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FRONTIER FIGHTERS

Featuring
**DAVY
CROCKETT**

*"CHALLENGE of
BLACK WARRIOR!"*

WHERE'S THAT
DAVY CROCKETT?
I'VE GOT TO FIND
OUT WHAT BLACK
WARRIOR'S PLANS
ARE!

THAT'S
EASY, MAJOR!
HERE'S BLACK
WARRIOR
HIMSELF--
ASK HIM!



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OF
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and
**BUFFALO
BILL CODY!**

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DAVY CROCKETT

YOU'VE GOT NO WEAPONS--
AND THERE GOES MINE,
BLACK WARRIOR!
NOW THAT I'VE CUT
YOU LOOSE, IT'S
JUST THE TWO
OF US -- MAN
TO MAN!

AND SOON, DAVY CROCKETT,
THERE WILL BE BUT **ONE**
OF US!

OUT OF THE SWAMP
AND THE PINE-COVERED
BACKWOODS OF AMERICA
CAME A MAN, BUCKSKIN-
GARBED AND TOUGH AS
HICKORY, WHOSE REPUTATION
HAS GONE RINGING DOWN IN
HISTORY AS ONE OF THE MOST
REMARKABLE OF OUR FAMED
FRONTIERSMEN -- **DAVY CROCKETT!** IN
THIS TALE, THE DOUGHTY YOUNG BACK-
WOODSMAN AIDS A U.S. ARMY DETACH-
MENT AGAINST ONE OF THE WILDEST REDSKIN
FOES TO BE MET ANYWHERE, WHEN HE ACCEPTS...

THE CHALLENGE OF BLACK WARRIOR

IN THE SOUTHEAST WILDERNESS, MAJOR
SILAS PLUNKETT, COMMANDING OFFICER
OF A U.S. ARMY DETACHMENT, VENTS HIS
ANGER... IT'S A WEEK
SINCE GENERAL JACKSON SENT
US OUT HERE, WIGGINS --
YET WE HAVEN'T
FOUND OUT A
SINGLE THING ABOUT
BLACK WARRIOR'S
PLANS!

HOW ABOUT OUR INDIAN SCOUTS?...WILLOUGHBY?
CROCKETT? WHY HAVEN'T THEY BROUGHT IN ANY
INFORMATION? WHERE
IS CROCKETT ANYWAY?

I--ER-- DON'T KNOW
SIR!

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HMPH-- THAT'S ALL I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT EVER SINCE WE ARRIVED HERE... DAVY CROCKETT, DAVY CROCKETT... WHAT A GREAT INDIAN-FIGHTER HE IS-- WHAT WONDERFUL THINGS HE COULD DO--!

CROCKETT? DO I HEAR SOMEBODY MENTIONIN' MY PARD'S NAME?

YOU DID SAM WILLOUGHBY! WHERE IS CROCKETT?

DAVY? WAAL, HE COULD BE RASSLING ALLIGATORS DOWN IN FLORIDY MAJOR, BUT I DON'T RECKON HE IS--



--BECAUSE, AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE JUST CAME FROM THERE AND DAVY HAD A GREAT OLD TIME...

RIDE HIM, DAVY, EEEYU!

WAGH!



IT WAS WHILE WE WERE DOWN THERE THAT DAVY SHOWED ME A NEW WAY TO CROSS A STREAM IN FLOOD...

GREAT DAVY! DAVY JUST BENT BACK THAT L'IL OLE TREE AN' SHOT HISSELF ACROSS LIKE AN ARROW!



*YOU NEVER KNOW JUST WHUT DAVY WILL DO, MAJOR! NOW TAKE THE TIME HE GOT A SUDDEN URGE TO EAT HONEY...

ONE WAY TO FIND HONEY IS TO FOLLOW BEAR TRACKS, SAM!

DAVY, I RECKON YOU MUST BE ABOUT HALF B'AR YOURSELF-- YOU LIKE HONEY SO!



FINALLY, WE COME TO THIS BIG B'AR, STUFFIN' HIMSELF WITH HONEY-- AND DAVY POPS RIGHT UP TO HIM...

I WAS GOING TO SHARE THIS HONEY WITH YOU, CRITTER-- BUT SINCE YOU'RE SO SELFISH, YOU DON'T DESERVE A FAIR SHAKE...



"WITH THAT, DAYV CLOSES WITH THAT B'AR, GRIPS HIM AROUND THE MIDDLE, AND..."

EEYIUU! DAYV LIFTED UP THAT BIG B'AR-CRITTER LIKE IT WAS A SACK O' POTATERS!

WILLOUGHBY DO YOU EXPECT US TO BELIEVE A STORY LIKE THAT?

OH, LET HIM ALONE, WIGGINS! WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME WITH THIS IDLE BANTER!



WE MUST FIGURE OUT A WAY TO LEARN WHAT **BLACK WARRIOR** AND HIS CREEKS ARE UP TO!

DON'T FIGURE TOO HARD, MAJOR...



CROCKETT! SEEMS TO ME, MAJOR, IF YOU WANT TO FIND OUT ABOUT **BLACK WARRIOR'S** PLANS, THE BEST WAY TO DO IT...



...IS ASK HIM! GREAT JUGS OF CIDER! IT'S **BLACK WARRIOR!**

YOU ATTACK **BLACK WARRIOR** WHILE HE SLEEP, DAYV CROCKETT! YOU CRAWL INTO OUR CAMP LIKE A SNAKE-- OTHERWISE YOU DIE...

UNTIE ME IF YOU DARE-- AND WE WILL FIGHT... MAN TO MAN!

TAKE IT EASY, **BLACK WARRIOR!** YOU'RE A PRISONER OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY-- AND FIRST THING YOU'RE GOING TO DO IS ANSWER SOME OF THE MAJOR'S QUESTIONS!





FRONTIER FIGHTERS



NOT LONG AFTERWARD...

HE'S STARTING TO TALK... THE TRICK IS TO GET HIM BOASTING, MAJOR! **BLACK WARRIOR** LOVES TO BOAST AND BRAG-- AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, THINGS'LL SLIP OUT... UH-HUH... YOU'RE RIGHT...

...AND ONE OF THE THINGS THAT "SLIPPED OUT" WAS HIS THREAT THAT THE WHOLE CREEK NATION WILL SOON BE ON TOP OF US WHEN THEY FIND HE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!

SHUCKS, MAJOR, YOU'RE NOT LETTING THAT WORRY YOU, ARE YOU?



I CAN SEE IT'S NOT WORRYING YOU, CROCKETT! MAJOR, YOU DON'T WANT TO TAKE THINGS SO ALL-FIRED GRIM! YOU WANT TO UNBEND YOURSELF A LITTLE. LEARN HOW TO ENJOY LIVING, AND... WAIT! FOOTSTEPS!

WILLOUGHBY! WHAT IN THUNDER ARE YOU DOING CREEPING AROUND--? I DID SOME SNOOPIN' ON DAVY'S SUGGESTION, MAJOR--AND I'M HERE TO STATE THAT THE WOODS YONDER IS CRAWLIN' WITH CREEKS, HEADIN' THIS WAY!



THE INDIANS COMING? WE'VE GOT TO PUT OUT ALL FIRES! WE--

HOLD ON, MAJOR! BEST LET THAT FIRE BURN IF YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME!

LISTEN TO YOU? YOU GOT US INTO THIS FIX, CROCKETT... YOU AND YOUR SMART-ALECK TRICK OF KIDNAPPING **BLACK WARRIOR**! IF WE'RE WIPED OUT, IT'LL BE YOUR FAULT!

NOW MAJOR, WILL YOU CALM DOWN?



IF WE PUT OUT THESE FIRES AND RETREAT NOW, WE'LL SURE ENOUGH BE AMBUSHED IN SOME RAVINE! BUT I FIGURED THE CREEKS MIGHT COME AFTER THEIR CHIEF-- AND I GOT A PLAN!

WHAT...WHAT KIND OF A PLAN?

WE GOT TO MAKE EVERYTHING HERE LOOK NORMAL-- THAT'S WHY I SAY LEAVE THESE FIRES BURNING... THE CREEKS NEVER ATTACK AT NIGHT, ANYWAY!



WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THIS CAMP LOOK LIKE WE'RE ALL SLEEPING! I HATE TO RISK MY COONSKIN GETTING SHOT UP-- BUT IT CAN'T BE HELPED!

WHAT--??

YOU MEAN-- YOU EXPECT US ALL TO SPEND THE REST OF THE NIGHT UP ON THAT HILL, CROCKETT, WITHOUT FIRES OR BLANKETS? WE'LL FREEZE!

WE MAY FREEZE, BUT WE'LL STAY ALIVE, MAJOR! NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY?



RELUCTANTLY, THE DETACHMENT COMMANDER AGREES TO THE SCHEME...

LEAVE YOUR HATS --AND YOUR BOOTS, TOO! DO EVERYTHING THAT CROCKETT SAYS!

EEYIU! NOW YOU'RE A-TALKIN', MAJOR!

At dawn...

ATTACK!!



WITHOUT OPPOSITION, THE ANGRY WARRIORS CHARGE TO THE RESCUE OF THEIR CHIEFTAIN...



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE HILLSIDE ABOVE THE CLEARING...

ALL RIGHT--
LET 'EM HAVE IT,
MEN! FIRE!



AND AS A HEAVY VOLLEY CATCHES THE INDIANS BELOW BY SURPRISE...

WE ARE CAUGHT IN A
TRAP!



DOWN! STAY CLOSE TO THE GROUND,
BRAVES-- WHERE THE SHADOWS ARE!
OUR ATTACKERS ON THE HILL WILL
NOT BE ABLE TO SEE US IN THIS
DIM LIGHT OF DAWN!

AIE!



BUT NEARBY...

THOSE CREEKS HAVE
COURAGE... IT'S GOING
TO TAKE AT LEAST ONE
MORE SURPRISE BLOW
TO KNOCK THE FIGHT
OUT OF 'EM...

DOWN BELOW, SPLIT-SECONDS
LATER...

HIT IT--
PLUMB
CENTER!

BUT
WHAT
ARE YOU AIMIN'
AT, DAVY? WE
CAN'T SEE THEM
NOW!



WITHIN MOMENTS, AFTER THE BULLET HAS IGNITED A LONG GUNPOWDER TRAIL...

AGH! LIGHT SPRINGS FROM THE EARTH! IT IS MAGIC! WE CANNOT FIGHT MAGIC-MAKERS!

I PREPARED THAT POWDER DOWN THERE BEFORE THE BATTLE STARTED, SAM-- JUST IN CASE WE NEED A LITTLE "MAGIC"!



THEY'RE THROWING DOWN THEIR GUNS! THEY'RE GIVING UP!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN!



AT THE BEHEST OF THE MAJOR, DAVY USES THE CREEKS' OWN LANGUAGE TO ADDRESS THEM...

SOON, AFTER THE MAIN PART OF THE REDSKIN BAND HAS BEEN DISARMED...

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THEM, CROCKETT? THERE'S TOO MANY FOR US TO TAKE BACK TO THE FORT!

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I THINK WE OUGHT TO DO, MAJOR, IF YOU'LL AGREE!



YOU WILL BE SET FREE TO GO BACK TO YOUR HOMES... TELL YOUR TRIBESMEN THAT THE WHITES ARE NOT YOUR ENEMIES... WE WANT TO LIVE IN PEACE... JUST AS YOU DO...



I HOPE WE CAN HAVE PEACE... YOU SEEMED TO MAKE QUITE AN IMPRESSION ON ALL OF THEM, CROCKETT!

ON ALL EXCEPT ONE, MAJOR...



...BLACK WARRIOR!

CROCKETT IS CUNNING AS A SERPENT! HE TRICKS MY PEOPLE... HE ATTACKS BLACK WARRIOR FROM BEHIND... BUT DOES HE DARE FIGHT MAN TO MAN?



IN A SUDDEN MOTION, DAVY STEPS FORWARD, AND...

CROCKETT, STAND BACK, MAJOR-- AND EVERYBODY ELSE! THIS IS JUST BETWEEN **BLACK WARRIOR** AND ME!



YOU'VE GOT NO WEAPONS, AND THERE GOES MINE, CHIEF! NOW IT'S JUST THE TWO OF US--MAN TO MAN LIKE YOU SAID!

AHH... HOW **BLACK WARRIOR** HAS WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT!



CROCKETT'S MAD! THAT INDIAN IS POWERFUL AS A BUFFALO BULL...

DON'T YOU GO WORRYIN' ABOUT DAVY, MAJOR...



NEXT INSTANT, AS THE MUSCULAR BACKWOODS-MAN THROWS HIS FOE OVER HIS HEAD...

BY JUPITER! THE FIGHT'S OVER! CROCKETT'S WON!

I RECKON **BLACK WARRIOR'S** DONE FOUND THERE'S ONE MAN IN THESE WOODS HE CAN'T FIGHT MAN TO MAN!



LATER, AS THE DETACHMENT STARTS BACK TO CIVILIZATION...

THANKS TO YOU, CROCKETT, WE'RE DOING BETTER THAN BRINGING **BLACK WARRIOR'S** PLANS TO GENERAL JACKSON! WE'RE BRINGING **BLACK WARRIOR HIMSELF!** I'M SORRY YOU'RE NOT COMING WITH US, THOUGH...

SO AM I, MAJOR...



...BUT SAM AND I HAVE OTHER FISH TO FRY! WE BELONG IN THESE WOODS! OF COURSE, IF YOU EVER NEED US AGAIN, WE'LL BE NEAR...



YOU KNOW, WIGGINS, AFTER WHAT WE'VE SEEN, I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE THAT ALL THOSE WILD TALES WE HEARD ABOUT DAVY CROCKETT ARE NOTHING BUT THE PLAIN UN-VARNISHED TRUTH!



THE END.

Boys! Girls!

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THESE ARE
SOME
PRIZES



Captain
Tootsie
is right



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want to eat more... 6 individually
wrapped pieces just 5c



Tootsie Roll Fudge
creamy, smooth
... just melts
in your mouth
6 individually
wrapped pieces
... only 5c

Tootsie Roll Pop
2 candies in one
... Tootsie Roll on the
inside... fruit flavored
hard candy on the
outside... only 2c

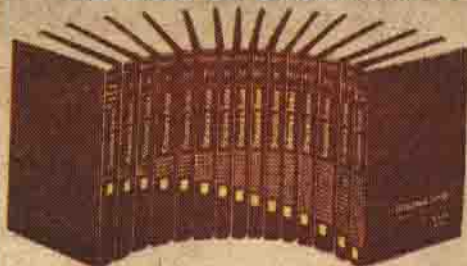
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BUCK SKINNER

WE JUST FINISHED BUILDING THE NEW FRONTIER SCHOOL THAT SCHOOLMARM IS MIGHTY PRETTY!

DAISY
BUTCHOFF

'MORNING, MISS I NEVER HAD MUCH SCHOOLIN' AND I WAS THUNKIN' I'D LIKE TO LEARN!

WHY, CERTAINLY! COME RIGHT IN. CLASS IS JUST ABOUT TO BEGIN!

LATER..

BUCK, I HEAR YOU'RE A GOIN' TO SCHOOL. HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT?

GREAT! THE SCHOOLMARM PUT ME AT THE HEAD OF THE CLASS AND GAVE ME THIS TO WEAR!

END

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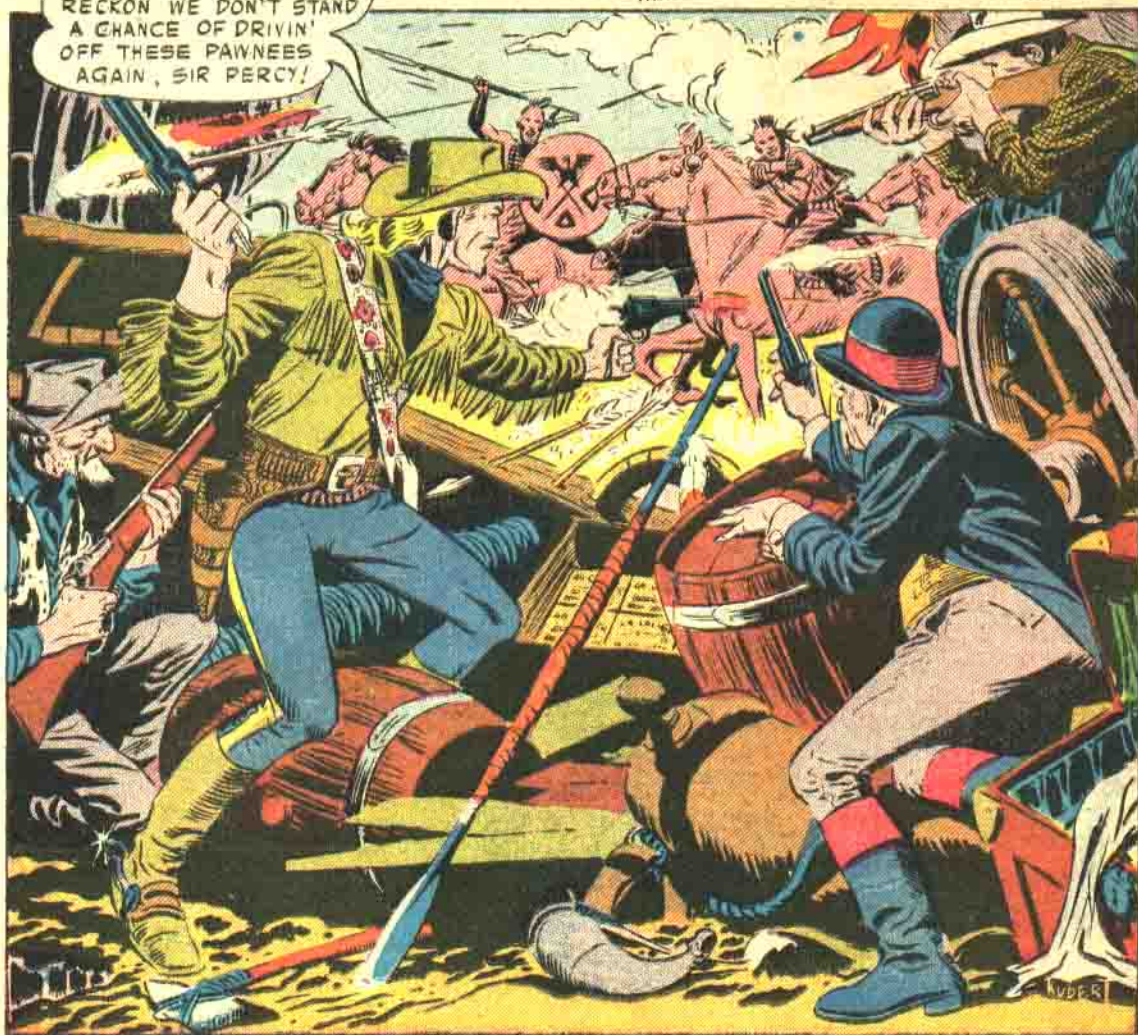


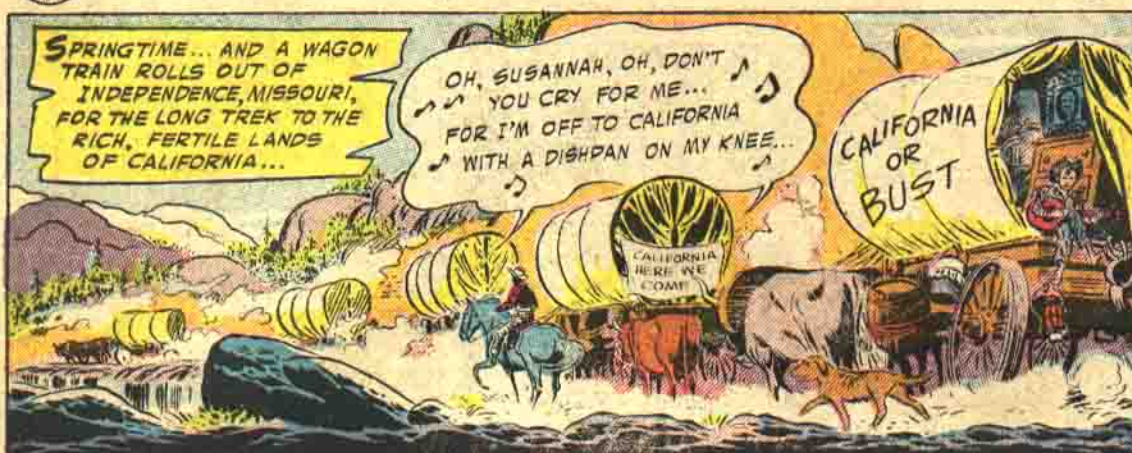
BUFFALO BILL

A COWARD, A HOT-HEAD AND A GREEN-HORN! THESE WERE THE CALIBER MEN THAT BUFFALO BILL CODY FOUND IN HIS WAGON TRAIN AS HE GUIDED IT ACROSS THE WESTERN WILDERNESS! EACH WAS A DEFINITE THREAT TO A SAFE JOURNEY! FOR BUFFALO BILL KNEW FULL WELL THAT THE HARD WAYS OF THE TRAIL MAKE OR BREAK MEN OF SUCH CHARACTER, AND HE WAS DETERMINED THAT NOTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO...

THE **TENDERFOOT CARAVAN**

THERE'S NOT ENOUGH POWDER TO LAST US AN HOUR! RECKON WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE OF DRIVIN' OFF THESE PAWNEES AGAIN, SIR PERCY!





SPRINGTIME... AND A WAGON TRAIN ROLLS OUT OF INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI, FOR THE LONG TREK TO THE RICH, FERTILE LANDS OF CALIFORNIA...

OH, SUSANNAH, OH, DON'T YOU CRY FOR ME...
FOR I'M OFF TO CALIFORNIA
WITH A DISHPAN ON MY KNEE...

CALIFORNIA OR BUST

CALIFORNIA HERE WE COME

LATER, AS THE CARAVAN CROSSES THE KANSAS PRAIRIE, A LONE RIDER ON A LATHERED HORSE RACES UP...

BY JOVE, WILLIAM! MUST I MASTER SUCH ACROBATIC RIDING TO BECOME AN AMERICAN FRONTIERSMAN?

YOU ASKED ME TO SHOW YOU THE WAYS OF THE TRAIL, SIR PERCY! IT'S RIDIN' LIKE THIS THAT'S SAVED MANY A PIONEER'S LIFE IN AN INDIAN SKIRMISH!

WHERE'S YORE LEADER? I GOT A PASSEL O' BAD NEWS TO TELL HIM!

CODY'S OVER YONDER!



I-I SAY, OLD BEAN--! I BELIEVE I'VE LOST MY BALANCE! THE BEAST HAS ME AT HIS MERCY!

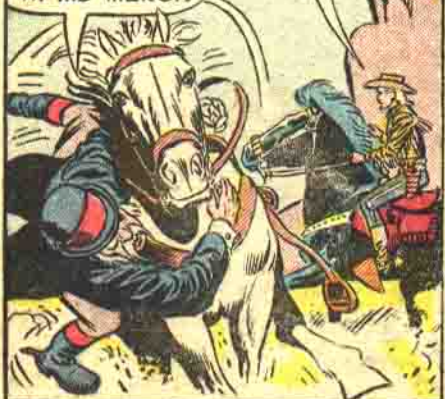
HE'LL SETTLE DOWN TO A JOG AFTER A SPELL! SAY, LOOKS LIKE COMPANY COMIN' OUR WAY!

I GOT BAD TIDINGS, BUFFALO BILL! WHILE I WAS TRAPPIN' IN PAWNEE COUNTRY, I CAME UPON A SCORE OF SIGNS!

CONFOUND! THAT IS UNHEALTHY NEWS!

SIGNS? ENLIGHTEN ME, WILLIAM! I CAN'T SEEM TO FATHOM THIS FRONTIER TALK!

IT'S OUR WAY OF SAYIN' THE INJUNS ARE ACTING WAR-LIKE! RECKON I'D BETTER CALL A WAGON MEETING AND TELL THE FOLKS!



AND WHEN HE INFORMS THE SETTLERS OF THE PENDING DANGER...

IF THE PAWNEE ARE ON THE WARPATH, WE'RE SURE TO BE ATTACKED WHEN WE ENTER THEIR TERRITORY IN FIVE DAYS, FOLKS! THERE'S TIME STILL TO TURN BACK...

WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS, BUFFALO BILL?

I SIGNED ON TO TAKE THIS CARAVAN INTO SACRAMENTO, AND THAT'S WHAT I AIM TO DO!

THEN, I'M THROWIN' IN WITH YUH, BILL!

YOU GOT MY RIFLE, TOO!



YOU'RE PALE AS A BLEACHED BONE, ANDREWS! AFRAID THE PAWNEE WILL GIT YUH?

LEAVE ME BE, BROCKTON!

THAT SCORNFUL BROCKTON--! WHY DOESN'T ANDREWS REBEL AGAINST SUCH GOADING?

RECKON HE HASN'T THE COURAGE, SIR PERCY! ONE THING'S FOR SURE--THE HARD WAYS OF THE TRAIL WILL MAKE OR BREAK DALTON ANDREWS!

WELL, WE'D BETTER HUNT DOWN SOME FRESH BUFFALO MEAT 'FORE WE REACH PAWNEE COUNTRY! WE'LL NEED PROVISIONS TO CARRY US THROUGH THEIR TERRITORY!



THAT AFTERNOON, AS BILL LEADS A HUNTING PARTY TO A HERD...

THERE THEY ARE... BUT WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT OUR TURN! THOSE APACHES ARE MOVING IN TO GET THEIRS--

WAIT UP NOTHIN'! THEY'LL SCATTER THE HERD ALL OVER THE PLAINS! I'M GONNA GET ME A BUFFALO!

WE HAVE TO STOP THAT KID, SIR PERCY! THE APACHES CONSIDER IT AN INSULT TO INTERRUPT THEIR HUNT!

MY WORD... LET US SEIZE THE YOUTH AT ONCE!





OH, DEAR... HE FELLED THE BEAST! WHAT NOW, WILLIAM?

THE WHOLE APACHE TRIBE MIGHT GO ON THE WARPATH! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN REASON WITH THOSE BRAVES! MAYBE IF WE OFFER 'EM THE ANIMAL, THEY'LL FORGIVE BROCKTON!



BUT AS THEY APPROACH...

THEY'RE MAKING OFF... RECKON THEY FIGURED WE'RE OUT TO DO 'EM HARM!

BROCKTON! DO YOU REALIZE THE SITUATION YOUR IMPETUOUSNESS HAS PROVOKED?



WHEN BROCKTON IS TOLD OF HIS BLUNDER...

AW... THAT STORY 'BOUT THE APACHE IS A LOT OF TALK! YOU'RE JUST RILED UP 'CAUSE I BEAT YOU TO THE KILL, CODY!

YOUNG MAN, A GOOD, SOUND CLOBBERING IS IN ORDER FOR YOU...



SIMMER DOWN, SIR PERCY! LET'S JUST HOPE IT DOESN'T STIR UP APACHE TROUBLE!

GIT OFF IT, CODY! THAR ISN'T AN INJUN ALIVE COURAGEOUS ENOUGH TO ATTACK A WAGON TRAIN I'M WITH!



NEXT MORNING, APPROACHING HILL COUNTRY...

BUFFALO BILL! APACHE WAR PARTY COMIN' AT US FROM YONDER!

HAVE THE DRIVER FORM A WAGON CIRCLE, SIR PERCY! I'M GOING FORWARD!





A MASS ASSAULT...
MORE'N 200 BRAVES!
THE TRAIN DOESN'T
STAND THE CHANCE
OF A TREED BOBCAT!
I'VE GOT TO ACT
FAST...

A MOMENT LATER,
PUZZLED SETTLERS
LOOK ON...

LOOKIT! BUFFALO BILL'S
RIDIN' HEAD-ON INTO THAT
PACK OF APACHES! IT'S
HIS FINISH FOR SURE!



I DO BELIEVE HE'S
ATTEMPTING TO
NEGOTIATE A
TRUCE!



HO! THE LONE WHITE
MAN WISHES POW-WOW!
LET HIM SPEAK!

RECKON I GOT AN IDEA
TO SAVE THE LIVES OF
LOTS OF YOUR BRAVES
AND MY MEN!



NOTHING
CAN SAVE
YOUR PALE-
FACE FRIENDS!
TRIBAL LAW
HAS BEEN
BROKEN ON
THE HUNTING
GROUNDS AND
WE WILL BE
AVENGED!

BUT WHY
SACRIFICE
MANY
LIVES
WHEN
YOU CAN BE
REVENGED
IN A SCRAP
BETWEEN
TWO
MEN, CHIEF?



THERE IS
WISDOM IN
YOUR WORDS!
BRING FORTH
THE GUILTY
HUNTER
AND HE
WILL DO
BATTLE
WITH MY
SON,
**GREAT
ELK!**

BUT BROCKTON'S
ONLY A YOUNG
FELLER!
ACCORDIN'
TO YOUR
TRIBAL
LAW,
ANOTHER
CAN FIGHT
IN HIS PLACE!
AND THAT'S
ME!



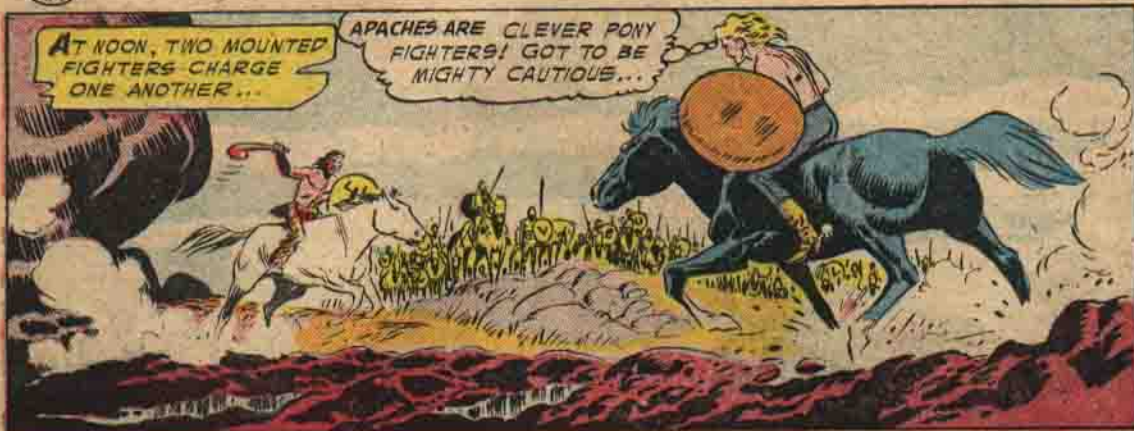
SO BE IT!
WHEN THE
FIREBALL IS
AT ITS HIGHEST,
THE BATTLE
WILL BEGIN!

UNTIL
NOON,
CHIEF...



THIS IS ALL
BROCKTON'S
DOIN', BILL!
HE OUGHTTA
SQUARE THINGS
WITH THEM
APACHES...
NOT YOU!

HE WOULDN'T
STAND A CHANCE
AGAINST
**GREAT
ELK!** IT'S
NEARLY TIME.
RECKON I'D
BETTER
SADDLE UP!



AT NOON, TWO MOUNTED FIGHTERS CHARGE ONE ANOTHER...

APACHES ARE CLEVER PONY FIGHTERS! GOT TO BE MIGHTY CAUTIOUS...



NOW TO UNSEAT HIM...



DEFTLY, LOCKING HIS FOOT IN HIS OPPONENT'S LEG, BILL PUSHES UPWARD, AND...



THE PALEFACE HAS KNOCKED GREAT ELK FROM HIS PONY! WE HAVE LOST!



YOU THERE. BROCKTON. HIGHTAIL IT OUT HERE TO APOLOGIZE TO THE APACHE CHIEF!

HUH? BUT I'VE NEVER DONE THAT TO ANY MAN!

RECKON IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED, YOUNG FELLER! NEXT TIME, I MAY NOT BE AROUND TO SAVE YOUR SKIN!

BROCKTON CONFRONTS THE APACHE CHIEF, AND WITH AN EFFORT, BLURTS OUT THE DIFFICULT WORDS...

I'M... POWERFUL SORRY IF I MESS'D UP YOUR BRAVES' BUFFALO HUNT... CHIEF... AND I'M 'ASKIN'... YOUR FORGIVENESS!

AS YOU WISH, YOUNG PALEFACE!





BUT SIR PERCY IGNORES THE WARNING, AND...

NOW I SHALL DIRECT THE WAGON TO SAFETY IN THE MANNER PRESCRIBED BY WILLIAM!



AND AS BUFFALO BILL OBSERVES THE SCENE...

WELL, I'LL BE TINKERED! HIS SKILL AND COURAGE CAN MATCH ANY PIONEER'S ON THE PLAIN!

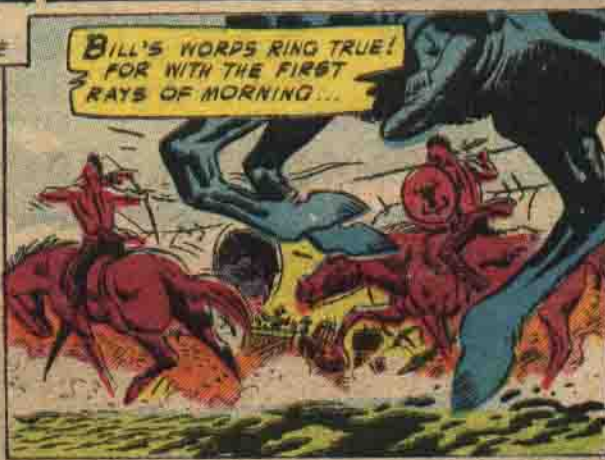


WAVE AFTER WAVE OF PAWNEE WARRIORS ASSAULT THE SETTLERS, WHO STEM THE TIDE. THEN, AS DARKNESS FALLS...

I DON'T RECKON WE STAND A PRAIRIE DOG'S CHANCE OF GETTIN' OUT OF THIS, SIR PERCY! POWDER'S LOW, AND IF I KNOW THE PAWNEE, THEY'LL HIT US AGAIN COME DAWN!



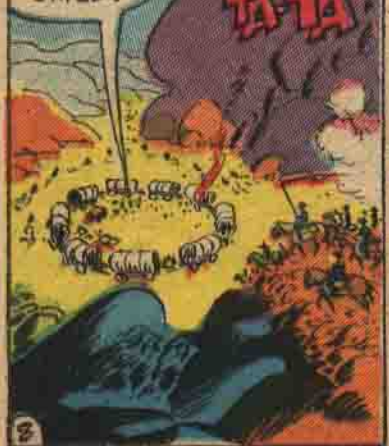
BILL'S WORDS RING TRUE! FOR WITH THE FIRST RAYS OF MORNING...



BUT SUDDENLY, A BUGLE BLARES ACROSS THE PLAINS...

BLUE JACKETS FROM FORT LARAMIE! YAHOO! WE'RE SAVED!

TA-TA TA-TA



DALTON ANDREWS! YOU **DIDN'T** RUN OUT ON US--

WHEN BROCKTON TOLD ME OF YOUR BRAVERY AGAINST THE APACHE, IT SHAMED THE COWARDICE OUTA ME! I HAD TO DO SOMETHING TO REDEEM MYSELF... SO I RODE TO FORT LARAMIE FOR HELP!



LATER, AS THE CARAVAN MOVES ON TO CALIFORNIA...

STRANGE, ISN'T IT, BUFFALO BILL? YOU LEFT INDEPENDENCE WITH A COWARD, A HOT-HEAD AND A GREEN-HORN! AND YOU MADE MEN OF THE THREE OF US, BY JOVE!



THE END.

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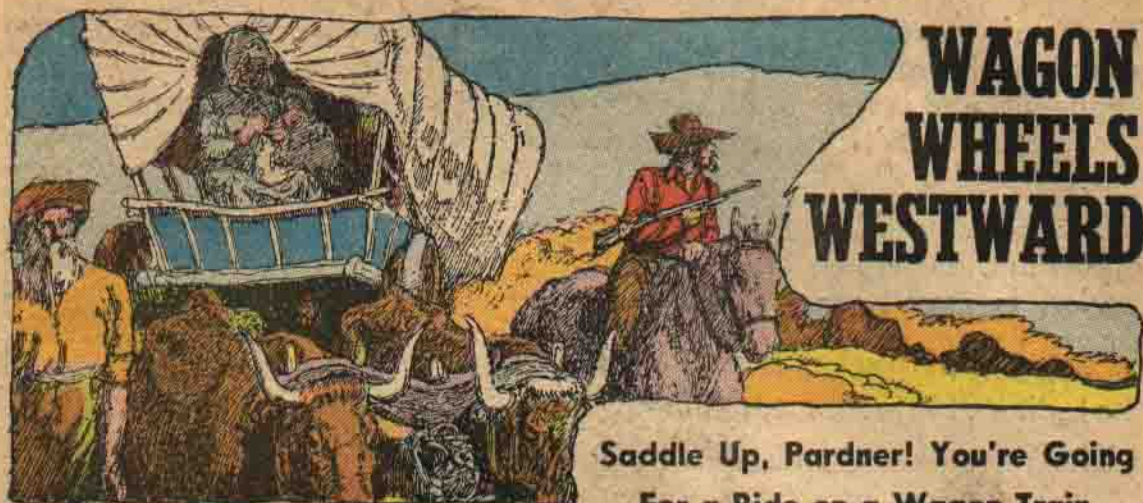
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WAGON WHEELS WESTWARD

**Saddle Up, Pardner! You're Going
For a Ride on a Wagon Train**

YOU'RE living back in the early 1840's. And you're part of a wagon train heading westward into the wilderness!

What kind of life are you leading? Let's see.

You camped for the night near a stream. Now it's 4 A.M. The sentinels are turning in their rifles. Their watch is over.

From the wagons and tents come men and women, still half-asleep. Here and there, the smoke of campfires is rising.

About 50 or 60 men leave the corral and start spreading out. It's their job to bring in the large herd of cattle and horses. The farthest point any of the cattle have strayed is about two miles from the encampment.

The herders have a job on their hands. Sixty wagons means a herd of close to 5,000 animals. It takes about an hour to get them to the encampment. Then the teamsters start selecting their teams and driving them into the corral to be yoked.

The corral is a great circle about

100 yards deep. It is formed with wagons connected with each other—the wagon in the rear being attached to the wagon in front by its tongue and ox chains. The most powerful ox cannot break through this barrier, and more than one Sioux has found it to be impregnable.

Most of the activity in the encampment takes place between 6 and 7 A.M. While teams are being brought up to be attached to their wagons, the wagons are being loaded. During this time, the tents must be struck, and breakfast eaten.

The wagons must be ready to roll when the signal is given at exactly 7 o'clock. The train cannot wait for individual wagons, and if one isn't ready, it will have to take its place at the dusty end of the train.

The 60 wagons in the train fall into orderly procession. They are divided into 15 divisions or platoons of 4 wagons each. Each platoon is given an opportunity to lead in its turn. Thus, the platoon that rides at the head one day must take its place at the rear the next day.

The only exception, as noted above, is where a teamster has been negligent, and is forced to the rear because he wasn't ready to roll on time.

Stragglers rush to take their places in the wagons. The pilot, or leader, is usually a professional, chosen for the post because of his knowledge of the wilderness and the Indians. He is the last to mount.

The men of the train have all been given duties and stations. They do not ride along haphazardly, but at specified places along the train designated by the pilot.

Not all the men are on duty at the same time. A group of unassigned young men ride off in search of buffalo. They will not return until nightfall, for often they must ride 20 or 25 miles before they spot a herd.

Finally, the train is ready. A hush falls over the wagons. Every teamster is at his post, waiting.

Suddenly, a trumpet from up front is heard. The pilot and his guards mount their horses. The leading platoon of wagons slowly moves out of the encampment to start the march. The other divisions fall into their places.

The wagon wheels roll westward.

And not until noontime will they halt.

The time and place for the "nooning place" is left to the pilot, who selects it as nearly as possible to grass and water.

The pilot is at the nooning place well in advance of the wagons. He

doesn't simply sit around and wait for the wagons. There is much work to be done. Watering places for the animals must be prepared, and wells dug.

The teams are turned loose from the wagons. Also, instead of forming a corral, the wagons are drawn up in columns, four abreast, the leading wagon of each platoon on the left.

At 1 P.M., the bugle is again sounded, and the caravan resumes its trek. The order is the same as in the morning.

The pilot uses the same means to determine the next encampment, conducting the train in a circle he has previously measured and marked out.

The leading wagons follow him around the circle, and each wagon follows the preceding one until tongue and ox chains reach from one to the other.

So accurate is the pilot's measurement that the last wagon in the train always closes the circle.

It takes only minutes from the time the leading wagon stops for the barricade against hostile Indians to be formed. Once again, as the sun dips out of sight, fires are lit and the pungent smell of buffalo meat mingles with the scents of the wilderness.

After supper, the pioneers gather around the dying fires. One man may spin a yarn. Another may raise his voice in song.

But soon, all start to turn in. They must be up by 4 again to resume their westward journey.

— Jeb Mallon

KIT CARSON

IT WAS THE LAST FRONTIER... THE WHITE MAN HAD PUSHED ACROSS THE COUNTRY SEEKING NEW LAND, GLORY AND WEALTH IN THE FAR WEST-- AND AMONG THEM WAS A PIONEER WHO WAS TO BECOME AN AMERICAN LEGEND! HE WAS **KIT CARSON**-- BACKWOODSMAN, TRAPPER AND INDIAN SCOUT! EACH DAY WAS AN ADVENTURE IN ITSELF-- AND FEW CAN MATCH THE TIME KIT SCOUTED THE FAMOUS...

MOHAVE UPRISING

GET INTO THAT CANOE, **SILENT DEER!** ONE OF US MUST WARN **LIEUTENANT FREMONT** OF THIS **MOHAVE** WAR PARTY!



APACHE WAR CRIES SHATTER THE STILLNESS OF THE NEVADA PLAINS AS TWO BACKWOODSMEN RIDE HARD FOR THEIR LIVES...

OUR HORSES ARE TUCKERED OUT, CAVANDISH! RECKON WE CAN REIN UP AND MAKE A STAND?

NOT A CHANCE, BARNABY! THOSE INJUNS WOULD FINISH US OFF 'FORE WE COULD EVEN LOAD A BALL!



JUST THEN...

LOOKIT YONDER! A BUCKSKIN THROWIN' IN WITH US!

WHAT? NO MAN IN HIS RIGHT SENSES WOULD WANT TO TANGLE WITH APACHE MARAUDERS!





GREAT DAY IN THE MORNIN'...
IT'S KIT CARSON, THE
FAMOUS ARMY SCOUT!

WHEEL ABOUT
AND WE'LL MAKE
A FIGHT OF IT, BOYS!



APACHES SCATTER LIKE BUCK-
SHOT WHEN THE LEADER OF THEIR
RAIDING PARTY FALLS...



... SO LET'S MAKE
'EM RUN!



SURE ENOUGH,
THEY'RE HIGH-
TAILIN' IT!

THAT ARROW
HAD MY NAME
ON IT 'FORE YOU
BLASTED IT CLEAN
OUT O' THE AIR,
CARSON! MUCH
OBLIGED!

FORGET IT!
I NOTICE
YOUR FUR
POUCHES
ARE EMPTY!
WAS IT A
BAD TRAPPING
SEASON IN
CALIFORNIA
COUNTRY?



CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY, CARSON!
SWARMS O' WARRIN' MOHAVE
JUMPED OUR TRAPPIN' PARTY
IN THE MOUNTAINS... ME AND
BARNABY HERE ARE THE
ONLY SURVIVORS!

MOHAVE?... ON A
WARPATH?
BUT I WAS WITH
LIEUTENANT FREMONT
WHEN HE SMOKED
THE PEACE-PIPE WITH
CHIEF MIGHTY BUFFALO!
ARE YOU SURE?



I'VE HAD MANY A
BRUSH WITH
MOHAVE... IT
WAS THEM,
ALL RIGHT,
CARSON!

C'MON, BOYS! WE'D BEST
QUICK-TIME IT TO FORT
SANTE FE, WHERE WE
CAN RELAY THE NEWS TO
FREMONT!



FRONTIER FIGHTERS



FORT SANTE FE... THE WHITE MAN'S LONE STRONGHOLD IN THE SOUTHWEST-- HEADQUARTERS FOR LT. JOHN FREMONT AND THREE CAVALRY COMPANIES OF U.S. DRAGOONS...



STRAIGHT FROM THE TRAIL, THE FAMED SCOUT CONVEYS THE NEWS OF THE MOHAVE UPRISING TO FREMONT...

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS, KIT? WITH THE INDIANS CUTTING THE DIRECT TRAIL TO CALIFORNIA, SETTLERS WILL BE FORCED HUNDREDS OF MILES OUT OF THEIR WAY!

I WONDER WHY IN TARNATION MIGHTY BUFFALO WENT ON THE WARPATH, JOHN?



THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT! WAGON TRAINS ARE ALREADY MOVING TOWARD MOHAVE TERRITORY-- THEY'VE GOT TO BE PROTECTED!

THEN I SUGGEST YOU MOVE TROOPS UP THERE PRONTO!

WE'LL RIDE AT DAWN WITH TWO COMPANIES OF DRAGOONS, KIT! YOU GENTLEMEN ARE WELCOME TO COME ALONG IF YOU HAVE A MIND TO!

RECKON NOT, LIEUTENANT! I'LL JUST WHITTLE AWAY ON THIS KENTUCKY MAPLE TILL I HAVE ME A GOOD SMOKING PIPE!



NINE DAYS LATER, AS THE FORCE APPROACHES THE MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN...

NEXT MORNING, FREMONT'S TROOPS MOVE OUT OF FORT SANTE FE AND MAKE THEIR WAY NORTH-WESTWARD ACROSS THE FLATLANDS OF NEW MEXICO... DESTINATION-- MOHAVE TERRITORY!

SCOUTS OUT! MOVE 'EM IN ALONG BEAVER RIVER, JOHN... THE HIGH FRONT YARD, KIT-- BANKS WILL GIVE IDEAL AMBUSH TERRITORY! ANY SUGGESTIONS?

ALONG BEAVER RIVER, JOHN... THE HIGH BANKS WILL GIVE IDEAL AMBUSH TERRITORY! ANY SUGGESTIONS?





FRONTIER FIGHTERS



ADVANCING AHEAD OF FREMONT, KIT AND THE ARMY INDIAN SCOUT, SILENT DEER, LOOK FOR SIGNS...

MOHAVE NOT HERE IN FORCE... ALERT BEAVERS STILL AT WORK!

IT'S MORE THAN LIKELY FREMONT'S APPROACH UPRIVER CAUGHT MIGHTY BUFFALO OFF GUARD, SILENT DEER! THINK I'LL HAVE A LISTEN...



HMM... KOSSES... RIDING HARD ALONG THE BANK UPRIVER! FROM THE SOUND, I'D SAY THERE WAS 30-- MAYBE EVEN 40 HEAD!

MOHAVE MOVING INTO POSITIONS FOR AMBUSH!



THAT'S MY HUNCH, TOO, SILENT DEER... BUT IT COULD ALSO BE NOTHING MORE THAN A LARGE HUNTING PARTY! C'MON... WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE BEFORE WE WARN FREMONT!



SLIPPING THROUGH THE WOODS LIKE COUGARS, THE TWO VETERAN SCOUTS SOON REACH THEIR OBJECTIVE...

A MOHAVE WAR PARTY! THEY'RE SENDING THEIR MOUNTED BRAVES DOWN-RIVER ON THE OTHER BANK!

THEY STRIKE AT FREMONT WHILE FOOT WARRIORS BLOCK OFF POSSIBLE ADVANCE!



AND CHANCES ARE, ANOTHER BAND IS HEADING TO CUT OFF FREMONT'S ESCAPE DOWNRIVER! SILENT DEER, WE'VE GOT TO STEAL US A MOHAVE CANOE!

TRUE... IT IS ONLY WAY WE CAN BEAT MOUNTED WARRIORS TO FREMONT!



WITH NERVES OF STEEL, KIT AND HIS COMPANION INCH THEIR WAY INTO THE MIDST OF THE MOHAVE ENEMY...



ABRUPTLY...



I'LL STAND THESE BRAVES OFF. SILENT DEER! GET A LEG IN THAT CANOE!

HURRY! GREAT NUMBERS OF MOHAVE APPROACH!

BE RIGHT WITH YOU, SILENT DEER!



GUIDING THEIR CANOE THROUGH TREACHEROUS WATERS, THE TWO FRIENDS FINALLY REACH FREMONT...

JOHN! SET UP DEFENSE POSITIONS! MOUNTED MOHAVES ARE ON THE WAY!

COMPANY... NO! BUGLER! SOUND DISMOUNT!



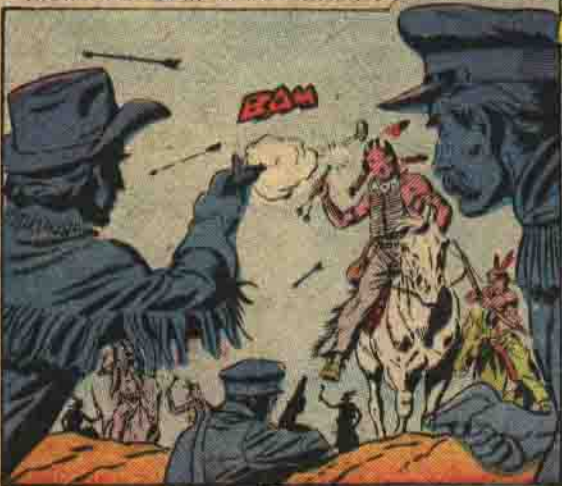
THE BUCKSKIN SCOUT'S WARNING COMES NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON--FOR EVEN AS THEY PART FOR COVER...

I CALCULATE THIS WAR PARTY NUMBERS 40 BRAVES, UP AGAINST, KIT?

JOHN-- BUT THERE'S NO TELLING HOW MANY MORE WAR-PAINTED MOHAVES ARE IN THE AREA!



GALLANTLY, THE PALEFACE TROOPS STAND OFF THEIR REDSKIN ATTACKERS...



THE FIERCE BATTLE CONTINUES THROUGH THE LATE AFTERNOON--TILL FINALLY, AS THE SUN SINKS IN THE WEST...

I THINK I'LL TAKE ME A LITTLE STROLL, GO... BUT THEY'LL COME DARKNESS, AND BE BACK AGAIN AT THE CRACK OF DAWN!

WHAT MIGHTY BUFFALO'S UP TO!



MUCH LATER THAT NIGHT, A LONE FIGURE CREEPS TO WITHIN EARSHOT OF THE MOHAVE VILLAGE...

JOIN US ON THE WARPATH AGAINST THE BIG KNIVES--FOR THE WHITE MAN HAS BROKEN THE PEACE AND NOW COMES TO DESTROY US ALL!

MIGHTY BUFFALO... HOLDING A POW-- WOW WITH THE CHIEF OF THE SHOSHONE!

YOU MAY COUNT MY WARRIORS AMONG YOUR OWN, MIGHTY BUFFALO! TOGETHER, WE WILL DRIVE THE WHITE MAN FROM OUR HUNTING GROUNDS!

IF THEY JOIN FORCES, THE WHOLE FRONTIERS WILL BE THREATENED! I'VE GOT TO DRIVE SOME HOSS SENSE INTO THOSE CHIEFTAINS...



SO BE IT, SHOSHONE! THE WHITE MAN WILL REGRET HIS TREACHERY!

WAIT UP, MIGHTY BUFFALO-- LET'S JUST GET THE STORY STRAIGHT! IT WAS THE MOHAVE WHO BROKE THE PEACE!

IT IS THE WHITE TRAPPER, HAWK-EYE, WHOM THE PALEFACES CALL KIT CARSON! SEIZE HIM!

HE IS OUR FRIEND... LET HIM SPEAK!

THE BIG KNIVES ARE HERE TO PROTECT A WAGON CARAVAN, BECAUSE WE HEARD YOU'D ATTACKED A TRAPPING PARTY, GREAT CHIEFTAIN!



YOU LIE! MY PEOPLE ATTACK NO ONE! FRIENDLY WHITE MEN WARNED US THE LONG KNIVES WOULD BREAK THE PEACE!

WHITE MEN? WHO?

TWO HUNTERS OF THE WOODS WHO LEFT OUR CAMP WITH THE SETTING SUN!

BARNABY AND CAVANDISH SAID THEY WERE ATTACKED... AND THE CHIEF DENIES IT! HMM-- THOSE WOOD-SHAYINGS...

KENTUCKY MAPLE! BUT THERE'S NO SUCH WOOD IN THESE PARTS, UNLESS... OF COURSE! BARNABY WAS WHITTILING A PIPE OUT OF THIS WOOD, BACK AT THE FORT! HE AND HIS PAL ARE TRYING TO START UP AN INDIAN WAR... BUT WHY?





MIGHTY BUFFALO, THOSE TWO HUNTERS LIED TO YOU AND THE SOLDIER CHIEF, FREMONT! IT WAS THEIR WAY OF GETTING THE TWO SIDES IN A FIGHT!

FOR WHAT REASON?

LET ME GO AFTER THEM AND I'LL FIND THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION! IN THE MEANTIME, CALL A TRUCE!

VERY WELL, HAWK-EYE!

IF THE TRUTH WILL SAVE LIVES, I WILL HOLD BACK MY BRAVES!



SO NEXT MORNING, AS KIT TRACKS HIS QUARRY THROUGH A FOREST BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS...

THOSE TWO POLECATS PASSED THROUGH HERE JUST AWHILE BACK... THEIR TRACKS ARE STILL FRESH! I CALCULATE THEY'RE UP YONDER, ABOUT AN HOUR'S TREK!



BUT AT THIS VERY MOMENT, A SHORT DISTANCE AHEAD...

THAT'S CARSON, ALL RIGHT!

HE'S THE ONE MAN WHO CAN MESS UP OUR PLANS, CAVANDISH! I RECKON WE SHOULD ARRANGE A LITTLE AMBUSH FOR THAT ARMY SCOUT!



THUS, AWHILE LATER, AS THE DETERMINED FRONTIERMAN PASSES BEFORE A ROARING RIVER...

HEY, LOOKIT! I SHOT HIS POWDER HORN CLEAN OFF!

AMBUSH!



THIS IS THE END O' THE TRAIL, CARSON! YOU'VE GOT ONE SHOT AGAINST THE TWO OF US! SOON'S YOU FIRE, YOU'RE DEFENSELESS!

HE'S RIGHT! I CAN'T FIRE ANOTHER BALL WITHOUT POWDER... AND IF I MAKE A MOVE FOR THAT POWDER HORN OUT THERE, THEY'LL CUT ME DOWN!

AS KIT'S KEEN EYES SCAN THE TERRAIN, SEEKING A WAY OUT OF THE IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION...

HMM... THERE'S SOMETHING--PROVIDED MY PISTOL BALL CAN CARRY THAT FAR! I'D SURE HATE TO GO DOWN SHOOTING AT SUCH A SILLY TARGET... BUT IT MAY MEAN MY LIFE!



TAKING CAREFUL AIM, THE IRON-
NERVED SCOUT DISCHARGES
THE PRECIOUS PISTOL BALL...

HUH? CARSON PICKED
OFF A GIANT WASP'S
NEST!



RUN FOR IT,
BARNABY!
THOSE CRITTERS
CAN HURT REAL
BAD!



GULPE YOU
CAN SAY
THAT AG'IN!

IN DESPERATION, THE TWO MEN
FLEE--THE ANGERED BEES HOT
ON THEIR TRAIL...

I RECKON THIS
POUCH THAT FELL
FROM BARNABY'S
BELT TELLS THE
WHOLE STORY!
NOW I KNOW WHY
THEY TRIED TO
INCITE A WAR!

BARNABY!
THERE'S
MIGHTY
BUFFALO
AND HIS
WARRIORS
AHEAD! I
EXPECT HE
KNOWS THE
TRUTH... WE
GOT TO ESCAPE!



THE RIVER... CROSS THE
RIVER! IT'S OUR ONLY
CHANCE...

WHU!
WHU!
WHU!



NO! DON'T GO
INTO THAT WATER...
THE CURRENT'S
TREACHEROUS!

BUT KIT'S WARNING FALLS ON DEAF EARS...

MIGHTY BUFFALO,
TELL YOUR BRAVES
TO LET ME GO! I'VE
GOT TO TRY TO
SAVE THEM!

IT IS TOO LATE, HAWK-EYE!
ALREADY THEY ARE IN
THE CLUTCHES OF THE
RAPIDS!



THEIR ATTACK UPON
YOU PROVES YOU
SPOKE TRUTH, HAWK-EYE!
WHAT WAS THE REASON
FOR THEIR TWO-FACED
TREACHERY?

THIS POUCH OF GOLD
NUGGETS FELL
FROM BARNABY'S
BELT, CHIEF! THEY
DISCOVERED GOLD
BEYOND YOUR MOUN-
TAINS, AND HOPED A WAR
WOULD CUT OFF THE TRAIL
TO THE LOCALE!



AND SO, LATER, UPON RETURNING TO FORT
SANTO FE WITH FREMONT...

GOLD IN CALIFORNIA
COUNTRY, EH? WONDER
WHEREABOUTS THOSE
TWO TRAPPERS STRUCK
IT, KIT?

WE'LL KNOW
ONE OF THESE DAYS,
JOHN! I GOT ME
A HUNCH THAT TERRI-
TORY'S GOING TO
PROVE MIGHTY
PROSPEROUS SOME DAY!



THE END.

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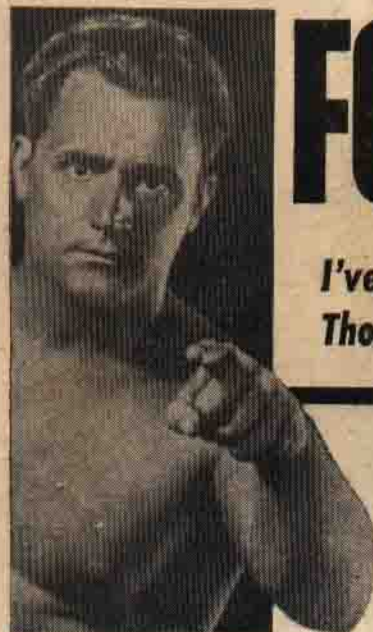
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COLONIAL STUDIOS, INC., Dept. 1-C, White Plains, New York

NEW BODIES FOR OLD!



*I've Made New Men Out of
Thousands of Other Fellows...*

**"Here's what I did for
THOMAS MANFRE...and
what I can do for you!"**

—Charles Atlas

GIVE me a skinny, pepleless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of hand-some, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed... I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and *look* different! You'll begin to **LIVE!**

Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN— IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system — "Dynamic Tension." — And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title of "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"?... How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then

you'll realize how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

Sure, I gave Thomas Manfre (shown above) a NEW BODY. But he's just one of thousands. I'm steadily building powerful, broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

3,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I build up scrawny bodies, and how I pare down fat, flabby ones—how I turn them into human dynamos of pure MANPOWER.



Atlas Championship Cup won by Thomas Manfre, one of Charles Atlas' pupils.



ARE YOU

Skinny and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in Confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad breath?

What to Do About It
is told in my free book!

FREE MY 32-PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK YOURS —Not For \$1.00 or 10c—BUT FREE

Send for my famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength," 32 pages crammed with photographs and advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" can do for YOU.

This book is a *real price* for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Rush coupon to me personally: **Charles Atlas, Dept. 354W, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 354W,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

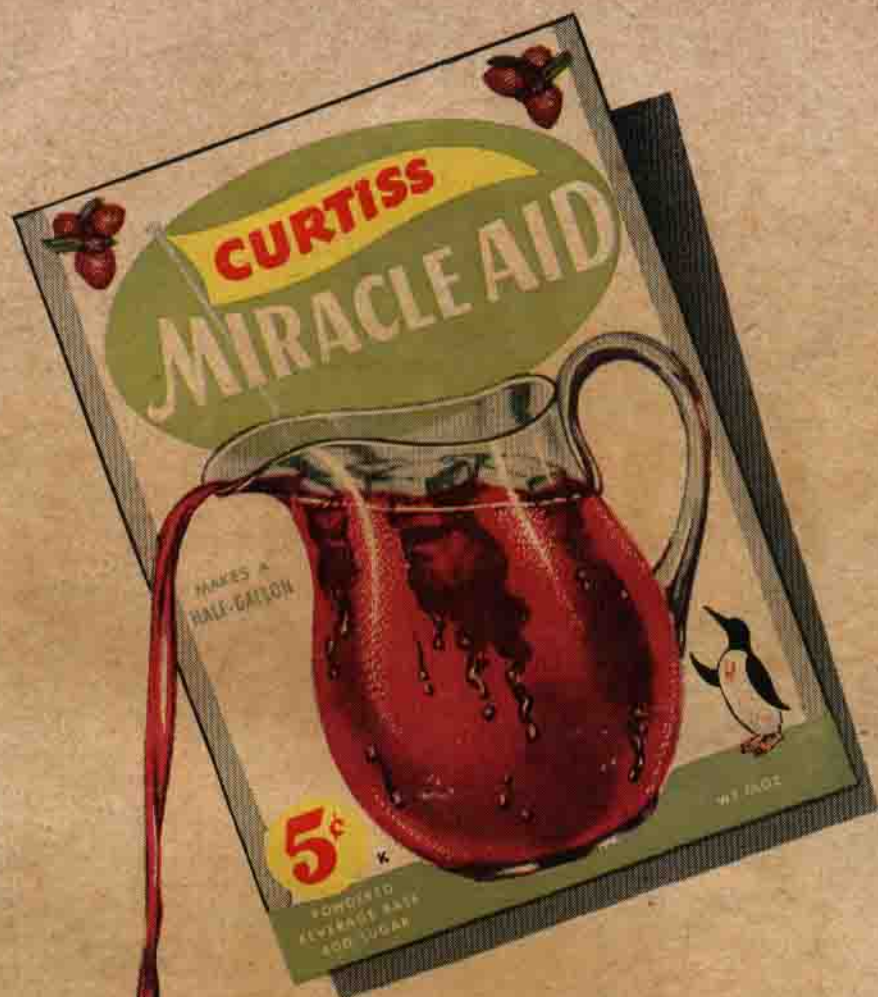
Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to every man who wants a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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