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WHO IS THE WHITE RAJAH OF VOLARA?
HE WAS A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, DIANA.

"A HALF CENTURY AGO, HE WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF EVERY WAR IN THE ORIENT. HE HELPED 'FREE' VOLARA--"

"THROUGH BOLD PLOTTING, HE MADE HIMSELF RAJAH OF VOLARA AND HAS RULED WITH AN IRON HAND EVER SINCE."

PRINCESS VALERIE IS THE ONLY LIVING HEIR AND WITH THE RAJAH ILL....
SUCH A DARLING CHILD--I HOPE NOTHING HAPPENS TO HER.

VISAR... MY GRANDDAUGHTER--VALERIE?
ON HER WAY BY FAST PLANE... GREAT RAJAH.

WOULDN'T IT BE SAD IF THE RAJAH DIED, VISAR?
VERY SAD, BELI.

--AND IF PRINCESS VALERIE, HIS ONLY HEIR--NEVER ARRIVED HERE?
THAT, TOO, WOULD BE SAD.

THEN YOU WOULD BECOME THE RAJAH.
THAT WOULD BE SAD, INDEED.

AS PRINCESS VALERIE'S PLANE FLIES OVER THE JUNGLES....
WE'RE CLOSE TO THE PLACE, PILOT.
A FEW MINUTES MORE--

PRINCESS VALERIE'S PLANE IS GROUNDED IN A REMOTE JUNGLE CLEARING....
COME PRINCESS, THIS IS WHERE WE GET OUT.
WHERE IS GRAMPY?

WHY ARE YOU BURNING THE NICE PLANE?
DON'T ASK SO MANY QUESTIONS.
YOU WAIT HERE, PRINCESS. HOW LONG MUST I WAIT?

UNTIL WE COME BACK, WHICH WILL BE NEVER.

AH, THE HORSES--AT THE APPOINTED SPOT, VIZAR IS EFFICIENT.

REMEMBER, YOU WERE KILLED IN THE PLANE CRASH-- WITH PRINCESS VALERIE--

AND I'M TO DISAPPEAR-- AFTER I'M PAID OFF--

HOW ABOUT THE CHILD?

SHE WON'T LAST LONG IN THE JUNGLE--ANIMALS OR EXPOSURE--

THAT'S THAT! NOW TO MUSS MYSELF UP A BIT--

SEND A MESSAGE TO VOLARA! PRINCESS VALERIE--AND THE PILOT DEAD IN JUNGLE PLANE CRASH!

TELEGRAPH

SOON

YOUR GRANDDAUGHTER-EXCELLENCY. THE PLANE CRASHED IN THE JUNGLE--

SEND THE NURSE IN-- AT ONCE!

I WAS AFRAID OF THE SHOCK! IT MIGHT KILL HIM! ALLOW NO ONE TO SEE HIM!

OH, THAT POOR, SWEET LITTLE CHILD--

YOU FELT SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN--FROM THE START! DO YOU THINK--

I DON'T THINK IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
I'm going to Volara at once, and find out the truth!

Good luck, darling!

Night in the jungle—a light rain is falling—Valerie awakens.

They said they'd come back—maybe they got lost in the woods.

Valerie is followed by a party who is hungry—!

The child scrambles for shelter under the huge roots of a jungle giant—.

A little fawn breaks across the clearing—frightened by the jungle storm—.

The leopard wheels, springing at the moving object—fawns are tender and sweet—.

And now—another hungry cat enters the scene—an enormous killer tiger—!

In the jungle torrent, tiger leaps at leopard! The hurt fawn escapes—.

...and limps to the closest shelter.

You sweet, pretty, little deer baby—.

You're not a pussy cat! You're a bad tiger! Go away, tiger!
A herd of elephants, stampeded by the storm, comes trumpeting thru the bush!

The tiger tries to flee, but is caught in the clearing, under the massive feet...

A party of Tiwa cannibals... driven from their route by the storm-near the jungle shelter.

Look—under tree, but what little white girl and fawn—asleep!

Go to sleep, little baby. I'm your mommy and I'll take care of you.

She killed both—there can be no other explanation—she is bewitched.

Hail, little white goddess of the jungle.

The tiger and the leopard—dead...

Valerie is carried in triumph to their village.

The Tiwa cannibals, most ferocious inhabitants of the jungle, bow before the child...

Who is unimpressed by all this glory.

I'm hungry!
HARRISTOWN, ON THE BENGALI COAST

WE'LL GO TO JOE'S PLACE FIRST, DEVIL. HE USUALLY HEARS ALL THE INSIDE NEWS.

NO QUESTION TO IT--PRINCESS VALERIE AND THE PILOT DIED IN THAT CRASH. NOBODY'S FOUND THE PLANE YET.

AT THAT MOMENT...

WHEE! WHERE'D YOU GET ALL THAT LETTUCE? PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM. I'M A BIG OPERATOR!

I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE! HE'S THE PILOT--WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE DIED IN THAT PLANE CRASH WITH VALERIE!

MIND STEPPING OUTSIDE? I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU.

SORRY TO DISTURB YOU.

YOU DIDN'T DIE IN THAT PLANE WRECK! NEITHER DID VALERIE! WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! WHO--WHO ARE YOU?

NEVER MIND WHO I AM!
Haven't got the time or inclination to argue with you!

Princess Valerie didn't die in the crash. We faked the crash—and stranded her in the jungle!

A pretty story! Follow me, and don't lag behind, or 'Devil' will take care of you!

The pilot will never forget this dash into the jungle, as he drives himself to keep up with the tireless figure.

Hero? He is in readiness, as you commanded, oh, ghost who walks!

Ghost—Who—walks?

The pilot is exhausted. Who is his iron captor? And this magnificent white horse—appearing from nowhere?

The Phantom!

Now, lead me to the spot where you left Valerie. If you lied...

There's the plane—Or what's left of it.

Here's where we left the little girl—She's not here—but we left her—Right here—

Hero and Devil have never seen the Phantom in such a cold fury before—

She's not here—

Don't put that around my waist, fool. Put your hands down—

Around your neck—No!
I'm leaving you here until I return. Animals won't be able to reach you there.

Faint trail, storm washed most of it out.

Pooh—You have no magic—The little white goddess has real magic.

I've got to act fast—if I don't get rid of her... we're lost! — I think I've got it!

Chief, the spirits do not like the white goddess. They tell us to get rid of her!

Nonsense, witch doctor. The spirits sent her to us! She is invincible. You fear for your influence and your life, you old humbug.

That is true. But the tribe worships her. Someday, they may look to her for leadership—instead of you.

Hm—I hadn't thought of that. Perhaps—you'd better ask the spirits what to do about her.

Ali bulli bunko—speak to me, demon spirits.

Spirits say—white goddess has great power—we shall cast a spell on her—and thus gain her power—

The spirits have spoken wisely, witch doctor. We cannot disobey them.

Here's a fresh trail! Many feet passed this way!
WHERE ARE WE GOING, MAN?

THE TIWA CANNIBALS WORK THEMSELVES INTO A FRENZY... DANCING MADLY...

LIGHT THE FIRE!

OW!!

KNOWING JUNGLE TRIBES, THE PHANTOM SPOTS THE GUILTY LEADERS AND ACTS FAST... FIRST--THE CHIEF...

UH--

THEN--THE WITCH DOCTOR--

LEADERLESS, THE TRIBE SHRINKS BACK BEFORE THE FURY OF THE GHOST WHO WALKS!

OOF--

WELL? WHO ELSE HAD A PART IN THIS?

FOR ATTEMPTING TO KILL THIS CHILD--YOU TWO SHALL loose ALL YOUR RICHES, TITLES AND HONORS--

IT IS FURTHER DECREED THAT THIS TRIBE SHALL NEVER EAT MEAT AGAIN!
MEANWHILE--THE PILOT--LEFT BEHIND BY THE PHANTOM--

IF I CAN ONLY--REACH--MY KNIFE--

MADE IT!

THE PILOT TRIED TO KILL PRINCESS VALERIE BY FAKING A PLANE CRASH AND STRANDING HER IN THE JUNGLE.

THE HIGHER-UP WHO GAVE THOSE ORDERS IS THE MAN TO FIND! THE PILOT CAN TELL ME WHO HE IS!

HMM--THE PILOT'S TAKEN OFF!

MY ONLY CHANCE IS--TO GET TO--THAT BOAT--

THAT'S BAD--HE'LL SEND A WARNING AHEAD--

IN A RIVER PORT--

SHE WAS SAVED BY THE PHANTOM HE'S BRINGING HER TO THE CAPITOL, VIZAR!

SHE'S ALIVE--AND THIS PHANTOM IS BRINGING HER TO THE CAPITOL, VIZAR!

RELAX, VIZAR! EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL.

"I'VE POSTED SHARPSHOOTERS WITH TELESCOPIC SIGHTS ALL AROUND THE CITY WALLS."

THERE IT IS, PRINCESS VALERIE. YOUR HOME, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY WELCOME SIGNS!

I SEE THEM! MASKED MAN ON A WHITE HORSE! RIGHT! READY--AIM--FIRE!
A bullet whizzes out of nowhere—kicking hero and missing the Phantom by a hair!

Whoa, boy!

Vizar, you’ve got a million soldiers to do your bidding. You can’t be afraid of one man!

I fear no man!

But this Phantom—the natives call him “The Ghost Who Walks”—they say he cannot die. I know it’s nonsense—or is it?

Hmm—All the bridges are up. We’ll have to swim the moat.

I’m a good swimmer. I swim in my bath tub every day.

Hang on tight, darling, and don’t let go, the water’s cold.

I won’t let go.

In the dark moat, the Phantom and Princess Valerie are attacked by a giant crocodile.

Take a deep breath, hold your nose, and don’t be afraid.

I’m not.

They are under water only a few seconds as the Phantom swiftly and neatly handles the giant crocodile.
I COULDN'T HOLD MY BREATH--FOR ANOTHER MINUTE--WHHEW...
GOOD GIRL! NOW UP THE WALL WE GO.
DON'T BUCK SO HARD YOU'LL BE A PRIVATE AS LONG AS YOU LIVE.
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK.

I FOUND HIM LYING THERE UNCONSCIOUS--A DEATH'S HEAD ON HIS JAW--!
ANOTHER ONE !

WAKE UP, VIZAR, SOMETHING HAPPENED AT THE WALL!
HURRY!

IT'S ALMOST DAWN. WELL HIDE IN THIS CELLAR UNTIL DARK.
HE GOT INTO THE CITY WITH HER--PAST MY SOLDIERS--GUARDS--
EASY--VIZAR--
IT IS SUICIDE TO START A CITY-WIDE SEARCH FOR THE PHANTOM AND PRINCESS VALERIE.
WHY

IT'D CAUSE TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT THE WHOLE STORY WOULD COME OUT.
CORRECT. I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND.

AS IT IS, NO ONE--NOT EVEN THE PHANTOM KNOWS YOU TRIED TO KILL VALERIE.
CORRECT. AND WHEN THE PHANTOM BRINGS HER TO THE PALACE--HELL SO ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS WAIT.
I HAVE TO GO INTO ACTION, VALERIE. BUT I MUST FIND A PLACE TO LEAVE YOU, JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

WHY ARE YOU PUTTING COAL DUST ON ME? JUST A DISGUISE, HONEY. NO ONE WOULD KNOW YOU ARE A PRINCESS, NOW.

PRINCESS VALERIE ORPHANS' HOME

PRINCESS VALERIE ORPHANS HOME

ANOTHER STREET WAIF. WELL--COME IN--

AT THE PALACE WALL

MAYBE THE VIZAR'S THE MAN I WANT. MAYBE NOT. I'LL SEE!

A Sentry spots him-- fires the alarm--

THEN DIVES AT THE INTRUDER!

THE PHANTOM SWATS THE DIVING Sentry--

THEN HURLS HIM AT THE ONRUSHING GUARDS--

AND SPEEDS UP THE PALACE WALL--

WHICH WAY DID HE GO? THAT WAY! NO, THAT WAY!

CONTINUED IN THIS ISSUE
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OF THE ADVENTURES OF THIS LITTLE RASCAL...

HAVE A TREAT! CAN'T BE BEAT! HE'S THE FUSION OF FANTASY!

BY POPULAR DEMAND

THANKS, FRIENDS, FOR TELLING ME YOU LOVE AND WANT MORE STORIES OF INKY AND DINKY...
HERE THEY ARE IN A BRAND NEW MAGAZINE JUST FOR YOU.
TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS TO GET THE NEW COMIC STARS ON SALE TODAY!

WE'RE HERE FOR YOU

HEY, GANG! LET'S HAVE FUN!

IN ALL HISTORY—WHAT SIX CHARACTERS CAUSED THE MOST RIOTS?

I'M BLUSHING!

MAZIE AND HER BOY FRIENDS AND THE TEEN AGERS

ZEE RIOT IS IN ZEE NEW MAZIE NOW ON SALE!

BIG ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS! EVERY TEEN-AGER LOVES MAZIE!

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS DETECTIVE

CALLING ALL DICK TRACY FANS!

READ THIS EXCITING MAGAZINE AND MEET THE STARS OF THIS POLICE LINE UP.

TESS TRUEHART

SAM KETCHAM

B.L. PLENTY

SPARKLE PLENTY

A NEW VILLAIN IN EACH ISSUE

HERE'S A CLUE! READ DICK TRACY EVERY MONTH! YOU'LL AGREE IT'S SENSATIONAL!
WHAT'S GOING ON OUT HERE?

A STRANGER'S ON THE PALACE GROUNDS, EXCELLENCY—NO ORDINARY PROWLER, EITHER.

HE TOSS ED THIS MAN THRU THE AIR—KNOCKING DOWN THE OTHER TWO LIKE BOWLING PINS!

THERE'S A QUEER MARK ON HIS JAW, SIRE. LOOKS LIKE A

DON'T SAY IT! I KNOW! IT MEANS—HE'S HERE!

DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF, VIZAR. HE CAN'T GET INTO THE PALACE. EVERY INCH IS GUARDED!

I'M HIS MAN!

DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF, VIZAR. HE CAN'T GET INTO THE PALACE. EVERY INCH IS GUARDED!

GIVE ME SOME WATER!

COULDN'T GET INTO THE PALACE, EH? HE'S BEEN IN THIS VERY ROOM—MY ROOM!

THAT'S MY MAN!

THERE HE IS! AT THE VIZAR'S WINDOW!

D ON'T SHOOT! THE VIZAR'S INSIDE!

THE PHANTOM RACES TO THE ROOF, HIDING AMONG THE SPIRES.

HE'S ON THE ROOF—THE GUARDS ARE AFRAID TO GO AFTER HIM—ORDINARY MEN CAN'T HANDLE HIM. WHAT'LL WE DO?

GET MEN WHO ARE NOT ORDINARY! HELLO—ASK THE CAPTAIN OF THE DUNGEONS TO SEND UP THE HAIRY TWINS!
GO THRU THAT DOOR. HIS EXCELLENCY THE VIZAR IS WAITING FOR YOU!

THRU THE DOOR, HE SAID...

WE GO-- HO-- HO--

YOUR PERSONAL GUARDS AGAINST THE PHANTOM. THINK THEY'LL DO?

QUITE!

YOUR JOB IS TO KILL A MASKED MAN WHO'LL BE HERE SOON. IF YOU SUCCEED, YOU'LL HAVE YOUR FREEDOM.

IF YOU REFUSE, YOU'LL BE SHOT DOWN RIGHT NOW! WHAT IS YOUR CHOICE?

WE KILL HIM-- LIKE THIS.

THE DOOR THAT THE TWINS BROKE HAS BEEN REPLACED.

GOOD. LEAVE ME NOW, BELI.

HE'S COMING-- I CAN HEAR HIM AT THE WINDOW--

WAIT IN THERE. BE READY WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL!

SO-- SO-- YOU'RE THE PHANTOM! YOU DON'T LOOK SO BIG--

YOU ADMIT THE WHOLE THING! YOU'RE A COOL ONE!
THE FAMOUS PHANTOM... FACING AN UNARMED MAN! DO YOU DARE PUT AWAY YOUR GUNS?

FIGHT BAREHANDED! IF YOU WIN, I'LL CONFESS ALL TO THE WHITE RAJAH! OTHERWISE, YOU'LL NEVER FORCE A CONFESSION FROM ME!

GOOD! PUT YOUR GUNS THERE.

THE TRAP DOOR LEADS TO THE CELLAR-- THAT TAKES CARE OF THE GUNS--!

THE VIZAR FLEES FROM HIS CHAMBER--

ONE OF THE HUGE, HAIRY TWINS CATCHES THE PHANTOM BY SURPRISE--

THE PHANTOM TAKES A BEATING AT THE HANDS OF THE HAIRY TWINS.

STUNNED BY THE VICIOUS ATTACK-- HE 'PLAYS DEAD'-- JUNGLE-FASHION-- TO CATCH HIS BREATH--
THE PHANTOM SUDDENLY COMES TO "LIFE" LIKE A STEEL SPRING!

OUT OF THE OTHER TWINS HANDS--HE WHEELS ON HIM IN A FLASH--THE FIGHT IS ON!

UMPH!

THE OTHER TWIN JUMPS HIM FROM BEHIND, LATCHING ON A STRANGLE HOLD

THE GIANT BODIES BOUNCE AROUND THE ROOM LIKE TENNIS BALLS! THE WHOLE PALACE SHAKES!

HOW THE MONSTROUS, Hairy TWINS OF VOLARA--WHO DEFEATED LIONS WITH THEIR BARE HANDS--

IT IS AN EPIC BATTLE—JUNGLE POETS WILL SING ABOUT IT FOR A THOUSAND YEARS---

WERE THRASHER WITHIN AN INCH OF THEIR VICIOUS LIVES BY THE "GHOST WHO WALKS," AND THE POETS WILL SING: "HERE, VERILY, WAS A MAN!"

ALL IS QUIET NOW—THE PHANTOM IS FINISHED! BE READY WITH YOUR GUNS---

THE TWINS!

HE'S GONE TO THE WHITE RAJAH-- WHICH MEANS--OUR DEATHS! UNLESS WE ACT FAST!
WHAT CAN WE DO? KILL THE WHITE RAJAH!

THE WHITE RAJAH OF VOLARA. WHO'S THAT?

I'M A FRIEND OF YOUR GRANDDAUGHTER, PRINCESS VALERIE. SHE'S ALIVE--

SHH--DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF. YOU'RE ILL--BELIEVE ME! SHE'S ALIVE--IN THIS CITY!

I DON'T LIKE THIS, VIZAR. QUIET, FAT FOOL! WE'LL KILL THE RAJAH AND BLAME IT ON THE PHANTOM! WHO'LL DOUBT US?

SHH--THE RAJAH'S ASLEEP. READY--WE STRIKE TOGETHER!

YOU MEAN--YOU HANG TOGETHER!

THE PHANTOM!

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE!

SO--YOU SNIVELING, MURDERING HYENA! PREPARE TO MEET YOUR JUSTICE!

RAJAH!

A GREAT DAY AT THE ORPHANAGE--THE VISIT OF THE WHITE RAJAH!

VALEIRIE!

HELLO, GRAMPSY. I CAN'T TALK TO YOU UNTIL I FINISH THIS--BUT IT WON'T TAKE LONG.

THE END.
There are some things you believe as facts and you'll argue until you're blue in the face if anyone doubts you — that is, if anyone doubts the fact.

Well, we plan to shed some light on some of these so-called "facts."

For instance, take this:

"The four elements — fire, water, earth, and air — are not elements!" Each is really a compound — made up of a union or mixture of other elements.

That's the type of "fact" we mean to disprove, those little things that through the years have become accepted as truth but which are, in actuality, a misleading lie.

Another one of those "facts" is that the "whale is a fish." But, in truth, the whale is warm-blooded and suckles its young, qualities peculiar only to the mammal. While on the subject of whales, people have been misled by the term "whale bone." There is no bone in whale bone. It is Baleen, an elastic substance found in the mouth of a whale.

Here's another one:

"Hudson Bay is not a bay!"

It is an inland sea, very much larger than a bay which is only an inlet of a sea.

And, "A guinea pig is not a pig nor is a prairie dog a dog!" Both are rodents. The guinea pig does not even come from Guinea; it is found on the western coast of South America. The prairie dog is an American burrowing rodent, very closely related to the groundhog or woodchuck.

"A lead pencil is not a lead pencil!" The part that is written with is graphite — one of the many forms the element carbon takes.

They are manufactured in Ecuador.

Or, "There is no camel's hair in a camel's hair brush!" The brushes are made from the hair of squirrels, an animal not even distantly related to the camel.

Or, "There is no kid in kid gloves!" A kid is a baby goat. The gloves are made from lamb skin.

"There is no chamois in chamois leather!" It is made from the flesh side of sheep skin.

From another angle, "A pickaxe is not an axe!" It is a type of pick, a heavy, pointed iron or steel tool.

"A penthouse is not a house!" It is a shed attached to a building. And, "A steeleyard is not a yard nor is it steel!" It is a regulator or balance.

Then again, "Dresden china does not come from Dresden!" It is made in Meissen, Germany, a city on the Elbe River, approximately northwest of Dresden.

"The coffee berry is not a berry!" It is a seed. And, "Table salt is not salt!" It is composed of chloride of sodium.

"There is no rice in rice paper!" It is made from pitch or wood pulp.

"There is no tea in beef tea!" It is an extract of beef. And, "French beans do not come from France!" They are grown in India.

Finally, "The titmouse is not a mouse!" It is a small bird, very closely allied to the nuthatch.

By the way, the nuthatch is neither a hatch nor is it a nut!
Corporal Peter McKenzie, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, banked his De Havilland amphibian plane and began the long glide to the glittering lake below. Then he taxied toward White Horse Falls Village in Yukon Territory and the plane rolled on the banks before stopping.

A delegation of villagers were on hand and when Peter disembarked, the head man said:

“A couple of che-cha-quoos—tenderfeet—started the rumpus by robbing and murdering a Tithe Indian chief. The Indians raided one of the mines and burned it. They’re on warpath unless the che-cha-quoos are handed over to them.”

“Where are the chechaquoos?” Peter demanded.

“They took a powder. In the direction of Alaska... down the river. They swiped one of our canoes to boot.”

“Where are the Indians? I’ll talk to them.”

The headman shook his head. “They’re on warpath and it isn’t safe to go to them. However we’ve got a brave in the jail. Want to see him?”

Peter nodded and was escorted to the back of the general store, which served as a jail. He told the Tithe Indian brave:

“Go to your warriors. Tell them to follow my iron bird. And when you see smoke or fire from my iron bird, start your war drums. Do you trust me?”

The Indian nodded. “The word of the Mounted Police is a word of honor.”

They let the Indian go, and Peter stayed overnight at the village. At dawn, he warmed up the motors and then taxied the De Havilland across the lake. Turning the plane into the wind, he took off.
SHIRL THE JUNGLE GIRL

It is I... SHIRL, beautiful but muscular jungle type girl. See me ride on the elephant's back! Good, huh? Bet you couldn't do it... I can 'cause I was raised on the next block and all the animals love me!

I ain't no tiger... I'm a giraffe, but this is my day off... While we're on the subject of authenticity, who ever heard of a talking chimp?

Hey, Cat! What you doin' here? Don't you know there ain't no tigers in Africa?

The apes taught me to be fearless but humble, frugal but generous, penny-wise but pound foolish... they also taught me to speak English so I could talk to you, dahlings!

The animals all love me because I always am kind to them and never speak harshly... good, sweet naive me...

Hey! Lookout, stupid!

I am just a simple, naive jungle girl living in the jungle... in the jungle where there is only one law, (i.e.) the law of the jungle!
Every time! Every mizzuble time! Go for an elephant ride and... Wham! There I go... Crack off a tree limb with my head! Man! How can I be the beautiful queen of the jungle if I keep bouncing all over! What are you looking at, you monkey!

Oh, well... Elephant sh'melephant... Who needs him? When you got time to spare... Go by air! I shall take to the vines and travel through the top jungle level in the best jungle tradition.

Hoo hah! Looka me go! Graceful, huh? Man! When I get whizin' through the trees— I'm just a thing of beauty!

But, wait! What do my supersensitive eyes perceive crashing through the bush? It's a keemosavvy! A white man!

Hey dahn! Hey bwana! It's me! Shirl, the jungle gal!

CRASH!

There must be a better way of stopping than this... Mizzuble apes wouldn't tell me... "You learn by doing," they always say... "Learn by doing, learn by doing." I'm up to here with "learn by doing!"

Beggin' yr pardon, mum... But I'm looking for King Solomon's mines... If you'd be so kind as to point the direction, I'd be mighty obliged!

Wait! I introduce myself! I am Shirl, the jungle girl... Simple, naive child of the jungle where there is only one law (i.e., the law of the jungle) now! Where d'ya wanna go?

But just a minute! I introduce myself! My name's smiling Stan, the explorin' man! My business is gold diamonds—anything intellectual like that there! (Whew!), I wanna go to King Solomon's mines!
Ah, this tracking through the trackless jungle reminds me of the first time I was here. We were after big game! The first day out I shot two bucks... that was the biggest game we had all day.

We took some pictures of baby gorillas but they weren't developed... so we went back the next year and... Hey! Where'd she go?

...Sick of this mizzlable jungle... sick, sick, sick! Do you hear? Livin' out in the sticks with a bunch of mangy apes... I'm up to here with it!

What are you doing down there? We got no time for games if we wanna get to King Solomon's mines! We gotta hurry! Gimme your hand and I'll help you outa there!

Here we go, now! Hip hup!

Alley oop!

Steady now!

Ah! There you are! Hey little minx... if you are going to show me the way to the mines we had best get on with it...

Yeh yeh, in a second! Wait till my superb powers of recovery pull me out of this...

Aright! I'm well again!

I can't stand this suspense any longer! Are you or are you not going to take me to the mines?!
As I said, there are two nefarious types who would stop me from getting to King Solomon's mines... but if we hurry we'll get there first and the laugh, as they say, will be on them!

Yeh, the laugh...

These two will stop at nothing to prevent my getting to the mines! You've seen them about: good, clean-cut lads! But unscrupulous! But if we get there first we'll have the laugh on them!

Yeh, the laugh...

They will stop at nothing absolutely nothing, to get there first, but if we beat them, you know what we'll have on them?

Yeh... (Puff) The laugh... (Wheezes)

Ho... hold it, you guys! It's us... we're the bad guys! Thought you'd have the laugh on us, eh? Well, we're going to have the laugh on you!

Yeh, the laugh...

Ah ha! But you forget one thing! Only I... Shirl, simple, naive child of the jungle knows where the mines are! Without me you cannot find them! So we'll have the laugh on you!

Yeh, the laugh...

Neh, neh!
HERE YOU ARE... KING SOLOMON'S MINE... RIGHT IN THE CAVE, GENTLEMEN! GOOD OLD SHIRL! LET YOU RIGHT THERE?

YOU SURE THIS IS THE PLACE?

THE MINES

KING SOLOMON'S MINE!

YUP... THIS IS THE PLACE... AWRIGHT... MAN! JUST LOOKA THEM MINES!

I DON'T WANT TO SEEM STUPID OR ANYTHING, BUT I'M ONLY A SIMPLE, NAIVE JUNGLE GOIL... WHAT DO YOU WITH THESE THINGS?

OOPS!

THAT DID IT! THAT PUT THE ICING ON THE COOKIE! DROP A LITTLE MINE, AND... BLOOM! THE WHOLE PLACE GOES UP... WELL, I DON'T CARE ANYMORE! YOU HEAR? I DON'T CARE!

NYAA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

I WOULDN'T CARE IF THE WHOLE SILLY PLACE CRACKED IN HALF AND SANK!

AND SO, AS THE SUN SINKS (IN THE WEST?) WE BID ADIEU TO OUR SMOULDERING LITTLE ISLAND PARADISE AND, WITH A TEAR IN OUR EYE, wave a FOND FAREWELL TO SHIRL, THE JUNGLE GIRL... WHO CAN'T SEE US ANYWAY ON ACCOUNT OF SHE'S GOT HER HEAD SUNK IN AN OSTRICH'S HOLE! WHICH IS WHAT WE WILL HAVE IN OUR HEADS IF WE EVER COME BACK TO THIS SILLY PLACE!

THE END.
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