



# BUSTER CRABBE

5 CENTS



10¢ Mar. #9



This is a FAMOUS FUNNIES Magazine

WIDE WORLD

# Hank The Hero

SH, STONEWALL  
OLE HANK IS  
SNORIN' OUT  
ANOTHER  
DREAM—

YEH—  
LE'S LIGGEN  
AWHILE

YESSIES—THAT AH WUZ,  
ALL ALONE IN THET THAD  
STAGECOACH, AWAITIN'  
FER THEM 'BLACK HAT  
BANDITS?...WELL AH  
DIDN'T WAIT FER  
LONG.

AH OPENED  
FIRE...

HOLD UP MEN! IT'S  
OUR ARCH ENEMY—  
HANK! LETS  
JAMMOSE FRONT O

POP!

POP!

BAM!

HELP! THEM  
GOT ME Z  
AN AH SHOT!

GOSH HANK, WE  
ONLY SHOT OFF  
OUR POP GUNS.  
THAT'S ALL.

ANOTHER DREAM  
GONE UP IN SMOKE!  
DAD—BLAST IT!

POP!  
BAM!



**BUSTER  
CRABBE**  
in.

# THE INVADERS FROM BEYOND

BUSTER CRABBE AND HIS SIDKICK WHISKERS SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN FIREBALLS THAT HAVE BECOME SO COMMON A PHENOMENON IN THE WEST--BUT SOLVE IT ONLY TO LEARN THAT NOT ONLY ARE THEIR LIVES AT STAKE, BUT EVERY OTHER LIFE ON EARTH!!!



A blinding green fireball suddenly shoots across the Arizona wastelands--



The awesome mystery of the skies hurries meteor-like across the desert and then explodes soundlessly into nothingness!





YOU? IT AIN'T GREEN  
FIREBALLS THAT BOTHER  
ME --- IT'S GREEN  
GASTOS? OW!  
YOU!

STOP MOLLERING!  
DENTIST GRABBE WILL  
BLADLY MAKE ALL THE  
EXTRACTS OHS!



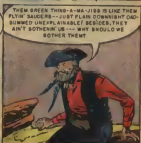
LOSER...  
I AIN'T IN NO FITTIN'  
CONDITION TO TRAVEL!  
LET'S MAKE CAMP!

JUST AS SOON AS  
WE HAVE A LOOK AT  
THE SPOT WHERE THAT  
GREEN THING EXPLODED



Some hours afterword...  
NOTHING... ABSOLUTELY  
NOTHING... JUST THE  
TREES BLOWN BANE OF  
LEAVES, THAT'S ALL!  
IT'S WEIRD!

SHORE IT'S  
WEIRD, BUT EVER  
SINCE 1848 WHEN  
THESE DAMNED GREEN  
FIREBALLS FIRST  
STARTED HAPPENIN'  
THEY AIN'T DONE NO  
DANGER AN' AIN'T LEFT  
A TRACE!



THESE GREEN THING-A-MA-JIBBS IS LIKE THEM  
FLYIN' SAUCERS--- JUST PLAIN DOWNRIGHT  
DAMNED UNEXPLAINABLE! BESIDES, THEY  
AIN'T BOTHERIN' US --- WHY SHOULD WE  
BOTHER THEM?



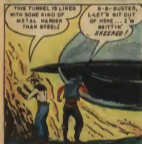
AN' ANOTHER  
THING---  
HEY!!!

WHISKERS!  
WHAT IN--??



WHISKERS!  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT? I'M LOW-  
ERING A NOSE FOR  
YOU!

COME ON DOWN HERE,  
BUSTEN! IT'S A **SOLID**  
**MINE!** THE WALLS ARE  
**SOLID SOLID!**





A moment later, Buster's limp form is carried out...



Several hours later...



NO, IT'S JUST THAT YOU ARE THE FIRST--NO, THE *SECOND* EARTH ANIMAL TO SEE US. WE ARE A HIGH ORDER OF REPTILIAN LIFE!



WHERE AM I? IN SOME OTHER WORLD?

NO, YOU'RE IN YOUR OWN, ON OUR MOUNTAIN HEADQUARTERS IN THE ANDES MOUNTAINS!



THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU CAN'T BE OF THIS WORLD!

WE ARE FROM THE PLANET SAGURK. IT IS THE SAME AS YOURS, BUT SMALLER THAN YOUR MOON, BUT ENOUGH OF THIS TALK. MY ORDERS WERE TO HAVE YOU BROUGHT TO THE COUNCIL!







Buster and Whiskers are locked inside a room, where they find another prisoner...

SO THE REPTILIANS HAVE CAPTURED TWO EARTH MEN

WE DISCOVERED ONE OF THEIR TUNNELS. BUT WHO ARE YOU?



I AM ZINA OF THE PLANET BORGKA, A SPACE SCOUT FOR THE UNITED PLANETS OF THE UNIVERSE. I WAS ASSIGNED TO INVESTIGATE THE ACTIVITIES OF THE REPTILIANS.



THEY KNOW THE U. P. FORCES WILL NOT ATTACK WHILE THEY HOLD ME PRISONER. MEANWHILE THEY ARE BUILDING AND PREPARING FOR THE DAY WHEN THEY WILL KILL YOU, AND CLAIM YOUR PLANET FOR THEIR OWN!



AND WE'RE HELPLESS! OUR SUNS WON'T EVER GIVE THEIR HIDES!

YOUR SUNS! THE FOOLS LET YOU KEEP THEM! THEY HAVE ONE VULNERABLE SPOT-- THE STIFF A BULLET THERE WOULD KILL THEM!



WHEN THE GUARD BRINGS OUR MEALS, SHOOT HIM! IF WE CAN GET TO ONE OF THEIR SPACE SHIPS, WE CAN SAVE OURSELVES--AND EVERYONE ON EARTH!



But then...

WE OVERHEARD EVERY WORD! HARD OVER YOUR SUNS OR I'LL BLAST YOU!

THERE GOES OUR ONE AND ONLY CHANCE!









# MARCH IS RED CROSS TIME

## ANSWER THE CALL

BLOOD IS COLLECTED BY THE RED CROSS FOR THE USE OF CIVILIANS AS WELL AS FOR THE ARMED SERVICES?



DID YOU KNOW THAT--



THE RED CROSS PROVIDES TRAINED RELIEF WORKERS WHEN DISASTER STRIKES?

SERVICEMEN MAY GET HELP IN EMERGENCIES FROM RED CROSS FIELD OFFICERS?



THE JUNIOR RED CROSS PROMOTES INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL THROUGH GIFT BOXES AND RELIEF SHIPMENTS OVERSEAS?

THE RED CROSS SAFETY SERVICES CONSERVE HUMAN LIFE THROUGH FIRST AID AND WATER SAFETY TRAINING?



HOME NURSING IS TAUGHT BY THE RED CROSS SO THE SICK, NOT IN NEED OF HOSPITALIZATION, MAY RECEIVE GOOD NURSING CARE IN THEIR OWN HOMES?



THE RED CROSS TRAINS THOUSANDS OF VOLUNTEER NURSES?

# The **BIG FIGHT**

BUSTER CRABBE AND WHISKERS TURN FROM SPECTATORS TO CONTENDERS IN THE GREATEST BATTLE OF THEIR CAREERS AS THEY TACKLE THE BIG FIGHT!!!



**NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP TO DEFEND IN ALL 48 STATES**

Champion Boston Bill Buckley launches "bum-of-the-month" campaign, as he starts barnstorming across the country to pick up some easy money and escape the danger of some real competition for the throne he usurped from the aging and slowed down.



And reading this account is Chester P. Water, promoter and matchmaker for the Sageville fight club...

HERE'S A CHANCE FOR SOME REAL MONEY I'LL SEND HIS MANAGER A TELEGRAM!

HEY BOSS! GUESS WHO'S HERE TO SEE YOU? PETE PASPA IN PERSON-- BOSTON BILL'S MANAGER!



I'VE GOT A PLANE WAITIN', SO WE GOTTA SETTLE THE **FIGHT** WHO'S PER BEST LOCAL HEAVY WEIGHT? AN' WHAT'S HIS RECORD?

UH--REGON WILLY WATKINS IS OUR BEST, MR. PASKA. HE'S HAD TWELVE FIGHTS AN' WON TEN--THREE BY KNOCKOUT.

WHO'S HE FOUGHT? ANYBODY WITH ANY RATING?

NO--JUST OUR LOCAL CLUB FIGHTERS. BUT IF YOU'D GIVE HIM A CHANCE, MR. PASKA I'M SURE HE'D COME THROUGH! HE'S SAME--AN' HE'S....



AN' HE'S AN' BOSTON BILL WILL BEET HIM HERE IN NINE WEEKS? BUT SEE TO IT THAT THE SUM WINDS AT LEAST TWO FIGHTS--MY PRESS AGENT WILL PLAN HIM UP A REAL WEDGEE.

Y-YES, S-SURE!

And so

NO FIND WILLY WATKINS AND SCORER HIM UP, MAC? YOUR BOY'S GOING TO FIGHT THE **CHAMP**!

I'LL GET HIM IN SHAPE IF I HAVE TO BILL HIM!



And so--a week later

FACE OPPOSANTS HE'CAN BEAT LEGIT? WE CAN'T RISK LOSIN' OUT ON A BIG PAY-DAY WITH OBVIOUS TAMP JOBS!

DON'T WORRY WILLY WATKINS KIN LICK ANY HEAVY IN THE COUNTRY!

THE WINNER IN 2 MINUTES 48 SECONDS OF THE SEVENTH ROUND--WILLY WATKINS

SPIN ROUNDS TO KNOCK OUT A SUM WHO NEVER LASTED THREE ROUNDS WITH ANYBODY





The next morning at old Joe Olson's fish-bait stand...







JOE, DO YOU THINK IT'S WISE GOING BACK TO THE RING AT YOUR AGE? YOUR FAMILY NEEDS YOU MORE THAN IT NEEDS 250 DOLLARS.

"IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A GREEN KID LIKE WILLY WARRING TO HURT ME, BUSTER!"



I WUZ SHORE STUPID, BUSTER, NOT CATCHIN ON THAT YOU JUST WANTED TO HELP OUT WITH THAT FIVE SMACKERS—

I'D LIKE TO PUNCH THAT CHESTER P. WARRING RIGHT IN THE NOSE! OLD JOE COULD GET KILLED!"



And so a few nights later AND THE WINNER OF THIS CONTEST WILL MEET BOSTON BILL BUCKLEY— MORE THREE WEEKS FROM TONIGHT FOR THE HEAVY WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD!



CALL IT OFF, WARRING! IF OLD JOE GET'S KILLED I MAYNOT BE ABLE TO JAIL YOU BUT I'LL USE MY INFLUENCE TO DRIVE YOU OUT OF THE FIGHT BUSINESS FOR EVER.

I'M GIVIN' THE BUY A BREAK



SOME BREAK! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO LIFT HIS ARMS TO DEFEND HIMSELF AFTER THE FIRST ROUND.

IT ISN'T MY FAULT IF HE DIDN'T GET HIMSELF IN SHAPE!

CLANG!



The ancient warrior and the young prospect face each other in the center of the ring—and then—

WHAM!







THIS IS MY CHANCE TO LATCH ONTO SOME REAL COWBOY, BUT I WANT TO GIVE TH' CUSTOMERS SOMETHIN' FOR THEIR MONEY.

AND YOU WANT ME TO HELP YOU? YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT A CHANCE, JOE?

BOSTON BILL AIN'T GONNA STARE STILL AN' LET ME BOUNCE ONE OFF HIS JAW! ALL I WANT IS TO GO DOWN LIKE A FIGHTER...



AND TO... SURE, BUT YOU GOTTA HELP ME OUT LIKE THIS, BUT YOU'LL GET PAID WHEN I GET MY DOUGH... DON'T WORRY!

WELL, THAT AGAIN AND WE SUT!



Three weeks later... THIS IS MY LAST DAY OF TRAINING--STOP PULLING YOUR PUNCHES! FIGHT ME!

WELL, DAT BUT DON'T FORGET TO GUCK--I DON'T WANT TO BREAK MY HAND!



SEE, JOE--I'M TERRIBLY SORRY--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



I THINK MY JAW'S BUSTED, BUT DON'T TELL NOBODY--OR THEY WON'T LET ME FIGHT TOMORROW!

YOU CAN'T FIGHT WITH A BROKEN JAW—WE'RE TAKING YOU TO THE HOSPITAL!

NO BUSTER! THIS IS THE LAST CHANCE IN MY LIFE TO MAKE SOME REAL MONEY! I CAN'T LOSE IT NOW!



A little later...

HMM, THE JAW IS FRACTURED! BUT YOU ESCAPED A BRASS NAIL! ORRASS! YOU'RE A LUCKY MAN, MR. OLSON!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



That afternoon, at the fight promoter's office...

AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED! I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D LET ME SUBSTITUTE FOR JOE!

DON'T BE STUPID! YOU'RE NO FIGHTER!



WANT TO WITH THE FAMOUS BUSTER CRABBE SUBBIN? IT'LL BE A SELL OFF! I'LL FELL THE CHAMP TO GO EAST ON 'EM!

THE ONLY FAVOR I WANT IS THE CHANCE TO GET THE MONEY BACK I MADE OLD JOE LOSE!



IS BOUNDS FOR THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

BUSTER, YOU'RE PLUMB LOCO!

I'M GETTIN' BACK OLD JOE'S MONEY!



The bell rings and the fight is on...

BUSTER, WHEN I GIVE YA TH ONE—YOU CAN TAKE A KNEECRUTT!

I'M HERE TO FIGHT! GOT TO STOP THE FANS!







WE'LL BUST EVERY BONE IN YER BODY, YA CROOK, TAKE THAT!

OH-OH! WHAT GOES ON HERE?



YOU JUST TH' SNEAK-FUNDIN' LOUSE I WANTED TO SEE-- WE'RE GOIN' TO BEAT YEN BRAINS OUT!

MORE LIKELY IT'S GOING TO BE VICE-VERSA!

The fight is brief but bloody



NOW THEN-- WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?

YA STOLE TH' TITLE BY PRETENDIN' YOU WAS A BUM-- NOW YER CHAMP AN' WE'RE OUT IN TH' GOLD.



YOU AND YOUR FIGHTEN CAN HAVE THE CHAMPIONSHIP? I DON'T WANT IT! ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS WIN IT BACK IN AN ELIMINATION CONTEST.

THAT'S ALL, EN' OH, SNOTHER, HAVE WE BEEN TOOK?



Later

THERE IT IS, JOE! YOUR CHECK FOR \$40,073, AND YOU EARNED EVERY CENT OF IT!

YOU EARNED IT, NOT ME.



NO TRAINING WITH YOU TAUGHT ME HOW TO FIGHT LIKE A PRO! I'M ONLY SORRY I CAN'T GIVE YOU THE TITLE TOO.

YOU'RE A GREAT GUY, BUSTER, THE GREATEST GUY IN TH' WORLD!

# HOMER

## ON THE RANGE.

"BUT IS IT HONER, OR HONERS, - JUST LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY MORNIN' WHEN THAT SCIENCE PROFF'N' THUNDERFOOT GUN IT TO ME SAYIN' - TAKE IT SOO-COUGH, IT'S CHUCKLE O' URANIUM - AN' IT'S ALL YOURN, JUST FOR THE PICKIN'!"

"GUTE A CHARACTER, ID SAY - HE BEEN WORKIN' IT?"

"JUST ENOUGH TO FIND OUT IT WAS NUTS! LOADED WITH THE PRECIOUS STUFF, AND IF FURTHER, HE SEEZ, AND YOU'LL FIND SOME OF IT TO LAY A HIGHWAY STRAIGHT WEST OUT OF PHOENIX, ARIZONY - SO LONG, YOU'LL WIND UP COMIN' BACK TO THE SAME PLACE, ARIZONY FROM THE EAST!"

"DREW - LETS DIG, CHUM"

"Y'KNOW, HOMER, - THESE SURE SABLE RIDE SCIENCE - SPACEMAN GIZMERS, ARE JUST A LOT O' LOSS TO ME - THEY'RE ONLY INTERESTED IN FINDING - NOT KEEPIN'!"

"TAKE IT, HE SEEZ - IT'S ALL YOURN - IN SATISFIED COMPLETE IN THE MERE FINDIN' OF IT!"

"JUST KEEP DIGGIN' UP AT A 45 DEGREE ANGLE, HE SEEZ, AN' IN ABOUT 400 FEET YOU'LL HIT A PAYLOAD THAT COULD CANCEL THE NATIONAL DEBT TWICE OVER!"

"DREW, WE'VE LARGED - AFTER MUCH PLEASIN' - DIGGIN' ON THE UP AND UP"

"LISTEN, HOMER - I HEAR VOICES UP AHEAD - WE'VE GOT COMPETISHUN! DIG FASTER, DIL - WE'VE GOTTA BEAT 'EM TO THE URANIUM!"

"JUST A FEW MORE HACKS AN' WE'LL BEAT THROUGH!"

"ER-?-YOU? W-WHINY, YOU'RE THE SCIENCE PROFF'NOR!"

"AS WAS MY FINE LEATHER PLEASIN' - I'M BACK AGIN' AT MY OLD TOYS, THANK TO HEAVN COME A TOP DRICK AN' COFFEE UP - AN' THANK A YOU O' GOLD BUT FOR BUILDIN' ME A SOWER, RIGHT UNDER MY SHACK!"



# BUSTER IN REEL ACTION

**B**ING! Bang! Boom!  
He threw her off the cliff!

Although that immortal bit of dialogue was written in the dear dead days when the serial picture was called a "chiller," it fits today. The serial is still packing them in with all its thrills and chills. But now, it appears that the boys have replaced the girls as stars. The villain still pursues, but it's a him and not her. The hero has replaced the heroine. Buster Crabbe gets thrown off the cliff instead of Pearl White.

Of course, like everything else, the serial also has marched on to many technical improvements, although die-hard silent fans, eyes beaming over with nostalgic tears, tell us that the days of "The Perils of Pauline," "The Hazards of Helen" and "The Adventures of Kathlyn" were the good old days.

Casting a technical eye back at the old-time era, when the racketeers' piano played called us to the marrow almost as much as the screen scenes themselves, a modern serial fan, and there are thousands of them, may smile at the crudities of those early chapter plays. In those days everything about the movies on the installment plan was pretty much haphazard from production to screening. The series continued for as long as the traffic would bear. "The Million Dollar Mystery," for instance, was planned as an eight-chapter serial, then developed into twelve, and eventually took twenty-four episodes before it was completed.

Acting was lacking in finesse. Rather it was built on stern stuff, with the teachings of an acrobat more useful than a dramatic coach. Camera technique was less flexible. The theater projector and screen itself had many flaws, which led to the expression "the flicker."

Today, although the excitement is still there and the protagonists are still being tied to railroad tracks as the night experts approach, we still bring bound, gagged, hauled from precipice to

precipice and back to precipice again; still locked in a room while time bombs ominously tick off their death-ticking suspense, the technical aspects have changed. Chapter plays have emerged from their swaddling clothes, and now in their thirty-seventh year are charting new paths in serial film history.

The "chiller" that was "the cliffhanger" of yesterday has assumed new stature. No longer is production letter-slower. Fifteen episodes announced in advance is the limit for any one story. Sound recording, camera effects, acting, story plots, all have added new elements of suspense. They are not only adventure-cramped but are more logical.

Although the aforementioned old timers may admit all this, they still cling to the names of the former daring stars—Kathlyn Williams, Ruth Roland, Helen Holmes, Dorothy Phillips, Helene Catelain and Pearl White—whose courage and glamor got the customers to click off the tickets at the box-office turnstiles. Today there is glamorous male co-business instead of feminine charm.

A strappo-to-the-waist Buster Crabbe appears as bold just as much enthusiasm as the pretty face of former days. A 'superman' George Reeves, a handsome Jon Hall, a virile Kuk Allen, a lobe Clayton Moore strike the female hearts better; and the kids' throats hoarse from cheering just as much as did the feminine stars of yesterday.

In his newest serial, Buster Crabbe fights with lions, tigers, and that most dangerous of all wild animals on a movie set, the black panther. He didn't mind this as much as he did a scene with Gloria Dea in which he is supposed to be hypnotized by her. Playing the native prince of a strange African tribe, the hypocritical Buster is lured by secret for being in her village.

"I don't like this," said the ex-Olympic swimming champion. "Do you people know she's a hypnotist in real life?"

The exotic Gloria is not only a hypnotist—she is also a magician, having her own act as vaudeville.

at the age of five-and-a-half.

Actually Buster had plenty to worry about when he had to fight the black panther three times.

Animal handlers consider the black panther the hardest of all wild animals to train. The entire cast and crew of the picture had the jitters so long as the animal was on the set.

However, although *Bernie*, the black panther, had never been in films before, Buster's three fights with him went off without a hitch. But when the trainer was returning the animal to its cage, it broke way. There were several anxious moments as it wandered around the set, no one daring to interfere with the vicious beast. Finally, it slunk into its cage as everyone breathed a secret sigh of relief.

There were other exciting incidents that occurred during the filming of the picture. In one of them Buster's famed swimming prowess paid off with a vengeance. Although he has saved dozens of fur damsels in distress in the films, Buster had a chance to actually save Gloria Dea from drowning.

A scene was being photographed in which Gloria was to wade along the banks of a swift jungle stream. Miss Dea who cannot swim, lost her balance and was carried by the fast-moving current to the center of the stream where she was in danger of drowning.

Buster dove into the water and quickly pulled her to the shore. The girl only suffered a brief coughing spell, and a bad scare.

Although he always wins the admiration of the female members of his audience, who place him high on their list of movie heart-throbs, Buster's appeal for the girls was expressed in a completely new way during the first filming of the serial.

Buster's latest word-bopper is Peggy, a clever three-year-old trained chimpanzee, who plays his jungle companion in the film. Peggy was never happier while on location than when she was holding Buster's hand, and she openly displayed her love for him during the many fight scenes. At these times her wild screams and attempts to rush in and help him forced Peggy's handlers to remove

her from the set so that the scenes could be filmed.

Peggy also suffered from vanity. In another scene, clinging to Buster's neck, she was supposed to turn her head and look directly into the camera for a closeup. Peggy just wouldn't do it, no matter how much she was coaxed by the assistant director and her handlers.

Finally Buster suggested, "If she's like a lot of girls I know, a mirror right beside the camera lens should do it."

A mirror was found and hastily set up. Peggy saw herself, and fascinated, kept looking right where she was supposed to.

But alas Peggy proved to be fickle. She deserted Buster for another, proving at the same time that furniture imitation is not all it is cracked up to be, and that the old adage, "love is blind," is true.

When Peggy laid eyes on Steve Calvert, who plays an ape-man in the film, her eyes nearly popped. For the rest of the time he was on the set she wouldn't even look at Buster, but in typical female fashion she tried to attract Steve's attention. She would caper in front of him one minute, leaping and humming commercials and the next instant she would run away and hide. It seems in his gorilla outfit, Steve is Peggy's idea of a real hero.

Buster fought so many animals in the picture including a live crocodile that when a new caged lion was brought on Buster got a big shock.

The director explained the action. "The lion crosses your path, here, Buster, then goes off into the bush," he said the star.

"What," said Buster disgustedly, "you mean to say I don't get a chance to fight it?"

From the terrific excitement and hair-raising thrills in which Buster refuses to use a double it looks like serials are here to stay. In the past and present their contribution to the motion picture is incalculable.

"To be continued next week" will never pass from the movie lexicon.

But the queens are dead! Long live the king!

# Whiskers and the TERRIBLE TWE-NEE-WEE-NIES

DANE BARE BRAINED HOSS  
MISTAKES A HUNK OF ROPE FOR  
A RATTLESNAKE AN' REARS UP  
AN' TOSSES ME SMACK DAB INTO  
A CLUNK OF CACTUS!

DANSED CACTUS WOULDN'T  
BE SO BAD IF THEY DIDN'T  
HAVE STICKERS ON 'EM!

BECKON THAT'S  
MY FAULT...



BECKON WHAF'S  
YORE FAULT?

CACTUS HAVIN' STICKERS  
ON 'EM IF IT WEREN'T  
FOR ME CACTUS WOULD  
BE NICE AN' SMOOTH  
LIKE THEY USTA BE

BUT AFORE YUM OUSE ME OUT  
FER THEM CACTUS STICKERS, JUS  
STOP AN' THINK HOW WORSE  
THINGS WOULD BE IF I AWOIN'T  
DONE WHUT I DONE!

SOMEBODY CALL FER  
A PADDED  
AMBULANCE! HE'S  
BONE STANG BAWN  
DARBY!



WHO'S *CHAFF* WHAT'S THE *MATTER* WITH YOU HOMEREST DON'T YUH KNOW YOHE CACTUS COUNTRY *HISTORY*?

NO-SAYO, WHISKERS, DON'T SO GETTIN' *ME?* UP? WE ALL KNOW YUH WHITTLED A TRILLION NEEDLES AN' STUCK 'EM INTO THE CACTUS PLANTS!



SURE, WHAT JONKEY APPLE-NEED DID FOR THE NORTH, POP DID FOR THE SOUTHWEST -- GOOD OL' *WHISKERS* CACTUS-NEEDLE? YOU FEEL THE *ROCK* BOSTON ALL ABOUT IT WHEN HE COMES!

YUH DARE-POOL IDIOTS! DON'T YUH KNOW 'BOUT THE *TEE-NEE-NEE-NEES*?



THE *WAO-WACH-WACH* JOE?

THE TEE-NEE-NEE-NEES! ALL THE COMARCHEES, APACHES AND SEMINOLLES PUT TOGETHER WERE 'N'T AS BAD AS ONE SINGLE TEE-NEE-NEE!



AN' CONSIDERIN' AS HOW THEM TEE-NEE-NEE-NEES WUZ ONLY 'BOUT 4 INCHES TALL, WAIL, IT WUZ DOWN-RIGHT *ARACH'?*

4 INCHES TALL! *INCHES?*



Yup, they wuzn't mere-midgets! They wuz *midget* midgets! They'd come *snakin'* up behind a man, an'



*Yuck!* I'VE BEEN *ASSASSINATED!*



them little varmints painted themselves green and when they hid behind the cactus you do 'em even see 'em!

WHO COME THAT? WHERE ARE YUM? SHOW YERSELF, YUM SNEAK! DRY-BULSHIT, YELLOW-LIVERED, BLACK-HEARTED POLECAT, BOY I SIR SHOOT YUM DEAD!

Wot, when I pulled out them tiny 'll injun arrows an' seen what had shot me, I was poppyseed thin a hoof out!



I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! I FIGGERED I'D SOME PLUMB LUCK!

YUM FIGGERED *RIGHT* PER ONCE!

None, I figgered wrong, but I was a long time afore I found out 'bout them Tee-Hee-Wee-Hees.

HEHEHE... THE INVISIBLE ARROW-SHOOTING VARMINTS OF THE CACTUS COUNTRY HATE THE LARD UNWASHABLE FOR MAN OR BEAST! **KEEP AWAY FROM IT!** HEHEHE!



I figgered that tiner wot, them wud 'Arjun arrows, so I persuaded on' injun friend of mine to explain th' mystery...

THAT TEE-HEE-WEE-HEE ARROW, TRIBE OF NIGGET NIGGETS, BUT DON'T TELLUM I TOLD, OR TERRIBLE TEE-HEE-WEE-NEES WILL HURT ME SOWER LIKE A DOG!

FELLOW CITIZENS, PIONEERS, SETTLERS AND FRONTIERSMEN, I GOT GREAT NEWS FOR YUM! I'M ABOR' TO WIRE OUT TH' TERRIBLE TEE-HEE-WEE-NEES, SO'S YUM SIR SETTLE TH' CACTUS COUNTRY!

OH, BOOBY!



Single-handed I went out into the dreaded desert.

WA! I SEE YUH, YUH LIL BREEZ VAMPIRE! AN' I'M ABLE! TO SNIFFOOSH YUH!

That's when I found out them Tee-hee-Wee-Nees wuz so low-down an' ornery, they'd stoop to any foul tactics!

OHOOOOH AN' WOSE! YUH BIT OFF MY NOSE!

USH! BETUM READY. . .AUMMM

**OUCH!**



FIRE!!!

**YOW!**

Wal, them ne-accouch, gal-durned, con-gorned if I ornery won that round aight!

BY GUM, WHISKERS, YUH LOOK LIKE A TWO-LEGGED PORCUPINE!

AW... SO SOAK YORE HEAD!

I WUZ HOPPIN' MAD! WE WHISKERS, THE GREATEST INJUN FIGHTER WHUT EVER LIVED, OUTFOUGHT BY LIL INJUN MIDGETS! I VOWED I'D FIND SOME WAY TO BEAT 'EM OR BUST!



I decided to spy on th' critters so's to learn more about 'em...

DANGER! L'L FRIENDS--THEY  
EVEN PICK ON HARMLESS  
ANIMALS!



HAF L'L DO THEY KNOW THAT I'M IN THEIR  
MIDST, OBSERVING THEIR EVERY MOVE?



I won't bore yuh with lengthy details, but  
that sayin' ought didn't work out so good  
neither...

PA, WHAT'S  
THAT?

THAT'S OL' WHISKERS  
PORCUFIN' TH' SELF-  
SELF-APPOINTED TEE-NEE-  
WEE-NEE OFFICIAL TARGET!  
HA! HA! HA!



THINK THEY'RE FUNNY...  
OL' WHISKERS  
PORCUFINE...

THAT'S IT!  
I'VE GOT IT!  
I KNOW HOW TO FIX  
THEM TEE-NEE-NEE-NEE  
VARMINTS!



I caught th' first stage goin' north...

SO YUH FINALLY  
BINED IT UP, OL'  
WHISKERS?

DON'T BLAME YUH FOR  
CALLIN' IT QUITE!

I *AIN'T* QUITTIN'! I'LL  
BE BACK TO FINISH THEM  
HEKY CRITTERS ONCE  
AN' FOR ALL!



It took me some time to collect what I  
needed for th' job, but I come back like I  
said I would!

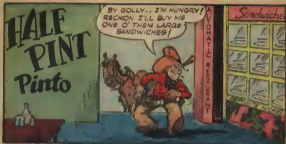
WHAT YUH GOT IN TH'  
WAGON, WHISKERS?

A LOAD OF BAD  
MEDICINE FOR TH'  
TEE-NEE-NEE-NEE!











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  
coins and you will re-  
ceive an autographed  
photo and an Official  
Badge as a Member  
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**CLUB.**



To: BUSTER CRABBE, P.O. BOX 231, NEW YORK 46, N. Y.

ENCLOSED IS 25c IN COIN.

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_

(Print Name)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

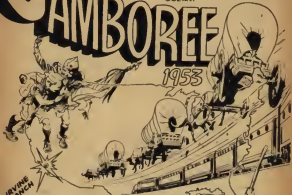
NATIONAL

BOY SCOUTS  
of AMERICA

50,000 BOY SCOUTS WILL CAMP  
JULY 17-25 AT IRVINE RANCH,  
ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, ON  
THE SHORES OF THE PACIFIC  
OCEAN.

# JAMBOREE

1953



IRVINE  
RANCH



LARGEST BOY SCOUT TENT  
CITY WILL ATTRACT BOYS FROM  
ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. THERE  
WILL BE PAGEANTS, CEREMONIES,  
CAMPFIRES AND MUSIC, DEMON-  
STRATIONS OF CAMPCRAFT AND  
SCOUTCRAFT, AND FRIENDSHIP MAKING.

BE ELIGIBLE TO ATTEND THE JAMBOREE, SCOUTS MUST BE AT LEAST  
SECOND CLASS AND AT LEAST 12 YEARS OLD. CONSULT YOUR LOCAL BOY  
SCOUT COUNCIL FOR DETAILS.

