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OCT.
NO. 59

In this issue... DETAILS and ENTRY BLANK for
Giant 5000 PRIZE CONTEST!

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE

AUTHORITY

WESTERN COMICS

POW-WOW SMITH IS
SENDING UP SMOKE
SIGNALS TO SUMMON
HELP! STOP HIM!



Featuring



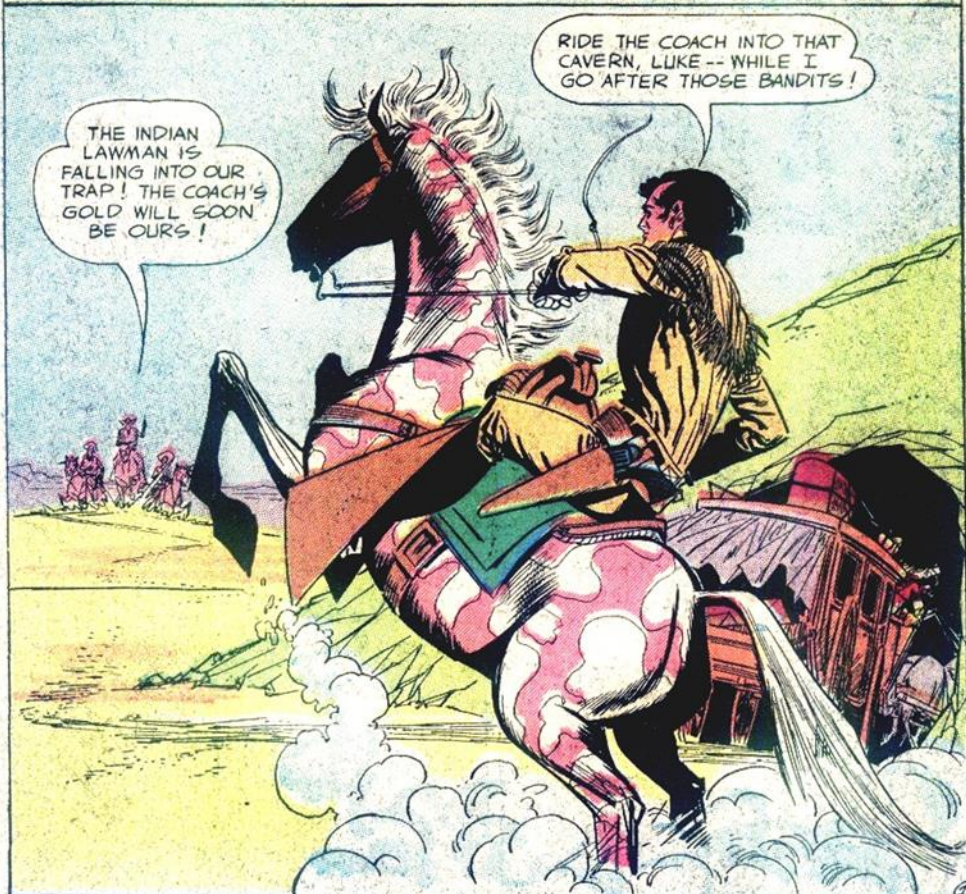
POW-WOW SMITH
in "SMOKE-SIGNAL SHERIFF!"

POW-WOW SMITH



THE GOLD COACH HAD ONLY ONE GUARD--**POW-WOW SMITH**, FAMED INDIAN SHERIFF! BUT THAT WAS ONE TOO MANY AS FAR AS A GANG OF OUTLAWS WAS CONCERNED! THAT'S WHY THEY RESORTED TO A CLEVER PLAN TO DECOY THE LAWMAN AWAY-- A TRICK THAT BACKFIRED WHEN **POW-WOW** UNEXPECTEDLY TURNED INTO A...

SMOKE-SIGNAL SHERIFF!

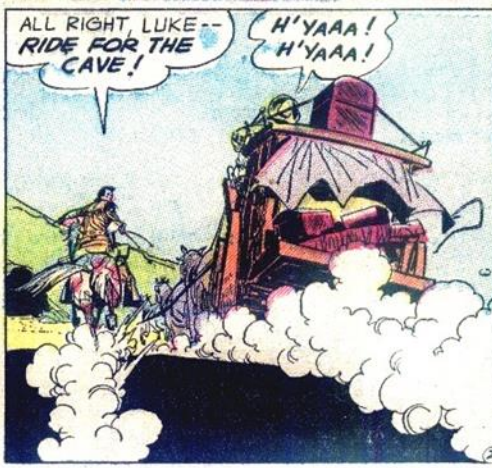
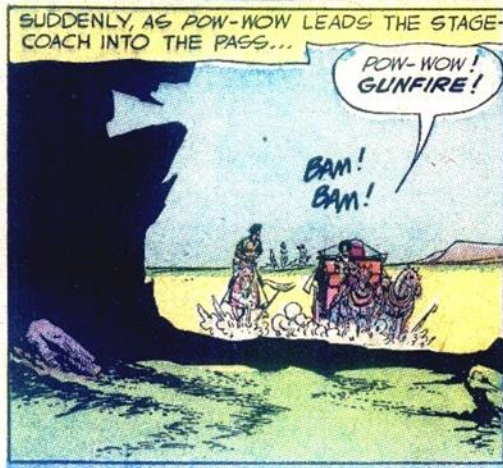


THE INDIAN
LAWMAN IS
FALLING INTO OUR
TRAP! THE COACH'S
GOLD WILL SOON
BE OURS!

RIDE THE COACH INTO THAT
CAVERN, LUKE--WHILE I
GO AFTER THOSE BANDITS!

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UPON LEADING THE STAGECOACH INTO THE CAVERN...

IT'S THE REYNARD GANG, LUKE... THE ONE I'VE BEEN AFTER! WAIT IN THE CAVE! I'LL GO AFTER THEM!



HERE COMES POW-WOW--JUST AS WE FIGURED! HERE'S WHERE WE LEAD HIM A MERRY CHASE!



HAW! WHILE WE LURE POW-WOW AFTER US, BILLY WILL GO IN AFTER THE COACH AND GRAB THE GOLD!



REACHING SHALLOW WATERS, THE BANDITS MOVE THEIR HORSES DOWNSTREAM...

WE'LL LOSE OUR TRAIL IN THIS WATER--AN' THEN MAKE IT TO THE CABIN! BILLY WILL JOIN US LATER--WITH THE LOOT!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AS THE KEEN-EYED LAWMAN SEARCHES THE SHORE...

THEY ENTERED THE WATER HERE--HOPING TO THROW ME OFF THE TRAIL...



SLOWLY, WITH HIS HORSE BEHIND HIM, POW-WOW MAKES HIS WAY ALONG THE STREAM, PICKING UP STONES AND PEBBLES FROM THE BOTTOM...

ANOTHER FRESHLY NICKED PEBBLE--NICKED BY A HORSESHOE! I CAN FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL IN THE WATER BY THESE STONE MARKINGS!



AFTER TRACING THE TRACKS TO A DISTANT SHORE...



MAKING HIS WAY INTO A WOODY RAVINE...



BREAKING INTO THE CABIN TO ATTACK THE THREE OF THEM MIGHT BE TOO RISKY! I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA!



STEALTHILY APPROACHING ONE OF THE HORSES, POW-WOW STANDS ON ITS BACK AND ASCENDS TO THE ROOF, TAKING WITH HIM A HAT THAT RESTED ON THE SADDLEHORN...



REACHING THE CHIMNEY, THE SIOUX LAWMAN HOLDS THE HAT ON THE CHIMNEY FLUE, THEN RELEASES IT--CREATING A SMOKE PUFF...

SMOKE SIGNALS! THIS SHOULD DO IT!



INSIDE THE CABIN...

REYNARD! LOOK! SMOKE SIGNALS--COMIN' FROM OUR CHIMNEY!



IN AN INSTANT, THE STARTLED BANDITS RUSH OUTSIDE...

IT'S THE INDIAN LAWMAN--SENDIN' SMOKE SIGNALS TO GET HELP FROM TOWN!

WE GOTTA STOP HIM! SURROUND THE HOUSE--AN' SHOOT AT HIM FROM ALL SIDES!



MOMENT LATER, POW-WOW MOVES TOWARD THE ROOF'S EDGE...



HE'S ON MY SIDE!
I'LL NIP HIM--

BEFORE THE BANDIT CAN FIRE, THE LAWMAN HURLS THE HAT, AND...



A LITTLE SOOT FROM THE SMOKE--HANDY IN A CASE LIKE THIS!

THEN, LEAPING QUICKLY TO THE GROUND...



ONE DOWN...

AS POW-WOW DASHES TO ONE OF THE OUTLAWS' HORSES...



THERE HE GOES!
FIRE AWAY!

HANGING TO ONE SIDE OF THE HORSE, THE SIOUX RIDES TOWARD THE TWO REMAINING BANDITS...



WATCH OUT!
HE'S COMIN' AT US!

AS THE BANDITS TURN TO FLEE, THE SIOUX SHERIFF SWINGS INTO THE SADDLE, LARIAT IN HAND...



BACK INTO THE HOUSE--QUICK!

POW-WOW'S LARIAT STREAKS OUT AND...

WHOA! YOU'RE AT THE END OF THE ROPE, HOMBRES!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

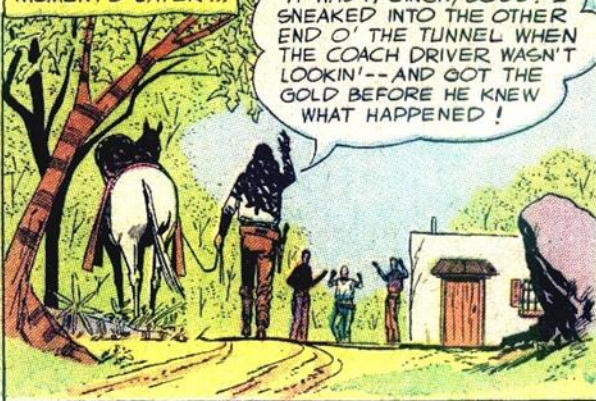
LISTEN! SOMEONE'S COMIN'! PROBABLY THE POSSE YOU SIGNED WITH THOSE SMOKE PUFFS!

WRONG! NOBODY IN TOWN KNOWS HOW TO READ SMOKE SIGNALS! THAT WAS JUST A TRICK TO GET YOU OUT OF THE CABIN!



HOWEVER, I THINK I KNOW WHO IS APPROACHING! SO YOU THREE DO EXACTLY AS I SAY...

MOMENTS LATER...



IT WAS A CINCH, BOSS! I SNEAKED INTO THE OTHER END O' THE TUNNEL WHEN THE COACH DRIVER WASN'T LOOKIN'-- AND GOT THE GOLD BEFORE HE KNEW WHAT HAPPENED!

SA-AY! WHY ARE YOU THREE STANDIN' THERE WITH YOUR HANDS UP?

IT'S JUST TO SHOW YOU WHAT TO DO WHEN I SAY--REACH!

WITH THE ENTIRE GANG IN TOW...

YOU OUTLAWS THOUGHT YOU HAD LURED ME, BUT THE GOLD COACH WAS A LURE FOR YOU!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



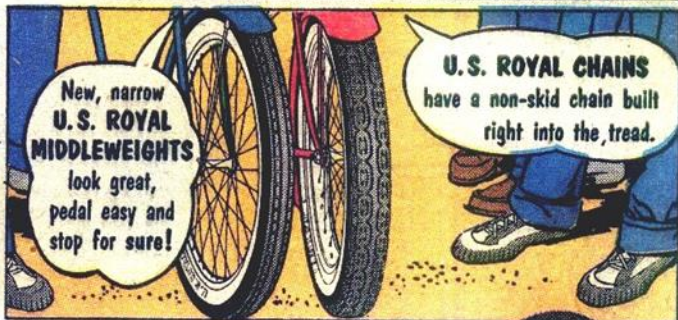
THE "GOLD" CHEST IS FILLED WITH JUNK! THE WHOLE IDEA WAS A PLAN TO GET YOU TO ATTACK-- SO I COULD CAPTURE THE BUNCH OF YOU AT ONCE!



The End

MIKE WAS A ROLLING MENACE UNTIL...

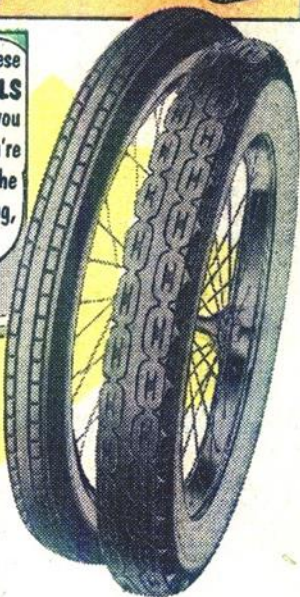
Mike takes the "STOP" TEST at his school bike safety lane



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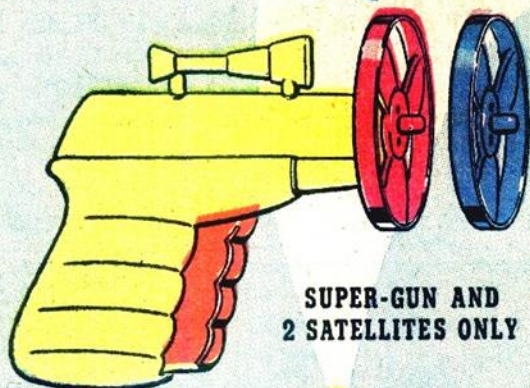
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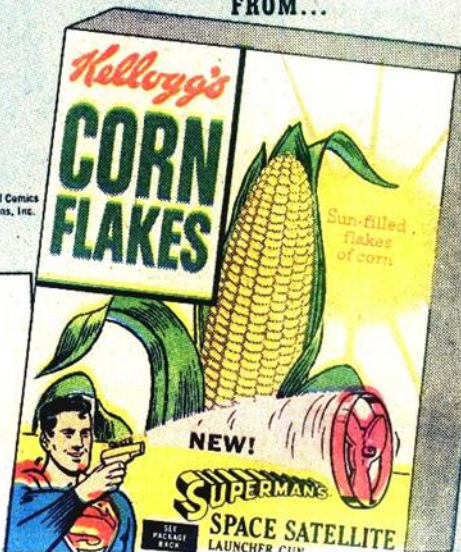
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THE NIGHTHAWK

WITHOUT MY **NIGHTHAWK** MASK, THAT TRAIN ROBBER WILL SPOT ME FOR HANNIBAL HAWKES.

ONLY AN EYE-MASK PREVENTS OUTLAWS FROM RECOGNIZING **NIGHTHAWK** AS HANNIBAL HAWKES, THE POPULAR FIX-IT MAN OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER. WHEN **NIGHTHAWK** UNEXPECTEDLY LOSES HIS MASK, HE HAS TO IMPROVISE A SERIES OF FACE-SHIELDING STRATAGEMS TO PREVENT A BANDIT GANG FROM SEEING THROUGH HIS SECRET IDENTITY!

The MAN Without A MASK!

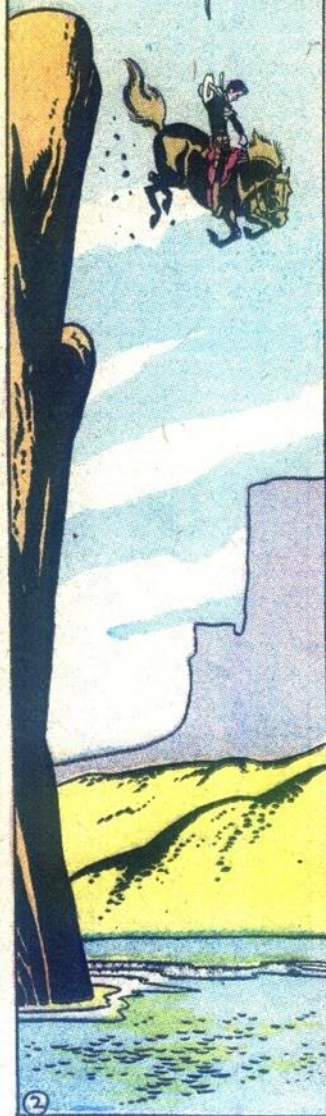
ON A HEIGHT OF ROCKY GROUND ABOVE A FAST FLOWING RIVER, **NIGHTHAWK** REINS IN AT THE SOUND OF GUNSHOTS...

THREE MEN RACING AWAY FROM THE INDIAN GAP STAGE-- WITH THE DRIVER POURING LEAD AFTER THEM.



THE NEXT MOMENT...

ALL THAT SPELLS
HOLDUP MEN TO ME!
JUMP, NIGHTWIND!



MAN AND HORSE
HIT THE WATER WITH
TERRIFIC FORCE...

SPLASH!



AS THEY RISE TO THE SURFACE, **NIGHTHAWK**
CRIES OUT IN ALARM...

MY MASK! THE WATER SOFTENED AND WASHED
OFF THE MUCKLAGE THAT FASTENS THE MASK
TO MY FACE! IT'S BEING CARRIED
DOWNSTREAM!



I CAN'T GO AFTER IT, OR TAKE TIME TO
RIDE BACK TO THE FIX-IT WAGON FOR
A NEW ONE. THOSE STAGECOACH
ROBBER WILL GET AWAY!



AS HIS GREAT STALLION
THUNDERS THROUGH THE
SHOAL WATERS ALONG THE
RIVERBANK, **NIGHTHAWK**
BENDS LOW...

THIS MUD WILL HAVE TO
SERVE ME AS A TEMPORARY
MASK!



MOMENTS LATER,
THE MASKED
LAWMAN HURLS
HIMSELF FROM
THE SADDLE...

THIS BANDIT'S HORSE MUST HAVE GONE
LAME! HIS TWO CRONIES HAVE OUTDISTANCED
HIM!





WESTERN COMICS



STEEL-LIKE HANDS MANACLE THE FALLEN BANDIT'S WRISTS...

YOU'RE MY PRISONER!



AS THE STAGECOACH RATTLES UP...

TAKE THAT HOMBRE TO JAIL, DRIVER! I'M GOING AFTER THE OTHERS!

SURE WILL, NIGHTHAWK!



MILES AHEAD OF NIGHTHAWK, THE REMAINING TWO STAGECOACH BANDITS ENTER A CAVE HIDEOUT...

NIGHTHAWK GRABBED DUKE, BUT WE STILL GOT THE LOOT FROM THE STAGE!

DOES IT CHANGE OUR PLANS, BART?



IT DOES NOT! WE'LL HIT THE WESTERN PACIFIC TRAIN JUST AS WE PLANNED!

TIMET
WESTERN PA
DEPARTUR
CACTUS GULCH
LOST VALLEY
MEDICINE BEND
INDIAN GAP
POINT
TOWER
HICKSVI
CUL
VOI



AFTER TRAILING THE TWO BADMEN ACROSS THE CACTUS FLATS, NIGHTHAWK PAUSES OUTSIDE THEIR CAVE...

THE MUD ON MY FACE DRIED AND FELL OFF! I'VE GOT TO FIND ANOTHER MASK--BUT WHERE?



AS THE UNMASKED LAWMAN MAKES HIS WAY INTO THE CAVE...

THAT LAMP! I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW TO GET A MASK!



THEN, SMEARING HIS FINGERS
WITH **LAMPFOOT**...

DABBED AROUND MY EYES,
IT MAKES A SERVICEABLE
MASK!



MOMENTS LATER, DEEP INSIDE THE CAVE...



QUICKLY, **NIGHTHAWK'S** ROPE
SNAKES THROUGH THE AIR...

SNARED ONE
OF THEM BY
THE FOOT!



YOUR OUTLAW DAYS ARE
OVER, MAVERICK!



WHAT'S THIS
PIECE OF
PAPER?



A TIMETABLE--WITH A FINGERNAIL
CREASE UNDER THE NAME
MEDICINE BEND! THE **WESTERN
PACIFIC** IS DUE THERE IN LESS
THAN AN HOUR! IS THAT WHERE
YOUR PALS ARE HEADED?

YOU'RE SO
SMART,
FIGURE IT
OUT FOR
YOURSELF!





WESTERN COMICS



WITH HIS PRISONER BEFORE HIM, **NIGHTHAWK** RACES ACROSS THE CACTUS FLATS...

YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT, **NIGHTHAWK**! WITH THE HEAD START HE'S GOT, BART WILL ROB THAT TRAIN BEFORE YOU COME CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE HIM!

YES--IF I WERE GOING TO **MEDICINE BEND**! I'M NOT!



A RUMBLE OF THUNDER HERALDS A JAGGED STREAK OF LIGHTNING IN A DARK SKY...

I'M TAKING A SHORT CUT! I'LL BOARD THAT TRAIN **BEFORE** IT GETS TO **MEDICINE BEND**! I'LL BE WAITING FOR BART WHEN HE MAKES HIS HOLDUP TRY!



SCATTERED DROPS OF RAIN PELT DOWN AS **NIGHTHAWK** OVERTAKES THE TRAIN...

IN YOU GO, OWLHOOT! I'LL JOIN YOU IN MOMENT!



KEEP A GUN ON THAT OUTLAW WHILE I GO UP INTO THE ENGINEER'S CAB--AND STOP A HOLDUP!



AS THE BIG ENGINE SLOWS DOWN TO ROUND **MEDICINE BEND**, A HORSEMAN RACES OUT OF HIDING...

I'M BOARDING THE TRAIN, ENGINEER! DON'T SOUND ANY WARNING SIGNAL OR I'LL SHOOT!





SUDDENLY--LEAPING THROUGH THE LOW-LYING SMOKE FROM THE ENGINE...

NIGHTHAWK!

YOU'VE REACHED THE END OF THE LINE, HOMBRE!

AS LAWMAN AND OUTLAW BATTLE IN THE HEAVY DOWNPOUR...

THE RAIN'S WASHING AWAY MY LAMPSOOT-MASK! MY SECRET IDENTITY WILL BE EXPOSED!



SHIELDING HIS FACE WITH ONE HAND, **NIGHTHAWK** STRIKES HARD WITH THE OTHER...

I CAN JUST SEE ENOUGH OF MY TARGET TO MAKE A SOLID CONNECTION!



THE NEXT MOMENT, **NIGHTHAWK** REACHES OUT AND...

YOU WON'T NEED YOUR MASK ANYMORE, BART--



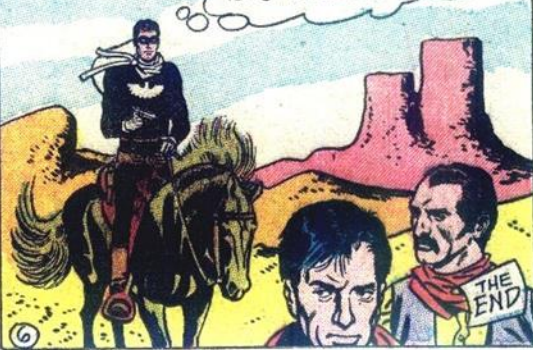
-- BUT I CAN PUT IT TO GOOD USE!

FIRST TIME I EVER SAW A LAWMAN WEAR AN OUTLAW'S MASK!



SOON AFTER, JAILHOUSE-BOUND...

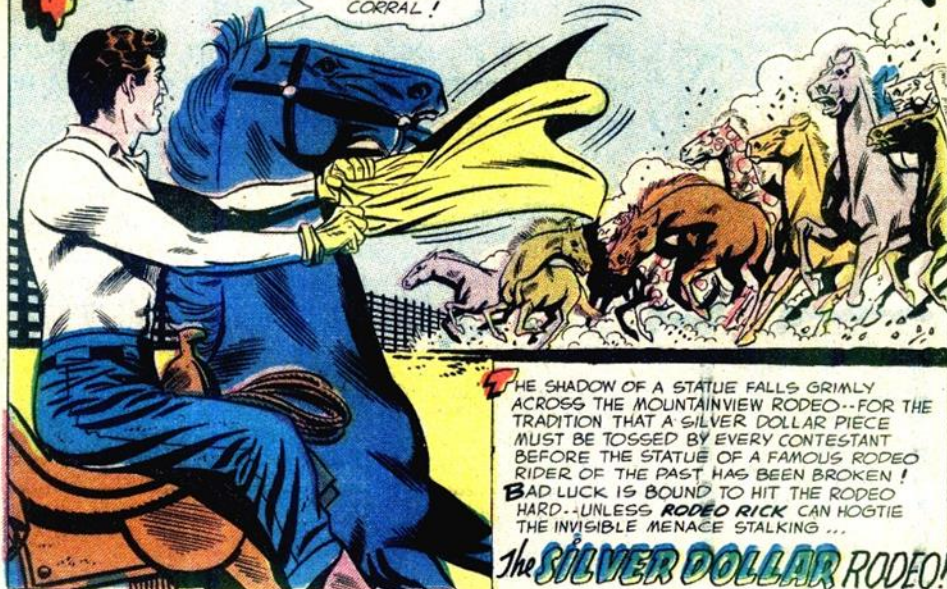
MY MASKLESS ROUNDUP WORKED OUT FINE! MY SECRET IDENTITY OF HANNIBAL HAWKES, THE FIX-IT MAN-- IS STILL SAFE!





RODDEO RICK

GOT TO TURN THESE
STAMPEDING BRONCS
BACK INTO THE
CORRAL!



THE SHADOW OF A STATUE FALLS GRIMLY
ACROSS THE MOUNTAINVIEW RODEO--FOR THE
TRADITION THAT A SILVER DOLLAR PIECE
MUST BE TOSSED BY EVERY CONTESTANT
BEFORE THE STATUE OF A FAMOUS RODEO
RIDER OF THE PAST HAS BEEN BROKEN!
BAD LUCK IS BOUND TO HIT THE RODEO
HARD--UNLESS **RODDEO RICK** CAN HOGTIE
THE INVISIBLE MENACE STALKING ...

The **SILVER DOLLAR** RODEO!

WHenever a TRAVELING RODEO SHOW ENTERS
THE TOWN OF MOUNTAINVIEW, SILVER COINS
ARE TOSSED THROUGH THE AIR ...



HERE'S
LUCK!

THE COINS DROP INTO A MARBLE TROUGH BEFORE
THE STATUE OF A GREAT RODEO CHAMPION OF
THE PAST ...

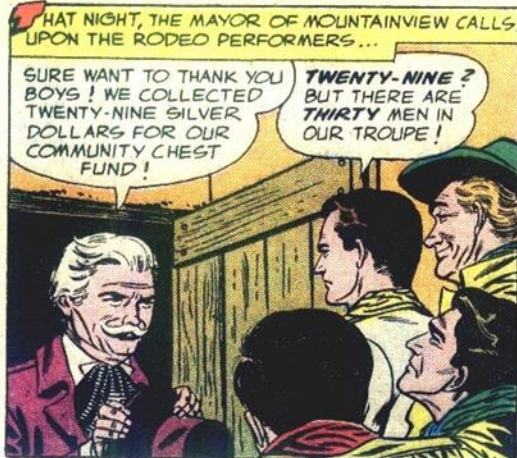
I GUESS
THAT ASSURES US A
LUCKY STAY IN THIS
TOWN, RICK!

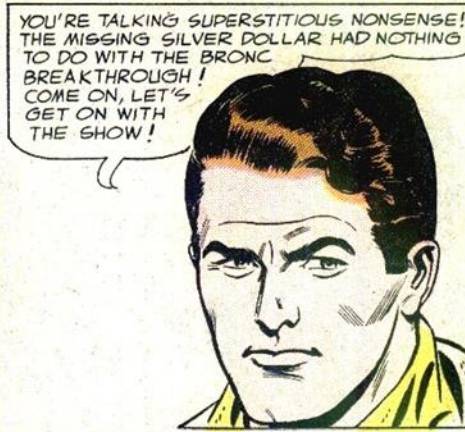
PERSONALLY, I DON'T
BELIEVE IT WILL BRING
US LUCK, BUT RODEO
FOLKS HAVE BEEN DOING
IT SO LONG, IT'S BE-
COME A TRADITION!





WESTERN COMICS







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WHILE WORKING TO PUT OUT THE FIRE, **RODEO RICK** DETECTS A DISTINCTIVE ODOR...

THERE'S **KEROSENE** ON THIS FENCE!



SOMEBODY DOUSED THE WOOD WITH KEROSENE, THEN TOUCHED A MATCH TO IT! IF A MAN MADE THIS FIRE, MAYBE THAT STAMPEDE YESTERDAY WAS NO ACCIDENT!



MOMENTS LATER, AT THE BRONCO CORRAL ...

MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! SOMEONE **SAWED** THESE SLATS AND LOGS THROUGH--THEN USED THIS SLICKER TO "SPOOK" THE BRONCS! WHOEVER DID IT, WANTS THE RODEO OUT OF TOWN! BUT WHY?



AT AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF THE RODEO CONTESTANTS...

WE OUGHT TO LEAVE TOWN NOW, BEFORE ONE OF US IS HURT! WE AREN'T SCARED, BUT WHO CAN FIGHT A HOODOO?

HERE COMES **RODEO RICK**! WHAT ABOUT IT, RICK?



YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S PACK OUR GEAR AND GET OUT OF HERE!

AS LONG AS SOMEONE IS TRYING TO MAKE US LEAVE TOWN, I'LL OBLIGE--AND WAIT FOR THE NEXT MOVE!



AS THE RODEO MOVES OUT IN THE RAYS OF THE DYING SUN, THREE MEN IN THE WATCHING CROWD WEAR BIG GRINS...

THERE THEY GO! BY TOMORROW THE PEOPLE WHO CAME TO TOWN TO SEE THE RODEO WILL HAVE GONE, TOO!





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The Wyoming Kid

WHEN JOHNNY PRENTICE LEFT THE TRIANGLE BAR RANCH TO GO INTO THE TOWN OF LOST VALLEY, HE DIDN'T KNOW HE WOULD BE RIDING INTO THE ARMS OF THE LAW, AND CHARGED WITH A ROBBERY HE NEVER COMMITTED! EVEN THOUGH JOHNNY REFUSED TO DENY HIS GUILT, THE **WYOMING KID** WAS SURE HE WAS INNOCENT-- BUT COULDN'T PROVE IT TILL HE SOLVED...

The SECRET of the MISSING SPURS!

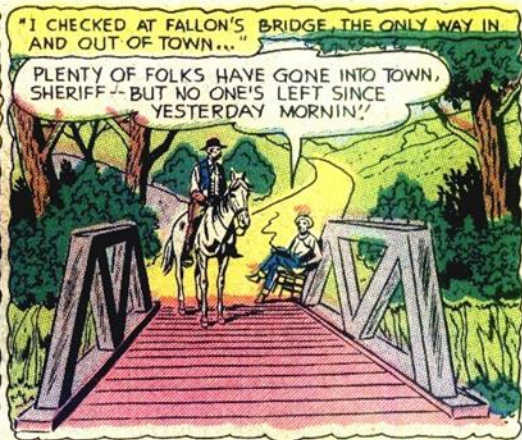
ONE OF THOSE MEN LEAVING TOWN IS THE REAL BANK BANDIT-- BUT WHICH ONE? I CAN'T CHASE THEM BOTH!

OUTSIDE THE GENERAL STORE OF LOST VALLEY, THE SOLE TOPIC OF CONVERSATION IS YESTERDAY'S DARING BANK HOLDUP...

AND YOU SAY, SHERIFF, THE BANK BANDIT HASN'T A CHANCE OF GETTING AWAY WITH THE LOOT?

THAT'S RIGHT, **WYOMING KID!** HE'S STILL HERE IN TOWN--TRAPPED LIKE A RAT!





SOON AFTER, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

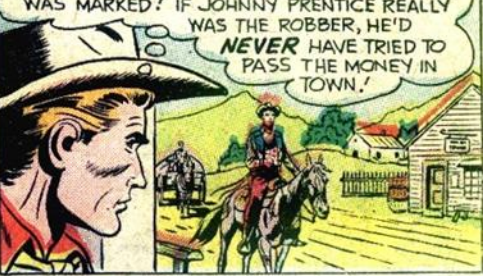
AS LONG AS YOU'VE CAUGHT THE BANK BANDIT, SHERIFF, YOU MIGHT AS WELL CALL BACK YOUR DEPUTIES AT THE BRIDGE.

SURE THING, KID! I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT THEM!



FOR AN HOUR, THE **WYOMING KID** KEEPS AN ALERT EYE ON THE MAIN STREET LEADING TOWARD FALLON'S BRIDGE...

EVERYONE IN THE VALLEY KNEW THE MONEY WAS MARKED! IF JOHNNY PRENTICE REALLY WAS THE ROBBER, HE'D **NEVER** HAVE TRIED TO PASS THE MONEY IN TOWN!



THE WAY I FIGURE IT, THE REAL ROBBER WANTED JOHNNY ARRESTED IN ORDER TO AVOID BEING SEARCHED AT THE BRIDGE! HMMM...FIRST MAN LEAVING TOWN IS CLEG PERLEY, A RIDER AT JOHNNY'S RANCH, THE **TRIANGLE BAR**.



THERE GOES LUKE HUNGERFORD, A VEGETABLE FARMER! HE COULD HAVE THE MONEY HIDDEN IN ONE OF THOSE BASKETS, SAME AS PERLEY COULD HAVE IT IN HIS **SADDLEBAGS**!



MOMENTS LATER, THE **WYOMING KID** SADDLES UP...

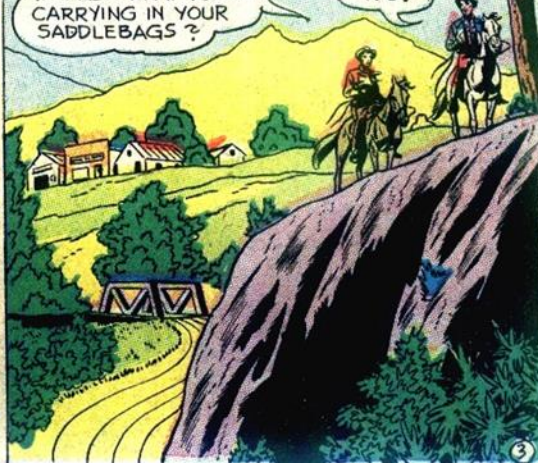
AS A **TRIANGLE BAR** RIDER, CLEG PERLEY WOULD HAVE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO SLIP A STOLEN BILL INTO JOHNNY'S PAY ENVELOPE! I'LL CATCH UP TO HIM--AND ASK TO SEE HIS **SADDLEBAGS**!



THEN, JUST BEYOND THE BRIDGE, ON THE UPPER ROAD LEADING INTO MOUNTAIN COUNTRY...

HOWDY, CLEG! MIND IF I ASK WHAT YOU'RE CARRYING IN YOUR **SADDLEBAGS**?

LOOK FOR YOURSELF, **KID!**



A CAREFUL SEARCH REVEALS ONLY EXTRA CLOTHING AND TWO SANDWICHES...

NO STOLEN MONEY! AND I WAS SO SURE CLEG PERLEY WAS THE REAL BANK BANDIT!



AFTER THE **WYOMING KID** GALLOPS BACK TOWARD THE BRIDGE...

HA HA! I FOOLED THE **WYOMING KID**! WHEN I SAW HIM FOLLOWING ME ACROSS THE BRIDGE, I WAS SURE THE JIG WAS UP!



*LUCKILY FOR ME THE TRAIL FORKS BEYOND THE BRIDGE INTO MOUNTAIN COUNTRY AND DOWN ONTO THE CACTUS FLATS.

I'LL WEIGHT DOWN THE PACKAGE OF STOLEN MONEY WITH MY SPURS, TIED TOGETHER WITH MY NECKERCHIEF, AND TOSS IT ON TO LUKE'S VEGETABLE WAGON BELOW! THEN IF THE **KID** SEARCHES ME, HE WON'T FIND ANYTHING.



NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS RIDE DOWN BELOW, HOLD UP LUKE HUNGERFORD--AND TAKE MY MONEY BACK!



SOON AFTER, AS CLEG PERLEY DRAWS HIS GUN, THE TARPULIN OVER THE VEGETABLE BASKETS FLIES AWAY...

HANDS UP, LUKE! I-- HEY!

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, CLEG!



WHEN I LEFT YOU, I WONDERED WHAT HAPPENED TO THE NECKERCHIEF AND SPURS YOU HAD ON WHEN YOU LEFT TOWN! IT STRUCK ME YOU USED THEM TO GET RID OF THE BANK MONEY--BY DROPPING IT ONTO THIS WAGON!



LATER, AT THE **TRIANGLE BAR** RANCH...

REASON I DIDN'T DENY MY GUILT WAS-- JUDY'S DAD HERE GAVE ME THE MONEY! HE'S MY BOSS! I DIDN'T WANT TO GET HIM INTO TROUBLE!

I'VE HEARD LOVE IS BLIND-- I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS **SILENT**, TOO!



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