

no. 1

# SUPERIOR STORIES

TALES BY THE WORLDS  
FINEST STORY TELLERS



APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE



AUTHORITY

10c

10c

10c

EXTRA! THE WONDERFUL KIWANIS STORY!

Presenting... O. HENRY'S

# THE TEXAS RANGER



GENE AUTRY PRESENTS A ROSE  
TO A POLIO - STRICKEN GIRL  
ON BEHALF of the KIWANIS CLUB.



KIWANIANS HELP THEIR GUESTS  
AT A CHRISTMAS DAY DINNER.



for ADULTS  
and CHILDREN



PETE  
MORIS

ACTION

ADVENTURE

# LOVE THOSE KIWANIAN

## PART II

The never-ending wonderful work done by Kiwanians is so far-reaching emotionally, morally, physically, and economically that the complete story can never be told. To place a handicapped child on the road to happiness is to build the life of not one person but also his descendants. To allow a young person to grow up warped in any way is to endanger the life of your family or your next door neighbor, for, to quote the immortal poet, John Donne, "No man is an isle unto himself." To tell in detail the unselfish and sometimes miraculous work done by the four thousand Kiwanis Clubs would be an impossibility. A partial list of their activities, however, can be given and they are as follows:

**Chicago, Illinois:** Kiwanians in the Garfield Park area sponsor Boy Scout Troop 252 which numbers 70 members—all crippled children. One of the troop's six patrols is made up 100 per cent of boys in wheel chairs. This same club sponsors Troop 300, blind Boy Scouts, and a troop of blind Girl Scouts. The Kiwanians furnish uniforms, summer camp expenses, Christmas parties, scouting junkets, etc., for these youngsters.

**Knoxville, Tennessee:** Kiwanians of the Northside Knoxville Club operate a student loan fund for deserving youngsters who find it impossible to finance college educations. Money is made available to them if they meet basic requirements (regardless of sex, race, or religion.)

**Albert Lea, Minnesota:** Every year Kiwanians present sets of baby chicks to 4-H clubbers for use in their animal husbandry projects.

**Salisbury, North Carolina:** Kiwanians run a Health Camp. Here physically handicapped children are treated by trained therapists. The camp runs for six weeks each summer. The first three weeks are devoted to training children with speech

defects. The last three weeks are devoted to work with physically handicapped youngsters.

**Waterloo, Iowa:** Kiwanians give scholarships to Indians.

**Magnolia, Arkansas:** Kiwanians are financing treatment at the Kessler Institute in East Orange, New Jersey, for little Freddie Thompson — a youngster born without arms or legs.

**Santa Fe, New Mexico:** Key Clubbers run a summer "integration plan" through which young Navajo Indians—who often experience great difficulty in obtaining jobs—are placed in "on-the-job training" positions.

**Chicago, Illinois:** Key Clubbers of the Penn High School voluntarily act as nurses at a near-by cerebral palsy residential training center. This year they raised a total of \$9,000.00 which, when turned over to the center, enabled the center to continue to operate. The resident therapist describes the work of the Key Clubbers as "Wonderful!"

Not only do the Clubs en masse make all kinds of sacrifices to those less fortunate but the wonderful deeds done by individual members should also be highly applauded. Let's take Charles Giaino, a member of the Irvington, New Jersey Club as an example: he was relaxing one week-end when a prominent doctor asked his help in an urgent matter. The doctor's son had been in an accident and was paralyzed. He couldn't use his hands. Could Charles help? Charlie Giaino is well known around Irvington for the great deal of time he has given to developing aids for the physically handicapped. As soon as the doctor left Charlie set to work to see what he could do to help the doctor's son. What he finally devised was an "electric hand" to be placed over the fingers. Through electric battery power, the gadget enables the wearer to grasp objects like a hand does!

Yes! Love those Kiwanians! For they certainly are wonderful people!

The End.

**BE SURE TO READ THE SIX PAGES OF  
EXCITING KIWANIS COMICS AT THE  
END OF THE FEATURE STORY**



**THE KIWANIS CLUB OF HOBOKEN, N.J.  
LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL TEAM.**



**THE MONTREAL KIWANIS CLUB AT THE RACES.**

**SUPERIOR  
STORIES**

Presents:  
**THE**

# TEXAS RANGER

BY O. HENRY



*DURING THE LATTER PART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY WHENEVER A LOCAL SHERIFF WAS ABLE TO PRINT THE LETTERS "G.T.T." AFTER AN OUTLAW'S NAME HE COULD BRING A SIGN OF RELIEF. FOR THESE LETTERS MEANT "GONE TO TEXAS," SO MANY SHERIFFS HAD THE PLEASURE OF DOING THIS THAT TEXAS SOON BECAME A HOT-BED OF THE MOST DANGEROUS OUTLAWS IN THE COUNTRY. THIS STORY IS ABOUT ONE OF THEM, LEE HARRON, AND THE MOST FAMOUS SHERIFF OF THE WILD WEST, THE MAN WHO SHOT AND KILLED BILLY THE KID, PAT GARRETT WHO WAS A TEXAS RANGER IN 1885...*

**THE TOWN OF CHILDRESS AT MIDNIGHT!!!**

IT'S MIDNIGHT, JOE. TIME FOR YOU TO GO TO BED.

NAW! YOU GOT TO STAY UP 'TILL TWO AND SEE THAT NOBODY HOLDS UP THE FORT WORTH AND DENVER TRAIN! I'M GONNA HELP YA.



TEXAS RANGERS OBEY ORDERS. NOW GIT!

I'M NOT A RANGER YET. STILL GOT TWO YEARS TO GO.



I ONCE HEARD THAT SOMEONE ONCE GOT IN THE RANGERS WHEN HE WAS FOURTEEN, BUT HE WAS DANGED GOOD! NOT ONLY WITH A GUN BUT COULD SHOOT A SILVER DOLLAR WITH A BOW AND ARROW AT A HUNDRED PAGES.

AW, I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HEY, WHAT WAS THAT?



THAT WAS SHOOTIN'! C'MON MELODY! TIME TO RIDE!

C'MON DISCORD! TIME TO RIDE!



IT'S ALL QUIET NOW!

WHOEVER'S SHOOTIN' COULD BE RELOADING! BE CAREFUL!



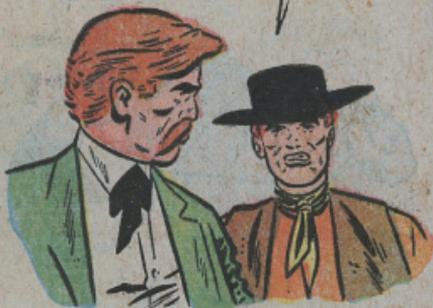
THERE THEY ARE! IT'S MR. SMITH AND MR. FULLER! I THOUGHT THEY WERE GOOD FRIENDS!

ME TOO! HOLD ON YA TWO GALLOOTS! WHAT YA SHOOTIN' AT EACH OTHER FOR?



FULLER SAYS  
MY APPLE  
TREES ARE  
HIS'N!

THAT'S DANGEROUS TOOTIN' RIGHT!  
THE GOV'MINT SURVEYOR FELLER  
WAS HERE THIS MORNIN' AND  
SAID MY LAND EXTENDED  
TWENTY FEET OVER HIS 'LAND.



WAL, IF A GOV'MINT MAN SAYS  
SO IT'S SO, BUT CAN'T YA COME  
TO SOME KIND OF COMPROMISE  
INSTEAD OF SHOOTIN' EACH  
OTHER UP?

THE GOV'MINT  
MAN WAS LOGGON!  
I TELL YOU  
THEM TREES  
IS MINE! ALL  
OF THEM!



I'LL COMPROMISE.  
YOU CAN HAVE TWO  
OF THE FIVE TREES  
THIS YEAR, BUT  
NO MORE AFTER  
THAT.

MIGHTY GENEROUS, AIN'T YE,  
NOW? I'LL COMPROMISE BY  
TAKING WHAT'S MINE, ALL  
MINE, NOT ONLY THIS YEAR  
BUT NEXT AN' EVERY  
YEAR!



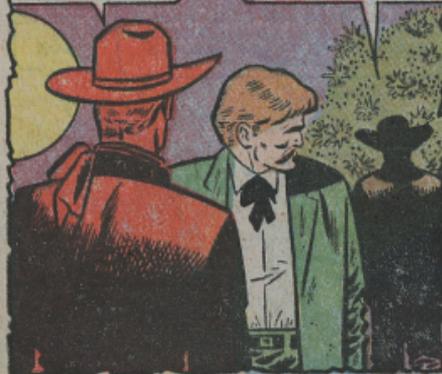
NOW LOOK, YOU TWO, I'M SUPPOSED  
TO KEEP THE PEACE? SO SUPPOSE  
YOU GANDER UP TO BED AND SEE  
THE JUDGE IN THE MORNIN'. LET  
HIM SETTLE THIS FOR YA.

THE ONLY WAY  
THE JUDGE'LL  
SETTLE ANY-  
THING IS BY  
GIVIN' ME  
WHAT'S  
MINE!



ALRIGHT. I'VE HAD  
ENOUGH FOR ONE  
NIGHT. NOW GIT!

BETCHA HE STEALS  
SOME OF MY APPLES  
WHEN I'M SLEEPIN'!

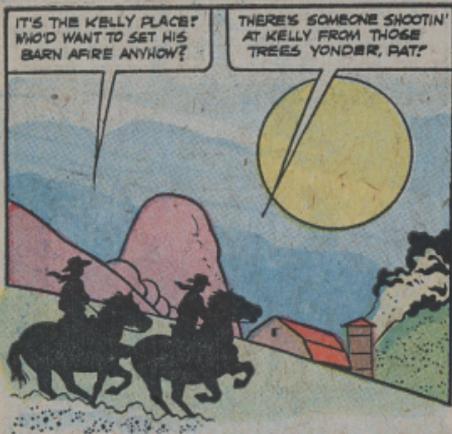


HIS APPLES?  
THEY'RE MINE!  
ALL MINE!

RISE DOWN!  
YOU'LL BE  
WAKIN' THE  
DEAD.

PATT LOOK!  
A FIRE DOWN  
IN THE  
VALLEY!





THERE'S LEG HARDIN'S RANCH! HE SURE HAS A NICE SPREAD FOR A RANCHER WHO CAME TO TEXAS ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO!

I DO NOT SEE ANY HORSES EEN THE CORAL! WHY EEB THESE?



THERE'S NO ONE IN THE BUNK HOUSE OR THE BARN!

JUST THE COOK IN THESE WAIN!



WHERE IS LEG HARDIN AND EVERYONE?

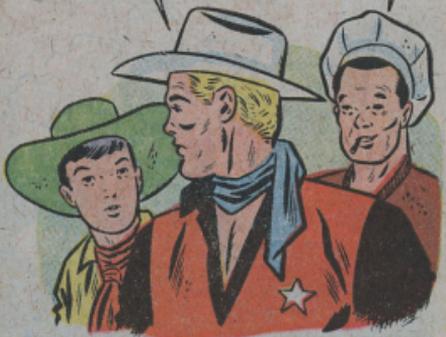
THEY'RE UP OVER THE HILLS ROUNDING UP SOME STRAYS.

RUSTLING SOME STRAYS, YOU MEAN?



THE FIRST THING A RANGER DOES IS NOT TO SPEAK HIS MIND, JOE. COME ON, WE'LL FIND HIM!

THEY'RE NOT RUSTLING, MR RANGER, BELIEVE ME!



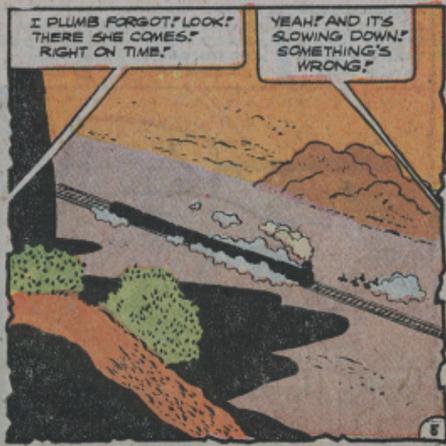
IF THEY ARE DOING ANY RUSTLING MAYBE WE'LL SEE THEM FROM THIS HILLTOP.

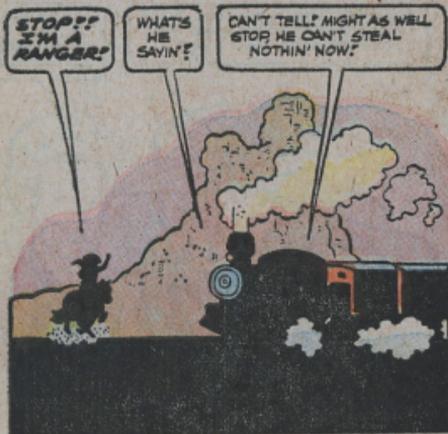
IT'S ALMOST TWO O'CLOCK, TIME FOR THE FORT WORTH AND DENVER TRAIN!



I PLUMB FORGOT! LOOK! THERE SHE COMES! RIGHT ON TIME!

YEAH! AND IT'S SLOWING DOWN! SOMETHING'S WRONG!







THERE SSS HORSES SEEN THE CORRAL THREE TIME!

I GUESS THEY'RE BACK FROM ROUNDING UP STRAYS!

HOLDING UP A TRAIN, YOU MEAN!



JOE, YOU GO AROUND THE BACK WAY AND MOSEY AROUND HERE AND THERE!

YOU BET, PAT! RANGER JOE IS ON THE GO!



WHATCHA WANT, RANGER?

JUST WONDERIN' WHERE YOU BEEN.



ROUNDIN' UP SOME STRAYS LIKE COOKIE TOLD YOU.

Y' HORSE IS SWEATIN' LIKE YOU BEEN PUSHIN' HIM HARD!



ME 'N' SOME O' THE BOYS, WE JUST HAD A FRIENDLY RACE BACK T' HOME. LAST ONE IN WAS A MONKEY!

UH-HUH, WELL, JUST BE CAREFUL YOU'RE NOT THE MONKEY.



WHAT D'YA MEAN BY THAT?

EVER SEE THIS MONEY BEFORE?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? WHY?

TOM KELLY SAID YOU GAVE IT TO HIM TO BUY STEERS. IT'S COUNTERFEIT MONEY.



NOW, THEM'S HARSH WORDS TO SPEAK TO A LAW-BIDING CITIZEN.

WELL, I SURE APOLOGIZE IF I HURT THE FEELINGS OF AN UPRIGHT CITIZEN LIKE YOURSELF? BE SEEN' YA?



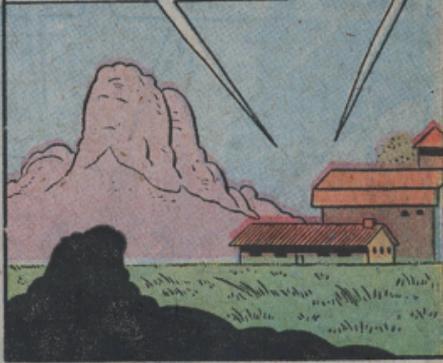
RILE HIM? I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM IN BOOT HILL. TOMORROW I'M PULLING THE BIGGEST JOB OF MY LIFE AN' I DON'T WANT HIM AROUND WHEN I DO IT.

GO EASY, LES. PAT GARRETT AIN'T NO MAN TO FOOL WITH!



I NEVER HEARD OR SAW ANYONE CALLED TOM KELLY AND I'M WILLIN' TO BET KELLY'LL SAY THE SAME IF I'M EVER HAILED INTO COURT?

YES, IF KELLY VALUES HIS LIFE, YOU'RE RIGHT!



YOU BE CAREFUL WITH ALL THAT MONEY, RANGER. SOME BAD BOY MIGHT TAKE IT AWAY FROM YA!

DON'T RILE HIM, LES. HE CAN BE REAL MEAN!



I AIN'T FIGURIN' ON TAKING HIM MYSELF, SAM. SUPPOSE YOU JUST OPEN THE BULL PEN AN' LETS SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

TH-- THE BULL PEN?



THAT'S RIGHT, SAM.  
YOU HEARD WHAT  
I SAID?

B-BUT THAT CRITTER'S  
**LOCO!** NO TELLIN' WHAT  
HE'LL DO IF HE'S SET  
FREE!



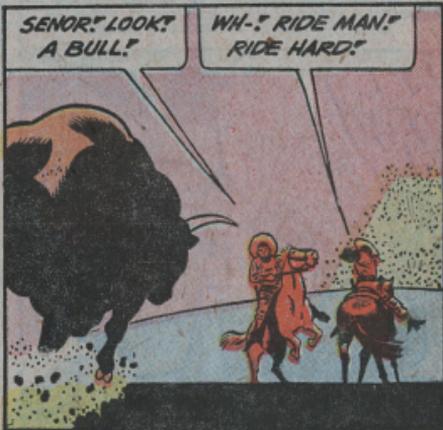
YOU TELLIN' ME  
MY BUSINESS,  
SAM?

WHATE' N-NO LES' ITS  
JUST, OKAY, OKAY, I'LL  
DO LIKE YOU SAID.



SENOR! LOOK!  
A BULL!

WH-? RIDE MAN!  
RIDE HARD!



PATS HORSE, MELODY, STEPS INTO A GORNER HOLE...



... AS THE BULL CHARGES!



**BUT PAT SELLS THE ANIMAL JUST IN TIME!**



**A FEW SECONDS LATER, PAT RECOVERS FROM HIS FALL TO HELP MELODY. HE DOES NOT SEE A RATTLESNAKE NEARBY THAT WAS AWAKENED BY THE SHOOTING.**



**THE RATTLESNAKE'S TAIL BEGINS TO VIBRATE AND THE DEATH WARNING IS HEARD!**



**PAT IS HORROR STRICKEN AS HE REALIZES THAT HIS GUNS ARE EMPTY!**



**SUDDENLY THE RATTLESNAKE STRIKES!**



**BUT THE MAN FROM SOUTH OF THE BORDER HAS A DRAW THAT'S FASTER THAN GREASED LIGHTNING!**





HEY YOU TWO! LESS NOISE! YOU'RE NEAR THE COMANCHE BURIAL GROUND! YOU WANT SOME GHOST TO SCALP YOU?

WHO CARES? LET 'EM SCALP US! WE FOUND GOLD! YIPPEE!

WE'LL SOON BE RICH AS KINGS! AA-AA-AA! LOOK!



YOU FOLLOW THAT STREAM AND IT'LL TAKE YOU RIGHT THROUGH THE COMANCHE BURIAL GROUND. DESECRATE THEIR SACRED LAND AND YOUR LIVES WON'T BE WORTH A TWO-CENT PIECE.

HUH? WHAT'S 'AT? HUH?



GOT THEM OUT OF THE STREAM NEARBY? WE'RE GONNA FOLLY THAT STREAM 'TILL WE FIND THE POCKET THESE NUGGETS COME FROM!

WE'LL SOON BE RICH AS KINGS! HAAA! RICH!



I SAID STAY AWAY FROM THAT STREAM OR YOU MAY NOT LIVE TO SPEND THE FEW NUGGETS YOU HAVE!

AW, I CAN FIGHT ANY INDIAN IN ONE TWO, THREE!

I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANY INDIAN EITHER! NOT ME, BY GUM!

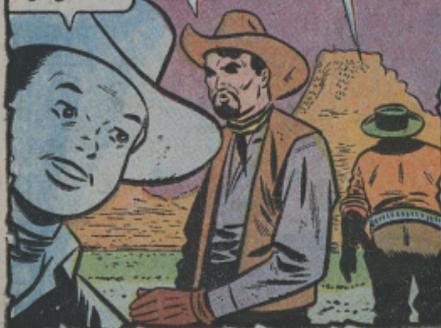


JOE IMITATES AN INDIAN WAR YELL!

OOOWAN!  
OOOWAN!  
OOOWAN!

HEY!  
WHAT WUZ THAT?

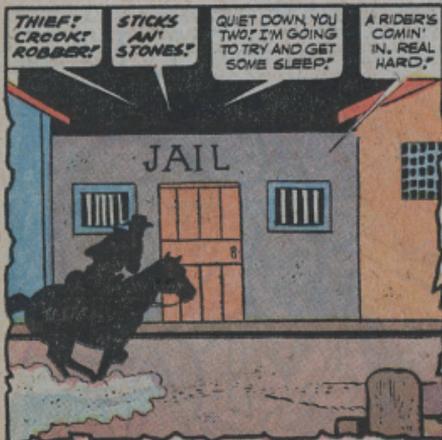
I'M NOT WAITIN' TO FIND OUT! LEGS, START MOVIN'!



I HOPE THOSE TWO DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID! IT WOULD BRING THE WHOLE COMANCHE NATION DOWN ON THE TOWN!

HEY, LOOK! MR. SMITH AND MR. FULLER ARE FIGHTING AGAIN!





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ASHES ARE COLD, FIRES  
BEEN OUT 'BOUT TWELVE  
HOURS.

LOOK!  
SOME  
FOOT-  
PRINTS.

A SENORA  
AND  
CHILD

WELL, THESE ARE COMANCHE ARROWS AND THE  
TRACKS ARE EASY ENOUGH TO FOLLOW, I'D  
SAY, IT'S A SMALL PARTY OF SIX. LET'S TAKE  
THEM ON!



ANOTHER HOUR PASSES...

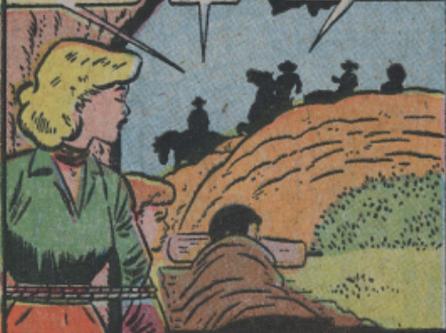
NOW THESE  
TRACKS ARE  
REALLY FRESH!

DAT,  
I SEE  
THEM!

THEY'RE SLEEPING!  
BE CAREFUL!  
LAY LOW!

SEE THAT YOUNG GIRL? I ONCE KNEW  
A GIRL HER AGE TAKEN BY INDIANS.  
SHE GREW UP BECAME A SQUAW AND  
COULDN'T REMEMBER A THING ABOUT  
HER PAST! HER MIND CRACKED!

WE'VE GOT  
TO DO SOMETHING!  
WE'VE GOT TO GET  
HER OUT OF  
THERE!

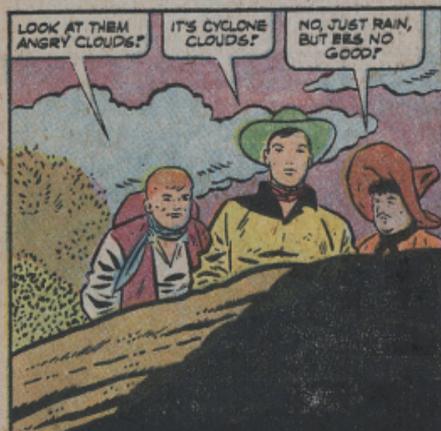


NO SENSE IN FIGHTING IF WE CAN DO IT  
THE EASY WAY, YOU MEN STAY PUT, BUT  
COVER ME... JUST IN CASE!

PSST, MA'AM! DON'T SAY A WORD!  
I'M GONNA GET YOU OUT OF HERE!

THANK  
HEAVEN!









WONDER WHAT THOSE PEOPLE ARE DOING AT THE JAIL?

I CAN TELL YOU, SMITH AND FULLER ARE FIGHTING OVER THEIR APPLE TREES AGAIN.



THEY'RE MY TREES AND I'LL PROVE IT IF I HAVE TO GO TO THE U.S. SUPREME COURT!

AND I'LL GO TO THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF!



I SEE I MADE A MISTAKE BRINGING YOU BOTH IN, SMITH YOU'RE GOING HOME!

AN' WHAT ABOUT ME? LEAVE ME HERE AN' PEOPLE'LL THINK HE'S RIGHT, AN' I'M WRONG!



ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN GO, TOO! BUT DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU FIGHTING AGAIN!

IF I REALLY WANTED TO WHIP HIM, I COULD DO IT WITH ONE HAND TIED BEHIND ME!

SA-S YOU' TALK! TALK! TALK! TALK!



HEY, PAT, ONE OF THE PROSPECTORS WE MET BEFORE JUST STUMBLED INTO TOWN! HE'S HURT PRETTY BAD BY COMANCHES!

LET'S TAKE A LOOK, JOE!



I GUESS YOU CALLED THE TURN, MISTER. AFTER YOU LEFT, A BAND OF COMANCHES JUMPED ME AN' JED. I WAS LUCKY, THEY LEFT ME FOR DEAD, BUT JED... I GUESS HE WASN'T SO LUCKY!

GET THE DOC, JOE, THEN GO GET SOME SHUTEYE. I'M GOING TO SEE THE MAYOR. I THINK WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME TROUBLE BEFORE THE DAY IS OVER. INDIAN TROUBLE!

AS IF WE HAVEN'T HAD SOME ALREADY!



I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF SOME MEN WERE SENT OUT IN FOUR DIRECTIONS TO GIVE US A WARNING IF JUST IN CASE.

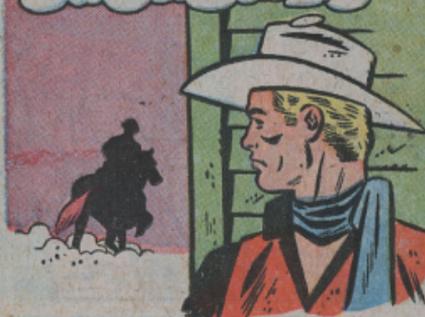
A GOOD IDEA, PAT? YOU'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP, NOW!



THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO DO FOR THE PAST SIX HOURS. I WONDER WHAT LES HARDIN'S SUGGESTED JOB IS GOING TO BE? NOW, WHY WOULD BANKER RHODES BE LEAVING TOWN SO EARLY?

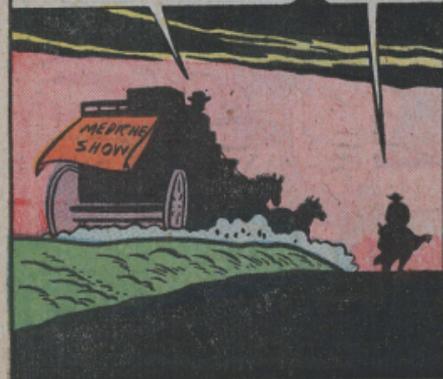
A N O U R K A N K A S

HE'S GOING TO LES HARDIN'S? A BANKER AND AN OUTLAW? --- THAT'S A QUERER COMBINATION! MAYBE I'M ASLEEP AND DREAMING! GUESS I'D BEST GET BACK TO TOWN!



HOWDY, STRANGER. COMING TO TOWN TO SEE THE BIG PRIZE, RIGHT? DOC MCKEON IS THE NAME.

PAT GARRETT, RANGER.



HAVE A FREE SAMPLE OF DOC MCKEON'S MAGIC REMEDY. PUTS MUSCLES IN YOUR ARMS AND GIVES YOU EYES LIKE AN EAGLE!

AND IT CURES DANDRUFF TOO, EH?



THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT! CURES DANDRUFF, WARTS, BUNIONS AND WHAT HAVE YOU?

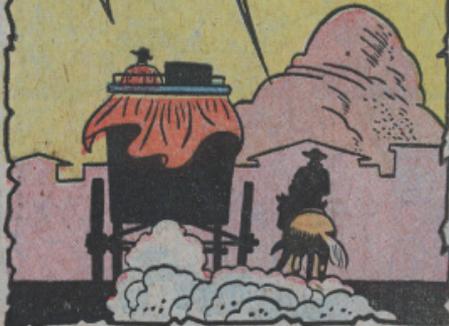
SIXTY PERCENT ALCOHOL! DON'T LET THE SALOON KEEPER SEE THIS OR HE'LL RUN YOU OUT OF TOWN FOR RUINING HIS BUSINESS!



WELL, I GUESS THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO MEET THE CROWD.

BE SEEN' YA!

WELL, MAYBE I'LL FINALLY GET SOME SLEEP NOW, I HOPE!



THE MORNING STAGE'S BEEN HELD UP!

THERE GOES MY SLEEP!



WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?

TOWARDS THE SALT LAKES? CRAZY PLACE TO GO, AIN'T IT?



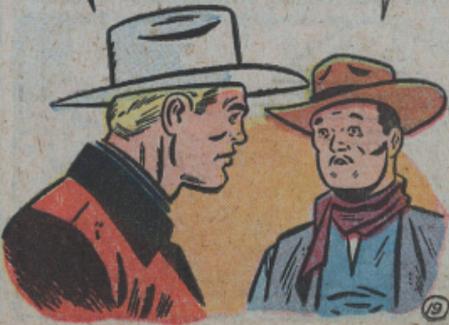
THE SALT LAKES? THERE'S NOTHING THERE BUT DEATH IN THAT DIRECTION!

WELL, THAT'S WHERE THEY WENT! AND THEY SAID YOU WOULD NEVER CATCH THEM.

THEY'RE DARN TOOTIN' BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING AFTER THEM.

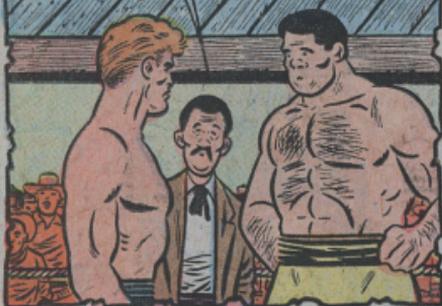
THIS IS JUST A TRICK TO GET ME OUT OF TOWN!

YOU'RE NOT!



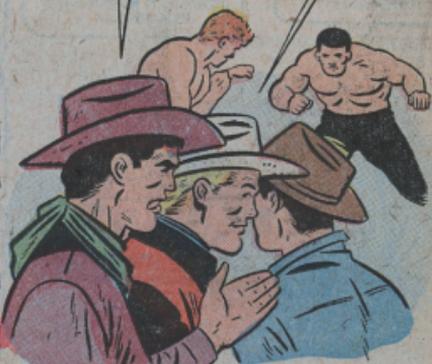
HIGH NOON... THE FIGHT IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...

...AND EACH TIME A MAN IS KNOCKED DOWN IT WILL BE THE END OF ONE ROUND. ALL RIGHT? WHEN YOU HEAR THE GUN COME OUT FIGHTING!



RANGER... THE SALOON'S BEEN HELD UP!

AND THEY RODE OFF TO THE SALT LAKES?



WHY... YES, THAT'S RIGHT!

NOT INTERESTED! I'LL CATCH UP WITH THEM SOME OTHER TIME!



THREE HOURS LATER... THE 60TH ROUND...

THE POST OFFICE HAS JUST BEEN HELD UP. THIS TIME THEY WENT TOWARDS LES HARDIN'S PLACE.

...STILL NOT INTERESTED!



TWO HOURS LATER... THE 98TH ROUND...

...SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN! YOU'RE OUT!

LOUSY FIGHT! ONLY LASTED NINETY EIGHT ROUNDS!

I FEEL LIKE ASKING FOR MY MONEY BACK!



THE BANKS... ALL THREE OF THEM! THEY ALL BEEN HELD UP AT ONE TIME!

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! AND I BET THEY DIDN'T HEAD FOR THE SALT LAKES OR HARDIN'S PLACE! COME ON MELODY, MAKE TRACKS!





**"INDIANS? A WAR PARTY?  
PROTECT YOURSELVES!"**



**BUT THE AFTERNOON SHADOWS GREW LONGER AND THE AMMUNITION SUPPLY GREW SMALLER! EVERYONE KNEW THAT IF JOE DID NOT COME WITH THE RANGERS PRETTY SOON THIS WOULD BE THEIR LAST DAY ON EARTH!**



**IF WE DON'T GET HELP IN THE NEXT HALF HOUR THERE WON'T BE ANY TOWN OF CHILDRESS! WE'RE SCRAPING THE BOTTOM OF THE AMMUNITION BARREL NOW!**

**AND ALL BECAUSE OF A COUPLE OF GREEDY PROSPECTORS WHO WANTED GOLD AT ANY COST.**



**I HOPE JOE MAKES IT IN TIME! HE'S BEEN GONE MORE THAN THREE HOURS! IF HE DIDN'T COME ACROSS ANY INDIANS, HE'LL BE BACK BEFORE LONG!**



**WELL, MR. MAYOR, HOW STANDS THE UNION?**

**THE UNION STANDS FIRM— BUT THE TOWN OF CHILDRESS COULD USE SOME AMMUNITION!**



**THEY'RE COMING! I SEE THEM COMING! THE RANGERS ARE COMING!**



YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

ME, TOO! THOSE TROOPS WERE ON THE MOVE AND I HAD TO TRACK THEM! DID YOU CATCH LES HARDIN?



HARDIN? HE MUST BE AROUND SOMEWHERE! HE RAN INTO TOWN LIKE A DOG WITH ITS TAIL BETWEEN ITS LEGS!

YEAH? WELL, THERE HE GOES!



RANGER JOE, GET ON THE GO! THIS TIME WE'RE CATCHING HIM!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



BUT, FATE WAS TO CATCH UP WITH LES HARDIN BEFORE PAT GARRETT GOT HIS CHANCE FOR, AS THE OUTLAW RODE OUT OF TOWN AND ONTO THE BRIDGE NEAR THE COMANCHE CAMP.

WHAAT? NO? DON'T CUT THE ROPES! I'M YOUR FRIEND! I GAVE YOU GUNS!



HELP! HELP!



LATER, AS PAT AND JOE ARRIVE UPON THE SCENE...

WELL, I GUESS THAT'S THE END OF HARDIN. ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW, IS PICK UP BANKER RHODES AND THIS CASE'LL BE CLOSED!

**BANKER RHODES?**  
YOU MEAN HE WAS IN THIS TOO?



THAT'S RIGHT! THE ONLY WAY HARDIN COULD COMPLETELY CLEAN OUT THREE BANKS IN TOWN WOULD BE IF HE HAD INSIDE INFORMATION FROM SOMEONE WHO KNEW HOW BANKS WERE RUN, AND I SAW RHODES RIDE TO HARDIN'S RANCH A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE ROBBERY!



THAT'S SMART FIGURIN' PAT, HEY, LOOK AT THAT SKY! IT'S A TWISTER AND COMING THIS WAY AT SPLICKETY LICK MILES AN HOUR!

WED BEST DUCK INTO THIS CAVE, QUICK!



THE SUDDEN TWISTER WAS OVER ALMOST BEFORE IT BEGAN, AND THE TWO HORSEMEN CONTINUED ON TO TOWN.



WANNA PLAY A GAME OF CHECKERS, JUD?

OKAY, LUKE! I'D LIKE IT FINE!

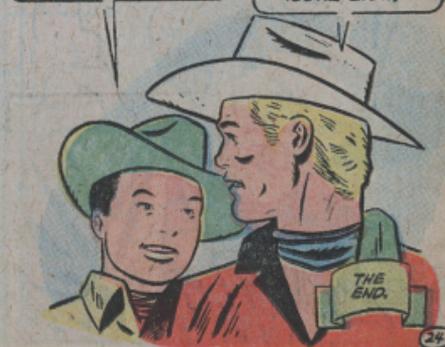
HA-HA-HA! THE CYCLONE TORE UP THEIR APPLE TREES!

AND NOW THEY'RE FRIENDS, ONCE MORE!



WELL, HERE IT'S MIDNIGHT AGAIN. I ONLY HOPE THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS WILL BE AS EXCITING AS TODAY!

SON, YOU'RE CRAZY! BUT IN TWO YEARS IF YOU STILL WANT TO JOIN THE RANGERS, I'LL RECOMMEND YOU! YOU'RE OKAY!





**SHOWN HERE ARE SOME SCENES OF KIWANIS IN ACTION, AND OF THE WONDERFUL WORK THEY DO FOR THE BETTERMENT OF OUR YOUTH. CHECK THIS ISSUE FOR A MORE DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE KIWANIS STORY.**

*THIS BED-RIDDEN YOUNG PATIENT IS OPERATING A KIWANIS DONATED PROJECTOR WHICH ENABLES HIM TO READ THE PAGES OF A BOOK BY LOOKING AT A PROJECTION OF THE PAGES ON THE CEILING ABOVE HIS BED. THE SLIDES ARE MOVED BY THE PATIENT WHO HAS NEAR AT HAND A REMOTE CONTROL BUTTON WHICH HE PRESSES.*



*KIWANIANS IN ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA, BOUGHT A CHROMOVIX FOR LOCAL SCHOOLS. THE DEVICE SHOWN IN OPERATION BELOW IS THE LATEST THING IN TEACHING THE HARD OF HEARING, THROUGH THE USE OF WORD PICTURES, MICROPHONES AND EARPHONES. THE CHROMOVIX TRAINS YOUNGSTERS TO A FINER DISCRIMINATION OF SOUND.*



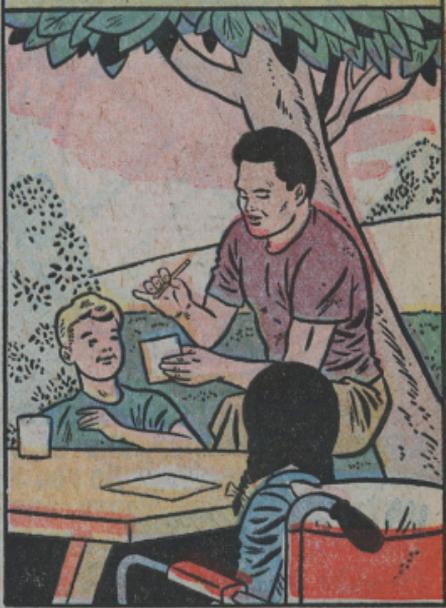
*IN MANY AMUSEMENT PARKS THROUGHOUT THE U.S. AND CANADA, KIWANIS OPERATE MINATURE RAILROADS, PROCEEDS FROM WHICH GO TO FINANCE THE KIWANIS' LOCAL YOUTH ACTIVITIES. THIS MINATURE TRAIN IS IN OPERATION IN BANGOR, PENNSYLVANIA.*



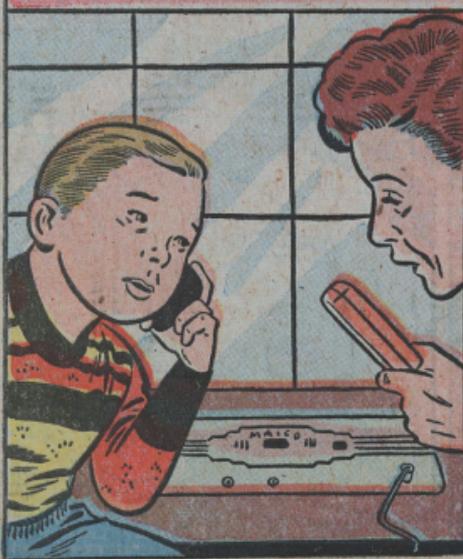
THESE YOUNGSTERS FROM THE EDGEBROOK SECTION OF CHICAGO WERE GUESTS OF KIWANISANS WHEN THE CIRCUS CAME TO TOWN. DID THEY ENJOY THEMSELVES? YOU BET THEY DID!



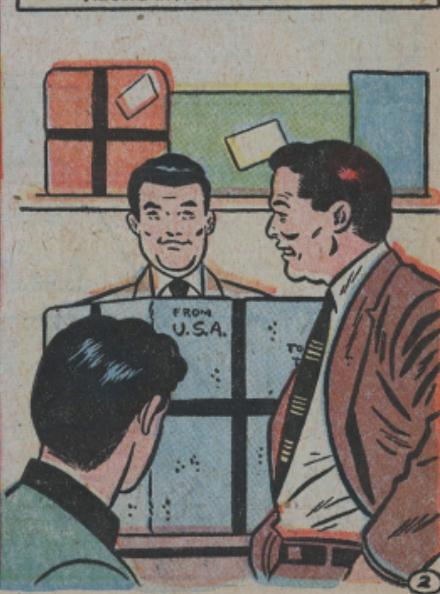
THE HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIFORNIA, KIWANISANS OPERATE A HANDICAPPED SCHOOL IN CONNECTION WITH THEIR CAMP FOR HANDICAPPED YOUNGSTERS.



KIWANISANS OF CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA, HAVE PROVIDED AN AUDIOMETER FOR THE LOCAL SCHOOL SYSTEM. THE YOUNGSTER SHOWN BELOW HAS NEVER TALKED BECAUSE OF A HEARING DEFECT. HE IS LEARNING WORDS AT THE RATE OF TWO EVERY HOUR THANKS TO THE AUDIOMETER.



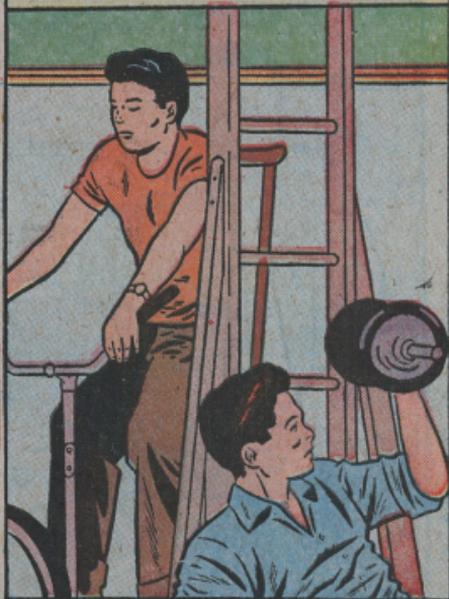
KIWANISANS AT BROCKTON, MASS., COLLECTED CLOTHING FOR SHIPMENT ABROAD, ENLISTING THE COOPERATION OF CHILDREN AS WELL AS ADULTS IN A CLOTHING DRIVE.



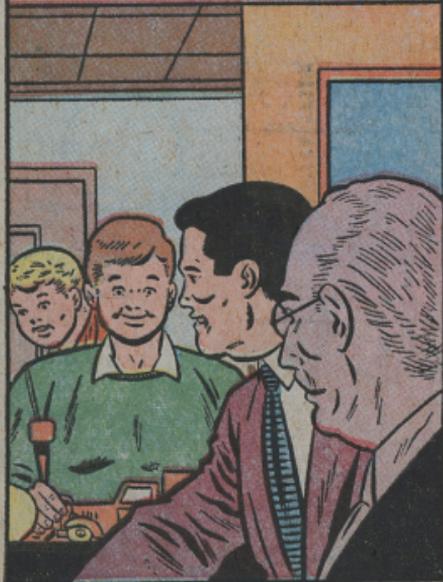
KIWANIANS OF BELLE GLADE, FLORIDA, OPERATE AN EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT CLINIC. THE YOUNGSTERS BELOW, ARE READY FOR THEIR CHECK-UPS.



PICTURED HERE IS SOME OF THE THERAPEUTIC EQUIPMENT WHICH KIWANIANS HAVE PROVIDED FOR ONE OF THE LOCAL HOSPITALS.



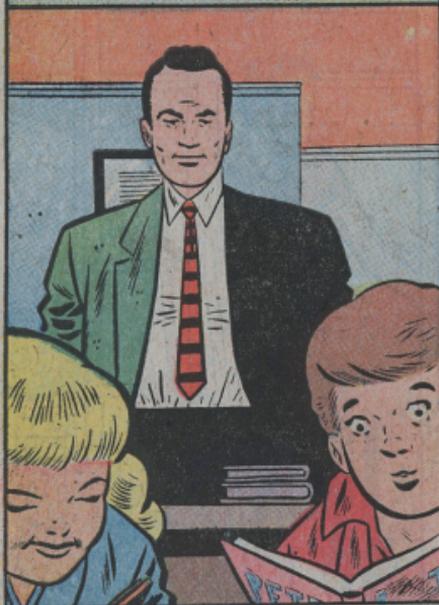
KIWANIANS OF BOWLING GREEN, OHIO, PRESENT TOYS TO YOUNGSTERS IN A CEREBAL PALSY CENTER IN BOWLING GREEN, TOYS WHICH THEY MADE THEMSELVES.



MAYBE JUNIOR DOESN'T LIKE THE IDEA, BUT HE'S RECEIVING DENTAL TREATMENT AT THE LA GRANGE, GEORGIA, KIWANIS CLINIC JUST THE SAME. THE CLINIC ESTABLISHED IN 1950, SERVES MORE THAN 500 CHILDREN IN TWO GEORGIA COUNTIES FOLLOWING TREATMENT, EACH YOUNGSTER RECEIVES A NEW TOOTH BRUSH.



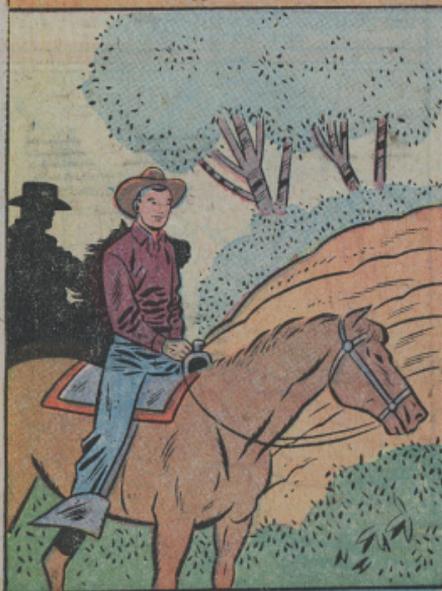
HERE, A KIWANIAN DONATES SOME BOOKS TO THE "SHUT-INS" AT A LOCAL HOSPITAL. NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE BOOKS ARE EAGERLY RECEIVED.



NEW TOYS ARE BOUGHT, OLD ONES, REPAIRED, BY KIWANIANS, SO THAT THE NEEDY WILL BE SURE OF HAVING A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS.



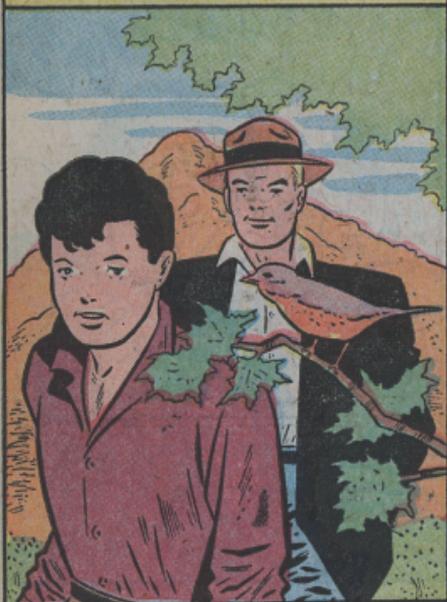
HORSEBACK RIDING IS A RARE TREAT TO THE ORPHAN PICTURED BELOW, BUT THROUGH THE HELP OF THE KIWANIS CLUB, IT WAS A TREAT MADE POSSIBLE.



"BANG! BANG!" AND THE ACTION IS ON! MOVIES TOO, ARE SUPPLIED BY THE KIWANIS CLUB FOR THE ENJOYMENT OF THE CHILDREN'S WARD OF A LOCAL HOSPITAL.



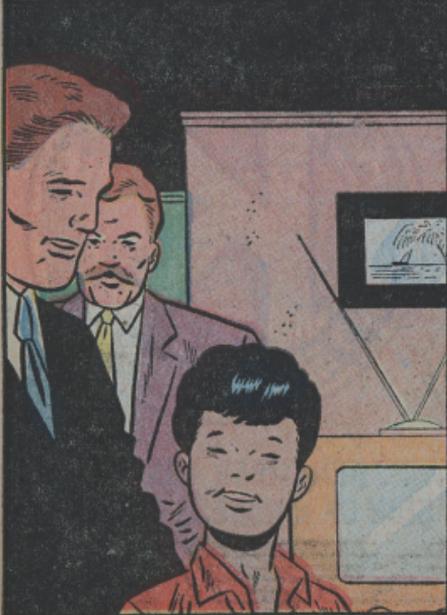
A DAY AT THE MOUNTAINS IS ARRANGED BY KIWANIANS FOR NEEDY CITY DWELLERS, AS A CHANGE OF PACE.



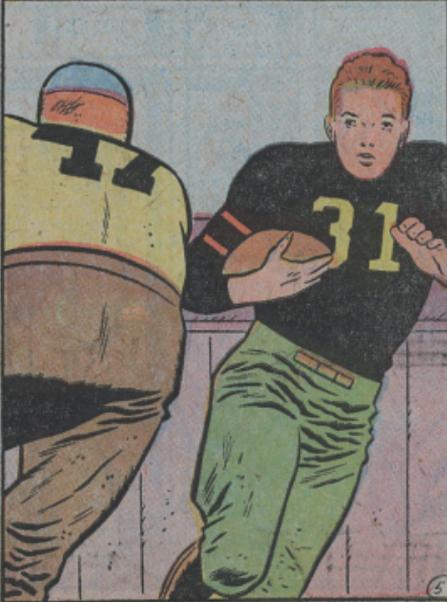
"PLAY BALL," THE MAN SAYS, AND THE GAME IS ON. A TYPICAL SCENE OF A KIWANIAN IN ACTION AT A LOCAL OUTING.



T.V. SETS, TOO, ARE DONATED TO LOCAL HOSPITALS BY MEMBERS OF THE KIWANIS CLUB.



FOOTBALLS, AND OTHER NEEDED EQUIPMENT FOR PLAY IS DONATED BY THE KIWANIS CLUB TO VARIOUS ORPHANAGES AND INSTITUTIONS.



KIWANIANS OF NORTH BALTIMORE HOLD A HAY-RIDE FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN OF THEIR COMMUNITY. THIS IS JUST ONE OF THE MANY ACTIVITIES PLANNED.



IN THIS PICTURE, KIWANIANS, DRESSED AS CLOWNS, PROVIDE ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOUNGSTERS AT A SMALL PICNIC OUTING.



A DAY AT THE CIRCUS IS MADE POSSIBLE FOR THESE YOUNGSTERS BY KIWANIANS OF SALEM, VIRGINIA. THE YOUNGSTERS, PART OF A DELEGATION FROM TWO LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS, WERE GUESTS OF KIWANIS AT THE CIRCUS.



WHEN YOU SEE THIS SYMBOL



... REMEMBER THAT IT'S A SIGN OF KINDNESS AND LIFE!

# THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

BY MARK TWAIN

In the early part of the sixteenth century a boy was born to a very poor family named Canty, in London, England. On that very same day there was also born to His Royal Majesty, King Henry VIII, a son.

Tom Canty's father was a thief and his mother a beggar and they lived in the poorest neighborhood in London. His father tried to make a thief of Tom but the boy refused so the father had to be satisfied to make a beggar of him. Many was the time when Tom came home with so little money that his father beat him and sent him to bed without any dinner, if you want to call what they had a dinner. Whenever this happened Tom would cry himself to sleep and dream he was a prince in a beautiful castle and could eat all kinds of wonderful foods and dress in nice clean clothes. The only pleasure he had in life was the friendship of a kindly priest who taught Tom how to read and write not only English but also Latin, and taught him a smattering of other subjects so that as the boy grew older he was easily the most educated lad in his squalid neighborhood.

One day he decided to find out what a real prince looked like and so he took a trip across town which was a real adventure because he had never been so far from home before. Poor Tom in his rags looked through the high iron fence and saw the Prince dressed in silks and satins, bejeweled, wearing pretty little shoes and a jaunty crimson hat with drooping plumes. Tom tried to get a better look at the Prince and edged nearer to the gate. In a moment, one of the soldiers pushed Tom away most forcefully but the Prince saw the rude action and invited Tom into the palace! Inside the palace the Prince asked Tom a thousand and one questions about his life and they very soon became fast friends.

Odd to say the Prince almost envied the clothes Tom wore and his way of life, doing whatever he cared to do and for a lark the Prince suggested they exchange clothes. When they were dressed in each other's clothes they looked in the tall mirror in the room and a strange thing happened! They immediately realized they were alike as two peas in a pod and no one could tell which was the Prince and which the beggar! Just then the Prince noticed a bruise on his friend's hand and decided to punish the soldier who hurt Tom. The Prince in the ragged clothes went outside to the garden leaving the pauper inside the palace dressed in the Prince's clothes. When the Prince went to scold the soldier to his astonishment the soldier threw him outside the garden and into the street! The Prince shouted at the top of his lungs that he was the Prince but everyone laughed at him! A crowd

assembled around the real Prince and hustled him far down the road laughing and jeering at him!

Meanwhile Tom in the palace wondered why the Prince hadn't returned. Soon strange people came into the room and began to converse with him. He didn't know how to answer them and told them he was not the Prince they thought him to be! The courtiers decided the Prince had lost his reason and notified the sick King, Henry VIII! The King soon realized that the boy whom he thought was his son was unbalanced but proclaimed him his heir anyway. Shortly thereafter the King died and poor Tom Canty became the King of England! To the surprise of many the new King though thought to be touched in the head acted, soon after he learned how a king should act, very wisely, kindly, and profitably!

Meanwhile the true Prince was found by Tom Canty's father who promptly started to chastise him! The boy shouted to the Canty family that he was His Royal Highness, the Prince! The family Canty could only conclude that their Tom had gone out of his mind with all the studying he had done with the priest! The Prince managed to escape and found a protector in the person of Miles Hendon, a nobleman who has been unjustly treated and was now in very poor circumstances. The Prince and Miles went through many adventures and were even thrown into jail where the Prince saw how unjust the laws, such as hanging a man for stealing a loaf of bread, of England were and decided to do something about these horrible conditions if he ever regained his rightful place. At the coronation, when Tom Canty was just about to be crowned King of England the true Prince broke into the great hall and demanded they stop the ceremony! Consternation broke out! The two boys looked so much alike! Who is who and which is which? Tom Canty insisted that the boy in rags was the real Prince and the noblemen questioned him. To their astonishment he gave them answers to their questions which only the real Prince would know! They finally decided to give him the final test—if he were the real Prince then where is the Great Seal of England that had been missing these past few weeks? The Prince did not know but with the coaxing of Tom Canty he finally remembered. The Seal was found and when Tom Canty was asked how he knew where it was he replied that he had been cracking nuts with it all this time but he didn't know it was the Great Seal of England!

And so the real Prince was crowned, Tom Canty became his dear friend, and Miles Hendon had his estates returned to him.

The End.

NEXT ISSUE!

ROUGHING IT! MARK TWAIN'S personal thrilling and wonderful adventures in the gold mining camps of the Wild West! Don't miss it!

## A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT

BY MARK TWAIN

During the latter part of the last century, a superintendant of a large machine shop in Connecticut was struck on his head with a blunt instrument wielded by an angry employee and when he regained consciousness he found himself in a strange land where people spoke a strange tongue somewhat akin to English and wore suits of mail and armor! Taken prisoner by a knight in shining armor he asked where he was being taken and he is informed they are going to Camelot. The Connecticut superintendant thinks the name is slightly familiar and believes there is a lunatic asylum so entitled.—On being taken through the town he thinks the people are dressed strangely but they think his clothes are so odd that they run at the sight of him. He soon learns that he is in King Arthur's court and the date is June 19, 528. The sixth century! He doesn't know what to make of this strange occurrence but he does know that a total eclipse of the sun took place on June 21, 528 and if it takes place again then he will surely know time has strangely turned back thirteen hundred years! He is condemned to be burnt alive at the stake by the magician Merlin but he gets word to King Arthur by means of a young man, Clarence, with whom he has become friends that if they attempt to do this to him he will blot out the sun forever and everyone will perish! Merlin scoffs at this and the man from the nineteenth century is brought to the stake. Just then the eclipse of the sun begins and everyone is petrified with horror! He is unshackled from the stake, dressed in princely fashion, given dozens of servants, the finest quarters in the castle, made minister and executive to King Arthur and is dubbed, "Sir Boss."

Sir Boss decides he is nothing more than another Robinson Crusoe on a desert island without modern nineteenth century conveniences so he starts building soap factories, bathtubs, toilets, telephone systems, newspapers, gunpowder, and even a West Point for his private army. Time after time Merlin tries to outwit Sir Boss and proclaim himself the greatest magician in the land but Sir Boss, because of his vast knowledge is always able to make Merlin look like a fool and his reputation is soon in shreds.

After he has been at King Arthur's Round Table four years the King tells him the time has come for him to go out and rescue damsels in distress like all the other knights. So Sir Boss goes forth and not only rescues fair damsels but when he sees the wretched way the so-called free men of England live and how they are taken advantage of he uses his magic to free these wretched creatures from their bondage.

One day King Arthur and his entourage meet Sir Boss. The King, when informed by Sir Boss that he intends to go in disguise among the people and learn more about them thinks it is a wonderful idea and decides to go with him. So Sir Boss cuts off the King's beard and some of the hair from his head and dresses him in peasant's clothes. They go forth among the people but the King always forgets that he is supposed to be a peasant and manages to get into one difficulty after another being rescued time and again by Sir Boss. One day, however, the odds against them are too great. They are taken prisoner and sold at auction. The King, to his chagrin, bringing only seven dollars, and Sir Boss is sold for nine.

While in the dungeon of the master who had just bought them Sir Boss manages to open the padlock of his and the other slaves' chains! They attack one of the keepers and the alarm is rung! Sir Boss manages to escape but the King is held prisoner! At the trial of the slaves the next day they are all condemned to be hanged including King Arthur! Sir Boss rushes off to a secret telegraph office and sends a message to his protegee, Clarence at Camelot. The next day just as the slaves are about to be hanged Sir Launcelot and five hundred knights come riding to the rescue and King Arthur is saved! The King decides he has had enough of this tomfoolery and everyone returns to Camelot.

When they reach the court Sir Boss learns that Merlin has been practicing the magic arts over the person of Sir Sagramor whom he wishes to challenge and kill Sir Boss. Sir Boss accepts the challenge and enters the field with apparently no weapons. However, he does have a lasso and a gun which no one can as yet understand its function. Sir Boss plays with Sir Sagramor like a cat with a mouse and then vanquishes him.

Soon afterward a civil war breaks out. King Arthur dies, the Queen enters a nunnery, Sir Boss is wounded on the field of battle and is attended to by Merlin disguised as an old woman. The next day Sir Boss is dead as Merlin the magician cries incantations over Sir Boss' body and predicts Sir Boss will not awaken until the nineteenth century!

The End.

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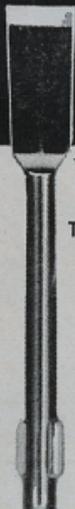
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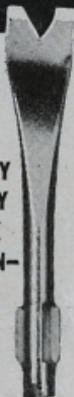
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