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THE DEATH GULCH TRAP!
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PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY IN PENCIL
WE'RE TEN AGAINST ONE!
NO MATTER HOW GOOD A SHOT YUH ARE,
HOPALONG, YUH'LL NEVER GIT OUTTA
HERE ALIVE!

TEN AGAINST ONE -- AND THAT TEN MADE UP
THE WEST'S MOST INFAMOUS GANG, THE TORNADO
KILLERS! TWIN RIVER'S FAMOUS SHERIFF, HOPALONG
CASSIDY, FACES CERTAIN DESTRUCTION WHEN, SINGLE-
HANDEDLY, HE STEPS FORWARD TO MEET THE
CHALLENGE AND GETS CORNERED!
A group of worried citizens assembles in front of the Twin River jailhouse to discuss a serious problem!

The Tornado Killers just robbed another bank, which means Muh Twin River bank is the only one in this area they haven't touched! But knowing how they operate, I reckon they'll be here soon enough. I tell you we got to be ready for them.

They'll shoot anyone and everyone around to make good their escape! If innocent lives are to be saved, the Tornado Killers must be captured before they reach Twin River!

It would be a great trick—especially since no one's ever been able to locate their hide-out!

But at that moment, Mesquite, Hopalong's deputy, rides into town!

Mesquite! What happened? (Gasp!) The Tornado Killers! They plugged me in the arm!

I was lucky to get away from them alive! I wuz heading back from Canyon City to Twin River and decided to take a short-cut through Thunder Canyon's old deserted mining town, and that's where I ran into them varmints!

Forbes, get Mesquite to a doctor! The rest of you men get your horses and follow me!

We're heading for the ghost town and a showdown with the Tornado Killers!

Good luck, Hoppy! I shore wish I could be going with you!
WESTERN HERO

AS THE POSSE ENTERS THUNDER CANYON'S GHOST TOWN, HOPALONG SIGNALS THE MEN TO HALT!

SPLIT UP IN GROUPS, MEN, AND MAKE A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE ENTIRE TOWN! REMEMBER THESE VARMINTS ARE KILLERS, SO BE ON GUARD!

BUT AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH---

WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THE WHOLE TOWN WITHOUT FINDING A SINGLE SOLITARY PERSON. IF YUH ASK ME, THE TORNADO KILLERS HEADED FOR A NEW HIDE-OUT WHEN THEY REALIZED MESQUITE GOT AWAY ALIVE.

I RECKON YUH'RE RIGHT! LET'S RIDE BACK TO TWIN RIVER!

MEANWHILE, AT THE TWIN RIVER BANK---

GULP! THE TORNADO KILLERS!

CORRECT THE FIRST TIME, MISTER! NOW IF YUH DON'T WANT TO BITE THE DUST, LINE UP WITH YORE FACE TO THE WALL AND YORE HANDS IN THE AIR--AND TELL YORE HELP TO DO THE SAME.

MINUTES LATER---

OKAY, TORNADO! WE'VE CLEANED THE BANK OUT TO ITS LAST CENT!

THEN LET'S HIT THE SADDLE! IF ANYBODY TRIES TO STOP US, SHOOT TO KILL!

AND WHEN HOPALONG AND THE POSSE RETURN TO TOWN---

IT HAPPENED, HOPALONG! WHILE YUH WERE GONE, THE TORNADO KILLERS ROBBED THE BANK!

EVERY ONE OF US HAD OUR LIFE SAVINGS IN FORBES' BANK! HE'S GOT TO MAKE GOOD OUR LOSSES!

BUT I CAN'T MAKE GOOD THE LOSSES! ALL MY MONEY WAS STOLEN, TOO! UNLESS THAT STOLEN MONEY IS Brought back, I'M AFRAID THE WHOLE TOWN OF TWIN RIVER IS BANKRUPT!

THIS IS ONE TIME THE TORNADO KILLERS OVERPLAYED THEIR HAND!
WHAT MAKES YUH SAY THAT, HOPALONG? WHY, THOSE VARMINTS HAVE SLIPPED THROUGH THE FINGERS OF MANY A POSSE!

MY HUNCH IS THAT THEY WENT BACK TO THE GHOST TOWN! THEY'VE PROBABLY THINK WE NEVER EXPECT THEM TO RETURN THERE AFTER BEING SPOTTED BY MESQUITE! THE COYOTES NATURALLY WOULD THINK IT TO BE AN IDEAL HIDE-OUT!

I HEARD WHAT YUH JUST SAID, HOPALONG, BUT I DON'T AGREE WITH YUH! WHEN THEY LEFT HERE THEY WERE HEADING SOUTH FOR THE BORDER!

THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN TAKING A ROUNDABOUT WAY BACK SO AS TO THROW US OFF THE TRACK!

LOOK HYAR, SHERIFF! I SAW THOSE CROOKS RIDE OFF IN THAT THAR DIRECTION — AND AS A TAX-PAYING CITIZEN I INSIST YUH FORGET YOUR THEORIES AND GO AFTER THEM!

I HATE TO HAVE TO FOLLOW MY HUNCH THROUGH BY MYSELF, BUT AS A CITIZEN YOU'VE GOT YOUR RIGHTS, SO I'LL SEND THE POSSE WHERE YOU WANT THEM TO GO, WHILE I HEAD BACK FOR THE GHOST TOWN BY MYSELF!

HOPALONG Rides THE PERILOUS TRAILS OF BUZZARD CLIFFS, A SHORT CUT TO THUNDER CANYON, WHICH FEW MEN DARE TO UNDERTAKE!

GOOD BOY, TOPPER! WE'LL BEAT THE TORNADO KILLERS TO THUNDER CANYON!

AT THE EDGE OF THE GHOST TOWN...

KEEP OUT OF SIGHT, TOPPER! I'M GOING TO STUDY THE LAYOUT OF THIS TOWN BEFORE I TAKE A WATCH-POST!

THE TORNADO KILLERS DID COME BACK HERE! NORMALLY, I'D TAKE A CHANCE AND Tackle THEM ALL! IN THIS CASE, THOUGH, THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO GET THAT MONEY BACK TO SAVE TWIN RIVER FROM GOING BANKRUPT!
WESTERN HERO

I'm so up to take a nap, Roamer. In the meanwhile, Yuh go out and rustle up some grub!

I'll git right to it, Tornado!

The only solution is to try to get the money without their knowledge and then return with the posse to round them up!

Break up into small groups, boys! Then if any of us is caught off guard, the rest of us can come to the rescue! I'll use this building as my headquarters!

I'm going up to take a nap, Roamer. In the meanwhile, Yuh go out and rustle up some grub!

I'll git right to it, Tornado!

Since I want to get the money out of here without their knowing about it, I can't do a thing until Tornado falls asleep!

I'll find a place to hide upstairs while the coast is clear!

After a tense period of waiting in hiding...

He's asleep at last! Now to take the valise and get out of here before one of his henchmen decides to come in!

But as Hopalong steps out to the hallway, he meets Roamer!

Hopalong Cassidy!... Tornado! Wake up! Quick!

It's one of the gang! Tornado took just a little too long to fall asleep!

Well, my plan to get out of here without being seen has backfired!

Pow! Crash!
As the outlaw goes down from the fighting sheriff's blow, the noise awakens the sleeping gang leader!

As the killer rains blows on Hopalong, the sheriff swings his arms overhead—

—And locks them around the outlaw's neck, swinging him forward in an arc! Both men hurtle down the stairs!

Pretty smart acrobat, aren't yuh? But it isn't going to save yore hide!
I've got to prevent gunshots! They would bring the others on my neck!

Tornado can take care of Hopalong while I sneak out and get the rest of the gang!

Now to grab the valise and get out of here!

Ughh!

But as the valiant sheriff steps to the front door...

Too late! Here comes the rest of the mob, already!

Good thing I studied the structure of these buildings! The balcony window up here has a drain pipe outside that leads to the roof.

That varmint moves like greased lightning! I can't get much sights on him!

That he is! Start shooting!

That pack of wolves is out for my skin!
--- MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO HOP FROM ROOF TO ROOF UNTIL I REACH THE LAST BUILDING! I MIGHT BE ABLE TO GIVE THEM THE SLIP THAT WAY!

BUT AS HOPALONG CARRIES OUT HIS PLAN TO SAVE THE MONEY...

I SEE THEY'VE GUESSED WHAT I WAS UP TO!

TRAPPED ON THREE SIDES BY THE TORNADO KILLERS, HOPALONG'S MIND RACES TO DETERMINE A METHOD OF ESCAPE...

BANG!

WE'RE TEN AGAINST ONE! NO MATTER HOW GOOD A SHOT YUH ARE, HOPALONG, YOU'LL NEVER GIT OUTTA HYAR' ALIVE!
I can't continue to duck these bullets for long! My only avenue of escape is to jump off from the back of this building!

Tornado! He's jumping off from the back of this building!

Come on, men! No matter what he does, he can't get away from here!

Quick, let's get downstairs! Tornado is going to need all of us if he's going to stop that madman!

This position looks as good as any! I might as well fight it out now before they get the chance to surround me again!

Keep firing! One of us is bound to hit him!

I won't have a chance to reload, so I'll have to make every shot count!

With ten against one, they can afford to fire at will and trust to luck, but—
AND ALTHOUGH BULLETS KEEP WHISTLING ALL AROUND HIM, HOPALONG REMAINS CALM AND ONE BY ONE PICKS OFF PRACTICALLY THE ENTIRE GANG OF TORNADO KILLERS!

BUT BEFORE TORNADO CAN FIRE, HOPALONG SWIRLS WITH LIGHTNING SPEED!

(GROAN)

MUH HAND!

THE PRISON DOCTOR IS GOING TO HAVE A BUSY TIME PATCHING UP YOU AND YOUR GANG OF OUTLAWS!

THAT TAKES CARE OF ANOTHER ONE!

YUH WOUNDED ALL MUH GANG, BUT NOW I'VE GOT YUH DEAD IN MUH SIGHT--

BANG!

I RECKON I OWE THE SHERIFF AN APOLOGY; IT'S MUH FAULT HE HAD TO FACE ALL THOSE MURDERERS BY HIMSELF! FROM NOW ON I'LL STICK TO BANKING AND LET HOPALONG DO HIS OWN "SHERIFFING." WHEN IT COMES TO OUTTHINKING AND OUTSMARTING CRIMINALS, THERE'S NO ONE BETTER THAN HOPALONG IN THE WHOLE WEST!

LOOK! IT'S HOPALONG! HE'S BRINGING BACK OUR MONEY AND THE WHOLE GANG! SINGLE-HANDEDLY, TOO!

FREDDY FREEMAN

COMIX CARDS appear every month in

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF CAPT. MARVEL JR.
IN MASTER COMICS
AND CAPT. MARVEL JR.
AND THE MARVEL FAMILY
EVERY MONTH!
ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND!
Cut out dotted line and paste on cardboard
Now I can see myself in action!

Sparked by Joost's sensational play, Team Ghost Athletics finished in 1st Division (48) for first time in 16 years. Eddie was awarded Television set when fans voted him "Most Valuable and Popular Philadelphia Player."

"See what you can do with Wheaties, boys!"

Champions start young! Eddie Joost began in Pacific Coast League when only 16 years old! Has played every infield position during career.

Eddie has 4 sons—wants them all to be ball players!

"For a swell year-around training dish, I'll take Wheaties anytime," says Champion Joost. "A big bowlful of those whole wheat flakes—with milk and fruit—really tastes swell. Hands you good nourishment, too."

Wheaties "Breakfast of Champions" with milk and fruit.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.
WHUT'S THE MATTER WITH YUH, CACTUSBRAIN? YUH LOOK AS IF YUH JEST SAT DOWN ON A CACTUS PLANT!

I DIDN'T DO THEY, BUT I FEEL JEST AS HURT!

HOW COME?

WAL, WHEN I WUZ IN TOWN A SHORT SPELL AGO, I PASSED BUCKY HORNE ON THE STREET AND HE REFUSED TUH SAY HELLO TUH ME!

(SIGH) I RECKON HE OPINES I'M NOT HIS EQUAL AND THET'S WHY I FEEL SO BAD!

AW, YUH DON'T HAVE TUH FEEL BAD AT ALL! YO'RE BUCKY HORNE'S EQUAL ANY DAY!

YUH REALLY THINK SO?

OF COURSE YO'RE BUCKY'S EQUAL!----HE'S NOTHING BUT A STUPID, BRAINLESS, DIMWITTED MORON!

!!!
BANDITS BOMBED BY BOTTLES!

Dashiel Hammett’s

Adventures of SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: “The Adventures of Sam Spade” every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

WHERE DO WE ST WITH ALL THIS WILDROOT CREAM-OIL... HEY,
LISTEN!

THE BANDITS ARE REPORTED RACING TOWARD THE BORDER POLICE WARN MOTORISTS TO CLEAR HIGHWAY #1 FOR MOTORCYCLES PURSUING THE BANDIT CAR.

THERE’S HIGHWAY #1 AND THERE’S A CAR WITH MOTORCYCLES ABOUT A MILE BEHIND...

NOW IF THEY JUST HAD A BLOWOUT! THAT WOULD STOP ‘EM!

WELL, LET’S GIVE ‘EM A BLOWOUT! FLY OVER THE ROAD AHEAD OF ‘EM, MITCH. LET’S OPEN THESE CASES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL.

CREAM-OIL AWAY!

WHY SO GLUM, SAM? THOSE GLASS BOTTLES STOPPED ‘EM.

POOR SAM...

YEAH! BUT THEY WERE FULL OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. THINK OF ALL THE GUYS WHO WOULDN’T HAVE HANDSOME, WELL-GROOMED HAIR—JUST BECAUSE OF ME!

SAM SPADE ASKS:

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERNAIL TEST?

TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD. IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS AND LOOSE, UGLY DANDRUFF YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC. NON-ALCOHOLIC — CONTAINS SOOTHING LANOLIN

EFFIE SAYS:

SMART GIRLS USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK GROOMING AND FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS BETWEEN PERMANENTS. WOMEN? FIND IT WONDERFUL FOR TRAINING CHILDREN’S HAIR.
COME HYAR, LIL BUCK! I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YUH!

SOMETHING FOR ME, PAW? YIPEE!

HYAR IT IS!

Huh? What is it?

I COME HYAR, LIL BUCK. I'VE GOT SOMETHING FER YUH—HYAR IT IS J HUH? WHAT IS IT?

IT'S A FOUNTAIN PEN! YUH CAN KEEP WRITING AND WRITING WITH IT! HYAR'S SOME PAPER! GO AHEAD AND TRY IT OUT!

IT'S KEEN, PAW! I CAN WRITE MY NAME OVER AND OVER!

YUH GO RIGHT AHEAD AND HAVE FUN. I'M GOING INSIDE AND SET FER AWHILE!

HUH?

GULP!

SP-L-F-E-E!

BUCK BUCK BUCK

PAW, PAW, SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED—MY PEN'S NOSE IS BLEEDING!
HERE'S YOUR MONEY, MR. HALE! THAT HORSE IS WORTH EVERY DOLLAR OF THE PRICE YOU'RE ASKING FOR HIM!

PARDNER'S THE BEST HORSE THAT EVER LIVED!

Monte Hale... AND PARDNER!
There's a combination that is known throughout the West! No one would have believed that the day would ever come when final, poignant farewells would be said by these two! Yet here is the amazing story of what happens when...

Monte Hale Sells Pardner!

Monte Hale is riding hard as swift-falling night cloaks the trail...

Move, pardner! We've got to reach the Bar 5 Ranch soon or we'll be camping out tonight!
The instant Monte Hale hits the ground his quick reflexes come into play. A gun leaps into his hand...

But he won't get another chance!

Ulp! He shot the gun outta muh hand!

Somebody tried to bushwhack me!

Why...why, you're no rustler! You're Monte Hale!

Fred Anderson! Is this the way you greet your guests? I was heading for your Bar S Ranch when that bullet of yours nearly stopped me!

No use trying to fight! Come and get me, yuh blasted rustler!

Why...why, you're no rustler! You're Monte Hale!

Fred Anderson! Is this the way you greet your guests? I was heading for your Bar S Ranch when that bullet of yours nearly stopped me!

I only fired a warning shot! I wouldn't want to kill even an ornery rustler! But the way yuh got the drop on me, I'm shore glad it wasn't anybody else!

Take it easy, Rinty! This hombre is a friend of yours!

Don't be angry with Rinty, pardner. He just fought for his master the way you were fighting for me!

Our horses still think we're enemies! They're really taking sides!
I CAN'T AFFORD ANOTHER LOSS LIKE THAT! IT'D WIPE US OUT! WE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO MEET THE NEXT PAYMENT ON OUR MORTGAGE DUE NEXT WEEK.

WOULD YOU MIND IF I PUT UP HERE FOR A SPELL? MAYBE I COULD HELP YOU OUT WITH THE CHORES—AND THAT INCLUDES ANY RUSTLERS!

I WISH I KNEW, MONTE! MARY AND I STARTED WITH ONLY A SMALL SPREAD. WE BUILT IT UP OVER THE YEARS INTO A REAL FINE HORSE RANCH!

WHO ARE THESE RUSTLERS YOU'RE GUNNING FOR, FRED?

ABOUT A YEAR AGO WE STARTED MISSING SOME OF OUR BEST BROOD MARES AND STALLIONS! LATELY THE RUSTLERS HAVE BEEN GETTING BOLDER! THE LAST RAID CUT OUT TWENTY OF MY BEST STOCK!

YOU LEATHERY OLD BRONCO BUSTER! I RECKON YOU'RE JUST THE MAN TO HANDLE RUSTLERS! I SHORE APPRECIATE THIS!

THANKS, FRED! WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS A LONG TIME! I'D SURE HATE TO SEE YOU LOSE YOUR SPREAD!

IT'S THE RUSTLERS! THEY'RE STARTING ANOTHER RAID!

FOR THREE NIGHTS MONTE HALE HELPS HIS FRIEND KEEP WATCH, AND THEN—

CLOPPETY-CLOP-CLOP-CLOP!

WHAT'S THAT?

HOOFBEATS! SHOOT HORSES, TOO! SOUNDS LIKE A DOZEN MEN!

THANKS, FRED! WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS A LONG TIME! I'D SURE HATE TO SEE YOU LOSE YOUR SPREAD!

IT'S THE RUSTLERS! THEY'RE STARTING ANOTHER RAID!

LET'S GO!

MOMENTS LATER, MONTE HALE AND HIS FRIEND RIDE HEADLONG INTO THE MIDST OF A BLAZING GUN BATTLE!

SHOOT 'EM OUT OF THEIR SADDLES!
Take cover, Fred!
Uhh! They got me, Monte!

You'll be all right. The bullet went clean through! A doctor will stop the bleeding!
N-never mind me! Don't let them steal my horses!

You need a doctor! That's more important! Besides, those ornery polecats hightailed it away from here!

But-but they grabbed some of my best breeding stock! They even got my horse, Rinty!

They won't get away with this! I promise you that! But if I don't get you to a medico right away, you might bleed to death!

Back at the Bar's Ranch House...

How's the patient, doctor?

My husband's going to be all right, isn't he?

I can't tell for sure, ma'am.

He's lost a lot of blood! But it isn't the wound that worries me! He just doesn't seem to care whether he pulls through or not! Keeps muttering that there's nothing left for him to live for.

Reckon you'd better have a talk with him! If a man loses the will to live, there's not much a doctor can do!

Ooohh! (Sob!)
FRED'S GOING TO DIE! I KNOW IT, MONTE! HE CAN'T FIGHT ANYMORE. NOW THAT HE KNOWS WE'RE GOING TO LOSE THE RANCH!

COURAGE, MARY! MAYBE YOU WON'T LOSE IT!

WE'RE BEATEN, MONTE! IT'S NO USE! WE HAVEN'T ANY STOCK, AND NO MONEY TO MEET THE MORTGAGE!

LEAVE THAT TO ME! I'LL FIND THE MONEY, SOMEHOW!

AND WHEN MORNING COMES...

MIGHTY SOUND HORSE FLESH, MR. HALE! YES, SIRREE! A REAL THOROUGBRED!

HOW MUCH WILL YOU PAY ME FOR HIM?

HENRY FROME, I BOY AND SELL HORSES...

HOW ABOUT THREE HUNDRED?

I NEED THREE FIFTY--CASH! YOU'LL GET THAT MUCH FOR PARDNER! A LOT OF PEOPLE KNOW WHAT HE CAN DO! AND THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW, PARDNER WILL CONVINCE MIGHTY QUICK!

IT'S A DEAL, MR. HALE!

GOOD! I NEED THE MONEY RIGHT AWAY! I'VE GOT TO PAY OFF A MORTGAGE ON THE BAR &! BUT I'D APPRECIATE IT, IF I COULD HAVE A FEW MINUTES ALONE WITH PARDNER HERE!

THIS IS THE MOST PAINFUL MOMENT IN MONTE HALE'S LONG CAREER. IT IS A MOMENT FRAUGHT WITH MANY MEMORIES....

YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU, PARDNER? WE CAN GET ALONG... WITHOUT EACH OTHER, SOMEHOW! IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN SAVE FRED ANDERSON'S LIFE!

OUR TRAILS WILL CROSS AGAIN, PARDNER, SOMEDAY! I'M SURE OF IT! AND--AND YOU KNOW THAT, WHATEVER HAPPENS, I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU!

NEEIGHH!!
WESTERN HERO

AND THAT NIGHT...

Fred's sleeping peacefully, Monte! I told him that story about your having brought back the stolen horses! He believed me when I showed him the mortgage paid up!

Good, Mary! He'll be all right now!

I don't know what he'll say when he finds out how you really raised the money! How can we ever repay you, Monte?

It's no matter, Mary! Mr. Frome promised me that Pardner would get the best of care! That's what matters most!

The next morning Pardner is brought down to the terminal to await shipment. Suddenly he spots the familiar figure of.... Rinty!

Hey!

Eeeeyow!

Hearing and lashing out with his front hoofs, Pardner acts the roll of an attacker and drives off the man holding Rinty--

Let me outta here! This Cayuse is a killer!

Stop them, you fools! Don't let those horses get away!
BUT PARDNER AND RINTY SOON SHAKE OFF THEIR PURSuers, STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW, PAR- 
NER LEADS THE WAY BACK TO THE BAR 8 RANCH....

MONTE, LOOK! ISN'T THAT YOUR HORSE? I’LL SAY IT IS! AND THAT'S RINTY WITH HIM!

BUT THE RUSTLERS TOOK RINTY! I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW PARDNER FOUND HIM AGAIN!

THE RUSTLERS CHANGED RINTY'S BRAND--WITH A RUNNING IRON! LOOK HERE!

THEY COMPLETED THE S AND MADE IT AN 8! THE BAR 8 RANCH--WHY, THAT'S THE BRAND THAT HENRY FROME SHIPS UNDER!

PARDNER GUESSED THE TRUTH WHEN HE SAW RINTY! I RECKON THAT'S WHY HE HIGHTAILED IT BACK TO ME!

RIDE TO TOWN AND CALL THE SHERIFF, MARY! I'M GOING BACK WITH PARDNER TO WHERE HE CAME FROM!

AT THE TERMINAL....

SEAL UP THAT HORSE CAR! GET THE TRAIN MOVING--FAST! WE'LL LEAVE WITHOUT THOSE TWO HORSES THAT ESCAPED!

WHAT'S THE RUSH, MR. FROME?

AFRAID THAT SOMEBODY'LL CHECK UP ON THOSE HORSES YOU'RE SHIPPING? THEY MIGHT FIND OUT THAT THEY'RE RUSTLED STOCK--WITH CHANGED BRANDS!

WHY, YOU----UHHH!

BANG!
1. True. 2. True. 3. False. He means it's lively. 4. True. 5. True.
ANYONE ELSE LOOKING FOR GUN TROUBLE? THIS IS THE PLACE TO FIND IT!

WE'RE NOT CRAZY, MISTER. NOBODY IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD SHOOT IT OUT WITH AN HOMBRE WHO DRAWS LIKE YOU DO!

YOU HAD A NEAT SCHEME FROME! YOUR HORSE TRADING BUSINESS COVERED UP THE RUSTLING GANG! YOU CHANGED BRANDS AND SHIPPED OUT STOLEN HORSES WITHOUT ANYBODY SUSPECTING WHERE YOU GOT THEM! BUT YOU OUTSMARTED YOURSELF WHEN YOU BOUGHT PARDNER!

I WARNED YOU PARDNER IS A SMART HORSE! WHEN HE SAW RINTY BEING SHIPPED OUT, PARDNER FIGURED OUT WHAT HAPPENED! RECKON YOUR DOWNFALL WAS CAUSED BY PLAIN OLD ORDINARY... HORSE SENSE!

LATER, WHEN THE SHERIFF ARRIVES TO TAKE OVER...

WE GOT BACK OUR RUSTLED STOCK, MONTE! FRED AND I CAN'T EVER THANK YOU ENOUGH. WHY DON'T YOU STAY WITH US AWHILE?

THANKS KINDLY, MARY! BUT PARDNER AND I HAVE ITCHING FEET. RECKON WE'LL HIT THE TRAIL AGAIN TOGETHER!

!??????QUIZ ?!?!

1. THE MYTHOLOGICAL FIGURE, PROMETHEUS, BROUGHT FIRE TO MAN
   TRUE . . . FALSE

2. LOUISIANNA ONCE BELONGED TO FRANCE.
   TRUE . . . FALSE

3. IF AN ENGUSHMAN SAYS "THE PARTY'S A SNAKE," HE MEANS IT'S ROTTEN.
   TRUE . . . FALSE

4. SINCE THE FIRST U.S. POSTAGE STAMP WAS PRINTED, THERE HAVE BEEN 700 DIFFERENT TYPES ISSUED.
   TRUE . . . FALSE

5. FISH CAN HEAR.
   TRUE . . . FALSE

ANSWERS:

1. TRUE 2. TRUE 3. TRUE 4. TRUE 5. TRUE
I reckon I'll go down to the stream and water my hoss!

Cold Hearted Coyote!

Huh? What's that noise? Oh, it's just a couple of kids playing!

SPLASH! SPLASH!

Say, Sonny, you'd better tell your friend to come out of the stream!

WHAT FOR?

It's getting chilly! He's liable to catch cold.

Oh, he doesn't have to worry about that.

Huh? He doesn't have to worry 'bout catching a cold? Why not?

--- He's got a cold already!

Because--
I'll send you to the happy hunting ground, you renegade Redskin! I'm Gabby Hayes, the toughest, roughest buckaroo of the Western Plains!

Gabby Hayes' tales of his fighting adventures have often been taken by the citizens of Rawhide as being tall tales! But Gabby reaches the triumphant pinnacle when he rides the Road to Glory!

...and, fellas, that fierce Redskin took to his heels when he heard my name!

Stop it, Gabby. You're wrecking my Indian!

I wuz only showing Gene and Bud what a great Injun fighter I wuz!

No Injun Renegade ever was able to sneak up behind me and - OWRRRR!
GENE! BUD! HELP! GIT THIS INJUN OFF ME, IDJITS! SOME INJUN FIGHTER, HO, HO! GIT IT OFF YORESELF! YOU WIN THE CIGAR, GABBY, HA! HA!

COME ON, GENE! LET'S GIT! HAW, HAW! SHOES NAMED HIM RIGHT WHEN THEY GIVE HIM THE HANDLE OF GABBY!

ALL RIGHT, RIGHT! SOMEDAY I'LL SHOW YUH!

WESTERN HERO

LATER, IN THE LOBBY OF THE RAWHIDE HOTEL...

YUH KNOW, GENE, I GIT SICK OF LISTENING TO THAT GABBY BRAG!

ME TOO! YUH'D THINK HE WUZ THE ONLY HOMBRE WHO EVER TOTED A GUN!

LET'S SCARE HIM! LET'S TELL HIM THAR ARE RENEGADE INJUNS ON THE WARPATH!

BETTER YET, LET'S GIT A COUPLE OF OUR FRIENDS AND ALL OF US'LL DRESS UP LIKE INJUNS AND JUMP HIM!

WHAT A JOKE THIS'LL BE! LET'S GO!

HMMM!

A JOKE EH? WE'LL SEE WHO SETS TO LAUGH!

THAT AFTERNOON FINDS GABBY RIDING THE HILLS ON HIS RETURN TO THE BAR NOTHING RANCH!

WAIT UP, GABBY! WHAR YUH BOUND FER?

TO THE RANCH!

DON'T GO! THAR ARE RENEGADE INDIANS ON THE RIDGE. THEY'RE ON THE WARPATH. THEY'LL GIT YORE SCALP!

OH, I RECKON I CAN HANDLE THEM!
NO AMOUNT OF RENEGADES CAN SCARE THIS HOMBRE!
TUT, TUT! NEVER SAID SUCH A MAN AFORE IN! MUN LIFE.
BUD AND GENE ARE GOING TO A HEAP OF TROUBLE TO PLAY A JOKE. BUT I’LL PROVE THE JOKE’S ON THEM!

BUT BACK AT THE RAWHIDE HOTEL... TOO BAD WE COULDN'T FIND ANY INJUN COSTUMES, BUDDY! YEH! NOW WE CAN’T PLAY ANY JOKE ON GABBY!

Meanwhile, Gabby hides Corker and intends to give the jokers a surprise!

No sign of those masquerading injuns! Reckon I’ll just give them a bit of time to git here!

I’ll just crawl in here and wait fer those fakers to turn up!

Soon afterward, the renegade Indians arrive!
Camp here, build fire against this log, ugh!

We build good fire, cook something to eat and then go on warpath!

Zzzzzzzzz
HARK! PURPLE COW! SOUNDS LIKE EVIL SPIRIT IN LOG!

NO! IT IS CRACKLING OF FIRE! COME! WE GO SCOUTING BEFORE EAT! MAKE SURE NO PALEFACE NEAR! LEAVE LITTLE SMOKE HERE TO GUARD FIRE.

THE HEAT WAKENS GABBY WITH A SUDDEN START!

YOW! I'M ON FIRE!

OOF! DINGBUST IT! I'M STUCK IN THIS LOG!

MAYBE I CAN SHAKE IT OFF!

WHOP!

UGH!

GABBY FINALLY SQUIRMS FREE AND TAKES STOCK OF THE SITUATION!

THIS FELLER SURE IS REALISTIC-LIKE. YUH'D ALMOST THINK HE WUZ A REAL INJUN!

I GOT AN IDEE. I'LL TRADE CLOTHES WITH THIS FELLER AND PLAY MUH JOKE ON THE JOKERS!

HEH, HEH! I TIED THIS FELLER'S HANDS AND GAGGED HIM SO'S HE WON'T CRY OUT! NOW I'LL HIDE HIM IN THIS LOG!
Now I'll smear myself with berries to stain my face red!

While Gabby's getting ready, the other Indians return!

Little snake! Where you go?

Ah-ha, some more Jokers! I'll give them a fright!

Gabby's getting ready, the other Indians return!

Me Thunderhead, famous war god!

You war god? Must be great hunter. Prove! Split reed with arrow!

I wonder... do these fake Injuns think I'm a real Injun?

War god Lookum strange! Maybe he faker. If so, we scalp um!

Shoot!

Huh? Oh, sure!
OW! IT SLIPPED!

YOU NO WAR GOD! YOU SHOOT ARROW LIKE SHAKY SQUAW!

WAIT, FELLAS, A JOKE'S A JOKE, BUT...

PLOP!

WILD CAT FALLS AT THE GROUP'S FEET, FELLED BY GABBY'S WILD SHOT!

A

YOU KILL WILD CAT! YOU REALLY WAR GOD! WE DO WAR DANCE!

I'LL JUST DRAG THIS CAT OVER TO WHAR I'VE HID CORNER! THAT'S A HEAVY BOUNTY BEING PAID FOR THESE FOUR-LEGGED CRITTERS!

THOSE FELLAS ARE REALLY KNOCKING THEMSELVES TRYING TO ACT LIKE INJUNS!

YEEHAW!

BUT AS GABBY SWINGS THE ANIMAL AROUND, HE IS STABBED BY ONE OF HIS CLAWS...

LOOK AT WAR GOD! SENSATIONAL DANCE!

WE LUCKY! SEE GREATEST WAR DANCE OF ALL!

HEAR MOST BLOODTHIRSTY YELLS!

I'LL GIT EVEN WITH THESE IMPOSTORS YET!

YEEEEEOW!
HAVING WON THEIR CONFIDENCE, GABBY JOINS THE INDIANS AS THEY CIRCLE THE FIRE IN THE MAD WAR DANCE. THEN...

MAKE FUN OF ME, EH! NOW I'M GOOD AND MAD! I'LL CONK THEM ALL. BONK!

IN THE FRENZIED DANCE, GABBY KNOCKS OUT EACH INDIAN IN TURN, THEN WHISTLES FOR CORKER.

NOW TO GET BACK MY CLOTHES FROM THE CRITTER I LEFT IN THE LOG!

I'LL HAUL Y'LL FELLERS INTO TOWN TO SHOW THAT NOBODY KIN MAKE A FOOL OF GABBY HAYES AND GIT AWAY WITH IT!

HEY, GABBY! YOU ALL RIGHT?

SURE, SHERIFF. WHAT' RE Y'LL DOING HERE?

I CAME TO RESCUE Y'LL FROM A BAND OF RENEGADE INDIANS, BUT I SEE Y'LL DIDN'T NEED HELP YOU'RE A REAL HERO!

SHUCKS, THESE AREN'T REAL INJUNS. THEY'RE BUD AND GENE --- ULP!!

HOW COULD THEY BE US? WE'RE HERE! WE CAME WITH THE SHERIFF!

REAL RENEGADE INJUNS!!!! OHHHHHH...
Who's th' new guy showing off, specs?

That's no guy, Pud—that's my sister Tommy.

Gosh! That's a neat trick she's doing!

You bet! I like it because...)

She always has Dubble Bubble gum in her pockets!

Gee! Tommy, thanks!

You're welcome boys...

--But it wasn't all in my pockets, see?

Wow! She's a Double Dare-Devil!

Tasty, pure, and wholesome, too!

A big, chewy piece plus comics, fortunes, facts

GET SOME TODAY 1¢

Frank R. Fleer Co.
Philadelphia 41, Pa.

Mack the Magician

They had a magician that who does tricks y'ave never seen before! Yuh hoozires ought tuh ride into town and go see him! He's great.

Gosh, look at Buck! I wonder whut he's so excited 'bout!

'LL soon find out he's rushing over tuh us.

Gosh, whut a show I just saw at the old opy house in town. It was terriific.

Whut wuz so terrific 'bout it?

You bet a show I just saw at the old opy house in town. It was terriific.

Whut wuz so terrific 'bout it?

Gosh, whut a show I just saw at the old opy house in town. It was terriific.

Whut wuz so terrific 'bout it?

Gosh, whut a show I just saw at the old opy house in town. It was terriific.

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Whut wuz so terrific 'bout it?
THE POACHERS
A RED ROAN Adventure
by Dick Kraus

RED ROAN stood high on the mountainside, a crisp breeze whipping through his scarlet mane and tail. The great stallion’s eyes were intent on a trail that wound through the underbrush far below. There he saw three men, carrying packs and rifles on their backs, climbing up the steep slope. Red Roan was troubled, for he knew these men did not belong there.

Three weeks before, the crimson-coated bronc had led his herd into this broad stretch of the San Marcos range. He knew that this was a government game preserve, a place where hunting was forbidden, where deer and bear, and even the great big-horn sheep, might live in peace. Then what were these three men doing here with their guns, Red Roan wondered.

As the three husky, heavily-armed men hiked up the trail, they laughed and joked among themselves.

“While that forest ranger’s wasting his time down around Los Puntos,” one of them scoffed, “we’ll pick up all the game we want in jig time. It sure was a good idea, sending him that note telling about poachers ... thirty miles from here!”

The other men laughed and rubbed unshaven cheeks.

“Mebbe so, Crock,” one of them agreed. “But how about when we’ve shot a passel of deer? How do we get the venison down out of the hills afore it spoils? Be mighty heavy toting!”

The first man grinned again. “Leave it to Crock Riley,” he said. “This country’s full of wild horses. We’ll sneak up on ‘em and rope a couple. Use ‘em for pack horses going down ... and then sell ‘em! You’ll see.”

Breathing heavily, the three men toiled up the slope. Soon they would be deep in the heavily-wooded forests of the San Marcos slope where unsuspecting deer grazed. And, a few hundred yards beyond, were the beginnings of the steep cliffs and jagged crags where the big-horn sheep lived.

It would be rich hunting, and they grunted in anticipation.

Watching them, Red Roan sensed that he would have to act swiftly to keep his herd of mares and colts safe. Rejoining the grazing herd, he whinnied a swift order. The wild horses lifted their heads, understood his command, and followed him at a rapid trot, as he led them away from the climbing poachers. When they were five miles away, Red Roan decided that they were out of danger and he let them stop again to graze.

Through that day and the next, the crimson stallion heard the grim report of distant rifles.

He knew that the poachers were slaying game ruthlessly, and he knew that he must keep the herd away from them.

But what he did not know was that, while hunting on the crags, one of the men had spied his herd and made a note on its position.

The next morning, as Red Roan led the herd toward a water spring that bubbled from the side of the mountain, he did not notice three figures that crouched behind a huge boulder a few yards from the spring. On came the thirsty herd, with the graceful stallion leading them. At the last moment, Red Roan’s sensitive nostrils quivered.

Man-smell!

REARING back in alarm, Red Roan whinnied a desperate warning. At once the herd scattered, darting in every direction. But the poachers sprang from behind the boulder, long lariats slinging through the air.

“Get ’em, boys! Don’t let ’em get away!”

In a moment, two of the mares had been roped!

Laughing, the poachers wound their lassos around slender trees that served as snubbing posts. Each holding a club, they pulled the frightened mares in, roughly quieted them, and fitted halters over their heads.

“They’re skittish and mean,” Crock Riley grunted. “But keep a stick handy and they won’t give us any trouble. They’ll pack the deer meat down out of the hills—and they’ll fetch us a few dollars afterward. Boys, we’re in luck!”

As the poachers led the captured mares in the direction of their deer meat cache, Red Roan followed at a distance.

He had left the rest of the herd, assembled once again, to graze.

But he had to see what would happen to the captured mares. For, the great stallion told himself, it was his fault they had been roped, his
fault that the herd had moved into the trap. Knowing that poachers were shooting in the hills, he should have taken his mares and colts many miles away, completely out of danger!

So he followed, a good distance behind, but his dark eyes and keen ears were alert to any chance of escape!

RED ROAN was not the only worried one in the San Marcos hills that day.

For, clambering up the preserve trail was a slim, sun-tanned youth in the green uniform of a forest ranger. Days before, Tom Bayles had received an anonymous note, telling him about a crew of poachers operating far to the south at Los Puntos. Somehow, he had distrusted the warning.

"Why wasn't the note signed, if someone wrote it who really wanted to stop poaching?" the ranger had asked himself. "Maybe it's a wrong steer, someone trying to send me to the wrong spot in the hills!"

Acting on a hunch, ranger Bayles had decided to take a look in the preserve, not at Los Puntos, but to the north, where game was thicker.

"But so far," he muttered to himself, "I haven't seen a sign of hunters. Maybe I've made a mistake and let a gang of poachers get away."

Pausing on a high, outcropping rock, the ranger fitted field glasses to his eyes. Slowly, carefully, he swung the glasses over the mountain range, searching every corner, every cranny. He saw nothing. Again, even more painstakingly, he tried. Then—

"Why, that must be Red Roan's wild horse herd down there," he mused. "But where's the red stallion himself? It isn't like him to leave the herd."

Putting the glasses away, Tom Bayles began to clamber over the steeply angled slope. Then he stopped short. For there, less than three hundred yards from him, was Red Roan, moving slowly through the underbrush. Cautiously, the great stallion was staying near cover as much as possible and he was obviously watching something, or someone, ahead of him. Something—or someone—important enough to make him leave his herd!

Tom Bayles slapped his thigh hard.

"I wonder!" he said. Then he loosened his Colt in its leather holster. "It's just worth investigating." He began to move downhill.

AN HOUR LATER, Crock Riley and the other two poachers reached their mountain camp. Several deer carcasses and one magnifi-

cent big-horn head were tied to branches around the tent.

"Nice going!" Crock grinned. He rubbed his hands together. "Let's tie the venison onto the pack horses and get out of the preserve. No sense tempting fate too long!"

"You've tempted it too long already!" came a cold, hard voice.

In amazement, the poachers whirled. There, standing by a hemlock tree, was Tom Bayles, the forest ranger.

"So you found us," husked Crock Riley. "Well, too bad for you, because you're not sending us to jail!"

His hand whipped toward his gun belt. But the ranger's draw was even swifter. His slender hand blurred into action, there was the brief glint of a gray gun barrel coming up, and a single shot echoed over the mountainside.

Gasping in pain, Riley clutched his arm. His gun dropped to the ground.

"That's better," said Tom Bayles quietly. "You two take your guns by the barrels and pitch them over here. Careful, unless you want the same!"

As the unnerved poachers obeyed, the ranger went on, his voice low and expressionless. "Some folks can't leave well enough alone. Here you shot a batch of deer and a prize big-horn sheep. You probably would have gotten away with that. But then you made a mistake. You captured a couple of mares from Red Roan's herd! So he followed you. And I came across him . . . and followed him."

One of the men began a bitter exclamation, then tightened his lips and was silent.

"All right, now!" said the ranger briskly. "Take the halters off those two mares and let them go! Time they were back with the herd!"

"B-but— one of the poachers stammered, "how about the venison? You're not leaving it here to rot, are you? How'll we get it down without them?"

TOM BAYLES smiled even more broadly. "No, I'm not leaving it here to rot. I'll need it for evidence against you three!" He pointed with his thumb to the deer carcasses. "You're carrying them down to town on your back! Big-horn head and all! I reckon that'll cure you of poaching . . . for all time!"

THE END

RED ROAN'S adventures are featured in every issue of WESTERN HERO!
Yuh heard me, Basil! If yuh don't get these hyar leaves outta here before morning, I'm gonna lock yuh up! They're flying all over the street!

But, sheriff, I'm worn out from working in the mines all day. I can't start raking leaves now!

If you like, we clean leaves away for some wampum! Say, that would be great! I'll give yuh a couple of bucks! All yuh have to do is put them in a sack!

Well, yuh better! These leaves have got tuh be out of here by morning! O.K., sheriff!

It's a deal! Good! In the morning I'll burn the sack of leaves and pay yuh at the same time! Now I'm going to sleep! But remember, no loafing on the job! If those leaves aren't out of hyar by morning, I'll have tuh pay a fine —

---and yuh'll have tuh pay fer hospital bills! Yuh'll have them after I get through beating yuh up!
Now you better start working, Big Bow! I mean we start working. You mean I start working.

Oh, no! Getting this job was my share of work! Now up to you to do your share!

Little Arrow no pull trick on Big Bow this time.

If Little Arrow no pick up leaves, Little Arrow no get his share of wampum! Okay, Big Bow. In that case I pick up leaves, too!

That more like it! If Big Bow thinks I'm actually going to work, he plumb loco! Little Arrow much.

Too smart for that.

Big Bow never think of looking for me in here! By time he realize me gone, he have all leaves raked up, then me show up again, and collect half of wampum!

Huh?
Little Arrow thinks he can trick me into doing all the work! Well, if we do all the work, we no need you around here—

-- now me going to keep all the money for myself! Goodbye!

(ouch!) Big Bow getting smart, but if no going to give me half of money, me make sure he no get any either!

Phew! Me finish job at last! Now tie sack and go home, come back in morning to collect wages! That's what he thinks!

Big Bow going to be mighty surprised when he comes back here in morning!

If leaves not gone by morning paleface say he beat us up—

-- so me making sure leaves still here when Big Bow comes to collect his wages! Ha! Ha!
WESTERN HERO

THE NEXT MORNING:

Ah, there you are, little Arrow! I'm sorry about the way I treat you yesterday. I, after all, we friends, so I decide to give you half money even though you no do work!

Huh?

To show no fooling, me even let you collect money!

Ah! There you are! I hope you realize, I had tuh pay the sheriff a ten-dollar fine on account of you!

I warned you, I'd beat you up if you fell down on the job!

Me no understand! Me clean up all leaves!

Me get hunch you spread leaves around when you think me no give you any of wampum!

(Groan) Don't bother me! Me feel bad enough now!

Me no give you any of wampum!

Maybe you feel bad enough now, but going to feel even worse when me finish with you!
In the days of the old west there were many unscrupulous characters who sold worthless land! But these were nothing compared to the ruthless murderers who, after selling land that didn't exist, planned a fiendish death for their victims, so as to keep their scheme working!

Tom Mix finds himself involved in one of his most hair-raising, spine-tingling and dangerous adventures!

At the Larson and Boswell Real Estate Office in Cinder City...

All yuh have to do is follow this map on yore deed! It'll lead yuh right to yore property! But...

--just to make sure yuh don't git lost, yuh can add yore wagon to this covered wagon train which muth partner Boswell and our guide, Smiley, is leading to Dobie!

That's right! And since all these other families have bought property near yores, it'll give yuh a chance to git acquainted with yore new neighbors!
The early rays of dawn find the pioneers starting on their journey to their new home.

After weary hours of constant travelling, it's getting too dark, Smiley. To ride as fast as we are! I reckon we ought to make camp here for the night! We can't camp out here in the open plains, Ronalds! We'll be easy pickings for any band of renegade Injuns or outlaws.

Through the pitch blackness of the plains, the wagons wend their way! Suddenly.....

That's the end of another covered wagon train, Boswell! It shore is clever of you and Larson not to mark Death Gulch on the maps these dumb farmers git!

Of course it's clever! This way we can keep selling property that doesn't exist and we never have to worry 'bout any of our customers complaining! Ha, ha!
NOW I RECKON I'LL RIDE BACK TO CINDER CITY, SMILEY, AND HELP LARSON TO LINE UP SOME NEW SUCKERS WHO ARE LOOKING TO BUY LAND!

OKAY, BOSWELL! I'LL MEET YUH BACK THAR TOMORROW! I'LL BED DOWN HERE UNTIL DAWN! THEN I'LL CLIMB TO THE BOTTOM OF THE DEATH GULCH AND LOOT THE WAGONS!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING ONE OF TOM MIX'S COWHANDS RIDES INTO THE TM BAR RANCH!

WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT, FLIP?

TOM! TOM!

I'LL MEET YUH BACK THAR TOMORROW.

I'LL BE POWN HERE UNTIL THEN I'LL CLIMB TO THE BOTTOM OF THE DEATH GULCH AND LOOT THE WAGONS!

PLenty! I Wuz ROUNDING UP SOME STRAY CATTLE IN THE HILLS WHEN I SAW A FLOCK OF BUZZARDS HEADING FOR DEATH GULCH! YUH NEVER SEE BUZZARDS 'ROUND UNLESS DEATH IS CLOSE BY!

IF SOME POOR CRITTER FELL DOWN THE GULCH, THESE ROPES WILL COME IN HANDY! COME ALONG, FLIP, I'LL NEED YOUR HELP!

GLAD TO, TOM!

DIG DIRT, TONY!

Tom Mix and Flip take various short-cuts cutting through the hills to Death Gulch!

They're all flying down right at this spot, Tom!

As soon as we finish tying these ropes together and fasten one end around a tree, I'm going to climb down!

Wait here, Flip! I should be up very shortly!

It's a lucky thing I spotted those critters riding up or they would have caught me looting the wagons!

This rope better hold or the buzzards will be going to work on me, too!

Tom Mix and Flip take various short-cuts cutting through the hills to Death Gulch!
GULP: NO WONDER ALL THESE BUZZARDS ARE FLOCKING HERE!

I DON'T RECOGNIZE ANY OF THESE POOR PEOPLE, BUT MAYBE I CAN FIND SOME FORM OF IDENTIFICATION ON THEM!

WELL, I NOTICED ONE OF THE DEAD MEN'S NAME WAS RONALDS AND THAT HE CAME FROM CINDER CITY. PERHAPS IF I LOOKED UP SOME OF HIS FRIENDS, I COULD FIND OUT A LITTLE MORE ABOUT THIS MYSTERY!

BUT TOM FINDS MORE THAN IDENTIFICATION.... I FOUND A MAP ON EACH ONE OF THESE UNFORTUNATES AND NOT ONE OF THESE MAPS SHOWS DEATH GULCH! WHOEVER TOLD THEM TO FOLLOW THIS PHONY ROUTE DELIBERATELY PLANNED THAT THEY SHOULD FALL INTO THE GULCH AND BE KILLED! BUT WHO WOULD WANT TO DO SUCH A HORRIBLE THING, AND WHY?

I NOTICED ONE OF THE DEAD MEN'S NAME WAS RONALDS AND THAT HE CAME FROM CINDER CITY. PERHAPS IF I LOOKED UP SOME OF HIS FRIENDS, I COULD FIND OUT A LITTLE MORE ABOUT THIS MYSTERY!

WILE TOM MAKES HIS HARD ASCENT, SMILY CONTINUES HIS VILLAINOUS WORK!

THE ROPE'S CUT! IT'S THE END OF THAT CRITTER BELOW! NOW I RECKON I BETTER GIT BACK TO LARSON AND BOSWELL AND TELL THEM WHAT HAPPENED!

THE ROPE SNAPPED!

ONCE THAT HOMBRE DOWN IN THE GULCH SEE'S THAT WRECKAGE, I RECKON HE'LL GIT WISE THAT SOMETHING PHONY IS GOING ON, SO I GOT TO MAKE SHORE HE NEVER GITS OUTTA THE GULCH ALIVE! BUT AFORE I CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM, I'VE GOTTA GIT THIS CRITTER OUT OF THE WAY FIRST!
But even in the face of certain death, Tom keeps his wits about him!

Lucky for me I managed to catch on to this jutting rock! But now I've got to try to get a footing and climb up!

Cautiously picking out each footing, Tom slowly scales the dangerous cliff, disregarding the pain from his bruised arms and legs!

An hour later, with bleeding, skinned hands, Tom finally makes it!

(POFF! POFF!) I made it! But I only hope I'll be able to climb the rest of the way!

Reassured by Flip that he's physically fit to make the return trip back to the TM Bar Ranch, Tom starts for Cinder City!

Be careful, Tom! Yore hands are badly torn!

I'm all right, Flip! Take care of yourself! I've got to go to Cinder City, for I'm certain the answer to this mystery lies there!

Later, in Cinder City.....

Yup, I knew a Ranny named Ronalds, but he doesn't live around these hyar parts any more! He bought some land south of Dobie from Larson and Boswell and moved on!

Bought some land south of Dobie? That's very interesting! Particularly since there's no unsettled land left in those parts!
Yuh can ask Larson or Boswell yoursely if yuh like! Their office is right down this street apiece!

Thanks---I reckon I will! Dig dirt, Tony!

If my hunch is right these real estate critters have been selling land that doesn't exist! And then to make sure no one caught on to their racket, they drew up those false maps so their victims would be killed.

Well, it's one thing to figure out a solution, but it's quite another to prove it! Perhaps if I pretend to be a stranger aiming to buy some land, I can pick up some more conclusive clues!

Since no one in these parts knows me, I can go in without any disguise! The critter who tried to kill me back at Death Gulch couldn't have seen my face so there would be no reason to suspect me!

Howdy, Pards! I'm a stranger in this town! Just rode in from Stony Waters where I won me a rodeo purse! Aim to settle down now and thought maybe you'd have a right nice piece of fertile land to sell me!

I see yuh were hurt a little in the rodeo, eh? Right smart of yuh to quit that game and settle down! I'll show yuh a land map of the property!

This map outlines my own TM. Bar range land to the south! If I could get them to give me one of those phony directional maps, I'd have the evidence to put them behind bars!

Do you have a road map?
SHORE, HERE'S ONE! IF YUH BUY THE LAND YUH CAN JOIN A TRAIN OF COVERED WAGONS I'M LEADING OUT HERE SHORTLY! MANY OTHER PEOPLE HAVE BOUGHT LAND ALL AROUND THE PROPERTY I SHOWED YUH SO YUH CAN MEET UP WITH YORE NEIGHBORS!

IT'S THE SAME PHONY ROAD MAP I FOUND ON THE DEAD IN THE GULCH! INSTEAD OF INDICATING DEATH GULCH IT JUST-SHOWS FLAT PRAIRIE LAND!

YOUR GAME'S UP! I'M GOING TO TURN YOU OVER TO THE CINDER CITY SHERIFF ON A CHARGE OF FRAUD AND MURDER!

YOUR GAME'S UP! I'M GOING TO TURN YOU OVER TO THE CINDER CITY SHERIFF ON A CHARGE OF FRAUD AND MURDER!

AND A STEALTHY FIGURE STRIKES!

IT'S LUCKY YUH ARRIVED WHEN YUH DID, SMILEY! SOMEHOW HE GOT WISE TO OUR RACKET!

WE'VE GOT A WHOLE CROWD OF SUCKERS WAITING TO BE LED TO DOBE, SO I OPNE WE'LL TIE THIS CRITTER IN THIS SACK AND TOS HIM IN MUH WAGON! I'LL DRIVE UP IN FRONT OF THE WAGON TRAIN AND WHEN WE REACH DEATH GULCH I'LL JUMP OFF!

WE'VE GOT A WHOLE CROWD OF SUCKERS WAITING TO BE LED TO DOBE, SO I OPNE WE'LL TIE THIS CRITTER IN THIS SACK AND TOS HIM IN MUH WAGON! I'LL DRIVE UP IN FRONT OF THE WAGON TRAIN AND WHEN WE REACH DEATH GULCH I'LL JUMP OFF!

LATER, OTHER UNSUSPECTING VICTIMS MAKE THEIR WEARY RIDE TOWARDS DEATH GULCH!

WE'VE GOT A WHOLE CROWD OF SUCKERS WAITING TO BE LED TO DOBE, SO I OPNE WE'LL TIE THIS CRITTER IN THIS SACK AND TOS HIM IN MUH WAGON! I'LL DRIVE UP IN FRONT OF THE WAGON TRAIN AND WHEN WE REACH DEATH GULCH I'LL JUMP OFF!

WE'RE ALMOST THAR NOW, LARSON!

AND A STEALTHY FIGURE STRIKES!

WE'RE ALMOST THAR NOW, LARSON!

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LATER, OTHER UNSUSPECTING VICTIMS MAKE THEIR WEARY RIDE TOWARDS DEATH GULCH!

WE'RE ALMOST THAR NOW, LARSON!
Meanwhile, in the back of Larson's lead covered wagon, Tom Mix has been struggling to free himself.

It's a lucky thing for me they didn't remove my spurs! It took a long time but I'm finally rippin' my way out of the sack!

Now to cut the ropes and make the driver stop this wagon before it goes plunging down into Death Gulch! That rusty scythe in the corner should do the trick on these ropes.

While Tom races against time in the back of the wagon....

And as Tom frees himself and rushes to the driver's seat....

(Gulp) Another inch and those horses will go plunging down into Death Gulch--carrying this wagon with them!

And as Tom frees himself and rushes to the driver's seat....

It's too late to try to signal the other wagons to stop! I've got to pull these horses back or the whole train will go over the edge.

Hyar's whar I leave this wagon...
But the covered wagon train forms an impassable barrier to the fleeing culprits!

Look! That varmint got free and he's pulled the wagon back blocking the path!

We'd better vamoose! Git yoreself a horse, Larson!

Tom unseats the riders before they recover from their surprise!

Gulp! We didn't realize it till now, but yuh saved all our lives!

As soon as these coyotes return the money they tried to swindle from you, I'm hauling them off to jail---

---and they're going to stay there until they've paid the penalty for murder! Only a fool thinks he can cheat the law and get away with it!

Tom Mix is on the air!

Broadcast from coast to coast over the Mutual Network, Monday thru Friday at 5:45 P.M.
Right after reading a book about bloodthirsty Buccaneers, "RED" drops into dreamland...

Look, Cap'n! A stowaway!

Seize the red-headed rascal! He may be a King's spy!

Psst! I'll make a bargain with ye, red. Give me those sports shoes and I'll put in a word to th' Cap'n for ye!

No siree!

"—My ball-bands have the built-in speed and comfort I'll never give up!"

Arch-Gard gives the long arch needed support for more comfort and greater protection.

Arch-Gard cushions the heel and eases running and jumping shock.

Arch-Gard cushions the metatarsal arch to prevent tiring of foot muscles.

Pursued by the Pirates
A dreamland drama... Featuring "Red" Walker

Lucky I've got on my Ball-Band sports shoes... This mast is slippery!

Come down, ye redheaded monkey!

You asked for it, red... hit the deck!

Hit the deck! Time to get up!

Gosh, what a dream! Say, Mike, take a look under the bed and see if my ball-bands are still there, will ya?

Look for the Red Ball—sign of the best buy in canvas shoes— in the store and on the sole of the shoe.

Ball Band

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Only $3.95 each!

Money refunded if not satisfied.

CAPTAIN MARVEL woven right into sweater.

Send no money—pay postman on arrival.

Beauty and value beyond description.

Ideal Birthday and Xmas Gifts.

Sold by leading department stores.

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Please send CAPTAIN MARVEL Sweaters checked below.

I will pay postman $3.95 each, plus postage, on arrival. (We pay postage if remittance is enclosed)

Comes in Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14

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<th>HOW MANY</th>
<th>COLOR COMBINATIONS</th>
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NAME: ........................................ ADDRESS: ........................................

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LOOK THEM OVER—TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get these swell prizes for themselves and gifts for Mother and Dad. Many prizes shown here and over 20 others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Christmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in the Big Prize Book.

It is easy to sell these pretty Christmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Christmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from the Big Prize Book, or, if you prefer, take ½ cash commission. Many Boys and Girls sell the packs in one day and get their prize AT ONCE! You can too, so start NOW... What a thrill you’ll get when you open that Big Prize Book and see those 60 swell prizes to choose from—and they’re all so easy to get.

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COWBOY CARBINE

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No. 320

COMPLETE SET ONLY $4.95

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