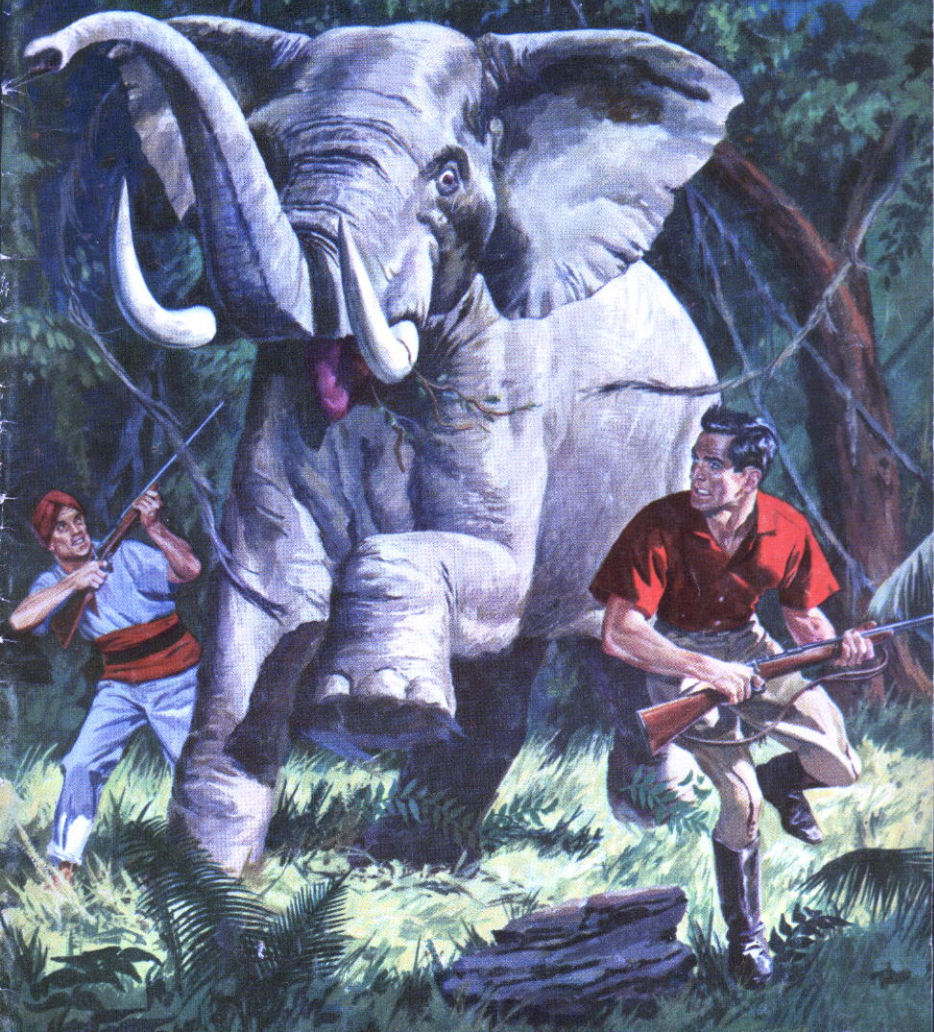


DELL

ALL BRAND-NEW STORIES

OCT.-DEC.
Still 10¢

JUNGLE JIM

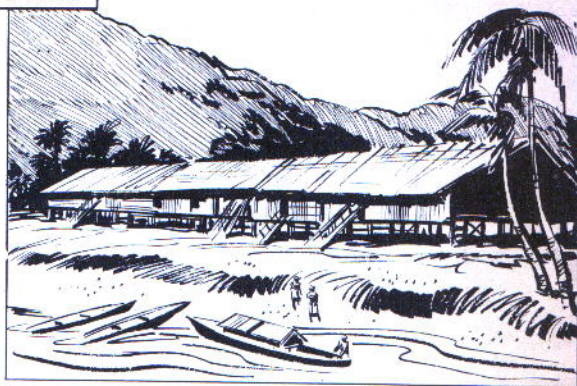


PEOPLE OF ASIA

THE SEA-DYAKS



THE SEA DYAKS---OVER 200,000 OF THEM---ARE THE LARGEST GROUP IN SARAWAK, NORTHERN BORNEO... A HANDSOME PEOPLE!



THEY LIVE IN COMMUNITY-HOUSES ON STILTS---SOME A HUNDRED FEET LONG, DIVIDED INTO FAMILY APARTMENTS AND COMMON ROOM.



THE DYAK STAIR IS A NOTCHED POLE---AND THE USERS FIND IT JUST AS EASY TO CLIMB AS WE DO OUR STAIRCASES.



THE DYAKS PROBABLY CAME TO BORNEO A FEW THOUSAND YEARS AGO FROM CHINA... SOME OF THEIR LADIES ARE BEAUTIFUL.



IN EARLIER DAYS THE WAR-LIKE SEA DYAKS IN THEIR SWIFT-SAILING PRAHUS WERE GREATLY FEARED BY OTHER NATIVES.



MOST OF THE DYAKS GATHER THE SAP OF THE RUBBER TREE (LATEX) WHICH FLOWS FROM SCARS MADE IN THE BARK.

JUNGLE JIM

GIANTS OF THE SNOW

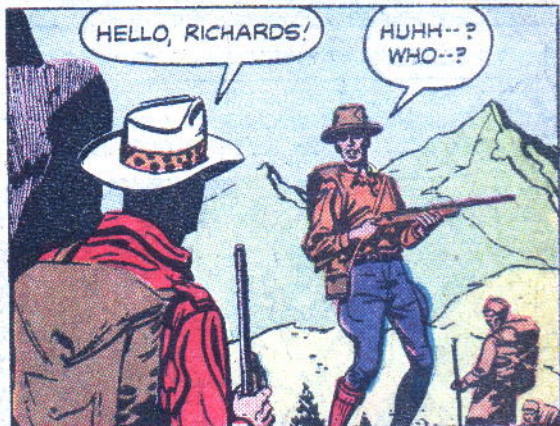
DESCENDING FROM THE HIMALAYAS TOWARD DARJEELING, JUNGLE JIM AND KOLU SIGHT ANOTHER PARTY.

THEY ARE NATIVE MOUNTAINEERS, TUAN JIM?

MOST OF THEM! BUT THERE'S A EUROPEAN WITH THEM, KOLU!

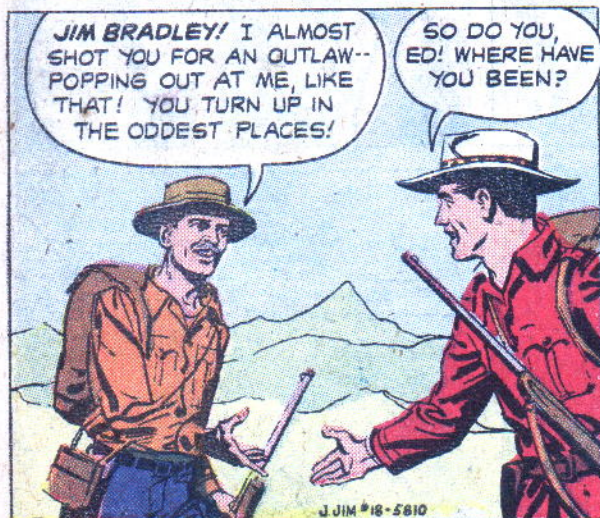


LET'S JOIN THEM!



HELLO, RICHARDS!

HUHH--? WHO--?



JIM BRADLEY! I ALMOST SHOT YOU FOR AN OUTLAW-- POPPING OUT AT ME, LIKE THAT! YOU TURN UP IN THE ODDEST PLACES!

SO DO YOU, ED! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

I'VE BEEN COLLECTING RARE BOTANICAL SPECIMENS, IN NEPAL! AND SOME QUEER STORIES! MONGOLIAN POACHERS ARE WIPING OUT THE MUSK DEER... "ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN" ARE AMBUSHING NATIVE PATROLS! ALL NATIVE TALK, OF COURSE!

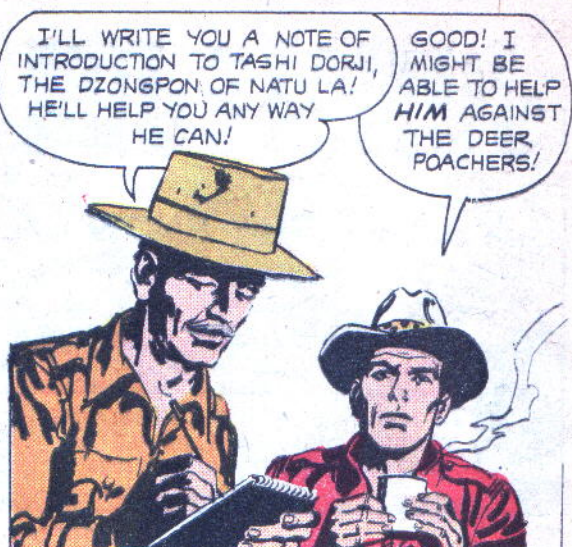


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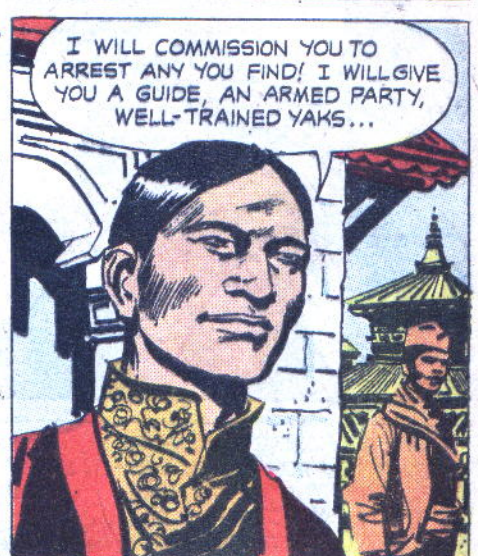
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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

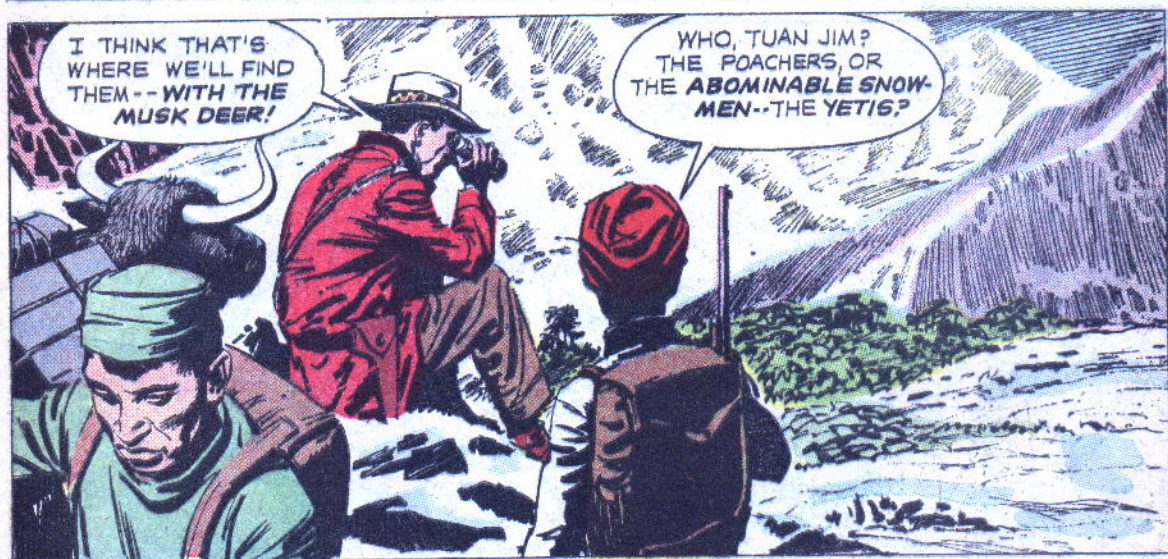


A WEEK LATER--AT THE VILLAGE HOME OF THE DZONGPON...



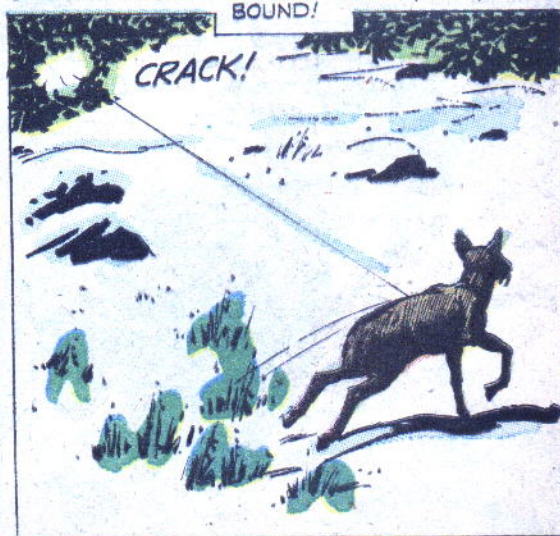
SOON...





IN THE TWIN LENSES OF JIM'S BINOCULARS APPEARS A GOAT-LIKE ANIMAL WITHOUT HORNS--A TRUE MUSK DEER!

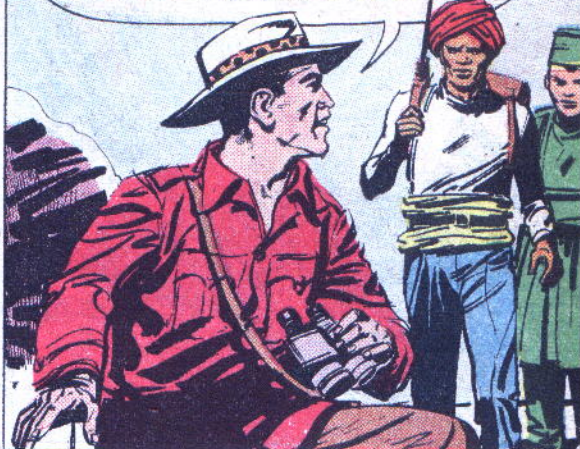
THE LITTLE BUCK GIVES A SUDDEN, CONVULSIVE BOUND!



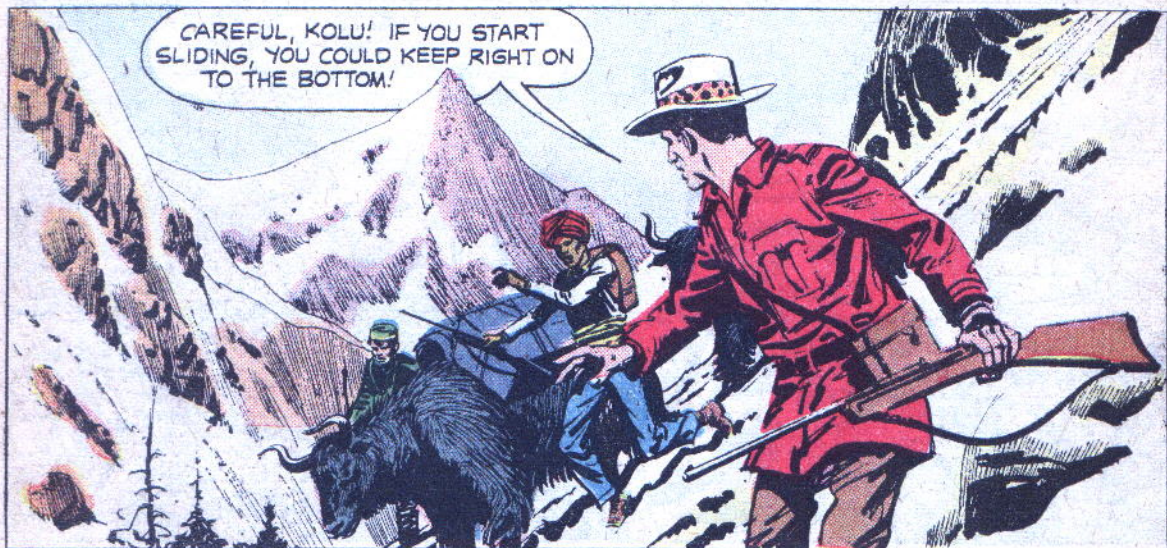
...AND MOMENTS LATER, A BULKY FIGURE IN
QUILTED CLOTHING LIFTS THE LITTLE BEAST
TO HIS SHOULDER!



HE HAS HEADED INTO THE RAVINE, TO
THE WEST! AND HE DIDN'T SEE US UP
HERE ON THE RIM! LET'S GO!

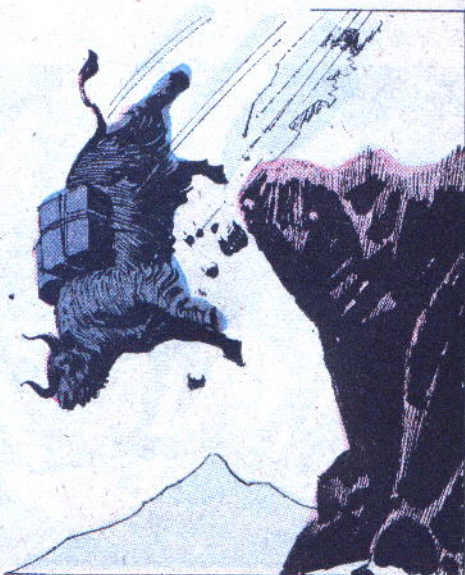


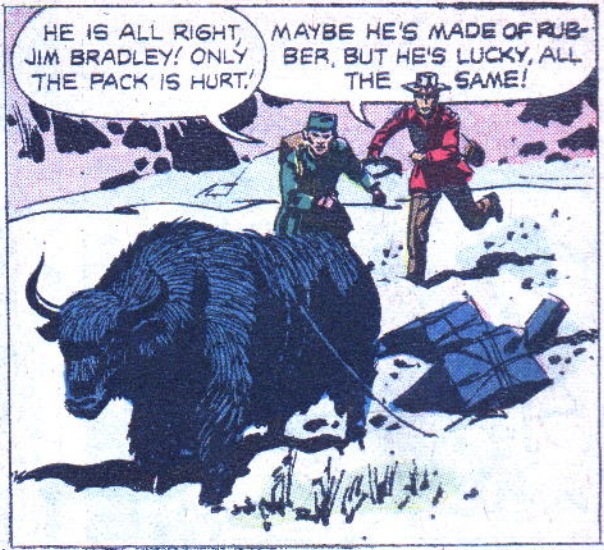
CAREFUL, KOLU! IF YOU START
SLIDING, YOU COULD KEEP RIGHT ON
TO THE BOTTOM!



ALMOST TO THE BOTTOM

LET GO, SONGDO!
YOU CAN'T STOP
HIM NOW!





JUST BEYOND EASY RIFLE RANGE, A STRANGE MAN-LIKE FIGURE RISES FROM BEHIND A ROCK TO GAZE TOWARD JIM'S PARTY...



THE CREATURE MAKES NO SOUND--AND AFTER A LONG MOMENT, IT SHAMBLES AWAY INTO THE TREES...





HMM! IF I HADN'T SEEN THE THING, I'D SAY THAT THESE TRACKS HAD BEEN MADE BY A HIMALAYAN BEAR!

ALL YETI! TRACKS LOOK THAT WAY, JIM BRADLEY!



IT'S SUNSET! WE'LL HAVE TO CAMP! THIS RAVINE WILL CUT OFF THE WIND!



LOOK--AHEAD OF US! TRACKS OF MANY YETIS!

WRONG, SONGDO! MANY TRACKS OF ONE "YETI"--AND SOME WILD YAK TRACKS, I'D SAY!



SONGDO! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

UP HERE--IF YETIS ATTACK US--WE CAN FIGHT!

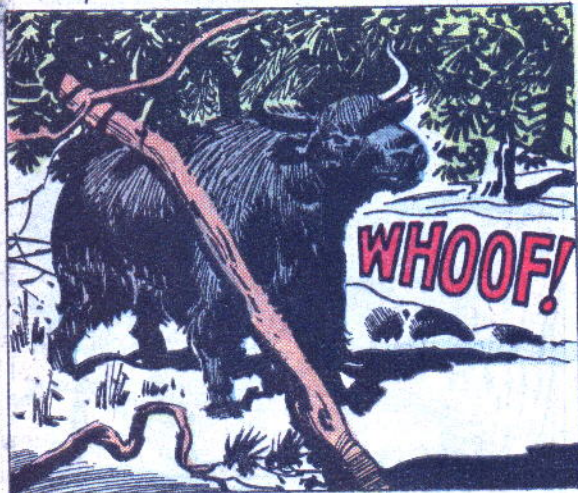


YOU THINK SONGDO FOOLISH, TUN JIM-- BUT WE SAW THAT YETI!

WE SAW SOME-THING, KOLU! IT MIGHT BE HARM-LESS!



DOWN IN THE SHADOWS OF THE TREES, BRANCHES SHAKE, AND A DEEP SNORT SOUNDS LIKE A THREAT.





THERE IS NOTHING
IN SIGHT--BUT TRACKS,
TUAN JIM!

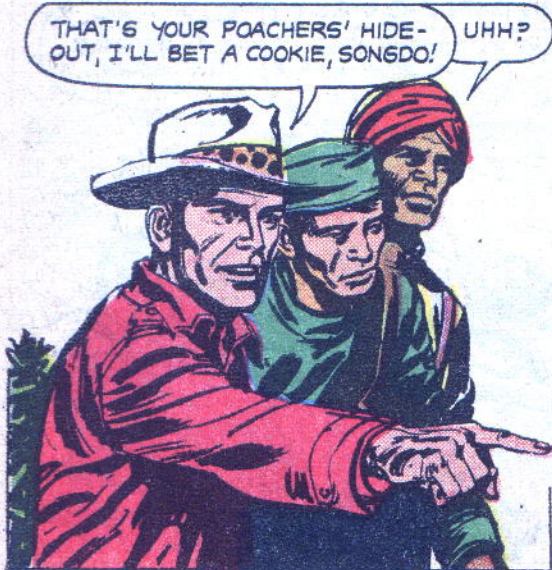
WRONG, KOLU!
THERE'S **SMOKE**
FROM A SMALL
FIRE BEYOND
THOSE TREES!



THE TRACKS OF THE
YETI LEAD TOWARDS
THE SMOKE, TUAN!

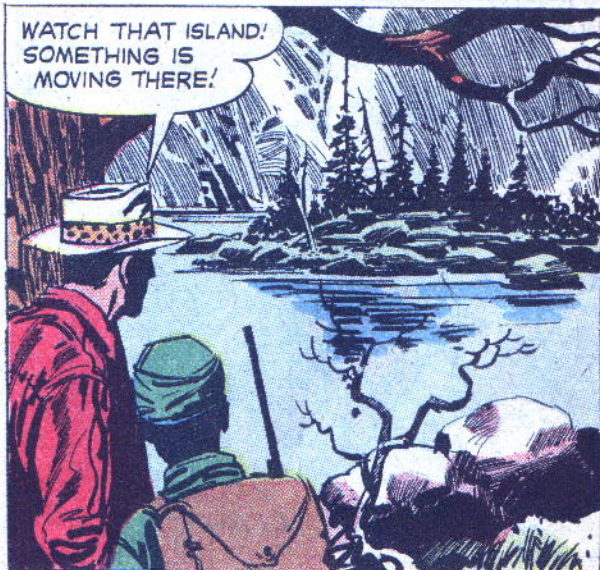
I THOUGHT THEY
WOULD, KOLU! KEEP
YOUR EYES PEELED!

UNKNOWN TO JIM'S PARTY, A NUMBER OF WILD
YAKS, LED BY A BULLET-SCARRED BULL, AND
QUIET AS CATS, ARE KEEPING THEM IN SIGHT.



THAT'S YOUR POACHERS' HIDE-
OUT, I'LL BET A COOKIE, SONGDO!

UHH?



WATCH THAT ISLAND!
SOMETHING IS
MOVING THERE!

OUT FROM THE ISLAND MOVES A RAFT...



THEY ARE THE POACHERS--
THE MONGOLIAN FOREIGNERS
WHO DESTROY THE MUSK
DEER TO GET THE
SCENT PODS!

WAIT TILL
THEY
LAND! THEN
WE'LL ARREST
THEM!



THEY ARE CLEVER--THOSE POACHERS! ON
THE ISLAND THEY ARE SAFE FROM THE
YETIS, AT NIGHT!



BEACHING THEIR RAFT, THE POACHERS ARE PLAINLY
STARTING THEIR DAY'S HUNT, READY FOR ANYTHING...

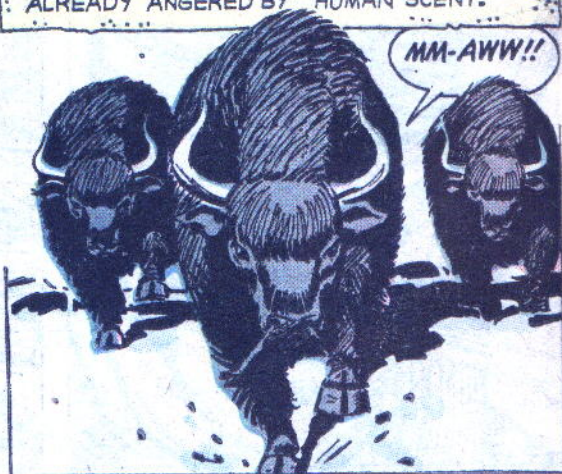


WAIT UNTIL THEY ARE
TOO FAR FROM THEIR
RAFT TO REACH IT! AND
DON'T SHOOT TO KILL, EVEN
IF THEY FIGHT!

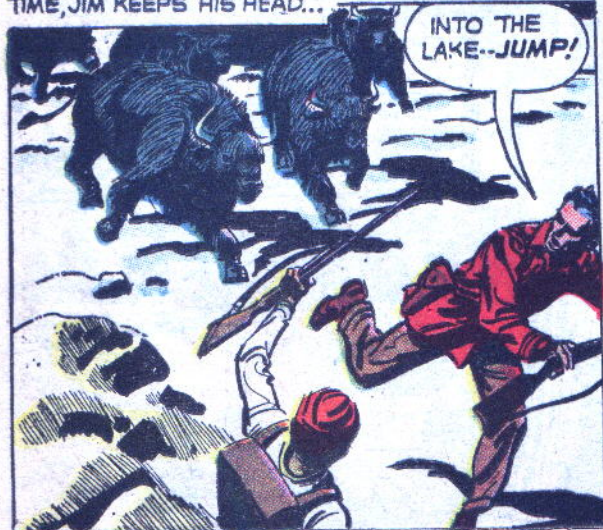




THE POACHERS' BULLETS, PASSING ABOVE JIM'S PARTY, NICK TWO OF THE WILD YAKS-- ALREADY ANGERED BY HUMAN SCENT.



AWARE THAT NO BULLETS CAN STOP THE BRUTES IN TIME, JIM KEEPS HIS HEAD...



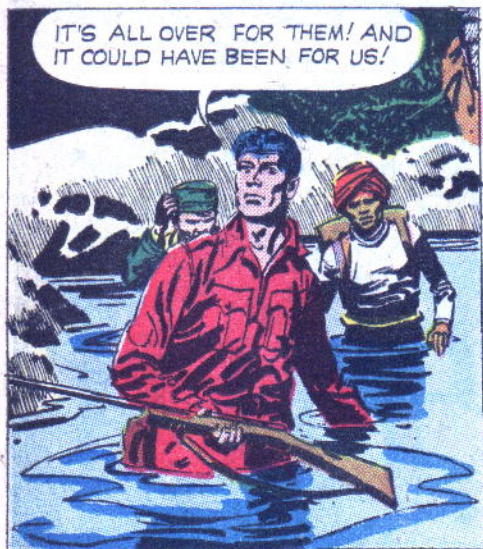
BUT THE POACHERS, TOO FAR FROM THE LAKE, HAVE NO ESCAPE...



**SUDDENLY-- THERE ARE NO MORE SHOTS!
THE YAKS BUNCH UP, ROARING,
TRAMPLING THE SNOW!**



**IT'S ALL OVER FOR THEM! AND
IT COULD HAVE BEEN FOR US!**



**GET THE RAFT ALOAT!
THOSE WILD YAKS WILL HANG
AROUND FOR A WHILE!**

**WE SHOOT THEM FROM
THE RAFT, TUN JIM?**



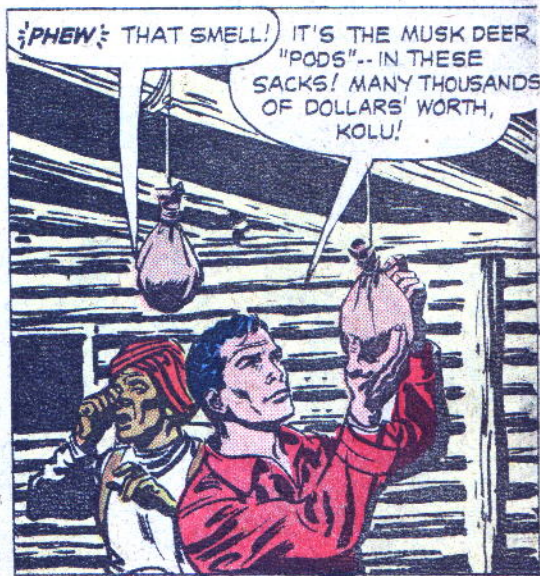
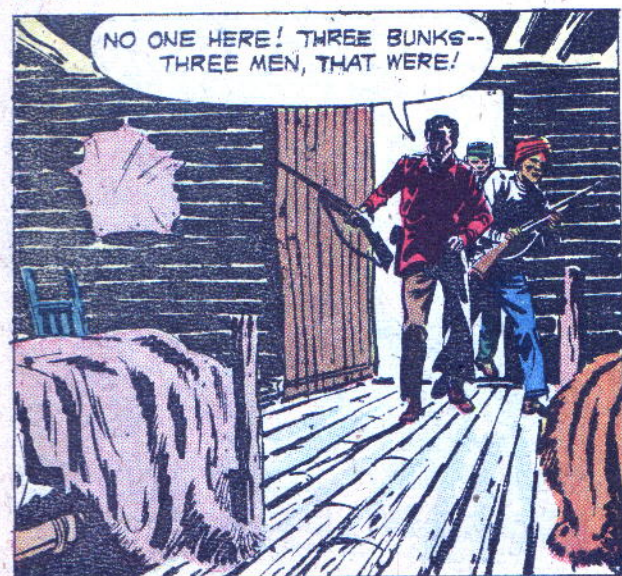
**NO! THE YAKS WILL GO AWAY, AFTER
A WHILE--AND I WANT A LOOK AT
THAT ISLAND!**



**PERHAPS MORE
POACHERS WAIT TO
SHOOT US, WHEN
WE GET CLOSE!**

**THAT'S A
CHANCE WE'LL
HAVE TO TAKE,
SONGDO!**





THEY USE THIS MUSK
IN THE MANUFACTURE
OF EXPENSIVE PER-
FUMES ALL OVER
THE WORLD!

TUAN, AS I HAVE
HEARD YOU SAY--
"A LITTLE GOES A
LONG WAY"! WHAT
WE DO WITH IT?

WE'LL TAKE IT BACK TO THE NEPALESE
GOVERNMENT-- THE DEER WERE GOVERN-
MENT PROPERTY, KOLU!

JIM BRADLEY--SEE! WHAT
ARE *THESE*? I FOUND THEM
UNDER THIS BUNK!

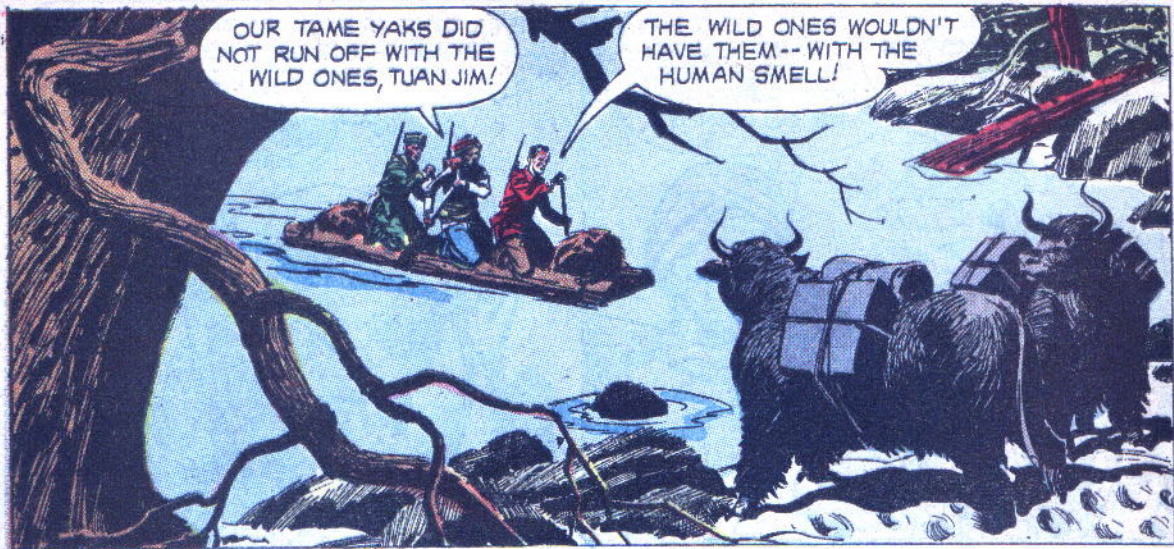
OH-OH! I'
HALF SUSPECTED
THAT!

A COUPLE OF "ABOMINABLE
SNOWMEN" SUITS-- MADE WITH REAL
BEARPAWS. THE FELLOW WE SAW
YESTERDAY MADE A POINT OF
SHOWING HIMSELF-- TO
SCARE US OFF!

WE'LL TAKE THESE COSTUMES BACK
TO THE DZONGPON-- TO PROVE THAT *MEN*
INSIDE THEM WERE THE "YETIS"
WHO AMBUSHED HIS PATROLS!

NOW, LET'S THINK ABOUT
DINNER, KOLU! I NOTICED
SOME FRESH MEAT HANG-
ING OUTSIDE...

LET US COOK
AND *EAT* IT
OUTSIDE, TUAN
JIM! WHERE THE
AIR IS BETTER!



OUR TAME YAKS DID NOT RUN OFF WITH THE WILD ONES, TUAN JIM!

THE WILD ONES WOULDN'T HAVE THEM-- WITH THE HUMAN SMELL!

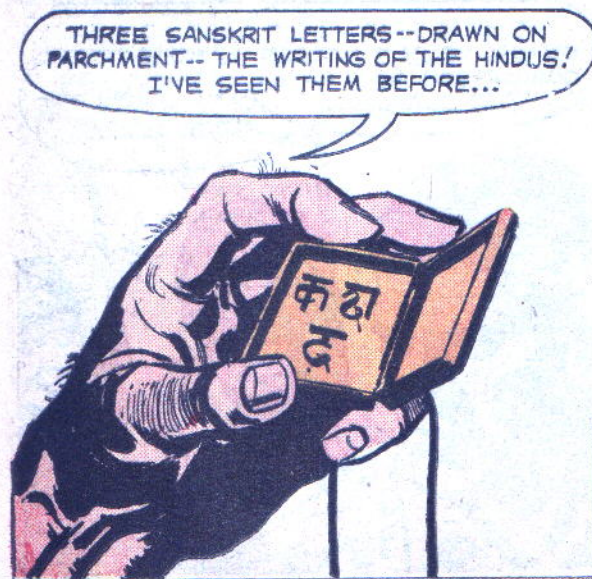


I'LL SEARCH THE CLOTHING OF THOSE MEN THE WILD HERD KILLED--BEFORE WE BURY THEM!

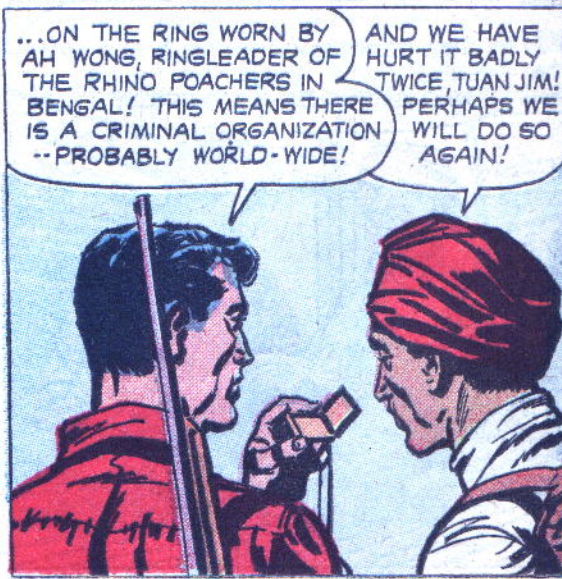


THIS IS THE ONLY THING WHICH *MIGHT* IDENTIFY THEM! A SORT OF LOCKET!

THERE IS SOMETHING INSIDE, TUAN!



THREE SANSKRIT LETTERS--DRAWN ON PARCHMENT-- THE WRITING OF THE HINDUS! I'VE SEEN THEM BEFORE...



...ON THE RING WORN BY AH WONG, RINGLEADER OF THE RHINO POACHERS IN BENGAL! THIS MEANS THERE IS A CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION --PROBABLY WORLD-WIDE!

AND WE HAVE HURT IT BADLY TWICE, TUAN JIM! PERHAPS WE WILL DO SO AGAIN!

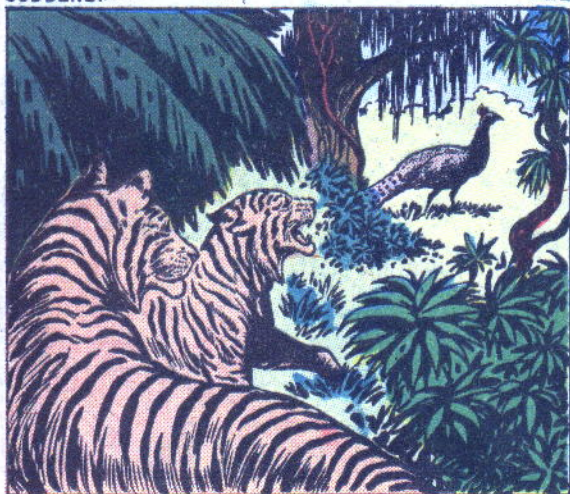
RANEE PRINCESS OF THE JUNGLE

AS THE DRY SEASON ENDS, RANEE AND HER CUBS SEARCH THE PARCHED JUNGLE FOR FOOD...



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FOR WEEKS GAME HAS BEEN SCARCE, BUT NOW SUDDENLY---



FOR THE INSTINCT OF THE WILD WARNS THE TIGRESS OF A TRAP...



A PEACOCK--- THE CUB IS ABOUT TO LEAP UPON THE TASTY MORSEL, BUT RANEE BLOCKS HIS CHARGE...



AND NOW RANEE KNOWS THAT SIBU THE HUNTER IS ON HER TRAIL ONCE MORE...

THE FAULT IS MINE, MASTER SIBU!
I DROPPED THE NET TOO SOON!

DON'T BLAME YOUR-
SELF, GHANI! AGAIN THE BEAUTIFUL
ONE WAS TOO CUNNING FOR US!





THAT NIGHT, TORMENTED BY HUNGER AND THIRST, RANEE LEAVES HER SLEEPING CUBS TO HUNT...



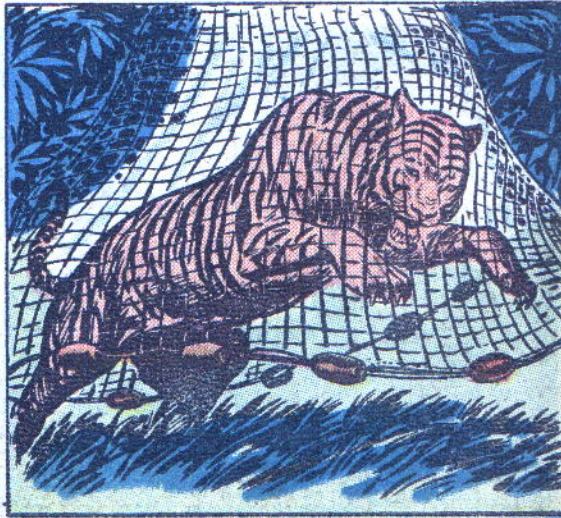
AND SUDDENLY THE JUNGLE QUEEN CATCHES THE WELCOME SCENT OF WATER...



A POOL OF CLEAR WATER IN THE BED OF THE STREAM! IN HER RAGING THIRST, RANEE FORGETS ALL CAUTION...



AN INSTANT LATER, SHE CATCHES THE TAINT OF THE MAN CREATURE---BUT THE WARNING COMES TOO LATE...





WE HAVE HER, MASTER SIBU!
WE HAVE TRAPPED THE
TIGRESS AT LAST!

QUICKLY, GHANI!
BRING THE CAGE FROM
THE VILLAGE BEFORE
SHE TEARS THAT NET TO
SHREDS!

AS DAWN BREAKS, RANEE'S FATE IS SEALED.



IT IS TOO LATE FOR ANGER MY BEAUTIFUL ONE!
BY TOMORROW YOU WILL BE IN THE HANDS
OF THE ANIMAL TRADERS IN RAJAPUR!

AND A FINE, FAT
PRICE WILL SHE BRING US IN
GOLDEN RUPEES, TOO!



RRUMMBLL-URR'

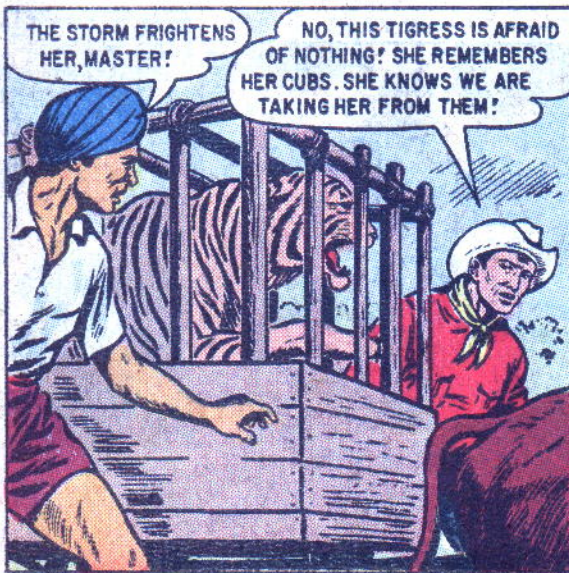
MASTER---CAN
THAT BE ANOTHER
TIGER!?

NO, GHANI, LOOK
THERE ABOVE
YOU!



THE MONSOON! IT IS THE
COMING OF THE RAINS!

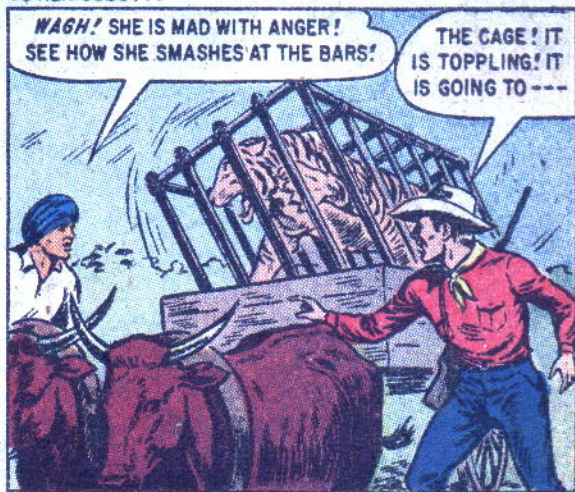
THE DRY SEASON
IS OVER!



THE STORM FRIGHTENS
HER, MASTER?

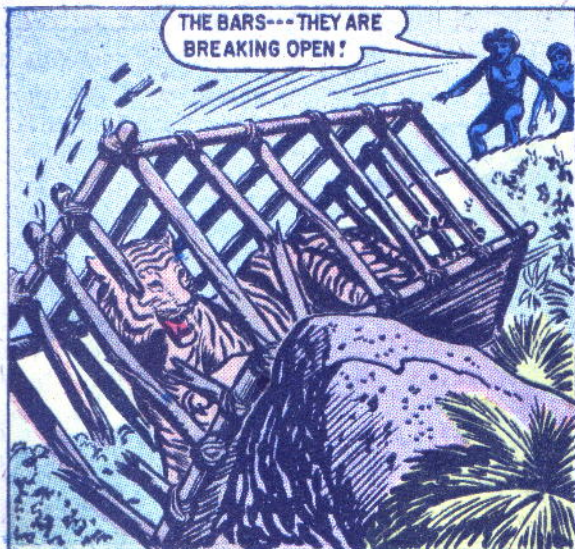
NO, THIS TIGRESS IS AFRAID
OF NOTHING! SHE REMEMBERS
HER CUBS. SHE KNOWS WE ARE
TAKING HER FROM THEM!

WITH THE INSTINCT OF THE HUNTER, SIBU HAS READ
RANEE'S THOUGHTS. SOMEHOW, SHE MUST GET BACK
TO HER CUBS...



WAGH! SHE IS MAD WITH ANGER!
SEE HOW SHE SMASHES AT THE BARS!

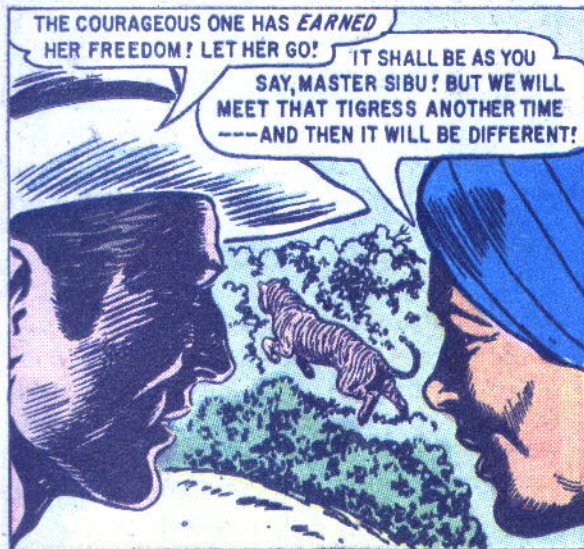
THE CAGE! IT
IS TOPPLING! IT
IS GOING TO ---



WITH MIGHTY BLOWS, RANEE TEARS HER WEAKENED CAGE APART, AND ---

NO, SHE SHALL NOT ESCAPE US--- NOT WHILE I HAVE THIS GUN!

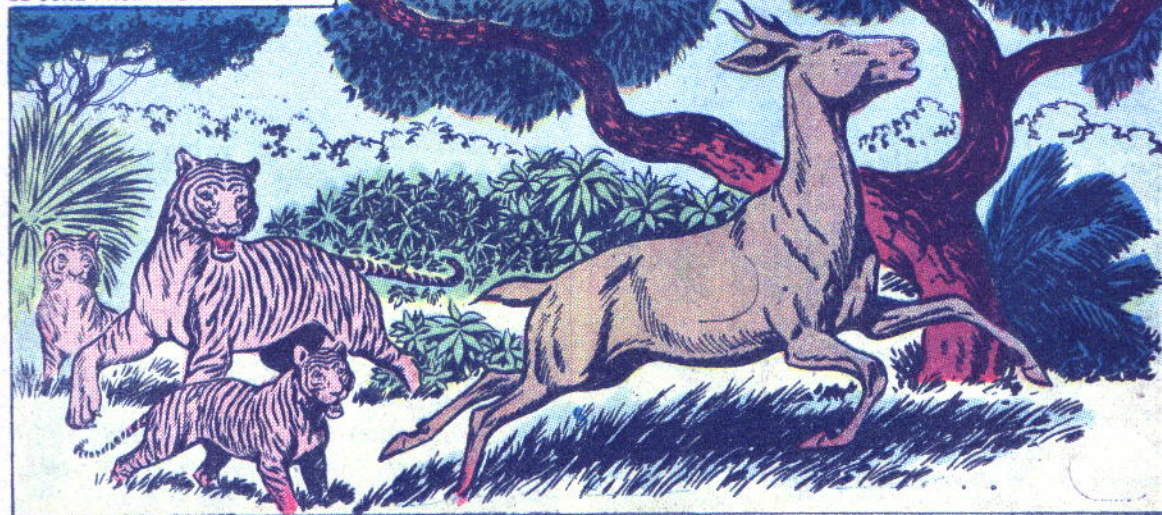
NO, GHANI, TO SHOOT HER WOULD BE A CRIME AGAINST THE GODS OF THE JUNGLE!



AND AS RANEE ROARS HER DEFIANCE ACROSS THE JUNGLE, SHE HASTENS BACK TO HER DEN . . .



THE RAINS HAVE COME. THE TIME OF THE GREAT THIRST IS OVER --- AND SOON HUNGER, TOO, WILL BE GONE FROM THE JUNGLE . . .



THE SEARCH



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Hank Watson, plantation owner, looked up as his native foreman entered the tent.

"Yes, Rashu?" said Hank.

Rashu shifted uneasily. "It is the little mahout, Sahib. He says he *must* see you."

Hank Watson took the powerful rifle off his lap and set it beside his cot.

"Send him in, Rashu," he said wearily. "Only tell him I can't give him more than a minute."

Rashu had scarcely left when the tent flaps parted. In walked a small brown-faced boy.

He can't be more than eleven, Hank thought to himself, and he couldn't help admiring his spunk. He was about to smile, then caught himself and frowned instead.

"It's no use, Suri," he said sternly, "and you should not have followed us into the jungle."

"I have come to plead with the great Sahib," said Suri. "You must not kill Bojio. He has not turned wild."

Gently, Hank Watson placed his hand on the boy's shoulder. "I'm sorry," he said, "but when an elephant does what Bojio did, injure two of my workers and then break his chains—what am I to believe?"

"But the ones who were hurt, they beat Bojio while I was gone. They had done it before. They did it because they disliked me. They were jealous because Bojio obeyed a small one like myself."

"I'm sorry," said Hank Watson, "but I'd need a lot more proof. Meanwhile I have to consider your elephant a menace. And until I have . . ." but he didn't finish his sentence. The cry filled the air, a defiant, trumpeting note that could mean only one thing!

"Bojio!" shouted Suri.

He started to run, but Hank grabbed him by the arm and pulled him back. "You'll stay here," he commanded. Then he snatched up his rifle and dashed out.

Shouting came from his left. His men had tracked the big elephant and had driven it into the open. He could hear it trumpeting as he came on the run. Then he caught a glimpse of the ponderous beast as it charged wildly through a tangled growth of elephant grass.

It continued for about a hundred yards, came to a sudden halt, swung about-face, trumpeted, then resumed its charge.

He heard Rashu cry out his warning, but he had already braced himself and was ready.

Bojio bore down like a runaway locomotive running downhill. With swift precision, Hank Watson swung his rifle into position. He took careful aim, but as his fingers tightened on the trigger a dark blur darted out of the grass between himself and the charging elephant.

"Suri!" yelled Hank, but the boy paid him no mind.

Straight toward the charging elephant he ran, his hands held upward, his thin voice calling out, "Bojio, Bojio!"

At the last moment, Hank turned his head aside. The sight of the dark, little figure, the onrushing beast, was more than he could take. The last trumpeting call dinned in his ears, then tragic silence.

He forced himself to look. His eyes widened. The boy stood exactly as he had seen him last, and there was Bojio kneeling before him; as calm as could be.

As Hank Watson approached, Suri grinned broadly. "The Sahib wanted proof that Bojio did not turn wild. Does he have that proof now?"

Hank Watson returned the smile. "You win," he said. "You've proved your point, Suri. Not like a boy, but like a man!"

JUNGLE JIM

THE CAVERN OF TAMBURANG

IN A CALCUTTA RESTAURANT, JUNGLE JIM MEETS SIR JOHN WEYMOUTH, AN OLD HUNTING ACQUAINTANCE FROM THE BRITISH PROTECTORATE OF BRUNEI!

I'VE HEARD OF YOUR CAVERN OF TAMBURANG, SIR JOHN-- BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A LEGEND!

NOT AT ALL, OLD FELLOW! IT'S ONE OF THE TWO HONKING-BIG MYSTERIES IN NORTHERN BORNEO TODAY! BUT IT'S REAL!

YOU SAY IT'S ONE OF TWO BIG MYSTERIES, SIR JOHN?

THE OTHER MYSTERY IS GUY FLEMING-- WORLD FAMOUS EXPLORER AND ANTHROPOLOGIST-- STILL IN HIS THIRTIES WHEN JAPANESE TROOPS OVER-RAN BORNEO IN WORLD WAR II!

GUY FLEMING SIMPLY DISAPPEARED! EVERYBODY THOUGHT HE WAS KILLED IN THE FIGHTING UNTIL A FEW MONTHS AGO-- WHEN NATIVE RUMORS WHISPERED THAT FLEMING WAS STILL ALIVE--AMONG THE WILD PENAN HILLMEN! IT COULD BE TRUE!

HMM! THE CAVERN OF TAMBURANG IS SUPPOSED TO BE UP THERE IN PENAN COUNTRY-- GUARDED BY BLOW-GUNS AND POISON DARTS! IF GUY FLEMING IS ALIVE, HE MAY KNOW ITS SECRET!

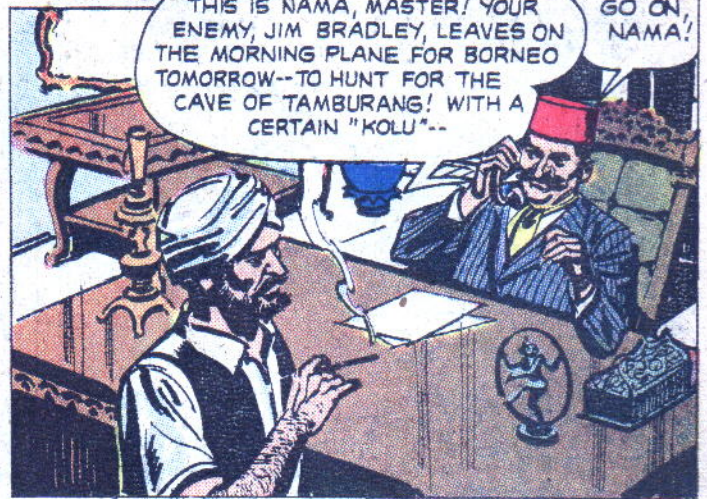
I'M GOING TO FIND OUT THE TRUTH OF IT, SIR JOHN! THERE'S A PLANE LEAVING FOR BORNEO TOMORROW MORNING--AND KOLU AND I WILL BE ON IT!

MY WORD! YOU'RE A SUDDEN CHAP, JIM! GOOD LUCK TO YOU, THOUGH!

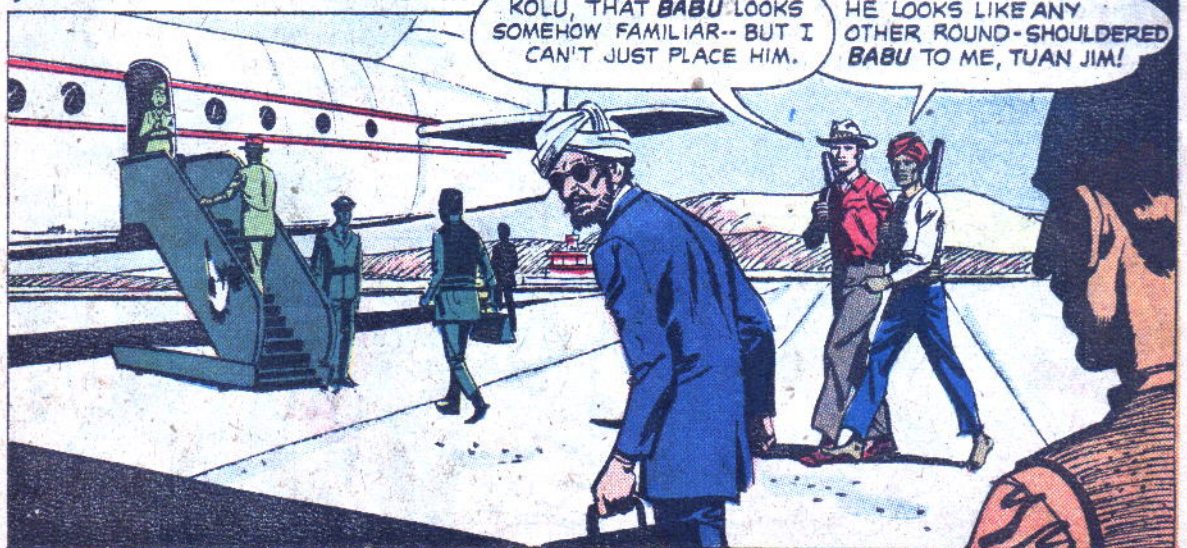
THE WAITER, WHO HAS OVERHEARD JUNGLE JIM'S WORDS HURRIES TO A TELEPHONE...



IN THE PALATIAL HOME OF CHULLUNDER SINGH, MASTER OF INTRIGUE...

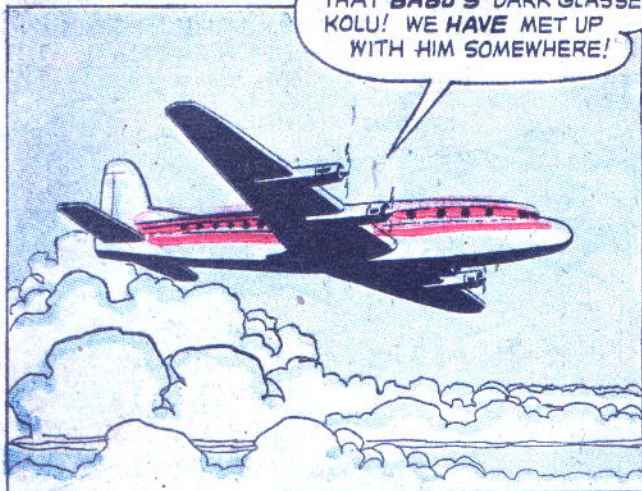


THE NEXT MORNING AT THE AIRPORT...

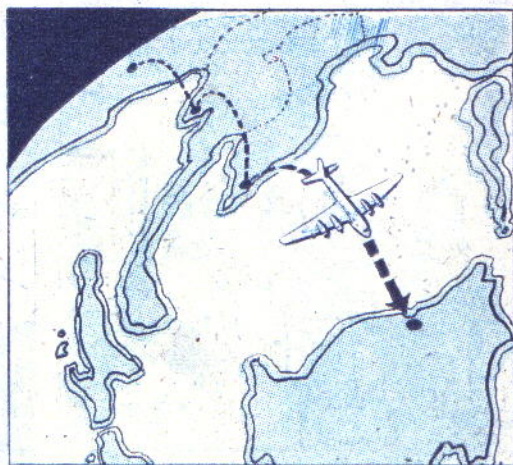


HOURS LATER, OVER THE SOUTH CHINA SEA...

I'D LIKE TO SEE BEHIND THAT **BABU'S** DARK GLASSES KOLU! WE **HAVE** MET UP WITH HIM SOMEWHERE!



WITH BRIEF STOPS AT RANGOON AND SAIGON, THE BIG PLANE FLIES SOUTHEASTWARD TO THE WORLD'S THIRD LARGEST ISLAND.



A WEEK LATER, JIM, KOLU AND A MURUT GUIDE NAMED SALEH CAMP NEAR SUNDOWN BESIDE THE ROARING TRUSAN RIVER!



THAT BIG APE IS STILL WATCHING US, TUAN JIM! THE OTHERS HAVE GONE!

THEY DON'T LIKE STRANGERS, KOLU! BUT THEY WON'T BOTHER US IF WE DON'T BOTHER THEM!



KRANG! CR-R-OAK! **YEOW!**
GA-AARK!

WHAT--?

SOME FOOL SHOT AN ORANG-UTAN--AND THEY'RE MOBBING HIM!



COME ON, KOLU! MAYBE WE CAN DO SOMETHING!



HIS RIFLE'S
JAMMED! SHOOT IN
THE AIR, KOLU!

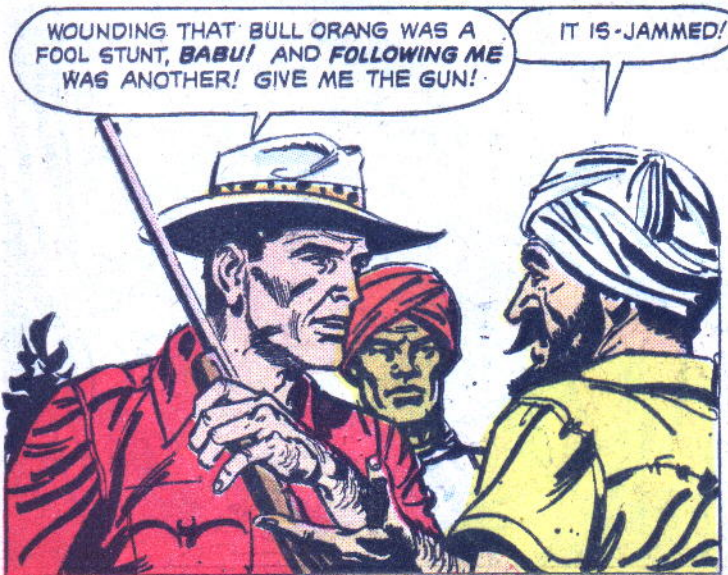


HAI! CLEAR OUT! HI-EEE!

KRANG!
KRANG!

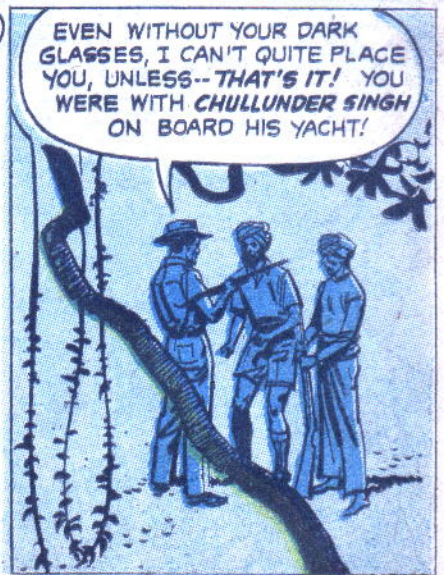


THAT DID
IT, KOLU! SCARED
THEM OFF!



WOUNDING THAT BULL ORANG WAS A
FOOL STUNT, BABU! AND FOLLOWING ME
WAS ANOTHER! GIVE ME THE GUN!

IT IS - JAMMED!



EVEN WITHOUT YOUR DARK
GLASSES, I CAN'T QUITE PLACE
YOU, UNLESS-- THAT'S IT! YOU
WERE WITH *CHULLUNDER SINGH*
ON BOARD HIS YACHT!

HIDING THE GUN'S FIRING PIN IN HIS PALM, JIM STUDIES HIS ENEMY...

YOUR GUN! I'LL LET YOU COME ALONG WITH US--JUST TO KEEP AN EYE ON YOU, MISTER!

TAKE

KRISHNA JAT--YOUR MOST HUMBLE SERVANT! HOW CAN I THANK YOU?



YOU CAN'T! BUT YOU'D BE LOST IN THIS JUNGLE! SO FOR YOUR OWN INTEREST, YOU'LL BEHAVE YOURSELF!



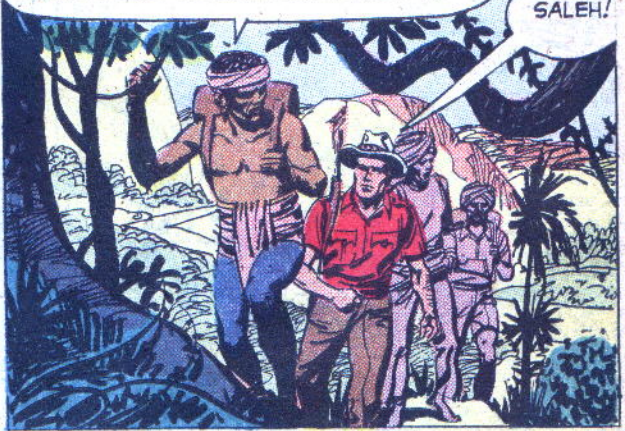
THAT NIGHT JIM AND KOLU SLEEP SOUNDLY, KNOWING THE HINDU CANNOT MOVE WITHOUT WAKING THEIR LOYAL MURUT GUIDE...



TWO DAYS LATER, HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS...

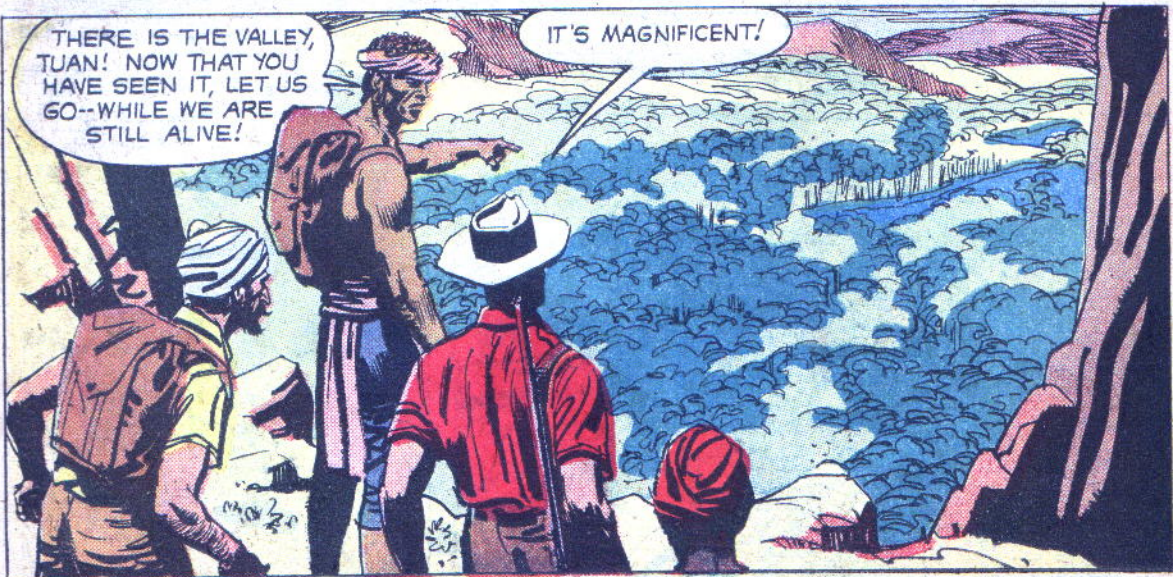
WE ARE IN **PENAN** COUNTRY NOW, TUAN BRADLEY! THEIR FORBIDDEN VALLEY LIES JUST AHEAD! NO ONE CAN ENTER IT!

I WANT A LOOK AT IT ANYWAY, SALEH!



THERE IS THE VALLEY, TUAN! NOW THAT YOU HAVE SEEN IT, LET US GO--WHILE WE ARE STILL ALIVE!

IT'S MAGNIFICENT!



WHILE I'M STILL ALIVE, I WANT TO SEE MORE OF IT--AND PERHAPS GET A GLIMPSE OF THE CAVERN OF TAMBURANG!

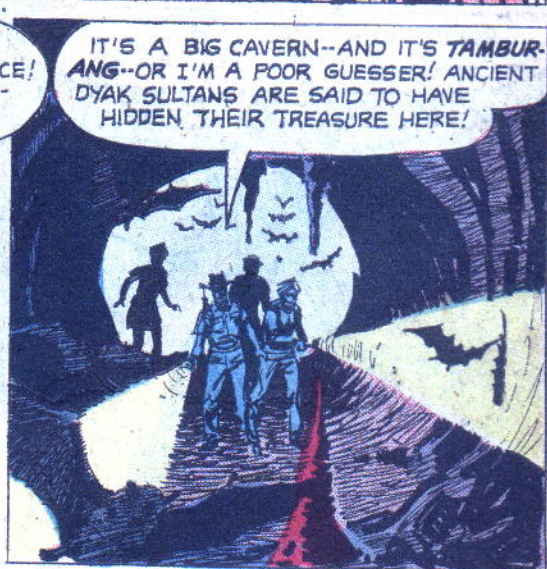
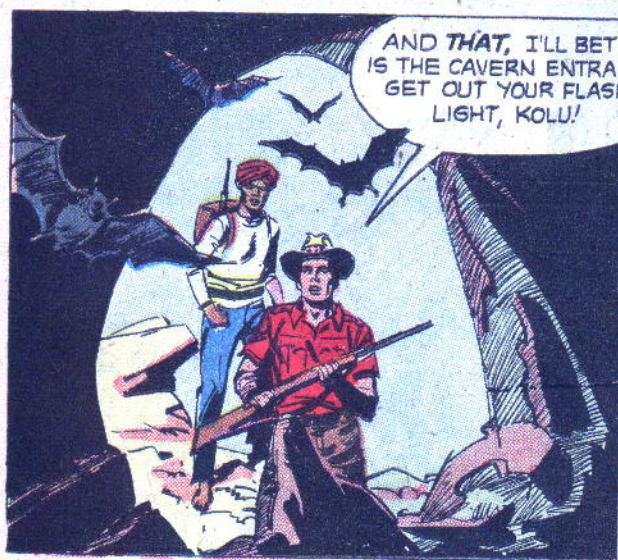
AIE!! IF WE DO, WE ARE AS GOOD AS DEAD!

LOOK! THERE'S AN OLD TRAIL CUT INTO THE LIVING ROCK!



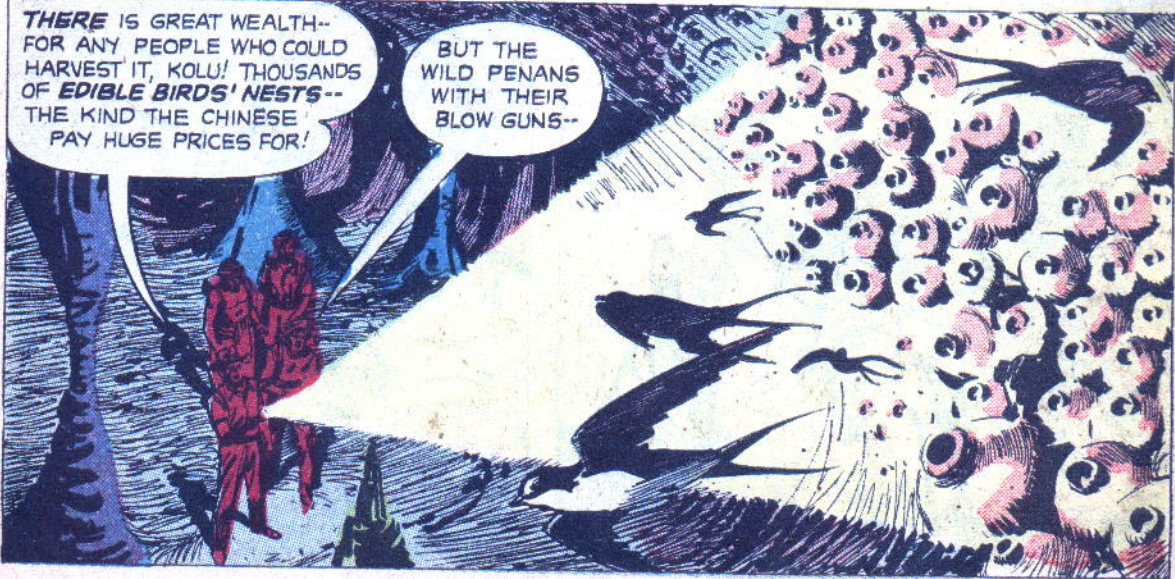
AND THAT, I'LL BET IS THE CAVERN ENTRANCE! GET OUT YOUR FLASH-LIGHT, KOLU!

IT'S A BIG CAVERN--AND IT'S TAMBURANG--OR I'M A POOR GUESSER! ANCIENT DYAK SULTANS ARE SAID TO HAVE HIDDEN THEIR TREASURE HERE!



THERE IS GREAT WEALTH--FOR ANY PEOPLE WHO COULD HARVEST IT, KOLU! THOUSANDS OF EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS--THE KIND THE CHINESE PAY HUGE PRICES FOR!

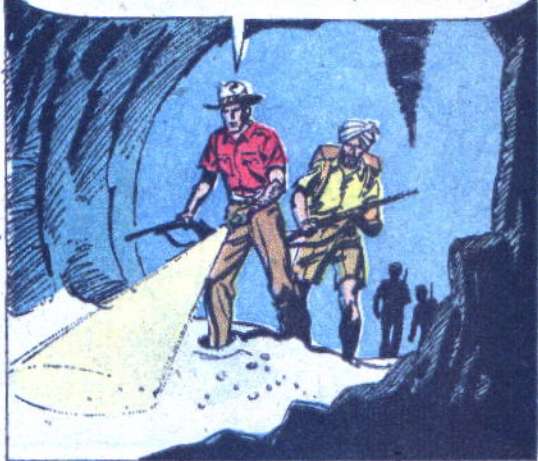
BUT THE WILD PENANS WITH THEIR BLOW GUNS--



I KNOW, KOLU-- THAT'S WHY THE PLACE IS STILL ONLY A LEGEND TO THE LOWLAND TRIBES! BUT NOW THAT WE'RE HERE, LET'S LOOK AROUND! YOU AND SALEH TAKE *THAT* SIDE!



...AND THIS FLOOR IS SEVERAL FEET DEEP IN GUANO-- WORTH A KING'S RANSOM IF SOLD FOR FERTILIZER! COME ON, KRISHNA JAT!



A BOTTOMLESS CREVASSE! A MAN COULD WALK RIGHT INTO IT IN THE DARK!

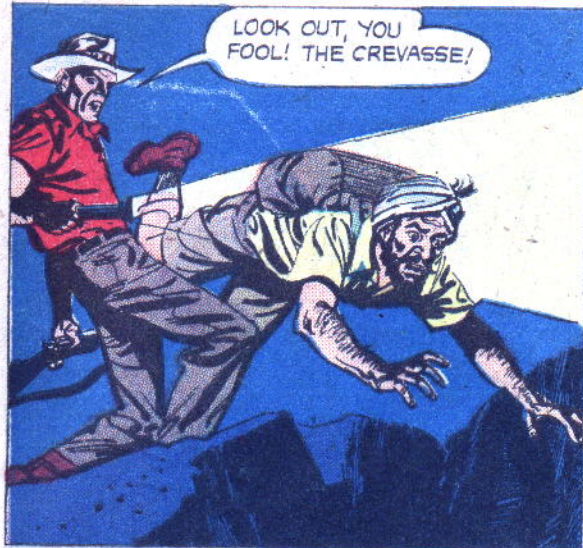


A TINY MISSILE STRIKES KRISHNA JAT'S HAND, CHECKING THE BLOW!

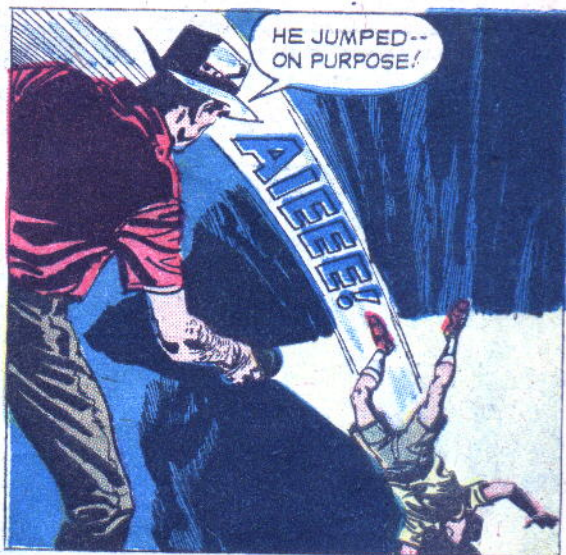


A DART! A *POISONED* DART! IT IS MY DEATH!





LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL! THE CREVASSE!

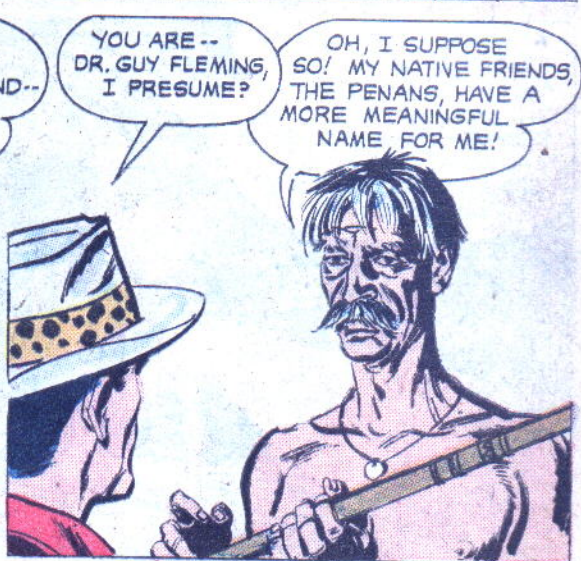


HE JUMPED-- ON PURPOSE!



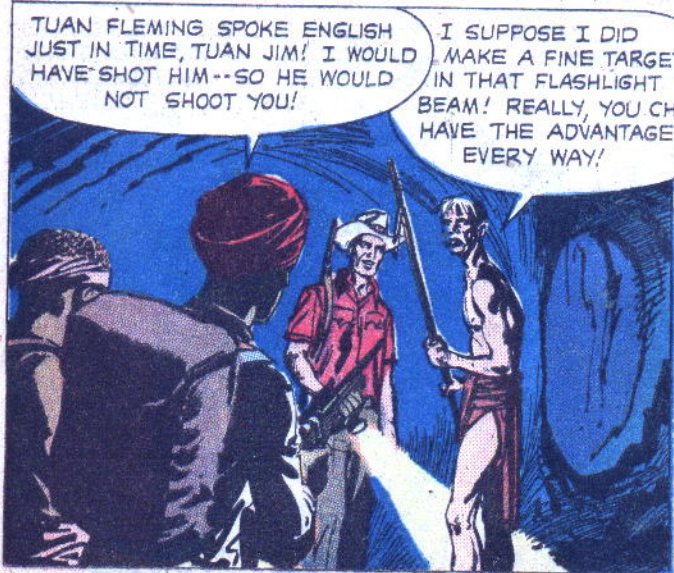
UMM! I SUPPOSE IT'S MY TURN NEXT! FROM OTHER BLOWGUNS IN THE DARKNESS--

NOT AT ALL, MY FRIEND! THAT HINDU WAS ABOUT TO BRAIN YOU FROM BEHIND-- SO I HAD TO STOP HIM! AND THE DART WAS NOT POISONED!



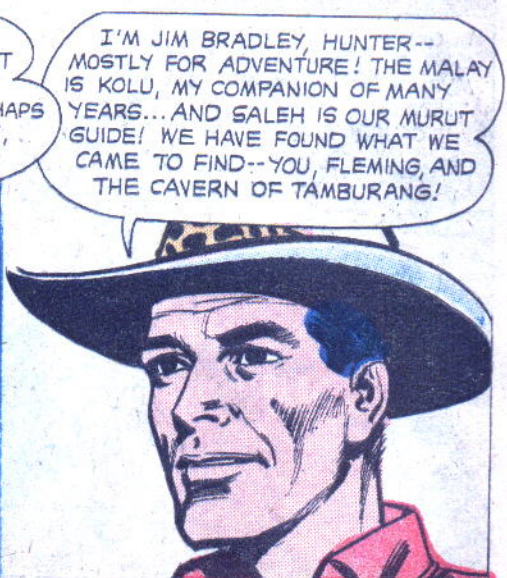
YOU ARE-- DR. GUY FLEMING, I PRESUME?

OH, I SUPPOSE SO! MY NATIVE FRIENDS, THE PENANS, HAVE A MORE MEANINGFUL NAME FOR ME!

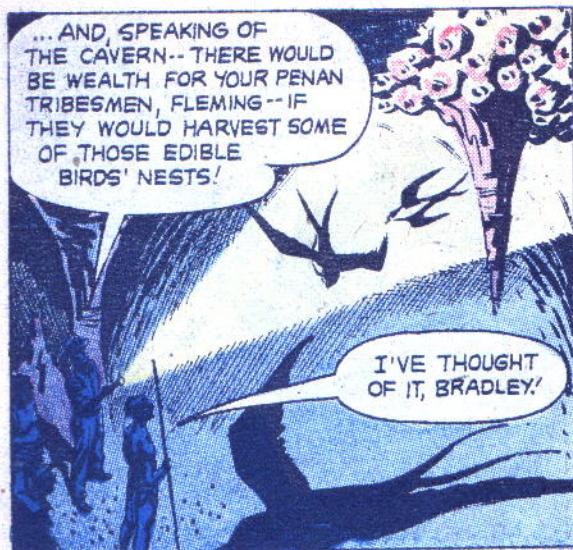


TUAN FLEMING SPOKE ENGLISH JUST IN TIME, TUAN JIM! I WOULD HAVE SHOT HIM--SO HE WOULD NOT SHOOT YOU!

I SUPPOSE I DID MAKE A FINE TARGET IN THAT FLASHLIGHT BEAM! REALLY, YOU CHAPS HAVE THE ADVANTAGE, EVERY WAY!

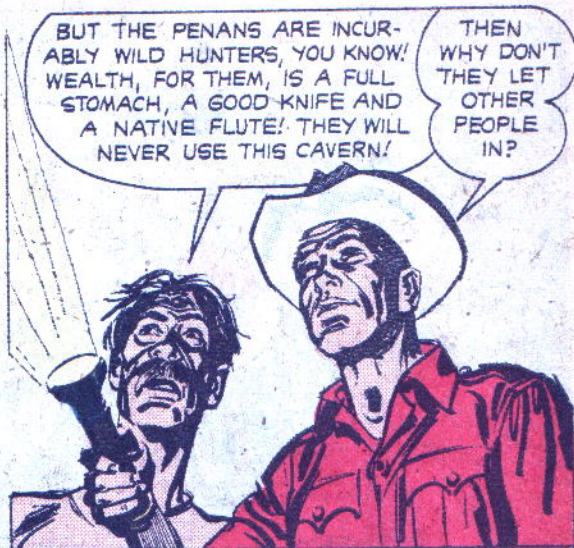


I'M JIM BRADLEY, HUNTER-- MOSTLY FOR ADVENTURE! THE MALAY IS KOLU, MY COMPANION OF MANY YEARS...AND SALEH IS OUR MURUT GUIDE! WE HAVE FOUND WHAT WE CAME TO FIND--YOU, FLEMING, AND THE CAVERN OF TAMBURANG!



... AND, SPEAKING OF THE CAVERN-- THERE WOULD BE WEALTH FOR YOUR PENAN TRIBESMEN, FLEMING-- IF THEY WOULD HARVEST SOME OF THOSE EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS!

I'VE THOUGHT OF IT, BRADLEY!

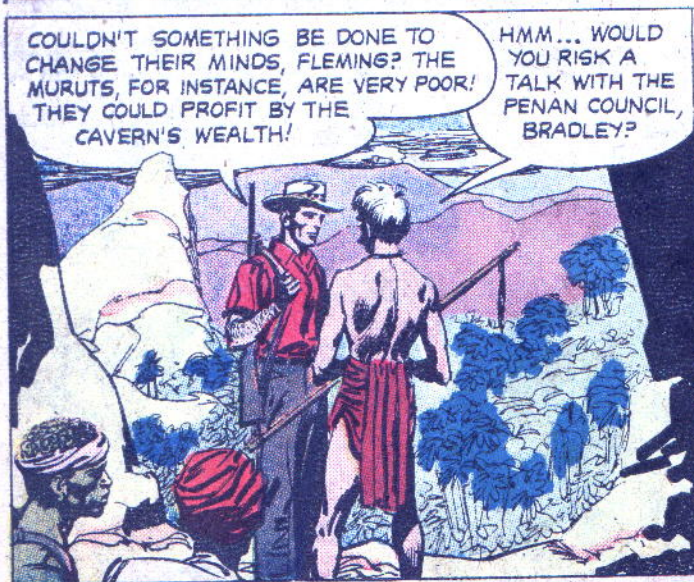


BUT THE PENANS ARE INCURABLY WILD HUNTERS, YOU KNOW! WEALTH, FOR THEM, IS A FULL STOMACH, A GOOD KNIFE AND A NATIVE FLUTE! THEY WILL NEVER USE THIS CAVERN!

THEN WHY DON'T THEY LET OTHER PEOPLE IN?



STRANGERS ARE **TABOO**-- FORBIDDEN IN THIS HOME VALLEY OF THE TRIBE! THE PENANS AVOID OTHER PEOPLE-- THINK THEY BRING BAD LUCK! I'LL HAVE A JOB GETTING **YOU** CHAPS OUT ALIVE!



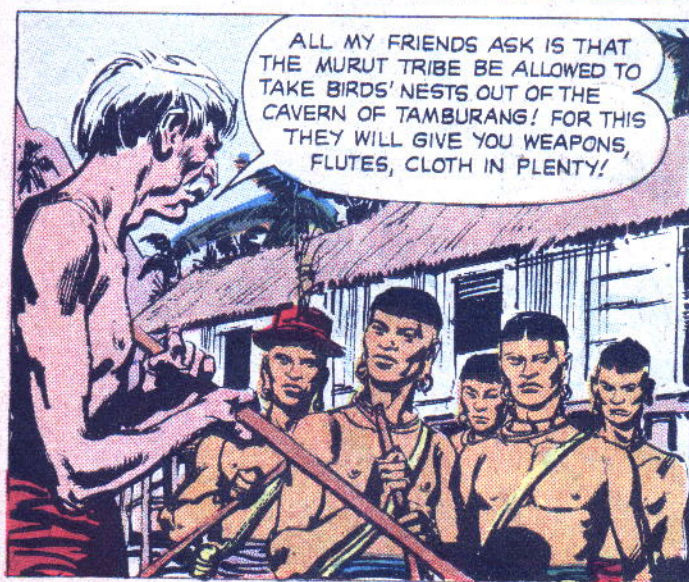
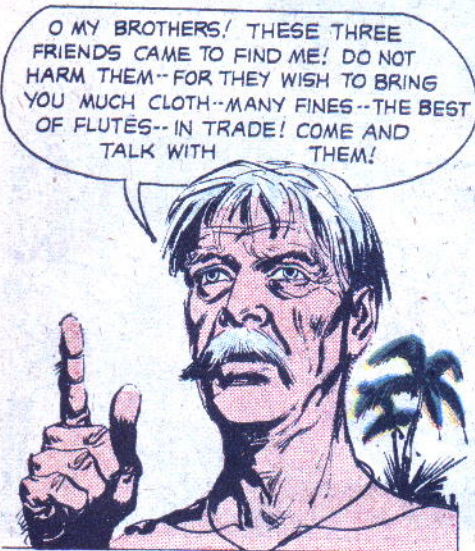
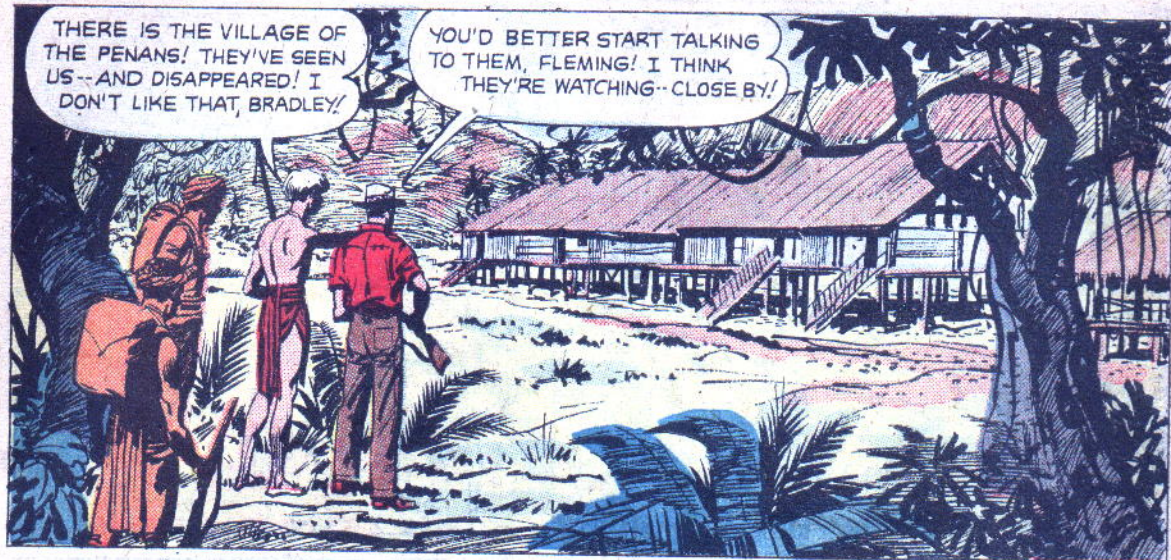
COULDN'T SOMETHING BE DONE TO CHANGE THEIR MINDS, FLEMING? THE MURUTS, FOR INSTANCE, ARE VERY POOR! THEY COULD PROFIT BY THE CAVERN'S WEALTH!

HMM... WOULD YOU RISK A TALK WITH THE PENAN COUNCIL, BRADLEY?



THEY MAY KILL ALL OF US, YOU KNOW-- YOU FOR COMING-- AND ME FOR BRINGING YOU, BRADLEY!

WE'RE GAME! I'VE TALKED TO KOLU AND SALEH!



AS FLEMING ENDS HIS SPEECH, LIGHTNING BLAZES FROM THE THUNDERCLOUDS ROLLING OVER THE PEAKS ABOVE THE VALLEY!





THE SKY SPIRITS ANSWER! STRANGERS--
TABOO! ONLY TALL
FRIEND CAN STAY!



WE GO, THEN! BUT REMEMBER--
TO TAKE THE LIVES OF MY FRIENDS
WOULD MAKE THE SKY SPIRITS
ANGRIER STILL!



ALL RIGHT--RELAX, YOU
CHAPS! WE'RE BEYOND BLOW-
GUN RANGE--UNLESS THEY
CIRCLE AND HEAD US OFF!

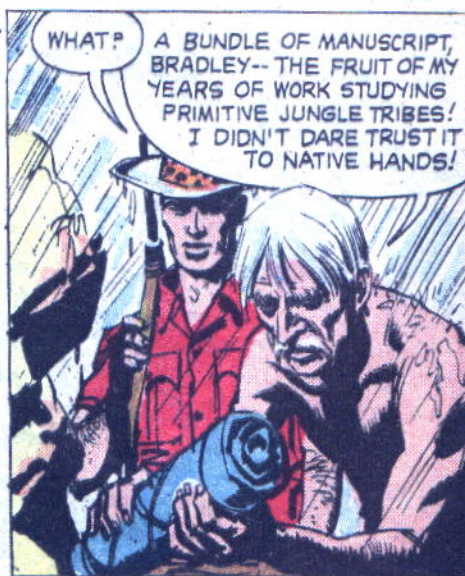
THIS THUNDERSTORM
CERTAINLY DIDN'T **BOOM**
OUR STOCK WITH THE
PENAN, FLEMING!

THREE HOURS LATER-- MILES FROM THE FORBIDDEN VALLEY...



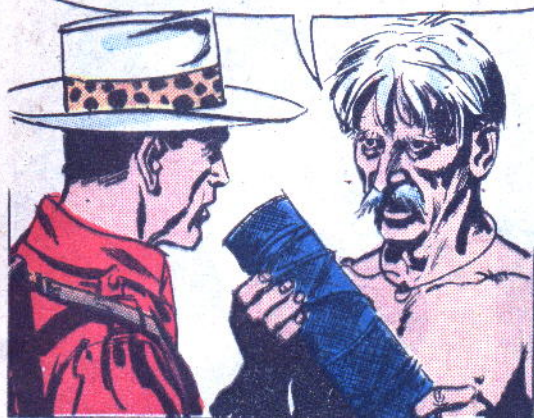
WHAT HAVE YOU THERE, FLEMING?
THE HOLE IS TOO SMALL TO SHELTER
EVEN **ONE** MAN!

YES, BUT IT'S
BEEN USEFUL
FOR SHELTERING
SOMETHING ELSE!



WHAT?
A BUNDLE OF MANUSCRIPT,
BRADLEY-- THE FRUIT OF MY
YEARS OF WORK STUDYING
PRIMITIVE JUNGLE TRIBES!
I DIDN'T DARE TRUST IT
TO NATIVE HANDS!

... BUT I SHALL FEEL SAFE ENTRUSTING IT TO YOU--TO SEE THAT IT GETS TO THE BRITISH ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY! IN CASE I SHOULD STOP A POISON DART, SOME DAY...



I HAVE SOME FURTHER STUDIES TO MAKE AMONG THE PENANS-- BUT, **LISTEN!** THERE'S A STORM FLOOD COMING DOWN FROM THE VALLEY!

YOU'RE RIGHT! COMING FAST!

RR ROAR!

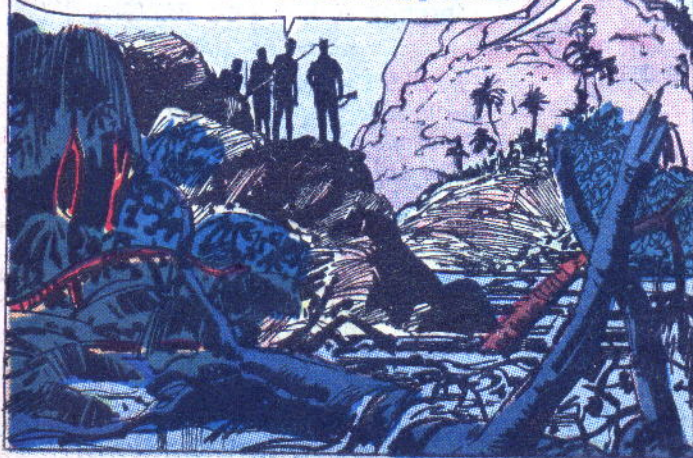


CLIMB! THERE'S MORE TO COME!

AN HOUR LATER -- WITH THE FLOOD PAST...

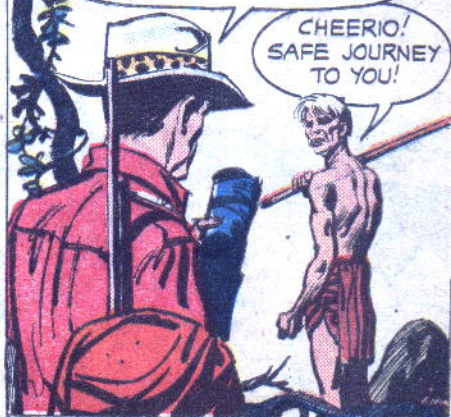
THAT MUST HAVE RIPPED THROUGH THE PENANS' VALLEY, TOO, BRADLEY! I'VE GOT TO GO BACK AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO HELP!

OF COURSE, FLEMING!

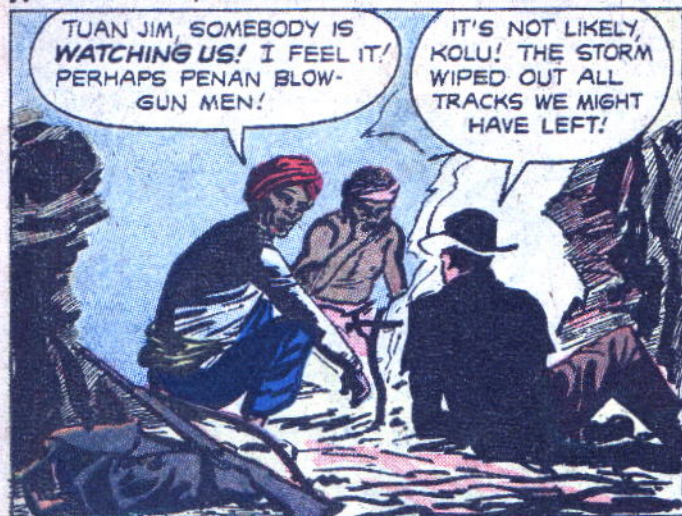


KOLU AND I WOULD RETURN WITH YOU-- IF WE WERE WELCOME! SINCE WE'RE NOT, WE'LL CAMP HERE TONIGHT AND GO ON IN THE MORNING! SO LONG!

CHEERIO! SAFE JOURNEY TO YOU!



NEXT MORNING, AS JUNGLE JIM AND KOLU EAT BREAKFAST.

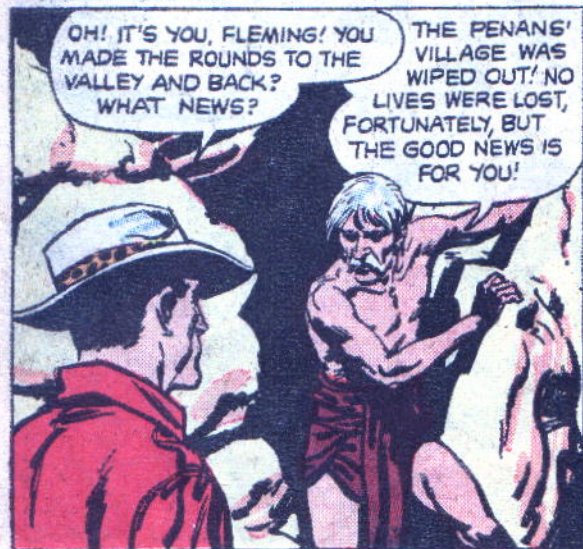


TUAN JIM, SOMEBODY IS WATCHING US! I FEEL IT! PERHAPS PENAN BLOW-GUN MEN!

IT'S NOT LIKELY, KOLU! THE STORM WIPED OUT ALL TRACKS WE MIGHT HAVE LEFT!

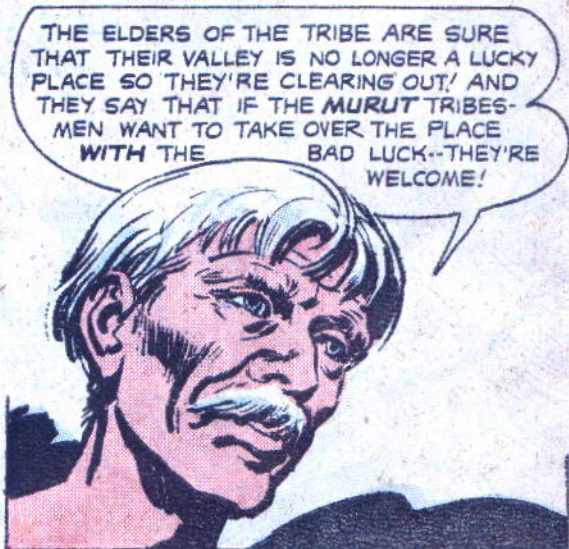


BUT THERE IS SOMEBODY ABOVE US ON THE SLOPE! I HEARD A PEBBLE ROLL!



OH! IT'S YOU, FLEMING! YOU MADE THE ROUNDS TO THE VALLEY AND BACK? WHAT NEWS?

THE PENANS' VILLAGE WAS WIPED OUT! NO LIVES WERE LOST, FORTUNATELY, BUT THE GOOD NEWS IS FOR YOU!



THE ELDERS OF THE TRIBE ARE SURE THAT THEIR VALLEY IS NO LONGER A LUCKY PLACE SO THEY'RE CLEARING OUT! AND THEY SAY THAT IF THE MURUT TRIBESMEN WANT TO TAKE OVER THE PLACE WITH THE BAD LUCK--THEY'RE WELCOME!



THE CAVERN OF TAMBURANG WILL MAKE SALEH'S PEOPLE RICH FOR YEARS TO COME! OUR LITTLE ADVENTURE HAS PAID OFF FOR THEM, AT LEAST!

AND FOR ME, ALSO, JIM BRADLEY! IN YOUR HANDS, MY LIFE'S WORK WILL REACH THE OUTSIDE!

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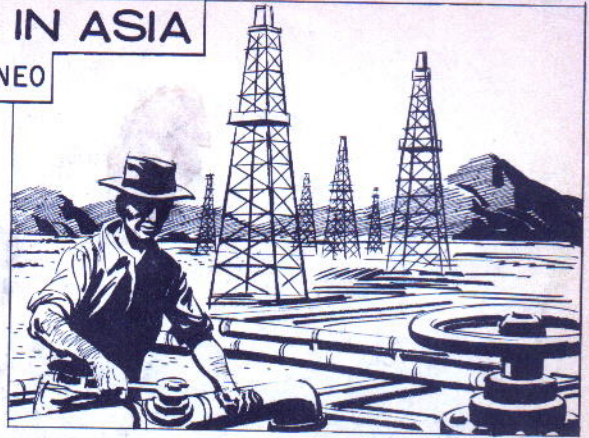
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

PLACES IN ASIA

BORNEO



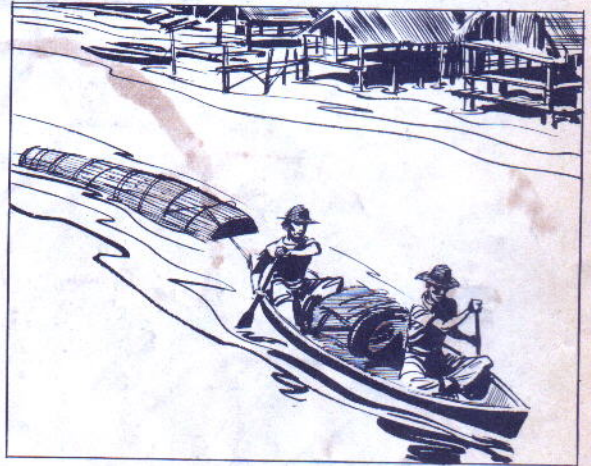
BORNEO IS THE THIRD LARGEST ISLAND IN THE WORLD--- MOSTLY UNDEVELOPED, RICH IN NATURAL RESOURCES.



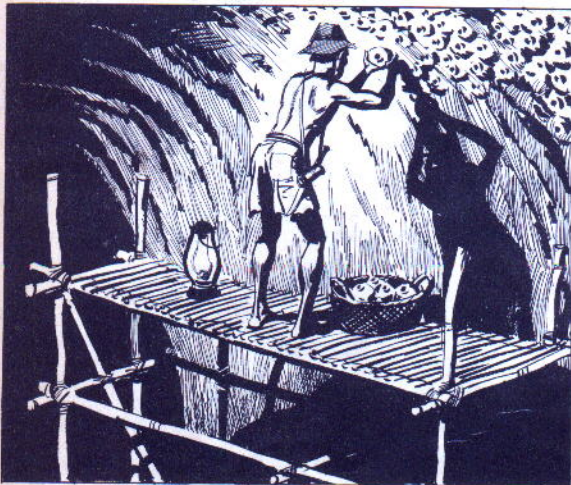
RICH OIL FIELDS DEVELOPED BY THE DUTCH HINT AT UNDISCOVERED RICHES. THE BRITISH PROTECTORATES MINE GOLD.



STEAMERS AND NATIVE PRAHUS PLY THE BROAD KAPUAS RIVER. OCEAN-GOING FREIGHTERS DOCK AT KUCHING, SARAWAK'S CAPITAL.



THE SAGO PALM PITH FURNISHES OVER 15,000 TONS OF STARCH FOR EXPORT, BESIDES MUCH FOOD. THIS IS A SAGO LOG.



FROM BORNEO COME THE GELATINOUS NESTS OF THE CAVE SWIFT---GATHERED BY NATIVES. IT MAKES COSTLY "BIRD-NEST SOUP."



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