

WHIP

**52 THRILLING
PAGES of
WESTERN ACTION!**

WILSON

The **MYSTERY**
of the
STAGECOACH
THAT
VANISHED!

No. 10 JUNE
10¢



**ALL THE THRILLS OF
WHIP WILSON'S SCREEN ADVENTURES!**

Halo Halo Skirt
 Skinny & Shady Dance
 \$3.95
 Low Priced Child's Skirt
 \$1.95
 Low Priced Adult's Skirt
 \$2.95

Fortune Telling Cards Tell Your Future Wealth, Love, Happiness
 No Previous Self-Advancing Cards
 Read Your Own or Others' Personal
 Future at the Psychological Center
 \$1.00

AIR PISTOL
 \$3.49
 Order \$2.00 for Post Air Gun

Buy Yourself a Surprise Bargain Gift
 1 Bargain and Surprise for each \$1.00 Gift
 \$1.00
 LOWEST-NO C.O.D. AT OUR CASH PRICES

Produce One Lighted Cigarette After Another
 \$2.00

COLORFUL SWEATER EMBLEMS
 \$2.00

LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS
 TALK, SMILE, DRINK
 \$1.95

Watch It Change Color!
 REAL LIVE PET, EASY TO KEEP
 \$2.00

"ELECTRIC" SHOCKER
 \$2.00

GANGWAY I'M DOING SO!
 Bicycle Speedometer 35c
 Reads Up to 30 M.P.H.

Powerful Whipping Cord
 Whip \$1.95

SEND ALL ORDERS TO:
 WHIP WELSON is published by MARVEL COMICS, INC. Office of Publication: 350 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office of New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Wash., D.C. Copyright 1930 by MARVEL COMICS, INC., 350 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. Vol. 1, No. 30, JUNE, 1930 issue. Price 10c per copy. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

MIDGET SAFE PROTECTS VALUABLES & MONEY
 \$3.95

2 Passenger Midget Racer
 \$2.00

Never-Slip Shoe Grippers
 \$1.00

BAILEY 1000 SHOT RIFLE
 \$5.49

BAILEY 50 SHOT PUMP AIR RIFLE
 \$2.95

Print Your Own Stationery, Ads, Cards, Notices, News, Etc., on This Real Press
 \$7.50

88 & Paa Shooting Gun
 \$5.00

REPEATING BB SLINGSHOT
 \$1.00

Fencing Set
 \$3.50

Electric Telegraph Set
 \$2.50

Sweater Emblems Embroidered With Any Name 39c

6-IN. CHENILLE LETTERS
 \$3.95

Adam Midget Camera
 \$2.95

Pocket Size Midget Radio
 \$3.99

Crystal Radio
 \$1.95

500 p. Catalog, 7,000 Novelties 10c

WHEEL BUILDERS
 \$1.95

Johnson Smith Co., Dept. 206, Detroit 7, Michigan

WHIP WILSON

OVER SHE GOES,
BOYS! THE BOSS'LL
BE PLEASED ABOUT
THIS JOB!
WHAT TH...?

TRY TO SAVE THE
PASSENGERS, PEPPER!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE
LOW-DOWN RATTLEERS!

I CAN'T, WHIP!
I CAN'T HOLD
'EM ANY
LONGER!



7429

ON A BLISTERING HOT DAY IN JULY, THE YUMA TO SIERRA NEVADA
STAGECOACH THUNDERED ACROSS A RED DUST MESA, SWERVED AROUND A
BEND IN THE ROAD AND HEADED TOWARDS PAINTED ROCK CANYON ...

AT EXACTLY 2:30 P.M., A LONE
PROSPECTOR WAVED A GREETING
TO THE PASSING STAGE ...

HAY-EEEEEE! DIG IN THAR, YOU
SPAWNED WELLS FARGO CAYUSES!

HOWDY AH!
GOOD-BYE,
HOMBRES!



FIVE MINUTES LATER THE BULLION-LOADED STAGE-COACH VANISHED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE STAGECOACH OWNER, A FEW WEEKS LATER...

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE A STAGECOACH, SIX HORSES, PASSENGERS AND CREW COULD SIMPLY DISAPPEAR, MR. LASSITER!

BY THUNDER, SURE IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE... BUT THEY DID! AN' THAT'S THE FOURTH STAGE IN TWO MONTHS! EVERY ONE OF 'EM WAS LOADED WITH GOLD BULLION... AN' EVERY ONE OF 'EM DISAPPEARED ON THE SAME RUN!



THE LAST MAN TO SEE THAT STAGE-COACH WAS A PROSPECTOR NAMED GANNON! HE WAVED TO THE DRIVERS BEFORE THEY ROLLED INTO PAINTED ROCK CANYON! HE RECKONS IT WAS 'ROUND TWO O'CLOCK WHEN HE SAW 'EM!

THAT MEANS THE COACH DISAPPEARED BETWEEN PAINTED ROCK CANYON AND CLOUD CITY... ABOUT A HUNDRED MILES APART! THAT'S A LOT OF TERRITORY!



IF I LOSE ONE MORE COACH OR ONE MORE SHIPMENT OF BULLION, MY COMPANY WILL BE WIPED OUT! THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU, WHIP! I SURE NEED YOUR HELP!

I'LL BE PLUMB GLAD TO HELP YOU IF I CAN, LASSITER! HOW ABOUT HIRIN' ME AS A SHOTGUN GUARD?

YOU'RE HIRED, WHIP! I'LL GET YOU THE BEST STAGE DRIVER IN THE WEST! JUST TELL ME WHAT ELSE YOU WANT!

ALL I WANT IS THE PASSENGER LISTS OF THE COACHES THAT DISAPPEARED, THE RUNNING SCHEDULES, AND A TWELVE-GAUGE SHOTGUN!



A WEEK LATER, IN YUMA, ARIZONA...

WAL, WHAR IN TARNATION'S THE GUARDS WITH THE LOAD OF BULLION? WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE TIME WAITIN' FOR 'EM!

THEY DUGHT TO BE HERE ANY MINUTE, HOLLIS! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE CARRYN' THREE PASSENGERS BUT I ONLY SEE TWO WAITIN'!



CAN ANY OF YOU GENTLEMEN TELL ME WHICH STAGECOACH IS LEAVING FOR CLOUD CITY? I BOUGHT A TICKET, BUT...

THERE'S THE COACH YONDER, MAMM! WE'LL BE LEAVIN' IN A FEW MINUTES! CAN I HELP YOU?

I'VE NEVER RIDDEN ON A STAGECOACH BEFORE! IS IT AS TERRIBLE AS PEOPLE SAY IT IS?

I RECKON IT'S A MITE MORE COMFORTABLE ON A LYVIN' ROOM SOFA, BUT WE CAN'T PUT A SOFA ON A STAGE! IT WON'T BE TOO BAD, MAMM!



HOW LONG DO WE HAVE TO WAIT BEFORE THIS ROCK-WAGON GETS STARTED?

JUST TAKE IT EASY, MISTER! WE'LL SHOVE OFF AS SOON AS THE LAST CONSIGNMENT OF FREIGHT IS LOADED! WE'RE WAITIN' FOR IT NOW!





HYAR COMES THE BULLION! LOAD 'ER ON, BOYS! WE'RE AN HOUR LATE ALREADY! GIT ABOARD, FOLKS!



HEAVE THAT STRONGBOX ON TOP, AMIGO! I'M GONNA RIDE HERO ON IT ALL THE WAY TO CLOUD CITY!

I SURE HOPE YOU GIT THAR, MISTER!

SECONDS LATER, THE GOLD-LADEN STAGE THUNDERS OUT OF YUMA!

HAYEEEE! GIT UP THAR AN' PULL!

GET AFTER THEM, PEPPER! WE'VE GOT AN HOUR TO MAKE UP BETWEEN HERE AN' CLOUD CITY!



A DAY... A NIGHT... ANOTHER DAY, AND THE CREAKING, RUMBLING STAGE HITS THE PLAINS LEADING TO PAINTED ROCK CANYON...

IF ANYTHING'S GONNA HAPPEN ON THIS RUN, IT'S BOUND TO HAPPEN SOON.



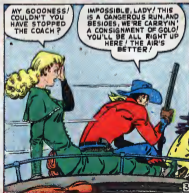
PLEASE, I CAN'T STAND IT MUCH LONGER! CAN'T YOU SLOW DOWN OR GIVE ME A MORE COMFORTABLE SEAT? MAY I RIDE ON TOP WITH YOU?

SURE THING, MA'AM! JUST STRETCH YOUR HAND UP HERE TO ME!



OH! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! DON'T DROP ME!

I'VE NEVER DROPPED A PASSENGER YET, MISS!



MY GOODNESS! COULDN'T YOU HAVE STOPPED THE COACH?

IMPOSSIBLE, LADY! THIS IS A DANGEROUS RUN, AND BESIDES, WE'RE CARRYIN' A CONSIGNMENT OF GOLD! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT UP HERE! THE AIR'S BETTER!



WHAT'S YOUR NEXT MOVE, LADY?

IT'S YOUR NEXT MOVE, NOT MINE! EVERY ONE OF YOU IS GETTING BACK ON THE STAGE AND GOING FOR A LITTLE RIDE... RIGHT OVER THAT CLIFF!

SO THAT'S HOW YOU DISPOSED OF THE OTHER STAGES! YOU'VE GOT YOUR GOLD! WHY DON'T YOU LET US RIDE ON?

GET ON THAT STAGE, MISTER, ...PRONTO!

WHAT WILL YOU DO IF WE DON'T GET ABOARD OR IS THAT A SILLY QUESTION TO ASK?

IT'S DOWNRIGHT SILLY, MISTER! I'LL SHOOT DOWN THE LOT OF YOU... AND YOU FIRST! DON'T MOVE ANOTHER INCH OR YOU GET IT!



A HERVOUS FINGER TIGHTENS AROUND THE TRIGGERS... SQUEEZES HARD, AND...

IT'S UNLOADED! WHY, YOU...!

SURE IS, MA'AM... I DON'T GENERALLY SASHAY IN FRONT OF A SHOTGUN... EXCEPT WHEN IT'S EMPTY!

CLICK!
CLICK!



THE ENRAGED GIRL REACHES FOR HIDDEN HOLSTERS AS WHIP STRIKES WITH THE SPEED OF AN ARROW!

LET... GO... OF... ME -- YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING SNAKE!

BE GLAD TO OBLIGE IN A MOMENT, MISS!



ATTA BOY, WHIP! THAT'S SHOWIN' ER!

HOW DID YOU KNOW? WHO TOLD YOU ABOUT ME?

A PIECE OF PAPER CALLED A PASSENGER LIST! THERE WAS A PRETTY GIRL ON EVERY STAGE THAT DISAPPEARED! EVERY STATION AGENT BETWEEN YUMA AND CHISHOLM DESCRIBED HER!



LET'S QUIT PALAVERIN' WITH THIS FEMALE COYTE AN' GIT TO CLOUD CITY, WHIP! I SUSPECT THERE'LL BE A LONG ROPE WAITIN' FOR HER THERE!

YOU'RE RIDIN' ON TOP WITH US, MISS CORTLAND, AND THIS TIME THE SHOTGUN'S GONNA BE LOADED!



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY...

SOMETHIN' MUST BE WRONG, MARCY! THAT STAGE SHOULDA BEEN LAYIN' DOWN IN THE CANYON BROKEN IN A MILLION PIECES!

THE BOSS USUALLY GETS WHAT SHE GOES AFTER! WE'LL HAVE TO... GIT BACK, BOYS! THERE'S TROUBLE AHEAD!



THE LEAD HORSEMAN, MARCY, GRASPS THE SITUATION IN A GLANCE!

GIT RID OF THE HORSES AN' TAKE COVER IN THE BRUSH ALONG-SIDE THIS ROAD! WE'LL AMBUSH 'EM WHEN THE STAGE STARTS DOWN THE TRAIL!

SOMEBODY ON THE STAGE MUST HAVE BEEN PLENTY FAST TO GIT THE DROP ON THE BOSS!



MINUTES LATER, THE STAGE RUMBLES TOWARDS CERTAIN DEATH!

SHE FIGURED ON WRECKIN' THE STAGE, BUT HOW WAS SHE GOIN' TO LUG THAT CHEST OF GOLD OFF WITHOUT HELP?

KEEP A SHARP EYE OUT, PEPPER! I GOT A HUNCH THIS GAL OICN' OPERATE ALONE!



A SUDDEN WITHERING BLAST OF SIX-GUN THUNDER ANSWERS THE DOUBTS IN WHIP WILSON'S MIND!

BY JINGO! IT'S A AMBUSH, WHIP!



BANG! BANG! BANG!

TAKE THE SHOTGUN, PEPPER...WE'LL HAVE TO BLAST OUR WAY THROUGH!



BANG! BANG! BANG!

GET THE TEAM MOVIN', PEPPER! BREAK OUT OF HERE!

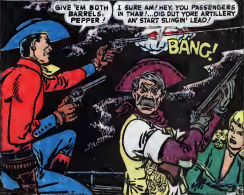
CAIN'T DO IT! THEY GOT MY LEAD HOSS!



IN GRIM BARNES, WHIP WILSON'S TWIN SIX-GUNS START A SERENADE OF DEATH AS PEPPER HOLLIS PUTS THE SHOTGUN TO USE...

GIVE 'EM BOTH BARRELS, PEPPER!

I SURE AM! HEY, YOU PASSENGERS IN THAR!...DIS OUT YORE ARTILLERY AN' START SLINGIN' LEAD!



BANG!

HIS GUNS EMPTY, WHIP WILSON UNCOILS THE FABULOUS RAWHIDE WHIP WHICH HAS MADE HIS NAME FAMOUS THROUGHOUT THE WEST...



GET YOUR HIDES READY FOR A TANNING, YOU BUSHWHACKIN' RATTLES!

AND THE WHIP SINGS OUT WITH A VICIOUS CRACK!



I CAN DO BETTER WITH BOTH FEET ON THE GROUND, YOU CROW-BAIT COYOTE!

YOU'LL BE DEAD BEFORE YOU HIT THE GROUND, MISTER...
ARRGH!

CRACK!

BANG!



YOU AIN'T DODGIN' THIS NEXT SHOT!

WHIP SENDS HIS DEADLY RAWHIDE COILING ABOUT THE BANDIT'S NECK JUST IN TIME TO REFLECT A LAST VICIOUS BANG...



I WON'T HAVE TO, HOMBRE! YOUR KILLIN' DAYS ARE OVER!

GOOD BOY, WHIP! THAT'S THINNIN' 'EM DOWN SOME...



THANKS FOR CLEANING UP MY BOYS, MISTER! I'LL SPLIT THAT GOLD ONE WAY INSTEAD OF FIVE!

THUD!



YOU'VE BUSHWHACKED YOUR LAST STAGE-- YOU SHE-VULTURE!



I'VE STILL GOT TIME FOR A GETAWAY WHILE THE REST OF THEM ARE FIGHTING IT OUT!

ARRGH!



WH...? WHERE AM I? HEY, YOU SHE-DEVIL / COME BACK HERE WITH THET BULLION!



UNAWARE OF EVENTS BEHIND HIM, WHIP WILSON HOG-TIES HIS OPPONENT!

THERE, THAT'LL HOLD YOU, MISTER-- THE MORE YOU SQUIRM THE TIGHTER THAT WHIP BECOMES-- AROUND YOUR NECK!

I'LL... KILL... YOU / YA... ARGGG!



WHIP / WHIP / THE GAL'S GETTIN' AWAY WITH THE BULLION / SHE COLD-CONKED ME AN' TOOK OFF!

SHE CAN'T GET VERY FAR WITH THE ROAD BLOCKED BY THE STAGE! LET'S GO!



SHE'S GONNA TRY CLIMBIN' DOWN!

SHE'S PLUMB LOCO IF SHE THINKS SHE CAN MAKE IT!



COME BACK HERE, YOU FOOL! DRDP THAT CHEST AND SAVE YOURSELF!

NOT AFTER WHAT I'VE GONE THROUGH TO GET THIS BULLION / ADIOS, AMIGOS!

SUDDENLY, WITH A RENDING SOUND OF TORN ROOTS, THE OVER-BURDENEEO BUSH TEARS AWAY FROM ITS ROCKY NICHE...



FREEYAAAAA!



SHE REAPED THE FRUITS OF GREED AND VIOLENCE, PEPPER! THAT CHEST WAS FILLED WITH LEAD... A DECIDY, LIKE THE EMPTY SHOTGUN! PRETTY IRONIC, EH?

I DON'T FEEL SORRY FER THAT BREGO, WHIP / JUST THINK OF THE INNOCENT FOLKS SHE AN' HER GANG WIPED OUT / WAL, LET'S RIDE DN TO CLOUD CITY / YOU'VE SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE VANISHING STAGES!

THE END



BIGGER BETTER BUBBLES -

PRICE - A PENNY - A PIECE -

AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT..

1¢

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.

THE GREATEST GUYS IN THE WORLD!

SANDS OF IWO JIMA

starring **JOHN WAYNE**

JOHN AGAR · ADELE MARA · FORREST TUCKER

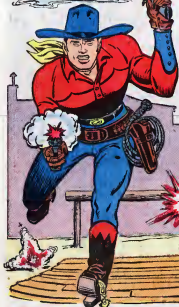
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

THE MARINES' FINEST HOUR

Featuring the Three Living Survivors of the Historic Flag Raising on Mount Suribachi.

The lusty, gusty saga of the guys who fought best when it was hopeless... and who laughed most when it was toughest!

WHIP WILSON



WANTED
FOR
MURDER



WHIP WILSON
WANTED FOR THE
COLD-BLOODED
MURDER OF
ACE BANNION

Clayton Weston
OWNER OF
SAN CLAVEL

7430

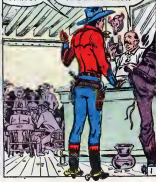
IN THE LAWLESS, BOISTEROUS BORDER TOWN OF SAN CLAVEL, WHIP WILSON REINS IN HIS HORSE IN FRONT OF THE NOTORIOUS BONANZA SALOON...

ALL THE DECENT PLACES IN TOWN ARE FILLED UP, BULLET! I'LL SEE IF WE CAN PUT UP AT THIS PLACE!



ANY CHANCE OF GETTING A ROOM FOR THE NIGHT, AMIGO!

SURE THING, STRANGER! WE GOT A COUPLE OF ROOMS VACANT! YOU CAN GO UP ANYTIME! THE STABLES ARE IN THE REAR!





WHIP DRAWS TO A FULL HOUSE, ACES UP, AND PLAYS HIS HAND...

WHIP: TWENTY OUNCES PURE... THAT FIGURES ROUGHLY TO TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS! DO YOU ANSWER?

ACE: YEP! SEE YOUR TWO THOUSAND AND RAISE YOU FIVE THOUSAND MORE!

UP... UP... UP THE BETS GO UNTIL A VERITABLE GOLD MINE OF PURE DUST LITTERS THE TABLE, WHILE TENSE FACES WATCH THE FABULOUS PLAY...

ACE: THERE'S ANOTHER FIVE TO SEE YOU. AND THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT, BANNION! OPEN YOUR HAND!

WHIP: YOU'RE SEEING ME! SPREAD YOUR HAND, STRANGER!

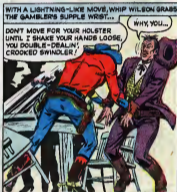
FULL HOUSE! ACES UP! OPEN YOUR HAND, BANNION... ON TOP OF THE TABLE!

WHIP: YEAH... YOU'RE BEAT, STRANGER!



WHIP: A SMALL CLUB FLUSH, QUEEN HIGH! YOU LOSE, MISTER!

ACE: YOU'RE WRONG, BANNION! I WIN!



WITH A LIGHTNING-LIKE MOVE, WHIP WILSON GRABS THE GAMBLERS SUPPLE WRIST...

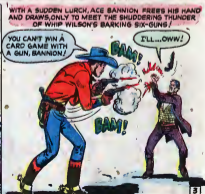
WHIP: DON'T MOVE FOR YOUR HOLSTER UNTIL I SHAKE YOUR HANDS LOOSE, YOU DOUBLE-DEALIN', CROOKED SWINDLER!

ACE: WHY, YOU...



WHIP: I SAW THAT FAST PLAY UNDER THE TABLE, YOU CHEAP CARD RUSTLER! THERE ARE THE CARDS THAT WERE BEATING YOU, GENTLEMEN! TAKE A GOOD LOOK!

WHIP: WHY, THE DIRTY, THIEVIN' VARMINT! HE'S GOT A COLD DECK UP HIS SLEEVE!



ACE: YOU CAN'T WIN A CARD GAME WITH A GUN, BANNION!

WHIP: I'LL...OWW!

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!



TWO HOURS LATER, WHILE WHIP TAKES A SHORT NAP...



WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, BOYS? IS THERE A LAW AGAINST SLEEPIN' IN THIS TOWN!



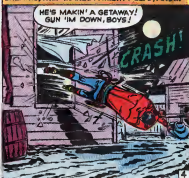
YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE, SHERIFF! I CAUGHT BANNION CHEATING BUT I NEVER KILLED HIM!



I NEVER KNIFED A MAN IN MY LIFE, SHERIFF AN' I DON'T AIM TO STAND TRIAL FOR KILLIN' A SNAKE THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD A LONG TIME AGO!



BEFORE HIS WOULD-BE CAPTORS CAN CATCH THEIR BREATHS, WHIP MAKES A MIGHTY LEAP, AND...



SECONDS LATER, UNDER A HAIL OF BULLETS, WHIP WILSON THUNDERS AWAY ON HIS FAITHFUL STALLION...

LET'S MAKE DUST, BULLET! THE WHOLE TOWN WILL BE AFTER US IN A FEW MINUTES!



ONTO THE STARLIT PLAINS THUNDERS THE LIGHTNING-LIKE DUO AS A HARD-RIDING POSSE GIVES CHASE...

WE'RE MAKING 'EM LOOK SICK, BOY! THEY THINK WE'RE HEADIN' FOR THE HILLS BUT THEY'RE MISTAKEN! **WE'RE GOING BACK TO SAN CLOVEL!**



AT THE END OF A NARROW GULLY, WHIP WILSON LEAVES THE TRAIL AND DOUBLES BACK TO TOWN...

GET UP ABOVE AND STOP DEAD BOY! WE'LL WATCH 'EM ROAD THROUGH THE PASS CHASIN' A GHOST!



THERE THEY GO, BULLET! NOW TO GET BACK TO TOWN AND FIND OUT WHO FRAMED US! SOMEBODY WITH A BEEF AGAINST BANNION WAITED FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT AND THEN KNIFED HIM, FIGURIN' WE'D BE THE SUCKERS!



HALFWAY TO TOWN, A CRUDE SIGN ATTRACTS WHIP'S ATTENTION...

HOLD IT A MINUTE, FELLOW! CLIFF SANDERS... HMM, THAT'S THE FELLOW WHO ALMOST LOST HIS RANCH TO BANNION! MAYBE HE CAN HELP US!



A SHORT GALLOP LATER AND WHIP CONFRONTS A NERVOUS RANCHER WITH A LOADED WINCHESTER...

WHO'S OUT THAR AT THIS TIME OF THE NIGHT? SPEAK UP, STRANGER!

EASY WITH THAT WINCHESTER, AMIGO! I'M WHIP WILSON, THE HOMBRE WHO CALLED BANNION'S CHEATING HAND IN TOWN THIS AFTERNOON! CAN I COME IN FOR A MINUTE!



BY JUDAS, I'M SHORE GLAD TO SEE YOU, WILSON! I HEARD ABOUT THAT RUCKUS YOU RAISED IN TOWN, AND I'M DERNED GLAD BANNION'S DEAD!

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, SANDERS! I DIDN'T KILL BANNION, BUT I AIM TO CLEAR MY NAME BEFORE I LEAVE TOWN! I JUST DUCKED A POSSE OUTSIDE, SO LET'S HAVE A FAST PALAVER!



IF I KIN HELP YUH, I'O BE MIGHTY GLAG TO, WILSON! WHAT KIN I DO FER YUH?

I FIGURE I WAS FRAMED BY SOMEONE WHO HAO A BRUJGE AGAINST BANNION! YOU KNOW OF ANYONE WHO WANTED TO KILL BANNION?

EVERYBODY WHO LOST TO BANNION WANTED TO SIEVE HIM! WAIT A MINUTE / BY JUDAS, THAR WAS SOME-ONE WHO HATED BANNION'S GUTS WORSE THAN ALL OF US PUT TOGETHER!

WHO WAS IT?

BANNION HAO A MEXICAN PARTNER NAMEO CARLOS VELASQUEZ WHO USEO TO TEAM UP WITH HIM IN GAMBLIN! THEN ONE DAY WHEN THEY CLEANED OUT A WHOLE TOWN BANNION DOUBLE-CROSSED HIM AND TURNED HIM OVER TO THE LAW!

CARLOS VELASQUEZ, EH? WHERE CAN I GET IN TOUCH WITH THAT HOMBRE?

HE WAS ROUNDOGIN' IN THE STAR HOTEL YESTEROAY! MAYBE HE'S STILL THAR! NOBODY'LL MISS THAT COYOTE IF YOU DECIDE TO PLUG HIM! GOOD HUNTIN', WHIP!

THIS KIND OF HUNTIN' I REALLY LIKE! THANKS A HEAP, PARONER!

HALF AN HOUR LATER A SHADOWY FIGURE CLIMBS STEALTHLY TOWARD A LIGHTED WINDOW IN THE STAR HOTEL...

HANG AROUND, BULLET, I MAY BE NEEGIN' YOU SOON!

SECONDS LATER...

QUE PASA, SENOR?

PLENTY, CARLOS! YOU AN' ME ARE GONNA HAVE A LITTLE PALAVER ABOUT A DEAD MAN NAMEO ACE BANNION!

I DON'T TALK ABOUT SUCH GRINGO PEEGS AS BANNION! SI, I HAVE KEEL HEEM AN' NOW I KEEL YOU!

THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE TO HEAR A MAN TALK! THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION!



WITH A QUICK FLIP OF HIS WRIST, WHIP WILSON SENDS HIS DEADLY WEAPON FLICKING ACROSS THE ROOM LIKE A SNAKE'S TONGUE...

YOU'RE NOT SO HANDY WITH A GUN, COMPADRE! TRY A KNIFE LIKE YOU DID ON BANNION!



SI, AMIGO! WEETH A KNIFE I AM VER! QUEECK! UNWIND THAT WHIP FROM MY HAND AN' I WEE! SHOW HIM!

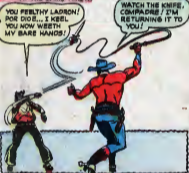
NOW I SHOW YOU, AMIGO! WEETH THREE KNIFE I ALSO KILLED BANNION... AND NOW YOU!



YOU BUSH-WHACKEO BANNION BUT YOU'RE FACIN' ME, AMIGO... START CUTTIN'!

THE KNIFE WHISTLES THROUGH THE AIR AS WHIP SIDE-STEPS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT AND SNAPS HIS WHIP AT THE SAME TIME...

YOU FEELTHY LADRON! POR DIO... I KEEL YOU NOW WEETH MY BARE HANDS!



WATCH THE KNIFE, COMPADRE! I'M RETURNING IT TO YOU!

WITH FANTASTIC SKILL, WHIP AGAIN SENDS HIS WHIP CRASHING AS HE HURLS THE KNIFE WITH MIRACULOUS AIM...

A LITTLE TRICK ONE OF YOUR COMPADRES SHOWED ME A LONG TIME AGO!



AY!!!!!! YOU HAVE SLASHED MY ARM! TAKE OUT THE KNIFE! TAKE EET OUT!

STAND YOUR HAND, WILSON! YOU AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY THIS TIME!



YOU BETTER PALAVER WITH THE MAN STUCK TO THE WALL, SHERIFF! THERE IS THE HOMBRE WHO KILLED BANNION!

IS THAT RIGHT, MISTER?

SI! SI! I KEEL BANNION BECAUSE HE DOUBLE-CROSS ME / PLEASE, SENOR, REMOVE THE KNIFE FROM MY ARM! AYII!



I'M MIGHTY SORRY, WILSON / SAY, DO YOU ALWAYS COME AND GO THROUGH WINDOWS?



ONLY WHEN THE WINDOW IS MORE CONVENIENT! BESIDES, A PAL IS WAITIN' FOR ME OUTSIDE! ADIOS, SHERIFF!

THE END

AND HIS FRIENDS SEE
JOHNNY HOLIDAY
 BY BILL SCHREBER



BULLET,

"WONDER
HORSE
OF THE
WEST!"

THE
SILENT
KILLER!



7431

A BLAZING, MERCILESS SUN SENDS SHIMMERING WAVES OF HEAT RISING FROM THE TORRID MESA AS TWO HORSEMEN THUNDER ACROSS THE PAINTED DESERT IN A RACE WHICH COULD SPELL DEATH FOR ONE OF THEM...

THE RELENTLESS HUNTER IS WHIP WILSON, GENTLY GUIDING THE POWER-PACKED DYNAMO OF HORSE-FLESH BENEATH HIM AGAINST A HARD RIDING, RUTHLESS QUARRY!

EASY, BULLET BOY, SAVE YOUR STRENGTH... HE'S RICKY IN STRANGE COUNTRY BUT WE KNOW IT LIKE A BOOK!



HE'S HEADED FOR MAD RIVER PLATEAU AND DOESN'T KNOW IT! HE'S TRAPPED UNLESS HE TAKES A CHANCE ON JUMPING THE GAP!



STARK TERROR GRIPS THE HEART OF KILLER GLINK SLADE AS THE PLATEAU'S SURFACE REVEALS A TERRIFYING TRAP...

BACK, DERN YORE ORNERY HIDE! BACK! IF YOU AIN'T HORSE ENUFF TO CLEAR THAT GAP WE GOTTA SHOOT IT OUT WITH WILSON UP HERE--AH! THAT AIN'T NEALTHT!



WITH CRUEL DIGNITY FOR HIS LOYAL HORSE, GLINK SLADE DECIDES TO TRY A JUMP...

OKAY, GO AT IT! IF YUH BALK AT THE GAP I'LL PUT A BULLET THROUGH YDRE WUTHLESS HIDE! GIDDAP!



SENSING HIS MASTER'S DESPERATION, THE PANTING ANIMAL MAKES A GALLANT TRY...

REACH, DERN YA... REACH! GIT ACROSS!



...AND REACHES THE OTHER SIDE SAFELY!

I COULD GUN HIM FROM HERE BUT IT AIN'T MY WAT OF DOIN' THINGS! BULLET BDY, WE'RE GOIN' TO HEAD THEM OFF BUT THEY DONT KNOW IT! HE'LL HIT THE TRAIL DOWN THE OTHER SIDE BUT WE'LL BE WAITIN' FOR HIM!



TALKING SLOWLY AND ENCOURAGINGLY TO HIS MAGNIFICENT CHARGER, WHIP WILSON TELLS HIS HORSE WHAT HE EXPECTS FROM HIM...

NOW LOOK, FELLER, I WANT TO TRY A DIVE INTO THE RIVER DOWN THERE! IF TDU FIGURE YOU CAN'T MAKE IT, THAT'LL BE OKAY... IF TUN THINK YUH CAN DO IT... WELL, JUST GO AHEAD!



WITHOUT A QUIVER OF DOUBT, THE FABULOUS STALLION TAKES THE PLUNGE...



SECONDS LATER, BULLET CHURNS OUT OF THE TURBULENT RIVER...

NICE GOIN' BOY... I'M PROUD OF YUH! LET'S GET ON THAT TRAIL NOW!



ON A PINE LIMB OVERHANGING THE NARROW TRAIL, WHIP WILSON UNCOILS THE RAWHIDE WHIP WHICH HAS CRACKLED HIS NAME TO FAME THROUGHOUT THE WEST!

HE'LL BE COMIN' ALONG ANY MINUTE NOW! TOO BAD HE WENT THROUGH ALL THAT JUST TO WIND UP WITH A RAWHIDE 'ROUND HIS NECK!



SECONDS LATER, LIKE A HISSING SNAKE, THE MAGIC WHIP DESCENDS ON THE NECK OF A RANGE-HARDENED KILLER!

GET USED TO THE FEEL OF A ROPE, SLADE... YOUR RUSTLIN', KILLIN' DAYS ARE OVER!

SNAP!



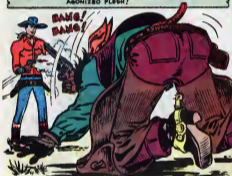
SO WAN AN' DRAW, SLADE! I'M BIVIN' YUH TIME TO EVEN UP THE BULGE I GOT ON YUH!

I AIM TO USE THE TIME, TOO!



STEEL WRISTS QUIVER UNDER THE ROCKING, JERKING IMPACT OF SIX-GUN THUNDER AS BURNING LEAD CHURNS INTO ANONIZED FLESH!

BANG!
BANG!



SUDDENLY, THE LAST VIOLENT THROBS OF DEATH CAUSE A HERVOUS MUSCLE CONTRACTION IN CLINK SLADE'S HAND AND A LAST BULLET COMES SEARING OUT OF HIS GUN...

WH...? HE GOT ME WITH A DEAD HAND!



BULLET... BULLET BOY! GET OVER HERE, FELLOW! I'M HIT... DRAG ME TO THE WAYER... QUICK!



WITH A GENTLENESS BORN OF DEVOTION, THE LOYAL HORSE DRAGS HIS MASTER TO THE RIVER'S EDGE!

EASY, BOY... TAKE IT EASY! ...I SURE GOT US INTO A PICKLE THIS TIME!



BUT WHILE THE FAITHFUL HORSE WATCHES OVER HIS WOUNDED MASTER, A MARAUDING MOUNTAIN LION PICKS UP THE BLOOD SCENT AND BEGINS A SILENT, STEALTHY APPROACH TOWARD HIS HELPLESS VICTIM...



CLOSER AND CLOSER THE BLOOD-CRAZED KILLER STALKS ON SILENT, PADDED FEET, TAIL TWITCHING NERVOUSLY, EYES FLICKING STUDDED SPARKS OF OPAL FIRE AS MUSCLES BUNCH SPASMODICALLY FOR THE ATTACK!



TAKE IT EASY, BOY! THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT US!

SUDDENLY, THE LITHE BODY STRETCHES INTO A TAWNY SYMPHONY OF GRACE, COORDINATION AND DEATH...



INSTEAD OF PRICKING AND FLEEING IN TERROR, YEARS OF TRAINING TELL, AND BULLET HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE FIGHT TO PROTECT HIS MASTER...



IT'S UP TO YOU... BULLET! ...I CAN'T MOVE!

WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD, WHIP WILSON CAN DO NOTHING BUT STARE IN HELPLESS FASCINATION AS THE TWO ANIMALS LOCK IN A VIOLENT STRUGGLE WHOSE OUTCOME CAN MEAN ONLY DEATH TO ONE OR BOTH!



SQUIRMING FROM UNDER THE STEELSHOD HOOPS OF HIS ATTACKER, THE ENRAGED LION MAKES A LEAP FOR BULLET'S BACK, CLAWING, BITING AND TEARING HIS WAY TO THE HORSE'S THROAT...



WITH TERRIFIC IMPACT, THE GALLANT HORSE BRUSHES HIS DEADLY ATTACKER OFF HIS BACK AGAINST A LOW-HANGING LIMB AND FINISHES THE STUNNED BEAST OFF WITH HIS FLAILING, KILLING BLOWS OF POWER-PACKED HOOPS!

HOURS LATER, AFTER WHIP HAS TREATED HIS FLESH WOUND, THE TWO PARTNERS, MAN AND HORSE, STAND SOLEMNLY OVER THE DEAD MOUNTAIN LION... WHIP, WITH TEARS OF GRATITUDE IN HIS EYES, AND BULLET, WITH THE FIERCE PRIDE OF A JOB WELL DONE, IN HIS MIGHTY HEART!



Get THIS BIG 10 UNIT SUPER STAMP OUTFIT

Free

WITH THIS OFFER

Includes Stamp Album .. Stamp Packets & Supplies .. Magnifying Glass . . . All These FREE With This Offer

Whether you are a stamp collector or not, here is an opportunity to get FREE such an amazing outfit that it seems almost unbelievable . . . All kinds of choice stamps and stamp materials . . . Wonderful supplies which you will spend weeks enjoying . . . and years of delightful possession. All these are yours FREE & CLEAR by accepting our offer on the wonderbook of adventures and treasures, "Fabulous Stamps" . . . You don't have to buy any "approvals" . . . All these stamps and items are yours FREE.

One of the FREE items in this Big 10 UNIT Collection is the extraordinary picture-packed Album shown here. It contains thousands of illustrations of stamps under HUNDREDS of different countries and additional spaces for thousands of other stamps.

Also explains how to start your stamp collection. We are also sending you FREE all kinds of valuable stamps! Start at once putting them into this wonderful, big Album.

HERE ARE FORTUNES IN STAMPS

This great book, FABULOUS STAMPS, tells astounding stories and gives information which may lead you to a fortune. It gives the complete histories of marvelous stamps, and is full of pictures. It tells how people have made fortunes out of different stamps. Only a person like John W. Nickles, the well-known stamp dealer and

author with his lifetime knowledge, could have written these exciting, treasure-making stories and facts. . . . Whether you are young or old, a stamp collector or not, don't waste! These true adventures of discovered treasures show you how you too might make your fortune collecting valuable stamps. So don't delay. Send for it today.



ALL THESE Free

- 1 A Great Magnifying Glass, Strong Lens, Optically Ground & Polished
- 2 Wonder Packet of Gold & Quasi Stamps, including Triangle, Diamond, Green, and Midget
- 3 Packet of Air Mail Stamps, including U.S. & Foreign
- 4 Packet of Different Commemorative Stamps
- 5 Picturesque Packet of Different Aztec Stamps
- 6 Colorful Packet of Assorted Stamps from All over the World
- 7 Perforation Gauge with Scale & Rule
- 8 Packet of Fine Stamp Hinges for attaching Stamps in Album Pages
- 9 Waxmark Detector for Stamps, with directions for use
- 10 Big, picture-packed Album, including thousands of stamp illustrations, etc

BIG FREE OFFER

EXAMINE IT FREE

This great book, Nickles' FABULOUS STAMPS, is offered to you now for only \$1.98 plus postage, a substantial reduction from its former price. We will include ABSOLUTELY FREE with your order ALL THE STAMPS & MERCHANDISE described above. If you're not delighted you may return them in five days for refund of purchase price.

SEND NO MONEY

METRO PUBLICATIONS Dept. 436 E 363 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.
Send me a copy of FABULOUS STAMPS, also include my FREE Super Stamp Outfit, which consists of the 10-Unit Collection—Stamp Album, Stamp Packets, Magnifying Glass, and Stamp Supplies. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied I may return them in five days for full refund of purchase price.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Check here if you want to save postage by enclosing \$1.98 new. Being valued guaranteed. Canadian orders \$2.99 in advance.

WHIP WILSON

SO THE GREAT WHIP WILSON HAS FINALLY MET HIS MATCH... GO AHEAD, WILSON-- REACH FOR YOUR SIX-GUN-- HEH-- HEH-- YOU'D LIKE TO-- BUT YOU CAN'T-- YOU'RE HELPLESS, WILSON! HELPLESS AS A YOUNG MAVERICK... BUT I'M NOT!

**HANDS
OF THE
HYPNOTIST!**

ON A SUN-BAKED MESA IN WYOMING, A WEIRD MELDRAMA OF MYSTERY AND DEATH IS ABOUT TO UNFOLD...

KEEP A-SETTIN ON YO'RE HAUNCHES, PADGETT! YOU'VE RUSTLED YOUR LAST HEAD OF BEEF, YOU BUSHWHACKIN', VALLER-LIVERED SKUNK!

MEBBE... AN' MEBBE NOT! PUSSONALLY, I AM TO RUSTLE A LDT MORE AN' THAR AINT A MAN IN WYOMIN' KIN STOP ME.. GUN OR NO GUN!



HIS VOICE IS SOFT, EVEN, DEADLY-- BUT THE REAL DANGER IS IN HIS EYES! WATCH HIS EYES!

K-KEEP BACK, P-PADGETT! KEEP THEM H-HANDS UP!

MY HANDS ARE UP, AMIGO, BUT YOURS ARE USELESS! YOU CAIN'T MOVE YO'RE HANDS! YOU CAIN'T FIRE THEM GUNS!



THE GUNS FALTER-- THE HANDS TREMBLE-- THE VOICE IS LOST IN A CHOKING SOB --

LOTS OF HOMBRES HAVE DRAWED GUNS ON ME, BUT THAR AIN'T ANY LEFT ALIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT! I'M GOIN' TO BLAST BOTH OF YOU AN' YOU AINT GONNA MOVE A MUSCLE TO STOP ME!

LIKE BIRDS CAUGHT IN THE HYPNOTIC SPELL OF A SNAKE'S EYES, THE TWO MEN WAIT HELPLESSLY FOR DEATH --

KEEP ALOOKIN AT MY EYES, GENTS! YOU'LL REMEMBER THEM LONG AFTER YOU'RE DEAD!

THE STACCATO ECHO OF TWO SHOTS REVERBERATES FROM MESA TO GULLY AND STING THROUGH THE EARS OF WHIP WILSON!

PWANNING!
PWANNING!

WHOA, BOY! THAT WAS MIGHTY CLOSE TO HERE! LET'S INVESTIGATE!

A SHORT HARD RIDE AND WHIP IS BENDING OVER THE SQUIRMING BODIES OF TWO DYING MEN --

EASY, FELLOW! JUST TALK SLOW AN' TELL ME WHO SHOT YOU!

P-PADGETT!... DUKE PADGETT! WE--HAD--DROP ON HIM, B--BUT-- HIS EYES! L-LOOK-- OUT FER-- HIS-- EYES! OHHHH...

DEAD-- BOTH OF 'EM! I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW THEY HAD THE DROP ON HIM AND DIDN'T EVEN SHOOT! FUNNY THING HIM REMEMBERING PADGETT'S EYES! NIGHTY FUNNY!

H'INK-LIKE EYES FOLLOW THE FAINT TRACKS OF THE KILLER'S HORSE --

HE'S HEADIN' STRAIGHT FOR POWDERHORN! OKAY, BULLET! UNLIMBER THOSE MUSCLES AN' LET'S GO!

MEANWHILE, ON THE RUTTED STREETS OF POWDER HORN --

TROUBLE'S BREWIN' SHERIFF! DUKE PADGETT IS RIDIN' INTO TOWN!

DUKE PADGETT? THAT RUSTLIN' VARMIN'T WANTED IN A DOZEN STATES, C'WON, LET'S MEET HIM!

SLIDE OFF YORE HOSS WITH YORE HANDS UP, PADGETT! ONE WRONG MOVE AN' WE'LL BEEF YOU COLD!

AIN'T NOBODY BEEFIN' ME, SHERIFF! I'M STAYIN' ON MY HOSS AN' I DON'T AIM TO GET JAILED IN THIS SMALL CALIBER TOWN!

AGAIN SERPENTINE EYES FLICKER WARNINGS OF DEATH, AS FINGERS TWITCH WEAKLY AND MUSCLES GO LIMP --

YORE GUN HANDS ARE AS USELESS AS HORNS ON A HANG! I ASKED YOU TO GET OUT OF MY WAY PEACEFUL-LIKE, BUT NOW YOU'RE GONNA GIT YORESELVES PINE-BOXED!

G-GET--OFF-- THEY HOSB, PADGETT!



CARTWHEEL GALDRA

H-HIS-- EYES! THEM L-LIDLESS, STARIN' EYES-- OHHHH--



INTO THE GUN-SHOCKED TOWN RIDES WHIP WILSON TO SEE AGAIN THE SCENE ON THE DESERT RE-ENACTED ON POWDERHORN'S STREET'S --

SAME PATTERN AS THE KILLINGS ON THE RANGE!

THAT'S RIGHT! ALL THREE OF 'EM DRAINED ON PADGETT AN' DIDN'T EVEN BUDGE WHEN HE GUNNED 'EM! THE SHERIFF SAID SOMETHIN' ABOUT PADGETT'S EYES BEFORE HE DIED!

WHO DID IT-- PADGETT?



THIS REFLECTOR MAY COME IN HANDY! IT'S JUST A CHANCE-- BUT I'LL TAKE IT!



IN AN ATMOSPHERE CHARGED WITH TENSION AND DEATH, WHIP WILSON LEANS CASUALLY AGAINST THE LONG BAR, HIS BACK TURNED TO PADGETT--

KINGA QUIET IN HERE-- SORT OF LIKE WHEN A RATTLER SNEAKS UP ON A BIRD'S NEST! ANY RATTLEERS IN HERE, BARTENDER?

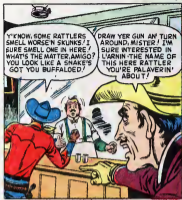
N-NOT THAT I KNOW OF! SOME CUSTOMERS SEE 'EM AFTER DRINKIN' SOME OF MY RED-EYE, THOUGH!



TALKIN' 'BOUT RATTLEERS, I SAW THE TRAIL OF ONE COMIN' IN HERE! HE'S THE TWO-LEGGED KIND, BUT MORE DANGEROUS! HE'S A YELLOW, BUSHYHACKIN' KILLER, WITH A FACE LIKE A BLACK VULTURE!

T-TAKE IT EASY, MISTER! L-LET SLEEPIN' DOGS LIE!





Y'KNOW, SOME RATTLES
SMELL WORSE 'N SKUNKS / I
SURE SMELL ONE IN HERE /
WHAT'S THE MATTER, AMIGO?
YOU LOOK LIKE A SNAKE'S
GOT YOU BUFFALDED!

DRAW YER GUN AN' TURN
AROUND, MISTER! I'M
SURE INTERESTED IN
L'ARNIN' THE NAME OF
THIS HERE RATTLEIN'
YOU'RE PALAVERIN'
ABOUT!



I DON'T HAVE TO TURN TO TELL YOU HIS NAME!
HE GOES UNDER THE HANDLE OF DUKE PADGETT--
AN' LIKE I SAID BEFORE, HE'S
A LOWDOWN, THEEVIN', RUSTLIN'
HOUND!

TURN, OERN
YORE HIDE--
TURN!

LIKE A WHIRLING OUST-SPOUT, WHIP
WILSON WHEELS AS PADGETT'S SNAKE-
LIKE, HYPNOTIC EYES REFLECT THEM-
SELVES BACK TO THEIR DEADLY OWNER!



I'M TURNED,
PADGETT, BUT
IT WON'T DO
YOU ANY
GOOD!

WH--? TAKE
TH-THAT THING
OFF YORE FACE!
T-TAKE IT OFF!

PARALYZED UNDER THE INFLUENCE
OF HIS OWN REFLECTION, DUKE
PADGETT FALLS DEEPER AND
DEEPER INTO A SELF-INDUCED
TRANCE--



T-TAKE IT
AWAY--
T-TAKE IT
AWAY!

YOU'VE PULLED
THAT APACHE
WITCH-DOCTOR TRICK
FOR THE LAST TIME,
PADGETT!

WITH A LAST, SUPERHUMAN EFFORT,
DUKE PADGETT STRUGGLES WITH ALL
HIS MIGHT TO RAISE HIS GUN!



I'LL --
K-KILL --
YOU!

YOU'RE GONNA
HAVE TO TRY MIGHTY
HARD / SQUEEZE THEM
TRIGGERS WHILE
YOU STILL GOT
THE DROP,
PADGETT!

GUNS THUNDER IN SIMULTANEOUS LIGHTNING, AS WHIP WILSON'S
SIX-GUNS ROAR THEIR DEFIANCE ...



AND AS A TENSE CROWD PUSHES INTO THE
SALOON ...



C'MON, BULLET! LET'S RIDE WHILE THEY'RE
TRYIN' TO FIGURE OUT HOW THAT REFLECTOR
BOOMERANGED ON PADGETT / HE
HYPNOTIZED HIMSELF THAT TIME!
AWAY-Y-Y-Y-Y!

THE END

GOLD CACHE



OLD JOHN PARKER had seen the three men a week ago. Either they figured they weren't too good, or he had seen them and their horses as they rode the upper trails looking over his camp site. But John Parker was far from worried. He had ridden the trails and lived in the hills too long to let a few pack-rats bother him.

He knew what they were after, all right. Word had reached town that he had hit a rich vein of gold at last, and right now there would probably be gold fever in every town from ocean to ocean. Two days ago he had found tracks leading to the clearing around his shack. Today the three men were up on the rock above. They sure weren't careful, he thought. Not good mountain men at all. They guessed that he had never spotted them and were making up their minds what to do. Old John knew what they were waiting for . . . waiting for him to lead them to his cache of gold so they could kill him and be off with it. If it weren't for the fact that he hadn't left his shack, he would have been dead a week ago.

They rode in just after dark, three scowling men who packed six guns around their waists, tied down with thongs from the bottom of the holsters. Old John knew them. He should.

From Kansas City to San Francisco their pictures hung in every post office and along every trail. The heavy guy leading the trio dismounted and walked over to the campfire. His voice was raspy as he said, "Howdy. We just rode a long trail. Mind if we use your layout here?"

It would be useless to argue. Old John grinned and cocked his head. "Sure! Leave your horses on the other side of the shack where there's grass and grab some stew."

Two men led the horses away, but one was careful to stay with him, Old John noticed. Maybe they guessed he recognized them, maybe not. At any rate, John didn't care much. He had seen enough violence in his day to satisfy him, and if he had to die . . . well, he had lived a good long life and finally made a strike. That was all he ever asked for anyway.

The tall guy's name was Bud Maxler. He was wanted for murder, robbery and a dozen other things. He was a man who took what he wanted and got away with it on the strength of a fast gun. When he squatted by the fire, he said, "You the feller that hit it rich up here?"

"Yep." John Parker lit his pipe, drawing on it slowly. "I worked into a vein that everyone thought had petered out. Not a bad strike. Figger to take it easy the rest of my life."

"No partner?"

"Nope, just me. Used to have a partner, but he died."

Maxler looked at the old man carefully, trying to read his face. When the other two men came back, he remarked, "Guess you got sech a pile now you can't tote it to town in one load."

Old John nodded solemnly. "That's right. Need a buckboard." The three men exchanged glances hurriedly, their eyes alight with the knowledge that all the yellow metal would soon be theirs.

When they had filled their plates from the cookpot, the small, swarthy one rasped, "Where do ya keep it all?"

John grinned at him. "Not where anyone can find it so quick, you can bet!" His eyes went around the three and centered on Maxler.

The outlaw snarled, "I'll take that bet!" Old John knew it had to come sooner or later. One of the men got up and walked to his bedroll, pulling his ancient rifle from the pack. With a swift motion, he jacked out the shells and threw them into the brush. Bud Maxler said, "Want to tell us where it is, or do we have to kill you?"

John played it smart. "Kill me and you'll never find it, Bud!" The outlaw jumped at the mention of his name, his eyes shifting toward the others beside the fire.

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY

Sensational Offer to Flower Lovers!

100 FAMOUS MICHIGAN RAINBOW MIX GLADIOLUS

100
BULBS
\$1.69

ASTOUNDING Get Acquainted OFFER

DOZENS of brilliant flaming colors in this Rainbow Mix Assortment... flaming red, yellow, purple and blue. Gladiolus for the remarkable low cost of less than 2¢ per bulb. Our prize selection of 2-year-old bulbs now ready for many years of flowering... 1 1/4" to 2 1/4" in circumference. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. By simply mailing the coupon below you can make your garden the envy of your neighbors with a gorgeous riot of beautiful color. Send coupon TODAY.

EXTRA—3 TUBEROSES

A real bargain in Gladiolus, yes! But that isn't all! For prompt ordering we will give you 3 Tuberozes without additional charge. These flower into beautiful spiky-white blooms on spikes 2 to 3 feet tall, and are extremely fragrant. Just mail your order and get these gift bulbs.

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON

Your Gladiolus Bulbs and Extra Tuberozes will be sent you by return mail. Send no money... deposit only \$1.69 plus postage with postman on arrival with the distinct understanding that if you're not 100% thrilled with your bargain you need only to return your purchase for full refund! But don't wait... if you don't send in your order TODAY, you may be too late! Mail coupon now!

OTHER WONDERFUL BARGAINS!

- 12 BEAUTIFUL YOUNG EVERGREENS . . . \$1.95
Order the Starbly Evergreen that grows everywhere in the United States. Each tree 2 years or older. Certified by the Dept. of Agriculture.
- THRILLING CUSHION MUMS—18 PLANTS . . . \$1.69
Magnus, Young Beauty . . . grow anywhere! Will produce hundreds of flowers. The assorted colors—Stunning! Easy to grow! Order promptly and receive your EXTRA bonus.

EXTRA . . . with above orders: 3 RARE RANUNCULUS BULBS!

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

Michigan Bulb Co., Dept. GG-1916, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Send orders checked before I will pay postage amount of order on arrival, plus postage on purchase (but I must be fully satisfied or may return for refund, cash with order, Michigan Bulb—no postage!)

- | | | |
|--------------------------|---|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | 100 Gladiolus Bulbs with 3 Tuberozes EXTRA | \$1.69 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | 750 Covered Choice Gladiolus Bulbs with 3 Tuberozes | \$1.69 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | 500 Extra-long Gladiolus Bulbs with 3 Tuberozes | \$2.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | 12 Choice Italian with 3 Tuberozes EXTRA | \$1.69 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | 20 Lily Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs EXTRA | \$1.74 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | 4 Dublin Jacks with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs EXTRA | \$1.64 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | 50 Premium Plants—11 Popular Varieties | \$1.69 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | 12 Long-stemmed with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs EXTRA | \$1.69 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | 12 Caroline Moon Plants with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs | \$1.69 |
- Send C.O.D. plus postage.
 Payment herewith Michigan Bulb or pay postage.

Name:

Address:

City:

State:



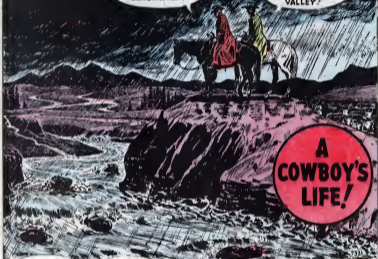
This is a picture of typical American gladiolus by a well known artist. However, it is not necessarily intended to picture the gladiolus advertised. The bulb's advertised here, but nearly all the beauty gladiolus can bring to your garden.

SEND NOW TO MICHIGAN BULB CO.
DEPT. GG-1916 GRAND RAPIDS 3, MICHIGAN

TOM SPUR, COWBOY!

THERE'S GOIN' TO BE A HEAP OF TROUBLE IF THIS RAIN DON'T LET UP, TOM! LOOK AT THEM CATTLE BUNCHIN' UP!

THEY'RE TRYING TO FIND HIGHER GROUND! LET'S DRIVE 'EM UP FARTHER INTO THE VALLEY!



**A
COWBOY'S
LIFE!**

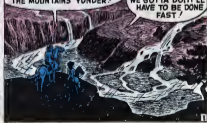
TROUBLE IS RIGHT! LOOK AT THIS STREAM, RUSTY-- LOOKS LIKE THE HEADWATER OF A BIGGER ONE COMIN' FROM THE GULCH BEHIND US!

CAN'T BE, TOM! THAT GULCH IS THE ENTRANCE TO THIS VALLEY... IT'S BEEN DRY FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS!

RIDING HARD, THE TWO MEN MOUNT A GRANITE BOULDER OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY, AND ...

THIS VALLEY AND EVERY HEAD OF BEEF IN IT IS GOING TO BE UNDER TEN FEET OF WATER BY MORNING! THAT BROOK IS BEING FED BY A MILLION SWOLLEN STREAMS IN THE MOUNTAINS YONDER!

THE GULLY WILL BE FLOODED BEFORE WE KIN GIT THE CATTLE OUT, TOM! WHATEVER WE GOTTA DO, IT'LL HAVE TO BE DONE FAST!



AT A BREAKNECK GALLOP, THE TWO MEN REACH THE RANCH HOUSE ...

WHAT'S UP, TOM? WHY'D YOU LEAVE THE HERDS?

THERE AREN'T GOING TO BE ANY HERDS UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING PRONTO, BOSS! THERE'S A RUNAWAY CREEK HEADED THROUGH THE GULLY AND EVERY STEER YOU OWN IS RIGHT SMACK IN THE PATH OF IT!



GET THE MEN OUT OF THE BUNK HOUSE! WE'VE GOTTA DRIVE THEM CATTLE DUTA THE VALLEY!

NOT A CHANCE IN THE WDRLD, BOSS... DUR ONLY HOPE IS TO DIVERT THAT CREEK BEFORE THE MAIN TORRENT HITS THE GULLY!



THERE'S A BIG BOX OF DYNAMITE LEFT OVER FROM THAT OIL WELL THE PROSPECTORS TRIED TO BLAST OUT! MAYBE WE CAN BLOCK THE GULLY AND DIVERT THE WATER AWAY FROM THE VALLEY!

GREAT IDEA, TOM! LET'S GO!



WHILE THE MEN WATCH WITH BAITED BREATH, TOM SLITHERS AND SLIDES DOWN THE ROCKY INCLINE WITH A BOX OF DYNAMITE CRADLED UNDER HIS ARM...

WATCH YOURSELF, TOM!



MINUTES LATER, EAGER HANDS HELP TOM BACK TO THE EDGE OF THE BLUFF...

IS SHE LIT?

I RECKDN SO! THERE'S A FIVE FOOT, SLOW-BURNIN' FUSE SMDLDERIN' DOWN THERE RIGHT NOW! BETTER MOVE THE BOYS BACK A WAYS!



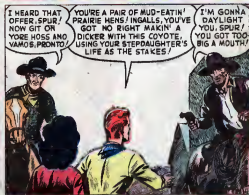
WITH AN EARTH-SHAKING BLAST, THE POWERFUL CHARGE SENDS TONS OF ROCK AND DIRT CRASHING INTO THE GULLY BELOW...





A BLAZING SUN DISPERSES THE RAIN CLOUDS AND
FINDS A ROLLICKING BUNCH OF COW HANDS HEADING
FOR TOWN THE NEXT DAY...





SUDDENLY, WITH THE LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED OF A STRIKING PANTHER, TOM'S GUN WHISKS INTO HIS HAND AND BELCHES A JET OF DEADLY FLAME...

THESE GUNS GET HOT MIGHTY QUICK! GIVE YOURSELF ROOM, BOYS--I DON'T WANT YOUR CARCASSES FALLIN' ON ME!



I HAD A HUNCH I'D BETTER STICK AROUND! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THESE BUZZARD, TOM?

RUN 'EM OUT OF TOWN! THEY'LL GET THEMSELVES 'DOB-WALLED WHEREVER THEY DECIDE TO GO, ANYWAY!



WH...??/ER...I...
(GULP!)

SMACK!



BUT TOM'S TROUBLES ARE COMING IN PAIRS THIS PARTICULAR DAY...

I SAW THAT, SPUR! WHAT'S THE IDEA... ROMANCIN' MY GAL RIGHT IN BROAD DAYLIGHT?

NOW DON'T BE SILLY, KANSAS CAIN... THIS MAN WAS ONLY HELPING ME! GO BACK TO YOUR ANVIL AND COOL OFF UNDER THE BELLOWS!

???



NOBODY KISSES MY FIANCEE AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!

AND NOBODY WANTS TO KANSAS!



I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT...

EEK! HOW DARE YOU LAY A HAND ON MY SWEETHEART... YOU BRUTE!





YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF HITTING A POOR DEFENSELESS BLACKSMITH!

I'M ASHAMED, BUT NOT OF MYSELF! THIS IS ONE DAY I SHOULD HAVE SPENT IN THE BUNK HOUSE!



HEY, AMIGO, DID I HEAR YOU MENTION SOMETHIN' 'BOUT GITTIN' A HAIRCUT?

YOU SURE DID! I CAN'T WAIT TO RELAX IN THE PEACE AND QUIET OF A BARBER'S CHAIR!



WAL, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO FIND YOURESELF A NEW BARBER AND A NEW HOSS! SCISSORS HEINKEL JEST GOT LIT UP ON SOME STRONG TEQUILA AN' TOOK A VACATION -- WITH YOUR HOSS!

WHY, THE NO-GOOD, PESO-ROBBIN' ...! WHERE'S YOURE HOSS, RUSTY?



FIVE MINUTES LATER ...

AACH, DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE, MIT SCHNAPPS UND SCHNAPPS COME-A-KI-YI-YIPPEE ...

PULL UP, YOU BOTTLE-THUMPIN' RAZOR-WAVIN' COYOTE! THAT'S MY HOSS!



WITH A NEW WEAPON GLEAMING IN HIS HAND, REX LEARNS FAST...

BY THE TIME THIS GROWS BACK YOU'LL HAVE LEARNED A BETTER'N TO STEAL MY HOSS!

SCHNIP AWAY, MY FRAN! I'VE GOT ZIX MORE WIGS LIKE THIS ONE IN DER SHOP! (HIG!)

6



AND AS THE SUN DROPS BEYOND THE HORIZON THE WEARY COW HANDS WEND THEIR WAY RANCHWARD ...

YEP! IT SHORE WAS A QUIET, PEACEFUL DAY!

WHEN I HIT MY BUNK TONIGHT, I'M GONNA STAY THERE TILL NEXT PAY-DAY!



AT 4 A.M., THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

C'MON, YOU LAZY, ROUNDSIDIN' COYOTES... THAT'S BRANDIN' TO EY! DONE AN' YOU'VE OVERSLEPT AN-HOUR ALREADY! THIS IS THE LAST TIME I GIVE YOU MEN A DAY OFF! I CAN'T UNNERSTAN' HOW MEN KIN REST ALL DAY AN' STILL BE TIRED!

THE END

The little one stared hard at the prospector. "We have to kill you now, old man. We don't want it known that we're in the country, so you're practically dead right now."

Bud nodded agreement. "Take your choice," he said. "You can get it fast if you tell us where the pile is. Try to hold out and you'll wish you didn't. It ain't good to die slow-like."

John's voice was sharp. "I'm not telling anything. You can stick my hand in the fire, and I still won't tell you. You crooks won't get away with this. By sun-up, a pack train will be up this way and a posse on your backs."

"We'll have time enough to be on our way." His voice was ominous as his tone implied what was coming. "I think you had a good idea about sticking your hand in that fire. I'm ready to bet you'd talk."

John was squirming as he watched Bud. The outlaw sneered. "Just once, that's all I'm gonna ask you. Where is that gold dust?"

There was silence for a long moment, then, "Find it!" Old John leaped to his feet and scrambled into the darkness, but he wasn't fast enough. Bud's hand grabbed his ankle, bringing him down with a thud. A heavy fist crashed against his jaw, snapping his head back. The old man couldn't take that kind of treatment any more. His head fell on his shoulders and hung limp.

When he came to, he was lying beside the fire with Bud Maxler straddling his body. The smaller guy grabbed his arm in

an iron grip. The outlaw said, "You're gonna talk now, pop. The sooner the better!" They didn't bother to strip off his glove or roll up his sleeve. . . the fire would do that quickly enough. With a sudden movement the one outlaw thrust his hand and forearm into the burning embers of the fire!

The old man clamped his lips together and fought them, but his strength was gone. Suddenly he lay slack and groaned, "No more . . . the gold is in the trunk of the big oak . . . right



up the path by the shack." That was as far as he got. His head turned and he passed out.

Bud Maxler shouted his pleasure and leaped to his feet. "Come on, let's get it!" Without another word the three raced up the path in the darkness. It took them through the brush and up the side of the mountain. Only once did Bud hesitate to say, "Think he was telling the truth?"

"Yer dang tootin'," the small guy told him. "So would you if you had your mitt in a fire!"

Once again the path rose un-

til it was merely a series of handholds cut in live rock, then at the top was a level plain with brush waist high. Bud saw the oak then, silhouetted against the night sky, a tree that rose majestically above all the others.

"He wasn't lying! There she is!" The other two chorused the cry, then ran toward the hidden gold as fast as their feet would take them. They ripped aside the brush as they ran, smashing down saplings and grass . . . then without a warning the earth gave way beneath them. Three men screamed their fears as they felt themselves falling. As one, they realized that they had been tricked. In their mad rush for that hidden gold they had been trapped into plunging headlong into a ravine!

John Parker found them there a half hour later. Strangely enough, there were no signs of pain marking his face. The hand that had been held in the fire hung at his side as if nothing had happened. He looked at the smashed bodies of the outlaws as he stripped off the fragments of the burned glove, exposing the blackened surface of an artificial hand. He grinned at what had been Bud Maxler and shook his head. "Tough luck, feller," he said. "Thirty years ago Injuns pulled that same stunt on me . . . but they made it stick. I lost my hand! Good thing you fell for my remark about sticking it in the fire. Didn't hurt a bit!"

He left them there; tomorrow he'd have to go to town and get a new wooden hand. The old one was getting worn anyway.

And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A New Body

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MAN HOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peepsy? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my 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 artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 602, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of title
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man"

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 602,
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

WHIP WILSON

I'LL LEARN YA NOT TO TRY AN MAKE A POOL OUTTA HUTCH HARLIN WILSON!

ATTA BOY, BULLET—THAT'S SHOWN HIM! JUST A BIT FURTHER, BOY!

REVENGE AT THE RODEO!

7427

THE SITUATION IN THE TOWN OF CONQUESTADOR WASN'T GOOD BY ANY MEANS! AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT WAS DOWNRIGHT BAD, AS ANYONE WITH HALF AN EYE COULD PLAINLY SEE...

NOW, YOU LOOK HERE, JEB CARSTAIRS—YOU DRINK THIS MILK RIGHT DOWN OR I'LL TELL YOUR FATHER!

MILK... UGH! I WANNA GROW UP TO BE A MAN, NOT A BAWLIN' CALF! YOU DON'T SEE HUTCH HARLIN DRINKIN' MILK! NO SIRREE, HE'S A REAL MAN!

MILK WAS THE ISSUE IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN ALSO...

PLEASE, BOYS... PLEASE DRINK YOUR MILK! JUST DRINK IT UP AND I PROMISE THAT DADDY WILL GET YOU BOTH NEW PONIES!

UN, UH! IF IT AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HUTCH HARLIN, IT AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!



AND HERE WE HAVE THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE-- HUTCH HARLIN!

YEP JUST LIKE I WUZ SAYIN', MILK IS FER CALVES AN' IDJITS... AN' I AIN'T NEITHER!

YOU SHORE AIN'T HUTCH, BOY WHEN I GROW UP I'M GONNA BE JUST LIKE YOU!

ME TOO!



I'VE ROAMED THE PLAINS FROM THE RIO GRANDE TO THE ROCKIES AN' I NEVER DID SEE A MAN WITH HIS SALT WHO SWALLOWED MILK! WHY, I WAS PLUMB RAISED ON CACTUS JUICE AN' TEQUILA, AN' LOOK AT ME NOW!

YOU'RE THE BEST DERNED RODEO CHAMP IN THESE PARTS, HUTCH! MILK MUST SHORE BE AWFUL STUFF... I NEVER DRINK IT MYSELF, NO SHREE!



YEP, I ALWAYS SAY YUH KIN TELL A JASPER WHO DRINKS MILK, AN' YUH CAN TELL THE ONES THAT DON'T!



SEE THAT FELLER YONDER! THAT'S CHUCK LARMER! BETWEEN YOU AN' ME, HE'S ONLY TWENTY YEARS OLD, BUT HE ORANK A LOT OF MILK ANO JEST LOOK AT HIM NOW!

G-GOSH, ONLY TWENTY YEARS OLD, AIN'T IT AWFUL!



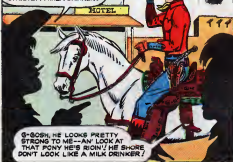
JEST SHOW ME THE MAN THAT'S BENT DOUBLE, AN' I'LL SHOW YOU A MILK DRINKER! THAR'S YER PROOF!

THAT'S WHAT I KEEP TELLIN' MY PAW, BUT HE JEST KEEPS WHALIN' ME ALL THE SAME!



SEE THET STRANGER RIDIN' IN, BOYS? I KIN TELL BY THE CUT OF HIM THET HE'S STRICTLY A MILK DRINKER!

HOTEL



G-GOSH, HE LOOKS PRETTY STRONG TO ME--AN' LOOK AT THAT PONY HE'S RIDIN'! HE SHORE DON'T LOOK LIKE A MILK DRINKER!

YUH DON'T THINK SO, EH? WAL, JES FOLLER HIM IN THAR AN' SEE WHAT HE ORERS! I KNOW A MILK-DRINKIN' SIBBY WHEN I SEE ONE!

I TH-THINK YOU'RE PLUMB WRONG THIS T-TIME, HUTCH!





WHAT'LL IT BE, PARDNER? REDBAY, TEQUILA OR FIRE WATER?

A TALL GLASS OF MILK... AN' I'LL TAKE IT STRAIGHT!



OH, MY ACHIN' BACK! WHAT DID I TELL YUH 'BOUT THET JASPER? DIDN'T I SAY HE WAS STRICTLY A MILK DRINKIN' NAMBY? HAW! HAW! HAW!

HE SHORE HAD US FOOLED, HUTCH!

YEP! WE HAD HIM TAGGED AS A REAL, SURE ENUFF HE-MAN! MILK... UGH!



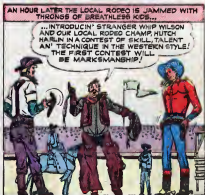
MISTER, I COULDN'T HELP HEARIN' WHAT YOU SAIC ABOUT ME TO THESE KIDS! JUST WHAT HAVE YOU GOT AGAINST MILK AND PEOPLE WHO DRINK IT?

WAL, IN THE FIRST PLACE MILK IS A NAMBY'S DRINK! IN THE SECOND PLACE I AIN'T EVER SEEN A MAN WITH A COYOTE'S HIDE WHO DRINKS IT!



YOU'RE TELLIN' TALL TALES TO SHORT PEOPLE, MISTER! I DRINK MILK AN' I RECKON THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO THAT I CAN'T DO BETTER!

DON'T GET RINBY WITH ME, STRANGER... YOU'RE MAKIN' BIG TALK FER A MILK-DRINKIN' NAMBY! I'D BE MIGHTY PLEASD TO ARRANGE A LITTLE MATCH OF SKILL WITH YUH! NAME THE TIME AN' THE PLACE!



AN HOUR LATER THE LOCAL RODEO IS JAMMED WITH THROBBS OF BREATHELESS KIDS...

...INTRODUCIN' STRANGER WHIP WILSON AND OUR LOCAL RODEO CHAMP, HUTCH HARLIN IN A CONTEST OF SKILL, TALENT AN' TECHNIQUE IN THE WESTERN STYLE! THE FIRST CONTEST WILL BE MARKSMANSHIP!



SEE THEM FLIES ON THET CAKE? WAL, I AIM TO SHOOT THET CAKE OUT FROM UNDER EVERY FLY WITH BOTH GUNS!

VERY INTERESTIN'! --GO AHEAD, HARLIN!



THE KIDS GO WILD AS TWIN SIX-GUNS BLAST A FLUFFY CLOUD OF DOUGH IN EVERY DIRECTION...

HOORAY FOR HUTCH HARLIN!

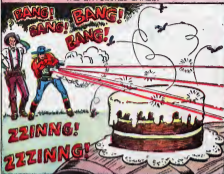
NICE SHOOTIN', ANIBO!



KIDS, THAR'S ONLY ONE THING I LIKE BETTER'N MILK, AN' THAT'S CAKE! I AIM TO EAT THAT CAKE-- AFTER I SHOOT EVERY FLY OFF IT!

WH...?? I GOTTA SEE THIS! IT JEST CAN'T BE DONE!

POPEYED WITH AMAZEMENT AND AWE, A STARTLED AUDIENCE WATCHES WHIP'S GUNS DELICATELY BLAST EVERY FLY OFF THE UNTOUCHED CAKE...



IT'S A DOLSERVED TRICK, THAT'S WHAT. I RECKON THIS NEXT CONTEST WILL SHOW YOU UP FIER THE TRAVEL'N' FAKER YOU REALLY ARE!

WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE MISTER! PUT UP OR SHUT UP!



LET'S SEE HOW SHARP YOU ARE AT ROUNDIN' UP SHEEP! I GIVE MYSELF THREE MINUTES FLAT TO GIT 'EM ALL INTO THAT SMALL CORRAL!

THREE MINUTES? I RECKON YOU AIM TO TAKE A TWO MINUTE NAP IN THAT TIME BESIDES! GO AHEAD, MISTER!

YIP-YIPEE/GIT, DERN YORE WOOLY HIDES! GIT UP AN' GO! BUNCH UP! YAHOOO... YIP-YIP...



WITH ONE MINUTE TO GO, HUTCH HARLIN MAKES A LAST SWEEPING RIDE TO ROUND UP THE STRAGGLERS!

GIT IN THAR! BRACE YORE HIDES AND MOVE! YIP-YIP-- YAHOOO!



... AND WITH A SHARP SLASHING TURN HEADS THEM SAFELY INTO THE CORRAL...

HOOYAY FOR HUTCH HARLIN!

HE DID IT!

THAT'S RIDIN' 'EM, HUTCH!



WAL, GIT IN THAR AN' LET'S SEE YUH DO THE SAME!

YOU THINK IT TOOK BRAINS TO HERD THOSE SHEEP, DON'T YOU? WELL, I'M GONNA SHOW YOU THE KIND OF BRAINS THAT COME FROM DRINKIN' MILK! I FIGGER MY HORS HAS AS MUCH SENSE AS YOU'VE GOT, HUTCH!



SHOW 'EM WHAT MILK CAN DO FOR A HOSS, BULLET! GET IN THERE AN' ROUND UP THOSE WOOL-BACKS INSIDE OF TWO MINUTES!

YOU TRYIN' TO MAKE OUT LIKE THAT HOSS SAVVY'S WHUT YOU'RE SAYIN'? THAR AIN'T A PONY IN THESE PARTS KIN ROUND THEM SHEEP HIMSELF!



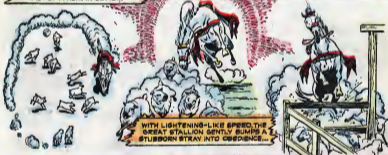
WITH THE SPEED AND INTELLIGENCE OF A TRAINED COWHAND, THE MAGNIFICENT HORSE PLUNGES INTO ACTION!

GO TO IT, BULLET! YOU'VE GOT TWO MINUTES TO MAKE A HORSE'S NECK OUT OF A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN WE KNOW!... UP AND AT 'EM!



SPELLBOUND BY THE MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF SKILL AND INGENUITY, THE JAM-PACKED GRANDSTANDS WATCH A MIRACLE HORSE USE THE TACT OF A HUMAN BEING...

SECONDS LATER, WITH HALF A MINUTE TO SPARE, BULLET HAS THE UNRULY HERD WHISKING NEATLY INTO THE CORRAL!



WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED, THE GREAT STALLION GENTLY BUMPS A STUBBORN STRAY INTO OBEDIENCE...

...AND THE KIDS GO WILD WITH ADMIRATION!

THAR AIN'T A MAN IN THIS COUNTRY KIN MAKE A FOOL OF HUTCH MARLIN! LET'S SEE HOW QUICK YORE MILK DIET KIN MAKE YA FILL YORE HAND! I'M DRAWIN' ON YUH, WILSON!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA NO LEAD IS GOIN' TO WARM UP YOUR BARRELS, HARLIN-- GO AHEAD AN' DRAW!



AS THE JEALOUSY-CRAZED COWPOKE JERKS HIS GUNS FROM THEIR HOLSTERS, A WHISPING, STINGING COIL OF TANNED RAWHIDE SNAKES INTO WHP WILSON'S COMPETENT HANDS...

MY WHIP AGAINST YOUR GUNS, HARLIN! I AM TO LIGHTEN YOUR HANDS!

I'LL BLAST YER...



... AND WILSON SNAPS INTO ACTION!
HIS WHIP LANDS LIKE THE CLUTCHING
TENTACLES OF AN OCTOPUS
AROUND THE HALF-COCKED SIX-
GUNNERS IN HUTCH'S HANDS...



I'LL KILL YUH, WILSON!
I'LL MANGLE YUH WITH
MY BARE HANDS!



YOU'RE NOT A BAD GUY, HUTCH!
ALL YOU NEED IS SOME MANNERS
AND A CHANGE OF DIET!



YOU GOT ME BEAT,
WILSON! GIVE ME A
BREAK, WILL YUH?
THEM KIDS IS MY
PALS... MAKE OUT
LIKE I'M PUTTIN'
UP A GOOD
FIGHT, HUH?

I'M MIGHTY GLAD
TO HEAR YOU SAY
THAT ABOUT THE
KIDS! I DON'T
WANT 'EM TO LOSE
TOO MUCH FAITH
IN YOU!... LET'S
BREAK IT UP!



BOYS, I BEEN LICKED FAIR AN' SQUARE BY A
ORNERY MILK-DRINKER! I'M HERE TO TELL
YOU THAT I AIM TO MEND MY WAYS! IF
MILK IS GOOD ENOUGH FER WHIP WILSON,
IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FER US!

YIPPEE!
HOORAY FOR
WHIP WILSON!

THREE
CHEERS FOR
HUTCH HARLIN!



(G-GULP!) AM I
SEEBING THINGS?
WHAT'LL IT
BE, BOYS?

MILK FER THE WHOLE
GANGL! MAKE IT
STRAIGHT AN' THE
DRINKS ARE ON ME!



THE SITUATION IN CONQUISTADOR IS WELL IN HAND! AS A
MATTER OF FACT, THERE MAY EVEN BE A MILK SHORT-
AGE IN THE COUNTY...

AS I WUZ SAYIN', THAR'S NO DRINK LIKE
MILK! I KNOW BECAUSE I JUST TANGLED
WITH A MAN WHO DRINKS A POWERFUL
HEAP OF THE STUFF! BOTTOMS UP, BOYS!

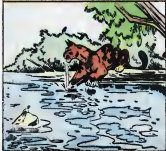


NIMO

THE
MOUNTAIN LION!



A GREAT CALM HOVERS OVER THE RANGE AS NIMO, EXHAUSTED FROM A LONG HUNT PAUSES MOMENTARILY AT A WATER HOLE! AS THE GIANT CAT SLAKES HIS THIRST A SLIGHT SOUND BRINGS HIS EARS FORWARD...



A HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS OF SINEWY MUSCLE STEALTHILY GLIDES FORWARD ON SILENT FEET! GLARING YELLOW EYES FOCUS UPON THE SCENE AND, WITH A HOLLOW GRUNT, THE THIN LIPS DRAW BACK AGAINST GLEAMING FANGS ...



A HUGE WOLF, HIS BODY RIDDEN WITH DREAD HYDROPHOBIA LOOKS UP FROM HIS KILL WITH MADDENED EYES AT THE SUDDEN INTRUDER...



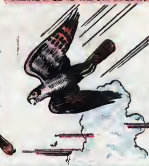
FOR SEVERAL TAUT MOMENTS THE PAIR EYE EACH OTHER! NIMO'S KEEN SENSE DETECTS THE SCENT OF MADNESS, AND WITH AN INFURIATING GROWL LEAPS UPON THE MARAUDING KILLER!



IN A FURY OF WHIRLING BODIES AND SLASHING FANGS, THE TWO ANIMALS LOCK IN DEADLY COMBAT! THE AIR IS RENT WITH THE HOWLS OF BATTLE...

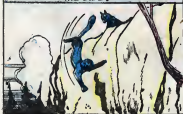


...AND HIGH ABOVE THEM A PASSING HAWK PAUSES IN FLIGHT TO WATCH THE STRUGGLE-- ADDING ITS OWN PIERCING CALL TO THE DIN BELOW!



UNWILLING TO CARRY THE BATTLE FURTHER THE WOLF SLINKS OFF... BUT A DEEP WOUND IN HIS FLANK LEAVES A TRAILING SPOOR...

AS THE GIANT CAT PREPARES TO DEAL HIS DEATH BLOW, HIS BODY BALANCES DANGEROUSLY AT THE EDGE OF THE SLOPE AND A MOMENT LATER HE SLIPS HEADLONG OVER THE SIDE!



ENRAGED BY THE TURN OF EVENTS, NIMO PICKS UP THE TRAIL AND MUTTERING A GROWL OF REVENGE, THE STALK OF DEATH BEGINS...



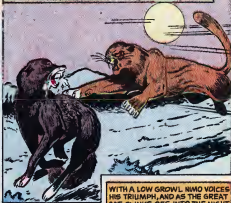
THE SMALLER ANIMALS OF THE RANGE BREAK GROUND BEFORE THE ONCOMING PANTHER, BUT THE GIANT CAT PAYS THEM LITTLE ATTENTION... HIS EYES ARE FIXED UPON THE TRAIL BEFORE HIM!



SLOWLY THE GAP IS NARROWED, AND AS THE FULL MOON RISES IN THE WESTERN SKY, THE STALKING NIMO SPIES HIS OBJECTIVE!



FILLING THE AIR WITH A ROAR OF TRIUMPH NIMO MAKES HIS SPRING...



...AND WITH A CRUSHING BLOW THE MENACE OF THE RANGE MEETS HIS END!



WITH A LOW GROWL NIMO VOICES HIS TRIUMPH, AND AS THE GREAT CAT SLINKS OFF INTO THE NIGHT A FLOCK OF VULTURES SWOOP EARTHWARD FOR THEIR SHARE OF THE SPOILS!



THE END

Close-out! 3 POWER ALL-METAL BINOCULARS

These are the very same 3-power all-metal Binoculars that we formerly sold for \$9.95. In fact thousands were sold at that price. Yet now on this sensational "close-out offer," you can get a pair of these powerful Binoculars complete with beautiful carrying case as shown for the amazing low price of only \$3.98. Think of it—there's a saving of \$6.00. How can you lose with such a bargain. But you will miss out entirely unless you hurry—... for every sportsman, hunter and motorist will want to own a pair at this close-out price. It will be first come, first served while the supply lasts. So rush your order today on the coupon below.

These Binoculars are beautifully made. They have specially ground and polished lenses and adjustable focusing wheel. The sturdy metal barrels are hand-specially treated in public grain leatherette effect and every pair comes complete with a simulated saddle-leather carrying case and adjustable shoulder strap as pictured.

Formerly Sold for \$9.95

NOW! On This Close-Out Offer!

only \$3.98



- ★ Smartly Styled . . . All Metal Construction
- ★ Powerful — Optically Ground and Polished Lenses
- ★ Draw Tubes Plated
- ★ Black Ebony Finish
- ★ Trimmed in Pebble Grained Leatherette Effect
- ★ Milled Focusing Wheel
- ★ Height—Closed 5 1/2", Open 6"
- ★ Weight One lb. with Carrying Case

"Enjoy Front Row Seats From Way Back"

You'll get the thrill of a *Hitline* when you take your first look through these powerful Binoculars. It's positively amazing how well you can see. Make distant objects appear close—bring them up to you—clear and sharp! You'll want to take these Binoculars with you on traveling trips, to sporting events, to the ocean and seaside. You'll be able to see people and wild life from a distance and watch what they're doing when they see you. Enjoy front row seats from way back!

USE FOR 10 DAYS ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

So positive are we that you'll be more than thrilled and delighted with the performance, power, and beauty of these Binoculars that we send them to you on a generous 10-day no risk money back guarantee. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just fill out and mail the coupon today. The postman will deliver your Binoculars complete with the handsome Carrying Case C.O.D. in a few days' time. Then, when they're actually in your hands, we want you to use them for 10 full days with the understanding that your money will be promptly refunded if you're not more than satisfied with them in every respect. Don't delay a single day if you want to own a pair. Rush the coupon today without fail.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE CO., Dept. 6404-C
1227 Loyal Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: Rush me a pair of all metal Binoculars complete with Carrying Case as described above, on your no-risk 10 day Money Back Guarantee offer. I will pay the Postman \$3.98 plus postage. It is understood that if I am not completely satisfied I will return them to you within 10 days for refund.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

I enclose \$3.98. Please rush the Binoculars and Carrying Case to me all postage charges prepaid.

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead... according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are... and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them... if they want to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man"... super at track, games, sports of all kinds... who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all address him frantically!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for burly men! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only takes any in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-shaven, will get the break wherever he is!

Even Cute Girls

Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that! BUT MAKEUP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's a plaster of Paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it — with a SAFE extractor. Don't use your finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!



FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless... safe... fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores... make your skin look grimy and dingy... give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it — quickly! — without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from grimy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!

ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

RUSH
COUPON
NOW!

**10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER**

Don't need a penny. We'll refund and pay postage only \$1.00 plus postage. If you don't like it, we'll refund \$1.00 with guaranteed money. If you're satisfied to be rid of embarrassing blackheads this new gentle way — just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!



**No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!**

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead — release extractor — and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE!

BAILEY PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 3003
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.

Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

HAVE A SLIMMER, YOUTHFUL, FEMININE APPEARANCE INSTANTLY!



REDUCE

YOUR APPEARANCE! LOOK AND FEEL LIKE SIXTEEN AGAIN!

No other girdle or supporter belt has more hold in power! The Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt is the sweetest, most comfortable girdle I ever had.

Don't look old before your time. Do as thousands of others do, wear a comfortable, new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT! The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT with the amazing new adjustable front panel controls your figure the way you want it, with added support where you need it most. Simply adjust the laces and **PRESTO** your mid section is reshaped, your back is braced and you look and feel younger!

MORE UP-LIFT AND HOLD-IN POWER!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daintily feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the right places, with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waist line to nothingness no matter what shape you may now have. It's easily adjusted—always comfortable!

TEST THE ADJUST-O-BELT UP-LIFT PRINCIPLE WITH YOUR OWN HANDS!

Clasp your hands over your abdomen, press upwards and in gently, but firmly. You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!



APPEAR SLIMMER, AND FEEL BETTER!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT lifts and flattens unsightly bulges, comfortably, quickly, firmly. It readjusts easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant slenderizing figure control. It fashionably shapes your figure to its slimmest lines. Like magic the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT obeys your every wish. Pounds and inches seem to disappear instantly from waist, hips and thighs. You can adjust it to your slimmest down figure as your figure changes. It gives the same fit and comfort you get from a made to order girdle costing 2 to 3 times the price. It washes like a dream. Style: Panty and regular. Colors nude and white. It's made of the finest stretch material used in any girdle with a pure satin front panel and made by the most skilled craftsmen. It's light in weight but powerfully strong.

It won't roll up, bulge or curl at the top. It gives extra-double support where you need it most. No other girdle at any price can give you better support, can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer. Sizes 24 to 48 waist. **ONLY.....\$3.98**

Money - Back Guarantee With A 10-Day FREE TRIAL

If the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT isn't better than any supporter you ever had, if You don't feel more comfortable, if you don't look and feel younger, if your shape isn't 100% IMPROVED, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full.



You will look like and feel like this beautiful model in your new and improved Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt.

FREE: New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.

SEND NO MONEY

ADJUST-O-BELT CO., Dept. 169
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Both your new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT for \$2.00 in size and style chosen: Regular, Panty

Send \$3.98, I will pay postage plus handling
 I prefer \$4.98. You pay postage plus handling

CHECK SIZE: 24-26 26-28 28-30 30-32 32-34 34-36 36-38 38-40 40-42 42-44 44-46 46-48

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

I understand and agree completely with the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT 10 day money back guarantee. I can receive it in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

SENT ON APPROVAL

GIVEN-GIVEN

Premiums - Cash Commission

ACT NOW



GIRLS Mail Coupon
BOYS

BE FIRST

OUR 55th YEAR

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Movie Machines with reel of film, complete Flashlights (sent postage paid), Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us.

WE ARE RELIABLE



NO MONEY NOW

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. A-148, Tyrone, Pa.

GIVEN - GIVEN

Premiums - Cash Commission

Act Now



Mail Coupon

ACT NOW
BOYS - GIRLS
LADIES - MEN

BE FIRST

Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles, Wrist Watches, Ukuleles (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours.

SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. B-148, Tyrone, Pa.



Our 55th Year



Our 55th Year

GIVEN PREMIUMS OF GIVEN

CASH COMMISSION

MAIL COUPON TODAY



BOYS - MEN
LADIES - GIRLS

Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Radios, Complete Fishing Kits (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE used for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Be first. Act now! Our 55th successful year. Write or mail coupon today - now!



BOYS

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. C-148, TYRONE, PA.



GIVEN



GIRLS - BOYS
LADIES - MEN

BE FIRST

Act Now

Mail Coupon Today

PREMIUMS
CASH COMMISSION

OUR 55th YEAR
Lovable fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Bluebird Pendulette Clocks (sent postage paid). **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. We are reliable. Our 55th year. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. D-148, TYRONE, PA.

PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH

OUR 55th Year

ACT NOW



BOYS
GIRLS

Be First



Camd Cameras with Carrying Cases (sent postage paid), Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). **GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. E-148, TYRONE, PA.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. MC-148, Tyrone, Pa. Date
Gentlemen—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission, as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name Age.....
St. R.D. Box.....
Town Zone.....
No. State.....
FIRST LAST Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW