THIS IS THE WAY YOU REALLY ARE, AND WILL EVENTUALLY LOOK -- UNLESS YOU . . .
"There's no such animal," he cried!

My friend and I were picking the ponies one day when I started telling him about a sure thing I heard about.

"You say it pays four bucks for every three?" he asked.

"Yep," I replied.

"And can't lose? It automatically wins? Must be illegal!"

"Not a bit," I replied. "In fact, the government very much approves..."

"Our government approves of a horse who can't lose..."

"Who said anything about a horse?" I asked.

"So what else could it be but a horse?"

"It not only could be—but is—U.S. Savings Bonds," was my prompt reply. "The surest thing running on any track today.

"For every three dollars you invest in U.S. Savings Bonds you get four dollars back after only ten years. And if you're a member of the Payroll Savings Plan—which means you buy bonds automatically from your paycheck—that can amount to an awful lot of money when you're not looking. Hey, what are you doing?"

"Tearing up my racing form! The horse I'm betting on from now on—is U.S. Savings Bonds!"

Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.
Weird Bells of Wozzeck

The von Wozzeck lineage had died out one hundred years ago in Vienna, but its fame and renown was still alive. A wealth of historic lore lay buried in the family's stately mansion beneath the time-honored dust of a century, awaiting the "open sesame" of a young American historian, Jay Stafford, but among the treasures he found was a sealed secret, which, once released, would set the wild bells of Wozzeck clanging a funeral dirge over gay Vienna.

Welcome to the Wozzeck Estate, Herr Stafford, and Fraulein Lensdorf! You are the first visitors permitted in a hundred years! The Wozzecks were Vienna's first family and they made history in their time! I am very happy to be your guide, Jay!

I hope the records have been well preserved, Kathy! I feel that a great book can be written about this family.

This is the great hall! All the Wozzecks have been buried in state here along the walls for hundreds of years!

How very strange that custom was! I wonder why the last Wozzeck, Baron Friedmann, shut the mansion to the public for a century?

Perhaps the records will reveal that I look at those decorations on the tombs! This one with the crossed rifles was Paulus, a great general; the violin and bow show that Kuhlman was a great musician.

Yes, and these balance scales surely indicate that this von Wozzeck was a great judge!
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY THE COUNTESS WAS NOTED FOR? MARIA WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN VIENNA OVER A CENTURY AGO, COURTED BY HUNDREDS OF YOUNG MEN? SHE DIED RATHER YOUNG UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES!

AS THEY LEFT THE MUSTY ANCIENT MUSEUM... AT LAST THE FATEFUL DAGGER HAD BEEN WITHDRAWN FROM MY HEART! AN UNWITTING FOOL HAS RELEASED ME FROM MY HUNDRED YEARS OF ENTOMBMENT!

AS A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE GREAT WELL MAY WELL REWARD... THE CHESTS MUST BE CRANMED FULL OF DOCUMENTS, BUT HOW IN THE WORLD CAN WE OPEN THEM? WE NEED A SHARP KNIFE!

I SEE JUST THE THING FOR THAT!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, JAY! IT IS NOT PROPER TO NEDLE WITH THE DEAD!

IT'S ONLY AN ORNAMENT, KATRY, AND IT'S THE ONLY SHARP INSTRUMENT AROUND HERE!

SOME HOURS LATER IT'S GETTING DARK -- JUST WHEN THESE PRICELESS DOCUMENTS ARE GETTING INTERESTING!

WE'LL HAVE TO RETURN EARLY, TOMORROW MORNING! THAT WILL GIVE US MORE WORKING TIME!

ONCE MORE THE WOZZECK BELL RINGS OUT; THEIR IRON THROATS PROCLAIM A NEW WOZZECK TO VIENNA: A REBORN WOZZECK! HA HA HA!
AS THE OMINOUS PEAL REVERBERATED.

WHY, WHY, IT'S THE
WOZZECK BELLS? THEY
ALWAYS RANG MYSTER-
IOUSLY WHEN A WOZZECK
WAS BORN OR DIED. BUT
THEY'VE ALL
BEEN DEAD A HUNDRED
YEARS? WHAT DOES
IT MEAN?

BONNAGE!

AS THE OMINOUS PEAL REVERBERATED.

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BEEN DEAD A HUNDRED
YEARS? WHAT DOES
IT MEAN?

BONNAGE!

IT'S PROBABLY
JUST THE WIND, OR
SOME OF THE BOYS
RINGING THEM FOR A LARK. COME,
KATHY, I'LL TAKE YOU
HOME! YOU MUST
DRESS FOR THE
AMERICAN EMBASSY
BALL TONIGHT!

THE BELL'S HAVE STOPPED
RINGING, BUT... WHY IS THAT
CRYPT OPEN? THE WOZZECK
DEAD MUST NOT BE
DISHONORED!

SUDDENLY...

AAAHHH! WHO
ARE YOU? YOU
LOOK LIKE DEATH
AND BELL OF
THE GRAVE!

I AM COUNTESS
MARIA von
WOZZECK. LET MY EYES
LOOK DEEPLY
INTO YOURS AND
MAKE YOUR
SENSES REEL!

AND NOW I MUST DRINK
MY FILL OF HIS BLOOD, SO
THAT WARMTH AND BEAUTY
WILL RETURN TO MY
COLD BODY!

I FEEL RESTORED. NOW,
TO SEE DEAR VIENNA AGAIN
WITH ITS MUSIC
AND DANCING!

AH, I WILL SHED MY DUSTY GRAVE-SHRUB
FOR ONE OF MY EVENING DOWNS. TONIGHT
I SHALL CONQUER MORE HEARTS AND
FIND MORE VICTIMS TO KEEP ME
YOUNG PERPETUALLY! HA HA!

LATER AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY BALL.

WHO IS THAT
FASCINATING
WOMAN, JAY?

I DON'T KNOW, KATHY,
BUT SHE SEEMS TO HAVE
NO END OF ADMIRERS. LET'S FIND OUT!
I love all you Americans! You do everything with such energy! And what brings you to Vienna, Herr Stafford?

Dance with me and I'll tell you all about my research at the Wozzeck Estate!

So you are going to write a book about the von Wozzeck? I wouldn't advise that! There are some terrible secrets which should never see the light of day!

I want it to remain a deep secret! I hope to see you again, Herr Stafford, but now your girl friend is angry with neglect. Good-bye!

I have a way of digging out secrets, Countess, and soon I shall know yours! Good night!

She certainly cast a hypnotic spell over you, Jay! But did you notice how haggard and pale she grew toward the end of the evening?

Now, Kathy, don't be jealous! She is a truly fascinating woman!

I could feel my strength and beauty waning. I had to leave! Now I must satisfy this craving for blood before I go mad!

To the Wozzeck Estate, driver!

The Wozzeck estate? Very good, Madame!

We are near, Madame, but the Wozzeck Estate is closed! Wh-what? Your face and eyes—they chill my blood?

Gaze deep into my eyes, miserable fool! Resistance is useless! You are falling asleep... asleep?

Soon I shall be rejuvenated! Now I'll fetch the watchman and send them both on their way, far from the Wozzeck Estate!
Soon...

My first two victims! Let the police wrack their brains, but they’ll never find me!

Jay Stafford will never find this and I shall remain an enigma to the world! Yes, Countess Maria von Wozzeck will live forever, but now I must go back to my crypt, for dawn is breaking.

Later, at police headquarters...

Yes, we remember the watchman! He let us in for our research work, but we do not know the coachman!

The watchman was not dead when we found him in the coach! Just before he expired, he told us about the bells and a mysterious woman! Come, we shall investigate the estate together!

Tired and shaken by the day’s events, Jay and Kathy went to a café to eat...

The place is crowded... Ah, here’s the Countess! I knew we’d meet again!

Won’t you join me?

What a terrible story! Those poor people! Don’t the police know who killed them?

Jay told the Countess of the strange events...

What a terrible story! Those poor people! Don’t the police know who killed them?

What could be wrong? I’ll be dressed in a moment!

Near Stafford? You are wanted at Headquarters in connection with your research at the Wozzeck mansion! Miss Leinsdorf is already at the station!

Hours later...

The coroner is going over the bodies — no report yet! My men haven’t found a single clue here! Have you discovered anything?

Well, only one curious item! We have a history for each von Wozzeck, except the one for Countess Maria von Wozzeck — it is missing! But it’s getting too late to work over these documents now!
No! It would be sacrilege to open a Wozzeck crypt! The dead must be left to rest in peace!

Why, Countess, we did not mean to insult you! You are in no way concerned!

Soon her life's blood will have nourished my body, making me strong and beautiful!

Eh! The Countess, in such hideous form! What do you want from me? Your eyes! Go away!

You are powerless! Even now your will is lost! Yes, I am the Countess von Wozzeck, but you will never be able to expose me!

Chief Norden says...

Kathy, I came to get some manuscripts! Kathy, is something the matter? Open the door, quickly!

It's Stafford! I must fly, for I cannot be discovered!

After making the landing...

She's hardly breathing! Get a doctor here immediately—and call the police!

Ja, immediate! That this should happen in my house!

Morphologically Kathy was revived...

It—it was the Countess von Wozzeck! She entered like a huge demon bat! I was losing consciousness, but realized that she was at my throat, after my blood!

This confirms what I at first would not believe! You have been attacked by a vampire with great hypnotic powers!

There is only one thing to do! Maria von Wozzeck must be destroyed, before she claims more victims!
I won't give you that chance, you fiend! I know what those hellish eyes can do to a person's mind!

Oh! you shall not survive, you meddler! I will never be exposed!

Here, look deep into your own vile heart, you murderess! Test your powers on yourself!

I—I cannot move! My throat burns in agony! My—my head is whirling!

No! Aieeee! And now your doom! The dagger is back in your filthy heart, never to be removed!

At that moment...

Jay, the Wozzeck Bells are ringing again! Then she's dead--and you are safe!

Well done, Herr Stafford! Already she has begun to decompose! The Countess will never roam again!

I wonder how many victims she had before she was destroyed the first time?

I don't care to know! We shall never return to this place again! Let the Wozzeck family keep its horrible secret forever! And may the Bells never ring again!

The End
WE HAVE ALL HEARD OF PET ANIMALS THAT HAVE PINED AWAY AND DIED SHORTLY AFTER THEIR HUMAN MASTERS HAVE DIED. BUT HERE IS THE STRANGE STORY OF AN INANIMATE OBJECT, SO MUCH A PART OF AN OLD MAN'S LIFE, THAT IT, TOO, SEEMED TO MOURN ITS MASTER'S DEATH. THIS IS THE STORY OF A CLOCK. WHEN OLD SEA CAPTAIN ANGUS HAWKS DIED, IN 1832, HE HAD PROVIDED IN HIS WILL THAT HIS FAVORITE MANTELPIECE CLOCK BE BURIED WITH HIM. BUT HIS GRANDSON HAD REFUSED TO FOLLOW THIS PROVISION.

FOOLISH, WICKED LAD! WHY DID YOU DISOBEDIENT MY WISHES?

WHEN OLD SEA CAPTAIN ANGUS HAWKS DIED, IN 1832, HE PROVIDED IN HIS WILL THAT HIS FAVORITE MANTELPIECE CLOCK BE BURIED WITH HIM. BUT HIS GRANDSON HAD REFUSED TO FOLLOW THIS PROVISION...

THE NEXT MORNING, A WORRIED FRED HAWKS CALLED THE FAMILY DOCTOR TO HIS HOME, AND NARRATED HIS STRANGE DREAM...

...AND GRANDFATHER PREDICTED THE HOUR AND DAY OF MY DEATH... ON JANUARY 12TH! IT WAS JUST A NIGHTMARE, FRED. PERHAPS BROUGHT ON BY A TWINGE OF CONSCIENCE BY YOUR GRANDFATHER AS HE HAD REQUESTED...

FRED HAWKS BELIEVED THE DOCTOR'S EXPLANATION AND FORGOT HIS STRANGE DREAM. BUT A FEW MONTHS LATER, ON JANUARY 12TH, 1933, AT EXACTLY 6:45 PM, A WILD STREAK OF LIGHTNING BROUGHT THE YOUNG MAN'S LIFE TO A SUDDEN END!

DOCTOR ANDERSON SAW IT TO THAT THE OLD CAPTAIN'S BELOVED CLOCK WAS BURIED IN THE COFFIN OF YOUNG FRED HAWKS...

THE BOY'S DEATH WAS A SUMMONS FROM THE BEYOND... I'M SURE OF IT! WELL, OLD ANGUS WILL HAVE HIS CLOCK Brought TO HIM!

WAS FRED HAWKS' STRANGE DEATH THEREFORE A PREDESTINED RENDEZVOUS, OR WAS THE TIMING OF THAT LIGHTNING BOLT MERELY A COINCIDENCE? WHO CAN SAY? JUST ANOTHER WEIRD ENTRY IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPER-NATURAL!
There can be no rest for a murderer, especially when he knows that his victim—in another form—is seeking revenge! That was why Vincent Dale fled. Fearing every step he took, for a dead man's vengeance lurked in the darkness and was ready to strike him down, out of the shadows.

You know why "Shadow" is important to me, Vincent? When I die, he will take on my soul! This I learned from the Fakirs in the North of India!

You don't believe that nonsense? He's just a mangy old cat, and...

Get out! I know the secrets behind the veil of death! I know the road to follow! Get out, scoffers! Fool! Oh, what's the use? You haven't been completely sane since you came home from India, with all that talk about the cat being your alter ego!
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? IF I DON'T GET THE GRAND UP, THOSE GAMBLERS WILL KNOCK ME OFF!
IF UNCLE WARREN WERE DEAD, HIS WHOLE ESTATE WOULD BE MINE?

IF--HE--WERE--DEAD? WHY NOT? HE'S A SICK MAN; I'D BE EASY; I'LL DO IT NOW--TODAY!

Later...

UNCLE WARREN, I'M SORRY ABOUT THE ARGUMENT; I BROUGHT YOU YOUR HOT CHOCOLATE! PLEASE FORGIVE ME!

OF COURSE, VINCENT! YOU'RE MY ONLY SISTER'S SON! WHEN SHE DIED, I PROMISED TO TAKE CARE OF YOU! BUT I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE YOU THE MONEY FOR WHICH YOU ASKED, MY BOY; YOU'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF THAT MESS YOURSELF!

I BROUGHT ON THE SITUATION, AND I'LL REMEDY IT! HERE, UNCLE--DRINK YOUR CHOCOLATE!

YOU'RE TALKING LIKE A MAN, NOW, VINCENT--NOT A WHINING COWARD! WHEN I WAS A COLONEL IN AFGHANISTAN, I LEARNED A LOT ABOUT MEN! YOU CAN BE RESOLUTE WHEN YOU WANT TO BE, VINCENT!

THE COLONEL TOOK THE CHOCOLATE AND DRANK IT. MOMENTS LATER...

VINCENT! THIS CHOCOLATE--THERE WAS SOMETHING IN IT! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

I'VE POISONED YOU! YES, I CAN BE RESOLUTE! I KNOW THE WILL IS MADE OUT TO ME; NOW, I SHALL HAVE YOUR MONEY!

YOU SHALL NOT ESCAPE! I'LL REACH FOR YOU OUT OF THE SHADOWS! MY SOUL SHALL ENTER THE CAT! I'LL HAVE MY VENGEANCE!

HE'S DEAD! I'LL SOAK HIS BODY IN GASOLINE, SET FIRE TO HIM AND THE HOUSE! IT WILL BE A TRAGIC ACCIDENT! SO SAD--POOR UNCLE--ALONE IN A BLAZING HOUSE--ALONE AND HELPLESS!
VINCENT'S EVIL SCHEME WORKED TO PERFECTION, FOR A SHORT TIME LATER...

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, MR. DALE / THERE'S NOTHING THAT CAN BE DONE / THE POOR OLD GUY...

IT'S HORRIBLE / EVERY-TIME I THINK OF HIM -- TRAPPED IN THAT WHEEL CHAIR -- WITH THE FLAMES CURLING UP AROUND HIM. IF ONLY I HAD SEEN HOME!

A MONTH PASSED, AND HIS UNCLE'S ESTATE WAS SETTLED... VINCENT WAS THE SOLE HEIR... HE PAID OFF HIS GAMBLING DEBTS, AND THEN PROCEEDED TO ENJOY HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH...

AHH, THIS IS THE LIFE! MONEY -- A NEW CAR -- I'M REALLY LIVING NOW! NOTHING IS EVER GOING TO GET IN MY WAY AGAIN!

A MONTH PASSED, AND HIS UNCLE'S ESTATE WAS SETTLED... VINCENT WAS THE SOLE HEIR... HE PAID OFF HIS GAMBLING DEBTS, AND THEN PROCEEDED TO ENJOY HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH...

AHH, THIS IS THE LIFE! MONEY -- A NEW CAR -- I'M REALLY LIVING NOW! NOTHING IS EVER GOING TO GET IN MY WAY AGAIN!

YOU MUSTN'T TAKE IT TOO HARD -- THE LIVING HAVE TO GO ON! YES, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!

BUT THERE WERE UNWORLDLY THINGS THAT VINCENT HAD NOT RECKONED WITH. THINGS FROM BEHIND THE VEIL OF DEATH...

YOU / WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

WEEKS PASSED, PAIN-FILLED WEEKS, DURING WHICH VINCENT HOVERED ON THE BRINK OF DEATH, UNTIL...

YOU'RE VERY LUCKY, MR. DALE / IT'S A MIRACLE THAT YOU'RE ALIVE! YOU SHOULD BE VERY HAPPY -- YOU'LL BE LEAVING THE HOSPITAL SOON!

HAPPY? I--I DON'T KNOW, DOCTOR!

YAAAHH CRASH!
After he left the hospital, Vincent threw a big party to celebrate his homecoming. It was held in the luxurious apartment he had rented.

I brought you a present, Vincent...something for the mantelpiece over the fireplace.

Thank you, Caroline! Unwrap it and put it up!

Isn't it pretty?

What? Is this a joke? You must be crazy!

Well, I like that! Some way to treat somebody who brings a present!

I'm sorry, Caroline! It's just that I hate cats! Please forgive me!

Oh, that's all right, Vincent! Pour me a drink, and all is forgiven!

The cat! It's alive! It's coming at me!

You'll not get me, Shadow! No, no!

He's off his rocker! Come on, let's get out of here!

Get out--all of you! Leave me alone!

After the others had gone, Vincent's fear was so overwhelming, that he could no longer stay in the apartment. He fled into the night, seeking escape from the nameless terror that pursued him!
His wanderings led him to the lonely piers on the river edge, and there, in the black shadows of a darkened warehouse, he saw the glowing eyes of the cat!

Uncle -- please! It was an accident! An accident! I didn't mean it!

HELP! HELP! AAAAAH!

At that moment, two police men in a radio car passed by on routine patrol...

Help! Over there, Ed! Somebody's in the water!

Let's go! I'll bring the rope, Charlie!

Easy, now. The cat! My uncle's soul is in the cat! It's "shadow," I tell you! He'll destroy me, as he swore he would!

Two days later, in the psychiatric clinic of City Hospital...

Now, Mr. Dale -- you are under great tension -- all this talk of a cat pursuing you! My advice, sir, is to get away... go on a trip!

Yes... a trip! I will! I must get away, some place where he'll never find me!
As soon as possible, Vincent completed all his arrangements for a European tour. I'll be all right, now! A year in Europe, and I'll forget this whole nightmare!

After several pleasant weeks, Vincent had almost blotted out the terrifying thoughts that turned his sleep into horrible nightmares. He bought a car and toured the continent. In Italy, one day...

Signor, if you wish to visit the castle, I shall be happy to show you around! Thanks!

That castle seems interesting! I think I'll take a closer look at it!

Inside the castle...

Down below are the torture chambers! The Duke di Malvola who owned this place was a wicked man... he tortured his enemies! Come see!

Okay! This sure is a creepy place!

These things you see are nothing! But, signor, you notice those two doors?

Yes -- what about them?

Through one of them lies the way to liberty! The other leads to the room of spikes! There is a drop of ten feet, and the floor is studded with spikes! So many have died, choosing the wrong door!

This Duke sounds like a horrible man! Good thing he isn't around today!

What's that?

Do not be frightened! It is the door bell! Perhaps some other visitor? Stay, signor! I shall be back soon -- there is much more to see!

Clanggg!
I--I wish he'd hurry back! This room--it's like a graveyard!

A sudden noise on the stairs made Vincent turn, and...

The Cat!

You won't get me! You won't!

Try the doors, Vincent! One of them leads to freedom!

The wrong door! The room of spikes! I'm falling! Help!

No one was there, signor and... Ahe! The room of spikes! Oh, the poor man! What made him do it?

And the cat--the black cat! Where did he come from? Answer me, you devil! Where did you come from?

FURRRRRR

The End
IN 1917, A BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGIST BY THE NAME OF LUTHER POWELL WAS MAKING A SCIENTIFIC SEARCH IN THE JUNGLES OF BURMA, HOPING TO COME UPON SOME VALUABLE RELICS OF THAT COUNTRY'S ANCIENT CIVILIZATION AND CUSTOMS. ONE DAY, HE CAME UPON A RUINED TEMPLE IN THE UNINHABITED REGIONS OF CENTRAL BURMA. UPON ENTERING THE TEMPLE WITH HIS NATIVE GUIDE, HE BEHELD A WEIRD IDOL - HUMAN SKELETONS LITTERED THE FLOOR BEFORE IT...

DISMmissing his native guide's fear as mere superstition, Powell made arrangements for transporting the huge idol to the British Museum, a month later...

The job is finished! My greatest find since I became curator here!

That night, as Powell was conversing with the museum's night watchman...

What's that? Did you hear that moaning, cranker? Y-yes, Sir!

The terrified watchman fled, leaving Powell alone with the idol. The next morning...

He's dead...crushed by some unusually heavy weight! And something went CRASHING OUT THE WINDOW!

The idol...It's gone disappeared!

Strange indeed was the mysterious disappearance of the idol! But even more weird was the sudden appearance of the idol in its temple in Burma, discovered by Prof. Anton Crevis of the French National Museum, the following year...

It is Ranga! He has returned! It would be fatal to move him! Yes, I heard what happened to Prof. Powell in London last year! Don't worry, Tulaki...your idol will not be disturbed again!

The idol...It's at the window! But how could it have moved from the platform?

Who could explain logically the terrible death of Luther Powell and the strange return of Ranga to his temple in Burma?

Just another strange occurrence that has defied explanation by scholars of the supernatural.
To the streets of Monte Carlo and along the Riviera came people of every kind—rich, pampered widows, bored with everything, adventurers seeking to make a fortune, and there lived Felicia, the most beautiful woman in Monte Carlo. But her greed was even greater than her beauty.

Marry me, Felicia! There is a small house we can rent, and I will make you very happy.

You are mad, Jean! Do you think I would throw away my beauty that way? No, I am not meant for such a life! In the gambling casinos of Monte Carlo, come rich men! There I will find the man I want!

That night, Felicia started on her destiny. At the table where she was croupier was a rich Arab prince...

Never have I had such fantastic luck! And you are my lucky star! Of all the women in Europe, I have never met anyone so beautiful! You must come out with me tonight and celebrate my winning!

I would love to, your Highness!

Jean was waiting when she came outside.

Please, Felicia—I’ve spent all my money on you! I will steal for you, if only you will love me!

Get away from me! Tonight I have met the man who can give me the riches I should have! Don’t bother me again!
I'M SORRY, YOUR HIGNESS, BUT THIS IMPOSSIBLE PERSON IS PESTERING ME!

ON YOUR WAY, RUFFIAN! IF YOU PERSIST IN BOTHERING THE LADY, I WILL HAVE YOU THROWN IN JAIL!

FROM THE MOMENT I SAW YOU, FELICIA, I FORGOT ALL OTHERS! TAKE THIS RING THAT HAS BEEN IN MY ROYAL FAMILY, AND WEAR IT!

OH, THANK YOU, YOUR HIGNESS! I, TOO, FELT THIS ATTRACTION WHEN WE MET! I CAN THINK OF NO OTHER MAN NOW!

I CAN DENY MY LOVE NO LONGER, FELICIA! YOU WILL MAKE ME THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE WORLD BY MARRYING ME, MY BELOVED!

OH, MY DEAREST--YES!

AT LAST THIS FOOL'S WEALTH WILL BE MINE--PALACES, JEWELS, ANY WISH GRANTED--MY BEAUTY ACCLAIMED!

LATER, A WALK BUGHT THE COUPLE TO A CARNIVAL...

STOP A MOMENT, YOUNG LOVERS! PERHAPPS THE BEAUTIFUL LADY WOULD LIKE TO SEE WHAT FATE HAS IN STORE FOR HER? LOOK INTO THE MIRROR OF DESTINY! FOR ONE FRANC, YOU CAN KNOW YOUR FATE!

LET US GO IN, DARLING!

I DON'T LIKE IT HERE! IT'S UGLY AND DIRTY AND COLORED!

STAY BUT A MOMENT! HERE, GAZE UPON YOURSELF, AND SEE WHAT YOU REALLY ARE!

THERE WAS BLACK MAGIC IN THAT TENT. AS FELICIA GAZED, THE MIRROR SEEMED TO PLUMB THE DEPTHS OF HER SOUL!

HEED WHAT THE MIRROR TELLS YOU. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO END IN GRIEF!

OH! WHAT VENOMOUS TRICK IS THIS?

THIS IS THE WAY YOU ARE AND WILL EVENTUALLY LOOK, UNLESS YOU CHANGE!
When they left, the prince was thoughtful. Felicia could not break the silence between them. He, too, had seen her reflection in the mirror, and he believed.

I—I have just remembered. Felicia— I must return to my country for a while! I will let you know when I can return.

Oh! You are afraid of what you saw in that lying mirror! There are other wealthy men whom my beauty can get for me! It was only your riches I loved, anyway!

But after the Arab prince had left... I am beautiful! These mirrors do not lie! Yet wealth has slipped from my grasp, because the prince saw my reflection in that mirror! I must have that mirror!

The carnival was deserted, as Felicia sneaked in... You vile, lying image— to deny my beauty! And yes, I would sell my soul for riches—but no one will ever know! Never again must anyone but me see my image in this mirror! I will keep it hidden forever!

No! No! You cannot take it away!

Out of my way, old man!

I will have the mirror! You cannot stop me!

Felicia hid the mirror and thus thought to hide her soul and destiny...

I will acquire the wealth and power I want, from some rich fool! I can make of myself what I want! I will lock this attic, and no one will ever know my secret!

Soon Pierre Dumont, the banker, became her constant escort...

Oh, Pierre, that would be wonderful! But till then, would you not give me a gift of your love? Diamonds, perhaps, that I can wear proudly as your fiancée?
FELICIA'S GREED WOULD NOT LET HER REST. MORE AND MORE, HER DEMANDS INCREASED..."PIERRE, I HEARD THAT THE TIARA THE EMPRESS MARIE WORE IS FOR SALE? I MUST HAVE IT!

I THINK I WILL GIVE YOU NOTHING MORE! YOU SELL YOUR BEAUTY--YOU DO NOT GIVE YOUR LOVE!"

BUT, DARLING, IT IS SUCH A LITTLE GIFT! YOU ARE SO WEALTHY! THESE ARE THINGS THAT MERELY PROVE YOUR LOVE FOR ME!

PIERRE LEFT HER THEN, AND AFTER HIM CAME ALFREDO, A PAINTER, FRANCISCO, THE BANKER, LARRY, THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE. AND AS HER GREED INCREASED, EACH MAN LEFT HER, SEEING FINALLY THE INNER BLACK SOUL. SHE COULD NOT HIDE...

WHY DOES GREAT WEALTH ELUDE ME? EACH TIME IT SLIPS THROUGH MY FINGERS, AND ALL I HAVE ARE JUST A FEW PIECES OF JEWELRY--WHO IS THERE?

FELICIA, PLEASE HELP US! MY WIFE AND CHILDREN ARE SICK, AND THERE IS NOT A FRANC TO BUY FOOD AND MEDICINE! WE RAISED YOU WHEN YOUR PARENTS DIED--PLEASE HELP US NOW, OR WE'LL DIE!

DON'T THINK TO LIVE OFF ME, UNCLE! BEG IN THE STREET FOR ALMS IF YOU HAVE TO, BUT MAKE YOUR OWN WAY!

YOUR FACE IS UGLY WITH GREED, WICKED GIRL! YOU WILL SEE IN THE END, YOUR BEAUTY WILL BUY NOTHING!

I DO NOT WISH TO BE DISTURBED, SUZETTE! LET NO ONE IN!

AS THE OLD MAN LEFT...

THESE FOOLS LIE! ALL OTHER MIRRORS TELL ME I'M BEAUTIFUL, AND PERHAPS THE MIRROR OF DESTINY, TOO; HAS CHANGED!

FELICIA, I AM SO HAPPY, PIERRE! AND PERHAPS I COULD HAVE A DIAMOND BRACELET, SUCH AS THE COUNTESS WEARS?
But the mirror hadn't changed...

I will make you change! I will do something good, and then even my soul will mirror my beauty! I will give my uncle money for medicine!

And the next morning...

Well, have you found my uncle, Suzette?

Oh, mistress— I have just found out he drowned himself last night! It is terrible!

Later...

I wish my poor uncle to have the best of everything—a casket of gold! And I shall arrange for his widow to come to the funeral!

You are as generous as you are beautiful!

Felicia ordered a special outfit for the funeral...

That young man is of the wealthy Latrou family! He frequents the gambling casinos! This will be my chance to meet him!

Pardon me, monsieur— but do we know each other?

I am sorry, madame, but I don't seem to recall! Perhaps you are an old friend of my late mother's? I may have seen you when I was a child!
WHAT! HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME THAT WAY? FOOL! DON'T YOU KNOW I AM THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN MONTE CARLO?

FURIOUS, FELICIA RUSHED AWAY. BUT WHEN SHE ARRIVED HOME, SHE DISCOVERED EVIL CANNOT EXIST WITHOUT TAKING ITS TOLL!

NO! NO! THIS CANNOT HAPPEN! I SPENT ALL THAT MONEY ON THE FUNERAL TO PROTECT MY BEAUTY! IT IS ALL WASTED! IT IS THAT CURSED MIRROR OF DESTINY THAT HAS MADE MY LIFE A MISERY!

I'LL SEND EVERYONE AWAY! NO ONE MUST SEE ME, UNTIL I HAVE REGAINED MY BEAUTY! I WILL BE WHAT MY BEAUTY DESTINED FOR ME!

WHAT! MY IMAGE HERE IS MORE HIDEOUS THAN EVER! I'LL SMASH THAT CURSED MIRROR, BEFORE MY RUIN IS COMPLETE! I'LL DESTROY IT AND GET BACK MY STOLEN BEAUTY!

NOW YOU ARE OUT OF MY LIFE, AND MY BEAUTY WILL RETURN!

HA! HA! IT IS DONE NOW, FELICIA! YOUR DESTINY IS SEALED! YOU HAVE LOST ALL CHANCE OF EVER CHANGING!

AND WITH THOSE WORDS, FELICIA'S DOOM WAS SEALED BY HER GREED! SHE SPENT HER SMALL FORTUNE TRYING TO REGAIN HER BEAUTY, AND WHEN THAT FAILED, SHE REMOVED THE MIRRORS FROM HER HOUSE. BUT HER LOVE OF MONEY WOULDN'T LET HER STAY AWAY FROM THE GAMING TABLES...

AND IT'S RED, TWELVE! YOU'VE LOST, MADAME!

AGAIN, I'VE LOST! BUT I MUST WIN--I MUST!
ALL THIS ON NUMBER TWELVE! IT HAS BEEN WINNING ALL NIGHT! MY LUCK WILL CHANGE!

SHE WAS ONCE VERY BEAUTIFUL! SHE HAS LOST EVERYTHING, EVEN HER MIND!

But number twelve lost night after night. Felicia's doom came closer...

HERE--MY RING! THIS FORTUNE ON NUMBER NINE! I WILL WIN BACK EVERYTHING I'VE LOST!

VERY GOOD, MADAME!

But Felicia continued to lose everything on the wheel of chance, until...

Please, monsieur, my last ten francs on number 3! Luck is with me! I will win yet!

Just this time, old crook! But if you lose, don't come back here! This is no place for the likes of you!

You've lost! Get out, hag! The customers are complaining! Go on the streets of Monte Carlo where you belong, and stop offending us with your ugliness!

I've lost--lost, on uncle, come back! Take me in and shelter me! Pierre, Francisco, Larry--take pity on my loneliness! They're gone, all gone! There is no one!

And so Felicia's destiny was complete! Upon the streets of Monte Carlo, she fulfilled the mirror's prophecy...

Alms! Have pity--do not pass me by! Give alms for luck!

How horrible she is! Let's hurry on, darling!

They say she was once the most beautiful woman in Monte Carlo!

If that is true, then she is one that fate has cursed!

The End
THE ACCURSED CASTLE

Trascu Castle stood outlined starkly against the sky. It seemed to guard the wild peaks of the mountains. There was something sinister and foreboding about the gray walls, but the happy gypsy wedding party, making its way along the twisting mountain path paid no heed to the castle.

Ragy, their leader, had taken a bride, the beautiful dark-eyed Elena, who now walked at his side, her white teeth flashing as she smiled. The Gypsies were happy, for they loved Ragy, and knew that they would love Elena as well. As was the custom in the wild Carpathian Mountains, the tribe accompanied their leader to his new home, and there they would serenade him with their pulsating songs, and the lilting strains of their guitars.

Even now, they sang as they walked in the bright sunshine. Their voices blended in ancient songs, and the wild rhythm of the music echoed through the lonely passes, perhaps even penetrating the thick walls of Trascu Castle.

Young Ragy turned to his bride, and said, "My beloved Elena. This is the happiest moment of my life."

She turned her face up to his, her lips parted, and breathed, "Oh, my darling. I could die in this moment, and feel I had lived out my whole life."

Their lips met, and the Gypsies cheered. Their Leader's happiness was theirs, and as the procession streamed down the mountain, the songs grew louder and gayer.

Perhaps it was the singing that drowned out the noise of the approaching carriage, which rocked wildly as it sped along the trail, the four great black stallions racing at top speed. Alongside the coachman, sat the Baron Trascu, who whipped the steeds mercilessly, urging them on to even greater speed, although it seemed that any moment the carriage would turn over, as it lurched from side to side. The coachman pleaded with his master, telling him to slow down. But the Baron, his face flushed with anger, only cursed his servant, and cracked his whip more violently.

As the carriage swept around a curve, the procession of Gypsies was only a few feet ahead of them. Wildly, the coachman shouted a warning. But it was too late. The racing horses charged right into their midst, and the flying hooves knocked men and women to the ground.

Some managed to leap aside in time, but Ragy and Elena turned too late. The horses swept over her, and the wheels crushed the life from her body. She lay in the dust of the road, a sprawled, broken doll, and her raven hair was wet with the blood that formed a sudden pool under her body.

By some miracle, Ragy escaped the same fate. He was knocked aside by the horses. He rose shakily to his feet, and a wild cry of grief burst from his lips as he saw the dead girl. Other Gypsies stood erect now, and ran to aid Ragy, who knelt in the dust of the road beside the still form of his bride. And further up the road, there were three still forms... three of Ragy's people who had suffered Elena's fate.

About a hundred yards down the road, the coachman had managed to wrest the reins from his master's grasp, and had brought the foaming, snorting horses to a stop. He turned a frightened face at the devastation that had been wrought. But the Baron, staring drunkenly said, "Serves the wench right for getting in my way!"

Yet, even he seemed to grow sober as the sound of the Gypsy death song came to his ears. For now, the Gypsies were carrying their dead, in a slow, ordered procession. Their guitars were muted now, and they sang a solemn dirge instead of the gay songs of a few minutes before. At their face, strude Ragy, and in his arms, he carried the body of Elena. Her head hung far back. She stared at the blue sky with sightless eyes, and her arms dangled loosely, as her long hair, undone, swayed gently with each step Ragy took.

At last, the Gypsies reached the carriage. They stood there with the dead, staring their hatred at the Baron Ragy stepped close to the carriage. He held out the dead girl in his arms, tilting her head so that the Baron could look into the glazed eyes, see the death he had caused. Then in a loud, grief-choked voice, Ragy said, "Look well at your work, Baron Trascu! She is dead! My Elena is dead! And I curse you! You and all the Trascu breed! Ye each shall know sorrow at the moment of your greatest happiness, so long as you castle stands!"

Then, with a baleful glare, Ragy turned, carrying his grim burden, and soon, the gypsies were gone, as Baron Trascu felt the cold chill of fear. For he knew the power of a gypsy curse.

He turned to the coachman "Back to the castle," he cried "Quickly!"

The years passed, and Baron Trascu had almost forgotten the ugly incident. Once he had a reminder. A police patrol found the body of Ragy shot through the head on the grave of the girl. He had killed himself less than a year after her death.

But since that time there was no season for Baron Trascu to recall the tragic events, or Ragy's curse.
Five years can blot out a lot of memories. He had married, and only a few moments before had been told by the doctor that he was the father of a handsome baby son Trascu was happy. He stood in the semi-darkness of his study, and poured himself a glass of wine. He thought this was his moment of greatest happiness, and raised the wine to his lips. Suddenly, a breeze, a chill wind made the candles flicker. He looked up, and there in the doorway of the terrace, stood Ragy, holding the dead body of his bride, her face turned to him so that her dead eyes were on him. The ghostly figure of Ragy said, "At the moment of your greatest happiness, ye shall know sorrow, so long as the castle stands!"

The Baron covered his eyes and shooked wildly. When he took his hands away, the figures were gone. But the next instant, the study door was wrenched open, and the doctor appeared again. He said, "Baron, something terrible has happened! Your wife...I mean—the child is well...but your wife—is dead!"

Baron Trascu straightened himself. He stood stiffly erect and said, "I expected that. The curse has worked. I have been stricken with sorrow at the moment of my greatest happiness!"

He pushed past the doctor and walked into the hall. He turned into his wife's room, and for a long time looked into her face. The open, staring eyes made him think of the other dead bride whom he had seen only moments before.

He whispered, "The curse, my dear. The curse! We are doomed never to know happiness." Gently he closed her eyes, as the tears coursed down his cheeks.

The Baron moved away from the castle and ordered it closed down. He lived in Paris with his son, never remarried, and died quietly of a heart attack. But through the years, the curse of the Gypsy Ragy plagued the Trascu family. And always, at some moment of great happiness, tragedy struck, suddenly, swiftly and brutally.

Thus it went, each generation of Trascus feeling the full brunt of the curse. And in all that time, not one of the blood had ever returned to the castle on the mountain. The accursed castle was the key to the evil blight.

It was in late 1951 that a young American named Frank Trascu, and his beautiful bride Gloria, arrived at an inn in a mountain village not far from the site of the castle. When he signed the book, the inn-keeper regarded him curiously. "Trascu?" he asked. "The castle on the mountain belongs to your family?"

"Check," said Frank. "Gloria and I figure on taking a look at it. We'll climb up there tomorrow."

"No," the innkeeper cried, "You must not! It is cursed. The curse of Ragy."

"I know all about that," Frank smiled. "But we're going anyway."

The next day, Gloria and Frank started up the trail. They laughed frequently, and eagerly awaited the moment when they would reach the castle. It looked like a good place to poke around and explore. The once doughty building was weather-beaten, and partially in ruins. But the turret tower still poked into the sky, standing like a grim sentinel on its mountain post.

They paused half-way, and refreshed themselves at a brook. Gloria smiled at her husband. "Oh, Frank," she said, "I'm so happy!"

"I am too, darling. Being with you has made this the happiest moment of my life."

They kissed, and then, hand-in-hand, started up the path. Suddenly, they both turned as they heard a growl from the underbrush. Gloria gasped and pointed. There, emerging from the thicket was a great dog! Its eyes blazed madly, and foam dripped from its jaws. The fur rose on its neck. For a moment they stood there, almost transfixed, and then the animal leaped. Frank tried to push Gloria out of the way, but it was too late. The great fangs of the beast tore at her chest. Gloria screamed and fell to the ground, the dog tearing at her.

Like a wild man, Frank went into action. He picked up a huge rock, and smashed at the beast until he killed it. Then, gathering Gloria into his arms, he ran down the trail to the Inn. He thought she was already dead, but a faint glimmer of life was left, as a doctor skillfully stanch the flow of blood, and worked feverishly over her.

As night closed in, Frank walked out on the terrace of their room. He saw the castle silhouetted in the moonlight, and a sudden sound behind him made him turn. There, in a corner of the terrace, he saw the apparition of Ragy carrying Elena's corpse. The figure spoke, "At the moment of your greatest happiness, ye shall know sorrow, as long as you castle stands!" Then, the apparition faded.

The doctor came out on the terrace. He said, "I'm sorry, sir. But I fear for your wife. There is nothing more I can do."

Frank knew it was the curse. Suddenly he remembered. If he could destroy the castle, then, the curse would be broken. He recalled that there was a railroad bridge near construction nearby. There was blasting done to bring it through the mountains. He ran to the place, and found the dynamite.

He raced up the trail, to the castle itself. He planted the explosive, and set the fuse. Lighting it, he ran. He turned to watch the blast. Moments later, the castle was rubble. Frank knew that Gloria would live, for Ragy's curse was ended. The castle no longer stood. He knew, too, that Gloria and he need never fear happiness again.

The End
The HIGH PRIESTESS' SPELL OF DOOM

OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS OF ANCIENT ASSYRIA Swept A CONQUERING
HORDE OF JACKAL WORSHIPPERS, LEAD
by HAMARAY, THE INVINCIBLE,
LEAVING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION
IN THEIR WAKE FOR ALL WHO BELIEVED.
But CENTURIES had PASSED since
THEN, AND NOW A NEW CONQUEROR
BLESSED THE OLD PATH TO BRING
PROGRESS AND CIVILIZATION TO THE
RUGGED HINTERLAND OF IRAQ.
ROY GRASS, CONSTRUCTION
ENGINEER, COMMISSIONED TO
BUILD A FIVE-HUNDRED MILE
RAILROAD, FOUND MORE OBSTACLES
THAN HE BARGAINED FOR. EVEN A
TRAINED ARCHEOLOGIST COULD
NOT HELP HIM WHEN A ROAD
HE HAD BEEN FOLLOWING
SUDDENLY RAN SMACK INTO
A MOUNTAIN WALL....

HERE WE'VE BEEN
FOLLOWING THIS ANCIENT
ROAD, AND NOW IT RUNS
INTO A MOUNTAIN THAT
LOOKS TEN MILES DEEP!
I DON'T KNOW WHETHER
TO BLAST THROUGH OR
USE A HUNDRED MILES
OF RAIL GOING
AROUND IT,
NEVIL!

ROY, I'M AN
ARCHEOLOGIST,
SO I CAN'T
ADVISE YOU
ABOUT
CONSTRUCTION
PROBLEMS!

MAYBE YOU CAN
GET SOME
INFORMATION
FROM THE NATIVE
TRIBESMEN, DAD?
THEY MUST HAVE
HEARD STORIES
ABOUT THIS REGION
HANDED DOWN
FOR CENTURIES
FROM THEIR
ANCESTORS!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A BRIGHT
IDEA, MARIAN! LET'S ASK
THOSE TRIBESMEN WHO
WANDERED INTO OUR
CAMP YESTERDAY!

SOMETIMES
AN OLD
LEGEND MAY
HAVE GREAT
HISTORICAL
IMPORTANCE!

I AM BALA! I SPEAK FOR
MY FATHER, KHEDIV, WHO IS
CHIEF OF THIS REGION! OUR
PEOPLE HAVE LIVED HERE
FOR CENTURIES! IF I
CAN HELP YOU, IT WILL
BRING ME
GREAT HOPE!

THANK YOU! WHAT
CAN YOU TELL US
ABOUT THIS ANCIENT
ROAD OF HAMARAY?
WHICH WE HAVE BEEN
FOLLOWING? WHERE
DOES IT LEAD TO?
IN ANCIENT TIMES, IT IS SAID, THE ROAD RAN THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN! BUT A GREAT UPHEAVAL SHAKE THE EARTH AND COVERED HAMARAVI’S ROUTE!

THAT MAY BE THE ANSWER, ROY! A HUNDRED POUNDS OF DYANMITE MAY BLAST US A CLEAR PATH THROUGH WHAT LOOKS LIKE SOLID ROCK!

SUDDENLY...

THOSE BLASTED JACKALS! THIS TIME WE’LL GIVE THEM A DOSE OF LEAD POISONING! C’MON, GET YOUR RIFLE, NEYR!

AHH! MASTER, THE JACKALS RAID OUR SUPPLIES AGAIN!

GROWW! ROY!

THIS PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH THEM! THAT SIZE! THEY’RE FEROUCOUS! WE’LL HAVE TO GUARD OUR FOOD MORE CAREFULLY OR THOSE BEASTS WILL CLEAN US OUT!

Stop! By Hamaravi, don’t you know that a jackal is a sacred animal here?

Accursed foreigners! You will make the gods angry! The jackals are their watchdogs!

I’ve got to protect my men’s rations! We’ve suffered previous raids, and I’ll shoot to kill if they return!

That would be most unwise, Mr. Carson!

Later that evening...

Of all the headaches I’ve ever encountered on a job! Sacred jackals! I wonder what else is in store for us?

Suddenly... eeeeee! Roy, look!

Right under our noses! I’ll riddle the ugly beast!
I've wounded him! He can't go far now!

Let's follow him and finish the job!

Bang! Bang!

The bloody trail led to Galia's tent...

This is where the trail ends! What can those horrible sounds mean?

Grrrr! Aieee!

What happened? My father was cut a deep gash in his arm! We heard your fire! Have you no respect for our traditions? We have told you the jackals are sacred! Now leave us!

As Marian and Roy returned to camp...

Roy, that wasn't a cut that Khedov had in his arm! It was a fresh bullet hole!

What? The whole thing is terribly weird! Now listen to that howling coming from the tent!

The next day... In a few minutes we'll find out whether or not Hamaravi went through this mountain!

I'm ready to blast! Everyone stand clear!

Owwoooooo...!

When the smoke cleared...

See, Mr. Carson! You have followed our advice and have great fortune! It says: "The gods smile on those who enter!"

Then what are we waiting for? Let's go inside!
AS THEY ENTERED THE HOLLOWED-OUT MOUNTAINSIDE...

DAD, I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT! IT'S SO BERSIE, THE WAY BALISA ENTERED THIS PLACE AS IF SHE WERE ENTIRELY FAMILIAR WITH IT!

YES... AND THE INSCRIPTION DID NOT READ WHAT THEY TOLD ROY! IT IS A WARNING SAYING "THE JACKAL GODS WILL DESTROY THOSE WHO ENTER HERE!"

THIS IS ABSOLUTELY PAST BELIEF! LOOK, THERE'S BLOOD ON THAT SACRIFICIAL ALTAR, AND IT'S STILL DAMP!

IT IS JUST THE DAMP ATMOSPHERE IN THE MOUNTAIN WHICH HAS PRESERVED IT FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS!

AS THEY TURNED FOR FURTHER EXPLORATION...

THIS IS MORE IN YOUR LINE, NEVIL! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO WORK AND CLEAR THIS SUBTERRANEAN MESS TO SEND MY RAILROAD THROUGH!

SHE'S ACTUALLY LICKING THE BLOOD! NOW LIKE AN ANIMAL SHE IS!

THAT NIGHT, AS NEVIL BREWSTER STOOD GUARD AT THE MOUNTAIN ENTRANCE...

WHI-WHAT'S THAT? IT SOUNDS LIKE A CONCLAVE OF STRANGE BEASTS! I MUST INVESTIGATE THIS!

WITH SUDDEN VIOLENCE...

NO! LET ME GO, YOU MONSTERS! HELP!

TAKE HIM TO THE SACRIFICIAL BLOCK, WHERE OUR QUEEN Awaits him!

LONG HAVE I WAITED TO FULFILL MY FUNCTION OF HIGH PRIESTESS! AND NOW YOU SHALL BE OUR FIRST VICTIM AND JOIN OUR CULT! HOLD HIS ARM FOR THE SACRIFICIAL KNIFE!

DRINK THIS SACRED POTION MIXED WITH YOUR OWN BLOOD! THEN YOUR LIFE WILL BE DEDICATED TO OUR CAUSE!

LET ME GO!

KHADI! YAATA BALL!

HAAM ARAVA!
OH, GREAT PRIESTESS! ARMED MEN IN GREAT NUMBERS COME FROM THE CAMP!

WE MUST FLY! LEAVE OUR NEW MEMBER HERE! HE WILL RETURN TO US WHEN WE ARE READY FOR HIM!

NEVIL! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU?

JACKALMEN! Balia! AARRR!

TAKE HIM TO MY TENT AND GUARD HIM CAREFULLY! WE'RE GOING TO FIND BALIA AND HER UGLY CULT AND DESTROY THEM!

OH, ROY, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT MY FATHER? IT'S HORBIBLE!

AFTER A FRUITLESS SEARCH...

NOT A TRACE OF THE WHOLE LOT! THEIR TENTS WERE EMPTY! WHAT'S THAT? IT SOUNDS LIKE...

FATHER!

GARR! LET ME GO! I MUST RETURN TO THE TEMPLE!

TIE HIM DOWN! WE MUSTN'T LET HIM RETURN TO THE GREAT HALL OR HE IS LOST FOREVER!

HE HAS THE STRENGTH OF TEN LIONS!

BUT LATER...

WHAT? THEY'VE RELEASED NEVIL, AND ARE TAKING HIM WITH THEM! THESE SHOTS DON'T FRIGHTEN THEM! I MUST FOLLOW THEM WITH HIGH EXPLOSIVES!

BANG!

MARIAN IS IN THEIR CLUTCHES, TOO! NEVIL IS PLEADING FOR HER LIFE! AT LEAST HE HAS SOME HUMAN INSTINCTS LEFT!
I WILL FOLLOW YOU WILLINGLY IN WHATEVER YOU DO, BUT AT LEAST I WILL SPARE MY DAUGHTER!

I HAVE WAITED THOUSANDS OF YEARS TO BE REUNITED WITH MY LOST TRIBE IN THESE MOUNTAINS! NOW ALL HUMANS WHO ENTER OUR SACRED DOMAIN MUST JOIN OUR CULT, OR PERISH!

I, BAILA, HIGH PRIESTESS, DAUGHTER OF THE ANCIENT ASSYRIAN CONQUEROR, HAMARAVI, HAVE SPOKEN! PROCEED WITH THE SACRIFICE!

THERE'S NO TIME LEFT! I MUST ACT AT ONCE AND STUN THEM!

I'M GIVING YOU AN ULTIMATUM, BAILA! CALL OFF YOUR BEASTS, RELEASE MARIAN, AND RESTORE HER FATHER TO HUMAN FORM, OR I SHALL DESTROY YOUR TEMPLE AND EVERY ONE OF YOU!

NEVER! BY HAMARAVI, I SEIZE THE DESPOILER!

SCATTER TO YOUR HIDING PLACES, OH FAITHFUL FOLLOWERS, WHILE I RETURN TO MY THRONE ROOM!

NEVIL, IF YOU LOVE YOUR DAUGHTER, INSTINCTIVELY AND DESIRE TO BE HUMAN AGAIN, HELP ME! DO YOU KNOW THEM, AND KNOW THE SECRET PASSAGEWAYS OF THE CULT?

I FEEL I DO.

AFTER A TORTUOUS WINDING THROUGH THE LABYRINTHINE UNDERGROUND...

THIS IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE THRONE ROOM, BUT IT WON'T BUDGE!

STAND BACK, NEVIL! I'LL HAVE TO BLAST IT DOWN!

NEVIL, IF YOU LOVE YOUR DAUGHTER, INSTINCTIVELY AND DESIRE TO BE HUMAN AGAIN, HELP ME! DO YOU KNOW THEM, AND KNOW THE SECRET PASSAGEWAYS OF THE CULT?

I FEEL I DO.

AFTER A TORTUOUS WINDING THROUGH THE LABYRINTHINE UNDERGROUND...

THIS IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE THRONE ROOM, BUT IT WON'T BUDGE!

STAND BACK, NEVIL! I'LL HAVE TO BLAST IT DOWN!
When the bronze door was torn from its hinges

Drink the potion and enter into the mysteries of Hamaravi's cult!

With a lightning movement...

AARRR! I've been contaminated! The high priestess will become a jackal beast!

I must cleanse myself in the sacred pool before it is too late! AARRR!

She's going to be crushed?

It was a fitting end for a demonic creature like Balia! But wait... what did she say about the sacred pool? You must try that as a last resort, Nevil?

I will bathe in it! Wait for me in the great hall if I am not back in ten minutes. Then blast it shut and seal me in this Hades forever!

At the entrance to the great hall...

Almost ten minutes are gone, Roy! What if the pool had no effect? I can't bear to think of it!

There's still hope, Marian! But your father has chosen. If he is not restored to human form, he wishes to die here!

As the last moments swept by, suddenly...

Father! You've come back! You're human again!

Marian... I... I'm so happy! The pool worked like a charm!

When the debris had settled, after the explosion...

Hamaravi's dread cult will never leave its mountain fortress again! They are entombed forever!

And my railroad will make a wide detour of this mountain, which I never want to see again as long as I live!
An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's who want to LOOK SLIMMER and FEEL YOUNGER

Dots a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is specifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger.

The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on a day after day with an "old-men's" mid-section bulge... or with a belt that needs constant support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you back to normal where you used to feel! "Chevalier" has a built-in reshape. You adjust the belt the way you want it! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in... rearmed out... yet you feel wonderfully comfortable.

POSTURE BAD?
Get a "Bay Window"?

DO YOU ENVY MEN who can 'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?

DON'T WORRY!!!

An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

POSTURE BAD?
Get a "Bay Window"?

DO YOU ENVY MEN who can 'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?

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