

TEX RITTER

A Fawcett Publication

WESTERN

OCT.
10¢
NO. 7



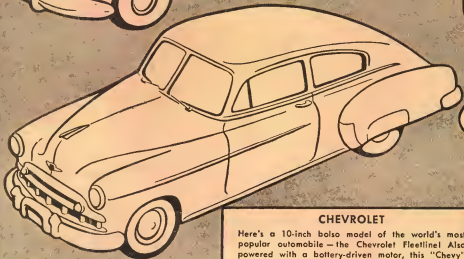
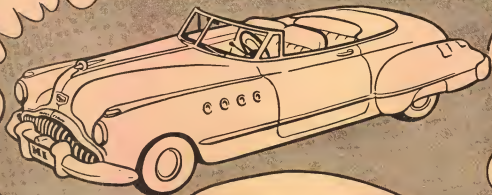
Epic ADVENTURES OF THE
WESTERN PLAINS!
GUNSMOKE REVENGE
FANGS OF DEATH
RENEGADE CHALLENGE

HEY GANG!

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ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
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FULL SIZE PLANS!

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Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



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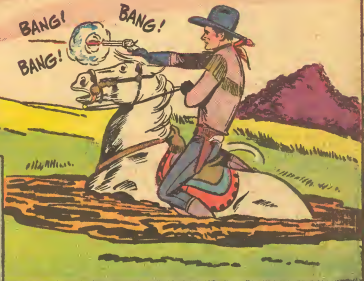
W. H. Fawcett, Jr. President

Tex Ritter in GUNSMOKE REVENGE

THAT'S THE END OF THAT HOMBRE!
NOBODY EVER GOT OUT OF THAT
QUICKSAND ALIVE!



BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

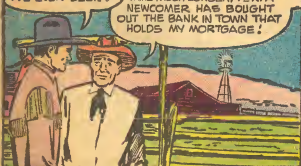


A MORTGAGE IN THE TOWN OF SANDSTONE WAS THE MORTGAGEE'S DEATH WARRANT! WHEN TEX RITTER, UNDERCOVER PRAIRIE RANGER, RODE INTO TOWN, THE DEADLY GUNS, WHICH HAD BEEN LEAVING A STREAK OF CARNAGE BEHIND THEM, WERE TURNED ON HIM. IN PLAYING TAG WITH DEATH, TEX HAD TO SLAP LEATHER AS NEVER BEFORE WHEN HE VOWED "GUNSMOKE REVENGE!"

A T THE BAR J RANCH IN SANDSTONE...

JEFF, THIS RANCH OF YOURS IS ONE OF THE FINEST I'VE EVER SEEN!

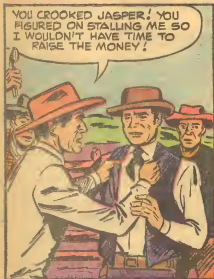
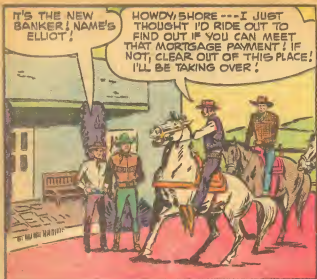
UNLESS THE BANK GIVES ME AN EXTENSION ON MY MORTGAGE, IT WON'T BE MINE MUCH LONGER, TEX! A NEWCOMER HAS BOUGHT OUT THE BANK IN TOWN THAT HOLDS MY MORTGAGE!



I WROTE MY BROTHER IN CANYON COUNTY TO COME ON WITH THE MONEY! I'M TAKING NO CHANCES OF A FORECLOSURE!

YOU HAVE VISITORS COMING, JEFF!





WATER, AT THE ELLIOT RANCH ---

I MUST HAVE THAT BAR J SPREAD!
IT WOULD MAKE ME THE BIGGEST
LAND OWNER IN THIS TERRITORY!
BUT I'M AFRAID JEFF SHORE WILL
RAISE THE MORTGAGE MONEY!



WHY NOT GUN JEFF?

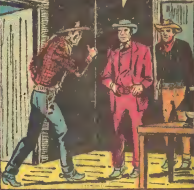
**YOU'RE A LITTLE CRUDE, CON
---BUT YOU HAVE IDEAS!
WE'LL DO IT THIS WAY! YOU
BOYS GO OUT AND ROPE
THAT HOMBRE SHORE AND
HIDE HIM! LEAVE THE REST
TO ME!**

RIGHT,
BOSS!



**THAT NIGHT--- GOOD!
TOMORROW**

WE GOT
SHORE,
BOSS!
ONE OF YOU BOYS
HOLD UP THE BANK!
I'LL HAVE EVERY-
THING SET!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

STAND WHERE YOU ARE, YOU
JASPERS! I'M TAKING THAT
MONEY AND NOBODY BETTER
TRY TO STOP ME!



IT'S JEFF
SHORE!

**SHERIFF! SHORE
JUST HELD UP MY
BANK AND STOLE A
WAD OF MONEY!
GET AFTER
HIM!**



HOW DO YOU KNOW IT
WAS JEFF SHORE?

**I RECOGNIZED
HIM.... THAT'S
HOW I KNOW!
LOOKS AS IF YOU
CAN'T GET ANY
JUSTICE IN THIS
TOWN IF THE LAW'S
FRIENDS PULL A
JOB! DON'T HURRY,
SHERIFF---I'LL GET
THE VARMINT
MYSELF!**

YOU
BETTER BE
SURE
YOU'RE
ACCUSING
THE RIGHT
PERSON!
BANK
ROBBERY IS
A HANGING
OFFENSE IN
THESE PARTS!



**SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, IN AN
ABANDONED CABIN...**

HERE HE
IS----
TRUSSSED
UP LIKE
A WILD
TURKEY!
TCH, TCH--TOO BAD
FOR YOU, SHORE.
THE LAW LETS A
MAN SHOOT A
CRITTER IF HE'S A
BANK ROBBER---!
YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE ROBBED MY
BANK!



**WITH YOU IN BOOT HILL, YOU'LL
NEVER BE ABLE TO PAY OFF THAT
MORTGAGE--- SO I'LL HAVE TO
TAKE YOUR SPREAD!**



GAHHH!

BANG!

THAT EVENING OUTSIDE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE--

WHILE YOU WERE LOOKING FOR JEFF AT HIS RANCH, SHERIFF, MY BOYS AND I TRACKED HIM DOWN IN THE HILLS! YOU CAN BURY HIM IN BOOT HILL NOW!

(GASP!)
JEFF SHORE--
DEAD!



THAT WAS A SLICK TRICK! THE BAR J SPREAD IS YOURS NOW. WHAT DO YOU AIM TO DO NEXT?



I'M WONDERING ABOUT THAT CATTLE HERD JANSON OWNS, DON'T YOU THINK THOSE PRIZE LONGHORNS WOULD LOOK GOOD ON MY NEW SPREAD, MEN? GET IT? JANSON OWES ME A BIT OF MONEY, TOO!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS TEX ARRIVES BACK IN SANDSTONE---

IT JUST DOESN'T ADD UP, SHERIFF! I'VE KNOWN JEFF FOR A LONG TIME, AND NO MATTER HOW MUCH HE WANTED TO HOLD ON TO HIS SPREAD, HE WOULDN'T TURN ROBBER FOR IT. BESIDES, HE KNEW I'D BE BACK WITH THE MONEY!

THE MONEY ISN'T ANY GOOD NOW, TEX! ELLIOT FORECLOSED ON THE BAR J. IF ONLY I HAD FOUND SHORE BEFORE ELLIOT DID!



SUDDENLY---

SHERIFF.... THEY'RE BRINGING IN THE BODY OF LOU JANSON! ELLIOT'S MEN SHOT HIM WHEN HE TRIED TO SHOOT ELLIOT!

LOU JANSON! WHY, HE NEVER THREW A GUN ON ANYBODY IN HIS LIFE!



WAIT A MINUTE, SHERIFF! DID ELLIOT LEND LOU JANSON ANY MONEY?

WHY, YES---HE DID! YOU MEAN ELLIOT WANTS TO GET HOLD OF---!



WHY THAT TWO-TIMING MURDERING COYOTE! HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY WITH THIS!

TROUBLE IS WE CAN'T DO A THING UNTIL WE HAVE CONCRETE EVIDENCE!



YOU HEARD ME, YOU BACK-STABBING COYOTE! I CALL IT MURDER!

WHO YOU FRONTING FOR, SHERIFF--THE OWL--HOOTS IN THESE PARTS! I HAVE WITNESSES TO BACK ME UP--AND ALL YOU HAVE IS THE GALL TO CALL ME DOWN BECAUSE I'M UPHOLDING THE LAW.



WITNESSES! DO YOU CALL THOSE GUNSLINGERS OF YOURS RESPECTABLE WITNESSES! THEY'D SWEAR TO ANYTHING, YOU TOLD THEM TO!

BEFORE YOU GO INSULTING THE CITIZENS OF THIS TOWN, YOU BETTER TAKE CARE OF YOUR JOB, YOU OLD SIDEWINDER! COME ON, BOYS!



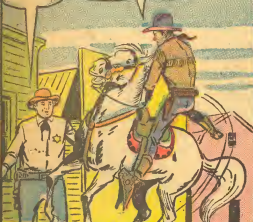
A GREEDY MAN WILL ALWAYS TRY AGAIN --- BUT THIS TIME WE'LL BE READY FOR HIM. WHO IN THESE PARTS HAS SOMETHING THAT ELLIOT MIGHT LIKE TO GET HOLD OF?

WHY, I RECKON JIM HARKNESS' SILVER MINE!



WHERE YOU GOING?

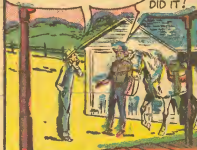
TO SEE JIM HARKNESS! WE'RE GOING TO USE THAT SILVER MINE AS BAIT!



SOON AFTER ---

YEP --- JEFF SHORE AND LOU JANSON WERE MIGHTY GOOD FRIENDS OF MINE! WE ALL CAME OUT THIS WAY ABOUT THE SAME TIME. I KNOW THEY DIDN'T DO WHAT THEY'RE BEING ACCUSED OF!

I'M CERTAIN THEY WERE MURDERED, JIM; BUT I'LL NEED YOUR HELP TO GET THE VARIANTS WHO DID IT!



I WANT YOU TO GO TO ELLIOT FOR A SHORT TERM MORTGAGE ON YOUR MINE! TELL HIM YOU NEED MONEY FOR NEW EQUIPMENT IN ORDER TO GET AT A RICH NEW VEIN! I HAVE A HUNCH HE'LL BE MIGHTY GLAD TO LET YOU HAVE IT!

I'LL HIT THE TRAIL FOR THE BANK NOW, TEX!



I GUESS IT'S ONLY FAIR TO TELL YOU, JIM, THAT YOU'RE RISKING YOUR LIFE BY PLAYING THE BAIT!

I DON'T MIND IF IT MEANS CATCHING UP WITH THAT RATTLESNAKE!



AT THE BANK ---

I KNOW I COULD HIT A NEW VEIN IF I HAD THE MONEY TO BUY SOME NEW EQUIPMENT. HOW ABOUT IT, ELLIOT?

YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, HARKNESS, I'LL BE GLAD TO LET YOU HAVE NEW EQUIPMENT. YOU KNOW YOUR REPUTATION AS A MAN WHO CAN SMELL OUT A GOOD VEIN!



WELL, BOYS --- JIM HARKNESS JUST SIGNED A BANK NOTE!

LOOKS AS IF YOU'LL BE OWNING A SILVER MINE SOON, BOSS!



MEANWHILE --- GOOD NOW

WELL, I GOT THE BANK NOTE, TEX / ELLIOT SURE SEEMED GLAD ENOUGH TO GIVE ME THE MONEY!

WE'LL WAIT FOR HIM TO MAKE HIS MOVE.



A WEEK LATER--

I GUESS WE'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH. TONIGHT YOU RIDE OUT TO HARKNESS PLACE AND GRAB HIM. THEN I'LL PASS THE WORD ALONG THAT HARKNESS CAME HERE TO MY HOUSE AND AT GUN POINT MADE ME OPEN THE SAFE AND HAND HIM THE BANK NOTE!

AFTER WE PLUG HIM, WE PUT THE STOLEN BANK NOTE IN HIS HAND FOR PROOF, EH, BOSS?



THAT NIGHT---

TEX! TEX! OPEN UP! IT'S ME--- SHERIFF TYDE!

I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU! SHERIFF!



ELLIOT JUST CAME TO ME AND SAID THAT HARKNESS MADE HIM TURN OVER THE BANK NOTE AT GUN POINT!

THAT MEANS THEY'RE GOING GUNNING AFTER HARKNESS!



SHERIFF, YOU STAY HERE IN CASE SOMETHING TURNS UP IN TOWN! I'LL RIDE OUT TO HARKNESS' PLACE. THEY'RE MAKING THE MOVE WE WANT.

HURRY! THOSE KILLERS WON'T STOP AT ANYTHING!



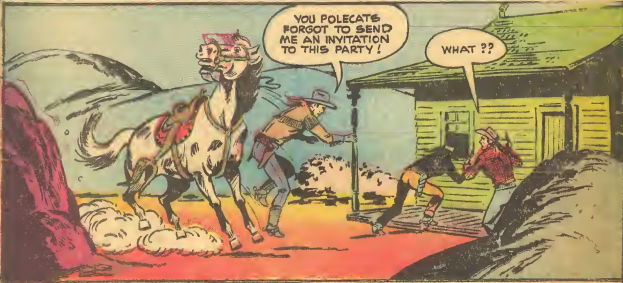
SPURRING WHITE FLASH ACROSS THE PRAIRIE, TEX SOON APPROACHES THE SILVER MINE SITE.

SHOTS! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE! FASTER! WHITE FLASH!



YOU POLECATS FORGOT TO SEND ME AN INVITATION TO THIS PARTY!

WHAT??



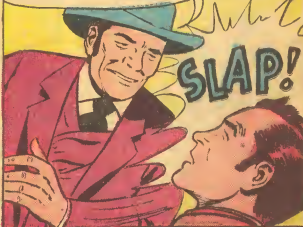


AS THE BLACK CLOUDS OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS SLOWLY DRIFT AWAY, TEX FINDS HIMSELF A PRISONER.

I FIGGERED YOU HAD IDEAS ABOUT ME AND THE BOYS PLUGGING YOUR FRIENDS JEFF SHORE AND JANSON, SO I KEPT A CLOSE WATCH ON YOU. WHEN YOU LEFT TOWN, I FOLLOWED! THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR YOU, MISTER!



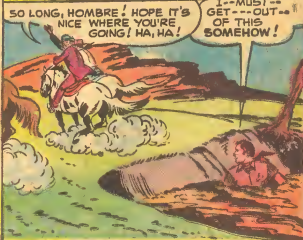
WHY NOT? YOU WON'T BE ALIVE TO STOP US! WE'RE TOSSING YOU IN A BED OF QUICKSAND NEAR THE RIDGE---AND THEN HARKNESS IS GETTING A DOSE OF LEAD!



EASY, HOMBRE! I GOT AN ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER!



AS THE SUCKING QUICKSAND BEGINS TO PULL TEX TO HIS DOOM, FEVERISHLY HE TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF OF HIS WRIST BONDS.



VICIOUSLY, THE UNRELENTING FORCE PULLS TEX TO CERTAIN DEATH -- AFTER ETERNALLY LONG MINUTES, TEX IS ABLE TO WORK OUT OF HIS BONDS!

NEIGHH!

THERE! I'M FREE! THIS SLIPPERY MIRE HELPED ME TO SLIP MY HANDS OUT OF THE KNOT! WHITE FLASH!



UP, WHITE FLASH! UP ON THE TREE!
PUSH IT DOWN TOWARD ME!



DOWN MORE!
A LITTLE
MORE!



I GOT IT,
WHITE FLASH!
LET GO!



THANKS, PAL. I--I RECKON
I'M SAFE NOW!



A MOMENT LATER --

LET'S RIDE HARD, BOY! JIM
HARKNESS IS IN PLENTY
OF DANGER!

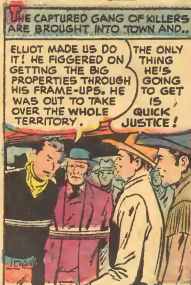
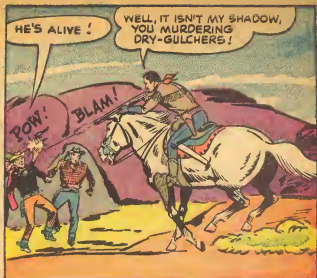


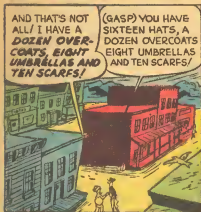
SOON...

HA, HA! GIVE MY
REGARDS TO JEFF
SHORE AND LOU
JANSON, HARKNESS!
THIS IS THE END
OF THE TRAIL FOR
YOU. I'LL PLANT
THE BANK NOTE
ON YOUR CARCASS
AND THEN CALL
THE SHERIFF!

I WONDER IF
YOU'LL LAUGH
WHEN THEY
PUT THE NOOSE
AROUND YOU,
ELLIOT!







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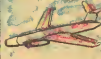
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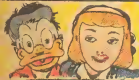
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MASKS

RIGHT ON WHEATIES BOXES

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RIDING THE RANGE WITH TEX RITTER

121 SOUTH BEVERLY DRIVE
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.



HOWDY, PALS,

IN MY LAST LETTER I TOLD YOU A LITTLE ABOUT THE OLD-TIME LAW-MAN I MET UP WITH IN THE ROCKIES. NOW A HEAP HAS BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT THE COURAGEOUS GUNSLINGERS OF THE OLD WEST AND I WAS MIGHTY EAGER TO HEAR WHAT HE HAD TO SAY FOR HIMSELF. IT SEEMS HE HAD A HEAP TO DO WITH WIPING OUT THE MURDERING BORDER BUNCH. AFTER TELLING ME ABOUT THEM, THE OLD TIMER STARTED TO SAY HOW FOLKS WERE PLUMB CHANGED FROM THE WAY THEY USED TO BE. I CALLED HIS HAND PRONTO ON THAT ONE. "IN WHAT WAY ARE THEY DIFFERENT?" I ASKED HIM.

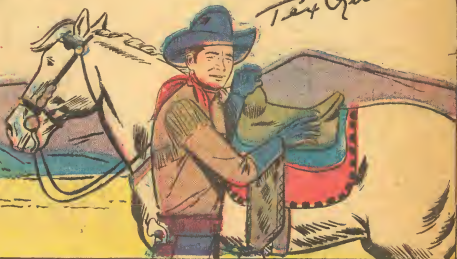
WELL, PARDS, HE BUSTED OUT IN A SLOW GRIN AND THEN SPOKE. "I RECKON FOLKS IN THE OLD DAYS WERE JUST NATURALLY A HEAP MORE 'CAT-EYED' FOR ONE THING."

THE OLD TIMER WAS MIGHTY RIGHT WHEN HE SAID THAT, TOO. IN THOSE DAYS FOLKS HAD TO BE CAT-EYED--- IF THEY AIMED TO GO ON LIVING. WHEN THEY RODE TRAIL OR PITCHED CAMP FOR THE NIGHT THEY HAD TO BE ON THE ALERT FOR WAR-LIKE INDIANS OR PROWLING MOUNTAIN LIONS.

IT'S TOO BAD THAT FOLKS HAVE GOT OUT OF THE HABIT OF BEING CAT-EYED, BECAUSE A HEAP OF ACCIDENTS COULD BE AVOIDED, ESPECIALLY WHEN CROSSING THE STREETS. SO I WANT ALL YOU PARDS TO BE MIGHTY CAT-EYED AND WARY OF THE AUTOMOBILES THAT COME STAMPEDING AROUND CORNERS AND DOWN THE STREETS. IT MAKES MIGHTY GOOD SENSE TO BE ON THE ALERT AT ALL TIMES.

YOUR PARD,

Tex Ritter



Tex Ritter

in
FANGS OF DEATH!

AS A FLOOD OF COUNTERFEIT MONEY CONTINUES TO POUR ACROSS THE BORDER, TEX RITTER, THE FIGHTING PRAIRIE RANGER, USES HIS TWO SLASHING FISTS AND BLAZING SIX-GUNS AS A BARRIER AGAINST THE MURDEROUS GANG! BUT TEX DOESN'T COUNT ON A STRANGE WEAPON USED BY THE OWLHOOTS---A WEAPON THAT HAS HIM EAR-MARKED FOR BOOT HILL AS HE TANGLES WITH **FANGS OF DEATH!**



A N URGENT SUMMONS FOR AID BRINGS TEX RITTER TO THE SMALL TOWN OF CRATER GULCH!

HERE WE ARE, WHITE FLASH. I RECKON WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT'S BOTHERING THE SHERIFF!

GET A LOAD OF THAT SADDLE BUM AND HIS MUTT, BOSS. YOUR DOGS DON'T SEEM TO HAVE COTTONED TO THEM.

HMM---I GUESS WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE FUN!



GO GET 'EM, BOYS!
SIC 'EM!



ROLLING HILLS! THOSE DOGS ARE BENT ON KILLING FURY!



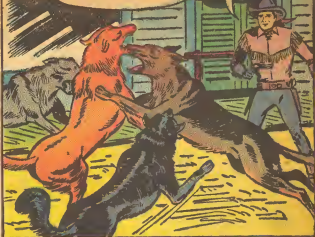
WOOF

GRRR

GRR

GRR!

GIT! VAMOOSE! NO USE! FURY DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THOSE ODDS UNLESS I DO SOMETHING!



GET ALONG, LITTLE DOGGIES! I DON'T WANT TO HARM YOU!



BANG BANG

BANG

THAT DIDN'T SIT RIGHT WITH ME, HOMBRE! NOBODY AROUND HERE GOES AROUND SHOOTING AT DENO CARR'S DOGS---NOT WHILE I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY. IF THAT MUTT OF YOURS IS TOO YELLOW TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF---



I RECKON HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF ALL RIGHT, IF THE ODDS AREN'T STACKED AGAINST HIM!

WAL, I SAY HE'S A YELLA, CRAWLIN', MANGY MUTT---AND MAYBE THAT'S BECAUSE THE JASPER WHO OWNS HIM IS CUT THE SAME WAY! WHAT DO YOU AIM TO DO ABOUT THAT?



I SUPPOSE THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I CAN DO!



THIS!

POW!



AGHH!

LET'S SEE YOUR COLOR!

WHAM



I'LL KILL YOU FOR THAT!

BUT TEX'S GUN HAND MAKES A LIGHTNING SLAP AT HIS HOLSTER AND COMES UP SPITTING LEAD!



AIEEE!
MY HAND!

NOW GET GOING -- AND PRONTO!

I AIN'T FORGETTING THIS, HAIRPIN! YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME AGAIN!



I NEVER DID SEE SUCH SHOOTING!

THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO COULD SHOOT LIKE THAT AND THAT'S TEX RITTER! WELCOME TO CRATER GULCH. I'M SHERIFF THOMSON!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, SHERIFF! SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHAT THE HURRY CALL WAS ALL ABOUT.



THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF COUNTERFEIT MONEY FLOODING THESE PARTS THE PAST FEW MONTHS. SINCE THIS TERRITORY ISN'T A COUNTY, I CAN'T APPEAL TO THE GOVERNOR, SO I FIGURED IT WAS UP TO THE PRAIRIE RANGERS.



ANY IDEAS ABOUT IT?

WELL... I DON'T KNOW FOR SURE... BUT A LOT OF THOSE PHONY BILLS HAVE BEEN TURNING UP AT THE DOG TRACK. THAT HOMBRE YOU TANGLED WITH, DENO CARR, RACES HIS DOGS THERE AND IF ANYONE WAS BEHIND IT, I'D SAY IT WAS DENO! BUT I HAVE NO PROOF!

BUT YOU SUSPECT HIM?



YEP-- I DO! HE SASHAYS BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE BORDER RACING THOSE DOGS OF HIS AT DIFFERENT TRACKS! NOBODY COULD ASK FOR A BETTER COVER-UP POSITION TO BRING THE STUFF THROUGH.

HMMM... DOG RACING, EH? MAYBE IF I ENTERED FURY IN ONE OF THOSE RACES, IT MIGHT UNEARTH A LEAD. AT LEAST IT'S WORTH A TRY, EVEN IF FURY NEVER RACED BEFORE.



THE FOLLOWING DAY, TEX SHOWS UP AT THE DOG TRACK!



EVEN IF YOU DON'T WIN, FURY, YOU HAVE A PART TO PLAY. WE'RE AFTER SOMETHING BIGGER THAN JUST WINNING A RACE. UNDERSTAND?

WOOF!

I'D LIKE TO ENTER MY DOG IN THE RACES THIS AFTERNOON.

SURE THING! EVERYONE IS WELCOME. JUST FILL OUT THIS PAPER AND DEPOSIT TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS AS THE ENTRY FEE.

DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, DENO?





I SAW HIM ALL RIGHT, GO GET HIM, GROWLER! SHOW THAT HOMBRE YOU CAN RIP HIS MUTT APART ALL BY YOURSELF!

GIT!

GRRR!



GRRRR!



STOP THAT FIGHT! GET THOSE DOGS APART!

FURY! BACK, BOY!



THAT DOG OF HIS, JUDGE, IS PRETTY DANGEROUS. HE JUMPED FURY WITHOUT GIVING HIM ANY WARNING!

THAT'S HIS STORY! THAT RANNY HAS BEEN ITCHING FOR TROUBLE EVER SINCE HE HIT TOWN YESTERDAY.



I SAW THE WHOLE THING, CARR! YOU HOLD THAT DOG OF YOURS, OR I'LL RULE HIM OFF THE TRACK!

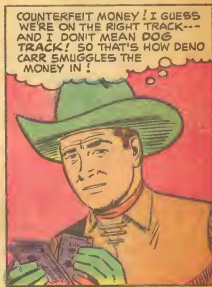
IF THAT MUTT OF HIS CAN'T TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF, HE OUGHT TO KEEP IT, LOCKED UP.



LET'S LOOK AT YOUR CUTS, FURY! SAY--WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE? LOOKS LIKE A PIECE OF THAT RACER'S BLANKET----LET ME HAVE IT, FELLOW!



ROLLING HILLS! LOOK WHAT'S ROLLED UP IN THE HEM OF THIS PIECE OF BLANKET!



COUNTERFEIT MONEY! I GUESS WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK---AND I DON'T MEAN DOG TRACK! SO THAT'S HOW DENO CARR SMUGGLES THE MONEY IN!

THAT AFTERNOON, AFTER TEX HAS TOLD THE SHERIFF OF HIS DISCOVERY ---

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, TEX. NO SENSE MOVING IN ON THOSE JAGPERS BEFORE WE FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE PRINTING THAT COUNTERFEIT MONEY!

IF WE STAY CLOSE ENOUGH TO THEM, THEY'RE BOUND TO MAKE A SLIP. THERE'S TALK THAT CARR HAS BET PLENTY ON HIS DOGS, AND IF HIS DOG SHOULD LOSE HE'LL PROBABLY TRY TO PAY OFF WITH COUNTERFEIT MONEY!

THEY'RE ABOUT READY TO START THE RACE. WATCH YOURSELF, TEX. THEY'RE A MIGHTY MEAN BUNCH.

WE'RE READY FOR THEM!

THEY'RE OFF!

COME ON, FURY! DIG DUST, BOY!

GROWLER IS OUT FRONT!

FASTER, GROWLER! FASTER!

GROWLER WINS!

TOO BAD, FURY. YOU DID YOUR BEST --- BUT THEY'RE RACING DOGS!

NOW WHAT? THERE'S NO CHANCE TO MAKE THEM SHOW THEIR HAND!

I INTEND TO FORCE HIS HAND, SHERIFF, BY FOLLOWING MY HUNCH. THE WAY I FIGURE IT, DENO IS USING THOSE DOGS AS A COVER FOR SMUGGLING THE MONEY INTO THE COUNTRY. HE KEEPS HIS DOG WAGON ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BORDER WHERE THEY PROBABLY PRINT THE MONEY.

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO FOLLOW HIM BACK ACROSS THE BORDER?

RIGHT. I WANT TO GET A CLOSE-UP LOOK OF THAT DOG WAGON!

YOU'RE TAKING A BIG CHANCE, TEX-- BUT GOOD LUCK! THEY ONLY PULLED OUT AWHILE AGG, SO YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE PICKING UP THEIR TRAIL.

HOURS LATER, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BORDER, TEX QUESTIONS A BORDER GUARD.

YES, I HAVE SEEN THE DOG WAGON WITH THE RACING DOGS MANY TIMES. IT IS ABOUT THREE MILES SOUTH OF HERE, RANGER!

THANKS, AMIGO.

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS... HE MUST'VE GOTTEN ON TO US WHEN HIS DOG GOT HOLD OF A PIECE OF GROWLER'S BLANKET!

DENO--! LOOK! IT'S THAT JASPER WITH HIS MUTT! HE'S A PRAIRIE RANGER! I CAN SEE HIS BADGE FROM HERE!

BUT HE'S WALKING RIGHT INTO OUR CAMP AND I'M GOING TO BE READY FOR HIM. GET THE DOGS OUT AND ROUND UP THE BOYS! PRONTO!

GET 'EM, BOYS! TEAR 'EM APART!

HERE THEY COME, FURY, WATCH IT! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE SHOWDOWN!

DENO FIGURES ON HAVING THE DOGS DO HIS DIRTY WORK AND THEN CLAIM IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. HE'S GOT THEM PRIMED TO KILL!

GRRR!
WOOF! GRR!

CRACK! CRACK!

THEY'LL TEAR FURY APART UNLESS I DO SOMETHING ----AND FAST!

GOT THEM!

BLAST HIM!

AWRRK! HE AIN'T HUMAN! HE SHOT MY GUN OUT OF MY HAND!

BANG BANG BANG

YIPE... YIPE!

GRRR!

RUN FOR IT! HE WON'T SHOOT YOU IN THE BACK! NONE OF THOSE LAWMEN DO!

YOU CRITTERS WON'T GO FAR!

COME ON, FURY ---WE'RE GOING TO FINISH THE JOB THIS TIME!

GRR!

MILE AFTER MILE, ALONG TORTUROUS TRAILS, TEX TRAILS THE OUTLAWS, AND AS HE CLOSES IN...

OOOPS!

I TOLD YOU HE WOULDN'T SEE THAT ROPE! GET HIM!

KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH, RANGER! YOUR NUMBER IS UP!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT, CARR. THEY'LL CATCH UP TO YOU SOONER OR LATER.

NO THEY WON'T! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO GOT CLOSE TO GUESSING WHAT WE REALLY WERE DOING. AND YOU WERE LUCKY TO GET THAT PIECE OF BLANKET WITH THE COUNTERFEIT MONEY. ONCE WE FINISH YOU OFF, WE'LL GO RIGHT ON PRINTING THE MONEY IN THAT DOG WAGON!

THAT DOG RACING BUSINESS IS ONLY PETTY CASH COMPARED TO WHAT WE CLEAN UP BY PRINTING THOSE BILLS. BUT IT HELPS US MOVE BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE BORDER WITHOUT SUSPICION. NOW I'M THROUGH TALKING---

GET HIM, FURY!

FURY!?

AIEEE!

BANG BANG

AND NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!

DON'T SHOOT--! WE QUIT!

BANG BANG

LATER, AFTER TEX HAS TURNED OVER DENO CARR AND HIS GANG TO THE SHERIFF.....

I GUESS THIS WILL PUT A STOP TO THOSE COUNTERFEIT BILLS, SHERIFF. YOU'LL FIND THEM THE PRESSES AND HIS DOGS JUST THIS SIDE OF THE BORDER WHERE THE BORDER GUARD IS WATCHING THEM.

I KNEW WE'D GET ACTION WHEN I ASKED THEM TO SEND YOU, TEX. THIS WHOLE TERRITORY WILL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU DID!



BULLWHIP

By Walter Farmer

HIGH against the sky stood Hangman's Tree, scraggly and wind-twisted, marking the top of the ridge. A grey ball of dust moved slowly and steadily toward the tree. Between the ball of dust and the tree, five men waited, crouched low in the rocks. They were watching the slowly moving dust ball, hatbrims low and kerchiefs covering their faces from the bridge of the nose down.

"Do you see him?" asked one of the men.
 "Can't see him for dust," was the response from another. "How about you, Bullwhip?"

The one addressed as Bullwhip, big shouldered and barrel-chested, responded in a deep, gravel voice that left no doubt he was the leader of this group. "We'll see him soon enough. Then it'll be like shooting fish in a barrel. Don't get impatient."

He cast his eye skyward, where a lone buzzard circled near Hangman's Tree and seemed to watch the group of men curiously. The gravel voice chuckled, "Stick around, Mr. Buzzard! We're planning a meal for you!"

The ball of dust kept moving slowly, steadily up the rutty road. Inside the ball sat Don Cornwall, a lean, grey-eyed youth, snapping his whip from the wagon box and urging his plodding team forward. Behind him, in the wagon bed, was a huge barrel on which the stenciled letters spelled out GUNPOWDER. It was characteristic of Don that, though his whip cracked like a shot, it never touched the team. He urged his horses onward but he did not beat them.

He talked to the horses, too, as lone men in the wild country are wont to do. He pulled the big turnout watch from his pocket and looked at it. Then he said, "Keep moving, boys, keep moving! Soon as we get past that lone tree yonder it'll be all downhill and we'll make it into Rocket River with time to spare." As he mentioned the tree he looked at it, saw the circling buzzard and frowned thoughtfully. To Don the buzzard was an ill omen.

"I don't like it!" he mused. "It's a bad sign. I expected trouble from Bullwhip and his outfit and I haven't had any. But I'm not in the clear yet and . . ."

A year ago Don Cornwall had used his savings to buy a good team and a sound wagon to start a one-man freight hauling outfit. His rates were reasonable and his service was prompt. He wasn't getting rich, but he made a comfortable living with short, fast hauls. He'd had no intention then or now to cut in on the big trucking company operated by Bullwhip Yancey, with its big stable of horses, wagons and drivers. He had planned to live and let live.

At first, Bullwhip had laughed off the newcomer. "He'll go broke in a month," said Bullwhip. Then, when Don didn't go broke, but showed a little profit, Bullwhip became concerned. Don's modest rates began to take some business away from Bullwhip. Don was interfering with Bullwhip's monopoly. A month ago, Bullwhip had tried to buy Don out. Don declined to sell and he remembered Bullwhip's parting words, "You'll live to regret this—if you live!"

The steep road bed was becoming hard and gravelly now and the dust subsided as Bullwhip Yancey and his henchmen observed the approaching team. "Get ready to shoot," whispered Bullwhip. "Knock him right off the box."

One of the men, squinting at the approaching team, exclaimed, "Hey, Bullwhip! Look! There's nobody on the box! Nobody's driving that team!"

Bullwhip muttered an oath that was cut short as a cool voice from behind said, "My horses are well trained, gents. When I tell them to keep moving they keep moving. Now just what kind of party was it you planned for me?"

The five ambushers whirled and Bullwhip exclaimed, "Don Cornwall!"

Two of the others instinctively reached for their guns. Don, firing from the hips, clipped them in the wrists and sent their weapons clattering to the hard earth. Bullwhip chose that moment to charge, diving straight at Don and slamming him in the midsection with his rock-like head. Both men went sprawling and

crashing to earth.

Pinned down by the great bulk of Bullwhip Yancey, Don seemed helpless as the barrel-chested man raised his ham-fist to smash down on Don's jaw. As the big fist descended, Don jerked his head aside at the last possible second. The knuckles cracked against rock, and Bullwhip, with a howl of pain relaxed his grip. Don rolled free and at the same time sent his own right hand punch crashing against Bullwhip's jaw. Bullwhip staggered and fell.

The others hadn't dared a shot for fear of hitting their leader. Now with daylight between Yancey and Don, one of the others leveled his gun, but Don had snatched his own fallen pistol from the dirt and he snapped a shot at the gunman. With a wail of anguish, the man dropped his pistol and grabbed at his shoulder. Then he and the other three, completely demoralized, made a run for their hidden horses. Don raced after them and was gaining ground when his foot struck a bed of loose shale and he tumbled. As he rose, ready to resume the chase, he heard the shots behind him. His face paled behind the tan. He was sure what those two shots meant.

As he struggled back up the grade he felt sick at the prospect of what he would find, and he found it. Bullwhip Yancey was nowhere in sight. But Bob's two horses lay dead beside the wagon-tongue.

Bob stood shocked and motionless for a full minute. This was the end. He had contracted to deliver the Gunpowder in Rocket River at a certain time. If he made it, there would be a big contract for him; if he failed, he would not get paid for this load.

He pulled out his watch and looked at it dumbly. Though the crystal had been broken during the melee, the timepiece still ticked and it told him the bad news. That there was not enough time to fetch another team to replace the dead horses, even if he'd had the money to pay for their rental. From the gorge below, Rocket River mumbled and grumbled as if playing a funeral dirge for Don Cornwall's dead hopes.

He listened mournfully for a moment, then his grey eyes lit up. "It's an idea!" he exclaimed aloud. "What can I lose—but my life?"

Don sprang to action. He lowered the tailgate of his buckboard and began unlash-

ing the huge barrel of gunpowder. Muscles straining, he eased it to the ground. Then he began rolling it downhill toward the roaring river. At the river bank, he paused only a moment to tie a rope securely around the barrel. Then he pushed it into the swiftly moving stream and plunged in after it, keeping a firm grip on the rope.

"I'll make it yet—if I don't get blasted to bits!" he exclaimed, as the turbulent waters pulled him and the barrel swiftly along.

Bullwhip Yancey sat in the office of the Rocket River Freight Depot, smoking a long cigar. He glanced at the clock on the wall and said to the freight manager behind the desk, "That upstart, Don Cornwall, is never going to make it. You might as well sign a contract with me now—at my terms. I'm the only one who can guarantee shipments on time in these parts."

The manager looked at the clock, shaking his head. "I can't understand it. Don Cornwall has never been late before. He makes a practise of getting here ahead of time."

"Bah!" growled Bullwhip. "These small-timers are fly-by-nights. You can't depend on them. Here, sign this contract with me or my price is liable to go up!" He held the quill pen toward the manager.

"Don't be hasty! Don has still got two minutes to make delivery," said the manager.

"And it's made!" said a voice from the doorway.

THE MANAGER turned quickly and Bullwhip nearly swallowed his cigar. Both looked in amazement at the drenched, dripping figure of Don Cornwall, as the latter continued, "I heaved the barrel of gunpowder up on the rowboat dock out back. It's wet on the outside, but dry and dandy on the inside. And it's on time!"

Bullwhip growled, "You upstart! I'll show you. . . ."

Don cut in, "No, Bullwhip! I'll show you! I'm going to put you OUT of business and IN jail!"

Somehow, from the way he said it, they got the impression that he would do just that!

THE END

**LOONIE LES
CHICKEN-HEADED!**





STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS--SEE TH' GREATEST LITTLE SHOW ON EARTH! HAVE YOUR WRAPPERS READY!

WONDER WHAT PUD HAS INSIDE?



LET'S GO! TH' BIG SHOW'S ABOUT TO START--SEE THE CHAMP IN ACTION!

GET IT'S A FAKE!

LET'S FIND OUT! HERE'S MY WRAPPERS-

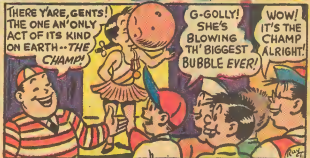
WHAT CHAMP?



QUIET PLEASE! CAN'T HAVE ANY NOISE WHEN TH' CHAMP GOES TO WORK...

CHAMP OF WHAT?

BET I CAN BEAT HIM!



THERE Y'ARE, GENTS! THE ONE AN' ONLY ACT OF ITS KIND ON EARTH--THE CHAMP!

G-GOLLY! SHE'S BLOWING TH' BIGGEST BUBBLE EVER!

WOW! IT'S THE CHAMP ALRIGHT!

YOU CAN'T BEAT FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!

SURE BLOWS BIGGER BUBBLES!

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 WHEN YOU GO TO THE ZOO-AMUSEMENT PARK-CIRCUS-CARNIVAL-BALL PARK-PICNIC-PARTY OR VACATION RESORT
IT ADDS TO YOUR FUN!

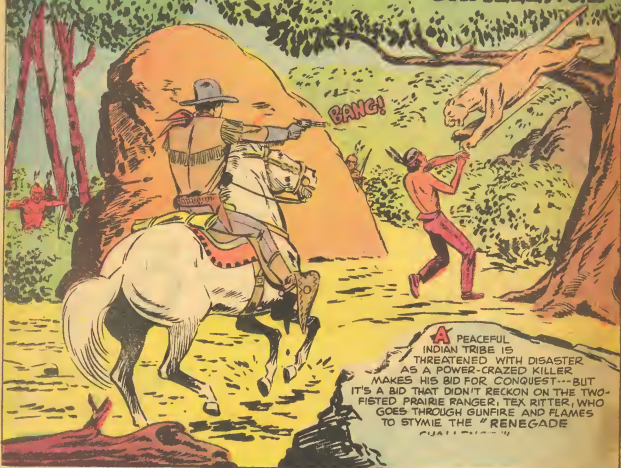


LOOK FOR THE SURPRISE NOVELTY IN EVERY BOX

THE MORE YOU EAT... THE MORE YOU WANT!

Tex Ritter

in
RENEGADE CHALLENGE



BANG!

A PEACEFUL INDIAN TRIBE IS THREATENED WITH DISASTER AS A POWER-CRAZED KILLER MAKES HIS BID FOR CONQUEST---BUT IT'S A BID THAT DIDN'T RECKON ON THE TWO-FISTED PRAIRIE RANGER, TEX RITTER, WHO GOES THROUGH GUNFIRE AND FLAMES TO STYMIE THE "RENEGADE CHALLENGE!"

TEX HAS STOPPED AT THE INDIAN CAMP OF THE MENOMINO TRIBE TO VISIT HIS FRIEND, CHIEF GARMO.

IT IS GOOD TO SEE MY OLD FRIEND ON A DAY WHEN MY HEART IS FULL, TEX RITTER. TODAY IS THE DAY I HAVE LONG WAITED FOR.

I NOTICED THAT THERE'S QUITE A BIT OF STIRRING AROUND HERE, CHIEF. WHAT'S THE CELEBRATING ALL ABOUT?



MY SON, SWIFT WATER, TAKES THE ANCIENT INDIAN TESTS TODAY TO PROVE HE HAS EARNED THE RIGHT TO BE CHIEF WHEN I AM CALLED TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS!

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE SWIFT WATER IS GROWN UP, GARMO! HE'LL MAKE A FINE CHIEF SOME DAY!



BUT THERE IS ONE WHO IS NOT HAPPY ABOUT SWIFT WATER'S COMING TESTS... DONDORA, THE MEDICINE MAN!

ALREADY GARMO HAS RULED TOO LONG. I SHOULD BE THE CHIEF OF THE MENOMINO TRIBE.

WE ARE BUT RENEGADES, DONDORA--- BUT EVEN WE KNOW THAT SWIFT WATER WILL SOME DAY RULE WHEN GARMO IS GONE!

NO... HE WILL NOT RULE! IF HE FAILS ONE OF THE TESTS, HE MUST BE BANISHED FROM THE TRIBE! THAT'S THE LAW! ONE OF YOU IS TO PUT THIS BURR UNDER THE BLANKET OF HIS PONY TO MAKE SURE HE DOES NOT TRIUMPH!

IT WILL BE DONE, DONDORA!

THE TESTS FOR SWIFT WATER FINALLY GET UNDER WAY, AND THE BOY PASSES EACH SUCCESSIVE TRIAL WITH FLYING COLORS!

ZING!

THE BOY HAS DONE VERY WELL! YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF YOUR SON!

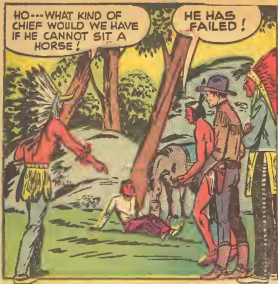
IT IS TOO EARLY TO CROW, MY FRIEND. HE MUST YET PASS THE HORSEMANSHIP TEST.

THE BURR HAS BEEN PLACED, DONDORA!

GOOD! NOW WE SHALL SEE WHAT HAPPENS IN THE FINAL TEST!

WHINNEY!

THE PONY HAS THROWN SWIFT WATER!



HO---WHAT KIND OF CHIEF WOULD WE HAVE IF HE CANNOT SIT A HORSE!

HE HAS FAILED!



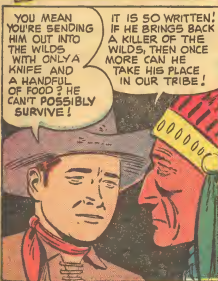
I AM SORRY, O, CHIEF, FATHER! I HAVE DISGRACED YOU!

YOU KNOW THE PENALTY, SWIFT WATER! FAREWELL!



WHAT PENALTY, CHIEF GARMO?

FOR HIM WHO FAILS IT IS BANISHMENT TO THE WOODS WITH A HUNTING KNIFE AND A HANDFUL OF PROVISIONS!

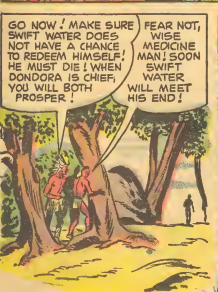


YOU MEAN YOU'RE SENDING HIM OUT INTO THE WILDS WITH ONLY A KNIFE AND A HANDFUL OF FOOD? HE CAN'T POSSIBLY SURVIVE!

IT IS SO WRITTEN! IF HE BRINGS BACK A KILLER OF THE WILDS, THEN ONCE MORE CAN HE TAKE HIS PLACE IN OUR TRIBE!



THAT BOY DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE ALONE, WHITE FLASH! HE'S GOING TO NEED HELP, I RECKON WE'D BETTER FOLLOW HIM.



GO NOW! MAKE SURE SWIFT WATER DOES NOT HAVE A CHANCE TO REDEEM HIMSELF! HE MUST DIE! WHEN DONDORA IS CHIEF, YOU WILL BOTH PROSPER!

FEAR NOT, WISE MEDICINE MAN! SOON SWIFT WATER WILL MEET HIS END!



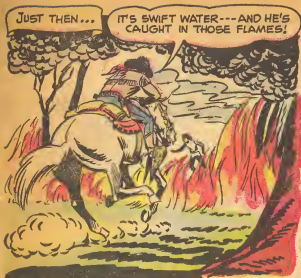
LATER... AS SWIFT WATER STOPS TO REST DEEP IN A WOODLAND NICHE...

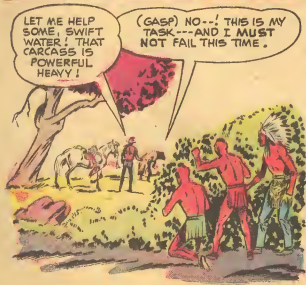
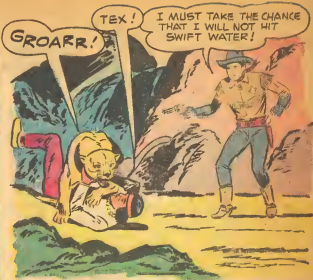
NOW IS OUR CHANCE, THE WOODS ARE DRY AND WILL BURN QUICKLY! LET THE FIRE CONSUME HIM!

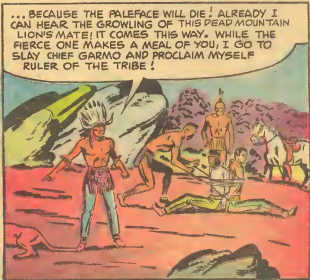
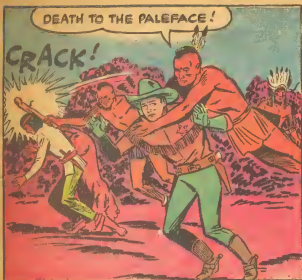


SOON AFTERWARDS, SWIFT WATER FINDS HIMSELF HEMMED IN BY A RING OF FIRE!

I AM TRAPPED! THERE IS NO WAY OUT---



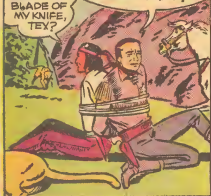




HELPLESS, TEX STRUGGLES DESPERATELY WITH HIS BONDS WHEN A FEARSOME ROAR IS HEARD NEARBY!

CAN YOU REACH THE BLADE OF MY KNIFE, TEX?

NOT QUITE! BEND FORWARD A LITTLE, SWIFT WATER!



WHITE FLASH! FEND HIM OFF FOR A WHILE!

GRROARR!



YOUR KNIFE IS CUTTING THROUGH THE ROPE, SWIFT WATER!

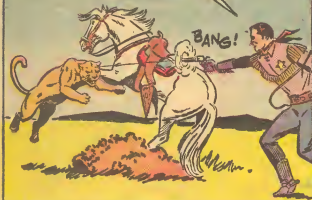
WHINNEY!



AS THE LION SPRINGS, THE ROPES GIVE WAY AND TEX'S HAND MAKES A LIGHTNING MOVE TO HIS HOLSTER!

RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

BANG!



I'LL FREE YOU AND THEN WE MUST HURRY! YOUR FATHER'S LIFE IS IN DANGER! NO TIME TO TAKE YOUR PRIZE TO THE CAMP!

THERE IS NO NEED FOR THE PRIZE! I DID NOT FAIL THE TEST OF A BRAVE! DONDORA'S TREACHERY WAS BEHIND IT!



SPURRING WHITE FLASH INTO A FURIOUS RUN, TEX ARRIVES AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE!

THERE! DONDORA WAITS TO STRIKE IN THE BACK!



BANG! AIEEE!



LATER... AFTER DONDORA AND THE RENEGADES HAVE BEEN CAPTURED...

DONDORA AND HIS RENEGADES WILL BE BANISHED FOREVER, AND WE SHALL ALWAYS WELCOME TEX RITTER TO THE TRIBE OF THE MENOMINOS. WE ARE GRATEFUL!

BEFORE I GO, CHIEF, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT SWIFT WATER HAS PROVED HIMSELF. HE'LL MAKE A FINE BRAVE.



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AND **QUICKIE** ADVENTURE

"R.C." AND QUICKIE ARE WORKING AS LUMBERJACKS WHEN SUDDENLY A GIANT TREE NEARBY BEGINS TO WAVER...

CREAK!
CREAK!

WATCH IT, QUICKIE! SHE'S GETTING READY TO TOPPLE!

WOW!
LET ME OUTA HERE!

YIKES!
I'M CAUGHT!

WHA-A!
I'LL NEVER GET OUT IN TIME!

QUICKIE SPRAWLS...HOPELESSLY...TANGLED IN THE BRUSH!



QUICK AS A FLASH, "R.C." GIVES THE BULLDOZER FULL THROTTLE!



"R.C." AND QUICKIE ALWAYS DRINK BEST-TASTING ROYAL CROWN COLA. THEY KNOW RC MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE NEW!

