SEPT.-OCT. NO. 47

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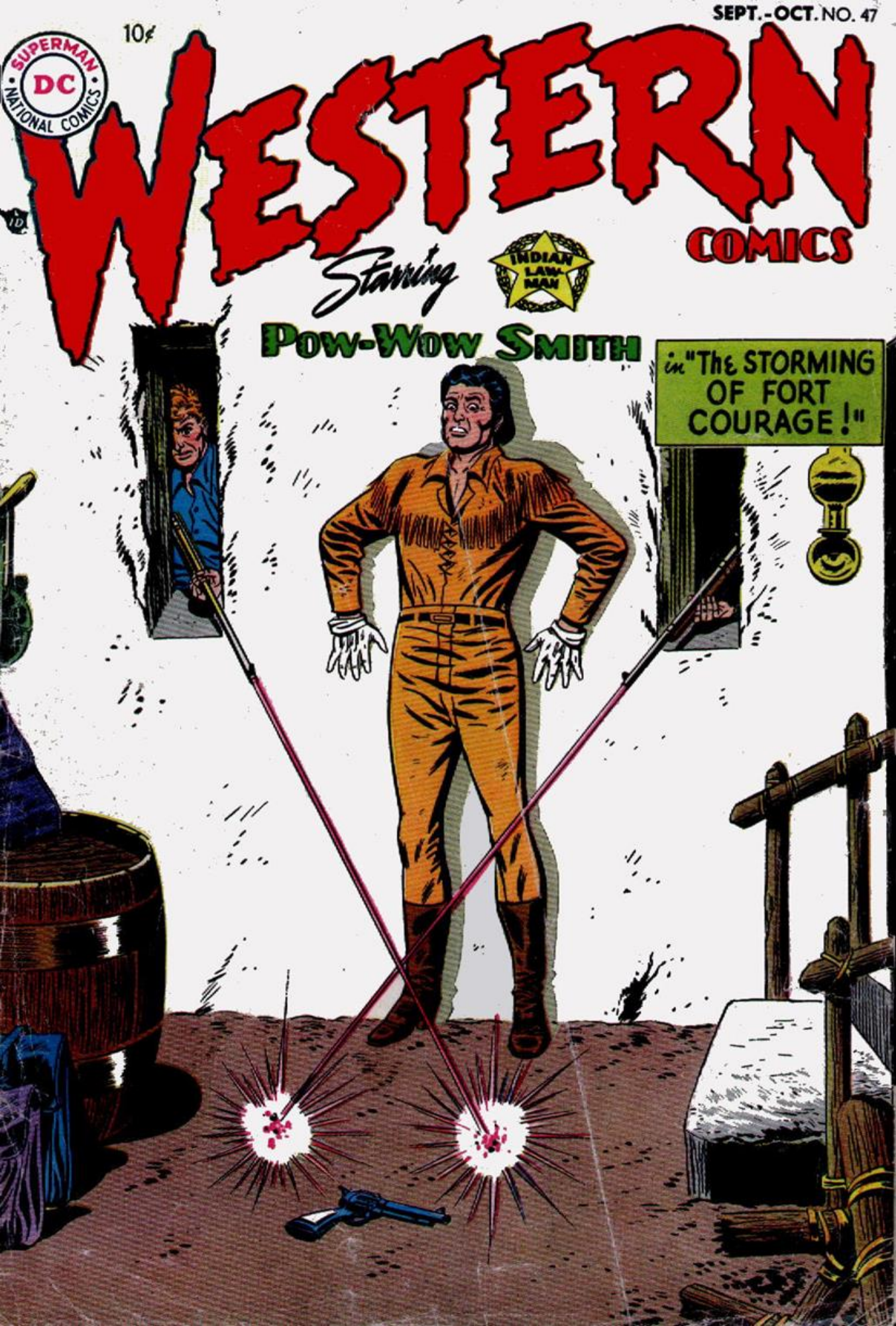
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS

WESTERN COMICS

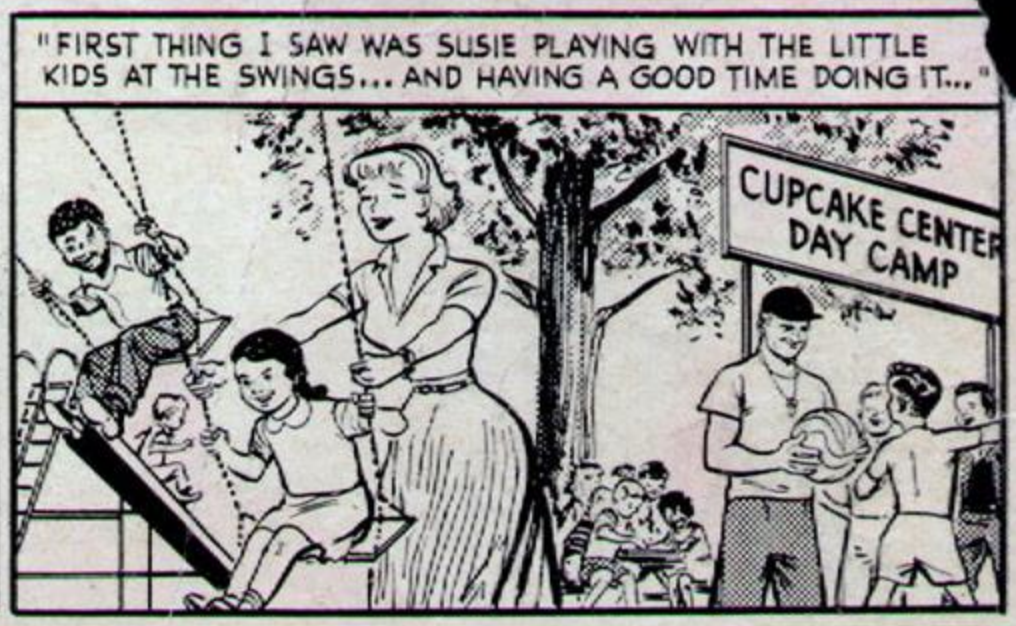
Starring INDIAN LAW-MAN

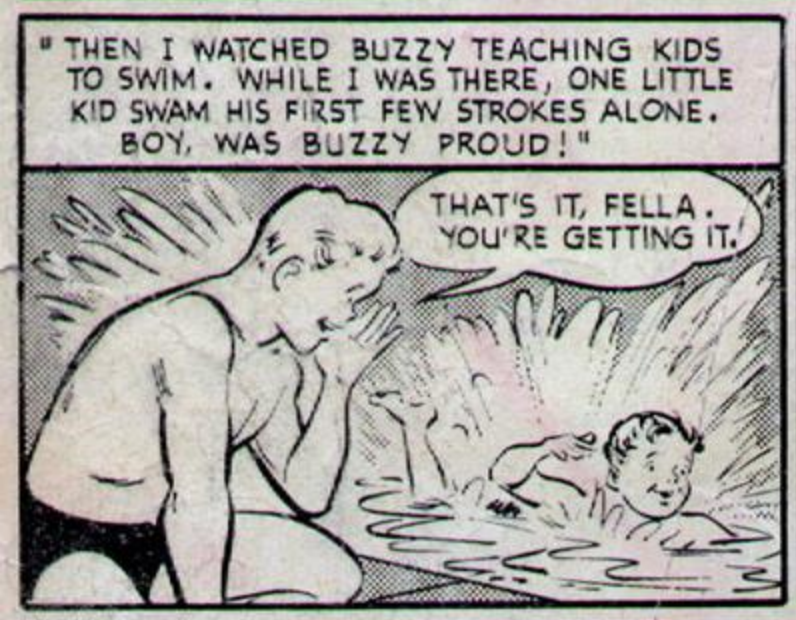
POW-WOW SMITH

in "The STORMING OF FORT COURAGE!"



BUZZY says: "WORK CAN BE FUN!"





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POW-WOW SMITH

INDIAN LAW-MAN

BEHIND THE WALLS OF THE ABANDONED FORT LURKED FOUR DANGEROUS MEN -- TOP BANDIT LEADERS OF THE WEST -- READY TO DEAL OUT DEATH TO ANY WHO DARED TO GO AFTER THEM! BUT SOMEBODY HAD TO GO, FOR A THREAT OF UNTOLD VIOLENCE HUNG OVER THE WEST! THAT'S WHEN **POW-WOW SMITH**, INDIAN LAWMAN, MADE HIS DANGEROUS BID AT THE ONE-MAN JOB OF...

The STORMING of FORT COURAGE!

I'M UNARMED... AND OUTNUMBERED, FOUR TO ONE!

ZIIPK

PING!

PINNG!

ON THE WAY TO TOWN, **POW-WOW SMITH** PAUSES, IN A SIOUX VILLAGE TO WATCH CHILDREN PLAY AT A FAMILIAR PASTIME...

GET IT OVER THE PLATE AN' I'LL SEND IT FLYING LIKE THE EAGLE!

WE SHALL SEE, LITTLE BUFFALO!

IT'S A **HIT!**

WAK!

YOU CALL THAT A **HIT?** THE BALL ONLY WENT A FEW FEET!

OUR BATTERED OLD BALL WON'T GO MUCH FARTHER, **POW-WOW!** SO IF WE JUST SMACK IT, WE CALL IT A HIT!

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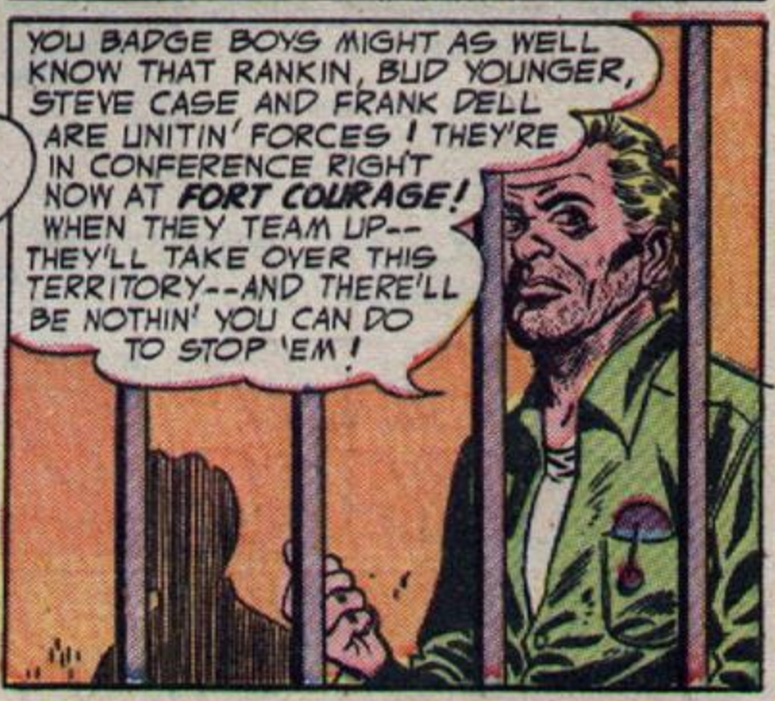
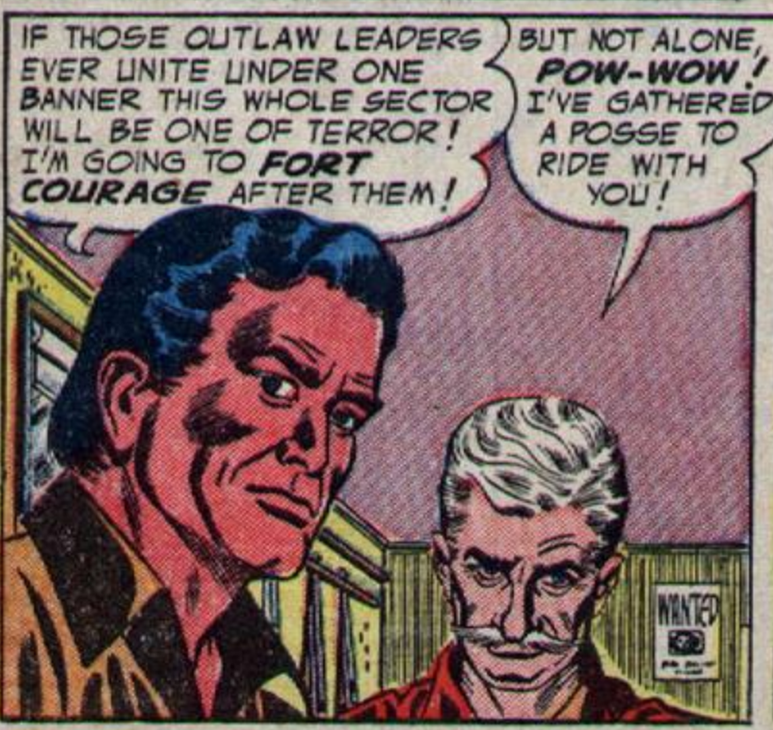
IT IS A SAD EXCUSE FOR A BASEBALL! TELL YOU WHAT, WHILE I'M IN TOWN I'LL BUY YOU SOME NEW BASEBALLS!
THAT'S SWELL, POW-WOW!

SOMETIME LATER, AT TRADER HANK'S GENERAL STORE...
BEEN EXPECTIN' A NEW SHIPMENT OF BASEBALLS, POW-WOW! BUT RIGHT NOW THIS IS THE ONLY ONE I'VE GOT IN THE STORE!
I'LL TAKE THAT ONE FOR THE BOYS NOW--THEN PICK UP SOME MORE LATER WHEN YOUR SHIPMENT ARRIVES!

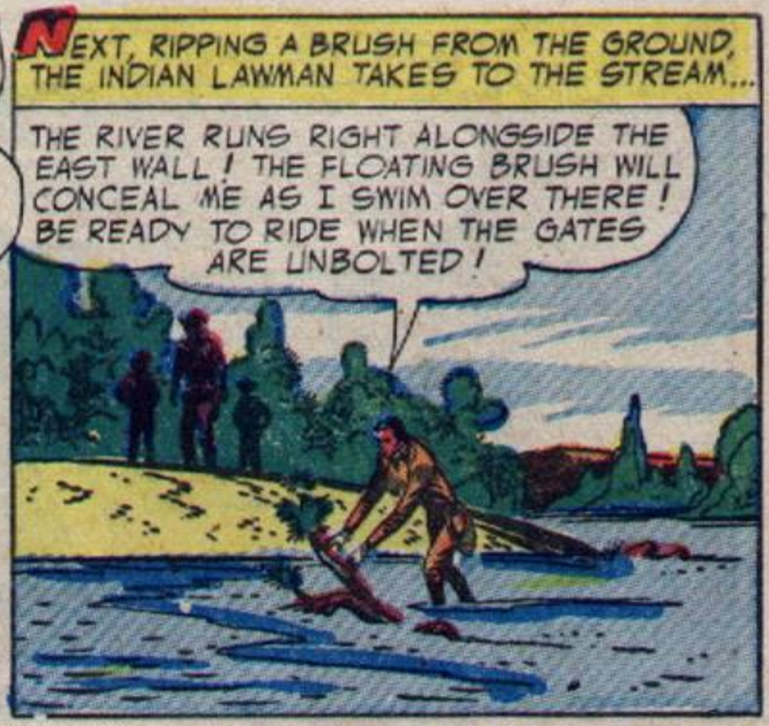
THEN, AFTERWARDS, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...
"GUNBOY" TAYLOR--THE BANK ROBBER!
YEP! HE'S ONE OF THE ACE RANKIN GANG! TELL POW-WOW WHAT YOU TOLD ME, TAYLOR!


YOU BADGE BOYS MIGHT AS WELL KNOW THAT RANKIN, BUD YOUNGER, STEVE CASE AND FRANK DELL ARE UNITIN' FORCES! THEY'RE IN CONFERENCE RIGHT NOW AT FORT COURAGE! WHEN THEY TEAM UP--THEY'LL TAKE OVER THIS TERRITORY--AND THERE'LL BE NOTHIN' YOU CAN DO TO STOP 'EM!


IF THOSE OUTLAW LEADERS EVER UNITE UNDER ONE BANNER THIS WHOLE SECTOR WILL BE ONE OF TERROR! I'M GOING TO FORT COURAGE AFTER THEM!
BUT NOT ALONE, POW-WOW! I'VE GATHERED A POSSE TO RIDE WITH YOU!
WANTED

SO, SOMETIME LATER, POW-WOW LEADS A POSSE TO FORT COURAGE...
THEY'RE BOUND TO SEE ANY APPROACH WE MAKE, POW-WOW! THERE'S NOTHING TO TAKE COVER BEHIND!
I'LL GO AHEAD ALONE--SCALE THE FORT'S WALLS AND OPEN THE GATES FOR YOU!

YUH MEAN YUH'RE GONNA TRY IT ALONE, POW-WOW?
I'VE GOT TO! THEY'D SEE US COMING-- AND MANY OF YOU WOULD GET SHOT BEFORE WE EVER FORCED THE GATES!.. I'LL NEED A ROPE..

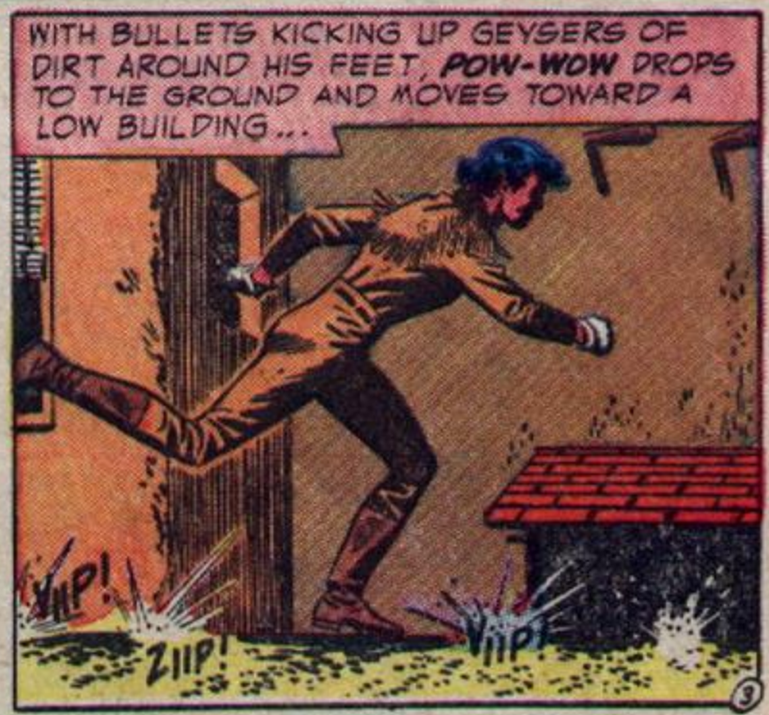

NEXT, RIPPING A BRUSH FROM THE GROUND, THE INDIAN LAWMAN TAKES TO THE STREAM...
THE RIVER RUNS RIGHT ALONGSIDE THE EAST WALL! THE FLOATING BRUSH WILL CONCEAL ME AS I SWIM OVER THERE! BE READY TO RIDE WHEN THE GATES ARE UNBOLTED!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE FORT...
SEE ANYTHING?
NOPE! HOPE WE GET THIS MEETIN' OVER WITH FAST! I DON'T LIKE HOLIN' UP IN THIS FORT AND JUST WAITIN' HERE!

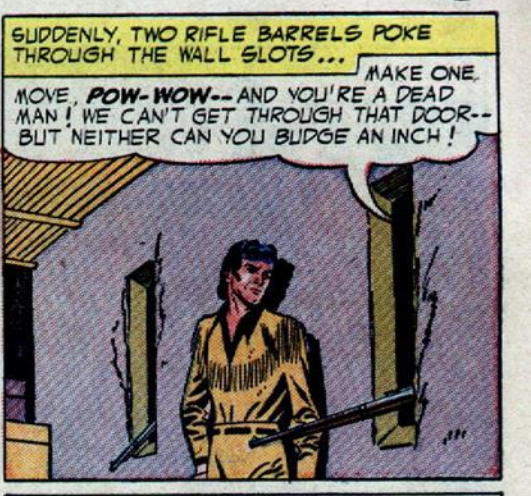
MOMENTS LATER, A LONE FIGURE PAUSES AT THE FACE OF THE WALL--THEN A ROPE SILENTLY LEAPS THE WALL...
SO FAR, SO GOOD!

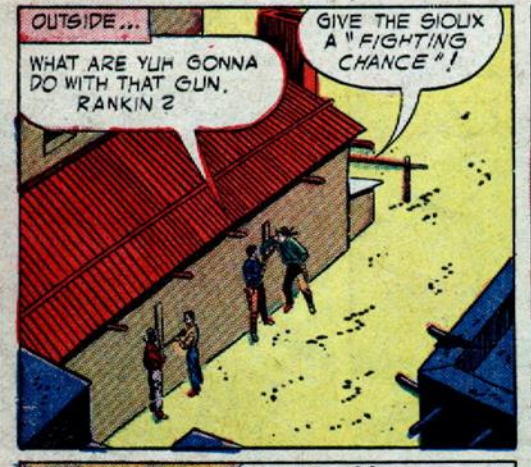
WITH THE STEALTH AND SILENCE OF A CAT, THE LAWMAN MAKES THE WALL'S TOP...
THE GATES ARE AT THE OTHER SIDE-- ON THE WEST WALL! I'LL HAVE TO DROP UNSEEN TO THE GROUND AND MAKE MY WAY OVER TO IT!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT ONE OF THE BANDITS TURNS, AND...
LOOK THERE! IT'S THAT SIOUX DEPUTY SHERIFF!
HOW'D HE GET IN HERE?
POW!

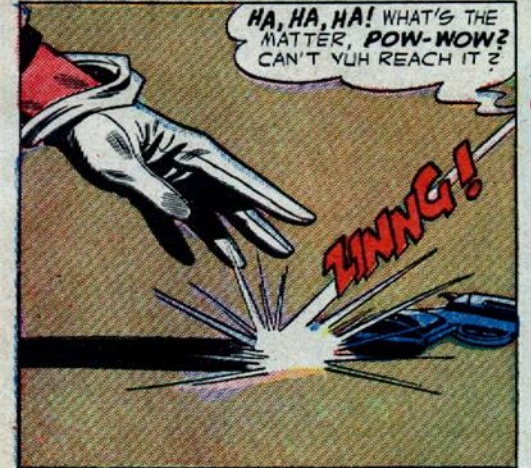

WITH BULLETS KICKING UP GEYSERS OF DIRT AROUND HIS FEET, POW-WOW DROPS TO THE GROUND AND MOVES TOWARD A LOW BUILDING...
VIIP!
ZIIP!
VIIP!

BARELY IN TIME DOES HE SLAM THE DOOR FROM WITHIN...
I'M TRAPPED IN HERE, WEAPONLESS! BUT IT'S BETTER THAN BEING OUT THERE--AN EASY TARGET FOR THEM!


SUDDENLY, TWO RIFLE BARRELS POKE THROUGH THE WALL SLOTS...
MAKE ONE MOVE, POW-WOW--AND YOU'RE A DEAD MAN! WE CAN'T GET THROUGH THAT DOOR--BUT NEITHER CAN YOU BUDGE AN INCH!

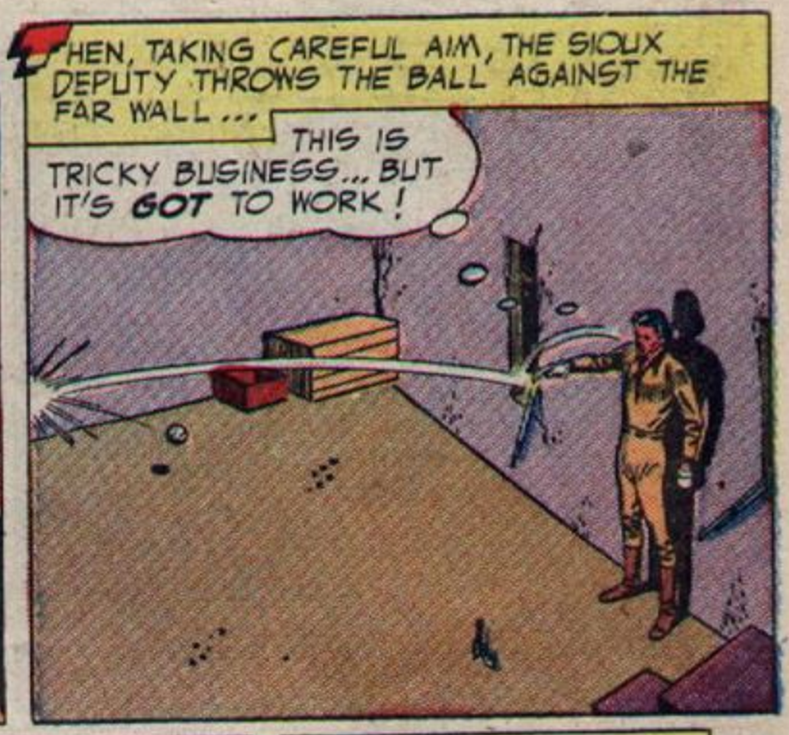

OUTSIDE...
WHAT ARE YUH GONNA DO WITH THAT GUN, RANKIN?
GIVE THE SIOUX A "FIGHTING CHANCE"!

HEY, POW-WOW--HERE'S A GUN FOR YOU!
IT'S TOO FAR AWAY FOR ME TO REACH WITHOUT PRESENTING MYSELF AS A TARGET! BUT I'VE GOT TO TRY IT...


HA, HA, HA! WHAT'S THE MATTER, POW-WOW? CAN'T YUH REACH IT?
ZINNG!

THEY KNOW I CAN'T REACH THE PISTOL--THEY'RE PLAYING CAT-AND-MOUSE WITH ME...
GO AHEAD--REACH FOR IT! WHAT ARE YUH BALKIN' FOR?

BALK! THAT'S WHAT A PITCHER DOES IN BASE-BALL SOMETIMES! IN THE EXCITEMENT, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE BASEBALL I BOUGHT! IT MIGHT BE THE ANSWER TO MY GETTING HOLD OF THE GUN!

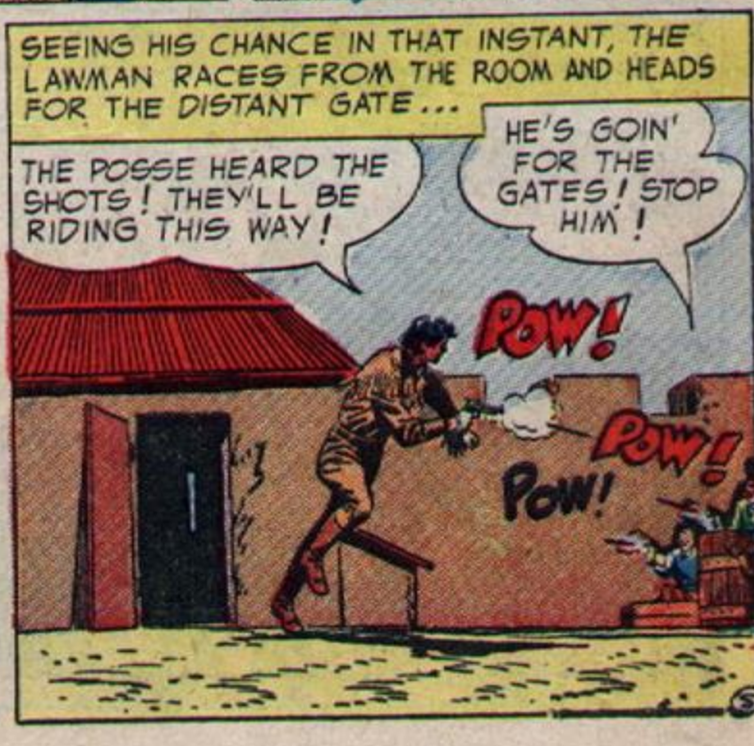

THEN, TAKING CAREFUL AIM, THE SIOUX DEPUTY THROWS THE BALL AGAINST THE FAR WALL...
THIS IS TRICKY BUSINESS... BUT IT'S GOT TO WORK!

THE BALL REBOUNDS, STRIKING THE PISTOL AND MOVING IT CLOSER TO POW-WOW...
NOW TO FIELD IT LIKE I WAS FIELDING A ROUGH GROUNDER HIT DOWN THE INFIELD!
HEY! LOOK WHAT HE'S DOIN'! STOP HIM!
THUD!

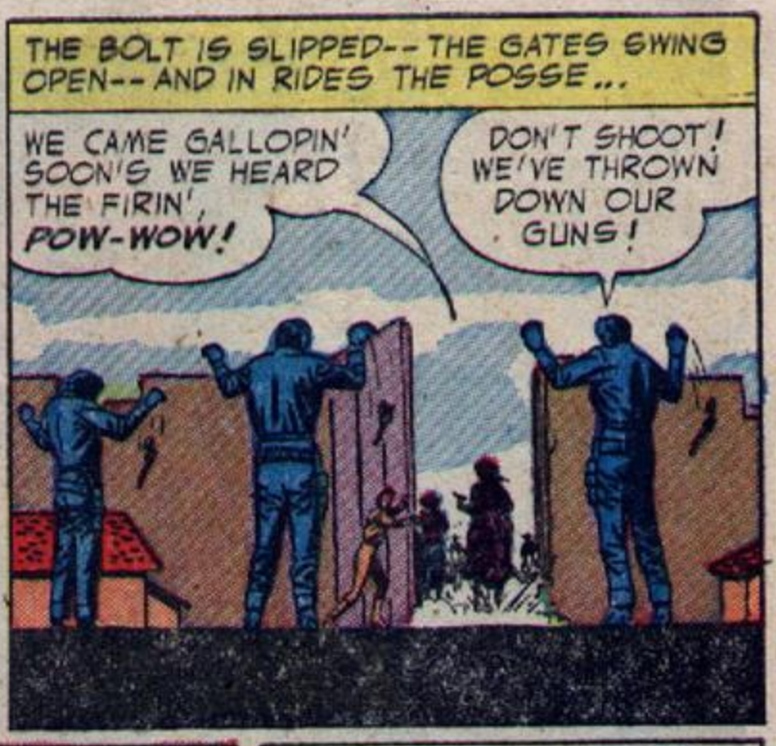
EACH TIME HE THROWS THE BALL, IT REBOUNDS TO STRIKE THE GUN AND INCH IT TOWARD HIM--BUT EACH TIME A RIFLE SHOT ALSO RINGS OUT...
JUST ANOTHER INCH OR TWO... IF THEY DON'T SHOOT THE BALL TO BITS BEFORE THEN!
ZINNG!

FINALLY, THE PISTOL IS WITHIN HIS REACH...
NOW IT'S MY TURN...

SUDDENLY, OUTSIDE...
HE'S GOT THE GUN! HIT FOR COVER!
POW!


SEEING HIS CHANCE IN THAT INSTANT, THE LAWMAN RACES FROM THE ROOM AND HEADS FOR THE DISTANT GATE...
THE POSSE HEARD THE SHOTS! THEY'LL BE RIDING THIS WAY!
HE'S GOIN' FOR THE GATES! STOP HIM!
POW!
POW!
POW!

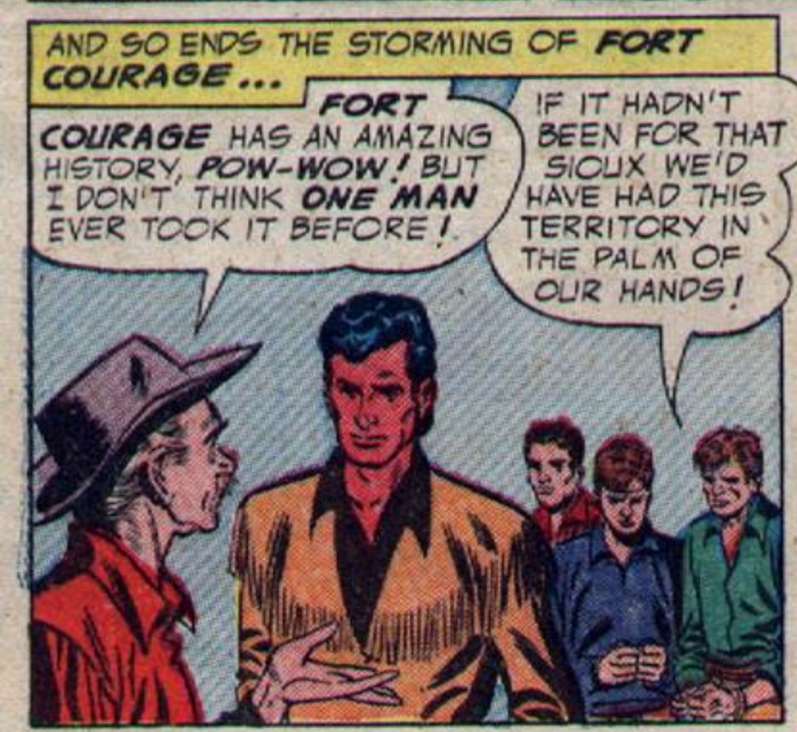
UPON REACHING THE GATES, HIS HAND GOES FOR THE BOLT, AS BULLETS SLAM AROUND HIM...
PING!
POW!
KRAK!


THE BOLT IS SLIPPED-- THE GATES SWING OPEN-- AND IN RIDES THE POSSE...
WE CAME GALLOPIN' SOON'S WE HEARD THE FIRIN', POW-WOW!
DON'T SHOOT! WE'VE THROWN DOWN OUR GUNS!

BUT ONE BANDIT LEADER DOESN'T SURRENDER-- ACE RANKIN!
I'M NOT GIVIN' UP THAT EASY! THEY'LL HAVE TO COME AN' GET ACE RANKIN!
POW!

THE HURTLING FIGURE OF THE LAWMAN COLLIDES VIOLENTLY WITH THE GUN-SLINGING OUTLAW CHIEF...

YOU SAID COME AND GET YOU, RANKIN-- AND I HAVE!
SOK!


AND SO ENDS THE STORMING OF FORT COURAGE...
FORT COURAGE HAS AN AMAZING HISTORY, POW-WOW! BUT I DON'T THINK ONE MAN EVER TOOK IT BEFORE!
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT SIOUX WE'D HAVE HAD THIS TERRITORY IN THE PALM OF OUR HANDS!

MUCH LATER, WHEN THE LAWMAN RETURNS TO THE VILLAGE...
DID YOU GET US THE NEW BALL, POW-WOW?
I HAD ONE--BUT IT'S IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE BECAUSE OF SOME PRIVATE BUSINESS! HOWEVER, I'LL BUY YOU SOME NEW ONES SOON AS THE NEXT SHIPMENT COMES IN!
The End

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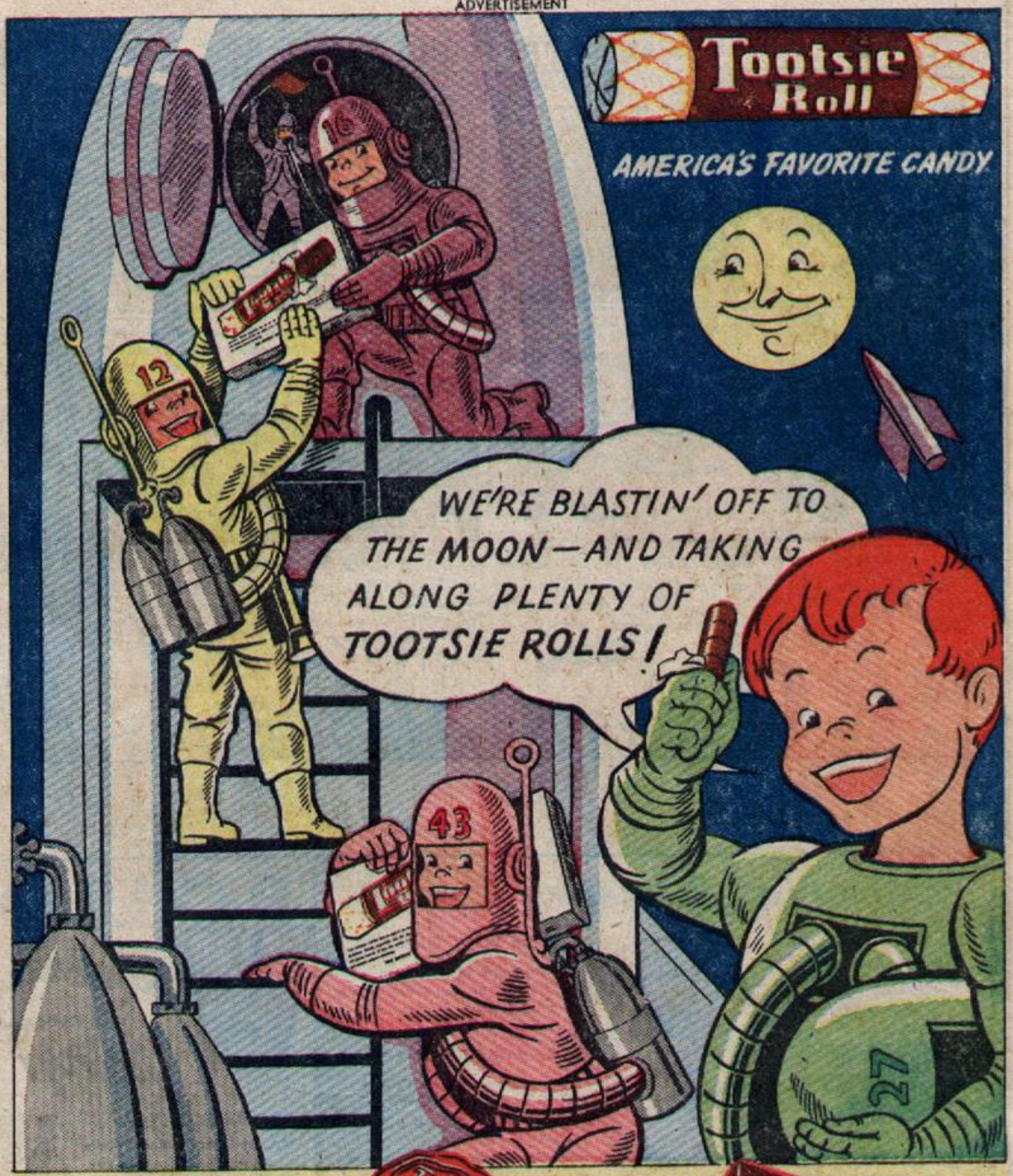

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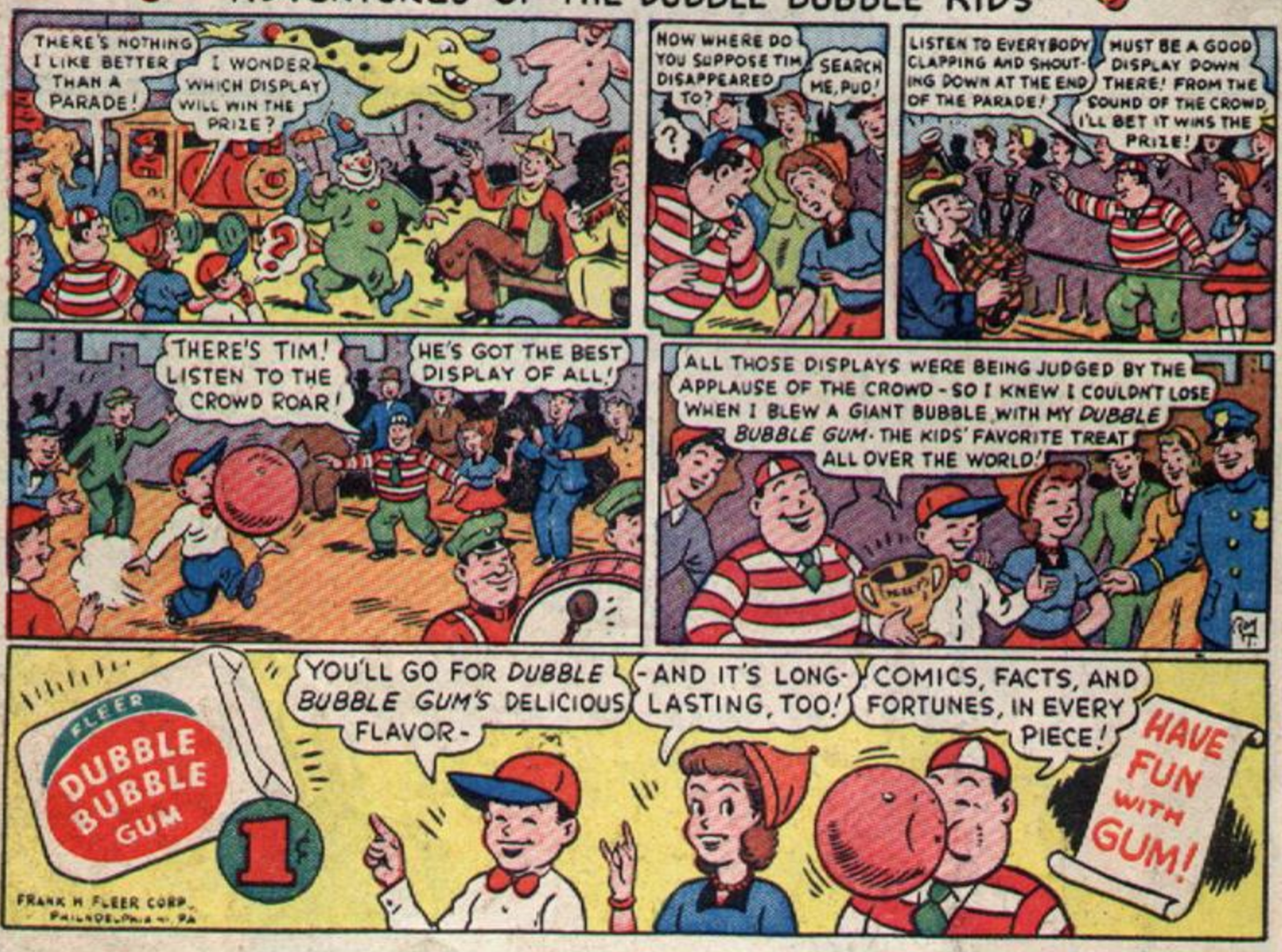

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When POLIO is around, follow these PRECAUTIONS

1. Keep clean
2. Don't get fatigued
3. Avoid new groups
4. Don't get chilled

A VACCINE

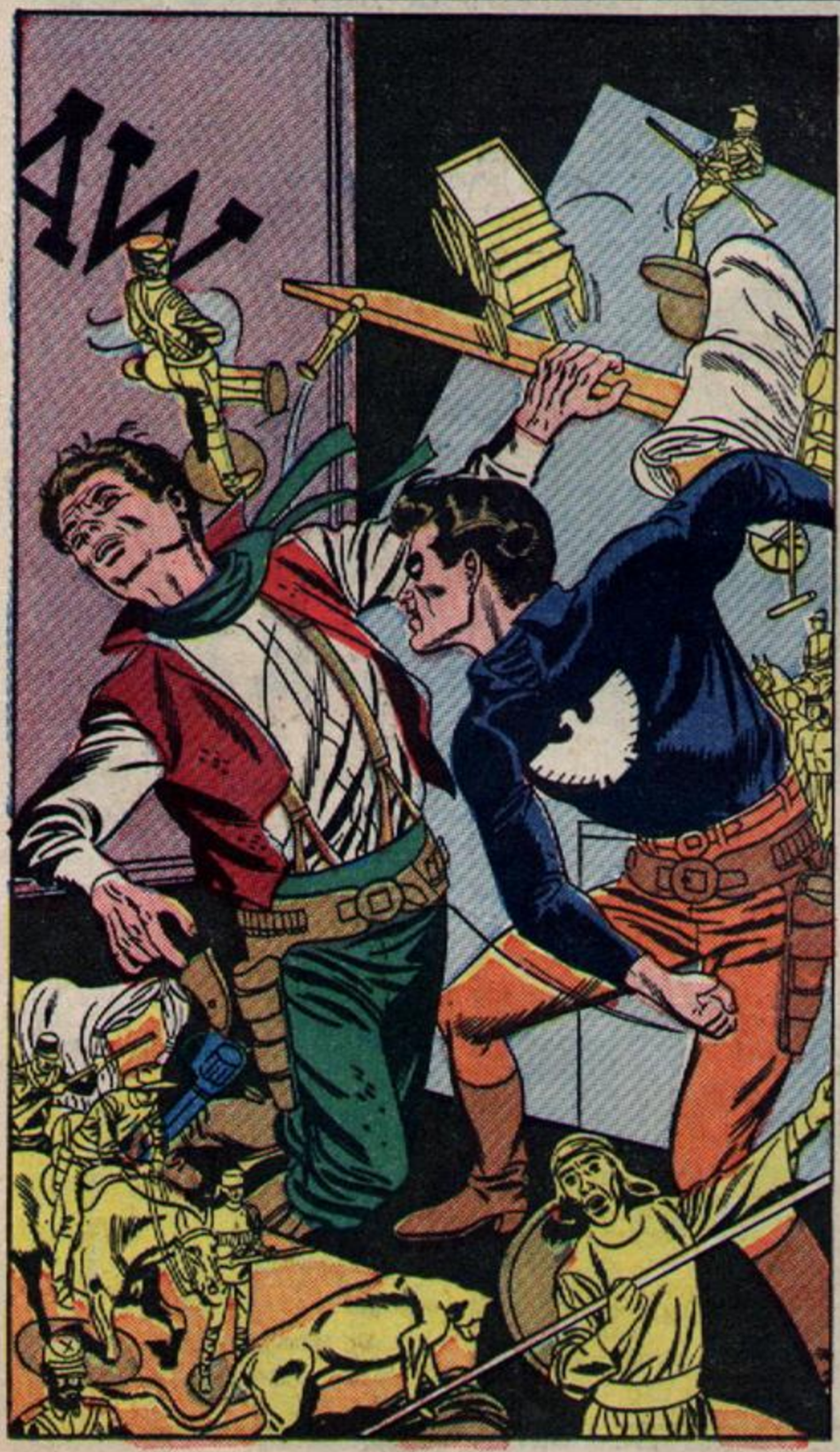
A safe and promising vaccine is being tested now, but results will not be known until 1955.

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

THE NIGHTHAWK

NOT EVEN THE MINE BOSS KNEW IN ADVANCE HOW OR WHEN THE GOLD WOULD BE SHIPPED FROM CINCH CITY--SO HOW COULD BANDITS, MILES AWAY IN THE HILLS, POSSIBLY FIND OUT? NO WONDER *NIGHTHAWK* WAS BAFFLED BY THE THEFT OF ONE SECRET SHIPMENT AFTER ANOTHER--UNTIL, FOLLOWING A FIRE-STREAKED PATH THROUGH PERIL-PACKED DARKNESS, HE CAME ACROSS THE AMAZING ANSWER TO--

THE OUTLAW TELEGRAPH!



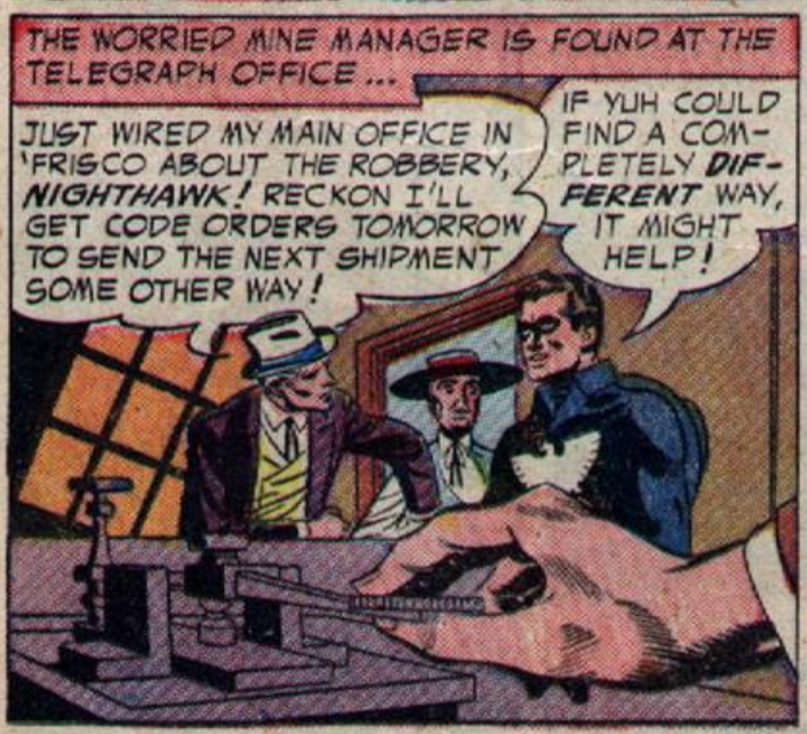
AS THE BANDITS START TO FLEE WITH THEIR LOOT, SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE GATHERING DUSK, AN AWESOME RIDER LUNGES...
IT'S NIGHT-HAWK! RUN FOR IT!
GOOD THING HANNIBAL HAWKES WAS CAMPED CLOSE BY, AN' SAW THE VARMINTS--AN' SWITCHED TO FIGHTIN' TOGS TO FOLLOW 'EM!
NIGHTHAWK MAKES A DARING LEAP FOR THE CLOSEST RIDER...
I'M GROUNDIN' THIS NIGHT-FLYIN' BIRD RIGHT NOW!
OOF! JUST GRABBED HIS SADDLE-BAGS!
AS THE SHAKEN LAWMAN EXAMINES THE SADDLE-BAGS...
A TINY MODEL OF THE VERY COACH THEY TRIED TO ROB! NOW WHY'D AN OWL HOOT BE CARRYIN' THAT?
LATER, HAVING ESCORTED THE COACH BACK TO CINCH CITY, NIGHTHAWK CALLS ON SHERIFF PARKER...
DON'T FEEL DOWN-HEARTED ABOUT NOT STOPPIN' THOSE BUZZARDS, NIGHTHAWK! THEY'VE STOLE EVERY GOLD SHIPMENT OUT O' THIS TOWN FOR WEEKS PAST!
YUH DON'T SAY! WHAT'S THE REASON NOBODY'S BEEN ABLE TO OUTSMART 'EM?
THEY'VE GOT ME BUFFALOED! NOT EVEN ED WORTS, THE MINE MANAGER, KNOWS HOW OR WHEN THE GOLD'S GOIN' TO BE SHIPPED TILL HE GETS A SECRET TELEGRAM IN CODE FROM HIS MAIN OFFICE IN 'FRISCO--GENERALLY AT THE LAST MINUTE!
NOW, HOW COULD THE BANDITS, MILES OFF IN THE BADLANDS, ALWAYS KNOW EXACTLY WHICH STAGE OR TRAIN TO ROB? -- DRAT THAT MOTH!
HMM... THAT GHOST MOTH CAN SCENT ITS MATE MILES AWAY AT NIGHT! IF OUR SENSES WERE THAT SHARP, WE MIGHT SNIFF OUT THE BANDITS' HIDEOUT...
BUT SINCE WE'VE GOT TO WORK WITH CLUES, ONE O' THE OUTLAWS LOST THIS! DOES IT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
A MODEL O' THE COACH THAT WAS HELD UP! LOOKS LIKE OLD WHITTLIN' WALT'S WORK! LET'S FIND OUT!

AT A CLUTTERED SHOP DOWN THE STREET, WHERE A QUAINT OLD-TIMER HAS SPENT YEARS WHITTLING TINY REPLICAS OF EVERYTHING WESTERN...
WALT, DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS LITTLE STAGECOACH NIGHTHAWK FOUND?
WHY IT'S MINE! IT WAS STANDIN' ON THIS SHELF EARLIER TODAY! NIGHTHAWK, DID YUH CATCH THE THIEF THAT STOLE IT AN' THEM OTHERS?

WHAT OTHERS?
LAST TUESDAY MY MODEL O' THE WESTERN EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE DISAPPEARED! WEEK BEFORE, IT WAS A FIGURE O' THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER!

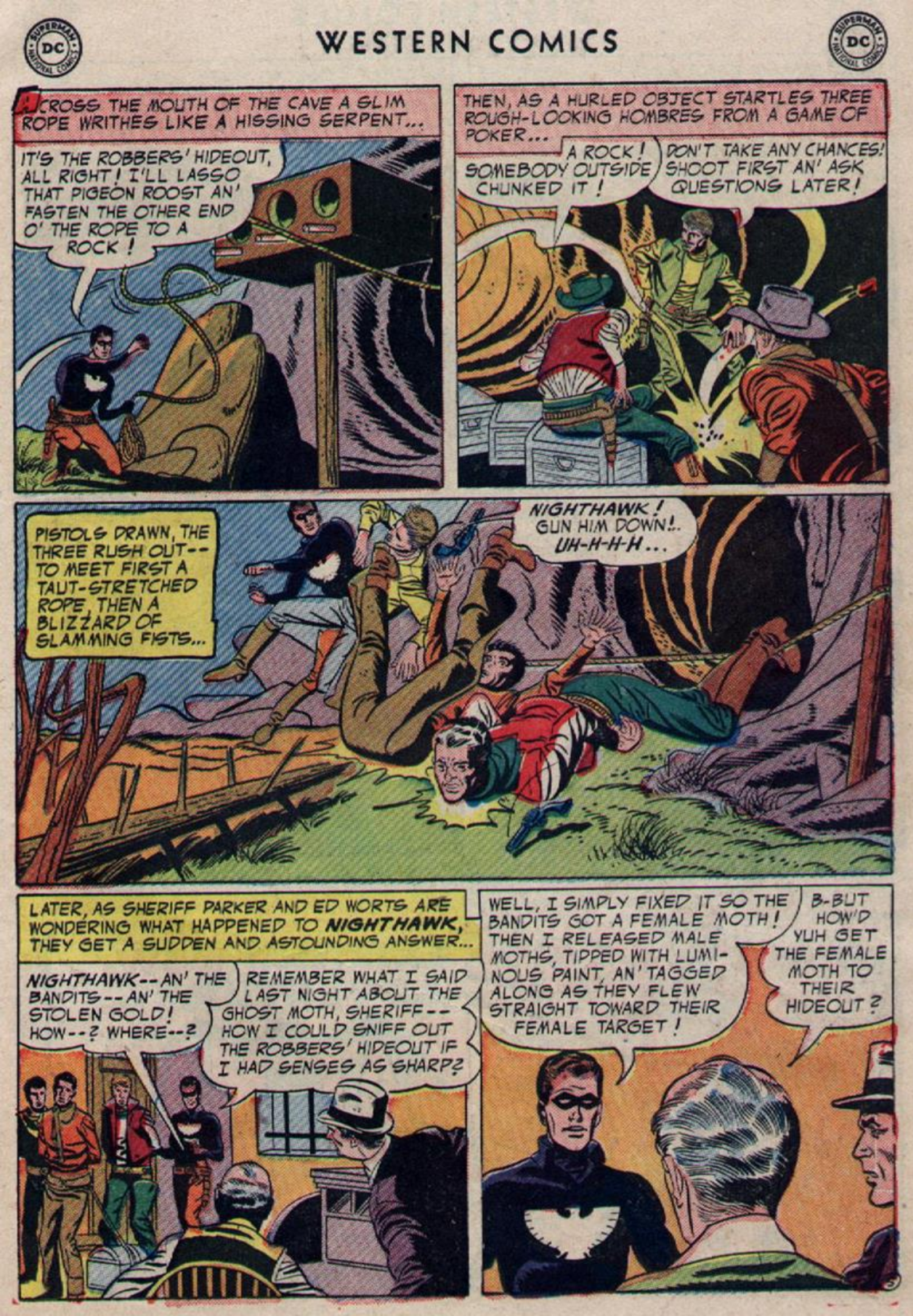
I GUESS ANYBODY COULD HAVE SWIPED 'EM! THIS IS LIKE A PUBLIC MUSEUM, ALWAYS OPEN, EVEN IF I'M NOT HERE!
I HAVEN'T CAUGHT THE THIEF YET, WALT! BUT I'LL SURE KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR HIM!

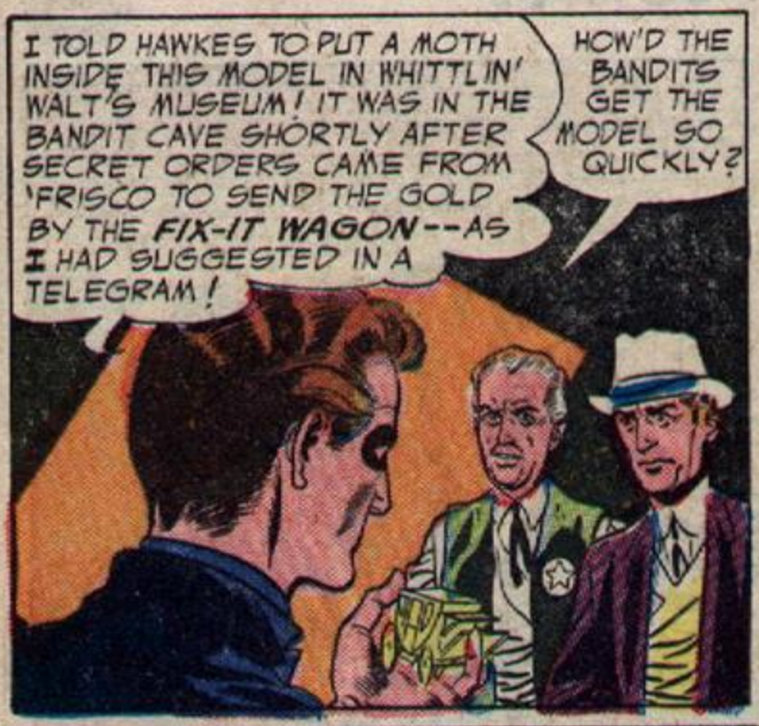
AS THE LAWMEN LEAVE...
NIGHTHAWK, THOSE OTHER MODELS WERE STOLEN ON THE SAME DAYS THE TRAIN AN' THE EXPRESS RIDER WERE ROBBED O' GOLD SHIPMENTS!
THERE MUST BE A CONNECTION! LET'S LOOK UP ED WORTS, THE MINE MANAGER!


THE WORRIED MINE MANAGER IS FOUND AT THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE...
JUST WIRED MY MAIN OFFICE IN 'FRISCO ABOUT THE ROBBERY, NIGHTHAWK! RECKON I'LL GET CODE ORDERS TOMORROW TO SEND THE NEXT SHIPMENT SOME OTHER WAY!
IF YUH COULD FIND A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT WAY, IT MIGHT HELP!

TROUBLE IS, WE'VE TRIED EVERY WAY, EXCEPT FLYIN' THE GOLD OUT BY THE CARRIER PIGEONS WE KEEP FOR EMERGENCY MESSAGES--AN' GOLD'S TOO HEFTY FOR PIGEONS TO TOTE!
WHICH REMINDS ME. I'VE GOT TO SEND AN EMERGENCY MESSAGE--BY WIRE!

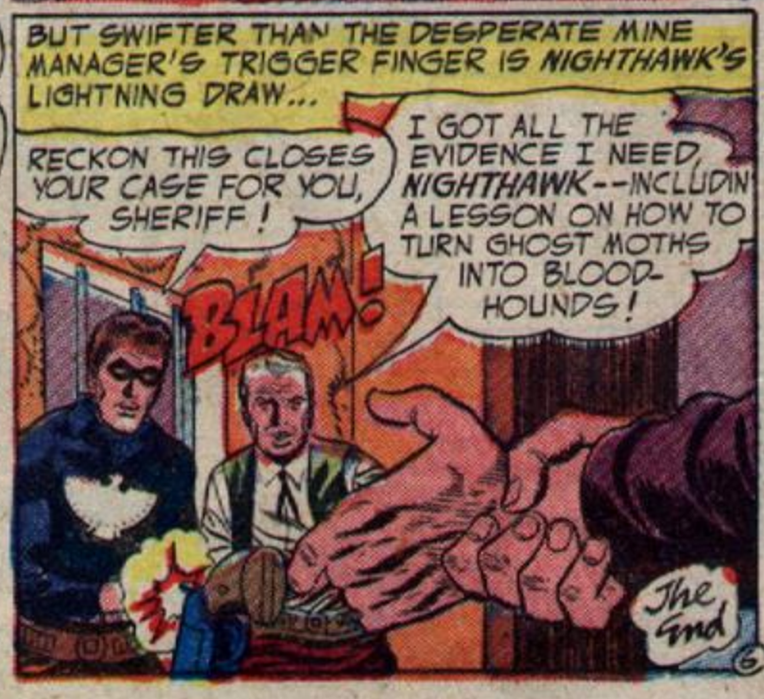
DAWN IS BREAKING WHEN NIGHTHAWK RETURNS TO HANNIBAL HAWKES' CAMP--AND TO HIS EVERYDAY IDENTITY AS THE RAMBLING FIX-IT-MAN...
WE HAD A TOUGH NIGHT'S HUNTIN', NIGHTWIND! HERE'S HOPIN' WE DO BETTER TONIGHT!
LATER, AS HANNIBAL ADMIRES WHITTLIN' WALT'S ARTISTIC EFFORTS IN TOWN...
MAKIN' A NEW MASTERPIECE FOR YOUR ART GALLERY, WALT?
YEP, MR. WORTS--AN' A GOOD ONE! I'VE HEARD O' THE FIX-IT WAGON FOR YEARS--BUT THIS IS MY FIRST CHANCE TO CARVE A MODEL OF IT!
THAT AFTERNOON, AS THE MINE MANAGER GETS HIS CODED ORDERS AT THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE..
WELL! THE MAIN OFFICE FINALLY DID THINK UP A DIFFERENT WAY! SOMEHOW THEY'VE HEARD OF THE FIX-IT FELLER, AN' THEY WANT THE NEXT GOLD SHIPMENT SENT SECRETLY IN HIS WAGON!
WHEN ED WORTS PUTS THE PROPOSITION UP TO HANNIBAL...
WHY, SHORE! YUH CAN HIDE THE STUFF IN MY WAGON WHEN I'M READY TO LEAVE TOMORROW MORNIN'! WHO'D THINK A WANDERIN' TINKER WOULD BE WORTH ROBBIN'?
THAT'S FINE, HAWKES! WE'LL FOOL THOSE BANDITS YET!
AT SUNDOWN, AS HANNIBAL HEADS FOR THE EDGE OF TOWN TO CAMP FOR THE NIGHT...
THE FIX-IT WAGON MODEL'S MISSIN' ALREADY! LOOKS LIKE MY THEORY'S TURNIN' OUT TO BE RIGHT!
DARKNESS FALLS, AND ONCE AGAIN NIGHTHAWK PROWLS THE BADLANDS... PLAYING A MYSTIFYING GAME WITH WHAT APPEAR TO BE FIREFLIES...
ANYBODY WATCHIN' WOULD THINK I WAS LOCO, NIGHTWIND! KEEP THAT SPECK O' LIGHT IN SIGHT LONG AS YUH CAN! IF YUH LOSE IT, I'LL TURN ANOTHER LOOSE FROM THIS BOX!
BUT THERE'S METHOD IN HIS SEEMING MADNESS! SEVERAL "FIREFLIES" AND SEVERAL MILES LATER, IN A REMOTE CANYON...
A CAMPFIRE IN A CAVE! WAIT HERE, PARDNER, WHILE I TAKE MY LARIAT AN' SNEAK UP QUIET AS A NIGHTHAWK GETTIN' READY TO SWOOP!


ACROSS THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE A SLIM ROPE WRITHES LIKE A HISSING SERPENT...
IT'S THE ROBBERS' HIDEOUT, ALL RIGHT! I'LL LASSO THAT PIGEON ROOST AN' FASTEN THE OTHER END O' THE ROPE TO A ROCK!
THEN, AS A HURLED OBJECT STARTLES THREE ROUGH-LOOKING HOMBRES FROM A GAME OF POKER...
A ROCK! SOMEBODY OUTSIDE CHUNKED IT!
DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! SHOOT FIRST AN' ASK QUESTIONS LATER!
PISTOLS DRAWN, THE THREE RUSH OUT-- TO MEET FIRST A TAUT-STRETCHED ROPE, THEN A BLIZZARD OF SLAMMING FISTS...
NIGHTHAWK! GUN HIM DOWN!.. UH-H-H-H...
LATER, AS SHERIFF PARKER AND ED WORTS ARE WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED TO NIGHTHAWK, THEY GET A SUDDEN AND ASTOUNDING ANSWER...
NIGHTHAWK--AN' THE BANDITS--AN' THE STOLEN GOLD! HOW--? WHERE--?
REMEMBER WHAT I SAID LAST NIGHT ABOUT THE GHOST MOTH, SHERIFF-- HOW I COULD SNIFF OUT THE ROBBERS' HIDEOUT IF I HAD SENSES AS SHARP?
WELL, I SIMPLY FIXED IT SO THE BANDITS GOT A FEMALE MOTH! THEN I RELEASED MALE MOTHS, TIPPED WITH LUMINOUS PAINT, AN' TAGGED ALONG AS THEY FLEW STRAIGHT TOWARD THEIR FEMALE TARGET!
B-BUT HOW'D YUH GET THE FEMALE MOTH TO THEIR HIDEOUT?


I TOLD HAWKES TO PUT A MOTH INSIDE THIS MODEL IN WHITTLIN' WALT'S MUSEUM! IT WAS IN THE BANDIT CAVE SHORTLY AFTER SECRET ORDERS CAME FROM 'FRISCO TO SEND THE GOLD BY THE FIX-IT WAGON--AS I HAD SUGGESTED IN A TELEGRAM!
HOW'D THE BANDITS GET THE MODEL SO QUICKLY?

BY CARRIER PIGEON! THAT'S HOW THEY GOT ALL THE LIGHT-WEIGHT MODELS, WHICH WERE STOLEN FROM WALT, AN' NOT TRACEABLE, AS A HAND-WRITTEN NOTE MIGHT BE--
BUT WHO TIPPED OFF THE ROBBERS?

ED WORTS! HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW HOW THE GOLD WOULD BE SHIPPED! HE GOT A BIG SHARE O' THE LOOT--
AN' I'LL KEEP ON GETTIN' IT AFTER I KILL YUH BOTH AN' LET FOLKS THINK THE BANDITS DID IT WHILE ESCAPIN'!


BUT SWIFTER THAN THE DESPERATE MINE MANAGER'S TRIGGER FINGER IS NIGHTHAWK'S LIGHTNING DRAW...
RECKON THIS CLOSES YOUR CASE FOR YOU, SHERIFF!
I GOT ALL THE EVIDENCE I NEED, NIGHTHAWK--INCLUDIN' A LESSON ON HOW TO TURN GHOST MOTHS INTO BLOOD-HOUNDS!
BLAM!
The End

THREE EXCITING NEW ADVENTURES
OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE TEAM
BATMAN
with ROBIN
"BATMAN--INDIAN CHIEF!"
"FIRST VOYAGE of the BATMARINE!"
"The JOKER'S CRIME TEAM!"
GET YOUR COPY NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

WAGON TRAIN ATTACK!

ON JULY 13, 1871, A GOVERNMENT WAGON TRAIN LOADED WITH ARMS AND AMMUNITION HEADED FOR CAMP BOWIE, ARIZONA, UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPTAIN SMITH...

A DOZEN OF YOU MEN CLIMB INTO THE WAGON AND CONCEAL YOURSELVES! I'LL RIDE A MILE AHEAD WITH THE REST OF THE TROOPS TO WARD OFF ANY APACHE ATTACKS!

MEANWHILE, FURTHER ALONG THE TRAIL, *ESKIMINZIN*, AN APACHE CHIEF, WAS PREPARING A SURPRISE ASSAULT ON THE WAGON TRAIL...

AFTER ADVANCE GUARD RIDES PAST HERE, MAIN BODY OF APACHES WILL ATTACK TRAIN--WHILE I STAY HIDDEN BEHIND KNOLL WITH 30 MEN TO PREVENT CAVALRY FROM RETURNING!

SOON THE APACHES CHARGED THE WAGON TRAIN WITH ARROWS AND LANCES, SO AS NOT TO ALERT THE ADVANCE TROOPS--BUT THEY COULDN'T REPRESS THEIR WAR WHOOPS...

WU HU! HYAH!

SHOVING THEMSELVES OUT OF THE WAGON FEET FIRST, MOST OF THE TROOPERS SUFFERED ARROW WOUNDS IN THEIR LEGS...

HOLD THEM OFF AS LONG AS YOU CAN! THE NOISE OF OUR NEEDLE-GUNS WILL ALERT CAPTAIN SMITH!

ZING

AT THE SOUND OF THE INITIAL VOLLEY, SMITH ORDERED HIS TROOPS AROUND, ONLY TO RUN INTO THE GUN-FIRE OF THE HIDDEN APACHES...

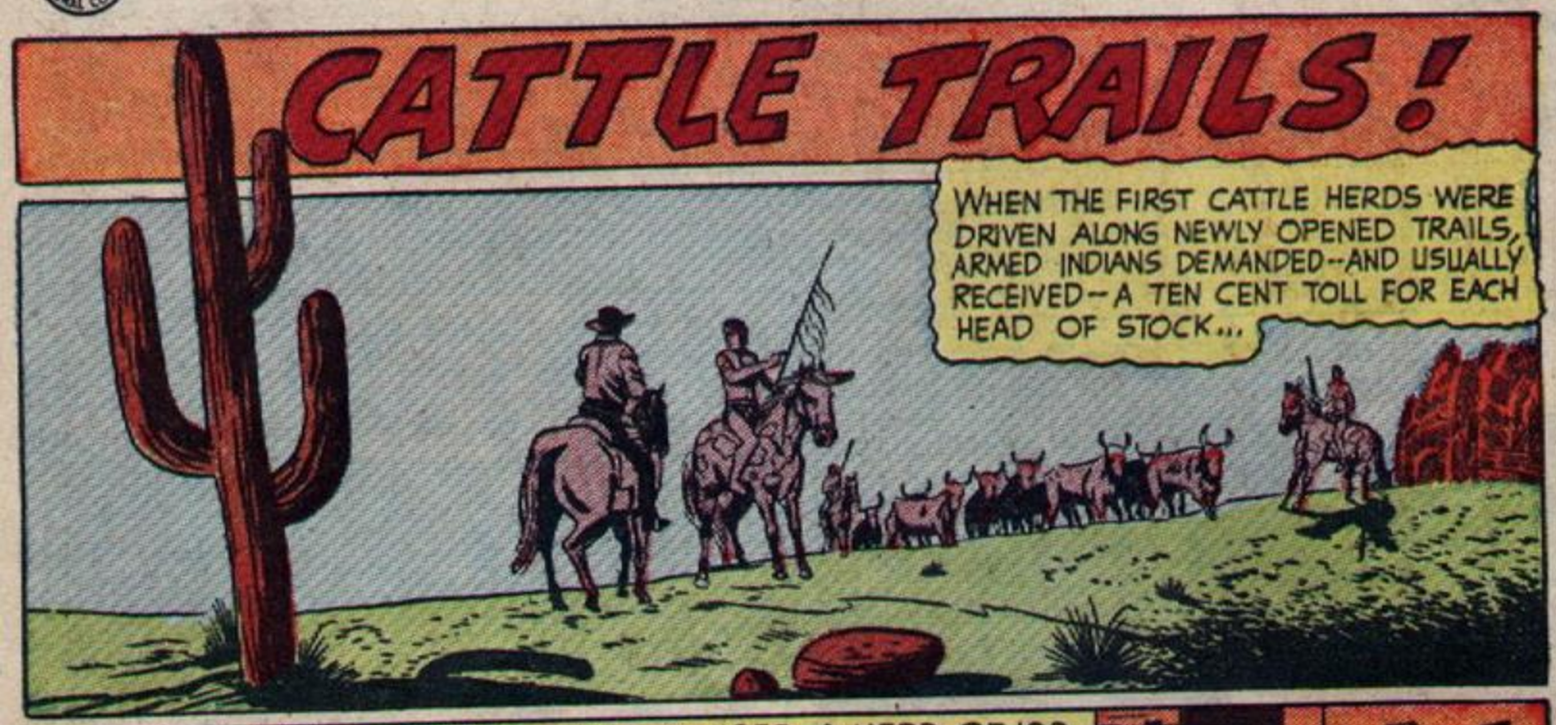
FORWARD, MEN! WE CAN'T WASTE TIME FIGHTING OFF THOSE AMBUSHERS!

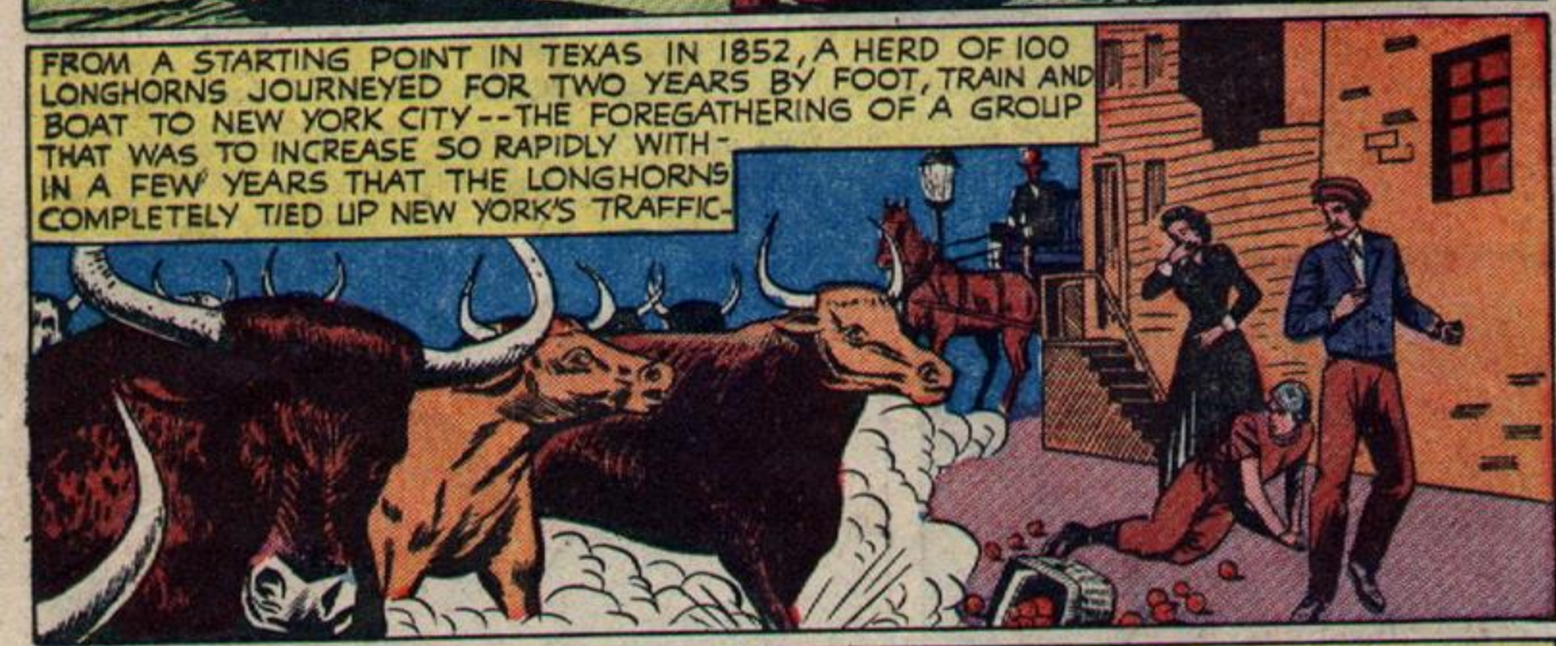
HOTLY PURSUED BY *ESKIMINZIN*, A RUNNING GUN-DUEL CONTINUED ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE WAGON TRAIN...

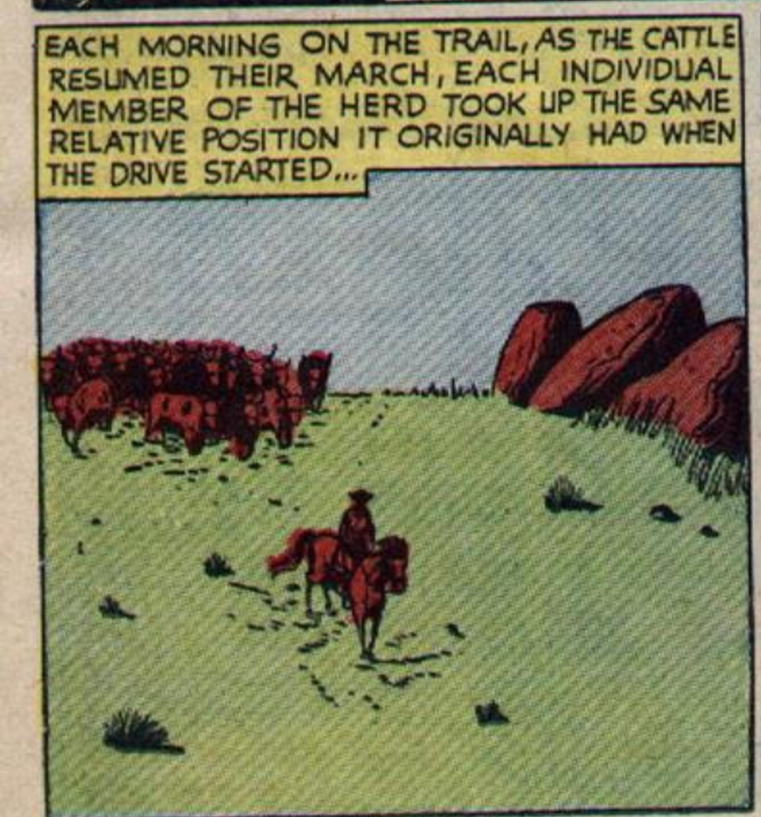
FINALLY, THE TREMENDOUS LOSS OF APACHE WARRIORS FORCED *ESKIMINZIN*, HIMSELF WOUNDED, TO BREAK UP THE BATTLE AND FLEE... ALLOWING THE WAGON TRAIN TO PROCEED TRIUMPHANTLY TO CAMP BOWIE...

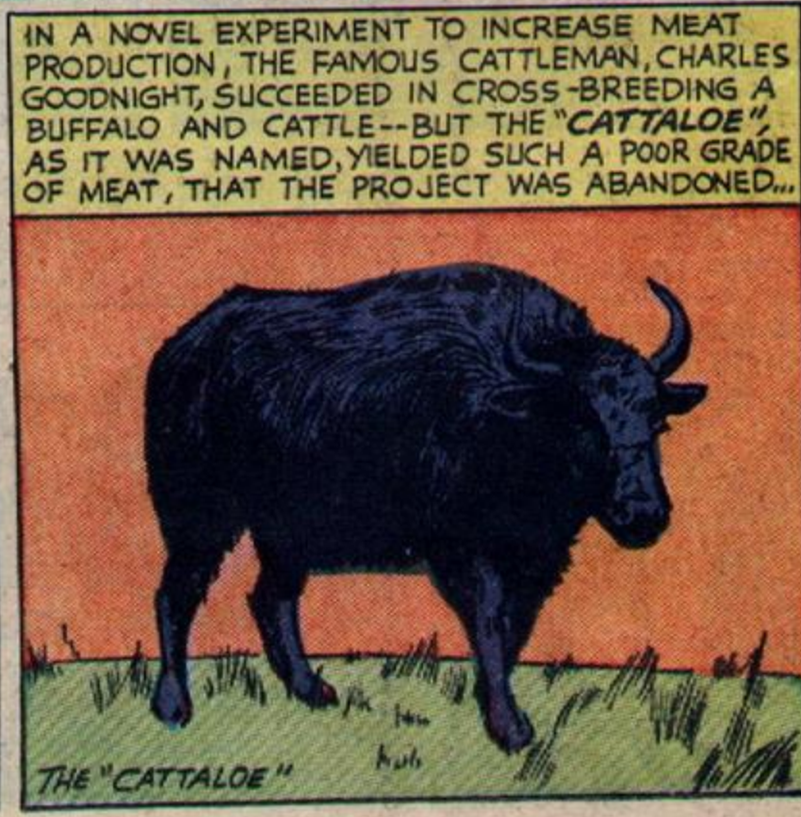
THE END

CATTLE TRAILS!







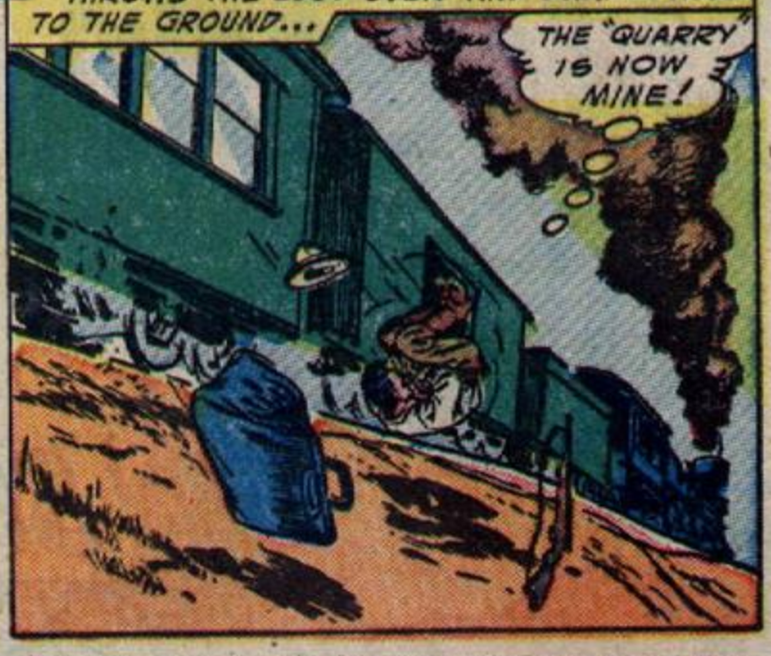


RODEO RICK

HAVING LEARNED HIS HUNTING SKILLS IN THE JUNGLES OF FAR-OFF AFRICA, THE OUTLAW TURNED HIS CRAFT TO THE "BIG GAME" OF THE WESTERN RANGE--CAPTURING MONEY-LADEN TRAINS AND STAGECOACHES! BUT HOW WOULD JUNGLE CUNNING FARE WHEN IT CLASHES AGAINST WESTERN WILES? THE QUESTION IS DRAMATICALLY ANSWERED WHEN **RODEO RICK** COMPETES AGAINST...

"The JUNGLE HUNTER of SIERRA GRANDE!"

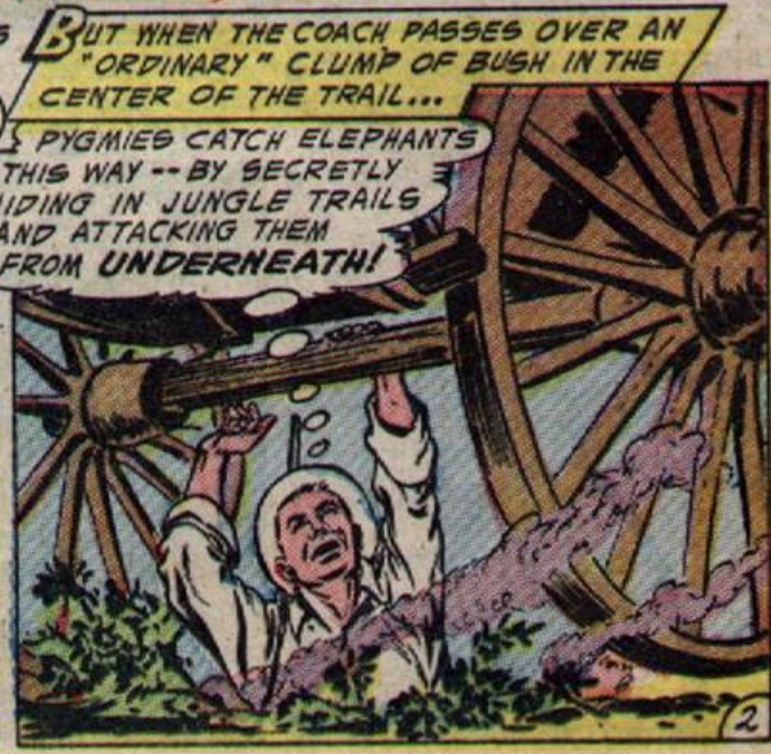
MAKING HIS WAY TO THE BAGGAGE CAR, THE STEALTHY FIGURE EASILY RENDERS THE GUARD UNCONSCIOUS...
A GUN IS A HUNTER'S CLOSEST ALLY -- IT SERVES HIS EVERY NEED!
CLONK!


IN RAPID SUCCESSION, THE DARING OUTLAW THROWS THE LOOT OVER AND BARREL-ROLLS TO THE GROUND...
THE "QUARRY" IS NOW MINE!

SOON AFTER, ON THE SPEEDING TRAIN...
IT WAS THE JUNGLE HUNTER AGAIN! I SAW HIM -- JUST BEFORE HE KNOCKED ME OUT!
WE'LL FLASH WORD AT OUR NEXT STOP -- AND THEY CAN SEND A POSSE AFTER HIM!

LATER, A POSSE RIDES FORTH, BUT FAILS TO FIND ANY SIGN OF THE WOODS-WISE BANDIT...
GETTIN' DARK, BOYS! WE'VE BEEN IN AN' OUT OF THIS AREA FOR HOURS! MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME!
CHASIN' THAT HOMBRE IS LIKE CHASIN' A SHADOW!

THAT NEXT MORNING, AS A STAGECOACH RUMBLES THROUGH THE SIERRE GRANDE HILLS...
THAT JUNGLE HUNTER BETTER NOT MAKE A PLAY FOR THIS COACH! I'LL SEE HIM COMIN' -- SINCE THE TRAIL'S CLEAR ALL THE WAY INTO TOWN!


BUT WHEN THE COACH PASSES OVER AN "ORDINARY" CLUMP OF BUSH IN THE CENTER OF THE TRAIL...
PYGMIES CATCH ELEPHANTS THIS WAY -- BY SECRETLY HIDING IN JUNGLE TRAILS AND ATTACKING THEM FROM UNDERNEATH!

A MOMENT LATER, THE BIZARRE BANDIT CRAWLS CAT-LIKE TO THE COACH'S TOP...

BUT NO ELEPHANT WAS EVER TAKEN AS EASILY AS THIS!

HIS RIFLE SWINGS IN A VICIOUS ARC...

PACK

CLONK!

AFTERWARDS, STEALING INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE FOREST...

THE MINE PAYROLL! THOUSANDS IN CASH! THE HUNTING SEASON IS GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME!

LATER -- IN SIERRA CITY, WHERE THE RODEO IS ABOUT TO START...

EVERYTHING'S READY -- BUT WE'VE GOT NO CUSTOMERS! I'M GOING OUTSIDE AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG!

WE ALWAYS DRAW A GOOD CROWD HERE IN SIERRA CITY, RICK, WHERE THE MINERS FIND LOTS O' RELAXATION AT A RODEO!

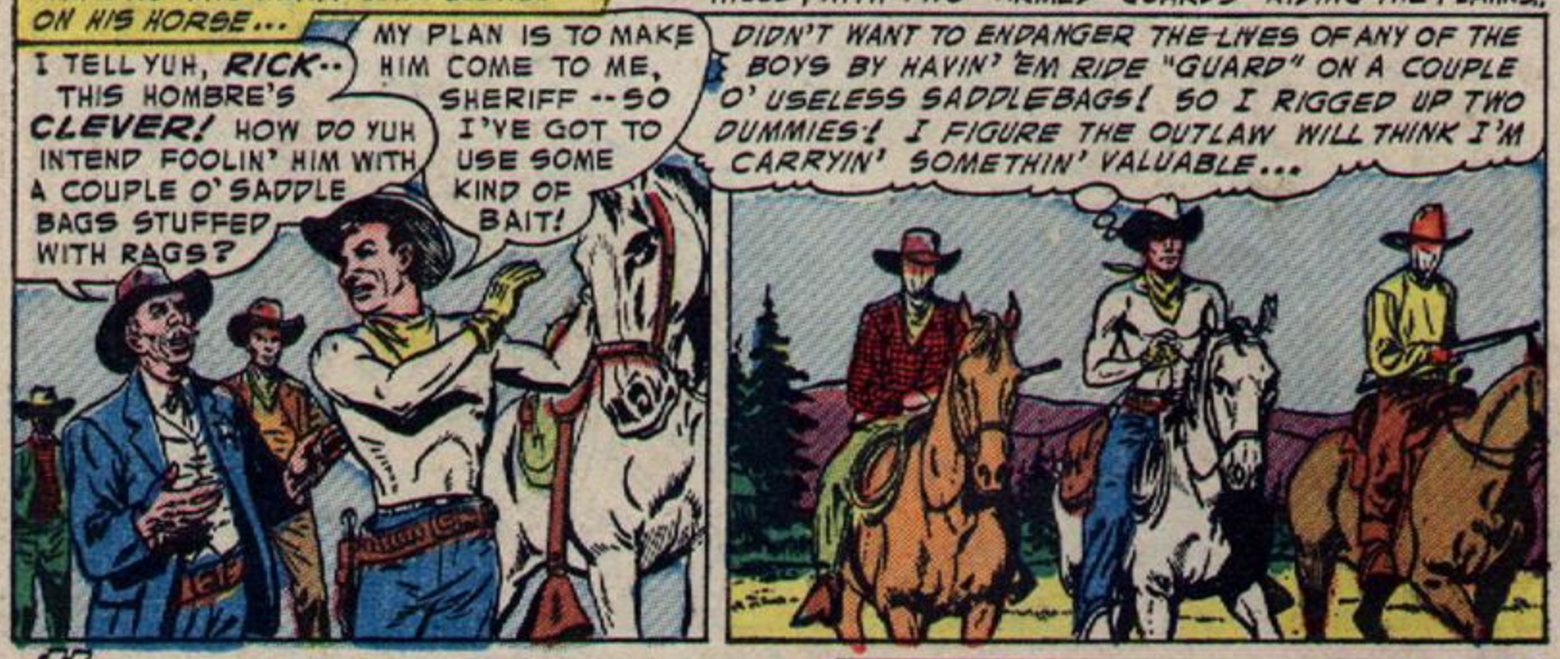
OUTSIDE, AT THE TICKET GATE...

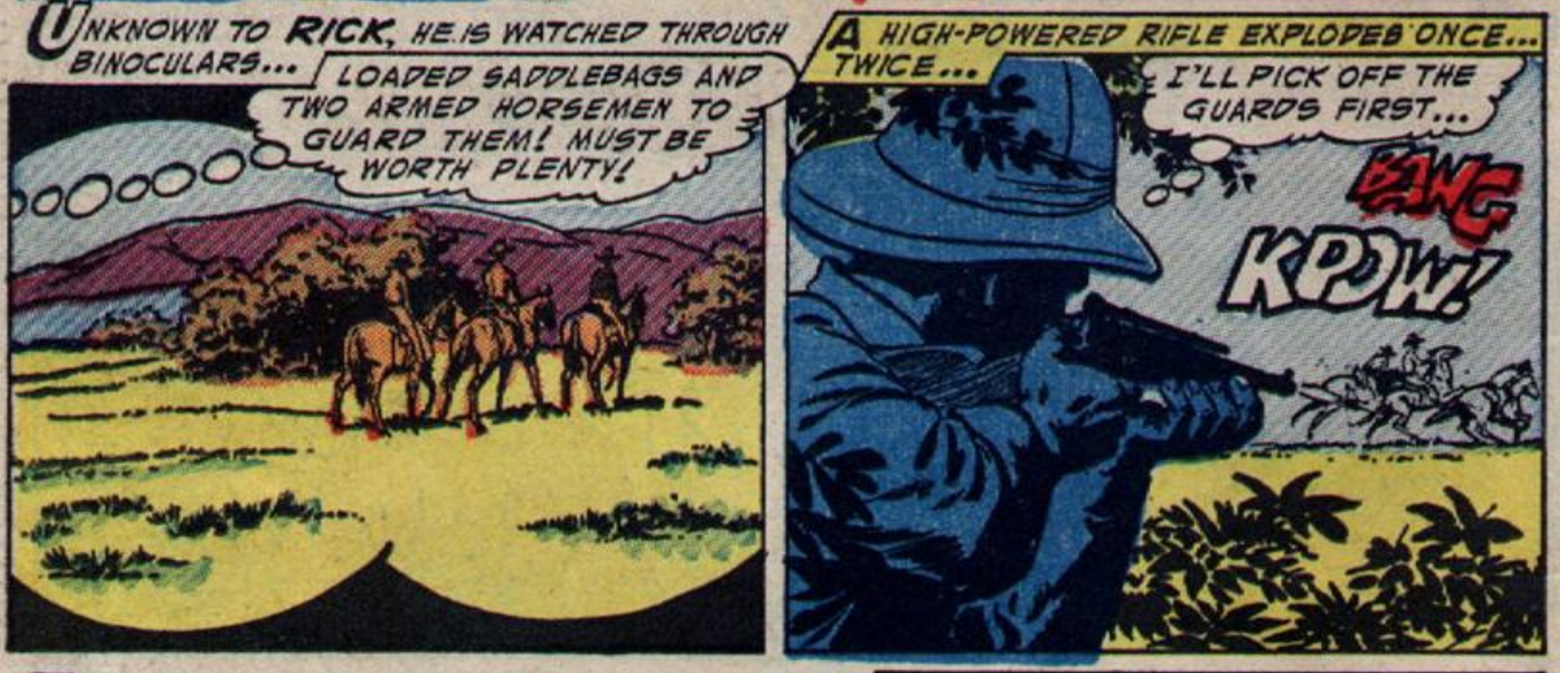
YUH WONDERIN' WHY WE AIN'T BUYIN' TICKETS, RODEO RICK? GUESS YUH HAVEN'T HEARD! THE MINE PAYROLL WAS ROBBED BY THE JUNGLE HUNTER! EVERYONE IN SIERRA CITY'S PLUMB BROKE WITHOUT IT!

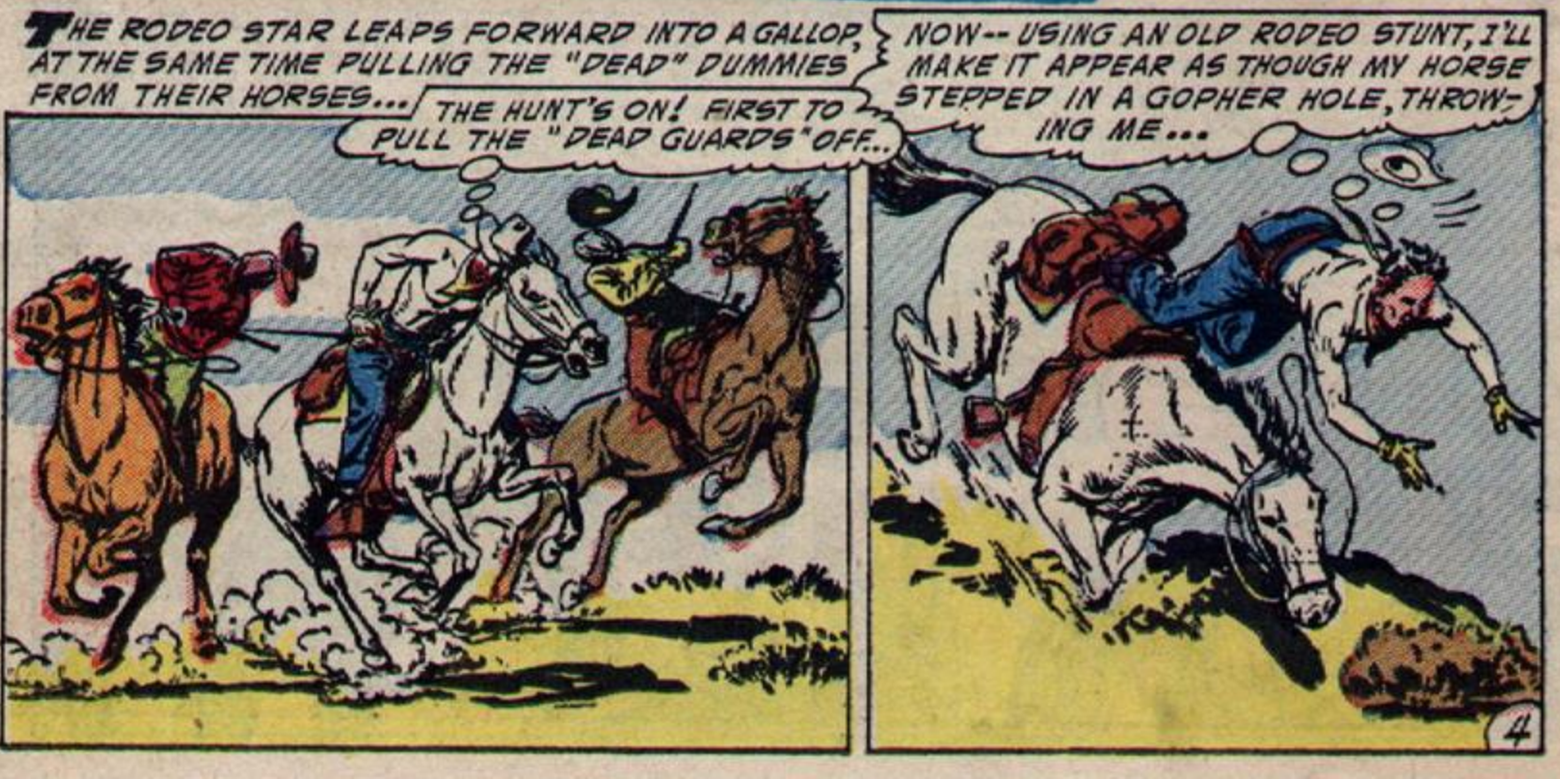
THE JUNGLE HUNTER? WHO IS HE?

HE'S JUST ABOUT THE SHIFTIEST OUTLAW EVER SEEN IN THESE PARTS, RICK! I'LL GLADLY DEPUTIZE ANY MAN TO GO AFTER HIM!

CONSIDER ME DEPUTIZED, SHERIFF! SINCE I'VE GOT SOME FREE TIME ON MY HANDS, I'D LIKE A CRACK AT HIM!


MOMENTS LATER, THE RODEO STAR THROWS TWO HEAVY SADDLEBAGS ON HIS HORSE...
I TELL YUH, RICK-- THIS HOMBRE'S CLEVER! HOW DO YUH INTEND FOOLIN' HIM WITH A COUPLE O' SADDLE BAGS STUFFED WITH RAGS?
MY PLAN IS TO MAKE HIM COME TO ME, SHERIFF --SO I'VE GOT TO USE SOME KIND OF BAIT!
LATER, RICK MAKES HIS WAY INTO THE SIERRA GRANDE HILLS, WITH TWO "ARMED GUARDS" RIDING THE FLANKS.
DIDN'T WANT TO ENDANGER THE LIVES OF ANY OF THE BOYS BY HAVIN' 'EM RIDE "GUARD" ON A COUPLE O' USELESS SADDLEBAGS! SO I RIGGED UP TWO DUMMIES! I FIGURE THE OUTLAW WILL THINK I'M CARRYIN' SOMETHIN' VALUABLE...


UNKNOWN TO RICK, HE IS WATCHED THROUGH BINOCULARS...
LOADED SADDLEBAGS AND TWO ARMED HORSEMEN TO GUARD THEM! MUST BE WORTH PLENTY!
A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE EXPLODES ONCE... TWICE...
I'LL PICK OFF THE GUARDS FIRST...
BANG
KPOW!


THE RODEO STAR LEAPS FORWARD INTO A GALLOP, AT THE SAME TIME PULLING THE "DEAD" DUMMIES FROM THEIR HORSES...
THE HUNT'S ON! FIRST TO PULL THE "DEAD GUARDS" OFF...
NOW-- USING AN OLD RODEO STUNT, I'LL MAKE IT APPEAR AS THOUGH MY HORSE STEPPED IN A GOPHER HOLE, THROWING ME...

QUICKLY REGAINING HIS FEET, THE RODEO ACE GRABS THE SADDLEBAGS...

THAT'S IT, BOY -- THE REST OF THE STUNT IS FOR YOU TO ACT LAME! I WANT TO GRAB THESE BAGS AND GO ON FOOT... SO I'LL GIVE THAT HOMBRE TIME TO CATCH UP TO ME!

AND SO, WITH THE FIRST STEP OF HIS PLAN PUT INTO EFFECT, RICK FADES INTO THE THICKETS...

THE JUNGLE HUNTER WILL THINK I'M MAKING A RUN FOR IT! HE'LL PROBABLY CIRCLE AROUND TO CUT ME OFF! THAT WAY, HE WON'T SEE MY DUMMIES!

FOLLOWING NOT TOO FAR BEHIND IS THE RELENTLESS JUNGLE HUNTER...

HE LEAVES HIS TRACKS IN THE SOFT MOSS! AN EASY PREY TO FOLLOW!

THEN, THE OUTLAW PAUSES AT A CLEARING IN THE THICKETS AND...

NOW TO WING HIM!... HUH? MY RIFLE JAMMED!

CLICK!

HEARD A NOISE BACK THERE IN THE THICKETS -- LIKE A RIFLE CLICK! MAYBE MY MAN IS IN THERE! I'D BETTER SEE!

HE'S COMING THIS WAY! HE'S ARMED -- I'VE GOT TO THROW HIM OFF MY TRACK! I KNOW -- I'LL IMITATE A COYOTE CALL!

OWWOO, OO-OO!

HEARING ONLY THE CRY OF A COYOTE, RICK TURNS AND WALKS THE OTHER WAY...

A GOOD HUNTER IS ALWAYS PREPARED FOR UNEXPECTED EMERGENCIES! HE FIGURED IT WAS A COYOTE IN HERE -- AND HE'S LEAVING! THAT GIVES ME TIME TO FIX MY RIFLE AND GO AFTER HIM!

INTENT UPON FIXING HIS RIFLE, THE JUNGLE HUNTER FAILS TO HEAR A FIGURE QUIETLY SCALE A TREE BEHIND HIM, AND...

THIS TIME, THE HUNTED BECOMES THE HUNTER!

YOU!

MY CALL OF THE COYOTE WAS PERFECTLY IMITATED! I SAW YOU TURN AND WALK AWAY!

THAT WAS TO MAKE YOU THINK YOU HAD ME FOOLED! ACTUALLY, I SIMPLY CIRCLED AROUND BEHIND YOU!

A STRONG HAND GRIPS THE OUTLAW'S SHIRT-FRONT, YANKING HIM TO HIS FEET...

YOU MAY KNOW YOUR JUNGLE, MISTER--BUT YOU DON'T KNOW THE WEST! AFTER A GUN IS SHOT IN AN AREA A COYOTE WON'T COME WITHIN A MILE OF IT FOR 24 HOURS! REMEMBER -- YOU FIRED TWO SHOTS A SHORT TIME AGO!

KILLING YOUR TWO GUARDS!

YOU SHOT TWO DUMMIES -- WHICH MAKES YOU THE BIGGEST DUMMY OF THEM ALL!

CRACK!

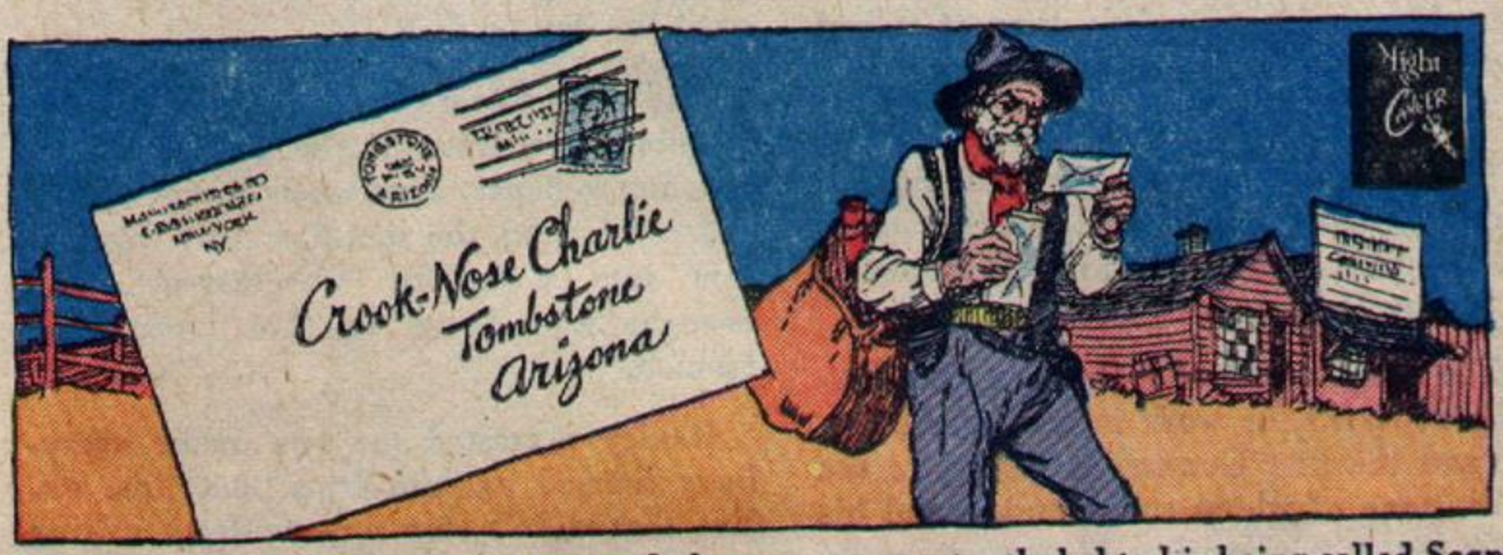
SOMETIME LATER, IN SIERRA CITY, AFTER ALL THE STOLEN LOOT HAS BEEN RECOVERED AND RETURNED...

YIPPEE! LOOK AT RODEO RICK HANDLE THAT STEER!

THIS ANIMAL IS SIMPLE -- COMPARED TO THAT JUNGLE-HUNTIN' CRITTER I BROUGHT IN!

THE END.

WHAT'S IN A WESTERN NAME?



UNLESS you happened to be a scholar of the Old West, you'd have to stop and think when such names as William Cody or William Bonney were mentioned. These two distinuished-sounding names partially mask the identities of two of the West's most famous characters: *Buffalo Bill* and *Billy the Kid.*

The Westerners of bygone years rarely used Mister in front of a last name. Unless the person addressed happened to be a visiting celebrity, only the first name was used. This informality is understandable when you stop to consider that life itself in the Old West was as informal as could be.

Thus, it was never Mr. Harry Smith, or Mr. Joseph Jones. It was Harry and Joe. But, as the West began to crowd up, as ranches grew larger and took on extra hands, as mining became big business, and camps hired more and more miners, confusion resulted from the many Joes, Harrys, and Toms.

So, some additional form of identification became necessary. And, before long, we began to hear such monickers as *Soapy Smith*, or *Arizona Ned.*

There were various processes by which the identifying first names came into being. Sometimes, the place of the man's origin was used, as in the case of *Arizona Ned*; at other times, the habit of a man to use soap constantly led to his being called *Soapy Smith.*

A man's occupation often supplied the identifying first name. For instance, the local carpenter, a man named Harry Donovan, who had years before lost the last name, was known only by the name of Harry the Carpenter. In time to come, Carpenter became the last name, so that his great-grandson today may go by the name of John Carpenter.

This drawing upon a man's occupation to identify him led to such amusing names as *Woodchopper Jake*, and *Appleman Hank*, who sold apples. *Buggy Benny* didn't imply that Benny had bugs, but that Benny was the one to call when the services of an exterminator were required.

When a newcomer arrived from some far place, he would never introduce himself as Frank from San Francisco, but as *Frisco Frank.* And the same went for such colorful appendages as *Arizona Al, Colorado Pete*, and *Central City Sam.*

Frenchy was indiscriminately hanged on almost every newcomer who hailed from France. The same treatment was accorded immigrants from Holland, who became *Dutch*, and on men whose country of origin was Sweden. They became just plain *Swede.*

Men were also christened for certain physical characteristics. Pete, whose head

contained not a hair, was known as *Baldy Pete*. A letter from New York, addressed simply to *Crooked-Nose Charlie*, reached to the addressee more swiftly than if it had been addressed with his actual name, which no one out West ever knew.

A ruddy complexion resulted in the name, *Strawberry Sam;* while another man's heavy-lidded eyes earned him the monicker of *Sleepy Dave*.

The story is told of a German who dutifully reported for work in a copper mine. He was the first German to belong to the crew, none of whom could understand his thick accent, or translate his strange name. The German finally got tired of making them understand, and said, "I the new man."

From that time on he became known as "The new man." The foreman would tell *Gold Coin Red* to tell *The New Man* to go down with the next crew. Or, *Bullfrog Mike* (whose voice resembled that of a bullfrog) would be ordered to bring *The New Man* a spade.

Eventually, *The New Man* was shortened to *Newman*, which remains the family name in the Western city that became the family home.

Holidays, special events, peculiar accidents—all and anything was sufficient to hang a new name on a man—and the new handle usually stuck.

When Jim Brown, year after year, made a point of raising his American flag on the Fourth of July, he earned himself a new name: *Fourth-of-July Jim*.

When a homeless and jobless gentleman, who begged coins for his food and lodging once got into a heated argument with another poverty-stricken friend in front of the post office, he was heard by the whole town to cry out:

"Why, I'll bet yuh a hundred dollars I'm right!"

From that time on, the vagabond was known to one and all as *Hundred-Dollar Jack*, although he never owned that much until the day he died.

And when Roger Oakley made a nuisance of himself in front of the General Store, refusing to depart even when Sheriff Mason ordered him to, the sheriff angrily dumped him into a nearby wheelbarrow, and brought him home in that undignified fashion.

Oakley protested the new name everybody hanged on him from that time on. But that didn't stop anyone from calling him *Wheelbarrow Roger* for ever after.

A visit to any of the old cemeteries out West will reveal many graves of men whose real names were lost forever. There are dozens of *So-Long Sams*, and *Farewell Franks*. One tombstone over a nameless horse thief told more than his name ever could: carved out in a crude scrawl were the words: "He was a big fool."

Westerners vow that this story is true. It concerns a postman named *Stuttering Sam*, who acquired his name for obvious reasons.

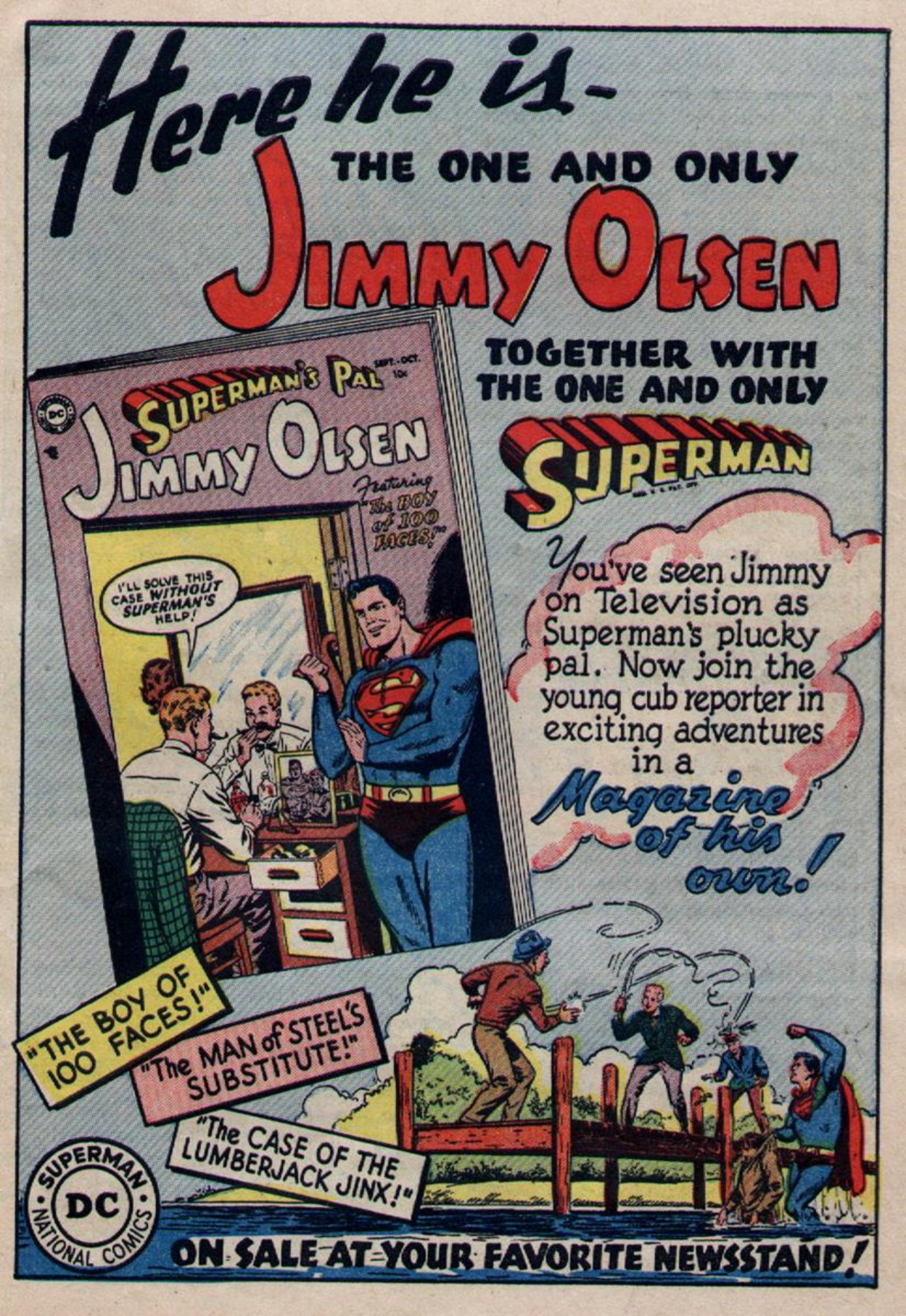
One day *Stuttering Sam* glanced curiously at a letter addressed to Samuel Smith. He scratched his head.

"I'll be blazed if I know a Samuel Smith in this town—and I know everybody!"

But *Stuttering Sam* was a conscientious postman who took his job seriously. He took the letter with him on his daily rounds, and questioned residents on every street. Finally, he was satisfied that no one answering to the name of Samuel Smith lived in town.

He was on the verge of returning the letter to the sender, when something suddenly struck him. Hurriedly, he tore open the envelope, and read the letter.

"I'll be blowed," he exclaimed, "just as I suspected—Samuel Smith—why, that's *ME!*"


Here he is-
THE ONE AND ONLY
JIMMY OLSEN
TOGETHER WITH
THE ONE AND ONLY
SUPERMAN
SUPERMAN'S PAL
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JIMMY OLSEN
Featuring "The BOY of 100 FACES!"
I'LL SOLVE THIS CASE WITHOUT SUPERMAN'S HELP!
You've seen Jimmy on Television as Superman's plucky pal. Now join the young cub reporter in exciting adventures in a Magazine of his own!
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"The CASE OF THE LUMBERJACK JINX!"
SUPERMAN
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NATIONAL COMICS
ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

The Wyoming Kid

IT WAS A TENSE SITUATION EVEN FOR THE INDOMITABLE **WYOMING KID**--RIDING SIDE BY SIDE WITH A STRANGER WHO MIGHT BE SECRETLY PLOTTING AGAINST HIS LIFE--A MAN WHOSE SIX-GUNS COULD AT AN UNGUARDED MOMENT FIND HIM AS A TARGET! SUCH IS THE DILEMMA FACED BY THE **WYOMING KID** AS HE GALLOPS ALONG A MYSTERY TRAIL ON HIS MOST DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT!

PARTNERS IN PERIL!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME IN--
SOK!
POW!

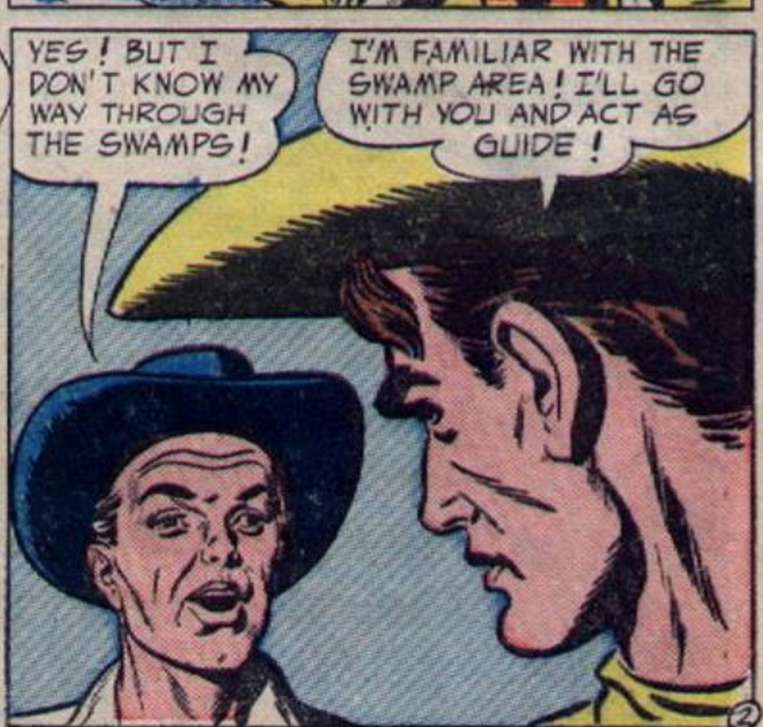
TWO HOURS LATER, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN RIMROCK CITY...
GOOD WORK, KID! I'LL LOCK UP THIS STAGECOACH ROBBER! AT LEAST I'LL HAVE ONE MEMBER OF THE FARBER GANG BEHIND BARS!
STAGECOACH ROBBER-- WHO, ME? YOU AIN'T GOT ANY PROOF OF THAT, SHERIFF!

I'VE GOT A WITNESS WHO SAW YOU COMMIT THE CRIME! THE WYOMING KID'S GONE TO BRING HIM BACK HERE!

MEANWHILE, THE WYOMING KID RACES ALONG THE RUGGED ROAD TO DEAD MAN'S SWAMP...
AFTER INFORMING THE SHERIFF OF THE ROBBERY, THE WITNESS IMMEDIATELY STRUCK OUT FOR THE RED CLAY MINE! I'LL HAVE TO BRING HIM BACK TO TESTIFY AT THE TRIAL!

AN HOUR PASSES--THEN ANOTHER--AND THE COWBOY ADVENTURER REINS UP AT A WATER HOLE...
MY HORSE COULD USE SOME OF THAT WATER!
HELP YOURSELF, STRANGER! THE WATER'S FREE!

DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW THE QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE RED CLAY MINE AREA?
THROUGH DEAD MAN'S SWAMP! YOU GOING THAT WAY?


YES! BUT I DON'T KNOW MY WAY THROUGH THE SWAMPS!
I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE SWAMP AREA! I'LL GO WITH YOU AND ACT AS GUIDE!

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, THE TWO RIDERS SET OUT...
HOW DO I KNOW THIS HOMBRE ISN'T ONE OF THE FARBER GANG ?
WONDER WHO THIS FELLOW IS ? MAYBE HE'S ONE OF THE FARBER GANG !

IN THAT CASE I'D BETTER BE ON MY GUARD ! HE MIGHT TRY TO SNEAK— ATTACK ME !
I'D BETTER KEEP A SHARP EYE ON THIS HOMBRE !

ON THEY RIDE, INTO THE PERILOUS SWAMP REGION, UNAWARE OF SINISTER EYES WATCHING THEM...
THERE THEY ARE -- TOGETHER ! FARBER SAID TO GET THEM BEFORE THEY REACH THE RED CLAY MINE ! C'MON !

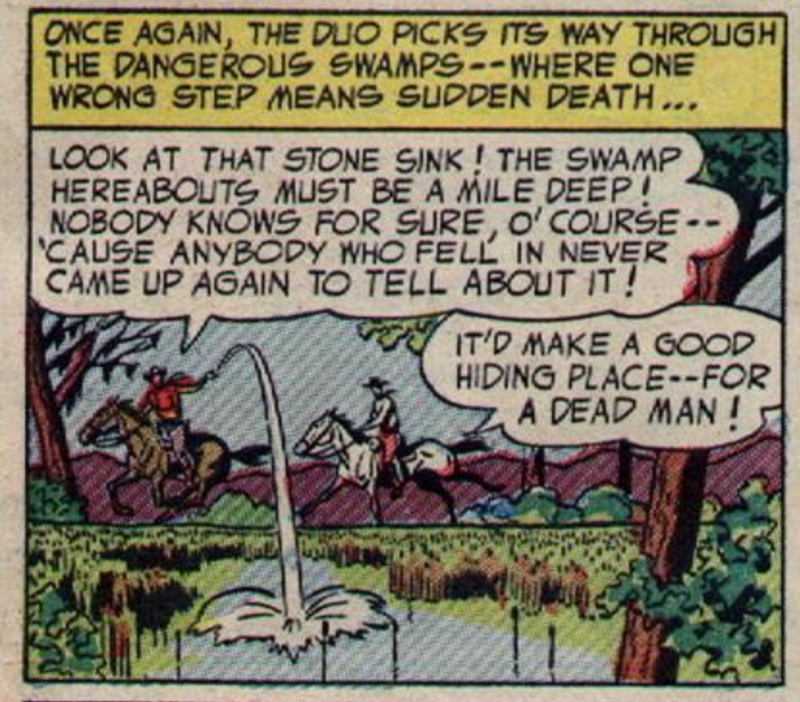
A SHOT RINGS OUT, AND A BULLET SMACKS INTO A TREE NEARBY...
HEY ! SOMEONE'S SHOOTING AT US !
STICK RIGHT WITH ME ! MOVE A FRACTION OFF THE TRAIL AND YOU'LL SINK IN QUICK-SANDS !
KRAK !

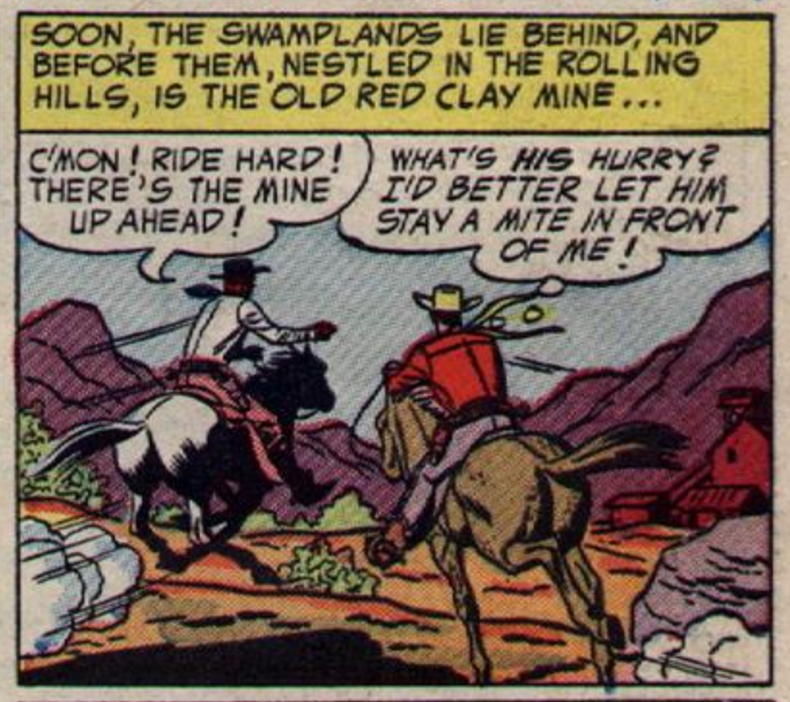
HURRY ! UP HERE !
I'M RIGHT WITH YOU !

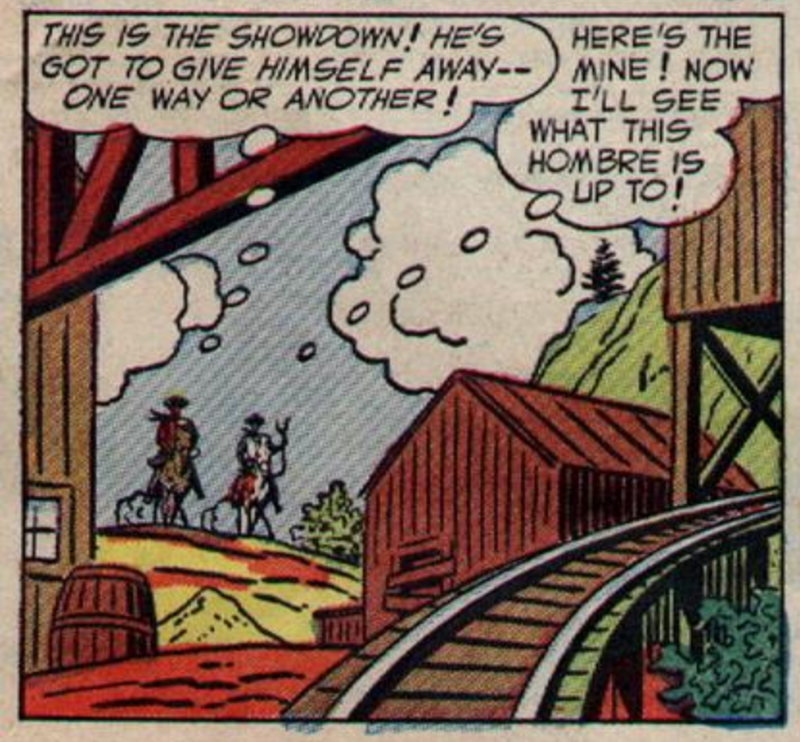
FARBER'S BOYS-- FIRING AT US ! WONDER IF THIS HOMBRE SECRETLY SIGNALED THEM ?
TWO MEMBERS OF THE FARBER GANG ! HMM-- THIS BIRD COULD HAVE SIGNALED THEM TO ATTACK US WHILE I WASN'T WATCHING HIM !
BLAM !
POW !
KRAK !

MISSING THEIR CHANCE, THE WOULD-BE DRY-GULCHERS GALLOP AWAY...
WE HAD 'EM COLD! AN' WE MISSED! NOW THAT THEY'VE SPOTTED US, WE GOTTA RUN FOR IT!
FARBER AIN'T GONNA LIKE THIS!
BLAM BANG

WE SCARED 'EM OFF! THEY WON'T TRY THAT AGAIN!
A NARROW ESCAPE... I'D BETTER WATCH THIS FELLOW EVEN MORE CLOSELY NOW!
GOT TO BE MORE CAREFUL THAN EVER FROM HERE ON...


ONCE AGAIN, THE DUO PICKS ITS WAY THROUGH THE DANGEROUS SWAMPS--WHERE ONE WRONG STEP MEANS SUDDEN DEATH...
LOOK AT THAT STONE SINK! THE SWAMP HEREABOUTS MUST BE A MILE DEEP! NOBODY KNOWS FOR SURE, O' COURSE-- 'CAUSE ANYBODY WHO FELL IN NEVER CAME UP AGAIN TO TELL ABOUT IT!
IT'D MAKE A GOOD HIDING PLACE--FOR A DEAD MAN!


SOON, THE SWAMPLANDS LIE BEHIND, AND BEFORE THEM, NESTLED IN THE ROLLING HILLS, IS THE OLD RED CLAY MINE...
C'MON! RIDE HARD! THERE'S THE MINE UP AHEAD!
WHAT'S HIS HURRY? I'D BETTER LET HIM STAY A MITE IN FRONT OF ME!


THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN! HE'S GOT TO GIVE HIMSELF AWAY-- ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!
HERE'S THE MINE! NOW I'LL SEE WHAT THIS HOMBRE IS UP TO!

WELL--THANKS FOR GETTIN' ME THROUGH THE SWAMPS! I'LL GO IT ALONE FROM HERE ON!
OKAY--GOOD LUCK!
GOOD LUCK TO DO WHAT, I WONDER?

BUT BEFORE THE TWO CAN PART COMPANY...
SOMEONE'S SHOOTING AT US AGAIN!
QUICK-- GET OFF YOUR HORSE! MAKE A RUN FOR COVER BEHIND THOSE MINING CARS!
KRAK!
ZINNNG!

I GOT HIM TO COME HERE WITH ME! THOSE GUNMEN HAVE AS GOOD A CHANCE TO GET HIM AS ME!
NOW I'M IN A REAL BAD SPOT! THIS HOMBRE LED ME SMACK INTO A DEATH-TRAP!
BAM! BAM!
ZINNG!

HUH! THAT SHOT WAS MEANT FOR HIM! THEY'RE REALLY SHOOTING AT HIM! THEY CAN'T BE HIS FRIENDS!
ZZZING!

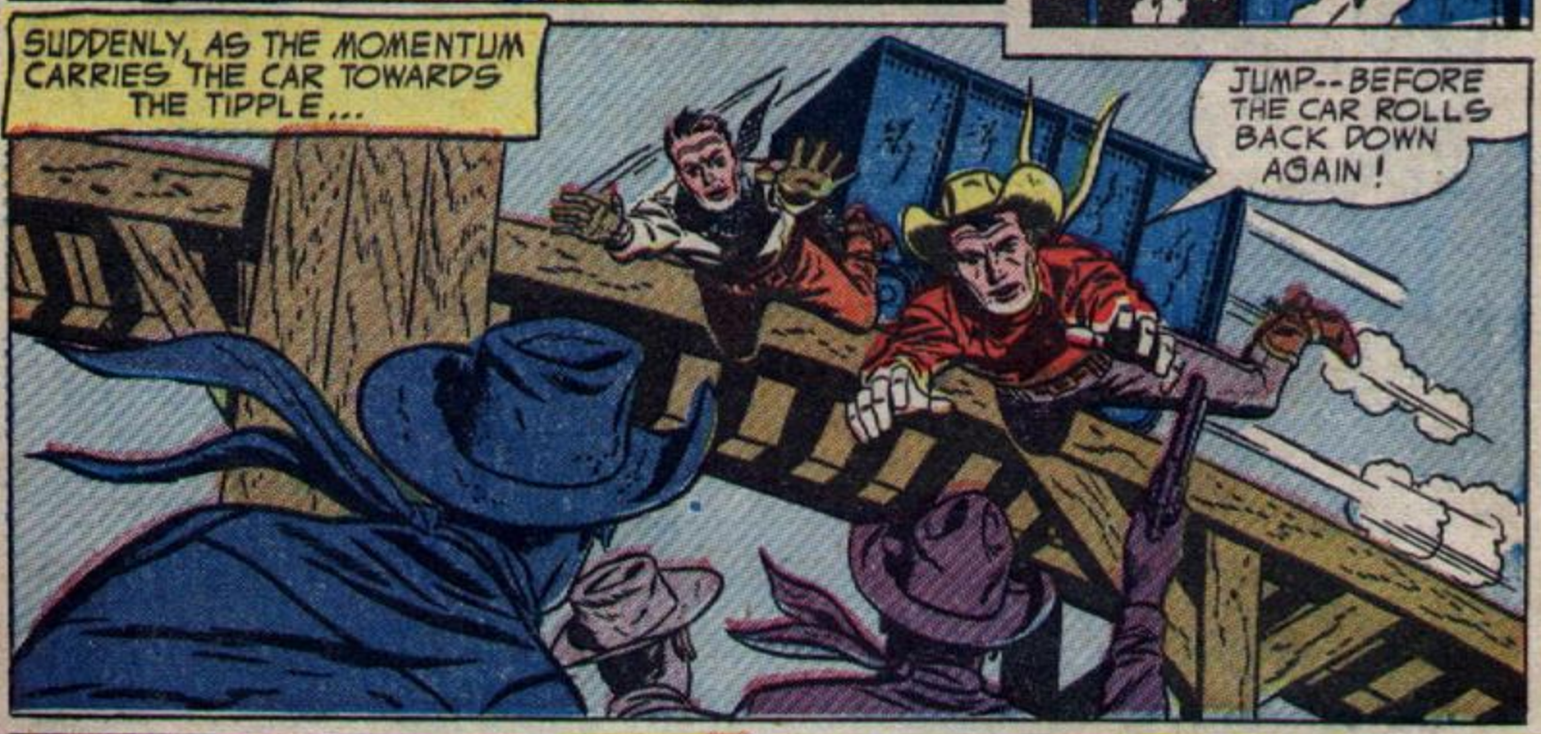
I HAD THAT HOMBRE TAGGED AS A FARBER MAN! BUT THE WAY THEY'RE PEGGIN' SHOTS AT HIM--HE'S NO PAL OF THEIRS!
KRAK!
ZIINNG!

SHAKE, STRANGER--I'M THE WYOMING KID! I CAME OUT HERE LOOKING FOR A WITNESS TO TESTIFY AGAINST ONE OF THE FARBER GANG!
GLAD TO SHAKE, WYOMING KID! I'M THAT WITNESS YOU'RE AFTER! SPECIAL AGENT JOE DELL!

WHILE THE FIRING CONTINUES, THE WYOMING KID AND HIS NEW PARTNER START ONE OF THE ORE CARS IN MOTION...
I WAS IN THE STAGE-COACH THAT WAS WRECKED AND ROBBED BY FARBER'S MAN! I PLAYED DEAD! THEN, LATER, I REPORTED THE CRIME TO THE SHERIFF!
BUT THE SHERIFF TOLD ME YOU IMMEDIATELY SET OUT FOR THE MINE! WHY?
BAM!
BLAM!
POW!

PICKING UP MOMENTUM, THE CAR ROLLS TOWARD THE BARRICADED OUTLAWS ...
WE GOTTA GET 'EM!
POW!
POW!
KRAK

WHEN FARBER'S MAN WRECKED AN' ROBBED THE STAGECOACH I SAW RED CLAY ALL OVER HIS BOOTS! I KNEW THEN THAT HE HAD BEEN HIDING OUT HERE WITH THE GANG! SO I RODE OUT THIS WAY TO ROUND 'EM ALL UP!
ZINNG!
PIING!
ZING!


SUDDENLY, AS THE MOMENTUM CARRIES THE CAR TOWARDS THE TIPPLE...
JUMP--BEFORE THE CAR ROLLS BACK DOWN AGAIN!

A MOMENT LATER, THE OPPOSING SIDES ARE LOCKED IN A BATTLE OF FLYING FISTS...
HOW YOU DOING, PARTNER?
SCORING WITH EVERY PUNCH!
SOK!
SOK!

AND AS ABRUPTLY AS IT STARTED, THE FIGHTING ENDS...
SHAKE AGAIN, WYOMING KID!
GLAD TO, AGENT DELL! NOW LET'S GET THESE CROOKS BACK TO RIM-ROCK AND CALL IT A CLOSED CASE!
The End

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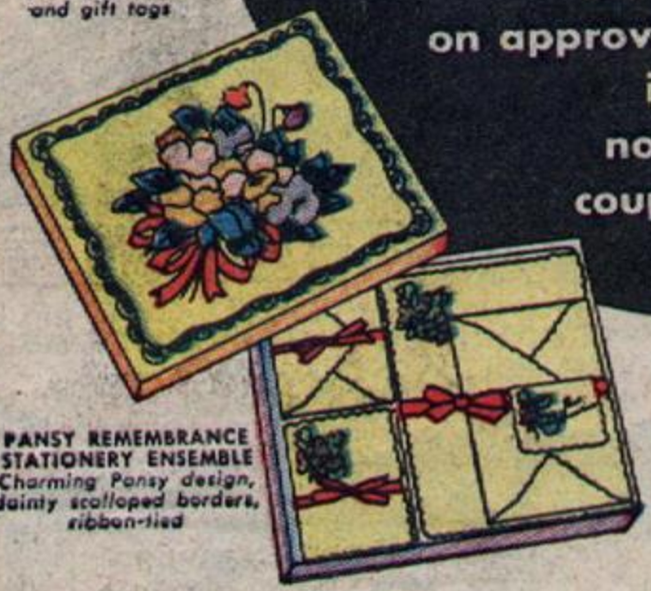

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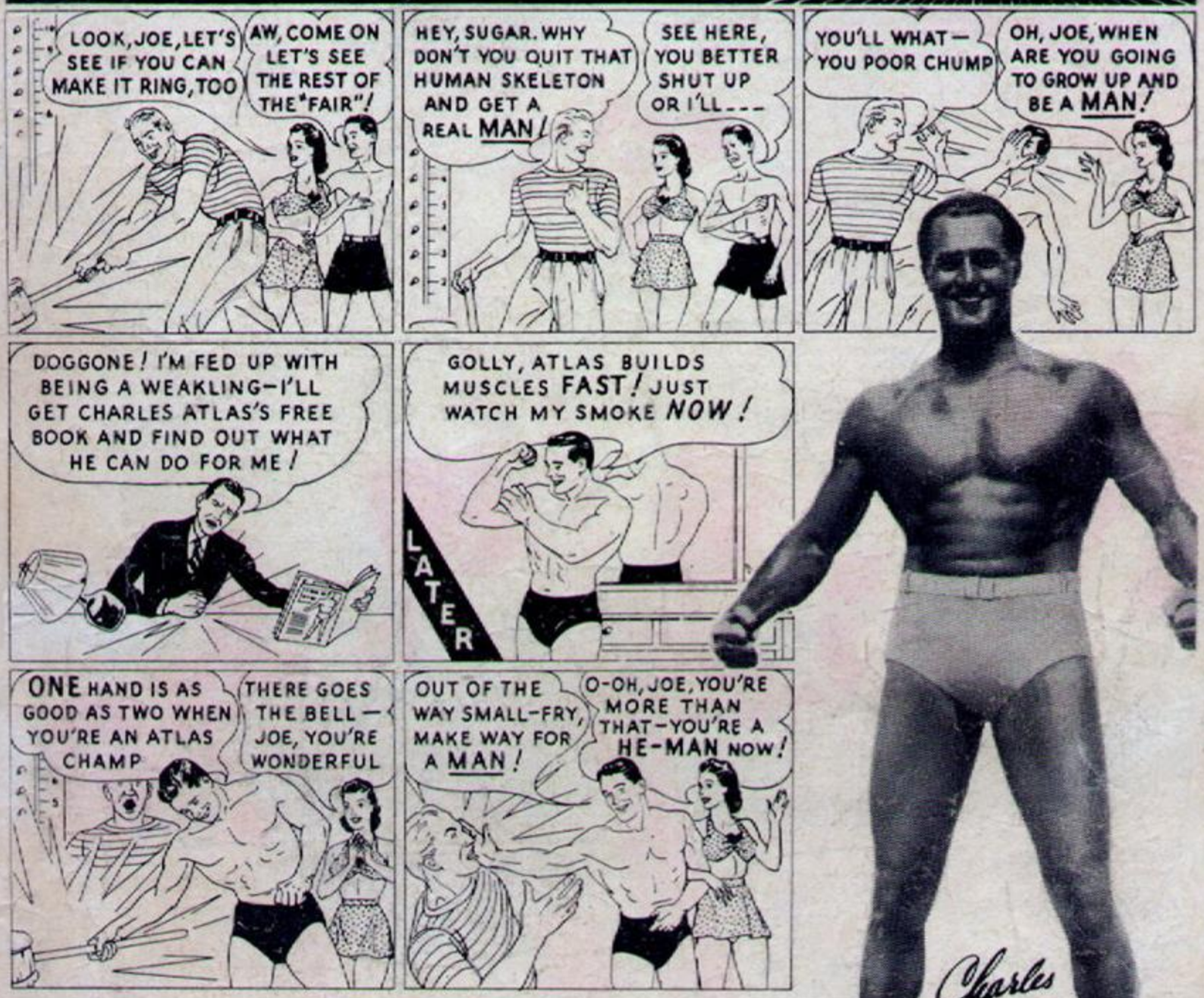

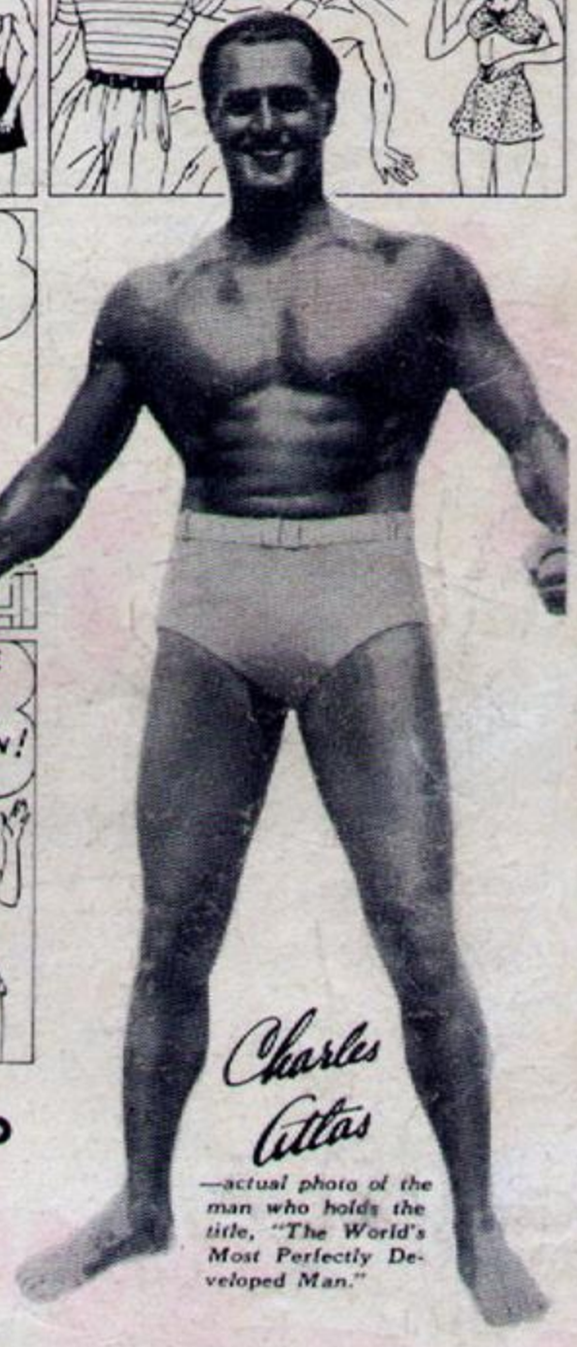

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HERE, MR. TROY, TRY MINE!

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