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Republic Pictures' Star
Rocky Lane
in The Law-Baiters
Chapter 1: THE TRAP

Help! The Fox and his bunch just robbed the gold shipment and aim to kill me!

Rocky Lane rides the Gunsmoke trail as he tangles with the wildest renegade ever to plague the range, whose open boast is to outlaw the law....and make Rocky Lane the laughing-stock of the West!
LOOK OUT, FOX! HERE COMES ROCKY LANE!

ROCKY LANE ON MY TRAIL AGAIN, EH? HEH! HEH!

HALT! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

FAN OUT, BOYS! WE'LL MEET AT CACTUS FORK—AFTER I SHAKE ROCKY LANE OFF MY TRAIL!

YOU WOULDN'T GET AWAY THIS TIME, FOX!

Yuh'll never catch me, Rocky Lane! Heh! Heh!

He's heading for that herd of critters! I'd better hold my fire! I don't want to hit an animal!

Heh! Heh! I knew the chicken-hearted fool wouldn't shoot! C'mon, Rocky Lane! Catch me—if you can!

Faster, Black Jack, old scout!

After him, Black Jack! That mangy coyote has given me the slip for the last time!

Heh! I knew the fool would follow me!

Now he's in the middle of the herd and I'm out of it!

Ha, ha!

Give up, fox! I've almost got you!

Suddenly! Bang! Bang!

Now to stampede these critters with Rocky Lane caught among 'em!

Git! Git!
TRICKED--BY THE FOX!

SO LONG, ROCKY LANE!
I RECKON I'M JUST A MITE
TOO FOXY FOR Yuh!

I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING
TO DO BUT GO ALONG WITH
THE CRITTERS UNTIL THEY
TUCKER THEMSELVES
PLUMB OUT!

SEVERAL MILES LATER........

THE CRITTERS ARE BEGINNING
to SLOW UP!
WE'LL JUST EASE OUR WAY OUT!

I RECKON THERE'S NO SENSE IN
trying to PICK UP THAT SLIPPERY
SIDEWINDER'S TRAIL NOW!
BUT THIS TIME HE'S GOTTEN
AWAY CLEAN!

LET'S GO, BLACK JACK! I'LL GET
BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND
MAKE OUT A REPORT ON THE
FOX AND WAIT FOR HIS NEXT
MOVE!

WHILE AT CACTUS FORK........

HOWDY, FOX! HAVE
ANY TROUBLE SHAKING
ROCKY LANE OFF
YOUR TAIL?

NAY! NE WAS
EASY!
C'MON!
LET'S RIDE!

WHERE WE HEADING FOR
NOW, FOX?
BACK TO OUR
SECRET HIDE-OUT?

NOPE! WE'LL NOLE
UP IN A GHOST
TOWN I KNOW OF
Fer a spell!
WE'LL BE PLUMB
SAFE THERE, I RECKON!

WHAT'S THE IDEA,
FOX? GOT SOMETHING PLANNED
AROUND THIS GHOST TOWN
VISIT?

I SHORE HAVE,
BOYS! I AIM TO
PLANT A FEW
LIVE GHOSTS IN
IT AND ROCKY
LANE IS ONE OF
THEM! HEH! HEH!
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

There it is! I don't know what its right name is, but a good new one'd be ROCKY LANE'S TOMBSTONE!

BRRR! It shore looks mighty creepy!

Look! There's a big banner still up, announcing some shindig they threw in the past!

Yeah! These ghost towns sprung up around mines and when the mines petered out, folks just pulled out pronto, leaving things just as is!

HAW! HAW! Even an empty hoosegow!

Right! But I aim to take care of that pronto by filling it with lawmen!

Did you say lawmen? Or am I hearing things, Fox?

Yuh heard right! I said lawmen! I'm plumb fed up with having that tinfoil Rocky Lane on my trail! Savvy?

What a joke it would be to have Rocky Lane die in jail! HAW! HAW! HAW!

It shore would, Fox! But how are you aiming to git him out here?

By a dodge that's plumb simple! A dodge that'll not only put Rocky Lane in our hands, but the sheriff and his deputies as well! How here's how we'll swing it! Scout around fer...

...digging tools and take down that big canvas banner! Now listen carefully.... Bzzzz.... Bzzzzz.... HAW! HAW! Mighty suck, Fox!

THESE GHOST TOWNS SPRUNG UP AROUND MINES AND WHEN THE MINES PETERED OUT, FOLKS JUST PULLED OUT PRONTO, LEAVING THINGS JUST AS IS!
SEVERAL BACKBREAKING HOURS LATER...

WHEN! THAT WAS SOME JOB, FOX, BUT IF IT'LL GET ROCKY LANE OUT OF THE WAY, IT WAS WORTH IT!

RIGHT! FORK YOUR BRONCS AND FOLLOW ME! WE'RE GOING IN TO TOWN FOR LAWMEN!

A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE TWO O'CLOCK, AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE....

WHILE I TAKE CARE OF ROCKY LANE! HEH! HEH!

THERE'S ROCKY LANE'S BRONC AT THE HITCHING RACK BY ITSELF, WHICH MEANS THAT ROCKY LANE IS INSIDE ALONE! I'M IN LUCK!

A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE TWO O'CLOCK, AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE....

W-WHY, YES! WHO ARE YOU, MISTER?

THAT'S GOOD! BECAUSE I'M HERE TO COLLECT IT! HEH! HEH!

IS THIS WHERE THE REWARD MONEY IS COLLECTED?

THE FOX!

HERE WE ARE! NOW REMEMBER, THIS DODGE CALLS FOR PERFECT TIMING! YUH ROB THE BANK AND START SHOOTING THINGS UP AT TWO O'CLOCK SHARP! SAVVY?

I'LL COVER MY SIX-GUN WITH MY BANDANNA AND MAKE LIKE I'M MOPPING MY BROW WITH IT WHICH IS JUST AS GOOD AS WEARING A MASK!

RIGHT! OPEN THAT SAFE, ROCKY LANE -- I'VE GOT YUH COVERED!
ALL RIGHT, FOX! THAT SIX-GUN IN YOUR HAND MAKES YOU THE BOSS!

YOU'RE A SMART HOMBRE FOR A LAWMAN, ROCKY LANE! GET BUSY ON THAT SAFE!

I'LL OPEN THE SAFE JUST TO STRING HIM ALONG! WHEN HE REACHES FOR THE MONEY, I'LL JUMP HIM!

FER BEING SO OBLIGING ABOUT OPENING THE SAFE, ROCKY, I'VE GOT A LITTLE REWARD FER YUH!

AND HERE IT IS, FOOL! HEH! HEH! THE FOX TAKES NO CHANCES!

HEH! HEH! THAT MUST BE MY BOYS ROBBING THE BANK! EVERYTHING IS WORKING OUT FINE!

HELP! BANK ROBBERS! HELP!

BANG! BANK ROBBERS! HELP!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

GOOD WORK, BOYS!

CHIEF MARSHAL HEADQUARTERS

HELP! ROBBERS!

COUNTY JAIL

BANG! BANG!

THE FOX!!!

AFTER 'EM, DEPUTIES!

COUNTY JAIL

BANG! BANG!

CATCH ME IF YUH CAN, LAWME! HEH! HEH!
While back in the chief marshal's office...

**BANG! BANG!**

Whew! My head! Oh oh, I hear shots! I've got to hit the trail after that fox coyote pronto!

**Get going, Black Jack, Old Pard! We've got some fox hunting to do!**

**Faster, Black Jack, Old Scout! With the sheriff and his deputies joining in the manhunt, the fox'll never get away this time!**

They're making for that ghost town up ahead!

**Be ready for anything, Sheriff! This fox maverick is a mighty tricky side-winder!**

Look! The fox's bronc has gone lame on him! We've got 'em!

They're herding around that corner! After them!

**Don't move, fox! I've got you at last!**

Shore, Rocky Lane, shore! Heh! Heh!

**A trap!**

It looks as if you'll never learn to watch your step when chasing the fox, Rocky Lane— which is too bad for yuh!

Heh! Heh!

**You're in my power at last, Rocky Lane, and you'll never leave it alive! Heh! Heh!**

**His looks like the end for Rocky Lane! The jaws of the trap are snapping shut! Will Rocky escape death? Read Chapter II!**
WHAT DO YUH THINK, GOPHER FACE?

OH, IT'S A FINE TOBACCO PLANTATION, ALL RIGHT! THAT'S NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT!

WHAT DO YUH WANT TO BUY IT?

GOSH, I--I DON'T KNOW!

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE HESITATING! THIS PLACE IS A BARGAIN AT THE PRICE I'M ASKING!

THEN WHAT'S HOLDING YOU BACK?

IT'S JEST THAT IF I BOUGHT THIS TOBACCO PLANTATION, I'D HAVE A DIFFICULT TIME DECIDING!

IF YUH BOUGHT THIS TOBACCO PLANTATION, YUH'D HAVE A DIFFICULT TIME DECIDING WHETHER...

...TO GROW CIGARS OR CIGARETTES!

(GULP)!!!
**ADVERTISMENT**

**Turns Terrific Clout into Out!**

Another Jim Wise "P-F" Adventure Story

We'll never win tomorrow's game with that kind of baseball.

Just look at Sandy not even close to that fly.

OOPS!

Practicing for the Big Game...

Jim Wise tells why "P-F" canvas shoes help you go full speed longer!

1. The important "P-F" rigid wedge helps keep the weight of the body on the outside of the normal foot... decreasing foot and leg muscle strain, increasing endurance.

2. Sponge rubber cushion.

"P-F" means Posture Foundation®

Day of the big game, we were leading 4-3 in the last half of the 9th with 2 out and runners on second and third... When...

What a wallop!

Looks like a sure triple!

But look at that centerfielder!

GOT IT!

Good thing I was wearing my "P-F's"

Great catch, Sandy. Your speed saved the old ball game!

And "P-F's" helped me play at my best right through the game.

Take a tip from Jim Wise!

Get your "P-F" canvas shoes today and see for yourself how they help:...

Lessen foot and leg muscle strain...

Increase endurance...

You go full speed longer.

*Insist on "P-F" canvas shoes made only by B.F. Goodrich and Hood Rubber Company*
Hey, Dee Dickens, since when have you become a dentist?

Ever since I inherited all the dental equipment inside!

Inherited dental equipment? Who left it to you?

My uncle did! He was a dentist!

I'm sorry to hear he died!

Oh, he didn't die! He just gave up his practice!

How come? Did he make so much money he could afford to retire?

Not exactly! He just couldn't get any customers because he was too good a dentist!

That doesn't make sense!

Oh yes it does! He would make false teeth so natural they would ache!
I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT! I RECKON THE REASON HE WENT OUT OF BUSINESS WAS BECAUSE HE WASN'T HONEST!

THAT'S NOT SO! HE WAS SO HONEST IF HE PULLED THE WRONG TOOTH, HE WOULDN'T CHARGE YUH FOR IT!

PULLED THE WRONG TOOTH?? CARELESS! WAS THE ONE THING YUH COULDN'T ACCUSE MY UNCLE OF! WHY WHEN HE HAD TO PULL A TOOTH, HE WANTED TO CAUSE PAIN?

HE MAY HAVE GONE TO GREAT PAINS, BUT I BET IT WAS THE PATIENT WHO FELT THEM!

WELL, THE ARMY LIKED MY UNCLE'S METHODS!

WHAT MAKES YUH THINK THAT?

BECAUSE WHEN HE GOT THROUGH DRILLING, YORE JAW FELT LIKE A PARADE GROUNDS!

HE SOUNDS LIKE A HEARTLESS MAN!

NOT MY UNCLE! HE WAS A REAL SOFTIE! WHY, WHENEVER HE HAD TO PULL A TOOTH HE'D TAKE GAS!

YUH MEAN HE'D GIVE THE PATIENT GAS!

I MEAN WHAT I SAID! HE'D TAKE GAS SO HE WOULDN'T HEAR THE PATIENT SCREAMING!

THAT GAS HE TOOK MUST HAVE MADE HIM FEEL GLOOMY!

ALL DENTISTS, EVEN IF THEY'RE HAPPY, ARE GLOOMY!
HOW DO YUH RECKON THAT'S SO?
BECAUSE NO MATTER HOW HAPPY A DENTIST IS, HE ALWAYS LOOKS DOWN IN THE MOUTH!

WELL, YUH GOT A HEAD START—YUH LOOK GLOOMY ALREADY!
HOW ABOUT COMING IN AND LETTING ME EXAMINE YORE TEETH?

NOTHING DOING! YOURE LIABLE TO WANT TO PULL ONE OF THEM!
SO WHAT? THE WAY TO LOOK AT IT IS NOT THAT YOURE LOSING A TOOTH, BUT THAT YOURE GAINING A NICE EMPTY SPACE!

IF I WANT THE OPEN SPACES, I'LL STICK TO THE PRAIRIE!
C'MON, HANK, I WON'T HURT YUH!

YUH BETTER NOT! I DO MY DRILLING WITH A SIX-GUN!
HAVE A SEAT AND RELAX!

OKAY!
NOW OPEN YORE MOUTH REAL WIDE!

WELL, HOW DO YUH FIND MY TEETH?
EASY! I JUST LOOK IN YORE MOUTH AND THERE THEY ARE!
I MEAN ARE THEY OKAY?

FROM YORE VIEWPOINT, THEY'RE NO GOOD, BUT FROM MY EMPTY WALLET'S VIEWPOINT, THEY'RE TERRIFIC!

THAT ALL DEPEHOS FROM WHOSE VIEWPOINT YO'RE ASKING!

FROM YORE VIEWPOINT, THEY'RE NO GOOD, BUT FROM MY EMPTY WALLET'S VIEWPOINT, THEY'RE TERRIFIC!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

YORE TEETH ARE OKAY! IT'S YORE GUMS THAT HAVE TO COME OUT!

I SUPPOSE YUN'LL GIVE ME A LOCAL ANESTHETIC?

SURE! MIGHT AS WELL GIVE THE BUSINESS TO SOMEONE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

A LOCAL ANESTHETIC MEANS YUN'LL GIVE ME SOMETHING SO THAT I WON'T FEEL THE PAIN!

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! I HAVE MY OWN SURE-FIRE METHOD TO PREVENT YUN FROM FEELING ME WORK IN YORE MOUTH!

YUN MEAN MY TEETH ARE NO GOOD AND HAVE TO COME OUT?

SURE! MIGHT AS WELL GIVE THE BUSINESS TO SOMEONE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

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SURE! MIGHT AS WELL GIVE THE BUSINESS TO SOMEONE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!
Chapter II - Outlaw Justice

I reckon I'll have to sentence them lawmen to jail for life! Heh! Heh! Pardon me, I mean death!

What sinister plot dwells in the incredibly crafty mind of the Fox? Has Rocky Lane met more than his match at last?

Take their guns and haul the fools out of the trap, men!

Right, Fox!

What are you aiming to do with us, Fox?

Yuh'll find out soon enough, Rocky Lane! Git in that jailhouse!
GET INTO THOSE CELLS! I CAN’T LET YUU FOOLS GO AROUND STUMBLING INTO TRAPS AND SUCH! YUU MIGHT HURT YOURSELVES! HEH! HEH!

YUU LAWMEN HAVE ALWAYS GONE AROUND PUTTING US OUTLAWS BEHIND BARS, BUT NOW THE SHOE IS ON THE OTHER FOOT! LOCK ’EM UP!

RIGHT, FOX! THIS TIME THE LAUGH’S ON THEM!

NOW THAT I’VE GOT YUU AND THE OTHERS BEHIND BARS, ROCKY LANE, I’M GOING TO LEAVE YUU TO ROT BEHIND ’EM! SAVVY?

I’LL LET YOU FOR THIS, FOX, IF IT IS THE LAST THING I DO!

BRAVE TALK, ROCKY LANE—but just talk! Meanwhile, just to rub it in, I’ll tell yuu what I aim to do while yuu and the others starve to death here in jail!

WITH ALL YUU LAWMEN TUCKED OUT OF THE WAY IN JAIL HERE, I AIM TO CLEAN OUT THE WHOLE COUNTY! SEE THIS MAP OF THE COUNTY? I’VE GOT X’S MARKING ALL THE SLOTS WE AIM TO ROB!

YOU’RE PLUMB LOCO, FOX! YOU’LL NEVER BE ABLE TO ROB ALL THOSE SLOTS WITHOUT AROUSING THE WHOLE COUNTRY-SIDE AGAINST YOU! POSSES WILL FORM AND WIPE YOU POLEGATS OUT PRONTO!

YUU UNDERESTIMATE THE FOX, ROCKY LANE! I AIM TO SCATTER MY MEN OUT AND HAVE ’EM ALL STRIKE AT ONCE! IT’S A HEAP SIMPLER THAT WAY!

THEN AFTER CLEANING UP THE WHOLE COUNTY, ME AND MY BOYS’LL JUST HOLE UP IN OUR SECRET HIDE-OUT WHICH NO LAWMAN HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO FIND YET, INCLUDING YUU, ROCKY LANE!
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING THIS BIG, FOX!

IT’LL BE A BIG FEATHER IN MY WARI-BONNET, BUT THE BIGGEST OF THEM ALL IS GETTING YUN, ROCKY LANE! HEH! HEH!

SO LONG, LANE! IT TO BE A PLEASURE STAYING TO WATCH YUN STARVE TO DEATH, BUT I’VE GOT BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

DON'T BE TOO SURE OF YOURSELF, FOX! I'VE GOTTEN OUT OF TIGHTER SPOTS THAN THIS!

YORE BROWN HAS GONE LAME, FOX! I RECKON YUN'LL HAVE TO TAKE ONE OF THE LAWMEN'S!

YEAH! I’LL TAKE THE SHERIFF'S! I HATE TO LEAVE CYCLOONE BEHIND AFTER RIDING HIM FOR YEARS, BUT I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO!

WHAT'LL WE DO, ROCKY? LOOKS AS IF WE'RE PLUMB LICKED!

A GOOD MAN IS NEVER LICKED, SHERIFF! I'VE GOT ONE ACE-IN-THE-HOLE THAT HAS NEVER FAILED ME YET—BLACK JACK!

AS THE SHRIEL CRY OF THE SCREECH OWL KNIVES THE AIR... 

EEEEE!!!!

NO ORDINARY HORSE COULD LEAP OUT OF THAT PIT, BUT BLACK JACK IS NO ORDINARY HORSE!

THE GREAT WONDER STALLION, BLACK JACK, TENSES HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES AND SPRINGS!

YIPPEE! HE MADE IT!

GOOD BOY, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! NOW TO GET ONE END OF THIS ROPE FASTENED AROUND THESE BARS AND THE REST IS UP TO YOU, OLD SCOUT!
'Ray he did it!

Black Jack always comes through!

A few moments later...

We're still helpless without guns! Besides, we'd never be able to stop those sidewinders from striking all over at once!

No, but I've got a better plan of action!

What is it, Rocky?

My plan is to let them strike!

Huh???

Just let me play out my hand. My way, Sheriff! You gents go back and get the hosses! Read up for business! The fox made one big mistake when he left his bronc behind him!

What do you mean?

I mean the fox's secret hide-out has never been discovered! Right? And you all heard him say he had been riding this bronc for years, right?

Shore! But what--?

It adds up to plenty! The fox's bronc knows where the hide-out is and I aim to have him lead me to it!

So long, men. Sorry you have to miss the fun, but I like playing a lone hand... especially this one against the fox!

Miles later...

The bronc is heading up that blind draw! I don't see any place up ahead that could be used as a hide-out!
THE BRONC IS GOING RIGHT THROUGH THAT WALL OF IVY VINES.

SO THIS IS WHERE THE FOX HAS BEEN HIDING UP! MIGHTY SNEAKY HIDE-OUT! NO WONDER NO ONE WAS EVER ABLE TO FIND IT!

GET IN THE BACK OF THE CAVES, BLACK JACK! I AM TO GIVE THE FOX THE SURPRISE WELCOME OF HIS LIFE WHEN HE GETS BACK HERE!

LATER! WHAT’S ROCKY LANE’S CAYUSE DOING HERE?

SURPRISE!

LOOK OUT! IT’S ROCKY LANE!

THIS IS INDEED A PLEASURE MEETING UP WITH YOU THIS WAY, FOX.

KILL THE LAWMAN!

FAIR EXCHANGE, FOX! AN UPPERCUT FOR YOU AND A SIX-GUN FOR ME!

DROP THOSE GUNS! YOU’RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

OUCH! MY HAND!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

HE’S GREASED LIGHTNING!
Enclose this coupon and 25c for one LARGE photo (not a drawing but an actual photograph) of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" autographed to you personally.

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THE COLT slipped from his holster, clattered crazily down the jutting rocks and shot out, spinning in the sun to the desert floor far below. Deputy Sheriff Tom Bent clenched the fists he would have to use against an armed killer. He called himself a fool to come out so far into the desert against the Sheriff’s warning, searching for his friend Abe Easter.

Then he thought of the remains he had found only that morning, the back of the skull smashed by a rifle bullet. He had recognized the boots Abe had won from him on a bet. His jaw hardened in determination to bring Abe’s killer to justice.

Tom stepped down carefully until he sat on his heels just above the cave-like opening into the face of the rock. He studied the layout. Just below him on a broad stone table overlooking the vast desert, a cradle for washing gold rested on a rough rock foundation. Provisiona lay scattered in packages just outside the mine face. Four bulging leather bags lay among them. If these were gold dust, the bags contained a fortune. It was clear enough why Abe lay at the foot of the mountain and why Phil Dyer had been absent so long from his usual gambling haunta in town.

Tom looked for the rifle. But he knew Dyer wouldn’t be so careless as to leave it outside of the gold mine. It must be inside the tunnel where the gambler was working. Just then a muffled explosion shook the rocky earth. Tom felt the tremors through his boots. Dynamite!

Months ago, back in town, Abe had said he needed the dynamite to clear tree stumps from land he had bought. He was very vague about the land and its location. But Phil Dyer, the gambler, had been smart enough to put together the dynamite and the vague location and come up with the real answer—gold! Dyer had followed Abe out of town and when the months passed and both of them failed to re-

turn, Tom suspected foul play.

He stood up above the mine opening. “Dyer!” he called out. “This is Tom Bent. I’ve come to take you in for the murder of Abe Easter. Throw out your guns and come out reaching.

At first there was silence. Then a laugh like the raving of a hoarse hyena sounded below him. For a moment Tom thought he was all wrong about Dyer. It didn’t sound like the suave gambler Tom knew. Then a thick voice spoke. “How do you know Easter’s dead? Where’s proof I did it?”

Talking might bring Dyer out where he could jump him. Choosing his words carefully and talking slowly, Tom tried to get him out closer to the opening. Tom’s eyes were glued below him. He was poised like a broad jumper for any sign of a gun barrel.

“I found Abe—or what the buzzards left of him—down below on the desert. He was shot in the back of his head with a rifle. When Abe Easter left town five months ago with full provisions you were seen heading out after him carrying only a saddle blanket and a rifle. How have you been feeding all this time? This grub down below looks mighty like the stuff Abe Easter bought in town.”

Tom waited for a response. There was no answer.

“I find you working a gold atrike. When did you find it? Two and two adds up to Phil Dyer trailing Abe Easter out of town. You suspected just what you found—gold! You shot him after locating the atrike and tossed his body over the cliff. Then you lived off Abe’s provisions while you worked the mine. That’s murder, and I’m taking you in for it.”

Again there was silence. Then the rusty voice challenged him. “Five months living like a dog and you expect me to come out pretty as you please. I’ve got gold enough to keep me a lifetime. I’ll kill any man who stands in

(Please turn to next page)
ONE SHORT BLAST AND YOU'LL SLEEP AN HOUR!

HERE'S THE FILM: MAKE A COPY WITH MY ROCKET RING AND THE SUN'S RAYS... THEN BACK TO EARTH!

CONGRATULATIONS MAJOR... YOU'VE SAVED US FROM INVASION!

THANKS TO MY ROCKET RING THE VENUSIANS DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT PLANS I COPIED

GET ONE OF THESE ROCKET RINGS FOR YOUR VERY OWN!

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the way. You hear? Any man! Come and take me, Bent, if you've got the guts!"

"Dyer," Tom called back, "you can make it easy or make it hard. But either way I'm taking you in!" His fingers scratched his empty holster. "Your grub is out here, right under the barrel of my gun. You can stay inside till hell freezes over, but the gruh stays out here."

Inside the mine, Dyer thought he was trapped. Tom Bent had reconstructed the murder like an eyewitness. No smooth talk could move this deputy, he knew from experience in town. One possibility remained to him. By tossing out the rifle he could divert Bent's attention long enough to light and throw out one of the dynamite sticks from inside the tunnel and wipe out the deputy sheriff.

"All right, Bent," he called out suddenly. "You've got me." He threw out his rifle, the same Winchester that had snuffed out Easter's life. Tom leaped for it like a mountain lion. As he landed in the brilliant sunlight, Dyer saw from the mouth of the tunnel that Tom's holster was empty. With an oath Dyer sprang out, forgetting the dynamite, reaching for Tom with fingers that work had curved like talons. He kicked the rifle into the dust at the edge of the cliff, before Tom could reach it.

Tom whirled and smashed Dyer back against the rock. He hardly recognized the town's slickest gambler. Gaunt, bearded, his clothes filthy rags, Dyer stared out at the clean-cut deputy from cat's eyes. No quarter was promised in those eyes. Dyer was fighting for his life. He came back at Tom bent over, loping like a bear. Tom swung, knocking the killer away from the rifle Dyer was groping for. Bone crashed on bone!

Backing up, Tom tripped as his boot caught between two rocks of the washing cradle. Dyer was on him in a flash, clawlike fingers tight around Tom's throat. Breathing as though a sponge were clogging his throat, Tom doubled at the knees and got them under Dyer's chest. He straightened them suddenly and flung off the maniacal killer. Following up, Tom clouted a red welt across Dyer's dark burned cheek. Blood trickled down from Dyer's mouth and seeped into his tangled beard. The salt taste unleashed a savage fury that crashed Tom against a boulder and stunned him for a second.

Dyer ran for the rifle. He almost had a solid grip on it when Tom grasped the barrel and twisted it away from certain death for him. Tom pulled with all his strength to wrest the gun from Dyer's hands. As they strained, the barrel pointed straight at the mouth of the mine. Dyer's finger had just encircled the trigger when a sudden lurch by Tom fired the rifle over his shoulder.

The sharp report of the rifle was drowned in the muffled thunder of exploding dynamite inside the mine. The side of the cliff puffed out with a roar as they watched in surprise. Then it collapsed like an accordion and a vast slide of rock tumbled down the mountainside, burying the gold stiike beneath hundreds of tons of rubble and wiping out its location. Far below, the remains of Abe Easter were buried under the gold he had discovered...

Bent and Dyer were too surprised for a moment to fight. They stood on the mesa, Dyer holding the gun stock and Tom gripping the barrel. The accidental explosion had wiped out in a flash all the gold Dyer had taken out with five months' hard labor.

Full realization of his loss drove Dyer berserk. He jerked the gun stock violently as they stood at the edge of the cliff. Using an old trick, Tom suddenly relaxed his pressure and pushed the gun toward Dyer, who was pulling. Then, swift as lightning, Tom jerked the rifle out of his hands before Dyer could fire. The gun flew over the edge of the cliff in a high arc.

Tom went for Dyer with swift battering blows to the body. The gambler grunted as his ribs and chest were punished by a pair of sledgehammers. Sweat poured down Tom's face as he drove home knuckled fists to Dyer's bearded jaw. The gambler was soon a bleeding wreck, clawing the earth as his body was wracked with flurries of pain.

The deputy skinned the sweat from his face and pulled Dyer to his feet. "Dyer, can you understand me?" he asked. Dyer nodded. "I'm taking you back for trial. The only grub we've got is packed on my saddle. If you try any tricks, I'll leave you here for the buzzards like you left Abe. He never got the chance you'll get at the trial. But you'll get your justice if I have to carry you in. I know that's how Abe would have wanted it." He waved to the spot in the desert where Abe lay in peace.

Then he lifted Dyer to his shoulders to take him down the cliff on the long journey home.

THE END
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

ROPING 'N' RIDING WITH

ALLAN 'ROCKY' LANE

AND BLACK JACK

4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

HOWDY, PARTNERS:

IT'S MIGHTY FINE SEEING YOU ALL HERE ONCE AGAIN, FRIENDS. I ROPE UP THUNDER RIDGE ON THE OLD INDIAN TRAIL YESTERDAY. I FOUND AN OLD ARROWHEAD, TOO. IT MADE ME THINK BACK TO THE DAYS WHEN THE TRIBES HUNTED THE GREAT HERDS OF BUFFALO ACROSS THE PLAINS OF AMERICA. THE BUFFALO HUNT WAS ALWAYS A BIG EVENT IN INDIAN LIFE, YOU KNOW.


THE INDIAN DONT MISS A TRICK WHEN HE HUNTED BUFFALO FOR IT WAS NOT JUST A SPORT, BUT A HUNT FOR WINTER FOOD, HIDES FOR CLOTHING AND FAT FOR TALLOW AND COOKING.

HUNTING THE BUFFALO WAS A JOB THEY HAD TO DO AND DID WELL. DOING A JOB YOU UNDERTAKE AND DOING IT WELL IS SOMETHING SOME FOLKS TODAY SEEM TO FORGET. WHETHER IT'S SHOVELING SNOW OR DELIVERING GROCERIES—DO IT WELL! ONCE YOU DECIDE TO TAKE A JOB, SEE THAT YOU DO IT PROPERLY. THAT, PARTNERS, IS WORTH REMEMBERING!

BUT THERE'S ONE THING I'LL ALWAYS BE DOING AS WELL AS I CAN.... COMING BACK HERE EVERY MONTH TO GREET ALL YOU FINE FRIENDS. SO TILL NEXT MONTH, PARTNERS, KEEP WELL!

YOUR PALS,

ALLAN 'ROCKY' LANE

AND BLACK JACK
In The Durado County Bank--

Rocky Lane: What brings you to our peaceful town? I have a few days off, Joe, so I thought I'd stop off here and spend some time with you! How's my old saddle buddy anyway?

Joe: It sure is a pleasure seeing you! And you couldn't have arrived at a better moment! I have to go over to the post office and sign for a package before it closes--

Sure, Joe! And I'll try not to take any wooden nickels while you're gone.

I couldn't be better, Rocky! --so how about you taking my place behind here for a few minutes?
Meanwhile...

GOSH, BOSS, DO YOU MEAN YUH'0 REALLY TRUST ME WITH ALL THAT MONEY?

OF COURSE, BOB! AND SINCE I HAVE TO GO OUT AND LOOK OVER SOME CATTLE NOW, YUH TAKE THE MONEY BACK TO YORE SHACK IN THE HILLS AND I'LL PICK IT UP FROM YUH THERE!

WHATSOEVER YUH SAY, MR. DUDDER!

Shortly After ---

UNDER ORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES I WOULDN'T CASH ANY CHECK WITHOUT JOE BEING HERE! BUT SINCE EVERYONE KNOWS DEAN DUDDER IS SUCH A BIG SHOT IN HIS TOWN, I RECKON IT'S OKAY!

NINETY-NINE HUNDRED, TEN THOUSAND! THERE IT IS!

THANKS, MISTER!

And When Joe Returns---

SORRY I TOOK SO LONG, ROCKY! ANYTHING EXCITING HAPPEN WHILE I WAS GONE?

NO-- UNLESS YOU CALL CASHING ONE OF DEAN DUDDER'S CHECKS FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS EXCITING! HERE'S THE CHECK! YOU ENTER IT!

What's The Gag, Rocky? This Is A Blank Check!

Blank Check? But It Can't Be! I Saw The Writing On It Myself! It Was Made Out To Cash And Signed By Dean Dunder! I Recognized His Signature Or I Wouldn't Have Cashed It!

Maybe You Dropped The Check And Picked Up A Blank One By Mistake!

The Check Never Left My Hand!

But That's Impossible! If There Was Writing On It Before, Then There Would Be Writing On It Now!
UNLESS DEAN USED DISAPPEARING INK WHEN HE MADE OUT THE CHECK!

WHY SHOULD HE WANT TO DO A THING LIKE THAT?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT BEFORE WE START WORRYING ABOUT THAT, FIRST LET'S FIND OUT IF I'M RIGHT! IS THERE A CHEMIST IN TOWN?

LET ME LOCK UP THE BANK AND I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!

OKAY, JOE, BUT HURRY! IF THAT MONEY ISN'T RECOVERED, I'M RESPONSIBLE!

AT THE CHEMIST'S ---

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL WHAT WAS WRITTEN ON THE CHECK, BUT THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT IT----SOMETHING HAD BEEN WRITTEN ON IT WITH DISAPPEARING INK!

THAT PROVES IT!

IN THAT CASE, ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT DEAN DUNDER MUST HAVE DONE IT BY ACCIDENT! HE'LL BE GLAD TO MAKE OUT A NEW CHECK!

THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO SEE! C'MON JOE! LET'S VISIT THE CATTLE BUYING OFFICE!

AT DUNDER'S OFFICE ---

CHECK? WHAT CHECK? I NEVER SENT ANY CHECK OVER TO THE BANK TO BE CASHED TODAY!

THAT'S NOT SO! YOUR MAN, BOB, BROUGHT IT IN! I CHECKED THE SIGNATURE MYSELF!

LOOK HYAR, DON'T YUH CALL ME A LIAR! IF YUH SAY I SENT A CHECK, YUH PROVE IT!

I'LL DO THAT, ALL RIGHT! WHERE DOES YOUR MAN, BOB, LIVE?

I KNOW WHERE HIS SHACK IS, ROCKY! C'MON!

BRING HIM BACK HYAR! I WANT TO SEE YORE FACE, LANE. WHEN HE DENIES THE PHONY STORY YUH MADE UP, SO YUH COULD POCKET THE TEN THOUSAND!
I'LL MAKE YOU EAT THOSE WORDS!

HOLD IT, ROCKY! PUNCHING DUNDER ISN'T GOING TO PROVE ANYTHING! LET'S GO FIND BOB!

BUT AT THE HIRED MAN'S SHACK——

WELL, WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PROVE WHETHER DUNDER SENT HIM IN WITH THE CHECK OR NOT! HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT! SHOT THROUGH THE BACK!

DO YOU THINK IT'S POSSIBLE, ROCKY, THAT BOB WAS BEHIND IT ALL? THAT HE MADE OUT THE CHECK WITH DISAPPEARING INK AND THEN SOMEONE FOUND OUT AND KILLED HIM FOR THE MONEY?

POSSIBLE, JOE, BUT NOT PROBABLE! MY OWN GUESS IS THAT HE WAS KILLED SO WE COULDN'T PROVE THAT DUNDER SENT HIM IN WITH THE CHECK!

BUT DUNDER IS A WEALTHY MAN! WHY SHOULD HE WANT TO DO SUCH A THING?

SOMETIMES PEOPLE GET SO USED TO BEING WEALTHY THAT THEY CAN'T STAND THE IDEA OF GOING BROKE! TELL ME, DO YOU KNOW IF DUNDER IS IN ANY FINANCIAL STRAITS?

NOT THAT I KNOW OF! HE OWES THE BANK A TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR NOTE, BUT IF HE DIDN'T SEND IN THIS CHECK, HE HAD THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THE BANK TO COVER IT!

But when he pays you ten thousand dollars, he'll have nothing left, right?

RIGHT!

THEN HE COULD HAVE VERY WELL DREAMED UP THIS WHOLE SCHEME SO THAT HE COULDN'T PAY OFF THE NOTE WITH THE BANK'S OWN MONEY AND STILL HAVE HIS TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS LEFT!

IT'S POSSIBLE, BUT WITH BOB DEAD, I DON'T SEE HOW YOU'RE GOING TO PROVE IT!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT IT'S WORTH TRYING! LET'S HEAD FOR THE GENERAL STORE!

AT THE GENERAL STORE——

I SOLD ONLY ONE BOTTLE OF DISAPPEARING INK IN THE LAST YEAR SO I CAN SURE REMEMBER WHO BOUGHT IT! --BOB WATTS!

THAT DOESN'T HELP YOUR CASE, ROCKY! IF BOB BOUGHT IT, HE COULD HAVE BOUGHT IT FOR HIMSELF AS WELL AS FOR DUNDER!
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

If Bob had bought it for himself, it should have been in his shack. But I searched the place when I was there and found nothing. Now I'd like to search Dunder's office. That's not going to be easy. Dunder's always around.

I want you to find some excuse to get him out of there for awhile!

Okay, Rocky, I'll try!

Shortly after... I don't see what good this is going to do, Joe, but if you insist, I'll go to the bank with you!

Joe got him out! Good. Now I can have a look around inside!

Shortly after, at the bank...

So far, he's asked me nothing but silly questions! I wonder if he got me out of Mump's office for a reason!

Now one more question, Dean...

I've had enough questions for the time being!

If I'm wrong about something going on, I can always say I lost my temper and apologize for poking him!

While at Dunder's office...

This is the only place I haven't searched!

And here it is!
But at that second---

Someone's at the door! It could be Dunder!

I'll just stand here and catch him as he comes in!

I figured if I rattled the door knob he'd expect me to come through the door! Now I've got him off guard!

Okay, Lane, put your hands up! You insisted upon sticking your nose into my business, so now I'm going to shoot it off!

You'll never get away with your whole scheme, Dunder!

Oh yes, I will! You're the only fly in the ointment! With you dead, Joe will never be able to prove that he didn't steal the money from the bank!

No one will ever believe that story about the blank check! Especially not with you and Bob dead! Now I'm going to let you have it!

It's lucky I came to when I did!

Unlucky you mean! I'll shoot you first and then Rocky!

But the secret marshal never misses the slightest opportunity---

Your coming in when you did, Joe, was perfectly timed! It gave me time to draw!

(Gulp!) He shot my gun away! I've got to get out of here!
HURRY, ROCKY, I CAN'T HOLD HIM MUCH LONGER!

YOU HELD HIM LONG ENOUGH, JOE!

AND I'VE HELD HIM UP LONG ENOUGH, TOO —

HERE'S THE MONEY, ROCKY!

YOU TAKE IT BACK TO THE BANK WHILE I TAKE HIM TO THE JAILHOUSE AND BOOK HIM FOR MURDER AND ROBBERY! AND THE NEXT TIME I HAVE A FEW DAYS VACATION, I DON'T RECKON I'LL COME TO DURADO COUNTY TO SPEND THEM!

JUNGLE INTRIGUE! MYSTERY! ADVENTURE!...

NYOKA
the JUNGLE GIRL
COMIC MAGAZINE

ANOTHER FEW STEPS AND I'LL BE IN THE WATER!

THE PANTHER TURNED BACK. I'M SAFE... (GULP!) WHERE'S THE WATER?

WHAT WEIRD CONTRAPTION HAS DR. ZAUGERS, THE MAD SCIENTIST, CONCOCTED NOW? IN YOKA, THE JUNGLE GIRL, TO ALPHABET THOUSANDS OF FEET TO HER DEATH IN A TIGER AND ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND IN THE SKY?

10¢ LOOK FOR EACH EXCITING ISSUE ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢
"SOCIAL DIRECTOR"

THIS OLD VALISE I FOUND IS NO GOOD, BUT IT'LL HELP ME HAVE SOME FUN WITH THE FELLERS!

THAR THEY ARE NOW!

WELL, SO LONG, FELLERS!

HUH? ARE YUH GOING AWAY, SAGEBRUSH?

HE MUST BE! HE'S CARRYING A VALISE!

GOSH, SAGEBRUSH, WHAR ARE YUH GOING?

TO THE BIG CITY! I'M GOING TO BE A SOCIAL DIRECTOR IN A BUTCHER SHOP!

HUH? YO'RE GOING TO BE A SOCIAL DIRECTOR IN A MEAT SHOP?

THAT'S RIGHT--

-- I'M GOING TO MEAT PEOPLE!
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The rescuer, on one or both knees at the victim's head, places his hands on the victim's back, with thumbs just touching and the heels of the hands just below a line running between the victim's armpits.

The rescuer rocks forward slowly, elbows straight, until his arms are almost vertical — exerting steady pressure upon the back.

Next, the rescuer rocks slowly and slides his hands to the victim's arms, just above the elbows, which are raised until resistance is felt at the victim's shoulders — then, the arms are dropped. This completes a full cycle, which is repeated 12 times a minute.
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