HOW THE PHANTOM CAME INTO BEING

How the Phantom came into being.

ON THE SKILL OF HIS FATHER'S MURDERER, THIS MAN MADE THE OATH OF THE SKULL; HE WAS THE FIRST PHANTOM.

I SWEAR TO DEVOTE MY LIFE TO THE DESTRUCTION OF PIRACY, CRUELTY AND GREED AND MY SONS WILL FOLLOW ME.

FOR FOUR CENTURIES THE LINE CONTINUED FROM FATHER TO SON. BUT NATIVES BELIEVE HE IS ALWAYS THE SAME MAN.

THE GHOST WHO WALKS CAN NEVER DIE.

THE EXPLANATION IS SIMPLE. EACH PHANTOM TAUGHT HIS SON THE SKILLS AND SECRETS OF A PIRATE.

WHEN THE TIME CAME FOR HIM TO TAKE HIS FATHER'S PLACE, THE SON WAS READY.

ALWAYS AT HIS SIDE IS HIS FAITHFUL WOLF, DEVIL!

AND HIS GREAT WHITE STALLION, HERO.

HIS QUEEN IS THE LOVELY AMERICAN GIRL; DIANA PALMER!

by LEE FALK and WILSON McCOY

AND WHEREVER JUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE, YOU'LL FIND THE MARK OF THE PHANTOM!
PERFECT GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS! PLEASE RUSH YOUR ORDER!

12 Real Dolls

The Set Complete

$1.00

PLUS

25¢ FOR PARCEL POST

REAL COTTON DRESSES AND HATS

Make your little girl feel like a real Princess! Watch her face light up when she opens up the box and discovers what's inside. 12 beautiful dolls — each 3 1/2 inches tall, made of plastic with movable arms and legs and dressed in a different colorful costume. She’ll be kept busy for hours on end playing with her family of dolls. Wonderful playthings — and what else is wonderful is the price — the 12 dolls in a box for only $1.00, plus 25¢ for postage and special packing. MY DOLLS, BOX 72, ZONE 23, NEW YORK 23, N. Y.

A WHOLE HOUSE-FULL OF Doll Furniture

Complete set to furnish 5 rooms

Well, talk about a little girl being busy (and happy) arranging and playing with this beautiful houseful of furniture! I should think so! Look what you get: 26 PIECES OF FURNITURE — everything needed to furnish a Living-Room, Dining-Room, Bed-Room, Kitchen, and Bathroom. All pieces are SOLID — UNBREAKABLE — PLASTIC — different color furniture in each room. Each piece in perfect scale; and up to 2, 3 and 4 inches in size. Wonderful plaything and wonderful value — only $1.00 plus 25¢ for postage and packing.

MY DOLLS, BOX 72
ZONE 23, NEW YORK 23, N. Y.

NO C.O.D.'S PLEASE

Please send me:

☐ sets of 12 Real Dolls at $1.00 plus 25¢ postage.
☐ sets of 26 Pieces of Doll Furniture at $1.00 plus 25¢ postage.

I enclose $_________ in full payment.

PRINT
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY...STATE...
RELEASED FROM A NORTH AFRICAN JAIL AFTER FORTY YEARS IMPRISONMENT, OLD STYX--

SHAVES OFF HIS BEARD FOR THE FIRST TIME--TO SEE THAT A MARK HAS NOT FADED?

AFTER FORTY YEARS--IT'S STILL THERE.

HMM--IT WON'T COME OFF! I SHOULDN'T HAVE SHAVED--

FORTY YEARS AGO THE PHANTOM PUNCHED ME--THE MARK'S STILL THERE--WHAT A PUNCH THAT WAS!

FORTY YEARS AGO--I WAS ONLY TWENTY-THREE. THE PHANTOM WAS MUCH OLDER THAN I WAS THEN.

"RAIDER STYX, THEY CALLED ME. I WAS DOING ALL RIGHT THEN--HIJACKING THOSE RICH CAMEL CARAVANS--"

"I'D HEARD OF THE PHANTOM SINCE I WAS A BOY--THOUGHT HE WAS JUST A LEGEND--THERE I WAS, COUNTING MY LOOT--"

"THEN, ALL OF A SUDDEN--THERE HE WAS! FORTY YEARS AGO--IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY!"

"FORTY YEARS AGO--I FIRST HEARD HIS VOICE--"

"STYX, YOUR CAMEL RAIDS ARE OVER! YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL!"

"REACHED FOR A GUN--THAT'S WHERE I MADE MY MISTAKE! I CAN STILL FEEL THAT PUNCH--"

"AND THE MARK HE MADE IS STILL THERE--BUT I'M STILL ALIVE! HE MUST BE DEAD BY NOW--"

"MY WIFE HAD A SON ABOUT THE TIME I WAS SENT UP! I'LL LOOK HIM UP. HE'LL BE SURPRISED TO SEE ME!"
IF I AIN'T LOST TRACK, THIS IS MY SON.

HEY--CUT OUT THAT RACKET!

I TOLD YOU GUYS TO STAY OUTA HERE--

-- AN' DON'T COME BACK!

THAT'S MY BOY!

YEAH, I'M MIKE! WHAT IS IT, OLD-TIMER? I'M BUSY. MAKE IT SNAPPY!

MIKE--HMM, I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU--

IT MAY BE A SHOCK. MEBBE YOU'D BETTER SIT DOWN AND LISTEN.

I CAN HEAR ANYTHING STANDING UP? WHAT IS IT?

YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ME BEFORE. I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE. YOU PROBABLY THOUGHT I WAS DEAD. I'M YOUR FATHER!

NO~~~!

HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE MY OLD MAN?

THESE PAPERS WILL PROVE IT, MIKE.

HUM--I THOUGHT YOU WAS DEAD. BEEN OUTA CIRCULATION FORTY YEARS, EH?

YES, I WAS SENT UP--ABOUT THE TIME YOU WERE BORN.

I DON'T MIND. I SERVED TIME MYSELF. WELL, I GUESS I CAN TAKE CARE OF YOU ALL RIGHT.

TAKE CARE OF ME? YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR FATHER YET--BUT YOU WILL?

I HAVEN'T COME FOR CHARITY. I HAVE FIVE MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD BULLION! DO YOU WANT YOUR SHARE?

HUM???
STYX TEACHES HIS SON.

Okay, pop, you're the boss. Now what about that treasure?

That's better.

I BURIED THE GOLD BULLION IN AN OLD SCHOON, UNDERWATER. WE NEED PASSAGE MONEY AND MUST LEAVE AT ONCE.

GI, THE MONEY. BUT WHAT ABOUT MY JOINT HERE?

DON'T WORRY, IT'S PEANUTS. AS MY SON, YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO THINK BIG.

GEE, POP, IT'S SURE GOOD TO SEE YOU. I DON'T DOUBT THAT.

DIANA'S UNCLE MAJOR DAVE PALMER. RETURNING FROM A QUICK TRIP TO LONDON.

HOPE WE HAVE A CALM CROSSING.

GEE, I NEVER BEEN ACROSS BEFORE. MANY TIMES WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG, MIKE.

THAT MARK ON THAT OLD MAN'S JAW IT LOOKED LIKE A DEATH'S HEAD. THE SIGN OF THE PHANTOM. IT WAS HIS MARK.

LOOKS LIKE A NICE CROSSING.

YUP.

PALMER'S MY NAME. THAT SO?

HOPE I'M NOT BEING TOO PERSONAL, BUT THAT'S AN ODD MARK ON YOUR JAW. IS IT A TATTOO?

COULD BE, I'VE HAD IT FORTY YEARS.

THAT THAT'S A LONG TIME.

CAN BE DEPENDING HOW YOU SPEND IT. ANY MORE QUESTIONS?
I HOPE I DIDN'T OFFEND YOU, MENTIONING THAT MARK. YOU KNOW HOW LIFE ON SHIPBOARD IS INFORMAL.

SEEMS TO BE.

IF YOU DON'T KNOW AMERICA, I'D BE GLAD TO HELP YOU-- IF YOU NEED A HOTEL OR--

WE COULD USE THE COMPO HOUSE. IT'S VERY--

I CAN RECOMMEND THAT, MIKE.

REMEMBER.

PHEW! WHAT A PAIR OF COLD FISH! PARTICULARLY THE OLD ONE! HARD AS NAILS! AND THE SKULL MARK-- WHERE DID HE GET IT?

THERE'S THAT GUY AGAIN. IF HE ASKS ANY MORE QUESTIONS, I'LL WALLOP HIM.

AW, HE WAS JUST NOSEY.

I'M POSITIVE THAT'S THE PHANTOM'S MARK ON THE OLD MAN'S JAW. HE SAID HE HAD IT FOR FORTY YEARS-- NO REASON TO DOUBT THAT.

BUT THE PHANTOM THAT I KNOW COULDN'T HAVE BEEN EVEN BORN THEN! YET-- THERE'S THAT OLD LEGEND ABOUT THE PHANTOM-- THAT HE'S IMMORTAL-- CENTURIES OLD...

IS DIANA'S SWEETHEART-- OUR PHANTOM-- REALLY AGELESS? I'VE GOT TO KNOW!

DAVE, WELCOME HOME!

LILY, HOW OLD DO YOU THINK THE PHANTOM IS?

WHY-- UH-- AROUND THIRTY, I GUESS.

WHY--?

THEN HOW COULD HE LEAVE HIS MARK ON A MAN'S JAW FORTY YEARS AGO? THAT MAKES HIM SIXTY OR SEVENTY OR MORE.

NEVER MIND QUESTIONS! I HAVE A CABLE ADDRESS THAT DIANA LEFT ME--

DAVE'S RADIOGRAM SPEEDS HALF-WAY AROUND THE EARTH. WILL HE SOLVE THE MYSTERY?

PHANTOM-- DIANA-- COME HOME.

AT ONCE-- UNCLE DAVE.
RECEIVING DAVE'S MESSAGE BY TOMTOM IN THE DEEP WOODS

PHANTOM...DIANA...COME HOME AT ONCE IMPORTANT...UNCLE DAVE...

THE PHANTOM AND DIANA LEAVE QUICKLY.

I GUESS WE MUST RETURN.

DAVE WOULDN'T SEND FOR US WITHOUT GOOD REASON.

AT THE JUNGLE'S EDGE, THE PHANTOM SLIPS INTO CIVILIZED CLOTHES.

WONDER WHAT DAVE WANTS! HE'S NEVER SENT FOR ME BEFORE.

-SOON THEY'RE WINGING THEIR WAY HOME THE PHANTOM IS HEADING INTO THE ODDEST MYSTERY OF HIS LIFE!

A SUITE FOR MY SON AND MYSELF PLEASE, THE BEST IN THE HOUSE!

SEE SOMETHIN' FUNNY?

ER-NO,SIR! FRONT, BOY!

EVERYBODY NOTICES THIS MARK, RIGHT OFF? MEBBE I CAN GET A FALSE BEARD OR SOMETHING.

THAT'D BE WORSE, POP WHY DON'T YOU GROW YOUR OWN ALFALFA?

NOT ME. I HAD A BEARD FOR FORTY YEARS IN JAIL LET 'EM LOOK! WE GOT TO GET TO WORK!

UMM-FIVE MILLION IN GOLD!

AS THE PHANTOM AND DIANA FLY OVER THE OCEAN BUT CAN'T I TAKE YOUR HAT SIR?

NO, THANKS, I'LL WEAR IT.

THAT OLD MAN WITH THE SKULL MARK INTRIGUES ME. I RECOMMENDED THIS HOTEL. I THINK HE'S STAYING HERE.

THERE'S THAT NOSEY GUY FROM THE BOAT, MIKE.

SPVIN' ON US? I'LL GO DOWN AND Smeer HIM!

WHAT IS STYX'S SECRET?

HE KNOWS NOTHING... JUST CURIOUS I TALK TOO MUCH. FORGET HIM. NOW WE'RE GOING TO NEED SOME TOUGH BOYS TO HELP US.

COLORADO HOUSE

COLORADO HOUSE
THE PHANTOM AND DIANA ARE ARRIVING TODAY! RIGHT NOW!

DID YOU BRING US ALL THE WAY FROM BENGALI TO ASK THAT?

YES, AS A MATTER OF FACT, I DID.

I MET AN OLD MAN ON THE BOAT. HE HAD A MARK ON HIS JAW.

I QUESTIONED HIM, RATHER CLUMSILY, AND LEARNED HE'D HAD THAT MARK FOR FORTY YEARS?

FORTY YEARS? HE GOT IT BEFORE I WAS BORN!

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. BUT HOW?

MY MARK CAN ONLY BE MADE BY THIS SKULL RING. PERHAPS WHAT YOU SAW ONLY LOOKED LIKE IT. I'LL MAKE IT. HERE, SEE IF IT IS THE SAME.

IS THIS WHAT YOU SAW ON THE MAN'S JAW?

I'M POSITIVE!

I MUST FIND THAT MAN AT ONCE. KNOW WHERE HE IS?

LUCKILY, YES. I RECOMMENDED A HOTEL. AND HE AND HIS SON WENT THERE.

IS THERE AN ELDERLY MAN REGISTERED HERE, WITH HIS SON? THE MAN HAS AN ODD MARK ON HIS JAW.

I KNOW WHO YOU MEAN.

THEY CHECKED OUT THIS MORNING.

OH NO! DON'T TELL ME THEY'RE GONE! NOW I'LL DIE OF CURiosity!
THE MAN, OLD STYK, TELLS HIS SON MIKE HOW HE SANK HIS CRUISE AND ITS GOLD CARGO OVER FORTY YEARS BEFORE TO ESCAPE CAPTURE.

THE GOLD MUST BE THERE! IRON BOXES! FIND 'EM, MIKE!

SEARCHING FOR THE GOLD IN THE OLD WRECK, MIKE SEES OTHER THINGS...

HE CLIMBS CAREFULLY ABOARD THE WRECK.

WEDGED BY WATER AND MUD, THE CABIN DOOR WON'T BUDGE...

THEN, PEERING THROUGH A PORTHOLE—IRON BOXES! THE GOLD!

UNDERWATER, AT THE OLD WRECK, MIKE SIGNALS HE'S COMING UP—

WELL, IT'S PUFF! ALL THERE! TEN IRON BOXES! FULL OF—HOW MUCH GOLD?

FIVE MILLION? I KNEW IT! STILL THERE AFTER FORTY YEARS!

NOW ALL WE GOT TO DO IS GET IT UP ON THE SURFACE.

THAT SHOULDN'T BE TOO DIFFICULT—I'VE FOUND THAT MONEY CAN ACCOMPLISH ALMOST ANYTHING.
Diana? I've picked up the trail of the man with the mark. See you later.

I know the man you mean. Name of Styx. Took a suite on the top floor. Went out early this mornin'.

Yeah, I drove them to the end of the island this mornin'. Made twenty bucks.

Take me there—and have another twenty.

Careful, darling. Don't get hurt.

I've no reason to follow these men—but I must know if the one really carries my mark—and if so—how he got it ten years before I was born!

They went to that boat house. Thanks!

Thank you.

I'm looking for a party that went out fishing today. Only rented one launch today. Don't think they went fishin'.

~ Unless they planned to catch 'em by hand! Took divin' equipment with them.

Hmm—what did they look like?

Old fella had a funny mark on his jaw—like a—well, like a skull. There they are, two miles out—

Think them are your friends in that launch?

I'm not sure. Have you any field glasses?

Got somethin' better. That telescope. Use it to watch my boats. Can darn near see to China thru it.

I've never seen him before, but on his jaw—that is my mark!
THE PHANTOM
TRAILS OLD
STYX AND HIS
SON, MIKE.--

THAT IS MY MARK--THE
MARK OF THE PHANTOM!

THAT MARK WAS MADE BEFORE I WAS
BORN--MADE BY THE PHANTOM
BEFORE ME--BY MY FATHER!

I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN THERE'VE BEEN
PHANTOMS BEFORE ME--FOR FOUR
CENTURIES! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME
I'VE RUN INTO EVIDENCE OF IT?

NOW--THE QUESTION IS--WHAT ARE
THEY UP TO--IF ANYTHING--AND
WHY AM I FOLLOWING THEM?

FORTY YEARS
AGO MY
FATHER
TRAILD
THAT MAN
AND CAUGHT
HIM. NOW
I'M TRAILING
HIM. IT'S A
SMALL
WORLD--

YOU FOLLOWING
US?

WHO--ME?

ME, FOLLOWING YOU? WHY, I JUST LIVE
OVER THERE. I WAS WALKING
MY DOG. IS THIS A
HOLDUP?

MY MISTAKE. I--ER--AM
CARRING VALUABLE
SECURITIES. I THOUGHT
YOU WERE A HOLDUP
MAN. HO-HO--

WE WERE
BOTH WRONG,
WEREN'T WE?

YOU'RE PRETTY
QUICK WITH
THAT GUN, POP.

I'M JUMPY. I WILL
BE UNTIL I GET
THAT GOLD.

I COULDN'T REVEAL MYSELF TO
THEM YET. THAT OLD MAN'S
HARD AS NAILS! MY DAD
MUST HAVE BEEN
QUITE A MAN FORTY
YEARS AGO TO
HAVE NABBED
HIM!

LIKE MOST MYSTERIES, THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE. THE MARK WAS MADE BY MY FATHER. OF COURSE?

RAID H. STYX. DAD TOLD ME ABOUT HIM WHEN I WAS A BOY, AND STYX'S SON MIKE. WHAT ARE THEY UP TO? MAYBE NOTHING.

I DUB IT, STYX IS TOO QUICK WITH A GUN. I'VE GOT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT HIM.

SOMETIMES, I WISH YOU WERE A SALES MAN, OR A GROCER.

ROOF, PLEASE. YES, SIR.

STYX AND HIS SON ARE ON THE FLOOR JUST BELOW. I HAVE A HUNCH THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING.

I'LL FIND OUT SOON.

BESIDES EQUIPMENT, WE'LL NEED A COUPLE OF STRONG, TOUGH MEN TO HELP US RAISE THAT GOLD.

**IF WE GET TWO GUYS TO HELP US, WE'LL HAVE TO CUT THEM IN ON THE DEAL. IS THAT GOOD?**

YOU'RE GREEN, SON. AFTER WE FINISH THE JOB, WE'LL CUT THEM OUT - BUT GOOD? YOU'LL LEARN.

**NICE, FATHERLY ADVICE! SO THEY ARE UP TO SOMETHING - THEY(sound~ MESSY!**
You're gonna give us five grand each—to do what?

What's in the boxes?

No questions—now or in the future? Just do as you're told! Period!

Okay, styx. For five grand I'd raise the ocean bottom itself.

Good. Let's go.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER—they don't know styx plans to give them a double cross! Hm—what is in those boxes?

Styx and his men load equipment on the launch.

You know what's in them boxes. We're gonna raise!

Wanna stay healthy? Remember what Pop said—no questions?

This is the place? Cast the anchor here? There's nothing to stop us now?

And hidden in the hold of the launch.

You know? Yep. Climb the wreck, cut what to do? Thru the iron door where the boxes are.

Oh, no?

We're ready for the lines? Say—those boxes must be pretty valuable!

I warned you against asking questions.
The iron boxes are removed from the wreck.

And raised to the surface.

Open it! Open it!

Hold your horses, Pop! This thing's heavy!

Solid gold bars.

Ah and lots more where that came from.

That's all the boxes! Whatever's in 'em is heavy—heavy as if you ask me.

Nobody's asking you! Go back down. See if you can find another box.

I thought you said that was all of the boxes?

What'll we do, Pop?

There's an axe in the cabin. Bring it to me! I'll cut their air lines.

As the two divers probe the underwater wreck.

Pop! I don't think we oughta.

Give me that axe! We can't trust those two! This is our chance.

One blow and the air lines will be cut in two.

Pop! Look at that axe!

On the axe—the mysterious, dreaded mark of the Phantom!
HEY KIDS!! SEND FOR THE NEW

Disneyland
COLOR TELEVISION SET

COMPLETE WITH 8 ROLLS OF COLOR FILM
Now you can have hours of fun seeing and showing your own favorite Disneyland to your friends and family. Each roll of film is different — here are the titles:

1. Mickey Mouse in Disneyland
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6. Davy Crockett at the Alamo
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In all, the 8 rolls of 4 color film make up 112 different pictures of Disneyland and his friends! Don't wait! Mail coupon immediately with only $1. Your set will be sent postpaid. No C.O.D.'s. For Canadian & foreign orders — send $1.50 money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or return set for full refund.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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Folks:
Here's my dollar. Send me the Disneyland Color Television set with 8 rolls of film. If not completely satisfied, I may return same for full refund.

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YOU'RE INVITED INTO JOE PALOOKA'S CORNER BY READING ANOTHER BIG 'H' COMIC.

THIS IS NO FISH STORY. BEST COMICS ARE THE BIG 'H' COMICS.

THEY MAY TRY TO MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME... BUT I READ ALL BIG 'H' COMICS.

MONEY GROWS WITH VALUE WHEN YOU HAVE DOUBLE YOUR ENTERTAINMENT WITH LITTLE AUDREY COMICS.

HERE ARE THE BIG 'H' COMICS LOVED BY MILLIONS.

WHEE— I'M ALL OVER THE WORLD... AND WITH THE BIG 'H' COMICS.

BOO— I'M 4 U— BUT YOU SHOULD BE READING BIG 'H' COMICS.

BOY—that's a close shave— I almost missed DASHWOOD COMICS THIS MONTH!
OWN AND FLY YOUR OWN
JET ENGINE
PLANE

Real Jet Take-off
MODERN! FAST! THRILLING!

JETEX JET ENGINE
AND JETEX "SKYFIGHTER"
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Complete plane, engine and fuel

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BURNS SOLID FUEL FOR
MAXIMUM THRUST. WORKS
LIKE REAL AIR FORCE JETS

YOUR PLANE IS POWERED BY THIS
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SEND NO MONEY!
I CARRY MY INK SUPPLY IN MY PURSE.
I CARRY MINE IN MY POCKET.

JUST DROP SKRIP CARTRIDGE INTO BARREL, AND WRITE!

SHEAFFER'S NEW CARTRIDGE PEN

$2.95
with 2 Skrip cartridges

The fountain pen that fills like a ballpoint!

MEET HOT STUFF
HE'S REALLY RED HOT!

AND EVERYONE WILL LOVE LITTLE HOT STUFF!
YOU'LL LAUGH OUT LOUD AT THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THIS LITTLE RASCAL...

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

MEET HOT STUFF
HE'S REALLY RED HOT!

AND EVERYONE WILL LOVE LITTLE HOT STUFF!
YOU'LL LAUGH OUT LOUD AT THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF THIS LITTLE RASCAL...

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

BY POPULAR DEMAND
THANKS, FRIENDS, FOR TELLING ME YOU LOVE 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!

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

I'M BLUSHING!

MAZIE AND HER BOY FRIENDS AND THE TEEN AGERS

GET YOUR COPY TODAY

ZEE RIOT IS IN ZEE NEW MAZIE NOW ON SALE!
Don't cut those air lines, Styx!

You -- the Phantom!

Unchanged -- after forty years!

So we meet again!

This is the Phantom's joke -- his father's styx forty years ago.

You are immortal -- the ghost who walks the man who cannot die --

But Mike, Styx's son, isn't so impressed --

The Phantom's gun doesn't work as Mike jumps at him from the side and runs into an iron fist.

Get him, son! If he moves that gun, I'll--

Ghost who walks -- umph!

Mike shares himself dizzily --

Uh -- what a sock!

Thus father and son carry the Phantom Mark -- received from father and son!

Now you've got one, too!

How can you be the same man I knew forty years ago? You were older than I was --

Neat plot you've cooked up, Styx.

You and your son hired two men to haul up that buried gold -- which you stole in the first place --

Now you've got the gold, and you were about to kill them while they were under water! Wow -- how low can you get?

The divers, reaching the surface, know nothing of Styx's plot against them --
COMING TO THE SURFACE, THE DIVERS SEE THE STRANGE FIGURE OF THE PHANTOM.

AND DON'T REALIZE HE'S SAVED THEM FROM STYX.

A ROBBER TRYING TO STEAL THE BOXES. WE'LL loose OUR PAY.

CURLY CASTS A ROPE TOWARD THE STRANGE FIGURE.

IT IS ENOUGH TO SPIN HIM AROUND AND IN THAT INSTANT MIKE AND STYX JUMP HIM.

AS THE PHANTOM FIGHTS OFF STYX, AND HIS SON THEN FROM BEHIND.

WHAT IN BLAZES WHO IS THAT? THE PHANTOM? HE HE TRIED TO HIJACK OUR BOXES, HE'S A THIEF.

IS HE ALIVE? YEP STILL BREATHING.

THE DIVERS DON'T REALIZE THE PHANTOM SAVED THEM FROM STYX.

STYX, WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT? DO YOU KNOW THIS MASKED GUY?

I'LL TELL YOU THIS IF HE LIVES, NEITHER OF YOU WILL GET YOUR FIVE GRAND.

YEAH? WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM?

WHAT DO YOU THINK?
NOW WE'LL SEE HOW IMMORTAL THE PHANTOM IS! 'GHOST WHO WALKS- PAH!'

TIED AND WEIGHTED, THE PHANTOM IS TOSS OVERBOARD.

IF I CAN ONLY GET TO MY KNIFE!

UNDER WATER, THE PHANTOM WORKS FAST- I'M LIKE A FISH ON THE END OF A LINE!

QUICKLY HE GOES TO WORK WITH A CONCEALED KNIFE.

CAN'T SEE HIM ANY MORE- HE WON'T LAST LONG!

I'VE WAITED A LIFETIME TO GET EVEN WITH THE PHANTOM! NOW- IT'S HAPPENED! REVENGE IS SWEET!

WORKING FAST UNDER WATER, THE PHANTOM FREES HIMSELF WITH A CONCEALED KNIFE.

AND WITH HIS LAST BREATH SWINGS OVER TOWARD THE WRECK WITH THE ROPE.

THEN REACHES THE SURFACE UNSEEN!

AH AIR!

NO MORE MOVEMENT! HE'S FINISHED!

COME ON, POP, LET'S GET GOING!
Well, you got the boxes. Yeah, our boxes. Wait over there.

What about them two? They're wise to what's in the -- we'll take care of them later.

No, now! Will you forget about that hoo-doo guy? He's colder'n a mackerel.

Forget him? After carrying his mark for forty years?

--- And then seein' him pop up again. As young as he was then! No, sir--I'm waitin' to make sure he's finished!

Is your old man going crackers about that dead hijacker? I don't know.

Pop, will you come on? We gotta get this stuff back to land--we got lots to do.

Let me be, son.

I'm leaving him down there an hour? Then we see--if he is really the 'man who never dies.' I'm takin' no chance.

Meanwhile, the Phantom waits patiently, out of sight, near the stern. The big moment is coming.

The hour is up? Pull him up.

Gotta humor the old man.

Won't be long. We're almost to the end of the rope. There he--

No-- Migosh-- What do they see!
Pulling up the rope to which the phantom had been attached—It ain’t the phantom—but how?

Throw the gold back! It’s haunted! Pop cut it out! There’s got to be an explanation for this!

Gold—boxes of it! It’s all ours—see!

And a battle royal begins on the deck!

Yeah?

We’re takin’ that gold—pop! Help me—!

Old Styx, still dazed, walks into a hard fist—Uhh!

The men battle on, all over the deck of the small launch!

When thieves fall out—they really fall! Sounds like a cyclone up there?

That’ll be all— for you, Curly?

Now you!

They’ve knocked themselves out—and saved me the trouble! First fight I ever saw—everybody lost!
THE PHANTOM QUICKLY FINDS THE THIEVES.

WHAT A QUARTET OF ROUGHNECKS! BUT THIS OLD BOY IS THE WORST.

SO THIS IS WHAT ALL THE FIGHTING WAS ABOUT? SOLID GOLD! BOOTY FROM ONE OF STYX'S FORTY-YEAR-OLD RAIDS?

DAD JAILED STYX FORTY YEARS AGO FOR STEALING THE GOLD--IT'S TAKEN A LONG TIME TO FINISH THE CASE.

WHAT IS THIS? I THOUGHT YOU WENT FISHING?

I DID! GOT QUITE A HAUL!

THERE ARE THE FOUR I PHONED YOU ABOUT, CHIEF.

HMM--WHAT ARE THE CHARGES? AND WHO ARE YOU?

NEVER MIND ME NOW. THAT IS STYX AND MIKE, FATHER AND SON, GUILTY OF THREE ATTEMPTS AT MURDER--THEY TRIED TO GET ME--AND--

"THOSE TWO! WHO WERE FOOLISH ENOUGH NOT TO KNOW THAT I TRIED TO SAVE THEM--THEY TRIED TO KILL ME, TOO!"

SOUNDS COMPLICATED.

THINGS USUALLY ARE, WHENEVER THERE'S THAT MUCH GOLD AROUND.

AND SO OLD STYX AND HIS SON PLANNED TO KILL THE TWO MEN THEY HIRED TO RAISE THE GOLD.

AND ALMOST KILLED ME?

WE CAN'T LOCATE THE OWNERS OF THE GOLD, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.

IT'LL BE GIVEN TO CHARITIES. STRANGE! THIS ALL STARTED BECAUSE I HAD TO FIND THE MAN WITH THE FORTY-YEAR-OLD PHANTOM MARK--

TO PROVE TO YOU I WASN'T OLD ENOUGH TO BE YOUR GRANDPA.

NO QUESTION ABOUT THAT, DARLING!
The Confession

There was a quiet, soft brown feeling over the park, Maxim thought. The afternoon sun set, melting the green of trees, bushes, and plants into russet. Finding a park bench that was empty, Maxim sat down, his face twitching with excess nervousness and showing pearl-like beads of sweat that lined his forehead. He wondered if the heat of the day had anything to do with his irritability; immediately, he discounted the reason. Like a man who is afraid to face the truth, Maxim tried to hide the fact that Les Walpole was going to be executed in five hours. He closed his eyes slowly, feeling momentary blackness and then, opening them, knew that he had to confess. He knew, in that singular flash of memory, that Les Walpole was innocent; feeling cleansed, he knew, besides, that he, Maxim, was guilty. Simply, with the basic feeling of humaneness, he resolutely determined he must confess to the crime.

As before, but this time somewhat faster, the setting sun clothed the park with shades of brown. It was starting to get dark, and Maxim's solitary feeling of emptiness was bolstered by a few passers-by, each walking slowly in a haze of dormancy.

Reaching into his jacket pocket, Maxim quickly brought out a small leather covered notebook with a gold pencil attached. He would have to write fast, he knew, looking at the brown shroud turn to a very spotty black. The sun had completely disappeared behind a clump of trees and dusk set in with firm resolve. He turned to a blank page in the notebook, tipped the pencil to his tongue, and set himself for the first words of his confession. Nothing came, however. He gritted his teeth, rolled his tongue over his lips, trying to think of what to say. He thought for a long while, and he noticed that dusk, too, started to fade. The park was now empty, except for himself on the bench, his mind and body poised over the small notebook. He stared down at the blank page, the tip of his pencil still at the same spot he had set it in.

Suddenly, as if a dam was opened, the words gushed forth, a cascade of words and phrases, each meaningful. His pencil skimmed over the page in a deluge of legible handwriting and pregnant, confessional words. The lamppost behind him became lit, its dim, pale yellow light illuminating the page and, as if spurred by this additional help, he wrote faster. He found now no bulwark, no obstacle too difficult to overcome; hesitancy collapsed in the face of the great drive which compelled him to confess. Thought upon words, each syllable now finding new meaning in his determined effort to save Les Walpole's life. He hardly noticed the people who passed him by, looking at him with a strangeness of finding a lion loose in the streets: fear mixed with a horrible desire to see. Still he wrote. Finally, like a glider coming to a soft, quiet halt, Maxim finished. He rested his pencil on the book, flexing his cramped fingers.

A policeman walked by. Maxim got up, running to him. He showed the confession to him, and the cop politely took him to the headquarters. They led him to jail.

The sergeant looked at the policeman. "Too bad," he said. "It's cranks like this that obstruct justice!"

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THE MIRROR OF LIFE

"What's the use...there's no sense to even going on!" That was Bert Taylor talking. Poor Bert Taylor, a guy with failure for a past, and no hope for a future.

He sat in front of the huge mirror in his living room, and stared at his reflection. He laughed, and so did his reflection. He closed his mouth tight, and so did his reflection. And now he spoke, and so did his reflection.

"Look at us," said Bert. "There are two of us, and we're still worthless. We fall in love, and we lose. We enter business, and we lose. We try to do everything, but we lose right down the line. Neither of us has guts, neither of us knows what to do! It's a crime that we have to belong to each other."

Bert Taylor didn't enjoy talking to his reflection. He couldn't even stand the sight of it. But it was the only thing that understood him, that looked at him, that listened to him.

"What do we do now?" Bert asked the reflection. "Do we look for a job? Do we try and find friends? Do we look for love again? Or do we finally realize that we're going to see the same things again, and fail again and again? Tell me!"

Bert Taylor was quiet now. So was his reflection.

"You're not talking, huh?" Bert angrily said to the mirror. "You're afraid to tell me what you think! You're afraid to say that you agree with me! But you can't fool me - I know what you think, I know every thought that crosses your stupid mind! So don't be afraid - talk!"

Bert Taylor was silent again. So was his reflection.

Then suddenly Bert Taylor smiled. His reflection smiled back at him.

"We've got an idea, don't we?" said Bert Taylor. "And we think it's going to solve all our problems!" Bert Taylor was almost delirious with happiness, his mind was bubbling with a plan for victory!

"You're right," said Bert Taylor as he moved closer to his reflection. "It's going to work." He moved even closer.

"All we have to do is join together! You and me alone are nothing - but if we joined as one, we'd be a mountain of power. We could do anything we want, we'd win, we'd win again!"

Bert Taylor was almost on top of his reflection.

"So what do you say?" he asked. "Is it a deal? Do we? AGREED!"

Bert Taylor smashed into the mirror, his reflection, his mirror grabbed for him. There seemed to be a crash of thunder, and then there was silence.

Bert Taylor had fallen to the ground. He was lying in the midst of broken glass. He looked from piece to piece, and he cried.

"We failed...we failed...and now, I don't even have you!"

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Here are some of the stars in coming issues

JOE * KNOBBY * HUMPHREY * LITTLE MAX * JERRY * ANN
DID THEY LIVE?

One of the greatest figures in American folklore is the mighty Casey immortalized through baseball. A member and powerhouse of the legendary “Midvilley,” he struck out when the team needed him most.

Belonging to the same noble tradition of Casey Jones is Jim Bludso, heroic steamboat engineer of the “Prairie Belle.” Jim held the nose of the ship to the shore when it caught fire. In so doing, he lost his own life so that others might live.

Paul Bunyon, the mightiest and greatest of all the loggers, is the lumberjack hero of the Pacific Northwest. Pictured as a giant of all giants, his sway extended from the winter of the blue snow to the spring when the rain came up from China.

The most picturesque and lovable of all western heroes is Doc Holliday. The cowboy whose only weapon was a tremendous imagination. He once said that he used the Rio Grande river as a drinking fountain to appease his thirst and that’s why it’s so shallow.

YOUR DREAMS MEAN...

To dream of pressing ferns between the pages of a book means that you will have a rare opportunity to bring together an estranged couple.

Dreaming of a steaming hot cup of coffee means that you are going to find happiness and success in a very short time.

Being a detective in a dream is a sign that you will be able to solve any difficulties that may confront you. If you shadow somebody, it means that you are afraid of ill-fortune.

To be near an organ and listen to its music is a sign of happiness, prosperity, and a fortunate marriage.
LEGEND OF INDIA!

As rich in its native folklore and legend as the rest of the world, India has a background all its own. For instance, the Hindu god, Surya, represented the sun in his rising and setting. He had flaming red hair and his chariot was drawn by seven red horses.

Like other Indian gods, Vishnu has the power to appear in various forms. He, however, preserves energy, and is the second god of the Hindu trinity. He is expected to appear when he is needed to destroy the forces of evil and injustice.

PRITHVI! The Indian goddess of the earth is supposed to fructify the earth with her powers, making it able to produce food. She is supposed to appear in an age of great famine or want.

LIVING SOMEWHERE ON MOUNT KAILASH, IN THE HIMALAYAS, is Siva, the lord of the mountain. He is known by as many as a thousand names and he is the god of arts and knowledge as well as dancing and gaiety.

YOUR DREAMS MEAN...

To dream of flying in an airplane means that you will be called on to perform honorable deeds in which you will cover yourself with glory.

To dream of the ace of hearts means success in love and social life; the ace of diamonds means great success in business; the ace of spades, hard work, and the ace of clubs means prestige and money losses.

When you have your hand on a door knob it is a sign that you will enter a life that will be good. Turning the knob means that social success is unimportant in the hard work you will be doing.

Dreams of seeing pears, or eating them, mean that you will never be lonely. Pears, representing the friends, merely signify that they have to be plucked — that you have to go out and get them.
Before the Nazis came, Mayer had been a brilliant scientist. Now it is 1940, and he is a shopkeeper and the man who had almost destroyed him is again tormenting him.

No! You must not take that clock! I have worked on it for years! It is unique!

So I have heard, but you forget, Mayer. I command the Occupation Force in this town! When I want--I take.

If the Commandant had not been a lover of antiques, it might never have happened. But the Commandant is a connoisseur...

Lovely, lovely! Truly a work of art, my friend!

What would you know of art? A man who grinds the people of this town into the dust! A man who commanded a concentration camp!

A camp in which you were a prisoner, my friend! Do you remember? Take care! You still live. Next time--you might not.

Ah, yes, the Commandant is a man of exquisite taste. That night, he is quite happy--for a little while.

You would give much to have your revenge, eh? But it is the strong who rule. So--farewell, my friend. I shall keep your clock.

Beautiful, beautiful! Such delicacy, such perfect workmanship...
Strange. My head—it hurts. I have a headache...

I—I must be dreaming! This is Elsen! The concentration camp I used to command...

I said to move! How dare you command this camp, you'll pay for this!

All right, you! Move along!

No! This uniform! I'm a prisoner! But it can't be! It can't!

No? So you command this camp eh? Then—why don't you just walk out?

The commandant tried to reason. He pleads, begs—and at last, hopelessly, helplessly. He stood with his face buried in his hands.

So this is how an officer in the army of the Reich spends his time: crying on your feet!

Who—who is it? You are—general von Hahn? But where did you come from? How?

General please! It happened! Just as I said! You must believe me! I was in Elsen! A prisoner!

So that is your story. You are relieved of your command. You will be sent home! After that—we shall see!

It is a broken man who leaves the occupied town still clutching the clock which had been fashioned out of the concentration camp—from scraps of barbed wire, discarded shell cases, bits and pieces of the electrical alarm system! And if ever a mechanical thing had the spirit of the devil in it, it was this clock!

It's fascinating, isn't it, commandant? Never never could I give up this clock!

The end.
Boys! Girls! Mothers! Dads!

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