



COWBOY WESTERN

COWBOY

WESTERN

№48

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



FEATURING
GOLDEN ARROW

10¢



BORDANO
ALASCIA

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trap-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below, I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how advanced of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vice-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old muscles, associate these inner organs—help you clean your body so full of poisons and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel that's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up

4 to 8 sleeping energy of yours and make it burn like a high-powered dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Men, you'll begin to LIVE!

What's My Secret? "DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the secret! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny shrimp cherted walking I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens any way I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply strike the DUBIOUSLY advertised "MUSCLE MANT" muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the truck for you. No theory—no cost! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—making, breathing over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLES and VITALITY you want. And you'll be using the method which every great athlete use for keeping in condition—professional boxers, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

ARE YOU

Slender, Weak and
"out doors"?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Looking for an
"excuse"?
Faint-hearted?
Suffering from bad
breath?
Fat and Sallow?
You've need to live
"out doors" again?
READY TO BE
ABOUT IT? It's FREE
to my FREE BOOK

FREE Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Overcoming Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION copies have been sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photo graphs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE just for asking. Through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and read it so you personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 32519, 1315 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY
100 Men Chose to make physical improvements in the last 3 months

Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4½ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am a never quitter!"
—Henry Stern, Coach

"I gained 14 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"
—Lester Lynn, G.M.

"What a difference! I have put 3½ inches on my chest (overall) and 2½ inches expanded."
—J. J., New York

"Gained 30 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170!"
—J. E., New York

"The benefits are wonderful! The first week my arm increased one week, my chest two inches."
—E. M., Gen.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real hero! My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."
—J. W., Boston

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 37512
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

- (Check as many as you like)
- More Weight—Solid—on The Right Places
 - Broader Chest and Shoulders
 - More Powerful Arms and Grip
 - Stronger Neck and Nape
 - Better Stomach, Digestion, Greater Size
 - More Powerful Leg Muscles
 - Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book, "Overcoming Health and Strength"—32 pages, illustrated with photographs and answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is going to keep and reading for it does not oblige me in any way.

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COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHALTON PUBLICATION.

ATOMIC HOUSE • COWBOY WESTERN HEROES • CRIME AND JUSTICE • FUNNY ANIMALS
 EMI! In this great comic • HAUNTED • HOT RODS AND RACING CARS • POT O' GOLD
 LASH LAUREL WESTERN • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • SACKETT SQUAD • SIX-GUN HEROES
 ROMANTIC STORY • SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES • STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
 SWEETHEARTS • TEX BITTER WESTERN • TRUE LIFE SECRETS • TV TEENS
 200 PUNNIERS • THE THING

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



RIP RYAN

in **TRIGGER BAIT**



D-DON'T SHOOT, RIP! I'M SHUFFLE ... YOUR OWN DEPUTY!

WHAT I'M AIMING AT IS THE DEADLIEST KILLER ON THE PLAINS, YOU OLD COYOTE! HAG THE GRASS -- THERE'S GONNA BE HOT LEAD FLYING!

THE TROUT WERE BITING THAT AFTER-NOON FOR BOTH RIP RYAN AND OLD SHUFFLE, HIS DEPUTY... BUT A MAN-MUNT CHANGED THEIR PLANS DRAMATICALLY! FOR WITH INFAMOUS BILLY BANGCROFT ON THE LOOSE, FISHING RODS SOON GAVE WAY TO...

TRIGGER BAIT

THE DAY STARTED OFF FLACIDLY ENOUGH, BE-SIDE LONGHORN CREEK, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF COWTOWN...

THIS IS THE LIFE, EN, SHUFFLE? A DAY OFF SURE GETS THE VITAL JUICES FLOWING AGAIN.

KEEP YOUR MIND ON THE FISH, MARBLE-HEAD! AND REMEMBER OUR BET ... GUY WHO CATCHES THE BIGGEST FISH GETS STOOD A MEAL AT THE COPPER NUGGET!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE, METHUSLEMIH! THAT TWO POUNDER OF MINE'S A CINCH...

W-HY LIE... IT'S BUCKING LIKE THERE'S A WHALE AT T'OTHER END! **YIPPEE...** STAND BACK!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



I RECKON YOU'LL TALK OUTTA THE OTHER SIDE OF YOUR MOUTH WHEN YOU SEE THIS!

GUN SHOTS... OUT IN THE CANYON!



YOU... YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'M ABOUT TO WIN THE BET AND...

WE'LL FRAME YOUR FISH GRAMP... LATER! RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT BUSINESS OVER YONDER!



I GOT A HUNCH THIS IS JUST A DIRTY TRICK TO KEEP ME FROM WINNING...

DOWN THERE! BEEN A GUN FIGHT, ALREADY!



LOOKS LIKE WE GOT COMPANY, BOSS! COULDA SADDLE BUSTERS HEADED THIS WAY...

KEEP YOUR SMOKEPOLE READY IN CASE THEY'RE FRIENDS OF THIS STIFF!



I'M RIP ROYAN... U.S. MARSHAL AT COWTOWN, HEARD SOME SHOOTING...

ME AND MY DEPUTY PRAC - TICING OUR TRIGGEROMETRY, MARSHAL. I'M SHERIFF CANTRELL... CENTRAL CITY, GLAD TO SEE A COUPLA MORE LAWMEN!



THIS CORPSE ON THE GROUND IS A SIDENICK OF BILLY BANCROFT'S! THEY SLIPPED OUTTA PRISON A COUPLA DAYS AGO, ME AND MY DEPUTY TRAILED 'EM THIS FAR... GOT THE SMALL FRY, BUT BILLY'S ESCAPED!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THIS GUY WAS A GUNNY FOR BANCROFT, EH? I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT HOW DEADLY BILLY IS...

WORST KILLED IN THESE PARTS, MARSHAL! YOU EVER HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING UP WITH 'IM?

CAN'T SAY I'VE EVER SET EYES ON BANCROFT, SHERIFF... NEVER EVEN SEEN A PICTURE OF 'IM. IF HE AND HIS SIDOCK ESCAPED FROM YOUR JAIL IN CENTRAL CITY THEY SURE CAME A LONG WAY?

OVER 700 MILES? WE AIM TO CUT BILLY OFF BEFORE HE CROSSES THE BORDER!



BILLY BANCROFT'S A REAL MURDEROUS RANNEY... I DON'T KNOW IF THE TWO OF US ARE GONNA BE ENOUGH TO TAKE 'IM! IF HE AIN'T DOING ANYTHING SPECIAL, I COULD SURE USE YOUR DEPUTY...

SUFFLE? HMM... HE'S MORE TALK THAN ACTION...



LISTEN TO ME, DEPUTY... THERE AIN'T A MAN OUT THIS WAY WHO CAN MATCH ME AT GUNSLINGING, AND YOU KNOW IT! MORE TALK THAN ACTION, EH? W-WHAT IF I WAS A COUPLA YEARS YOUNGER TO TAKE THIS BANCROFT ON SINGLE-HANDED!



DON'T WORRY NONE ABOUT YOUR DEPUTY, MARSHAL... WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF 'IM!

GOLD HUNTING, SHERIFF?



...SO BANCROFT'S BUSTED OUTTA CENTRAL CITY JAIL, HAS HE? HEADED TOWARD THE BORDER, THE SHERIFF SAID AND... HMMM... FIRST CHANCE I'VE HAD TO GET A CLOSE LOOK AT THE CORPSE!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

FIFTEEN MINUTES
LATER, MILES AWAY...

I'LL TEACH THAT PUD ROP RYAN
THAT I'M A BETTER MAN THAN HE
IS... I'LL CUT THIS BANCROFT DOWN
WITH A SINGLE BULLET! RIDING
GUIDE LIKE THIS, 'CAUSE THE
SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY DON'T
KNOW THE COUNTRY YET, ABOUTS,
I'LL BE THE FIRST TO
SIGHT THIS KILLER!



S-SHERIFF... OVER
YONDER IN THE TREES!
I... I THINK WE'RE
CLOSING IN!



I COULD GO IN THERE ALL BY MYSELF AND OUTSUN
THIS BANCROFT... BUT THE SHERIFF'S THE BOSS!
IF HE WANTS ME TO WAIT HERE, SO WE CAN PALAVER
IT'S ALL RIGHT BY ME! THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH
THESE LAWMEN NOWADAYS... TOO MUCH BRAIN-
WORK AND NOT ENOUGH
TRIGGER-WORK!



THAT MUST BE ONLY A BOUNTY... PROBABLY
THINKS HE'S FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM
CIVILIZATION TO RISK A FIRE! YOU GAMME
YOUR BAMPINE, THEN RIDE INTO THE FOREST,
SHUFFLE! THAT WAY BANCROFT WON'T KNOW
YOU'RE A LAWMAN! THEN WE'LL FOLLOW
YOU AND GRAB 'EM!



G-GIVE YOU MY BADGE? NOT ON YOUR
LIFE, SHERIFF... THE FOLKS IN COWTOWN
PINNED IT ON ME AND THEY'RE THE ONLY
ONES WHO CAN TAKE
IT OFF! I'LL RIDE
INTO THAT FOREST
AFTER HIM WITH IT
PINNED ON!

OKAY PARTNER...
HAVE IT YOUR
OWN WAY! JUST
BE CAREFUL...
WE WATCHED
YOU!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

SEEMS TO ME IT'D BE BETTER TO
SURRENDER THIS COYOTE... LOT
SAFER! BUT IF THE SHERIFF WANTS
ME TO ACT AS A DECOY SO HIM AND
HIS DEPUTY CAN FOLLOW ME UP,
THAT'S HOW WE'LL DO
IT! SEEMS QUER, THOUGH!



I'LL SHOW RIP I GOT MORE
GUTS THAN A BARREL OF
ORDINARY LAW OFFICERS! I
SURE HOPE THIS BANCROFT
ABN'T TRIGGER HAPPY... AND
THE S-SHERIFF MOVES IN FIRST
ONCE I SIGHT 'EM! G-GETTING
CLOSE...



G-CAN SMELL THE SMOKE?
IF, IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO
ME IT'LL BE RIP'S FAULT!
THAT YOUNG NUMB-SKULL
NEVER SHOULD LET ME
GO ON THIS MAN-HUNT!



G-COME OUT
WITH YOUR
HANDS R-RAISED, W-MR. BANCROFT!
WHO NEED FOR Y-YES TO PICK UP A
PUSS... W-WE GOT THE WHOLE
DANG PLACE SURROUNDED!
F-FUNNY... NO ONE HERE?



WE MUST'VE SEEN ME
COWING AND SKEDADDLED!
LUCKY FOR HIM... *NUM?*



DON'T MAKE
A MOVE, YOU
OLD MELON HEAD!
STAY WHERE YOU
ARE... AND
LISTEN!

RIP RYAN!
ARE... YOU
BALLY
BANCROFT?



COURSE NOT, FEATHERS-BRINY!
BUT I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE HE
IS... WITHOUT NEVER LAYING
EYES ON 'IM!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



ONE OF THE DEADLIEST KILLERS ON THE PLAINS IS RIGHT BEHIND YOU! QUICK...HUS THE GRASS! THERE'S GONNA BE HOT LEAD FLYING!

Upp! I--I'M DIVING!



THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS, BANCROFT... YOUR LIL' ACT IS FINISHED!



YOU'VE GOT THREE SECONDS TO SURRENDER, BEFORE I OPEN FIRE! ONE--

S--SOUNDS LIKE THAT MARSHAL WHO ALMOST BARGED INTO US WHEN WE AMBUSHED THE SHERIFF! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

BANG!
BANG!



HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY! YOU'RE NOT SUCH A KILLER WHEN YOU CAN'T SHOOT A MAN IN THE BACK, ARE YOU?



BAM!

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!



I... I GAVE UP MARSHAL... D-DON'T SHOOT NO MORE!

ON YOUR FEET, SHUFFLE... YOU'VE BEEN COMMUNING WITH NATURE LONG ENOUGH! TIE UP THIS FAKE DEPUTY GOOD AND TIGHT!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



Y- YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT? I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME TO HELP THESE GUYS ROUND UP BILLY BANKROFT...

YOU DID SHUFFLE ... BY ACTING AS TRIGGER-BAIT! THIS SIDEWINDER ON THE GROUND IS THE BILLY BANKROFT WHO ESCAPED FROM CENTRAL CITY JAIL!



THE MAN THEY KILLED WAS THE REAL SHERIFF FROM CENTRAL CITY! THEY MUSTA AMBUSHED 'EM WHEN HE CLOSED IN ... THEN SWIPPED HIS BADGE AND PRETENDED TO BE LAWMEN TO COVER UP THEIR IDENTITY! I'LL TAKE THIS BADGE BACK...



I GOT SUSPICIOUS WHEN I NOTICED THAT ONLY ONE OF 'EM WORE A TIN-STAR ... YOU EVER SEEN A DEPUTY WHO DIDNT WEAR HIS BADGE PROUDLY? BUT I WASNT SURE UNTIL YOU RODE OFF AND I HAD A CHANCE TO LOOK AT THE CORPSE!

B-BUT... WHY'D YOU LET ME GO IF YOU SUSPECTED WHO THEY WERE?



I KNEW YOU'D FOLLOW THIS ROUTE TO THE BORDER... AND WITH YOU LEADING 'EM I WOULDN'T LOSE TRACK OF THESE DONEY LAWMEN. GAVE ME A CHANCE TO EXAMINE THE DEAD MAN... AND LEARN WHY THEY WERE ANXIOUS TO HAVE YOU ALONG.

Y- YOU MIND TELLING ME?



BANKROFT W' S AFTER THAT BADGE OF YOURS! HE WANTED TO PIN IT ON HIS SIDEKICK, SO THEY'D BOTH BE ABLE TO PASS THEMSELVES OFF AS TIN STARS! HE WAS PREPARED TO SHOOT YOU IN THE BACK FOR IT ... THEN KILL WHOEVER STARTED THAT FIRE ... AND M' 'E IT LOOK LIKE YOU'D GUNNED ONE ANOTHER!



AFTER BILLY'S PARTNER-IN-CRIME WAS SAFELY LOCKED IN THE COWTOWN JAIL, AND THE DEAD SHERIFF'S BODY SENT TO CENTRAL CITY...

C'MON, YOU OLD SCOBUSTER ... WANT TO CONTINUE THAT CONTEST OF OURS?

NOT ON YOUR TINTYPE! YOU MIGHT TAKE IT IN TO YOUR MIND TO USE ME AS BAIT AGAIN ... ON THE END OF YOUR FISHING LINE! I'M STAYING HERE!

THE END

THE MAN-HUNT SEEMED DOOMED TO DYSMAL FAILURE, FOR THE THIEF WHO HAD JUST LOOTED THE "LAST OUTPOST" WAS ESCAPING WITH BREATH-TAKING SPEED... WHILE ALL SATCH CARTWELL COULD MUSTER WAS...

ONE HORSEPOWER



WAY OUT HERE I DON'T GET TO SEE MANY FOLKS... ALWAYS GLAD WHEN SOMEONE DROPS IN, SHALL I FILL 'ER UP, MISTER?

TO THE BRIM, FRIEND? AND WHEN YOU GET FINISHED, YOU CAN RAISE THOSE SKINNY ARMS AND MAKE LIKE THIS IS A HOLD-UP!



DON'T SEEM VERY NEIGHBORLY OF YOU...

I CAN BE REAL NASTY AT TIMES, SUM. WE CAN AVOID IT IF YOU'LL OBLIGE ME BY OPENING THAT CASH REGISTER



THE NAME ISN'T SUM, FRIEND... IT'S SATCH CARTWELL, AND I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE IN SUCH A HURRY TO SNEAL THIS MONEY... I'LL SEE TO IT YOU GIVE IT BACK!

THAT GOT A REAL OLD-TIME HERO, AREN'T YOU?



I'M NOT A BILL HICKOK, MISTER, BUT UGHH!

GO JOIN THE OTHER NOT-SHOTS, KID... IN DREAMLAND!

ALMOST \$500 IN THIS WAD... NOT A BAD HAIL FOR A LITTLE DUMP OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE? JUNIOR'LL BE IN THE LAND OF NOD FOR A FEW MINUTES... I'LL SLASH THE WIRES OF HIS TIN CAN TO MAKE SURE HE WON'T FOLLOW ME!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

PLING ABOARD HIS MUD-SPLATTERED JEEP, THE TRUCK ROARED OFF. A MINUTE PASSED, THEN...

UGH! I FEEL LIKE A MOUNTAIN FELL ON ME, THAT, THAT CROCK... HE'S HEADED LICKETY SPLAT ACROSS THE PLAIN! G-GOT TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF...



I'M STILL A LITTLE WORRLY, BUT I CAN'T SIT AROUND AND FEEL SORRY FOR MYSELF! HE TOOK CARE OF THE CAR, RIGHT PROPER... ONLY ONE WAY LEFT FOR ME TO TRACK 'IM!



IT'S ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED... ON BUCKSKIN AGAINST THE HIGH-POWERED JEEP... BUT \$500 DOESN'T GROW ON TREES! C'MON... LET'S START ANGLING...



SPARRING HIS HORSE WITH GRAM DE KORNEN ATION, SWAYN HURTLED ACROSS THE RUGGED PLAINS IN PURSUIT OF THE BEWINDING JEEP...

LOOKS LIKE THIS RUGGED GROUND IS SLOWING 'IM DOWN... WHEELS WOBBLING 'ALL OVER THE PLACE, FROM THE LOOK OF IT HE MUST BE HEADED FOR BALDY PASS, THERE'S ONE WAY WE CAN SAVE TIME AND MERSE CUT 'IM OFF... A WAY NO NEW-TANGLED CONTRAPTION LIKE A JEEP CAN NAVIGATE!



U-UP YOU GO BUCKSKIN... WAIIT!



SPARKS FLEW AS BUCKSKIN'S HOoves TOUCHED THE FAR SIDE OF THE RAINE. FOR A MOMENT THEY TEEPERED WILDLY, REMAINED BALANCE AND GILLOPED ON... FEW MINUTE'S LATER...



EASY FELLER... LOOKS LIKE I GUESSED RIGHT. HERE HE COMES!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THE WAY THIS LOBO'S
REVVING IT UP HE'D RIDE
RIGHT OVER US WITHOUT
BLINKING. GOTTA GIVE OUR
SELVES AN EVEN SHAKE...
OR WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE
AGAINST 'IM! MEBBE THIS
WAY WE CAN AMBUSH
THE RATTLESNAKE!



SLOW DOWN STRANGER...
I CAME HERE TO TAKE
THAT MONEY BACK!

W-WHAT THE...? HE...
IT'S THAT DAMNED
STRINGBEAN! H-HOW'D
HE GET HERE?



GUESS I'LL NEVER KNOW,
CAUSE I'M GONNA SEAL HIS
MOUTH FOR GOOD!

ONE...
TWO...



BAM...
FOUR...

BAM!
BAM!



...FIVE... SIX! HIS GUN'S
EMPTY... TIME FOR ME TO
STICK MY NECK OUT AND
DO A LITTLE TARGET PRACTICE
OF MY OWN! ON THAT
REAR TIRE!

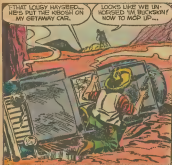
BAM!
BAM!



HE'S AIMING AT ME!
G-GOTTA STEP ON THE
GAS BEFORE... AIEEE!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



"THAT LOUSY HAYSEED... HE'S PUT THE KIBOSH ON MY GETAWAY CAR."

"LOOKS LIKE WE UN-INCISED 'EM BUCKSKIN! NOW TO MOP UP..."



"...I KNOW THESE WEAK-KNIBED COW-JOCKEYS... THEY AN'T GOT THE GUTS TO SHOOT A MAN IN COLD BLOOD! IF HE COMES FOR ME I'LL TEAR 'EM APART WITH MY BARE HANDS!"



"DIRTY LUCK! MISSED 'EM! BETTER SCRAMBLE FOR COVER BEFORE..."



"THAT POPE... ARGH!!!"

"HOLD FAST, BUCKSKIN! WE LASSICED US A STEER... A BUM STEER, I'D CALL 'EM!"



"I DON'T WANT THAT DANG THING AT MEY-FRIEND!"

"CUT OUT THAT FREAKIN' STUFF, RINNY! YOU'RE MY PRISONER, AND I'M PRONOUNCING SENTENCE RIGHT NOW... WE GOT A LONG TRIP AHEAD OF US!"

"AN HOUR LATER, A STRANGE PROCESSION MOVED DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF AORN RIN..."



"WHWELL, I'LL BE SWOGGLED! IT'S THAT SKITCH CARTWILL FELLER FROM UP AT THE LAST OUP POST... THE ONE WHO'S ALWAYS TALKIN' ABOUT THEM OLD-TIME LAWMEN!"

The End

SIX-GUN SAVVY



The Wells-Fargo Express stagecoach lurched down the steep mountain trail, its ancient creakings lost in the thunder of pounding hoofs. The bewhiskered driver glanced anxiously over his shoulder at the billowing plume of dust rising in his wake, and with a muffled curse, swung the ends of his lines and brought them down on the rump of the off wheeler with a resounding whack.

"That danged cloud o' dust is a dead give-away tuh every road agent in these parts," he growled to the grim figure on the box beside him. "I shore hope we don't git jumped by that six-gun-loco Gunny Sack Bandit! The sidewinder is plumb kill-crazy."

"And I'm hoping we do!," came the slow, measured reply. "I've got some unfinished business with the maverick, and the quicker we lock horns, the quicker I aim to settle things! This time for good!," he added dryly.

For over a year the wily, mysterious Gunny Sack Bandit had eluded the crack man-hunters of the West. Those he had not eluded lay in scattered foothills. When Jimson's kid brother had gone to his death before the six-gun of the road agent, the ranger had volunteered to take the badman's trail, and had been promptly accepted.

"Bring him in dead or alive!," he had been bluntly ordered, "if it takes you the rest of your life!"

For months the Gunny Sack Bandit had been plundering the trails, leaving no clue in his deadly wake. Always he operated in the same fashion: A sudden burst of six-gun fire from ambush toppling the driver and shotgun messenger from atop the stagecoach, the quick plundering of the gold shipment by a lone figure with a gunny sack in which eye-holes had been cut out draped over his head and shoulders, followed by swift flight . . . and sure escape! For weeks Slaughter Jimson had haunted the trail in fruitless search. Then on a bleak, windswept trail on the outskirts of Antelope Lick, their paths had crossed.

Slaughter's thin lips tightened as he recalled the event which had ended in a gunsmoke standoff. The Gunny Sack Bandit's bullet had

ripped through his left shoulder, spinning him off the top of the stagecoach he rode. Twisting in mid-air, he had drawn and fired a snap shot with the unerring instinct of the natural gunslinger. The bullet had shattered the Gunny Sack Bandit's right wrist. For two months after that, the stagecoaches had rolled unmolested. Then, without warning, the outlaw had reappeared, deadlier than ever. And now Ranger Slaughter Jimson was back on the trail once more with "unfinished business" to settle — for good this time!

The trail narrowed, snaking its way through a boulder-strewn divide. The pace slackened as the terrain grew rougher. Suddenly the leaders tossed their heads and their ears pricked forward and swung to the right, as if to pick up some sound pitched beyond the range of human ears. Ranger Slaughter Jimson nudged the driver with his shoulder as he reached for the lines.

"Take cover inside the coach! I've got a sure-fire hunch that road agent might be . . .!" His words died aborning.

A sudden jolt sent them both toppling from the coach, as the air was shattered by the roaring blast of gunfire. A withering hail of slugs struck the box they had just vacated. Ranger Jimson's head crashed against a boulder. A myriad of colored lights flashed through his consciousness, and darkness engulfed him.

When he came to a few minutes later, the faint drumming of flying hoofs fading into the distance told its grim story. The Gunny Sack Bandit had struck again and had made his getaway. The driver lay in a huddled heap that was beginning to stir. The ranger shook the cobwebs from his mind as he arose, strode toward the stagecoach and clambered up. The driver's seat was raised, and the box beneath that had held the gold shipment was empty. For a long moment the ranger gazed at the bullet holes in it. Then, using his jackknife, he began goug-

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ing. A moment later, a misshapen chunk of lead lay in the palm of his hand, being carefully weighed and scrutinized. A puzzled look spread faintly over his grim features and vanished in the wake of an equally grim, thin-flipped smile. With a panther-like bound, he was at the head of the startled Appaloosa bronc tied to the coach. A jerk on the reins freed them. Flashing into the saddle he was gone in a swirling cloud of dust and flying gravel, leaning far out of the saddle, scanning the trail he was hot on.

The tracks led toward a sprawling frontier town. Dusk was falling when he lost the trail in the mire of tracks that criss-crossed the approach to the one main street. Finding his mysterious quarry with not even a description to go on would be worse than looking for a needle in a haystack. And yet not quite! He had one slim clue to pin his hope on.

Ranger Jimson pulled his bronc up at the first hitching rack and swung down. For a moment he coolly surveyed the one street through narrowed eyes, taking careful note of the hitching racks. All were bare except the one before the Red Front Saloon. That rack was crowded with an assortment of broncs. His quarry had not had too much of a lead on him. He must have pushed his bronc to the limits of its speed and endurance to have stayed out of the Appaloosa bronc's range. The ranger strode over to the hitching rack and passed behind the loafing broncs, running his hand over their rumps as he did so. His hand came away wet from the hot rump of a weary buckskin.

He strode up to the swinging doors of the saloon and pushed through, his falcon-fierce eyes sweeping the scene before him. Then they settled on the long row of dusty men lined up at the bar. One of them was the man he sought. He was nearing the end of the trail. His next move would bring his quarry to bay for the final showdown. His orders had been, "Bring him in dead or alive!" and he would carry out those orders. Whether it was dead or alive would depend on how the badman wanted to play his hand. To Slaughter Jimson it made no difference. He loosened his vocal chords and spoke in a clear, crisp voice.

"Gents! There's a maverick among you that I aim to bring in! I want him to give himself up now, while he's got the chance!"

Dead silence filled the room. Not a man stirred. The ranger's voice took on the slow, measured cadence of a metronome.

"If my next order stampedes you gents there's going to be a mess of blood spilt, so I want you all to take it slow and easy-like. I want you gents to put your six-guns on the bar before you one at a time, starting with the gent on the left!"

The man cast him an anxious glance and be-

gan to comply. Out of the corner of his eye the ranger caught a movement. With the dazzling speed of forked lightning, he whirled and dipped, and the twinkling six-guns in his hands spat twin jets of scarlet flame as they roared in unison. The man who had made his move and lost was spun forcibly against the bar. His half-drawn six-gun dropped, struck the brass rail with a metallic clank and thudded to the floor. The man hung poised against the bar with jaws agape, clutching in wonder at the crimson blotch spreading across his shirtfront. Slowly he slumped forward, fell heavily to the floor, rolled face downward and lay still.

The ranger stared at the body coldly and addressed the bartender.

"Did this maverick leave any of his belongings with you?"

The bartender gasped with surprise.

"Y-Yeah H-He asked me if he could coche his bedroll under the bar for a few hours! H-How did you know that?" he stammered.

"Bring it out!" ordered the ranger.

The man obeyed with alacrity. The ranger loosened the straps and unrolled the bedroll. A heavy canvas bag stencilled BLOE MINING CO. and a gunny sack with eye-holes cut out of it lay before them.

The swinging doors suddenly exploded inwardly. A stormy sheriff and his deputies strode into the room.

"'Whut in thunder's gain' on hyar?," the sheriff roared. "I heard the gunplay an' come a runnin'!" He stopped short and stared down at the body. "Who's he?," he added.

"The Gunny Sock Bandit!," replied Ranger Slaughter Jimson casually. "I reckon my unfinished business with him is plumb settled at last!"

"But-But how in tarnation did you know who he was?," sputtered the sheriff. "Thar wasn't even a description out on the sidewinder!"

"Pick up his six-gun and look at it!," the ranger commanded. "You'll find it's a .38 mounted on a .44 frame!"

The sheriff picked up the six-gun and looked at it, scratching his head in wonder.

"Yuh're plumb right, Ranger, but it beats me how yuh could o' knowed that!" he drawled.

"It's plumb simple!," explained Ranger Slaughter Jimson. "I smashed his right wrist with a bullet the last time our trails crossed. When I dug a .38 caliber slug out of a stage-coach shot up today, I knew he must have had a .38 mounted on his old .44 frame to lighten the force of the recoil on his weakened wrist. That gave me the one clue I needed. Not many men in these parts pack a .38. Just chalk the victory up to six-gun savvy," he added with a grim smile.

The End

GOLDEN ARROW

in THE GHOST of Golden Arrow

WHEN the vicious criminals try to steal the oil rich valley, they know they'll have to get rid of Golden Arrow before they can complete their plans! But read what happens when the Robin Hood of the Old West refuses to stay dead and his GHOST carries on the fight!



AS GOLDEN ARROW RIDES INTO THE TOWN OF DRY GULCH HE STOPS AT THE SHOP OF PAUL TAYLOR, THE LOCAL ARTIST...

HOWDY, PAUL, I'VE BEEN AWAY FOR RIGHT CLOSE TO A MONTH NOW! I RECKON YOU OUGHT TO HAVE THAT PICTURE OF ME FINISHED BY NOW!

I SHORE HAVE, GOLDEN ARROW! I SAW YOU COMING UP THE STREET SO I BROUGHT IT RIGHT OUT!



THERE IT IS! NOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

IT'S A RIGHT GOOD PICTURE OF ME! LET'S ROLL IT UP AGAIN AND I'LL PUT IT WITH MY BLANKET ROLL!



AFTER GOLDEN ARROW HAS PAID FOR THE PICTURE...

THE TOWN LOOKS FLARE EMPTY TODAY! WHERE IS EVERYONE?

MOST FOLKS ARE AT THE TOWN HALL AT THE SHERIFF'S MEETING! THEY'RE DISCUSSING WHAT TO DO ABOUT CHUCK VOSSNER'S GANG AND THEIR RAIDS ON THE RANCHERS! IT APPEARS LIKE CHUCK VOSSNER IS TRYING TO PUSH EVERYONE OUT OF THE VALLEY!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

AT THE HEAVEN OF TROUBLE GOLDEN ARROW LOSES NO TIME IN GETTING OVER TO THE TOWN HALL!

YOU ALL KNOW I DON'T WANT TO LOSE THE BAR 3, BUT WE KNOW WE'RE NO MATCH FER VOSSNER AND HIS GUNMEN! I SAY WE GIVE IN NOW TO SAVE OUR LIVES AND THEN SEND FER THE TROOPS TO CHASE THOSE OUTLAWS OFF OUR SPREADS!



I OWN THE LAZY 8 AND I DON'T AIM TO GIVE IT UP WITHOUT A FIGHT! I SAY WE BAND TOGETHER AND FIGHT IT OUT WITH CHUCK VOSSNER AND HIS ARMY OF KILLERS!



I WANT TO THANK YOU MEN FER COMING HYAR AND GIVING ME YORE IDEAS ON HOW TO FIGHT TIS MENACE! I SEE THAT OUR OLD FRIEND GOLDEN ARROW HAS JUST COME INTO THE HALL, SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I WANT TO TALK TIS SITUATION OVER WITH HIM!



AFTER THE SHERIFF TELLS GOLDEN ARROW ABOUT CHUCK VOSSNER'S ACTIVITIES —

— SO YOU SEE TIS VOSSNER IS NO SMALL TIME ROBBING RAIDER! HE'S THE LEADER OF A LARGE BAND THAT SEEMS TO BE MAKING A SYSTEMATIC DRIVE TO PUSH ALL RANCHERS OUT OF THE VALLEY!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU JUST ARM A LARGE POSSE AND GO OUT AND FIGHT 'EM THE JASPERES?



BECAUSE VOSSNER IS A GOOD GUNMAN, BUT I JUST DON'T THINK HE'S SMART ENOUGH TO WORK OUT A BIG PROJECT LIKE CLEARING THE VALLEY! I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE'S WORKING FER SOMEONE AND I WANT THE BIG BOSS BEHIND THE RAIDS!



I'M READY TO HELP! WHEN DO YOU AIM TO GET STARTED?

I RECKON THERE ISN'T MUCH WE CAN DO TILL TOMORROW MORNIN'! SUPPOSE YOU SPEND THE NIGHT AT THE SMALL EMPTY SHACK UP IN THE HILLS, AND IN THE MORNIN', WE'LL GET TOGETHER AND SET UP A PLAN OF ACTION!



THAT NIGHT, GOLDEN ARROW IS AWAKENED BY NOISES IN HIS SHACK!

WHO'S THERE? HUH! HEY, WHAT IS TIS? I'M TIED TO THE BED!



I'M CHUCK VOSSNER AND I'VE HEARD OF YORE REPUTATION FER HELPING THE LAW! I AIM TO MAKE SURE YOU STAY OUT OF THINGS AROUND HYAR!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



ALL RIGHT, MEN, SET FIRE TO THE SHACK!



IT'S A BLAZING FURNACE, MEN! LET'S VAMOOSE!

UGH! THESE ROPES ARE TIGHT!



WE'LL WAIT HYAR AWHILE JUST TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T BREAK LOOSE AND GET OUT! IF HE SHOULD GET FREE, I'LL PLUG HIM BEFORE HE GETS THROUGH THE DOORWAY!



MEANWHILE, IN THE SHACK, GOLDEN ARROW'S DESPERATE STRUGGLE HAS SUCCEEDED IN LOOSENING THE BONOS!

I'M OUT OF THE ROPES BUT I'LL NEVER MAKE IT OUT OF THE HOUSE! THE ROOF IS READY TO CAVE IN!

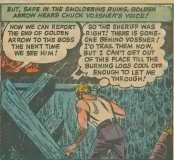


I'LL JUST HAVE TIME TO GRAB MY THINGS AND DUCK DOWN HERE FOR SHELTER!



AT THAT MOMENT—

I RECKON THAT'S THE END OF THAT MEDDLING LAWMAN!



BUT, SAFE IN THE SMOLDERING RUINS, GOLDEN ARROW HEARS CHUCK VOSSNER'S VOICE!

NOW WE CAN REPORT THE END OF GOLDEN ARROW TO THE BOSS THE NEXT TIME WE SEE HIM!

SO THE SHERIFF WAS RIGHT! THERE IS SOMEONE BEHIND VOSSNER! I'O TRAIL THEM NOW, BUT I CAN'T GET OUT OF THIS PLACE TILL THE BURNING LOGS COOL OFF ENOUGH TO LET ME THROUGH!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

LATER, GOLDEN ARROW ARRIVES AT THE SHERIFF'S HOME —

WAKE UP, SHERIFF! YOU WERE RIGHT! THERE IS SOMEONE BEHIND CHUCK VOSSNER AND I HAVE AN IDEA HOW TO MAKE HIM REVEAL HIS IDENTITY!

WHAT DO YOU AIM TO DO?

VOSSNER THINKS HE'S KILLED ME, SO I'M GOING TO HAUNT HIM UNTIL HE RUNS TO HIS BOSS FOR PROTECTION! WHEN HE DOES, I'LL FIND OUT WHO HIS BOSS IS! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PICK UP A LENGTH OF CHAIN AND I'M OFF!

SCRATCH GRAVEL, WHITE WIND! WE'RE GOING TO ACT OUT A GHOST STORY!



SOME TIME LATER, IN THE HILLS —

THERE'S THEIR HIDE-OUT AND THAT'S CHUCK VOSSNER SITTING IN THE CABIN! HERE'S WHERE HE'S GOING TO BE STARTLED OUT OF A YEAR'S GROWTH!



HUN! GOLDEN ARROWS! BUT IT CAN'T BE! GOLDEN ARROW IS DEAD!



THAT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! NOW THE ORNERY YARMAINT IS GOING TO GET THE REAL SPOCK TREATMENT!



THIS CHAIN RATTLE WILL HELP PUT HIM IN THE SPIRIT OF THINGS!



INSIDE THE CABIN, GOLDEN ARROW'S TACTICS HAVE TAKEN EFFECT!

IT IS GOLDEN ARROW! THIS TIME, I'LL MAKE SURE HE DIES!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane



A
**BLACK JACK
STORY**

in
**The
TERROR**



HUNDREDS OF HORSES DISAPPEAR WITHOUT TRACE AND TOUCH OFF NERVE-TRIGGER TEMPER IN A SWEEPING, TURBULENT TIDE OF VIOLENCE THAT EVEN THE SIX-FINGER PROWESS AND PLEASURING POWER OF ROCKY LANE'S MIGHTY FISTS CANNOT STEM—UNTIL THE GREAT STALLION, BLACK JACK HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE MAELSTROM TO MEET THE MURDEROUS CHALLENGE OF **THE STALKING TERROR!**

THE INDOMITABLE UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE, RACES HIS GREAT STALLION, BLACK JACK OVER A RUGGED MOUNTAIN TRAIL....

EASY, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! THESE MOUNTAIN TRAILS CALL FOR SOME MIGHTY SURE FOOTING!



SUDDENLY....

HELP!
LEMMIE GO...
I'M PLUMB
INNOCENT!

**STRING THE
HOSS-STEALING
VARMINT UP!**

**WHOA,
BLACK JACK!**
THAT SOUNDS AS IF
A NECKTIE PARTY
IS FOXING TO COME
OFF!



LET'S GO, BLACK JACK!
I AIM TO TAKE A
HAND IN THIS!

**HAIL
AWAY, MEN!**
HE'S AN EX-RUSTLER
AND A LEOPARD
DOESN'T CHANGE
ITS SPOTS, I
RECKON!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

IT LOOKS AS IF I GOT
HERE PLUMB IN THE
NICK OF TIME!

I RECKON IT'S ONE
OF HIS RUSTLER PARDS/
GUN HIM DOWN,
MEN!



DROP THAT GUN AND START
TALKING--PRONTO! I'M ROCKY
LANE AND I AIM TO FIND OUT
WHY YOU JASPER'S ARE
STRINGING UP THIS RANNY!

ROCKY LANE
-- THE
UNDERCOVER
MARSHAL?



THAT'S RIGHT! NOW
WHAT'S THIS ALL
ABOUT?

I'VE BEEN MISSING
SOME THOROUGHbred
HOSSES RIGHT ALONG
AND MY KANDS, HERE,
FOUND OUT THAT THIS
MAVERICK, WHO WAS RIDING
HERD ON THE BRONCS WAS
A RUSTLER--WHICH
MEANS HE'S BEEN
STEALING THEM!

THAT'S A
DOGGONED
LIE!



YUH MEAN TO SAY
BALD-FACED THAT
YO'RE NOT AN
EX-RUSTLER?

NOW
ABOUT
THAT?

THAT PART IS TRUE
ENOUGH AND I WON'T
DENY IT! I WAS JUST
A WILD KID WHO
GOT MIXED UP WITH
A BAD CROWD,
AND....



...BELIEVE ME, ROCKY, I LEARNED
MY LESSON! I'VE GONE STRAIGHT
EVER SINCE! WHEN I SAY I
DIDN'T STEAL THOSE HOSSES,
I'M TELLING THE TRUTH!

ALL RIGHT! I RECKON I'LL TAKE
YOUR WORD ON THAT, BUT IT'LL
GO MIGHTY HARD WITH YOU IF
YOU'RE LYING--BECAUSE I AIM
TO ROUND UP WHOEVER IS
DOING THE RUSTLING!

THANKS, ROCKY,
AND I AIM
TO HELP YOU!



NOW TELL ME HOW
THESE HOSSES
HAVE BEEN
DISAPPEARING!

I CAN'T
FIGURE IT
OUT! I TAKE

THE HERD OF HOSSES TO
WATER IN THE
MORNING AND EVENING
AND BRING THEM
BACK, BUT EVERY
ONCE IN A WHILE
THERE'S ONE
MISSING!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

HMM! THAT SOUNDS MIGHTY STRANGE! WELL, I'LL HANDLE THIS MY WAY, WHICH MEANS I'LL HAVE TO HAVE A FREE HAND! IS THAT ALL RIGHT WITH YOU GENTS?

SHORE, ROCKY! HANDLE IT YOFE WAY, BUT ROUND UP THE GUILTY VARMINT!

FINE! YOU JUST KEEP ON TAKING THE HERD OF HORSES TO WATER AS YOU'VE BEEN DOING, I'LL STAY ON THE RANCH FOR A FEW DAYS AND KEEP MY EYE ON THINGS!

RIGHT! I SHORE HOPE YUH SPOT THE SIDEWINDER BEHIND ALL THIS!



THANKS, FOLKS! BLACK JACK AND I HAVE A BIT OF SCOUTING TO DO! WE'LL BE SEEN TO YOU!

IF THOSE BRONCS WERE RUSTLED, THEY'D LEAVE TRACKS AND THAT'S WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

LATER... I'VE COVERED BOTH SIDES OF THE TRAIL AND NOT A SIGN OF TRACKS! I RECKON WE'LL HIT FOR THE RANCH HOUSE AND CALL IT DAY!



THERE'S THE RANCH HOUSE UP AHEAD! AND IT LOOKS AS IF WE'RE IN TIME TO PREVENT A HEAP OF TROUBLE!

FASTER, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! THOSE COWMEN SURE LOOK MIGHTY RILED UP! THEY APPEAR TO BE PLUMS SET ON GETTING THAT EX-RUSTLER!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



HELP, ROCKY! THEY'RE AIMING TO STRING ME UP AGAIN!

GIT HIM, MEN! NOW WE KNOW THIS VARMINT IS BEHIND ALL THE RUSTLINGS!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



HOLD ON! YOU CAN'T TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS! NOW WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

ANOTHER THOROUGHBRED IS MISSING AND I'M PLUMB SHORE NO RUSTLER COULD HAVE STOLEN IT WITH YOU ON THE JOB! SINCE HE WAS THE ONLY ONE GUARDING THE HOSSES, THAT MAKES HIM PLUMB GUILTY!



ANOTHER BRONG MISSING?

RIGHT! AND IT'S HIGH TIME SOMETHING WAS DONE ABOUT THIS VARMINT! HE'S AS CROOKED AS A RAM'S HORN! GRAB HIM, MEN! WE'LL STRING HIM UP FOR SHORE THIS TIME!



NOT SO FAST, MEN! SIMMER DOWN! I GIVE YOU MY WORD NO MORE BRONGS WILL BE STOLEN!

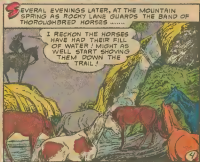


I'VE GOT ONE QUESTION TO ASK! HOW HAVE YOU BEEN TAKING THE HORSES TO WATER AND BRINGING THEM BACK?

LEADING THEM, OF COURSE! WHY?



THANKS! THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT! GET GOING, BLACK JACK! FROM NOW ON, WE'RE RIDING HERD ON THOSE BRONGS, AND FROM BEHIND! I'VE A HUNCH I WANT TO PLAY!



SEVERAL EVENINGS LATER, AT THE MOUNTAIN SPRING AS ROCKY LANE GUARDS THE BAND OF THOROUGHBRED HORSES.....

I RECKON THE HORSES HAVE HAD THEIR FILL OF WATER! MIGHT AS WELL START SHOWING THEM DOWN THE TRAIL!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THAT EX-RUSTLER MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE, I RECKON! HE LED THE HERD WHICH MEANS THEY WERE BEHIND HIM! I AIM TO HERD THE HORSES IN FRONT OF ME WHERE I CAN KEEP MY EYE ON THEM ALL THE TIME!



SUDDENLY--- WITHOUT WARNING....

A MOUNTAIN LION!

GRRRR!



AS THE FEROCIOUS MOUNTAIN LION POISES A MIGHTY CLAWED PAW FOR THE SLASHING DEATH-STROKE, THE GREAT STALLION, BLACK JACK, WHIRLS TO THE DEFENSE OF HIS BELOVED MASTER.....



.... AND FACES THE SNARLING FURY OF THE STALKING TERROR!



AS THE RAPACIOUS KILLER SAVAGELY TURNS ITS BLAZING FURY TOWARD THE GREAT STALLION, BLACK JACK UNDAUNTEDLY PLUNGES FORWARD TO MEET THE ATTACK WITH THE THUNDERING VIOLENCE OF A RAGING TORNADO GONE BESERK!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

AS THE GREAT BAKING CLAWS OF THE MOUNTAIN LION SLASH TOWARD THE VITAL JUGULAR VEIN, BLACK JACK LASHES OUT WITH LIGHTNING SPEED--SENDING HIS MURDEROUS ASSAILANT FLYING!



AS THE GREAT-HEARTED BLACK JACK FURIOUSLY CHARGES TO END THE FRAY, THE WILY MOUNTAIN MILLER DEFTLY SIDE-STEPS, AND...



....LEAPS TO THE MIGHTY STALLION'S BACK FOR THE KILL!



BUT THE KEEN, INTELLIGENT MIND OF BLACK JACK HAS SEIZED THE STRATEGY IN A TWINKLING FLASH AND GOES INTO INSTANTANEOUS ACTION.....



....AND ROLLS, FINNING THE SNARLING KILLER TO THE GROUND IN A CRESCENDO OF FRIGHTFUL SCREAMS AND BREAKING BONES.....



YAROWWWW!
GROWLLL!

BLACK JACK WHIRLS AND STRIKES AGAIN AND AGAIN WITH THE EARTH-SHAKING FORCE OF LIGHTNING, STAMPING THE MURDEROUS SPARK OF LIFE OUT OF THE GREAT KILLER-CAT!



GOOD OLD PARD, BLACK JACK!
YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE! I RECKON
I SHOULD SAY THANKS, BUT WE
DON'T NEED WORDS TO
SAVVY EACH OTHER!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF

ROCKY LANE

AND HIS HORSE BLACK JACK

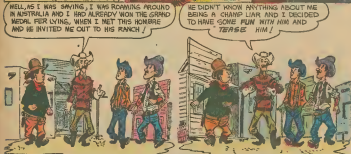
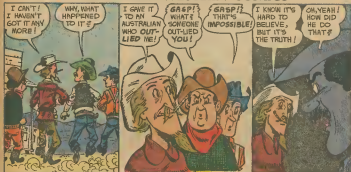
in his own magazine...

ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR *rocky lane western*

BUFFALO BULL... AUSTRALIA BOUND!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

"IN A FEW MOMENTS WE CAME UPON A FLOCK OF SHEEP..."



"AT THAT MOMENT A FEW KANGAROOS HOPPED PAST US..."



I DIDN'T SAY ANOTHER WORD! I JUST HANDED MY LIAR'S MEDAL TO HIM!



YUP! THAT WAS THE ONLY TIME I RAN ACROSS AN HOMBRE WHO UED BETTER THAN ME!



WELL, WE BELIEVE YUH RENLY WERE IN AUSTRALIA NOW! TELL US 'BOUT THAT KANGAROO YUH FOUGHT!

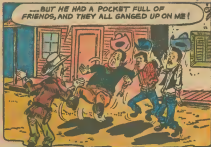
I HATE TO THINK OF IT! EVEN THE MEMORY IS PAINFUL!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

NO! I WAS GETTING THE BEST OF HIM ...

... BUT HE HAD A POCKET FULL OF FRIENDS, AND THEY ALL GANGED UP ON ME!



THAT'S RIGHT! KANGAROOS DO CARRY THEIR YOUNG IN THEIR POUCHES, DON'T THEY?

YES, AND I SAW A VERY AMUSING THING OVER THERE! THIS IS TRUE, FELLOWS! I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES....

A BABY KANGAROO KEPT JUMPING OUT OF HIS MAMA'S POUCH TIME AFTER TIME, AND THE PAPA KANGAROO GOT VERY ANNOYED AT THIS AND WAS ABOUT TO SPANK THE BABY WHEN THE MAMA KANGAROO CRIED OUT....

"DON'T SPANK JUNIOR! HE CAN'T HELP JUMPING OUT OF MY POUCH EVERY FEW MOMENTS! I HAVE THE HICCUGHS!"



LET'S GO, FELLOWS!

HUH? WHAR ARE YUH CRITTERS GOING?

TO AUSTRALIA... TO GET THAT CHAMPION LIAR'S MEDAL BACK FER YUH!

HEE!



YES, RIGHT FROM DETROIT!

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—WILLIAMS, Chicago, Ill.

BOOK JOB WITH STRAIGHT
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—W. Ruppert, Norfolk, Va.

HE TO HIS SPARE TIME
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—Wright, Buffalo, New York

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