

A
N
C



AUTHORIZED
A. C. M. P.



BUSTER CRABBE

#12 Sept. 10¢



This is a
**FAMOUS
FUNNIES**
Publication

**"Hey YOU SKINNY
You look like
SOMETHING
THE CAT
DRAGGED IN!"**

the boys called as I dragged myself into the gym, lost weight, built muscles, and made the football team.

It takes 10 minutes a day to gain 100 lbs. of muscle.

CLARENCE
WHEAT
75
lb. Skinny



Now muscle 170 lb.
Like To Have A New
Body Like Mine? I added

7 inches to my **CHEST**
3 1/2 inches to each **ARM**
and to the rest of my
body in proportion as
you can.

John Smith
270 lb.

Before \$4 prices give back
**YOUR LAST CHANCE
TO GET
ALL 5 FREE!**

MYSTERY PACKED COUPONS
MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD
FOR \$1 EACH MORE
Don't miss out a penny
on MYSTERY and something



LAST CHANCE - ALL FREE COUPON!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER 3. FIVE COURSES

SEND TO: JOHN SMITH, 1000 N. W. 10th St., Miami, Fla. 33136

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

3-DAYE you YEARS and GEARSH!!

Come on, PAL, NOW YOU ^{do} as I did
in 10 EASY MINUTES of FUN a day
Get a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME!

**I GAINED 60 LBS.
of SHAPELY
MIGHTY
MUSCLES!**

And the "ALL FREE" coupon
get this "AMAZING
"SECRETS" Photo Book
while you can **FREE!**



This Book
will also show You
HOW YOU CAN WIN
**\$100.00 and A BIG 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY** (Your Name On It)
as I have just done
You'll LOOK like A Real HE-MAN!
WIN WOMEN AND NEW FRIENDS
You'll FEEL like A Real HE-MAN!
Full of New Strength and Self-Confidence
You'll ACT like A Real HE-MAN!
Win an Special Win Promotion, Power, Popularity
and Make More Money

Let's go, young fellow, Now YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR HOME
like **SLIM JOHN SELL DID** and I'll give YOU a New
HE-MAN BODY as I gave **MARY** Thousands like You
NO! Don't get into the only 10 minute a day 100 pound gain body
by the name of HE-MAN! I haven't heard from a person in the
entire world of 100 million who has not at least one word to tell me about
this HE-MAN body of victory, freedom, and joy.

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!**

YOU can get 1000's of pounds
MUSCLE, STRENGTH AND
CONFIDENCE in just 10 minutes
a day. It's the only way to
become a HE-MAN!



Send Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

BEST COPY AVAILABLE
DISTRIBUTOR: JOHN SMITH, 1000 N. W. 10th St., Miami, Fla. 33136
Published by Famous Features Publications, Inc. 1000 N. W. 10th St., Miami, Fla. 33136
N. Y. Copyright 1970 by "Famous Features" Enterprises, Inc. Family subscription: 1 year \$3.95, 3 for \$10.95, 6 for \$20.95. Advertising representatives: Single copy: 15c. United States: Editor and circulation address: 1000 N. W. 10th St., Miami, Fla. 33136. Chicago, Ill. 60606. New York, N. Y. 10019. Toronto, Ontario, Canada: 1000 N. W. 10th St., Miami, Fla. 33136. U.S.A. Postmaster: Please send address changes to: Famous Features Publications, Inc., 1000 N. W. 10th St., Miami, Fla. 33136. Second-class postage paid at Miami, Fla. and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Please send address changes to: Famous Features Publications, Inc., 1000 N. W. 10th St., Miami, Fla. 33136. Printed in U.S.A.
The incidental characters in this magazine are fictitious. If the name of any living person or institution is used, it is a coincidence.

The SABOTEURS

CHARLSTON
CHEMICAL
COMPANY

THE HEADLINES IN THE PAPERS READ: **MUNITIONS PLANT DEMOLISHED!!!** HUNDREDS OF FACTORY WORKERS KILLED AND INJURED AS THE CHARLSTON CHEMICAL BUILDING WAS WIPED BY AN EXPLOSION AT 5:15 P.M. TODAY.

WORLD
COMICS

And miles away from the above scene...

"WE CAN CONGRATULATE OURSELVES, COMRADES! NO ONE SUSPECTS IT WAS SABOTAGE!"

"NOT JUST YET. OUR WORK HAS BARELY BEGUN."



"WHAT'S NEXT ON THE AGENDA?"

"THE ATOMIC ENERGY PLANTS. WE WILL BE CONTACTED. MEANWHILE, LET US RELAX AND ENJOY THE LUXURIES OF THE DECADENT UNITED STATES."



Meanwhile, in another State...

I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU HOME SO EARLY, PROFESSOR STEVENS.

I HAVE TO CHECK SOME PAPERS, HODDER. WILL YOU OPEN THE VAULT, PLEASE.



BUT ONLY YOU HAVE THE COMBINATION, SIR?

OF COURSE. I HAVE THE VAULT ON MY MIND. WHAT I MEANT TO SAY WAS WILL YOU OPEN A BOTTLE OF SHERRY?



VERY GOOD, SIR.

WE'LL BE IN MY STUDY.



A few seconds later...

I SAW YOU FROM THE WINDOW, MR CRABBE! YOU'RE HEAVEN - SURE! SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAD HAPPENED!



IT'S PROFESSOR STEVENS! HE ISN'T PROFESSOR STEVENS!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



HE'S AN IMPOSTER! FIRST HE ASKED ME TO OPEN THE VAULT, WHICH I CAN'T, AND THEN HE SAID OPEN A BOTTLE OF SHERRY WHEN HE NEVER KEEPS WINE IN THE HOUSE!

THIS SOUNDS SERIOUS!







HOLD IT, MR. HEND!
UNBUCKLE YOUR OWN
BELT! ONE FALSE
MOVE AND I'LL
KILL YOU!

I WANT TO
STAY *ALIVE*.
TO SEE YOU
HANGED.



HAVE YOUR
FUN. IT
WON'T LAST
LONG.

IF YOU THINK
ANYONE IS GOING TO
COME TO YOUR RESCUE,
YOU'RE MISTAKEN.



Then...

WE ARRANGED TO HAVE YOUR
HAIRY FRIEND AND THE
BUTLER TO KEEP YOU
COMPANY!



SORRY, LUTER,
BUT THEY
AMUSED
US.

DON'T WORRY,
THESE SPIES
WON'T GET
AWAY WITH
THIS!

SPY! I'LL
HAVE YOU
KNOW WE'RE
RESPONSIBLE
BURGLARS!



And upstairs...

WHILE DORIS WORKS
ON THE SAFE, THE
REST OF YOU TURN THE
PLACE INSIDE OUT!
THIS MUST LOOK LIKE
A BURGLARY.



A few minutes later...

IT'S OPEN!

GOOD! HELP ME
CHECK THESE PAPERS
EVERYTHING MUST BE
REPLACED EXACTLY
AS IT WAS.





OUR VACATION IS OVER, COMRADES. WE STRIKE - ANOTHER BLOW AT THE ENEMY!



The saboteurs begin their deadly work ...

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MISS JONES?

I'M DOING RESEARCH FOR DR. JAMES HILL, HE'S WRITING A BOOK ON OLD MINES. I'D LIKE INFORMATION ON THE QUEST COMPANY GOLD MINE.

U.S. BUREAU OF CLAIMS



WELL, BACK IN 1899, THE QUEST COMPANY SOLD MILLIONS OF DOLLARS OF STOCK ON THE STRENGTH OF A SINGLE NUGGET. THAT NUGGET WAS THE ONLY GOLD THAT EVER FOUND.



THEY DUG A SHAFT OVER THIRTY MILES LONG. ALL THAT FOUND WAS SOME COPPER AND SILVER, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM FROM GOING BANKRUPT.

AND WHERE IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE MINE?



IN THE RED ROCK HILLS, BUT A LANDSLIDE BURIED IT MANY YEARS AGO. I'LL DIG UP A MAP OF IT FOR YOU.

THANK YOU!



Later... GOOD WORK, SONIA! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET INTO THE SHAFT. ASSEMBLE A SMALL ATOMIC BOMB BENEATH THE PLANT, AND SET IT OFF!



Days later...

I PLUNKED DOWN \$50 CASH MONEY AN' BOUGHT MYSELF 5000 ACRES OF THIS HERE LAND! I'M GOIN' TO HAVE ME A RANCH SOMEDAY.

THAT LAND'S SO GOOD!



IS THAT SO? I HEARD THEY WUZ GOIN' TO BUILD A DAM UP IN RED ROCK HILLS!

LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT TRESPASSERS, WHISKERS.



HEY! THIS IS MY PROPERTY!

WE HAD NO IDEA THIS LAND WAS PRIVATELY OWNED OR WE WOULD HAVE ASKED YOUR PERMISSION!



WE'RE FIELD WORKERS FOR THE NATURAL HISTORY FOUNDATION. WE'VE DISCOVERED SIGNS OF FOSSIL REMAINS AT THIS SITE!



WAL, GO AHEAD! I AIN'T GOIN' TO STAND IN TH' WAY OF SCIENCE!

THANK YOU, SIS



LET'S GO, WHISKERS--- HEY! THE GEIGER COUNTER IS CLICKING!

THIRTY-THREE CLICKS! THIRTY-THREE CLICKS! THIRTY-THREE CLICKS!



I ALWAYS CARRY A GEIGER COUNTER WHEREVER I GO, BECAUSE THE COUNTRY NEEDS URANIUM! YOU'RE NOT SCIENTISTS, YOU'RE PROSPECTORS!

NO, OUR FOSSEL-FINDING INSTRUMENTS CONTAIN SODIUM.



I WISH IT ~~WERE~~ URANIUM. BUT IT'S JUST THE RADIUM-ENERGIZED ELECTROMG BOMB LOCATOR.



MIND IF I HAND "ROUND AN' WATCH?

IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU!

I'VE GOT BUSINESS IN TOWN.



WARY BONES KID!

YOU'VE UNCOVERED A MINE SHAFT? SAY, THAT MUST BE TH' OL' GUEST COMPANY MINE!

WE'RE NOT INTERESTED IN MINES!



The saboteurs go twidly to work...

ANOTHER MINE AND WE'LL BE DIRECTLY BENEATH THE GREAT SANDS PROJECT!

AND NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW WHAT CAUSED THE EXPLOSION!



Another mine and boom...

MAKE SURE THAT VALVE IS CLOSED BEFORE YOU WIRE IT!

RIGHT!



WHAT YUH DOIN' YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO GUARD ME...!

GET THE POLICE! WE'RE NOT SCIENTISTS, WE'RE ENEMY AGENTS! WE'RE HERE TO BLOW UP YOUR GREAT SANDS PROJECT!



DON'T ASK QUESTIONS... HURRY!

HERE COMES BUSTER!



The woman explains the fantastic plot...

I KNOW, I CHECKED UP WITH THE NATURAL HISTORY FOUNDATION, BUT WHY ARE YOU CONFESSING?

I'VE SPENT TIME IN YOUR COUNTRY AND SEEN HOW DEMOCRACY AND FREEDOM WORKS! THAT'S WHY!



And so, a little later...

GET YOUR HANDS UP, ALL OF YOU!

SMITH! QUICK! GET OFF THE DETONATOR!



WE'LL BE ANYWAY! SO DIE FOR THE CAUSE!

NO! I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES WITH AMERICAN JUSTICE!

I'LL DEAL OUT THAT JUSTICE QUICK, IF YOU DON'T GO BACK AND DISMANTLE THAT BOMB!



Some weeks later, in Washington, D. C.

I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D TELL ME WHAT SONJA'S SENTENCE WILL BE?

SHE WILL BE SENTENCED TO AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP. WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO ROUND UP ALMOST EVERY COMMUNIST AGENT IN THE COUNTRY, THANKS TO ME... AND THANKS TO YOU!

The ARTIST



THAT THING'S BEEN UP FER YEARS! THAT HONDER MUST HAVE BEEN CAUGHT BY NOW!

NOT YET! HE DON'T COME OUT FROM UNDER COVER 'CEPT FER A FEW HOURS EVERY OTHER YEAR OR SO TO PULL A BIG JOB!

HONDER--I'D LIKE TO DEPOSIT MY MONEY, THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS! IT'S ALL I GOT IN THIS WORLD!

JESS SMALL IS MY NAME, MR. ROBERTSON! I'D LIKE TO INVEST IN A RANCH OR FAIR FOR MY OLD AGE.

YOU MADE A WISE CHOICE WHEN YOU PICKED HULLVILLE, MR. SMALL. THIS IS A THRIVING TOWN!



WHY THAT HORROR MIGHT BE LIVING RIGHT HERE IN TOWN RIGHT HERE AMONGST US!

THAT VARMINT'S A BIG CITY MAN-- HE AIN'T BEEN NO FURTHER WEST THAN CHICAGO!

ARTHUR HUTTON

PARDON ME, COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO DAN JONES' REAL ESTATE OFFICE?

SHORE, STRANGER, IT'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER!

And so Art, the Artist-- and Jess Small, came to Minville! He spent weeks inspecting farms and acreage, but then, one Saturday afternoon, he received a telegram...

READ THIS TELEGRAM, MR. ROBERTSON, AND YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY I MUST HAVE MY MONEY RIGHT AWAY!

BUT--

THE VAULT HAS A TIME LOCK AND CAN'T BE OPENED UNTIL SEVEN O'CLOCK MORNING! BUT I COULD GIVE YOU A CHECK!

A CHECK TAKES TIME TO CLEAR, AND SHE INSISTS ON CASH! I CAN'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY!

YOU HAVE TILL MONDAY-- YOU CAN WITHDRAW THE MONEY THEN AND WIRE IT TO HER!

BUT TELEGRAMS TAKE TIME, AND YOU DON'T OPEN UNTIL NINE O'CLOCK!

WESTERN UNION

KTST4

MISS SMALL
WALLVILLE HOTEL
WALLVILLE, TEXAS

WILL CALL PLANE FOR \$2,000 CASH. MUST HAVE CASH MONDAY MORNING. OTHERWISE WILL TELL TO ANOTHER BUYER.

EDNA WALTON
BAR ALMO
CALIFORNIA



I'LL OPEN AT SEVEN FOR YOU MR. SMALL-- I'LL BE HERE PERSONALLY!

THANKS, MR. ROBERTSON! THANKS A LOT!



LOCK THE DOOR, GEORGE!

I APPRECIATE THIS, MR. ROBERTSON!

And so at seven sharp-- Monday morning...



And then... ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP A MAN OUT-- UN???

YOU CAN HELP ME OUT WITH A LOT MORE-- THAN TWO GRAND-- OPEN THE DOOR, GEORGE!



NOW LOCK THE DOOR, AND LEAVE THE KEYS ON THE FLOOR!



Minutes later...

LOOKS LIKE ROBERTSON'S SENDING OFF A HEAP O' MONEY.



Then, miles from town...

LET'S GET RID OF THE UNIFORMS AND THE PLYWOOD DISGUISE!

It'll be months before the cops
find it and figure out the
armored car gimmick!

ART, YES—
A GENIUS!



MR. ROBERTSON?
WHAT HAPPENED?

WE'VE BEEN ROBBED!
GET THE SHERIFF!



Within minutes, the alarm
flashed across the state.
The bandits had robbed
the Hillville National Bank
of over three hundred thou-
sand dollars! The description
of Jess Small, his Art the
actor Hutton—
Police converged on the
scene...

OKAY, IT'S EACH MAN ON HIS OWN NOW—
ONE CAN GET THE CAR THROUGH THE
POLICE LINES—ONE IS SAFER TRAVEL-
LING HORSEBACK! --- I KNOW WHERE
I'M GOING!



Yes, Art knew where he was
going.

I'M GOING TO STAY RIGHT HERE IN
THIS OLD CABIN UNTIL THE HEAT'S
OFF! AND IF ANYONE COMES
AROUND, I'LL JUST DISAPPEAR DOWN
THAT HOLE I DUG BENEATH THE
FLOOR BOARDS!



Next day...

AM I GLAD
TO SEE YOU?
I NEED YOUR
HELP, MR.
CRABBE...

MR. ROBERTSON, THE BANDITS
CAN'T ESCAPE—YOU'LL GET
YOUR MONEY BACK.



The bank got half the money back, as the two confederates were soon captured, but the artist had seemingly vanished into air. So Buster Grabbe decided that perhaps his help was needed after all....



But Art has anticipated this predicament and prepared for it ..

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE
RIGHT-- I'M NOT
REALLY A GENTLEMAN
AT ALL!



Art swiftly yanks the dangling rope and--

I'M A
GOON RIGHT
NOW!



Art got his hoof from its hiding place and tries to mount Torzan, but...

YOU CRAZY HORSE!
WHEN-- I'LL TAKE
THE OTHER HOG!



LOOK AT IT RUN-- YOU'D
THINK IT HAD SEEN A
RATTLESNAKE OR
SOMETHING!

A little later...

THAT'S BUSTER CRASSE'S
HORSE! WHAT'S IT KICKIN'
UP SUCH A FUSS ABOUT.

SEEMS TO
WANT US TO
FOLLOW HIM.
SAY-- HANTE
BURTER'S IN
TROUBLE.



And so thanks to Torzon—Buster and Whiskers are rescued...

TAI-N'T NO MARK AGAINST YUH BUSTER, GITTA' OUT SMARTER BY THAT ARTIST HOMERE— HE'S A GENIUS...

HE'S A CROOK AND I'M GOING TO GET HIM!



A few days later, Buster pays one of the captured confederates a visit...

WHERE DOES ART THE ARTIST HIDE OUT BETWEEN JOBS? ANSWER ME!

I SHOULDN'T TELL YOU IF I WANTED TO! NOBODY KNOWS HOW TO REACH HIM...



WHERE WOULD HE CONTACT YOU IF YOU HADN'T BEEN CAUGHT?

AT THE SAN SILVERO BAR IN JERSEY CITY! WHEN A PHONE CALL CAME FOR HARRY HARRIS, I'D ANSWER IT!



THANKS-- THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW.

ART KNOWS I'M IN THE JOB--AND THAT GROUSES OFF THE SAN SILVERO PRISON-- YOU. HE WOULD NOT GO NEAR THE JOINT!



Some minutes later...

IT MIGHT COST YOU YOUR JOB, SHERIFF, BUT IF IT WORKS YOU'LL BE A HERO.

IT'S WORTH THE RISK-- EVEN IF I WIND UP IN JAIL! I'LL HIDE HIM OUT SOMEWHERE, AND REPORT THE LIE!



And so the next morning...

HILLSVILLE HEADLINE NAT (NITRO) RICHARDS ESCAPES JAIL

ART THE ARTIST ACCOMPLICE BROKE JAIL LAST NIGHT BY PICKING THE LOCKS--SHERIFF OLSON ADMITTED THAT HE ALLOWED THE PRISONER TO KEEP A NAIL FILE IN HIS POSSESSION. IT IS BELIEVED THAT RICHARDS USED THIS TO FILE A SPOON INTO A KEY THAT UNLOCKED THE PRISON DOORS--



NO. 432970

And so, a few weeks later...

IS THERE A HARRY HARRIS IN TH' JOINT?

YEAH, THAT'S ME...

I'M AT THE DENBY HOTEL, NITRO, ROOM 312—KNOCK TWICE!

I'LL BE RIGHT OVER, ART!

Soon...

COME IN!

YOU!

DON'T REACH FOR THAT GUN—OR I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!

THIS TIME YOU'RE NOT GETTING THE CHANCE TO SPRING ANYMORE BOOBY TRAPS—YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP!

SPLAT!!!

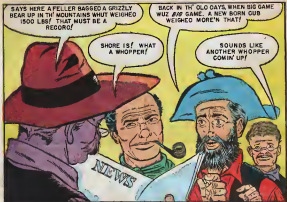
RUSE TRAPS ART THE ARTIST

BUSTER GRABBE CAPTURES ELUSIVE HUTTON—

THANKS TO THE CLEVER PLOT HATCHED BY BUSTER GRABBE AND THE HILLSVILLE SHERIFF, ART THE ARTIST IS BEHIND BARS AT LAST. THE REPORTED ESCAPE OF NAT (NITRO) RICHARDS WAS THE BAIT WHILE COPS ACROSS THE COUNTRY WERE SEARCHING FOR THE FUGITIVE, HE WAS SECURELY IN JAIL—AL-

THOUGH NEWSPAPERS AND AUTHORITIES WERE DUFFED, WHO CAN COMPLAIN—CONSIDERING THE RESULTS—





SAYS HERE A FELLER BAGGED A GRIZZLY BEAR UP IN TH' MOUNTAINS WHUT WEIGHED 1500 LBS! THAT MUST BE A RECORD!

BACK IN TH' OLD DAYS, WHEN BIG GAME WUZ JAF GAME. A NEW BORN CUB WEIGHED MORE'N THAT!

SHORE IS! WHAT A WHOPPER!

SOUNDS LIKE ANOTHER WHOPPER COMIN' UP!

Whiskers and The BIG GAME HUNT

Wat I wuz out fer bear, an' I come to this big ME overgrown with tall, black-queer-lookin' grass.. As I turned, I had an uneasy feelin' that somefin' wuz watchin' me...



Suddenly everything went black...



Th' next thing I know, I wuz tumbin' through space! Down, down, down, down...

OH IF *BUSTER* WUZ ONLY HERE TO SAVE ME! BUT (SIGH) HE AIN'T BORN YET!



I hit a tree, crashed through leaves and branches with a heavy limb ended my descent... I WUZ UP ON BLACK GRASS HILL, WHEN AN EARTHQUAKE OR SOMETHIN' SHOOKED ME OFF...

THAT NO BLACK GRASS HILL... THAT BEAR MOUNTAIN.



BEAR MOUNTAIN?

YEH! HEAR 'BOUT BEAR MOUNTAIN.

THERE HE GOES. NIM NO GOOD HUNTING GROUNDS EXCEPT FOR MOUNTAIN PLEAS PALEFACE HEAR CRAZY...



Awright, so gettin' back to the story, there wuz 'B time when th' frontiersman decided to hold a contest.

\$1000! THAT'S PER ME!

BIG GAME CONTEST
1000 PRIZE FOR THE BIGGEST GAME BAGGED DURING THIS MONTH

TO BE ELIGIBLE SEND IN THE TOP OF ONE BUTTERFIELD STAMP COACH WITH EACH ENTRY...



I'LL CONTINUE WITH MY STORY, **EVERYTHIN' WUZ BIGGER** IN THE OL' DAYS.

DON'T NEED **MODEX**, WHISKERS, YOU'RE STILL THE **BIGGEST LIAR** THEY EVER HAD!



Well, ah, I goes up to th' High Sierras on' bogs me a big Boobooeast. They wuz rare in them days, or' most likely as fact by now.

TUM TUM DE TUM THAT BLOOD IS AS GOOD AS IN MY POCKET!





that...

YOU AIN'T PLANNIN' ON ENTERIN' THAT TINY CRITTER IN TH' CONTEST ARE YUH, WHISKERS?

WHERE'D YUH GIT TH' GUMEROOD?



THERE'S A HERD OF 'EM GRAZIN' ON TH' ROCKS UP EAGLE MOUNTAIN, BUT WON'T, OD YUH SO GOOD TO HUNT 'EM, CAUSE I GOT THE **BIGGEST** GUMEROOD OF TH' WHOLE SHERANG!

THAT SETTLES IT!



I'M GOIN' TO GIT ME A **MURDER-MONSTER!** LET'S SEE ANYBODY BEAT THAT!

WHISKERS! YUH GONE PLUMB LOGG? YUH'LL GIT **KILLED**, SHORE AS SHOOTIN'!



Murdermonsters wuz easy to track. They left a trail like a bulldozer, so I found one easy. . .

I DON'T KNOW **HOW** I'M GOIN' TO GIT HIM BACK TO TOWN, BUT I'LL WORRY 'BOUT THAT AFTER I SHOOT HIM...



It was easy. I ran, and th' murdermonster after me...

HALP! SOMEBODY SAVE ME!

JUMPING JACKRABBITS!

LEMME GIT OUT OF HERE!!

Shoot! Grrrrh!

SWOOL!

Yow!

What that berserk beast did to that town defies description. Murdermonsters wuz mean an' nasty critters. Good thing there ain't many of 'em around today.



SOLDIER OF MISFORTUNE

LT. COL JOHN CHARLES FREMONT was a man who believed in blowing his own horn.

He blew it so often and so loud that he became the Nation's most publicized hero in the eighteen-forties.

And why not? Had he not blazed trails across the Rockies three times, opening the far west to the pioneers? Had not his singular courage and audacity conquered California and added that vast, rich territory to the United States?

He had indeed. Who could know that the "trails" he "blazed" were old routes long known to the mountain men? Unlike high ranking Army officers, the mountain men did not have newspaper connections, or want them for that matter. They were interested in trapping and trading and taming the wilderness, and not in personal glory.

New Fremont freed California from Mexican rule, all right, but in a way that would assure his own wealth and power. He disobeyed his superior officers and ignored the policies laid down by the State Department in Washington.

He was court-martialed and found guilty. However, the fact that Fremont had placed his own interests above that of the government's did not please the outraged citizens.

The newspapers screamed in protest. America's great hero was the victim of persecution by corrupt politicians! The charges of skull-duggery flew thick and fast.

President James Polk, loathe to lose the coming election, decided to make friends and influence people. He reversed the sentence of the Court Martial and ordered Fremont's reinstatement in the army.

But Fremont wasn't going to let his bonuses of publicity go to waste. Why return to the relative obscurity of the army? No, he was too "proud" to accept reinstatement. He preferred his glorious martyrdom. And besides he had far greater, far more important work to do for his country—he would form an expedition to blaze a trail across the continent for a railroad that would run from coast to coast!

A railroad to span the country was the dream of America. It meant the easy access and easy exploitation of the lands beyond the mountains. It meant a new era of prosperity and plenty.

It was a dream, and who could better make that dream come true than the darling of the armchair dreamers, the great John Charles Fremont!

Fremont had no difficulty in obtaining funds for his expedition. And he had no difficulty finding

volunteers for the venture. Fremont must have figured the job would be a cinch. All he had to do was head into the mountains and over some trail already blazed by mountain men and then claim the route as his own new discovery. He had done it before. He could do it again.

He soon found out that things wouldn't be quite so simple. Hitherto, he had always been his own boss, more or less, but this time he was engaged by a group of hard-headed business men who hadn't gotten rich by being foolish. They wanted the publicity Fremont's name would give their enterprise, but they also wanted a railroad.

When Fremont announced he was ready, they pointed out that it was summer. They needed a route that was passable during the winter, too. The only way to be sure of a mountain pass was to test it in winter. If he could get through, maybe a railroad could get through.

Fremont didn't relish tackling the Rockies in winter, but he had no alternative. He knew that even the rugged mountain men left the rocky slopes to hulk up in Indian villages until Spring thawed the snows.

He wanted no part of the Northern range, so after studying a crude map, announced that he would blaze his trail right through the Rockies, following the 38th parallel. He had no idea of what mountains crossed the parallel, but small details like that never bothered Fremont. Some old trapper would know a pass.

Kit Carson, whose name has survived the years, knew the mountains as few men did, and Fremont hoped to find him in that rugged country which is now Colorado. But at Pueblo, he learned that Carson had gone south to Taos.

The only other man who knew the mountains like a book was a strange character called Preacher Bill. This man had gone into the mountains around 1820 to convert the heathens. Instead the heathens had converted him. They had done so good a job that Preacher Bill, when the mood was on him, thought nothing of taking another man's scalp. Other mountain men avoided his company except in crowds.

Fremont appointed him head guide. Dick Wootton and Alexu Godoy were next in rank. They were good mountain men but not as familiar with the southern range as Preacher Bill.

Although there were only thirty-four men in the expedition, Preacher Bill rounded up 120 mules to replace 12 horses as pack animals. Appalled by this

entrepreneur, Fremont protested. But Preacher Bill was adamant. The mountains were big and the winter would be long, and mule meat was more nourishing than horse.

Fremont must have realized, then and there, that he was in for more than he had bargained for. There was no easy way through the snow-covered mountains.

They left Pueblo on November 22nd, 1845. Two days later they arrived at Hard Scrabble's settlement of sorry hovels, and the last piece of "civilization" if that it could be called on this side of the Rockies. The next day they crossed what was to become a world of horror.

Three days later Dick Wootton took a long look at the storm clouds gathering over the mountains and decided he'd rather live a coward than die a hero. He turned around and went back. Later, Kit Carson referred to him as "the only man with a brain in the whole knoboodle."

The other thirty-three men crossed the range through what is now called Roadside Pass. On December 3rd, haggard and near-dead, the men stumbled out from a tangle of spruce to see the Rio Grande valley lying green and inviting far below them.

Their jubilation was short-lived, however, for as they began the long descent, dark clouds rolled in, the wind became a gale and a blizzard engulfed them.

When they reached the valley the green grass lay buried beneath several feet of snow. They staggered across that barren expanse which we now know as Great Sand Dunes National Monument. Drifts of sand and snow piled up thirty feet high in the lee of the dunes, and the wind-wipped sand and slivers of ice tore the frozen skin off their faces.

Fremont endured the same tortures as his men, but he was asking his neck for a transcontinental railroad, not for the small wages promised the others should they be lucky enough to live to collect them.

At what is now the town of Del Norte, the Rio Grande valley rises steeply to continental divide some sixty miles forward, climbing nearly a mile high in this distance. Around the river, a turmoil of churning water, falls and terrible rapids, now towering peaks of awesome rocks.

Fremont plunged into the rocks, sending word back along the line that Preacher Bill knew of a secret pass. He cheered their chilled hopes with the promise that the worst was over. Once across the divide and it would be downhill all the way to California.

Preacher Bill denied any knowledge of a secret

pass, and said that the boss was crazy. But the men ignored him. He was just an ignorant mountain man. Fremont was the glorified conqueror of the West.

Through the snow-packed gorges they plunged and up over the icy boulder-strewn cliffs. The mules began to die like flies, from exhaustion and starvation. Twenty died during one night, and at dawn the men were afraid.

Fremont held a conference with Preacher Bill. Fremont wanted to quit the valley and go up and over. Preacher Bill said, "It's impossible. Ain't nothin' up there 'cept mountains on top of mountains."

But Fremont, headstrong and obsessed by visions of glory, decided to take the chance. He brushed aside the warning of the one man who knew anything about the region, and started up the mountains.

If the men thought that they had crossed mountains before, they now found out what mountains were. And they were madder.

They climbed hopefully over the ever mounting edges of ice and snow, until even Fremont realized that not even an angel, let alone a railroad, could follow this route.

When he decided to turn back, it was too late. Sub-zero weather and hurricane-like winds forced them to take shelter and wait for a break in the weather. The break was a long time coming, and their few remaining mules died in the interval.

Twenty-two men survived the ill-fated expedition. Eleven died. The man responsible for this unnecessary loss of life, brooding over the loss of his railroad, as well as his loss of face, went west to California, cursing the luck that had turned against him. He didn't come far long though, for the gold rush was on, and gold there was. On Fremont's own land grant, a acquisition he had made for himself while leaving California for the United States, there was enough gold to make him a multi-millionaire. He observed that justice had triumphed in the end.

Although the story of Fremont's expedition was recorded by one of his followers, Major John C. Fremont, the story never made the best-seller lists, and it wasn't until 1950 when the U.S. Forest Service decided to retrace, step by step, the trail over which Fremont led his men, that historians finally realized what an unknown hero John Charles Fremont really was. Although the trail was 102 years old, the foreman was able to track it perfectly. The campsites remains are still there. So are a lot of tell tale bones. Undisturbed for 102 years no one else had been foolishly enough to risk the same route.

The PHANTOM KILLERS

ON A STRETCH OF ROAD IN THE SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS, A FALLEN TREE STOPS THE UTAH-COLORADO INTERSTATE SPECIAL, AND THE DRIVER AND PASSENGERS FILE OUT TO TRY TO REMOVE THE OBSTRUCTION, WHEN SUDDENLY...

NO, DON'T...
A REMIND!

RAT-TAT-TAT

RAT-TAT-TAT

RAT-TAT-TAT



The ear-splitting sound of gun-fire—
and then, grim silence...



Some hours later, miles away from the scene of the
slaughter...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE
IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE?

A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY
HAS HAPPENED...





THE INTERSTATE BUS—AMBUSHED? EVERY ONE AROUND SHOT DOWN BY SIX MASKED FIGHTERS? EXCEPT ME? ONE OF THEM SAID HIS MOTHER HAD BEEN A CHIFFLE AND TO SPARE ME...



Later, at the murder scene... THOSE KILLERS MUST BE MANIACS! THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL THEM TO ROB THEM...

IT WAS HORRIBLE...



Tip—
I THOUGHT THOSE KILLERS WERE COMING BACK, SO I HED... THEY SHOT ME IN THE ARM—I PRETENDED TO BE DEAD...

THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT—I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT!



YOU WERE LUCKY, MISTER. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD IDENTIFY THE KILLERS?

THEY WERE ALL MASKED.



YOU TWO STAY HERE AND DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING! WE'LL BE BACK WITH THE STATE POLICE!



Some hours later...

WE'LL HAVE TO BLOCKAGE THE AREA FOR MILES AROUND AND COMB EVERY INCH OF THE WOODS!





IF THEY SPOT YOU, YOU'LL NEVER HAVE A CHANCE!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! JUST KEEP THEM BUSY!



And inside the cabin... WE'RE REALLY IN TROUBLE NOW! THAT'S **JUSTIN GRAVIE** HIDEING BEHIND THAT ROCK!

NOTHIN' WE KIN DO 'CEPT WAIT TILL IT GETS DARK... THEN IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!



And then---

WHAT IN TARRATION---??

WHUT TH---??

CRASH



IT'S **GRAVIE!** YOWGH!

OH! HELP!

BANG!



THE THREE BRAYTON BOYS! WHERE ARE YOUR THREE BROTHER RATS?

WHUT YUH TALKIN' 'BOUT?



I'M TALKING ABOUT THE BUSLOAD OF PEOPLE YOU KILLED AND ROBBED!

WE AIN'T DONE - NOTHIN' SINCE WE BROKE JAIL! WHUT'RE YUH TRYIN' TO PIN ON US?

Later, back in town...

HOW CAN YOU BE SO CERTAIN THAT THESE MEN WERE THE KILLERS, WHEN THEY WERE ALL MASKED?

I'LL NEVER FORGET THEIR VOICES AS LONG AS I LIVE!



WELL, THAT'S THAT!

THERE'S STILL THREE MORE TO BE ACCOUNTED FOR!



And so...

THE COURT RESERVED SENTENCE UNTIL TOMORROW, WHEN YOU SHALL RECEIVE THE DEATH PENALTY, UNLESS YOU NAME YOUR ACCOMPLICES.



But the Brayton boys still pleaded innocence. The death sentence was passed...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, CUSTER? WE GOT HALF THE GANG, DIDN'T WE?

DID WE? I'M NOT SO SURE...



WHERE'S THE EVIDENCE? NONE OF THE LOOT HAS BEEN FOUND! TWO PEOPLE IDENTIFIED THEIR VOICES, AND THAT'S ALL!

AIN'T THAT ENOUGH?



WHAT BOTHERS ME IS THAT 33 PEOPLE HAD TICKETS FOR THAT BUS, BUT THERE WERE 34 ABOARD!

A BUS DRIVER OFTEN LETS A FRIEND OR FELLOW EMPLOYEE ABOARD WITHOUT A TICKET!





WE BROUGHT THESE MEN
IN--- AND I'VE GOT TO BE
SURE THEY'RE GUILTY!
YOU STAY HERE--- I'M
GOING TO DO SOME
RESEARCH!



A YEAR AGO, IN TORONTO, CANADA---
AN IDENTICAL CRIME? ONLY TWO
SURVIVORS? ONE A CRIPPLE OR
CRUTCHES? AND SIX MONTHS AGO,
IN MEXICO--- A RED AMBUSHES,
WITH TWO SURVIVORS, ONE
A CRIPPLE?



And at the hotel...

MR. MARTIN AND MR.
SMITH CHECKED OUT THIS
MORNING. THEY LEFT NO
FORWARDING ADDRESS.



And at the railroad depot...

WHY, YES, I DO REMEMBER
TWO SUCH MEN. THEY
BOTH BOUGHT TICKETS
TO SANDSON.

Thanks!



Via a chartered plane, Buster and Whiskers
arrive at Sandson first...

WHY, MR. CRABBE?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

WE GOT TIRED
OF CHASING
PHANTOMS!



WE FIGURED TWO BIRDS
IN HAND WERE BETTER
THAN SIX IN THE BUSH.

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN BY THAT?



HE WANTS YOU TWO ENGAGED IN HIS MASSACRE ALL BY YOUR LITTLE SELVES, AN' HE KNOWS IT!

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FIGURED IT OUT, BUT I DO KNOW ONE THING!



I KNOW YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO BRING US IN!



I OUGHT TO GIVE IT TO YOU RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

AAAAHHHH!



Police hide, voters...

MARTIN WOULD BLOCKADE THE ROAD. SMITH, THE "GRIPPLE" WOULD RIDE THE BUS. WHEN THE BUS STOPPED, HE'D TURN HIS MACHINE-GUN CRUTCHER ON THE PASSENGERS!



THEN THEY'D ROB THE VICTIMS AND BURY THE BODIES TO BE dug UP LATER. MR. SMITH WOULD INFLICT A MIRROR FLESH WOUND ON MARTIN SO HIS "SURVIVAL" WOULD LOOK LEGITIMATE.



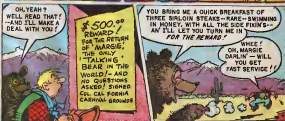
THERE WAS ALWAYS ONE EXTRA "PASSENGER" THE BUS LINE COULDN'T ACCOUNT FOR, BUT THERE WAS NO ONE ON THE LAW TO BE CAUGHT!

BUSTER CRABBER, YOU'VE DONE A GREAT JOB!

The three Boyton Boys stayed in jail—but only to serve their time! It was Martin and Smith who walked the long last mile to make a small down payment for their deeds...

HOMER

ON THE RANGE.



FREE!

100

FOREIGN STAMPS

and ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

What a wonderful way to get started with one of the world's most fascinating hobbies—stamp collecting. Yes, even if you're already an expert, here's an offer you can't afford to miss! 100 mixed stamps from all over the world—stamps rich in history—stamps that will tell you of the customs of people in Australia, Asia, Europe, Africa—their architecture, their geography—and so much more. And all these stamps are genuine, unexpired, unsorted—passed along to you just as we received them from every corner of the globe. Perhaps you, like so many of our friends, will find their "hidden treasures" you always dreamed of. But that's not all! Included in this unique offer is a FREE copy of our booklet, "Stamp Collectors Guide"—all you want to know about this intriguing pastime. This big, big offer may be withdrawn soon so don't wait!



WORTH \$1.00!

GARDEN Stamp Co., Dept. FF-7, Cobles, Maine

Ask us FREE 100 Foreign Stamps and Booklet.
Enclosed is 10c for postage and handling.



ANSWER COMPON FOR YOU

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Your beautiful cards are just what my friends are looking for

MISS TERESA
NEW HAVEN, CONN.



NO WONDER FOLKS

Make Good Money!

In Spare Time . . . Without Taking A Job or Putting in Regular Hours . . . And WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!



New Folks Just Like You Earn Extra Money

Miss Helen M. Reed
I produced these top quality Christmas cards for my friends in New York and they are so popular that I can't keep up with the demand. I am now looking for more people to help me produce these beautiful cards. You will

Miss Helen M. Reed
I am looking for 100 people to help me produce these beautiful Christmas cards for my friends in New York. I am now looking for more people to help me produce these beautiful cards. You will

Miss Helen M. Reed
I am looking for 100 people to help me produce these beautiful Christmas cards for my friends in New York. I am now looking for more people to help me produce these beautiful cards. You will

Miss Helen M. Reed
I am looking for 100 people to help me produce these beautiful Christmas cards for my friends in New York. I am now looking for more people to help me produce these beautiful cards. You will

Miss Helen M. Reed
I am looking for 100 people to help me produce these beautiful Christmas cards for my friends in New York. I am now looking for more people to help me produce these beautiful cards. You will

HERE'S a friendly way to make a few income, so to speak, on folks here. All you do is SHOW love by new Christmas Illustrations, and All-Season Greeting Card Assortments, Birthdays, and Baby Wappings to your friends, neighbors or yourselves.

There's no experience or so-called business background needed to get you big orders. Their requests, designs, drawings, and such looking, lively festive delight all without them **NO EXPERIENCE IS NEEDED!**—and this book shows you how easy business makes money right away! You make up to \$10. on each box

You Make Money—and Friends, Too

Everyone in your community needs and prizes, cards of all kinds throughout the entire year. That's why it's so easy to make good money and new friends, simply by showing something that everybody wants—and buys regularly.

FREE SAMPLE KIT Working to Pay For! Nothing to Return!

Mail Free Trial Coupon NOW—without money! We will send you everything you need to begin earning money right away. Complete details about excellent profits. Only a few cents Sample Kit absolutely free—nothing to pay for. No obligation. Free samples of the new Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards and lovely personal Stationery. Don't miss this chance to make friends and extra money—mail coupon NOW!
MISS TERESA CO. Santa Fe, N.M.
P.O. Box 100 (if you live west of the Rockies—mail coupon to Palo Alto, California)



Mail Free-Trial Coupon—Without Money or Obligation!

FREE BOOK

Write to receive our FREE BOOK. It's a complete guide to making money at home. It's a complete guide to making money at home. It's a complete guide to making money at home. It's a complete guide to making money at home.

MISS TERESA CO., Dept. 100, 1000 Santa Fe, N.M.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

If your church.

Send an application with your church. Send an application with your church. Send an application with your church. Send an application with your church.



Miss Teresa
400-1000

Hand Out 20 ENLARGEMENT Coupons FREE

Offer of Beautiful Talking **PARAKEET**

And Large Deluxe **CAGE**

GIVEN

(BUDGIE Bird)

Blue, Green or Yellow Plumage

FREE
FREE
FREE



Beautiful Deluxe CAGE

FRIENDS! I'll be happy to send you this cheerful, talking PARAKEET (sometimes known as a "BUDGIE" Bird) that looks like a miniature, talking parrot with bright colored feathers WITHOUT YOU PAYING A PENNY. In fact, I'll also give you a large, handsome, plastic cage with full exercise ring. Simply help us get new customers by handing out only 20 get-acquainted photo enlargement coupons FREE to friends and relatives, as per our premium letter. I enjoy my bright colored, talking Parakeet so much. It is wonderful company and so easy to care for, that I'm sure you will simply love one yourself.

Please send me your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture when writing for your Parakeet and Cage. We will make you a beautiful 5 x 7 inch enlargement in a handsome "Movietone" frame SO YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS about our bargain, hand-colored enlargements when handing out the get-acquainted coupons free. Just mail me your favorite snapshot, print or negative NOW and pay postman only 18c plus postage when your treasured enlargement arrives and I'll include the "Movietone" frame at no extra cost as my get-acquainted gift. LIMIT OF 2 TO ANY ONE PERSON. Your original returned with your enlargement and frame. Also include the color of hair and eyes with each picture so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others.

I'm so anxious to send you a cheerful, talking Parakeet (Budgie) and the handsome Cage that I hope you will send me your name, address, and snapshot right away for your 20 Enlargement Coupons to hand out free.

Mrs. Ruth Long, Gift Manager

Ideal PETS

Talking Parakeets are amazing little birds that sing, whistle, talk, do tricks, dance, bandy, dress. Beautiful green, blue or yellow plumage. Easy to teach an easy on 600 words. Long lived, cheerful and affectionate.

Send TODAY Supply Limited

Mrs. Ruth Long
DEPT. 1282023, Dept. 12823
151 W. 7th St., San Mateo 2, Calif.

I would like to receive the Talking Parakeet and Cage. Please send me premium letter and 15 coupons to hand out free.

Enclosed find _____ coupons or coupons for envelope. (Limit of 15)

Color Eyes _____ Color Hair _____

Color Hair _____ Color Hair _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

DEAN STUDIOS

DEPT. 12820 211 W. 7th St.
SAN MATEO 2, CALIF.