

## **Another Outstanding Award for Dell Comics**



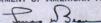
FOR OUTSTANDING SERVICE TO YOUTH



AWARDED TO

MR GEORGE T. DELACORTE, JR. PRESIDENT OF DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC. PUBLISHERS OF DELL COMICS

FOR HIS SUPPORT OF THE CIVIL AIR PATROL AND FOR HIS CONTINUING EFFORTS IN BEHALF OF THE BETTERMENT OF AMERICAN YOUTH.



MAJOR GENERAL LUCAS V. BEAU, USAF NATIONAL COMMANDER, CIVIL AIR PATROL AUXILIARY OF THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

Mr. George T. Delacorte, Jr., publisher of Dell Comics, receiving the Civil Air Patrol citation for Outstanding Service to Youth from Major General Lucas V. Beau, USAF, The award was presented in recognition of Mr. Delacorte's maintenance of the Dell Comic line as clean and wholesome children's entertainment. Left to right: Col. Draper F. Henry, USAF, Deputy Commander CAP; Major General Lucas V. Beau, USAF, Commander CAP; George T. Delacorte, Jr.; Hon. John I. Lerom, Asst. Sec. USAF, and Col. C. Short, USAF.

e are particularly proud of this recognition of Dell Comics by the Civil Air Patrol, official auxiliary of the United States Air Force. The CAP, by stimulating interest in aviation among the youth of America, is a vital force in our national defense. At the same time, by promoting this healthy interest in aviation and flying, the CAP serves as an effective deterrent to juvenile delinquency throughout the United States. We suggest that boys and girls, aged 15 years and older, investigate the possibilities of joining the CAP unit in your locality. For information about the Civil Air Patrol, what it is, what it does, and how you may join, contact your nearest Air Force Recruiting office.



TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

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NO, KOLU -- NOT PARTICULARLY! BUT THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER WANTS US LOCATED HERE SO WE CAN HELP HUNTERS AND EXPLORERS KEEP AN EYE ON THE SAKAI NATIVES AND REPRESENT THE CROWN!
GUESS I LET MY FRIENDSHIP FOR THE D. C. LAND US OUT HERE!











NO! THAT IS WHY WE

YES, I LEARNED IT IN









IT'S BLONDE AND STRAIGHT, KOLU! THOSE

HAIRS CERTAINLY CAME FROM A WHITE























































WHEN THE WHITE PRINCESS HEARD A WHITE









































I-I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'VE BEEN HERE! I







I HEARD A SHOT AND DADDY LAY STILL ON THE GROUND! I WAS SCARED AND RAN INTO THE JUNGLE ...



"THE OTHER MAN KEPT CALLING AND LOOKING FOR ME -- BUT I WAS AFRAID OF HIM AND



LATER, SOME NATIVES FOUND ME! WHEN THEY SAW ME, THEY BOWED DOWN TO ME AND BROUGHT ME FOOD AND WATER ...



"SOME WENT OFF TO TRACK DOWN THE OTHER MAN AND PUNISH HIM! THE REST TOOK ME TO THEIR VILLAGE, WHERE I WAS TREATED LIKE A PRINCESS IN A FAIRY TALE..."



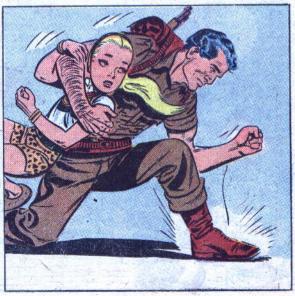




















A RUNNER IS SENT OFF TO THE DISTRICT





It's never good manners to interrupt someone while he's eating. But it took the African kudu, one of the larger antelopes, to teach me that it may not be the party who is dining but his intended meal that may give you your real trouble.

Most hunters agree that the kudu's corkscrew horns, with their fifty-inch spread, rank him as the finest antelope trophy in all Africa. But I wasn't after the five-foot, five-hundred-pound buck that day when I came upon his trail in open ground. Finding his very fresh tracks there puzzled me. It was a hot, cloudless day and kudus usually keep to the shade during such a day. When I saw how deep his toeprints were, I knew he had been running—something had frightened him out into the open where he could rely on his speed. A hundred more yards and the mystery vanished—I saw a lion's trail cutting the kudu's tracks.

Quickly, I followed the hunter and the hunted as their spoor showed them heading for the brush. Then, some low bushes just ahead of me shook violently. I raced forward, flicking off my rifle's safety catch. I heard the

kudu's bleat and saw a lion land by him. The lion's paw had ripped the antelope's shoulder. It was a deep gash. As the lion swirled to return to his prey, I got off a snap shot. It wasn't aimed, but it parted the charging lion's mane. He pulled up short and eyed me. But before I could fire again, the lion bounded off.

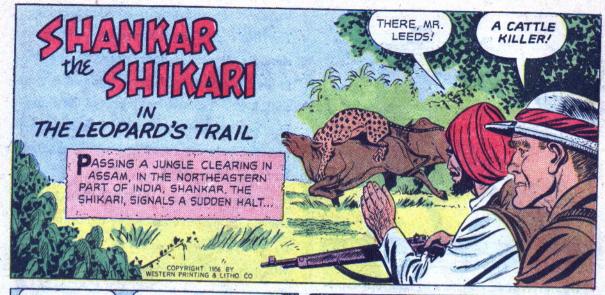
I guess I got just a trifle careless—instinctively, I let my gaze follow the departing lion.

Suddenly, I saw the wounded, angered kudu was upon me! His long horns came at me like two lances. I tried to fall backwards to avoid them, but one of the spiraling horns knocked my rifle from my grasp.

There I lay on the ground, a dozen yards from my rifle, as an ungrateful but highly dangerous kudu swung back to attack me. My hand swept down for my hunting knife. If I could just turn his charge. Hopefully, I hurled the sharp knife! It struck the kudu in the chest and slowed him. In a flash, I rolled on the ground, grabbing for my rifle.

As I came up with my rifle, the kudu was charging on to finish his charge. I fired, aiming for a head shot. The bullet stopped the determined antelope. He fell in a heap at my feet. But with a final kick, one sharp hoof lashed out. I winced as I felt the cutting pain across my leg and crumpled to the ground by my kill.

When I finished bandaging my wound, I looked at the finally motionless kudu. I had only wanted to save him from the lion. I had thought the lion would give me trouble. How wrong I was! But the rule still held—never interrupt anyone at mealtime!





















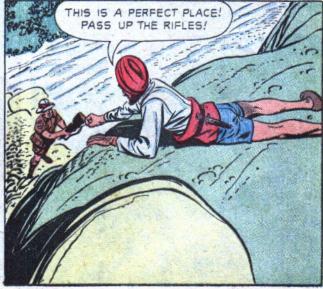


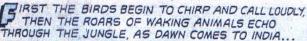














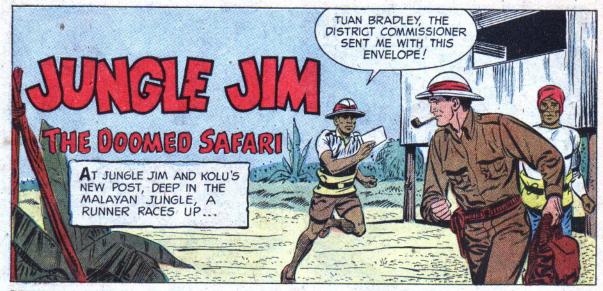












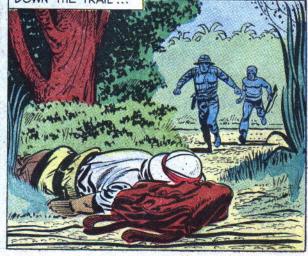


DEAR JIM -- WHEN THE JAPANESE PULLED OUT OF MALAYA DURING THE WAR, ONE UNIT CARRIED OFF A FORTUNE IN MALAYAN GOLD! IN THEIR HASTY RETREAT, THEY BURIED IT IN THE BANUNG DISTRICT--BUT NO ONE KNEW WHERE! LAST MONTH, A JAPANESE EX-OFFICER ON HIS DEATHBED TURNED OVER THE TREASURE MAP TO THE CROWN! AS THE SUM IS CONSIDERABLE, ALL MALAYA WILL BENEFIT!





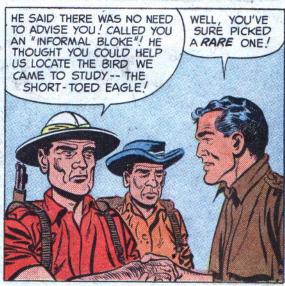
BUT, WHEN TWO HOURS PASS AND THE RUNNER FAILS TO RETURN, JUNGLE JIM AND KOLU HURRY DOWN THE TRAIL ...

































YOU ASKED ME TO BE YOUR GUIDE -- I'LL EXPECT YOU TO TAKE MY ADVICE NEXT TIME!

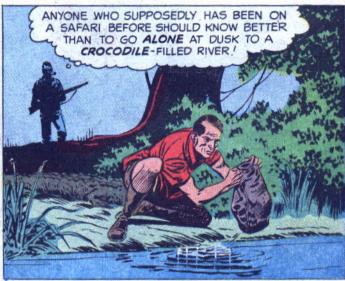
ALL RIGHT! DON'T GET SO SELF-RIGHTEOUS! I NEVER SAW GIBBONS ACT LIKE THAT BEFORE!



































































I SERVED IN MALAYA DURING THE WAR AND HEARD A RUMOR OF THIS BURIED TREASURE! WHEN I FINALLY GOT TWO MEN TO BACK ME AND PAY THE FARE TO JAPAN, THE OFFICER WHO HAD THE MAP HAD JUST DIED, TURNING IT OVER TO THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES! WE CAUGHT UP TO THE MAP! BUT NOW WE DON'T NEED THE MAP OR YOU!







WE HAVEN'T





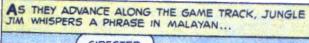
BRADLEY, I'LL FREE YOU TWO IF



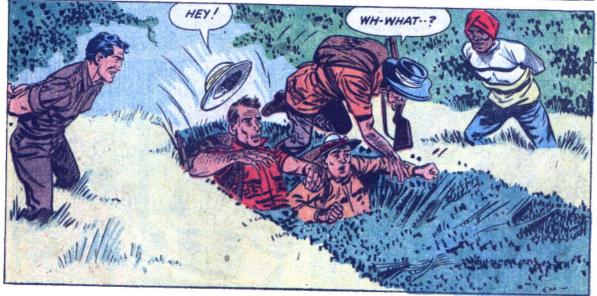












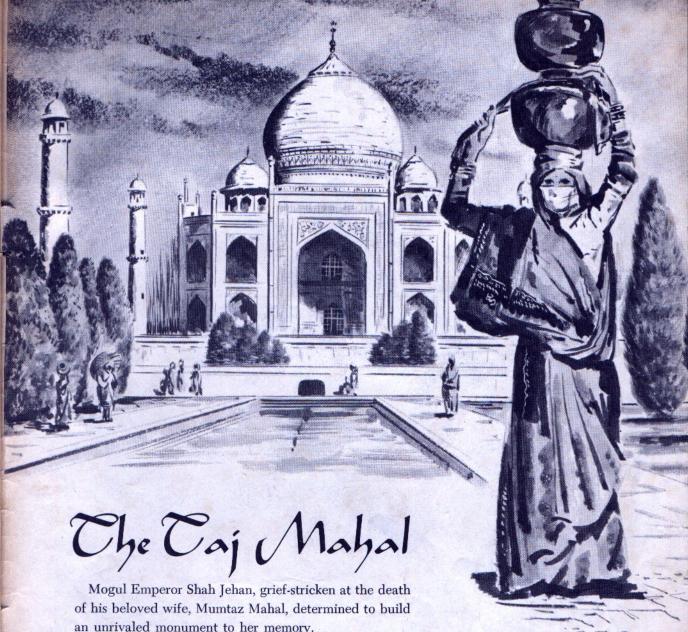












an unrivaled monument to her memory.

Starting in 1632, in Agra, India, twenty thousand men labored for seventeen years to complete this work of love. Under the direction of the brilliant Persian architect, Ustad Isa, the fifty-eight-foot dome of whitest marble was raised. French jewellers worked with great skill to create their masterpiece inside the tomb-the jewelled trellis that surrounds the coffin. The cost of this fabulous tomb is said to have exceeded fifteen million dollars.

The Taj Mahal is the finest example of Mogul architecture and this tribute of an emperor's love for his wife is considered by many to be the most beautiful building in the world.

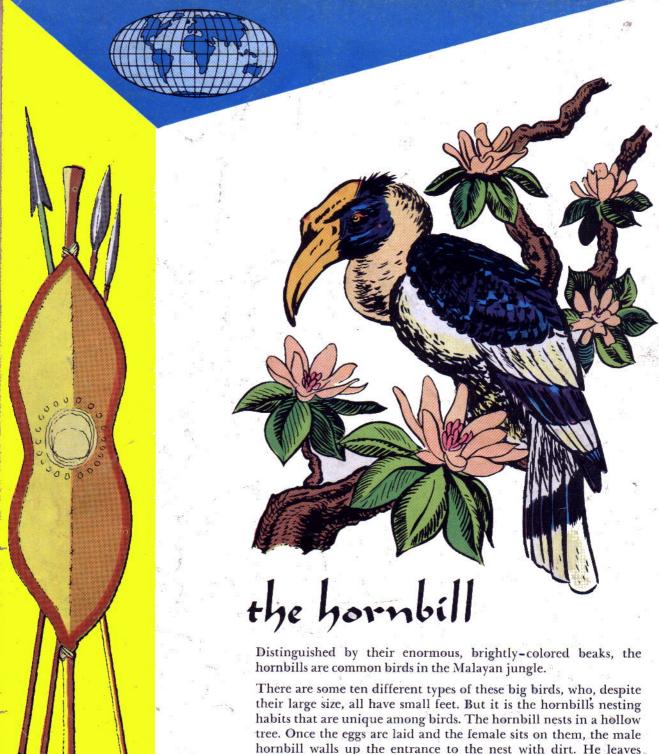
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hornbill walls up the entrance to the nest with dirt. He leaves only a small opening through which he feeds the female and later, the young when they hatch. Then, when the young are full grown, the male outside the nest pecks away the dirt entrance seal and the young hornbills fly off with the mother bird.









