



BUSTER CRABBE

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Approved
by F. B. I.



This is a
FAMOUS
FUNNIES
Publication

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Walt
Disney

HOWER ON THE RANGE.



The RATTLESNAKE MURDER



HMM... A VERY INTERESTING COLLECTION OF SNAKES... ISN'T IT, WHISKERS?

YUP 'SPECIALLY THAT TWO-LEGGED ONE IN TH' MIDDLE...



IF THAT ISN'T DOG BUTLER IN PERSON, HE'S A DEAD RINGER FOR HIM...

NO RINGER COULD BE THAT DEAD--- IT AIN'T NOBODY BUT DOG BUTLER! BUT WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN 'WARMIN' CON' OUTTA JAIL?



BUSTER! WHISKERS! IT'S WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU AGAIN! HOW ARE YOU?

FINE, MR. JONES! HOW ARE YOU AND THE SNAKE BUSINESS GETTING ALONG?







NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE, I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU FELLOWS FOR NOT GIVING ME AWAY!

DON'T TALK TO US YET, DOCTOR BUTLER. YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO FIRST. WHEN DID YOU BREAK JAIL?



I DON'T. I WAS PAROLED FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR. I TOOK WHAT MONEY I HAD, CHANGED MY NAME, CAME HERE AND BOUGHT INTO JONES' BUSINESS. I'VE GONE STRAIGHT, SISTER.



I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON. NO MATTER HOW SMART A CROOK IS, THERE'S ALWAYS A MAN LIKE YOU TO OUTSMART HIM... I'M THROUGH WITH CRIME!

THEN YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT WE WON'T GIVE YOU AWAY!



An hour later...

GOOD-NIGHT, FOLKS. I'M GOING TO HIT THE HAY.

AND I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT'S KEEPING UNCLE. HE NEVER STAYED THIS LATE AT THE LAB BEFORE.



Then, suddenly...
EEK!!

WHAT IN TARNATION...?

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO JENNY!



COME, QUICK! I THINK UNCLE'S DEAD! AND THERE'S A BIG SNAKE LOOSE IN THERE!

HOLD IT, RUSTER! DON'T GO INSIDE TILL I GET THERE... I CAN HANDLE SNAKES!



BUSTER!
WATCH OUT!
THAT SNAKE
IS DEADLY!

IF IT BIT
YOUR UNCLE,
IT WON'T
HAVE VERY
MUCH VENOM
LEFT!



BESIDES, I DON'T
INTEND TO TAKE ANY
CHANCES.



ROOMS UP A SNAKE LIKE
THAT, AND NOT TAKING ANY
CHANCES? YOU'RE OUT OF
YOUR MIND!

BRACKS, JEMIE,
BUSTER'S RUN-AROUND IS
CICKER'N ANY SNAKE.



WE'LL JUST MAKE
YOU TEMPORARILY HARM-
LESS SNAKE, SO YOU
CAN'T DO ANY MORE
DAMAGE!



THIS SNAKE
COULDN'T HAVE
BITTEN, AND
HAVE ALL THIS
VENOM LEFT!

HE WAS
BITTEN, ANFRIGHT.
GOT TWO PUNCTURES
IN HIS
ARM!



I'LL GIVE HIM AN ANTI-
VENOM INJECTION, AND
THEN PHONE FOR THE
DOCTOR!

TOO
LATE FOR
THAT
HE'S
DEAD!

OH-HH



THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE, A MAN DOESN'T DIE *INSTANTLY* FROM A SNAKE BITE. HE WOULD HAVE HAD TIME TO GO FOR HELP.

THERE'S A BUMP ON HIS HEAD, MUSTA SLIPPED AN' BANGED HIS HEAD ON TH' TABLE-LEG AN' GOT SHOCKED COOLD!



THAT *EXPLAINS* IT THEN... POOR MR. JONES... HE WAS SUCH A GRAND OLD MAN...



The next night... WHERE TUN BEEN ALL DAY, BUSTERY?

WOULDY DOWN AT THE CORONERS OFFICE, CHECKING WITH THE MEDICAL EXAMINER, YOU SEE, I ASKED THAT AN AUTOPSY BE PERFORMED.



AN *AUTOPSY*? BUT WE *KNOW* WHAT KILLED HIM!

NOT QUITE. JONES DIED FROM SNAKE VENOM, ALL RIGHT--BUT FROM A DOSE THAT WOULD HAVE REQUIRED THE *COMBINED* EFFORTS OF A *DOZEN* RATTLE-SNAKES!



FURTHERMORE, THE BLOW ON HIS HEAD WASN'T CAUSED BY THE TABLE-LEG, BUT FROM SOMETHING *PASSED*— LIKE A *BLACKJACK*!



FINALLY--THE PUNCTURES ON JONES' ARM ARE *WIDER APART* THAN THE FANGS OF THE DIAMONDBACK WE FOUND LOOSE IN THE LAB.

ARE YOU... SAYING THAT MR. JONES WAS *INJECTED*?



BUT WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL UNCLE?

THAT'S WHAT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT. HIS DEATH WASN'T ACCIDENTAL, THAT'S CERTAIN.

EXCUSE ME, I'M GOING OUT FOR SOME AIR...



I'D GO OUT FOR SOME AIR, TOO... BUT YOU WOULDN'T LET ME OUT OF YOUR SIGHT, NOW.

WHAT NAMED YOU SAY THAT? GOT SOMETHING ON YOUR CONSCIENCE, MR. JARRESON?



A LITTLE LONGER... I'M GOING TO TURN IN EARLY... ALL THIS HAS MADE ME FEEL SICK... JONES MURDERED.

DON'T WORRY, JARRESON... WE'LL SET THE GUILTY PARTY, I PROMISE YOU THAT!



Buster waits a few minutes and then...

I AM! I'M MOVING! DON'T KILL JONES, BUT WITH MY POLICE DOG? RECORD, I'LL BE SUSPECT NUMBER ONE!



SO I'M MAKING MYSELF SCARED UNTIL THE REAL KILLER IS FOUND, UN? WHAT'S THAT?

YOU DROPPED SOMETHING!



YOU DROPPED EXHIBITS A AND B IN THE JONES MURDER CASE! A... TWO HYPODERMIC SYRINGES TIED TOGETHER SO THE NEEDLES WOULD INJECT LIKE A *SNAKE'S FANGS!* B... THE BILLY THAT MADE POSSIBLE THE INJECTION!



IT'S A *FRAME*? I DON'T DO IT! I'M SETTING OUT OF HERE!



COME BACK HERE, OGG! IF YOU RUN OUT, I'LL HAVE A *TOUGH* TIME *PROVING* THAT YOU'RE *NOT* GUILTY!

HUH?? YOU MEAN YOU *BELIEVE* I'M *INNOCENT*??



I SEARCHED YOUR ROOM EARLIER TODAY, OGG...AND THOSE INCRIMINATING LITTLE ITEMS WEREN'T HERE! THE EVIDENCE WAS *PLANTED* TO *FRAME* YOU!

I KNOW THAT, BUT *WHY*??



WHY? DID YOU MURDER MR. JONES, GANNY?

WHAT? YOU *KNOW*? BUT YOU *CAN'T* KNOW! I PLANNED IT *PERFECTLY*!



FIRST YOU PLANNED IT TO LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT, AND WHEN YOU FOUND OUT THAT *FAKES* YOU TRIED TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE JAMERSON WAS THE KILLER. *WHY*??

I KILLED JONES SO THAT I COULD TAKE OVER HIS BUSINESS AFTER I MARRIED JENNIE...THAT WAY I WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT GETTING A JOB...



I ONLY FEEL SORRY, FOR JENNIE...BUT I DON'T THINK SHE'LL MOURN *POOR* DEATH WHEN THEY SPRING THAT TRAP UNDER YOU!

Whiskers and Bobo the Bullard

I THOUGHT WHISKERS WUZ TH' ONLY TALKIN' JACKASS, BUT SEEMS THERE'S TWO OF 'EM!

WHY YUN CONSIDERED, GOLDURNEED, BLANKETY-BLANK, NO-ACCOUNT, DAD-RATTED POLECAT, IF YUN WUZNT PEEBLE-MINDED AN' INFIRM, I'D TEAR YUN LIMB FROM LIMB!

THAT WUZ A DILLY OF A PITCHER! SHORE WUZ FUNNY!

A JACKASS TALKIN'! WHAT FANTASTIC STUFF WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT?

FRANKLYN TALKIN' JACKASS



BESIDES THERE AIN'T NUTHIN' SO REMARKABLE! 'BOUT A TALKIN' JACKASS. DID I EVER TELL YOU 'BOUT BOBO?

NO, AND NEVER DO.



HOW BOBO WUZ A REALLY REMARKABLE WHIMMY. HE SAVED MY LIFE WHEN I WUZ LOST IN TH' DESERT.

WHY DID HE EVER WANT TO DO A STUPID THING LIKE THAT ANY?



There I wuz, in th' middle of Death Valley, an' dyin'. I hadn't had a drop of water in a month, an' couldn't hold out much longer...



Then I collapsed, unable to crawl on. Th' buzzards sat around me, waitin'. I knew an' they knew, it wuz goin' to be a short wait...



An' then it happened...

PETTY DON'T TELL THEM OTHER BUZZARDS I TOLD YOU, BUT THERE'S A WATER HOLE RIGHT OVER THE NEXT SAND DUNE.



I figured I wuz out of my mind and heard things, but even so, it gave me renewed hope, an' renewed strength, an' I managed to crawl over the dunes...



An' shore enough, there wuz th' water hole! I wuz saved!

GLUB, GLUB, GLUB,
GLUB, GLUB, GLUB...



GRAT! GRAT!
GRAT!

SEEMING AS HOW I'M
A BUZZARD, I SHOULD
BE ASHAMED OF MYSELF.





I'VE HEARD OF TALKIN' PARROTS AN' EVEN CROWS, BUT I NEVER HEARD OF A TALKIN' BUZZARD!

WELL, I'M A SPECIAL CASE, SO TO SPEAK. AN OLD PROSPECTOR FOUND ME WHEN I WAS A BABY AN' KEPT ME FOR A PET. THAT'S HOW I LEARNED TO SPEAK ENGLISH!



THEN HE STRUCK IT RICH AN' MARRIED A SOCIETY LADY. SHE REFUSED TO HAVE A BUZZARD IN THE HOUSE, SO I WAS KICKED OUT. WASN'T ANYTHING FOR ME TO DO BUT TO JOIN A FLOCK OF BUZZARDS.

WHY, YER POOR THING.....



YER SAVED MY LIFE, BUZZARD! YER KINNE' MY PET! I'LL FEED YER, AN' PROVIDE FER YER, AN' LOVE YER LIKE A BROTHER. YER DON'T HAVE TO ASSOCIATE WITH NO LOW-DOWN, DISGUSTIN' BUZZARDS...

YOU LOOK KIND OF LOW-DOWN AND DISGUSTING YOURSELF, BUT IT'S A DEAL.



WELL I TOOK THAT BUZZARD HOME, BOBO HIS NAME WUZ ON' I TREATED HIM LIKE A KING...

ROAST PHEASANT MAH? I TOLD YOU I WANTED BROILED LOBSTER AND CAVIAR FOR 'N DINNER!

I TRIED EVERY STORE IN TOWN, BOBO, BUT THEY DON'T CARRY THAT STUFF!



FER A BUZZARD, THAT BIRD SHORE WUZ FUSSY 'BOUT HIS FOOD. I' WASN'T LONG AFORE I WUZ BROKE FROM TH' EXPENSE OF FEEDIN' HIM...



BEANS?? YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO EAT BEANS??

THAT'S ALL I KIN AFFORD.



WHEREAS, YOU LAZY BUM,
WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT AND
GET A JOB SO WE CAN AFFORD
TO EAT PROPERLY!

BECAUSE IT'S BEEN A
FULL TIME JOB
JUST FILLING YOUR
FOOD ORDERS! YUH
THINK SQUARE AN'
TRUFFLED AN'
CHOCOLLA LIVERS
GROW ON TREES!



BUT YUH'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA!
I'M GOIN' TO GET FODR A JOB!

AN' THAT'S
UTTERLY
RIDICULOUS!
WHO EVER HEARD
OF A BUZZARD
WORKING?



AN' WHO EVER HEARD OF A
BUZZARD TALKIN' I'M
PUTTING YOU ON TH' STAGE!
WE'LL MAKE A PORTUNE!

I DON'T
WANT TO
WORK! IT'S
AGAINST MY
PRINCIPLES!
IT AIN'T ETHICAL!
IT'S UNCONSTITUTIONAL!



I'VE GOT TH' GREATEST
MAUDSVILLE ACT IN HISTORY!
A TALKIN' BUZZARD! SAY
SOMETHING, BOBO!

I REFUSE TO
WORK!

VENTRILOQUIST
ACTS ARE A DIME
A DOZEN. SCRAM!



CALL ME A DUMMY! WE'LL SAY APOLOGIZE
FOR THAT INSULT OR I'LL BITE YOUR
NOSE!

HEY!



THIS DUMMY AIN'T NO
BUZZARD, MISTER-----
I MEAN THIS BUZZARD
AIN'T NO DUMMY!

WHAT WHEREAS IS
TRYIN' TO SAY IS
THAT HE AIN'T NO
VENTRILOQUIST. HE'S
JUST A JERK LIKE
YOU!



AWRIGHT, SO MAYBE IT WUDN'T YORE FAULT! BUT IF YUN THINK YORE GOIN' TO STAY HERE AN' EAT ME OUTTA HOUSE AN' HOME, YORE LOSS! WIMPORE!



SO YUN SEE, IT WUZ AN ACCIDENT! BOBO WROTE ME THIS NOTE TO EXPLAIN WHYRE COULDN'T TALK. SO PLEASE DON'T SUE ME LIKE YUN SAID WOULD!



THE BUZZARD WROTE THIS?

A BUZZARD THAT CAN WRITE! THAT'S BETTER THAN JUST TALKING! WE'LL MAKE MILLIONS! MILLIONS!



HUNT!

And as...



BOBO, OH BOBO!
BOBO BUZZARD!
YOO-HOO!

UH, ANY OF YOU BUZZARDS SEEN BOBO? HE'S THAT BUZZARD WHUT TALKS ENGLISH.



BOBO? BOBO? I DON'T BELIEVE I KNOW HIM.

ME NEITHER. NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

IF WE EVER RUN INTO HIM, WE'LL TELL HIM YOU WANT TO SEE HIM!



THANKS...

I LOOKED AN' LOOKED BUT NEVER FOUND THAT TALKIN' BUZZARD. I WUZ HEART-BROKEN...



YORE GOIN' TO HAVE A HEAD TO MATCH!

THE STORY OF JONATHAN CHAPMAN

IF WE had to name the one greatest, most courageous and heroic figure of our pioneer days, we would have to select Jonathan Chapman above all others.

It's difficult to believe that this strange man and his life was factual and not fiction. You've probably never heard of him by his real name, but this man has a million memorials all across our nation—not memorials of cold, gray stone, but memorials of living, fruitful things.

He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1773. Almost nothing is known of his early years, or of his family, for Chapman was always reticent to talk about himself. Actually, the first well-authenticated facts in the history of Jonathan Chapman do not occur until 1801 when he was observed in the Territory of Ohio with a horse-load of apple seeds, which he planted in various places along the borders of Licking Creek.

During the next five years, although he was undoubtedly engaged in the same strange occupation, we have no authentic records of his movements. In the spring of 1806, a pioneer settler in Jefferson County, Ohio, noticed a peculiar-looking craft, an even more peculiar-looking occupant and a curious cargo, slowly drifting with the current of the Ohio River. It was "Johnny Appleseed," by which name Jonathan Chapman was afterward known in every log cabin from the Ohio River to the Northern lakes, and westward to the prairies of what is now the State of Indiana.

With two canoes tied together he carried a cargo of apple seeds to the Western frontier, to create orchards on the farthest outskirts of white settlements. With his canoes he passed down the Ohio to Marietta, where he entered the Muskingum, going upstream until he reached the Walhonding, and still onward, up the Mohican, into the Black Fork, to the region now known as Ashland and Richland counties.

It was a long, hard journey, as a glance at the map will show, and must have occupied a great deal of time, for the lone traveler stopped at every likely-looking spot to plant his seeds.

He obtained the seeds from the cider-presses of

Western Pennsylvania. The canoe voyage of 1806 seems to have been the only occasion upon which he used boats for transportation. All his subsequent journeys were made on foot. Having planted his stock of seeds, he would return to Pennsylvania for a new supply. Securely packed in leather bags, the seeds were then conveyed, sometimes on the back of a horse but more often on his own shoulders, back over the old Indian trails into the wilderness.

Johnny Appleseed was a small, wiry man with long dark hair, a scraggy beard that was never trimmed, and sharp black eyes sparkling with a peculiar brightness.

He often went bare-footed even in the coldest weather. Sometimes, for particularly long hard journeys, he would fashion for himself a crude pair of sandals, or wear any cut-off foot-gear he chanced to find—often a boot on one foot, an old moccasin on the other.

On one occasion a settler noticed Johnny traveling bare-footed through mud and snow, and forced him to accept a pair of shoes. A few days later the settler again saw Johnny plodding contentedly along, his feet bare and half-frozen. Demanding to know why he wasn't wearing the shoes that had been given him, the settler was told that Johnny had chafed upon a poor family that seemed to be in greater need of shoes than himself; so he had given the shoes to them.

Dress was of small importance to Johnny Appleseed. He wore the cut-off clothing of the pioneers, which he accepted as payment for his apple-trees. In his later years, even this patched and ragged second-hand raiment seemed too luxurious for him, and his principal garment was made from a coffee sack, with holes cut for his head and arms to pass through, and which was, as he stated firmly, "a very serviceable cloak, and as good clothing as any man could wear."

In the matter of head-gear his taste was equally unique. The pot in which he cooked his meager meals also served him for a hat.

Thus clad, he was forever wandering through forests and swamps with his heavy sacks of apple

seeds, and suddenly popping up in white settlements and Indian villages.

These must have been some rare quality of genetic goodness in his character, for despite his ridiculous stiles, he was always treated with the utmost respect by the reddest frontiersman.

The Indians, too, treated Johnny with the greatest kindness. The savages regarded him as a "great medicine man" because of his strange appearance, eccentric behavior, and especially because of the ferocity with which he could endure pain. In proof of this, he'd often thrust pins and needles into his flesh. He probably was much less sensitive to pain than ordinary people, for his method of treating the cuts and sores he suffered as a result of his barefooted wanderings through briars and thorns was to sear the wounds with a red-hot iron.

During the war of 1812, when the frontier settlers were attacked and slaughtered by the Indian allies of Great Britain, Johnny Appleseed continued his wanderings and was never harmed by the roving bands of hostile redskins.

Because of the impunity with which he ranged the country, he was able to give the settlers warning of approaching danger. Especially after Hull's surrender, when large bands of Indians and British soldiers were destroying everything before them and even murdering defenceless women and children, Johnny travelled day and night alerting the countryside. He refused all offers of food; he denied himself a moment's rest; he kept on the move until he had warned every settler in the region of the impending peril.

Johnny was a vegetarian, and believed it to be a sin to kill any creature for food. He considered all living things as sacred, and whenever he saw an animal abused, or heard of it, he would purchase the animal and give it to some more humane settler on condition that it be treated kindly and properly cared for.

Johnny never ceased to feel remorse over the fact that once "in a moment of angry anger" he had killed a rattlesnake that had bitten him.

On one occasion, a cool autumn night, when Johnny, who always camped out in preference to sleeping in a house, had built a fire for warmth, he noticed that the blaze attracted large numbers of mosquitoes, some of which flew too near the flames and were burned. He immediately brought water and quenched the fire.

In 1838, thirty-seven years after his appearance on Licking Creek, Johnny observed that civilization, wealth and population were pressing into the wilderness of Ohio. Before this he had easily kept just in advance of the wave of settlement. But now towns and churches had come into being, and the stage-driver's horn broke the silence of the forests, and Johnny felt that his work was done in the region in which he had labored so long. He visited every house, and said a solemn farewell to all the families.

Once again he went westward into the wilderness.

During the next nine years he pursued his eccentric but worthy avocation on the western border of Ohio and in the far reaches of Indiana. In the summer of 1847, (when his labors had literally borne fruit over a hundred thousand square miles of territory) at the close of a warm day, after having traveled some twenty miles, he entered the cabin of a settler in Allen County, Indiana, and was, as always, warmly welcomed.

He accepted some bread and milk, but declined to eat with the family. And, as usual, refused more comfortable accommodations, and slept on the bare floor.

In the morning, the family could not rouse him. He was so near death that although he managed to open his eyes to look at his friends and managed, too, a wan smile, he could not speak.

A doctor was summoned. The physician confirmed that Johnny Appleseed was dying, and added that he had never in all his life seen a man in so placid a state at the approach of death. At seventy-two years of age, forty-six of which had been devoted to his self-imposed mission, he ripened into death as naturally and beautifully as the seeds of his own planting had grown into fibre and bud and blossom and at last the matured fruit. . . .

Thus died one of the most memorable men of pioneer times, who never inflicted pain on any other than himself, and never knew an enemy—a man of strange habits, in whom there dwelt so profound a love that it reached downward to the lowest forms of life and upward to the very throne of God. A laboring, self-sacrificing benefactor of his people and his country, homeless, solitary and rugged, he sowed the thorny earth with bare and bleeding feet, sown only upon making the wilderness fruitful.

The MOUNTAIN that DISAPPEARED

A TRUE STORY OF THE OLD WEST



EVERY STATE IN THE UNION HAS ITS LEGENDS OF LOST MINES, SOME TRUE, SOME MYTHICAL, BUT NONE HAS A STRANGER STORY THAN ARIZONA'S LOST MOUNTAIN OF GOLD, AN AUTHENTIC STORY RECORDED IN THE DIARY OF JOHN HIX, AND VERIFIED BY A MURDER WHICH BROUGHT OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION, BUT NO SOLUTION. THE MOUNTAIN THAT DISAPPEARED REMAINS TO THIS DAY ONE OF THE MOST PERPLEXING MYSTERIES IN OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY!

Our story opens in Tucson, Arizona Territory, in 1872. Gold was on every man's mind, and young John Hix was no exception...

I'M TIRED OF RIDIN' HERD. I'D LIKE TO TEAM UP WITH SOME PROSPECTOR AND HIT THAT RAINBOW TRAIL.



WANT TO FIND THAT PLOT OF GOLD? GOODSON IS MY NAME, AN' IF YOU GOT MONEY ENOUGH TO BUY FLOUR AN' BACON, YOU GOT YOURSELF A PARTNER!



The best dog the new partners crafted off!

'BOUT FORTY MILES FROM FALSTAFF IS AN INJUN VILLAGE. THEM INJUNS GOT A LEGEND 'BOUT A MOUNTAIN FULL OF GOLD. I ALWAYS WANTED TO INVESTIGATE THAT...



DOODEN, AN OLD HAND AT PROSPECTING AND FAMILIAR WITH THE REGION, KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT. WHEN THEY REACHED THE INDIAN VILLAGE SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE FRIENDLY INJUNS CONFIRMED THE STORY.



YES, IT IS TRUE. THERE IS SUCH MOUNTAIN, MUCH GOLD, BUT NO WATER. YOU GO, YOU DIE.

WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES ON THAT.



IN DESERT ONLY VULTURE FIND BIRD. MAN FIND DEADLY! YOU STAY HERE. EAT, REST. THEN YOU GO BACK.



LODY...

WHAT DO YOU THINK, DOODEN? ARE WE ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE?

YUP, THE WILD GOOSE THAT LAYS TH' GOLDEN EGGS! THEM INJUNS GOT SOME REASON FER TRYIN' TO DISCOURAGE US, BUT THEY AIN'T POOLIN' NEF!



INDIAN NO WANT WHITE MAN FIND GOLD. GOLD BRING MANY MORE WHITE MAN. WHEN WHITE MAN COME, INDIAN MUST GO.

SO THAT'S IT? WAL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY HERE. IF WE FIND GOLD WE AIN'T GOIN' TO TELL NOBODY WHERE WE FOUND IT.





SUN FLOWER TAKE YOU TO MOUNTAIN. BUT INDIAN SPEAK TRUTH. NO WATER. AND MOUNTAIN HAUNTED BY EVIL SPIRIT. MUCH DANGER.

THEN WHY ARE YOU WILLING TO GO WITH US?

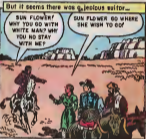


WHY DOES RIVER FLOW TO DEAT?

BY GOSH, HIX, WITH YOUR GOSH LOOKS AN' MY BRAINS WE CAN'T MISS! YOU'VE GOT US A *GUIDE!*



YES. THE INDIAN GIRL HAD FALLEN HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE WITH THE HANDSOME HIX. THE TWO MEN LEFT THEIR HORSES IN THE CARE OF THE INDIANS AND STARTED OUT AT DAWN WITH THEIR GURDS AND AS MUCH WATER AS COULD BE CARRIED.



But it seems there was a jealous waiter...

SUN FLOWER! WHY YOU GO WITH WHITE MAN? WHY YOU NO STAY WITH ME?

SUN FLOWER GO WHERE SHE WISH TO GO!



WE NO FORGET!

LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT A RIVAL ON YOUR HANGS, HIX, WE BETTER STEER CLEAR OF THAT VILLAGE COMIN' BACK!



SUN FLOWER WAS WELL TRAINED IN DESERT SURVIVAL, WHEN THEY REACHED THE LAST WATER HOLE, THEY CAMPED. DEER WERE SLAIN AND SKINNED, THE MEAT SMOKED, THE SKINS CURED, DILES AND SEWN INTO WATER BAGS, THEY WERE WELL PREPARED TO CHALLENGE THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAIN OF GOLD ...



BEHOLD! THE MOUNTAIN!

Two days later the foot of the fabulous mountain was reached and camp made ...

HEY! I FOUND A NUGGET!
THERE'S GOLD HERE ALL
RIGHT.

YAN DO! LOOK
HERE! NUGGETS
ALL OVER THE
PLACE!



The afternoon's search yielded many valuable nuggets, but not their source...

WHERE DID ALL
THESE CHUNKS
OF GOLD COME
FROM.

THEY'VE BEEN WASHED
OUT FROM A VEIN... WE'LL
FIND THE LODE BEFORE
LONG.



Then, suddenly...

EEEEEEK!!!

WHAT IS
THUNDER-
TATION???

SUN
FLOWER!



WHAT AILS
YOU, GIRL?

THERE WAS A MAN—
IT LOOKED LIKE A MAN—
STARING AT ME FROM THE
BRUSH WITH EYES LIKE
FULL MOONS!



THERE'S NOTHING
HERE NOT EVEN AN
ANIMAL PRINT IN
THE SAND!

THEN IT WAS SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAIN!
SPIRIT NO LEAVE
SIGN!



SUN
FLOWER
AFRAID...

IT WAS JUST
YOUR IMAGI-
NATION. GO TO
SLEEP...

NOTHIN' GULD
LIVE OUT HERE
'CEPT SNAKES
'N' LIZARDS,
SO STOP
WORRYN'...



But then, suddenly—

AWHEEEEEE!!!

AWHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

GREAT GUNS! WHAT'S THAT??

IT AIN'T NO SNAKE OR LIZARD!

IS EVIL
SPIRIT??



THE WEIRD HOWLING CONTINUED UNTIL DAWN AND THEN WAS STILL... BUT NOTHING HAD OCCURRED, NO HORN RECALLER THEN... THE NEXT MORNING THE SEARCH FOR GOLD WAS ON AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME SUN FLOWERS WENT WITH THEM, REFUSING TO STAY IN CAMP.



WELL, TH'WAY THIS MOUNTAIN JUTS UP OUT OF TH' FLATLAND, LOOKS LIKE MAYBE AN EARTH-QUAKE FILED HER UP. AN EARTHQUAKE WOULD SHING UP A VEIN INTO NUGGETS AN' SCATTER 'EM AROUND...



The three returned to camp happily—but their happiness was to be short lived...

WE DON'T NEED NO VEIN, WITH ALL THEM NUGGETS LYIN' 'ROUND—HEY! THE BURROS! THEY'RE GONE!!!



AIN'T NEVER HEARD NO ANIMAL OR HUMAN HOWL LIKE THAT... MUST BE SOME DAMNED GOVOTE 'WITH A SORE THROAT WE'LL TAKE TURNS STANDIN' GUARD...

AWHEEEEEE!!!

AWHOOOOOOOOO



Hours later...

FRAID WE'LL HAVE TO SETTLE FOR A MEKE MILLION, NIX, 'STEAD OF A BILLION, DON'T SEEM TO BE NO VEIN...

NO VEIN? THEN HOW DID ALL THESE NUGGETS GET HERE?



SPIRIT, HUMAN OR FOLE-
CAT, TH' ONLY THING
WHAT MATTERS IS
BITTIN' WATER? SEW
UP THERE SASS!

THE BURRO'S
TRACKS SHOULD
BE EASY TO FOLLOW,
IF A DUST STORM
DOESN'T BLOW
UP.



WE GOT ABOUT
A GALLON OF
WATER IN THE
JUG AND ONE
FULL CANTEEN...

I'LL TAKE TH' CANTEEN,
AN' GO AFTER THE BURRO.
I'LL BIT WATER BACK HERE
EVEN IF I HAVE TO LUG
IT ON FOOT!



SUN FLOWER, DO YOU RECKON MAYBE YOUR
JEALOUS FRIEND DID THIS?

SUN FLOWER ONLY KNOW
SHE DID MUCH WRONG BRIND
YOU TO ACCURSED MOUNTAIN.



THERE WAS NO HOWLING AT NIGHT THEREAFTER... JOHN
HIS CONTINUED TO GATHER THE GOLDEN PELLETS FOR
TWO DAYS, BUT ON THE THIRD...

THERE'S VERY LITTLE
WATER LEFT... WE'LL
JUST HAVE TO WAIT
IT OUT IN THE SNAG
UNTIL OODSON GETS
BACK...



But Dodson did not come... After eight days
there had become an agony...

WE CAN'T WAIT ANY
LONGER... WE'VE
GOT TO GET TO
WATER... WE'VE
GOT TO GO NOW...

NOT NOW...
WHEN SUN
SETS.



That night...

WATER TOO FAR AWAY...
WHEN SUNRISE WE
DIE...

WE'LL MAKE
IT... WE'VE GOT
TO MAKE IT...



Down...



Noon...



Night...



Then, a strange rumbling sound reached John Hix's ears...

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR



LISTEN! THAT ROARING!
IT SOUNDS LIKE RUNNING
WATER!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRR



DON'T YOU HEAR IT?
IT'S A WATERFALL! WE'RE
HEAR WATER!

YOU SO...
SEE...

RRRRRRRRRRRRRR



A BIG WIDE ROARING RUMBLING
RIVER! IT'S MAKING THE
GROUND SHAKE! WE'RE HEARD!
SAVED!

But there was no river... no
water... Hix staggered mile
after mile through the night
only to have the strange noise
cease at daybreak...

...THERE WAS NO SOUND...
IT WAS ONLY IN MY MIND...
I'VE GONE INSANE...



HE TRIED TO FOLLOW HIS TRACKS BACK TO WHERE HE LEFT THE INDIAN GIRL. BUT MIST SWAM BEFORE HIS VISION. BLINDED HIM. NUMBED HIM UNTIL ALL HE KNEW WAS THAT HE HAD TO CRAWL ONWARD, AND THAT TO REST MEANT DEATH...



The broiling sun went down at last, and still His crawled on, inch by inch, and then --

WASS! GREEN GLASS! THAT MEANS WATER!



And there was water! Life-giving water!



Having nothing with which to carry water, His could not search for Sun Flower... After two days he found the Indian village...

IT IS THE WHITE PROSPECTOR!



Five Indians with ponies, burros and supplies joined His to search for the girl, four days later, they found --

THAT'S DOODSON, ALL RIGHT... ALL THAT THE VULTURES LEFT OF HIM...



HIM NO DIE OF THIRST. HIM DIE OF BULLETS.

SHOT? I THINK A CERTAIN INDIAN FRIEND OF YOURS IS GOING TO HAVE TO DO SOME TALL EXPLAIN' ABOUT THIS.



For the next five days they searched... His crossed his own tracks several times but none led to the girl!

"IF WE COULD ONLY FIND THE MOUNTAIN, I'D HAVE A LAND-MARK TO GUIDE ME!"

DESERT AIR THIN AND CLEAR. CAN SEE HUNDREDS MILES. NO MOUNTAIN.



And then—

THAT TREE! I'D KNOW IT IN A THOUSAND! THAT'S WHERE WE RUMD OUR HASS! WHERE WE MADE CAMP! THE MOUNTAIN WAS HERE!



THAT ROARING NOISE I HEARD... IT WASN'T RUSHING WATER, IT WAS THE RUMBLE OF AN EARTHQUAKE! THE EARTH OPENED AND SWALLOWED THAT MOUNTAIN!

MAYBE SWALLOW SUN FLOWER, TOO...



FOR THREE MORE DAYS UNTIL WATER WENT OUT. THE PARTY SEARCHED IN VAIN FOR THE GIRL... AND THAT'S ABOUT THE WHOLE STORY. A SHERIFF INVESTIGATED. HE THOUGHT THAT EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MOUNTAIN HAD BEEN DONE BY THE GIRL'S JEALOUS SUITOR, BUT COULDN'T PROVE IT.



THE STORY'S FANTASTIC, BUT TRUE. IN 1875, THE INDIANS OF THE REGION MOVED NORTH, COMPLAINING OF GREAT RINKLINGS THAT SHOOK THE EARTH.



And John His? He went back to riding herd. He never talked much or mixed with others, but kept to himself, quiet and peevable—except when someone mentioned prospecting to him—which no one ever did twice!



END

The MURDERER



THE WEST HAS PRODUCED SOME STRANGE STORIES--BUT NONE STRANGER THAN THE STORY OF GEORGE J. NORWOOD. NORWOOD WAS A PROSPECTOR--ONE OF THE COUNTLESS MEN IN SEARCH OF THE POT OF GOLD...

Norwood teamed up with young Thomas Neasin, fresh out of St. Louis, Missouri--because the youngster had money for a grub stake. They weren't out more than six weeks before Norwood found what he'd been seeking for years--gold!

WE'VE MADE IT, BO, WE'VE
STRUCK IT RICH!
YAKNOO---GOLD!

THEN I DON'T NEED
YOU ANY LONGER!



"Nearin removed all identification from his victim, and..."

NO NEED BURYIN' YUH-- TH' BUZZARDS WILL PICK YOUR BONES CLEAN, AN' WON'T NOBODY KNOW WHO YUH WERE--

"But Nearin's bullet had been deflected by a rib--and Norwood was far from dead!"

YOU DAMNED BUZZARDS ARE WASTIN' YO'RE TIME. I'LL LIVE TO GIVE THAT SNEAKIN' GUY--BUZZARD!



NORWOOD MANAGED TO STAGGER TO THE YARD OF A RANCH-HOUSE. WHEN HE CAME TO, SEVERAL DAYS LATER, HE WAS IN THE HOME OF THE LOCAL DOCTOR ...



I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

YOU STAY PUT, MISTER! YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF HEALING TO DO BEFORE YOU' GO ANYWHERE!

"Norwood 'healed' for two days and then took off! His first stop was the Government Claims office..."

THAT CLAIM HAS ALREADY BEEN FILED BY THOMAS NEARIN. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE TOO LATE, MR. NORWOOD.

OH, I DON'T KNOW 'BOUT THAT ...

"Norwood started for the saloon, and there--"

MY BURRDS! NEARIN'S STILL IN TOWN? I'M IN LUCK!





THOMAS NEARIN, TERRIFIED,
AS ONLY A **COWARD** CAN BE,
RAN INTO THE WILDERNESS!
BUT HE LEFT A TRAIL FOR
THE SLOWER-MOVING
NORWOOD TO FOLLOW...



"And of last..."

I TOLD YOU I'D
CATCH YOU,
NEARIN...

YOU AIN'T CAUGHT
ME YET, NORWOOD!



"Norwood returned to town, but no one believed his story that Nearin had escaped! This was all right with everyone--except the law...! Norwood was brought to trial for **MURDER!**

BUT I **DON'T**
KILL HIM? HE
GOT AWAY!

YOU ARE FOUND GUILTY
OF MURDER, AND SENTENCED
TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT!



"The years passed... no trace of Nearin had ever been found! Norwood, alone, knew he was innocent!"

HE DON'T DROW...
HE'S ALIVE...
SOMEWHERE!



I CAN SWIM,
AND NOW
CAN'T!

I'LL GET YOU--EVEN
IF I HAVE TO TRACK
YUH CLEAR ACROSS
THE EARTH!





AFTER TWENTY YEARS, NORWOOD WAS PARDONED, FOR HE'S BEEN A MODEL PRISONER!



YOU'RE A FREE MAN NOW, NORWOOD! YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL!

GRATEFUL? FOR WHAT? FOR BEING CAGED UP LIKE AN ANIMAL FOR 20 YEARS--FOR A CRIME THAT NEVER HAPPENED?



THE LAW BRANDED ME A MURDERER-- BUT I'M THE ONE WHO WAS MURDERED... BY THE LAW!

HE'S CLAIMED INNOCENCE SO LONG, HE EVEN BELIEVED IT HIMSELF...

"Norwood became a tramp. He was always on the move, walking from town to town... living on hand-outs... walking and searching..."



HE'S GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE...

"Yes, he was somewhere--and Norwood found him! It took over four years of searching..."



I TOLD YOU I'D CATCH YOU, HEARSH!

YOU'VE GOT ME MIXED UP WITH SOMEBODY ELSE-- MY NAME'S MARTIN O. SMITH...



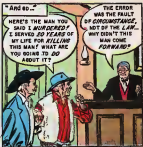
DON'T BE A FOOL, HEARSH! WE FOUND GOLD BEFORE! WE'VE FOUND IT, AGAIN! THE STATE GAVE ME LIFE FOR KILLING YOU, BUT YOU'RE NOT DEAD! I CAN BUE FOR A MILLION!

WHAT DO YOU MEANT?



DON'T YOU SEE? THE STATE HAS TO COMPENSATE ME FOR THE MISTAKE IT MADE! I'LL SPLIT THE DOUGH WITH YOU, FIFTY-FIFTY! WE'LL BE RICH!

YEAH...
YEAH...



"AND SO..."
HERE'S THE MAN YOU SAID I MURDERED! I SERVED 30 YEARS OF MY LIFE FOR KILLING THIS MAN! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

THE ERROR WAS THE FAULT OF CIRCUMSTANCE, NOT OF THE LAW... WHY DIDN'T THIS MAN COME FORWARD?



HE DIDN'T COME FORWARD BECAUSE HE WAS AFRAID THAT IF HE SAVED MY LIFE, I'D TAKE HIS! BUT THE LAW PROVED I KILLED HIM!

MR. MORWOOD, MISTAKES DO HAPPEN --



YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT-- BUT I CAN! I SERVED 30 YEARS FOR MURDERING THIS MAN!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO???



I'M NOT GOING TO DO ANYTHING! I CAN'T KILL YOU, NEARBY-- BECAUSE I ALREADY DID, MORE THAN 24 YEARS AGO!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



I'VE MADE EVERYTHING RIGHT NOW! EVENED IT ALL UP-- FAIR AND SQUARE! NO ONE OWES ANYONE ANYTHING NOW!



And that's the story... The lost heard of George J. Morwood, he was back in the mountains prospecting for gold... alone this time... Some say he got away with murder-- but he didn't -- he just paid for it in advance!

HOMER ON THE RANGE.



HOMER

ON
THE
RANGE.

PROSPECTOR DISCOVERS MILLION
DOLLAR VEIN ON GOAT MOUNTAIN
IN FIRST TEST! *WELL!* IF A TENDER-
FOOT CAN STRIKE A MILLION... THINK
WHAT I CAN DO!



This is Homer...
NOT on the range.

GOAT MOUNTAIN, I'M HERE,
AND IT'S NOT GOAT'S MILK THAT
I'M AFTER!

H'WH! THAT SPECIMEN
AIN'T GOLD!



NEITHER'S THAT! IT *AIN'T* SILVER,
LEAD NOR PLATINUM! I'M GOING TO
MOVE ON TO GREENER FIELDS!



HERE TOO! IT'S ALL JUNK! NOT
COPPER, ZINC OR EVEN PIG-IRON!
I GIVE UP!



Homer comes back home...

AND THIS IS A SPECIMEN
OF ALL THAT YOU
COULD FIND,
HOMER?

YUP! TERRIBLE
JUNK, AIN'T
IT?



ASSAYER ...

JUST TERRIBLE ENOUGH TO BE PUREST
URANIUM, THE MOST VALUABLE MINERAL
IN THE WORLD TODAY!

GIVE ME THE
WIDE OPEN SPACES!
I FORGET NOW
WHERE I FOUND
TONS OF IT!



ASSAYER...



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TELEVISION STAR

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