

A
N
C



BUSTER CRABBE

ENTERTAINMENT
A. C. M. P.
★
CONTRIBUTOR
TO THE
ENTERTAINMENT
WEEKLY
COOK

NO. 5
July
10¢



This is a
FAMOUS
FUNNIES
Publication

"BACKFIRE"

FORT COPPERHEAD, deep in the wilderness of the Ouachita Mountains, was one of the few Government settlements in that part of the Louisiana Territory which is now Oklahoma.

It was actually a stockade, and not a fort, manned by a detachment of twenty-five soldiers and some fifty or sixty civilians. It possessed not one cannon to its name, and how this small group of men, armed only with flint-lock rifles and muskets, had managed to repulse the Indian raids for so long a time was a shining testimonial to the courage and tenacity of these early American frontiersmen.

Lieutenant Foxhart dropped the spy glass to his side and shook his head sadly. He said to the soldier on lookout duty, "If Colonel Watson doesn't arrive soon with the reinforcements and supplies, I'm afraid we're done for. We don't have enough powder and shot to withstand another raid."

"Maybe them devils have called it quits, sir. We ain't seed hide nor hair of 'em fer days now."

Bill Armstrong, hunter and Indian fighter, climbed up on the lookout platform. "How's she look, Lieutenant?"

"Too good to be true. But I won't breathe easy until the Colonel arrives."

Bill nodded as he scanned the distant hills, a calloused palm shading his eyes. "Ain't like them Apalachis to stay quiet this long," he observed.

"Yes," said the Lieutenant, starting down the ladder, "I'm afraid they're up to something."

Had Lieutenant Foxhart actually known what Chief Thunder Head and his Apalacha braves were up to at that moment, he undoubtedly would have decided to abandon the stockade altogether, for the Indians had made a remarkable discovery in one of the mountain ravines. They had stumbled upon an old Spanish gun emplacement in which stood the most tremendous cannon that any one of them had ever seen before.

It was an eighteen-pounder siege gun, probably abandoned by Mexicans some twenty or thirty years before, but it was cast of solid bronze, not iron, and time and the elements had affected it not at all. Only the wheels showed signs of corrosion, but when the rust was scraped from the axel hubs, the wheels turned, and did not break under the weight of the gun. It measured twelve feet in length, two feet in diameter at the breech and a foot at the muzzle. Stacked up in pyramids around the metal monster were a number of eighteen pound cannon balls red with rust, and huge piles of grape shot, and kegs of powder.

Chief Thunder Head ran his fingers over the bronze. "The Great Spirit has indeed rewarded us," he said, a suggestion of a smile on his hawk-like, copper-colored face. "With this we can splinter the white man's stockade as lightning splinters a tree."

Twenty of their strongest mustangs were harnessed to the gun, and then the great job of transporting the three ton monster up the mountainside began. The horses pulled, the Indians pushed, but it was a tedious, exhausting job, for there was no road, and a path had to be cut as they ascended. Only the ruthless determination of their chief kept the Indians from abandoning the thing, and many days later, they reached a plateau overlooking the stockade, and aimed the gigantic gun. . . .

In the stockade, a soldier called down from the lookout tower, "Lieutenant Foxhart, Indians on the ridge!"

The Lieutenant came quickly up the ladder. He took the spy glass and surveyed the scene. "I see them. What is that they've got up there?"

"Can't make it out, sir. I saw them move something into the brush. Looked like it had wheels on it. A wagon, maybe." He removed the brass horn hanging from the post. "Should I sound the alarm, sir?"

"No, not yet. Wait until they start down. There's only one man outside the stockade anyway, Bill Armstrong, and it would take more than an Indian to catch him unawares."

Meanwhile on the mountain plateau, Chief Thunder Head found himself with another obstacle to surmount now that he and his braves had finally succeeded in bringing up the cannon, and that was how to fire the thing.

They had had little experience with firearms and would have had difficulty shooting a musket let alone a siege gun. After a lengthy conference, which included a war dance around the cannon, it was decided that the only answer was to capture a white man to show them how to operate the weapon.

Six braves were detailed for the mission. They crawled stealthily down the hillside, through the concealment of the trees and thick brush.

Bill Armstrong was fishing by the stream. He contemplated the string of trout he had caught, and thought happily of how delicious they would taste when Martha, daughter of a stockade trader and his bride of a week, would fry them for him. The smile on his face turned into a frown as he reflected on how precarious their position was, and he won-

BUSTER CRABBE and the MAID OF MARS



BUSTER CRABBE AND HIS SIDEKICK WHISKERS, PROSPECTING FOR URANIUM IN THE REMOTE, ALMOST INACCESSIBLE RIDGES OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, FIND MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR WHEN THEY FALL INTO THE CLUTCHES OF EXPLORERS FROM SPACE. BUT A WOMAN IS STILL A WOMAN... EVEN THOUGH SHE MAY BE A MAID OF MARS!



WHUT'S THET INFERNAL CLICKIN'?

IT'S THE GEIGER COUNTER! THE CONTRAPTION'S GONE CRAZY!

CLICK... CLICK... CLICK... CLICK... CLICK... CLICK...



HOORAY! WE'VE DISCOVERED URANIUM!

ALL WE'VE DISCOVERED IS ONE FAULTY GEIGER-COUNTER! IT DIDN'T REGISTER BEFORE, SO WHY NOW?

CLICK... CLICK... CLICK... CLICK... CLICK... CLICK...

SAY ---MAYBE THAT THING'S A COMBINATION
GEIGER-COUNTER AN' ALARM CLOCK!
MIGHT MAKE 'EM THAT WAY SO'S US
URANIUM PROSPECTORS DON'T
SLEEP ON TH' JOB!

NOW IT'S STOPPED!
WHISKERS, THIS IS
DOWNRIGHT WEIRD!

WAL, I AIN'T 'GOIN TO WORRY 'BOUT IT
ON A EMPTY STOMACH! I'M MAKIN'
BREAKFAST.

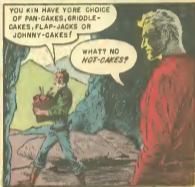
YOU KIN HAVE YORE CHOICE
OF PAN-CAKES, GRIDDLE-
CAKES, FLAP-JACKS OR
JOHNNY-CAKES!

WHAT? NO
HOT-CAKES?

WHISKERS, WHAT ---GREAT GUNS,
& WHAT'S THAT???

I DON'T KNOW,
BUT PLEASE MAKE
IT GO AWAY!

E-E-YOW!



WE DID NOT EXPECT TO ENCOUNTER PEOPLE ON THIS HIGH MOUNTAIN RIDGE!

IT TALKS!

UNLESS THAT OUTFIT OF YOURS IS BULLET-PROOF, YOU'D BETTER CLIMB OUT OF IT— AND PRONTO!

YOU CANNOT FIRE YOUR WEAPON, EARTH-MAN. IT IS NOW SO HIGHLY MAGNETIZED ITS PARTS WILL NOT FUNCTION.

THE THING'S RIGHT! I CAN'T EVEN BUDGE THE TRIGGER!

LOOK OUT! HERE'S ANOTHER WHYTSIT!

SSSS
SSSS!!

JUMPIN' JACKRABBITS! NOW THEY'RE HISSIN' LIKE SNAKES!

SSSSSS
SSSSSS!

MY GUN MAY BE OUT OF COMMISSION, BUT—

YOU TWO EARTH-MEN PRESENT A PROBLEM TO US. WE WILL HAVE TO TAKE YOU PRISONERS.

-I'M NOT!

SLANG

Several hours later, Buster and Whiskers regain consciousness...

Suddenly...



WHERE IN BLAZES ARE WE?
WHUT HAPPENED?

THE LAST I
REMEMBER WAS TAKING
A SWING AT THAT METAL
MONSTROSITY...



WAL, I'LL BE--IT'S A
GAD-BLASTED HUMAN BEIN'---
AN' A FEMALE TO BOOT!

WOULD YOU MIND
TELLING US WHAT THIS
IS ALL ABOUT?



SPEAK OF
THE DEVIL...

I SEE YOU ARE AWAKE. WE HAVE
COMPLETED OUR MISSION HERE. I
AM SORRY YOU HAD TO COMPLICATE
THINGS BY YOUR PRESENCE.



I'M NOT AT LIBERTY TO TELL YOU ANY-
THING. YOU ALREADY KNOW TOO MUCH. I
MUST FIND OUT WHAT IS TO BE DONE
WITH YOU!

LATER



SSSSSS
SSSS! SS!



GENTLEMEN, I AM INSTRUCTED TO BRING YOU BACK---I AM AFRAID YOU TWO WILL NEVER SEE YOUR PLANET AGAIN, EXCEPT THROUGH A TELESCOPE.



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



STAND WHERE YOU ARE, EARTH MAN! DO NOT FORCE US TO KILL YOU! YOU CAN NOT ESCAPE! LOOK OUT THE PORTHOLE---EARTH IS 100,000 MILES DISTANT!



IF I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS AWAKE, I'D SWEAR I WAS DREAMING...ALL RIGHT, MISTER, PUT AWAY THE ARTILLERY---WE KNOW WHEN WE'RE LICKED!

HE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND YOUR LANGUAGE, BUT SINCE YOU ARE WILLING TO COOPERATE, I WILL GLADLY INTERPRET.



A little later...

I WILL HAVE THIS ROOM AERIFIED AND PRESSURIZED TO CONFORM WITH YOUR PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE, SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO WEAR THOSE OXYGEN HELMETS.

THANKS, NOW WILL YOU TELL US WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?



WE ARE FROM THE PLANET WHICH YOU CALL MARS, ON A ROUTINE RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT WITH INSTRUCTIONS TO AVOID BEING OBSERVED. WE LANDED TO OBTAIN SAMPLES OF YOUR MINERAL, VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL LIFE---MICROBES, NOT MEN.



WE DID NOT INTEND TO CAPTURE PEOPLE AT THIS TIME.

YOU MEAN YOU INTENDED TO CAPTURE PEOPLE SOME OTHER TIME? IS THIS INTEREST IN US OF PURELY A SCIENTIFIC NATURE?



NO, MORE OF A MILITARY NATURE. EVER SINCE MARS FIRST VIEWED YOUR LARGE, GREEN, FERTILE EARTH THROUGH A TELESCOPE, 1,000 YEARS AGO, MY PEOPLE HAVE DREAMED OF SOME DAY CONQUERING YOUR PLANET.



IT IS UNBELIEVABLE WHAT YOU'VE ACCOMPLISHED IN SO SHORT A TIME...ELECTRONICS, JET-PROPULSION, NUCLEAR FISSION...YOU ARE AN AMAZING PEOPLE!

YOU'RE PRETTY AMAZING YOURSELF! HOW COME YOU SPEAK ENGLISH IF YOU CAME FROM MARS?

THAT DAY WILL BE SOON WHEN WE OBSERVED THE FLASH OF YOUR FIRST ATOMIC DETONATION, WE KNEW WE'D HAVE TO ACT FAST...BEFORE YOU CAUGHT UP TO US IN SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENT.



BEFORE YOU INVENTED RADIO, WE KNEW VERY LITTLE ABOUT YOU. YOUR RADIO TAUGHT US A GREAT DEAL AFTER WE DECODED AND LEARNED YOUR MANY LANGUAGES. WE HAVE NO PHONETIC LANGUAGES AT ALL!



A few days later...

GENTLEMEN, IN A FEW MINUTES YOU'LL MAKE HISTORY! YOU HAVE THE HONOR OF BEING THE FIRST EARTHMEN TO SET FOOT ON THE PLANET MARS!

WE'D PREFER TH' HONOR OF BEIN' TH' LAST!



THIS IS THE CITY OF "SSSS," THE CAPITOL OF MARS. I DO NOT KNOW WHAT OUR PRESIDING OFFICIALS HAVE DECIDED TO DO ABOUT YOU.

BUT YOU WILL SOON FIND OUT.

SHORE IS A RIDICULOUS-LOOKIN' PLACE... LIKE ONE OF THEM PICTURES IN THE SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES!



Suddenly...

HEY... WHUT IN TARNATION??

THE STREETS MUST BE PAVED WITH RUBBER!



YOU WILL HAVE TO WALK MORE CAREFULLY. OUR GRAVITY IS LESS THAN YOUR PLANET'S. 100 LBS. ON EARTH WEIGHS 38 LBS. HERE.



A few minutes later...

SSS S3
S SSS S!

IT IS DECREED THAT YOU SHALL BE DELIVERED TO THE DISSECTING TABLES OF OUR MEDICAL RESEARCHERS. I'M SORRY...



NOT HALF AS SORRY AS THESE GENTLEMEN WILL BE UNLESS THEY CHANGE THAT ORDER! I'LL BREAK THEM IN HALF!





YOU HEARD ME, MISS MARS? TELL THEM WHAT I SAID, OR ELSE!

ALL RIGHT, SSS, SSS! SSS, SSS!!



SS SSS (GASP) SS!

SSSSS (GURGLE)

YOU WIN, EARTHMAN. LET THEM GO!



THE VARMINTS CAN'T FIGHT WORTH A LICK! LET'S GO OUT AN' FLATTEN TH' WHOLE DAMGED POPULATION!

WE'LL TRY THAT IF WE HAVE TO! MEANWHILE, WHISKERS, SEE THAT NO ONE LEAVES HERE!



YOU WILL HAVE TO PAY A HIGH PRICE FOR YOUR LIVES! YOU MUST DESTROY EVERY SPACE SHIP YOU HAVE, EXCEPT ONE— THE ONE IN WHICH YOU WILL RETURN US SAFELY TO EARTH!

SSS SS
SS SSSSS!!



SSS
SS!

SO OUR PRISONERS HAVE CONQUERED MARS... IT'S ALMOST FUNNY!

IT WON'T BE SO FUNNY IF YOU TRY ANY TRICKS! I'M HOLDING THESE MEN UNTIL MY TERMS ARE MET! SO GET BUSY!



AND THANKS FOR MAKING IT SO EASY FOR US BY NOT BEING ARMED.

WE HAVE NO NEED FOR WEAPONS—EXCEPT IN OUR SPACE SHIPS, OR DON'T, UNTIL YOU ARRIVED.

Later...

WELL, MISS MARS,
WHAT'S THE VERDICT?

A SPECIAL MEETING OF
THE CABINET IS ALREADY
IN SESSION. YOUR HOSTAGES
ARE OUR HIGHEST RANKING
OFFICIALS, SO YOU MAY
WELL GET YOUR TERMS.

YOU'LL KNOW IN A FEW HOURS
...EARTHMAN... I... I'M SORRY WE
ARE OF DIFFERENT WORLDS...
FORCED TO BE ENEMIES...
I LIKE YOU SO VERY MUCH...

RESORTING TO FEMINE
WILES WON'T GET YOU ANY-
WHERE, MISS MARS, SO
FORGET IT.

I NEED TO RESORT TO
NOTHING! YOU'RE DOOMED
TO DIE WITHIN AN HOUR!
I TOLD YOU WHAT I FELT
IN MY HEART!



IF YOU WANT TO KILL US,
DO IT NOW! YOUR OXYGEN
WILL SOON BE EXHAUSTED,
AND YOU CAN'T BREATHE
OUR AIR! FEMINE WILES
INDEED!

I'D SAVE YOU IF I COULD!
IF WE COULD GET BACK TO MY
SHIP, WE'D HAVE A CHANCE---
BUT THE PLACE IS SUR-
ROUNDED! YOU CAN'T
ESCAPE!

MAYBE NOT, BUT I'LL
TRY ANYTHING ONCE!
COME ON, WHISKERS!







THE REPORT IS JUST NOW GOING OUT--- BUT WE'VE GOT TOO GREAT A HEAD START! YOU'LL LIVE TO SEE YOUR EARTH AGAIN!

AND SEE IT INVADED? NO THANKS! TURN AROUND---WE'RE GOING TO DESTROY AS MUCH OF MARS AS WE CAN!



WE'LL DESTROY NOTHING BUT OURSELVES IF WE TURN BACK! BUT IF YOU RETURN TO EARTH THE INVASION WILL NEVER HAPPEN!

HOW DO YOU FIGURE THAT?



EARTH WILL BE WARNED, AND PREPARED! UNLESS OUR INVASION CAUGHT YOU BY SURPRISE, WE WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! AND WE KNOW IT!

I HAVE TO BELIEVE YOU... AFTER EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE...



Days later...

GOODBYE, EARTHMEN...

BUT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU WHEN YOU GET BACK TO MARS?



DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH FUEL TO GET BACK TO MARS.



THE END

GOLD IN THE MOUTH OF THE CREEK



SHOWDOWN



THE BARKING GUNS OF THE VIGILANTES SOUNDED LIKE AN OMINOUS WARNING TO THE TERRORIZED TOWN. AGAIN AND AGAIN A CORPSE WOULD BE FOUND SWINGING FROM A TREE AS A REMINDER OF THEIR POWER. BUT WHEN BUSTER CRABBE, THE SHOOTING BUCKAROO OF THE WEST CAME RIDING ACROSS THEIR PATH, HE FOUND HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH A NEW KIND OF MENACE-- A MENACE THAT BEGAN WITH THE QUESTION-- "WHO KILLED BUSTER CRABBE?"

Rumbling along the prairie, Buster Crabbe and his sidekick, Whiskers, came to the town of Drago...

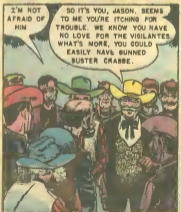
HOLD UP, WHISKERS. SEEMS LIKE THOSE FOLKS JUST GOT THROUGH PUTTING SOMEBODY IN BOOT HILL. LET'S SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

THE COYOTES SHOT HIM IN THE BACK, BUT THE VIGILANTES WON'T REST UNTIL WE SEE JUSTICE DONE. SOMEBODY IS GOING TO SWING FOR THIS.

WHO'S THE HOMBRE THEY BURIED, PARONER?

BUSTER CRABBE!







YOU'RE ON MY SPREAD,
BENSON---AND YOU
AND YOUR MEN AREN'T

THIS ISN'T A SOCIAL
CALL, JASON WE GOT
ALL THE EVIDENCE WE
NEED NOW, AND WE'RE
TAKING YOU AND YOUR
RANCH HANDS
IN FOR THE MURDER OF
BUSTER CRABBE!



YOU PULLED THAT STUNT ONCE BEFORE
WITH JACK DAVIS. HE NEVER REACHED
TOWN ALIVE--AND NEITHER
WOULD I. IF YOU'RE GOING
TO TRY AND TAKE MY SPREAD,
YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL
ME HERE.

GET HIM,
BOYS!



HOLD IT, JASON---
AND YOU JASPERS
BACK UP!!

WE'RE TAKING
YOU, TOO HOMBRE!



OOOF!

I SAID
BACK UP!

POW!



NOW I'M GOING TO
TELL YOU WHY YOU
CAN'T TAKE US IN
FOR THE MURDER
OF BUSTER CRABBE!

WE'RE
LISTENING,
STRANGER.



BECAUSE I
HAPPEN TO BE
BUSTER CRABBE!
AND I FEEL PRETTY
MUCH ALIVE!

YOU?



Quickly taking out his identification papers, Buster shows it to the vigilantes.

THEN HE HE'S REALLY BUSTER CRABBE.

NOBODY ELSE BUT, PARDNER!

HE'S A FAKE, BENSON!



I'LL GET HIM!

LOOK OUT, BUSTER!

But with the speed of a striking cobra, Buster's own hand stops leather and....

AIEEE! HE SHOT IT RIGHT OUT OF MY HAND!



THAT OUGHT TO SHDW YOU HE'S NO FAKE! WANT SOME MORE PROOF? HA, HA!

NOW HIGHTAIL OUT OF HERE... AND PRONTO!

LET'S GO, MEN



THEN THEN YOU REALLY ARE BUSTER CRABBE BUT THE MAN THEY BURED... WHO.?

I'M BETTING THAT NOBODY SAW HIS FACE BEFORE THEY BURIED THE CRITTER, AND THEY MADE SURE OF THAT BECAUSE THEY MUST'VE PLUGGED HIM THEMSELVES. BUT THOSE JASPER'S ARE GOING TO BE BACK



WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE THEY'RE GOING TO COME BACK A MAN IS CRAZY TO TANGLE WITH YOU.

MAYBE. BUT THEY STUCK THEIR NECKS OUT AND CAN'T CHANCE HAVING ME EXPOSE THEM NOW THEY TOLD THE TOWNFOLK THEY'RE OUT TO GET BUSTER CRABBE'S KILLER. IF THE FOLKS FIND OUT IT WAS SOMEBODY ELSE THEY BURIED, THEY MIGHT START ASKING QUESTIONS



BUT I'M GOING TO BE READY FOR THOSE CRITTERS WHEN THEY DO SHOW UP. IN THE MEANTIME, I WANT YOU TO ROUND UP EVERY HONEST RANCHER IN THESE PARTS AND TELL THEM TO GET HERE RIGHT QUICK PACKING THEIR HARDWARE. THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN.



NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

Meanwhile

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW, BOSS?



I DON'T FIGURE ON THE REAL BUSTER CRABBE SHOWING UP. BUT WE HAVE TO SILENCE HIM. IF THEY FIND OUT WE HAD TO PLUG THAT KID WHO TRIED TO LEAVE THE GANG BECAUSE HE DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY WE WERE DOING THINGS, WE'RE FINISHED!

I STILL GOT MY EYE ON JASON'S SPREAD, AND I AIM TO TAKE IT LIKE I TOOK DAVIS' BUT FIRST WE HAVE TO MAKE SURE THEY DON'T TALK. TONIGHT.. WE'LL SURROUND THE RANCH AND...!



That night...

SPREAD OUT, BOYS. WHEN YOU HEAR MY SIGNAL... YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO. THEY MUSTN'T LEAVE THAT SPREAD ALIVE!



READY...!
GO!







The following day, after Benson and his gang have been locked up...



Whiskers the Indian Fighter

SAY, DID I EVER TELL YUH 'BOUT TH' TIME I WUZ A SODDUT FER TH' ARMY, AN' WUZ CAPTURED BY TH' BLOOD-THIRSTIEST BAND OF COMANCHES IN ARIZONA? THEM WUZ TH' GOOD OL' DAYS! NOT PEACEFUL, AN' QUIET LIKE NOW...

IT MIGHT BE PEACEFUL, BUT IT AN'T SO *QUIET*.

YUP, HERE WE GO AGIN...



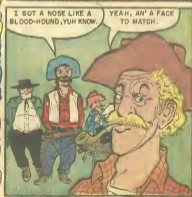
I wuz well known in them days as th' roughest, toughest, bravest, smartest Injun fighter in the whole dang country. That's how come th' Army hired me.

THE U.S. CAVALRY IS HERE TO WIPE OUT THE COMANCHES---BUT HOW CAN WE DO IT IF WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY'RE HIDING?

LEAVE IT TO ME, MAJOR! I'LL TRACK 'EM DOWN FER YUH!

I GOT A NOSE LIKE A BLOOD-HOUND, YUH KNOW.

YEAH, AN' A FACE TO WATCH.



ONE MORE REMARK LIKE THAT, YUH LOW-DOWN POLECAT, AN' I'LL SHOOT OFF YORE EARS!

OH, GOODY! THEN I WON'T BE ABLE TO HEAR YUH SHOOT OFF YOREI MOUTH!



LET ME JUS' KILL HIM ONCE!

OH, SIT DOWN, YUH OL' GOAT, AN' TELL US 'BOUT THEM COMANCHES!



Wal, I went out into th' wilderness alookin' fer Injun signs. 'Twaren't long afore I found 'em!

THESE TRACKS ARE SHORE FRESH! THEM RED-SKINS MUST BE CLOSE!



I wuzn't worried 'bout being ombushed. Them Comanches knew better'n t' mess with *me*! They knew I wuz no ordinary man!



...I didn't figger on them dad-blasted Injuns baoin' me with a *ten-ton* boulder!



I lost count how many arrows on' tomahawks wuz busted on my head without even bruisin' my hard, powerful skull, so I wuzn't worried, but...



Boingoo!

'Course, it didn't knock me unconscious, but it *did* make me a mite dizzy...

UGH! ROCK NO CRACKUM SKULL... SKULL CRACKUM ROCK!

COO!



UGH! HIM GOT HIDE LIKE ARMADILLO! BUSTUM BLADE.

UGH! NO CAN KILLUM! BRING TO CHIEF!

COO!



Wal, them redskins tied me up with a couple of miles of rowhide rope on' brung me to their chlet.

BIG CHIEF THUNDER MOUTH, WE CATCHUM PALE-FACE SPY!

UGH! SPEAK, PALE-FACE! WHY YOU SPYUM?

MNPH... MNPHMN...



YOU REFUSE TO TALK? TAKE HIM AWAY. BURNUM AT STAKE!

WAIT, MY FATHER. PALE-FACE GOTTUM CUTE NOSE. ME WANTUM SEE WHOLE FACE.

MNHNFF!



UGH! HIM UGLY...LIKE PORCUPINE!

HIM BEAUTIFUL! LOOKUM LIKE PRETTY CACTUS IN FULL BLOOM!



MINNIE-BOO-HOO FALLUM IN LOVE! ME MARRY CACTUS-FACED GUTIE-PIE!

UGH! TRIBAL LAW SAY INDIAN MAID MUST MARRY INDIAN BRAVE!



BIG CHIEF
THUNDER MOUTH
MAKE YOU
HONORARY
ADOPTED
INDIAN
BRAVE OF
COMANCHE
TRIBE!

O JOY!
O HAPPY
DAY! NOW
MINNIE-BOO-
HOO CAN BE
YOUR SQUAW!

UNWRAP
MY
PRESENT!

UGH.
YOU INDIAN
NOW! YOU
MUST FIGHTUM
PALE-FACES
LIKE US!

WAL, THAT SHORE DID COM-
PLICATE THINGS FER ME.
THERE I WUZ, A FULL-FLEDGED
COMANCHE INJUN ALL OF A
SUDDEN. AN' BEIN' AN INJUN
LIKE I WUZ, I HAD TO OBEY
TH' CHIEF, DIDN'T I?



An' besides, that Minnie-boo-
hoo wuz th' *purliest* darned
female I ever seed!

MINE!
ALL
MINE!

I had to prove I wuz
worthy of bein' a Comanche,
so I tromped down to the
fort...

An' I massacred th'
Major!



MMMM... BEIN' A LOW-DOWN,
NO-GOOD COMANCHE
COYOTE AIN'T SO BAD
AT THAT...



WISKERS! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE? ARE YOU CRAZY?

NO, SIR. I'M A COMANCHE.



I DIDN'T WAIT FER DAWN--- I SKEEDADDOLED OUT OF THERE, PRONTO--- TN' WHOLE DANGED U.S. CAVALRY ON MY NEELS!

THEM PALE-FACES IS SHORE MAD! IT'S LUCKY FER ME I KIN RUN FASTER'N ANY NOSS!



It busted my heart th' way Minnie-boo-hoo carried on...

BOO-HOO!
BOO-NOO!

I'LL MISS YOU, TOO, MY LI'L LOLLY-POP, BUT TNIS THING'S BIGGER'N US... A MAN'S GOT TO DO HIS PATRIOTIC DUTY FIRST AN' FOREMOST!



I BEEN MADE AN HONORARY INJUN. SO I GOTTA CHASE YOU PALE-FACE POLECATS OFFA MY LANDS.

SO! YOU'VE JOINED FORCES WITH THE ENEMY. THAT'S TREASON, YOU TRAITOR! I'LL HAVE YOU SHOT AT DAWN.



WAL, ON TH' WAY BACK TO CAMP, I GOT TO THINKIN'... IT WUZ'N'T VERY PATRIOTIC TO BE A TRAITOR. SO I DECIDED TO RESIGN FROM TH' INJUN RACE...



Wal, outta respect fer Minnie-boo-hoo, I wuz goin' to leave her people in peace --- but th' whole danged tribe jumped me...

KILLUM PALE-FACE!
KILLUM!
KILLUM!



Wal, I had to cope with a couple *hundred* Injuns, so it took me a *few minutes* to polish 'em off. Then th' U.S. cavalry arrived...

WHISKERS!
BY GADFRY, YOU'VE VAN-
QUISHED THE WHOLE TRIBE
SINGLE-HANDED! AND TO
THINK HOW I MISJUDGE
YOU!

AW,
'TWAREN'T
NUTHIN'...



YUP... THEM WUZ TH' DAYS...
WHEN A FEARLESS-
FISTED, BRAVE
HEARTED MAN LIKE
MYSELF COULD
REALLY ENJOY
LIFE...



Suddenly...
JUMPIN' JACKRABBITS!



INJUNS!!!
OUTSIDE,
YOU KIDS!
THIS IS NO
PLAYGROUND!



WHAH... HAH... HAH! GIT
A LOAD OF TH' BIG, BRAVE
INJUN FIGHTER! HAH...
HAH... HAH!

AW... I WUZNT
SCAIRT... I JUST FELT
LIKE HAVIN' A PICKLE,
THAT'S ALL...



HOMER

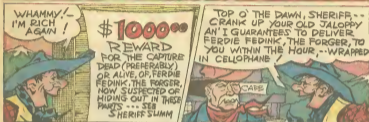
ON THE RANGE

WHAMMY!--
I'M RICH AGAIN!

\$1000⁰⁰
REWARD
FOR THE CAPTURE
DEAD (PREFERABLY)
OR ALIVE, OF FERGIE
FEDINK, THE FORGER,
NOW SUSPECTED OF
HIDING OUT IN THESE
PARTS --- SEE
SHERIFF SLUM

TOP O' THE DAWN, SHERIFF,--
CRANK UP YOUR OLD JALOPY
AN' I GUARANTEES TO DELIVER
FERDIE FEDINK, THE FORGER, TO
YOU WITHIN THE HOUR,--WRAPPED
IN CELLOPHANE!

CAVE



I'VE BEEN A DESERT RAT IN THIS
AREA,--TURN RIGHT, FOR THUTTY
ODD YEARS,--TURN LEFT,--THIS
HOMBRE, FERDIE, STARTED HIS WASTED
CAREER AS A HIGHWAY ENGINEER!

THERE'S A HIDE-OUT CAVE JUST OVER
THE NEXT RIDGE,--TWENTY ODD
YEARS AGO, FERDIE FEDINK DIVERTED
THE COURSE OF THE HEE-HAW RIVER
WHILE DOING A ROAD CONSTRUCTION JOB



-- DIVERTED IT IN SUCH A WAY THAT
THE RIVER THREW A VEIL OR CURTAIN
ACROSS THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE,
--HERE T'IS NOW,-- WE'LL GET A
SLIGHT DUCKING!

TRUE TO HOMER'S PREDICTION,
FERDIE FEDINK AND HIS HENCHMEN,
WERE SOON CORNERED, HOMER WON
THE REWARD,--AND A WONDERFUL
TIME WAS HAD BY ALL,--ESPECIALLY
NOT, FERDIE FEDINK.



I'LL GET YOU
FOR THIS IF IT
TAKES A 1000
YEARS!

CAN'T YOU MAKE
IT SOONER,--I'M
THE IMPATIENT
TYPE!



THE ROUND UP

WE CAN'T MISS! WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING PLANNED TO *PERFECTION!* AND NOW THAT WE'VE LEARNED *BUSTER CRABBE* IS ON HIS WAY OUT OF THE TERRITORY, MAYBE *BRAMA* CAN STOP MAKING LIKE *GALAMITY JANE!*

YUH KIN SCOFF IF YUH WANNA, SLICK, BUT WE AIN'T GONNA BE *SAFE* TILL THAT *HOMBRE'S DEAD AN BURIED!* WUSN'T IT HIM THAT CAUGHT UP WITH TH' *REDDIN' BOYS?* TH' *GARSON GANG*, AN' ALL TH' *REST?*

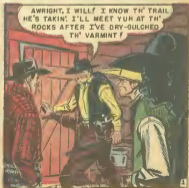


I TELL YUH, SLICK, TH' *FIRST* THINGS WE OUGHTA DO IS GIT RID OF *CRABBE!* MARK MY WORDS, HE'LL GIT *US*, IF WE DON'T BEAT HIM TO IT!

SINCE YOU INSIST ON *LOOKING* FOR TROUBLE, WHY DON'T *YOU* GO OUT AND GET HIM? WE DON'T HAVE *TIME* IF WE'RE GOING TO CRACK THAT *MAIL CAR!*



AWRIGHT, I WILL! I KNOW TH' TRAIL HE'S TAKIN'. I'LL MEET YUH AT TH' *ROCKS* AFTER I'VE DRY-GULCHED TH' *VARMIN!*



YUH GOIN' TO LET
BRAHMA GO? TOUGH
AS HE IS, HE AIN'T
NO MATCH FOR
CRABBE!

THAT'S HIS LOOK-
OUT! WE GOT A JOB
TO DO, AND WE'LL DO
BETTER WITHOUT HIM
AROUND TO
NAG AND
GRIPE!



A few hours later, on the old Comanche
Trail...

TWO
WHOLE WEEKS AND
NO TROUBLE! CON-
SARNED WEST AIN'T
LIKE IT USED TO BE
IN TH' GOOD OL'
DAYS!

BAD OLD DAYS,
YOU MEAN, YOU
INCORRIGIBLE
OLD REPROBATE!



HERE THEY COME...
THEY'LL NEVER KNOW
WHUT HIT 'EM!



WE'VE GOT
COMPANY...

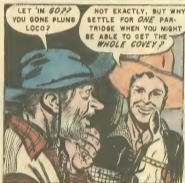


WHUT TH'
DING-DONG
BLAZED...?



HOWLIN' COYOTES! HE PUT
A BULLET RIGHT THROUGH THE
RIFLE BARREL!!









ALL RIGHT!
WE KNOW WHEN
WE'RE LICKED...
BUT YOU'LL NEVER
GET AWAY WITH
THIS!

BRAHMA, YOU
IDIOT! HOW DO YOU
KNOW CRABBE
DON'T FOLLOW
YOU HERE?

DON'T WORRY 'BOUT THAT!
THE HONRE DON'T LIVE WHO
KIN TRAIL BRAHMA BILL
BARTON! I DON'T LEAVE
NO TRACKS!

I TOLD YOU,
WHISKERS. WHERE
THERE'S SMOKE
THERE'S FIRE!

BUT WHUT DO
WE DO NOW?
WE CAN'T OUT-
GUN THAT BUNCH!

Minutes later...



ALL RIGHT, LET'S
GO! THIS NAUL
WILL GO DOWN
IN HISTORY!

BET THERE'S
OVER A MILLION
BUCKS HERE IN
CASH AN'
SECURITIES!

Then...



WHOA! A
LANDSLIDE'S
BLOCKED
THE PASS!

COME ON,
WHISKERS!
PUSH!



WATCH
OUT!

CRAWLIN' CACTUS!
THE WHOLE DANG PLACE
IS CAVIN' IN!



THANKS FOR
INVITING US TO THE
ROUND UP, BOYS! WILL
YOU SURRENDER PEACE-
FULLY, OR DO WE HAVE
TO ROLL SOME MORE
ROCKS DOWN?

BUSTER
CRABBE! WE
SURRENDER!
OH, THAT
BLASTED
BRAHMA!!

-END-

5

dered when, if ever, Colonel Watson and his troops would arrive. . . .

Then three things happened all at once. He had a bite, he heard a warning blast of the bugle and he saw the Indians in the bush. He dropped the fishing pole, grabbed his rifle and dropped behind the bank of the stream. He fired. The five remaining Indians didn't wait for him to reload, but rushed out of the foliage and were upon him before he could remove the ram rod from his rifle. He cast the flint lock into the stream and met their attack with the blade of his hunting knife. He slashed at them with all the strength and fury of a wild man, and disposed of two more before he was disarmed and overpowered.

Lieutenant Foxhart threw all caution to the winds and sent a dozen soldiers out to help him, but the three Indians disappeared into the thick brush of the hillside with their captive before they could reach the scene. Fearing an ambush, they turned back.

Bill strained at his rawhide bonds, and kicked, butted and bit at them as they dragged him up the hill. "Why don't ya scalp me now, an' git it done with, ya yellow-livered, murderin' red varmints!" he shouted at them, and then, when they didn't answer, repeated the same question in their language.

"No scalp," answered one Indian.

"Want to torture me a bit first, eh?"

They reached the plateau, and the Chief, who had donned his eagle-feather headdress for the occasion, greeted him with an outstretched hand. "How," he said. Then he

"Say, what I removed.

Chief Thum "Look," he said Bill looked, Jackrabbits!" I dig that up?"

The Indian said, "Me G face, to face big

"Oh, so that Chief B'under

The Chief's polished bits burned alive a

Bill glanced of Apalachee,

possible. He looked at the big bronze gun and at the cannon balls strewn over the ground and the kegs of powder. "All right," he decided. "Me do."

"Good." Chief Thunder Head nodded with approval, then frowned and warned, "If Pale Face try trick, he die. We watch you."

Bill wet his lips and stepped to the rear of the gun. He turned the latch on the breech and pulled it open. The inside of the bore was caked with the dust of decades, but aside from that, nothing was wrong. The touch hole was clogged, but a few jabs with a twig would clear that. If the stockade owned this cannon, he reflected, all the savages in the coun-

try wouldn't dare come within miles of the place. It was a magnificent weapon.

He poked up one of the eighteen-pound cannon balls. The rust pecked off in his hands. "Too much of the shot has rusted away," he told the Indian Chief. "We'll have to wrap them in something to make 'em fit the bore."

Chief Thunder Head nodded, and had blankets brought over. Bill rolled one of the cannon balls inside the blanket, then thrust the bulky sphere into the breech. He used a tree-limb to force the ball as far as it would go towards the muzzle of the gun. He smiled to himself. The gun would explode in a million peices before that oversized cannon ball would leave the muzzle!

It would mean his life, of course, but the Indians would never use this gun against the stockade.

He emptied half a keg of powder into the breech and poured a handful through the touch hole. The Indians moved cautiously to the rear of the siege gun, and suddenly Bill was inspired with an idea. He pushed the gunpowder farther into the bore, then reached down for another cannon ball.

"Wait!" interrupted Chief Thunder Head suspiciously. "Why two?"

"Two will do more damage than one," explained Bill, and this simple logic seemed to satisfy the Indian. He rolled the ball into the breech, then threw several handfuls of grape shot in after it. Then he closed the breech door, but left it unlatched.

"It's ready. Now, I want to see you fire."

Damaged Area Cut out of back cover

What had happened was simple. The first cannon ball, enlarged by the blanket, had plugged up the barrel, so the explosive charge behind it had projected the second cannon ball out the rear of the gun, an unorthodox way to shoot a cannon perhaps, but effective when the enemy is in the rear.

Bill laughed, and started down the hill. The Indian menace was gone, and the great gun was intact and undamaged. It didn't matter now if Colonel Watson and his troops never arrived.

He stopped at the stream to retrieve his rifle and his string of trout before making his unexpected entry into the stockade.



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 _____