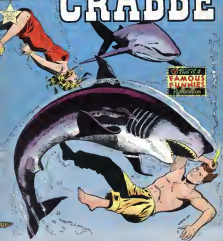


No. 6, Sept. 10¢



FUNNIES

# BUSTER CRABBE



WORLD'S  
FAMOUS  
FUNNIES  
PUBLICATIONS



# The DEVIL'S DISCIPLE

BUSTER CRABBE AND WHISKERS RIDE INTO THE TEXAS PORT OF GALVESTON ON THE GULF OF MEXICO, AND STRAIGHT INTO THE MOST DANGEROUS ADVENTURE OF THEIR ACTION-PACKED CAREER WHEN THEY MEET...  
**THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE!!!**



## S.S. SYLVIA LATEST VICTIM OF MYSTERIOUS GULF DISASTERS

### SIXTH SHIP VANISHES IN GULF IN AS MANY MONTHS

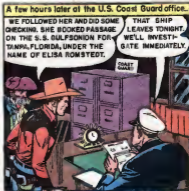
Coast Guard Vessels searching for the missing S.S. Sylvia, found remains believed to be fragments of that ship early this morning. No survivors have yet been found.

ANOTHER SHIP GONE DOWN!  
WHUT YUH MAKE OF IT, BUSTER?

YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, WHISKERS.

'TIS THE WORK OF THE DEVIL, THAT'S WHAT IT IS!







WAL, THAT'S THAT WE WUZ **WRONG** FER ONCE.

I **STILL** THINK SHE'S THE **SAME** WOMAN! WHISKERS, WE'RE GOING FOR A BOAT RIDE!



YOU SHORE ARE A STUBBORN GALDUT, BUSTER! THIS IS THE CRAZIEST THING WE EVER DID!

WHY? IF NOTHING COMES OF IT, AT LEAST WE GET A LITTLE VACATION.



Suddenly...

DON'T TRY TO REACH YOUR GUNS, GENTLEMEN—OR WE'LL PUMP YOU FULL OF LEAD!

AND JUST WHAT IS **THIS** ALL ABOUT?



YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TAILING ME AND MAKING INQUIRIES ABOUT ME WITHOUT REASON, BUT YOU GOVERNMENT AGENTS HAVE REACHED THE END OF YOUR INVESTIGATION! TURN AROUND!



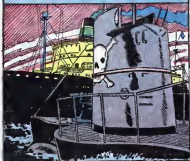
GOOD! NOW TIE THEM UP AND GAG THEM!



A few minutes later...

THOSE TWO WON'T BE INTERFERING WITH US **THIS** NIGHT...

In the dim light of dawn a black hulk slides silently up from the depths and surfaces near the steamer...



Moments later, armed men swarm over the deck of the ship...



Meanwhile, Buster strains mightily at his bonds---



Buster's tremendous strength finally triumphs over the rope !!!



THEY TOOK OUR GUNS— BUT WE'VE STILL GOT OUR FISTS! WE'LL GET THEM!

FIRST GET ME AN ASPERIN... OOD, WHUT A HEAD...



Buster and Whiskers, discovering the ship is in the hands of pirates, run for the radio room, but— YOU AGAIN? I'M AFRAID YOU ESCAPED A LITTLE TOO LATE, MY FRIENDS. NOTHING CAN SAVE THE SHIP NOW --- OR YOU!



After looting the ship and passengers, the pirates wreck all the lifeboats except those they reserve for their own use...



CHEER UP, FOLKS! YOU STILL HAVE THE LIFE-PRESERVERS--- AND THE SHARKS!

LIFE PRESERVERS? SHARKS? DO THEY MEAN TO SINK THE SHIP?

THEY DON'T MEAN ANYTHING ELSE, CAPTAIN. "DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES" IS AN OLD PIRATE PROVERB.

BUSTER! WHUT YUH GOIN' TO DO?

I'D RATHER DIE IN THE WATER TRYING TO GET MY HANDS ON THOSE CUT-THROATS, THAN JUST WAIT HERE, DOING NOTHING!

BUSTER!!! GOL DURR THAT DANG FOOL! HE'S HELPLESS WITHOUT ME AN' I CAN'T SWIM!



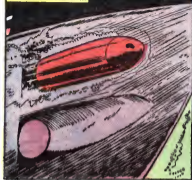
I DON'T HAVE ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION, BUT IF I CAN GET ABOARD THE U-BOAT.... WHO KNOWS...?



ALL RIGHT-- LET THEM HAVE IT !!!

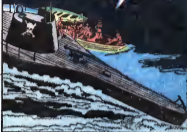


The next moment...



THERE GOES  
THE  
**TORPEDO!**

AND THE U.S. GULFSONION  
JOINS OUR OTHER BENEFACTORS  
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GULF—  
AND THE NEWSPAPER HEAD-  
LINES!



I'VE GOT TO SWIM LIKE  
I NEVER SWAM BEFORE TO—  
OH-OH! WHAT'S THAT?



A  
**TORPEDO!**



Got it! Now if I can  
**DETONATE** it, I might  
be able to save the  
people aboard the  
ship!



BETTER YET, MAYBE I CAN **TURN** THIS  
INFERNAL THING OFF ITS COURSE SO IT  
WILL **MISS** THE SHIP!

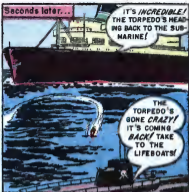






LOOK! THE TORPEDO IS TURNING! SOMETHING'S ON IT!

THAT'S BUSTER! YAHOO! HIDE 'EM, COWBOY!



Seconds later...

IT'S INCREDIBLE! THE TORPEDO'S HEADING BACK TO THE SUBMARINE!

THE TORPEDO'S GONE CRAZY! IT'S COMING BACK! TAKE TO THE LIFEBOATS!



YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT COURSE, NOW, TORP, OLD BOY! YOU WON'T NEED ME ANYMORE!



BOOM!



A few days later, . . .

MR. GRABBE, U.S. INTELLIGENCE HAS LONG WANTED TO KNOW THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE NAZI U-BOAT COMMANDER, "DEVIL" VON DIATCH--- WHO DISAPPEARED WITH HIS CREW AND SUB WHEN GERMANY SURRENDERED.

U.S. COAST GUARD



HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE, KNOWN AS THE "DEVIL'S DISCIPLE" WAS ALSO MISSING. . . THANKS TO YOU, WE NOW KNOW WHERE THEY ARE, WHICH IS JUST WHERE THEY BELONG---AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!

# Whiskers and the Whoppers

WHUT TH' DING-DONG  
BLAZES ???

IF ANYBODY ELSE SEES  
WHUT I SEE --- THEY'VE  
GONE PLUMB LOCO, TOO!

THAT CRAZY VARMINT  
OF A BOX MIGHT BE  
DANGEROUS!



HAF I GOT  
IT!

LOOK --- A  
KANGAROO  
RAT!

WONDER WHAR  
TH' CRITTER  
COME FROM?

IT COME FROM TH' DESERT,  
AN' I RECKON THAT'S WHAR  
IT'S AHEADIN' BACK TO! IT  
MUST OF TURNED TH' BOX  
OVER ON ITSELF,



THAT REMINDS ME OF TN' TIME  
I WENT AFTER TN' WHOPPER  
INJUNS...

EVERYTHING  
REMINOS YOU  
OF SOMETHIN'!

ON-OH, ANOTHER  
STORY COMIN' UP...



THERE WUZ LOTS OF LOTS  
OF WILD INJUNS IN TN' OLD  
DAYS, BUT TN' WILDEST AN'  
WORSEST WUZ TN' WHOPPERS!  
I HATED THEM BLOOD-  
THIRSTY WHOPPERS, AN'  
WITH GOOD REASON!



They say th' Whoppers  
wuz peacefull peoceful  
people in my Gran'pop's  
time. He wuz o tradex.  
Used to trade th' Injuns bullets  
fer pelts...



But somethin' hopped  
to make them Whoppers  
mean on' fierce. I remember  
as o child how they wuz  
oalways ottockin' th' of home-  
stead...

OH, GEAR, HE HAS  
ANOTHER ARROW  
THROUGH HIM. I'LL  
PULL IT OUT.

WHUT'S  
THAT BRAT  
CRYING  
ABOUT  
NOW?



Some childhood I hod...  
I couldn't even go outside  
to play without being ormed  
to th' teeth!



And every time I went out I  
wuz ombushed by th' Whoppers!

SO! FIGHTING  
AGAIN! DIDN'T I  
WARN YOU TO STOP  
TRACKING BLOOD  
ALL OVER MY  
CLEAN FLOORS!

WELL, GEE  
WNIZ, MOM-  
THEY  
STARTED  
IT!



I GREW UP *HATIN'* THEM WHOPPERS LIKE NOBODY EVER HATED ANYBODY! I SWDRE I'D WIPE 'EM OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH!



But that wuz a dang sight easier said than done-- them redskins not only lived in the middle of nawhere, but--



They lived on a rock "island" surrounded by deep chosms!  
Twarnt no way, no how, to git at 'em when they pulled th' bridges up..

YAYA, YOU CAN'T CATCHUM US!

OH, FIDDLESTICKS! FDILED AGIN!

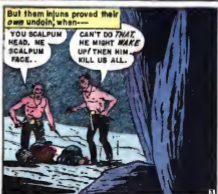


THEM WHOPPERS WUZ TH' SCOURGE OF TH' OL' WEST! TH' VARMINTS WOULD SNEAK OUT TO ROS AN' MURDER US PEACEFUL LAW-ABIDIN' WHITES AN' TWARNT NUTHIN' WE COULD DO-- THEIR VILLAGE WUZ INVULNERABLE...

But them injuns proved their own undoin', when--

YOU SCALPUM HEAD, ME SCALPUM FACE..

CAN'T DO *THAT*, HE MIGHT *MAKE UP!* THEN HIM KILL US ALL.



WE STEALUM  
HORSE, GUÑS,  
FOOD, WATER.  
HIM DIEUM  
THIRST IN  
DESERT. WHEN  
GOOD AND DEAD,  
THEN SCALPUM!

UGH! A  
CAPITAL  
SUGGESTION!



I didn't know it then,  
but when they robbed  
me like that, they signed  
their own death certificates...

WHY THEM BLANKETY-BLANK .  
NO-ACCOUNT ORNERY BLANKETY-  
BLANK POLECATS!



I wuz too far from town  
to make it back without  
o horse... I figgered my  
time had come... my luck had  
run out...



Then all of o suddint, I  
sees o Kangaroo hippity-  
hopping across th' desert.



Wah, sic, I lit out ofter th'  
critter an' afore he'd  
gone a mile I caught  
him...

WHOA,  
THAR!  
WHOA!



Anybody's who's ever rode  
a wild kangaroo will attest to  
th' fact that breakin' one's  
harder'n breakin' on outlaw  
bronc! But I needed trans-  
portation...



Woi, I don't want to brag none, but I got that critter broke, trained an' domesticated in a minufe flat!



WHEE! YORE AS GOOD AS A HORSE ANY DAY, EVEN IF YUH ARE A NITE BUMPY!

Woi, I'm aheadif back to town on my kangaroo when I run smack-dab into th' Injuns whut robbed me!



AFTER 'EM, KANGY? I'LL TEAR 'EM APART WITH MY BARE HANDS!

I chased 'em, but th' danged Whoppers got across their trick bridge agin!



OH, FIDDLE-DEE-DEE--- FOILED AGIN'!

But that didn't stop th' kangaroo! No, sirree! He just jumped right across th' chasm, an'---



---dumped me dab-smack in th' middle of th' Whoppers' stronghold!



I won't bore yuh with details, but even though I wuz unarmed an' them Whoppers faught like wildcats, it didn't take me long to finish 'em off ...



I wuz so happy on' grateful that instead of keepin' th' kongoroo fer a horse like I was goin' to do, I let him go free...



YOU'VE EARNED YORE LIBERTY, KANGY, OL' PAL! GO BACK TO YORE NATURAL HAUNTS AN' LIVE HAPPILY AMONGST YORE FELLOW-CRITTERS!



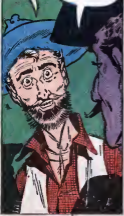
AN' THAT'S TH' STORY... I'LL NEVER FERGIT THAT THERE KANGAROO...

YOU FORGOT ONE THING. THERE *AIN'T* NO KANGAROOS IN THIS COUNTRY 'CEPT IN ZOOS!



UH... WAL, THIS ONE MUST'VE COME CROSS TH' BORDER FROM DOWN MEXICO WAY...

KANGAROOS COME FROM AUSTRALIA! THIS IS *ONE* LIE YOU AIN'T GOIN' TO LIE OUT OF, YUH DANGED LIAR!



AW RIGHT, SO KANGAROOS COME FROM AUSTRALIA! I FERGOT TO MENTION HOW GOOD THIS KANGAROO COULD SWIM!



IT'S TH' GOSSIPAL TRUTH! HALP!

IF YOU KIN SWIM HALF AS GOOD AS YOU KIN LIE, YOU WON'T EVEN GIT WET!



# BUSHWACK BAIT

YOU SEE THE SIGN, BOYS. HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO WIN A THOUSAND DOLLARS! IT'S ALL IN FUN! COME ON IN AND SEE THE EXCITEMENT!

**\$1000** TO ANY MAN WHO CAN STAY 3 ROUNDS WITH THE CRUSHER!

SO THAT'S THE CRUSHER! WHAT AN ONERY-LOOKING CUSS!

THERE'S SOMETHING VAGUELY FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT HOMERE, WHISKERS. SEEMS LIKE HE AND I CROSSED PATHS BEFORE!

It all started innocently enough when Buster Crabbe, the fighting hero of the west decided to try his luck in a prize ring. But it turned out that he needed more than his hommering fists to hold off the spectre of death that had him earmarked for a victim in his latest hair-raising adventure---  
"BUSHWACK BAIT!"

WELL, THAT'S A MIGHTY GOOD REASON FOR GOING INSIDE AND SEEING THE FIGHTS, HOW ABOUT IT, BUSTER?

YOU OLO FAKER! NOTHING WAS GOING TO KEEP YOU OUTSIDE, ANYWAY, YDU GET THE TICKETS WHILE I SEE TO THE HORSES!

ALL RIGHT, FOLKS! WE'RE READY FOR THE FIRST VICTIM--- I MEAN, CONTESTANT! REMEMBER --- 1000 DOLLARS TO THE MAN WHO STAYS THREE ROUNDS!

GO AHEAD, DICK. YOU USED TO DO SOME BOXING!

I RECKON I'LL TAKE A CHANCE!



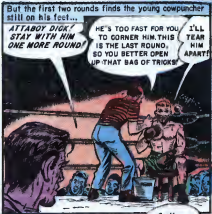




IT LOOKS LIKE CRUSHER IS GOING TO EAT THAT YOUNG MAVERICK!

I'M NOT SO SURE. THE BOY'S PRETTY GOOD.

As the bell rings for the final round...



But the first two rounds finds the young cowpuncher still on his feet...

ATTABOY DICK! STAY WITH HIM ONE MORE ROUND!

HE'S TOO FAST FOR YOU TO CORNER HIM. THIS IS THE LAST ROUND, SO YOU BETTER OPEN UP THAT BAG OF TRICKS!

I'LL TEAR HIM APART!



MY EYE!

80000000!

FOUL!

FOUL!



FOUL!

80000000!

FOUL! HE KICKED HIM! FOUL! 80000000!



POW!



YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF LOWDOWN, SLIMY, ONERY CROOKS! YOU FOULED HIM, YOU DIRTY POLEGATS! HE WAS ROBBED!

SHUT UP, YOU OLD SEEZER! OR MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO TRY FOR THAT THOUSAND DOLLARS!

YER DERN TOOTIN' I WILL!

WAIT A MINUTE, WHISKERS. YOU BETTER LET ME TAKE HIM ON.



But Buster is more than a match for the Crusher's wild swings...

SOON...

COME ON, BUSTER! YOU CAN DO IT!

THAT JASPER IS BUSTER CRABBE, CRUSHER. HE'S PLENTY TOUGH SO GET THIS OVER WITH FAST!

DON'T WORRY, I GOT SPECIAL REASONS FOR TAKING HIM APART!

YEA! BUSTER!



But as Buster's hammering fists continue to find the range...

CURSE YOU--!

OHNNH!

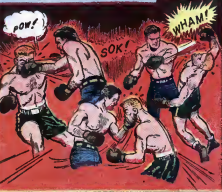
FOUL!

FOUL!

FOUL!



But Crusher's foul tactics cause Buster to lash out in fury...



THE WINNER-- BUSTER CRABBE!

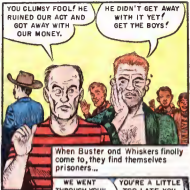
YIPEE!

'RAY!



HERE'S YOUR THOUSAND BUCKS, CRABBE!

THANKS--IT'LL BE SOMETHING THAT THE ORPHANAGE IN THIS TOWN CAN USE!



YOU CLUMSY FOOL! HE RUINED OUR ACT AND GOT AWAY WITH OUR MONEY.

HE DIDN'T GET AWAY WITH IT YET! GET THE BOYS!

When Buster and Whiskers finally come to, they find themselves prisoners...

Soon afterwards...



HERE THEY COME! GET READY!



WHACK!



WE WENT THROUGH YOUR POCKETS, CRABBE, AND COULDN'T FIND IT. WHERE'S THAT MONEY?

YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO LATE, YOU POLECAT! I TURNED IT OVER TO THE ORPHANAGE!



NOBODY GIVES THAT MUCH MONEY AWAY! BUT I'LL MAKE YOU TALK--!

YOU'RE PRETTY TOUGH-- WHEN MY HANDS ARE TIED!

SLAP!



WAIT A MINUTE! I KNEW I SAW YOU SOMEPLACE BEFORE! YOU'RE MIKE GALLOW-- AND YOU'RE WANTED FOR MURDER!

HUH?



HE RECOGNIZED YOU!

SURE -- THAT'S HIM, BUSTER! HE COULDN'T HIDE THAT UGLY FACE UNDER THAT BEARD HE'S TRYING TO GROW!

DON'T WORRY! THEY WON'T LIVE TO TALK ABOUT IT!



IF HE TALKS, WE'LL ALL SWING FOR THAT LAST JOB!

I SAID HE WON'T TALK! WE'RE TAKING THEM DOWN TO THE BEND ON THE RAILROAD TRACKS! THAT WESTERN SPECIAL IS DUE ANY MINUTE!



Minutes later...

THAT TRAIN WON'T SEE THEM UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE -- AND BY THEN THEY'LL BE CUT TO RIBBONS!

WE'RE LEAVING YOUR NABS HERE, GRABBE! WE WANT FOLKS TO THINK YOU BOYS GOT CARELESS AND IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! HA, HA!

YOU BETTER START SAYING YER PRAYERS! THAT TRAIN IS DUE ANY MINUTE! LET'S GO, BOYS!



WE'RE GONE FOR, BUSTER! I -- I HEAR THE TRAIN COMING --!

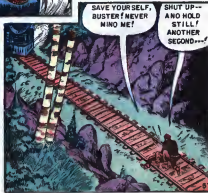
I -- I HAVE -- TO -- GET -- GLEAR -- OF THESE -- ROPES --! (PANT)



WOOD WOOOOOEE

I'M FREE!

SNAP!

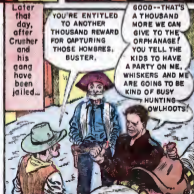


SAVE YOURSELF, BUSTER! NEVER NINO ME!

SHUT UP -- AND HOLD STILL! ANOTHER SECOND --!



Riding like a streak across the prairie, they take the short-cut and soon...



Later that day, after Crusher and his gang have been jailed...

# THE SNOWBALL

by Robert Peterson

WINTER was setting in fast. The temperature had already dropped to ten below zero, and the biting wind was whipping into blizzard strength, sending white clouds of snow flying across the tundra.

Sergeant John Lareau of the Royal Mounted Police, his back to the wind, bent over the pile of bones and articles of clothing in the snow drift, all that the wolves had left of the body.

He nodded grimly as he inspected the identification in the billfold. George Carson, Montreal. Here was his man. The elements and the wolves had proclaimed judgment upon him and executed sentence, saving the Dominion the expense of prosecution.

Lareau shivered, and stood up. The man hunt had brought him farther north than he had expected, and he was not prepared for the cold. He hoped he could reach Webb's outpost before night fell, or the morning might find him, too, reduced to gnawed and scattered bones.

The temperature continued to drop, and it was twenty below and growing dark when at last he sighted the log structures of the outpost in the distance. With a strength and energy he didn't know he had left, he broke into a run, and in less than five minutes he was inside the warmth of Webb's house.

The bewhiskered old trader brought him a large glass of brandy as he thawed out before the roaring fireplace. "Try this, Sergeant."

Lareau accepted the proffered glass and emptied its fiery contents with one gulp. "Thanks, Webb. I've got my horse outside. Can you bed him down?"

"Shore thing," Webb called his helper, Akku, a half breed Eskimo and Indian and told him to bring the horse to the stable and not spare the oats. "Yup," observed Webb as Akku went out the door, "winter did come party quick. Caught us all off guard. But what brings ya way up here?"

"I was trailing a killer—George Carson. But the wolves caught up to him before I did. I found his remains a few hours ago." He lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply. "Or at least I think it was his remains."

"Ya got any reason to suspect it mighta been someone else?"

"Well, no," said Lareau through an exhalation of smoke. "The clothes were certainly his, and identification was in his wallet. But there was no gun, and Carson was never without a gun."

"Hmm, well maybe Injun took it."

Lareau shook his head. "I don't think so. There was money in his wallet, and an Indian would have taken that, too." He paused, contemplated the ash of his cigarette for a moment and then asked, "Have you had any visitors lately, aside from the regular trappers and men you know? Any strangers?"

"Nope. Except a Dr. Mathews who was here a few days back to stock up on supplies. One of them

explorer fellows. Studyin' Eskimo life, or somethin'. He had a right fine dog team an' sled."

"What did he look like?"

Webb shrugged. "Same as most every white man you see 'round these here parts. Had a face fulla black whiskers, an' was pretty big an' stocky."

"Did he say where he was going?"

"Nope. But he head North."

Lareau was silent for a moment, immersed in thought, then he asked, "Is there any place around here a man could hole up for the winter?"

"Nope. The nearest settlement is the Hudson Bay post up near Wager, an' that's six hundred miles. Course there's a shack here an' there along the trail that the trappers use. A man could hole up in one of them if he had enough food to tide him over."

Lareau smiled wryly, and tossed his half-smoked cigarette into the fireplace. "I'm almost sorry I asked you," he said. "Now I've got to find that man just to make sure . . ."

The wind subsided during the night, but the dawn brought no rise in temperature. A soft thick snow was falling. Sergeant Lareau, wearing a furlined hood and coat, and looking like any Eskimo, adjusted the snow shoes to his seal-skin boots, and pulled the straps tight.

Webb helped him strap the heavy pack onto his back. It was a sleeping bag in which were rolled four days rations. He said, "You oughta take a dog sled. What if ya git lost? Ya only got four days food."

"I only want to investigate a few shacks. If my man's not there, I'll postpone it till the Spring thaw and check then."

"Well, I shore hope ya catch up with him so's ya can close yer case one way or 'nother."

"Thanks." Lareau shook his extended hand, and then started into the thickly falling snow. In a few minutes he had disappeared inside the whiteness.

He slept that night beneath a protruding stone ledge on a hillside. The following morning found the wind rising again, and the temperature close to thirty. He massaged the stiffness out of his limbs, ate, and then plodded on again over the endless expanse of snow. He reached the first shack by noon, so covered with snow that he almost passed without noticing it. It was unoccupied, but he remained long enough to avail himself of the stove and firewood to cook a hot dinner and coffee.

It was getting dark when he came upon the second cabin. It was in a valley at the foot of a high hill, and smoke was coming from the chimney. It was a welcome sight, for Sergeant Lareau did not relish another night in the open.

Several dogs lay curled together for warmth beneath an overturned sled outside the cabin. Lareau entered without knocking. A tall black-bearded in-

dividual was throwing wood in the fireplace. He dropped the logs as Lareau closed the door behind him, and reached for a rifle leaning against the wall, but it was too late. The police sergeant had his revolver in hand.

The man leaned the rifle back against the wall. "Sorry," he grinned. "You kinda startled me. Make yourself at home. I wuz jus' makin' grab. I'm Dr. Mathews."

Lareau slipped the revolver back in his holster. "I'm Sergeant John Lareau of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police," he said. "And you're not Dr. Mathews. You're George Carson, wanted for murder, and you're under arrest."

The big man hesitated for a moment, and then ventured, "You've got me all wrong, but that name's familiar. Oh, yeah, I came across a body near Webb's post with that name in its pocket. As for me, I got plenty papers with me to prove I'm Dr. Mathews."

"I don't doubt it. You've got his clothes, dogs and sled, too."

"Now, listen—"

"Save it, Carson. I've got you dead to rights. You met Dr. Mathews on the trail, killed him and exchanged clothes with him. You figured the wolves would make the body unrecognizable, and when the clothes were found, you'd be reported dead, and the heat would be off."

Carson shrugged his huge shoulders. "Okay," he said, "so you've got me. But let's eat. The grub's gettin' cold."

"All right, Carson," he said, "But understand one thing. One false move from you and it will be your last. I've got orders to bring you back, but not necessarily alive. Do we understand each other?"

Carson nodded, and brought out a tin plate and cup from the inverted box which served as a cupboard. Lareau emptied the cartridge clip from the rifle against the wall, and from another gun he found in the man's pack.

"Blowin' up hard," observed Carson. "We'll be snowed in by morning if it keeps up."

Lareau removed a pair of handcuffs from an inside pocket. "You'll have to sleep handcuffed to the bed post," he said.

Carson scowled. "Brave, ain't ya?"

"I didn't last this long being careless."

The wind turned into blizzard velocity during the night and piled the snow high against the rear wall of the log structure. The logs bent under the pressure, but held. The old cabin had withstood worse weather in its fifty-odd years of existence.

"You ain't takin' me back in this storm?" asked Carson.

Lareau shook his head. He poured himself a cup of steaming black coffee. "We'll wait until the wind's down."

Carson lighted his pipe. "Listen," he said, "I got a proposition fer ya. There's four thousand bucks in my pack, an' it's all yours if ya forget ya found me, an' report me dead. You got a corpse with my identification on it fer proof."

"Forget the angles, Carson. I'm bringing you in." He raised the steaming cup to his lips.

Carson thrust his hand forth suddenly and slammed the cup up into Lareau's face. The hot coffee splashed over his cheeks, nose and into his eyes. The Sergeant leapt backward, reaching for his revolver, but Carson rammed the table into him, sending him sprawling over the floor.

Lareau rolled over and came up crouched against the wall, gun in hand. A table leg knocked the revolver spinning from his grasp. He felt his wrist bone break under the impact of the wicked blow.

The table leg came down again against the back of his skull. He fought desperately against the blackness engulfing him, and tried hard to get to his feet, but then his legs buckled and he sank into the dark arms of oblivion.

... He regained consciousness slowly. He felt very warm, and as he forced open his eyes he thought he was lying in a soft bed between white sheets, and it was several moments before he realized he was sprawled in a snowbank. He climbed to his feet with a superhuman effort, for when a freezing man feels warm, the shadow of death is already over him. He shook his head, and swung his numb, almost paralyzed arms about until some semblance of circulation returned to them.

He was dressed only in his uniform. He realized then that resistance was futile. It was only a matter of time now, and not much time, that he would die. He looked about. He was high on the hill above the valley, the cabin far below. Carson had carried him here to freeze and die and furnish the wolves with carrion.

Lareau started down the hill, but after a few steps his numb legs gave and he fell. He swore beneath his breath. He was helpless. He climbed to a sitting position and started down at the cabin. Killer Carson had won again.

Suddenly his glazed eyes turned bright. He climbed to his feet, and made a snowball. He rolled it down the incline, and with every turn, the ball enlarged. When it was big enough to roll by itself he held it fast for a moment, aimed and pushed. The snowball started down the steep hill, gaining momentum and size as it went. Lareau held his breath as the gigantic white sphere neared the cabin. It was already the size of an ingloo, tons of solid, compressed snow, and expanding fast.

It struck the cabin with the impact of a locomotive, sending the heavy logs flying like match sticks in all directions. Lareau smiled. He couldn't save his own life, but at least he had done his job. George Carson was no more.

The bark of a dog interrupted his thoughts and he turned to see a dog team and sled come swiftly towards him. Trader Wehh jumped from the sled and covered him with a fur blanket.

"Looks like I came just in time," he said, unscrewing the cap of a handy flask. "When that storm blew up, I got worried 'bout ya. Where's yer clothes? What happened?"

"I found Carson. He outsmarted me though, and carried me out here to freeze to death."

"Where is the varmint?"

Lareau smiled. "He's dead. I killed him with a snowball."

# Buster Crabbe

in

## BLAZING JUSTICE

More than money was at stake when Buster Crabbe hit the trail to catch a ruthless band of outlaws. A boy's life was at stake—a life that teetered between crime and law and order. And when Buster threw his six-gun and savvy against overwhelming odds in a desperate bid for victory, the prairie rang with the echo of.....



THAT'S THE END OF BUSTER CRABBE! NO MAN EVER GOT OUT OF THAT QUICKSAND ALIVE! HA! HA! HA!

Buster and Whiskers stop to visit the sheriff in Pecos Gulch.



LOOKS LIKE SOME WOMAN HEADING THIS WAY, SHERIFF—AND SHE'S WEEPING.

WAL—I'LL BE—! IT'S THE WIDOW MANNING! HER HUSBAND LEFT HER THE CIRCLE T RANCH.

WHY—I KNEW TOM MANNING. HE WAS A FINE MAN.



I—I HAD TO COME, SHERIFF—! SOBI, YOU MUST HELP ME. IT'S MY BOY, JEFF—! SOBE HE—HE'S GOING TO HELP KENO AND HIS GANG—HOLD UP THE BANK!

WHA—? ARE YOU SURE?



YOU MEAN YOUNG JEFF IS GOING TO HELP HOLD UP THE BANK?

Y...YES! HE WAS BOASTING TO ME. THINKS IT IS A GREAT HONOR THAT KENO HAS TAKEN HIM INTO HIS GANG. THE BOY...(SOB) HAS BEEN GOING BAD EVER SINCE HIS FATHER DIED.



HOW DON'T FRET, MRS. MANNING. MAYBE HE WAS JUST TALKING.

AND MAYBE NOT. I THINK WHISKERS AND WE ARE GOING TO HEAD FOR THAT BANK JUST IN CASE THAT GANG NEEDS A RECEPTION COMMITTEE.



As Buster and Whiskers dash toward the bank...

LOOK... THERE THEY ARE!

AND HERE WE GO!



IT'S BUSTER CRABBE! BLAST HIM!



AIEEE... HE SHOT THE GUN RIGHT OUT OF MY HAND!



YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THAT MONEY. WHERE YOU'RE GOING, KENO. DROP IT!



HOLD IT, YOU COYOTES, BEFORE I'LL LET DAYLIGHT THROUGH YOU!

YOU TOLD THEM, DIDN'T YOU? YOU TOLD THEM!

SO THAT'S HOW THEY FOUND OUT!



CURSE YOU, YOU YOUNG PUP! YOU COULDN'T KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT. YOU HAD TO BLAB TO YOUR MOTHER.

SHUT UP, KENO-- AND START MARCHING TO THE HOOSEGOW! THE REST OF YOU CAN FOLLOW.



WAIT A MINUTE, SHERIFF. YOUNG JEFF IS KIND OF YOUNG TO BE SITTING IN JAIL. I KNOW HE DID WRONG--BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM GET ANOTHER CHANCE. FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE--AND FOR OLD TOM MANNING.

WHAT HE DID WAS PLENTY SERIOUS. BUSTER.



PLEASE, SHERIFF-- HE'S SO YOUNG--!

I SHOULDN'T--BUT I'LL DO IT FOR YOU, BUSTER. I'M PUTTING HIM IN YOUR CARE-- AND YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE YOUNG CRITTER.

THANKS, SHERIFF.



YOU HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE TO MAKE GOOD, JEFF--AND THAT'S MORE THAN A LOT OF FOLKS GET. THERE'S NOTHING EXCITING OR GLAMOROUS ABOUT THOSE OWL-HOOTS. EVERYONE I EVER MET IS A YELLOW COYOTE AT HEART.

DON'T PREACH TO ME. I DIDN'T ASK YOU TO HELP ME OUT.



JEFF--!

I'M GROWN UP NOW AND NOBODY TELLS ME WHAT TO DO.

WHY--THE-- THE UNGRATEFUL PUP--! HE NEEDS A GOOD FANNING!





I'M SORRY, MR. CRABBE--! I-I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOT INTO HIM.

FORGET IT, MA'M. HE'LL GROW UP AND THEN HE'LL SEE THOSE OUTLAWS FOR WHAT THEY REALLY ARE.



Later that day at the Manning ranch...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING AWAY?

YOU HEARD ME, MA. THAT RANNIE. BUSTER CRABBE, MADE ME THE LAUGHING STOCK IN THIS TOWN. I'M TIRED OF BEING TREATED LIKE A BABY--AS IF I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.



PLEASE, JEFF-- YOU CAN'T GO. I NEED YOU HERE-- TO HELP ME RUN THE RANCH.

LET ME GO. MY MIND'S MADE UP. I'LL WRITE TO YOU.



PSSST--KEND. I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.

WHAT DO YOU WANT? DIDN'T YOU GET US IN ENOUGH TROUBLE?



I'M GOING TO GET YOU AND THE BOYS OUT. GET READY-- I'M COMING IN.

NOW YOU'RE TALKING.



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, SON. THINK--!

JUST SIT TIGHT AND YOU WON'T GET HURT. GIVE ME THOSE KEYS--AND PRONTO.

ATTABOY, KID. IF HE MAKES A MOVE FOR HIS SHOOTING IRON, BLAST HIM!



THE HORSES ARE OUT FRONT!

LET'S RIDE, BOYS!



IT'S KENO AND HIS GANG! THEY BROKE JAIL!

Later, when Buster hears of the escape...

I KNEW HE HAD SOME HOOFWILDS, BUT I NEVER FIGURED HIM TO THROW DOWN ON ME AND GET THAT BUNCH OF OWL-HOOTS FREE.

IT'S MY FAULT, SHERIFF. I MADE THE MISTAKE IN GIVING HIM THE CHANCE TO GO IT. BUT I'M GOING AFTER THOSE POLECATS AND I WON'T BE BACK UNLESS I BRING THEM ALONG.



Hours later, as Buster and Whiskers pick up the trail of the outlaw band...

THAT'S IT, WHISKERS. AND ACCORDING TO THOSE HOOFPRINTS, THEY PASSED HERE NOT LONG AGO. I'D SAY THEY WERE FRESH PRINTS.

RIGHT YOU ARE, BUS...! SEEMS LIKE THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE HILLS.



Meanwhile...

WHO IS IT, KENO?

IT'S BUSTER CRABBE, ALL RIGHT...AND HE'S WITH THAT SIDEKICK OF HIS. THEY PICKED UP OUR TRAIL.

WE'LL NEVER THROW THAT HOMBRE OFF. HE'S LIKE AN INJUN WHEN IT COMES TO STICKING TO A TRAIL!

BLAST HIM... I KNOW IT! THE ONLY WAY WE'LL GET RID OF HIM IS MAKE BUZZARD MEAT OUT OF HIM.

WAIT A MINUTE. THERE'S SOME QUICKSAND BACK THERE A PIECE AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA. COME HERE, BOYS! YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE, KIO.



After a hurried consultation, the outlaws suddenly lunge for Jeff.

HEY--! LET GO! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

TAKE IT EASY. I'M GOING TO LET YOU IN ON IT NOW!



WE DON'T NEED YOU ANYMORE, KID--EXCEPT AS BAIT TO CATCH BUSTER CRABBE. SEEMS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO TOSS YOU IN THAT QUICKSAND JUST AHEAD!

WHA---?



YOU DIRTY, DOUBLE-CROSSING SIDE-WINDERS. AND I THREW IN MY LOT WITH THE LIKES OF YOU--!

THROW HIM IN!



Helpless before the odds against him, the outlaws toss Jeff into the deadly quicksand...

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME--! HELP ME--! I'M SINKING!

QUICK--DUCK BEHIND THOSE BOULDERS. HIS YELLING WILL BRING CRABBE HERE ON THE RUN!



Meanwhile...

LISTEN--! DO YOU HEAR IT?

SOUNDS LIKE A SHOUT FOR HELP! LET'S GO!



IT'S THE BOY! IN QUICKSAND!

REACH, CRABBE! OR I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF. WE HAVE THE DROP ON YOU!

IT'S A TRAP! BEHIND YOU!



NOW TIE THEM UP NICE AND TIGHT, BOYS. WE DON'T WANT THEM FLOUNDERING AROUND IN THAT QUICKSAND.

THOSE COYOTES ARE FIXING TO THROW US IN, BUSTER.



THAT'S RIGHT, YOU OLD BUZZARD. YOU'RE BOTH GOING IN!

YOU BLASTED RATTLESHAKES. GIVE ME MY GUN AND I'LL SHOOT IT OUT WITH YOU!



WHILE YOU BOYS ARE PLAYING IN THAT MUDDHOLE, WE'LL BE HEADING BACK TO TOWN TO CLEAN THAT BANK OUT AGAIN. HAW! HAW! HAW!



I WAS A FOOL, BUSTER. EVERYTHING YOU SAID ABOUT THEM WAS TRUE. THEY'RE NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF YELLOW KILLERS. IF I ONLY HAD A CHANCE TO MAKE IT RIGHT-- I GOT YOU INTO THIS--!

THERE'S NO TIME FOR TALK NOW. WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF THIS.

NO USE, PARDNER. THIS BLASTED MUCK IS PULLING ME UNDER. I GUESS WE'RE DONE FOR.



NOT YET, WHISKERS. THEY DIDN'T TIE *YOUR* HANDS, JEFF. TRY TO CLIMB UP ON MY SHOULDERS. I'LL BRACE MYSELF AND MAYBE YOU CAN JUMP FOR DRY LAND.

B-BUT--I'LL ONLY PUSH YOU FURTHER DOWN IN THIS STUFF. AND YOU-- YOU CAN'T GET A FOOT-HOLD--AND--AND--! I--I CAN'T--!



THERE'S NO TIME FOR TALK. WE'LL BE UNDER IN ANOTHER MINUTE. IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET OUT. DO AS I SAY--AND PRONTO!



Summoning up all his strength, Buster braces himself as Jeff clammers up out of the deadly quicksand...

THAT'S IT! NOW JUMP FOR DRY LAND AS SOON AS YOU FEEL MY SHOULDER HEAVE! READY...?



I MADE IT...! GET THE LASSO AND TIE IT AROUND THE HORSE'S SADDLE AND THEN TOSS IT AROUND OUR NECKS. HURRY!

DID YOU SAY NECKS? THAT WOULD BE LIKE A NECKTIE PARTY, BUSTER. WE MIGHT AS WELL GO THIS WAY.



Quickly, Jeff follows Buster's orders... TIGHTEN YOUR NECK MUSCLES, WHISKERS. START MOVING THAT HORSE VERY SLOW-LIKE, KID. MAKE SURE THERE'S NO SUDDEN JERKS. LET HER GO!

GULP!



THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH. I HAVE AN EXTRA SIX GUN IN MY SADDLE BAG. JUST TAKE US TO THAT HIDEOUT, JEFF.

YIPPEE... WE'RE GOING TO CATCH UP TO THOSE DRYGULCHERS AFTER ALL!



YOWEE... NOW I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO BE THE GUEST OF HONOR AT A LYNCHING PARTY.

I RECKON WE'RE TOO LATE TO CATCH UP TO THOSE COYOTES AND STOP THEM FROM ROBBING THE BANK.

THEY'LL HEAD FOR THEIR HIDEOUT AFTER THE JOB, BUSTER... AND I KNOW WHERE IT IS!



Soon afterwards...after spurring their horses at breakneck speed...

THAT'S IT---  
THAT GAVE JUST  
AHEAD.

SINCE YOU TWO  
HAVEN'T SHOOTING  
IRONS--- STAY BEHIND  
ME. DON'T MAKE ANY  
NOISE. WE WANT TO  
CREEP UP ON THEM



AIEE! THEY--  
THEY'RE  
ALIVE!

PRETTY LIVE  
GHOSTS, YOU  
POLECATS. DON'T  
ANYBODY ELSE  
MAKE ANY MOVE FOR  
THEIR GUNS, OR I'M  
AIMING FOR YOUR  
MIDDLE!

GHOSTS!



TAKING THAT BANK WAS A  
GINCH WITHOUT GRABBE  
AROUND. JUST LOOK AT  
THAT HAUL--?



GET THE--!  
GOOF!

WE'RE GOING  
TO DO THE GET-  
TING NOW, KENO!

ALL RIGHT--UP ON YOUR FEET  
THE SHERIFF STILL HAS  
THAT CELL WAITING FOR YOU.



Later that day, after the out-  
laws have been jailed ...

YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO WORRY  
ABOUT HIM ANY-  
MORE, MAM. HE'S  
GOING TO BE  
ALL RIGHT!

IF I'M GOING TO  
BE LIKE ANY-  
BODY FROM NOW  
ON-- IT'S GOING  
TO BE BUSTER  
GRABBE!

SLURP, SLURP.



THE END



**NOW  
EVERY  
MONTH**

**New**

# **HEROIC**

**Comics**

**NOW  
EVERY  
MONTH**

HEROIC  
COMICS



No. 73  
July  
10¢

This is a  
**FAMOUS  
FUNNIES**  
Publication

HEREIN ARE STORIES OF TRULY HEROIC  
MEN AND WOMEN CHOSEN BY THIS  
PUBLICATION FOR THEIR DARING  
ACTIONS IN HAZARDOUS TASKS.



GREAT WESTERN  
TELEVISION STAR

# Hi Gang!

## YOU SHOULD

## BE A MEMBER

# OF THE **BUSTER CRABBE** **WESTERN CLUB**

*Get My Official Badge  
and Autographed Photo*

Fill out the coupon  
and mail with 25c in  
coin and you will re-  
ceive an autographed  
photo and an Official  
Badge as a Member  
of the **WESTERN**  
**CLUB.**



To: BUSTER CRABBE, P.O. BOX 233, NEW YORK 46, N. Y.

ENCLOSED IS 25c IN COIN.

PLEASE SEND ME BUSTER CRABBE'S PHOTOGRAPH AND HIS  
OFFICIAL WESTERN CLUB BADGE.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_  
[Print Name]

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



All Orders Assorted

MRS BERGMAN  
NEW HAVEN, CONN

Your beautiful cards are just what my friends are looking for

NO WONDER FOLKS

# Make Good Money!

In Spare Time . . . Without Taking A Job or  
Putting in Regular Hours . . . And WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!



Almost  
All Free



Almost  
All Free



Free  
Samples

### New Folks Just Like You Earn Extra Money



**10 Orders in 1/2 Hour**  
I received three ten orders in about 30 minutes. Everybody that I sold to was over the cards. It's hard to be very easy and enjoyable. —Mrs J. Sims, New York



**Makes Money—And  
Finds Fun**  
"Cards are attractive my friends gave their orders without talking. It is a pleasure making friends on the new revenue made from my regular duties. —Miss Mary Fairbanks, New York



**Five Spare-Time  
Profits**  
"In my spare time I made practically all my expenses paying. Double Cards Now I am graduated but I wouldn't drop my card business for anything. —D. Naples, Calif



**185 Orders in Just 12 Hours**  
Worked two hours a day for ten days. Have orders for 185 orders. profits, \$92.00! —Mrs Wm. Kuebler, Pa.



**See My's Sales Reach \$45**  
Sales for one day as high as \$45.00 (profits, \$20.00) in a 1/2 hour of sale. —Merrill Jackson, Maryland

**If your church,**  
club or organization needs money and wants a quick easy way to raise funds all year round—write us, giving your name, the name and address of your organization, and name of person in charge of fundraising. We return mail we will send our valuable guide, "The Double Money-Making Plan," together with sample kit, on application.



Free  
Samples

HERE'S a friendly way to make a fine income, part-time or full-time! All you do is SHOW lovely new Doehla Christmas and All Occasion Greeting Card Assortments, Stationery, and Gift Wrappings to your friends, neighbors or co-workers.

These assortments are so exceptionally beautiful that folks are happy to give you big orders. Their exquisite designs, glowing warm colors and rich looking novelty features delight all who see them. **NO EXPERIENCE IS NEEDED**—our Free Book shows you how even beginners make money right away. You make up to 60c on each box.

### You Make Money—and Friends, Too

Everyone in your community sends out greeting cards of all kinds throughout the entire year. That's why it's so easy to make good money and new friends, merely by showing something that *everybody wants*—and buys anyway.

### Yours for Free Trial—Everything You Need to Start Earning Immediately

Mail Free Trial Coupon NOW—without money. We will send you everything you need to begin earning money right away. Lovely sample assortments on approval. Complete details about excellent profits. Free samples of the new "Name-Improved" Christmas Cards and lovely personal Stationery. If friends don't "snap up" samples—*and for more*—return them at our expense. Don't miss this chance to make friends and extra money—**mail coupon NOW HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio B-108 Nashua, N. H. (or if you live west of the Rockies—mail coupon to Palo Alto, California)**



### Mail Free-Trial Coupon—Without Money or Obligation

#### FREE BOOK

This valuable new book shows easy ways for any beginner to make money! It is filled with practical help, showing how others are making it simple to make friends and money in this field without the slightest bit of previous experience and how you can, too.

**HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio B-108  
Nashua, N. H. (or Palo Alto, Cal.)**

Please rush me—for **FREE TRIAL**—without money or obligation, on approval, money-making plan. Also send Free Christmas Assortment, and Free Book "How to Make Money and Friends—Showing Double Greeting Cards."

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Please state Zone No. of 1937

An Amazing Invention—"Magic Art Reproducer"

# DRAW The First Day **NO LESSONS! NO TALENT!**

You Can Draw Your Family, Friends, Anything From REAL LIFE—  
Like An Artist... Even if You CAN'T DRAW A Straight Line!

Anyone can Draw With This  
Amazing New Invention—  
Instantly!



Complete for only  
**\$198**

**Also Copy Any Picture — Can Reduce or Enlarge Any Picture!**  
Yes, anyone from 5 to 80 can draw or sketch or paint anything now... the very first time you use the "Magic Art Reproducer" like a professional artist — no matter how "hopeless" you think you are! It automatically reproduces anything you want to draw on any sheet or paper. Then easily and quickly follow the lines of the "picture image" with your pencil... and you have an accurate original drawing that anyone would think an artist had done. Also makes drawing larger or smaller as you wish. Anyone can use it on any desk, table, board, etc. — indoors or outdoors! No other lessons or practice or talent needed!

**Have fun! Be popular!** Everyone will ask you to draw them. You'll be in demand! After a short time, you may find you can draw well without the "Magic Art Reproducer" because you have developed a "knack" and feeling artists have — which may lead to a good paying art career.

**FREE!** "Single Secrets of Art Tricks of the Trade"

This valuable illustrated guide is yours FREE with order of "Magic Art Reproducer." Easy ABC art tricks that anyone can follow on all-terrain techniques, effects, proportions, perspective, shading, color, simulated cartoons, human figures to use with "Magic Art Reproducer" for added touches to your drawings.

**SEND NO MONEY!  
Free 10-Day Trial!**

Just send name and address. Pay postman on delivery \$1.98 plus postage. Or send only \$1.98 with order and we pay postage. You must be convinced that you can draw anything like an artist, or return merchandise after 10-day trial and your money will be refunded.

**ALSO EXCELLENT FOR EVERY OTHER  
TYPE OF DRAWING!**

• Human Figures



• Copy all cartoons, comics



• Outdoor Scenes, Landscapes, Buildings



• Copy photos, other pictures, portraits, etc.



• Still life, vases, bowls of fruit, boxes, furniture, all objects



• Copy designs, blueprints, documents, etc. for woodwork, machine, for needlework, crocheting, knitting



**FREE 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON!**

**NORTON PRODUCTS, Dept. FF-6A  
296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.**

With my "Magic Art Reproducer" plus FREE illustrated guide *Single Secrets of Art Tricks of the Trade*. I will pay postman on delivery only \$1.98 plus postage. I must be convinced that I can draw anything like an artist, or I can return merchandise after 10-day trial and get my money back.

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone..... State.....

Check here if you wish to save postage by sending only \$1.98 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee!

**NORTON PRODUCTS, Dept. FF-6A  
296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.**