HARVEY HITS magazine presents THE PHANTOM

THE GHOST WHO WALKS IN URANIUM VALLEY!
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Flash! Here’s good news! Here are the first cities that will show the Funday Funnies! Look for YOUR channel. Write me and let me know if you agree that this is the best cartoon show you’ve ever seen. Also let me know what you would like us to show on our program. See you on T.V.!

Casper

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AND YOU’LL SEE AND READ ABOUT THEM IN ALL THE HARVEY BIG ‘H’ COMICS...
TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS AND OUR FRIENDS TO HAVE A BIG PARTY EVERY SUNDAY AND EVERY FRIDAY!
IT’S A GOOD TIME TO READ THE HARVEY COMICS AND SEE THE BIG TV PROGRAM ON YOUR ABC-TV.

SEE ME ON FUNDAY FUNNIES EVERY SUNDAY AND EVERY FRIDAY
The Phantom in
THE GHOST WHO WALKS IN URANIUM VALLEY!

By LEE FALK and
WILSON McCOY

URANIUM!

AT THE EDGE OF THE BENGAL JUNGLE—A FIND!

THE NEWS SPREADS FAST—

WITHIN MONTHS—A NEW TOWN SPRINGS UP—U-TOWN—
AND WITH IT — RIFFRAFF.
NO COPS — NO LAW IN
THIS TOWN — EXCEPT US
IS THAT CLEAR, BOYS?
YES, JUDGE.
THIS IS IT! LISTEN TO
THAT COUNTER? MUST
BE URANIUM AND
PLENTY OF IT!
I'LL STAKE OUT MY CLAIM — THEN
TAKE SOME SAMPLES TO THE
ASSAYING OFFICE? BUT
I'M SURE THIS TIME!

Hmm — Staked your
claim properly, did
you? Mind waiting
a minute?
I've got plenty
of time now!
Another claim,
JUDGE, looks
like a good
one.
Find out where
it is. Tell the
boys to get
going, Sam.
I've got a
real paying
uranium claim! At
last! Wait'll mom
and dad get my
letter at home!

Hey — You're
trespassing on
our property,
Bud!
This is my
claim! I've staked
it out?
My name's on
these
tags — say they've
been changed!
I'm going to
the law!
Claim-jumpers! I was
told to see you, Judge.
I've been
robbed of
my claim!

I staked out my claim and
I was robbed — why, there's one
of them!
That so, Slim?
He's fibbin', JUDGE,
we found it first.
your word's
good enough
for me, Slim.

You're all
crooked — I'll
go to the
law!
I'm the law here —
throw him outa
town, Slim!
AND DON'T COME BACK—OR I'LL AIM STRAIGHTER!

ANOTHER PROSPECTOR TO SEE YOU, JUDGE. SAYS SOMEBODY JUMPED HIS CLAIM.

TSK—TSK. SHOW HIM IN, SLIM.

YOU'RE ALL CROOKS—ALL BANDED TOGETHER!

EASY—OLD MAN!

YOU—YOU— PULL A GUN ON ME? I'LL MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU NOBODY'LL FORGET! TAKE HIM OUTSIDE!

PULL A GUN ON ME? NOBODY ELSE'LL TRY THAT!

AWAY YOU GO!

CAN'T KEEP GOING FOREVER—GOTTA STOP SOME TIME—HEADING DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE.

A MAN—TIED TO A HORSE? WHAT IS THIS? AFTER HIM, HERO!
Why were you tied on that horse? I'm water-exhausted!

It's that crooked gang in U-Town. They stole my uranium claim. They're all crooks. The Jedge and--

Start from the beginning. A gang drove you out of U-Town? Why?

I'm not the first. No honest man can live there. Crooks run the place!

I found uranium. somebody stole it from me.

This is my claim! Go argue with the Jedge.

Somedbody who calls himself Jedge is the law there. You're all crooks. Throw him out of town!

I can't prove it--but I think he's in with the claim jumpers, too!

Hmm--I'll visit U-Town. It sounds interesting.

There are times, the natives say, when the Phantom leaves the jungle.

--and walks thru the town like an ordinary man.

This is one of those nights and stay out!

Get outa town, you old coot, and stay out!

What did he do? Talked too much. We don't like talkers in U-Town.

Are you a law officer? Me? Are you kidding?
Then what right did you have to shoot at him?

Huh? What's this? Another talker?

Sam, what's going on out there?

Slim's having a tangle with a stranger, Judge.

Slim's trigger-happy. Tell him to take the stranger outside.

The boys gotta have their fun, Judge.

Slim, Judge says to take that stranger outside. He don't want you messin' up the place.

You heard that. I'm not going to start running. You!

I just got here. You going to start running, or do I let you have it here?

I'm not going to start running.

And you're not going to let me have it here.

The Phantom's hand moves like lightning.

Trigger-happy toughs like you shouldn't be allowed to have live ammunition.

Now, waiter, may I have a glass of milk, please? And water for my wolf-dog.

Seen a ghost? Why're your eyes popping?

Slim had a gun on this stranger—who grabs it and tosses it away!

That's him drinking milk.

Find out who he is, Sam!

Had the gun in my hand—didn't even see him move—then he had it!
HI, STRANGER. WELCOME TO U-TOWN. WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?

I DIDN'T SAY.

ER - WE LIKE TO KNOW WHAT STRANGERS ARE DOING IN U-TOWN.

I IMAGINE YOU DO.

WHY -

SO YOU LIKE TO CHECK UP ON STRANGERS IN U-TOWN, EH?

WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?

HE-KNOCKED OUT SLIM WITHOUT EVEN LOOKING - WITHOUT SPILLING HIS MILK!

UH!

WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?

I'VE NOT HERE. FIND OUT MORE ABOUT HIM. HE LOOKS TOUGH!

I'M NOT HERE. FIND OUT MORE ABOUT HIM. HE LOOKS TOUGH!

ER - JUDGE ISN'T HERE NOW.

NO? THEN I'LL BE BACK.

I UNDERSTAND THERE'S A MAN NAMED JUDGE HERE. I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM.

UH - I'LL SEE IF HE'S HERE.

BUT THIS STRANGER WANTS TO SEE YOU, JUDGE.

HE-KNOCKED OUT SLIM WITHOUT EVEN LOOKING AT HIM!

SAY, WHAT'S THIS ON SLIM'S JAW? LOOKS LIKE A SKULL MARK!

ON SLIM'S JAW - A MYSTERIOUS MARK - THE SIGN OF THE SKULL!
THE STRANGER MUSTA LEFT THAT MARK WHEN HE HIT SLIM!!

WHAT'S IT MEAN?

I ONCE HEARD NATIVES TALK ABOUT THE SIGN OF THE PHANTOM! PHANTOM?

STREET'S EMPTY WHERE'D HE GO?

I DON'T KNOW. I FEEL CHILLY.

WHY YOU STARING AT ME?

THAT SKULL MARK-ON YOUR JAW- WHERE YOU WERE HIT?

GET ONE OF THE NATIVE WAITERS?

WHAT'S THAT MARK ON SLIM'S JAW?

SIGN OF SKULL PHANTOM!

WHO IS THE PHANTOM? WHERE'S HE FROM?

MAN WHO NEVER DIES GHOST WHO WALKS EVERYWHERE NOWHERE.

MOTHER THOUGHT WE WERE MAD TO GO URANIUM-HUNTING.

LISTEN! MOTHER MAY CHANGE HER MIND!

NEWLYWEDS NEAR U-TOWN.

HEAR THAT COUNTER TICK? I'M SURE WE'VE FOUND URANIUM!

OH, DARLING HOW EXCITING! WHAT'S THE NEXT STEP?

STAKE OUT OUR CLAIM THEN GET DOWN TO THAT OFFICE!

WON'T MOTHER BE SURPRISED?

A REAL PAIR OF BABES-IN-THE-WOODS TO FACE THE JUDGE'S MOB!

I'LL FOLLOW THIS AND SEE HOW THE RACKET WORKS.

WAIT HERE PLEASE THANK YOU.

OH, NED, I'M SO EXCITED URANIUM! AND WE FOUND IT!!
GOOD STUFF, JUDGE. CLAIM'S UP ON GREEN HILL. NAME OF MOSS.

GET SLIM AND THE BOYS GOING, SAM.

GREEN HILL, SOUTHWEST CORNER. THE USUAL, SLIM.

RIGHT? SO SAM THE CLERK IS PART OF THE MOB. THEY LET OTHERS FIND THE URANIUM. THEN THEY MOVE IN. FINE RACKET.

WHOSE NAME'LL WE PUT ON THE TAGS THIS TIME, SLIM?

USE MINE FOR A CHANGE.

TIME FOR SHUT-EYE. WHOEVER USED TO OWN THIS CLAIM'LL BE BACK IN THE MORNING, YOU CAN BET.

HMMM.

DEAR, DID YOU FINISH ALL THE LEGAL DETAILS OF OUR CLAIM?

YEP. SAM THE CLERK IN U-TOWN TOOK CARE OF IT.

VAMOOSE, YOU TWO! YOU'RE TRESPASSIN'!

TRESPASSING? THIS IS OUR CLAIM!

YEAH? LOOK ON THE TAGS. THAT'S NOT YOUR NAME, IS IT?

WHY? HUH—WHAT IS THIS?

?!

SLIM! WE CHANGED THESE TAGS OURSELVES LAST NIGHT, BUT THERE'S A NEW TAG ON NOW!

DRY UP, FOOL! LEMME SEE.

THE SAME MARK AS ON MY JAW—

WE HEARD HIM SAY YOU CHANGED THE TAGS.

DRY UP, SONNY, BEFORE YOU GET HURT. COME ON, PETE.
A skull mark? What is it all about?

Don't know, dear.

You mean you left those honeymooners sitting on that claim?

I did—when I saw this tag!

That mark again! I won't be buffaled by a hoodoo! Find him!

We've looked enough. Let's go back.

We haven't looked very hard, Slim.

Who wants to look hard—for a hoodoo?

Locked every place, no sign of him, Judge.

Keep lookin'! Meanwhile, drive those honeymooners away—feet-first if necessary!

Here come those gunmen again!

Ned, you can't fight all of them!

We're giving you ten minutes to clear out.

Yeah? I'll give you exactly thirty seconds!

Drop that rifle, sonny, or your honeymoon's over right now!

Suddenly—a shot—!

Now get going, and don't come back—huh—

Who fired that shot? You?

Me.

The fellow who made the mark on my jaw. He's not looking my way.

Old native saying: "Phantom has eyes in back of his head." He suddenly whirls and—
Tell the 'judge', I'll see him tonight!

Did you see that? He shot both guns out of my hands without hardly looking!

Such shooting isn't natural!

Gee, thank you for helping us! Who are you?

A friend in need, you're against a tough crowd.

They're claim-jumpers and they run U-town. This is rough country. What on earth made you take a honeymoon here?

It was the only place I could think of where her mother wouldn't insist on coming along, too!

Ned!

This is no place for a honeymoon. The town's rough; it'll get rougher.

Regret your claim; then leave until U-town is cleaned up.

When you reach the city, please mail this for me.

Glady, er... who's going to clean up U-town?

I am.

But, judge, such shooting— we didn't have a chance!

Three of you against one man? You idiots!

What's more, he said he was coming to see you tonight, judge!

He did, eh? We'll be ready. Sam, get that ore bucket!

No man—phantom or whatever he calls himself—is going to stop us! Is the electric switch working?

We'll try it, judge.

Yep, it works! Put it back up, Sam. When this phantom calls tonight, we'll be ready.
YOU'RE JUDGE? THEY SAID YOU WEREN'T IN.
I'M USUALLY NOT TO STRANGERS. WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS?
NEVER MIND WHO I AM. END YOUR RACKET IN TOWN AT ONCE, JUDGE.
WHAT RACKET? I AM THE LAW HERE.
SELF-APPOINTED LAW! EVEN YOUR TITLE'S PHONY! THERE'S A GANG OF CLAIM-JUMPERS IN U-TOWN. SAM THE OFFICE CLERK IS PART OF IT.
THE GANG HAS A BOSS. YOU'RE IT!
NONSENSE! WHERE'S YOUR PROOF? WISH HE'D STEP BACK SO I CAN DROP THE BUCKET!
DOZENS OF PROSPECTORS WILL TESTIFY THAT YOUR MEN STOLE THEIR CLAIM.
ONCE ARRESTED, YOUR MEN'LL SQUEAL ON YOU, TOO!
I'M GIVING YOU ONE CHANCE-RETURN THE CLAIMS-GET YOU AND YOUR MOB OUT OF U-TOWN.
THAT'S BIG OF YOU.
AND IF I REFUSE?
IN THAT CASE, JUDGE.
DEVIL BARKS-THE PHANTOM DODGES-BUT THE HEAVY BUCKET STRIKES HIM A GLANCING BLOW.
HELP! HELP!
GET HIM AWAY!
OUT THE WINDOW WITH HIM—THEN SHOOT THE VARMINT!

GET HIM?
THINK SO.

HE'S STILL BREATHING. YOU'D THINK THAT BUCKET OF ORE WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM!

WOULD THE DOG BARKED? HE Ducked IT BARELY HIT HIM.

GHOST WHO WALKS, EH? KNOCKED OUT LIKE ANYBODY ELSE. GET OFF SOME OF HIS THINGS. HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT HIM.

WHAT'S HE GOT ON?

IN U-TOWN, OTHERS ARE WONDERING THE SAME THING!

SO THAT IS THE PHANTOM—THE GHOST WHO WALKS?

THE MAN WHO NEVER DIES?—MAKE SURE—CALL IN THE WAITER.

WHO IS THAT?

PHAN- TOM!

LET'S TAKE OFF THAT MASK AND HOOD AND HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT HIM.

NO—NO! HE WHO LOOKS ON FACE OF PHANTOM DIES! HE WHO UNMASKS PHANTOM DIES HORRIBLY!

EVER HEAR SUCH MALARKEY? I BET THEY REALLY BELIEVE IT!

WHAT A LAUGH!
If we see his face, we all die?

Yes, and he who unmask the Phantom dies horribly! All the jungle knows that!

Ho-ho-ho-har-har-best laugh I've had in years. Unmask him, Sam.

Ha-ha-hehe!

Er, don't think I want to do it, Judge. Don't tell me you're scared, Sam!

I'm not sayin' I believe that nonsense—that we'll die if we see his face. I just—

Oh no, you're just afraid to unmask him, Slim. You do it.

I'd rather watch you do it, Judge.

Of all the stupid—I'll do it.

(And he who unmask the Phantom dies horribly!)

Silly superstition! I'll unmask him—no, no—I don't want to, but have to go thru with it.

Now—hey—quick—tie him up!

Whew—who cares what he looks like—take him out to the old shaft!

Thank goodness he moved before I got the mask off. I don't believe a word of that jungle nonsense—but who knows?

Half conscious, the Phantom is carried to an abandoned mine.

Devil trails them silently. Now we'll see if he really is the 'Man who cannot die'!
MEANWHILE, IN BENGALE-TOWN, A LETTER IS RECEIVED AT JUNGLE PATROL HQ.

COL. WEEKS, O.O.
JUNGLE PATROL.

U-TOWN NEEDS POLICING; SEND TWO MEN AT ONCE.
COMMANDER.
J.P.

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS. PROCEED AT ONCE TO U-TOWN.

I'VE BEEN WONDERING: WHO IS OUR COMMANDER?

YOU'RE NEW IN THE PATROL. THAT'S A QUESTION NO ONE ASKS - BECAUSE NO ONE KNOWS!
Meanwhile, at U-Town—the Unknown Commander.

Now we'll see if the Phantom can not die.

What you going to do with him, Jedge?

Half conscious, the Phantom is pushed into the mine shaft.

Instinctively, he lands cat-like on all fours.

Then lies still—hasn't moved—he's finished.

Fill up the shaft—just to make sure!

Half conscious, the Phantom drags himself into a mine corridor leading from the shaft.

That finishes him, Jedge.

Yes, I'd say we can forget all about the Phantom.

Devil rushes to the filled-in mine shaft.

Hey—look back. I thought I got him before!

The bullet strikes near devil—he leaps.

Then plays dead—trick the Phantom taught him?

Good shot, Slim! That did it!

That was a good day's work! First the Phantom, then his wolf.

Now nobody'll bother us in U-Town!
PLAYING DEAD, DEVIL WATCHES
UNTIL THE MEN ARE GONE~

THEN DIGS FURIOUSLY WHERE
HE LAST SAW HIS MASTER GO
UNDER TONS OF ROCK~

DIZZY~ STILL WEAK~ THE
PHANTOM COMES TO
WHERE AM I~?
UNDERGROUND!

THIS MUST BE AN
OLD MINE. I CAN
DIMLY REMEMBER
THEM PUSHER ME DOWN~

HMM~ THEY FILLED IN THE SHAFT
WITH ROCKS! YES, I REMEMBER
PULLING MYSELF INTO
THIS CORRIDOR
WHEN THE ROCKS
STARTED FALLING~

THESE OLD MINES HAD MANY
CORRIDORS. MAYBE I CAN
FIND A WAY OUT~
MAYBE NOT~

NO LUCK~ THIS IS A DEAD END. THERE
WERE SOME OTHER CORRIDORS BACK
THERE. I'LL TRY THEM.

SENSING MOVEMENT UNDER-
GROUND, DEVIL RACES ALONG
THE SURFACE~

I'M GETTING DIZZY. CAN'T TELL
ONE PASSAGE FROM ANOTHER.
ALL DEAD ENDS SO FAR~ DON'T
THINK I'VE TRIED THIS ONE YET~

ANOTHER DEAD END~ I DON'T
THINK THERE'S ANY
WAY OUT~

WOOF~

THAT SOUNDS
LIKE DEVIL!
His barking is stronger now—there's light ahead! Coming, devil!

Devil, old fella, you led me here! Good boy!

Woof woof—oh, oh—too high—I'll try again!

No—too high! Can't make it! No way to climb up!

Devil's still got his leash on—If I can get him to drop it over the ledge—

Here, devil—here—whoa—back!

Devil is puzzled—does he want him to jump down there—stay—or what?

Here, devil—here—whoa—back!

After many tries, the leash falls over the ledge.

If this doesn’t work, we’ll both be in the cave and sunk!

Hold, devil—hold!

Hold, devil!

Then—the weight is gone—and once more the loved master!

You did it, fella!

Our orders said it was lawless—needed policing from the commander himself.

What’s our mission to U-town?

Say, I’ve been in the patrol a year—I’ve asked everyone the same question. Who is our commander? Nobody’ll tell me?

The jungle patrolmen near U-town.
Naturally, because no one knows. When you joined up you swore to obey the commander—but no one’s ever seen him.

He’s everywhere—is he one or a hundred? No one knows.

We’ll sleep here—and enter U-town tomorrow.

I want my money back!

Lawless U-town still run by Judge’s gang.

Tell it to the Judge—Har—Har.

This racket’s good! Slim—what you blubberin’ about?

This darn skull mark—it won’t come off!

Stop talkin’ about it! It gives us the shivers. And stop worryin’—the Phantom’s dead.

Phantom—ghost who walks can never die! He will come back! All jungle knows that!

Get outa here with that talk—Slim.

Slim, get hold of yourself! You know the Phantom’s dead. We buried him under a thousand tons of rock!

Slim, yourself—you saw him die. Remember?

Yeah, but all this talk gets me.

His animal is dead, too—you shot him yourself—you saw him die.

Yeah, but all this talk gets me.

Slim—are you crazy? What you shootin’ at?

The Phantom’s dog! There he goes!

But the dog’s dead!

Hmmm. We all saw you shoot him dead yesterday.

Nothin’ there.

I tell you—i—saw him runnin’!
IF THE DOG'S ALIVE THE PHANTOM IS TOO!

JUST TO PUT YOUR MIND AT REST, WE'LL GO AND HAVE A LOOK.

THERE'S A THOUSAND TONS OF ROCK IN THE MINE SHAFT—AND HE'S UNDER IT! SATISFIED?

I GUESS SO.

NO MAN CAN BE ALIVE WITH A THOUSAND TONS OF ROCK ON TOP OF HIM.

NO— BUT HOW ABOUT HIS DOG?

I SHOT HIM DEAD HERE—NO SIGN OF HIM.

RELAX, SLIM. MAYBE THE HYenas MADE OFF WITH HIM.

THERE SHOULD BE BLOODSTAINS—IT WAS RIGHT HERE—THERE'S NOTHING.

GET UP OFF YOUR KNEES—LET'S GO BACK.

SLIM, WE PROVED THE PHANTOM'S DEAD. UNLESS YOU STOP BLUBBERIN' LIKE A BABY, YOU'RE OUT!

AW, I GUESS I'VE BEEN ACTIN' LIKE A FOOL. ALL THE TALK ABOUT THE GHOST WHO WALKS.

THAT'S BETTER.

SLIM'S OUR BEST GUNMAN. WE'D HATE TO LOSE HIM.

LET'S ALL HAVE A DRINK—AND FORGET THE PHANTOM!

THE SIGN OF THE PHANTOM!

WELL, HERE'S TO—HUH! ON MY GLASS—AND ON MINE!

AND ON THE BOTTLE! HE WAS HERE—WHILE ALIVE!

WE WERE AT THE MINE SHAFT!

HERE'S A NOTE ON MY DESK—WITH A SKULL MARK ON IT!

WASN'T THERE BEFORE—SOMETHING TO READ IT—

I WILL COME BACK TONIGHT.
BOYS THROW EVERYBODY OUT OF THE PLACE! PUT A MAN AT EVERY WINDOW AND DOOR. DON'T LET ANYBODY IN!

THERE'S NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT—HE CAN'T GET IN HERE.

NO? HOW'D HE GET OUT FROM UNDER A THOUSAND TONS OF ROCK?

EVERY DOOR IS GUARDED. GET GOING. THE PLACE IS CLOSED.

NOBODY'S ALLOWED IN.

--EVERY WINDOW--

JUDGE'S GOT GUARDS OUT ON EVERY ROAD. NO MAN CAN GET WITHIN A MILE OF HERE.

NO MAN? HOW ABOUT A HAUNTED PHANTOM?

TIME TO MOVE. THIS SKYLIGHT LEADS TO AN ATTIC—SHOULD BE JUST ABOVE JUDGE'S OFFICE.

THAT'S THE TRAP DOOR WHERE THEY DROPPED THE ORE BUCKET THRU ONTO ME...

LET'S HOPE IT'S A JOKE—BUT LET'S NOT COUNT ON IT YET!

ANYHOW—HE CAN'T GET WITHIN A MILE OF HERE!

NED AND MADGE, THE NEWLYWEDS—OUR MASKED FRIEND SAID HE WAS GOING TO CLEAN IT UP.

NED, IS IT WISE TO RETURN TO U-TOWN NOW?

BESIDES—I WANT TO SEE ABOUT OUR URANIUM CLAIM. HEY!

NED—THOSE MEN IN THE ROAD... 

NOBODY CAN ENTER U-TOWN. JUDGE'S ORDERS! NOT TILL TOMORROW.

WHAT'S HAPPENING THERE?

IT'S ALMOST DAWN, GUESS HE ISN'T COMING.

I FIGGER ONE OF THE BOYS SENT THAT NOTE—TRYIN' TO KID US.
Yeah—The same joker put the skull marks on the glasses.
Aw—The Phantom’s dead—We’ve been acting like kids—
IF WE EVER FIND THAT JOKER—SCARING THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF US—
WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?
NO NEED TO LOOK FURTHER—I DID!

You were right, Slim! My dog came back—and so did I!!

Now—you judge—The Kingpin—

Help! Help!

He’s in there! How’d he get there?

Who knows? Come on in there—after him—All of you!

WHERE IS HE?

UMPH!

The Phantom moves like lightning—from stairway to door to window—

Suddenly—there is silence—

A few got away—the patrolmen can round them up when they get here.

Gee, Ned—I wonder if it’s safe to enter U-town?

The Thugs disappeared. Golly, it seems so peaceful here.

Look—all of the gang—tied up—someone’s been busy here!

I think I know who!

The Honeymooners—Welcome back to U-town. You’re just in time. Mind coming in here?
 THESE THREE ARE THE LEADERS OF THE GANG. THEY'VE ALLENSIGNED CONFESSIONS. YOU DID ALL THIS?

TWO JUNGLE PATROLMEN ARE COMING. TURN THE PAPERS- AND THE GANG OVER TO THEM.

WE'LL BETTER GET OUT HERE AND WALK IN. NO TELLING WHAT WE'LL FIND. GOOD IDEA.

IS THIS LAWLESS U-TOWN? REIGN OF TERROR AND ALL THAT? LOOKS QUITE AS MY HOMETOWN.

CAREFUL IT MAY BE A TRAP!

WE'RE JUNGLE PATROL WHERE'S THE TROUBLE IN THIS TOWN?

FINISHED. WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU. HERE'S SOME PAPERS FOR YOU.

ORDERS FROM THE UNKNOWN COMMANDER. "RETURN JUDGE AND GANG TO CITY? WHO GAVE YOU THESE PAPERS?

THE SAME MAN WHO DID ALL THAT. WHY?

"WHY" HE SAYS! THAT WAS THE UNKNOWN COMMANDER OF THE JUNGLE PATROL!

IMAGINE-IF WE'D BEEN A FEW MINUTES EARLIER, WE'D HAVE SEEN HIM!

I DON'T THINK SO. HE'LL ALWAYS REMAIN UNKNOWN!

U-TOWN IS SO PEACEFUL TODAY- BUT LAST NIGHT- WOW!

PEACEFUL TODAY- BUT LAST NIGHT- WHAM!

I HEARD THIS WAS SUCH A WILD PLACE SEEMS CALM ENOUGH TO ME.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN HERE LAST NIGHT.

"THERE ARE NIGHTS," THE JUNGLE PEOPLE SAY, "WHEN THE PHANTOM COMES INTO THE TOWN--

"AND WALKS THE STREETS LIKE AN ORDINARY MAN. THAT WAS ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS!"
Sergeant Browne, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, called his big Boxer dog, Ricardo:

"Here, smell it."

Ricardo sniffed at the girl's coat and looked up at his master. Browne said:

"Go... find her."

Ricardo circled the camp grounds, where Betty Lou had last been seen. His sense of smell was not as good as a bloodhound's, but in the Fraser River country of the Northwest Territory, he was a more valuable Mounted Police dog. Like trained thoroughbred Boxers he had brains and stamina and strength to cope not only with the outlaws of the Northland, but with wily and treacherous wild life such as grizzly bear, brown bear, timber wolves, and wildcat.

Then Ricardo found the scent. He was off, loping gracefully into the woods with his nose close to ground. Now and then, without stopping, he raised his head to take a quick look ahead.

For hours, Ricardo loped tirelessly neither stopping nor slowing down. Within those hours, he covered what would have taken Betty Lou a few days to wander, lost in the wilderness. Indeed, the scent was becoming steadily stronger, and then Ricardo heard a cry followed by the triumphant howl of a pack of timber wolves.

Ricardo redoubled his pace until he fairly flew through the woods. Suddenly he broke into a clearing, and he sized up the situation at a glance. Mary Lou was backed up against a rock, holding a smoking torch in her hand. The torch had been burning, and now the fire was out, and a pack of wolves surrounding her on three sides were closing in.

The big Boxer wasted no time. He lunged forward, picking speed until he was a projectile. In an instant, he flew toward the leader of the wolf pack. His blunt, hard head backed by seventy-five pounds hurtling at the speed of fifty miles per hour, crashed into the wolf's flanks. Ricardo felt the wolf's ribs crack under the impact, and the wolf rolled over.

Ricardo leaped over the fallen wolf into the next. He sank his big fangs into the wolf's haunch, and held on. The terrorized wolf swung and ran around in circles in vain effort to shake off the tenacious Boxer.

As soon as Ricardo felt his wolf give away, he let go and leaped snarlingly at the next, slashing and punishing the wolf mercilessly.

That was too much for the wolf pack. Leaving behind the badly wounded, the wolves vanished into the woods.

Toward evening, when Sergeant Browne and the rescue party, guided by Ricardo's intermittent howls, came to the clearing, they found Mary Lou sitting on the ground, stroking Ricardo's ears.

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HOW TO RIDE A HORSE

LESSON-4

BEHAVIOR OF HORSES

Horses are nervous critters. Anything sudden and startling such as paper whisking by, or a falling rock sends them bolting.

A good rider is always prepared for sudden emergencies. He always keeps a firm seat, and holds reins short but not so short that it forces the horse's head down.

If your horse rears, slacken reins in a hurry and lean forward. At the same time, press on the forepart of your horse's neck, with hands, and this will usually push him down.

Usually, a horse prepares to buck by first throwing his ears back, spreading his forelegs and lowering his head.

When your horse bolts, keep cool! You are safe as long as the horse keeps his footing. Pull to the right and to the left with short, hard jerks on the reins, and lean forward to maintain your balance.

When you see those signs, move your horse forward, fast. He cannot buck when he moves fast, and soon he will forget what made him want to buck in the first place.

The best way to control a bolting horse is to turn the horse's head sideways and get him going in a wide circle. Also, talk to the horse as a soothing voice may calm the animal.
TUAREGS

Four days out of Fort Lannec, Adjutant Pete Brown - French Foreign Legion Intelligence - came within sight of the Tuareg village on the Hoggar Plateau of the Sahara Desert. He reined in his camel. He drew his NATO Garand rifle from scabbard and tied a white handkerchief to the barrel. He waved the improvised white flag to and fro, gently until he saw a response from the Tuareg village. Pete sheathed his rifle and spurred his camel. He rode slowly toward the village, hands high so the Tuaregs would see he was coming in peacefully. That a Tuareg hothead might shoot him, it was true, especially since the tribal Queen had been murdered and the Tuaregs were preparing to go to war to avenge her.

He rode slowly through the camp streets to the corral and barracked his camel.

Although the Queens ruled the Tuaregs, he was taken to the elders' tent. There were two old veiled Tuaregs and a young Arab in modern clothes. Back of the young Arab was a camel saddle with a rifle in scabbard.

Pete said mockingly, in Tuareg language, "It's a nice rifle you have, effendi. A Lebel, isn't it?"

"Do you mean to tell us you came all the way from Fort Lannec just to tell us I have a Legion rifle?" the Arab retorted.

"An old, obsolete Lebel we don't use any more," Pete corrected. "And the fact is the Queen was killed with a Lebel."

"You insinuate I killed her?" the Arab snarled.

"Of course, and who else?" retorted Pete. "I know you... wherever you go, you've been in Damascus, Marrakech, Casablanca... you stir up trouble. You are a Red agent!"

"You lie!"

"That's an insult!" Pete said quietly. "And for it, I challenge you to a duel, rifles at 400 yards."

The two old men talked in an undertone, and then the elder one said:

"So be it. Let Allah pass his judgement."

In half an hour, the two antagonists dismounted from their camels, 400 yards apart. Pete unslung his rifle and waited. Presently, Lebel bullets thudded in sand a few inches from him... Pete grinned mirthlessly. The Arab was giving him true range and wind, for Pete knew the Lebel like his hand, having grown with it in the Legion until replaced by NATO Garands.

Pete adjusted his Garand sights and aimed. He fired once. He saw the Arab suddenly reel and collapse.

In his report to Colonel Gauvain, Pete said, "While we were duelling, the Tuaregs examined our baggage. That rascal, the late Achmed was careless enough to leave incriminating papers in his saddlebags. The only war the Tuaregs will declare will be against the Reds, for they now know a Red agent murdered their Queen and tried to implicate the Legion."

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