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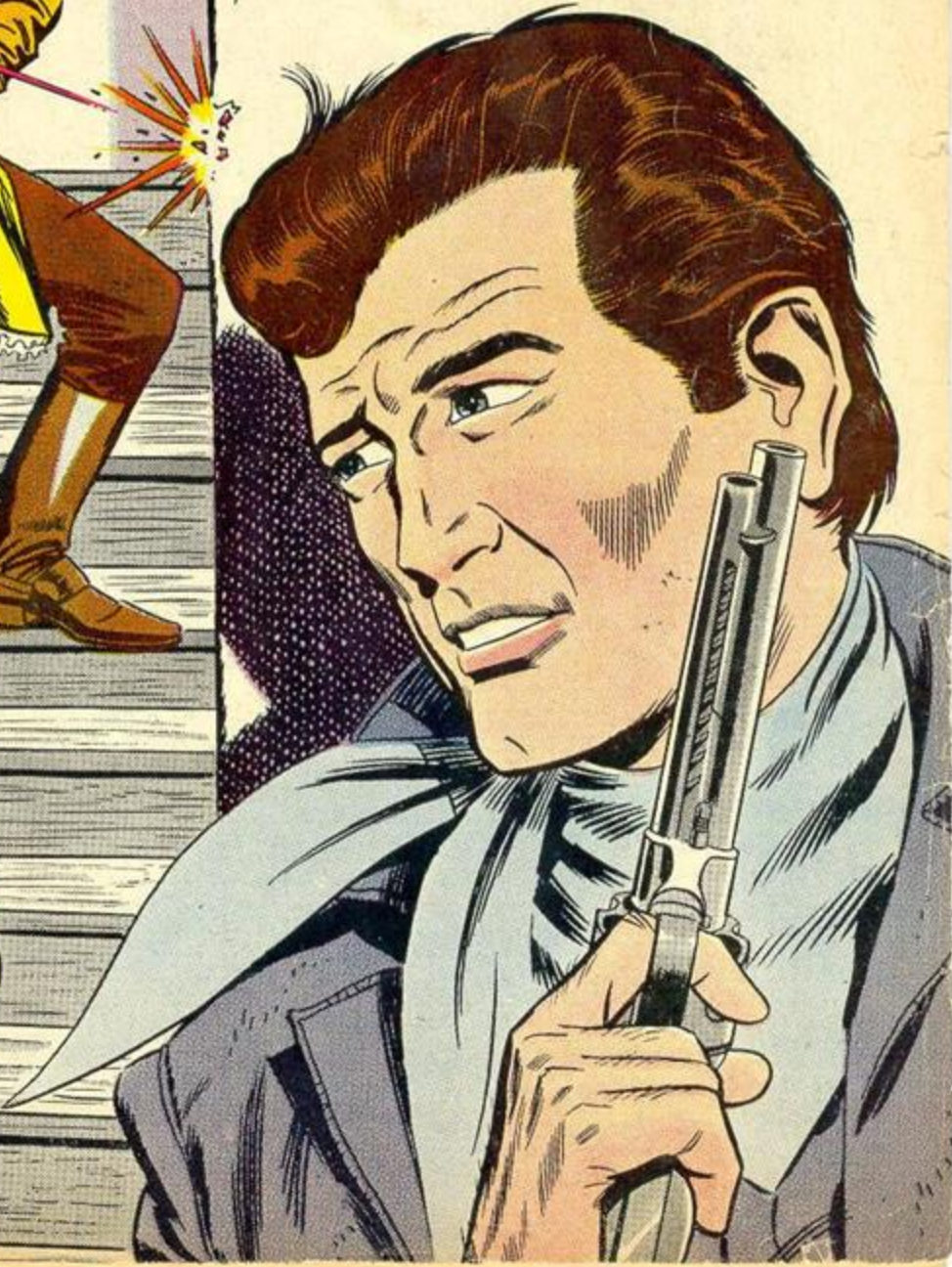
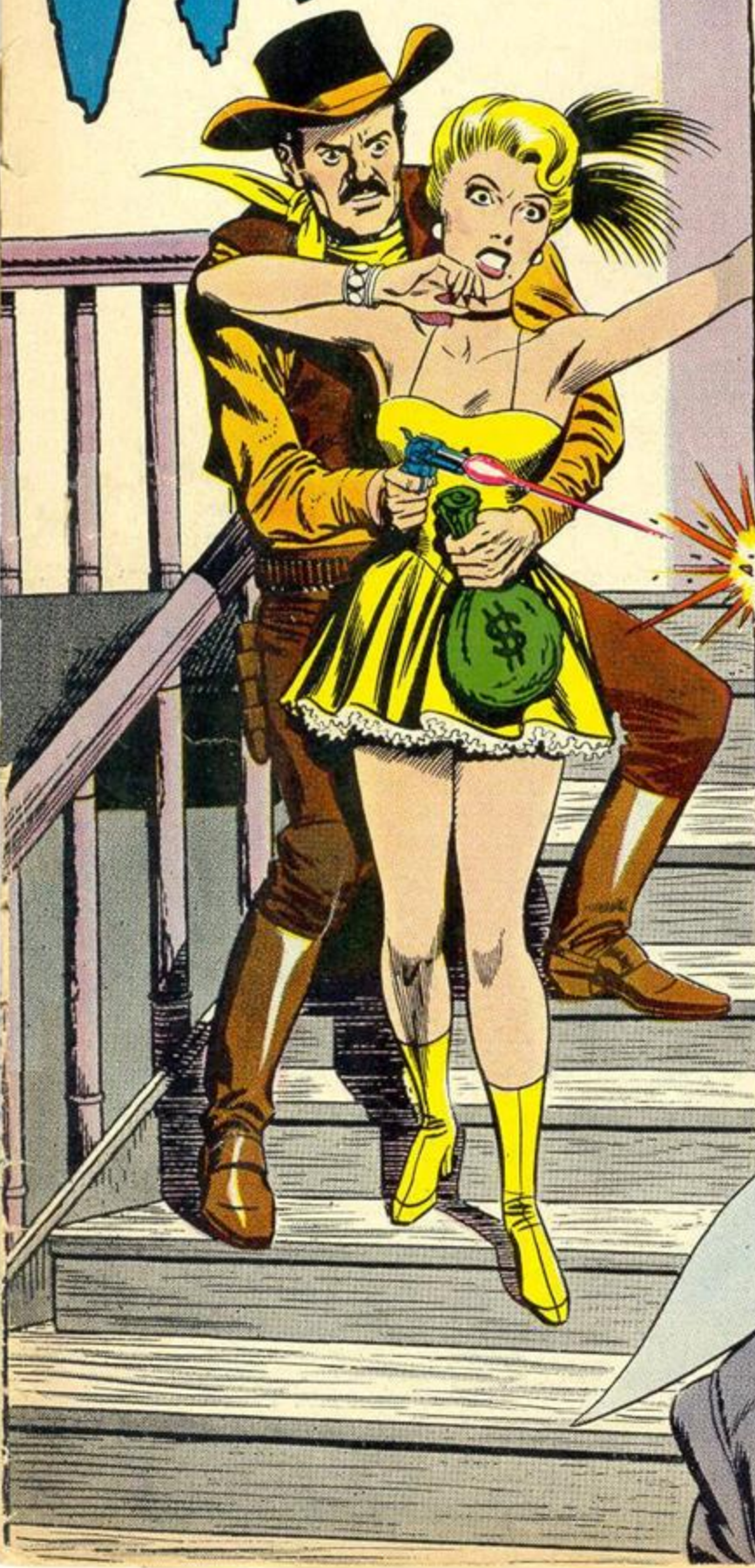
FEB.
NO. 85



WESTERN

COMICS

Featuring
MATT SAVAGE
in
**"The DANCE HALL
QUEEN and the
DESPERADOES!"**



MATT SAVAGE

TRAIL BOSS

DROP THAT SMOKEPOLE, HOMBRE! ME AN' MY PARDNER ARE GETTING OUT OF HERE WITH THE MONEY--AND WHOEVER TRIES TO STOP US--GETS HURT!

FOR WEEKS, THE DOGIRON TRAIL HERD HAS BEEN MOVING UP THE WESTERN TRAIL, NORTH FROM THE BIG BEND COUNTRY OF TEXAS TOWARD THE TRAIL'S END TOWN OF ABILENE. RAMRODDING THE OUTFIT IS THEIR FAST-SHOOTING, HARD-HITTING TRAIL BOSS, MATT SAVAGE! BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN MATT FINDS HIMSELF DRAWN AWAY FROM HIS LONG-HORN HERD--TO TAKE CARDS IN A HUMAN DRAMA OF ROBBERY AND GUNSMOKE... SUCH AS THE DANGER INTO WHICH HE FLINGS HIMSELF BECAUSE OF...

The
DANCE HALL QUEEN
AND THE
DESPERADOES!

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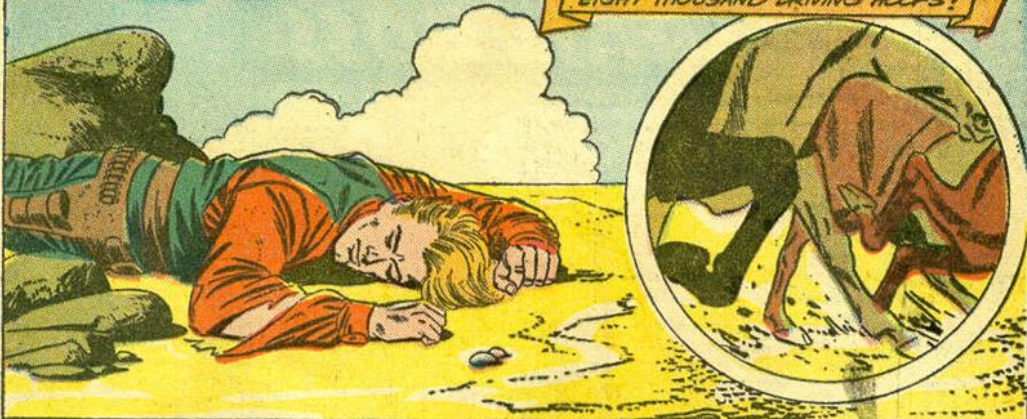
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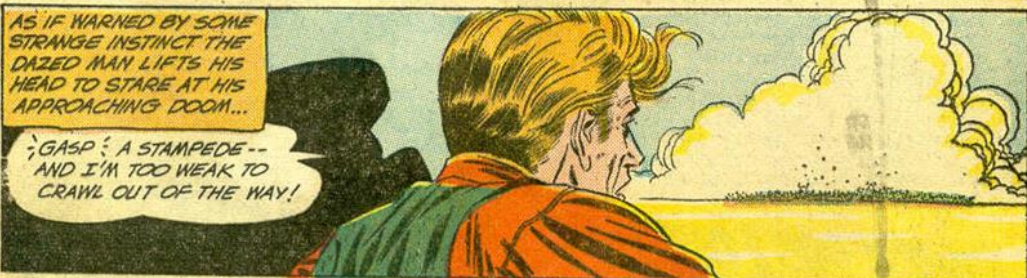
A CRUMPLED FIGURE LIES HELPLESS ON THE CACTUS FLATS NORTH OF THE RED RIVER...

BENEATH HIS INERT BODY THE GROUND VIBRATES TO THE POUNDING FURY OF EIGHT THOUSAND DRIVING HOOFES!



AS IF WARNED BY SOME STRANGE INSTINCT THE DAZED MAN LIFTS HIS HEAD TO STARE AT HIS APPROACHING DOOM...

“GASP! A STAMPEDE-- AND I'M TOO WEAK TO CRAWL OUT OF THE WAY!”



THEN OUT OF THE DUST AND FURY OF THE ESTAMPA, TWO HORSESMEN HURTLE, BENT LOW AND RUNNING FAST-- MATT SAVAGE, TRAIL BOSS, WITH HIS POINT RIDER, LUTE JONES...

HIGHTAIL IT, LUTE! WE'VE GOT ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION TO SAVE THAT HOMBRE!



THE DOOMED MAN FEELS DESPAIR DRIVE OUT HIS HOPE...

THEY'LL NEVER MAKE IT IN TIME! THOSE STEERS ARE RIGHT AT THEIR HEELS! HOW COULD THEY GET ME INTO A SADDLE BEFORE WE'RE ALL CRUSHED FLAT?



TWO RIDERS BEND FROM THEIR SADDLE AS
TWO STRONG HANDS DROP DOWN...

THIS IS THE WAY COMANCHES RESCUE
THEIR WOUNDED WARRIORS ON THE
BATTLEFIELD!



THE HELPLESS FIGURE IS SWUNG INTO THE AIR BY FIVE IRON
FINGERS UNDER EACH ARMPIT...



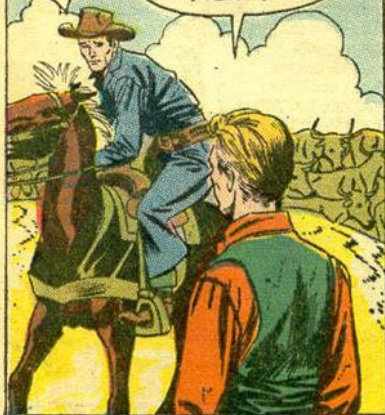
HIS BOOTS FIND EMPTY STIRRUPS
ON EITHER SIDE OF HIM...

HIT FOR THE HIGH GROUND,
LUTE! THE STEERS ARE ABOUT
RUN OUT, BUT WE'LL TAKE
NO CHANCES!

MOMENTS AFTERWARD, THE DOGIRON
TRAIL HERD SLOWS ITS STAMPEDE TO
A WALK...

JUDGING BY YOUR LOOKS,
MISTER, YOU WERE IN TROUBLE BE-
FORE THE
STAMPEDE
CAME FOR
YOU!

I WAS ROBBED--
AFTER A KNOCK-
DOWN, DRAG-OUT
FIGHT!

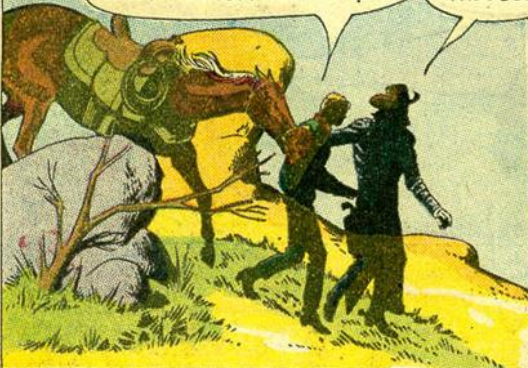


THE NAME'S HARDIN--DAVE
HARDIN! I WAS DUE IN
PAINTED POST AT HIGH
NOON TODAY WITH MY
LIFE SAVINGS--\$10,000 IN
\$100 BILLS TO MARRY MY
SWEETHEART ABBY SUMMS!
ABBY'S SAVED \$10,000
TOO! WE'RE GOING TO
BUY A RANCH...
THE CIRCLE BAR...



BUT WE'LL NEVER GET THE RANCH NOW! WE'VE
 GOT TO BUY IT BY NOON TODAY, OR TOMKINS,
 WHO OWNS THE CIRCLE BAR, WILL SELL
 TO SOMEONE ELSE! BUT THAT ISN'T
 EVEN THE 'WORST OF IT!'

YOU
 MEAN
 YOU'RE
 IN MORE
 TROUBLE?



I'M NOT--ABBY IS! YOU
 SEE, I SAVED ABBY'S
 LETTERS IN WHICH SHE
 TELLS ABOUT SAVING
 \$10,000 TOO FROM HER
 SHARE OF THE PRAIRIE
 PALACE RECEIPTS--SHE
 GOT A PART INTEREST
 IN THE DANCE HALL
 WHEN SHE NURSED
 ITS OWNER THROUGH
 AN ILLNESS ...



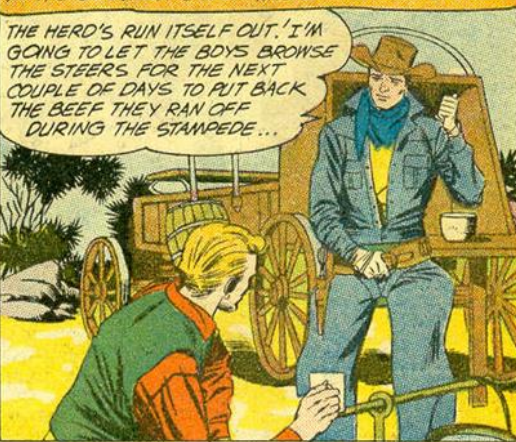
THE TWO HOMBRES WHO ROBBED ME OF MY
 \$10,000 WILL LEARN ABOUT ABBY'S
 \$10,000 FROM THOSE LETTERS --
 AND STEAL THAT TOO!

MAYBE
 WE CAN
 STOP 'EM...



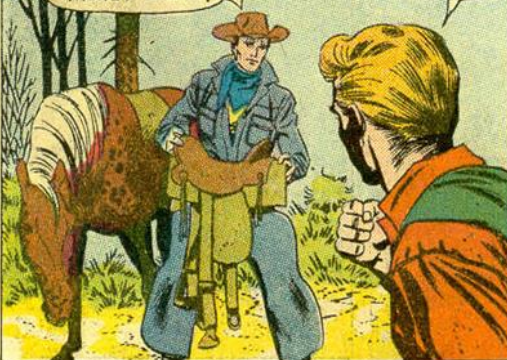
AT THE DOGIRON CHUCK WAGON A LITTLE LATER...

THE HERD'S RUN ITSELF OUT. I'M
 GOING TO LET THE BOYS BROWSE
 THE STEERS FOR THE NEXT
 COUPLE OF DAYS TO PUT BACK
 THE BEEF THEY RAN OFF
 DURING THE STAMPEDE...



MEANWHILE, THE TWO OF US ARE GOING
 TO RIDE INTO PAINTED POST--AND SEE
 IF WE CAN'T CAPTURE THOSE
 ROBBERS AND GET YOUR
 MONEY BACK!

BOY, I
 FEEL
 BETTER
 ALREADY!



IN PAINTED POST AT THIS MOMENT, A TEARFUL
 ABBY SIMMS IS BADLY WORRIED ABOUT DAVE
 HARDIN'S ABSENCE...

I--I
 CAN'T IMAGINE WHERE DAVE
 IS--OR WHY HE'S LATE,
 MR. TOMKINS! COULDN'T
 YOU LET US HAVE A LITTLE
 MORE TIME?

I GUESS SO! I'M
 NOT LEAVING TOWN
 TILL THE NINE
 O'CLOCK STAGE
 PULLS OUT TONIGHT!



IT'S NOON NOW! I'LL HAVE A DEED SIGNED AND READY TO HAND OVER TO YOU ANY TIME YOU BRING ME THE \$20,000--BETWEEN NOW AND NINE TONIGHT...

OH--THANK YOU!



BUT, REMEMBER--IF YOU DON'T GET THE MONEY TO ME BY NINE, I'LL HAVE TO SELL THE CIRCLE BAR TO ED SANDERS!

I UNDERSTAND! WE'LL RUSH YOU THE MONEY--JUST AS SOON AS DAVE GETS HERE!



WHAT'S KEEPING DAVE? OH--I JUST REMEMBERED--THE BANK CLOSES AT THREE! I'LL HAVE TO DRAW OUT MY \$10,000 AND HAVE IT READY TO ADD TO DAVE'S WHEN HE DOES GET HERE...



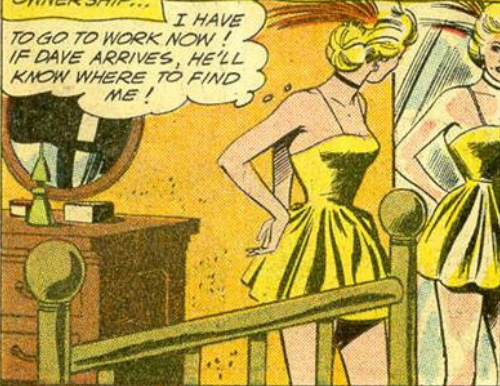
SOMEWHAT AFTER THREE O'CLOCK IN A HOTEL ROOM ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE PRAIRIE PALACE...

SHE'S HIDING THE MONEY UNDER A MATTRESS IN HER ROOM! SOON AS SHE LEAVES -- WE GO OVER AND TAKE IT!

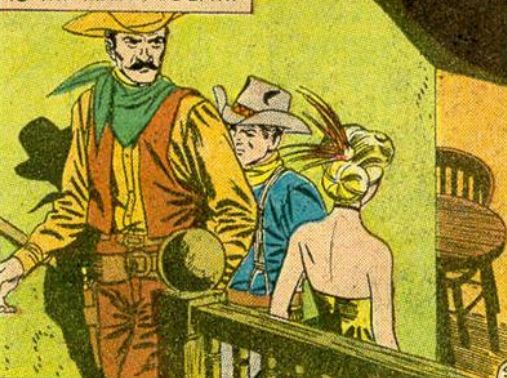


IN HER ROOM, ABBY IS READY FOR THE LATE AFTERNOON AND EVENING CROWDS AT THE PRAIRIE PALACE IN WHICH SHE SHARES PART OWNERSHIP...

I HAVE TO GO TO WORK NOW! IF DAVE ARRIVES, HE'LL KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME!



UNAWARE THAT THE TWO HARD-FACED MEN WHO PASS HER ON THE DANCE HALL STAIRS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO ROB HER, ABBY DESCENDS TO THE MAIN FLOOR...



HER ROOM-DOOR OPENS TO A LOCK-PICK AND...

GOT IT! OKAY--NOW LET'S GET OUT BEFORE--



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS...

I FORGOT MY SONG SHEETS--OHH! HELP! BANDITS!

GRAB HER, THORNY! WE'LL HAVE TO USE HER TO GET OUT OF HERE!



WITH ABBY SIMMS HELD HELPLESS BEFORE THEM, THE DUO OF ROBBERS MOVES DOWN THE STAIRCASE...

ABRUPTLY THE BATWING DOORS BURST OPEN AND A HOARSE CRY RESOUNDS THROUGHOUT THE PRAIRIE PALACE...

AS A GUN FLASHES IN THE HAND OF THE DOG-IRON TRAIL BOSS...

HELPLESSLY, MATT AND DAVE WATCH THE OUTLAWS DESCEND THE STAIRS, AND MOVE TO THE SWINGING DOORS...

ANYBODY MAKES A MOVE--GETS IT!

ABBY! AND THOSE ARE THE TWO MEN WHO ROBBED ME! NOW THEY'VE ROBBED ABBY TOO!

DROP THAT SMOKEPOLE, HOMBRE, UNLESS YOU WANT THE GIRL HARMED!

I'VE GOT TO DO IT--CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON ABBY GETTING HURT!

REMEMBER, ONE FALSE MOVE AND--BLAM!



FOR A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS MOMENT, DAVE HARDIN STARES DEEP INTO HIS SWEETHEART'S EYES--WHILE A TORRENT OF HATE AND FURY ALMOST CHOKES HIM...

I CAN'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO ABBY! I'VE GOT TO STOP 'EM!



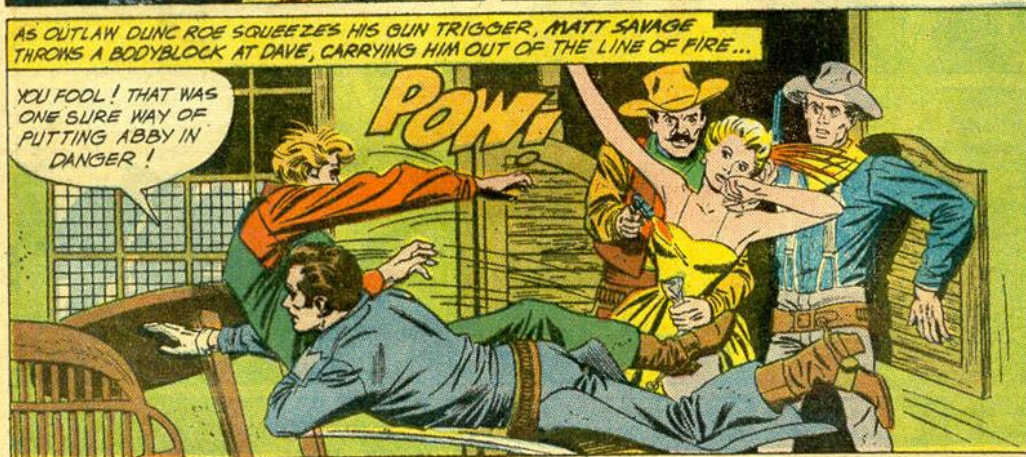
RUN, ABBY-- RUN! YOU FOOL! I WARNED YOU!



AS OUTLAW DUNC ROE SQUEEZES HIS GUN TRIGGER, MATT SAVAGE THROWS A BODYBLOCK AT DAVE, CARRYING HIM OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE...

YOU FOOL! THAT WAS ONE SURE WAY OF PUTTING ABBY IN DANGER!

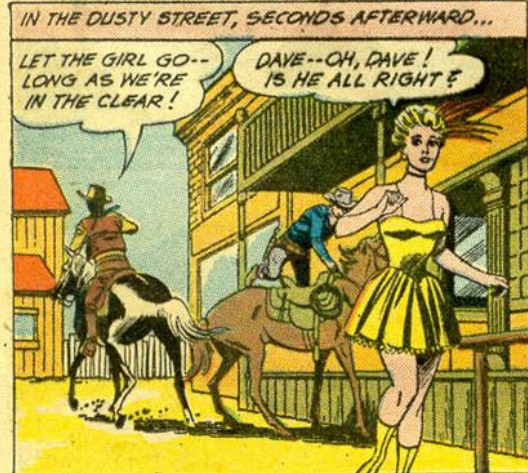
POW!



IN THE DUSTY STREET, SECONDS AFTERWARD...

LET THE GIRL GO-- LONG AS WE'RE IN THE CLEAR!

DAVE--OH, DAVE! IS HE ALL RIGHT?

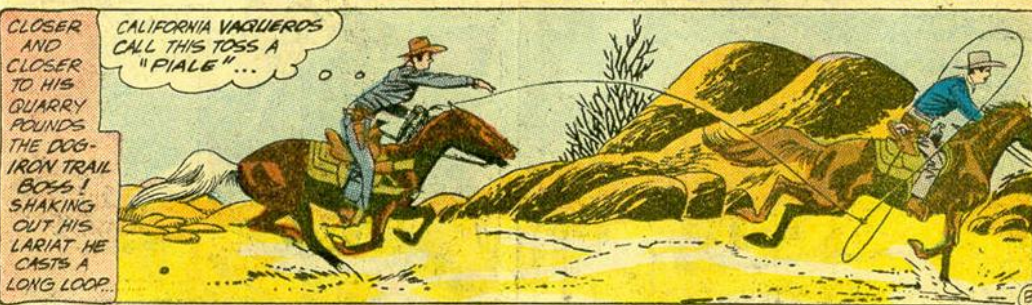
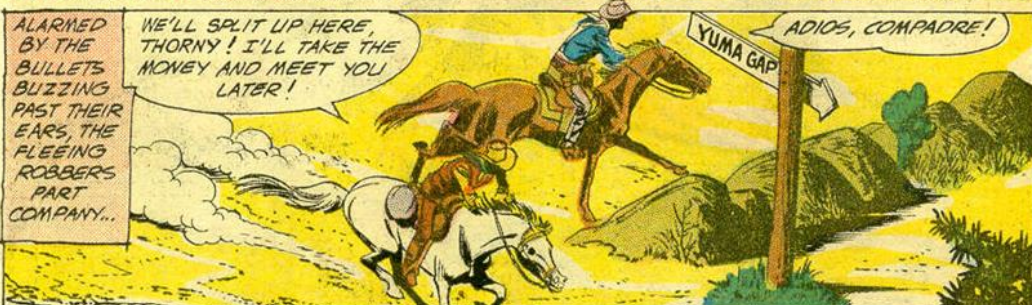


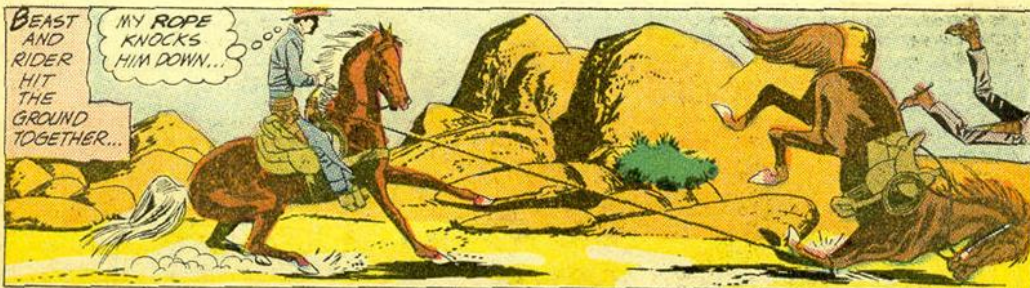
GOBBING SOFTLY, ABBY SIMMS FALLS TO HER KNEES AND DRAWS DAVE'S HEAD TO HER...

IT'S ONLY A FLESH WOUND IN THE ANKLE, ABBY! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW DAYS...

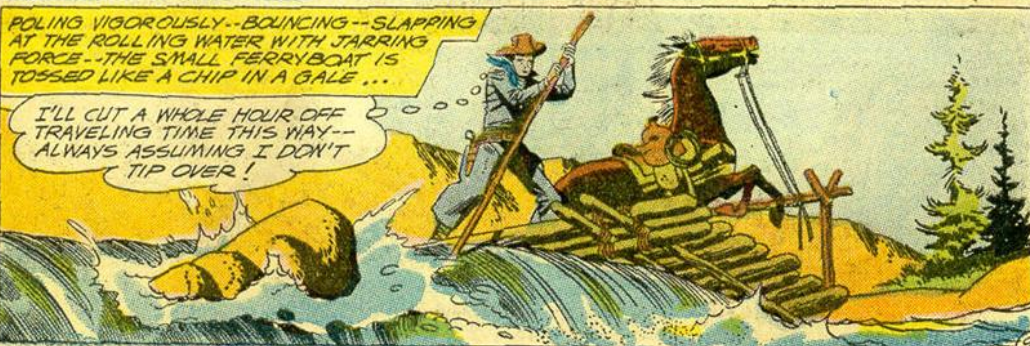
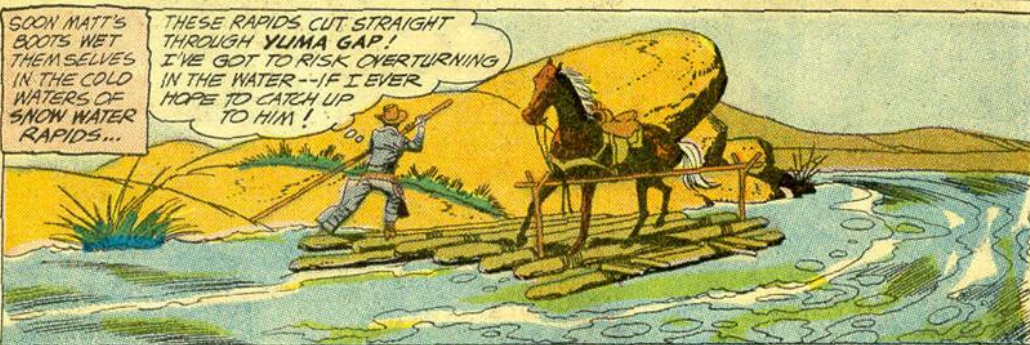
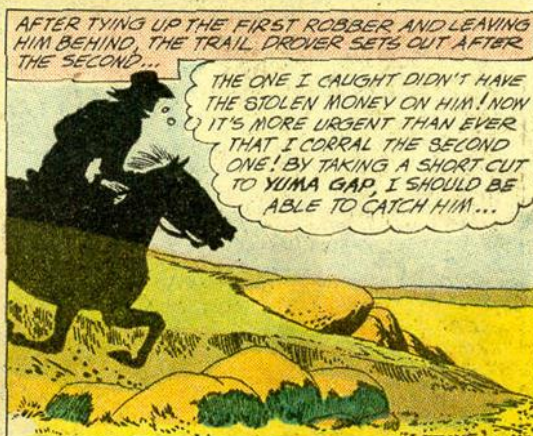
Sob! I D-DON'T C-CARE ABOUT THE OLD M-MONEY! I JUST DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO DAVE...







*Editor's Note: WESTERN BLANK FOR SADDLE.



AS THE SECOND
BANDIT GALLOPS
THROUGH THE
WATERS OF SNOW
WATER RAPIDS
WHERE THEY
SHALLOW OUT
THROUGH
YUMA GAP--

I TIMED THIS
JUST RIGHT!



GOT TO GRAB
HIM... BEFORE
HE'S CARRIED
AWAY...



FIGHTING FIERCELY, THE BATTLING
MEN ARE CARRIED BY THE FORCE
OF THE RAPIDS INTO A LITTLE
BACKWATER EDDY WHERE SILENT
SANDS BUBBLE OMINOUSLY...

I'M TAKING YOU AND THAT
MONEY IN TO PAINTED
POST--ONE WAY OR
ANOTHER...

IF I
CAN'T.
KEEP IT... NO
ONE WILL...



SUDDENLY THE BANDIT TOSSES
THE MONEY SACKS AWAY FROM
HIM...

THE \$20,000!
HE'S FLUNG IT TOWARD
THOSE QUICKSANDS--



WITH A SPLASH, THE LIFE
SAVINGS OF ABBY SIMMS
AND DAVE HARDIN HIT
THE BUBBLING SANDS,
JUST AS...

TRIPPED
ME--

YOU WANT THAT
MONEY SO MUCH--
GET IT!



MUSCLES STRAINING, MATT CLAWS HIS WAY UP THE SAPLING WHICH HAS FALLEN INTO THE QUICKSAND WITH HIM...

THAT MONEY SANK LIKE A STONE! I DON'T WANT TO GO THE SAME WAY...

LUNGING DESPERATELY, THE TRAIL BOSS CLOSES BOTH HANDS DOWN ON THE FLEEING ROBBER...

NOW TO FINISH YOU-- ONCE AND FOR ALL!

ON YOUR FEET! WE'RE PICKING UP YOUR PAL AND RIDING INTO PAINTED POST!

AS THE SETTING SUN REDDENS PAINTED POST'S MAIN STREET...

I'M SO GLAD YOU CAUGHT THEM BOTH, MR. SAVAGE! BUT-- WHERE'S THE MONEY?

I CAN TELL YOU THAT! IT SANK IN THE QUICKSAND!

HE'S RIGHT, ABBY! I SAW THE BAGS GO DOWN MYSELF!

GROAN! THERE GOES OUR LAST CHANCE TO BUY THE CIRCLE BAR! WELL, YOU DID THE BEST YOU COULD, MATT...

WAIT! I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING ODD I SAW BACK ON THE TRAIL! DON'T GIVE UP HOPE YET...

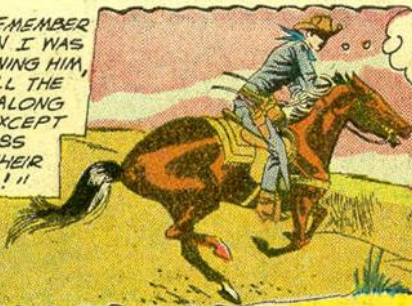
WITH A FRESH MOUNT BETWEEN HIS KNEES, MATT SAVAGES RETRACES HIS TRAIL...

IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, THE SECOND BANDIT-- FIGURING HE MIGHT GET CAUGHT-- BURIED THE \$20,000, THEN FILLED THE SACKS WITH DIRT AND ROCKS! HE MUST'VE HID IT SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THAT SIGNPOST AND YUMA GAP...





"I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS FOLLOWING HIM, HOW ALL THE ROCKS ALONG THE TRAIL--EXCEPT ONE--HAD MOSS GROWING ON THEIR NORTH SIDE!"



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR MOSS TO GROW ON THE EAST FACE OF A ROCK--SO THAT ROCK MUST HAVE BEEN RECENTLY MOVED!

WITH ABOUT AN HOUR LEFT BEFORE THE NINE O'CLOCK STAGE LEAVES PAINTED POST...

HE STOPPED HERE--HID THE MONEY--THEN ROLLED THE ROCK BACK IN THE WRONG POSITION! LUCKILY FOR ABBY AND DAVE--I NOTICED IT!



IN TOWN, JUST BEFORE NINE O'CLOCK...

HERE'S THE \$20,000!

AND HERE'S THE DEED TO THE CIRCLE BAR RANCH!

BUT HOW'D YOU GUESS THAT HE HID THE MONEY, MATT?



THOSE MONEY SACKS SANK TOO FAST! IF THERE WAS ONLY PAPER MONEY IN THEM--YOU SAID YOUR CASH WAS IN BILLS AND THE BANK WOULD GIVE ABBY PAPER MONEY--THEY'D HAVE FLOATED A LITTLE WHILE BEFORE SINKING!

I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, MR. SAVAGE! THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING!

SOMEDAY I'LL STOP BY AT THAT CIRCLE BAR RANCH, ABBY--FOR ONE OF YOUR HOME-COOKED MEALS!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING ON THE WESTERN TRAIL...

EEAAAAGH! POINT 'EM NORTH AND KEEP 'EM RUNNING!



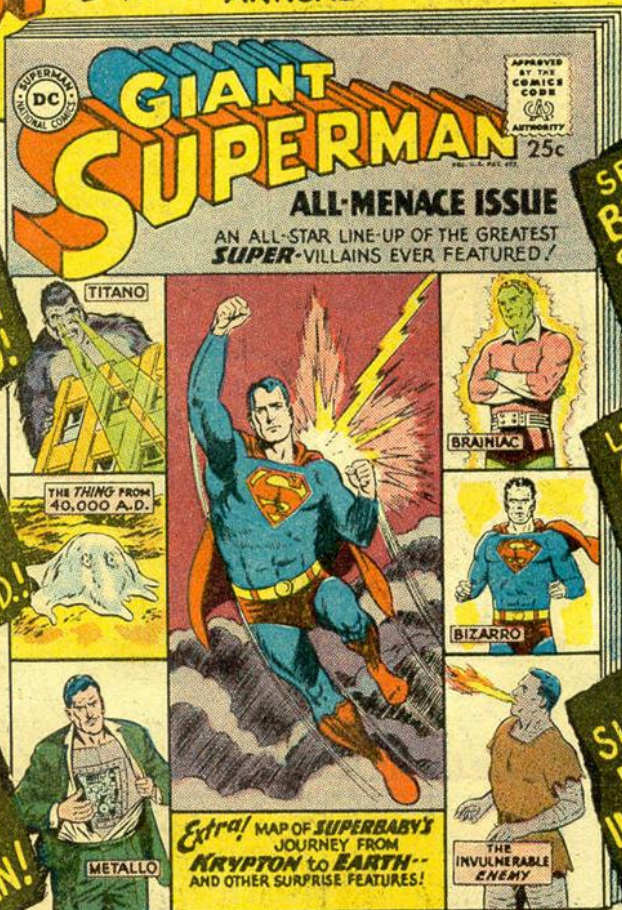
The End

The **NEXT GIANT**

SUPERMAN

APR. U.S. PAT. OFF. ANNUAL

WILL BE ANOTHER SELL-OUT! DON'T BE LEFT OUT.
TO RESERVE YOUR COPY,
FILL OUT THE ORDER
BLANK BELOW AND
RUSH TO YOUR LOCAL
DEALER!



SEE
SUPERMAN'S
FIRST
BATTLE WITH
TITANO!

MEET
THE THING
FROM
40,000 A.D.!

WATCH
METALLO
PLOT TO
DESTROY
SUPERMAN!

SEE HOW
BRAINIAC
SHRUNK THE
CITY OF
KANDOR!

LEARN THE
AMAZING
ORIGIN OF
THE **FIRST**
BIZARRO!

SEE
SUPERMAN
DUEL THE
INVULNERABLE
ENEMY!

**Extra! MAP OF SUPERBABY'S
JOURNEY FROM
KRYPTON TO EARTH--
AND OTHER SURPRISE FEATURES!**

ON SALE EVERYWHERE ...



TO MY LOCAL MAGAZINE DEALER:

**PLEASE RESERVE MY COPY OF DC'S GIANT SUPERMAN "ALL-MENACE
ISSUE". I WILL PAY 25¢ UPON RECEIPT OF THE MAGAZINE.**

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GET a GRIP on your GRIPEs!



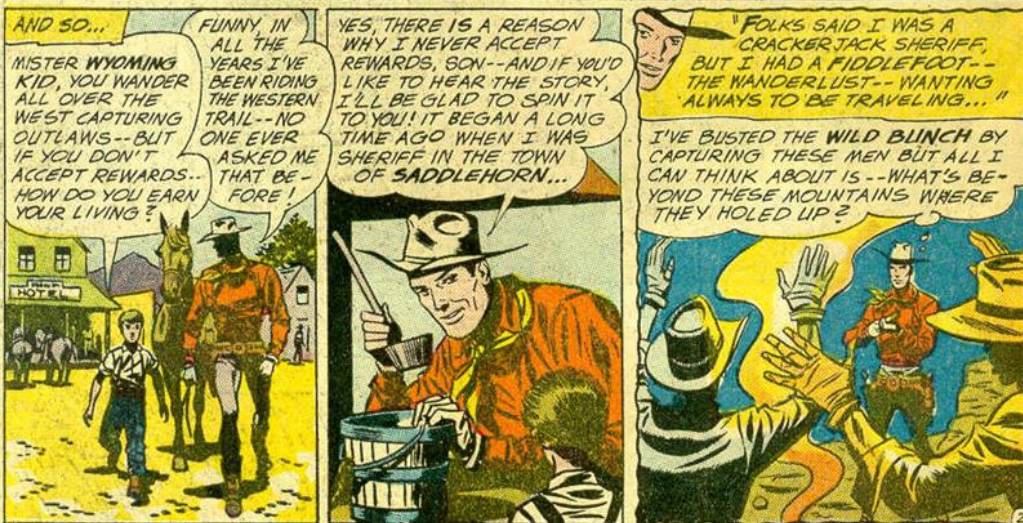
The Wyoming Kid

THIS IS MY LAST
OFFICIAL ACT AS
SHERIFF--TO JAIL
THESE THREE
TRAIN ROBBERS!



FOR AS LONG AS HE HAS BEEN TRAVELING THE MOUNTAIN TRAILS AND DESERT WASTES OF THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST, A CERTAIN QUESTION HAS NEVER BEEN ASKED OF THE WYOMING KID! WHEN A BOY IN THE TRAIL TOWN OF COMANCHE GULCH FINALLY ASKS THAT QUESTION, THE WYOMING KID REVEALS...

The SECRET OF THE WANDERING LAWMAN!



"FINALLY I DECIDED TO DO WHAT I'D ALWAYS WANTED TO DO, SO..."

I'M RESIGNING AS SHERIFF! I'VE GOT TO GET MOVING! MY FIDDLE-FOOT IS ITCHING!

CAN YUH AT LEAST STAY OUT THE WEEK, KID--SO WE CAN LOOK FOR YOUR SUCCESSOR?



"NATURALLY, I AGREED! BUT UNKNOWN TO ME AT THAT MOMENT, MILLIONAIRE RAILROAD MAGNATE RANDOLPH HUGHES WAS CANNONBALLING TOWARD SADDLEHORN IN HIS PRIVATE RAILROAD COACH..."



"MY FINAL WEEK AS SHERIFF WAS A QUIET ONE ...NO TROUBLE AT ALL! THEN ON 'MY LAST DAY'..."

I'LL CHECK THE OUTLYING SECTIONS OF THE TOWN LIMITS SO--HEY! THOSE THREE MASKED MEN--BOARDING A PRIVATE RAILROAD CAR! COULD BE A HOLDUP!

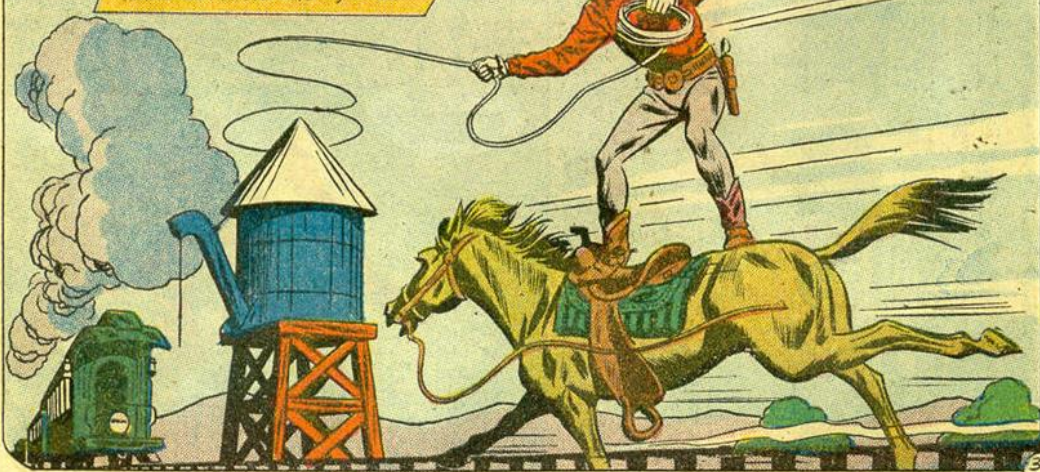


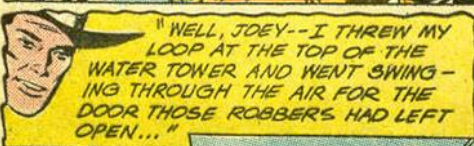
"BEFORE I COULD GALLOP DOWN, THE MASKED TRIO WAS INSIDE THE PRIVATE COACH..."



THIS IS A STICKUP, HUGHES! WE KNOW YOU DON'T TRUST BANKS AND THAT YOU ALWAYS CARRY YOUR CASH WITH YOU!

"I HAD TO GET INSIDE THAT PRIVATE CAR FAST TO PREVENT THOSE OWL HOOTS FROM HARMING RANDOLPH HUGHES, SO..."



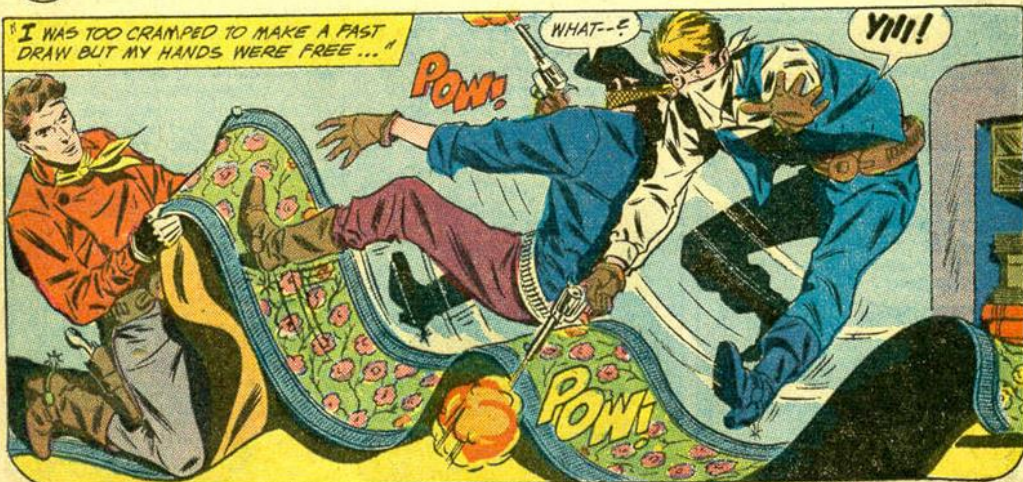


"I WENT BAILING THROUGH THE DOORWAY LIKE
A BULLET, FEET FIRST..."



"THE TRAIN ROBBERS WHIRLED, YANKING THEIR
SIX-GUNS WHILE I WAS STRETCHED OUT ON THE
FLOOR! AS I SCRAMBLED TO MY KNEES, IT
LOOKED AS IF I WAS A GONER..."





"AFTER I'D SNAPPED THE CUFFS ON THE OWLHOOTS, I MADE SURE RANDOLPH HUGHES WAS ALL RIGHT! WHEN HE HEARD I WAS GIVING UP MY BADGE..."

BUT YOU CAN'T QUIT, KID! THE GROWING WEST NEEDS A MAN LIKE YOU TO BRING IT LAW AND ORDER!

I'VE A HANKERING TO DO SOME TRAVELING! I'LL TAKE ODD RANCH JOBS TO KEEP ME IN FOOD AND SHELTER...

KID, THAT WOULD BE A TERRIBLE WASTE OF YOUR TALENTS! YOU SAVED MY FORTUNE FOR ME, MAYBE EVEN MY LIFE! I'M CONVINCED YOU'D DO MUCH MORE GOOD BY DEVOTING YOUR LIFE TO SEEING JUSTICE DONE THROUGH-OUT THE WEST!

KID, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT! I'M GOING TO PUT \$1000 IN YOUR NAME IN EVERY BANK WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI! GO AHEAD--INDULGE YOUR WANDERLUST IF YOU WANT! BUT YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORK FOR YOUR KEEP!



YOU CAN SPEND ALL YOUR TIME ROUNDING UP OUTLAWS LIKE THESE HOMBRES! YOU'LL BE A SORT OF WANDERING SHERIFF, A LAWMAN WITHOUT A BADGE! HOW ABOUT IT?



AS THE WYOMING KID CONCLUDES HIS STORY HE MOUNTS TO RIDE OUT OF TOWN...



NOW YOU KNOW HOW I MANAGE TO EXIST--WITHOUT "WORKING," JOEY!

THOSE MEN WITH THE BILLS THE WYOMING KID SIGNED--THEY'RE STARTING TO TEAR THEM UP!

THOSE SIGNED BILLS WERE LIKE MONEY! THE BANK WOULD'VE PAID YOU FOR THEM!



SURE, JOEY! WE KNOW THAT! BUT REMEMBER--THE WYOMING KID'S BEEN A GOOD FRIEND TO US, SAME AS HE WAS TO RANDOLPH HUGHES!

IN OUR OWN LITTLE WAY, WE LIKE TO SHOW OUR FRIENDSHIP TOO! HE'S HELPED US AS HE HELPED HUGHES, REMEMBER, BY CAPTURING MEN LIKE RED MAGEE!

STRANGE! EVEN THOUGH THE WYOMING KID SIGNS THE BILLS HE RUNS UP, NOBODY EVER COLLECTS! NOW I KNOW HOW HE CAN LIVE WITHOUT GETTING ANY REWARD MONEY...!



SAGEBRUSH SAM

HENRY GOLDHOFF

I HAVEN'T SEEN **WATER** FOR ALMOST TWO DAYS.

THIS DESERT HEAT IS TERRIBLE.

IF I DON'T FIND **WATER** SOON I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!

WATER!

A **WATER HOLE** AT LAST!

I JUST HAD TO **WASH MY SOCKS**. I COULDN'T GO ON WEARING THEM ANY LONGER!

THE END

POW-WOW SMITH



THE ONE BLOT ON MAJOR KIRBY'S CIVIL WAR RECORD WAS HIS FAILURE TO COMPLETE A CERTAIN SECRET MISSION!
NOW, TEN YEARS LATER, HE RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF THAT MISSION, DARING DEATH FROM OUTLAW GLUNS AS HE IS JOINED BY SHERIFF POW-WOW SMITH ALONG THE ...

TREASURE TRAIL TO TUMBLEWEED GAP!



WARM DELIGHT FILLS THE HEART OF PRETTY FLEETFOOT, DAUGHTER OF THE SIOUX CHIEF, THUNDERCLOUD...

TONIGHT BEGINS THE FEASTING OF THE COURTING COUPLES! POW-WOW'S PROMISED TO BE HERE FOR IT...

AFTER THE FINAL CEREMONY TOMORROW NIGHT; SIGH: WE'LL BE OFFICIALLY ENGAGED! BUT POW-WOW'S LATE! WHAT CAN BE KEEPING HIM?

AT THIS MOMENT, THE REDSKIN SHERIFF IS GALLOPING ALONG THE TRAIL TO THE SIOUX CAMP...

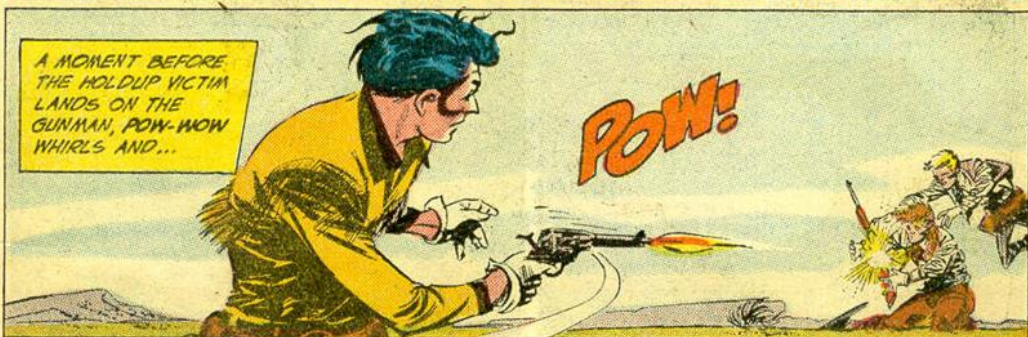
MASKED MEN-- ROBBERING THE REDWOOD STAGE! HMMM--I'M LATE FOR THE COURTING COUPLES CEREMONY-- BUT STILL, I HAVE MY DUTY TO PERFORM...

CHARGING IN AT THE HOLDUP, THE LAWMAN RIPS OFF A SHOT AT ONE BANDIT, AS HE LEAPS FOR THE OTHER...

KRAK!

LOCKED IN A HAND-TO-HAND STRUGGLE, THE INDIAN DRIVES HIS OPPONENT BEFORE HIM, WHILE BEHIND HIM...

GOT TO RECOVER MY GUN--GET THE SHERIFF... WHILE HIS BACK IS TURNED...



AFTER THE BANDITS HAVE BEEN HANDCUFFED AND MADE TO RIDE INSIDE THE STAGE, EX-MAJOR RON KIRBY CANTERS BESIDE POW-WOW SMITH...

I'M IN THIS COUNTRY TO DIG UP A CHEST... I GUESS YOU'D CALL IT-- A TREASURE CHEST!

"TEN YEARS AGO DURING THE CIVIL WAR, I WAS COMMANDING--AS A MAJOR IN THE CAVALRY--AN ESCORT DETAIL ON ITS WAY NORTH TO BUY SUPPLIES..."

THE UNION BLOCKADE KEEPS BRITISH SHIPS FROM OUR SOUTHERN PORTS, SO WE HAVE TO GO ALL THE WAY TO CANADA FOR WAR SUPPLIES...

"WE WERE SIGHTED BY A UNION VOLUNTEER REGIMENT NOT FAR FROM HERE AND ATTACKED! OUTNUMBERED, I HAD TO FIGHT TO PREVENT OUR MONEY FROM FALLING INTO ENEMY HANDS..."

THE BOYS ARE KEEPING THEM AWAY LONG ENOUGH TO BURY THIS CHEST!

"I BURIED IT ALL RIGHT, BUT AS I WAS RETURNING TO MY COMMAND, A SNIPER'S BULLET FELL ME..."

HEY, BILLY YANK-- WE CATCHED OURSELVES A JOHNNY REB!

THAT MINUTE BALL ONLY CREASED ME--BUT IT MADE ME LOSE MY MEMORY AND FORGET WHERE I BURIED THE CHEST! NOW THAT I'VE RECOVERED MY MEMORY I'VE COME BACK FOR IT, TO TURN IT OVER TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES...

WELL, LOOK WHO'S COMING! SHERIFF HACKLEY OF REDWOOD!

JUST STOPPED A STAGE ROBBERY IN YOUR TERRITORY, JOE! GOT TWO PRISONERS FOR YOU TO TAKE BACK TO REDWOOD WHILE I RIDE ON!

GLAD TO, POW-WOW!

FREED FROM HIS TASK OF JAILING THE OUTLAWS, THE SIOUX SHERIFF RACES ON TO THE FEAST OF THE COURTING COUPLES...

POW-WOW!
I WAS AFRAID
; Bob ;
YOU
WEREN'T
COMING...

AS LONG AS
I'M NOT TOO
LATE...



HAND-IN-HAND, THE REDSKIN LAWMAN AND THE PRETTY SIOUX MAIDEN PLEDGE THEIR LOVE BEFORE THE TRIBAL MEDICINE MAN...

THIS IS
YOUR SACRED ARROW!
BREAK IT NOW AND BOTH
RETAIN HALF! TOMORROW
NIGHT EACH MUST BRING
HIS AND HER HALF TO HAVE
IT BOUND... SEALING YOUR
ENGAGEMENT...



TOGETHER THEY BREAK THE SLENDER SHAFT WHICH BEARS THEIR NAMES...

IF EITHER
ONE OF YOU FAILS TO RETURN
HERE TOMORROW NIGHT WITH
HIS OR HER HALF, IT IS A
SIGN THEY SHALL NOT WED...



THE SWEETHEARTS
WALK AWAY, TO
DREAM OF THEIR
FUTURE, AS THE
MOON OF THE
BLACK CALF
MONTH* BEAMS
DOWN ON THEM...



* Editor's Note:
SEPTEMBER!

AT DAWN, AS THE
INDIAN LAWMAN
RIDES BACK
TOWARD HIS
TOWNSHIP OF
ELKHORN...



SHERIFF HACKLEY!
WHAT HAPPENED--?

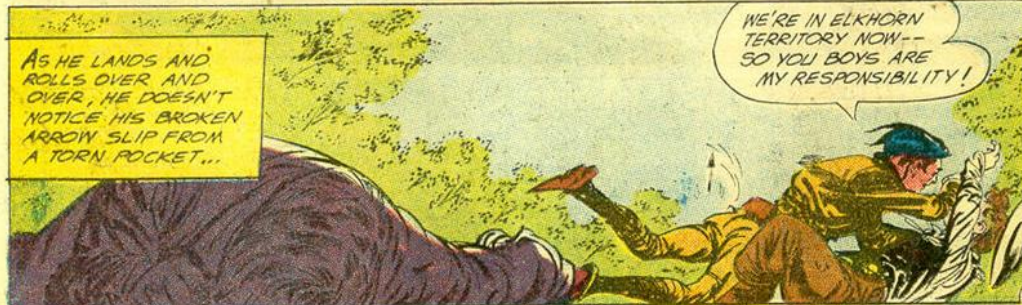
; GHOH!; THOSE ROBBERS
YOU HANDED OVER
TO ME... KNOCKED
ME OUT... AND
ESCAPED...

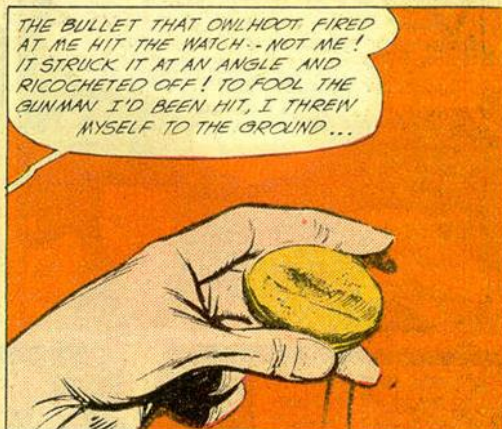
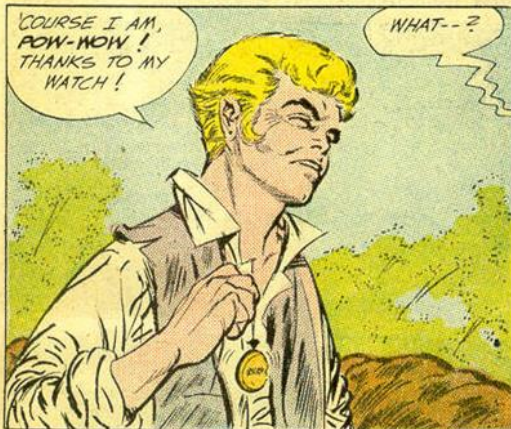
RIDING INTO TOWN,
POW-WOW BRINGS
HIS LAWMAN FRIEND
TO A DOCTOR...



YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION
TO GO AFTER THOSE
BANDITS, JOE! I'LL
TAKE OVER FOR YOU!

THANKS, POW-WOW!
AND BE CAREFUL!
THEY'RE TRICKY!





DESPERATELY THE SIOUX LAWMAN BACKTRACKS ALONG THE TRAIL! THOUGH HE FAILS TO FIND THE HALF ARROW, HE NEVER-THELESS RIDES TO THE FEAST OF THE COURTING COUPLES...

HOW CAN I EXPLAIN, FLEETFOOT... I--I--

OH, POW-WOW! NOW WE'LL NEVER--



SUDDENLY A VOICE WHIPS THEM BOTH AROUND...

UHH--IS THIS WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, POW-WOW? I FOUND IT WHERE YOU CAPTURED THOSE ROBBERS! I READ YOUR NAME IN SIOUX LANGUAGE ON IT AND BROUGHT IT HERE! I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE IMPORTANT!

KIRBY!



AND SO EX-MAJOR RON KIRBY IS INVITED TO WITNESS THE CEREMONY WHICH PLEDGES POW-WOW SMITH AND FLEETFOOT AS AN ENGAGED COUPLE...



HE DOES NOT WATCH, HOWEVER, AS THE BE-TROTHED PAIR KISS INDIAN-STYLE, CHEEK TO CHEEK...



The End



For The VERY BEST



in COMICS READING!



ON SALE NOV. 11

ON SALE NOV. 3

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35c each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25c for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00

REMEMBER:

No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.



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