

No. 7

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BUSTER CRABBE

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STARRING



This is a
FAMOUS
PUNYON
Publication



JIVARO HEADHUNTERS

BUSTER CRABBE AND HIS SIDEKICK WHISKERS TACKLE THE MOST DANGEROUS ADVENTURE OF THEIR THRILL-PACKED CAREERS WHEN THEY INVADE THE FORBIDDEN WILDERNESS OF THE SAVAGE JIVARO HEADHUNTERS TO TRY TO SAVE A DOZEN LIVES AND DESTROY ONE !!!



Some 100 miles southeast of Quito, Ecuador, is El Puyo, the last outpost of the white man's civilization! Beyond is the jungle of the Jivaro ... unknown, unexplored ...

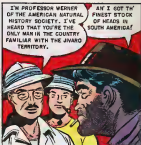
An expedition of American explorers arrive at El Puyo, eager to map the mysterious interior...





IS THERE A GENTLEMAN NAMED JOHN BROWN HERE?

I'M BROWN. IF IT'S HEADS YOU'RE AFTER, YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT MAN.



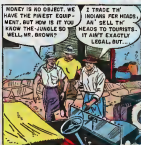
I'M PROFESSOR WERNER OF THE AMERICAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY. I'VE HEARD THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN IN THE COUNTRY FAMILIAR WITH THE JUNGLE TERRITORY.

AN' I GOT TH' FINEST STOCK OF HEADS IN SOUTH AMERICA!



WE DON'T WISH TO PURCHASE DRUNKEN HEADS. WE WISH TO HIRE YOU AS A GUIDE.

AS GUIDE, ENT? I DON'T LIKE THE JUNGLE. IF I DO, IT'LL COST YOU.



MONEY IS NO OBJECT. WE HAVE THE FINEST EQUIPMENT, BUT HOW IS IT YOU KNOW THE JUNGLE SO WELL, MR. BROWN?

I TRADE TH' INDIANS PER HEAD, AN' SELL TH' HEADS TO TOURISTS. IT AIN'T EXACTLY LEGAL, BUT...

And so, a few days later, the American expedition starts off into the dark and dangerous unknown...the land of the headhunters!



And six weeks later...

SEND ME BROWN-???

WE WERE ATTACKED AND CAPTURED BY AN OUTLAW TRIBE? I WAS TH' ONLY ONE WHO ESCAPED!

EXPEDITION BEING SENT TO LEARN
FATE OF AMERICAN NATURAL HISTORY
EXPLORERS CAPTURED BY JIVARO -
INDIANS!



JOHN BROWN-SOLE
MEMBER OF THE PARTY
TO ESCAPE, TO LEAD
HEAVILY ARMED
EXPEDITION.....

THE AMERICAN NATURAL HISTORY
SOCIETY WITH THE COOPERATION
OF THE ECUADOR AND PERUVIAN
GOVERNMENTS.....

NIGHT'S WELL CAMP
HERE FOR TH' NIGHT.
THE LAST CAMPER WAS
NICE ENOUGH TO LEAVE
ME HIS SPARE
FIREWOOD!

EVEN A
NEWSPAPER! ALL
THE COMFORTS
OF HOME!



WELL, I'LL BE--!!
IT'S HENRY MAG-
MAN MADDEN!

WHAT ARE
YUH TALKIN'
ABOUT???



IF JOHN BROWN
ISN'T MAG-MAN
MADDEN, HE'S HIS
TWIN BROTHER!

THAT'S MADDEN,
AWRIGHT! SO THAT'S
WHERE HE'S BEEN
HIDIN' OUT TO! LAST
TEN YEARS -- SOUTH
AMERICA!



THAT PAPER'S TWO WEEKS OLD! COME ON,
WHISKERS, WE'VE GOT TO GET TO A TOWN
AND NOTIFY THE SOCIETY! THAT "MURDER"
OF THEIRS WOULD KILL A MAN FOR THE PRICE OF
A DRINK!



The following morning

AND YOU'VE GOT TO STOP
THAT EXPEDITION BEFORE
MADDEN ROBS AND MURDERS
THEM, TOO!

I'LL SEND MY
BEST TO
SET WORD TO
THEM, MR. CRABBS!





WILL YOU CALL ME BACK AND LET ME KNOW HOW YOU MAKE OUT!

YES! I HOPE IT ISN'T TOO LATE!



That night...

THE EXPEDITION'S ALREADY LEFT EL FUYO! I'M GOING TO FLY TO EQUADOR! IF I ONLY HAD A MAN LIKE YOU TO HELP...

YOU HAVE! I'LL MEET YOU IN QUITO!



AIN'T YUR BITIN' OFF A WITE MORE'N YUR KIN CREW?

WAIKE JAM, BUT YOU'RE MOK JIVAROS ARE INDIANS, AND YOU'RE AN OLD HAND AT INDIAN FIGHTING!



Some days later, after a plane to Quito and a helicopter to El Fuyo...

THERE IS NO ONE TO GUIDE YOU, SEROS, AND EVEN IF THERE WAS YOU COULD NOT CATCH UP TO THEM.

THIS IS DREADFUL... DREADFUL!



THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO NOW!

WE HAVEN'T COME THIS FAR TO STOP NOW! WE'VE STILL GOT THE 'COPTER!



And so, deep inside Jivara territory...

WO'DN YOU RECONSIDER? THIS IS SUICIDE!

WE CAN TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES, PROFESSOR! SEE YOU IN EL FUYO!



Buster and Whiskers travel only a few miles before their presence becomes known...



Several hours later...



Suddenly, without warning----



JOHN BROWN TRADE WITH PALTAZARA
JIVARO. THEY THREE DAY WALK UP
RIVER. DO NOT WALK *ANYMORE*. ALL
HEADS LOOK *SAME* IN DARK.



Later...

I ONLY
HOPE WE GET
THERE BEFORE THE
EXPEDITION DOES...

MY HEAD AIN'T
SHRUNK--IT'S JUST
AS FAT AS ALWAYS!



Meanwhile, many miles away...

WE'RE
HEARING THE PLACE
THE FIRST EXPEDITION WAS
ANNOUNCED. IT'D BETTER GO
AHEAD *ALONE*...

MR. BROWN,
AREN'T YOU
TAKING A TERRIBLE
CHANCE?



THE JIVAROS *KNOW* ME. I DON'T THINK
THEY'LL KILL ME IF I'M *ALONE*. IF I'M NOT
BACK IN 24 HOURS, FOLLOW MY TRAIL!



Several hours later...

CHIEF PALTAZARA
GREET FRIEND JOHN
BROWN!

I'VE COME TO WIN
YOU, CHIEF, THAT ANOTHER
PARTY OF WHITE MEN
COME TO SLAUGHTER YOU!
AGAIN I SHALL HELP
YOU!



TOMORROW, AT DAWN,
SET YOUR WARRIORS
READY! I HAVE A PLAN
THAT WILL ASSURE YOU
VICTORY!

IT WILL
BE,
BORN!



Later, that night...

BUSTER, WE
WUZ WARNED NOT
TO MOVE AT NIGHT!
YORE AGGIN' TO GIT
US SCALPED!

WE'VE GOT
TO KEEP
MOVING!

And the next morning...

THIS MUST BE
THE VILLAGE OF
THE PALTAZARA TRIBE.
DESERTED JUST LIKE
THE OTHER.

D-D-D Y-YOU
SEE WHAT I'
S-S-SEETT?

NOW WE KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE FIRST
EXPEDITION!

LET'S
VAMOOSE!!

HOLD IT! AT LEAST
HERE IN THE CLEARING
WE CAN FIGHT BACK IF
WE HAVE TO!

Meanwhile, some miles away...

CHIEF PALTAZARA SAYS WE
CAN VISIT HIS VILLAGE IF
WE COME WITHOUT ARMS -
AS PROOF OF OUR PEACE-
FUL INTENTIONS!

BUT SUPPOSE
HIS INTENTIONS
AREN'T
PEACEFUL?

THE INDIANS
KEEP THEIR WORD,
BUT THEY DON'T
LIKE GUNS!

ALL RIGHT,
BROWN!



LET'S GO!
WHAT ARE WE
WAITING FOR?

YOU'RE
WAITING FOR DEATH,
AND YOU WON'T HAVE
VERY LONG TO WAIT...
HA! HA!



ARE YOU
OUT OF
YOUR MIND,
BROWN?

ONE WORD FROM
ME AND THESE
INDIANS WILL KILL
YOU!



And in the village...

I DON'T GET
THIS... WHERE
ARE THE
INDIANS?

LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE,
BUSTER!



HEY, SOMEBODY'S COMING!
GET INSIDE, AND BE QUIET!



Then...

WHAT CAN YOU
GAIN BY THIS,
BROWN?

I SOLD THE
EQUIPMENT OF THE
FIRST EXPEDITION FOR
OVER FIVE GRAND! THIS
IS A GOOD BUSINESS!



JONAS BROWN, YOU
ARE FRIEND TO JMWAR!
YOU HAVE SAVED
US AGAIN.

THE ONLY REWARD
I WANT ARE MEN TO
CARRY THEIR SUPPLIES
OUT OF THE JUNGLE.





GARRED CRY-
GUILDON!
FOLECATS...

BEYUR! BEYUR!



W-AR!



Then...

WHACK!

THAT'LL KNOCK
TH' FIGHT OUT OF
YA!



When Buster regains consciousness...

WAKE UP, MR. BUSTER
GRASSIE! YOUR HAIRY
FRIEND IS GOING TO HAVE
HIS HEAD REMOVED FIRST!
I WANT YOU TO WATCH!
HAN-HAN-HAN!

YUH DAN-
BLASTED
FIEND!



WHAT'S THE MATTER?
AFRAID OF THE SIGHT OF
BLOOD? HAN-HAN-HAN!

WHY A
WAY TO
WIND U...!



Suddenly...

WHAT
IS--??

GUNDA!



Boys, Get That Real R.R. Engineer's Thrill

THAT COMES ONLY WITH

LIONEL TRAINS

WANT A REAL ENGINEER'S CAP LIKE THIS? SEE EXTRA SPECIAL COUPON OFFER BELOW



Yes-sirree, when a boy wants trains he wants Lionel trains. The only trains that look and sound and perform like the real thing, the only trains with real R.R. Knuckle Couplers, Die-Cast Trucks, Solid Steel Wheels and built-in Two-Tone Whistles. The most realistic of smoke-puffing steam locomotives. The most authentic Diesel! See them at your Lionel Dealer's and take Dad along. That's the way to make your Lionel Christmas dreams come true. Do it now!

Special and Extra Special Coupon Offers...

Follow, the most wonderful Train Book in the world is the Lionel Catalog. And it's a smart thing to leave around the house where Dad can see it. Got yours now. Take advantage of these coupon offers!



EXTRA-SPECIAL COUPON OFFER!



ALL FREE!

Official Engineer's Cap, in striped dinner, plus 3 R.R. problems in color to solve on it, together with Catalog, Train Book and Building Kit all for only \$1.00!

Check out on line

Send Mail us Sign



SPECIAL COUPON OFFER!

LIONEL TRAINS, P.O. Box 5, Dept. 5, N.Y. 14, N.Y.

I enclose \$04 for sending offer below:

1. The new 32-page full color Lionel catalog
2. Baby Book (including signal) for Model Builders.
3. Model R.R. Town Building Kit—Dinner, etc. OR

I enclose \$04 for catalog offer above plus engineer's cap

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

THIS OFFER CHECK ONE



Whiskers and the DEAD DETECTIVE

TALKIN' 'BOUT SOLVIN' CRIMES, I RECKON
OL' CALVIN CARLSON WUZ TH' GREATEST GANG
DETECTIVE OF 'EM ALL! HE SOLVED HIS OWN
MURDER---AN' AFTER HE WUZ DEAD TOO!

OH-OH, HERE
WE GO AGAIN!

IT'S BAD 'UFF NABIN' TO
Lissen TO YO'RE FAR-FETCHED
LIES, WHISKERS, BUT I CRAW
TH' LINE ON SPOOK STORIES!



THIS AIN'T NO SPOOK STOR,
AN' IT AIN'T NO FAR-FETCHOLIE!
OL' CARLSON WUZ AS PLAIN
DEAD AS ANY OTHER RESPECTABLE
CORPSE --- BUT HE *STILL* SOLVED
HIS OWN MURDER, HE DID!

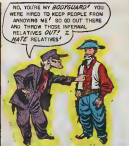
Ol' Carlson wuz 107 years old, an' a billionaire. I wuz his body-
guard afore I teamed up with Buster Crabbe...

WHISKERS, YOU'RMIGHT THIS IS THE
SHOWDOWN! AT THE COUNT OF
THREE, *DRAW* AND MAY THE
BEST WHOT WIN!

AW, MR. CARLSON,
NOT AGAIN...







In the excitement I pulled out the toy gun instead of the real one!



I would've chosen the warhead, but... HE'S STILL BREATHING! HE'S STILL ALIVE! CALL THE DOCTORS! QUICK!



The doctors got there in a hurry.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! WHAT'S KEEPING HIM ALIVE?

DON'T WORRY, HE'LL BE AWAY ANY SECOND NOW...



IS THAT BOY I'LL DIE WHEN I'M GOOD AND READY AND NOT BEFORE? GET OUT OF HERE, YOU QUACKS, AND SEND IN MY SECRETARY! I WANT TO CHANGE MY WILL!



DOCTORS! PHAR! YOU QUACKS COULDN'T CURE A MAN!

HUMPH! HE SHOULD TALK! HE CAN'T EVEN DIE PROPERLY!



WELL, DR. CARLSON DID ARRIVE, BUT NOT BEFORE HE DICTATED A NEW WILL TO HIS SECRETARY. AN I TELL YOU, YOU NEVER SAW A HAPPIER-LOOKING CORPSE THAN HE WAS WHEN HE PASSED AWAY!



At a couple of weeks later all the relatives came around to hear the readin' of the will...

ALL OF US GATHERED HERE TONIGHT
REGRET THAT THE MAN WHO MURDERED
MR CARLSON HAS NOT YET BEEN APPRE-
HENDED—ALL OF US, THAT IS, EXCEPT
THE GUILTY ONE.

THE MURDERER WILL BE CAUGHT
AND CAUGHT TONIGHT!



THE WILL STIPULATES THAT THE ENTIRE
ESTATE GOES TO THE MEMBER OF THE
FAMILY THAT ANSWERS THIS RIDDLE:
*WHAT I FIND, I THROW AWAY. WHAT
I CANNOT FIND, I KEEP.* WHAT IS IT?

YOU HAVE ONE HOUR IN WHICH
TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE. IF NO
ONE DOES, THE ESTATE IS DIVIDED
EQUALLY AMONG YOU.



You never saw such concentration as the clock
ticked away the minutes...

HHHHH, NO, LET
ME SEE...

WHAT I FIND, I THROW
AWAY, WHAT I CANNOT
FIND, I KEEP... MHHH...



Suddenly...

I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT!
THE ENTIRE FORTUNE IS MINE!
NONE! THE ANSWER IS—





—PLEAS??

THAT IS CORRECT, YOU HAVE WON THE CALVIN CARLSON ESTATE.



AN' YEN HAS ALSO WON YERSELF A DATE WITH TH' HOTSCATE! YER UNDER ARREST FOR MURDER!

THAT IS ALSO CORRECT, MR. CARLSON KNEW THAT ONLY HIS MURDERER COULD ANSWER THAT RIDDLE OF HIS.



ONLY THE MURDERER WOULD THINK OF "PLEAS"—FOR THAT WAS THE LAST WORD HIS VICTIM UTTERED!

AN' THEN PLEAS LOUSED HIS UP GOOD!



WEL, THAT WUZ THAT, AN' SINCE TH' KILLER COULDN'T USE TH' MONEY WHERE HE WUZ GOIN', IT WUZ SAVED UP 'TWEEN TH' OTHERS. I GOT A MILLION BUCKS MYSELF.

A MILLION BUCKS? GOSH, WHAT YUH DO WITH IT?



I SPENT IT ON FLOWERS FER TH' OL' BOYS FUNERAL.



CAN'T YOU BUZZARDS TAKE A JOKE?

3 WOL
ETC
BINGO
EAT

HOWLER ON THE RANGE.



THEY STRUCK IT RICH

(A true story of the old West)

By Robert Peterson

TWO men in their forties, roughly dressed, with weather-beaten faces, walked awkwardly into the marble halls of San Francisco's Bank of California, evidently overwhelmed with the magnificence of the edifice.

They came to a stop at the window of teller John White who passed on his counting of \$20 gold pieces to look up at them inquiringly.

They just stood there and looked back.

"Yes, gentlemen?" prompted the teller.

"Uh . . . er . . ."

"Do you have a check to cash?" offered White helpfully. "Or perhaps you wish to open an account? Make a deposit?"

"Well, yes," finally stammered the taller of the pair. "We got something we want to deposit. It's in this here sack." He lifted a large sack and placed it on the counting shelf of the teller's window. "But, it ain't money."

"Oh? Well, what's in it? Gold?" (In 1871 raw gold was still a common sight—especially in California.)

"Nope. Diamonds."

"Diamonds?" John White was wide-eyed.

"Yep. Well, most are diamonds. There's some rubies, an' sapphires an' emeralds, too."

"Where'd you get them?"

The taller of the pair smiled. "Now, Mister, you don't expect us to tell you that, do you?"

John White clucked off his stool. "We'd better bring that sack to the vault! Follow us."

He left his cage and guided the two men to the cashier's office, delivering them to Cashier George Beckwith. "You'd better handle 'em," he told him.

Beckwith bade the men be seated and then inquired what was in the sack. They told him, and then opened the sack so he could inspect its contents.

The cashier's eyes bulged as he stared at the glittering array of hundreds of great but gleaming diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires. It was obviously a treasure worth a fortune.

"Where did you get this?"

"We picked 'em up some place out yonder."

It was fantastic. Incredible. Yet there was no doubting the evidence before his eyes. Beckwith asked them innumerable questions, and their honest, but careful answers convinced him they spoke the truth. They had accidentally stumbled upon a field of precious gems somewhere in the desert.

They went Philip Arnold and John Slack, and had prospected together for years in the desert looking for silver and gold. They had made camp one day and noticed peculiar stones strewn over the ground. They didn't pay much attention to them, but in the morning sun, the stones glared with white, blue and reddish lights. They gathered a

sackful, and later, back in Reno, Nevada, showed the stones to a jeweler and learned the value of their find.

Beckwith was reluctant to let them leave, but he could detain them no longer. He gave them a receipt for the sack and sealed it with the bank seal used for bullion deposits. However, no sooner were the pair out of his office than the cashier rushed to see the bank president, and told him all that had transpired.

The bank president was William Chapman Ralston, a rich, powerful man in the San Francisco business world. Since making money was his business, and not his sole interest in life, he became immediately interested in the two prospector and their gems.

"I want to talk to those men," said Ralston. "Find them and bring them to my office."

Finding them was easy. Bringing them back was something else again. The fact that when the mighty Mr. Ralston summoned anyone, they came and on the double, didn't seem to impress the two prospectors. They had transacted their business at the bank. However, they finally consented to drop over the next afternoon.

So the great Mr. Ralston had to wait. He chewed his fingernails while his mind dwelt on the statement the men had made that when the sun came up the area glittered with the reflected light of diamonds and other precious stones. If true, this was the greatest find in American history!

The two prospectors materialized at two o'clock the next afternoon. Ralston all but dived off the chair to greet them. Clearing his throat and swallowing his excitement, he explained matter-of-factly. "Surely you understand, gentlemen, that a bank cannot assume responsibility for such a vast fortune in precious stones without knowing their source. I would like to have the facts, gentlemen. All the facts."

Arnold and Slack looked at him blankly. Finally Slack replied, "We already told all the facts, except the location of the place, an' that we ain't to keep secrets."

Ralston came down to brass tacks. Would they care to sell their interests? Nope. How about a half interest? Nope. But selling their stones would be difficult unless the buyer knew the source was legitimate. Hence, they hadn't thought about that.

Well, they'd think it over.

Ralston sighed deeply. "Very well, gentlemen."

William Chapman Ralston hadn't become a millionaire by being careless. As soon as Arnold and Slack had left, he contacted a detective agency to investigate the two men thoroughly. He wasn't suspicious, but he knew the importance of know-

ing the character and background of the people he was dealing with.

The report was good. Arnold was a California mining man and prospector from way back and highly respected among his fellows. He had been in the employ of many big concerns as an engineer investigating many mineral holdings, but had a weakness for prospecting on his own.

Ralston was amazed, and more eager than ever to buy his way into what promised to be a bonanza to end all bonanzas. He waited for weeks, almost going out of his mind, and just as he decided to throw in the towel and go to them himself, in person, the two prospectors walked into his office and helped him save his dignity. Ego satisfied, he made the most of it, greeting them like long-forgotten customers.

"Yes . . . ? What can I do for you?"

"Uh . . . well, we talked it over," said Slack, "an' decided maybe we should sell yuh a half interest in our claim."

"It's not so sure I'm still interested. If there are as many diamonds as you say, the market would be flooded and prices drop. And then again, there might not be enough stones to make the venture pay."

"There's enough, all right," said Slack. "There might even be too many like you say." He got to his feet and his partner Arnold followed suit. "Sorry to have troubled yuh, Mr. Ralston."

"Look, I am interested! Plenty interested! But I can't buy a pig in a poke!"

"We didn't expect yuh to," said Slack. "We'll bring yuh to within fifty miles of the place, then blindfold yuh. When we reach the field, yuh kin take of the blindfold an' inspect the place to your heart's content."

"Fair enough!" agreed Ralston.

Ralston didn't go himself, of course. He sent a representative he could trust—David C. Colton, a close friend and a connoisseur of precious stones.

Colton and the prospectors were gone only two weeks when Ralston received a telegram from Reno, Nevada, which read: **ON WAY BACK. YOU HAVE GOT GREATEST FIND IN ALL HISTORY.**

Colton returned with a pocketful of stones he had gathered at the claim. "It's incredible!" he told Ralston, breathlessly. "Diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds all over the place!"

Ralston grabbed Colton's arm and rushed him down the street to a jewelry concern to have the stones appraised.

"They're genuine, all right," confirmed the jeweler. "Being uncut, it's hard to tell just what grade of stones they are, but they *are* real."

This was enough for Ralston. He called his business partner, Frank Harpending, who was in London at the time, to rush back home. Harpending rushed home, but he didn't rush into the diamond business. He wanted a complete and thorough survey done first.

Arnold and Slack however had other ideas. There would be no surveys until some cold cash had changed hands. They weren't going to be

bird-scarred by no city slickers. The birding went on for days. Finally, Arnold suggested a solution to the bottlenecks. "Why don't I an' Slack go out to our claim an' bring back another big sackful of stones. Two sacks ought to be worth at least a million dollars if not twice that much. Then we will turn over to you the two sacks as security for whatever payment we finally agree on for the half interest."

This was agreed upon, and this the two prospectors did. But still Harpending wasn't completely satisfied. He wanted to bring the stones to New York City and have them examined by other experts.

He brought them to New York where Mr. Tiffany, then 60 years old, examined them personally. He, too, confirmed the fact that the stones were real, but he wanted his experts to pass upon them.

A few days later, Harpending had his report. The samples he'd brought were valuable first-class stones.

Harpending and Ralston didn't admit to Slack and Arnold that their gems were flawless, but did concede that they were of good enough grade to warrant a modest investment. After much wrangling, Arnold and Slack accepted \$400,000 for a half share.

The two financiers lost no time in sending the biggest mining engineer of the times out to survey the gem field. He reported back that twelve men could wash out a million dollars worth of gems a month from the region. With the number of stones on the surface of the ground, there was no limit to what lay underneath.

Conceding this bit of intelligence, too, Ralston and Harpending persuaded the two prospectors to sell out their remaining half interest for \$200,000.

Overjoyed, and carrying their billions in profit, Ralston and Harpending proceeded to reap their harvest. The gems on the ground were picked up and excavation began. But there was nothing beneath the surface except layers of desert sand. To make matters worse, a few of the stones bore unmistakable signs of lapidary's marks.

The demands in their possession, it was finally learned, were nothing but South African "nigger-heads"—a derogatory term coined by the White mine-owners to designate a poor-grade, almost valueless diamond. And the rubies, sapphires and emeralds were of so low a quality that they were commonly sold in Europe by the pound!

And where were the two honest and simple prospectors? They had disappeared, and so had \$600,000! Mr. Ralston and Mr. Harpending had been taken for one of the biggest hauls in history. A few thousand dollars worth of low-grade stones strewn over a few acres of desert had been a good investment for two slick con-men.

Tiffany? As luck had it, his regular experts were absent and the stones turned over to a newly-hired man for appraisal. This man was fired for incompetence weeks before Mr. Tiffany learned of the hoax perpetrated on the financial tycoons from San Francisco.

HEY!
get your folks to
vote



BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA IN COOPERATION
WITH FREEDOMS FOUNDATION, INC.



ALL THE EVIDENCE POINTED TO BUSTER CRABBE--THE COURAGEOUS HEMIS OF OUTLAWS---AND THE JAIL DOORS YARNED OPEN TO RECEIVE AN INNOCENT MAN. BUT BUSTER USED HIS SAVVY AND BLAZING SIX-GUNS TO EXPOSE...

THE COUNTERFEIT PLOT

THERE'S FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS HERE WHICH WE EXPECT YOU TO GET THROUGH TO DAWSON'S BANK IN BRZOZ. BUSTER, HE HAD TO BORROW IT FROM US BECAUSE OF THE COUNTERFEIT MONEY THAT WAS PASSED THROUGH HIS BANK.

RIGHT, MR. KITTRICK-- AND THERE'S TALK THAT THE OWLMOODS IN THESE PARTS GOT WIND OF THIS MONEY, BUT I AIM TO SEE THAT IT GETS THROUGH.



Shortly afterwards, as Buster heads for Brzoza...

FUNNY-- BUT I HAVE A FEELING I'M BEING WATCHED.



THERE HE IS, THE BOSS GAVE US THE RIGHT TIP.

REMEMBER-- DON'T SHOOT TO KILL, WE WANT HIM CHASING US. LET'S GO!





WHA...!?

WHIRRRRRNYNY!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



BANG!

OW!HOOTS!



HOLD IT, CRASS... I GOT A
HEAD ON YOU. DROP YOUR GUN
OR I'LL LET DAY-
LIGHT THROUGH
YOU!

CRASS GOT HIM!
TAKE THE MONEY
WHILE I RELIEVE
HIM OF HIS HARD-
WARE!



DON'T TRY TO
FOLLOW US,
NONERE.

NEVER MIND
THE PALAVER,
LET'S GO.



OH DIRT, BOY,
THAT MONEY WAS
ENTRUSTED TO US
AND WE'RE GETTING
IT BACK, OR ELSE...!



As Buster closes in...

HERE HE COMES, OKAY...
DROP THAT BAG,
RUSTY!



A short time later, in the Brazos Bank.

SO THOSE OWL-HOOTS TRIED TO BUSH-WHACK YOU, ER, BUSTER? THEY FIGURED ON THROWING ME OFF THEIR TRAIL.

I WAS CLOSING IN ON THEM WHEN THEY DECIDED TO TOSS THE MONEY ASIDE. I GUESS THEY FIGURED ON THROWING ME OFF THEIR TRAIL. AS LONG AS THE MONEY IS SAFE, THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS.



THE BAG WITH THE MONEY IN IT!



WE HAVE IT BACK, BOY... BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THOSE COYOTES GOT AWAY.



WELL, NOW THAT THE MONEY IS SAFE, I reckon I'll get over to the hotel and get cleaned up.



Later...

COME ON IN!



HUH...? WHA...?

DON'T MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES!

WHAT MADE YOU THINK YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH IT, BUSTER?

WHAT ARE YOU MEN TALKING ABOUT? GET AWAY WITH WHAT?

YOU KNOW VERY WELL, CRABBE. THAT MONEY YOU BROUGHT TO ME WAS ALL COUNTERFEIT! WHERE'S THE MONEY KITTRICK GAVE YOU?



B. BUT THE MONEY IS IN THERE. THAT'S THE BAD KITTRICK GAVE ME.



NO IT ISN'T. YOU PULLED A SWITCH ON US AND BROUGHT US A BAG OF COUNTERFEIT MONEY. THAT WAS SOME STORY YOU TOLD ABOUT OWLHOOTS THROWING THE BAG AWAY.

BUT IT'S TRUE, SHERIFF. I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE ANY OTHER MONEY IS. I HAVEN'T GOT IT.

YOU STARTED OUT WITH REAL MONEY AND THIS IS WHAT WE RECEIVED. I'M SORRY, BUSTER, BUT I'LL HAVE TO LOCK YOU UP.



Shortly afterwards, as Buster vainly tries to put the pieces of the puzzle together...



THE OWLHOOTS STILL HAVE THE REAL MONEY. THAT DUPLICATE BAG THEY THREW AWAY WAS A DECOY, AND THEY FIGURED I'D STOP AND PICK IT UP.

BUT SOMEBODY TIPPED THEM OFF WHAT KIND OF BAG IT WOULD BE IN, OR THEY COULDN'T RUN A DUPLICATE. ONLY KITTRICK AND DAWSON KNEW I WAS COMING. HMM... I WONDER...



MAYBE THEY FIGURED ON TRYING TO PASS THAT COUNTERFEIT MONEY AND WHEN THE TELLERS SPOTTED IT, THEY HAD ME ALL STAKED OUT AS THE FALL GUY. BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!



AND THAT'S TO GET OUT OF HERE!



THE KEY TO THIS CELL IS ON HIS DESK. IF I CAN MAKE A LASSO OUT OF THIS STRING...



THAT DO IT?



HIDE OF THEM TO LEAVE MY GUN BELT SO CONVENIENTLY NEAR--



SORRY TO DISTURB YOUR NAP, PARSONS--BUT YOU AND WE ARE GOING TO CHANGE PLACES!

HUH? HELP? YOU'RE FREE!



NOW WE HIDE AND QUIET UNTIL I GET BACK. I'M GOING TO BRING BACK THOSE JASPERO WHO REALLY STOLE THE MONEY!



UH OH--THAT TELLING WILL BRING THEM ON THE RUN! IT'S A GOOD THING THEY LEFT MY CAYUSE HERE! HIT THE TRAIL, BOY.

HELP! JAIL BREAK!

But as Buster thunders to the outskirts of town...

WHINNINETY!

WHAT IS IT, BOY? WHAT'S WRONG?



THOSE HORSES HAVE YOU RILED...! WAIT A MINUTE... I'VE SEEN THOSE HABS BEFORE, TOO. THEY BELONG TO THE OWLHOOTS WHO BUSHWHACKED ME ON THE TRAIL! AND THAT'S GARDON'S HOUSE!



IT'S TOO BAD WE COULDN'T PASS THE FRONT MONEY, BUT I GUESS YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING. HERE'S YOUR CUT, BOYS. I'LL COLLECT ALL OVER AGAIN FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY.

AND YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR, BOSS. YOU SURE PINNED THE ROBERTS ON CRABBE. HE WON'T EVER GET IN OUR HAIR AGAIN.



I'M IN IT RIGHT NOW! REACH!

AIDEE! IT'S CRABBE! BLAST HIM!



I SAID... REACH!

AIDEEEE! HE SHOT IT RIGHT OUT OF MY HAND!

MAYBE YOU NEED A LITTLE MORE CONVINCING!

ENOUGH... WE OUT!



Later, after Buster joins the outlaws and explains to the sheriff...

I FEEL LIKE A BLIND BANS POOL, BUSTER. I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN SUSPECT YOU THAT CRITTER, GARDON, HAS BEEN STEALING THE BANK'S FUNDS AND REPLACING IT WITH COUNTERFEIT MONEY.

ANYBODY CAN MAKE A MISTAKE, THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO CORRECT IT!



Prayer Works Wonders



SHE'S THE ONE FOR ME! GLAD I HAVE A DINNER DATE WITH HER TONIGHT!

LATER...

HOPE THIS NEW TIE REGISTERS WITH HER... I SURE WANT TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION!

NEXT MORNING...

HOW DID IT GO LAST NIGHT, SON? DID YOU HAVE A NICE TIME?

OH SO, SO, MOTHER!

YOUR BEST FRIEND, BEN, SHOWS HIS GIRL HOW HE FEELS ABOUT HER, BY TAKING HER TO SYNAGOGUE EVERY WEEK! WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE SAME AND TAKE YOUR GIRL TO CHURCH? THERE ISN'T A GIRL IN THE WORLD WHO WOULDN'T APPRECIATE AND RESPECT SUCH AN INVITATION!

ATTEND THE CHURCH OR SYNAGOGUE OF YOUR CHOICE...

IN COOPERATION WITH RELIGION IN AMERICAN LIFE...

GOLD RUSH

Gus

THE LOOKS
LIKE A GOOD
CAMP SIGHT,
LIGHTNING!

I'VE BEEN
WORSE!

WHATCHA
DOIN', GUS?

WHAT'S IT
LOOK LIKE
I'M DOIN'?

I'M TRYIN' TO
PUT THIS TENT
UP!

OH, GET OUT
FROM UNDER
THAT MESS
AND LET ME
AT IT!

?

ALL IN
SHOWIN',
NOW, GUS!

WELL...
I'LL BE...



GREAT WESTERN
TELEVISION STAR

Hi Gang!

YOU SHOULD

BE A MEMBER

OF THE **BUSTER CRABBE** **WESTERN CLUB**

*Get My Official Badge
and Autographed Photo*

fill out the coupon
and mail with 25c in
coin and you will re-
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Badge as a Member
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To: BUSTER CRABBE, P.O. BOX 233, NEW YORK 46, N. Y.

ENCLOSED IS 25c IN COIN.

PLEASE SEND ME BUSTER CRABBE'S PHOTOGRAPH AND HIS
OFFICIAL WESTERN CLUB BADGE.

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

The SECRET of TREASURE CAVE-
How Gray Shadow Tracked Down the Mystery of Spike's Sudden Wealth!

GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!



MAIL NOW!

Send in your coupon for a chance to win a big catalog of White Cloverleaf Brand Salve premiums. Our 5th Year!

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NAME: _____

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WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

White Cloverleaf Brand Salve is the most famous ointment in the world. It is made of the finest ingredients and is guaranteed to cure all skin diseases. It is the only ointment that has been used for over 50 years.

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Send in your coupon for a chance to win a big catalog of White Cloverleaf Brand Salve premiums. Our 5th Year!

Prize-Winning Doll

NOW WITH
MAGIC HAIR
CURLS WAVES COMBS WASHES

"Baby Blue Eyes"
MIRACLE SKIN DOLL

regular
\$12.95 value
\$4.95

with Unbreakable
Plastic Head

SHE SLEEPS!
SHE CRIES!
SHE SITS UP!



Included!
VANITY SET, CURLERS
and Hair Style Basket

Brush, comb, mirror and curlers
that will give you a lot of fun, and
excite and inspire you to
try baby dolls!

Look at These Features:

"Baby Blue Eyes" is 18 inches tall, the size of a
real baby. She has long, flowing, wavy Curly-
low mouth and red lips over her beautiful blue eyes.
Arms, legs and feet are movable so she can sit up and
crawl like a real baby. And even call her name
SARAH MARGARET. Her soft, shimmering hair is
movable too—able to curl, wave, comb and
wash like real hair. Unlike other dolls,
she won't break!

SHE SLEEPS. Her lovely eyes close when she
lies down. Her plump cheeks rise and "nod-
dle" looking down. Her soft lips and little feet

SHE CRIES. Bend her head and she often just like
a real baby who wants her mommy.

SOFT SKIN FEELS REAL! Movable skin lying on soft
leath' and easy to clean; just wipe with a damp cloth.

UNBREAKABLE PLASTIC HEAD. "Baby Blue Eyes"
head is plastic so it won't break. Some type of hard
and so dolls costing \$15.00 and more.

CUSTOM WARDROBE. "Baby Blue Eyes" is all dressed
up in a beautiful, hand-made, of lovely dress,
rubber shoes, white socks and hosiery.

AMAZINGLY LIFE-LIKE! So perfectly painted that her
hands and feet are life-like. Arms and legs are remarkably
flexible.

She's like a REAL baby—She's a REAL bargain!



CURLS
WAVES
COMBS
WASHES



BIG as a baby



MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Write, Room 204-208
1524 W. Hubbard St., Chicago 22, Ill.
Ask for "Baby Blue Eyes" doll with Sarah Margaret
and "Baby Blue Eyes" hair, curlers and hair style basket
at the special price of \$4.95.

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Address

City State

Send for catalogue Send for more dolls
 Send for more dolls Send for more dolls
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BUSTER CRASSE

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Nov. 1952

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