IN THIS BLAZING ISSUE: THE SAGA OF THE INDIAN WAR!
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REPUBLIC PICTURES STAR

Rocky Lane

The Indian War

Chapter One: Friend or Foe

The Army is faced with a difficult situation: the three great Indian tribes—the Cheyenne, the Apache, and the Pawnee—have united for an all-out war against the white man.

Our troops are deployed to successfully check any move made by the Caddoan or the Wannsee, but I'm worried about the Pawnee who have a secret camp somewhere in the hills. They are a smaller tribe but they are very clever and viciously dangerous.

Colonel, the Chief Martial sent me to brief you about a special assignment.

Yes, Rocky.

With a Western Army Post.

"Our troops are deployed to successfully check any move made by the Cheyenne or the Wannsee, but I'm worried about the Pawnee who have a secret camp somewhere in the hills. They are a smaller tribe but they are very clever and viciously dangerous."

"Colonel, the Chief Martial sent me to brief you about a special assignment."

An illustration of a cowboy drawing his gun, facing an adversary.
UNTIL WE LOCATE THE INDIAN CAMP EVERY SETTLEMENT IN THE WEST IS IN DANGER. THAT'S WHY I AGreed THE CHIEF MARSHAL TO RETAIN YOU TO THE ARMY!

SINCE YOU KNOW THE COUNTRY AND
THE PEOPLE SO WELL I WANT YOU
TO GO OUT AS GUIDE WITH A
COMPANY OF MEN DESIGNED TO
FIND THE INDIAN CAMP AND
BRING THE INFORMATION
BACK TO HEADQUARTERS!

I'LL BE GLAD TO
HEAR YOU!

GOOD! NOW I'LL SEND FOR
CAPTAIN BERANGER WHO WILL
BE IN COMMAND OF THE
COMPANY!

SHORTLY AFTER

OUR CAPTAIN WILL BE IN COMMAND AND
ROCKY LANE WILL GO AS GUIDE.

I CAN HANDLE THE
ASSIGNMENT MYSELF.
SIR! I DON'T NEED ANY LOCAL GUIDE. I
DON'T NEED HELP TO TRACK
DOWN PEASANTS!

ROCKY LANE'S KNOWLEDGE WILL
BE HELPFUL AND HE LEAVES WITH
YOU IN THE MORNING! THAT
WILL BE ALL!

NEXT MORNING...

DON'T FORGET,
CAPTAIN! THE
IMPORTANT THING
IS TO GET THE
INFORMATION
BACK HERE.

YES, SIR!
LET'S GO!

WE'VE BEEN IN
THE COUNTRY AL
HAN WEEKS. MUCH
FURTHER, DO YOU
THINK WE'LL HAVE
TO GO?

WE'RE STILL PLENTY OF
RUINS TO DO BEFORE WE
GET TO INDIAN
TERRITORY!
HARDLY.

CAPTAIN LEE:
THAT'S AN INDIAN CAMP ALRIGHT.

GET READY TO ATTACK!

WAIT A MINUTE, CAPTAIN,
THOSE ARE PEACEFUL INDIANS. I LEAD MY FRIEND
THOMAS INDIANS. THEY'RE NOT INVOLVED IN
THE WAR.

THE ONLY GOOD INDIAN IS A DEAD INDIAN. CHECK YOUR
WEAPONS, MEN! WE ATTACK AT ONCE!

THESE INDIANS ARE FRIENDLY! I Won'T PERMIT AN ATTACK
ON THEM.

YOU WOULDN'T?

I'LL SHOW YOU WHO I AM IN COMMAND HERE! BANKS PUT
THAT MAN UNDER ARREST!

WE'RE GOING TO Wipe OUT THOSE REBELS! BANKS, YOU STAY HERE
AND GUARD THE PRISONER!

YES, SIR.

CAPTAIN, YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE.
I MUST WARN CHIEF TWIN EAGLES OF THIS ATTACK! BUT HOW? THIS SORCERER WILL SHOOT ME IF I MOVE! WAIT -- I THINK I HAVE IT!

Banks, you haven't been out west long, have you?

No, I just get out to the west a month ago; why do you ask?

That explains it! Since you're here such a short time, I couldn't expect you to be aware of the mountain lion in the tree right above you.

A mountain lion where?

Biff!

Sorry, Banks, I knew you were only doing your duty but I've got to do mine too!

Ar-ARGH!

It worked!

Get going, Black Jack. We're a heap of riders to do.
Soon--

- So you see the soldiers are waging against the Powati tribe!

That's good!

Powati are bad Indians; they rob and kill Paleface and Redman alike!

But what I'm trying to tell you, Chief, is that these soldiers don't know the difference between good and bad Indians!

The best thing to do is break camp and go into hiding until the soldiers ride on!

Rocky Lane is friend; we do what you say!

Shortly after

Well, reach the Indian camp soon! Sergeant, get the men--there! The Indians are moving! They are riding off into the woods!
AND ROCKY LANE IS LEAVING THEM!

WE THANK YOU ROCKY LANE FOR FRIENDSHIP!
MAYBE SOMETIME WE CAN HELP YOU!

LATER I'LL REPORT WHAT I DID TO CAPTAIN DESMOND.
HE'LL PROBABLY BE ANGRY, BUT THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY!

ROCKY LANE FOR YOUR MUTINUOUS DISOBEDIENCE YOU WILL DIE

CAPTAIN YOU MUST BE LOCO!

READY! AIM!

DOES THE ARMY CAPTAIN'S BIT OF AMBER SPELL THE END OF ROCKY LANE?
READ CHAPTER 22 OF THE INDIAN WAR
DEE DICKENS IN
THE PROSPECTOR

I HATE GOLD! I DETEST GOLD! T DESPISE GOLD!

HEY, DEE DICKENS WHAT ARE YUN DOING?

I'M PANNING GOLD
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO ASK YUN ANYTHING. YUN CAN NEVER GET ANYTHING BUT A FOOLISH ANSWER

FROM A FOOL.

WHO ARE YUN CALLING A FOOL?

YEH, OF COURSE I DON'T THINK THERE WAS ANY OTHER FOOL AROUND

ARE YUN AMBITIOUS TO HAVE A FIGHT WITH ME?

OF COURSE NOT! I LIKE PEACE IN FACT.

I'D LIKE TO TARE YUN APART PIECE BY PIECE!

I SHOULD PUNCH YUN IN THE NOSE FOR THAT, BUT I DON'T WANT TO LET YUN GET ME RILED UP AFTER ALL, I'M THE NUMBER ONE GOLD PROSPECTOR IN THE WEST.
I believe that there's nothing lower than number one!

Where do you get all these snappy remarks?

Before I opened this general store, I used to be an actor.

I didn't know that when you get interested in the theatre?

It goes way back—when I was a kid, my mother took me to a freak show.

Boy, you certainly belonged there.

Hold on! I didn't join any freak show!

Why—wouldn't they have you?

I refuse to waste time talking to you! Work for the outlaws to do in some store in my store! Strike, too.

What do you mean, by that? You didn't work for me! I know, but getting a fair price out of you is real work!

Well, if it's not my fault if we get an infamy on and dollars don't go as far as they used to.

Maybe they don't do as far, but they sure go faster!
I SEE YOU'RE STILL CARRYING YOUR OLD FURNITURE, SEE BENSON! THESE ARE GENUINE ANTIQUES.

WELL, WHAT'S NEW ABOUT ANTIQUES? HOW ABOUT HAVING A LOOK AT THIS OLD PEDESTAL STOVE.

WHAT COULD BE NEW ABOUT ANTIQUES? HOW ABOUT HAVING A LOOK AT THIS OLD PEDESTAL STOVE.

If you ask me, I'd rather see you put a restaurant in your place. Since when do you run an all-night restaurant? You can come in at any time of the day or night and get something to eat.

About a month ago and it's an all-night restaurant, you can come in at any time of the day or night and get something to eat.

No, I'm not enough business at night to warrant staying open all the time.

Do you serve tea in your place? Of course, I serve tea. Do you want to order some?

How did you arrange that? There's a little Chinese boy in each tea bag with an empty bag to stick in the bottom of the cup.

Don't worry, my tea bags swim around in the tea.
In the comic strip, a character asks, "Do you have any good chocolate bars?" The response is, "I sure do, the famous chocolate bar." Another character replies, "Why don't you give me any energy?" The first character responds, "That's the first complaint I ever had about chocolate bars, why it was no wrapper and it's handled by dealers everywhere!"

The conversation continues with, "Maybe that's why it tastes so bad and it's handled much." The first character adds, "Well, you've been nukin' for a long time now, and I've seen you narrow anything yet. What did you come in for?"

Another character says, "Tell the truth, I just want a place to sit down and rest my weary feet." The first character responds, "You sure got a nerve!"

At the end of the conversation, the first character says, "I can't make any money but if you're just sitting around, why not buy something or get out!"

The final panel shows a character saying, "I'll get you, you lying, my brain will need a rest. Good day and good luck."
Roping 'n' Riding

Horsey, Masterson,

It's sure nice to catch up and say howdy to old friends again. Last month, if you'll recall, we talked about some of the games the Indian boys and girls used to play. Today, I'd like to tell you about some of the tools and implements the redman used.

A very important tool to the tribes was the stone-headed pounder. These pounders were used to pound the meat of the elk or buffalo into hard pemmican, which was a kind of food made by the Indians to carry on long journeys and keep a long time without spoiling. These pounders were used to pulverize berries which were added to the pemmican.

Another important tool was the hide scraper. The hide scraper could be 20 or 30 feet long. It was made of a length of antler or wood with a curved tip to which an iron blade was attached. Today, we are used to our kind of forks and spoons. The early Indians before the settlers arrived, used an Yves made of bone, horn and wood. The tips were often wrapped in an animal cover, one end being a spoon made of bone. Horn was used for eating while siles and shifts of sheep horn were used for winding string and general cooking purposes.

Yes, those were just a few of the implements and tools used by the Indian when he ruled America. Sometime we'll talk about others. But you can be sure of one thing - the Indian took good care of his tools and utensils. He never left them lying around to be broken or rusted. He kept them in tip-top shape, clean and polished, which is what every smart modern does. Yes, sir. If you take care of your things the way the Indians did theirs, you'll keep them in fine shape for a long time.

But now, friends, I must be moseying on till next month. Then keep riding the trail of smiles.

Your pals,

Allan Rocky 'lane

And Black Jack.
Those men mean business. I've got to get out of here. But pronto?

Click! Click! Click!

I'll duck behind the tree for the time being.

Fire!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

I'm safe—for the moment. Now to get Black Jack!

Phweeeee!

After the traitor men.
MAN: JUST BLACK JACK OLD BOY!

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

I CAN'T GET AT HIM, SIR.

WE'LL DO WELL RIDDEN.

TO YOUR HORSES AFTER HIM!

THEY HAVEN'T BEEN IN BLACK JACK LE'S SHOW CAPTAIN TOLD ME THAT A KNOWLEDGE OF THE COUNTRY CAN BE INVALUABLE.

YEAH, IN A DAY'S MARCH WE MIGHT AS WELL BE BACK TO CAMP.

MEANWHILE -- WE'VE GIVEN BLACK JACK A REASON TO KNOW WHERE WE CAN BE FOUND HERE UNDER BLACK JACK.
WELL, HIDE BEHIND HERE WHERE THEY CAN'T SEE US. MAYBE WE'LL GET A CHANCE TO TRAP THEM BACK TO THEIR CAMP!

AIEEEE!

AHM...

OH! IT'S BLACK UAKA. THAT'S A HUNTING PARTY OF POKANIKI BRAVES

YOU'RE JUST GRABBING ANYONE.

YOU'LL FIND PALEFACE IN NEAR BAD MEDICINE.

UGH!

PALEFACE WILL BE QUITE NOW!

AGH!

SOON AFTER...

COME, WE TAKE PRISONER BACK TO CAMP.

CHIEF BE GLAD WE BRING PRISONER!

STOP, WE BLUNDER! PALEFACE SO WE NOT KNOW SECRET ENTRANCE TO POKANIKI CAMP!

WE NEED CLIMB POLE! PALEFACE NEVER LIVE TO GIVE SECRET AWAY!
I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A MENTAL NOTE OF THIS PLACE SO THAT I CAN DIRECT THE ARMY BACK HERE — IF I EVER GET A CHANCE TO BRING BACK THE INFORMATION.

I GUESS THE CHIEF OF CAPTIVES! YOU TAKE PALEFACE TO PRISON TEEPEE?

UGH!

SOON —

NEED TO TIE YOU NOW! IF YOU TRY TO ESCAPE Quicksand Trap!

THIS POKATI HOSPITALITY IS RIGHT PLEASING! I RECKON TEEPEE SHANK IS NO RIGHT NOW!

LATER —

I'VE GOT TO BREAK OUT NOW HERE SOMEHOW, BUT IT LOOKS PRETTY HOPELESS. THOSE BRONCOS GUARDING ME PUT A BARRICADE IN MY WAY.

WHERE THEY GET CAPTAIN BUSHING AND HIS SOLDIERS?

GOOD. PUT ALL PALEFACES IN TEEPEE! LATER WE MAKE A CELEBRATION — WE BURN AND TORTURE PALEFACES.

ANY LAW. THEY GET YOU TOO?

NOW THEN'S NO ONE TO BRING THE INFORMATION ABOUT THE CAMP BACK TO HEADQUARTERS.

WE'VE JUST PLUMB FAILED OUR MISSION.
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Rocky: I was a fool to lose my temper yesterday. Let's forget it and work together to get out of here.

That gets all right with me, Captain. But from the looks of things, we're not getting out of here so easily.

Wait! I've got an idea. There is a way one of us can get away and bring the information about the camp back to headquarters.

But my plan will mean sure death for the others who will have to provide the distraction for the one who escapes.

Well, try anything! We're soldiers and we'll accomplish our mission even if it means death.

The plan is for one of us to sneak out the back of the tent at night and get to the camp. Then the remaining will shoot a fight with the guards and in the excitement, the one man will have a chance to reach his horse and get away.

It's worth a try! We'll do it... and you'll be the one to make the break, Rocky.

But Captain, it means sure death for you and... I'm still in command of this outfit. I think you're the one best qualified to make the return trip.

That night.

Hurry! The guards just passed the entrance! We won't be back for several minutes.

That's enough! I think I can squeeze through there.
DON'T HOVER, YOU CAN DEFEND US!

I'LL HAVE TO SNEAK PAST THE CAMP FIRE TO GET TO THE CORRAL! WHY? WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

THEN WHEN SUN CLIMBS TO DAY, WE MIGHT BE SHEARING DOWN ON GOLDEN POT. WE TAKE THEIR GOLD AND BRING BACK MANY PALEFACE PRISONERS FOR BIG BURNING AT STAKE!

THEY'RE PLANNING TO RAISE GOLDEN POT IN THE MORN'! I'LL HAVE TO STOP ON MY WAY AND WARN THE PEOPLE OR THEY WILL BE MASSACRED.

SUDDENLY... HEY! WAH! PALEFACE ESCAPE!

THUD!

IS ROCKY DOOMED? WILL HE BE CAPTURED AND MASSACRED ALONG WITH THE PEOPLE OF GOLDEN POT? READ ON FOR CHAPTER III OF THE INDIAN WAR!

Extra! Extra! EXTRA!

YOU... CAN GET "ROCKY'S" PHOTOGRAPH WITH "BLACK JACK" AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY!

SEND FOR IT TODAY!

Endnote: The story and 25¢ for one LARGE photo (not a drawing but an actual photograph) of ROCKY and "BLACK JACK" autographed to you personally.

NAME: ________________________________

ADDRESS: ________________________________

If you want 3 LARGE pictures of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" all autographed to you personally, enclose $2.00. Address: ROCKY LANE 4066 North Fairfax Avenue, North Hollywood, Calif.
WELL, WHAT DO YOU LEARN IN CLASS THIS TIME, SON?

WE LEARNED HOW HARD WORKING THE ANTS ARE!

THAT'S A LOT OF HOG WASH!

???

ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY IT ISN'T TRUE THAT THE ANTS ARE HARD WORKERS, Gopherface?

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M SAYING!

HOW COULD THE ANTS BE HARD WORKERS...

...EVERYBODY KNOWS THEY'RE AT PICNICS ALL THE TIME!

(GASP) !!!

★ FOR RIDING THAT RIPS ACROSS THE RANGE LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE
★ FOR GUN-TOTING JUSTICE AGAINST VIOLENT OUTLAWRY
★ FOR THE BLAZINGEST WESTERN ACTION THRILLS OF ALL TIME

DO NOT MISS A SINGLE ISSUE OF HOPALONG CASSIDY WESTERN MAGAZINE!
BUFFALO NORTON was a cowpuncher by trade, but a bully by nature. He was the best shot east of the San Y Bunch, and his name let anybody laugh at. And dam' hum! he bawled his loudest boasting, he could outshoot any ranny in the district, in any sort of shooting. One of his favorite tricks was to punch a man's face with one of the dandies challenge him in a draw, and then easily miss the gun out of his string hand. The humiliation. In the victim, was always worse than death could have been. Damned, you wouldn't have to listen to his glacial roar of laughter.

Buffalo Norton was always listening when a new cowpuncher joined the outfit. He would listen to his tales of adventures. And no it was the day a bull, slim goeler by the name of Sherman Desmond signed up for his crews.

After he was assigned his bunk space, Buffalo Norton took him up with a squat. The other men waited, knowing what was coming, feeling sorry for the newcomer.

"Hey, pard," drawled Norton, as Sherman Desmond took a look around outside. "I'm Buffalo Norton, and you'll take off yer hat when yuh speak in me, savvy?"

Desmond smiled surprised. "What's that?" he asked.

"Yah heard me," Norton growled. "Oo with yore hat or else.

Desmond face clouded. "Who are you to give orders?"

Norton grinned. It always worked. "I gave yuh your chance," he drawled, taking out his gun, raising and returning it to his hip in man smooth motion.

The hat open off the young ranny's head into the dust. He turned slowly eyes poutred.

This was always Norton's kid moment. For the insulted man would usually draw at that point, in fury to prove his pfds. And laughing Norton would easily open his shooting iron away.

But Desmond didn't react the right way. He just stared at Norton blankly and then grinned. "Having fun yet?" he said, picking up his hat.

Norton staggered a little. He had never run up against this stoic man before! He turned gravely at the way his joke was taking.

"What's the matter?" he mocked. "Yuh what's sherif?"

"Haven't yuh got the gumption in draw on me?"

"B'coz yuh did, Desmond drawled back. "Why?"

"Why?" Buffalo Norton barked repeating the unexpected word. "Well because—"

"Because he's looking for a fight that's all," Desmond smiled. "But that a plum silly I'm not mad at you Am you mad at me?"

Some of the other boys winkered, it amused so funny. And the joke was on Norton. He couldn't get him vioinist in draw. And with him Desmond rising to the bait and drawing Norton was left holding the bag.

Norton turned him mad, with purple veins of anger swelling on his neck. "Draw yuh damn fool! I'm marked. 'Yan'm invited me, so now I'm gonna count to three and shoot! One—two—"

What are yuh going in shoot at?" Desmond inquired mildly turning him back in look around casually.

Norton wouldn't hold back a strengthened "three—and then he draw with his gun in his hand unable to shoot—not at a man's hawk. That would be plain murder, not fun.

But Norton almost swooshed in Norton's heart as a roar of laughter came from the watching cowpokes. Leans like his tongue can muzzle ranny guns, Buffalo!" yelped one ranny in daylight.

Norton swelled nothing no much as a raging unicorn blowing his top at this point. He would be the laughing stock of the Bb Y lor days in come if he didn't get the atmos and just make him draw.

Later that afternoon, Desmond was lighting a cigarette unthinkingly as he usually unware that anything out of the ordinary had happened. Norton's eyes lighted up. With his blustering Norton he draw and fired.

The cigarette went out from Desmond's lips, just as he was putting a match to it! Desmond raised rigidly for a moment then nodded his head admiringly.
"Nice shooting Norton," he said drawing a silver dollar from his pocket and snapping it in the air. "See if you can hit that dollar in the air."

Automatically, without thinking Norton shot and knocked the silver cartwheel down. In a dead silence Desmond picked it up and handed it to Norton. And that's mighty slick shooting. Here you can have the dollar Norton you ought to be in a side-show. Why don't you make the fat lady look sick I bet that.

Norton turned paralyzed as if he had taken root like a tree. You could almost see him slowly collapsing inwardly like a pricked balloon.

Hey Norton, somebody out there "Yah! Yah! He's going to get a bullet." Toes like a mudskipper, punt his gun in water then plopping straight down.

Norton growled like a wounded bear. He nearly looked down at the sports of Chinaman's feet and then looked around quizzically. But I can't dance without some music. Norton. Maybe if you was in a gun shop at the boy's whiz by a right small turn I might oblige you.

Gun empty and smirking Norton passed through with an idiotic expression, especially when he saw Desmond mounting him in his saddling bag and unwhipping a long leather bag pulling something out. All the men were bag and sword now.

"Gun was never tight my weapon," Desmond drawled. Learned this from the lad once—shooting a bow and arrows.

That was what Desmond had drawn from the canvas bag—a long bow and a quiver of arrows. Humming softly to himself Desmond tested the cord that had by an arrow in place. "Somebody took up a man," he invited.

The bow went twang the arrow went whiz, and the man went spinning. And Desmond had done it all with the muzzle of a gunlick shooting his man. Musks were hanging in silent arrangement in Norton's.

Desmond turned eyes hard. "You had sore fun Norton? Now it's my turn.

With the last word an arrow blazed through the air and took Norton fast along into a swift trough. "You ain't got a cigarette in your mouth but you've got a package of tobacco in your shirt—do you did have?"

Another arrow was sent up Norton's shirt pocket and spilled the tobacco sack over his face.

Norton made a strangled noise like a man hanging at the end of a rope. "And now Norton," Desmond snapped you wanted me to draw before? Well I'm ready Bow against gun Loaded up your gun and get ready?"

Crawling, recouping his confidence Norton loaded up and jammed his gun back in his holster. "Yes, we are gonna without me with that freak of wood?"

Sure! challenged Desmond, with arrow nocked and bow restez and ready "Draw Ward—any time you're ready."

Dead silence fell as the two men faced each other silently. Suddenly Norton drawl like a straining rattler! But Desmond's motion was like the lightning that can catch even the miller unarmed. With a tingling hand the arrow knocked his gun away from Norton, who gave a startled exclamation.

"Now then Norton drawl. Desmond A rock of arrows ripped at Norton, clipping his shield, forcing Norton to prance around like a blind steer.

Five minutes laterدللة Norton rode away from the Be X at full gallop and was never seen there again.

---

"Good morning" gulped out cowpoke. Desmond put a bow away. "Have you ever taken up that Indian weapon—look out rattler! Behind you, Desmond.

Rattler! The one word that would make any homine at the west whip out his gun and shoot, have all of them whistling Desmond whistled and pulled his gun—but then he stood there with his back turned, waiting unable to pull the trigger. The other cowpoke shot the side-winder.

Well reckon you know my secret now," Desmond said. "And that answers your question why I took up bow and arrow Norton could stand the strain of them shooting arrows!"

Holy heaven leads! gulped the other cowpoke. If Buffalo Norton only knew! You're gun shy. THE END
SEIZE PALEFACE!

STOP HIM!

KII! YI!

KII!

Tarnation! I reckon this ruins any chance I had of getting away!

Throw Paleface back in prison. Tie all up. They no escape no more!
- We've not only failed the Army, but we're helpless to warn the people of Golden Pot.

- Maybe we'll get another opportunity sometime tonight.

- Not a chance! They're getting us too close! Jimmy needs Jasper in the doorway if he's ever going to use that tomahawk!

- Braves move faster! Make everything ready for Big Rainy.

- He's getting ready to ride off. The people of Golden Pot will be waded but we can't do anything to help them.

- You sharp clay! Here guards put up stakes and men with leaves leave everything to be ready for running of half faces when we return.

- Pile on heap more leaves will need big fire to make pale face scream.

- I've got one more trick to try. It's a long shot, but it may work!
YOU ARE A PIGEON BRAVE! ALL YOUR LEAVES WILL DO YOU NO GOOD. I AM A GREAT PALEFACE MEDICINE MAN AND THE SUN PROTECTS ME; NO TIE CAN MURT ME.

TONIGHT WHEN THE WARRIORS RETURN WE LET BIG-TALK PALEFACE PROVE IT.

HAH! YOU ARE AFRAID! LET ME PROVE IT NOW!

IS DONE! WE BURN YOU NOW! SHOW OTHERS NOW THEY WILL DIE COME HERE TO FIRE!

I WILL HAVE TO MAKE MY MEDICINE! LISTEN TO ME AND I WILL SHOW YOU HOW I CALL THE GODS TO HELP ME.

I TAKE OFF ROPES, BUT DO NOT TRY TO ESCAPE! BRAVE WILL USE ARROW!

NOW HEAR BIG-TALK PALEFACE, WALK IN FIRE!

HUH! THIS FIRE ISN'T NOT ENOUGH!

I'LL TAKE THIS BLANKET AND FAN THE FLAMES TO MAKE IT HOTTER!

THERE THAT'S IT LISTEN TO THAT FIRE CRACKLE!
Just a little move! This fire can be still hotter then I’ll show you!

Aree! His trick! I’ll escape send smoke signals!

Dog! You trick us. We tear your scalp off!

I’ll hold the blanket in the flames just long enough to catch fire!

This will stop you murdering coyotes!

YII! Seow!

Now to put you to sleep for a spell!

SMASH!

Ugh!

I kill — Ugh!

Not this time you won’t!

I’ll take that knife! I’ve better use for it than you have!

You make it rocky! We’re free!

We’re not free yet. Some of those other braves must have heard the fight. We’ll have to move fast!
HERE THEY COME! HOT LEATHER!
MOUNT AND RIDE!
WE'RE AWAY! WE'RE FREE!
RIGHT... AND NOW WE'RE HEADING FOR GOLDEN BUTT!
RIDE MEN! EVENY SECOND COUNTS.
I ONLY HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!

AFTER AN HOUR OF FONDING HORSEBEATS...

THE TOWN IS JUST BEYOND THE PASS IN A POCKET SURROUNDED BY HIGH CANYON WALLS! WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO BEAT THE INDIANS TO THE PASS!

SOON—
THE MINERS ARE UP HERE! MY MESSAGE GOT THROUGH!

HIT'em THE ARMY GRAB VOYESTLIVE SOME SHOOTING IRONS BOYS THE REDSKINS ARE DOWN THERE! IT'S GOING TO BE LIKE SHOOTING THE FISH IN A BUCKET!
WE COME TO MEX, BUT THERE NO ONE HERE!

ALL PALEFACES GONE!

I RECKON WE OWE OUR LIVES TO CHIEF TWIN EAGLES! HE WARNED US OF THE POWATI RAID!

I SAW SMOKE SIGNALS FROM ROCKY LANE! HE ASK CHIEF TWIN EAGLES TO WARN PEOPLE!

I WANT TO SHAKE YOUR HAND, CHIEF! I ADMIT I WAS WRONG! I KNOW NOW THAT THERE ARE GOOD AND BAD PEOPLE IN ALL RACES!

AND NOW I RECKON THE ARMY WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE POWATIS ANYMORE!

ALL RIGHT, MEN, LET THEM HAVE IT!

FEEL THEM, THE DYNAMITE BOYS!

IT ALMOST WAS THE END OF GOLDEN DOT!

I RECKON THAT'S THE END OF THE POWATI TRIBE.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

BOOM! BOOM!

BOOM!
NEDDY BUFFALO BULL: I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AROUND FOR A LONG SPELL!

THAT'S RIGHT! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

IN HOLLYWOOD!

WILLIE?

YEP!

I WAS MAKING PICTURES!

WHAT? YOU WERE IN PICTURES? TELL US ABOUT SOME OF THE MOVIES YOU MADE!

WELL, I JUST FINISHED ONE CALLED "PROBE!"

FOR M.M.?

NO.

FBI!
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

ONE DIZZ!
ONE DIZZ!cil
WHAT WERE THEY
DESCRIPTING THE
PICTURE OR YEAH?

LISTEN YER! YER
CAN'T ADULT A BIG
ACTOR LIKE ME.
BIG ACTOR! YEAH!

THAT'S RIGHT
I WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE STABBED
IN THE RAZORS
EDGE?

WHAT HAPPENED?

THE DIRECTOR TOOK ONE
LOOK AT MY THROAT AND
YELLED, "CUT!"

IT'S THE BAD HE DIDN'T!
WHAT ELSE DO YOU DO
IN HOLLYWOOD?

I APPEARED
IN SHORTS!

IN SHORT FEATURES?
NO....
____ IN SHORT PANTS!  I HAD TO BORROW MY KID REFINES' WHOLE NINE AT THE V ELOOR SHOP!

GRRR!

____ SERIOUSLY, BUFFALO BULL, WERE YOU REALLY IN ANY MOVIES?

____ NO BRA! IN THE LAST BAK MANNERS PICTURE!

____ DONT [H] REMEMBER THE BIG TRANSMISSION SCENE?

____ YES!

____ WELL...

____ THAT WAS MY BLOOD!

____ [GRRR!] YOu'VE BEEN MAKING NOISE OUT OF THE LONG SNOW!

____ [GRRR!] YOU'LL BE MESSING OR RILNAGE WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH YOU! YOU'LL BE THE STAR OF OTHER PICTURES, X-RAY PICTURES!

____ BAM!

____ SOCK POW!

____ MEES IS!

____ I DON'T KNOW WHY I HAD TO LIE ABOUT BEING A NOBLE STAR, NOW I'M SEEING STARS!
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