



HARVEY HITS magazine

presents



SEPT. No. 48



10c

THE PHANTOM

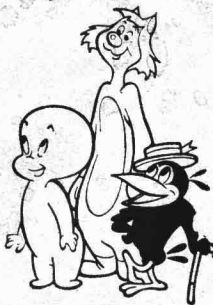
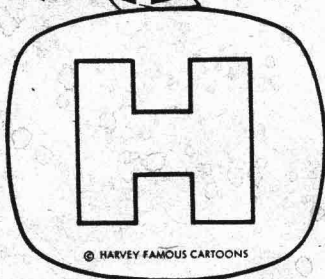
THE GHOST
WHO WALKS
IN URANIUM
VALLEY!



SEE ME ON
FUNDAY FUNNIES
EVERY SUNDAY
AND EVERY FRIDAY



abc
television network



....you'll see all of them on

FUNDAY FUNNIES

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.



Hi, Friends!

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 a-
gree that this is the best car-
toon 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

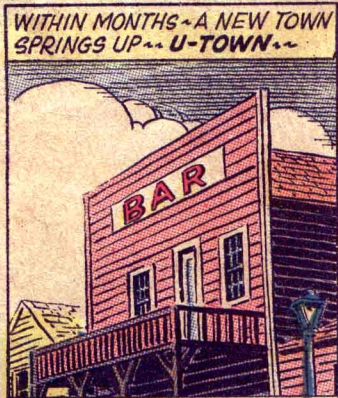
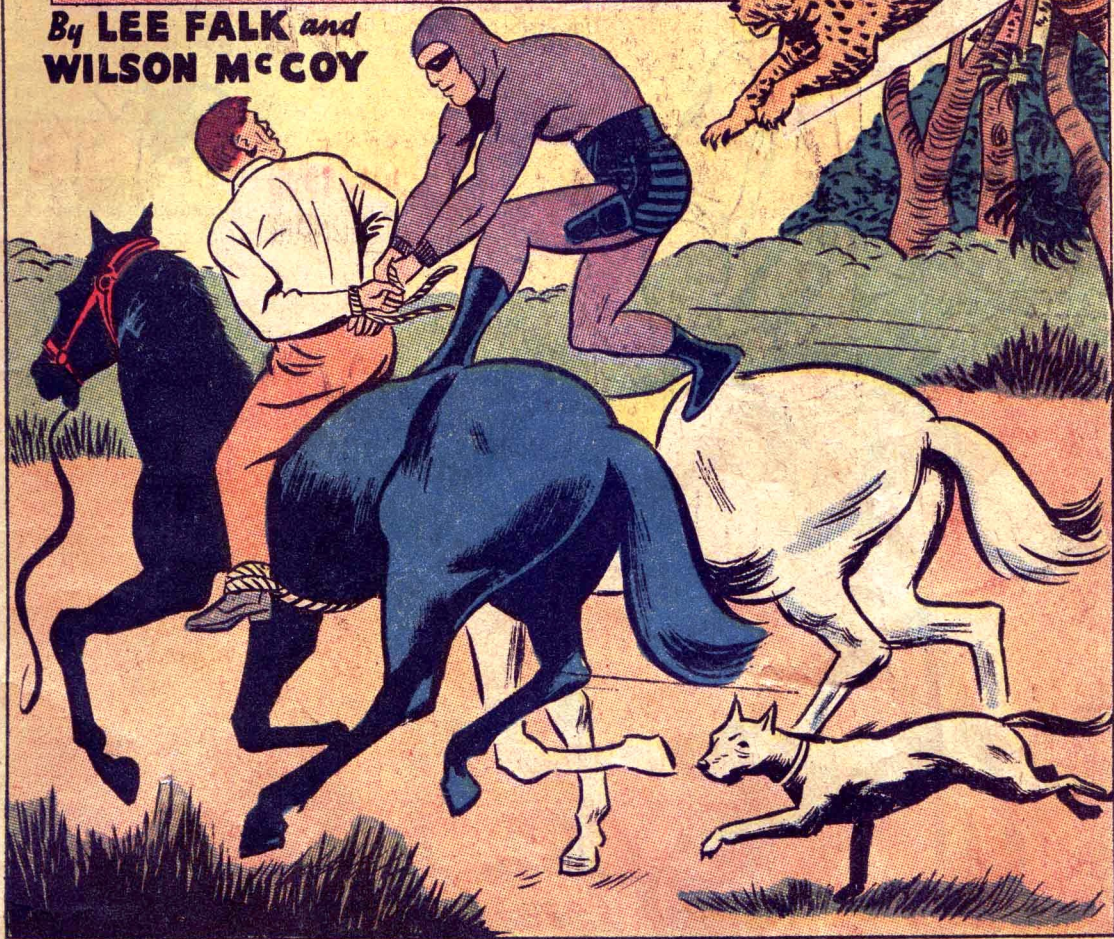
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The PHANTOM in

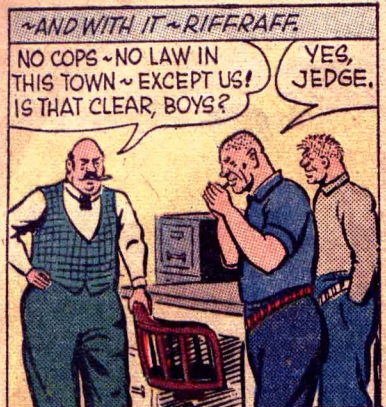
THE GHOST WHO WALKS
IN URANIUM VALLEY!

By **LEE FALK** and
WILSON M'COY



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~AND WITH IT~RIFFRAFF.

NO COPS~NO LAW IN THIS TOWN~EXCEPT US! IS THAT CLEAR, BOYS?

YES, JEDGE.



THIS IS IT! LISTEN TO THAT COUNTER! MUST BE URANIUM~ AND PLENTY OF IT!

TICK
TICK
TICK

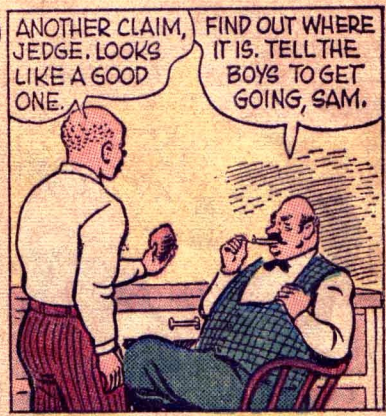


I'LL STAKE OUT MY CLAIM~THEN TAKE SOME SAMPLES TO THE ASSAYING OFFICE! BUT I'M SURE~THIS TIME!



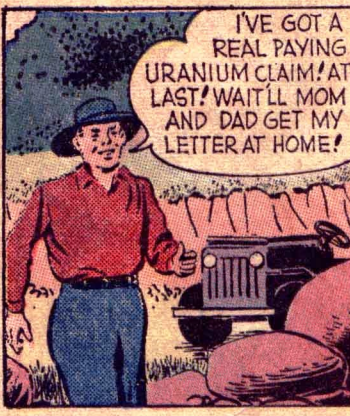
HMM~STAKED YOUR CLAIM PROPERLY, DID YOU? MIND WAITING A MINUTE?

I'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME~~ NOW!



ANOTHER CLAIM, JEDGE. 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 TRESPASSIN' ON OUR PROPERTY, BUD!

THIS IS MY CLAIM! I'VE STAKED IT OUT!



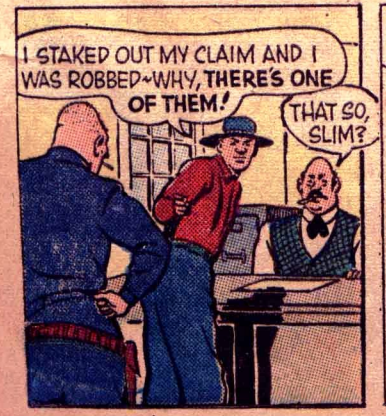
MY NAME'S ON THESE TAGS~SAY~THEY'VE BEEN CHANGED! I~I'M GOING TO THE LAW!

GOOD IDEA, BUD. GO.



CLAIM-JUMPERS! I WAS TOLD TO SEE YOU, JEDGE! I'VE BEEN ROBBED OF MY CLAIM!

TSK, TSK~ THAT SO? TELL ME ABOUT IT!



I STAKED OUT MY CLAIM AND I WAS ROBBED~WHY, THERE'S ONE OF THEM!

THAT SO, SLIM?



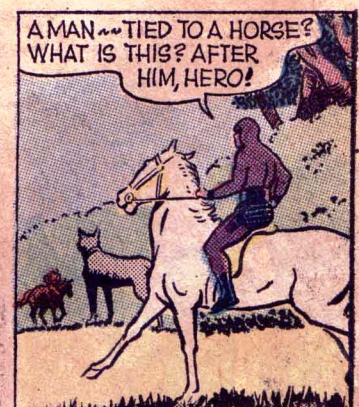
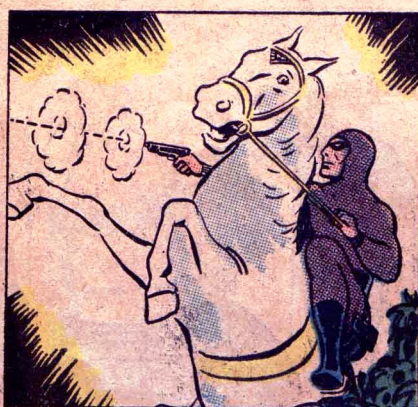
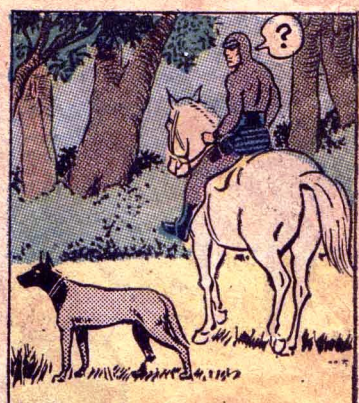
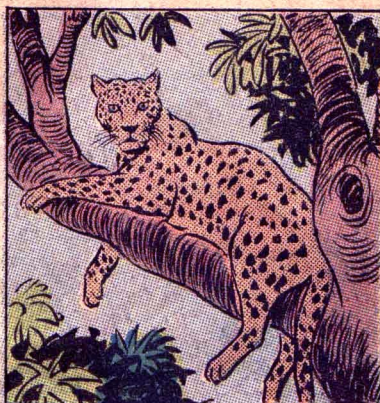
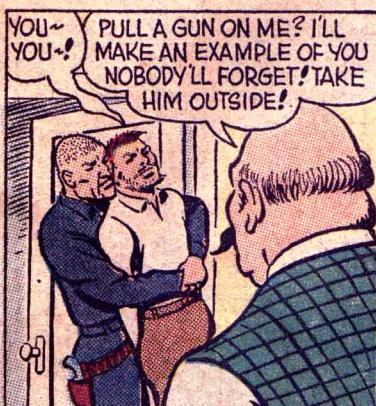
HE'S FIBBIN', JEDGE. WE FOUND IT FIRST.

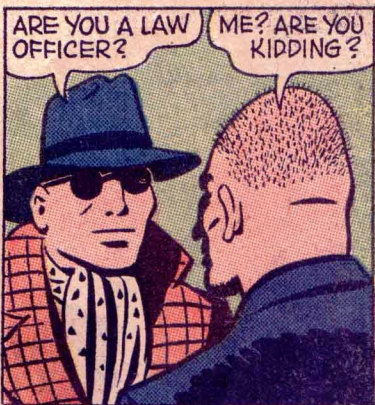
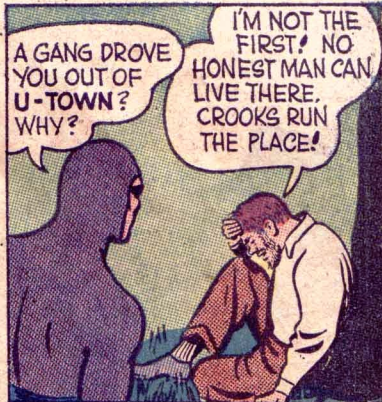
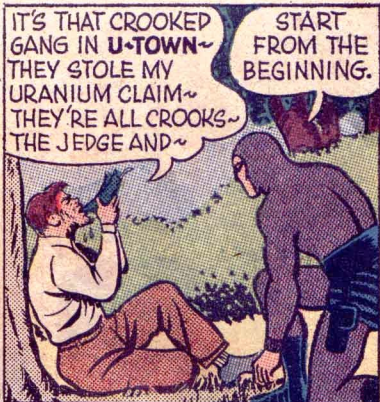
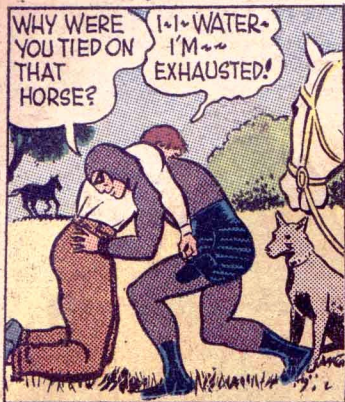
YOUR WORD'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, SLIM.



YOU'RE ALL CROOKED~I'LL GO TO THE LAW!!

I'M THE LAW HERE~ THROW HIM OUTA TOWN, SLIM!







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, JEDGE.



SLIM'S TRIGGER-HAPPY. TELL HIM TO TAKE THE STRANGER OUTSIDE.

THE BOYS GOTTA HAVE THEIR FUN, JEDGE.



SLIM, JEDGE SAYS TO TAKE THAT STRANGER OUTSIDE. HE DON'T WANT YOU MESSIN' UP THE PLACE.

YOU HEARD THAT. START RUNNING, YOU!

I JUST GOT HERE I'M NOT GOING ANYPLACE.



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!

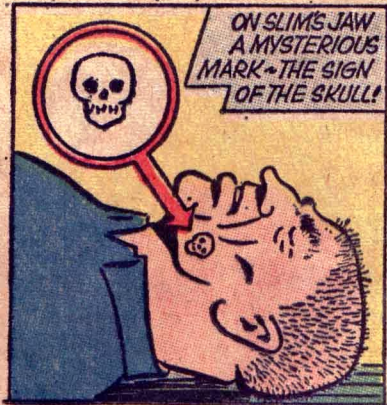
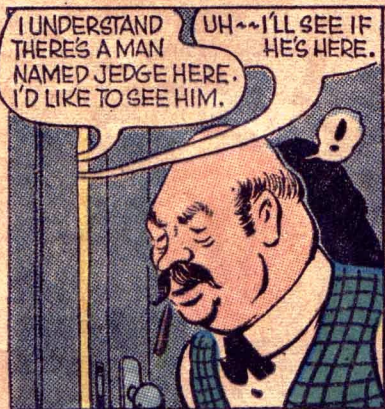


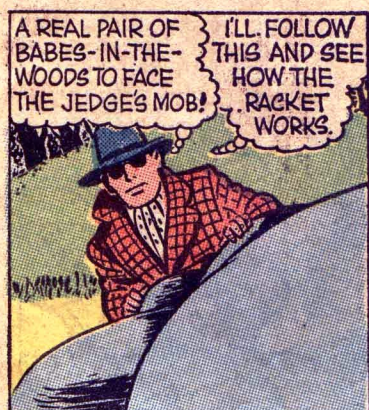
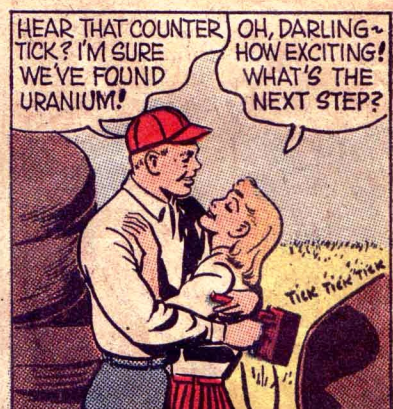
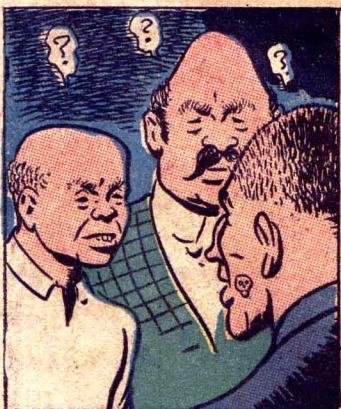
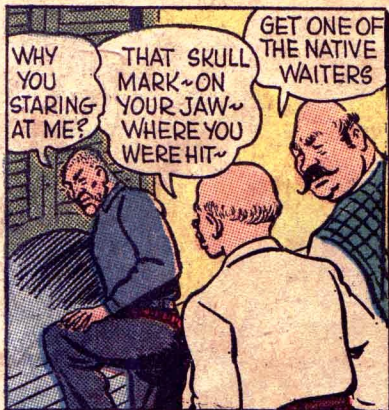
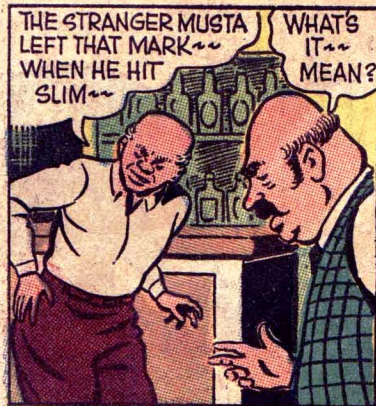
THAT'S HIM DRINKING MILK!

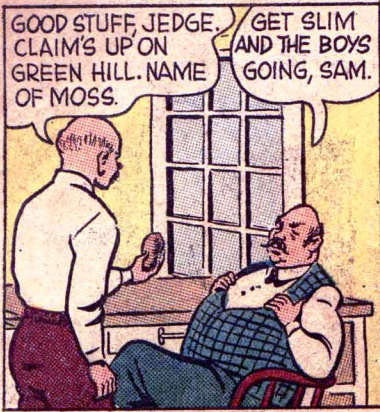
FIND OUT WHO HE IS, SAM!



HAD THE GUN IN MY HAND~ DIDN'T EVEN SEE HIM MOVE~ THEN HE HAD IT!

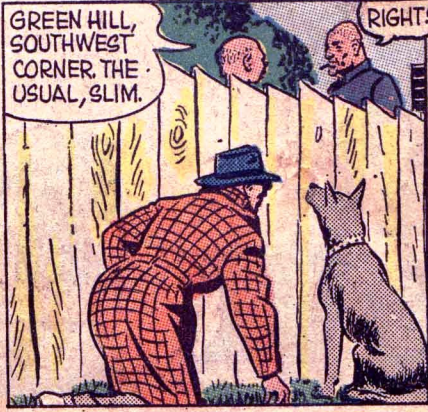






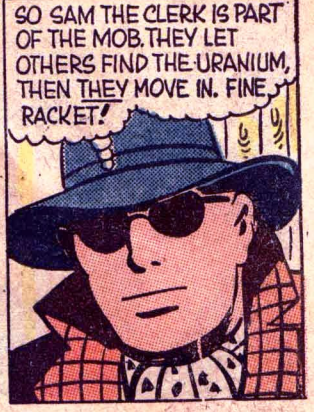
GOOD STUFF, JEDGE. CLAIM'S UP ON GREEN HILL. NAME OF MOSS.

GET SLIM AND THE BOYS GOING, SAM.



GREEN HILL, SOUTHWEST CORNER. THE USUAL, SLIM.

RIGHT!

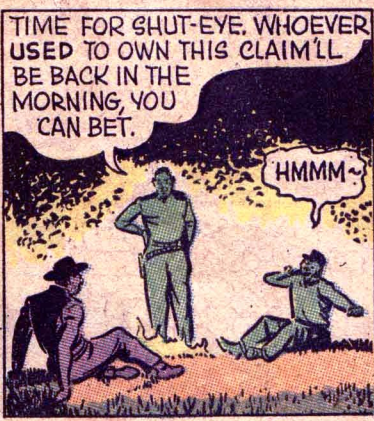


SO SAM THE CLERK IS PART OF THE MOB. THEY LET OTHERS FIND THE URANIUM, THEN THEY MOVE IN. FINE RACKET!



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

USE MINE FOR A CHANGE.



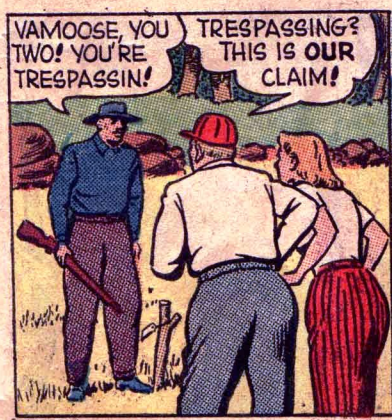
TIME FOR SHUT-EYE. WHOEVER USED TO OWN THIS CLAIM'LL BE BACK IN THE MORNING, YOU CAN BET.

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~ I ~ 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.

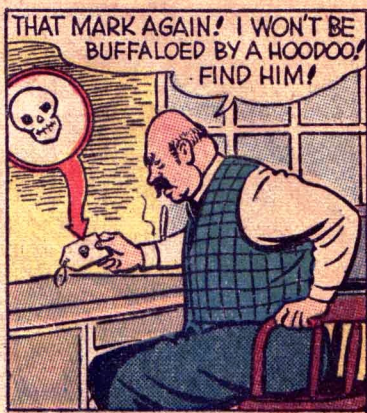
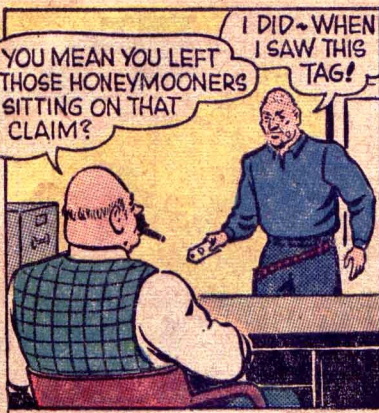


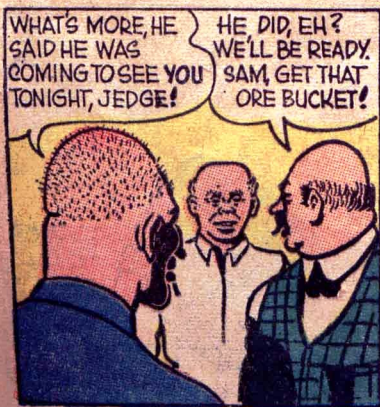
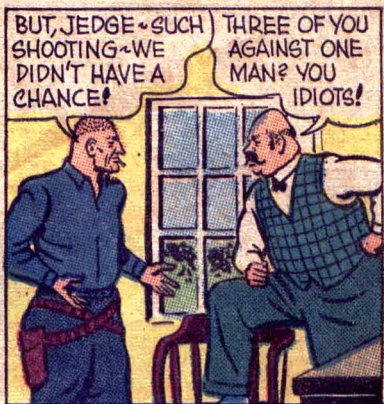
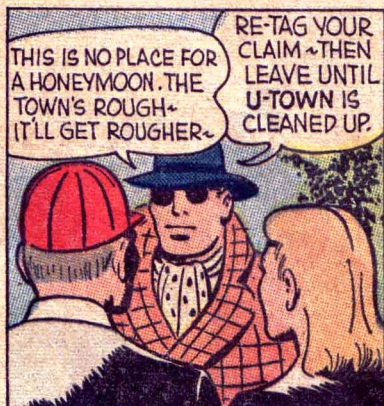
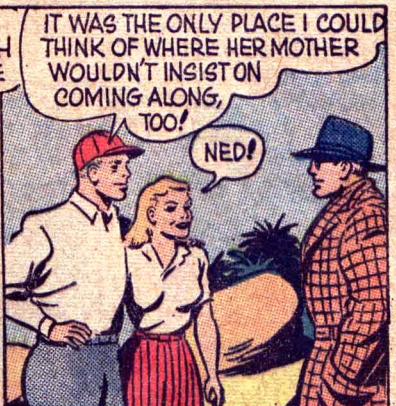
THE SAME MARK AS ON MY JAW~~



WE HEARD HIM SAY YOU CHANGED THE TAGS!

DRY UP, SONNY, BEFORE YOU GET HURT. COME ON, PETE.

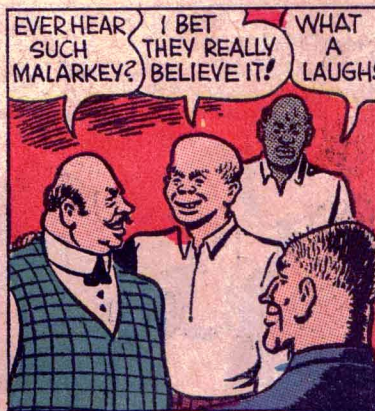
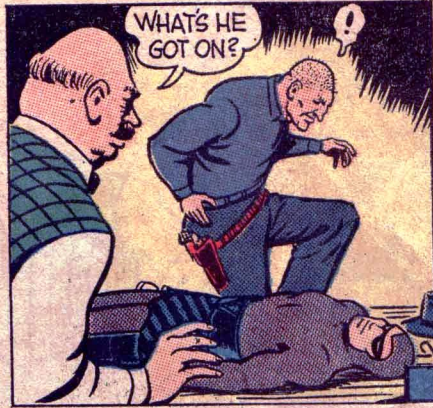
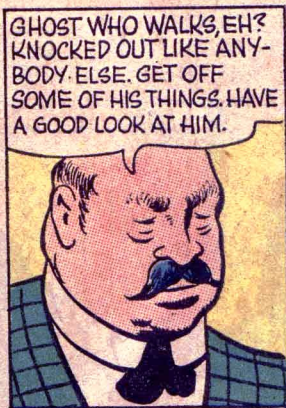
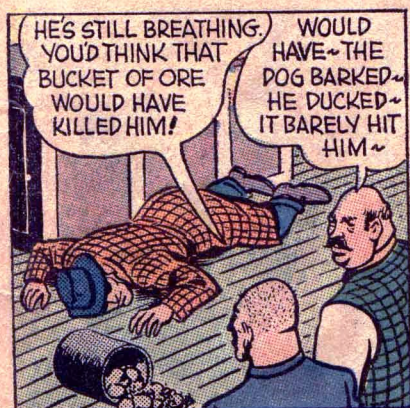


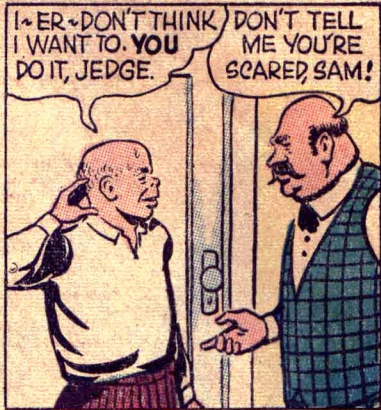




UH - I'M NOT SURE
HE'S IN.







The PHANTOM

Part Two
in
BACK FROM THE DEAD!



MEANWHILE, IN BENGALI-TOWN,
A LETTER IS RECEIVED AT JUNGLE
PATROL HQ.

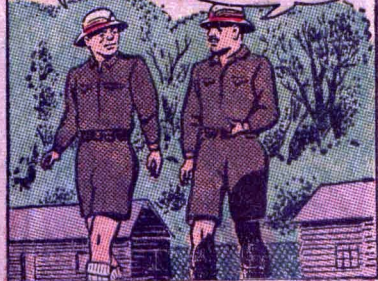
COL. WEEKS, C.O.
JUNGLE PATROL.
U-TOWN NEEDS POLICING;
SEND TWO MEN AT ONCE.
COMMANDER,
J.P.



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

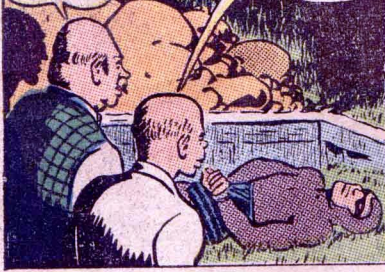
I'VE BEEN
WONDERING!
WHO IS OUR
COMMANDER?

YOU'RE NEW IN THE
PATROL. THAT'S A
QUESTION NO ONE
ASKS ~ BECAUSE NO
ONE KNOWS!



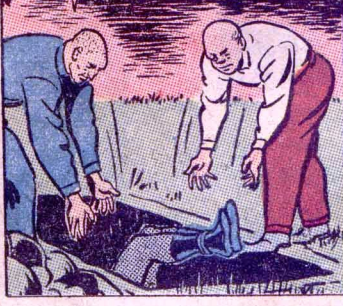
MEANWHILE, AT U-TOWN ~ THE UNKNOWN COMMANDER. NOW WE'LL SEE IF THE PHANTOM CAN NOT DIE.

WHAT YOU GOING TO DO WITH HIM, JEDGE?



DOWN HE GOES!

HALF CONSCIOUS, THE PHANTOM IS PUSHED INTO THE MINE SHAFT~



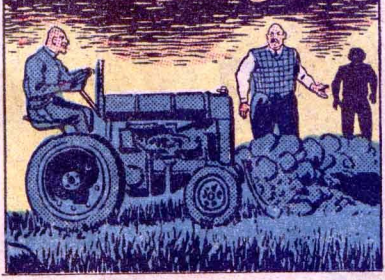
INSTINCTIVELY~HE LANDS CAT-LIKE ON ALL FOURS~



~THEN LIES STILL~ HASN'T MOVED~ HE'S FINISHED~



FILL UP THE SHAFT~ JUST TO MAKE SURE!

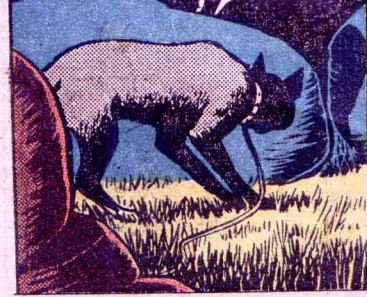


HALF CONSCIOUS, THE PHANTOM DRAGS HIMSELF INTO A MINE CORRIDOR LEADING FROM THE SHAFT~

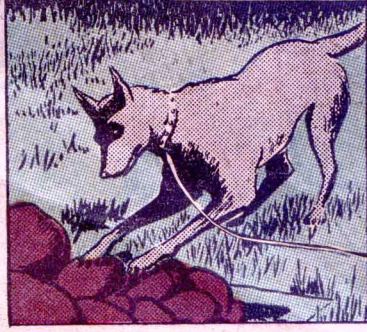


THAT FINISHES HIM, JEDGE.

YES. I'D SAY WE CAN FORGET ALL ABOUT THE PHANTOM.



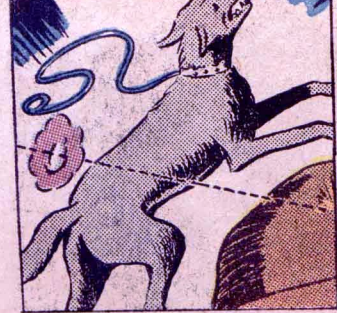
DEVIL RUSHES TO THE FILLED-IN MINE SHAFT~



HEY~LOOK BACK~ I THOUGHT I GOT HIM BEFORE! WOLF-DOG!



THE BULLET STRIKES NEAR DEVIL~ HE LEAPS~



~THEN PLAYS DEAD~ A TRICK THE PHANTOM TAUGHT HIM!

GOOD SHOT, SLIM! THAT DID IT!

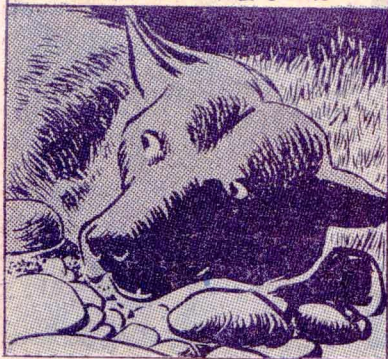


THAT WAS A GOOD DAY'S WORK! FIRST THE PHANTOM, THEN HIS WOLF.

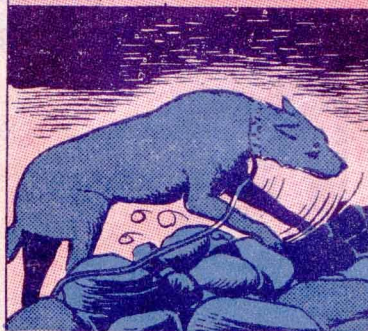
NOW NOBODY'LL BOTHER US IN U-TOWN!



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 PUSHING
ME DOWN~~



~HMM~~ THEY FILLED IN THE SHAFT
WITH ROCK! 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~~



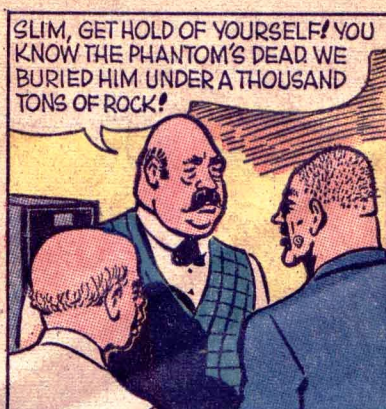
WOOF
WOOF~~



THAT SOUNDS
LIKE DEVIL!









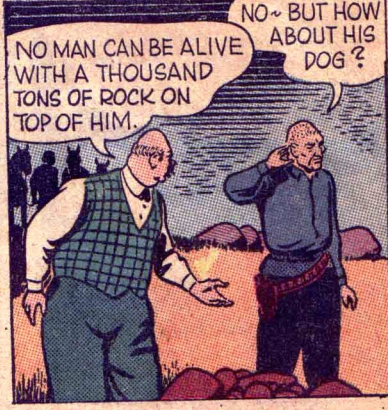
IF THE DOG'S ALIVE~THE PHANTOM IS~TOO!

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.

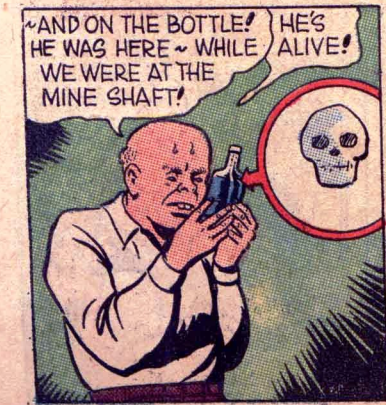
LET'S ALL HAVE A DRINK~AND FORGET THE PHANTOM!



THE SIGN OF THE PHANTOM!

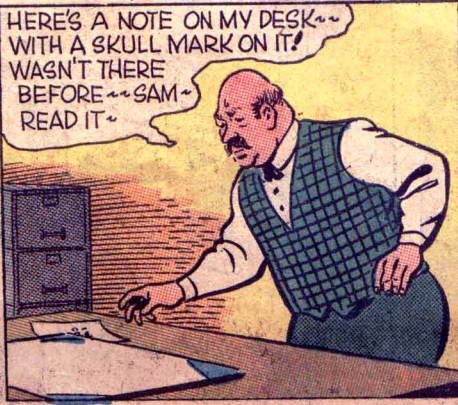
WELL, HERE'S TO~HUH! ON MY GLASS~

AND ON MINE!



~AND ON THE BOTTLE! HE WAS HERE~ WHILE WE WERE AT THE MINE SHAFT!

HE'S ALIVE!



HERE'S A NOTE ON MY DESK~ WITH A SKULL MARK ON IT! WASN'T THERE BEFORE~SAM~ 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!



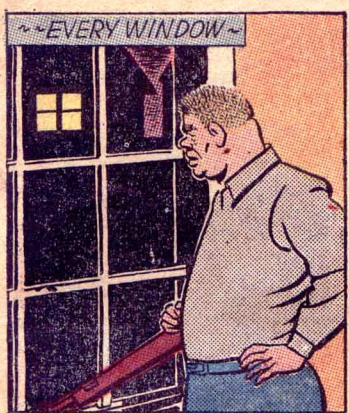
THERE'S NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT~ HE CAN'T GET IN HERE.

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~



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

NO MAN? HOW ABOUT A HAUNT~ A PHANTOM?



TIME TO MOVE. THIS SKYLIGHT LEADS TO AN ATTIC~ SHOULD BE JUST ABOVE JEDGE'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, IS IT WISE TO RETURN TO U-TOWN NOW?

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



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

NED~ THOSE MEN IN THE ROAD~



NOBODY CAN ENTER U-TOWN. JEDGE'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, GLIM! MY DOG CAME BACK~ AND SO DID I!



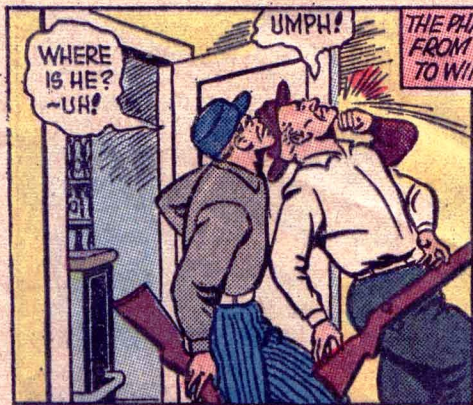
UH~

NOW~YOU, JEDGE~ THE KING-PIN~



HELP! HELP!

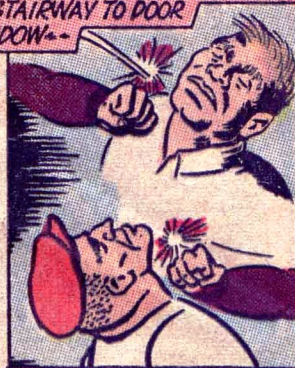
HE'S~IN THERE! WHO KNOWS? COME ON~ HOW'D HE GET THERE? IN THERE~AFTER HIM~ ALL OF YOU!



WHERE IS HE? ~UH!

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 ALL SIGNED CONFESSIONS.

YOU DID ALL THIS?

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

WE'D 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 QUIET AS MY HOME TOWN!

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 JEDGE 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. IT'LL BE A BIG-CITY WHEN THE MINES START WORKING~

PEACEFUL TODAY~ BUT LAST NIGHT~ WOW!

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

YOU SHOULD 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!"

RICARDO and the WOLVES

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 wild-cat.

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.

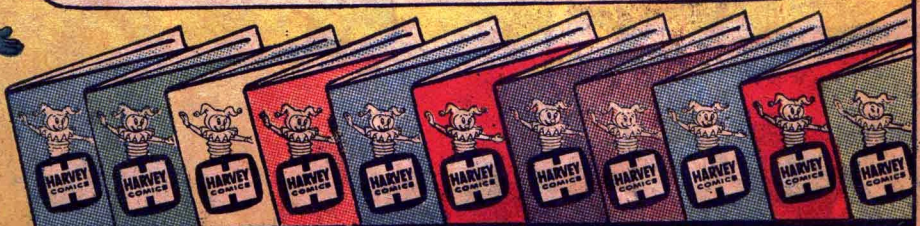
As soon as Ricardo felt his wolf give away, he let go and leaped snarlingly at the next, slashing and punishing the wolf mercilessly.

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.



HI, KIDS! LOOK FOR ME IN EVERY HARVEY COMIC IN THE TOP LEFT CORNER!



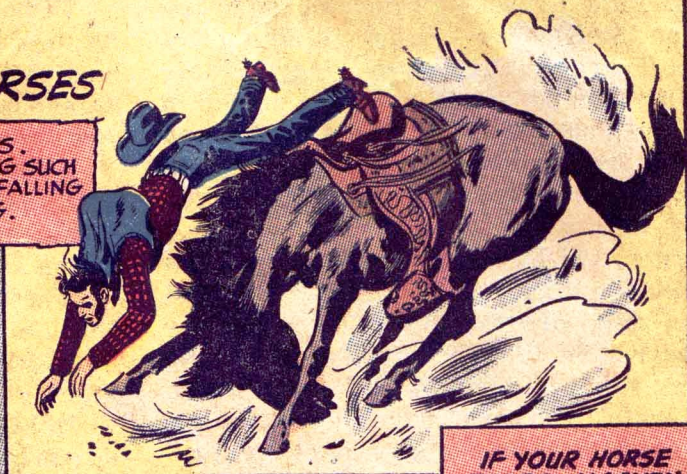
NOW ON SALE-ASK FOR HARVEY COMICS AT YOUR DEALER!

HOW TO RIDE A HORSE

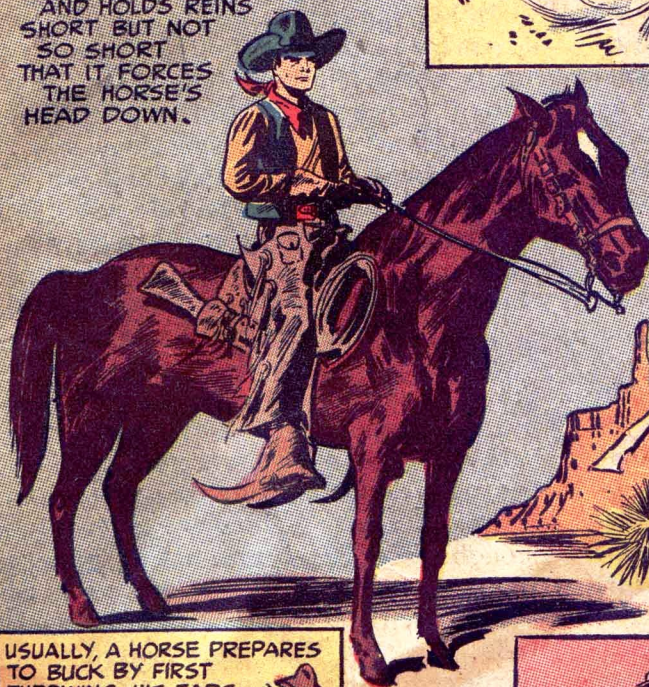
LESSON-4 BEHAVIOR OF HORSES

HORSES ARE NERVOUS CRITTERS. ANYTHING SUDDEN AND STARTLING SUCH AS PAPER WHISKING BY, OR A FALLING ROCK SENDS THEM BOLTING.

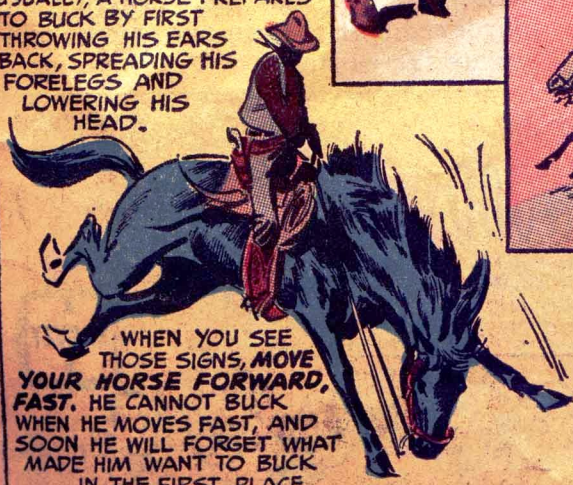
A GOOD RIDER IS ALWAYS PREPARED FOR SUDDEN EMERGENCIES. HE ALWAYS KEEPS A FIRM SEAT, AND HOLDS REINS SHORT BUT NOT SO SHORT THAT IT FORCES THE HORSE'S HEAD DOWN.



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 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.



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.



THE BEST WAY TO CONTROL A BOLTING HORSE IS TO TURN THE HORSE'S HEAD SIDWAYS 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 judgment."

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."

AMERICA'S FUNNIEST FAMILY!

BLONDIE & DAGWOOD

THEY ARE FUNNY! YOU'LL
READ THEM OVER AND
OVER... HURRY AND
GET YOUR COPIES!

EVERYBODY
LOVES BIG 'H'
COMICS!

