

DELL

JANUARY-MARCH

10¢

# JUNGLE JIM







# People of Malaya

Along the rivers, deep in the Malayan jungle, probably a hundred thousand native aborigines live. They are made up of some sixty tribes. But of all these tribes, one of the most unusual are the SEMANG.

The Semang are pygmies, rarely growing taller than four and a half feet. They live in caves or leaf-shelters formed between branches. A loincloth made of beaten bark, hammered out with wooden mallets, is worn by the men and a short bark petticoat by the women. Among their strange instruments is the high-pitched nose flute. Though small and few in numbers, they are junglewise, living by their cunning with bow, spear and blowgun.

JUNGLE JIM, Vol. 1, No. 7, Jan.-Mar., 1956. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Application for second class entry pending at the Post Office at New York, New York. Single copies 10c. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Canada 40c per year; foreign subscriptions 70c per year. Dell Subscription Service: 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y. © 1955, by King Features Syndicate, Inc. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.



# JUNGLE JIM

## THE TRAPPED MAN

TUAN JIM,  
SOMETHING  
IN TRAP!

LOOKS LIKE THE  
SAKAI HAVE CAUGHT  
THEMSELVES A TIGER  
OR A LEOPARD!

AS JUNGLE JIM BRADLEY AND KOLU MARCH  
ALONG AN ELEPHANT TRACK DEEP IN THE  
MALAYAN WILDS, SUDDENLY...

DON'T GET TOO CLOSE,  
KOLU, OR YOU'LL FIND  
A CLAW IN YOUR FACE!

T-TUAN!

WHAT IN  
THE WORLD--

-- THANKS AWFULLY,  
OLD CHAP!

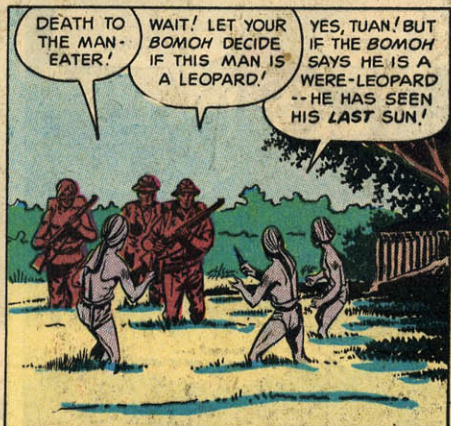
THE LEOPARD!  
LEOPARD!

SLAY HIM!

J.J.#7-561

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS







WELL, I CAME TO STUDY SAKAI CUSTOMS, SO I MIGHT AS WELL MEET THEIR MEDICINE MAN. I'M PROFESSOR STERNS.

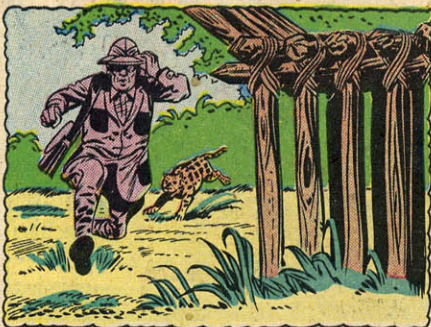
SHOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED YOU FROM YOUR BOOK COVER PHOTO! YOUR WORK ON NATIVE CUSTOMS IS TOPS IN ITS FIELD! I'M JIM BRADLEY, AND I'M STILL PUZZLED ABOUT HOW YOU GOT **INSIDE** THAT TRAP!

"I WAS HEADING FOR SAKAI COUNTRY, USING A TRACK THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER RECOMMENDED, WHEN I SUDDENLY FOUND SOMETHING THAT WASN'T ON MY MAP..."



"HE WAS A NASTY-LOOKING BLIGHTER AND SEEMED A BIT ON THE HUNGRY SIDE! I STARTED TO RUN, BUT EVEN IN MY OXFORD DAYS, I WAS NO SPRINTER..."

"THEN I SAW THE CAGE TRAP! I IMMEDIATELY CONCLUDED IF THE LEOPARD WERE OUTSIDE THE TRAP, THE SAFEST PLACE FOR ME WOULD BE **INSIDE** THE TRAP..."

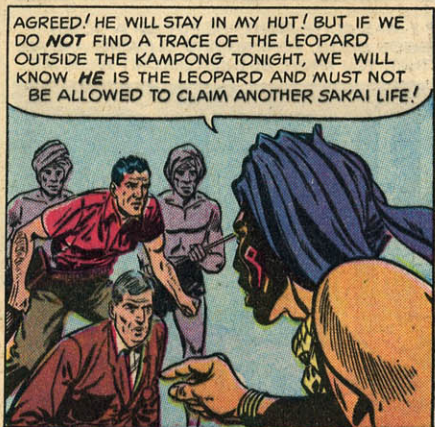
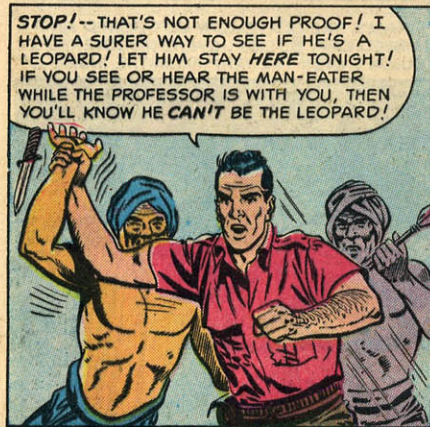
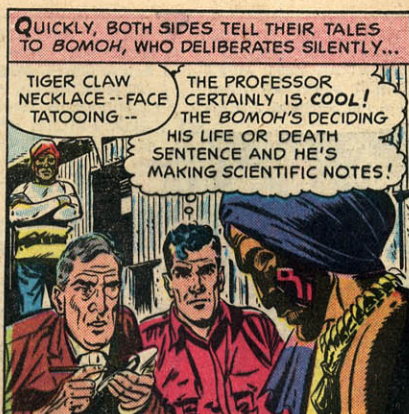


"I WAS QUITE RIGHT! HE PUT UP A JOLLY GOOD SHOW, ROARING AND CLAWING AND ALL THAT, YOU KNOW, BUT HE COULDN'T HARM ME..."

"FINALLY, THE OLD FELLOW GOT BORED AND AMBLED OFF! BUT, BY JOVE, I DISCOVERED I COULDN'T OPEN THE TRAP FROM THE **INSIDE**..."











THAT NIGHT...

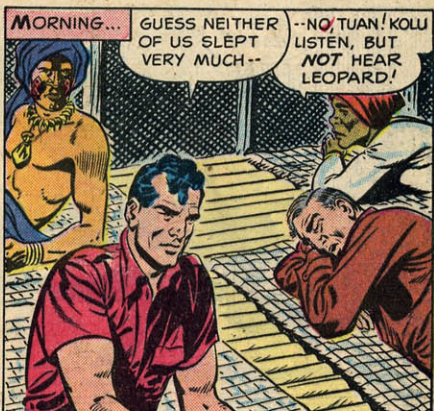
FASCINATING! THE BOMOH SPRINKLES WOOD ASH FROM THE FIRE AROUND THE HUTS TO KEEP OUT THE EVIL SPIRITS.

KOLU, I WISH I KNEW A SPELL TO RAISE A MAN-EATER TONIGHT!



YES, TUAN, IF SAKAI NOT HEAR OR SEE LEOPARD, THEM THINK PROFESSOR LEOPARD!

AND THIS IS THE TIME LEOPARDS USUALLY FEED-- BUT NO ONE CALLED SO FAR!



MORNING...

GUESS NEITHER OF US SLEPT VERY MUCH--

--NO, TUAN! KOLU LISTEN, BUT NOT HEAR LEOPARD!



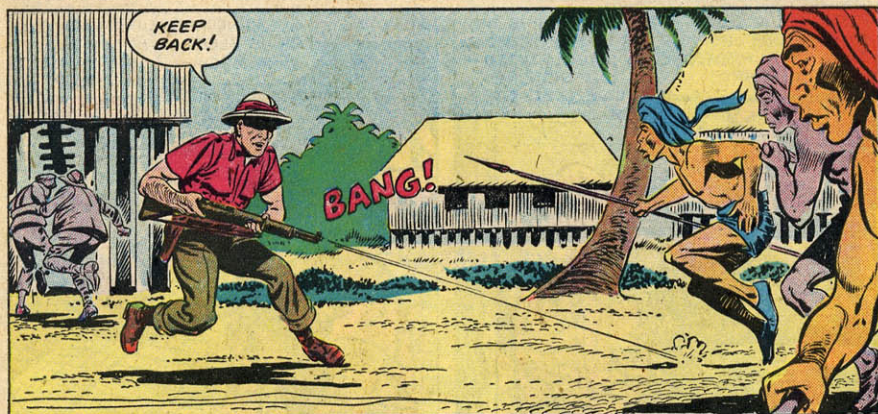
WE HAVE CIRCLED THE KAMPONG TWICE!

I KNOW THE PUG MARKS OF THE MAN-EATER WELL! THEY WERE NOT TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE!

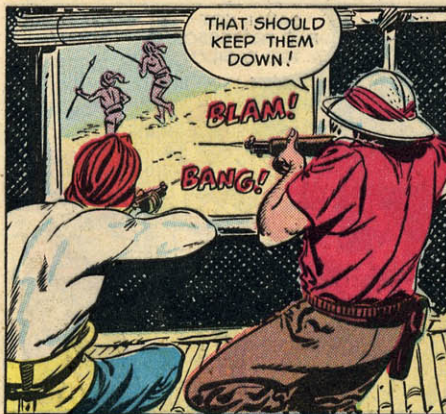
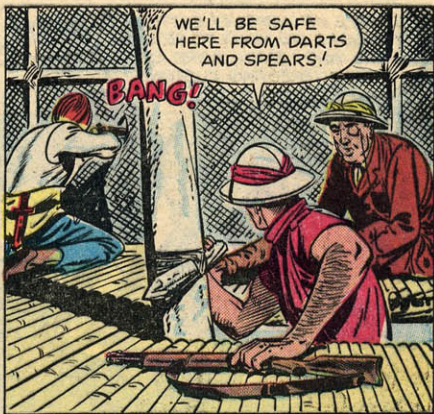


THE LEOPARD LEFT NO TRACKS OUTSIDE THE KAMPONG BECAUSE HE WAS INSIDE WITH US!-- TAKE THE LEOPARD-MAN!

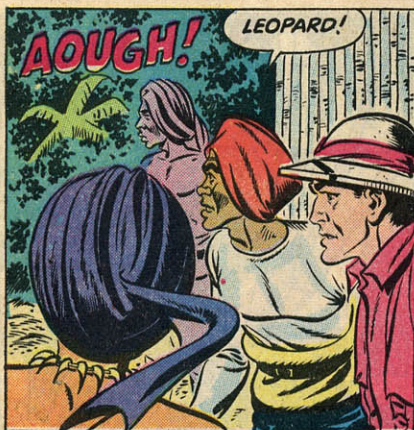




















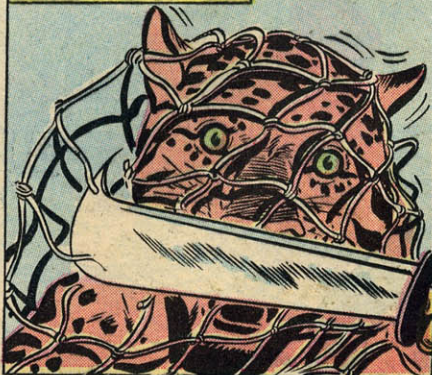
GO TO THE KAMPONG AND BRING BACK A CAGE! I WANT TO SHOW THE LEOPARD THERE ALIVE! THEN WE'LL BRING IN PROFESSOR STERNS! IN THAT WAY, THE BOMOH WON'T BE ABLE TO SAY THE PROFESSOR LEFT THE DEAD LEOPARD'S BODY TO REASSUME HIS HUMAN SHAPE!



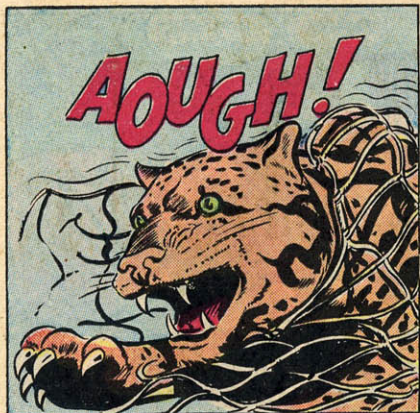
MINUTES LATER, THE WAITING BOMOH FINDS HIS CHANCE ...



BUT AS THE TWO MEN STRUGGLE DESPERATELY, SUDDENLY...



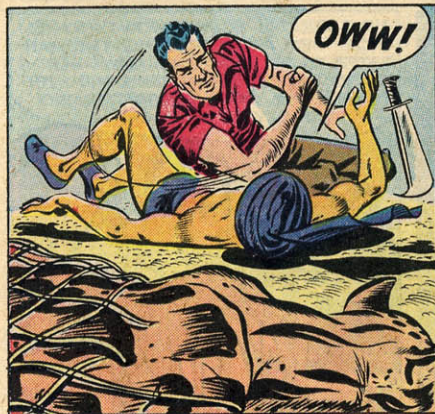




**AOUGH!**



LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE  
SPECTATORS WANTS TO  
GET INTO THE ACT!



**OWW!**



IF I HAD MY  
CHOICE--I'D RATHER  
TANGLE WITH THE  
PARANG-WIELDING  
BOMOH AGAIN!



EASY, KITTY! NOW'S THE  
PERFECT TIME FOR YOU TO  
TAKE A NICE CAT NAP!







BUT BEFORE THEY CAN FIRE, SUDDENLY...



EARLY IN MY CAREER, I DISCOVERED "MAGIC" MADE A PROFOUND IMPRESSION ON NATIVES! THAT **SMOKE GRENADE** WAS A GOOD SHOW!

ONCE THE SAKAI SEE YOU AND THE LEOPARD ARE **BOTH ALIVE**, I THINK YOUR TROUBLES WILL BE OVER!



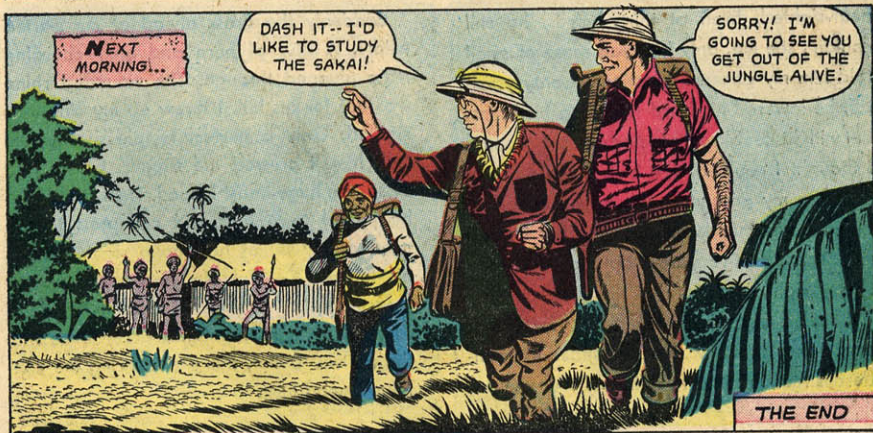
THAT NIGHT, THE LEOPARD IS SLAIN AND A FEAST IS HELD, AS REBANNA DRUMS ECHO JOYFULLY THROUGH THE MALAYAN JUNGLE...



NEXT MORNING...

DASH IT-- I'D LIKE TO STUDY THE SAKAI!

SORRY! I'M GOING TO SEE YOU GET OUT OF THE JUNGLE ALIVE.







"No, bwana! Don't go to the water. You pass rhino track and it dawn now. Thirsty rhino come drink soon."

"I'm thirsty, too. The rhino'll just have to wait his turn," I shouted to my Zulu tracker. But the jungle wise native kept back. He had warned me never to get between a thirsty rhino and water, but I wanted to fill my canteen so we could start the day's hunt. I placed my .375 Magnum on a dry spot and leaned over to fill my canteen. Suddenly, I heard my tracker call. I whirled. Breaking cover, not fifty yards behind me, was a rhino coming in full tilt. I couldn't get up, grab my rifle and use it in time. But I knew rhinos were very near-sighted. Even at thirty yards, he still couldn't see me, only his keen sense of smell told him my general direction. Twenty yards off, he lowered his head revealing his horns. But with his feeble eyes focused on the ground, I thought I could dodge him. It wasn't easy standing my ground as a ton and a half of angry beast thundered my way, but I stood still. Then, at five yards' distance, I leaped to my right. He pounded past me.

I smiled triumphantly—but only for a second. I saw that my rifle lay under his ponderous feet, crushed to splinters. Weaponless,

I watched him swing about to charge me again. But just then, the Zulu's spear caught him in the side. He shuddered a moment and then trotted off to cover.

Shortly after, my Zulu tracker and I returned from camp. I was now armed with a .303. It was easy to trail the wounded rhino and I excitedly pushed on into the tall brush. Then I halted. Tracking a wounded rhino in high grass was inviting sudden death. But I couldn't break off the hunt. The rhino was wounded and had to be killed, otherwise, angered by his wound, he might seek revenge on the first unsuspecting passerby.

I sent my Zulu tracker up a tree. The ground ahead revealed no sign of the wounded behemoth, though his trail was clear. Cautiously, we pushed on. Once more my Zulu climbed a tree. Then he clicked his tongue in a signal and pointed off to the left. Carefully I threaded my way through the head-high grass. I checked my gun—there was a shell in the chamber. Then I froze in my tracks. In my rush to hunt down the rhino, I had forgotten to change my ammunition when I took my new caliber rifle. I had only one bullet for the .303 with me—the one in the chamber. I would have to get him on the first shot or—

Suddenly the grass ahead of me parted wildly. A blur of horn and gray charging mass plunged through. The wounded rhino was out for his kill. I threw up my rifle and sighted. Only a perfect temple shot would stop him. I pressed the trigger. Closer and closer the huge beast lunged. Then, suddenly, he jerked to a halt and collapsed to the ground. My bullet had gone right through his temple. Careful aim had made up for inexcusable carelessness. I rubbed the dead rhino's front horn, hoping, in accordance with the natives' belief, this would bring me continued good luck.



# SHANKAR the SHIKARI

## in THE WRONG RIFLE

IN ASSAM, THE NORTHEASTERN CORNER OF INDIA, THE SIKH HUNTER-GUIDE, OR **SHIKARI**, SHANKAR, AND MR. MILES ARE OUT SHOOTING FOR THE POT, AS SUDDENLY...

WILD BUFFALO!  
WE'D BETTER START  
RUNNING BEFORE  
THEY TRAMPLE US!

NO! GET DOWN!  
LIE FLAT!

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BUT THEY'RE COMING  
RIGHT FOR US!

I KNOW! BUT YOU **CAN'T**  
OUTRUN A BUFFALO! **DOWN!**

I NEVER SHOULD  
HAVE GONE OUT  
WITH A SUPER-  
STITIOUS **NATIVE**  
INSTEAD OF A  
PROFESSIONAL  
HUNTER--

WOULD  
YOU LIKE  
TO SEE  
MY PRO-  
FESSIONAL  
HUNTER'S  
**LICENSE?**

MAYBE **SUICIDE**  
IS A JOKE  
TO YOU--IT ISN'T  
TO ME!

IF YOU GET UP AND  
RUN, THEY'LL SEE YOU  
AND CHASE YOU!

IF I CAN JUST REACH  
THOSE TREES--

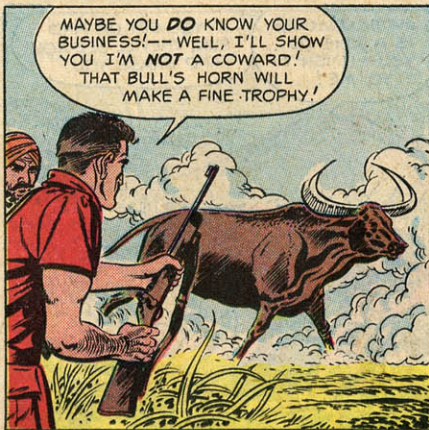
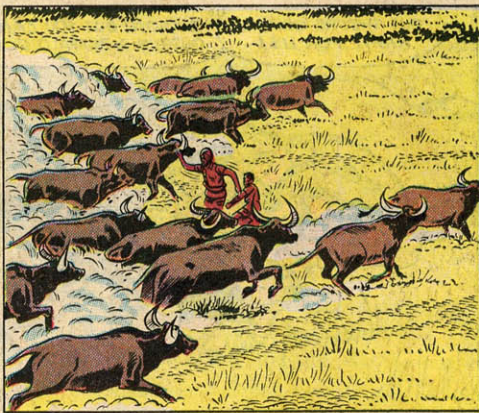




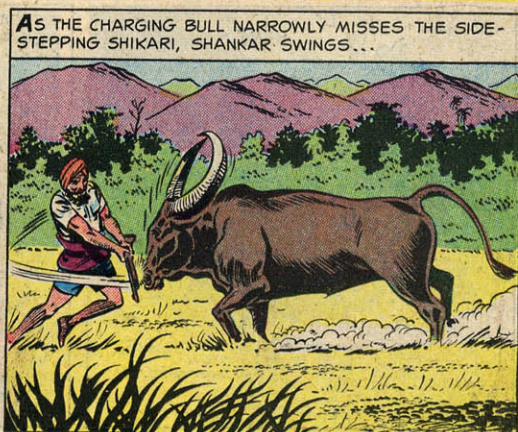
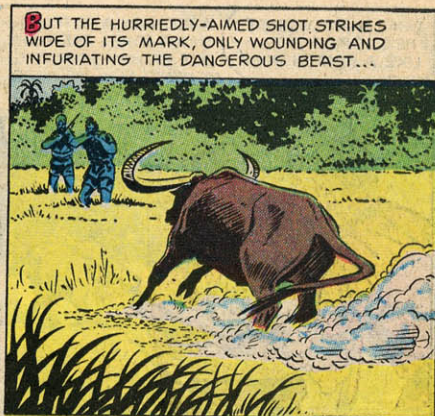
AS THE GREEN SPORTSMAN CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND, SHANKAR LIES DOWN BESIDE HIM UNTIL THE ONCOMING HERD IS BARELY A HUNDRED YARDS OFF, THEN ...



WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST TRACE OF PANIC, HE WAVES HIS ARMS GENTLY...









WHAT IN THE WORLD?  
HE'S LOPING OFF  
LIKE A BEATEN DOG!

A BLOW ON A BUFFALO'S  
SNOUT TAKES THE FIGHT  
OUT OF HIM-- FOR THE  
MOMENT! NOW WE HAVE  
TO GET OUR **HEAVY GUNS!**  
YOU CAN'T LEAVE A  
WOUNDED KILLER  
LIKE THAT LOOSE!



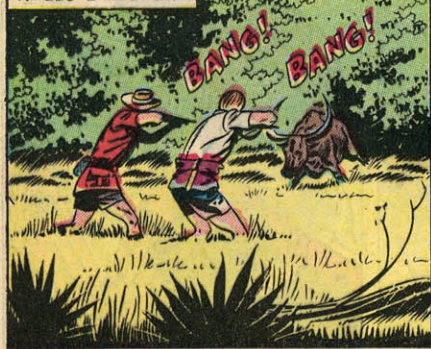
KNOWING A WOUNDED BUFFALO ALWAYS  
DOUBLES BACK ON ITS SPOOR, TO LIE IN  
AMBUSH, SHANKAR TRACKS HIM CAUTIOUSLY...

THERE --  
HIS EARS!



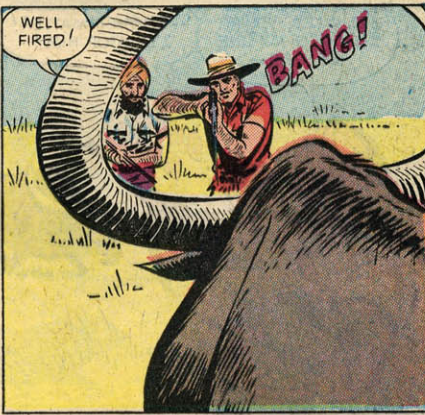
REALIZING HE'S DISCOVERED, THE CORNERED  
BULL MAKES HIS CHARGE, AS TWO .450  
RIFLES EXPLODE...

BANG! BANG!

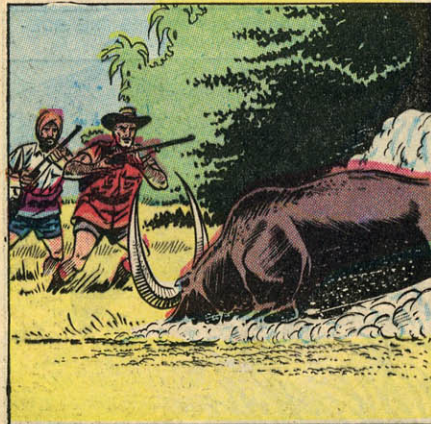


WELL  
FIRED!

BANG!



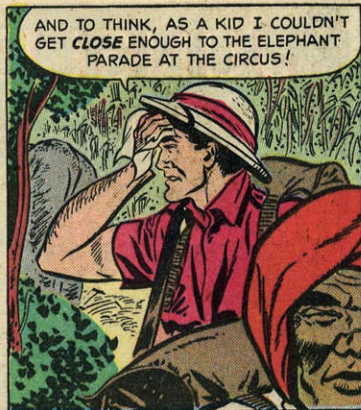
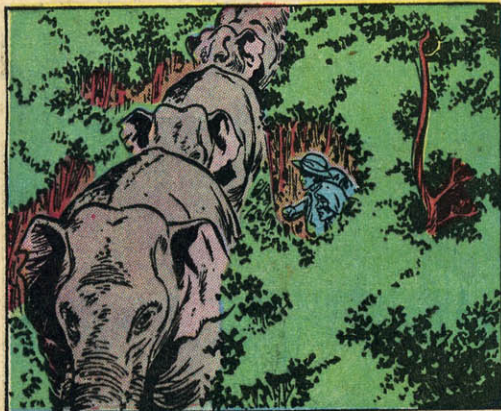
IT TOOK **THREE** HEAVY SLUGS TO STOP HIM  
EVEN **AFTER** HE WAS WOUNDED! YOU WERE  
RIGHT! WHEN YOU HUNT, YOU HUNT AN  
ANIMAL WITH THE **RIGHT** RIFLE OR YOU  
PASS IT UP! -- NO, SHANKAR, YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO SHOW ME YOUR LICENSE! I KNOW  
YOU'RE A **PROFESSIONAL** HUNTER AND A  
MIGHTY PATIENT ONE TO HAVE PUT UP WITH  
A FOOL LIKE ME!











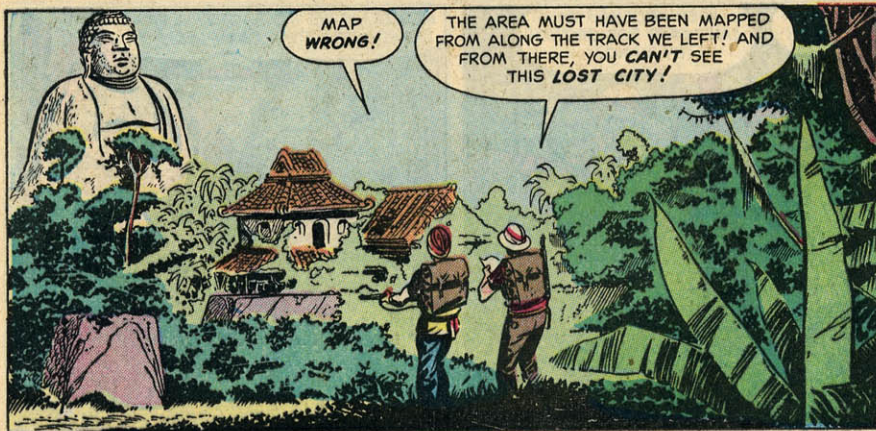
AND TO THINK, AS A KID I COULDN'T GET **CLOSE** ENOUGH TO THE ELEPHANT PARADE AT THE CIRCUS!



TUAN! LOOK **BEHIND** PLACE KOLU CLEAR!



A **BUDDHIST SHRINE!**-- BUT ACCORDING TO THE MAP, THIS IS ALL **WILD JUNGLE!**



MAP **WRONG!**

THE AREA MUST HAVE BEEN MAPPED FROM ALONG THE TRACK WE LEFT! AND FROM THERE, YOU **CAN'T** SEE THIS **LOST CITY!**





LOOK VERY OLD!

THE BUDDHIST KINGDOM OF SRI VIJAYA RULED THIS PART OF MALAYA IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY! THAT'S WHEN THIS MUST HAVE BEEN BUILT!



WHY ONLY WAH-WAHS HERE NOW?

PORTUGUESE ADVENTURERS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY THREATENED THE WHOLE AREA! THE PALACE AND SHRINE WERE PROBABLY ABANDONED THEN!



FUNNY, THE GIBBONS DON'T SEEM THE LEAST BIT AFRAID OF US! BUT THEY **SHOULDN'T** BE USED TO SEEING HUMANS **HERE!**



MAYBE PEOPLE VISIT HERE, TUAN!

NO, KOLU! IF ANYONE HAD DISCOVERED THIS CITY BEFORE US, WORD WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AROUND AND ARCHEOLOGISTS WOULD BE CRAWLING OVER EVERY INCH OF THESE RUINS!



TUAN, MAYBE ARCHEOLOGISTS NOT COME YET, BUT THIS FOOTPRINT VERY **FRESH!**









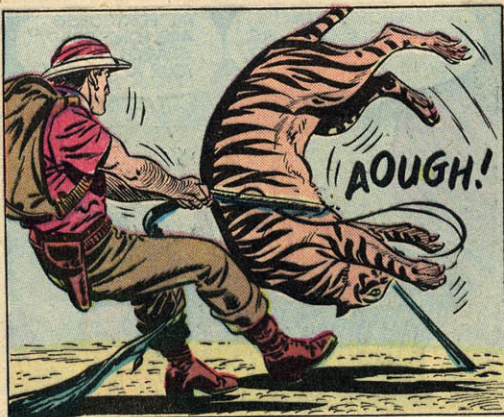








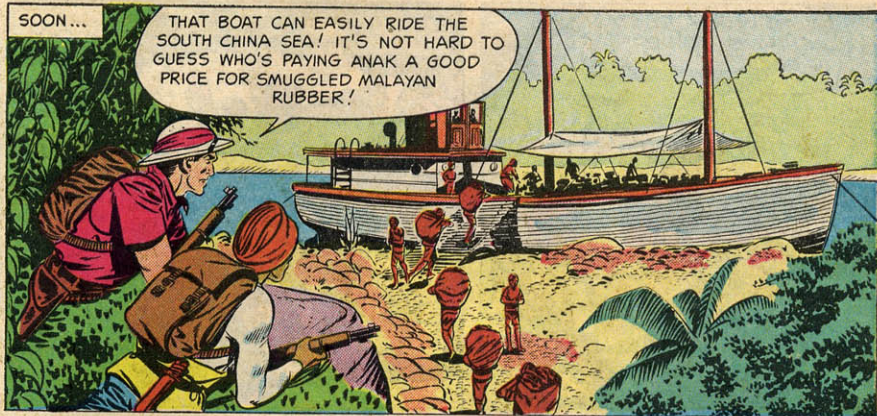






SOON...

THAT BOAT CAN EASILY RIDE THE SOUTH CHINA SEA! IT'S NOT HARD TO GUESS WHO'S PAYING ANAK A GOOD PRICE FOR SMUGGLED MALAYAN RUBBER!



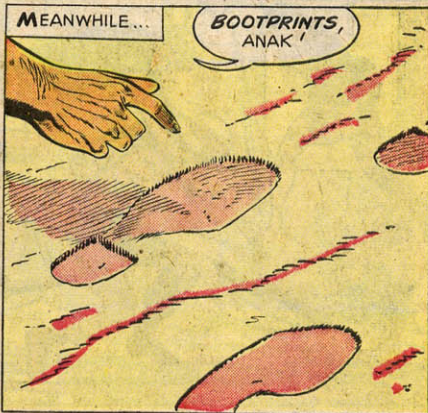
WHAT WE DO NOW, TUAN?

RETURN TO THE LOST CITY, KOLU! IF WE CAN TURN ANAK OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES, THE SMUGGLING RING SHOULD BE BROKEN!



MEANWHILE...

BOOTPRINTS, ANAK!



THEN THE GUARD *DID* SEE A WHITE MAN! ALL OF YOU, HIDE! IF THE INTRUDERS RETURN, WE WILL SEIZE THEM AND FIND OUT WHAT THEY HAVE SEEN HERE!



LATER...

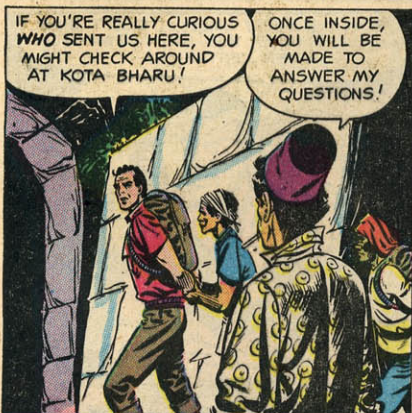
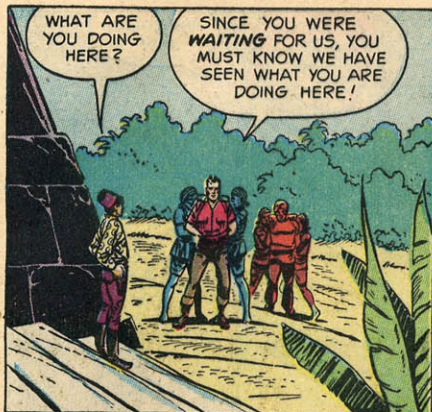
WE'VE WATCHED FOR HALF AN HOUR NOW, KOLU! IT SEEMS ABANDONED! ONCE ANAK TOLD THE CARRIERS WHERE TO MEET THE BOAT, HE MAY HAVE HEADED HOME TO SPEND HIS PART OF THE PROFITS!

















DOWN A DARK PASSAGEWAY, JUNGLE JIM AND KOLU ADVANCE AND SUDDENLY, IT LEADS TO AN EXIT BEHIND A SCREEN ...







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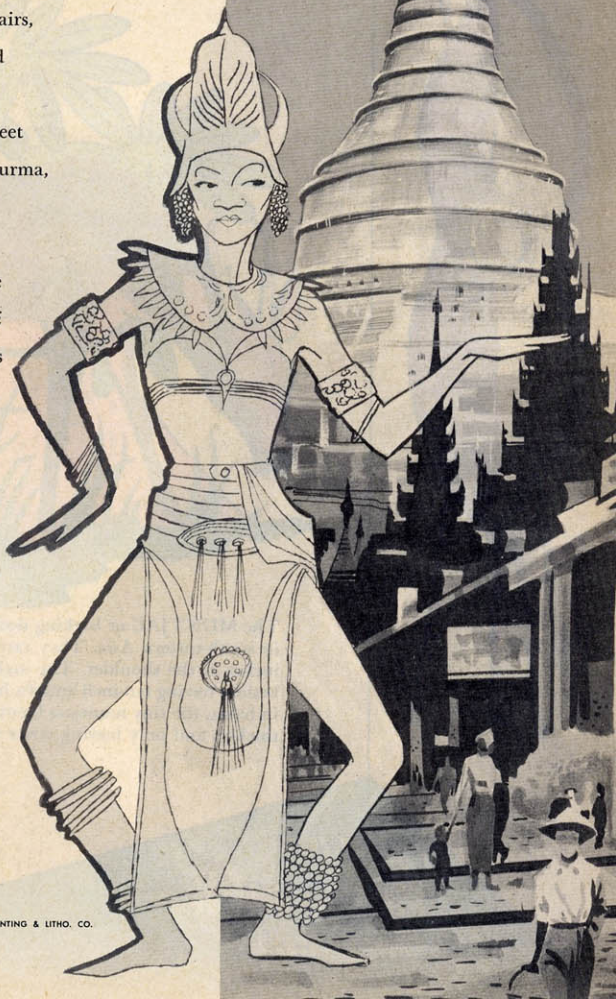
PAGODA OF

# Shwe Dagon

This dazzling shrine is the most famous Buddhist temple in the world. It shelters eight of the Buddha's hairs, given to two merchants who offered him honey in a forest in 586 B.C. Rising three hundred and seventy feet above the outskirts of Rangoon, Burma, Shwe Dagon's dome, covered with solid gold, can be seen flashing in the sunlight thirty miles away. The bell-shaped dome is topped by a *hti* or umbrella encrusted with precious jewels and countless silver bells that tinkle in the wind.

A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS  
COMIC

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## muntjac



The MUNTJAC or barking deer is a very small deer found only in south-eastern Asia. They rarely stand higher than twenty-one inches at the shoulder. The male muntjac is remarkable in that besides having ten-inch antlers, he also has two long tusks. Solitary in habit, the tiny muntjacs haunt the hilly forests, living in dense thickets and only leaving cover at dawn or dusk to graze.

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