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REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

# Rocky Lane

IN THE **THE LAND OF MISSING MEN!**

CHAPTER ONE  
TOMBSTONE  
GUNPLAY

STEP BY ANOTHER  
SOUTHWEST, THERE  
LIES A PRISON OF  
WILD, UNPAID COWBOYS,  
KNOW AS THE "MISSING  
MEN". FOR YEARS, BANDITS AND  
BROKEN MEN, THOSE  
REARERS OF THE LAND  
NEVER TO RETURN! SO  
WAS A BAND OF MEN  
AND OUTLAW, MEN  
THAT IN THE "MISSING  
MEN". IT IS UP TO  
MAJOR ROCKY LANE  
TO BRING THEM BACK  
FROM THE LAND OF THE  
MISSING MEN!



"THAT'S IT,  
BULL!  
BACK ON  
OVER THE  
CLIFF!"

THE NIGHT, A PRISON WALL  
EXPLODES!



"GEEK, BULL,  
FOLLOW ME!"



"I'VE  
WITH YOU,  
BULL!"

THE BULLHORN  
AND HIS  
GRAND  
"THEY'RE  
BRONCO!"



"SHOOT UP  
GENTLE  
WE'LL  
AFTER  
THEM!"



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SEVEN YEARS AGO, A SINGLE BROTHER KILLED HIS BROTHER MOUNTAIN IN A DEEP FOREST.

BLACK JACK, THIS YEAR, IS TWENTY YEARS OLD. BUT IT TELLS ME THAT THE BROTHER AND HIS BROTHERS ARE LEAVING AND THE TOWN-BOYS WILL.



THE PARTNER WAS NOT SO SUCCESSFUL IN BRINGING THEM BACK... HE'S HEARING IT'S OUR AGE! LET'S GO, BOY!



HEY BOBBY---

THEY'VE GOT TO GO AWAY! IT'S A MOUNTAIN... JUST AS IF YOU'D BE A MOUNTAIN... BEHIND IT!



ROCKY LANE SMITH DROVE, AND ---

BRUSH YOUR HAIR AND COME OUT OF THERE--OR I'LL PUNT YOUR HAIR!



OH-DON'T SCODY, MISTER, I'VE BEEN HELPING TO DO MY HAIR!



WELL, IT'S A MOUNTAIN... A MOUNTAIN... YOU'VE GOT TO GO AWAY! IT'S A MOUNTAIN... YOU'VE GOT TO GO AWAY!

MY NAME IS BOBBY... MY TWO BROTHERS... FOR THE BROTHERS... THEY WANT TO GO AWAY... A MOUNTAIN... THEY WANT TO GO AWAY!



IN THE CITY ONE LEFT... SO I THOUGHT TO BRING YOU WITH MY BROTHERS AND LOOK FOR THEM!



OH-DON'T SCODY, MISTER, I'VE BEEN HELPING TO DO MY HAIR!

BUT I'VE GOT TO GO AWAY... MY BROTHERS... THEY WANT TO GO AWAY!





"WAS YOUR LUCKY TO GET KILLED BECAUSE THAT A FELONY THAT IS A SCANDAL, IF YOU TRY TO GET INTO THOSE HALLS! YOUR BETTER, RED BARK!"

"YOU'RE NOT A SCANDAL TO STOP ME, WINTER!"



"THINK, EARL! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!"

"HE'S TRYING TO KISS A BRASS. FOR IT WILL HAVE TO GET THEM, BLACK JACK!"



"THE MIGHTY BILLION STRETCHES HIS LONG LEGS... AND IN A MOMENT HE IS..."

"WHEN YOU YOUNG REPCALLERS!"

"LET GO! DON'T TRY TO STOP ME!"



"ALL RIGHT, TWO! I CAN SEE YOU FROM HERE... YOU KNOW, AS THE CAT FOR YOUR BROTHERS, AND ALL NEED AN EYE... HELLO FOR THE SCORCH AND HIS GANG! HOW'S THAT?"

"OH, MY, ALRIGHT!"



"ONE MORE THING... BUT YOU'VE GOT TO PROMISE TO KEEP'S MOUTH! THAT DON'T CALL ME, EITHER! MY NAME IS ROCKY LANE!"

"ROCKY LANE? THE SECRET? EARL... EARL! O-GOOD, HE IS VERY LUCKY TO HAVE YOU WITH ME!"



"THE TWO MEN, THE COURAGEOUS... THE A SMALL BOY IN SEARCH OF AN ADVENTURE... THE OTHER, A COURAGEOUS LAWYER!"



"LAST NIGHT..."

"LOOK UP THERE, BOB! THERE'S A CHIPPING ON THE MOUNTAIN LEDGE... AND IT'S BEHOLDING TO THE SCORCH, AND HIS MEN!"



LET'S LEAVE BLACK  
AND ADD YOUR BURNED  
HAIR! NO! WE'LL  
GO THE RIGHT WAY  
THE WAY OF  
ROCKY!

WELL, ROCKY!



HOOT!  
HOOT!



WHAT'S  
SO FUNNY,  
ROCKY?

JUST AN OLD JOKE!  
DON'T GET  
YOUR HAIR!  
KEEP MOVING!

HOOT!



Don't touch!  
ROCKY! KEEP THEM  
BY SURPRISE!

WELL! THEY  
NEVER EXPECTED AN  
AMERICAN! I SAY YOU!



WE'VE COME!  
BUT WE'LL DO  
OUR BEST TO  
KEEP IT!

GOOF!

WHUMP!



LEAVE HIM  
TO ME! I'LL  
BLAST AN  
EMPTY AIR!  
WATER!

Only!

BANG!  
BANG!  
CRACK!



HOLD ON TO YOURSELF!  
GIVE  
UP! OR I'LL PULL THE TRIGGER  
ON YOU!



NO! NO!  
DON'T  
SHOOT!

I'LL PLAY ALONG  
WITH THE RIGHT  
TIME COMING!



I GOT HIS ATTENUITY, SCHOLAR. THAT WAS A WIGHTY HEAT AN' BUSH- YOU MOVED OF ROE- THEM. I GOT ROE? YOU KNOW THEY WERE SAGGARDIN' UP TOWARD- OUT LEGS?

SMILE, BULL. YOU PROBABLY SENSE WHEN IT, BUT CHOC- ANCENT SCENE WEE DUCKER. ATTACK BY A BAND OF SANGRE- DOGYS.



THEY WERE SAVED BY THE HELPING OF A FLOCK OF SANGRE- DOGYS ON THE CAPITOL HILL. I REAS- SURED THAT AND USED THE SAME TRICK.

BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY DEERS!



SO, BUT I SAVED AN OLD OIL, AND TRO- OIA TO THAT TREE LAST NIGHT. AND HE SURE HANGED ONE OF OUR SUSPECTED VICTIMS.

HOOT! HOOT!



HOW THAT WERE GOT THEM, GREAT AND WE GOING TO GO WITH THEM?

TAKE THEM ALONG AS HORSEMAN, B. BULL. I'VE LET THEM GO, THEY'LL TELL THE LAW THEY SAW US. BUT IF WE TAKE THEM WITH US, WE HAVE AN ACE-IN-THE-HOLE, IF THE LAW EVER CATCHES UP!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, THE OUTLANDS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS GET UNDER WAY!

WHERE DO YOU SLEEDIN' THEM? THROUGH IN, BOOBY!

SMILE, SON. DON'T MENTION ANY SLURS. I SUPPOSE THEY'RE ASKED TO GET AN EAR INTO THE MOUNTAINS AS POSSIBLE!



LET AS THEY STRIKE INTO THE HEART OF THE TOMBSTONE HILLS, THE FUGITIVE MEET WITH ONE DEAD END AT THE JUNCTION!

THAT'S THE END OF THIS TANK? YES, IT'S ANOTHER!



ANOTHER DEAD END? SURE, DON'T LOOK AS IF WE'RE MAKING ANY PROGRESS, SCHOLAR!

WE'LL KEEP TRYING, WILL I?





READ THE ROAD! WE'RE BEHIND! TIME TRYING TO GO SART-HAR, SCHOLAR!

NO! THERE'S ANOTHER GORGE TO GO... LET'S FOLLOW IT... AND SEE WHERE IT TAKES US!



LOOKS... A GREAT WATERFALL! DOESN'T LOOK AS IF WE CAN GET THROUGH THAT, UNLESS...



LOOK! THE ROAD IS SWEEPING THE WATERFALL TO THE SIDE! AND A DON CAN GO THROUGH THE GORGE! IT'S AN ADVANCE! ... ANY OPINIONS?



ROCKY LANE PRESSES FORWARD!

WE'RE RIGHT, SCHOLAR! AND IT LETS US THROUGH TO WHAT WOULD BE A VALLEY DOWN THERE!

LET'S GO THROUGH! GOOD BOYS!



KEEP YOUR HORSE DRY! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'LL FIND IN THERE!



SOFT AS THE WINDS BLENDS ON THE OTHER SIDE!

BALLOONS COVERED WITH GOLD AND JEWELS!

SHINE IN THE SUNSHINE! THEY'RE BLINDING MY EYES!



BE CAREFUL, SCHOLAR! REMEMBER! MANY MEN HAVE VENTURED INTO THESE MOUNTAINS - NEVER TO RETURN!

THEY DON'T! EITHER WE! WE'RE GOING IN! GOOD BOYS!

INTO A MIRACULOUS LAND OF GOLD AND LEVEL-COVERED TRAPLES! BUT ROCKY, TED AND THEIR CRITTERS! WHAT STRANGE EVENTS AWAIT THEM!

WATCH FOR CHAPTER 2 OF THE LAND OF MISSING MEN!

# GOPHERFACE

SOONER  
COMER!



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Boeing Thunderbolt



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Northwest F-1  
Wildcat



Boeing F-105  
Thunderbolt



Lockheed F-4  
Thunderbolt



Boeing F-105





ROCKY LANE WESTERN





WHAT KIND OF STRATEGY IS THAT? HOW COULD YOU CATCH HIM RUNNING THAT WAY, WHEN HE'S OVER IN THAT DIRECTION?



I'LL BRING THE WAGON AND CAPTIVE AND FREE THE HORSE!

BY THE TIME YOU'VE GOT THROUGH THE WAGON, YOU'VE GOT UNDESIRABLE PEOPLE TO GET OUR WAGON.



THAT'S WHAT I WAS HOPEING!

LOOK HERE, OLD DOCKING, ALL YOU GOT TO DO IS TELL HIM HE'S A GOOD BOSS BUCKEY!



I'LL TELL HIM ABOUT YOUR PLAN! I'LL ALSO TELL HIM ABOUT A PINKIE CAT, A RED HOUND, RATTLESHANK AND THE JUMP WELLOW!

GOOD! LET'S GO SO YOU CAN TELL HIM!



NO-- I DAREN'T I'LL TELL HIM THAT OVER THE FENCE!

GOOD ENOUGH! HE DOESN'T!



CURSE, SWAMPY, LOOK HE'S! I'VE BEEN KICKED OUT BY THE WILD WESTERNERS TO BE A BUCKEY WAGON I SAW A TRICK THAT SCARED HIM OUT OF HIS WIT! I WANT TO BE IN A SAFE CELL WHERE THEY CAN'T GET TO ME!

WHAT KIND OF CELL WAS IT, SWAMPY?



[LARRY] THERE IT IS! SWAMPY! SWAMPY! LOOK HE'S UP!

I HEARD OF PRISON THAT STOPPED A BUCKEY, BUT HE'S RUNNING. THAT'S THE FIRST BUCKEY WITH A PRICK THAT STOPPED A BUCKEY!

[SWAMPY] NOW IT'S AN EYE FOR AN EYE-- BUT WHAT FOR?

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR



# Rocky Lane

## THE LAND OF MISSING MEN!

CHAPTER TWO  
VENGEANCE OF CENTURIES

**T**ROUBLE & RAGING  
WATERFALL STRUCK  
ROCKY LANE, TAD SAWYER,  
AND THEIR OUTLAW  
FOLLOWERS. ACCORDING  
SAID, THEY ARE  
AWAYED BY WHAT  
THEY SEE!

WH-WHAT  
IS IT?

I'M NOT SURE, BUT I'VE  
SEEN ANCIENT TREASURE  
IN BARRIS THAT LOOKED  
JUST LIKE THESE  
BUILDINGS!

THAT'S IT! I'VE HEARD OF  
A LEGEND ABOUT A TOWN  
OF TOTTING INDIANS  
WHO TIED UP HERE MANY  
CENTURIES AGO TO ESCAPE  
FROM THE SPANISH WARRIORS  
IN WAR. THEY BROUGHT  
MANY TREASURES AND TOOK  
ALL THEIR TREASURES  
WITH THEM.



THEN YOU  
FIND THESE  
AND THE  
DISCOVERERS  
OF THOSE  
OLD  
TOWNS?

THEY MUST  
BE! AND  
THEY'LL  
GOING TO  
TOTTING TOWN  
OF BONES OF  
MINE, GOLD AND  
JEWELS!



**T**HEY... THE FOLKS WHO DOWN A  
WATERFALL TRAIL INTO THE MOUNTAIN  
VALLEY!

KEEP YOUR EYES  
PEELED FOR HITCHHIKERS.  
SOME! THEY MAY  
NOT BE EXACTLY  
FRIENDLY!









WOLD ON SCOLLAR, I'VE BEEN HERE FOR HOURS! YOU GOT TO BE GOING OFF TOSE! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ...

THAT'S JUST IT! DO YOU SEE THE WAY HE RANDED THAT BRASS? ... THAT'S JUST ONE MORE IN THE HISTORY WHO CAN BEAT THE WAY!



RODDY LANE, THE GREAT MARTIN, I'VE BEEN HERE FOR HOURS! YOU GOT TO BE GOING OFF TOSE! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ...

AND WITH RODDY BEING CONCERNED...



OH, MY HEAD! HE'S TIED UP, AND HIS FOOT IS SWELLING! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ...

THE SCOLLAR RANDED THAT BRASS? ... THAT'S JUST ONE MORE IN THE HISTORY WHO CAN BEAT THE WAY!



THEY WERE TIED UP AND LEFT BY THE WAY WITH A MATTER OF FACTS. THEY WERE BY THE WAY, AND DID NOT GO DOWN TO THE WET WELLS TO TRY TO GET SOME OF THAT GOLD AND JEWELS!



WELL! THAT'S BAD! WHEN THEY'LL MEET WITH A GREAT RECEPTION PARTY! AND IT LOOKS GOOD ABOUT YOUR BROTHERS, TOO! ... IF THEY WERE INTO THE WELLS, THEY WOULD BE THERE! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ...



A-ROH! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT, RODDY! WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME SOMEHOW!

RIGHT! BUT HOW?



WELL! ... THERE ARE THE PEOPLE, RODDY! JUST THINK OF COMING EVEN A WALK OF THE WELLS!

EVER A HUNDREDTHS WOULD MAKE US ALL FOR LIFE, YOU KNOW! ... THERE ARE JEWELS EVERYWHERE! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ... REALLY! ...



IF ONLY HE COULD FIGURE A WAY TO MAKE THEM ALL LEAVE THE VILLAGE FOR A WHILE!



I'VE GOT IT, THE TOLONNA HORSE!

WHAT'S THAT, BOCKY? WHAT'S A TOLONNA HORSE?



JUST THIS, YOU FOOL! CUSTOMER ALSO, WHO WAS CAPTURED THROUGH THE USE OF A WOODS WAGON, IN WHICH THESE GUY'S WERE / WE CAN BUILD A WOODS WAGON, BUT WE CAN BUILD A BIG LOG, TRUCK ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE TOLONNA VILLAGE!



YEAH! AND TOMORROW THEY'LL SEE IT! THEY'LL COME OUT TO LOOK IT OVER!

WELL, WE SPEAK IN THE OTHER SIDE OF THEM AND LOAD UP ON ALL THE GOLD AND SILVER WE CAN FIND! IT'S PERFECT!



THROUGH THE NIGHT, THE OUTLINE AND HIS COMPANIES LABOR!

LUCKY WE FOUND THIS BARK-UP LOG NEARBY!

WELL! THEY WERE PROBABLY PLANNING TO USE THEM IN THE TOLONNA, BUT WE'LL USE THEM HERE! BUT IT'S TIME TO BEAT HURRY, BOSS!



THERE! ALMOST FINISHED, AND THE LOGS ALL ROULDED!

LOOK AT THAT! IS TOO BESS A TOLONNA, BOSS! YOU REMIND IT?



WELL, BOCKY! BOCKY AND TAO BOSS STRUGGLED THROUGH THE NIGHT TO MAKE THEMSELVES!

IT'S NO USE! MY WEAPONS & HORSE! I'M ABE, BOSS! AND I ALMOST FORGOT THE HORSE!

WHAT! I'VE GOT A HORSE! I'M ABE! I'LL JUST FIGHT IT!



...ON THE --- HORSE --- ON YOUR WEAPONS!

BOSS! TRUCKLE!



THESE THOSE  
EYES ARE  
BURNING AND  
CRITICIZING. GEEZ,  
BLAZE JACK!

BRIGHAH!



THE GREAT HORSE NEEDED  
AND MASTER'S COMMAND!

MAKE A DECK,  
BOY! HELP  
YOURSELF!



HIS CHIRING  
AT THE PAPER,  
THEY'RE LOBBING  
AND I'LL BE  
LOOKING IN A  
MOMENT!

TEAR!



THESE!  
THESE!  
THESE!

WELL, BUT  
THESE, BUT  
THESE, BUT  
THESE DOWN TO  
THE VILLAGE!



ROON...

IT'S GETTING  
LIGHT! I'VE  
GOT TO BE  
CAREFUL NOT  
TO BE SEEN!



LOOK! AN  
INDIAN ON  
GUARD!

I SEE HER AND I'LL  
TAKE CARE OF HER!



THIS WILL KEEP YOU QUIET FOR A LITTLE WHILE!

WHOR!

OH!



HOW TO TAKE A LOOK  
TO SEE... OH, OH!  
GET BACK, TAD!

WHAT WAS THE SECRET MESSAGE, BOY?



GRADING LOW, ROCKY AND THE BOY RAN...!

LOOK! THE HORSEMEN MUST BE HUNTERS OF THEM!

BRUSH! TRY TO MARCH OUT OF THE VILLAGE...



...TOWARD A BIG HOLE ON THE OUTSIDE! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO BREAK INTO THE CENTER OF THE VILLAGE!



LOW, ROCKY! THAT BUILDING... IT'S NOT BUILT IN THE WINDOWS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, TAD! BRUSH AWAY A BRUSH FOR CUTTING THE WOODPILE!



LIFT ME UP, ROCKY! I'LL GET DOWN SAFE THERE!



LET THERE BE MOVEMENT WITH THE BARK, CAUTIONING CHILDREN! TWO BARKS APPROX!

RAW! RAW! IT'S AN OUTCAST! ROCKY! TRYING ALIVE!

TAD!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GET UP! GET UP! SEE YOU AGAIN!



QUICK! THERE'S NO TIME TO TALK! WE'VE GOT TO GET YOU OUT OF THERE BEFORE THE NATIVES RETURN!

ROCKY! THEY WERE ALL BRUSHED WITH THE BOY CAME UP! THEY BROUGHT A NEW HOLE AND THEY MAY BE PLANNING TO HAVE SOME HUMAN SACRIFICES!



WELL, ROCKY! WOULD YOU AND MEY! YOU BARK TOGETHER WITH THEM! YOU'RE GOT TO BARK THEM! YOU'VE GOT TO!



I'LL TRY, TAD, BUT THE BARK... ARE YOU...? ... STRONG!

FORWARDED, ROCKY LANE HEARS BY THE HARBOR! LEAVE! CAN HE GET OUT THE BARK IN TIME TO SAVE THE LIVES OF THE NATIVE SACRIFICES? READ ON FOR CHAPTER 22 OF THE LAND OF MISSING MEN!



ROPING 'N' RIDING  
With

**ALLAN "Rocky" LANE**  
AND BLACK JACK

4024 NORTH HAYFORD AVE  
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

**ROPER, RANCHMAN I**

I SHOULD I DON'T HAVE TO SAY IT'S GOOD TO  
EEN UP AT YOUR FINEST FOOT ACADEMY. THERE'S HAD  
BEEN ROPEY LIVED LIFELONGS— THE ROPEY'S  
BEEN IN TOWN AND FOR SOME THE LAST FIVE DAYS  
ROPEY THE ROPERS WITH 100 HORSES. YOU KNOW  
ROPEY ROPERS ARE A ROPEY FINE LOT OF BARNEY  
AND THEY HAVE A LANGUAGE ALL THEIR OWN. THEN A  
ROPEY SAYS SPEAKING OF A "DOG HEAT" HE MEANS  
PUTTING A SPOON DOWN WITH HIS FEET UNDER HIM.  
THEY THROW IN NOT RIGHT SAYS. THE ROPEY'S ON HIS  
SIDE WITH ALL FOUR FEET OUT. A "ROPEY" IS IN A  
HORSE THAT LEAPS WITH HIS BACK. "ROPEY" IS  
WHEN THE BULLDOGS STICKS THE STEER'S EAR INTO  
THE GROUND AND "BULLDOGS" IS THE ART OF  
ROPEYING A STEER BY HIS HORNS.

A ROPEY SAYS SPEAKING OF "COW HOP" IS  
SAYS A ROPEY. THEN SPEAKING OF "COW HOP" IS  
"COWHOP" IS HOLDING THE SADDLE HORNS WHILE A  
HORSE IS IN THE BULLDOGS IS HELPER WHO PICKS UP  
THE ROPEY'S SADDLE AFTER HE HAS JUMPED TO THE  
STEER. WHEN A ROPEY COMPARISON SPEAKING  
THE APPLE HE IS GRABBING THE SADDLE LEGS TO  
KEEP FROM BEING THROWN. YES, THE ROPEY ROPERS  
HAVE A LITTLE LANGUAGE ALL THEIR OWN. AND A  
CODE OF THEIR OWN, TOO. THEY ALL COMPETE FOR THE  
PRIZE MONEY AGAINST EACH OTHER, BUT NO MATTER  
HOW HARD THE COMPETITION, THE PLAY IS ALWAYS ON  
THE SQUARE. ROPEY ROPERS BELIEVE IN HELPING EACH  
OTHER AND ROPERS HAVE ALL THE TIME, AND THAT'S  
A CODE WE COULD ALL REMEMBER. NO MATTER HOW  
HARD YOU COMPETE FOR A PRIZE, OR FOR ANYTHING,  
TO PLAY FAIR IS THE IMPORTANT THING. THAT'S ONE  
OF THE THINGS THAT MAKES THE PROFESSIONAL  
ROPEY ROPERS A ROPEY FINE CREW TO KNOW AND  
YOU'LL WANT THEM THE SAME OF YOU, IF YOU FOLLOW  
THEIR CODE.

BUT NOW FRIENDS, BLACK JACK AND I HAVE TO  
ROPEY ON. BUT WE'LL BE THIS WAY AGAIN NEXT  
MONTH. MEANWHILE, KEEP THOSE RIGHT SHVELL  
LETTERS OF YOURS COMING. WE SURE APPRECIATE  
THEM.

YOUR PAL  
*Allan Rocky Lane*  
AND BLACK JACK



**PHIL RIZZUTO**  
NEW YORK'S FAVORITE PLAYING SHORTSTOP LEADER

**WHAT BUILDS A CHAMPION BUILDS YOU!**

THAT'S AN  
IMPORTANT  
TRAINING  
FACT!

EXTRAWEIGHT WHEAT  
OR WHEATY CORNMEAL

THERE'S A  
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT  
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!

See that whole kernel floating with dynamic  
energy! There's one of these in every  
WHEATIES flake—always to build you  
stronger!

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## THE THREE DEUCES



By Walter Farner



**R**EX CANYON, United States Marshal, had a tough, dangerous job ahead of him. His assignment was to collar "The Three Deuces," bandits of that infamous phase. "The Three Deuces," was enough to give small children nightmares and make strong men turn pale. Their range of terror had encompassed the most feared criminals ever to infest the Grand River Valley.

Three lute sheriffs of the tiny town of Grand River lay under tombstones at the edge of town. All brave men. They had tried to halt the raiding and plundering of the terrible trio. Now, even the most courageous man in the town and territory were quick to decline when white-haired Mayor Baldwin tried to pin the badge of office on them. In desperation, the mayor had called on Rex Canyon, the famous constabulary of the Old West.

It was midnight, and the whole town was "dead," save for the tiny streak of light that swept through a crack in the damn blinds of Mayor Baldwin's office. Inside, the mayor and Rex Canyon were conferring, speaking low.

"Marshal," said the mayor, "I like your looks. You're a classmate young fellow, you look strong and you have courage by reputation. I've taken a real liking to you. In fact, I . . . I . . . well, I wish you'd back out of this deal. I wish you'd promised I never sent for you!"

"Back out?" exclaimed Rex. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, if you don't back out, you'll be dead," asserted the white-haired man. "Now don't take offense, youngster."

Marshal Rex Canyon was astonished by the mayor's words. Perhaps that is why his usually keen, alert ears had not detected the steady tread, the slight creaking of boards in the alley behind the mayor's office.

"I'll take no offense, Mr. Mayor," declared Rex. "But I won't back out. And I'll make a something bet that I won't be dead!"

"A sure-thing bet?" The mayor looked ques-

tioned. "Don't be overconfident. Besides, if you make the bet and you did turn up dead, where would I collect?"

"That's what I mean by sure thing," chuckled Rex. "If I'm dead, I can't pay off!"

The white-haired old mayor shook his head.

"You shouldn't joke about The Three Deuces," asserted the mayor. "You're one against three. But even if you were one against one—what one would beat you. Let me tell you about them!"

"Go ahead," said Rex.

"Club Deuce is the strongest man you ever saw," declared Mayor Baldwin. "No matter how strong you are, he could break you in two. He could club you to death—without a club!"

"Go on!" said Rex, firmly.

"That's Diamond Deuce. He's hard as a diamond—crackam. He's the best shot anywhere. He can outshoot anybody, even you. If you should happen to survive what Club did to you with his fists, Diamond would smash you all with lead!"

"Tell me about the other one," suggested Rex.

"That would be Spade Deuce," said the mayor. "He is even worse than the other two. Club uses his strength, Diamond uses his guns, but Spade uses his head—he has a diabolical mind. He will out-think you!"

Rex Canyon grinned. "I'll take my chances. He . . ."

An explosive blast interrupted him. The floor rose, the wall crashed. Mayor Baldwin and Marshal Rex Canyon were toppled to the floor, covered with plaster dust and flying splinters. After a dazed moment, Rex raised to his knees, shaking the dust from his head and his eyes and calling, "Mr. Mayor, are you all right?"

"Fishes to be good fortune, I'm all right," said the mayor, spitting dust from his mouth. "We were lucky. They tried to get us and failed!"

"No, they didn't fail," asserted Rex.

"Didn't fail? But we're alive, men!"



"Exactly," said Rex. "They didn't mean to kill us. That was only a light charge of dynamite, calculated to rock the frame building and spurt us. If they'd wanted to finish us off, the charge would have been plenty heavy enough to burst us into bits."

"But . . . why?"

"They wanted to scare us . . . they wanted to scare me," said the marshal. "Somehow they got word that you had sent for me. Above, I might cause them a peak of trouble, but if they killed me, I'd sure cause them a basket of trouble. Killing a United States Marshal would set the whole federal government after them. They don't want that. They'd rather scare me away if they can."

Rex Canyon rubbed his chin with the glittering ring on his left hand, a memento that always accompanied his deep thinking. The mayor shook his head and said, "I reckon you figured it out right. But we could have been killed. A bomb might have fallen on us or . . ."

"That's it!" Rex cut in, pointing his ring finger at the mayor while his eyes lighted up and his face broke into a smile. "That's it! You've given me the idea!"

The whole town of Crosson River turned out for the funeral of Mayor Baldwin and the unidentified stranger who, it was reported, had been killed in a mysterious explosion. Due to the condition of the remains, both caskets were kept tightly sealed. Most of the mourners would have been shocked to get a look at the "remains"—which consisted of old four necks loaded with sand!

As the procession approached the burying ground, nobody seemed to pay any attention to the dirty-faced gravedigger who was leaning wearily on his earth-taken shovel. Rex Canyon dabbed at the perspiration in his eyes with a faded handkerchief and thought, "Nobody's likely to recognize me—A grave digger seldom attracts attention. The question is, will I be able to recognize the Deanses? I'm sure they'll come to my funeral. They wouldn't miss it. They'll want to know if any government men are here to pay their respects, and how many men the government sent. I've got to be on the lookout for false heads."

Three old men were approaching the graves, ahead of the procession. Rex watched them keenly. Their beards were white and straggly, they affected a bent posture, but somehow they did not walk like old men. "It's them! It's The Three Deanses!" thought Rex.

At that same moment, Spade Deane, his beady eyes taking in everything, whispered to Diamond Deane, "Get ready to draw! This hombre is no grave digger. Look at that expensive ring on his left hand!"

Diamond Deane reached for his holster, but that same left hand had doubled to a fist and caught Diamond squarely on the chin, sending him down for the count. With a roar, Club Deane, the strong man, charged at Rex. Rex swung the spade handle like a baseball bat and caught the charging outlaw under the ear. Ha, too, collapsed in a heap. But Spade Deane, the smart one, had used his head. While Rex was fighting his brothers, Spade had calmly drawn his Colt. It was now leveled directly at Rex, who, as a grave digger, was unarmed.

Rex took a quick step backward and stepped into the open grave before Spade could fire. "That was a hot play, mister," started Spade Deane. "You fixed yourself now so you can't even run. Well, it's your grave."

As he approached the top of the grave, ready to shoot down Rex Canyon, a spadeful of dirt came up and splatted him full in the face. Momentarily blinded, Spade fired wildly, but Rex ducked under the shots and crashed Spade's jaw with an uppercut that laid him out beside his brothers.

**I**N HIS temporary office, Mayor Baldwin sat at his desk facing Marshal Rex Canyon. He shook his head in wonderment as he said, "Pretty neat. You stabbed down Club Deane. You speeded down Spade Deane. Too bad you couldn't have decimated Diamond Deane—just to round out everything."

Rex chuckled and held up his left hand. "Did you notice that little red mark on Diamond Deane's jaw where I hit him? That came from the stone on this ring. It's a diamond!"

THE END



JUST WAIT!



HOWDY, BILLERS! THERE'S A GREAT DYE ONT' IT?

???



WHAT ARE YUH DOIN' WIT' THAT DOG? - WAGGLES!

WHY WOULDN'T I BE HAPPY? I JUST GOT A TREAT FOL' YUH!



YUH GOT A TERRIFIC JOB?

YEPPERS, DID YUH BECOME A BORNHAW AT A BIG 'SPREAD'?



MADE BETTER THAN THAT! I BECAME THE WINTER AT THE DOG ROUND!

WHAT? GRASP! HA!



WHAT'S THAT YUH SAY, BARBERBUSH? WERE A WINTER AT THE DOG ROUND?

THAT'S RIGHT!



- I SERVE SOUP TO MUTTS! HA HA!

!!!

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR



# Rocky Lane

## LAND OF MISSING MEN

CHAPTER THREE  
IDOL OF DOOM

THE ROCKY LAKE WESTERN  
SERIES BRINGS YOU THE MOST  
EXCITING AND THRILLING  
STORIES EVER TOLD AND APPEARED  
ON THE SCREENS OF YOUR  
TOWN!



ARE IT IN  
STRONG IDOL!

THE DOOR  
HAVE GOT IT TO  
US! WE MUST  
HURRY BACK  
TO IT AT ONCE!



HURRY, ROCKY!  
WE'VE GOT  
TO GET MY  
BROTHER'S  
IDOL  
BEFORE THE  
TURTLES  
COME  
BACK!

UP -  
TRYING -  
DOWN!  
BUT  
THOSE  
BANDS --  
ARE --  
SQUINTY  
PIGS!



THAT'S  
SOUNDING TO  
GIVE! DON'T  
MOVE AND --



THAT'S  
SOUNDING TO  
GIVE! DON'T  
MOVE AND --



THAT'S  
SOUNDING TO  
GIVE! DON'T  
MOVE AND --

WE'VE  
PLANNED ON  
THE  
YOUR TO  
BEHOLD!  
SUNNY  
FACE-  
FOLD --  
LET'S  
YOU  
CAME  
ROUND!



BE-LOW — THIS IS ROCKY LANE :  
 WHEN I TOLD HIM YOU WERE  
 HANGING WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA  
 FOR HIS OWN GOOD. HE AGREED TO  
 STOP AND LOOK  
 FOR YOU!

I WERE ALSO  
 FOR THE LOOKOUT  
 FOR THE SHERIFF  
 AND HIS OUTLAW  
 GANG!



THEY'RE ON THE LOOSE  
 DOWN HERE IN THE  
 VALLEY. ALL BY SOME  
 NAME I DON'T USE A  
 SPOOKY TALKING STRIP  
 OF A PIONEER ABOUT  
 NOW!



I BEHOVE IF WE  
 CAN TO KEEP OUR  
 GUNS AND EYES  
 WHO BETTER  
 HANGON!

RIGHT! LET'S HEAD  
 FOR THE VALLEY  
 ENTRANCE — AND  
 DON'T COME TO  
 COVER!



CUT AN ROCKY LANE AND HIS FRIENDS HEAD FOR THE INTER-  
 VALLEY, A NARROW GULCH BEHIND THE TOWN'S ENTRANCE!

WEEEE! WE'RE  
 BRANDED! THEY  
 ARE LOOTING  
 BRANDED TEMPLER!

WE'VE BEEN  
 SPOTTED! I'LL WIN  
 THE CATERPILLAR  
 CONTEST!



ALL-EEE!

BANG!



YOU FOOL! I  
 WOULD GIVE YOU  
 100 THAT YOU'LL  
 HEAR THE  
 SHOT!

I — I —  
 WOULD  
 HEAR  
 IT! DON'T  
 STILL GET  
 OUT!

TOO  
 LATE!  
 LOOK!



LOOK!  
 STRANGERS!  
 THEY HAVE  
 KILLED  
 CATERPILLAR!

AND THEY ARE  
 LOOTING TEMPLER  
 GOLD! BRIDE  
 THEM!



THE OUTLAW-BATTLE CONTINUES!

SEE  
 THEM!

THEY'RE ON TOP OF US!  
 I CAN'T SEE!

BANG!



JUST AS I HOPED! THERE'S AN OPENING IN THE BACK OF THIS CRITTER AND I CAN STRIKE IN!



THE TOLTEC RITUAL IS A SWIFT AND TERRIFYING ONE!

HEARD O' BUN GOD? THESE STRANGERS HAVE DESILED YOUR TEMPLE AND SO THEY WILL DIE BEFORE THE GOD YOU HAVE HEART US!



SMASH! SLAY THEM!

HEAR THAT? THEY ARE TO SECTION US WITH THAT AGE! BOGGLAR! YOU LED US INTO THIS VALLEY! NOW HOW DO WE GET OUT?



HELL... I DON'T KNOW...

I'VE SEARCHED IN MEMORY OF MYSTERY AND THE CLUES AND I CAN'T THINK OF A THING TO DO! WE'RE DOOMED!



YOU! COME! YOU ARE THE KING!



BUT AT THIS MOMENT, A NEED, BREATHER SOUND IS HEARD!

NOOOOO! GOOD NOT KILLING HUMANS! HAA - HAAA!



LIBBY! DON'T SPEAK!

LET PISCHERS GOOOOO! HEERE THE... HAA - HAAAA!

GOD IS ANGRY! WE MUST FLEE! WUTCH! WUTCH!



AIEEE! WUTCH! ESCAPE FROM THESE GODS!







WHEED  
GO BY  
ROCKY-  
TOWN--  
TO HAVE  
HEAVEN,  
BOOBY!

THE ROCKS AROUND  
HERE BATTERED UP  
INTO THE SOFT MOUNTAIN  
TILL I, TRY TO PAKE,  
WE OFF WITH  
BOULDER-- NO  
NEEP MOVING-- AND  
KEEP COOLING!



SO SURELY A MAN OF MANY  
VERTUOUS BOULDER--

HEAR THE  
WORDS AND  
LEAD FOR  
THE VALLEY  
ENTRANCE!



THE ENTRANCE IS SEALED  
OFF--



MADE IT--  
--BY THE  
NAME OF  
GOD TESTY!

AND ONCE WE  
GET THROUGH  
THIS MOUNTAIN,  
WE'LL BE SAFE  
ON THE OUTSIDE!



WHAT DOES IT  
MEAN--  
YOU TWO  
WERE BLAGGERS  
AND YOU'D  
BEAT TO  
MOUNTAIN  
PEAKS?

LISTEN, LANE!  
I'VE DONE A  
LOT OF READING  
AND I KNOW  
TWO THING--  
ONE, A GUY WHO  
SAYS 'GOD' THE  
MOST SURELY WE  
FELT-- BUT HOLDING  
WITH GOD AND SPIRIT  
WORLD WE'VE BEEN  
IN THAT VALLEY!



SO HOW  
ABOUT IT  
SURE? I  
WILL  
BE--  
WITH YOU  
FOR YOUR  
FRIENDS!

YOU MEAN  
A BIRD IS  
SPEAKING-- YOU  
JUST HAD BET  
READ-- THERE ARE SOME  
MEN WHO WANT  
YOUR FRIENDS--  
THEY'RE GOING  
TO KILL!



IN THAT CASE...  
RUSH THEM--  
BOYS!

HEARD!



THE OUTLAW MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT AT ESCAPING--  
GOOD, BUT--

LET ME  
HELP,  
BOOBY!

NOTHING  
DOING--  
GENTS!

GOOF!  
TRIPPED!





AND TO  
WIND THROUGH  
IT, WELL--  
TRY THIS!

GOOD!

WHAM



Make THE PARTY GETS UNDER WAY!

TELL ME, BOB: DID YOU THINK  
THE BARBICUE WAS EVER PUSH-  
THROUGH THIS SECTION?

NOT FROM WHAT  
HE SAYS, ROCKY!  
THESE MOUNTAINS  
ARE JUST TOO  
STEEP!



BUT I RECKON WASH FOLKS HEARD  
ABOUT THESE TRAILERS, THEY'LL  
BE TRYING TO LOCATE THE VALLEY  
BARBICUE-- TO MAKE A PLAY FOR  
THE RANGE!

MAYBE, BOB, BUT  
WELL, THE TRAILERS  
WORKED UP WITH  
BOLDS-- AND NOW,  
THEY'LL LOOK UP THE  
BARBICUE!



THE WAY IT IS NOW A  
MOUSE COULDN'T GET  
THROUGH DRIVING A TON  
OF BARBICUE! IT  
LOOKS AS IF THE BULLS  
WILL BE ABLE TO LIVE IN  
PEACE FOR MANY  
YEARS TO COME!



I RECKON  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT?

IT'S GOODBYE TO  
THE LAND OF  
JIBBING MEN--  
WHERE NO ONE WILL  
EVER BE JIBBING  
AGAIN!

**SPECIAL OFFER!**

**YOU...  
CAN GET  
'ROCKY'S'**



**PICTURE WITH "BLACK JACK"  
AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY!**

**SEND FOR IT TODAY!**

Enclose this coupon and \$10 for one LARGE photo  
of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" autographed to  
you personally.

\_\_\_\_\_ price please \_\_\_\_\_

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

(If you want 2 LARGE photos of "ROCKY" and  
'BLACK JACK' all autographed to you personally  
enclose \$1.00 Address: ROCKY LANE, 1804  
North Bedford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.)



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"RC" AND QUICK! ARE  
WORKING AS LUMBERJACKS!  
WITH SUDDENLY A GIANT  
TREE BEGINS TO  
FALL!

CREAK!  
CREAK!

WHOA!  
QUICK! THAT'S  
GETTING SCARY!

WOW!  
LET ME  
GOO!

YIKES!  
I'M  
CLOUT!  
!

WHOA!  
QUICK!  
LET ME  
GOO!

QUICK & SUDDENLY, THE GIANT TREE BEGINS TO FALL!

