

OUR BIG
GANG BUSTERS
CONTEST!



WASH PILOT



TEX THORNE



PLANNIN' PETE



JACK RANDALL



SHANE TIGAN

SENKY
BROCK PEELER
C-MEN
HURRICANE
KING

POPULAR *Comics*

10¢
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GANG BUSTERS

BASED ON
PHILIPS H. LOHN
FAMOUS
RADIO PROGRAM

TEX THORNE

by ZANE GREY



TEX THORNE HAS BEEN FORCED TO JOIN AN OUTLAW GANG WHO HAVE ABDUCTED JANE HOSKINS. WITH MOST OF THE OUTLAWS IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR AND HACKETT THEIR LEADER AWAY, TEX TAKES ADVANTAGE OF HIS OPPORTUNITY TO RESCUE JANE...



JANE, STAND AWAY FROM THE DOOR OUT OF LINE!



TEX SHATTERS THE LOCK WITH HIS SIX GUN.



ALL RIGHT, JANE, PUSH OPEN THE DOOR AND COME OUT!



WE'RE LEAVING AND I DON'T CARE TO BE FOLLOWED. I'M PUTTING YOU ALL IN THE ROOM THE GIRL WAS IN... AND ONE THING MORE, BRIM DIDN'T GET CAUGHT IN THE STAMPEDE... CLAMP MURDERED HIM!

MURDERED HIM!



JUMP ABOARD, FOLKS.. THINK YE CAN USE A COOK? YE KNOW I'VE STILL GOT ORDERS TO WATCH YOU, TEX!

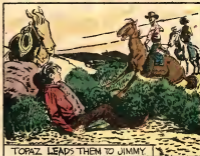
YOU'LL COME IN RIGHT HANDY, BUCKAROO! LET'S MOVE!

TEX AND JANE RUN OUT TO THE CORRAL, AND TEX IS SURPRISED TO SEE JERKY WAITING FOR HIM WITH THE HORSES

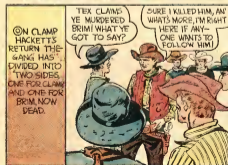


TEX THORNE by ZANE GREY

WHEN JIMMY SENT FOR HELP BY TEX, FALLS OFF THE HORSE, TOPAZ, AND STRAINS HIS BACK, TOPAZ TURNS BACK TO GET AID FOR JIMMY.



TEX THORNE by ZANE GREY



TEX THORNE by ZANE GREY

CLAMP'S SHOTS SET OFF A SPARK AND THE TWO RIVAL GANGS BEGIN TO BLAZE AWAY AT EACH OTHER!!!



SOON, HOWEVER, THE FORCE OF NUMBERS TELL, AND ONE BY ONE BRIMS GANG FEELS THE SHOCK OF LEAD.

GET RID OF THE WOUNDED!



THE REMAINDER OF THE GANG SURRENDER TO CLAMP.



THE SLAIN OUTLAWS ARE DRAGGED INTO THE CABIN WHICH IS THEN SET AFIRE...

WELL, BOYS, THIS MAKES THE CUT BIGGER!



WE'RE GOIN' AFTER THE GIRL... SADDLE UP THE HOSSES!

HADN'T WE BETTER FINISH THE HOSS DEAL, BOSS?



THEY KIN WAIT... WE'LL MAKE FOR THE RANCH, THAT'S WHERE THEY'LL BE HEADIN'!



TO BE CONTINUED



When Jim Blake decided that he could no longer agree with his companion, the arrogant Wilbur Stimbol, on their expedition in Africa, he divided the stores into equal piles, and waited for Stimbol to return from the hunt.

Finally Stimbol appeared, and by the sullen demeanor of his blacks, Blake feared there would be trouble persuading any of them to go with Stimbol.

"I see you've got the stuff laid out," remarked Stimbol. "Now how about the niggers?"

"That's not going to be so easy. You haven't treated them very well and there will not be many of them anxious to return with you," said Blake.

"There's where you're wrong, Blake. The trouble with you is that you're too easy with 'em. They haven't any respect for you."

"How do you propose we select the men?" asked Blake.

"Well, I'd like you to have those men who may wish to accompany you—I'll grant there are a few—so we'll just have 'em all up, and I'll tell all those who wish to return with your safari to step forward, then I'll choose some good men from what are left and make up enough that way to complete your quota—see? That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"It's quite fair," agreed Blake. He was hoping that the plan would work out that easily.

"In the event that one of us has difficulty in securing the requisite number of volunteers," Blake added, "I believe we can enlist the necessary men by offering a bonus to be paid upon safe arrival at railroad. If I am short of men, I shall be willing to do so."

"Not a bad idea if you're afraid you can't hold 'em together siter I leave you," said Stimbol. "It will be an added factor of safety for you, too; but as for me my men will live up to their original agreement or there'll be some mighty sick niggers in these parts." He glanced about until his eyes fell on a head man. "Here, you!" he called. "Come here and make it snappy."

The black approached and stopped before them.

"Gather up every one in camp," directed Stimbol. "Have them up here in five minutes."

"Yes, Bwana."

As the head man withdrew Stimbol turned to Blake. "Any stranger in camp today?" he asked.

"No, why?"

"Run across a wild man while I was hunting," replied Stimbol. "He ordered me out of the jungle. What do you know about that?" and Stimbol laughed.

"Who is he?"

"Calls himself Tarzan."

"Why did he order you out?" asked Blake.

"He wouldn't let me shoot a gorilla I'd been stalking. The fellow saved the gorilla from a python, killed the python, ordered me out of the jungle, said he'd visit us in camp later and walked away with the gorilla like they were old pals. I never saw anything like it, but it doesn't make any difference to me who or what he thinks he is, I know who and what I am and it's going to take more than a half-wit to scare me out of this country till I'm good and ready to go."

"So you think Tarzan of the Apes is a half-wit?"

"I think anyone's a half-wit who'd run about this jungle naked and unarmed."

"You'll find he's not a half-wit, Stimbol; and unless you want to get in more trouble than you ever imagined existed, you'll do just as Tarzan of the Apes tells you to do."





"What do you know about him? Have you ever seen him?"

"No," replied Blake. "But I have heard a lot about him from our men."

"Well, all I've got to say is that if this monkey-man knows when he's well off he'll not come butting into the affairs of Wilbur Stimbol."

"Well, I certainly want to see him," said Blake. "I've heard of little else since we struck his country."

"Here are the men," said Stimbol. He turned toward the waiting porters and askari and cleared his throat. "Mr. Blake and I are going to separate," he announced. "Everything has been divided. He is going to get half the porters and half the askari, and I want to tell you right now that half of you are going with Mr. Blake whether you like it or not."

He paused, impressively, then continued, "As usual I wish to keep every one contented and happy, so I'm going to give you your choice. All those who are willing to accompany Mr. Blake go over on that side!"

There was a moment's hesitation upon the part of the men and then some of them moved quietly over among Blake's packs. Others followed until all of the men stood upon Blake's side.

Stimbol turned to Blake with a laugh. "Did you ever see such a dumb bunch? No one could have explained the thing more simply than I and yet look at 'em! Not one of them understood me!"

"Are you quite sure of that, Stimbol?" inquired Blake.

Stimbol scowled. "Don't be a fool," he snapped. "Of course they misunderstood me." He turned angrily toward the men. "You thick-skulled, black idiots! I did not say that you all had to go with Mr. Blake—only those who wished to. Now the rest of you—get back on this side with my packs, and step lively!"

No one moved in the direction of Stimbol's packs. The man flushed.

"Don't be a fool, Stimbol," said Blake. "No one has influenced the men. The plan was yours. The men have done just what you told them to. If it had not been for your insufferable egotism you would have known precisely what the outcome would be.

a nose black men are human beings. You strike them, you curse them, you insult them, and they fear and hate you. You have sowed and now you are reaping. There is just one way to get your men and that is to offer them a big bonus."

Stimbol, his self assurance shaken at last, looked about helplessly. In all those eyes there was no single friendly glance. He turned to Blake. "See what you can do with them," he said.

Blake faced the men. "It will be necessary for half of you to accompany Mr. Stimbol back to the coast," he said. "He will pay double wages to all those who go with him, provided that you serve him loyally. Talk it over among yourselves and send word to us later by your head man. That is all. You may go."

After the evening meal, Blake sent his boy to summon them and presently they came.

"Well, have the men decided who will accompany Mr. Stimbol?" he asked.

"No one will accompany the old bwana," replied their spokesman.

"But Mr. Stimbol will pay them well," Blake reminded, "and half of you must go with him."

The black shook his head. "He could not make the pay big enough," he said.

"You agreed to come out with us and return with us," said Blake. "You must fulfill your agreement."

"We agreed to go with both of you. There was nothing said about returning separately. We will live up to our agreement and the old bwana may return in safety with the young bwana." There was finality in the tone of the spokesman.

Blake thought for a moment. "You may go," he said. "I will talk with you again in the morning."

The blacks had departed but a moment when the figure of a man appeared suddenly out of the darkness into the light of the camp fire.

"Who the—oh, it's the wild man, Blake," exclaimed Stimbol.



The young American turned and surveyed the figure of the bronze giant. He noted the clean-cut features, the quiet dignity, the majestic mien and smiled inwardly at recollection of Stimbol's description of this god-like creature—half-wit!

"So you are Tarzan of the Apes?" he asked.

Tarzan inclined his head. "And you?" he asked.

"I am Jim Blake of New York," replied the American.

"Hunting of course?"

"With a camera."

"Your companion was using a rifle," Tarzan reminded him.

"I am not responsible for his acts. I cannot control them," replied Blake.

"I overheard the conversation between you and the head men," Tarzan said. "After you separate—what are your plans?"

"I had planned to go north a way in search of lion pictures," replied Blake. "I dislike going back without anything to show for the time and money I have put into the expedition, but now that the men have refused to accompany us separately there is nothing for it but to return to the coast by the shortest route."

"You don't take me into consideration at all," grumbled Stimbol. "You forget that I'm here to hunt, and what's more I'm going to hunt."

Tarzan ignored Stimbol. "Get ready to move out about an hour after sunrise," he said to Blake. "There will be no trouble about dividing the safari. I shall be here to attend to that and give you your final instructions," and as he spoke he turned and disappeared in the darkness.

Before dawn the camp was astir and by the appointed hour all was in readiness. The foliage of a nearby tree moved to the swaying of a branch and Tarzan of the Apes dropped lightly into the camp. Exclamations of surprise broke from the lips of the negroes—surprise clearly tinged with terror. The ape-man turned toward them and addressed them in their own dialect.



"I am Tarzan of the Apes," he said, "Lord of the Jungle. You will listen well and do as Tarzan commands."

"You," he pointed to the chief head man, "shall accompany the younger white man whom I will permit to make pictures in my country where and when he will. Select half the men of the safari to accompany the young bwana."

"And you," he addressed another head man, "take those men that remain and escort the older bwana to railhead in the most direct route and without delay. He is not permitted to hunt and there will be no killing except for food or self-defense. Do not fail me. Remember always that Tarzan watches and Tarzan never forgets."

He turned then to the white men. "Blake," he said, "the arrangements are made. You may leave when you please, with your own safari, and go where you please."

"And you," he addressed Stimbol, "will be taken directly out of the country by the shortest route. You will be permitted to carry fire-arms for use in self-defense. If you abuse this permission they will be taken away from you."

"Now just hold your horses," blustered Stimbol. "If you think I'm going to put up with any such high-handed interference you're very much mistaken."

Tarzan turned to the head man he had selected for Stimbol. "Take good care of this white man if he obeys me and deliver him safely at railhead. Obey his orders if they do not conflict with those that I have given you. Go!"

A moment later Stimbol's safari was preparing to depart. Blake's, too, was moving out of camp. Stimbol swore and threatened, but his men sullenly ignored him and filed off into the jungle toward the east. Tarzan had departed, swinging into the trees and disappearing among the foliage, and at last Stimbol stood alone in the deserted camp.

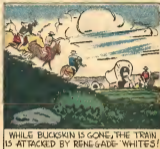
Thwarted, humiliated, he ran after his men, screaming commands and threats that were ignored. Later in the day, sullen and silent, he marched near the head of the long file of porters and askari, convinced at last that the power of the ape-man was greater than his!

MONOGRAM PICTURES
PRE-SENT

JACK RANDALL

AS CHEROKEE IN "ACROSS THE PLAINS"

A WAGON TRAIN IS TRAVELING ACROSS THE PLAINS, LED BY BUCKSKIN, AN OLD SCOUT...



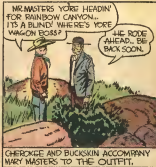
JACK RANDALL IN "ACROSS THE PLAINS"

A FEW HOURS LATER, THE YOUNGER BROTHER OF THE BOY WHO WAS TAKEN AWAY BY THE RENEGADES, WAKES FROM UNCONSCIOUSNESS AFTER BEING BOUNCED FROM THE WAGON.



A BAND OF INDIANS RIDE UP AND AFTER THE BOY BLURTS OUT THE STORY, THEY DECIDE TO ADOPT HIM.

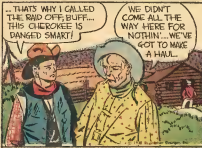
YEARS PASS, AND THE TWO LITTLE BOYS GROW UP. ONE REARED BY THE INDIANS IS KNOWN AS CHEROKEE. THE OTHER, ADOPTED BY BUFF, THE OUTLAW, IS THE NOTORIOUS KANSAS KID.



CHEROKEE AND BUCKSKIN ACCOMPANY MARY MASTERS TO THE OUTFIT.

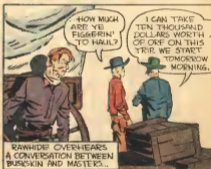


THE KANSAS KID RIDES INTO CAMP. THE TWO BROTHERS DO NOT RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER...



THE KANSAS KID JOINS HIS STEPFATHER, BUFF GORDON, AND HIS GANG.

JACK RANDALL

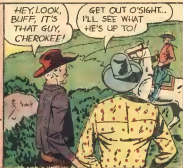


JACK RANDALL

CHEROKEE, SUSPECTING THAT THE KANSAS KID WILL PLAN REVENGE, DOES SOME SLEUTHING. HE FINDS BUFF'S HIDEOUT...

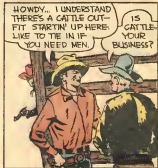
HEY, LOOK, BUFF, IT'S THAT GUY, CHEROKEE!

GET OUT O'SIGHT... I'LL SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!



HOWDY... I UNDERSTAND THERE'S A CATTLE CUT-FIT STARTIN' UP HERE. LIKE TO TIE IN IF YOU NEED MEN.

IS CATTLE YOUR BUSINESS?



REACH!... I KNOW YER GAME, YE FIGGER TO CUT US OUT ON THAT MASTERS' DEAL... BUT THIS IS ONE GOLD SHIPMENT YE WON'T GET!



AT A SIGNAL, CHEROKEE'S HORSE, RUSTY, KNOCKS THE GUN FROM LEX'S HAND!



CHEROKEE DISPOSES OF HIS OPPONENTS AS RAWHIDE AND THE KID APPEAR.



CHEROKEE LEAPS TO THE SADDLE AND SOON OUTDISTANCES HIS PURSUERS.

JACK RANDALL

MR. MASTERS, YE BETTER MAKE A RUN FOR IT! THE KANSAS KID AN' HIS GANG FIGURE TO TAKE THE GOLD.

WE'LL GET ROLLIN' NOW!

AFTER GETTING THE WAGONS WITH THEIR GOLD SUPPLY ON THEIR WAY, CHEROKEE STARTS ON HIS WAY TO SETTLE SCORES WITH KANSAS KID.



BUFF, I TELL YE THE KID'S HANDLIN' THIS GOLD DEAL THE WRONG WAY!

SINCE WHEN DID YE START RINNIN' THIS OUTFIT, LEX? THE KID WILL HANDLE IT HIS WAY!

OH! THE KID! THAT'S ALL I'VE HEARD, SINCE WE PICKED HIM UP... IF HE KNEW IT WAS YOU WHO KILLED HIS FOLKS AN' NOT INDIANS....

I WARNED YE, LEX...!

BACK AT THE GANGS HIDEOUT.

BUFF, RAWHIDE SAYS THEY'RE STARTIN' OFF WITH THAT GOLD TODAY... IF WE HUSTLE, WE CAN CATCH THEM ACROSS THE PLAINS!

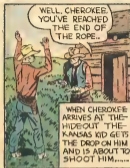
RAWHIDE SAYS CHEROKEE IS LOOKIN' FOR ME... I'M STAYIN' HERE TO SETTLE UP WITH HIM!

OKAY, KID, WE'LL GET AFTER THAT GOLD!



JACK RANDALL

IN
ACROSS
THE PLAINS



WITH THEIR RELATIONSHIP DEFINITELY ESTABLISHED, THEY PREPARE TO AVENGE THE DEATH OF THEIR PARENTS. THEY TAKE A SHORT CUT TO MASTER'S WAGONS TO HELP HOLD OFF BUFF AND HIS MEN.

