MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

Rocky Lane

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

Western

10¢
Build a Fine Business... Full or Spare Time!

I'll Put a "Shoe Store Business" in Your Pocket!

You Don't Invest a Cent!
I Furnish Everything Free!

Want to have lots of money in your pocket—always? Then rush the coupon below and start toward your own business. In many ways it's better than a retail store of your own! I plan to give it to you absolutely FREE. You don't invest a penny now or ever! Be in this highly profitable business QUICK.

HERE'S WHY IT'S BETTER!

As the direct factory man handling the quick-selling line of this 47-year old million-dollar company you have a limitless market because everybody wears shoes. Start by selling to relatives and neighbors. That will prove the fine quality features—superb craftsmanship—money-saving value—and unequalled comfort. Then branch out on a big scale.

It's easy to fit folks in the exact style they want—no need to substitute—you draw on our huge factory stock of over 175,000 pairs plus huge daily factory production. Sales build up from friend to friend quickly, like a snowball. Recommendations, repeat orders and new customers build you a big income in a surprisingly short time. No wonder some of our top Shoemakers make from $5 to $10 every hour they spend taking orders!

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

People demand nationally advertised Mason Shoes because of their exclusive comfort features, up-to-the-minute styling. Fasny-soft exclusive Velvet-Eez Air Cushion innersole makes walking a real pleasure—like "walking on air!" Ten-second demonstration lets customer actually feel air cushion, brings quick sales!

These splendid shoes bear famous Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal.

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
Dept MA235 Chicago Falls, Wis.

BIOG, STEADY PROFITS FOR YOU—NO OVERHEAD!

That's right! You have all the advantages of a profitable shoe store business without the expenses of rent, light heat etc. You are independent and invest nothing but your time. Your generous profit is ALL YOURS! No wonder Mason men are making more money than ever before. Even if you start in spare time you will soon want to devote full time to this steady, repeat-order big-income business.

No Experience Needed...
Moke Money First Hour!

You need no experience to make money right away. Some men have made over $300 in just their first day. You feature 151 styles of smart dress shoes, casual sport shoes, and practical work and service shoes for men and women, boots and fine leather jackets too. Sell to service station, garage men, waiters, factory workers, barbers, waitresses, housewives—everybody! Such features as Rugged Unbreakable Soles, Neoprene Oil-Resistant Soles, Goo-Duck Slippers, Resistant Soles, Steel Safety Toe shoes make Mason Shoes easy to sell.

SEND NOW!

I have a powerful Selling Outfit! I'll be glad to send you absolutely FREE as soon as I receive your coupon. This outfit includes actual 2-second demonstrator famous Automatic Selling Plan, and free Cure exclusive Velvet-Eez Air-Cushion shoes fine leather jackets—other fast-selling specialties. Take advantage of this opportunity to rush me the coupon below NOW! Yes it'll be sent free to you!

SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT

Mr. Fred Mason, Sales Manager
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept MA413
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Please put a "Shoe Store Business" in my pocket by rushing FREE and postpaid your Powerful Selling Outfit—so I can start making Big Money my very first hour.

Name ____________________________
Age ____________________________
Address ____________________________
Town ____________________________ State ____________________________

ROCKY LANE WESTERN
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YOU POKED YOUR NOSE INTO MY BUSINESS ONCE TOO OFTEN, STRANGER... YOU'RE HERE ABOUT TO GET A FISH EYE VIEW OF THE BOTTOM OF STORM RIVER!

WHEN DAVE RANDALL'S SON VANISHED FROM THE CIRCLE J RANCH, ROCKY LANE'S HANDS WERE TIED BY THE READING OF A DISTRAUGHT MOTHER FOR THE RANSOM NOTE WHICH FOLLOWED THE KIDNAPPING. THREATENED DEATH TO THE BOY IF THE MARSHAL WAS CALLED IN, BUT THE SECRET MARSHAL BUTTED IN ANYWAY... AND FOUND HIMSELF SCANT INCHES FROM A WATERY GRAVE!

IN HIS WAY TO VISIT AN OLD FRIEND, ROCKY LANE PAUSED FOR REFUELING...

IF IT'S NOT LITTLES YOU WANT, MISTER, JUST EAT AT THAT TABLE IN FRONT OF THE SCREEN AND I'LL RASSLE UP SOME GRUB!

I'M RIDING OUT TO THE CIRCLE-J RANCH... IS IT FAR FROM HERE?

NOT MORE IN A HALF-HOUR RIDE, STRANGER. YOU JUST FOLLOW STORM RIVER UP COUNTRY A PIECE AND THEN WE'RE LAY THIS ROAD WHILE IT'S STILL SIZZLING!
AT THAT SAME MOMENT, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SCREEN...

GIMME ONE CARD, MR. HAMPTON...

IT BETTER BE A GOOD ONE JOKER... YOU ALREADY OWE ME MOREN $500! 

IF YOU'LL TRUST ME FOR THE MONEY, MR. HAMPTON, I'LL RAISE THE LAST MAN $50 MORE!

I HOPE YOUR HAND IS PLUMB WONDERFUL JOKER, 'CAUSE IF IT AIN'T YOU'RE IN TROUBLE OKAY... LET'S SEE WHAT YOU GOT?

GOT THREE FAT KINGS IN MY HAND... ENOUGH TO RAKE IN THE POT, I RECKON! THERE'S PLENTY HERE TO PAY WHAT I OWE YOU, MR. HAMPTON!

IT'LL FEEL GOOD TO HEAR CORN CLUNKING IN MY POCKETS AGAIN! IT AIN'T CHEAP THAT...

NOT SO FAST, SADDLE BUM! THAT POT'S MINE!

BUT MY HAND WINS...

SECOND PRIZE, LOBO! MY BUSTFUL OF ACES TAKE THE MONEY! READ 'EM AND WEED!

I BETTER DROP OUT'N THE GAME... I'M CLEANIN' A HOUND'S TOOTH! I'LL PAY WHAT I OWE AS SOON AS...

YOU BEEN STALLING ME FOR WEEKS... I WANT MY MONEY NOW!
Y'YOU'LL HAFTA WAIT 'TIL PAYDAY! I'LL SETTLE FIRST CHANCE I GET! HEY! L-E-E-S-S-O-Y!

YOU BETTER GET IT FROM YOUR BOSS TODAY, JOKER!

I WANT MY DOUGH RIGHT NOW! GO TELL DAVE RANDALL YOU LOST IT GAMBLING, UNDERSTAND?

I DON'T CARE FELL MR. PAIN, GOSH!

'COUSE US STRANGER... DIDN'T MEAN TO MESS UP YOUR GRUB THAT WAY! NOW IF YOU'LL JUST STAND ASIDE... D-DON'T LET IM GET AT ME, MISTER!

STOP BLEATING, JOKER? THIS IS HOW DUDE HAMPTON TREATS A COYOTE WHO WELCHES ON A DEBT!

N-NO.. NO!

SUPPOSE YOU JUST SIT THIS ONE OUT, FRIEND? GET OUTTA MY WAY STRANGER, BEFORE I... AGH-HH!
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

EARTH, W-HIT,...
JESSE! GET OUT YOUR
SMOKEPOLES AND PUT
A GLUG IN THIS...

OWWW!!

YOU BOYS GET A LOOK
OUT OF PUSHLING
STRANGERS AROUND,
DON'T YOU? THIS
ONE DOESN'T PUSH
EASY, THOUGH?

TRY TO RUSH
UP DUDE HAMPTON,
EHH? IT'LL BE THE
LAST TIME YOU...
...OWWW!

YOU... THE ONE THEY CALLED JOKER... GET UP
AND START MOVING TO THE DOOR... WE'RE
CLEARING OUT OF HERE PRONTO! AND IF ANY
ONE MAKES A MOVE TO FOLLOW US THEY'LL
BE TASTING LEAD!

SURE, STRANGER,
AND... THANKS!!

SHORT TIME LATER, AT THE CIRCLE...!

IT JUST HAPPENS
THAT YOU CAN JOKER!
I'LL BE RIGHT THANKFUL
IF YOU'D SHOW ME THE
WAY TO THE CIRCLE.
I'LL SPREAD!

YOU'RE RIGHT, DAVE. HE AND
I HAVE BEEN
CHUCKLING OVER IT
ALL THE WAY OUT
HERE. WHERE'S THE
BOY YOU WROTE
ABOUT?

SQUIRT, STRANGER?
I'LL TELL. KNOW THE WAY
LIKE THE PALM OF MY
HAND. 'CAUSE I WORK
THERE! BUT IF MY BOSS
GETS WIND OF MY
GAMBLING...

DAVE RANDALL
WON'T FIND OUT
FROM ME! NOW
LET'S GET
MOVING!
LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN DOING RIGHT WELL, HERB. DAVE! A FINE SPREAD... A SWELL KID... THAT SECRET HIDING PLACE OF SPUNKY'S HAS ME WONDERING WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE THOSE TWO ARE ALWAYS RUNNING TO LUCKY? WELL, NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. I RECKON!

WHILE ROCKY AND THE RANDALLS TALKED OF OLD TIMES, SPUNKY AND JOKER MADE THEIR WAY CAREFULLY ALONG A NARROW LEDGE...

EASY DOES IT, ONE SLIP HERE AND IT'S GOODBYE! I... I SEE... JOKER... OUR SECRET HIDING PLACE!

Hurry up! You promised to tell me all about how you captured the last of the Apache outlaws. Next time, we came here.

Just simmer down, lad, and watch your footing. Scat inside where it's nice and dry!
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

At that moment, on the banks of the Storm River...

That was him! All right? On your trouble if he's got Randall's kid with him.

I got a hunch, I'm gonna collect that desert interest. They acted like that hidden cave was mind of a secret 'tween 'em! C'mon!

K-kidnapped? You... you wouldn't dare, Hampton!

Ropec'em like steers, boys! I don't wanna be annoyed while I scribble a ransom note!

Y-you think this kidnapping is such a good idea, dude? If the law catches us it's a neck stretching party for sure!

Take this note and drop it off at the Circle-J. Without being seen. Fifty grand is worth a lil' risk, ain't it? Now get going!

I can't understand why Spunky isn't back yet. It's almost dinner-time...

Soon as Joker gets back, I'm going to find out where that secret hiding place is located!

...and then I grabbed this here Geronimo by the throat and... Who's that? Destiny catching up with you, Welcher! Go to work on 'im, boys!
I...I don't like the idea of the two of 'em vanishing like this! Alder's trustworthy...

What...What's that? Someone threw a rock?

Maybe it's Spunky! Says seems to be a note wrapped around it?

I'll have a look around the ranch house... see who's acting frisky!

Not a blade of grass moving outside. Whoever did the pitching dis-appeared like last winter's snow! What does the special delivery say?

Read it for yourself, Rocky...

Your son is in our hands. Unless you leave $50,000 in gold on top of Flat Rock tomorrow night, the boy is doomed...

Don't notify the law... or you'll never see him alive again!

Desperate

Some varmint's kidnapped Spunky! Come, Dave... let's round up a posse and start scouring the area! They couldn't have gotten very far!

N-no, Rocky... Please!

I...I'd rather... (sob)... we followed the instructions exactly! It... it may be cowardly, but we'll do whatever they say!... leave the money on Flat Rock... the law mustn't interfere... or... or Spunky will be murdered!
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT THE RANSOM WAS PAID, AND THE OCCUPANTS OF CIRCLE-J WAITED BREATHELESSLY. BUT WHEN THERE WAS STILL NO SIGN OF SPUNKY...

"TAKE ANYONE YOU WANT, ROCKY... BUT IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD! HANK'LL RIDE TO TOWN WITH YOU, BUT IT'S A WILD GOOSE CHASE... WE SHOULD LEAVE HANDS OFF LIKE THE NOTE SAID!"

I HAVE A LITTLE PLAN I AM TO TRY OUT, HANK. I'LL EXPLAIN WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO, WHILE WE'RE Moseying INTO TOWN. GET RAMBLING, BLACK JACK!

A MOMENT PASSED, THEN THE DOORS OF THE SALOON WERE SWUNG OPEN AND A FIGURE HURRIED OUT... "THOSE BLUNDERING IDIOTS! THEY MUSTA GOTTEN TO CELEBRATING AND LET THE BRAT ESCAPE... BEFORE I WAS THROUGH WITH 'EM! I GOTTA GET TO STORM RIVER PRONTO!"

BATTER, IN THE GOLDEN NUGGET... "AND I SEEN 'IM WITH MY OWN EYES RUNNING ACROSS THE PLAINS TOWARD THE CIRCLE-J! DAVE RANDALL SURE WAS SURPRISED TO SEE HIS KID AGAIN... HE MUSTA BUSTED LOOSE SOMEHOW AND HIGH-TAILED IT HOME!"

IT WAS A 10-TO-1 SHOT... BUT IT WORKED! I WAS RIGHT, IT WAS THAT GAMBLER RANNY WHO ENGINEERED THIS WHOLE THING... NOW TO FIND OUT WHERE THE KID'S BEEN HELD PRISONER!

THERE'S ONE BUNCH OF BUZZARDS WHO MIGHT'VE TRAILED JOKER... TO FINISH THE JOB I INTERRUPTED! IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT I'VE GOT TO GAMBLE ON IT!
If Spunky was dead this blizzard wouldn't be in such an all-fire hurry to check up? He seems to be heading for Storm River. I've got to keep behind so he can't see me, but I can watch him!

The hiding place must be near that ledge. Those rattlesnakes appear to be standing guard!

That hombre seems to be walking right into the waterfall! There must be some kind of entrance hidden there... probably a cave! It'd be impossible to rush the place from the ledge, but I have an idea...

Circling back above the fall, the secret marshal prepared to take a desperate chance...

Only way to get into that cave without drawing fire from the guards is to use the waterfall as an ally. This tree looks just right for my scheme...

Now, if this rope'll just stay in one piece...

Clinging desperately to the lifeline he had rigged up, Rocky was swept over the turbulent fall...

If the rope frays... or I lose my grip, I'm a goner! Geot to... gulp! Hold on!
If I can just get a toe-hold on that ledge, before I’m swept down into the river... I think I have it!

Made it! Now to... gasp... catch my breath before I deal with this card... playing sidewinder!

The kids let the cat out of the bag... and my guns are too waterlogged to use... my only chance is to make like a mole!

Rocky Lane!

Earl, Whit... Jess! Come running... we caught us a polecat!

The roar of the waterfall is so loud... his men ill never hear him! if I can just...

...slow him down a mite... here’s mud in your eye!

This is the second time you’ve crossed me, stranger... now I’m gonna ahhhh!

Just what I need... a little lost smoke pole... come to papa...

Say your prayers, you lousy meddler... you’re all washed up or will be in a minute!
DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE EDGE OF THE NARROW LEDGE, THE MARSHAL WAS WITHIN SCANT INCHES OF CRASHING DOWN INTO THE RAGING TURBIDITY BELOW! AND AS HAMPTON RUSHED FORWARD FOR THE KILL...

"YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET A FISH-EYE VIEW OF THE BOTTOM OF STORM RIVER!"

WITH YOU OUTTA THE WAY I CAN COLLECT ANOTHER SATCHEL OF DOUGH FROM RANDALL BEFORE I KILL HIS... NO! NO!

EARL! WHITIESS! SOMEBODY'S FOUND OUR HIDEOUT PLACE! HE'S DOWN IN THE RIVER! GET 'IM!

"LOOK! THERE...IN THE WATER!"

WHILE THEY'RE BUSY, I'D BETTER UNITED AND SPUNKY! THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF WORK TO BE DONE HERE!

BANG! BANG! BLAM!
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

While Rocky released the prisoners, Dick's crowbars made a startling discovery!

This...This is the boss! He's drowned! Then who yelled from the hideaway?

First chance I've had to draw a bead on those mavericks... and each bullet has death written on it. After what Joker told me about their plans!

And after he drilled them three sides, kiosks of Hampton's, we found the ransom money in Dude's apartment. Over the golden nugget! Dude planned to send another note. Collect more gold, then kill Spunky and me!

Spunky is plumb tuckered out. It's the most excitement he's ever had. He's getting a warm bath. Then to bed?

I can't thank you enough, Rocky. For what you've done. Say! How about a little relaxation for us?

You gents interested in a friendly game of cards? How about you, Joker?

No, thanks, Mr. Randall. I got a lot to work to finish around the bunkhouse. Besides, cards don't interest me no more.

That's funny! I always thought Joker loved cards! Oh, well... I suppose you'll be wanting a nice hot bath to scrub all that dirt off you, Rocky?

Not on your life, Dave! I've had enough water for a lifetime!... At least til tomorrow anyway!
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

PONY BOY PEDRO

PEDRO! I'M GOING TO READ A SENTENCE AND THEN I WANT YOU TO PARAPHRASE IT!

Huh? Paraphrase it?

SURE TEACHER!

NOW HERE'S THE SENTENCE! "HE WAS BENT ON SEEING HER!" NOW SAY THE SAME THING IN DIFFERENT WORDS!

THE SIGHT OF HER DOUBLED HIM UP!" (GASP)!!!

HA, HA!

PISTOL PACKING PATTIE

YES AND NO!

HEY, PISTOL PACKING PATTIE!

OH, OH, IT'S THAT BRAGGART GREG HALSEY!

H'YA, PATTIE! I'M HOME ON VACATION FROM MY JOB IN HOLLYWOOD! IS THAT SO?

YES! AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW ONE THING -- I'M NOT A YES MAN!

SO I'VE BEEN TOLD -- WHEN YOUR BOSS SAYS NO, YOU SAY NO!

ULP!!!

YEP! YOU KNOW, I'M A BIG SHOT OUT THERE! I'M THE ASSISTANT TO ONE OF THE BIGGEST PRODUCERS IN MOVIELAND!

REALLY?

NO, YOU SAY NO!
TENDERFOOT TERROR

Around the breakfast table at the Bar T ranch house, a profound, if uneasy silence, reigned. Tex Caltrop, the ranch-boss, carefully put a mouthful of grits between his teeth and washed it down with a swig of hot coffee.

"Where is he?" he whispered. "Where's m'cousin? It's quiet."

"Out in the washhouse," Red Furner, one of the ranch-hands, said. He sighed. "It's pretty quiet, like you said. I wonder how long the quiet's gonna last."

"Look, boss," Buck Wimmer, another ranch-hand broke in, "How much longer we gonna have to stand that cousin of yours from back East?"

"I dunno," Tex said. His look was hedgered and uncertain. "If I'd known he was gonna be such a pain in the neck, I'd never have invited him out here for a rest cure."

"Rest cure!" Furner snorted. "It ain't him that needs a rest cure. It's us! We ain't rested a minute since he got here last week."

Bull Farnum, who ran the chuck-wagon, grunted.

"Claims he knows just about everything!" he mumbled. "Come over to show me how to broil my steaks better. And, by thunderhead, his way WAS better!"

"Concerned tenderfoot!" Buck Wimmer muttered. "Trouble with your cousin, boss, is he's got too much education from back East and he wants everybody to know it!"

"Yeah," Red Furner broke in. "He was around yesterday tryin' to show me how to work the cream separator better; claimed he knew how from a guy back East. Sold we were doin' it old-fashioned. Why, heck, my way works okay!"

"I'll bet his worked better," Tex said gloomily.

Red nodded, even more gloomily.

"Too bad your cousin had to come out just when we started havin' trouble with Dode Salt. Dode Salt's a tough enough hombre to handle, but Charlie Caltrop's just about too much."

"Now take it easy, take it easy," Tex interrupted hastily. "Give him a chance. He's a tenderfoot dude. But I guess we all were once. We learned. I reckon he will."

The kitchen door opened, and Charlie Caltrop came in. He had a look of reproach on his face.

"Now Tex," he began, "You oughtn't to let your hands use that old laundry-soup-and-sugar mixture on cow boils. Why, you folks out here are practically back in the Middle Ages. Don't you know there are modern scientific preparations to handle cattle conditions like that? Why that mixture's likely to cause a cattle rash."

"Good enough for me, I reckon it's good enough for the cattle," Tex muttered beneath his breath. "Well," he spoke out aloud, "It's caused no rashes yet and never did."

"And all that old-fashioned equipment you have 'round here," his cousin continued smoothly, as he papped a pill into his mouth. "Why, that gas water heater you've got out in the wash-house must be fifty years old! And the water tastes like a motorman's glove!"

"Still makes my shavin' water fast!" Red mumbled.

Abruptly, the kitchen door burst open again. In the opening stood ranch-hand Ferr Fane.

"Steers stampeding in the south pasture!" he cried.

"Dode Salt's work!" Tex cried, jumping up and upsetting his coffee. "Let's go!"

"Now you wait a minute," Charlie Caltrop interrupted. "All I've heard about since I came here is Dode Salt and what a bad egg he is."

"Well, he is!" Tex roared. "Our herds are bigger and better than his, and our meat-on-the hoof cuts his out at cattle market. So he's tryin' to make trouble for us and delay our round-ups."

"I'm sure that if you spoke to him in a friendly way, he'd be able to see your side of the matter," Charlie Caltrop said insistantly.

"Charlie... I!" Tex Caltrop's voice was like a stone. "You keep away from Dode Salt! I'm warnin' you! Why, he'd take you apart like a cooked chicken!"

"Nonsense!" Charlie replied haughtily. "Just because it's the custom to settle squabbles out here by force, you never think they can
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

he fixed up any other way."

"Charlie," Tex said softly, "Don't go off half-cocked. Out here in the West it ain't safe to even move 'til you've got everything figured out!"

A breeze blew past Charlie Caltrop as Tex and all the ranch-hands grooved their ten-gallons and high-tailed it for the horse corral. A pounding of hoofs rumbled past the ranch-house a moment later.

Charlie scuttled outside, watching the last of the mounted men disappear over a rise.

"Hmmm," he mused. "They'll be busy chasing those cattle for over an hour. In the meantime I'll have just enough time to go see Dade Salt and settle this ridiculous business."

Down at the horse corral he saddled the horse Tex had loaned him and rode up the creek toward the Curved K Ranch of Dade Salt's. Tex had warned him of the rattlers haunting the creek, but he decided they wouldn't put in an appearance in full sunlight.

"Whup!" The cry was jolted from his lips. Abruptly his horse reared, whinnying. Glancing down he saw a rattler squarely in his path, crawling out from under a stone on the creek bank. For the space of two seconds he felt himself going off backwards; then his wildly thrashing hands caught on the saddlehorn. The horse's mane lashed back end the coyote leaped ahead, over the snake, in a mad dash along the creek. He remembered suddenly he had to turn off about a half-mile further on and cross a rise to get to the Curved K ranchhouse. But it was far past that point when he began to get some control of the horse. Pulling back sharply on the reins, he brought the animal to a halt in the shadow of an immense boulder. Breathing heavily, he got off to rest and looked around. Some stray steer and cows of Tex's north herd were coming toward the creek.

"Reech, straeger!" a voice behind him barked.

Whirling, he saw a man coming round from behind the boulder, carrying a big metal canister. His free hand hefted a gun.

"Now look here, friend," Charlie began amiably. "I'm Tex Caltrop's cousin, and..."

"What?" the other growled menacingly. Dropping the canister, his hands tightened on his gun, and he advanced, Charlie backing away in alarm. "Tex Caltrop's cousin, hey? Why you consarned spy? I'll..."

Charlie's hands shot up suddenly, as his right heel connected with a rock. He tried desperately to keep his balance, teetered uncertainly for a few seconds, then went down backwards with a jolt. Under him he felt a long, slim body twitch. Thee the rattler, on whose tail he'd fallen, whipped from underneath the rock and reared its head to strike. The other paused, smiling grimly.

"Why waste a bullet with a rattler around?" he growled.

The gleaming fangs flashed down, but Charlie averted his head and they nipped him only lightly on the throat. Almost instantly, he could feel his throat contracting, swelling. With such a light bite it wasn't poisonous, in the blood he had to fear, but the swelling of his windpipe. He would strangle. Already he felt his breath going. Consciousness began fading. Again he saw the rattler raise its head to strike. He knew he would die, now, so far away from modern medicines. Nothing could save him. Thee, just before he blocked out, two tremendous roars hammered in his ears.

He woke to find Tex Caltrop bending over him anxiously. To one side lay the rattler, its head gone. And some distance away, on the ground, the man lay cursing helplessly, badly wounded.

"Told you not to go off half-cocked," Tex said. "That's Dade Salt. It took us awhile to figure out what made the steers stampede, but your remark about the water tasting bad put me on the track. Dade had been puttin' large quantities of loco-weed juice into the creek-water, way upstream here. It can't hurt humans much unless they drink too much of it—and we didn't. But it drives cattle wild. So while the boys rounded up the stampede, I came on up here and snagged Dade Salt while he was tryin' to escape with a half-empty can of loco-weed juice! He fired first—but I got him."

"But—but the rattler..." Charlie broke in feebly.

"That was my second shot," Tex said. "I squeezed some of the poison out, but not enough." Thee he smiled. "So, I tried a hundred-year-old remedy for snake-bite swelling we got out here—cocklebur juice and milk. I got milk from a stray cow and mixed it right in your mouth with squeezed cocklebur, and it worked. You started breathin' again. Of course, H you'd prefer I'd wait until I coulda got some modern medicine from the East, why..."

"N-No!" Charlie stammered loudly. "If it was good enough a hundred years ago, it's good enough for me—now!"

THE END
MOAN!! I'M DOUBLED UP WITH PAIN, DEE DICKENS! MY HOSS REARED UP AND THREW ME!

JEPPERS, THAT'S TOO BAD! Y'UH OUGHT TO BE HOME!

GROAN!! I CAN'T GO HOME! MY BOSS TOLD ME TO GO TO THE DEPOT AND MEET HIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER WHO'S COMING IN FROM THE EAST ON THE TRAIN IN ABOUT AN HOUR!

BUT YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO GO!

I KNOW, BUT I'LL LOSE MY JOB IF I DON'T! AND ANYWAY, I CAN'T LET THAT GAL TRAVEL HOME BY HERSELF!

Y'UH STAY HYAR AND REST! I WAS SUPPOSED TO WAIT HYAR FOR ANOTHER FELLOW, BUT I'LL GO IN Y'UH PLACE!

THAT'S REAL NEIGHBORLY OF Y'UH! BUT Y'UH CAN'T GO LIKE THAT!

ER, WHY NOT?
The boss' daughter is a very refined gal! She just got out of an exclusive finishing school. Yuh can't meet her unshaved and wearing those dirty-looking jeans and old shirt!

Ouch!

Yuh mean I have to take a bath, shave and put on my best clothes to meet that gal? Nothing doing!

(Groan!) Then I reckon I'll have to go myself. I better hurry because I'll have to slick myself up.

Gosh, I'd like to help yuh out, Frank, but to have to go through all that...

Yuh don't have to! I'll get someone else! There'll be lots of homeres anxious to go. Miss Priscilla is a very pretty gal! In fact, she's won several beauty contests!

She's won several beauty contests! Out of my way! I've got to grab a fast bath, shave and get my Sunday duds on!

Ha! Ha! Dog sure fell for it -- hook, line and sinker! That isn't any gal coming in on the train! I made up the whole story just to get him to get all dressed up and shaved for nothing!

Ha! Ha!

MONTHLY AFTER...

Do I look all right, Frank? Yuh sure do, der! Yuh'll make a hit with Miss Priscilla for sure!

I hope so! It isn't every day a fellow gets a chance to meet a real pretty gal! Thanks for the chance! I'll be seeing yuh!
HA! HA! DEE IS SO EXCITED! BOY, IS HE IN FOR A LET-DOWN! HE'LL FEEL LIKE A FOOL FOR A MONTH FOR LETTING ME PUT ONE OVER ON HIM! HA! HA!

I'LL WAIT HOURS TILL HE COMES BACK WITH A SHEEPISH LOOK ON HIS FACE SO I CAN GIVE HIM THE HORSE LAUGH!

ONE TIME LATER...

HOWDY, PARD! IS DEE INSIDE? NO, HE'S NOT AROUND!

WHAT? NOT AROUND ARE YUN SURE? HA! HA! I'M POSITIVE! I SENT HIM ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE TO TOWN! HE SAID HE HAD TO WAIT FOR SOME ONE—I GUESS HE MEANT YUN—but I fooled him into going anyway!

OH, YUN DIED, DID YUN? YEAH! HA! HA!

(GRRR!) WELL, I DON'T THINK IT WAS SO FUNNY! I RODE TWENTY MILES TO GET YURR JUST TO SEE HIM, AND NOW HE'S GONE BECAUSE OF YUN!

OUCH!

I HAVEN'T TIME TO WAIT AROUND TILL HE GETS BACK FROM YURR PRactical JOKES ON ACCOUNT OF YUN, I'LL HAVE TO MAKE THIS TRIP ALL OVER AGAIN!

BAM!

SOK!?
I Didn't Plan on Getting My Jaw Punching Like That, But the Pleasure of Seeing Dee Coming Back Looking Like a Disappointed Sap Will More Than Make Up for This Beating!

Howdy, Frank! Say, I Reckon You Got Mixed Up! That Wasn't Any Miss Priscilla On That Train, But This Is Miss Hodges, the New School Warrioress! She Just Came In and She's Been Kind Enough to Let Me Show Her the Sights Around Town!

Thanks for Sending Me Over to the Depot, Frank! This Is the Luckiest Day in My Life!

Ouch! Ouch!

Groan! I Sure Put One Over On Dee!

Ouch! It Wasn't Bad Enough That I Got a Beating from That Other Howbere Fer Sending Him --- But He Has to Meet a Knockout in This Barroom! (Groan!) I'm Going to Knock Myself Out!
HOWDY POONERS,
I GUESS I DON'T HAVE TO SAY THAT IT'S MIGHTY SWELL TO BE RIDIN' INTO YOUR CORRAL AGAIN. THE OTHER DAY WHEN I WAS RIDIN' DOWN TOWARD PECOS I SAW SOMETHING I THINK YOU FOLKS OUGHT TO HEAR ABOUT. LEN FOSTER, THE RANCHER'S SON, AND THREE OF HIS DAUGHTER'S COMPANIONS WERE OUT THERE ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT SHOOTIN' JACK-RABBIT. WELL, SIR, IT SEEMS THAT THE BOYS HAD MADE SOME SORT OF MARKSMANSHIP CONTEST OUT OF IT. THE FELLA THAT WOKE IT WAS TO GET HIMSELF A BRAND NEW SADDLE. ONE OF THEM RANCH HANDS HAD A MIGHTY MELLOW EYE AND BAGGED MORE RABBITS THAN YOU CAN SHAKE A WINCHESTER AT.

BUT YOUNG LEN, HE WAS BURNED UP, SAID THAT NO HIRED HAND COULD DO THAT TO HIM, SO HE QUIT RIGHT THEN AND THERE AND RODE AWAY WITHOUT EVEN SETTLING UP FOR WHAT HE OWED ON THE SADDLE.

FRIENDS, I CALL THAT MIGHTY POOR SPORTSMANSHIP. NO MATTER WHETHER IT'S SHOOTIN' JACK-RABBIT OR PLAYIN' IN AN ATHLETIC CONTEST, YOU GOT TO BE A GOOD LOSER AS WELL AS A GOOD WINNER. INSTEAD OF GETTIN' SURE THE THING TO DO IS TO COME BACK AND TRY ALL THE HARDER THE NEXT TIME. SO REMEMBER THAT THE NEXT TIME YOU GET IN A GAME WITH THE REST OF THE FELLAS, WELL, BLACK JACK AND I WILL BE MOSEYIN' ALONG SO SMOOTH RIDIN' 'TIL WE MEET AGAIN IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

YOUR PALS,

Allan "Rocky" Lane
and
Black Jack
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Republic Pictures Star

Rocky Lane in "Lawless Territory!"

This way to Canterville Territory
Warning to all lawmen:
Stay out or be killed!

One day in Larado...
Hey, Sonny! Stop shooting that gun!

There are only blanks in it!

I just traded my top with another fellow for it! Say, you're Rocky Lane, aren't you?

Yes, I'm Rocky Lane! And...
...You shouldn't play with shooting-irons! How about trading that gun for a shiny, new silver dollar?

It's a deal! Here's the gun!

And here's your money!

Vippee! Now I can buy some real toys and lots of candy! Vippee!

I'd better get over to the Chief's office, pronto! I'm pretty sure he's been sent a message he sounded urgent!

At the Chief Marshall's headquarters:

Rocky Lane reporting for duty, Chief!

You shouldn't have bothered me jumping off Black Jack. Rocky! You'll be on your way as fast as I can give you the details.

Almost every new territory has been opened for settlers, robbery and murder have followed, and Canterville territory has been no exception.

Outlaws always strike before the townsfolk get a chance to really settle down and hold an election! Once an honest man is in office, it isn't easy for the bandits to operate.

Right! Canterville is about to hold its first election and I want you to see that the ballot is carried out honestly.

I'll do my best, Chief! Who's running for office, anyway?

Here are the two candidates! Honesty is the keynote of both their campaigns. They couldn't have picked a better platform for that lawless territory.

I know Tyler! He runs the general store. I'll drop in on him and get the lowdown as soon as I reach Canterville!

A vote for Val valier is a vote for an honest mayor. Honest Jim Wright is the best man for mayor. If you vote right you'll vote wisely!
The mucker, you get there, buy the better!

I'm on my way, Chief! Let's hit the trail, Black Jack!

Val Tyler: How are you?

Rocky Lane: You sure are a sight for sore eyes! What brings you to Canterville?

Official Business! I've been assigned to see that the election here is carried out honestly!

You don't have to worry about that, Rocky! No matter who's elected, Canterville is sure of an honest mayor!

My opponent, Jim Wright, is not only the biggest rancher here, but he is known for his generosity, kindness, and honesty!

I wouldn't be too sure about that, Tyler!

What are you talking about, Nugent?

Late last night, while I was riding back to town, I overheard voices coming from Boulder Patch in the hills! Since this was an out of the way place, I was curious to see who was there.

Well, it was Jim Wright, and I saw him taking wads of greenbacks from Blackmer!

Blackmer! Why, he owns the gambling casino in town!

Yuh mean the crooked gambling casino in town! Since Wright's yore rival for the mayor's job, I think yuh ought to tell this to the people!

Not so fast, Nugent! I admit that seems to be a strange relationship, but we have no proof that anything dishonest was going on!
YOU'RE RIGHT, VAL! PEOPLE WOULD THINK YOU WERE THROWING CAMPAIGN MUDD AND WOULD BE INCLINED TO VOTE FOR WRIGHT MORE THAN EVER!

HOW'S THE BIG IDEA OF SNEAKING UP ON ME?

I DIDN'T MEAN TO SNEAK UP ON YOU! I'M LOOKING FOR MR. WRIGHT!

THE BOSS ISN'T HERE! HE RODE OFF IN THAT DIRECTION ABOUT AN HOUR AGO. DO YOU WANT TO LEAVE A MESSAGE?

THE DOUBLE X AND THE BAR 6 WERE BOTH RUSTLED LAST NIGHT!

NO! I WAS JUST LOOKING FOR A JOB. I'LL BE BACK LATER!

NO, BUT THE JASPER ON WRIGHT'S LACY RANCH WAS SO NERVOUS WHEN I CAME UP BEHIND HIM. HE WAS RE-BRANDING THE RUSTLED CATTLE!

YOU CAN SAVE YOURSELF SOME TIME. THERE'S NO JOBS OPEN ON THE LACI Y!
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Are you trying to say that Wright is a cattle rustler?

Either Wright or Somebody on his ranch I'm going to keep an eye on Wright as soon as night falls!

I'll need you, Val, to point him out to me! I'll see you later!

Whatever you say, Rocky! It's hard to believe Jim Wright is anything but what he seems to be—an honest citizen!

Midnight, Outside the Lazy Y...

There's nobody stirring in that ranch house, Rocky! It's as silent and dark as the night itself!

To a secret, Marshal! Val, the night's still young! It's just the witching hour now!

Sshh! Someone's coming now!

It's Wright!

As soon as he's a safe distance away, Val, I'm going to follow him!

I'm going along with you, Rocky! I've got to find out what this is all about!

Shortly after——

He seems to be heading for Boulder Patch again!

Is there any way to get up on top of Boulder Patch so we can look down on what's going on without being seen?

Only by climbing to the top of the Boulder, Val! Well, let's go!
SHORTLY AFTER
HYAR'S TONIGHT'S TAKE FROM THE GAMBLING CASINO, BOSS!
ARE YOU SURE NO ONE SAW YOU COMING HYAR, BLACKMORE? IT WOULD RUIN EVERYTHING IF ANYONE FOUND OUT BEFORE THE ELECTION THAT I WAS REALLY THE OWNER OF THE GAMBLING CASINO!

NO ONE SAW ME, WRIGHT! BUT THAT'S LESS TO WORRY ABOUT THEM CONNECTING YUH WITH THE GAMBLING CASINO THAN TYING YUH UP WITH THE CATTLE RUSTLERS!
NO ONE'LL EVER GET WISE I'M BEHIND THE RUSTLERS! PITCH CHANGES THE BRANDS AS SOON AS WE GET THEM ON MY RANCH!

WELL, IF YUH WIN THE ELECTION, ALL OUR WORRIES ARE OVER! WE COULD MAKE CANTERVILLE TERRITORY AN OUTLAW'S PARADISE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN IF I WIN THE ELECTION! I'VE GOT TO WIN IT! RIGHT NOW I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO GET TYLER OUT OF THE RACE!

YOU'RE WRONG, WRIGHT! THE ONLY ONE WHO'S GOING TO BE PUT OUT OF THE RACE IS YOU!
WE HEARD ENOUGH TO PUT YOU OUT OF THE ELECTION AND INTO JAIL!

KEEP THEM COVERED WHILE I HANDLE THEM, VAL!

O.KAY, ROCKY!

AT THAT MOMENT...
I SURE ENOUGH PICKED THE RIGHT MOMENT TO ARRIVE!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR PATTING YOURSELF ON THE BACK, PITCH! LET'S TIE THEM UP BEFORE THEY COME TO!

WHY SUFFER TYING THEM? WHY DON'T WE JUST SHOOT THEM AND GET IT OVER WITH?

SINCE THEY OBLIGE KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON, THERE'S NO TELLING HOW MANY HOMBREY THEY TOLD THEIR STORY TO! WE'LL SHOOT THEM, BUT FIRST WE'VE GOT TO DISCREDIT THEM SO NO ONE WILL BELIEVE WHATEVER THEY SAID.
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

HOW'RE YUH GONNA DO THAT, WRIGHT?
I'VE GOT AN IDEA, PITCH! WE'LL TAKE SOME OF THE RUSTLED CATTLE AND LEAVE IT BEHIND TYLER'S GENERAL STORE!

BEHIND THE GENERAL STORE?
THAT'S RIGHT! THEN WE'LL SHOOT THE TWO OF THEM AND SAY THEY KILLED EACH OTHER WHEN THE LAWMAN DISCOVERED SO TYLER WAS THE RUSTLER!

THAT'S A GREAT IDEA! THAT'LL LEAVE YUH IN THE CLEAR, AND WITH NOBODY RUNNING AGAINST YUH, YU'RE SURE TO BECOME MAYOR!

EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING! NOW LET'S GET THESE VARMINTS INTO THE GENERAL STORE! IT'LL BE BEST IF THEY'RE FOUND DEAD THERE!

LATER ---
I'M GOING TO HELP PITCH GET THE RUSTLED CATTLE HYAR! AS SOON AS WE RETURN, YUH CAN HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SHOOTING THEM BLACKMER!

IF Wild AND I ARE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE, I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING PRONTO!

SHORTLY AFTER ---
I CAN'T MAKE AN ATTEMPT TO FREE MYSELF! THAT GAMBLER HAVEN'T TAKEN HIS EYES OFF ME FOR A SECOND! AND NOW ---

--- I CAN HEAR THE OTHER TWO SAGEBATS RETURNING WITH THE CATTLE!

BUT I DON'T GIVE UP EASILY!
WHAM

Huh?

My gun fell out just as I was hoping it would!

I wonder what Rocky's up to?

Well, whatever it is, it won't do any good now that these two have returned!

What's going on here?

It doesn't make any difference what was going on! Right now the only important thing is to shoot these two critters and tell the people our story!

Yuh, start boshing the town, pitch! I'll take care of the shooting! Ha, ha!

Okay, Blacker!

This'll take care of the lawman!

And there goes the ex-candidate for mayor!

Now I'll just untie them and put their guns into their hands so it'll look as if they shot each other!

Bang bang

Bang

Bang
SMACK?

But yuh can't be alive! I just shot yuh--ouch!

But as Blacker loosens the rope around Rocky Lane--

That gun didn't do you any good before and it won't now! When I rolled into you, Blacker, I switched your gun for one I had that contained blanks!

That knocked him out! Now as soon as I tie him up and untie you, Val, we have some unfinished business to settle!

I know you're all wondering why I woke yuh at this time of night, but I've got big news! We've caught the cattle rustler who's been plaguing Canteenville Territory and you'll be surprised to hear who it is!

They certainly will be, especially when they find out it's you!

Gulp! The game's up! Let's get out of here, Wright!

Meanwhile--

Rocky Lane!
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

START RUNNING! THE LAWDOGS CAN'T SHOOT AT US WITHOUT HITTING SOME OF THE PEOPLE, AND HE'LL NEVER DO THAT!

I FIGURED THEY'D DO JUST THAT ----

---SO I CAME PREPARED!

I RECKON YOU WILL BE ELECTED MAYOR NOW THAT "HONEST" WRIGHT IS GOING TO JAIL, ALONG WITH HIS HECHMEN!

HE SURE WILL BE! AND WE'RE GRATEFUL TO YOU, ROCKY, FOR SAVING CANTERVILLE FROM POSSIBLY ELECTING A CROOKED MAYOR!

A FEW MINUTES LATER ---

GOOD BOY, BLACK JACK! YOU KEPT CLOSE TO ME ALL THE TIME. NOW, AS SOON AS I LOCK THEM UP, I HAVE ONE MORE PIECE OF BUSINESS TO FINISH!

ONE MORE PIECE OF BUSINESS! WHAT COULD THAT BE?

BUT WHY GIVE ME THESE GOLD NUGGETS? YOU ALREADY PAID ME FOR THE GUN, ROCKY!

I KNOW, BUT I DON'T EVER WANT IT SAID THAT I TOOK UNFAIR ADVANTAGE OF ANYONE! THAT GUN TURNED OUT TO BE WORTH A LOT MORE THAN A SILVER DOLLAR!

IT WAS WORTH MY LIFE!

THERE GOES THE GREATEST MAN IN ALL THE WEST, HE SURE IS MY FRIEND!
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