Six-Gun Heroes

May

10¢

No. 2

In this issue: The Rodeo Swindler!

HOPALONG CASSIDY

SMILEY BURNETTE

ROCKY LANE
LAMEBRAIN LEM

SURPRISING CHARACTER!

Hey, Lamebrain, what are you doing in town this time of day? How come you're not at the ranch?

I left thar!

Huh? Huh left yore job at the ranch?

That's right!

Right in the middle of the day?

Yes, siree!

I reckon yore boss was shore surprised when he knew you were leaving!

Naw---

--- He knew it before I did!
SIX-GUN HEROES

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The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION:

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS • WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN • CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY • ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr. President

HOPALONG CASSIDY and THE RODEO SWINDLER!

The top position in any field of endeavor can only be reached with the skill and experience that comes from years of hard work! There are some critters, however, who think that with money they can buy their way to the top! It's one of these hombres who sends the Twin River Sheriff Hopalong Cassidy, into one of his most baffling cases as he tries to solve circumstantial evidence against the Rodeo Swindler!
SIX GUN HEROES

AT THE TWIN RIVER JAILHOUSE---
FROM THAT SMILE ON YOUR FACE, SAM, I'D SAY YOU JUST RECEIVED GOOD NEWS!

I'VE HEARD OF ROdeo FOllKS WHO WERE SO OUTSTANDING THAT THEY BECAME THE STARS OF THEIR SHOWS, BUT I NEVER HEARD OF ANYONE BUYING FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS SO HE CAN BECOME THE STAR OF THE SHOW!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, HOPALONG, BUT BOB'S MY ONLY SON AND IF I CAN MAKE HIM HAPPY, I AIM TO SEND THE MONEY TO HIM!

A WEEK LATER ---
HOWDY, SAM! HAS YOUR SON BECOME STAR OF THE ROdeo YET?

NOT YET, HOPALONG! THE MANAGER, HAMILTON, THOUGH, TELLS HIM IT'LL BE ANY DAY NOW!

MEANWHILE, AT THE DORSET CITY ROdeo ---
WELL, MR. HAMILTON, WHEN ARE YUH MAKING ME THE STAR OF THE ROdeo?

FOR THE LAST TIME, SONDOWN, I'M TELLING YUH TO STOP PESTERING ME! IF YUH WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH, YO'RE NEVER GOING TO BECOME THE STAR!

DORSET CITY ROdeo
THE SHOW'S ALL BIG PRIZES

THEN GIVE ME BACK MY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

I USED THAT MONEY TO PAY OFF A GAMBLING DEBT!

IN THAT CASE, I'M GOING TO TELL THE LOCAL SHERIFF ABOUT THIS!

YOU'VE NO PROOF THAT YUH GAVE ME FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! IT'S A CASE OF YORE WORD AGAINST MINE!

YO'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT, HAMILTON! BUT DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO LET YUH MAKE A FOOL OUT OF ME! YOU'LL EITHER RETURN MY MONEY OR I'LL BREAK YORE NECK!

YO'RE NOT BREAKING ANYBODY'S NECK!

OOh!
It looks as if I killed the critter! When it gets dark, I'll drag him out of here and bury him!

Weeks later, in Twin River...

--and when I hadn't heard from Bob in over a week, I got worried and rode over to Dorset City! Hamilton, the manager of the rodeo, told me Bob died of smallpox!

That's too bad! You have my deepest sympathy!

No, Hopalong, I didn't! When I mentioned the five hundred dollars to Hamilton, he denied that Bob ever gave it to him! That's what makes me so sure I'm right! Gosh, Hopalong, you've got to help me find out the truth!

I'll do my best, Sam!

My hunch is that Hamilton never intended to make him a star and that he killed Bob when he demanded the money!

Accusing someone of murder is a mighty serious thing, Sam! I hope you haven't mentioned this to anyone else!

Hit the trail, Topper! We're heading for Dorset City!

The first thing we're going to do when we hit Dorset is visit the local doctor!

At the doctor's office in Dorset City...

I've double-checked my records! I haven't had a smallpox case in years!

Well, wouldn't it be odd if someone around here had smallpox and you weren't called in--especially since you're the only doctor in town?
DEFINITELY! I CAN'T SEE HOW ANYONE COULD EVEN BE SURE IT WAS SMALLPOX UNLESS THEY CALLED ME IN!

THERE REALLY IS SOMETHING TO SAM SONDOWNS' HUNCH! IT SEEMS UNLIKELY THAT BOB COULDN'T HAVE DIED OF SMALLPOX WITHOUT THE DOCTOR BEING CALLED IN!

--- IT COULD MEAN THAT HAMILTON KILLED HIM TO COVER UP THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS HE SWINDLED! OF COURSE, THIS IS PURELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, BUT IT IS STRIKE ONE AGAINST HAMILTON! NOW TO VISIT THE GAMBLING CASINO!

--- NOW WHAT I NEED IS SOME CONCRETE EVIDENCE SO I CAN PUT THE FINAL STRIKE ON HAMILTON! HE DOESN'T KNOW ME --- MAYBE, IF I REMOVE THIS BADGE, I CAN GET A JOB AT HIS RODEO!

--- GAMBING IS ONE OF THE BIGGEST TROUBLES IN THESE PARTS! THIS MAKES TWO STRIKES AGAINST HAMILTON!

AT THE GAMBING CASINO ---

THAT'S RIGHT! HAMILTON DID OW ME A LOT OF MONEY FOR HIS GAMBLING DEBTS! A THOUSAND DOLLARS, TO BE EXACT! HE GAVE ME FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO!

--- LET ME SEE YUH BULLDOZE THAT STEER!

--- LET'S GO, TOPPER!

AT THE RODEO ---

SO YUH WANT TO JOIN THE RODEO, STRANGER? WELL ---

HE STILL OWES A FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR GAMBLING DEBT, SO HE MAY TRY THE SAME TRICK ON ME!
LATE THAT NIGHT, WHEN EVERYONE'S ASLEEP ---

IT'S A LITTLE LATE FOR VISITING, BUT WE'VE GOT TO WAKE UP THE LOCAL BANKER! IF HE'LL GIVE ME FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN MARKED BILLS ---

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS? I DON'T HAVE IT WITH ME, BUT I COULD GET IT BY TOMORROW MORNING! OKAY? IN THE MEANWHILE YUH CAN BUNK WITH THE REST OF THE PERFORMERS IN THAT SHACK!

--- I'LL TURN THEM OVER TO HAMILTON! THEN WHEN HE TRIES TO DENY I GAVE HIM THE MONEY, LIKE I THINK HE DID WITH BOB SONDOWN, THE MARKED BILLS WILL BE ALL THE PROOF I NEED TO PUT HIM BEHIND BARS!

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BUT AS HE TRIES TO CLIMB INSIDE...

WHERE DID HE PUT THE MARKED MONEY?

HYAR IT IS, IN HIS POCKET!

I'LL TOSS HIM DOWN THE WELL SO HE'LL DROWN!

IT WOULDN'T BE SAFE TO TRY TO USE THIS MARKED MONEY IN THIS TOWN, BUT WITH HOPALONG OUT OF THE WAY...

--- THERES NOTHING TO STOP ME FROM TAKING IT TO THE NEXT TOWN AND EXCHANGING IT FOR UNMARKED BILLS.

SPLASH!

BUT INSTEAD OF DROWNING HOPALONG, THE WATER REVIVES HIM...

HAMILTON MUST HAVE GOT WISE TO MY SCHEME! I MUST CATCH HIM BEFORE HE EXCHANGES THOSE BILLS OR MY WHOLE PLAN WILL COLLAPSE! IF I CAN ONLY REACH THAT BUCKET...

MADE IT!
SIX GUN HEROES

NOW TO CLIMB UP THIS ROPE!

HAMILTON COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN TOO FAR AWAY IN THIS SHORT TIME!

THERE HE IS NOW!

LET'S GO, TOPPER! THAT RAT DIDN'T BITE FOR THE BAIT IN OUR TRAP, BUT WE'VE STILL GOT TO CATCH HIM!

HOPALONG CASSIDY! HOW DID HE ESCAPE? GIDDAP! HE'S CATCHING UP TO ME!

YOU MEAN "CAUGHT UP"!

I'LL TWIST YORE FOOT TILL IT BREAKS!

I PREFER FIGHTING TO WRESTLING, BUT ---
SIX GUN HEROES

--- IF IT’S’ WRESTLING YOU WANT, I KNOW A FEW TRICKS MYSELF!

NOW GET ON YOUR FEET, HAMILTON! I’VE GOT A FEW QUESTIONS I WANT TO ASK YOU!

--- AND IT MAKES ME FEEL BETTER TO KNOW THAT MY SON’S MURDERER DIDN’T GET AWAY WITH HIS CRIME, THAT HE’S IN JAIL!

YOU’RE ALWAYS COURTING TROUBLE WHEN YOU TRY TO BUY YOUR WAY TO THE TOP! THAT’S ONE POSITION THAT CAN BE OBTAINED ONLY BY HARD WORK!

YOU WIN, HOPALONG! I CONFESS I KILLED BOB SONDOWN!

LATER, IN ‘TWIN RIVER...’

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT; 4 CORRECT, GOOD; 3 CORRECT, FAIR, 2 CORRECT, POOR.

1. **THE OFFICIAL COLORS OF THE U.S. MARINE CORPS ARE BLUE AND GOLD.**

   TRUE ______ FALSE ______

2. **ANDREW JACKSON WAS BORN IN 1767.**

   TRUE ______ FALSE ______

3. **A JOURNEYMAN IS A SKILLED WORKER.**

   TRUE ______ FALSE ______

4. **MAINE WAS THE 40TH STATE ADMITTED TO THE UNION.**

   TRUE ______ FALSE ______

5. ** THE BATTLES OF LEXINGTON AND CONCORD TOOK PLACE ON APRIL 19, 1775.**

   TRUE ______ FALSE ______

ANSWERS

1. **FALSE.**
2. **FALSE.**
3. **TRUE.**
4. **TRUE.**
5. **FALSE.**

THE COLORS ARE SCARLET AND GOLD.
(SNIF, SNIF) YUM, YUM! MAW IS BAKING PIES! ME LOVEUM PIES! ME GO GET SOME! ER, ME HOPE MAW LET ME HAVE PIECE! SOMETIME SHE NO LET ME EAT BEFORE DINNER! SHE SAY IT SPOIL APPETITE!

AH, ME IN LUCK! MAW PUT PIES OUT TO COOL! ME TAKE WHEN SHE GO INSIDE! NO TAKE CHANCE' SHE SAY ME NO CAN HAVE PIE NOW!

MAW GO BACK IN TEPEE! NOW ME TIPTOE UP AND TAKE!

YUM, YUM! ME CAN TASTE DELICIOUS PIE IN MOUTH ALREADY!

PIE SMELL SO GOOD, MY MOUTH WATER! YUM, YUM!

ME GO TO WOODS AND HAVE HEAP BIG PARTY EATING PIE! YUM, YUM!
WHERE YOU THINK YOU GO WITH PIE?

(GULP) IT'S MAW!

WHERE YOU THINK YOU GO WITH PIE?

(GULP) IT'S MAW!

ME TAKE BACK! YOU BAD BOY TO TAKE IT WITHOUT PERMISSION! ME PUNISH YOU! NOW ME NO GIVE YOU PIE AT DINNER!

COSH, I SHORE AM HUNGRY!

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COSH, I SHORE AM HUNGRY!
THE KID IS ASLEEP! I CAN GRAB THE PIES AND BEAT IT WITHOUT ANY FUSS!

I'LL TAKE A FEW! I'M POWERFUL HUNGRY! (SNIFF) (SNIFF) HMM -- THEY SMELL GOOD! THE PIES IN PRISON WERE NEVER LIKE THIS!

But as the culprit sneaks away...

(YAWWNNN) ME FALL ASLEEP --- HUU? (GULP) MAN TAKE PIES! ME NO CAN LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THEM! MAMMY WILL THINK ME EAT THEM AND SHE PUNISH ME!

A few minutes later...

STOP! STOP!

HUH? HA, HA... IT'S THE KID CHASING ME! I RECKON, I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY MUCH ABOUT HIM!

HUH? GULP) ALL PIES GONE! TUMBLEWEED EAT THEM! ME GO FIND AND GIVE HIM HEAP BIG SPANKING!

While in the woods...

(PUFF, PUFF) HE RUN TOO FAST! ME NO CAN CATCH HIM! THERE ONLY ONE CHANCE! ME CALL HIM SO HE TURN FACE TO ME!

Hey, MISTER! WATCH OUT!

HUH? WHAT-- OOF!

SPLOOSH!

YIPEE! BULL'S-EYE!
At that moment...

ME NO WANT TO HEAR ABOUT "BUTS"! ... HUH?

CACTUS CAULFIELD IS ONE OF THE WORST BANDITS IN THESE PARTS AND HYAR'S THE REWARD FER CATCHING HIM! GOOD WORK, SON!

ME GIVE MONEY TO MAW!

Later...

ME SORRY ME THINK YOU TOOK PIES! FROM NOW ON, YOU HAVE ALL PIES YOU WANT, LITTLE HERO!

YUM, YUM! THIS BEST REWARD OF ALL!
**SIX GUN HEROES**

**Smiley Burnette** has a **CLOSE SHAVE**

**WANTED!**

**NOTCHES NEWTON**

**He'd rather shoot you than look at you!**

---

**NOTCHES NEWTON!** That's a name to chill the bravest heart! And it's Notches who has decided to put a bullet smack-spang in the middle of Mr. Smiley Burnette, editor, gun-fighter, reporter, horseman, and possibly, **CORPSE**!

---

**ONE DAY IN ROCK HEAD TERRITORY...**

**WHERE YOU GOING, SMILEY?** We came to rehearse!

**CAN'T DO IT, BOYS! I GOT WORK TO DO!**

**I'VE GOT TO DIG UP SOME NEWS!**

---

**LISTEN, SMILEY! SHOOTING! GO GET THE NEWS!**

**HO HUM! SINCE WHEN IS SHOOTING NEWS IN ROCK HEAD TERRITORY?**

---

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**
ONE MINUTE BEFORE, IN THE TOWN BARBERSHOP...

SHAVE! AND IF YOU SO MUCH AS NICK ME, I'LL SLICE YOUR HEAD OFF!

THE NERVOUS BARBER STARTS TO APPLY LATHER...

AND ANOTHER THING...

GLUB!

YOU -- FLOOP- PHOOOO!

BARBER SHOP

Meanwhile, Smiley decides to investigate the shooting...

I RECKON WE MIGHT AS WELL SEE WHAT'S MAKING ALL THE NOISE, RING EYE!

HEYY! THIS STAGE DOESN'T STOP HERE!

GOOD! I DON'T WANT TO STOP HERE, EITHER!

A MOMENT LATER...

TORNADO!
TORNADO TOM! He came here for a shave! BUT HE DIDN'T GET IT! The barber left town—for his health!

WHY DON'T YOU open a barbershop, Smiley? No competition now!

SURE! You could be a barber and an editor, too!

SAY, that's an idea! I'd have business even when there's no news! And besides, there's always lots of gossip in a barbershop!

LATER, A NEW SIGN APPEARS ON MAIN STREET!

Burnette's Bugle and Barber Shop
PRINTING AND HAIRCUTTING
SHAVE AND A WANT AD 25¢

INSIDE, THE BARBER-EDITOR AWAITS HIS FIRST CUSTOMER!

HEIL, VIGORO! TRA-LA!

ENTER: TORNADO TOM!

A SHAVE! UNDERSTAND? NOT A HAIRCUT!

A MOMENT LATER—

HI, SMILEY! CAN WE REHEARSE NOW?

SURE! WHAT BETTER PLACE FOR A BARBERSHOP QUARTET?
I want a horse just like the horse that carried Deear Old Daaad!

It’s Tornado Tom! He hates music!

Grrrr!

He hates everything!

...and stay out, you caterwauling coyotes!

Now you can shave me in peace!

Yes, sir!

But another customer arrives——

Barber, how soon can you give me a haircut?

As soon as I finish with this customer!

I’ll snooze while I wait! Remember, I want a haircut, not a shave!
SIX GUN HEROES

Howdy, Smiley! One haircut -- one shave! Got to remember which is which...

Oh, hullo, Sheriff!

Excuse me for not dismounting, but I'm in a powerful hurry to pass out these here wanted posters! Will you hang one up somewhere?

Sure, I... Oh, oh! Run for your life!

That's T.T. Tornado! He'll kill that horse with his bare hands!

But Tom is sleeping, dreaming...

You're too jumpy, Smiley! Look! He didn't even wake up!

Whew! Thank goodness!

Well, hang up that handbill and if you see the varmint, let me know! So long!
OH, OH! DANGEROUS KILLER! HOPE HE STEERS CLEAR OF HERE!

SMILEY IS DISTRACTED. HE LATHERS TOM...

OOH, WHAT A MEAN FACE THAT CRITTER NEWTON HAS!

WANTED! NOTCHES NEWTON

HE'D RATHER SHOOT YOU THAN LOOK AT YOU!

OH, OH! NOW WHICH ONE WANTED THE SHAVE?

GO AWAY, PUP! I'VE GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE WITHOUT YOU!

OH! OH! WRONG GUESS! HE'S GIVING THE HAIRCUT TO TORNADO TOM!

I RECKON THIS IS THE ONE WHO WANTED THE HAIRCUT! ANYWAY, HE NEEDS ONE!
AND HE'S SHAVING THE MAN WHO WANTED THE HAIRCUT!
I HOPE NOTCHES NEWTON DOESN'T COME IN HERE!

WITHOUT WHISKERS THIS HOMBRE LOOKS FAMILIAR.
COULD HE BE? -- HE IS NOTCHES NEWTON!

HEY! SHERIFF! COME A-RUNNING! I'VE GOT HIM!

WHAT?

Yuh fool! What did yuh do to my hair?

I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO GIVE ME A HAIRCUT WHEN I ORDER A SHAVE.
YOU BUNGLING BOOB OF A BARBER!

HAH! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET THE GUN!

YOU ROOED MY DISGUISE!
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO MAKE YOU ANOTHER NOTCH!

NO, NO! I'M TOO PURTY TO DIE!
BESIDES, LOOK OUT FOR THE MAD DOG!

MAD DOG? WHY, THE CRITTER IS FOAMING AT THE MOUTH! I'LL PLUG HIM AFORE I PLUG YOU!

NO, YOU DON'T! THAT PUP'S MY PAL!

BANG!

HAVE A SEAT!

NOW IF YUN MOVE AN INCH, I'LL SHAVE OFF YORE ADAM'S APPLE! OH, SHERIFF!

ULP!

Later...

GOOD WORK, SMILEY! YOU CAUGHT THE CULPRIT!

YUP! BUT IT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!

AS THE SHERIFF TAKES THE PRISONER AWAY...

SO, LONG, SHERIFF!

LOOK! FIRST TIME I EVER SAW IT!

ME, TOO! A BARBER WHO IS ALSO HIS OWN BARBER POLE!
SODBUSTER! The name riled young Jefferson Black so he'd bust the jaw of anyone who called him that. No matter how big. For young Jeff was strong, his fists were gigantic and his muscles were as hard as the rocks on Lost Man Ridge.

Ironically, he'd developed those muscles from sodbusting. Pitchfork, plow, rake, hoe—the tools of the farmer biting into the sunbaked earth—they had done more to develop Jeff's physical strength than could have ever been accomplished at the finest gymnasium in the world.

Jeff was forking the ground angrily, stabbing it, piercing it, jabbing it—his enemy! So intent was he on his work that he didn't hear the approach of the horse. He became aware of it only when a dark shadow loomed over him.

Jeff looked up to see a tall, hawk-nosed man with leathery skin looking down at him.

"Howdy," said Jeff.

The man failed to acknowledge the greeting. Instead he asked, "This your farm?"

"Belongs to my dad. He's laid up," said Jeff.

"Say! That's a mighty nice horse you've got, Mister."

"Yup," said the man.

"And mighty nice guns," continued Jeff.

"They look nice and they work nice," said the man. "But they don't feel so nice when you're on the wrong end of them."

"Meaning?" asked Jeff.

"Meaning I've got a message for your old man. He's got until sundown to clear out. This is cattle land and we don't aim to have nesters on it. You tell your old man if he aims to stay here he's not going to stay on the land. He's going to be six feet under it!"

"But, Mister," Jeff protested. "Dad's laid up and—"

The man cut in rudely, "Save it! I've got no time to palaver with a sodbuster!"

Jeff's eyes blazed. His leg muscles became spring steel. He leaped forward and up, his knuckles hard and white. The rider slapped at his holsters, but he was too late. It was perhaps the first time in the history of the West that a fist ever outdrew a gun!

The man rocked from the saddle and his shoulder blades plunged hard against the brown earth. He was out cold. Jeff looked him over, took certain precautionary measures, then went calmly back to his forking of the soil. He had his back to the fallen rider.

"Called me a sodbuster!" growled Jeff, as he jabbed the fork into the ground, pushed it with his flat-heeled farmer boot, turned the earth, and began over again a space away. "Sodbuster! Why couldn't I be a bronc-buster? Why'd dad have to be a farmer? Why'd he have to get laid up just when I was getting ready to go off and join a ranch? Or a round-up? Or a rodeo?

"Those cowhands, they live the life! Riding, roping, shooting, traveling! Traveling, that's the ticket! They go to Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Kansas, all over. They see the world! They're not stuck on a measly homestead with a few measly acres and the same drudgery day after day."

AS HE dreamed on about the romantic life of the cowboy, Jeff's back was turned to the man he'd knocked out. He was unaware that the latter was stirring, opening his eyes, sitting up.

The man looked at the youth. The youth who had beaten him to the draw, fist against gun. There was mad hatred in his eyes. Slowly, silently he drew his Colt. He had a bead on Jeff's broad back. He squeezed the trigger.

The hammer clicked.

Jeff turned.

"Figured you'd probably want to shoot me, Mister," Jeff drawled. "That's why I took all the cartridges out of your Colt while you were unconscious. Now if you want to fight man to man, fist to fist, without guns, I'm ready. Just say the word. And the word is, sodbuster!"

The man's lips formed an oath, but he said nothing aloud. He called his horse, mounted.
SIX GUN HEROES

and rode away. Before he had passed out of sight, he turned and shook a fist at Jeff.

"He'll be back—with friends," thought Jeff, as he turned once more to the job of sticking the fork in the ground. "Old Hawknose will be back and I reckon that'll be the end of dad and me."

As he bent automatically to his task, his heart was filled with conflicting emotions. "If I were a cowpuncher I wouldn't be involved in all this. The cowmen hate the farmers, but they wouldn't hate me because I'd be one of them. But if they try to run dad off this farm it'll be over my dead body. Dad has always been swell to me. He can't help it if he's a farmer. They can't run him off, especially when he's laid up."

After noon, Jeff hitched up the buckboard and drove to town. He entered the general store and began ordering supplies. He noticed that Old McVay, the storekeeper, seemed nervous in waiting on him. Then he noticed also that half a dozen cowmen were loitering on the other side of the store.

One of them spoke up, "What's the matter, boy, didn't you get the message? You won't need supplies. All farmers have to be out of Lost Man's Valley by sundown."

Jeff turned slowly and eyed the men. He picked out Hawknose. He pointed. "I got the message," he said. "In fact, that man delivered it."

Hawknose snarled, "The young whelp! He's too smart for his britches! Let's all jump him, boys, and give him a lesson!"

The others looked at Hawknose curiously. He was half a head taller than the youth and was armed.

Jeff moved slowly, deliberately toward Hawknose. The man backed to the wall.

Jeff was surprised to hear himself saying, "I'm a farmer, that's true. I was born a farmer. All my life I've resented it. I wanted to be a cowman and live a real exciting life. But if this man is a prime example of a cowman, I'm glad I'm not one!"

The other cowboys waited. They expected this audacious farmer to be shot down as he stood.

Hawknose whined, "He is not armed. I can't shoot him!"

"Well," said Jeff, "if you aim to shoot my dad at sundown, you'd better shoot me now, or it won't be too healthy for you at our spread!"

Hawknose said nothing.

Jeff continued, "If you're brave enough, just say the word. You know, the word! I'll start the fight and you can say you shot me in self-defense!"

Hawknose opened his mouth. He uttered, "S-s-sodbuster..."

That's as far as he got. His breath seemed to leave him. He fled from the store. The other cowmen stood by with open mouth.

One ejaculated, "Well, I'll be a ring-tailed coyote!"

Jeff turned to the others and growled, "If any of the rest of you want to say it, I'll tell you the word. It's sodbuster!"

The cowmen were silent, their eyebrows high. The storekeeper had long since ducked behind a counter, but was now peering cautiously over it, waiting for the shooting to start.

One of the cattlemen broke the silence by unstrapping his gunbelt and dropping it to the floor. He stepped toward Jeff. He was grinning.

"Boy," he said, "you've got more nerve than a Comanche Indian! My name's Poke Masters and after you knock my head off with one of them hams you've got for fists, I hope you'll have the decency to set me up a good tombstone. You can say on it, 'He died fighting a fearless sodbuster!'"

Jeff had heard the last word. His muscles tensed, his fist drew back. Then suddenly his hands hung limp at his sides.

"Poke!" he said at last. "My name's Jeff Black. I can't hit you. Somehow, sodbuster doesn't sound like a fighting word when you say it. It sounds honorable!"

"It is," grinned Poke. "You've made it that way. If anybody tries to run you off your land, I'll be at your side, fighting to prevent it."

THE END
Undercover Marshal Rocky Lane's reputation for fairness has never been questioned. And yet, as Curly Brown proclaims, he was locked up without committing a crime! Why? For the spine-tingling answer read: Rocky Lane Lends A Helping Hand!

NO ONE JAILS CURLY BROWN WITHOUT A REASON AND SETS AWAY WITH IT—NOT EVEN ROCKY LANE! YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP PERMANENTLY!

AT THE TORNADO CITY JAILHOUSE—

OKAY, CURLY BROWN, NOW I CAN LET YUH GO. YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO PUT ME BEHIND BARS IN THE FIRST PLACE—

---AND IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO, I'M GOING TO GUN DOWN THE CRITTER WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR IT, ROCKY LANE!

DON'T GO LOOSING YORE HEAD, CURLY! THERE'S SOMETHING YUH OUGHT TO KNOW——

HELLO, SHERIFF BARKLEY, ROCKY LANE TOLD ME TO PASS THE WORD ON TO YOU. THE THREE DALTON BROTHERS WERE JUST HUNG FOR THEIR CRIMES! THANKS, SAM!
NEVERMIND, I'M FREE NOW, SO I DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO ANYBODY.
WAIT A MINUTE!

GOODBYE.
THE DURN FOOL WOULDN'T LISTEN AND I CAN'T GO AFTER HIM WITH THIS SHATTERED LEG! I'LL HAVE TO WARN ROCKY SOMEHOW!

SHORTLY AFTER, AT MA BROWNS RANCH-CURLY! IT'S SURE GOOD TO SEE YOU HOME AGAIN, SON! ARE YUH PLUMB LOCO, MOM? THE ONLY THING PER WHICH I CAN THANK THE UNDERCOVER MARSHAL IS PUTTING ME IN THE HOOSEgow!

I AIM TO GIT EVEN WITH HIM! THE ONLY REASON I STOPPED HOME FIRST WAS TO PICK UP MY GUN!

I DON'T HAVE ANY TIME FOR LISTENING!

CURLY! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME!

SON! COME BACK! YOU'RE MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

I'VE GOT TO WARN ROCKY! I'LL GET MY BONNET AND BE ON MY WAY!

IN HER EXCITEMENT, MA BROWN DOESN'T NOTICE THAT SHE'S KNOCKED OVER A KEROSENE LAMP---

AND AS SHE GOES UPSTAIRS TO FETCH HER BONNET---

MEANWHILE, IN THE NEARBY HILLS---

THE CHIEF MARSHAL SAID THE MOMENT THE DALTON BROTHERS WERE DEAD, WE COULD HAVE A FEW DAYS VACATION, BLACK JACK, AND I'M GOING TO START OFF BY CATCHING FORTY WINKS!
AND ROCKY LISTENS ONCE MORE TO A FAMILIAR STORY. --AND NOW CURLY DOES NOTHING BUT HANG AROUND THE GAMBLING CASINO! HE'S ALREADY LOST ALL THE HARD-EARNED MONEY I SAVED AND SINCE HE KNOWS I CAN'T PAY ANY MORE OF HIS GAMBLING DEBTS I'M TERRIBLY WORRIED ABOUT WHAT HE MAY TRY TO DO TO GET SOME MORE MONEY!

DON'T WORRY, MRS. BROWN! CURLY'S REALLY A GOOD BOY AT HEART! ALL HE NEEDS IS SOMEONE TO STRAIGHTEN HIM OUT. I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!

HOLD ON, CURLY! IF YOU'RE SO DESPERATE FOR MONEY, WHY DON'T YOU JOIN UP WITH ME AND MY BROTHERS? WE COULD USE AN EXTRA HAND!

NO THANKS, I HEARD ABOUT THE DALTON BROTHERS, AND HIGHWAY ROBBERY ISN'T FOR ME! I NEVER STOLE A THING IN MY LIFE!

WELL, IF YOU CHANGE YORE MIND, I HAVE ROOM RIGHT ABOVE THE SALOON! AND REMEMBER, NO ONE'S BEEN ABLE TO PROVE ANYTHING AGAINST ME AND MY BROTHERS YET!

SORRY, JED! BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED!

BUT THE MAD DESIRE TO GAMBLE KEEP BRINGING JED DALTON'S WORDS BACK TO CURLY'S MIND!

MAYBE I OUGHT TO PULL ONE ROBBERY---JUST BY MYSELF! AND AFTER I WIN BACK ALL THE MONEY I LOST I CAN RETURN THE MONEY I STOLE!
The hills would be the best place in which to pull a robbery! I can hide behind the brush and rob the first one to ride by.

Shortly after... There goes someone now! I'll just put on my mask and get to work!

Your life will be safe if you just hand over all your money. The hills would be the best place in which to pull a robbery; I can hide behind the brush and rob the first one to ride by.

Why, it's Rocky Lane!

But as the secret marshal raises his hands... He knocked the gun out of my hand! I'd better vamoose!

WHAM!

But before Curly can move... Now stand up with your hands raised and take that mask off!

Curly Brown! I can't believe it! Can't believe what, Rocky? Surely you don't think I actually turned bandit? Can't you take a joke?

My only hope is to bluff my way out of this!
SIX GUN HEROES

I wouldn’t play this kind of joke again, Curly! It’s too dangerous! You’re liable to wind up with a bullet between your eyes!

Gosh, Rocky! You’re right! I reckon I never thought of that! Now I might as well be getting along!

Hold on! I want to have a talk with you! Your poor mother is terribly worried about your gambling! She’s afraid you’ll get into debt and do something reckless to raise more money!

There’s no need tuh fret about me!

Gambling’s fun with me, not a habit! So long now!

RATNER, IN JED DALTON’S ROOM AT THE SALOON—

—And so I decided to join up with yuh and yore brothers fer just one job, Jed! I need money, pronto!

You’ll never regret joining up with us, Curly! Meet me and my brothers at Point Lookout in an hour! I’ll leave first so no one will connect the two of us!

Later—

He’s leaving the saloon now!

Let’s tail him, Black Jack!

I wonder why he’s stopping here, in this out of the way spot?

At the same time—

There was something about the way that Curly said he was playing a joke when he tried to rob me that didn’t sound right! I’m going to keep an eye on him for a while!
HE'S GOING BEHIND ONE OF THE BOULDERS! LET'S GET CLOSER, BLACK JACK!

IF I CLIMB TO THE TOP I'LL BE ABLE TO GET A CLEAR VIEW OF WHAT HE'S UP TO!

WE AIM TO HOLD UP THE STAGECOACH THAT LEAVES TORNADO CITY IN A HALF HOUR. WHEN IT REACHES THE FOOT OF THE HILLS, ALL YUH HAVE TO DO, CURLY, IS PRETEND TO BE A PASSENGER AND FLAG IT DOWN! LEAVE THE REST TO US!

ALL RIGHT! BUT I'LL BE NERVOUS, REMEMBER, I NEVER DID ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE.

AND I AIM TO SEE THAT YOU NEVER DO IT AT ALL, CURLY!

AS FOR THE DALTON BROTHERS, WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET SOME DEFINITE PROOF AGAINST THEM SO I AIM TO LET THEM ROB THE STAGE-COACH! CATCHING THEM IN THE ACT WILL BE ALL THE EVIDENCE WE NEED TO PUT THEM BEHIND BARS!

WHERE'LL I MEET YUH? DON'T WORRY ABOUT US? YUH JUST GET STARTED AND MAKE SURE YUH DO YORE PART!

ONCE YOU BREAK THE LAW IT ISN'T EASY TO STOP!

LET'S GO, BLACK JACK! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH CURLY AND MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T JOIN THE DALTONS!
SIX GUN HEROES

ACTUALLY, HE'S COMMITTED NO CRIME, SHERIFF, BUT I WANT TO KEEP HIM HERE TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T! AS SOON AS HE SEES WHAT’S GOING TO HAPPEN TO THE DALTONS HE’LL REALIZE HOW STUPID HE WAS ACTING AND REFORM!

I SURE HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, ROCKY! BUT NOW IF WE'RE GOING TO CATCH THOSE DALTONS, I RECKON WE'D BETTER START!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

WHOA, WHOA!

SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE JAILHOUSE...

I WANT YOU TO KEEP THIS MAN UNDER LOCK AND KEY, SHERIFF BARKLEY, FOR RESISTING LAW AND ORDER!

THAT'S A LIE! I NEVER DID ANY SUCH THING!

QUIET! ROCKY'S WORD IS AS GOOD AS GOLD AROUND HYAR!

YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!

CLICK!

WE ARE STILL GOING TO ROB THAT STAGECOACH! FOLLOW ME!
AT THAT MOMENT—
ALL RIGHT, YUH DALTONS! THIS TIME WE'VE CAUGHT YUH IN THE ACT!
CURLY MUST HAVE DOUBLE-CROSSED US! START SHOOTING!

THAT SHOT HIT YOUR LEG!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF MY LEG. YUH SEE IF YUH CAN STOP THOSE VARMINTS AND THE DRIVER IS WOUNDED, TOO!

THOSE BULLETS KEEP GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER! I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

UHH!
BANG! BANG! BANG!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

HE SHOT OUR GUNS AWAY! SPEED IT UP, HORSE!
YOU CAN MAKE YOUR STEEDS GO AS FAST AS YOU LIKE, BUT—

---THAT'S NOT GOING TO HELP ANY OF YOU ESCAPE!

ROCKY LANE RETURNS TO THE SHERIFF WITH HIS CAPTIVES!

A FEW DAYS LATER---
THE DRIVER IS DEAD, ROCKY!
WE CAN HOLD THE DALTONS ON A MURDER CHARGE THEN, SHERIFF!

AND WE, THE JURY, FIND THE DALTONS GUILTY OF MURDER!

I SENTENCE THEM TO BE HUNG BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD TOMORROW, AT DAWN!
SIX GUN HEROES

THAT WAS EXACTLY WHAT THE SHERIFF AND MA BROWN TRIED TO EXPLAIN TO CURLY, BUT HE WOULDN'T LISTEN! AND NOW...

IT LOOKS AS IF I MADE A MISTAKE TRYING TO REFORM YOU! IF IT'S TROUBLE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, I CAN GIVE YOU ALL YOU WANT!

AT THAT SECOND---

WHEN THEY REACH THE RANCH HOUSE---

I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN REACH HER, BUT IT'S WORTH A TRY! MEANWHILE, YOU ROUND UP EVERYONE AROUND TO HELP GET THIS FIRE UNDER CONTROL BEFORE IT SPREADS!

THAT'S MY MA---SHE'S TRAPPED INSIDE!

THERE SHE IS! SHE MUST HAVE FAINTED!

BANG!

HE IS REACHING THE RANCH HOUSE.

LET'S GO! WE'LL SETTLE OUR DIFFERENCES LATER.

THOSE FLAMES! THEY'RE COMING FROM MY MOM'S RANCH!

HELLO! HELP!

HELP!

BUT CURLY'S AIM IS BAD, AND---

BUT BEFORE CURLY CAN FIRE---

HUY? WHAT'S THAT?

I MISSED BUT I'LL GET HIM WITH THIS SHOT!

THERE GOES MY RIFLE! I'D BETTER SCRAM!
I CAN USE THIS PAIL OF WATER!

WITH HER CLOTHES SOAKED, THERE’S LESS CHANCE OF THEM CATCHING ON FIRE! NOW TO PICK HER UP AND GET OUT OF HERE!

LOCK! IT’S ROCKY LANE AND HE SAVED MY MA!

HURRY! GET THAT BUCKET BRIGADE GOING!

I JUST FOUND OUT WHY YUH LOCKED ME UP! THE SHERIFF EXPLAINED IT ALL! I NOT ONLY OWE YUH MY MOTHER’S LIFE, BUT MY FUTURE, TOO!

MONTHS LATER--

AND EVER SINCE THAT DAY, CURLY GAVE UP GAMBLING AND SETTLED DOWN! HE’S THE BEST RANCHER IN THESE HYAR PARTS!

THAT’S REALLY GOOD NEWS! IT PROVES THAT SOME PEOPLE DESERVE A SECOND CHANCE!

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!

SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:

5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT
4 CORRECT, GOOD
3 CORRECT, FAIR
2 CORRECT, POOR

1. HENRY CLAY WAS PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON’S VICE-PRESIDENT.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----

2. WALTER JOHNSON SET A RECORD BY PITCHING SEVEN SHUTOUTS IN OPENING DAY GAMES.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----

3. A YOEMAN IS A PETTY OFFICER ABOARD SHIP.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----

4. WHEN THE CONTINENTAL MARINES CAPTURED THE FORTRESS OF NEW PROVIDENCE, BAHAMAS, IN 1776, THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG OVER A FOREIGN FORTRESS WAS RAISED.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----

5. NEBRASKA WAS THE 37TH STATE ADMITTED TO THE UNION.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----

ANSWERS

1. FALSE
2. TRUE
3. TRUE
4. FALSE
5. TRUE
I'm glad yuh came along, Tex! We were jest havin' an argument 'bout what's the greatest invention in the world!

That's right! We each say different things!

Shucks, yuh can stop arguing! Thar's no doubt 'bout what the greatest invention in the world is.

Oh yeah! What is it?

Dynamite!

Aw, G'wan, dynamite isn't the greatest invention in the world!

Shore it is! Thar's nothing in the world---

---Can hold a candle tuh dynamite! Ha, ha!
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