IS HEADING FOR HIS HOLE - AND THAT MAY BE A WAY OUT!

IT IS A WAY OUT! THE CURRENT FLOWS DOWN INTO THAT TUNNEL!

IF I CAN JUST HOLD MY BREATH LONG ENOUGH... GIMLA IS STILL AHEAD!
This can't last much longer — but there is light above — Moonlight!

Whoof! Ahh__! We're through — through the Valley Wall! We're safe!

N'tala has breathed water — but not too long! Life still lingers!

Poor child! Death came very close!

At last the dark eyes open — a moan comes from the darted lips... (cough!) ooooh —

Are you feeling well enough for me to carry you now — up the cliff? We are safe beyond the Valley of Arrack!

Yes! Take me (cough) — take me home — to Kilumo!
YOU ARE SHIVERING, N'TALA! YOU NEED NOT BE FRIGHTENED ANY LONGER!

N-NOT FRIGHTENED, TARZAN! JUST SH-SHIVERING WITH HAPPINESS—AND JUST A LITTLE BIT WITH COLD!

ALL NIGHT TARZAN CARRIES N'TALA—AND AT DAWN TAKES TO THE TREEWAYS...

WE ARE PAST THE MOUNTAINS NOW—and I see the glow of a fire ahead!

OH! I HOPE IT'S A FRIENDLY FIRE!

A FRIENDLY FIRE INDEED! AROUND IT THE WAZIRI ARE FINISHING THEIR BREAKFAST....

UP, WAZIRI! TARZAN IS FAR AHEAD AND WE MUST FIND HIS SPOOR!

AYE, KILUMO—IF HE HAS COME DOWN TO EARTH, WE WILL!

OH, TARZAN! TARZAN—N'TALA! HAVE I DREAMED?

OHE, N'TALA! YOU DID WELL, KILUMO, TO COME THIS FAR!

SOMEDAY WE SHALL GO BACK—and destroy the monster spiders of Arrack— THAT KIDNAP SLAVES FOR THEIR QUEEN, MATAHA—but now we have a wedding to think about—the wedding of a brave and noble girl!
HUNTING IN A STRANGE VALLEY WITH THE GOLDEN LION, TARZAN TRAILS A CRAFTY ENEMY...

(SNIFF!!) IT IS SHEETA... AND A TARMANGAN!... A WOMAN! SHE IS TRAPPED IN THE LEE OF THAT LEDGE OF ROCK!

I CATCH THE SCENT, TOO, JAD-BAL-JA! IT IS SHEETA!

SHEETTA'S MATE IS WITH HIM! THEY ARE CLOSING IN FOR THE KILL!

OHHHH! GO AWAY!

URR-OUGH!

RRR-AUGH!

KREEGAH! BE GONE!
ARRROW! SCROWW! PHTTT!

ARRROAR!

SHE HAS FAINTED—FROM FRIGHT! WE FOUND HER JUST IN TIME!

HOW STRANGE! SHE'S AN AMERICAN—BUT HER CLOTHING IS AFRICAN AND HER FEET—THEY'RE CALLOUSED LIKE A NATIVE'S!

COME, DRINK THIS COLD WATER! HAVE NO FEAR—THE DANGER IS OVER!

MMMM... OHHHH...

I—I HEAR A VOICE SPEAKING ENGLISH! AM I DREAMING, OR—

YOU ARE NOT DREAMING—I AM TARZAN! CAN'T YOU SEE ME?

NO! I AM BLIND—LIKE ALL OF KING LUKAH'S CAPTIVES!

KING LUKAH! TELL ME, CHILD, WHO ARE YOU... AND HOW DID THE GOMAMBAS HAPPEN TO TAKE YOU CAPTIVE?
I'm Laura Thomas—I got out of sight from my father's hunting party—and two Gomambas captured me. They took me to an island in a wide river, where there's a native king who talks like a college professor! He's cruel and crazy with hate!

There I toiled for him in darkness for many months. At last, in my despair, I threw myself into the river when everyone was asleep! Somehow I managed to swim across—

Take heart, child! You are safe now!

This is Jad-Bal-Ja, the Golden Lion. Climb upon his back! I will take you to a young British doctor a few miles from here!

Have no fear! Jad-Bal-Ja and I are friends!

I think I'm dreaming! I'm afraid I'll wake up in the slave pen— or tied to the treadmill that grinds King Lukah's corn!

Has King Lukah many other blind captives?

Twenty—besides me! Mostly men who have disappeared from safaris and hunting parties!

We part here, Jad-Bal-Ja! Tarzan goes to the camp of the Tarmangan! With this "she" good hunting, my friend!

Tarzan, how brave you are! You—you're talking to this beast in his own language!
This is Doctor Harvey Warfield's camp! I didn't want my golden lion collecting any spear or bullet wounds, so I sent him away!

I smell a campfire!

Well! What a welcome surprise! My friend Tarzan and a young lady! Come in!

This is Laura Thomas, Doctor Warfield! I found her wandering on the veldt—blind!

Later...

Amazing story! Most amazing! But do not give up hope, young woman! I believe your sight can be restored!

Oh! Oh, doctor—is there real hope?

The poisonous juice which blinded you left a film over your eyes that shuts out the light! But that film can be removed!

Could you do it, doctor? I'd trust you! Your voice—

I'm not an eye surgeon, my dear girl! I'm here to study tropical diseases borne by insects!

But we can discuss that later! You must be hungry after your perilous journey. I'll call my "boy" to bring in a bit of supper and make up a bed for Miss Thomas in the other tent!

Thank you, doctor! Her strength is almost gone!
A LITTLE LATER...

I'LL REST HERE TONIGHT, DOCTOR — AND UNTIL YOU MOVE CAMP, I ADVISE YOU TO BUILD A THORN "BOMA" AROUND YOUR TENTS — THE WAY YOUR BEARERS PROTECT THEMSELVES FROM PROWLING BEASTS! DANGER LURKS NEARBY!

THANKS FOR THE WARNING — BUT I'LL RISK IT, OLD CHAP! I DETEST THOSE THORN FENCES!

MOONRISE BRINGS AN ENEMY SOONER THAN TARZAN HAS EXPECTED — GOMAMBA WARRIORS WHO HAVE TRAILED LAURA THOMAS FROM THE RIVER...

WITH A DEEP-CHESTED SHOUT, THEY THROW THEMSELVES ONTO THE COLLAPSING TENTS...

HOH! HOH! HOH!

PINNED DOWN BY STOUT CANVAS AND THE WEIGHT OF BODIES, TARZAN STABS UPWARD WITH HIS LONG KNIFE...

KREEGAH! JUST AS I FEARED!

YEOW! KNIFE!

ROPES! TIE THE WHITE MAN UP!

OVERPOWERED BY NUMBERS, TARZAN IS ROPE...

THIS MAN IS A FIGHTER! THE OTHER IS HARMLESS!
TARZAN, I'M SO SORRY! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR ME, THEY WOULDN'T HAVE ATTACKED YOU AND DOCTOR WARFIELD!

THEY'LL BE SORRY, CHILD!

WAH! NO TALK!

JUST BEFORE DAWN, THE SPEARMEN AND THEIR WEARY CAPTIVES REACH THE GREAT RIVER...

... AND A LARGE DUGOUT HIDDEN ON THE BANK...

INTO THE BOAT, WILD MAN! OR I'LL CRACK YOUR HEAD!

(SOB!) IF ONLY I HAD DROWNED IN THE RIVER! NOW YOU'LL BE A BLIND SLAVE, TOO, DOCTOR! AND TARZAN — (SOB!)

YOU SAY THIS KING OF THE GOMAMBAS SPEAKS ENGLISH, LAURA! YES—MANY LANGUAGES! HE'LL SHOW OFF HIS PALACE WITH ITS LUXURIES — AND THEN HE'LL LAUGH AT YOU — AND THROW THE POISON IN YOUR EYES!

ELECTRIC LIGHTS FOR HIS PALACE GROUNDS! THIS JUNGLE MONARCH REALLY FANCIES HIMSELF WHAT?
I say! They're taking us right into the throne room! The old boy must have got out of bed early to greet us!

To taunt us, you mean! His behavior is insane!

Well, well! Miss Thomas has brought two friends back to us, I see! Your names, please — and quickly!

Answer — and humor him — or he'll have you beaten cruelly!

I am Doctor Harvey Warfield, specialist in tropical diseases — and my friend is known as Tarzan — Tarzan of the Apes! Would it please Your Majesty to loosen these ropes about our arms? They're a bit too tight!

By all means! I'll replace them with these manacles, later!

Now I'll send Miss Thomas back to the slave pen and show you gentlemen around! This will be your first — and last — chance to see our palace!
YOUR MAJESTY SPEAKS WITH AN AMERICAN ACCENT! YOU WERE EDUCATED THERE?

HA! TARZAN OF THE APES HAS MANY QUESTIONS...

BUT MY KNOWLEDGE AND MAGIC WILL FOREVER REMAIN A MYSTERY TO YOU, MY CAPTIVES!

CAST YOUR EYES UPON MY LIBRARY!

SEE! I PRESS A BUTTON AND A SCREEN IS READY FOR MOTION PICTURES!
I HAVE AT MY COMMAND EVERY ART AND INVENTION OF THE “CIVILIZED” WORLD!

AND I HAVE ONE HOBBY, ALL MY OWN! LOOK, GENTLEMEN! THE SUN IS RISEN — THE LAST SUNRISE YOU WILL EVER SEE!
NOW FOLLOW ME!

DAY AND NIGHT THIS MILL GRINDS MY FLOUR! A QUAIN'T HOBBY, EH?
WHITE MEN WORKING LIKE DUMB DRIVEN BEASTS!

AND, LIKE LAURA THOMAS, THEY CANNOT SEE!

TOMORROW AT SUNRISE YOU TWO WILL BE PUSHING THAT BAR! TODAY AND TONIGHT YOU MAY THINK ABOUT IT—WHILE YOU STILL HAVE YOUR EYESIGHT! AND THEN—HEH, HEH!

NOW THAT HIS LUNATIC MAJESTY HAS DISMISSED US, WHAT NEXT?

TO THE SLAVE PEN, I IMAGINE! HE WANTS TO TORTURE US WITH THE SIGHT OF MORE POOR WRETCHES!

A VIOLENT THRUST OF SPEAR BUTTS USHERS THE PRISONERS IN:

AHA-HA-HA! HO-HO!

DINNER! LUKAH DOESN'T STARVE THESE POOR PEOPLE, ANYWAY!

OW! YOU SPILLED IT ON MY HAND! SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN TO...
LET ME HELP YOU! THE DOCTOR AND I STILL HAVE OUR SIGHT!

NEWCOMERS, EH? YOU MIGHT BETTER HAVE BEEN SPEARED!

LISTEN, CAREFULLY! TELL YOUR COMPANIONS THERE IS HOPE — FOR ALL OF US! WE SHALL ESCAPE TONIGHT — OR DIE TRYING!

ESCAPE? BUT HOW?

"HOW CAN BLINDED MEN ESCAPE?"

"SOMETIMES — PERHAPS ALL OF YOU — WILL SEE AGAIN, IF WE REACH CIVILIZATION!"

BUT THAT PART IS UP TO TARZAN!

BEWARE, KEEP YOUR TALK TO WHISPERS! THE GUARDS MIGHT UNDERSTAND — AND I CAN DO NOTHING UNTIL NIGHT FALLS!

WITH THE SWIFT DESCENT OF TROPICAL DARKNESS, A LION’S ROAR THUNDERS FROM THE FAR RIVER BANK...

"RRR-U-UH! ER-UNH! ER-UNH! URR-ROARRR!"

THAT IS THE VOICE OF JAD-BAL-JA! OUR TIME HAS COME!

EH... WHAT?
TARZAN! YOU BROKE IT WITH YOUR BARE HANDS!

IMPOSSIBLE! NO HUMAN STRENGTH IS CAPABLE

HOLD STILL DOCTOR!

ER-AUGH! ER-AUGH! ER-RRR-RRROARR!!

THAT—THAT ROAR! NO HUMAN THROAT...

NOW, DOCTOR, ALL WE CAN DO IS WAIT FOR JAD-BAL-JA!

I—I—I DON’T KNOW WHAT TO THINK! YOU’VE BROKEN THE LAWS OF SCIENCE—AS I KNOW THEM, TARZAN!!

His love for Tarzan overcoming his distaste for swimming, the Golden Lion plunges in...

Just as a black storm sweeps over the jungle...

ER-UGH!

HAUGH!
TARZAN! NOW'S OUR CHANCE—WHILE THE THUNDER ROLLS! THE GUARDS—
WAIT FOR JAD-BAL-JA!

THERE HE IS—SEE HIM, DOCTOR?
MY WORD! IS HE REAL?

GOOD! WE HAVE WORK TO DO—JAD-BAL-JA!
MY SOUL! THE LION'S TALKING TO TARZAN!

A MOMENT LATER...
TARZAN! TARZAN!
I SAY—WHERE ARE YOU?

THEY'RE—THEY'RE GONE! VANISHED!
MY WORD—WHAT SHALL WE DO?

WAIT! THEY'LL COME BACK, HARVEY!
TARZAN WON'T DESERT US!

THE LIGHTS! THAT'S THE FIRST THING WE MUST ATTEND TO, JAD-BAL-JA!
IN THE SMALL DYNAMO ROOM ADJOINING KING LUKAH'S PALACE, THE NATIVE ELECTRICIAN LOOKS AROUND AND...

AIE-EEEK!

...FAINTS DEAD AWAY...

STAY BACK—WHERE YOU ARE, JAD-BAL-JA!

A DAZZLING FLASH—AND THE SHORT-CIRCUITED POWER PLANT IS DEAD...

WHO ARE YOU—CUTTING US FREE? WHY DO THE NATIVES SHOUT?

I AM TARZAN! BE QUIET—AND FOLLOW ME BACK TO THE STOCKADE! IT IS DARK—WE WILL NOT BE SEEN!

LAURA, CAN YOU QUICKLY LEAD DOCTOR WARFIELD AND THE OTHER PRISONERS TO THE BOAT LANDING IN THE DARKNESS?

YES, I DON'T NEED EYES—but after that?

GET THE CAPTIVES INTO TWO LARGE CANOES AND TIE THE CANOES TOGETHER BEFORE YOU START ACROSS THE RIVER! I'LL FOLLOW YOU LATER!
LIGHTNING REVEALS THE LINE OF PRISONERS MOVING TOWARD THE RIVER—BUT IN THE STYGIAN BLACKNESS THAT FOLLOWS, NO NATIVE DARES TO MOVE FROM HIS HUT.

IN THE PALACE, KING LUHAK RAGES IN VAIN...

SPEAK, YOU DOG! WHAT DID YOU FIND WRONG IN THE POWER ROOM?

YOUR MAJESTY! THE MACHINES ARE DEAD! THE ELECTRICIAN BLABBERS SOMETHING ABOUT A LION—AND A LIGHTNING BOLT!

OUT OF MY WAY, FOOL! I'LL GO THERE MYSELF!

YOU—? HOW DID YOU— SPEAR HIM, GUARDS!

BEFORE THE GUARDS CAN MOVE, TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION ARE ON THEM...

AH HH!

URRAUGH!

HELP! HELP! GUARDS!
HEEELP! THAT'S ENOUGH! THE ONLY GUARD WHO CAN HEAR YOU ARE TIED AND GAGGED! NOW GET THE KEY TO THESE HANDCUFFS!

THE KEY? IT'S UH HERE IN THIS DRAWER!

GIVE IT TO ME QUICKLY!

THIS IS IT—YOUR OTHER HAND DROP IT!

AHHH! I SAID DROP IT!

YAHH! MY EYES! MY EYES!

I AM BLIND! BLIND! BLIND FOR LIFE!

NOW YOU SHARE THE FATE OF YOUR PRISONERS!
THE STORM IS PASSED! MOONLIGHT Floods The boat Landing As TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION arrive — to see the Captives Halfway across the river...

They are safe, Jad-bal-ja!

IF TIME PERMITS I'LL knock a hole in each canoe, to make sure there is no pursuit!

urrerrr! They're coming, eh, Jad-bal-ja? the king's spear-men? very well — one more and it's finished!

there!

Come, Jad-bal-ja! dive deep!

A WARNING, GOMAMBAS! take no more captives, less a worse thing befall you — and your king!
Before the first gray of dawn tinged the eastern sky, Mabu was awake. However, he lay very still. Hamasai, his father, did not like to be roused before the sun rose. And today, above all days, Mabu did not wish to incur Hamasai's wrath.

For today was a special day.

Hamasai had given it to Mabu to use as he wished because he and Kaino, his best friend, had been so brave in rescuing the latter's little sister from the Big Swamp.

Kaino's father had presented him with the day, too. And the boys were planning to spend it adventuring in the jungle. They had sharpened their short lion spears to keen perfection, put new strings to their bows and filled their quivers with arrows. Memba, Mabu's mother, had promised each a packet of fresh mealie cakes while Kaino's mother, Naina, had said she would give them two ripe bananas apiece.

Mabu tossed restlessly, but noiselessly, on his pallet. Would sunrise NEVER come? He glanced at the doorway of the hut, undraped to admit the cool air of night, and tensed excitedly. There was a faint lightening of the night's blackness.

For what seemed hours, Mabu watched the oblong patch of sky through the doorway. Slowly it grew gray, then crimson—and at last the red-gold rim of the sun peeped shyly above the tall cornstalks filling the back field. Mabu waited until the first sunbeam found its way into the hut before leaving his pallet. As he stood up, he heard a soft chuckle from the still-shadowy corner where his father slept.

"Father!" he gasped. "I did not waken you?"

"No, my son," said Hamasai. "I, too, have been awake since before the gray dawn came. I have been wondering, how long you would be able to contain yourself."

"It has been difficult," said Mabu. He ran to the door and looked out.

Hamasai rose and went to stand beside him. "Today will be a warm, clear day," he said.

Mabu nodded. "It will be a splendid day!"

"I trust so," smiled Hamasai. "But remember—sometimes the planning of pleasure brings more happiness than the pleasure itself."

A shadow crept over Mabu's face. Memba saw it as she pushed past him into the warming sunlight. She looked at Hamasai and said softly. "He is but a boy, Hamasai. Do not dim the light of his joy with the clouds of your experience."

Mabu did not hear Hamasai's reply. He had spied Kaino coming from his hut and was racing across the compound to meet him.

What Hamasai said was, "I only hope that he will not be disappointed if the day does not live up to his dream of it, Memba."

"It will!" Memba declared firmly. "Even if it should prove to be a most ordinary day."

Sunlight spilled through the thick forest foliage to brighten the path of Mabu and Kaino as they half-walked, half-ran through the jungle. The air was cool like water and filled with fragrance. Vividly-hued butterflies flitted restlessly among the equally bright-colored flowers. And little gray monkeys, perched high in the trees, chattered unceasingly.

It seemed as if all nature had combined to make their special day a truly colorful one.

A strange aura of excitement tingled in their veins as Mabu and Kaino made their way along the narrow moss-covered path. The sharpened spears which the boys were carrying and the newly-strung bows slung across their shoulders were positive indication they were
anticipating adventure.

Suddenly Mabu stopped short, his nose wrinkling. "That strange smell!" he said. "What is it?"

Kaino sniffed at the breeze. "A giant hog! I—" He broke off, grabbed Mabu's arm and yanked him off the trail.

Almost immediately, Mabu heard a thumping noise. And out of the brush came a giant forest hog, followed by his mate and four young ones. Moving at terrific speed, they were past the boys before Mabu could blink twice.

"That is a most unusual sight," said Kaino.

Mabu nodded. Then as he glanced off, he said, "So is that."

Kaino's glance followed Mabu's. There—beside a tall clump of bushes—loomed an okapi. He was standing on one foot and the boys could plainly see the zebra stripes on his hind quarters. All at once, the okapi leaped high into the air and sailed over the bush clump as if it were no more than a foot high.

"What was that?" frowned Kaino.

"An okapi," said Mabu. "My father has told me of them. They jump like that so no one can follow their trail."

"Let us go on," said Kaino. "Perhaps we shall see more strange sights."

A little later, they came upon a number of crested cranes dancing in a clearing. The great pale-gray birds, with their tiny black-feathered skulls and fan-shaped crowns, were jumping up and down as if trying to reach the sky while staying on the ground.

"It is a good omen," whispered Mabu. Kaino smiled. "Today, I do not think we need to worry about omens," he said.

They stopped by a forest pool to eat their mealie cakes and bananas.

Then on and on they roamed—turning back toward the village about midday. And not once did they toss their spears. Not once fit arrow to bow.

They were perhaps two miles from the village when it happened.

From out of the jungle crashed a giant gorilla, his red eyes searching for prey.

Fear enveloped Mabu and Kaino as they stared in amazement at the huge, hairy beast.

The gorilla caught their scent, saw them, and stopped, too. Then he raised one giant fist and began to beat his chest with it—the while he roared angrily.

Kaino trembled and would have turned to run had not Mabu stopped him with a whispered, "Wait! Do not move!"

Then, to Kaino's surprise, Mabu clenching his own fists and began to beat his own chest. And he, too, raised his voice in anger.

"Ai-eeeee!" he yelled. "Ai-eeeee!"

The gorilla stopped his chest beating and his yelling. He looked more than a little surprised.

When Kaino saw this, he imitated Mabu and yelled even louder.

For a long moment, the gorilla stared at them. Then he muttered deep in his throat, turned and ambled off into the jungle. And Mabu and Kaino started running down the trail toward the village as if their feet had suddenly sprouted wings.

Nearing the village, they slowed to a walk.

"What ever made you think of doing that, Mabu?" panted Kaino.

"Why," said Mabu, "I thought if he was trying to frighten us by yelling and beating his chest, he must believe those are frightening methods. So I decided to try them on him."

"That is all well and good," said Kaino. "But I would not be surprised if the god of good omens put the idea into your head."

When they entered the compound, most of the villagers were gathered there, for the cry of the gorilla had been carried to them on the evening breeze. Memba and Naina clasped their sons in their arms, but Hamasai and Samai, Kaino's father, contented themselves with merely smiling proudly.

"Did you have a pleasant day?" asked Hamasai.

Mabu and Kaino nodded, and exchanged secret-sharing glances.

Hamasai asked no more questions. It had been the boys' special day. They should be allowed to keep even the memory of it for themselves.
BROTHERS OF THE SPEAR

Deep in the wilderness of Bechuanaland, a small tribe of the Zulu stock celebrate the yearly FEAST OF SPEARS, where youths must prove their right to the rank of warrior...

Steady, Nomba! You've hit a mark like that many times before! True, Dan-el — but that was practice!

Aha! You are still a boy, Nomba! A miss!

The last contestant but one, Natongo, son of the chief, prepares to throw... Make a wish for Natongo, Dan-el! You won't need it, my brother! Natongo cannot miss!

Dead center, his spear blade pierces the shield — a cast that only the greatest Zulu spearmen could equal...
YOU SEE, NANTONG? YOU DIDN’T NEED MY WISH! YOU’VE HIT THE CENTER—AND WON THE WHITE PLUMES OF A SUB-CHIEF!

I NEVER EXPECTED IT, DAN-EL... BUT YOU WILL DO AS WELL WHEN YOU THROW!

LOOK! HERE COMES YOUR FATHER, THE GREAT CHIEF—to bind the plumes on your head!

LUGONGO’S HEART IS BIG WITH PRIDE, MY SON! RECEIVE NOW, FROM MY HAND, THE TWIN PLUMES OF A SUB-CHEFTAIN!

MY FATHER HONORS ME GREATLY! BUT MY BROTHER, DAN-EL HAS YET TO CAST HIS SPEAR!

QUICKLY—ALMOST CARELESSLY, DAN-EL OF THE PALE SKIN HURLS HIS WEAPON—AND A GASP RISES FROM THE WATCHING ZULUS...

HAHHHH!

TRUE AS AN EAGLE’S STRIKE, DAN-EL’S WEAPON SPLITS THE SHAFT OF NATONGO’S—TO REACH THE TARGET’S CENTER...

IN WILD EXCITEMENT, WARRIORS RUSH TO PICK UP THE SPLINTERED HALVES...

A SPLIT! A PERFECT SPLIT!

SUCH A CAST HAS NOT BEEN MADE SINCE KAROUNGO, THE GREAT...
SILENCE, MEN OF THE SPEAR! IT IS OUR LAW THAT HE WHOSE SPEAR IS SPLIT, MUST SHARE HIS HONORS WITH HIS RIVAL — OR FIGHT HIM FOR THEM!

NATONGO, MY SON, IT IS FOR YOU TO DECIDE! WILL YOU FIGHT, OR — FIGHT DAN-EL? NEVER, MY FATHER! BUT I WILL GLADLY SHARE MY PLUMES!

NOW WE ARE BOTH SUB-CHIEFTAINS OF THE ZULU AND BROTHERS IN ALL THINGS, EXCEPT THE BLOOD THAT FLOWS IN OUR VEINS! WHY NOT BECOME BLOOD-BROTHERS, TOO, NATONGO?

BE IT SO! LOOK ON US, MY FATHER — AND ALL YOU MEN OF THE SPEAR! MY KNIFE SHALL MAKE DAN-EL AND ME BLOOD-BROTHERS, INDEED!

WITH HIS KNIFE POINT, NATONGO MAKES A SMALL NICK THROUGH THE SKIN OF DAN-EL’S ARM...

THUS — AND THUS — IT IS DONE!

AND THUS OUR BLOOD IS MINGLED FOREVER, NATONGO!

BA-RHOOM! SALUTE! AND LONG LIFE TO NATONGO AND DAN-EL!

AND FOOD AND WEAPONS, PEACE AND PERIL, WE SHALL ALWAYS SHARE!
I AM GLAD—AND PROUD OF YOU BOTH, MY SONS! COME NOW TO THE HOUSE WHERE I MAY SPEAK TO YOUR EARS ALONE!

ALONE, O CHIEF?

IS THIS A PART OF THE SUB-CHIEFTAIN'S INITIATION?

I THINK NOT, DAN-EL—I JUDGE IT IS OF FAR MORE IMPORTANCE! PERHAPS TODAY THE MYSTERY OF YOUR BIRTH WILL BE REVEALED!

DAN-EL, NOW THAT YOU HAVE COME OF WARRIOR AGE, THERE IS A PROMISE THAT I MUST FULFILL! A PROMISE THAT I MADE SIXTEEN YEARS AGO TO YOUR OWN FATHER!

MY—MY OWN FATHER? BUT I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, O CHIEF!

YOUR FATHER WAS AN EXILE, A WANDERER—THE NAME THAT I CALLED HIM WAS OM-RI, THE GOLDEN, FOR HIS HAIR AND BEARD WERE LIKE THE MORNING SUN! HE SAVED ME FROM THE JAWS OF A CROCODILE AND LOST HIS OWN LIMB IN DOING SO... BEFORE HE DIED I PROMISED TO REAR YOU, A BABE, AS MY OWN...

THAT EXPLAINS WHY I AM NOT LIKE OTHER ZULUS... BUT FROM WHAT COUNTRY WAS MY FATHER AN EXILE? AND WHY?

HE DID NOT SAY, DAN-EL! I THINK HE WAS A CHIEF, OR A GREAT MAN, AMONG A PEOPLE FAR, FAR TO THE NORTH!

PERHAPS THIS WILL LEAD YOU TO THE ANSWER, MY SON! IT IS ALL THAT YOUR FATHER, OM-RI, LEFT... TAKE IT AND TWIST THE HILT!

A KNIFE! MY FATHER'S KNIFE!
LOOK, NATONGO! IT'S HOLLOW—
AND SOMETHING FELL OUT!

IT'S A GOLDEN OBJECT!
AND THERE'S THE THIN PIECE OF HIDE IT WAS WRAPPED IN...

BUT WHAT—
WHAT IS THE THING, O CHIEF?

IT IS A KEY—THE TOOL THAT WHITE MEN USE TO OPEN THEIR TREASURE BOXES... SUCH AS I CAPTURED ONCE IN THE GREAT ZULU WAR!

THE MARK! THE BIRTHMARK ON DAN-EL'S BACK—IT IS THE SAME AS THE GOLDEN KEY!

WHAT DOES IT MEAN, O LUGONGO? IS THERE A TREASURE SOMEWHERE—THAT BELONGS TO ME? IS THE BIRTHMARK A SIGN THAT I—TELL ME! DID MY FATHER HAVE A BIRTHMARK, TOO?

HE DID, DAN-EL—THE SAME AS YOURS! AND HE DREW, ON THIS PIECE OF ANTELOPE SKIN, A MAP OF THE TRAIL THAT A MAN MUST TAKE TO REACH HIS COUNTRY! PERHAPS YOU WILL ONE DAY WISH TO SEEK IT...

YES! YES!
NATONGO! YOU WILL GO WITH ME?

ARE WE NOT BLOOD BROTHERS AND BROTHERS OF THE SPEAR? IF LUGONGO, MY FATHER, CONSENTS...

SEE, NATONGO! THE TRAIL POINTS EVER NORTHWARD—TO A VALLEY MARKED WITH A KEY!

IT WILL TAKE US MANY, MANY DAYS...

O CHIEF! I PRAY THAT YOU GRANT NATONGO PERMISSION TO GO WITH ME—TO SEARCH FOR THE TREASURE—UNLESS YOU HAVE NEED OF US...

YOU? ALL-AH-HO! YOU ARE BOTH MY SONS—DEARER TO ME THAN LIFE—

AND I WOULD KEEP YOU ALWAYS BesIDE ME... BUT I HAVE NO RIGHT TO KEEP YOU WHEN YOU WISH TO TAKE THE WARRIOR'S TRAIL! GO! AND MY SPIRIT GOES WITH YOU!

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The mandril is a fierce baboon of West Africa. He has long, sharp canine teeth and a disposition to fit his equipment. Like all baboons, he is well adapted to running on all fours and can make excellent speed even in the jungle.

Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.