THE STRANGE LANDS
Looking for a camera? ... for a boy or a girl? ... for a beginner? ... for an all-out top gun? ... for someone in between? On this page are six cameras For the beginner: Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera. Makes good snaps simple, sure. Full-color, too, in bright sunlight. Fixed-focus lens. Negatives, 1% x 1½. $2.75.

For the all-out top gun: Baby Brownie Special Camera. Make good snaps in any light. Negatives, 1% x 1½. $3.75.

For someone in between: Brownie Hawkeye Camera. Newest Brownie box camera. Takes 12 black-and-white or 9 full-color pictures per roll of Kodak 620 film. Oversize view finder. Time exposures and "B" shutter setting permit "flash" shots with Kodak Flash Photo Flasher, $10.35, including flash cord, neck strap. Base camera, $8.95. Kodak Self-Timer, $4.95.

For the boy: Kodak Camera. For Christmas. Here's help in picking up your mind. Looking for a camera? ... a camera for a beginner? ... for an all-out top gun? ... or for someone in between? On this page are six cameras. For the beginner: Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera. Makes good snaps simple, sure. Full-color, too, in bright sunlight. Fixed-focus lens. Negatives, 1% x 1½. $2.75.

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Bill Boyd in The FALSE ACCUSATION

THE FEARLESS WANDERING COWBOY, BILL BOYD, IS AWAKENED SUDDENLY AT DAWN AS HE CAMPS OUT ONE NIGHT!

WHAT IS MAKING ALL THAT NOISE?
A MAN CAN'T EVEN GET A PEACEFUL NIGHT'S SLEEP OUT ON THE PRAIRIE ANYMORE! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

PLEASE! DON'T SHOOT, KRUM, I'M UNARMED!

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THE FEARLESS WANDERING COWBOY BILL BOYD IS AWAKENED SUDDENLY AT DAWN AS HE CAMPS OUT ONE NIGHT!
This is none of my business, but I just can't stand by and watch a gun fight, especially when one of the parties is a deputy and unarmed. Let's go, midnite!

Maybe a couple of shots would scare that fellow off!

They went right through his hat! That should be close enough to scare him!

Uf Krum doesn't scare easily!

When I set out to fill an hombre full of lead, no one stops me!

I'm hit! Ugh!

I'd like to catch that murdering outlaw, but——

—-Maybe the deputy's still alive! So I'd better see if I can get him out of the river before he drowns!

There he is!
I'd better notify the local sheriff. Minutes! Let's go!

Meanwhile, at the local jailhouse...

Well, Krum, did yuh get rid of Barton?

Barton's at the bottom of the river! Now there's no one alive who knows that the sheriff didn't really swear yuh in as a deputy before yuh kidnapped him!

Quiet, yuh fool! Someone's liable to hear yuh! Take it easy, King! There's no one here!

All right, Krum! But remember, as far as yuh and I know, the sheriff just left yuh last night by himself and never came back!

I'll remember that, King!

What happened to yore hat?

Some stranger tried to stop me from shooting Barton, but I gave him the slip!

Yore face turned as white as a ghost's! What's the matter?

It's that hombre who put the bullets through my hat! He's heading this way!
GET IN THERE! IT MIGHT BE A LUCKY THING FOR US THAT THIS VARMINT IS STICKING HIS NOSE INTO THINGS THAT DON'T CONCERN HIM!

MY NAME'S BILL BOYD! I WONDER IF I COULD SEE THE SHERIFF? HE'S NOT HERE! I'M DEPUTY KING AND I'M IN CHARGE! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YUH?

AND AFTER BILL EXPLAINS...

NO, OF COURSE NOT, BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT THIS HAS TO DO WITH WHAT I'M TELLING YOU, DEPUTY!

THIS GUN'S ALL RIGHT, BUT THERE'S TWO SHOTS MISSING HYAR! AND YUH SAY THE DEPUTY HAD TWO BULLETS THROUGH HIS HEART! THAT'S A MIGHTY FUNNY COINCIDENCE!

NOW HOLD ON, DEPUTY! IF I HAD SHOT THE POOR MAN, DO YOU THINK I'D HAVE COME TO REPORT THE MURDER?

SURE! YUH PROBABLY FIGURED THAT IF YUH REPORTED THE MURDER, YUH WOULDN'T BE SUSPECTED, BUT I'M TOO SMART FOR YUH! NOW BACK UP INTO ONE OF THOSE CELLS!

YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE, DEPUTY! I TELL YOU I'M INNOCENT!

WE'LL LET A JURY DECIDE THAT!

THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY GOING ON HERE! THAT DEPUTY WAS IN A HURRY TO PUT ME BEHIND BARS BUT THEN HE LEAVES AND FORGETS TO LOCK THE CELL DOOR!
ALL A JURY HAS TO DO IS COMPARE THE BULLETS IN THE DEAD MAN'S BODY WITH THOSE IN BOYD'S GUN AND THEY'LL KNOW HE DIDN'T COMMIT THE MURDER!

I KNOW THAT! THE THING TO DO IS MAKE SURE BOYD ISN'T ALIVE LONG ENOUGH TO GO BEFORE A JURY!

IF YUH SHOOT HIM IN HIS CELL, EVERYBODY AROUND WILL COME RUNNING! IT WON'T BE SO HEALTHY FOR US IF WE HAVE TO START ANSWERING A LOT OF QUESTIONS!

I DELIBERATELY LEFT HIS CELL DOOR OPEN! NO ONE WILL BLAME ME FOR KILLING A MURDERER WHO TRIED TO ESCAPE!

THAT'S A GREAT IDEA, KING! WITH THAT STRANGER DEAD, NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT US OF HAVING HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH BARTON'S MURDER!

LEAVING THE CELL DOOR OPEN LOOKS LIKE A TRAP TO ME! BUT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO NIBBLE AT THE BAIT IF I'M TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

THERE HE GOES! I'LL JUST WAIT UNTIL HE GETS NEAR THE DOOR! I WANT WITNESSES WHEN I PLUG HIM!

HEY! WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING ABOUT?

THAT VARMINT KILLED DEPUTY BARTON AND HE WAS TRYING TO ESCAPE!

IT'S A TRAP ALL RIGHT, BUT THE DARING BILL BOYD DOESN'T REALIZE IT'S A DEATH TRAP!

I RECKON YUH DID YOUR DUTY THEN, KING, BUT WHEN DID YUH BECOME A DEPUTY?

THE SHERIFF APPOINTED ME ONE LAST NIGHT! NOW HELP ME INSIDE WITH THIS DEAD CRITTER!

ALL RIGHT, BUT I'M A MITE SURPRISED, KING, THAT THE SHERIFF APPOINTED A CRITTER WITH YORE POOR REPUTATION A DEPUTY! I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO ASK HIM ABOUT THIS WHEN HE SHOWS UP!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME! YUH CAN ASK HIM WHEN HE SHOWS UP!

THAT IS IF HE EVER SHOWS UP, HA, HA!

THANKS FOR THE HELPING HAND, PARDNER!

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THE SHERIFF WOULD HAVE APPOINTED YUH A DEPUTY!
WESTERN HERO

IT'S THE TRUTH! I WAS THERE WHEN HE DEPUTIZED HIM!

WELL, IF THERE WAS A WITNESS, I RECKON IT'S SO! I WISH YUH GOOD LUCK! YUH CERTAINLY STARTED OUT WELL KILLING THAT NO-GOOD MURDERER! SO LONG, KING!

IT'S LUCKY I PRETENDED TO HAVE BEEN HIT WHEN THAT BULLET WHIZZED BY ME, OR KING WOULD HAVE KEPT SHOOTING UNTIL HE WAS SURE I WAS DEAD!

I RECOGNIZE KRUM AS THE DEPUTY'S MURDERER, BUT I'D BETTER NOT SAY ANYTHING UNTIL I'M SURE ON WHOSE SIDE KING IS! MY OWN HUNCH IS THAT HE'S IN PARTNERSHIP WITH KRUM!

NOW WITH ME A DEPUTY, I RECKON THERE'LL BE NOTHING TO STOP US FROM ROBBING ALL THE RANCHERS AROUND HYAR! EVEN IF THEY SHOULD SUSPECT ME, THERE'S NO OTHER LAWMAN AROUND TO WHOM THEY COULD TELL THEIR SUSPICIONS!

CORRECT, KING, BUT AS LONG AS THE SHERIFF IS ALIVE, THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE THAT HE'LL ESCAPE FROM HIS HIDING PLACE AND EXPOSE US!

THE SHERIFF WON'T BE ALIVE LONG, KRUM! I LOCKED HIM IN THE ATTIC IN HIS OWN RANCH HOUSE AT THE FOOT OF TOWN AND LEFT SOME COMBUSTIBLE MATERIAL THAT WILL BURST INTO FLAME IN HIS BASEMENT! HE'LL BE BURNED TO DEATH!

I'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT SHERIFF, BUT I'D NEVER GET PAST THEM WITHOUT MY GUNS!

THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE IS TO GET THOSE TWO OUT OF THE JAILHOUSE! IF I DUMP ALL THESE DISHES OUT THE WINDOW...

--THE NOISE SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO BRING THEM RUNNING OUT!

LET'S SEE WHO'S MAKING ALL THAT RACKET? IT SOUNDS AS IF IT'S COMING FROM THE ALLEY!

THERE THEY GO! I SURE WISH I KNEW WHERE HE PUT MY GUNS, BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO LOOK FOR THEM NOW!
I only hope I can reach the Sheriff’s ranch in time to save him. Then I’m coming back here to take care of those two outlaws!

Those were the Sheriff’s dishes, but I can’t understand how they could have fallen out of the window!

I do! Look over there! Boyd was playing possum! He threw those dishes out to distract us, to give him a chance to escape!

Speed it up, Midnite! I didn’t expect those bandits to get on our trail so soon!

That horse of his is greased lightning, but keep firing! One of these bullets is bound to find its mark!

Bang! Bang!

We’re in a spot without a gun, Midnite! We could out-run them, but once we stopped to go into that burning ranch house, they’d catch up and shoot us down!

If we’re going to be of any use to the Sheriff, we’ve got to stay alive and the only way I can think of doing that is by using a trick!

When I say the word, Midnite, I want you to stop short, suddenly!
WESTERN HERO

JUST AS I PLANNED! NOW THEY’VE GOT THEIR BACKS TO US!

AND I DON’T INTEND TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO TURN AROUND AND START SHOOTING AT ME AGAIN!

OKAY, MIDNITE! NOW!

BANG! BANG!

I LOST MY GUN WHEN I FELL! SO DID I! BUT WE’RE TWO AGAINST ONE, SO I RECKON WE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM!

WHAM!

K-R-A-S-H!

SMACK

BUT KING “RECKONS” WRONG! TWO AGAINST ONE AREN’T BIG ODDS AGAINST THE MIGHTY BILL BOYD!  

POW!

SOK!
Seconds later... there's little fight left in them! I'll tie them up quickly...

--- and start off for that burning ranch house again. This time I'll make it, but I only hope I'm in time!

Let's go, midnite!

Shortly after... that must be the sheriff! Thank goodness he's still alive! But he won't be if I don't act fast! That house is going to collapse any second!

Help! Help!

Since it'd be impossible to get into that house through all those flames...

Now to swing back and up!

Just hold on, sheriff! I've got you!

I'll have to try to reach the sheriff in a different way!
AND NOT A SECOND TOO SOON, EITHER! I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU!

CRASH!

LATER....
I CAN'T GET OVER IT, BILL! YOU NOT ONLY SAVED MY LIFE BUT YOU ALSO OUTWITTED THESE TWO MURDERERS UNARMED!

BILLY, BEFORE YOU GO, I'D LIKE TO MAKE YOU A PROPOSITION! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO REMAIN HERE AS MY DEPUTY?

IT'S A MIGHTY TEMPTING OFFER, SHERIFF, BUT THE WANDERLUST BUG MUST HAVE BITTEN ME REAL HARD! I STILL HAVE THE URGE TO KEEP ON TRAVELING!

BUT WHEREVER I GO, I'LL BE FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER!

SO LONG, BILL, AND GOOD LUCK!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF BILL BOYD IN WESTERN HERO, ON SALE EVERY MONTH AND ALSO IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE, BILL BOYD WESTERN. ONLY 10¢!

COMIX CARDS appear every month in WESTERN HERO

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PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY IN PENCIL!
THE mountain forest was quiet, save for the distant sound of logging crews at work.

As Red Roan watched, beside his grazing herd, the famous red stallion could hear the husky lumbermen shouting to each other. Through the forest corridors, he could see their plaid-shirted forms, as they wielded long, double-bladed axes, and sent huge trees hurtling to the forest floor. Again and again the cry "Timber!" rang over the mountainside.

It was not often that the crimson king of the herd brought his charges close to human beings.

But this time he had a good reason. For several days, two huge, shaggy grizzlies had been following the wild horse herd! Evil-tempered and hungry, due to a shortage of game in the forest, they had plainly been planning to ambush and slay one of Red Roan's straying colts

Several times, Red Roan had scented their presence in the forest, and had sent the herd galloping away in swift flight! One time, one of the grizzlies, lunging from behind a blackberry thicket, had taken a yearling by surprise. Luckily, Red Roan had been on the spot, and, hooves flailing, he had managed to keep the bear away long enough to permit the terrified young horse to escape!

But he realized that he could not keep this up forever. To save the herd, he would have to turn for help to the only creature that was more powerful than the great lumbering bears—to man!

"If we go where there are men," Red Roan decided, "the grizzlies will not follow us. They will not dare to attack us then!"

With this in mind, he had led the herd through the forest to a place where he knew a lumbering crew was at work. There, as the loggers worked, felling the towering giants of the mountains, Red Roan permitted his herd to rest, and graze in the forest meadows. And, with the humans close by, there seemed to be no sign of the savage grizzlies. Evidently the great stallion's plan had worked.

Then, one day, as Red Roan nibbled the succulent young grass shoots, he saw one of the lumbermen approaching, holding a long axe in his hand.

The logger, tall and slender, paused when he saw the wild horse herd. He pushed the checked cap back on his bronzed forehead and grinned.

"Looks like we've got company," he said to himself. "Well, Mister, I won't bother you—if you don't bother me!"

WITH the herd watching warily, he selected a giant spruce tree. Planting his feet firmly, he swung the long, keen-bladed axe. It hissed through the air in a graceful arc, biting deep into the body of the tree. White chips flew out in a steady stream, as he chopped rhythmically.

For a few moments the wild horses watched the man warily. Then they returned to their grazing.

Through the afternoon, as the sun began to drop behind the highest tree-tops, the slender logger continued to work. Finally, as the base of the huge spruce grew weaker and weaker, and the top began to sway back and forth, he plunged the axe home with the vital stroke.

With a creaking sound, the giant spruce began slowly to come down.

"Timber! Timber!" the logger shouted, springing quickly out of the destructive path of the falling tree.

But, as the spruce plunged toward the ground, it hit another smaller tree. And this tree, falling, smashed against the young logger. Stunned by the force of the blow he lay pinned against a huge boulder.

With the sound of the falling tree, Red Roan had looked up, ears pricked forward. With his great dark eyes, he had seen the logger fall, trapped by the smaller tree.

Now, slowly and cautiously, the roan stallion moved toward the helpless lumberman.
He could hear the youth muttering to himself, evidently in great pain. "Trapped here... under tree. After work, all men go back to camp for chow. Won't know I'm missing until... maybe tomorrow... maybe not even then..."

Many an ordinarily intelligent horse or dog might have sensed the peril that threatened the man lying there, pinned by the big spruce. They might have sensed and understood the danger, but they would not have known what to do about it. But Red Roan knew what he could do! For once one of his mares had been caught beneath a giant limb that had fallen in a windstorm. He had managed to free her—and had saved her life!

Now the graceful red stallion moved toward the man.

Putting his glossy shoulder against the fallen log, he pressed against it.

For a moment it did not move. Again he pressed, his taut muscles straining. This time, ever so little, the tree shifted. Again the king of the herd strained powerfully against the massive spruce. And again it moved—by a few inches.

Hardly daring to believe what was happening, the fallen logger looked up at Red Roan with eyes of hope.

"Keep trying, boy," he breathed. "You're getting it!"

Again Red Roan summoned all his prairie-born strength, and heaved against the log. Lying on its side, the long spruce began to turn. Now the logger's shoulder was free. Now his chest was exposed. Clutching the rough bark of the spruce with his hands, he began to press down hard in the attempt to free himself completely.

At this moment, as Red Roan gathered himself for a final effort, he suddenly heard a terror-filled neigh!

WHIRLING about, the king of the herd saw what had caused the neigh. There, but a few yards away, were several colts and mares. And, lunging toward them, from behind the screening undergrowth, were the two huge grizzly bears that had been following the herd all along. Evidently, emboldened by hunger, they had dared even to come close to man!

Now the chips were down! It was a battle for survival—a battle that Red Roan could not stay out of!

Eyes gleaming, scarlet mane fluttering behind him, the big stallion sprang toward his enemies with a furious, warning neigh. Rearing high in the air, he came down with both hooves against the nearest bear. For a moment, the ravenous beast was forced back—but then he came on again. The odds were two to one! Two huge, tremendously powerful, razor-clawed rulers of the forest against a single defiant foe.

Back and forth over the forest floor, the battle raged.

Fighting desperately, lashing out with hammer-like hooves, and biting with his long white teeth, Red Roan managed to drive the animals off again and again. But each time, undaunted, they lumbered toward him, stubbornly determined. Soon the tall stallion's side was glossy with sweat, and the ridges of a dozen claw wounds were scored across his back. Legs growing tired, the kingdom of the herd was gradually being forced backward by the relentless bear!

Then from the corner of his eye, Red Roan saw a gleam of gray metal whipping through the air! A cry of pain came from one of the bears. Leaping swiftly to the side, Red Roan saw the logger, half-crouched, wielding his long lumberman's axe. Working his way free from the fallen spruce, he had hobbled forward to join the red horse in battle. Again the young logger smashed the keen blade through the air—and again it struck home. Grunting in surprise, the other bear backed away!

Through tiny pig-like eyes, the two grizzlies examined their new foe.

The logger moved slowly toward them, swinging his big axe! And beside him, with fresh determination, Red Roan advanced. Thankful for his ally. The two grizzlies sniffed doubtfully.

Then, as one, they turned.

Retreating at an awkward but speedy gait, they were soon out of sight in the forest.

His herd was saved! Red Roan turned to look at the man whose help had brought victory!

GRINNING, the slender logger held himself erect, using his axe as a crutch. With one sinewy hand, he patted Red Roan's gleaming, arched neck.

"Thanks, Mister!" he said. "If it hadn't been for you, I reckon I'd still be under that log! And if it hadn't been for me, I reckon part of your herd might be going down the gullets of those grizzlies! Fair exchange is no robbery—but I hope we never have to do it again!"

THE END

RED ROAN appears in more exciting adventures in every issue of WESTERN HERO!
Out of the past they come, these riders of the outlaw trail from their graves on Boot Hill, the dead desperados arise to plunder and pillage again. Even the guns of Monte Hale cannot turn back the menace of the "Bandits of Boot Hill!"

End of the outlaw trail for Montana Mike... Monte Hale’s leading that posse! I can’t lose 'em!

We’ve got him cornered, men! He’s doubling back for Hoot Owl Pass. Close in on him! BANG!
EYOW! MONTE HALE SHOT MY GUN RIGHT OUT OF MY HAND!

I'LL NEVER MAKE HOOT OWL PASS ALIVE! ONLY ONE WAY LEFT TO SHAKE 'EM! I'LL HAVE TO JUMP THAT GULLY!

ONE GREAT, MUSCLE-STRAINING EFFORT OF HORSE AND MAN...

YAAAAA! MY HOSs COULDN'T MAKE IT!

I RECKON THAT'S THE LAST WE'LL EVER SEE OF MONTANA MIKE! HE'LL NEVER ROB ANOTHER BANK!

BETTER MAKE A STRETCHER SO WE CAN BRING HIS BODY BACK TO TOWN! HE'LL GET A DECENT BURIAL ON BOOT HILL!

AND BY SUNSET OF THAT DAY MONTANA MIKE FINDS HIS FINAL RESTING PLACE ON FAMED BOOT HILL...

BLACK BILLY, TWO GUN JACK DUGGER, AND NOW MONTANA MIKE! THAT WIPES OUT THE LAST OF THE OUTLAWS WHO'VE BEEN HARRIING THIS REGION! RECKON I'LL BE MOVING ALONG!

THE PEOPLE OF THIS TOWN OWE YOU A DEBT, MR. HALE! I WISH YOU'D STOP BY MY GUNSMITH SHOP BEFORE YOU GO!

LATER, IN JOHN DENBY'S GUNSMITH SHOP...

HERE YOU ARE, MONTE! A SILVER-HANDED GUN AND A BRAND NEW CARTRIDGE BELT! A FEW OF OUR CITIZENS CONTRIBUTED TO HELP BUY IT FOR YOU!

WHY, THANK YOU, MR. DENBY! THAT'S RIGHT KIND OF YOU! I DON'T USUALLY ACCEPT REWARDS FOR HUNTING DOWN KILLERS, BUT I RECKON I CAN MAKE AN EXCEPTION IN THIS CASE!

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WHY, THANK YOU, MR. DENBY! THAT'S RIGHT KIND OF YOU! I DON'T USUALLY ACCEPT REWARDS FOR HUNTING DOWN KILLERS, BUT I RECKON I CAN MAKE AN EXCEPTION IN THIS CASE!
I sure wish Monte Hale would settle down here in Three Pines for good!

Monte Hale doesn't stay anywhere very long! But wherever he goes, the outlaws move out in a hurry!

But several nights later, the sound of hoofs and guns stirs echoes in the silent streets of Three Pines...

I'd know that hombre who tossed lead at me anywhere! It was Montana Mike!

While on the street, the sheriff makes an equally startling discovery...

Everybody in this part of the country knows about Three Pines. I read about it here in the paper! It's gonna be a ghost town if those bandits keep riding down from Boot Hill!

Put your shooting-iron away, sheriff! Don't reckon I'd let you kill me twice, do you? Sheriffs' jail.

That's loco talk! I don't believe a word of it.

And as the outlaws depart...

That's Black Billy all right! He's a sight too much ghost! I had him dead in my sights and never touched him!

And when Monte Hale reaches the next town...

Where are you from, stranger? I've been riding the trail for a spell! I left Three Pines about a week ago!

And when Monte Hale reaches the next town...

Where are you from, stranger? I've been riding the trail for a spell! I left Three Pines about a week ago!

Can't blame you for leaving the place! I reckon most of the people here are doing the same thing. Since the ghost bandits showed up...

Later, as Monte Hale returns to Three Pines...

Hardly a sign of life! Reckon that hombre was right when he said most folks were clearing out!

I killed him in a gun fight three years ago! Now his ghost has come back to get me!

I'm a fool to wait! He's a sight enough ghost! I had him dead in my sights and never touched him!

And when Monte Hale reaches the next town...

While on the street, the sheriff makes an equally startling discovery...

That's Black Billy all right! He's a sight too much ghost! I had him dead in my sights and never touched him!

Bang!

It sounds like gunfire.

Whoa, pardner! That sounded like gunfire!

Bang!

Yahoo! I take my money! Only leave me alone! I don't aim to have any quarrel with ghosts!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
I'VE JUST BEEN ROBBED BY THE GHOST BANDITS! I'M PACKING UP AND getting out of TOWN!

MOVE, PARDNER! WE'LL FIND OUT HOW THOSE GHOSTS LIKE TO HAVE SOMEONE RIDING THEIR TRAIL!

IT'S MONTE HALE! HE'S AFTER US!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THAT HOMBRE!

SHOOT HIM OUT OF THE SADDLE!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

THOSE ARE MIGHTY REAL BULLETS THOSE GHOSTS ARE SHOOTING, PARDNER! BUT WE'LL GIVE THEM BACK SOME OF THE SAME!

DOGGONE! I DIDN'T BELIEVE ANY HOMBRE EXCEPT MONTE HALE! HE SHOT OUR GUNS RIGHT OUT OF OUR HANDS!

WELL, HE DIDN'T GET MINE! AND I'M GONNA MAKE SURE THAT THIS SHOT COUNTS!

TARNATION! THAT BULLET CUT THROUGH THE SADDLE STRAPS!
SIX-MINUTES PASS BEFORE MONTE HALE RECOVERS FROM THE STUNNING IMPACT OF HIS FALL....

AND THESE PEARL-HANDED SIX-SHOOTERS ARE THE SAME TYPE USED BY TWO-GUN JACK DUGGER! IS IT REALLY POSSIBLE THAT...? HELLO THERE, PARONER! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK YOU'D RUN OFF AND DESERTED ME!

BANGING ON THE GUNS I SHOT OUT OF THE GHOST BANDITS' HANDS! IT'S THE SAME SHOOTING IRON THAT BELONGED TO MONTANA MIKE... EVEN HAS HIS INITIALS CARVED INTO IT!

NEWHHH!

BUT MONTE INVESTIGATES AND...

A TRAIL OF FRESH FOOTPRINTS LEADS RIGHT TO THIS HEADSTONE! AH, HERE'S THE ANSWER! IT'S A TRAP-DOOR AND THOSE STEPS LEAD DOWN TO SOME SORT OF CAVE!

I HEAR VOICES DOWN THERE! LOOKS AS IF I'VE FOUND THE GRAVE THAT THE GHOST BANDITS INHABIT!

AND INSIDE THE CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED CAVE...

THE HOTEL ROBBERY WAS OUR LAST JOB, BOYS! WON'T BE A LIVING SOUL LEFT IN THREE PINES AFTER THIS! YOU CAN KEEP THE WHOLE Loot FOR YOURSELVES AS USUAL!

YOU NEVER TAKE ANY OF THE LOOT BOSS! HOW CAN THIS SETUP PAY OFF FOR YOU?

I'VE FOUND THE GRAVE THAT THE GHOST BANDITS INHABIT!
Maybe I can guess, it’s Monte Hale! He just wants to scare everybody out of Three Pines!

You got Black Billy in the gun hand! But I don’t need my sixguns to take care of you!

There you go, Dugger, boasting again!

But it’s time I stopped calling you by a dead man’s name! I’ve got to get out of here!

Don’t be in such a hurry, Montana Mike! Remember what happened the last time you tried to escape!

After the bandits of Boot Hill will have been stripped of their disguises...

So Montana Mike is really John Denby, the gunslick! And the other two are John, you hired to impersonate Black Billy and two Gun Jack Dugger! They did a right convincing job of it, too!

Of course, they were helped out a lot by the props you gave them! As a gunslick, you found it easy to duplicate the original shooting-irons of the outlaws! And you sold defective cartridges to the townsfolk of Three Pines! That’s why their bullets never injured the ghost bandits!

Care to tell me why you matter, now! I discovered rich oil deposits! Would you rather wait lying under most of the town of Three Pines? If I made everybody clear out, I could stake my claim to the land for myself! I’d have done it, too, if you haven’t interfered!

Later, when the ghost bandits have been turned over to the law...

No danger of Three Pines becoming a ghost town, now that oil has been discovered!
WESTERN HERO

CACTUS BRAIN BUSY!

I SHORE HAVE A LOT OF WORK TUH DO...HUh?

HEY, BUSTER, WHT KIND OF BOOK HAVE YOU GOT THAR?

IT'S ABOUT ALL THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES, UNCLE CACTUS BRAIN!

GEE, THAT SOUNDS INTERESTING! LET ME SEE IT!

GOSH, LOOK AT THET! THAR'S GEORGE WASHINGTON AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN! THEY SHORE WUX GREAT PRESIDENTS!

MAYBE I'LL BE PRESIDENT SOMEDAY!

MAYBE Yuh WILLL, I SHORE HOPE SO, BUSTER!

COULD Yuh BE PRESIDENT, UNCLE CACTUS BRAIN?

NO...

---I HAVEN'T THE TIME! I'M TOO BUSY WITH ALL MY CHORES!
ONE DAY AS TOM MIX IS HEADING BACK TO HIS HOME TOWN, DOBIE, AFTER A LONG TRIP ACROSS THE PRAIRIE....

THIS IS A STRANGE PART OF THE COUNTRY FOR US, TONY. I HOPE WE REACH THE NEXT TOWN BEFORE IT GETS DARK.

TOM MIX’S REPUTATION AS A DEFENDER OF JUSTICE AND AN UPHOLDER OF THE LAW IS WELL-KNOWN. BUT WHEN DOBIE’S NUMBER ONE STRAIGHT-SHOOTER FINDS HIMSELF IN A STRANGE PLACE, WITHOUT ANY MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION, HE HAS TO FIGHT TO PROVE HE ISN’T A HIGHWAYMAN!

SAY! DOESN’T THAT LOOK LIKE A MAN CRAWLING OUT FROM BEHIND THOSE ROCKS?

IT IS A MAN! AND HE LOOKS AS IF HE’S BEEN BADLY HURT!

SOMETHING THE OWL HOO'T NOW! LET’S GET HIM, SHERIFF!
Oooh! Please don't beat me anymore!

Beat you?

I thought yuh were one of those two hombres who ganged up on me!

But why should anyone want to beat you? What did you do?

But I'm afraid those coyotes are still looking for me!

You can stop worrying! I come from Dobie where I work hand in hand with the sheriff.

But the safe is near the window so as I opened it, I grabbed the money and jumped through the window and crawled away! Yuh see, I still have the money!

But I'm afraid those coyotes are still looking for me.

You can stop worrying! I come from Dobie where I work hand in hand with the sheriff.

But the safe is near the window so as I opened it, I grabbed the money and jumped through the window and crawled away! Yuh see, I still have the money!

But first I've got to get you to a doctor! Where's the nearest one?

We've only got one around these hyar parts! Yuh'll find him in town! His name's Durston.

Dig dirt, Tony!

I didn't do anything! I'm the foreman at the Horseshoe Bar ranch and these varmints kept beating me until I agreed to open the boss' safe!

I'll return this money to your boss at the Horseshoe Bar ranch and see what I can do about finding those outlaws!
WESTERN HERO

Meanwhile, at the Horseshoe Bar Ranch....

While at Doctor Purston's...

While on the Trail...

Shortly After....

We'll find him if it's the last thing we do! There was a wad of dough in that safe and I don't intend to let it slip outta my hands so easy.

I'll return this money to your boss and see if I can pick up any clues as to who tried to rob the ranch!

Thanks for telling me how to find the Horseshoe Bar Ranch, Doc! Dig dirt, Tony!

Well, we circled the entire area until we came back to our campsite, Piyute... and there's still no sign of Richie and the dough!

While we're waiting, let's have some chow! Open up this can of beans!

Okay, Piyute?

What's the matter, Piyute?

The only thing I can figure out is that he headed for town as soon as it gets a little darker, we'll go after him!

He probably crawled, Robby!

There was a wad of dough in that safe and I don't intend to let it slip outta my hands so easy.

He'll return this money to your boss and see if I can pick up any clues as to who tried to rob the ranch!

Thanks, stranger! I sure do appreciate your interest!

While we're waiting, let's have some chow! Open up this can of beans!

Okay, Piyute!

What's the matter, Piyute?

The only thing I can figure out is that he headed for town as soon as it gets a little darker, we'll go after him!

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Okay, Piyute!

What's the matter, Piyute?

The only thing I can figure out is that he headed for town as soon as it gets a little darker, we'll go after him!
THIS CRITTER LOOKS PROSPEROUS! WHAT DO YUN SAY WE HOLD HIM UP BEFORE WE START LOOKIN' FOR THE FOREMAN AGAIN?

OKAY, ROBEY! BUT HE MIGHT BE HANDY WITH HIS SHOOTING IRONS SO LET'S TRY TO CATCH HIM OFF GUARD!

SECONDS LATER....

IT'S TOO DARK FOR HIM TO NOTICE THAT ROPE WE STRUNG ACROSS THE PATH! NOW LET'S GET OUT OF SIGHT!

AS THE UNSUSPECTING TOM RIDES UP.....

TONY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YORE HORSE IS ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU WON'T BE, MISTER, IF YUN START ANY TROUBLE!

THIS MUST BE ONE OF THE CRITTERS WHO TRIED TO ROB RICHIE! WELL, HE'S NOT ROBBING ME SO EASILY!

WHY ARE YUN LOOKING AT YORE FEET?

BECAUSE I WANTED TO DISTRACT YOU FOR A SECOND! NOW....

WHAM!

---WE CAN FIGHT THIS OUT WITH OUR FISTS!

Pow!
I never believe in using fists when I've got my gun handy!

This critter has the punch of a mule!

Tie him up! I'll see how much dough there is in that money bag!

Ugh!

Conk!

Shortly after....

Wow! This is a real haul! There's almost as much money here as I expected to find in the Horseshoe Bar Ranch safe!

I reckon we can start for town to look for the Foreman, Piute! It's dark now!

Let's go!

When Tom Mix comes to.....

Oooh, my head! Where am I?

The two robbers rush off not realizing that the money they've just stolen from Tom Mix is the same money they're trying to steal from Richie!

Now I remember! They sure did a good job of tying me up! I can't budge these ropes!

Maybe if I can reach that open can, I'll be able to cut these ropes open on the sharp edge!

It worked!
I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START LOOKING FOR THOSE PRAIRIE RATS, BUT I DO KNOW THE FIRST THING I'VE GOT TO DO!

AND THAT IS TO TELL RICHIE WHAT HAPPENED!

DING DING, TONY!

SHORTLY AFTER...

YUH WERE RIGHT, PIYUTE! RICHIE IS IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE! I GAVE HIM, THIS IS THE PLACE HE MOST LIKELY WOULD HAVE COME TO!

LET'S GO IN AND GET THE MONEY!

WAIT A SECOND, PIYUTE! I HEAR SOMEONE RIDING UP!

LOOK, ROBEY! IT'S THAT CRITTER WE ROBBED ON THE PRAIRIE!

HE'S STOPPING HYAR! I RECKON WE BETTER STAY OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL HE'S GONE!

WHEN TOM TELLS RICHIE WHAT HAPPENED.......

WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO TRUST A STRANGER! YUH TELL ME YO'RE GOING TO RETURN THE MONEY TO MY BOSS, BUT INSTEAD YUH KEEP IT YORE-SELF AND EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT STORY ABOUT YUH BEING ROBBED!
I wouldn't do a thing like that! Anyone in Dobie will vouch for my honesty! This should keep you hyar until I can get the sheriff. Hey, do you hear what I hear? We already have the Horseshoe Bar ranch money! Let's scram! I can't blame you for what you're thinking, but now I can not only prove my story but also catch the Owlhoots who robbed me! I just saw them through the window!

I don't see anyone! You're not going to trick me into letting you vamoose! I hate to do this--- ...but it is the only way I can save your money and clear my name!

Did you see two Hombres rush by here as if their horses were on fire? I'll say I did! They almost ran me over!

They went that way! Dig dirt, Tony!
But Richie regains consciousness as Tom rides off...

I'll get the sheriff and we'll go after that robber!

The sheriff quickly rounds up a posse and led by Richie they go after the innocent Tom Mix!

Since he headed up Split Mountain we can cut him off by taking this short cut!

Shortly after......

I've spotted the varmints! I only wish there were some way to reach them without having to ride to the top of this mountain but there isn't, so let's keep going, Tony!

Suddenly....

There he is, let's get him!

(Gulp) It's Richie and a posse! If they arrest me, the two robbers will get away and I'll be unable to prove my innocence!

Just a few minutes ago, I was hoping there was some short cut by which I could catch up to those robbers! But, since there isn't...-

---We'll have to make our own! Let's go, Tony!

Will Tom survive the death-defying leap?
He gave us the slip. Now we'll have to go all the way around the top to get him! The quicker we start the better! Let's go!

Meanwhile...

It's that critter again! I reckon the only way we can get rid of him is to shoot him!

But before either of them can draw...

You're not reaching for your guns if I can help it!

Wham!

And it looks as if I can help it!

Plop!

And as the posse rides up...

But that's Tom Mix! I'd recognize him anywhere!

TOM MIX! THEN HE WASN'T LYING WHEN HE SAID HE CAME FROM DOBIE AND WORKED WITH THE SHERIFF!

NO, I WASN'T, RICHIE! AND IF YOU'LL TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THESE VARMITS YOU'LL RECOGNIZE THEM AS THE BANDITS WHO BEAT YOU UP AND TRIED TO ROB YOU!

They're the ones, all right! I reckon I owe yuh an apology, Tom!

Forget it, Richie! I can't blame you for being suspicious! After all, come to think of it, I never even told you my name!

I'll put these two varmints behind bars where they belong! Thanks for catching them, Tom.

TOM MIX IS ON THE AIR!

Broadcast from coast to coast over the Mutual Network, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 3:30 P.M.
When it comes to blowing bubbles, Fleer's Dubble Bubble can't be beat!
TELL ME, LIL' BUCK, WHAT PINE HAS THE LONGEST AND SHARPEST NEEDLES?

ER, ER...

ER, ER...

THAT'S THE TWELVE O'CLOCK WHISTLE! CLASS DISMISSED FOR LUNCH!

WHISTLE!

DON'T FORGET, LIL' BUCK, YOU STILL HAVE TO ANSWER MY QUESTION WHEN YOU GET BACK!

(GULP!)

PHEW! JUST IN TIME! I DON'T KNOW WHAT PINE HAS THE LONGEST AND SHARPEST NEEDLES!

OH, TEACHER, I KNOW NOW WHICH PINE HAS THE LONGEST AND SHARPEST NEEDLES!

YOU DO? FINE! WHICH ONE?

THE PORCUPINE! OUCH!
I Will Train You at Home for Good Jobs in RADIO-TELEVISION

I Send You Many KITS OF PARTS for practical experience

America's Fastest Growing Industry Offers You GOOD PAY--SUCCESS

Want a good-pay job in the fast growing RADIO-TELEVISION Industry? Want a money-making Radio-Television shop of your own? Here's your opportunity. I've trained hundreds of men to be successful Technicians -- MEN WITH NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE. My tested and proved training-at-home method makes learning easy. You learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You get practical experience building, testing, experimenting with MANY KITS OF PARTS I send. All equipment yours to keep.

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The day you enroll, I start sending SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how to make $5, $10 a week at more EXTRA MONEY fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning from here. It's a short step to your own shop or a good-pay Radio-Television servicing job. Or be a Licensed Radio-Television Operator or Technician.

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Act now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitled you to actual lessons, "GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH RECEIVER SERVICING". It shows you that learning at home is easy, practical. You also get my 48-page book, "HOW TO BE A SUCCESS IN RADIO-TELEVISION." It tells what my graduates are doing and earning. Send coupon in envolope or make up coupon pastel J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. ORN 5, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 5, D. C.

Good for Both--FREE

Good for Both--FREE

I TRAINED THESE MEN

I trained these men to operate radio stations, National Broadcasting Company, National Radio Institute, Muncie, Indiana. The boy at the switch was under 16 years old. The girl at the switch was under 16 years old. The girl at the switch was under 16 years old.

Send coupon in envolope or make up coupon pastel J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. ORN 5, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 5, D. C.

MAIL ME SAMPLE LESSON AND FREE 48-page book about How to Win Success in Radio-Television—with FREE. (No salesman will call; please write plainly.)

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City__________________________ Zone______ State_____

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Hoffman, Sea Glass Coloring

Before starting the Radio-Television work, I was a salaried wage earner for a year as a Radio Technician. Since the filing we have a shop, we are earning our living.

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OWN THIS SADDLE GUN, PARTNER!

 Feast your eyes on this husky, straight-shootin' saddle gun — the world-famous DAISY RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE! — the best Christmas Gift any boy can get! Carry and shoot this genuine Western style Saddle Carbines — enjoy its realistic feel, action, looks. Ask Dad to buy one for Christmas now! Tell him you'll follow Daisy's Safety Shooting Rules — just as millions of boys have since 1898! Only $4.95 with Leather Saddle Thong attached to Carbine Ring! At your favorite hardware, sport goods or department store.

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