



10¢

In this issue: LIST OF

DC CONTEST WINNERS

JUNE  
NO. 63APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODECAA  
AUTHORITY

# WESTERN

COMICS

YOU ARE  
POWERLESS TO  
RESIST THE MAGIC  
OF MY RATTLE,  
POW-WOW! BACK--  
BACK--INTO THAT  
CAGE!



Starring INDIAN LAWMAN  
POW-WOW SMITH in  
"SECRET of the INDIAN RATTLE!"



# POW-WOW SMITH

INDIAN  
LAW-  
MAN

RED SHIELD,  
YOU'RE UNDER  
ARREST!

RATTLE  
RATTLE

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE  
ME IN, POW-WOW!  
I COMMAND YOU WITH  
THE POWER OF MY  
MAGIC RATTLE --  
DROP YOUR GUN!



IT LOOKED LIKE AN ORDINARY INDIAN  
RATTLE--A GOURD FILLED WITH TINY  
PEBBLES--BUT IN THE HAND OF RED  
SHIELD, IT WIELDED STRANGE POWERS!  
WHATEVER COMMAND THE MEDICINE MAN  
GAVE HAD TO BE OBEYED!  
EVEN POW-WOW SMITH, INDIAN LAWMAN,  
CAME UNDER ITS SPELL WHEN HE ARRIVED  
AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE TO SOLVE...

The **SECRET**  
of the  
**INDIAN RATTLE!**

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LATE ONE AFTERNOON AS MANDAN MEDICINE MAN RED SHIELD AND HIS APPRENTICE HUNGRY HAWK RETURN FROM A MEDICINE FAST...

LOOK--  
RED SHIELD--THE MAGIC  
RATTLE! THE VERY ONE I  
HAD A VISION OF!



THE GREAT SPIRIT SAID IT  
WOULD OBEY YOUR COMMANDS!  
YOU MUST TEST IT!

BUT--  
ON WHAT?



ABOVE THE TRAIL A GREAT  
CAT SNARLS...

THE PUMA  
IS GOING TO PONCE UPON  
US! QUICKLY--STOP IT WITH  
THE RATTLE!

GRRR!



THE NEXT MOMENT, THE WILD  
BEAST LEAPS...

DIE, PUMA!  
BY THE  
POWER OF THE  
GREAT  
SPIRIT--  
DIE!

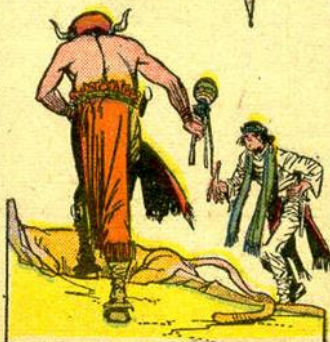
RATTLE--  
RATTLE--



THE TAWNY FELINE LANDS  
HEAVILY ON THE GROUND--  
AND LIES MOTIONLESS...

BY THE GREAT  
SPIRIT! THE PUMA  
IS DEAD--AND  
THERE IS NO  
MARK OF  
A WOUND  
ON HIM!

DO YOU  
REALIZE  
WHAT THIS  
MEANS, RED  
SHIELD? WITH  
THIS RATTLE YOU  
CAN LEAD OUR  
PEOPLE TO VICTORY  
AGAINST OUR  
TRIBAL ENEMIES,  
THE OTO!



AS RED SHIELD CONTINUES  
ON ALONE TO THE VILLAGE...

DID I DO  
ALL RIGHT,  
HUNGRY  
HORSE?

PERFECT! THE  
POISONED THORN  
YOU DROVE INTO  
THE PUMA WITH  
THAT CHEROKEE  
BLOWGUN WENT  
SO DEEP, RED  
SHIELD NEVER  
SAW IT!







IT WAS FORTUNATE THAT YOU VISITED THE CHEROKEES AND LEARNED THE USE OF THEIR BLOWGUN! \* MY CAMPAIGN TO HAVE RED SHIELD LEAD OUR PEOPLE AGAINST THE OTO HAS BEGUN!

\*EDITOR'S NOTE: THE CHEROKEES WERE THE ONLY NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS TO USE THE BLOWGUN!



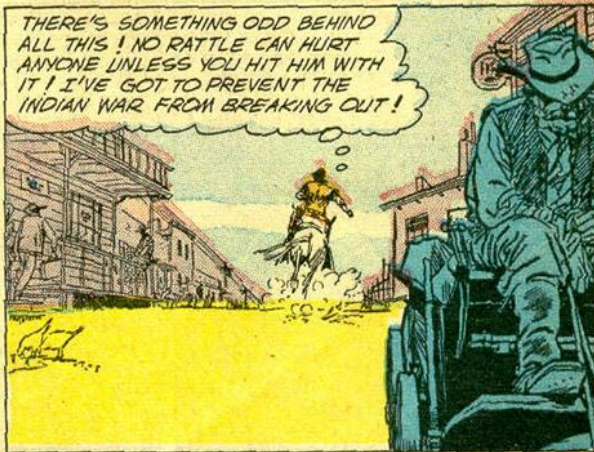
WHEN RED SHIELD USES THE RATTLE AGAINST THE OTO AND IT DOES NOT STOP THEM, HE WILL BE DISCREDITED! THEN I WILL TAKE HIS PLACE AS CHIEF MEDICINE MAN OF THE MANDAN TRIBE!



SOON AFTER, AN OTO HUNTER BRINGS NEWS OF THE MAGIC MEDICINE RATTLE TO THE FAMOUS INDIAN LAWMAN, POW-WOW SMITH...

MANDAN WARRIORS BRAG THAT THE RATTLE WILL SLAY US ALL!

I BETTER RIDE OUT AND HAVE A LOOK AT THAT RATTLE!



THERE'S SOMETHING ODD BEHIND ALL THIS! NO RATTLE CAN HURT ANYONE UNLESS YOU HIT HIM WITH IT! I'VE GOT TO PREVENT THE INDIAN WAR FROM BREAKING OUT!



MEANWHILE, IN THE MANDAN VILLAGE...

ONE THING BOTHERS ME, HUNGRY HORSE! THE RATTLE WORKS ON ANIMALS--BUT WILL IT WORK ON PEOPLE?

TEST IT ON ME! I WILL TRY TO SHOOT AN ARROW INTO THE AIR! STOP ME!



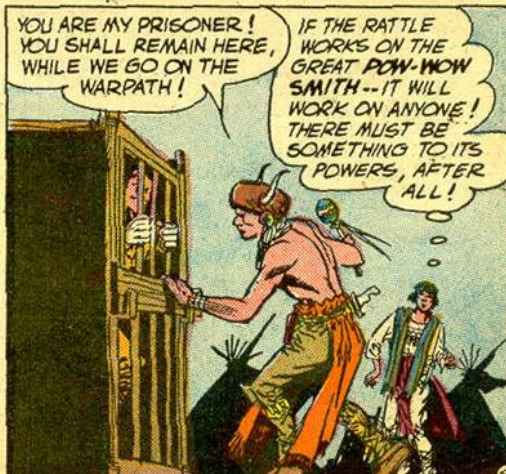
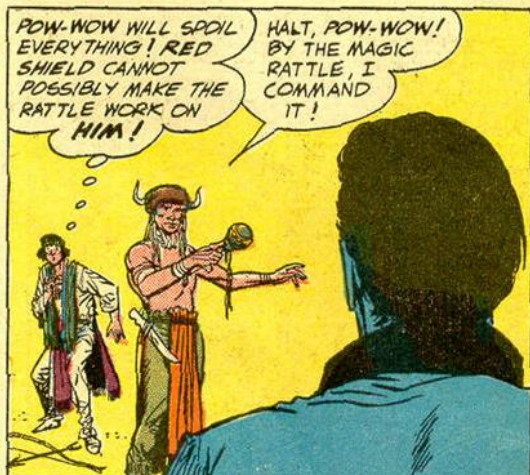
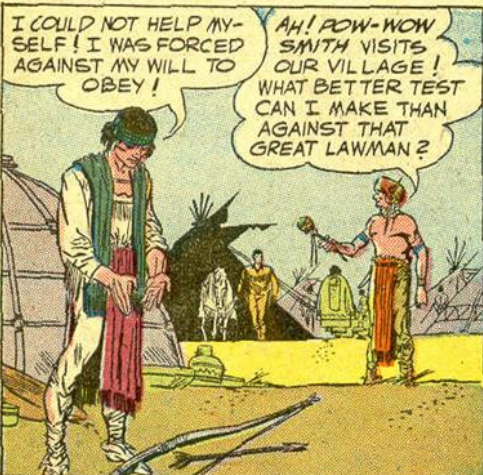
AS HUNGRY HORSE LIFTS HIS BOW AND ARROW, THE MEDICINE MAN SHAKES THE MAGIC RATTLE...

DO NOT SHOOT! THE POWER OF THE RATTLE IS ROBBING YOU OF YOUR STRENGTH!

AIEE! MY HANDS ARE NUMB! I CANNOT MOVE THEM!

RATTLE! RATTLE!









I MUST STEAL THE RATTLE!  
THERE IS NO NEED NOW TO DIS-  
CREDIT RED SHIELD! WITH THE  
RATTLE IN MY POSSESSION I  
CAN BE MEDICINE MAN AND CHIEF  
OF THE TRIBE!

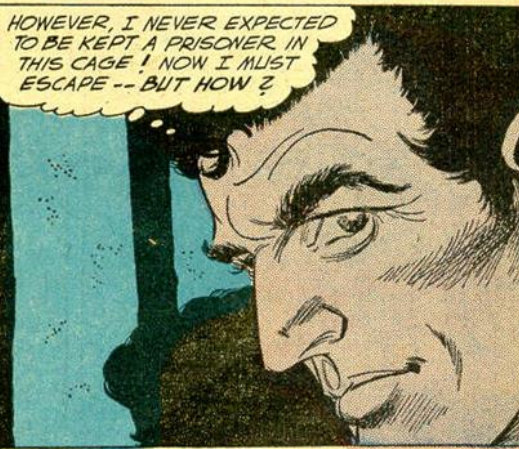


IN THE CAGE AT THE FAR END OF THE VILLAGE..

I ONLY PRETENDED TO  
BE OVERCOME BY THE  
RATTLE, HOPING TO FIND  
OUT WHO IS BEHIND  
THIS FRAUD!



SOMEONE IS TRICKING THE MEDICINE MAN  
INTO BELIEVING THAT THE RATTLE GIVES  
HIM GREAT POWERS! IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO  
STOP RED SHIELD! I MUST EXPOSE WHO-  
EVER IS INCITING THE MANDANS TO GO  
TO WAR!



HOWEVER, I NEVER EXPECTED  
TO BE KEPT A PRISONER IN  
THIS CAGE! NOW I MUST  
ESCAPE -- BUT HOW?



AS NIGHT BLANKETS THE INDIAN VILLAGE, THE  
LAWMAN HEAVES HIS BODY AGAINST THE CAGE  
DOOR ...

CAN'T BREAK THE  
DOOR OPEN! MUST  
TRY ANOTHER WAY  
TO GET OUT OF  
HERE...



GRASPING THE BARS OF THE CAGE, ROW-WOW  
TUGS AT IT AGAIN AND AGAIN... HARDER AND  
HARDER ...

THE CROSSBAR  
ACROSS THE OUTSIDE OF THE  
CAGE DOOR PREVENTS ME  
FROM BREAKING THE DOOR  
OPEN -- BUT I CAN WORK  
UP ENOUGH FORCE TO  
PULL THE DOOR IN!



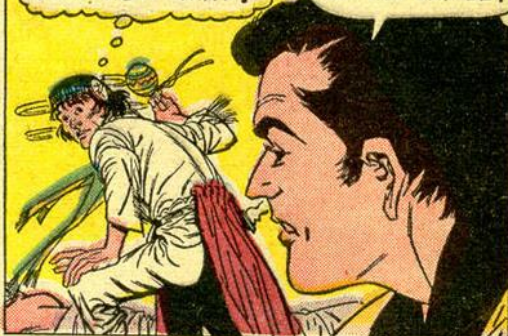
MOMENTS LATER, IN RED SHIELD'S TEPEE...

THE MAGIC RATTLE IS MINE! IF I'D KNOWN ITS TRUE POWERS I'D NEVER HAVE LEFT IT ON THE TRAIL FOR RED SHIELD TO FIND!



THERE WAS NO NEED TO TRICK HIM INTO BELIEVING IT A MAGIC RATTLE BECAUSE IT REALLY IS ONE! NOW THAT I'VE LEARNED-- POW-WOW SMITH!

SO--HUNGRY HORSE--YOU ARE THE ONE BEHIND THE "MAGIC" POWERS OF THE RATTLE!



I'VE COME HERE TO EXPOSE YOU--

NEVER, POW-WOW SMITH! BY THE POWER OF THE RATTLE I ORDER YOU TO DIE!



YOUR RATTLE IS AS FALSE AS YOU ARE, HUNGRY HORSE!



WHEN POW-WOW SMITH EXPLAINS TO THE TRIBAL CHIEF...

HUNGRY HORSE HAS BEEN BANISHED FROM THE TRIBE FOREVER!

AND I SHALL RESIGN AS MEDICINE MAN, FOR I AM UNWORTHY!



AND SO THE MAGIC RATTLE ENDS UP BECOMING A PLAY TOY FOR AN INDIAN CHILD...

YOU CAN PLAY MAKE-BELIEVE WITH IT, LITTLE ONE--JUST AS HUNGRY HORSE DID BEFORE HE BEGAN TO BELIEVE THE LIES HE TOLD ABOUT IT!



The End



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# INDIAN TRIBAL NAMES!

## CHIPPEWA...

IN THE LANGUAGE OF THIS MINNESOTA TRIBE, **CHIPPEWA** MEANS "TO ROAST UNTIL PUCKERED UP"—A REFERENCE TO THE UNIQUE PUCKERED SEAM ON THE MOCCASINS WORN BY THESE INDIANS, AND ADOPTED AS ITS TRIBAL NAME...



AMOS BIG BIRD,  
ON CHIPPEWA  
RED LAKE  
RESERVATION

## DELAWARE...

NAMED AFTER BARON DE LA WARR, SECOND GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA, IT IS ONE OF THE FEW TRIBAL NAMES WHICH HAS AN ENGLISH ORIGIN. THE **MOHAWKS** REFERRED TO THE **DELAWARES** AS THE **A-KO-TCA-KA-NE**, SIGNIFYING "ONE WHO STAMMERS IN HIS SPEECH."



DELAWARE  
INDIAN  
MOTHER  
AND CHILD

## HIDATSA...

THIS SIOUX TRIBE TOOK ITS NAME FROM THE **HIDATSA** ("WILLOWS") VILLAGE IT ONCE OCCUPIED. BECAUSE OF THE **HIDATSAS'** TRADITIONAL CROSSING OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, THE **MANDAN** INDIANS CALLED THEM THE **MINITARI**—"THEY CROSSED THE RIVER..."



HIDATSA  
WARRIOR



# THE NIGHTHAWK

NEWSPAPER CONTEST TO GUESS THE OTHER IDENTITY OF **NIGHTHAWK** CAN BE FULFILLED ONLY IF **NIGHTHAWK** HIMSELF IS WILLING TO REVEAL THAT HE IS REALLY HANNIBAL HAWKES, THE FIX-IT MAN. YET WHEN HE AGREES TO UNMASK HIMSELF, IT IS WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT IT WILL END HIS CRIME-FIGHTING CAREER. BUT NO ONE, LEAST OF ALL HANNIBAL HAWKES--WAS ABLE TO FORESEE THE SURPRISING OUTCOME TO...

## NIGHTHAWK'S IDENTITY- GUESSING CONTEST!

ONE NIGHT IN BOWKNOT'S LONE  
NEWSPAPER OFFICE...

WH-WHAT  
IS THIS?

WE'RE LOOKING FOR  
JASON HALE, EDITOR OF  
THE **PRAIRIE BUGLE**!



HANNIBAL HAWKES--  
ALIAS **NIGHTHAWK**--  
JUST WENT INTO THAT  
SILO! WE'VE GOT  
HIM TRAPPED!

I'M HALE!  
IF THIS IS  
A HOLDUP--

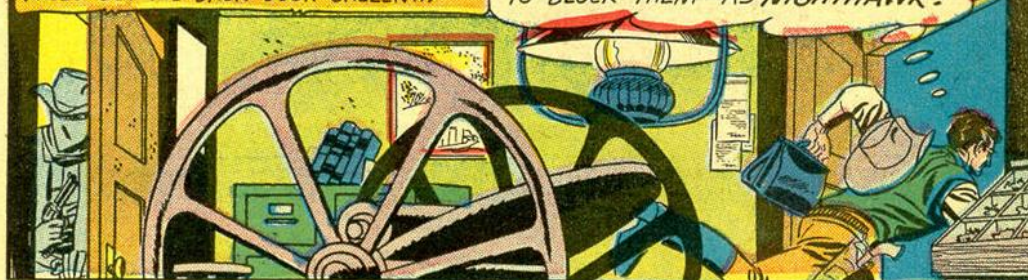
NO--THIS IS A **SMASH-  
UP**--OF YOUR PRINTIN'  
MACHINES TO STOP YOU  
FROM PUBLISHIN' YOUR  
PAPER. WE DON'T LIKE WHAT  
YOU'VE BEEN PRINTIN'  
ABOUT US!





AS THE TWO INTRUDERS ENTER THE REAR PRINTING PRESS ROOM, HANNIBAL HAWKES RACES OUT THE BACK DOOR UNSEEN...

I WAS FIXING THE PRESS WHEN I OVER-HEARD THOSE WRECKERS' THREATS! GOT TO BLOCK THEM--AS NIGHTHAWK!



MOMENTS LATER, AFTER A RAPID COSTUME CHANGE...

HOLD IT!

HUH?

IT'S NIGHT-HAWK!



WITH A SWIFT FOLLOW-THROUGH MOTION, THE MAN OF MIDNIGHT HURTLES THROUGH THE AIR...



NIGHTHAWK! NO THANKS ARE HOW CAN NECESSARY, HALE! I EVER KNOW THE FINE THANK YOU? JOB EDITORS LIKE YOU ARE DOING IN YOUR NEWSPAPER CRUSADES TO BRING LAW AND ORDER TO THE FRONTIER.

I'LL TAKE THESE HOMBRES TO JAIL NOW! IF THERE'S EVER ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP YOU PUT OUT A MORE VIGOROUS PAPER TO FIGHT INJUSTICE, DON'T HESITATE TO ASK! I PROMISE TO HELP!

IF YOU HADN'T SHOWN UP, WE'D HAVE WRECKED THAT PLACE, NIGHTHAWK! YOU'RE OUR BIG STUMBLING BLOCK!

SOONER OR LATER WE'LL GET YOU, THOUGH--THAT'S OUR PROMISE TO YOU!







THE DAYS FADE INTO WEEKS, AND EDITOR JASON HALE FACES A GRIM PROBLEM...

THE **BUGLE'S** BEEN DOING A GOOD JOB, BUT IT MUST DO BETTER! I'VE GOT TO BUILD UP A BIGGER CIRCULATION!



THE MORE FOLKS WHO READ MY PAPER, THE MORE FOLKS WILL FIGHT FOR LAW AND ORDER. I'VE GOT TO CARRY MY CAMPAIGN INTO MORE TERRITORY. BUT-HOW?



A CONTEST--THAT'S THE ANSWER! IT'LL SELL PAPERS AND MAKE ENOUGH MONEY SO I CAN EXPAND! AND I KNOW THE BEST OF ALL CONTESTS--A \$1,000 PRIZE TO ANYONE GUESSING **NIGHT-HAWK'S** SECRET IDENTITY!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE **BUGLE'S** PRESSES WORK DAY AND NIGHT -

I JUST SOLD OUT, MR. HALE!

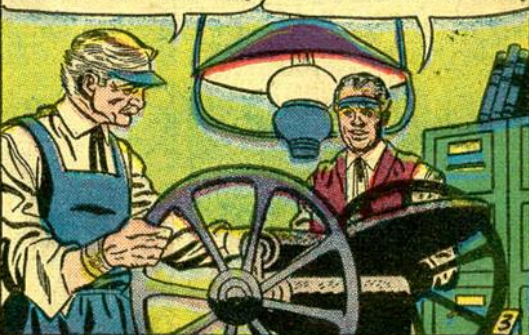
SO DID I! EVERYBODY WANTS A PAPER CONTAINING A CONTEST BLANK!



AS THE PRESSES STAMP OUT A LARGER PRINT ORDER...

ARE YOU SURE THAT **NIGHTHAWK** WILL APPEAR TO PICK OUT THE CONTEST WINNER?

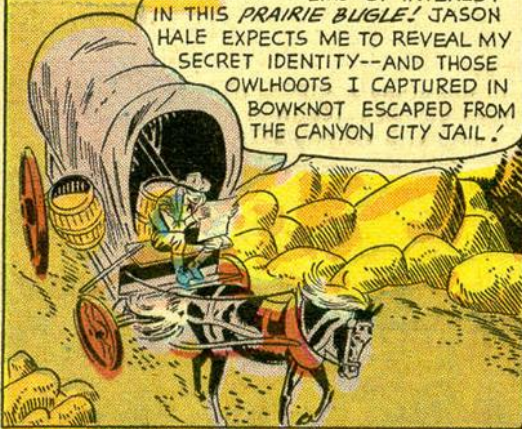
ABSOLUTELY! I HAVE HIS PROMISE! WHEN I PRINT THAT **NIGHTHAWK** WILL APPEAR-HE WILL!





DAYS LATER, ABOUT 50 MILES FROM BOWKNOT, THE FIX-IT MAN READS...

TWO ITEMS OF INTEREST IN THIS PRAIRIE BUGLE! JASON HALE EXPECTS ME TO REVEAL MY SECRET IDENTITY--AND THOSE OWLHOOTS I CAPTURED IN BOWKNOT ESCAPED FROM THE CANYON CITY JAIL!



MEANWHILE, IN A SCORE OF OUTLAW HIDEOUTS A GIGANTIC SCHEME IS UNDER WAY...

WE'VE GOT EVERY OWLHOOT IN THE TERRITORY WRITIN' DOWN THE NAME OF EVERY MAN LIVIN' IN THE TOWN HE'S IN!



WE'RE FILLIN' THOSE CONTEST SLIPS WITH THE NAMES OF EVERYBODY LIVIN' WITHIN A COUPLE OF HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE! WE'RE GOIN' TO MAKE SURE THAT *SOMEBOY* GUESSES *NIGHTHAWK'S* OTHER IDENTITY--SO WE CAN GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY, ONCE AND FOR ALL!



ON THE DAY THE CONTEST ENDS --

*NIGHTHAWK!* I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LET ME DOWN!

I'M STICKING TO MY PROMISE, EVEN THOUGH IT MAY MEAN MY FINISH AS A CRIME FIGHTER!



GOSH! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT, ONCE OUTLAWS KNOW YOUR CIVILIAN IDENTITY THEY COULD GANG UP ON YOU! I-- I'M GOING TO CALL OFF THE CONTEST!

NO, I'LL GO THROUGH WITH IT AND TAKE MY CHANCES!



ONE BY ONE THE CONTEST SLIPS ARE DRAWN, AND ARE DISCARDED...

WRONG! WRONG! NOBODY'S GUESSED RIGHT YET, FOLKS!





AND THEN, ONLY THREE SLIPS FROM THE END—



WE HAVE A WINNING SLIP! SOMEONE GUESSED MY IDENTITY! BUT—SINCE THE SLIP IS **UNSIGNED** THERE CAN BE **NO WINNER!** THEREFORE, THERE IS NO OBLIGATION ON MY PART TO REVEAL WHAT THE LUCKY GUESS WAS!



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN—

WE WERE ALL SO BUSY WRITING DOWN NAMES, WE FORGOT TO SIGN OUR OWN!

WE HAD A CHANCE TO EXPOSE **NIGHT-HAWK**, AND BLEW IT!

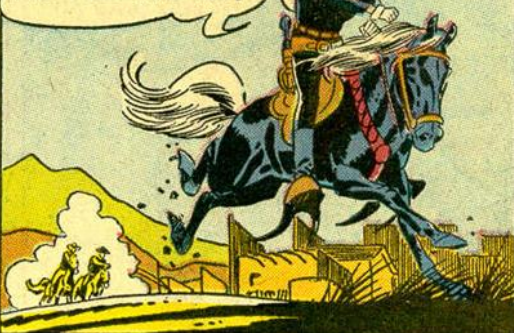


THEY VOWED TO "GET" ME THEN. WELL, I'LL HELP THEM ALONG. IF THEY WANT TO KNOW MY OTHER IDENTITY SO BADLY-- I'LL LET THEM FIND IT OUT!



AS **NIGHTHAWK** RIDES AWAY FROM BOWKNOT...

UNLESS I'M GREATLY MISTAKEN THOSE TWO HOMBRES I ARRESTED LAST TIME I WAS IN BOWKNOT ARE FOLLOWING ME!



A LITTLE LATER, AS **NIGHTHAWK** CROUCHES BEHIND A ROCK...

"GOOD." THEY PICKED UP THE CONTEST SLIP WITH MY NAME ON IT. I COULDN'T PUT ANYONE ELSE IN DANGER--SO I REALLY REVEALED MY OTHER IDENTITY! IF ANYONE IS ENDANGERED, IT MUST BE--**HANNIBAL HAWKES!**

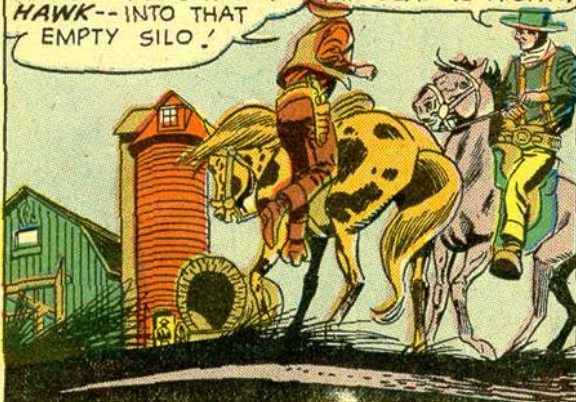




NEXT DAY ON A NEARBY RANCH —

THERE GOES HANNIBAL  
HAWKES--ALIAS **NIGHT-  
HAWK**--INTO THAT  
EMPTY SILO!

THIS TIME WE GOT  
HIM DEAD TO RIGHTS!



AS THE GUNSLINGERS ENTER THE SILO...

WE KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE, HAWKES, EVEN  
IF IT IS TOO DARK TO SEE YOU.

COME OUT OR  
WE START SPRAYIN'  
THIS SILO WITH  
BULLETS!



SUDDENLY, FROM THE DOORWAY...

ANYTHING I CAN DO TO  
OBLIGE YOU, BOYS?

HEY--WHO--



ONE OUTLAW STRIKES BACK--BUT--

MISSED--!

WITH THE FIX-IT MAN'S PER-  
MISSION, I PURPOSELY  
DROPPED THAT CONTEST  
SLIP TO LURE YOU HERE!



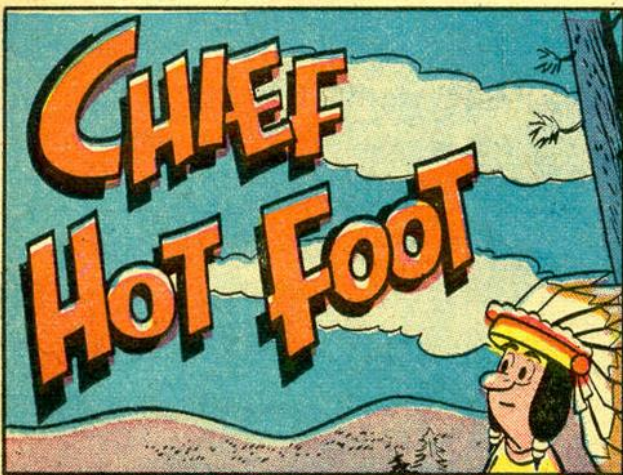
WHAT I'M NOT TELLING  
IS THE FACT THAT I  
PUT A ROPE INSIDE THE  
SILO, UP WHICH I CLIMBED  
TO THE CHUTE OPENING  
IN THE ROOF--WHERE  
I QUICKLY CHANGED  
TO **NIGHTHAWK**!

THEN I USED THE ROPE TO LOWER MYSELF  
ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE SILO AND APPEARED  
AS **NIGHTHAWK** TO CAPTURE THEM! EVERY-  
THING TURNED OUT ALL RIGHT AFTER ALL--  
THESE OUTLAWS ARE GOING BACK TO JAIL  
AND MY SECRET IDENTITY IS STILL SAFE!



THE  
END





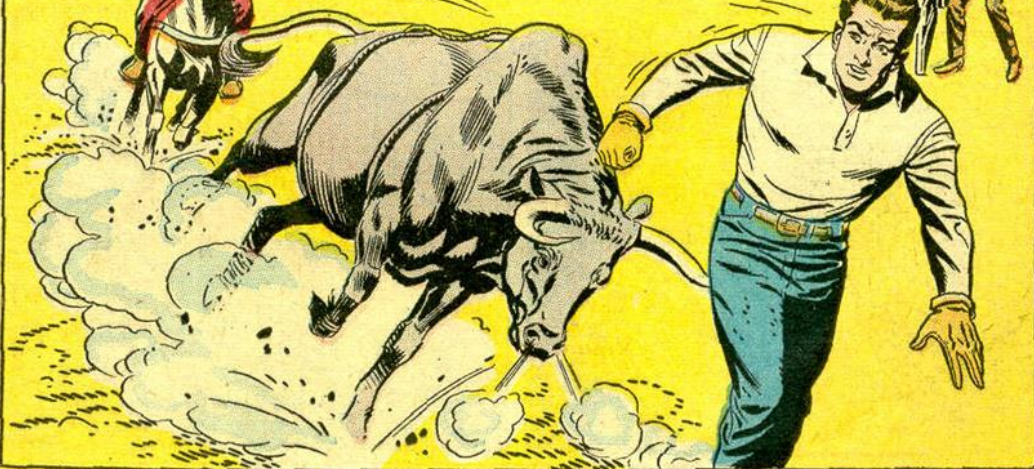


# RODEO RICK

FOR TEN CONSECUTIVE YEARS THE RODEO TROUPE HAD BY-PASSED THE TOWN OF REDSTONE, DESPITE THE FACT THAT IT HAD ONE OF THE FINEST RODEO ARENAS IN THE COUNTRY, AND A LARGE POPULATION EAGER TO PAY GOOD MONEY TO SEE THE RODEO RIDERS IN ACTION, **RODEO RICK** STEERED CLEAR OF IT. WAS THERE ANY TRUTH TO THE CHARGE THAT **RODEO RICK** WAS AFRAID TO PERFORM IN THIS TOWN?

**NO RODEO for REDSTONE!**

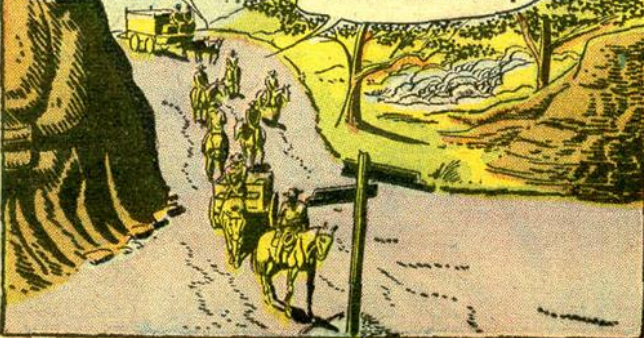
HERE'S MY CHANCE TO SAVE RICK-- AND PROVE I'M STILL THE BEST ROPE-TOSSER IN THE BUSINESS!



AS A RODEO TROUPE MAKES ITS WAY ACROSS COUNTRY...

I GUESS WE'LL TURN LEFT, AS USUAL, TO MORGAN CITY.

YEAH! THE RIGHT ROAD LEADS TO REDSTONE--AND WE NEVER PLAY THAT RODEO TOWN ANYMORE!



IT'S BEEN THAT WAY FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS! REDSTONE HAS THE BIGGEST ARENA IN THESE PARTS, BUT WE DON'T PUT ON A SHOW THERE LIKE WE USED TO.

I'VE BEEN LOOKING INTO IT-- AND FOUND OUT THAT ELEVEN YEARS AGO **RODEO RICK** LOST HIS ONLY RODEO CONTEST THERE. I GUESS HE CONSIDERS IT A JINX!





SUDDENLY  
RODEO RICK  
CALLS OUT  
SHARPLY ...

NO TURN-OFF THIS  
YEAR! WE'RE RIDING  
STRAIGHT ON FOR  
REDSTONE!



STARTLED VOICES CALL OUT, UP  
AND DOWN THE LINE ...

HOW  
COME?

WHAT MADE  
RODEO RICK  
CHANGE HIS  
MIND?

IS HE GOING  
TO COMPETE  
IN THE  
RODEO?



SOME TIME LATER, THE RODEO MOVES ALONG  
REDSTONE'S MAIN STREET ...

AT  
LAST! THE RODEO'S COME  
BACK TO TOWN--AFTER  
I'D GIVEN UP ALL HOPE!



RODEO RICK!  
THUNDERATION,  
BUT IT'S GOOD  
TO SEE YOU!

THAT MAN RUNNING TO  
SHAKE HANDS WITH RICK  
IS--TOM LARABEE!



TOM LARABEE: WORLD'S  
CHAMPION COWBOY--BEFORE  
RODEO RICK CAME ALONG!  
IN HIS DAY HE WAS TOP HAND  
AROUND ANY RODEO. THE  
BEST THERE WAS.

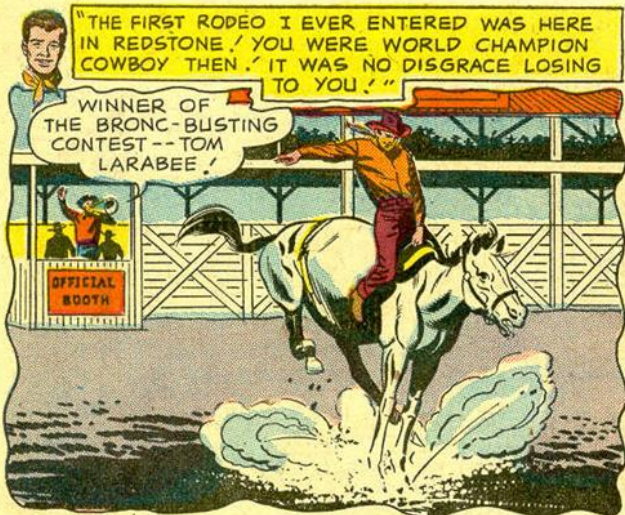


RICK, I HAVEN'T COMPETED IN A RODEO  
SINCE I BEAT YOU HERE ELEVEN YEARS  
AGO! BUT NOW I'VE GOT THAT URGE  
AGAIN--SO I'M ENTERING ALL YOUR  
CONTESTS AND PROVE I'M *STILL*  
GOOD ENOUGH TO TOP YOU!

I FIGURED YOU'D  
SAY THAT, TOM!







"YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW BADLY I FELT, LATER, WHEN YOU TOLD ME..."



AS TOM LARABEE SIGNS UP FOR THE RODEO EVENTS...



AT THE OFFICE OF THE REDSTONE TOWN MARSHAL...





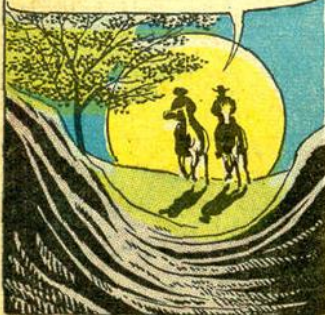
AS **RODEO  
 RICK** AND  
 THE  
 MARSHALL  
 RIDE OUT  
 OF TOWN...



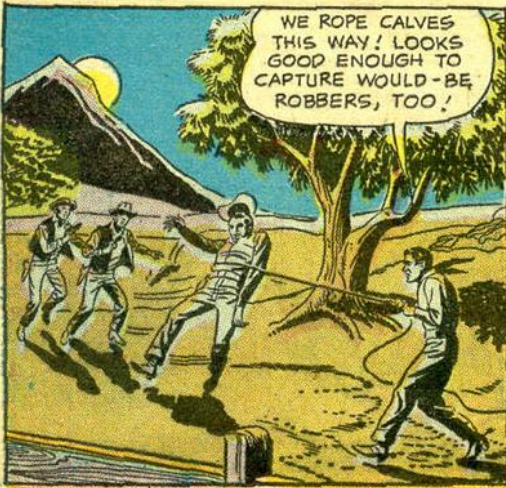
I PASSED THE WORD THAT LARABEE WILL STAY IN RED-  
 STONE TONIGHT, TO BE FRESH FOR THE RODEO TOMORROW.  
 I'M HOPING THAT NEWS WILL PERSUADE THE ROBBERS  
 TO STRIKE AT HIS RANCH *TONIGHT*!

ALONG THE TRAIL TO THE  
 LARABEE SPREAD...

I DELIBERATELY KEPT MY  
 RODEO AWAY FROM RED-  
 STONE FOR THE PAST TEN  
 YEARS TO AVOID TEMPTING  
 LARABEE TO COMPETE --  
 AGAINST DOCTOR'S ORDERS!



WHEN DARK FIGURES CROSS THE RANCH  
 YARD, A ROPE SNAKES THROUGH THE AIR...



WE ROPE CALVES  
 THIS WAY! LOOKS  
 GOOD ENOUGH TO  
 CAPTURE WOULD-BE  
 ROBBERS, TOO!

SOON AS THE RODEO  
 HIT TOWN, I KNEW  
 HE'D CHALLENGE  
 ME--EVEN AT THE  
 RISK OF HIS LIFE!  
 BUT THIS YEAR I  
 HAD TO COME, TO  
 KEEP HIM FROM  
 BEING ROBBED--  
 AND PERHAPS  
 KILLED BY THOSE  
 BANDITS!

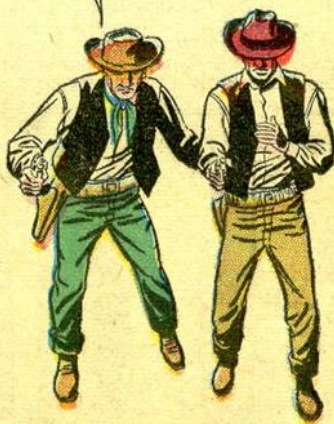


OUTSIDE THE  
 RANCH HOUSE...



LISTEN--I HEAR  
 HOOFBEATS!  
 RECKON WE'RE  
 JUST IN TIME!

WE'LL DROP THIS  
 GUY IN HIS TRACKS!





BUT AN INSTANT BEFORE THE GUNMEN FIRE, THE RODEO ACE FLINGS HIMSELF DOWN AT THEIR FEET...



THEN, A VOICE BARKS A HARSH COMMAND...

HOLD IT, HOMBRES! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! AND I'M AIMING TO ENFORCE THAT ARREST!



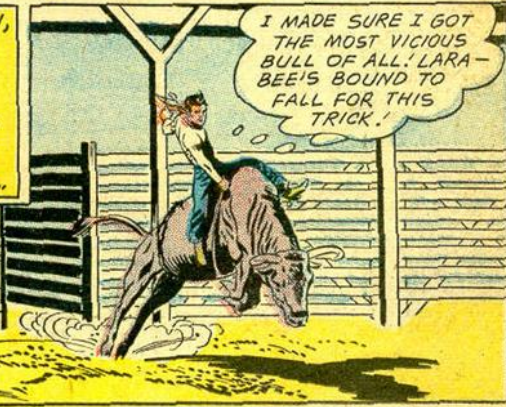
AFTER THE OUTLAWS ARE PUT IN RED-STONE'S JAIL...

WHAT ABOUT LARABEE, RICK? IF HE ENTERS THOSE CONTESTS--

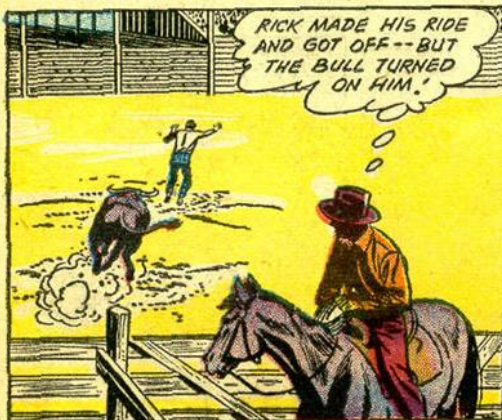
DON'T WORRY, I'VE WORKED OUT A PLAN TO MAKE SURE NOTHING HAPPENS TO HIM!



NEXT DAY, AS THE CHUTE GATE OPENS FOR THE BULL-RIDING EVENT...



TOM LARABEE WAITS IN THE CHUTE FOR THE CALF-ROPING EVENT, WHEN--

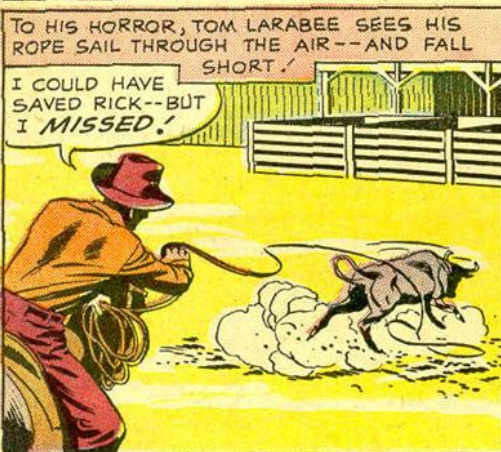


RICK RACES TO EVADE THE CHARGING ANIMAL, AND--STUMBLES!

I PLANNED THIS TO PROVE TO TOM HE ISN'T AS SPRY AS HE THINKS HE IS!









# COLORFUL WESTERN NAMES

WHEN A GROUP OF MINERS CONVERGED ON A NEWLY DISCOVERED GOLD FIELD OUT WEST, THEY AGREED THEY'D ALL HAVE A FAIR PLAY IN THE DIGGINGS--WHICH PROMPTED THEM TO NAME THE SITE **FAIR PLAY**...

THEN IT'S AGREED WE WON'T START DIGGING HERE TILL TOMORROW MORNING! THAT WAY WE'LL ALL HAVE A FAIR PLAY AT FINDING THE GOLD!



**MOUNT SHASTA**, A VOLCANIC PEAK IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, DERIVED ITS NAME FROM THE NEIGHBORING **SHASTA INDIANS**--A TRIBE WHICH HAD ADOPTED THE NAME OF THEIR GREAT CHIEF, **SASTI**...



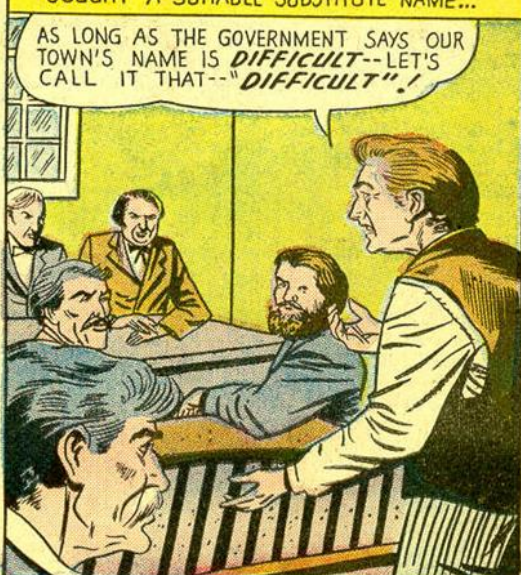
WACO, IN CENTRAL TEXAS, WAS ORIGINALLY NAMED **WEHICO**, A CORRUPTION OF **MEXICO**. THE NAME OF THE MEXICAN INDIANS THE ORIGINAL SETTLERS FOUGHT FOR POSSESSION OF THE LAND...

WE'VE GOT THOSE MEXICAN INDIANS ON THE RUN!



INFORMED BY A FEDERAL AGENCY THAT A FRONTIER TOWN'S NAME WAS REJECTED BECAUSE ITS PRONUNCIATION WAS DIFFICULT, THE TOWNSPEOPLE SOUGHT A SUITABLE SUBSTITUTE NAME...

AS LONG AS THE GOVERNMENT SAYS OUR TOWN'S NAME IS **DIFFICULT**--LET'S CALL IT THAT--"**DIFFICULT**"!





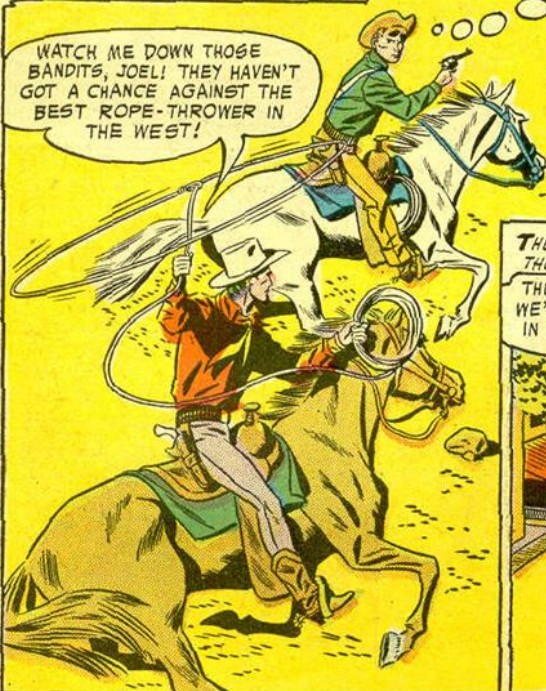
# The Wyoming Kid

WHAT STRANGE COMPULSION TURNS THE **WYOMING KID** INTO A BOASTFUL, SWAGGERING BRAGGART? NEVER BEFORE HAS HE SO MUCH AS HINTED AT HIS GREAT SHOOTING, ROPING, AND RIDING ABILITIES! YET NOW, WHEN THE TOWN OF HORSESHOE GAP STARTS TO BUILD A STATUE IN HIS HONOR, HE BECOMES A CHANGED MAN! WHY DOES HE ASSUME THE SURPRISING ROLE OF...

## THE SHOW-OFF OF HORSESHOE GAP!



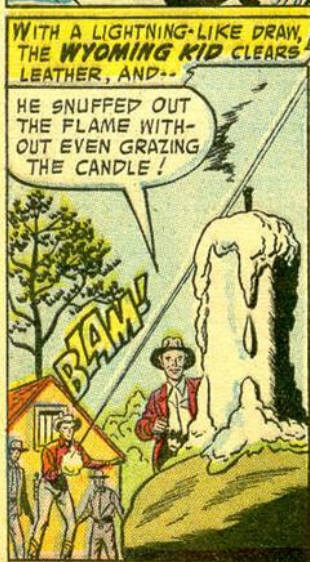
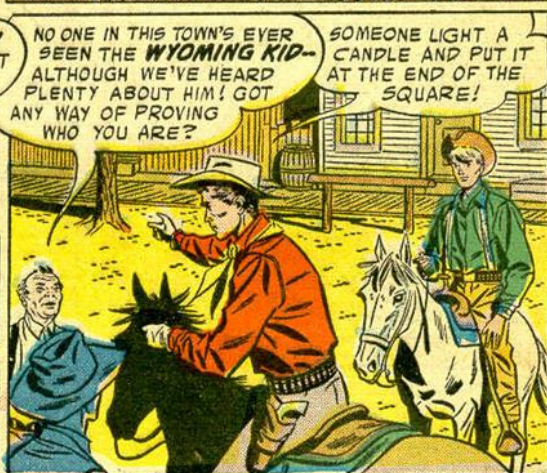
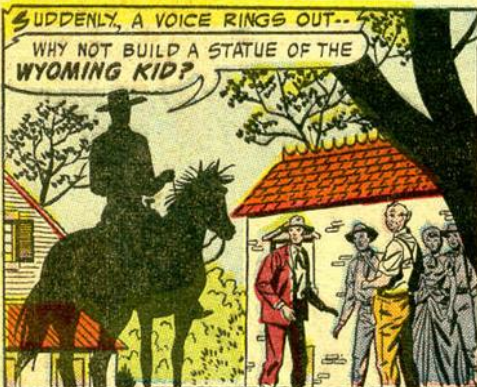
WATCH ME DOWN THOSE BANDITS, JOEL! THEY HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE AGAINST THE BEST ROPE-THROWER IN THE WEST!



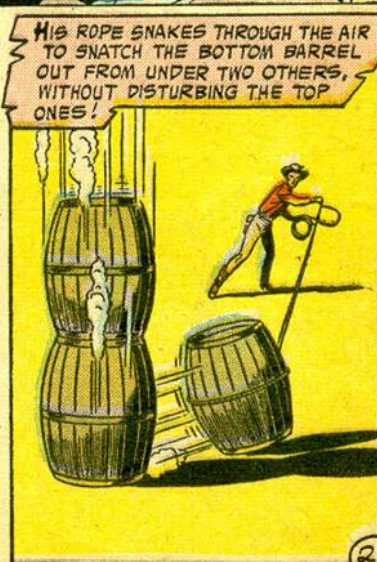
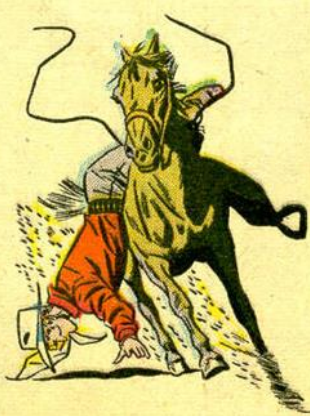
THE CITIZENS OF HORSESHOE GAP GATHER TO DISCUSS THEIR BARREN TOWN SQUARE... RIGHT! BUT **WHO'S** THEN IT'S AGREED WE'LL BUILD A STATUE IN OUR TOWN SQUARE!







AT THE DEAD RUN HE LIFTS A NECKERCHIEF OFF THE GROUND IN HIS TEETH!





AS HE PERFORMS, THE **WYOMING KID** RECALLS THE LAST TIME HE DID SOME STUNTS...

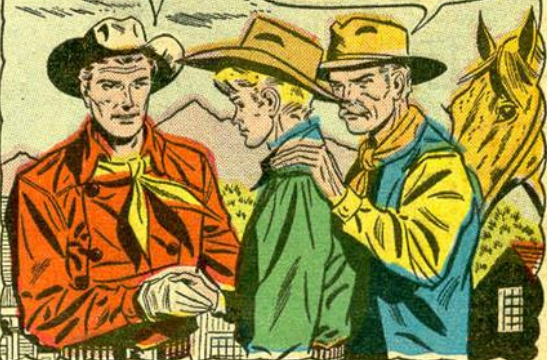
**WYOMING KID!** EVEN FROM A DISTANCE I KNEW YOU WHEN I SAW THOSE TRICKS! NOBODY ELSE COULD DO THEM!

SHERIFF BEN WATERS! HOWDY!



NEVER CAN TELL WHEN I MAY HAVE TO USE ONE OF THOSE STUNTS TO CAPTURE AN OUTLAW!

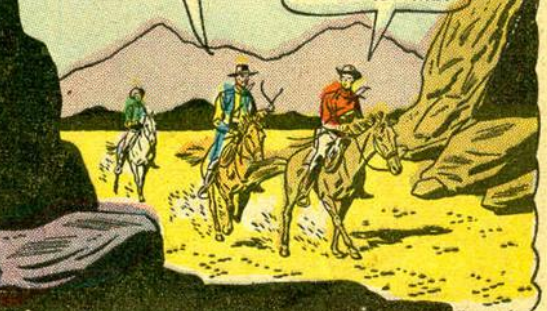
**KID,** THIS IS MY SON JOEL! WE--ER--BOTH GOT A PROBLEM! YOU MIGHT BE JUST THE MAN TO HELP US OUT!



I'M READY TO RETIRE! I KNOW MY BOY JOEL WILL MAKE A GOOD SHERIFF! HE CAN SHOOT, ROPE, AND RIDE! BUT HE LACKS CONFIDENCE! HE'S SHY, ALMOST AFRAID TO SHOW HOW GOOD HE CAN BE!

IF YOU TAKE HIM IN HAND, MAYBE YOU CAN WORK THAT SHYNESS OUT OF HIM!

SURE, BEN, AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO DO IT-- BY SHOWING OFF HOW GOOD I AM-- AND THEN LETTING JOEL TOP ME!



AFTER THE **WYOMING KID** CONCLUDES HIS PERFORMANCES...

YOU'RE THE **WYOMING KID**, ALL RIGHT!

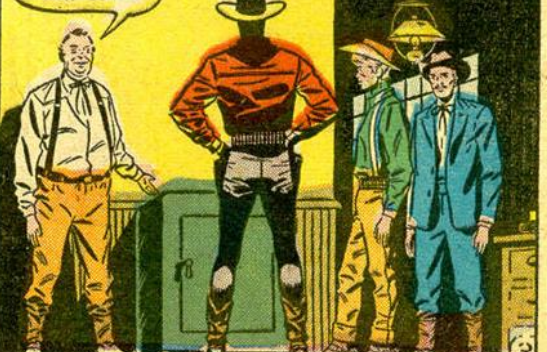
BOY OH BOY, THE **KID** SURE IS GOOD! BUT WHY DOES HE HAVE TO BOAST ABOUT IT?



SOON, IN THE HORSESHOE GAP BANK... I GUESS

WE'VE COLLECTED \$5,000 FOR THE STATUE SO FAR! WE'RE KEEPING IT LOCKED UP IN THAT SAFE!

I'LL STAY IN TOWN AWHILE--YOUR SCULPTOR WILL NEED ME TO MODEL FOR HIM!





NEWS OF THE PROPOSED STATUE TRAVELS THROUGH THE TERRITORIES...

A STATUE TO THE **WYOMING KID!** I'M SENDING IN A DONATION!

ME TOO! IF ANYBODY DESERVES ONE, HE DOES!



EVEN THE FUR TRAPPERS HEAR OF IT...

I'D LIKE TO CONTRIBUTE TO THAT STATUE! THE **WYOMING KID** SAVED MY LIFE MORE THAN ONCE!



AT A LONELY MOUNTAIN CAMPFIRE...

I HEARD HORSESHOE GAP'S COLLECTED ABOUT \$50,000 FOR THE **WYOMING KID'S** STATUE!

IT'D MAKE A NICE HAUL FOR OUR NEXT JOB!



SOME NIGHTS LATER, IN HORSESHOE GAP...

THE **WYOMING KID** AND HIS FRIEND ARE GOIN' INTO THAT DINER! THE COAST IS CLEAR!

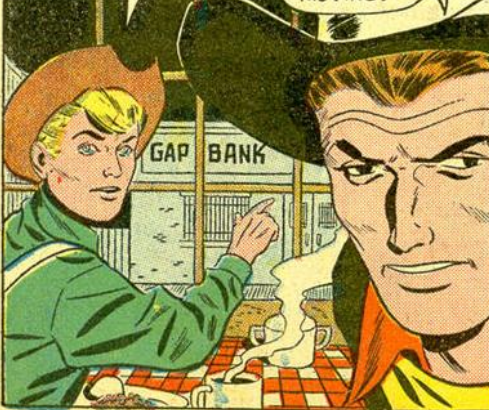
OKAY--LET'S BREAK INTO THE BANK FROM THE REAR--JUST AS WE PLANNED!



SHORTLY, IN THE DINER...

KID! I SPOTTED A FLASH OF LIGHT INSIDE THE BANK!

A ROBBERY! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING THIS TO HAPPEN! COME ON, BOY! LET'S GET MOVING!



A MOMENT LATER...

AROUND THE BACK--BEFORE THEY GET AWAY! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO SHOW ME WHAT YOU CAN DO!





AS THE BANDITS RACE AWAY, THE **WYOMING KID'S** SIX-GUN BLASTS!

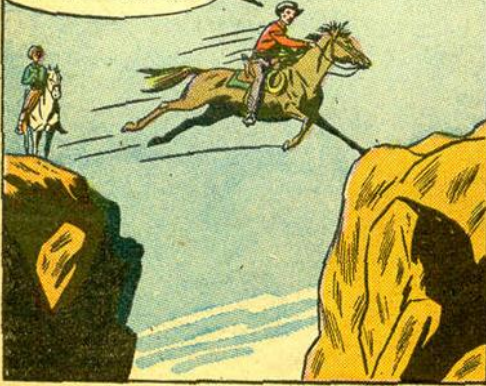


THEY HAVE A HEAD START, BUT WE CAN CATCH THEM! THE MONEY'S SAFE, THANKS TO THAT GREAT SHOT, JOEL!



AT DAYBREAK, THE **WYOMING KID** SENDS **RACER** LEAPING ACROSS A DEEP CHASM...

FOLLOW ME, JOEL! THIS SHORT CUT WILL BRING US WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE OF THE BANDITS!



AN INSTANT LATER, YOUNG JOEL WATERS FIRES-- AND HITS THE HANDLE OF THE SATCHEL HOLDING THE MONEY...



OUT ACROSS THE ALKALI FLATS RACE THE TWO LAWMEN, FOLLOWING A DIM MOONLIT TRAIL...

COME TO THINK OF IT, MINE WAS A **BETTER SHOT** THAN THE **KID'S**-- AND HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE **BEST**!

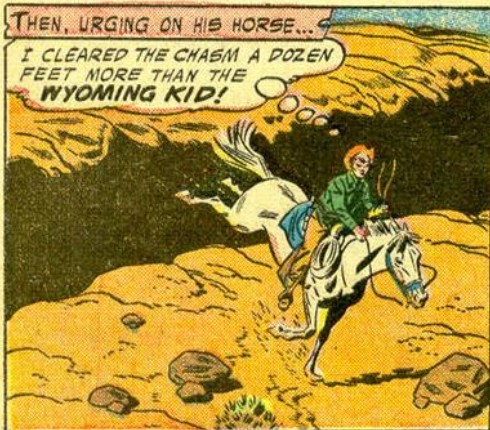


FOR A MOMENT, THE YOUNG RIDER HESITATES...

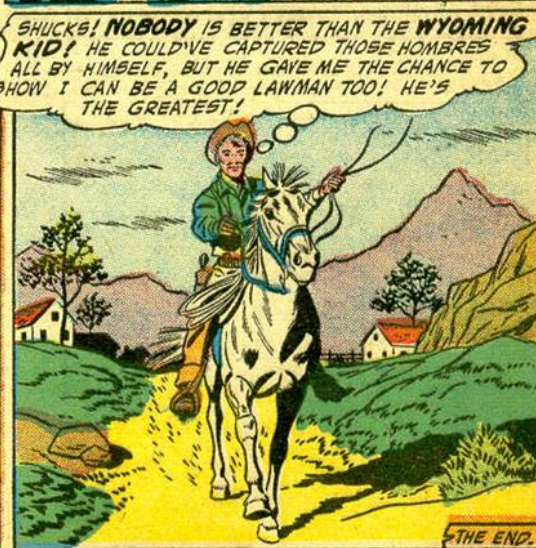
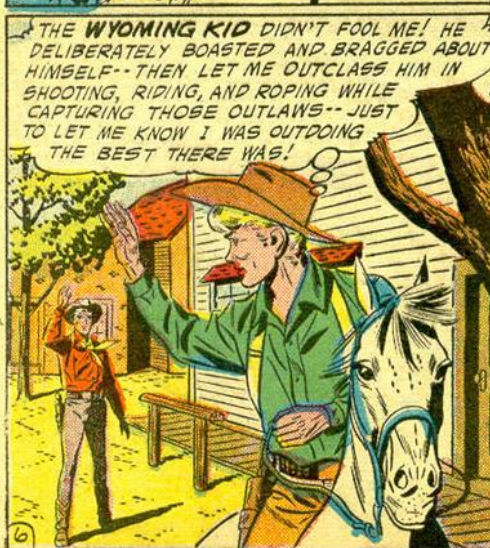
IT'S TOO BIG A JUMP... YET THE **WYOMING KID** MADE IT-- AND SO FAR **I'VE** MATCHED HIM IN EVERYTHING **HE'S** DONE!







CLOSING IN ON THE BANK BANDITS, THE **WYOMING KID** LASSOS THE NEAREST ONE...



THE END.





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Will create a sen-  
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see this plastic ice  
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Let them complain about  
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conservative tie. Do it  
anywhere, anytime! No  
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Looks like real gum, but  
when they taste it, WOW!  
Burns their mouth, but only  
like pepper. Package of  
five sticks.  
No. 021-Only  
**20c**



### MUMMY

Place "King Tut" in his  
casket and watch him  
lie down. But, when  
someone else tries to  
rest him, he mysteriously  
rises from his grave.  
It's loads of fun and  
s-O-o mysterious.  
724-**75c**



### SURE-WIN COINS

You get two coins. One  
is ordinary, the other  
looks exact, but it has  
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142-Bath only  
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Brass cover is placed  
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Heavy Mexican silver ring with  
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