

ALL NEW STORIES

MAR. - APR. NO. 4



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AUTHORITY

# FRONTIER FIGHTERS

*Featuring*

# DAVY CROCKETT

THE GREAT  
DAVY CROCKETT  
IS DEAD,  
O CHIEFS --  
DROWNED IN THE  
RIVER BELOW! HE  
WILL BOTHER US  
NO LONGER!

*Also:*  
KIT CARSON  
BUFFALO BILL







# DAVY CROCKETT

DEEP INTO INDIAN COUNTRY WENT DAVY CROCKETT TO PREVENT BRITISH CUNNING FROM TURNING THE CHOCTAW NATION AGAINST THEIR FRIENDS, THE AMERICANS! BUT DAVY'S ASSIGNMENT COULD NOT BE SUCCESSFUL UNLESS HE RETURNED TO HEADQUARTERS WITH THE VALUABLE AND MUCH-PRIZED--

## WAR STICK OF CHIEF FIGHTING ELK



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ON A LONE, PERILOUS MISSION, DAVY CROCKETT RIDES A RIVER RAFT DOWNSTREAM...



THIS WAY OF TRAVELLIN' SURE BEATS WALKIN'--AND IT'LL TAKE ME INTO CHOCTAW COUNTRY BY THIS VERY AFTERNOON! I HOPE I'M NOT LATE!



"GENERAL JACKSON HIMSELF TOLD ME TO HURRY WHEN HE GAVE ME THIS JOB TO DO..."



CROCKETT, I WANT YOU TO GET THE CHOCTAWS TO JOIN US IN THE WAR AGAINST THE BRITISH! POINT OUT TO **CHIEF FIGHTING ELK** THAT IF WE ARE DEFEATED, ALL OF US WILL LOSE OUR INDEPENDENCE-- FIRST US, THEN THE INDIANS!

YOUR CLOSE FRIENDSHIP WITH **BRIGHT FOX**, THE CHIEF'S SON, SHOULD BE OF HELP, DAVY! THE BRITISH WILL TRY TO GET THE CHIEF OVER ON **THEIR** SIDE!



...SO IT'S A RACE BETWEEN ME AND THE REDCOATS TO WIN OVER THE CHOCTAWS! BUT I START WITH A BIG ADVANTAGE-- THE TRIBE'S ALWAYS BEEN FRIENDLY TO US



SUDDENLY...

WHAT IN TUNKET--? A **CHOCTAW** ARROW!??



WHIRLING, THE DOUGHTY BACKWOODSMAN VIEWS...

CHOCTAW BRAVES-- IN WAR PAINT! A DOZEN OF 'EM-- COMIN' AT ME!!

**AI-EEEE!** KILL THE BEAR-FIGHTER!





AS THE WARRIORS THROW THEMSELVES AT THE LONE RAFTSMAN...

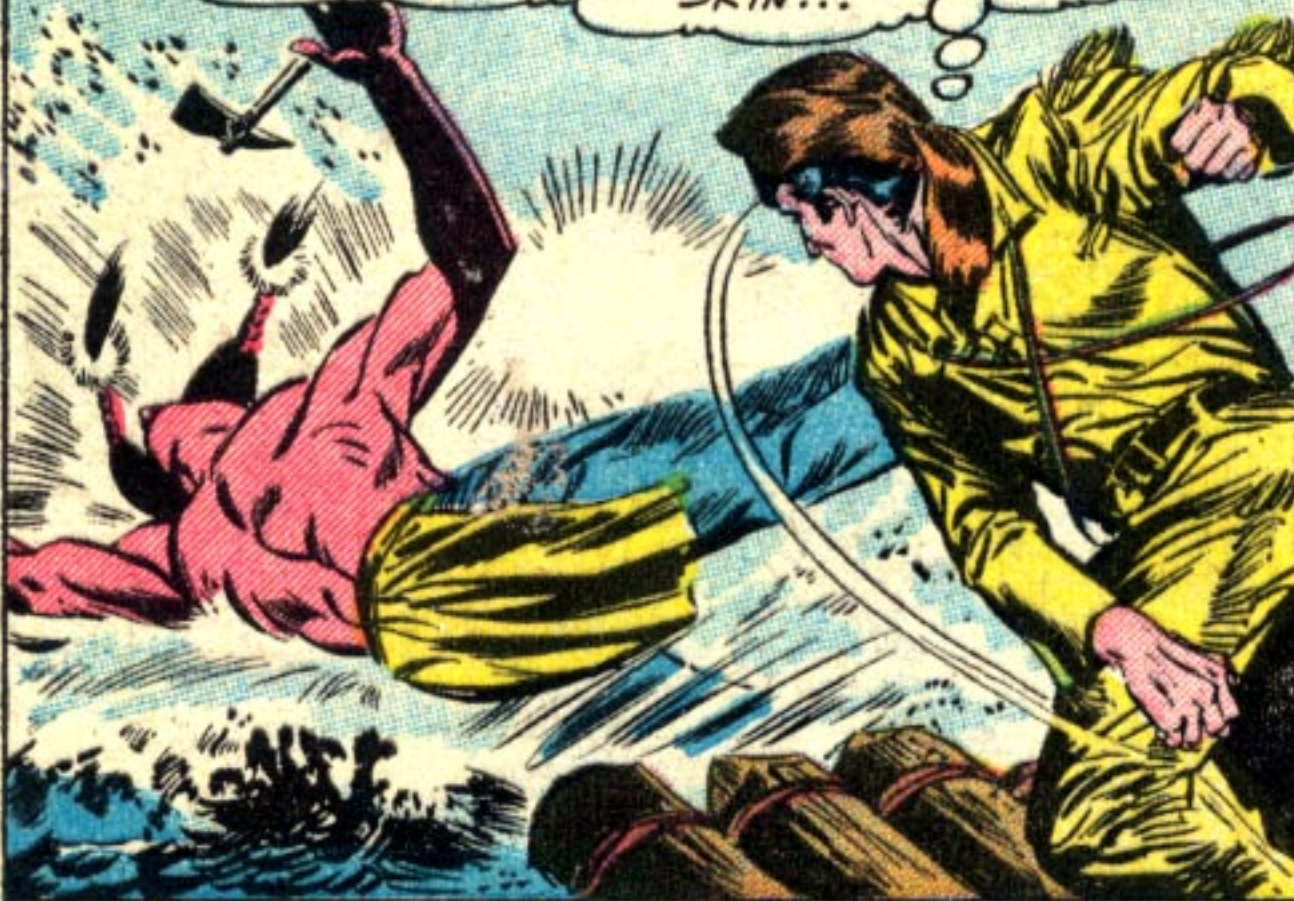
DON'T KNOW **WHY** THE CHOCTAWS SHOULD TREAT ME LIKE AN ENEMY-- BUT THIS IS NO TIME TO PALAVER!



CAN'T USE MY RIFLE--THEY'RE TOO CLOSE! I'LL HAVE TO FIGHT THEM OFF WITH MY BARE HANDS...



CAN'T KEEP THIS UP--THERE ARE TOO MANY OF 'EM... SO, IF I WANT TO KEEP A WHOLE SKIN...



...I'LL HAVE TO TRY A LITTLE TRICK!



AS THE FRONTIERSMAN DIS-APPEARS BENEATH THE WATER...

I HAVE KILLED THE MIGHTY **BEAR-FIGHTER!**

WAIT! THE **BEAR-FIGHTER** IS CUNNING AS A TIMBER WOLF! PERHAPS HE FOOLS US...



LOOK! AIR BUBBLES FROM BELOW! HE **DID** TRICK US-- HE LIVES!



MEANWHILE, BELOW...

I RECKON I'D BETTER ACCOUNT FOR THE AIR THAT ESCAPED FROM MY MOUTH OR THEY'LL SUSPECT! HM, THIS FROG...

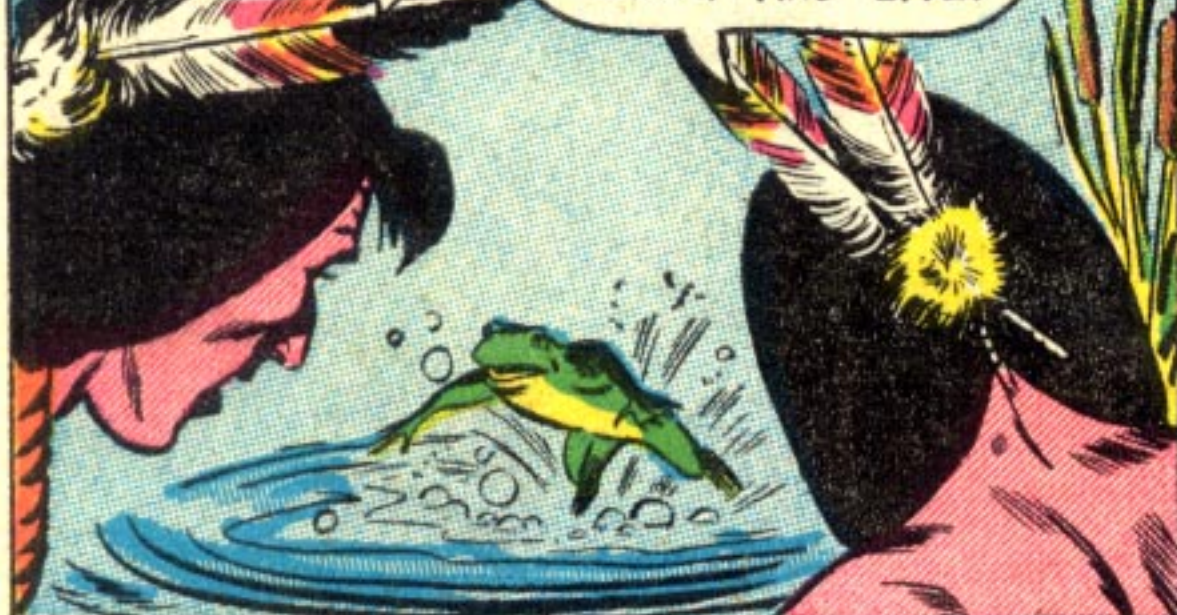




SEIZING A FROG, DAVY HURLS IT...

A BIG WEB-FOOT--  
**THAT** IS WHERE  
THE AIR CAME  
FROM!

CROCKETT IS  
INDEED DEAD--NO  
HUMAN COULD STAY  
UNDER WATER SO  
LONG AND LIVE!



AS THE INDIANS PADDLE AWAY...

BACK TO  
CAMP!

WE MUST TELL **FIGHTING ELK**  
OF THIS GREAT VICTORY!



ALONE AGAIN, THE UNCANNY BACKWOODSMAN  
SWIMS ASHORE...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND  
WHY THE CHOCTAWS SHOULD BE OUT  
TO KILL ME! SOMETHING MUST HAVE  
HAPPENED TO AROUSE THEIR WAR  
SPIRIT--SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW  
ABOUT! BUT I MUST FIND OUT...



LATER, IN THE CHOCTAW VILLAGE...

THE **BEAR-FIGHTER** HAS  
PERISHED, O CHIEF! MY EYE  
DID NOT FAIL AND MY GUN  
WAS TRUE!



**BEAR-  
FIGHTER!?**

SHH... **BRIGHT FOX!**  
I CANNOT BELIEVE  
**YOU** ARE MY ENEMY  
AND I HAVE TO MAKE  
WORDS WITH YOU!

WHEN THE TWO HAVE WITH-  
DRAWN SOME DISTANCE...

NO, I AM  
NOT YOUR  
ENEMY, BEAR  
FIGHTER--NO  
MATTER WHAT  
HAS HAPPENED!  
BUT YOU ARE IN  
GREAT DANGER  
HERE!

I DO NOT FEAR  
DANGER...BUT  
YOU SPEAK OF  
SOMETHING  
THAT HAS  
HAPPENED--  
SPEAK FURTHER,  
MY FRIEND!  
WHAT WAS  
IT?

THIS MORNING, THE  
CHICKASAWS HAD A VILLAGE,  
**BEAR-FIGHTER!**  
NOW THEY HAVE NONE!  
IT WAS BURNED TO THE  
GROUND BY RAIDERS...





"THERE WERE THREE RAIDERS, AND THEY WERE SEEN AS THEY FLED..."

SEE! THERE THEY GO--MEN FROM THE AMERICAN ARMY! THEY SET THE FIRE THAT DESTROYS OUR HOMES!

"THE HOMELESS CHICKASAWS CAME HERE AND WE TOOK THEM IN..."

THAT IS WHY MY FATHER HAS SWORN REVENGE AGAINST YOUR COUNTRYMEN!

BUT IT CAN'T BE--ESPECIALLY AT A TIME LIKE THIS WHEN GENERAL JACKSON HOPES TO WIN THE FRIENDSHIP OF **ALL** INDIANS!

I **DON'T** BELIEVE IT--AND WHAT'S MORE I'M GOING TO **PROVE** WHAT I SAY--**SOMEHOW!**

YOU WILL HAVE TO ACT SWIFTLY O **BEAR-FIGHTER!** LOOK!

ALREADY MY FATHER AGREES TO AN ALLIANCE WITH YOUR ENEMIES, THE BRITISH!

...AND AS A SYMBOL OF OUR AGREEMENT...

...TAKE MY **WAR STICK!** WHEREVER YOU GO IN THIS VALLEY, ALL INDIANS WILL RALLY TO YOU AS LONG AS YOU CARRY IT!

YOU AND I, WE WILL DESTROY GENERAL JACKSON AND HIS MEN, O CHIEF!

THAT **WAR STICK** IS WORTH A REGIMENT OF SOLDIERS TO THE BRITISH! I MUST FOLLOW THAT RED-COAT AND GET HOLD OF THE STICK!





HE'S HEADING NORTH!  
BUT WAIT--! THOSE  
**BOOTS** OF HIS!



THAT FIRE THIS MORNING...  
AND HIS BOOT LOOKS LIKE  
IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN  
SEARED BY FIRE!



**DAVY** TAKES UP THE TRAIL...  
HIS HORSE CAN SURE COVER  
GROUND! HE'S FASTER THAN  
I AM, BUT I'LL BET CORN TO  
CABBAGE I CAN **OUTLAST**  
HIM!



NOT LONG AFTERWARD, DEEP IN THE FOREST...

HE DIDN'T GO AS FAR AS I FIGGERED...  
JUST TO MEET THE REDCOATS  
WAITING FOR HIM!

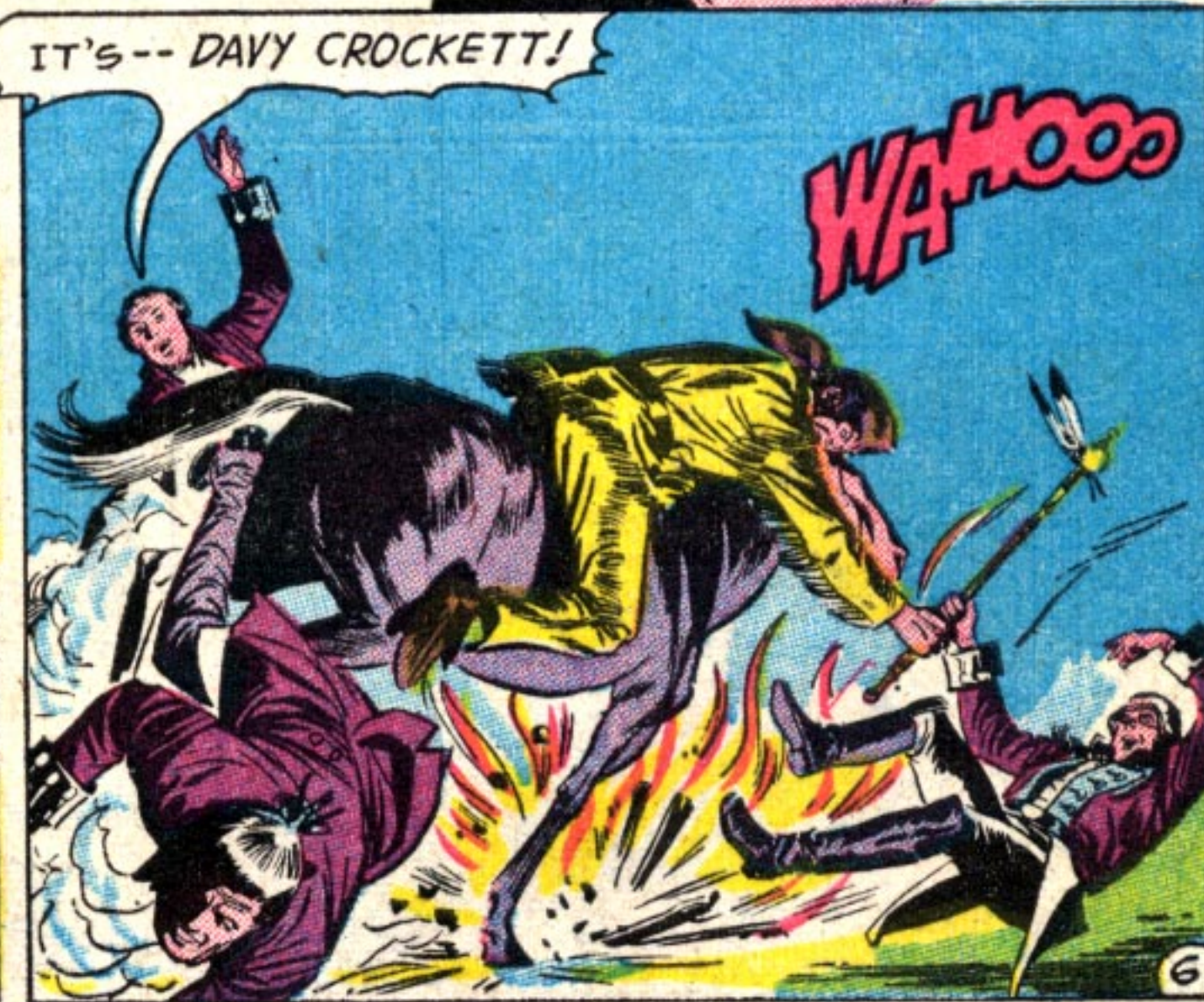


HMM! TWO REDCOATS... AND THERE  
WERE THREE RAIDERS AT THE  
CHICKASAW VILLAGE!?! THIS  
**COULD** BE ADDING UP TO  
SOMETHING...



WITH  
THIS **WAR**  
**STICK**,  
WE  
CANNOT  
BE  
BEATEN!

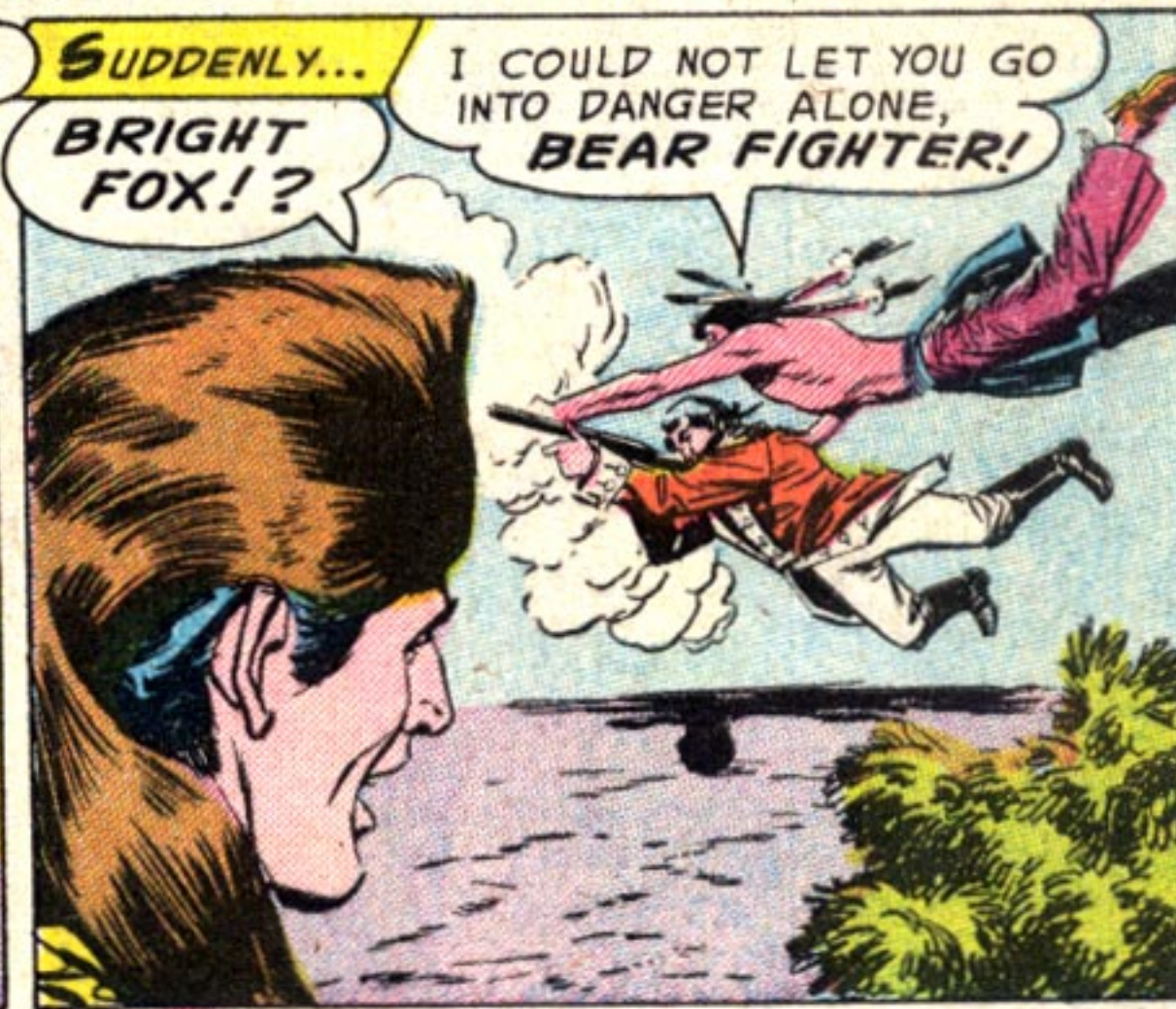
I'LL JUST BORROW THIS  
HORSE... AND SEE IF I  
CAN'T MAKE THIS  
GATHERING A  
**SURPRISE**  
**PARTY!**



IT'S-- **DAVY CROCKETT!**

**WAHOOO**

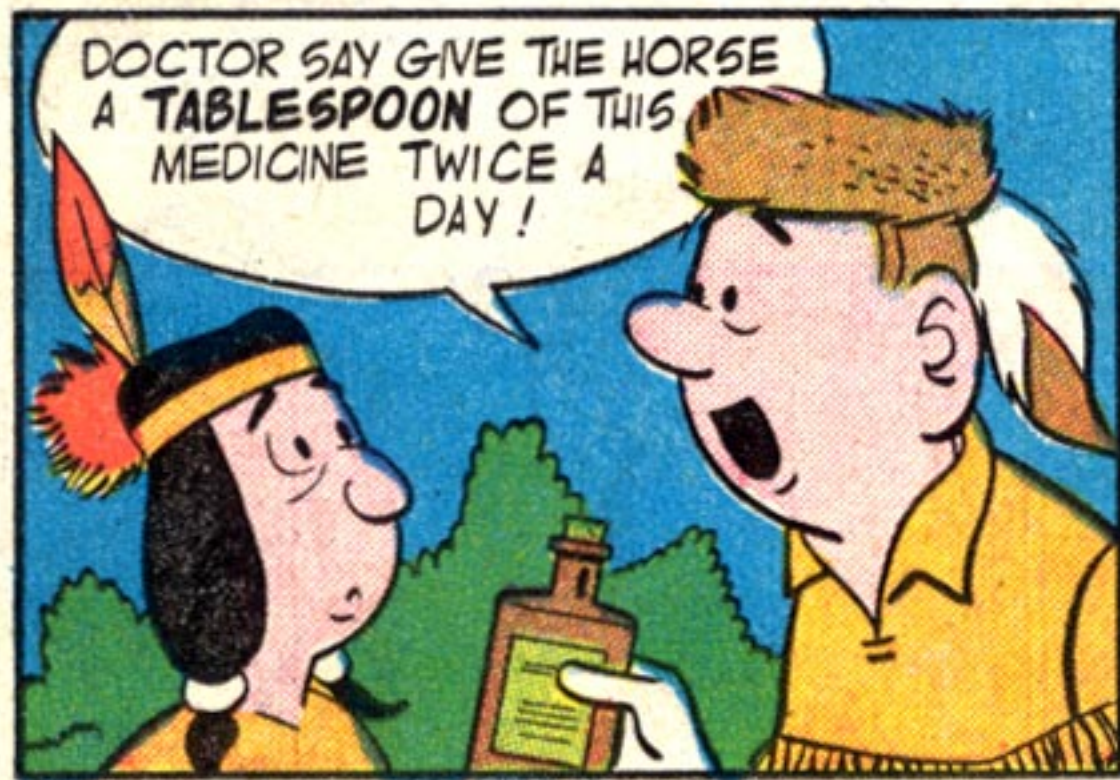
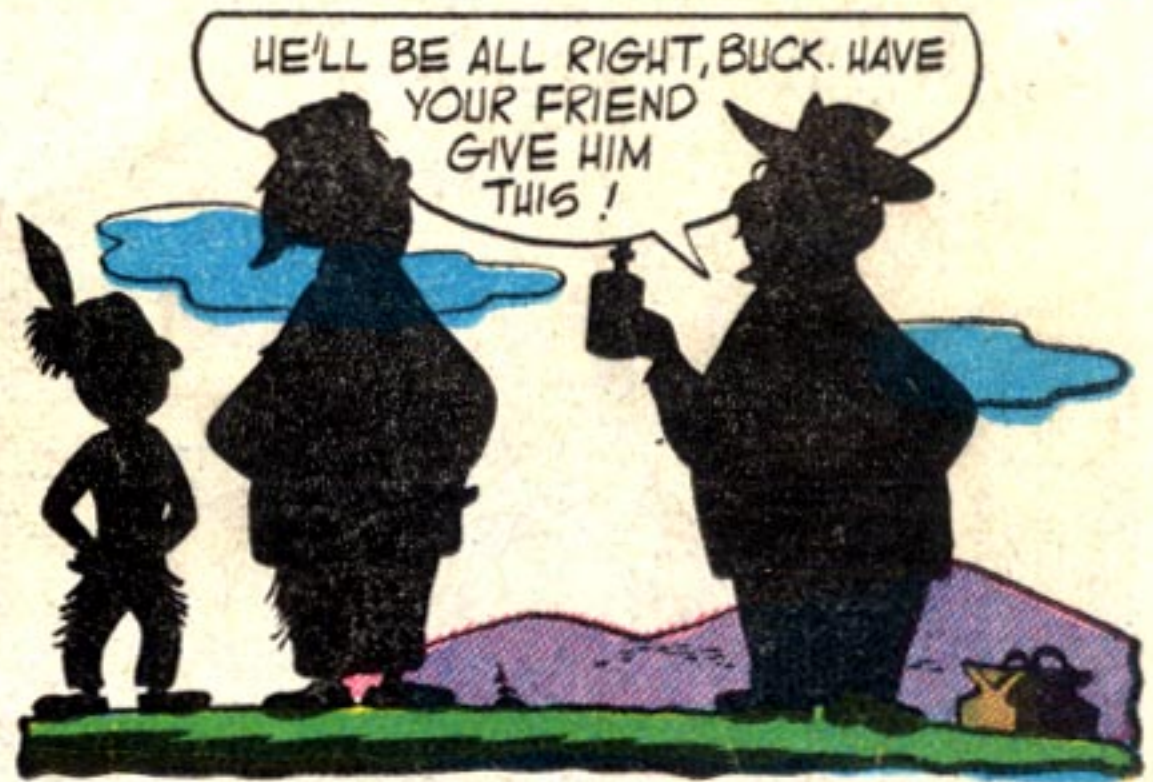
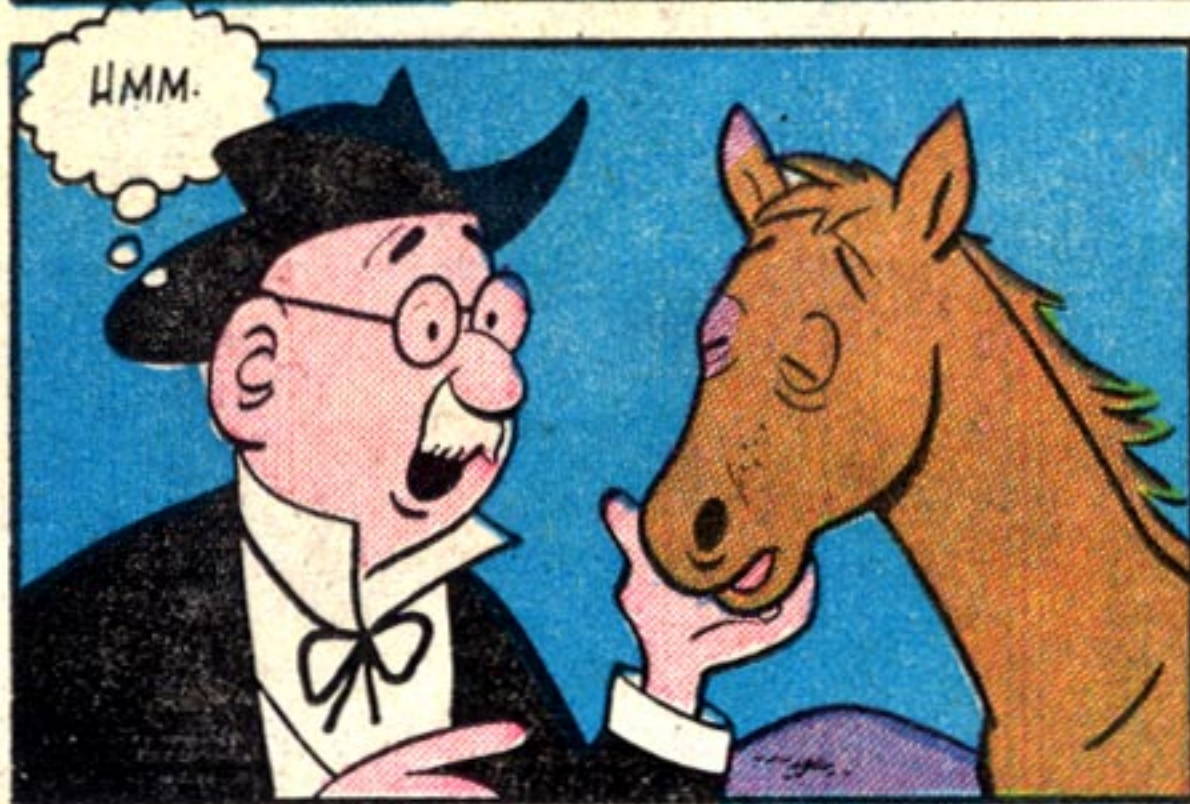
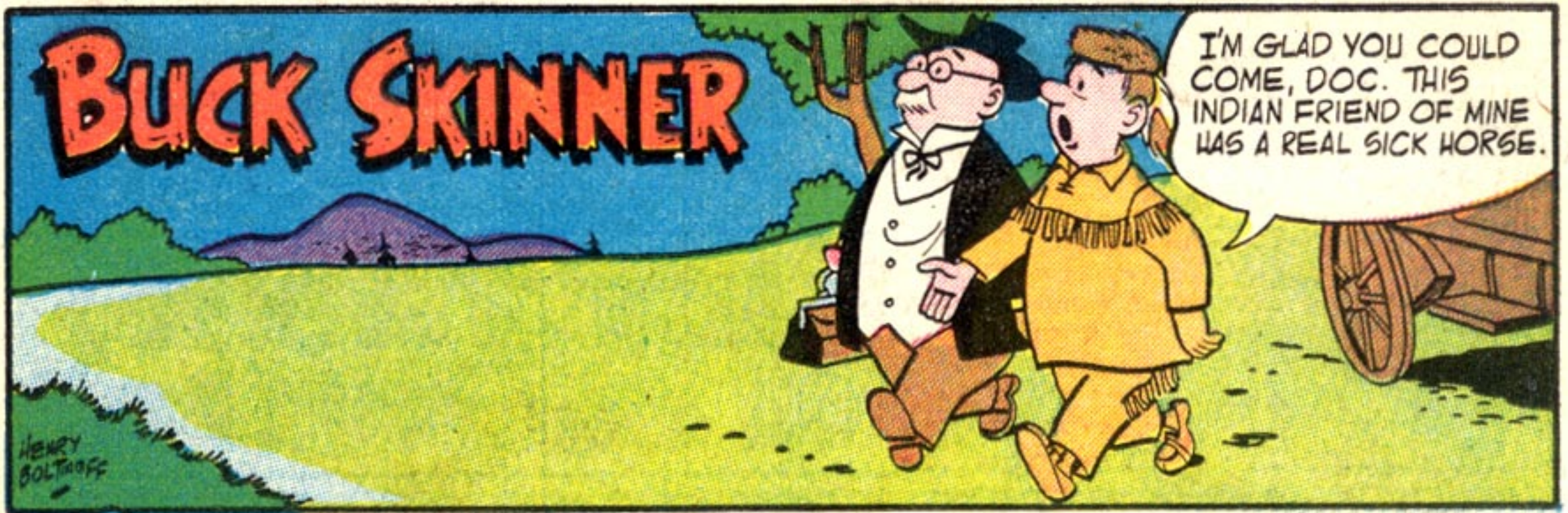










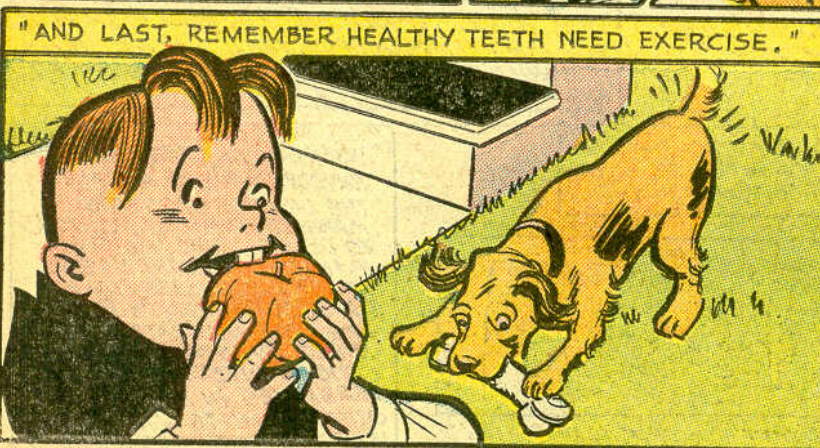
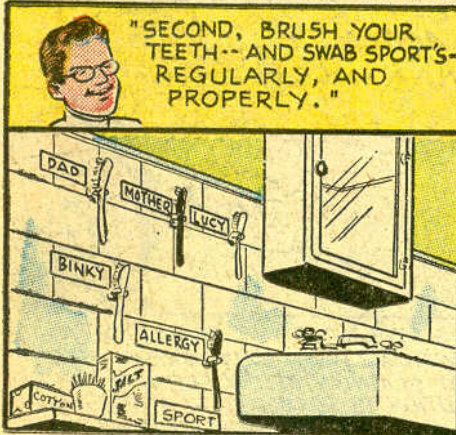
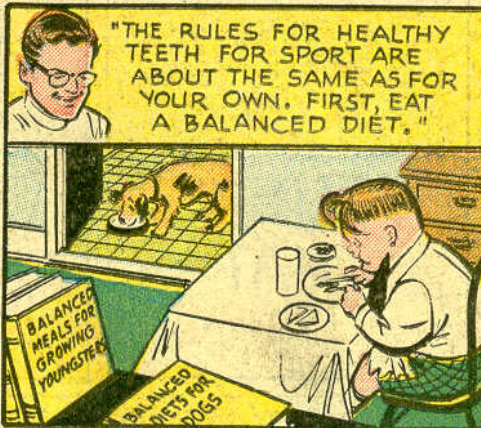
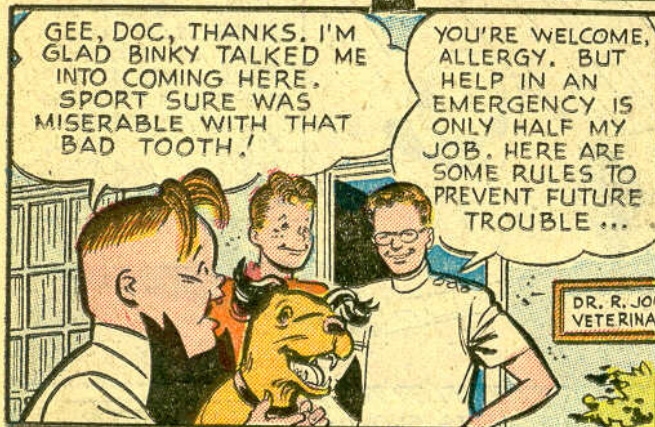


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# KIT CARSON

A VITAL ROUTE TO THE FAR WEST HUNG IN THE BALANCE AS  
 WARLIKE KLAMATH INDIANS SOUGHT TO DESTROY A 500-MILE  
 SUPPLY LINE. THUS, AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS, KIT CARSON  
 AND A HANDFUL OF GALLANT FRONTIERSMEN HAD TO MOVE INTO  
 HEAD-ON BATTLE WITH... **THE**

## RAIDERS OF THE OREGON TRAIL



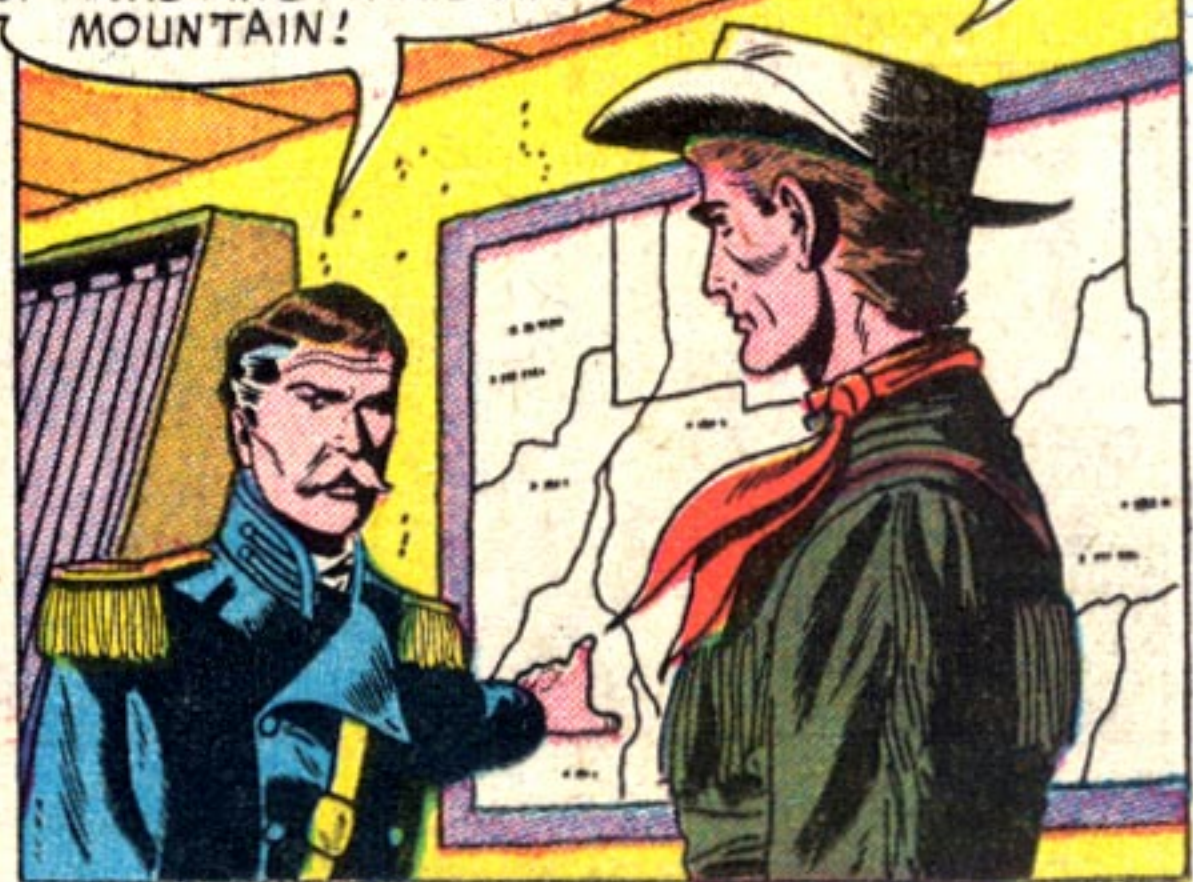
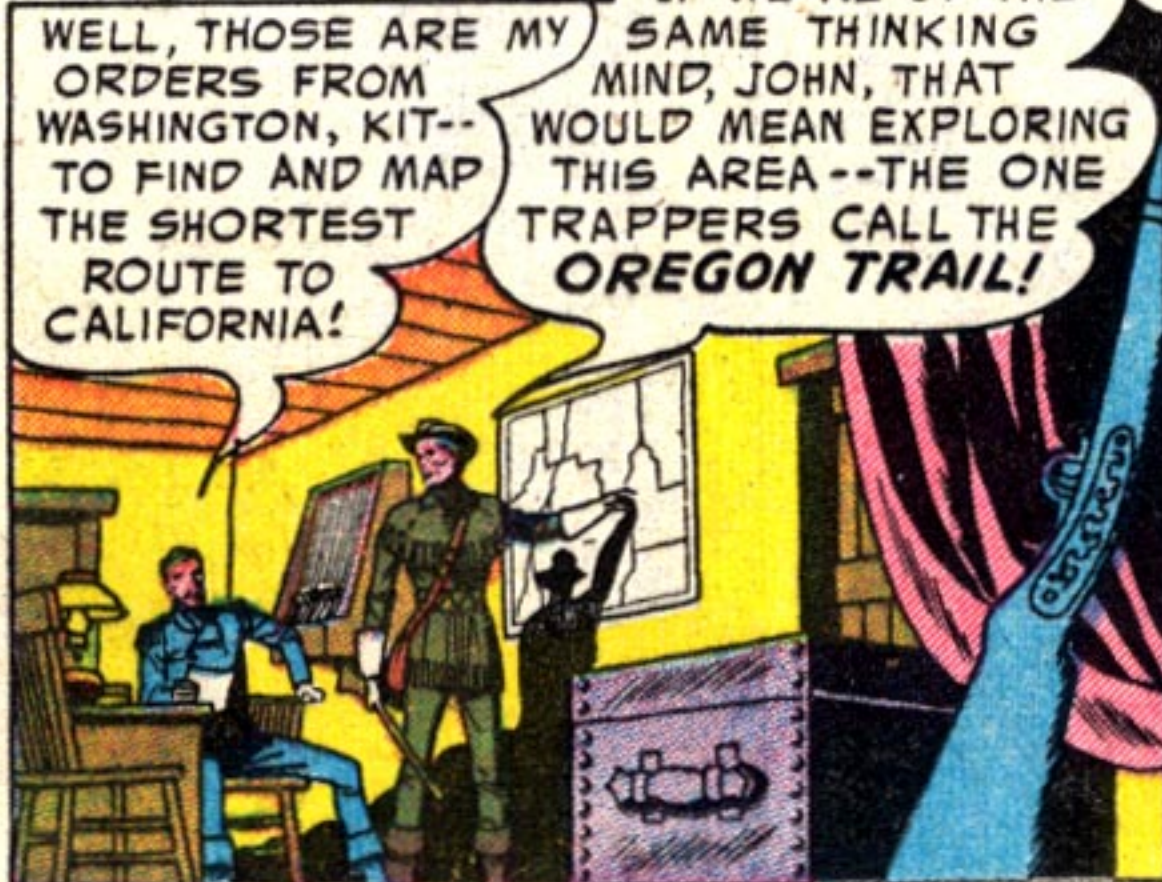
AT FORT SANTA FE, LT. JOHN FREMONT  
 HOLDS AN ALL-IMPORTANT CONFERENCE  
 WITH HIS GOOD FRIEND AND CRACK ARMY  
 SCOUT, KIT CARSON...

WELL, THOSE ARE MY  
 ORDERS FROM  
 WASHINGTON, KIT--  
 TO FIND AND MAP  
 THE SHORTEST  
 ROUTE TO  
 CALIFORNIA!

IF WE'RE OF THE  
 SAME THINKING  
 MIND, JOHN, THAT  
 WOULD MEAN EXPLORING  
 THIS AREA--THE ONE  
 TRAPPERS CALL THE  
**OREGON TRAIL!**

EXACTLY...THE MEANEST  
 SECTION OF LAND IN THE  
 WEST-- NEARLY 500 MILES  
 OF TWISTING TRAIL AND  
 MOUNTAIN!

JUST HOW DO I  
 FIT INTO YOUR  
 PLANS, JOHN?



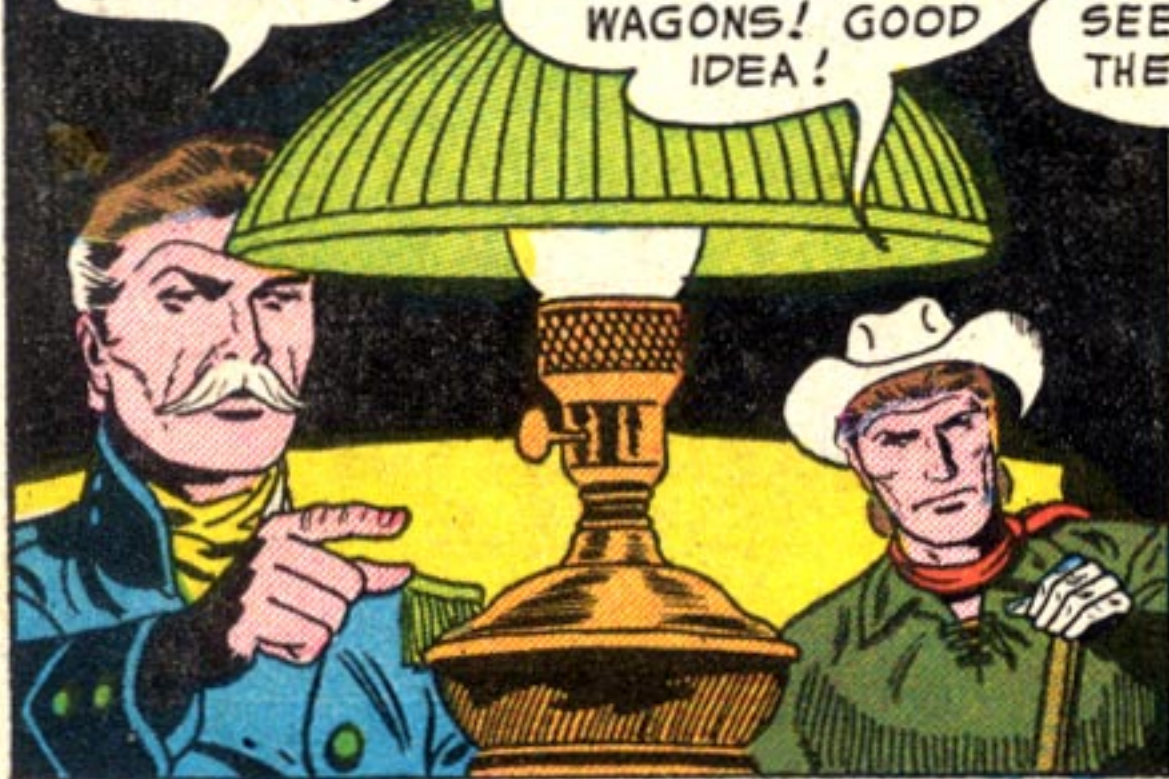


I WANT YOU TO TAKE AN ADVANCE FORCE INTO THAT AREA AND ESTABLISH **ADVANCE SUPPLY STATIONS!**

I GET IT...BY PICKING UP YOUR SUPPLIES EN ROUTE, YOUR EXPLORATION PARTY WON'T BE BOGGED DOWN WITH EXTRA WAGONS! GOOD IDEA!

NATURALLY, KIT, THESE STATIONS MUST BE KEPT SECRET! THIS COUNTRY DOES HAVE ENEMIES WHO WOULD RATHER NOT SEE US EXPLORE THE FAR WEST!

RIGHT... WITH MY INDIAN FRIEND, **SILENT DEER**, I'LL SET TO WORK ENLISTING MEN, FOR THE JOURNEY IMMEDIATELY, JOHN!



A CIVILIAN ARMY IS SWIFTLY RECRUITED--AND DAYS LATER, AS KIT LEADS THE COLORFUL FORCE FROM **FORT SANTA FE...**

WELL, WALLACE-- WE MANAGED TO JOIN UP WITH THE EXPEDITION!

YEAH... BUT THAT'S ONLY HALF OUR JOB, KNOWLES! WE DON'T GET THE \$1,000 IN GOLD TILL WE CARRY OUT OUR ORDERS!

BUT MAYBE THE INJUN ATTACK ON THIS HERE CARAVAN WILL BE A SUCCESS!

AND MAYBE IT WON'T. THAT'S WHY WE WERE HIRED, KNOWLES, TO MAKE SURE THE OTHER PLAN COMES OFF... JUST IN CASE!



REACHING THE FOOTHILLS OF THE **OREGON TRAIL**, KIT'S SUPPLY CARAVAN ENCOUNTERS ITS FIRST TROUBLE...

INJUNS--THE KLAMATH TRIBE!... TOO MANY FOR US TO FIGHT OFF! HANG BACK, MEN--THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SEND 'EM SCURRYING!...

... AND THAT'S TO TAKE OUT THE MAN IN FRONT!







A-A-A-I-I-I-E-E!  
OUR LEADER  
FALLS!

BACK!  
WE ARE  
LOST WITHOUT  
HIM!

THEY WILL RETURN  
TO THEIR VILLAGE  
SEEKING ANOTHER  
TO LEAD THEM ON  
THE WARPATH!

THE KLAMATH VILLAGE  
IS A GOOD DISTANCE  
FROM HERE, **SILENT  
DEER**... THEY WON'T  
BE BOTHERING US  
FOR A SPELL! LET'S  
MOVE ON...



LATER THAT DAY, UPON REACHING  
THE SITE FOR THE FIRST  
SUPPLY STATION, KIT IMMEDIATELY  
BEGINS STOCKING IT WITH  
PROVISIONS...

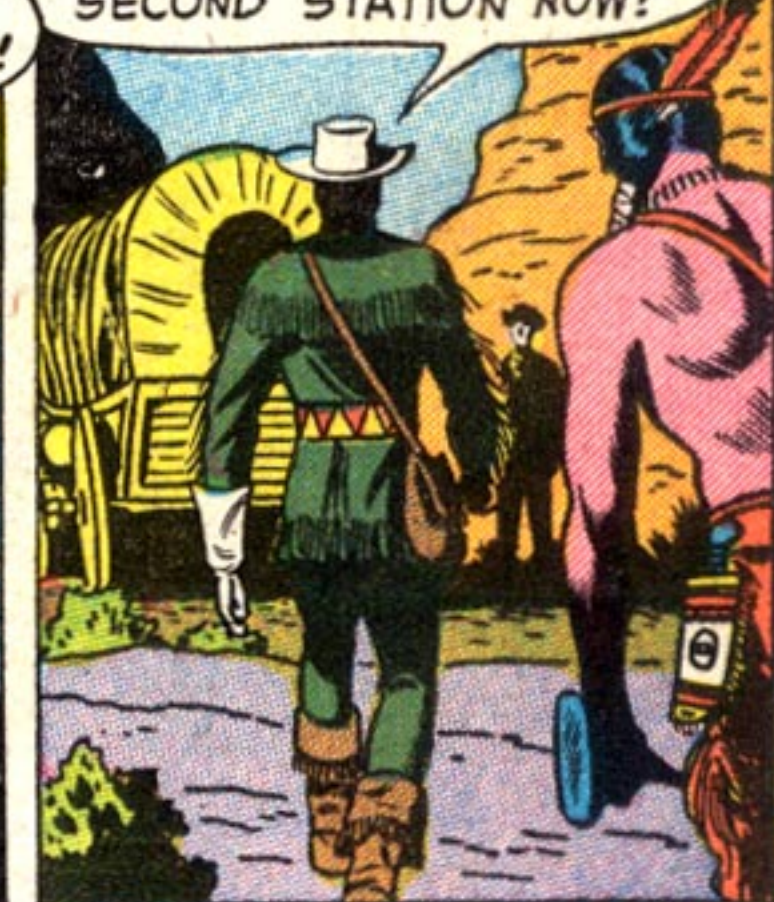
FLOUR, THREE  
KEGS--AMMO,  
FIVE BOXES...  
WELL, THAT'S  
THE QUOTA FOR  
THIS STATION,  
**SILENT DEER!**

HOW WILL  
LIEUTENANT  
KNOW PLACE  
WHERE WE  
HIDE SUPPLIES,  
KIT?

I'M MARKING  
THE LOCATIONS  
OF THE STATIONS  
ON THIS MAP AS  
WE GO ALONG!  
JOHN WON'T HAVE  
ANY TROUBLE  
PUTTING HIS  
HANDS ON  
THESE SUPPLIES!

GOOD...  
FOR HIS  
MISSION  
WOULD  
FAIL WITHOUT  
PROVISIONS!

MORE'N LIKELY HIS PARTY  
WOULD PERISH, **SILENT DEER!**  
WELL, LET'S MAKE TRACKS...  
WE'VE GOT TO SET UP THE  
SECOND STATION NOW!



As the caravan moves onward...

THERE... I'VE MARKED  
THE SPOT WHERE CARSON  
HID HIS FIRST SUPPLY OF  
PROVISIONS, KNOWLES!  
NOW ALL WE GOT TO  
DO IS WAIT!

WHAT MAKES  
YUH SO SURE  
THE INJUNS WILL  
SHOW, WALLACE?  
SOMETHIN' COULD  
GO AMISS!

THE FOREIGN GOVERNMENT  
THAT HIRED US HAS GOT  
THE KLAMATH TRIBE ON  
THEIR TEAM, KNOWLES!  
NEVER FEAR-- NOTHING'S  
GOIN' WRONG!





INDEED, THAT SAME EVENING, WHILE THE REST OF THE CARAVAN SLEEPS...

HUH? WHO ARE YOU?

WE HAVE COME FOR MAP! YOU HAVE IT?

THEY'RE KLAMATH BRAVES -- OUR PARTNERS, KNOWLES! SURE -- HERE'S THE MAP!

THE SCOUT CARSON IS CUNNING LIKE THE FOX! WE WILL NOT RETURN AGAIN UNTIL THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON!



THAT'S REAL SMART... NO SENSE TAKING CHANCES! IF CARSON KNEW WHAT WE WERE UP TO, HE'D DESTROY THE SUPPLIES PRONTO!

HAW! THIS IS THE EASIEST MONEY I EVER MADE!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, OTHER SUPPLY STATIONS ARE SELECTED AND PROVISIONED...

NOT MANY MORE SUPPLIES LEFT, KIT!

THIS IS OUR SIXTH STATION, **SILENT DEER!** I CALCULATE ANOTHER ONE OR TWO MORE OUGHT TO PRETTY WELL FINISH OFF THE PROVISIONS -- THEN WE'LL HEAD BACK!



BUT THAT EVENING, KIT'S TRAINED EYES OBSERVE SOMETHING THAT IS TO CHANGE HIS PLANS DRASTICALLY...

LET'S TRACK 'EM DOWN, **SILENT DEER...** A KLAMATH BRAVE IN THIS CAMP SPELLS TROUBLE!

SOON, VOICES REACH THEIR EARS...

**SILENT DEER** -- LOOK! KLAMATH MOCCASIN PRINTS... SEE THE CROSS-STITCHING?

FRESH TRACKS, KIT -- BRAVES HERE IN CAMP NOW!

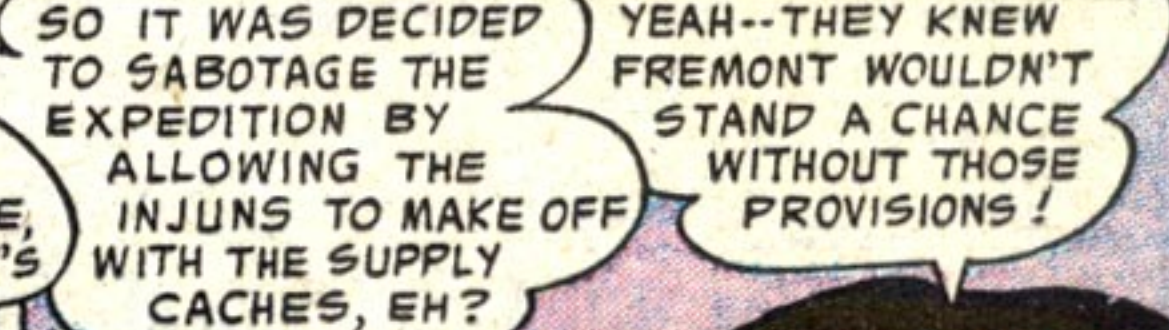
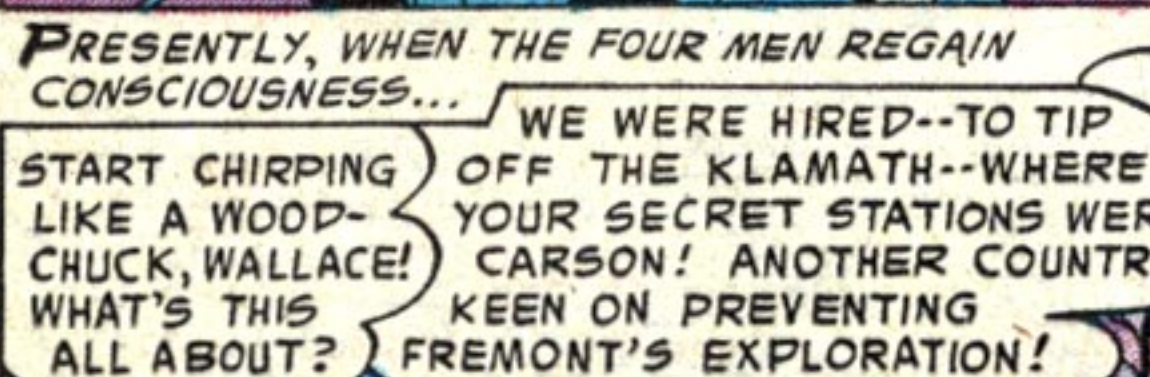
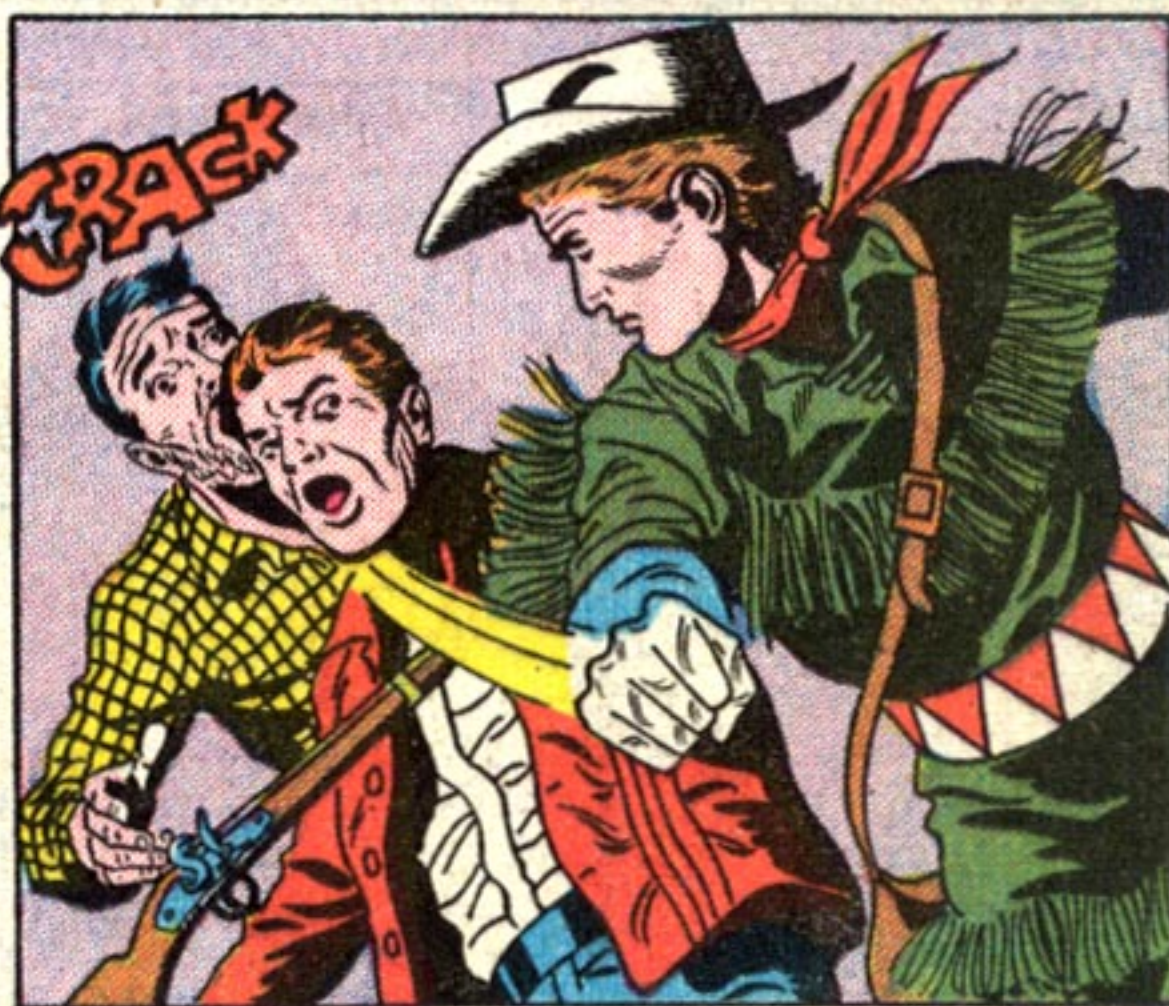
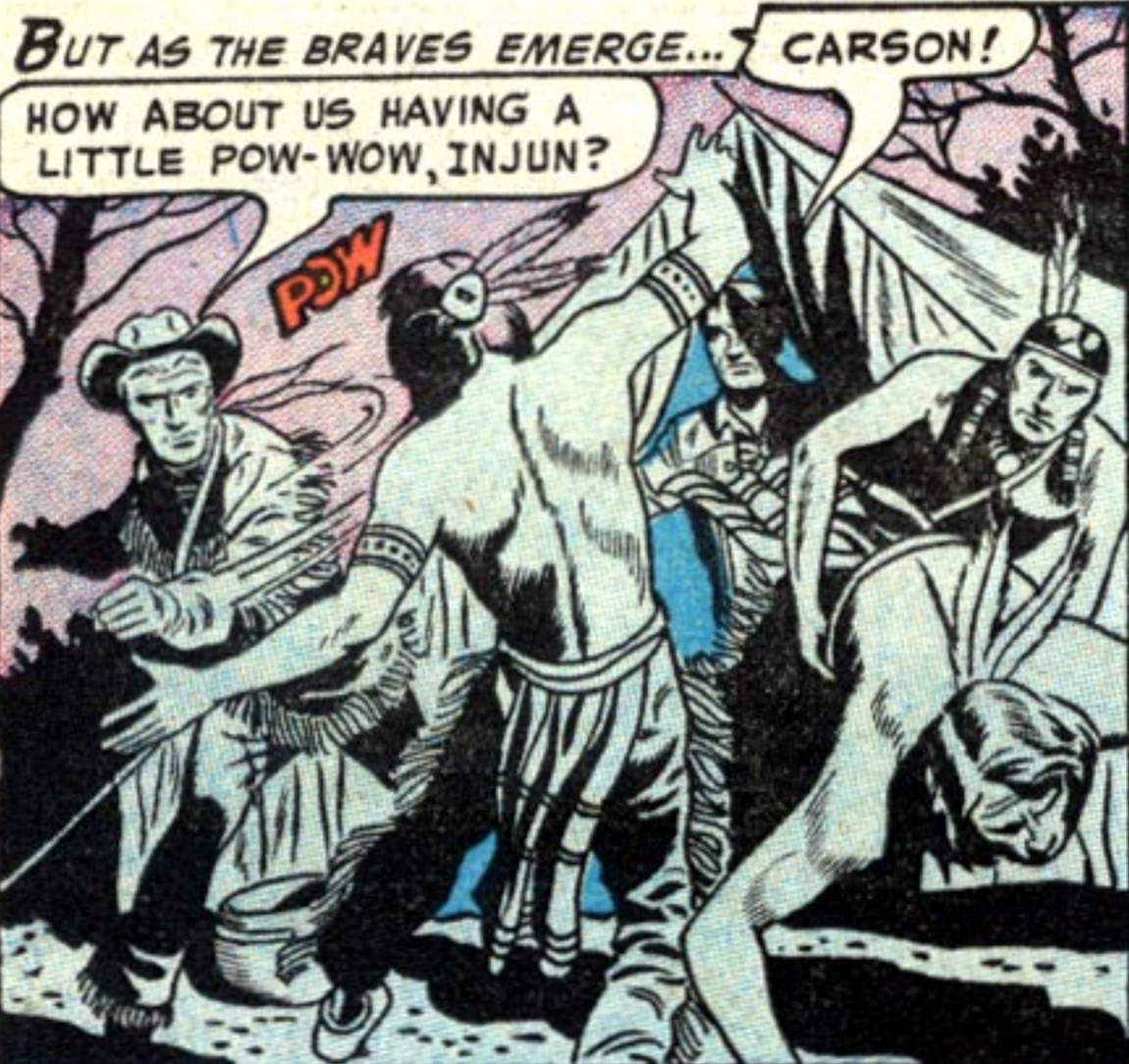
THEY MOVE THIS WAY...

HERE'S THE MAP WITH CARSON'S LAST SUPPLY STATION MARKED!

AS WITH ALL THE OTHERS, MY TRIBE WILL RAID THIS STATION ONCE THE PALEFACE SCOUT IS A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY! NOW, WE LEAVE...









IN THAT CASE, MEN, I AIM TO GO TO THE KLAMATH VILLAGE AND RECOVER THOSE SUPPLIES! I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU ALL THE RISK INVOLVED-- WE'LL BE OUTNUMBERED 20 TO A MAN...



... AND I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF FREMONT'S MISSION FAILS! IT MIGHT MEAN THE LOSS OF CALIFORNIA! WELL, CAN I COUNT ON YOUR GUNS?

YUH SURE CAN, KIT!



IMMEDIATELY, THE BRAVE GROUP STARTS OUT ON ITS GRIM MISSION...

WE SHOULD BE THERE BY DAWN! TELL ME, **SILENT DEER**, DOES THE RIVER THAT RUNS BY THE VILLAGE FILL HER BANKS THIS TIME OF YEAR?

PLENTY HIGH, KIT... WHY?



I'VE GOT ME A LITTLE PLAN! WE COULD NEVER CARRY THAT MOUNTAIN OF FLOUR AND AMMO SUPPLIES OVERLAND. WE COULDN'T POSSIBLY MOVE FAST ENOUGH-- BUT BY WATER...

THERE IS WISDOM IN THOSE WORDS, MY FRIEND!



BY DAWN, THEY REACH THEIR DESTINATION...

THE MEN HAVE BEEN WORKING UPRIVER ALL NIGHT, KIT-- EVERYTHING IN READINESS!

GOOD... NOW I RECKON IT'S TIME WE ROUSED THOSE SLEEPING KLAMATH!



MINUTES LATER, PANIC-STRICKEN TRIBESMEN AWAKEN TO A TELLING SCENT...

A-A-I-I-E-E!

OUR CORN FIELD-- IT BURNS!





As KLAMATH MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN RACE TO THE SCENE...

H'YAR THEY COME, **SILENT DEER!** WHEN WE REACH THE FAR END OF THE CORN FIELD, WE'LL SLIP OFF TO THE RIVER!

THAT SHOULD KEEP THEIR ATTENTION TILL WE GET THOSE SUPPLIES LOADED!

OUR MEN PROBABLY ARRIVING IN VILLAGE NOW!



BREATHTAKING MOMENTS LATER, AS THE TWO PARTNERS JOIN THEIR FRIENDS AT THE RIVER'S EDGE...

IS RAFT SIZE YOU WANTED, KIT?

JUST WHAT I HAD IN MIND, **SILENT DEER!** LET'S LEND A HAND BEFORE THE KLAMATH PAY US A VISIT!

AND WHILE THE OTHERS WORK FEVERISHLY, LOADING THE SUPPLIES...

MIGHT AS WELL MAKE SURE THEIR WAR PARTY DOESN'T TAKE UP AFTER US...



SUDDENLY... OH, OH-- THE KLAMATH ARE ONTO US! MEN! FALL BACK TO THE RAFT!



WE'VE GOT MOST OF OUR SUPPLIES! NOW THE IDEA IS TO GET OUT OF HERE...





BUT AS KIT'S PARTY SWEEPS DOWNRIVER, AN UNFORESEEN DANGER ARISES...

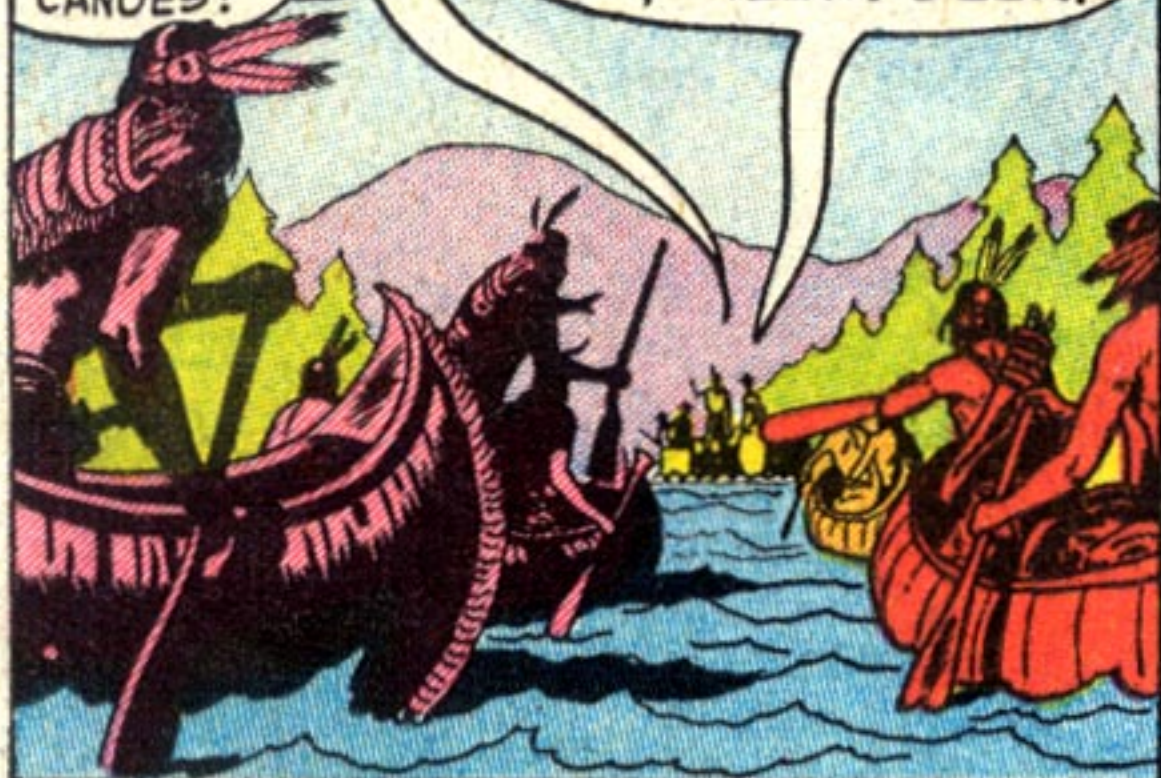
LOOK-- A KLAMATH WAR PARTY IN CANOES!

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN RETURNING FROM A RAID SOMEWHERE! I RECKON WE'RE IN FOR IT, **SILENT DEER!**

MENACINGLY, THE INDIAN CANOES CLOSE IN ON THEIR QUARRY...

THEY ARE TOO MANY IN NUMBER, KIT--THE KLAMATH WILL BOARD US SOON!

I'M A-FEARED YOU'RE RIGHT, **SILENT DEER!** BEFORE WE CAN RELOAD, THOSE INJUNS WILL BE ON OUR DECK--UNLESS...



KIT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THOSE BRAVES CAN'T FIGHT WHAT THEY CAN'T SEE, **SILENT DEER!** PASS THIS FLOUR KEG AROUND TO THE MEN... TELL 'EM TO WATCH ME...

SECONDS LATER, AS THE WAR PARTY ATTEMPTS TO BOARD THE RAFT...

YOU LADS WANTED OUR SUPPLIES-- SO HERE'S SOME FLOUR!

YI-I! WHERE ARE THE PALEFACES?



THAT'S IT, MEN-- KEEP THE AIR CLOUDY... THEY'RE WEAKENING!

UNABLE TO SEE THEIR ENEMY, THE HELPLESS INDIANS SOON WITHDRAW...

WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF THE KLAMATH! NOW WE HAVE TO GET THESE SUPPLIES BACK TO WHERE THEY BELONG... LT. FREMONT'S DUE TO ARRIVE THERE SOON!

AND SO, DAYS LATER, AS LT. JOHN FREMONT AND HIS EXPEDITION REACH THE ENTRANCE TO THE OREGON TRAIL...

JOHN, THE SUPPLY STATION MAP-- I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT, KIT!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW CLOSE I CAME TO FAILING! WE HAD A LITTLE INJUN INTERFERENCE-- BUT IT'S ALL OVER NOW!



THE END



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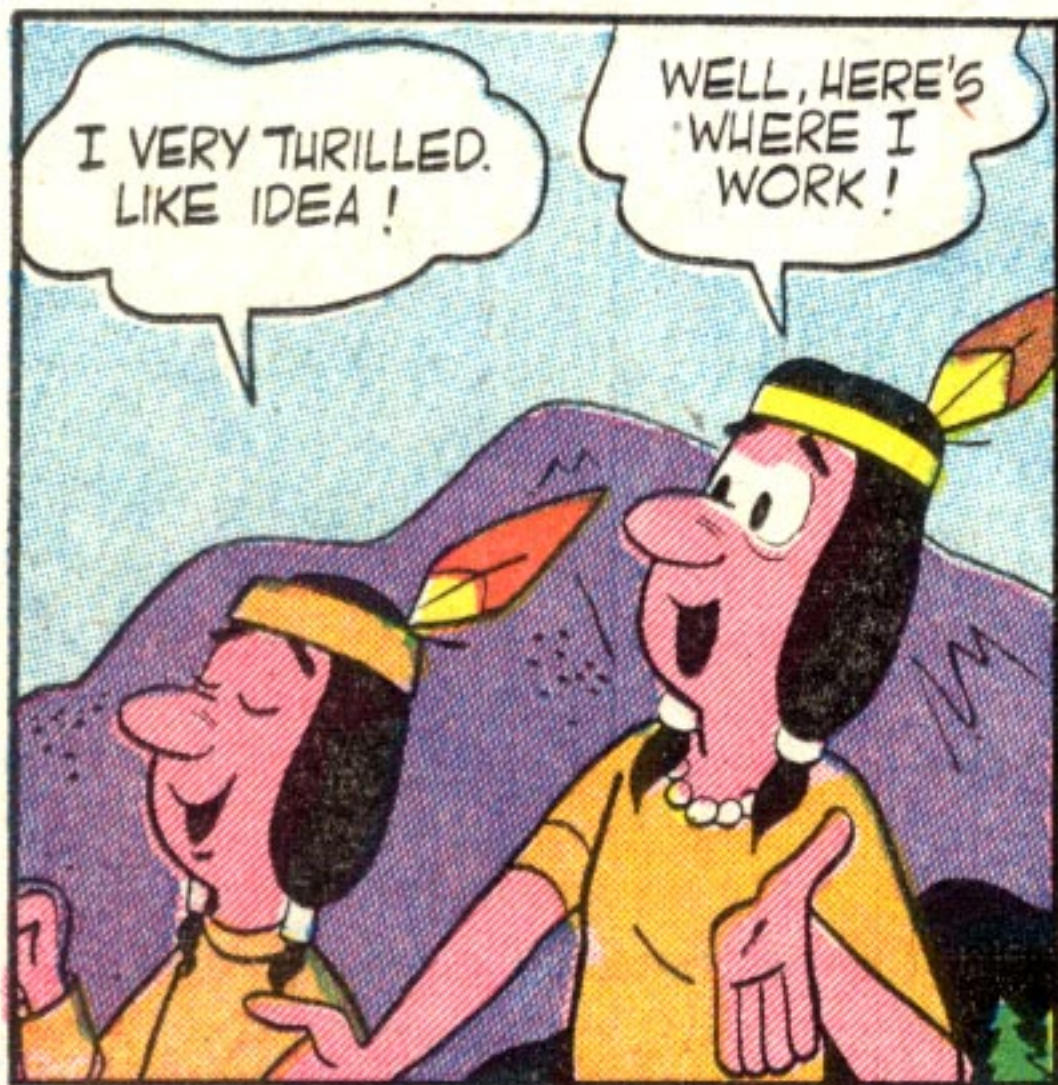
"FOURTH ALARM!"



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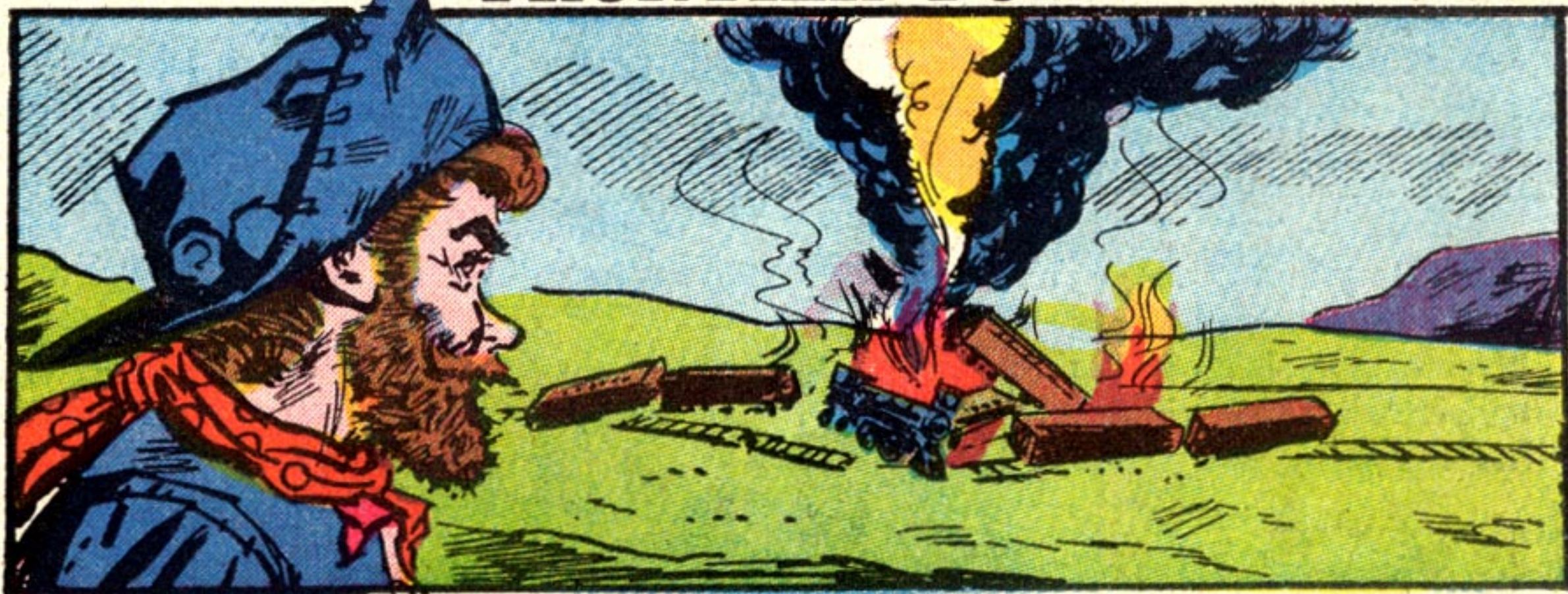








# FRONTIER FUN



THE picture of the typical Westerner as a grim-faced character who rarely smiled, and whose life was too hard for tomfoolery, is not in keeping with the true facts. Not only was the Westerner able to laugh at the very things that made his life hard, but he created a type of humor that is considered by some people as the only strictly American type of humor.

For example, nowhere else in the world but the West had anything similar to a cow camp. It was a rule of every cow camp that whoever complained about the quality of the food had to do the cooking.

For a time, this rule spared the camp cook many a rough-worded complaint. But finally the cowboys discovered a way to criticize the cooking without paying the penalty of becoming the new cook, and this is the form it took:

"These biscuits you just cooked up are burnt on the outside, raw on the inside, and there's not enough sugar in 'em—but I'm not complainin', because that's just the way I like biscuits to taste!"

A story that made the rounds of every ranch concerned the rancher who was known as "a man of few words." The

rancher, whose name was Jim Williams, said to one of his new hands:

"You're new around here, so I'll explain my system of working. As you may have heard, I'm a man of few words. So when I want you, I won't waste words callin' you. I'll just whistle. Get it? The minute you hear my whistle, you come running. That way, I won't be wastin' any words."

The new hand listened in silence for a moment, and then nodded his head.

"Suits me fine," he answered. "Because I happen to be a man of few words, too. So when you whistle, Mr. Williams, I'll just shake my head thisaway . . . and that'll mean I'm NOT coming."

In the very early days of the West, long before the law was able to catch up with the advancing frontier, even law-abiding citizens had to tote six-shooters for protection against badmen.

An English visitor, noting that almost everyone carried a gun, asked the owner of the local hotel if it might not be wise for HIM to carry a gun, too.

"Well," drawled the hotel keeper, "you might not want one for a month, and you might not even want one for three



months! But if you ever did want one, you can bet you'd want it almighty sudden."

A lot of the oldtimers were suspicious of the coming of the railroad. They weren't quite sure that the railroad was a good thing.

The story is told about an investigation of a train wreck, the result of a head-on collision. The investigator found an old rancher who had witnessed the disaster. The following conversation took place:

Investigator: Tell me exactly what you saw.

Rancher: Well, I was ridin' along the ridge lookin' for mavericks. All of a sudden I saw a train headin' south at about 50 miles an hour.

Investigator: Yes, go on.

Rancher: Then I saw another train comin' up on the same track, headin' north at about the same speed. I could see right off that those two trains were gonna crash into each other.

Investigator: What did you do?

Rancher: Why, I didn't do nothin'.

Investigator: Didn't you ride down and try to stop them?

Rancher: No.

Investigator: Didn't you even THINK anything?

Rancher: Yep . . . did think a bit.

Investigator: What did you think?

Rancher: Well, I thought to myself that's sure a crazy way to run a railroad. Still think so.

Easterners visiting the West always insisted on hearing breathtaking stories about personal conflicts with the Indians.

And the more exciting the story, the more they liked it.

One old sourdough got pretty tired of relating his past adventures, and decided to tell the story to end all stories to a pair of young school teachers.

"Yessir," he said, as his listeners' eyes grew as round as saucers, "there was these seven Injuns which surprised me out in the hills. All I had was my trusty six-shooter, so I hopped on my horse to escape. But the Injuns had pretty fast ponies themselves, and they caught up with me. I turned in my saddle and shot six times. That took care of six of the Indians, but the seventh one jumped on my back and knocked me off my horse.

"There I lay on the ground, flat on my back, the big Injun comin' at me."

The story-teller paused.

"Gracious," exclaimed one of the school teachers, "how did it all come out?"

The sourdough shook his head sadly.

"Not so good. He killed me."

Kidding the Easterners, and telling them tall tales, seemed to be a favorite pastime of the Westerners.

Another lady, deeply impressed by her first look at the Grand Canyon, turned to her guide and said, "It's certainly a magnificent sight. But what I don't understand is, how did the river get all the way down at the bottom."

The Western guide threw her a look, and replied:

"Lady, that's one of the funniest things about this here place. Fact is, the river used to be up here on the rim, but one day it just slipped off."

—Jeb Manson



# BUFFALO BILL

ALL TRAILS WERE CUT--ALL PASSES BLOCKED-- AS **BUFFALO BILL CODY** LED A LONE STAGECOACH ACROSS THE PRAIRIES AND MOUNTAINS TO CALIFORNIA! FOR THE FIERCE APACHES WERE ON THE WARPATH AND THEIR MADDENED LEADER, CHIEF **CRAZY WOLF**, WAS DETERMINED TO BRING ABOUT...

## THE AMBUSH OF THE OVERLAND STAGE



IN DODGE CITY, AS A STAGECOACH PREPARES TO DEPART FOR CALIFORNIA, A RIDER RACES UP ON A LATHERED HORSE...

BUFFALO BILL CODY...  
WHAT'S A-FOOT?  
THAT'S A WORRY  
FROWN YOU'RE  
SPORTIN'!

APACHES, RAWHIDE--  
THICKER THAN  
BUZZARDS ALL  
ALONG THE  
TRAIL!

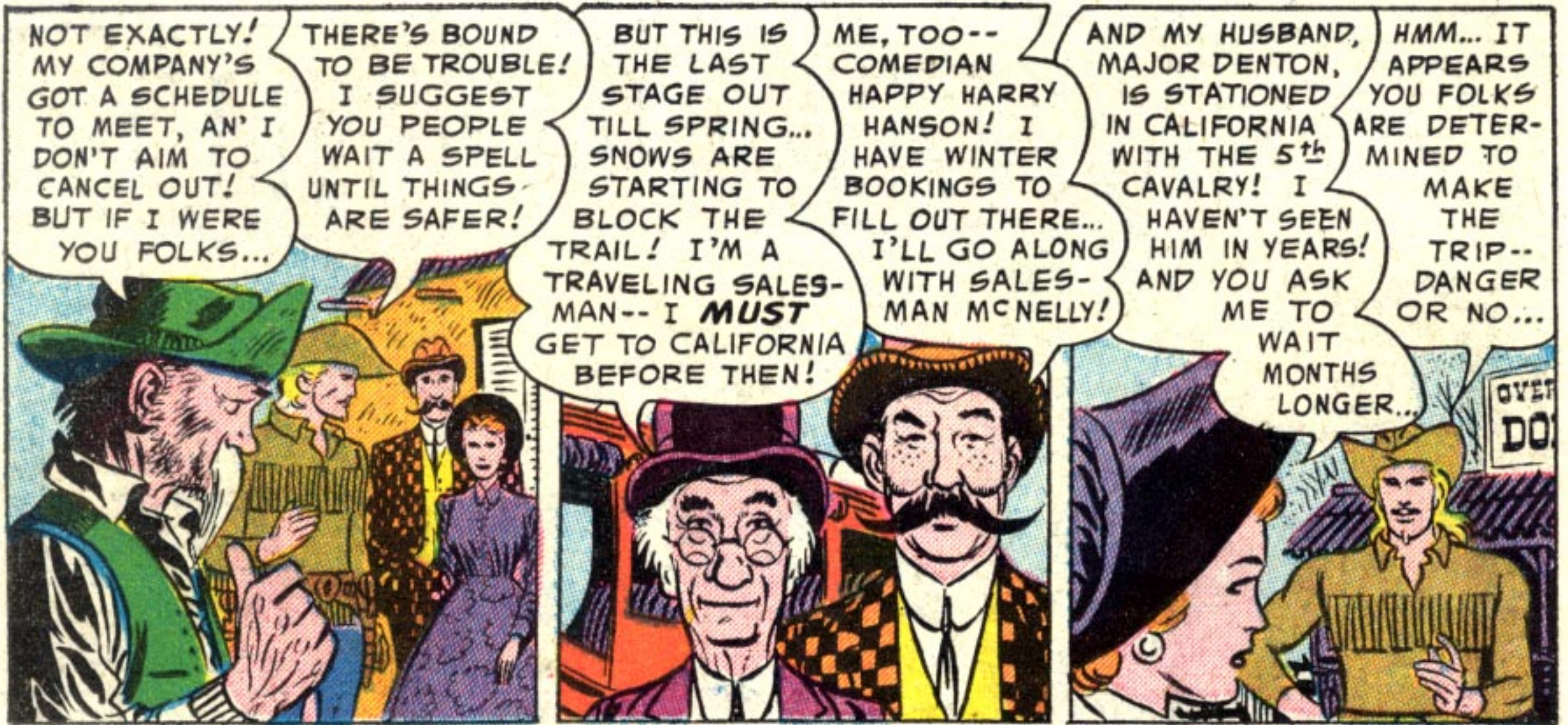


MY OLD ENEMY,  
**CRAZY WOLF**,  
HAS FINALLY LED  
THE TRIBE ON THE  
WARPATH! WE'D BETTER  
TELL YOUR PASSENGERS  
WHAT THEY'RE UP  
AGAINST!

DOES THIS MEAN...  
THE STAGE WON'T  
GO THROUGH?







NOT EXACTLY! MY COMPANY'S GOT A SCHEDULE TO MEET, AN' I DON'T AIM TO CANCEL OUT! BUT IF I WERE YOU FOLKS...

THERE'S BOUND TO BE TROUBLE! I SUGGEST YOU PEOPLE WAIT A SPELL UNTIL THINGS ARE SAFER!

BUT THIS IS THE LAST STAGE OUT TILL SPRING... SNOWS ARE STARTING TO BLOCK THE TRAIL! I'M A TRAVELING SALESMAN-- I **MUST** GET TO CALIFORNIA BEFORE THEN!

ME, TOO-- COMEDIAN HAPPY HARRY HANSON! I HAVE WINTER BOOKINGS TO FILL OUT THERE... I'LL GO ALONG WITH SALESMAN MCNELLY!

AND MY HUSBAND, MAJOR DENTON, IS STATIONED IN CALIFORNIA WITH THE 5<sup>TH</sup> CAVALRY! I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN YEARS! AND YOU ASK ME TO WAIT MONTHS LONGER...

HMM... IT APPEARS YOU FOLKS ARE DETERMINED TO MAKE THE TRIP-- DANGER OR NO...

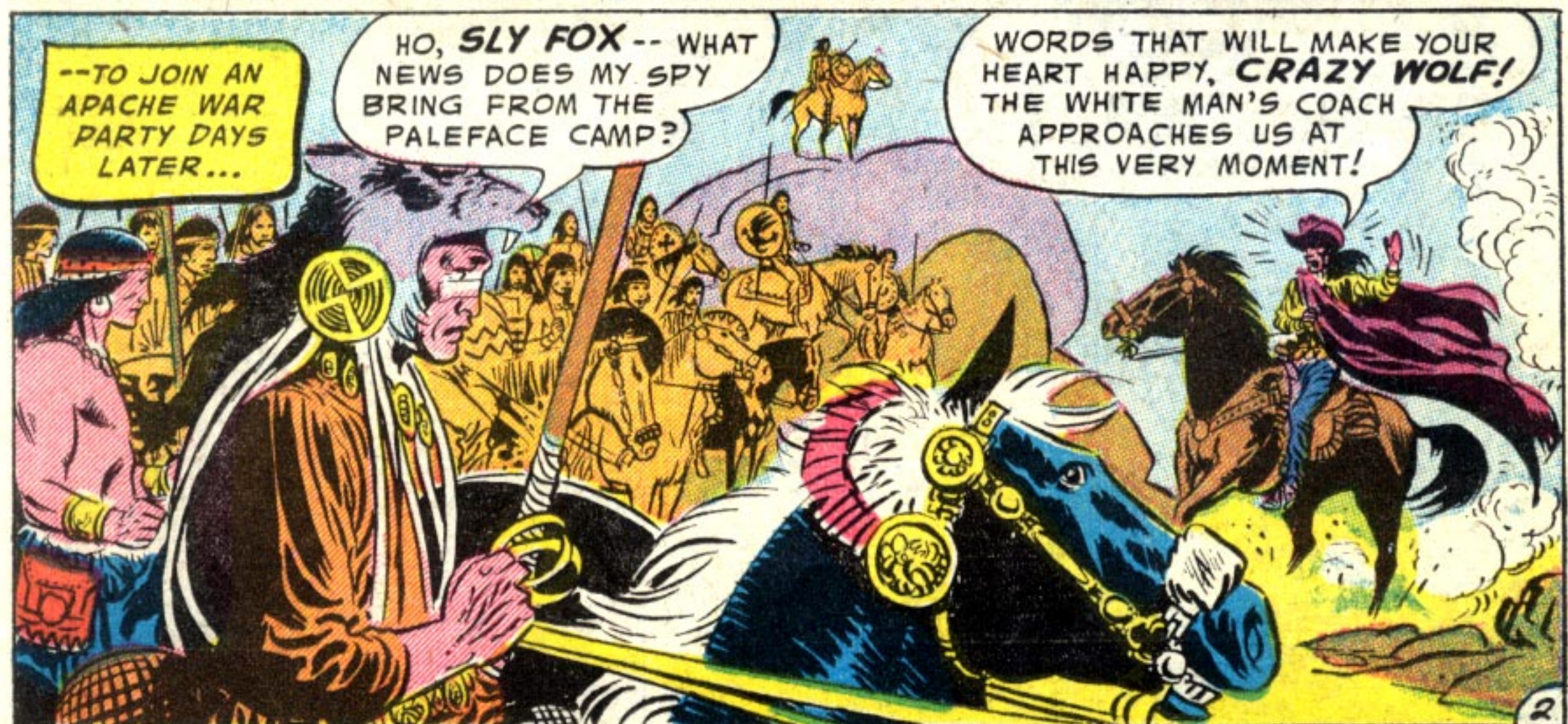


... SO IF YOU'LL WAIT UP A BIT, RAWHIDE, I'LL FETCH SOME FRESH SUPPLIES AND RIDE SHOTGUN! YOU'LL **NEED** A HELPIN' HAND!

GLAD TO HAVE YUH ABOARD, BUFFALO BILL!



BUT AS THE FEARLESS FRONTIERSMAN PREPARES FOR THE JOURNEY, A LONE FIGURE RIDES HARD FROM THE CITY--



--TO JOIN AN APACHE WAR PARTY DAYS LATER...

HO, **SLY FOX**-- WHAT NEWS DOES MY SPY BRING FROM THE PALEFACE CAMP?

WORDS THAT WILL MAKE YOUR HEART HAPPY, **CRAZY WOLF!** THE WHITE MAN'S COACH APPROACHES US AT THIS VERY MOMENT!



... AND WITH IT COMES THE PALEFACE HUNTER WHO DEFEATED YOU IN BATTLE!

**BUFFALO BILL?** AT LAST, I SHALL TASTE THE SWEETNESS OF REVENGE!

I SWEAR BY MY FOREFATHERS THAT I WILL **DESTROY** THIS PALEFACE HUNTER, LIKE THE BROKEN ARROW, FOR DISGRACING MY NAME! **BUFFALO BILL'S HOURS ARE NUMBERED!**

THUS, DAYS LATER, AS THE STAGE-COACH RATTLES THROUGH APACHE COUNTRY...

**TOO QUIET, RAWHIDE!** THE COACH STATION'S 'ROUND THE BEND YONDER-- MAYBE THEY CAN GIVE US SOME NEWS!

WELL, H'YAR WE ARE-- SMACK IN INJUN TERRITORY, BILL! AN' SO FAR, IT'S BEEN QUIET AS A PRAIRIE MOUSE!

**SNAP**

BUT AN AWESOME SIGHT GREET'S BUFFALO BILL AND HIS FRIEND, AS THEIR COACH MAKES THE TURN...

GREAT GALLOPIN' GHOSTS! THE STATION'S BURNED CLEAN TO THE **GROUND!**

**APACHE DOINGS!** I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO **CRAZY WOLF**-- HE SURE KNOWS WHERE TO HIT YOU WHERE IT **HURTS!**

THIS LEAVES US WITH A TIRED TEAM OF HORSES! WE'LL BE SITTING DUCKS FOR HIS WAR PARTY!

SURELY THERE'S **ANOTHER** STATION AHEAD, **BUFFALO BILL!**

INDEED THERE IS, MR. MCNELLY-- AND IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, THOSE 30 MILES WILL BE **SWARMIN'** WITH APACHE!

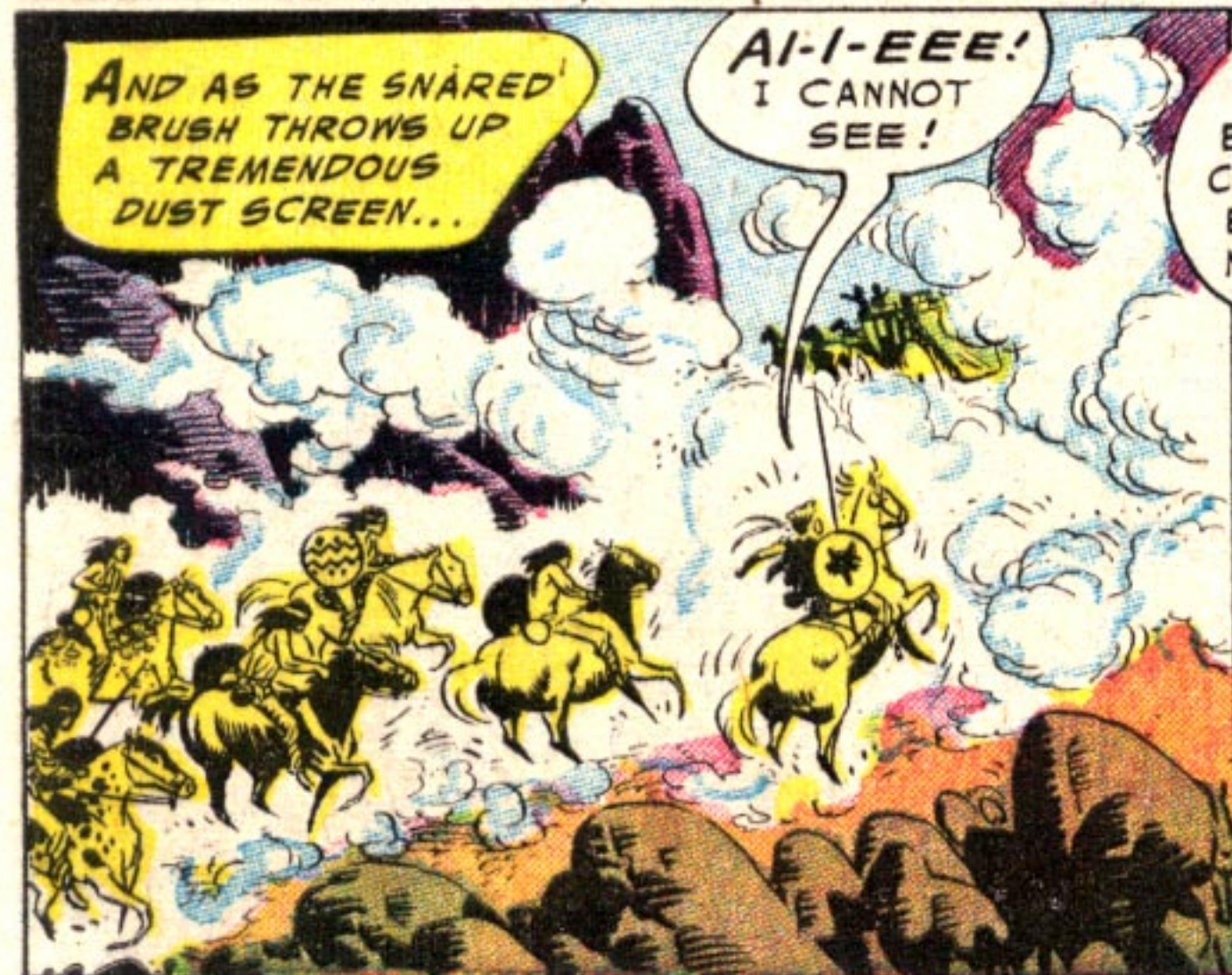
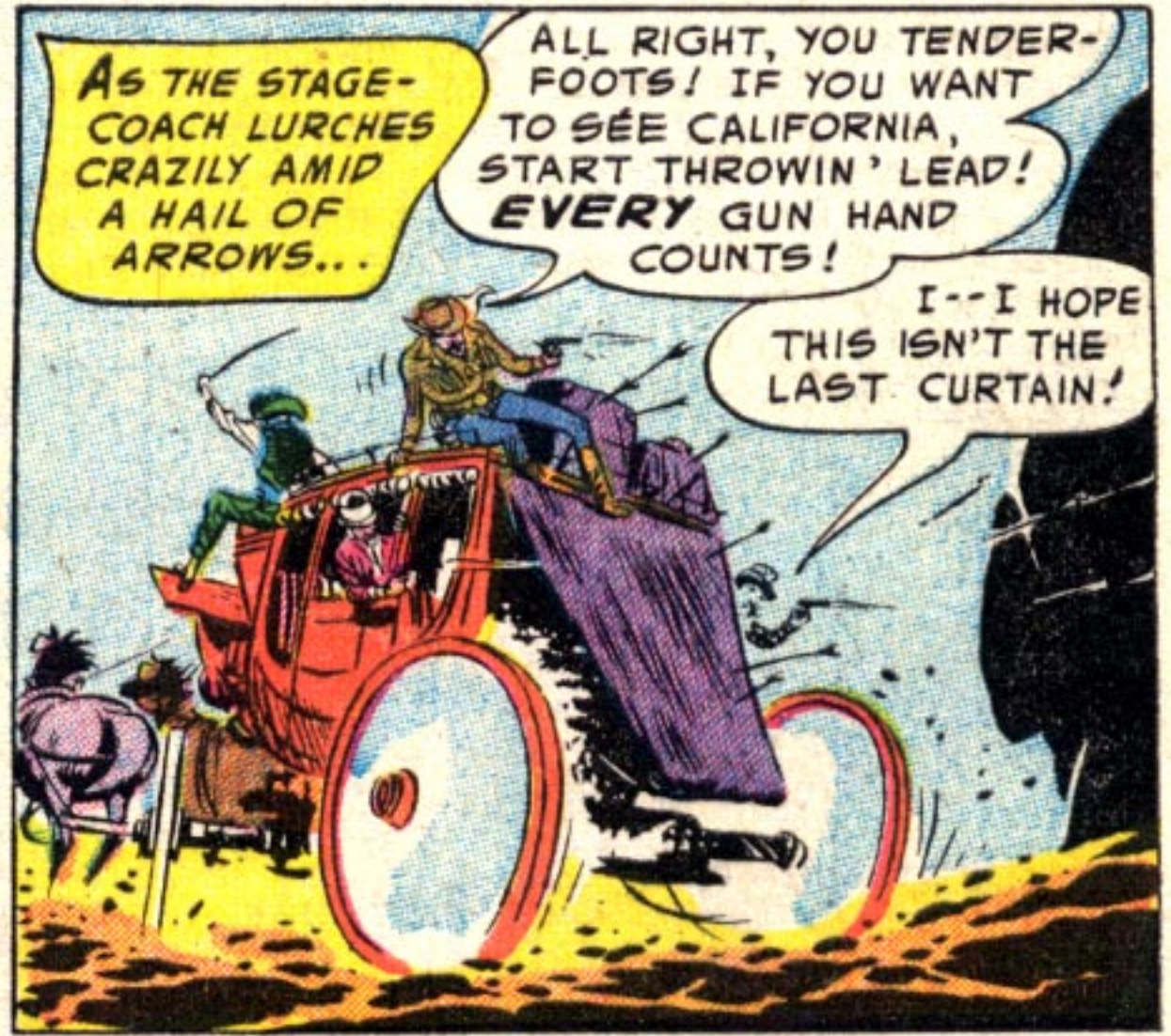
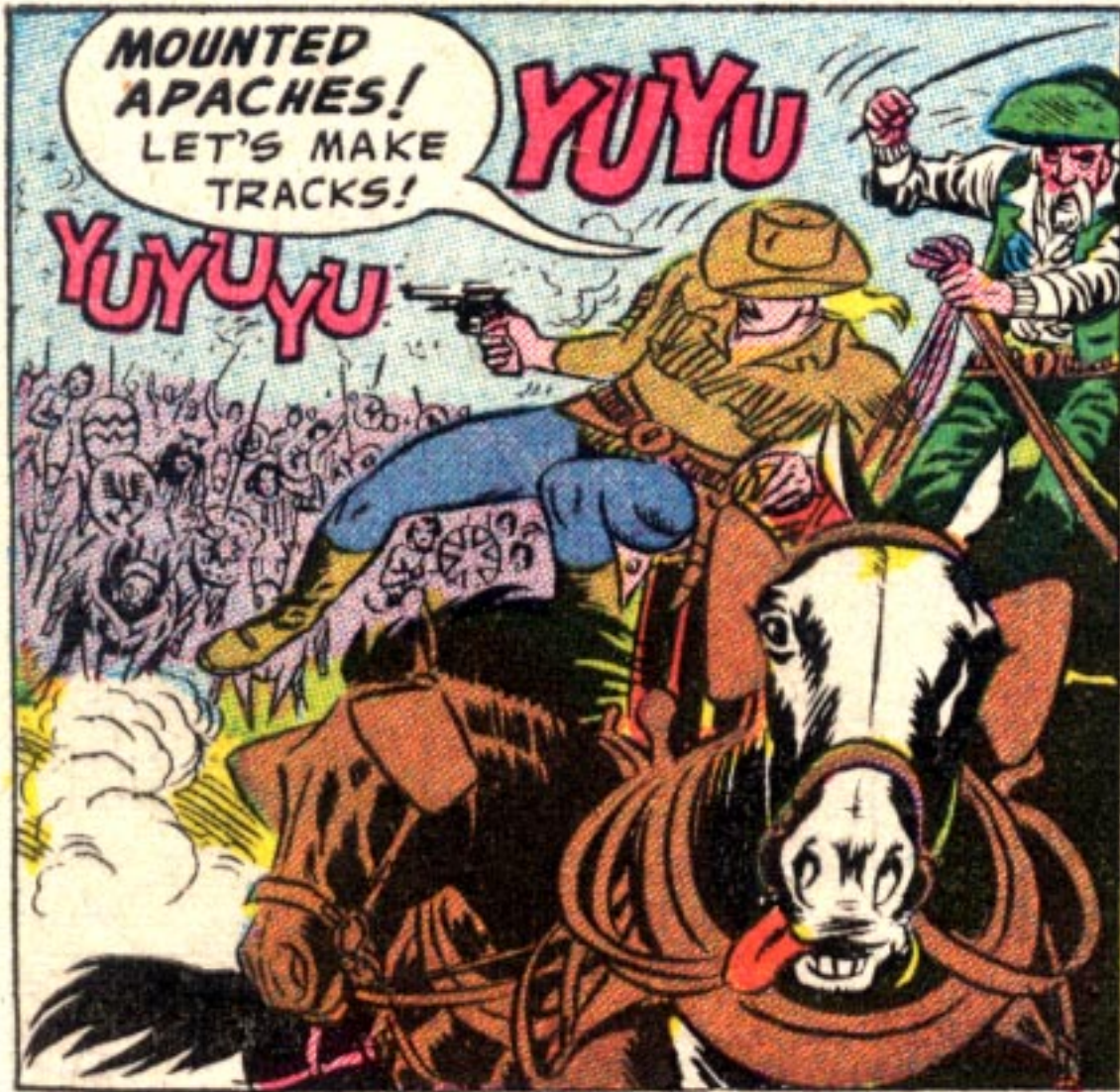
OH, COME NOW, **BUFFALO BILL!** AREN'T YOU... HA, HA... DRAMATIZING THE SITUATION?

**YIPES!**

**ZING**

**THUD**







AT SUNDOWN, RAWHIDE FINALLY REINS UP HIS TIRED TEAM...

RECKON THIS IS THE END O' THE TRAIL, BUFFALO BILL! THE HORSES CAN'T GO ON, AN' THE APACHES WILL HIT US COME NIGHT-FALL!

WE'RE NOT WAITIN' FOR THE APACHE RAIDERS, RAWHIDE!

HUH? BUT, BILL-- WE CAN'T GET MORE'N A MILE OUT O' THESE ANIMALS--SO HOW CAN WE OUTRUN THE INJUNS?

I DON'T INTEND TO! MRS. DENTON--WOULD YOU FIX US SOME FOOD WHILE WE DO A LITTLE WOOD CHOPPING? ANYTHING TO HELP...



AS NIGHT FALLS, A STRANGE SCENE TAKES PLACE AT THE RIVER'S EDGE...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MR. CODY... EVEN IF WE CAN FLOAT THE STAGE DOWN-RIVER SUCCESSFULLY, WHAT ABOUT THE HORSES? THE SWIM WILL TIRE THEM!

NOT AT ALL, MCNELLY! THEY'LL JUST BE SWEEPED ALONG IN THE STRONG CURRENT-- WHICH IS BETTER THAN WAITIN' FOR APACHES!

SHORTLY, AS THE GROUP EMBARKS...

WE'LL LEAVE THAT FIRE BURNIN'--SO THE APACHES WILL THINK WE'RE CAMPED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT!

IF I KNOW MY INJUNS, IT WON'T FOOL 'EM FOR LONG!



THE FLOATING STAGE SLIPS SILENTLY DOWN-RIVER-- WHILE BACK IN CAMP, THE APACHES LAUNCH THEIR ATTACK...

SLAY ALL BUT THE PALEFACE HUNTER NAMED BUFFALO BILL! I WILL DEAL WITH HIM ALONE!

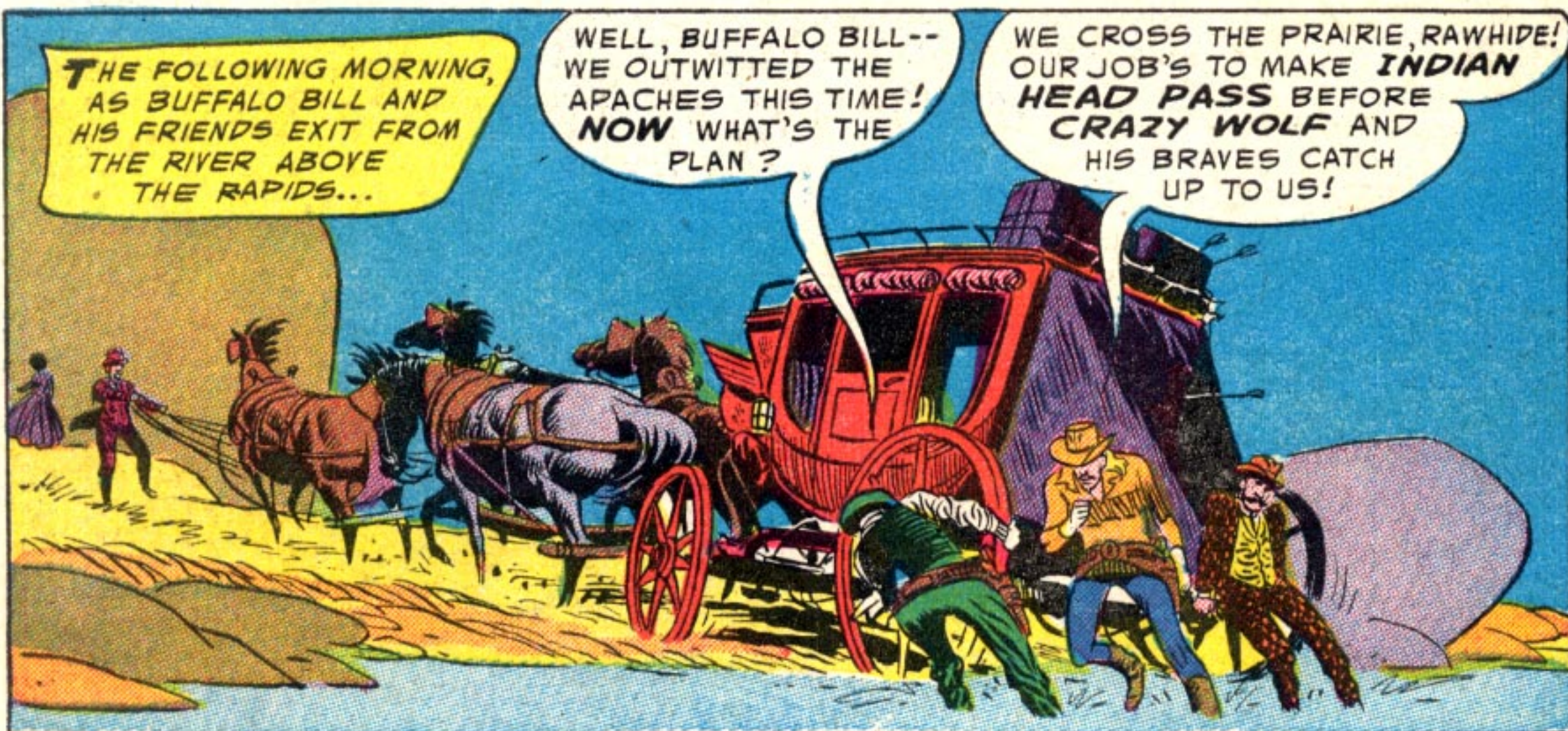
BUT A MOMENT LATER...

THE PALEFACES HAVE SLIPPED OFF, CRAZY WOLF-- BUT WHERE?

THE RIVER WAS THEIR ONLY ROUTE TO SAFETY! BUT WE WILL PURSUE THEM-- FOR THEY CANNOT PASS THE RAPIDS BELOW! REVENGE WILL STILL BE MINE!







THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AS BUFFALO BILL AND HIS FRIENDS EXIT FROM THE RIVER ABOVE THE RAPIDS...

WELL, BUFFALO BILL-- WE OUTWITTED THE APACHES THIS TIME! NOW WHAT'S THE PLAN?

WE CROSS THE PRAIRIE, RAWHIDE! OUR JOB'S TO MAKE **INDIAN HEAD PASS** BEFORE **CRAZY WOLF** AND HIS BRAVES CATCH UP TO US!



YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL US THAT WAR-HAPPY INDIAN WILL **STILL** FOLLOW US, MR. CODY?

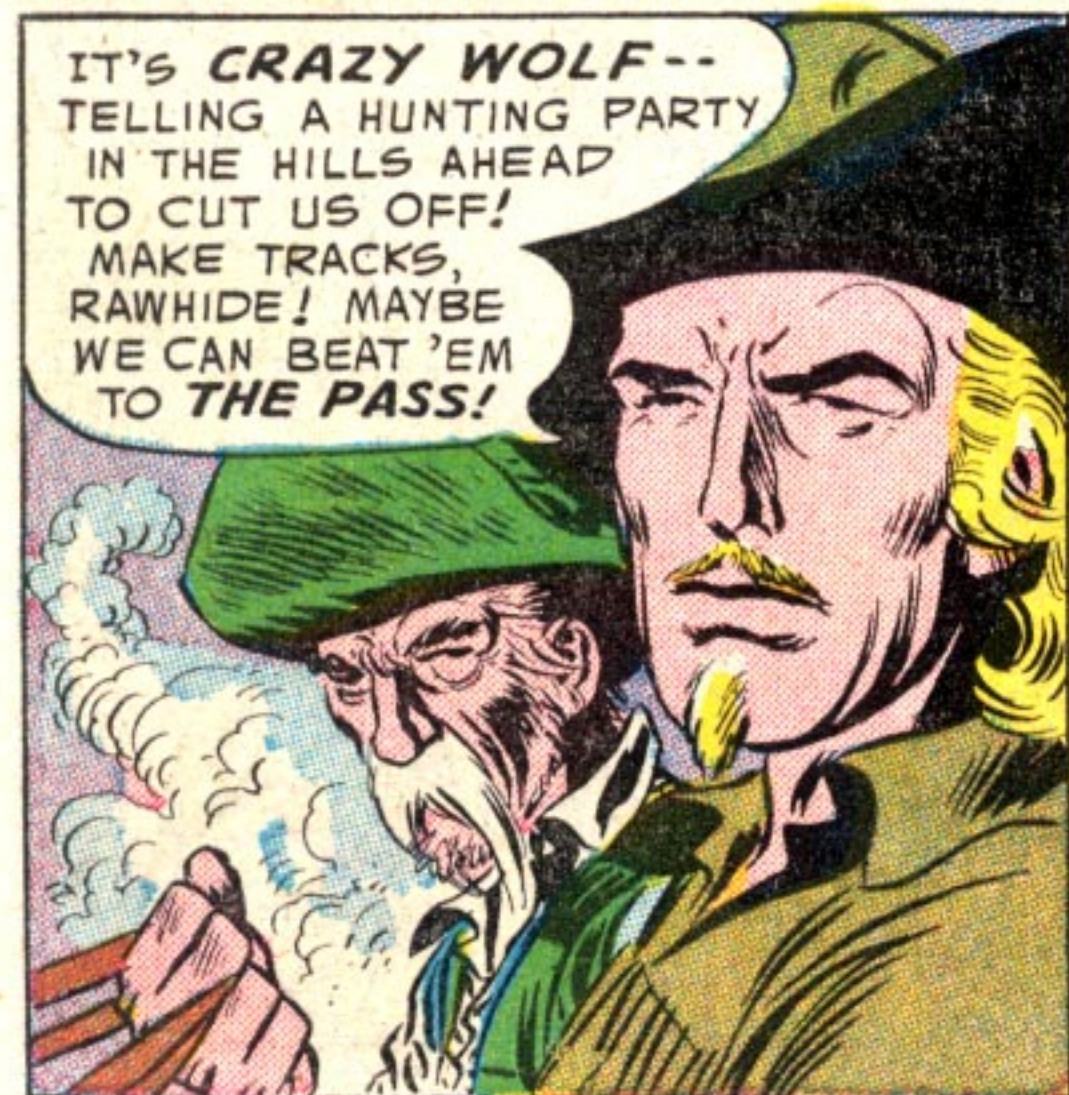
THEY'RE A DETERMINED LOT, HAPPY-- NEVER UNDER-ESTIMATE 'EM! LET'S GET A MOVE ON...

SOME TIME LATER... AND THEY TRACKS LEAD FROM THE RIVER AT THIS SPOT, **CRAZY WOLF!** MOVE TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN PASS! **GOOD...** THAT IS BUFFALO BILL'S MISTAKE--FOR WE HAVE A HUNTING PARTY IN THOSE HILLS! LIGHT A FIRE!

MIDWAY ACROSS THE GREAT PLAINS, BUFFALO BILL SOON OBSERVES AN ALARMING SIGN...

OH, OH-- APACHE SMOKE SIGNALS! WE'RE IN FOR **REAL TROUBLE**, RAWHIDE!

WHAT DO THEY SAY, BILL?

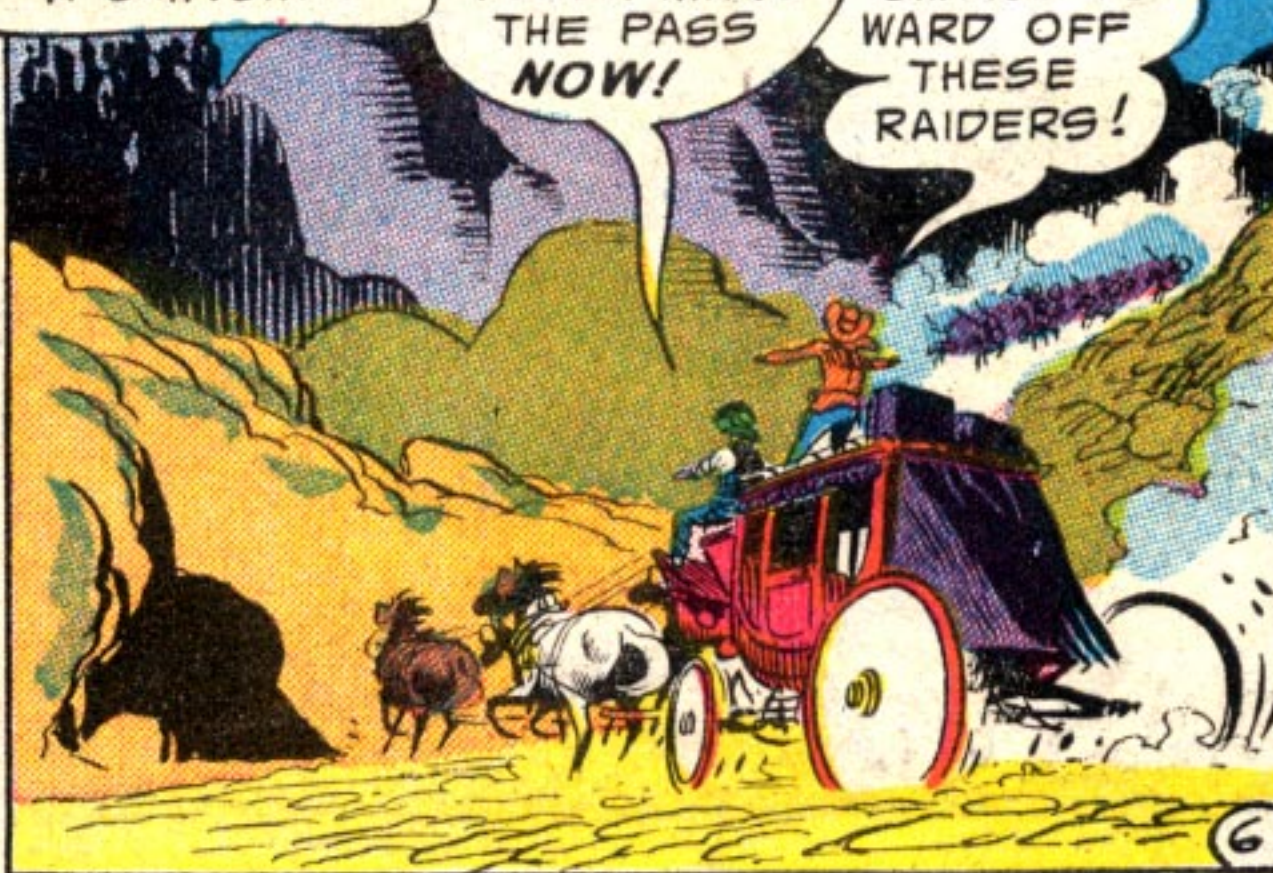


IT'S **CRAZY WOLF**-- TELLING A HUNTING PARTY IN THE HILLS AHEAD TO CUT US OFF! MAKE TRACKS, RAWHIDE! MAYBE WE CAN BEAT 'EM TO **THE PASS!**

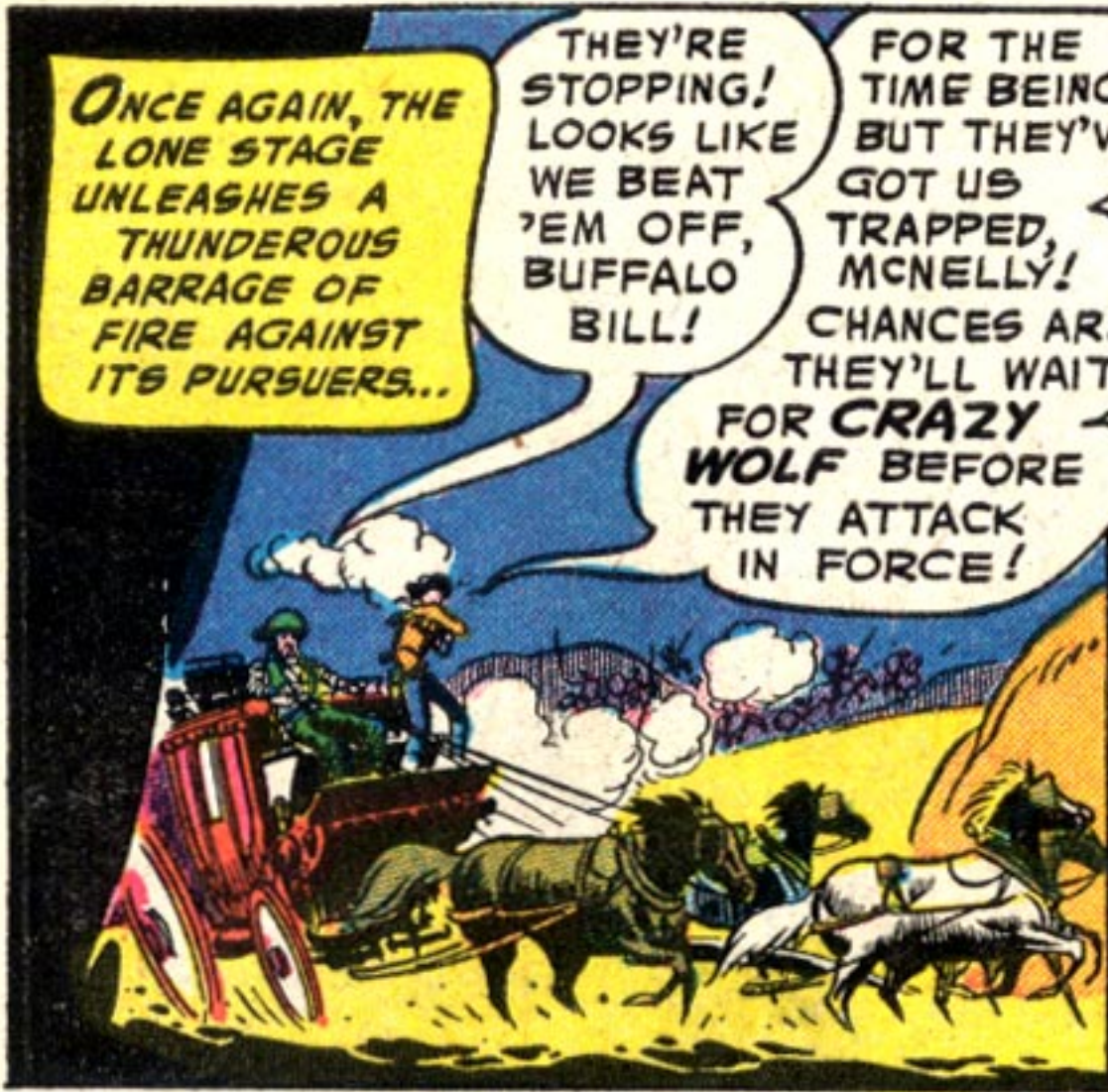
BUT SUDDENLY, AS THE RACING STAGE ENTERS A CANYON...

TOO LATE-- THEY'VE CUT US OFF! WE'LL NEVER MAKE THE PASS **NOW!**

HEAD FOR THAT DRAW, RAWHIDE-- IT'S OUR **ONLY** CHANCE TO WARD OFF THESE RAIDERS!



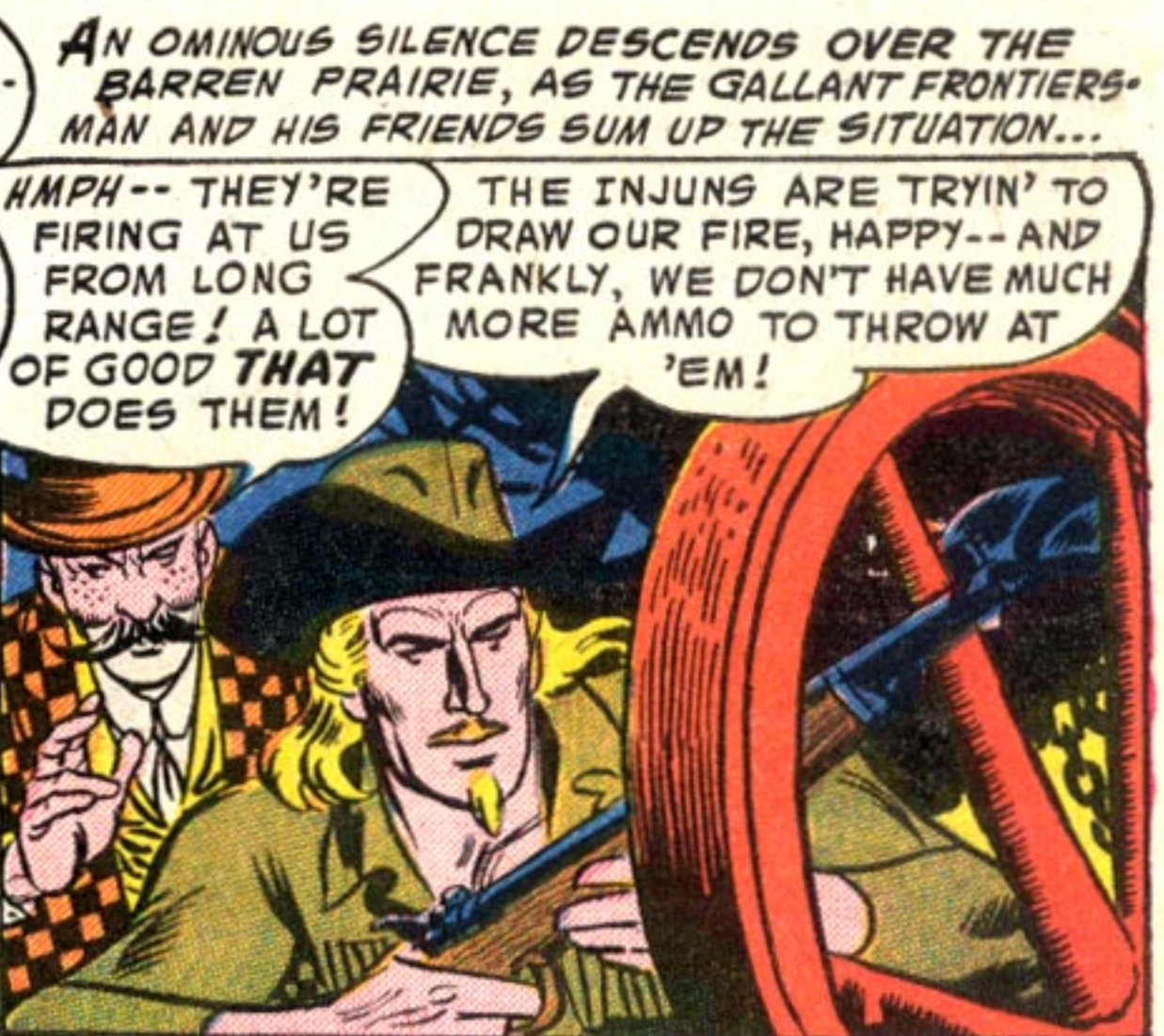




ONCE AGAIN, THE LONE STAGE UNLEASHES A THUNDEROUS BARRAGE OF FIRE AGAINST ITS PURSUERS...

THEY'RE STOPPING! LOOKS LIKE WE BEAT 'EM OFF, BUFFALO BILL!

FOR THE TIME BEING-- BUT THEY'VE GOT US TRAPPED, MCNELLY! CHANCES ARE THEY'LL WAIT FOR **CRAZY WOLF** BEFORE THEY ATTACK IN FORCE!



AN OMINOUS SILENCE DESCENDS OVER THE BARREN PRAIRIE, AS THE GALLANT FRONTIERSMAN AND HIS FRIENDS SUM UP THE SITUATION...

HMPH-- THEY'RE FIRING AT US FROM LONG RANGE! A LOT OF GOOD **THAT** DOES THEM!

THE INJUNS ARE TRYIN' TO DRAW OUR FIRE, HAPPY-- AND FRANKLY, WE DON'T HAVE MUCH MORE AMMO TO THROW AT 'EM!



HUH? THEN... WHAT'LL WE DO?

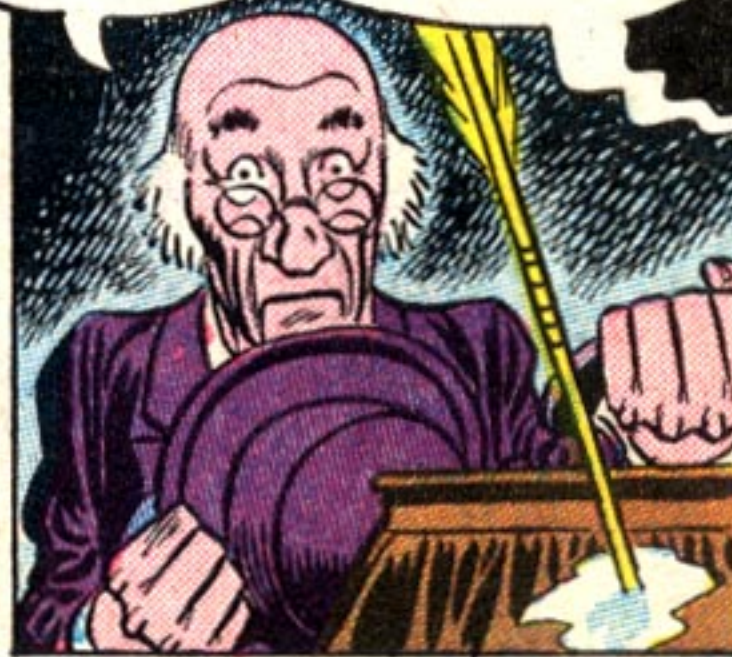
RECKON OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO-- **SAY!** WHAT DID THAT ARROW SHATTER IN YOUR TRAVELING CASE, MCNELLY?

OH, JUST SOME HAIR RESTORER TONIC I'VE BEEN PEDDLING!

HMM... SMELLS LIKE THERE'S A POWERFUL LOT OF **ALCOHOL** IN IT, MCNELLY-- ENOUGH, MAYBE, TO SAVE OUR **LIVES!**

YOU GONE TETCHED, BILL? HOW'S HAIR RESTORER GOIN' TO HELP US?

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN-- **CRAZY WOLF** WILL BE ATTACKIN' ANY MINUTE! FETCH MY ROPE, WE'LL CUT IT UP AND MAKE FUSES!



SHORTLY, AS THE ANGERED APACHES ATTACK IN FORCE...

MUST BE OVER 100 OF THEM!

I COUNT DOUBLE THAT, MCNELLY! LET'S HOPE THIS WORKS...



SECONDS LATER, AS A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS ECHOES THROUGH THE VALLEY...

A-A-I-I-EEE! THE GROUND REARS UP BEFORE US!

ONWARD! IT IS A PALE-FACE TRICK!





BUT CRAZY WOLF CANNOT RALLY HIS FRIGHTENED BRAVES...

**YAHOO!**  
LOOK AT 'EM  
**RUN!**  
WE SURE  
BEAT  
THOSE  
APACHES  
OFF!

WON'T TAKE THE CHIEF  
LONG TO GROUP 'EM  
TOGETHER AGAIN,  
THOUGH-- BY TO-  
MORROW! AND WE  
HAVEN'T MANY BOTTLES  
OF THAT HAIR RESTORER  
LEFT!

BILL'S  
RIGHT--  
THEY  
GOT  
US  
TRAPPED!

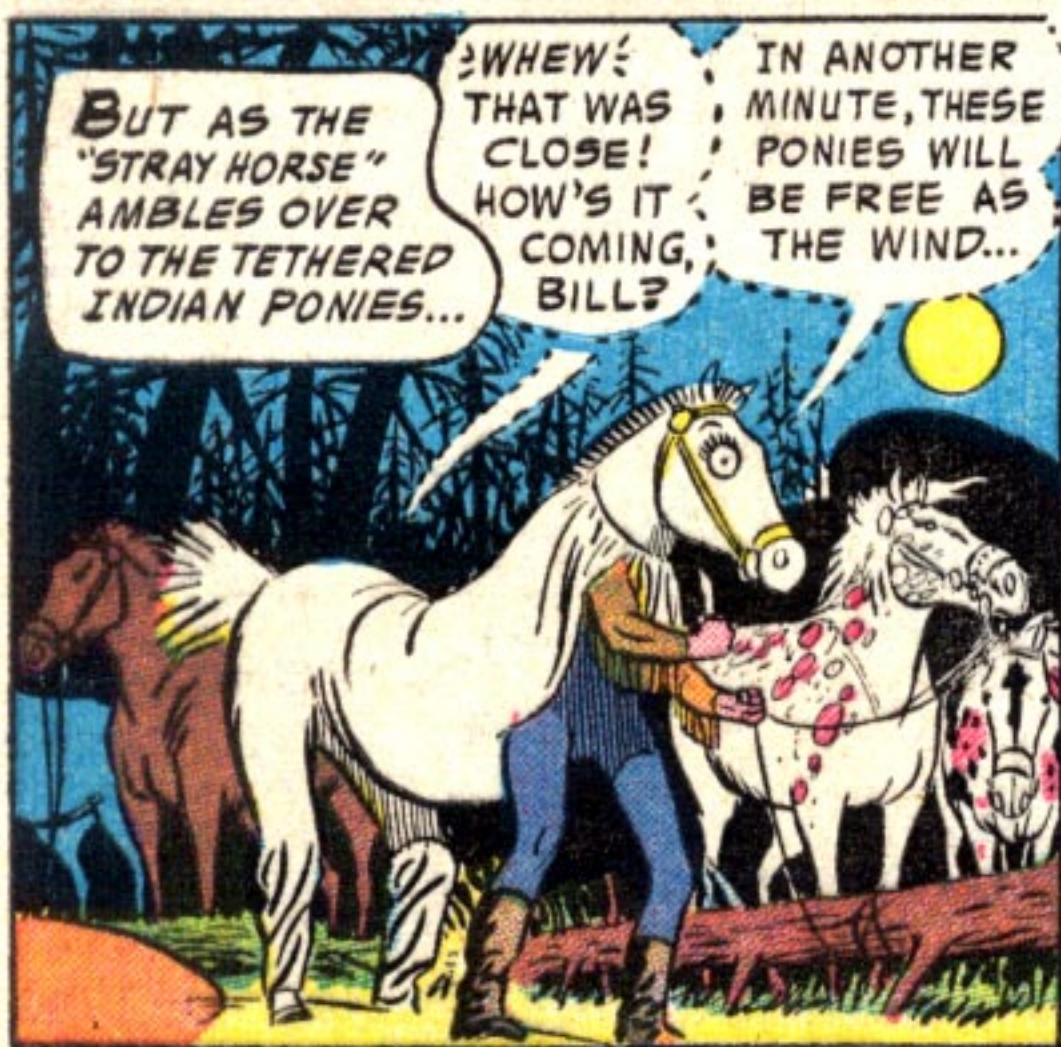
I GUESS  
I'LL NEVER  
GET TO  
CALIFORNIA  
TO ENTERTAIN  
FOLKS WITH  
THIS TWO-MAN  
HORSE ACT!

**HAPPY!**  
THAT STAGE  
PROP OF  
YOURS  
IS JUST  
THE  
ANSWER!  
WE'RE GOIN'  
TO DO A  
LITTLE SHOW  
FOR THE  
**APACHES--  
TONIGHT!**

THAT EVENING, WHERE A PAIR  
OF SENTRIES PATROLS THE  
EDGE OF THE APACHE CAMP...

LISTEN...  
A NOISE!

FOOLISH BRAVE,  
IT IS BUT A  
STRAY HORSE!



BUT AS THE  
"STRAY HORSE"  
AMBLES OVER  
TO THE TETHERED  
INDIAN PONIES...

WHEW!  
THAT WAS  
CLOSE!  
HOW'S IT  
COMING,  
BILL?

IN ANOTHER  
MINUTE, THESE  
PONIES WILL  
BE FREE AS  
THE WIND...

AFTER BUFFALO BILL  
AND HAPPY SLIP OUT  
OF THE CAMP, A BLAZE  
OF GUNFIRE SUDDENLY  
LIGHTS UP THE SKY...

**LOOK!** THE  
PALEFACES  
SEEK TO  
ESCAPE  
THROUGH  
THE PASS!

AND SOMEBODY  
HAS CUT OUR  
PONIES LOOSE!  
THEY RUN FREE  
OVER THE  
PRAIRIE!



**YAHOO!**

**YEEE!**

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE HORSELESS  
APACHES, BILL AND HIS FRIENDS RACE  
THROUGH THE PASS...

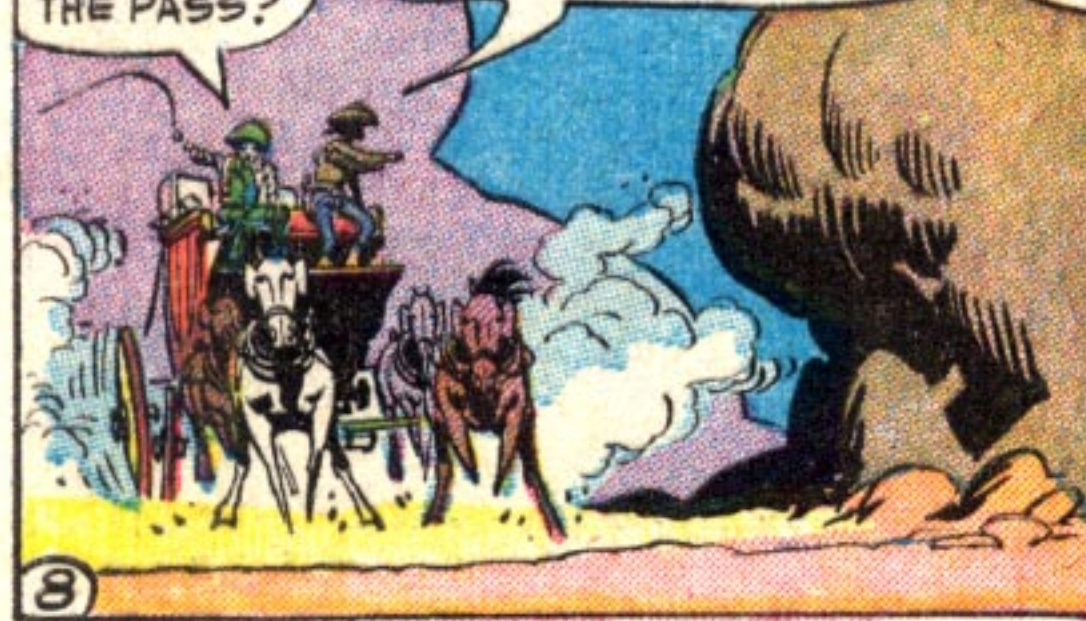
WHAT MAKES  
YUH SO SURE  
THEY WON'T  
TAKE UP AN'  
FOLLOW US  
THROUGH  
THE PASS?

THEIR ENEMIES,  
THE SIOUX, ARE ON THE  
OTHER SIDE, RAWHIDE--  
AN' WE'RE AT PEACE  
WITH 'EM! I RECKON  
WE GAVE THE APACHE  
THE SLIP FOR GOOD!

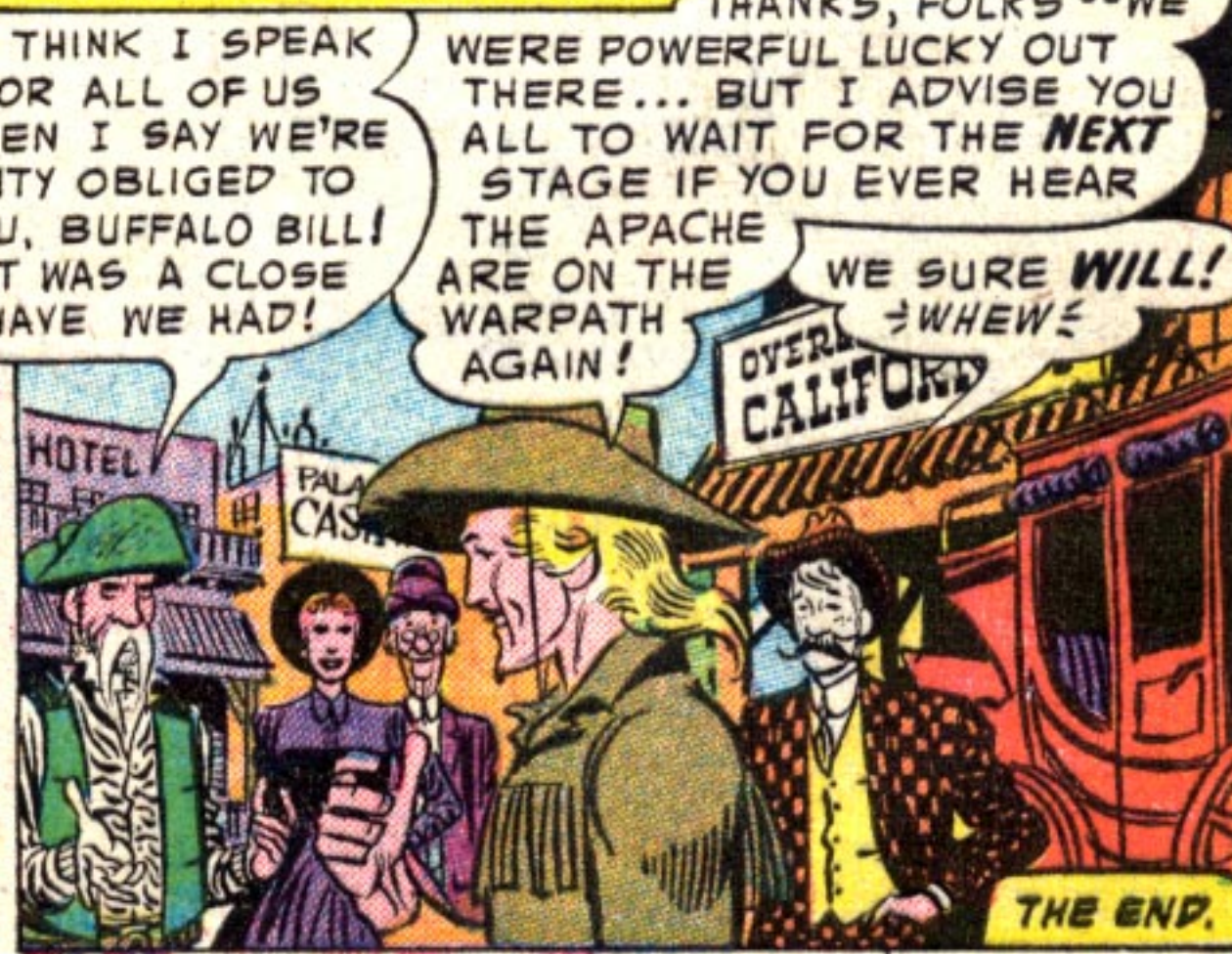
I THINK I SPEAK  
FOR ALL OF US  
WHEN I SAY WE'RE  
MIGHTY OBLIGED TO  
YOU, BUFFALO BILL!  
THAT WAS A CLOSE  
SHAVE WE HAD!

THANKS, FOLKS --WE  
WERE POWERFUL LUCKY OUT  
THERE... BUT I ADVISE YOU  
ALL TO WAIT FOR THE **NEXT**  
STAGE IF YOU EVER HEAR  
THE APACHE  
ARE ON THE  
WARPATH  
AGAIN!

WE SURE **WILL!**  
WHEW!



AND SO, WEEKS LATER, AS THE BATTERED STAGE  
ARRIVES IN CALIFORNIA...



HOTEL

PALA  
CASH

OVER  
CALIFORNIA

THE END.



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FOR COMPLETE  
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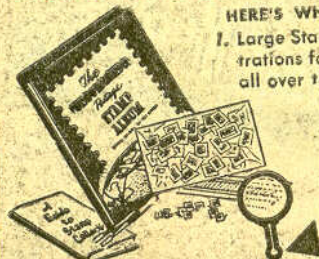
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Zenith Co., Dept. NG-3

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In the coupon, write the number of the only dress in our picture with the popular new "overblouse look," and mail at once. By return mail, we'll send you ABSOLUTELY FREE a stunning, smartly

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**Women—Act Quickly!**  
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You must hurry to win your FREE PRIZE of a Tea Apron. Do the test right away and get your answer off to us today. Your FREE PRIZE—plus Style Folio, fabric samples, and full instructions, will go out when we receive your entry. Only one entry accepted from each household.

**STYLE TEST MANAGER**  
**FASHION FROCKS**  
Dept. U-3182  
Cincinnati 25, Ohio

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THE DRESS WITH THE NEW "OVERBLOUSE LOOK" IS STYLE NO \_\_\_\_\_

Here's my answer. Please rush my PRIZE of the "Bib" Type Tea Apron ... also Style Folio with fabric samples and full particulars without obligation.

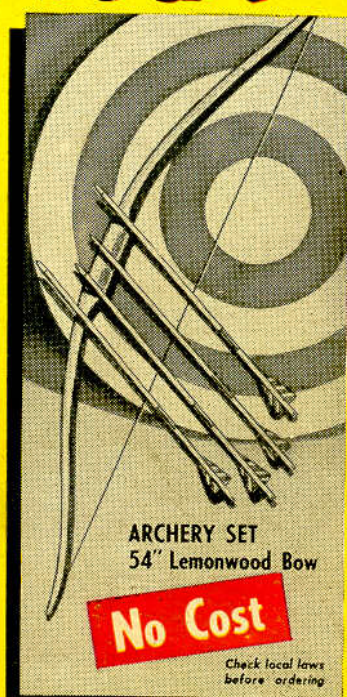
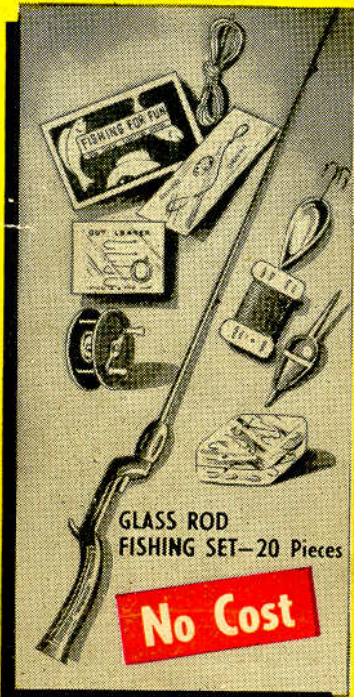
Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

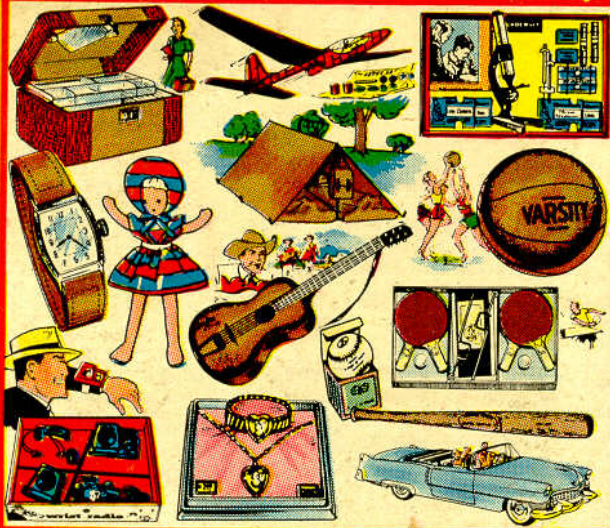
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