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FRONTIER FIGHTERS

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Featuring DAVY CROCKETT

in "The RIFLE NAMED
BETSEY!"

KEEP LOADING
THOSE RIFLES FOR
DAVY CROCKETT!
EVEN WITHOUT
OL' BETSEY, HE'S
AS GOOD AS
TEN MEN!

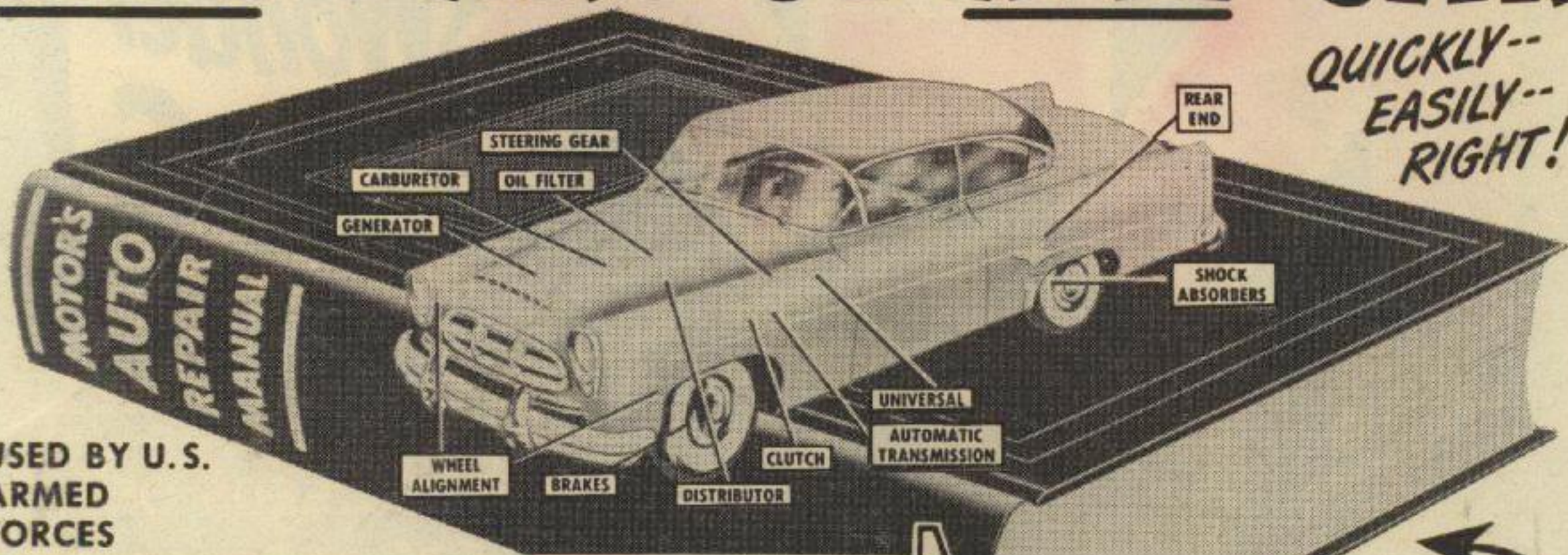
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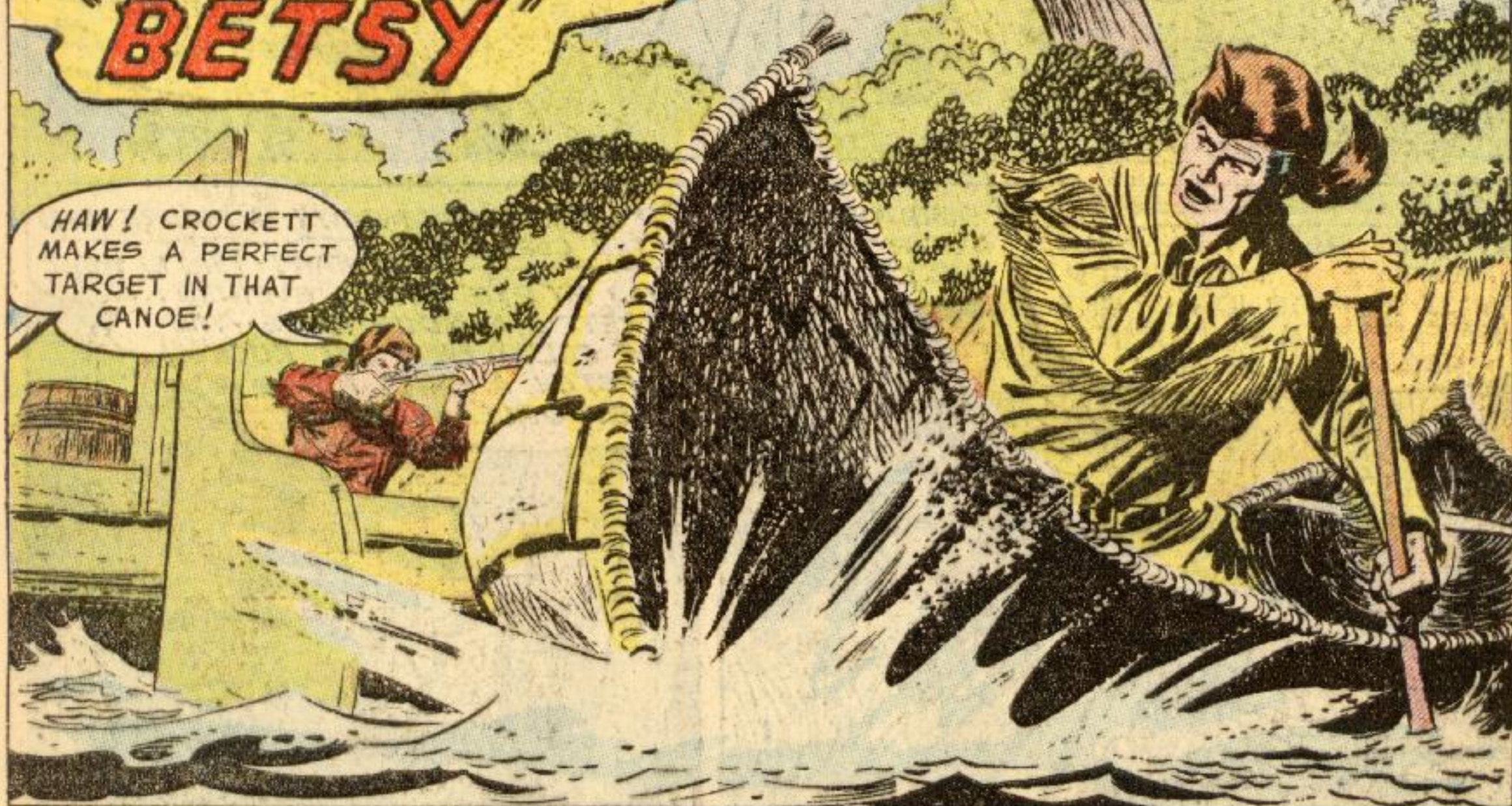
DAVY CROCKETT

IT WAS AN ODD SERIES OF EVENTS THAT BROUGHT DAVY CROCKETT ALL THE WAY DOWN TO NEW ORLEANS. AND THOUGH THE JOURNEY WAS FRAUGHT WITH THE GREATEST OF PERILS, NATURAL AND MAN-MADE, NOTHING IN THE WORLD COULD HAVE FORCED THE BATTLING BACKWOODSMAN TO GIVE UP HIS SEARCH FOR HIS PRIZED POSSESSION...

THE RIFLE NAMED "BETSY"

DRAWIN' A BEAD ON ME WITH **BETSY**-- MY OWN RIFLE!

HAW! CROCKETT MAKES A PERFECT TARGET IN THAT CANOE!



DEEP IN THE WOODS, A LONE FIGURE CAMPS DOWN FOR THE NIGHT...

BY TOMORROW, I'LL BE JOINING UP WITH SAM WILLOUGHBY AT BEAVER POND AND... EH??

YOU GO THROUGH THE WOODS LIKE A STAMPEDE, MISTER... I THOUGHT A PASSEL OF INDIANS WAS COMIN' AT ME!

SNIFF-SNIFF IS THAT MEAT COOKIN', STRANGER? SMELLS MIGHTY GOOD!



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Printed in U.S.A.

HUNGRY? SQUAT DOWN, MISTER... THIS'LL BE READY IN TWO SHAKES!

SURE AM GRATEFUL TO YUH, STRANGER... WHAT'S YOUR NAME ANYHOW?

CROCKETT'S MY HANDLE... DAVY CROCKETT!

DAVY CROCKETT? WELL, THIS SURE IS AN HONOR! I'M ROGER BLAKESLY--TRAVELIN' TO NEW ORLEANS... IT'S A GREAT RELIEF, BEIN' IN THE COMPANY OF AN HONEST MAN LIKE YOURSELF!

LATER, AS DARKNESS SETS IN...

HO-HUM... RECKON I'LL TURN IN EARLY! I'M DOG-TIRED AND I WANT TO JOIN UP WITH MY PARD, SAM WILLOUGHBY, SOON'S POSSIBLE!

SURE THING... SLEEP TIGHT, MR. CROCKETT!

BUT LONG BEFORE DAWN, A FIGURE RISES IN THE CLEARING...

HAW! THIS IS WHAT I HAD MY EYE ON ALL EVENING... CROCKETT'S FAMOUS RIFLE--THE ONE HE CALLS **BETSY**! RECKON IT'LL FETCH A FANCY PRICE IN NEW ORLEANS!



THUS, WHEN DAVY AWAKENS AT SUNRISE...

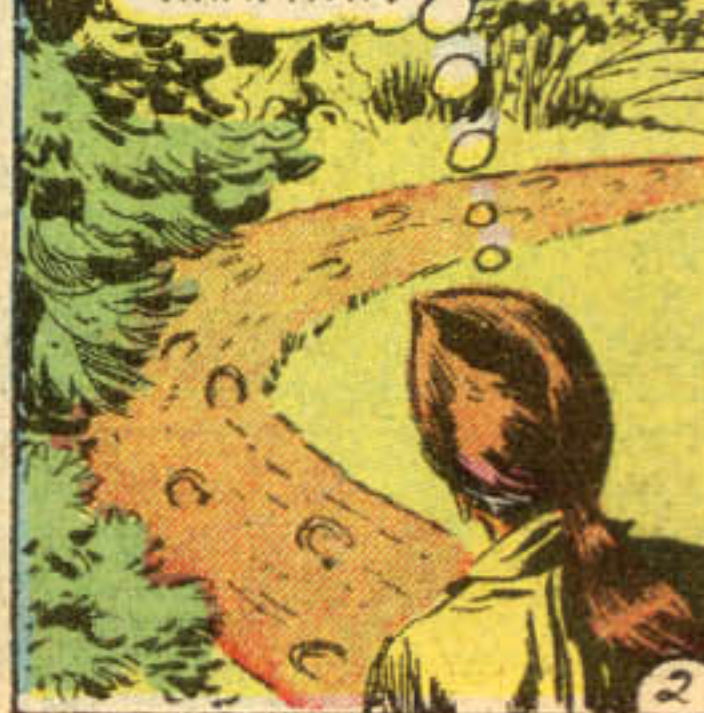
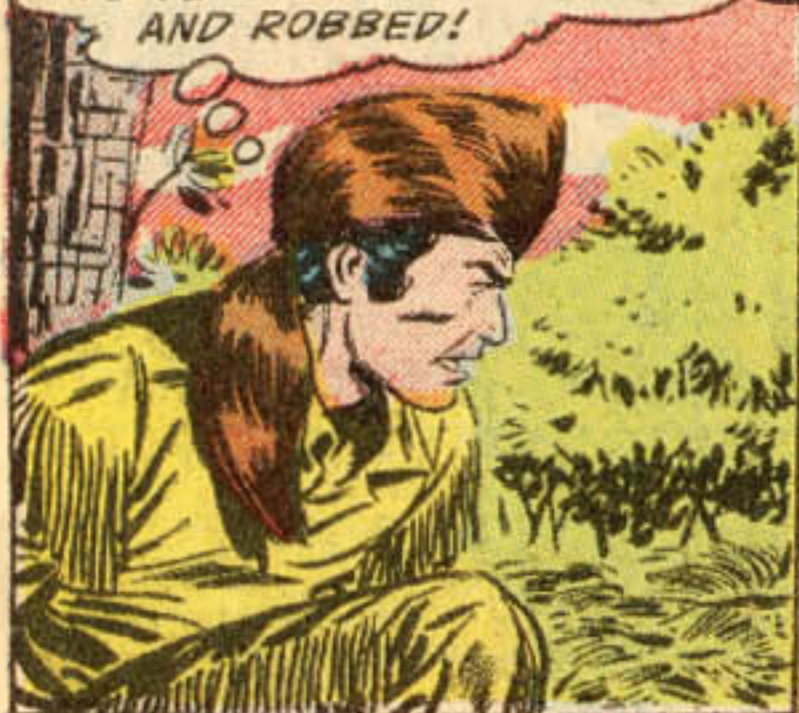
THUNDERATION! BETSY-- MY RIFLE-- IS GONE... AND SO IS THAT SON OF A SWAMP SERPENT WHO ATE MY MEAT LAST NIGHT! DAVY BOY, SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'VE BEEN HODDWINKED-- AND ROBBED!

WITHIN MINUTES, HE TAKES UP THE OUTLAW'S TRAIL...

IF I HAVE TO, I'LL FOLLOW THAT VARMINT ALL THE WAY TO NEW ORLEANS! BUT I'LL CATCH UP WITH HIM! SO FAR, HIS HORSE'S TRACKS ARE EASY TO SEE...

BUT BEFORE LONG...

HUH-- THIS TRAIL HEADS PLUMB INTO CREEK COUNTRY! I DON'T BELIEVE THAT GUN-ROBBER WANTS TO LIVE LONG, HEADIN' THIS WAY-- WITH THE CREEKS ON THE WARPATH!



ATOP A HILL, SHORTLY AFTERWARD, DAVY'S KEEN VISION BRINGS TO LIGHT AN ALARMING SPECTACLE.

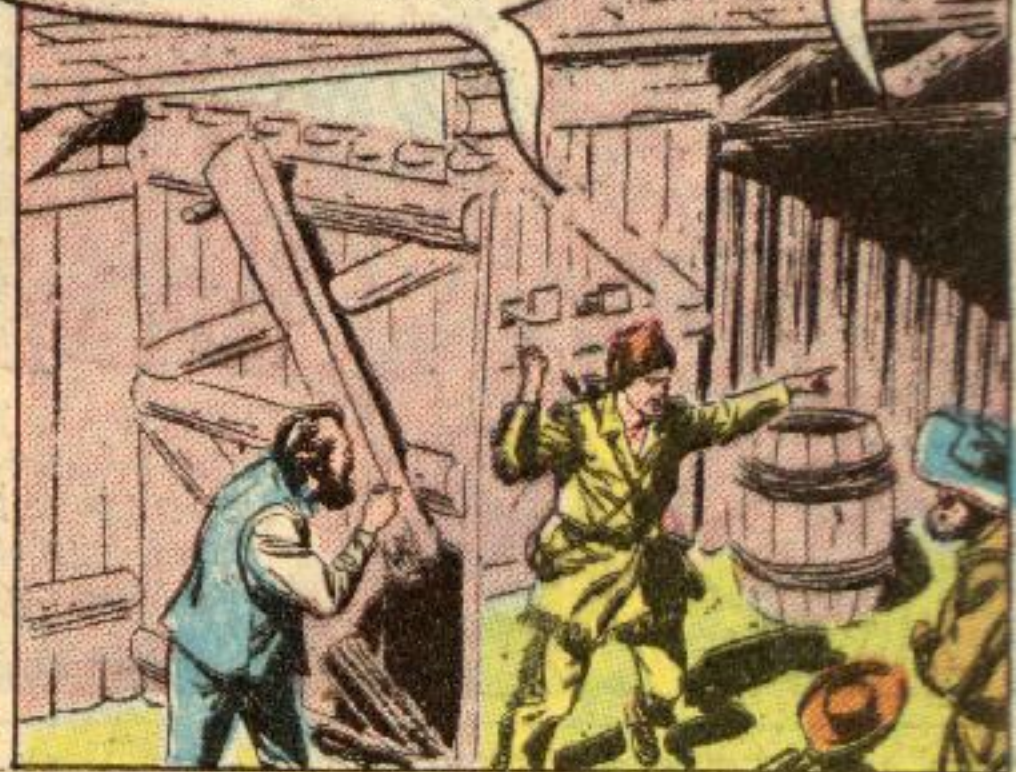
BLAKESLY'S TRAIL LEADS TO THAT STOCKADE-- BUT IT'S ABOUT TO BE ATTACKED BY THAT PARTY OF CREEKS SNEAKING DOWN TOWARD IT! I'VE GOT TO GET DOWN THERE FAST, AND WARN THE SETTLERS!



MOMENTS LATER...

CLOSE THAT GATE -- AND GET TO THE WALLS, MEN! THE CREEKS ARE ABOUT TO ATTACK!

CREEKS? WHERE? THERE'S NO SIGN OUTSIDE--!



SON, YOU'RE TALKIN' TO DAVY CROCKETT! IF DAVY SAYS INJUNS ARE ABOUT TO ATTACK-- DON'T STAND AN' PALAVER! GIT TO THE WALLS!

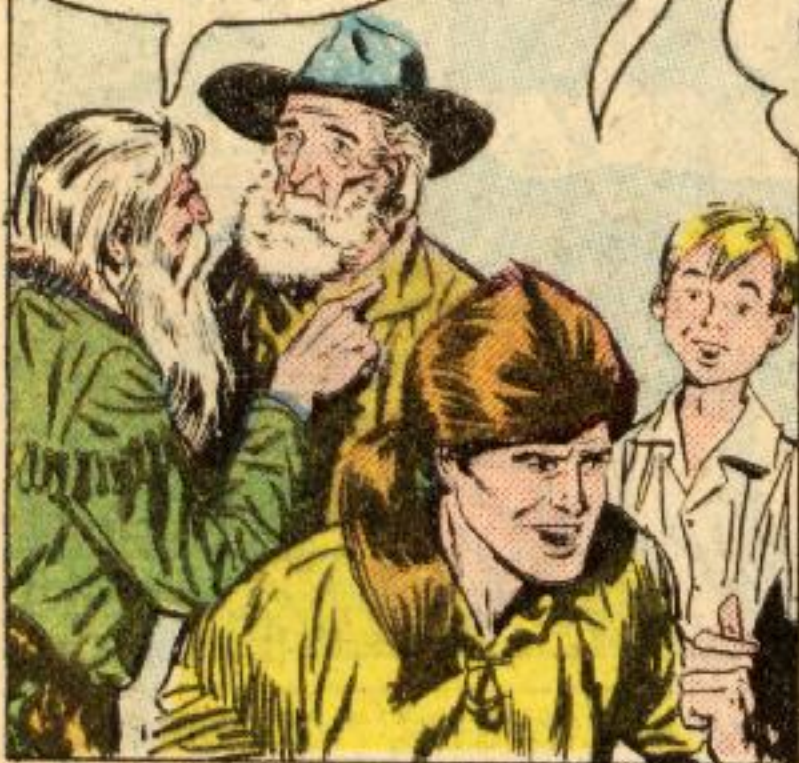
BRING ALL YOUR WEAPONS-- AND POTS TO BOIL LEAD!

RACING TO THE PARAPET, THE BRAVE LITTLE GROUP PREPARES FOR THE ON-SLAUGHT...

HERE'S A RIFLE, DAVY... I SEE YUH'RE NOT CARRYIN' OLD BETSY! HOW COME!

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! RIGHT NOW, JUST KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT TALL GRASS... IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR THE CREEKS TO SHOW THEMSELVES!

AH-- THERE'S BLAKESLY NOW, STILL CARRYIN' BETSY! HE SHOULD BE EASY TO HANDLE HERE...



BUT SUDDENLY...

AJ-EEEEEEEEEE

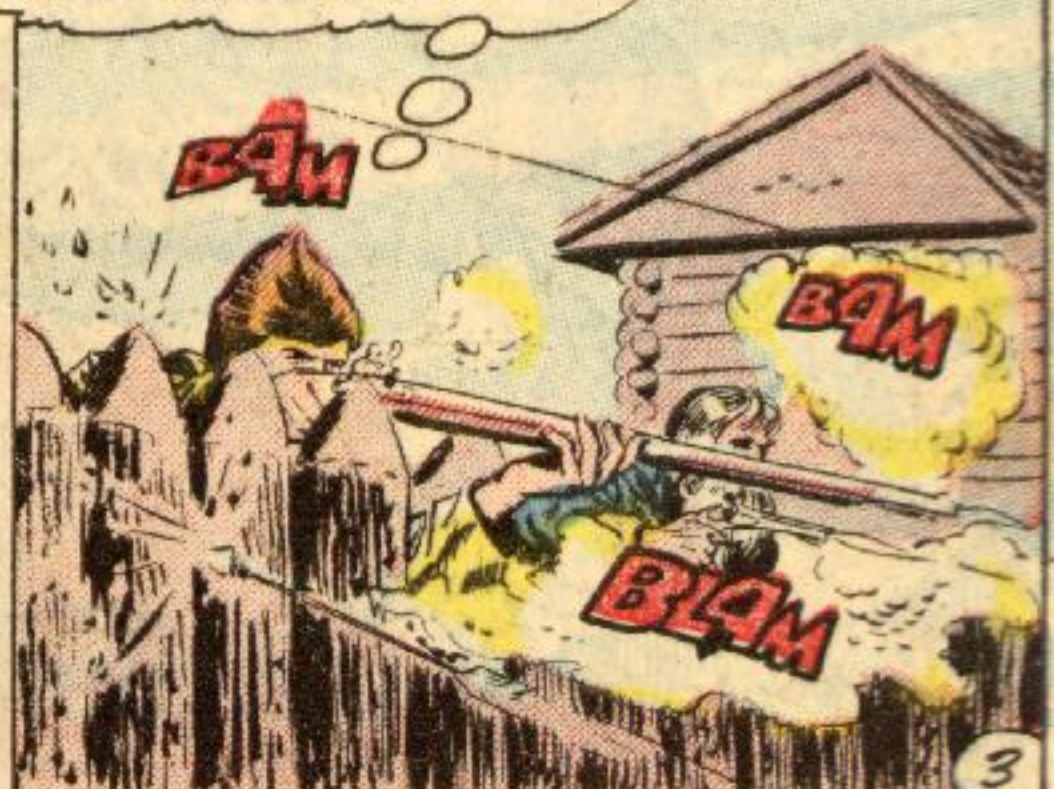
FIRE AN' BRIMSTONE! THERE THEY ARE-- SCORES OF 'EM!

OKAY... WAIT TILL THEY'RE IN RANGE BEFORE YOU FIRE!



NEXT INSTANT, AS A HEAVY VOLLEY MEETS THE CHARGING REDSKINS...

RECKON MY QUARREL WITH BLAKESLY WILL HAVE TO WAIT TILL WE SETTLE UP WITH THESE INDIANS!



AS THE FIGHT GROWS HOTTER, THE STOCKADE LEADER PUTS HIS FAMOUS VISITOR TO GOOD USE...



THAT'S IT, WOMEN...
KEEP PASSIN' THOSE
LOADED RIFLES TO
DAVY...HE NEVER
MISSES!

FINALLY...

EEYIPPEEE! THEY'RE
TURNING TAIL...WE'VE
GOT 'EM ON THE RUN!



AND AFTER THE BATTERED INDIANS HAVE
WITHDRAWN...

DAVY, I DON'T
KNOW WHAT WE
WOULD O' DONE
WITHOUT YUH!

SHUCKS, YOU'D HAVE MADE
OUT ALL RIGHT!

HUH--
CAN'T SPOT
BLAKESLY
ANYWHERE!



HE MUST'VE SNEAKED OFF DURING THE
EXCITEMENT AT THE END OF THE FIGHT!
THAT MEANS I'VE GOT TO FIND HIS
TRAIL AGAIN!



SO NOT LONG AFTERWARD, SOME DISTANCE
FROM THE STOCKADE...

HERE'S THE

TRACKS OF HIS HORSE--HEADIN' WEST!
I CAN TELL IT'S BLAKESLY'S MOUNT
BECAUSE IT'S BEEN FAVORING ITS
RIGHT HIND HOOF--MAKING A
SHALLOW MARK WITH IT...



MOVING FORWARD WITH SPEED, THE CRACK
BACKWOODSMEN REVEALS HIS UNCANNY
TRACKING ABILITY...

YEP--HE CAME THIS WAY! THAT TWIG IS
BROKEN JUST WHERE IT WOULD BE BY
A HORSE'S HEAD--AND THE BARK ON
THAT TREE IS ROUGHED UP JUST
WHERE IT WOULD BE BY A
HORSE'S FLANK...

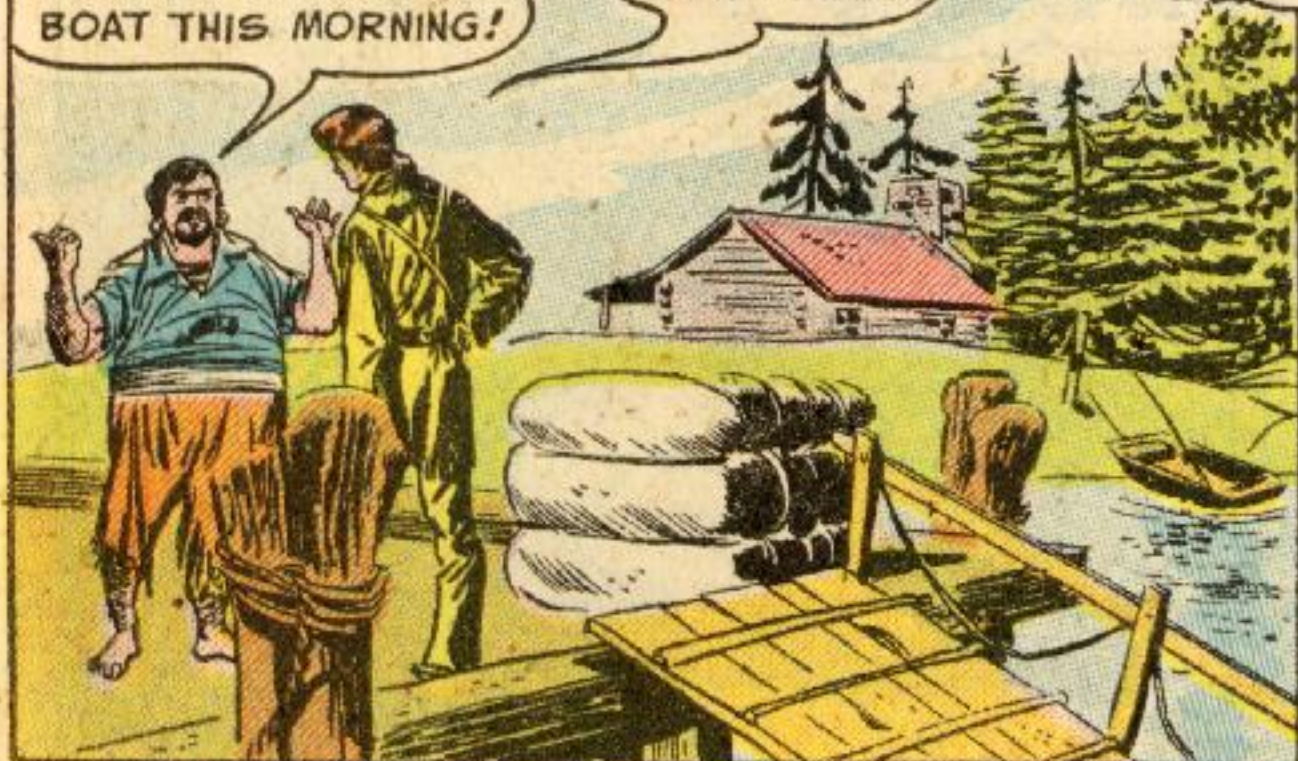


PRESENTLY, ON THE BANKS OF A GREAT RIVER...

OUI, A FELLER JUST LIKE YOU DESCRIBE, DAVY, LEFT ON ZE RIVER BOAT THIS MORNING!

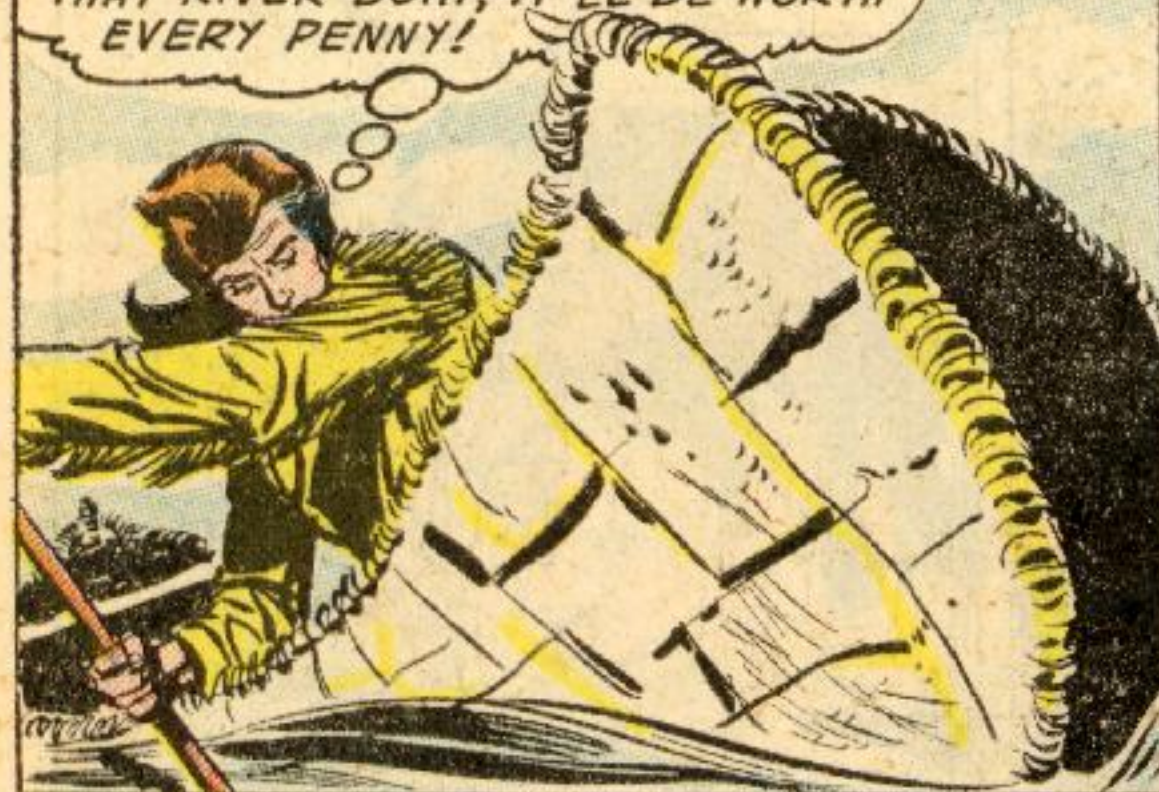
HE DID? THANKS, FRENCHY...

HMM... TROUBLE IS, BLAKESLY'S GOT A GOOD HEAD START ON ME NOW! NOT ANOTHER BOAT LEAVING FOR HOURS, AND--AND... WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA THAT JUST MIGHT WORK!



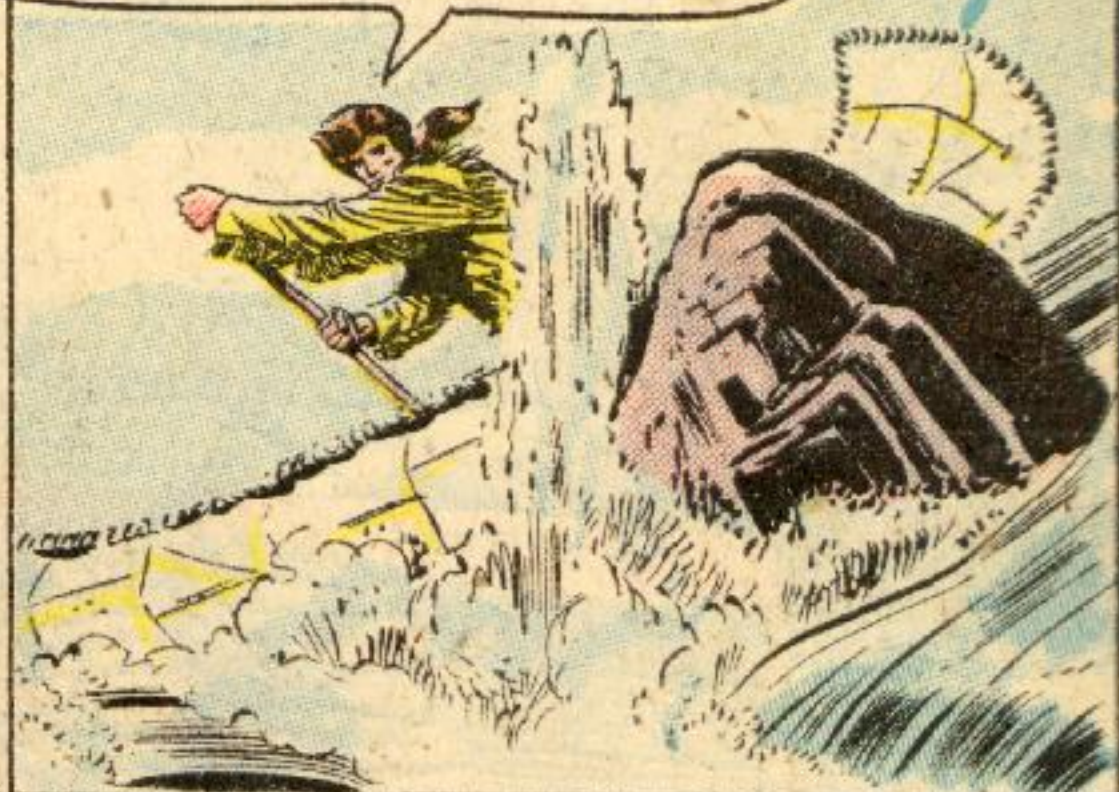
AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I HAD TO PAY FRENCHY **EIGHT WHOLE DOLLARS** FOR THIS INJUN CANOE-- BUT IF IT HELPS ME CATCH UP TO THAT RIVER BOAT, IT'LL BE WORTH EVERY PENNY!



TO SAVE TIME, THE FEARLESS FRONTIERSMAN TAKES EVERY POSSIBLE SHORTCUT, NO MATTER HOW PERILOUS...

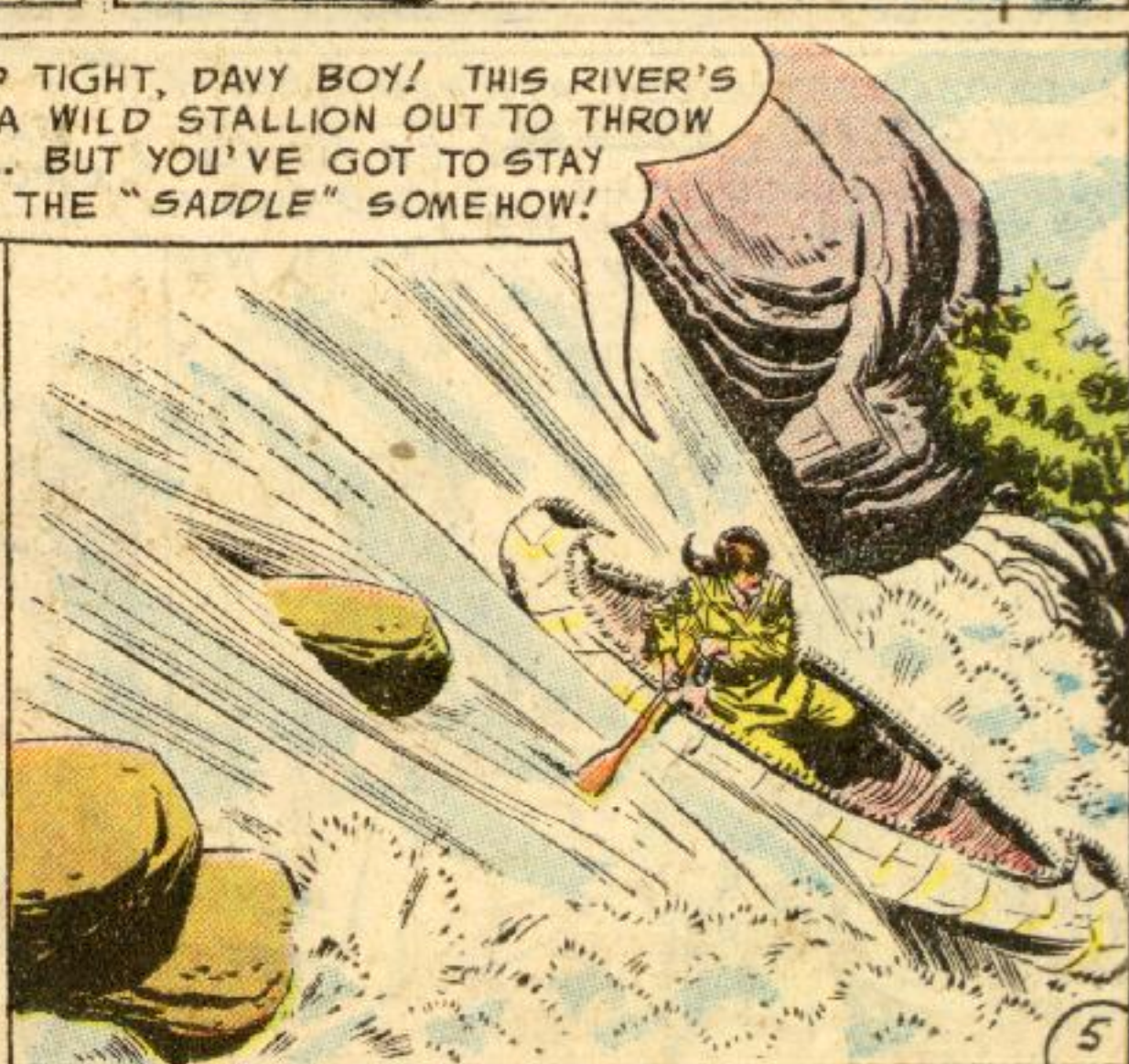
IF I CAN STAY DRY, THIS CUTOFF WILL SAVE ME 20 MILES OVER THE MAIN CHANNEL OF THE RIVER!



AND FURTHER DOWNRIVER...

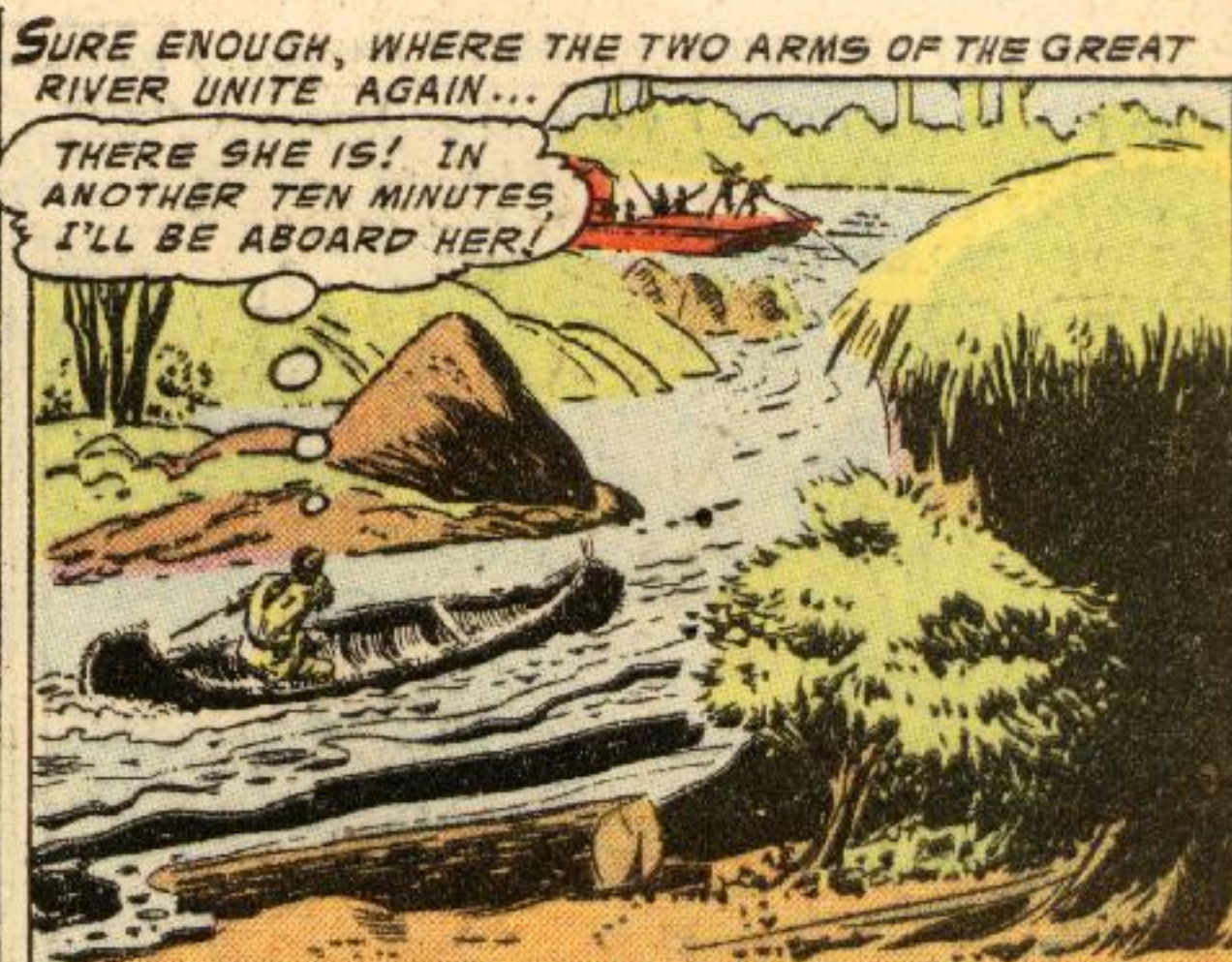
A FALLS AHEAD-- AND A BIG ONE JUDGIN' BY THE NOISE! I COULD TRY TO PULL ASHORE, BUT IT WOULD WASTE TIME! LET'S SEE IF I CAN'T RIDE HER THROUGH!

HOLD TIGHT, DAVY BOY! THIS RIVER'S LIKE A WILD STALLION OUT TO THROW YOU... BUT YOU'VE GOT TO STAY IN THE "SADDLE" SOMEHOW!





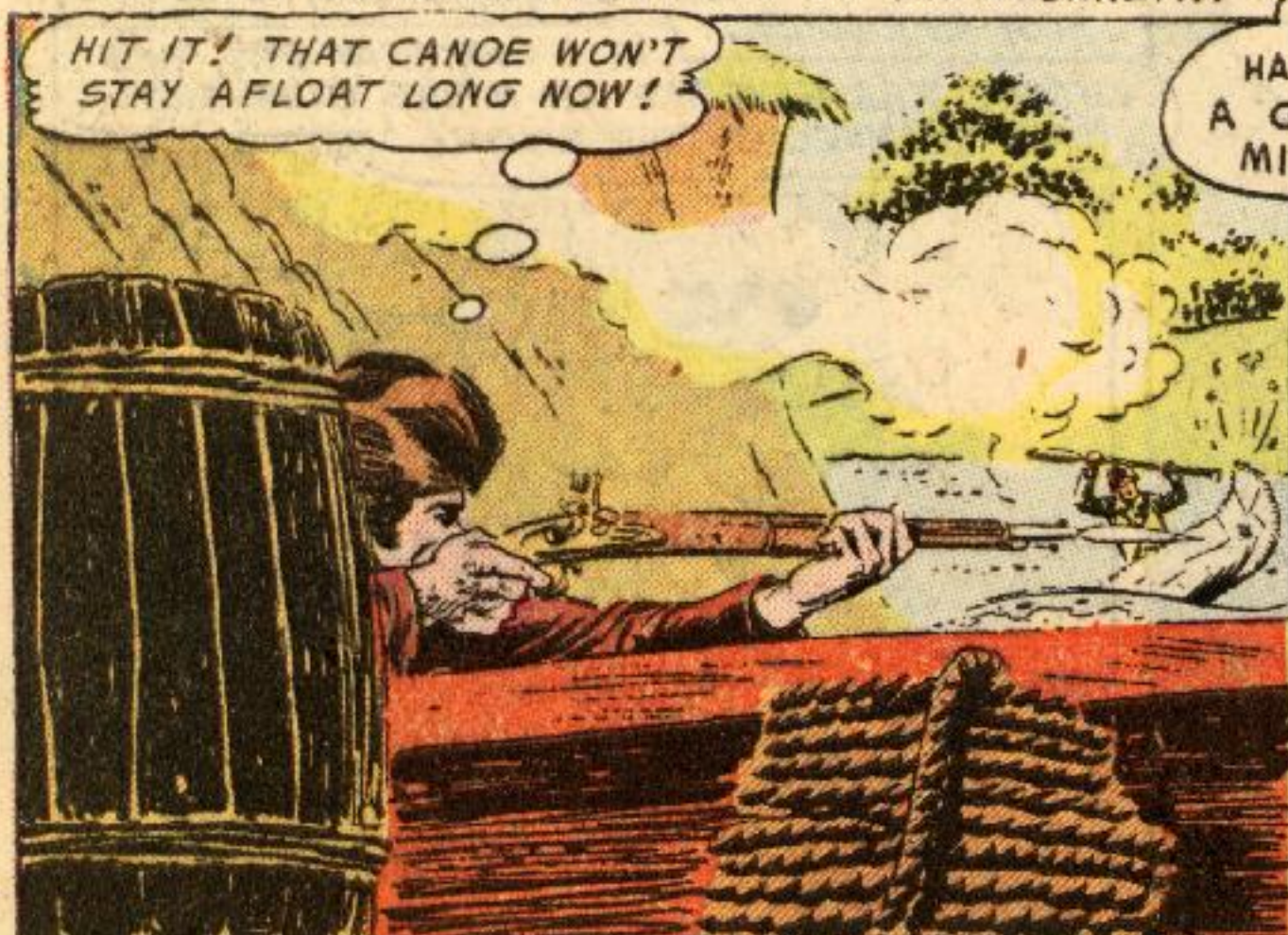
MADE IT! I OUGHT TO BE PRETTY NEAR CAUGHT UP WITH THAT RIVER BOAT BY NOW!



SURE ENOUGH, WHERE THE TWO ARMS OF THE GREAT RIVER UNITE AGAIN...

THERE SHE IS! IN ANOTHER TEN MINUTES I'LL BE ABOARD HER!

BUT ON THE RIVER BOAT, WHERE A PAIR OF EYES HAS BEEN WATCHING EVERY INCH OF THE JOURNEY...



HIT IT! THAT CANOE WON'T STAY AFLOAT LONG NOW!

WITHIN A FEW SHORT SECONDS...

TARNATION! NOW I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO **SWIM** TO NEW ORLEANS! A GOOD THING IT'S ONLY 'BOUT TEN MILES DOWN FROM HERE...



LATER THAT AFTERNOON, AT A RESTAURANT IN NEW ORLEANS...

WAAL, I DECLARE! THIS GUN'S GOT THE INITIALS **D.C.** AN' THE NAME **BETSY** SCRATCHED ONTO IT! MUST BE DAVY CROCKETT'S GUN!

ER--IT IS OLD-TIMER...

...AN' I'M **DAVY CROCKETT!**

I DO DECLARE! THIS IS AN HONOR, MR. CROCKETT!

GOSH-- DAVY CROCKETT...



BUT AS THEY MOVE OUTSIDE...

HUH! THERE'S CROCKETT HIMSELF!

BLAKESLY!

THIS IS MY GUN--STOLEN FROM ME BY THIS VARMINT! I'M DAVY CROCKETT!

HE-- HE'S A LIAR! I'M CROCKETT, AN' THAT'S MY GUN!



HOLD ON! I'M THE LAW AROUND HERE, AND I'VE GOT AN IDEA! ONLY **ONE** OF YOU CAN BE THE REAL DAVY CROCKETT--BUT NEITHER OF YOU HAS ANY **PROOF!** IT'S JUST THE WORD OF ONE AGAINST THE OTHER...

... BUT EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT DAVY CROCKETT IS A GREAT MARKSMAN--SO MY IDEA IS FOR YOU TWO TO HOLD A SHOOTING CONTEST! THAT WAY, WE'LL FIND OUT FOR SURE WHICH OF YOU IS TELLING THE TRUTH!

SUITS ME, SHERIFF!

ER-- SURE... ME, TOO!



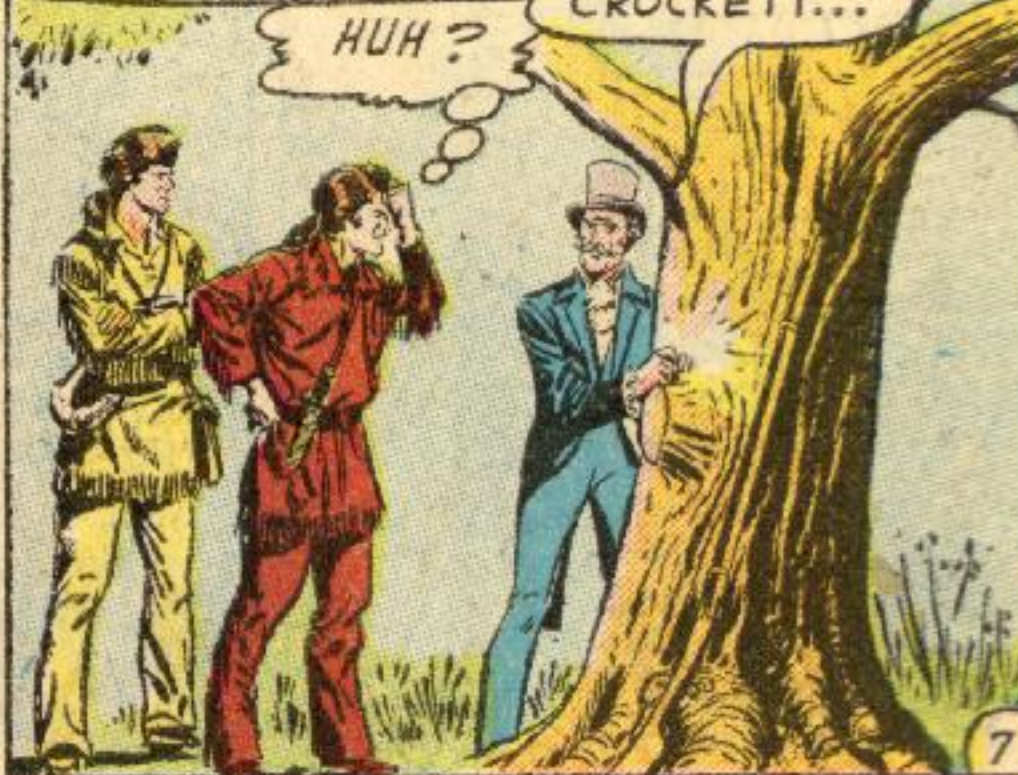
THIS WAY-- FOLLOW ME...

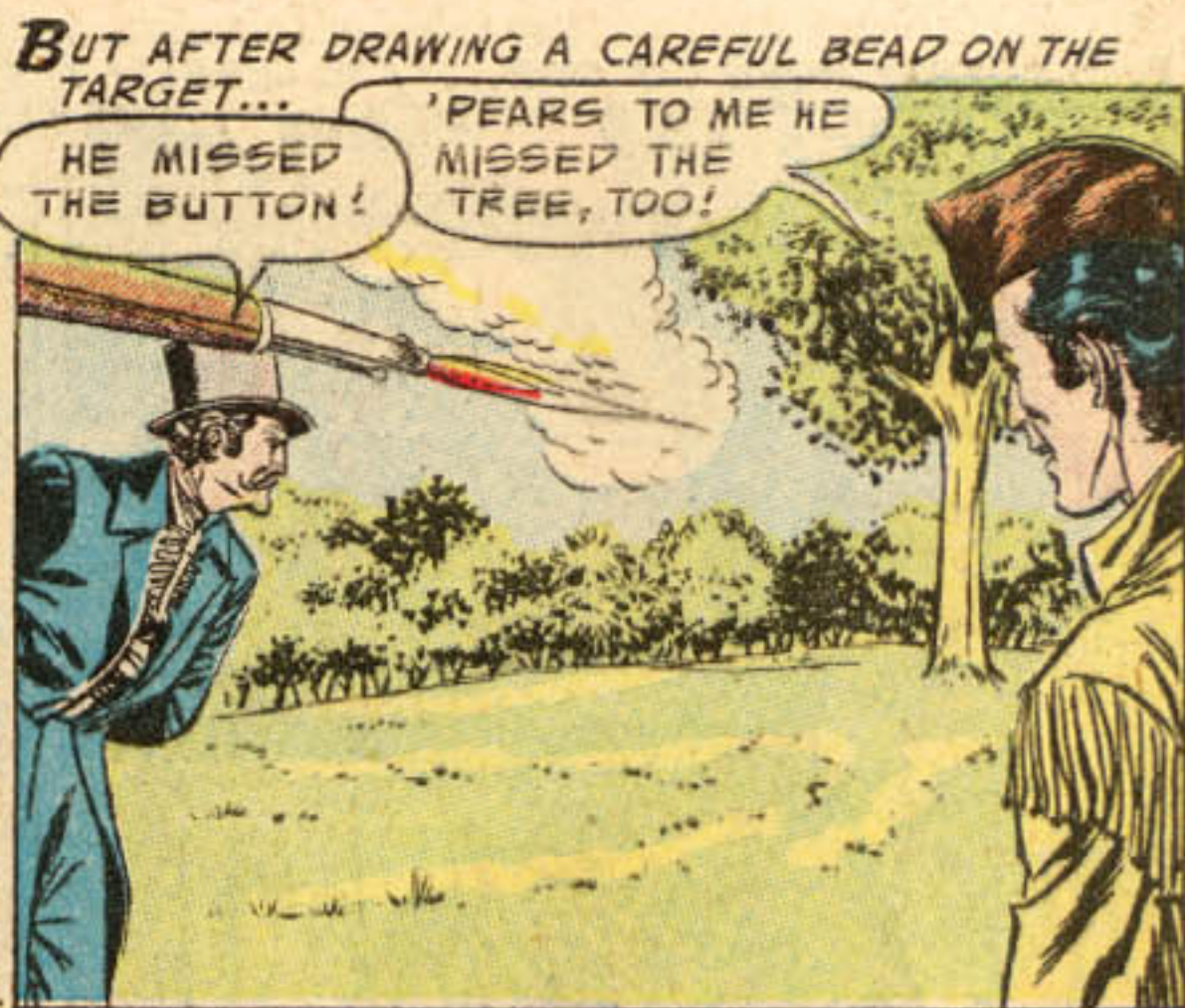
HE'S IN NO CONDITION FOR ANY KIND O' MATCH-- AFTER I ALMOST DROWNED HIM IN THE RIVER-- AN' HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S SWUM FOR MILES! I'LL BEAT HIM SURE!

AT A TREE IN A GREAT CLEARING, THE SHERIFF HALTS...

I'LL STICK THIS HORN BUTTON ON HERE, AND WE'LL ALL GO BACK **200 PACES!** THAT WON'T BE ANYTHING FOR THE **REAL DAVY CROCKETT...**

HUH?





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SUPERMAN PLAYSUIT . . . AND
JOIN MY FAN CLUB, TOO!**



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BACK
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Buzzy asks: "DO YOU KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?"



BUFFALO BILL

THIS IS A PAWNEE TRAP TO DESTROY THE IRON HORSE, BIG MIKE! WE'VE GOT TO BREAK THROUGH THEIR BARRICADE!

UNDER THE BLAZING SUN--ACROSS THE BARREN PRAIRIES AND THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN RANGES, DROVE WORK CREWS OF THE RAILROAD TO BUILD ANOTHER LINE TO CALIFORNIA! PURSUED BY THE ELEMENTS OF WEATHER, AND HARASSED BY MARAUDING PAWNEES, FAMED BUFFALO BILL FOUGHT OFF DEFEAT TIME AND TIME AGAIN IN...

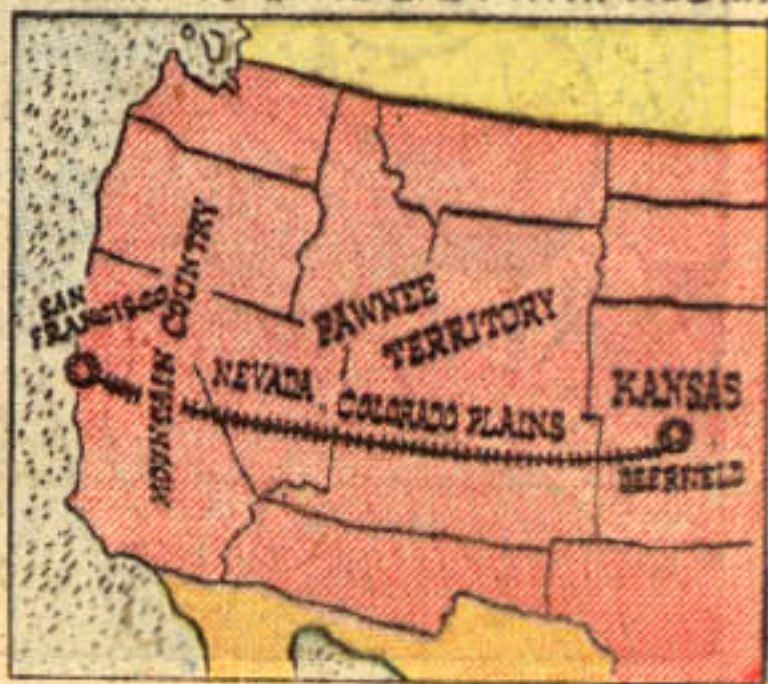
THE AMBUSH OF THE IRON HORSE

DEERFIELD, KANSAS! AN UNFAMILIAR SOUND RENTS THE AIR--A SOUND THAT IS TO ECHO ACROSS THE WESTERN FRONTIER.

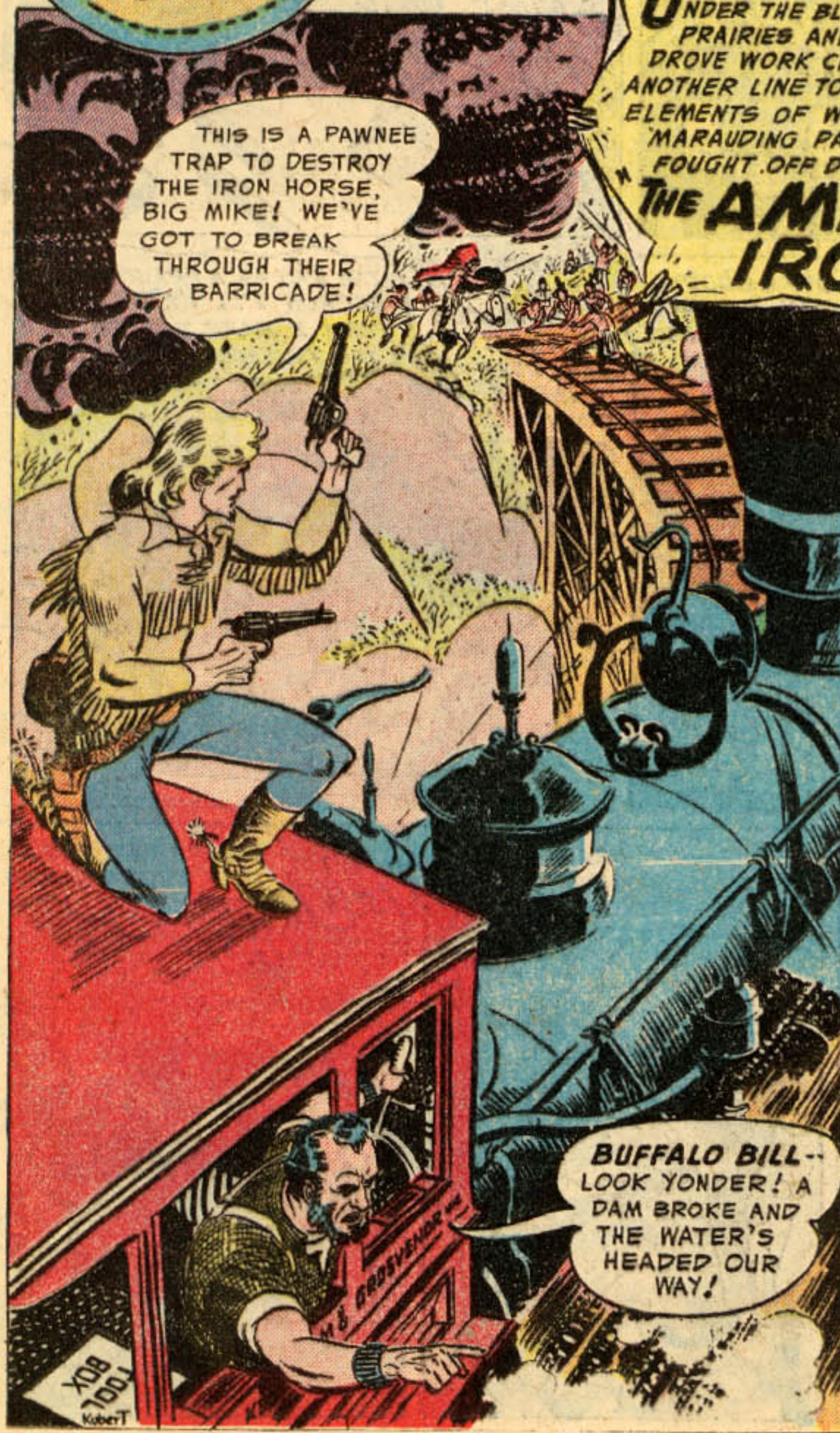
THAT'S DRIVIN' THE FIRST SPIKE HOME, LADS!



GLORY ROAD--THE COLORFUL NAME OF A PROPOSED RAILROAD RUNNING FROM KANSAS TO CALIFORNIA--PART OF AN AMERICAN DREAM TO UNITE EAST WITH WEST...



BUFFALO BILL--LOOK YONDER! A DAM BROKE AND THE WATER'S HEADED OUR WAY!



TOOL BOX
Kubert

MORALE IS HIGH AS ROAD BOSS MIKE RAFFERTY DRIVES HIS CREWS ACROSS THE BLAZING PRAIRIE INTO COLORADO-- BUT IT IS THERE THAT TROUBLE BEGINS...

ALL RIGHT-- BACK TO THE ROADBED WITH THE PACK O' YUH! I'M THE ONE TO BE CALLIN' TIME ON THIS JOB!

WE'RE NOT DROPPIN' ANOTHER RAIL, BIG MIKE! THE REASON'S CLEAR AND SIMPLE-- LOOK FOR YOURSELF UP AHEAD!



A PAWNEE WAR SPEAR... THAT'S A POLITE WARNIN' NOT TO GO ON, MIKE! WE SIGNED TO LAY RAIL-- NOT FIGHT INJUNS!

NOW DON'T YOU LADS BE JUMPIN' TO CONCLUSIONS! BUFFALO BILL HIMSELF IS ON HIS WAY TO HAVE A POW-WOW WITH THE PAWNEE...



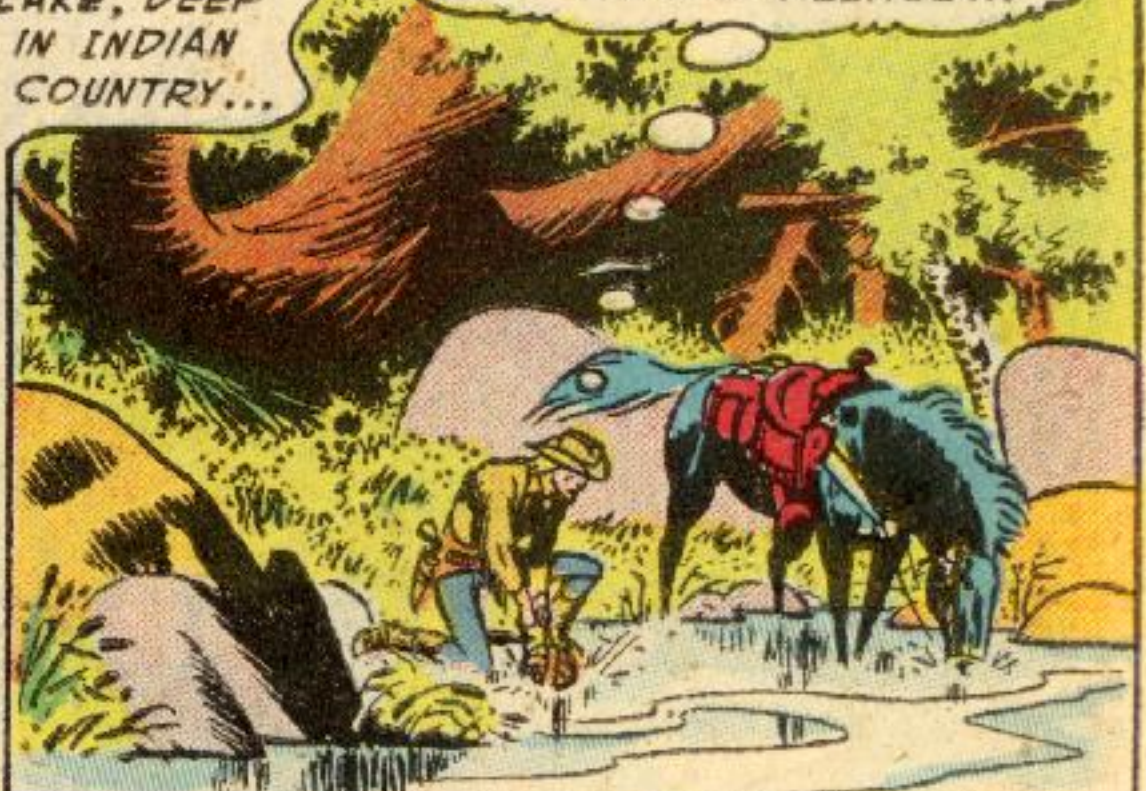
BILL AND THE CHIEF ARE FIRST-CLASS FRIENDS... HE'LL ARRANGE IT SO THERE WON'T BE ANY INJUN SHENANAGINS!

YUH BLOW OFF A GOOD HEAD O' STEAM, BIG MIKE-- BUT WE'RE WAITIN' UNTIL CODY RETURNS WITH NEWS!



MEANWHILE, AS BUFFALO BILL CODY PAUSES BY A STILL LAKE, DEEP IN INDIAN COUNTRY...

I'M DRY AS A PRAIRIE CACTUS! RECKON I'LL WATER UP BEFORE I MAKE TRACKS TO THE PAWNEE VILLAGE...



GREAT THUNDER! THAT REFLECTION IN THE WATER...



AN AMBUSHIN' BRAVE-- TRYIN' TO DO ME IN, COUGAR-STYLE!



SOUNDS LIKE THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING, TOO!





THE LONE FRONTIERSMAN BRACES HIMSELF FOR A FIGHT TO THE FINISH-- BUT SUDDENLY...

WAIT! THIS PALEFACE IS OUR FRIEND-- DO NOT HARM HIM!

CHIEF **YELLOW FEATHER**-- AND NOT A WHISKER TOO SOON!

YOU ARE AS BLIND AS THE GROUND MOLE, MY SON! THIS IS THE GREAT HUNTER THEY CALL **BUFFALO BILL**!

PAH! HE IS A PALEFACE, FATHER... ALL PALE-FACES ARE OUR ENEMIES!

HMM...

YOU'RE A MITE HOTHEADED, YOUNGSTER, BUT-- NO HARM DONE! YOU'LL LEARN DIFFERENT, SOME DAY!



TRAVELING TO THE PAWNEE VILLAGE, BILL HOLDS A POW-WOW WITH **YELLOW FEATHER**...

THE GREAT IRON HORSE THAT WILL RUN ACROSS YOUR PLAINS WILL BRING NO HARM TO YOUR TRIBE, CHIEF... YOU HAVE MY WORD ON THAT!

OUR WAR DRUMS WILL BE LIKE THE SILENT DEER-- NO PAWNEE ARROWS WILL FLY AGAINST THE IRON HORSE!

I WILL GIVE THE WHITE CHIEF YOUR MESSAGE, **YELLOW FEATHER**! UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN, MAY THE HUNTING GROUNDS BE FRUITFUL TO YOUR TRIBE!

BUT AS **BUFFALO BILL** GALLOPS OFF... OLD **YELLOW FEATHER**

SPEAKS LIKE THE MEEK SQUAW-- HE HAS BETRAYED US TO THE PALE-FACES! I WILL LEAD OUR BRAVES AGAINST THE IRON HORSE!

BUT YOUR FATHER HAS SMOKED THE PEACE PIPE WITH THE WHITE MAN! HE WILL BE FILLED WITH ANGER WHEN HE LEARNS OF THE ATTACK!

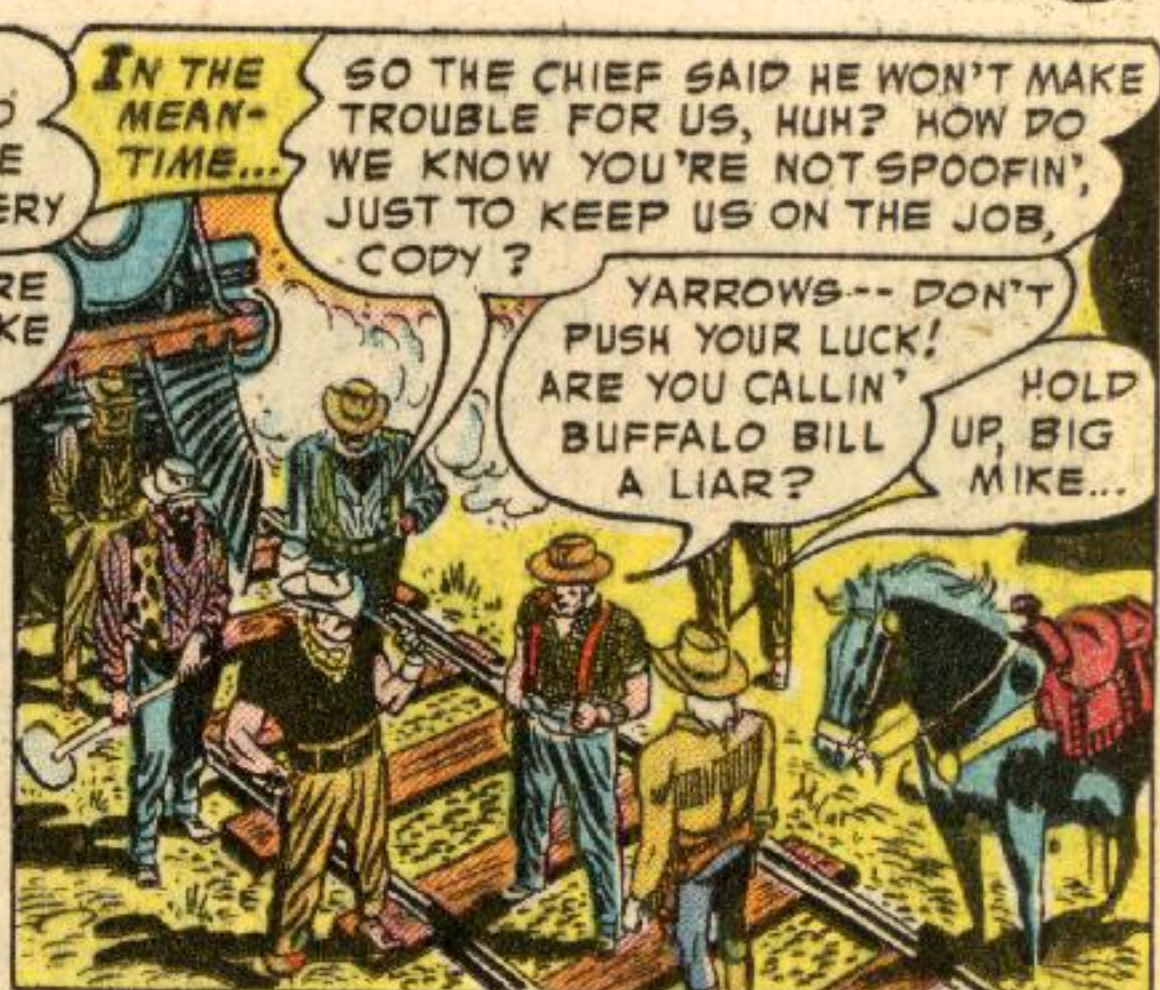
INDEED-- LIKE THE BUFFALO AND THE ANTELOPE, THERE IS NO REASON WHY OUR TWO NATIONS CANNOT SHARE THE LAND!





MY FATHER WILL NOT KNOW OF OUR VICTORY UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE! THEN, OUR PEOPLE WILL REALIZE HIS TREACHERY AND MAKE **ME** THEIR CHIEF!

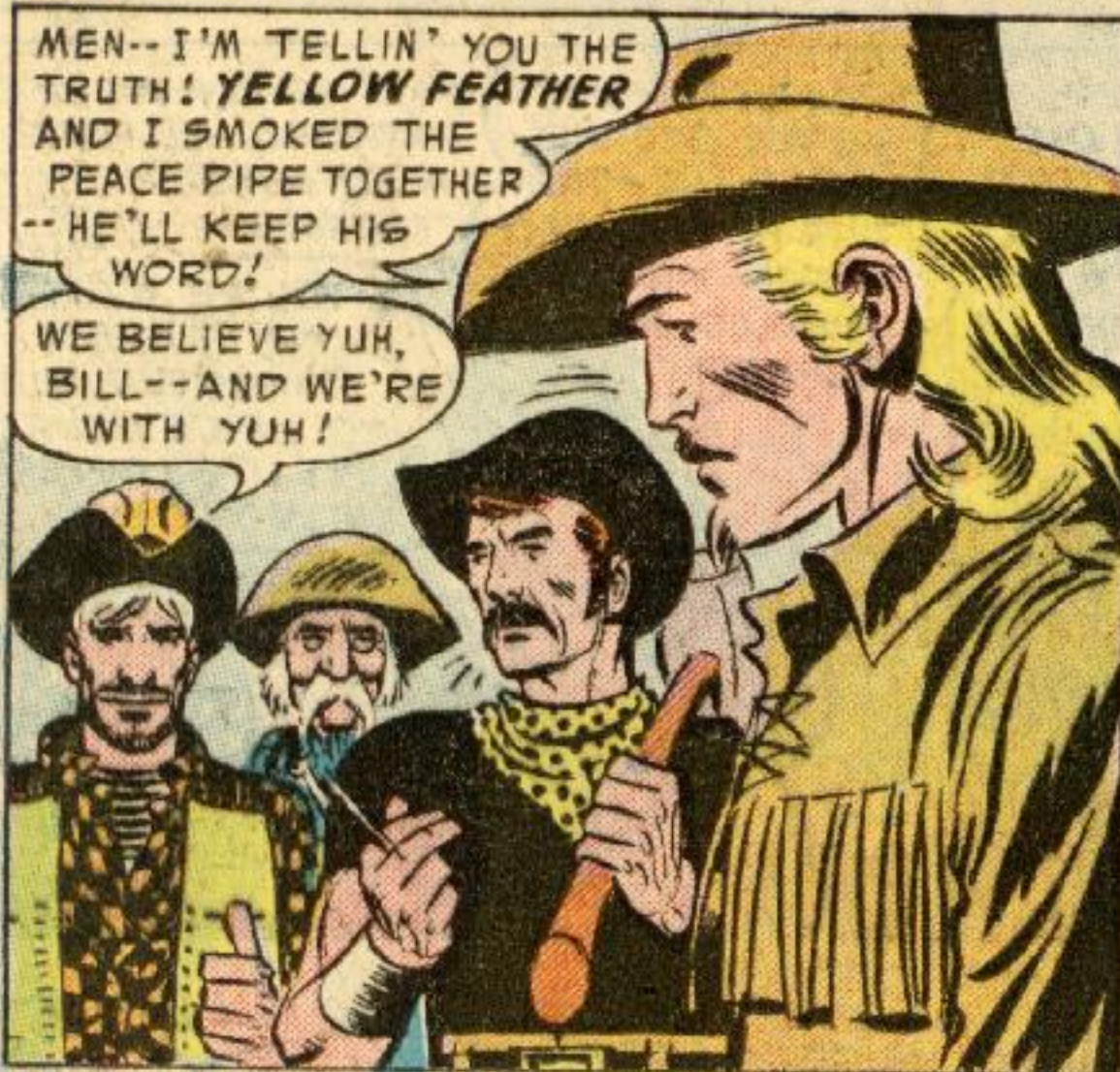
YOU ARE WISE LIKE THE PRAIRIE FOX, **WILD BEAR!** WE ARE WITH YOU!



IN THE MEAN-TIME...

SO THE CHIEF SAID HE WON'T MAKE TROUBLE FOR US, HUH? HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE NOT SPOOFIN', JUST TO KEEP US ON THE JOB, CODY?

YARROWS-- DON'T PUSH YOUR LUCK! ARE YOU CALLIN' BUFFALO BILL A LIAR? HOLD UP, BIG MIKE...



MEN-- I'M TELLIN' YOU THE TRUTH! **YELLOW FEATHER** AND I SMOKED THE PEACE PIPE TOGETHER -- HE'LL KEEP HIS WORD!

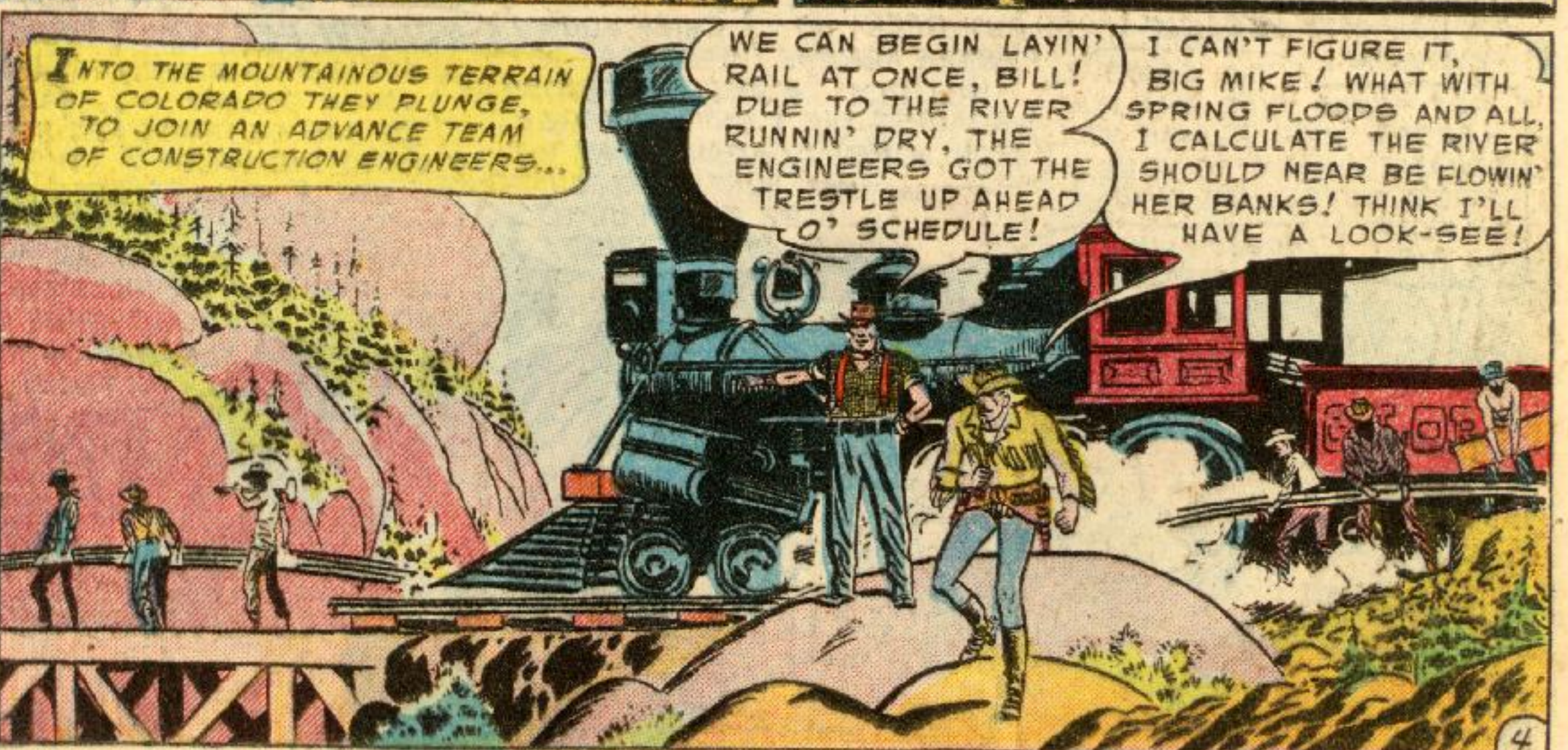
WE BELIEVE YUH, BILL-- AND WE'RE WITH YUH!



AND AS THE CREW RETURNS TO WORK...

THAT RIFF YARROWS IS A BAD ONE... HE'LL MAKE TROUBLE FOR US 'FORE WE REACH CALIFORNIA, BILL!

MAYBE... BUT I RECKON THIS JOB HAS GOT US ALL A MITE UNNERVED, BIG MIKE! HE'LL MORE THAN LIKELY SIMMER DOWN AFTER A SPELL!



INTO THE MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN OF COLORADO THEY PLUNGE, TO JOIN AN ADVANCE TEAM OF CONSTRUCTION ENGINEERS...

WE CAN BEGIN LAYIN' RAIL AT ONCE, BILL! DUE TO THE RIVER RUNNIN' DRY, THE ENGINEERS GOT THE TRESTLE UP AHEAD O' SCHEDULE!

I CAN'T FIGURE IT, BIG MIKE! WHAT WITH SPRING FLOODS AND ALL, I CALCULATE THE RIVER SHOULD NEAR BE FLOWIN' HER BANKS! THINK I'LL HAVE A LOOK-SEE!

AS THE PUZZLED FRONTIERSMAN MAKES HIS WAY UPRIVER TO INVESTIGATE...

A GREAT WOODEN DAM BLOCKIN' THE RIVER FLOW! NOW WHY IN THUNDER WOULD THE PAWNEES DO THAT?

CROUCHED AND SILENT, BUFFALO BILL MOVES TO WITHIN EARSHOT OF THE INDIANS... STEAL,

SUDDENLY...
THUNDERATION!
THEY SPOTTED ME!

HMM... THIS BED'S STILL MOIST-- LIKE THE WATER WAS CUT OFF REAL SUDDEN! I WONDER IF...? HOLD ON! THERE'S THE ANSWER!

LIKE THE SILENT DEER, TO THE BANK OPPOSITE THE PALEFACE CAMP, AND SIGNAL US WHEN THE IRON HORSE IS ON THE GREAT BRIDGE!

I GET IT NOW...
WILD BEAR
HAS BUILT THE DAM TO WRECK THE LOCOMOTIVE WHEN SHE CROSSES OVER THE TRESTLE!

THUMP

AI-EEE... THE WHITE HUNTER! WE MUST CAPTURE HIM BEFORE HE WARNS HIS PALEFACE FRIENDS!

THE RIVER BED'S THE MORE DIRECT WAY BACK-- BUT I'M SURE TO CATCH A PAWNEE ARROW OUT THERE IN THE OPEN...

... SO I'LL JUST USE THE TERRAIN TO PROTECT ME! I HATE TO RUN FROM A FIGHT, BUT IT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO WARN THE WORK CREW AND SAVE THE ENGINE!

BUT AS HE NEARS THE TRESTLE...

HMM... THAT'S PECULIAR! **WILD BEAR** AND HIS BRAVES GAVE UP THE CHASE! WONDER WHY?

TWANG

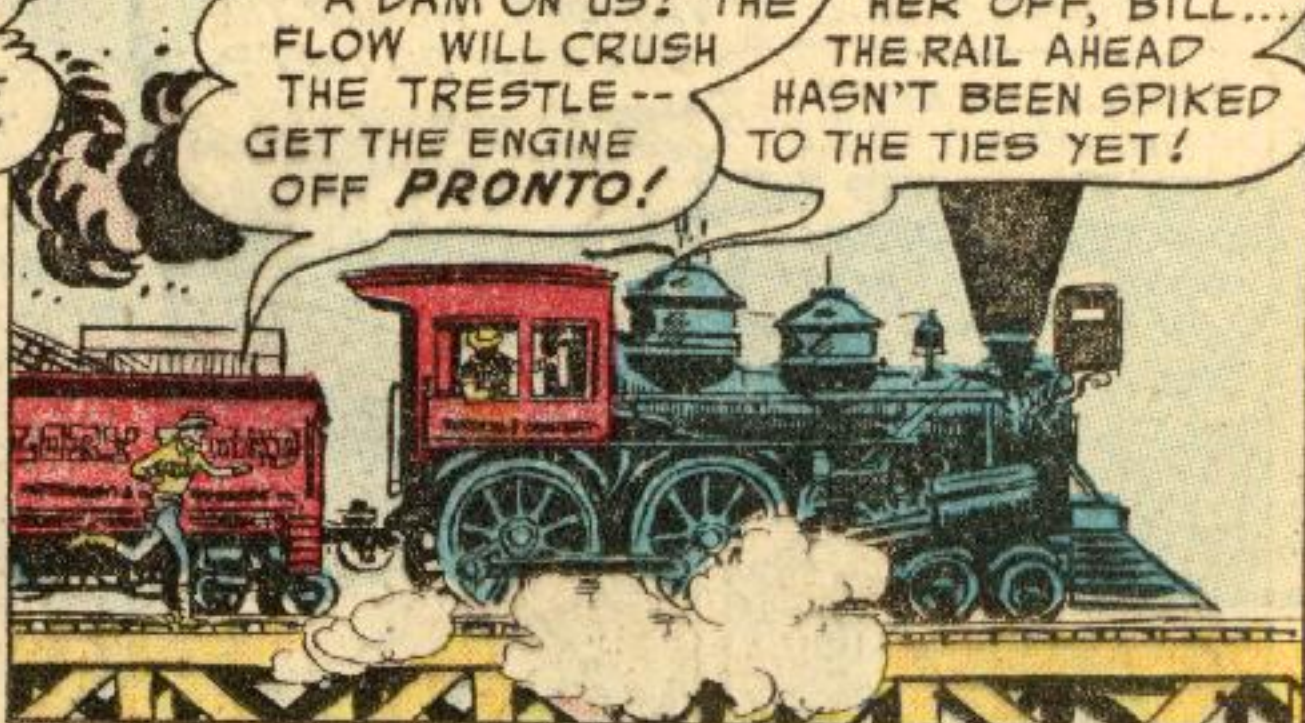
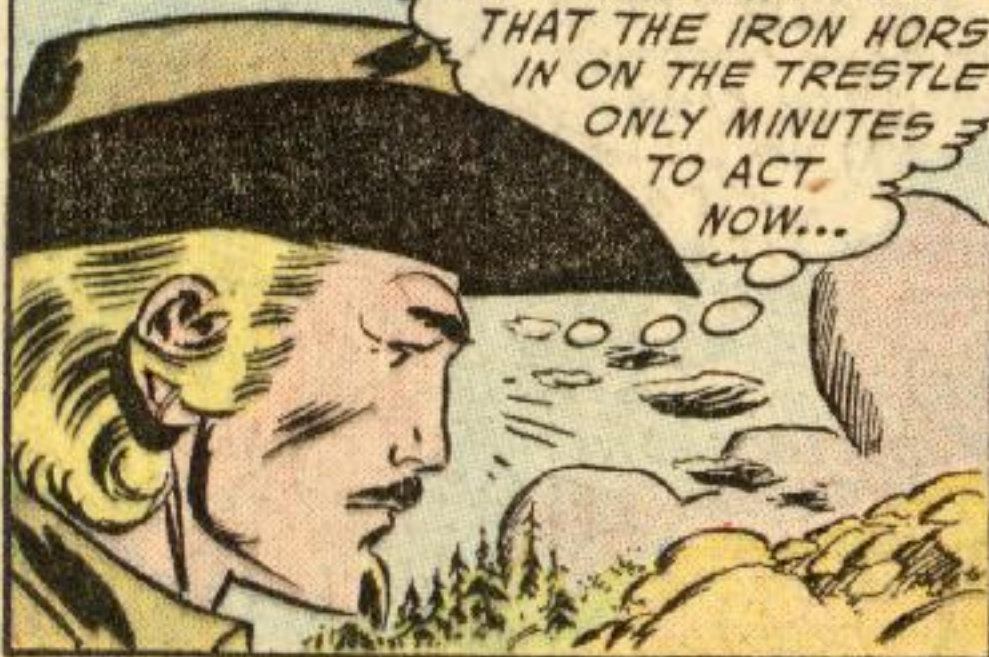
THE STARTLING ANSWER COMES A MOMENT LATER AS...

SMOKE SIGNALS! THOSE BRAVES **WILD BEAR** SENT DOWNRIVER ARE RELAYING WORD THAT THE IRON HORSE IN ON THE TRESTLE! ONLY MINUTES TO ACT NOW...

MOMENTS LATER...

BIG MIKE! PAWNEES ARE ABOUT TO OPEN A DAM ON US! THE FLOW WILL CRUSH THE TRESTLE -- GET THE ENGINE OFF **PRONTO!**

WHAT? I'LL HAVE TO **BACK** HER OFF, BILL... THE RAIL AHEAD HASN'T BEEN SPIKED TO THE TIES YET!



BUT AS THE WORK BOSS PREPARES TO THROW THE ENGINE IN REVERSE...

WHU WHU WHU WHU

HUH? AN INJUN WAR PARTY BLOCKIN' US OFF!

IT'S PART OF THEIR PLAN TO TRAP THE ENGINE, MIKE! WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE HER FORWARD! IS IT POSSIBLE TO RUN OVER LOOSE TRACK?



POSSIBLE... BUT POWERFUL DANGEROUS! RECKON WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHOICE THOUGH!

THROTTLE HER FORWARD, MIKE, WHILE I TRY TO BEAT OFF THESE ATTACKIN' PAWNEE!

PUFFING STEAM, THE GREAT IRON JUGGERNAUT INCHES OVER THE LOOSE RAIL IN AN AGONIZING EFFORT TO ESCAPE DOOM...

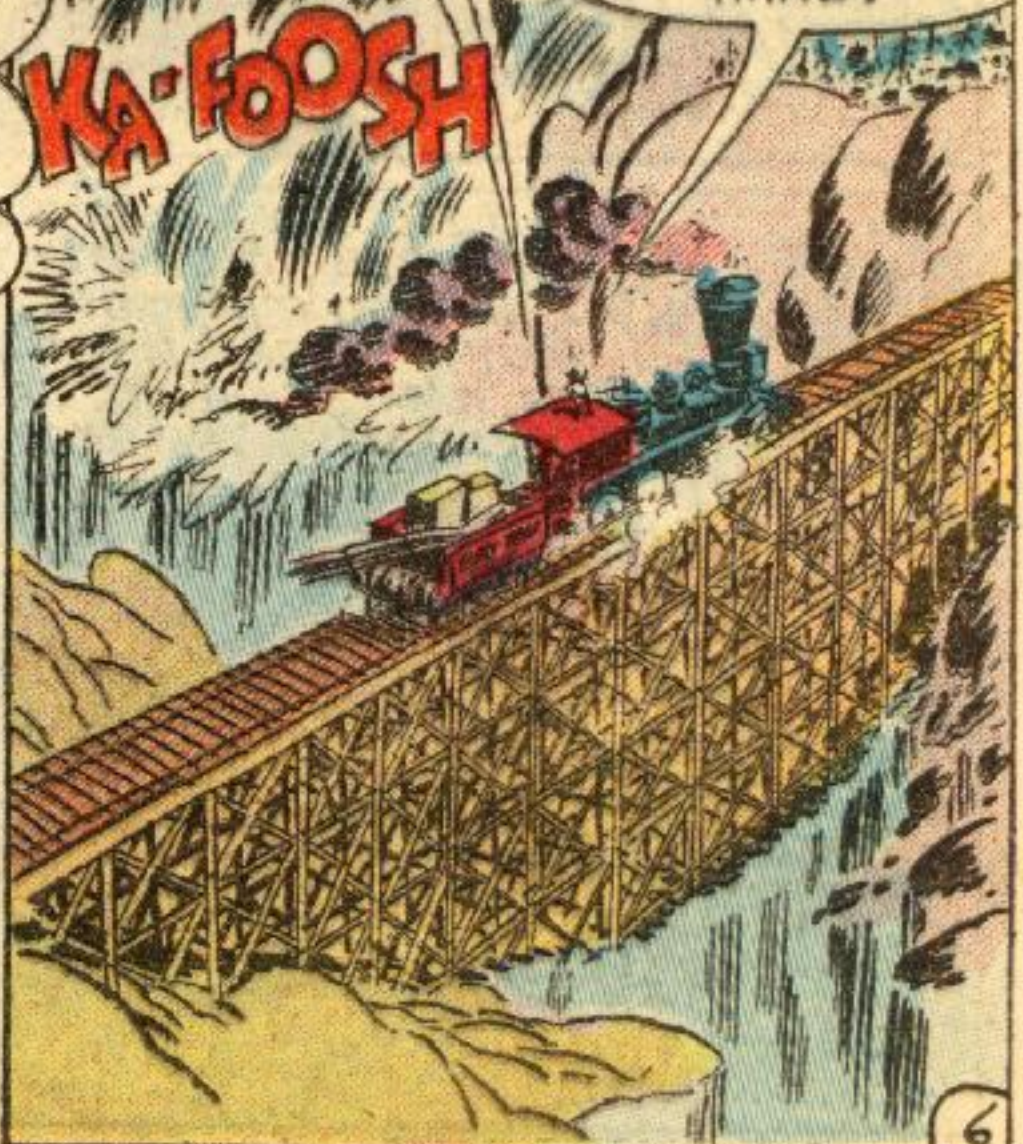
WISH I COULD OPEN HER FULL... BUT IF I DID, WE'D JUMP THE LOOSE RAIL FOR SURE!

ONCE THEY RELEASE THAT WATER, WE WON'T STAND A CHANCE!

AT THAT INSTANT...

OH, OH... THAR SHE BLOWS!

THAT MOUNTAIN OF WATER WILL BE ON US IN SECONDS! OPEN UP FULL THROTTLE, MIKE!



SCREEECH

KA-FOOSH

THE MIGHTY WHEELS OF THE ENGINE GRIND FORWARD--AND BREATH-TAKING SECONDS LATER...

CRASH

YAHOO! MADE IT BY A WHISKER!

RECKON SO... AND I GUESS **WILD BEAR** AND HIS BOYS ARE A MITE DISCOURAGED! THEY'RE MAKIN' OFF!

BUT WHEN ORDER HAS BEEN RESTORED, A CRISIS OF ANOTHER MATTER CROPS UP...

YUH TOLD US THE PAWNEE MADE PEACE-- THAT THEY WOULDN'T ATTACK, CODY! I NEVER DID TRUST BUCK-SKINS THAT POW-WOWED WITH INJUNS!

SIMMER DOWN, YARROWS...

IT'S MY HUNCH **YELLOW FEATHER** DIDN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT THIS RAID-- AND ACCUSIN' A MAN OF SIDIN' WITH HOSTILE INJUNS IS FIGHTIN' TALK!

OOF!



STILL, HOW CAN YUH BE **SURE** THE CHIEF DIDN'T SEND HIS SON DOWN HERE WITH THAT WAR PARTY, BILL?

'CAUSE THE CHIEF'S A MAN OF HIS WORD, BIG MIKE-- AND I AIM TO PROVE IT THE ONLY WAY I KNOW HOW... I'M HEADIN' FOR THE PAWNEE VILLAGE!

YOU'VE BLOWN YOUR GASKET, BILL! THOSE INJUNS WILL DO YUH IN FOR SURE!

IF I CAN PREVENT A FRONTIER UPRISIN', I'M GOIN' TO GIVE IT A TRY! IF I'M NOT BACK COME SUNUP, DON'T HOLD VITTLES FOR ME!



THAT EVENING, AS BUFFALO BILL SLIPS THROUGH THE DENSE FOREST, TOWARD THE PAWNEE VILLAGE... HMM...

WILD BEAR WITH SOME OF THE BRAVES WHO ATTACKED US TODAY! HE'S POSTIN' GUARDS-- SO IT LOOKS LIKE MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!

WILD BEAR IS MAKIN' PLUMB SURE I DON'T GET TO TELL THE CHIEF ABOUT THE ATTACK! YET-- I **MUST** SLIP PAST HIS SENTRIES, SOMEHOW...



ONCE AGAIN, BUFFALO BILL CALLS UPON ALL HIS BACKWOODS SAVVY TO OUTWIT THE INDIANS...

I'VE SET MY PISTOL TO HAIR-TRIGGER ACTION... A GOOD JAR WILL FIRE HER! NOW TO DISTRACT THOSE BRAVES AND HEAD FOR THE VILLAGE...



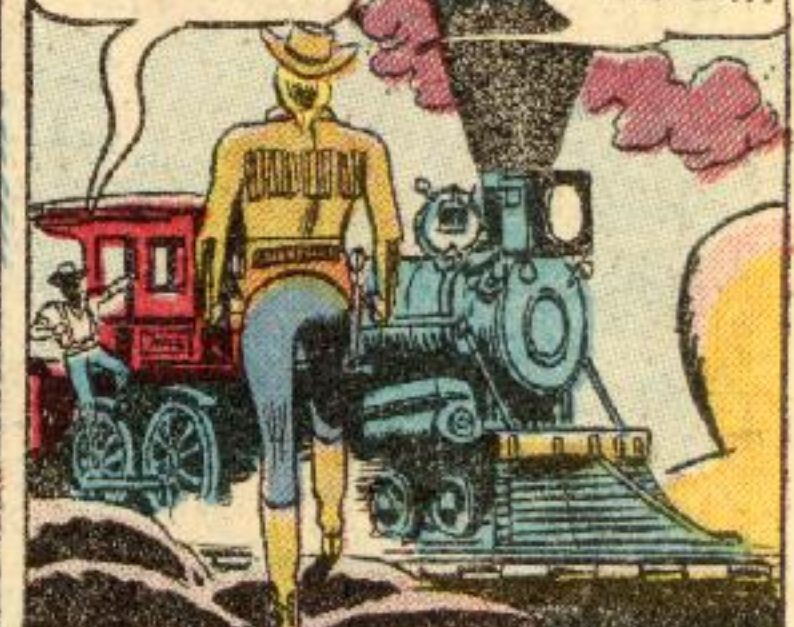
THE PALEFACE SHOOT'S OVER THERE! GET HIM!



THE TRICK WORKS--AND BACK AT THE TRESTLE, THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

YAHOO! YUH MADE IT, BILL! 'FRAID I GOT SOME BAD NEWS FOR YUH THOUGH...YARROWS AND 20 MEN QUIT THIS MORNING!

DOESN'T MAKE A PIECE OF DIFFERENCE, BIG MIKE...



BILL! INJUNS--SNEAKIN' UP FROM BEHIND! TAKE COVER!

REST EASY... IT'S ONLY YELLOW FEATHER, COME TO MAKE APOLOGIES FOR HIS SON'S ATTACK ON US!



WHEN THE DUMBFOUNDED CREW BOSS AND HIS MEN FINALLY ACCEPT THE TRUTH...

I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT... NOBODY BUT YOU COULD HAVE DONE THIS, BILL! TROUBLE IS, HOW CAN WE BUILD A RAILROAD WITHOUT A CREW?

PERK UP,

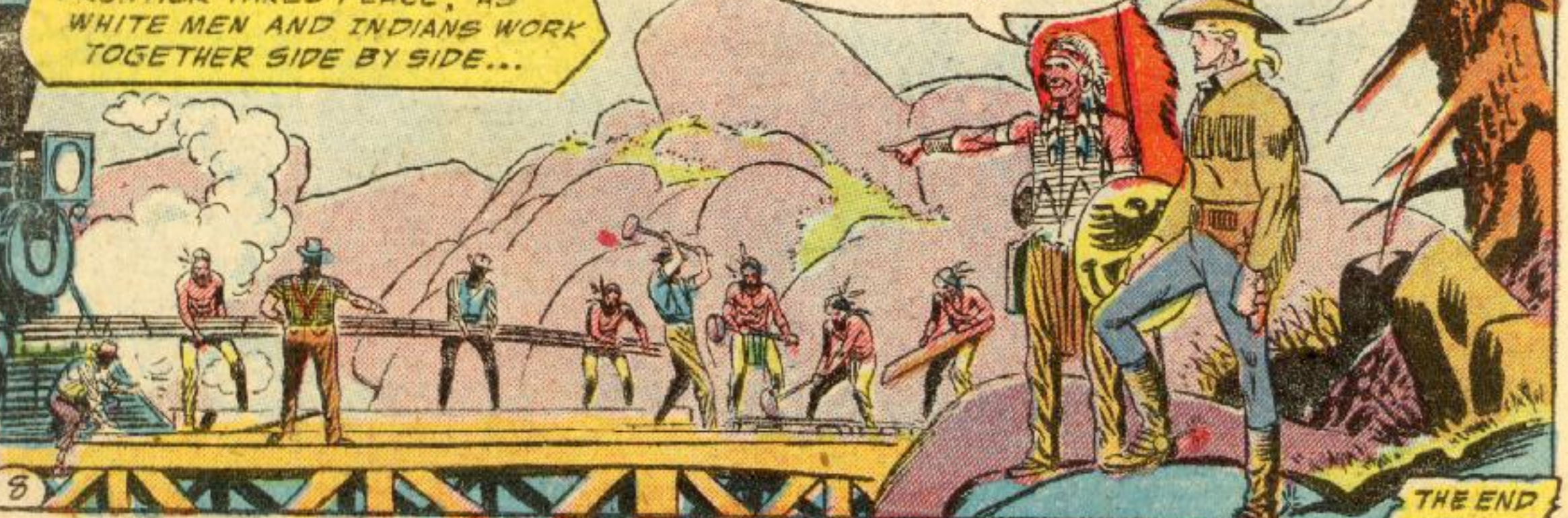
BIG MIKE-- THE CHIEF'S OFFERED TO HELP US OUT! HIS BRAVES WILL PITCH IN TILL ANOTHER CREW COMES TO RELIEVE US!



AND SO, AFTER THE TRESTLE HAS BEEN REBUILT, ONE OF THE STRANGEST SCENES EVER TO OCCUR ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER TAKES PLACE, AS WHITE MEN AND INDIANS WORK TOGETHER SIDE BY SIDE...

THERE IS STRENGTH IN THIS UNITY BETWEEN OUR TWO PEOPLES! WE HAVE PROVEN THAT WE CAN LIVE TOGETHER!

AND IN PEACE, CHIEF... THAT'S WHAT REALLY COUNTS!



THE END

⁶⁶ We Point with Pride to our **HALL of TROPHIES!** ⁹⁹

NATIONAL COMICS (SUPERMAN-DC)
is proud of the awards it has won for
MERIT and **PUBLIC SERVICE**



For Example
**WOMEN'S
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HONOR**

An award for
"CONSTRUCTIVE ADVANCEMENT
IN COMIC BOOKS"
by the Permanent Committee for the
Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency.

And of course
NATIONAL COMICS
(SUPERMAN-DC)

IS PROUD
OF THE
MAGAZINES
BEARING
THIS
FAMOUS
SYMBOL



In making this award, Mrs. Grace Harriman of the Exposition's Advisory Committee, stated:
"We are pleased to single out **National Comics**, and to commend them for their high editorial standards, for the educational content they inject into their magazines, and for the public service they perform regularly in cooperation with member organizations of the National Social Welfare Assembly."



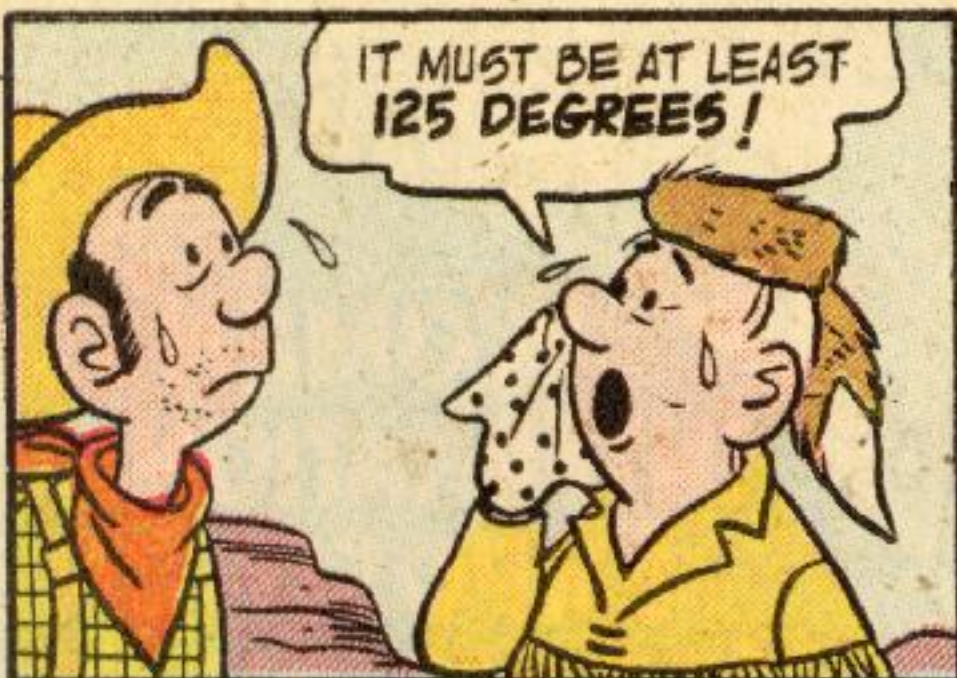
Magazines with **ACTION, ADVENTURE** and **HUMOR** in **GOOD TASTE!**

BUCK SKINNER

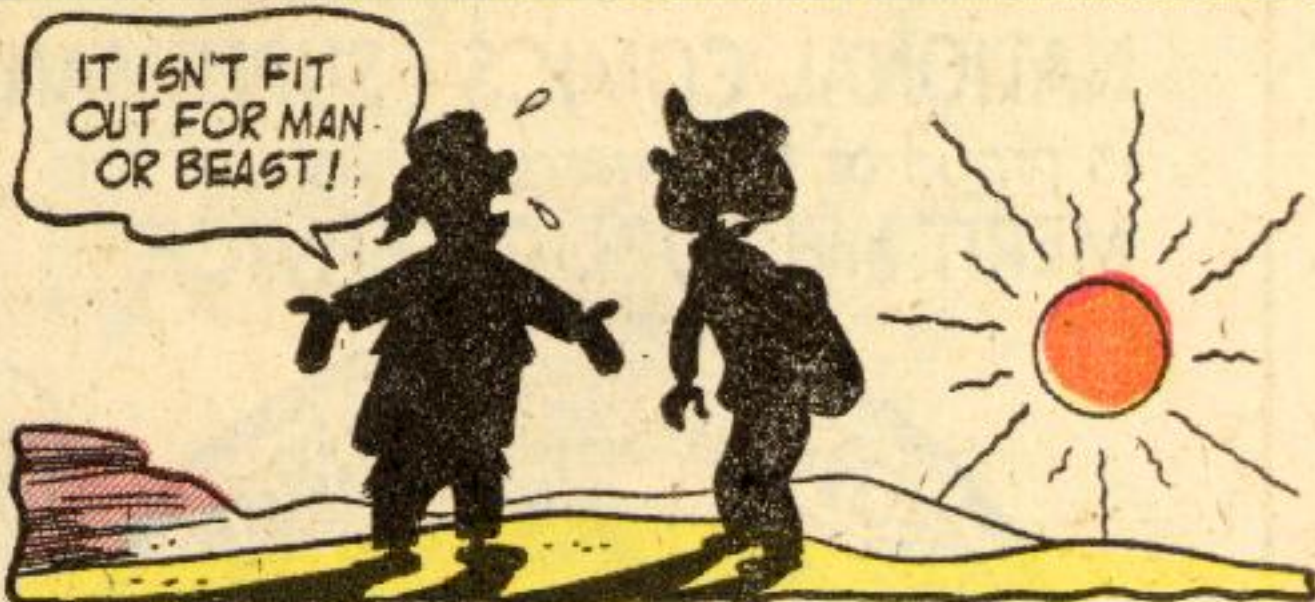
HARRY BOLTINOFF



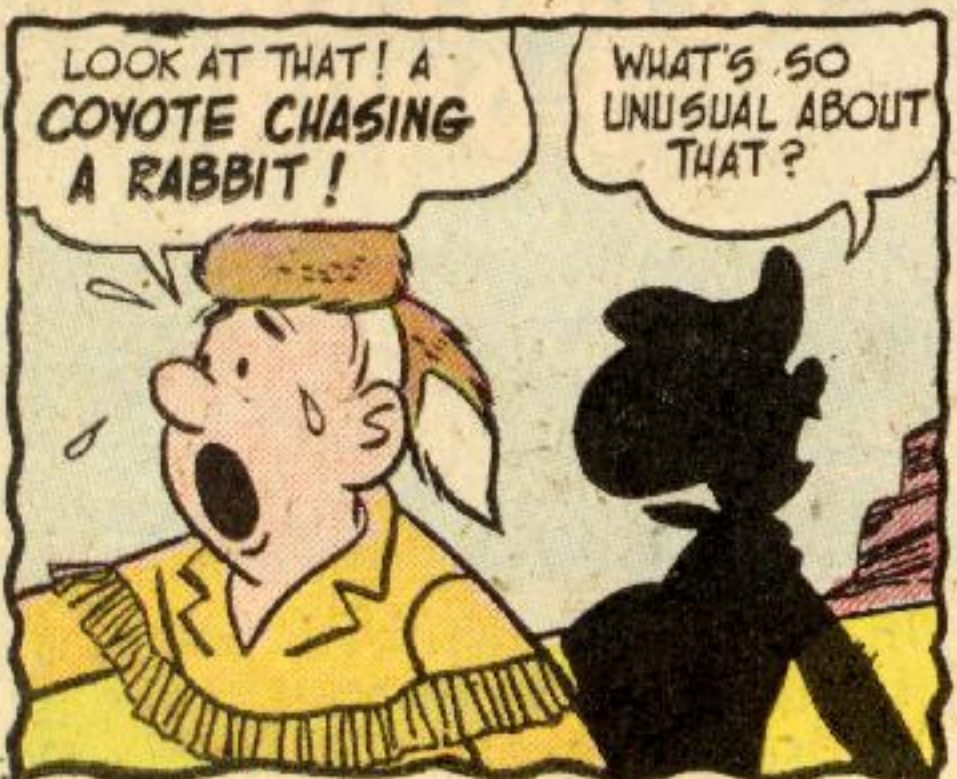
IT'S HOT HERE!



IT MUST BE AT LEAST 125 DEGREES!

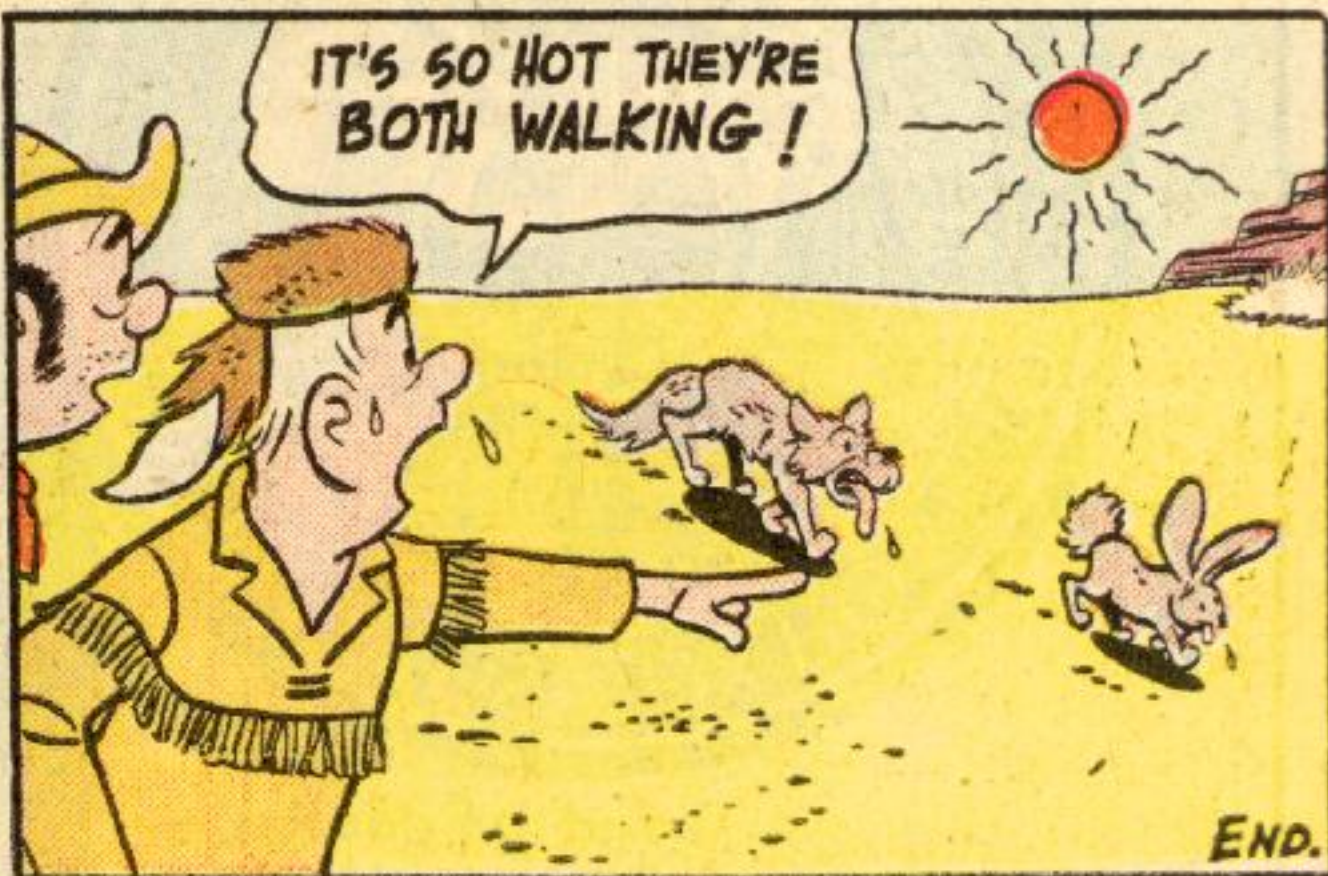


IT ISN'T FIT OUT FOR MAN OR BEAST!



LOOK AT THAT! A COYOTE CHASING A RABBIT!

WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL ABOUT THAT?



IT'S SO HOT THEY'RE BOTH WALKING!

END.

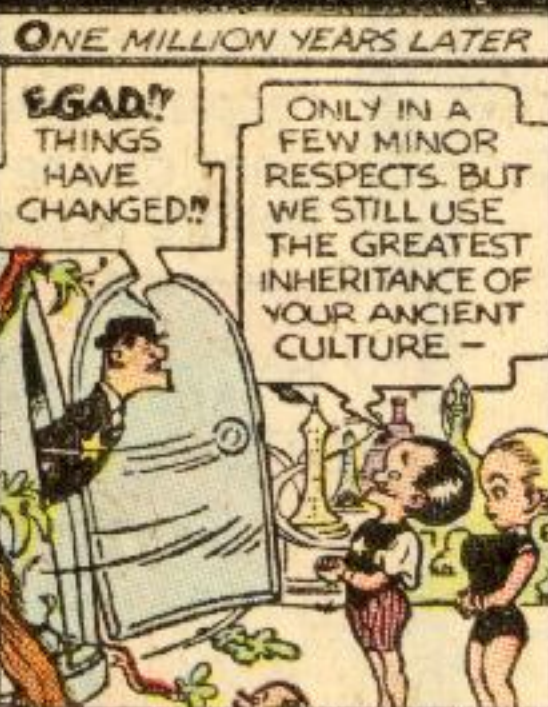
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FEARLESS FOSDICK® by Al Capp



CHUCKLE!! WE'VE GOT FOSDICK LOCKED IN THE TIME CAPSULE!!

HE CAN'T GET OUT FOR A MILLION YEARS!!



ONE MILLION YEARS LATER

EGAD!! THINGS HAVE CHANGED!!

ONLY IN A FEW MINOR RESPECTS. BUT WE STILL USE THE GREATEST INHERITANCE OF YOUR ANCIENT CULTURE -



NAMELY WILDROOT CREAM-OIL!! - NOTHING HAS EVER SURPASSED IT!! - KEEPS HAIR NEAT AND NATURAL!

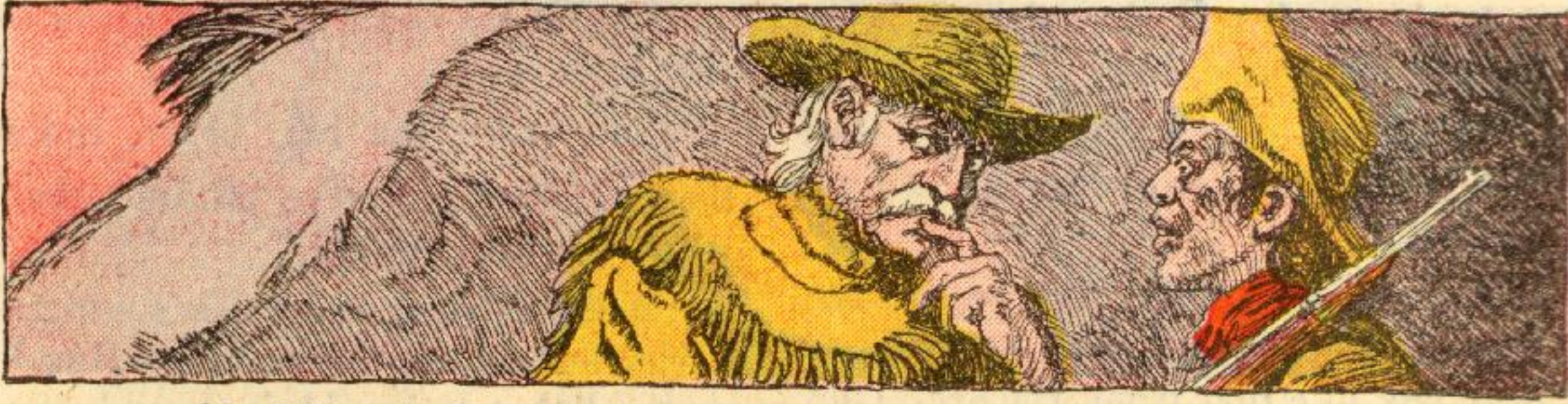
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR THE HAIR
NON-ALCOHOLIC
LANOLIN
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES
LOOSE DANDRUFF



YES!! - ALSO REMOVES SHEDDING-LOOSE DANDRUFF - CONTAINS NATURE'S SOOTHING LANOLIN!!
GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!!

BUT, THAT WOULD BE ILLEGAL!! MY NAME IS ETLRAHC!!

CAPTURED BY THE CROWS



He Was A Crack, Courageous Scout, But He Didn't Want To Make A Break For Freedom

THE younger man gripped his rifle hard as the sound of Crow Indian voices were heard. Seeking comfort, he looked up at the famous Indian fighter beside him. The latter placed a finger to his lips, signifying silence.

But, next moment, a lone Crow Indian spotted them, and before long, the whole band came riding down upon them. The younger man lifted his rifle to shoot, but the older man swept it aside.

"At best, we can only get a couple of 'em," he cautioned. "They'll capture us anyway—and it'll go a lot harder with us if we've killed any of them!"

Minutes later, the two men found themselves being led to the Crow camp, which was situated on high ground reached by a muddy dirt trail.

"Will they kill us?" asked the younger man.

"Not likely. If they wanted to do that, they'd've already done so. More probably, they'll turn us into slaves."

Oddly enough, the younger man felt more saddened by the thought of the great Indian scout, Tom Hacker, being turned into a slave than his own fate.

He had heard tales of Hacker's prowess and courage for years. To him, the very name Hacker stood for the pioneer spirit. And he'd counted it the luckiest day of his life when Hacker had asked him to join up forces and work with him as a team.

The partnership was now ended by a band of Crow warriors who were having great sport with their captives, prodding them with their coup sticks.

Young Jim felt his heart breaking as he saw Hacker grimly being buffeted on the back by a sneering Crow. Jim hardly felt the blows he himself received.

In camp, the two men were given the most menial tasks to perform. After the day's labors, they were forced to endure humiliating jokes and cruelties. One young warrior leaped upon Hacker's back, and "rode" him around as if he were a horse.

Hacker suffered the shame without wincing, and almost meekly. When another young Crow tried to harness Jim, the young man shot out his fist, sending the young warrior sprawling.

At once Jim was surrounded by a

group of howling Crows who administered a painful beating to the upstart.

In the small tent they shared, later, Hacker upbraided Jim.

"That was a fool thing to do, Jim! You're at their mercy. May as well get used to it!"

Jim's eyes flamed. "You're the last man in the world I ever expected to hear talk like that from, Hacker! They treat you like a dog, then a horse, and all you do is slink around, taking it!"

Hacker didn't answer his impulsive young friend. He looked sadly at him for a long moment, then turned over and went to sleep.

Next day, Jim cornered Hacker as the scout was bringing in a load of firewood from the nearby woods. The two men were temporarily out of earshot of any of the Crows.

"How long are we going to stay here, Hacker? The rest of our lives?"

"We'll make our escape, Jim—at the right time!"

At the campfire one evening, about a month later, the Crows put on a colorful celebration of one of their feast days. Their painted bodies gleaming, they danced, uttered hoarse shouts, and kept up the wild celebrating until exhaustion overcame them.

Even the scouts who guarded the camp at night were overtaken with weariness, and dozed off at their posts. Jim, aware that every last Crow was sound asleep, inched his way to Hacker's side.

"This is it, Hacker! Our big chance to get out of here!"

But Hacker didn't respond to the younger man's enthusiasm.

"We're not ready to pull an escape, Jim! We'd never make it!"

Jim felt his heart growing heavy inside him.

"So you're the big, brave Indian fighter! Huh! You're afraid—that's what you are! Afraid!"

Hacker flushed under Jim's stinging barbs, but said nothing. As for Jim, he realized that he couldn't possibly find his way back alone. Only an experienced trail-blazer like Hacker could do it—and Hacker had obviously turned chicken-hearted.

Weeks lengthened into months, and Hacker seemed to age perceptibly with every passing day.

Early winter came. The ground hardened as the nights turned blisteringly cold.

Then, suddenly, Hacker appeared at Jim's side.

"This is it, Jim!" he said, his eyes flashing.

They overcame their guards easily. Jim followed blindly as Hacker, with amazing cleverness, raced down one trail after another. Weeks later, they were among friends.

It was only then that a shamefaced Jim turned to his older partner. "What got into you all of a sudden, Hacker? And why didn't you tell me about your plans?"

Hacker smiled sympathetically. "Had to wait for early winter to escape, Jim. Had to wait for the ground to get hard enough so those Crows couldn't follow our trail. And the reason I didn't tell you about it is because quite a few of those Crows understood English. I didn't think they'd appreciate my plan one bit."

KIT CARSON

IN TIMES OF DANGER, FRONTIER FOLK SOUGHT SAFETY BEHIND THE STURDY WALLS OF GREAT FORTS! BUT HOW WERE THESE STOCKADES BUILT? WHAT DANGERS OF THE ELEMENTS, WHAT HOSTILE INDIANS DID THEY HAVE TO OVERCOME? HERE, KIT CARSON AND A SMALL COMPANY OF TROOPERS FIND THEMSELVES THE TARGET OF SUCH AN APACHE ATTACK AS THEY STRUGGLE TO BUILD A FORTRESS!

THE 10-DAY SIEGE OF FORT SANTA FE

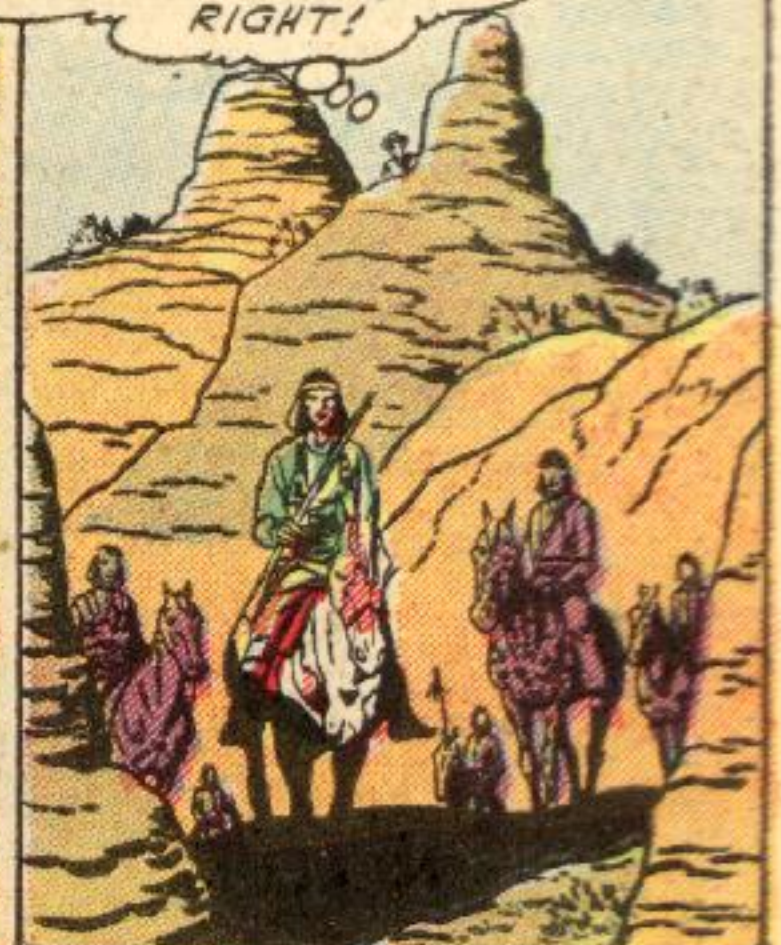


TO THE FAMED SCOUT, KITCARSON, THE ARRIVAL OF INDIAN MARAUDERS ON THE VAST NEW MEXICO PLAINS IS OMINOUS...

...ANOTHER TRIBE COMIN' FROM THE EAST...

THEY'RE JOININ' UP FOR A POW-WOW! SOMETHING BIG'S STIRRIN' ALL RIGHT!

APACHES STREAMIN' IN FROM THE WEST...

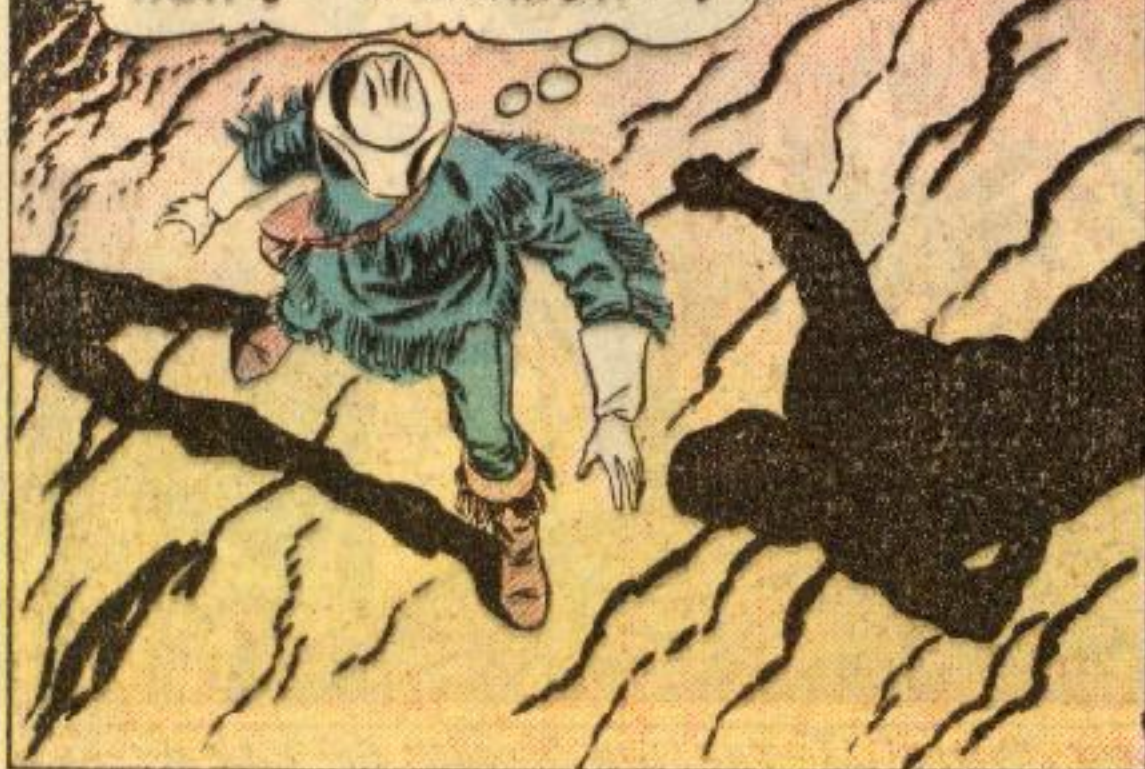


SCALING A PEAK, KIT REACHES A VANTAGE POINT
 OVERLOOKING EAGLE VALLEY WHERE AN
 AWESOME SIGHT UNFOLDS BEFORE
 HIS EYES...

HOWLIN' PRAIRIE DOGS! THEY'RE
 HOOKIN' UP WITH THE WHOLE APACHE
 NATION-- IT'S A WAR COUNCIL IF I
 EVER SAW ONE!



I'D BETTER GET WORD TO LT. FREMONT
 AND HIS WORK BRIGADE AT SANTA FE!
 MBBBE THAT NEW FORT SITE IS GOIN'
 TO DRAW THE APACHE WAR PARTIES--
 HUH? A SHADOW--!



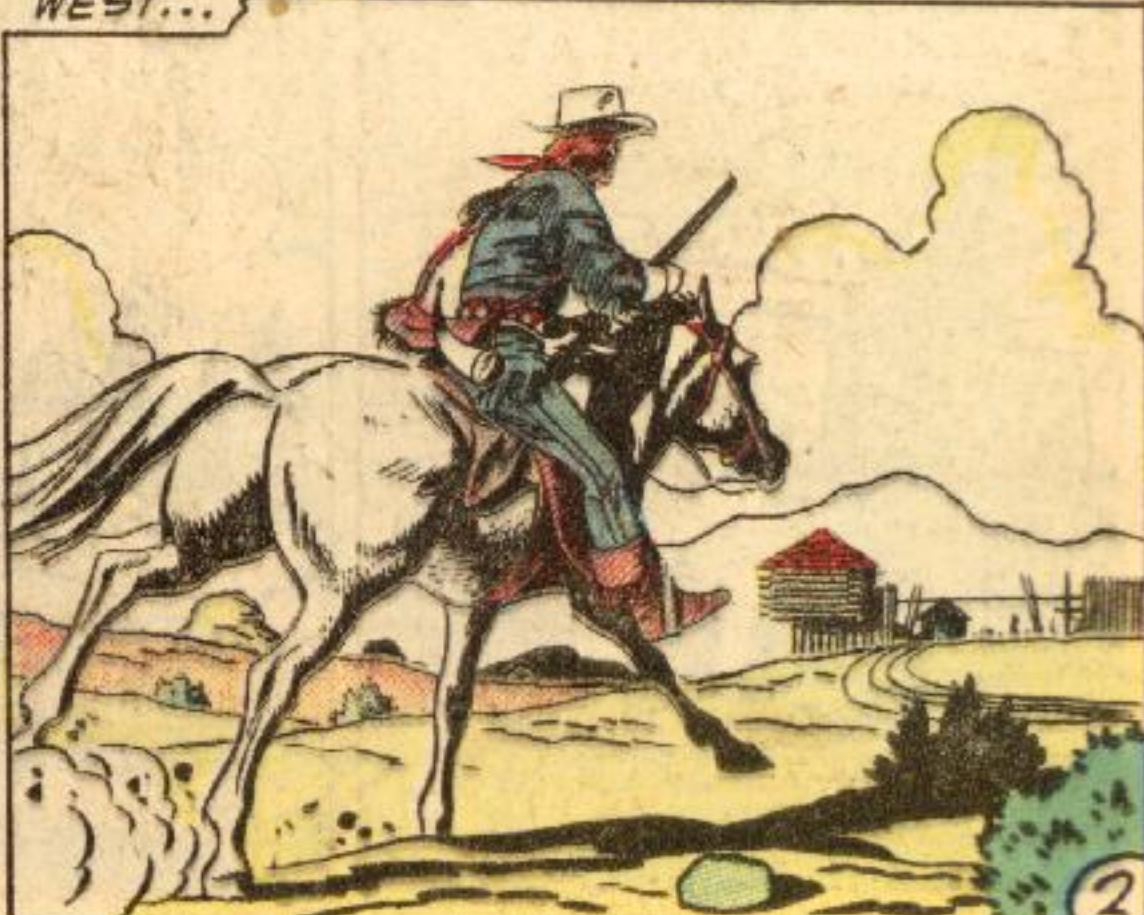
AN INJUN BUSHWACKER!



RECKON THIS WILL HIBERNATE YOU
 FOR A TIME! NOW TO MAKE
 TRACKS OUT OF HERE...



RIDING HARD FOR TWO DAYS AND TWO NIGHTS,
 HE FINALLY REACHES THE SITE OF WHAT IS TO
 BE SANTA FE, FURTHEMOST OUTPOST IN THE
 WEST...



AFTER KIT INFORMS HIS CLOSE FRIEND AND SUPERIOR, LT. JOHN FREMONT...

CONFOUND IT, KIT! WHEN DO YOU THINK THE APACHES WILL ATTACK?

IF THEY'RE AIMIN' AT US, THEY'LL STRIKE FASTER THAN A FEEDIN' TROUT TO A BAITED HOOK!

WE HAVEN'T THE FORCE OR SUPPLIES TO STAVE OFF A MASS ASSAULT! I'LL CALL ASSEMBLY AND ORDER WITHDRAWAL!

I DON'T RIGHTLY SEE ANY OTHER ANSWER, JOHN!



SOON... IT, MEN -- WE'LL BREAK CAMP ON THE DOUBLE AND MOVE OUT TONIGHT--

...SO THAT'S --I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO ALTER THOSE PLANS!

APACHE SMOKE SIGNALS! THEY SAY OUR TRAIL BACK'S BEEN CUT! WE'RE TRAPPED NEATER THAN A TREED BOBCAT!

AND IF A MESSENGER COULD SLIP THROUGH, IT'D TAKE TWO WEEKS FOR HELP TO REACH US!

A WAGON TRAIL IS DUE HERE IN 10 DAYS! IF WE CAN HOLD 'EM AT BAY TILL THEN, WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH GUNS TO DRIVE 'EM OFF!

TEN DAYS... 50 MEN AGAINST ALL THOSE INDIANS! MIGHTY STIFF ODDS, KIT-- BUT, BY THUNDER, WE'LL RIDE IT OUT!



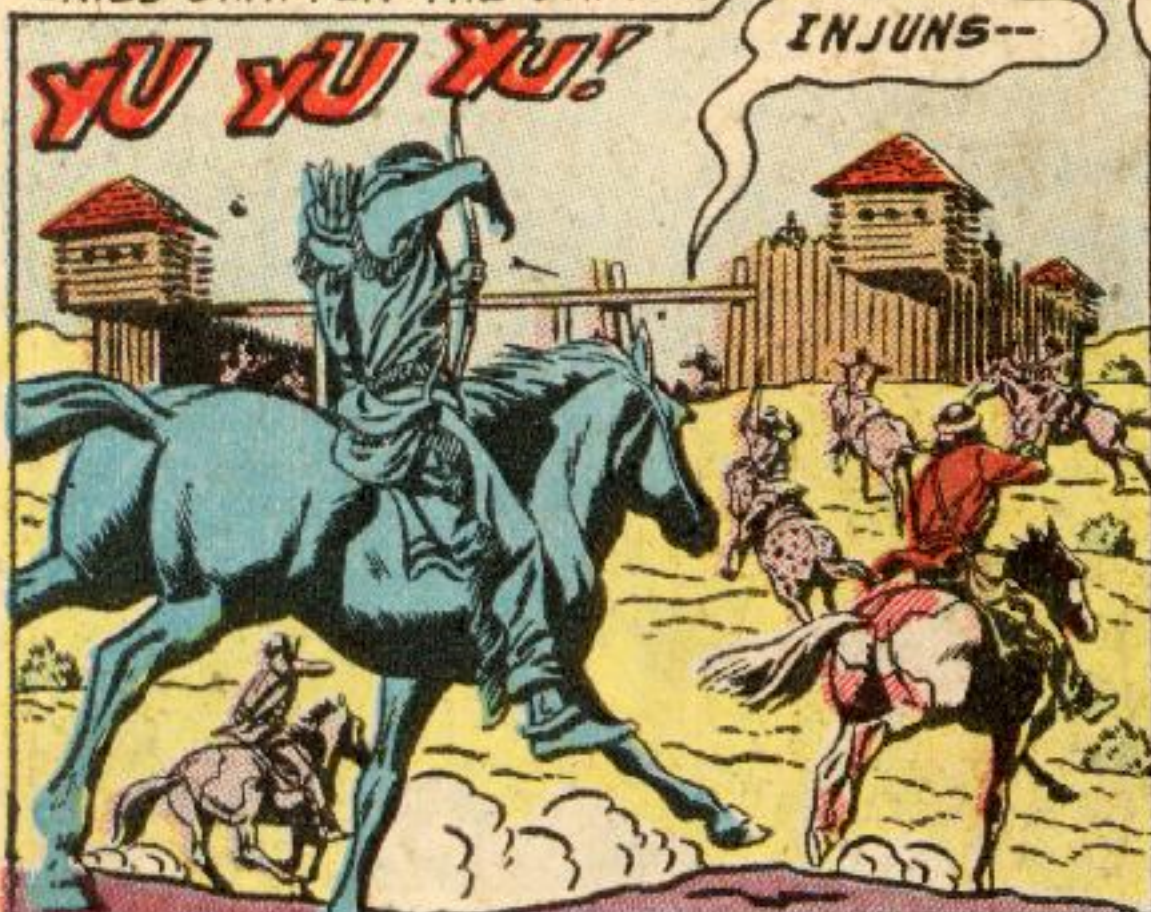
FOR THREE DAYS, AROUND THE CLOCK, THE MEN TOIL TO ERECT THEIR DEFENSES UNDER THE WATCHFUL ENEMY...

A-SITTIN' AND A-WATCHIN'--THAT'S ALL THOSE INDIANS HAVE BEEN DOING, KIT! WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?

MOST LIKELY VOTIN' A SUPREME CHIEF TO LEAD THEM INTO BATTLE, ONCE THAT'S ATTENDED TO, WE'LL HEAR THE SING OF APACHE ARROWS!



THE FAMED FRONTIER SCOUT'S WORDS RING TRUE! FOR ON THE FIFTH DAY, APACHE WAR CRIES SHATTER THE DAWN...



ORDER YOUR TROOPS TO BLOCK THE FORT OPENING WITH WAGONS!

LIEUTENANT! FORM A WAGON BARRICADE YONDER AT ONCE!



WHEN THE ORDER IS CARRIED OUT...

THAT STOPPED THE APACHES, KIT--THEIR HORSES CAN'T HURDLE OUR BARRICADE!

WE STOPPED 'EM NOW, BUT MEBBE NOT THE NEXT TIME. WE GOT TO KEEP WORKIN' TO FINISH THE FORT!



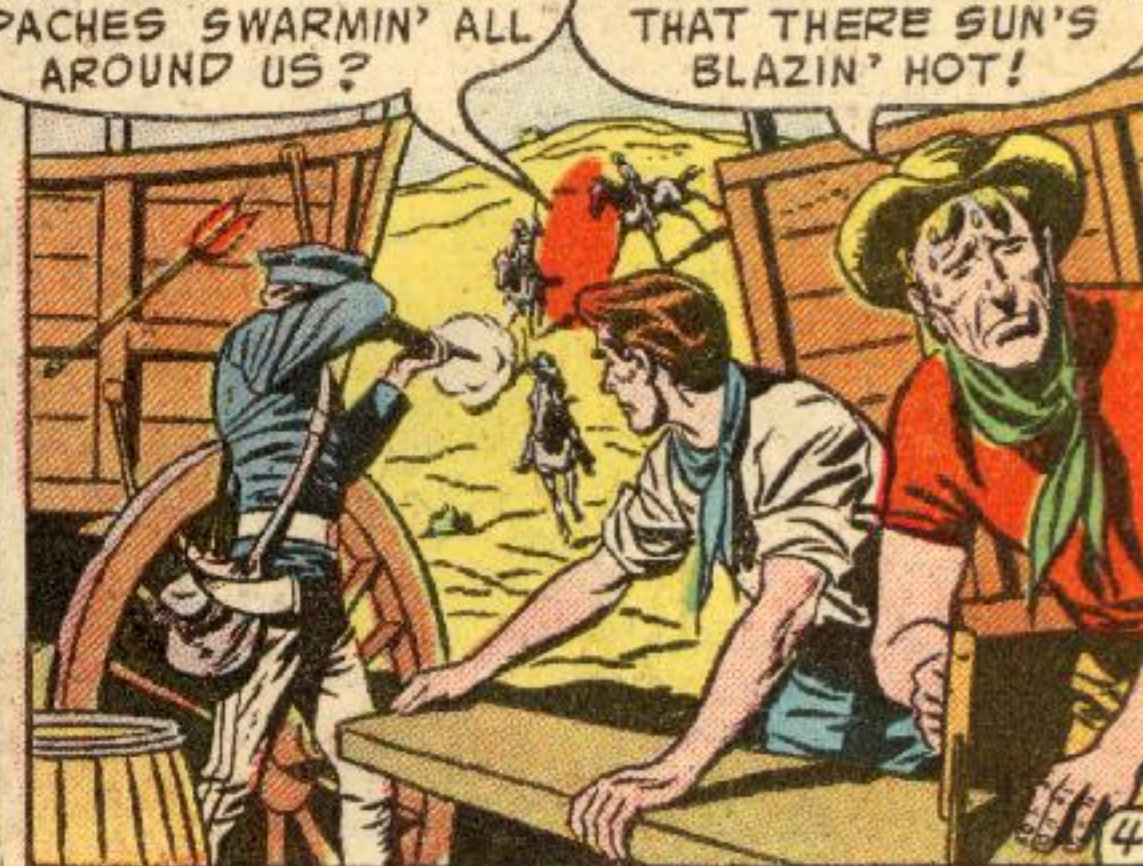
SIR, BAD NEWS! WE'VE LOST MOST OF OUR WATER SUPPLY!

CONFOUND--NOT MORE THAN A DAY'S RATION LEFT! THAT'S MIGHTY SERIOUS, KIT!

IN THE DAYS AHEAD, THE BRAVE LITTLE FORCE LABORS TO COMPLETE THEIR DEFENSES...

HOW'N THUNDER CAN WE WORK WITH CRAZY APACHES SWARMIN' ALL AROUND US?

I'D GIVE ANYTHING FOR A WHISKER OF WATER! THAT THERE SUN'S BLAZIN' HOT!



THE 8TH DAY OF SIEGE! SUPPLIES HAVE DWINDLED--MORALE WAVERS AS THE SITUATION BECOMES DESPERATE...

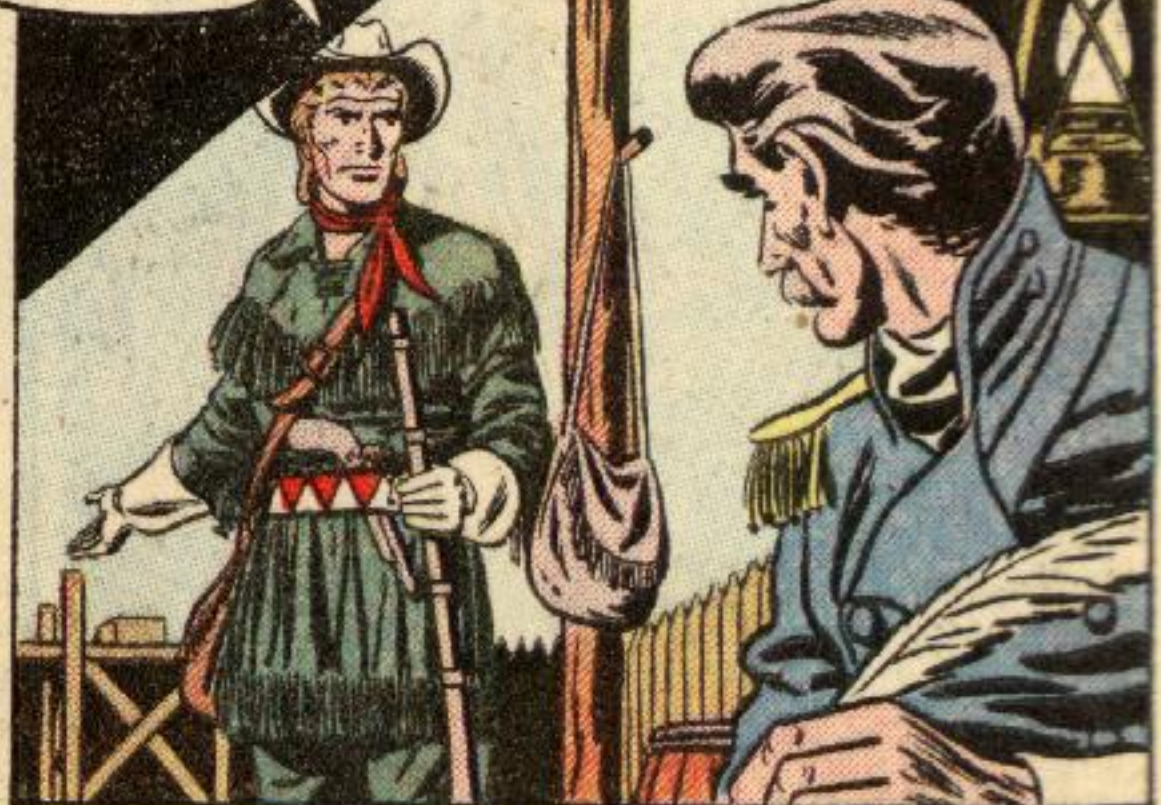
CAN'T ASK A MAN TO WORK IN THIS HEAT WITHOUT WATER, KIT! THINK WE CAN LAST UNTIL REINFORCEMENTS GET HERE IN TWO DAYS?

MEBBE... BUT I DO KNOW WE CAN'T WITHSTAND ANOTHER MASS ASSAULT IN OUR CONDITION!

FINALLY, ON THE 9TH DAY...

LET'S FACE UP TO IT! SOMEBODY'S GOT TO FETCH WATER--

BUT TOMORROW, THE CARAVAN IS DUE...



AND SUPPOSE IT'S DELAYED? IN ANOTHER 48 HOURS, THE HEAT WILL FINISH US ALL OFF!

BUT, KIT--THAT WATER HOLE IS GUARDED BY INDIANS! THERE ISN'T A CHANCE OF GETTING BACK HERE...

WHY SHOULD A MAN TREK 'WAY OUT TO THE BASIN WHEN THERE'S WATER A RIFLE SHOT FROM HERE-- IN THE APACHE'S OWN CAMP?

STEAL WATER FROM THE APACHES? NOW I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING, KIT--

THAT NIGHT, AS THE MOON SLIPS BEHIND A CLOUD, A FIGURE CRAWLS STEALTHILY FROM THE BESIEGED FORT--



INCHING TOWARDS A DRY BED, THE BUCKSKIN SCOUT ENCOUNTERS HIS FIRST DANGER...

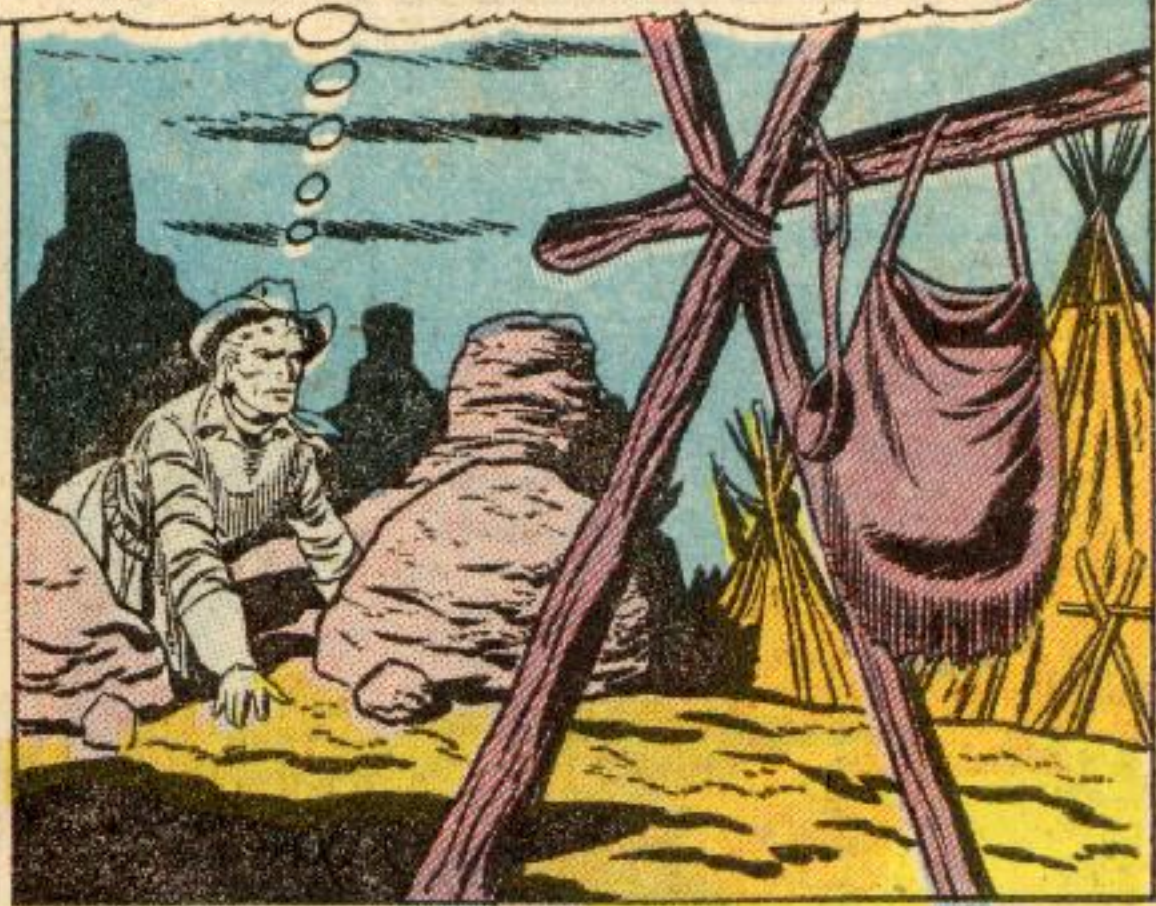


...AND CAREFULLY SKIRTS IT.

PROWLING WITH THE CAUTION OF A NIGHT-ANIMAL, KIT FINALLY REACHES THE APACHE SITE... WITH THOSE BRAVES POW-WOWIN' I'M LESS LIKELY TO BE NOTICED!



BUT I STILL GOT THIS BRIGHT PATCH TO CRAWL 'ROSS! A CHANCE LOOK BY ONE OF THOSE APACHES WOULD FIX ME FOR KEEPS!



FINALLY... ...MAY THE SPIRITS BE WITH ALL WARRIORS WHO RIDE AGAINST THE LONG KNIVES WHEN THE FIREBALL RISES!



JEHOSEPHAT! THEY AIM TO ATTACK THE FORT COME DAWN!

A WHOLE LAKE WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO DEAD SOLDIERS! IF ONLY I COULD STOP THESE APACHES--WHAT'S THAT HANGIN' ON THAT TREE LIMB?



HMM...THIS BUGLE GIVES ME AN IDEA! AND THE NOISE OF THE WAR DANCE SHOULD COVER MY MOVES!



NEXT MORNING, THE FINAL, 10TH DAY, AS THE SUN'S FIRST RAYS FINGER DOWN UPON THE PRAIRIE...

LONG KNIVES! FROM WHERE DOES IT COME?





THE SIEGE IS OVER!
I JUST SCARED THE
ENEMY CLEAR BACK
TO THE HILLS!

THEY MUST HAVE THOUGHT
YOU WERE REINFORCE-
MENTS! BUT, KIT--
HOW IN THUNDER DID
YOU CORRAL THOSE
PONIES?



WHEN I LEARNED THE APACHES WERE
GONNA ATTACK COME DAWN, I HAD ME
AN IDEA! I MADE MY WAY TO THEIR
HORSES...



"...BEDDED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT! THEN,
CAUTIOUS AS A HUNGERED MOUNTAIN CAT, I
SLIPPED UP TO A PAIR OF GUARDS..."



NOW DON'T GO
MAKIN' A MOVE
APACHE! IT'S
JUST LIABLE
TO MESS
UP MY
PLANS!

"AFTER I RENDERED THEM SENSELESS..."

NOW TO TRUSS 'EM UP SO'S THEY CAN'T
GIVE ANY ALARM! THEN, I'LL BORROW
THEIR MOUNTS!



THEN I SLIPPED OUT
OF CAMP AND WAITED
TILL DAWN! THAT'S
ALL THERE WAS TO
IT, LIEUTENANT!

MIGHTY 'CLEVER,
SCARIN' OFF THE
APACHES WITH THEIR
OWN PONIES! WE ALL
OWE OUR LIVES TO
YOU!

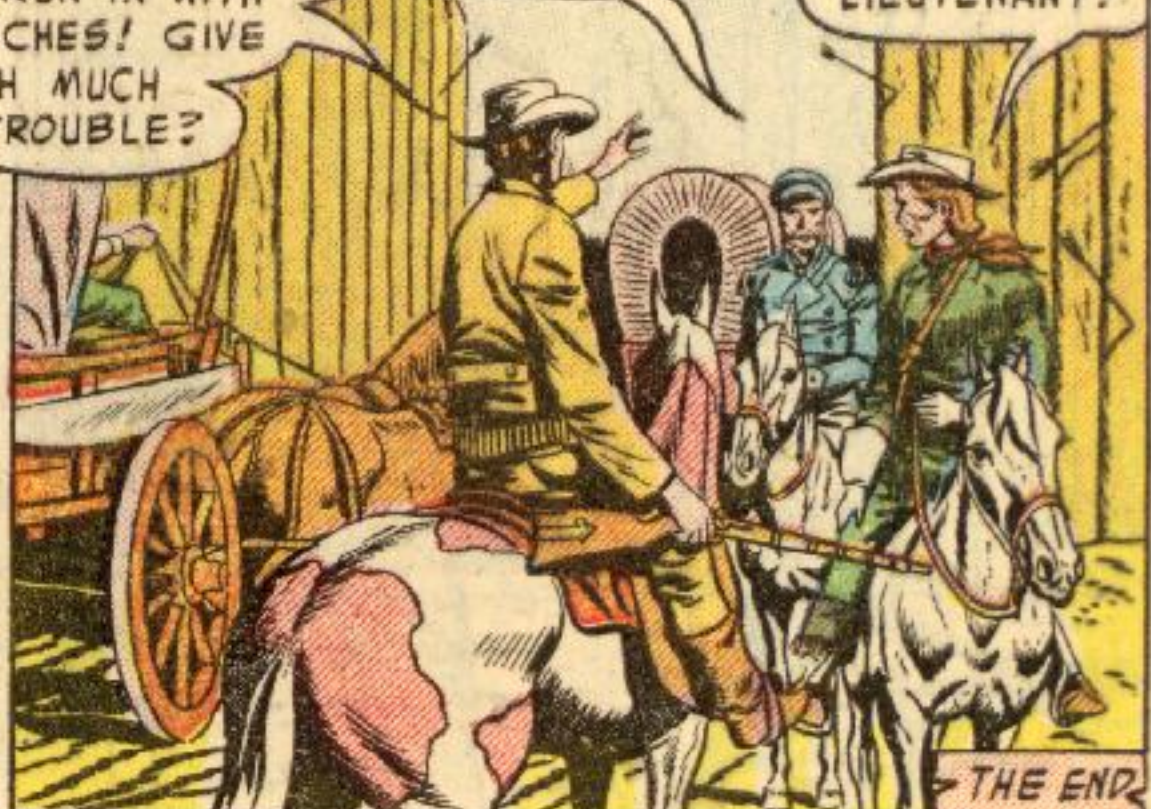


THUS, THE SIEGE ENDS AT FORT SANTA FE!
AND AS A WAGON TRAIN MOVES IN LATER
THAT DAY...

I SEE YUH HAD
A RUN IN WITH
APACHES! GIVE
YUH MUCH
TROUBLE?

NOTHING WE COULDN'T
HANDLE, EH, KIT?

RIGHT AS
RAIN,
LIEUTENANT!



THE END



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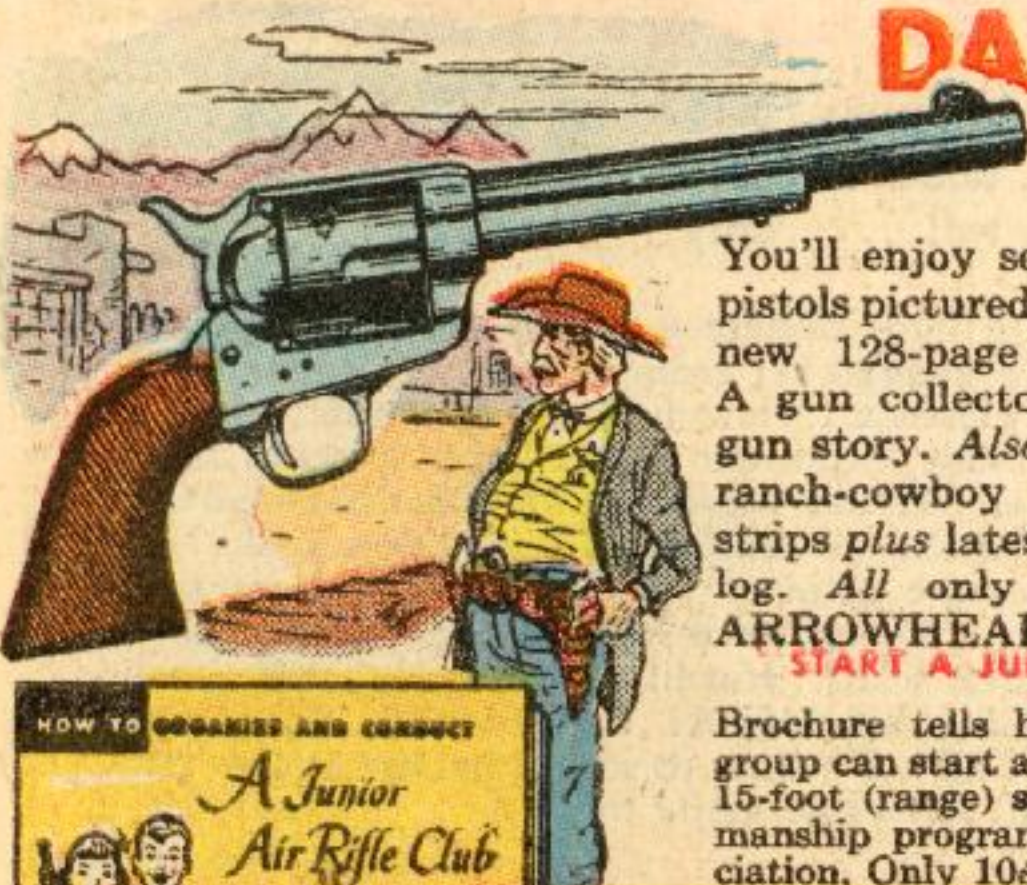
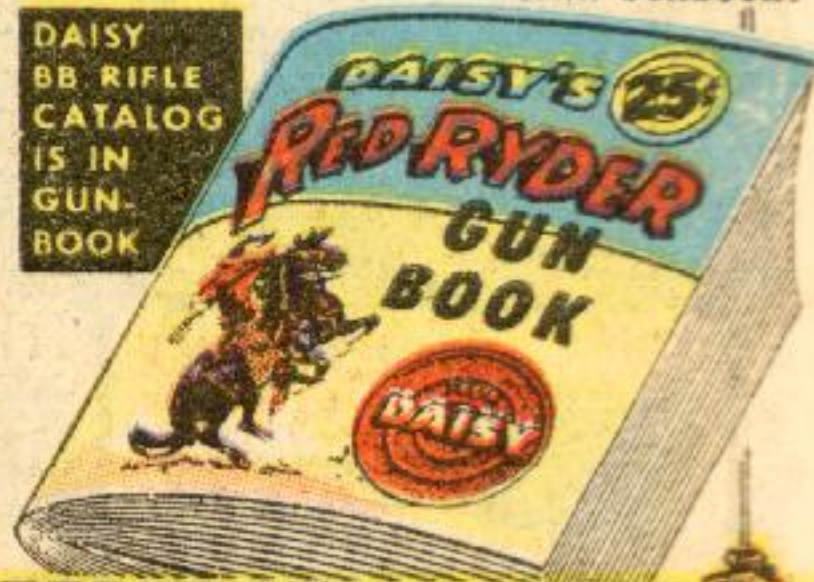
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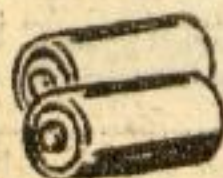
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