IN THIS ISSUE:
THE BANK BUSTERS
Here's good news for cowboy fans! View-Master brings you thrilling, new "come to life" stereo photos of favorite Western Stars. These amazing Kodachrome pictures, when seen through a View-Master Stereoscope, actually make people appear real as life. Stereo pictures are mounted in long wearing, seven-scene Reels for use in View-Master Stereoscopes and Projectors. Get your set of View-Master Cowboy Reels today!

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr. President
O'Hen has all his money tied up in his cattle. If anything happened to them, he'd be glad to get off this ranch. Wal, I'm going to see to it that something does happen to them.

I can't wait that long! I need the ranch now, myself.

I'm sorry, but I invested all my money in cattle and making improvements, figuring I'd be y'ar for the full five years! I'll need all that time to make my money back -- and some profit, too, I hope!

I'm asking yuh for the last time! Let me have my ranch back!

I have the signed contract and as long as I keep up the rent payments, the spread is mine for the next four years!

He's right, Shagg! You made a business deal and you can't break it! O'Hen's got the law on his side!

Then I'll have to take the law into my own hands! I can get five times the amount of rent O'Hen is paying me for this spread from that fool farmer in the next county and I'm not going to let this golden opportunity slip out of my hands!

It's mine for another four years! Yuh rented it to me fer five years and I'm going to keep it till the time is up!

O'Hen has all his money tied up in his cattle! If anything happened to them, he'd be glad to get off this ranch! Wal, I'm going to see to it that something does happen to them!

I'll go find Digger Halas! He'll do anything fer a few bucks!

Hey, you two -- stop fighting!

What's this all about?

Shagg started to throw punches at me when I refused to turn his ranch back to him!

It's my ranch and I want it back!

There he goes!
I'll stay fer chow, Ted, but then I'll be ambling along!

In this kind of weather I like to wander around! And at night the only kind of roof I want over my head is the sky!

Still the same old Bill, eh? Okay, let's hit the feed bag!

Later, in town...

Howdy, digger! Keep your voice low so no one can hear! How'd yuh like to make a hundred dollars?

A hundred dollars! That's for me! I'll do anything for that kind of dough!

Ifiggered yuh would! I want yuh to burn up the ranch I rented to O'hen!

But that's really yore spread!

Never mind that! Spread kerosene all around the corral and set it on fire so all the cattle will either burn up or trample themselves to death in their panic!

What about O'hen?

Leave him alone! I'm only interested in having the cattle destroyed! How make shore yuh do a good job!

Don't worry! It'll be a cinch!

That night... All I have to do is pour this kerosene in a circle around the corral and then put a match to it! By the time O'hen wakes up, it'll be too late!
What's going on thar?

It's O'Hen! He must have heard me!

Digger Halas! That's kerosene you're spreading! You're trying to set my spread on fire!

He recognized me! I'll have to shoot him!

No, no! Don't— Oof!

I killed him! I've got to vamoose!

O'Hen's lantern rolled onto the kerosene-soaked ground and it's going up in flames!

Some distance away, on the open plains...

(Sniff, sniff) I smell smoke!

Why, that blaze seems to be coming from O'Hen's spread! C'mon, Midnite! We've got to make the dust fly!

It doesn't take the lightning-fast Midnite long to carry his master to O'Hen's ranch —- the corral is ablaze! I've got to get the cattle out of there before it all goes up in flames! There's O'Hen lying on the ground! He must have fainted! His nightshirt has caught on fire!
Either I stamp out the fire, or I'll go up in flames myself!

The courageous Bill Boyd risks his life to save that of his friend—

Phew, the fire is out! I burned my hands a little, but it was well worth it? Hmm, O'Hen is still out! Maybe I can—what! He's been shot! Someone started this fire and then put a bullet in him!

I can't stop to do anything about the cattle! As soon as I get poor Ted to the medic, I'll tell the sheriff to get out the fire brigade! There still may be time to save most of the steers, but the important thing now is to save O'Hen!

Bill rushes the stricken O'Hen to the doctor in town and, later—

He'll be all right, Boyd! You got him hyar just in time! You can see him for a few moments!

That's good news, Doctor!
Thanks, Bill! The Doc told me I'd have been a goner if it wasn't fer Yuh!

Forget it, Ted! I'm glad I could help! Tell me, did you see who shot you and set the corral aflame?

Yes! It was Digger Halas! I reckon all my steers perished in the fire! I'm ruined!

The fire brigade put out the blaze in no time! Except for the corral, there was practically no damage!

So it was Digger Halas? Well, I'm going to get that arsonist! I know the shack where he bunks!

"Bill speeds out to Digger's shack ---"

He's not here!

"Meanwhile, at Dewell Shagg's house ---"

Yuh crazy fool, I didn't want Yuh to kill O'Hen! Get out of hyar! I don't want to have anything to do with a murderer!

Yo're in this as deep as I am! I'm not leaving! Yuh've got to hide me somewhar!

What was that? I heard something!

And I have a sneaking suspicion that it was Dewell Shagg! C'mon, Midnite, we're going to visit Mister Shagg right now and I have a mighty strong hunch we'll find Digger there, too!
IT'S BILL BOYD! QUICK! HIDE IN THAT CLOSET!

WHEN BOYD COMES IN HYAR, I'LL TELL HIM I KNOW NOTHING! I HAVE PROOF THAT I WAS VISITING FRIENDS ALL EVENING! AND I'LL SAY I HAVEN'T SEEN YUH IN WEEKS, IN CASE HE ASKS ME!

A FEW MINUTES LATER ---

HOWDY, MISTER SHAGG! EXCUSE ME FOR BOTHERING YOU AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT, BUT IT'S IMPORTANT! MAY I COME IN?

DO YOU KNOW THAT YOUR RANCH BURNED DOWN TONIGHT?

WHAT? SAY, THAT'S TOO BAD! BUT I RECKON THAT'S OWEN'S HEADACHE, NOT MINE!

MAYBE SO! DIGGER HALAS IS THE VARMINT WHO SET IT ON FIRE! HAVE YOU SEEN HIM LATELY?

NO! I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN WEEKS!

HMM! THERE'S A PIECE OF SHIRT STICKING OUT OF THE CLOSET! I'D ALMOST BET MY BOOTS THAT DIGGER'S HIDING IN THERE!

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN DIGGER, EH? WHAT'S THAT STICKING OUT OF THE CLOSET?

IT'S JEST ONE OF MY SHIRTS!
At that moment...

He jumped out of the way!

I figured you'd try that!

I reckon you didn't figure on this! I'll just hold Digger in place while I take care of you first!

Don't fret, Digger! I'm not forgetting you. It's your turn now.

Ugh!

Later...

I've run out of ways of thanking you, Bill, but I'll never forget that you saved my life and my life's work - my cattle and the spread! All I can say is you're some hombre!

Follow the adventures of Bill Boyd in his own magazine BILL BOYD WESTERN and in WESTERN HERO!
Li'L Buck

EASY AS PIE!

THERE'S MRS. BROOKS!

HOWDY, MRS. BROOKS! MY MAW SENT THIS OVER FER YUH!

WHY, HOW NICE, LIL BUCK!

AN APPLE PIE! MY FAVORITE KIND!

WHEN I SEE YORE MAW IN TOWN TOMORROW, I'M GOING TUH THANK HER FER THIS LOVELY PIE!

--- IF YUH DON'T MIND, WOULD YUH THANK HER FER TWO PIES?

ER, ER---
By the way, Slim, WHERE IS IT YOU'RE PAYING BIG BOW AND ME TO SLEEP?

RIGHT OVER THERE-- IN THAT HAUNTED RANCH HOUSE!

No run away, big bow! That's not the spirit!

Me know that! But me no want to see spirit! That's why running!

The haunted ranch house! Let me out of here!

There's nothing to be afraid of, big bow! There's no such thing as a ghost!

Then why you no sleep inside yourself instead of hiring us to do it?

Because, according to the will of my uncle who left me this house, I'll lose it unless I can get two strangers to sleep in it by themselves one night a year! I'll pay you well to sleep here!

Me no scared! We take job!
ALL RIGHT—B-B-BUT
WHO'S K-K-KNOCKING?

REMEMBER, WE ARE/ NOW IS
THERE ANYTHING YOU WANT
TO KNOW?

YES, WHERE'S MONEY FOR
JOB?

I'LL PAY Yuh IN THE
MORNING!

OH, NO! WHEN ME
TAKE JOB SLEEPING
IN GHOST HOUSE
GOT TO GET PAID
IN ADVANCE! MAY
NOT BE ALIVE IN
MORNING!

THAT'S SILLY! BUT H'YAR
IT IS/

ME TAKE IT.
BIG BOY! DON'T
FORGET, ME
BRAINS OF
OUTFIT/

I DON'T CARE WHO TAKES IT, BUT REMEMBER, IF YOU
LEAVE H'YAR BEFORE MORNING, I loose MY
INHERITANCE SO I DON'T EXPECT TO SEE
YOU BEFORE THEN, UNLESS YOU'VE GOT SOME BIG
NEWS FOR ME!

ON WAY OUT MAKE
SURE YOU LEAVE GATE
OPEN OR YOU MAY
LOSE IT!

THAT'S SILLY! HOW
COULD I LOSE A BIG
GATE LIKE THIS?

IF ME SEE
SOMETHING STRANGE,
ME NO INTEND TO STOP
TO OPEN GATE ON
WAY OUT OF H'YAR!
I'll divide it up evenly now, here's one for you---

---and one for me!

---one--two for me!!

---one--two--three for me!

---and one for me!

---one--two for you and---

---three for you and---
WESTERN HERO

IT'S FUNNY, BUT IF DIVIDE MONEY EVENLY, HOW COME YOU GOT SUCH BIG PILE AND ME SO LITTLE? BECAUSE I'M A腫E ME ONLY GIVE CLEAN BILLS TO MYSELF, I KEEP ONES COVERED WITH DIRT FOR MYSELF!

THE BEDROOM MUST BE IN HERE! WHAT IF GHOSTS INSIDE?

IN THAT CASE, YOU STOP AT MY HOUSE AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT! BUT WHY ME STOP AT YOUR HOUSE TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT?

I WON'T BE IF THERE'S A GHOST INSIDE!

YIPES! LOOK, THERE IS A GHOST!

WATCH OUT, BIG BOW! GIVE ME ROOM TO MOVE!

ME GIVE YOU PLENTY OF ROOM -- ONLY NO GET IN FRONT OF ME OR YOU GET TRAMPLED AS ME RUNNING BY!

HEY, WHERE ARE YUH GOING? I THOUGHT I TOLD YUH NOT TO LEAVE THE PLACE UNLESS YOU HAD BIG NEWS FOR ME!

WE GOT BIG NEWS FOR YOU! YOU JUST LOST INHERITANCE! BIG BOW AND ME NO SLEEPING IN HOUSE! GOODBYE!

SOOKBYEE!
All the neighboring ranchers are very fond of Gabby Hayes, garrulous foreman of the Bar Nothing Ranch. But suddenly this friendship turns to violent hate! In cattle country there can be only one reason! Gabby is suspected of becoming a sheepman!

A stranger rides the trail toward the Bar Nothing Ranch!

Ah, there's the Bar Nothing Ranch!

...and there sits my victim!
GIDDY-YAP! WE'RE HEADED FOR THE BAR NOTHING!

A MOMENT LATER...

HELP! HELP! RUNAWAY NURSE!

HEL-LUPP!

SUFFERING SAGEBRUSH!

"KIP OP THE TAPPING AWAY HAYES DOESN'T COME SIMOUSI (SIWY-YA'PL WE'T B

FOR THE WRUOTHIMSS!

KNEEL, CORKER! WE'VE GOT TO RESCUE THAT PORE FELLER, OR AT LEAST PICK UP THE PIECES!

MEANWHILE...

I'LL TOS THIS PILLOW INTO THE BUSHES! I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THE PADDING SO GABBY HAYES DOESN'T BECOME SUSPICIOUS!

WELL-TRAINED CORKER KNEELS FOR HIS MASTER TO MOUNT!
Hey, there, stranger! Are you hurt?

No, but I'm shaken, bruised, and disillusioned!

I fear the West is not for me! Too rough! Wild horses, wild Indians, wild outlaws!

The West isn't so bad! You'll get used to it!

No! I must return east, even though it means giving up an easy fortune!

Yes! But allow me to introduce myself! I'm Hiram T. Pressure, merchant prince! I've cornered the wool market around Rawhide! I could make millions in long underwear alone!

But, friend, my loss is your gain! You helped me, I'll help you! I'm going to sell you a carload of raw wool!

The fast-talking stranger has Gabby convinced he's getting a bargain!

Sign the check! You'll make millions and all I want is a mere thousand dollars for expenses to get back east!

You're being mighty neighborly, Mr. Pressure!

So long, now! I've got to get to Rawhide and ship you that carload of raw wool!

Hey!
HEEY! YUH BETTER SIT ON THE SADDLE!

NO, THANKS! THIS IS MORE COMFORTABLE!

COME ON, FELLERS! I'LL SHOW YOU MY CARLOAD OF RAW WOOL! I AM TO MAKE MILLIONS IN LONG UNDERWEAR!

WIRAM T. PRESSURE KEEPS HIS WORD! HE SENDS THE CARLOAD TO THE RAILROAD SIDING OF THE BAR NOTHING RANCH!

THIS HERE WOOL IS OF THE FINEST QUALITY, MY FRIEND! HI PRESSURE, SAID SO!

HUH? BAAAAA!

GABBY'S LYING DOWN! IS HE DEAD?

NO, HE JUST FELL ASLEEP COUNTING SHEEP!

OW! OOOOH!

HANG IT! I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WAS LIVE SHEEP! HE SAID WOOL IN THE RAW!
Well, Gabby! You're bound to get rich! I hear there's a new factory starting up in town! They're going to manufacture woolen ear muffs for chilly coyotes!

But most of the cattlemen don't see anything funny about it!

Raising sheep on the bar nothing! An outrage!

We've got to get rid of 'em!

Garby should be rode out of town on a rail!

We'll vote on it at the meeting today!

Garby goes to the meeting, unaware of the strong feeling against him!

Maybe I can get some orders here!

Soon... and the wool off my sheep will supply yuh all with first rate long underwear!

Catcalls greet Gabby as he steps to the platform!

Boo! Baaah! Sheep! Throw him out.

Do peeep! Wait a minute, fellers.
Got a sample of that sheepy long underwear? Let's see it! Give us a look!

Hey, leggo!

Hey! Gimme back my pants, yuh varmints! So that's the underwear? I don't like the looks of it! He looks like a red injun!

I wouldn't really hurt old Gabby! I feel kinda of sorry for him! Me too! But maybe he has learned his lesson!

Keeno! We can't allow any sheep around these parts!

Ow! Ow! Hey! Ow!

Let's see if that underwear is suitable for dancing!

Git going, sheepman!

Outside, Gabby gets a spare pistol from his saddle bag, and---

I heard shots! What's up, Gabby? I'm going after that varmint, hi pressure! That's what, Slim!

Gabby tracks down his man!

P-don't s-shoot! I'll buy back those sheep!
OH, SO YOU HEARD ABOUT THE NEW WOOLLY EAR MUFF FACTORY, TOO?

EAR MUFF FACTORY? HERE?

IN RAWHIDE?

A FELLOW TOLD ME ABOUT IT! I WAS AIMING TO BUY SOME MORE RAW WOOL FROM YOU AND ASK YOU TO HOLD THIS VALUABLE GUN AS SECURITY!

EAR MUFF FACTORY?

LISTEN! I'LL BUY BACK MY SHEEP! HERE'S YOUR CHECK AND ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS PLUS!

IT'S A DEAL! BY THE WAY, THE FELLOW THAT TOLD ME ABOUT THE EAR MUFF FACTORY IS THE BIGGEST LIAR IN THESE PARTS!

Oh...

GAB, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT! NOW I'VE GOT TO ARREST YOU FOR MURDER!

GABBY, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT! NOW I'VE GOT TO ARREST YOU FOR MURDER!

NOW, MISTER, YOU TAKE BACK YOUR PESKY SHEEP, FRONTO!

YES SIR! THEN I'M GOING BACK TO MY OLD JOB AS A CIRCUS DAREDEVIL! IT'S LESS DANGEROUS THAN BEING A WOOL SALESMAN!

I DIDN'T SHOOT HIM, SLIM! HE FAINTED!

GUB! SPLUTTER!

SPLASH!

GABBY, WHAT ARE YUH DOING?

SOME DAYS LATER...

GABBY, WHAT ARE YUH DOING?

MAKING A SUIT OUT OF LONG UNDERWEAR...

OUT OF COWHIDE!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF GABBY HAYES IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE GABBY HAYES WESTERN AND IN WESTERN HERO AND MONTE HALE WESTERN EVERY MONTH!
**WESTERN HERO**

---

**magical**

**Manders**

**REAL TRICK!**

---

**PRESTO! IT'S GONE!**

**GOSH, YUH'LU TEACH ME HOW TUH MAKE A PEAR OUT OF PEACHES? GEE, THAT'S A TERRIFIC TRICK! HYARS THE MONEY? NOW TELL ME HOW TUH DO IT!**

**YES, TEACH ME HOW TUH CHANGE PEACHES TUH A PEAR!**

**IT'S A DEAL! I'LL LARN YUH HOW TUH CHANGE PEACHES TUH A PEAR!**

**I'LL GIVE YUH FIVE DOLLARS IF YUH'LL TEACH ME TUH DO A MAGIC TRICK!**

**PRESTO! IT'S GONE!**

**GOSH, YUH MADE THE CARD DISAPPEAR! WHAT A TRICK!**

**YUH'LL TEACH ME HOW TUH MAKE A PEAR OUT OF PEACHES? GEE, THAT'S A TERRIFIC TRICK! HYARS THE MONEY? NOW TELL ME HOW TUH DO IT!**

**OKAY!**

---

**GET THREE PEACHES AND EAT ONE!**

**HUH? GET THREE PEACHES AND EAT ONE? SO WHAT? I'D HAVE TWO PEACHES LEFT!**

**NO YUH WOULDN'T... YUH'LU HAVE A PAIR (PEAR)!**

---

**SHORE, I SEE IT, MANDERS!**

**I'LL SHOW YUH ONE OF MUH MAGIC TRICKS, BROWN. YUH SEE THIS CARD, DON'T YUH?**
S LIM CARSON'S shoulders squared, and his eyes slitted to a thin line as he faced the group of angry riders. Reining his big buckskin horse in, the youthful lawman tried to keep his voice down.

"You men are making a mistake!" he husked. "In the first place, you're not even sure that it was the Mexican squatters along the Rio that ran off with your horses. In the second place, even if they did, mob action like this isn't going to help things any. Think it over. Go home and get the sheriff. Let him attend to this!"

"Bah!" grunted big Bart O'Doul angrily. He swung about and faced the other ranchers.

"For two years these Mexicans have been living on the bend of the river. They've been grazing their cattle across our fences all along. And now a whole herd of the O-D remuda are gone. Fifteen good cow ponies. They've got them, all right. And the only way to get them back is to go gunning for them!"

Muttering in agreement, the other ranchers swung their horses about. "Let's get moving," one of them shouted. "We'll get back our horses and wreck those adobe shacks they live in. That'll teach them the kind of lesson they need!"

As one, the ranchers spurred their horses. With O'Doul in the lead, they began to lope away from Slim Carson, down the river road. Above them, the sky was black and forbidding, and the air was empty and strangely still. Trouble was brewing... bad trouble!

For the past two years, there had been friction between the American ranchers, who lived along the Rio bend, and the Mexican settlers who farmed and herded nearby. Now, with the disappearance of Bart O'Doul's prize cow ponies, the friction came to a head. With the ranchers galloping hard toward the Mexican settlement, gunplay was imminent.

Slim Carson had sworn to uphold the law along the border—to fight the badmen who used the shallow river as a means of evading justice.

But he knew, too, that his job was not only to punish the criminal, but to protect the innocent. And he was convinced from his friendship with the Mexican settlers that they had not broken any law. So, as the ranchers sped away, Slim kned the buckskin horse forward. A lean, hard hand gripped the big horse's reins, and a steely voice whispered in his ear. "Let's go, old son. Time to prevent a ruckus!"

But, galloping along, Slim suddenly realized that danger did not come only from the band of armed ranchers. It came also from the dark sky—and from the strange stillness in the air that he had noticed before. For now, a sudden wind was rustling the chaparral and shrub oak.

The wind grew stronger, until it was howling. It lashed mercilessly at Slim's face, and his eyes filled with tears.

And how, he saw the cause of it! A few miles ahead, off to the right, there was a great, black, spinning column! Whirling over the prairie like a fanatical dervish, it came on—twisting and swooping. At every moment, it came closer and closer, and grew larger and larger.

Slim cupped his hands over his mouth and shouted desperately at the riders ahead. "Tornado!" he yelled. "Tornado ahead!"

Turning in sudden alarm, the riders saw the oncoming black menace! It was only a mile ahead now, and advancing fast! Soon it would be upon them. One of the men pointed desperately at a building by the side of the trail. It was the superstructure of an old abandoned silver mine.

"Quick," he called to the others, his voice a faint whisper in the breeze. "Cut the horses loose. Let them scatter. And take shelter... down there!"

The riders flung themselves from their mounts, and raced for the shelter of the old mine shaft. They clambered inside quickly. Slim reined the buckskin in. There was no time for him to reach the old mine; the tornado was towering over him now. Desperately, Slim saw a boulder by the side of the trail. It was a huge, overhanging rock. He kneed
the buckskin toward it. In a moment, reaching it, he leaped from the saddle and drew the big horse toward him. Together, the two huddled in the shelter of the overhanging boulder.

Beside him, Slim could feel the trembling of the buckskin... and he knew, that the animal had faith in him. Then the tornado struck! With the howl of a thousand banshees and the tremendous power of a giant landside, it slammed against the prairie. Tiny, irresistible fingers seemed to claw at Slim’s clothing and pull at the horse. The suction grew, and grew, but still he held back. Then, in a moment, it had passed by.

Looking out from the boulder, Slim suddenly stared with shock! The storm column had passed directly over the old silver mine. Where the shack had been, now there was only a twisted mass of timber and jagged boards sticking up out of the ground.

He ran to it! Bending over the old shaft, he saw that its walls had collapsed, and the superstructure had fallen in, trapping the men inside! They were helpless down there. There was no means of escape!

Slim stood up suddenly! What could he do, by himself? Was there any way for him to get the men out... before they suffocated? He clenched his fists in futility. Then the thought came to him. What of the Mexican settlers? Many of them had worked in the silver mines before they bought their own spreads. Maybe they would be able to dig out the trapped ranchers.

Slim whistled for the buckskin and vaulted onto the racing horse. There was not a second to be lost!

Half an hour later, he returned to the fallen shaft. This time, there were fifteen Mexicans with him, all carrying picks and shovels and ropes! They, themselves, had barely escaped the full force of the tornado. When Slim rode up, they were busy trying to gather their scattered herds and undo the damage caused by the winds.

But, when the slim young lawman told them of the danger of the men trapped in the old mines, they quickly agreed to help.

Now they went to work with a will, clearing away the top timber, gradually hoisting up fallen rocks and dirt, and beginning to shore up the sides. They worked with a frantic urgency, knowing that the air below must be getting bad—that there was a great danger of suffocation. Side by side, Slim Carson toiled with them—perspiration pouring down his face and arms, as it did theirs.

Working with tremendous haste, one of the settlers accidentally drove his pick too close to the leg of one of the others. An angry gash was the result.

“You’re hurt! You’d better get out,” Slim urged.

“No!” said the Mexican, his lips white with pain. “Not until they,” and he nodded his head downward, “are safe!”

Finally, they removed a huge, bulging timber, and a passageway was opened for the men below. One of the slenderest of the Mexicans, a young herder, eased his way down with a rope. He attached the rope to one of the injured ranchers and helped hoist him up.

An hour later, the rescue job was complete. All of the ranchers lay about with the Mexicans binding up their injuries. Big Bart O’Doul hobbled over to one of the rescuers—the man who had a pick driven into his leg... and who had continued to work!

“Mister,” O’Doul said heavily, “I want to thank you for my life!”

“Thank? ¡Gracias?” The Mexican smiled widely. “Si! It is all right. You will do the same for us, some time!”

“You don’t understand,” O’Doul said. “We lost some horses, and we were blaming you for it. We figgured you rustled them. We were coming to wreck your shacks, to drive you out of the bend country. We still don’t know where those horses are, but now it doesn’t seem to matter so much!”

Suddenly, Slim Carson grasped the big rancher’s elbow and swung him around. He pointed high up toward the mesa land, past the river. There, still tiny in the distance, they could see a herd of fifteen horses, loping down toward them. It was too far away to see the brand. Undoubtedly, these were the horses from the O-D spread.

“They must have run off from your ranch, Bart,” Slim said. “And then, when this tornado hit, it scared them into coming back.”

Watching the horses approach, each man began to smile. Evidently, the tornado had done two things for the border land. It had brought back the missing herd of cow ponies, and it had planted the seeds of a friendship that would not die!

THE END

SLIM CARSON battles on the side of law and order in every issue of WESTERN HERO.
Monte Hale eats the most expensive meal of his life—and then starts to find out why a steak cost him EIGHTY-FIVE DOLLARS! He finds the answer spelled out in the roar and smoke of six-guns!
I'VE GOT THE ONLY SIZABLE HERD OF CATTLE IN THESE PARTS! THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTORS WOULDN'T BUY MY BEEF! POOR QUALITY, THEY SAID! BUT THESE FOLKS WILL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO TAKE IT---AND AT MY PRICE!

THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF OTHER RANCHERS SHIPPING CATTLE HERE, MR. VINGO. THAT'LL DRIVE DOWN THE PRICE!

IT WON'T BE TOO HARD TO KEEP OTHER CATTLE FROM EVER REACHING HERE!

A WEEK LATER, WHEN MONTE HALE RIDES INTO THE TOWN OF LOST SHORE---

SHORE IS PLENTY OF ACTIVITY! NOTHING LIKE A GOLD STRIKE TO START THINGS MOVING IN A SLEEPY COWTOWN!

I'LL STOP HERE FOR SOMETHING TO EAT!

IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR MONTE HALE TO PACK AWAY A HEARTY MEAL---

THAT WAS A MIGHTY TOUGH STEAK! HOW MUCH DO I OWE YOU?

EIGHTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

I GUESS I DIDN'T HEAR RIGHT, MISTER! SOUNDED TO ME AS IF YOU SAID EIGHTY-FIVE DOLLARS FOR THAT STEAK DINNER!

THAT'S WHAT I SAID! THE PRICE IS RIGHT THERE ON THE MENU!

THIS IS CRAZY! I KNOW THINGS ARE HIGH IN A GOLD STRIKE TOWN, BUT I NEVER HEARD OF PRICES LIKE THESE!

THAT'S NOT MY FAULT, STRANGER! FOOD IS A LOT SCARCE THAN GOLD IN THIS TOWN!
HERE'S YOUR MONEY! BUT IT'S OUTRIGHT ROBBER... WHAT'S THAT?

BAM!

SOCK!

POW!

DROP THAT KNIFE, WHATEVER YOUR REASON FOR FIGHTING, IT'S NOT WORTH INVITING THE HANGMAN!

OWW!

WE SAVED UP OUR MONEY TO BUY A ROAST BEEF SANDWICH! BUT HE ATE MORE THAN HIS SHARE!

SUFFERING SAGEBRUSH! IS THAT WHY YOU WERE FIGHTING?

MATTERS HAVE COME TO A FINE PASS WHEN GROWN MEN WILL FIGHT OVER A SCRAP OF MEAT! WHAT'S MADE THE FOOD SHORTAGE SO BAD?

SO ON--- CHARLEY VINGO OWNS ALL THE CATTLE HERE... AND HE WON'T LET ANY OTHER HERDS BE BROUGHT IN! I RECKON HE'S THE MAN I'D BETTER SEE!

WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD! VINGO'S A HARD MAN, AND HE'S SIDED BY A GANG OF EXPERIENCED GUNFIGHTERS!

MAYBE I CAN PERSUADE MR. VINGO TO CHANGE HIS WAYS!
Meanwhile, at Vingo's Bar X Ranch House--

Boss, three thousand head of cattle are headed this way! They're bringing 'em in to relieve the food shortage!

Handle 'em just the way you did the others!

Blow up the bridges and stampede the cattle! If that doesn't discourage 'em, set up an ambush for the riders!

Mighty rough treatment, if you ask me!

Sounds downright illegal to me! The owner of those cattle has just as much right to sell them here as you have!

Who, me? That's Monte Hale! I don't aim to match triggers with him!

Well, I'm not afraid of him!

You're sticking your face into other people's business! Silence him, Chuck!

Who, me? That's Monte Hale! I don't aim to match triggers with him!

Well, I'm not afraid of him!

I reckon you won't listen to reason after all!

I'm warning you! I'm going to bring in those cattle! And I'm liable to get rough with any hombres who try to stop me!

Call the boys!.... UHHHH!

I'm warning you! I'm going to bring in those cattle! And I'm liable to get rough with any hombres who try to stop me!

Bang!

Eeyow!

Sock
I appreciate your offer to help, Monte Halle! But there's nothing much we can do! My men report that all the bridges are down along the river!

Then you've got to take your herd across!

Ford those rapids with three thousand head of cattle? It's impossible!

Iwo?, A Pew Mile® Outside OP LOST PIKE....

I appreciate your offer to help, Monte Halle! But there's nothing much we can do! My men report that all the bridges are down along the river!

Then you've got to take your herd across!

Ford those rapids with three thousand head of cattle? It's impossible!

At a shallow bend in the river, Monte and the Range Riders construct a rude dam of rock:

We're almost finished! Hurry up, men!

Boon---

Your cattle can ford the river now! The dam has cut down the flow of the rapids!

Jumping Gila monsters? It's an ambush!

Oof!

Bang

Soon---

Your cattle can ford the river now! The dam has cut down the flow of the rapids!

Jumping Gila monsters? It's an ambush!

Oof!

Bang

They waited until we were in mid-river to attack!

This hombre will be all right! They just nicked his shoulder!

Bam!

But how'll we get across with Vinoo's hired killers waiting for us on the other side?
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, MONTE?

WE'LL BORROW AN OLD TRICK FROM THE INDIANS — FLAMING ARROWS! VINGO'S KILLERS WILL FIND OUT WE CAN FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE!

WITH THE FIRST GLIMMERS OF DAWN, THE UNUSUAL ATTACK IS LAUNCHED! BLAZING ARROWS SOAKED IN OIL DESCEND UPON THE OPPOSITE RIVER BANK!

SHORTLY AFTER — SET YOUR BOYS TO WHITTLING OUT A FEW BOWS AND ARROWS! THERE'S ENOUGH OIL IN THESE LANTERNS TO SOAK THEM IN!

WE'RE CUT OFF! HEAD FOR THE RIVER!

I'M NOT BEATEN YET!

I'LL ESCAPE DOWN RIVER, WHILE THEY'RE ROUNCING UP THE REST OF MY MEN!

TINGO'S GETTING AWAY!

THANKS TO YOU, MONTE, WE CAPTURED VINGO'S MEN, AND WE CAN START MOVING OUR CATTLE!

I WON'T FEEL SAFE UNTIL THAT COYOTE VINGO IS IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW! SOMETHING TELLS ME HE'S GOT ANOTHER TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE!
MONTE HALE'S SUSPICION IS CORRECT! AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE STREETS OF LOST PIKE...

THEY'RE BRINGING IN DISEASED CATTLE! THOSE HOMBRES WILL DO ANYTHING FOR PROFIT--EVEN SELL BAD MEAT TO POISON US ALL!

THEM CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

NO SENSE GETTING RILED! HERE'S THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR'S APPROVAL FOR THIS BEEF WE'RE BRINGING IN!

IT'S A FORGERY! DON'T LISTEN TO HIM!

QUICKER THAN A CAT, MONTE STRIKES!

THEN WHY ARE YOU WILLING TO SHOOT TO KEEP THEM FROM SEEING THAT PAPER!

UGHHH!

HAD ENOUGH, VINGO? I RECKON YOU'D BETTER START TELLING THE TRUTH--FAST!

I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED! THEIR CATTLE'S ALL RIGHT! I JUST WANTED TO KEEP FOLKS HUNGRY, SO I COULD SELL MY CATTLE AT MY OWN PRICE!

THE LAW CAN TAKE CARE OF THIS RATTLE-SNAKE! LUCKY FOR YOU, MISTER, YOU HAD THAT GOVERNMENT PAPER WITH YOU!

OH, THIS? IT'S JUST A MENU FROM THAT RESTAURANT I ATE IN! I RECKON STEAKS WON'T BE COSTING EIGHTY-FIVE DOLLARS FROM NOW ON!

I KNEW VINGO WAS BLUFFING--SO I HAD TO TRICK HIM INTO SHOWING HIS HAND! IT WAS A GOOD GAME WHILE IT LASTED, BUT VINGO DIDN'T KNOW I WAS HOLDING THE JOKER!

FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MONTE HALE IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE MONTE HALE WESTERN AND IN WESTERN HERO EVERY MONTH!
HOWDY, DALE! ARE YUH GOING TUH THAT FANCY SHINDIG SATURDAY NIGHT?

I SURE AM, HILL!

WAL, I HOPE YUH'LL BEHAVE BETTER THAN YUH DID AT THE LAST PARTY!

WHY, WHAT DID I DO WRONG THEN?

I TOLD YUH Tuh BE SHORE TO WEAR A BOILED SHIRT, SO WHAT DID YUH DO?

WAL, WHAT DID I DO?

YUH WENT AND BOILED YORE SHIRT FER FIVE HOURS WITH THE CHICKEN SOUP!

AND Tuh MAKE MATTERS WORSE, IT WUZ A RED FLANNEL SHIRT, SO WHEN THE SOUP CAME Tuh THE TABLE, EVERYBODY THOUGHT IT WUZ TOMATO SOUP!
Wal, what wuz the difference? It wuz good soup... I ate two plates of it!

I know...

--- I heard yuh!

Huh? What do yuh mean yuh heard me?

Listen, yuh ate yore soup so loud...

--- The orchestra had tuh stop playing!

I don't care what yuh say... I know I looked very good!

Yes, very extinguished!

Yuh mean distinguished! Extinguished means put out!

That's right...

--- And that's what yuh should have been!
I GOT THE KNOT HOLE FIRST!

Hey! What ails Pud? He must be dumb!

Look! He's goin' in Janie's house!

Did you bring the Dubble Bubble?

It's a 2-bagger!

Not so dumb! You can't blow bubbles through a knot hole!

What a gum! Dubble Bubble scores double with me every time!

Biggern better bubbles. Price-a penny a piece. An' the square wrap keeps the funnies flat.

I bought some stock from him!

What? (Gulp!) You bought stock from him? But that's his crookedest racket!

He fooled you! That stock he sold you is worthless!

That's all right...

...So is the check I gave him!

Unruffled Ruffles

Huh? (Gulp) So long, ruffles! It wuz a pleasure doing business with you!

Same hyar, filche! So long!

(Gulp) Don't tell me you did business with that no-good varmint? That's jest what I did!
LATE ONE AFTERNOON....... 

HUH? ISN'T THAT THE PHONY, BAN GETTING OUT OF THE STAGECOACH? 
SHORE IT IS!

WAL, WAL, LOOK WHO'S STILL AROUND THIS ONE HOS TOWN! 
HOWDY, JOE! 
HOWDY, BAN!
I thought I hadn't seen yuh around fer some time! I reckon yuh've been away?

I shore have! I've been in Hollywood!

In Hollywood? Gosh, what were yuh doing thar?

Making pictures?

Making pictures? Yuh mean yuh were a photographer?

No, no! I wuz an actor!

What? Yuh acted in the movies?

That's right! I wuz in a few pictures! I don't like tuh boast, but I wuz terrific!

In fact, I stole the last picture I wuz in!

What! Yuh stole the picture?...

--- Did they catch yuh and make yuh put it back?

Listen hyar, wise guy, I'll have yuh know I gave such a great performance I'll probably get an Oscar fer it!

Yuh mean an ostrich, don't yuh?
That shows how ignorant yuh are! An ostrich is a bird!

I know--

...That's the only thing yuh'll ever get fer yore acting... The bird!

Oh yeah! Yuh should have heard what a big critic said 'bout me! He described my acting in one word!

What wuz it?

I jess can't remember the exact word! Let me think!

Don't strain yoreself!

Shucks, I can't remember the word! Muh memory is atrocious!

Atrocious?...

...That must have been the word the critic used tuh describe yore acting!

Yo're jess jealous because I'm a big movie star! Wal, I'm not going tuh stay around and get insulted by a small fry like yuh!

Aw, take it easy! I wuz only kidding!

Yo're jess jealous because I'm a big movie star! Wal, I'm not going tuh stay around and get insulted by a small fry like yuh!
TELL ME, BAN, HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU THAT YOU LOOK LIKE ROBERT TAYLOR?

WHY NO, JOE, THEY HAVEN'T!

WAL, DON'T WORRY... THEY WON'T!

OH YEAH, TAKE AWAY ROBERT TAYLOR'S WAVY HAIR, HIS GOOD LOOKS AND HIS WONDERFUL PHYSIQUE AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?

THAT'S EASY T'AH ANSWER...

--- YUH!

YUH'VE JEST DONE YORESELF OUT OF A CAREER, SMALL CHANCE! I WIZ GOING T'AH GIVE YUH A BREAK AND GET YUH IN THE MOVIES, TOO! I'VE GOT INFLUENCE! I KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE IN PICTURES!

SHORE YUH KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE IN PICTURES---

BUT IT WOULD TAKE A LONG TIME T'AH GET THEM OUT OF THE FRAMES!

HOLLYWOOD DIDN'T CHANGE YUH A BIT--- YUH WIZ A PHONY BEFORE YUH EVER WENT OUT THAR! GOODBYE!

(GULP!!!)
One Night, at the Dobie Bank --

Good Night, Mr. Hartdale, I'll see you in the morning!

Bank

Good Night, Gentlemen! Don't forget to be in early. We have a big day ahead of us tomorrow!

While Inside the Bank --

They're all gone, dinky. Let's get to work!

Lucky they never noticed us hiding in this h'yar closet afore they closed up fer the day!

EARTH SHATTERING EXPLOSIONS! AN INJURED OUTLAW! DEAD STAGE-COACH DRIVERS! TOM MIX, THE DOBIE STRAIGHT SHOOTER, MUST CONNECT THESE THINGS TO SOLVE THE CASE OF THE BANK BUSTERS!
THAR'S THE SAFE! GET THE DYNAMITE OUT!

I'VE GOT IT ALL READY!

SET IT DOWN RIGHT THAR, DINKY! I'LL LIGHT THE FUSE!

JEST THINK! THAR'S OVER A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THAT SAFE!

THAR'S THE SAFE! GET THE DYNAMITE OUT!

I'VE GOT IT ALL READY!

SET IT DOWN RIGHT THAR, DINKY! I'LL LIGHT THE FUSE!

JEST THINK! THAR'S OVER A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THAT SAFE!

THE DYNAMITE EXPLODED ALL RIGHT, BUT LOOK--- THE SAFE'S STILL INTACT!

THE CEILING'S BEGINNING TO GIVE WAY! LET'S VAMOOSE!

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THE CEILING'S BEGINNING TO GIVE WAY! LET'S VAMOOSE!
WESTERN HERO

THIS IS WHERE IT CAME FROM! I HOPE NOBODY WAS INSIDE AT THE TIME!

OOH! THERE IS SOMEONE HERE--- AND HE'S HURT!

GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS FELLOW, MIKE!

WE HAVE TO GET HIM OUT FROM UNDER THIS DEBRIS, TOM!

I'LL TAKE HIM OVER TO DOC GREENE'S, MIKE! YOU CHECK AROUND AND SEE WHAT CAUSED THAT EXPLOSION!

RIGHT, TOM?

GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS FELLOW, MIKE!

WE HAVE TO GET HIM OUT FROM UNDER THIS DEBRIS, TOM!

I'LL TAKE HIM OVER TO DOC GREENE'S, MIKE! YOU CHECK AROUND AND SEE WHAT CAUSED THAT EXPLOSION!

RIGHT, TOM?

LATER---

WHAT IN TARNATION HAPPENED, DINKY?

PLENTY, BLACKWOOD! I'VE GOT BAD NEWS FER YUH, BOSS! WE DIDN'T CRACK THE SAFE!

AFTER DINKY EXPLAINS---

YUH CRAZY, BUNGLING FOOL! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO SEND YUH! WAL', I'M STILL GOING TO GET THET DOUGH! I HAVEN'T BEEN LAYING LOW IN THIS TOWN FER NOTHING!

SMACK!

NEXT MORNING, AT THE TOWN HALL---

I CALLED THIS MEETING TODAY, FOLKS, TO DISCUSS THE CONDITION OF OUR BUILDINGS HYAR IN TOWN!

EMERGENG MEETING MAYOR SPEAKS

MAYOR SPEAKS
SOME OF THEM WERE BUILT MANY YEARS AGO AND THEY'RE FIRE TRAPS AND A DANGER TO THE TOWN!

HE'S RIGHT. JEST THE OTHER DAY I WAS HIT BY A FALLING PIECE OF CHIMNEY!

I'VE SENT FER AN ARCHITECT. HE'S GONNA MAKE A SURVEY OF EVERY BUILDING AND WE'LL FOLLOW HIS RECOMMENDATIONS!

THAT MAKES SENSE TO ME!

ME, TOO!

LATER, THAT DAY--

HOWDY, MR. HARTSDALE! I'M THE ARCHITECT THE MAYOR WAS TALKING ABOUT AT THE TOWN MEETING! THE FIRST BUILDING THAT CAUGHT MY EYE IS YORE BANK! IT'S IN MIGHTY BAD SHAPE!

YES, WE KNOW! THAR WAS AN EXPLOSION HYAR LAST NIGHT! SOMEONE TRIED TO BLOW OPEN THE SAFE, BUT THEY FAILED!

WE'RE READY TO FOLLOW YORE INSTRUCTIONS FER RE-BUILDING!

JUST TO BE SAFE, THE FIRST THING I'D SUGGEST IS THAT YUH MOVE THE MONEY OUT OF HYAR AND INTO THE BANK OVER IN STREAM VALLEY!

WE'LL DO THAT TONIGHT! OF COURSE, WE'LL KEEP IT A SECRET!

YUH CAN COUNT ON ME, MR. HARTSDALE! I'LL BE GOING NOW, SO I CAN PREPARE A SET OF DRAWINGS FER YORE NEW BANK!

WHAT NIGHT--

THE TOWNSPEOPLE ARE ALL ASLEEP AND WHEN THEY WAKE UP, THE MONEY WILL BE RESTING SAFELY OVER IN STREAM VALLEY!

SO LONG, SEE YUH IN THE MORNING!
WESTERN HERO

WHEN WE PASS THE TM BAR RANCH, TOM MIX WILL JOIN US!

THAT'LL MAKE ME FEEL MUCH BETTER! MIX IS RIGHT HANDY WITH A GUN!

SHORTLY AFTER---

WE'RE NOT FAR FROM MIX'S RANCH NOW! IT'S JEST AROUND THE BEND!

AT THAT MOMENT--

HYAR THEY COME, DINKY! LET'S GET THEM!

I'M WITH YUN, BOSS.

UGH!

QUICK! BRING THE BUCKBOARD OUT OF ITS HIDING PLACE IN THE WOODS!

Quick! Bring the buckboard out of its hiding place in the woods!

In a few seconds---

We've got every last cent!

GID'DAP! GID'DAP!
WESTERN HERO

SHORTLY AFTER---
ACCORDING TO MY WATCH, THE STAGECOACH CARRYING THE MONEY IS OVERDUE!

IT CAN'T DO ANY HARM TO RIDE TOWARD DOBIE! IF THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY, I'LL MEET THEM!

SOMEbody KNEW THEY WERE HEADING TOWARD STREAM VALLEY EXCEPT THE ARCHITECT, MR. HARTSDALE AND MYSELF!

MAYBE I'M JUST GETTING MYSELF WORKED UP OVER NOTHING! THEY WERE PROBABLY DELAYED!

THE DRIVERS-- THEY'RE DEAD! AND THE MONEY'S GONE!

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN AMBUSHED! SOMEBODY WAS WAITING HERE FOR THEM!

I'LL REPORT THIS TO MR. HARTSDALE! MAYBE HE CAN THROW SOME LIGHT ON IT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER—
I SENT THE MONEY ON THE STAGECOACH, ON THE ADVICE OF THE ARCHITECT, WHO CAME FROM THE MAYOR'S OFFICE! NOBODY ELSE KNEW ABOUT IT EXCEPT US!

WESTERN HERO

I JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE OF THAT, MR. HARTSDALE!

WHAT ARE YUH GOING NOW, TOM?
I HAVE A LUNCH, AND I'M GOING TO FOLLOW IT THROUGH!

SHORTLY AFTER—
I HATE TO BARGE IN ON YOU AT THIS HOUR, MAYOR!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, TOM! I WAS SITTING UP LATE ANYWAY!
MR. CRAIG HERE IS THE ARCHITECT I SENT FOR, AND I WAS GOING OVER SOME PLANS WITH HIM!

YUH JEST ARRIVED, TOM! WHAR ARE YUH GOING?

ACCORDING TO MR. HARTSDALE'S DESCRIPTION, THE FELLOW WHO GAVE HIM THAT ADVICE IS NOT THE MR. CRAIG WHO'S SITTING HERE!

THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING—THAT OTHER FELLOW IS A PHONY! AND HE'S BEHIND THIS WHOLE AFFAIR!

IT'S USELESS TO TRY TO GUESS WHICH WAY HE WENT!

I'M GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH THE FELLOW WHO WAS HURT IN THAT BANK EXPLOSION! DOC GREENE SAID HE'D KEEP HIM AT HIS HOUSE TILL HE RECOVERED! THAT'S DOC GREENE'S PLACE UP AHEAD!
ANWHILE, AT THE HIDE-OUT—

Yuh owe yore life to mix! Don't yuh opine yuh should be a mite grateful, Rick?

Try to realize that you're protecting critters who left you for dead, Rick! Do you think you owe them any loyalty?

I never looked at it that way!

They ran out on you, Rick!

You're right, Mix! I'll tell yuh whar the hide-out is!

Shortly after—

So long, Tom! And good luck!

Thanks, Doc!

Meanwhile, at the hide-out—

Yar's yore share of the loot, Dinky!

With Rick out of the way, my share came to more than I expected.

I opine this puts each of us on easy street fer a long spell!

Shucks, that's no sense in going straight when yuh can pick up easy dough this way!

That's no telling when the authorities will pick up our trail! I reckon we ought to vamoose now!

You're right, boss!
WHAR DO YUH OPINE WE OUGHT TO HEAD NEXT?

IT DOESN'T MATTER WE'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE A KILLING IN ANY TOWN WE HIT!

DON'T COUNT YOUR KILLINGS BEFORE THEY'RE MADE!

TOM MIX!

GET HIM, BOSS!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF...

OOPS I MISSED!

POW! CLOUT!

Sock!

WHAM! BAM!

JUST WAIT A SECOND, TONY! WE'LL HEAD FOR TOWN AS SOON AS I MAKE SURE I HAVE ALL THE GOLD!

LATER...

THOSE CRITTERS WANTED THE MONEY SO BADLY I FIGURED I'D LET IT KEEP THEM COMPANY IN THE NEXT CELL!

I COULDN'T THINK OF A SAFER PLACE FOR IT TILL WE'VE FINISHED REBUILDING THE BANK!

AS SOON AS RICK RECOVERS, HE'LL JOIN THEM!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF TOM MIX IN TOM MIX WESTERN AND IN MASTER COMICS AND WESTERN HERO!

TOM MIX IS ON THE AIR!

BROADCAST FROM COAST TO COAST OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY AT 3:30 P.M.
LOOK WHAT YOU CAN GET AT LOW COST BY USING SHREDDED RALSTON BOX TOPS AT MY TRADING POST

A MINIATURE REPRODUCTION OF A FAMOUS RCA VICTOR TELEVISION SET

With 5 exciting toy television films of your favorite radio, television and movie stars. Hold this amazing television set up to your eye...turn a hidden dial—and see these wonderful photos and picture stories of Lou Costello...Tom Mix...Marx Brothers...Kukla, Fran and Ollie...and U. S. Jet Planes in Action.

Both for only 20¢ and one SHREDDED RALSTON BOX TOP

AN AMAZING, MYSTERIOUS Magic-Light Tiger-Eye Ring!

GLOWS LIKE A FEROCIOUS ANIMAL EYE AT NIGHT

Contains a polonium compound which makes it glow in the dark like an eerie tiger’s eye. Mounted on golden plastic bond bearing cat’s claw design and Tom Mix brand.

Golden Plastic Bullet TELESCOPE

Keenest thing you’ve ever seen! Makes objects 4 times larger...look in other end and objects will be 20 times smaller. Handy magnifying glass for detective work...Wonderful secret compartment for maps and messages!

Both for only 15¢ and one SHREDDED RALSTON BOX TOP

Magic Tone SOUND-EFFECTS WHISTLE

Imitates lots of different kinds of birds...makes “mumble talk”...handy as a secret signal to your friends. Use it to referee or cheer at games.

COLORFUL COWBOY BELT

Luminous Plastic—Glows In The Dark

$1.00 VALUE for only 20¢ and 1 SHREDDED RALSTON BOX TOP

White plastic belt that glows in the dark. Embossed with real Western scenes and brands. Shiny metal buckle, engraved with Tom Mix design, has secret compartment for hiding messages. Adjustable to any child’s size. Girls will want it, too.

USE THIS HANDY ORDER BLANK

TOM MIX Trading Post, Box 775-FW Checkerboard Square, St. Louis 1, Mo.

DEAR TOM: Enclosed are ____________ and ____________ SHREDDED RALSTON box tops. Please send the following items from your Trading Post.

_______RCA Toy Television Set and Magic-Light Tiger-Eye Ring.


_______Luminous Cow Boy Belt

Name__________________________ (PRINT)

Address________________________

City__________ State__________

Offer good only in U. S. and may be withdrawn at any time. Offer void if this form of merchandising is licensed, restricted or prohibited in your city, county or state.
QUICK! GIVE ME A PAPER!

DON'T WASTE ANY TIME! HANDLE IT OVER! PRONTO!

JEEPERS, CACTUSBRAIN SHORE IS IN A HURRY!

LOOK AT HIM! IT SHORE MUST BE SOMETHING POWERFUL IMPORTANT! Y'HUD SAY IT!

AH, MYAR IT IS— THE LIST OF ALL THE PRIZE WINNERS IN THE MEXICAN SWEETSTAKES!

OH, SO THAT'S IT! NO WONDER HE'S SO EXCITED!

PLUNK!

IS YORE NAME THAR AMONG THE WINNERS, CACTUSBRAIN?

NO!

HMMMM....

IT'S A GOOD THING I DIDN'T BUY A TICKET!
HEY GANG!
LET'S BUILD THESE ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE
Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.

CHEVROLET
Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile—the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

HOW TO ORDER: Send 25 cents for each plan to MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number
PU-F-F! I CAN'T GET OUT! I'M SINKING DEEPER!

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD, QUICKIE! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, R.C. SNATCHES AN AX FROM HIS SADDLE BAG!

UMP! I'LL SAVE YOU, QUICKIE! THIS TREE... GRAB IT WHEN IT FALLS!

BUT, HURRY! I'M GOING DOWN!

I'VE GOT TO HURRY! LUCKY I DRANK THAT RC... I'LL NEED LOADS OF ENERGY!

R.C. AND QUICKIE ALWAYS DRINK BEST-TASTING ROYAL CROWN COLA!

THEY ENJOY 2 FULL GLASSES IN THE BIG BOTTLE... AND... RC MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE NEW!

YI-P-P-E-E-E! YOU DID IT, R.C.! I'M GETTING OUT!

WHHEW! IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK ON DRY LAND AGAIN!

EXTRA ENERGY CAN MEAN A LOT! SO ENJOY COOL, REFRESHING RC EVERY DAY! RC MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE NEW! YES, AND RC IS BEST-BY-TASTE-TEST, TOO!

YEAH, THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL! M'M, BOY, THIS RC MAKES ME FEEL LIKE NEW!