

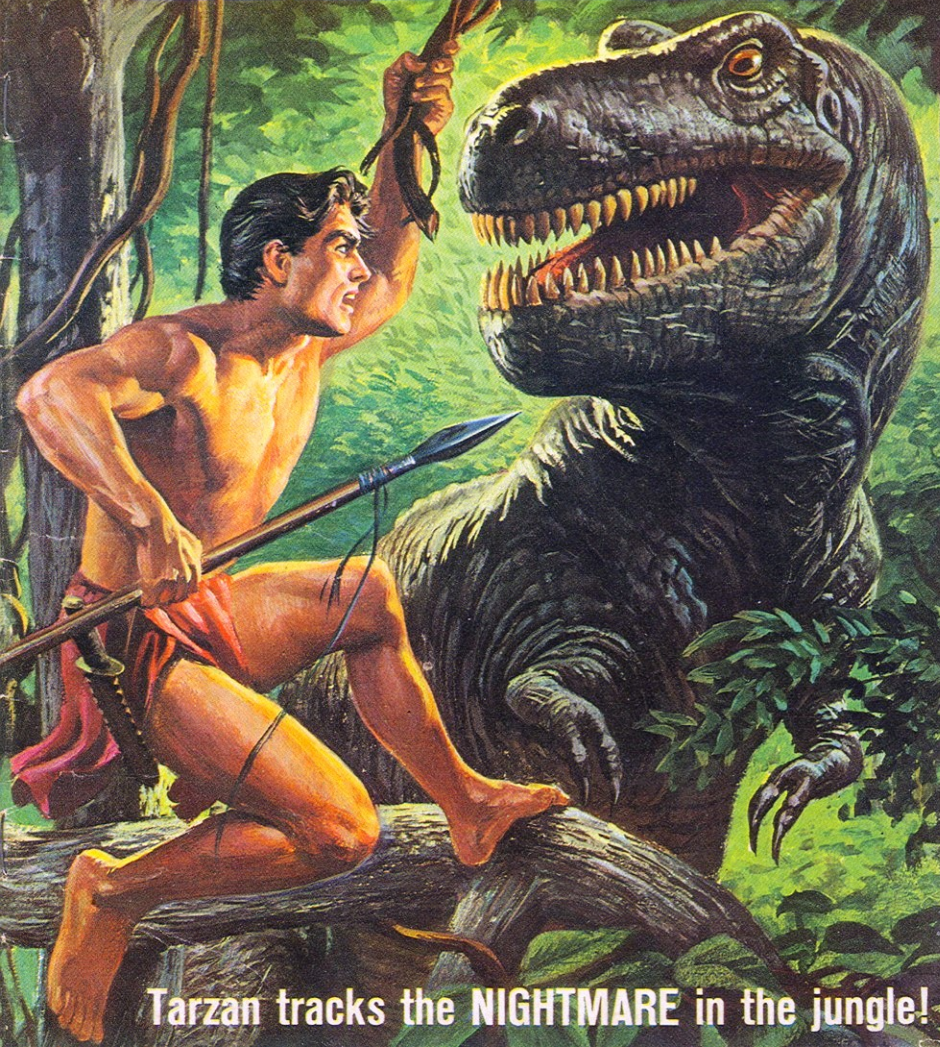
DELL

Still 10¢

Edgar Rice Burroughs'

TARZAN

NOV.-DEC.



Tarzan tracks the NIGHTMARE in the jungle!

TEST YOUR TALENT



CONTEST PRIZE:

**\$495.00 Scholarship
in Commercial Art**

Draw your choice of any one of these heads—girl, boxer, or Puritan. Make your drawing any size you want except a size that would look like a tracing. Use any pencil.

Everyone who enters contest gets a professional estimate of his talent. Winner receives a complete course in commercial art from world's largest home study art school.

Try for this free art course! Individual instruction is given by professional artists. Students begin with the fundamentals of art. For their advanced study they select advertising art, magazine illustrating, cartooning, or painting—or a combination of these art fields. Lesson assignments come in art textbooks illustrated in color. Many former students of this home study art school now earn upwards from \$150 a week as com-

mercial artists. Some earn \$25,000 a year or more. Purpose of contest is to uncover hidden talent. Entries for November 1960 contest must be received by November 30. None returned. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified. If you like to draw, you will have fun entering this contest. Mail your drawing, for sure!

3 ART INSTRUCTION, INC., Studio 10020
500 South 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.
Please enter my drawing in your draw-a-head contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____
Occupation _____ AGE _____
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ Zone _____
County _____ State _____

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Name _____
Occupation _____ AGE _____
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ Zone _____
County _____ State _____

Use 1 coupon—then pass this page on to a friend

TARZAN NIGHTMARE in the JUNGLE

YOUNG LIEUTENANT D'ARNOT, SON OF TARZAN'S FRIEND, CAPTAIN PAUL D'ARNOT, OF THE FRENCH NAVY, FLIES IN FOR AN UNEXPECTED VISIT...

I AM SORRY THAT YOUR FATHER COULD NOT HAVE COME WITH YOU, RAOUL!

SO WAS HE, TARZAN—FOR YOU ARE HIS DEAREST FRIEND! BUT THIS TIME MY GOVERNMENT SENT ME TO TALK WITH YOU!



FRENCH GOVERNMENT PROSPECTING CREWS HAVE REACHED THE WESTERN BORDER OF YOUR JUNGLES, MAKING TESTS FOR OIL! THERE COULD BE TROUBLE WITH THE NATIVE TRIBES...

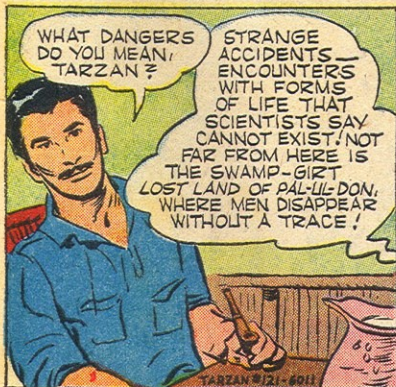


... AND YOU WANT ME TO USE MY INFLUENCE FOR PEACE! I AM DOING THAT ALREADY! BUT YOUR OIL CREWS FACE DANGERS FROM WHICH I CANNOT GUARD THEM!



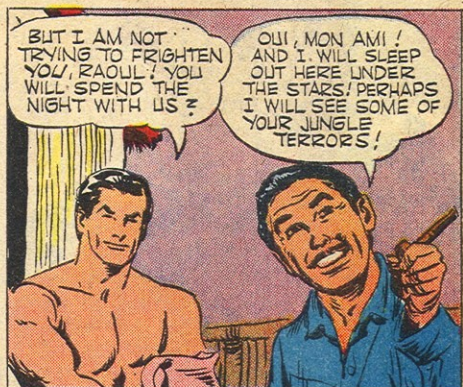
WHAT DANGERS DO YOU MEAN, TARZAN?

STRANGE ACCIDENTS—ENCOUNTERS WITH FORMS OF LIFE THAT SCIENTISTS SAY CANNOT EXIST! NOT FAR FROM HERE IS THE SWAMP-GIRT LOST LAND OF PALUL-DON, WHERE MEN DISAPPEAR WITHOUT A TRACE!



BUT I AM NOT TRYING TO FRIGHTEN YOU, RAOUL! YOU WILL SPEND THE NIGHT WITH US?

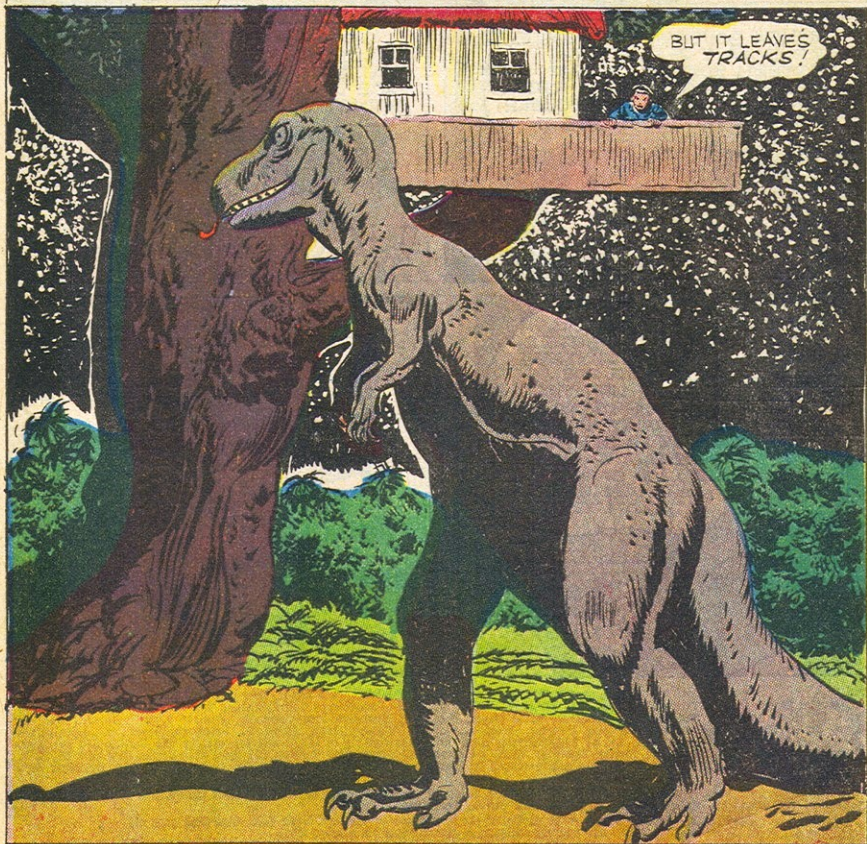
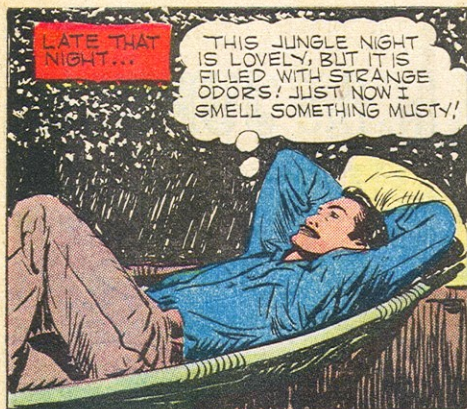
OUI, MON AMI! AND I WILL SLEEP OUT HERE UNDER THE STARS! PERHAPS I WILL SEE SOME OF YOUR JUNGLE TERRORS!

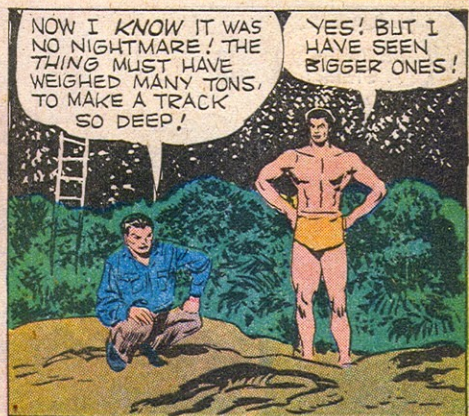
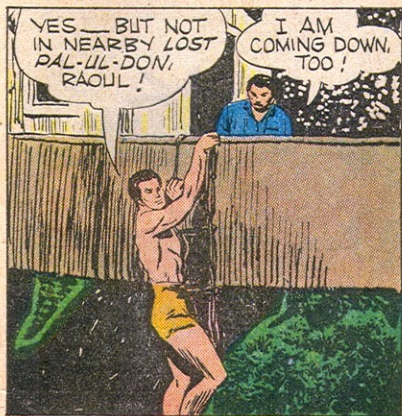
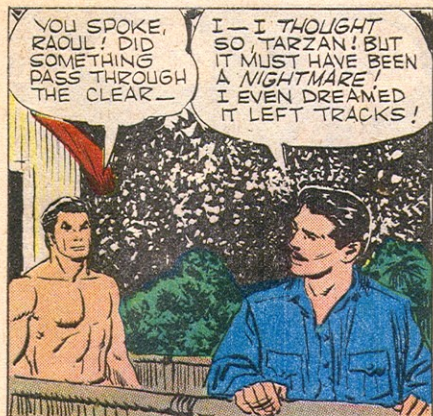


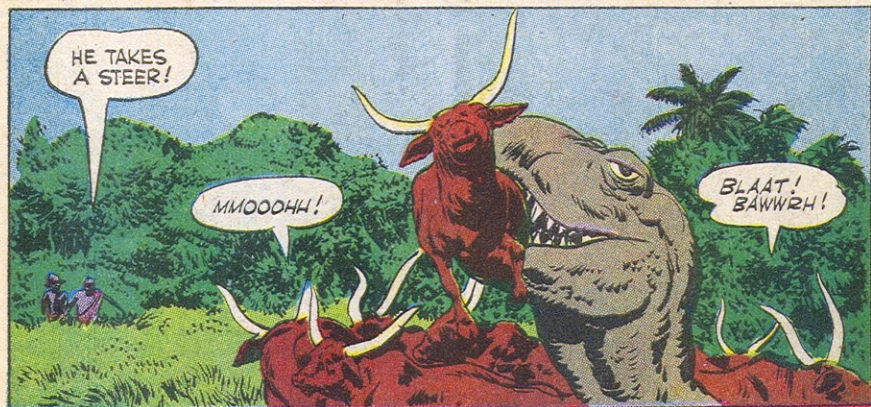
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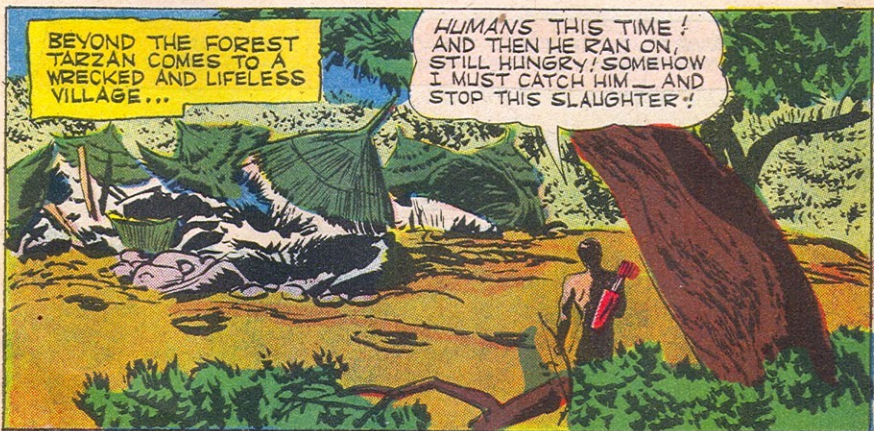
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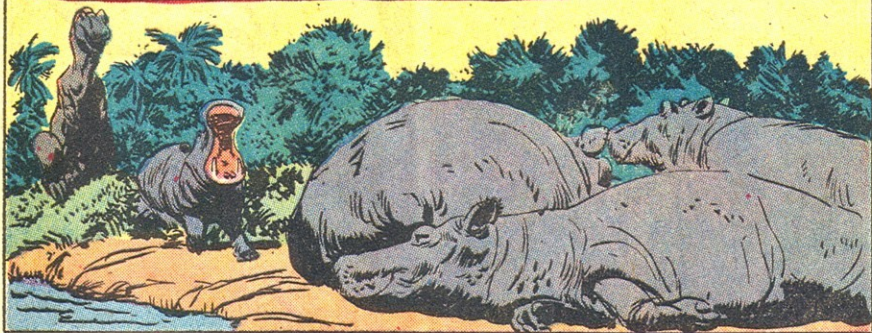








AS DAWN BREAKS, THE MONSTER SURPRISES
SOME HIPPOS FEEDING ON A RIVER BANK...



ONE LUCKLESS HIPPO IS CAUGHT!



THEN THE TYRANNOSAURUS
MOVES SWIFTLY ON—A
WALKING APPETITE, IN SEARCH
OF MORE!



AT THE SAME TIME, LIEUTENANT RAOUL D'ARNOT'S PLANE
LANDS AT THE FRENCH OUTPOST NEAREST TO TARZAN'S JUNGLE HOME...



IN THE OFFICE OF THE
OUTPOST'S COMMANDANT...

MON CAPITAINE! I HAVE
TO REPORT AN OCCURRENCE
OF THE GREATEST DANGER
TO OUR NATIVE TRIBES!
IT IS UNBELIEVABLE—BUT
I SAW THE THING MYSELF
LAST NIGHT!

EH, BIEN! SIT
DOWN AND TELL
ME ABOUT IT,
LIEUTENANT
D'ARNOT!

IT IS A SPECIES
OF DINOSAURIA,
EIGHT METRES
TALL AND WEIGHING
TONS! IT PASSED
WITHIN YARDS OF
ME, LEAVING
DEEP TRACKS! I
WILL NEED PLANES
EQUIPPED WITH
BOMBS AND CANNON—

LIEUTENANT,
YOU MUST
HAVE REST!
PERHAPS IT
IS JUST THE
HEAT!

MON CAPITAINE!
YOU THINK I HAVE
DREAMED ALL THIS?
THAT I AM SICK?
I ASSURE YOU—

I AM ALREADY
ASSURED THAT
YOU ARE SUFFERING
FROM DELUSIONS,
MON LIEUTENANT!

I SHALL SUMMON
THE COMPANY'S
PHYSICIAN, AND
YOU MAY REPEAT
YOUR STORY TO
HIM, LIEUTENANT!
HE WILL UNDER-
STAND!

PLEASE! DO
NOT TROUBLE
YOURSELF,
MON CAPITAINE
—I REALLY
AM QUITE
WELL! FOR-
GIVE ME
FOR TAKING
YOUR TIME!

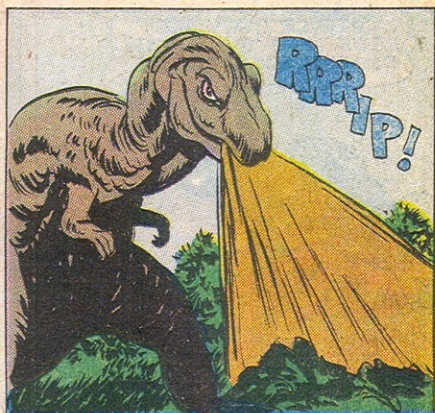
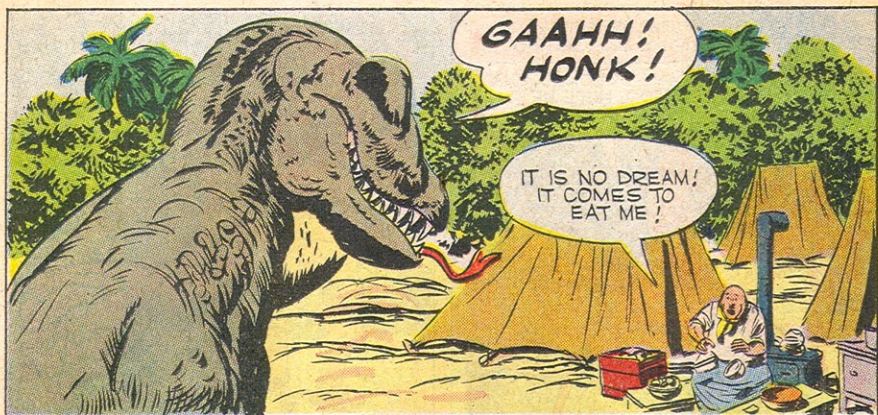
HMMM! PERHAPS I SHOULD PLACE
THAT BOY UNDER ARREST TO
DETAIN HIM—BEFORE HIS
SICKNESS MAKES HIM VIOLENT!
I HAD BEST SPEAK WITH A
PHYSICIAN!

A LITTLE LATER, RAOUL VISITS A
NEARBY FRENCH RESIDENT...

YOU ARE FRANCOIS
LEBRUN, THE SPORTSMEN'S
OUTFITTER!

I AM,
LIEUTENANT!





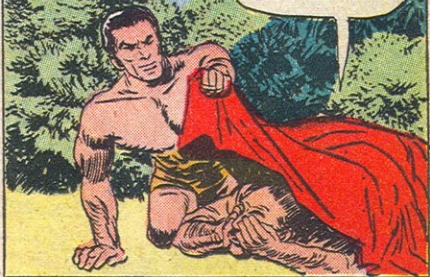
CLOSE ON THE MONSTER'S TRAIL NOW, TARZAN KEEPS UP HIS EXHAUSTING PACE...

HE HAS WRECKED THAT TENT— AND I HOPE HE FOUND IT EMPTY!



YOU'RE NOT HURT— JUST SCARED OUT OF YOUR WITS! WHERE ARE THE OTHERS IN YOUR CREW?

GA-AG-AGH!



WHEREVER THEY ARE, LET'S HOPE THE GARTH DOESN'T SCENT THEM!



THE PROSPECTING CREWMEN ARE EATING THEIR LUNCH WHEN THE MONSTER APPEARS...

VOILA! WHAT SPECIES OF ANIMAL IS THAT?

IT COMES THIS WAY!



IT IS AS BIG AS OUR MACHINE!

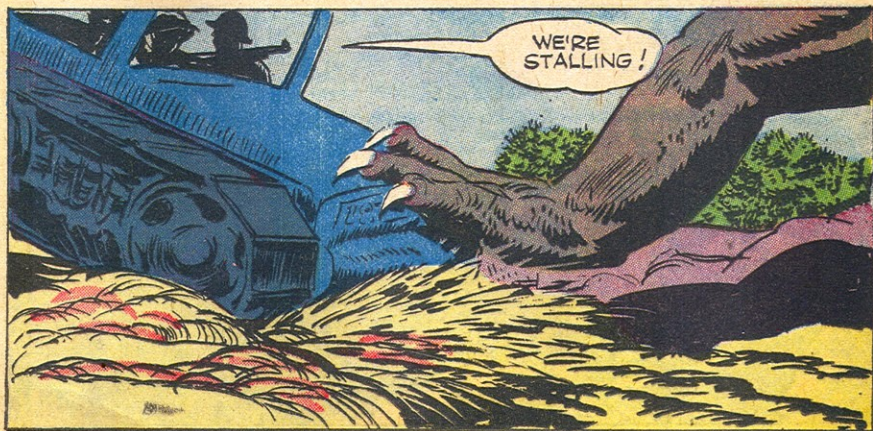
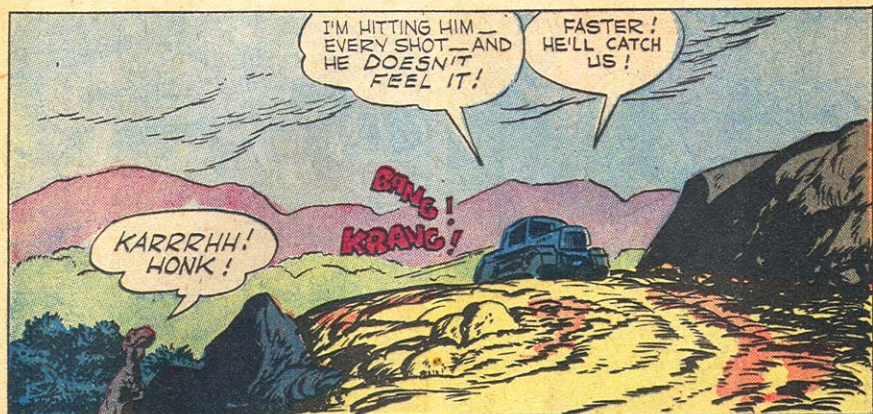


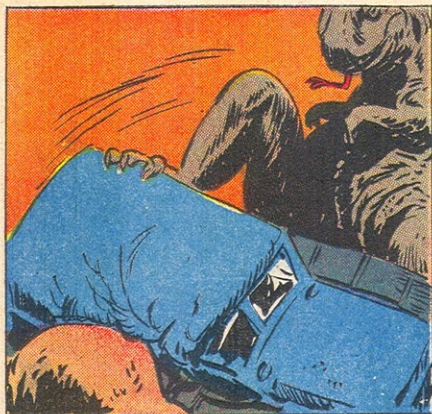
GET INSIDE— QUICK!

START THE MOTOR!

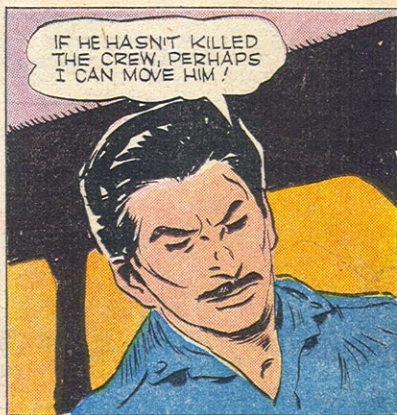
GET THE RIFLE!

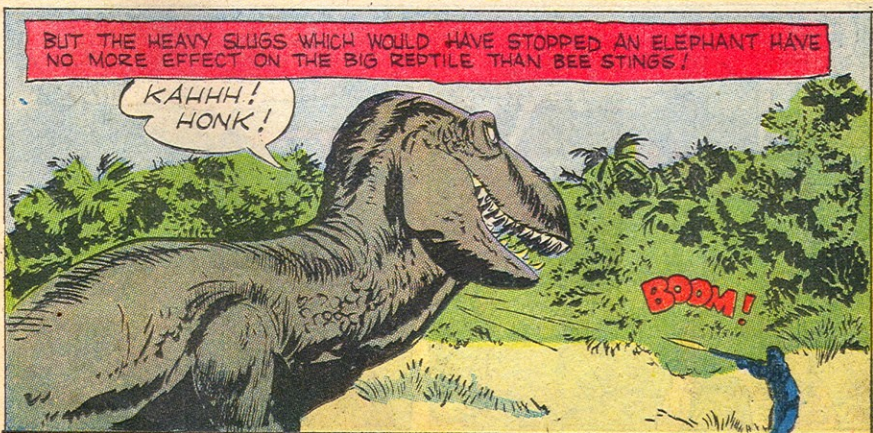
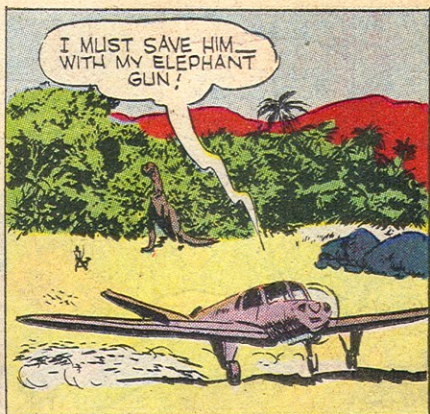




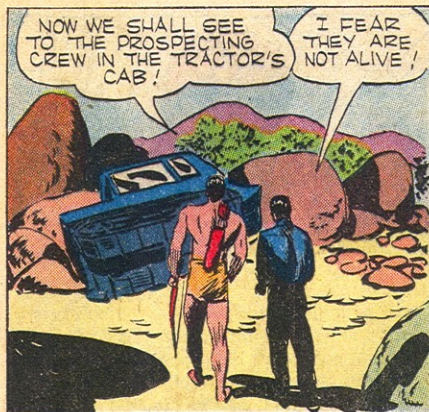


JUST THEN, AN AIRPLANE'S BUZZ
CATCHES THE BRUTE'S ATTENTION...



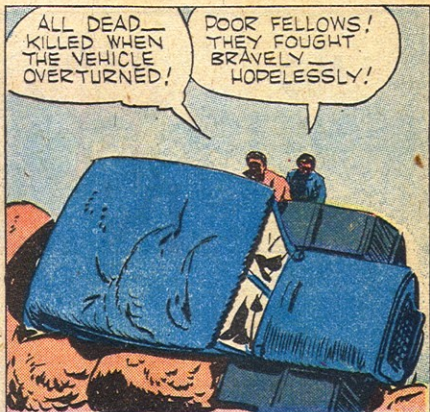






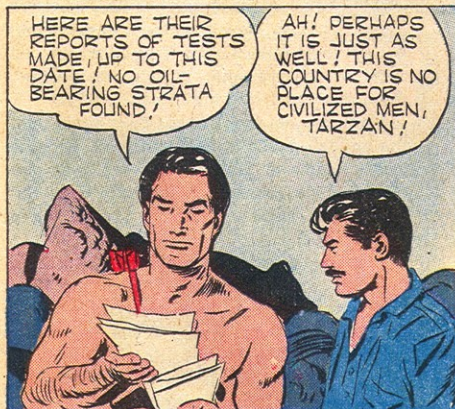
NOW WE SHALL SEE
TO THE PROSPECTING
CREW IN THE TRACTOR'S
CAB!

I FEAR
THEY ARE
NOT ALIVE!



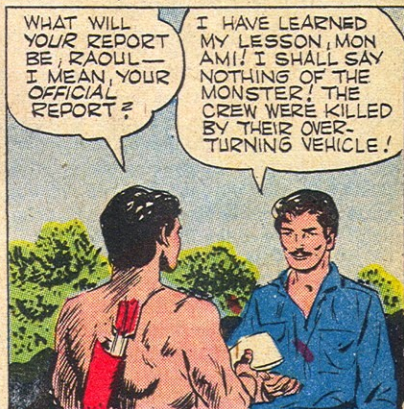
ALL DEAD—
KILLED WHEN
THE VEHICLE
OVERTURNED!

POOR FELLOWS!
THEY FOUGHT
BRAVELY—
HOPELESSLY!



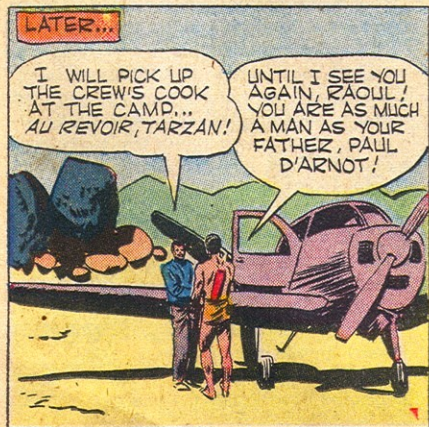
HERE ARE THEIR
REPORTS OF TESTS
MADE, UP TO THIS
DATE! NO OIL-
BEARING STRATA
FOUND!

AH! PERHAPS
IT IS JUST AS
WELL! THIS
COUNTRY IS NO
PLACE FOR
CIVILIZED MEN,
TARZAN!



WHAT WILL
YOUR REPORT
BE, RAOUL—
I MEAN, YOUR
OFFICIAL
REPORT?

I HAVE LEARNED
MY LESSON, MON
AMI! I SHALL SAY
NOTHING OF THE
MONSTER! THE
CREW WERE KILLED
BY THEIR OVER-
TURNING VEHICLE!



LATER...

I WILL PICK UP
THE CREW'S COOK
AT THE CAMP...
AU REVOIR, TARZAN!

UNTIL I SEE YOU
AGAIN, RAOUL!
YOU ARE AS MUCH
A MAN AS YOUR
FATHER, PAUL
D'ARNOT!



HE WILL TELL NO ONE BUT PAUL—
AND I DO NOT THINK THE CAMP
COOK WILL MAKE AN OFFICIAL REPORT
ABOUT A DINOSAUR! WHAT THE
JUNGLE KNOWS, THE WORLD OUTSIDE
WILL NEVER BELIEVE!

NO REGRETS



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Except for having a whitening scar on his side and being a little thinner, Mabu did not look like a boy who had had a brush with death ten days earlier. His black eyes were sparkling, and a grin seemed permanently fixed on his little brown face. In one hand he held his short lion spear, gleaming from endless polishing. The other hand rested on the cuckoo clock which he had fastened to a cord made of twisted vines tied around his waist. Also fastened to this cord was his food packet. Tucked into the top of his loin-cloth were the piece of weaving and colored threads from Chatanga the Weaver and the herb recipe and herbs given to him by Lulolo, wife of the chief of the River People.

"You never looked so happy when we were departing from other places we have visited on our journey," said Kaino. The two boys were leaving their hut to join their fathers, Hamasai and Samai, and the hunters who were gathered by the Kru palaver house with Chief Bandogo and his people.

"I leave no friends here," said Mabu.

Kaino frowned. "Except for Kutu, the thief who wounded you, everyone has been kind—and pleasant, too."

"That is true," Mabu agreed. "But no one has shown warmth. Without that, there cannot be friendship." After Kaino's nod, he admitted, "I haven't shown any, either. I cannot feel warmth toward these people, and not because of what Kutu did. They are..." He broke off, realizing that they were practically within earshot of the group at the palaver house.

However, no one would have heard his words, because Chief Bandogo was making a speech of farewell, and all ears were tuned to it. When Bandogo finished, he presented to Hamasai, as leader of the hunters from the

deep jungle, a red, yellow, and green striped robe of Kru "country cloth." To Samai, second in command, he gave a small brass pot.

After Hamasai had replied with a shorter speech, the hunters shouldered their spears and, by two's, fell into line behind Mabu and Kaino who, as usual, walked immediately behind their fathers. The Krus lined up outside the village and, in silence, watched them disappear into the forest.

Mabu did not speak of the Krus again until the midday pause for rest and food. Then he said to Hamasai, "Of all those we have met on this long journey, I liked the Krus the least. They seem so unhappy, even when they smile."

"Bandogo's tribe has much to make them unhappy," said Hamasai. "About the time you were born, they lived many miles from here, near the Great Water, where there were many Kru villages and, therefore, many chiefs. Between these chiefs was great rivalry and jealousy. They quarreled and, several times, made war on one another. In one of these wars, Bandogo's eldest son was slain."

"Three years later, his eldest daughter, who had been married to a tribesman in another village, left her husband and returned to her father's hut. Her husband's family demanded that Bandogo return the dowry they had paid for her. As it was a large dowry and Bandogo had used much of it, giving it back left him and his tribe very poor. Because they felt disgrace, they left their old home to make this new one—but they brought their unhappiness with them." After a brief pause, he added, "I regret stopping there."

"I don't," declared Mabu, "because it made me so happy to leave."

Hamasai laughed. Mabu could always be depended upon to say the unexpected.

TARZAN

the HORNS OF PLENTY

A TROPICAL STORM ROARS THROUGH TARZAN'S JUNGLE AT NIGHT, THREATENING TO CARRY AWAY THE TREE HOUSE AND TARZAN'S FAMILY!



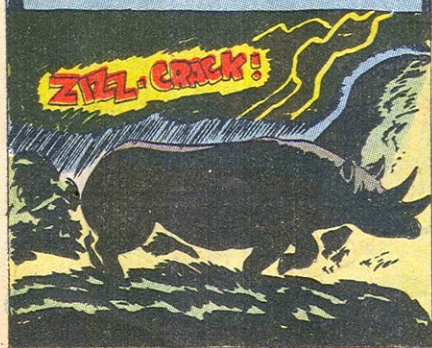
ALL AROUND, THE FOREST GIANTS ARE FALLING, TOO OLD AND TOO STUBBORN TO BEND!



OUT ON THE VELD, THE LIONS LEAVE THEIR PREY FOR THE SHELTER OF A DONGA...

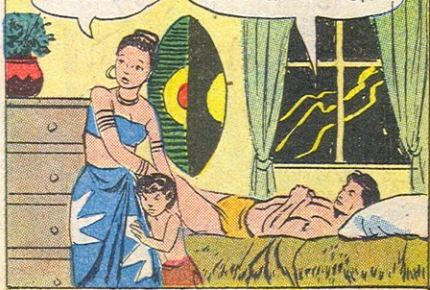


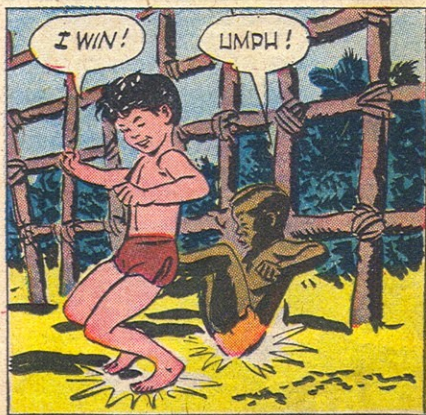
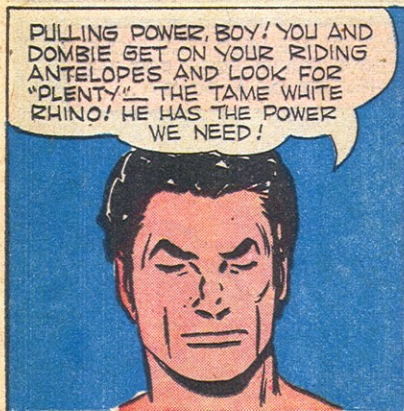
AND EVEN THE GREAT "WHITE" RHINOCEROS SEEKS PROTECTION...

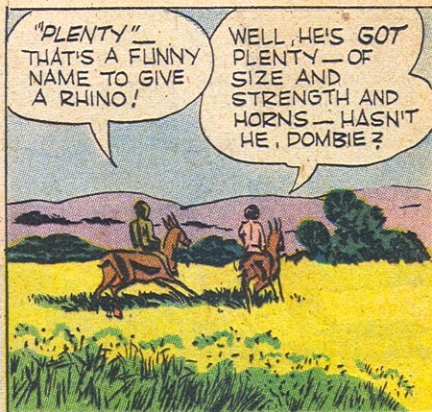


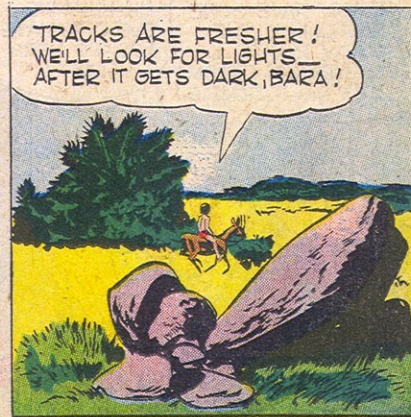
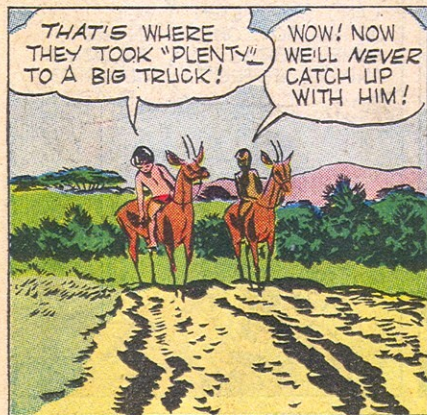
TARZAN, WE'D BETTER GET OUT BEFORE THE HOUSE GOES!

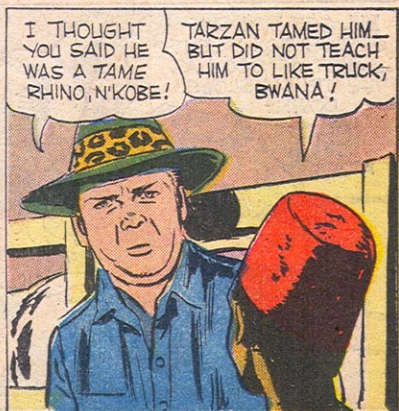
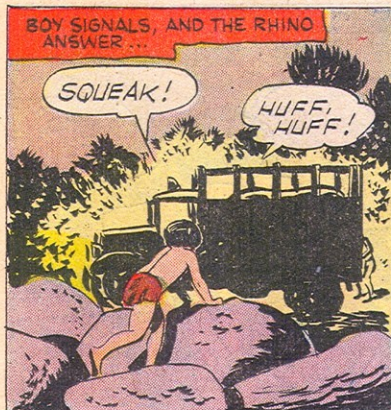
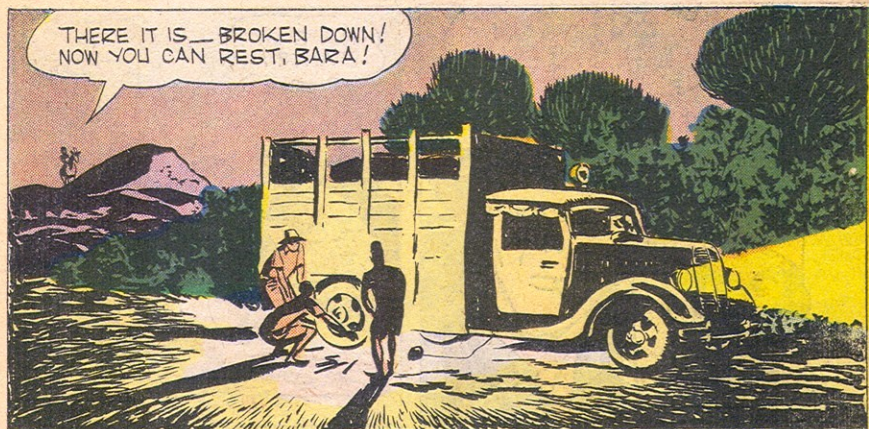
DON'T WORRY! IT WON'T GO! I BUILT IT, JANE! ALL WE'LL LOSE IS SOME STRAW THATCH!

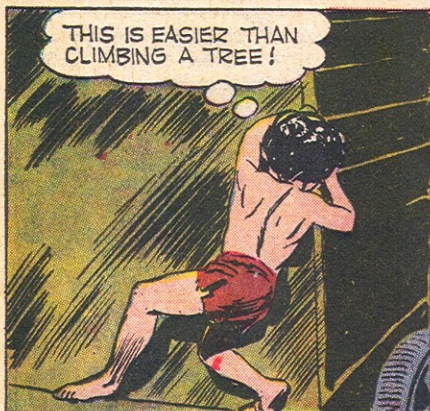


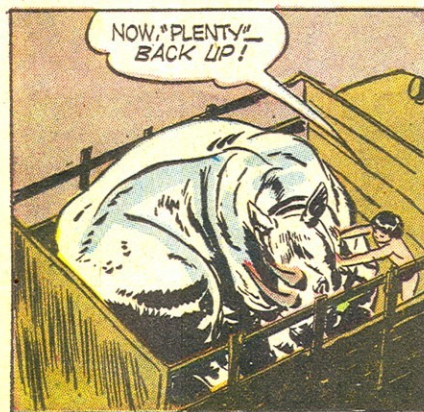
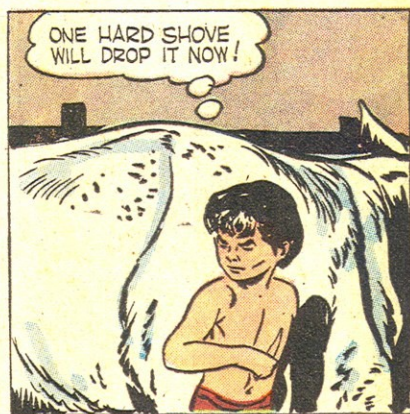


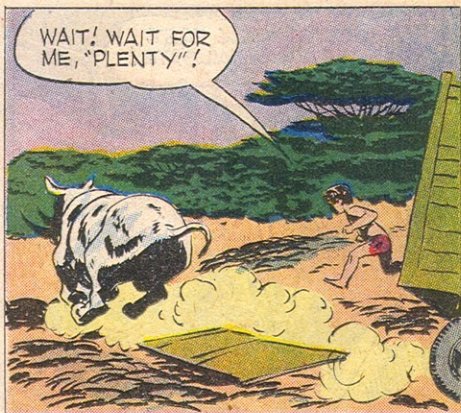


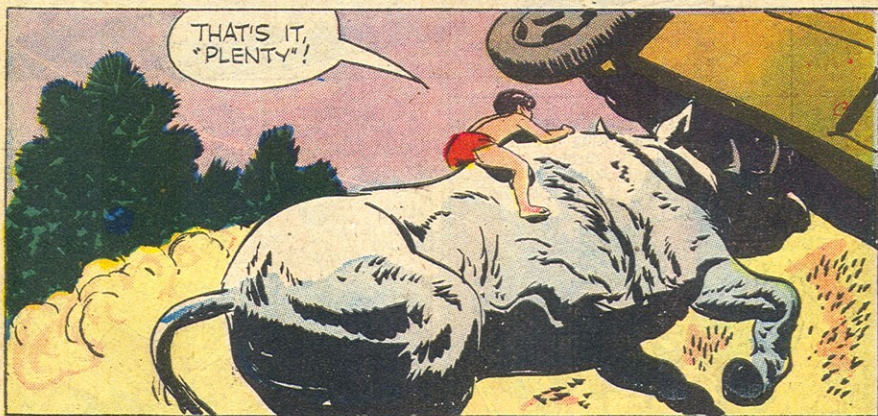












BROTHERS of the SPEAR TAVANE LEADS INTO BATTLE

TAVANE, THE SPIRITED YOUNG QUEEN OF ABA-ZULU, RACES DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN PASS TO BRING THE ARMY TO AID KING DAN-EL AND THEIR FRIEND, NATONGO...



DO NOT STUMBLE, ALISSA BEST OF MULES! THE FATE OF OUR NATION RIDES WITH ME... AND THE LIFE OF MY HUSBAND, MY KING!

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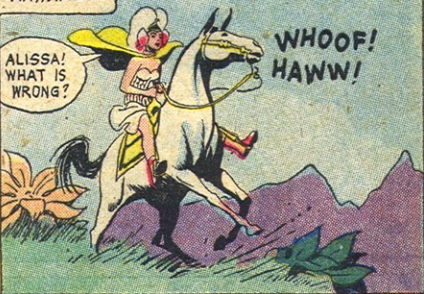
WHILE FAR BELOW...

THE WHITE MULE! THERE ARE ONLY TWO IN ALL ABA-ZULU!

...AND ONLY ONE WOMAN WHO CAN RIDE THEM — DAN-EL'S QUEEN! WE'LL CATCH HER — AND ALL ABA-ZULU IS OURS!



A BREEZE WANDERING UP THE MOUNTAINSIDE WARNS THE INTELLIGENT ANIMAL...



ALISSA! WHAT IS WRONG?

WHOOF! HAWW!

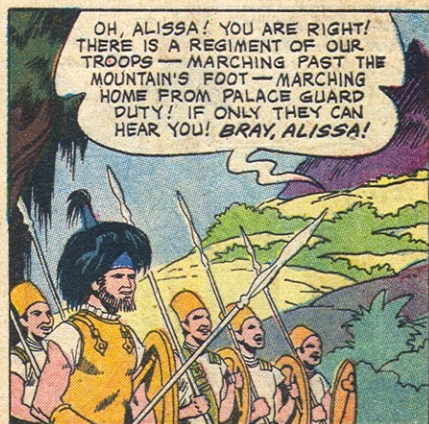
OUT HERE, ALISSA, WE CAN SEE THE LOWER TRAIL! IF THERE ARE ENEMIES...

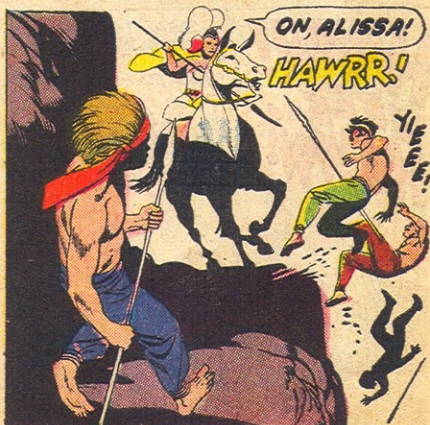
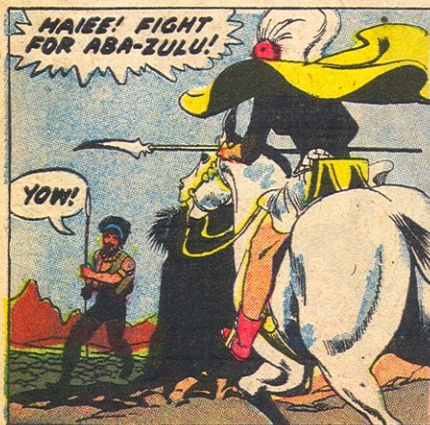
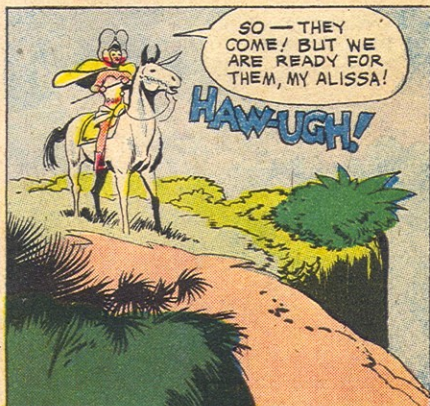


YES! I SEE THEM, TOO, ALISSA! FIVE MEN WITH SPEARS!



OUTLAWS WHO HAVE ESCAPED JUSTICE! THEY WOULD HAVE TRAPPED US!



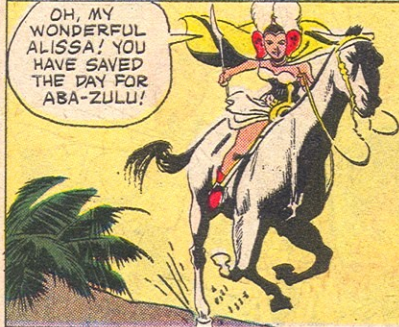


THE REMAINING TWO AMBUSHERS ESCAPE...



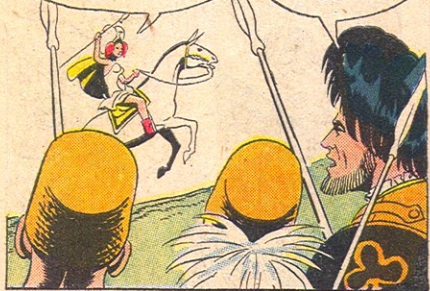
...FOR TAVANE HAS NO TIME TO PURSUE THEM, AS SHE RACES TO MEET THE REGIMENT'S COMMANDER...

OH, MY WONDERFUL ALISSA! YOU HAVE SAVED THE DAY FOR ABA-ZULU!



COLONEL MOTHIBI, YOUR KING, DAN-EL, IS BESIEGED BY FIERCE ENEMIES... BEYOND THE PASS! HURRY!

YES, O MY QUEEN! OUR MEN ARE FRESH! LEAD ON!



AN HOUR LATER, IN THE PASS...

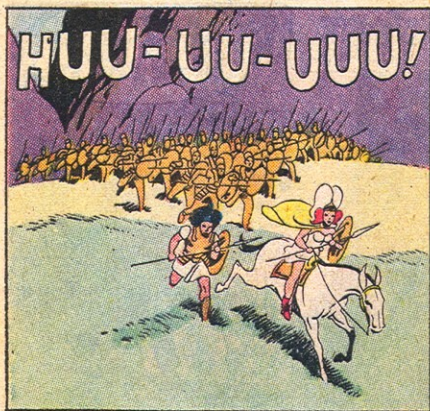
A LITTLE FARTHER, AND WE CAN LOOK DOWN ON THE BATTLE!

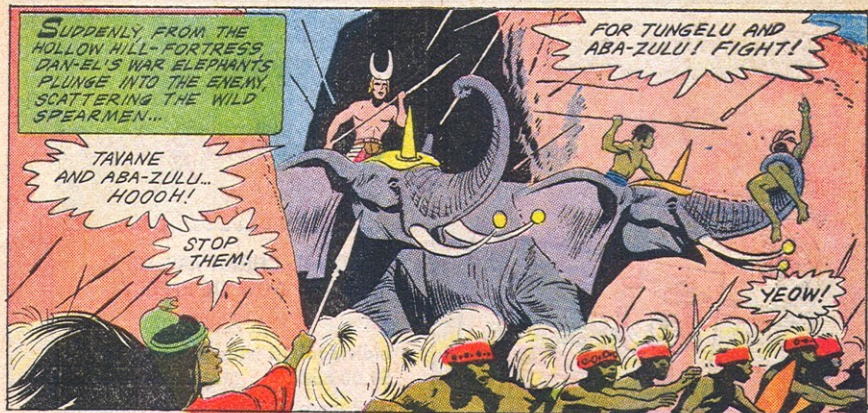


FROM THE FAR END OF THE PASS, DAN-EL'S FORTRESS, A SMALL ANCIENT VOLCANO CONE, IS IN CLEAR VIEW...

WE ARE IN TIME! DAN-EL AND NATONGO ARE HOLDING OUT! PREPARE TO CHARGE THE ENEMY, MOTHIBI! I SHALL LEAD!







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