



CHARLES STARRETT *as*

The DURANGO KID

No 8

10¢



The **DURANGO KID**

MUCH OF THE GLORY AND ADVENTURE OF THE OLD WEST TOOK PLACE NOT ON THE PLAIN—BUT IN THE WOODS AND FOREST OF THE BEAVER TRAIL.

READ HOW THE DURANGO KID OPPOSES THE HAZARDS OF THE FUR-TRADING TRAIL AND BOASTS THE GREAT DANGER OF THE "WOLVES OF THE WILDERNESS!"

"TRAINER! IF ONLY I HAD A CHANCE TO CHANGE TO THE DURANGO KID!"

CATTLE RAIDER AND GILD WERE NOT THE ONLY WEALTH IN THE OLD WEST. THE MOUNTAINOUS WOODS WERE FILLED WITH BEAR, OTTER, BEAR AND SKOOP

SOVE JOB THIS—ACTING AS HUNTING SCOUTS FOR THE BEST OF FUR TRADERS!

"YEAH—SOME JOB ALL RIGHT! GIVES ME THIN CREEPS! THESE HOWLING WOLVES HUNT STOPPED FOLLOWING US FOR TWO DAYS!"

"BORN BUILT—THE WOLVES ARE NO THREAT."

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THE DURANGO KID

WHAT'N YOU'RE ABOUT ARE THE HORNS THESE MOUNTAINS ARE IN SABBATED BY THE LITE INLAND—AND THEY ARE A WILD AND FERCE BUNCH UNLESS THE GOLD AND SILVER OF THE PLAINS, THE LITES HAVE NOT YET MADE PEACE WITH THE WHITE MAN!



UNLESS OUR TACTICS ARE RIGHT, MULEY—WE'RE IN DANGER OF SERRAVAL ATTACK! AND MASSACRE AT ANY MOMENT!



I HEARD THAT YOU SAID BRAND SHUCKS. I AMN SCARED O' NO RED-BOYS! NOT ME! IF ONE O THEM TAKES CLOSE TUM ME, I'LL BEAT PULL HIM GUN AW.



AN' PLUS HIS DAD—JUST LIKE I'M GONNA TAKE A POTSHOT AT THEM THERE WOLF!



YOO! HEY! WHO'S THE BIG DAD?



JUST THIS EARLY—THERE'LL BE NO SHOOTING AROUND HERE UNLESS I SAY SO! WOLVES ARE HARMLESS UNLESS THEY'RE ATTACKED—AND THAT DOES FOR HEAVS TOO! WE'RE GOING TO TRY TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE LITES, UNDERSTAND?



AND THAT DOES FOR THE REST OF YOU TROOPER—HAPPY JAGSERS, TOO!

I'LL GET EVEN WITH THEM HOWEVS YET! AN' I'LL GET ME SOME LITE SCALPS TOO—TUM SHOW THEM BOYS BACK AT THEM PORT!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



BOOM!
BOOM!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY! STEVE DO IT ALL RIGHT! HURRY!

SHUCKS—THESE INDIANS CAN'T FIGHT!



YOU TRIGGER-HAPPY FOOL! NOW YOU'VE ENDANGERED THE LIVES OF ALL OF US! THOSE UTES CAME IN PEACE!



THOSE INDIANS ARE SURE TO COME BACK WITH MORE FORCE! WE'LL HAVE TO DEFEND OURSELVES AS WELL AS WE CAN. THERE WILL BE A JAM-BOOM-ALLO! EVERYBODY TAKES TURN AT GUARD TONIGHT!



That night... there seems to be an awful lot of noise in the brush tonight... bubbling on guard--so better go investigate...



KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON BRAD—IT'S JUST A CIRCLE O' WOLVES AROUND THEM. CAN'T YOU SAY YOURSELF THEN INDIAN WOLVES IS HARMLESS!

THE DURANGO KID

HMM — SOMEHOW THOSE WOLVES ARE TOO QUIET TO BITE ME. THEY USUALLY HOWL AT NIGHT. I REMEMBER MY OLD FRIEND KIT CARSON TELLING ME THAT UTES SOMETIMES DRESSED IN WOLF SKINS AND —



EVERYBODY UP!
GRAB YOUR GUNS!
WE'RE BEING
ATTACKED!



STEVE'S WARNING IS NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!

KILL! KILL!
KILL THE WHITE INVADERS
WHILE THEY SLEEP!



BUT STEVE AND HIS MEN ARE READY FOR THEM!
DON'T GIVE AN INCH, MEN! KEEP SHOOTING!



BACK, BRAVES, BACK! OUR RIDE HAS FAILED!



WELL, WE LICKED 'EM
AGAIN!

YES I GUESS WE DO, BUT
THEY'LL BE BACK AGAIN—
AND AGAIN!



WILEY THE WARRIOR
WON'T STOP! HE'S GOT
TO CONVINCE THE UTES
THAT WE DON'T WANT
WAR. AND THERE'S ONE
PERSON WHO CAN DO
THAT—

I DID IT —
DURANGO!
LUCKY I'VE BEEN
HERE! RATHER AN'
YOUR DURANGO OUT-
FIT UP EVERY NIGHT!
GOOD LUCK, STEVE!



THE DURANGO KID

OUT—AS STEVE BRAND STEALS OUT OF THE CAMP TO THE HIGHEST HARBOR RAIDER AND HIS DURANGO AND OUTFIT IS KEPT...



"WELL, I'LL BE HORN-BOILED! HE'S BRANIN' OUT ON US, THAT'S BIG PAKER!"

"WELL, THAT PAKER, STEVE BRAND, 'EST RUN OUT ON US! THOUGHT HE WAS 'BID STAY, DON'T 'EZE? BUT HE SCOTTED WHEN THE BOY GOT TIGHT NOW, MAYBE YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME!"



"THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET 'EM RECKIN'—ATTACK 'EM 'FORE! THAT'LL PUT THE OLD SCARE INTO 'EM! LET'S GO FOLK! THESE TREAT, AN' SHOOT US THESE CAMP, HE LICKED 'EM TWICE, AN' WE CAN LICK 'EM AGAIN!"



"GITS, RUN WAY TOY CHILDREN-LOVERED GALLOP! WE'VE GOT TO GET OFF US A FLOCK O' UTE SCALPS!"



"RECKON... THROUGH THE FOREST RIGHT STEVENS THE POINT OF THE DURANGO KID!"

"AN I SEE THEIR CAMP NOW! A FEW 5-BY 5'S! SO HOLDING A COUNCIL OF WAR—GOOD!"



"OPE, RAIDER!"



"GREETINGS, UTE CHIEF! THE DURANGO CHIEF COMES IN PEACE AND HAS WORDS TO MAKE WITH YOU!"

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



The DURANGO KID

One of the most stirring chapters in the making of the West is the story of the Pony Express—a chapter written in bullets and blood! Displaying the plaining courage that made this venture a success, the Durango Kid's guy blazes defiance and his cunning outwits the deadly "Horn of the Pony Express!"



THE PONY EXPRESS! THUNDERING HORSES ROUND THE HEAVY ROAD! IN A CLOUD OF DUST LACED THE SWARMING SUN, THE DAUNTLESS PONY EXPRESS RACES UPON HIS HORSE DAVANTAGE—THE MAIL MUST GO THROUGH!



EVERY TWENTY-FIVE MILES ALONG THE WAY, THERE IS A RELIEF STATION WHERE FRESH HORSES ARE KEPT. IT IS A MATTER OF SECONDS FOR THE TIMELESS ROAD TO SWITCH MAIL AND SELF TO A NEW BOON.



AND IN HIS URGENT JOURNEY HE GOES! THE MAIL MUST GET THROUGH—MUST GET THROUGH FAST!

SIT DOWN, LAD—YOU'RE BREAKIN' ALL RECORDS!



BUT—FIFTEEN MILES OUT OF THE LAST RELIEF STATION, EVEN—WE MEET THE PONY EXPRESS'S RIDER! A WINCHESTER BACKS—



...AND THE RIDER TUMBLES FROM THE HURTLING SADDLE!



MEANWHILE—AT THE NEXT RELIEF STATION...

STEVE BRAD AND HULEY PARTIAL: I'LL BE A PURPLE-FACED GABON! I'M SHORE GLAD TUA SEE YUH!

HELLO, SAM! WE WERE BORN BY AND THOUGHT W'D STOP FOR A BIT OF PALMER WITH AN OLD PAL. HOW ARE THINGS WITH THE PONY EXPRESS, SAM?



JUST BOOMING, STEVE—JUST BOOMING. THE PONY EXPRESS HAS BEEN CUTTIN' JY HALL! THUN TIME IT TAKES TUN ET THUN HAL FROM ST JOE TO SACRAMENTO.

THIS IS A BIG THING FOR THE WEST, SAM. YOU MUST BE RIGHT PROUD TO BE A ROAD AGENT FOR THE PONY EXPRESS!



HEY! WHAT THE—! THAT'S ONE OF OUR PONES! BUT WHO'S THE GORR!

LET'S CATCH THAT PRIN BEFORE HE GETS WHO THE GORR!



THUNDER! BOBBED! FROM SASSA'S SMYTT!

COME ON—LET'S SLAP LEATHER! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT RIDER—IF HE'S ALIVE!



TARNATION! THIS IS TUN FIRST TIME THUN PONY EXPRESS HAS BEEN BOBBED. KNOW HWHU THAT MEANS, STEVE?

YES, SAM, I DO! THE PONY EXPRESS IS BUILDIN' ITS REPUTATION ON GETTIN' THE MAIL THROUGH FAST AND SAFEKY..!



THE DURANGO KID



A FEW DAYS LATER—in THE MAIN OFFICE OF THE POYB EXPRESS...
 THIS IS TERRIBLE—NOT ONE CLUE TO THE KILLERS! THE PEOPLE HAVE LOS' CONFIDENCE IN THE COMPANY. WE'RE SUNK—SINKOUT—ALL OUR WORK GOING TO WASTE!

GOING RIGHT DOWN THE MAIN STREET—T'YUN HAWK!

THE DURANGO KID

SENTELEN, I'VE COME TO OFFER MY SERVICES—AS A RIDER FOR THE PONY EXPRESS!

WONDERFUL! THAT'S JUST WHAT WE NEED TO RESTORE CONFIDENCE IN THE COMPANY! BLESS YOU DURANGO—BLESS YOU! WITH YOUR REPUTATION—

IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THE BIG NEWS SPREADS LIKE FIRE THROUGHOUT THE TOWN.

DID YA HEAR THEM NEWS? DURANGO'S RIDIN' FOR THEM PONY EXPRESS!

WY! WHY THEY'S GREAT! I'D TRUST MY HAIL TH' DURANGO ANY DAY. HE'D BE HELL ON THEM KILLERS, TOO!

BUT—in another corner of the saloon, the news is NOT greeted WITH SUCH JOY!

YUH HEAR THEM MASTERS?

I HEAR IT, ALL RIGHT. IT CERTAINLY MESS'D UP OUR PLANS TO BREAK THE PONY EXPRESS.

MY STEAMSHIP COMPANY HAS BEEN DUMPING THE MAIL TO CALIFORNIA THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL—AND THE PONY EXPRESS HAS KNOCKED OUR BUSINESS TO PIECES. WE'VE GOT TO BREAK THE PONY EXPRESS, WU—HAY! BREAK IT OR HELL!

WE KILLED THAT OTHER RIDER—AND WE CAN KILL DURANGO, TOO! LET'S GO!

SO?—WHEN WE LAY DURANGO OUT COLD, THAT'LL BE BETTER! I STOP THEM PONY EXPRESS FROM GOIN' UNDER!

NEXT MORNING!

GOOD LUCK, DURANGO!

HOORAY!

THE GREAT WHITE HORSE RINGS BELLING ALONG THE ROAD, AND DURANGO STEEN EYES SOMETHING FAR AHEAD, KEEPING HIS HAND NEAR HIS GUN...

RESTORING CONFIDENCE IN THE COMPANY ISN'T MY ONLY AIM IN DOING THIS! THIS IS ALSO A CHALLENGE TO THOSE KILLERS—THEY'LL HAVE TO MAKE A PLAY FOR ME! I GUESS I'M MAKING A TARGET OUT OF MYSELF. HELL, RIGHT—BUT HERE GOES...

THE DURANGO KID

SEVERAL MILES DOWN THE ROYAL EXPRESS ROAD.

WE'LL NEVER SEE THAT WIRE WE'RE STRINGING ACROSS THE ROAD. HE'LL TAKE A DIVE WHEN HE CLINGS INTO THAT—AND THEN—



AND THEN WE PLUG HIM, WHEN HE'S DOWN! EVERYBODY SHOOT! JUST DON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO GET HIS HAND ON THAT GUY OF HIS, SEE? HE'S QUICK AS DEATH WITH THAT IRON!



MINUTES DRAG LIKE HOURS, THEN—

THEY MUST BE COMING UP— I THINK IT'S HIM, BOYS!



THAT CUT AHEAD LOOKS LIKE A FINE PLACE FOR AN AMBUSH. AND WHAT'S THAT GLINTING IN THE SUN BETWEEN THOSE TREES? A SPOON? NO!— TOO LONG FOR A SPOON'S HEB..



...MUST BE A WIRE! HEAT TRICK! WELL... WE'LL JUST RUN AROUND IT!



HE SAW THE WIRE! SHOOT! SHOOT HIM BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!



THE DURANGO KID

BUT DURANGO EXPECTING GUNPLAY HAS ALREADY ROLLED OVER BRADDOCK'S SIDE AN OLD MOUNTAIN TRICK—AND HIS GUN LEANS INTO HIS HAND!



THERE OUGHT TO BE A SHOT COMING ALONG JUST ABOUT NOW—RIGHT? KEEP GOING, RAIDERS! THEY'RE ON THOSE BLUFFS...



...WELL, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE TAKING THE BULL RIGHT BY THE HORNS, DIDN'T EXPECT ME THIS WAY, DID YOU, GENTS?



...I THOUGHT TO JUST DROP IN, SORRY I CAN'T STAY LONG...



BUT THE HAIL'S GOT TO GO THROUGH! AND RAIDERS!



UP WE GO, RAIDERS! THEY COULDN'T HIT A BARN IF THEY WERE JUMPIN' IT!

HE GOT AWAY! THUNDER!



AND—A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

MULEY JUST IN TIME! DUCK, TAD! THESE MULES'AS AND CARRY THEM ON!

RIGHT! I GOT IT—I HEARD THUR SHOOTIN' GONNA CLEAN UP ON THEM DIRT WALKIN' DURANGO!

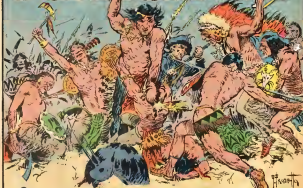


LET'S GO, RAIDERS—SUCK! THERE'S A SCORE TO SETTLE FOR THE PONY EXPRESS...

THE DURANGO KID



Dan Brand and Tipi



BEFORE THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, THE FRENCH AND THE BRITISH ENGAGED IN FURIOUS AND BLOODY BATTLES FOR CONTROL OF THE WEST WORLD. ONE FAVORITE TACTIC WAS TO PLAY ON THE SWELDERING HATREDS OF THE INDIAN FOR THE WHITE SETTLERS. WHEN STURGED TO WAR,

THE INDIAN TRIBES UNITED INTO ONE GREAT BLOODTHIRSTY ARMY—AND THEIR LONG BENT-UP BATTERED EXPLODED ACROSS THE RANGES OF HISTORY IN

"MASSACRE!"

A GEM POSSESSING BRIDE THE ADVENTURE FRONTIER! FROM EVERY HILL SMOKE SIGNALS ARE SEEN— DIVINE SIGHT OF BLOOD AND DEATH TO COME!

WEE BROTHERS! SWIFTLY LET US SPEED TO OUR CHEFS' HAND CALL US, IT IS THE CALL OF WAR! — AT LAST!



AND IN EVERY INDIAN CAMP OF MASSIVE PROUDS AND WAR OR STONY PROMISES FOR COMING SLAUGHTER ARE MADE!

DOH THE WAR DANT! CLEAH SLEGS! SHADEN TOMAHAWKS TO THE EDGE OF THE KEENEST KNIFE! PREPARE BOWS FOR TOMORROW THE GREAT INDIAN NATIONS ASSEMBLY!



AND ON THE MORROW—FROM EVERY HILL AND VALLEY THOUSANDS LEARN THOUSANDS OF BRIM BOWS STREAM IN NEVER-ENDING FILES AND JOIN THEIR FORCES.

FROM EVERY HILL WE COME — MORE NUMEROUS THAN TREES! THE WHITE MAN SHALL TREMBLE AND FALL BACK BEFORE US!



FINALLY, WHEN ALL THE CHIEFS ARE ASSEMBLED FOR THEIR COUNCIL OF WAR, THEY ARE ADDRESSED BY—THE AMERICAN GENERAL!

WE PROVIDE GREAT TRACTS OF LAND, MANY BRIGHT BEADS, MUCH FIRE-WATER AND RIFLES, IF YOU MAKE WAR AGAINST THE ENGLISH COLONIES, YES NOT SO?

AH, DU—SO! ZE KING OF FRANCE—HE HAS ONLY LOVE FOR ZE BRAVE CHIEFS OF ZE IROQUOIS AND HURON NATIONS!



GOOD! FOR WE, THE IROQUOIS AND HURON NATIONS THIRST FOR REVENGE AGAINST THE SETTLER WHO TAKES AWAY OUR HUNTING LANDS! WE NEED YOUR RIFLES—THEN WE ATTACK!



AND SOON—THE ATTACK!

FIGHT FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S WAR! IF WE GOT TO DIE—LET'S DIE FIGHTING!



LEAVE NOT ONE WHITE MAN ALIVE!



MASSACRE!!!

THE HATED, FEARFUL HORN MASSACRE! RIPS ACROSS THE FRONTIER LIKE A THROTTLED SCREAM! STARK FEAR RIDES IN ADVANCE OF THE FURIOUS WAVE OF THE HORN ARMS! THE ROADS ARE CROWDED WITH FLEEING REFUGEES, BURNING FOR THEIR LIVES. "MASSACRE!" EXPLODES ACROSS THE WILDERNESS TOWNS—CAN ANY ONE STEM THE SAVAGE TIDE?

KILL! KILL! KILL! WE SHALL LAY OUR HIGHWAYS WITH THE SCALPS OF THE WHITE MAN!



THE DURANGO KID

THE BRITISH COLONIAL ARMY OFFERS TO THE INDIANS! AND, LEADING THEM, AS SCOUTS, ARE DAN BRAND AND TIPP!

I HOPE WE'RE ON TIME! EVERY MINUTE MEANS A LIFE SAKE! DAN BRAND!

I KNOW, GENERAL BRADDOCK— IF ONLY YOUR TROOPS COULD MOVE FASTER!



FRANKLY, GENERAL, I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOUR TACTICS. THE RED COATS OF YOUR SOLDIERS AND THEIR PARADE-MARCHING WILL MAKE THEM PERFECT TARGETS FOR THE INDIANS! INDIANS FIGHT FROM CONCEALMENT, YOU SEE. THEY DISPERSE BEHIND EVERY TREE...



...THEY EVEN PAINT THEIR BODIES AND FACES FOR CAMOUFLAGE. WAR ISN'T A PARADE GROUND FOR JUNKIES, GENERAL! UNLESS YOU CHANGE YOUR WAY OF FIGHTING YOU'LL BE BEATEN WERELISS, INDIANS MUST BE FIGHTED INDIAN-STYLE!

SAH! COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS NONSENSE!

I DON'T THINK IT'S NONSENSE AT ALL! DAN BRAND'S RIGHT, SIR!

FOOLS! WHAT UTTER NONSENSE! SIRAH— WHEN THOSE DECEITFUL SAVAGES SEE OUR DISCIPLINED FORMATIONS AND HEAR OUR BARKLES, THEY'LL RUN LIKE THE CHICKENS THEY ARE! MAKE— FIGHTIVE SAVAGES BEATING HIS MAJESTY'S TROOP IMPOSSIBLE!



BUT THAT NIGHT COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON TRADED DAN AND TIPP AWAY SECRETLY...

DAN YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! I FEAR THAT BRADDOCK WILL BE SORELY BEATEN. THE COLONIES WILL BE LOST UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE ABOUT FIGHTING THE INDIANS IN THEIR OWN WAY— AND YOU'RE THE ONE TO DO IT!

GO DAN— LEAVE NOW I TRUST YOU— DO WHAT YOU CAN! I SHALL FIGHT IT OUT HERE WITH BRADDOCK!

PROTECT YOURSELF WELL, SON AMERICA WILL HAVE NEED OF MEN LIKE YOU SOME DAY! FAREWELL! TIP AND I WILL SLIP PAST THE GUARDS.



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

QUICKLY, LITTLE BROTHER, WE MUST SOUND UP THE FRIENDLY TRIBES OF CARAWA, CHEPPOWA AND HONKAW— AND BANG THEM AGAINST THEIR ACCENT ENEMIES, THE IROQUOIS AND HURON...



THE DURANGO KID

And soon—the backwoods throng to the sound of drums, steady and pulsing like heartbeats in the night from hill to hill. The look-alikes pass the urgent message on...

I HEAR THE DRUMS EVEN NOW—
"DAM BRAD, CHIPPWA... CATWASA...
MOHAWK... COME QUICKLY WITH
TOYAHAWK AND OUN... THE HATED
SCOUNDRELS ARE ON THE WAMPATH...
COME ALL... COME!"



MEANWHILE—GENERAL BRADDOCK'S TROOPS GOAT THE ENEMY



ENEMY INDIANS
SIGHT—SIGHTED
IN THOSE
WOODS!

ATTENTION!
MEN, PREPARE
FOR BATTLE!
ATTACK
FORMATION!

As perfect step ranks stretch as banners, colors flying, bagpipes playing, drums rolling, bugles blaring—the British colonial army marches to the attack...



FORWARD, MARCH!
FOR HIS MAJESTY
THE KING!

SHAME!
WHERE'S THE
ENEMY? I
CAN'T EVEN
SEE 'EM!



THE ENEMY WAITS! THE TRAP IS SET,
MOHAWK-STYLE...

SOON, MY BRANES—
WE SHALL SLAUGHTER
THESE SILLY PARASITES!



AND THEN—ALL AT ONCE, FROM EVERY DIRECTION, FRONT, REAR, RIGHT, LEFT, ABOVE—COMES A DEADLY RAIN OF BULLETS AND ARROWS, LACING INTO THE REDCOAT RANKS!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, GENERAL—
ORDER THE MEN TO DISPERSE
AND DIG IN—SO THEY CAN
FIGHT BACK! WE'LL BE SLAUGHTERED
LIKE DUCKS IN A POND!

NEVER! HIS
MAJESTY'S TROOPS
WILL NEVER
BEND TO
SAVAGES!



THE RED-COATED SOLDIERS ARE
SPOTTED TO PIECES...

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE!
I CAN'T STAND IT! LET'S
RUN! LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!



... AND, BANG-STUCKEN, THEY FLEE—CHASSED BY
TRUMPHANT INDIANS...

STOP! DON'T RETREAT!
DIG IN AND FIGHT! FIGHT!
IF ONLY DAM BRAD
WERE HERE!

THE DURANGO KID

A FEW MILES TO THE REAR, THE DEFEATING ARMY MEETS DAN BRAND AND HIS INDIAN FRIENDS...

RUN! RUN!
THE ENEMY'S
RIGHT BEHIND
US!

SILENCE, MAN—WE'RE
RUNNING AWAY NO
LONGER! DAN BRAND
IS HERE! IT WAS
TERRIBLE, DAN—YOU
WERE SO RIGHT!



RUNNING DEER—CONCEAL YOUR BIFUR-
MEN IN THE TREETOPS! LEAVE FOOT—
DISGUISE YOUR MEN
AS BUSHES! GREAT
DEAR—YOU AND YOUR
TRIBE WILL HIDE TO
THE REAR IN THE
VALLEY AS A RESERVE
ATTACK FORCE...

IT'S GOING TO
STAY HERE AND
FIGHT WITH YOU,
DAN—TO LEARN
HOW IT'S DONE!



TRIP—TAKE HALF THE WARRIORS
AND HIDE THEM ON THAT HILL.
WHEN I GIVE THE
SIGNAL, ATTACK AND
CUT OFF THE ENEMY
FROM THE REAR.

FOLLOW
ME
BRAVES!



I DO BROTHER DAN
BRAND. WE SHALL
REMAIN HIDDEN HERE,
FIRING OUR ARROWS
HIGH INTO THE AIR
SO THAT THEY WILL
FALL LIKE RAIN UP-
ON THE HEADS OF
THE HATED REDS
AND HURONS!



AH, HERE THEY
COME—INTO OUR
TRAP! WE WILL
NOT FIRE UNTIL
WE SEE THE
WHITES OF THEIR
EYES!

I SHALL
USE THAT
TACTIC
SOON
DAY!



THE OVER-
CONFIDENT
INDIANS
AND HURONS
CHARGE INTO
THE CLEARING,
NOT KNOWING
THEY ARE SUR-
ROUNDED BY
ALL SIDES BY
DAN'S CLEVERLY
HIDDEN MEN.
THEN—

LIKE A
ROLL OF THUN-
DER, THE VALLEY
ECHOES TO THE
CRACK OF TWO
THOUSAND RIFLES
AND THE AIR
SINGS WITH
THE WHISS OF
TWO THOUSAND
ARROWS!





THE DURANG KID



IT'S AS GOOD AS WON RIGHT NOW, I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT I LEARNED TODAY!



I DO, GENERAL! SOME DAY WE'LL WANT OUR INDEPENDENCE — AND AT THAT TIME, SIR, I'M SURE IT'LL BE GENERAL WASHINGTON!

THE GUN GAMBLE

HE CAME into Hogshead late in a summer day, with the dust of the desert and the sage flats white on his worn levis and faded shirt. His face was lean under the dirty scufflers and tanned brows from days of sun-scorched riding. There was only one thing clean about him as he came down from the hob before Ed Harmony's saloon; two things, rather. He wore two Colts strapped low on his thighs, and they glittered where the sun reached them.

The marshal, locked at the guns, and at the hard eyes in the brown face; then he went and took his own shufflers down from the wall, and strapped it on. Then he went out hunting the man that had ridden in.

He found him in the hotel, scrawling his name on the register. Under closer scrutiny, he wasn't a man, but a kid. Noting seventeen, maybe eighteen. But he'd done man's work. His body was lean and hard, like whipcord. When you saw him move, it was like watching a bobcat stalk through the reeds.

The marshal said, "Stayin' long?"

The kid said, "Long enough," and waited.

The marshal said, "We don't want trouble. You wear two guns. That's man-size out this way."

"I'm man-size." And the way he said it, calm and soft, made the marshal swallow it. He looked at the marshal a little longer, then he dug down in his levis and took out a worn leather bag and opened it. He shook its contents out on his palm.

The marshal stared down at two gleaming gold cuff-links, set with tiny diamonds in the form of an eye. He checked back the grip that came to his lips.

"Know anybody 'round here that wears cuff-links like these?" asked the kid.

"No," had the marshal. "Can't say I do. Farty things. Farty. I'd remember cuff-links like these."

The marshal was lying, because everybody in town knew who owned the twin to those links. Big Ed Raider, who owned the Dozen Dot ranch half a hundred miles south of Hogshead, and half of Hogshead with it. But the marshal had seen the look in the kid's eyes, and he recognized death when he saw it. He made a mental note to send word to Big Ed to stay away from town come Saturday night. By that time, he figured, the kid would be gone, and there would be no trouble. The town marshal was dead set against

trouble. Trouble always meant work for him, and he was a lazy man.

The kid packed away two stacks that night in Blenda Mary's restaurant. He slept fifteen hours in a hotel but a self-respecting horse wouldn't rest in. But before he did any of these things, he was down in the hotel stable, brushing down the black mare he rode until her coat shone like rich velvet.

Folks in town figured, the kid would hit out for Abilene come sunset. He might have, at that, if he hadn't eaten breakfast with Year-bet Clark, who ran the fare and waste games in Harmony's saloon. Year-bet saw the cuff-links when the kid dropped the little leather bag.

"You win them links from Ed Raider horses?" he asked the kid.

He meant it for a joke, but the hand that caught and reversed his shirt and coat and brought him half up out of his chair made his grin turn sour on his lips.

"Ed Raider," the kid said softly. "So that's what he calls himself? Tell me about him!"

Later, Year-bet claimed the kid hypnotized him with those cold blue eyes. He found himself talking about Big Ed, how he'd ridden into the valley half a dozen years before with plenty of money; how he'd bought out Miss Gergen's Dozen Dot ranch and started working it; how his luck had continued until he owned six acres in town and most of the valley water rights. The gambler said, "He comes into town every Saturday night for a go with the cards at my table."

The kid said softly, "Yeah, he was always a gambler. He likes stud poker and redheads. You got a pretty redheaded dancer or singer in this town?"

"Well, you sure! Toni Travis. She's Big Ed's gal."

The kid nodded. "So he comes in town Saturday nights. Today's Friday. I think I'll stay over. And by the way—you can forget we had our little talk. Understand?"

The kid just sat there with his eyes cold on Year-bet's brown ones, but it was like he took his gun out and hit Clark between the eyes with it. Clark said later he wouldn't have talked about that conversation over if Agachee had gone to work on him.

The kid hung around all Friday, sitting and sleeping, and smoking cigarettes he rolled with a supple twist of his fingers. The whole town watched him. Folks could feel

the tennis building in the air. Year-bet Clark had not talked, but the marshal had witnessed the cufflinks, bars and three. After a night's sleep, he decided not to send a man out to the Dozen Dot. There were some things had happened here in town since Big Ed hit it that the marshal couldn't explain; and after each one, Big Ed Rader had got richer.

Saturday night came faster than folks thought possible. One minute it was Friday, and the next the lights were on, and the girls in Harmony's place were playing the piano and singing, and business was getting ready for a big night.

Big Ed Rader came into town Saturday night with half his crew. He swung down in front of the Harmony and stalked in, waving to some cronies. He pulled out a chair and began playing stud poker with Year-bet and a couple of his own boys.

He looked up once in a while, a little surprised that so many people were in the saloon. He was saying, "Ed Harmony must make a mile of money here. Think maybe I'll ask him up to be me in as a partner," when the kid came in.

He came in easy, his boots making no noise. He was clean, with a new shirt and his boots polished. He even wore a new comb-over, set back off his blonde hair. But those two guys positively shouted. He must have spent hours polishing them.

Nobody said anything. Nobody moved. The kid came in and walked up to the poker table and stood there. Big Ed Rader was there, and he turned white. His eyes bulged, and his cards fell out of his hands.

"Welly!" he whispered. "I thought —"
"I'm not dead, Ed. You got Paw real good, plumb center in the back, but some Nevada traders pulled me through, after taking out the slug you put in me."

The kid was talking soft, but everybody in the room heard him, because nobody even breathed while he was talking. The kid said, "I hear you done right well with the money you took from Paw. Reckon he was a fool to trust his brother. I always told him a man with no guts would pull a drygulch, give him the chance."

"You can't prove nothing about that killing," said Big Ed, breathing heavily. A crimson flush stole up around his neck. The vein on his forehead stood out clearly.

The kid laughed. He pulled out the little leather bag and unpeeled it, bringing out a tattered picture with the picture of Big Ed, the kid, and an older man. There were three lead slugs, bullets, and a little black notebook. When Big Ed saw the notebook he choked and stood up.

"Sure," laughed the kid, "it's your diary. Tells all about some dealings you had with

a couple Texas banks and stagecoaches. How much you got from each one. It was in Paw's warbag. He was wise to you, Ed. He was givin' you a chance to go straight. You murdered —"

"It's a lie," choked Big Ed. "I never —"

Even redheaded Tom Travis realized Big Ed was lying. He drew back a little from him, looking at him strangely.

The kid said, "I always told Paw you never had any guts. Uncle Ed. He said you did. Maybe he's lookin' on right about now, so it might be a good idea to find out."

The kid took the gun in his left holster out and opened the cylinder. He took out three shells, leaving three empty chambers in the cylinder. Then he reloaded the cylinder, and put the gun on the green brim-topped poker table.

"Pick up the gun. Put it to your head. Pull the trigger. If you don't blow your brains out, I'll hand over all these goods and walk out. You'll never see me again. You got a fifty-fifty chance of keeping everything you've gotten by murder and stealing. If you get guts enough to take that chance, you might win it all."

"No," said Big Ed, staring down at the gun. "No! I —"

The room was deadly still. The only sound was Big Ed's heavy panting, as he looked down at that gun and thought of his chance, weighing the Dozen Dot and his six horses and all the other properties he had around Hagestad, against three bullets and three empty chambers.

"I can't," he said, but he put his hand toward the gun.

Nobody expected Big Ed to pull a gun just then. His right hand dropped and lifted. It took everybody by surprise — everybody except the kid. The kid never seemed to move, but his right-hand gun was in his hand and belching red fire at Big Ed Rader's belly, and it spit that fire three times.

There were two bullets wasted on that cheating. The first bullet killed Big Ed just as dead as all three did. He fell on the poker table, knocked it over, and crashed to the floor. The leather bag, with the three lead slugs and the little black book and the picture fell on his back.

The marshal said to the kid, "I guess so his nephew, you inherit the Dozen Dot."

Course, the marshal picked up the gun with the three empty chambers. He pulled out the shells and grunted in surprise. They were just shells. There was no powder, no lead in them. The marshal roared at the kid, saying, "The gun wasn't loaded! If he'd taken your dare, he'd have won everything!"

The kid laughed. "I was betting on a sure thing. I told you he had no guts!"

THE END

The DURANGO KID

YOUR LUCK HAS JUST RUN OUT HORSE! GET OUTTA TOWN & YUH KIM!

STEVE BRAND—THE DURANGO KID—HAS BEEN IN PLenty of TROUB situations in HIS LIFE, AND ALWAYS CAME THROUGH TO A SMOOTH HAND-UP AND JUSTICE BUT THIS TIME... HE ESCAPES POSSIBLY... IS IT THE END OF STEVE BRAND OR WILL THERE BE —
"A FINAL RECKONING?"



IN THE LITTLE SALOON... CORNER... TALKING TO BLUE... ONLY

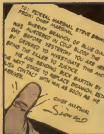
"SHOOT... RECKON?"

THAT'S ALL, GENTS— ANYTIN' I YUH DO FOR YUH P?



YUH— THIS!

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



BUT GULLY STEVE
SOUND ABOUT
BUCK? IS HE DEAD
OR ALIVE? AN
HOW WE GOIN
TUN FIND OUT?

THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY MAJESTY LISTEN
CAREFULLY NOW—
SOMEONE'S MARRING,
I WANT YOU TO TRAIL
ME. BUT KEEP LOW,
UNDERSTAND?



THAT THUG WHO'S
FORMER AS BUCK
BARTON IS GOING TO DIT
A VISITOR?



LAYIN' DOWN DEET?
BARTON, THE NEW
SHERIFF?

NO! YOU BUCK
BARTON, THAT'S
ME ALL RIGHT
WHU'S BARTON
TUN STRANGER?



I'M PLAYIN' THIS ACT FOR ALL IT'S WORTH—
IT BETTER WORK!

LUCKY'S AN
WONDER, SHERIFF,
AND I'M SERRIN' NOTIC'S RIGHT NOW THAT
IT'S JUST PLAIN UNLAWFUL
FOR LAWYER AROUND HERE,
I DON'T LIKE SHERIFFS!
GET OUT OF
TOWN!



TOUGH ENOUGH TO NEW FOLATE
ANY LONDOON MARRIN' WHO
SERRIN' UP DE A MAN
FROM BEHIND?

WHAT?



THAT TOUGH ENOUGH
FOR YOU?

HEE-HEE-HEE HEY-HEY-HEY-HEY!
BY GOSH, LUCKY—THEY WUZ THE
FINEST SHOOTIN' I SEED IN
A LONG, LONG YEAR!



YUHKE TOO GOOD A MAN TUN POOL, LUCKY.
I'M GOIN' TUN TELL YUH A
SECRET — I AMN' BUCK
BARTON AT I I'M A
COTLEAK, SAME
AS YOU!

AN IT'S
WORKIN'!

THE DURANGO KID



CRUISER'S ALL HANDLE PAL—AN' THESE
HERE ARE YUH DUMMIES! YUH WERE
TUM DRESSIN' WHUT GADDID OFF SHIRTS!
BEAUND, HE GOT BARTON, TOO, AN' WERE
HOLDIN' HIM AT OUR HORSE! PEE BAW-
BRAW—ONCE WE'RE THROUGH
WITH BUCH
HEE HERE!



BUH—SEE—BEEY! THUR
SHERIFF SOUND WANTS
SOA YUH MAKE IT A
CASH TUM DIT INTUN
THE BANK, BUAD OFF
THUR RIGHT WATCHMAN
AN' SEE TUM PLACE!
SMART!
WHA?



WHEAT TUM SAY, LUCKY?—HOW BOUT
TUMBIN' UP WITH MY BLOOD?
YUH'D BE A WANDY HORSE!
TUM HAVE AROUND
WE'RE JAWIN' BIG
MONEY AN' WE
SPLIT PAIR!

I'M
YOUR MAN!
THIS GIVES ME
A CHANCE TO GET
TO BUCK!



WHEAT! WHUT A TEAM!
AN' NOW—WE PICK UP
THUR BEST OF THE BUNCH
AN' PAW TUM BAW
JOB!

NOW I JAW IN A
PET! THEY PLAN
ON KILLIN' THE
RIGHT WATCHMAN—
I CAN'T LET THEM
DO THAT! YET—I'VE
GOT TO PLAY ALONG
WITH THEM AN' CAN
GET TO BUCK!



BUAD YOU AND YOUR MEN KNOW EXACTLY WHUT TO DO,
I GUESS THE BEST PLACE FOR ME IS
DOWN THE ROAD, STANDEIN' WATERHOOD
—JUST IN CASE SOMEBODY COMES UP
THE ROAD WHILE YOU'RE IN THE
BANK.

SWHA! NOW I
DON'T THINK O'
THAT—YUH'RE A
SMART OWHOOD,
TO!



LET'S BOWAN, YUH ALL KNOW THUR PLAN, I
ROSEY UP TUM THUR RIGHT WATCHMAN
FLASIN' WUH SHERIFF'S
BAPPO, AN'...



PEW—WHEAT'S LEBE...
PHEEN' BY, WAAH! AN' BOUND
TUM SEE IF EVERYTHIN' ALL
RIGHT, QUIET TONIGHT?

WHEAT! EVERYTHIN' JUST
PEW! SHOOY!
SHORE TUM
YOUS NEW JOB
SER—OOW—AN' TUM
WHUT I LIKE TUM
SEE!

UH! GROWN!

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



YOU SAID YOU BOYS HAD TO WORK SO HARD!

LEAVE 'EM! I'VE GOT TO KEEP YOUR TAP SHUT! WE TAKE IT, SEE?

THAT'S FINE! NOW I WONDERS HOW YOU'LL LIKE THIS!

5. THE KID'S ADAPTED SURVIVAL

WHY? BECAUSE?

TAKE IT FROM ME BOYS—THERE'S AN EASIER WAY TO EARN A LIVING!

EEEEEE!

YOU SHOULD KEPT ME HOPPIN'! BUT I TRILLED 'EM LIKE YOU SAID!

BLESS YOU, MULEY—THAT WAS AN CLOSE TO SAY DEATH AS I EVER WANT TO GET 'EM UP THERE—

—GET GONG ON A FINAL APPROACH WITH THE DURANGO AND!

I SORTA THOUGHT THAT'D BE YOUR CASE—SO I BRUNG 'EM ALONG, AN' YOUR DURANGO DURS TOO! THEREY YODERS, SOUND ZET ME... WALTER!

AND, IN A MATTER OF MINUTES...

HELLO—GIVE BATES!

THAT DURANGO KID! START SHOOTIN' NOW!

THE DURANGO KID



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DARND!

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- NEW, BRIGHT LIGHTS ON TV!
- BRIGHT, EXCITING PICTURE ON TV!
- NEW, BRIGHT LIGHTS ON TV!

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