



10¢

DEC NO. 78



WESTERN

COMICS

GIVE US YOUR
GUN, **SAVAGE!**
WE'RE TAKIN' OVER
THE HERD!



FEATURING
MATT SAVAGE--
TRAIL BOSS
in **"REVOLT IN
PAINTED CANYON!"**

MATT SAVAGE

TRAIL BOSS

IT'S A LANDSLIDE!
WILL THE HERD TO KEEP
'EM FROM STAMPEDIN'!

THE DOG IRON TRAIL HERD HITS THE TEXAS TRAIL -- AND RUNS RIGHT INTO TROUBLE! STANDING FOURSQUARE AGAINST THE RUTHLESSNESS OF NATURE ON A RAMPAGE -- HOLDING FIRM AGAINST THE BULLETS OF GREEDY MEN -- PUTTING THE WELFARE OF HIS HERD AND THE SAFETY OF HIS MEN BEFORE HIS OWN -- IS **MATT SAVAGE, TRAIL BOSS!** ALONE AND ON FOOT, WITHOUT A GUN TO PROTECT HIMSELF, HE HAS BEEN LEFT BEHIND BY A REBELLIOUS CREW TO FACE THE FIRE OF MERCILESS GUNMEN...

REVOLT in PAINTED CANYON!

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A PEBBLE ARCHES THROUGH THE CHILL NIGHT AIR TOWARD A SLEEPING TRAIL-DROVER...



MATT SAVAGE WARNED US AGAINST MAKIN' ANY NOISE THAT'LL ALARM THE HERD... SO I'LL WAKE RED THIS WAY...

A BLANKETED FIGURE STIRS, SITS UP, BLINKS, THEN REACHES TO SHAKE A FELLOW SLEEPER.



CLAY'S RIDIN' THE ONE O'CLOCK SHIFT WITH ME! TIME FOR US TO MAKE OUR ROUNDS!

A BOOTFALL CRUNCHES DIRT, THERE IS THE FAINT CREAK OF SADDLE LEATHER, AND THE ONE-TO-DAWN SHIFT MOVES TOWARD THE TRAIL HERD'S BEDDING GROUND.



ROUND AND ROUND THE HERD THE TWO NIGHT-HAWKS PACE, SINGING SOFTLY-- AND AS SWEETLY AS THEY CAN-- TO SOOTHE THE RESTLESS STEERS...



WHAT KEEPS THE HERD FROM RUNNING... THE COWBOY SINGING BY THEIR SIDE...

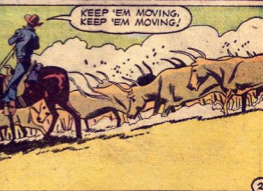
AS DAWN REDDENS THE SAGE COUNTRY, THE HERD RISES TO BROWSE AND IT IS THEN THAT MATT SAVAGE--TRAIL BOSS--SHOUTS OUT...



LOOSE THE BELL AND-- POINT 'EM NORTH!*

*EDITOR'S NOTE: THE LEAD STEER, BEHIND WHICH CAME ALL THE OTHERS, WAS HUNG WITH A BELL WHICH THE HERD FOLLOWED AS IF HYPNOTIZED, THE CLAPPER WAS TIED AT NIGHT, FOR IF IT SOUNDED DURING THE DARK STRETCHES, THE HERD WOULD BE ON ITS FEET, READY TO RUN...

WITH OL' FAITHFUL IN THE VAN THE HERD BEGINS ANOTHER DAY OF HOT, DUSTY TRAVEL NORTHWARD OVER THE TEXAS TRAIL, LEADING TO THE RAILHEAD TOWNS OF KANSAS...

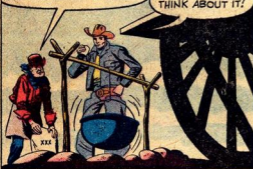


KEEP 'EM MOVING, KEEP 'EM MOVING!

AT THE NOONDAY HALT, BISCUITS BAKER, THE COOK, NOTICES AN ODD PHENOMENON...

MATT, THAT POT WAS JUST A-HANGIN' THERE WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN SHE STARTED SWINGIN' BACK AN' FORTH!

THE ONLY OTHER TIME I SAW THAT HAPPEN-- WELL, I DON'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT IT!

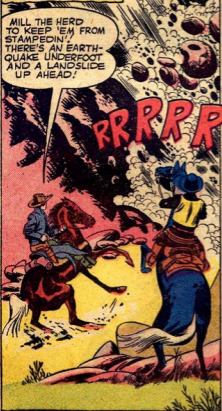


SLOWLY THE HERD ROLLS ON, OVER THE WEST GULF PLAINS, PAST THE PALO BLANCO CREEK...



WITH THE ABRUPTNESS OF A FLASH FLOOD, THE EARTH QUIVERS ONCE-- TWICE! THEN THE OMINOUS RUMBLE OF FALLING ROCKS ALONG THE TRAIL...

MILL THE HERD TO KEEP 'EM FROM STAMPEDE! THERE'S AN EARTHQUAKE UNDERFOOT AND A LANDSLIDE UP AHEAD!

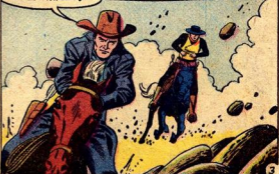


IT WAS JUST AS I FEARED! EARTH TREMORS MADE THE STEWPOT DANCE! I SAW IT HAPPEN ONCE BEFORE, AND THE EARTHQUAKE WHICH FOLLOWED IT! WE SURE WERE LUCKY, LUTE! IF THE HERD HAD BEEN CAUGHT UNDER THOSE ROCKS NONE OF US WOULD BE ALIVE NOW!

WHAT'LL WE DO, BOSS?



PAINTED CANYON IS THE ONLY PASSAGEWAY THROUGH HERE THAT'LL KEEP US ON THE TRAIL! IF IT'S BLOCKED UP WITH ROCKS-- WE'LL HAVE TO BACKTRACK A DOZEN MILES!



FROM THE HEIGHT OF A HOGBACK RIDGE, THE TRAIL BOSS STUDIES THE DEBRIS OF PAINTED CANYON...

IT'S BLOCKED SOLID! WE CAN NEVER GET THROUGH THIS WAY!

GOING BACK MEANS TWO DAYS LOST, AND THOUSANDS OF POUNDS OF BEEF OFF THE STEERS!



A LOSS OF BEEF MEANS LOST MONEY AT-- LUTE! LISTEN!

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY GROANING!

OH HHH!



AT A POUNDING GALLOP THE TRAIL RIDERS THUNDER DOWN ON A GIRL WHO LIES PINNED BENEATH SOME FALLEN ROCKS...

THE GIRL'S ANKLE IS PINNED UNDER THAT ROCK!

MY HORSE WAS FRIGHTENED BY THE LANDSLIDE AND THREW ME! I CAN'T GET FREE!



MUSCLES BUNCHING UNDER THE TERRIFIC STRAIN, MATT AND HIS YOUNG TRAIL-HAND SLOWLY LIFT THE LOG AND BOULDER...

CAN YOU--GET YOUR FOOT OUT-- NOW, MA'AM?

YES-- THANKS! OH, I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME ALONG! NOW I CAN GET ON MY WAY TO SAN PATRICIO TO GET THE SHERIFF!



MARY BETH HALE RISES TO HER FEET BUT AS SHE TAKES A STEP...

LOOKS LIKE YOU SPRAINED IT, MA'AM! OUGHT TO BANDAGE IT TIGHT! SUPPOSE WE TAKE YOU INTO OUR TRAIL CAMP?

OH HHH! MY ANKLE!



I DON'T HAVE TIME TO HAVE MY ANKLE BANDAGED! MY BROTHER JIM IS IN DANGER! JED CROGAN HIRED A GUNSLICK TO CALL HIM OUT AND SHOOT HIM! I'M RIDING TO GET HELP!

RECKON YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG, JUST THE SAME!



AT THE CAMP A LITTLE LATER...

JED CROGAN'S THE RICHEST RANCHER AROUND THESE PARTS! HE'S AFTER OUR LITTLE RANCH BECAUSE --

I BET I CAN GUESS! HE WANTS YOUR GRAZE GRASS AND WATER! IF I'VE HEARD THAT STORY ONCE, I'VE HEARD IT A HUNDRED TIMES!

WHY DON'T YOU HELP ME? YOU CAN STOP THAT GUN-SLINGER FROM KILLING MY BROTHER! IF HE SHOOTS JIM, I'LL BE FORCED TO SELL OUT TO CROGAN!

WELL NOW, MA'AM -- I'VE GOT TO CONSIDER MY HERO FIRST, BUT I'LL TRY AND THINK OF SOMETHING!

MOMENTS LATER, "FAST-GUN" LUTE JONES SLIPS AWAY FROM THE LITTLE GROUP AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE...

I GOT A PLAN WORKED OUT HOW TO TRAP THAT GUNSLINGER INTO SHOOTING IT OUT WITH ME -- INSTEAD OF JIM HALE!

THE PLAINS TOWN OF DRY GRASS IS JUST A COLLECTION OF DUSTY, SUN-BAKED FALSE-FRONT'S FACING BOTH SIDES OF A DIRT STREET, LIKE SO MANY OTHER TOWNS BORDERING THE GREAT TEXAS TRAIL...

AS HE SWINGS DOWN BEFORE THE TIE-RAIL OF A SMALL HOTEL, LUTE'S HARD VOICE BREAKS THE DROWSY SILENCE...

HOMBRE DOWN TEXAS WAY TOLD ME I'D FIND JIM HALE IN THIS TOWN!

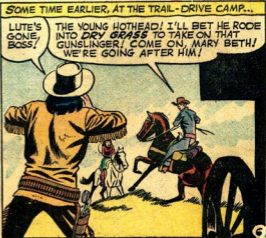
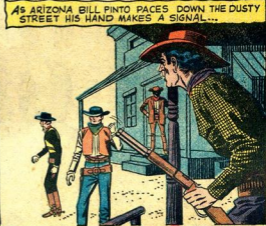
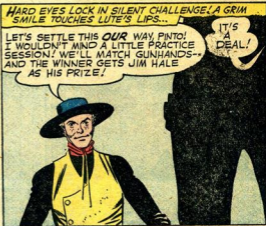
HE OWNS THE PICKETWIRE SPREAD FIVE MILES FROM HERE! MATTER OF FACT HE'S EXPECTED IN ANY MINUTE FER A GUNFIGHT!

GLAD TO HEAR THET--BECAUSE I'VE RIDDEN A MITE TO THROW LEAD WITH HIM!

HOLD ON, STRANGER! I HAVE A BETTER RIGHT THAN YOU TO GUN DOWN JIM HALE!



WESTERN COMICS





WESTERN COMICS



RIDING HARD, MATT SAVAGE AND MARY BETH HALE POUND INTO TOWN AS LUTE JONES AND ARIZONA BILL PINTO TAKE THEIR STANDS--

SHERIFF, STOP THOSE MEN!

I CAN'T DO THAT! THEY CALLED EACH OTHER OUT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY DO IN OTHER TOWNS-- BUT IN DRY GRASS WE LET 'EM SHOOT IT OUT!



A HUSH FALLS LIKE A SILKEN MANTLE OVER THE TOWN, AS FROM EITHER END OF THE SINGLE DUSTY STREET THE GUNMEN BEGIN THEIR WALK, BOOTS SHUFFLING IN THE DUST...

LEATHER HOLSTERS ARE TIED LOW TO MAKE CERTAIN THE COLT PEACEMAKERS "CLEAR LEATHER", AND CURVING FINGERTIPS BRUSH WORN WALNUT BUTTPLATES AS THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM LESSENS...

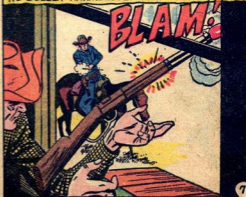
THE GUNMEN HALT, EACH MAN TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND THEN...

BLAM!
BLAM!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT--SO TIMED THAT ALL FOUR SHOTS PRACTICALLY SOUND AS ONE-- MATT SAVAGE DRAWS AND FIRES...

HIS BULLET SLAMS INTO THE WINCHESTER POKING FROM THE HOTEL WINDOW, DEFLECTING ITS BULLET HARMLESSLY INTO THE AIR!



IN THE EXCITEMENT, NO ONE PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO LUTE'S VICTORY OVER ARIZONA BILL...

DON'T MOVE, CROGAN! YOU KNEW THAT BACKSHOOTER WAS FIXING TO PLUG LUTE! YOU GAVE IT AWAY BY BEING THE ONLY ONE WHO WAS WATCHING THAT HOTEL WINDOW WHERE HE WAS HIDDEN! THE REST WERE WATCHING THE GUNFIGHTERS!



YOU'RE LOCO, SAVAGE! PLUMB LOCO!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

WHOEVER IT WAS, GOT AWAY OVER THE ROOF-TOPS, SAVAGE!

THEN I CAN'T PROVE YOU WERE IN ON THE BACKSHOOTING, CROGAN--OR I MIGHT BE TEMPTED TO CALL YOU OUT!



BUT IF I HEAR THAT ANYTHING HAPPENS TO JIM HALE OR HIS SISTER MARY BETH--ANYTHING AT ALL--I'M COMING BACK FOR YOU, UNDERSTAND?

N-NOTHING WILL HAPPEN! I-I GUESS I DON'T WANT THEIR LAND AFTER ALL!



SUDDENLY A PLAINITIVE VOICE CALLS OUT...

HEY, WHAT ABOUT ME? I'M HURT!

AW, IT'S ONLY A FLESH WOUND, ARIZONA! IF THE DOC WERE HERE HE COULD PATCH IT UP--BUT HE'S ON HIS ROUNDS AND WON'T BE BACK FOR A COUPLA DAYS!



TWO DAYS? NO DOCTOR? I'M HURT! I GOTTA HAVE HELP!

OH, STOP WHINING! I'LL TAKE YOU TO MY CAMP AND PATCH YOU UP, THEN BRING YOU BACK TO THE SHERIFF TO ANSWER QUESTIONS ABOUT THAT BACKSHOOTER!

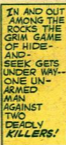


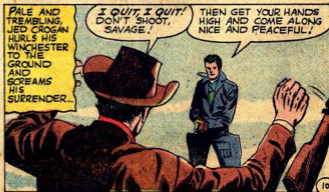
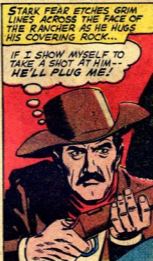
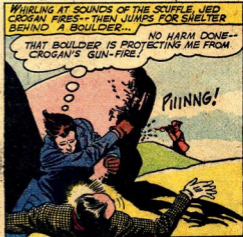
YOUNG LUTHER JONES EYES HIS TRAIL BOSS WITH PUZZLED RESPECT...

MATT, YOU MUST BE MIGHTY FAST WITH A SIX-GUN YOURSELF--TO BEAT A RIFLE TRIGGER-FINGER!

YOU GOT YOUR MAN! I GOT MINE! LET'S LEAVE IT AT THAT...







AS A PEBBLE GRATES UNDERFOOT BEHIND HIM, MATT WHIRLS...

HEY, BOSS... IT'S US-- GRANT AND DIXON! HOLD YOUR FIRE!

WE FIGURED YOU MIGHT NEED HELP, NOT HAVING A GUN AND ALL-- BUT WERE WE EVER WRONG!

I THOUGHT YOU FELLERS STOLE HIS HERO!



THAT'S WHAT MATT HERE WANTED YOU TO THINK! HE FIGURED YOU'D TRY TO GET EVEN AT HIM BY SHOOTING UP THE HERD! HE PLANNED TO MOVE THE HERD BACK OUT OF HARM'S WAY WHILE HE TOOK YOU ON HIMSELF! YOUR GUNSLINGER PINTO SURE FELL FOR THE "REVOLT" ACT WE PUT ON FOR HIS SPECIAL BENEFIT!

AFTER JED CROGAN, HANK BLANE, AND BILL PINTO HAVE BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE SHERIFF...

WELL, MA'AM I SOLVED YOUR PROBLEM BUT I'VE STILL GOT MY OWN TO WORK OUT!

NOT ANY MORE, MR. SAVAGE! MY BROTHER AND I WANT YOU TO BY-PASS THE BLOCKED CANYON AND USE OUR LAND AS-A DETOUR TO GET BACK ON THE TEXAS TRAIL!



SOON THE HERO IS AGAIN MOVING UP THE TRAIL TO KANSAS, EVERY STEER SAFE...

WE'RE BACK ON THE TEXAS TRAIL AGAIN, AND NOW I KNOW WE'VE GOT A TRAIL-CREW THAT WORKS TOGETHER AS A UNIT, ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE! IT GIVES A MAN A KIND OF WARM FEELING TO KNOW HIS MEN WILL BACK ANY PLAY HE MAKES...



DON'T MISS THE EXCITING FOLLOW-UP EPISODE OF MATT SAVAGE-- TRAIL BOSS-- IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WESTERN COMICS!

The End

Your Passport to AMAZING ADVENTURES!

STRANGE ADVENTURES

10¢

Featuring THE MAN WHO WEIGHED 200 TONS!

DC NATIONAL COMICS

ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

GREATEST ADVENTURE

10¢

I STOLE THE SPACE BEAST!

TODAY'S MOST ELECTRIFYING MAGAZINES!

HOUSE OF SECRETS

10¢

THE MAN WHO WASN'T DEAD!

NEW STARS for "OLD GLORY"

GOSH, DAD, OUR FLAG LOOKS DIFFERENT WITH 49 STARS-- BUT I WONDER WHAT OUR FIRST FLAG LOOKED LIKE?

MUCH DIFFERENT! IT WAS CALLED THE GRAND UNION FLAG...



"GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON BEAT THE BRITISH AT BOSTON UNDER THAT FLAG BEFORE OUR COUNTRY WAS BORN. THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS SIGNED UNDER IT, TOO..."



"JOHN PAUL JONES TOOK OUR FIRST STARS AND STRIPES OUT TO SEA IN 1777. IT HAD 13 RED AND WHITE STRIPES AND 13 STARS. A FRENCH WAR VESSEL GAVE IT A NINE-GUN SALUTE..."



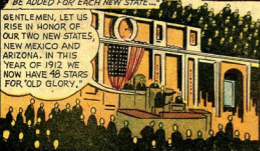
"IN 1794 TWO NEW STRIPES AND TWO NEW STARS WERE ADDED FOR KENTUCKY AND VERMONT. THIS FLAG WAS USED IN THE WAR OF 1812, AND WAS THE ONE THAT INSPIRED THE COMPOSITION OF THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER..."



"THEN IN 1818 CONGRESS VOTED THAT THE FLAG SHOULD NEVER HAVE MORE THAN 13 STRIPES, IN HONOR OF THE FIRST 13 STATES, AND THAT A NEW STAR SHOULD BE ADDED FOR EACH NEW STATE..."



GENTLEMEN, LET US RISE IN HONOR OF OUR TWO NEW STATES, NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA. IN THIS YEAR OF 1912 WE NOW HAVE 48 STARS FOR "OLD GLORY."



AND THAT'S THE WAY OUR FLAG STAYED UNTIL THIS YEAR WHEN ALASKA BECAME OUR 49TH STATE.



AND NEXT YEAR, WE'LL HAVE 50 STARS WHEN HAWAII BECOMES OUR NEXT NEW STATE. WONDER HOW "OLD GLORY" WILL LOOK THEN?

STRANGE INDIAN Beliefs

IT WAS BELIEVED BY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIANS THAT BOYS IN THE TRIBE WERE "CONVERTED" TO ADULTS BY DRINKING MANI-- A CONCOCTION MADE BY DRYING AND GRINDING THE ROOTS OF JIMSON WEEDS...

MANI-
DRINKING
CEREMONY



PUEBLO INDIANS GENERALLY ASSOCIATE SPECIFIC ANIMALS WITH THE SIX RITUAL DIRECTIONS; NORTH--MOUNTAIN LION, ORIOLE; WEST--BEAR, BLUEBIRD, WEASEL; SOUTH--BADGER, WILDCAT, PARROT; EAST--GRAY WOLF, MAGPIE; ZENITH--EAGLE; NADIR--MOLE, GOPHER...



SIOUX INDIANS FANCY THAT THEIR ANCESTORS ORIGINALLY LIVED FAR UNDERGROUND IN A CAVE WITH A SUBTERRANEAN LAKE. EVENTUALLY THEY MADE THEIR WAY TO THE SURFACE WHERE THEY SET UP THEIR NEW HOMES. ONE OF THE EARLIEST SIOUX HEROES WAS IKTO, INVENTOR OF HUMAN SPEECH...



ACCORDING TO THE HOPIS, MASKED SUPERNATURAL BEINGS (KACHINAS) USED TO VISIT THEIR PUEBLOS IN PERSON, BEARING GIFTS OF CORN, MELONS AND RAIN. WHEN THE KACHINAS DECIDED TO STOP THEIR VISITS, THEY GAVE THE HOPIS THEIR MASKS SO THAT THE TRIBESMEN COULD IMPERSONATE THEM AND STILL CAUSE THE SAME GIFTS TO COME...



HOPIS
MASKED
DANCER



POW-WOW SMITH



THE TOWNSPEOPLE OF ELKHORN TOOK THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR GRANTED -- AND SO IT CAME AS A STUNNING SURPRISE TO LEARN THAT THEIR POPULAR SHERIFF NEVER HAD A BIRTHDAY AND WAS NOT EVEN SURE OF THE DAY HE WAS BORN! SO THEY PLANNED TO GIVE POW-WOW SMITH A SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY! THAT WAS WHEN TROUBLE BEGAN AS FATE AND OUTLAWS JOINED HANDS IN A DIABOLICAL ATTEMPT TO SPOIL...

The Sheriff's BIRTHDAY PARTY!



ON A WARM SPRING MORNING OUTSIDE THE ELKHORN SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

I SAVED YOU A PIECE OF MY BIRTHDAY CAKE, POW-WOW!

WHY THANK YOU, TOMMY!



ARE YOU GONNA SAVE ME A PIECE OF CAKE FROM YOUR BIRTHDAY PARTY?

I'D BE GLAD TO, TOMMY-- IF I HAD A BIRTHDAY!



YOU SEE, TOMMY, I'M A SIOUX AND WE DON'T KNOW THE EXACT DAY WE ARE BORN! THE CLOSEST I CAN GET TO MY BIRTH DATE IS--THE SECOND DAY AFTER THE BIG BUFFALO KILL DURING THE MONTH OF SHEDDING PONIES * IN THE YEAR OF PLENTY BUFFALO!



*EDITOR'S NOTE: THE SIOUX MOON OF THE SHEDDING PONIES IS APPROXIMATELY OUR MONTH OF MAY!

GRAVELY TROUBLED BECAUSE HIS GOOD FRIEND SHERIFF POW-WOW SMITH HAS NO BIRTHDAY (AND NO HOPE OF EVER HAVING ONE, IT SEEMS!) YOUNG TOMMY WALTERS CONFIDES IN HIS PARENTS...

CAN YOU IMAGINE NEVER GETTIN' ANY BIRTHDAY PRESENTS?



HMMM! MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING I CAN DO ABOUT THAT! I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH THE TERRITORIAL GOVERNOR--

THE FOLLOWING DAY ALONG ELKHORN'S MAIN STREET...

MORNING, POW-WOW!

YOU'RE LOOKING MIGHTY FIT, SHERIFF!



FOLKS CERTAINLY SEEM EXTRA FRIENDLY TODAY! MUST BE THE SPRING AIR!

YOU DON'T SUPPOSE HE SUSPECTS?



SHUCKS, NO! HOW COULD HE? IT WAS ONLY LAST NIGHT AT THE SECRET TOWN MEETING THAT HANK WALTERS TOLD US HIS IDEA OF GIVING POW-WOW A SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, FROM RANCH HOUSE KITCHENS TO TOWN RESTAURANTS, STOVES AND OVENS WORK OVERTIME BAKING DELICACIES FOR THE SURPRISE PARTY...

THE APPLE PIES ARE DONE TO A TURN, SARAH!

THESE COOKIES ARE THE BEST I'VE EVER MADE!



BARBER AND BLACKSMITH, BAKER AND BANKER, ARE ALL IN ON THE SECRET...

I HOPE THE GOOD WEATHER CONTINUES!

AND I HOPE POW-WOW HAS AN EASY DAY ON HIS "BIRTHDAY" SO HE'LL BE ON HAND FOR HIS PARTY!



AT NINE O'CLOCK ON THE MORNING OF THE DAY SET ASIDE FOR THE SURPRISE PARTY, THE LOUD DRUMBEAT OF HOOFSTIRRS ANXIETY IN THE HEARTS OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE...

POW-WOW'LL BE CALLED OUT OF TOWN AND WE WON'T GET TO SURPRISE HIM!



THE LONE RIDER FLINGS HIMSELF FROM THE SADDLE BEFORE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

STAGE WAS JUST HELD UP! THE ROBBERS WERE LAST SEEN HEADING FOR **LOST MINE GULCH** ON PALOUSE HORSES!*



*EDITOR'S NOTE: THE APPALOOSA (OR PALOUSE) HORSE WAS BRED BY THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS AND HAS A MOTTLED SKIN!

IN THE LIVERY STABLE EAGER HANDS LIFT BRIDLE AND SADDLE TO HASTEN POW-WOW'S DEPARTURE...

WE'LL SADDLE YOUR BRONC, SHERIFF!

SO YOU CAN CATCH THOSE OWLHOOTS AND GET BACK TO TOWN THAT MUCH FASTER!



HURRY BACK!

DON'T WASTE ANY TIME, POW-WOW!

NEVER SAW FOLKS SO INTERESTED IN MY COMINGS AND GOINGS! GIVES ME A KIND OF WARM FEELING INSIDE!





ALONG THE
LOST MINE
GULCH TRAIL...

MY COUSINS THE
OSGALLA SIOUX
ARE GREETING
ME IN THE SMOKE-
SIGNAL LANGUAGE--
WHICH GIVES ME AN
IDEA!

SOON HIS OWN FIRE OF DAMP
GRASS ON DRY TWIGS IS SEND-
ING UP A SERIES OF SMOKE
PUFFS...

MY COUSINS INFORM ME
THEY HAVE SPOTTED TWO
PALEFACES ON PALOUSE PONIES
FLEEING TOWARD
PAINTED ROCK
PASS!

I KNOW A SHORT CUT
THROUGH THE CANYONS
WHICH WILL GET ME TO
PAINTED ROCK PASS
ABOUT THE TIME THE
STAGECOACH HOLDUP
MEN REACH IT!

AT PAINTED ROCK PASS
THE INDIAN-BORN SHERIFF
OVERTAKES HIS QUARRY...

IT'S POW-
WOW
SMITH!

HOW'D HE
CATCH UP TO
US SO FAST?



AS POW-WOW TAKES AN
IRON GRIP ON THE
BACKS OF THE BANDITS'
SHIRTS, THE HORSES
GALLOP AWAY--
LEAVING THE DUO
HANGING IN AIR...

THE FOLKS WHO HELPED
SPEED ME ON MY WAY
WILL BE HAPPY TO
LEARN THEIR HELP
PAID OFF!





AT HIGH NOON THE REDSKIN LAWMAN BRINGS HIS PRISONERS DOWN THE ELKHORN MAIN STREET...

POW-WOW'S BACK!

NICE GOIN', SHERIFF!

AFTER THE STAGECOACH ROBBERS ARE PUT BEHIND BARS...

FOLKS SURE WERE GLAD TO SEE ME! FUNNY THEY NEVER GAVE ME SUCH A RECEPTION BEFORE! OH, WELL... I SEE BY MY CALENDAR PAD I'M DUE TO RIDE GUARD FOR JIM HANDLEY THIS AFTERNOON!



BUT WHEN THE SIOUX SHERIFF ARRIVES AT JIM HANDLEY'S ROCKING CHAIR SPREAD--

THUNDERATION! I PLUMB FORGOT TO TELL YOU I WON'T BE NEEDING YOUR HELP TODAY, POW-WOW! YOU'D BETTER GET BACK TO TOWN PRONTO!

EVEN THE RANCHERS ARE CONCERNED ABOUT MY COMINGS AND GOINGS!



PASSING SQUIRREL CREEK ON THE WAY BACK TO TOWN...

THE BRIDGE UNDER-PINNINGS ARE SO ROTTED IT MAKES CROSSING OVER THE BRIDGE DANGEROUS! I BETTER MAKE SOME REPAIRS WITH THE TOOLS IN THE EMERGENCY TOOL SHED YONDER!



HE WORKS HALF AN HOUR IN THE AFTERNOON SUN WHEN...

POW-WOW! HAVEN'T YOU RETURNED TO TOWN? NEVER MIND ABOUT THE BRIDGE! ME AND MY RANCH HANDS WILL FIX IT!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME, MR. HANDLEY!



THE SETTING SUN LOWERS BEHIND ELKHORN! IT IS ALMOST TIME FOR THE OUTDOOR SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY TO BEGIN WHEN...

HOLDUP! HOLDUP! THOSE TWO MEN JUST ROBBED THE BANK!





WESTERN COMICS



DISAPPOINTMENT LINES THE FACES OF YOUNG AND OLD AS GLOOM SETTLES OVER ELKHORN...

TARNATION! JUST WHEN WE WERE READY TO BEGIN THE FESTIVITIES!

THERE GOES POW-WOW AFTER THE ROBBERS! HE'LL NEVER CATCH UP TO THEM IN THE DARK!

ALL OUR PLANS FOR POW-WOW-- RUINED!



AS THE INDIAN LAWMAN TAKES OUT AFTER THE OUTLAWS, DARKNESS CASTS A BLACK SHROUD OVER THE PRAIRIE COUNTRY...

IT WON'T BE EASY TRACKING THOSE OWLHOOTS IN THE DARK-- UNLESS I GET SOME HELP!



SOME DISTANCE AHEAD OF HIM THE BANK ROBBERS GALLOP RECKLESSLY...

WE TIMED THAT BANK HOLDUP JUST RIGHT!

NOT EVEN THE SIOUX SHERIFF CAN FOLLOW US AT NIGHT TIME!



TO THE EARS OF A WHITE MAN THE WESTERN NIGHT IS CALM AND QUIET-- BUT INDIAN EARS ARE SHARPLY ATTUNED TO EVERY SOUND...



A COYOTE WAS DISTURBED WHILE EATING-- A CACTUS WREN SCREECHED-- A BOBCAT SNARLED! SOMEONE IS FRIGHTENING THESE CREATURES-- AND I HAVE A HUNCH IT'S THE BANK ROBBERS!

THE WILD-LIFE SOUNDS GUIDE THE REDSKIN SHERIFF TOWARD HIS QUARRY...

YAP-YAP-YAP...



ONWARD POW-WOW RACES THROUGH THE DARKNESS, SURE OF HIS PREY...

THOSE OUTLAWS ARE SCARING THE ANIMALS WHO REACT BY THEIR SHARP CRIES-- CRIES WHICH TELL ME THE DIRECTION THE BANK ROBBERS ARE HEADING!



THE UNSUSPECTING BADMEN ARE TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE WHEN THE INDIAN LAWMAN HURTTLES DOWN ON THEM FROM AN OVERHANGING BLUFF.



A FIST LASHES OUT WITH NUMBING FURY...

A BULLET WILL TAKE THE STING OUT OF POW-WOW'S PUNCHES!



A LIGHTNING-LIKE DRAW BLASTS THE SIX-GUN FROM THE SECOND BANK ROBBER...



THE TIME IS FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE MIDNIGHT WHEN POW-WOW SMITH HERDS HIS PRISONERS TOWARD THE TOWN JAIL...

HE GOT 'EM BOTH! YAHOO!

GET READY, EVERYBODY! SOON AS HE LOCKS THOSE YARMINTS UP-- YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!



WHEN POW-WOW LOCKS UP HIS MEN AND EMERGES ONTO THE STREET, A CHORUS OF VOICES GREET'S HIM IN SONG!...

HAPPY BIRTHDAY... TO YOU...

WH-WHAT'S THIS?





POW-WOW, WHEN WE HEARD YOU'D NEVER HAD A BIRTHDAY WE DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

WE HAVE A SCROLL HERE SIGNED BY THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES! READ IT ALOUD, HANK WALTERS!



"WHEREAS SHERIFF POW-WOW SMITH HAS HERETOFORE PROVED HIMSELF TO BE - "OH NEVER MIND THE HIGHFALUTIN' LEGAL TALK! POW-WOW, THIS SCROLL MAKES YOU AN HONORARY CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES * AND LEGALLY DECLARES YOUR BIRTHDAY TO BE MAY 15TH FROM NOW ON."



***EDITOR'S NOTE:**
IT WASN'T UNTIL 1924 THAT THE FEDERAL CONGRESS PASSED LEGISLATION MAKING CITIZENS OF ALL INDIANS BORN WITHIN THE CONTINENTAL LIMITS OF THE U.S.A. UNTIL THEN ONLY INDIVIDUAL INDIANS OR TRIBES HAD BEEN SO HONORED-- LIKE POW-WOW SMITH!

YOU CAN SEE NOW WHY WE WERE SO CONCERNED ABOUT GETTING YOU HERE BEFORE MIDNIGHT.

SURE! TO MAKE IT LEGAL WE HAD TO PRESENT THE DOCUMENT TO YOU TODAY ON YOUR BIRTHDAY!

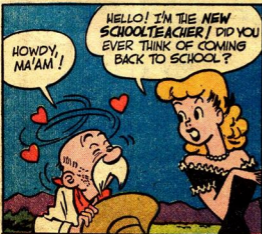
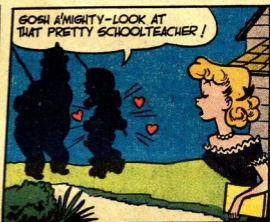
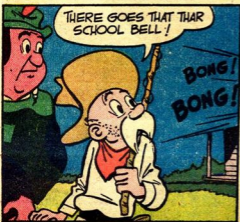
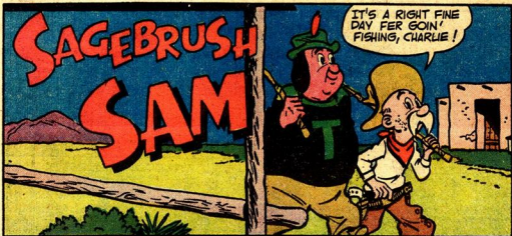
LIFTED ON THE SHOULDERS OF HIS FELLOW CITIZENS, POW-WOW SMITH IS CARRIED TO HIS OPEN-AIR BIRTHDAY PARTY...

THIS IS THE MOST FANTASTIC THING THAT EVER HAS HAPPENED TO ME-- AND THE MOST WONDERFUL!

NEXT DAY...

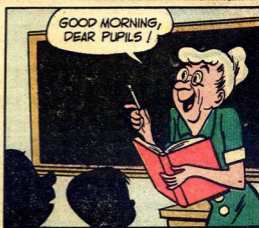
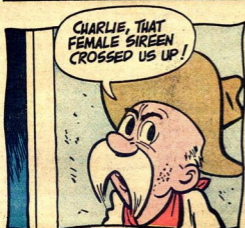
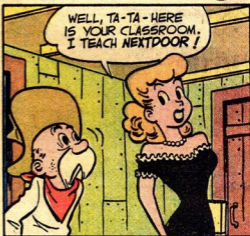
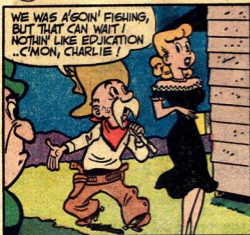
HERE YOU ARE, TOMMY! THANKS TO YOU AND THE GOOD FOLKS OF ELKHORN-- I CAN OFFER YOU SOME OF MY BIRTHDAY CAKE!

THANKS POW-WOW! I JUST KNOW I'LL ENJOY IT!





WESTERN COMICS



The Wyoming Kid

WHEN A MAN PAID GOOD HARD CASH TO DEPOSIT THREE APPARENTLY WORTHLESS BOTTLES IN A BANK VAULT, HE AROUSED BANKER RUFUS CARTER'S CURIOSITY! IN TURN, RUFUS CARTER INTERESTED THE WYOMING KID IN THE ODD PUZZLE! BUT THE FAMED WANDERER OF THE WESTERN WASTES NEVER SUSPECTED HE'D HAVE TO RISK HIS LIFE TO LEARN...

The SECRET OF THE EMPTY BOTTLES!

YOU CAN TAKE ME IN TO JAIL, KID— BUT THE SECRET OF THE THREE EMPTY BOTTLES WILL GO WITH ME!



IN THE TOWN BANK OF PAWNEE FALLS, A MAN LIFTS THREE GLASS BOTTLES FROM A CARRYING CASE...

MY NAME IS ANDREW TOLLIVER, SIR! I'VE GOT TO DO SOME HEAVY TRAVELING AND I'D LIKE TO PLACE THESE BOTTLES IN YOUR BANK VAULT FOR SAFE KEEPING! I'LL RETURN IN A FEW DAYS FOR THEM!

EMPTY BOTTLES?! I WONDER WHAT'S SO VALUABLE ABOUT THEM!





BACK AND FORTH THE FIGHT RAGES, AND AS A BLOW FORCES THE WYOMING KID TO STAGGER BACKWARD, THE DOOR IS SHOVED OPEN...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
I HEARD A--

OH!!



GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE -- MUY PRONTO!

WHEN THE WYOMING KID RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS, HE LEARNS THAT ANDREW TOLLIVER IS LAPSING INTO A COMA...

...TREASURE...
MUSEUM BOTTLES...
BRAZOS GOT THEM...

APPARENTLY HE AND THIS BRAZOS FOUGHT OVER A TREASURE-- WHICH ENDED IN TOLLIVER GETTING SHOT... AND BRAZOS GETTING AWAY WITH THE THREE BOTTLES...



HE WON'T DO ANY MORE TALKING FOR A DAY OR SO...

I CAN'T WAIT! I'M GOING AFTER HIS ASSAILANT... AND THE SOLUTION TO THE MYSTERY OF THOSE EMPTY BOTTLES!



AT THAT MOMENT THE WYOMING KID'S QUARRY IS GALLOPING AWAY FROM PAWNEE FALLS...

SURE WAS A LUCKY DAY WHEN ANDY TOLLIVER SPOTTED THEM MUSEUM BOTTLES!



"HIS FINGER SHOOK WITH EXCITEMENT AS HE POINTED THEM OUT!"

EARLY SPANISH GLASSWARE

LOOK, BRAZOS! THEY'RE THE SAME ONES DRAWN ON THE 300 YEAR-OLD MANUSCRIPT WE GOT IN THE LOOT OF THAT STAGECOACH HOLDUP!



"ACCORDING TO THE OLD MANUSCRIPT, A SPANISH CONQUISTADOR NAMED DON CARLOS WAS SET UPON BY APACHES WHILE CARRYING SOME TREASURE CHESTS..."

I MUST HIDE THE CHESTS AND MAKE A SECRET MAP SO I'LL KNOW WHERE TO FIND THEM LATER!



"BUT CARLOS NEVER LIVED TO UNEARTH HIS TREASURE!"

THAT NIGHT, THE STARS LOOK DOWN ON A LONELY CAMPFIRE...

IT TOOK ME AWHILE TO FIND ANDY! THE DOUBLE-CROSSER HAD DECIDED TO DIG UP THE TREASURE FOR HIMSELF-- SO WHEN HE SAW ME CLOSING IN ON HIM, HE "BANKED" THE BOTTLES AND TRIED TO LOSE ME AGAIN! IT DIDN'T WORK... THOUGH I LET HIM THINK IT HAD!



THE FIRST PINK RAYS OF DAWN FIND BRAZOS PASSING A GIGANTIC CRATER...

THE BIG CIRCLE ON THE BOTTLE REPRESENTS METEOR CRATER* CLEAR ENOUGH! THE ARROW INDICATES I'VE GOT TO HEAD 16 MILES NORTH, THEN THREE MILES EAST...



*EDITOR'S NOTE: BARRINGER METEORITE CRATER-- POPULARLY KNOWN AS METEOR CRATER--IS NEAR CANYON DIABLO, ARIZONA.

"WE STOLE THE BOTTLES FROM THE MUSEUM BUT ONE OF THE GUARDS GAVE THE ALARM! ANDY KEPT THE BOTTLES AND ESCAPED! I LOST HIM FIGHTING OFF TWO MEN WHO TRIED TO CAPTURE ME..."



LEANING FORWARD, BRAZOS POURS DARK WATER INTO THE BOTTLES AND THE DANCING FIRELIGHT REVEALS DELICATE TRACINGS OF A TREASURE MAP ON THE GLASS...

ACCORDING TO THE MANUSCRIPT, DARK WATER BRINGS OUT THE "INVISIBLE" MARKINGS DON CARLOS SCRATCHED ON THE BOTTLES WHEN HE HID THE TREASURE-- THERE THEY ARE!



TOWARD MID-DAY...

I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING BRAZOS DAY AND NIGHT! LOOKS LIKE HE'S COME TO TRAIL'S END AT LAST!

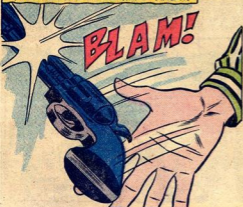


INSTINCTIVELY FEELING THE WEIGHT OF EYES ON HIM, BRAZOS WHIRLS...



THE WYOMING KID! HE TRAILED ME TO THE TREASURE! CAN'T LET HIM STOP ME NOW...

THE GUN-HAND OF THE WYOMING KID IS FIRST BROTHER TO THE LIGHTNING! HIS COLT PEACE-MAKER BUCKS IN HIS HAND AND...



A PANTHERISH LEAP CARRIES THE KID OVER SHALE ROCK AND HURLS BRAZOS OFF HIS FEET...



I THINK I'VE GUESSED THE SECRET OF THE BOTTLES!

A BEATEN BRAZOS SNARLS IN SULLEN FURY...

YOU CAUGHT ME, ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU'LL NEVER FIND THE TREASURE!



SUDDENLY, BRAZOS' BOOTED FOOT KICKS OUT AT THE BOTTLES.

THE BOTTLES WERE THE CLUES TO WHERE THE TREASURE IS BURIED! WITHOUT THEM YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT!

I DON'T NEED THE BOTTLES TO TELL ME WHERE IT'S HIDDEN!



YOU SEE THOSE THREE ROCKS? THEY LOOK LIKE THE BOTTLES! I'VE A HUNCH THEY GAVE DON CARLOS THE WHOLE IDEA! THE ROCKS WILL POINT OUT THE TREASURE'S HIDING PLACE!



CLIMBING THE TALLEST ROCK, THE WASTELAND
WANDERER SIGHTS ALONG THEIR TOPS...

BY LINING THEM UP I CAN MARK A
SPOT ON THE GROUND BY HAVING
MY BRONC STAND ON IT! MOVE
A LITTLE MORE, BRONC!



MOMENTS LATER HE THRUSTS HIS SPADE
INTO THE SHALE AND DIRT...

IF I'M RIGHT I
OUGHT TO UNCOVER
THOSE CHESTS IN
SHORT ORDER!



AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF DIGGING AND
LIFTING...

THE TREASURE-- JUST AS DON
CARLOS BURIED IT ABOUT
300 YEARS AGO!



A WEEK LATER IN THE OFFICE OF THE U.S.
FEDERAL MARSHAL...

SINCE THOSE BOTTLES WERE STOLEN FROM
A FEDERAL MUSEUM, MARSHAL, I'M TURNING
MY PRISONERS OVER TO YOU, TOGETHER
WITH THE TREASURE THEY WERE AFTER!



THE END.

FANTASTIC!
MYSTERIOUS!

The famed frontier hero, **TOMAHAWK**, is
marked for death, as another giant
missile--a portent of disaster--streaks
from the sky!

Read "**The
GOLDEN ARROW
OF DOOM!**"
IN THE LATEST ISSUE OF
TOMAHAWK



ON SALE
Everywhere!

INDIAN Tribal Names!

FAMED AS TRADERS, A MICHIGAN TRIBE WAS DUBBED THE **OTTAWA** FROM THE NATIVE WORD **ADAABWE**, MEANING "TO TRADE". THE CHIPPEWA CALLED THEM THE **WATAWAWININIWOK**—"MEN OF THE BULRUSHES..."



OTTAWA CHIEF--PONTIAC

CONTRARY TO THE GAG THAT THE PEOPLE OF **WALLA** LIKED THE PLACE SO MUCH THEY NAMED IT TWICE, **WALLA WALLA** IS A NEZ PERCE EXPRESSION FOR "MANY WATERS", A REFERENCE TO THE HABITAT OF A WASHINGTON TRIBE OF INDIANS...



FIRST VISITED BY THE FAMOUS SPANISH EXPLORER **CORONADO** IN 1540, A NEW MEXICO **PUEBLO**-LIVING TRIBE WAS GIVEN THE NAME **PECOS**, ADAPTED FROM THE NATIVE **PE-A-KU**, SIGNIFYING **PUEBLO**...



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