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NO. 8

FRONTIER FIGHTERS

Featuring
DAVY CROCKETT
as "**KING of
LOST VALLEY!**"



ALSO:
BUFFALO BILL in
"CHALLENGE OF THE
OLD PIONEERS!"
KIT CARSON in
"WILD HORSE ARMY!"



Draw Me

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DRAW THIS GIRL'S HEAD

5 inches high. Use pencil only. All drawings for October 1956 contest must be received by October 31. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing today!



**USE 1 COUPON
THEN PASS THIS PAGE
ON TO A FRIEND**

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500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please enter my attached drawing in your contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____

Address _____ City _____

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DAVY CROCKETT

IT SEEMED LIKE A ROUTINE TASK FOR DAVY CROCKETT, THE GREAT BACKWOODSMAN, TO TAKE A COUPLE OF PRISONERS THROUGH MOUNTAIN COUNTRY TO A U.S. ARMY POST. BUT THEN OCCURRED THE UNEXPECTED INCIDENT THAT BY A FREAK OF FATE OPENED UP A WHOLE NEW WORLD OF EXCITEMENT, DANGER, AND ADVENTURE WHEN THE FAMED FRONTIERSMAN BECAME...

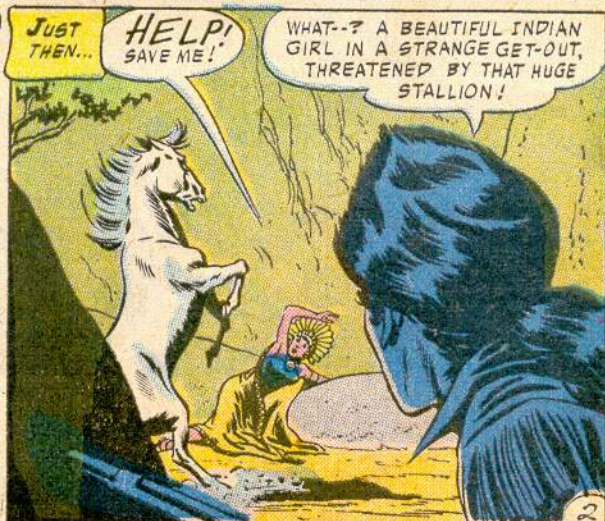
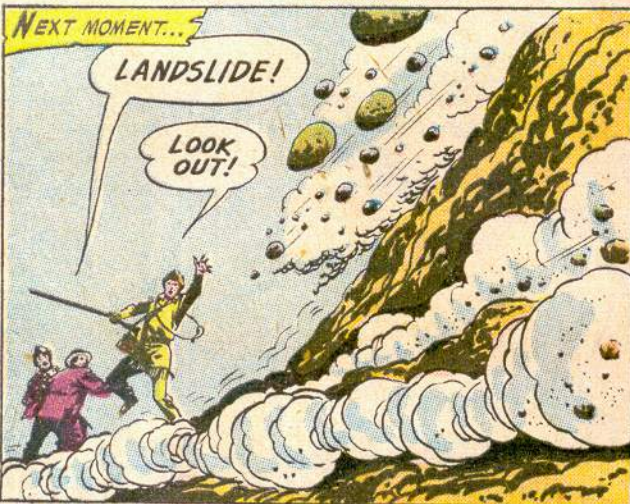
THE KING OF LOST VALLEY



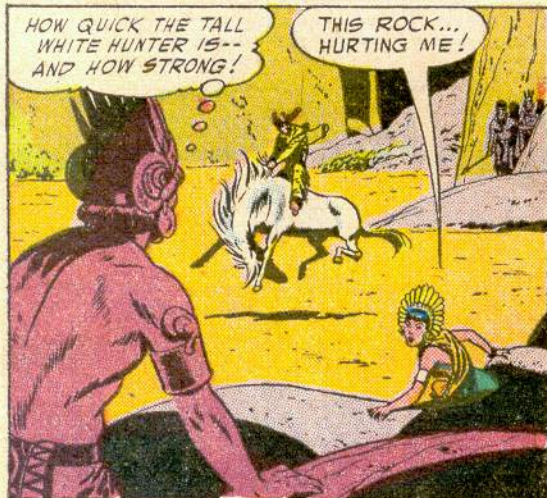
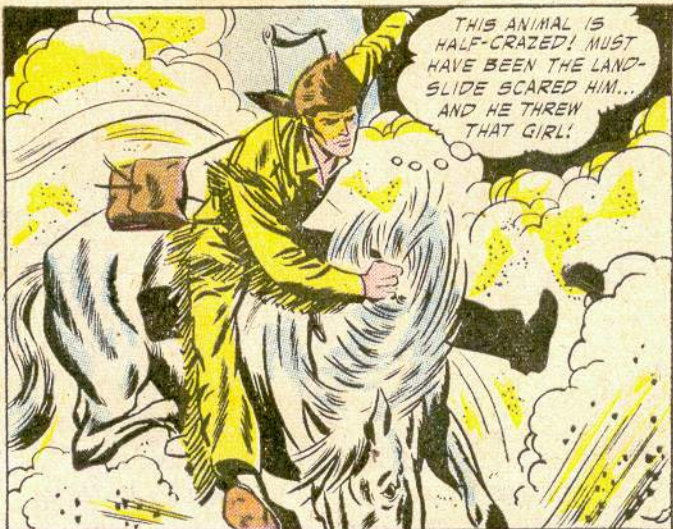
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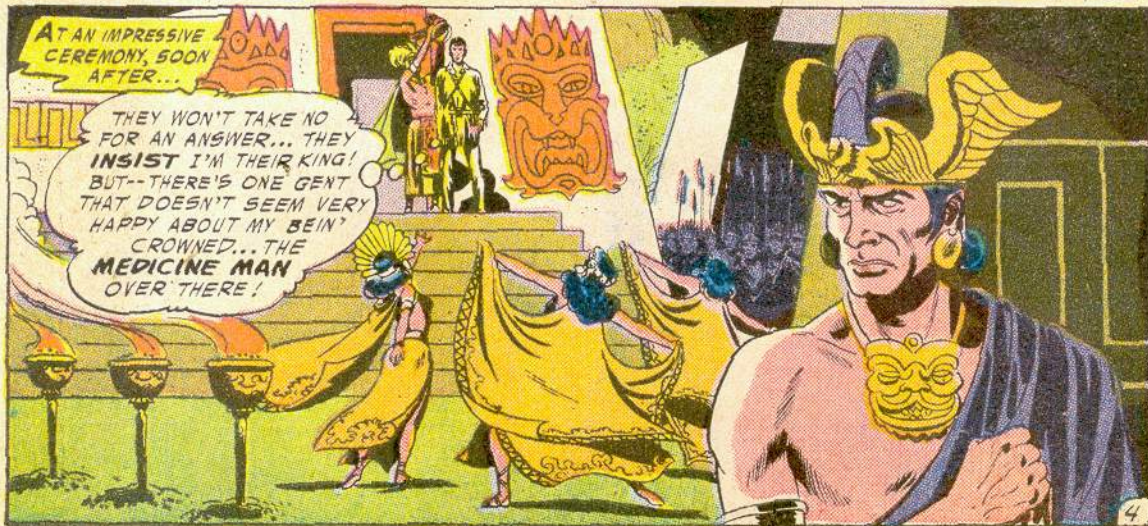
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THROUGH THE FASTNESS OF A WILD MOUNTAIN TRAIL
COME THREE ANGRY MEN...



WITH A TREMENDOUS LEAP, DAVE CROCKETT LANDS ON THE STEED'S BACK...





LATER, THE NEW KING HEARS HIS FIRST PLEA BY ONE OF HIS SUBJECTS...

I AM PRINCESS WANDAH, O KING-- THE DAUGHTER OF OUR TRIBE ELDER! YOU SAVED ME ONCE... CAN YOU SAVE ME AGAIN?

SAVE YOU? FROM WHAT, PRINCESS?

I WANT TO MARRY TAPOSAN, AND TAPOSAN WANTS ME, O KING-- BUT ZUBI, THE MEDICINE MAN, SAYS WE MUST **NOT** MARRY!

HE DOES?

YES! OMENS SHOW THAT TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION WILL VISIT OUR TRIBE IF THESE TWO MARRY!

I SEE... AND YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF THE OMEN DEPARTMENT, EH, ZUBI?

SWIFTLY, "KING DAVY" REACHES A DECISION...

TELL YOU WHAT-- LET'S CONSULT THE OMENS ONCE MORE! AFTER ALL, MAYBE THEY'VE CHANGED THEIR MIND, ZUBI...

HEAR! THE KING HAS SPOKEN!

RELUCTANTLY, THE MEDICINE MAN PREPARES TO CONSULT THE HIDDEN POWERS...

BUT ON THIS SIDE IS CIRCLE... CIRCLE IS **BAD**! IT MEANS MARRIAGE IS EVIL! NOW, I THROW BONE IN AIR...

SPINNING UPWARD, THE BONE FLASHES IN THE SUNLIGHT, AND...

MAGIC ANTELOPE BONE SHALL DECIDE! ON THIS SIDE IS **ARROW**-- IT MEANS MARRIAGE BETWEEN THE TWO IS **GOOD**...

HO! THE OMENS HAVE SPOKEN! WANDAH AND TAPOSAN MUST **NOT** MARRY!

HMM...

BUT BEFORE THE MEDICINE MAN
CAN PICK UP THE BONE...

HOLD EVERYTHING! LET'S
HAVE A CLOSER LOOK
AT THIS OMEN...

EH??

I THOUGHT SO! THERE'S A
CIRCLE ON **BOTH SIDES**
O' THIS BONE! ZUBI
WASN'T TAKIN'
ANY CHANCES!

WHAT--
WHAT ARE
YOU SAYING?

WITH A SWIFT MOTION, DAVY PLUCKS
ANOTHER ANTELOPE BONE FROM
THE FOLDS OF ZUBI'S GARMENT...

HERE'S THE ONE HE SHOWED US
FIRST-- WITH THE ARROW! HE
SIMPLY SWITCHED THE TWO OF
'EM JUST BEFORE HE MADE
THE TOSS! PRETTY CLEVER--
BUT I GOT REAL GOOD
EYES!

YOU--
YOU
LIE!

LOOK! ZUBI
ATTACKS THE
KING! HE
IS MAD!

HE'S GETTIN'
ME PRETTY
MAD, TOO...

QUICK AS A WINK, THE WHIPCORD MUSCLES OF THE FAMED
FRONTIERSMAN GO INTO ACTION...

LATER, AFTER THE EVILDOER HAS BEEN IMPRISONED.

BEHOLD HOW STRONG
THE KING IS! HOW
EASILY HE DEFEATS
ZUBI!

YOU SAY THERE'S NO WAY
OUT OF THIS VALLEY BACK
TO THE OUTER WORLD?

WE HAVE NEVER
FOUND ONE, OKING...
THE SIDES OF OUR
VALLEY ARE TOO
STEEP!

AND THAT NIGHT, STILL ANOTHER PROBLEM? MEANWHILE...
ARISES AS...

O KING! ZUBI HAS
ESCAPED! HIS TWO
HELPERS MUST HAVE
FREED HIM-- FOR
THEY ARE GONE,
TOO!

OH, OH-- THAT COULD
MEAN TROUBLE!
I'LL HAVE TO
POSTPONE MY
SEARCH FOR A WAY
BACK TO CIVILIZATION...

WE HAVE FOUND TWO MORE WHITE MEN,
MASTER! BY WHAT THEY SAY, THE TALL
HUNTER IS NO KING... HE IS SOMEONE
THEY HATE-- CALLED
DAVY CROCKETT!

TAKE ME
TO THEM!



PRESENTLY...

YOU HELP ZUBI DESTROY
CROCKETT-- AND I LEAD
YOU TO WHERE YELLOW
METAL IS BURIED IN
THIS VALLEY!

GOLD? IT'S
A BARGAIN,
ZUBI!



SHORTLY...

GOT TO FIND THAT CROOKED
MEDICINE MAN BEFORE HE--
EH?

THERE
HE IS!



SO--MY TWO PRISONERS
HAVE JOINED FORCES
WITH ZUBI AND HIS
HENCHMEN!

OOF!

BAM!



GRAB HIM, HARRY--
OR WE'RE DONE
FOR!

I'LL FIX HIM
WITH THIS
SPEAR...





THUS, A GROUP OF INDIANS ARRIVES, SOME TIME LATER...



AND SO, AFTER ZUBI AND HIS CREW HAVE BEEN PUT UNDER GUARD...



LATER, ON THE TRAIL BACK TO CIVILIZATION...



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NO FOOLIN'

Grizzly Adams

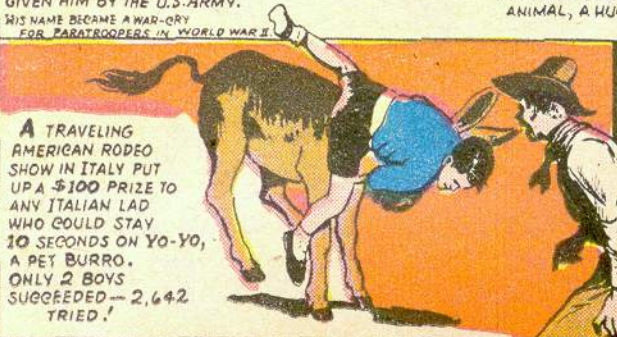
(MEDWAY, MASS.)
HE HATED CITIES
SO MUCH THAT HE
WENT WEST AND
TAMED GRIZZLY
BEARS FOR A
LIVING!

ADAMS
WAS A SENSATION
WHEN HE APPEARED
IN MINING CAMPS
FOLLOWED BY HIS PACK
ANIMAL, A HUGE BEAR.



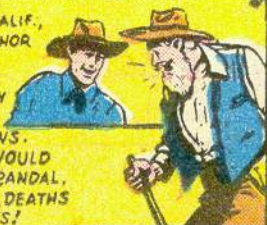
FROM
AN OLD
PRINT.
1885

GERONIMO, LAST
GREAT APACHE WARRIOR TO SURRENDER, WAS
THE FIRST INDIAN TO OWN AN AUTO. IT WAS
GIVEN HIM BY THE U.S. ARMY.
HIS NAME BECAME A WAR-CRY
FOR PARATROOPERS IN WORLD WAR II



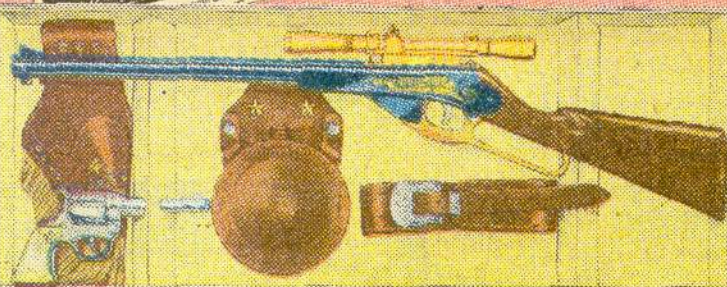
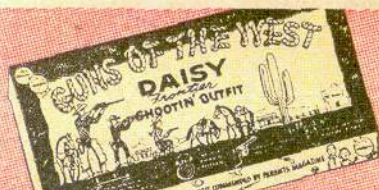
A TRAVELING
AMERICAN RODEO
SHOW IN ITALY PUT
UP A \$100 PRIZE TO
ANY ITALIAN LAD
WHO COULD STAY
10 SECONDS ON YO-YO,
A PEY BURRO.
ONLY 2 BOYS
SUCCEEDED—2,642
TRIED!

IN 1862, RIALTO, CALIF.,
HAD NO NEWSPAPER, NOR
NEEDED ONE.
AGED HENRY BASS
EARNED HIS LIVING BY
WANDERING AROUND
TOWN PICKING UP NEWS.
THEN FOR 25¢ HE WOULD
TELL YOU ALL THE SCANDAL,
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS
AND NEWS EVENTS!



ADVERTISEMENT

for HARMLESS fun...



No. 1965 DAISY FRONTIER SHOOTIN' KIT

Get this big, complete new "fun guns" outfit! Pretend you're out scouting with this 32" Daisy Super Scope Rifle—plus Western cap pistol—plus real pint canteen—both "holstered" on that beautiful belt! It's fun—exciting! Rifle has real magnifying, golden "scope" mounted (snaps on or off rifle); golden insignia; shoots harmless loud noise—and smokes! Pistol—holster,

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NO. 1160 DAISY SUPER SCOPE SMOKE RIFLE

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NO. 967 DAISY ANNIE OAKLEY GOLDEN SMOKE RIFLE

World's most beautiful harmless play rifle... high styled for girls as well as boys! Named for TV's Annie Oakley. Shoots loud noise, smoke! Western carbine type; 32"; colored bright gold, pure white. Blue sling, Golden insignia, silvery carbine band. Starred cocking lever. Commanded by Parents' Magazine. Only (\$5.35 West Coast):.....



\$4.98

NO. 2562 DAISY TRIPLE HOLSTER SET

Top grain leather set has three sliding holsters; 2 for the pair of Western cap pistols, 1 for the molded, pint cowboy canteen. Golden stars, silvery conchas. Snap-fastening straps permit different "combinations" as shown. Be first to wear this amazing \$7.95 set:.....



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Send 25c (in coin) for 128-page Daisy Gun Book; we'll include FREE Daisy Catalog, molded arrowhead charm.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DEPT. 1586 • PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN U.S.A.

SAGEBRUSH SAM

A FINE LOAD OF HAY WE'VE GOT, EH, LUKE?



WHOA! STOP RUNNING SO FAST!

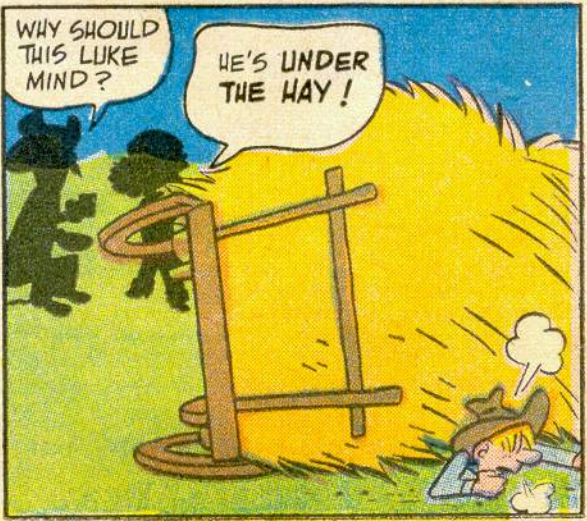


THE WHOLE WAGON'S GOING OVER!



QUITE AN ACCIDENT, STRANGER. I'LL GIVE YA A HAND WITH IT, JES' AS SOON AS I FINISH MY VITTLES!

THAT'S REAL NICE. I HOPE LUKE DOESN'T MIND THE WAIT!



WHY SHOULD THIS LUKE MIND?

HE'S UNDER THE HAY!

BUFFALO BILL

THAT SHOOTIN'S MORE
THAN PLAIN LUCK, PEARLY!
BUFFALO BILL'S SHUCKIN'
THOSE LADDER RUNGS
LIKE CORN ON THE
COB!

BAH! THESE
YOUNG WHIPPER-
SNAPPERS ARE
JUST SHOWOFFS!
GIVE ME THE OLD
PIONEERS ANY
TIME!

CRACK
CRACK

IN A SMALL MONTANA TOWN, A
DOGGED WESTERN MANHUNT
COMES TO AN ABRUPT END AS...

YUH'RE NOT
TAKIN' **ME**
IN, CODY-- NOT
FOR HUNTIN'
DOWN A PACK
O' BUFF!

RESERVATION
BUFFALO, MOORE--
BELONGIN' TO
THE INDIANS!
SO YOU'D BETTER
COME PEACEFUL--
OR ELSE...



THE OUTLAW'S HAND DARTS FOR
HIS GUN-- BUT IN THAT VERY
SAME INSTANT...

GREAT DAY!
CODY'S SLUGS
PLUCKED THE
HEELS CLEAN
OFF HIS BOOTS!



COULD PLAINSMAN **BUFFALO BILL** MATCH HIS FRONTIER
SKILL WITH THE OLD-TIMERS OF YESTERYEAR--THOSE
RUGGED MEN WHO OPENED THE ROADS OF THE EARLY
WEST? TO DO SO, BILL HAD TO OUT-SHOOT, OUT-RIDE
AND OUT-THINK THE STUBBORN CODGERS-- FOR THAT
WAS THE ONLY WAY HE COULD MEET...

THE CHALLENGE OF THE OLD PIONEERS

WHEN THE LOCAL SHERIFF ARRIVES...

MIND LETTIN' THIS CRITTER COOL IN YOUR CELL FOR AWHILE, SHERIFF? A GOVERNMENT AGENT WILL COME SOON TO TAKE HIM OFF YOUR HANDS!

IT'S MY PLEASURE, BILL!



JUST THEN... **BUFFALO BILL**...

I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE MY EYES! YOU MUST'VE HEARD OUR WISHES FROM AFAR!

I'M AFRAID... I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MA'AM!



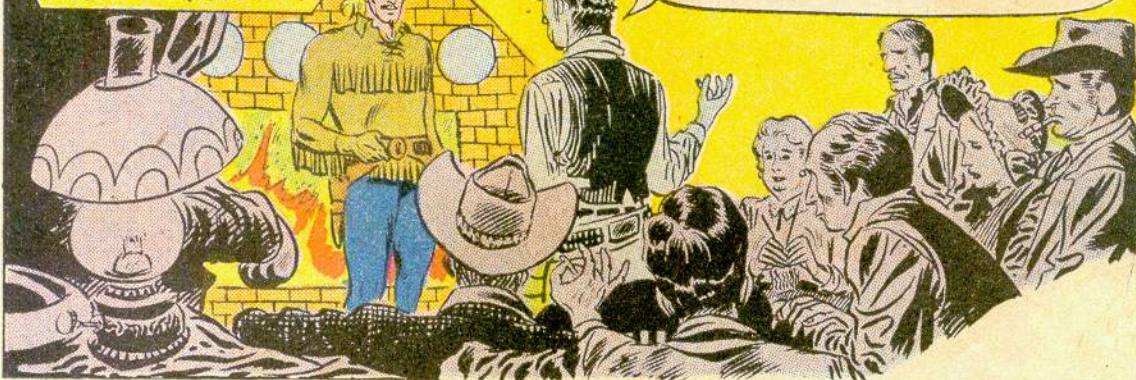
A GROUP OF FAMILIES IN THE TERRITORY WERE FIXIN' ON WRITIN' TO YOU FOR HELP, BILL! I COULD ARRANGE A MEETING... IF YOU'D OBLIGE US!

I'D BE GLAD TO ATTEND... SOUNDS LIKE YOU FOLKS ARE IN TROUBLED WATERS!



AT A MEETING AN HOUR LATER, BILL HEARS A STRANGE STORY...

YOU SEE, BILL, THE FAMILIES HERE ALL HAD KINFOLK THAT PIONEERED THE EARLY WEST! THEY WERE A RUGGED BREED OF MEN-- AND STUBBORN AS A MULE! WELL...



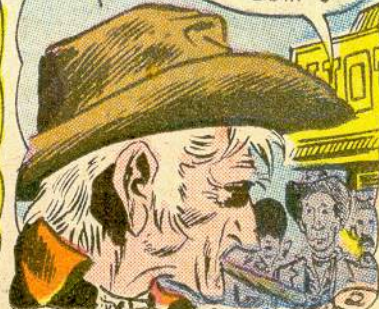
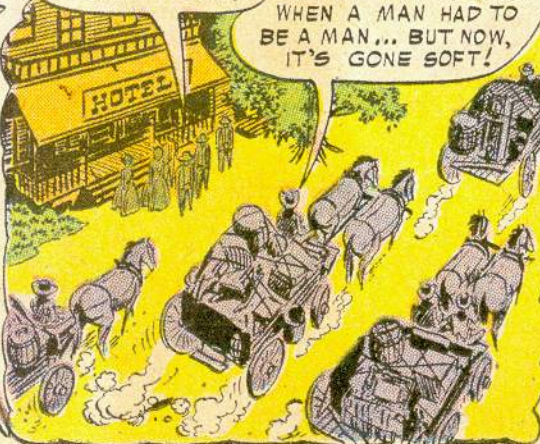
SIX MONTHS AGO, THESE OLD-TIMERS GATHERED THEIR BELONGINGS AND MET IN THE SQUARE...

BUT, UNCLE CYRUS-- WHY ARE YOU ALL LEAVIN' TOWN?

'CAUSE WE'RE SICK TO DEATH, BOY! WE TAMED THE WEST WHEN A MAN HAD TO BE A MAN... BUT NOW, IT'S GONE SOFT!

SO WE'RE PULLIN' UP STAKE! WE'VE FORMED A PIONEERS' PARTY AN' WE'RE HEADIN' INTO THE HILLS TO LIVE RUGGED, LIKE MEN USED TO!

HUH? BUT... THAT COULD BE DANGEROUS! WHERE ARE YOU GOIN'?



TO THE ONLY PLACE IN THE TERRITORY YUH WHIPPERSNAPPERS NEVER HEARD OF-- MUCH LESS **SEEN!** GOODBYE, ALL... SEE YUH IN A YEAR'S TIME!

WE'VE SEARCHED HIGH AND LOW FOR 'EM WITH NARY A SIGN, BILL... AND EVEN IF WE FOUND 'EM, THERE'S LITTLE CHANCE THEY'D RETURN WITH US!

HMM... THERE'S ONLY **ONE** PLACE IN THESE PARTS THAT'S STILL UNSETTLED AND UN-CHARTED... **LOST VALLEY!**

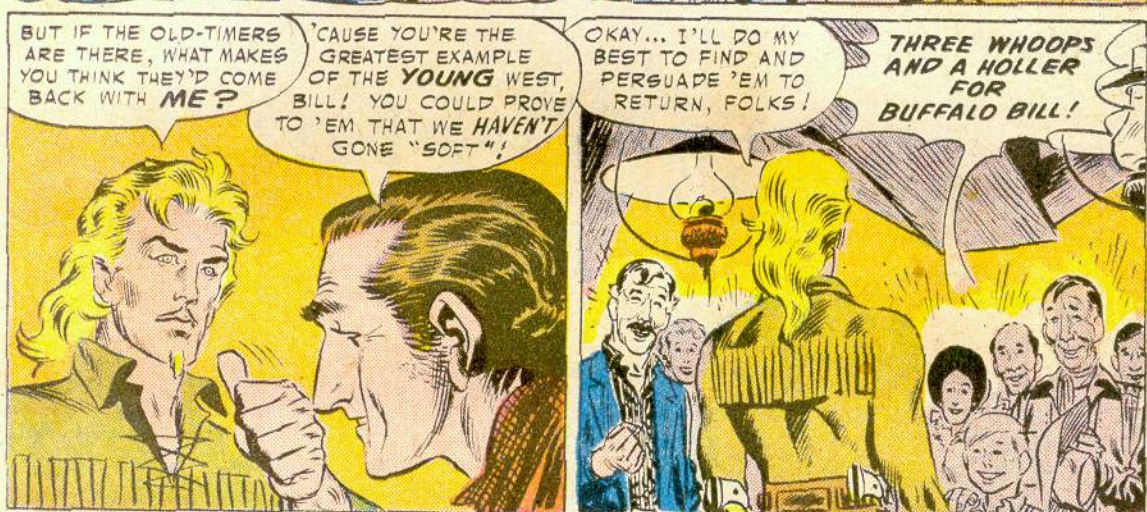


BUT IF THE OLD-TIMERS ARE THERE, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THEY'D COME BACK WITH **ME?**

'CAUSE YOU'RE THE GREATEST EXAMPLE OF THE **YOUNG** WEST, BILL! YOU COULD PROVE TO 'EM THAT WE **HAVEN'T** GONE "SOFT"!

OKAY... I'LL DO MY BEST TO FIND AND PERSUADE 'EM TO RETURN, FOLKS!

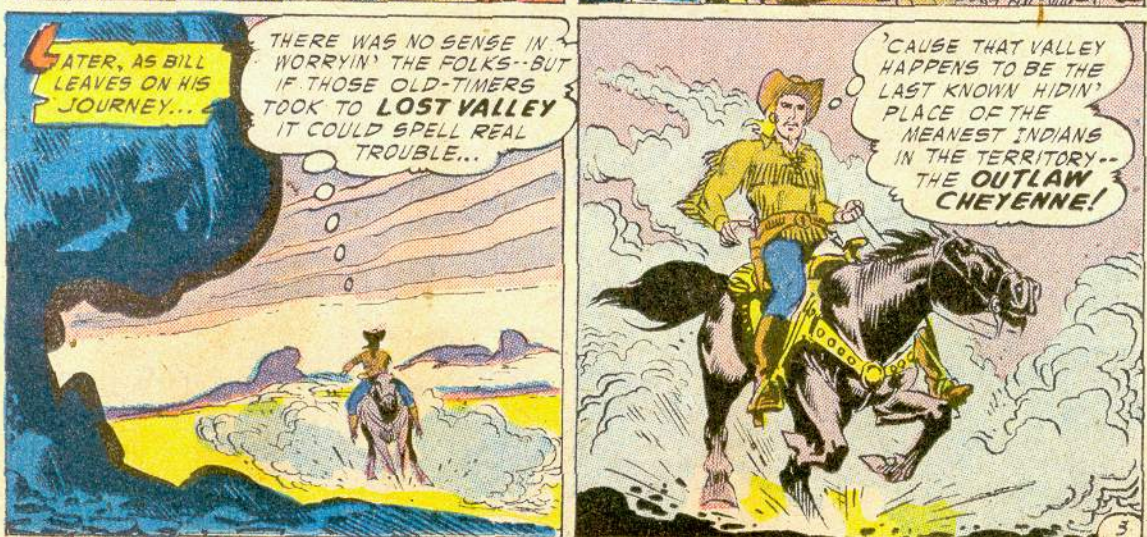
THREE WHOOPS AND A HOLLER FOR BUFFALO BILL!

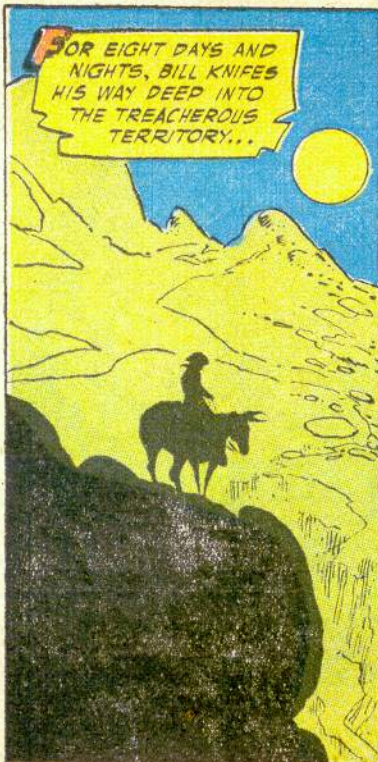


LATER, AS BILL LEAVES ON HIS JOURNEY...

THERE WAS NO SENSE IN WORRYIN' THE FOLKS--BUT IF THOSE OLD-TIMERS TOOK TO **LOST VALLEY** IT COULD SPELL REAL TROUBLE...

'CAUSE THAT VALLEY HAPPENS TO BE THE LAST KNOWN HIDIN' PLACE OF THE **MEANEST INDIANS** IN THE TERRITORY-- THE **OUTLAW CHEYENNE!**

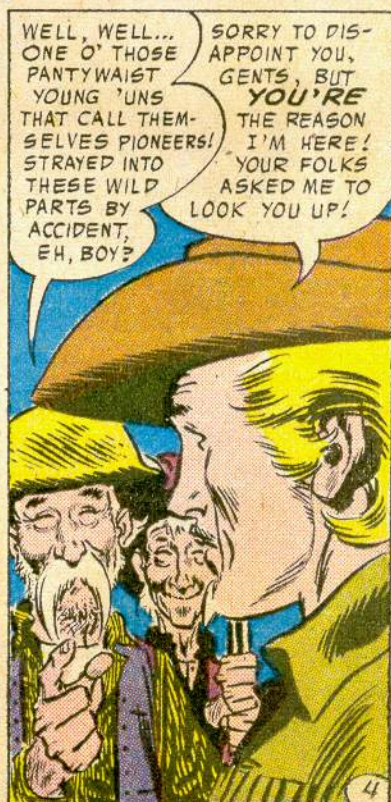




AND ON THE NINTH DAY, AS THE PLAINSMAN MAKES HIS WAY DOWN A STEEP SLOPE LEADING TO **LOST VALLEY...**



DAZED FROM HIS ABRUPT FALL, BILL LOOKS UP TO OBSERVE THE BLURRED FIGURES OF ATTACKING WARRIORS...



THEN **GIT!** WE DON'T WANT ANY O' THAT FLOWERS-AN'-MOLASSES TALK! WE LIKE IT HERE, AN' WE'RE **STAYIN' PUT!**

SIMMER DOWN, CYRUS! LEAST WE CAN DO IS TAKE THIS TENDERFOOT BACK TO **PIONEERS' TOWN** AN' HEAR HIM OUT!

SHORTLY, AS BILL ENTERS THE COLORFUL VALLEY COMMUNITY WITH THE OLD-TIMERS... MIGHTY KEEN...

THIS HERE'S THE WAY WE USED TO BUILD SETTLEMENTS YEARS BACK! HOW DO YUH LIKE IT, YOUNG 'UN?

BUT WITH **OUTLAW CHEYENNE** IN THESE PARTS, I'D SAY A **FORT** WAS IN ORDER INSTEAD OF THAT OLD-FASHIONED STOCKADE!



HMPH! JUST LIKE ALL THE YOUNGSTERS O' TODAY-- ALWAYS FRETIN' FOR YORE SKINS! WE BEAT MANY AN INJUN BACK FROM THOSE OLD STOCKADES, MISTER!

MAYBE SO... BUT IT'S JUST PLAIN FOOLHARDY TO IGNORE SAFETY! KIND OF LIKE CUTTIN' OFF YOUR NOSE TO SPITE YOUR FACE!

FULL O' SASS, TOO, EH? WHO BE YUH-- AN' HOW'D YUH FIND THIS VALLEY, STRANGER?

WE'LL KNOW ALL THAT IN DUE TIME, CYRUS! LET'S GO IN AND HOLD A POW-WOW!



LATER, AFTER INTRODUCTIONS HAVE BEEN EXCHANGED AND BILL HAS TOLD THE PURPOSE OF HIS MISSION...

GO BACK TO TOWN? FOR **WHAT**, I SAY-- TO LIVE AMONG A PACK O' PANTYWAIST PIONEERS? **NEVER!**

HOLD UP, CYRUS! WE YOUNGER PIONEERS AREN'T AS BAD AS YOU MAKE OUT! WE'RE PRETTY GOOD WITH SHOOTIN' IRONS, ROPE AND RIDIN'...

CARE TO BACK THOSE WORDS UP, BILLY BOY? TELL YUH WHAT...WE'LL HAVE A CONTEST! MATCH OUR PIONEERIN' SKILLS, AN' WE'LL ALL RETURN WITH YUH!

I'M NOT CHALLENGIN' YOU OLD TIMERS! I JUST SAID WE WERE AS GOOD...



AHA! SEE WHAT WE MEAN 'BOUT THESE YOUNG 'UNS OF TODAY? CALL 'EM ON ANYTHING, AN' THEY BACK DOWN TO THEIR KNEES!



WELL, BILL CODY--WHAT SAY YUH? WILL YUH ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE?

WHAT CAN I DO? IF I AGREED TO THE CONTEST, AND WON, IT WOULD BREAK THE SPIRITS OF THESE GREAT OLD-TIMERS! AND IF I SHOULD LOSE...



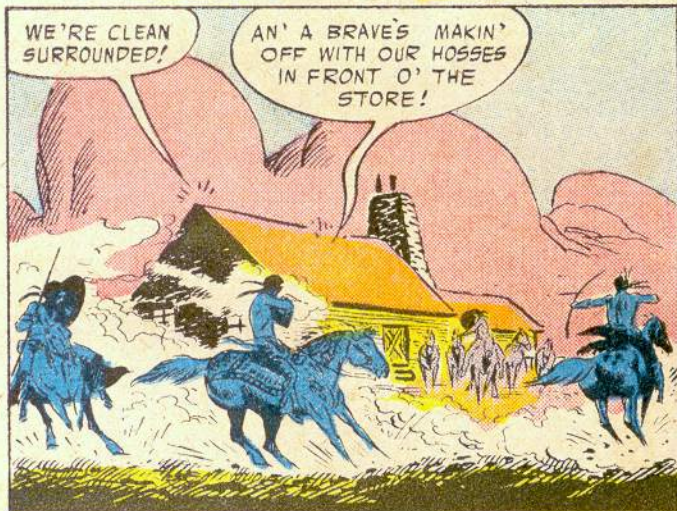
...THESE MEN WOULD NEVER RETURN TO THEIR FAMILIES!

INJUNS!



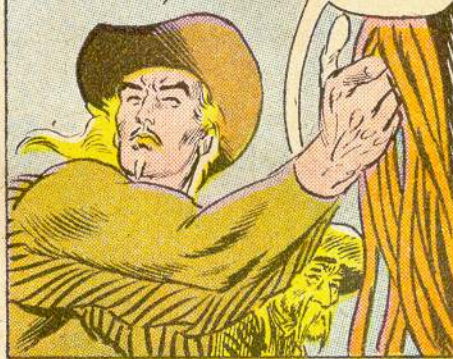
WE'RE CLEAN SURROUNDED!

AN' A BRAVE'S MAKIN' OFF WITH OUR HOSSES IN FRONT O' THE STORE!



IF THE CHEYENNE CAPTURE OUR ANIMALS, WE'RE AT THEIR MERCY! COVER ME, BOYS--I'LL TRY TO RETRIEVE 'EM...

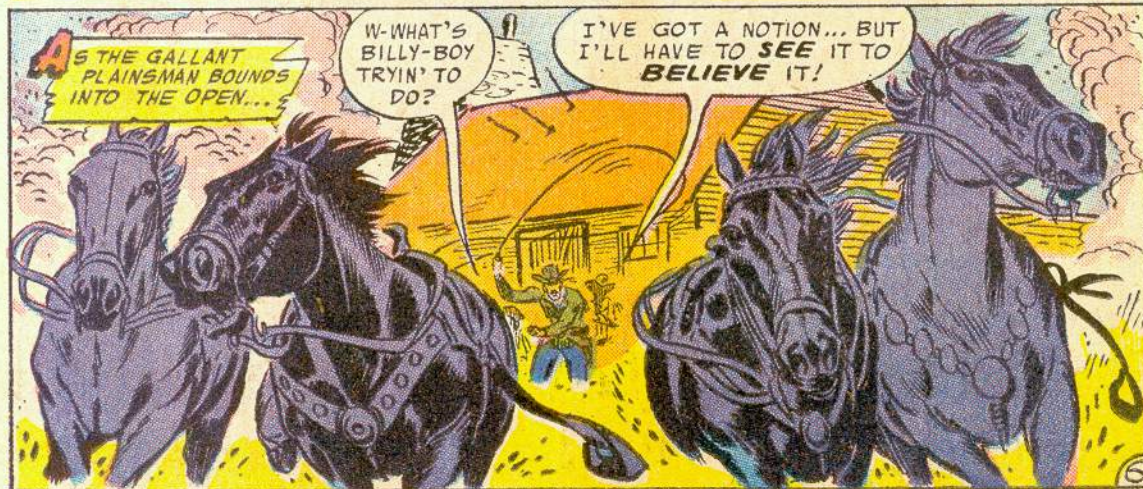
PICK OUT A TARGET, MEN...

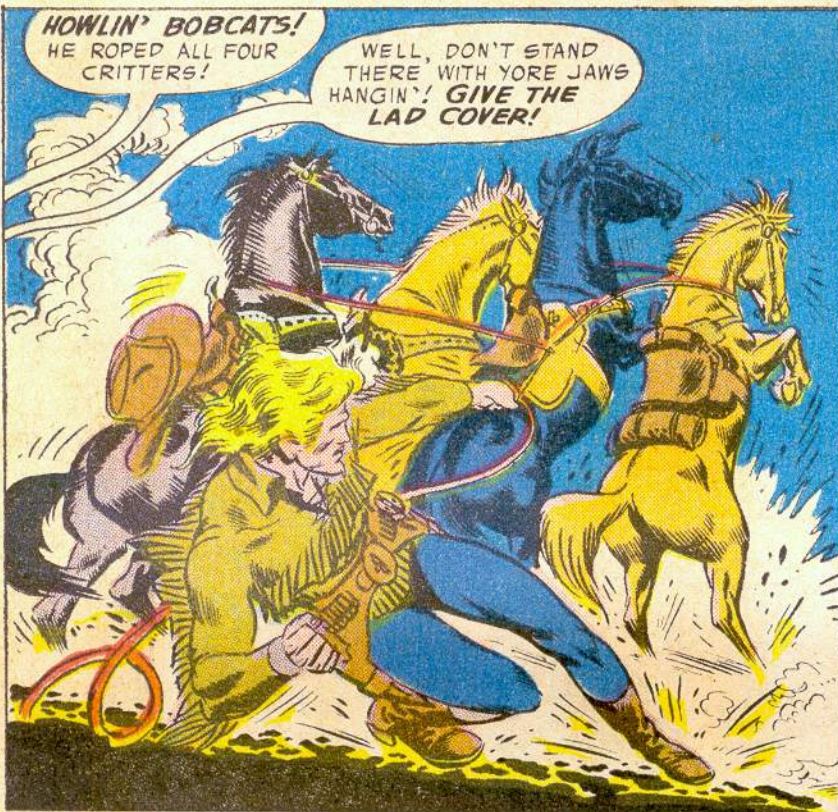


AS THE GALLANT PLAINSMAN BOUNDS INTO THE OPEN...

W-WHAT'S BILLY-BOY TRYIN' TO DO?

I'VE GOT A NOTION... BUT I'LL HAVE TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT!





HOWLIN' BOBCATS!
HE ROPED ALL FOUR
CRITTERS!

WELL, DON'T STAND
THERE WITH YORE JAWS
HANGIN'! **GIVE THE
LAD COVER!**

MOMENTS LATER...

C'MON! THE CHEYENNE
HAVE ALL BUT TAKEN YOUR
FRIENDS DOWN AT THE
STOCKADE! THEY
NEED HELP--AND
PRONTO!

CONSARN!
LET'S LEND
A HAND!



SOON, AS BILL AND THE OLD-TIMERS
REACH THE STOCKADE...

GREAT DAY!
THOSE INJUN
COYOTES BROUGHT
ALONG LADDERS!
THE BOYS INSIDE
DON'T STAND A
CHANCE!

THEY DON'T
IF THE CHEYENNE
SCALE THAT WALL!
LET'S SEE IF WE
CAN THROW A
HORSESHOE INTO
THEIR PLANS...

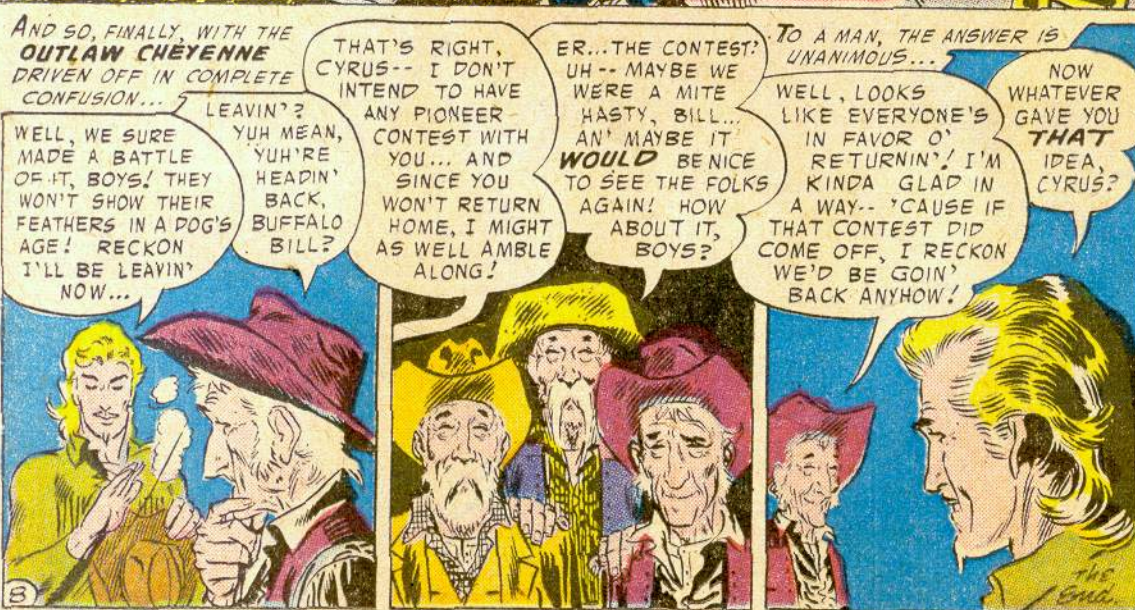
WHIPPING OUT HIS TWIN
PISTOLS, THE GALLANT
GUNSLINGER SPEEDS
TO THE RESCUE...

RECKON THEY CAN'T
CLIMB WHAT ISN'T
THERE!

NEVER SAW SUCH
SHOOTIN' IN ALL MY
BORN DAYS! CLEANED
EVERY RUNG OFF
THESE LADDERS,
HE DID!

NOT BAD,
FER A YOUNG
WHIPPER-
SNAPPER,
EH, PEARLY?





"DUSTY" Trail

SUFFERIN' SUNFISH!
WHAT HAPPENED TO
YUH, DUSTY?

I WUZ AMBUSHED
BY A TRIBE OF
LOCO INJUNS!



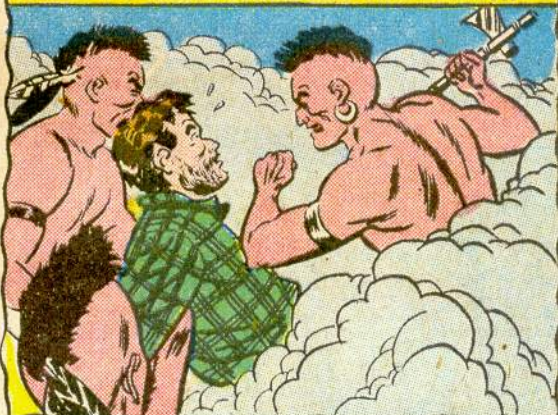
"I WUZ RIDIN' DOWN ROCKY CANYON, MINDIN'
MY OWN BUSINESS, WHEN I HEAR TERRIBLE
HOOTIN' AN' HOLLERIN'... AN' IN A FLASH..."



"IT SEEMS SOME HOMBRE HAD BEEN STEALIN'
BLANKETS FROM THE RESERVATION, AND THE
INJUNS WERE OUT FOR REVENGE! THEY DIDN'T
CARE WHICH PALEFACE THEY PICKED ON
NEITHER!..."



"I FOUGHT LIKE TEN WILDCATS, BUT I WAS
OUTNUMBERED! ONE OF THEM INJUNS
RAISED HIS TOMAHAWK TO FINISH ME OFF..."



GOSH, DUSTY!
HOW DID YOU
MANAGE TO
GET AWAY
FROM THEM
KILLERS?

I REMAINED COOL
CALM AND COLLECTED,
AND DID WHAT ANY
OTHER QUICK THINKIN'
MAVERICK WOULD DO...



...I GAVE THE BLANKETS BACK!



THE
END

Binky's

SPECIAL ELECTION EXHIBIT

HI, KIDS! ARE YOU OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE? NEITHER AM I. BUT AS GOOD AMERICAN CITIZENS, WE CAN EACH DO OUR BIT! AND I'VE GOT SOME EXAMPLES HERE THAT SHOW YOU HOW.



"LOTS OF PEOPLE FORFEIT THEIR VOTES BECAUSE THEY FORGET TO REGISTER. WE CAN HELP BY REMINDING THEM."



DON'T FORGET TO REGISTER

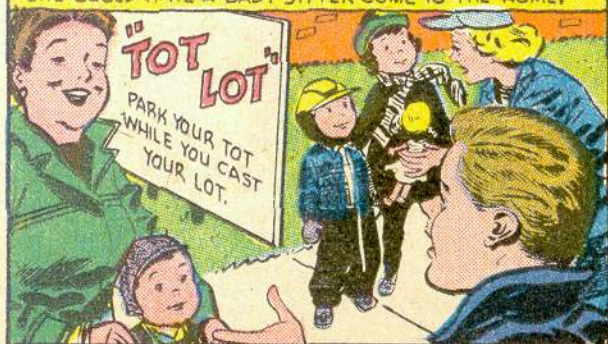
"IN ONE TOWN, TEEN-AGERS ORGANIZED AN INFORMATION CENTER WHERE BUSY PEOPLE COULD GET INFORMATION THAT WOULD SAVE TIME AND ENERGY IN GETTING READY TO CAST THEIR VOTES."



"NEW CITIZENS SOMETIMES NEED HELP IN LEARNING OUR VOTING CUSTOMS AND PROCEDURES, AND BRUSHING UP ON THEIR ENGLISH. HERE'S A TOWN WHERE YOUNG PEOPLE HELPED BY HELPING THEM."



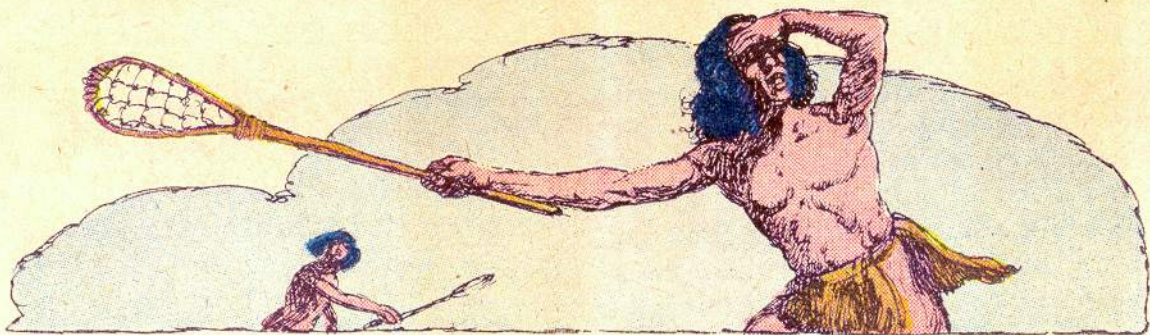
"THE KIDS IN ANOTHER TOWN RAN A BABY-SITTERS' SERVICE WHERE MOTHERS COULD LEAVE THEIR CHILDREN WHILE THEY WENT TO VOTE. IF THE MOTHER PREFERRED, SHE COULD HAVE A BABY-SITTER COME TO THE HOME."



IN 1952, 37 PERCENT OF THE ELIGIBLE U.S. VOTERS FAILED TO VOTE IN THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION. WE YOUNG PEOPLE CAN MAKE A **BETTER RECORD** IN 1956! LET'S DO OUR BIT!



HOW TO PLAY INDIAN GAMES



Here Are Some Sports that are Reminiscent Of Some of Our Modern Games

THE ballplayer felt as if he would drop from exhaustion. But he gritted his teeth, for all he needed was one more point to win the game. He took a firm grip on the handle of his stick and waited for his opponent to make the next move.

It came within seconds. Shielding his eyes against the blazing light of the sun, he squinted as he kept his eyes on the ball that suddenly sailed high into the air.

Judging with split-second accuracy, he raced to the left, keeping the net end of his stick in position. But an opposing player had also accurately judged where the ball would fall. Both of them exerted every ounce of energy to reach the position first.

It occurred to Dak, as the first player was known to his friends, that both would arrive in a dead heat. This called for a little extra skill; and Dak demonstrated his superiority as a player.

As both players reached the position where the ball would land any instant, Dak twisted his body quickly, ramming his opponent just hard enough to throw him off balance. This maneuver, which

was permitted in the game, left Dak alone to snap up the ball in his net. And as this was the fiftieth catch, he was named the winner of the game.

In following this play, did you notice the game's resemblance to the modern game of lacrosse? It may surprise you to learn that this Indian ball game which was so popular among the young men of most tribes hundreds of years ago actually developed into the game of modern lacrosse.

In the Indian version, the ball stick had a long handle. One end was split and looped, and over this loop was a small net, just big enough to catch a ball about the size of a baseball. Like modern lacrosse, the game sometimes became very rough, and each game had its full share of bruised shins.

Lacrosse is not the only game we play which is a modernized version of an Indian sport.

Battledore and Shuttlecock were popular among the young boy and girl Indians of the south and northwest. In the south, only the shuttlecock was used. This was made of woven corn-

husks decorated with feathers and hit with the palm of the hand.

In the northwest, both the battledore and shuttlecock were used. They made a battledore out of four slats of wood. The shuttlecock was simply a piece of twig stuck with three feathers. The size of the battledore was anywhere from twelve to fourteen inches in length. Two players could play this game, or, if there were many, they stood around in a circle and batted always toward the right, and in front of the body.

Have you ever played Treasure Hunt, in which one player hides the "treasure," leaving clues for the other players to find if they are clever enough? The Indians played the same game, using brightly colored pebbles.

But the Indian version of "Treasure Hunt" just like the Indian version of "Hide-And-Seek" required much more skill than our modern way of playing these games. For the Indian used tracking and trailing skills to find the hiding place of the hidden person or treasure. At the same time, clever devices to throw players off the scent were used, such as walking backwards to make the other players follow a wrong trail.

Can you recognize the Indian game called double ball? This game was played with two balls fastened together by a cord about five inches long. The balls were thrown and caught by sticks with a hook or a fork at the end. The sticks were between 26 inches and six feet in length.

The bases were two poles set 300 to 400 feet apart, though in some tribes they were set at a distance of a mile apart. The object of the game was to

get the ball over the opponents' baseline, or to take one's own ball home. The American game that closely resembles this is the game of "shinny."

The Indian game of hand and football was played with a large leather ball, which was let fall first on the foot and then on the knee, again throwing it up and catching it. The idea was to keep the ball in motion for as long as possible without letting it fall to the ground. The player who kept it up the longest, won.

The modern game of "jacks," which is popular among little girls today was played in a different way by Choctaw Indian girls. They took a small stick or any small object off the ground after throwing a small ball into the air. The idea was to pick up the stick before catching the falling ball.

The Indian football game was played by two or more persons. If four persons played together, they stood in the form of a square. Each pair of players had a ball, which was thrown or driven back and forth across the square. The ball was thrown on the ground, midway between the players, so that it bounded toward the opposite side. The player on that side struck the ball down and back toward his partner with the palm of the hand.

Sometimes the ball was caught on the toe or hand and tossed up, then struck or kicked back toward the other side. The one who missed the least, or had fewer "dead" balls on his side, was declared the winner. Except for the absence of the net and racquet, this game might have been the forerunner of our game of tennis.

—Jeb Mallon

KIT CARSON

ALL THAT STOOD BETWEEN FRONTIER SURVIVAL AND COMPLETE ANNIHILATION WAS KIT CARSON. AND A HERD OF WILD HORSES! FOR THE U.S. CAVALRY HAD BEEN STRIPPED OF THEIR MOUNTS BY CUNNING INDIAN RAIDERS. AND KIT HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO ENLIST...

THE WILD HORSE ARMY

THE WARRIORS
HOLD THEIR
GROUND, KIT!

THEN WE'VE GOT TO
BLUFF THEM WITH THIS
PONY ARMY, *SILENT DEER*--
OR THE ENTIRE FRONTIER
WILL BE WIPED OUT!

SUNDOWN--AS CAVALRY HORSES HALT FOR
WATER BEFORE A FORT ON THE **COLORADO**
RIVER...

MMMMPH!

LOOK! *DIGGER*
BRAVES--MAKIN'
OFF WITH HANK!

AFTER 'EM!... ON THE
DOUBLE!

BLAM

BUT AS THE GUARDS SPRING FORWARD, A
DIGGER KNIFE CUTS THE AIR...



... RELEASING A CONCEALED TRAP!

AN INJUN ANIMAL SNARE...
THEY'RE OUT TO STEAL
OUR HOSSES!



IN AN INSTANT, THE THICKETS, TREES AND RIVER BECOME
ALIVE WITH WHOOPING WARRIORS...

A DIGGER WAR PARTY STAMPEDIN' OUR
HOSSES! SOUND THE ALARM!

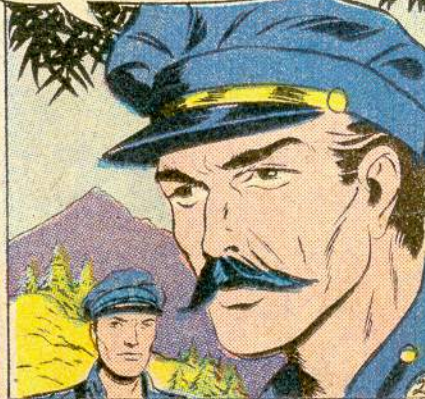


BUT BY THE TIME LIEUTENANT JOHN FREMONT ARRIVES WITH
MOUNTED TROOPS...

TOO DARK TO TRAIL-
TRACK 'EM, LIEUTENANT!
I CALCULATE THEY MADE
OFF WITH CLOSE
TO 40 HEAD!

AND WITHOUT MOUNTS, OUR
CAVALRY WON'T BE ABLE TO
PROTECT THE SETTLEMENTS
IN THIS TERRITORY FROM
DIGGER RAIDS!

WE MUST WARN THE SETTLERS AND
DISPATCH A COURIER TO **FORT
MEADE** FOR HORSE REPLAC-
MENTS! UNTIL THOSE ANIMALS
ARRIVE, EVERY LIFE IN THE
TERRITORY'S IN DANGER!



TWO DAYS LATER, AS KIT CARSON AND HIS INDIAN FRIEND, SILENT DEER, TRAVEL THE TRAIL TO FORT COLORADO WITH A PRISONER...

YOU HAD THE MAKINGS OF A GOOD TROOPER, BEN! WHAT IN THUNDER DROVE YOU TO DESERTION?

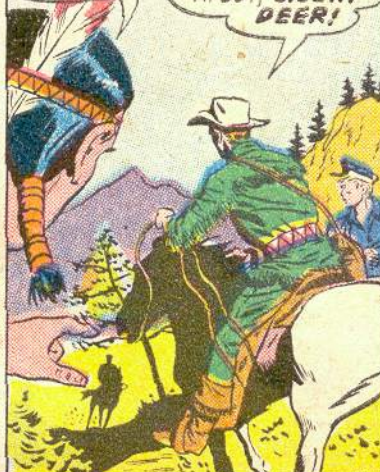
MONEY, CARSON-- AND I'D HAVE MADE IT TO THE GOLD FIELDS IF YOU HADN'T CORRALED ME!

THERE'S A FEW THINGS YOUR GOLD CAN'T BUY, BEN-- LIKE HONOR AND RESPECT! YOU'LL KNOW WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT ONE OF THESE DAYS!

MAYBE... BUT IT SURE WOULD'VE BEEN NICE PANNIN' FOR THOSE GOLDEN NUGGETS!

LOOK YONDER, KIT-- A PONY SOLDIER APPROACHES!

MOST LIKELY A COURIER FROM FORT COLORADO LET'S SEE WHAT'S AFOOT, SILENT DEER!



STARTLED, KIT HEARS THE STORY OF THE DIGGER RAID...

...AN' IF I DON'T FETCH THOSE HORSES, EVERY SETTLEMENT IN THE AREA WILL FEEL THE DIGGERS' ARROWS!

BUT IT'LL TAKE YOU CLOSE TO A WEEK TO RETURN FROM FORT MEADE WITH MOUNTS!

IT CAN'T BE HELPED, KIT-- HORSES DON'T GROW ON TREES! SEE YUH IN A WEEK'S TIME... I HOPE!

HMM... MAYBE WE COULD HELP, SILENT DEER! WE'RE NOT FAR FROM STALLION CANYON, YOU KNOW!



TRUE... MANY WILD PONY HERDS ROAM THERE! BUT IT IS IN THE HEART OF DIGGER COUNTRY... AND WE ARE HAMPERED BY THE PRESENCE OF THIS DESERTER!

RECKON IT WOULD BE A MITE TROUBLESOME ROUNDIN' UP A WILD HERD IN HOSTILE COUNTRY WITH A PRISONER TO WATCH OVER...

...SO I'M GOIN' TO PUT YOU ON YOUR HONOR, BEN! WE'LL NEED YOUR GUN AND YOUR HELP!

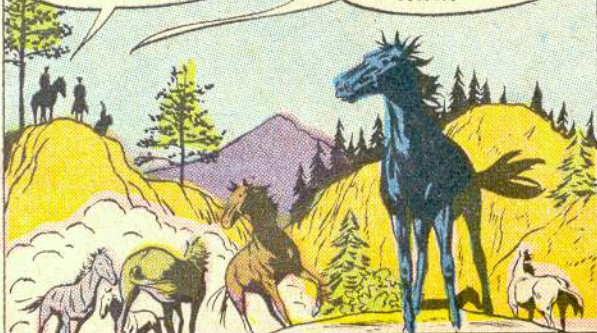
YOU'RE... TRUSTIN' ME? I-- I WON'T LET YUH DOWN, KIT... I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO GET THAT HERD THROUGH TO FORT COLORADO!



FOLLOWING THE BACK TRAILS THROUGH HOSTILE DIGGER COUNTRY, THE THREE MEN FINALLY REACH **STALLION CANYON**. WHERE...

THERE'S A HERD, KIT... BUT HOW CAN THREE OF US POSSIBLY DRIVE THAT MANY HEAD TO THE FORT?

WE'LL USE AN OLD INDIAN TRICK, BEN! HERDS FOLLOW THEIR STALLION LEADER FAITHFULLY-- SO WE'LL SET OUR SIGHTS ON HIM!



BY "STEERING" THE BLACK STALLION, WE CAN DIRECT THE HERD IN THE DIRECTION WE CHOOSE!

BUT HOW DO YOU GO ABOUT DOING THAT? I HEARD TELL THOSE STALLIONS ARE REAL INDEPENDENT!



IT'S JUST A MATTER OF LETTING HIM **THINK** HE'S OUTWITTIN' YOU, BEN! C'MON... WE'LL MAKE OUR DRIVE ALONG RIVER TRAIL TO THE FORT!

WISE WORDS, KIT... THERE ARE NO CUT-OFFS FOR THE HERD TO SLIP AWAY FROM US ON THAT TRAIL!



SHORTLY, AS A BILLOW OF SMOKE RISES NEAR THE STALLION... GOOD... SENSING DANGER, HE FLEES WESTWARD-- JUST AS WE HAD HOPED! THE OTHER HORSES WILL FOLLOW HIM BY INSTINCT!



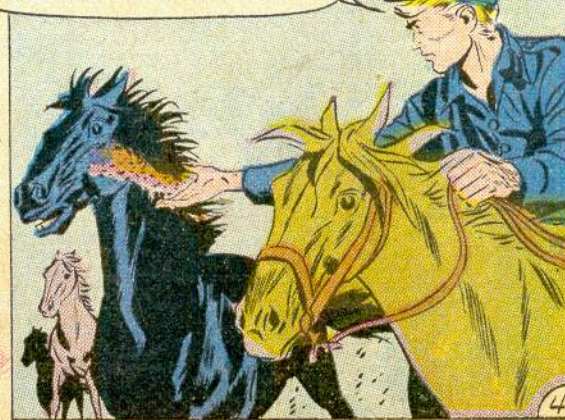
AND WHEN THE STALLION ATTEMPTS TO ALTER'S DIRECTION...

NO-NO, BLACKIE... JUST KEEP A-HEADIN' THE WAY YOU WERE!



FURTHER ACROSS THE PLAINS THUNDER THE ANIMALS, NEVER ONCE PERMITTED TO CHANGE THEIR COURSE...

IF HE LOOKS ANY PLACE BUT STRAIGHT AHEAD, A LITTLE FLYIN' DIRT KEEPS HIM IN CHECK!

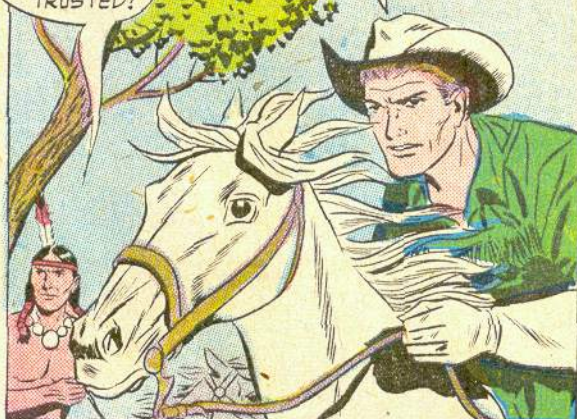


BUT MINUTES LATER, AS KIT AND HIS COMPANION FOLLOW IN THE WAKE OF THE HERD...

GREAT DAY! LOOK TO THE RIDGE YONDER, SILENT DEER BEN'S MAKIN' A BOLT FOR IT!

SO...THE DESERTER CANNOT BE TRUSTED!

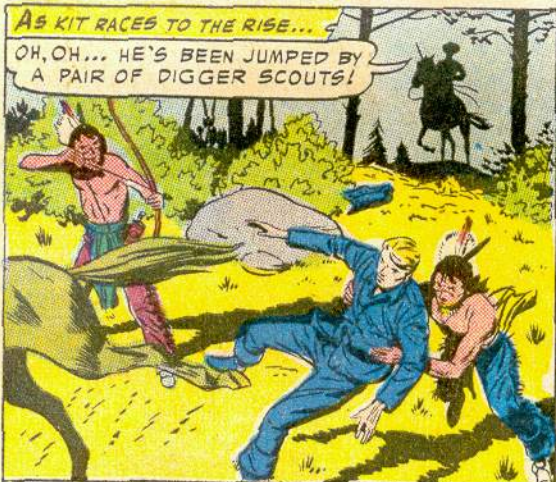
YOU TEND THE HERD... I'LL RUN DOWN THAT YARMINT!



AS KIT RACES TO THE RISE...

OH, OH... HE'S BEEN JUMPED BY A PAIR OF DIGGER SCOUTS!

HAVE TO CORRAL BOTH THESE BRAVES... CAN'T CHANCE THEIR SPREADIN' WORD OF OUR HORSE DRIVE TO THE FORT!



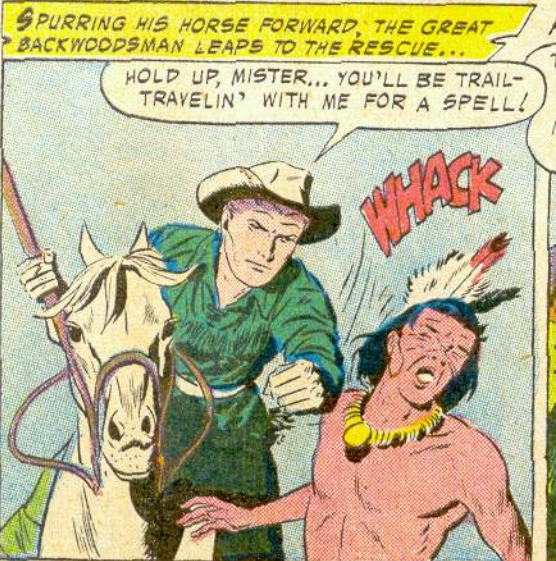
SPURRING HIS HORSE FORWARD, THE GREAT BACKWOODSMAN LEAPS TO THE RESCUE...

HOLD UP, MISTER... YOU'LL BE TRAIL-TRAVELIN' WITH ME FOR A SPELL!

AFTER BOTH INDIANS HAVE BEEN CAPTURED...

TOO BAD THESE BRAVES UPSET YOUR ESCAPE, BEN! YOU MIGHT'VE MADE IT IF YOU HADN'T RUN SMACK-DAB INTO 'EM!

HUH? BUT, KIT--I WASN'T TRYIN' TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT... I SPOTTED THESE SCOUTS AN' TOOK OFF AFTER 'EM!



HONEST... IT'S THE TRUTH, KIT! YUH JUST GOTTA BELIEVE ME!

I'D SURE LIKE TO, LAD! WELL, WE'D BETTER JOIN **SILENT DEER** WITH THAT HERD... AND FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, I'LL TEND YOUR RIFLE FOR AWHILE!

LATER, AS KIT AND **SILENT DEER** DRIVE THE HERD...

I CANNOT SAY IF THE DESERTER SPEAKS THE TRUTH, KIT! HE IS EITHER CUNNING LIKE THE PRAIRIE FOX, OR BRAVE LIKE THE MOUNTAIN BEAR!

YES--IT WOULD TAKE A HEAP OF COURAGE TO TAKE ON A PAIR OF SCOUTS... BUT I THINK I'LL RESERVE DECISION ON BEN FOR A SPELL!



HOURS LATER, AS THE GREAT WILD HERD REACHES THE FORT...

BUT... THE LIEUTENANT MADE OFF FOR **TRAPPER'S FALLS**, WITH MOST O' THE MEN!

THEY SET OUT MARCHIN' TWO DAYS PAST, WHEN WORD CAME THAT THE DIGGERS PLANNED TO ATTACK THERE!

BUT WITHOUT MOUNTS, THEY WON'T STAND A TINKER'S CHANCE OF BEATIN' OFF THAT WAR PARTY!

HOWDY, SERGEANT! BETTER GET THE MEN TO ROUNDIN' UP AND BREAKING THESE HOSSES! LT. FREMONT'S CAVALRY TROOPS WILL NEED EVERY ONE OF 'EM!



THE LIEUTENANT DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, KIT! HE REALIZED A SMALL FORCE COULD HOLD THIS FORT... BUT **TRAPPER'S FALLS** HASN'T ANY DEFENSE AT ALL!

THAT MAKES SENSE... HE FIGURED TO PUT HIS MEN WHERE THEY WERE NEEDED MOST! IF ONLY WE HAD TIME TO BREAK THESE ANIMALS AND GET 'EM TO FREMONT!

BUT THAT WOULD TAKE TWO, THREE DAYS-- AND THE DIGGERS STRIKE FAST...

WE CAN'T LEAVE THE FORT DEFENSELESS EITHER! IF WE ONLY HAD SOME RIDERS WHO... WAIT A SPELL! MAYBE WE CAN **BLUFF** THE DIGGERS OFF!



WE CAN MAKE **DUMMY** TROOPS WITH UNIFORMS FROM THE SUPPLY ROOM-- ROPE THEM ON THE WILD HORSES AND DRIVE THE HERD SMACK AT THE DIGGERS!

WHY, SURE... AT A DISTANCE, IT MIGHT FOOL THEM! LET'S GET TO IT, KIT...

HOLD ON, LAD... MY ORDERS WERE TO FIND AND DELIVER YOU TO THE FORT STOCKADE! YOU'LL HAVE TO REMAIN BEHIND!

BUT... YUH'LL NEED EVERY GUN YUH CAN GET, KIT... AN' YUH CAN'T TAKE ANY CAVALRY TROOPS FROM THE FORCE HERE!



SORRY, BEN... I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!... NOW, **SILENT DEER**, LET'S GET SOME HAY AND A PACK OF UNIFORMS! WE'VE GOT A HEAP OF WORK TO DO!

KIT DOESN'T TRUST ME... THAT'S WHY HE WON'T LET ME GO ALONG!

IT IS SOME TIME LATER WHEN THE STRANGEST FIGHTING FORCE EVER CONCEIVED-- THE **WILD HORSE ARMY**-- SETS OUT UNDER THE "COMMAND" OF KIT CARSON...

NOW LET'S GUIDE OUR "TROOPS" TOWARD **TRAPPER'S FALLS** ON THE DOUBLE!



EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, UPON REACHING THE DIGGER LINES...

KEEP THE HORSES HEADED RIGHT FOR THEIR POSITIONS, **SILENT DEER**! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO PANIC THE WARRIORS AND HOPE THEY FLEE!

GOOD LUCK, KIT!

BUT AS THE GROUND BETWEEN THE OPPOSING FORCES NARROWS...

KIT!

GREAT DAY! **SILENT DEER'S** MOUNT TRIPPED! THE HORSES ON HIS SIDE WILL BOLT AWAY AND TIP OFF OUR TRICK!



IN THAT SAME INSTANT, HOWEVER...

WHAT--? THAT "DUMMY'S" TAKIN' OVER FOR SILENT DEER! WHY... IT'S BEN!

YA... YAHOO!



THUS, AS THE MASSIVE "CAVALRY" BEARS DOWN UPON THE DIGGERS...

IT WORKED! WE FRIGHTENED 'EM OFF, THANKS TO YOU, BEN! BUT HOW IN THUNDER DID YOU GET HERE?

WHILE EVERYONE WAS BUSY MAKIN' THE DUMMIES, I SLIPPED FROM THE STOCKADE! YUH SEE, KIT, I WANTED TO PROVE I'M NOT A DESERTER ANYMORE!



AND SO, AFTER LT. FREMONT HAS HEARD THE STARTLING FACTS...

KEEN THINKING, KIT... I'M PROUD OF YOU ALL! BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR MEDICINE, BEN...

I JUST WANT TO WIN RESPECT OF MY OUTFIT, SIR!

THAT SHOULDN'T BE TOO DIFFICULT IN VIEW OF THIS ACTION! WHAT DO YOU THINK, KIT?

WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES, SIR... BUT A REAL MAN ADMITS THEM-- LIKE BEN HAS DONE HERE!



THE END.

BE MY GUEST AT PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK, NEW JERSEY. THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO

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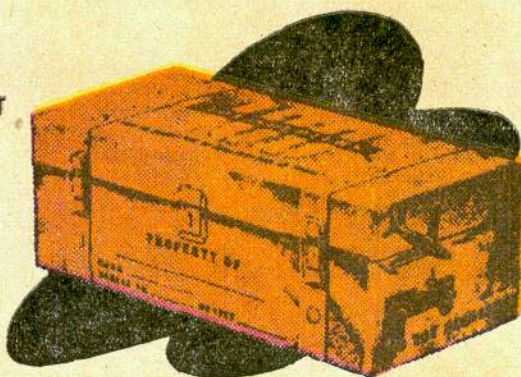
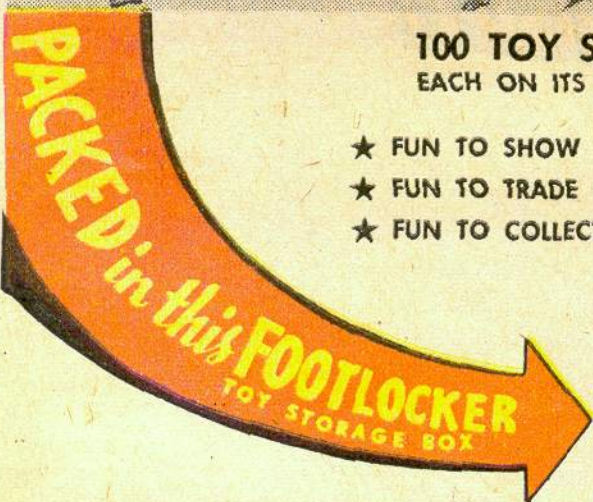
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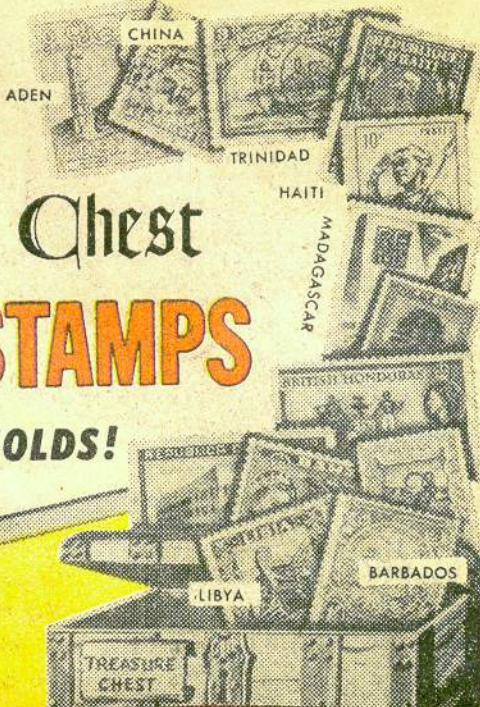
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from the Skies
And made the lovelight
in your eyes;
He gave you breath
And with his love
made yours divine
But best of all
HE MADE YOU
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Now I Lay me down
to Sleep,
I pray the Lord
my soul to keep
If I should Die before
I Wake,
I pray the Lord
my soul to take

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LOVE
one another
AS I HAVE
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YOU

God Bless
OUR
HOME

WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO ➡

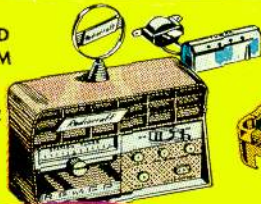
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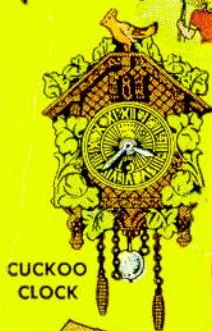


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FOR BOYS
& GIRLS

BOYS
GIRLS

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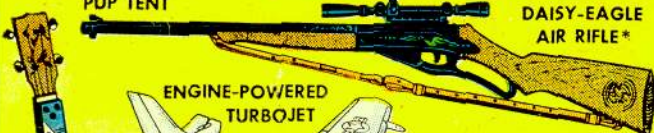
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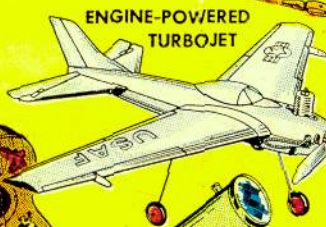
WATERPROOF
PUP TENT



DAISY-EAGLE
AIR RIFLE*



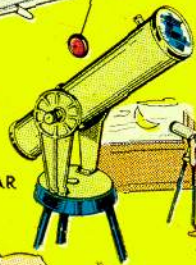
GENE AUTRY
COWBOY GUITAR



ENGINE-POWERED
TURBOJET



PRETTY
TRAVEL CASE



MOONSCOPE



AXE & KNIFE KIT*



DICK TRACY
WRIST WATCH



ELECTRIC
PHONOGRAPH

Take your choice of these wonderful prizes. They can be yours—quickly, easily. Most prizes shown here and many others in our big prize book are given without a cent of cost for selling just one 30-pack order of our new, full-color Christmas Cards at 25c a pack. Each pack contains 5 cards and envelopes. Many boys and girls sell their cards in one day and get their prize. You can, too.

Be first in your neighborhood

Everybody wants these high-quality, colorful Christmas Cards. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once. Or, if you want money instead of a prize, keep \$2.50 in cash for every 30-pack order you sell.

Send no money, we trust you

Just sign and mail the coupon for your free prize book and first order of Christmas Cards. They will be mailed to you at once. Then sell the cards—send us the money—get your prize. It's easy.

EXTRA AWARD—win a Portable TV

We're giving away five General Electric Portable Television Sets and 10 English Bikes or Cocker Puppies as extra awards. You have a chance to win. Full information sent with your prize book and Christmas Card order.

American Specialty Company, Dept. 5,
Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Our 38th Year.

Give This to a Friend

AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY
Dept. 5F, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Send me your big prize book and one order of 30 packs of American Christmas Cards. I'll resell them at 25c a pack, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

Mail This—Send No Money

AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY
Dept. 5, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Please send me your big prize book and one order of 30 packs of American Christmas Cards. I will resell them at 25c a pack, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

*Check local laws before
ordering this prize