

ALL BRAND-NEW STORIES

OCT.-DEC.

10¢

JUNGLE JIM



I'm glad to see you cowpokes have
real Roy Rogers gear!

I've got a
real
Roy Rogers
jacket!

My hat is a
real Roy Rogers!

I've got
Roy Rogers guns
and a Roy Rogers
lunchbox!

My jeans
and shirt are
Roy Rogers, too!

Look at
my real
Roy Rogers
boots!

When Mom buys your back-to-school things, tell her you want *real* Roy Rogers clothes and school items. Only real Roy Rogers articles have the Double R Bar brand. Your Mother will find them at all good stores.



LOOK FOR MY BRAND

on archery sets • action toys • bed spreads • belts • billfolds • books • boots • chap-vest sets • gloves • guns • guitars • hats • holsters • horseshoe sets • jackets • jigsaw puzzles • jeans • lanterns • lunch kits • jewelry • pajamas • paint and crayon coloring sets • pencil tablets • records • robes • raincoats • ranch models • Roy and Trigger models • shirts • school bags • saddle seats • slipper sox • slacks • stuffed toys • suits • sweaters • slippers • tents • toy stagecoaches, chuckwagons, safes, strongboxes • ties • watches

have more fun at school or play- dressed the real Roy Rogers way!

JUNGLE JIM

THE LIVING THUNDERBOLT

RIDING FROM THE TEAK FORESTS OF BURMA TO THE NEAREST POST OFFICE, JIM AND KOLU ARE FOLLOWING A WATER-FILLED NULLAH!

TUAN JIM, THERE IS A ROAD UP THERE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE NULLAH!

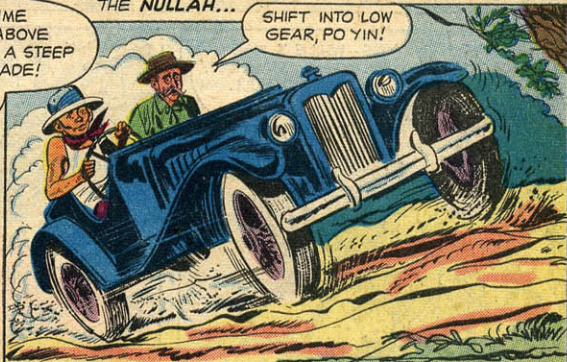
I KNOW, KOLU--BUT THIS PATH IS THE SHORT WAY TO TOWN!

KITTUR-URR-URR!

LISTEN, KOLU! THAT LITTLE CAR IS HAVING A HARD TIME ON THE ROAD ABOVE US! MUST BE A STEEP GRADE!

JUNGLE JIM IS RIGHT. THE TINY CAR IS LABORING--BARELY MOVING UP THE STEEP ROAD WHERE IT TURNS TOWARDS THE NULLAH...

SHIFT INTO LOW GEAR, PO YIN!



TUAN JIM! WHAT'S THAT?

YI-EEE! JUMP, THAKIN!

CRUNCH! BANG!



CRASH! BAM! BANG!

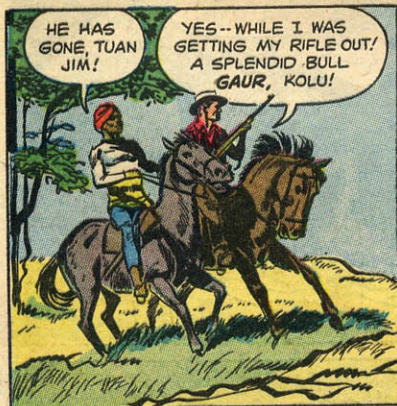
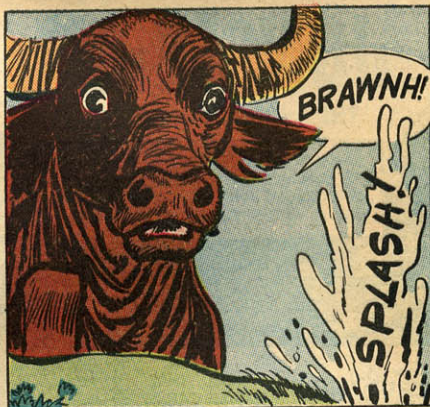
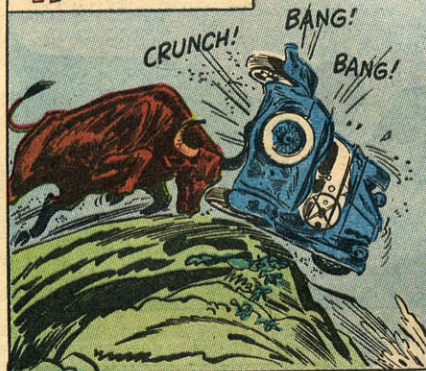
DO NOT STOP, THAKIN! JUMP!

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 76 Ninth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.
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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

AND BEHIND THEM...



HE HAS
GONE, TUAN
JIM!

YES--WHILE I WAS
GETTING MY RIFLE OUT!
A SPLENDID BULL
GAUR, KOLU!

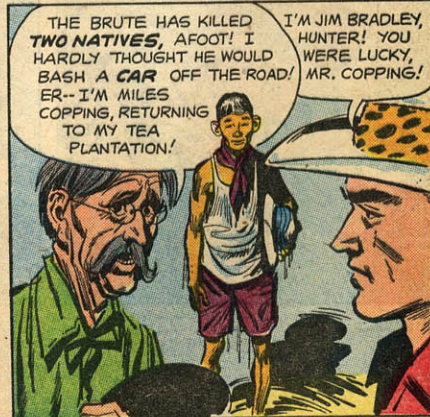


COME ON, KOLU--
WE'LL HELP
THESE MEN!



THAT GAUR! I'D
BEEN WARNED ABOUT
HIM--BUT I TOOK
A RISK!

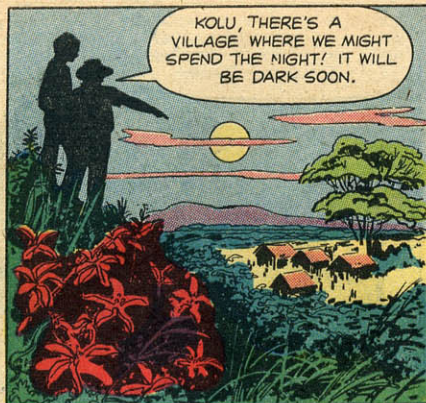
HE HAS
ATTACKED
OTHERS?



THE BRUTE HAS KILLED
TWO NATIVES, AFOOT! I
HARDLY THOUGHT HE WOULD
BASH A CAR OFF THE ROAD!
ER--I'M MILES
COPPING, RETURNING
TO MY TEA
PLANTATION!

I'M JIM BRADLEY,
HUNTER! YOU
WERE LUCKY,
MR. COPPING!





KOLU, THERE'S A VILLAGE WHERE WE MIGHT SPEND THE NIGHT! IT WILL BE DARK SOON.



MAYBE WE FIND IN VILLAGE SOMEONE WHO KNOWS THE WAYS OF THIS GAUR!

IT'S A THOUGHT, KOLU! WE'LL ASK!



WELCOME, THAKIN! I SAW YOU COMING DOWN FROM THE HILL. YOU WILL HONOR US BY STAYING THE NIGHT?

WE ARE THE HONORED ONES, MY FRIEND!



PLEASE CONSENT TO ENTER MY POOR HUT, THAKIN! I AM CHAN THA, HEADMAN OF OUR LITTLE COMMUNITY!

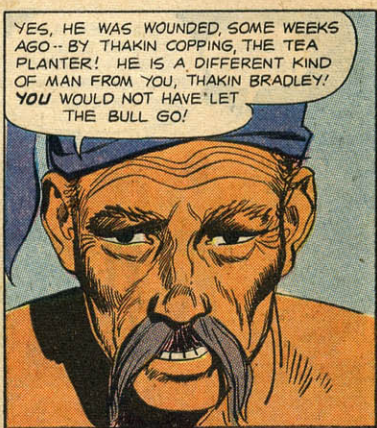
WE THANK YOU, CHAN THA!



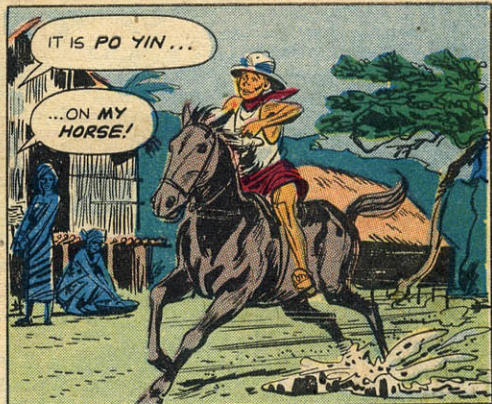
LATER, OVER SUPPER...

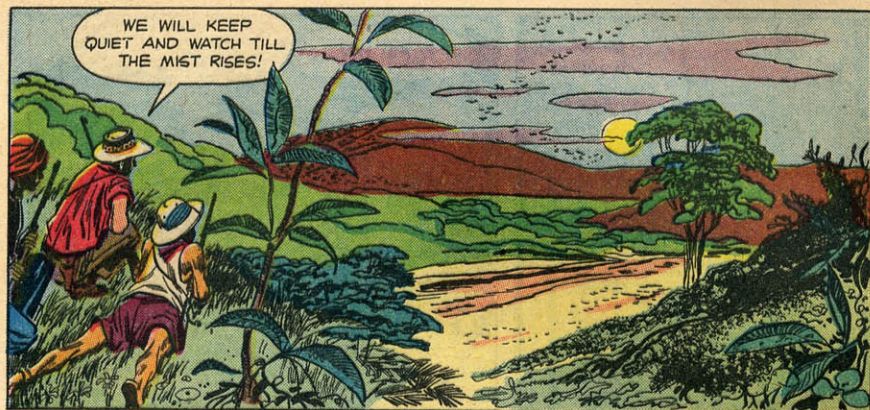
YES, WE KNOW THAT ROGUE GAUR! WELL, THAKIN BRADLEY! THE COUSIN AND THE AUNT OF PO YIN WERE KILLED BY HIM!

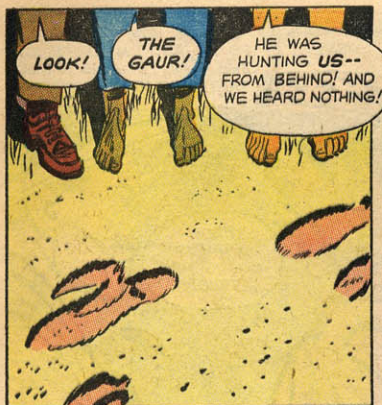
WHAT MADE HIM A KILLER? WAS HE EVER WOUNDED?



YES, HE WAS WOUNDED, SOME WEEKS AGO -- BY THAKIN COPPING, THE TEA PLANTER! HE IS A DIFFERENT KIND OF MAN FROM YOU, THAKIN BRADLEY! YOU WOULD NOT HAVE LET THE BULL GO!







LOOK!

THE GAUR!

HE WAS HUNTING US-- FROM BEHIND! AND WE HEARD NOTHING!



WE'LL TRACK HIM FROM HERE! UNLESS YOU HAVE A BETTER THOUGHT, PO YIN!

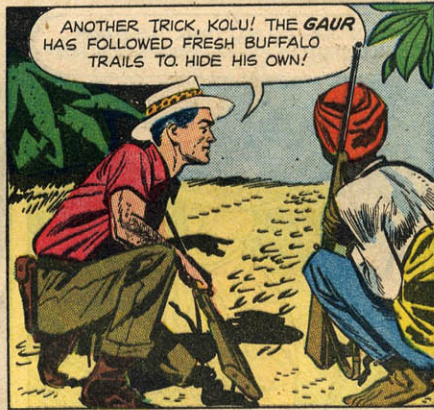
NO, THAKIN! WE SHALL NOT SEE HIM AGAIN TODAY--BUT THE TRACKING MAY TELL US SOMETHING!



MMMM- UHH! MMMM- UHH!

BUFFALOES! THEY SOUND UNEASY!

THE GAUR-- THEY HAVE SCENTED HIS ANGER!



ANOTHER TRICK, KOLU! THE GAUR HAS FOLLOWED FRESH BUFFALO TRAILS TO HIDE HIS OWN!



I TOLD YOU WE WOULD NOT SEE THE BULL AGAIN TODAY, THAKIN!

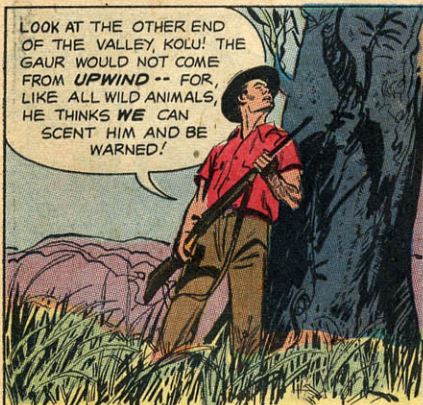
YOU WERE RIGHT, PO YIN! WHICH WAY BACK TO THE VILLAGE? WE'LL HAVE **ANOTHER TRY** TOMORROW!

THAT NIGHT JIM LIES AWAKE, THINKING, PLANNING...

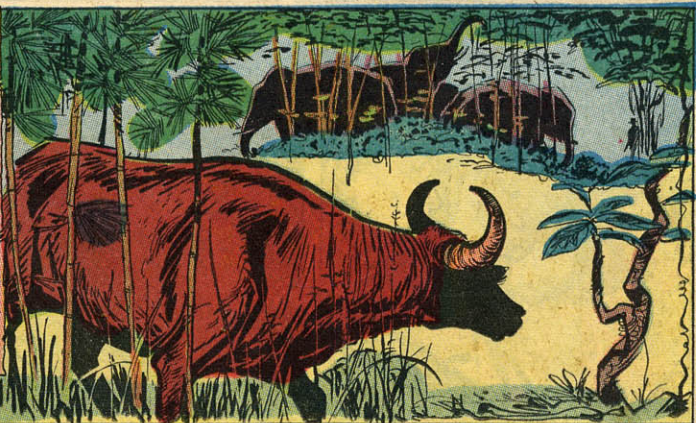


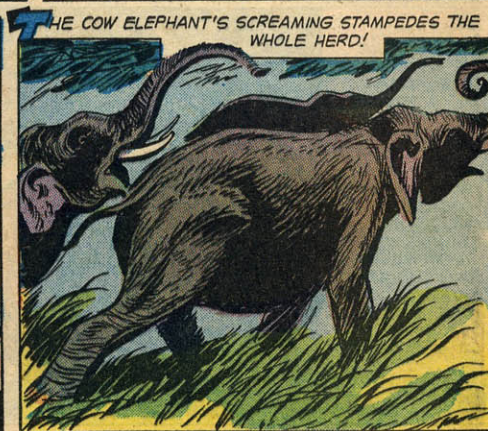
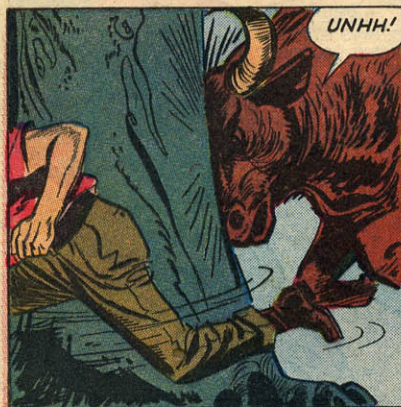
THERE WAS A TREE -- A TALL TREE, FROM WHICH ONE COULD SEE MOST OF THE VALLEY...

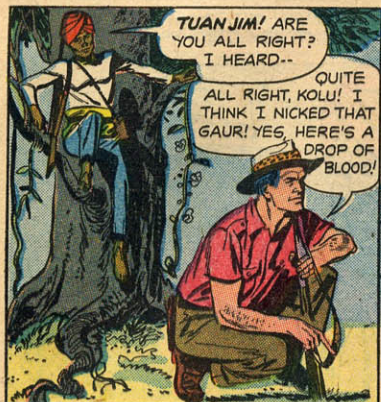




FOR ONCE, JUNGLE JIM FAILS TO GIVE THE ANIMAL HE IS HUNTING ENOUGH CREDIT FOR CLEVERNESS! THE GAUR, AFTER LOCATING HIM FROM DOWNWIND HAS CIRCLED THE VALLEY AND IS STALKING HIM FROM UPWIND--TRUSTING THE SCENT AND SOUND OF THE ELEPHANTS TO COVER HIS APPROACH...







TUAN JIM! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? I HEARD--

QUITE ALL RIGHT, KOLU! I THINK I NICKED THAT GAUR! YES, HERE'S A DROP OF BLOOD!



I COULDN'T GET IN ANOTHER SHOT-- THE COW ELEPHANT GOT IN THE WAY! SO IT'S A MATTER OF TRACKING OUR BULL AGAIN!

IF HE IS HARD HIT, WE WILL CATCH HIM THIS TIME, TUAN...



...OR ELSE, HE'LL CATCH US! A WOUNDED BEAST IS TWICE AS TRICKY!



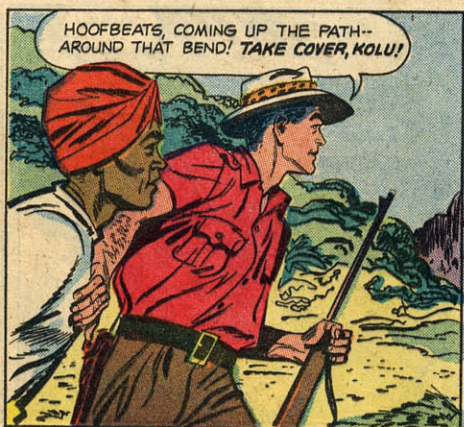
HE'S PULLED THE OLD TRICK AGAIN, KOLU-- MIXING HIS TRACKS WITH THOSE OF BUFFALOES-- ON THE PATH TO THE VILLAGE!

PO YIN'S VILLAGE!



THE BLOOD TRAIL HAS DISAPPEARED-- WHICH MEANS THE BULL IS NOT MUCH HURT-- BUT MORE DANGEROUS!

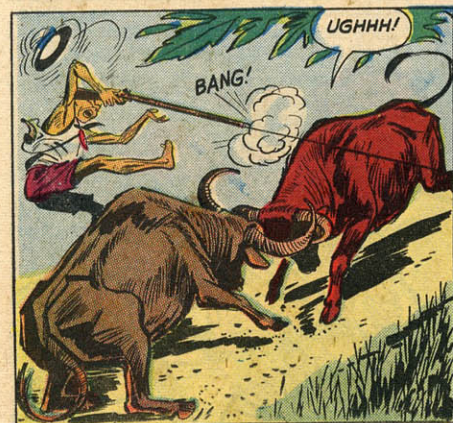
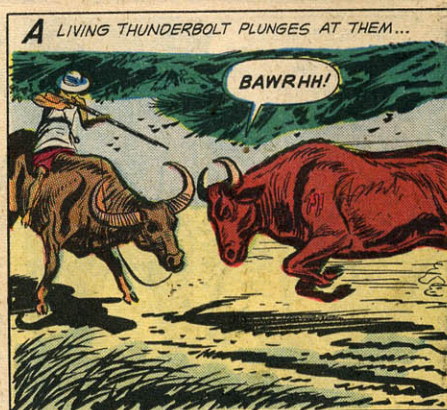
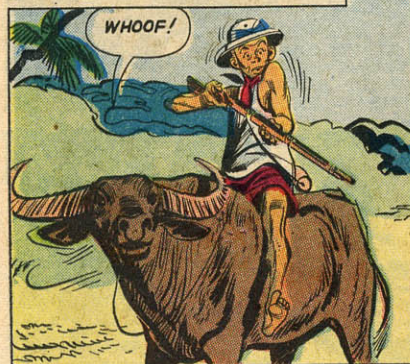
HE WILL AMBUSH US IF HE CAN, TUAN!



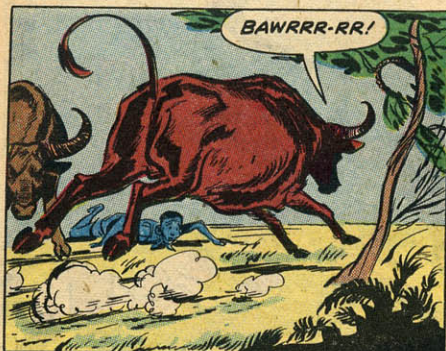
HOOFBEATS, COMING UP THE PATH-- AROUND THAT BEND! TAKE COVER, KOLU!



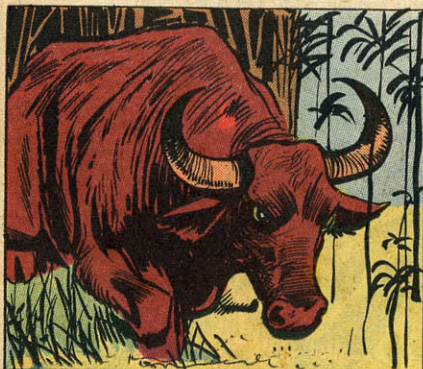
SUDDENLY, THE BUFFALO SWINGS TO FACE THE JUNGLE, SNORTING.

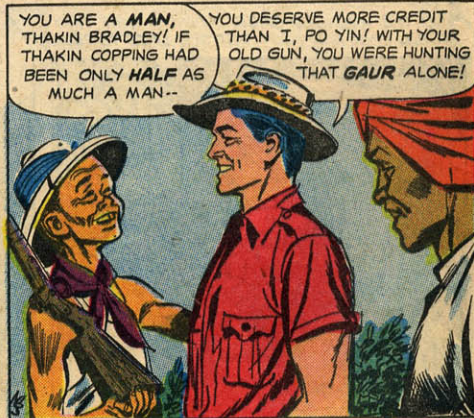
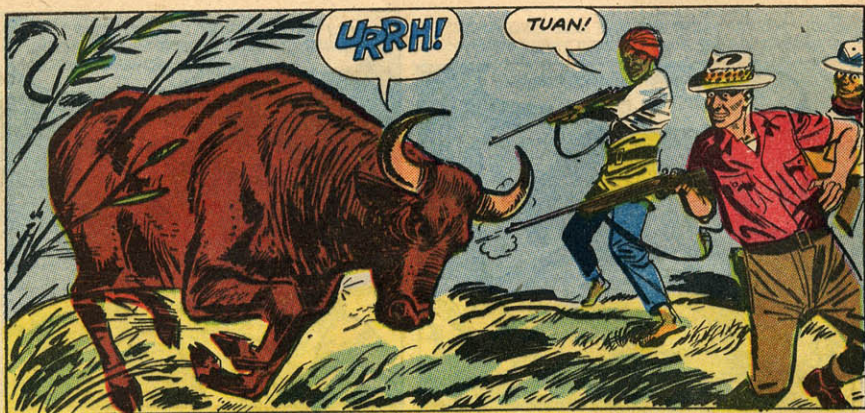


BUT, THOUGH HARD HIT, THE WILD BULL HARDLY STAGGERS, AS HE PLUNGES INTO THE JUNGLE AGAIN!



AND THE WOUNDED GAUR INTENDS THAT THEY SHALL FIND HIM SOON, BUT TOO LATE TO DODGE!





RANEE

THE TRACK OF TORR

PRINCESS OF
THE JUNGLE



A NEW SEASON... THIS YEAR RANEE IS WEANING ONLY ONE CUB. THE JUNGLE QUEEN MUST TEACH HIM TO HUNT...

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BUT RANEE MUST ALSO TEACH HIM WHAT DANGERS TO AVOID. THE PORCUPINE WHOSE QUILLS CAN CRIPPLE A TIGER'S PAW...

THE WOLF PACK, IN TIME OF FAMINE, CAN BRING THE FIERCEST TIGER TO BAY...



...AND THE SHIKARI, THE WILY GUIDE AND HUNTER, WHOSE RIFLE MENACES ALL JUNGLE CREATURES...



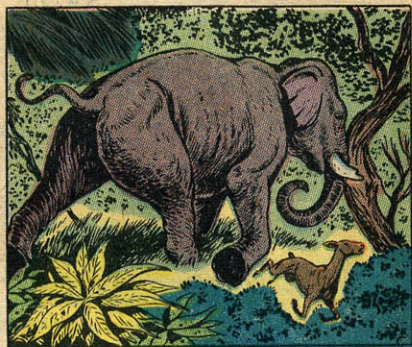
BUT THERE IS ONE DEADLY ENEMY WHICH THE CUB MUST AVOID AT ALL COSTS. THE MENACING SPOOR IS WIDE AND DEEP...



...IT IS THE **TRACK OF TORR**, THE ROGUE
ELEPHANT...



RACKED BY THE PAIN OF A BROKEN TUSK,
HIS BRAIN BURNS WITH THE FIRE OF MAD-
NESS. HATING EVERYTHING IN THE JUNGLE...



...TORR AND RANEE HAVE BEEN ENEMIES EVER
SINCE HE DROVE HER FROM A KILL TWO YEARS
BEFORE...

ROWWRRR!

EEE-AWW!



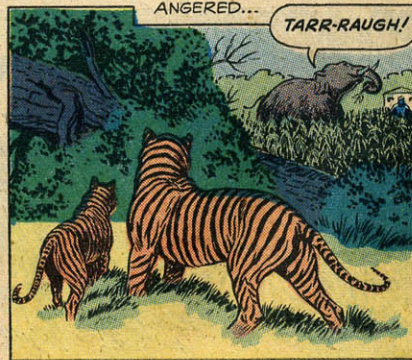
AND ONLY THE YEAR
BEFORE, RANEE BARELY
SAVED A CUB FROM
TORR'S BERSERK
FURY...



WITH THE WISDOM OF THE WILD, THE TIGRESS
KNOWS THERE IS NO ROOM IN THE JUNGLE FOR BOTH
TORR AND RANEE...



AND NOW, AS SHE WATCHES TORR FEEDING IN
THE TILLED FIELDS, RANEE SENSES TROUBLE.
AHEAD, THE MAN CREATURE WILL BE
ANGERED...



TARR-RAUGH!

THE NEXT DAY, THE JUNGLE LIES SILENT-WAITING
FOR WHAT IS TO COME ...

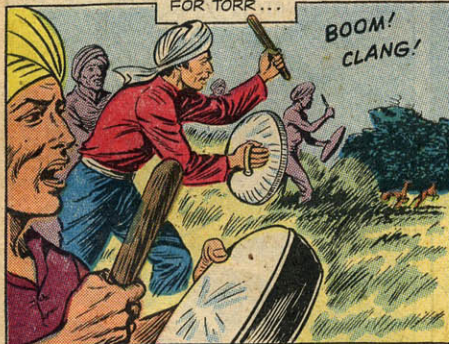


THEN SUDDENLY...

BOOM!
BOOM!
CLANG!
CLANG!



RANEE KNOWS THAT SOUND WELL. THE MAN
CREATURES WERE ANGERED! THEY ARE BEATING
THE JUNGLE AND THE TALL GRASS, SEARCHING
FOR TORR...



BOOM!
CLANG!

A JUNGLE "BEAT"-- THE CREATURES OF THE
WILD FLEE IN TERROR BEFORE THE
FRIGHTENING NOISE...



BOOM! BOOM!

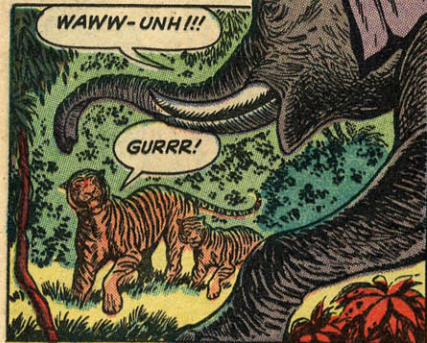
BUT RANEE HAS BEEN CAUGHT IN A "BEAT"
BEFORE. SHE KNOWS THAT WAITING AT THE
JUNGLE'S EDGE WILL BE A TRAP...



SHE TURNS AND HURRIES HER CUB TO
TEMPORARY SHELTER...



BUT THERE AMONG THE TREES TERRIBLE DANGER LIES IN AMBUSH...



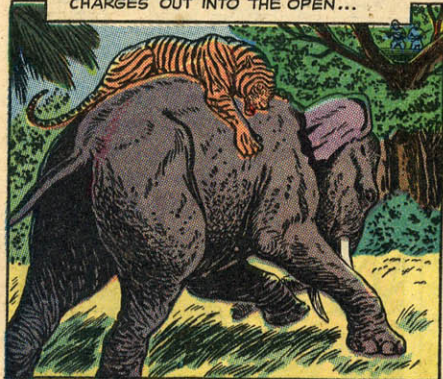
WAWW-UHH!!!

GURRR!

AS THE MIGHTY TRUNK REACHES FOR HER CUB, RANEE LEAPS UPWARD...



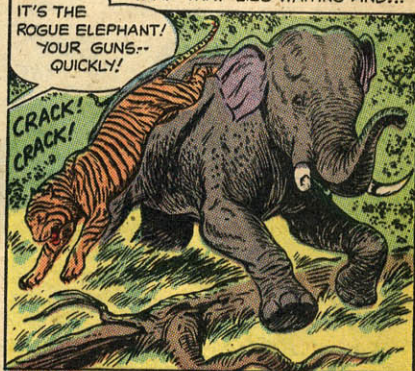
MAD WITH PAIN AND FURY, THE ELEPHANT CHARGES OUT INTO THE OPEN...



THEN, SUDDENLY, RANEE REMEMBERS THE TRAP THAT LIES WAITING AND...

IT'S THE ROGUE ELEPHANT! YOUR GUNS-- QUICKLY!

CRACK!
CRACK!



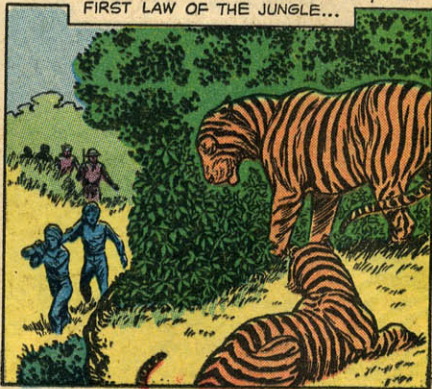
INSTINCTIVELY, RANEE SENSES A CHANCE TO ESCAPE...

THE TIGRESS! QUICKLY! DON'T LET HER ESCAPE!

TOO LATE! I MUST STOP TO RELOAD MY GUN!



AND SO, RANEE HAS TAUGHT HER CUB ONE MORE LESSON: SELF-PRESERVATION, THE FIRST LAW OF THE JUNGLE...



the Leopard's Lair



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It was a hot day as I walked in the rocky hills of South Africa. Every instinct cried for sleep and the jungle animals were quiet, not stirring in the hot sun. I was heading for the river hoping for a swim when something in a tree caught my eye—an antelope hung up in the tree's branches some fifteen feet above the ground! Only a leopard could carry his kill, weighing twice his own weight, into a tree and store it there.

My fingers tightened on my rifle and my eyes scanned the rocky hillside for the spotted leopard's lair. A dark shadow stopped my glance—it was his cave. I tossed a rock into the cave. Nothing happened. Carefully, I picked a shady spot near the cave entrance and waited in ambush. The sun rose higher and grew hotter. My eyes blinked and closed and I forced them open. The light reflected brilliantly off the rocks. It was blinding and tiring. My eyes began to close again . . .

Suddenly some cold shiver of fear stirred me awake. I turned, just moving enough to duck the oncoming rush of a ninety-five pound leopard. With a roar he hurtled by me, his forepaw grazing my shoulder and knocking my rifle from my grasp. He landed and started to turn. My rifle was nearer to him. There was only one refuge for me—his cave lair. With a sudden leap, I was inside the cave. Gasping, I pushed a big rock to the entrance.

Instantly, I felt his weight slam against the rock—it had stopped him just in time. I braced myself again, as he charged. But the rock held. Then I heard his claws scrapping at the rock. It would not be long before I would tire and his greater strength would push the rock aside. Outside on the ground, I could see my rifle lying uselessly.

Half an hour later, I felt the rock slip. Now a forepaw clawed its way into the cave. I slammed it hard. A roar echoed through the cave, and the leopard seemed more determined than ever to get the rock out of the way and attack the intruder in his lair. The battle could not go on this way without his eventual victory. I resolved to make a desperate bid for my rifle.

As the leopard pulled back, I shoved the rock out of the cave with all my strength. It rolled down the slight slope catching him on the shoulder and sending him sprawling. Taking advantage of his momentary fall, I raced for my rifle. As I gripped it, I saw the spotted killer rise and turn for me. I had time for just one shot. I aimed for his heart and fired as he leaped. His body quivered at the bullet's impact and he fell in a lifeless heap at my feet. I drew a deep breath and sat down.

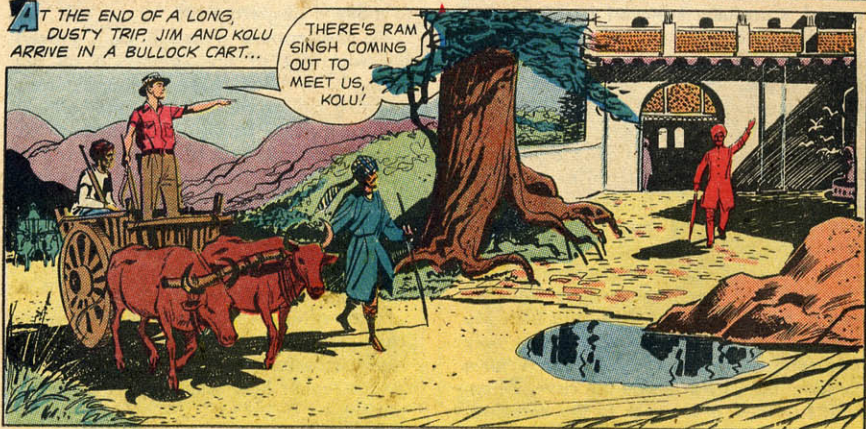
Soon after, as I carried his skin back to camp with me, I passed under the antelope carcass in the tree. Truly, the swift jungle runner had fallen to a worthy opponent.

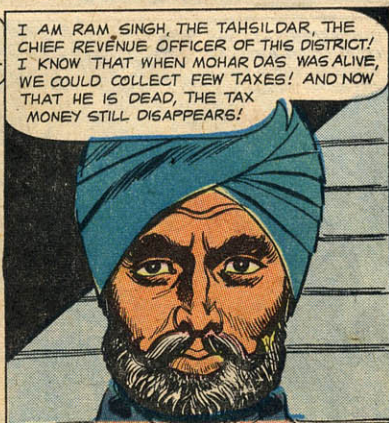
JUNGLE JIM

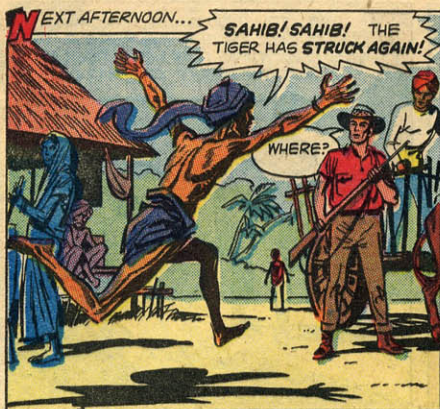
THE NANDOUR TIGER

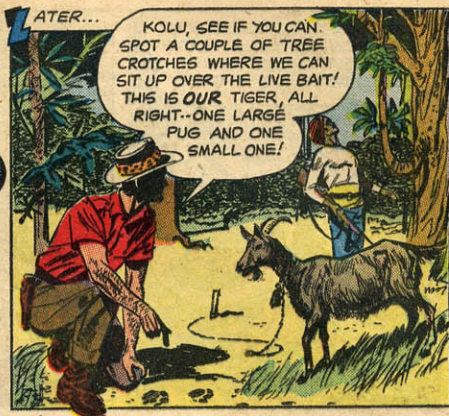


AT THE END OF A LONG, DUSTY TRIP JIM AND KOLU ARRIVE IN A BULLOCK CART...



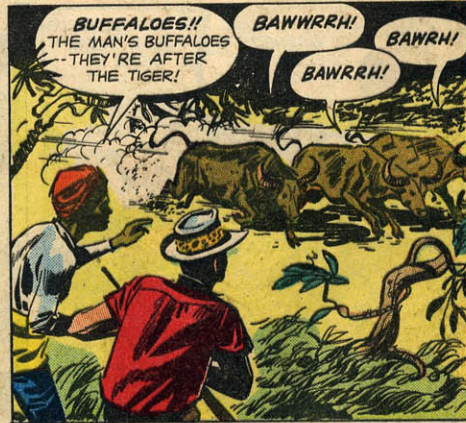


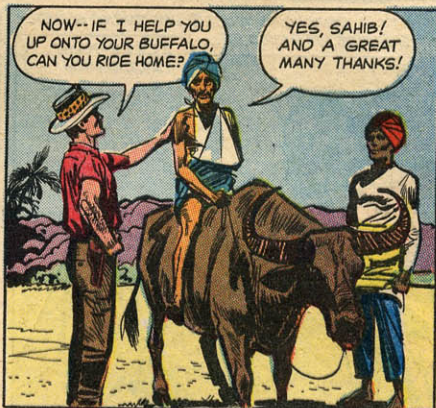














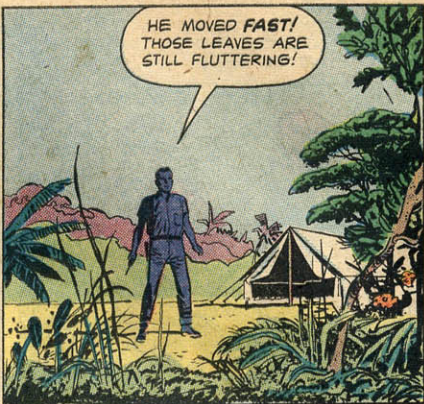
HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE FAINT WHISPERS OF A KNIFE BLADE CUTTING THROUGH THE TENT CANVAS WAKENS JIM...

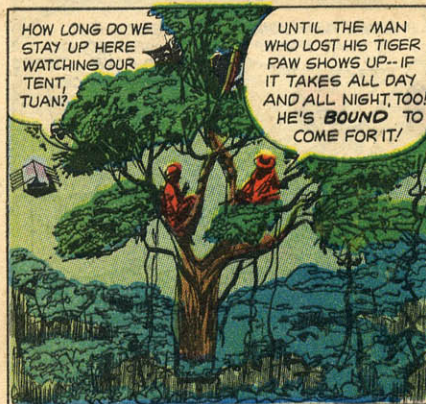
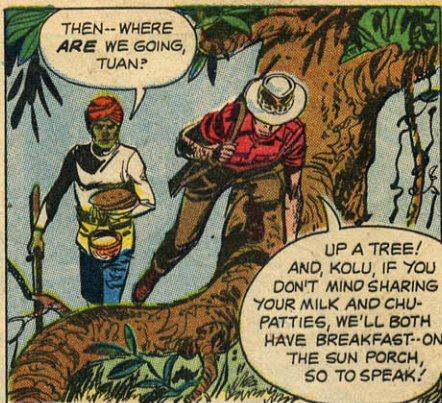


WITH A CONVINCING SNORE, JIM TURNS SLIGHTLY, GRIPPING HIS REVOLVER...

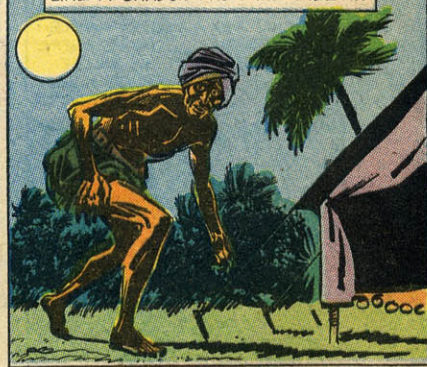


ONE JUMP CARRIES JIM OUTSIDE...

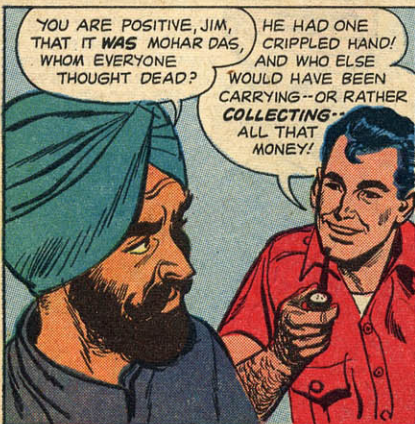
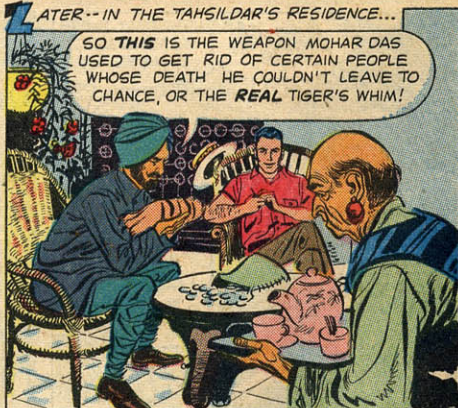
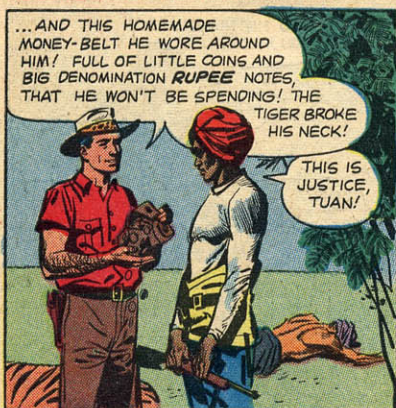




JUST AFTER MOONRISE, A DARK FIGURE MOVES LIKE A SHADOW FROM THE TREES...







JUICY FRUIT GUM Safety Quiz

Have Some Fun!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THESE PICTURES

See if you can tell

Pick out the mistakes and see how many stars you rate in the safety quiz. You rate one star for each mistake you find. See if you can be a "twelve-star safety expert".

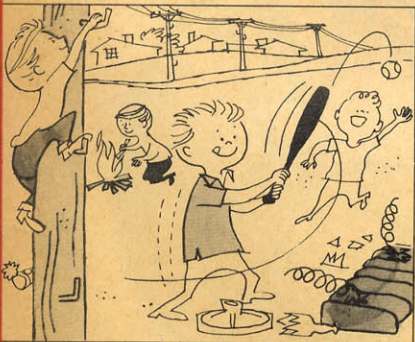
(To find out what score you made, turn the page upside down.)



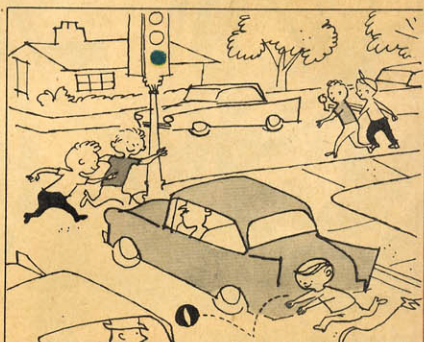
ANSWER: Boys riding double • Boy riding without using hands where he is going • Boy riding bike in street without using hands



ANSWER: "Ducking" another boy • Diving in shallow water near rocks • Fake calling for help



ANSWER: Dangerous telephone pole climbing • Youngster playing with fire • Playing with fire where there is broken glass, rocks, etc.



ANSWER: Boys crossing between intersections • Boys chasing ball into street • Boys crossing against light

HERE'S ANOTHER RIGHT ANSWER!

Chew swell-tasting JUICY FRUIT GUM after every meal! The good, natural chewing helps keep teeth clean. Remind your Mom to bring some home.

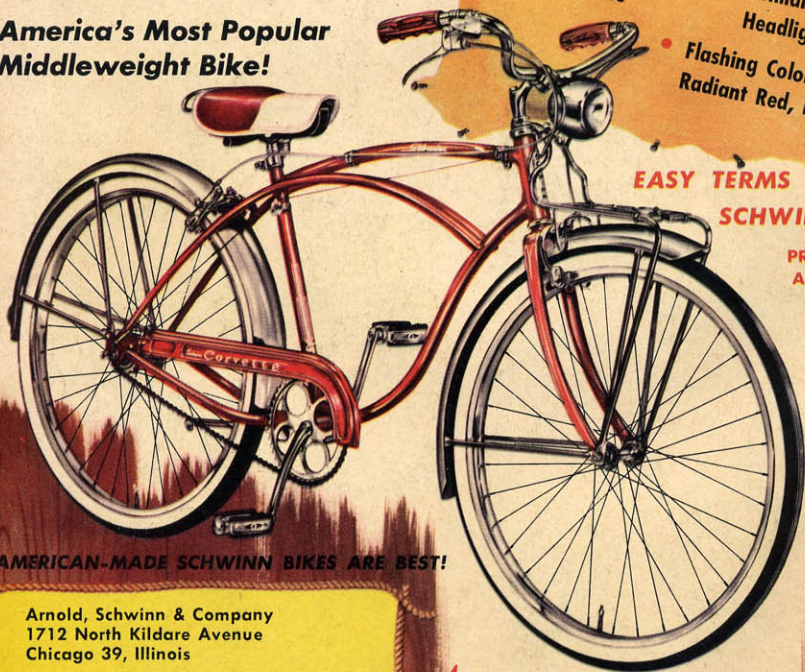




PARDNER...
...HERE'S A REAL BIKE!

Schwinn Corvette

**America's Most Popular
Middleweight Bike!**



FEATURES GALORE

Yes, Siree . . . You'll be the Trail Boss on your block riding a Schwinn Corvette!

- 3-Speed Gears
- Hand Brakes, Front & Rear
- Stainless Steel Fenders
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