

Star OF STAGE SCREEN AND RADIO



JUNE 10c

Dorothy Lamour

JUNGLE PRINCESS

in this issue:

"THE LOST SAFARI"

"VENGEANCE OF
THE PANTHER KING"

"BWAANI ADVENTURES"



Dorothy Lamour

JUNGLE PRINCESS

THE FIERCE MONKEY
MEN DROP
FROM THE TREES,
THEIR BLOWGUNS
RAINING
POISONED DARTS/
THE NATIVE
CARRIERS OF THE
SAFARI TURN AND
FLEE FROM THE
SWAMPS,
LEAVING TWO WHITE
MEN BEHIND
BATTLING
FUTILELY TO SAVE
THE LAST
REMNANTS OF
THEIR

LOST SAFARI

THEN FROM THE TREES ABOVE

WHAT MISERY
BEFALLS US! WE WERE
FOOLS TO HAVE COME
ON THIS SAFARI
TO BE LOST IN THIS
LAND!

AYAH! THE
MONKEY MEN COME
AFTER US! FLEE! LET
THE WHITE
MEN CARE FOR
THEMSELVES!

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NEXT ISSUE "DOROTHY LAMOUR." ON SALE 2nd WEEK OF JUNE

DOROTHY LAMOUR

ALONE AND DESERTED, TWO WHITE MEN FIGHT A FUTILE BATTLE IN AN ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE LAST REMNANTS OF THEIR SAFARI...

BUT AS THE FIERCE LITTLE SWAMP NATIVES ADVANCE...

A MOMENT LATER, FLINT STRIKES ROCK, AND...



DOROTHY LAMOUR



DOROTHY LAMOUR

RUMORS WERE THAT THE CHILD LOST IN THE JUNGLE WAS THE ONLY ONE TO ESCAPE THE ATTACKING NATIVES! THAT SHE MADE FRIENDS WITH A PANTHER WHO LED HER TO HIS DEN!

A KITTY! NICE KITTY!
I WON'T HURT YOU!

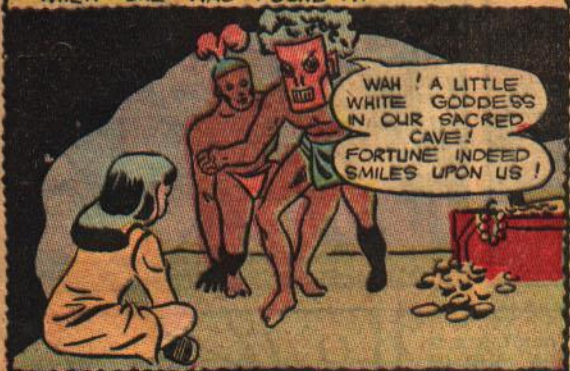


GEE!
HOW PRETTY!



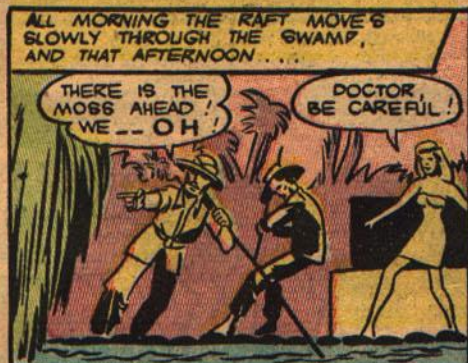
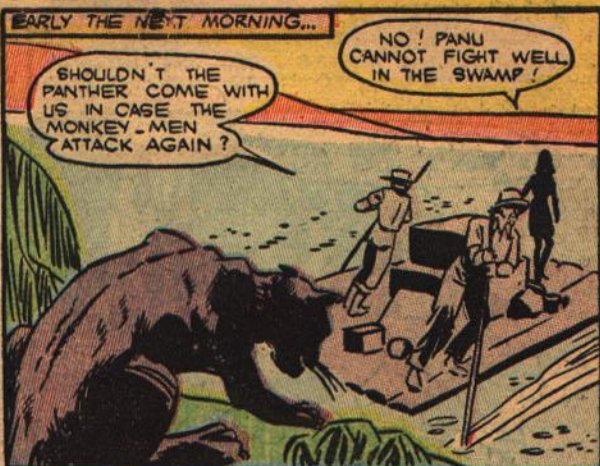
UNKNOWINGLY THE CHILD HAD ENTERED THE SACRED CAVE OF A NATIVE TRIBE! AND WHEN SHE WAS FOUND...

WAH! A LITTLE
WHITE
GODDESS
IN OUR SACRED
CAVE!
FORTUNE INDEED
SMILES UPON US!



DR. LAMOUR'S LITTLE GIRL
BECAME THE BELOVED
JUNGLE PRINCESS!

DOROTHY LAMOUR



DOROTHY LAMOUR

A MOMENT LATER ...

I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU PRINCESS! I'LL NOT FORGET IT!

NOR I! IF SHE HADN'T INTERFERED, DOC WOULD BE DEAD BY NOW, AND THIS MOSS DRUG ALL MINE!



HIS BOOMSTICK MAY TRULY NOT HAVE WORKED! YET, I WONDER! I DO NOT TRUST THIS BROCK!



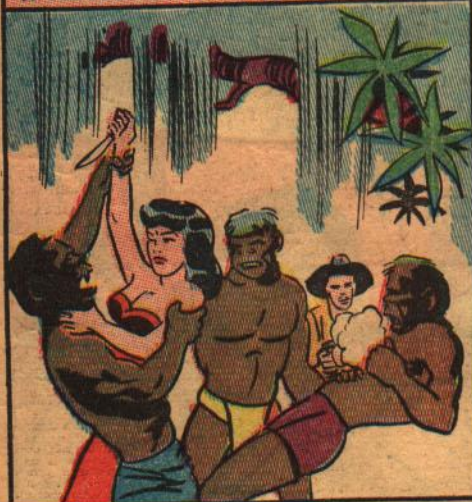
A SHORT WHILE LATER ...

WE HAVE ENOUGH OF THE MOSS! NOW LET US SHOVE OFF AND...

SWAMP NATIVES!

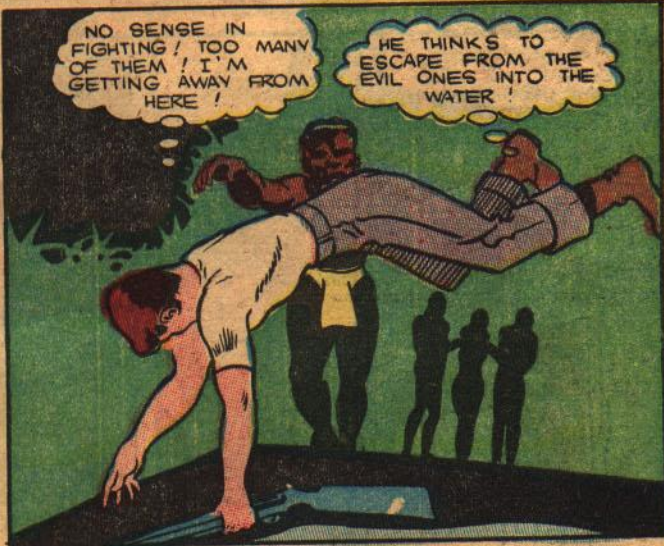


A FIERCE BATTLE ENSUES ...



NO SENSE IN FIGHTING! TOO MANY OF THEM! I'M GETTING AWAY FROM HERE!

HE THINKS TO ESCAPE FROM THE EVIL ONES INTO THE WATER!



AFTER WHITE MAN! NO LET HIM ESCAPE!



A MOMENT LATER ...

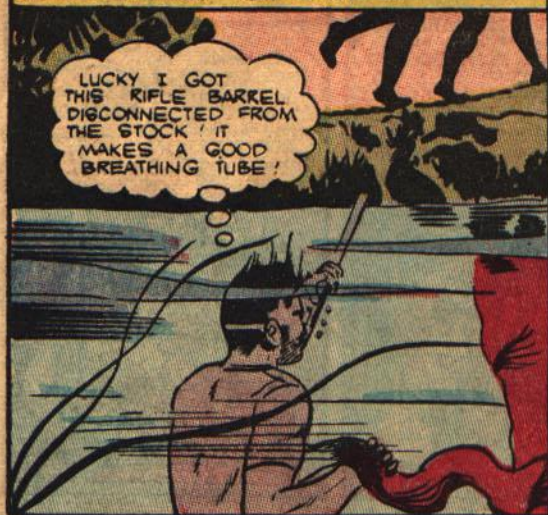
NO CAN FIND WHITE ONE IN WATER! HE GONE!

HE DROWNED! COME WE TAKE THESE TWO TO VILLAGE!



DOROTHY LAMOUR

AS THE MONKEY-MEN LEAVE ...



ARRIVING AT THE VILLAGE ...



AND AS BROCK POLES HIS WAY OFF THROUGH THE SWAMP ...



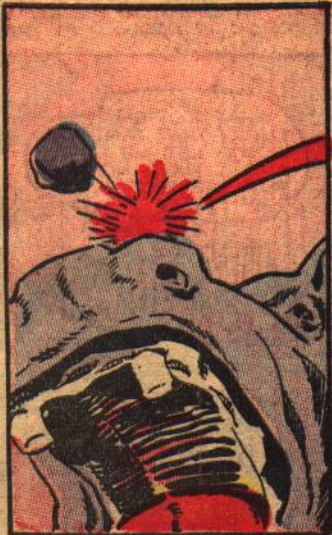
DOROTHY LAMOUR



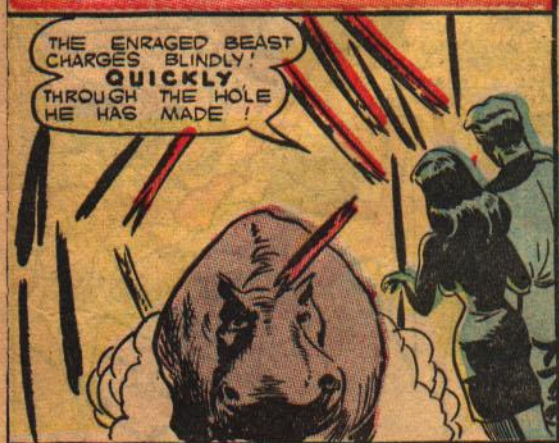
NOW I SEE!
SHE MAKES A
SLING OF MY
BELT!



AND WITH IT
SHE HURLS A
STONE AT THE
HIPPOPOTAMUS!

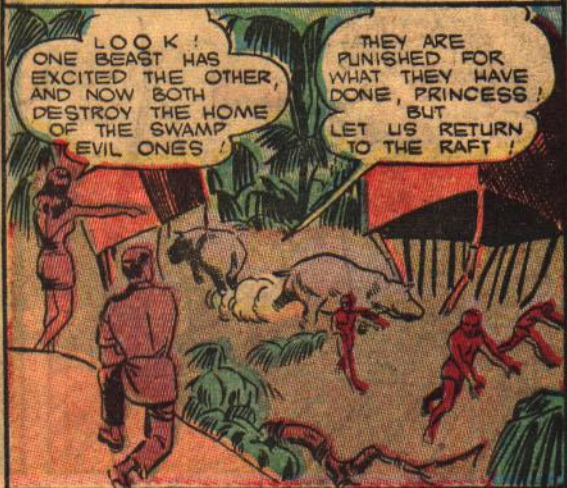


AGAIN AND AGAIN THE JUNGLE PRINCESS
HURLS ROCKS AT THE BEAST UNTIL ...



THE ENRAGED BEAST
CHARGES BLINDLY!
QUICKLY
THROUGH THE HOLE
HE HAS MADE!

AND AS THE GIRL AND DOCTOR FLEE FROM
THE VILLAGE ...



LOOK!
ONE BEAST HAS
EXCITED THE OTHER,
AND NOW BOTH
DESTROY THE HOME
OF THE SWAMP
EVIL ONES!

THEY ARE
PUNISHED FOR
WHAT THEY HAVE
DONE, PRINCESS!
BUT
LET US RETURN
TO THE RAFT!

REACHING THE SPOT WHERE THE RAFT HAD
BEEN ...



IT'S GONE!
THE RAFT HAS
DISAPPEARED!

PERHAPS IT HAS
BROKEN LOOSE
AND DRIFTED AWAY
ON THE WATER!!



SOON, WITH THESE
VINES AND LOGS WE
BUILD ANOTHER RAFT
BEFORE THE SWAMP
MEN COME AFTER
US!

SHE IS TRULY
A PRINCESS!
BEAUTY AND
COURAGE ARE
HER NATURAL
RIGHTS!

DOROTHY LAMOUR

AT THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP, BROCK IS DELAYED BY PANU...



THE GIRLS BOW AND ARROWS!



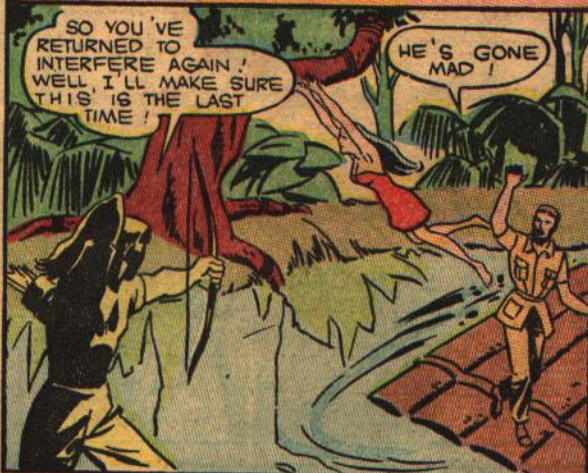
AT THAT MOMENT...



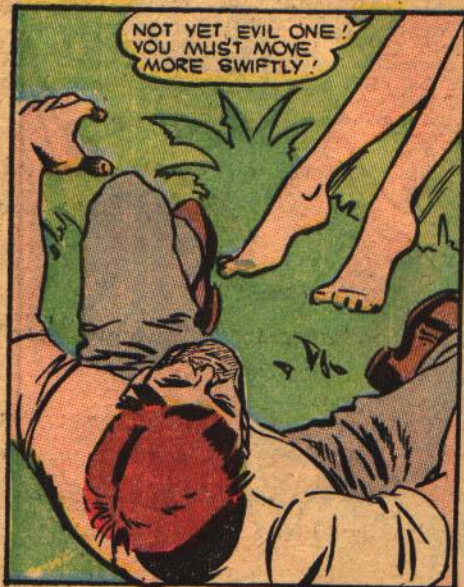
OW! MY HAND!



THE MAN'S AIM IS DESTROYED, AND THE ARROW GOES ASTRAY! THEN...



NOT YET, EVIL ONE! YOU MUST MOVE MORE SWIFTLY!



LATER...

BROCK HAS CONFESSED HE MEANT TO LEAVE US TO DIE WHILE HE ESCAPED AND EXPLOITED THE DRUG! HE'LL NEVER GET THE CHANCE NOW! THE AUTHORITIES WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!



I'LL TAKE HIM AND THE MOSS TO CIVILIZATION! IF YOU WOULD RETURN WITH ME AS MY DAUGHTER...

YOU ARE VERY KIND, DOCTOR, BUT THE JUNGLE IS MY HOME AND IT'S PEOPLE DESIRE THAT I REMAIN!



THE END 9

The Taming of Priscilla

Miss Priscilla MacRae Vanderkook descended from a long line of blueblooded ancestors, and was a very haughty and disdainful young lady. Rarely did she deign to leave the sacred precincts of the most exclusive homes and clubs of New York. Flightily and headstrong, neither her parents, relatives nor friends had ever been able to manage her. When Priscilla said yes, her world, often enough reluctantly, said yes, too. By the time she was eighteen no one even tried any longer to impede her spoiled ways. At her coming out party, the most elegant and lavish affair of the decade, Priscilla reigned as a queen and refused to grant even one dance to any of the handsome, eligible young men who clustered beseechingly about her. This was highly irregular, but then her proud name was Priscilla MacRae Vanderkook.

One evening, several months after her coming out party, Major Frank Topping, an old friend of the Vanderkook family, came to visit them at their Park Avenue town house. Major Topping, a retired army officer, had been devoting the last few years to big-game hunting in Africa, and had just returned from a trip. He was telling the Vanderkooks of his hair-raising experiences.

"... and then this fool had to go and trip on a root. He fell directly in the line of fire, between me, kneeling and ready to shoot, and the charging rhinoceros. I shouted, 'Get out of the way,' but the native didn't budge. Thinking quickly that he must have sprained an ankle, I ran up, planting myself between him and the lumbering

beast. I fired from the hip and miraculously hit the rhino in a sufficiently weak spot to stop him. But only for a moment, for the charge was soon resumed. You know, I suppose, that they're devilish hard to kill. It's their extremely tough hide that protects them. Anyway, I fired again, and this time I downed the rhino. A third bullet killed him. Not very good sport for one should kill them with the first shot, but I had to save the native."

This recitation awakened in Priscilla a yearning hitherto unknown even to her. She had done many daring things, from driving her convertible at breakneck speeds, to skiing on the most dangerous slopes, but never had she gone big-game hunting. Priscilla did not take long to make up her mind; no sooner did a thought come to her than it became a decision.

"Tell me, Major," she said, "are you planning another hunt soon?"

Mrs. Augusta Vanderkook, Priscilla's brow-beaten mother, began to look anxious.

"As a matter of fact, yes," the major replied. "I'm organizing a party to go after some lions this time."

"Good, I'll come along."

Priscilla's mother gasped. "Daughter dear," she said weakly, "Don't you think...?"

"I'm going!" Priscilla announced firmly. Mrs. Vanderkook relapsed into silence, wishing that she had given birth to a meek little boy instead of this willful daughter.

A month later the party was flying to Africa in a chartered plane, having arranged to have their rifles, and other equipment follow by ship. They stopped at Kwambali, a coastal town, to organize the safari and wait for their baggage. Not long afterwards they were on their way inland. Priscilla insisted upon leading, for she had a beautiful white horse and it would never do to follow some lowly native.

"But, Priscilla," Major Topping expostulated, "you don't know the country. There are all sorts of hidden dangers, even in the most innocent looking terrain. That's why I hired these natives. Even I, far more experienced than you, would not dare go first."

"I don't care," Priscilla said, with a toss of her pretty head.

The major's weatherbeaten face reddened. "Listen," he said, "the important thing is not leading the safari, but getting the lions. You're not being demeaned by following the guide. Come, ride with me, and you'll get first crack at the game."

The safari passed through a beautiful region of open parkland dotted with copses of trees on the gently sloping hillsides. Sometimes a herd of giraffes was seen in the distance, their heads in the tree tops. Occasionally, the long train would startle a flock of small, graceful gazelles, and they would dash away with long, swift strides.

At last the safari reached the lion country. Major Topping called a halt.

"Allright, we'll set up camp on that high ground there," he said, pointing to a clear stretch not far away. While the natives pitched the tents, and readied everything, Major Topping explained the procedure of a lion hunt to Priscilla.

"Do you see that forested area over there?" he asked. "It's full of underbrush and just the

sort of place lions will choose for their lairs."

"Oh, I can't wait to begin."

"Don't be impatient, my dear. It's not quite that simple. Tomorrow morning I will send the beaters out to the other side of the woods. Their purpose is to chase the lion toward us. Now the finesse of big-game hunting is in a clean kill. A wounded animal is very dangerous. He will retreat into the thick brush where he is spotted only with difficulty, and angered as he is, he will attack any . . ."

But the young lady was not listening. What do I need these explanations for? she thought cockily. She was sure that her first shot would strike right between the eyes. After all, her name was Priscilla MacRae Vanderkook.

Bright and early the following morning, Major Topping sent out the natives; he and Priscilla waited at the edge of the forest. She paced back and forth, anxious to show the old soldier that nothing could stop her. An hour later, a deep roar was heard in the brush.

"Okay, Priscilla, this is your baby. Check your rifle."

The girl tensed, eyes on the line of trees where the lion would appear. Soon the lion came bounding out, and headed directly for them.

"Shoot, girl, shoot," the old game-hunter cried.

But Priscilla, watching the swift approach of the lion, became petrified with terror. Then she turned and ran to the camp as fast as her legs could carry her. The major killed the lion himself.

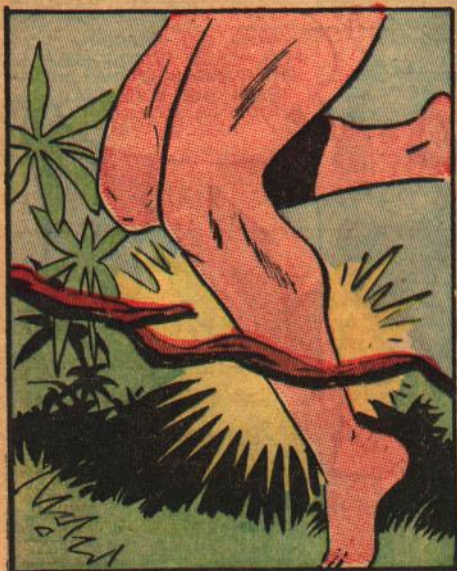
From that day on Priscilla was a very docile and attentive young miss. She remained in her tent for the rest of the hunt, and when she returned to New York she astounded her mother with her humble way of replying, "Yes, mother, I'll do just as you say."

DOROTHY LAMOUR

Dorothy Lamour

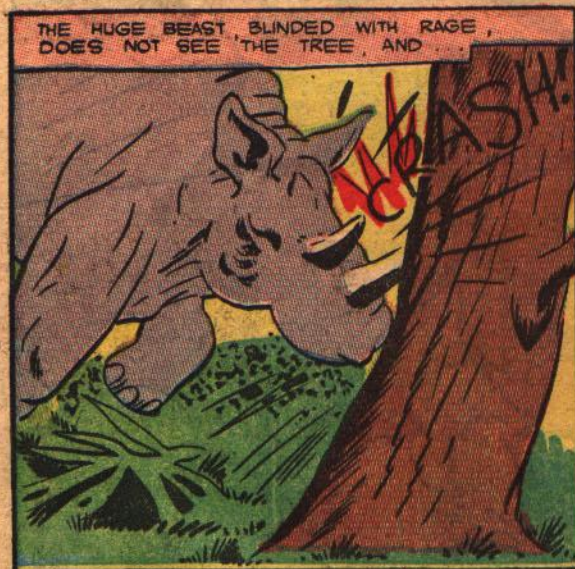
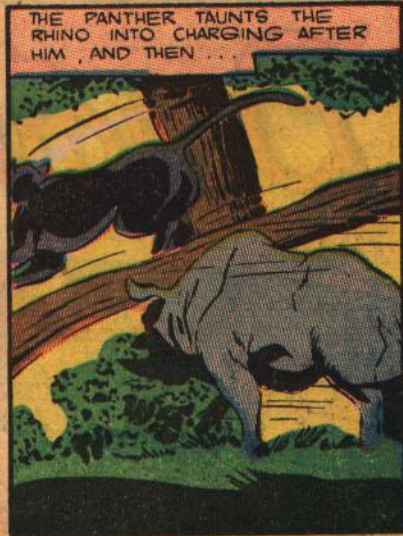
THE WARLIKE N'GESSA HAVE
ARISEN AGAIN, AND THE JUNGLE
PRINCESS HURRIES FORTH
TO QUELL THEM, BUT IN THE
JUNGLE A TRAP AWAITS HER,
AND BEFORE NIGHT FALLS, SHE
WILL FACE THE

"VENGEANCE OF
the PANTHER
KING"



AIEE ! I SHOULD NOT
HAVE TAKEN THIS TRAIL BY
THE HORNED BEAST'S
WATER HOLE ! THERE
IS NO ONE TO
SAVE ME !

DOROTHY LAMOUR



DOROTHY LAMOUR

SOMETIME LATER IN ANOTHER PART OF THE JUNGLE ...

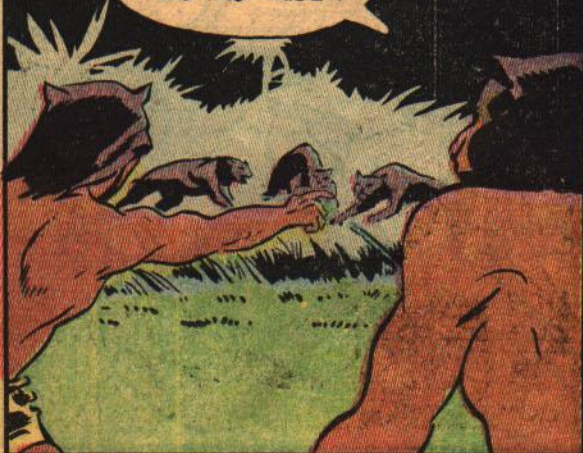
THE WALL GIVES !
WE CAN HOLD THE
N'GESSA OFF NO
LONGER !

VICTORY IS OURS,
N'GESSA ! LOOT AND
KILL AS OF OLD !

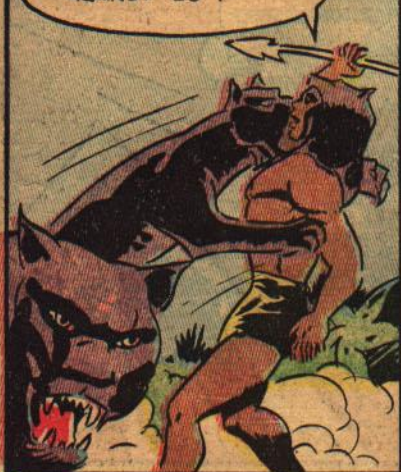


BUT AS THE N'GESSA SURGE FORWARD ...

THE PANTHER KING
AND HIS TRIBE !



THE JUNGLE PRINCESS
SENDS HER PETS
AGAINST US !



FLY ! WE CANNOT
WITHSTAND THEIR
ONSLAUGHT !



CALL YOUR BROTHERS
BACK, PANU ! WE WISH
NOT TO KILL BUT ONLY
TO BRING PEACE !



A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

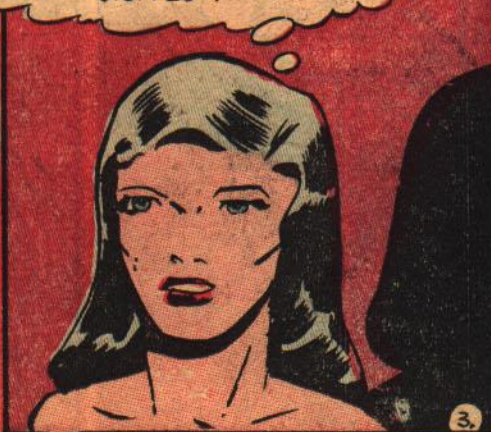
YOU ARE SAFE
NOW ! THEY WILL NOT
SOON RETURN !
BUT WHY DO THE
N'GESSA AGAIN
ATTACK ?



WE KNOW NOT
JUNGLE PRINCESS !
BUT THEY MAKE
WAR ON MANY
VILLAGES OF LATE !
AND THEY TAKE
LOOT AND SLAVES !



THEY AGAIN TURN WAR-LIKE !
AND SOON THEY WILL BE KILLING
MY PANTHER BROTHERS, AS
THEY ONCE DID, FOR NEW WAR
HEADRESSES ! THEY MUST BE
STOPPED !



DOROTHY LAMOUR

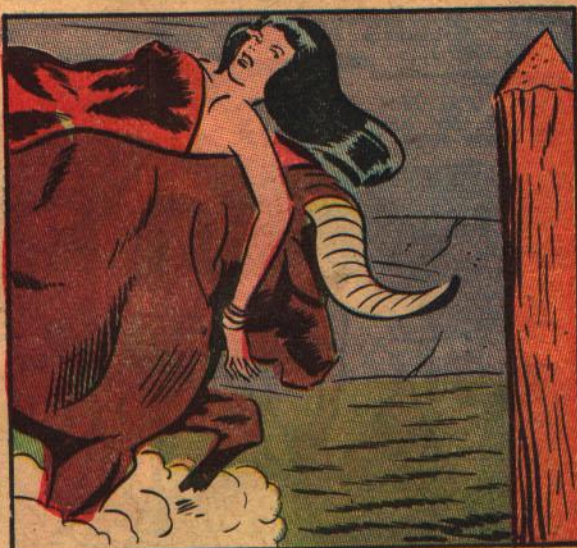
MEANWHILE IN THE N'GESSA VILLAGE ...



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DOROTHY LAMOUR



DOROTHY LAMOUR

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY
PANU STRUGGLED WITHIN
THE NET ...



FURIOUSLY HE TEARS AT THE
VINE MESH, UNTIL ...

THE JUNGLE PRINCESS'
PET IS ESCAPING!



KILL THE
BEAST!

OUR
MASTER'S RAGE
WILL BE GREAT!



BUT THE POWERFUL PANTHER EASILY
OUTSPEEDS THE NATIVES, AND IT IS
ONLY A MATTER OF MINUTES UNTIL ...



THEN ...



WHILE ...

MY HANDS ARE
FREE! NOW IF I
CAN GET MY FEET
UNTIED ...



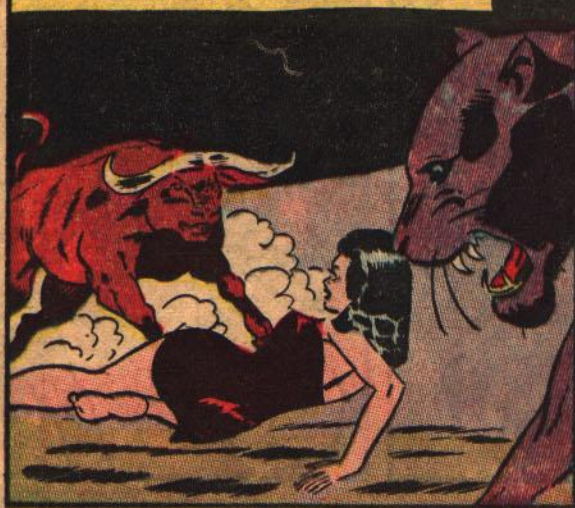
BUT AT THAT INSTANT ...

OH!



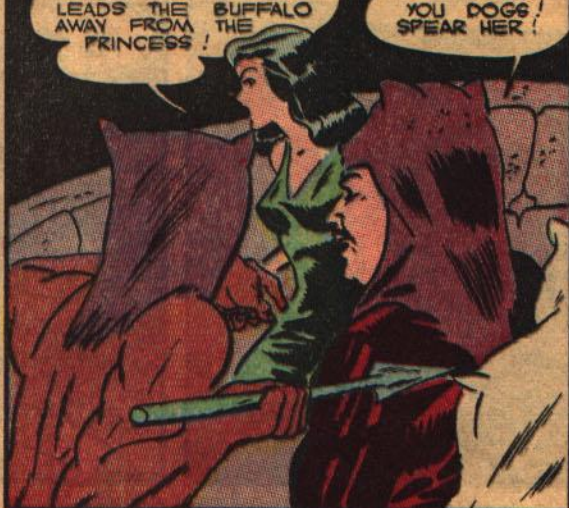
DOROTHY LAMOUR

A MOMENT LATER, PANU RISES FROM HIS BATTLE VICTORIOUS TO SEE ...



NOW THE PANTHER LEADS THE BUFFALO AWAY FROM THE PRINCESS!

YOU DOGS! SPEAR HER!



MY HEAD CLEARS ... I MUST GET OUT OF HERE!



IF I CAN ONLY VAULT UP ONTO THE WALL AND CAPTURE THE WHITE MAN!



AND ...

NO! STOP HER!



THE WHITE MAN FLEES ALONG THE WALL!

AND NOW HE FALLS TO THE BUFFALO BELOW!



THE BUFFALO QUICKLY SLAYS THE WHITE MAN WHO WOULD BE PANTHER KING, AND THEN ...

WE HAVE FOLLOWED AN EVIL ONE! WE BEG THE FORGIVENESS OF THE JUNGLE PRINCESS!

AGAIN IT IS GRANTED! BUT LET THE N'GESSA REMEMBER FROM NOW TILL ALWAYS THAT NOT WAR, BUT PEACE, MUST BE THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE!



THE END 8

DOROTHY LAMOUR

ELEPHANT STAMPEDE

A
TRUE
JUNGLE
STORY

NOW DON'T GO
TOO FAR INTO THE
JUNGLE, JULIA, AND
YOU TAKE GOOD
CARE OF HER,
GRUNDII!

NOTHING WILL
HAPPEN TO ME AS
LONG AS GRUNDII
GOES ON THE
PICNIC WITH ME.
FATHER! GOOD-BYE,
MOTHER!

THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF SARIWIK
IS PLACED DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO
THE JUNGLES EDGE, BUT JULIA, WHO'S
PARENTS ARE MISSIONARIES AND THE
ONLY WHITE PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE,
FINDS IT AN EXCITING PARADISE
PLAYGROUND.....

AS JULIA AND GRUNDII, JULIA'S PLAYMATE,
APPROACH THE JUNGLE.....

LET'S GO TO THAT
LITTLE SPRING, GRUNDII!
THE JUNGLE IS SO
BEAUTIFUL THERE!

YES! YES,
TO THE
SPRING!

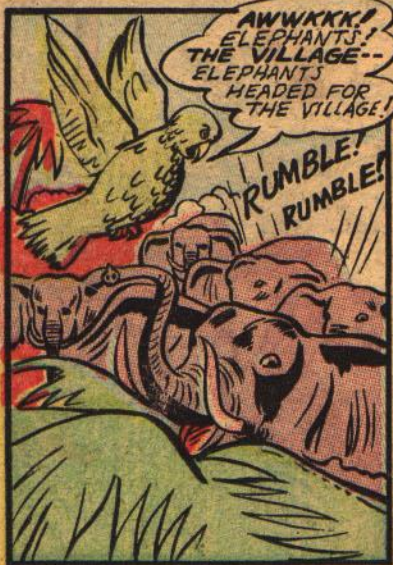
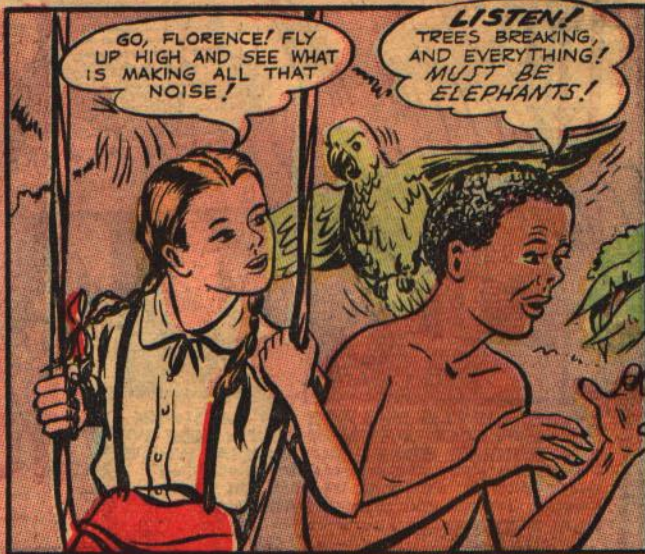
SURE, AND YOUR
BIRD, FLORENCE, CAN
FLY AROUND
AND WATCH
FOR ANY DANGERS!

ALL IS SAFE!
ALL AROUND!

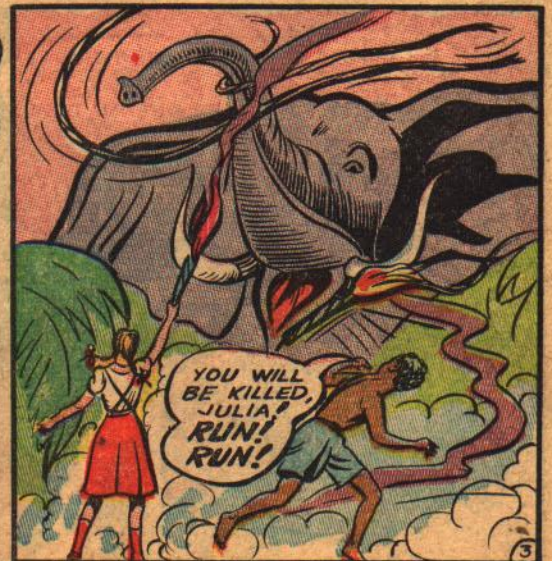
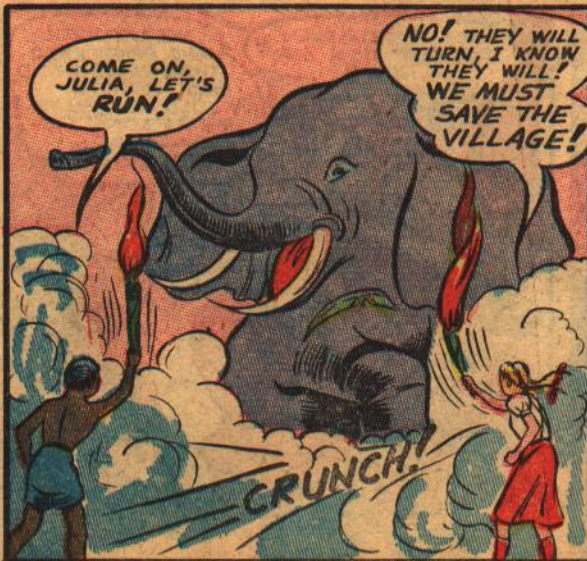
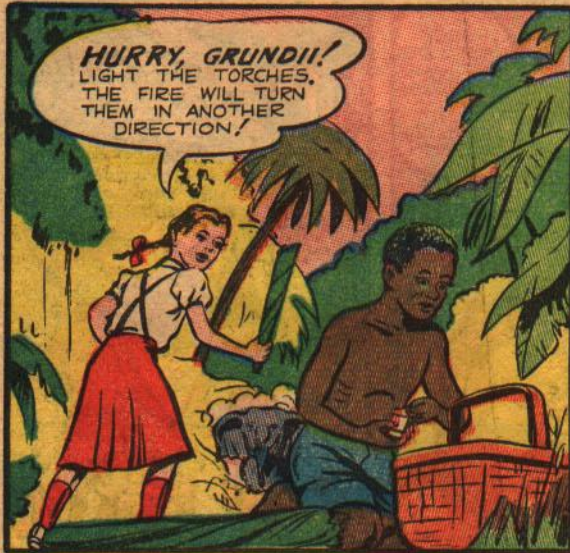
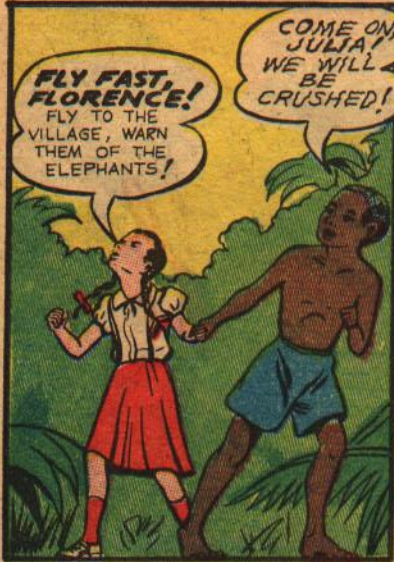
OH, LOOKIE!
FRIED
PHEASANT!

AND JUNGLE
FRUITS, HMMMM--
I LIKE JUNGLE
FRUITS!

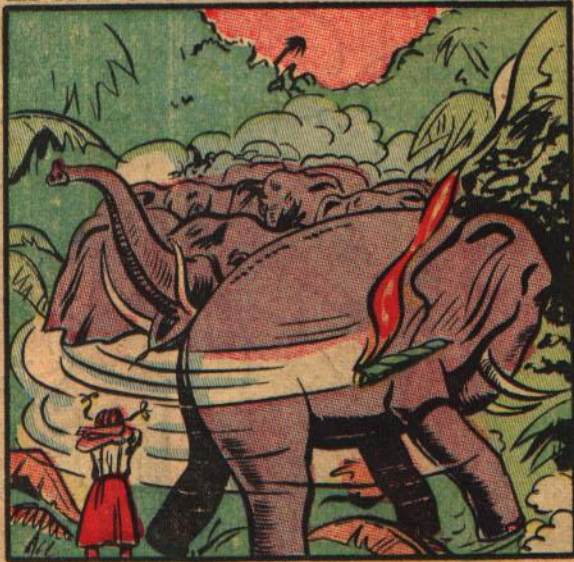
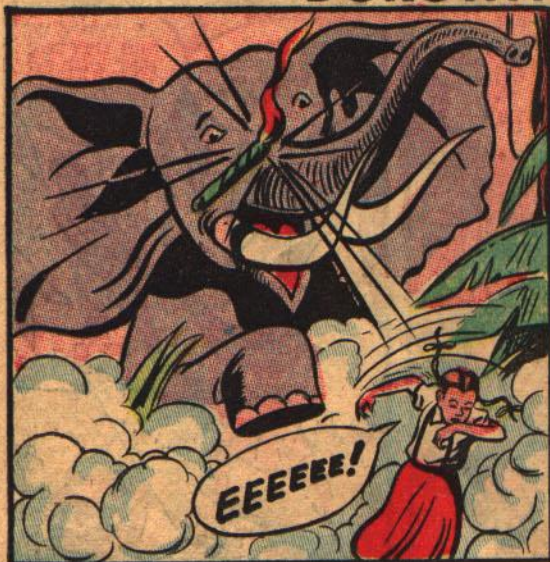
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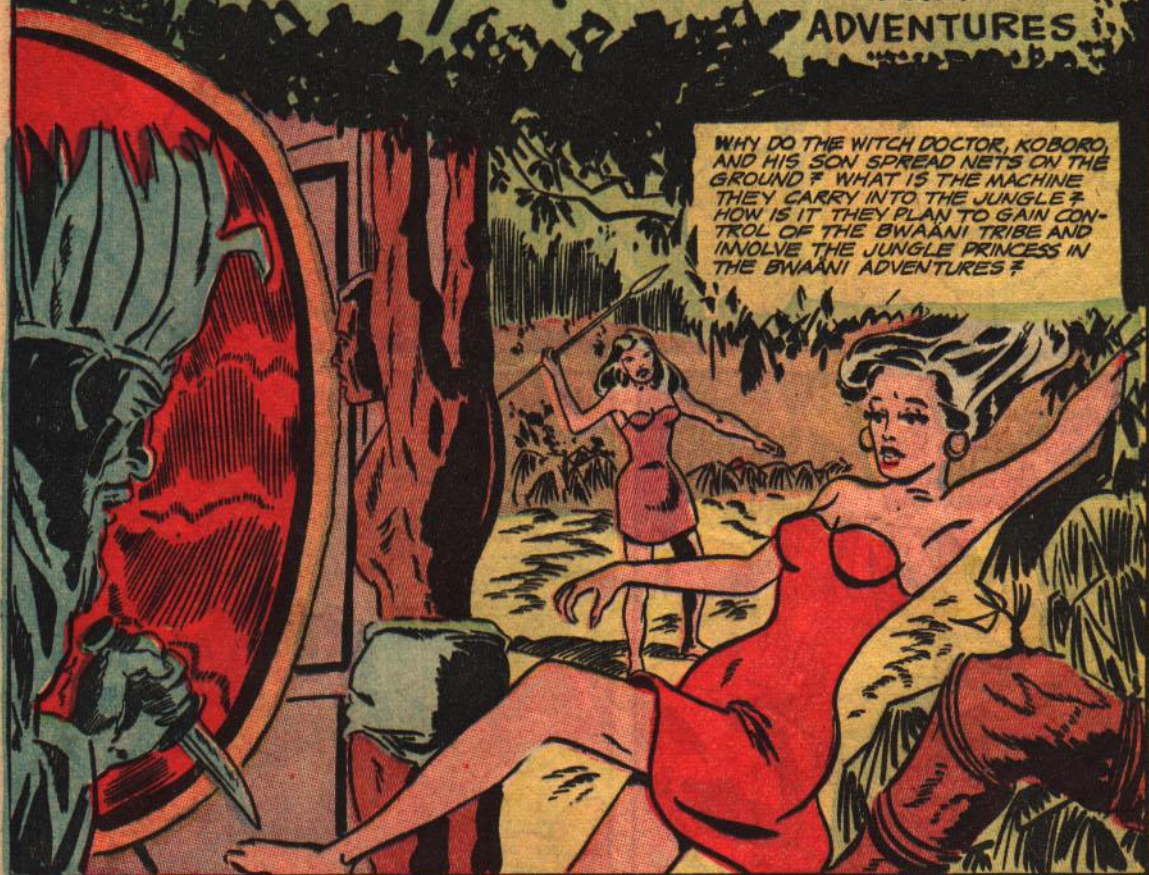


DOROTHY LAMOUR

Dorothy Lamour

JUNGLE
PRINCESS
IN
BWAANI
ADVENTURES

WHY DO THE WITCH DOCTOR, KOBORO, AND HIS SON SPREAD NETS ON THE GROUND? WHAT IS THE MACHINE THEY CARRY INTO THE JUNGLE? HOW IS IT THEY PLAN TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE BWAANI TRIBE AND INVOLVE THE JUNGLE PRINCESS IN THE BWAANI ADVENTURES?



GLADLY DO I GIVE
YOU BOTH MY BLESSINGS.
YOU SHALL MAKE
TARU A FINE HUSBAND,
KARI!

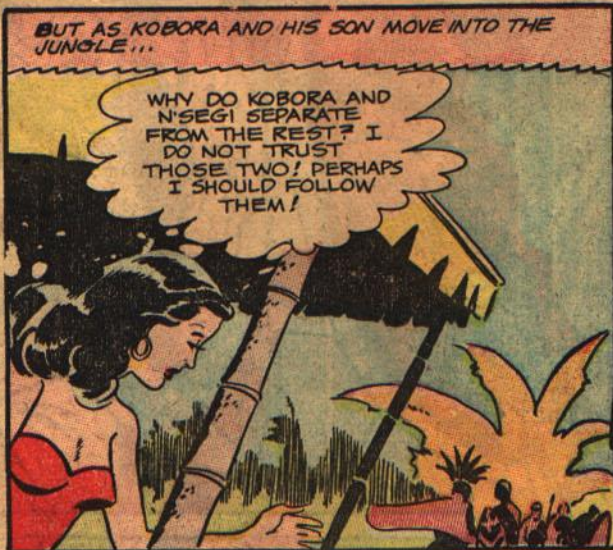
WITH ALL MY HEART
I HOPE SO,
JUNGLE PRINCESS,
FOR I LOVE HER
GREATLY!

BUT REMEMBER, KARI,
WITH TARU'S FATHER,
THE LATE BWAANI
CHIEF, NOW DEAD, HE
WHO WEDS HER
RULES THE BWAANI
TRIBE!

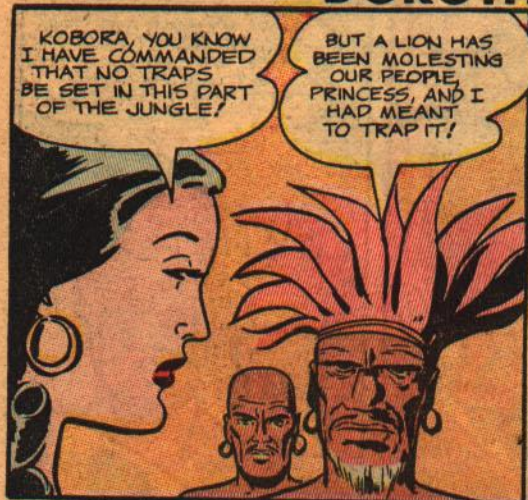
I AM SURE
KARI WILL MAKE
A GOOD CHIEF,
BWANASAN DOROTHY!



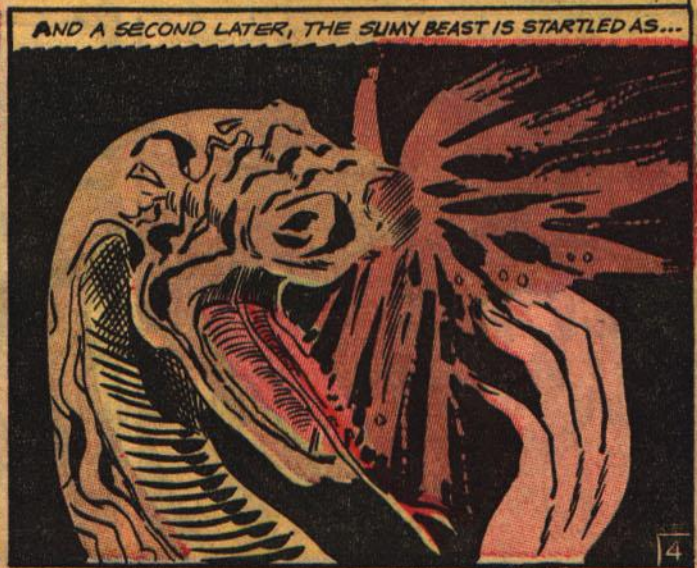
DOROTHY LAMOUR



DOROTHY LAMOUR



DOROTHY LAMOUR



DOROTHY LAMOUR

AND ON THE CLIFF ABOVE...

KARI'S EYES GO BLANK! HE FALLS UNDER THE HYPNOTIC SPELL OF MY FATHER'S MAGIC MACHINE!



HE IS UNDER OUR HYPNOTIC POWER! NOW FLY TO THE VILLAGE AND BRING TURA, N'SEGI! WE SOON CAUSE HER TO LOSE FAITH IN HER LOVER!



AND BELOW, THE SILENT BATTLE CONTINUES, AS MORE AND MORE OF THE SOFT MUD STRIKES THE REPTILE! HIS NOSTRILS ARE PLUGGED... HIS MOUTH, GAGGED!



THEN...

HIS COILS LOOSEN AS HE THRASHES ABOUT STRUGGLING FOR AIR! I AM SAVED!



I MUST GET BACK QUICKLY AND DISCOVER WHAT DEVILTRY KOBORA HAS PLANNED!



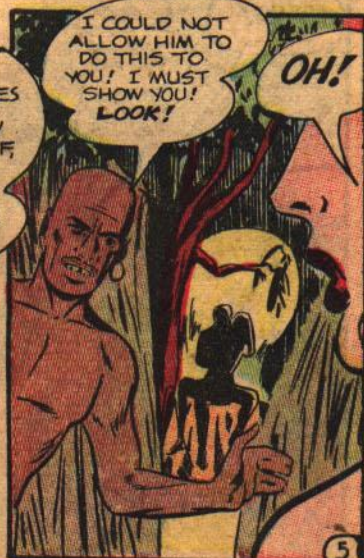
WHILE NOT FAR AWAY...

I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU SAY, N'SEGI--THAT KARI IS UNFAITHFUL TO ME!



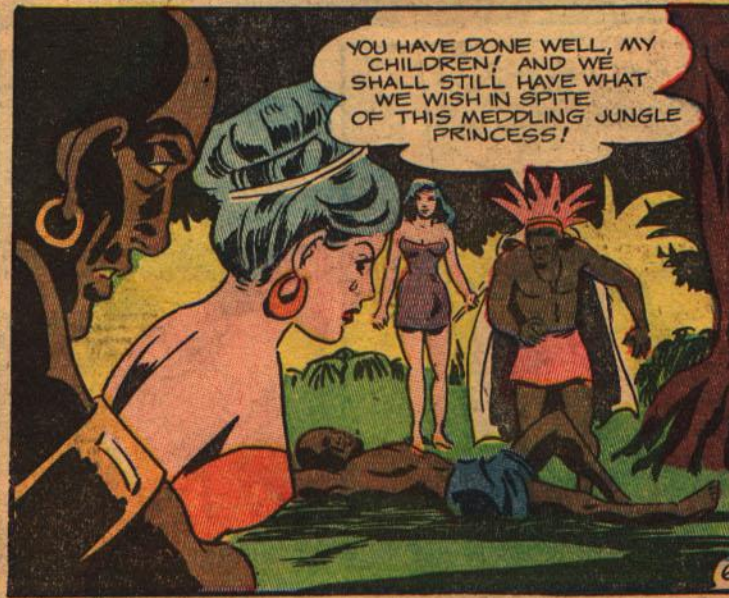
BUT I TELL YOU, HE MARRIES YOU ONLY THAT HE MAY BECOME CHIEF, TURA. IT IS MY SISTER HE LOVES! I SHOW YOU! HE IS WITH HER NOW!

I COULD NOT ALLOW HIM TO DO THIS TO YOU! I MUST SHOW YOU! LOOK!



OH!

DOROTHY LAMOUR



DOROTHY LAMOUR



DOROTHY LAMOUR

MEANWHILE IN THE JUNGLE...



TURU, THE FOOL, BELIEVES I KEEP MY WORD! BUT BELOW IS THE CAGE IN WHICH THE TRADER KEEPS THE TWO! I MAKE SURE THEY NEVER RETURN!

BUT AS THE ROCK BREAKS LOOSE...



LOOK!

GET THAT CART MOVING! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE THOSE SLAVES!

THE CART MOVES FORWARD, BUT NOT QUITE ENOUGH, FOR...



THE ROCK HAS OPENED THE CAGE AND THE SLAVES ESCAPE! AFTER THEM!

BUT THE PRINCESS AND KARI EASILY ESCAPE THE TRADER AND HIS SERVANT, AND SHORTLY AFTERWARDS.....



KOBORA! DO NOT LET HIM ESCAPE US, KARI!

IN THE BWAANI VILLAGE, THE WEDDING IS ABOUT TO START...



FATHER IS DELAYED! HE WILL NOT BE IN TIME FOR THE WEDDING! WE GUARD THE GATES TO KEEP OUT KARI SHOULD HE ESCAPE, BUT THE GUARD WILL LET MY FATHER BY!

N'SEGI! HE COMES NOW!



FATHER, WE FEARED YOU-- IT IS NOT MY FATHER!

KARI!



NO YOU DON'T! COME BACK, GIRL! YOU SHALL STAND TRIAL WITH YOUR FATHER AND BROTHER FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TODAY!



THIS WAS NEARLY A DAY OF SORROWS, BUT NOW IT IS ONE OF JOY!

I SHALL SEE THAT KOBORA AND HIS CHILDREN RECEIVE A FAIR TRIAL, BUT LET US FORGET THEM NOW AND JOIN IN OUR WEDDING FEAST! THIS IS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF OUR LIVES!

THE END

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IN ALL SIZES

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only **13⁹⁸**

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Green, Red. **SIZES:** 9, 11, 13,
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