

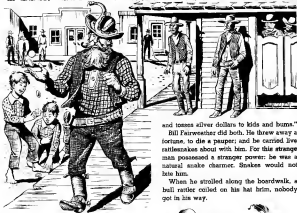
DELL
COMIC

NO. 106
10¢

BUCK JONES



THE RATTLESNAKE MAN



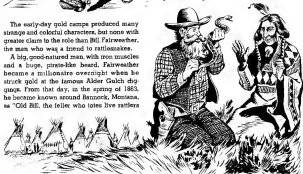
The early-day gold camps produced many strange and colorful characters, but none with greater claim to the role than Bill Fairweather, the man who was a friend to rattlesnakes.

A big, good-natured man, with iron muscles and a huge, pirate-like beard, Fairweather became a millionaire overnight when he struck gold at the famous Alder Gulch diggings. From that day, to the spring of 1863, he became known around Barnock, Montana, as "Old Bill, the feller who totes live rattlers

and tomes silver dollars to kids and bums."

Bill Fairweather did both. He threw away a fortune, to die a pauper; and he carried live rattlesnakes about with him. For this strange man possessed a stranger power: he was a natural snake charmer. Snakes would not bite him.

When he strolled along the boardwalk, a bull rattler coiled on his hat brim, nobody got in his way.



BUCK JONES, No. 244. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 241 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, N. Y. President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert F. Delacorte, Vice-President. Single copies, 10 cents. Authorized edition. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithography Co. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright, 1940, by Mrs. Gladys D. Jones. All rights reserved. Except for those names authorized to be used herein, the names, names, characters, incidents, and occurrences mentioned or mentioned in this publication are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. A Mock with a cat.

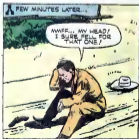
BUCK JONES

and
THE HALF-EARED HORSE THIEF

ONE AFTER-NOON NEAR WALNUT CREEK, IN THE HEART OF THE HORSE-BREEDING COUNTRY.

WHOA, SLEWED-IT! LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S HAD A BAD FALL!











THE SAME SET UP
AS BEFORE...
THESE MONAGGES
ARE GETTING
IN A RUT!



BUT THIS TIME
THINGS WON'T
WORK OUT THE
SAME WAY!



YOU... BEHIND THOSE
BOULDERS! COME ON
OUT WITH YOUR HANDS
HIGH AND EMPTY!



AND YOU! SAME'S OVER,
MISTER! ON YOUR FEET,
SLOW AND EASY... AND
KEEP THOSE HANDS
IN SIGHT!



I SAID MOVE,
FASTER!
I GIVE YOU
JUST... HEV!





I'M GONNA GIVE THIS GIP A LESSON HE'LL NEVER FORGET!

THAT'S ENOUGH WES! SOMEONES LIABLE TO RIDE BY HERE ANY WUNUTE!



I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'VE GOT WHAT WE CAME AFTER... ANOTHER HORSE!

NOT A BAD ONE, EITHER!



HE'S COMIN' TO... OWON!

AAAA-- FF WHAT HAPPENED? HEY?



HOLD ON, YOU TWO!

BLAM! BLAM!



I REALLY LOOK LIKE A PRIZE HILDE NOW... THE SHERIFF IS NOT GONNA TO LIKE LOSIN' HIS HORSE, EITHER!



OWON, FEET! NOW WE'VE GOT A DOUBLE REASON FOR TRACKIN' DOWN THESE HORSE THIEVES!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AT A RANCH ALONG THE ROAD...

HOWDY! YOU CAN PUT AWAY THE RIFLE, MUSTER... ALL I WANT IS A ...

HOLD IT! RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!



JUST A MINUTE! I ONLY WANT TO ASK THE OWNER OF THIS SPREAD IF I CAN BUY A HORSE!

LIP GET SA LIP STRANGER! HIGHER!

THAT'S BETTER! NOW TURN AROUND... AND KEEP THAT MOUTH OF YOURS HOBBLER!

THIS DOES IT!

IT'S SAD ENOUGH BEIN OUTSMARTED BY A COUPLE OF HORSE THIEVES! AND WALKIN OVER TWO HOURS IN THIS SUN DIDN'T HELP MY TEMPER ANY!



BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH!

HEY!

BAM!



I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE TO PULL RIFLES ON ME...





BUT THAT'S ENOUGH PALAVER! NOW COME YOU WAS SNEAKIN' ROUND MY BANCH, MISTER?



WELL, MA'AM, A COUPLE OF HORSE THIEVES STEAL BY MOUNT, BACK DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE!



I WAS HOPE' MAYBE YOU COULD LOAN OR SELL ME A HORSE TO GET BACK INTO TOWN....!



HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THOSE THIEVIN' VARMINTS?



WELL, MA'AM, I WAS RIDIN' THE SHERIFF'S HORSE WHEN THOSE TWO JUMPED ME... IT WAS HIS HORSE THEY TOOK!



WHAT? WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE!

I'M SURE PLUMS SORRY, BUCKSKIN! BUT WE HAVE TO BE ANGLE CAREFUL, WITH THESE HOSS THIEVES AROUND!



I UNDERSTAND, MA'AM!

BOYS, TROT OUT A GOOD HUNK OF HORSEFLUSH FOR THE DEPUTY HERE... GET HIM 'MISTER B'!



SURE, BOYS!





MAN, I'D SHORE
WATE TO BE ON THAT
GRAVE-DIGGER!

MAN! MISTER
DEPUTY'LL GET
THROWED SO FAR
HE WON'T GET BACK
FOR HIS OWN
FUNERAL!



THAT DEPUTY'S NO GREEN-HORN...
LOOKS TO ME LIKE HE MUST'VE
SEEN A BRONCBUSTER ONCE!



THIS FELLA'S AN OUTLAW,
ALL RIGHT... WORSE THAN A
TOMCAT ON A HOT STOVE!

DEE-YAAAAH!



I DON'T KNOW IF
I CAN... AH!



"CROW HOPPING" EH?
THAT MEANS YOU'RE
DRIVIN' IN, BOY!



ONLY ONE THING
LEFT NOW...



THOUGHT SO!
LET'S SLIN IT OUT OF
YOUR SYSTEM,
PELLA!





SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF GIVIN' ME AN OUTLAW HORSE, MA'AM... A KILLER?

THAT STORY OF YOURS...



WHEN YOU SAID YOU'D BEEN RIDIN' THE SHEEP'S HORSE... WELL, I THOUGHT ONLY A LOW-DOWN HORSE THEIF'D HAVE THE NERVE TO PULL THAT ONE!



I THOUGHT "MISTIE BATHQUAKE" WOULD BE A GOOD WAY TO GET RID OF A HORSE THEIF! BUT I'M SURE GLAD YOU...

WHERE'D YOU GET BATHQUAKE, MISS FOOHORN?



BOUGHT HIM FROM SLM FOSTER A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO. HE SAID HE GOT THE HORSE CHEAP FROM RED GARRETT. WHY?

OH! I JUST WONDERED MA'AM!



WELL, BUCK, LOOKS LIKE WE GOT THE BRASSIN' IRON BY THE WRONG END!

I'M NOT SO SURE, SHERIFF...



WHY DON'T YOU HAVE YOUR MEN SCOUR THIS SPREAD WHILE YOU'RE HERE?

I GUESS IT WON'T HURT NONE! ALL RIGHT, YOU MEN...

SHAKE OUT EVERY CAVE, NINE SHIRT, AND BOX CANYON SOUND HERE... AND TAKE MISS FOGHORN'S BOYS WITH YOU, SO'S YOU CAN KEEP AN EYE ON 'EM!



WELL, BUCK...?

LET'S TAKE A GOOD GANDER AT THESE RANCH BUILDINGS, TOO, SHERIFF!



SHUTS ME!

ANY OBJECTIONS TO US STARTIN' WITH THAT BIG BARN OF YOURS, MA'AM?

HUMPH! LOT OF GOOD IT'D DO ME TO OBJECT!



I'LL BE IN THE BARNHOUSE WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH...AND READY TO APOLOGIZE FOR ALL THIS INSULTIN' AND TRESPASSIN'!

COME ON, SHERIFF!



FEW MINUTES LATER...

SATISFIED, BUCK? NOTHIN' IN HERE?

MAYBE... MAYBE NOT!



IT LOOKS LIKE THIS WHOLE BIG BARN'S FULL OF 'EM... BUT DOES MISS FOGHORN HAVE THAT MANY HORSES?

I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW!









BUCK JONES

and

"THE KILLER WITH TWO FACES"

ONLY THREE MORE MILES... WE'LL MAKE HALF PACE BEFORE DARK, AFTER ALL!

GILA CITY 3 MI.

ACCORDING TO HIS LETTER, THE EGGING-24 IS JUST TWO MILES THIS SIDE OF GILA CITY!

WHEEE-HEE!

BABY BOY! WHAT'S THE... (SNIFF) AH! I SMELL IT TOO, NOW... SMOKE!

WHEEE-HEE!

A FIRE! THAT RANCH HOUSE IS ON FIRE!

COME ON SILVER-B... THEY PROBABLY NEED HELP DOWN THERE!



RECENTLY...

YOU MEAN THIS IS THE BUCKING-SI, ?

WAS, MISTER! WE JUST BROKE UP OUR BUCKET BRIGADE...NOTHING COULD SAVE THE PLACE NOW!



BUT WHY? WHERE'D HAL YOUNGER?

SOME OF THE BOWS TOOK HIM INTO TOWN...WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIM!



YOU MEAN THAT...

I'M AFRAID SO! A COUPLE OF US DROD HIM OUT OF THE FLAMES... BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!



AND IF YOU ASK ME, HE WAS...

THAT BUCKING SHIRT... YOU MUST BE BUCK JONES!



HAL SAID YOU WERE DOWN FOR A WHIT! I'M SURE SORRY IT TURNED OUT LIKE THIS!

I AM, TOO, MISTER JONES!



THIS IS BEN BANKS BUCK...ONE OF THE LEADING LAWYERS IN GILA CITY!

PLEASE DON'T ACCUSE MISTER JONES THAT THE PERPETRATOR OF THIS DASTARDLY MURDER WILL BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE!

MURDER, ?





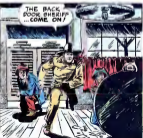


LATER THAT MORNING...











DO YOU SEE HIM, BUCK?

NOT YET! HE MUST'VE HEADED OUT FRONT... THROUGH HERE!



MR BANKS! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

WHY, I WAS JUST WALKING UP THE BOARDWALK WHEN I HEARD SHOOTING!



SEE ANYBODY RUN OUT OF HERE, BANKS?

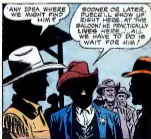


LET ME THINK NOW... ALL THIS EXCITEMENT... YES! YES, POLICE BRANNON, THAT NO-GOOD POLICE BRANNON...

DO YOU KNOW HIM, SHERIFF?



I KNOW HIM, ALL RIGHT... BUT HE'S NOWHERE IN SIGHT NOW, BUCK!



ANY IDEA WHERE WE MIGHT FIND HIM?

SOONER OR LATER, PUECELL SHOW UP RIGHT HERE, AT THE SALOON! HE PRACTICALLY LIVES HERE... ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR HIM!



GOOD! MAYBE WE CAN GET SOME FOOD WHILE WE'RE WAITIN'!

SURE WE! ... SEE YOU LATER, BANGS!



THIS DEUCE SHANNON... WHAT SORT OF HONDER IS HE?
A DRIFTER, A REAL RANGE BUM!
AND BEAN... ALL HOINS AND RATTLES!



HE'S ONLY BEEN HERE ABOUT TWO MONTHS BUT HE'S GOT TH' WORST REPUTATION IN TOWN... AND THAT'S SAYIN' SOMETHIN'!



WHAT'S HE DO FOR A LIVIN'?
DEUCE! HE'S A CARDSHARP AMONG OTHER THINGS!



MY GUESS IS HE'S AN OLD BEARD ARTIST... JUST PLAIN GOOD-FOR-NOTHIN'!

HE MIGHT BE OUR MAN, SHERIFF!



FOOT... HERE HE IS, BUDD!

DEUCE... COME HERE A MINUTE!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, SHERIFF? NEED SOME HELP TO FIND THIS BIG, BAD BOY WITH TH' KNIFE?

MAYBE WE'VE ALREADY FOUND HIM, DEUCE!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT CRACKY? NO ONE GOIN' TO TALK TO ME LIKE THAT AND..

STAY AWAY FROM THAT GUN!



WELL! LISTEN TO LITTLE OL' BUCKSKIN BETTY! YOU'VE GOT A LEAKY MOUTH, STRANGER... AND I'M GOIN' TO CLOSE IT!

KEEP THOSE HANDS DOWN!

BUCK SKINS INTO ACTION..



...CRASHING THE TABLE INTO DEUCE!

I WARNED YOU, MISTER!

WHAP?



WHY YOU...!

LOOK OUT BUCK HE MIGHT HAVE A GUN IN THAT BOOT.



ANOTHER KNIFE-TOTER!

OWWWW!

CRASH!

WHAP!



I'M GETTIN' QUITE A COLLECTION OF THESE PROG-STICKERS!

SO YOU'RE A KNIFE TOP SH. DEUCE? START TALKIN'... FAST!



WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?

FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF... THAT'S YOUR JOB AND I AIN'T HELPIN' YOU NONE!



