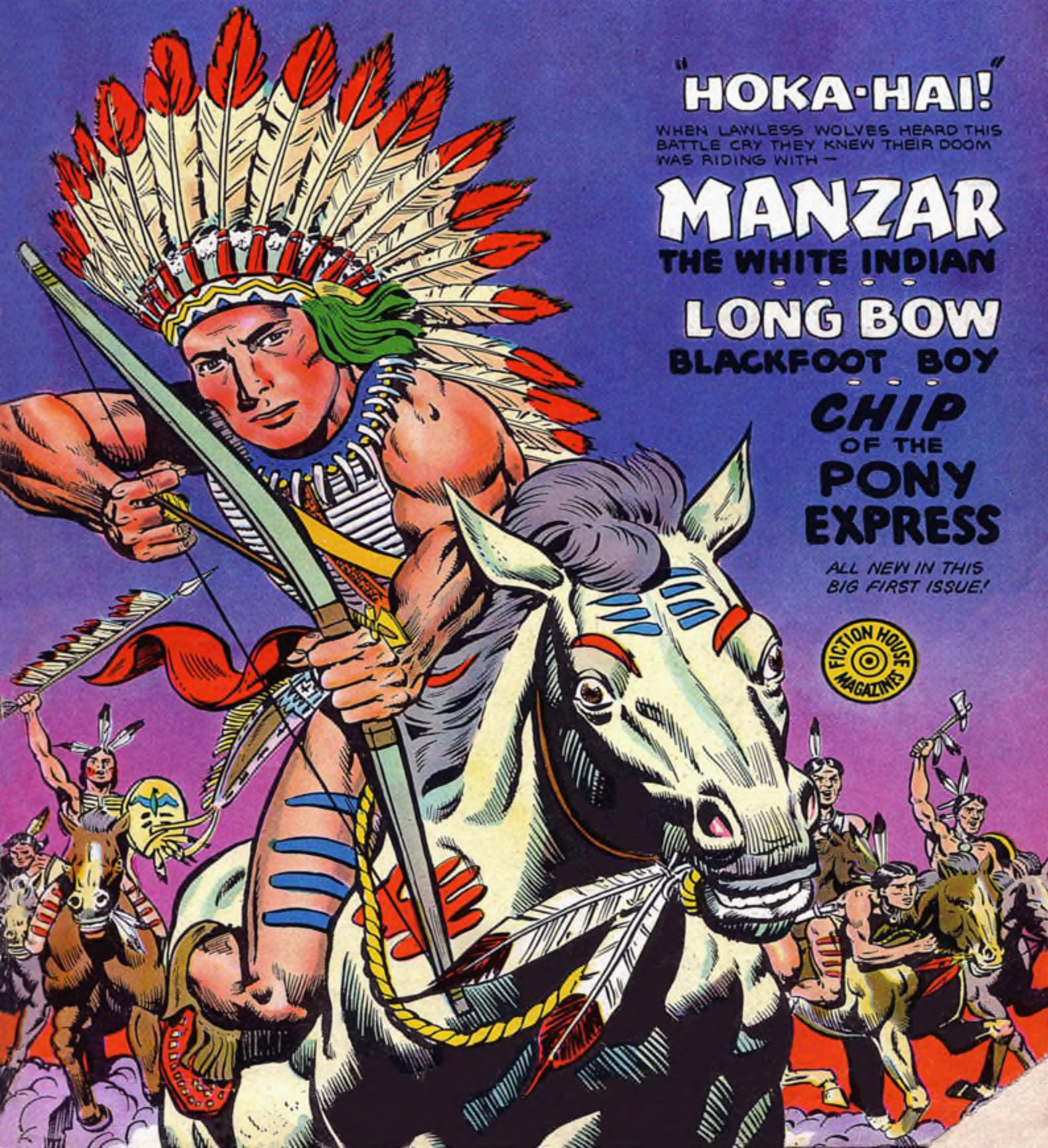


10^c

Indians

PICTURE STORIES of the FIRST AMERICANS



"HOKA-HAI!"

WHEN LAWLESS WOLVES HEARD THIS BATTLE CRY THEY KNEW THEIR DOOM WAS RIDING WITH —

MANZAR

THE WHITE INDIAN

LONG BOW

BLACKFOOT BOY

CHIP OF THE PONY EXPRESS

ALL NEW IN THIS
BIG FIRST ISSUE!



PAY LESS — GET THE BEST! SENSATIONAL SAVINGS! YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU CAN BUY THEM FOR LESS!

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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
with 5-Day FREE Trial

Indians

PICTURE STORIES of the FIRST AMERICANS

MANZAR, *The* WHITE INDIAN



WHEN SMOKE-SIGN SPELLED *DANGER* IN THE BLACK HILLS, DAN CARTER, THE TRADER, VANISHED... AND BLAZING ALONG THE PERIL-TRAILS RODE *THE BRIGHT ARROW*, BLUE-EYED SON OF THE SIOUX, SHOUTING THE BATTLE-CRY THE LAWLESS FEARED — "*HOKA-HAI!*"

RED FAWN



A MAIDEN'S WORK IS STEWING FISH AND BUILDING TEEPEES AND CHEWING BUFFALO SKINS. BUT RED FAWN, THE LITTLE FIREBRAND, HAD A TRUANT FOOT AND A WARRIOR'S HEART AND AN EAR THAT HARKED WHEN THE WINDIGO BREEZE WHISPERED THE *FORBIDDEN*.

CHIP *of the* PONY EXPRESS



YOU ARE *CHIP BLAKE OF KENTUCKY*, JUST TURNED EIGHTEEN. YOUR MOUTH IS DRY AND YOUR HAND SWEATS UPON THE STOCK OF YOUR CARBINE. YOU ARE PROUD AND SCARED, FOR IN THREE MINUTES YOU MOUNT AND RIDE TO RISK YOUR SCALP FOR THE *PONY EXPRESS*.

ORPHAN *of the* STORM



WHAT NAME FOR HIM — FOR THIS LITTLE WILD HORSE? SHALL WE CALL HIM *DRIFTER*? OR *BLUE BRAVE*? OR *KILLER-OF-WOLVES*? LISTEN TO HIS STORY, SO DARK WITH DREAD YET SO BRIGHT WITH COURAGE, AND SEE WHAT NAME IT WRITES FOR YOU.

LONG BOW



THE WAR-PAINTED CROWS SWOOPED FROM THE DARK — "*YAA-HEE!* WE SLAY" — AND LONG BOW, THE BLACKFOOT BOY, WAS A LONE, LOST FUGITIVE IN A GRIM AND HUNGRY LAND. AND HIS *ONLY ESCAPE* WAS A WHITE-DEVIL'S DOOR WITH A HUNDRED HOOTING TRAPS BEHIND IT!

MANZAR

by JOHN STARR

THE WHITE INDIAN



THE WILD TRAPPERS OF THE BLACK HILLS CALLED HIM **DAN CARTER**—AND SNEERED AT THE NAME... TO THEM THE TALL NEPHEW OF OLD PEGLEG CARTER, BOSS OF THE TRADING POST AT COUGAR PASS, WAS ONLY HALF A MAN... BUT HIS INDIAN BROTHERS OF CAPTIVE BOYHOOD DAYS CALLED HIM **MANZAR**, THE **BRIGHT ARROW**—BEST AND BRAVEST OF THEIR BRAVES!

ONE DAY IN SPRING...

THIS WHEEL'S PLUMB BUSTED, PANKY... BETTER FIX IT NOW.

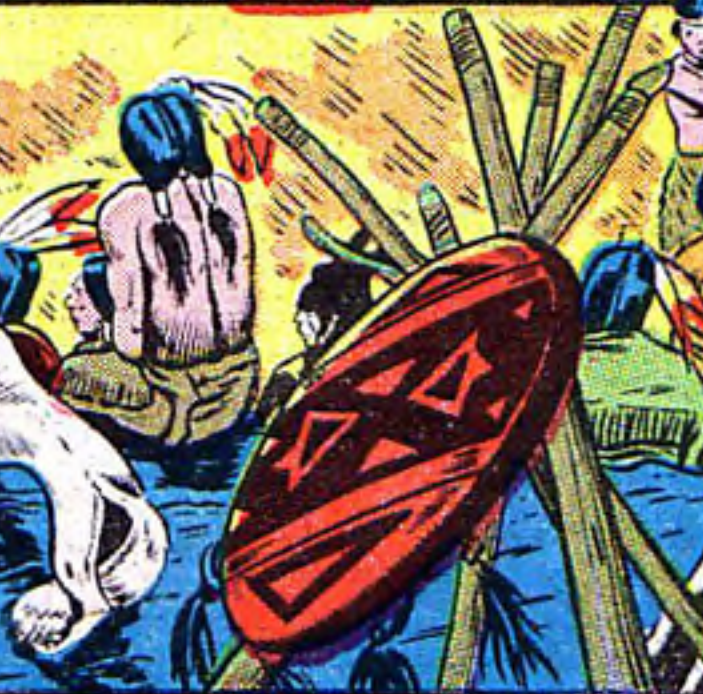
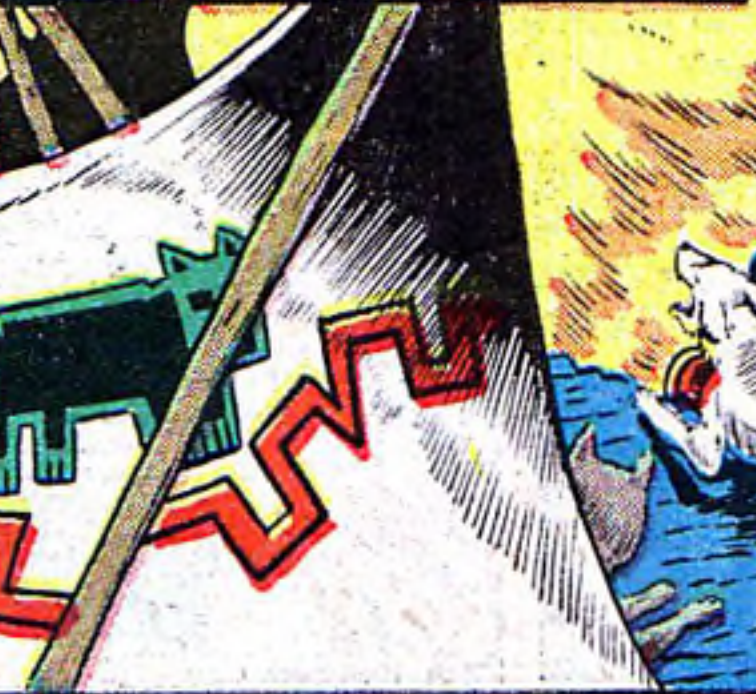
THEN RAISE A YELL AT THE GATE... PEGLEG CARTER'S GOT NO LOVE FOR US, BUT HE CAN'T REFUSE US HELP!

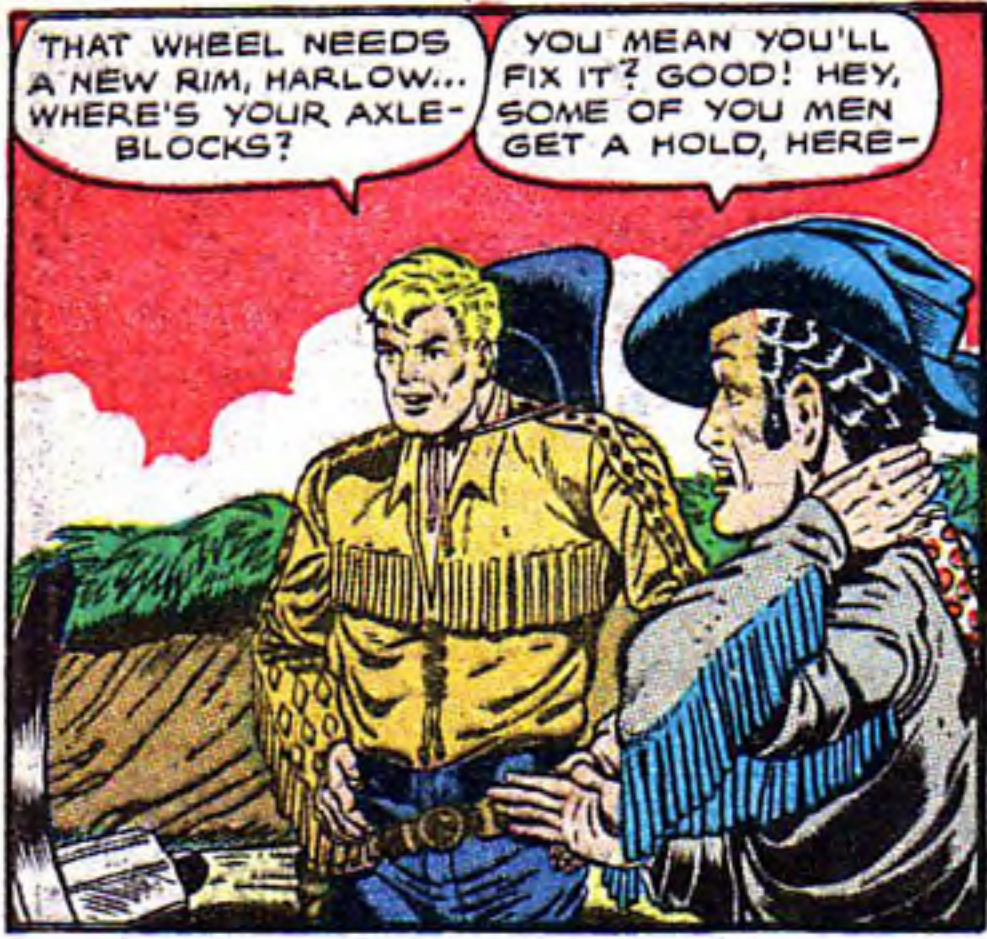


HO! ONE OF PANKY HARLOW'S WAGONS... LET 'EM YELL, DAN'L— THEY'RE PRIME SKUNKS!

AW, NO, UNCLE PEG... I'LL GO SEE WHAT'S TROUBLING 'EM...

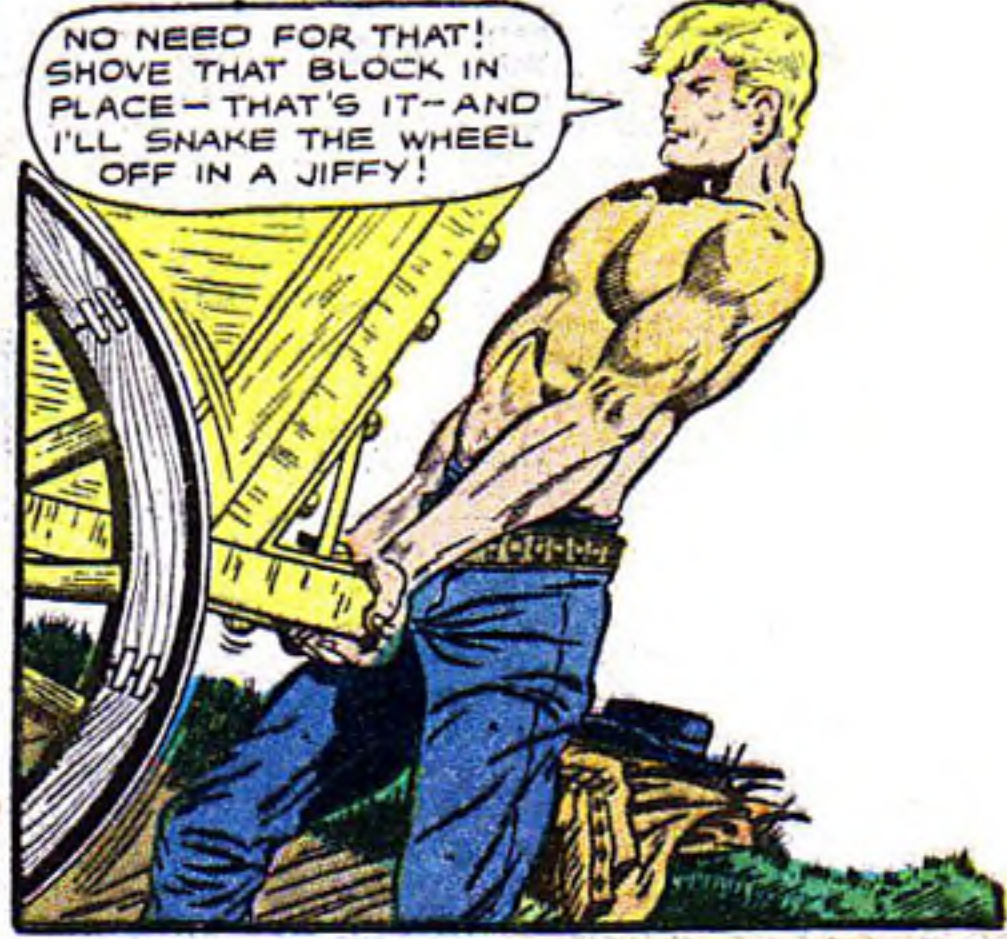
LOOK, SEÑOR PANKY— A HELPING HAND... AND WHAT A HANDSOME ONE! 'ALLO, BLUE-EYES!





THAT WHEEL NEEDS A NEW RIM, HARLOW... WHERE'S YOUR AXLE-BLOCKS?

YOU MEAN YOU'LL FIX IT? GOOD! HEY, SOME OF YOU MEN GET A HOLD, HERE-



NO NEED FOR THAT! SHOVE THAT BLOCK IN PLACE - THAT'S IT - AND I'LL SNAKE THE WHEEL OFF IN A JIFFY!



BEHOLD HIM, PAN-KEE! LIKE A FEATHER HE LIFTS THE LOADED WAGON... AH, W'AT A MUCHO HOMBRE!

SHOWIN' OFF FOR STELLA, HUH? MAKIN' A FOOL OF ME!

SOON, IN THE CLANGING BLACKSMITH SHOP OF THE POST, THE BRIGHT-EYED STELLA PURSUES HER WOMAN'S MISCHIEF... "YOU DON'T MIND IF I WATCH, BLUE-EYES?"



THEY CALL YOU A STRAIGHT MAN... IT IS BECAUSE YOU GREW UP WITH THE INDIANS, NO?



AND NOW YOU ROAM THE HILLS FOR UGLY WAR-MASKS WHILE OTHERS HUNT FUR AND GOLD...



DID YOU NEVER THINK THAT PAN-KEE HARLOW COULD USE A MAN LIKE YOU -

THE FIRE-LOOK OUT!



THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, LITTLE FOOL! PLAYING HARLOW'S OUTLAW GAME IS PLAYING WITH FIRE -

WHO SAYS SO, YOU SON OF A FLEA-BIT SQUAW?



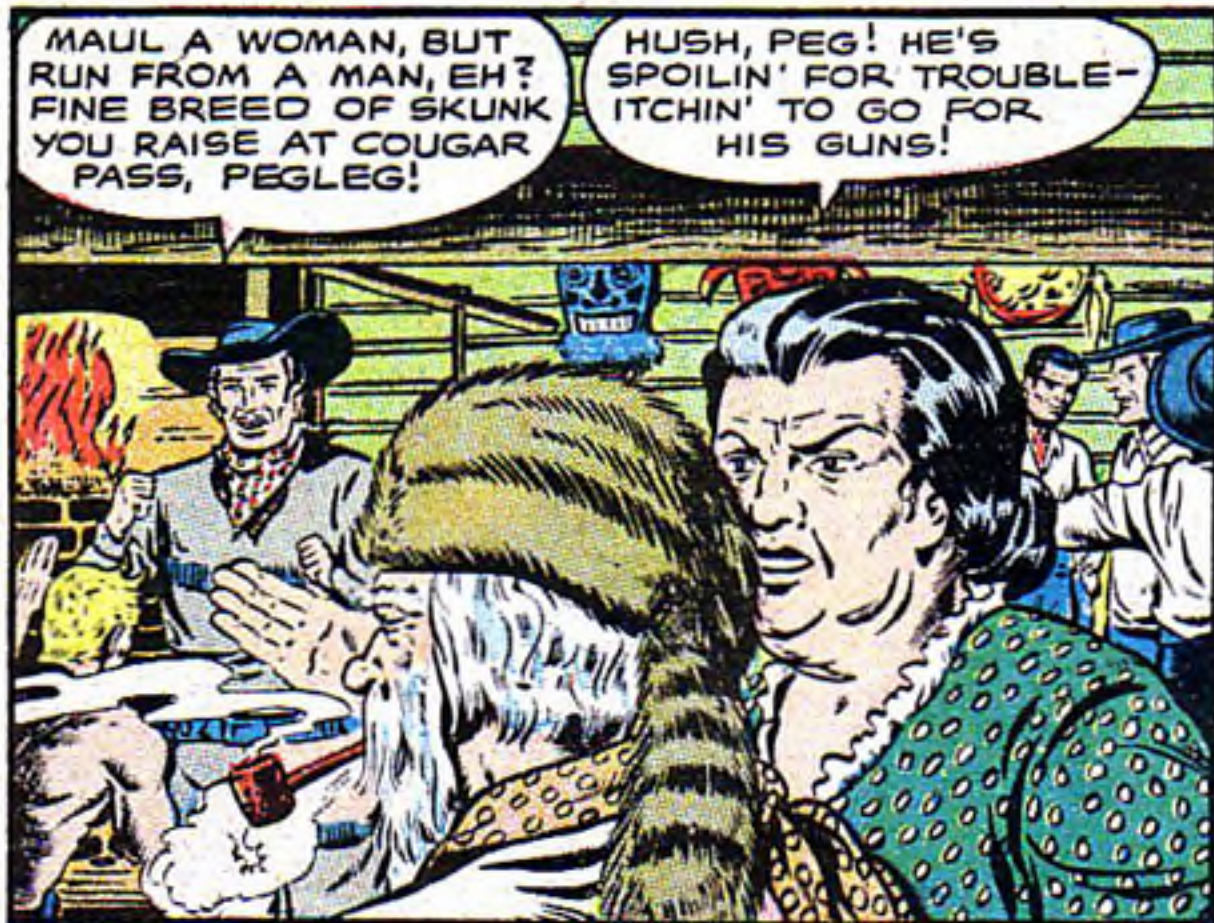
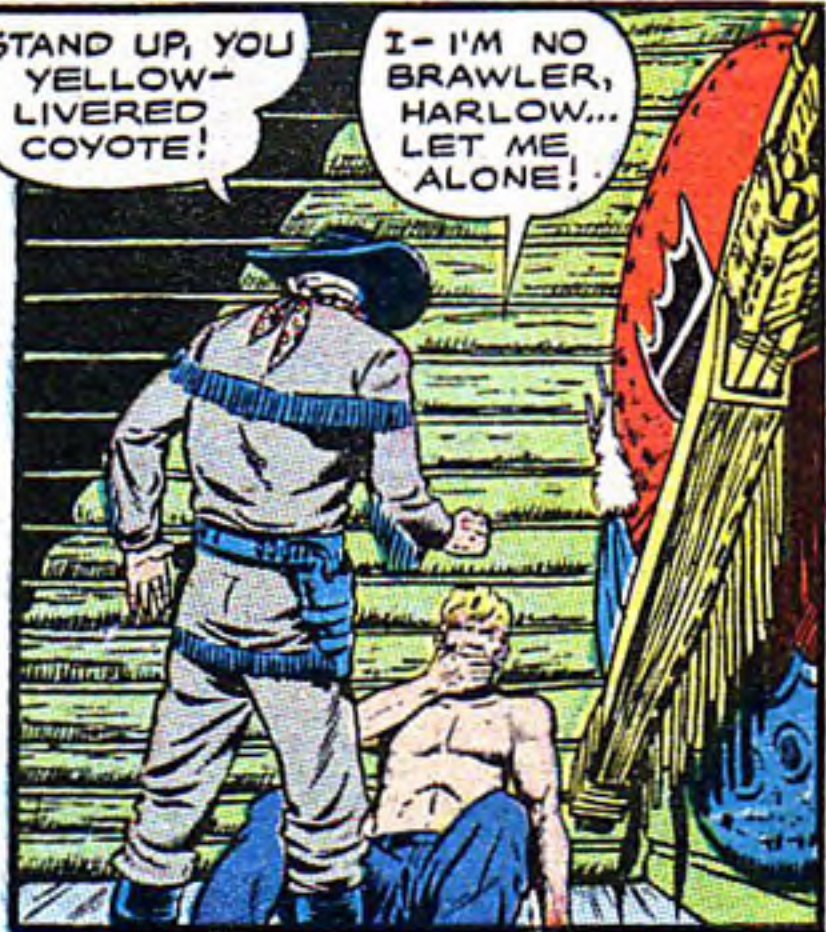
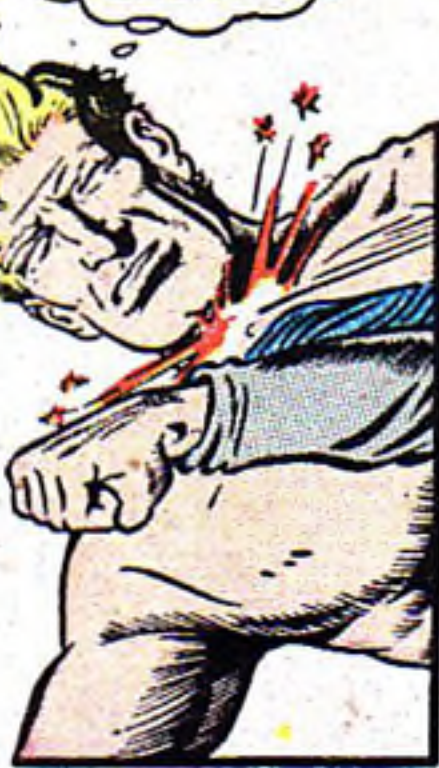
NO, PAN-KEE!
IT WAS MY
FAULT!

I'LL LEARN YOU
NOT TO BE SO
FREE WITH YOUR
LIP AND YOUR
PAWS, MUSCLE-
MAN!

GOT TO FALL
WITH HIS BLOW...
CAN'T FIGHT
BACK...

STAND UP, YOU
YELLOW-
LIVERED
COYOTE!

I- I'M NO
BRAWLER,
HARLOW...
LET ME
ALONE!



MAUL A WOMAN, BUT
RUN FROM A MAN, EH?
FINE BREED OF SKUNK
YOU RAISE AT COUGAR
PASS, PEGLEG!

HUSH, PEG! HE'S
SPOILIN' FOR TROUBLE-
ITCHIN' TO GO FOR
HIS GUNS!



WAR-MASKS! BIG GROWL, AND
NO GUTS BEHIND IT! WELL,
HERE'S WHAT PANKY HARLOW
THINKS OF THE LIKES OF
YOU!



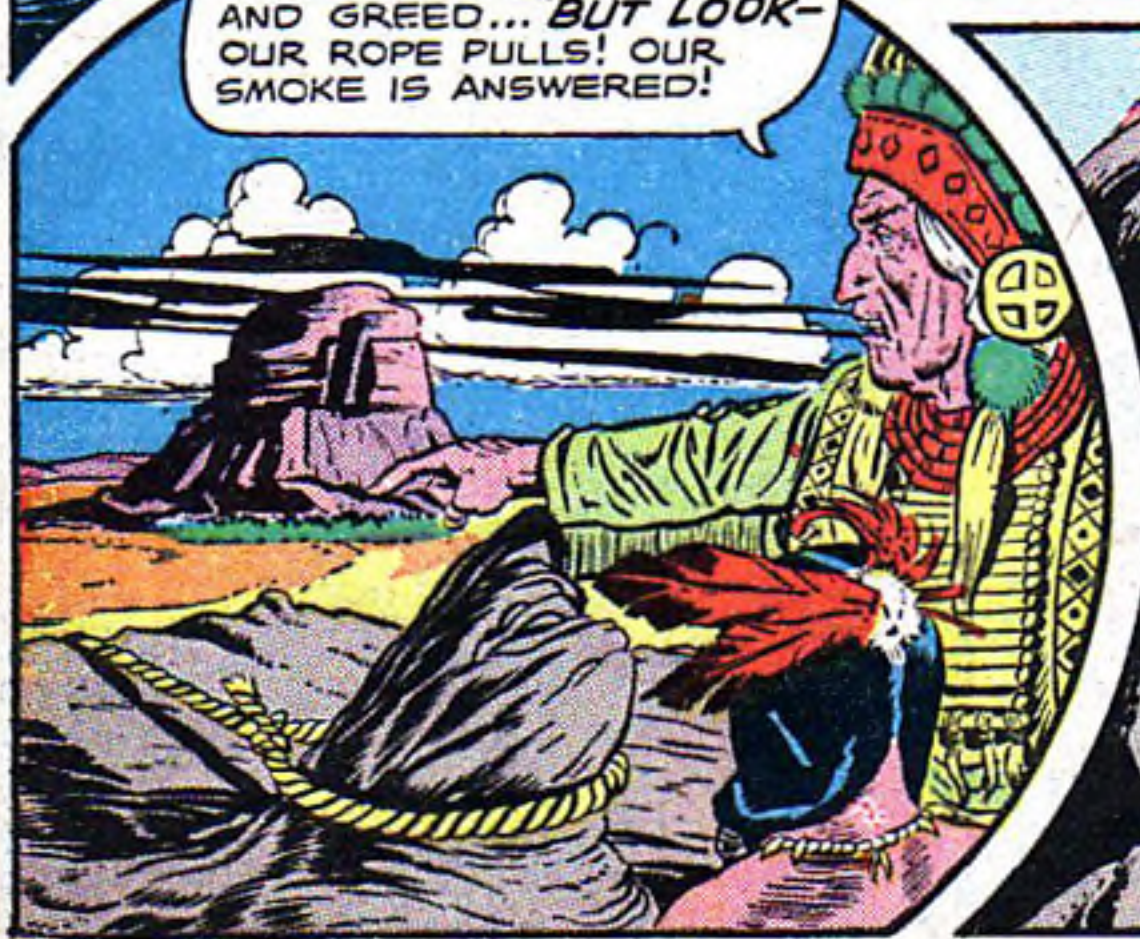
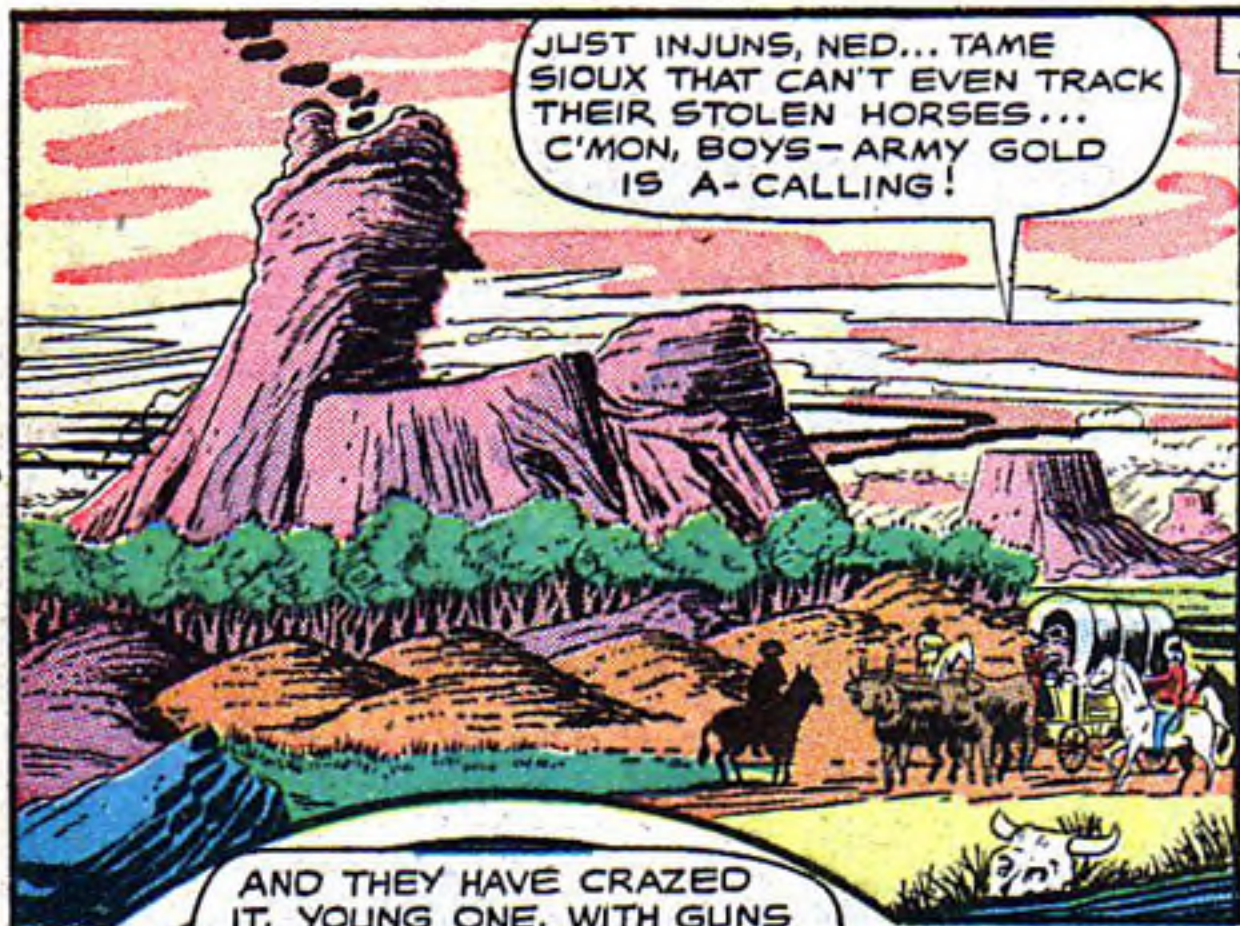
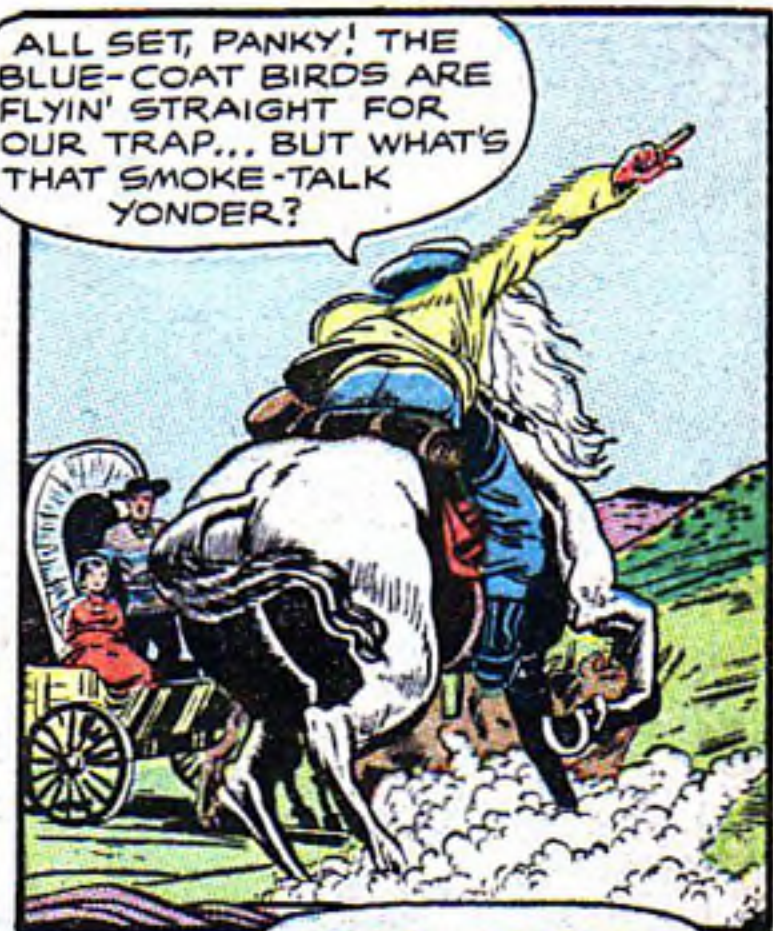
LATER...

BUT DOGNAB IT, NEIL,
WHAT AILS THE BOY?
I KNOW DAN'L AIN'T
A COWARD -

JUST REDSKIN
WAYS HE'LL SOON
OUTGROW... LIKE
THE WAY HE'S
A-SULKIN' OUTSIDE
NOW...



RIDE ON, HARLOW! LAUGH
AND RIDE ON... BUT WE'LL
SOON MEET AGAIN, MY
GUN-SWIFT FRIEND,
IF THE SMOKE IN
THE HILLS SPEAKS
TRUE!

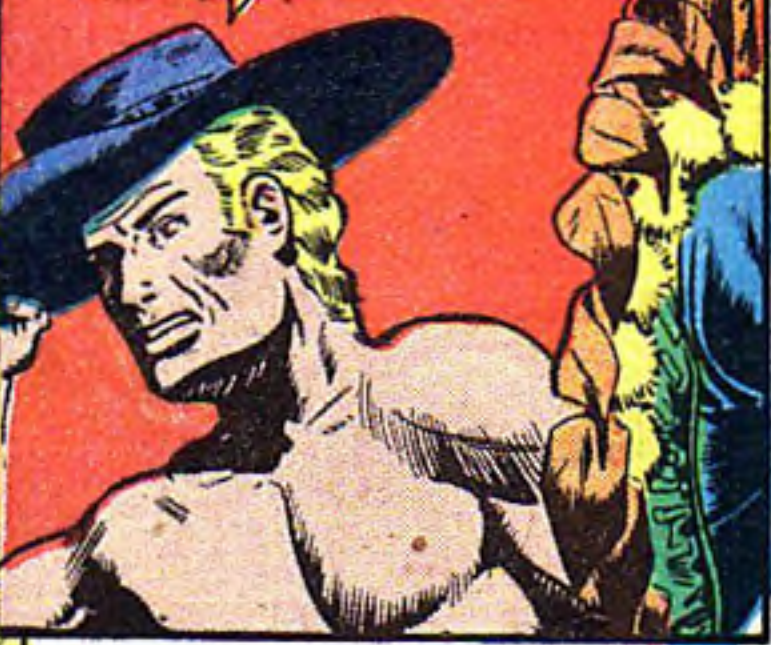


MANZAR! AGAIN THE **BRIGHT ARROW** SPEEDS INTO THE DARK OF MY WOES!

YOU MEAN THE PONIES STOLEN BY WHITE RAIDERS TWO MOONS AGO?

MORE THAN THAT, MY SON! I SEE **WAR**—UNLESS YOU HALT IT NOW!

WAR? DOES **BLACK FOX**, THE FIREBRAND OF MY BROTHERS, CHANT HIS SCALP-SONG AGAIN? BUT LET ME DRESS FOR DANGER, FIRST, AND TELL ME OF IT AS WE RIDE!



I KNOW THE THIEF OF OUR HORSES—HARLOW, THE FREE-TRADER!

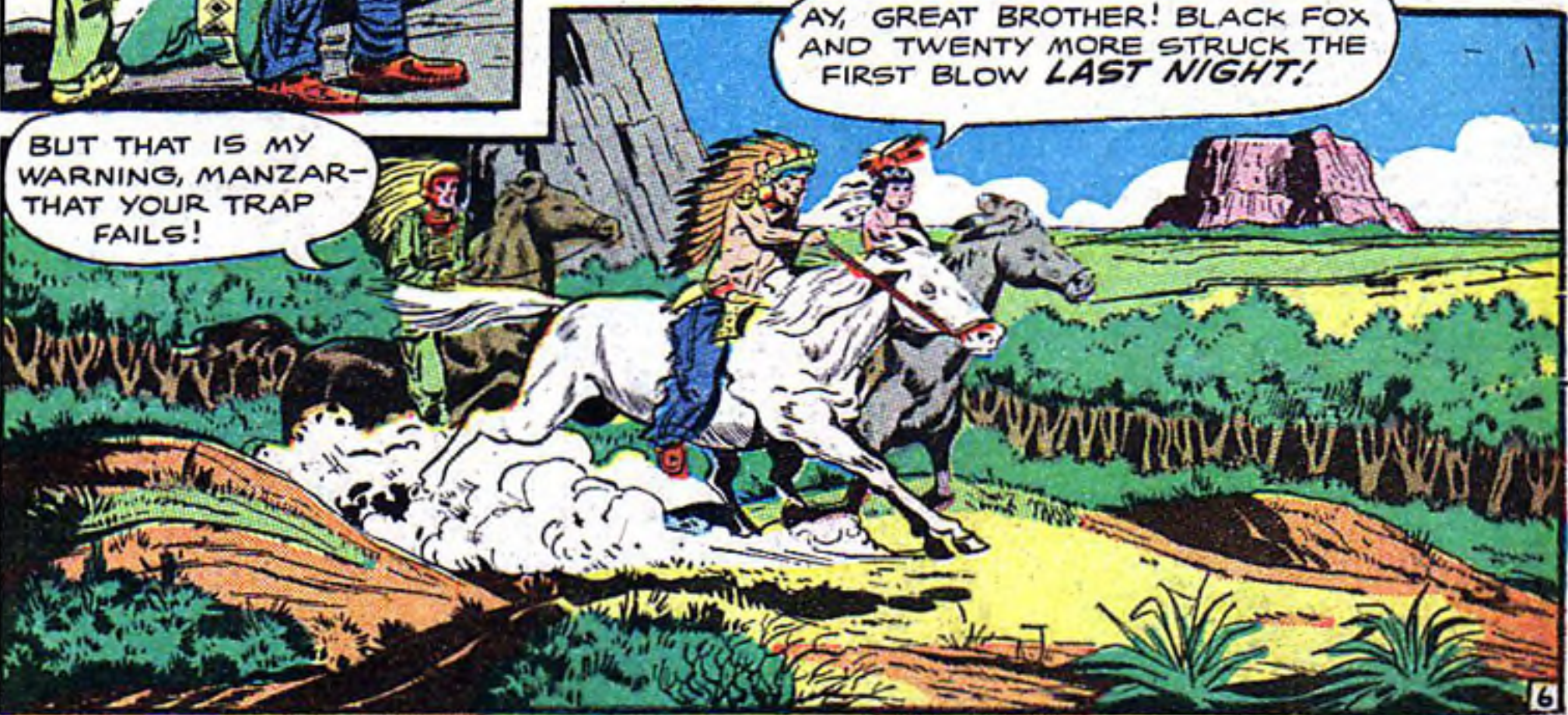
HE IS AN EVIL MAN... A PLANTER OF HATE... BUT MY EYE IS ON HIM!

AND HE WILL WALK INTO MY TRAP BEFORE HIS PLOT CAN ROUSE A WAR AGAINST THE WHITE-MAN'S WAGONS...



BUT THAT IS MY WARNING, MANZAR—THAT YOUR TRAP FAILS!

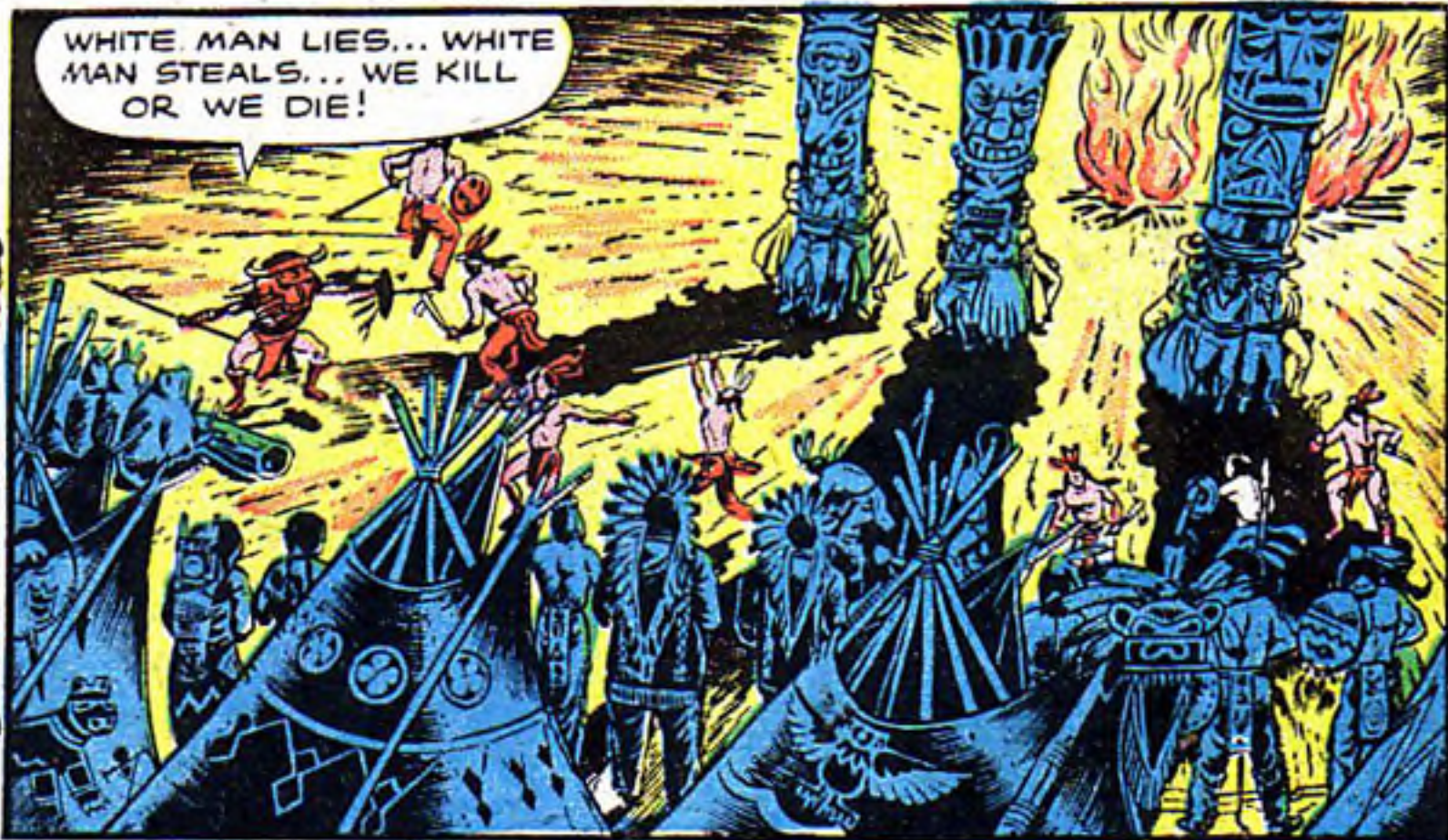
AY, GREAT BROTHER! **BLACK FOX** AND TWENTY MORE STRUCK THE FIRST BLOW **LAST NIGHT!**





BY NIGHT THEY STRUCK... AND NOW, IN THE SIOUX VILLAGE, THE CAPTIVES CRINGED AS FEARFUL FIRES BURNED...

WHITE MAN LIES... WHITE MAN STEALS... WE KILL OR WE DIE!



BUT THEY SAID AT FORT RENO THIS COUNTRY WAS PEACEFUL!

THAT BRAVE WITH THE TOMAHAWK— HE'S THE KILLER KINGPIN!

ENOUGH, BLACK FOX! LET THE COUNCIL DECIDE THE REST!

PAH! DO WE HOLD COUNCIL UPON A COILED SNAKE?

TOO LONG HAVE WE HARKED TO MATO-YUNI, THE CONQUERING BEAR, AND SUCH TIMID OLD MEN! NOW THE WARRIORS SPEAK— LIKE THIS!



HOKA-HAI!
HOKA-HAI!



IT IS MANZAR— HIS BATTLE-CRY!



FOOL! WOULD YOU DULL YOUR BLADE WITH A HUNDRED DEATHS, BLACK FOX?



THIS IS MADNESS, MY BROTHERS... LET ME SPEAK—



NO-NO! HE SPEAKS WITH A TRAITOR'S FORKED TONGUE... KILL HIM!



HOKA-HAI!



COME AND KILL ME THEN!

FURIOUS MINUTES LATER...



A THOUSAND DEVILS FIGHT FOR HIM!

NO WEAPON CAN HARM HIM!



I HAVE HURT MY BROTHERS AND MY HEART IS SICK... BUT BLACK FOX MAKES FOOLS OF YOU... LET THE PRISONERS GO FREE!

AND NOW WE RIDE TO PUNISH THE DOGS WHO PLANNED THIS EVIL THING!



NEARBY,
A
MAIDEN
LISTENS..

STOLEN HORSES
AND TREACHEROUS
TRADERS... AND
HIS EYES BLIND
TO ME!

WOULD YOU GO
WITH NO WORD
FOR SINGING BIRD,
MANZAR?

HAI-EE!
OUR TRAIL
RUNS FAR,
AND FAST!

BUT YOU KNOW THAT WHERE-
EVER I RIDE, DAY OR NIGHT,
THE THOUGHT OF MY SISTER
RIDES WARM WITH ME...
FAREWELL, SINGING BIRD!

FAREWELL!

HIS SISTER... THERE
WAS A TIME WHEN HIS
EYES CALLED ME SOME-
THING ELSE... BUT WHAT
CAN I DO NOW TO WIN
HIS HEART
AGAIN?

FAR ACROSS
THE JUMBLED
MILES, THE
VULTURE-BIRDS
OF
PANKY HARLOW
LOOK DOWN
UPON THEIR
CRAWLING
PREY...

HAH! SIXTEEN TROOPERS
LEADIN' THE PARADE, AND
THE FORK OF THE TRAIL
DEAD AHEAD... COULDN'T
HAVE TIMED IT SLICKER,
NED!

YEAH... BUT
THEM WAGONS
MOUNT A WICKED
LOAD OF GUNS,
PANK!

WHO CARES ABOUT THE
WAGONS? THE BOYS IN
BLUE ARE OUR MEAT—
SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS
WORTH!



ON THE PLAIN BELOW..

WE FORK OFF HERE FOR FORT FETTERMAN, SERGEANT... NOW OUR ROCKY RIDING STARTS!

YESSIR!



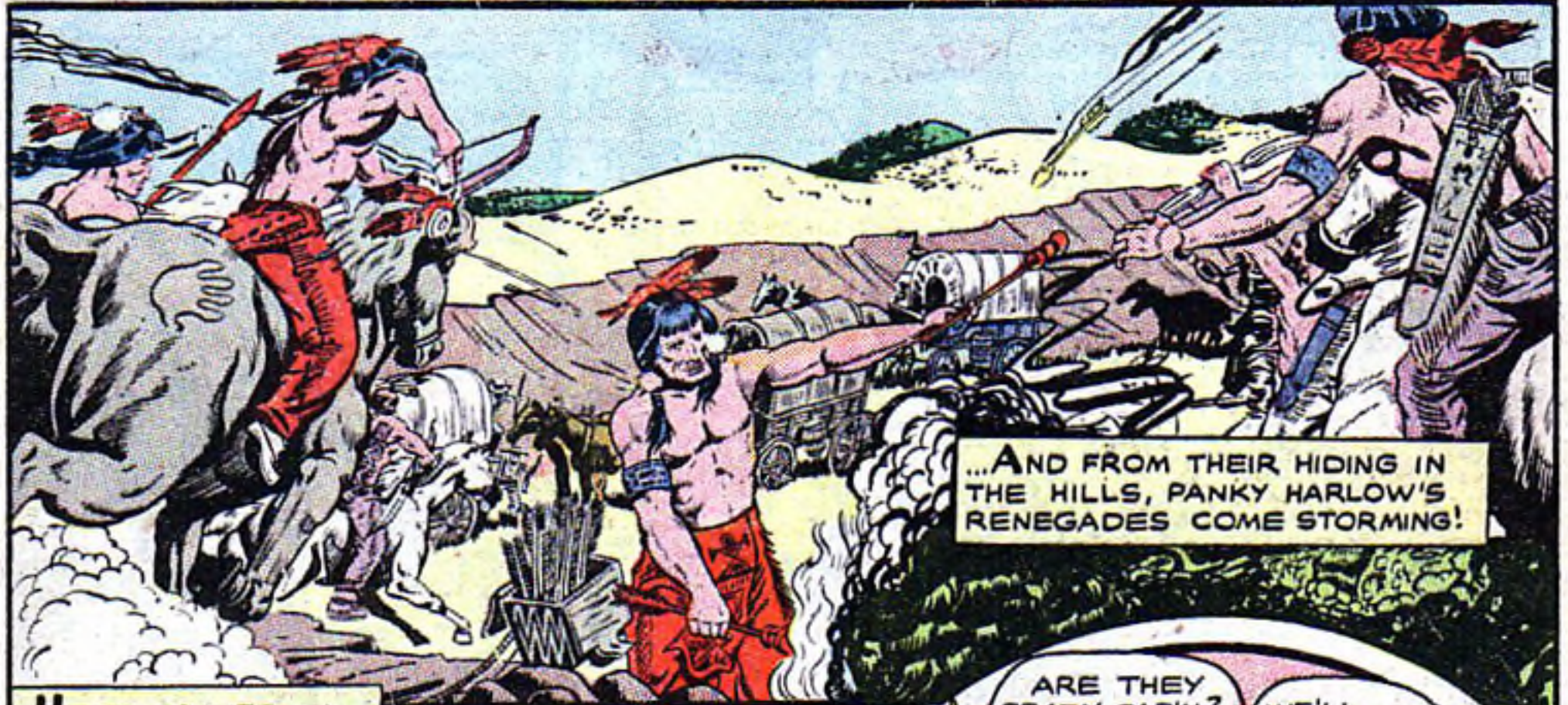
SO LONG, TROOPERS! THANKS FOR THREE DAYS OF SAFE AND PLEASANT COMPANY!

GOOD LUCK IN OREGON, PILGRIMS!



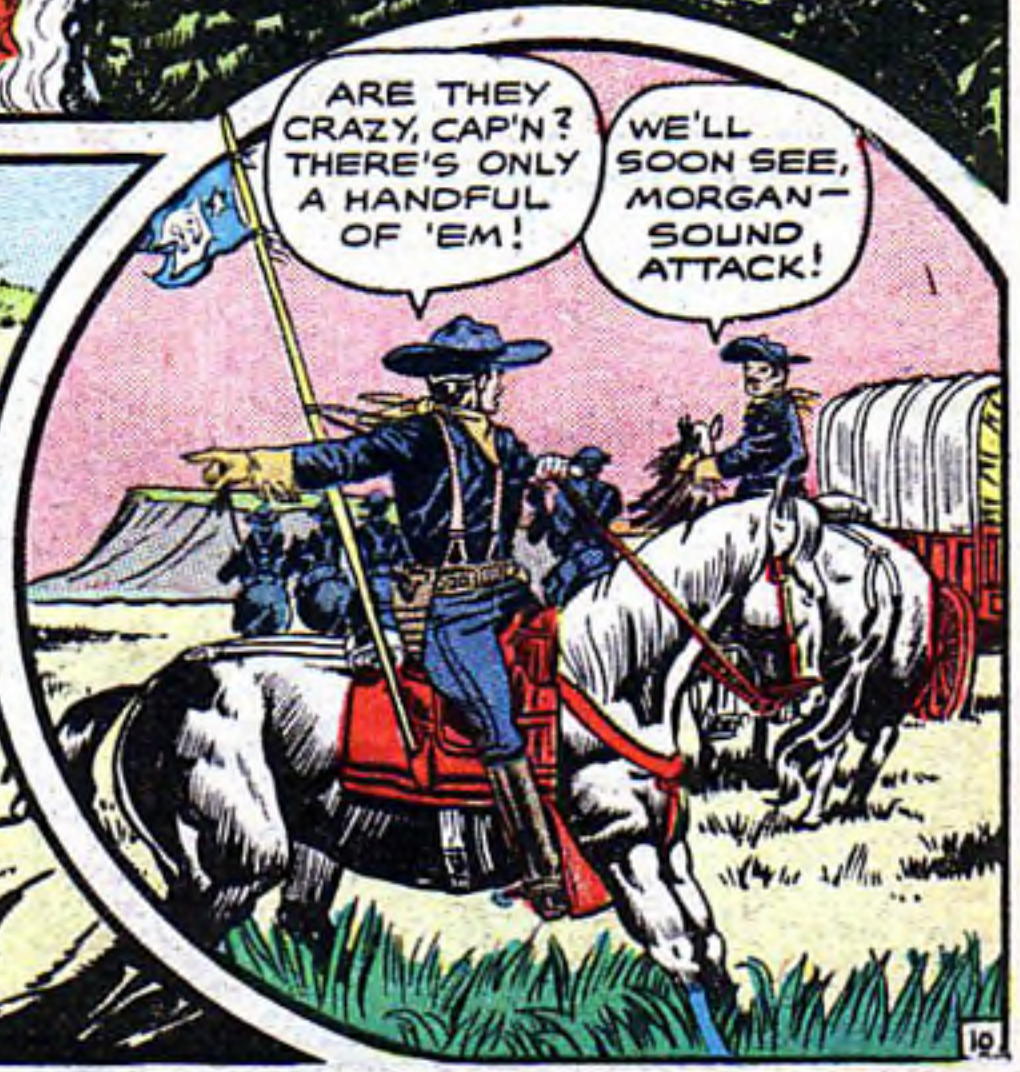
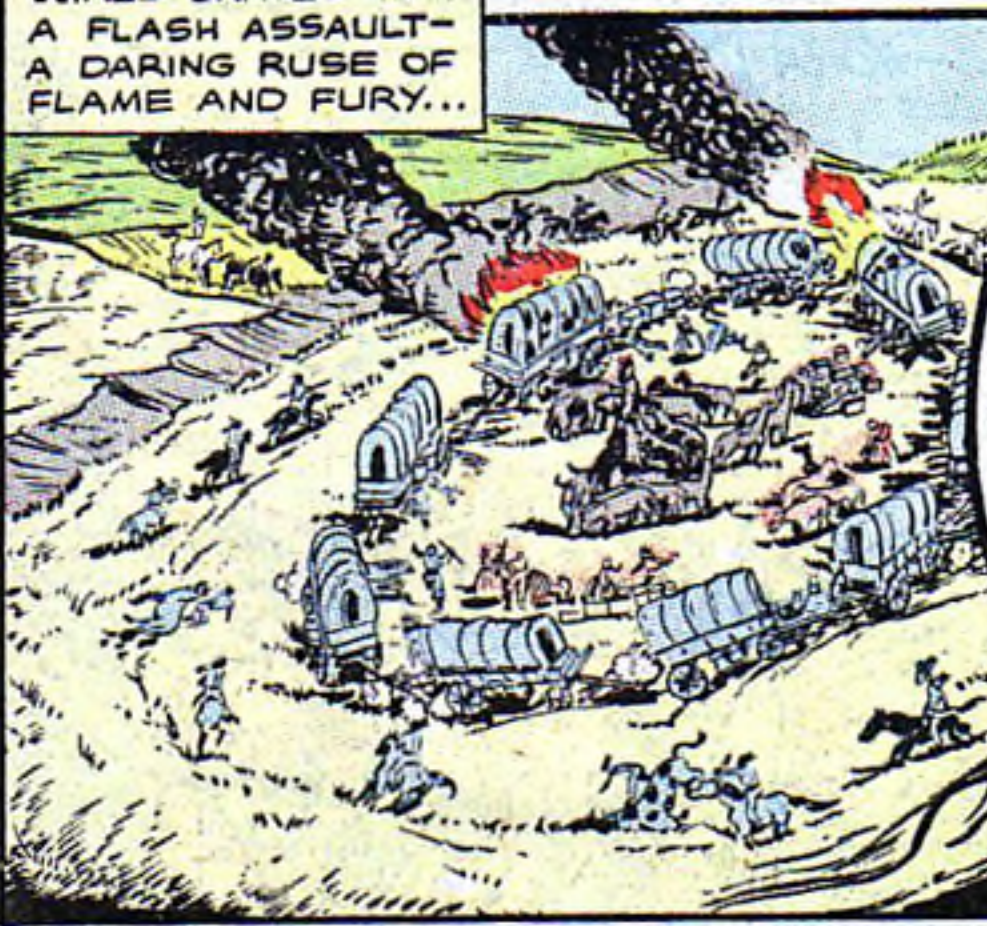
BUT SHORT MINUTES LATER, AS THE WAGON TRAIN ROLLS ON...

HOLY MOSES - INJUNS!



...AND FROM THEIR HIDING IN THE HILLS, PANKY HARLOW'S RENEGADES COME STORMING!

Hired Braves in a flash assault - a daring ruse of flame and fury...



ARE THEY CRAZY, CAP'N? THERE'S ONLY A HANDFUL OF 'EM!

WE'LL SOON SEE, MORGAN - SOUND ATTACK!

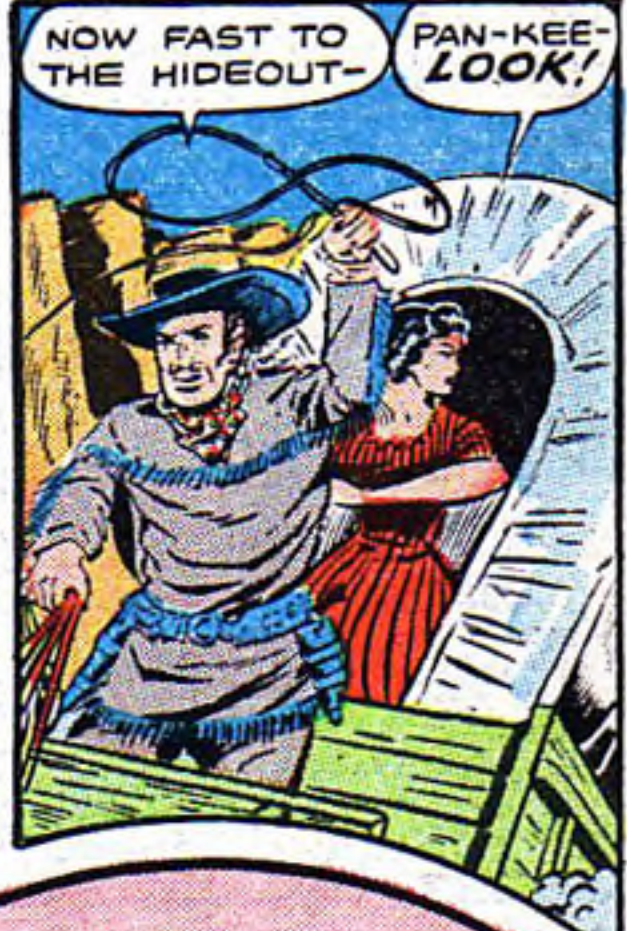


BUT AS THE TROOPERS RIDE FOR RESCUE...

THEY SWALLOWED THE BAIT, STELL! THE PAY-WAGON GOLD IS OURS!

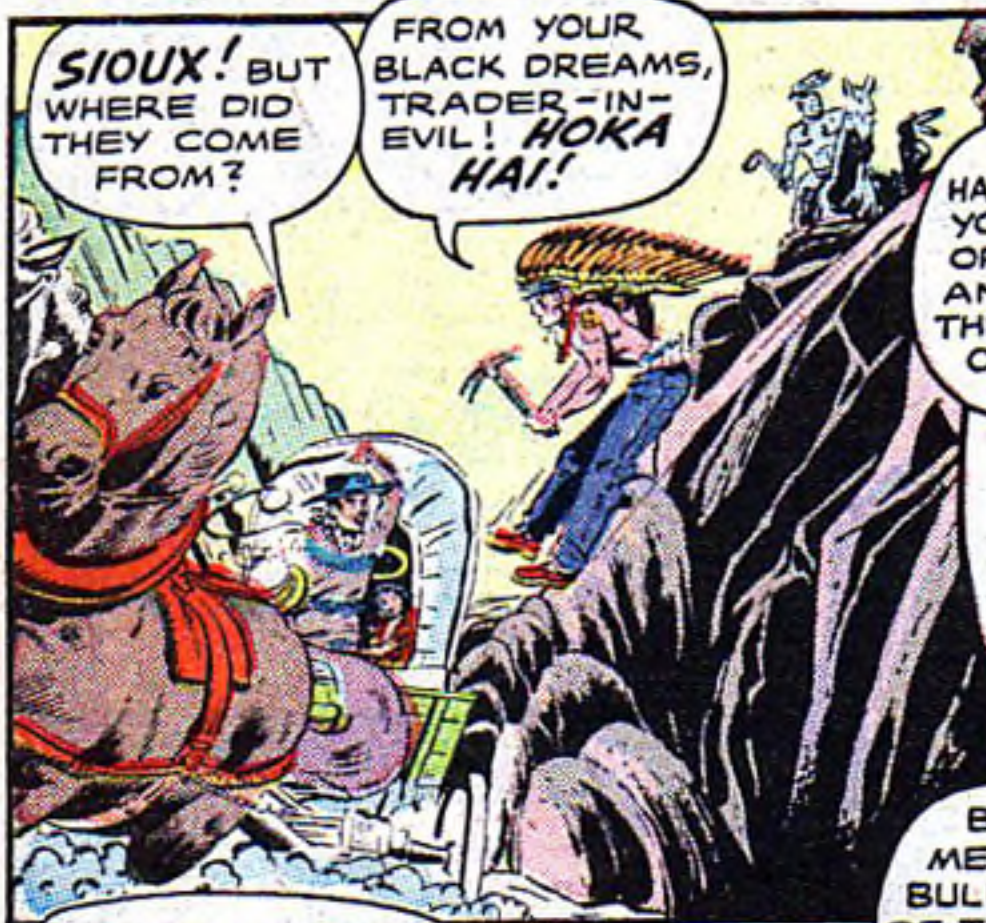


GOLD TO 'PAY FOR FORT FETTERMAN'S BEEF AND SUPPLIES. BUT WE NEED IT MORE THAN THE ARMY DOES, TROOPER!



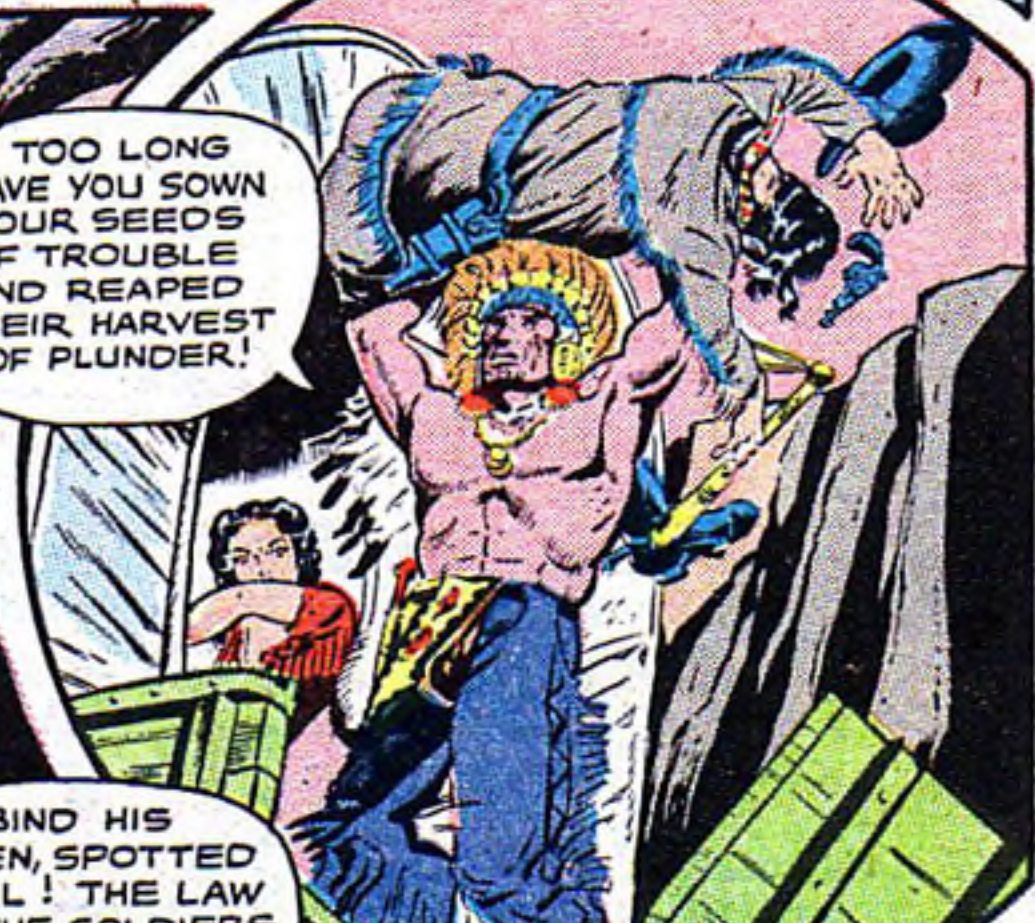
NOW FAST TO THE HIDEOUT-

PAN-KEE-LOOK!



SIoux! BUT WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

FROM YOUR BLACK DREAMS, TRADER-IN-EVIL! HOKA HAI!

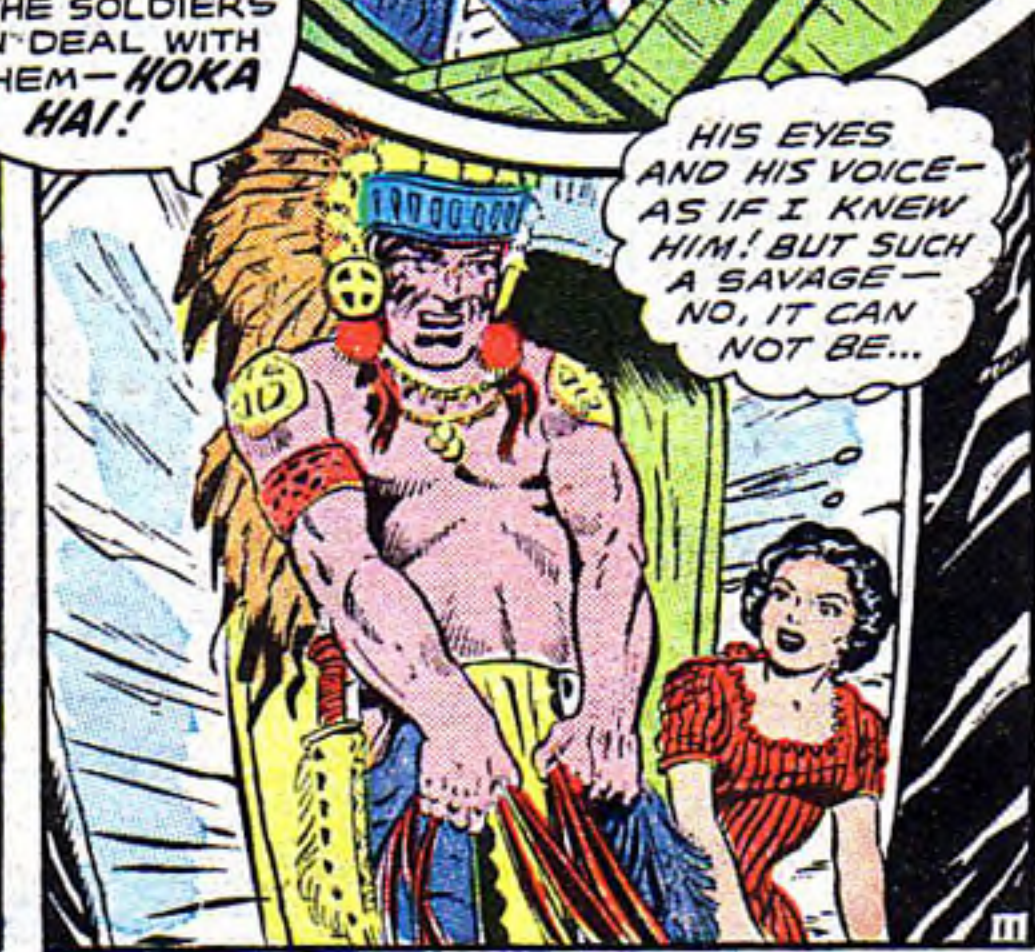


TOO LONG HAVE YOU SOWN YOUR SEEDS OF TROUBLE AND REAPED THEIR HARVEST OF PLUNDER!

BIND HIS MEN, SPOTTED BULL! THE LAW OF THE SOLDIERS CAN DEAL WITH THEM - HOKA HAI!



LET THE ROCKS YOUR CRIMES HAVE STAINED WITH BLOOD CALL PENALTY UPON YOU!



HIS EYES AND HIS VOICE - AS IF I KNEW HIM! BUT SUCH A SAVAGE - NO, IT CAN NOT BE...

BELOW, HARLOW'S RENEGADE RAIDERS HAVE VANISHED AS SWIFTLY AS THEY STRUCK...

PULL UP, MEN! IT'S A TRAP!



CRAZY ATTACK... CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

HERE'S THE ANSWER, CAP'N - YOUR PAY-WAGON!



GREETINGS, WHITE MEN! I AM MANZAR, OF THE SIOUX... THESE CAPTIVES I BRING CAN SING THE REST OF THE MOURNFUL SONG FOR YOU!



MANZAR, THE BRIGHT ARROW! OUR REPORTS TELL MANY AMAZING TALES OF YOU... PANKY HARLOW WAS THE SNAKE-IN-THE-GRASS, EH?

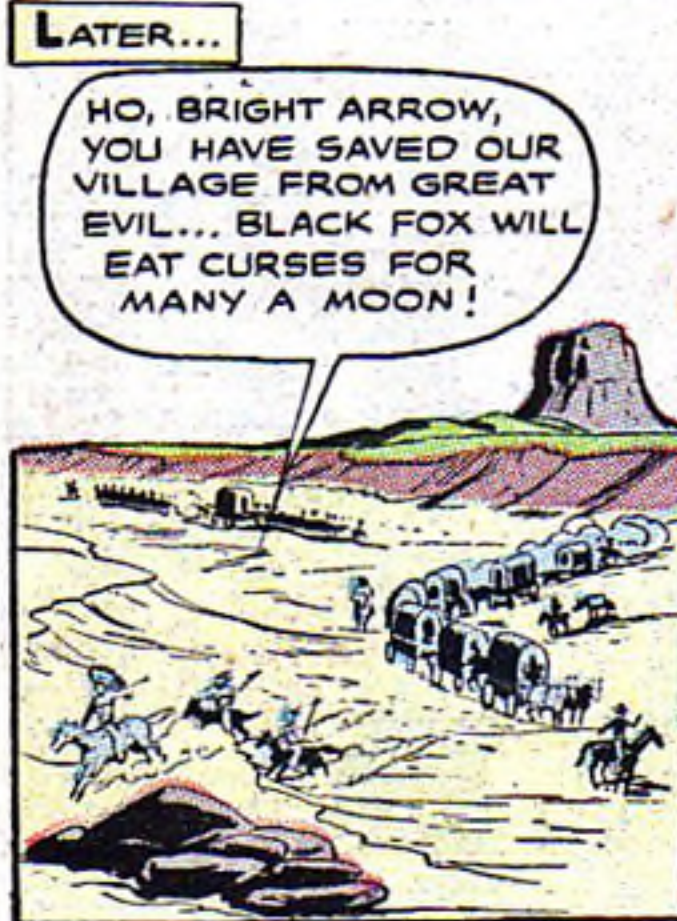


YES, YES - ESTELLA WILL TELL ALL... I WILL SHOW WHERE PAN-KEE'S LOOT IS HIDDEN IF THE SO BRAVE CAPTAIN SAY HE BE KIND TO ME...

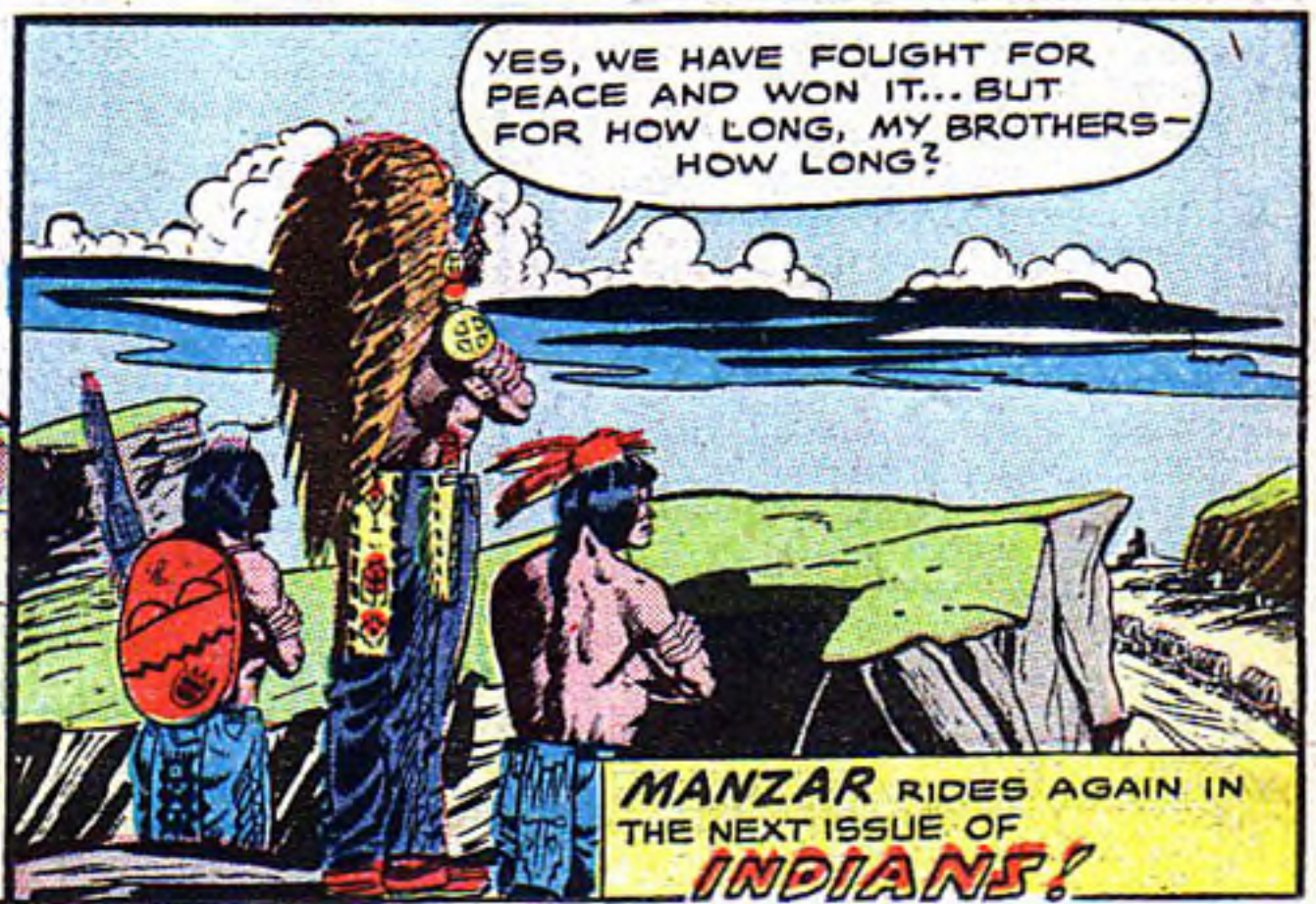


LATER...

HO, BRIGHT ARROW, YOU HAVE SAVED OUR VILLAGE FROM GREAT EVIL... BLACK FOX WILL EAT CURSES FOR MANY A MOON!

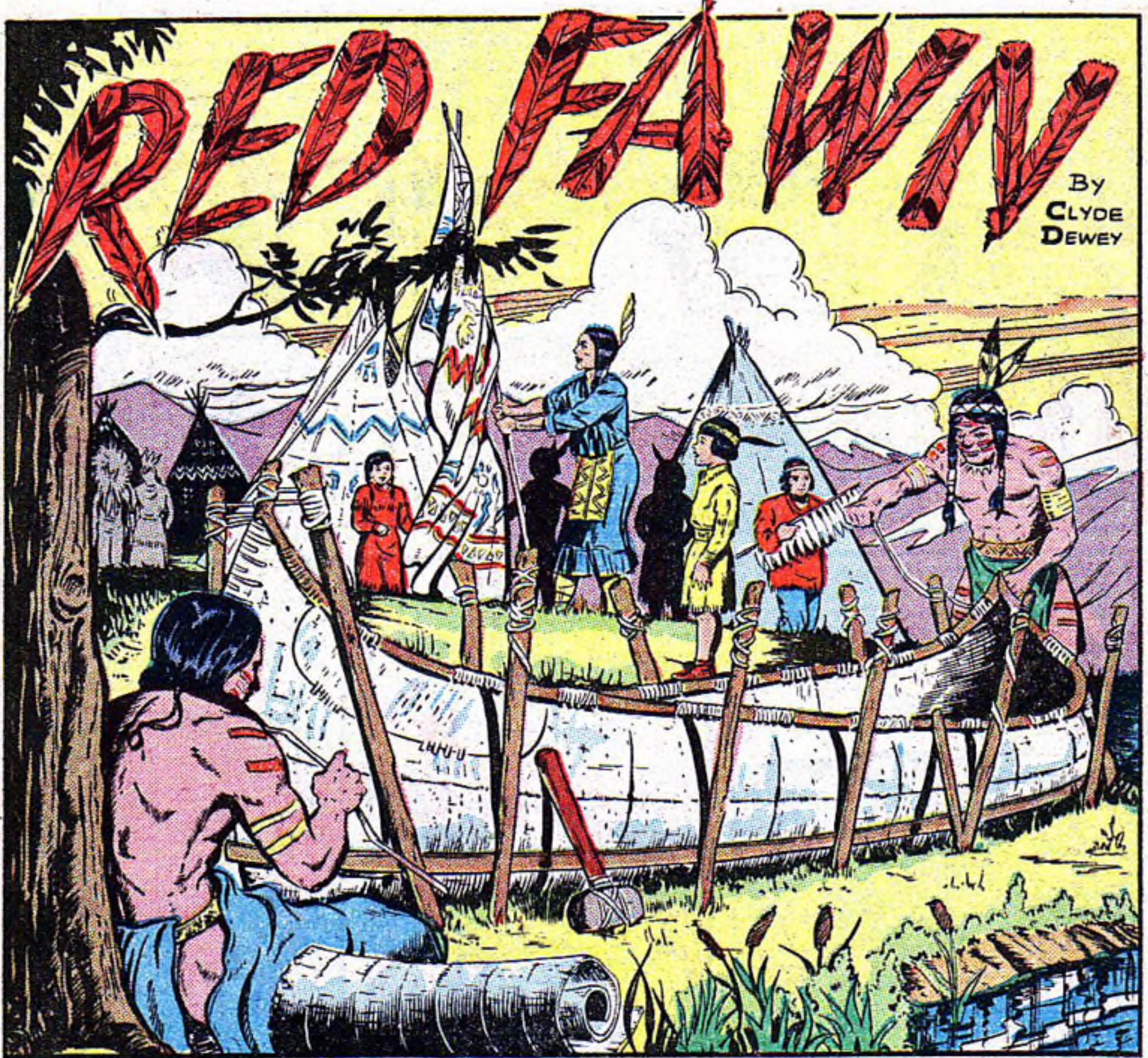


YES, WE HAVE FOUGHT FOR PEACE AND WON IT... BUT FOR HOW LONG, MY BROTHERS - HOW LONG?



MANZAR RIDES AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **INDIANS!**

By
CLYDE
DEWEY



SOON THE WINTER WINDS WOULD HOWL THE PLAINS THE TAWAKONI TRIBE CALLED HOME... NOW MUST THE DEER BE HUNTED, THE BISON SPEARED FOR FOOD AND SKINS, THE TEEPEES LINED WITH NEW-TANNED FURS TO GIVE THEM SHELTER FROM THE ICY BLASTS THAT SOON WOULD SWEEP THE LAND... BUT ONE YOUNG MAIDEN CARED NAUGHT FOR WOMAN'S WORK, INSTEAD SHE YEARNED TO ROAM THE PLAINS WITH THE STALKERS OF THE DEER.. AND AS **RED FAWN** LISTENED TO THE ANCIENT ONE, SHE WHISPERED TO HER TIMID FRIEND...



PAH! IS OUR LOT TO BE NOTHING BUT COOKING, SEWING, AND MAKING WIGWAMS? COME, SNOW MAIDEN, FOLLOW ME WITH SILENT FEET!



AH, HER BACK TURNED TO US, NOW IS OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE HER PRATTLING TONGUE! TREAD SOFTLY, SNOW MAIDEN, HEAD FOR THE RIVER...



THERE, WE DID IT! NOW QUICKLY, WE MUST FIND THE CRAFT I HID IN THE REEDS. THEN WE WILL JOIN THE HUNTING PARTY ON THE ISLAND!

I - I LIKE THIS NOT, RED FAWN! MY HEART IS FILLED WITH FEAR!

BUT RED FAWN'S SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE WAS NOT TO BE DENIED, AND SOON, TWO TINY FIGURES STEALTHILY APPROACHED THE ROARING WATERS...

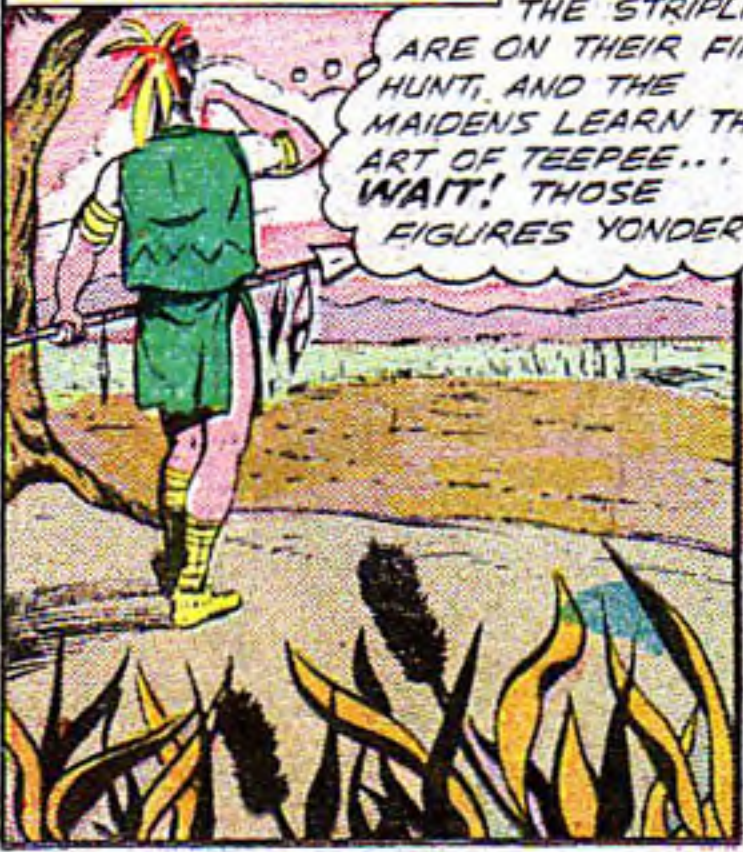


LOOK, THE RAFT IS JUST AHEAD... SOON WE WILL BE ON THE ISLAND STALKING DEER!

WAIT! OUR PUNISHMENT WOULD BE GREAT-LET US RETURN AND LEARN OF TEEPEE MAKING!

NO, THEY COULD NOT PUNISH US IF WE BAG A DEER, COULD THEY? COME, I WILL GUARD YOU WELL!

BUT, UNSEEN ON A NEARBY HILLOCK, A TAWAKONI TRIBESMAN STOOD WATCHING, CAREFULLY SCANNING THE HORIZON FOR RAIDERS THAT MIGHT ATTACK HIS VILLAGE...



ALL APPEARS PEACEFUL. THE STRIPLINGS ARE ON THEIR FIRST HUNT, AND THE MAIDENS LEARN THE ART OF TEEPEE... WAIT! THOSE FIGURES YONDER...

DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME? TWO FIGURES-MAIDENS WEARING THE TAWAKONI DRESS! I MUST WARN THEM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT THE FOREST'S DANGERS!

HO, SMALL ONES-WAIT! I AM LONE-EAGLE, AND WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH YOU!

LOOK, RED FAWN-WE ARE DISCOVERED! WHAT EVER WILL WE DO NOW?



I—I AM NOT TOO SURE MYSELF, SNOW MAIDEN! G-GREETINGS, LONE-EAGLE. THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO AT CAMP, SO WE THOUGHT WE WOULD HUNT THE DEER...



HUNT? NOTHING TO DO? GO SMALL ONES, RETURN TO YOUR TASK OF SEWING SKINS FOR TEEPEES!

NO-NO, I AM RED FAWN—AND MY SHAFT CAN WING THE ARROW AS WELL AS ANY TAWAKONI BRAVE!



YOU RETURN, LONE EAGLE— SAY WE HUNT FOR FOOD! QUICKLY, NOW, SNOW MAIDEN— POLE INTO THE STREAM!

COME BACK, COME BACK, OR A HUNDRED LASHES OF THE WILLOW- REED WILL BE YOUR PUNISHMENT!

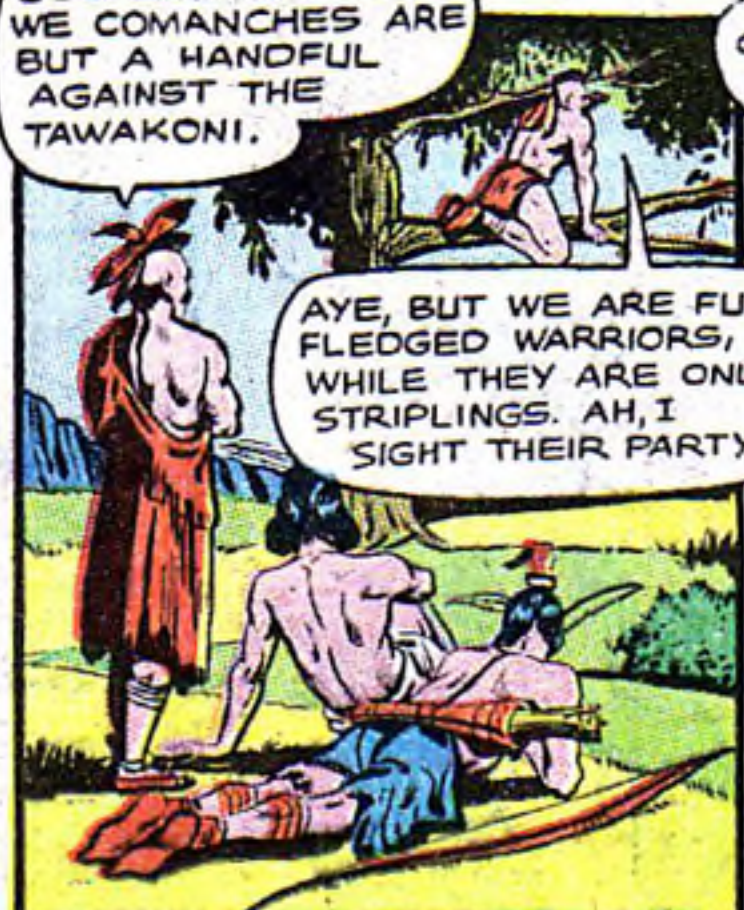


HE BABBLES ANGRILY, BUT NEVER COULD HE CATCH US! FASTER, POLE FASTER!



THEN COME, AND LET STEALTH BE OUR ALLY! REMEMBER, WHEN A TAWAKONI WANDERS OUT OF SIGHT OF HIS PARTY, MAKE HIM CAPTIVE WITHOUT A SOUND!

USE CAUTION— FOR WE COMANCHES ARE BUT A HANDFUL AGAINST THE TAWAKONI.



AYE, BUT WE ARE FULL FLEDGED WARRIORS, WHILE THEY ARE ONLY STRIPLINGS. AH, I SIGHT THEIR PARTY...



AND AS THE RIVER SEIZED THEIR CRAFT AND CARRIED THEM CLOSER TO THE ISLAND, OTHERS LAY HIDDEN IN THE BRUSH THERE, EVER SEEKING THE TAWAKONI HUNTERS...

AND AS THE COMANCHES GHOSTED SILENTLY THROUGH THE FOREST, THE YOUNG TAWAKONIS OF THE "HUNTERS SOCIETY" LISTENED EAGERLY TO THEIR INSTRUCTOR...

YOU WOULD BE HUNTERS, BUT YOU LET YOUR SHAFTS WING THUS? WHY, NOT ONE OF YOU HAS HIT A VITAL ORGAN ON THE TARGET! COME, I WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO SHOOT.

FEET WELL APART, YOUR LEFT SIDE FACING THE TARGET... NOW NOTCH YOUR BARB AND PULL BACK SLOWLY UNTIL YOUR RIGHT HAND TOUCHES YOUR JAWBONE... AH, MUCH BETTER, BUT THERE IS STILL THE MOST IMPORTANT PART TO LEARN.

...AND THAT IS HOW TO PROPERLY SIGHT YOUR QUARRY... OBSERVE WELL THE DRAWING I WILL MAKE...

THEN THE TIME HAS COME TO TEST THE YOUNG ONES' SKILL! STALK SOFTLY, AND SKINS AND FOOD SHALL SOON BE OURS!

HAI! HAI! I HAVE FOUND THE SPOOR OF DEER! THEY GRAZE BUT A STONE'S THROW YONDER!

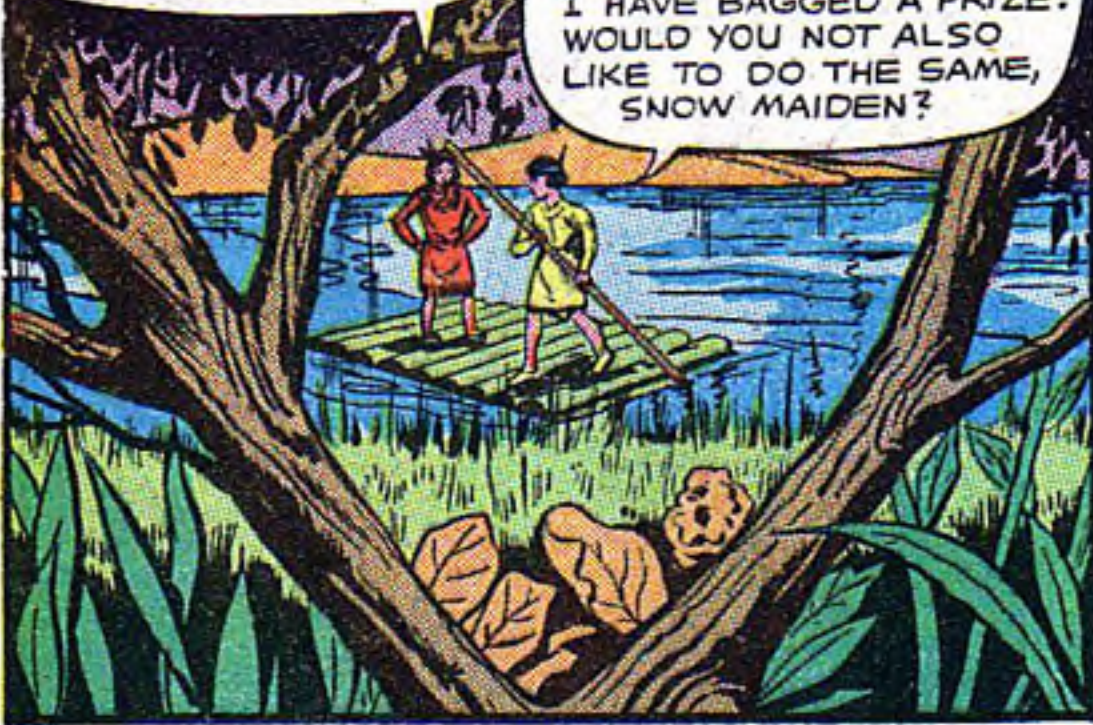
NOTICE HOW YOUR EYE AIMS DOWN, WHILE THE ARROW'S PATH IS... HARK! WHO CALLS?



MEANWHILE, TWO SMALL FIGURES
BEACH THEIR LOG RAFT, . . .

DANGER IN THE AIR,
RED FAWN, I CAN
SMELL IT! LET US
RETURN WHILE THERE
IS STILL TIME!

PAH! NOW YOU TALK
LIKE AN OLD WOMAN
TENDING FIRES! WE
CAME TO HUNT, AND I
WILL NOT RETURN TILL
I HAVE BAGGED A PRIZE!
WOULD YOU NOT ALSO
LIKE TO DO THE SAME,
SNOW MAIDEN?



WOULD YOU NOT
ENJOY THE ENVIOUS
EYES THE YOUNG
HUNTERS WOULD
CAST YOUR WAY?

I - I GUESS SO,
RED FAWN... BUT
I AM STILL
FRIGHTENED!
L-LISTEN! THAT
NOISE IN THE
TREE TOPS!
WHAT...



MAY MY SHAFT BE
AS KEEN AS YOUR
EARS! LOOK, IT IS
AN EAGLE HAWK...
I MUST NOT MISS
THIS CHANCE!

EAGLE HAWK! SHARP TALONED KILLER OF
THE FOREST! BEADY EYES GLINT AS HE
SIGHTS HIS PREY, AND GREAT WINGS STRETCH...



I DID IT—I
WINGED HIM!
NOW NONE CAN
SAY I AM NOT
A HUNTER!
BUT LOOK!



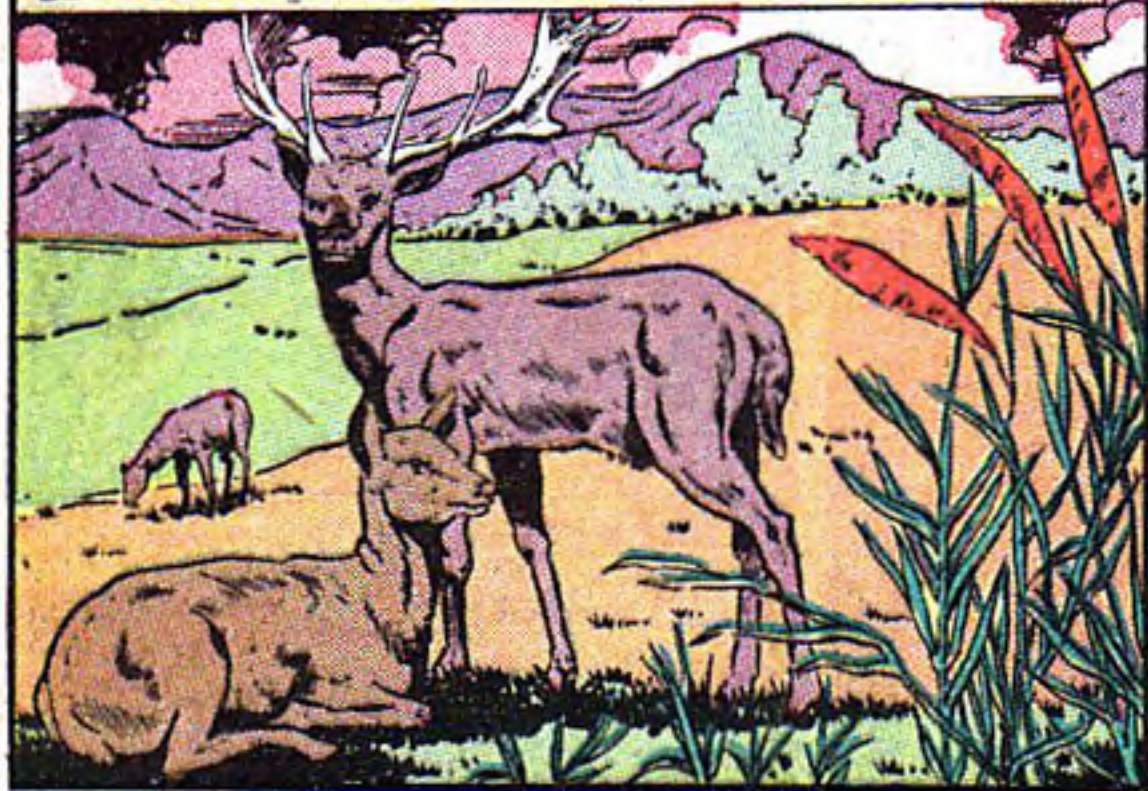
HE FLUTTERS EARTH-
WARD! COME, HE MUST
NOT ESCAPE!

WAIT, RED FAWN—
WAIT FOR ME!

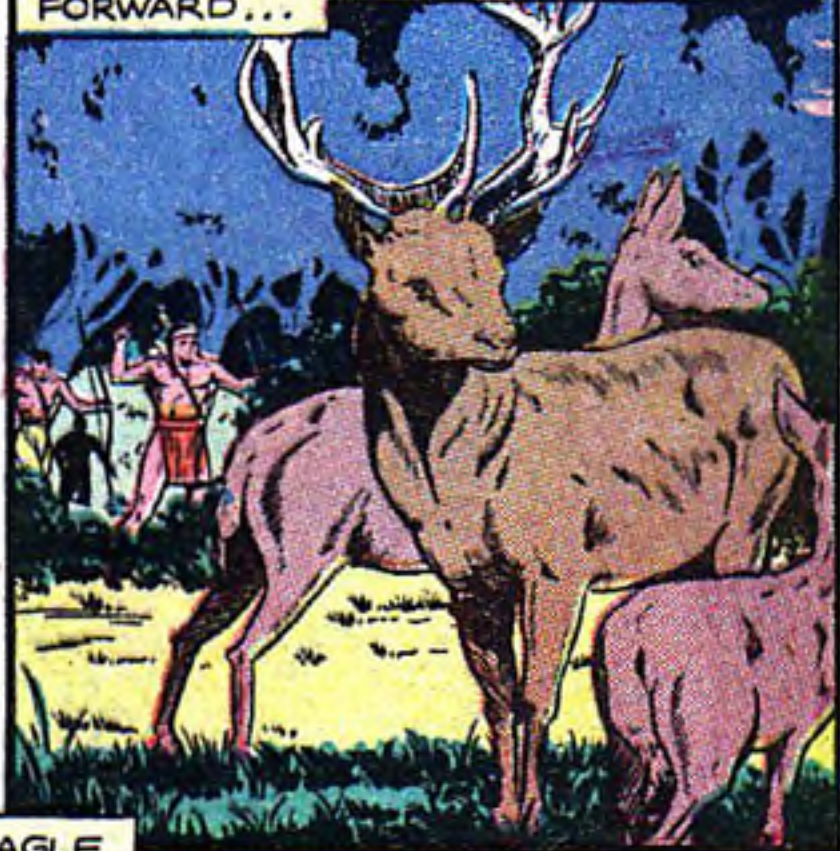


DOWN HE SWOOPS, DOWN
TOWARD THE MAIDENS
BELOW.. AND AS HE NEARS
THEM, A STONE-TIPPED
ARROW SPLITS THE WIND...

WHILE, NOT FAR DISTANT, A DEER HERD GRAZES QUIETLY IN A VALLEY, WITH THEIR HORNED BUCK LEADER EVER ON THE GUARD FOR DANGER...



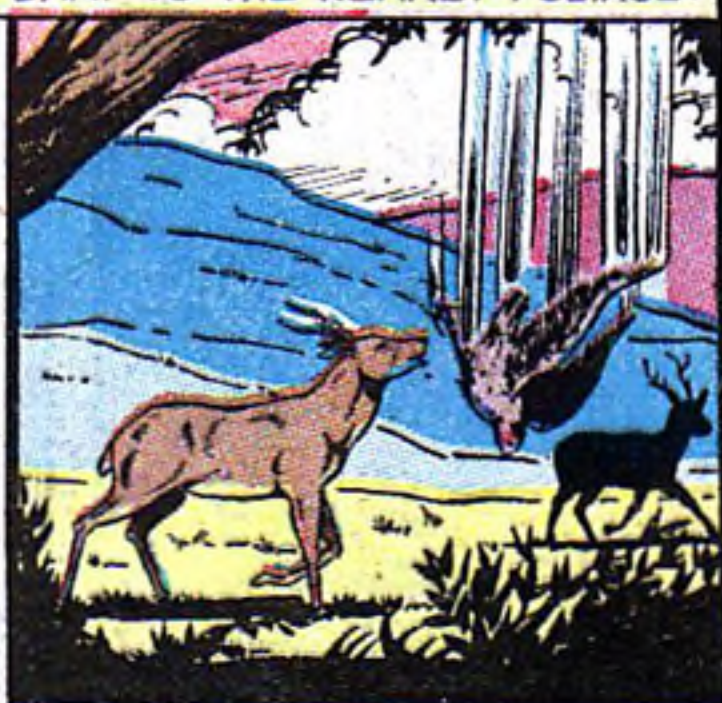
BUT THE WIND IS AGAINST HIM, AND HE DOES NOT SENSE THE TAWAKONI TRIBESMEN WHO SILENTLY PAD FORWARD...



THEN GREAT BOWS TAUT... READY TO WING THEIR BARBS OF DEATH...

BUT SUDDENLY AN EAGLE PLUMMETS EARTHWARD! INSTANTLY THE BUCK LEADER SOUNDS A WARNING, AND SWIFT AS THE WIND THEY DART TO THE NEARBY FOLIAGE!

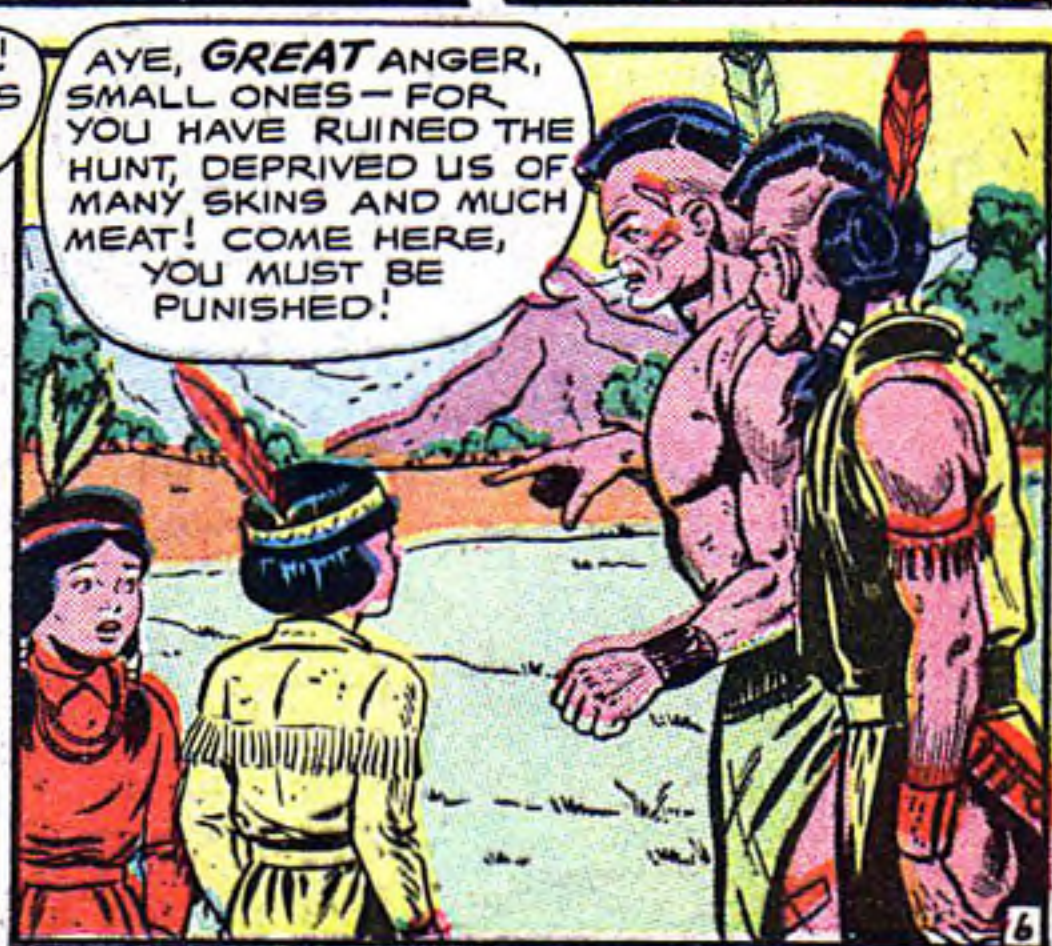
AND AS THEY DISAPPEAR INTO THE SHELTERING FOREST, A SHOUT RINGS OUT...



JUST WAIT TILL I SHOW THEM THIS AT CAMP! I CAN HEAR THEM NOW - THEY WILL SAY RED FAWN IS TRULY A HUNTER AND...

LOOK, RED FAWN! LOOK WHO COMES WITH ANGER ON HIS FACE!

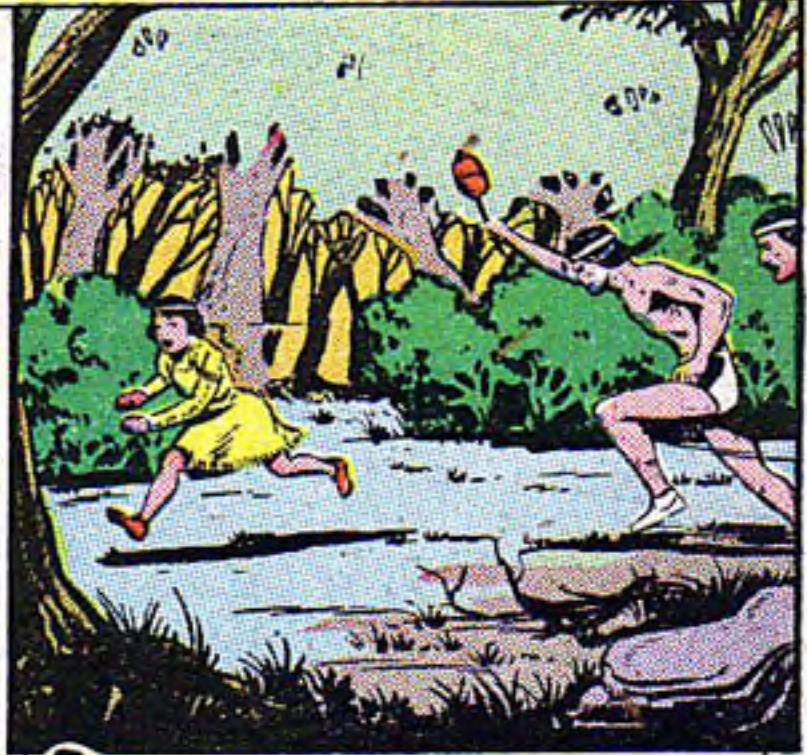
AYE, GREAT ANGER, SMALL ONES - FOR YOU HAVE RUINED THE HUNT, DEPRIVED US OF MANY SKINS AND MUCH MEAT! COME HERE, YOU MUST BE PUNISHED!



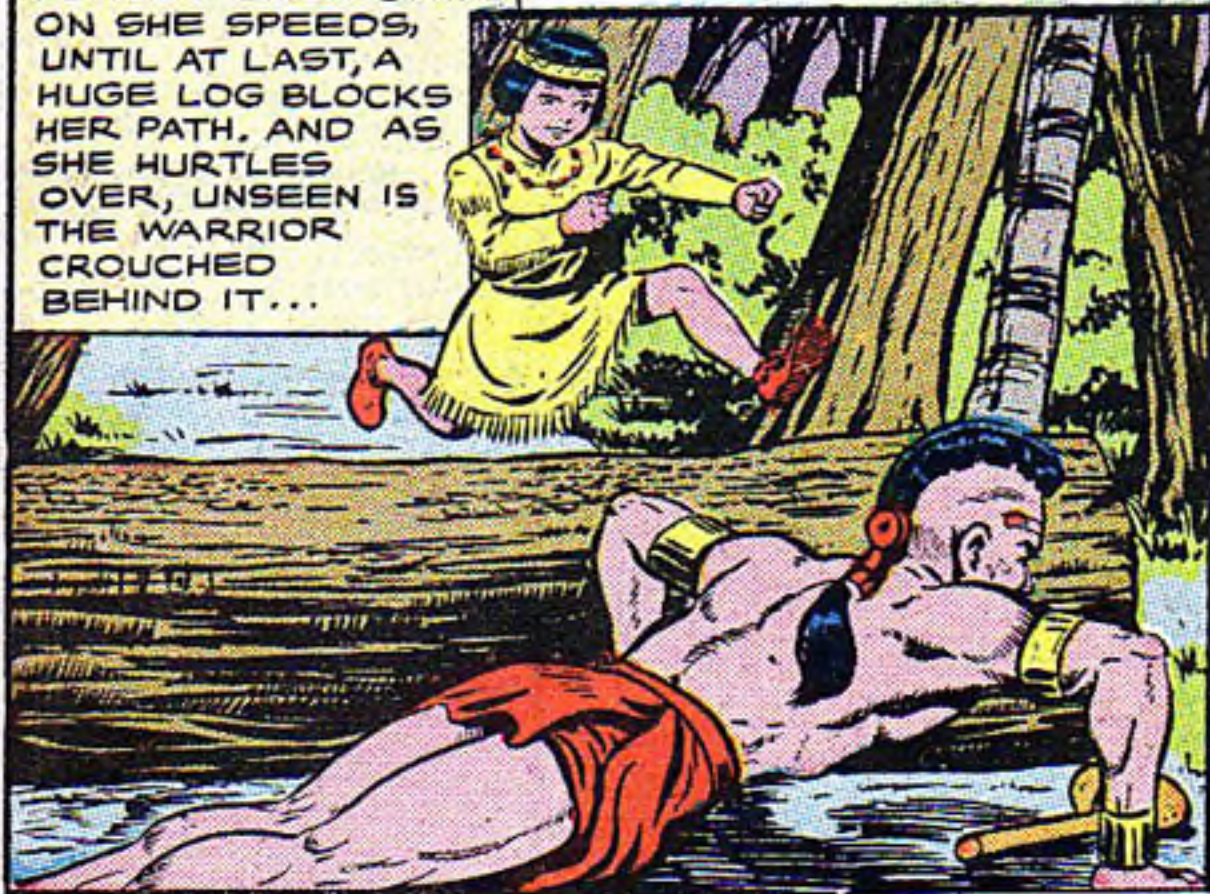
AH, I HAVE THIS VIXEN!
QUICKLY NOW, SLASH
ME A WILLOW REED...

BUT LOOK... THE
ONE CALLED
RED FAWN FLEES!
AFTER HER!

DEEP INTO THE FOREST RACES
THE LITTLE MAIDEN—AND NOT
FOR NOTHING IS SHE NAMED
RED FAWN, FOR THOUGH HER
STEPS ARE SMALL, SHE IS AS
FLEET AS THE DEER ITSELF!



THE SOUNDS OF
PURSUIT GROW DIMAS
ON SHE SPEEDS,
UNTIL AT LAST, A
HUGE LOG BLOCKS
HER PATH. AND AS
SHE HURTTLES
OVER, UNSEEN IS
THE WARRIOR
CROUCHED
BEHIND IT...



DOWN SHE FALLS, AND A YELP
OF PAIN ESCAPES THE LIPS OF
THE STARTLED COMANCHE
LEADER...

M—MY BACK!
QUICK, SEIZE
HER!

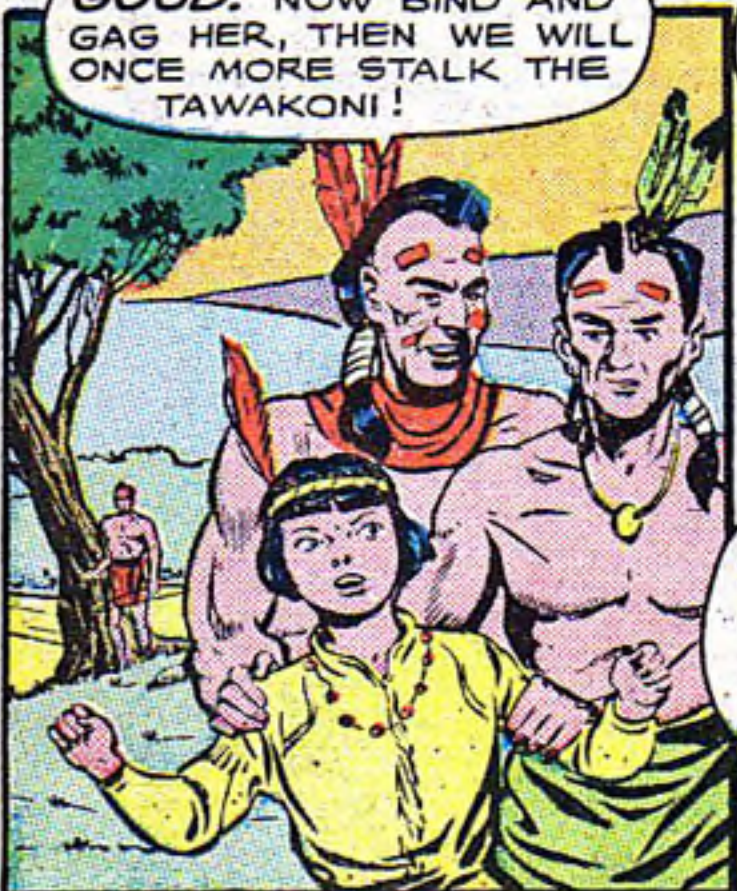


TOO LATE! FOR SURROUNDING
THE COMANCHE RAIDING
PARTY...

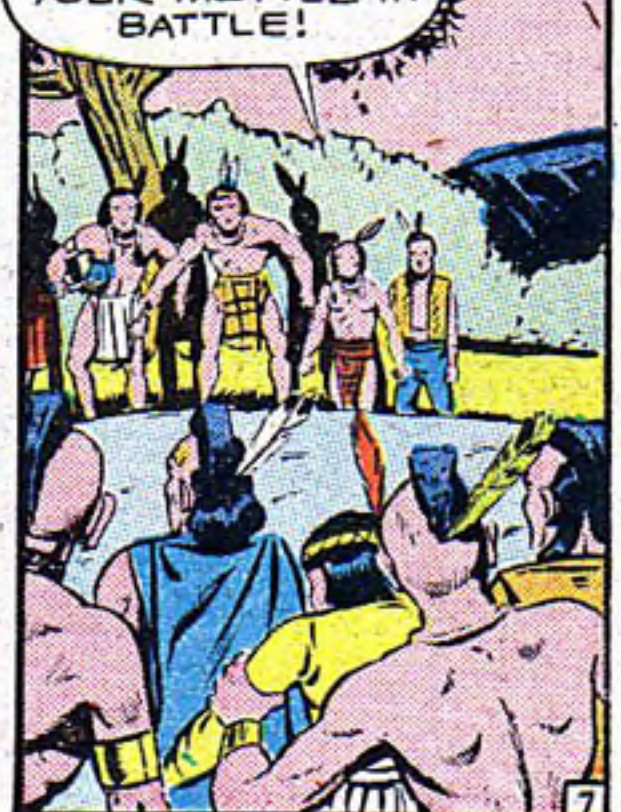
GOOD! NOW BIND AND
GAG HER, THEN WE WILL
ONCE MORE STALK THE
TAWAKONI!

STALK MY TRIBESMEN? NO,
YOU WILL NOT DO IT—
RED FAWN WILL STOP
YOU!

HO! COMANCHE
RAIDERS! COME,
TAWAKONI, PROVE
YOUR METTLE IN
BATTLE!



AIEE! SHE KICKS
YOUR THUNDER-
ROD AND MAKES
IT ROAR! HURRY,
SILENCE THIS
WILDCAT!





THEN TOMAHAWKS FLY, AND WAR WHOOPS ECHO THE FOREST, FOR WITH SURPRISE NO LONGER THEIR ALLY, THE COMANCHE WARRIORS STAND NO CHANCE...

SURRENDER, THE TAWAKONI ARE TOO MANY!

HAI! A GREAT DAY INDEED! THE HUNT WAS PROSPEROUS BEYOND ALL HOPE!

AYE, WE CAME SEEKING DEER, AND RETURN WITH COMANCHE CAPTIVES!

AND I, TOO, HAVE A CAPTIVE, FRIENDS! LOOK, THE COMANCHE LEADER SURRENDERS TO MY SPEAR!



HOWLING THEIR VICTORY CHANTS, THE TRIUMPHANT TAWAKONI HEAD FOR CAMP... AND LATER, THE VILLAGE ELDERS HUDDLED AROUND A FLICKERING FIRE AND HEARD THE TALE OF RED FAWN'S DEEDS.

YOU DID WRONG IN RUNNING AWAY AND KNOCKING LONE-EAGLE INTO THE RIVER, RED FAWN...

AYE, TO THE TEEPEE, LITTLE ONE WITH THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE. THIS REED WILL REWARD YOU FIVE TIMES!

HAI! FIVE STINGS OF THE WILLOW REED IS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY, FOR I, RED FAWN, HAVE THE PRIZE OF AN EAGLE-HAWK, A CAPTIVE COMANCHE LEADER, AND THE HONOR OF SAVING MY TRIBE... AYE, RED FAWN IS A **GREAT** HUNTER!



BUT AT THE SAME TIME, WERE IT NOT FOR YOU, THE COMANCHE RAIDERS WOULD HAVE CAPTURED SOME OF OUR STRIPLING HUNTERS... THEREFORE, YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL BE LIGHT THIS TIME... TAKE HER TO THE TEEPEE.



THE END

ON SALE - 15¢



ON SALE - 17¢

ON SALE - 25¢



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OF THE COMICS!

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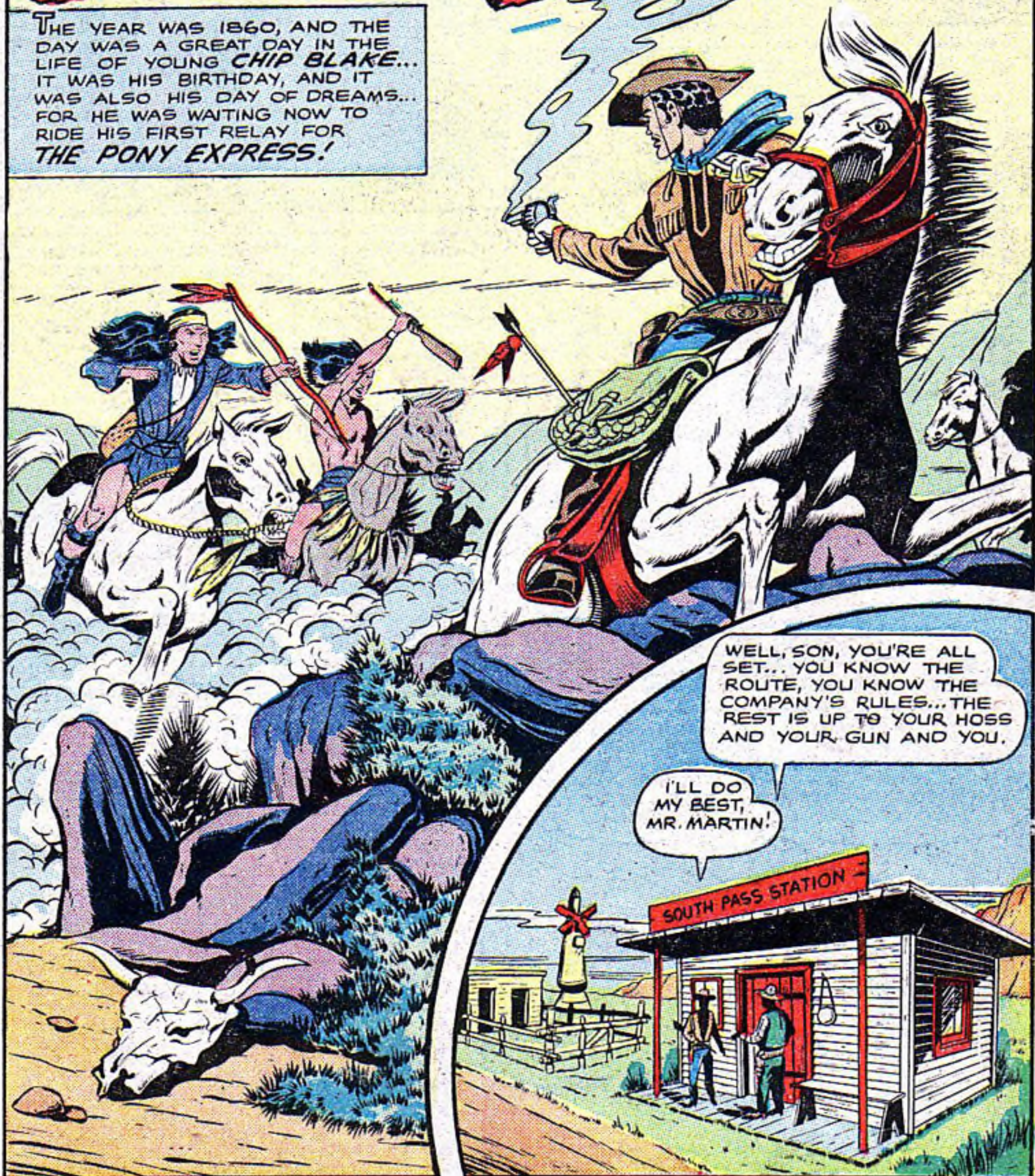
Look for the BULL'S-EYE!



CHIP OF THE PONY EXPRESS

by
BART
CASSIDY

THE YEAR WAS 1860, AND THE DAY WAS A GREAT DAY IN THE LIFE OF YOUNG **CHIP BLAKE**... IT WAS HIS BIRTHDAY, AND IT WAS ALSO HIS DAY OF DREAMS... FOR HE WAS WAITING NOW TO RIDE HIS FIRST RELAY FOR **THE PONY EXPRESS!**



WELL, SON, YOU'RE ALL SET... YOU KNOW THE ROUTE, YOU KNOW THE COMPANY'S RULES... THE REST IS UP TO YOUR HOSS AND YOUR GUN AND YOU.

I'LL DO MY BEST, MR. MARTIN!

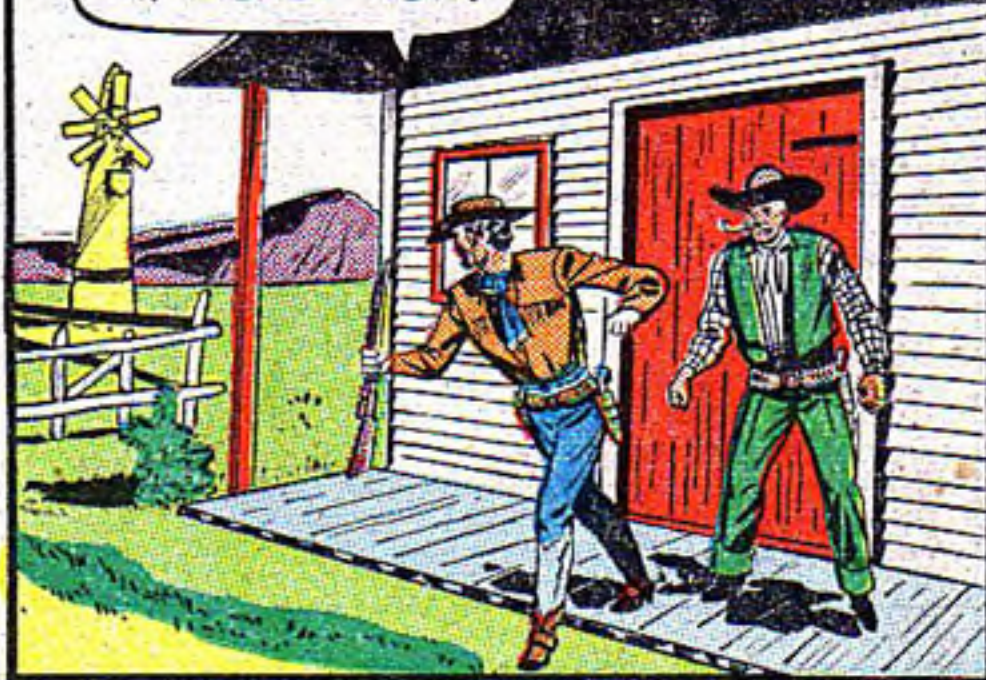
SOUTH PASS STATION

YOUR MAIN TROUBLE, IN THIS GOOD WEATHER, WILL BE THE SAVAGES... AND I GOT JUST TWO WORDS TO SAY ON THEM...



THE WORDS IS *KILL 'EM!* THEY'RE ALL ALIKE, AND THE ONLY GOOD INJUN IS A *DEAD* INJUN... THEY'RE TRICKY AS COYOTES... MEAN AS SNAKES—

LOOK! HERE'S MY PICKUP NOW!

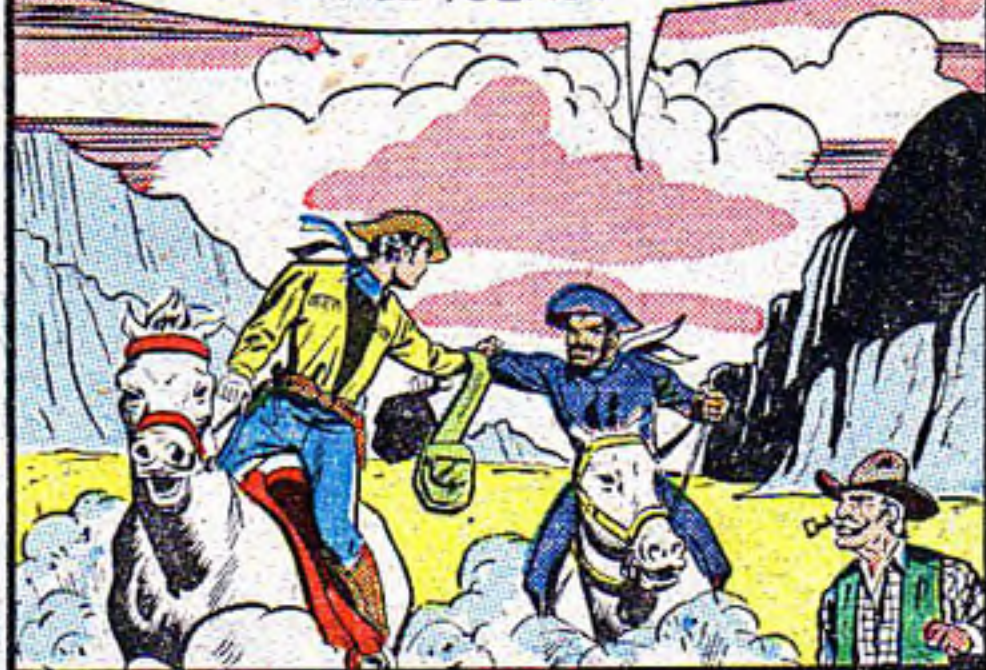


THIS IS IT—MY CHANCE TO SHOW I'M A MAN... CHIP BLAKE RIDING WITH THE BEST MEN IN THE WEST...

HERE Y'ARE! FAST MAIL FROM ST. JOE AND ALL POINTS EAST!



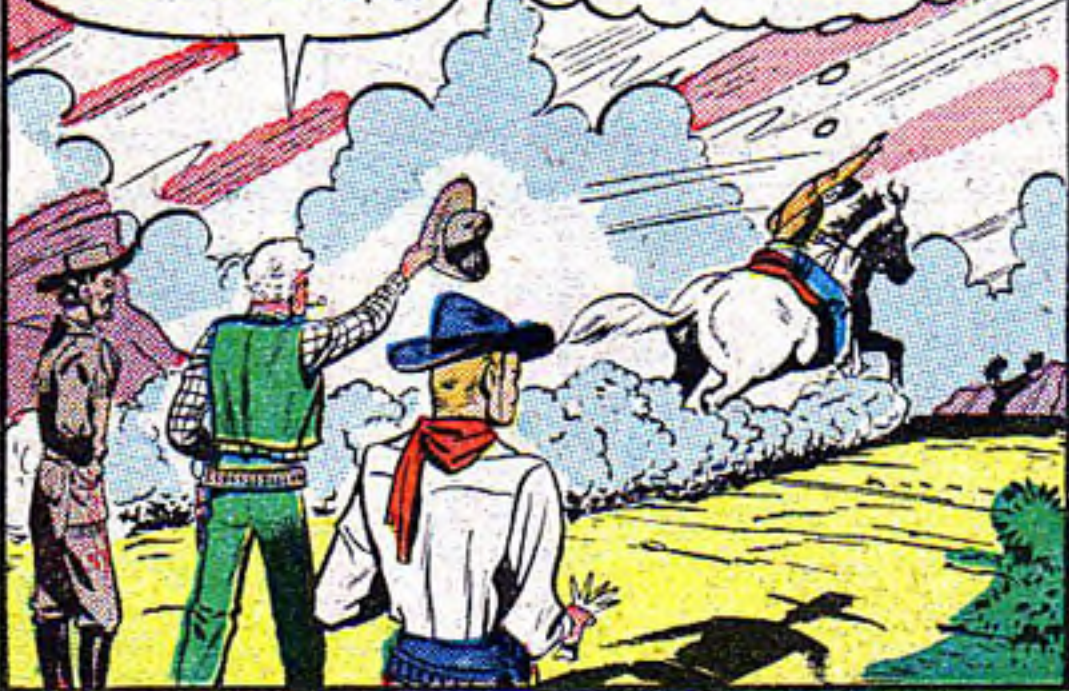
TWENTY POUNDS OF IT, BOY—AT FIVE FAT DOLLARS A LETTER... LATEST NEWS FROM HORACE GREELEY AND ABE LINCOLN AND THE KING OF BOSTON, BOUND FOR CAL-I-FORNIA...AND SHE'S ALL YOURS!



KEEP THEM EYES IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD PEELED, CHIP... AND IF INJUN SIGNS GET THICK—TURN BACK!

RECKON MR. MARTIN'S SCAREY TALK IS THE REGULAR DOSE THEY GIVE TENDERFOOT RIDERS... BUT I'LL SHOW 'EM!

LET THE INDIANS COME! THIS MAIL GOES THROUGH—AND ALL THE REDSKINS IN NEBRASKA TERRITORY AIN'T ENOUGH TO STOP IT!



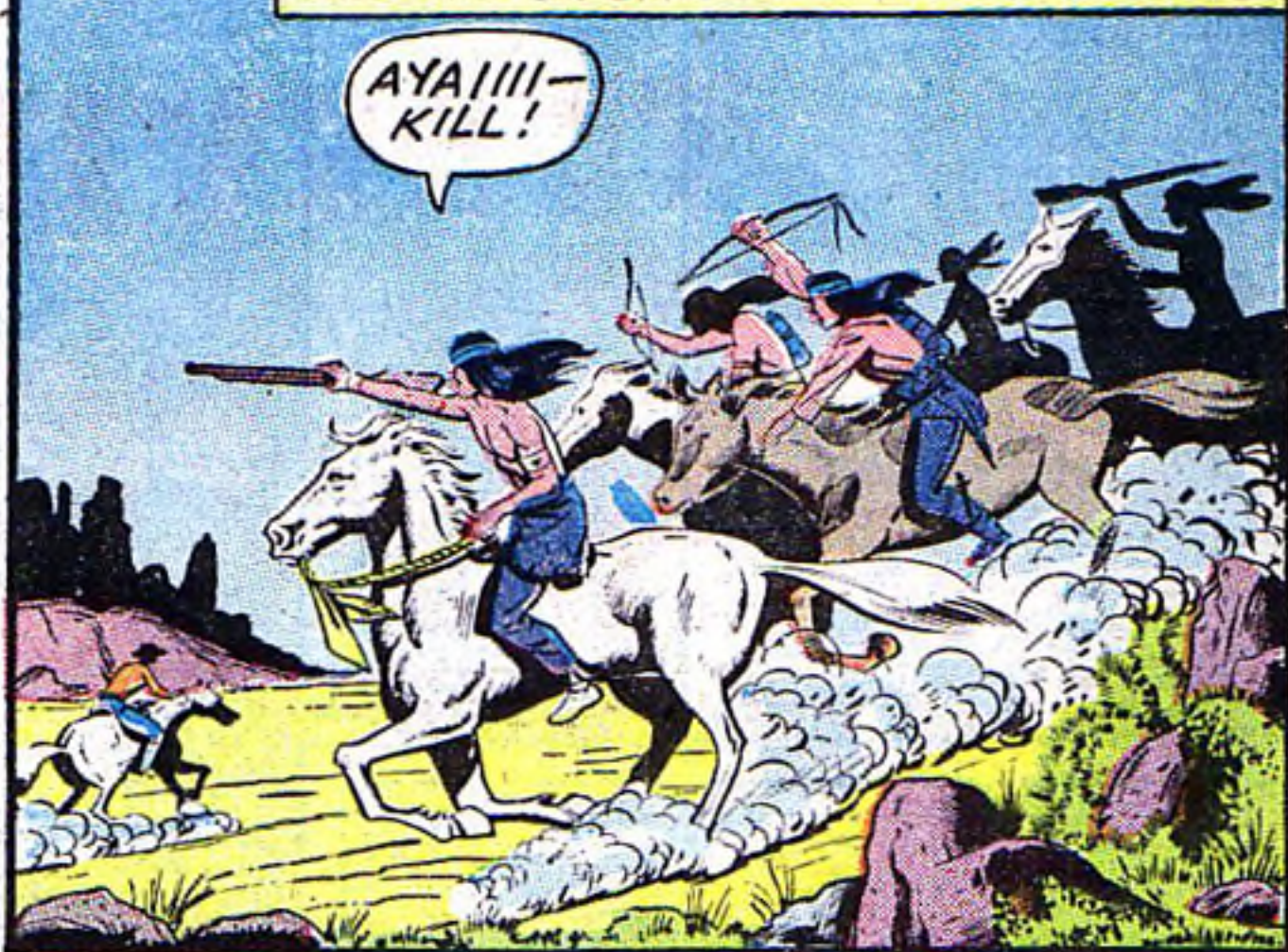
AND SO HE RODE—
CHIP BLAKE OF KENTUCKY...
A LONE RIDER IN AN EMPTY LAND—UNTIL THE HOWLING PIUTES STRUCK!

THEY WERE HIDING IN THE
FOOTHILL ROUGHS... ONE
OF CHIEF THREE CLAW'S
DEVIL-BANDS...



... AND SUDDENLY THEY WERE RIDING DOWN-
FROM NOWHERE AND FROM EVERYWHERE-
AND THE GREENHORN WAS POCKETED...

AYA!!!-
KILL!



GOT US CUT OFF,
HORSE- AND THEIR
ODDS ARE TWENTY
TO ONE!



BUT LET'S SEE IF THEIR UNSHOD PONIES
CAN RUN THE ROCKS AS FAST AND FAR
AS SHOD HOOFS CAN...

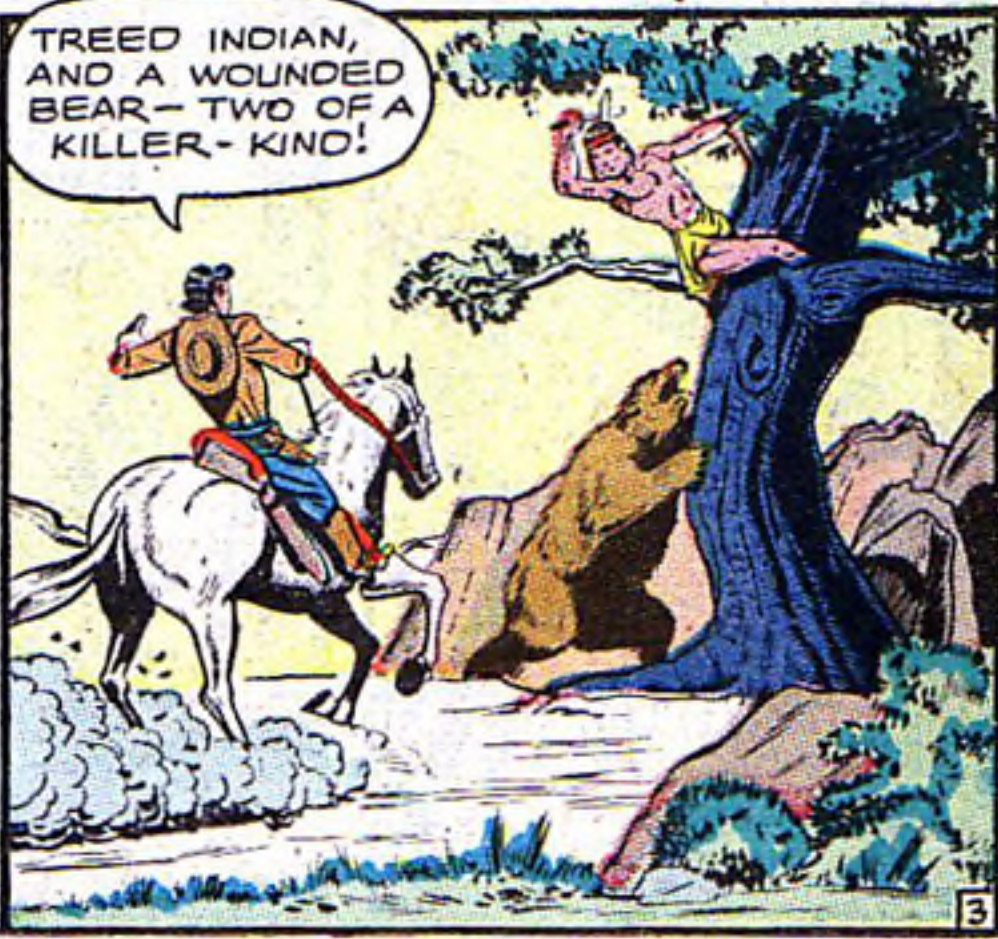


WITHIN A FEW
STEEP, JAGGED
MILES, THREE-
CLAW'S WILD
PURSUIT WAS
LOST BEHIND...

BUT YOU DID IT,
HORSE - NOT ME!
GOT TO CUT BACK
TO THE TRAIL
NOW... WHOA!
WHAT'S THAT?



TREED INDIAN,
AND A WOUNDED
BEAR - TWO OF A
KILLER-KIND!





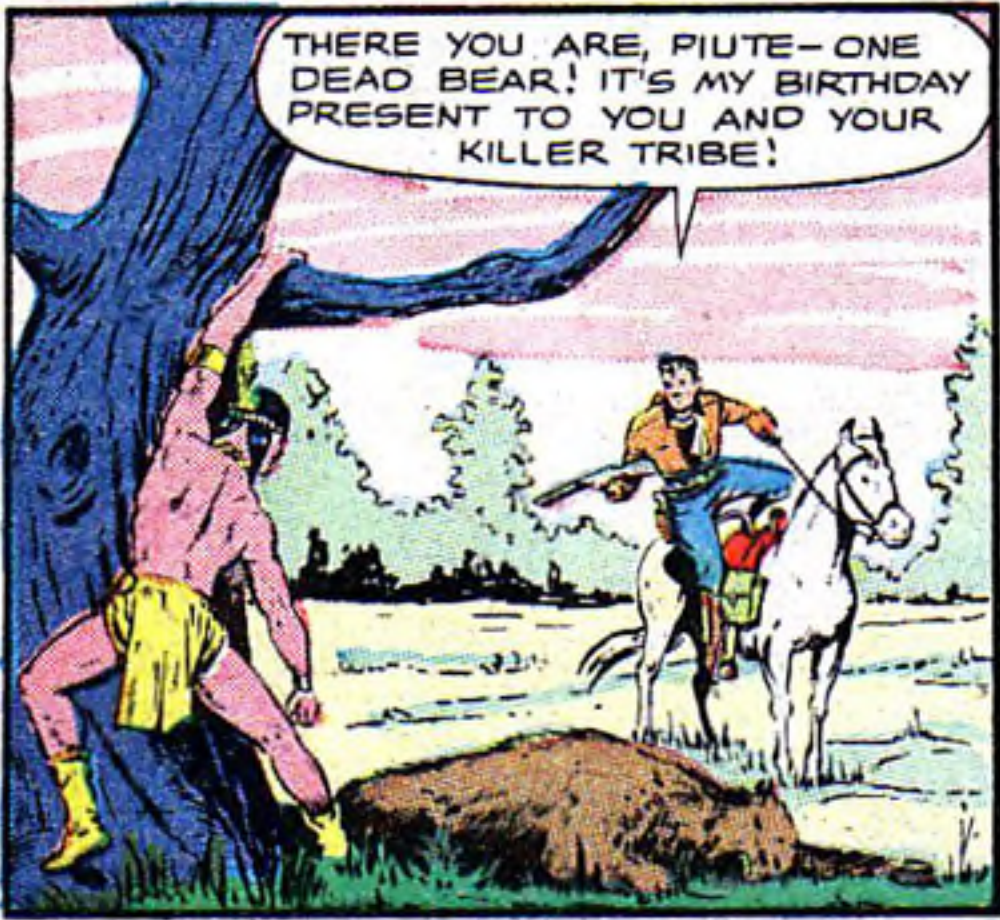
AND THE BEAR HAS GOT HIM! ONE LESS YOWLING DEVIL TO RAID AND PLUNDER AND MURDER...



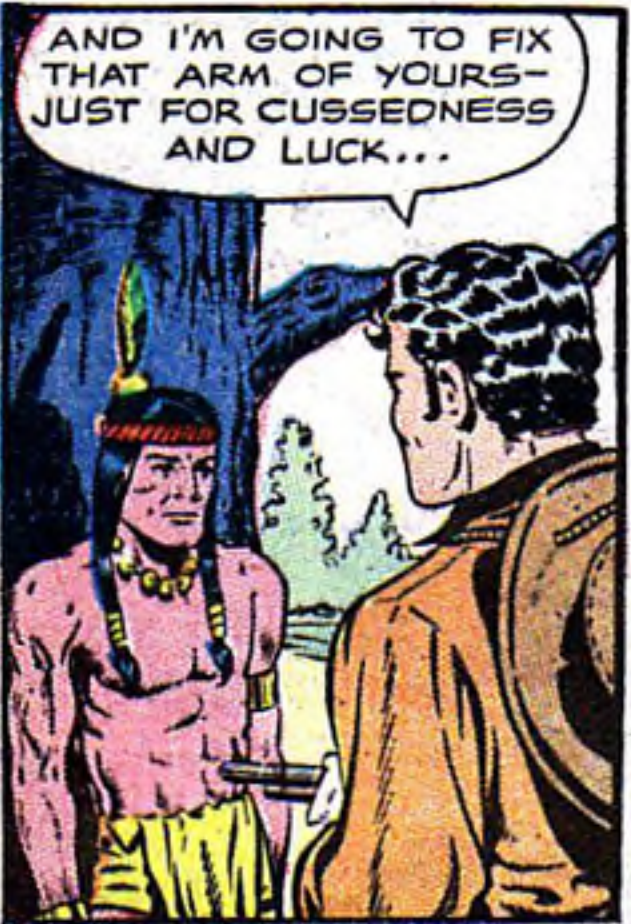
BUT I CAN'T RIDE ON AND LET IT HAPPEN-



MY FOLKS ALWAYS TAUGHT THAT A HUMAN'S A HUMAN- THE BAD AS WELL AS THE GOOD- AND I'LL WASTE ONE BULLET NOW TO BACK THAT NOTION...



THERE YOU ARE, PIUTE- ONE DEAD BEAR! IT'S MY BIRTHDAY PRESENT TO YOU AND YOUR KILLER TRIBE!



AND I'M GOING TO FIX THAT ARM OF YOURS- JUST FOR CUSSEDNESS AND LUCK...



JUST TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER NEXT TIME YOUR CAMP STARTS SHARPENING THE SCALP-KNIVES...



SO LONG, PIUTE! TELL YOUR PALS WHO JUST MISSED KILLING ME THAT THEY'RE ALWAYS WELCOME TO A BULLET FROM CHIP BLAKE OF THE PONY EXPRESS!

MONTHS PASSED... AND NOW CHIP BLAKE WAS A VETERAN OF THE TRAILS... ACROSS THE WEST, MEN SPOKE OF HIS LUCK AND HIS SKILL AND HIS DARING...

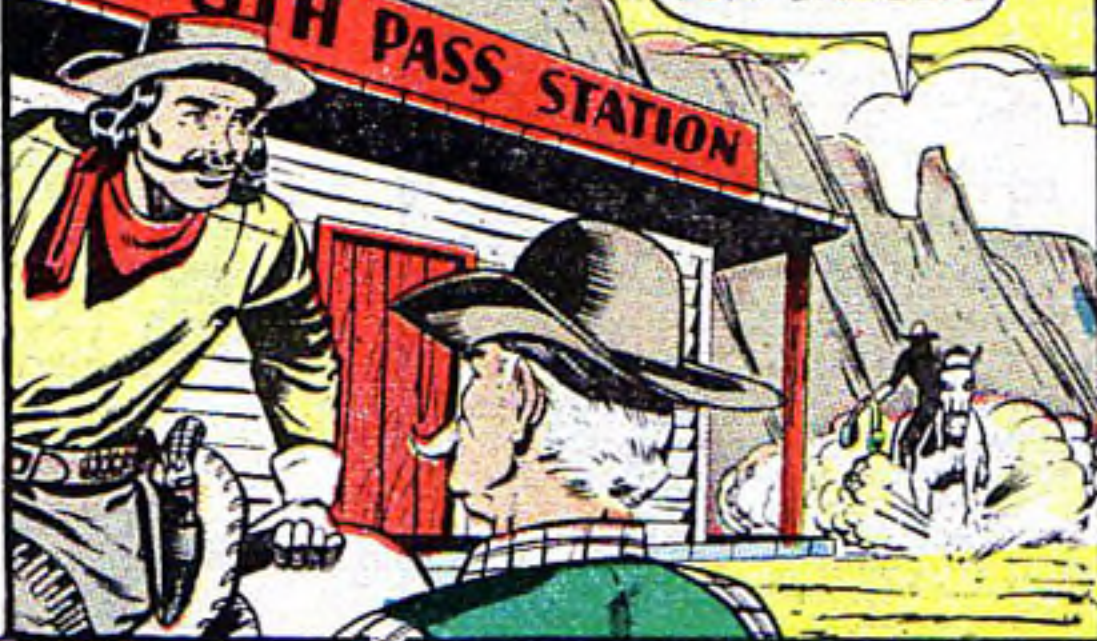
LOOKS LIKE CHIP'S DONE IT AGAIN, MR. MARTIN—CUT ANOTHER SIX MINUTES OFF THE RUN FROM LARAMIE.

SOUTH PASS STATION

COME GET IT WHILE IT'S HOT, BUCK! SPECIAL RUSH ORDERS FOR COLONEL WEBSTER AT FORT BRIDGER!

ANY INJUN SIGN, CHIP?

SOME FAR SMOKE SIX MILES OUT, BUT NOT A FEATHER SIGHTED!

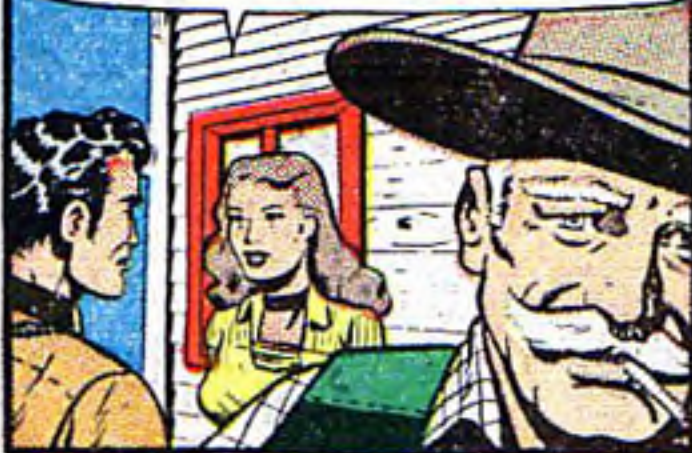


CHIP BLAKE'S LUCK AGAIN! SOMEHOW THEY NEVER TROUBLE YOU, SON...

MAYBE I GOT 'EM SCARED. HOWDY, SALLY!

HELLO, CHIP! DID YOU HEAR THAT HIRAM SIBLEY CLAIMS HE'LL FINISH HIS TELEGRAPH LINE BEFORE COLD WEATHER?

YEP, I HEARD ALL THAT. AND I KNOW IT MEANS THAT THE PONY EXPRESS WON'T HAVE LONG TO RUN... BUT I BEEN SAVING MY WAGES, SAL, AND I GOT SOME PLANS IN MIND...



...AND SO THEY TALKED, READING EACH OTHER'S EYES, UNTIL THE DIN OF DANGER WOKE THEM...

THREE-CLAW! HE'S DROVE BUCK BACK—HE'S GOING TO RAID THE STATION!

BUCK'S WOUNDED BAD—THEY'RE TURNIN' FOR ANOTHER RUSH!

LET 'EM COME CLOSE AND THEN POUR IT TO 'EM!

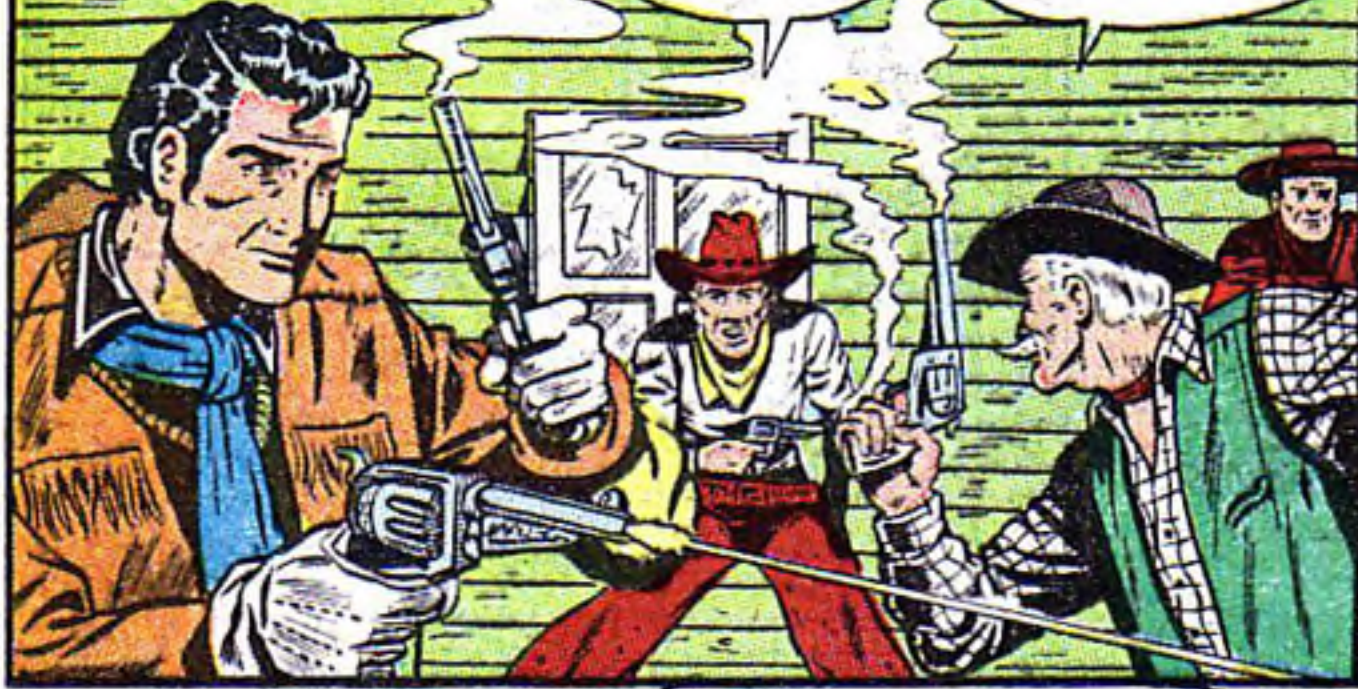


...AND AS THE CHARGE OF THREE CLAW'S BRAVES FALTERS IN A HAIL OF BULLETS...

THEY'RE HIGH-TAILING! BUT POOR BUCK IS FINISHED, I RECKON!

GET HIS MAIL SACK... THOSE ORDERS FOR FORT BRIDGER HAVE GOT TO GO—**AND NOW!**

WHO'LL TAKE 'EM? A HUNDRED DOLLARS—**TWO HUNDRED**—TO THE MAN WHO'LL RIDE THIS ONE RELAY!

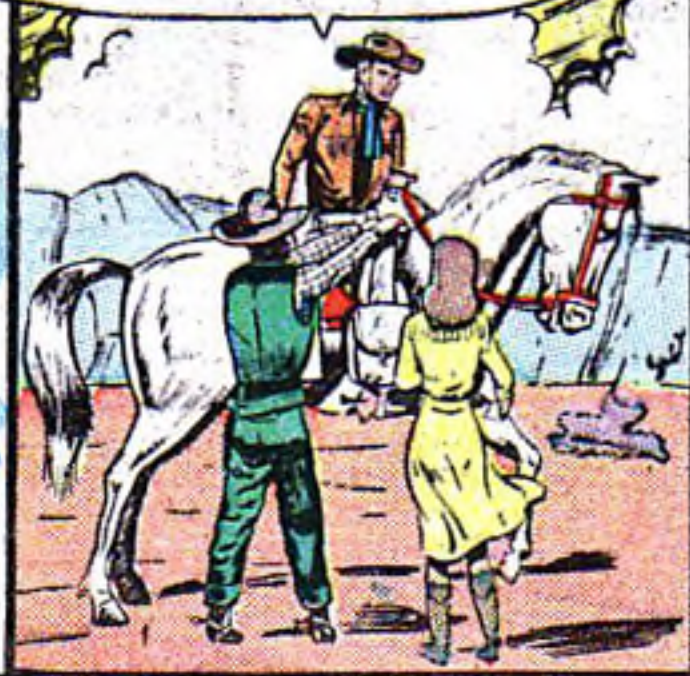


GUESS THAT MEANS ME, SALLY!

NO, CHIP—YOU'RE JUST OFF YOUR OWN RUN... YOU'RE TIRED...

BUT TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS IS A BIG MONTH'S WAGES... AND I GOT A HUNCH THESE ORDERS MEAN MORE THAN THE RISK OF WHAT ONE MAN'S NECK IS WORTH.

YOU'RE RIGHT, SON... THESE ORDERS COULD SAVE TEN LIVES A DAY IF THEY CUT THE TROOPS LOOSE AGAINST THE PIUTES.



I'LL GET 'EM THROUGH—ME AND MY LUCK!

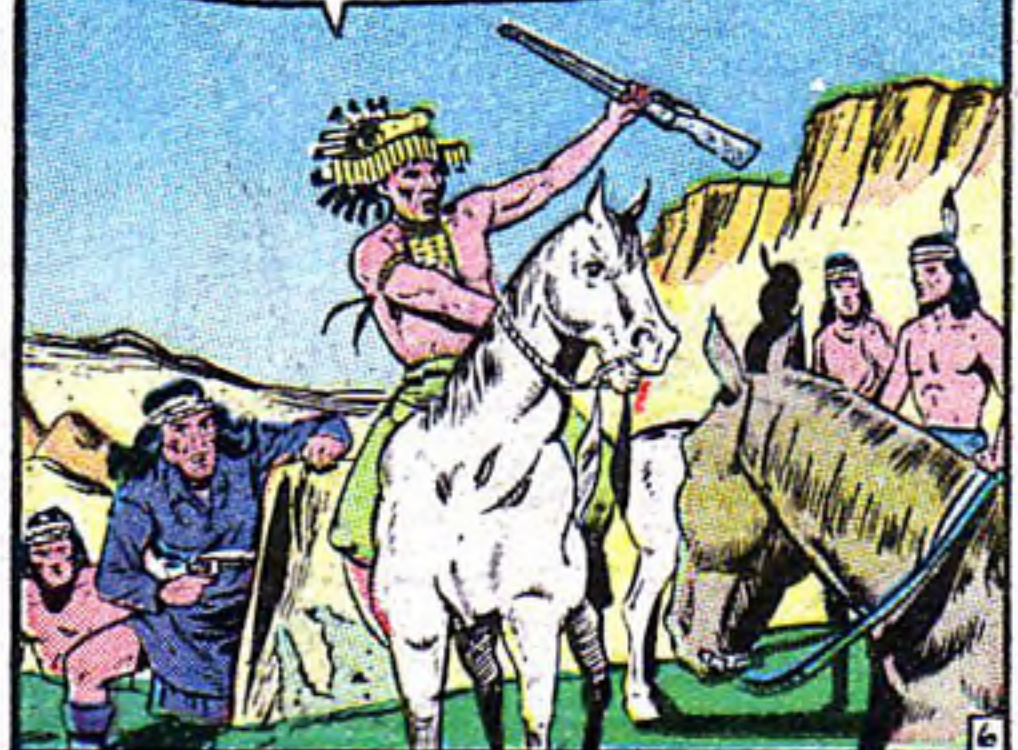


BUT CHIP BLAKE'S LUCK WAS RUNNING THIN... FOR HIGH AMONG THE WESTERN CRAGS...

BEHOLD! OTHER GUNS GO BACK NOW, AND ONE RIDER COMES FAST—ALONE!



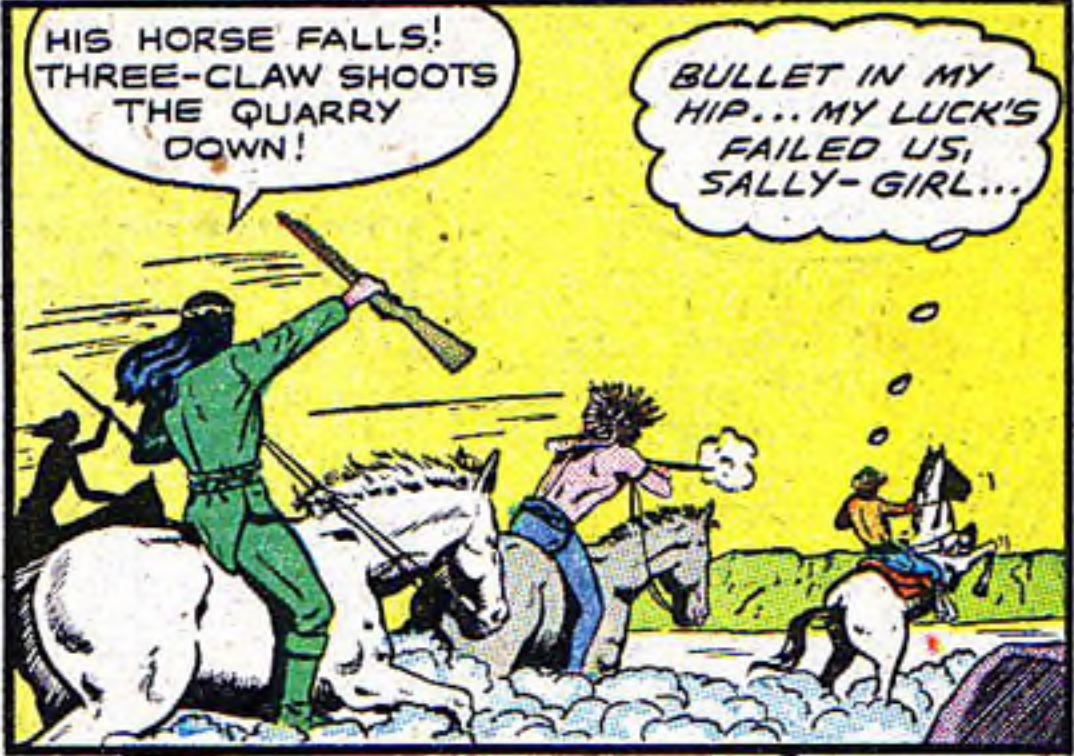
HAI! AND THE STRONG NEW WEAPON OF THREE-CLAW SHALL BE HIS DOOM! RIDE AND KILL!



AND THIS TIME THE TRAP WAS SHARP... THEY RODE HIM INTO A PEN OF CLIFFS... AND A NEW FOE FACED HIS HORSE AT EVERY TURN...

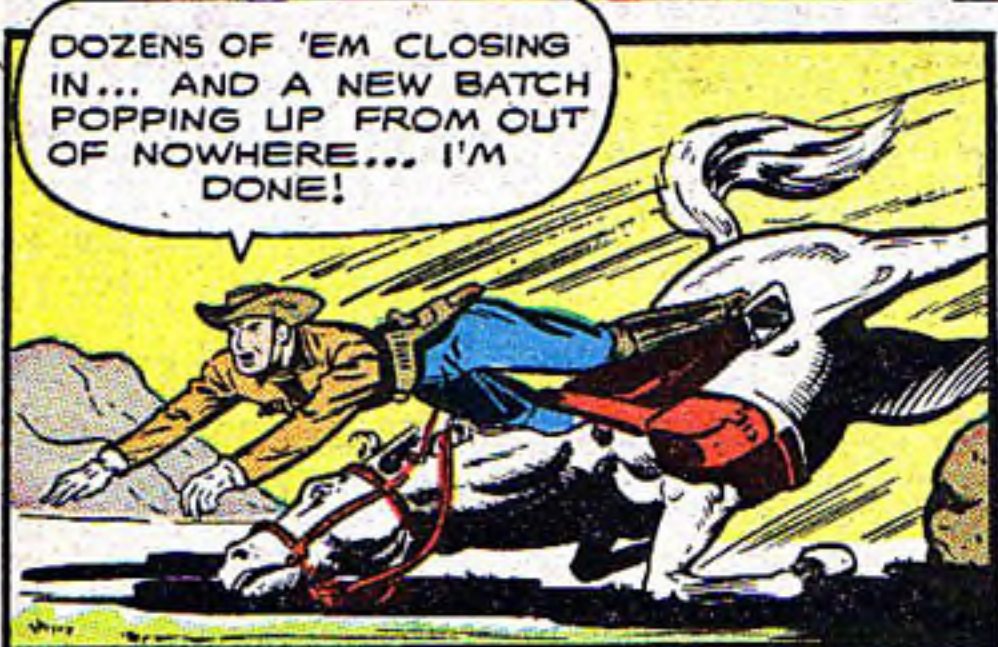


CAN'T SKIN THROUGH 'EM... ONLY CHANCE IS TO WHEEL AND SHOOT FREE... WHAT'S WRONG, HORSE?



HIS HORSE FALLS! THREE-CLAW SHOOTS THE QUARRY DOWN!

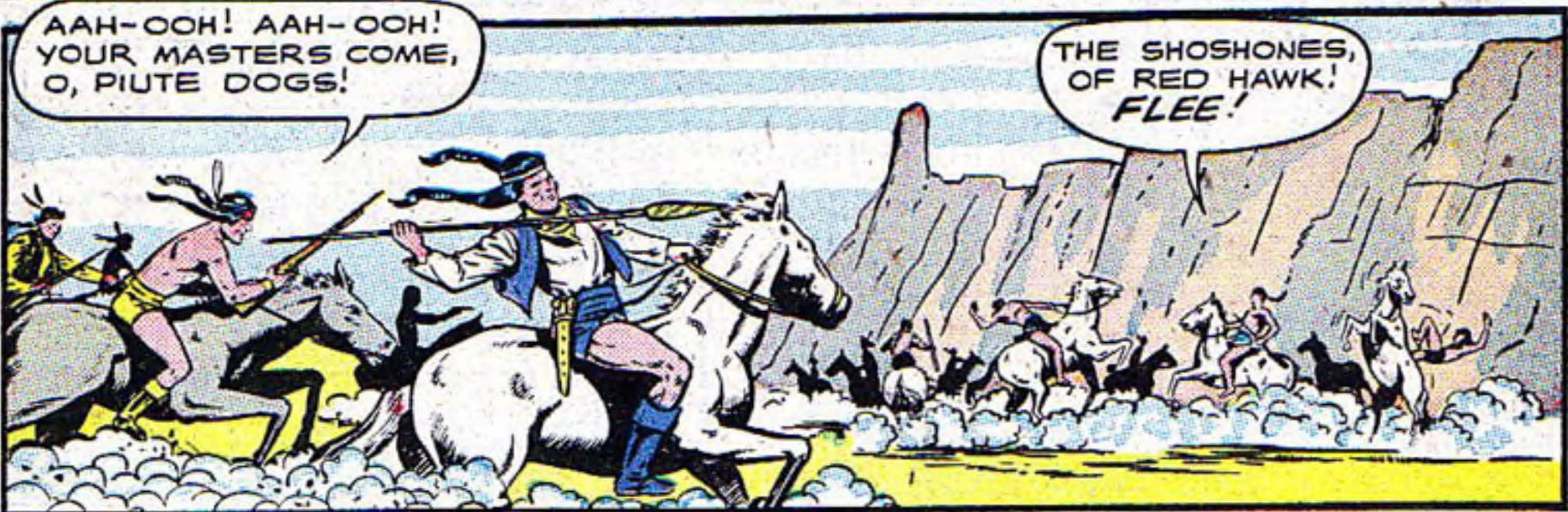
BULLET IN MY HIP... MY LUCK'S FAILED US, SALLY-GIRL...



DOZENS OF 'EM CLOSING IN... AND A NEW BATCH POPPING UP FROM OUT OF NOWHERE... I'M DONE!

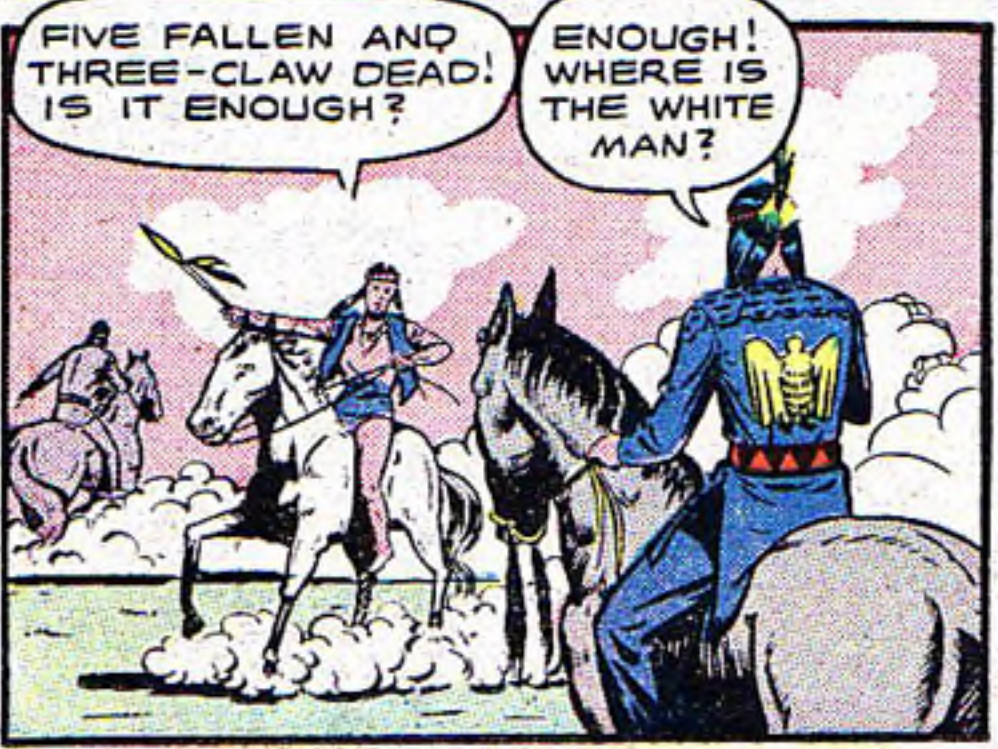


BUT I'LL TAKE A FEW ALONG WITH ME... WAIT—THOSE OTHERS—THEY'RE ATTACKING THREE-CLAW!



AAH-OOH! AAH-OOH! YOUR MASTERS COME, O, PIUTE DOGS!

THE SHOSHONES, OF RED HAWK! FLEE!



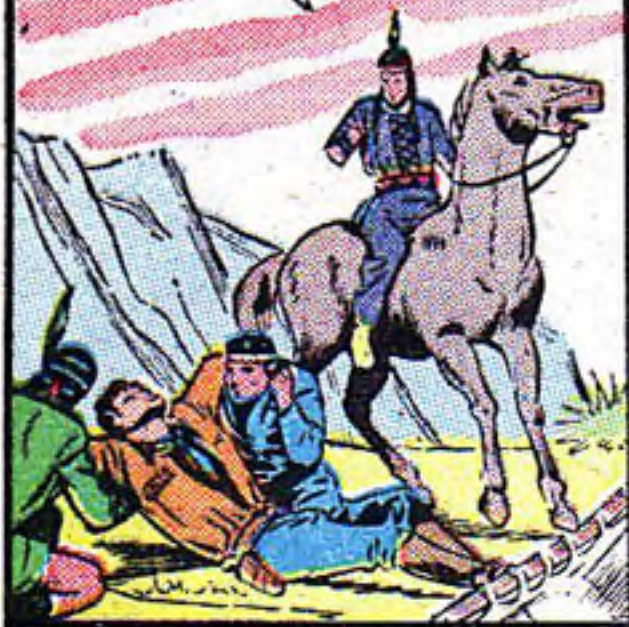
FIVE FALLEN AND THREE-CLAW DEAD! IS IT ENOUGH?

ENOUGH! WHERE IS THE WHITE MAN?



BIND HIS WOUND AND READY THE POLE-DRAG... HE HAS FAR TO GO TO SETTLE HIS DEBT WITH RED HAWK!

HIS MIND IS EMPTY?
LET IT BE UNKNOWN
TO HIM, THEN, THAT
THE GHOST OF A
DEAD BEAR WALKS
TODAY!

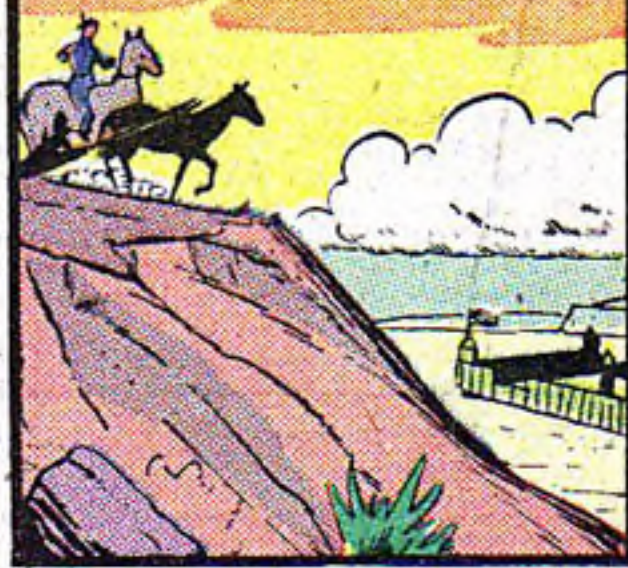


LET IT BE UNKNOWN HOW
SHOSHONE EYES HAVE WATCHED
HIS TRAIL AND KEPT IT SAFE
SINCE HIS ANGRY GUN SPARED
THE LIFE OF RED HAWK!



MILES AHEAD...

HO! HE WAKES! THE
PLACE YOU SEEK IS
BELOW, WHITE MAN,
AND THE DEBT OF
MY SHRIVELED ARM
IS PAID!



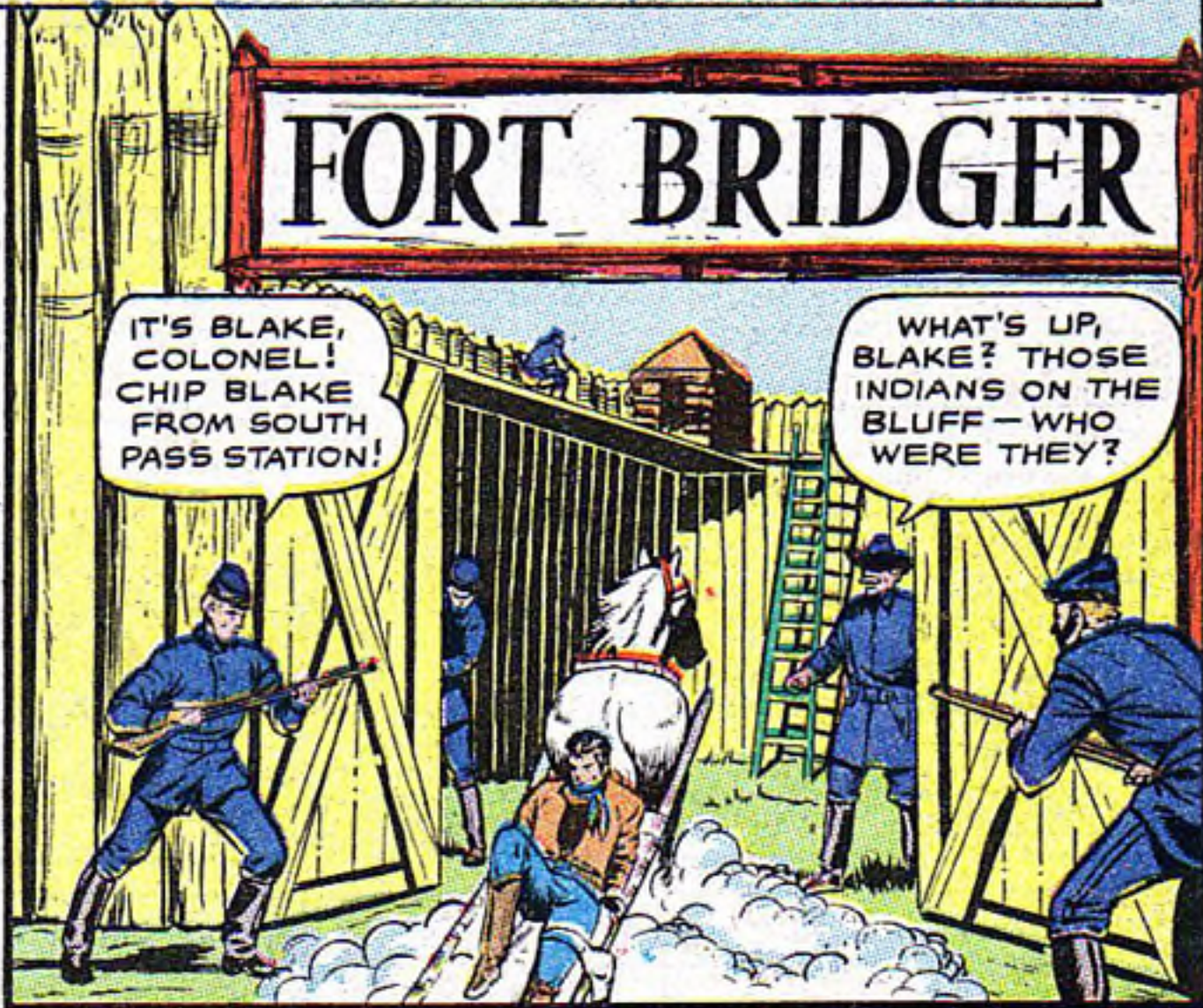
YOU DO NOT KNOW THE
TONGUE I SPEAK, SO
LET MY EYES SAY THIS—
MAY THE GREAT SPIRIT
GO WITH YOU AND
BE GOOD TO YOU,
MY FRIEND!



MINUTES LATER, STARTLED TROOPERS OPENED THE GATES
OF THE FORT TO A STRANGE ARRIVAL—A WILD INDIAN
HORSE THAT HAULED A DAZED AND WOUNDED AND
BEWILDERED MESSENGER OF THE PONY EXPRESS...

FORT BRIDGER

IT'S BLAKE,
COLONEL!
CHIP BLAKE
FROM SOUTH
PASS STATION!



WHAT'S UP,
BLAKE? THOSE
INDIANS ON THE
BLUFF—WHO
WERE THEY?

I—I DON'T KNOW,
COLONEL WEBSTER... I
ONLY KNOW THE PIUTES
JUMPED ME—THESE
OTHERS RODE UP—
AND HERE I AM WITH
YOUR SPECIAL ORDERS!

BUT THERE MUST
BE **SOME**
EXPLANATION!



MAYBE IT ALL WILL COME
TO ME LATER... THERE'S A
FACE IN MY MIND THAT I
KNOW I SAW SOMEWHERE...
BUT RIGHT NOW, ALL I CAN
SAY FOR SURE IS THAT
MR. MARTIN IS PLUMB
WRONG ABOUT DEAD
INDIANS BEING THE
ONLY GOOD INDIANS!



THE
END



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Orphan *OF THE* STORM

BY EMILA JAYNE



THE GREAT FIRE GOD SINKS BEHIND
THE DISTANT HILLS AND PURPLE
SHADOWS CREEP ACROSS
OUR PLAINS, SO COME
TO THE FIRESIDE...
LISTEN TO THE
WORDS OF WISE
OLD LEGURCHI...

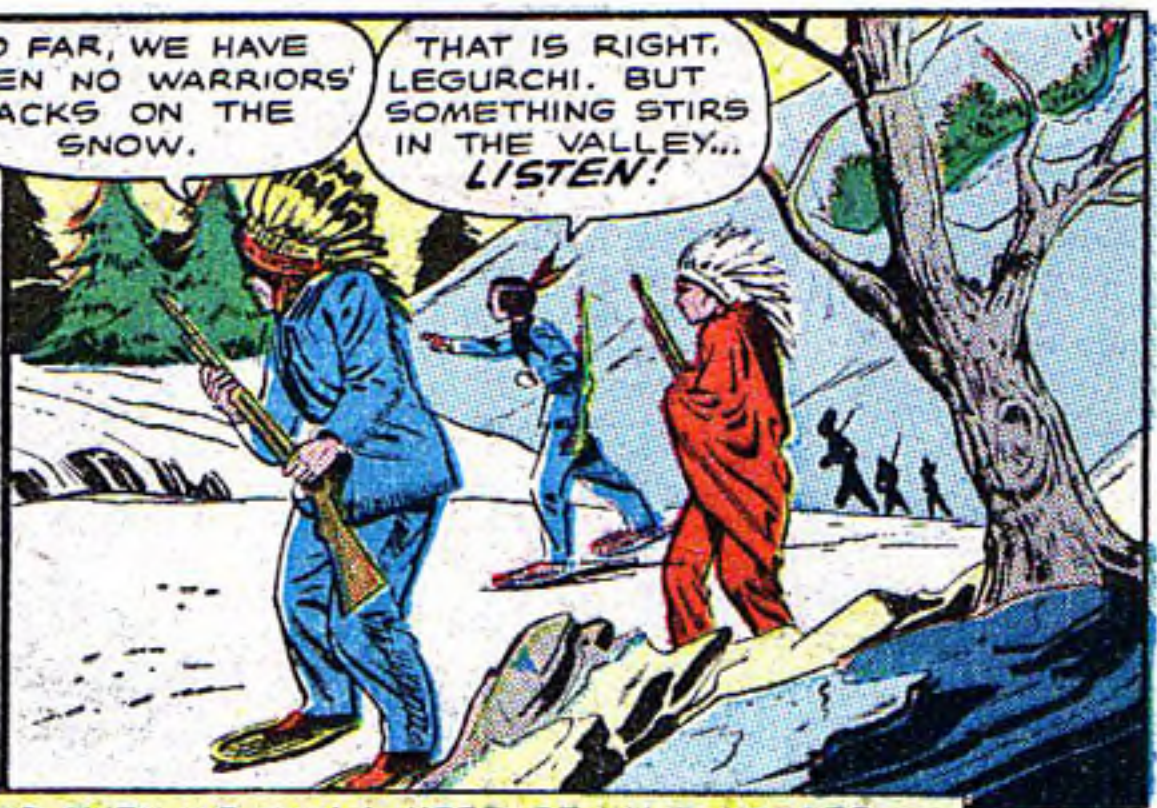
SHARPEN YOUR EARS,
FOR TONIGHT I WILL TELL
YOU THE STORY OF THIS
LITTLE COLT AND HOW HE
BECAME THE NEWEST
MEMBER OF OUR TRIBE...

IT HAPPENED IN THE HIGH COUNTRY. A RUMOR HAD REACHED OUR EARS THAT THE PAWNEES WERE PAINTING FOR WAR. I LED A SCOUTING PARTY TO FIND OUT IF THIS WAS TRUE, AND AFTER THREE DAYS MARCH...



SO FAR, WE HAVE SEEN NO WARRIORS' TRACKS ON THE SNOW.

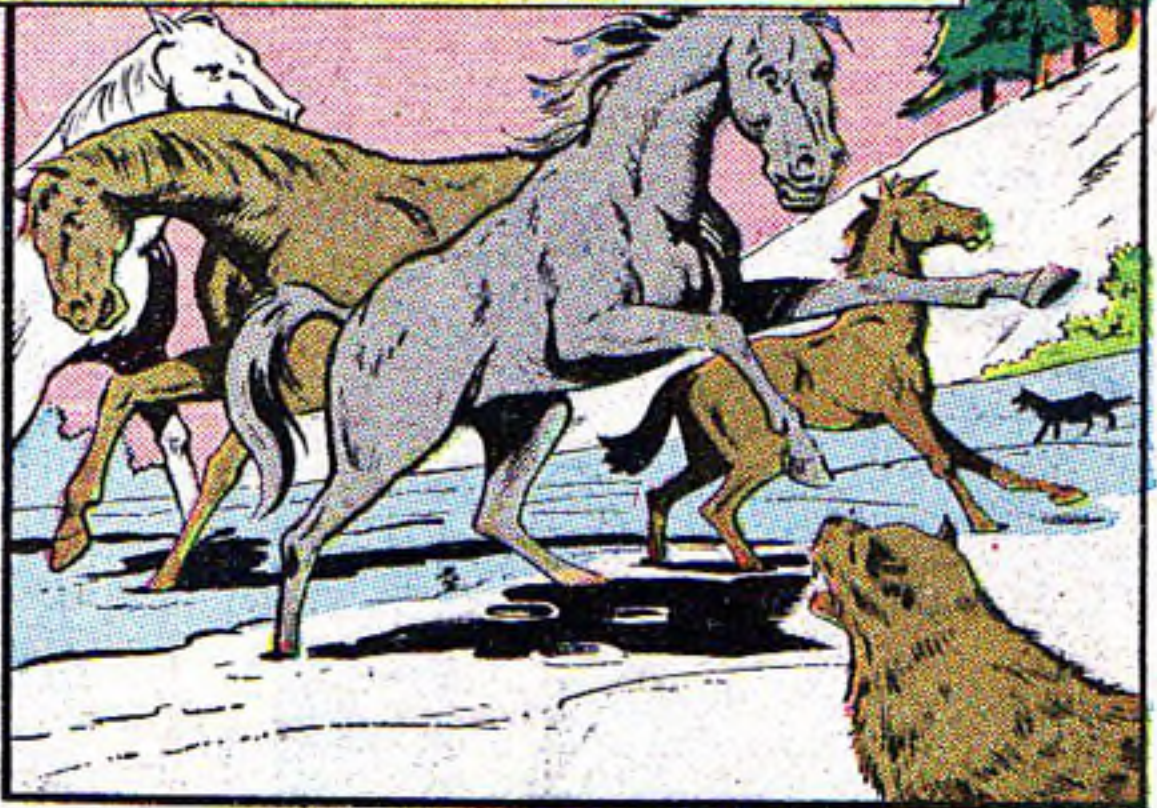
THAT IS RIGHT, LEGURCHI. BUT SOMETHING STIRS IN THE VALLEY... LISTEN!



IT IS A WOLF PACK'S HUNTING CRY. THEY HAVE SCENTED THEIR PREY.

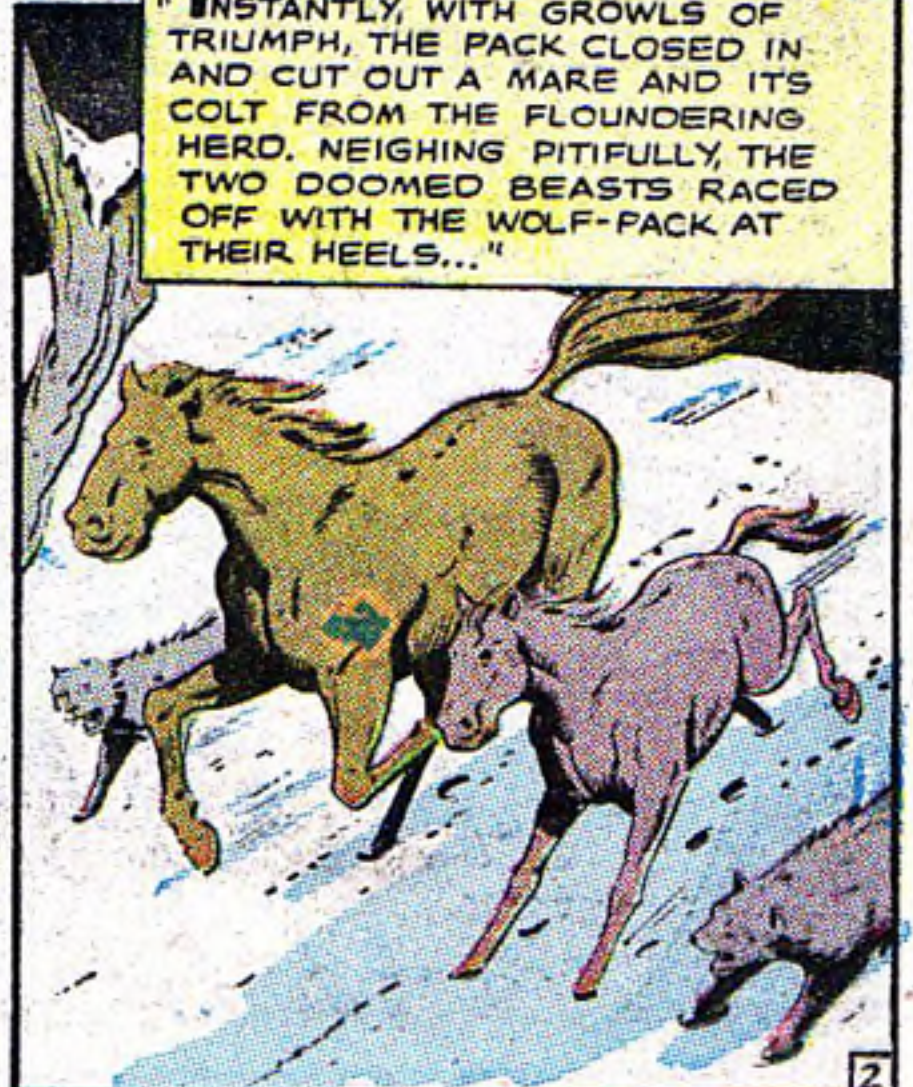
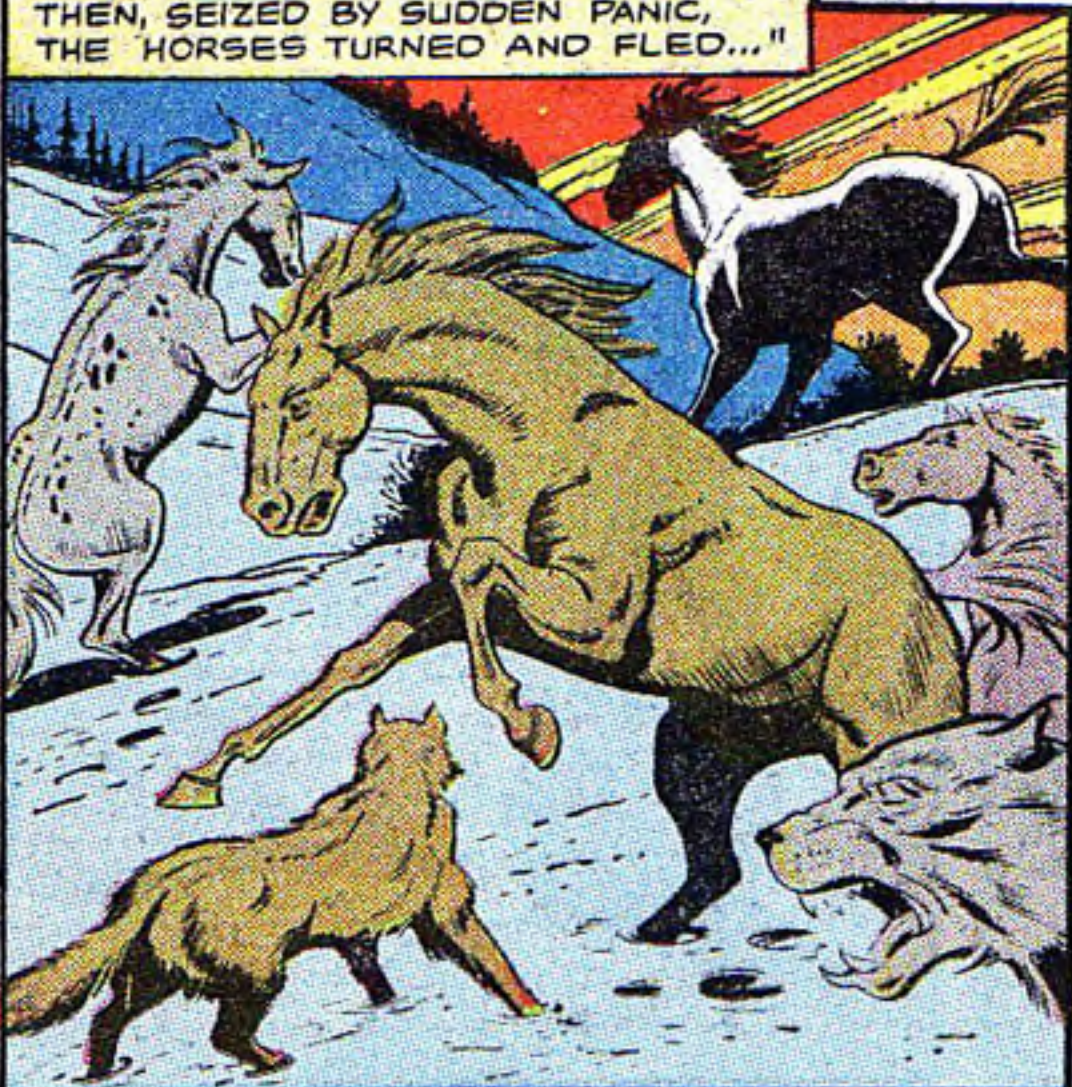
YES... AND CORNERED THEM TOO! LOOK - LOOK THERE IN THE GULLY!

"AND THEN WE SAW A HERD OF WILD HORSES WHINNYING IN TERROR AS THEY LASHED AT THEIR TORMENTORS WITH THEIR SHARP HOOF..."



"FOR LONG MINUTES, THEY FOUGHT OFF THE HUNGER-MAD WOLVES. THEN, SEIZED BY SUDDEN PANIC, THE HORSES TURNED AND FLED..."

"INSTANTLY, WITH GROWLS OF TRIUMPH, THE PACK CLOSED IN AND CUT OUT A MARE AND ITS COLT FROM THE FLOUNDERING HERD. NEIGHING PITIFULLY, THE TWO DOOMED BEASTS RACED OFF WITH THE WOLF-PACK AT THEIR HEELS..."



TELL ME NOW, CHILDREN,
WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED
SO FAR FROM MY STORY?



I KNOW!
THE HORSES
WERE FOOLISH
TO SCATTER,
FOR IN UNION
THERE IS
STRENGTH!

THAT IS RIGHT,
LEGURCHI. THE
WOLVES WERE
SMARTER.
THEY KNEW
HOW TO
DIVIDE AND
CONQUER!
WHAT
HAPPENED
NEXT?

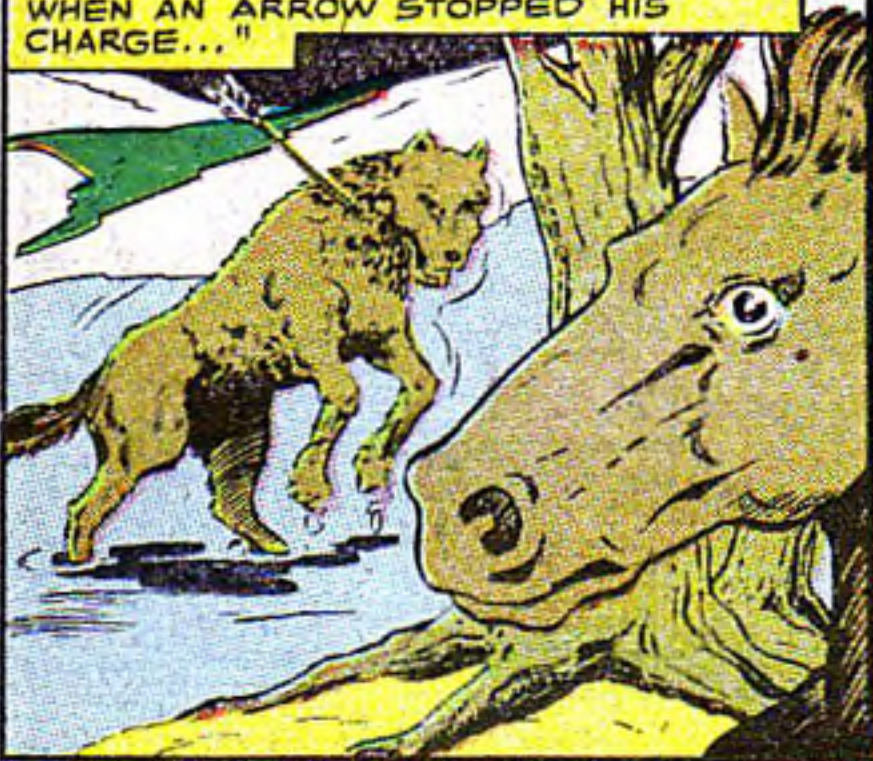


THEN WE
RUSHED IN.
WE SAW THAT
THE MARE
HAD FALLEN...!

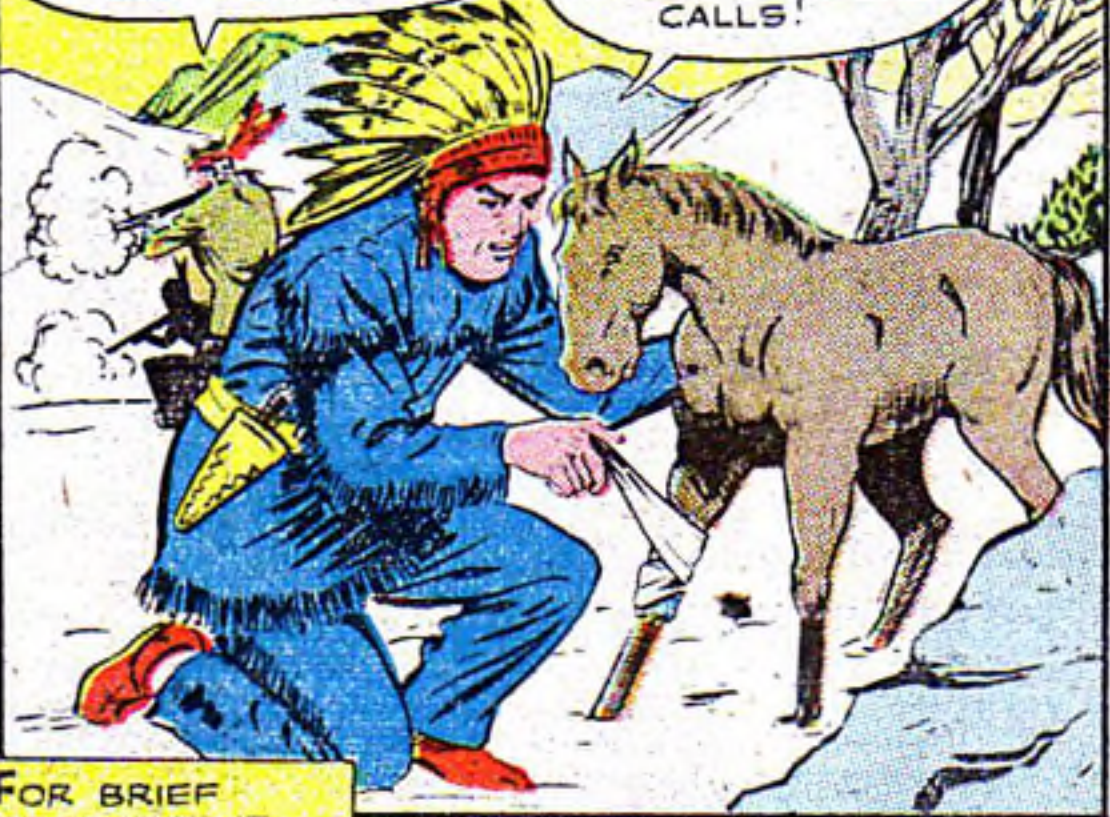
DRIVE OFF THE WOLVES.
WE WILL TAKE THOSE
HORSES TO OUR VILLAGE.



"BUT THE WOLVES WERE HUNGRY.
BEFORE WE COULD REACH THEM, THE
MARE WAS DEAD. ONE OF THE SAVAGE
BEASTS WAS ATTACKING THE COLT,
WHEN AN ARROW STOPPED HIS
CHARGE..."



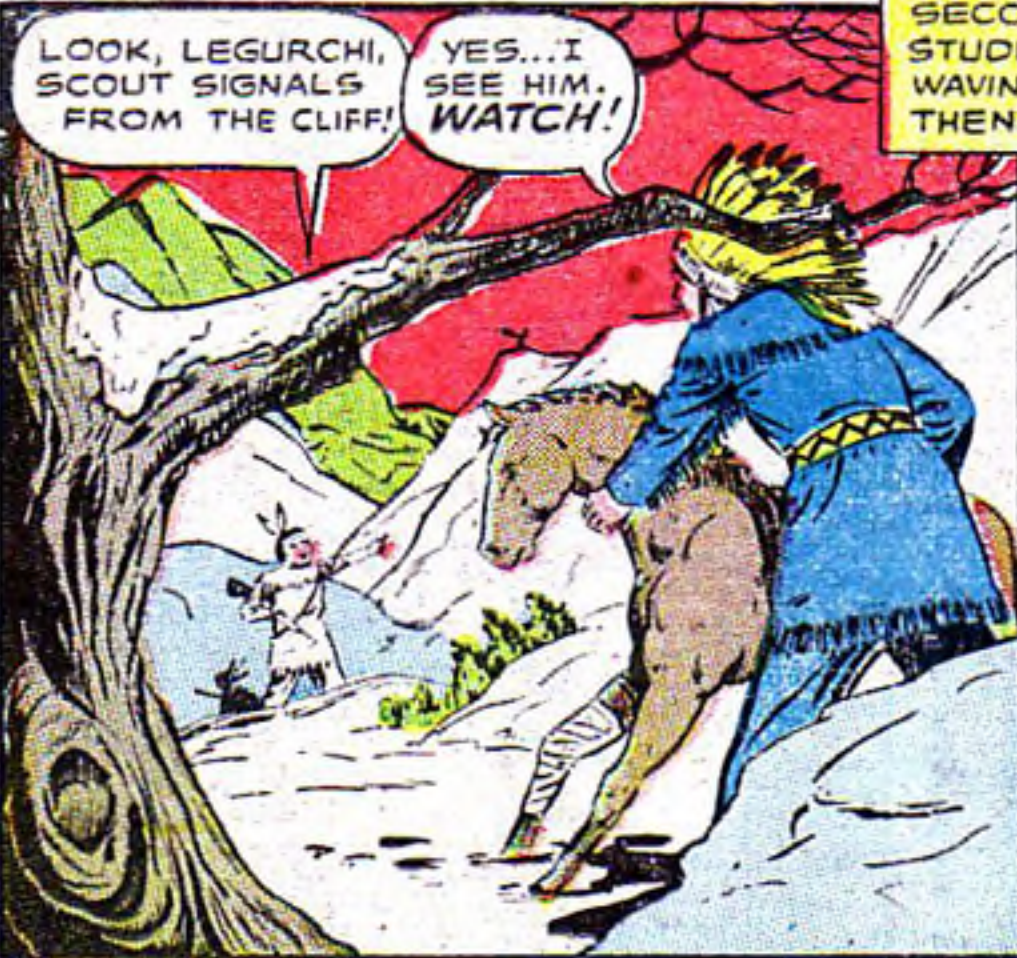
WE HAVE DRIVEN THEM
OFF, LEGURCHI. IS THE
COLT HURT?



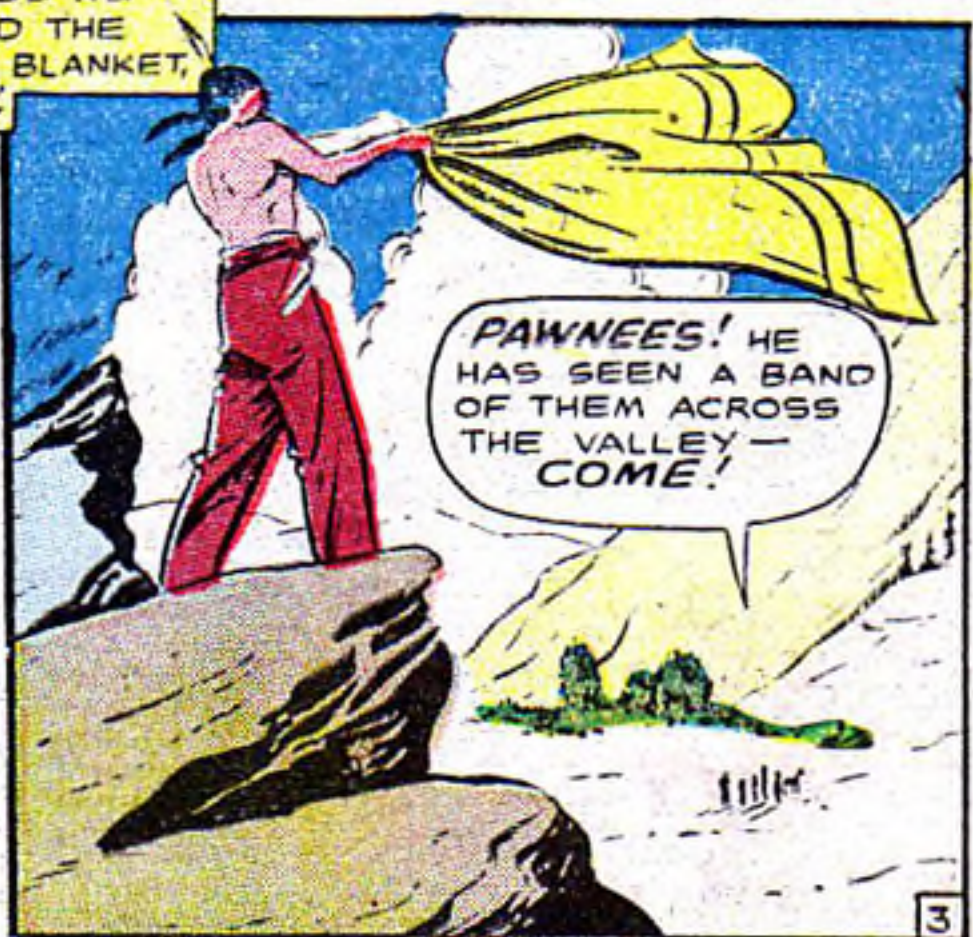
HIS KNEE IS BRUISED
FROM THE FALL, BUT
WILL SOON HEAL.
HARK... SOMEONE
CALLS!

LOOK, LEGURCHI,
SCOUT SIGNALS
FROM THE CLIFF!

YES...I
SEE HIM.
WATCH!



"FOR BRIEF
SECONDS WE
STUDIED THE
WAVING BLANKET,
THEN..."



PAWNEES! HE
HAS SEEN A BAND
OF THEM ACROSS
THE VALLEY —
COME!

"INSTANTLY, ALL THOUGHTS OF THE COLT WERE CROWDED FROM OUR MINDS AS WE RACED UP THE MOUNTAIN, AND SOON..."

THEY ARE PAWNEES, ALL RIGHT. BUT THEY HAVE THEIR SQUAWS WITH THEM. NO... THAT IS NOT A WAR PARTY!

COME. WE WILL RETURN TO THE VALLEY. I WANT TO SAVE THAT COLT!

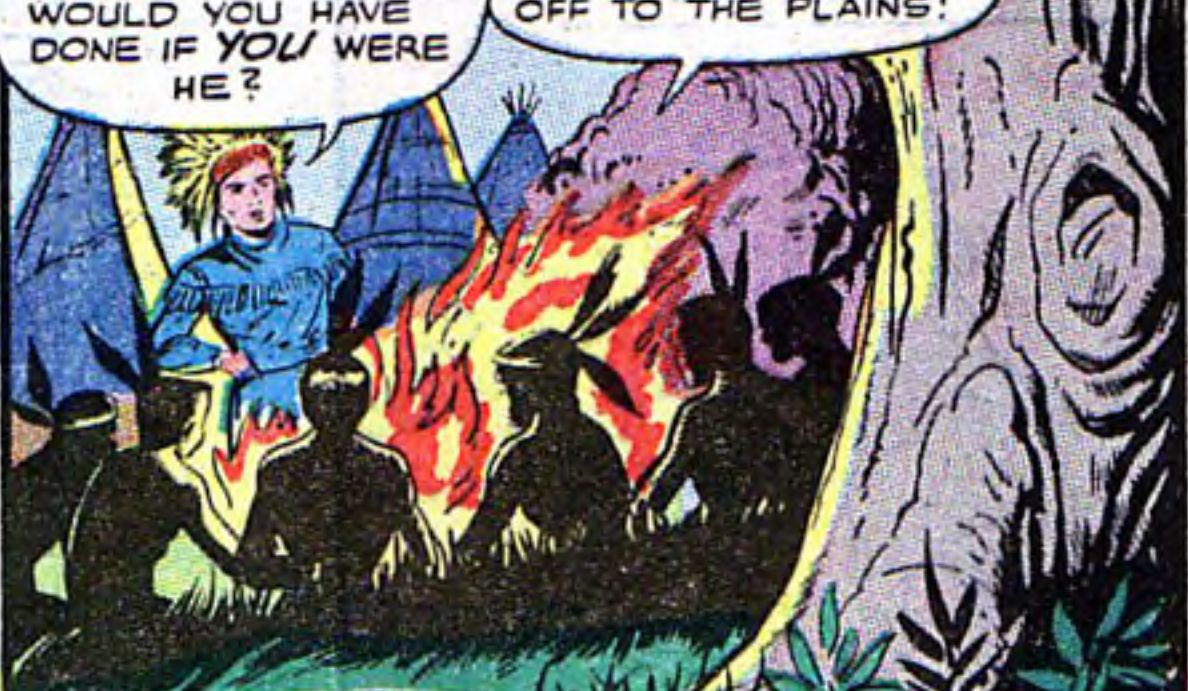


HE IS GONE, BUT HIS TRACKS ARE PLAIN ON THE SNOW.

AND THE WOLVES HAVE COME BACK. THEY ARE ON HIS TRAIL!

SO WE FOLLOWED HIM. THAT COLT WAS HURT, ALONE AND DEFENSELESS. WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU WERE HE?

A COLT CAN OUTFRAN A WOLF. IF I WERE THE LITTLE HORSE, I WOULD HAVE GALLOPED OFF TO THE PLAINS!



YES... AND THEN I WOULD HAVE TRIED TO FIND THE REST OF THE HERD.

BUT YOU FORGET... THE SNOW IS PILED DEEP ON THE PLAINS, AND THE COLT'S HOOFS WOULD SINK INTO IT...

BUT THE WOLVES ARE MUCH LIGHTER AND WOULD SKIM OVER THE CRUST. IN SUCH A SITUATION, A COOL HEAD IS NEEDED. ONE MUST NOT GET PANICKY.

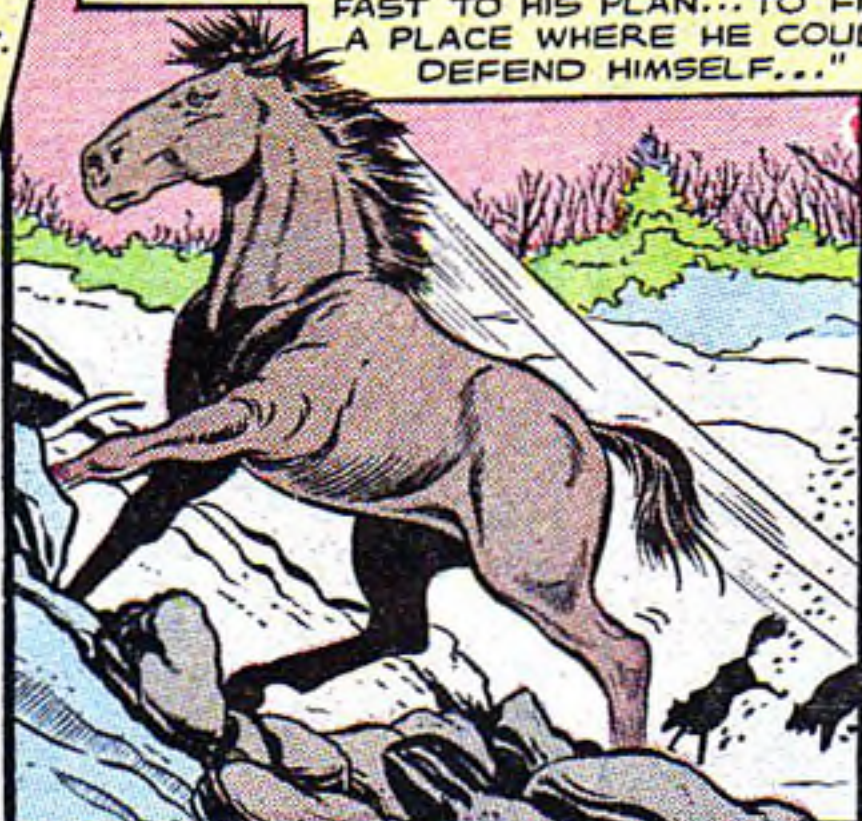
YOU ARE RIGHT, LEGURCHI, TO RUN TO THE PLAINS WOULD HAVE BEEN FOOLISH. BUT WHAT DID OUR LITTLE COLT DO?



"WE FOLLOWED HIS TRACKS AND SAW THAT HE WAS SMART. HE HAD LEFT THE VALLEY WHERE THE SNOWDRIFTS WERE DEEP AND WAS CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN WHICH WAS ALMOST BARE..."

"AND ALTHOUGH THE WOLVES WERE CLOSE BEHIND HIM, HE HELD STEADFAST TO HIS PLAN... TO FIND A PLACE WHERE HE COULD DEFEND HIMSELF..."

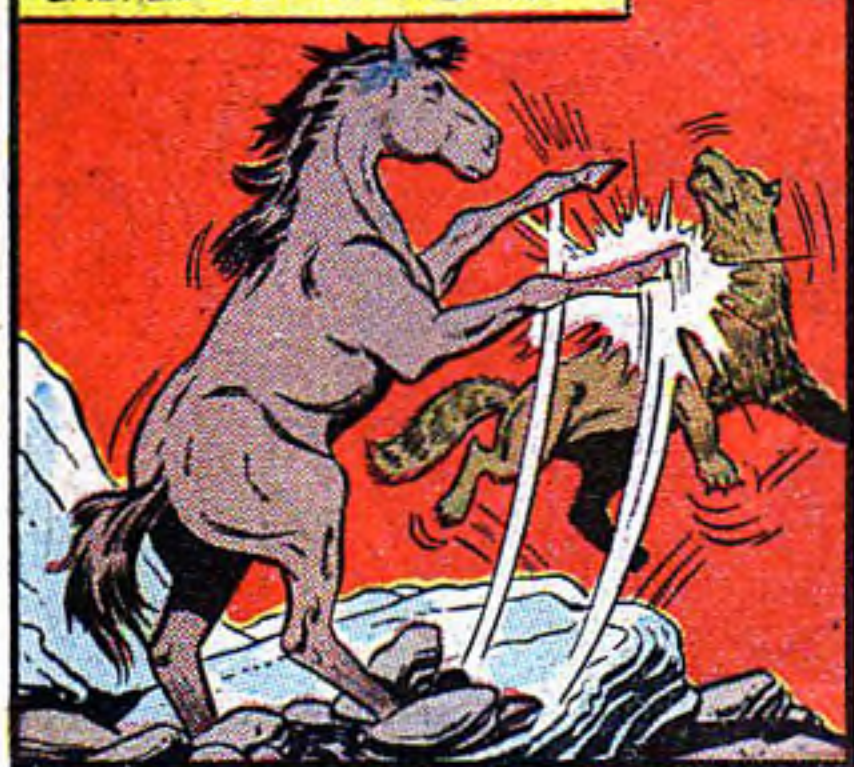
"AND HE SUCCEEDED! HE SCRAMBLED UP ON A NARROW LEDGE, THEN TURNED TO FACE HIS TORMENTORS..."



"ON THEY CAME, CASTING CAUTION TO THE WINDS, BUT SOON THEIR VICTORY HOWLS CHANGED TO YELPS OF PAIN AS THE COLT'S SHARP HOOF LASHED OUT AT THEM..."

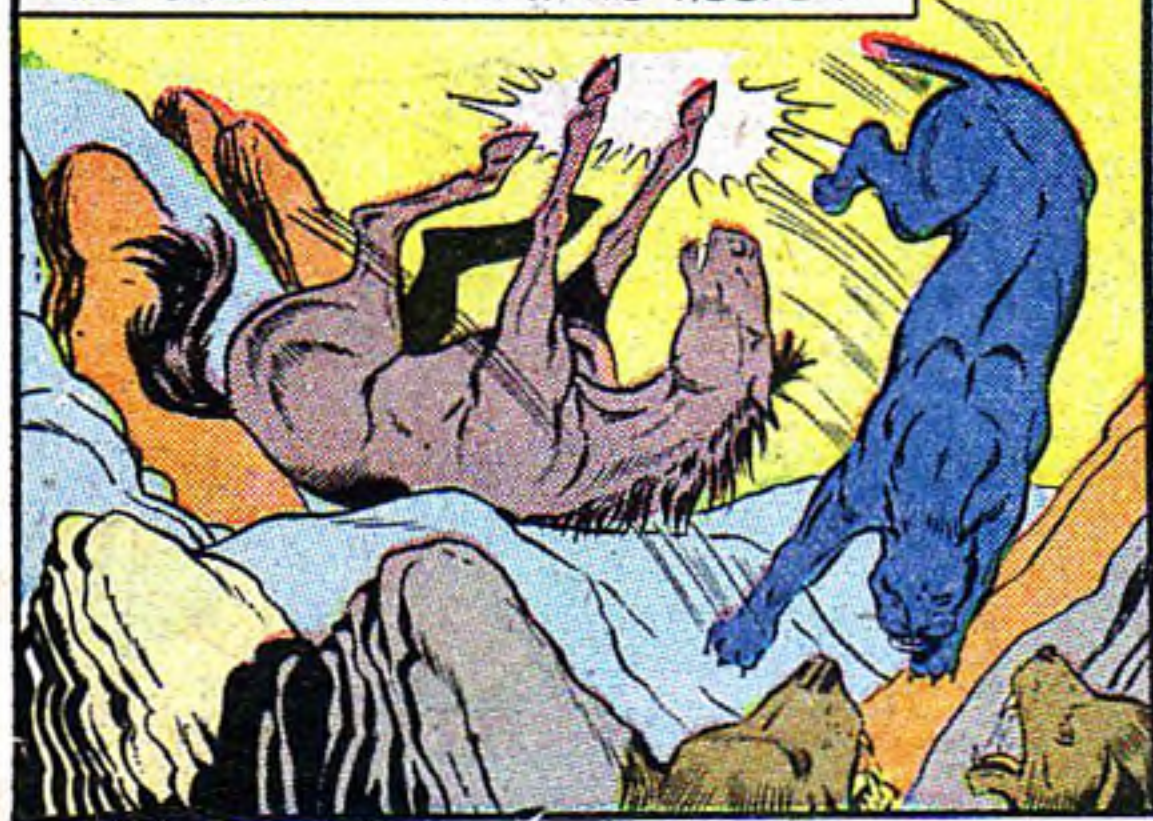
"AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE BRAVE LITTLE HORSE DROVE THEM BACK FROM THE LEDGE. BUT HE WAS ALONE AND THE WOLVES WERE MANY. SO FINALLY THEY SCRAMBLED ONTO HIS ROCKY PERCH..."

"STILL HE DID NOT DESPAIR, BUT GLANCED AROUND TO SEEK ANOTHER WAY TO ESCAPE. THEN HE SAW ANOTHER ENEMY ABOVE HIM... A COUGAR TENSED TO SPRING..."

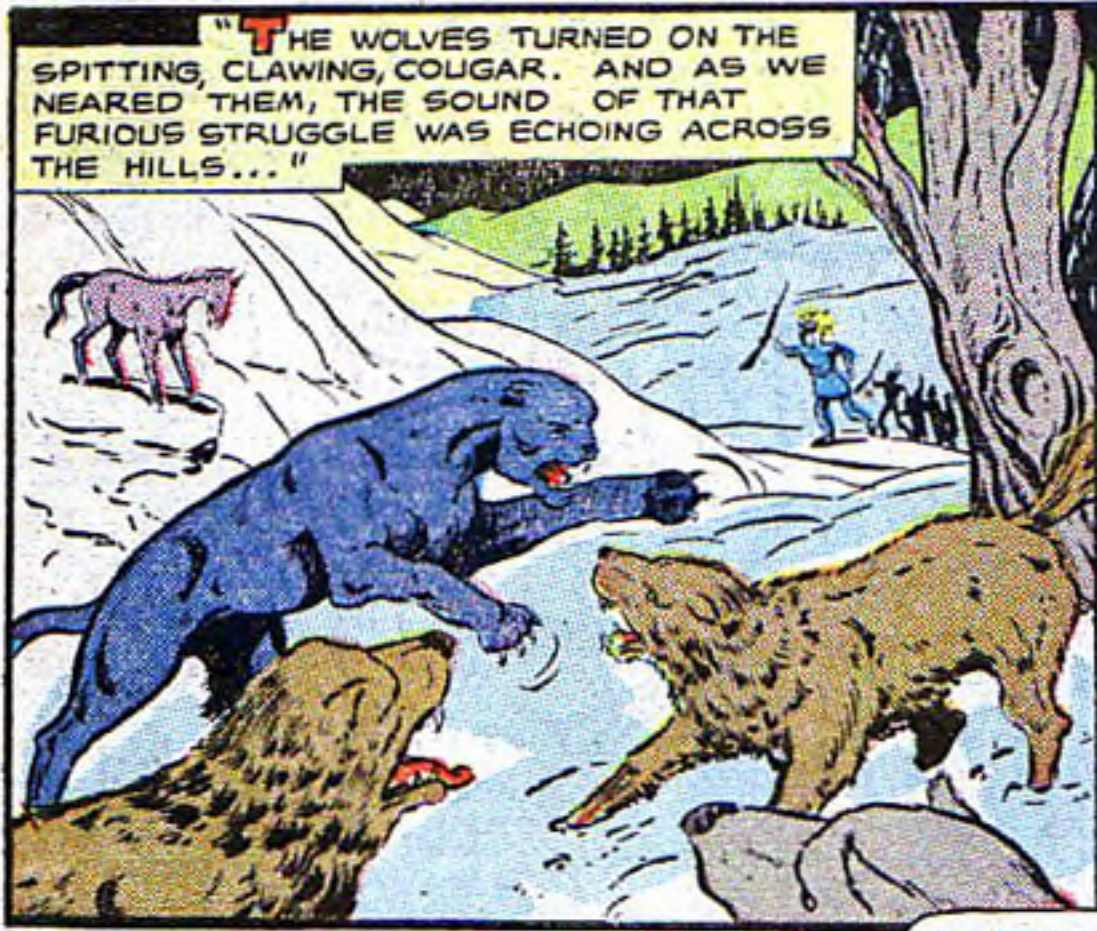


"AS THAT FURRED FURY CATAPULTED DOWN ON HIM, HE ROLLED ON HIS BACK AND LASHED AT IT WITH HIS HOOF..."

VICTORY WAS HIS! THE COUGAR FELL INTO THE CENTER OF THE WOLF PACK. INSTANTLY THEY LEAPED UPON THAT KILLER CAT..."



"THE WOLVES TURNED ON THE SPITTING, CLAWING, COUGAR. AND AS WE NEARED THEM, THE SOUND OF THAT FURIOUS STRUGGLE WAS ECHOING ACROSS THE HILLS..."

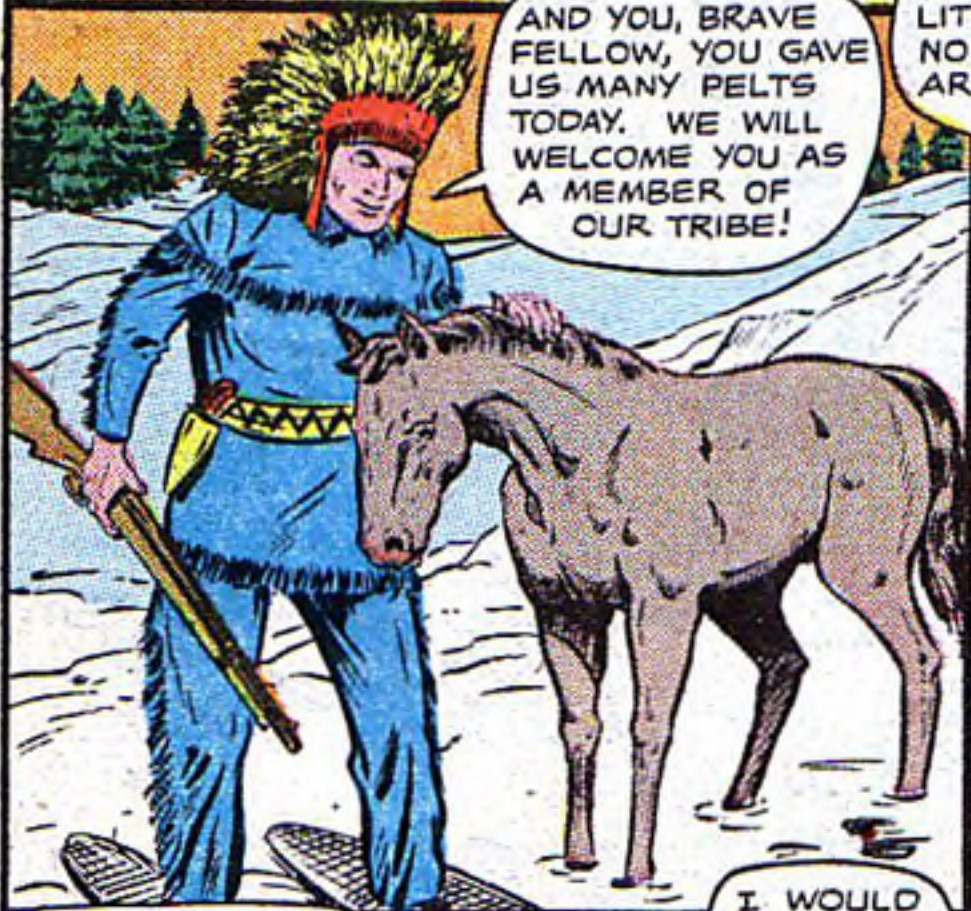


GOOD HUNTING, BRAVES! I WILL GET THE COUGAR WHILE YOU WIPE OUT THE WOLF PACK!



AND YOU, BRAVE FELLOW, YOU GAVE US MANY PELTS TODAY. WE WILL WELCOME YOU AS A MEMBER OF OUR TRIBE!

SO THAT IS THE STORY OF OUR LITTLE FRIEND. HE TAUGHT US THAT NO MATTER HOW GREAT THE ODDS ARE AGAINST US, WE MUST NEVER GIVE UP.



WHAT HAVE YOU NAMED HIM, LEGURCHI?

I HAVE LEFT THAT TO YOU, AND WILL GIVE THE COLT TO THE ONE WHO FINDS A GOOD NAME FOR HIM.



I WOULD CALL HIM THUNDER-BIRD.

I LIKE BRAVE WARRIOR!

WAR WOLF!

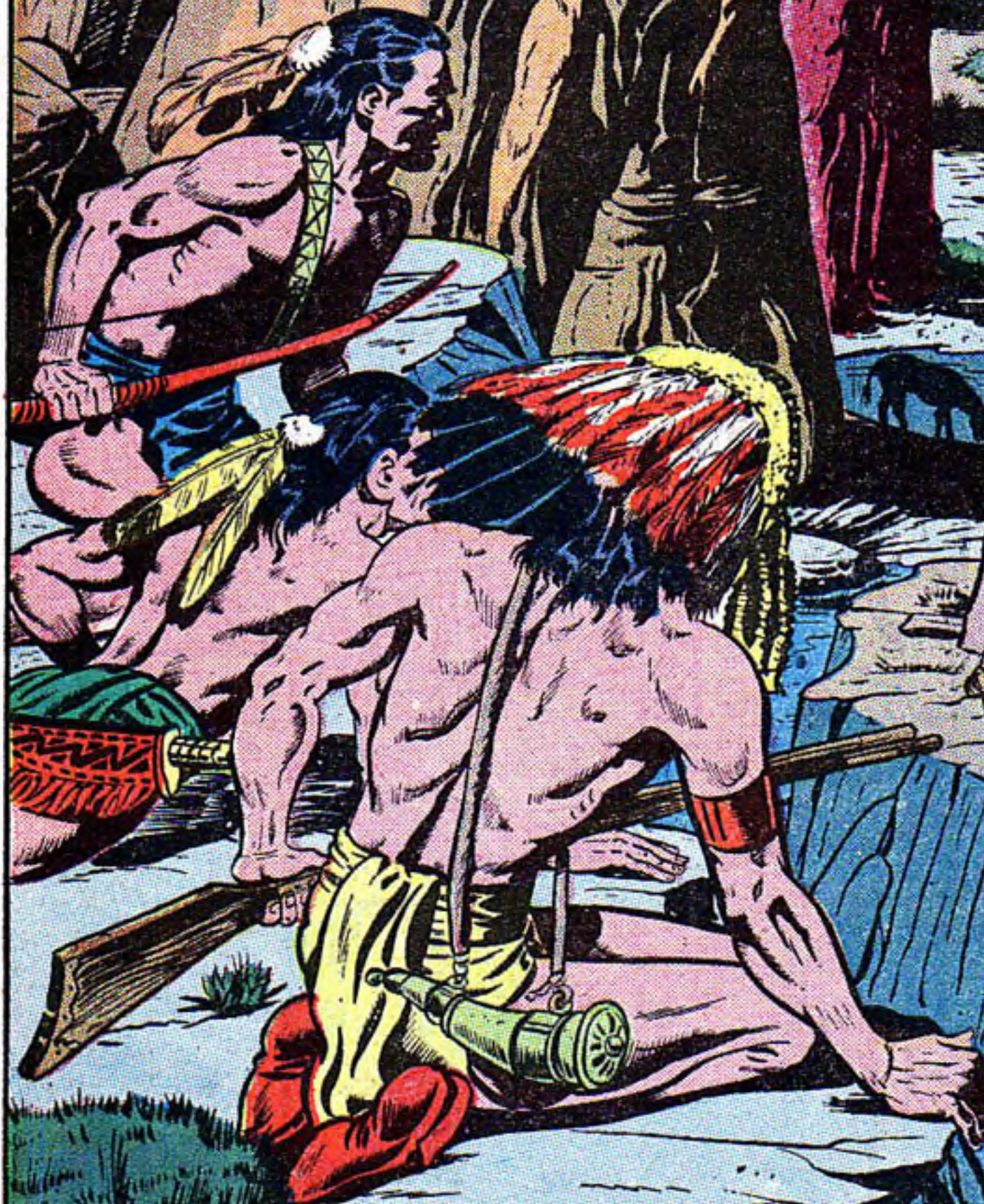


"THE SUN HAS SUNK BEHIND THE HILLS, AND IT IS TIME WE WENT TO OUR TEEPEES. BUT REMEMBER TO THINK UP A NAME FOR OUR BRAVE LITTLE HORSE WHO SO SMARTLY OUTWITTED THE WOLVES, AND IS THE NEWEST MEMBER OF OUR TRIBE!"



LONG BOW

BY CAPT. STUART KERRIGAN



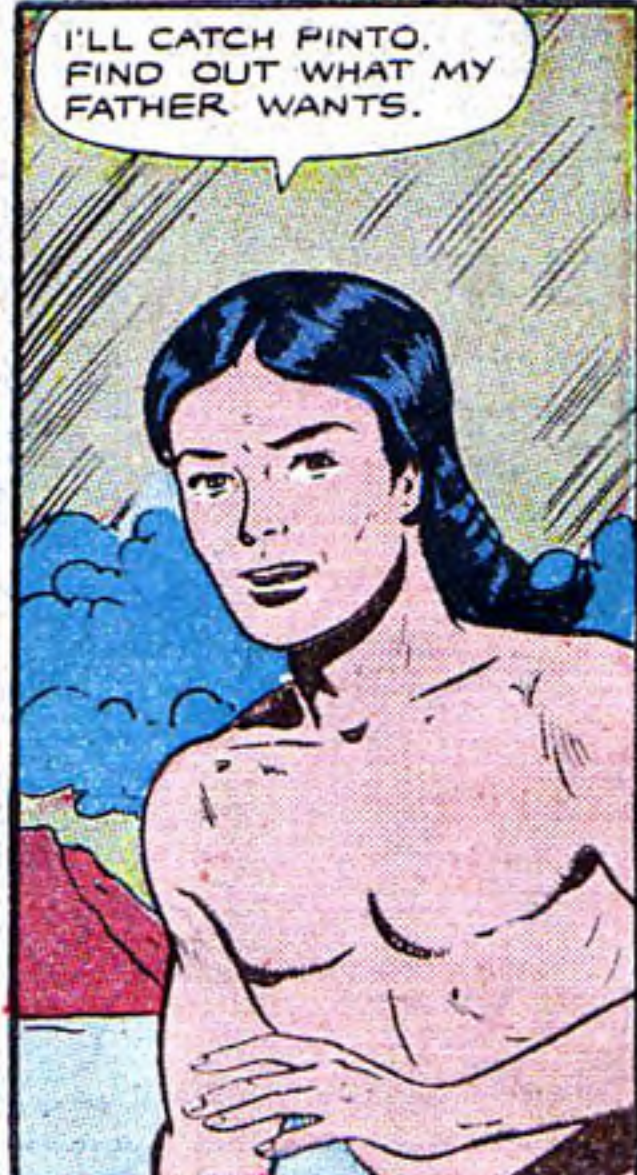
FEATHERED DEATH WAS WINGING THE PLAINS. THE PAINTED CROWS WERE RAMPAGING, BENT ON WRESTING THEIR ANCIENT HUNTING GROUNDS FROM THE ENEMY BLACKFEET. AND WITHIN THEIR RACING TRAP LAY LONE BEAR, HIS SQUAW, AND HIS YOUNG, STURDY-LIMBED SON—
LONG BOW!

LONE BEAR'S ONLY WARNING HAD BEEN AN ARROW. THE CROW SHAFT DROVE INTO HIS BACK. PAIN BURNED THROUGH LONE BEAR, BUT HE KEPT ON HIS FEET. TWISTING, TURNING, HIDING HIS TRAIL, HE STUMBLERD BACK TO WARN LOOKING-GLASS AND THE BOY...



CAN YOU SPEAK NOW? TELL US WHAT HAPPENED, LONE BEAR.

NO TIME... I WANT BOY TO GET PONY.

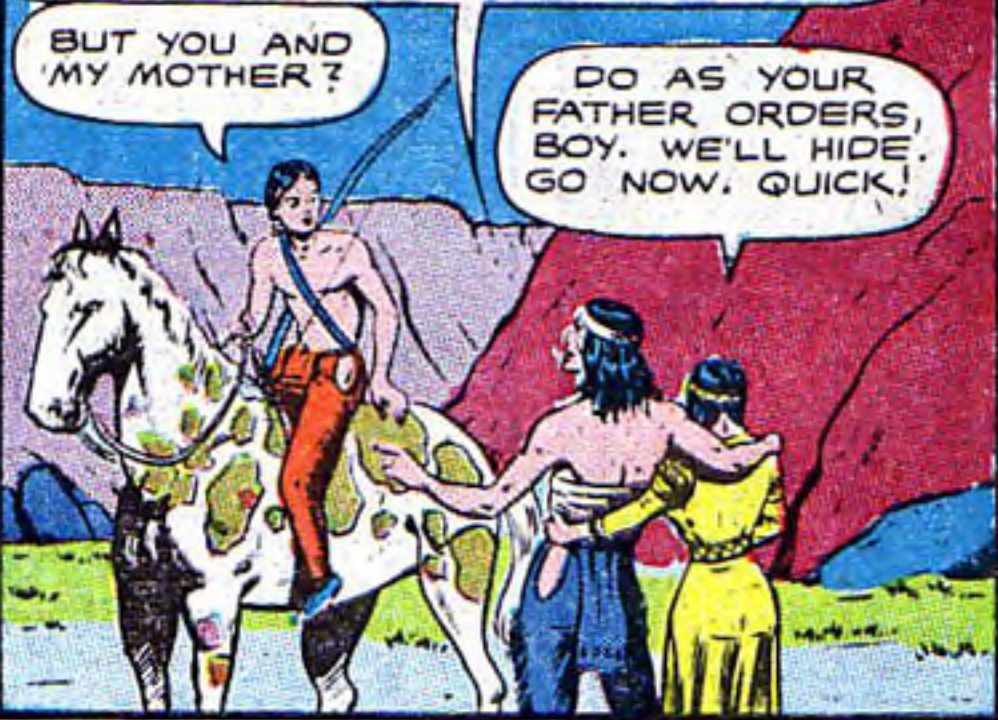


I'LL CATCH PINTO. FIND OUT WHAT MY FATHER WANTS.

WERE THEY CROWS, LONE BEAR? WILL THEY FOLLOW AND KILL US?

THEY WERE CROWS. A WAR-PARTY. WE MUST SEND THE BOY AWAY BEFORE THEY FIND US.

TAKE CARE OF MY BOW, BOY. IT'S THE BEST BOW IN ALL THE PLAINS COUNTRY. TAKE IT AND RIDE FOR THE BIG CAMP. AND WATCH OUT FOR THE CROWS.



BUT YOU AND MY MOTHER?

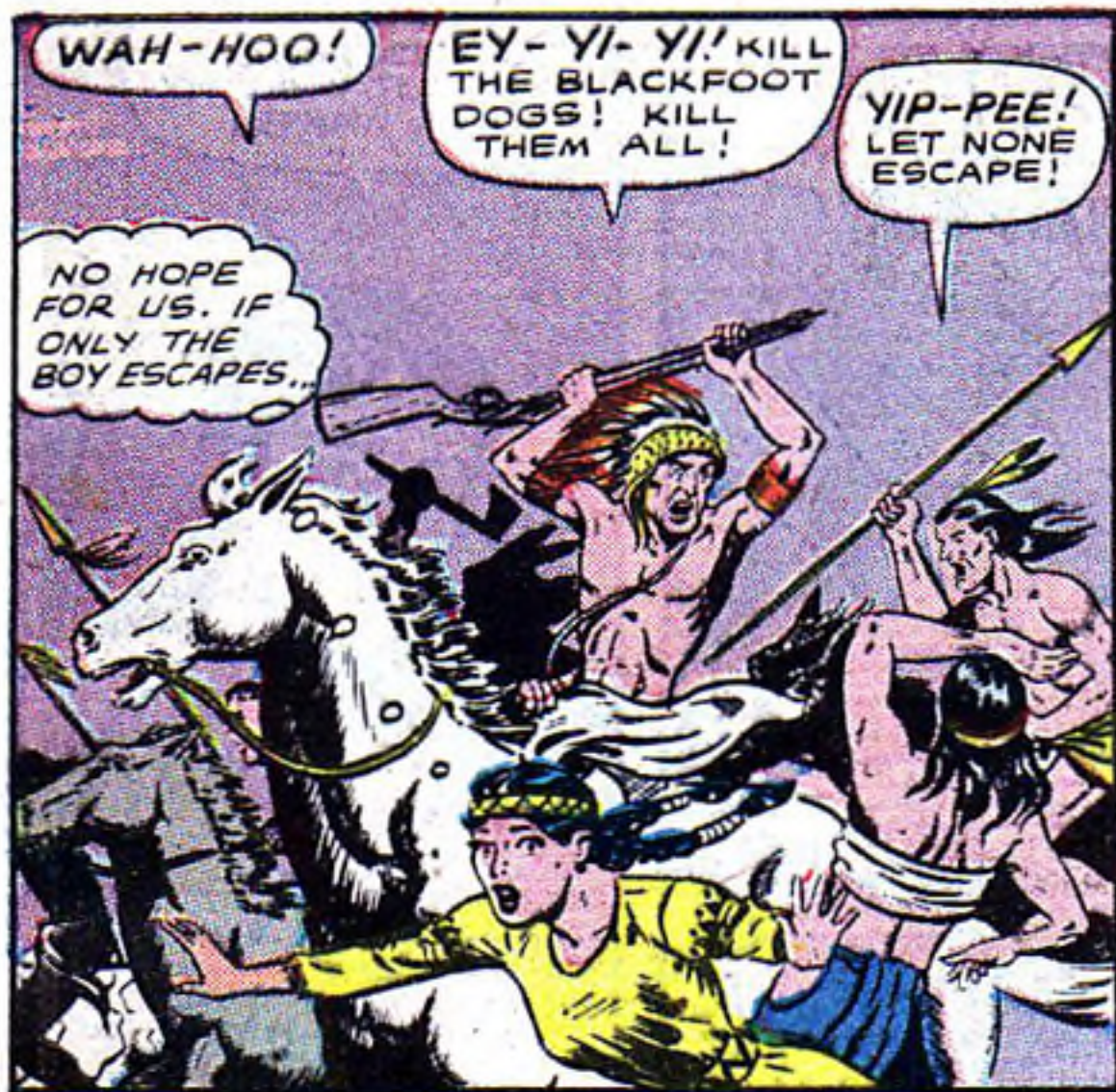
DO AS YOUR FATHER ORDERS, BOY. WE'LL HIDE. GO NOW. QUICK!

BUT TIME WAS ALREADY SHORT. OUT OF A CANYON GALLOPED THE CROW WAR-PARTY, DETERMINED NOT TO LET EVEN A BLACKFOOT CUB ESCAPE THEIR SCALP-KNIVES...



RIDE, BOY... FAST! FAST!

NO, NO, FATHER, I MUST STAY AND FIGHT!



WAH-HOO!

EY-YI-YI! KILL THE BLACKFOOT DOGS! KILL THEM ALL!

YIP-PEE! LET NONE ESCAPE!

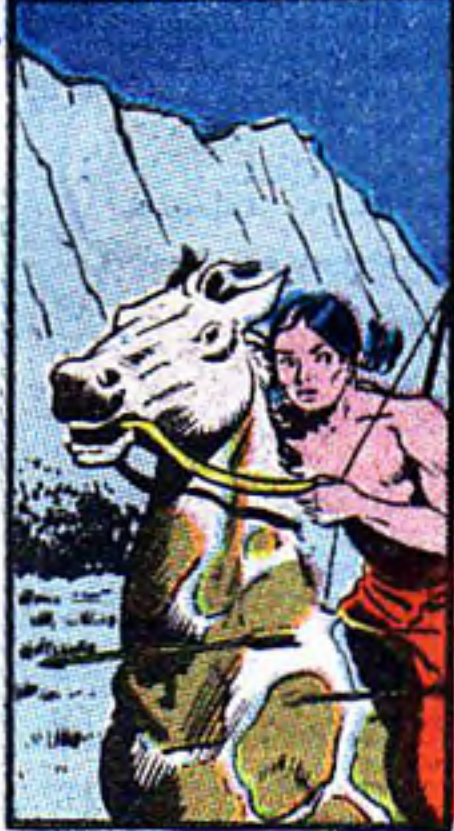
NO HOPE FOR US. IF ONLY THE BOY ESCAPES...



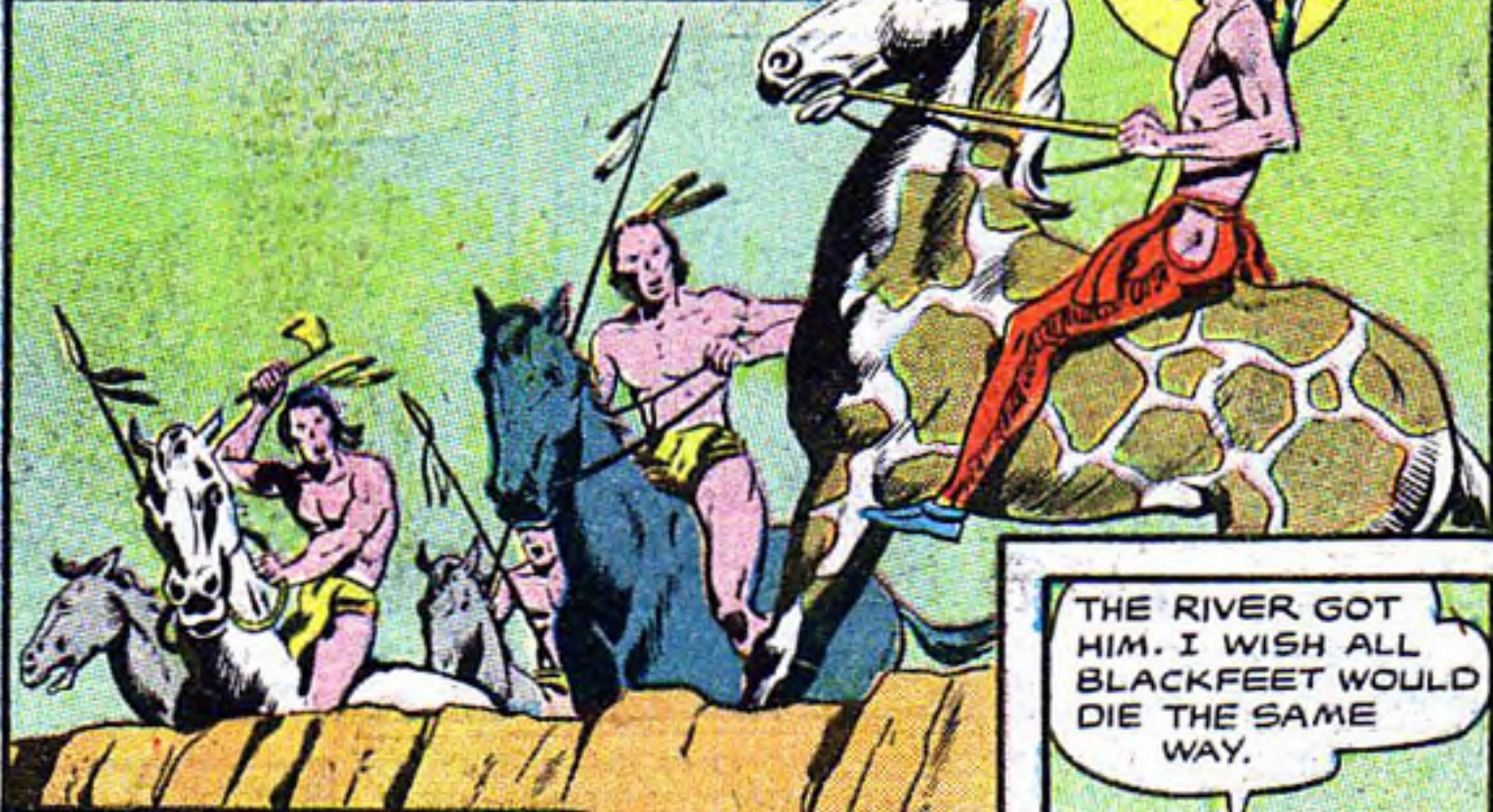
CHASE DOWN THE BLACKFOOT BOY. HE WILL GROW UP TO SCALP OUR SONS!

THE BOY KNEW HE MUST OBEY LONE BEAR'S ORDERS. HE MUST RIDE. BUT SOME DAY HE WOULD AVENGE LONE BEAR AND LOOKING-GLASS. SOME DAY LONE BEAR'S BOW WOULD SING A WAR SONG...

BUT THE CROWS WERE HOT ON HIS TRAIL, THEIR PONIES WERE SWIFT...



SUDDENLY, THE INDIAN BOY DREW REIN. THERE WAS THE ROSEBUD RIVER, BLOCKING HIM IN FRONT. THE GRINNING CROWS HAD CIRCLED HIM FROM BEHIND. THE TRAP WAS SPRUNG.



YOU WON'T GET ME, BIG BELLIES!

THE RIVER GOT HIM. I WISH ALL BLACKFEET WOULD DIE THE SAME WAY.



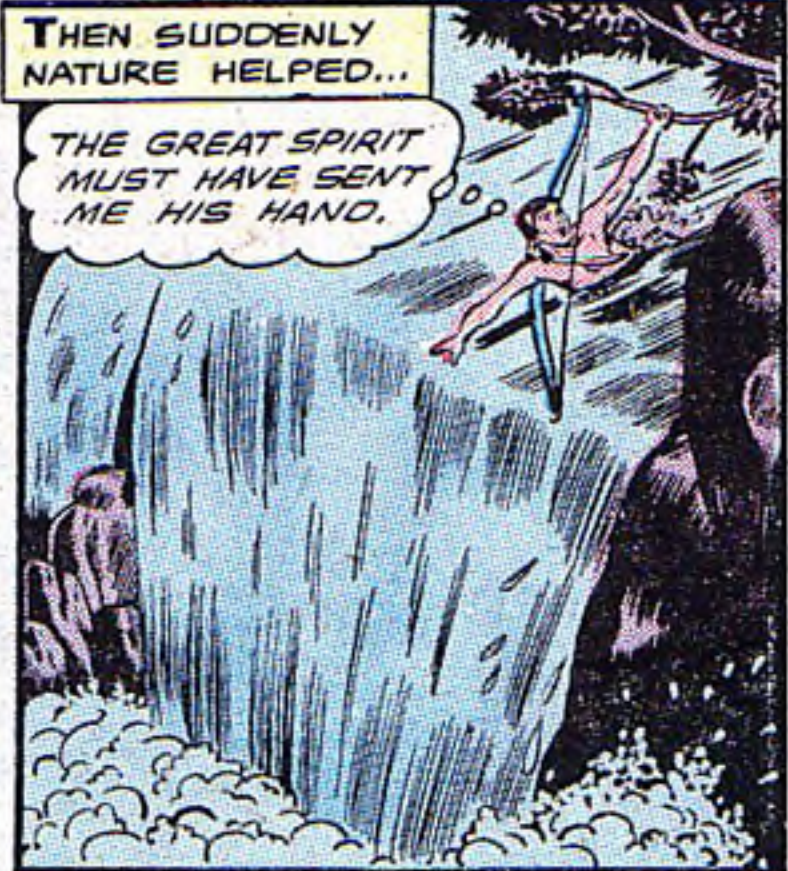
AND THEN...
... BLACKFOOT BOY AND GALLANT PINTO— OVER THE CLIFF THEY LEAP!



DOWN, DOWN,
INTO THE CANYON
OF THE ROSEBUD...
HORSE AND
RIDER STRUCK
HARD. THE
BLACKFOOT
BOY WAS
STUNNED. BUT
HE FOUGHT
HIS WAY TO
THE SURFACE
TO FIND
THAT THE
CURRENT
WAS
DRAGGING
HIM TO THE
FALLS...

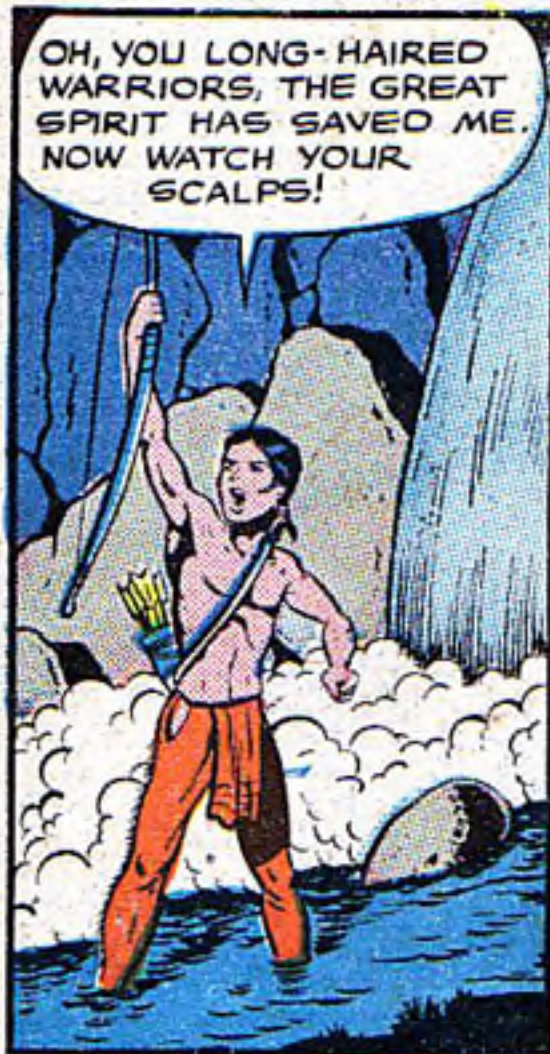


FROM THE CROWS TO
THE CRUEL WHITE
WATERS. THIS TIME
I CAN'T ESCAPE!



THEN SUDDENLY
NATURE HELPED...

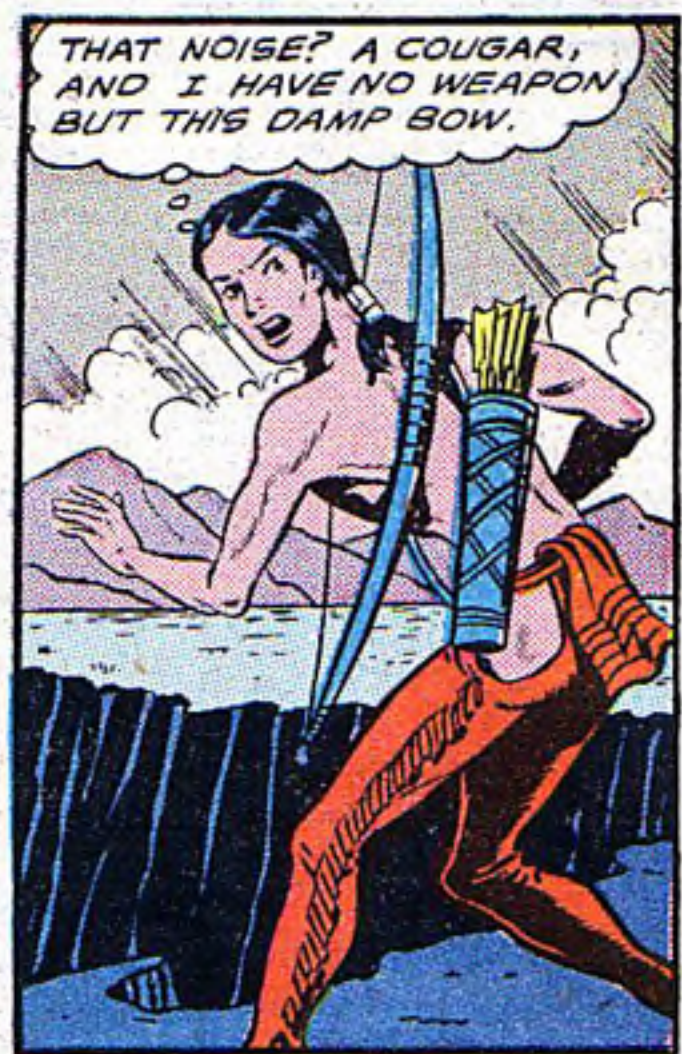
THE GREAT SPIRIT
MUST HAVE SENT
ME HIS HAND.



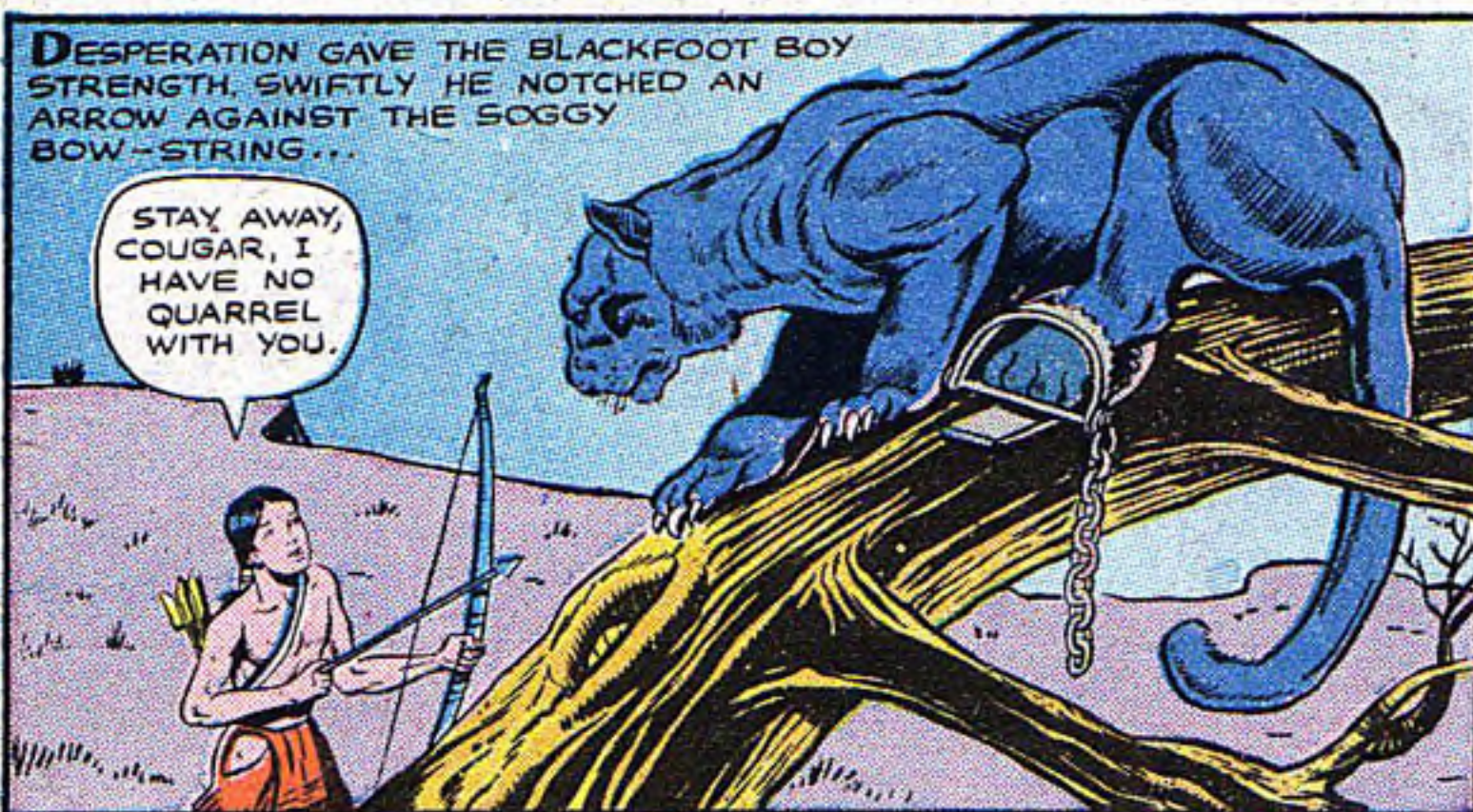
OH, YOU LONG-HAIRED
WARRIORS, THE GREAT
SPIRIT HAS SAVED ME.
NOW WATCH YOUR
SCALPS!



HAVING SEARCHED UNSUCCESS-
FULLY FOR HIS PONY, THE
BLACKFOOT BOY CRAWLED
CAUTIOUSLY UP THE CLIFF...



THAT NOISE? A COUGAR,
AND I HAVE NO WEAPON
BUT THIS DAMP BOW.

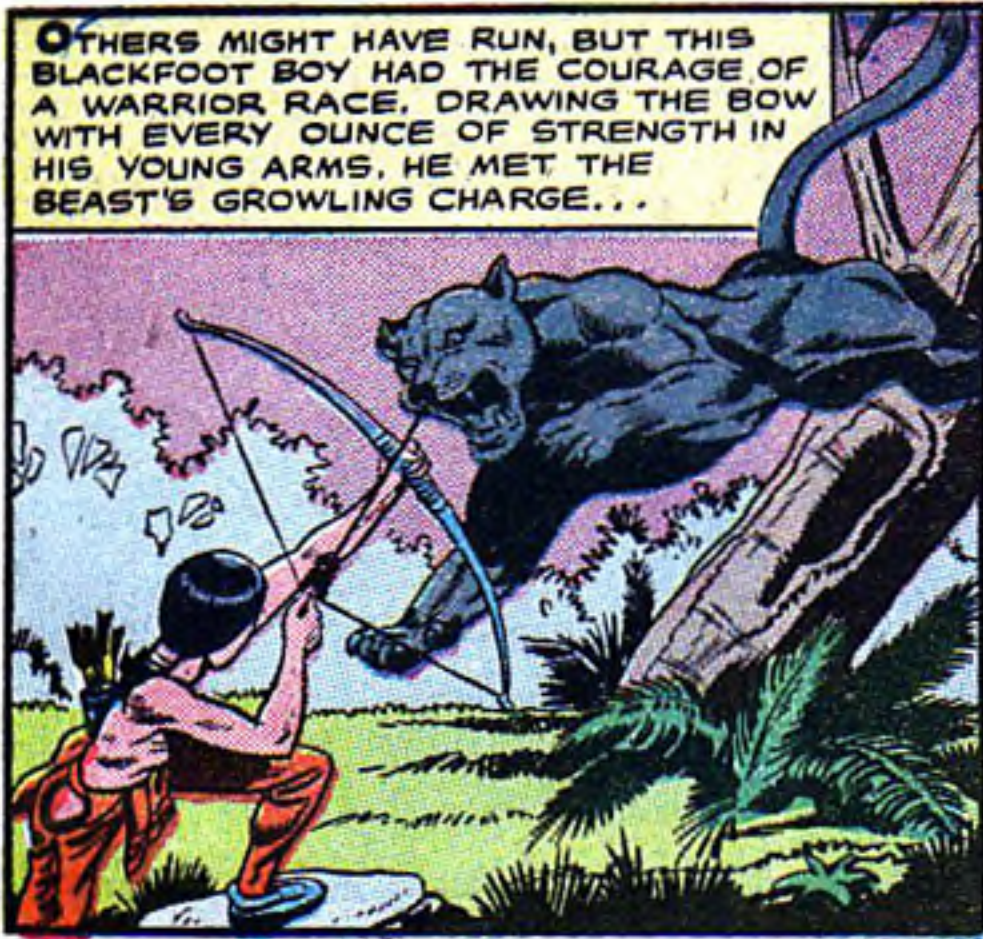


DESPERATION GAVE THE BLACKFOOT BOY
STRENGTH. SWIFTLY HE NOTCHED AN
ARROW AGAINST THE SOGGY
BOW-STRING...

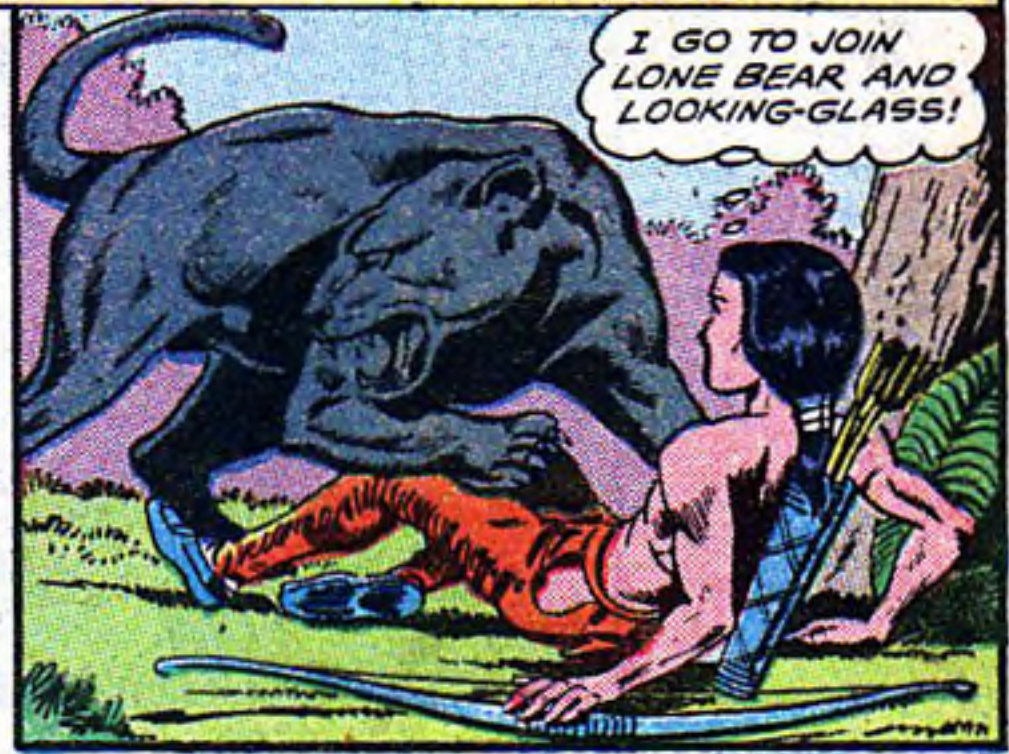
STAY AWAY,
COUGAR, I
HAVE NO
QUARREL
WITH YOU.

THE INDIAN BOY SAW
THE BLAZE IN THE
COUGAR'S TOPAZ
EYES. HE SAW THE
ANIMAL'S TWITCHING
TAIL, THE PAINFUL
TRAP WITH ITS
BROKEN CHAIN
CLENCHED TO HIS
HIND FOOT, AND HE
KNEW THE COUGAR
WOULD ATTACK. HOW
COULD HE FIGHT THE
FIERCE BEAST WITH
A WATER-SOAKED
BOW SO THICK AND
HEAVY THAT MANY
WARRIORS COULD
SCARCELY USE IT?

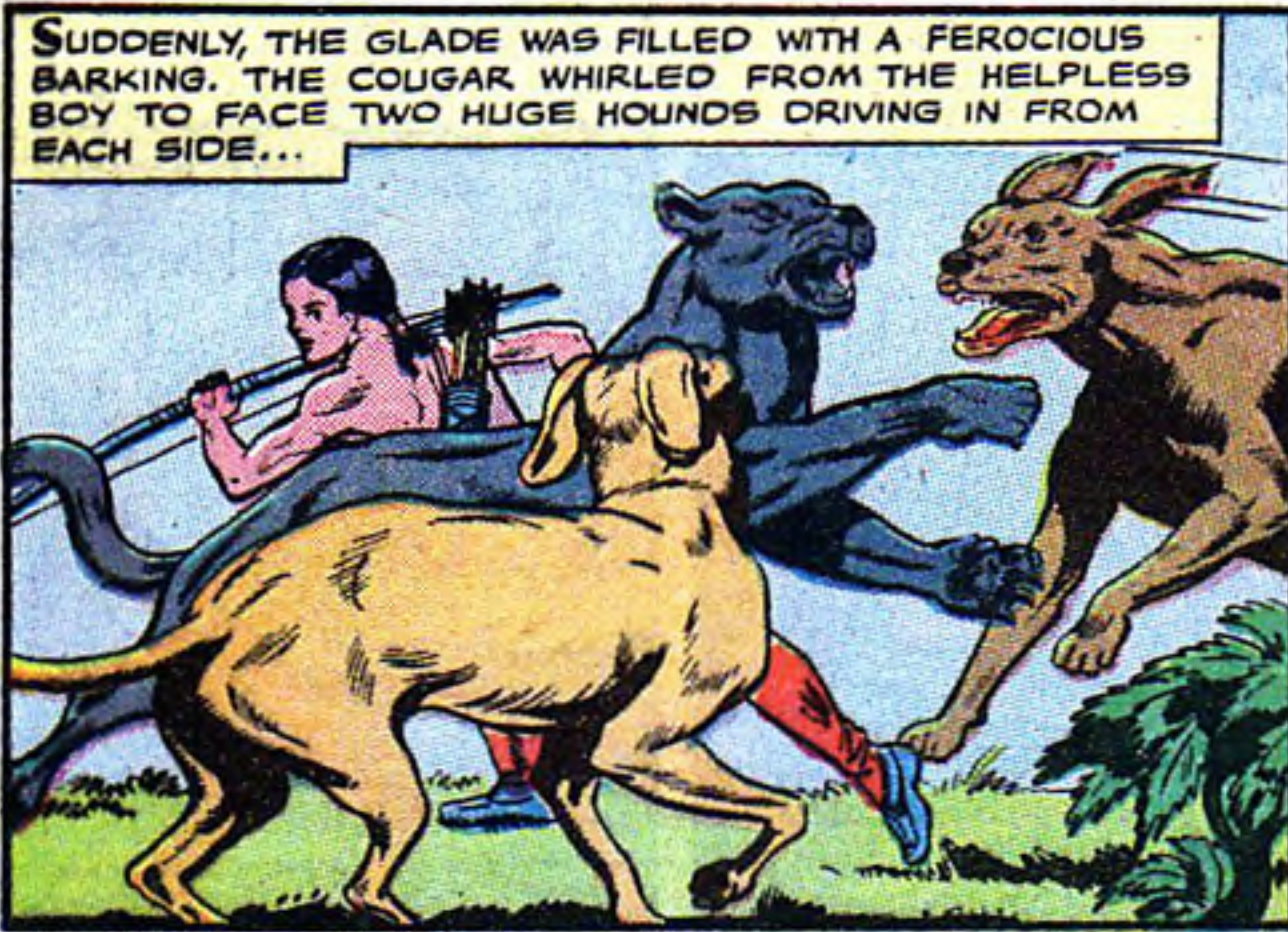
OTHERS MIGHT HAVE RUN, BUT THIS BLACKFOOT BOY HAD THE COURAGE OF A WARRIOR RACE. DRAWING THE BOW WITH EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH IN HIS YOUNG ARMS, HE MET THE BEAST'S GROWLING CHARGE...



THE GREAT BOW WITH ITS EAGLE-FEATHERED SHAFT TWANGED DAMPLY. THE ARROW NICKED THE COUGAR, BUT THE PAIN-MADDENED CAT WAS NOT TO BE STOPPED SO EASILY. A SWEEP OF THE PAW AND THE BOY WAS DOWN...



SUDDENLY, THE GLADE WAS FILLED WITH A FEROCIOUS BARKING. THE COUGAR WHIRLED FROM THE HELPLESS BOY TO FACE TWO HUGE HOUNDS DRIVING IN FROM EACH SIDE...



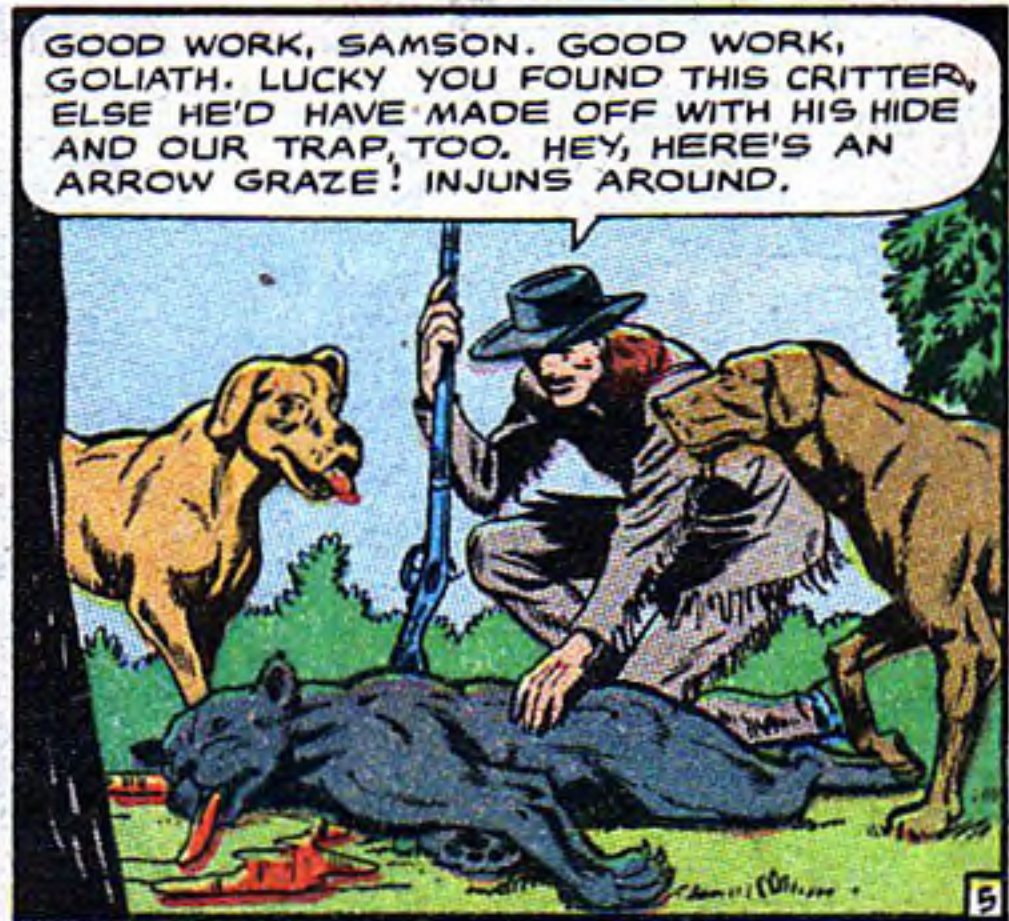
ABOVE THE BARKING, SNARLING FRAY CAME ANOTHER SOUND—THE SOUND OF MOCCASINED FEET...



BUT ONLY ONE MAN CAME, A TALL, GAUNT WHITE MAN. TO THE SCARED BLACKFOOT BOY, HE TOO SEEMED AN ENEMY...



GOOD WORK, SAMSON. GOOD WORK, GOLIATH. LUCKY YOU FOUND THIS CRITTER, ELSE HE'D HAVE MADE OFF WITH HIS HIDE AND OUR TRAP, TOO. HEY, HERE'S AN ARROW GRAZE! INJUNS AROUND.



SAD AND WEARY, THE SON OF LONE BEAR AND LOOKING-GLASS DRAGGED HIMSELF INTO A CAVE THAT HIS KEEN EYES HAD SPOTTED. HERE IN THE ABANDONED COYOTE DEN THE BOY SLEPT THE SLEEP OF THE WILDS, THE SLEEP OF THE BEAR AND THE BISON, THE DEER AND THE ANTELOPE. THE BOY AWOKE WITH THE SUNRISE, STRONG AND REFRESHED...



I'M HUNGRY AS A MOTHER-WOLF AND THIRSTY AS A BUFFALO CALF.

BOW IN HAND, HE SET OUT CAUTIOUSLY IN SEARCH OF FOOD AND DRINK...

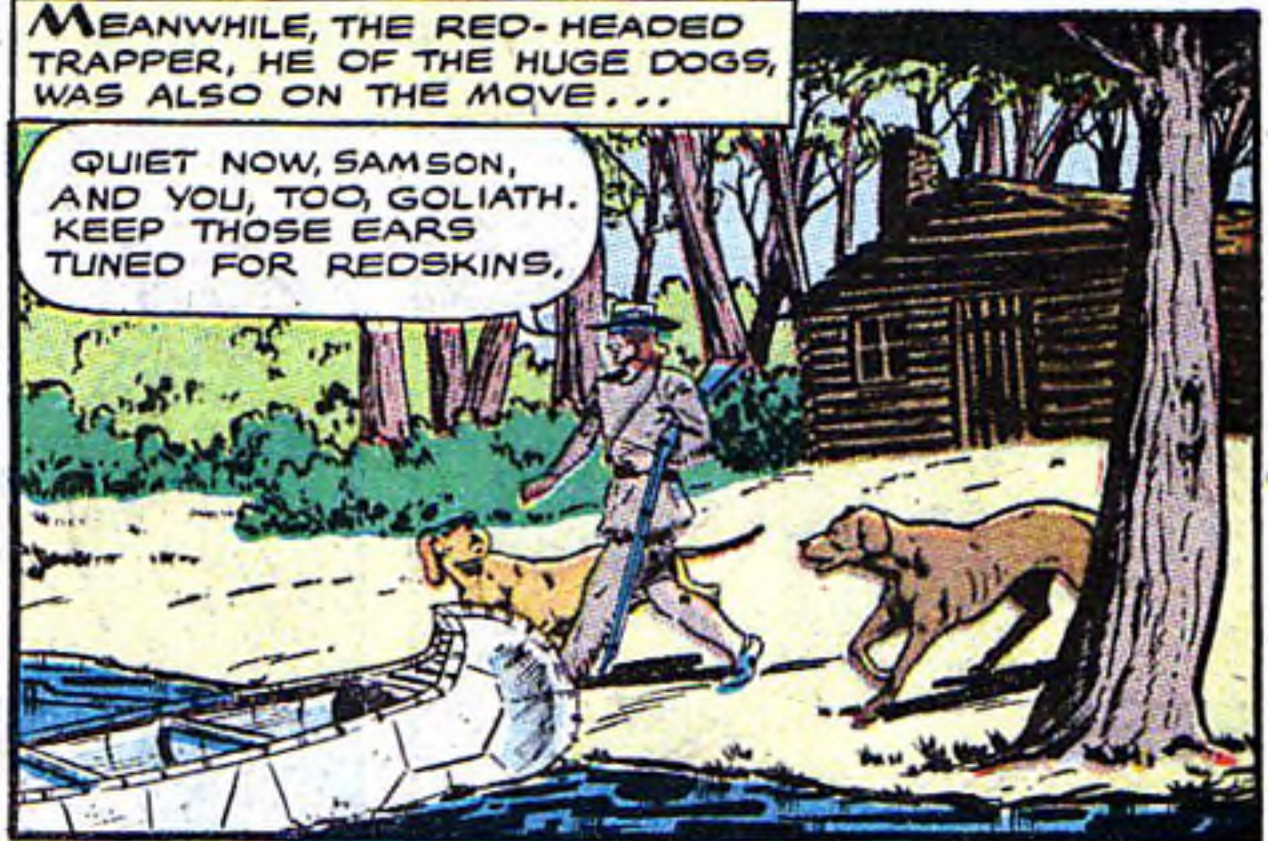


CLOSE BY, THE INDIAN BOY FOUND A CLEAR STREAM THAT FED THE TURBULENT ROSEBUD RIVER...

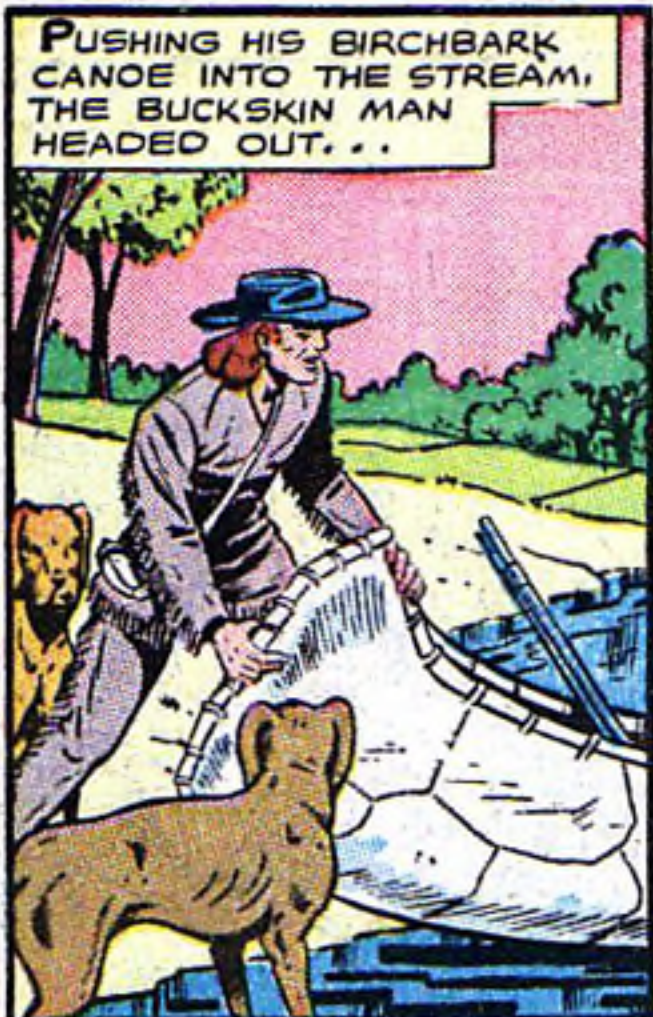


MEANWHILE, THE RED-HEADED TRAPPER, HE OF THE HUGE DOGS, WAS ALSO ON THE MOVE...

QUIET NOW, SAMSON, AND YOU, TOO, GOLIATH. KEEP THOSE EARS TUNED FOR REDSKINS,



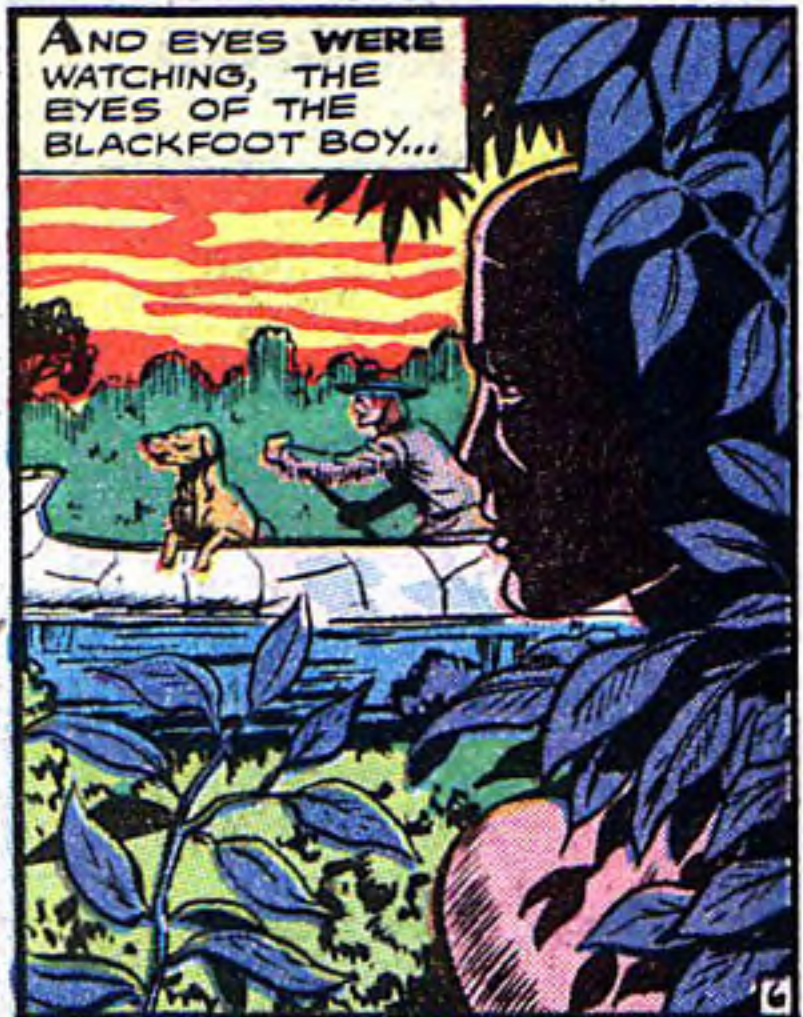
PUSHING HIS BIRCHBARK CANOE INTO THE STREAM, THE BUCKSKIN MAN HEADED OUT...



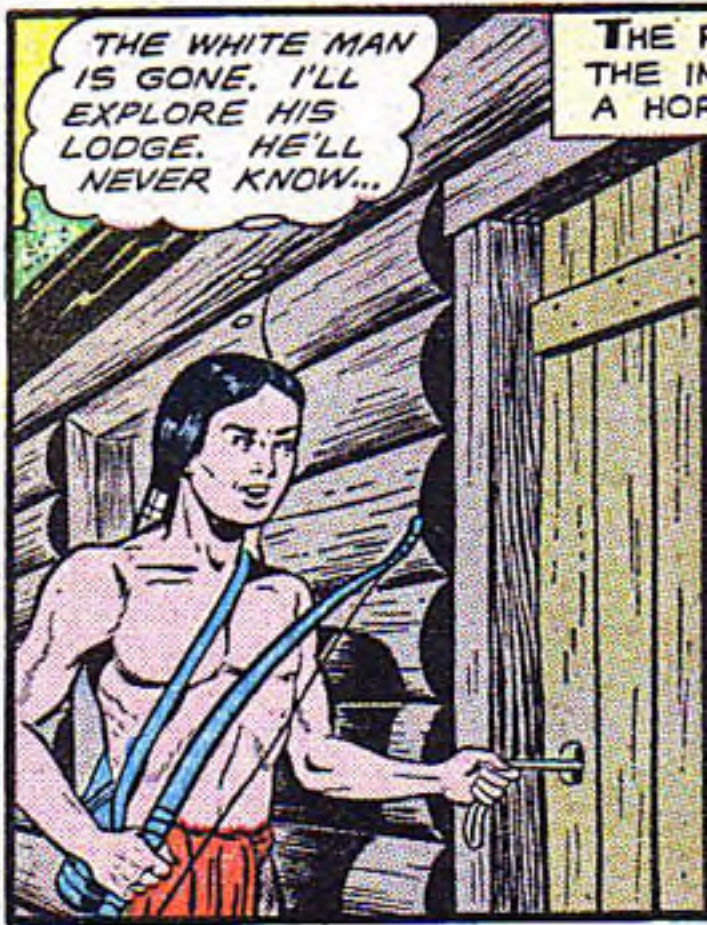
I FEEL AS IF EYES WERE WATCHIN' US. THE WOODS ARE A MITE TOO SILENT.



AND EYES WERE WATCHING, THE EYES OF THE BLACKFOOT BOY...



IT WAS ALMOST AS MUCH CURIOSITY AS HUNGER THAT DREW THE BLACKFOOT BOY TO THE WHITE TRAPPER'S CABIN. HE HAD SEEN ONE OR TWO SUCH PLACES BEFORE, BUT LONE BEAR HAD ALWAYS WARNED HIM AWAY. "SOME PALESKINS ARE GOOD MEN, SOME ARE BAD," LONE BEAR HAD SAID. "BETTER TO STAY AWAY..."



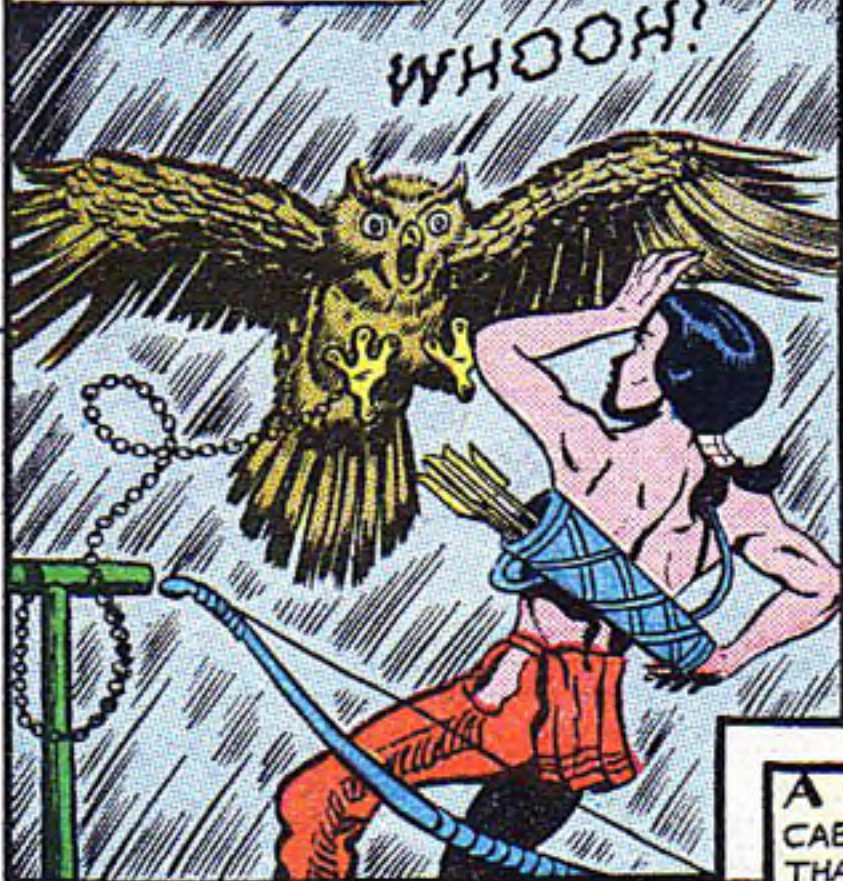
THE WHITE MAN IS GONE. I'LL EXPLORE HIS LODGE. HE'LL NEVER KNOW...

THE RICH ODOR OF VENISON AND PEA-BEANS DREW THE INDIAN LAD TOWARDS THE FIREPLACE. SUDDENLY A HORRIBLE MOANING FROZE HIS BLOOD...



WHOOO!
WHOOO!

HE TURNED JUST IN TIME TO AVOID THE RAKING ATTACK OF A FURIOUS HORNED-OWL...



WHOOOH!

DON'T SCOLD ME, OWL, I'M NO THIEF. I'M ONLY HUNGRY. I'LL REPAY YOUR MASTER FOR WHAT I TAKE.



WHOO-

PERHAPS THE OWL IS AS WISE AS THEY SAY. PERHAPS HE UNDERSTOOD THE BOY. AT LEAST HE QUIETED DOWN AND WATCHED THE LAD EAT...



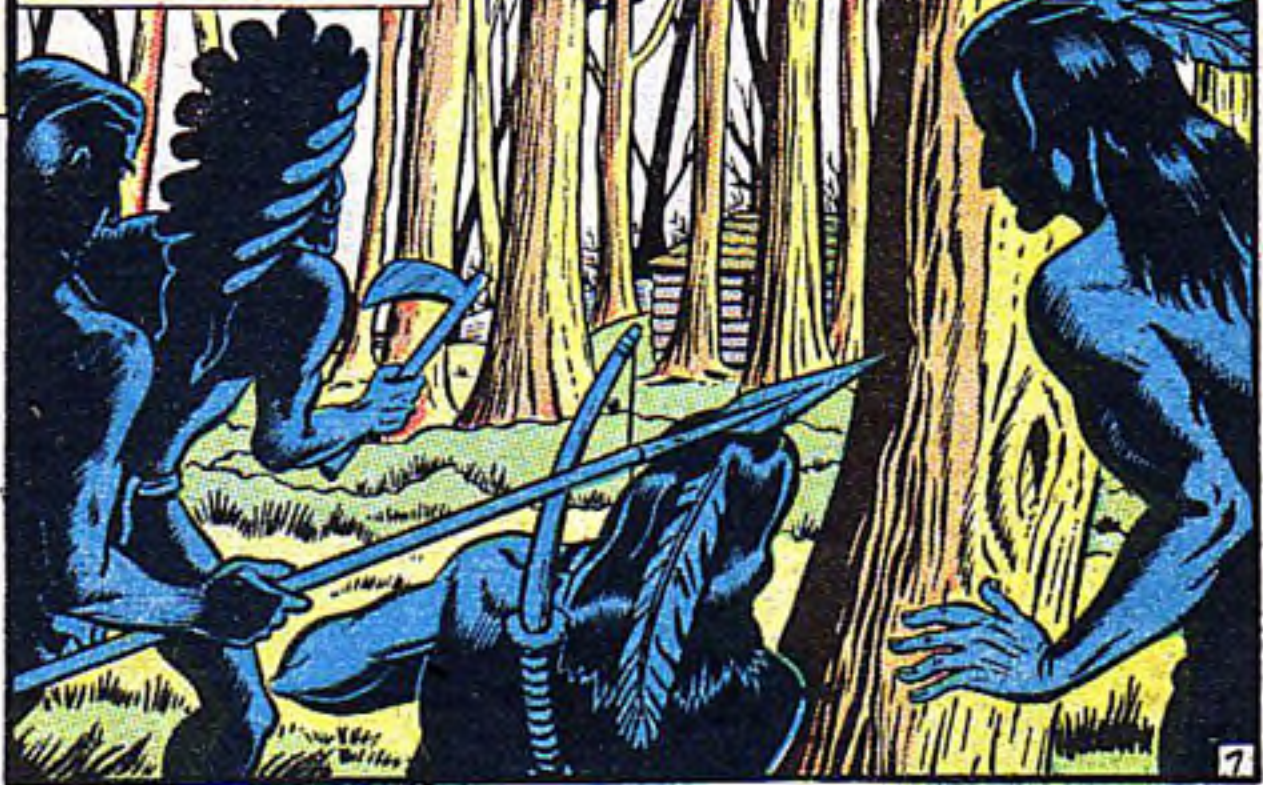
WHITE MAN'S FOOD IS GOOD.

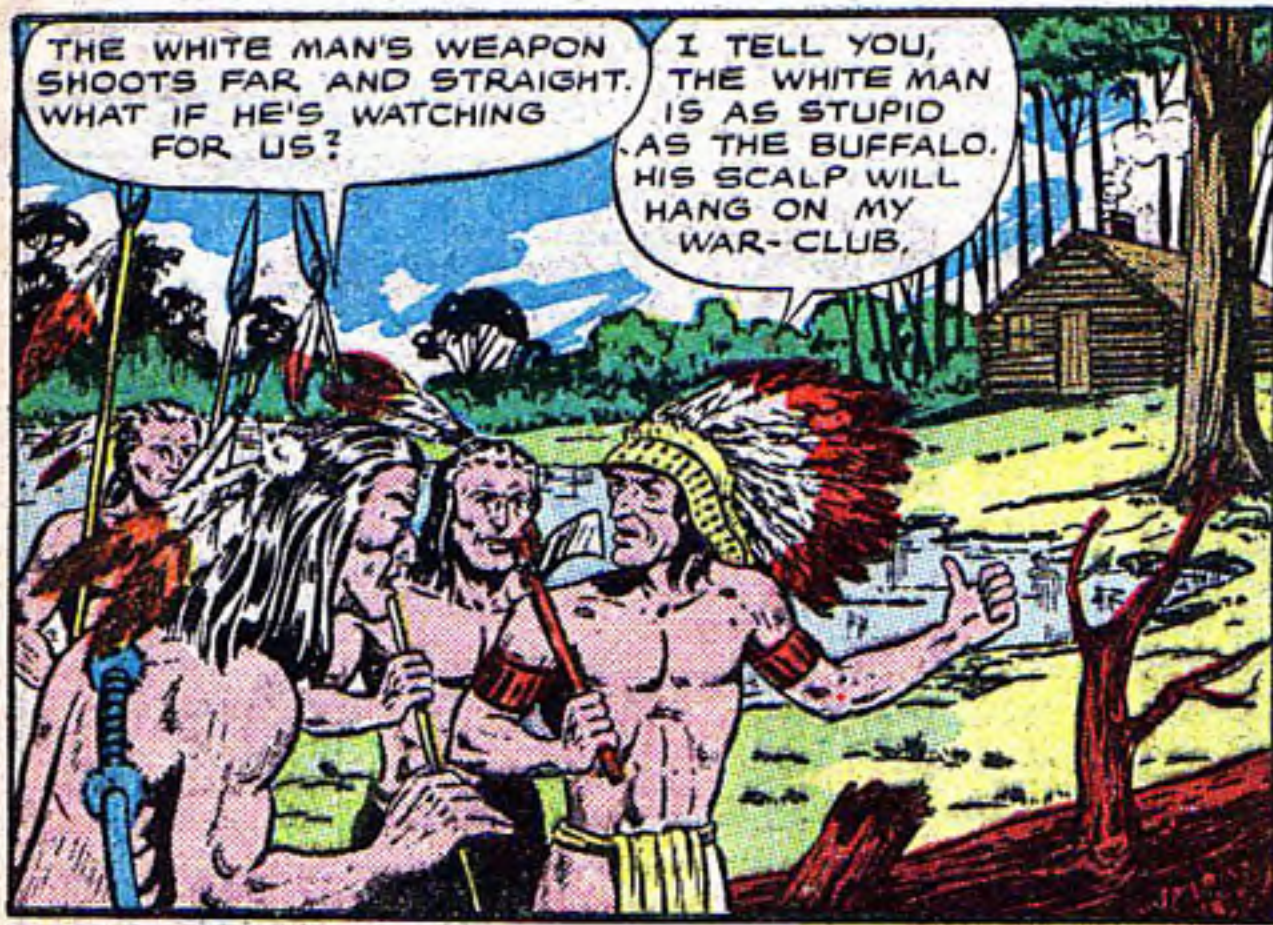
THE BOY WAS FEEDING HIS FRIEND, THE OWL, WHEN A FAINT, STEALTHY NOISE REACHED HIS FEAR-SHARPENED EARS...



YOU HEAR THAT, OWL?

A WAR-PARTY WAS APPROACHING THE CABIN. IT WAS THE SAME BAND OF CROWS THAT HAD FALLEN ON LONE BEAR AND LOOKING-GLASS...

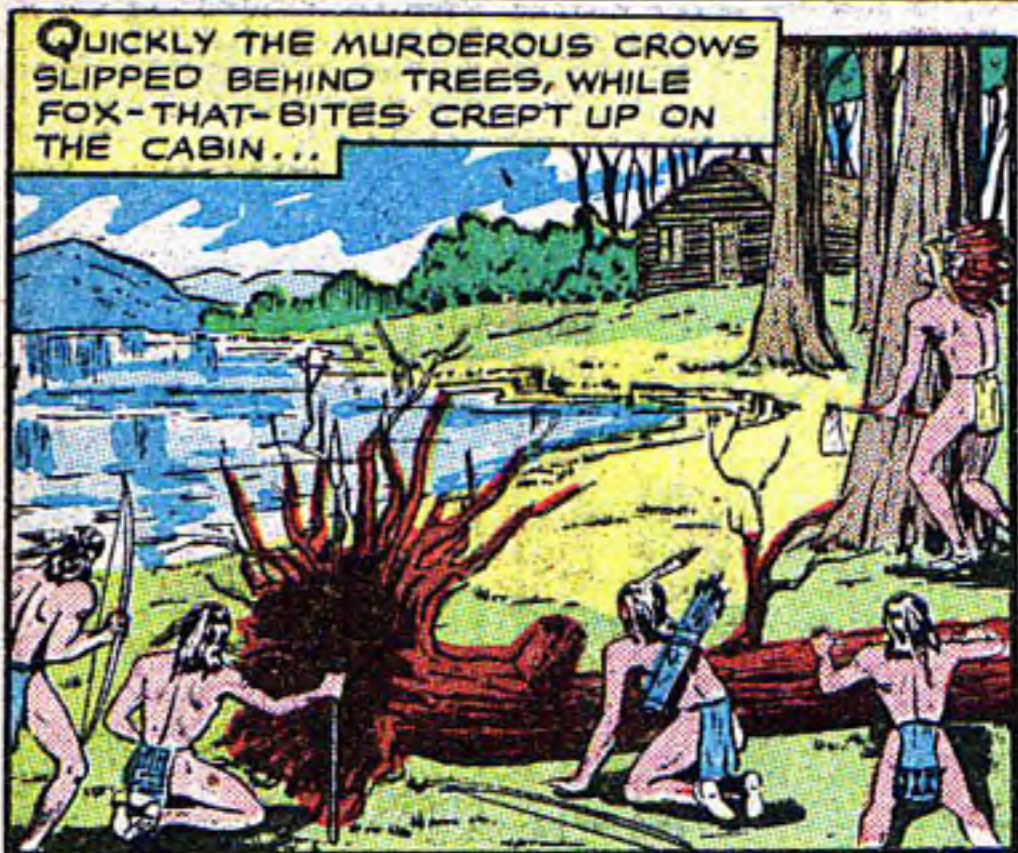




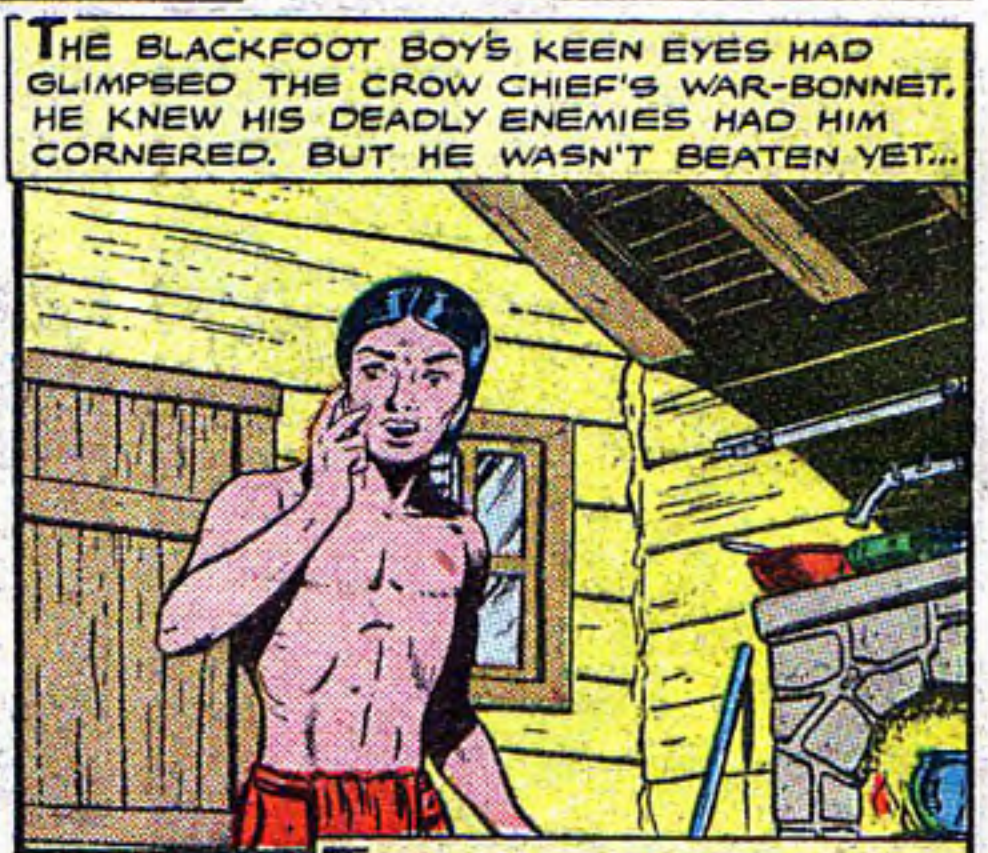
THE WHITE MAN'S WEAPON SHOOTS FAR AND STRAIGHT. WHAT IF HE'S WATCHING FOR US?

I TELL YOU, THE WHITE MAN IS AS STUPID AS THE BUFFALO. HIS SCALP WILL HANG ON MY WAR-CLUB,

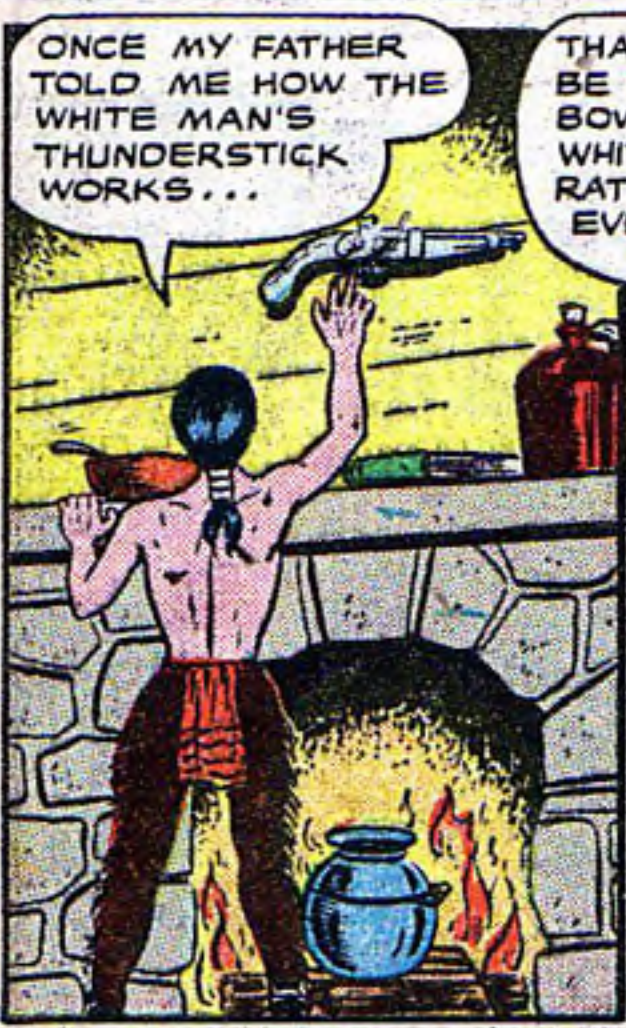
STAY IN HIDING WHILE I, FOX-THAT-BITES, SCOUT THE WHITE MAN'S LODGE.



QUICKLY THE MURDEROUS CROWS SLIPPED BEHIND TREES, WHILE FOX-THAT-BITES CREPT UP ON THE CABIN...



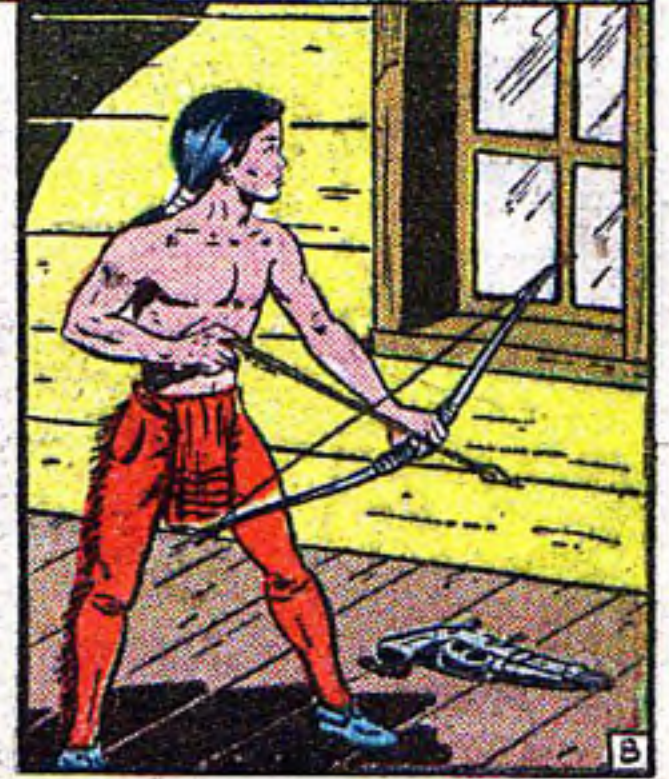
THE BLACKFOOT BOY'S KEEN EYES HAD GLIMPSED THE CROW CHIEF'S WAR-BONNET. HE KNEW HIS DEADLY ENEMIES HAD HIM CORNERED. BUT HE WASN'T BEATEN YET...



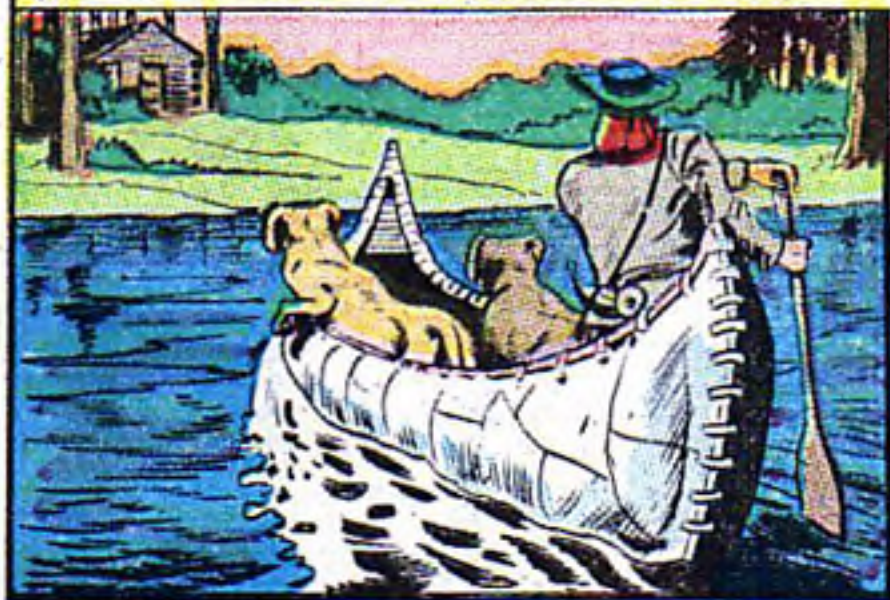
ONCE MY FATHER TOLD ME HOW THE WHITE MAN'S THUNDERSTICK WORKS...

THAT SHINY PEBBLE INSIDE MUST BE THE DEATH-THAT-ROARS. IF MY BOW FAILS, I WILL TRY THIS WHITE MAN'S WEAPON, BUT I WOULD RATHER HAVE A TOMAHAWK OR EVEN A GOOD SHARP HUNTING KNIFE.

THE SINEW BOW-STRING HAD DRIED IN THE WARMTH OF THE CABIN. THE BLACKFOOT BOY PREPARED FOR THE ATTACK, HE WAS SCARED, BUT HE KNEW THAT A BLACKFOOT MUST NEVER ADMIT FEAR...



NOW A STRANGE THING HAPPENED. A CANOE CAME SHOOTING DOWN THE RIVER, THE WHITE MAN, HAVING FOUND INDIAN SIGNS, HAD SWUNG BACK TO PROTECT HIS CABIN AND HIS RICH STORE OF PELTS...



THE TRAPPER THOUGHT HE WAS WELL AHEAD OF THE MARAUDERS. HIS FIRST WARNING OF AMBUSH CAME WHEN THE GREAT HOUND, SAMSON, GAVE VOICE...



WHAT DO YOU SEE, SAMSON?

BUT NOT IN TIME... BLACK-FEATHERED CROW ARROWS WERE ALREADY LASHING AROUND HIM. ONE SHAFT DROVE DEEP INTO THE TRAPPER'S SHOULDER...



CAUGHT ME FLAT-FOOTED. IT LOOKS LIKE TRAIL'S END!



YA-WAHOO KILL! KILL!

COME ON, YOU PAINTED VARMINTS.

AGR-R-R!

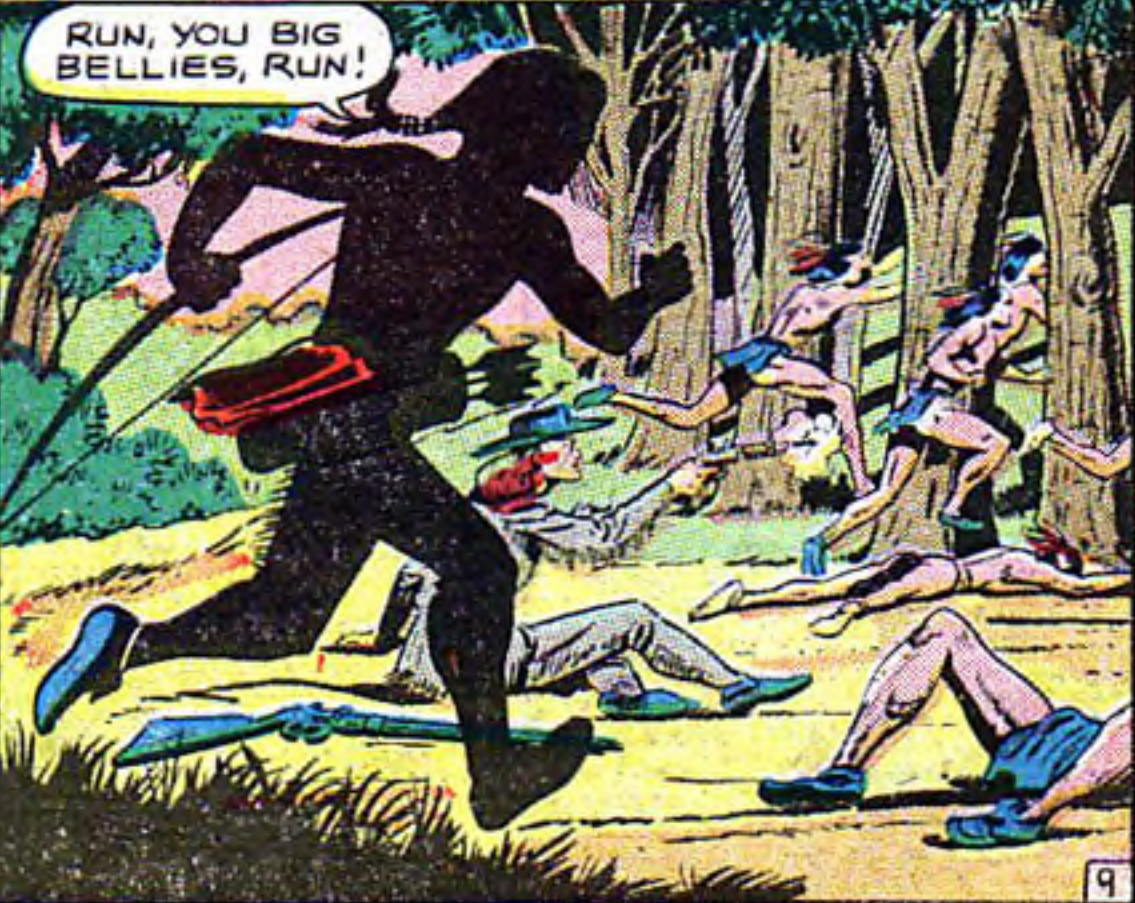
A BOW TWANGED. AN UNEXPECTED ARROW STRUCK FOX-THAT-BITES... STRUCK DEEP...

THE SUDDEN FEROCIOUS ATTACK IN THEIR REAR STARTLED THE CROWS, SENT THEM STAMPEDING INTO THE WOODS. THEY HADN'T EXPECTED A REAL FIGHT...

IT WAS THE BLACKFOOT BOY SHOOTING HIS FATHER'S GREAT HUNTING BOW WITH A STRENGTH BORN OF REVENGE...



ONE FOR MY FATHER, LONE BEAR! AND ONE FOR MY MOTHER, LOOKING-GLASS!



RUN, YOU BIG BELLIES, RUN!

CAN I HELP YOU, WHITE-MAN? I KNOW MUCH ABOUT TENDING ARROW WOUNDS. MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME HOW TO USE HERBS.

WHERE DID YOU POP FROM? YOU MUST HAVE BEEN HOLED UP IN THE CABIN.

YES, I WAS HIDING IN YOUR LODGE. I WAS LOST AND HUNGRY, BUT I DID NOT MEAN TO STEAL YOUR FOOD. I WOULD HAVE PAID YOU BACK.

DON'T TALK OF PAY. I OWE YOU MY LIFE. I'M OBLIGED, LAD, A HEAP MORE OBLIGED THAN I CAN EXPRESS IN INDIAN LINGO.



HEREABOUTS THEY CALL ME TRAPPER JIM. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, LAD?

I AM THE SON OF LONE BEAR, THE GREAT HUNTER. IN MY TRIBE A BOY DOESN'T GET A NAME UNTIL HE'S DONE SOMETHING TO EARN IT.

THAT'S A POWERFULLY TALL BOW YOU CARRY FOR ONE SO YOUNG. I HARDLY SEE HOW YOU'VE GOT THE STRENGTH TO BEND IT.

IT'S MY FATHER'S BOW. HE GAVE IT TO ME JUST BEFORE THE CROWS KILLED HIM. IT'S TRUE, I CAN HARDLY BEND IT, BUT TODAY I HAD TO.

YOU KNOW, LAD, I BEEN THINKING ABOUT A NAME FOR YOU. I THINK YOU SHOULD RIGHTLY BE CALLED **LONG BOW**. IT'S A GOOD NAME, AND YOU SURE EARNED IT.



LONG BOW... I LIKE THAT NAME. IT SOUNDS BIG AND BRAVE.



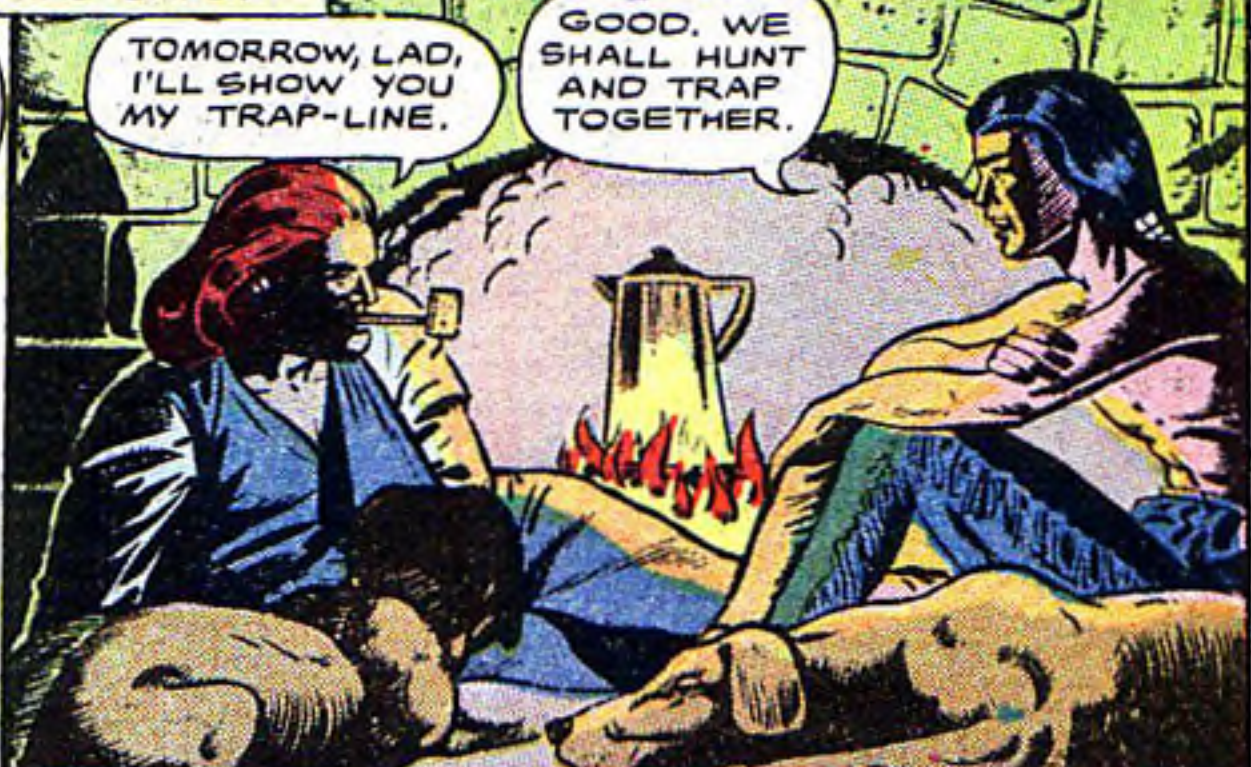
WELL, LONG-BOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY? WILL YOU STAY WITH ME UNTIL YOU CAN REJOIN YOUR TRIBE?

OUTSIDE, THE WIND OFF THE BIG HORNS WAS SINGING OF AN EARLY WINTER. INSIDE THE TIGHT CABIN, LONG BOW FELT SAFE AND SECURE WITH HIS NEW-FOUND FRIEND, TRAPPER JIM, AND THE TWO GREAT HOUNDS. FOR THE MOMENT AT LEAST, LONG BOW, THE BLACKFOOT BOY, WAS SAFE...

I'D LIKE THAT, TRAPPER JIM. IT IS WELL THAT THE WHITES AND THE INDIANS DWELL LIKE BROTHERS. THERE IS ROOM FOR BOTH IN THIS BROAD LAND.

TOMORROW, LAD, I'LL SHOW YOU MY TRAP-LINE.

GOOD. WE SHALL HUNT AND TRAP TOGETHER.



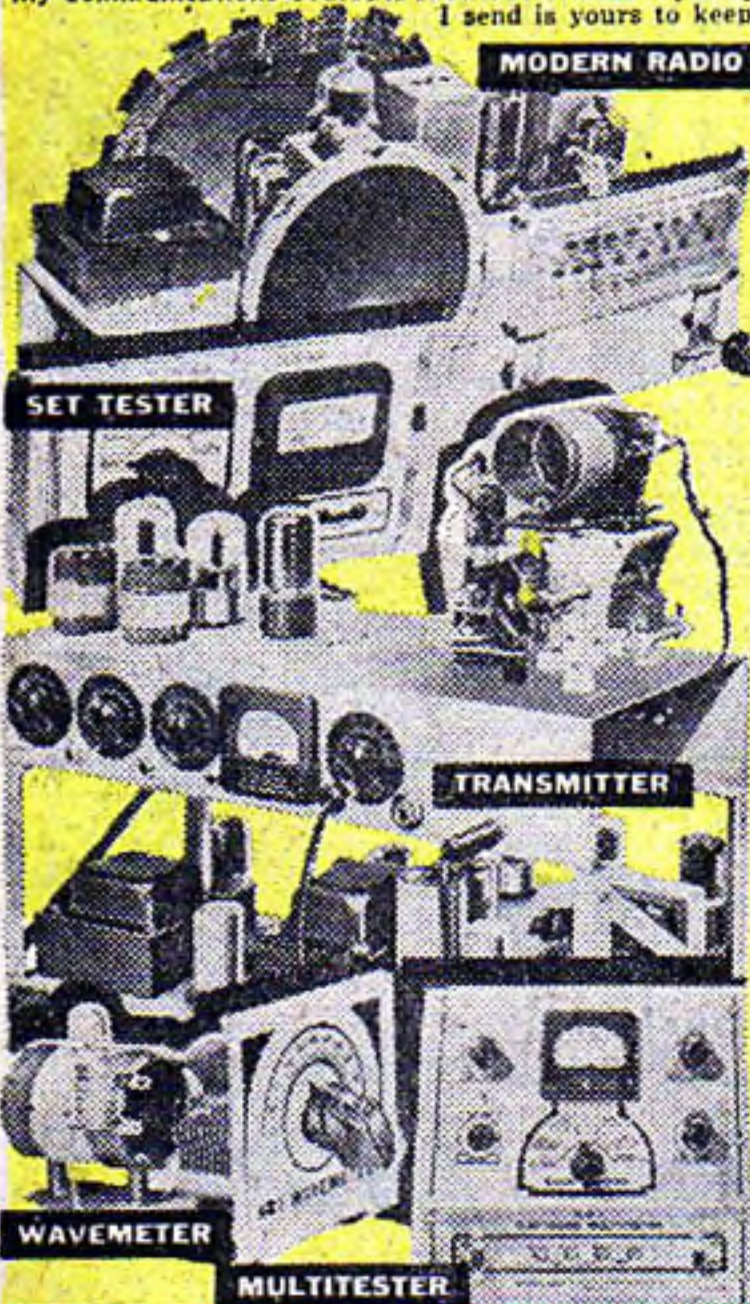
FOR MORE GREAT ADVENTURES OF LONG BOW AND TRAPPER JIM, SEE THE NEXT BIG ISSUE OF **INDIANS!**



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Guarantee

If the HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA isn't better than any product or treatment you ever had, if it isn't the best science knows for you to do to grow more virile hair in 30 days, if it doesn't do for you what it has done for others, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full. HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA is guaranteed to both MEN and WOMEN!

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