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SUPPLEMENT
NO. 10



BUSTER CRABBE

NO. 10 MAY 10¢



This is a
**FAMOUS
FUNNIES**
Publication



THE MYSTERY OF RAINBOW VALLEY

by Robert Peterson

TRUTH is stranger than fiction, but this true story is even stranger than Truth! To this day, it remains the most incredible story in the history of the old West. It would be a legend now, rather than an authentic case, had it not been that the government authorities of Arizona put it all down in the records.

Tex Rafferty is the hero of this bit of history, but unlike most Western heroes, he was on the wrong end of the bar. Instead of being a grim, quiet, two-gun fighting man, he was an amiable, talkative bartender.

He was tending bar in George Hand's saloon in Tucson, Arizona, when a stranger walked in. Rafferty greeted him with a smile. "What'll it be, sir?"

The stranger, tall, thin and young, looked apologetic. "I don't drink," he said. "I just want some information."

"That's all right," grinned Rafferty. "We serve that, too. I hope I've got your brand in stock so I can help you."

"I'm Jeremiah Hodges, sr., from Kansas City, and a stranger in these parts. Do you know of a place called Rainbow Valley?"

"Rainbow Valley?" Rafferty rubbed his chin. I've never been there myself, but I've heard of it. It's northwest of here, near Buckeye."

"Thanks. Is there a stage connection, or do I have to ride?"

"Ride. When you get to Buckeye, you won't have any trouble getting directions to Rainbow Valley. But why any man in his right mind would want to go there, beats me."

Jeremiah Hodges paled and stared at him strangely. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"No offense meant," said Rafferty. "It's just that these ain't nothing there except a little settlement, and a lot of desert full of coyotes and rattlesnakes."

"I thought maybe there was a lunatic asylum there. . . ."

It was Rafferty's turn to look curious. "A lunatic asylum?"

"It's my brother, George," explained Hodges. "He's living there, and his letters have been sounding crazier and crazier. I came West to find out what was wrong with him."

Rafferty rubbed his jaw again. "Say, that's a coincidence. A friend of mine named DeWoe went up there about six months ago, and I ran into him here in town last week. What a change! He's only about thirty, but looked sixty—he'd brown a beard

and all his hair had turned white. And when I tried to talk to him, he brushed me off, telling me to mind my own business. I thought he'd gone crazy."

Hodges gaped open-mouthed at the bartender. Then he dug a crumpled letter out of his pocket and slid it across the bar. "Read this," he said.

Rafferty read it aloud. "Dear Jim, I base not written you for fifty years and you must think I've forgotten you. It is just that I have been very busy. The world in which I live is wonderful. I cannot tell you about my life except that we work very little, for we do not discuss our affairs with persons living in your sphere. I wish you could come and live as I am living, for all eternity. We are thousands of years ahead of you and the people in the world, and we know what is going to happen to you tomorrow and all the rest of your days. We of this world already have tread the beyond your time. Tomorrow is my birthday and I will be 8,760 years old. Your brother George." Rafferty let out a low whistle, and handed the letter back. "Wow!" is all he said.

"So now you know why I have to get to Rainbow Valley."

"Yeah. I'd sure appreciate it if you'd let me know what's going on up there."

"I'll be back," promised Hodges. "And I'll tell you all about it."

Hodges came back, but not for several months later, by which time Rafferty's curiosity had abated and the incident all but faded from his memory. He came back, but his face brown and crinkled like parchment, and with a three-inch beard as white as his now white hair.

It was a dark night and a strong wind was blowing up the dust and sand of Tucson to further erase visibility. Rafferty was crossing the street when he bumped into him. "Excuse me," he said. "I didn't see you. Dusted dust is enough to blind a man—" Then as he looked at him, he gasped, and grabbed the man's arm. "You're the fellow from Kansas! The fellow who showed me that letter! You're Hodges!"

The man tried to pull away from him, but Rafferty held fast. "You've grown old! Your hair's turned white! What's happened to you?"

"I can tell you nothing," said Hodges, pushing away. He hurried off.

Rafferty started after him, but the wind whipped across his face and blinded him with blinding sand. By the time he'd wiped his stinging eyes, Hodges was nowhere in sight.

BUSTER CRABBE, U.S. OLYMPIC SWIMMING CHAMPION, REPRESENTS THE UNITED STATES AT THE PAN AMERICAN MEET IN RIO DE JANEIRO---BUT HE MEETS TOUGHER COMPETITION THAN HE BARGAINED FOR, AND FINDS THAT THE RACE IS.....

The Swim for Life



As they arrive in Rio de Janeiro...

I THOUGHT ESTHER ROBERTS WAS ON THE TEAM.

SHE'S FLYING DOWN IN HER OWN PLANE. YOU KNOW HER--- LOVES THE AIR AS MUCH AS SHE DOES THE WATER!



But at that moment,

ESTHER ROBERTS TALKING! MOTOR'S COOKING OUT! NOTHING BUT JUNGLE BELOW! POSITION APPROX. LAT 13° 2' 50"!

IF YOU LAND SAFELY, STAY WITH THE PLANE! THE JUNGLE IS DANGEROUS!



And so, across the front page of every newspaper...

WORLD-EXPRESS

ESTHER ROBERTS CRASHES IN JUNGLE

FAMOUS U.S. SWIMMING STAR
FLYING SOLO TO RIO— LAST
HEARD FROM OVER DREADED
UNEXPLORED MATTO GROSSO



ALL AVAILABLE PLANES
HAVE JOINED IN THE SEARCH
FOR THE MISSING AMERICAN
SWIMMER. IT IS THE ONE
SEARCH IN AVIATION HISTORY
WHICH ROBERTS PLANE
WAS OVERHAULING



HEY, JOE!
WHERE YOU GOING?
YOU JUST GOT OFF
DUTY!

I'M GOING TO
LOOK FOR
THAT GIRL!



ESTHER ROBERTS
IS A FRIEND OF
MINE AND I WANT
TO HELP!

WELL, YOU CAN
HELP BY COMING
ALONG AND KEEPING
ME AWAKE.



Minutes later...

I CAN HANDLE A
PLANE, SO IF YOU'LL
GIVE ME THE COURSE,
YOU CAN GET SOME
SLEEP.

YOU ARE
A *HELP*, MR.
CRASHE!



Several hours later...

WAKE UP IF
MY CALCULATIONS
ARE CORRECT WE'RE
AT LAT-18, LONG-88!



YOU'RE NOT
ONLY AN AVIATOR, BUT
AN EXPERT *ADVISATORY*!

SHE
MUST HAVE
CRASHED NEAR
HERE!



MISS FOMBERG HAD TO MAKE A SHARP APPROXIMATION OF HER POSITION. SHE COULD HAVE BEEN A LITTLE OFF!

YOU'RE RIGHT...



WE'LL HAVE TO CALL IT OFF NOW, OR WE WON'T HAVE ENOUGH FUEL TO GET BACK...

I WAS SURE WE'D FIND HER!



Suddenly...

NO LIGHT RETURNING! MUST NEED REFUELING TO MAKE AIRPORT! HAVE FUEL PLANE STANDING!

HEY! THERE IT IS! WE'VE FOUND HER!



CONTACT! WE'VE SPOTTED THE WRECK! STANDBY WHILE I CHECK POSITION!

I KNEW WE'D FIND HER!



IT WILL BE WEEKS BEFORE AN EXPEDITION CAN REACH HER!

SAVE ME A PARACHUTE!



I CAN'T LET YOU GO DOWN INTO THAT JUNGLE! THIS IS THE HEART OF THE MATTO GROSSO! IT WILL REQUIRE AN "ARMY" ARMED TO THE TEETH!

I'M GONE DOWN!



WHAT
D'YON MEAN, I
CAN'T GO WITH YOU?
WHERE YOU GO, I GO!

SURE, WHISKERS,
BUT YOU TAKE THE
LONG ROAD WITH THE
EXPEDITION!



HE'S RIGHT, WHISKERS!
WHY RISK TWO LIVES?
EVEN THE INDIANS
AVOID THE INTERIOR!

BUT THAT
DANGER-YOUNG
FOOL IS HELP-
LESS WITHOUT
ME!

Buster makes a landing in the jungle tree-tops... He cuts himself free from the chute, climbs to earth and makes his way through the thick jungle toward the wreck, and there...



ETHER'S ALIVE! THERE
ISN'T EVEN A DROP OF BLOOD!
SHE'S ALIVE AND SHINURED!



Buster shouts but only the jungle
answers him...

SHE WOULDN'T BE FOOLISH
ENOUGH TO LEAVE THE PLANE!



THIS IS WEIRD!
ETHER COULDN'T
HAVE LEFT--AND
YET SHE'S GONE!



Suddenly...

A BWO! SHE EITHER SAW
ME PARACHUTE DOWN AND IS
SIGNALING ME, OR SHE'S IN
TROUBLE!

Buster fights his way toward the sound of the shot, and...

WHEEED if you
CRAZY OLD GOAT!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

DON'T
STAND THERE—
GIT ME DOWN!

I THINK I'LL
LEAVE YOU UP
THERE! WHERE'D
YOU GET THE GUNT
FROM THE PILOT?

NO, I AIN'T
TOTE A DOUBLE-
BARREL BERRINGER
IN MY FOCKET! AN I
GOT ONE BULLET
LEFT FOR YOU! IF YU
DON'T GIT ME DOWN!

Later...

THERE'S NO
ESTHER, AND THERE'S
NO TRAIL...

SHE AIN'T NUCK
THE BRUSH!— SHE
WENT OFF THROUGH
THE TREES!

BUT WHY WOULD SHE
LEAVE THE PLANE
WHEN SHE A'HEW
HELP WAS
COMING?

THERE AIN'T NO
ACCOUNTIN' FOR
WHY A DANGED
FEMALE WILL
DO!

Soon planes converge upon the area, dropping
food water and equipment...

A MESSAGE
FOR US TO CLEAR
BACK FOR A HELICOPTER
TO LAND. THIS WILL HAVE
TO WAIT UNTIL WE FIND
ESTHER...

SIX GUNS!
ESTHER,
WE'RE IN
BUSINESS!

ON SECOND THOUGHT, I THINK I'LL LET YOU STAY HERE AND START CHOPPING, WHILE I GO SEARCHING FOR ESTHER! WHO KNOWS, WE MIGHT NEED A HELICOPTER IN A HURRY.

AW!

AND GIVE ME THAT DERRINGER! IT'S ILLEGAL TO BRING UNAUTHORIZED FIREARMS ACROSS BORDERS! YOU COULD HAVE GOT US IN TROUBLE!

AW!

Buster circles the surrounding jungle for some sign of Esther...

THERE'S A STREAM BELOW! SHE MIGHT HAVE LEFT THE PLANE TO LOOK FOR WATER!

And then...

NAKED FOOT-PRINTS! NATIVES! NO... MORE LIKELY *HERB!* SHE COULDN'T CLIMB THROUGH TREES WITH HER-HEELED SHOES!

MAYBE SHE GOT LOST--COULDN'T FIND HER WAY BACK! SHE'D GO DOWN STREAM--FOR EVERY RIVER LEADS EVENTUALLY TO A VILLAGE!

ESTHER!
ESTHER!

Suddenly...

UOOOO!

WHACK

Many hours later...

YOU MUST HAVE
A **FINGER SKULL**,
BOSS...

WHO
ARE YOU?
WHERE
AM I?



ETHER!
YOU'RE
ALONE!

BUT YOU
WOULDN'T BE, UNLESS
YOU STAY WHERE
YOU ARE!



WHAT
IS
THAT?

THIS IS A MOST **HAPPY** OCCASION!
I WAS AFRAID I'D HAVE TO LOSE
SEMONITA ROBERTS TO THE **ROARER**,
BUT NOW I CAN KEEP HER!



THE LAW IS THAT THE **LARGEST** GANE
CAUGHT EACH DAY MUST GO TO FEED THE
ROARER! YOU'RE **BIGGER** THAN SHE!
NOW THE **ROARER** GETS HIS **MEAL** AND I
GET A **QUEEN!**



THE **ROARER** IS BUT A **WAGUE MYTH** TO EVERY
WHITE MAN EXCEPT **MYSELF**! I MUST SHOW
YOU NOW **REAL** THE CREATURE IS!



Buster is brought to the edge of a deep pit and
there...

A **GREEN** APE—
A **GIANT** GORILLA!

THE **MYSTERIOUS** MESSAGE
OF THE **MATTO GROSSOP**
IMMENSE IN THE **GREEN**
JUNGLE! BECAUSE I CAUGHT
HIM, THE NATIVES MADE ME
KING!



Buster's hands are untied and then

I GIVE YOU A SPORTING CHANCE, SON!
IF YOU CAN FIGHT HIM OFF WITH YOUR FISTS,
YOU'RE FREE! TOO BAD THE ROBBER IS NOT
A VEGETARIAN LIKE OTHER APES!



No sooner does Buster hit the floor of the pit,
than the green monster is upon him. . .

RRRRROOOO!

THERE'S
ONLY ONE
CHANCE!



IF WHISKER'S OLD
BLACK-POWDER BERRINGER
CAN AM
TRUE ENOUGH TO HIT
ITS EYE.



The great green demi-god is dead. A howl of
anger explodes from the infuriated savages. . .

LOOKS LIKE I'M
WORSE OFF THAN
BEFORE!



The berserk Indians then turn upon their
"king". . .

NO! NO! NO!
THE LIFE! ANY-
THING BUT THAT!



The fat king is thrown into the lake—within
minutes razor-toothed little fish transform him
into skull and bones. . .



The Indians race back to the pit to finish Buster, but Buster has used strips of his clothing to tie their spears into a ladder...



ARROKO!
ARRO MOX!

Although Buster works fast, the natives are faster...



LOOKS
LIKE WE HAVE TO
FORGET ABOUT FINDING
A DUG-OUT, AND SWIM
- FOR IT!

NOT
THE LAKE IS FULL
OF MAN-EATING
FISH!

AND THIS ISLAND IS
FULL OF HOMICIDAL INDIANS!
AT LEAST WE CAN GIVE THE
FISH A RACE FOR IT!
COME ON!



The two champion swimmers race through the deadly water--- a race against death...



And they win...



NOT EVEN
A NIP!

WHEW... I
GET WE BROKE
ALL RECORDS.

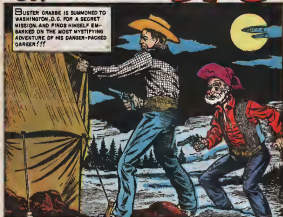
And now...



WE MAY BE TOO LATE
TO SWIM IN THE RIVER,
EITHER, BUT WE WON THE
MOST IMPORTANT RACE OF
OUR LIVES!

BUSTER CRABBE in the SPY

BUSTER CRABBE IS SUMMONED TO WASHINGTON, D.C. FOR A SECRET MISSION AND FINDS HIMSELF EMBARKED ON THE MOST MYSTIFYING ADVENTURE OF HIS DANGER-PACKED CAREER! ??



At the Pentagon office of the Projects Commissioner...

MR. CRABBE, I KNOW YOU'RE WONDERING WHY FEDERAL AGENTS ROUSED YOU IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND FLEW YOU HERE IN AN ARMY JET.

IF ALL HAPPENED SO FAST, I HAVEN'T HAD MUCH TIME TO WONDER.

BEFORE I EXPLAIN, I MUST KNOW IF YOU ARE WILLING TO DO A JOB OF TOP IMPORTANCE TO THE UNITED STATES.

I'M ALWAYS WILLING TO SERVE MY COUNTRY.



THE GOVERNMENT IS WORKING ON A PROJECT THAT WILL MAKE ATOMIC ENERGY AS WE KNOW IT ALMOST OBSOLETE. THERE ARE FOUR MEN WHO KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, I'M ONE OF THEM.



THE OTHER THREE ARE NOW IN TUCSON, ARIZONA, ABOUT TO START A FIELD TRIP IN SEARCH OF A SUITABLE SITE FOR THE PROJECT. PROPER LOCATION IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE FOR REASONS I CAN'T DIVULGE.



NOW TO GET TO THE POINT WE'VE LEARNED THAT INFORMATION OF THIS PROJECT HAS LEAKED TO FOREIGN AGENTS. ONE OF THE FOUR IS OBVIOUSLY A SPY!



YES, AND SINCE ALL OF US ARE OLD TIME GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES WHO WOULD RECOGNIZE A SECRET SERVICE MAN ON SIGHT, I WANT YOU TO TAKE THE CASE!



I'LL DO WHAT I CAN.

YOU'LL BE HIRED TO GUIDE THE FIELD TRIP. YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE BADLANDS MAKES YOU THE NATURAL CHOICE, SO THEY WILL SUSPECT NOTHING.



AND YOU WANT ME TO FIND OUT WHICH ONE OF THE THREE IS THE TRAITOR?

IF YOU CAN, YES. BUT THAT WOULD BE ASKING TOO MUCH. WE WANT YOU TO MAKE SURE THAT DURING THE TRIP, NO INFORMATION IS PASSED ON TO ANYONE OUTSIDE YOUR GROUP.



I TOO, MUST BE CONSIDERED SUSPECT UNTIL WE'VE CAUGHT THE GUILTY MAN, SO EVEN THE GOVERNMENT MUST BE KEPT IGNORANT OF DEVELOPMENTS UNTIL THE EXPEDITION IS FINISHED.



THERE IS A SECRETARY AND AN ASSISTANT WHO MIGHT POSSIBLY BE THE SPY, BUT NEITHER SHOULD HAVE HAD ACCESS TO THE INFORMATION THAT LEAKED. YOU MIGHT KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON THEM, TOO!



AND WE START WORK RIGHT NOW! COME ON, HERRERS, YOU'RE GOING TO EARN YOUR KEEP FOR A CHANGE!

HEY! YOU AIN'T GOIN' TO WORK A MAN DURIN' HIS LUNCH HOUR ARE YUH?



A few hours later, back in Tucson, via supersonic jet plane...

SO THERE YUH ARE! WHERE'D YUH SNEAK OFF TUN IN TH' MIDDLE OF TH' NIGHT? I BEEN SO BAD-DUMMED WORRIED 'BOUT YUH I COULDN'T SLEEP OR EAT!

SO I NOTICE—I'VE BEEN OUT GETTING US A JOB!



WALLET'S CATCH EM' KILLED, CROOK OR WHAT-NOT, **PROVED** SO'S I RUN IT BACK TO MY WITLES! I'M HUNGRY!

WHAT WE'RE OUT TO CATCH TAKES **TIME** AND **WORK**. IT'S CALLED **WAGES**.

WAGES? SINCE WHEN DO WE WORK FOR **WAGES?**

SINCE NOW! MY SOURCE OF INCOME'S RUN DRY! IF YOU WANT TO EAT, WE'VE GOT TO WORK!



AN ALL THOSE **REWARDS** YOU TURNED DOWN, YUH DAME-FOOL IDIOT—WE COULD'VE BEEN **FIXED FOR LIFE!** BUT NO, GIVE IT ALL TO **CHARITY** LIKE A BIG SHOT, AN' STICK US IN THIS PREDICAMENT!



And so, the next day...



YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME JUST WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO GUIDE YOU!

WE DON'T KNOW OURSELVES.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A PLACE THAT WILL MEET CERTAIN SPECIFICATIONS AS TO ELEVATION, ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS AND MINERAL COMPOSITION AND IT MUST BE AT LEAST 100 MILES FROM ANY SETTLEMENT!

SO MY JOB IS TO BRING YOU INTO THAT 100 MILE REGION?



YES, AND NOT TO ASK QUESTIONS. I DON'T WANT TO SEEM RUDE MR. CRABBE BUT WE'RE ON A HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL MISSION!



Late that night as the camp slumbers...



BUSTER! WHAT IN BLUE BLAZES Y'UR DOIN'?

SHHH—NOT SO LOUD, I'M SURFING THEIR RADIO TRANSMITTER!



YOU GONE PLUMB LOCO—OR SOMETHIN'?

YOU HIND YOUR BUSINESS AND I'LL HIND MINE.



Several days later,
NO SIGN OF METALLIC
ELEMENTS.

ELEVATION
AND PRESSURE
SEEM JUST
RIGHT.

IF THESE
CONDITIONS
FRESH OVER
50 ACRES,
WE'VE FOUND
THE SITE!



ME, WHISKERS, CAMP
COOK PER A COMPANY
OF CRACKPOTS! THEY'RE
ALL CRAZY, AN' SO ARE
YOU! IF WE GOTTA WORK,
WHY DIDN'T WE HIRE
OUT AS RESPECTABLE
RANCH HANDS?



I'M SO GLAD WE'RE GOING TO
CAMP IN ONE PLACE FOR A
CHANGE. NOW PERHAPS YOU
AND LUCAN GET BETTER
ACQUAINTED, MR. CHARGE...

I'M AFRAID NOT.
MY JOB DOESN'T
INCLUDE SOCIAL-
IZING WITH MEM-
BERS OF THE
PARTY.



WELL, I LIKE
THAT!

DO DO I MISS HAVEN. AS
CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARY
TO MEN ENGAGED IN CONFID-
ENTIAL WORK, YOU HAVE NO
BUSINESS TALKING TO
OUTSIDERS!



That night...
I HOPE YOU KIN COOK,
BUSTER. I'M PULLIN'
STAKES IN TH' MORNIN',
AN' FIND ME A MAN'S
JOB! I AINT BUILT
FOR THIS!

IT'LL BE OVER SOON,
WHISKERS. AND WE'RE
GETTING WELL PAID.



Suddenly...

YOW!

WHAT IN
TARNATION---???





WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. ADAMS?

SOMETHING IN MY BED... STUNG ME... I FEEL LIKE I'M ON FIRE!



SCORPIONS? DON'T WORRY, MR. ADAMS. THEIR STING IS PAINFUL, BUT NOT DANGEROUS!



HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

HIS PULSE IS VERY WEAK! HE'S DYING!

But the transmitter lay buried some 200 miles west—help would have come too late anyway, for Adams was dead within ten minutes...



JOHNSON, SET OUT THE TRANSMITTER AND PUT THROUGH A DISTRESS CALL!

RIGHT?



After a sleepless night...

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TRANSMITTER, MR. CRASSET? YOU RESPONSIBED THE LOADING OF OUR EQUIPMENT! PUT DOWN THAT NASTY CREATURE— IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS.

YES— ME TOO!



THE TRANSMITTER GOT MISLAD! I'M TO BLAME, AND I'LL REPLY YOU FOR THE LOSS, MR. HAWKINS!

CRASSET— IF I WAS A THUNDER BOLT, I'D THUNDER YOU FOR YOUR INCOMPETENCE!



Buster searched everyone, but there was no gun--and when he examined the body...



IT'S OBVIOUS YOU INTEND TO KILL US ALL! FIRST YOU LOSE THE TRANSMITTER, THEN ADAMS DIES, AND NOW HEAVENS!



THERE'S SOMEONE AMONG US WHO'S A MURDERER, A SPY AND A GENIUS... BUT IT ISN'T ME!

ALL RIGHT! NOW LET'S GIVE HANKINS A DECENT BURIAL!



ALL RIGHT, JOHNSON, GO OUT AND DIG THE GRAVE-- I WANT TO LOOK OVER OUR LATE FRIEND!

BUSTER----



YOU'RE THE MURDERER! YOU'VE TURNED YOUR BRAIN TO WORK THE OTHER SIDE! THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN SO SECRETIVE SINCE WE TOOK THIS JOB!

HMM, LOOK NOW IMPLANTED THE RIGHT POSTUL IS!



WE BEEN FRIENDS TOO LONG FOR ME TO LET YOU DO THIS TO YOURSELF. I'LL KILL YUH APOIN I SEE YUH SO CRIMINAL!

SHOOT ME AFTER I'VE HAD ANOTHER LOOK INTO JOHNSON'S POCKETS!





MR. JOHNSON — I'D LIKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE CONTENTS OF YOUR POCKETS.

CRABBE, YOU INTEND TO FRAME ME FOR YOUR CRIME?



THERE IT IS!



VERY neat — this little novelty item shoots tiny blasts — insert a small ball of buckshot, and you've got a real gun. Fire it up a man's nostril, sending the little blue into his brain, and you've got murder!



AND THE SCORPIONS THAT KILLED ADAMS — THAT WAS MURDER, TOO, WE'RE IN NEW MEXICO, AND ONLY IN SOUTHERN ARIZONA IS THERE A SPECIES OF SCORPION WHOSE STING IS DEADLY!

A few days later at Washington, D.C. . . .

THAT'S THE STORY, COMMISSIONER! WHY DID JOHNSON KILL ADAMS AND HARRIS, I DON'T KNOW. JOHNSON PLANNED TO USE THE TRANSMITTER TO SUMMON A PLANE FROM MEXICO! THEN HIS AGENTS WOULD KILL ME AND JOHNSON WOULD BE THE ONLY MAN ALIVE TO KNOW THE SECRET OF PROJECT X! THANKS TO YOU, WE'VE CAUGHT THE CRAFTIEST SPY OUR COUNTRY'S EVER BEEN UP AGAINST!

Later . . .

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF LYIN' TO ME, YOUR FRIENDS, ABOUT MEXICO? WORK AN' ALL!

SORRY, OLD-TIMER, BUT EVEN YOU COULDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS UP TO!



— THE END —

Whiskers *the* Champion

FRIDAY THE 15TH
AT
BARNEY'S BARN

**SLAMMING
SLATTERY:**
Kob
KARLSON

12 ROUNDS
FOR
THE HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPIONSHIP OF
CACTUS COUNTY

THERE AIN'T NO GOOD
PRIZE-FIGHTERS NO MORE--
NUTHIN' BUT **JUNKS!**
THEY AIN'T LIKE THEY
WUZ IN TH' GOOD OL'
DAYS!

YEP-- AN' TH'
GREATEST OF 'EM
ALL WUZ ME!

THAT'S TH'
TRUTH!

THERE WUZ
REALLY SOME
GREAT FIGHTERS
IN TH' OL'
DAYS!



YOU--WHY YOU OL' WIND-BAG--
YOU COULDN'T FIGHT YOUR
WAY OUT OF A **BUTTERFLY
NET!**

IZZAT SO?
LOOK UP TH'
RECORD, BOY!

THE ONLY
THING YOU
EVER LICKED
WUZ A POSTAGE
STAMP!

YES, SIREE -- I WUZ UNDISPUTED CHAMPEN
OF EVERY DIVISION FROM BANTAMWEIGHT
UP TO HEAVY! LOOK UP TH' RECORD!

HWOF RECORD? TH'
MEANE ASYLUM
RECORD?

I always wuz handy with my milts—in my younger days I wuz known as the roughest, toughest hombre in the west...



TAKE THAT AN' THAT AN' THAT AN' THAT.

Course I never thought of fighting for money 'till one day a carnival come to town on...



100 DOLLARS TO ANY MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD WHO STAYS 5 ROUNDS WITH MURPHY THE MONTANA MURDERER!

I NEED A HUNDRED BUCKS TO GRUBSTAKE A PROSPECTIN' TRIP AN' HERE'S WHERE I GIT IT!

HEY, MISTER, I'LL FIGHT THE BUM!



And so...

COME OUT FIGHTING AT THE HELL AND MAY THE BEST MAN WIN!



HEY JUST A MINUTE—HOW COME YUN GIVE HIM 4 OUNCE GLOVES AND ME 40 OUNCE GLOVES!

OH...WELL WE DIGHT WANT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOU!



MY HAND! BROKE MY HAND! *OWWWW!*

POOR GALOOT— I BETTER PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY!



Well I hit him once an' he goes out th' ring takin' th' ropes with him...

AN' YOU WON THE 100 SUCKS, OKAY. NOW LET'S TALK 'BOUT SOMETHIN' ELSE — LIKE THE TRUTH FER INSTANDE...



No, I didn't get th' 100 bucks...

GIVE ME THE MONEY!

YOU AIN'T GETTIN' ANY MONEY! THE DEAL WAS FOR YOU TO STAY THREE ROUNDS WITH MONSTER MURPHY! DID YOU DO IT? NO?



HAH-HA-HA-HA! THEY SHORE GOT THE BEST OF YOU THAT TIME. FIRST TIME YUH EVER ADMITTED BEING OUT-SMARTED!

YEAH, AN' I WUZ OUT-SMARTED AGIN' TOO!



I lock up another carnival an' challenge another prize-fighter. This time I just stand there an' let him bang away at me!

THIS IS THE THIRD ROUND, SOON'S THAT BELL RINGS I'LL COLLECT MY DRUG STAKE!



OH, EXCUSE ME, BUT AIN'T THAT BELL A MITE OVER-DUE? IT'S BEEN TEN MINUTES SINCE THIS THIRD ROUND STARTED!

I'M THE TIME-KEEPER HERE. YOU TEND TO YOUR BUSINESS, AND I'LL TEND TO MINE!



Reckon that was th' longest round in th' history of both. It went on fer hours...

HEY MISTER! WHEN YUH GOIN' TO RING THAT BELL? I RIN HARDLY KEEP MY EYES OPEN!

I'LL RING IT WHEN I'M GOOD AND READY!



AN' YUH KNOW WHAT? WHEN I FINALLY STRETCHED OUT AN' WENT TO SLEEP, THEY WORE UP THEIR PUB AN' RANG TH' BELL, SINCE I HADN'T STAYED TH' 3 ROUNDS. I DIDN'T GIT NO MONEY...

OH, NAH-
WAH-WAH?

STOP, YORE
KILLIN' ME!



IT'S A PLEASURE LISTENIN' TO YORE LIES WHEN YOU GET THE RAW END OF THE DEAL!

I LOST ONE MORE FIGHT AFTER THAT--BUT THEN I STARTED USIN' MY BRAINS AND THAT'S HOW I BECAME CHAMpeen!



I wuz mad 'bout bein suckered by them carnival sharpies! I decided to git some money by goin' into legitimate boxin but--

GANG YUH, WHY DONT YUH STAN' STILL A MOMENT SO I KIN ENJOY YORE ORNERY HEAD OFF?



I LOST THAT FIGHT, TOO, BY DECISION. HE DIDN'T HURT ME, BUT HE HIT ME AND I NEVER HIT HIM ONCE. I FOUND OUT PRIZE-FIGHTIN' WUDN'T NOTHIN' LIKE STREET FIGHTIN'!



Before my next fight, I sneaked into the prison an' laid some for down near one corner an' covered it with roses. Then I got my opponent to step in it!

HEY, WHAT TH--???

HA! I GOT
YUH NOW!



Yup, I wuz usin my head now, da' not just my fists!

WINNER BY A KNOCKOUT AN' NEW CHAMpeen--WHARD WHISKERS!



Another time I substituted rubber ropes for the real ones I let my opponent knock me into the ropes an'....



Them ropes shot me back like a cannon-ball the guy wuz fast—but this time I wuz faster, I hit him like an express train...



When I wuz signed to meet th heavyweight champ, I wuz worried. He outwalgged me by 90 lbs. An' could he hit like a mule...



SAY, CHAMP, KIN I SEE YUH A -MINUTE!

IF YOU'VE GOME TO SEE FOR MERCY YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME!

I'M HERE TO DO YOU A FAVOR MY CONSCIENCE'S BEEN BOTHERING ME 'BOUT TAKIN' SUCH UNFAIR ADVANTAGE OF YOU BY FIGHTIN' YUH EVEN! HERE, USE THESE SOLID CAST IRON GLOVES.



AHH???

Maybe yuh think I wuz crazy—but I wuz just usin' my head aits...



SUCKER, I'M GOING TO KNOCK YOUR HEAD CLEAR OFF!

YOU GOT TO HIT ME FIRST!

The champ swung a few at me and then his arms got so tired from them 50 lb gloves, he couldn't even hit them...



HEY, YOU WOULDN'T HIT A DEFENSELESS MAN, WOULD YOU?

NO, BUT I'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION OF YOU!

YUP, I WUDN'T ONLY THE TOUGHEST FIGHTER IN
RMS HISTORY. I WUZ THE SMARTEST TO BOOT!
AN' THAT'S HOW WHAND WHISKERS GOT TO 'BE
WORLD'S CHAMPION!

I DON'T KNOW 'BOUT FIGHTIN' BUT
YOU SHORE ARE WORLD'S CHAMPION
LIAR!



The next day...

HEY, WHISKERS, THERE'S A STRANGER IN
TOWN WHO WANTS TO FIGHT YUH! COME
ON, HE'S WAITIN' OVER BY TH' LIVERY
STABLE!

HUH! HOW WAIT
A MINUTE!



NOW WAIT---I AIN'T IN
CONDITION---I GOT TO
TRAIN---

I'LL TEAR
HIM LIMB FROM
LIMB!



IS THIS TH' BALOOT WHO WANTS TO FIGHT?
WAL, BLESS MY SORES---I'LL BE GLAD TO
ACCOMMODATE...



ALL RIGHT, YOU OLE GOAT! GIT YOUR
HANDS UP!

GULP!



WHAN-HAN-RIH!
WHAND WHISKERS,
WORLD'S CHAMPION
RURKE!

LOOKS LIKE WHAND
TOOK IT ON TH'
LIMB! HA HA!

HUSTER!!



NIGHT FALLS SILENTLY OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE... ONLY THE FAINT FAR-OFF HOWL OF A COYOTE DISTURBS THE QUIET TRANQUILLITY... A YOUNG LADY STEPS OUT OF HER HOUSE TO GAZE FOR A MOMENT AT THE STARS GLITTERING IN THE CLEAR WESTERN SKY, AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE NIGHT BECOMES.....

NIGHTMARE

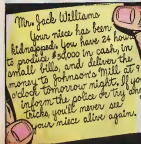


A revolver-butt to the head silences the terrified girl. She is swiftly dropped to a horse and carried off into the night.



Sound travels far in the night... and two riders have heard her cry...









COME ON, WHISKERS. WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE. THERE'S A TROUT STREAM ABOUT TEN MILES FROM HERE I WANT TO INVESTIGATE.

OH, BOY? WE'RE GOIN' FISHIN' RUN?



WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE FISHING, WHISKERS, BUT MAYBE WE CAN DO A LITTLE AWNTIN'...

I SHOULD'VE KNOWN! HERE WE GO AGAIN!



Later...

JOHNSON'S MILL...

WHAT A GREEPY-LOOKIN' PLACE...WHAT WE GOIN' TO HUNT? SPOOKS?



EIGHT O'CLOCK... WE'VE GOT AN HOUR TO WAIT. LET'S CLIMB UP TO THE LOFT. THERE'S A WINDOW WE CAN LOOK OUT.

AN HOUR IN THIS SPOOKY JOINT? AN' IN THE DARK? BRRRRR...



The hour passes...the creaking of the broken wheel obliterates the sound of approaching hoofbeats, and then---

WILLIAMS! WHERE ARE YOU?

SHH!



HERE I AM. DON'T MAKE SO MUCH NOISE. A COUPLE OF STRANGERS SAW THAT RANSOM NOTE LAST NIGHT, BUT THERE WAS NO WAY I COULD TELL YOU. TAKE THE MONEY AND GET AWAY FROM HERE FAST BEFORE SOMETHING GOES WRONG!



Minutes later...



DON'T WORRY!
WE'RE ALMOST
AT THE OL' CANYON
SPAN!

WE'LL CUT THE
BRIDGE DOWN BEHIND
US! THAT'LL
STOP 'EM!



But the kidnapers don't know Tarzan!



HEY! WHUT ABOUT
MC? YUH AIN'T
GONNA LEAVE MC
BEHIND, ARE YUH??

DON'T WORRY,
WHISKERS---



I WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO
WITHOUT YOU! HERE, GRAB
THE ROPE!

Meanwhile, in a miner's abandoned shack...



HOW'D IT GO,
BOYS? YOU GET
TH' MONEY
AWRIGHT?

YEAH, AN' WE GOT JUMPED,
TWO. WE GOT TO KILL THE
GAMER AN' VAMOOSE OUT
OF HERE!



YOU WOULDN'T?
YOU WOULDN'T
KILL ME IN
GOLD BLOOD!

DON'T WORRY, SISTER, IT
AIN'T GON' TO HURT NONE.
YUH'LL NEVER KNOW WHUT
HIT YUH!

Bad Beauty ---



THEY--WANT
TH'
BLADES--??

ARRRRIGHT, TUM YELLOW-LIVERED
BUNCH OF WARMINTS, WE'LL
TAKE OVER NOW!



DON'T
SHOOT! WE
GIVE UP!

I WANT TO COUNT THIS
RANDOM MONEY
YOU COLLECTED!



ONLY FIVE THOUSAND
DOLLARS? THAT DUNCHESS
IT! MY SUSPICIONS WERE
AVERT!



Later, with the kidnapers safely behind bars...

JACK WILLIAMS HELD \$50,000 IN TRUST TO
HAND OVER TO HIS WIFE ON HER TWENTIETH
BIRTHDAY. HE WANTED THAT MONEY. SO HE
WOULD HOODLUMS TO KIDNAP HER--- AND
KILL HER!



THE "RANDOM PAY-OFF WOULD
VERY NEARLY ACCOUNT FOR THE
MISSING FUND. IT WAS A CLEVER
PLOT. LUCKY FOR THE GIRL WE CAME
ALONG WHEN WE DID.

AND
OBLIVIOUS
FOR THEM!



Rafferty didn't sleep that night. And in the morning decided he could never sleep again until he found out what it was that made men grow old in Rainbow Valley.

Rafferty soon discovered to his astonishment that Rainbow Valley was just another Arizona settlement. It was exactly like any other village of the same size, populated by the same kind of people, some tame, some wild, but all normal.

It was the local postmaster who provided the first clue. "Hodges? DePew? Never heard of them. But if they're old and white-haired they may be with that Carlin fellow. He has a mail box here and sometimes the old geezers come and get the mail. They're a queer bunch. Won't talk to nobody."

Rafferty picked up more information, but not very much. "It's some kind of religious sect," one citizen told him. "Learntwise I think it is."

Another: "Carlin. John Philip Carlin, his name is. A young, tall fellow, with a gift of gab like you never heard. Some kind of a philosopher, or preacher, or something."

But where was Carlin's place? No one knew. Somewhere in the hills east of the valley. Up Waterman Wash, or in the Maricopa Mountains. No one knew for sure. But it was somewhere.

Rafferty mounted his horse and rode up into the hills. He searched stinkily for many hours before he came upon a smaller valley nestled in the high hills where he sighted a group of adobe dwellings built close together.

He tied his horse to a tree and walked into the little settlement. Four Indian women ran when they saw him, but two white-haired old men standing outside a hut hunched here approach without interest. Two more "old" men emerged from a doorway, and they too stood and gazed vacantly at the newcomer.

"Howdy," said Rafferty. "I got lost in the hills and thought I'd never find my way out. Sent a school to see folks again."

The "old" men said nothing. Rafferty noticed an amazing thing, for the men wore nothing but trousers. Only their faces were old. Their bodies were muscular, tanned, and young. They had aged only from the neck up.

Then John Philip Carlin appeared. He wore a shirt and shoes as well as trousers, and a shaven face. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"I'm John Smith of Old Bend," said Rafferty. He explained that his horse had thrown him and run off, leaving him alone.

Carlin snapped his fingers, and an Indian girl appeared, leading Rafferty's horse by the nose. "Would you care to change your story?" asked Carlin.

Rafferty did. He said he'd really come to look up an old friend by the name of DePew. He also knew a Mr. Hodges.

Hodges was produced, but DePew had disappeared months ago. Hodges admitted that he'd met Rafferty, but insisted he'd never invited him to come visit. Lody things were crawling up and down Rafferty's back, when Carlin suddenly grinned and said, "Well, never mind. All men are welcome here. It is suppartime, and we are delighted to have you for our guest."

The food was good, but the coffee was horrible—so were all the people there except Carlin and the Mexican server girl. Unlike the "old" men, Carlin talked to him, and the girl, although silent, at least looked young and alive.

After forcing down the queer-tasting coffee, all Rafferty wanted to do was sleep. He slept a long, long time. When he woke up the next morning, he didn't really wake up. He just got up and walked in his sleep.

As though in a dream, he listened to Carlin tell him about the new life and the greater world. He was so convinced, that he didn't hesitate to sign the necessary papers to transfer the money in his bank account over to Carlin. Time was different here, each day was a year, and so the faithful had to try to look their age. Exposing the face to the sun all day long, and dyeing the growing hair white helped considerably. So did writing letters to one's friends and family soliciting money.

Rafferty spent a few months in this happy state, when gradually his senses returned and he came out of it. The Indian cook, a young lady named Mary, had quietly neglected to flavor his coffee with a certain powder called for in the Carlin recipe. She did so because she was fed up with Carlin's snicker and figured that Rafferty was the man who could and would cook his goose for him if given the chance.

She figured right. Rafferty snickered off one night and came back the next morning with the law.

Despite many "warning" convicts, Carlin pleaded innocent on the grounds of religious freedom. The followers who had joined his religious sect had voluntarily parted with their money, for the good cause. He might have gotten away with it if it hadn't been that the Indian and Mexican girl servants verified Rafferty's testimony.

But the mysterious drug was never found, so Carlin got off on a charge of subornement. After serving less than half of an eighteen month sentence, he was deported to his native England.

His victims recovered slowly, haunted by a growling hanger that was finally satisfied by their neglect. To this day, medical science cannot account for the mysterious drug used to snuffly the victims of Carlin's profitable scheme.

But it was learned that Carlin had spent many years in India before coming to the United States. India was then, as it still is today, a land of mystery and magic.

Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these 100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!

I just won **\$100.** and this 15" tall Silver Trophy
 I just won this **\$1,000,000 Body and a Gold Medal!**

You Can Win All These
 just as I did
 in **10**
MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!

I GAINED
60 LBS. OF HANDSOME
HARD-HITTING
MUSCLES!

Which of these
2 ME'S is YOU?

that 125 lb. - 6 ft. CHICKEN
WEAKLING WAS ME
 A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

That was the
 first time I
 ever won \$100
 and this 15" tall
 Silver Trophy.
 I just won this
 \$1,000,000 Body
 and a Gold Medal!
 I just won
 \$100. and this
 15" tall Silver
 Trophy. I just
 won this \$1,000,
 000 Body and a
 Gold Medal!

THIS WAS MY
LAST
CHANCE
 TO WIN FOR
ALL 5 10c
 STAMPS
 IN THE
MILLIONS DRAW
 BEEN USED FOR
IT AND MORE



These are
 many exercises
 you'll get
 from my
 FREE book.

yourself
NOW

NO! I find you
 don't have to be

SKINNY any more.

Just mail **NOW** the **FREE**
 coupon below as I did.

Soon **YOU** can add
7 inches to your **CHEST**
3½ inches to **EACH**
ARM and the rest in
 proportion as I did!

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- How to Build a **BIGGY ARMS**
- How to Build a **BIGGY BACK**
- How to Build a **BIGGY ABDOMEN**
- How to Build a **BIGGY GRIP**

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 NOW
 on sale
 for only
25¢



Come On, PAL
NOW YOU give me

10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
 in your own home
 and I'll give **YOU**

A NEW HE-MAN BODY for
 your **OLD SKELETON FRAME**

from **George S. Powell** Author of *How to Build*
 by Mail - 1955 Edition

NO! I don't lose time
 on this. I'm a busy
 man. I don't have
 time to go to
 the gym. I don't
 have time to
 eat. I don't have
 time to sleep.
 I don't have time
 to do anything
 else. I don't have
 time to be a
 champion.



GEORGE S. POWELL
 "Champion of
 Champions"
 & Author of
How to Build
 by Mail

JOHN SILL
 was a **125 lb.**
6 ft WEAKLING
LOOK at him NOW!
A BROWNE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as YOU
can be!
soon!

YES! You can **FREE** from your **WIDE** of **WEAK** MUSCLES, and to **YOUR**
NEW **BIG**
 muscles! **Just** **mail** **me** **now!** **You'll** **receive** **an** **AMAZING** **FREE**
coupon **to** **order** **my** **new** **book!** **It** **will** **teach** **you** **how** **to** **lose** **weight**
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coupon **to** **order** **my** **new** **book!** **It** **will** **teach** **you** **how** **to** **lose** **weight**
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TO THE SECRET OF TREASURE CAVE-

How Gray Shadow Tracked Down the Mystery of Spike's Scatter Brains!

GIVEN! BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!
WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!



GEE! A NEW BIKE!

LAST WEEK HE TOOK A NEW AIR RIFLE IN THAT CAVE.

WHERE'S SPIKE GET THAT STUFF?

GRAY SHADOW HAS GOT TO TRAIL HIM!



I'LL BUY 2 BOXES OF WHITE CLOVERLINE BRAND SALVE, SPIKE! IT'S WONDERFUL... AND THESE ART PICTURES YOU GIVE ARE LOVELY!

THANKS, MRS. JONES! THAT MAKES 10 BOXES I'VE SOLD THIS MORNING. IT'S GREAT!

LOOK! FREE SQUIRY GIVE-UM WAMPUM!



HIM STOP 4 WIGWAGS-SQUIMS. GIVE-UM MUCH WAMPUM.

LOOK! A REAL WATCH TOO!

MAKE HIM TALK!



I CONFESS, KIDS-I GOT ALL THESE PREMIUMS JUST FOR SELLING WHITE CLOVERLINE BRAND OF BOT! IM SALVE. NEXT WEEK I'M SENDIN' IN GETTING A CAMERA...IT'S THAT COMPOUN RIGHT AWAY!

ME TOO! I WANT A RADIO!



OUR 2ND YEAR

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ACT NOW!

ACT NOW!

MAIL COUPON!

YOU GET BIG CATALOG



ACT NOW!



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WE TRUST YOU!

MAIL COUPON!

LET'S GO!

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OUR 2ND YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE!

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BUSTER CRABBE

10

May 1953

Cover	MIKE ROY*	
The MYSTERY of Rainbow Valley Rob + Patricia		2
PC - The Swim for LIFE	MIKE ROY*	9
PC - The Spy	Jack Beaman	7
Whiskers the Champions	Jeany Franco	6
NIGHTMARE	?	7