

YOUR FAVORITE TELEVISION COWBOY STAR



BUSTER CRABBE

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10¢

the ARROW OF DEATH

NOV. NO. 1



BUSTER CRABBE

CLARENCE L. CRABBE was born in Oakland, California. His father early nicknamed him "Buster" and that appellation stuck. When Buster was 18 months old, his family moved to the Hawaiian Islands. He spent his boyhood on a pineapple plantation where his father served as "kama" or overseer.

Buster learned to ride horses before he could swim. The little country school which he attended until he was 10 years old was miles away from his plantation home. Too far to walk, Buster and his younger brother Buddy travelled by horseback to and from school. Small wonder that Buster took so easily to his cowboy movie roles—he could ride as well as any ranch-raised Westerner.

When Buster was ten, the family moved to the seaport city of Hilo on the island of Hawaii. Here, in the waters of the bay, Buster and Buddy learned to swim, ride the surf on boards, and all the other aquatic sports for which Hawaii is so famous.

When the war broke out, Buster's father joined the army. He was transferred to Schofield Barracks on Oahu Island. The family lived at the post, and there Buster became an expert at playing polo.

At the Honolulu Military Academy, Buster began to take his swimming seriously and joined various competitions. It was apparent from the beginning that young Buster Crabbe was no ordinary athlete—for he had the stuff that champions are made of. The world-famous Outrigger Canoe Club recognized the youngster's potentialities and wanted him for their swimming team. Buster's father wisely turned thumbs down on this. He felt that Buster should wait a few more years before joining in adult competition.

In Pana Hoku High School in Honolulu, Buster was a 16-letter man, winning a letter every year in football, basketball, track and swimming!

In 1936, a Japanese swimming team visited the islands to compete with the Hawaiians. After the meet, the Japanese invited the Hawaiians to send a team to Japan.

Buddy, an excellent swimmer, too, had done better than Buster. Buddy was one of the men selected for the ten-man team to be sent to Japan. Buster was not.

Their father objected to this arbitrary selection of a team, and suggested that the Hawaiian swimmers meet in a competition to determine the ten best men. This suggestion was accepted, and the

date for the competition was set, giving the contestants six weeks to train for the event.

Those six weeks taught Buster the importance of training, for when the competition was held he won his place on the created team easily. Brother Buddy didn't quite make it, and it was Buster who won to Japan.

Six weeks of serious training had made the difference. Buster never forget that lesson. The fact that he became one of the world's great swimmers attests to that fact.

After graduating from high school, Buster returned to the United States to attend college at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. This close proximity to Hollywood did not bring him to the attention of the motion picture producers, but the Olympic Games did.

The 1932 Olympics were held in Los Angeles, and Buster took time out from his law studies to win a place on the United States swimming team. That year he won the 400-metre mile, and he hadn't had time to step into the shower before he was signed to a contract by Paramount.

Buster believes that it wasn't so much the Olympics as it was that six weeks of training in Hawaii that made him what he is today. Without that six weeks and the lesson it taught, he'd probably be occupying an office in Hawaii with "Clarence L. Crabbe, Attorney" on the shingle outside his door.

At Paramount, where he worked from 1933 through 1936, he made his first Westerns, and played a number of other parts in all types of pictures. He continued his swimming, too, and amassed the incredible record of breaking 16 world records and winning 35 National Championships! All in all, Buster Crabbe won over 300 meets!

In 1940 he moved to the Universal Lot, and in 1942 made his first series of Billy the Kid pictures—which are enjoying renewed popularity today on the television screen.

He also played the role of Tarzan in two pictures, and brought the characters of Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers to life on the screen—but the saddle is his true home, and there he intends to remain, for he was an expert horseman long before he gained fame as a swimmer and an actor.

Unlike most actors, Buster Crabbe is actually *every* bit the *be-man* he portrays in his movie roles! His superb physique, and extraordinary strength, was acquired by *being* the part, not by *acting* it!

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BUSTER CRABBE

MYSTERIOUS MOUNTAIN

BUSTER CRABBE AND HIS SIDERICK WHEREDON, ON THE TRAIL OF AN ELUSIVE KILLER, CATCH UP WITH MACH MORE THAN THEY DARGAINED FOR WHEN THEY SCALE THE HEIGHTS OF THE SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS IN COLORADO.

PULL THAT
LEVER, WHEREDON!
PULL IT!

AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT...
BUT WE'LL GET
KILLED, TOO!





YOU WON'T FIND HIM IN TOWN. THE MAN YER AFTER SOLD HIS HORSE AN' TOOK OFF ON FOOT TO CROSS THE MOUNTAINS. LEFT YESTERDAY.

IF YOU SAW HIM, HOW COME YOU DIDN'T ARREST HIM?



I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS WANTED! I TOLD HIM GOIN' INTO THEM MOUNTAINS WAS THE SAME AS COMMITTIN' SUICIDE. SIX PROSPECTORS WENT IN THERE THIS YEAR, AN' NOT ONE'S COME OUT.



IS THERE A STABLE IN TOWN WHERE WE CAN LEAVE OUR HORSES, SHERIFF? WE'RE GOIN' MOUNTAIN-CLIMBERS

YOU'LL NEVER GET BACK ALIVE BUT IF I CAN'T TALK YU' OUT OF IT, LEAST TELL ME YER NAME, SO'S I KIN REPORT YU' MISSIN' IN OUE TIME



MY NAME'S BUSTER CRABBE

FOLKS CALL ME WHISKERS

BUSTER CRABBE... I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! CAN'T BLAME JACKSON FER TACKLIN' THE MOUNTAINS INSTEAD OF YOU. THE STABLE'S DOWN THE STREET SOOD LUCK TO YU'!



Hours later...

YOU LOOK SO MUCH LIKE A MOUNTAIN GOAT, I FIGURES YOU'G BE GOOD AT THIS APPEARANCES SURE ARE DECEIVING!

I'LL ANSWER THAT REMARK AFTER YU' GIT ME UP!



And just before dark

LUCKY WE MADE THIS PLATEAU BEFORE NIGHTFALL! AT LEAST WE'LL HAVE FLAT SOFT GRUND TO SLEEP ON.

I'M PLUMB WORE OUT!



During the night, Buster is awakened by a loud roar!

AN AIRPLANE? SOUNDS LIKE IT'S DIVING STRAIGHT FOR THE MOUNTAIN!



The deafening roar of motors sound closer and closer, and then suddenly silence. Buster steels himself for the crash, but...

NOTHING HAPPENED! THIS IS POSITIVELY WEIRD! MAYBE THIS ALTITUDE'S AFFECTED MY MIND!



The next morning...

LOOK AT THOSE BUZZARDS UP AHEAD! SAY, I HEARD A PLANE LAST NIGHT! SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE BALED OUT AND GOT HURT! LET'S LOOK INTO THIS!



A few minutes later...

IT'S GREG JACKSON! WE'VE FOUND OUR MAN!

THE DIRTY COYOTE SHORE MANAGED TO KILL A MESS OF BUZZARDS BEFORE HE DIED!



WAL, LET'S GIT HIM AN' PACK HIM DOWN THE MOUNTAIN...

HOLD IT, WHISKERS! DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING! THERE'S SOMETHING DOWNRIGHT GHAZY ABOUT THIS!



FIRST OF ALL, WHAT KILLED HIM? SECOND, BUZZARDS DON'T ATTACK A MAN UNTIL HE'S EITHER DEAD OR TOO WEAK TO MOVE... SO WHAT KILLED THOSE BUZZARDS?

SAY, YER RIGHT, BUSTER... THIS JUST DON'T MAKE NO SENSE.





MAYBE THEY
WAS STRUCK
BY LIGHTNING?

THAT COULD EXPLAIN IT--
ONLY THERE! *BASH!* ANY
LIGHTNING, UNLESS...



UNLESS THAT WIRE IS A
HIGH-VOLTAGE WIRE
PAINTED GREEN!

CRACK!
CRACKLE!
SPPT!



JACKSON WAS *ELECTROCUTED*--
AND THE BUZZARDS THAT
LANDED ON HIM WERE
ELECTROCUTED IN TURN!

YEAH...WE'VE SOLVED
ONE MYSTERY ONLY
TO WALK OUT SMACK
INTO A *BIGGER ONE!*
NOW COME THAT THERE
CAMOUFLAGED HIGH-VOLTAGE
WIRE??



Then...

VOICES!
SOMEONE'S
GOING!

I THINK WE
BETTER BE
LEAVIN'!



A minute
later...

IT'S NOT AN ANIMAL THIS TIME --
IT'S A MAN. DOESN'T LOOK LIKE
A PROSPECTOR, EITHER! MAYBE
HE'S A *SPY!*



YOU'RE ALWAYS WORRYING
ABOUT SPIES! OUR PRESENCE
HERE ISN'T EVEN SUSPECTED!
OUR LATEST VISITOR IS A
FUGITIVE FROM *JUSTICE!*

AND
JUSTICE
TRUMPHED
THANKS
TO US--
THAT'S A
NEW
TWIST!
HA!



WHILE THEY'RE DUMPIN' JACKSON AN' ALL THEM DEAD BUZZARDS OFF THE CLIFF, WHY DON'T WE JUMP OUT AN' SIT THE DROP ON 'EM?

NO, NOT YET... LET'S TRAIL THEM, AND TRY TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT...



HIGH VOLTAGE WIRING...WITH AN ALARM SYSTEM TO WARN WHEN THE WIRE'S MADE CONTACT... WHISKERS, WHATEVER THIS IS, IT'S SOMETHING BIG!



B-BUSTER, D-D AREN'T ASSURED OF NOTHIN', BUT MAYBE WE'D BEST VAMOOSE, AN' ROUND UP SOME HELP FOR THIS JOB?

SHHH, KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN!



Suddenly...

WHAT--??

HEY!



FATHER, I GOT A SNEAKIN' SUSPICION THAT WE IS CROPPED PLUMT SWAGG INTO ONE BIG HEAP OF TROUBLE!

CLANG!
CLANG!



THEY MIGHT NOT KNOW THERE'S FIVE OF US! YOU STAY THERE AND LOOK LONELY! MAYBE I CAN GET THE DROP ON THEM WHEN THEY COME IN!



A moment later...

REMOVE SUNBELT, UNSHAVEN LOU!
LET DROP TO FLOOR! THEN
RAISE HANDS AWAY!

Y-YES,
SIR...



AND NOW...
WHO???

AND NOW I'M GIVING THE
ORDERS, MISTER! DROP THAT
TOMMY-GUN, AND GET YOUR
HANDS UP!



But then...

DON'T MOVE! RELEASE
THAT MAN OR WE'LL
SHOOT YOU DEAD!

I'LL SHOOT HIM DEAD IF
YOU HOWEVER TRY TO STOP
US FROM GETTING OUT
OF HERE!



ONE COURAGEOUS LIFE IS OF
SMALL CONSEQUENCE COMPARED
TO THE SECURITY OF PROJECT
U. IF YOU WILL DROP
YOUR GUN RIGHT
NOW, OR ALL
THREE OF YOU
WILL DIE!

YOU DON'T
SOUND LIKE
YOU'RE
BLUFFING.
ALL RIGHT,
YOU WIN...



NOW THAT YOU'VE
GOT US, WHAT DO
YOU AIM TO DO
WITH US?

YOU WILL BE QUESTIONED.
THEN KILLED. WE ARE
NOT CRUEL—BUT WE
HAVE NO FACILITIES
HERE FOR
KEEPING PRISONERS.



CAPTAIN SERENITY,
THESE MEN WERE
CAPTURED IN CAGE-
TRAP NUMBER ONE!

OH, SO YOU ARE *FIRST*
INTRUDERS TO GET PAST
WIRES. YOU MUST HAVE
KNOWN ABOUT THEM TO
AVOID THEM!

WE KNOW ABOUT MORE THAN THE WIRES — AND WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES THAT KNOW!

OH, AND WHO ELSE KNOWS??



YOU'LL FIND THAT OUT SOON ENOUGH! AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO SPOIL THE SUSPENSE FOR YOU!

YOUR FEELER BLUFF DOES NOT IMPRESS ME!



BUT BURR! I CANNOT CHANGE ORDERS: YOUR EXECUTION BEFORE COLONEL ZORROFF RETURNS. HE MIGHT WISH TO EXAMINE YOU PERSONALLY. MEANWHILE, GUARDS, GET 'EM TO WORK!

GET MOVING!



WHERE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE, WHEN DOES THIS ZORROFF CHARACTER SHOW UP?

YOUR LIVES WILL BE SHORE THE COLOR! IS ONE ON TONIGHT'S FLARE!



JUMPIN' JACKRABBITS! THIS HERE PROJECT 'V'S SHORE SOMETHIN'!

WHAT'S THE U STAND FORT URANIUM?

THAT'S RIGHT. HERE IS THE NICEST URANIUM IN THE WORLD!



THE AMERICAN PROSPECTOR WHO DISCOVERED IT WAS A COMMUNIST! HE CONTACTED GIP ABOUT IT. IRONIC, ISN'T IT? WE ARE MAKING ATOMIC WEAPONS WITH AMERICAN GIP HA!



HELP YOURSELVES TO A COUPLE OF SHOVELS. WE DON'T MIND USING AMERICAN LABOR, TOO! ALL CONTRIBUTIONS GRATEFULLY APPRECIATED. HA! HA! HA!

I'M AGGIN' TO TAKE A SWIM AT THAT HYENA! WAIT...



IT'S NO SMALL ENGINEERING FEAT, THIS MINING INSTALLATION! FIRST WE HAD TO SECURE A SECRET SUBMARINE BASE IN MEXICO THEN WE FLEW OVER AT NIGHT TO DROP MEN HERE TO BUILD A LANDING STRIP!



BEHOLD WHAT WE HAVE ACCOMPLISHED IN LITTLE MORE THAN A YEAR! OUR PLANES FLY BY NIGHT GUIDED BY INVISIBLE INFA-RED LIGHT! SUPPLIES ARE FLOWIN IN, ORE FLOWN OUT!



How's that... WE'RE BEIN' TRAITORS TO OUR COUNTRY, WORKIN FOR THESE COMMIES! LET'S QUIT! MIGHT AS WELL GET SHOT NOW AS LATER!

I'M IN NO HURRY TO GET SHOT!



DON'T WORRY, WE'LL GO DOWN FIGHTIN! SEE THAT DESIGNATOR? THEY'RE GETTING UP DYNAMITE AT THE FAR END OF THE CAVERN!

WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH GIP?



MOST OF THE MEN ARE DOWN NEAR THE DYNAMITE. WHEN THE WIRE'S CONNECTED, I'LL MAKE A RUSH AT THE GUARD WHILE YOU GIVE FOR THE DETONATOR.

BUSTER, YER A PLUMB GENIUS?



HEY, JOSEPH--THIS IS THE LAST OF THE DYNAMITE SUPPLY! MAYBE WE BETTER WAIT!

NO, TONIGHT'S PLANE IS BRINGING IN A FULL CARGO OF DYNAMITE! WE'LL FINISH THIS JOB!



THIS IS IT! THEY'RE ALL DOWN THERE AND THE WIRE'S ATTACHED! IF YOU REACH THAT DETONATOR WE'LL TAKE A MESS OF COMES WITH US WHEN WE GO! ONE, TWO



-THREE!
BULL'S EYE!!

HEY!
GAHHH!



BWOOOM!





MOVE OVER, YUH
POLEGAT!

CLEAR OUT OF HERE, YOU
BATS! WE DON'T WANT
TO BE DISPLACED!

NAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!



THE PLANE'S ALMOST W' PULL THAT
LEVER, WHISKERS, PULL IT! IF IT
CRASHES INTO THE
CAMOUFLAGE, THE
EX-PLORION WILL
DEMOLISH THE
WHOLE PLACE!

AND US
WITH IT!
HERE
GOES!



ARE YOU STILL
ALIVE, YOU
OLD GOAT?

REGION I AM... NOW 'BOUT
YOU, BUSTER? YOU DEAD?
TELL ME THE FRUTH--DON'T
TRY TO SPARE MY FEELIN'S.



A week later, at Washington, D. C.

YOU TWO MEN WILL DESERVE THE HIGHEST
AWARD THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED
STATES CAN BESTOW! YOU
DESTROYED AN ENEMY BASE
IN OUR MIDST AND UNCOVERED
A PRICELESS URANIUM DEPOSIT!

AW, SHUCKS,
I WANN'T
NUTS!

THE
END

Whiskers RIDES AGAIN

HEY, WHISKERS, LET'S GO! WHAT ARE YOU BANKING AT?

WELL, I'LL BE A POP-EYED PRAIRIE DOG IF THAT AIN'T THE GOL-DURNEST, CONSARNED, OING-DORGEEST, FURTIEST CONTRAPTION I EVER SEED IN ALL MY BORNED DAYS!



Supersonic FASTEST THING ON WHEELS!
YOURS FOR ONLY **\$3999.89**
LITERAL TRADE-IN ON YOUR OLD CONVEYANCE

YOU GO ON AHEAD, BUSTER! I'LL SEE YUN LATER AT THE ROOMIN' HOUSE!

ALL RIGHT!



THE STABLE IS ON THE NEXT BLOCK, MISTER! YOU'RE IN THE WRONG PLACE!

OHNO I AIN'T I WANNA TRADE IN THIS HERE CONVEYANCE FOR ONE OF THEM SUPER-SONIC THINGAMAJIGS.







And so...

EEK!

HALP!

WHOA! CONSERN YER TIN HIDE, YUN SHORTIN' VARNINT! STOP YER SOL-GOURNED BUCKIN'! AIN'T YUN EVER BEEN RODE BEFORE? WHOA!

SQUEECH!



AW, RIGT, BUCK YER FOOL HEAD OFF-- TAIN'T ASKIN' TO DO YOU NO GOOD! THE CAR DON'T LIVE WHAT KIN THROW DL' WHISKERS!



WAL, NOW, THAT'S BETTER! RECKEN YUN KNOW WHO'S BOSS NOW, EH, YUN SUPERSONIC GALDIT?

HEY, YOU FUR-FACED LONATIC, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? KILL EVERYBODY IN TOWN?



I'VE GOT A SOGG MIND TO PUNCH YOU IN THE NOSE!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

AW, SLOWER DOWN! I'LL GET THIS TIN BOLT BROKE TO A SAGGLE IN NO TIME! GIVE THE POOR CAR A CHANCE TO LEARN!



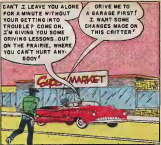
GET HIM! LET'S BEAT SOME SENSE INTO HIM!

HOLD ON, HERE! IF YOU'RE GOING TO BEAT UP WHISKERS, YOU'LL HAVE TO BEAT ME UP FIRST!



G...GOSH, MR. CRABBE, WE'VE GOT NO QUARREL WITH YOU!

NO, BUT THAT SIDE-RICK OF YOURS IS A MENACE TO LIFE AND PROPERTY! HE SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO DRIVE!



CAN'T I LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR A MINUTE WITHOUT YOUR GETTING INTO TROUBLE? COME ON, I'M GIVING YOU SOME DRIVING LESSONS... OUT ON THE PRAIRIE, WHERE YOU CAN'T HURT ANYBODY!

DRIVE ME TO A GARAGE FIRST! I WANT SOME CHANGES MADE ON THIS CRITTER!



AND SO...

A MAN CAN'T RIDE A THING LIKE THIS... IT AIN'T BUILT RIGHT! I WANT YOU TO FIX IT!

HURR?!

REMOVE THE SEAT, AN' INSTALL A NICE HIGH SADDLE!



AN' BIT RID OF THAT RIDICU-LOUS STEERING WHEEL! I WANT ~~REMS~~ SUBSTITOOTED, AN' BULD UP THAT THERE ACCELERAWHATCHAMICALIT SO'S I KIN KICK IT WITH MY SPURS!

HAVE YOU SOME PLUMB LOGO?



I DON'T GIVE A HANG WHAT THE WORK COSTS! I AIMS TO HAVE ME A CAR A MAN KIN RIDE!



YOU KIN SCOFF IF YOU WANTS TO, BUT BY GUM, I'M AGGIN' TO HAVE ME A AUTTYMORILE LIKE NOBODY EVER SEED BEFORE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, THERE...





I'M ONLY BLAD I GOT TEN DOLLARS LEFT! NOW I KIN BUY BACK MY HOSS! HE MAY NOT BE MUCH, BUT AT LEAST HE UNDERSTANDS ENGLISH!



ARE YOU REFERING TO THIS MAGNIFICENT ANIMAL? YOU CAN HAVE HIM FOR A WERE \$100, A BARGAIN!

HUNT?



THAT FLEA-BITTER, NOTH EATEN OLD CAYUSE AINT EVER SOOD ENUGH FER BLUS! TEN BUCKS FER HIM IS TEN BUCKS CLEAR PROFIT!

SIR, THIS IS THE FINEST HORSE THIS SIDE OF KENTUCKY! WHY, HE'S A *STEAL* AT ONLY \$100!



WOULD IT BE ASIN THE LAW IF I SHOT THIS YARMINT DEAD!

IT WOULD. BESIDES, THE MAN IS RIGHT, THAT HORSE *IS* A BARGAIN AT \$100!



HERE, I'LL LEND YOU THE \$100 YOU NEED. BUY YOUR HORSE BACK, AND LET'S GO.



MUMBLE, MUMBLE, MUMBLE...

STOP MUMBLING TO YOURSELF, YOU OLD GOAT! SAY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, ANYWAY?

EMG

THE GUNS THAT WON THE WEST

WITHOUT FIREARMS TO BRING DOWN GAME, AND TO REPEL ATTACK, THE PIONEERS COULD NOT HAVE SURVIVED THE WILDERNESS.

"THE FRONTIERSMAN"
A FLINTLOCK RIFLE, FIRED BY FLINT STRIKING AGAINST STEEL, WAS USED BY BARDY SETTLERS OF THE WEST.

IN THE 1840'S WHEN SAM COLT PRODUCED HIS REVOLVING-CYLINDER "REPEATERS" AMERICANS GAINED AN IDEAL WEAPON WITH WHICH TO FIGHT INDIANS. THESE FAST-FIRING GUNS DID MUCH TO HELP WIN THE MEXICAN WAR.

SOME YEARS LATER, THE WINCHESTER LEVER-ACTION REPEATING RIFLES CAME INTO USE. THIS FAMOUS GUN AND THE SINGLE-ACTION "FRONTIER MODEL" COLT, FINISHED THE JOB OF WINNING THE WEST!

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB FOSTER

THE BRANDING IRON

THE BRANDING IRON DATES BACK TO THE DAWN OF HISTORY. DRAWINGS DISCOVERED IN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TOMBS PROVE THAT PEOPLE 4,000 YEARS AGO BURNED IDENTIFICATION MARKS ON THEIR LIVESTOCK IN EXACTLY THE SAME WAY AS WE DO TODAY.



THE EARLY SPANISH EXPLORERS WHO BROUGHT THE FIRST CATTLE, HORSES AND MULES TO THIS CONTINENT, ALSO BROUGHT THE BRANDING-IRON. HERNANDO CORTES CONSIDERING HIMSELF A MISSIONARY TO THE INDIANS, INTRODUCED THIS DESIGN, WHICH IS STILL IN USE SOME 4,000 YEARS AGO.



BRANDS HAVE A LANGUAGE OF THEIR OWN, AND MOST ARE DESIGNED TO BE "READ" TO SIGNIFY SOME PERSON, THING, OR EVENT. THIS BRAND FOR EXAMPLE COMMEMORATED THE ATOMIC BOMBING OF JAPAN WHICH HELPED WIN THE PACIFIC WAR AND BROUGHT HOME THE RANCHER'S SON:



IT READS "ATOM PLUS BOMB EQUALS VICTORY"

THE STATE CAPITOL IN AUSTIN WAS FINANCED BY CHICAGO CAPITALISTS WHO RECEIVED IN PAYMENT TEN COUNTIES OF TEXAS LAND. THEY USED THIS LAND TO START A RANCH AND SELECTED

XIT

MEANING TEN IN TEXAS.

RUSTLERS BEING A PROBLEM IN THOSE DAYS, BRANDS WERE NOT ONLY DESIGNED TO MEAN BUT TO BE AS DIFFICULT AS POSSIBLE TO "REDESIGN" ... BRAND OVER. THE ONE RUSTLER WHO MANAGED TO CHANGE THE "XIT" BRAND WAS OFFERED A \$1,000 AFTER HIS CAPTURE TO REVEAL HOW HE DID IT. HERE IS HOW IT WAS DONE.

XIT



WILL ROGERS, THE MOST BELOVED COWBOY OF THEM ALL, CHOSE HIS BRAND OUT OF PURE SENTIMENT. WHEN HE WAS A CHILD IN OKLAHOMA, HE LIKED TO SIT AT NIGHT AND GAZE INTO THE FIREPLACE SO HE DESIGNED HIS BRAND LIKE THIS:



IT WAS SIMPLE, BUT IT WAS FOOL-PROOF. NO RUSTLER EVER SUCCEEDED IN "REDESIGNING" IT!

THREE MEN ONCE QUARRELED OVER THE OWNERSHIP OF A SCRAWNY, VALUELESS BULL. THE QUARREL ENDED IN BLOODSHED. TWO MEN DIED AND THE THIRD WAS ALSO KILLED WHEN HE RESISTED ARREST. COWBOYS, OUTRAGED AT THE THREE DEATHS THE WORTHLESS BULL HAD CAUSED BRANDED IT WITH A HUGE "MURDER" AND RAN IT OFF THE RANCH. THIS ANIMAL HAS BECOME A LEGEND IN TEXAS, AND STILL "SEEN" ALTHOUGH IT CAN ONLY BE A GHOST BY NOW!



BUSTER Crabbe

AND THE ARROW OF DEATH!

MURDER... EACH VICTIM WITH AN ARROW IN HIS BACK... WHO WAS THE MAD KILLER WHO RISKED HIS VICTIM'S GUNS TO STALK AND KILL THEM WITH A PRIMITIVE BOW AND ARROW? AN INDIAN GONE BERSERK AND REVERTING TO THE WAYS OF HIS ANCESTORS? OR AN HOMICIDAL GENIUS EMPLOYING THE UNORTHODOX MEANS TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM SUSPICION?



THIS IS THE SIXTH MAN KILLED BY AN ARROW IN A MONTH! IF WE DON'T RUN THOSE INDIANS OFF THE RESERVATION, IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE ALL OF US ARE DEAD!

SEEMS LIKE TROUBLE BREWING...

LET'S ROUND UP EVERY WHITE MAN IN THE TERRITORY, ARM OURSELVES TO THE TEETH, AND RUN THOSE REDSKINS OUT OF ARIZONA!

HOLD ON, STEVENS!

YOU'RE THE SHERIFF AROUND THESE PARTS... BUT YOU REFUSE TO ACT! WELL... WE'RE GOING TO ACT FOR YOU!

THE INDIANS ARE WARD'S OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT! THE U. S. MARSHAL'S INVESTIGATING THESE ARROW KILLINGS! THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO, OR YOU EITHER!



BESIDES, THERE'S NO PROOF THAT THE INDIANS ARE RESPONSIBLE!

NO PROOF? WOULD A WHITE MAN USE A BOW AND ARROW? ARE YOU MEN WITH ME? I SAY, LET'S RIDE TONIGHT!



WHY WOULDN'T A WHITE MAN USE A BOW AND ARROW MISTER? I NOTICE YOU CARRY AN OLD 45-75 SPRING-FIELD IN THIS DAY AND AGE!

YOU MUST BE NEW AROUND HERE, IF YOU WEREN'T, YOU'D KNOW BETTER THAN TO GIVE OGG STEVENS ANY LIP!



YOU WON'T MAKE THAT MISTAKE AGAIN!



YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S MAKING THE MISTAKE!



WHY, YOU...! I'LL...

I WOULDN'T ADVISE IT, STEVENS. THAT'S *BUSTER CRABBE* YOU TOOK A SWING AT, AND HE'S JUST AS FAST ON THE DRAW AS HE IS WITH A PUNCH!



BUSTER CRABBE! I DON'T WANT NO QUARREL WITH YOU! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME WHO YOU WERE?

YOU DIDN'T ASK NOW SUPPOSE WE ALL CALM DOWN WE'VE GOT A MURDERER TO CATCH, A MYSTERY TO SOLVE THAT TAKES A COOL HEAD, NOT A HOT HEAD!



Later, in the coroner's office . . .



THIS ARROW IS CHARR'D...

YUP, SAME AS THE OTHERS THE KILLER MUST HAVE SALVAGED HIS ARROWS FROM A FIRE.

NO SELF-RESPECTING INDIAN WOULD USE AN ARROW LIKE THAT. BEEN ANY FIRES AROUND HERE LATELY?



RED HAWK'S PLACE BURN'D DOWN, BUT HE'S ONLY GOT ONE ARM AND YOU NEED TWO TO HANDLE A BOW AND ARROW.



RAY, STEVENS — YOU FOUND THE BODY. I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU SHOW ME WHERE HE WAS DRYGULCHED.

SURE BE GLAD TO.



Later...

RIGHT HERE'S WHERE I FOUND HIM. SHOT IN THE BACK AND ROBBED BY SOME SNEAKING REDSKIN!

WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND THANGS FOR YOUR CO-OPERATION.



GRINDS'S TOO HARD PER FOOTPRINTS. WAS A FLEWING WASTE OF TIME, AGONY' OUT HERE.

I WOULDN'T SAY THAT. WE'VE LEARNED SOMETHING IMPORTANT. VERY IMPORTANT.



WE HAVEN' AN' JUST WHAT IN TARNATION DO WE KNOW NOW THAT WE DIDN'T KNOW BEFORE?

WE KNOW THAT THE KILLER AROUSED NO SUSPICION IN THE MURDER VICTIM, FOR HE COULDN'T HAVE APPROACHED HIM UNSEEN!

HE MUST HAVE *KNOWN* THE MAN WHO KILLED HIM. OR HE WOULDN'T HAVE TURNED HIS BACK.

BUT HE MUSTA SEED THE BOW AN' ARROW THE YARMHIT WAS LUDGIE. AFTER FIVE ARROW MURDERS, HE WOULDN'T GO TURNIN' HIS BACK.

IF HE SAW IT THE KILLER MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN CARRYING A BOW AND ARROW.

YUH MEAN HE COULD HAVE *STABBED* HIM IN THE BACK WITH THE ARROW? IT WOULD TAKE A MIGHTY POWERFUL MAN TO DRIVE IT IN THAT DEEP.

Later, at the office of the U.S. Marshal...

HAVE YOU MADE ANY HEADWAY IN YOUR INVESTIGATION OF THESE ARROW MURDERS, MARSHAL?

NO, BUT I'M CERTAIN THAT NO INDIAN IS RESPONSIBLE. I WISH I COULD PROVE IT. PEOPLE ARE GETTING RILED UP.

WHEN ARE PRESSURING THE GOVERNMENT TO MOVE THE INDIANS OUT OF THIS TERRITORY, AND THREATENING TO TAKE THE LAW IN THEIR OWN HANDS.

MARSHAL, I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE GOT ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. I THINK I KNOW WHO THE KILLER IS!

WHO DO YOU SUSPECT?

THERE'S NO POINT IN MENTIONING NAMES UNTIL I KNOW FOR SURE — AND THAT WON'T TAKE LONG!

Later, at the Sheriff's office...

I THINK WE CAN CLEAR UP THIS CASE, SHERIFF. IF YOU'LL GET OUT A SEARCH WARRANT, WE MIGHT FIND WHAT WE WANT AT DOUG STEVENS' PLACE!

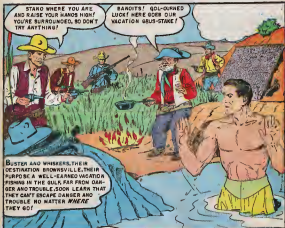
DOUG STEVENS? YOU MEAN *HE'S* THE KILLER?





BUSTER Crabbe

The SINISTER CARGO





WELL, I'LL BE-- **BUSTER CRABBE!**
WE'VE CAPTURED AN **HONORARY MEMBER**
OF OUR OWN **OUTFIT!**

CAN I PUT MY
HANDS DOWN NOW?



WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN
THESE PARTS? YOU OUT
SPY-HUNTING, TOO?

NO, WE'RE OUT **PEACE-
AND-QUIET** HUNTING!
WE'RE RIDING TO **BROWN-
VILLE**. JUST STOPPED
HERE TO CAMP FOR THE
NIGHT.



SORRY WE TROUBLED YOU, BUT SPIES AND SAB-
OTAGE-EXPERTS ARE BEING RUN THROUGH THE
COASTAL WATERS FROM MEXICO. IF YOU SEE ANY
STRANGERS ABOUT, LET US KNOW.

WE DURE
WILL.



Late that night...

ZZZZONK...
ZZZZONK...

GO AWAY, TARZAN...
I'M TRYING
TO SLEEP...



HEY--!! TARZAN,
HAVE YOU GONE
LOCO???

ZZZZH--LMBHT?
WHZZIT?



Then...

MEN SNEAKING UP THE BEACH
IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT? TARZAN,
YOU'RE ONE SMART HORSE! THIS
GOD'S CALL FOR SOME
LOOKING INTO!

GOLDURN YOU AN' YER CRAZY HUSS? GIVE ME BACK THAT BLANKET! IT'S COLD!

QUIET, YOU OLD BOAT? YOU'VE HAD ALL THE SLEEP YOU'RE GOING TO GET *THIS* NIGHT!



LEGITIMATE PERSONS WOULD'NT BE COMING ASHORE IN THIS DESOLATE SPOT FROM AN UNLIGHTED BOAT! THEY'RE FOREIGN AGENTS!

SHUCKS, DRAT AN' FIDDLY-STUCKS-HERE WE GO ASHO!



WHISKERS, YOU BREAK CAMP AND TRAIL THOSE MEN, KEEP FAR BEHIND SO YOU WON'T BE SEEN, BUT DON'T LOSE THEM!

WHAT ARE POW MEN' TO DO?



I'M GOING TO RAY THAT BOAT A LITTLE VIST! I'LL MEET YOU IN BROWNSVILLE AFTER WE'VE GOT OUR CHORES FINISHED!

IF OUR CHORES DON'T FINISH US FIRST!



A silent dive into the waves, and the most powerful body in the world propels itself swiftly beneath the surface of the water...



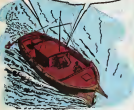
Minutes later, unheard, unseen, the form surfaces of the side of the beaked-out boat...

THEY'RE STARTING THE MOTOR AND PULLING OUT. I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!



ANOTHER TRIP WITHOUT A HITCH!

AND ANOTHER TIDY PROFIT! A FEW MORE TRIPS AND WE'LL ALL BE CAPITALISTS! HA!



THAT'S GOOD! THANKS TO THE COMMIES, WE'RE GETTING FILTY RICH!

FEAR, THIS IS SOME RACKET!

AMERICAN VOICES!



AMERICANS BRINGING FOREIGN AGENTS INTO THEIR OWN COUNTRY! IT'S GOING TO BE A PLEASURE BRINGING THESE RATS TO JUSTICE!



But just as Buster is about to pounce at the helmsman, the hatch slams open and...

HEY...? WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?



CRACK!

ALL HANDS ON DECK!

WHAM!



Several minutes and several buckets-
of-water later...

AWRIGHT, START
TALKIN'! WHO ARE
YOU? HOW'D YOU
GET ABOARD? TALK
FAST, OR WE'LL
KILL YA!



NOT THAT WE
AIN'T GOINNA
SHOOT YA,
ANYWAY!

SHOOT ME? YES,
SHOOT ME! ONLY DON'T
THROW ME OVERBOARD
TO DROWN! I'VE BEEN
AFRAID OF DROWNING
ALL MY LIFE! SHOOT
ME, SHOOT ME!

IS YOU'D
RATHER DIE
THAN TALK,
EH?



AWRIGHT, MUSCLE-MAN, TRY SWIMMIN' WITH
YER HANDS HANDCUFFED BEHIND YER BACK!
WE AIN'T DOIN' FOW NO FAVORS! BESIDES,
CARTRIDGES COST MONEY!

HA! HA! DON'T WANNA
DROWN, EH?



But this was just what Buster wanted!

THEY DON'T KNOW
THAT A MAN CAN STAY
AFLOAT FOR HOURS,
EVEN DAYS, WITH HIS
HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK
LIKE THIS, BUT...



Mighty
muscles
strain, and
then with
a burst of
superhuman
strength...

BUT I DON'T WANT TO JUST SAVE
MYSELF... I WANT TO SAVE MY
COUNTRY FROM TRAITOROUS
KATS LIKE THEM!



I'VE GOT TO SWIM LIKE I NEVER SWAM
BEFORE! I'VE GOT TO OVERTAKE
THAT BOAT!



Finally, with his last ounce of strength and energy, Buster reaches the boat!

WHEN I MADE IT I'LL JUST HAVE TO HANG ON UNTIL I REGain MY STRENGTH...

An hour later, as Buster tries again, only seares can be heard from the cabin...

THIS IS THE LAST CHANCE I'LL GET... I CAN'T ~~ADIFF~~ THIS ONE...



BILLY THE KID

A true story of the Old West

—from the files of *Euster Crabbe*

I PLAYED "Billy the Kid" in a series of Western pictures, portraying the famous young outlaw in his "legendary" role of a Western Robin Hood—a daring individual who took back from the villainous rich what they had stolen from the innocent poor, and returning the loot to its rightful owners.

The real Billy the Kid, although he may have had some redeeming features, hardly measured up to the tall-tale legends of himself which grew to such fantastic proportions after he had come to the end of his brief but bloody career.

Billy the Kid's name was William H. Bonney, and the "Westerner" was born in New York City in 1859.

He was brought to Kansas at the age of three, and spent his boyhood in the Western States. He killed his first man at the tender age of twelve! This incident occurred in Silver City, New Mexico, when a man assaulted his mother. For this breach of etiquette, young Billy shot him dead.

Billy must have enjoyed his first taste of blood for he went on shooting people dead—often for no more reason than that they had the effrontery to talk back to him.

After some years of wandering about Arizona, Mexico, Texas and New Mexico, committing crimes, gambling, fighting and building a sizable reputation for himself, Billy got himself involved in the Lincoln County war.

The trouble in Lincoln County started when John Chisum and his partner Alex McSwain decided to establish a monopoly of the stock-raising business, and crown themselves the cattle kings of the Pecos Valley.

To have complete command of so rich and verdant a range would be a fortune in itself. Chisum proceeded to drive in 80,000 head of cattle. The herd of the smaller rancheros were engulfed by this multitude of hoofs and horns. Naturally, the small ranches tried to reclaim their animals. This led to violent arguments between the herders.

The small ranchers banded together under the leadership of Murphy, Dolan and company—a group of men with important cattle interests and anxious to defend them. Both sides enlisted all the strength and influence they could command and prepared for all out war.

Chisum and McSwain hired Billy the Kid, thus acquiring what they considered a very valuable asset for their side. The Kid, and his dam-devil ways, perfect marksmanship, command of a horse, plus what seemed to be an absolute delight in murder, soon elevated him to head of the class.

The conflict proceeded with alternate success and defeat for each party. The beginning of the end for Billy the Kid came early in 1879 when Chisum arranged for him to be appointed a deputy con-

stable. Vested with this authority, The Kid was given a warrant for the arrest of Billy Weston and Frank Baker, two rival herders. The charges were trivial, but anything to harass the enemy.

So Deputy Constable Billy, accompanied by another employee of Chisum, a man named McCluskey, saddled his horse and rode out on the range in search of his prey. He found them in a camp at the eastern side of the country, served his warrant and placed them under arrest.

"Why are you arresting us?" Weston demanded to know.

Billy the Kid didn't like his tone. "You've been working against Chisum. That's reason enough. Now shut up before I blow your brains out!"

Now it was Baker's turn to protest. "It's a free country, young man, and no man arrests me unless I know what it's for!"

"I just told your friend the reason. And if you don't hold your tongue, I'll quiet you with a bullet!" Billy's eyes narrowed and he half removed the six gun from its holster.

McCluskey intervened. "You wouldn't kill an unarmed man, would you, Billy?" he asked incredulously.

"Wouldn't I?" asked The Kid. "I'll kill anyone I get a mind to—and right now I got a mind to kill you!" With that, Billy drew his gun and killed his partner on the spot.

Weston and Baker tried to escape from this madman. He cheerfully shot them both dead.

From that day on, Billy the Kid was a marked man, although it took two years for the law to catch up with him and many more men were blasted to glory by his blazing guns before he was flushed.

Sheriff Pat Garrett was the man who finally cornered and killed The Kid. It is ironic that this same Garrett, before he was appointed Sheriff, had been a good friend of Billy's—so his appointed task must have been an unpleasant one for him. Also, knowing well the lightning-quick draw and deadly aim of the outlaw, he wanted to trap him rather than tackle him head-on.

Garrett's opportunity came one night when The Kid was reported staying at the Maxwell house, as guest of a Mexican servant. Garrett and his men rode out and surrounded the house. The Kid was surprised inside the house, and before he could draw, Garrett killed him.

So, at midnight, July 19th, 1881, Billy the Kid met his fate. He was twenty-one years old, and he had killed twenty-one men! This murder-list did not include Indians, which according to Billy did not count as human beings.

In the next issue I'll tell you the truth about Wild Bill Hickok, another famous killer of the Old West who managed to stay on the right side of the law, but . . .

WE CAN STOP the ENEMIES OF YOUTH



IF YOU WANT
TO GET ON THE
INSIDE WITH
SOME SMART
FELLOWS...
JOIN UP
WITH US!



THIS BOY BECAME
ADDICTED TO DOPE
AND HAD TO SELL
DOPE TO OTHERS
TO GET SOME
FOR HIMSELF..

HE'S A DOPE
FIEND! WE'D
BETTER KEEP
AWAY FROM
HIM!

SICK AND
DESPERATE,
THE BOY
ROVE FROM
PLACE TO
PLACE,
SEEKING
DOPE AND
GIVING UP
HIS TRUE
FRIENDS AND
COMPANIONS...



THE DOPE MENACE IS INJURING OUR YOUTH... GIRLS AND YOUNG MEN ARE ROBBED OF THEIR RIGHT TO HAPPINESS BY CRUEL AND DANGEROUS CHARACTERS WHO INDUCE THEM TO FALL PREY TO DOPE... ALL YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN SHOULD REPORT DOPE PEDDLERS TO THEIR PARENTS, THEIR CLERGYMEN, THEIR TEACHERS, THE POLICE, OR THE NEAREST SOCIAL SERVICE AGENCY... THE COMICS MAGAZINE INDUSTRY PLEDGES ITSELF TO AID YOUNGSTERS IN THEIR FIGHT AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF YOUTH-- THE DOPE PEDDLERS...

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