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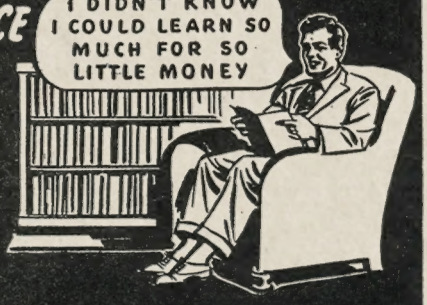

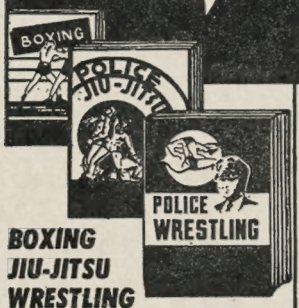

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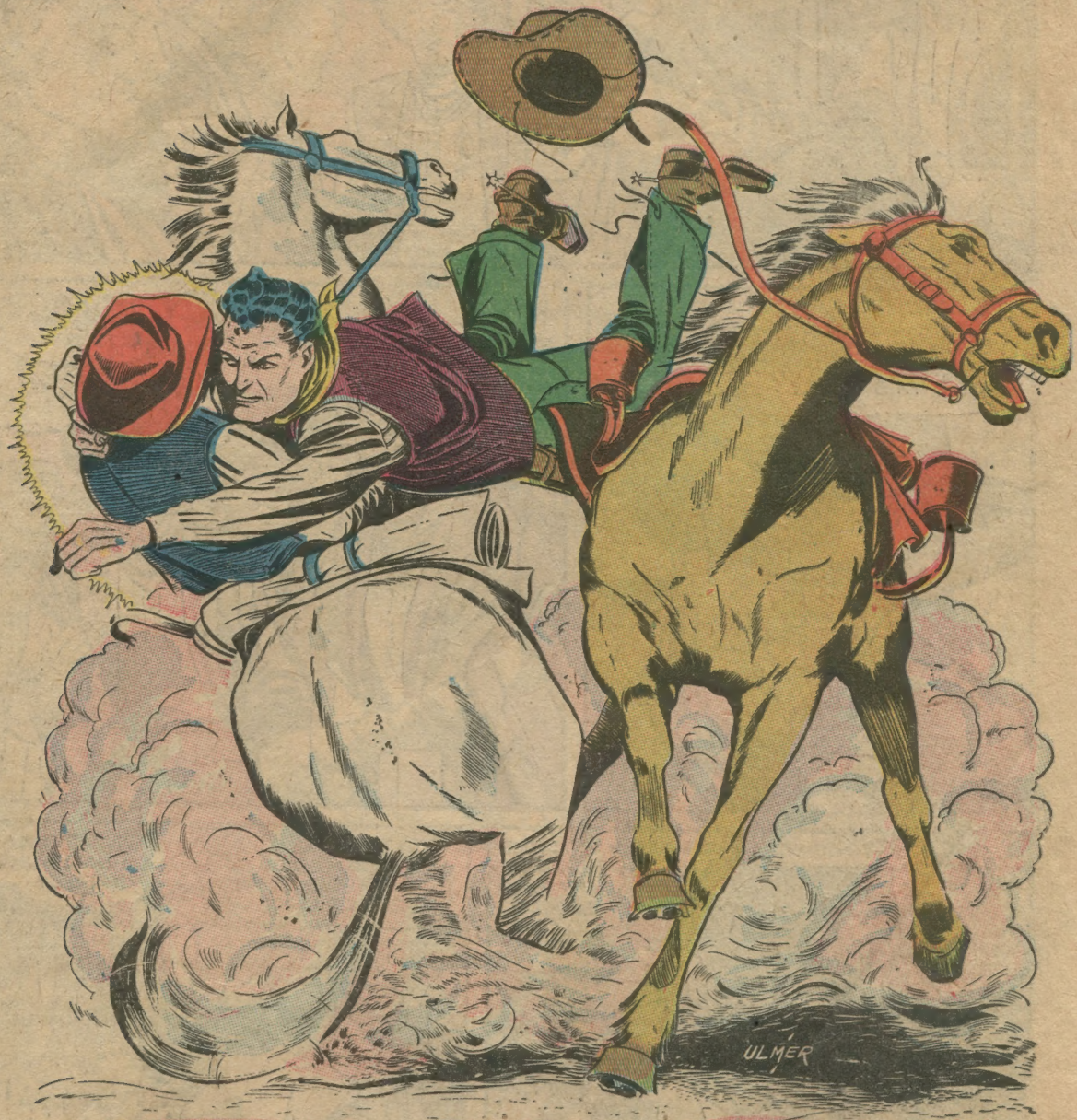
THE LEGEND OF THE FIERY RIDERS



Many a tricky gun-toter and bad cow-puncher has met his fate at the hands of the *TEXAS RANGER*. Whose very name, whispered through the badlands of the old west, commanded respect in the hearts of good men and fear in the souls of bad! *But* when an old legend seems to suddenly come true to strike terror to the range, the Texas Ranger finds himself facing a strange, awesome foe---until he finds out the secret of the **LEGEND OF THE FIERY RIDERS!**


THREE STRANGERS STRIDE INTO THE OFFICE OF THE TEXAS RANGER IN THE TOWN OF HEADSTONE . . .
I'M LOOKING FOR THE TEXAS RANGER FOR THIS HERE REGION. MY NAME IS TODD. MY ASSISTANTS AND I HAVE JUST COME IN ON THE STAGE.
I'M THE RANGER HERE. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, TODD?
TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE LEGEND OF THE FIERY RIDERS. MY ASSISTANTS AND I DO RESEARCH INTO OLD LEGENDS.
WE'VE COME TO INVESTIGATE THIS LEGEND. A BAND OF BANDITS HUNG TWENTY YEARS AGO, ARE SAID TO RETURN EVERY TEN YEARS... RIGHT ABOUT THIS TIME!
LEGEND? NEVER HEARD OF IT! I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, BUT I'LL RIDE THE PLAINS WITH YOU TONIGHT AND WE'LL SEE!
FINE, RANGER, TONIGHT IT IS!
AND SO THAT NIGHT...
SO FAR NO SIGN OF ANY GHOSTS, TODD!
IT'S EARLY YET! I'VE FOUND MANY SUCH LEGENDS TO COME TRUE!
YES..THOSE OLD LEGENDS OFTEN PROVE TRUE. I REMEMBER ONCE..
WAIT..LISTEN! I HEAR GUNS FIRING!


THAT SHOOTIN' IS COMING FROM THE DIRECTION OF CLEM BELL'S PLACE! COME ON!
IT MAY BE THE FIERY RIDERS!
THERE'S CLEM'S PLACE AHEAD!
RANGER, LOOK... OVER THERE!
JUMPIN' GRASSHOPPERS--!
THE...THE FIERY RIDERS!
AND THERE IN THE NIGHT, THE RANGER SEES....
I'VE GOT A PERFECT BEAD ON THEM, BUT THEY DON'T FALL!
BANG BANG BANG
THEY GOT AWAY! I BETTER SEE WHAT HAPPENED AT CLEM'S PLACE!
AND WHEN THE RANGER REACHES THE RANCH..
I'VE BEEN TAKIN' NOTES, RANGER. YOU SEE THE LEGEND'S COME TRUE!
MIGHTY QUEER ALL RIGHT. NEVER BELIEVED IN GHOSTS BEFORE, BUT NOW..... I'M STUMPED!


THEY HIT ME AND CLEANED ME OUT!
TOO BAD, CLEM!
I'LL HEAD TO TOWN AND GIVE THESE NOTES TO MY ASSISTANTS!
YOU CAN'T FIGHT GHOSTS, RANGER! SEE YOU T'MORROW!
GHOSTS, EH? MAYBE YES AND MAYBE NO!
AND SO THE NEXT NIGHT. . . .
HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY RIDING ALONG, RANGER. I MIGHT PICK UP SOME MORE VALUABLE INFORMATION!
NO, TODD, GLAD TO HAVE COMPANY!
WHERE ARE THOSE ASSISTANTS OF YOURS, TODD!
THEY..ER..STAY IN TOWN DOING RESEARCH. I DO THE FIELD WORK!
TODD...OVER THERE! IT'S THE FIERY RIDERS AGAIN!
WHA? BY GOLLY, RANGER,--- IT'S THEM, ALL RIGHT!


THEY DON'T FALL... AND THEY DON'T RETURN MY FIRE, EITHER!
THEY'RE NOT REAL, RANGER! THEY'RE GHOSTS!


MAYBE, TODD... MAYBE! LET'S GET BACK TO TOWN!


AND IN TOWN, THE NEXT MORNING...
MORNIN', RANGER. HAVE YA SEEN THE PAPER?... THREE MORE RANCHERS ROBBED LAST NIGHT!
I KNOW, CLEM. COUNTING YOU THAT MAKES FOUR! THE NEIGHBORHOOD'S MIGHTY SCARED!


BETWEEN THE ROBBIN' AND THAT GHOST LEGEND COMIN' TRUE, FOLKS ARE TALKIN' ABOUT PULLIN' UP STAKES AND LEAVIN'!
I KNOW, CLEM AND THEY BLAME ME FOR CHASIN' GHOSTS WHILE THEY'RE BEIN' ROBBED!
$5000 REW


AH RECKON YOU CAN'T FIGHT GHOSTS, RANGER!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! RIGHT NOW I WANT TO SEE TODD OVER THERE. SEE YOU LATER, CLEM!


SAY, TODD...I WANT TO...HEY! WATCH THAT!
OH, RANGER.... OOOPS!
THIS IS A BOX OF BOOKS, RANGER.... RESEARCH BOOKS. JUST ARRIVED ON THE STAGE FOR ME. WHAT DID YOU WANT TO SAY!
OH..ER...NOTHIN' TODD...I'LL SEE YOU LATER!
THE RANGER'S KEEN EYES HAVE SEEN SOMETHING, AND AS TODD RIDES OFF....
THIS WHITE POWDER CAME FROM THAT BOX WHEN IT FELL...! I'LL TAKE SOME OF IT TO DOC BROMLEY, THE CHEMIST!
BAR
LATER
HERE'S A REPORT ON THAT WHITE POWDER, RANGER. I ANALYZED IT AND IT'S POWDERED SULPHUR!
THANKS, DOC. THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME! I'M GOING TO CAPTURE A LEGEND!
CAPTURE A LEGEND...? HE MUST BE LOCO!
I'LL TRY TO PICK UP TODD'S TRAIL BY THE POWDERED SULPHUR LEAKING FROM THE BOX!
DRUGS
DOC BROMLEY
AND SOON AFTERWARDS, IN THE HILLS...
THAT POWDER MADE AN EASY TRAIL TO FOLLOW. IT LEADS BEHIND THESE ROCKS.. NOW TO SEE WHAT'S THERE!

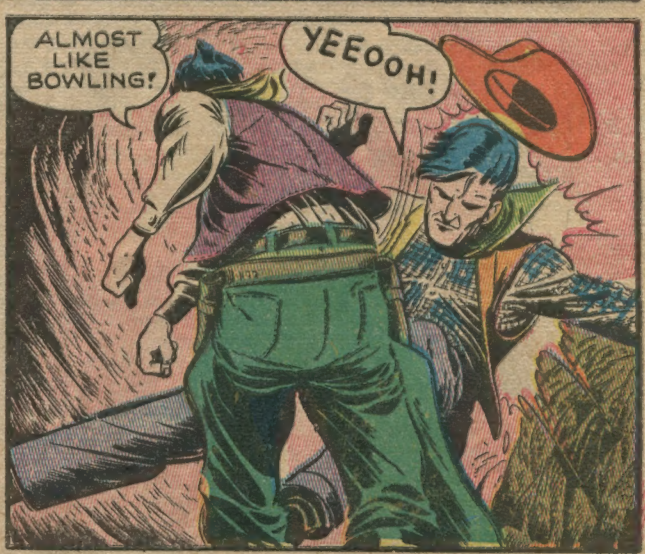

ALL RIGHT, TODD... THE GAME IS UP! REACH FOR THE SKY!
THE RANGER! HE MUST'VE FOLLOWED YOU, FOOL! WHY WEREN'T YOU MORE CAREFUL?
WHA?


IT WAS EASY FOLLOWING THAT LEAK OF POWDER, TODD! SOME RESEARCH BOOKS IN THAT BOX, I'LL SAY!
WE'RE NOT LICKED...

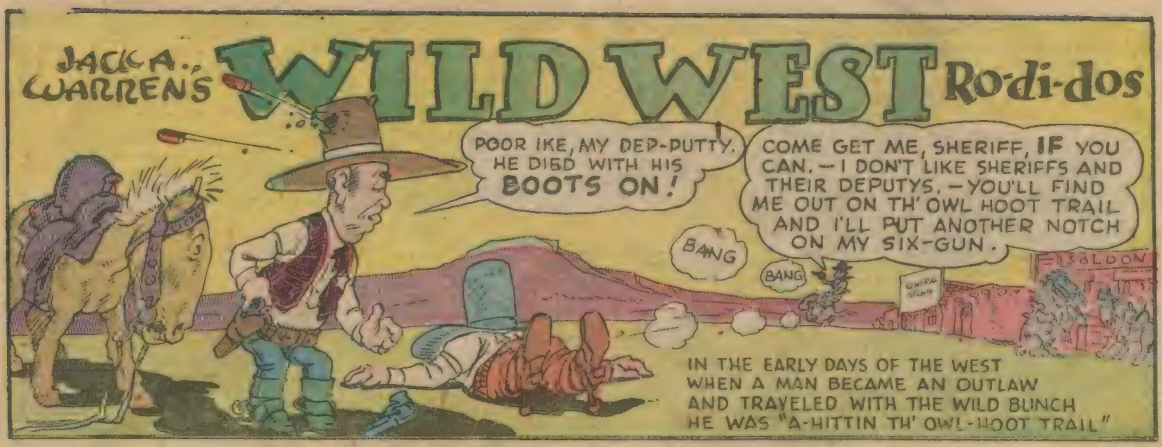

THEN, WITH SAVAGE SUDDENNESS...
OOOOH!
YET!! GET HIS GUN!

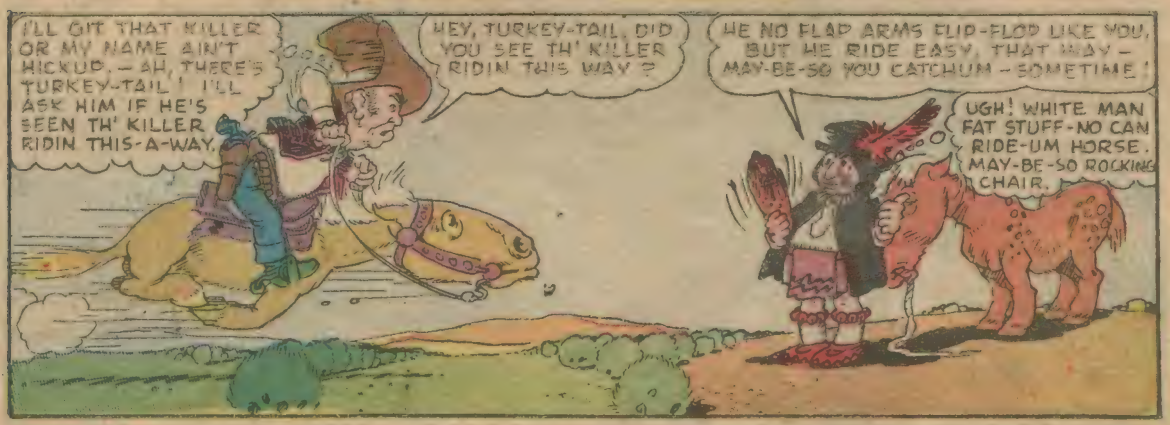

AND I'M NOT FINISHED YET, TODD! THIS IS JUST A SAMPLE!
OOOH!

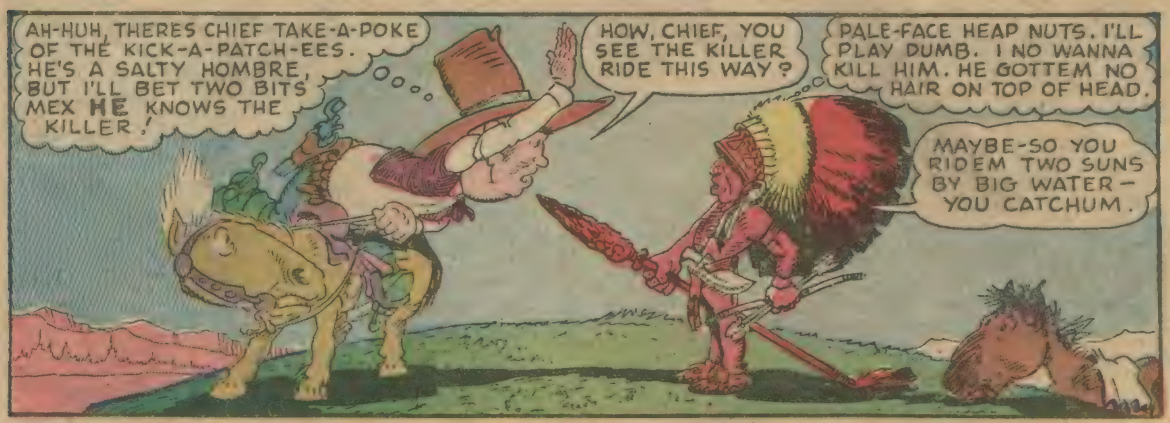

AND THIS FOR YOU!
UGH!

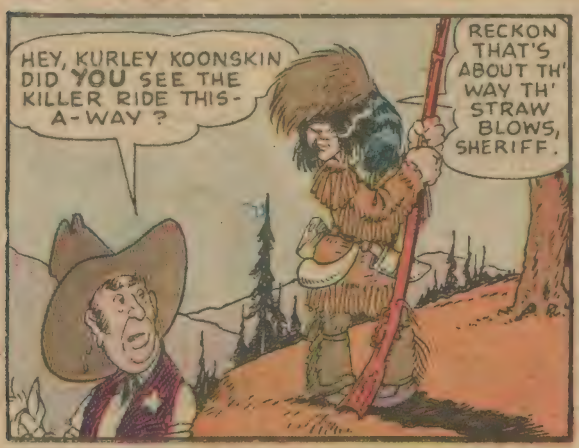

ALMOST LIKE BOWLING!
YEEOOH!

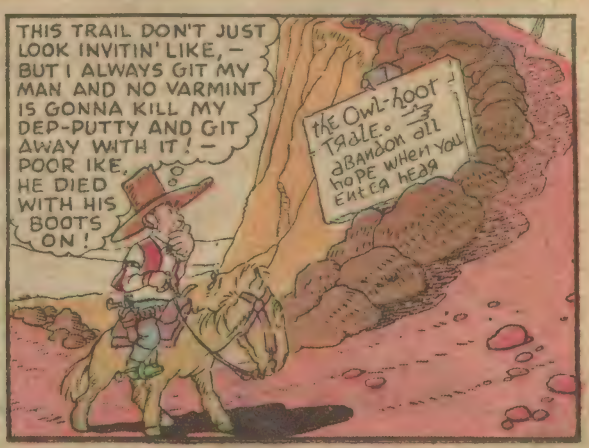

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S TRYIN' TO GET AWAY!
YOU WON'T GET ME, RANGER!
BANG
THE BATTLE OVER, THE RANGER UNCOVERS THE SECRET OF THE FIERY RIDERS
UUUUH!
THAT'S ALL FOR YOU, TODD!
MIXING CANS AND CLOTH DUMMIES..THERE'S THE LEGEND! THEY USED THAT POWDERED SULPHUR IN MIXING PHOSPHOROUS PAINT THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK!
PAI
BUT, RANGER, YOU WERE SUSPICIOUS.. WHY?
TODD TRIED HARD TO MAKE ME BELIEVE THE RIDERS WERE GHOSTS, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING GHOSTLY ABOUT THE SOUND OF THEIR HORSES HOOFS AS THEY RODE AWAY. LIKE ALL CROOKS, HE DIDN'T THINK OF EVERYTHING!
THE DUMMIES WERE STRAPPED ON HORSES AND IN THE DARK, THEY GLOWED LIKE GHOSTS.
NOW TO GET TO TOWN AND TELL FOLKS THE TRUTH!
IN TOWN, THE RANGER REVEALS THE LEGEND.
SO IT WAS ALL A TRICK TO TAKE ATTENTION FROM THEIR REAL ROBBIN'!
RIGHT, CLEM. TODD STUCK CLOSE TO ME WHILE HIS AIDES DID THE DIRTY WORK. THAT WAY TODD COULD WATCH TO SEE IF I WAS GETTING SUSPICIOUS!

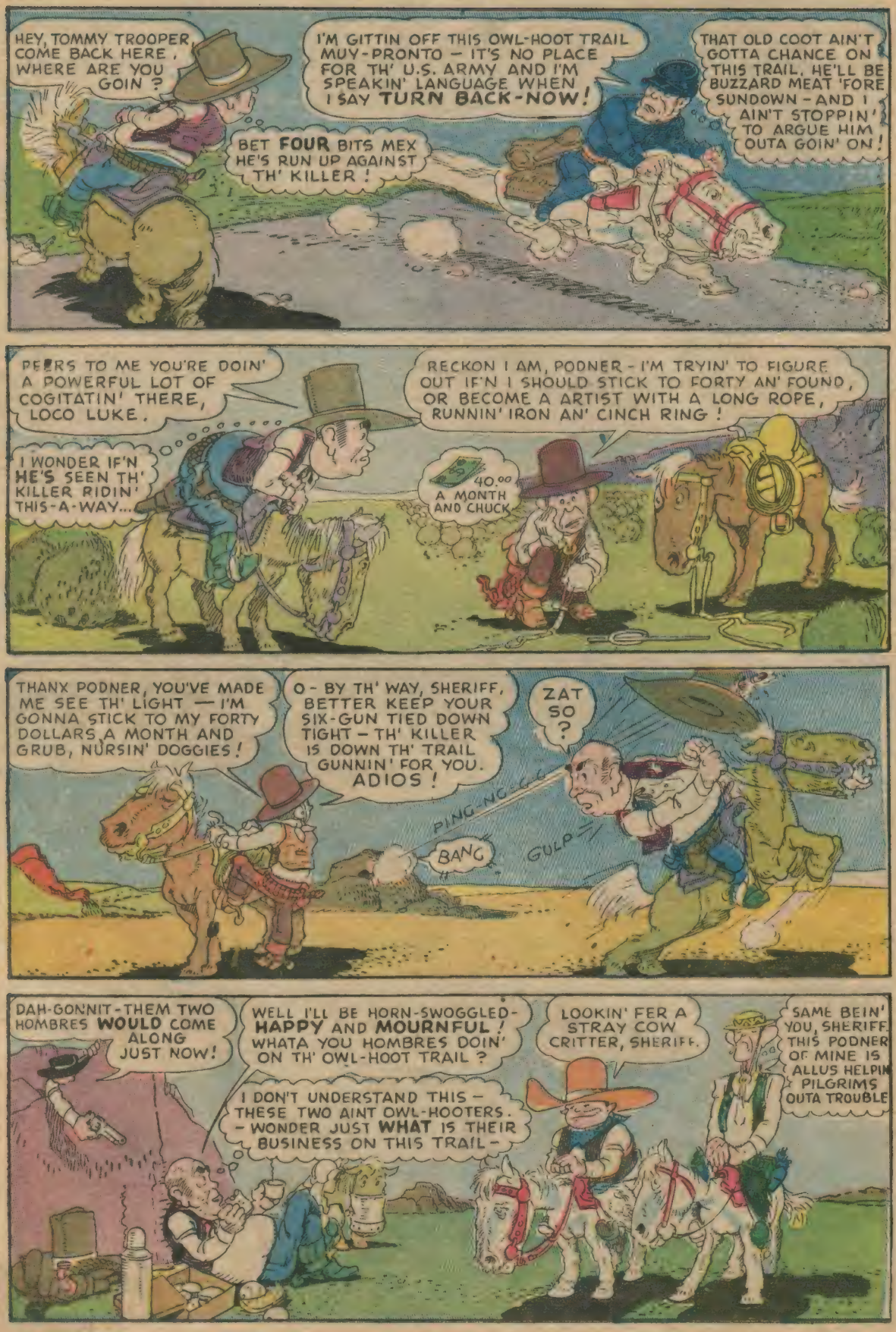

JACK A. WARREN'S
WILD WEST Ro-di-dos
POOR IKE, MY DEP-PUTTY. HE DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON!
COME GET ME, SHERIFF, IF YOU CAN. — I DON'T LIKE SHERIFFS AND THEIR DEPUTYS. — YOU'LL FIND ME OUT ON TH' OWL HOOT TRAIL AND I'LL PUT ANOTHER NOTCH ON MY SIX-GUN.
BANG
BANG
SALOON
IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WEST WHEN A MAN BECAME AN OUTLAW AND TRAVELED WITH THE WILD BUNCH HE WAS "A-HITTIN TH' OWL-HOOT TRAIL"

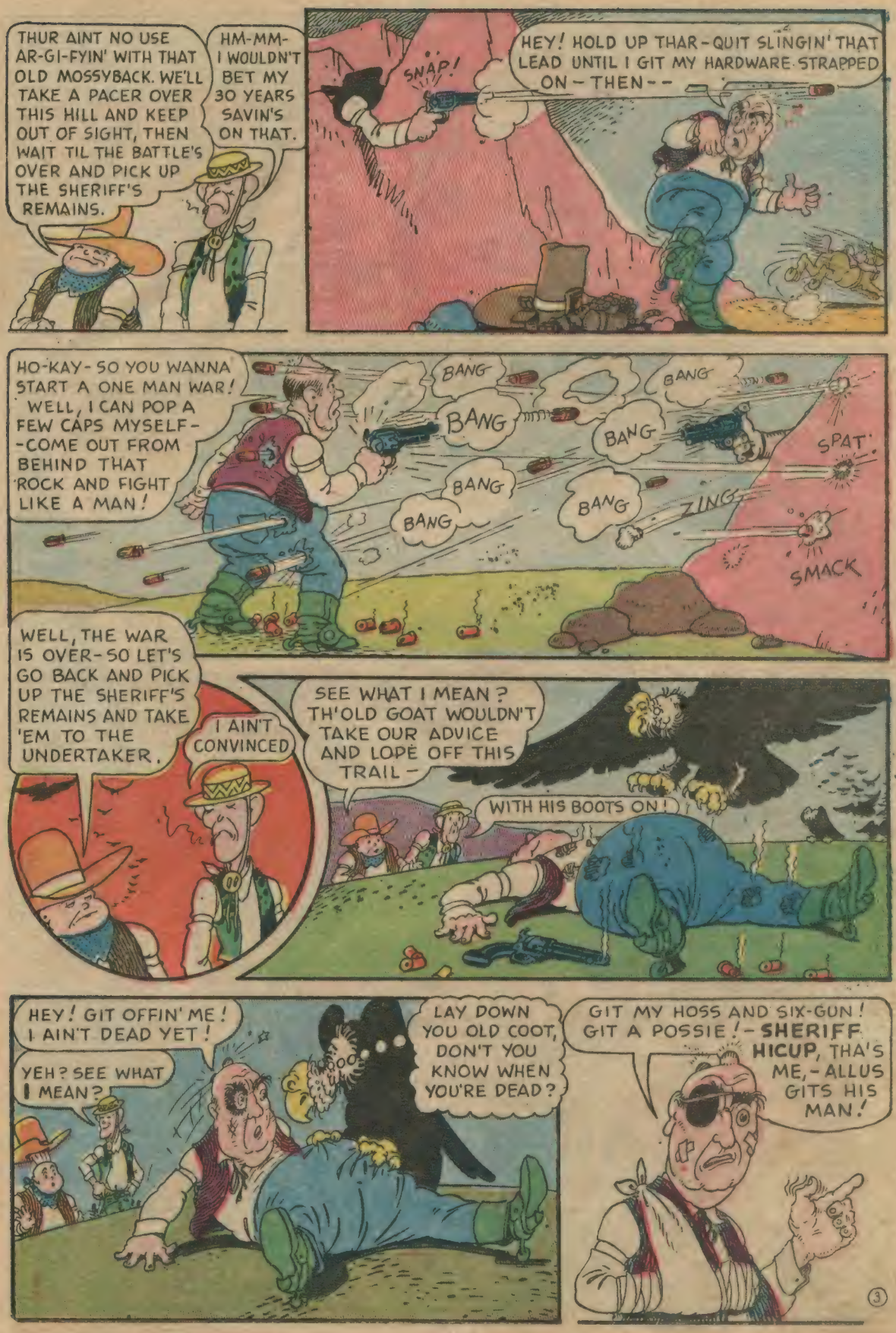

I'LL GIT THAT KILLER OR MY NAME AIN'T HICKUP. — AH, THERE'S TURKEY-TAIL! I'LL ASK HIM IF HE'S SEEN TH' KILLER RIDIN THIS-A-WAY.
HEY, TURKEY-TAIL, DID YOU SEE TH' KILLER RIDIN THIS WAY?
HE NO FLAP ARMS FLIP-FLOP LIKE YOU, BUT HE RIDE EASY, THAT WAY — MAY-BE-SO YOU CATCHUM — SOMETIME!
UGH! WHITE MAN FAT STUFF-NO CAN RIDE-UM HORSE. MAY-BE-SO ROCKING CHAIR.


AH-HUH, THERES CHIEF TAKE-A-POKE OF THE KICK-A-PATCH-EES. HE'S A SALTY HOMBRE, BUT I'LL BET TWO BITS MEX HE KNOWS THE KILLER!
HOW, CHIEF, YOU SEE THE KILLER RIDE THIS WAY?
PALE-FACE HEAP NUTS. I'LL PLAY DUMB. I NO WANNA KILL HIM. HE GOTTEM NO HAIR ON TOP OF HEAD.
MAYBE-SO YOU RIDEM TWO SUNS BY BIG WATER — YOU CATCHUM.


HEY, KURLEY KOONSKIN DID YOU SEE THE KILLER RIDE THIS-A-WAY?
RECKON THAT'S ABOUT TH' WAY TH' STRAW BLOWS, SHERIFF.


THIS TRAIL DON'T JUST LOOK INVITIN' LIKE, — BUT I ALWAYS GIT MY MAN AND NO VARMINT IS GONNA KILL MY DEP-PUTTY AND GIT AWAY WITH IT! — POOR IKE, HE DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON!
the Owl-hoot Trail. abandon all hope when you enter hea


HEY, TOMMY TROOPER COME BACK HERE, WHERE ARE YOU GOIN ?
I'M GITTIN OFF THIS OWL-HOOT TRAIL MUY-PRONTO — IT'S NO PLACE FOR TH' U.S. ARMY AND I'M SPEAKIN' LANGUAGE WHEN I SAY TURN BACK-NOW!
THAT OLD COOT AIN'T GOTTA CHANCE ON THIS TRAIL. HE'LL BE BUZZARD MEAT 'FORE SUNDOWN - AND I AIN'T STOPPIN' TO ARGUE HIM OUTA GOIN' ON!
BET FOUR BITS MEX HE'S RUN UP AGAINST TH' KILLER !
PEERS TO ME YOU'RE DOIN' A POWERFUL LOT OF COGITATIN' THERE, LOCO LUKE.
I WONDER IF'N HE'S SEEN TH' KILLER RIDIN' THIS-A-WAY...
RECKON I AM, PODNER - I'M TRYIN' TO FIGURE OUT IF'N I SHOULD STICK TO FORTY AN' FOUND, OR BECOME A ARTIST WITH A LONG ROPE, RUNNIN' IRON AN' CINCH RING !
40.00 A MONTH AND CHUCK
THANX PODNER, YOU'VE MADE ME SEE TH' LIGHT — I'M GONNA STICK TO MY FORTY DOLLARS A MONTH AND GRUB, NURSIN' DOGGIES!
O - BY TH' WAY, SHERIFF, BETTER KEEP YOUR SIX-GUN TIED DOWN TIGHT - TH' KILLER IS DOWN TH' TRAIL GUNNIN' FOR YOU. ADIOS !
ZAT SO ?
PING-NG-G-G
BANG
GULP
DAH-GONNIT-THEM TWO HOMBRES WOULD COME ALONG JUST NOW!
WELL I'LL BE HORN-SWOGGLED-HAPPY AND MOURNFUL ! WHATA YOU HOMBRES DOIN' ON TH' OWL-HOOT TRAIL ?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS - THESE TWO AINT OWL-HOOTERS. - WONDER JUST WHAT IS THEIR BUSINESS ON THIS TRAIL -
LOOKIN' FER A STRAY COW CRITTER, SHERIFF.
SAME BEIN' YOU, SHERIFF THIS PODNER OF MINE IS ALLUS HELPIN PILGRIMS OUTA TROUBLE


THUR AINT NO USE AR-GI-FYIN' WITH THAT OLD MOSSYBACK. WE'LL TAKE A PACER OVER THIS HILL AND KEEP OUT OF SIGHT, THEN WAIT TIL THE BATTLE'S OVER AND PICK UP THE SHERIFF'S REMAINS.
HM-MM- I WOULDN'T BET MY 30 YEARS SAVIN'S ON THAT.
SNAP!
HEY! HOLD UP THAR - QUIT SLINGIN' THAT LEAD UNTIL I GIT MY HARDWARE STRAPPED ON - THEN - -
HO-KAY - SO YOU WANNA START A ONE MAN WAR! WELL, I CAN POP A FEW CAPS MYSELF - -COME OUT FROM BEHIND THAT ROCK AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN!
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
SPAT
ZING
SMACK
WELL, THE WAR IS OVER - SO LET'S GO BACK AND PICK UP THE SHERIFF'S REMAINS AND TAKE 'EM TO THE UNDERTAKER.
I AIN'T CONVINCED
SEE WHAT I MEAN? TH'OLD GOAT WOULDN'T TAKE OUR ADVICE AND LOPE OFF THIS TRAIL -
WITH HIS BOOTS ON!
HEY! GIT OFFIN' ME! I AIN'T DEAD YET!
YEH? SEE WHAT I MEAN?
LAY DOWN YOU OLD COOT, DON'T YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE DEAD?
GIT MY HOSS AND SIX-GUN! GIT A POSSIE! - SHERIFF HICUP, THA'S ME, - ALLUS GITS HIS MAN!
3


TALES OF THE
SILENT SPACES
WHEN RUSTLERS STOLE HER CATTLE, SONORA SALLY LARKIN TIGHTENED HER OLD LIPS GRIMLY, WHEN THEY SHOT DOWN HER FOREMAN AND FRIGHTENED HER COWPUNCHERS AWAY, SHE SWORE VENGEANCE, BUT OLD AGE AND SICKNESS PUT THE GALLANT OLD LADY TO ROUT, AND FROM HER SICKBED SHE WROTE TWO LETTERS.
THE ANSWERS TO THOSE LETTERS CAME IN PERSON ... THIN-LIPPED MEN AND COLD ... WEARING SIX-GUNS STRAPPED LOW ON THEIR LEGS ... MEN PROUD TO CALL THEMSELVES
"THE SONS OF SONORA SALLY"
H. C. KIESER


A FEW MILES NORTH OF TEXAS' BIG BEND COUNTRY.
HERE'S THE MAIL, YOU LONGRIDER!
NOW FAN IT OUT O' HERE, AN' DON'T LOOK BACK!
SWEET MAVERICK! IT'S ADDRESSED TO—ME!
HIGHTAIL IT, BRONC, FASTER! FASTER! WE GOT A HEAP OF RUNNIN' AHEAD OF US!
SOME MILES WEST OF THE LLANO BURNETT UPLIFT...
LETTER JUST COME FER YOU, BUCK.
LAND O' HONEY! AIN'T NO TIME TO PALAVER, CHICK. GOT TO FAN IT! NO TELLIN' WHEN I GIT BACK—IF EVER! ADIOS!
TWO DAYS LATER, A CAMPFIRE THROWS RED TONGUES INTO A COOL NIGHT SKY...
THAR'S TH' CRITTER NOW...
WHA—?
TH' CROSS AN' CRESCENT HOMBRES! THEY THINK THEY'LL DRYGULCH ME, THEY OUGHTA KNOW A LARKIN DIES WITH HIS BOOTS ON... TAKIN' HIS ENEMIES WITH HIM.


HAW! HAW! FOOLED YOU GOOD, KID!
BETTER LEAVE THET SIX-SHOOTER SOMEWHERES, KID. ANY REAL GUNMAN WOULDA SHOT YOU BEFORE YOU CLEARED LEATHER. IT'S THET WITHERED RIGHT ARM OF YOURN!
THE STEER THET THROWED ME WHEN I WAS JUST A BUTTON DID THET. I AIN'T NEVER RECOVERED TH' USE OF THET ARM. I-I WISH I WAS AS SLICK A GUN-FANNER AS YOU, LARRY, ...OR BUCK.
AT THE FORKTONGUE RANCH, SONORA SALLY LARKIN MEETS HER SONS...
I WANT YOU TO PROMISE ME NOT TO USE YOUR GUNS, KID! THE CROSS AN' CRESCENT BUNCH ARE TOPNOTCH TRIGGER ARTISTS.
BUCK 'N' ME'LL HANDLE 'EM, MAW!
I WRIT YOU LETTERS TELLIN' YOU 'BOUT TH' RUSTLERS. YOU KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT 'EM NOW AS I DO: THEY'RE PLUMB BAD! THEY HANG OUT IN BROKEN BOW-AND THEIR HOME RANCH IS THIRTY MILES FROM HERE...
I'M A-DYIN', BOYS. I KNOW YOU'LL GIT THEM VARMINTS, BUT ONE PROMISE YOU GOT TO MAKE ME, KID,-THET YOU'LL HANG UP YOUR GUNS. FIGHT 'EM SOME OTHER WAY, BUT DON'T USE YOUR SIXES
I PROMISE, MOM!
IN BROKEN BOW, LATE THAT AFTERNOON...
HUH? IT'S THE LARKIN BOYS - LARRY AN' BUCK!


WE'VE COME LOOKIN' FOR THE CROSS AND CRESCENT HOMBRES! ANYBODY SEEN 'EM?
THEY AIN'T BEEN TO TOWN FOR WEEKS!
ON THE TRAIL OUTSIDE OF TOWN.
THEY ASKED FER YOU CROSS 'N' CRESCENT BOYS. THEY'RE FOLLOWIN' RIGHT BEHIND ME.
THEY WON'T DO NO MORE FOLLOWIN'. SPREAD OUT AND GET YOUR SIGHTS ON 'EM, BOYS!
SOME MINUTES LATER, RIFLESHOTS RING LOUD ...
DRYGULCHERS!
BANG! BANG!
GOT US... DEAD IN THEIR ...SIGHTS!
AT THE FORKTONGUE RANCH.
LARRY AN' BUCK MISSED DINNER, AN' THEY'RE STILL NOT HOME. IF NOTHIN' HAPPENED TO 'EM THEY'D BE BACK AFORE NOW... GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S KEEPING 'EM—
LARRY'S DAID, BUCK! WHO GOT YOU? HOW CAN I STOP 'EM WITHOUT USIN' MY SIX-GUNS? LOOK LIKE THE CROSS 'N' CRESCENT IS DUE TO TAKE OVER THE FORKTONGUE!
CROSS 'N' CRESCENT... HEARD 'EM PLANNIN' A RUSTLE ON THE HERD IN EAST BASIN RANGE. YOU GOT TO STOP 'EM, KID!


THERE'S JUST A CHANCE—IF THIS BRONC CAN FAN IT FAST ENOUGH! I GOT WORK TO DO!
THOSE LONGHORNS BEEN PENNED IN THAT WATERLESS BASIN FOR QUITE A SPELL! WHEN I LET 'EM OUT, THEY'RE REALLY GOIN' TO KICK DUST RUNNIN'!
GO TO IT, DOGIES!
THAT AFTERNOON, IN BROKEN BOW, IN THE DIRTY SPOON SALOON...
SHERIFF LAWSON! GET A POSSE! THE CROSS AN' CRESCENT JUST RAIDED MY CATTLE. THEY GOT THE EAST BASIN HERD!
WHA-?
I'M SAYIN' THE KID'S A LIAR, SHERIFF!
WAAL, I DUNNO. HATE TO BE MADE THE LAFFIN' STOCK OF TH' COUNTY ON A FOOL'S ERRAND, SON.
I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S LYIN'...


YOU WANT TO EXPLAIN HOW COME YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THE CROSS AN' CRESCENT, WADDY!
CHEW ON THIS A WHILE...
YORE FISTS DONE SPOKE FOR YOU, KID. I'LL TAKE A CHANCE AND ROUND UP TH' BOYS, MEANTIME, I'M GONNA TOSS SCARFACE IN JAIL - TO ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS WHEN I GET BACK.
YOU WON'T FIND NO RUSTLED CATTLE ON THE CROSS AN' CRESCENT - BUT IF YOU DO - I'LL SING ABOUT WHAT I KNOW.
MAYBE YOU'LL SING ABOUT WHO DRY-GULCHED LARRY AN' BUCK! THET'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!
MINUTES LATER, THE HOOVES OF RACING HORSES POUND ACROSS THE OPEN PRAIRIE...
THERE THEY ARE - FORKTONGUE CATTLE AND CROSS AN' CRESCENT RUSTLERS! I RECKON I WAS RIGHT, SHERIFF!


MISSED ME!
THEY WANT TO FIGHT, BOYS. GIVE YORE COLTS AN AIRIN'!
WITH SIX-GUNS FLAMING, THE POSSE ROARS DOWN ON THE CORNERED RUSTLERS.
WE GOT 'EM, BOYS!
I'M KINDA AT A DISADVANTAGE WITHOUT USING MY SMOKEPOLE!
BUT THERE'S MORE'N ONE WAY TO SKIN A CAT!


WE GOT 'EM, KID. GOT 'EM ALL!
I RECKON THIS BUSTS UP RUSTLIN' AROUND THESE PARTS FOR A LONG TIME TO COME!
YO' WON'T BELIEVE ME, SHERIFF - BUT WE DIDN'T RUSTLE THEM CATTLE -- THEY JUST COME DUSTIN' OVER TO OUR RANGE BY THEMSELVES!
THET'S THE BEST ONE I EVER HEARD!
BEFORE YOU SAY ANY MORE -- SCARFACE RATTED ON YOU. HE TOLD US PLENTY!
SCARFACE - WHY THET CUSSED SIDEWINDER! HE'S IN THIS AS DEEP AS WE ARE!
HE AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY WITH IT! HE WAS TH' ONE TIPPED US OFF TO LARRY AN' BUCK LARKIN GUNNIN' FER US. HE SHOT 'EM DOWN WITH US. SCARFACE IS JUST AS GUILTY AS WE ARE!
AT THE FORKTONGUE RANCH...
SHUCKS, MOM, THEY WAS TELLIN' TH' TRUTH FER ONCE IN THEIR LIVES! THEY DIDN'T RUSTLE OUR STEERS - THIS TIME! THAT EAST BASIN HERD WAS WITHOUT WATER FER SOME DAYS - AN' SINCE THE NEAREST WATER WAS ON TH' CROSS AN' CRESCENT RANGE, I JUST LET 'EM LOOSE - KNOWIN' THEY'D HIGHTAIL IT FAST AS THEY COULD - TO THE RUSTLERS!
THE GALL OF THEM VARMINTS - SAYING THEY DIDN'T RUSTLE THAT EAST BASIN HERD OF STEERS!
YOU DID A MAN-SIZE JOB, KID - EVEN WITHOUT SIX-GUNS! YORE MOM OUGHT TO BE PLENTY PROUD OF YOU!
I'D BETTER HIGHTAIL IT HOME TO THE FORKTONGUE AN' TELL HER SHE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY NONE ABOUT THE CROSS AN' CRESCENT ANY MORE!



FIFTY TO ONE!

LT. MAITLAND ALLEN, U. S. A., sat at one end of the couch . . . the very end! Ever so far away, at the other end of the couch, sat Miss Prudence Westcott. One would have said they made a very handsome couple, except for the fact that they didn't seem to be together.

At least, that was what Prue was thinking as she smiled modestly at the lean, good-looking young officer who came to sit so often in the Westcott living room . . . and just sat!

"He's so *bashful,*" Prue was thinking indignantly. "Just imagine an Army officer, afraid to pop the question! I *know* he loves me. I'm *sure* of it. But a girl can't be bold and forward and ask a man . . . or *can* she?"

Prudence Westcott made up her mind right then and there. Taking a deep breath, she leaned towards Lt. Allen.

"Maitland . . . ," she said.

"Prue . . . ," said Lt. Allen at exactly the same moment.

They both blushed deeply, shyly. But Prudence was not a girl to be put off too easily. "Yes, Maitland?" she encouraged him. "What were you going to say?"

Lt. Allen gulped. That bare North Dakota frontier which he guarded held no terrors so frightening, no hazards as perilous as making a proposal of marriage to the girl he loved.

"Prue . . . ," he began again, taking hold of himself, "there's . . . well, there's something I've been wanting to ask you . . . I mean . . . *what's that?*"

Prudence snapped her fingers impatiently as Maitland Allen leaped to his feet, rushed to a window, poked his head out, and signalled violently to a figure on horseback. "Here I am!" he shouted. "Over here! What's up, Corporal?"

"Lt. Allen," the courier panted, as he dismounted, saluted sharply and imparted his message in one continuous action, "it's them cussed Sioux again! Beg your pardon, Miss," he added swiftly, as he caught sight of Prue Westcott.

"All right, Corporal," Allen said, preparing to mount, "you can give me the story on the way back to the post. Let's go!"

To Prudence Westcott, the sight of the two men on horseback, galloping away towards a boundless horizon was the last straw. "The coward!" she almost cried. "Maitland Allen is nothing but a coward!" And then she *did* cry.

If Lt. Allen was giving any thought to Prue at that moment, he did not show it. He was laughing heartily at the courier's frantic report. "Man, you're crazy!" he chuckled. "Sitting Bull wouldn't *dare* pull a trick like that! Must be some sort of Injun joke!"

"Them Sioux don't make jokes, sir," the Corporal insisted. "They wuz dead serious. Robbed a United States Army Post, they did, of six horses . . . two of our best roans, a bay an'. . . ."

"All right, that will do!" Lt. Allen cut him short as the two reined up before the post. "If I'm not mistaken, there's one of Sitting Bull's redskins headin' this way right now . . . come to tell me it was all a prank."

But the lieutenant was mistaken. Fiercely, arrogantly, the Sioux messenger faced him, refusing to exchange the customary salutations.

"About those horses your tribe. . . ." Lt. Allen said.

"Not horses," the Indian spoke hostily, warning Allen with his voice and eyes. "Chief send me. He say to you no more meddling. Leave Sioux alone. Do not interfere. Chief very angry!"

For a moment, the Indian stood stockstill, defying Lt. Allen, defying the United States Army, defying the world! Then, turning swiftly, he left the post.

Maitland Allen felt a surge of real anger.

His "Injun joke" was not a prank at all. It was a threat to the authority of his government. He would have to answer that threat!

"You were right, Corporal," he turned to his companion. "Them Sioux *don't* make jokes! *Have the bugler sound the call to arms!*"

"Great guns, Lieutenant," the Corporal was shocked into protest, "you're not meanin' to. . . ."

"Carry out my order, Corporal!" Allen snapped.

As the short, shrill command of the bugle brought twelve troopers to their saddles, Maitland Allen tried to work out a strategy. Even as he led his force, at a smart pace, towards the camp of the fierce Sioux, he realized that his was a ticklish situation.

Five hundred Indian warriors against a dozen soldiers! He must not provoke a pitched battle for that would mean bloodshed, massacre. Yet, he must not let this insult go unanswered, for that would mean loss of the territory! Lt. Allen spurred his horse forward. His men followed suit. The small troop galloped up to the Indian camp, where Sitting Bull and his men waited, mounted, armed, ringed in a semi-circle before their tents. The odds were fifty to one, and Lt. Allen knew what he had to do!

"I come in peace, Sitting Bull," he said firmly.

The Sioux Chieftain stared at him craftily, answering the greeting with a surly grunt.

"You will return the horses that you took from us!" Lt. Allen stated flatly.

Sitting Bull allowed the corners of his lips to turn up, in a sneer of refusal.

"Your mount," Lt. Allen insisted, "the horse upon which you sit . . . that is one of ours, is it not?"

The Indian nodded disdainfully, secure in his power and his warriors.

Maitland Allen did not hesitate. Spurring forward, he seized the mighty Chieftain, dropped him to the ground and took possession of the big bay. "If you've no objection," he gritted, "I'll take what belongs to me!"

In the brief instant of stunned silence that followed, Allen's troopers closed about him protectively. Before the impassive faces of the Indians could register the shock they felt, Lt. Allen and his men were safely out of the camp and on their way back to the post.

The Corporal was a worrying man and couldn't help showing it. "That Sitting Bull isn't goin' to stand for it, sir!" he said, as the troopers dismounted. *"He'll be back!"*

"I know it," Allen agreed. "Those Sioux were spoiling for a fight . . . and this is it!"

All that day, the small band of soldiers worked, fortifying their post. They knew full well that not one of them had a chance for survival. "When them five hundred devils come whoopin' around," said one of the troopers as he barricaded a door, "we'd better be in shape to meet Our Maker!"

"I'm writin' a farewell letter to my mom," another said. "I want her to know I went down fightin'!"

By nightfall, all doors and windows were barricaded, the last letters had been written and stored in an iron box and ammunition and water had been prepared. As the last light in the fort was extinguished, an eerie, long-drawn war-whoop sounded nearby. Lt. Allen had been right. The Sioux had come!

Screaming themselves hoarse, the Indians circled the fort, ki-ying and firing! As their musket balls and arrows spattered the walls of the fort, the Sioux uttered guttural sounds, shrill calls, chanted their war songs!

But the fort stood quietly in the night, giving forth neither light nor voice! No return shots or shells came from the darkened barracks, where the little band of soldiers waited silently.

Some of the Indians glanced at each other in puzzlement. Was it possible that the white men had so little regard for the fierce Sioux that they had gone to *sleep?* Little by little, the braves ceased their whooping, their chanting, their firing. For their adversaries did not consider them worthy enemies and would not stoop to fight.

Shamefaced, disconcerted, all fighting ardor cooled, the Sioux drifted away, back to their camp . . . and humiliation! But, inside the fort, there was rejoicing!

"Outfoxed the Injuns, Lieutenant!" Allen's men congratulated him. "You beat 'em at their own wily game and taught 'em a lesson! Wait'll Uncle Sam hears about *this!*"

In a few hours, the news had spread through the sprawling town and farmlands. Lt. Maitland Allen was a hero . . . to everyone but Prue Westcott!

"Indians!" she thought scornfully, tying a bright blue ribbon into a hairbow. "It's not Indians he's afraid of. It's *me!*"

And Miss Westcott was plainly right, for two hours later, a blushing, stammering young lieutenant sat at one end of the couch in the Westcott living room . . . the very end.

"Prue . . . ," he began timidly.

This time, Prudence Westcott was taking no chances. "Maitland," she said firmly, "forgive me for interrupting you, but if I don't, someone else will. My answer is . . . *yes!*"

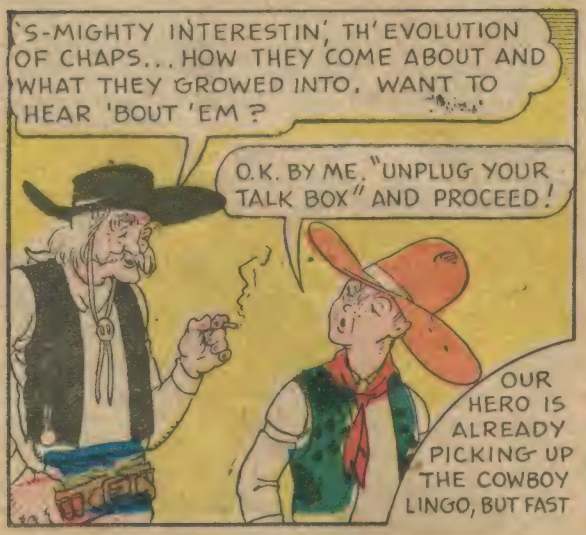
It was many years before Mrs. Allen stopped teasing her husband about the day he defied five hundred Sioux warriors, but could not conquer his own bashfulness. Maitland Allen never complained, however. He was too happy.

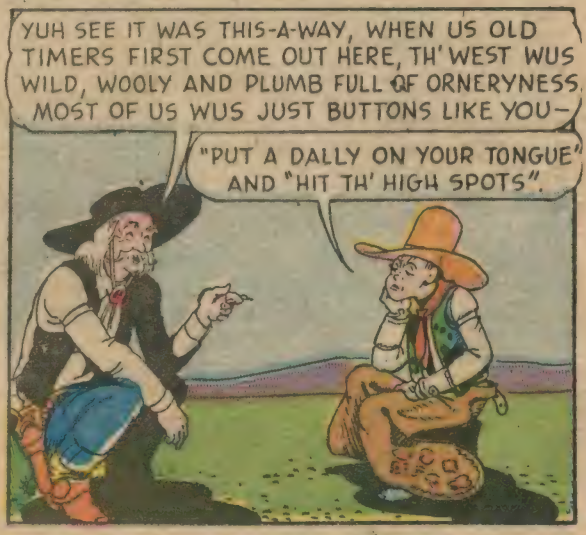
TRAIL TALES

By an Old Ranny

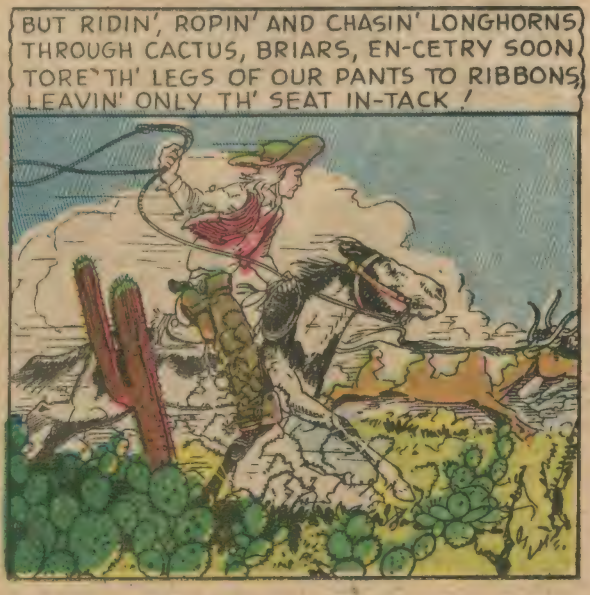
JOHNNY (BUTTONS), A RANCH OWNER'S SON HAS COME FROM THE EAST AND WILL SPEND HIS VACATION ON THE RANCH. FROM AN OLD TIME COWBOY HE WILL LEARN ABOUT THE COWBOY - HOW HE LIVES, HIS WAYS, LINGO (LANGUAGE), TOGS (CLOTHES), RIGS (SADDLES & BRIDLES), ROUNDUPS, STAMPEDES AND MANY OTHER THINGS IN THE COWBOY WORLD.











WE HAD NO CLOTH TO PATCH TH' LEGS WITH 'BEIN THUR WUS NO TOWN NER STORE WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES OR MORE. SO WE DID TH' NEXT BEST THING, WE TANNED AND SOFTENED OUR OWN LEATHER AND MADE LEATHER PATCHES.

FIANLY, WE GOT SO MANY LEATHER PATCHES ON TH' LEGS OF OUR PANTS, WE HAD LEATHER BRITCHES, ALL 'CEPT TH' SEAT.

AFTER A WHILE EVEN THE LEATHER PATCHES GOT TORE OFF SO WE DECIDED TO MAKE LEATHER LEGGINS AND TIE 'EM ONTO OUR BELT -

AS TIME WENT ON WE GOT MORE AND MORE FANCY, MAKIN' LEATHER FRINGE DOWN TH' SEAMS AND DOIN' FANCY BEAD WORK ON 'EM. AT LAST WE DISCIVERED IT WUS MORE PRACTICAL MAKIN' 'EM AND TH' BELT ALL IN ONE PIECE. WE HAND TOOLED TH' BELT IN FANCY DESIGNS AND MADE SILVER CONCHAS AND CALLED THESE BRITCHES

"SHOTGUN" CHAPS

"CHAPS" - ABBREVIATION OF 'CHAPAREJOS' - SPANISH FOR LEATHER BREECHES.

HEY! MR RANNY, LOOK! OUR COOK HAS BEEN 'SHOTGUN'ND!

HA-HA-HA -

COME GIT IT! 'FORE I THROW IT OUT!

XXX

BAM

NEXT TIME, MR. RANNY SAYS HE'S GONNA TELL ME MORE ABOUT BAT-WING AND ANGORA CHAPS. GOSH, HE SURE KNOWS ABOUT COWBOYS - BUT I WOULDN'T LET **HIM** KNOW I THINK HE'S HOT-STUFF

TUMBLE T. OUR RANCH BRAND

Letters to the EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Since you have been putting out COWPUNCHER I have been looking forward to each issue. As a Western fan I find your stories as good as those in any pulp magazine. I'd like to see more stories about Boots Bradley. Keep up the good work.

MARIO MENDOZA
Kew Gardens
Long Island, N. Y.

Thanks for the nice letter, Mario. We will try and keep you pleased.

Editor.

Dear Editor:

I think Cow Puncher fills a definite need among comic books. Everyone likes Westerns, especially good ones. There are few enough comic books of this type to satisfy us Western fans. Keep them coming. The more the merrier.

BILL SARTLER
Talcott,
Wyoming.

Dear Editor:

It is easy to give my opinion of Cow Puncher. I think it is tops! Please tell your artists that I think their work is excellent. I especially like the stories with some humor in them. My only criticism is with your first story. It seems so crowded with all those pictures on one page. Couldn't you stretch them out a bit?

Sincerely,

WALTER JENSON
New York City.

Your criticism is very apt, Walter. We certainly will take care of the situation in the future.

Editor.

Dear Editor:

The boys and girls in my neighborhood have started a "Comic Club" for the purpose of exchanging comic books and also to pick our favorite books and characters. The book that is in most demand in our section is Cow Puncher. By the time we have all read it the copies are in shreds WE THINK IT'S SWELL.

Yours very sincerely,

IMOGENE INNES, *Secy.*
Comic Club
Wilton, N. C.

Glad to hear you and the members of your club enjoy Cow Puncher so much. How about another letter telling us how you rate our stories.

Editor.

Dear Editor.

Congratulations on a comic book that is well drawn and exciting. I have bought almost all the books on the news stands and I think Cow Puncher is one of the best How about coming out more often so I won't have so long to wait for new issues.

Yours truly,

ANDREA REIS
Salem, Oregon.

Thanks for the good wishes and praise, Andrea. We are considering stepping up production in the near future.

Editor.

Dear Editor:

I have a suggestion that will seem odd since you put out a picture book, but how about longer printed stories. I think the illustrated stories are fine, but the printed one in each book is always so short. One that was say four pages long, I think, would fill the bill.

This is a fine suggestion, but the writer didn't give his name or address. Please let us know who you are so we can send you your prize.

Editor.

Dear Editor:

I like all the features in Cow Puncher. There is only one trouble, I'd like more. Your covers are very exciting. I think they stand out from the others on the news stands. My only criticism is that the first story seemed a little crowded. I think it would have been much better if it had been spread out.

Very truly yours,

JOE FREDLY
St. Louis, Mo.

I'm afraid we have to agree with you, Joe Have you read Walter Jenson's letter elsewhere on this page?

Editor.

BOYS AND GIRLS:

We would like to know more about what you think of "Cow Puncher." Send in your suggestions and criticism. In this way we can make the magazine the type of book you want with the kind of features you like.

For every letter we print on this page, "Cow Puncher" will pay two dollars ($2.00). So get those letters coming and win a prize!

Cordially,

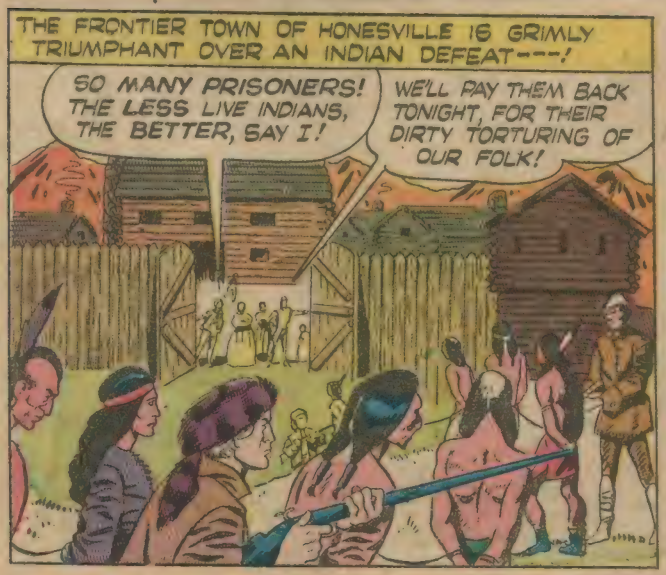
THE EDITOR.

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO COW PUNCHER, c/o AVON COMICS INC., 119 W. 57th ST., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

$2.00 WILL BE PAID FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED ON THIS PAGE.

KIT WEST


HOW DID KIT WEST COME TO BE THE FRONTIER'S MOST FAMOUS SCOUT? WHAT WAS THIS GREAT SHE-WARRIOR'S ATTITUDE TOWARD THE INDIAN TRIBES SHE BATTLED AGAINST? THE THRILLING ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS ARE CONTAINED IN THE TALE OF---
"PRISONERS"!


THE FRONTIER TOWN OF HONESVILLE IS GRIMLY TRIUMPHANT OVER AN INDIAN DEFEAT---!
SO MANY PRISONERS! THE LESS LIVE INDIANS, THE BETTER, SAY I!
WE'LL PAY THEM BACK TONIGHT, FOR THEIR DIRTY TORTURING OF OUR FOLK!


YOU WON'T TAKE ANY MORE SCALPS AFTER THIS BLOW ON YOUR NOGGIN!
RED MEN, AIR YE? AYE, AN' REDDER THAN EVER YE'LL BE FROM THE BLOOD THAT'LL FLOW FROM YER HEADS THIS NIGHT!

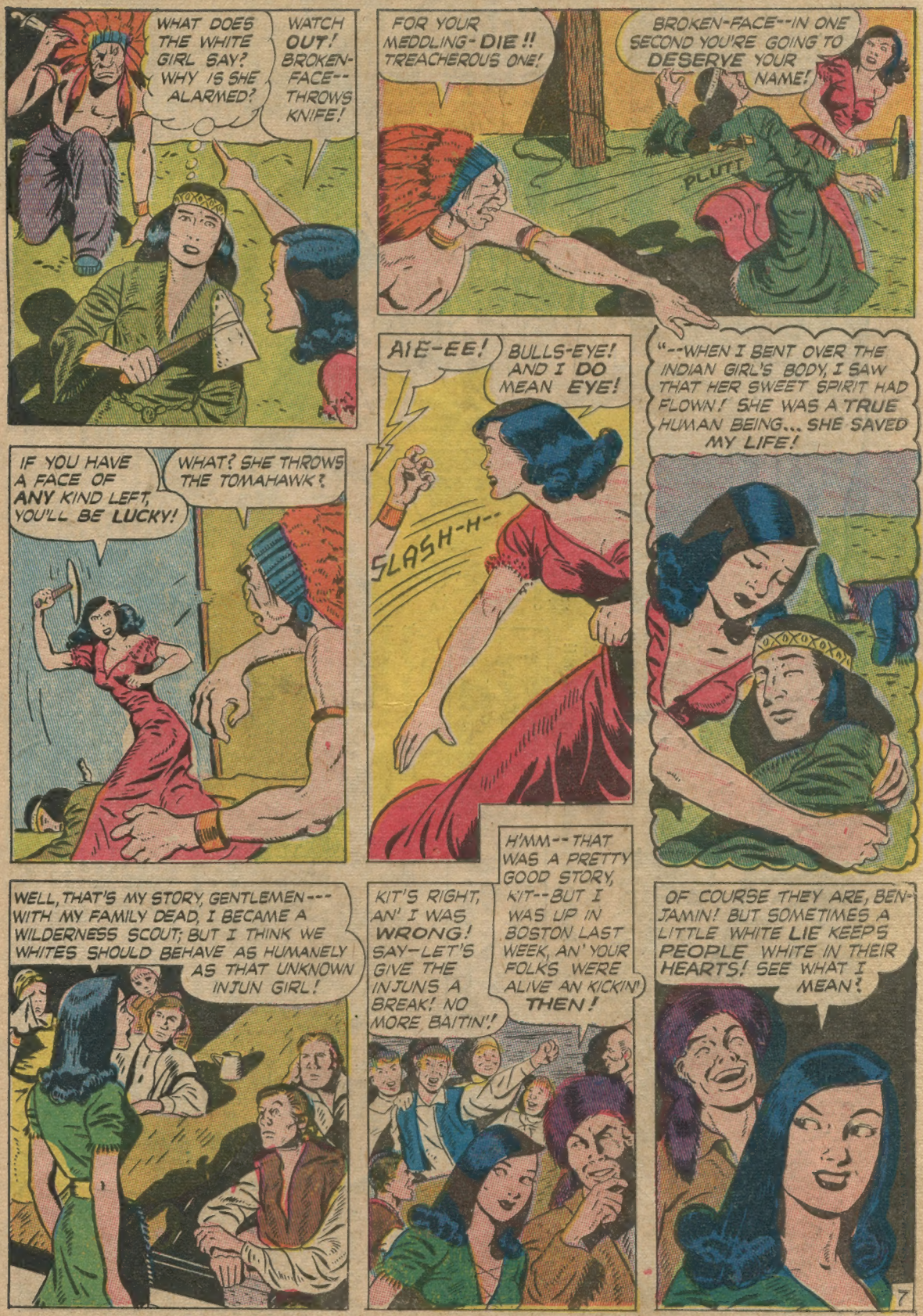

HA! HA! WOT'RE YE AFRAID OF, YE COPPER-COLORED WITCH? AFRAID O' MY WEE STICK? HA! HA!
THIS CRUELTY MUST STOP!
OH-H-H
I'M ASHAMED OF THESE PEOPLE, BENJAMIN! THEY'RE NO BETTER THAN SAVAGES THEMSELVES!
TUSH, KIT! AND WHAT D'YE THINK'D HAPPEN IF WE WERE TAKEN PRISONER BY THEM? YE ARE LOOKING UPON KINDNESS, LASS, BY COMPARISON!
STOP! LET THAT INDIAN GIRL ALONE--OR YOU'LL HAVE KIT WEST TO RECKON WITH!
WOT'S THAT? AM I LISTENIN' TO THE SWEET VOICE OF AN INJUN LOVER?
KIT!! COME BACK!
MIND YOUR BUSINESS--OR I'LL COMB YOUR HAIR WITH THIS RAKE!
VERY WELL, YOU HYENA! YOU ASKED FOR IT!
HM'M--IT'LL BE A WONDER IF MISTRESS SULLIVAN KEEPS HER FOOD IN HER STOMACH AFTER THAT "PAT"!
YE-OW-W!
AND HERE'S MY REPLY!
PLUNCH-H
WHAT'S THE IDEA, KIT? WHO'S SIDE ARE YOU ON?
THE GAL'S MIND IS TWISTED, THAT'S WHAT!
ON THE CONTRARY, MY FRIENDS--IT LOOKS AS IF YOUR MINDS ARE ADDLED! HAS FIGHTING BARBARIANS TURNED YOU INTO BARBARIANS TOO?
2


THIS CAPTIVE-BAITING'S NOT FOR US--IT'S WHAT THE REDSKINS DO BECAUSE THEY DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER! THEY SIMPLY HATE US FOR TAKING THEIR LAND! BUT WE KNOW BETTER--AND THAT'S ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD!
NOT TO ME IT ISN'T! THOSE DEVILS BURNED MY MOTHER AND FATHER ALIVE, AND I WANT REVENGE!
WE ALL HAVE SCORES TO SETTLE!
LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS ARE GETTING A MITE OUT OF CONTROL!
HOLD IT, FELLERS! 'PEARS T'BE A DIFF'RENCE OF OPINION CONCERNIN' HOW WE CELEBRATE OUR VICTORY OVER THE SHOSHONES! WHAT SAY, WE TAKE THE MATTER INTO MEETIN'?
I'M FOR IT! LET'S TALK IT OVER BEFORE WE BASH IN ANYBODY'S HEAD!
WA-AL! ALL RIGHT--CAN'T SEE ANYTHIN' T'LOSE BY IT!
SO, THAT NIGHT--AT THE BIGGEST LOG CABIN---
THE INJUN LIVES BY FORCE! VIOLENCE IS THE ONLY THING HE UNDERSTANDS! IF WE SHOW MERCY, THEY'LL THINK WE'RE COWARDS!
NO! VIOLENCE IS NOT THE WAY TO IMPRESS THE RED MAN! SHOWING HIM THE SUPERIORITY OF OUR WAY OF LIFE WILL IMPRESS HIM! WE MUST TEACH INDIANS BY WHAT WE DO--WE MUST NOT IMITATE THEM!
MEN--TRUST ME! BELIEVE ME! INDIANS WON'T ALWAYS BE CRUEL AND SAVAGE! IN FACT, THEY ALL AREN'T NOW! I CAN ILLUSTRATE FROM MY OWN EXPERIENCE!
GO AHEAD, KIT! TELL US!
3


--IT WAS ONE REASON WHY I BECAME A FRONTIER SCOUT! NINE YEARS AGO I HAD A FAMILY--WE WERE HAPPY... THERE, IN THE LOG CABIN FATHER HAD BUILT---
"--IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WESTERN KAINTUCK. I HAD A LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER---AND ONE DAY----
BE CAREFUL, KIT! DON'T GET YOUR PRETTY DRESS TORN ON THOSE BRAMBLES--AND WATCH THE CHILDREN!
I WILL, MOTHER!
DON'T WORRY, MOTHER! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!
I'LL GET THERE FIRST, AN' PICK MORE BERRIES THAN ANYBODY!
WE'LL PICK JUST AS MANY--WON'T WE, KIT?
OF COURSE WE WILL, SUE DEAR!
I'LL GET A HEAD START! SUE'LL BE GREEN WITH ENVY!
KIT! KIT! THERE THEY ARE!
Y-Yiiiiii---!
SUE! THAT'S BOBBY'S VOICE...IN TERRIBLE PAIN!!!
WHI-T-T-TT
BOBBY! OH-H-H! THE INDIANS HAVE KILLED BOBBY!
14


SPARE THE OLDER ONE! SHE IS NOT YET READY FOR DEATH!
WHAT IS THAT HORRIBLE-LOOKING ONE SAYING?
KIT! KIT! I'M AFRAID! (SOB)
LET HER GO, YOU FIENDS! DO YOU WAR ON BABIES?
HA! RARE SPORT! LET THE SISTER LOOK UPON THE LITTLE ONE'S AGONY!
KIT! THEY'RE GOING TO SHOOT ME--- KIT! DON'T LET THEM! (SOB)!
WELL? WHAT ARE YOU POSING FOR? KILL THE WHELP!
SOB
NO! NO!
K-KIT!
SWISH
THE GIRL DOES NOT ENJOY THE ENTERTAINMENT WE LIKE! I WONDER WHY! HEH-HEH!
"AFTER BRUTALLY MURDERING BOBBY AND SUE, BROKENFACE'S BRAVES TOOK CARE OF MY MOTHER AND FATHER....HORRIBLE CARE!"
YA-AAIII! SEE HOW THE LITTLE ONE LOOKS NOW! LIKE A PORCUPINE!
EE-EEE! MARTIN! M-MARTIN!
5


"--AFTER A SHORT MARCH, WE CAME TO BROKEN-FACE'S VILLAGE--I WAS GREETED WITH AMUSEMENT AND GLOATING! I TRIED NOT TO LET THEM SEE MY TERROR---"
WHAT MEAN YOU TO DO WITH THE PRETTY WHITE, O BROKEN-FACE?
AMUSE MYSELF-- FIRST, TAKE HER TO MY TENT!
THEN WE BURN HER TO CINDERS, HAH-H-H!
OH-HH
SOON THE WHITE DOE WILL SQUEAL LOUDER!
THIS MUST NOT BE! WHAT DID THE POOR WHITE GIRL DO TO US, TO DESERVE SUCH A TERRIBLE FATE?
WHY DO YOU TARRY IN THE TENT OF BROKEN-FACE? OUT WITH YOU, CLOD OF EARTH!
THAT GIRL IS NOT LIKE THESE SAVAGES! I CAN SEE THE PITY SHE FEELS FOR ME, IN HER EYES!
I WOULD NOT LEAVE EVEN THE EVIL SPIRITS AT THE MERCY OF A MONSTER LIKE BROKEN-FACE! I MUST HELP THE WHITE GIRL!
HI-EEEEE
LATER
AND NOW, MY PRETTY, MY AMUSEMENT!
I KNEW IT! THAT GIRL'S COME BACK TO HELP ME!
CRASH-H
UGH-H-H
OH, THANKS! THANKS! YOU ARE WONDERFUL!
6


WHAT DOES THE WHITE GIRL SAY? WHY IS SHE ALARMED?
WATCH OUT! BROKEN-FACE--THROWS KNIFE!
FOR YOUR MEDDLING-DIE!! TREACHEROUS ONE!
BROKEN-FACE--IN ONE SECOND YOU'RE GOING TO DESERVE YOUR NAME!
PLUT!
AIE-EE!
BULLS-EYE! AND I DO MEAN EYE!
SLASH-H--
"--WHEN I BENT OVER THE INDIAN GIRL'S BODY, I SAW THAT HER SWEET SPIRIT HAD FLOWN! SHE WAS A TRUE HUMAN BEING... SHE SAVED MY LIFE!
IF YOU HAVE A FACE OF ANY KIND LEFT, YOU'LL BE LUCKY!
WHAT? SHE THROWS THE TOMAHAWK?
WELL, THAT'S MY STORY, GENTLEMEN--- WITH MY FAMILY DEAD, I BECAME A WILDERNESS SCOUT; BUT I THINK WE WHITES SHOULD BEHAVE AS HUMANELY AS THAT UNKNOWN INJUN GIRL!
KIT'S RIGHT, AN' I WAS WRONG! SAY-LET'S GIVE THE INJUNS A BREAK! NO MORE BAITIN'!
H'MM--THAT WAS A PRETTY GOOD STORY, KIT--BUT I WAS UP IN BOSTON LAST WEEK, AN' YOUR FOLKS WERE ALIVE AN KICKIN' THEN!
OF COURSE THEY ARE, BENJAMIN! BUT SOMETIMES A LITTLE WHITE LIE KEEPS PEOPLE WHITE IN THEIR HEARTS! SEE WHAT I MEAN?
7

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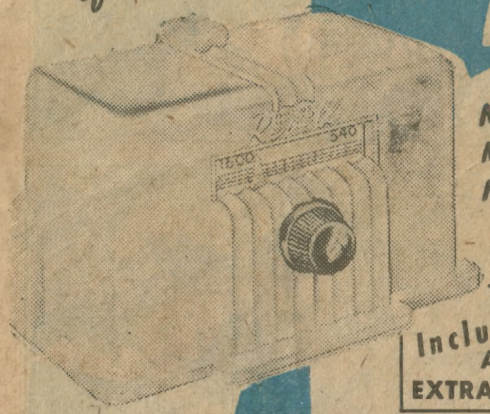

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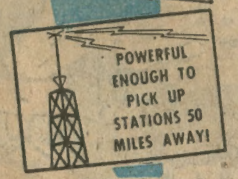

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Yes, it's here at last. . . . Radio's mighty postwar midget! Look at its streamlined cabinet of lovely, lustrous plastic . . . so tiny you can hold it in the palm of your hand. Listen to its rich fidelity . . . so powerful you can tune in stations 50 miles away. You'll agree that RADARADIO at only $7.98 is a postwar dream come true. Yes, unbelievable as it may sound, we will send your RADARADIO complete with a personal earphone and headpiece for only $7.98. However, our present supply is limited and we can guarantee IMMEDIATE DELIVERY only if you ACT NOW!

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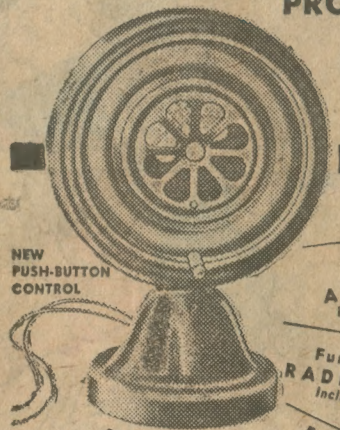

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Don't delay another moment . . . for the time of your life . . . send for your RADIO MIKE and professional RADIO ARTISTS COURSE *today!*

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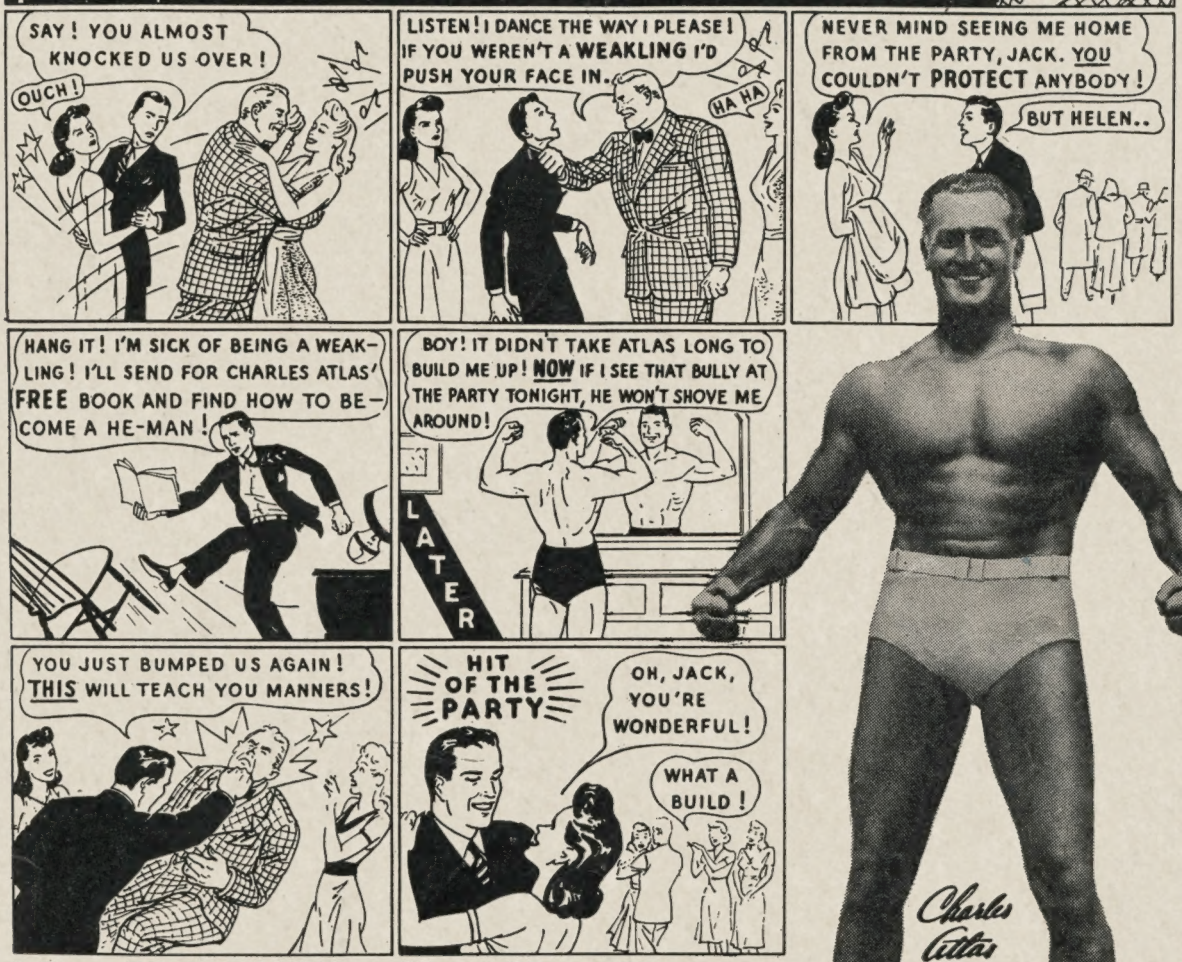
HOW "JACK THE WEAKLING" SLAUGHTERED THE "DANCE-FLOOR HOG"!



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Jack—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using *"Dynamic Tension"* only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle —mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—*FREE*. It tells all about *"Dynamic Tension,"* shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally:

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CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 13210
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of *"Dynamic Tension"* will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

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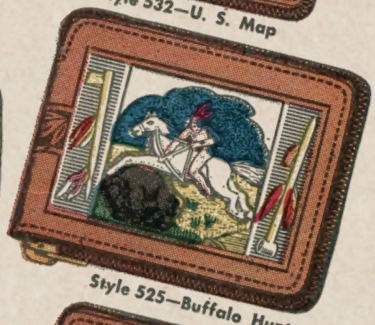

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