NATIONAL COMICS takes
"top place as the choice of
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TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL
Women's International Exposition
PARK AVE. AT 14TH STREET
NOVEMBER 7 - 13, 1949

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parents and children."
TAKE A GOOD DEEP BREATH, SHERIFF TANE! IT'S THE LAST ONE YUH'RE GON' TO TAKE! HA, HA!

YEAH! AN' YORE SIDEKICK, JOHNNY THUNDER, AIN'T AROUND TO STOP US FROM SENDIN' YUH STRAIGHT TO BOOT HILL!

SRRY FOLKS! WE CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING ABOUT THIS LATEST JOHNNY THUNDER ADVENTURE! WE CONFESS WE'RE STUMPED!

YOU SEE, IT HAS SUCH AN UNUSUAL SURPRISE THAT WE'RE AFRAID EVEN TO HINT ABOUT IT. LEST WE REVEAL IT ACCIDENTALLY AND SPOIL YOUR ENJOYMENT! BUT WE CAN SAY THAT IT STARTS IN MESA CITY, EARLY ONE MORNING. WHEN THE DWORCK BROTHERS, DEADLY KILLERS, HAVE THEIR SIGHTS TRAINED ON SHERIFF TANE IN A DEAD END LANE...
Balancing himself lightly on the roof above the killers, Johnny Thunder thinks swiftly...

I can't jump down on them! The impact might make their fingers tighten and send bullets into the sheriff, and I can't shoot either, without running the same risk.

Suddenly, the West's most daring fighter acts upon a plan...

Wonder where the other two Dvork brothers are? Well, I can't wait for them to show up too!

Lookin' for me, Dvorks?

Johnny Thunder!

They're firing at me...now's my chance!

His guns are still holstered! Drill 'im!

Through the hail of bullets dives Johnny Thunder, his fists clenched for action!

Look out!

At that moment, from inside the glass door of the building...

Johnny Thunder never should turn his back when only two Dvorks are in front of 'im.

Yah, he'll never git another chance to! Ha, ha.

While outside, in the dead end lane...

Johnny--!
Instinctively rolling out of the way of the blasting lead in answer to Sheriff Tane's warning, Johnny draws and fires with the uncanny speed which makes his guns sound just like the name Westerners everywhere have given him—Thunder!

Take the one on the left, Sheriff!

Got 'im, Johnny!

When these killers'll get out of the hospital, they'll face a jury for their crimes against the law-abidin' citizens o' Mesa City! Guess usin' me for bait worked, even if they thought they were one jump ahead of us!

With the prisoners taken care of...

You're just like a son to me, Johnny—riskin' your life to help keep law 'n order! But it ain't right, when I got a son o' my own, hidin' behind a school-marm's desk, so he won't have to help me!

Teachin's a fightin' job, too, Sheriff!

Teachin's a woman's job! An' fightin's a man's job! An' I'm goin' out right now to the schoolhouse to make that worthless son o' mine act like a man!

But... Sheriff! Why not wait...

No sooner is Sheriff Tane out of sight... than...

I've got to get to the schoolhouse ahead of him!

Let's ride, Black Lightnin'!

Why is the sheriff's impending visit to his son, John Tane, disturbing the prairie gunfighter so?
At breakneck speed, Johnny’s famed horse carries him to the Mesa City schoolhouse, where...

He’s not here yet! Good, keep goin’, Black Lightnin’!

...And assumes his carefully guarded dual identity of Shy John Tane, the sheriff’s son, and Mesa City’s only schoolmaster...

Just made it! Whew! That was close!

Mornin’, Dad!

Don’t ever call me that unless you mean to help me in my fight against crime ‘n’ the badmen who drive the good people outta Mesa City! If you’re a true son o’ mine, it’s you who’ll be fightin’ at my side— you, my own flesh ‘n’ blood, not Johnny Thunder—a stranger!

Teachin’s for womenfolk! An’ fightin’ for justice, a man’s job! Either you’re a teacher— or my son! An’ if you’re my son, you’ll take these guns and ride away from this classroom!

But, Dad, if I can teach the children the examples of the world’s great men, they’ll try to follow in their footsteps, and justice will be as natural as breathing!

Save that poppycock, for the classroom! You’ve made your choice! I’m through with you!
"But I can't tell Dad. I'm really Johnny Thunder! It would remove the paralyzing element of surprise that has enabled me to help him fight crime so successfully! I must make him listen to reason somehow!"

And when the schoolmaster collects his thoughts and turns around, he meets the accusing stares of his pupils who have been silent witnesses to the entire incident...

"Er... Good morning... class! ... Er... see you're here... Er... bright and early... Er... this morning!"

Later...

- These men fought for justice and the rights of man! In so doing, they helped create the United States! We must follow their example to keep democracy strong—here in our country—and thus in the whole world!

Washington
Franklin
Jefferson
Paine
Lincoln

Tommy—Suppose you tell us what these famous men were most noted for?... Forgotten? You answer, Shirley... no?

They're not responding—just looking at me accusingly! They can't understand why I had to refuse Dad's offer!

At the end of the school day...

Goodbye, boys and girls! See you tomorrow!

They're not answering... not a single one..."
The next morning, long after school should have begun...

I suppose I should have known they wouldn't show up. They came as long as they had faith in me. And without knowing it, Dad has destroyed that faith!

Hour after hour passes, as the schoolmaster struggles with his thoughts...

What's the good of maintaining my secret identity if I not only lose my father's respect... but the kids, too? There's only one thing left!

Meanwhile in the private office of White Hat Harry, King of the Gamblers...

Whisper! Trail sheriff Tane everywhere he goes! He's bound to lead yuh to Johnny Thunder's hideout! When he does, let me know! I can make a fortune by selling that information to the Owlhoots gunning for him!

I'll stick with the Sheriff Night 'n' Day, White Hat!

How does John Tane expect to solve his great dilemma, one which has taxed crime-fighters with dual identities for ages?

Shortly, at the schoolhouse...

I got your message! But I'm here only because I hoped you'd come to your senses an' decided to quit school teachin'? Am I right or wrong? Answer me. I've got no time to waste!

Stay where you are, Dad! I'll be right back!

Once again, schoolmaster John Tane hurriedly changes into his other identity...

...and reveals himself to his father in his long-kept, carefully guarded secret identity of Johnny Thunder, western frontier fighter...

Look, Dad, this is the reason why I couldn't join you! It would have destroyed my dual identity! For you see, I am Johnny Thunder!
YOU—JONNY THUNDER?!
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!
YOU DON'T THINK I'M FOOLED
BY THAT PLAY-ACTIN' STUFF
THAT CHANGED YOUR FACE?
DIDN'T I SEE YOU CHANGE
YOURSELF TO COLUMBUS IN
A SCHOOL PLAY?

BUT, DAD,
I AM JONNY THUNDER!
I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL
CALL BLACK LIGHTNIN'!

SURE, PROOF THAT JOHNNY'S
IN CANDY'S WITH YOU TO FOOL
ME INTO THINKIN' MY WORTH-
LESS SCHOOLMASTER SON IS
REALLY THE FINEST FIGHTER
ON BOTH SIDES O' THE PECOS,
TELL JOHNNY FOR ME, I MAY
BE OLD—BUT MY BRAIN'S
AIN'T SCRAMBLED THAT
MUCH!

AND FROM A VANTAGE POINT IN THE HILLS OVERLOOKING THE SCHOOL...

LATER, AT THE GAMBLER'S OFFICE...

I COULDN'T HEAR 'EM, WHITE HAT,
BUT I SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES,
THE SCHOOLMASTER IS JONNY
THUNDER!

IT SOUNDS LOCO! BUT
YUH NEVER FAILED ME
YET, WHISPER! ALL
RIGHT, BOYS? YUH
KNOW WHAT TO DO!
THAT EVENING, AS THE SCHOOLMASTER LEAVES HIS EMPTY CLASSROOM... ONE FALSE MOVE AN' WE'LL DRILL YAH, JOHNNY 'THUNDER.'

JOHNNY 'THUNDER? WHY--YOU'RE CRAZY! EVERYONE KNOWS I'M JOHN TANE!"

MERELY ESCAPING WON'T DO ANY GOOD, NOW! SOMEHOW, I'VE GOT TO CONVince THESE THUGS THAT JOHN TANE AND JOHNNY 'THUNDER ARE TWO PEOPLE!

SUDDENLY, THE SCHOOLMASTER STAMPS UPON THE GROUND AS IF IN FRUSTRATED ANGER...

LOOK AT HIM! SORE AS A BOIL AND CAN'T DO ANYTHIN' 'BOUT IT!

HAH HAH!

BUT JOHN'S STAMPING IS HEARD BY A PAIR OF KEEN EARS... AND UNDERSTOOD!...

AND WHEN THE GUNMEN LATER ATTEMPT TO CROSS A NARROW BRIDGE ON THE WAY BACK TO TOWN...

IT'S BLACK LIGHTNIN'! LOOK OUT FOR THET DEMON HOSS!

HE'S RAMMIN' US OVER!
Moments later, in the boiling confusion under water, the schoolmaster seizes hold of Black Lightnin'—who immediately begins to swim with him towards the surface...

Good boy!

After they reach the river bank, the schoolmaster hurriedly pulls from his saddle-bags the carefully hidden items he needs to change to his other identity—and, in the shadows...

Must hurry, before...

Soon after, as the bedraggled badmen scramble up the river bank a few yards downstream...

It's Johnny Thunder!

That ain't possible! He's in the river!

Fool! Look at his clothes—bone-dry! He must've sent his horse to pull that stunt on us!

If he and the schoolmaster ain't the same person—then tell me where John Tane is?!

Yeah! That's right.

Has Johnny's plan failed after all?

Where's John Tane is right? Go in and find him before I hold you responsible for his murder! Yuh heard me! Get back into that river before I pepper yuh with enough lead to make yuh sink like a rock!

Bam! Blam!

Okay! D-don't sh-shoot!
As the badmen spot the schoolmaster on the bank alongside the part of the river they were combing...

There's the schoolmaster! I told yuh he must've landed further downstream!

Gosh! Are we glad to see yuh, Tane!

Don't go 'way!

But yuh can't do this to us! Yuh gotta go back with us to show Johnny Thunder yuh're all right! He'll hold us for murder otherwise!

The sheriff can hold you as soon as we get to town! Now--March!

Ow!

So, yuh blasted idiot--Johnny Thunder an' the schoolmaster is the same person?

Anyone kin make a mistake--Ow!

Here are some customers for your jail, sheriff! The charge is kidnapping and attempted murder! Johnny Thunder will confirm charges after bringing in White Hat Harry, the ringleader!

I'm a pig-headed old fool! Kin yuh ever forgive me, son?

There's nothing to forgive. We fight for law and order in our own way. Right, dad?

Next day...

Just think of this country of ours as a family, and always remember, that families that aren't divided, cannot fall!

A house divided against itself cannot stand!

The end.
NOW! Another
BAZOOKA BONANZA!

10,000 Personal Name Stamps Given Away to 10,000 Boys & Girls Sending in 100 Penny Bazooka Wrappers! Get Yours While They Last!

It prints your own name

SEND NO MONEY... WRITE NO LETTERS...
START COLLECTING PENNY BAZOOKA WRAPPERS NOW AND WIN YOUR STAMP!!

Prizes!

2 BIG CHEWS 1¢

Made by the Makers of Topps Chewing Gum.

1. Start today to save the wrappers from delicious PENNY BAZOOKA Bubble Gum. All BAZOOKA wrappers are good for this NAME STAMP OFFER.
2. When you have collected one hundred (100) of these red, white and blue silver foil wrappers, put them in an envelope with your name and address on a slip of paper.
3. Mail to BAZOOKA, Dept. R-B, Box 20, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N.Y. 10,000 entries received will win a PERSONAL NAME STAMP.
4. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 15, 1950, to qualify.
5. Offer open to all residents of the U.S., its territories and possessions, except employees and their families of Topps Chewing Gum and its advertising agency.
OVERLAND COACH
Starring
TONY BARRETT

Even in the Old West a newspaper was cheap enough so that anyone could buy a copy for a few pennies. So what in the world could have been in the bundle of papers that Tony Barrett, owner-driver of the Overland Coach, was carrying to the frontier town of Red Creek that made it important enough for three desperate men to steal it — and then attempt to carry out—

"The DOUBLE DEAL at RED CREEK!"
At Riverville, last railroad stop on the Western border, Tony Barrett, under her contract with Wells Fargo, picks up a load of packages for delivery to frontier hamlets...

Got you pretty well loaded this trip, Tony? Oh, and here's the last item—this bundle of newspapers fresh from the East.

For Red Creek, eh? Without a telegraph station, these papers are their only supply of news!

But I've always been able to take care of myself, and besides, this team, I've been driving can outrun any outlaw horses! Don't worry about me.

The all-wood Overland Coach floats despite its load—and the powerful horses swim steadily...

The current is fast, but my team—of four can pull against it easily! Good boys, keep going!

But then out of the tangled underbrush across the stream...

Don't try any tricks, driver! We mean business.

Road agents! And they've caught me in midstream—where I can't even try to outrun them!
THESE BUSHWACKERS HAVE ME DEAD TO RIGHTS! NOTHING I CAN DO... NOW...

I'VE GOT THE STUFF WE'RE AFTER!

THE NEXT SECOND... AS THE COACH HORSES COME UNHITCHED...

SHE'S A GONER NOW! HIGHTAIL IT, MEN!

THE SIDEWINDERS! THEY'VE CUT ME LOOSE IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS SWIFT CURRENT!

WITH MOUNTING SPEED, THE RIVER CARRIES TONY TOWARD A ROCKY, ROARING FALLS...

NO SENSE TRYING TO JUMP AND SWIM FOR IT! I'D ONLY BE DASHED TO PIECES ON THOSE ROCKS, ALONG WITH THE COACH! BUT THERE'S STILL ONE POSSIBLE CHANCE!

GRABBING HER LARIAT, TONY POISES ON THE PLUNGING VEHICLE FOR A DESPERATE CAST...

IF I MISS THIS ONE, THERE WON'T BE ANY SECOND TRY! I'M ALMOST AT THE FALLS--

BUT THE AIM OF THE GALLANT GIRL DRIVER IS UNERRING-- AND AS THE STUMP HOLDS THE ROPE FAST, IT SWINGS THE COACH TOWARD THE BANK...

MADE IT! BUT IT WAS AWFULLY CLOSE! NOW TO CALL MY HORSES. THEY WOULDN'T HAVE GONE FAR WITHOUT ME... BLACKIE! BUSTER! HERE, BOYS! HERE--
THE LOYAL TEAM-OF-FOUR SOON APPEARS AND IS HITCHED UP AGAIN...

IT'S ODD! THOSE THREE masked crooks didn't touch a single one of my packages! And the only thing that's missing is...

---

-- THE BUNDLE OF NEWSPAPERS FROM THE EAST THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO TO RED CREEK! NOW WHY DID THOSE CROOKS STEAL THAT?

A STRANGE THEFT! WHAT COULD BE IN MERE NEWSPAPERS TO MAKE DARING BANDITS STEAL THEM AND IGNORE DOZENS OF VALUABLE PACKAGES?

LATER---ON HER SCHEDULED STOP AT RED CREEK, TONY ProbeS INTO THE QUEER MYSTERY...

AND YOU SAY NO SUSPICIOUS STRANGERS HAVE BEEN AROUND HERE, SHERIFF BELL?

NARY A ONE, TONY! I'D SURE LIKE TO HELP YOU SETTLE WITH THOSE THREE MASKED COYOTES WHO TRIED TO KILL YOU!

BUT THE ONLY VISITORS IN TOWN ARE THOSE TWO GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS COMING OUT OF THE HOTEL NOW? THEY'RE HERE TO HELP OUR FARMERS BY TESTING THE SOIL AROUND RED CREEK.

THOSE TWO MEN STOPPED SHORT WHEN THEY SAW ME!

HOWDY, BOYS! AFTERNOON, SHERIFF! THEY SURE DROPPED THEIR EYES FAST! BUT FOR A MOMENT IT WAS AS IF THEY'D SEEN A GHOST! GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS, EH? WELL MAYBE THEY ARE---AND MAYBE THEY'RE NOT! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT...
THINKING QUICKLY, TONY DELIBERATELY SETS A BAIT...

...AND SHERIFF, IT'S A GOOD THING I READ THOSE STOLEN NEWSPAPERS! I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THE SENSATIONAL NEWS IN THEM AFTER I FEED MY HORSES!

Swell! I'll be waiting, Tony!

TOO BAD I HAD TO MISLEAD SHERIFF BELL LIKE THAT! BUT IF MY PLAN WORKS OUT, HE'LL GET THE NEWS IN THOSE PAPERS—WHATEVER IT IS—SOON ENOUGH!... THOSE TWO ARE STILL WATCHING! SO FAR SO GOOD!

SOON AFTER—IN THE STABLE BEHIND THE HOTEL...

WHERE IS SHE? SHE JUST CAME IN HERE—AND NO ONE'S COME OUT!

WE GOTA FIND THAT DAMN AN! SHUT HER MOUTH QUICK! OR SHE'LL QUEER EVERYTHING--

SUDDENLY THE "EMPTY" COACH DOOR IS KICKED OPEN...

SO I WAS RIGHT! YOU CRITTERS ARE TWO OF THE BANDITS WHO HELD ME UP! BUT THIS TIME I'VE GOT THE DROP ON YOU!

SHE WAS HIDIN' IN THE COACH! PEPPER HER!

WITH COOL PRECISION, TONY'S GUNS SPEAK OUT...

GOT TO SAVE YOU CROOKS FOR JAIL! SHOOTIN'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU!

(GULP) SHE'S A SURE SHOT! SHOT THE GUNS PLUMB OUTA OUR HANDS!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT... A THIRD SHOT RINGS OUT...

GUESS SHE FORGOT ABOUT THE THIRD BANDIT IN OUR PARTY, HUH, BOYS?

NICE GOIN', MOFFITT! YOU GOT HER!
Apparently lifeless, Tony is thrust into her own coach by the badmen...

She won't be found in there till we're safely outa town!

She must've been loco, thinkin' she could bust up our racket!

But actually the pretty owner-driver is only playing possum—an old Indian trick she learned as a frontier kid...

Moffitt missed—but if I hadn't fallen like I did, he would've shot again! It was my only chance! And holding my breath afterwards, fooled them! But I can't act now... because I had to drop my guns to make my act look real!

As she lies motionless, feigning death, Tony overhears a startling conversation...

Yeah! It's worked perfect, boys! I offered the Red Creek Farmers $5 an acre for their land—posin' as a promoter who wants to build a big summer resort here! They believed me—but they wouldn't sell—until you two "government chemists" showed up in town...

Ha ha! An' we told them we'd have to condemn their land for farming purposes—because it was being slowly poisoned by chemicals from an underground stream—an' they believed us too!

Okay—we're ready now for the last part of our plan...

The rubes are holding a meeting in town hall right now! Sure as shootin' they'll be ready to sell out to me! We'll mosey over there and I'll clinch the deal.

Okay! Sandy an' I'll pretend we're just lookin' on—till you get those land deeds, Moffitt!

An' just to make sure no one finds the Barrett Dam an' suspects something is up before we're gone—we'll lock this stable an' throw away the key!

Ha ha!
As soon as Tony is sure the crooks are out of earshot...

Spotting an axe lying on the stable floor, Tony grabs it and begins a furious assault on the heavy stable doors...

If I'm right, I've got to get out of here and stop the farmers before they sign over their land deeds! Afterwards, it may be too late...

Meanwhile in town hall, the "con" game is swiftly completed...

Since our land won't be fit for farmin' Mr. Moffitt--I reckon we got no choice but to sell out to you!

It's a deal! Here's the cash! I'll take those deeds!

As the crowd throngs out of the hall...

We swung it!

Let's beat it! I got our horses ready down the street!

But a moment after--Tony Barrett rides up and tells the Red Creek farmers some stunning news...

What?! You say those two "chemists" and Moffitt worked together to trick us?

Yes! They're the same three bandits who held me up at Elk River and stole the newspapers! Where are they?

There go the critters now--a-gallopin' like mad outa town!

Gosh! They've got faster mounts than any saddle horses here, and once they get away, they'll be able to sell those deeds--
Grimly, Tony sets out after the rapidly vanishing crooks...

I've said that my team-of-four can outrun any outlaw horses—and now's my chance to prove it! Oh, Buster! Pull, Blackie!

As the stout-hearted Overland foursome quickly gains on the Bandits, Tony reaches for her lariat...

It's the Barrett dame—or her ghost?

Never mind which—start shootin'!

But Tony "shoots" first, and her expert hand guides the rope in a perfect toss—

Brace yourself, men! You're heading for a fall!

Yeowp!

Later—after the crooks are in jail and the deed sale has been voided by law...

This was in Moffitt's pocket, Tony! One of the stolen newspapers...

Just about what I figured, sheriff!

The news spreads among the excited farmers...

Those crooks must've learned about the railroad coming through here—that's why they tried to skin us outa our land!

And they woulda done it too—if not for Tony Barrett!

Tony, we owe you a lot! Stay here, and we'll throw a celebration in your honor!

Sorry! I'm a working girl and the Overland coach is behind schedule now! So long, fellows!

The end
A Complete Picture-Story of a Thrilling NEW Movie BEFORE it Hits the Screen!

Feature Films presents
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
CAPTAIN CHINA

That's what you'll get in every issue of Feature Films

- The smashing first issue is a dramatization of Paramount's swashbuckling tale of adventure on the high seas... the story of the renegade skipper who loses his ship and his good name before he battles his way back to self-respect and the love of a beautiful woman!

Don't miss this great first issue!

Read the picture-story... then see it on the screen!
Bat-MAN
and
ROBIN

stand up for
Sportsmanship!

Ever on the alert for signs of crime, Batman and Robin, famed fighters for justice, spot a new and dangerous menace.

Look, Robin, some real trouble on that football field—and it needs our attention.

Check, Batman!

Gosh, it's Batman and Robin!

A lot of us don’t agree with you! Hank’s a good player—and he belongs on the team same as anybody else.

Right, it’s the one who thinks otherwise who’s not the real American. He’s harming his country when he speaks and acts that way.

Hold on, what’s going on here?

Aw, we don’t want this guy around here. He don’t belong; he ain’t a real American.

Don’t believe those crackpot lies about people who worship differently, or whose skin is of a different color, or whose parents come from another country. Remember our American heritage of freedom and equality.

Don’t weaken our country! A nation divided by prejudice is like a football team without teamwork. So get together... work and play in harmony—and you’ll have a successful team.

Thanks, Batman, we will.
The Minstrel Maverick thought he'd seen just about everything in the way of outlaw trickery in the West—until P.T. Plummer's carnival came to town! Then, almost before he knew it, the baritone buckaroo found himself in the thick of a sky-high struggle with the unique—

"Balloon Bandits of Silver City"

At a carnival in Silver City, pretty Judy Parsons, the school teacher, asks a favor of Hank "Harmony" Hayes—the Minstrel Maverick...

Harmony, I've always wanted to go up in a balloon, but I'm scared to try it alone! Will you take me?

Will I? It's a pleasure, ma'am! Just sashay along with me!

Ride the captive balloon!
I LIKE YOU, HARMONY, BECAUSE YOU'RE SO POLITE AND GENTLE!
GOSH, MISS JUDY, THAT'S THE WAY I ALWAYS AIM TO BE—POLITE AND GENTLE!

GIMME A TICKET—QUICK!

AS HARMONY AND HIS ESCORT START UP THE STEPS TO THE BALLOON BASKET...

STEP ASIDE! I'M AHEAD O' YOU TWO!
O' COURSE MISS JUDY, THERE ARE CERTAIN EXCEPTIONS TO WHAT I JUST SAID—

OH!

LIKE WHEN I COME UP AGAINST A NO-ACCOUNT RUFFIAN—WHO'S GOT NO RESPECT FOR WOMEN FOLK!

YUH ORNERY STRING BEAN! I'LL FIX YUH—

A GUN? STRANGER, YOU'VE GOT NO MANNERS AT ALL!

WITH A WHIPLIKE JAB, THE MINSTREL MAVERICK CONNECTS BEFORE HIS ANTAGONIST CAN FIRE...

DON'T YOU KNOW ENOUGH NEVER TO START GUN-PLAY WHEN THERE'S A LADY PRESENT?

GOOD FOR YOU, HARMONY!

SOON AFTER, IN A NEARBY TENT, P.T. PLUMMER, THE CARNIVAL OWNER, REVIVES THE KAYOED THUG...

SLOAN, YOU LUNIHEAD! WHY'D YOU HAVE TO PICK A FIGHT WITH THE MINSTREL MAVERICK? YOU COULD HAVE RUINED EVERYTHING!

CRACK

SPASH!
Meanwhile—in the balloon...

"Captive" balloon halts aloft after all of the rope is played out of the winch on the platform...

Don't worry—we're anchored by a rope, there's no danger!

The "Captive" balloon halts aloft after all of the rope is played out of the winch on the platform...

Harmony, you can see for miles; it's beautiful.

Sure is, Miss Judy! So purty. It makes me feel like singin'—

But as Harmony raises his guitar...

I got a gal, and she's so sweet... She's so sweet... she's so sweet...

The polished wood of the guitar reflects on the sun's rays with the brilliance of a mirror...

At that moment—in a thicket on the outskirts of Silver City...

There's our mirror—signal from the balloon!

That means Sloan's right on the job! Okay, gang—let's go!

In the town bank, where a shipment of gold bullion has just been received from a nearby mine...

Hurry up, weighing that gold, Perkins! I want to get it in the vault...

Take it easy, Turner! After all, this gold reached here only ten minutes ago—in a secret shipment!

And in another two minutes, it will be behind the steel door of our vault! It's safe enough—eh? What's that??
As the Bank Officials Whirl Around...

Bandits?! But where'd they come from? That's a trade secret, Buster! And so's the place where we're goin' — with that gold! Hustle, boys!

Moments Later — Before the Town Can Realize What's Happened...

Haw haw! This job was a snap! In and out of the bank in 10 seconds! With timing like that, they can't even get a good look at us, let alone catch us.

Help!

Robbery!

Help!

In Front of the Bank, a Crowd Quickly Gathers...

You're going to form a posse, aren't you, Sheriff? Pronto, Mr. Turner! But one thing about this robbery is mighty strange!

There's only one way that gang could have reached the bank at exactly the right time to pull off that job! Someone was actin' as a spy and signalled them somehow.

I noticed something that may help you, Sheriff.

While the Minstrel Maverick Was Up in That Balloon, I Saw Flashes of Light! Sloan here saw them too!

Yeah! That's right, Sheriff! I shore did! They looked like signals to me!

As suspicion points to Harmony, He Gets a Valiant Defender...

You listen to me, Sheriff Wayne! Harmony had nothing to do with those bandits!

Easy, Miss Judy! I ain't accusin' anyone yet, but arguin' about it ain't gonna catch the crooks!
YOU'RE RIGHT, SHERIFF! LET'S GET SOME ACTION AROUND HERE!

SHERIFF, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I'M GOING BACK UP IN THAT BALLOON!

I NOTICED A FELLER CAN SEE PRETTY NEAR EVERY STUMP FOR MILES AROUND FROM UP THERE! MAYBE I CAN SPOT THE TRAIL THOSE BANDITS ARE TAKING...

GREAT IDEA, HARMONY! WE'LL TRY IT!

SHERIFF WAYNE OPERATES THE WINCH HIMSELF TO SEND HARMONY ALOFT...

THAT'S THE TICKET, SHERIFF! LET THAT ROPE OUT FAST!

AS SOON AS YOU SIGHT ANY SIGN OF 'EM, HARMONY—HOLLER DOWN AN' OUR POSSE'LL START OUT PRONTO!

SOON AFTER... HIGH ABOVE SILVER CITY, HARMONY'S KEEN EYESIGHT SPOTS A TELLTALE CLUE:..

I SEE 'EM, SHERIFF—ABOUT A MILE OFF!

WHERE THEY HEADIN'?

MEANWHILE—DOWN BELOW...

SLAON, GET TO WORK, QUICK!

GOTCHA, BOSS! LEAVE IT TO ME!

THEN WHILE ALL EYES ARE RIVETED ON THE BALLOON ABOVE...

SPANG!
WHOAA! WHAT IN BLAZES? HEY! THE BALLOON'S BUSTED LOOSE! IT'S CARRYIN' HARMONY AWAY!

JIMMINY! BEFORE HE COULD TELL US WHERE THE GANG WAS HEADIN'— HA HA... I KNOW WHERE THE MAVERICK IS HEADING IN THIS WIND, SLOAN—RIGHT OUT TO THE BIG LAKE!

IN THE RUNAWAY BALLOON, HARMONY RECOGNIZES HIS DANGER...

I'VE GOT TO SNAG THIS GAS-FILLED MUSTANG IN THE TREES ON THAT RIDGE! IF I MISS THAT THERE'LL BE NOTHING A-TALL BETWEEN ME AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA!

THE WIND HURTELS THE FLIMSY CRAFT ALONG AT HIGH SPEED...

I'M GOING OVER IT! PULLING ON THESE LINES ISN'T HELPING A BIT! ANOTHER TWO SECONDS AND I'M AS GOOD AS FISH BAIT... BUT HOLD ON! I GOT ME AN IDEA!

YANKING OUT HIS JACKKNIFE, HARMONY HAULS HIMSELF SWIFTLY UPWARD ON THE SHROUD LINES — AND— THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A CAT—OR TO STOP A RUNAWAY CONTRAPOSITION LIKE THIS!

AS GAS JETS FROM THE BALLOON, IT CAREENS DOWNWARD...

I'M GONNA GET SHAKEN UP A BIT—BUT UNLESS MY FIGURING IS ALL LOCO, THOSE TREES WILL BREAK MY FALL SO THAT I DON'T GET HURT ANY WORSE! ANYWAYS, I'LL SOON FIND OUT!
AS THE MINSTREL MAVERICK HURTTLES DOWNWARD THRU A BIG TREE, HE BOUNCES FROM ONE LIMB TO ANOTHER...

WHEN! LUCKY I'M USED TO GETTING TOSSED BY BRONCOS! BUT I WONDER IF I'VE PLUMB LOST THAT CROOK GANG? I SAW THEM HEAD-ING 'ROUND THIS REGION...

AT THAT MOMENT... BELOW...

HAW! WE SURE GIVE THE LAW THE SLIP! NOW WE CAN RELAX AND CHOW UP!

WAIT! WHAT IN THUNDER IS THAT??

BANG, BANG!

THE NEXT INSTANT... BY ONE OF FATE'S ASTONISHING TRICKS...

HOLY SMOKE! THE BANK ROBBERS! I'VE LANDED RIGHT ON 'EM!

POW!

SOON AFTER IN TOWN—THE SHERIFF'S POSSE RIDES IN...

NO LUCK! COULDN'T FIND A TRACE OF THE GANG... OR OF HARMONY EITHER, MISS JUDY...

POOR HARMONY! (SOB) HE—HE WAS SO BRAVE!

PT. PLUMMER OFFERS HIS COMMENT ON THE AFFAIR...

IF YOU ASK ME, SHERIFF, HARMONY HIMSELF GOT THAT BALLOON LOOSE... SO HE COULD GET AWAY AND REJOIN HIS GANG! HE'S PRETTY TRICKY!

SOMEONE IN TOWN WAS IN CAHOOTS WITH THE BANDITS— I'LL GO THAT FAR WITH YOU, PLUMMER?

BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT WAS HARMONY!

IT SURE WASN'T SHERIFF WAYNE! LOOK!
THE MINSTREL MAVERICK DELIVERS THE GOODS -- IN A BASKET!

I HIT THEM COMING DOWN FROM THAT TREE AN HOUR AGO -- AND THEY HAVEN'T WAKED UP YET!

HOORAY FOR HARMONY HAYES!

HE'S GOT THE BANDITS -- AND THE BANK GOLD TOO!

SLOAN--(GULP) IT'S TIME TO PULL UP STAKES!

Then -- as Plummer and Sloan try to slip away unnoticed...

WHERE YOU TWO GOIN'? DON'T YOU WANT TO HEAR WHO THE TOWN CONTACT MEN OF THE GANG WERE?

HE'S ON TO US, SLOAN! PLUG HIM AN' MAKE A RUN FOR IT!

Watchin' my hands an' my guitar, Sloan -- you forgot about my foot!

What Harmony's foot started, his right fist finishes...

So, Sheriff -- Plummer's the leader! They used his balloon -- to signal the rest of the gang! I figured it out when I remembered how anxious Sloan was to go up in the balloon -- just before the robbery! I guess I must have given the light signal -- by accident!

Sock!

As the gang "rides" to jail...

Harmony, I like you because you're not only gentle -- you're also brave and smart!

Aww, shucks, Miss Judy, 'twasn't nothin'!
BEAR TRAPPED!

IT WAS A WONDERFUL DAY FOR A HIKE UNTIL...

THAT WOUNDED BEAR MEANS BUSINESS, MAC! HEAD FOR THAT SHACK UP AHEAD!

PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! HOPE THIS BAR IS STRONG ENOUGH!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER... NIGHT HAS FALLEN... THE LITTLE SHACK TREMBLES UNDER THE BEAR'S FIERCE CLAWS!

GOTTA BARRICADE THIS DOOR! DRAG THAT BOX OVER, RAY...

RIGHT...

HELLO, WHAT'S THIS? AN OLD FLASHLIGHT COVERED WITH COBWEBS AND -- IT WORKS! NOW WE CAN SIGNAL FOR HELP...

LATER, RESCUED BY THE FOREST RANGERS...

BOY, WAS I SURPRISED WHEN THAT ANCIENT FLASHLIGHT WORKED!

I WAS, TOO... UNTIL I SAW IT WAS LOADED WITH RAY-O-VACS!

RAY-O-VAC LEAK PROOFS ARE SEALED IN STEEL -- STAY FRESH FOR YEARS.

SEALED IN STEEL AND SUPER-INSULATED TO KEEP POWER IN AND TROUBLE OUT. GUARANTEED: A NEW FLASHLIGHT IF YOURS IS DAMAGED BY RAY-O-VAC LEAK PROOF BATTERIES.

ASK FOR RAY-O-VAC LEAK PROOFS. THEY'RE GUARANTEED.

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Thirty men against three hundred! Thirty men in a strange land, facing a foreign army of officers and soldiers! In a never-to-be-forgotten chapter in the history of the Lone Star State, thirty Texas Rangers crossed the Rio Grande in pursuit of stolen cattle, to make famous...

The Case of the Thirty Heroes!

In 1875, bandits from Mexico were raiding Texas cattle ranches, and rustling longhorns for a prosperous market in Cuba...

Captain L. H. Mcnelly of the Texas Rangers

Juan Flores
Bandit Chief

The longhorns were forced across the Rio Grande and herded towards the notorious Las Luevas bandit ranch and stronghold...

Juan Flores is smart man! He has planned this work well!
AND IN THE OFFICES OF THE TEXAS RANGERS, ANGRY TEXAS RANCHMEN DEMAND ACTION...

JUAN FLORES, THE LEADER OF THOSE VARMINTS, HAS PROMISED TO DELIVER TWENTY THOUSAND OF OUR STEERS AT EIGHTEEN IRON MEN A HEAD!

He's got the gall to locate his ranch three miles the other side of the river!

CAPTAIN L. H. MCNELLY OF THE RANGERS HAD FOUGHT IN THE CIVIL WAR. HE WASTED NO TIME IN TALK...

RANGERS, THIS IS DIFFERENT THAN ANYTHING WE'VE EVER ATTEMPTED. WE'RE RIDING INTO MEXICO. THERE'LL BE TROUBLE, AND WE MAY NOT GET BACK. NOW--WHO'LL VOLUNTEER?

TO A MAN, EVERY RANGER STEPPED FORWARD. MCNELLY LED THEM ACROSS THE RIVER AND ONTO FOREIGN SOIL. AT DAWN OF NOVEMBER 19TH....

THIS MUST BE THEIR RANCH!

WE'LL MAKE A QUICK RUSH AND ATTACK! HAVE YOUR SHOOTING IRONS HANDY--

WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, THE SIX GUNS AND THE WINCHESTERS FLAMED AND ROARED AS THE RANGERS LEAPED ACROSS THE RANCH YARD. FROM DOOR AND WINDOW, MEXICAN BULLETS ANSWERED WITH A HAIL OF LEAD....

GET TO COVER!

NO SOLDIER ON EARTH COULD MATCH BULLETS WITH THE TEXAS RANGERS! BANDIT AFTER BANDIT FELL. AND THEN, WITH VICTORY ALMOST IN CAPTAIN MCNELLY'S GRASP, CAME A RUDE SHOCK!

BILL! THIS ISN'T LAS LUEVAS RANCH! IT'S THE BANDITS' OTHER RANCH, LAS CHURCHAS! WE GOT TO DO THIS ALL OVER AGAIN!

QUITTING LAS CHURCHAS, THE LAWMEN OF THE LONE STAR STATE WENT ON HALF A MILE TO THE MAIN BANDIT RANCH. BUT JUST AS RANGER GUNS BEGAN TO FIRE--

CAPTAIN--LOOK! MEXICAN ARMY REGULARS COMING UP THE ROAD!

CAPTAIN--LOOK! FALL BACK TO THE RIVER! WE'LL HAVE TO DIG IN, I WON'T GO BACK TO TEXAS WITHOUT THOSE CATTLE!
Behind a hastily scooped out trench, the ranger lawmen found themselves facing a force of three hundred men, most of them soldiers...

Looks like we're glued here, boys. If we try to swim back, they'd pick us off like sitting ducks!

What about our own soldiers, Captain? They're just across the river!

They can't cross over. It would be an overt act of war. We're only state police, not federal troops!

A Mexican under a flag of truce brought this in, Captain. The American consul advises us to surrender!

Surrender?? Does our consul know that means death for all of us? I reckon we'll keep on fightin'!

And so, in one of the most daring feats in the history of the west, Captain Mcnelly and his thirty rangers held their river bank against three hundred fighting men. Following a savage sortie to dislodge them, in which Juan Flores—bandit leader—was killed...

They're breaking, men! After them!

Suddenly the Mexicans' tactics changed. They sent forth a flag of truce, and listened to Captain Mcnelly's terms. He ran, perhaps; the greatest bluff in history—but he was backed by rifles and six-guns that never seemed to miss...

We'll never leave till the cattle go with us! Make up your mind to that!

Whether word came from Mexico City is still a matter of conjecture, but the following morning the rangers rubbed their eyes in amazement as they saw the stolen cattle parading towards the river...

They've started 'em for Texas, boys. Reckon we can take over now?

Yahoo!

And so the cattle came back to their rightful owners, and rustling cattle became so unpopular, that Mexican banditry died off, thanks to the daring feat of thirty Texas Ranger heroes!
If you were a "pilgrim"—or newly-arrived visitor out west and you suddenly heard some cowboy yell out, "Ketch my saddle!"—well, the chances are you'd be baffled. Was some thief running off with the cowhand's saddle the cause of that anguished cry? Or had the saddle itself unaccountably developed "laigs" and was it "skedaddling across the landscape all by its lonesome?"

Either notion would be far off the mark, of course. All that had happened, no doubt, was this: the cowboy's horse had worked free of its tether—the rope that tied it to a tree or post—and had decided to take off for far places. It was running away. The abandoned puncher wasn't interested in the horse, however; it belonged to the ranch he worked for. The saddle on the other hand belonged to him and was very likely his most valued personal possession. So that's why, as the horse ran, he cried "Ketch my saddle!"

The Western saddle—as against the English saddle or any other saddle in the world—is a unique piece of equipment. It is not too much to say that without it there would have been no West at all! For it was designed to make the cowboy's work possible! Without it, the cowboy can't bust broncs, nor rope cattle from horseback, or spend days on end mounted, and even sleep in the saddle, as he sometimes has to do!

For example, in bronco-busting, the cowboy's saddle is so constructed, so perfectly balanced, that he can actually feel every slight movement of the beast under him—and can anticipate its coming maneuvers to throw him!

It is of extremely stout construction to withstand the fierce strains on it every time a balky steer is roped. The saddle of the American West has always been built by professional manufacturers—not, as in other parts of the world, by the riders themselves. It must fit snugly over the horse's back, with the cinches tight, to render the best service.

Sometimes a canny steed, when being saddled, will object to this necessary snugness, and will bloat out its stomach to obtain sag afterward! This maneuver will usually be met by the cowhand by a sharp, well-placed kick behind the ribs. But if a horse
doesn’t want to be saddled tightly, it’s awfully hard to do so.

A cowboy will give up almost everything else before he’ll part with his saddle. In a card game he may risk his horse, his gun, or even his shirt, if reduced to that. And if he loses, he’ll “strike out” for the ranch virtually naked perhaps—but on his shoulder will be his precious saddle. It takes too long for a cowboy to break in his saddle. He’d have to be “plumb loco” to gamble it.

Very frequently his saddle will cost the cowboy the equivalent of ten months’ pay. Besides being useful, it is by far the most expensive thing he owns. Its leather will usually be covered with handsome designs impressed in it. Pure silver might be worked into those designs. Other parts of the saddle invariably contain some ornamentation of precious metal. One ranch owner actually had his saddle ornamented with solid gold! If his horse ran away, he’d really cry “Ketch my saddle!”

Each saddle by continued use, changes shape until it fits the body of its cowboy-owner with absolute perfection. And this accounts for the following dialogue that might be heard on almost any ranch. Says Texas Ike generously: “Jim, don’t bother to get your saddle. Ride mine. It’s the best that ever came out of Cheyenne. It’s comfortable as a feather bed.” Jim mounts and snorts in pain. “Tex,” he complains miserably, “wherever did you get this torture chamber anyways?”

No item of the cowboy’s equipment has but a single use, and the saddle is no exception. Besides serving as his seat when mounted, the saddle serves as the cowhand’s pillow when he sleeps out on the range at night. There are two reasons for this use. One is that the saddle does make a good pillow; but the other, and more important one, is that no thief can grab it without waking its owner!

About the most disgraceful thing a cowboy can do is sell his saddle. This is almost unheard of out west. It signifies that the man in question has sunk to a contemptuously low level. It is something like an English heir selling the family jewels and ancestral silver because he has been financially ruined.

From this attitude among cowhands arose the expression “He’s sold his saddle.” This could apply to anyone and came to mean in time that the person referred to had gone bankrupt or been disgraced in some such way. Years ago in a little school at Gardiner, Montana, an incident took place that is related in Philip A. Rollins’ fine book “The Cowboy.”

A small yellow-haired lad was called upon by his teacher. The teacher asked the boy who Benedict Arnold was and what he had done to be marked as a traitor to his country. The lad replied:

“Why, he was one of our generals, and he sold his saddle!”

That’s about the worst thing a cowboy—or a cowboy’s son—could say about anybody!
AH CAME ACROSS A BRAND BLOTCHER WITH HIS SCORCHER -- BUT WHEN THE HOMBRE SAW MAH TALKIN' IRON, HE HIGH-TAILED INTO TH' DESERT!

A BRAND BLOTCHER IS A RUSTLER... A SCORCHER IS A BRANDING IRON... TALKIN' IRON IS A PISTOL... AND HIGH-TAIL MEANS TO RUN!

INDIANS DID NOT DRINK MILK UNTIL THE WHITE MAN CAME TO AMERICA... COWS WERE UNKNOWN TO THIS CONTINENT UNTIL EUROPEANS BROUGHT THEM OVER!

NO BUTTER... NO CHEESE, EITHER!

THE OCELOT IS ALSO CALLED THE LEOPARD CAT, SPOTTED CAT, AND TIGER CAT. HE MAY BE COMPARED TO THE BOBCAT, AS HE OFTEN FREQUENTS AREAS CLOSE TO RANCHES AND DOES CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE TO POULTRY AND LIVESTOCK!

OUR BUNCH ALL MUNCH

WON'T YOU JOIN US, TOO?

Nestlé's Crunch Milk Chocolate

Delicious - Different
POT-SHOT PETE

Sheriff Pot-Shot! C'mere, Willya!

What's up, Cactus Face?

Quick! Foller me! Rattlesnake Larabee is goin' to kill someone sure!!

Don't move!

Ah'm goin' to fill yuh full of lead!

Listen to Rattlesnake, Sheriff!

He's gone gun-crazy, all right!

Break down the door--we've got to stop this slaughter!

Stay still, blast yuh, while I fill yuh full of lead!

Drop yore guns, Rattlesnake! Release yore victim! Now---who were yuh a-goin' to fill with lead?

Crash!

This new-fangled automatic pencil--it's empty!

end
THE MOST DREADED WORD IN THE ANNALS OF THE OLD WEST WAS... APACHE! - THE FIERCOEST OF ALL INDIAN TRIBES! SO YOU COULDN'T BLAME THE EARLY PIONEERS IF THEY DECIDED TO PAY MONEY FOR FREEDOM FROM APACHE ATTACKS! BUT THIS EARLY FORM OF THE PROTECTION RACKET SUFFERED A VIOLENT JOLT WHEN LT. DAN FOLEY WAS ASSIGNED TO BREAK IT UP AND RESTORE THE DWINDLING PRESTIGE OF THE REKNOWNED FIGHTING FIFTH CAVALRY REGIMENT - IN - "THE PRAIRIE PAY-OFF!"
ONE MORNING AT BOULDER BEND, AN OUTLIVING WESTERN SETTLEMENT, A HORSEMAN GALLOPS UP WITH A DREAD MESSAGE...

APACHES! GET EVERYBODY INSIDE THE STOCKADE! PASS OUT THE RIFLES... AND SEND WORD TO FORT DESOLATION, SON!

YES, DAD.

Soon after—the settlers are besieged, and fighting for their lives...

FROM FORT DESOLATION, A DETACHMENT OF THE FAMOUS FIGHTING 5TH CAVALRY DASHES OUT—WITH LT. DAN FOLEY AT THE HEAD...

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THE APACHES ARE ATTACKING AGAIN! COCHISE, THEIR CHIEF, SMOKED THE PEACE PIPE WITH COLONEL HENRY LAST YEAR AS A PLEDGE THAT HE WOULD NEVER MAKE WAR ON THE WHITE MEN AGAIN...

COCHISE LATER REPEATED HIS SOLEMN PROMISE TO ME PERSONALLY THAT THE APACHE RAIDS WERE AT AN END! WE EVEN BECAME BLOOD BROTHERS...

THERE'S BOULDER BEND, SIR... BURNING!

AS THE ARRIVAL OF THE CAVALRY CAUSES THE INDIAN RAIDER'S TO FLEE AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE HILLS...

YOU SAVED OUR LIVES, LIEUTENANT—BUT OUR HOMES AND EVERYTHING WE OWNED... ARE DESTROYED!

WE COULDN'T GET HERE ANY FASTER, SIR! WE RODE FULL SPEED ALL THE WAY...

THAT DAY AT ANOTHER OUTPOST, WORRIED PIONEERS LISTEN TO A STRANGE PROPOSITION FROM BEN BURLEY—TRADER, TRAPPER, AND FRONTIER SCOUT...

WHAT, BEN BURLEY? YOU KNOW HOW WE KIN AVOID BEN ATTACKED BY THE APACHES?

SURE I DO, MEN! ONE THING'S PRYT CLEAR—YOU SETTLERS CAN'T DEPEND ON THE ARMY!
THE ARMY ALWAYS GETS THERE--TOO LATE! NOW I JUST COME FROM THE INJUN COUNTRY AN' I HAD A PowWow WITH MY FRIEND COCHISE. IT WAS RISKY, BUT I TOOK THE CHANCE TO HELP YOU SETTLERS...

COCHISE OFFERED TO SPARE ANY OUTPOST THAT PAYS HIM 5 DOLLARS A PIECE FOR EVERY PERSON IN IT! IF YOU ASK ME, YOU'LL BE GETTIN' OFF CHEAP--AN' I'M VOLUNTEERIN' TO BRING THE MONEY TO HIM. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

HOW DO WE KNOW COCHISE WILL KEEP HIS WORD?

'T FOR G-- BUT LISTEN! I OFFERED BOULDER BEND THE SAME PROPOSITION AN' THEY TURNED IT DOWN, YOU ALL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED THERE...

Yeah! Burned to the ground! We don't want that to happen here!

I reckon we better pay up! It's safer than takin' a chance that the army'll show up in time to drive off the apaches!

Later--elsewhere on the frontier, Ben Burley is welcomed...

Every post that's paid you, Burley, ain't been touched by the apaches! So here's your money--

You men are doing the smart thing, believe me!

Meanwhile, at Fort Desolation, Colonel Henry angrily paces his office floor...

Paying tribute to the indians through that scoundrel Burley! It's making our 5th cavalry a laughingstock all over the frontier! I won't stand for it!
IT WILL TAKE US MONTHS TO TRACK DOWN COCHISE TO HIS SECRET CAMP! BUT MEANWHILE, LT. FOLEY, I WANT YOU TO FIND BURLEY AND ARREST HIM!

YES, SIR! I'LL START OUT AT ONCE, COLONEL!

NOT LONG AFTER—DAN HAS PICKED UP HIS QUARRY'S TRAIL AND IS FOLLOWING IT INTO THE WILDERNESS....

BURLEY'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR APACHE COUNTRY... TRAVELING ALONE! COULD MY BLOOD-BROTHER COCHISE ACTUALLY BE IN LEAGUE WITH A SHARPER LIKE THAT? IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE—AND YET THE EVIDENCE POINTS THAT WAY...

SUDDENLY... THE BRUSH PARTS AND AN APACHE BRAVE APPEARS...

KEEP THUNDERSTICK SILENT, LT. FOLEY! I'M COME FROM COCHISE! GREAT CHIEF WANT TO SEE YOU! ME TAKE YOU TO HIM...

THIS MIGHT BE A TRAP... BUT IF I COULD SPEAK TO COCHISE, THIS UPRISING MIGHT BE ENDED WITHOUT FURTHER BLOODSHED!

DECIDING TO GAMBLE HIS LIFE TO SAVE OTHERS, DAN ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE GUIDED, THROUGH A WINDING CANYON TRAIL UNTIL...

COCHISE'S CAMP—HIDDEN IN THIS CANYON! WE'D NEVER HAVE FOUND IT IN 10 YEARS OF SEARCHING!

TO TELL TEPEE—COME...

INSIDE THE CENTER TEPEE...

COCHISE! WHAT'S WRONG?

COCHISE VERY SICK, MY BLOOD-BROTHER! MEDICINE MAN, GREY CLOUD, SAY COCHISE ABOUT TO ENTER HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS—BUT ME WANT TO SEE WHITE BROTHER BEFORE LEAVE ON LAST JOURNEY....

LISTEN, MY BROTHER, DAN! COCHISE NEVER START NEW APACHE UPRISING IN MY NATION... SOMEONE IS TRAITOR... DO NOT KNOW WHO! BUT COCHISE DO NOT BREAK WORD TO COLONEL HENRY!

I KNEW IT! WHAT'S MORE—I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!
From his army kit, Dan takes a bottle of quinine tablets... Standard equipment for frontier soldiers...

You've just got a bad fever! Quinine ought to get you on your feet in jig time!

Cochise take white man's medicine, Dan! Me trust you!

After the heavy dose has put the Apache leader to sleep, Dan steals out of the tent...

Now to pick up Burley's trail again! I've got to move fast! Unless I'm dead wrong, Burley and this mysterious traitor among the Indians are working in cahoots—

Outside, the cavalryman suddenly finds himself ringed by Apache warriors...

Seize him! He give Cochise bad medicine! He want to kill our chief!

That must be Grey Cloud, the medicine man!

Wait! Listen to me!

Grey cloud is wrong! My medicine will help Cochise!

Is lie! He poison Cochise! Pony soldier must die!

In a tight spot, Dan springs into galvanized action...

You Indians are barking up the wrong tree! I'm your friend...

Grey cloud, his long pipe to his lips, leaps forward menacingly...

You fight well—But you cannot fight against Grey cloud's medicine!

Poison smoke from deadly herbs!... Got to hold my breath---

Aah!
--LONG ENOUGH TO SHOW YOU AN EXAMPLE OF MY MEDICINE... KNOWN AS THE FLYING TACKLE--WHICH I LEARNED IN FOOTBALL AT WEST POINT!

UMPH!

LORD OUT OF NOWHERE... A SECOND LATER... DON'T WORRY, GREY CLOUD! I GOT HIM! WHITE MAN'S VOICE... BEHIND ME...

CRACK

WHEN DAN COMES TO...

BEN BURLEY! SO IT WAS YOU!

HAW, HAW! AND YOU KNOW THE INJUN PENALTY FOR A CRIME LIKE THAT! YOU'RE GONNA BE BURNED AT THE STAKE, FOLEY!

BURLEY, IF I COULD GET JUST ONE CRACK AT YOU, I'D MAKE YOU REGRET EVER STARTING THIS TREACHEROUS BUSINESS!

NEXT TIME YOU FOLLOW A MAN, FOLEY--MAKE SURE HE DON'T COME UP BEHIND YOU! ONLY, THERE'S NOT GONNA BE A NEXT TIME! LOOK--!

SO DIE ALL ENEMIES OF THE APACHES!

NONE OTHER, FOLEY! LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME TO HELP MY FRIENDS, THE APACHES! THEY TELL ME YOU POISONED COCHISE!...

BUT BEFORE THE FLAMING TORCH CAN TOUCH THE GREAT PILE OF DRIED BRUSH AT DAN'S FEET...

STOP! PUT ASIDE TORCH, GREY CLOUD! SET DAN FOLEY FREE!

COCHISE!
AT THE APPEARANCE OF THEIR MAJESTIC CHIEF—WEAK, BUT FREE OF FEVER—ALL THE INDIANS FALL BACK IN AWE...EXCEPT GREY CLOUD...

HEAR ME, BRAVES! WHITE MAN’S POISON HAS TWISTED COCHISE’S MIND! GREAT SPIRIT TELLS ME THAT COCHISE MUST NO LONGER BE APACHE CHIEF!

YOU TALK WITH FORKED TONGUE, GREY CLOUD!

SHADOW’S LIFT BEFORE MY EYES NOW! ME SEE TRUTH—YOU ARE TRAITOR IN OUR TRIBE!

TRAITOR TO YOU, BUT NOT TO OUR NATION! APACHES MUST DESTROY PALEFACES EVERYWHERE! KILL AND BURN!

BUT FIRST YOU MUST DESTROY ME, THEN, GREY CLOUD!

SO BE IT, COCHISE! ONLY ONE OF US WILL LIVE TO SEE THE MORNING SUN!

FURIOUS AT HIS HELPlessness, DAN WATCHES THE DEADLY, UNEQUAL STRUGGLE...

COCHISE IS BRAVE AS A LION—but he’s weak from that fever! GREY CLOUD WILL KILL HIM—UNLESS I CAN BREAK LOOSE AND STOP THE FIGHT!

UNABLE TO FREE HIS HANDS, DAN TRIES A DESPERATE MANEUVER...

THIS POLE WASN’T STUCK VERY FAR INTO THE GROUND... GOT IT WOBBLY—if I can keep shaking it, I’ll be able to...

NO YOU DON’T, FOLEY! I’M TAKING OVER WHERE GREY CLOUD LEFT OFF!

SUDDENLY...TO BURLEY’S ASTONISHMENT, DAN FOLEY YANKS THE POLE OUT OF THE GROUND AND HURLS HIMSELF FORWARD...

AN ARMY MAN NEVER GIVES UP, BURLEY!
AS THE BROKEN POLE LOOSENS THE LIEUTENANT’S BONDS...

REMEMBER WHAT I PROMISED, BURLEY, IF I COULD GET A CRACK AT YOU?

YOU’LL NEED MORE’N YOUR HANDS AGAINST MY BULLETS, FOLEY!

BUT WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING PUMA, DAN LEAPS FORWARD...

MY ORDERS WERE TO BRING YOU BACK TO FORT DESOLATION—AND I’LL DO IT, EVEN IF I HAVE TO CARRY YOU ALL THE WAY!

AHHH... COCHISE WEAK FROM FEVER... BUT EVEN WEAK... CAN ALWAYS KILL A TRAITOR DOG!...

HOLY SMOKE! COCHISE WON HIS FIGHT—SICK AS HE WAS! HE’S A TRUE INDIAN BRAVE!

LATER... IN GREY CLOUD’S TEPEE...

HERE’S THE TRIBUTE MONEY BURLEY BROUGHT! HE AND GREY CLOUD SPLIT IT FIFTY-FIFTY! GREY CLOUD WANTED IT TO BUY GUNS SO HE COULD START A FULL-SCALE WAR!

AS DAN AND HIS PRISONER LEAVE THE APACHE VILLAGE...

GIVE MESSAGE TO COLONEL HENRY, BROTHER DAN! TELL HIM COCHISE NO BREAK WORD! COCHISE NEVER BREAK WORD!

I ALWAYS KNEW THAT, MY BROTHER! FAREWELL, NOW...

IN FORT DESOLATION—AFTER BURLEY HAS BEEN JAILED AND THE SETTLERS’ MONEY RETURNED IN FULL...

THE MEDAL FOR VALOR IS FOR STOPPING THE UPRISING, LT. FOLEY... BUT THIS HANDSHAKE IS MY PERSONAL WAY OF SAYING THANKS, DAN—FOR SAVING THE PRESTIGE OF THE 5TH CAVALRY! THE SETTLERS KNOW NOW THAT THEY DON’T HAVE TO BUY THEIR SAFETY ON THE FRONTIER...
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