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PAGES

A THRILLING "FOLEY OF THE FIGHTING FIFTH" ADVENTURE!



10¢

NO. 112

ALL AMERICAN

Western

FEB. MAR

JOHNNY
THUNDER
IN AN
ACE-HIGH
ACTION
ADVENTURE--

**'DOUBLE
DANGER'**



NATIONAL COMICS takes "top place as the choice of parents and children."

TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL Women's International Exposition

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NOVEMBER 7—13, 1949

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October 14, 1949

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Dear Mr. Ellsworth:

We wish to extend to National Comics Publications, Inc., our most heartfelt congratulations!

In a survey just completed by the Women's National Institute as a project of its Permanent Committee for the Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency, in collaboration with women radio commentators, your comic magazines have taken top place as the choice of parents and children. The survey is part of a long-term program to encourage realistic and constructive attitudes on the part of the reader and the publisher of comic magazines.

The 1949 award of the Medallion of Honor of the Women's International Exposition will be conferred upon National Comics Publications, Inc., for "Constructive Advancement in Comic Books", during our coming 26th Annual Exposition. The award ceremonies are scheduled for 7:30 P.M., Wednesday, November 9th, at the 71st Regiment Armory, New York. We earnestly hope that your schedule may permit you to accept the award personally.

We await your response with much anticipation.

Very sincerely,

Gertrude P. Wixson

Gertrude P. Wixson, Chm.
Prevention of Juvenile
Delinquency Committee of the
Women's National Institute

Mr. Whitney Ellsworth
Editorial Director
National Comics Publications, Inc.
125 East 46th Street
New York 17, N. Y.

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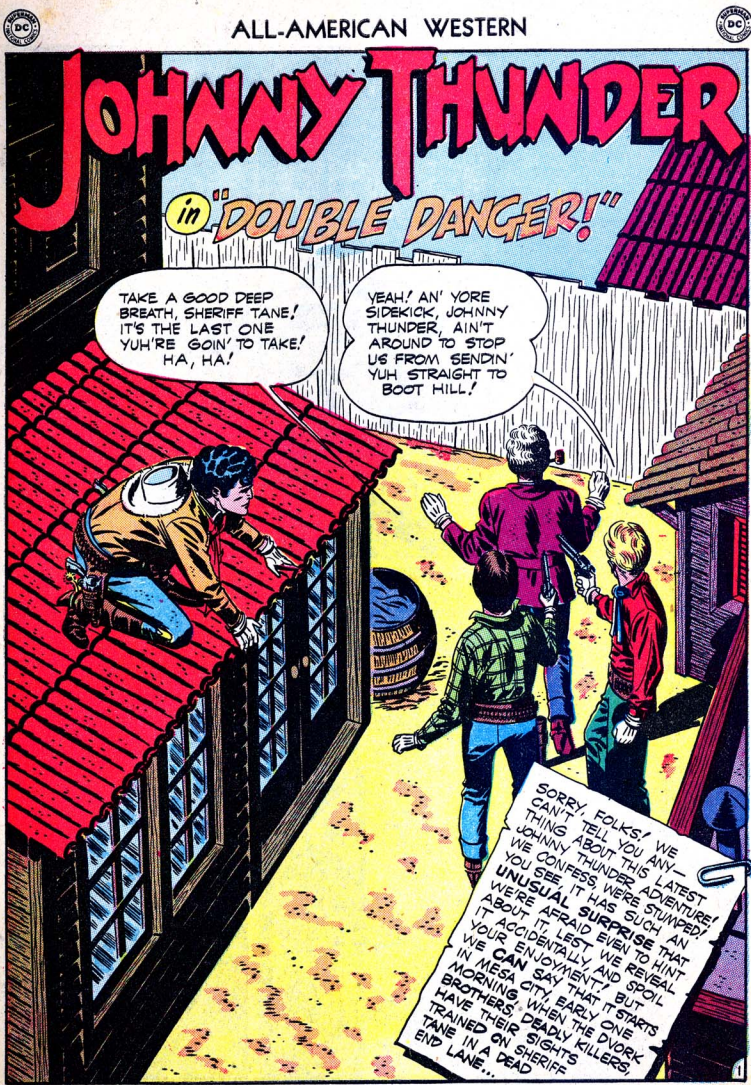
JOHNNY THUNDER

in "DOUBLE DANGER!"

TAKE A GOOD DEEP
BREATH, SHERIFF TANE!
IT'S THE LAST ONE
YUH'RE GOIN' TO TAKE!
HA, HA!

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

SORRY, FOLKS! WE
CAN'T TELL YOU ANY-
THING 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 YOUR ENJOYMENT, AND REVEAL
IT ACCIDENTALLY, AND SPOIL
WE CAN SAY THAT IT STARTS
IN MESA CITY, EARLY THAT MORNING
BROTHERS, WHEN THE ONE
HAVE THEIR DEADLY 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 'EM!



THROUGH THE HAIL OF BULLETS DIVES JOHNNY THUNDER, HIS FISTS CLENCHED FOR ACTION!

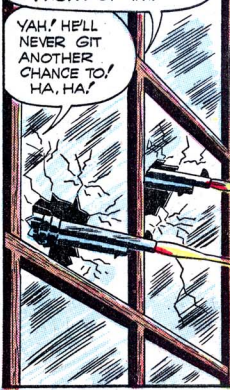
LOOK OUT!



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 'EM!

YAH! HE'LL NEVER GIT ANOTHER CHANCE TO! HA, HA!



WHILE OUTSIDE, IN THE DEAD END LANE...

JOHNNY--!

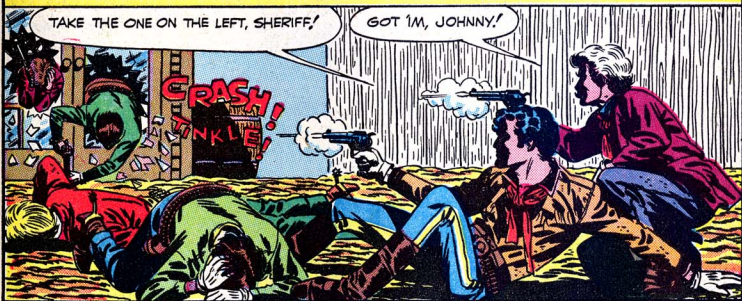




ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN



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!**



WHEN THESE KILLERS'LL GET OUT OF THE HOSPTAL, THEY'LL FACE A JURY FOR THEIR CRIMES 'GAINST 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 GUN-FIGHTER SO?



ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN



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!



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!



DASHING TO A SECRET ROOM IN THE SCHOOLHOUSE, JOHNNY HURRIEDLY REMOVES THE MAKEUP AND CLOTHES, AND DROPS THE ACCENT OF JOHNNY THUNDER ...



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!

BUT I'M A TEACHER, DAD...

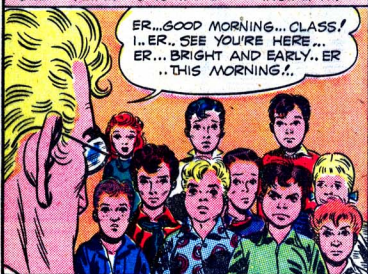


SAVE THAT POPPYCOCK, FOR THE CLASSROOM! YOU'VE MADE YOUR CHOICE! I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!

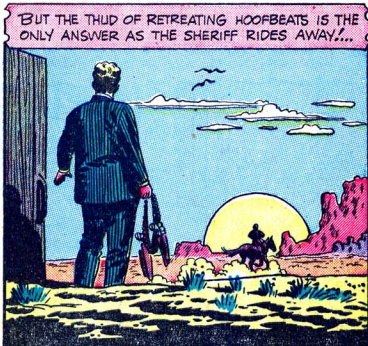




AND WHEN THE SCHOOLMASTER COLLECTS HIS THOUGHTS AND TURNS AROUND, HE MEETS THE ACCUSING STARES OF HIS PUPILS WHO HAVE BEEN SILENT WITNESSES TO THE ENTIRE INCIDENT...

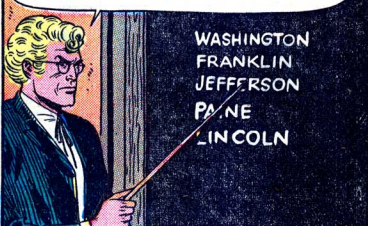


TOMMY-SUPPOSE YOU TELL US WHAT THESE FAMOUS MEN WERE MOST NOTED FOR?...
..FORGOTTEN? YOU ANSWER, SHIRLEY...NO?

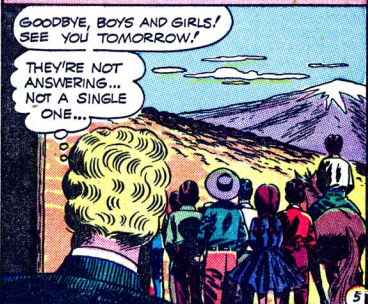


LATER...

-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!



AT THE END OF THE SCHOOL DAY...





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!



HOOR AFTER HOOR 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!



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 SCHOOLTEACHIN'! AM I RIGHT OR WRONG? ANSWER ME, I'VE GOT NO TIME TO WASTE!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, DAD! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



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!

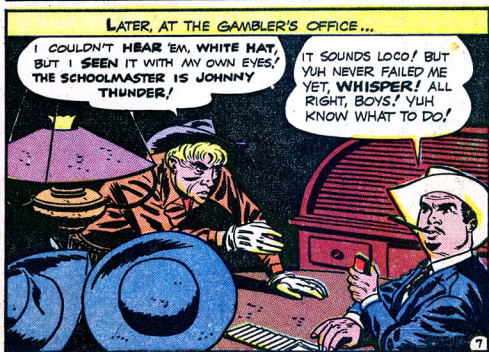
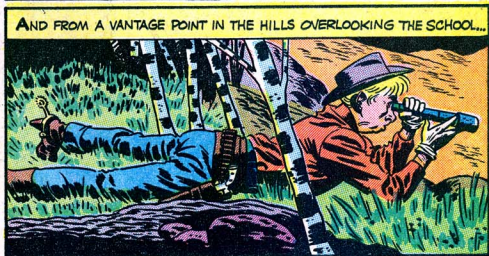
ONCE AGAIN, SCHOOLMASTER JOHN TANE HURRIEDLY CHANGES INTO HIS OTHER IDENTITY...



...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!







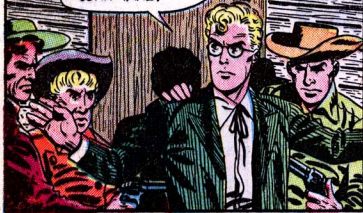
ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN



THAT EVENING, AS THE SCHOOLMASTER LEAVES HIS EMPTY CLASSROOM...

ONE FALSE MOVE AN' WE'LL DRILL YUH, JOHNNY THUNDER!

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

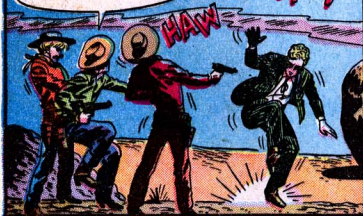


SUDDENLY, THE SCHOOLMASTER STAMPS UPON THE GROUND AS IF IN FRUSTRATED ANGER...

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

HAW HAW!

HAW

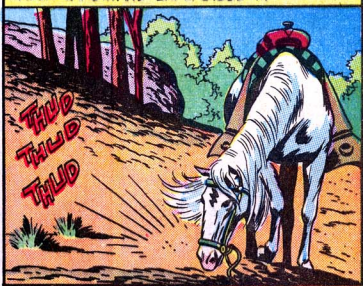


YAH? I SEEN IT ALL FROM THE HILLS WITH THIS--WHILE I WAS TRAILIN' THE SHERIFF!

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!



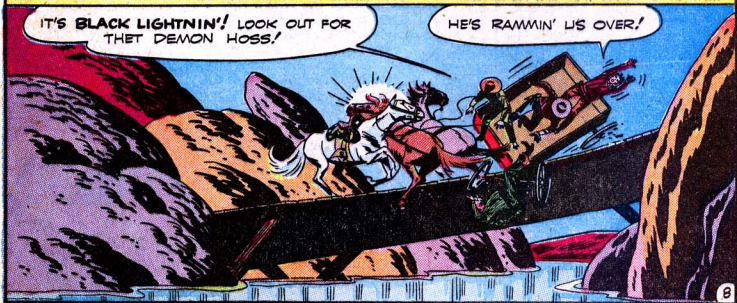
BUT JOHN'S STAMPING IS HEARD BY A PAIR OF KEEN EARS...AND UNDERSTOOD!...



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

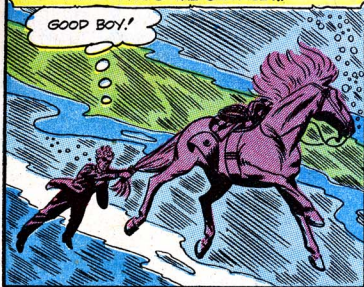
IT'S **BLACK LIGHTNIN'!** LOOK OUT FOR THET DEMON HOSS!

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!



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!



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...



IF HE AND THE SCHOOLMASTER AIN'T THE SAME PERSON--THEN TELL ME WHERE JOHN TANE IS!?

YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT!



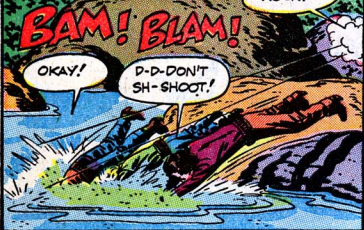
HAS JOHNNY'S PLAN FAILED AFTER ALL?

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!

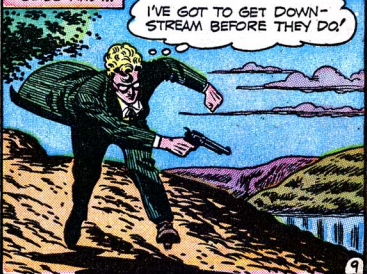
OKAY!

D-D-DON'T SH-SHOOT!



NO SOONER ARE THE THUGS OUT OF SIGHT THAN JOHNNY SWITCHES BACK INTO HIS SCHOOLMASTER GUISE AND...

I'VE GOT TO GET DOWN-STREAM BEFORE THEY DO!





ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN



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!



SO, YUH BLASTED IDIOT--JOHNNY
THUNDER AN' THE SCHOOLMAS-
TER IS THE SAME PERSON?

ANYONE KIN MAKE
A MISTAKE--OWW!



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!



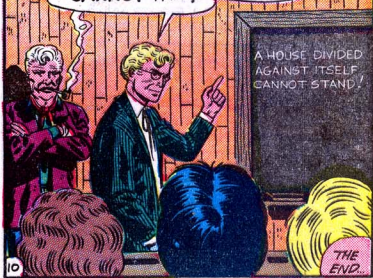
I'M A PIG-HEADED
OLD FOOL! KIN YUH
EVER FORGIVE ME,
SON?

THERE'S NOTHING
TO FORGIVE. WE
FIGHT FOR LAW
AND ORDER IN
OUR OWN WAY.
RIGHT, DAD?



NEXT DAY...

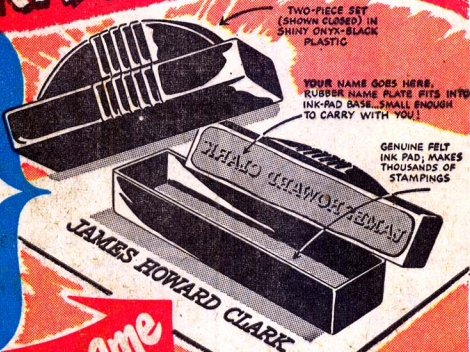
JUST THINK OF THIS COUNTRY OF OURS AS
A FAMILY, AND ALWAYS REMEMBER, THAT
FAMILIES THAT **AREN'T** DIVIDED,
CANNOT FALL!



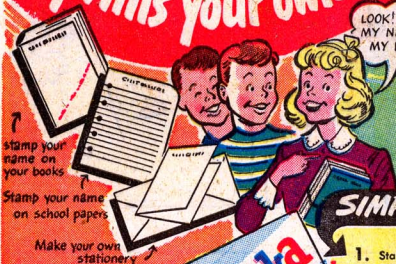
THE
END.

NOW! Another BAZOOKA BONANZA!

10,000 Personal
Name Stamps Given Away
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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!!**

SIMPLE MAILING DIRECTIONS

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.

Prizes!

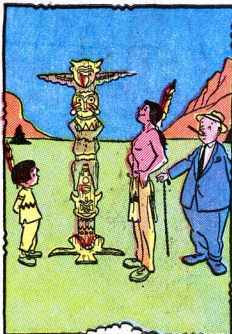
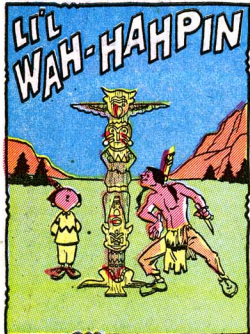


2 BIG CHEWS 1¢

Made by the Makers of Topps Chewing Gum



ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946
OF ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1949.
State of New York }
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, E. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Golinko as Trustees for L. Liebowitz and J. Liebowitz, A. Donenfeld, F. Iger, H. Donenfeld Foundation, Inc., all at 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1949.
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 30, 1950).

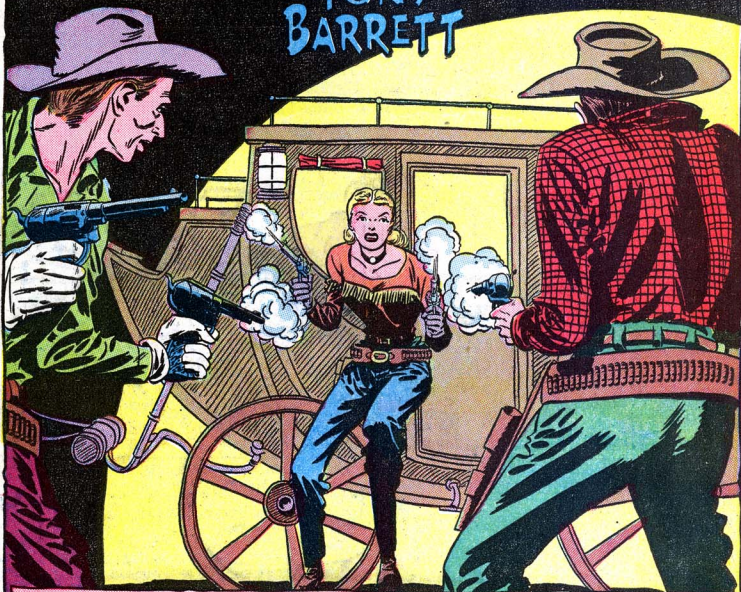


ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN



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...

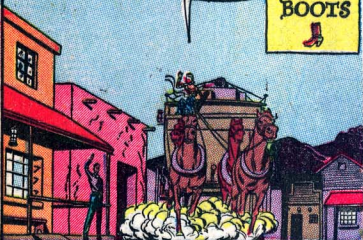
GOT YOU PRETTY WELL LOADED THIS TRIP, TONY! OH--AND HERE'S THE LAST ITEM--THIS BUNDLE OF NEWSPAPERS FRESH FROM THE EAST!

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!

BOOTS



THE ALL-WOOD OVERLAND COACH FLOATES 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!



MR. PETERS, WELLS FARGO DISTRICT MANAGER, GIVES TONY HIS USUAL BIT OF FATHERLY ADVICE...

TONY, I STILL THINK YOU OUGHT TO RIDE WITH AN ARMED GUARD! AFTER ALL, SOME OF THOSE PACKAGES ARE PRETTY VALUABLE--THEY COULD ATTRACT ROAD AGENTS, AND YOU MIGHT GET HURT!

YOU SAY THE SAME THING EVERY THREE WEEKS, WHEN YOU SEE ME, MR. PETERS--



NOT LONG AFTER--AT WIDE ELK RIVER...

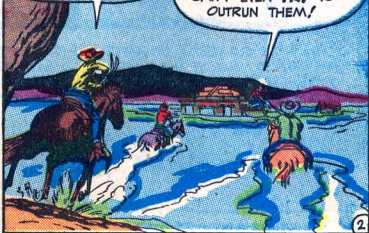
ELK RIVER BRIDGE IS DOWN! STRANGE I DIDN'T HEAR ABOUT THIS. BUT I'M NOT TURNING BACK! I CAN FORD THE RIVER A LITTLE WAYS DOWN...

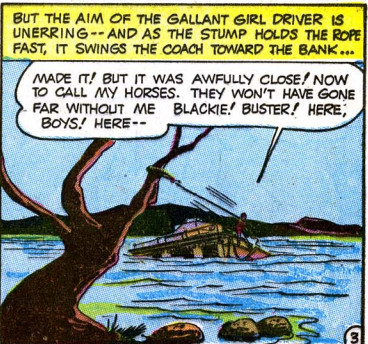
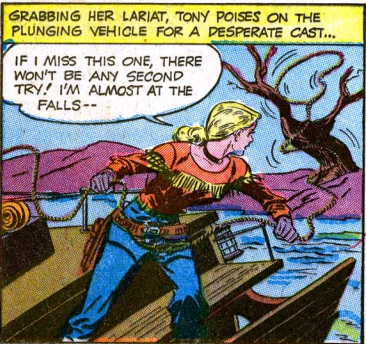
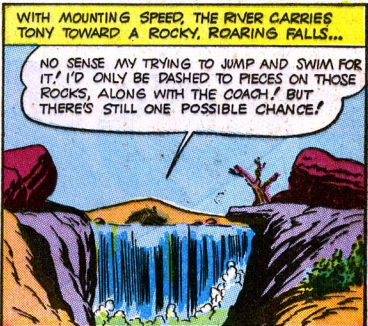
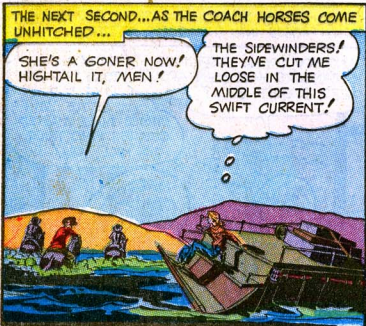


BUT THEN OUT OF THE TANGLED UNDERBRUSH ACROSS THE STREAM--

DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS, DRIVER! WE MEAN BUSINESS!

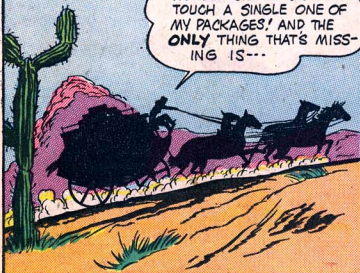
ROAD AGENTS! AND THEY'VE CAUGHT ME IN MIDSTREAM--WHERE I CAN'T EVEN TRY TO OUTRUN THEM!



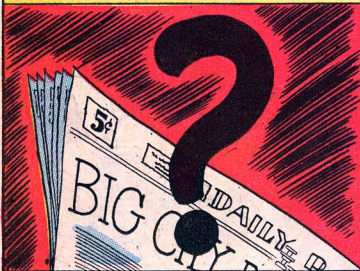


THE LOYAL TEAM-OF-FOUR SOON APPEARS AND IS HITCHED UP AGAIN...

IT'S ODD! THOSE THREE MASKED CROOKS DIDN'T TOUCH A SINGLE ONE OF MY PACKAGES! AND THE **ONLY** THING THAT'S MISSING IS---

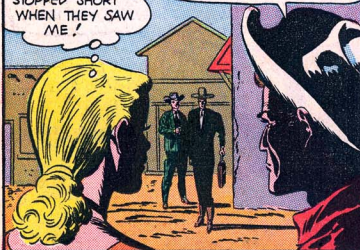


A STRANGE THEFT! WHAT COULD BE IN MERE NEWSPAPERS TO MAKE DARING BANDITS STEAL THEM AND IGNORE DOZENS OF VALUABLE PACKAGES?



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!



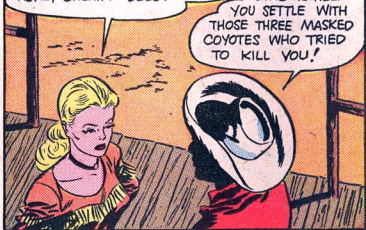
--THE BUNDLE OF NEWSPAPERS FROM THE EAST THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO TO RED CREEK! NOW WHY DID THOSE CROOKS STEAL **THAT**?



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!



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!

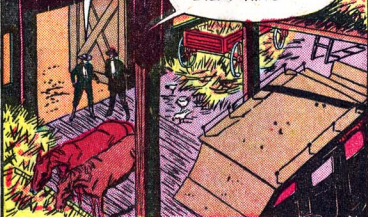
SWELL! I'LL BE WAITING, TONY!



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

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

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



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!



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!

BANG!

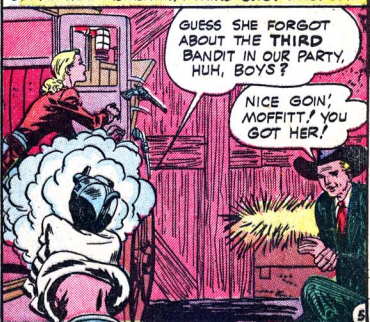
BANG!



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!



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...



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!



BUT ACTUALLY THE PRETTY OWNER-DRIVER IS ONLY PLAYING POSSUM--AN OLD INDIAN TRICK SHE LEARNED AS A FRONTIER KID...

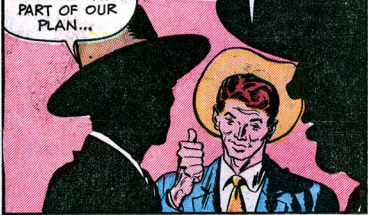
MOFFITT, MISSED--BUT IF I HADN'T FALLEN LIKE I DID, HE WOULD'VE SHOT AGAIN! IT WAS MY ONLY CHANCE! AND HOLDING MY BREATH AFTERWARDS, FOOLED THEM! BUT I CAN'T ACT NOW.. BECAUSE I HAD TO DROP MY GUNS TO MAKE MY ACT LOOK REAL...



HA HAW! AN' WE TOLD THEM WE'D HAVE TO CONDEMN THEIR LAND FOR FARMING PURPOSES-- BECAUSE IT WAS BEING SLOWLY POISONED BY

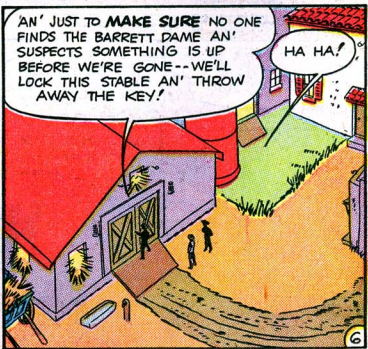
OKAY--WE'RE READY NOW FOR THE LAST PART OF OUR PLAN...

CHEMICALS FROM AN UNDERGROUND STREAM--AN' THEY BELIEVED US TOO!



AN' JUST TO MAKE SURE NO ONE FINDS THE BARRETT DAME 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...



SO IT'S A CONFIDENCE GAME -- TO SWINDLE THE POOR FARMERS OF RED CREEK! I'M NOT SURE WHY THOSE CROOKS WANT THE LAND AROUND HERE-- BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

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 FER 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!

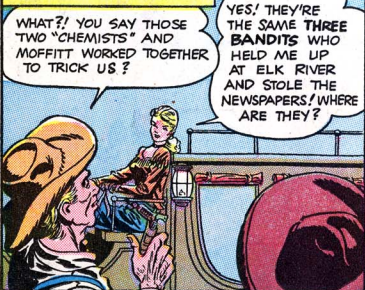
AS THE CROWD THROGS OUT OF THE HALL...



WE SWUNG IT!

LET'S BEAT IT! I GOT OUR HORSES READY DOWN THE STREET!

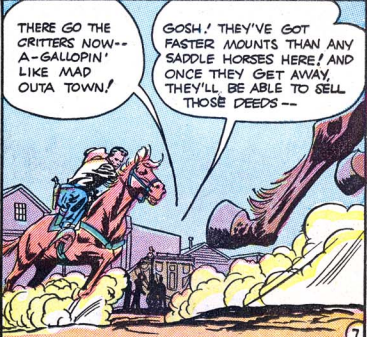
BUT A MOMENT AFTER-- TONY BARRETT RIDES UP AND TELLS THE RED CREEK FARMERS SOME STUNNING NEWS...



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?

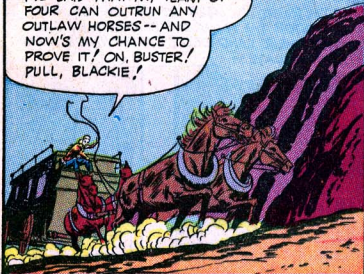
THERE GO THE CRITTERS NOW-- A-GALLOPIN' LIKE MAD OUTA TOWN!



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...

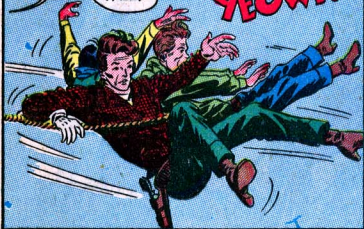
I'VE SAID THAT MY TEAM-OF-FOUR CAN OUTFRAN ANY OUTLAW HORSES--AND NOW'S MY CHANCE TO PROVE IT! ON, BUSTER! PULL, BLACKIE!



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!



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!

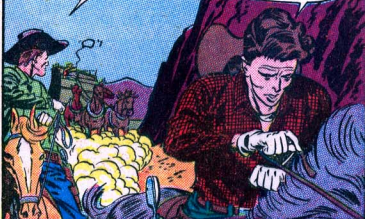
AND THEY WOULD'VE DONE IT TOO--IF NOT FOR TONY BARRETT!



AS THE STOUT-HEARTED OVERLAND FOURSOME QUICKLY GAINS ON THE BANDITS, TONY REACHES FOR HER LARIAT...

IT'S THE BARRETT DAME--OR HER GHOST!

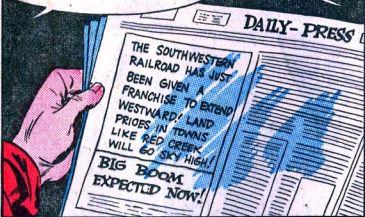
NEVER MIND WHICH--START SHOOTIN'!



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!



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

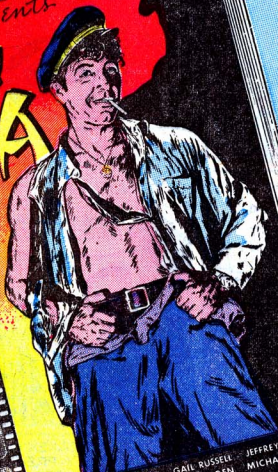
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CHINA**



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**DON'T
MISS THIS
GREAT FIRST
ISSUE!**

**READ THE PICTURE-STORY
— THEN SEE IT ON
THE SCREEN!**

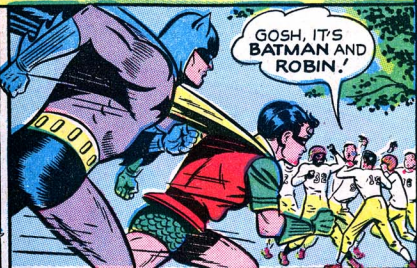
BATMAN AND ROBIN

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**!



HOLD ON, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

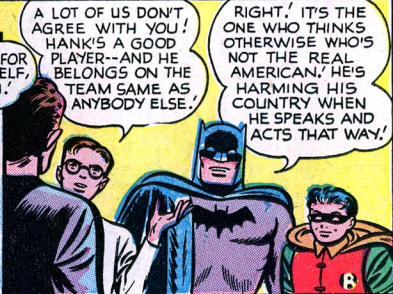
AW, WE DON'T WANT THIS GUY AROUND HERE. HE DON'T BELONG! HE AIN'T A REAL AMERICAN!

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, DAN!

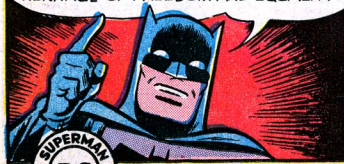


A LOT OF US DON'T AGREE WITH YOU! HANK'S A GOOD PLAYER--AND HE BELONGS ON THE TEAM SAME AS ANYBODY ELSE!

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!



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!

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MINSTREL MAVERICK

Starring
HARMONY HAYES

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 BUCKEROO FOUND HIMSELF IN THE THICK OF A SKY-HIGH STRUGGLE WITH THE UNIQUE --

**"BALLOON BANDITS
of SILVER CITY"**

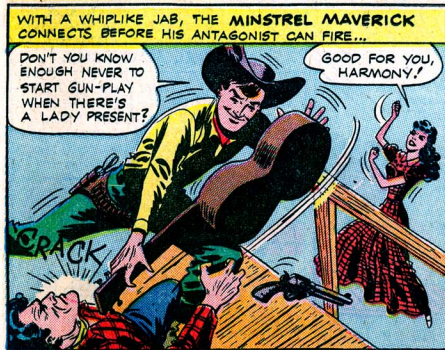
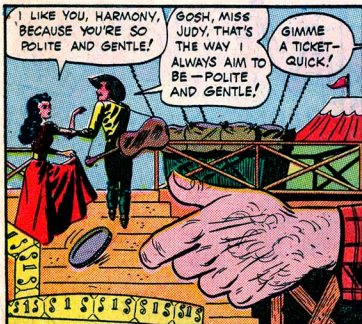
SILVER
CITY
BANK

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?

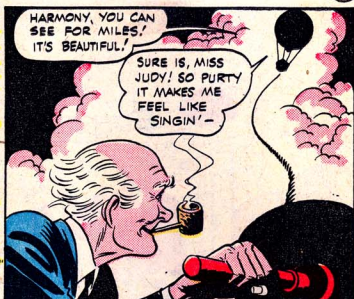
WILL I? IT'S A PLEASURE, MA'AM! JUST SASHAY ALONG WITH ME!

RIDE THE
CAPTIVE
BALLOON!

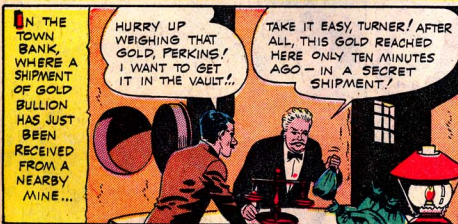




THE "CAPTIVE" BALLOON HALTS ALOFT AFTER ALL OF THE ROPE IS PLAYED OUT OF THE WINCH ON THE PLATFORM...



BUT AS HARMONY RAISES HIS GUITAR...



AS THE BANK OFFICIALS WHIRL AROUND...



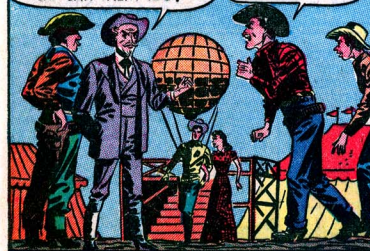
MOMENTS LATER - BEFORE THE TOWN CAN REALIZE WHAT'S HAPPENED ...



IN FRONT OF THE BANK, A CROWD QUICKLY GATHERS...



WHILE THE MINSTREL MAVERICK WAS UP IN THAT BALLOON, I SAW FLASHES OF LIGHT! SLOAN HERE SAW THEM TOO!

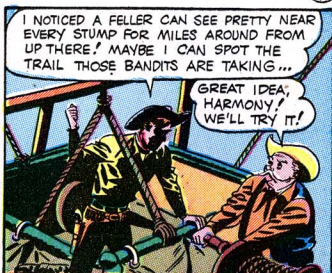
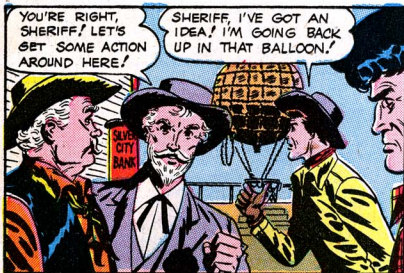


AS SUSPICION POINTS TO HARMONY, HE GETS A VALIANT DEFENDER ...





ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN



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



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



MEANWHILE -DOWN BELOW...



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





WHOA! 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 HURTTLES 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 CONTRAPTION LIKE THIS!

SLASH!



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 HURTLING DOWNWARD THRU A BIG TREE, HE BOUNCES FROM ONE LIMB TO ANOTHER...

WHEW! 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??

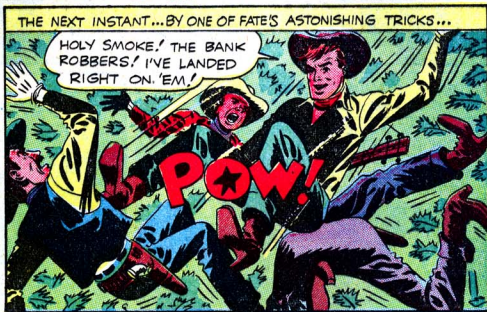
BANG! BANG! BANG!



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

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

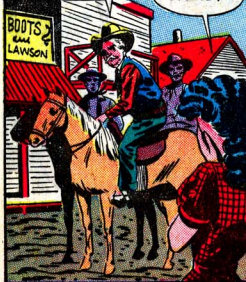
POW!



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!



P.T. 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!

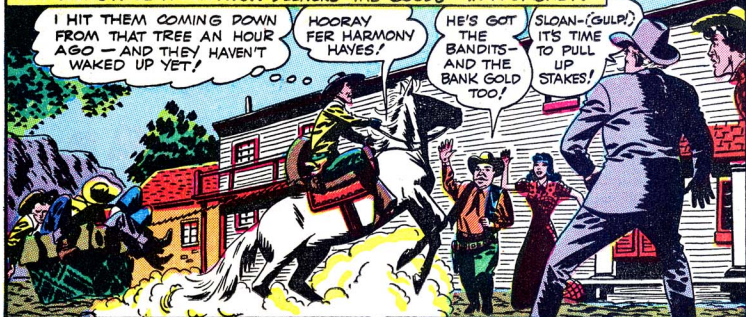


BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT WAS HARMONY!

IT SURE WASN'T SHERIFF WAYNE! LOOK!



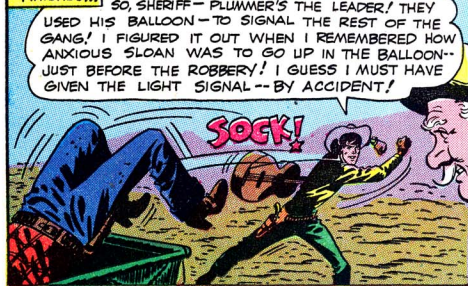
THE MINSTREL MAVERICK DELIVERS THE GOODS -- IN A BASKET!



THEN -- AS PLUMMER AND SLOAN TRY TO SLIP AWAY UNNOTICED...



WHAT HARMONY'S FOOT STARTED, HIS RIGHT FIST FINISHES...



AS THE GANG "RIDES" TO JAIL...



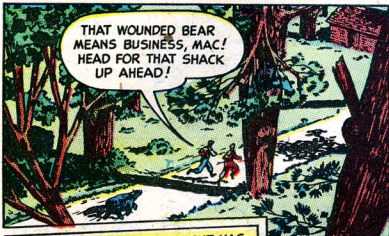
THE END

BEAR TRAPPED!

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



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



PHEWW! 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...

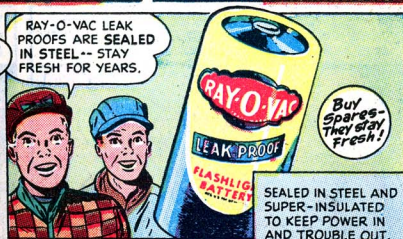
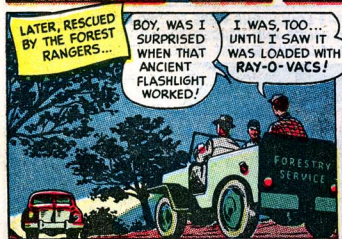


LATER, RESCUED BY THE FOREST RANGERS...

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.



Buy Spares-- They stay Fresh!

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



Powerful battery



add steel bottom



add steel top



add insulation



add steel jacket



Ray-O-Vac

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.



ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN



EPICS OF THE TEXAS RANGERS

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!



CAPTAIN
L.H. MCNELLY
OF THE TEXAS
RANGERS



JUAN FLORES
BANDIT CHIEF



IN 1875, BANDITS FROM MEXICO WERE RAIDING TEXAS CATTLE RANCHES, AND RUSTLING LONGHORNS FOR A PROSPEROUS MARKET IN CUBA...



THE LONGHORNS WERE FORDED ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE AND HERDED TOWARDS THE NOTORIOUS LAS LUEVAS BANDIT RANCH AND STRONGHOLD...





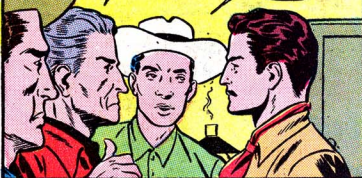
ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN



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...

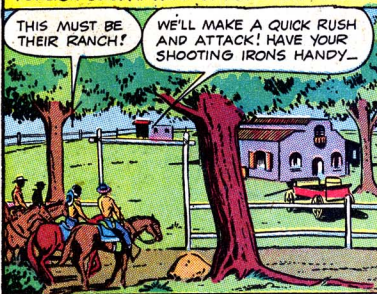
RANGERS, THIS IS DIFFERENT THAN ANYTHING WE'VE EVER ATTEMPTED. WE'RE RIDING INTO MEXICO. THERE'LL BE TROUBLE, AND WE MAY NOT GET BACK. NOW-- WHO'LL VOLUNTEER?



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!

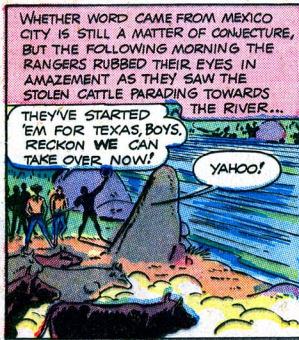
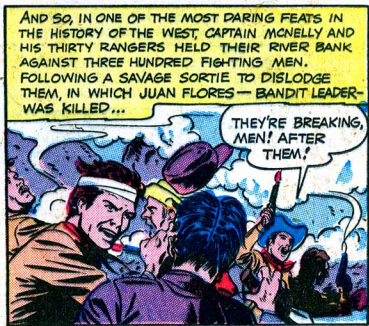
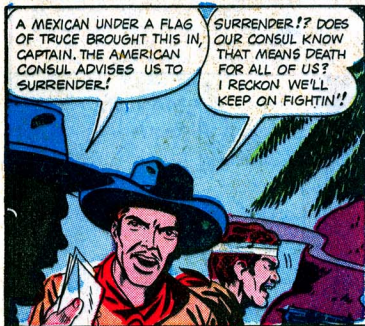
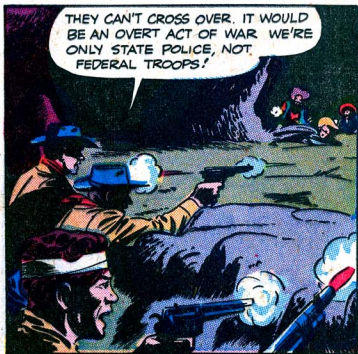


QUITTING LAS CHURCHAS, THE LAWMEN OF THE LONE STAR STATE WENT ON HALF A MILE TO THE MAIN BANDIT RANCH. BUT JUST AS RANGER GUNS BEGAN TO FIRE...

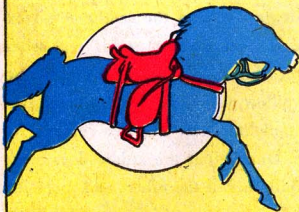
CAPTAIN - LOOK! MEXICAN ARMY REGULARS COMING UP THE ROAD!

FALL BACK TO THE RIVER! WE'LL HAVE TO DIG IN. I WON'T GO BACK TO TEXAS WITHOUT THOSE CATTLE!





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!



"KETCH MY SADDLE!"

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 de-

signed 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 cowboy'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!



COWBOY TALK

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!

OCELOT



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!

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!



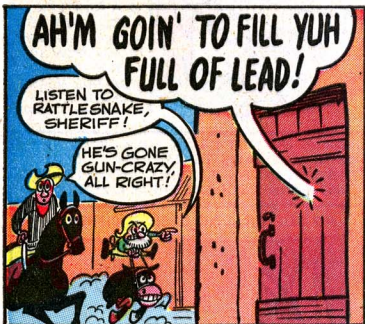
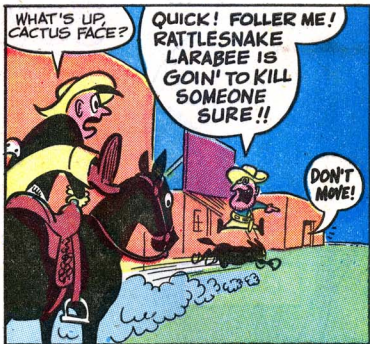
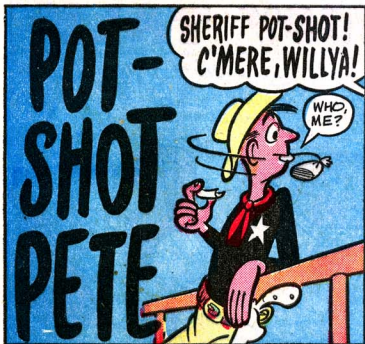
ADVERTISEMENT

OUR BUNCH
ALL MUNCH

NESTLÉ'S CRUNCH
MILK CHOCOLATE
MADE BY NESTLÉ, VEVEY, SWITZERLAND
NESTLÉ'S CRUNCH

WON'T YOU
JOIN US, TOO?

Delicious-Different





ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN



FOLEY

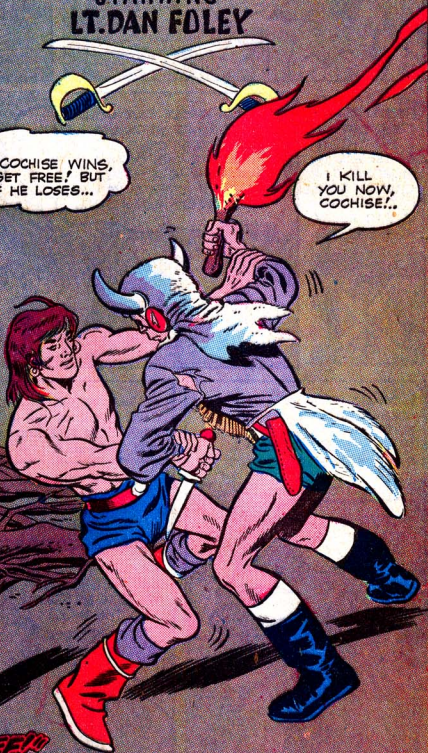
OF THE FIGHTING 5TH

STARRING
LT. DAN FOLEY



IF COCHISE WINS,
I GET FREE! BUT
IF HE LOSES...

I KILL
YOU NOW,
COCHISE!..



THE MOST DREADED WORD IN THE ANNALS OF THE OLD WEST WAS... **APACHE!** -THE FIERCEST 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-

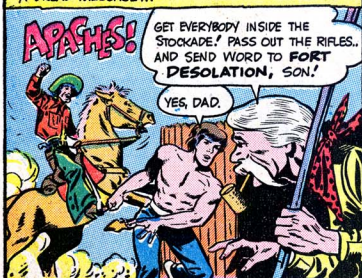
'THE PRAIRIE PAY-OFF!'



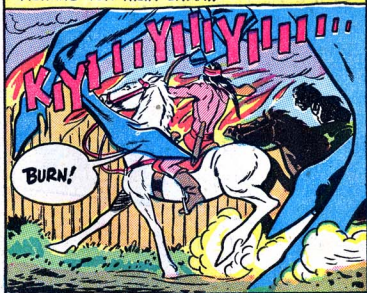
ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN



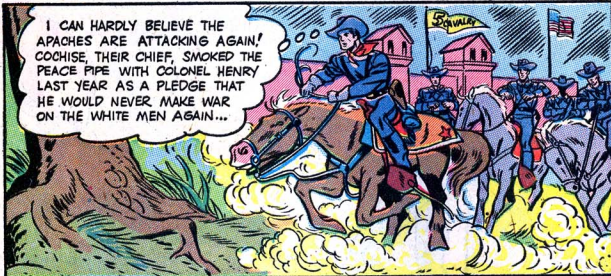
ONE MORNING AT BOULDER BEND, AN OUTLYING WESTERN SETTLEMENT, A HORSEMAN GALLOPS UP WITH A DREAD MESSAGE...



SOON AFTER—THE SETTLERS ARE BESIEGED AND FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES...



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



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 RAIDERS TO FLEE AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE HILLS...

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

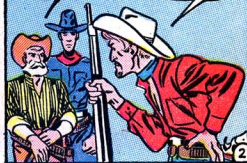
WE COULDN'T GET HERE ANY FASTER, SIR! WE RODE FULL SPEED ALL THE WAY...



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 BEIN' ATTACKED BY THE APACHES?

SURE I DO, MEN! ONE THING'S PURTY 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...

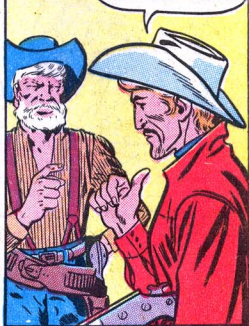


COCHISE OFFERED TO
SPARE ANY OUTPOST
THAT PAYS HIM 5 DOLLARS
A PIECE FOR EVERY PERSON
IN IT.' IF YOU ASK ME,
YOU'LL BE GETTIN' OFF
CHEAP-- AN' I'M
VOLUNTEERIN' TO BRING
THE MONEY TO HIM.'
WHAT DO YOU SAY?



HOW DO
WE KNOW
COCHISE
WILL KEEP
HIS WORD?

'T FOR
-- BUT
C. 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!





ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN



IT WILL TAKE US MONTHS TO TRACK DOWN COCHISE TO HIS SECRET CAMP! BUT MEANTIME, 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! ME 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 TALL 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!



ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN



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!

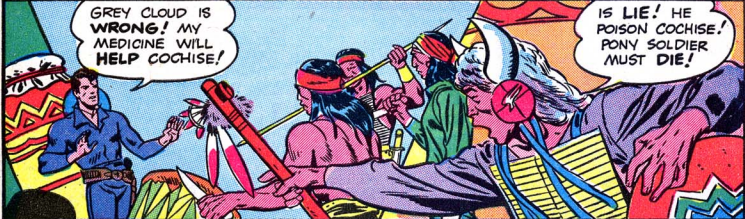
THAT MUST BE GREY CLOUD, THE MEDICINE MAN!

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...

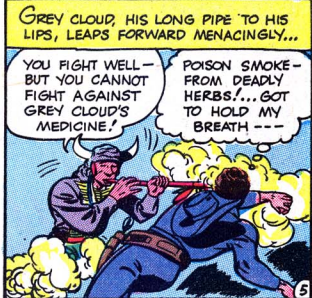
AAH—!

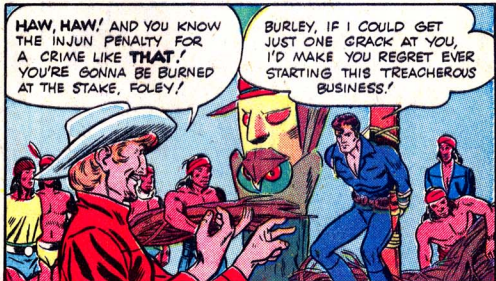
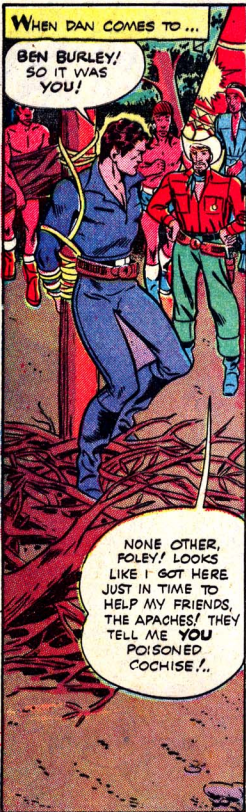


GREY CLOUD, HIS LONG PIPE TO HIS LIPS, LEAPS FORWARD MENACINGLY...

YOU FIGHT WELL — BUT YOU CANNOT FIGHT AGAINST GREY CLOUD'S MEDICINE!

POISON SMOKE — FROM DEADLY HERBS!... GOT TO HOLD MY BREATH ---

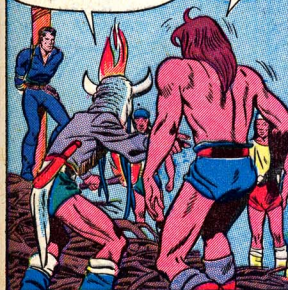




AT THE APPEARANCE OF THEIR MAJESTIC CHIEF—WEAK, BUT FREE OF FEVER—ALL THE INDIANS FALL BACK IN AWE...EXCEPT GREY CLOUD...

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!



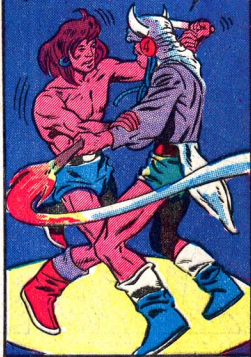
SHADOWS LIFT BEFORE MY EYES NOW! I SEE TRUTH—YOU ARE TRAITOR IN OUR TRIBE!

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!





ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN



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 ...

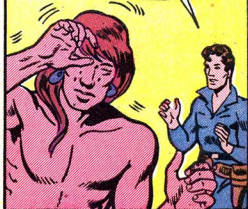
MY ORDERS WERE TO BRING
YOU BACK TO FORT DESOLATION—
AND I'LL DO IT, EVEN IF I
HAVE TO CARRY YOU ALL
THE WAY!



HIS FIGHT OVER, DAN WHIRLS
AROUND TO HELP COCHISE
WHEN ...

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

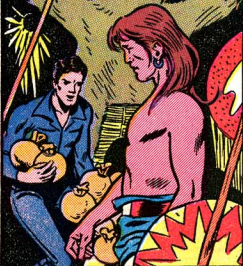
HOLY SMOKE! COCHISE
WON HIS FIGHT—SICK
AS HE WAS. HE'S
A TRUE INDIAN
BRAVE!



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!

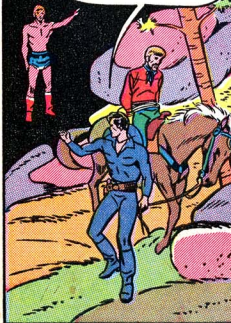
GREY CLOUD'S WAR
DAYS ARE NO MORE,
DAN ...



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

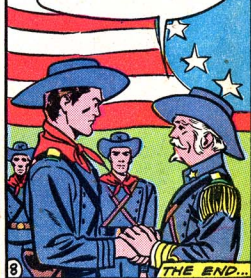
GIVE MESSAGE TO COLONEL
HENRY, BROTHER DAN! TELL
HIM COCHISE NO BREAK
WORD! COCHISE **NEVER**
BREAK WORD!

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 HAND-
SHAKE 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...



THE END...

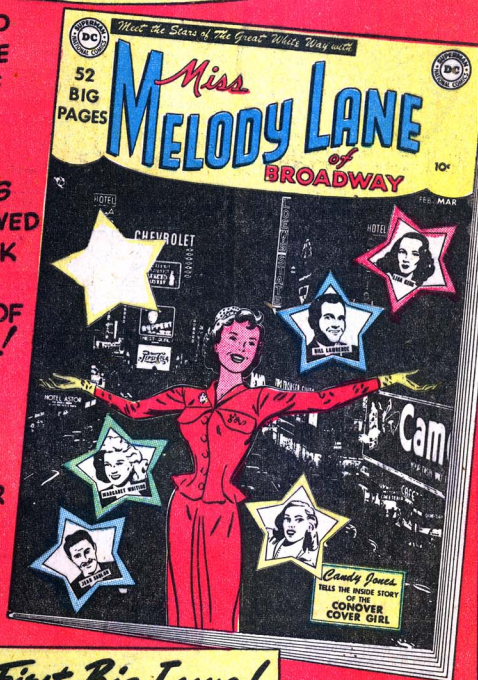
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the True-to-Life
Adventures of*

Miss **MELODY LANE**

-THAT CURVACEOUS
CHARMER WHO VOWED
TO TAKE NEW YORK
BY STORM - AND
RAN INTO PLENTY OF
STORMY WEATHER!

*M*ELODY COULD
BE YOU...OR YOUR
SWEETHEART...OR
THE GIRL NEXT DOOR
...REAL, VIBRANT,
ALIVE AND
KICKING!



Don't miss this First Big Issue!

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Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines"
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\$2.95



NOW WATCH ME HAVE
SOME FUN WITH THE
GANG TONIGHT AT
THE MASQUERADE

COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.



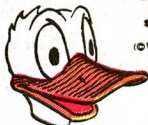
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(Black Face)
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\$3.95
(©Walt Disney Prod.)



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Just mail coupon **ORDER MASKS BY NAME** as listed in this ad. All masks priced \$2.95 except Santa Claus (\$4.95) and Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and Donald Duck (at \$3.95 each). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All Masks guaranteed perfect.

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, INC.

6044 Avondale Avenue, Dept. 171M, Chicago 31, Illinois

**RUSH
COUPON
NOW**



IDIOD . . \$2.95

Yes, here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

MONKEY \$2.95



Rubber-For-Molds, Inc., 6044 Avondale Ave., Dept. 171M, Chicago 31, Ill.

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☐ Clown ☐ Old Man ☐ Old Lady
☐ 4 Eyes ☐ Tramp ☐ Satan
☐ Black Face ☐ Monster Man
☐ Sophisticated Lady
☐ Mickey Mouse
☐ Minnie Mouse
☐ Donald Duck
☐ Santa Claus

NAME _____
(Print Plainly)
STREET _____
CITY _____ Zone _____ State _____

- () Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.
() Ship postpaid. Payment in full enclosed herewith.

Look Who's Here!

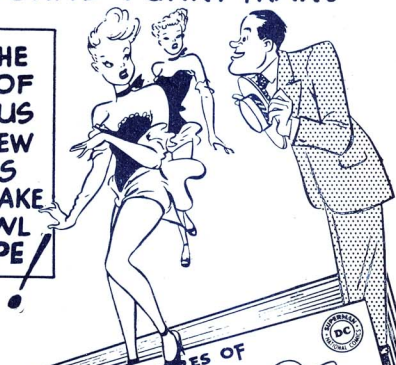
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IN HIS OWN COMICS MAGAZINE!

52 BIG LAUGH-LOADED PAGES
STARRING AMERICA'S
FAVORITE FUNNY-MAN!

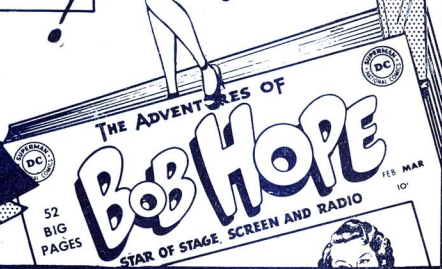


JUST THE
SORT OF
HILARIOUS
BRAND-NEW
STORIES
THAT'LL MAKE
YOU HOWL
WITH HOPE!



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MISS THE
FIRST THE
BIG ISSUE!**

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Everywhere
**NOV.
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Twist 1½" magazine—pour in 500 shot in 20 seconds then shoot it 800 times without reloading once!

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harmless fun for friends

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Targeteer Pistol, plastic Shooting Gallery, 7

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Looks like a real Cowboy Carbine. I'm proud to have my name on a picture of me, with my horse "Thunder" branded on th' stock!

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