



10¢ ALL NEW STORIES

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CODE



AUTHORITY

WESTERN COMICS

Starring



POW-WOW SMITH

IN
"DUEL
OF THE
INDIAN
CHIEFS!"



POW-WOW SMITH

INDIAN
LAW-
MAN



INTO THE VALLEY OF THE OSAGES GOES POW-WOW SMITH, INDIAN LAWMAN, TO BE HONORED IN A TRIBAL CEREMONY--A CEREMONY THAT IS INTERRUPTED BY RENEGADE BRAVES WHO SPRING A DEATHTRAP ON THE SIOUX DEPUTY, AS THE BEGINNING OF THEIR SINISTER PLOT TO GAIN CONTROL OVER THE OSAGE TRIBE!

DUEL OF THE INDIAN CHIEFS!

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IN AN OSAGE VILLAGE, INDIAN LAWMAN **POW-WOW SMITH** IS BEING HONORED AT A TRIBAL CEREMONY...

LET ALL HEAR, **OHIYESA**-- KNOWN TO THE PALEFACE AS **POW-WOW SMITH**-- WHY THIS DAY I PLACE THIS HONORED BONNET UPON YOUR HEAD!



BUT AT THE VERY MOMENT THE BONNET IS ABOUT TO BE PLACED ON THE INDIAN LAWMAN'S HEAD...



HURLING A DEFIANT BOAST, **BLACK CROW** RACES TOWARD THE DISTANT HILLS...



BEFORE NIGHTFALL I SHALL BE YOUR NEW CHIEF! I CHALLENGE **POW-WOW SMITH**-- OR ANYONE ELSE-- TO STOP ME!

EVIL **BLACK CROW**, RENEGADE OF OUR TRIBE-- SCOURGE OF THIS VALLEY-- RIDES NO MORE-- BUT IS BEHIND PRISON BARS... BECAUSE OF YOU! YOU HAVE BROUGHT HIM TO JUSTICE!



ALL EYES TURN IN AMAZEMENT TO SEE THE ONE WHO FIRED THE ARROW...

IT IS EVIL **BLACK CROW**-- FREE!

HEAR ME, ALL OF YOU! **POW-WOW SMITH** WILL NEVER WEAR THE BONNET OF HONOR FOR DEFEATING ME!



LEAPING TO A PONY, **POW-WOW** GALLOPS AFTER THE OSAGE RENEGADE...

HE ESCAPED FROM THE JAIL WHERE I PUT HIM! IT IS MY DUTY TO GO AFTER HIM-- ALONE!

NO! THE WEARER OF A BADGE PURSUES ME! I COULD WISH FOR NOTHING BETTER!



RACING INTO A MOUNTAIN PASS, POW-WOW SPOTS A COUPLE OF BLACK CROW'S WARRIORS SECRETLY WAITING IN AMBUSH...



JUST AS THE AMBUSHERS SPRING AT HIM, POW-WOW SLIPS DOWN TO HIS PONY'S SIDE...



BUT THE LAWMAN'S VICTORY IS SHORT-LIVED, FOR, AS HE TURNS TO LOOK AT THE FALLEN RENEGADES...

WE FIGURED HE MIGHT BE CLEVER ENOUGH TO AVOID ONE AMBUSH, SO WE SET UP TWO!



THE FOLLOW-UP ATTACK CARRIES THE SIOUX DEPUTY FROM HIS HORSE...



IN SHORT MOMENTS POW-WOW IS OVERWHELMED AND MADE PRISONER...

SO ONCE MORE WE COME FACE TO FACE, BLACK CROW!

YES--AND IT SHALL BE THE LAST TIME! TAKE HIM TO THE CAVE ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE!



SOON, ALONE IN THE CAVE, THE INDIAN LAWMAN HEARS AN OMINOUS SOUND-- FAINT AT FIRST, BUT GROWING LOUDER...



IN A FEW MOMENTS, TONS OF DIRT AND STONE HAVE COVERED THE CAVE'S ENTRANCE, TRAPPING **POW-WOW** INSIDE...



THAT IS THE END OF **POW-WOW SMITH**, MY NEMESIS! NOW WE RIDE TO PROCLAIM **BLACK CROW** THE NEW CHIEF OF THE OSAGES!

TOWARD EVENING, **BLACK CROW** AND HIS WARRIORS STEALTHILY PICK OFF THE OSAGE SENTRIES...



MMMEFF!

AFTER A COMPLETE ENCIRCLEMENT OF THE VILLAGE...



THERE-- THAT TAKES CARE OF THE LAST SENTRY!

LATER, IN THE VILLAGE, THE UNARMED OSAGE WARRIORS ARE CAUGHT OFF-GUARD...



BLACK CROW! I EXPECTED YOUR RETURN AS **OHIYESA'S** PRISONER!

HO! DON'T EVER EXPECT HELP FROM HIM AGAIN! QUICKLY--TIE THEM UP! ALL BUT THE CHIEF! I HAVE A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT FOR HIM!

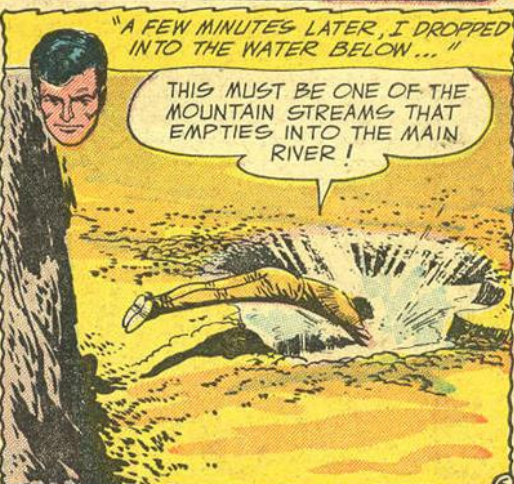
I TOLD YOU I WOULD BE CHIEF BY NIGHTFALL--AND SO I WILL! NOW--PLACE YOUR CHIEF'S BONNET UPON MY HEAD--OR YOUR WARRIORS WILL DIE!

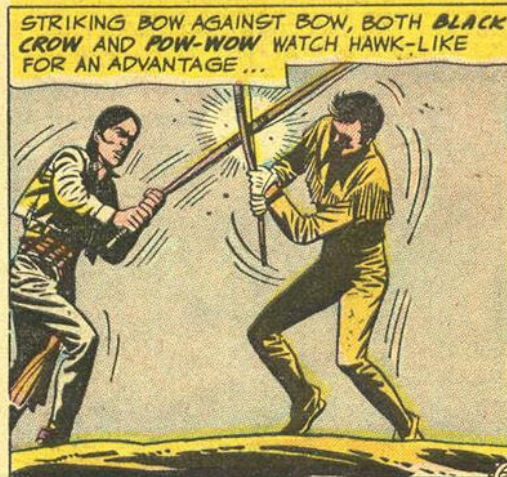
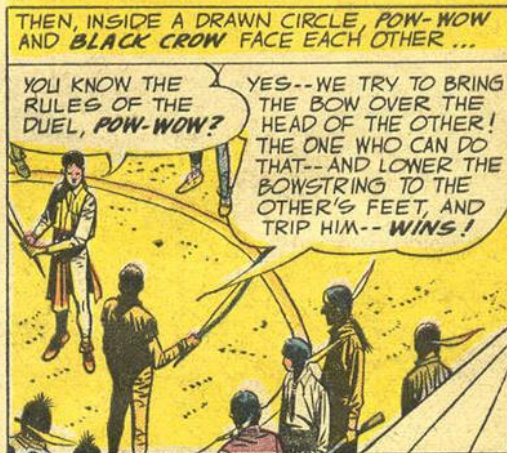


SLOWLY, RELUCTANTLY, THE BONNET IS RAISED... THEN...



WHO FIRED THAT ARROW?





BACK AND FORTH MANEUVER THE TWO CONTESTANTS AS BOWS CLASH FURIOUSLY ABOUT THEM...



SUDDENLY, AS THE LAWMAN SLIPS, HIS ANTAGONIST SWIFTLY STRIKES...

MY MOMENT OF VICTORY IS AT HAND!



BUT JUST IN TIME, POW-WOW'S BOW FLASHES UPWARD, WARDING OFF THE OTHER...

YOU SING YOUR VICTORY SONG TOO SOON, EVIL ONE!



AS BLACK CROW IS MOMENTARILY OFF BALANCE, POW-WOW'S BOW SWINGS UPWARD AND...

ONE WHO DOES NOT DESERVE TO BE CHIEF--NEVER SHALL BE!



QUICKLY DRAWING THE BOWSTRING DOWN TO BLACK CROW'S FEET, POW-WOW YANKS--AND...

NOW, BLACK CROW, THE DUEL ENDS!

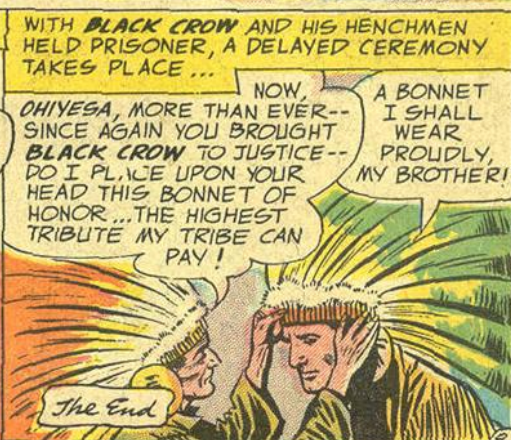


AT THAT MOMENT, THE ENRAGED RENEGADES MOVE TOWARD THE LAWMAN...

SLAY HIM!
SLAY THE
SIOUX!

REVENGE
FOR OUR LEADER'S
DEFEAT!





ADVERTISEMENT

FEARLESS FOSDICK by Al Capp



THE NIGHTHAWK

NEVER HAS NIGHTHAWK, MASKED DEPUTY OF JUSTICE, FOUND HIMSELF IN A MORE DIFFICULT PREDICAMENT! HANNIBAL HAWKES--HIS OTHER SELF--HAS BEEN FRAMED FOR A ROBBERY AND PUT BEHIND BARS! YES--HE'S INNOCENT--AND THE SHERIFF KNOWS IT, BUT TO PROVE HIS INNOCENCE, THE SHERIFF WANTS TO PUT NIGHTHAWK ON THE TRAIL OF THE REAL BANDITS! BUT HOW CAN NIGHTHAWK BE FREE TO SEARCH FOR THE OUTLAWS WHEN AS HANNIBAL HAWKES HE'S CONFINED TO A JAIL CELL?

The PRISONER BEHIND NIGHTHAWK'S MASK!



ON A RAINY MORNING, THREE RIDERS PAUSE NEAR A CAMP OUTSIDE OF PRAIRIE TOWN, WHERE HANNIBAL HAWKES LIES SLEEPING IN HIS FAMED FIX-IT WAGON...

WHAT ARE WE STOPPING HERE FOR, DARROW? THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE ARE HOT ON OUR TRAIL!

I'LL SHOW YOU AFTER I CUT OPEN THIS BAG OF LOOT!



A MOMENT LATER, THE BANDIT CHIEF SCATTERS GLEAMING GOLD COINS ON THE GROUND...

WE CAN SPARE ONE BAG OF MONEY TO SAVE OUR SKINS! THE SHERIFF WILL FIND A STOLEN COIN TRAIL LEADING RIGHT TO HAWKES' WAGON!





SHORTLY AFTER THE BANDITS RIDE AWAY, THE SHERIFF AND POSSE ARRIVE ...

LOOK, SHERIFF! I FOUND ONE OF THE STOLEN MONEY BAGS IN HANNIBAL'S WAGON!

YAWN! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, SHERIFF?

THE TOWN BANK WAS ROBBED LAST NIGHT, HANNIBAL! WE CHASED THE BANDITS TO THIS POINT--WHERE A TRAIL OF THESE COINS LED RIGHT TO YOUR WAGON! THIS DAMAGING EVIDENCE MEANS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU TO JAIL!

LATER ON, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN PRAIRIE TOWN...

I WAS FRAMED, SHERIFF!

I THINK YOU'RE INNOCENT, TOO, HANNIBAL! BUT I'VE GOT TO HAVE PROOF BEFORE I FREE YOU! AND I KNOW JUST THE MAN WHO CAN HELP ME CLEAR YOU!

...THAT MAN IS NIGHTHAWK! I'M GOING TO LOOK HIM UP NOW AND PUT HIM ON THE CASE!

WHAT A SPOT TO BE IN! THE SHERIFF DOESN'T KNOW THAT IN MY SECRET IDENTITY I AM NIGHTHAWK! BUT WHAT CAN I HOPE TO DO--BEHIND BARS?



AFTER THE SHERIFF DEPARTS, THE QUICK-THINKING HANNIBAL SEEKS A WAY OUT OF HIS DESPERATE DILEMMA, FINALLY...

I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT MIGHT JUST WORK--WITH THE HELP OF THIS PENCIL AND PAPER!



THEN, FOLDING THE PAPER, HANNIBAL FLIPS IT THROUGH THE BARS TOWARD THE SHERIFF'S DESK...

THIS WILL ENABLE NIGHTHAWK TO WORK ON THE CASE EVEN THOUGH "HANNIBAL HAWKES" IS BEHIND BARS!

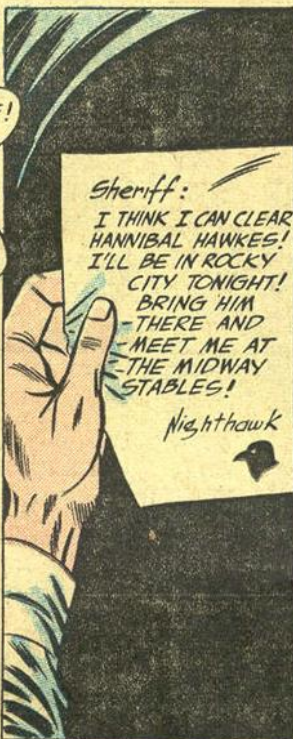


WHEN THE SHERIFF RETURNS...

I COULDN'T FIND A SIGN OF NIGHT-HAWK! GUESS HE'S NOT IN TOWN TODAY!

NIGHTHAWK WAS HERE WHILE YOU WERE GONE, SHERIFF! HE PUT A NOTE ON YOUR DESK!

THAT'S THE TRUTH... SINCE I'M NIGHTHAWK!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE MIDWAY STABLES IN ROCKY CITY...

NO SIGN OF NIGHT-HAWK YET, HANNIBAL! HE'D BETTER HURRY! YOUR TRIAL IS COMING UP TO-MORROW AT NOON!

HE'S SURE TO SHOW UP. IF HE SAID HE WOULD!

NIGHTHAWK WILL APPEAR AS SOON AS I PUT OUT THIS LAMP...



WITHOUT THE SHERIFF SEEING HIM, HANNIBAL EXTINGUISHES THE LAMP'S FLAME--PLUNGING THE STABLE INTO DARKNESS...

THE LAMP'S GONE OUT, SHERIFF! GOT A MATCH?

YES...I THINK SO--SOMEWHERE!



BY THE TIME THE SHERIFF FINDS A MATCH AND RELIGHTS THE LAMP...

NIGHTHAWK! A DRAFT OF WIND MUST'VE BLOWN OUT THE LAMP WHEN YOU CAME IN!

I'M ANXIOUS TO GET TO WORK ON THIS CASE, SHERIFF!



GOOD! I HAVE TO GET BACK TO PRAIRIE TOWN TO PREPARE FOR THE TRIAL TO-MORROW! I'LL LEAVE HANNIBAL HAWKES IN YOUR CUSTODY! BUT, REMEMBER, YOU'VE ONLY GOT TILL NOON TOMORROW TO CLEAR HIM--THAT'S WHEN HIS TRIAL COMES UP!

I'LL DO MY BEST, SHERIFF!



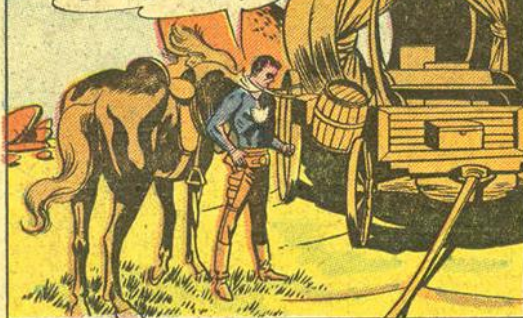
AS SOON AS THE SHERIFF LEAVES, **NIGHTHAWK** HEADS BACK TOWARD HANNIBAL'S CAMP...

THE FIRST THING I'VE GOT TO DO IS GET BACK TO THE **FIX-IT WAGON** AND PICK UP THE BANDITS' TRAIL!



IT'S DAYLIGHT WHEN THE MASKED RIDER REACHES THE **FIX-IT CAMP**...

ALL TRACKS ARE BURIED BENEATH THE DUST! IS THERE ANY OTHER WAY OF PICKING UP THE TRAIL?



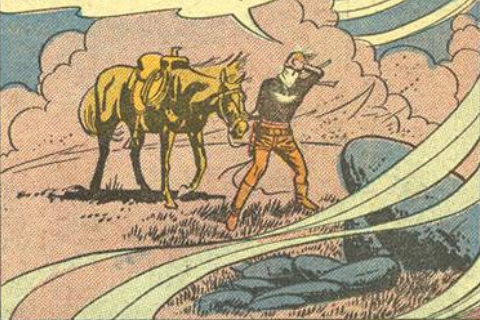
CIRCLING THE CAMP, HE DRAGS THE BRUSH BEHIND HIM...

THE BRUSH DRAGGING BEHIND ME WILL SWEEP AWAY THE LAYERS OF DUST--AND UNCOVER THE OUTLAWS' TRAIL!



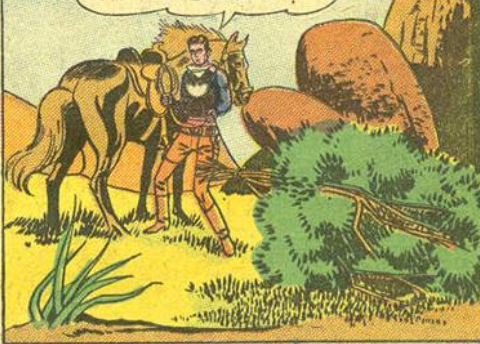
SUDDENLY, A DUST STORM HITS WITH FULL FORCE...

THIS DUST WILL LAY OVER THE GROUND LIKE A BLANKET--COVERING ALL TRAILS! WHAT A BAD BREAK!



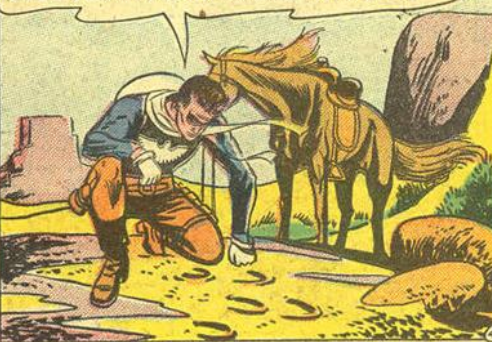
THEN, **NIGHTHAWK** PULLS UP A BRUSH, AND ATTACHES IT TO HIS SADDLE...

IT RAINED LAST NIGHT! THE HORSES' PRINTS SHOULD BE DEEPLY IMBEDDED IN THE GROUND!



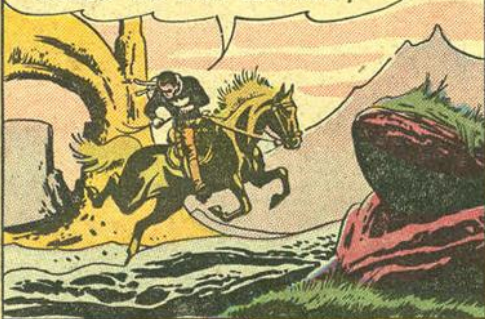
LATER, UPON EXAMING THE SWEEPED GROUND...

HERE IT IS! THE TRAIL OF THREE HORSE-MEN--HEADING SOUTH! NOW I'VE GOT TO CATCH THEM BY NOON--OR WIND UP IN A CELL AGAIN AS HANNIBAL HAWKES!



HEADING SOUTHWARD, NIGHTHAWK SPEEDS ACROSS LAVA FLATS...

THE DUST STORM DIDN'T SPREAD OUT THIS FAR--AND I CAN SEE WHERE THE HORSES' IRON SHOES NICKED THE LAVA SURFACE!



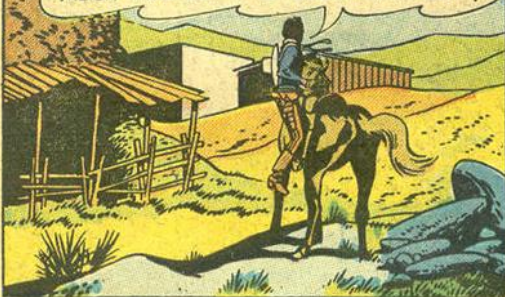
SOON--IN THE DISTANCE--A TOWERING FLAT-TOP MOUNTAIN... MILE-HIGH MESA...

THE TRAIL LEADS STRAIGHT UP THE MESA! WHY WOULD THEY RIDE UP THERE--UNLESS THEY PLANNED TO HOLE UP IN THE OLD SILVER MINE ATOP THE MESA?



GUIDING HIS HORSE UP TWISTING MOUNTAIN TRAILS, THE MASKED DEPUTY OF JUSTICE DISMOUNTS AT THE TOP, WHERE HE SEES THE ABANDONED MINE SHACKS...

THE SUN'S ALMOST DIRECTLY OVERHEAD! I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME LEFT TO CLEAR MYSELF!



APPROACHING THE MAIN BUILDING, NIGHTHAWK CLIMBS TO A SECOND-STORY WINDOW--AND THEN...

JACK DARROW AND HIS TWO HENCHMEN!

WITH HAWKES IN JAIL, WE'RE FREE TO SPEND THIS STOLEN MONEY ANYWHERE!



AS THE LAWMAN ACCIDENTALLY LEANS TOO FAR OVER THE OLD BANNISTER, THE DECAYED WOOD GIVES WAY!

IT'S NIGHTHAWK!



LANDING FEET-FIRST ON THE EDGE OF THE TABLE, NIGHTHAWK UPENDS IT...

GUN HIM DOWN BEFORE HE CAN GET SET!



THE TABLE IS THICK ENOUGH TO SHIELD ME FROM THEIR GUNFIRE! BUT I CAN'T HOLD OUT HERE FOREVER--

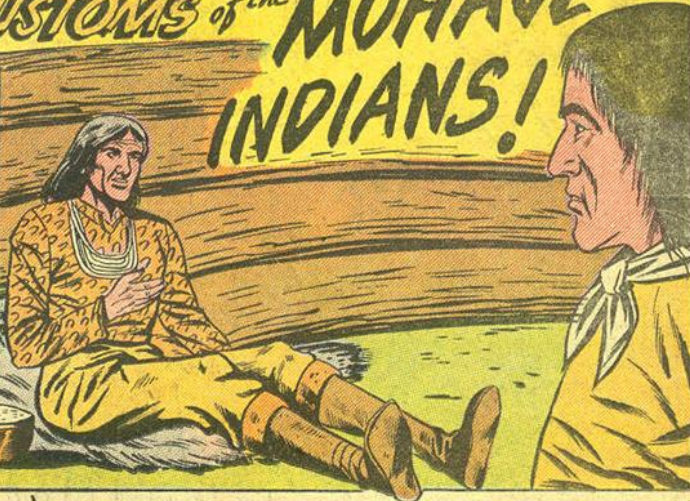
BAM! BAM!





SITTING Customs of the MOHAVE INDIANS!

MOHAVE ETIQUETTE PERMITTED TWO TRADITIONAL SITTING POSITIONS FOR THE MALE MEMBERS OF THE TRIBE, BOTH OF WHICH ARE STILL OBSERVED TODAY BY THE OLDER MEN. MALES WHO SAT ON THE GROUND USUALLY LEANED THEIR BACKS AGAINST A WALL OR TREE, AND EXTENDED THEIR LEGS IN FRONT OF THEM. THEY WERE FREE TO CROSS THEIR LEGS, IF THEY CHOSE TO DO SO...



IT WAS CUSTOMARY FOR MOHAVE WOMEN WHO WORKED IN A SITTING POSITION TO THRUST ONE LEG UNDER THE BODY, WHILE KEEPING THE OTHER KNEE UP. IF THEY DESIRED TO REST, THEY SAT WITH THEIR LEGS FOLDED IN ORIENTAL STYLE, OR WITH THEIR LEGS STRETCHED OUT IN FRONT OF THEM...



MALE MOHAVES WHO PREFERRED TO SIT ON THEIR HEELS, IN A KNEELING POSITION, RESTED THE BACK SURFACE OF ONE FOOT ON THE SOLE OF THE OTHER FOOT...



WHILE TRAVELING IN A VEHICLE, ONLY CLOSE RELATIVES OF OPPOSITE SEXES, OR ELSE A HUSBAND AND WIFE, WERE PERMITTED TO SHARE THE SAME BENCH OR SEAT...



RODIEO RICK

WHEN A DUDE BEHIND A BANK CAGE SEEKS TO BECOME A WESTERN HERO, **RODIEO RICK** FINDS HE HAS BOTH ROPE-HANDS FULL! FOR, AS HE TRIES TO TEACH A MILD-MANNERED BANK CLERK TRICKS OF THE RODEO TRADE, HE SINKS BOOT-DEEP IN OUTLAW TROUBLE WITH...
The DUDE HERO of LONGHORN CITY!

RODIEO RICK'S IN TROUBLE! IF THERE WAS ONLY SOMETHING I COULD DO TO HELP HIM!

YOU'LL NEVER REACH OUR HIDEOUT, COWBOY!



THE RODEO HAS COME TO LONGHORN CITY... AND A LOCAL BOY TRIES TO MAKE GOOD...

RIDE 'EM, COWBOY!
YIP-YIP-YIPEEEE!

I--CAN'T H-HANG ON M-MUCH LONGER!

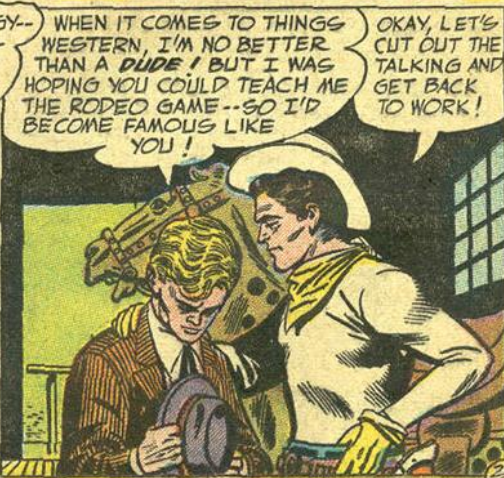
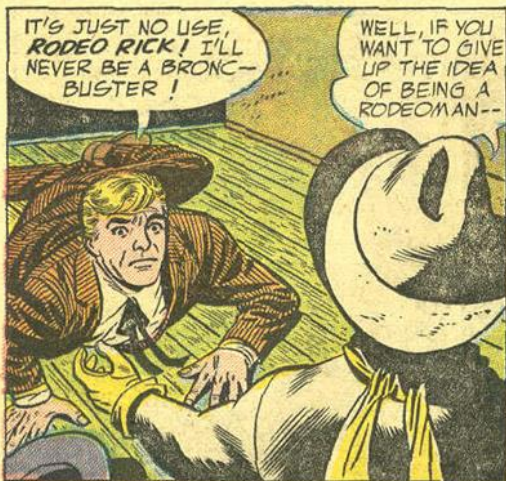


THE NEXT MOMENT...

YEOWIE!
THERE HE GOES--!

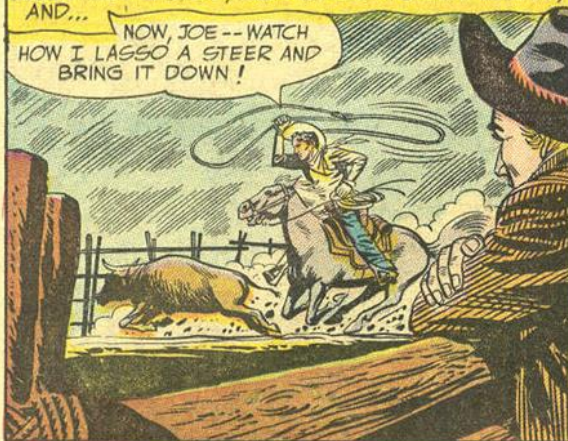
THROWN BY A MECHANICAL HORSE! WHAT A COMEDOWN!





MOUNTING A HORSE, RICK TAKES A LARIAT IN HAND AND...

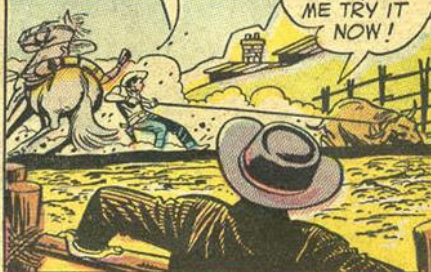
NOW, JOE--WATCH HOW I LASSO A STEER AND BRING IT DOWN!



THE LARIAT SETTLES AROUND THE NECK OF THE STEER, JUST AS THE RODEO STAR DISMOUNTS... AND...

THEN I HIT THE GROUND--AND DIG MY HEELS IN, LIKE THIS--AND BRING THE STEER TO A HALT!

GOLLY, RICK! YOU MAKE IT LOOK EASY! LET ME TRY IT NOW!



BUT BEFORE THE WOULD-BE RODEO ACE CAN GO INTO ACTION...

RICK! THE JOHNSVILLE STAGECOACH WAS JUST HELD UP! THE SHERIFF'S OUT OF TOWN--AND THERE'S NO ONE TO GO AFTER THE BANDITS!



THE MASKED BANDITS TOOK \$20,000 OFF THE COACH AND GOT CLEAN AWAY!

GREAT THUNDER! THAT'S THE SECOND TIME THAT MONEY'S BEEN STOLEN!



THE **SECOND** TIME IT'S BEEN STOLEN? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JOE?

THE \$20,000 WAS THE JOHNSVILLE MINE PAY-ROLL AND WAS FIRST STOLEN LAST WEEK! THE BANDITS WERE CAUGHT IN JOHNSVILLE, AND THE MONEY WAS BEING RETURNED BY TODAY'S COACH!



AS THE RODEO ACE MOUNTS HIS HORSE...

RICK! I WANT TO GO WITH YOU! MAYBE I'M NOT CUT OUT TO BE A RODEOMAN--BUT I COULD WIN FAME AS A **LAWMAN**!

YOU'RE PICKING A TOUGH CASE TO START WITH! WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO WE'RE AFTER! THE BANDITS WERE **MASKED**!

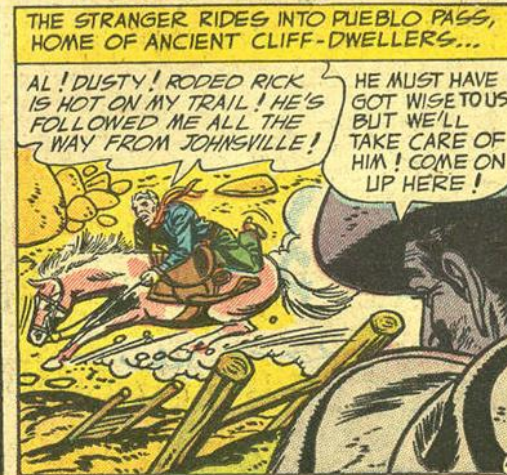
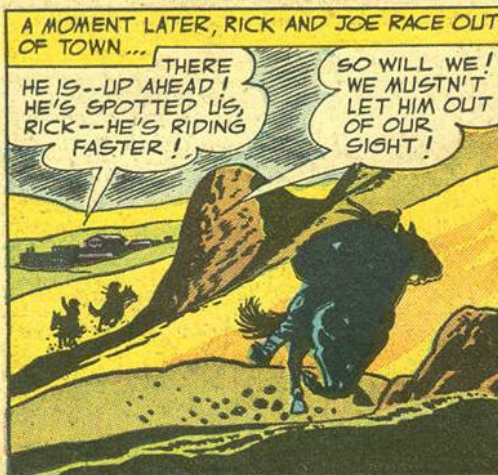
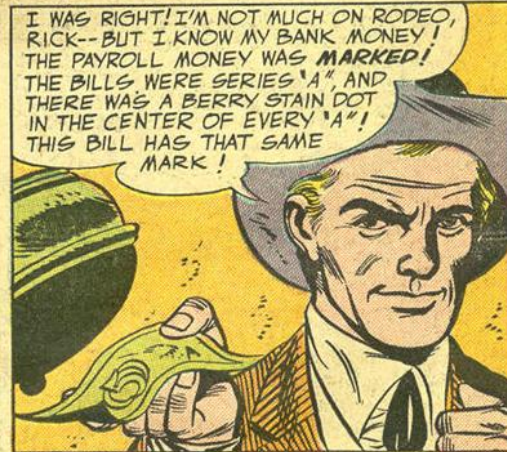
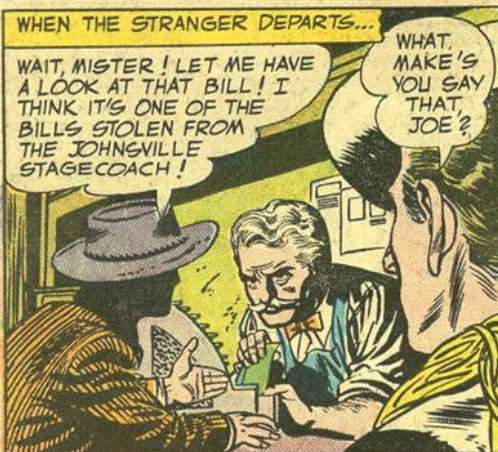


ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN JOHNSVILLE...

FOR THE PAST 24 HOURS WE'VE TRIED TO GET A LEAD ON THE BANDITS, RICK--BUT FOUND NOTHING!

IF WE KEEP LOOKING, SOMETHING'S BOUND TO TURN UP TO HELP US FIND THEM!





MOMENTS LATER, WHEN THE RODEO STAR RIDES INTO PUEBLO PASS WITH JOE ...

THEY'RE TRYING TO KEEP US PINNED DOWN HERE WITH GUNFIRE, JOE! BUT I'LL GIVE YOU MY PISTOL -- AND WE'LL DO A LITTLE PINNING -- DOWN OURSELVES!



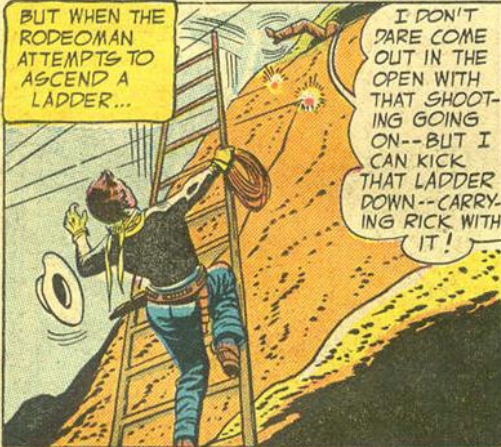
THEN, AS RICK RACES TOWARD THE CLIFFS...

FIRE AWAY, JOE -- BUT DON'T TRY TO HIT ANYONE! JUST TRY TO KEEP THEM INSIDE THE CAVE WHILE I MAKE MY WAY UP ONE OF THE LADDERS!

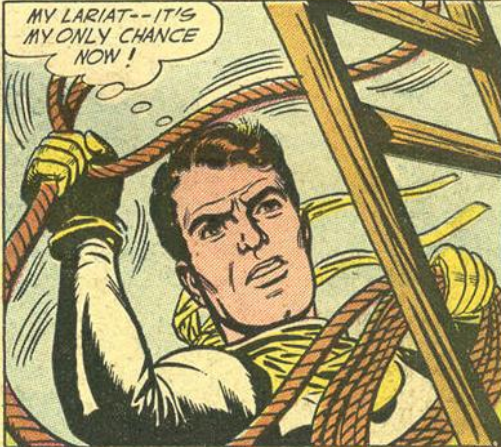


BUT WHEN THE RODEOMAN ATTEMPTS TO ASCEND A LADDER...

I DON'T DARE COME OUT IN THE OPEN WITH THAT SHOOTING GOING ON -- BUT I CAN KICK THAT LADDER DOWN -- CARRYING RICK WITH IT!



MY LARIAT--IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE NOW!

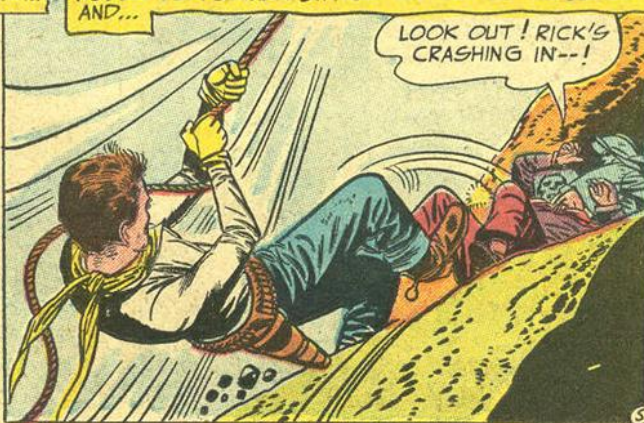


THE ROPE SINGS OUT, EXPERTLY LASSOING A JUTTING ROCK ABOVE...



AS THE LADDER CRASHES TO THE GROUND, THE STAR RODEO PERFORMER SWINGS SAFELY TO THE LEDGE AND...

LOOK OUT! RICK'S CRASHING IN--!



THE NEXT MOMENT, THE OTHER TWO BANDITS CHARGE HIM ...

WE'LL THROW HIM OUT OF HERE THE SAME WAY HE CAME IN-- FEET FIRST!



GRABBING ONE OF THE OUTLAWS' GUNS, THE RODEO ACE TAKES COMMAND...

NOW AS SOON AS YOU TELL ME WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN YOUR LOOT WE'LL RIDE BACK TO LONGHORN CITY!



JOE IS TAKEN TO ANOTHER OFFICE, WHERE...

THIS IS WHERE YOU BELONG, JOE--IN THE BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE! YOU'VE EARNED IT--AFTER THE WAY YOUR BANKING KNOW-HOW HELPED RECOVER THE STOLEN MONEY!



AND BELOW, SEEING RICK IN TROUBLE, JOE PICKS UP THE FALLEN LADDER, SWIPES IT AT THE BANDITS, UPSETTING THEM ...



SOMETIME LATER, IN THE BANK AT LONGHORN CITY...

JOE--WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK IN THAT TELLER'S CAGE? GET OUT OF THERE AT ONCE--AND COME WITH ME!

IT SOUNDS LIKE I'M FIRED! WHAT DID I DO NOW?

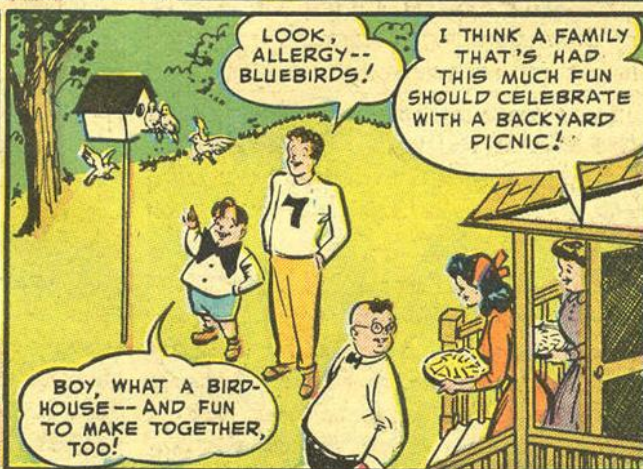


OH, JOE! THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING ABOUT HOW YOU HELPED CAPTURE THOSE BANDITS! YOU'RE FAMOUS!

LOOKS LIKE JOE'S MADE GOOD IN A BIG WAY!



Binky says 'Family Projects CAN BE FUN!'



The Wyoming Kid

IT'S A DOUBLE-BARRELED PROBLEM FOR THE **WYOMING KID**, WHEN HE SETS OUT TO CAPTURE A DANGEROUS DESPERADO-- AND AT THE SAME TIME PATCH UP A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP-- A TWO-WAY PROBLEM THE ROVING COWBOY HAS TO SOLVE WITH A ONE-WAY PLAN.

THE FRIENDLY FOES OF EAGLE MOUNTAIN!

COME ON, YOU TWO! FORGET YOUR DIFFERENCES-- SHAKE HANDS!

NEVER MIND SHAKING HANDS! RAISE 'EM! ALL OF YOU!



IN JUNCTION CITY, AS THE NOON STAGE IS ABOUT TO DEPART FOR IRONSVILLE...

HEY, THERE! WAIT UP FOR ME! I'VE GOT TO GET TO IRONSVILLE!

IT'S **SUNDOWN SAM**!



BUT UPON OPENING THE DOOR, **SUNDOWN SAM** TAKES ONE LOOK INSIDE, AND...

NEVER MIND! ON SECOND THOUGHT I CAN GO TO IRONSVILLE ON THE **NEXT STAGE!**



WATCHING THIS SCENE FROM THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE NEARBY IS THE **WYOMING KID**, ROVING COWBOY...

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OLD-TIMER, SHERIFF? HE SEEMED MIGHTY ANXIOUS TO CATCH THE STAGE--THEN HE SUDDENLY CHANGED HIS MIND!

THAT'S **SUNDOWN SAM**! AND THE MAN HE SAW IN THE STAGE IS **LANDSLIDE LUKE**, HIS EX-PARTNER!



NORODY REALLY KNOWS! IT WAS SOME SILLY QUARREL--SO SMALL AND SO UN-IMPORTANT THAT NEITHER **SUNDOWN** NOR **LANDSLIDE** EVEN REMEMBERS WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT! BUT NEITHER ONE WILL GIVE IN TO THE OTHER AND SHAKE HANDS!



"BUT THEN, WHEN **LANDSLIDE** SAW **WHO** THE CUSTOMER WAS IN THE BARBER CHAIR..."

NEVER MIND! I GUESS I CAN LET MY HAIR GROW A LITTLE LONGER!



ONCE THEY WERE INSEPARABLE PROSPECTING PARTNERS--AND NOW THEY WON'T EVEN SO MUCH AS SPEAK TO ONE ANOTHER!

HMMM! WHAT'S COME BETWEEN THEM?



"THEY WON'T EVEN WALK ON THE SAME SIDE OF THE STREET TOGETHER OR STAY IN THE SAME HOTEL! WHY, THE OTHER DAY AT THE BARBER SHOP, **LANDSLIDE** WALKED IN, AND..."

BE RIGHT WITH YOU! HAVE A SEAT!

COULD SURE USE A HAIR-TRIMMIN'!



AND YOU THINK THAT DEEP DOWN INSIDE THEY'RE STILL REALLY FRIENDS?

SURE! IF THEY'D ONLY GET OVER THEIR STUBBORNNESS AND JUST **SHAKE HANDS**, EVERYTHING WOULD BE FINE BETWEEN THEM! BUT NOBODY CAN MAKE THEM SHAKE HANDS!



WELL, I'LL GO ON INTO THE EAGLE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY BEYOND IRONVILLE AND TAKE UP THE CHASE AFTER BAD JOE, SHERIFF! THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION YOU GAVE ME ON HIM.



THE TWO MOUNT UP AND RIDE OUT OF TOWN, AND...

I'M GOING AFTER BAD JOE GRIMES! I HEARD A REPORT HE'S HOLED UP IN THE MOUNTAINS OUTSIDE OF TOWN.

GRIMES!
THAT
SIDEWINDER!
YOU'VE GOT TO
LET ME HELP
YOU FIND HIM,
KID!

I'M GOING INTO IRONVILLE, **SUNDOWN!** YOU CAN RIDE DOUBLE WITH ME, IF YOU LIKE.

GOSH, **KID** I'D APPRECIATE IT!

WHAT HAVE **YOU** GOT AGAINST GRIMES?

WELL, MY LUCK WENT BAD WHEN MY PARTNER AND I SPLIT UP, SO I INVESTED MY MONEY IN A STORE! I WAS DOING RIGHT FINE FOR A SPELL-- BUT GRIMES ROBBED EVERY DIME I HAD, AND RUINED ME!

LATER ON, IN IRONVILLE...

IF YOU WANT ME TO GO ALONG WITH YOU TO NAB GRIMES, LET ME KNOW. I'M SURE HANKERIN' TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT CRITTER!

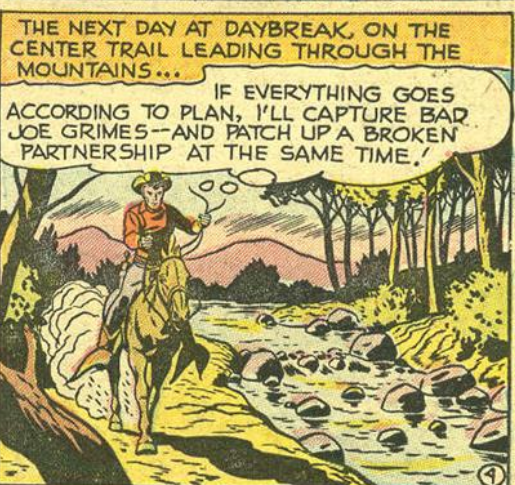
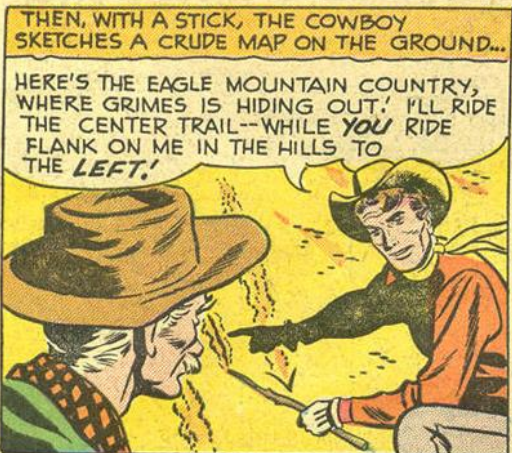
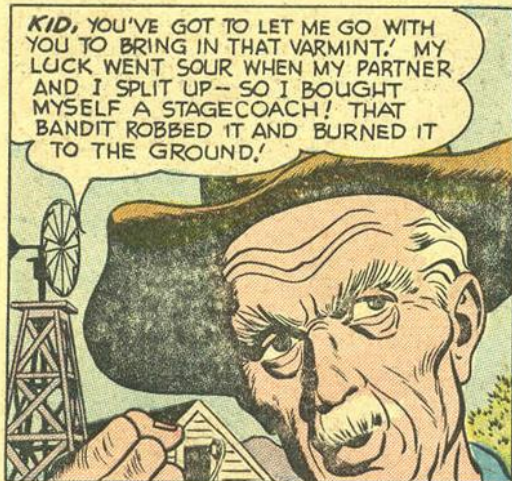
ALL RIGHT, SAM!

THEN, AS THE COWBOY LEADS HIS HORSE TO THE LIVELY STABLE ...

THE **WYOMING KID!** I HEARD TELL YOU'RE OUT LOOKIN' FOR BAD JOE GRIMES.

THAT'S RIGHT, LUKE!

LIVELY STABLE



AS DUSK APPROACHES, THE COWBOY SEES SMOKE RISING FROM A CABIN...

THAT'S A TRAPPER'S STAKE-OUT CABIN, USED ONLY BY TRAPPERS DURING THE SEASON! THIS ISN'T THE TRAPPING SEASON NOW! I'D BETTER SEE WHO'S IN THERE!



THEN, WHEN LUKE FADES IN THE HILLS, THE KID SUMMONS SUNDOWN SAM...

I GET YOU! I'LL STAY OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL I HEAR YOU SIGNAL ME WITH A COYOTE'S CRY!

RIGHT! THEN COME RUNNING TO THE CABIN!



INSIDE THE CABIN, WITH A GUN HELD ON HIM, THE COWBOY SUDDENLY EMITS THE CRY OF A WHIPPOORWILL BIRD...

HA-HA! WHAT GOOD DO YOU EXPECT THAT CALL TO DO, KID?

SUMMON HELP, GRIMES! IN ANOTHER MOMENT A FRIEND OF MINE WILL COME THROUGH THAT DOOR--!



FIRST, THE WYOMING KID SIGNALS LANDSLIDE LUKE, AND...

I'M GOING DOWN AND HAVE A LOOK AT THAT CABIN! YOU STAY OUT OF SIGHT-- AND APPROACH ONLY WHEN YOU HEAR ME SOUND THE CALL OF THE WHIPPOORWILL!



AS DARKNESS FALLS, THE ROVING COWBOY STEALS UP TO THE CABIN, BUT...

SO IT'S THE WYOMING KID I SAW SNEAKIN' UP HERE! KEEP YOUR HANDS UP--AND GET INSIDE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU THERE!



THAT OLD TRICK? YOU WANT ME TO TURN AROUND AND LOOK--TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU SO YOU CAN GO FOR ME!



BEFORE THE BANDIT
REALIZES IT, **LANDSLIDE**
LUKE SLAMS INTO HIM...

I'LL GET HIM FOR
YOU, **KID** --



MOMENTS LATER, DIVING
THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW
-- **SUNDOWN SAM**!



BUT, HOLDING ONTO HIS
GUN, GRIMES KEEPS THE
WYOMING KID AND
LUKE COVERED...

ALL RIGHT, **KID**, A LOT OF
GOOD THAT DID YOU! TRY IT
AGAIN--AND SEE WHERE
IT GETS YOU!



HA-HA! YOUR TRICK WORKED
ONCE--BUT YOU DON'T EX-
PECT ME TO BELIEVE IT
CAN HAPPEN AGAIN!

UHHH-OOH!



AT THE INSTANT THE BANDIT IS DOWNED,
THE COWBOY EXTINGUISHES THE ROOM'S
ONLY LAMP, FLINGING THE CABIN INTO
DARKNESS...

THERE, **KID**! WE'VE
GOT HIM PINNED
DOWN!

OKAY! LET'S
SHAKE HANDS ON
OUR VICTORY!



THEN, AS TWO FIGURES SHAKE HANDS IN
THE DARK, THE **WYOMING KID** LIGHTS
THE LAMP, AND...

LANDSLIDE LUKE!
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE THE
WYOMING KID!

AND YOU, **SUNDOWN**
SAM-- I THOUGHT
YOU WERE THE
WYOMING KID!

YOU'RE
SHAKING
HANDS AT LAST! KEEP
IT THAT WAY, PARTNERS!



THERE'S A \$10,000 REWARD FOR
THIS HOMBRE! THAT SHOULD BE
ENOUGH TO STAKE YOU TWO
FOR MORE PROSPECTING!

AND WE ARE GO-
ING PROSPECTING
AGAIN--AS **FRIENDS**!



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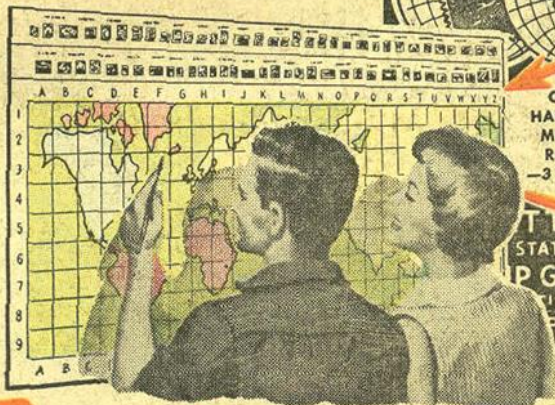
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