

DELL

ALL BRAND-NEW STORIES

JUNGLE JIM

APRIL - JUNE

10¢



PEOPLE OF ASIA

THE BHUTANESE OR "THUNDER PEOPLE"



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THE "THUNDER PEOPLE," AS THE BHUTANESE CALL THEMSELVES, REFLECT THE STRENGTH OF THEIR RUGGED MOUNTAINS.



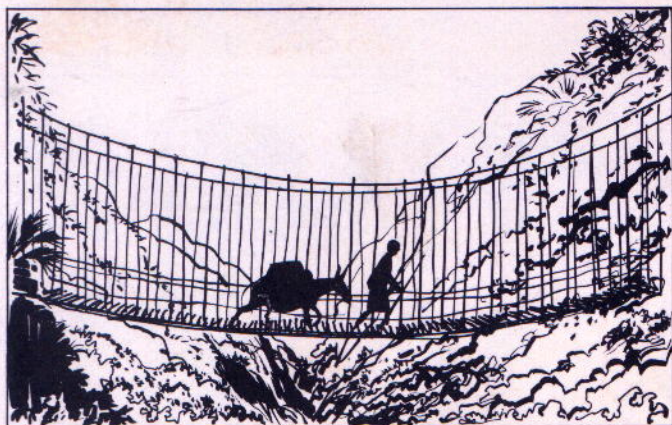
SHOOTING WITH THE LONGBOW IS THE MOST POPULAR SPORT IN BHUTAN... ROBIN HOOD OF MERRIE ENGLAND WOULD HAVE LOVED THIS.



LIKE THE INDIAN TRIBES OF OUR AMERICAN SOUTH-WEST, THE BHUTANESE STAGE RELIGIOUS DANCES IN STRANGE COSTUMES.



MEN AND WOMEN SHARE EQUALLY IN LABOR FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE FAMILY... THRASHING IS DONE WITH JOINTED FLAILS.



AUTOMOBILE ROADS ARE UNKNOWN IN BHUTAN --- AND BRIDGES ARE SOMETIMES SWAYING THINGS LIKE THIS, ACROSS CHASMS.



HUNDREDS OF MEN AND YOUTHS IN BHUTAN BECOME BUDDHIST MONKS, OR "LAMAS," LIKE THESE. THE STATE SUPPORTS THEM.

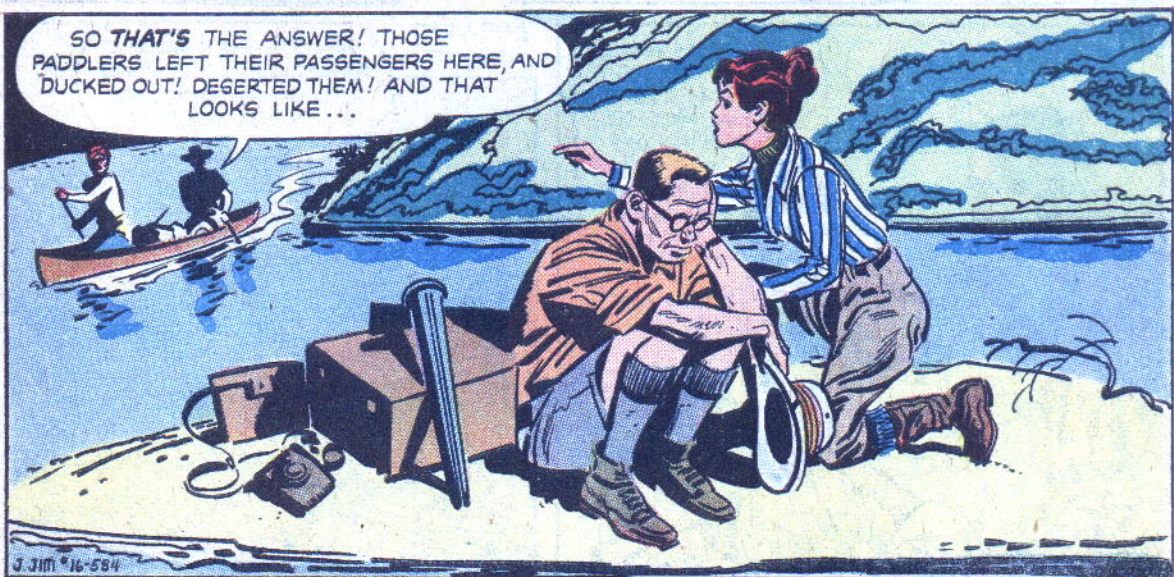
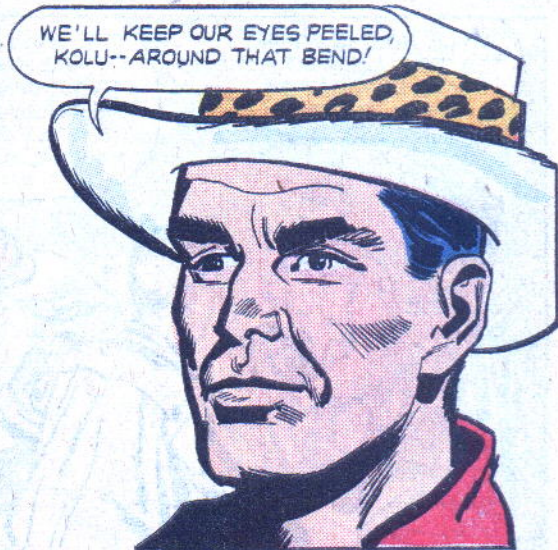
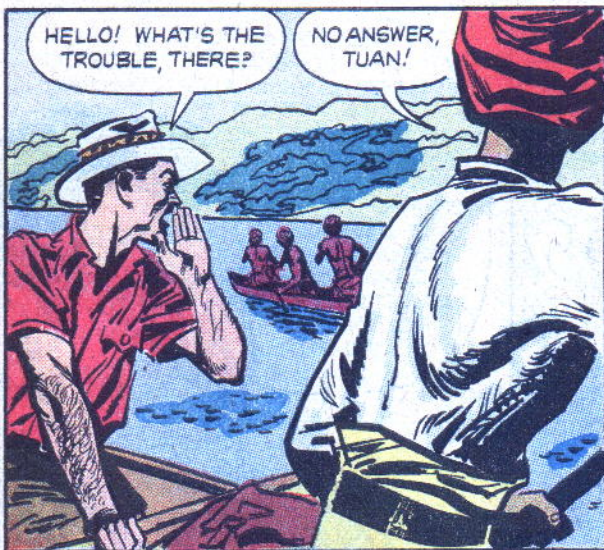
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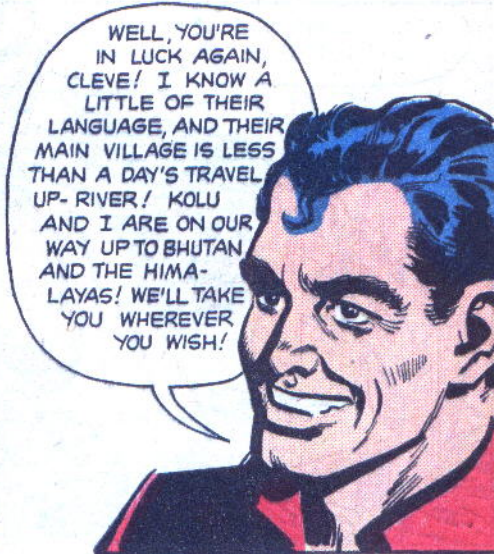
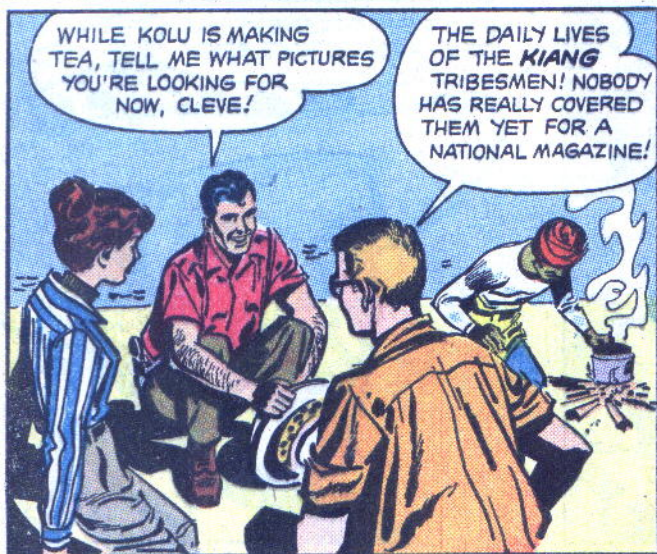
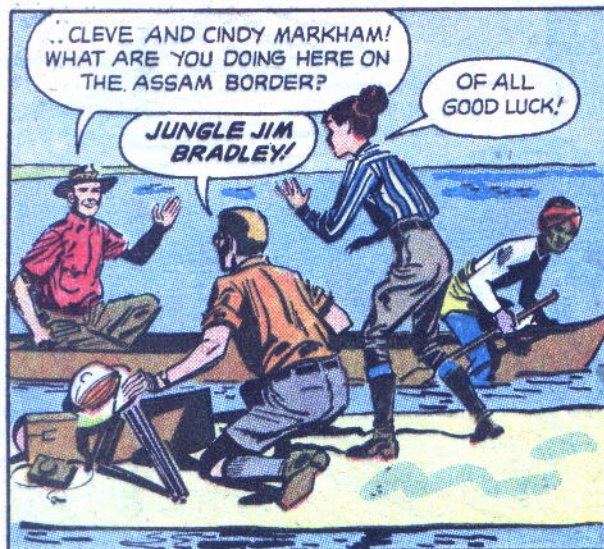
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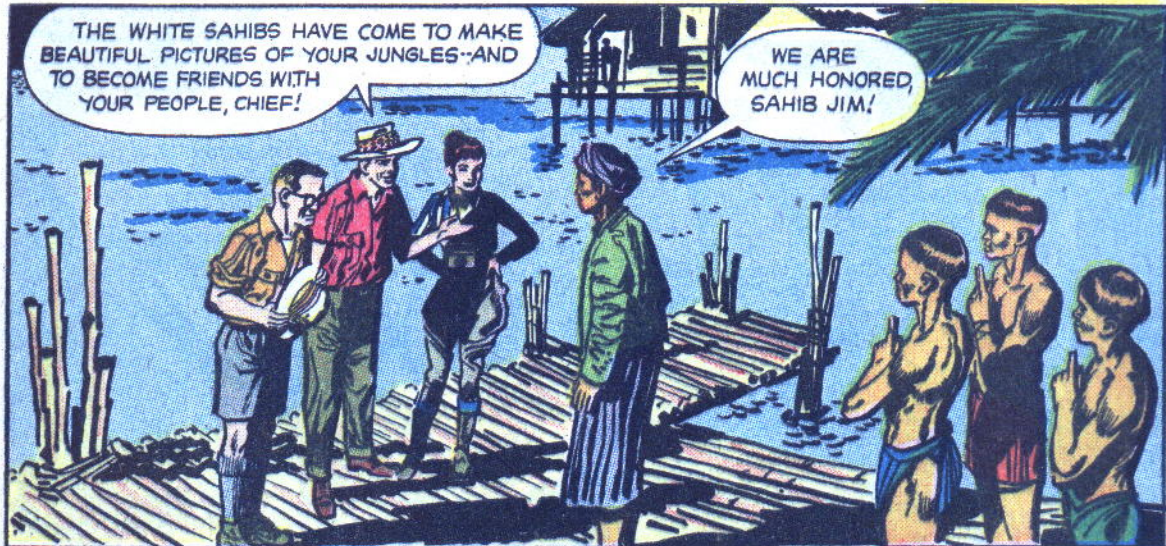
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JUNGLE JIM

"SAVAGE PICTURE"

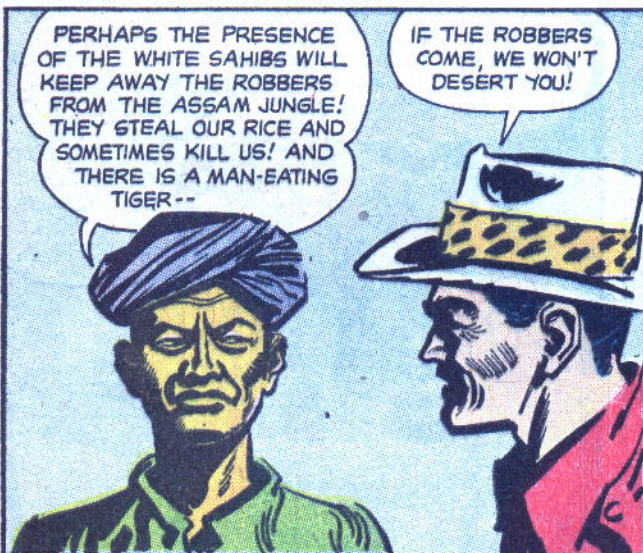






THE WHITE SAHIBS HAVE COME TO MAKE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES OF YOUR JUNGLES--AND TO BECOME FRIENDS WITH YOUR PEOPLE, CHIEF!

WE ARE MUCH HONORED, SAHIB JIM!



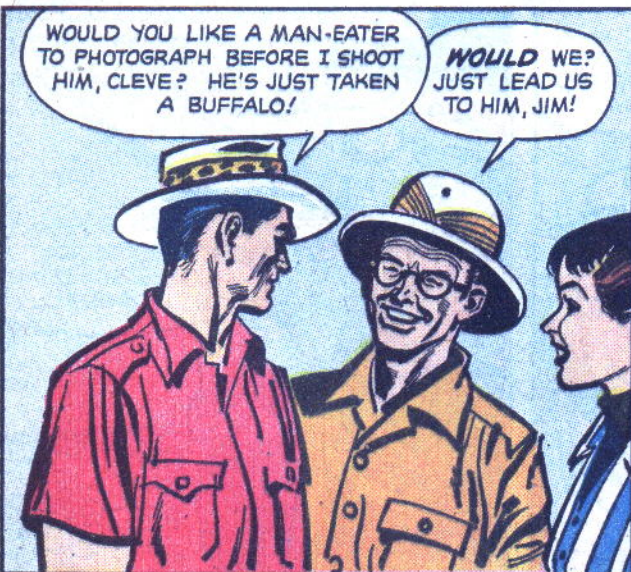
PERHAPS THE PRESENCE OF THE WHITE SAHIBS WILL KEEP AWAY THE ROBBERS FROM THE ASSAM JUNGLE! THEY STEAL OUR RICE AND SOMETIMES KILL US! AND THERE IS A MAN-EATING TIGER--

IF THE ROBBERS COME, WE WON'T DESERT YOU!



O CHIEF, THE GREAT TIGER HAS KILLED AGAIN--A WILD BUFFALO--TWO MILES FROM HERE!

A-WAH! PERHAPS THE WHITE SAHIBS WITH THEIR GUNS--



WOULD YOU LIKE A MAN-EATER TO PHOTOGRAPH BEFORE I SHOOT HIM, CLEVE? HE'S JUST TAKEN A BUFFALO!

WOULD WE? JUST LEAD US TO HIM, JIM!



VERY WELL, CHIEF--WHEN WE HAVE EATEN, WE WILL GO TO THE TIGER'S KILL! HAVE YOUR HUNTERS BUILD A MACHAN FOR THREE PEOPLE NEAR THE SPOT!

THE SAHIB'S WORDS BRING US GREAT JOY! I WILL SEND MY YOUNG MEN AT ONCE!

THE MACHAN--A SIMPLE PLATFORM--IS MADE...



THE WHITE SAHIBS
WILL HAVE TO DRAW THEIR
PICTURE FAST, BEFORE THE
GREAT TIGER SEES OR
HEARS THEM!

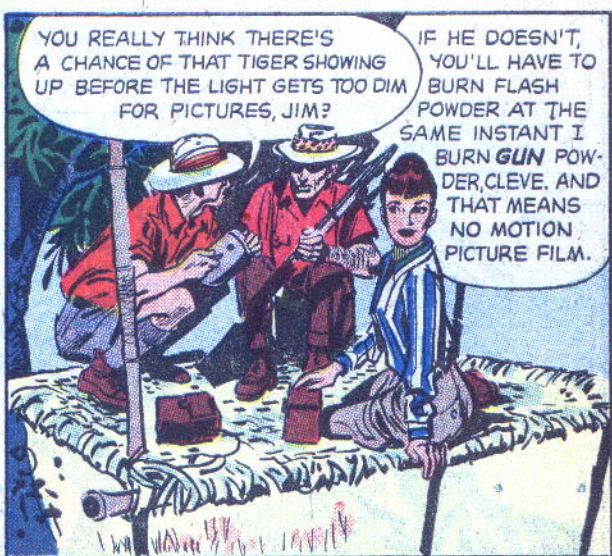
THEY HAVE
A MAGIC BOX THAT
DRAWS THE PICTURES
INSIDE ITSELF!

AND TWO HOURS LATER...



HAVE YOU GOT
EVERYTHING UP
THERE, CLEVE?

EVERYTHING BUT
JIM'S RIFLE,
CINDY--AND YOU,
OF COURSE!



YOU REALLY THINK THERE'S
A CHANCE OF THAT TIGER SHOWING
UP BEFORE THE LIGHT GETS TOO DIM
FOR PICTURES, JIM?

IF HE DOESN'T,
YOU'LL HAVE TO
BURN FLASH
POWDER AT THE
SAME INSTANT I
BURN GUN POW-
DER, CLEVE. AND
THAT MEANS
NO MOTION
PICTURE FILM.



SUPPOSE THE BEAST CHARGES--
DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE
BROUGHT KOLU AND HIS RIFLE, JIM?

NO! TOO MANY
PEOPLE GET IN
EACH OTHER'S
WAY!



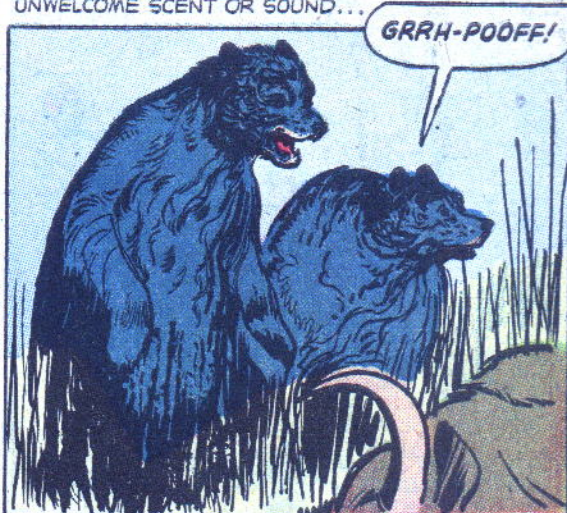
TWO HOURS BEFORE SUNDOWN...

GET READY,
CLEVE! SOMETHING'S
COMING!

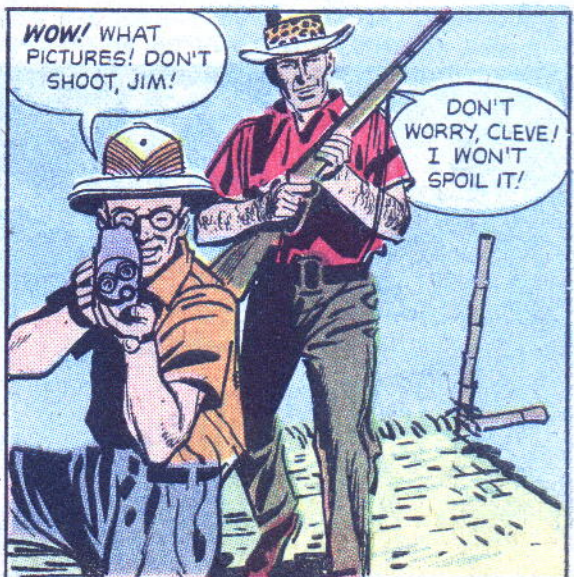
BUT THE NEWCOMER IS NOT A TIGER! SNIFFING AND "POOFING" A LARGE HIMALAYAN BEAR AND HER GROWN CUB APPROACH THE KILL...



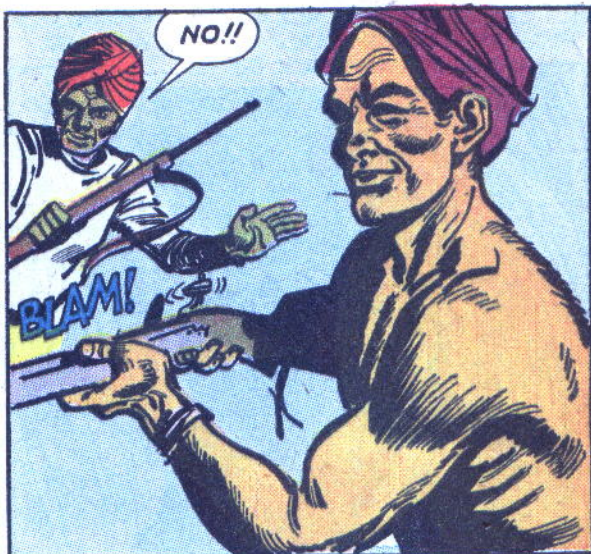
SUDDENLY BOTH BEARS STIFFEN, CATCHING SOME UNWELCOME SCENT OR SOUND...



THEN, LIKE A GOLDEN COMET, THE GREAT TIGER STREAKS TOWARD THEM...



DRAWN BY CURIOSITY, THE KIANG HUNTER HAS RETURNED-- WITH KOLU TRAILING HIM...



STUNG BY THE METAL JUNK IN THE MUSKET CHARGE, THE BEAR AND TIGER SPRING APART...



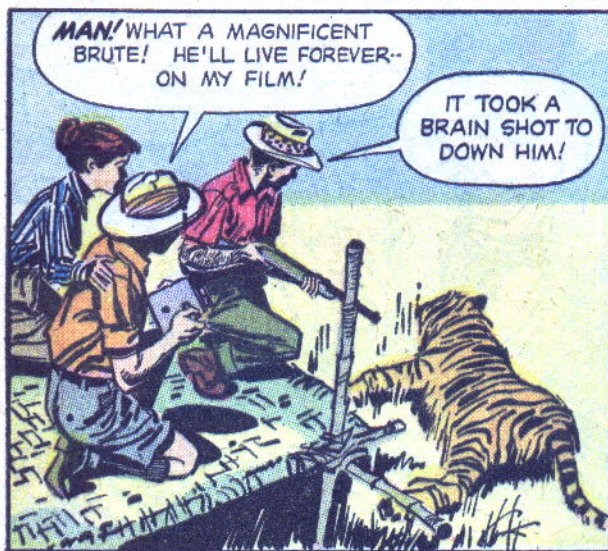
BOTH BEARS VANISH...



A MOVEMENT ON THE MACHAN CATCHES THE TIGER'S EYE--AND LOCATES AN ENEMY IN THE BIG CAT'S MIND!



EVEN AS JIM SLAMS ANOTHER SHELL INTO THE FIRING CHAMBER, CLEVE MARKHAM FILMS A CLOSE-UP. THE MACHAN SWAYS AND CRACKS...



WE'LL GO BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND SEND MEN TO BRING 'STRIPES' IN!



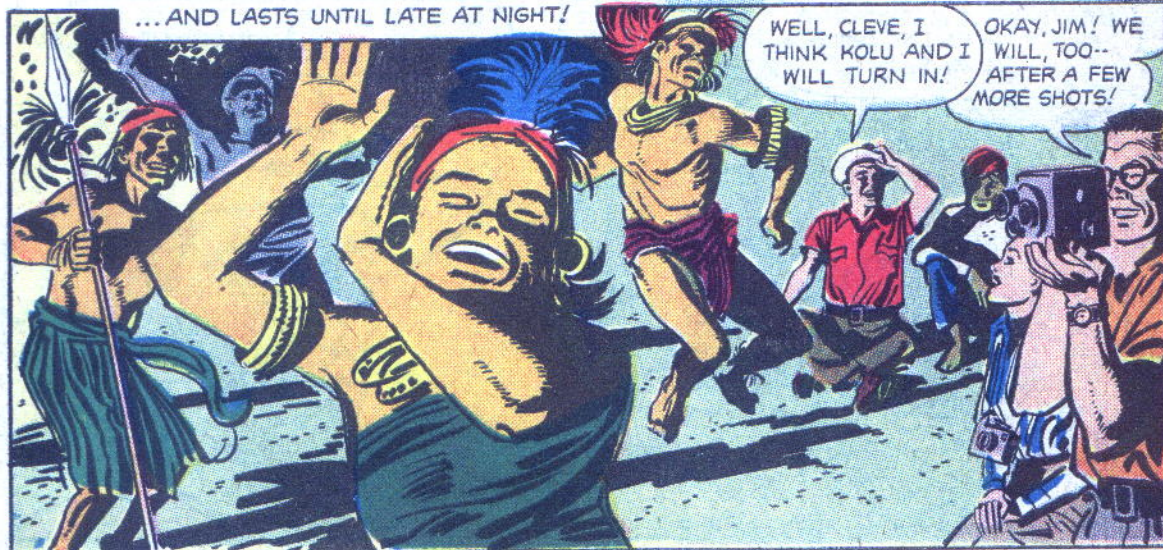
AT SUNDOWN, THE CELEBRATION STARTS...



HA, HA! **NOW** WE PULL YOUR WHISKERS, O EATER OF MEN!

THEY ARE SO **HAPPY**, JIM! I WANT TO GET THAT ON FILM!

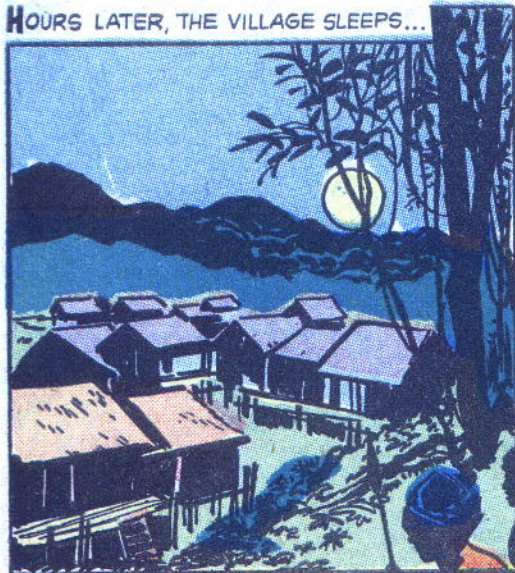
...AND LASTS UNTIL LATE AT NIGHT!



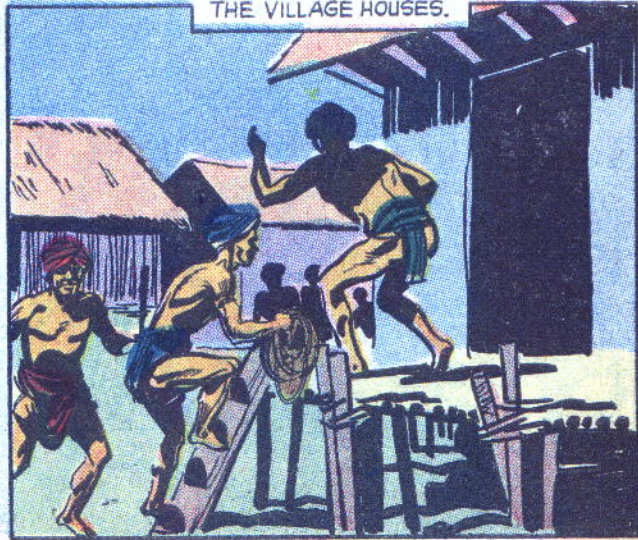
WELL, CLEVE, I THINK KOLU AND I WILL TURN IN!

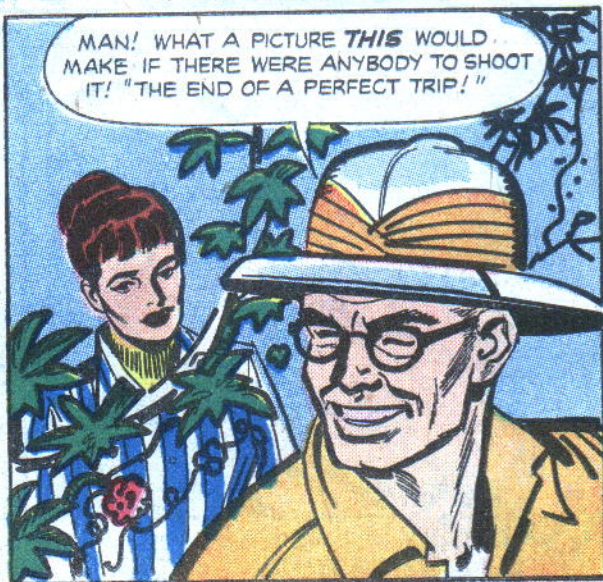
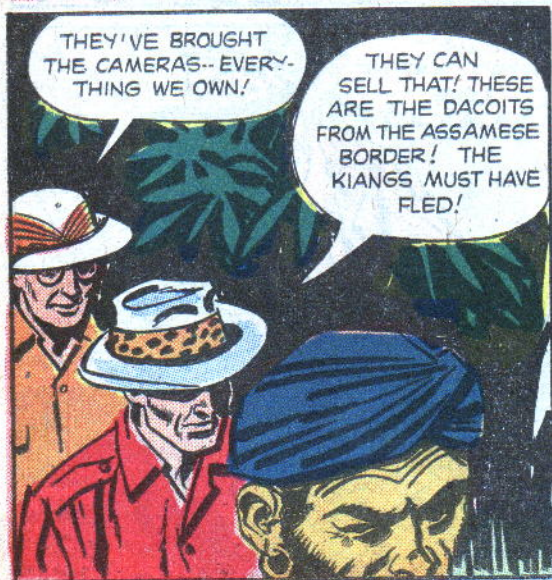
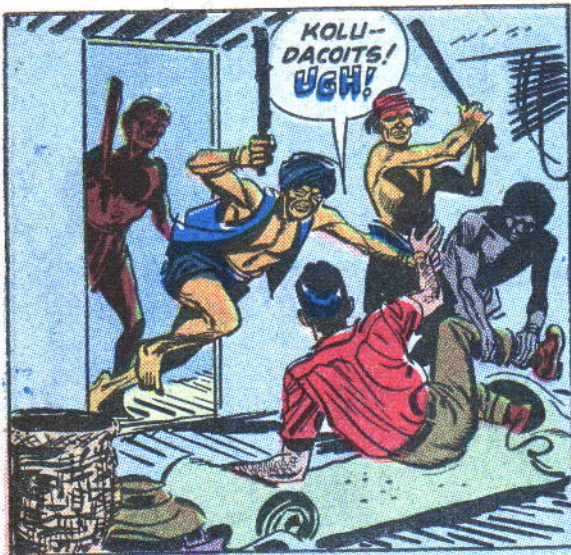
OKAY, JIM! WE WILL, TOO-- AFTER A FEW MORE SHOTS!

HOURS LATER, THE VILLAGE SLEEPS...



...AND SINISTER FORMS MOVE AMONG THE SHADOWS OF THE VILLAGE HOUSES.





THREE MILES FROM THE KIANG VILLAGE...



CAMP HERE! BIND THE PRISONERS TO SEPARATE TREES! NO FIRE! SLEEP TILL DAYLIGHT!



PILE ALL OUR LOOT HERE-- EXCEPT THE GUNS! WE WILL DIVIDE IT LATER!



NOW YOU CAN FINISH YOUR SLEEP, WHITE SAHIB-- SITTING UP!

HO HO! IF YOU CAN! BUT DO NOT KEEP US AWAKE, TALKING TO YOUR FRIENDS!



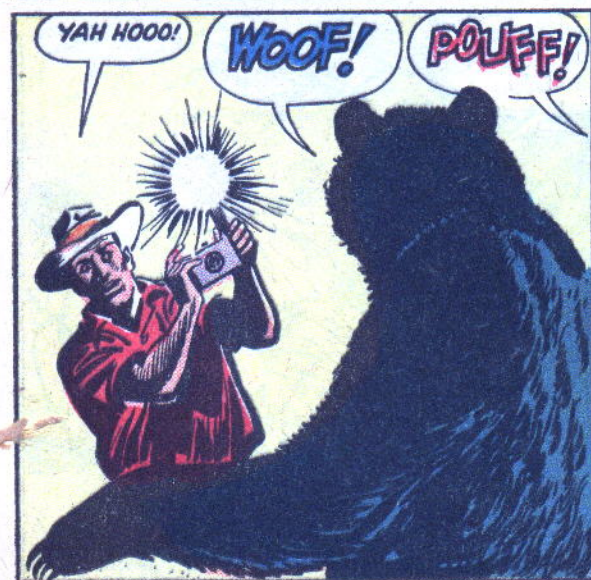
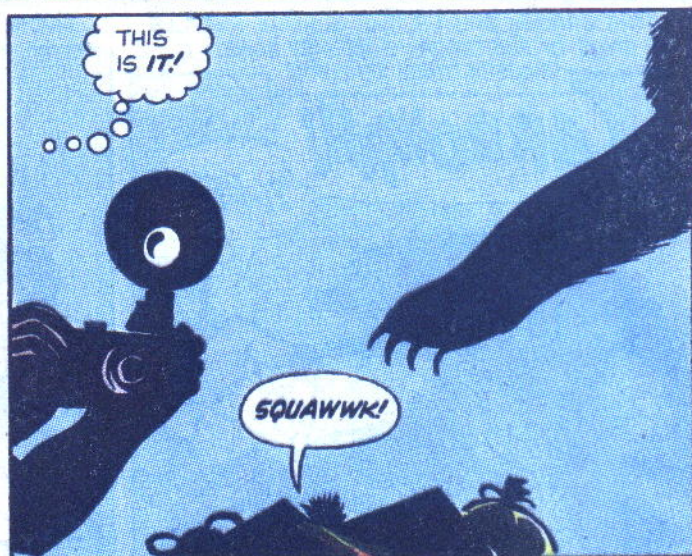
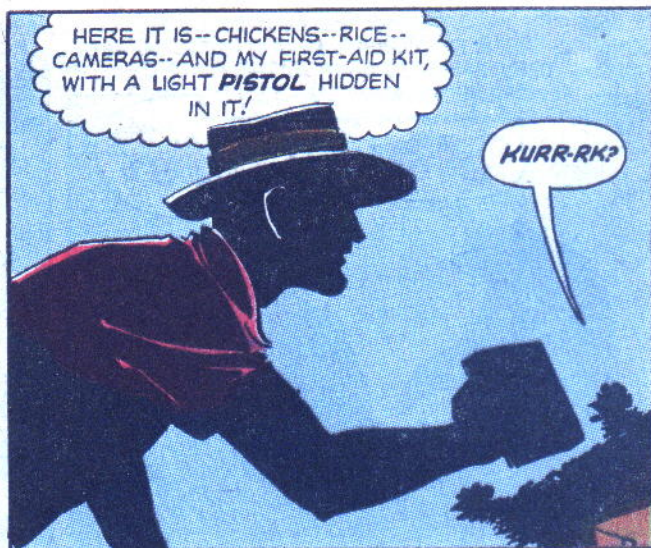
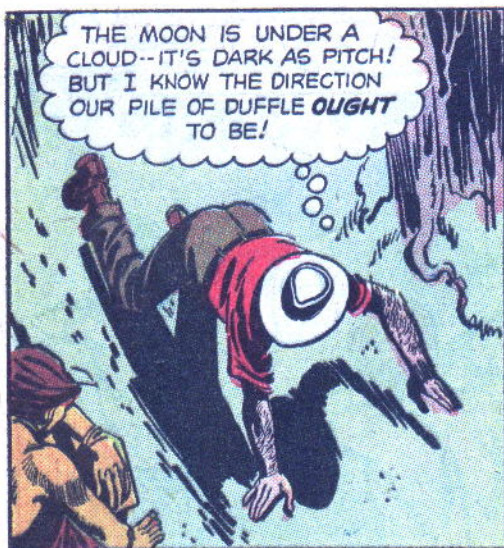
LATER...

THEY'RE ALL SNORING LIKE PIGS--AND I TENSED MY MUSCLES WHEN THEY WERE TYING ME--SO NOW I HAVE A LITTLE SLACK...

WORKING PURPOSEFULLY AT HIS BONDS, JUNGLE JIM FEELS THEM GIVE



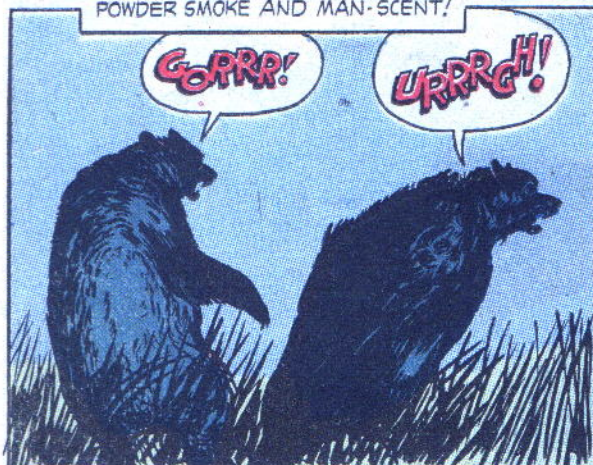
THE REST WON'T TAKE ME LONG!



WAKED SUDDENLY BY THE FLASH OF LIGHT, AND THE BEAR'S LOUD "WOOFING," ONE ROBBER FIRES THE STOLEN MUSKET INTO THE DARKNESS.



IT WAS THE WORST THING THE MAN COULD HAVE DONE--TO THESE PARTICULAR BEARS! WITH SAVAGE GROWLS, THEY WHIRL TO CHARGE THE WHIFF OF POWDER SMOKE AND MAN-SCENT!



THEN THE TWO CAPTURED RIFLES OF JIM AND KOLU CUT LOOSE, AIMED IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF THE GROWLS.



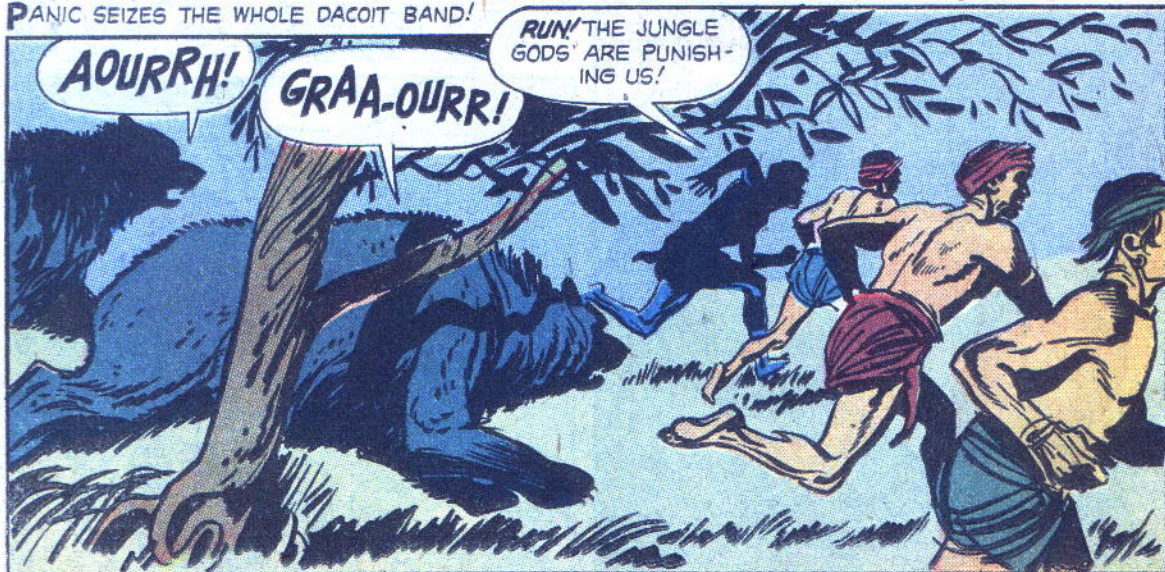
TO THE SHAGGY BRUTES, THE GUNFIRE RECALLS THE STING OF YESTERDAY'S MUSKET BLAST. IT ROUSES THEM TO FURY!



... AND IN THE DARKNESS, THE ADVANTAGE IS ALL THEIRS!



PANIC SEIZES THE WHOLE DACOIT BAND!

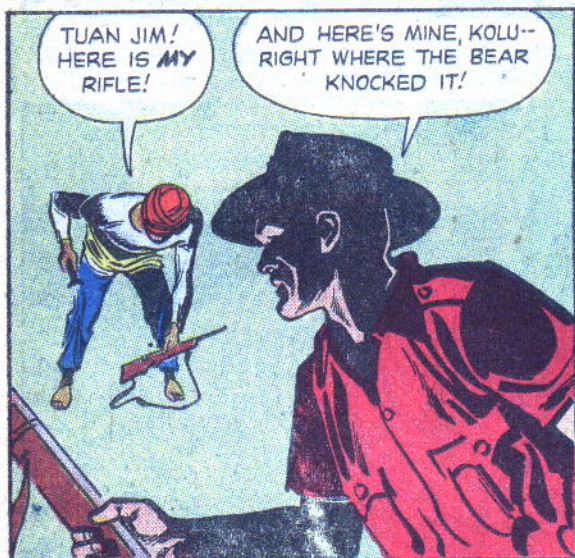


AS THE YELLS AND ROARS FADE AWAY IN THE JUNGLE NIGHT...



JIM--BLESS YOU! HOW DID YOU DO IT?

THE BEARS DID IT! I ONLY TRIGGERED THE ACTION--WITH THAT FLASH PICTURE! DIG OUT ANOTHER TORCH WHILE I CUT CLEVE AND KOLU LOOSE!



AT DAWN...

IT WAS THOSE CHICKENS THAT DREW THE BEARS INTO CAMP--SO THEY OUGHT TO GO FREE. THEY'RE HALF WILD ANYWAY!

POOR THINGS! I HOPE THEY LIVE TO RAISE BIG FAMILIES!



...THE PICTURE THAT *BEAR-LY* SAVED ALL THE REST!



RANEE PRINCESS OF THE JUNGLE

The INVADERS



TENSE DAYS FOR RANEE. ONCE MORE, SIBU THE WILY HUNTER, IS ON HER TRAIL...



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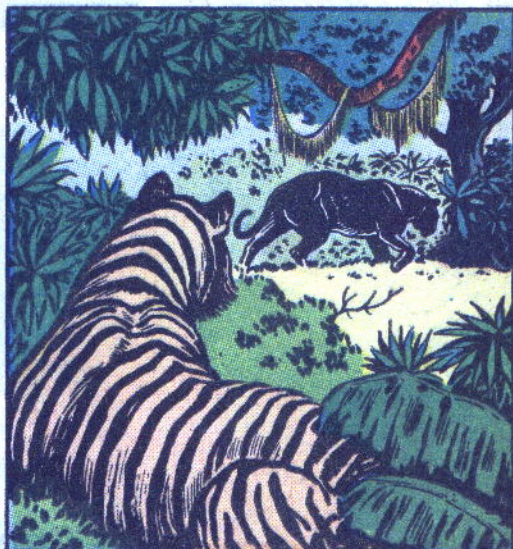
IN HER HUNGER, RANEE FORGETS HER PURSUERS. SHE RETURNS TO HER KILL OF THE NIGHT BEFORE...



...BUT SOMETHING IS WRONG. THE JUNGLE PIG BEARS A FAINTLY FAMILIAR SCENT. RANEE BACKS AWAY.



THOUGH HUNGRY, RANEE WATCHES FROM THE NEARBY UNDERBRUSH AS TARG THE PANTHER MOVES IN ON HER KILL.



AND AS THE PANTHER TOUCHES THE KILL...



A TRAP! ONCE MORE RANEE'S CUNNING SAVED HER FROM CAPTURE!



WHILE BEHIND HER AT THE TRAP...



A FINE PANTHER THIS TIME, MASTER SIBU! YOU WILL GET A GOOD PRICE FOR HIM FROM THE DEALER!

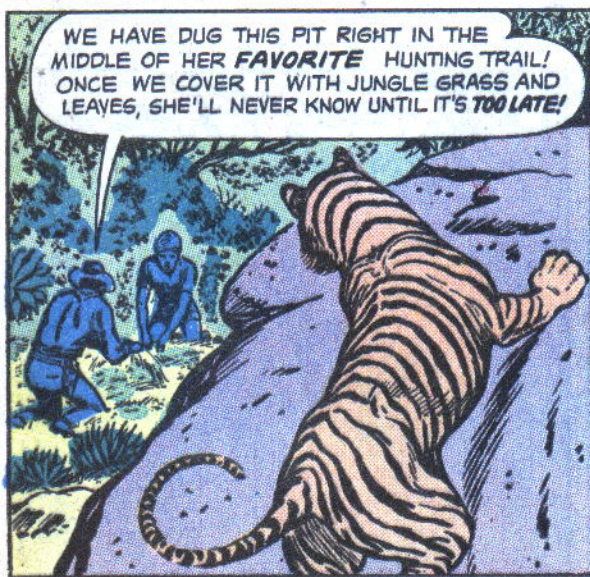
NOT AS GOOD A PRICE AS I WILL GET FOR THAT TIGRESS SOMEDAY, GHANI!

LATER THAT DAY...



DO YOU THINK THIS TRAP WILL SUCCEED, MASTER SIBU?

THAT TIGRESS CANNOT OUTWIT ME ALL THE TIME! THIS DEEP PIT WILL DO THE TRICK!



WE HAVE DUG THIS PIT RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF HER FAVORITE HUNTING TRAIL! ONCE WE COVER IT WITH JUNGLE GRASS AND LEAVES, SHE'LL NEVER KNOW UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!

SUDDENLY...



CRACK!

THAT SOUND! CAN IT BE THE TIGRESS?

THE BEAUTIFUL ONE STEPS MORE LIGHTLY THAN THE FALL OF A JUNGLE LEAF!



NAGO TRIBESMEN!
THEY MUST HAVE CROSSED
THE FRONTIER IN A RAID!

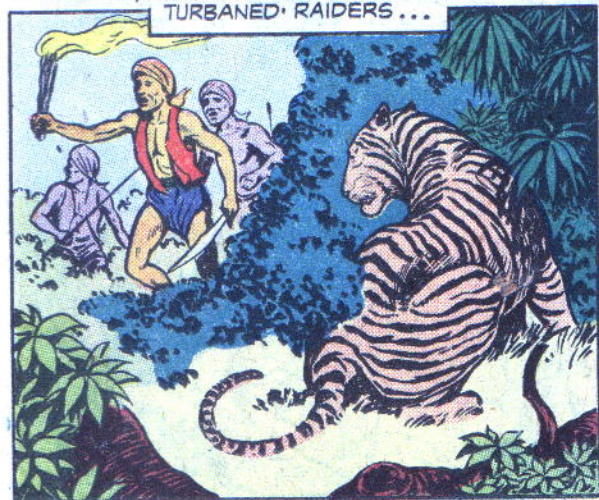
EACH YEAR, THE
LAWLESS ONES
SWEEP DOWN UPON
US FROM THE
HILLS!



LOOK THERE! THEY BURN
THE HUT OF SALAH THE
WOODCUTTER!

WE MUST RUN AND
WARN OUR VILLAGE
IN THE NEXT VALLEY!

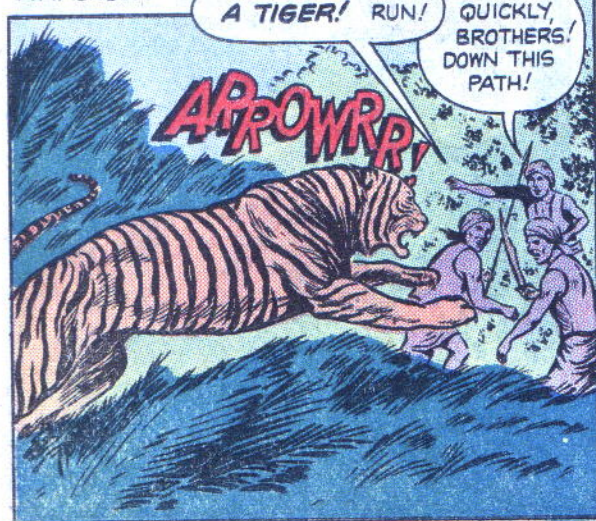
BUT THE BURNING HUT HAS BROUGHT RANEE TO
THE SCENE, TOO. SHE REMEMBERS THE YELLOW
TURBANED RAIDERS...



TWO YEARS BEFORE, THEIR FIRES HAD DRIVEN
THE GAME FROM THE LAND -- JUST AS THEY
ARE DOING NOW!



HER FURY AROUSED, THE JUNGLE PRINCESS
ATTACKS...

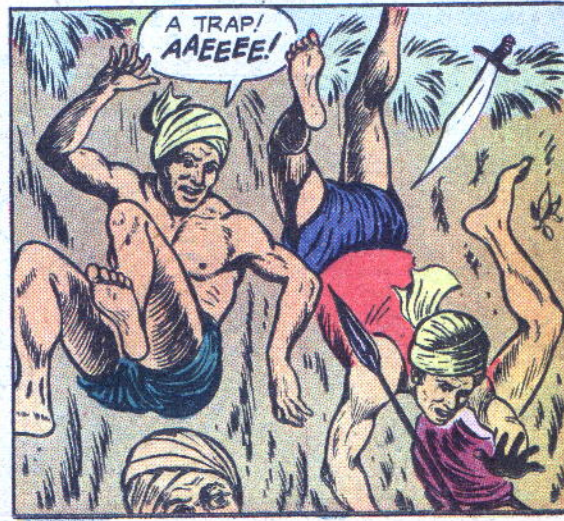


A TIGER! RUN!

QUICKLY,
BROTHERS!
DOWN THIS
PATH!

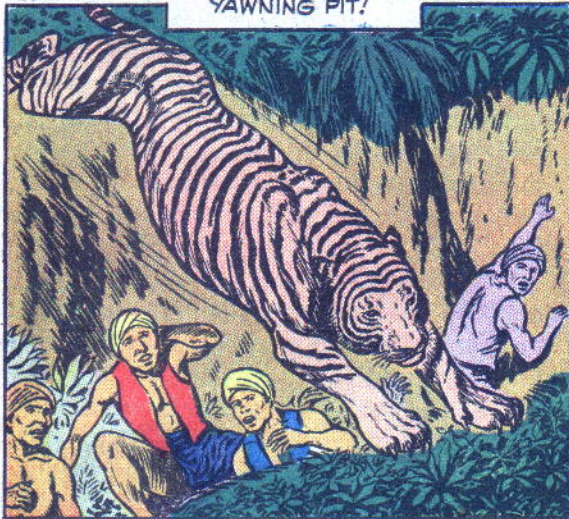
AROWRR!

BUT THE INVADERS HAVE TURNED DOWN RANEE'S
FAVORITE HUNTING TRAIL AND NOW--SUDDENLY...



A TRAP!
AAAAEE!

WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, RANEE CLEARS THE YAWNING PIT!



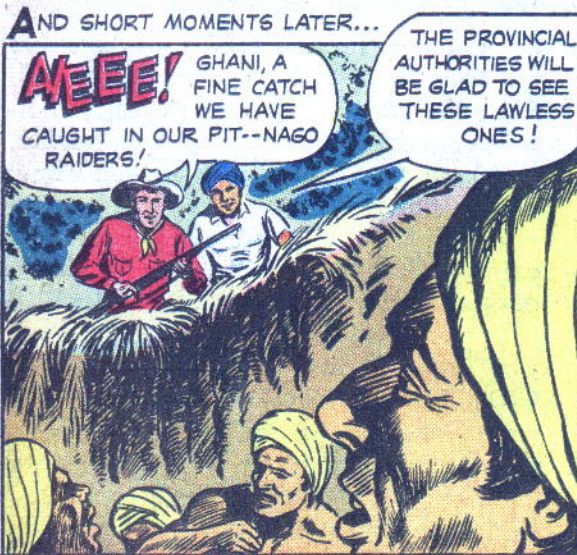
WITH A ROAR OF WARNING, SHE VANISHES INTO THE JUNGLE...



AND SHORT MOMENTS LATER...

AEEEE! GHANI, A FINE CATCH WE HAVE CAUGHT IN OUR PIT--NAGO RAIDERS!

THE PROVINCIAL AUTHORITIES WILL BE GLAD TO SEE THESE LAWLESS ONES!



YOU HAVE HELPED US CATCH A FAR **MORE DANGEROUS** QUARRY TODAY-- FOR THIS WE ARE GRATEFUL, MY BEAUTIFUL ONE!



BUT SOMEDAY IT WILL BE **YOU** WHOM I WILL HOLD CAPTIVE! THIS I VOW TO THE GODS OF THE JUNGLE!



TO RANEE THE WORDS MEAN NOTHING. BUT TO THE CHALLENGE OF THE HUNTER'S VOICE, SHE ANSWERS WITH A ROAR OF DEFIANCE!



Jungle Jitters



The jungle was almost silent. Overhead in the high distant branches magpies chattered. Before the remains of the small fire Rhani, a young Indian boy, did up the last of the clay dishes. Seated beside him, its intelligent eyes following his every move, was the monkey Yaperie. These two were inseparable friends.

A moment later the flaps on the nearby tent parted and Greg Carter came their way. He was a broad-shouldered man and his lean, tanned face bore a grim expression.

"You about ready, Rhani?" he asked.

"Ready in a moment, Sahib," Rhani replied.

He added the last clay dish to the stack and bent low in Yaperie's direction. With a deft leap the small monkey was on Rhani's shoulder, one arm affectionately draped around his neck. Rhani smiled at Carter. "Yes, we are ready."

Carter shook his head indicating no, and Rhani's smile vanished. He began to plead, but Carter cut him short. "I can't chance it, not on today's hunt. If we were after small game I'd say fine, but this is different. We're after a tiger, and a bad one. If Yaperie was to become frightened, start chattering . . . well, it could be too bad for all of us."

He didn't continue. There was really nothing more to say.

"Yes, Sahib," Rhani said slowly. "I will put him in his cage."

Two hours later, in the depth of the steaming jungle, Greg Carter's practiced eye had singled out the tiger's spoor. Rhani bent low beside him, carefully scrutinizing the imprints which were clearly

defined in the soft earth. "Very big tiger, Sahib," he said softly.

"Very big," Carter repeated, "and not far off either!"

Cautiously they started forward again, their eyes glued to the trail. For a while the track was clear, but up a bit the earth became hard packed, and then suddenly the tiger's tracks were gone altogether!

Now a stillness fell across the jungle, and their every step seemed magnified and overloud. In a way, Carter wished he had never taken on the hunt in the first place. And yet the tiger had become more than a nuisance. In less than a month's time it had killed over a dozen of the villagers' cattle and they had all pleaded with the mighty *white hunter* to destroy the evil one. He had told them he would try. Now there was no going back. Suddenly the air was filled with a wild, chattering sound. It was coming from behind, and both Carter and Rhani swung about to meet it.

Rhani gave a gasp of surprise. He pointed aloft to the branches. "It is Yaperie, Sahib!"

Somehow the monkey had freed itself from its cage and followed them. Only Greg Carter's eyes were seeing much more. He saw the tall grass bend and weave; caught sight of yellow fur; heard the swift rush of padded feet. "Look out!" Carter yelled, swinging the rifle to his shoulder.

The thunderous roar of his gun drowned out Rhani's cry of surprise. The tiger, caught in mid-air, suddenly went limp, then fell to the ground in a lifeless heap.

"The tiger, he had circled around us," Rhani muttered.

"So he did," Carter replied. He smiled at Yaperie who had scampered to Rhani's shoulder. "And if it wasn't for Yaperie and his warning, that tiger would have had us cold!"

Then they laughed, the welcome laughter that comes when a crisis is passed. Yaperie joined in, chattering away, proud and pleased and it was almost as though he had understood all that had taken place.

JUNGLE JIM

the LIVING FOSSILS

IN ANSWER TO A BRIEF AND CRYPTIC MESSAGE FROM WEST BENGAL'S CHIEF FORESTER, JUNGLE JIM AND KOLU HAVE FLOWN TO DECCA.

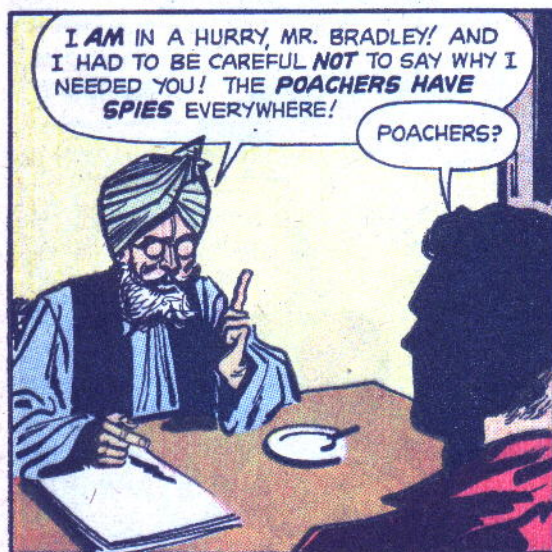


JAMES BRADLEY! I AM GLAD TO SEE **YOU!** THIS IS A QUICK RESPONSE TO MY LETTER!

YOU SEEMED TO BE IN A HURRY, SIR! YOU ARE MOHAMMED KHAN?

I **AM** IN A HURRY, MR. BRADLEY! AND I HAD TO BE CAREFUL **NOT** TO SAY WHY I NEEDED YOU! THE **POACHERS HAVE SPIES EVERYWHERE!**

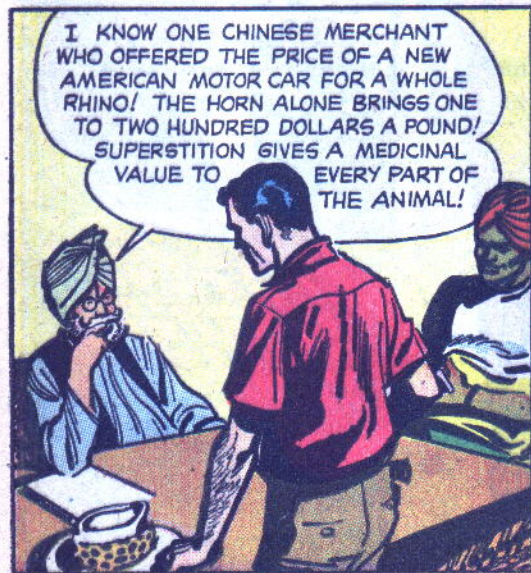
POACHERS?



YES! THEY ARE A POWERFUL RING OF CRIMINALS, BACKED BY WEALTHY FOREIGN MERCHANTS-- AND THREATENING TO EXTERMINATE THE RARE INDIAN RHINO--AT LEAST IN BENGAL! DO YOU KNOW THE PRICE A RHINOCEROS BRINGS--IN CHINA?



I KNOW ONE CHINESE MERCHANT WHO OFFERED THE PRICE OF A NEW AMERICAN MOTOR CAR FOR A WHOLE RHINO! THE HORN ALONE BRINGS ONE TO TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS A POUND! SUPERSTITION GIVES A MEDICINAL VALUE TO EVERY PART OF THE ANIMAL!



THE RHINOS ARE BEING HUNTED BETWEEN THE MOUTHS OF THE GANGES RIVER! IF **YOU** CANNOT HELP ME STOP IT, JUNGLE JIM, THE ARMY WILL HAVE TO DO THE JOB!

THE "**LIVING FOSSILS**" MUST BE PRESERVED!





I'LL BE GLAD TO DO WHAT I CAN, MOHAMMED KHAN! I'LL NEED TO MAKE PLANS WITH YOUR DISTRICT FORESTER.

HE IS WAITING OUTSIDE, JUNGLE JIM! HE AND HIS MEN AND THE BENGALI POLICE WILL BE UNDER **YOUR** ORDERS IN THIS TASK!

LEAVING THE GOVERNMENT OFFICE BUILDING...



WELL, KOLU, WE'VE BITTEN OFF ALL WE CAN CHEW, THIS TIME--MAYBE MORE! AND IF OUR BUSINESS BECOMES KNOWN--

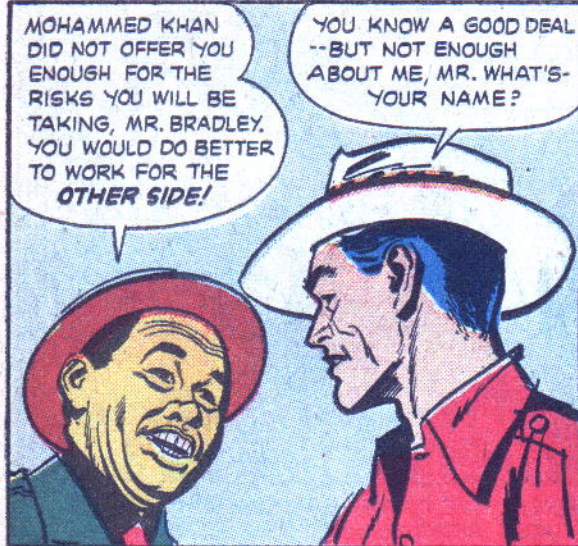
IT WILL BE KNOWN, TUAN JIM! THE JUNGLE KEEPS FEW SECRETS FOR LONG! PERHAPS EVEN NOW--



YOU WERE RIGHT, KOLU! HERE COMES TROUBLE!

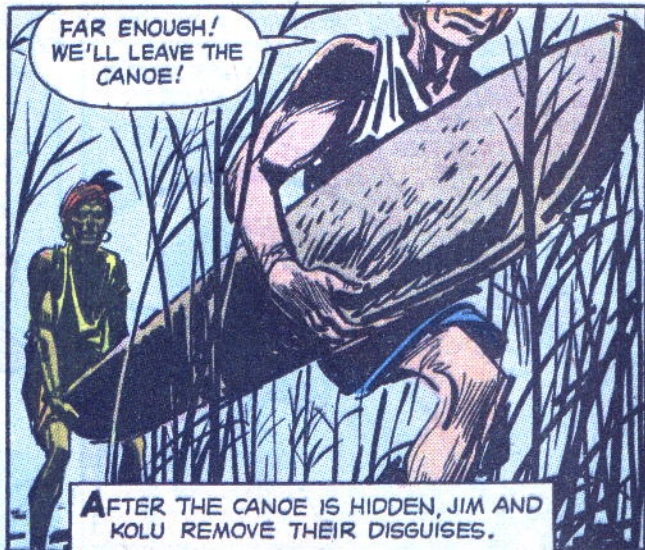
"JUNGLE JIM" BRADLEY, I PRESUME?

ANNOUNCEMENT
RUMI AYU

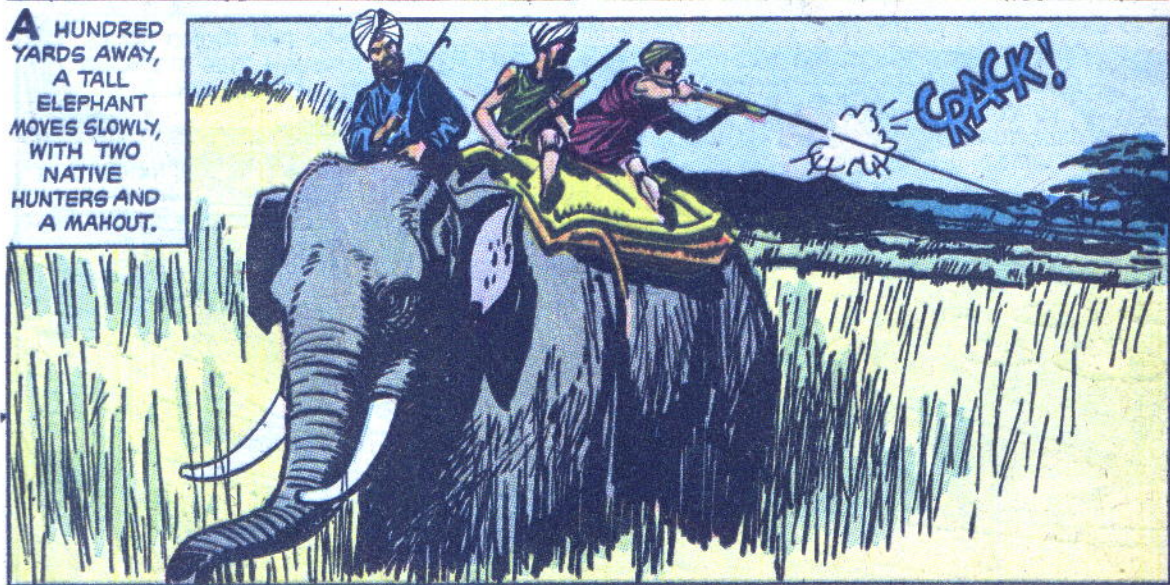


TWO DAYS LATER-- IN THE HEART OF THE RHINO SWAMPS...



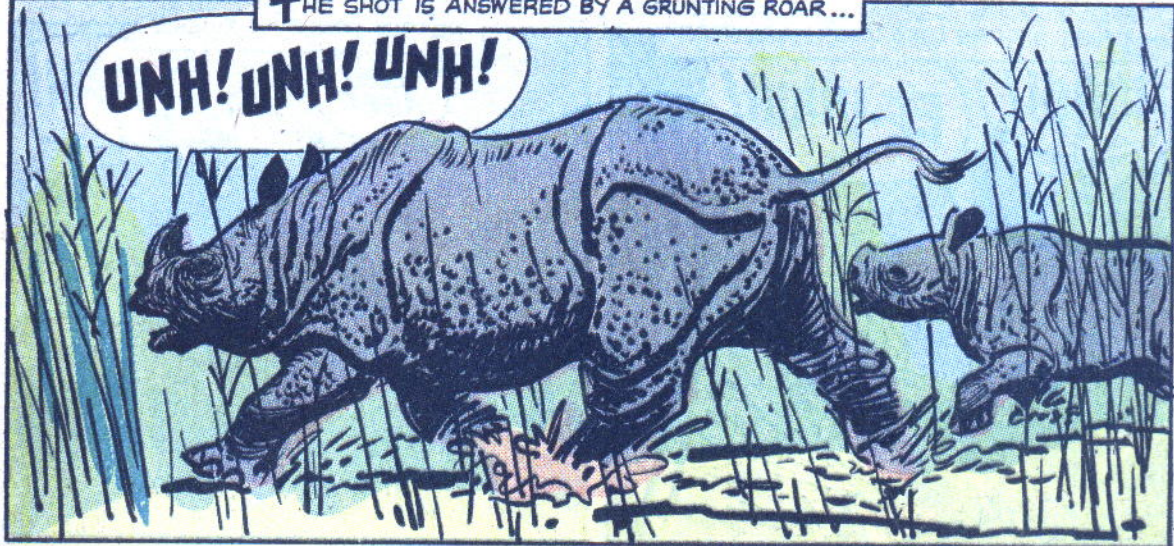


A HUNDRED
YARDS AWAY,
A TALL
ELEPHANT
MOVES SLOWLY,
WITH TWO
NATIVE
HUNTERS AND
A MAHOUT.



THE SHOT IS ANSWERED BY A GRUNTING ROAR...

UNH! UNH! UNH!

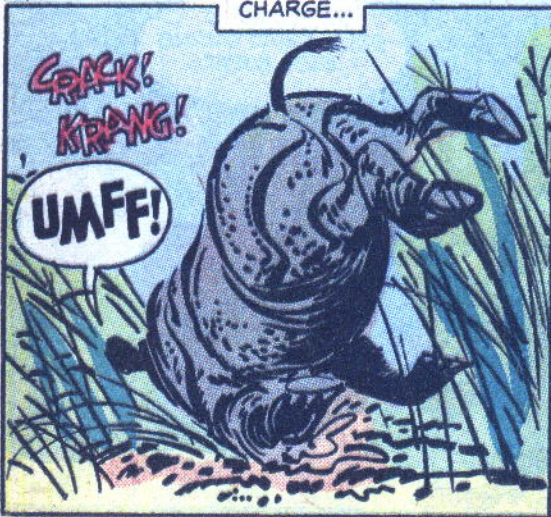


BUT HIGH-POWERED BULLETS END THE BRUTE'S CHARGE...

...AND DOWN GOES THE RHINO COW'S CALF, TOO!

CRACK!
KRANG!

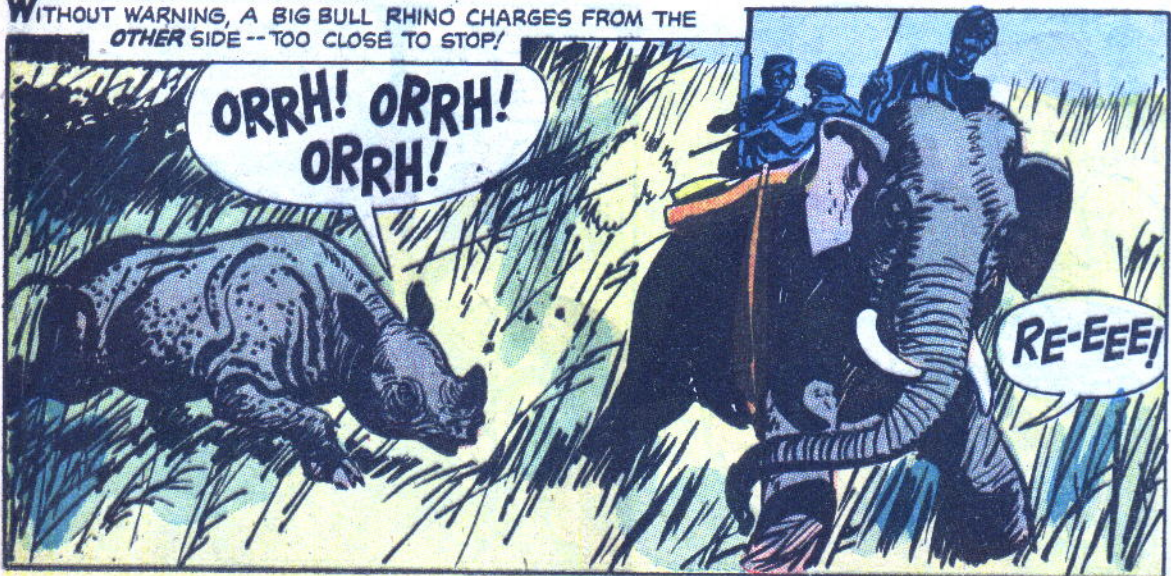
UMFF!



WITHOUT WARNING, A BIG BULL RHINO CHARGES FROM THE OTHER SIDE -- TOO CLOSE TO STOP!

ORRH! ORRH!
ORRH!

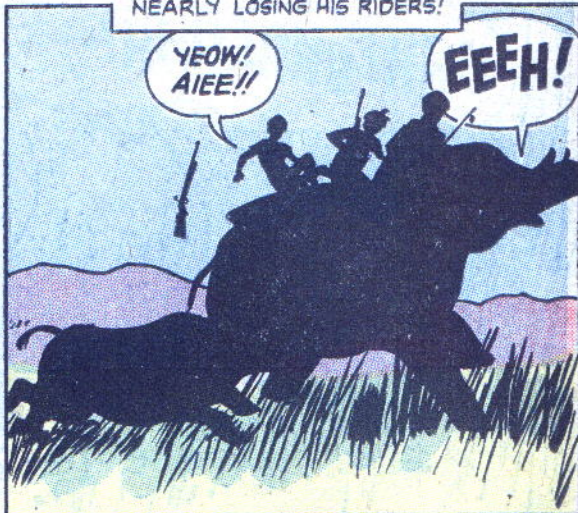
RE-EEE!



FASTER THAN AN ELEPHANT, THE BULL SLASHES HIGH WITH HIS LONG, LOWER INCISOR TEETH!



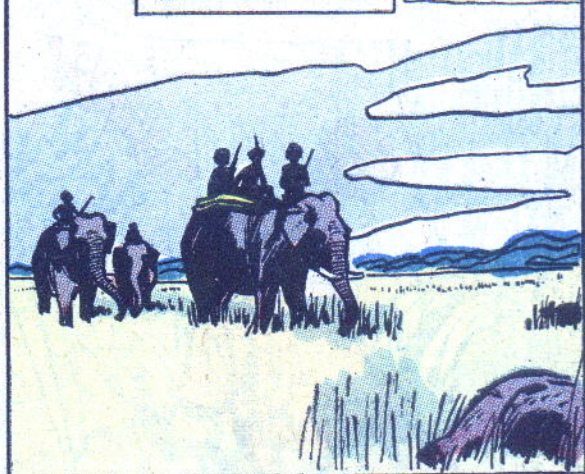
IN FRIGHT AND PAIN, THE ELEPHANT SPINS ABOUT, NEARLY LOSING HIS RIDERS!



WE'LL WAIT HERE, AND RISK THE BRUTE'S RETURN! BEFORE LONG THOSE POACHERS WILL COME BACK FOR THEIR KILLS! AND WE'LL FOLLOW THEM!



WITHIN A COUPLE OF HOURS, THE HUNTERS' ELEPHANT REAPPEARS WITH TWO OTHERS WEARING HARNESS.



THEY'RE HITCHING TWO ELEPHANTS ONTO THE BIG COW RHINO--AND ONE ONTO THE CALF!

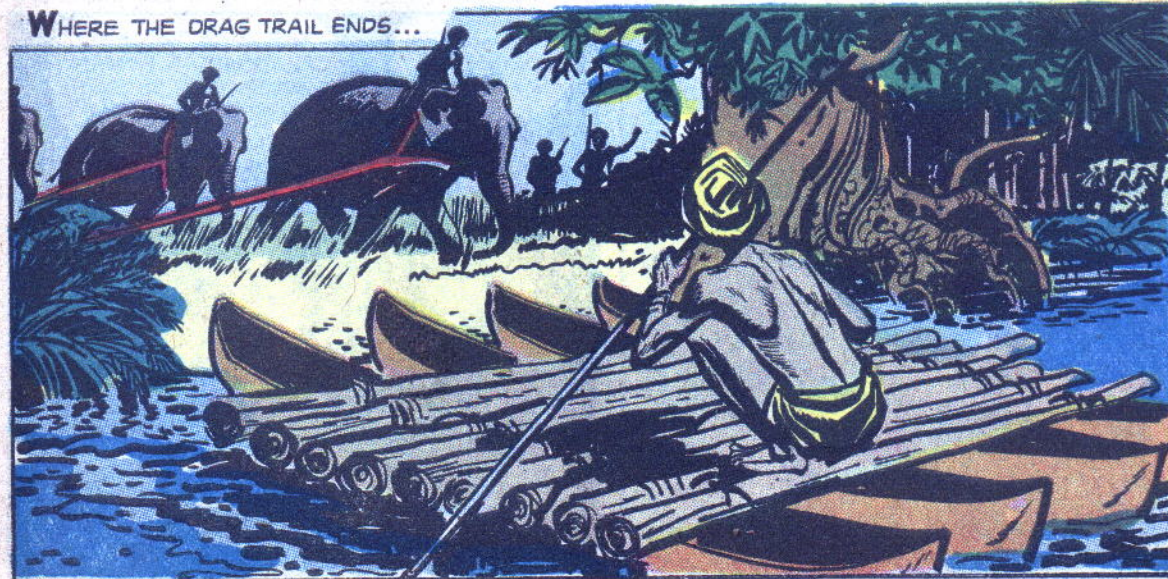


COME, KOLU! WE'LL FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL, JUST OUT OF SIGHT!

A BLIND MAN COULD FOLLOW IT, TUAN!



WHERE THE DRAG TRAIL ENDS...





THEY ARE LOADING THE RHINOS ONTO THE FLOATS, TUAN! AND TALKING! CAN YOU UNDERSTAND THEIR LANGUAGE?

YES! BE QUIET!

THUMP!
HAH!
CR-CREAK



COVER IT THICK WITH GRASS! WE DON'T WANT THE MEAT TO SPOIL BEFORE WE GET IT DOWN TO THE RIVER TONIGHT--WHERE THE LAUNCHES WILL MEET US!

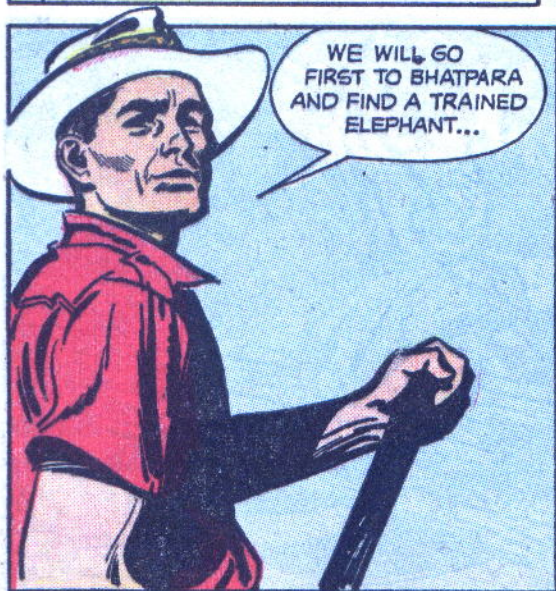


BACK TO OUR CANOE, KOLU! I KNOW WHAT I NEED TO KNOW!

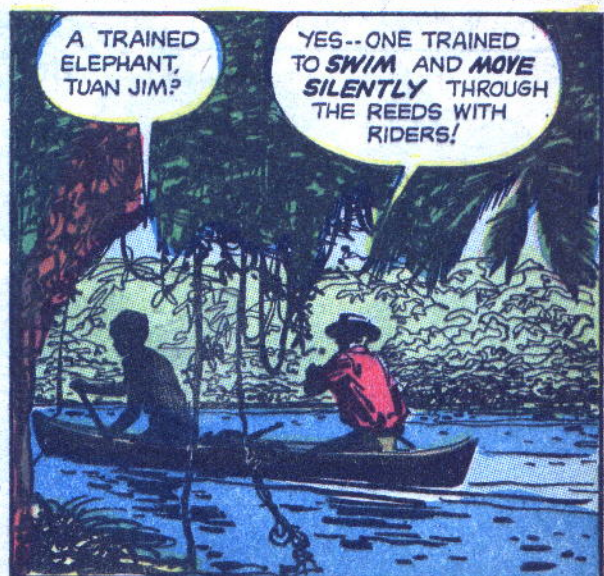


HERE IS THE CHANNEL WHERE THEY LOADED THE RHINOS ONTO THE FLOATS! IT LEADS TO A LITTLE COVE ON THE WIDE RIVER!

THEN THAT IS WHERE THEY WILL WAIT FOR THE LAUNCHES AFTER DARK, TUAN!



WE WILL GO FIRST TO BHATPARA AND FIND A TRAINED ELEPHANT...

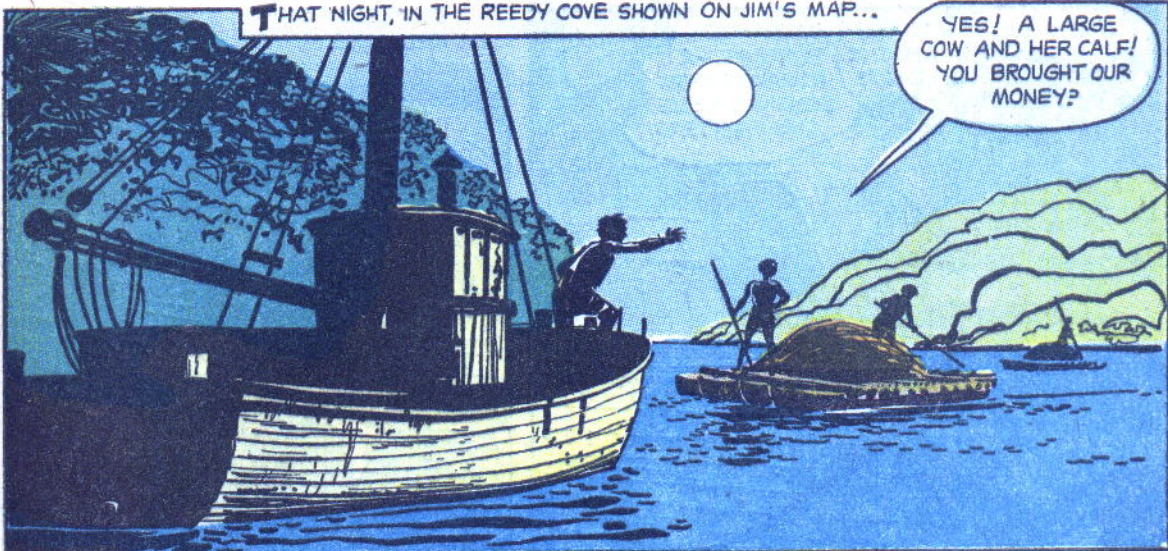


A TRAINED ELEPHANT, TUAN JIM?

YES--ONE TRAINED TO *SWIM* AND *MOVE SILENTLY* THROUGH THE REEDS WITH RIDERS!

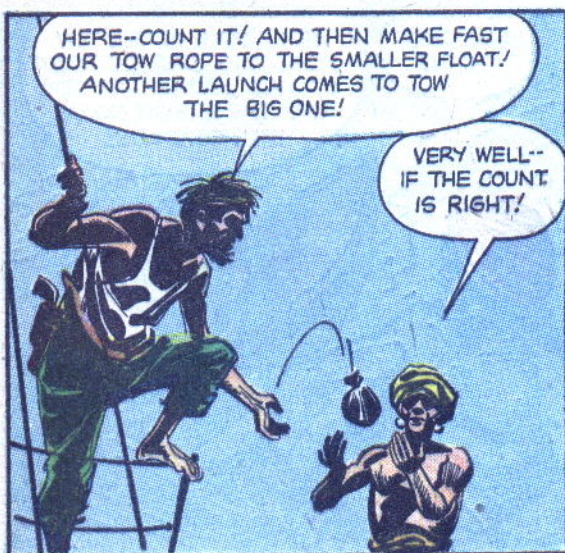
THAT NIGHT, IN THE REEDY COVE SHOWN ON JIM'S MAP...

YES! A LARGE
COW AND HER CALF!
YOU BROUGHT OUR
MONEY?



HERE--COUNT IT! AND THEN MAKE FAST
OUR TOW ROPE TO THE SMALLER FLOAT!
ANOTHER LAUNCH COMES TO TOW
THE BIG ONE!

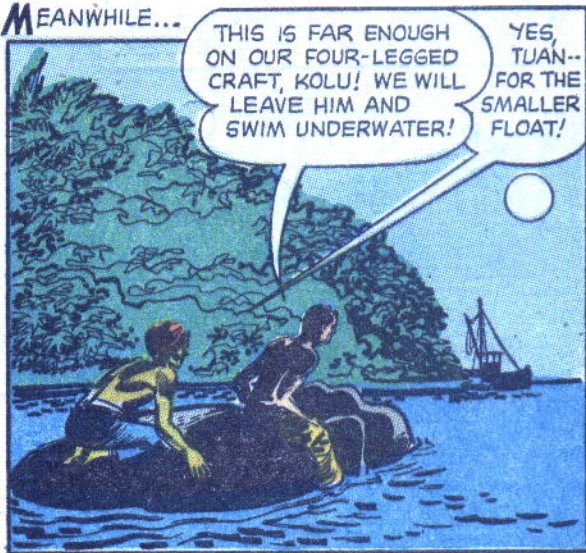
VERY WELL--
IF THE COUNT
IS RIGHT!



MEANWHILE...

THIS IS FAR ENOUGH
ON OUR FOUR-LEGGED
CRAFT, KOLU! WE WILL
LEAVE HIM AND
SWIM UNDERWATER!

YES,
TUAN--
FOR THE
SMALLER
FLOAT!



HOPING THEY WON'T MISS THEIR AIM, JIM AND KOLU
SWIM FOR THEIR TARGET!



THE TOW
ROPE IS FAST!
TAKE IT
AWAY!

WE MADE
IT-- ONLY
JUST!

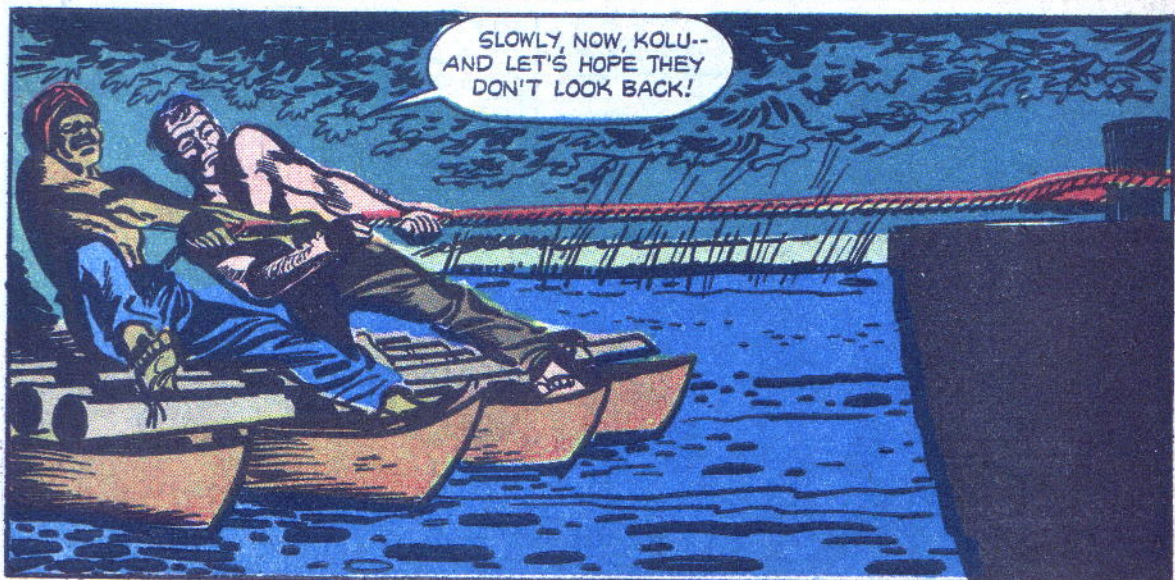
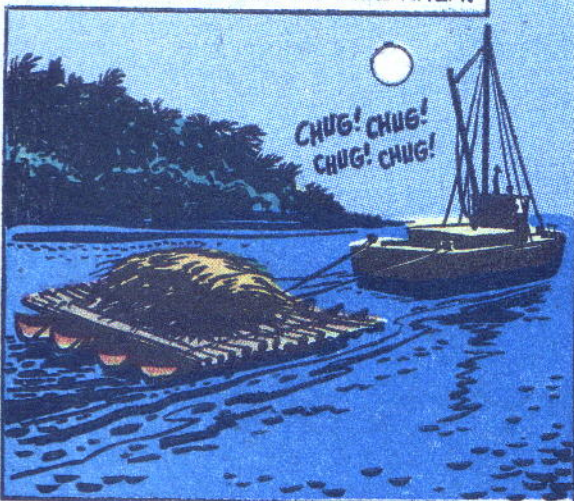




THE CONFUSION COVERS THE SMALL SOUNDS JIM AND KOLU MAKE...



MINUTES LATER, THE LAUNCH WITH THE SMALLER FLOAT PULLS OUT INTO THE WIDE RIVER.



WITH THE FLOAT NEARLY TOUCHING THE LAUNCH'S STERN, JIM AND KOLU LEAP..



HEAD IN TO THE RIVER BANK, CAPTAIN-- **QUICKLY!**



MOMENTS LATER-- WHILE JIM FINISHES TYING THE CREW...

KOLU! START THE MOTOR-- AND SHUT IT OFF! MAKE IT COUGH! **THAT SECOND LAUNCH WILL BE COMING ALONG ANY MINUTE!**



HOW THAT SOUND, TUN JIM? I SHUT GAS ALMOST OFF!

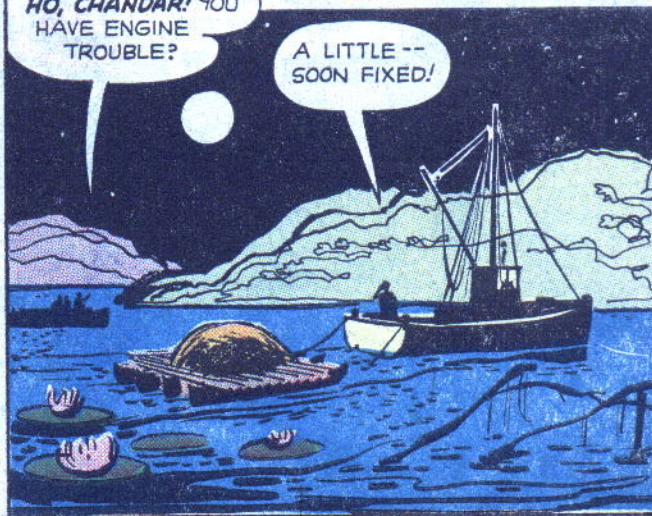
LIKE ENGINE TROUBLE! YOU'VE GOT THE IDEA, KOLU!



HIS VOICE MUFFLED BY ENGINE NOISE, JIM REPLIES, IMPERSONATING THE CAPTAIN...

HO, CHANDAR! YOU HAVE ENGINE TROUBLE?

A LITTLE -- SOON FIXED!



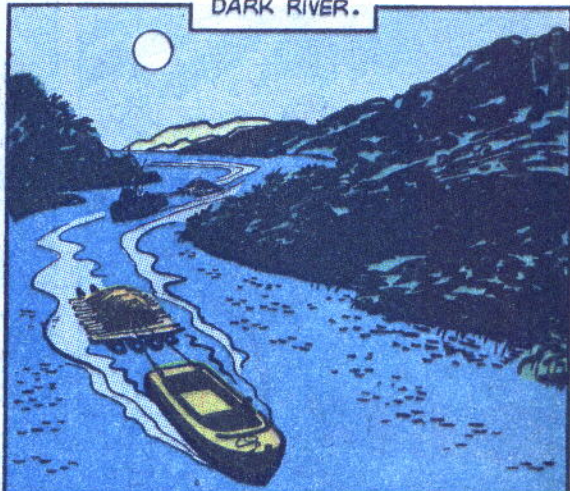


YOU NEED HELP WITH THAT ENGINE, CHANDAR? IT'S THREE HOURS' RUN TO KORHAT!

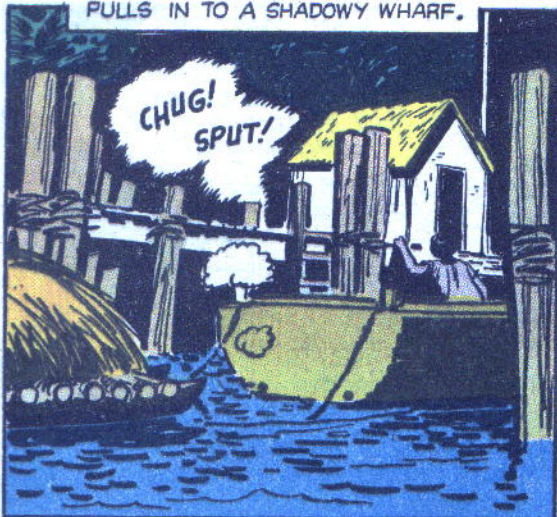
NO, IT'S FIXED NOW! WE ARE COMING!

CHUG!
CHUG!

FOR THREE MORE HOURS, ONLY THE SOFT THROB OF LAUNCH ENGINES BREAKS THE SILENCE OF THE DARK RIVER.



THEN, CUTTING ITS MOTOR, THE LEADING CRAFT PULLS IN TO A SHADOWY WHARF.



CHUG!
SPUT!

AND JIM AND KOLU GO OVER THE SIDE.



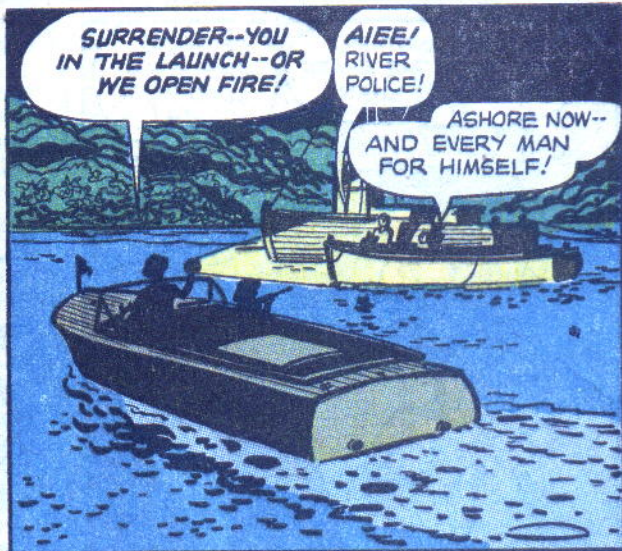
LET IT DRIFT! WE'LL SWIM FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WHARF, KOLU!

MOMENTS LATER, THE WELL-DRESSED CHINESE INSPECTING THE RHINO CARCASS GIVES A SHARP WARNING!

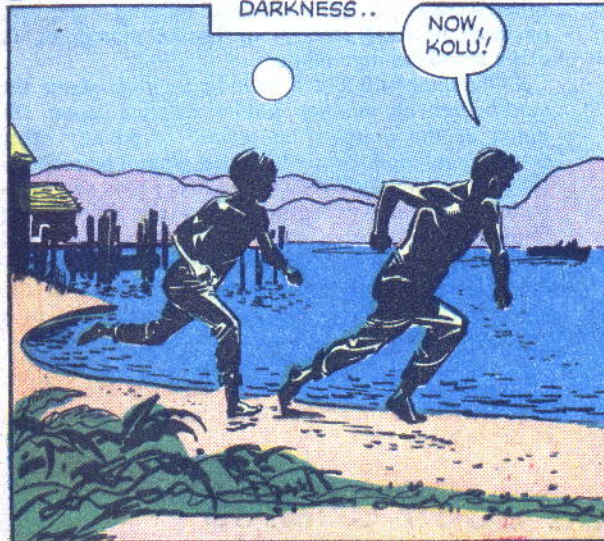


THE OTHER LAUNCH-- IT IS DRIFTING PAST! GO AFTER IT!

AIEE! THEY HAD ENGINE TROUBLE!



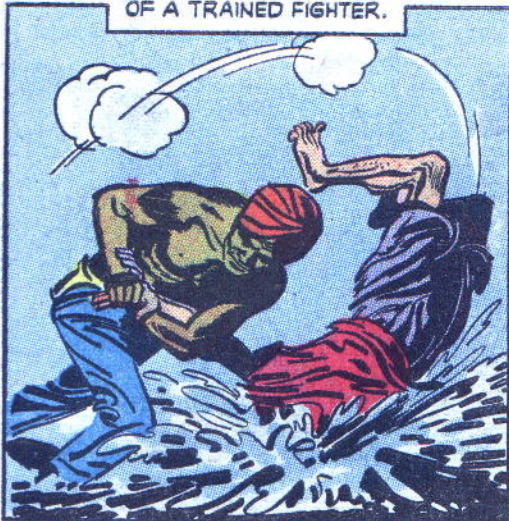
BUT, AS THE POACHERS' LAUNCH GROUNDS IN THE DARKNESS..



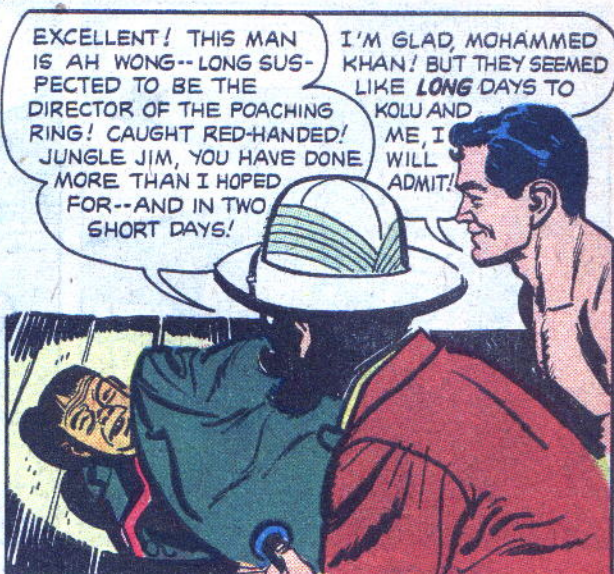
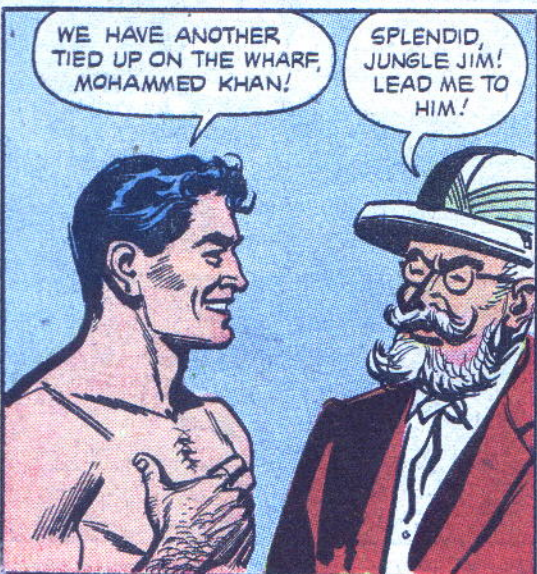
JIM'S ATTACK TAKES THE GANG COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE.



AND KOLU MOVES WITH THE SWIFTNESS
OF A TRAINED FIGHTER.



SECONDS LATER, THE POLICE LAUNCH SPILLS ITS
UNIFORMED CREW ASHORE--LED BY AN OFFICER
OF THE FOREST SERVICE!



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Jungle Jim published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1957.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

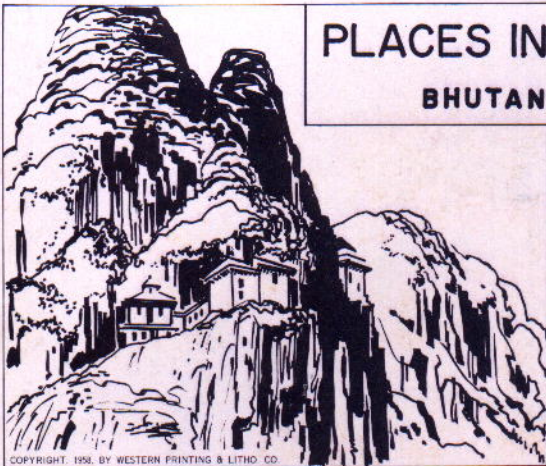
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1957.

JOHN C. WEBER
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1958)

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

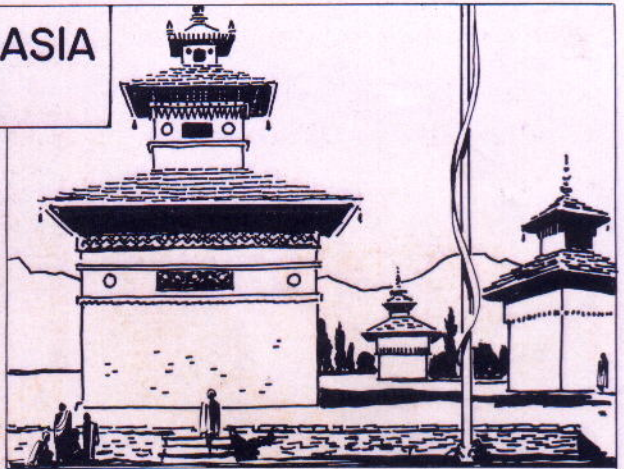
PLACES IN ASIA

BHUTAN



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BHUTAN, NESTED BETWEEN INDIA AND TIBET, IS A COUNTRY OF MOUNTAINS AND MONASTERIES, FARMS AND FORTRESSES.



SHRINES LIKE THESE "CHORTENS" DOT THE CULTIVATED MOUNTAIN VALLEYS. WINDOWLESS, THEY HOUSE SACRED OBJECTS.



FORTRESSES LIKE THIS IN THE HA VALLEY, ARE THE COMMUNITY CENTERS OF BHUTAN, WHERE CHILDREN ARE SCHOOLED AS WELL.



THE HOMES OF BHUTAN ARE WELL BUILT, OF WOOD, ADOBE AND STONE. WALLS ARE THREE FEET THICK. THE FIRST FLOOR IS A STABLE.

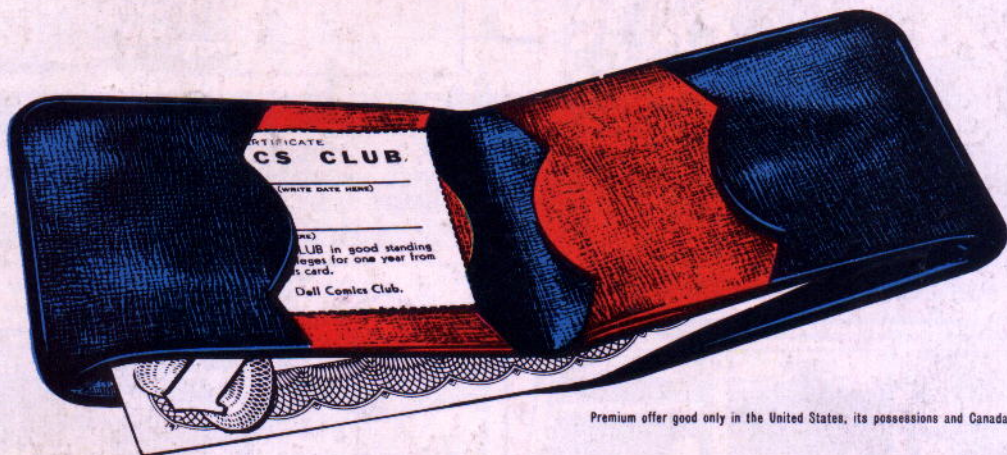


RAISING RICE AND BARLEY IS THE MAIN OCCUPATION OF THE BHUTANESE, AND IS CARRIED ON IN MOUNTAIN VALLEYS LIKE THIS. THEIR CATTLE ARE THE LONG-HAIRED YAKS.

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