

# Jungle Comics



SEPT. No. 21

10¢

**KAÄNGA-**  
**JUNGLE LORD**  
*fights prehistoric beasts*  
*in*  
**MONSTER**  
*OF THE*  
**DISMAL**  
**SWAMP**

**THE RED PANTHER**

**WAMBI, JUNGLE BOY**

**CAMILLA, QUEEN OF THE LOST EMPIRE**

**TARU**





# GO INTO ACTION WITH

# THE

# RANGERS

## OF FREEDOM

10¢



### THE SUPER-BRAIN

powerful, evil force  
—the guiding genius  
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mongers and peace-  
wreckers of Europe  
moves to America  
to make ready for  
the supreme in-  
vasion

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On the trail of this terror-maker race the pick of American youth—the RANGERS OF FREEDOM. The first clue is a dying lunatic's whisper, "Super-Brain Man . . . Headquarters . . ." A bullet clips him short.

Undaunted, the RANGERS OF FREEDOM smash ahead—to find themselves in the heart of Super-Brain Man's underground stronghold. Trapped! "Ha," sneers the skull-faced maniac, "You thought you could outsmart Super-Brain. All-seeing Super-Brain! You will do my bidding, rats—or die!"

No fighting Americans ever met a tougher predicament, ever faced a crueler death, ever fought a stiffer, more crucial battle for freedom.

Read RANGERS OF FREEDOM in its entirety in—

## RANGERS OF FREEDOM COMICS

Don't Miss This Long, Exciting, Punch-Packed, Patriotic Thriller, Unequaled in Any Other Comic Magazine.

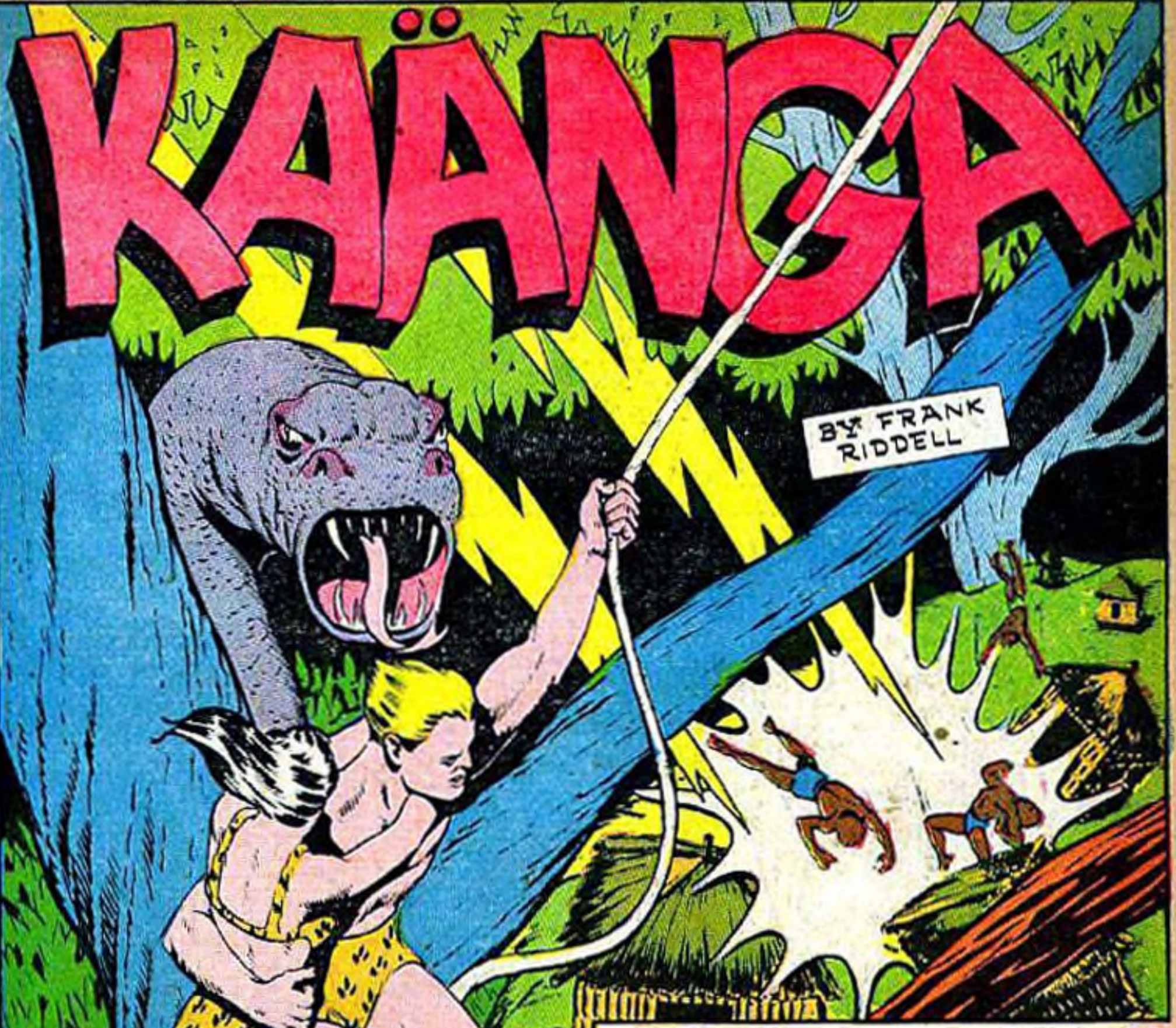


A  
FICTION  
HOUSE  
MAGAZINE

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THE NEXT ISSUE OF JUNGLE COMICS (No. 22, OCT.) WILL BE ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND SEPT. 1st.





IN THEIR TREE VILLAGE, THE WUNGI DRUMS HERALD THE COMING OF THE STORMS ...



KA'ANGA AND ANN ARE IN THE WUNGI VILLAGE ... EVERY YEAR, DURING THE STORMY SEASON, THE STRONGEST NATIVE IS SACRIFICED TO A STRANGE MONSTER THAT RISES FROM THE SWAMPS.



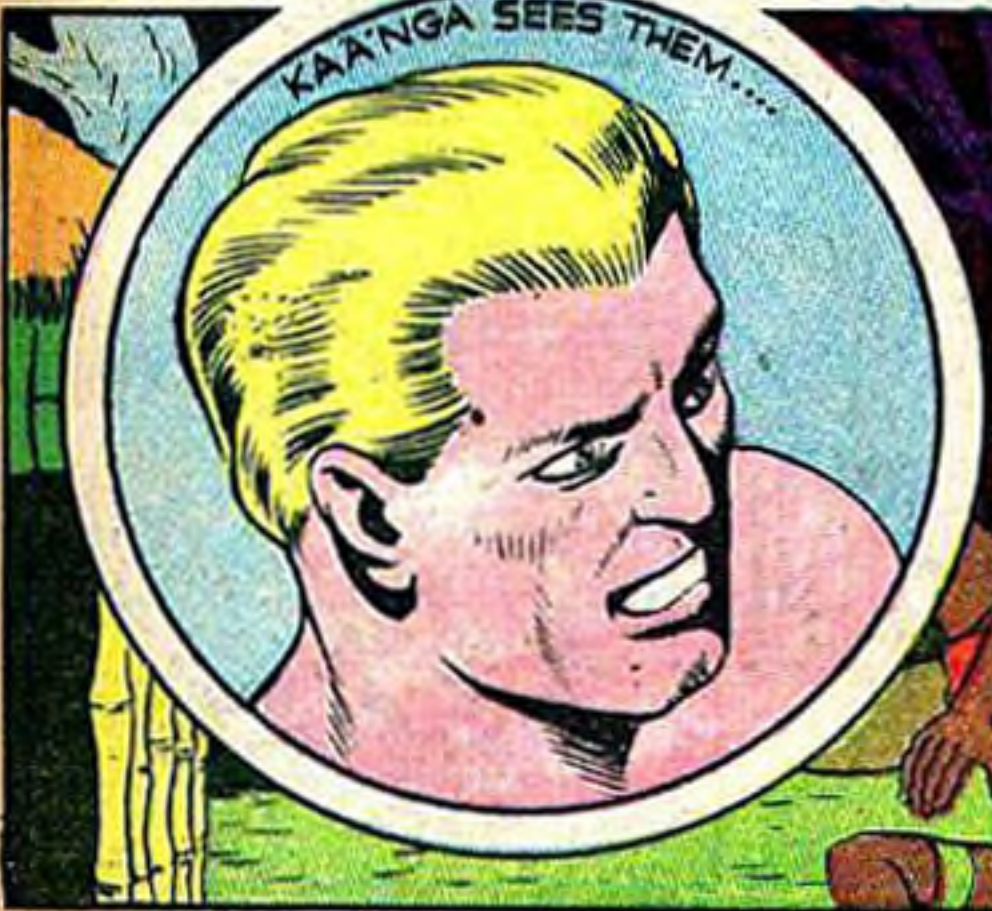
SEEKING ONLY TO WEAKEN THE TRIBE, TWO VILLAINOUS NATIVES, MALU AND WUMI, TALK TO THE CHIEF...

YES! SINCE HE IS STRONGEST AND WE MUST APPEASE THE MONSTER!

UNSEEN, THE EVIL PAIR APPROACH THE WARRIOR..

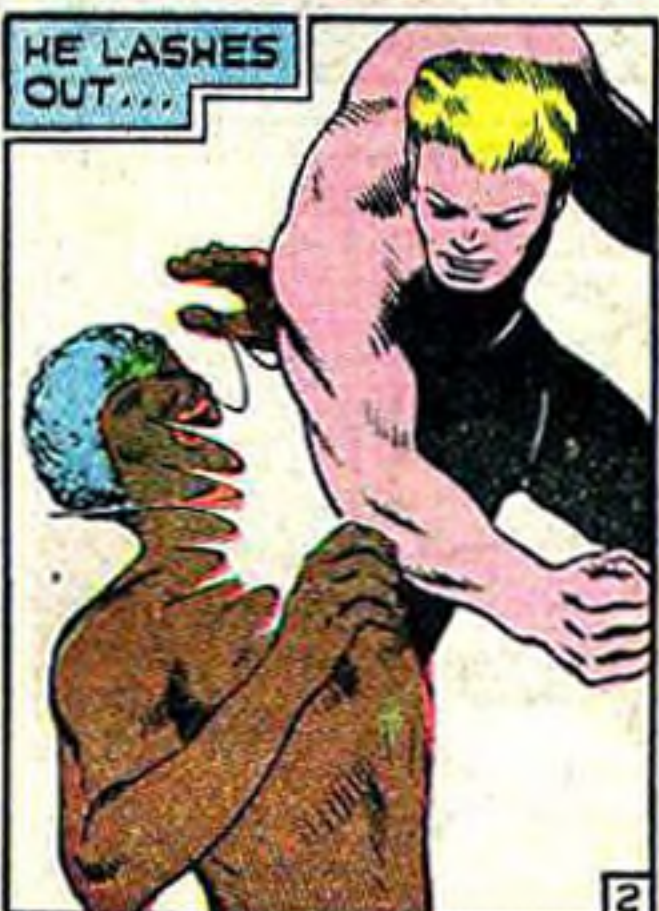


QUICK! HIS OTHER ARM, WUMI!



KAA'NGA SEES THEM...

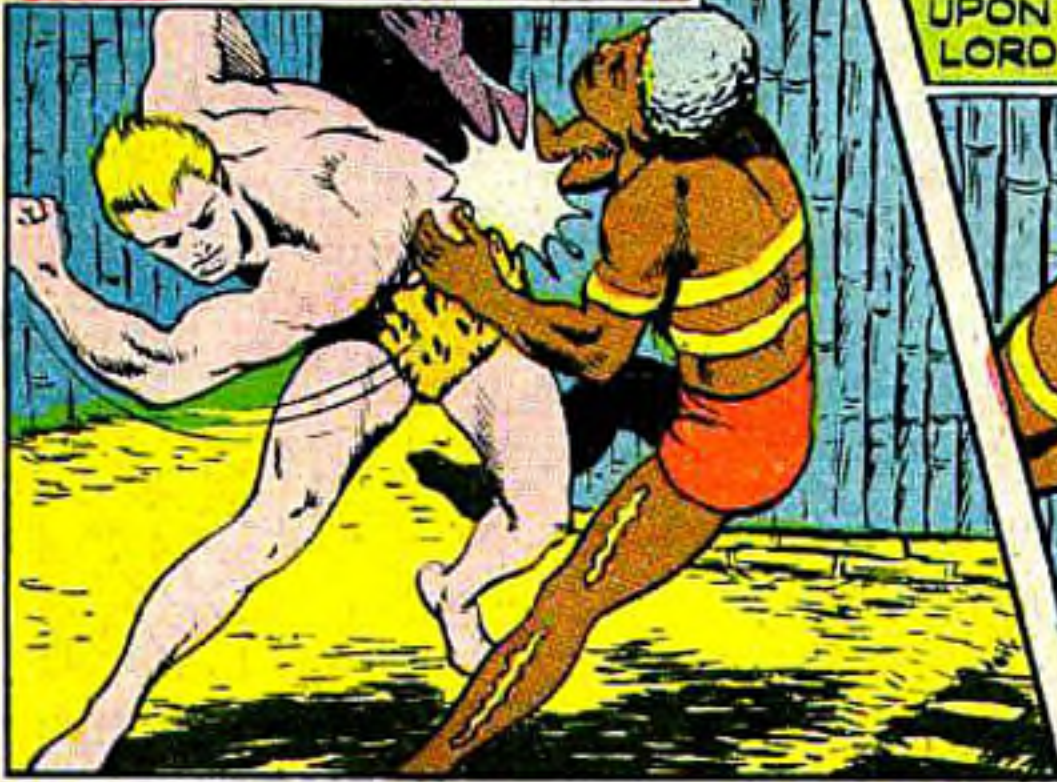
AND LEAPS INTO THEIR MIDST...



HE LASHES OUT...



KA'ANGA SMASHES THE EVIL MALU WITH A POWERFUL BLOW...



AS KOBO SEIZES MALU, WUMI LEAPS UPON THE JUNGLE LORD...



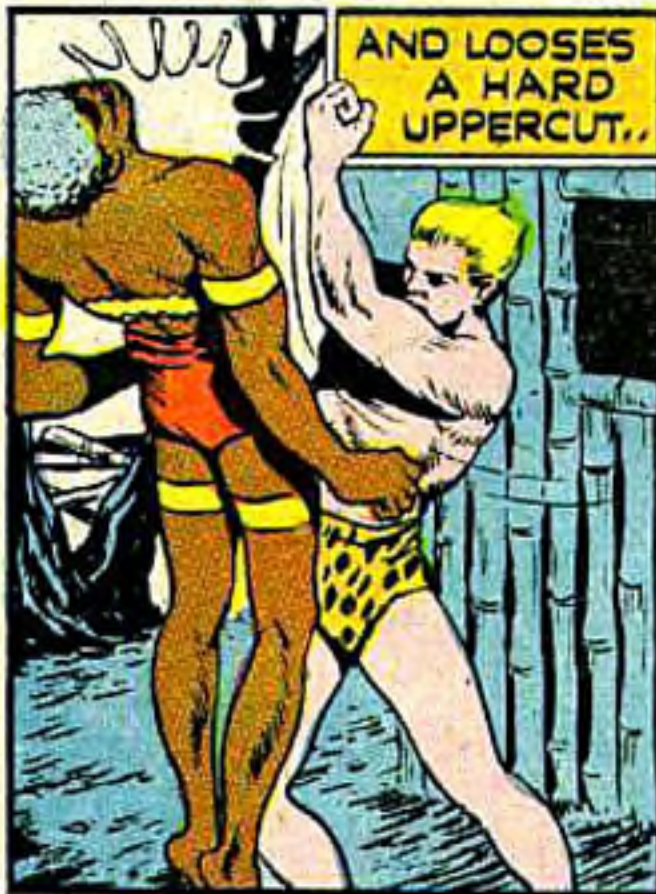
BIND THEM AND PUT THEM IN THE PRISON HUT, KOBO!



KA'ANGA THROWS WUMI OVER HIS HEAD...



AND LOOSES A HARD UPPERCUT..



NO MORE MEN SHALL BE SACRIFICED! I WILL FIGHT THIS MONSTER MYSELF!



COME! EVIL ONES!



KA'ANGA IS TO BLAME! WE GET REVENGE, MALU!



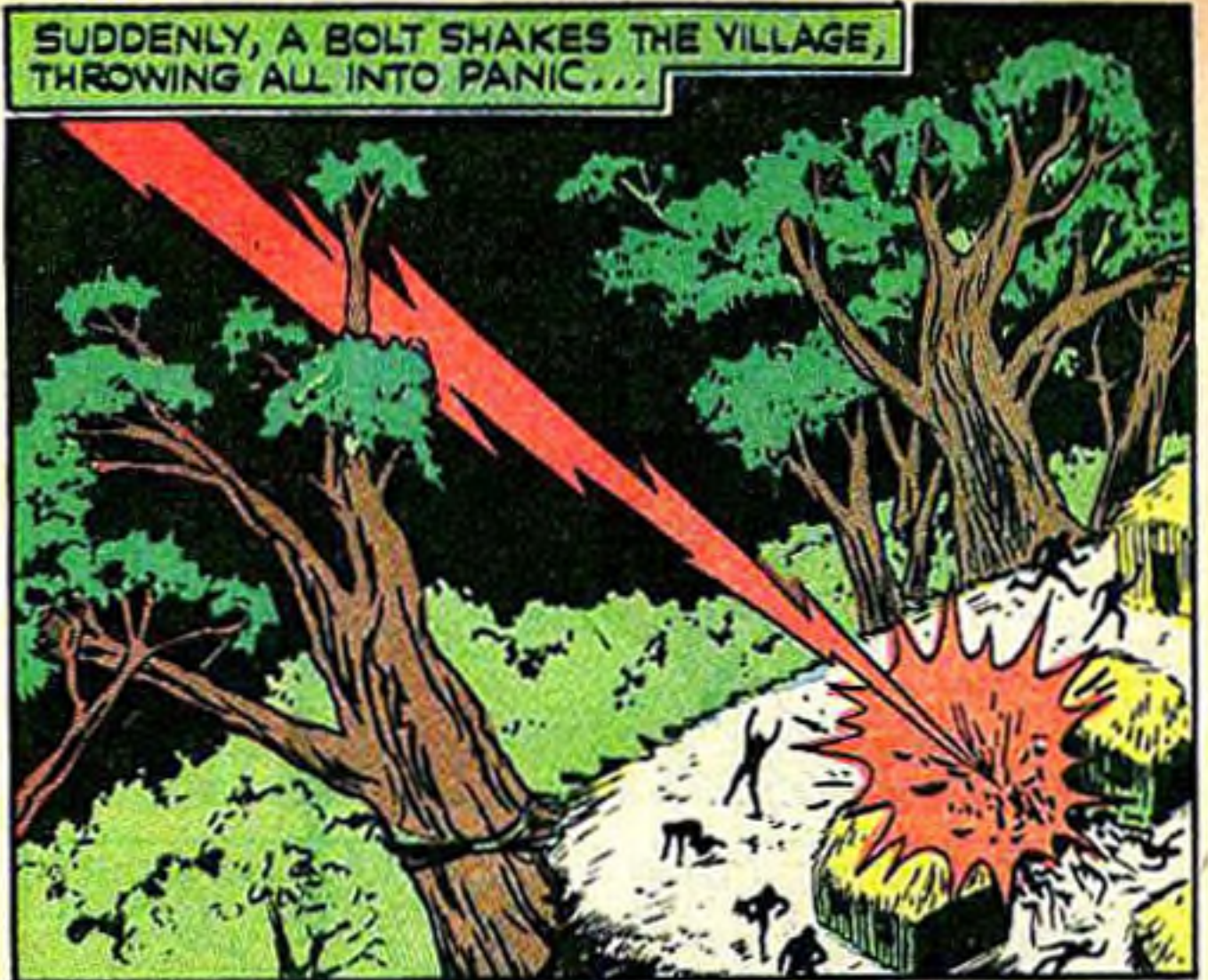


LATER A VIOLENT STORM SETS IN....



THE GOD OF LIGHTNING IS ANGRY!

SUDDENLY, A BOLT SHAKES THE VILLAGE, THROWING ALL INTO PANIC...



IN THE CONFUSION, ANN SLIPS!

HELP!



KA'ANGA SEIZES HER.



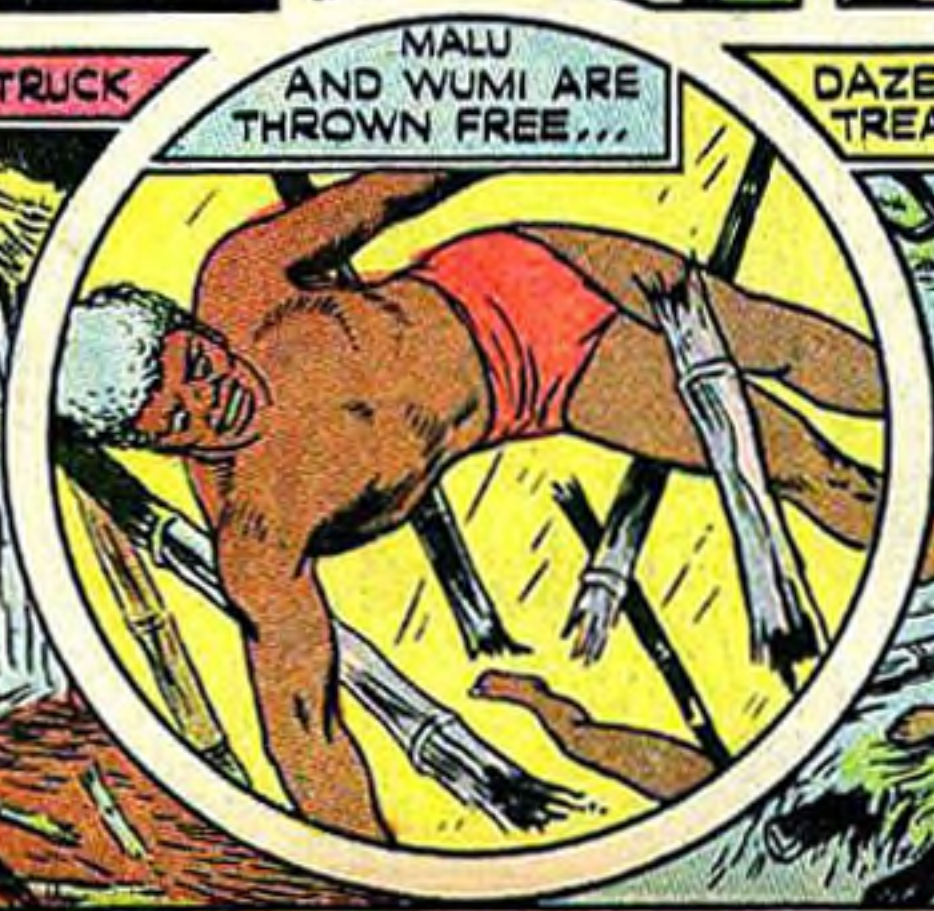
YOU'RE SAFE NOW, ANN!



THE PRISON HUT IS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING...



MALU AND WUMI ARE THROWN FREE...



DAZED BUT UNINJURED, THE TREACHEROUS PAIR ESCAPE.





MALU AND WUMI SEE KA'ANGA AND RUSH AT HIM, BENT ON REVENGE.



YOU SHALL DIE, KA'ANGA!



SUDDENLY, WITH A DEAFENING ROAR THE STORM MONSTER APPEARS



RAR-RR!



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES, I WILL FIGHT IT ALONE!



KA'ANGA LEAPS FOR THE MONSTER!

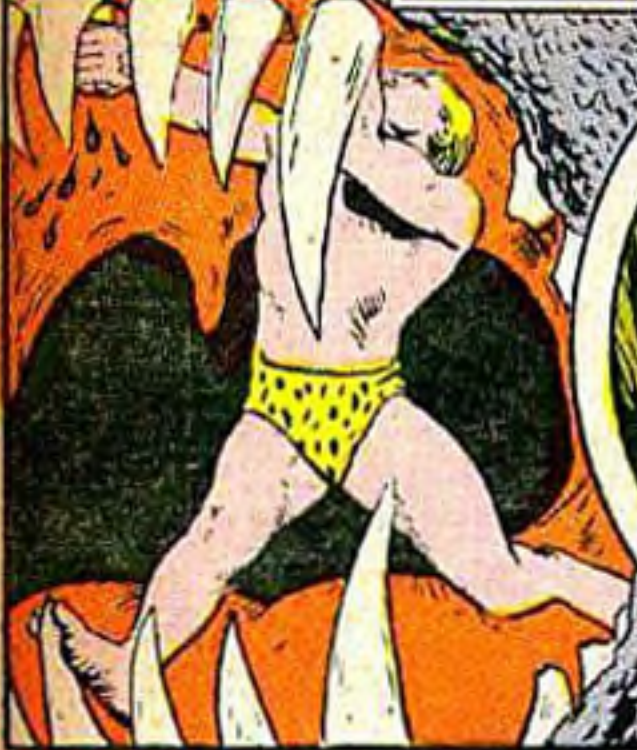


BUT INSTANTLY THE MONSTER RAISES HIS HEAD, AND HE LANDS INSIDE THE HORRIBLE GAPING JAWS...





SLOWLY, THE HIDEOUS JAWS CLOSE...



SOMEONE HELP HIM! OH...IT'S TOO LATE! HE'S...HE'S GONE!



MALU RACES TOWARD ANN.

SHE WAS HIS FRIEND! SEIZE HER!



SHE MUST BE SACRIFICED TO THE MONSTER!



THEY BIND ANN TO THE FOOT OF A TREE IN THE SWAMP...



HELP!



THE MONSTER WILL GET HER NOW! LOOK! IT'S ACTING STRANGELY!

THE FURY OF THE STORM INCREASES AS THE MONSTER RISES...



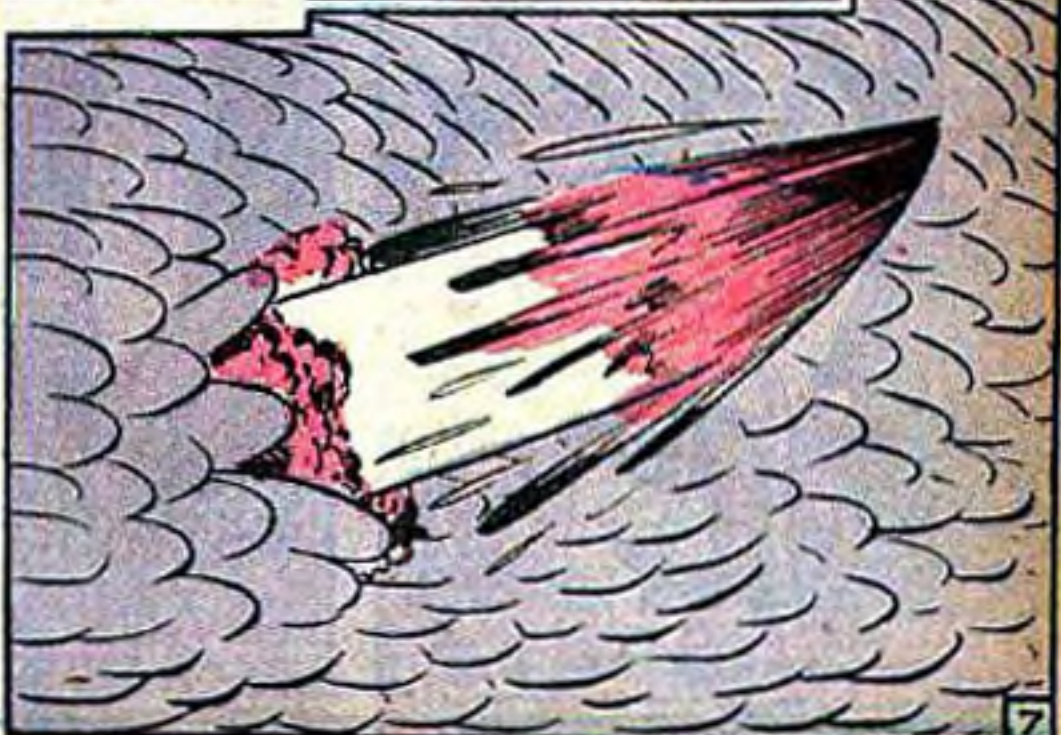
IT WRITHES VIOLENTLY, EMITTING HOWLS OF PAIN AND RAGE.

THE MONSTER'S MASSIVE TAIL STRIKES A TREE...



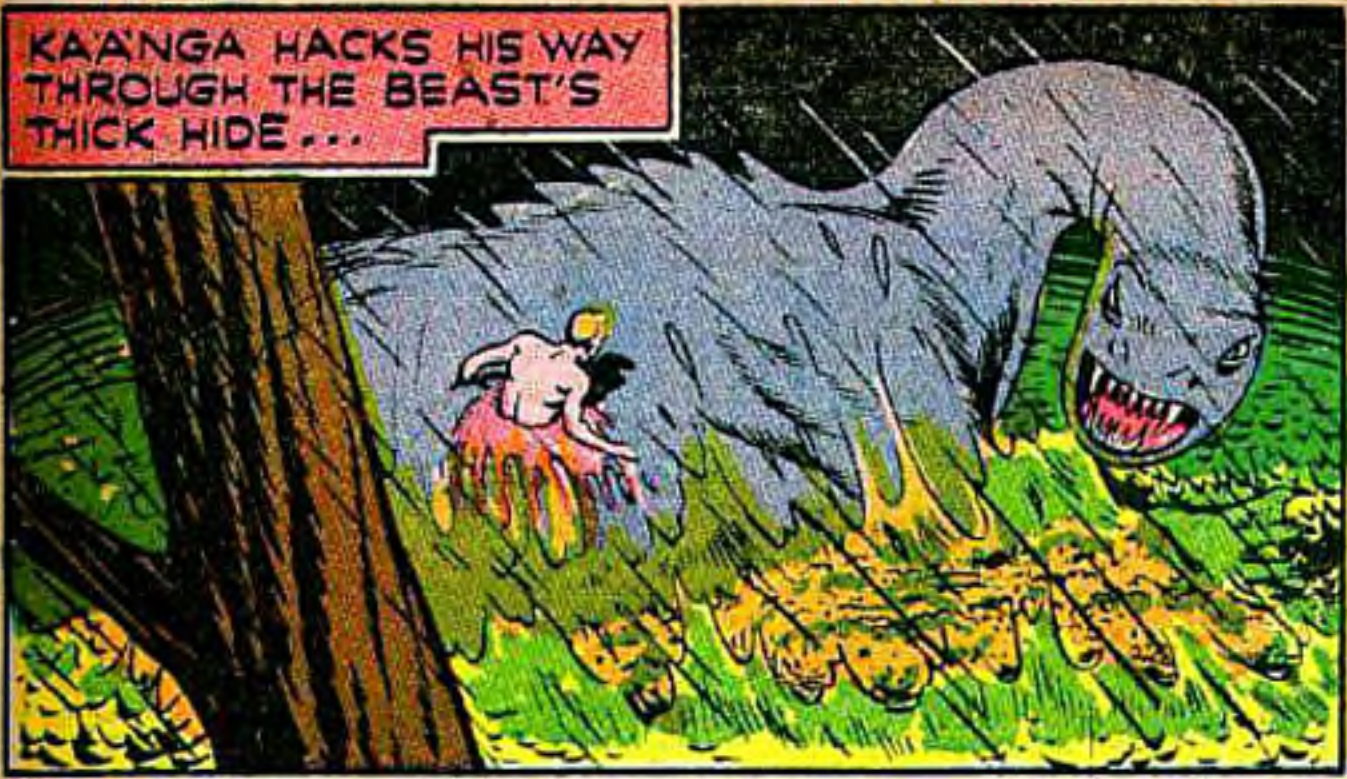
SUDDENLY, FROM THE SIDE OF THE BELLOWING MONSTER, A BLADE APPEARS...

AS THE JUNGLE QUAKES, THE SMALLER ANIMALS FLEE IN TERROR....





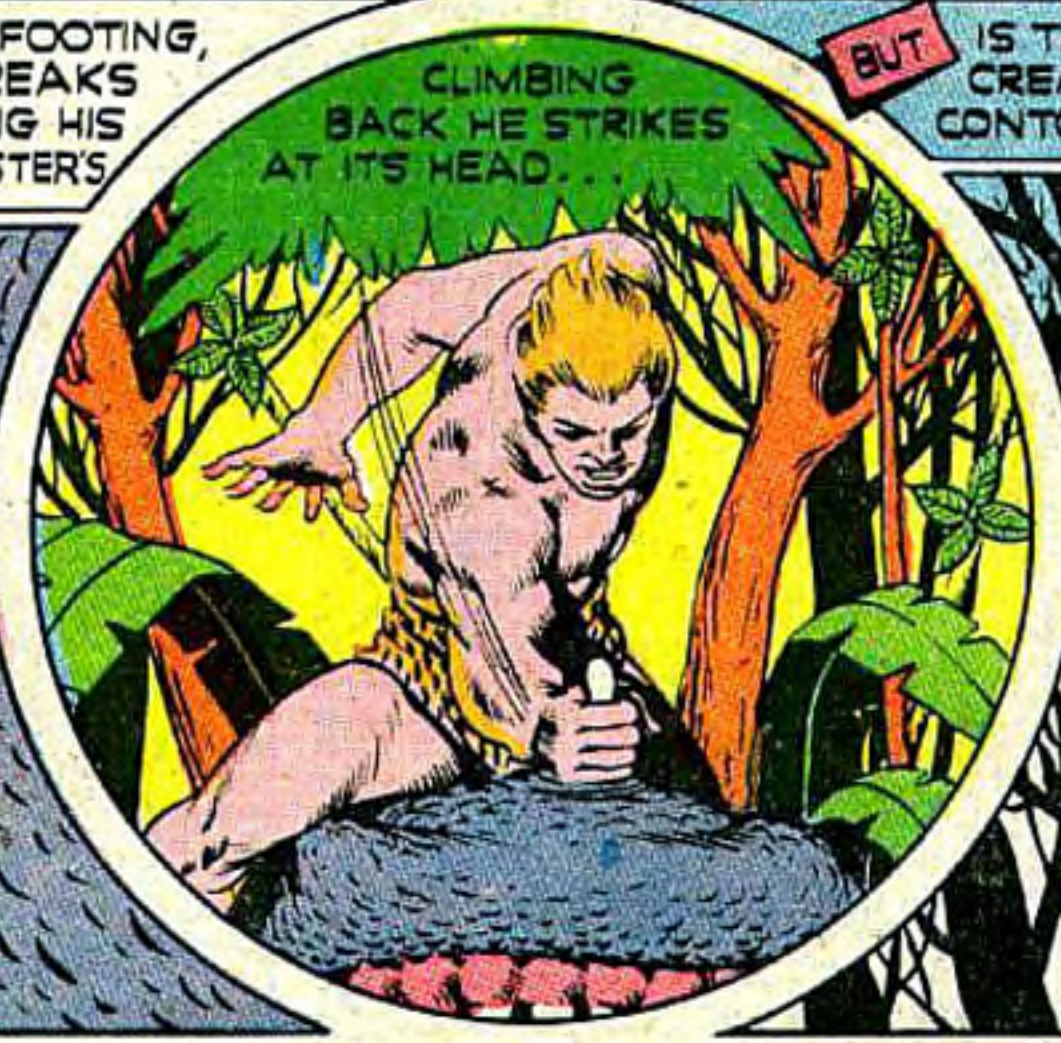
KA'ANGA HACKS HIS WAY THROUGH THE BEAST'S THICK HIDE...



NOW FOR ITS HEAD! THAT SHOULD BE THE VITAL SPOT!



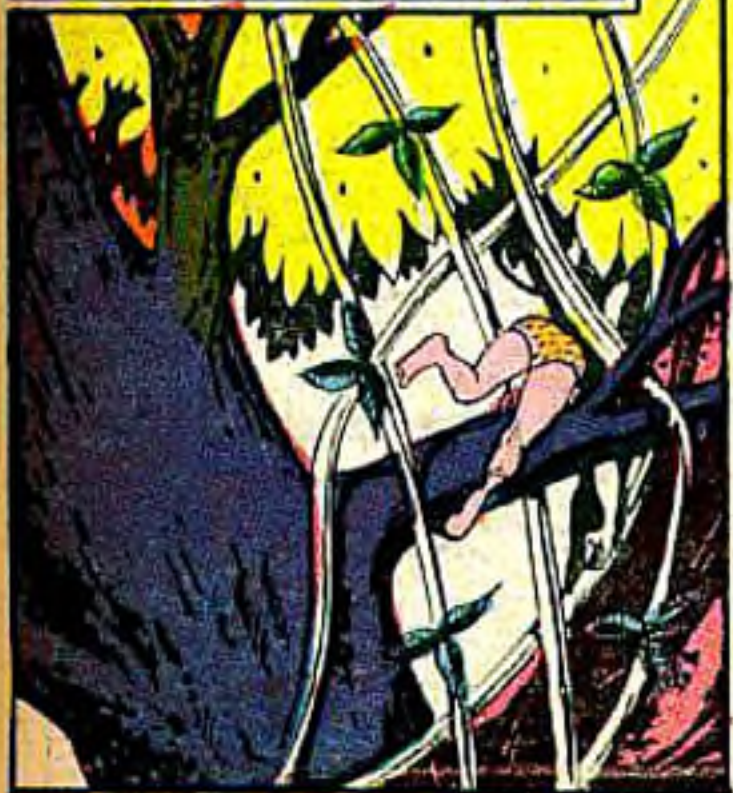
KA'ANGA LOSES HIS FOOTING, BUT IMMEDIATELY BREAKS HIS FALL BY PLUNGING HIS KNIFE INTO THE MONSTER'S SIDE...



BUT IS THROWN BY THE CREATURE'S WEAKENING CONTORTIONS...



HE LANDS ACROSS THE BRANCH OF A TREE...



AND GRASPING A CREEPER SWINGS DOWN.





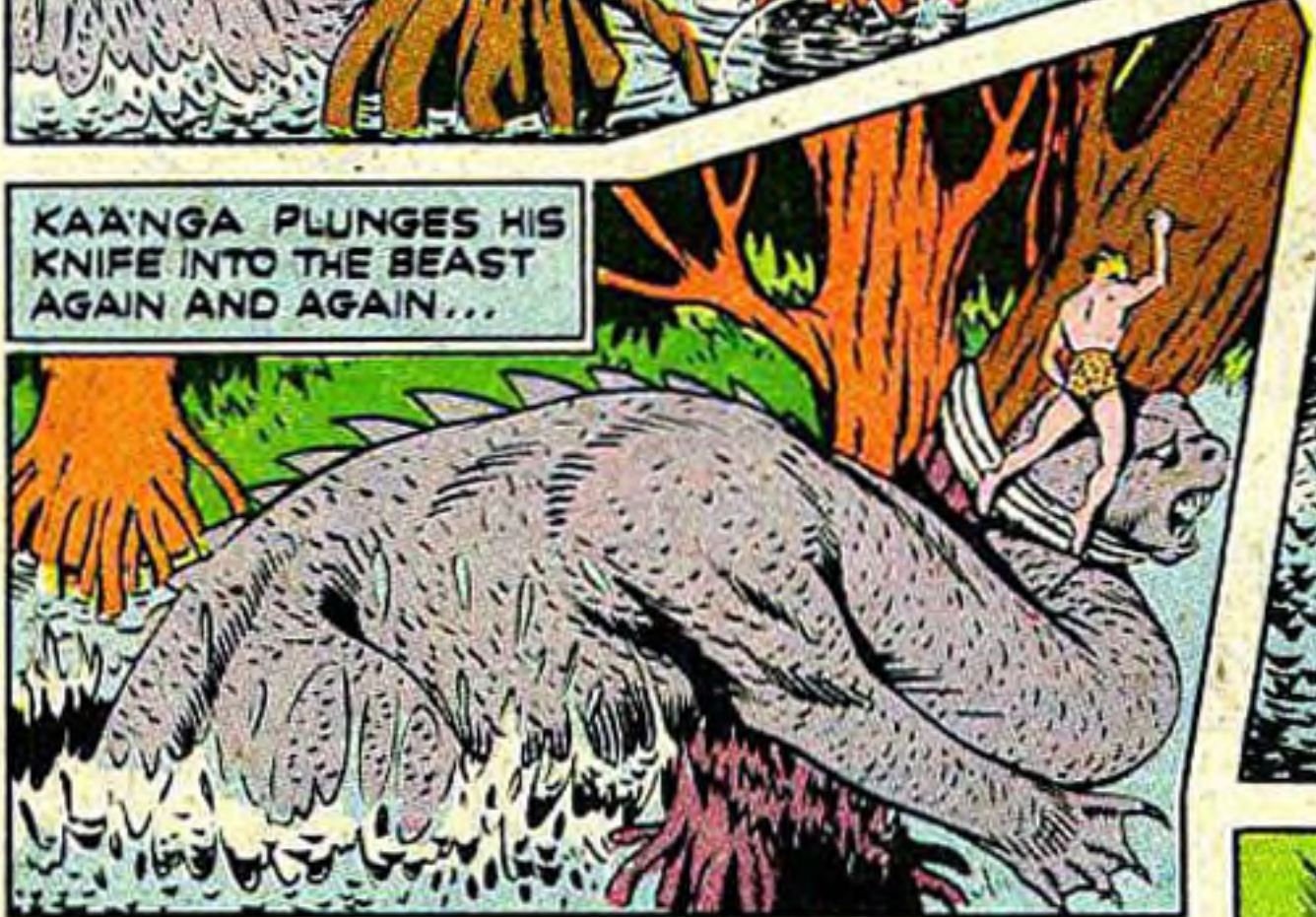
WITH THE HEAVY VINE HE ENCIRCLES THE BEAST'S NECK...



...AND BINDS IT TO A TREE.



KAA'NGA PLUNGES HIS KNIFE INTO THE BEAST AGAIN AND AGAIN...



THE STORM MONSTER CRUMPLES INTO THE SWAMP... DEAD!



KAA'NGA FREES ANN AND WITH THE FRIENDLY NATIVES THEY HEAD BACK TO THE TREE VILLAGE.

THE EVIL ONES HAVE FLED, MIGHTY KAA'NGA!



YOU HAVE SAVED OUR PEOPLE, OH JUNGLE LORD!

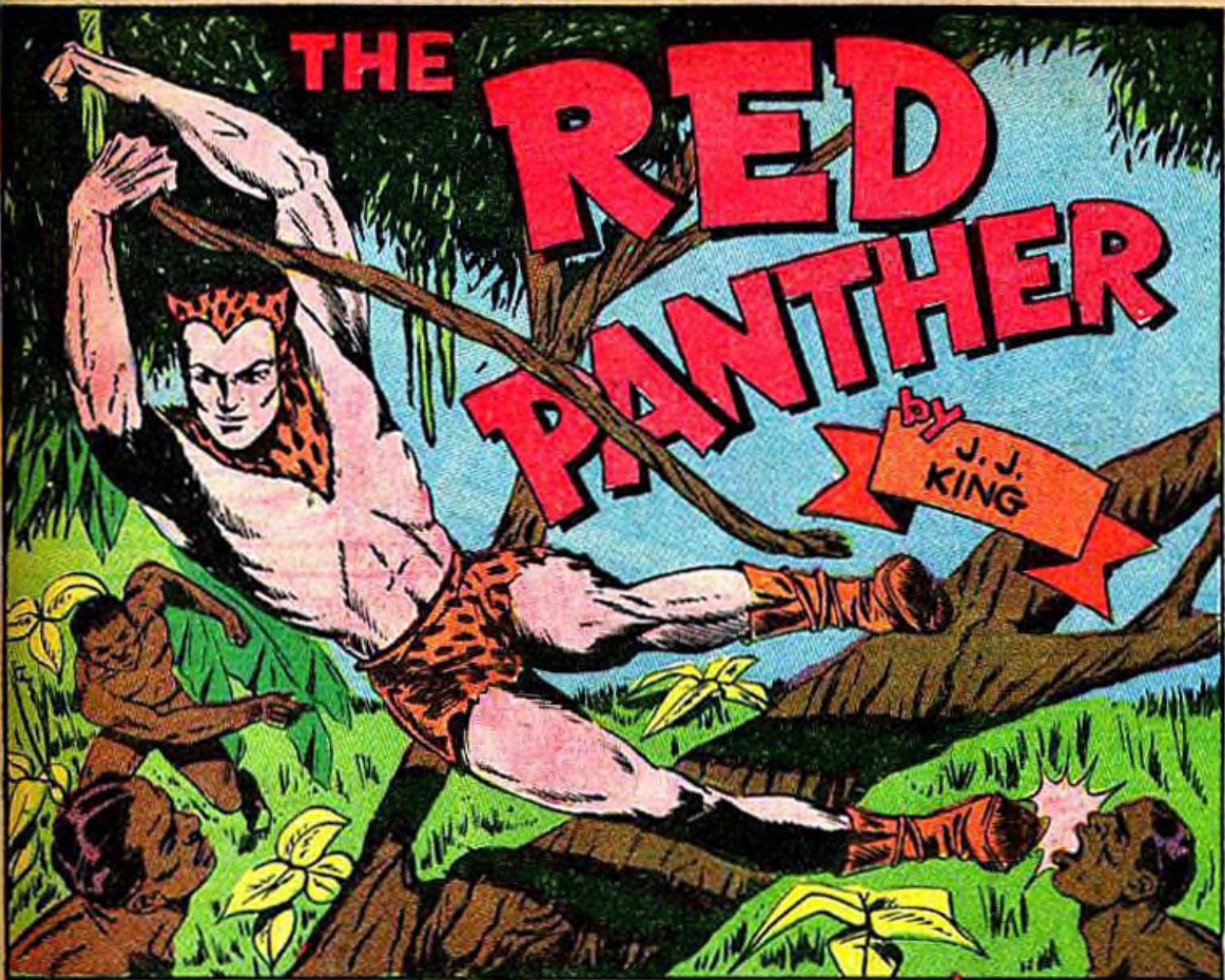


**K**AA'NGA FIGHTS FOR JUNGLE JUSTICE AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **JUNGLE COMICS** 9



# THE RED PANTHER

by J. J. KING





RED PANTHER PULLS THE MAN TO SAFETY AS SAVAGE JAWS CLOSE BEHIND THEM...



THAT WAS A BAD OMEN! WE GO NO FARTHER! THIS IS PYGMY LAND!



YOUR SAFARI HAS FLED...CAN I HELP YOU?



YES, I AM PROFESSOR GORDON! I CAME TO SEARCH FOR RADIUM FOR AMERICAN HOSPITALS!

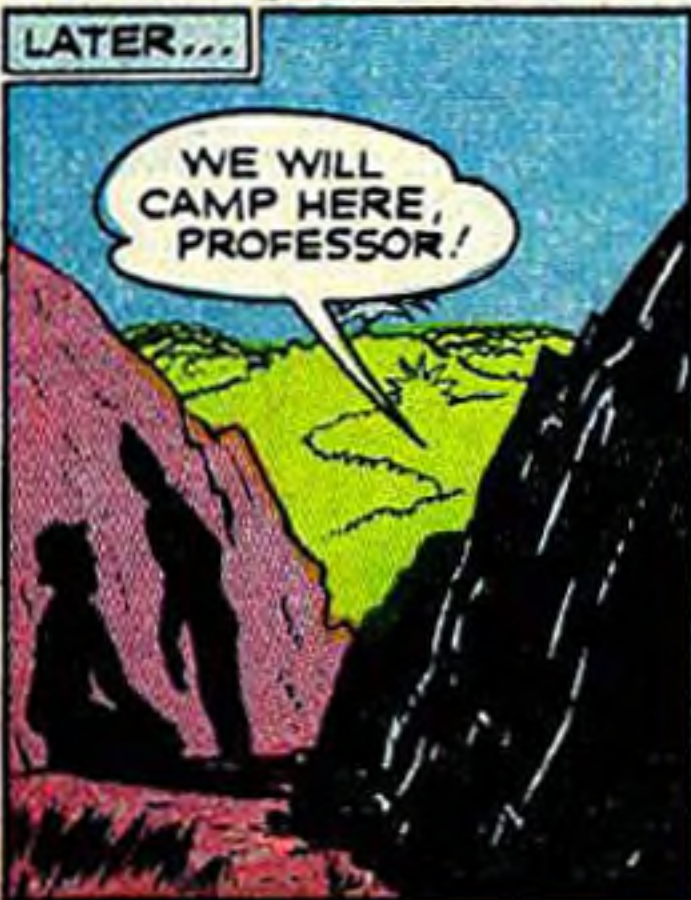


I WILL HELP YOU, COME!



LATER...

WE WILL CAMP HERE, PROFESSOR!



RED PANTHER LEAVES TO PROCURE FOOD...



WHAT'S THAT? A SCREAM! ...PROFESSOR GORDON!









IN THE PYGMY VILLAGE RED PANTHER AND GORDON ARE IMPRISONED . .

SO, WE'RE NOT ALONE.. WHO ARE YOU ?

I'M REX MOORE. MY PLANE CRASHED NEAR HERE AND THE LITTLE FIENDS GOT ME. I FOUND OUT THEY'RE FIRE - WORSHIPPERS!



TOMORROW NIGHT THEY ARE GOING TO SACRIFICE US TO THE FIRE GOD!

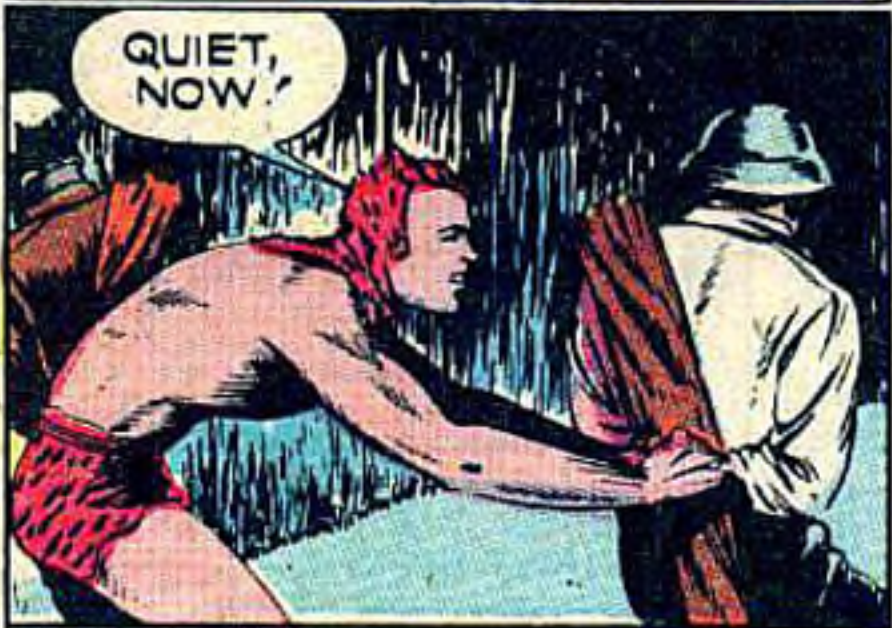


RED PANTHER SEES HIS BONDS AGAINST THE ROUGH WOOD OF THE STAKE . . .



QUICKLY HE FREES THE OTHERS.

QUIET, NOW!



GOOD! THE GUARD DOZES!



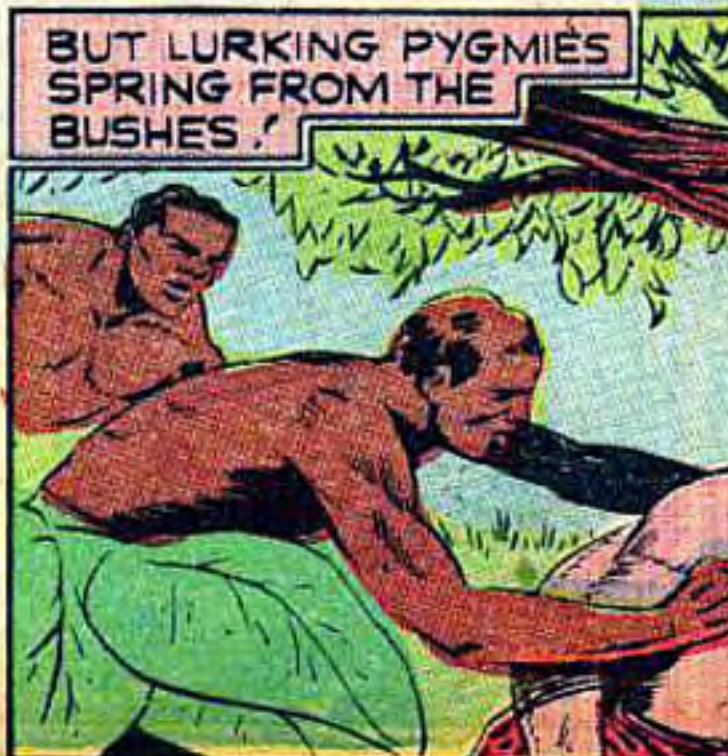
RED PANTHER SEES TO IT THAT THE NATIVE WILL NOT AROUSE THE VILLAGE.



NOW FOR THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THE JUNGLE!



BUT LURKING PYGMIES SPRING FROM THE BUSHES!

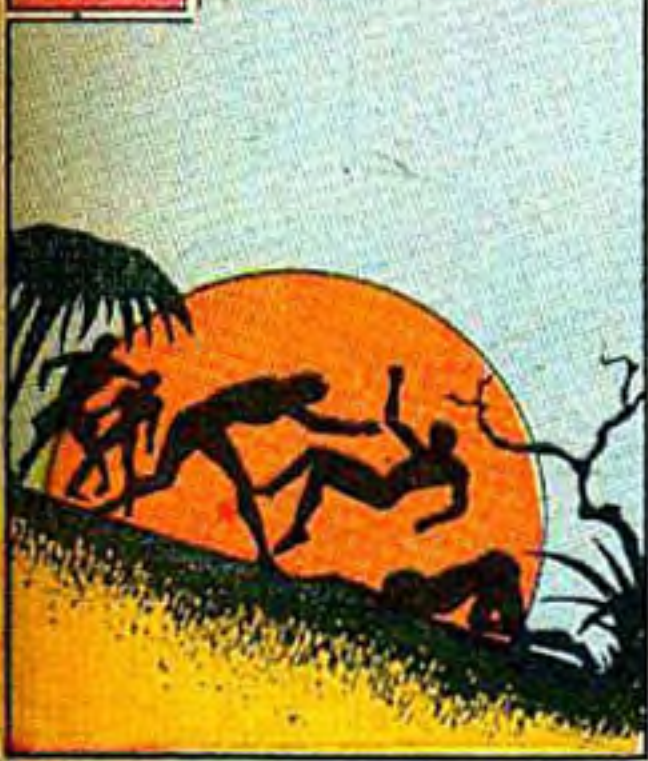


LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW ?





RED PANTHER AND MOORE SLAM DOWN THE AMBUSHERS...



IN A ROCKY DESOLATE PART OF THE JUNGLE THEY HAPPEN ON A STRANGE CAVE.



INSIDE PROF. GORDON SHOUTS EXULTANTLY...



RADIUM! HEAPS OF IT!

THEY MAKE A SACK OF MOORE'S JACKET...



WE'LL TAKE A SAMPLE BACK WITH US!

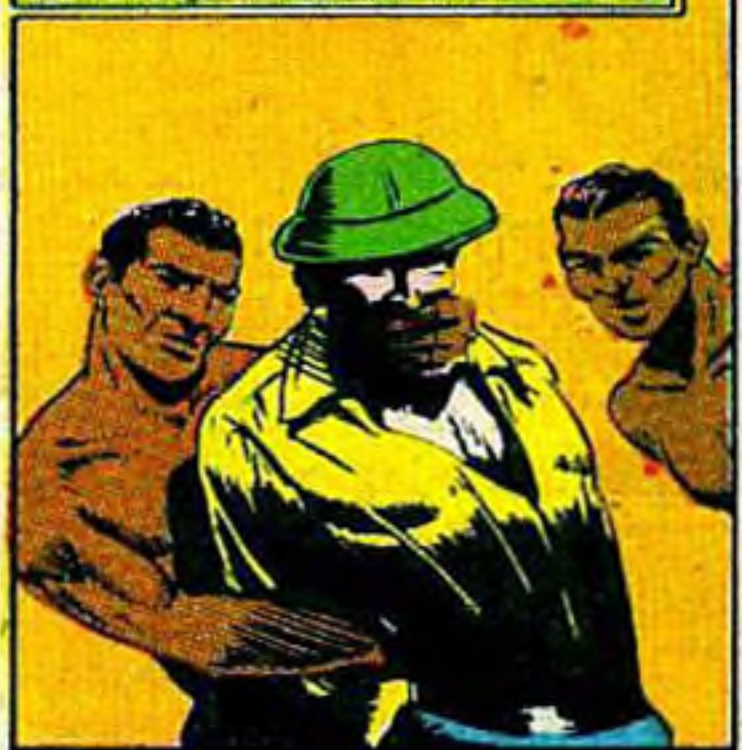
THE TRIO SETS OUT...



THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY FOR SCIENCE!

THAT STUFF IS WORTH MILLIONS!

AS GORDON LAGS BEHIND TWO PYGMIES SEIZE HIM MUFFLING ANY OUTCRY!



GORDON'S GONE! THE PYGMIES MUST HAVE KIDNAPPED HIM!

THEY'LL SACRIFICE HIM TONIGHT!



THEY COME UPON THE WRECKAGE OF MOORE'S PLANE.



I'VE GOT A PLAN...

QUICKLY THE TWO FASHION A GIANT EFFIGY...



SOAK THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS WITH OIL!



AT THE PYGMY VILLAGE.

WHERE'S RED PANTHER?  
THESE LITTLE DEVILS  
ARE GETTING READY  
TO KILL ME!

THE MEDICINE MAN CALLS  
ON THE FIRE GOD TO ACCEPT  
THIS HUMAN SACRIFICE...



SUDDENLY A BLAZING  
GIANT COMES OUT OF  
THE DARK JUNGLE.



THE FIRE  
GOD! HE WILL  
KILL US!

RED PANTHER, PROF. GOR-  
DON AND MOORE SPEED  
THROUGH THE JUNGLE  
AND FIND A CANOE AT  
THE RIVER.



ALL THE  
PYGMIES  
FLEE IN  
TERROR!

WE'VE GOT  
TO GET AWAY  
BEFORE THEY  
RETURN!



GOD  
THEN  
MOORE  
RUNS FOR  
THE BOAT  
WITH THE  
RADIUM!



I'LL  
BE  
RICH..  
RICH!

BUT A VICIOUS RHINOCEROS  
CHARGES AND GORES THE  
GREED-MAD AVIATOR.....



LOOK  
OUT! THE  
RHINO'S  
COMING  
FOR US!



RED PANTHER WHISTLES  
SHRILLY AND PANTHERS  
SWARM ON THE RHINO.



YOU HAVE  
SAVED THE RADIUM  
FOR HUMANITY,  
RED PANTHER!

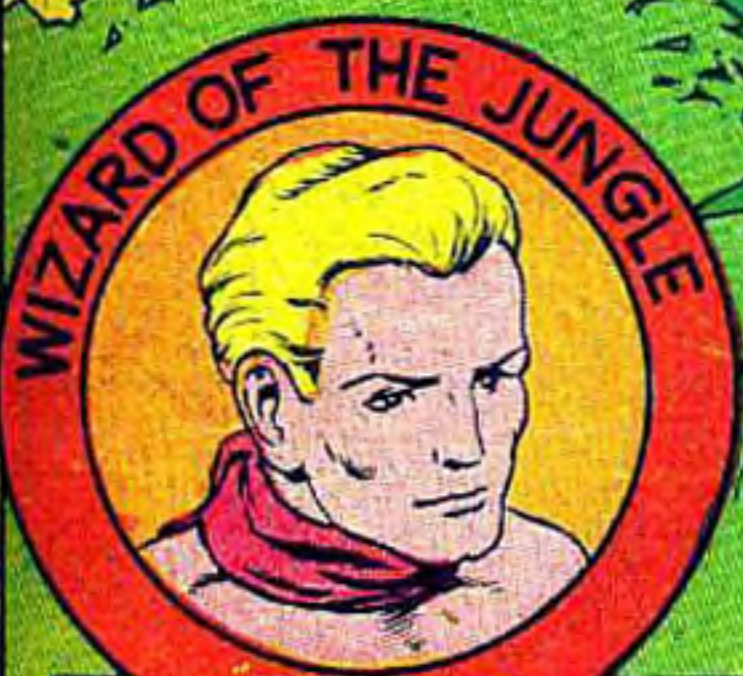


RED PANTHER HAS  
MORE EXCITING AD-  
VENTURES IN NEXT  
MONTH'S JUNGLE  
COMICS!

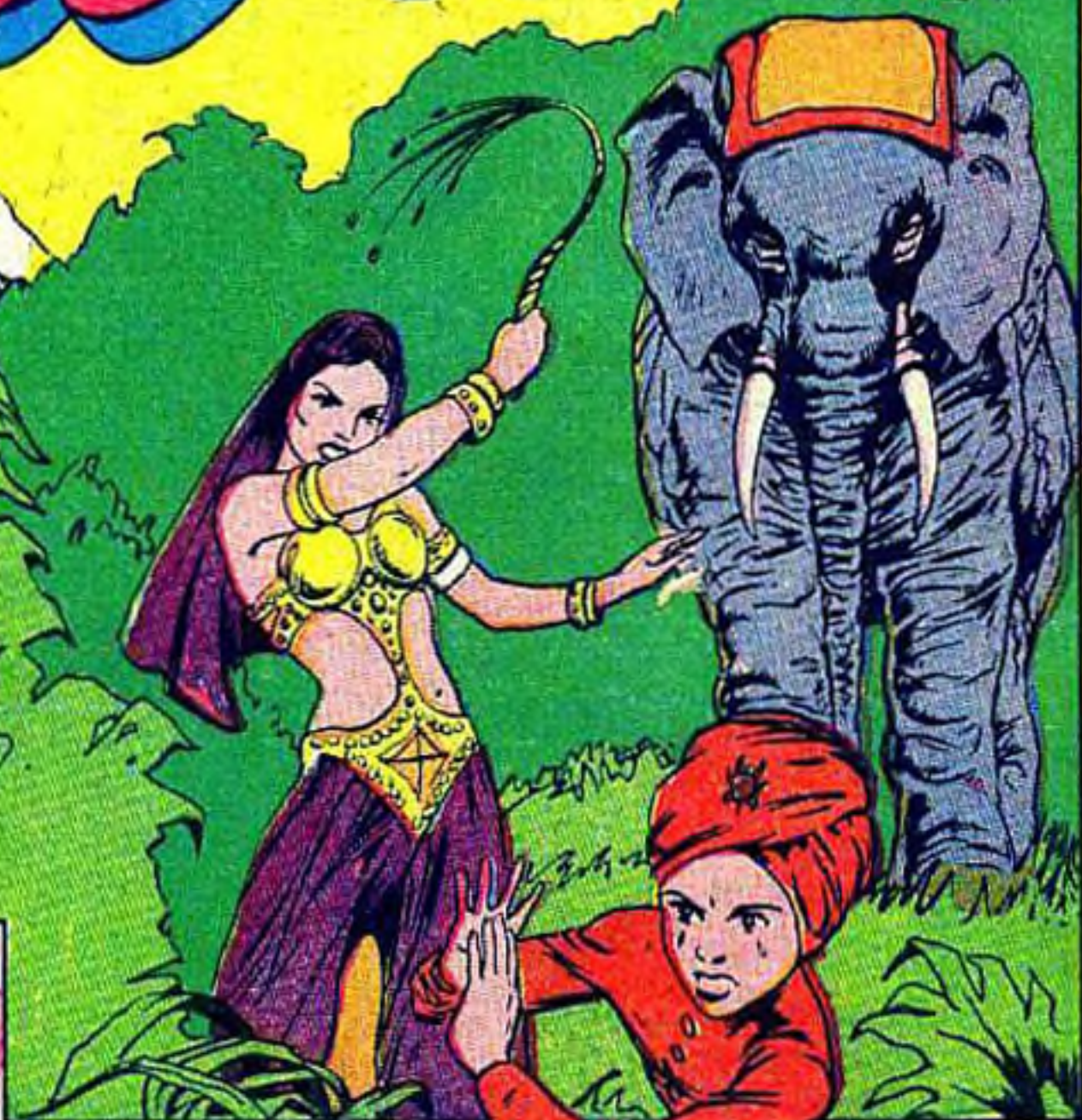


# Tabu

by "Mack"



TABU CHAMPION OF JUSTICE SEES AN INDIAN PRINCESS ABUSING HER SERVANT IN THEIR CAMP IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE...



TABU SEIZES THE GIRL'S ARM...



WHAT?



WHY DO YOU PUNISH THE BOY?

WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO INTERFERE?







TABU FOLLOWS THEIR TRAIL...



...AND ENTERS AN ANCIENT TUNNEL...



HE COMES UPON A SPECTACLE OF HORROR...



THE PRIEST'S EYE FALLS ON THE JEWEL IN SIKI'S TURBAN...



HE SEIZES THE INSECT-SHAPED PIN...



TABU SEES THE PRIEST PLACE THE PIN IN HIS OWN HEAD BAND...



THE PRIEST FALLS SCREAMING TO THE JAGGED ROCKS BELOW...







COME! WE MUST GET HIS BODY!



TABU UNTIES SIKI...

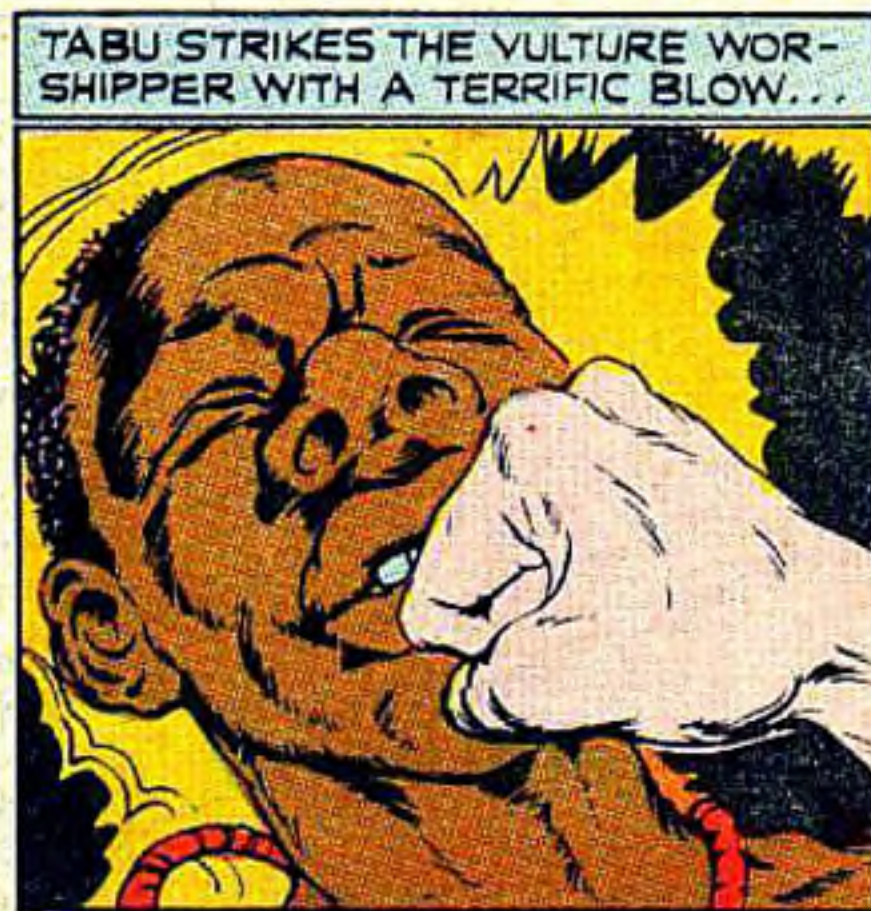


...AND THEY DASH FOR FREEDOM...



BUT SUDDENLY...

YOU NO ESCAPE!



TABU STRIKES THE VULTURE WORSHIPPER WITH A TERRIFIC BLOW...



AS HE SEIZES HIM...



ANOTHER EVIL BLACK STEALS UP FROM BEHIND....



KNIFE IN HAND HE SPRINGS FOR TABU!



SIKI LEAPS FORWARD...

NO YOU DON'T!



THE OTHERS CONTINUE SEARCHING



WE'D BETTER HIDE TILL NIGHT FALL, SIKI!



LATER...

HERE THEY COME!



CHANTING WEIRDLY AND BEARING FLICKERING TORCHES, THE VULTURE MEN RETURN WITH THE PRIEST'S BODY.



WE WILL LEAVE IT HERE!



AFTER THE NATIVES DEPART...

HERE'S YOUR PIN, SIKI!



SUDDENLY, VULTURES SWOOP DOWN AT THEM.

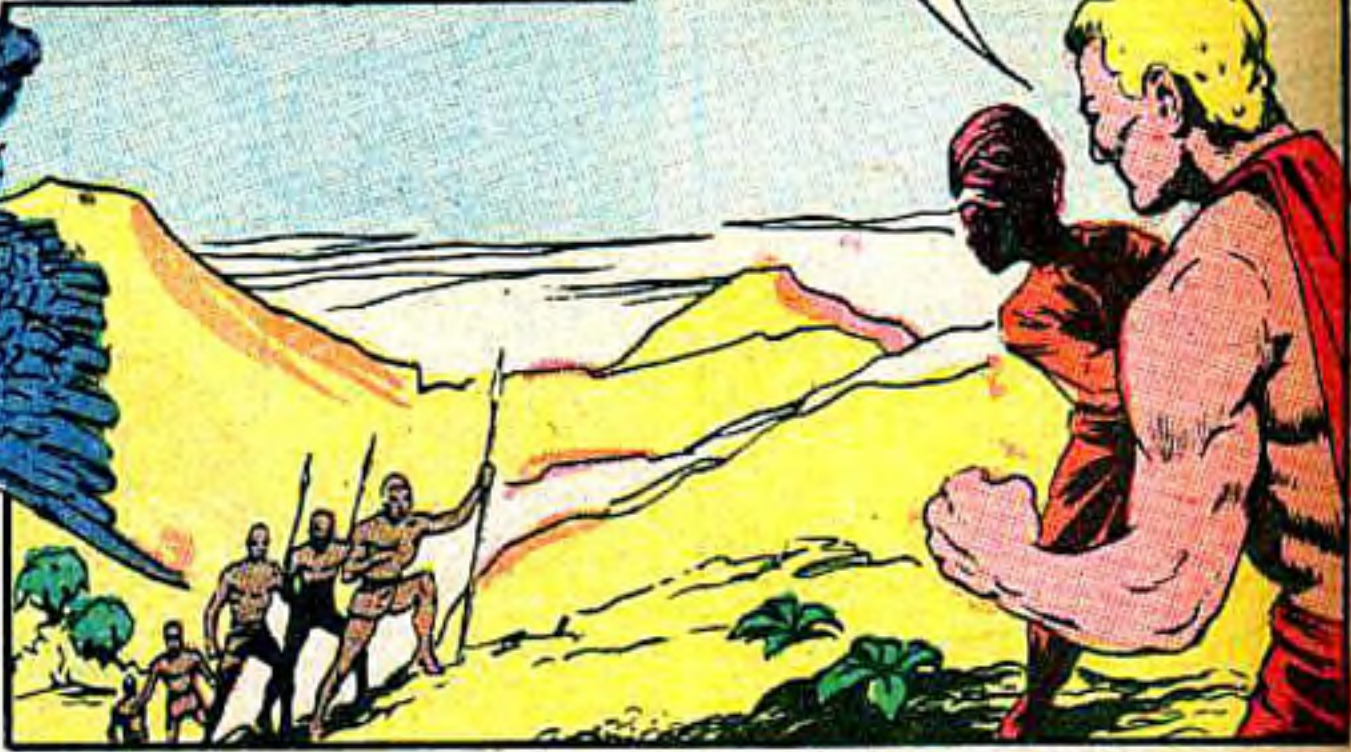




TABU AND SIKI FIGHT THE BIRDS OFF...



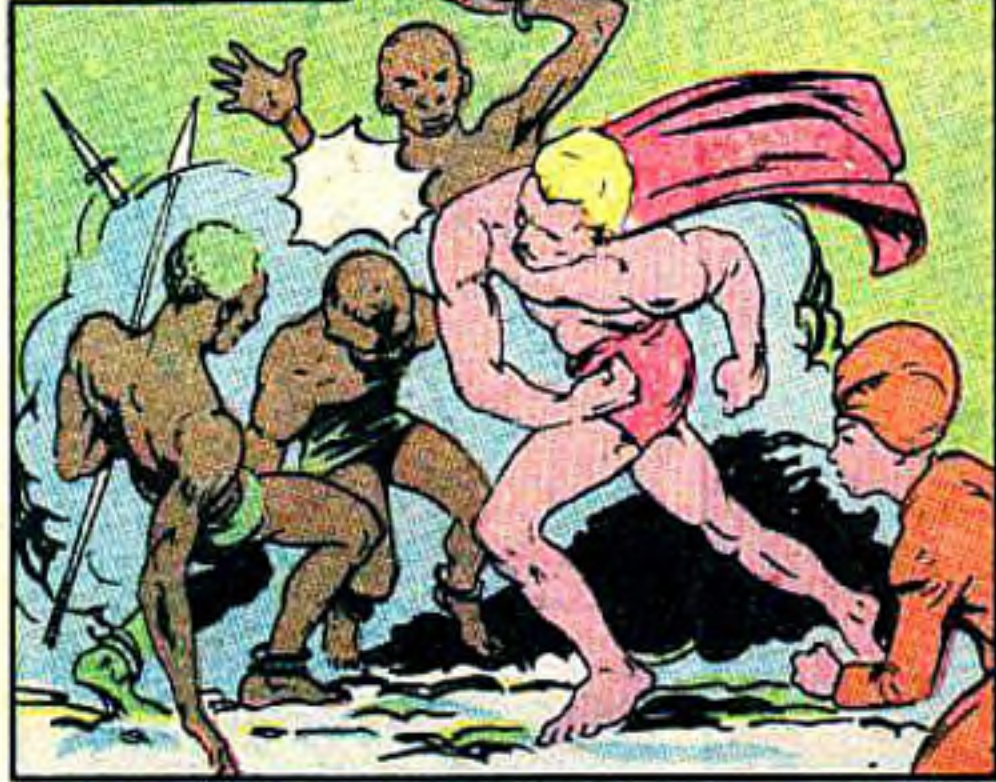
ATTRACTED BY THE VULTURES' SCREAMS, THE NATIVES RACE BACK.



GET BEHIND ME, SIKI!



TABU BATTLES BRAVELY...



...BUT SOON THEY ARE CAPTURED..



THE BIRDS WILL FINISH US, TABU!



AS THE NATIVES DEPART, THE VULTURES REAPPEAR.



THE FIERCE SCAVENGERS CIRCLE NEARER.



TABU CALLS ON HIS MAGIC POWERS.....





INSTANTLY, THE BIRDS BECOME HUGE BOULDERS AND CRASH DOWN ON THE EVIL VULTURE MEN...



TURN AROUND SO I CAN REACH YOUR BONDS, SIKI!



FREED, THEY RETURN TO THE CAMP.

WHAT'S THIS?



PRINCESS SAY TO TAKE YOU AS HER PRISONERS!



WHY DID YOU LEAVE THE CAMP WITHOUT MY PERMISSION?



THIS WILL TEACH YOU!



AND YOU, SIKI! GIVE ME THE PIN!



TABU'S CURSE HOLDS...THE PRINCESS CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND...



SHE'LL NEVER PUNISH YOU AGAIN SIKI!

EVIL FORCES AGAIN TRAVEL TABU'S PATH OF MAGIC IN NEXT MONTH'S  
**JUNGLE COMICS**





FANTOMAH, MYSTERY WOMAN OF THE JUNGLE, DEALS OUT JUSTICE THROUGH HER MAGIC POWERS. WITH THE AID OF FURY, A BLACK PANTHER.

ONE DAY, FANTOMAH IS SET UPON BY THREE EVIL SLAVERS.



THEY LEAD THE MYSTERY WOMAN TOWARD THE COAST.



UNSEEN, FURY FOLLOWS THEM.





WITH FANTOMAH ABOARD, ONE SLAVER CASTS OFF...UNSEEN, FURY LEAPS ON DECK...



DAYS LATER, THE SLAVERS' BOAT NEARS THE COAST OF INDIA...



A SAIL LOCKER IS OPENED...



WHAT TH...!



THE SLAVER PLUNGES OVERBOARD...



FURY RACES BELOW DECK.



A CAT!

WHERE'D HE COME FROM!



GOOD BOY! GNAW THOSE ROPES!



SOON THEY ARE PLUNGING INTO THE JUNGLE.



SUDDENLY THEY ARE CONFRONTED BY A NATIVE OF THE MONKEY CULT...





ME KALAT, A FRIEND.  
THE COBRA CULT  
BURN OUR CROPS.  
MUST GET  
HELP!



I'M FANTOMAH  
AND CAN HELP  
YOU! TAKE ME  
TO YOUR  
VILLAGE!



WE'LL CAMP  
HERE, FURY, WHILE  
KALAT IS GOING  
TO THE WATER  
HOLE.



WHAT'S  
THAT?

A SCREAM!  
... KALAT.  
COME ON,  
FURY!!



A SNARLING TIGER  
PURSUES KALAT..

GET HIM,  
BOY!

HELP!



FURY SPRINGS AT THE  
FIERCE BEAST.



WITH A QUICK LUNGE,  
HE SINKS HIS FANGS  
INTO THE TIGER'S THROAT.



FURY'S HOWL OF VICTORY  
ECHOES THROUGH THE  
JUNGLE...



SUDDENLY!

THE  
COBRA  
MEN!



THE COBRA MEN  
ATTACK... FANTOMAH,  
KALAT AND FURY  
BATTLE BRAVELY..



THEY ARE CAPTURED.

INTO THE JUNGLE, FURY!



AND LED TO A HUGE TEMPLE.



FANTOMAH AND KALAT ARE IMPRISONED IN A SMALL ROOM...

IT IS THE TEMPLE OF THEIR SACRED COBRAS.



THE HIGH PRIEST ENTERS...

ON THE MORROW YOU SHALL DIE!



FANTOMAH FIXES A HYPNOTIC GAZE UPON HIM.



RELEASE US!



KALAT IS UNTIED, BUT SUDDENLY OTHER COBRA MEN ENTER.



KALAT LASHES OUT...



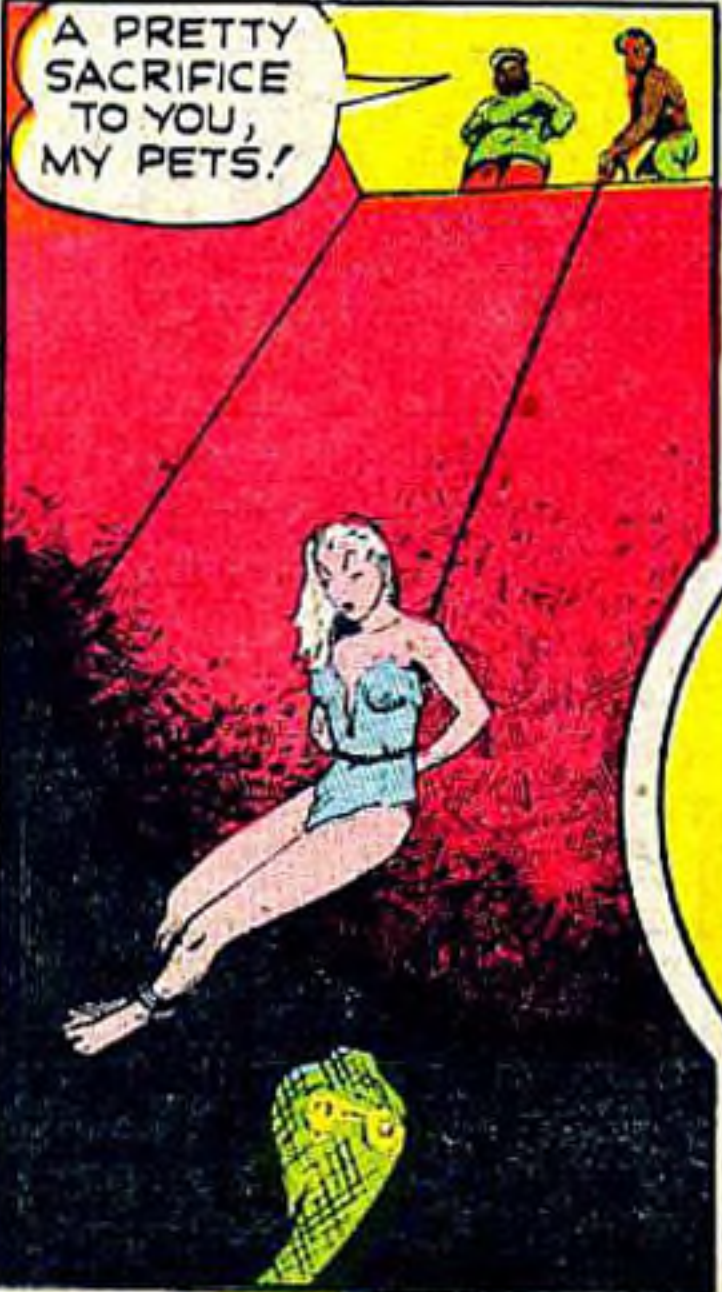
HE RACES TO FREEDOM...



BACK IN THE TEMPLE..



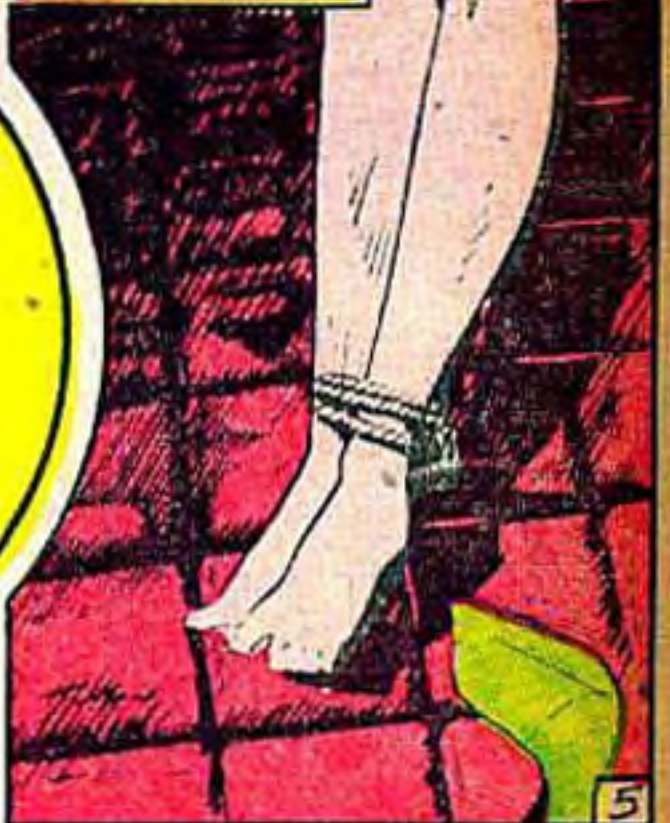
FANTOMAH IS LED TO A SNAKE INFESTED PIT... THE SACRED COBRAS OF INDIA...



DAMBALLAH, GOD OF SNAKES, FANTOMAH CALLS ON THEE!



THE FIRST COBRA STRIKES AT FANTOMAH!





INSTANTLY THE PIT BECOMES LEVEL WITH THE FLOOR, AND THE SNAKES BECOME ROPES ENTANGLING THE COBRA MEN.



SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN...



KALAT, THE MONKEY CULT, AND FURY ATTACK THE COBRA MEN... THE BATTLE RAGES...



WITH MANY OF THEIR NUMBER LYING DEAD, THE COBRA WORSHIPERS GIVE UP.



ONCE MORE PEACE WILL REIGN.



COME, FURY, OUR JOB IS DONE!

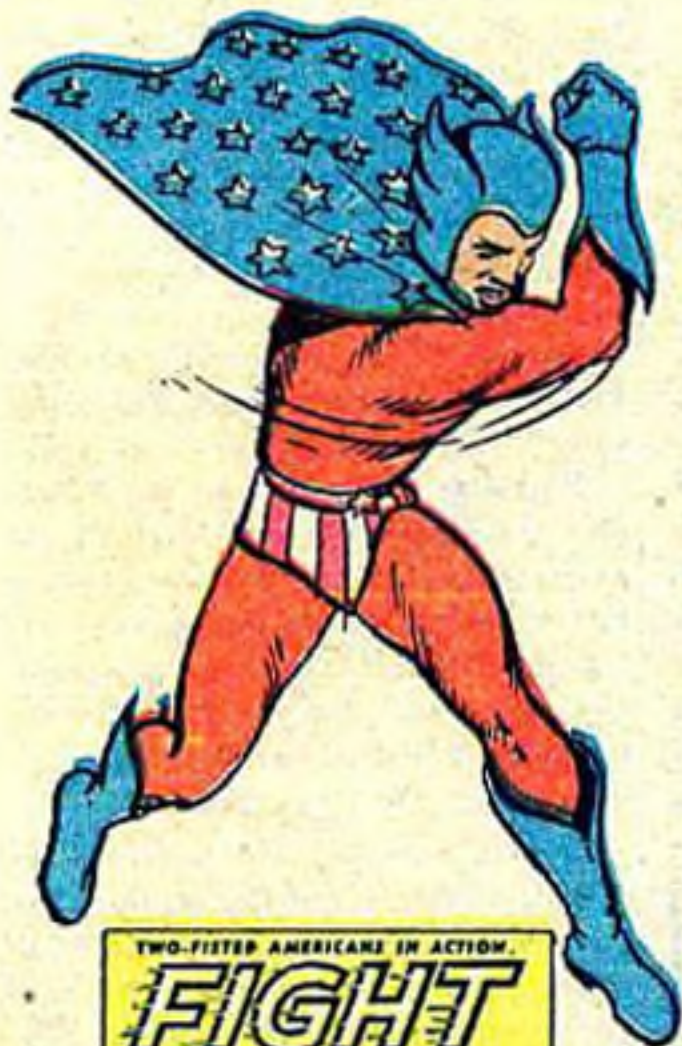


FANTOMAH FACES NEW PERILS IN NEXT MONTH'S **JUNGLE COMICS!**



# THE CREAM OF THE COMICS CROP

Look for the Bull's-Eye when you buy!



# SUPER-AMERICAN IS HERE!

Blitz! Invasion by sea, land and air. Thousands of paratroops pock the sky. Swarms of dust-gray tanks rumble into the capital. Traitors riot. Factories, trains, and dams explode. Loyal citizens everywhere fall before the legions of the secret dictator.

Abruptly, amid this totalitarian harvest, explodes a glistening, star-spangled figure—a strong-thewed godly youth in futuristic uniform. Super-American! Citizens halt their desperate rout to stand amazed. SUPER-AMERICAN? This must be the soldier summoned out of the future-year 2350 by Bruce, the U. S. A.'s scientific genius. This must be the strange, lone fighter come to save the Nation in its hour of wild despair!

Everywhere U. S. citizens rally, gripping their shattered weapons with new, ferocious strength. Fighting-light flares in their defeated eyes. "Advance!" orders the future-sent soldier. "Advance!" And he blasts into the steel-toothed ranks. Turning, the battered human tide follows their flashing leader. SUPER-AMERICAN has saved the U. S. A!

Don't miss this inspiring, punch-packed NEW feature — SUPER-AMERICAN in

**FIGHT COMICS**  
ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS





# THE REACHING DEATH

BY BOB ANTHONY

Ngobudi bleated with enjoyment as he braced his fore hooves and glared proudly at his adversary, sprawled on the dry grass among the boulders. That panting black goat now struggling to his feet was his own brother, but young goats of the Khama mountains were strenuous in their play. And besides, Mambudi was not really hurt.

But Mambudi was irritated. He found his footing, braced his slim legs, eyed his black brother with wary hostility, and charged. Ngobudi's mouth opened in a happy grin, and his little eyes gleamed with triumph. For his angry brother had fallen into the trap.

They were jousting on a flat space, clear except for the boulders at its edge, and nicely podded with soft thick grass that made it easy to escape hurt if one happened to be butted off one's feet. The joke of it was that the flat jousting ground overhung a pool. Mambudi knew all about that, but he had forgotten in his surge of anger.

Mambudi charged, Ngobudi nimbly dodged, and then, bleating gleefully as his brother shot over the edge of the little cliff, raced to the edge to watch the black goat splash into the pool. It was a lovely splash, and Ngobudi squealed, shaking his head until his fuzzy whiskers waved. Then something happened that made him catch his breath and stare, his knobby legs trembling.

Something was moving in the pool. Ngobudi couldn't see it, for the water was stagnant and muddy, flecked with slimy reeds. But there were ripples on the surface, betraying some motion underneath — and the ripples were moving toward Mambudi, who was pumping his legs and gasping as he made slow progress toward the pool edge.

Ngobudi called out in warning. His quavering bleat startled his brother. The black goat turned startled eyes upward inquiringly. And then the

unseen danger struck.

A brown shining coil shot out of the water, fastened itself upon the black-furred body, and Mambudi disappeared in a sudden froth of water. A writhing tail lifted from the black depths and was gone. Then the turgid water closed over a struggle that was all but finished.

Ngobudi stood stockstill, staring with misery in his eyes and a sick fear in his heart. He knew what had happened. He knew what the brown coil was. It was Ikndiba the python. Once before he had seen Ikndiba strike, at a pool far below the rapids; that was the reason he and Mambudi had left that lower stream and come here to this ananga, where no signs of pythons were to be seen.

And now, Mambudi was gone. The foam flecks on the pool surface were disappearing, as the bubbles burst. But the water was roiled, and Ngobudi knew that down in the depths a relentless brown coil was squeezing a dead black goat. Squeezing, squeezing until the black body was no more than a soft tube that would eventually disappear in a cruel taped snout. Ngobudi could not stay. He saw ripples moving toward the edge of the pool, but he did not wish to see the brown thing slide out of the water with what had been his brother Mambudi. On shaking legs he turned away from the cliff edge and clambered slowly into the crags, shiver-

ing, though the sun was hot

He slept little that night, stirring and whimpering, sick and fearful. At dawn he stirred timorously out to the rich pasture. But today there was no joy in cropping the sweet grass, for Mambudi was not with him. He could not eat.

For days he wandered, eating little, growing thin. He slept in small sheltered caves, sick and miserable. Then one morning a strange thing happened. He was bending to drink at a new pool that he had found. Some trick of the sun made magic of his gray head and shoulders, and as he caught sight of his reflection it seemed that he was looking at Mambudi his black brother.

A slow fury rose within him. Mambudi was dead—Ikndiba had killed him. Very well then, he, Ngobudi, would have revenge!

He drank slowly, pondering his resolve. He could not see how he might fight Ikndiba. The python was twenty feet long, quick as light, and merciless. Ngobudi shivered. But he turned away from the water with his clever brain hard at work.

He trotted to the pasture and nuzzled the grass with a little of his old enjoyment. Now that he was stirred by an inner hunger for vengeance, his appetite for the lush pasturage was returning. He ate his fill, then trotted and slid down the mountain-side toward the tragic pool.

From a safe distance he stood on a peak and surveyed the scene. The ananga lay like a sheet of darkly colored glass, glittering in the sun. There was no sign of Ikndiba. He studied the rocky ground near the pool and saw no python. Ngobudi's eyes narrowed. If Ikndiba was not in the pool or on the warm ground near it, then he must be in a tree. Coiled asleep—or waiting for Ngobudi to come by and be swallowed.

Cautiously he moved on to the next peak, keeping away from the forest. So long as he stayed in the





open, he could outrun Iknidiba. He clambered over the peak and was about to leap to the next one when his glance fell on a heap that gleamed brighter than the surrounding boulders and piles of stones.

It was a pyramid, but not the rocky rough sort that came into being when rock slid from the mountainside. This one was smooth, and brown. He jumped to a nearer crag, and then he knew that he had found Iknidiba.

The python seemed to be asleep. Its long coil was heaped upon itself to form a cone, with the flat tapering head at the top of the cone. Ngobudi trembled, so violently that a small rock was dislodged by his hoof, and slipped and spanged off the mountainside. Ngobudi hardly noticed the rock—until it made one last bounce and spattered on the rocky valley floor only a short distance from the sleeping python.

Iknidiba raised a scaly head ever so lightly. Ngobudi might never have seen the movement but for the glitter of light on the black scales of Iknidiba's head. The little gray goat's eyes widened. He looked down at his foot, that had stirred that rock to its descent, and wished that the missile had struck nearer the target of his terrible hate. He stepped over to another small rock, and kicked it.

This one fell, and bounced, and bounced again—and flew off the last projection of the mountain to strike the brown coils fair and square. Ngobudi bleated with wild delight.

For Iknidiba was awake now. The flat head was moving, and he could see beady eyes flashing wrathfully. Carefully—for he did not intend to lose his footing and fall into the coils of Iknidiba—he chose another rock. This one refused to budge when he kicked it, so he lowered his head and pried it to the edge of the peak. Then he gave it a kick, and stood spindlegged and wide-eyed, waiting.

That big rock did his work. It struck the pyramid and knocked it clear off its base. Ngobudi was all set to squeal his satisfaction, but what he saw left him silent with astonishment. Iknidiba had been sitting on a heap of eggs. Python eggs—a hundred of them. The thought of a hundred little Iknidibas

slithering in his old playground stirred Ngobudi to fury. He began to kick, and shove, and butt.

Dust flew. And when it settled, the last of his rocks were still bouncing off the mountain, and the egg-heap was buried under a crushing weight of debris. As for Iknidiba—

The python was writhing madly. Slowly stirred to a sense of loss, Iknidiba became a streaking fury. And now, streaking toward Ngobudi, who had ventured all too close to the valley floor!

The little goat quaked. Fear seemed to have paralyzed Ngobudi's legs. For a moment he stood, stiff-legged, while the raging Iknidiba moved with incredible speed toward him, his lightning undulations fascinating Ngobudi.

Then with a spring the gray goat fled. And as he turned, an inspiration was born in his nimble brain. So instead of leaping up, to the safety of the crags, he raced down the valley, on the flat ground, toward the pool. Toward the pool, and past it. He went by the spot where the python had caught Mambudi, and at a narrowing of the slow stream he leaped across.

Now he was out of sight of the pursuing demon. And quickly he scrambled up the cliff to the old grassy play spot. His heart leaped as he looked at the mass of rocks at the cliff edge. Then he ran to the brink, and looked down.

Iknidiba, to avoid a clutter of boulders, had taken to the water in pursuit. The wagging tail was just slipping off the rock, and the flat head was above the surface of the pool, cutting the water into countless little ripples.

Ngobudi pushed the nearest rock

with a steady foot. Not waiting to see what it had done, he pushed another. And another. Then he peered over hopefully.

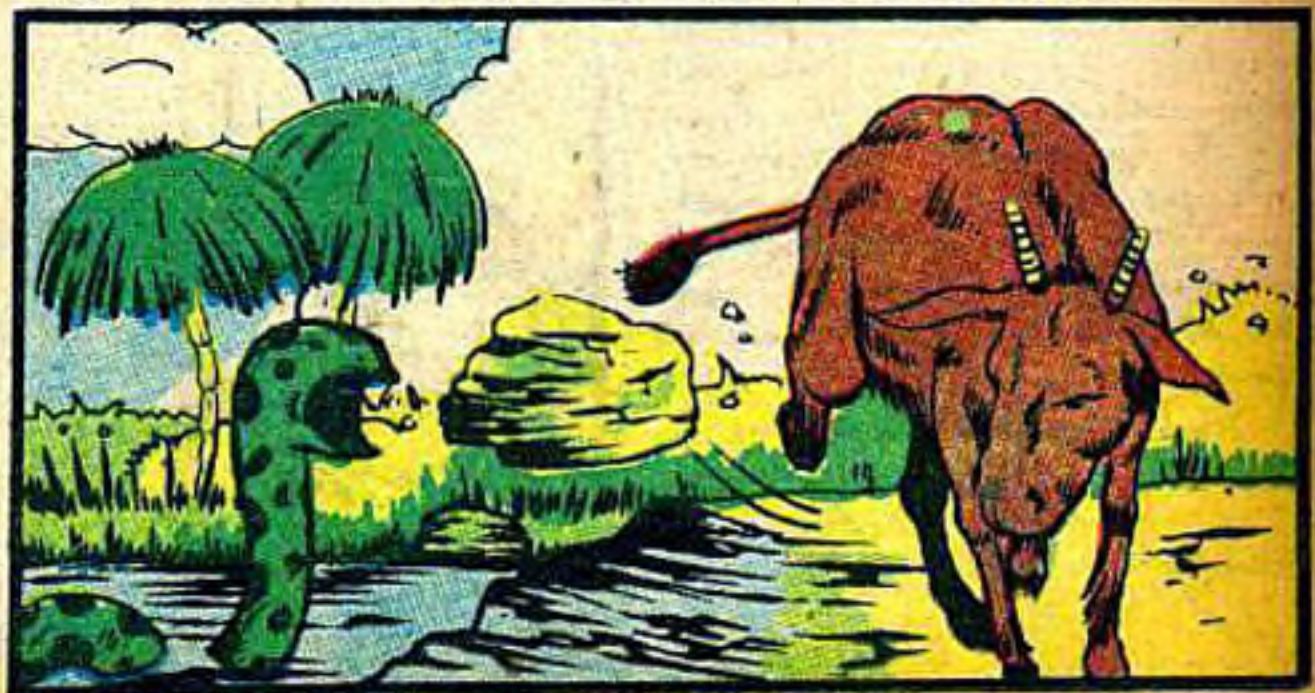
Iknidiba was not pursuing now. There was a turmoil deep in the pool. Then the python's head appeared, snaking this way and that. Something had happened which Iknidiba did not understand.

And while the brown coil writhed, Ngobudi pushed more rocks. The pool was shallower now where the rocks had tumbled. The little goat could see one big rock close to the surface. He heaved with head and shoulder against a big one—heaved too hard, and tumbled off the brink with it.

Hurling head down, frozen with fear, he saw the dark water and an evil head lifting from it. Then beside him the rock splashed, the pool closed around his head. He struggled feebly in the gloom of the pool, expecting at each moment to feel the merciless coils about him. But nothing touched him, and he worked his legs frantically. His nose poked above the surface, and as the water drained out of his eyes he saw the edge of the pool and paddled toward it.

Rock scraped under one hoof and he made a last frantic dash—and was on solid ground. His legs flexed for the fastest run of his life. But he cast one glance behind him, and forgot to run. For above the pool Iknidiba's head was waving feebly. And between two great rocks, the brown body of Iknidiba was smashed and held tight.

The terror of the ananza was gone. Little Ngobudi stared a long time. Then, lifting his head, he pranced proudly toward the peaks.





# Captain TERRY Thunder

with **ANDERSON the ARAB** **VINCENT the VULTURE** **KISMET the CAMEL**  
By Pierre La Rue



YES, YOUR HIGHNESS. YES, YOUR GRACE..

DO THIS, DO THAT! BLAH BLAH..

G'WAN! THEM'S ORDERS!

UMM.. GOOD GRUB FER TH' BACKWOODS!

GOTTA EAT FAST SO'S I KIN GET SECONDS!

SUCH HAWGS MY FRIENDS ARE... TUT! TUT!

S-A-Y, WHO'S THE BOSS OF THIS OUTFIT ANYHOW? KISMET, VINCENT AND ANDY EACH FANCY THEY CAN LORD IT OVER TERRY. THEY CAN DREAM, CAN'T THEY?



LISTEN, YOU THREE, YOUR TABLE MANNERS ARE TERRIFIC!



THERE'S ENOUGH FOOD FOR EVERYONE... IF YOU WANT MORE, JUST REACH FOR IT LIKE THIS... HEY! QUIT GRABBING!!



ANDY'S BOARDING HOUSE REACH IS LONGEST.

SMARTIES! SEE? I GOT THE PIE!

I'LL SHOW HIM!



SEE HOW YA LIKE CAMEL'S FOOT WITH YOUR PIE!

OUCH!



THE FIGHT IS ON.



I DIDN'T LET THAT GLUTTON ANDY GET THE PIE, DID I?

NAW..BUT NOBODY GOT IT AND TERRY IS SORE!

CAP'N TERRY.. D-DON'T!

ANDY TRIES TO DUCK TERRY BY USING THE TABLE AS A SHIELD.



PLEASE! I WUZ JUST HUNGRY!



STOP IT! STOP IT, YOU BLITHERING CRACKER-BRAINED IDIOTS!

SHEEPLISHLY THE GANG OBEYS.



AW.. HE'S GONNA BAWL US OUT.

THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!

HE'S GONNA BLAME IT ALL ON ME.. AS USUAL!

YOU'RE A BUNCH OF LAZY GOOD-FOR-NOTHINGS! FROM NOW ON IT'S NO WORKEE, NO EATEE.. SEE??



ANDY IS SET TO WORK WITH A BROOM.



WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK!

YAAH! I'M STARVIN!

KISMET IS ASSIGNED TO GARBAGE DUTY.



YOU'LL PULL THE GARBAGE WAGON TO THE DUMP HEAP!

GRUMBLE GRUMBLE.. AN' HOW I'D LIKE TO GIVE ORDERS AROUND HERE!

AND VINCENT IS A FLYING WHISK BROOM.



SUCH HUMILIATION.. SUCH INDIGNITY.. MAKING A COMMON DUST MOP OUTTA ME.. GRUMBLE!

NOW DO A GOOD JOB!

HEAVEN HELP ME IF MY FRIENDS SEE ME REDUCED TO SUCH A LEVEL!



OH WELL.. IT MUST BE DID! TERRY SAID TO DUST THE GLOBE TOO.



NIGHT FALLS.



AND SO DOES ANDY... FAST ASLEEP WITH HIS BROOM.



BUT KISMET IS TOO PEEVED TO SLEEP.



IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT WE'RE IN THIS MESS, YA FLVIN' FLEA!

IT AIN'T NOT!



BE QUIET! I WANNA SLEEP!

AN' YOU CAN ALL SNOOZE SOMEPLACE ELSE!

ANDY WAKENS.

DID I HEAR A WHISPER?

BUT OUR HEROES ARE IN DREAM-LAND NOW.



YES, YOUR HIGHNESS, KING KISMET..



I'M THE SULTAN OF SOOLU AND TERRY IS MY SLAVE!



SLAVE! THROW YOURSELF INTO THE RIVER!

YES, SIRE!



I AM THE MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE.. WHEEEEEEE!

NOW I GOTCHA WHERE I WANTCHA!

SLAVE!

INFIDEL!

IT'S ABOUT TIME TOO!

YES, SIRE, MASTER.. WHAT IS YOUR WILL?



IN ANDY'S DREAM, TERRY WAITS ON HIM HAND AND FOOT.



YOUR DINNER, SIRE.

YOUR HUMBLE SLAVE IS TOOoooo DELIGHTED TO DO YOUR BIDDING.. DO YOU WISH ANYTHING ELSE?



KING KISMET HAS TERRY PULL HIM ALL OVER DREAMLAND IN A GILDED COACH.



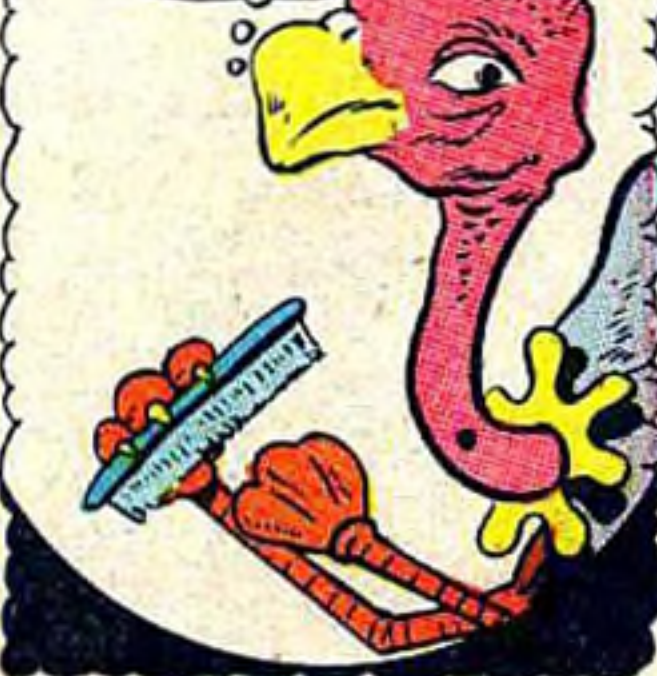
FASTER, YOU FOOL!

YES, MASTER.

VINCENT MAKES TERRY PAINT HIS FEATHERS WITH BRILLIANT COLORS.



AH YES, SLAVE! NOW YOU MAY DO MY NAILS.. AND BRING A MIRROR.



THEN ALL THREE DREAMS MERGE INTO ONE.



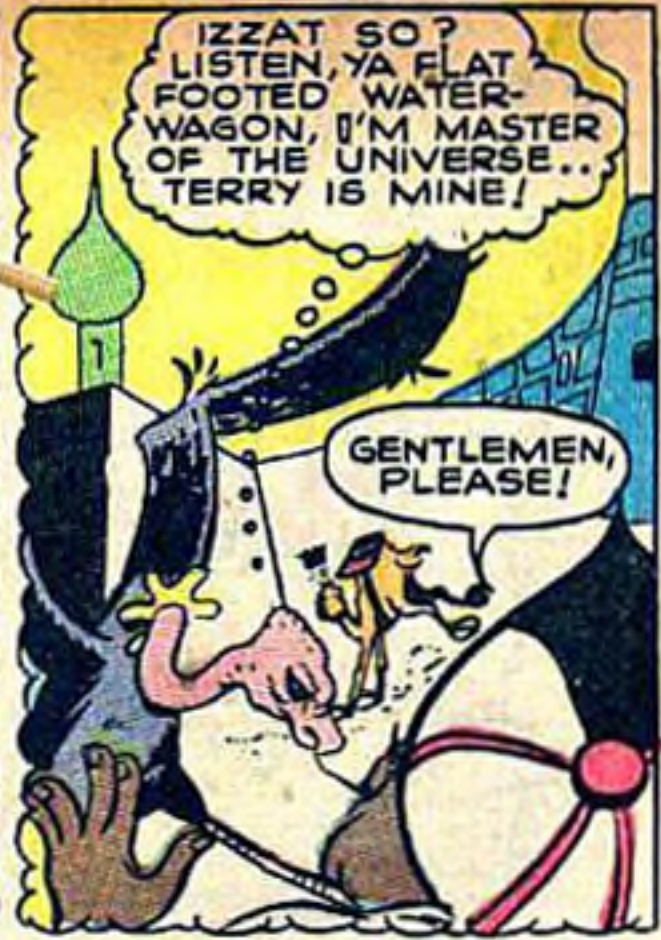
MISERABLE SLAVE! HE CAN'T LEARN ANYTHING!

YES.. WE'LL HAVE TO PHONE THE AGENCY FOR A NEW SERVANT!

WRETCH! WELL, HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY?..FOR A CHANGE?

NOTHING, SIRE. LONG LIVE KING KISMET, THE SULTAN OF SOOLU AND THE MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE VINCENT.





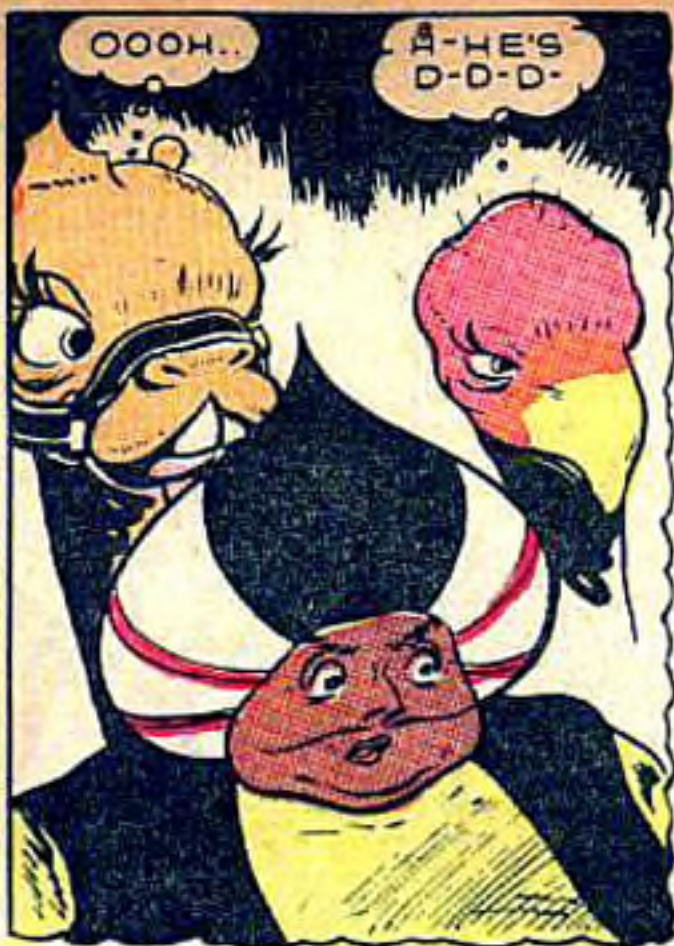
A WILD BLOW FROM ANDY SENDS TERRY FLYING INTO THE AIR.



BUT VINCENT'S SHARP BEAK CUTS TERRY AS HE FLIES PAST... THEN KISMET STEPS ON HIM BY ACCIDENT...







OOOH..

A-HE'S D-D-D-



D-DEAD??



SUDDENLY A THUNDEROUS, GROWLING VOICE COMES FROM THE CLOUDS.



YOU MURDERERS!

YOU ARE NOT FIT TO RULE ANYBODY..NOT EVEN THE POOR SLAVE YOU'VE KILLED! NOW YOU SHALL PAY FOR YOUR SINS!

A GIANT HAND WHISKS THEM INTO THE CLOUDS.



G-G-GOOD GOSH, OH, GEE!



ANDY IS DROPPED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT AMONG BEDOUINS

KISMET IS MADE A BEAST OF BURDEN.

OH! ONE MIGHT THINK I WAS A CRIMINAL! SOB.. OH, TERRY, SAVE ME! I'LL BE YOUR SLAVE FOR LIFE! SOB..

VINCENT IS DROPPED INTO SNAKELAND AMONG MILLIONS OF HIS WORST ENEMIES.

OH..OH.. MY W-WINGS ARE CLIPPED.. I C-CAN'T GET AWAY! TERRY! WHERE ARE YOU?

FAT THING NOT GOOD. SELL HIM FOR SLAVE.



SNIFF..B-BUT TERRY'S DEAD!





BY THIS TIME, TERRY IS WIDE AWAKE.



WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE OUTSIDE?



SOUNDS LIKE MURDER TO ME!!

OUCH!! STOP! YEOW!

HASTILY TERRY SLIPS HIS COAT ON.



IT'S THOSE THREE AGAIN! I CAN SMELL IT. THEY'RE NOT HAPPY AWAY FROM TROUBLE!

IN THE COURTYARD TERRY FINDS ANDY FAST ASLEEP AND WAILING.



OH, DEAR... DON'T HURT ME!... I DIDN'T M-MEAN TO KILL TERRY!!



AND VINCENT TOO?

T-TERRY'S DEAD! AN-AN' MY WINGS IS CLIPPED! SOB! SOB!



SAY! THEY'RE ALL DREAMIN'!

SHIVER! SHIVER! OMIGOSH! WAS EVER A CAMEL SO SAD? TERRY! T-TERRY! OOOOOH!

TERRY FETCHES A PAIL OF ICE WATER AND.



SPUTTER GUG!

OOOH! WASH DAT?

TERRY! YOU'RE ALIVE!



SURE I'M ALIVE! AND PRETTY SORE TOO! I'M GOIN' BACK TO SLEEP. YOU'D ALL BETTER BE GOOD OR..

OF COURSE!

WHY, TERRY, WE'RE ALWAYS GOOD!



GEE.. AIN'T HE SWELL?

HE'S A-A-A ANGEL, THAT'S WHAT!

AN' HE IS BOSS TOO.. DON'T FORGET THAT!

LET'S ALL GO BACK TO SLEEP!

WELL, TERRY WON AGAIN AND HE'S GOING BACK TO BED. BUT WHEN HE WAKES UP WHAT NEW MESS CAN HIS PALS HAND HIM? ... IN NEXT MONTH'S JUNGLE COMICS.



# SIMBA



by Ed Hunt

NEAR A WHITE MAN'S CAMP SIMBA SEES YOUNG BERT LEWIS PLAYING, UNAWARE OF LURKING DANGER.



SUDDENLY...



THE GORILLA RACES INTO THE JUNGLE WITH THE CHILD...





BERT FIGHTS IN VAIN AS THE VICIOUS APE CARRIES HIM OFF THROUGH THE TREES...



SIMBA FOLLOWS SILENTLY.



SUDDENLY HUNTERS SEE SIMBA!

GET HIM!  
HE'S A  
BEAUTY!



A BULLET CREASES SIMBA'S SHOULDER!



SIMBA SPEEDS INTO THE JUNGLE.



ELUDING HIS PURSUERS HE REACHES A WATER HOLE...



SEEING THE JUNGLE KING WOUNDED A LEOPARD PACK CLOSES IN FOR THE KILL...





SNARLING, THE LEADER OF THE LEOPARDS POUNCES ON SIMBA.



THOUGH WOUNDED, SIMBA RAGES INTO THE KILLER...



THE MIGHTY CATS GRAPPLE IN A FIGHT TO THE DEATH...



MEANWHILE THE GORILLA TAKES BERT INTO WILD ROCKY COUNTRY...



THE BOY IS IMPRISONED IN A CAVE...



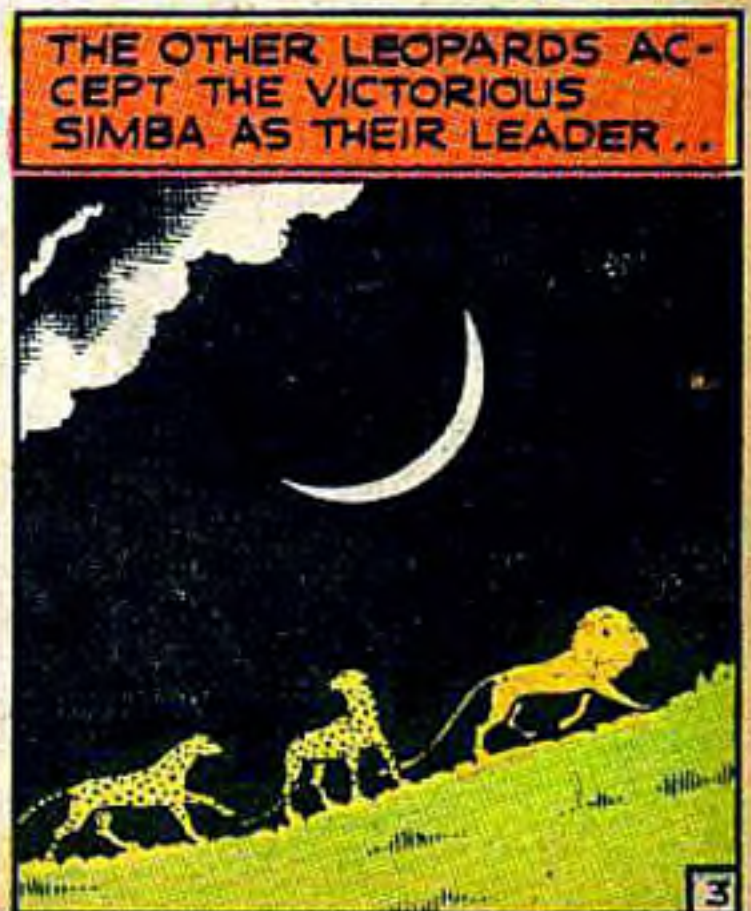
AS THE LEOPARD'S CLAWS RAKE THE BULLET WOUND SIMBA ATTACKS IN AGONIZED FURY...



HIS CRUSHING JAWS GRIND INTO THE SPOTTED NECK AND HIS FOE FALLS...



THE OTHER LEOPARDS ACCEPT THE VICTORIOUS SIMBA AS THEIR LEADER...





SIMBA LEADS THEM INTO THE GORILLA COUNTRY... THEY SEE THE KIDNAPPED BOY!



THEY CLIMB IN PURSUIT...



SUDDENLY HORDES OF VICIOUS GORILLAS ATTACK!



THEY CLASH IN BATTLE!



SIMBA DISCOVERS BERT...



AS HE STARTS OUT WITH THE TERRIFIED BOY, A GIANT GORILLA LEAPS!



SIMBA WHEELS ON THE APE...



THEY ROLL DOWN IN MORTAL COMBAT!







THE KILLER IS NO MATCH FOR MIGHTY SIMBA!



THEIR LEADER DEAD, THE OTHER GORILLAS FLEE...



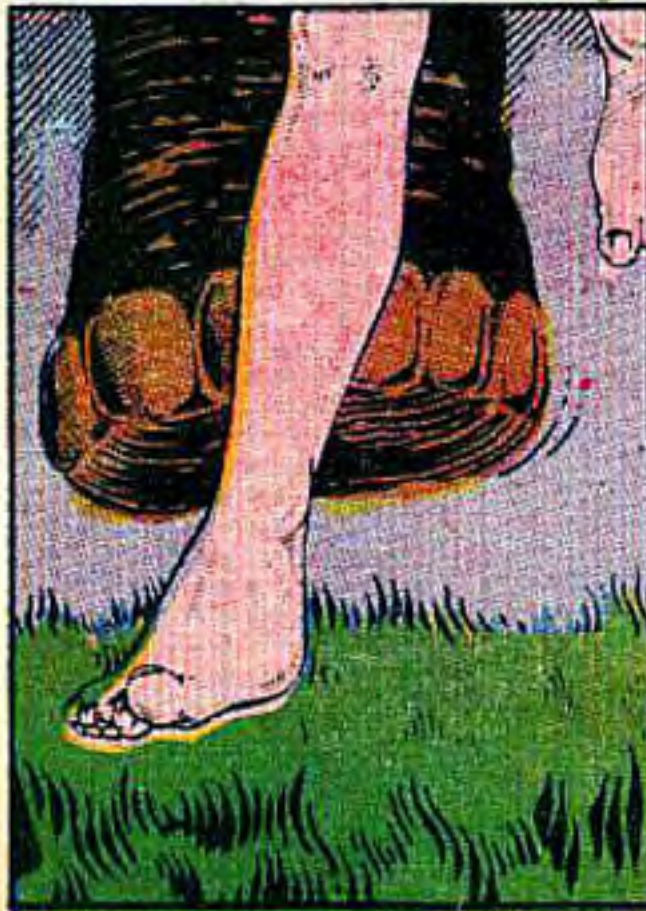
A NEW PERIL MENACES THE BOY!



THE CRAZED ELEPHANT CHARGES...



SIMBA ROARS...



TAWNY LIGHTNING STREAKS FOR THE ELEPHANT.

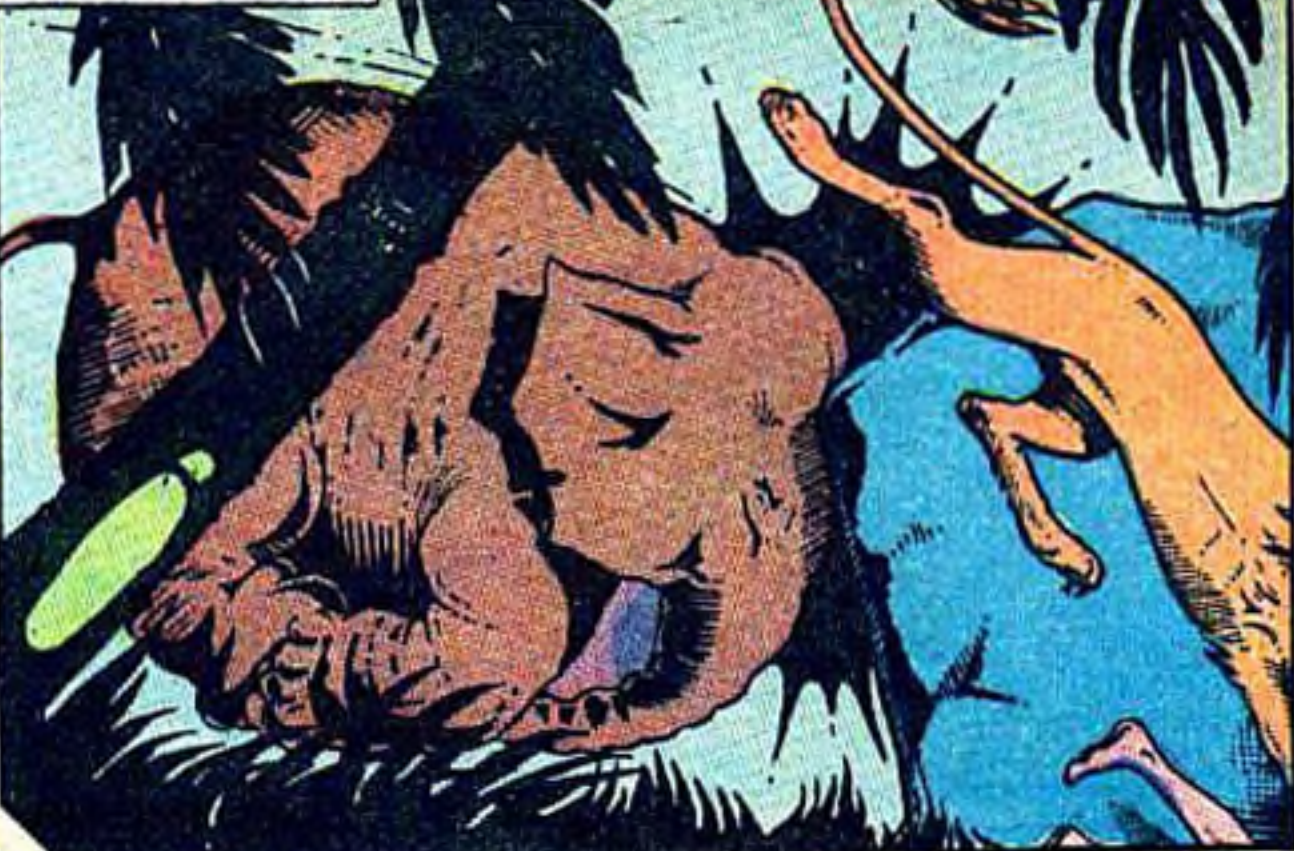




FRENZIED, THE ELEPHANT RUSHES TOWARD A HUGE ROCK.



BUT SIMBA LEAPS CLEAR.



SIMBA TAKES BERT BACK TO HIS CAMP.



AS THEY APPROACH..



THE JUNGLE MONARCH LEAVES THE GRATEFUL PAIR.



SIMBA APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN JUNGLE COMICS! 6



# WAMBI THE JUNGLE BOY

MYSTERIOUS CHILD OF THE JUNGLE, WAMBI LIVES IN THE WILDS AND RULES OVER ITS ANIMALS WHOSE LANGUAGE HE SPEAKS AND WHO OBEY HIM IMPLICITLY. ONE DAY, WAMBI SEES HIS FRIEND MAGGO, THE MACAW ARGUING WITH HISSA, THE SNAKE.



HISSA IS ABOUT TO STRIKE THE MACAW.



HOLD, HISSA! LET MAGGO ALONE!

OGG, WAMBI'S PAL CLIMBS UP TO SEE WHAT IS WRONG.





SUDDENLY WAMBI LEANS TOO FAR OVER AND...



THE FALL KNOCKS HIM OUT COLD.



OGG CARRIES WAMBI TO A STREAM TO REVIVE HIM..



A STRANGER SEES THEM..



FRIGHTENED BY THE OVER-HEAD SHOT, OGG FLEES.



BUT HE REMAINS NEARBY TO WATCH OVER HIS MASTER..







HOLD HARD, ME LAD... WHILE I PULL YOUR ARM INTO PLACE... THAT'S IT!



YOU REST HERE, I'M GOING TO FILL THIS CANTEEN AT THE STREAM!



GUN FIRE!

BANG BANG



SAHIB! ARE YOU HURT?



WHY SHOULD ANYONE TRY TO KILL YOU, SAHIB?

IT'S ONLY A SLIGHT THIGH WOUND, LAD, BUT LISTEN..



I'M LEAVING MY AFFAIRS IN YOUR HANDS OTTO!

I AM CAPTAIN FORCE, A WEALTHY RANGOON PLANTER... JUST BEFORE STARTING ON THIS HUNTING TRIP, I PUT MY PLANTATION IN THE HANDS OF MY OVERSEER, OTTO SCHMUTZIG.



A FEW DAYS LATER, I WAS RIDING THROUGH THE JUNGLE WHEN TWO MEN TRIED TO KILL ME!



WAMBI REMEMBERS SOMETHING.



AND THAT NIGHT STARTS ON A HUNT FOR FORCES ASSAILANTS

MAGGO SAW TWO MEN IN THE OLD MINE WHERE SHE ROOSTS!



SOON WAMBI REACHES THE OLD MINE WHERE MAGGO LIVES.



HE WALKS DOWN A DARK CORRIDOR AND.

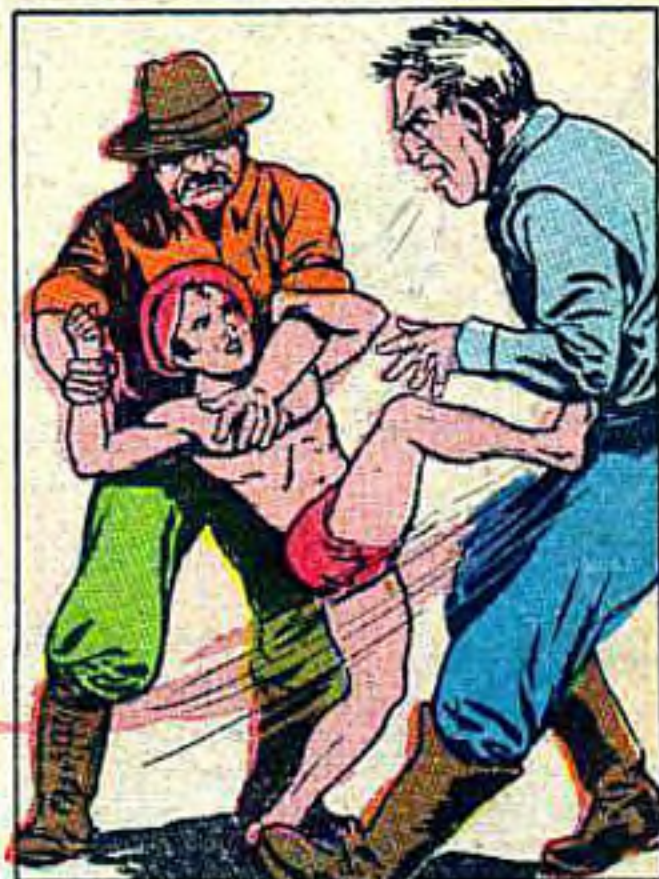


SMOKE! FIRE!

WELL, PETE, WE MUST HAVE WOUNDED FORCE WE'LL FINISH THE JOB TOMORROW!



LOOK! THAT KID HEARD US! GET HIM!



WAMBI IS SOON A HELPLESS, BOUND CAPTIVE.



START FOR FORCE'S CAMP! HE'S WOUNDED AND CAN'T DEFEND HIMSELF!

WE'LL SHOOT HIM AND BURN THE CAMP!



I MUST STOP THIS... BUT HOW?



THE FIRE BEGINS TO SPREAD AND MOVES TOWARDS SOME STICKS OF DYNAMITE.



AT THAT MOMENT, MAGGO FLIES INTO HER ROOST.



NEARER AND NEARER TO THE DEADLY STICKS GOES THE FIRE.



NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON THEY REACH WAMBI.



QUICKLY OGG UNTIES HIS MASTER.







JUST AS THEY REACH SAFETY THE CAVE BLOWS UP BEHIND THEM.



THE EXPLOSION SHOWERS SPARKS ON THE TREES, SOON THE JUNGLE IS AFIRE.



BEFORE LONG THE FUGITIVES ARE ENGULFED IN FLAME AND SMOKE.



WAMBI IS OVERCOME . . .



OGG PICKS HIM UP AND STAGGERS BRAVELY ON.



AT LAST HE REACHES A STREAM.



OGG REALIZES THAT HE CAN'T SWIM ACROSS WITH WAMBI.



SUDDENLY A BLAZING TREE FALLS ACROSS THE STREAM.





OGG STARTS ACROSS ON THIS FIERY BRIDGE.



BUT JUST AS HE REACHES THE END...



HE SLIPS AND FALLS INTO THE STREAM.

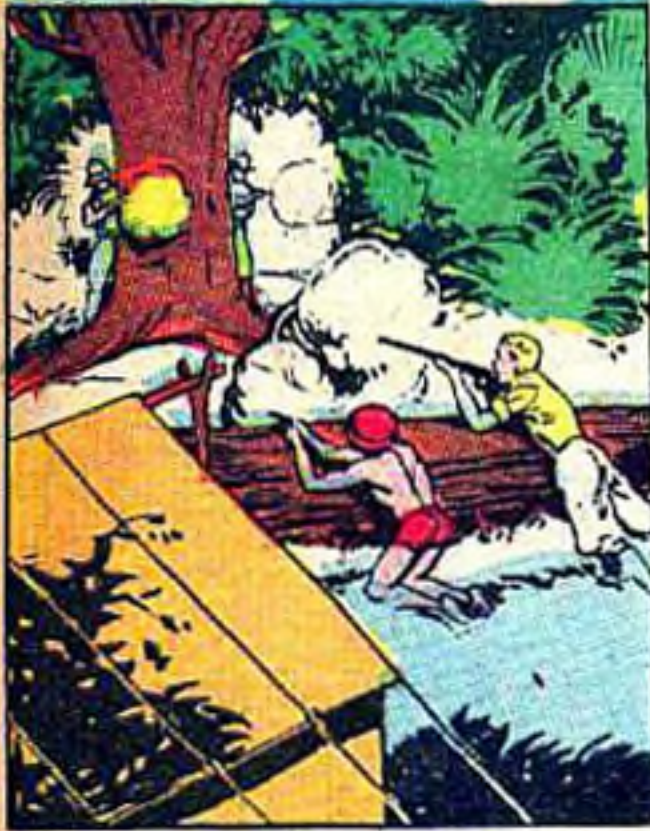


THE SHOCK REVIVES WAMBI.





BUT WAMBI AND FORCE ARE READY FOR THEM.



PETE GO AROUND FROM THE BACK. I'LL HOLD 'EM HERE!



I'LL GET A SHOT AT THEM FROM HERE!

BUT REINFORCEMENTS ARE COMING UP.



AT THAT MOMENT, FORCE GETS HIS MAN.



GOOD SHOT, SAHIB!

BUT THE PARTNER COMES FROM THE REAR.



HANDS UP!

AND THEN OGG GOES TO WORK.



STAY WITH ME, LAD... WE'LL BE PALS... AND YOU CAN KEEP YOUR APE WITH YOU!



NO, SAHIB, MY PLACE IS IN THE FOREST!



GOODBYE, WAMBI, AND MANY THANKS!

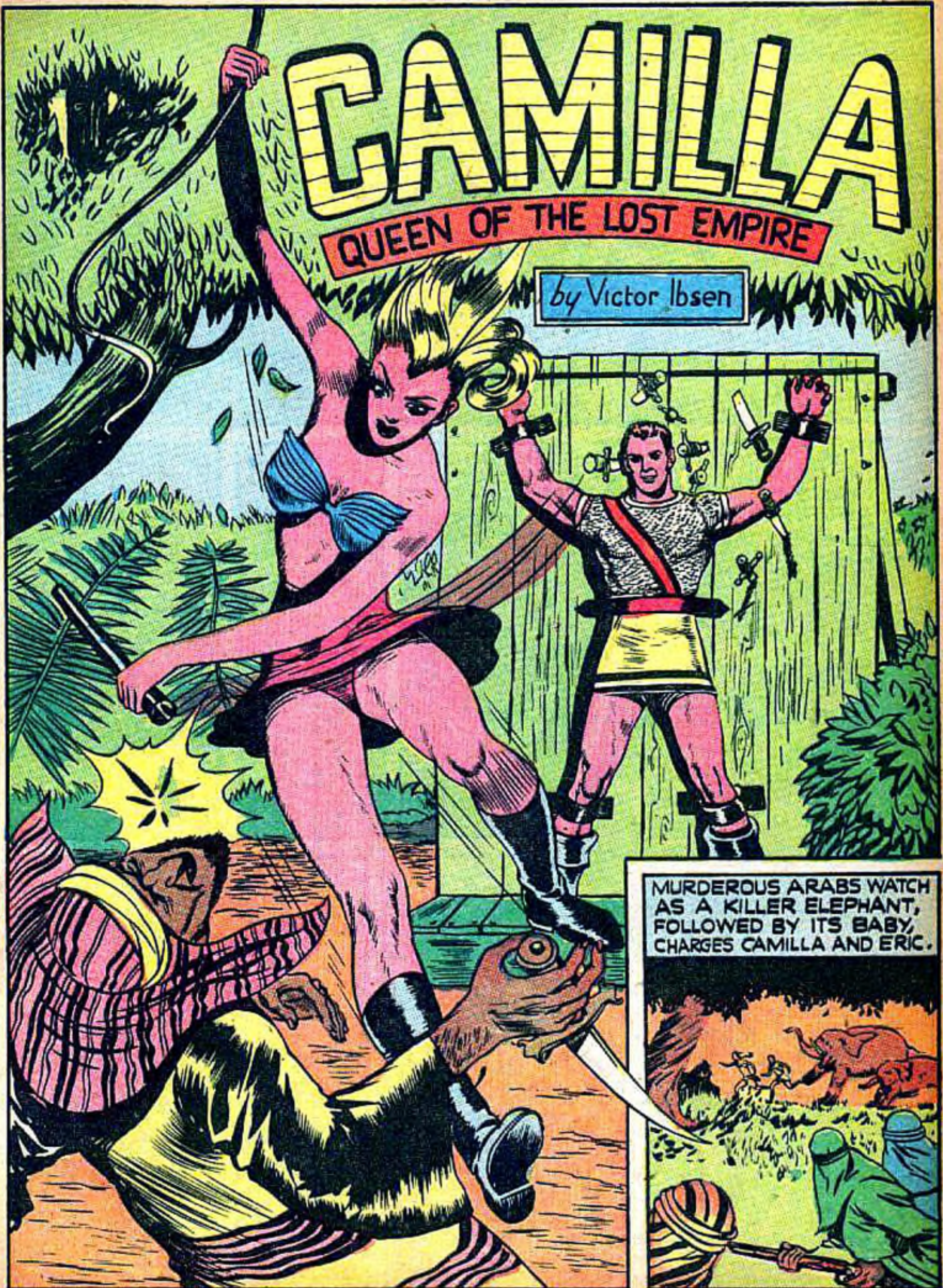
WAMBI RETURNS TO THE FOREST WHERE ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE AWAITS HIM IN NEXT MONTH'S JUNGLE COMICS.



# GAMILLA

QUEEN OF THE LOST EMPIRE

by Victor Ibsen

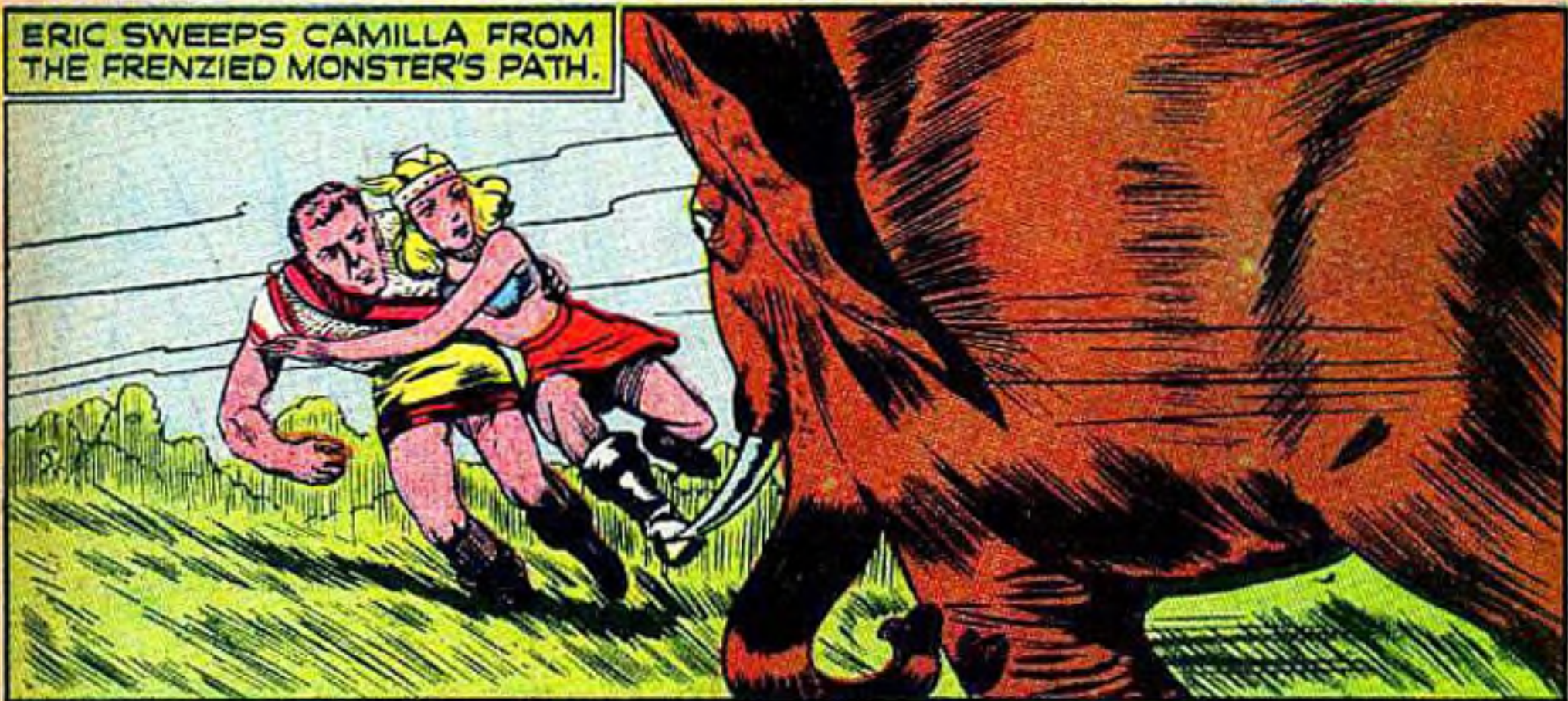


MURDEROUS ARABS WATCH AS A KILLER ELEPHANT, FOLLOWED BY ITS BABY, CHARGES GAMILLA AND ERIC.





ERIC SWEEPS CAMILLA FROM THE FRENZIED MONSTER'S PATH.



THE ELEPHANT POUNDS AFTER THE WARRIOR.



ERIC DODGES BEHIND A GIANT TREE AND THE BEAST CRASHES INTO IT!



TRUMPETING IN PAIN, IT RUNS OFF.



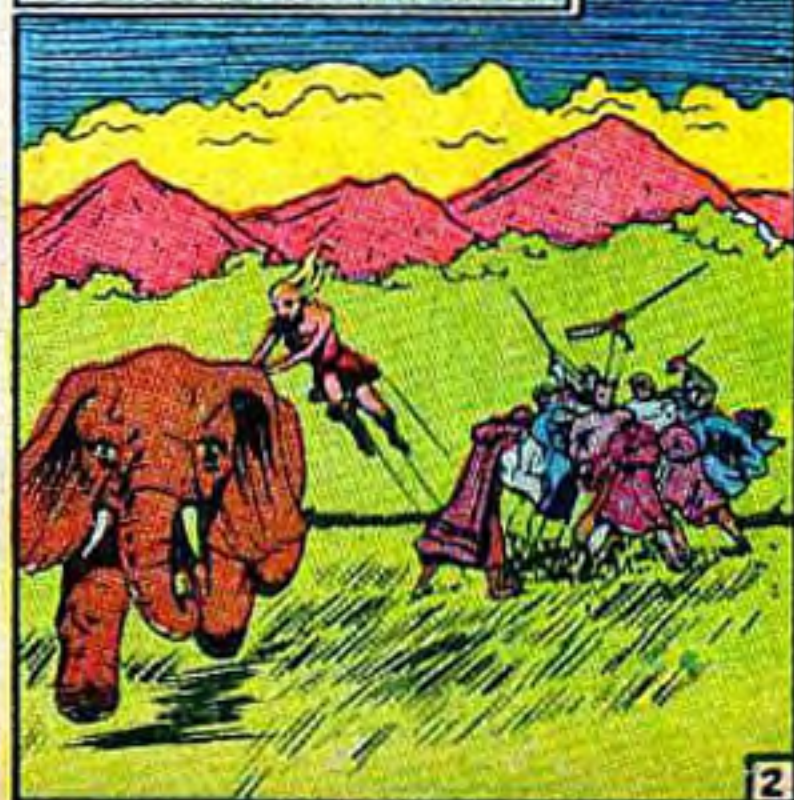
SEIZING THEIR CHANCE, THE ARABS ATTACK..



FLEE, CAMILLA!



SHE VAULTS ON THE BABY ELEPHANT AND ESCAPES, BUT ERIC IS CAPTURED.





AT THE ARAB FORT...

SEND THE PYGMIES CAMILLA'S HELMET AND POISONED ARROWS!

I SEE! A DECLARATION OF WAR! THE PYGMIES WILL ATTACK HER CITY! BY ALLAH, YOU ARE CRAFTY!



AFTER THE WAR WE CAN EASILY DEFEAT CAMILLA'S WEAKENED FORCES!



THE PLOT WORKS! THE PYGMIES STEAL UP ON THE PEACEFUL CITY...



A LOOKOUT IS KILLED!



WAR!

BY THOR! WE'LL KILL THEM ALL!

THEY CRASH IN FURIOUS COMBAT.



STOP! LET ME TALK TO YOUR CHIEF!



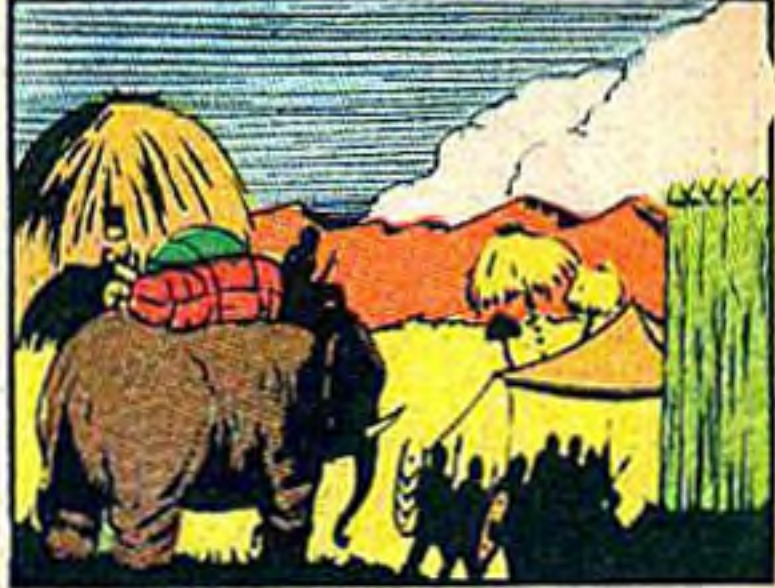


CAMILLA AND THE CHIEF HOLD A PARLEY.

THE ARABS CAUSED THE WAR!

WE WILL AVENGE THIS TREACHERY TOGETHER!

THEY PLAN THEIR CAMPAIGN AND THE NEXT DAY TWO HEAVILY LADEN ELEPHANTS ARE TAKEN TO THE ARAB FORT.



WE CONQUERED CAMILLA AND COME TO SELL OUR LOOT!

AH! OUR PLOT SUCCEEDED!

GUARDS! SEIZE THESE LITTLE FOOLS!

LEAVING THE ELEPHANTS THE PYGMIES FLEE.....



THAT NIGHT INSIDE THE FORT A SILENT FIGURE CREEPS FROM ONE OF THE BUNDLES AND SLIPS TO THE GROUND... IT IS CAMILLA!



THIS MUST BE WHERE ERIC IS IMPRISONED!





CAMILLA HURLS THE IRON BAR!



CAMILLA!

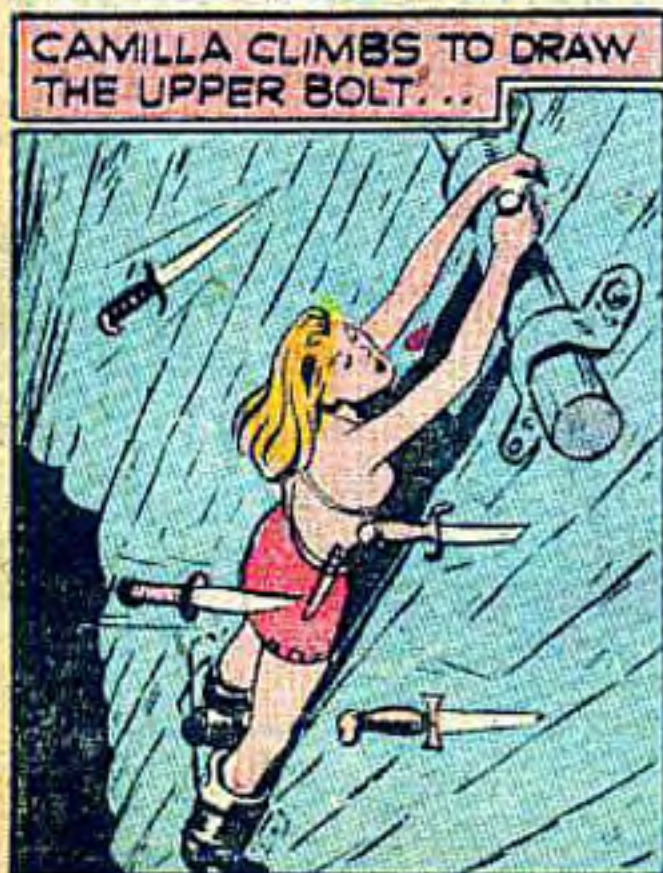
I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE, ERIC!



WE MUST OPEN THE GATE FOR THE PYGMIES!



BUT THEY ARE ATTACKED BY HOWLING ARABS...



CAMILLA CLIMBS TO DRAW THE UPPER BOLT...

IN A HAIL OF FLYING DAGGERS CAMILLA REACHES THE TOP OF THE WALL... BUT ERIC IS AGAIN TAKEN PRISONER





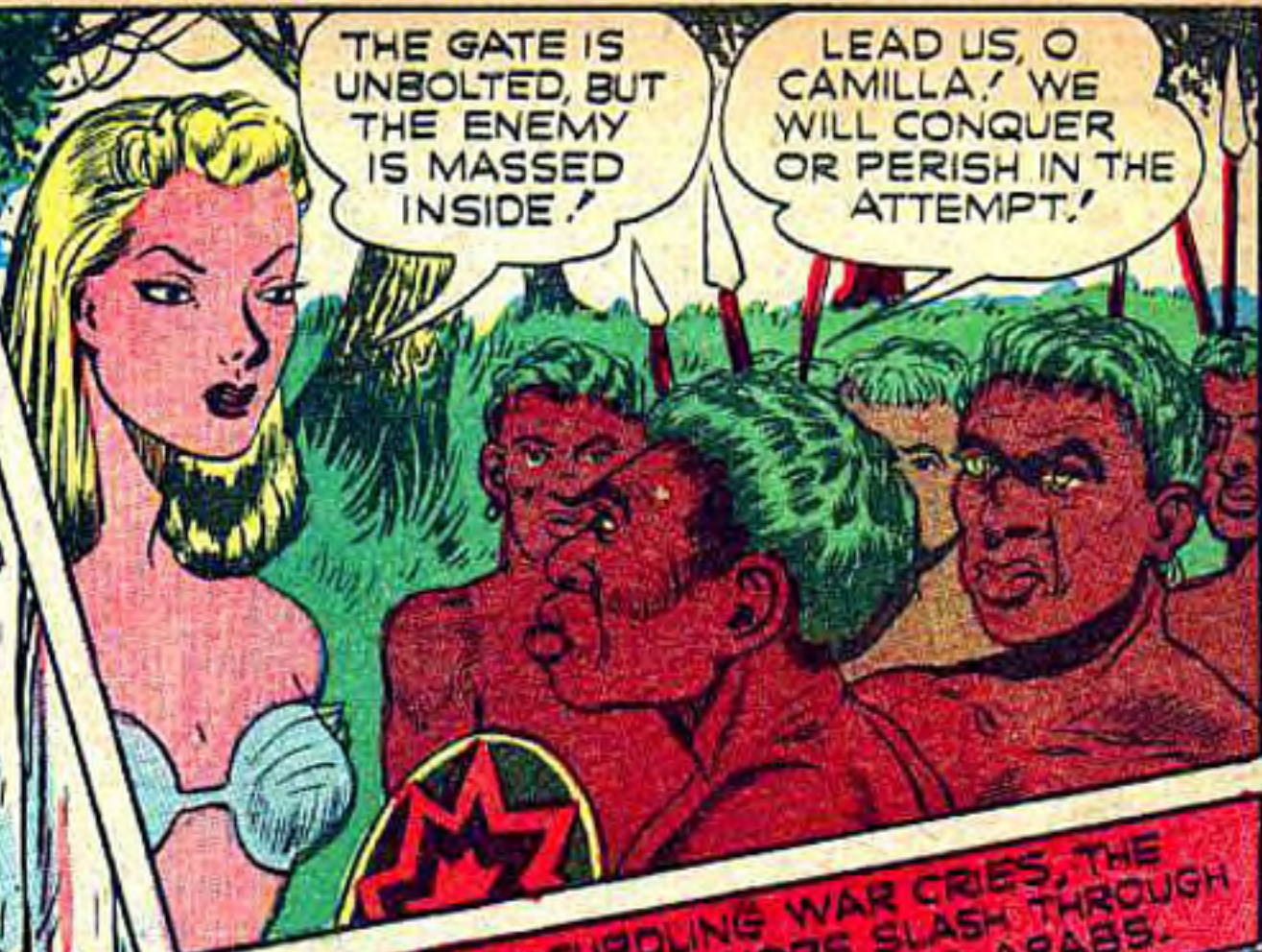
SHE LEAPS DOWN INTO THE JUNGLE.



THE PYGMIES ATTACK!

THE GATE IS UNBOLTED, BUT THE ENEMY IS MASSED INSIDE!

LEAD US, O CAMILLA! WE WILL CONQUER OR PERISH IN THE ATTEMPT!



WITH BLOOD CURDLING WAR CRIES, THE FIERCE LITTLE WARRIORS SLASH THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE MURDEROUS ARABS.



HERE'S THE LAST ONE, CAMILLA!

AFTER THANKING THE VICTORIOUS PYGMIES, CAMILLA AND ERIC LEAVE FOR THEIR CITY.



Camilla appears in **JUNGLE COMICS** EVERY MONTH



# Roy Lance

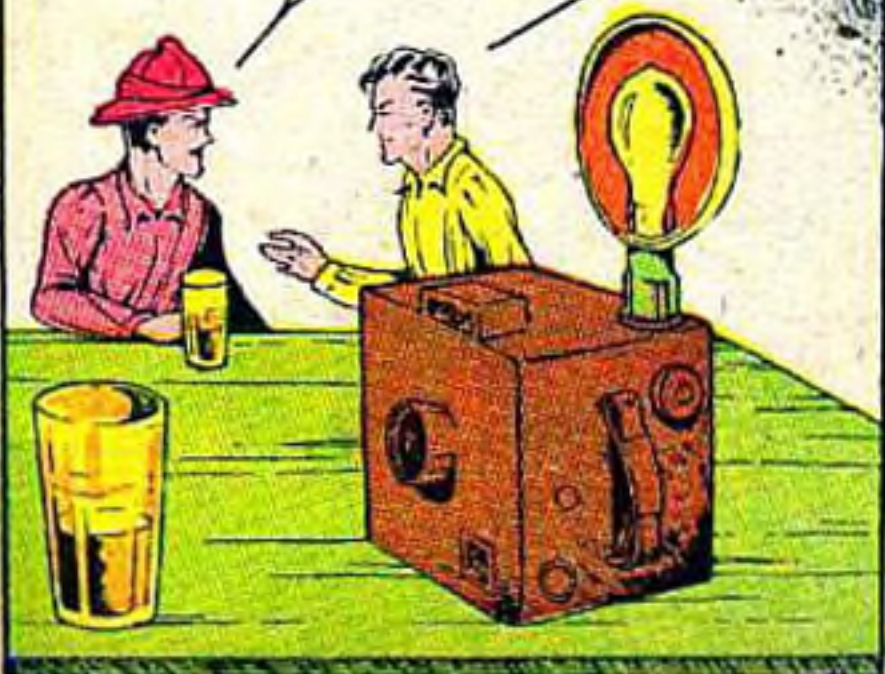
Courtney  
Thomasen



ROY LANCE, INTREPID EXPLORER SITS WITH HIS PAL, ART KENNEDY, FAMOUS NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER IN A TINY OUT-POST CAFE.

ROY, THE NEWS-TIME SYNDICATE WILL GIVE ME A SMALL FORTUNE FOR PICTURES OF THE TUTAN TRIBE AND THEIR LEGENDARY CROCODILE MARSH!

IMPOSSIBLE, ART! YOU MIGHT AS WELL SHOOT PICTURES ON THE MOON!



INSTANTLY ART SNATCHES UP HIS EQUIPMENT AND EXPLODES HIS FLASH BULB IN THE STARTLED SAVAGE'S FACE.







WHITE DOG!  
BAD MEDICINE  
FOR TUTAN FACE  
TO GET CAUGHT  
IN PICTURE  
BOX!

HEY! HE'S  
SERIOUS!  
HE'S GONNA  
WRECK MY  
CAMERA!



IN HIS HASTY RETREAT,  
KENNEDY TRIPS OVER  
A ROCK.

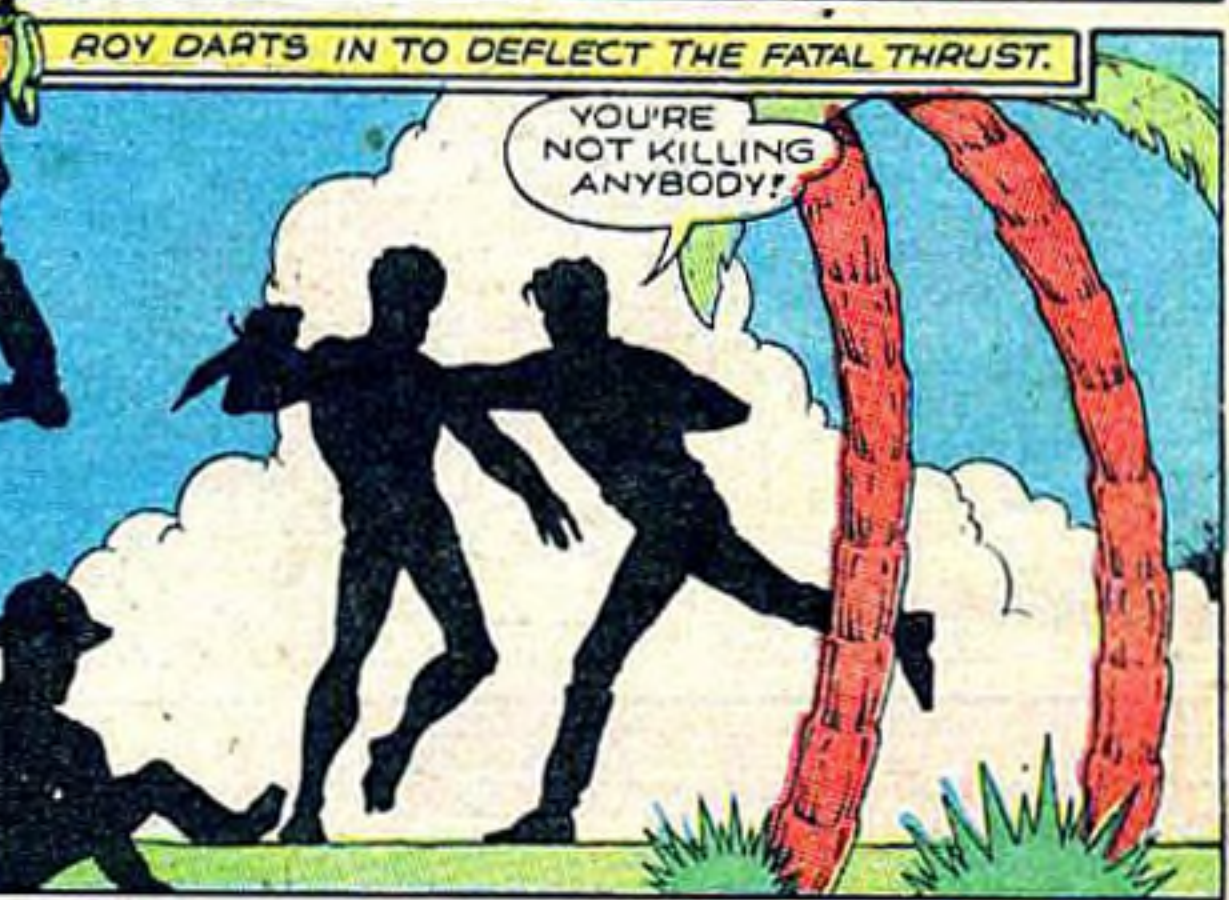


A SECOND LATER, ROY RUSHES  
FORWARD IN DEFENSE OF  
HIS FRIEND.



BUT THE  
SAVAGE  
HAS ALREADY  
DRAWN A KEEN BLADE.

I KILL  
YOU!



ROY DARTS IN TO DEFLECT THE FATAL THRUST.

YOU'RE  
NOT KILLING  
ANYBODY!



DROP THAT  
KNIFE EASY  
LIKE.



OR DO I HAVE  
TO MAKE  
YOU?



NOW WE'LL JUST  
REVERSE THE  
MURDEROUS  
INTENTIONS!



THE NATIVE RETURNS ROY'S BLOW WILDLY.



ME KILL YOU!

SA-AY. IS THAT THE ONLY WORD YOU KNOW?

WELL, HERE'S ANOTHER S-O-C-K, SOCK, AND THIS IS IT!



SUBDUED, THE TUTAN STUMBLES OFF, MUTTERING ANGRY THREATS OF REVENGE.



WE'RE MARKED MEN SO FAR AS THE TUTANS GO, ART. WE'VE INSULTED THEIR TRIBAL HONOR!

NEXT MORNING, ROY STRIDES INTO KENNEDY'S ROOM.



I'VE GOT A SWELL IDEA FOR..HEY! ART! ART!



MASTER NO HERE..HE LEAVE FOR TUTAN COUNTRY WITH TWO MEN..TAKE CAMERA TOO?

LOBO, YOUR MASTER IS A FOOL! HE'S OUT TO KILL HIMSELF.. I'M GOING AFTER HIM!

MEANWHILE NOT FAR OFF, ART KENNEDY ENTERS THE DREADED TUTANS' TERRITORY.



SUDDENLY A SWIFT ARROW FLIES ACROSS KENNEDY'S PATH. A POISONED TUTAN ARROW.



AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, ROY IS COMING CLOSER TO THE SCENE.



THE ARROW TIP SINKS INTO ART'S CHIEF PORTER.



OMUNGU!.. IT'S THE TUTANS!



THE SECOND PORTER DROPS FROM A FATAL ARROW IN HIS HEART.



ART DUCKS BEHIND A ROCK AND OPENS FIRE WITH HIS COLT.



SUDDENLY THE SOUND OF ANOTHER REVOLVER ENTERS THE FRAY.



WHIRLING AROUND, THE CAMERAMAN FINDS ROY LANCE AT HIS SIDE.



WELL, ART? YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ME, DID YOU?

NO, BUT YOU'VE NEVER BEEN SO WELCOME BEFORE!

THE MEN FALL BACK TO ESCAPE THE SAVAGES AND SUDDENLY.

SAY, ART.. LET'S CUT THROUGH THIS CAVERN.. MAYBE WE CAN SHAKE 'EM OFF!



DOWN LONG WINDING TUNNELS THEY RACE.



UNTIL THEY COME TO A RUSHING UNDERGROUND STREAM.



H-M-M.. SOMEBODY VERY THOUGHTFULLY LEFT US A CANOE TO USE!!



I DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS IS TAKING US, BUT I HAVE A FEELING THERE'LL BE EXCITEMENT AHEAD!



THEY ROUND A BEND IN THE CAVERN AND...

BEFORE THEM, AS FAR AS THEY CAN SEE, STRETCHES A MASS OF SLITHERING, HIDEOUS CROCODILES... CLOSE-PACKED, THEY RESEMBLE A RIVER OF THICK GREEN LOGS.

FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD... LOOK!!



THE TUTAN CROC MARSH! WOW! A CHANCE IN A MILLION! I ONLY HOPE I BROUGHT ENOUGH FILM!



SUDDENLY, A FLASHING SPEAR WHIZZES OVER THEIR HEADS.

HOWLING SAVAGES RUSH DOWN THE NARROW LEDGE THE MEN ARE TRAPPED.

BUT...

ART!! TURN THE CAMERA ON THEM!!

TUTANS!! THEY FOLLOWED US!!

STOP!! WHITE MAN'S BIG POWER MACHINE KILL YOU!





TERRIFIED BY THE STRANGE MACHINE, THE TUTANS RETREAT



BUT ONE NATIVE, BRAVER THAN THE REST, HURLS A ROCK AT THE WHITE MEN.



ROY AND ART STEP BACK TO DODGE THE ROCK AND



MEANWHILE THE TUTAN CHIEF EXPERIMENTS WITH ART'S CAMERA.



IN THE MARSH THE REPTILES FASTEN GREEDY EYES ON THEIR VICTIMS.



KENNEDY HURLS THE BULB, EXPLODING IT IN THE REPTILE'S UGLY SNOUITS.



THE HIDEOUS MAN-EATERS BACK TO SAFETY... THE TWO MEN CLIMB TO SHORE.



GREAT WHITE MEN HAVE MUCH MAGIC TO ESCAPE SACRED CROCODILES. WE YOUR BROTHERS!



THANKS, BROTHER! AND CHIEF YOU OUGHT TO GO TO HOLLYWOOD AS A CAMERAMAN... YOU GOT SWELL SHOTS OF US PLAYING LEAD TO THE CROCODILES!!









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