

THE **CHARLES STARRETT**

# the **DURANGO KID.**





# The DURANGO KID

**THE HIGHWAY**  
**SMUGGLERS OF**  
**THE BULKY ORES**  
**HIRE THE STANCOY**  
**STAGECOACHS THAT**  
**CARRY MAIL AND**  
**PASSENGERS ACROSS**  
**THE LAND. THE**  
**SCOUNDREL PLANS**  
**HOLD A THOUSAND POUNDS—**  
**EACH WITH HIM AN ENEMY AND**  
**THE HOWLING WINDS CARRIED THE**  
**SOULS OF SPYGLASS BULLETS, SCREAMING**  
**DEATH! IT TOOK GREY GUITS AND**  
**HIGH LINE STEVE'S BAND—ALONG**  
**THE DURANGO KID**  
**— TO COME**

## SHOOTIN' THROUGH



WELL, PETE—YOU'VE FINALLY GOT A STAGECOACH LINE ALL YOUR OWN. I WISH YOU ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD!

I'LL NEED THAT LUCK, STEVE—BECAUSE THIS LINE DEPENDS ENTIRELY ON ME!

FIVE SUMMERS STAGECOACH EXPRESS COMPANY

YOU SEE, I HAD TO BORROW A LOT OF MONEY TO GET THIS VENTURE STARTED. LEM STEVENS HOLDS THE MORTGAGE ON MY COMPANY—AND HE'S A FOUL-MOUTHED WAY TO DEAL WITH.

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ENTER!

WOULD SHE COME, MEN. LET'S DO!

BEACH FOR A CLOUD, MISTERS!



JURASSIC  
DINOSAURS  
ROAD  
AGENTS!

ME— I'M READY!  
FOR MY HONOR YOU  
BLAMED ME... HOTS!  
GUCK! HOTS!  
... AND I'M DOWN!

LEAVE THEM OUT AND... KEEP THEM...  
KEEP THEM... KEEP THEM...  
KEEP THEM... KEEP THEM...

THESE BRONCOS GOTTA CONTROL,  
STEVE!

DEEP SHOOTING VALLEY—  
I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET  
UP TO THAT DRIVER'S SEAT!

GIT MOVIN', MEN—  
DON'T LET THAT  
COACH GIT AWAY!

# THE DURANGO KID



WELL, AT LEAST THEY MADE THIS COACH STURDY — AND THAT'S A HELP!



THEY'RE GAWDY ON US, STEVE! CAN'T WE HURDLE 'EM FASTER?

NOT WITH THIS HEAVY COACH, BUDDY. WAIT — I'VE GOT AN IDEA! PASS THOSE MAIL BAGS UP HERE!

*IT'S TICKLE-N-WOBBE, BRINGING UP THOSE MAIL BAGS.*



BOAT'S TIGHT LAST ONE, STEVE. THEM OAK-HOODS 'S AWFUL CLOSE, PARTNER!

I'LL OAK IT IN A SECOND, AND AS SOON AS I DO, YOU MUST REARSELY UP HERE WITH ME...



WOW — THE COMBED COACH IS A FREE-SWINGING BOSS LASHED TO THE RUNNING GEAR ONLY BY THESE LEATHER THROGLOM-BRACES — IF I CAN OAK THEM —



WAPPEE! WELL PICK UP BUNTY OF SPEED NOW!

AND I THINK OUR OAK-HOODS ARE STOPPED FOR GOOD! THE MAIL WILL GO THROUGH!



RED HOOK — HERE WE COME!

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LATER—IN RED HOOPT!

IT'S ALLEY KING AN' STEVE RIDING IN THE STAGECOACH—GOLD! —BUT WULD JS THEM STAGECOACH?

GET THE DOCTOR FOR THAT DRIVER ALLEY—HE'S STILL ALIVE! I'M TAKING ONE OF THESE HORSES...

I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET THE DURANGO AND AFTER THOSE DRY-GULCHING ROAD AGENTS!

I SHORE HOPE TUN FIND 'EM, STEVE! WE'LL BE COMING ALONG IN A LICK WITH A POSSE!

JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER... AT A SECRET HIDEOUT...

I'LL FIND HIM, ALL RIGHT—FEW PEOPLE KNOW THAT I'M DURANGO! HELLO, RAGS—MISS ME?

WHEE—HEE—HEE—HEE!

AND—IN A MATTER OF SECONDS—A SLAY-CLAD RAGS OF A GOLD-WHITE HORSE STRIDES ACROSS THE PLAIN...

AND NOW, RAGS, THIS IS THE DURANGO KID TALKING! LET'S RIDE!

MEANWHILE...

COOKS! WHY DINT YOH SEE 'EM OUT THEM LASHES ON THIS COACH?

YEH TANGLE-FOOTED, CLUMBY, BLIND-BLANKIN' AN, CUT YORE TANNERS!

—YEH DUN SMACK INTUH THEM BLAMED THING YORSELF! OYE, MUM NEE!

HEY—START MOVIN'! YOH COMING THE DURANGO KID!

DURANGO! JENOSAPHAT!



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# THE DURANGO KID



# DURANGO KID



NO MAN'S TOUGH ENOUGH TO BEAT ME NOT EVEN...

NOT EVEN THE DURANGO KID?

**W**HEN DEATH BREATHES WARREN AND CLOSE, THERE'S NO TIME FOR FANCY DOLLERS IN A LAND WHERE LAW BOWS A HOT BULLET. A MAN HAS GOT TO LET HIS FISTS AND BEMEROLLOUT DO HIS TALKING FOR HIM. HE'S OUT TO

**Tough As They Come!"**

CHOP UP HIS —



SO GUERMAN, I CAME AS SOON AS I GOT YOUR NOTE. SURE HATE TO SEE YOU SICK LIKE THIS. AMIGO

IT'S BEYOND YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR AN OLD GUY'S EYES. SET YOURSELVES DOWN, BOTH OF YOU, AND LET ME TELL YOU MY TRICKS.



MAN CLOSER TO RANCH'S BEEN SLOW DOWN LAST. STEVE SEEMS MUCH HARDER TO SHOOT EVERY SEASON — MAKE MY BROTHER MURDERER'S GOT ANOTHER!

AND MARKET SALES DON'T COUNT FOR THE DIFFERENCE, DO THEY?

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"YOU SAID IT, STEVE. I SUSPECT DIRTY WORK WHEN THOSE DANDIGOTS—AN' HIM FOREMAN, JEFF RUFFO, JEST AIN'T HANDLIN' THIS SITUATION THE WAY HE SHOULD. THAT GOES RUFFO NOW!"



"HE'S A MEAN AN' DENYIN' DANDIGAN. THEY RUFFO, MA' I GOT MY GOLETS HE'S HONEST I'D FIRE HIM RIGHT BOW— EXCEPT I'M JEST TOO BURN SICK AN' OLD TO RICK A SCRAP WITH HIM!"



"I'M SAD IN NEED OF A YOUNG, TOUGH FIRECRACKER 'ROUND THIS PLACE. TUN GET THINGS TO RIGH, STEVE WHAT DYIN' SAY?"

"I CAN SEE YOU JUST HIRSD YOURSELF A BRAND NEW FOREMAN, S— WITH ASSISTANT!"



"BUT MULEY AND I HAV'E GOT TO DO IT OUR WAY!"

"GO TO IT, STEVE! I'M GIVIN' YOU AUTHORITY! HE'D RIGH— SHORE WISH I WAS YOUNG AGAIN! GOANA BE A HOT TIME 'ROUND HWAR!"



"WHEN TO FIRST, STEVE?"

"TO THE BUNKHOUSE!"



"ALL RIGH, YOU BUNK-BREAKIN' SADDLE-TICKLERS— HIT THE BOARDS AND BATHER BOUND! WE'RE GOIN' TO HAVE A POW!"

"WHAT DOW— AND AGE YOW?"



"YET I'M THE BRAND NEW BARRIDO IN THIS CORRAL— JUST HIRSD BY GUESSAN BELIEVE WE, GENTS— I'M GOIN' TO MAKE YOU SWAG' FOR YOUR DOCK AND DEANS BEFORE I'M THROUGH!"

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THERE ARE GOING TO BE SOME CHANGES AROUND HERE, MEN—AND ANYONE WHO DOESN'T LIKE THE IDEA CAN START PULLING HIS FREIGHT RIGHT NOW! ANY QUESTIONS?



YEAH—I GOT PLENTY QUESTIONS JUST HOW TOUGH ARE YUH, HONKIE? HOW ABOUT SOME PROOF?



GLAD TO OBLIGE!



TOUGH ENOUGH FOR YOU?

SWAMP!



ANY MORE QUESTIONS?

SWAMPING!



COLLECT YOUR SADDLE AND BRONC, RUFFED—AND GET OUT! YOU'RE AWKED AS OF NOW!

☆@#!?!



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HERE WITH YEA, BRAND—ALL THE WAY! IT SHORE WAS SATISFYING SEEM' RUFFO WHIPPED—AIN'T NONE OF US COTTONED TIL HIM!

THERE'S GOING TO BE A NEW DEAL AROUND HERE MEN. LET'S GET TO WORK!



A SHORT TIME LATER AT A NEIGHBORING RANCH...

SO OLDMAN'S NEW RANCHO WHIPPED AND KICKED YOU OUT! AND I'VE BEEN PLYING YOU FOR BEING TONGA, YOU STUPID JERK! WELL—I'M CUTTING YOUR PAY IN HALF, RIGHT NOW!



I'VE BEEN PULLING OFF CIRCLE-B STEERS IN A PLAN TO BREAK OLDMAN'S OUTFIT AND BUY HIS OUT! HE ROSEMAN HAS GOT TO BE IN MY PAY!



AS FOR STEVE BRAND—I'VE NEVER YET SEEN THE MUSCLE-MAN WHO DON'T HAVE HIS PRICE OUT OF MY HAND!



LATER—WHEN STEVE GOES OUT TO SLEEP UP THE HORN...

HEY, THERE! YOUR NAME STEVE BRAND?

THAT'S RIGHT, M'STER. STATE YOUR BUSINESS!



MY NAME'S MCBRIDE AND I OWN THE NEXT RANCHO. I KNOW OLDMAN JUST HIRED YOU TO RANCHO HIS OUTFIT. I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT, BRAND—I'LL PAY YOU DOUBLE IF YOU'LL WORK FOR ME!



MY OLDS ARE NOT FOR HIRE MCBRIDE I WORK FOR WHOEVER I LIKE—AND I DON'T LIKE YOU! MOM—GET OFF THIS RANGE AND STAY OFF! THAT DOES FOR NIGHT-WORK, TOO!

AWAY NOW—NOBODY TALKS TO ME LIKE THAT! I'LL —

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"YOU'LL WANT? WINDY TOUGH, EH?"



"TOUGH AS THEY COME, MISTER!"

"GAWDING!"



"NOW—LIKE I SAID—GET OFF AND STAY OFF!"

"I'LL BE BACK SOON! I'LL HAVE YOU CRAME—ING YET!"

*McBRIDE, IN A SWIFT HEAT OF FURY THROUGHS INTO HIS OWN PLACE...*



"DUFFY! AWAY! GAWD! THAT ALL YOU GUNSLINGERS! COME OVER HERE RIGHT AWAY! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO TONIGHT!"



"WE DOE TONIGHT! WELL, SUT GIZMAN FOR GOOD! HIS HEAD'S REDUCED TO A BRAZLE—AND TONIGHT WE'LL BUSTLE OFF WHAT'S LEFT! WE'LL SUT OUR FORCES IN TWO. SUTTED YOU TAKE HALF THE MEN AND..."



*McBRIDE*

"SO MCRIDE TRIED TO BRIBE YOU!"

"HE SURE FOUND OUT I WAS THE NEW FODGEMAN QUICK ENOUGH. ONLY ONE PERSON COULD HAVE GOT THE NEWS TO HIM SO SOON—AND THAT'S JEFF DUFFO!"



"WHICH PROVES THAT JEFF DUFFO WAS SPIN! FID MCRIDE ALL THE TIME—AN THAT MCRIDE'S GOT HIS OWN PLANS FID THEN CIRCLE'S!"

"EXACTLY! MCRIDE KNOWS THE GAME IS UP, TOO. AFTER HIS MEETING WITH ME!"

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IT'S SURE!

I'M DIN-OW! AN' IT'S ALL THEM ACCRIDE'S CURSED WAGWAG CUT HIM DRA... SENT ME OUT WITH ONLY HALF O' THEM MEN... AND NOW.



ONLY HALF THE MEN? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THAT'S RIGHT. THEM OTHER HALF IS WITH ACCRIDE—THEY—GROWN—WENT TUN OIT OLD MAN GUYMAN? GADWAG? —I'M DIN' BOYS—DIN'!



DEAD! HE CAME TO AN OWLHOOT'S END!

THUNDER! TO BETTER GET TO THE DANCH HOUSE RIGHT AWAY! THERE IS JUST MULEY THERE—AGAINST A HALF DOZEN GUNSLUCKS!



SWIFT AS THE WIND THE DANCY HORSE, 'NADDER' CARRIED HIS MASTER TO THE CIRCLE'S DANCH HOUSE!

GUYMAN'S DONE! THEY'VE BEEN HERE AND—MULEY! MULEY!



GROWN? GUYMANO—YOU'RE HERE AT LAST! I'M JEST! NICKED I GUESS—CRASSO MUM SKILL A BIT IT BUT ANFULL, PARDNER—PLENTY SHOOTIN' SOUND HEAR—THEY TOOK GUYMAN ALONG. LEFT ME BEG DAD..



QUICK, MULEY—THE BOYS GON'T BE ALOND SOON SEND THEM TO ACCRIDE'S—JEST? I CAN'T WAIT!

RIDE FAST DURANGO! I SHOOS HOPE YOU'VE NOT FOD LATE!... I THINK I HEAR THEM BOYS COMIN' NOW!



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I'W PUTTING IT TO YOU STRAIGHT, GUYMAN! SIGN THE PAPER THAT TURNS YOUR RANCH OVER TO ME—OR ELSE I'LL SHOOT—AND SHOOT TO KILL!

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GO AHEAD AN SHOOT 'EM MONEY-CRAZY VAGABOND! I AINT GOIN' TUN LIVE LONG, ANYWAY, AN I AINT AFRAID TO DIE! AN DIE I WILL, AFORE I SEE 'EM HAD HARD-EARNED LAND DON'T TUN A 'SKUNK LIKE YOU!



ALL RIGHT, DIZZYMAN— YOU ASKED FOR IT! THIS IS THE END FOR YOU!



WHEW, MURDERE— IT'S THE END FOR YOU!



IT'S THE DAWGDOOD'S END FOR YOU AND THE BEST OF YOUR GUNSLICK BROOD!



THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY, DURANGO!

WE GOT 'EM AS SOON AS WE COULD DURANGO! AN' 'EM UP, BOYS!



THAT'S WHAT I SEE MURDERE— AN' WHAT I AIN'T!

SLICK WORK, DURANGO! BY JUPITER, I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TUN WILL BE RANCH TUN YOU OR TUN MY FRIEND STEVE BRAND CAN'T TELL WHICH ONE IS FORTUNEY!



YOU'VE GOT A LONG TIME TO THINK ABOUT THAT DIZZYMAN YOUR PLEBEY! TUNN YOURSELF, O'LTNER, AN' YOU'VE GOT MANY MORE LONG YEARS OF PROSPEROUS RANCHING AHEAD!



# Dan Brand AND Tipi

A JURISDICT army of REDDONS AND REDDIANS  
 SWEEP DOWN FROM  
 CANADA IN A HONORABLE  
 BID TO CURE THE AMER-  
 ICAN REVOLUTION. WHO  
 WILL WARN THE PEOPLE  
 OF THIS NEW THREAT?  
 WHO WILL GIVE THE  
 CALL TO ARMS? NONE  
 OTHER THAN DAN BRAND  
 AND TPI, RIDING A  
 REAL CRAFT THROUGH  
 THEIR MOST PERILOUS  
 PASSAGE, SLITHERING  
 THROUGH THE DREADED

"River  
 Gauntlet!"



THE BRONX NEW  
 SAREP'S DOWN  
 FROM CANADA THROUGH  
 THE LANDS AND  
 RIVERS OF LINDORF,  
 NEW YORK...

HERE'S OUR PLAN, GENTLEMEN--WE'RE  
 MARCHING SOUTH FROM CANADA...  
 ... AND AT ALBANY WE'LL MEET  
 WITH GENERAL HOWE'S FORCES, NOW  
 MARCHING NORTH. DO YOU APPRECIATE  
 THE -ER- SIGNIFICANCE, GENTLEMEN!

I SAY  
 BAN-THIR,  
 GENERAL BUBBLES!  
 -- BAN-THIR!



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BETWEEN US, WE SHALL CRACK THE REBELS—LIKE A NUT—CRACKER—LIKE THIS! HEH-HEH-HEH!

REMARKABLE! BRILLIANT! WONDERBAR!

LET ME INTRODUCE ARL BANNIS, WHO HAS AGreed TO SCOUT FOR US THROUGH THESE WILDS. MR. BANNIS IS ONE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BEST SCOUTS.

USED FBI GENERAL BUREOWE RIGHT NOW, I'M EMPLOY'N' MY TALENTS WHERE THEY GET PAID THE MOST!

SO! BANNIS IS SCOUTING FOR THE BRITISH! NOW—THE PLAN IS TO LIKE TO SETTLE HIS WASH RIGHT HERE AND NOW, BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS TO GET AWAY FAST AND WASH OUR PEOPLE OF BUREOWE'S PLAN!

ALREADY WE HAVE WASTED VALUABLE HOURS—WAITING FOR NIGHT TO CLIMB OUT OF THIS TREE...

EVERY PRECAUTION IS NECESSARY FOR WE MUST NOT BE SEEN OUR MISSION IS TO REPORT INFORMATION, NOT TO FIGHT...

BUT!

'ALT! DO DOES THERE?

BUT IF WE MUST FIGHT, WE WILL! HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE TREE, TOM!

BLAZES, IT'S DAN BRAND! STOP THAT ALNY! STOP NOW!

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A CANOE HAS BEEN CAREFULLY NOODIN' AMONG THE REEDS...



THE DURANGO KID



—NOW!

WHAT THE—! WHAT ARE THEY TRYIN' TO DO?



WHERE'D THEY GO, BUDDY?

DROWNED THEMSELVES I'LL BET — JUST COULDN'T FACE IT!



YEEOW — I CAN'T SWIM!

COME ON IN, THE WATER'S FINE!



AND NOW — BACK IN OUR CANOE AGAIN. CAREFUL, TIP, THAT WE DON'T UPSET IT!

STOP! SURRENDER, DAN BRAND! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT!



OH, WON'T WE?

I'LL GET YOU, DAN BRAND — I'LL GET YOU YET!



SIT DOWN, BANNIS — YOU'RE ROCKING THE BOAT! DID I HARD TIP!

RIGHT, DAN! HERE WE GO — INTO THE CHAINS!

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THESE GONE,  
ALL RIGHT! WA-LA,  
BUT I AM COLD!

REPAIRING THIS  
CANDLE WILL WARM  
US UP. QUICKLY,  
GATHER SOME BIRCH  
BARK, SATHER  
PINE GUM...



...AND...

WE WILL COME BACK,  
TID—SOON! WE WILL GIVE  
THE TRAITOR'S BEHEADS TO  
ABEL BANN'S—SOON—WHY BOOBY!



A HURRY LATER—  
SARATOGA!

IF WHAT YOU REPORT  
IS TRUE, DAN BRAND,  
BUDGETS AND HIS  
BROODER SWINE WILL  
MEET THEIR LAST  
AMBUSH HERE AT  
SARATOGA! OUR  
BRAVE MILITAMEN  
ARE READY FOR  
THEM—ALL  
AROUND THE  
VALLEY!



HERE  
THEY COME—  
FIRE!



— AND  
ATTACK!

FOR COUNTRY  
AND FOR  
FREEDOM!



OUT OF MY WAY,  
REDCOATS — I HAVE  
OTHER GAMES!



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**T**HE SHELLBELT, with its row of brass-studded cartridges and the walnut-handled Colt sling, felt heavy and familiar to Sheriff Tate Lucas as he strapped it around his lean waist. His glance caught his face reflected from the broken old mirror in front of which he stood every morning. His face was lined, grim. His black hair was edged with gray at his temples, and above the ears. For down a long time doing this, he thought to himself, fumbling on the gun and belt and going out after another young hunk who think he's too fast for any man who wears the star badge.

He stomped on his worn, high-topped boots across the wooden floor, raising the dust of the last twenty years. His spurs jingled faintly, musically. He'd gotten those spurs down in Nogales, the time he'd gone after Greaser Sam, who held up the Saddle Gap stage ten or twelve years ago. High, rounded like only yesterday he was coming to the swinging doors and The Greaser was going for his gun, his dark eyes a little wide with the sudden terror in them. Sooner or later they all go that look in their eyes, he reflected.

Tate Lucas stopped on the worn board walk outside his little office and looked upstream, seeing the Broderbaker wagons and buckboards, the quartermaster wagon from Fort Cobb, the horses piled to the blocks in front of the Prairie Queen and the *LWY Girl*.

"Time was, there'd be only horses on the street. Horses, and saloon saloons instead of just two."

Now there were general stores, two barber shops, a military store and a stagecoach depot, with the big false-fronted bank building sitting in. Tate, you're gettin' old, he told

himself. He looked down at his hands, slowly turning them, seeing the fingers still long and powerful, curving to fit gunbars and trigger — but now he could see lines in them, that the constant blaze of Texas sunlight had put there after twenty years of riding the brush, chasing evilbuds.

Luke Worthington went by in his rig, rattling out and waving a hand. He saw Miz Tucker and Mia Lashy moving into the new-fangled photography parlor. Shaking his head, he came out onto the dust of the street and across to Blank, his joints. The row's growing up, and it's passing you by, like it passed the Judge once they cut down last week so Abner Kraft could put his new food emporium close to the milliner's shop and hardware store.

Chris Farnon came down off the hitchhail at sight of him. Young Chris said, "Paw sent me long to say hello, sir. He said as how you might like somebody to talk to, up in the Himekapan."

The sheriff smiled wistfully. He remembered the night Chris had been born, eighteen years ago. Wasn't many ranches in the valley then, or stores in town, for that matter. Chris Farnon could shoot the eye out of a rattlesnake's head at three hundred yards with a Winchester. His Paw and Tate Lucas had started ranching together in the valley. Young Farnon had struck to ranching. Tate had given it up, once he made some money, and since he was fast with a Colt he took to wearing the star badge. Old Yancey didn't want to lose his checkers opponent — and the 'Facts Kid was reputed a sure bet to down a man who'd win his best days. He held out his boy along to cover old Tate's trail.

The sheriff said, "The just riding to take a look-see, Chris. You sopper it that I'll call you when I need you." But his mind whirled. It's your job to go out into the Himekapan where the Kid is hoked on, and see how you can't take the boy with you or die, too!

Young Chris watched him as he swung into the hall, squinting against the sunlight. He opened his lips, blushed, and looked away. Tate Lucas smiled.

"You go tell your paw I'll come back at sundown, an' he better be pretty plumb hot tonight. I aim to beat him three checkers games out of five."

Chris shuddered. Rango secretary looked him to face himself. He shifted the rifle and wondered how this old dodger would get it, for the whole Territory knew the 'Facts Kid was death in boots to any man who wore a law badge.



The sheriff rode out of town and into the morning sunlight shalving down off the slopes of the Lower Himekapan. His Win-

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cheer rubbed his knee in its worn, cracked-leather saddle satchel. His old Colt was a comforting weight on his right hip. He shifted in the pine-scented air, and loosened the buttons of his range jacket.

The 'Pachs Kid was a killer. He'd robbed two trains and twenty stages, and one bank. He was wanted for murdering a widow and her two children for thirty-five double eagles. He carried two rifles and three revolvers, a hunting knife and a tomahawk. He shot first and never stopped to ask questions. Sumner had it that among his nine victims were three sheriffs and a Texas Ranger. Tate strongly doubted that the Kid had ever shot, and killed a sheriff, much less a Ranger.

"He's young," Tate told his partner "Not sixteen yet, an' wild as a broke Morgan horse. Mebbe he killed two white men, Mebbe even three, four grown. The rest was injuns — an' not wild ones, at that."

Tate Lucas had a magnificent record for the "modern" bad man. He had ridden straight to stamp out with Wild Bill Hickok and John Wesley Hardin. He'd seen Billy Taggaman throw down on the notorious Bill Doolla. Even when he'd been covered by an outlaw's gun in the past, Tate Lucas had been cool, confident.

"They go bad too young now," he was fond of telling Yancey Farnin. "They don't take the time to learn their trade."

That was all he had — the confidence of a man grown used under the weight of a sheriff's badge, and a gun that seldom missed — if he got the chance to use it.

He swung the pistol's head toward the ten by belt and urged him to a lops.



The plains came out from the shadow of the lava rock as the bullet took off on a trajectory an inch from his left shoulder, and went spangling into the sky. The middle cleared, and a shadow moved, and then Tate Lucas lay belly-down, with a rifle caddled under his chin. His alert blue eyes went dancing from rock to rock above him.

He saw the shadow move, and fired. A yelp of surprise answered him. Might be he was giving away a hole and by losing the Kid knew what he could do with a rifle, but he couldn't resist. Take the Kid down a peg or two in his own estimation. Teach the Kid a bit of respect for the star badge!

He looked forward, sliding so that his back was protected by a jutting lip of rock above him. He moved like an Indian, so quietly that no sound bothered the chirp-chirp of a road-runner. Mildly he watched the little bird dart and circle, then race off. He was joined by two more, and they moved into the rocks.

With a philosopher's eye, Tate saw the washed feathers here and there on the rocks,

wherever he looked. He did so, rifle in his hand.

Fully an hour later, he was less than a hundred yards from his head-dropping pistol pony. But he was fifty feet higher than he had been, and much of the rocky formation of the Hiraokopas lay under him. He squirmed closer to the rock, seeking the last bit of shade he could find, against the hot blast of the morning sun. *It's sit and wait, now, he said to himself. One of us is gold to get plenty treasure right soon — but it ain't gold to be sit!*



The 'Pachs Kid dozed lazily in the little cavernous. He was part Indian, and patience flowed with the blood in his veins. He could lie here and doze for hours. He lifted his head slightly, staring around him, at the sun-baked rocks, at the nodding pine two hundred yards away.

He turned lightly to settle himself more comfortably when he heard the vicious whirr of an angry rattle.

"For Dibs!" he snarled under his breath, and shifted position sharply. His cheeks whitened under their natural stains.

He leaped around and saw no snakes. He snarled. Again the rattles whirred, dry and crisp like fall leaves in a breeze, carrying across the ground.

"Better git 'em up, son," said a kindly voice.

The 'Pachs Kid whirled and cursed. Tate Lucas stood less than ten feet above him, on a rock overhanging a Colt trained on the Kid's middle. In his hand was a long string, and tied to that, the dried remains of a rattlesnake's rattles. He whirred them again, and grinned.

The 'Pachs kid went for his gun. Tate waited until he got it out, then he shot him. He shot to kill, remembering the widow and her two sons. The Kid slid down and lay there, still and silent.

Tate said, "Trouble with you young fellows is, you never take time to learn your trade. Where there's gold-panners, you'll never find rattlesnakes. The snakes eat 'em. So many caverns 'round these rocks a self-respecting rattler wouldn't stand a chance."

He blew smoke from his gun and Colt and inserted a new shell. He was hot and sweaty. He'd have time for a word in the creek, if he hurried. He didn't want to be late for his checkers game with Yancey Farnin. That was the only fun he had, any more. The rest of it — chase' young widows too green to know their business — was gettin' so easy it was boring.

Tate whistled for the Pine and began moving down the rock.

THE END



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THE ONLY OTHER BOLT SWIFTLY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN FROM LITTLE SUSPECTING THE DANGER AHEAD. SUCCESS!

## KA-ROOM!

THE NEW TRAINS ARE STRUCK WITHOUT WARNING. TERRIBLE AND FATAL! THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME—MAY WELL BE THE LAST. THE NEXT TIME THE DURANGO KID WILL BE THE CAUSE OF THE "DYNAMITE DOOM!"

The HAZARD DYNAMITE ARCHES THROUGH THE

THIS IS THE SMART WAY TO HOLD UP A STAGE ALL RIGHT! SHOWS MORE THE PAYROLL BOX IS IN ONE PIECE!



IT FEELS BETTER GET AWAY FAST NOW—AFRE SOMEONE COMES FOKIN' 'ROUND TUN SEE WHY' TUN BLAST WUZ ALL ABOUT!



SOME TIME LATER...

TOO LATE! BUT THIS MUST STOPPED...

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ALL DYNAMITE EQUIPMENT IS REGISTERED WITH THE SHERIFF, AND THE ONLY PLACE AROUND HERE WHERE THERE IS DYNAMITE IS IN THE SHERIFF LADY MINE...



WHOEVER'S BEEN CARRYING ON THE DYNAMITE BUSINESS AROUND HERE TO STEAL HIS EQUIPMENT FROM THE MINE HE MAY EVEN WORK HERE...!



MY BLACK CLOTHES SURE BLEND WITH THESE SHADOWS. ALL RIGHT... NOW TO FIND WHERE THEY KEEP THE DYNAMITE. I AM TO WATCH THAT STOREROOM EVEN IF IT TAKES A WEEK!



BLASTING EQUIPMENT? NOW TO SEE WHO GOES IN AND OUT THERE'S A DARK LITTLE NICHE I CAN WATCH FROM.



ALL RIGHT, YOU—SHERIFF—GET YOUR HANDS UP AN HOLD 'EM TIGHT!



I'LL REACH ALL RIGHT—FOR YOU!



PARDON MY REACH, PLEASE!

# THE DURANGO KID



WELL, FOLK, HE'S — GEORGEY'S — THE OWNER OF THE SILVER LADY!

DURN RIGHT I OWN THIS HERE MINE, DURANGO! WHAT YEH DOIN' STEALIN' MYH BLASTIN' EQUIPMENT?



GEORGEY'S BEEN STEALIN' DYNAMITE AN' BULLDOZERS FROM HERE. I'VE BEEN WATCHIN' WHAR TUM SEE WHO IT WAS, SO IT WUZ YOU, DURANGO!

NO, GEORGEY'S, IT WASN'T I!



I'M HERE FOR THE SAME REASON AS YOU — TO SEE WHO'S TAKIN' EQUIPMENT FROM THAT ROOM. I'M ON THE TRACK OF THE DYNAMITE KID — YEAH? SAY — WHO'S THAT?

THAT'S MY NAME, POSSUM, SAM BARNES!



BARNES IS THUH ONLY ONE I ALLOW IN THAR! AFT' — DYUN THAR — AFT' — AFT' COULD BE THUH ONE?

COULD BE, COULD BE — AT ANY RATE, SAM BARNES CAN STAND A BIT OF OLDER WATCHIN'!



LATER THAT EVENING... SO FAR HE'S DONE NOTHING SUSPICIOUS — CAME RIGHT HOME AND SETTLED DOWN OVER A BOOK. THINK I'LL GET INTO THE NEXT ROOM AND PEEK AROUND A BIT.



SOMETHING — SOMETHING IS SURE GIVIN' ME A GEORGEY FEELING... LUNE SOME WANDERIN' JAPAN... A SIXTH SENSE! MAYBE I'D BETTER LAY LOW — UNDER THAT BED!



SCREAMING

# THE DURANGO KID

WHEN THE DUST HAS SETTLED...

LUCKY I DELVED UNDER THE BED.  
THE MATTRESS SAVED ME! WANT  
A BLAST — KANGAROO! STILL  
A GOOD 'UN...



BETTER DEAD IN ANYWAY.  
CAN'T TAKE NO CHANCE ON  
HIS BEIN' ALIVE. AND  
THEN — PER DURANGO!

WOW!  
THAT'S...!

THAT GUN WON'T BE OF  
ANY USE TO YOU,  
ANYMORE, POLICIA!



I'VE GOT YOU NOW, KILLER!

THINK  
EYE-BLIND  
BLASTED THAT  
BLASTER INTO THE  
KANGAROO! I'LL GRAB  
A HANDFUL OF IT AN-

BECKON THAT'LL FIX  
YUH, DURANGO!  
MY EYES—  
BLINDED!



YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHO  
I AM, DURANGO — YOU'RE TOO  
BLIND!



THE SOUND OF RUNNING WATER  
... MUST BE A STREAM HERE —  
GOT TO BATHE MY EYES...



THE DURANGO KID



THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'LL BE TRICKED LIKE THAT, BUT FIRST—TO SEE IF BARNES IS ALL RIGHT...



WHY-WHAT HARBORER THAT EXPLOSION...  
TAKE IT EASY, BARNES— YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT. NOTHING BROKEN! YOU'LL NEVER KNOW JUST HOW CLOSE TO DEATH YOU WERE!



I'LL BE BACK—RIGHT AFTER I GET THE SKUNK WHO DID THIS! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!



AND TAKE TIME—I KNOW JUST EXACTLY WHERE TO GO! THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO CAN GET A HIDE-OUT FOR ME...  
BARNES!



HELLO, GEORFFREYS!  
DURANGO, WELL—ANY LUCK?



PLENTY OF LUCK, GEORFFREYS, I KNOW THE DYNAMITE KILLER!

YUH DON'T SAY! YUH MEAN IT WUZ BARNES?



NO—THE DYNAMITE KILLER IS YOU!  
YUH'RE CRAZY! YUH GOT NO PROOF O' THAT!



# THE DURANGO KID



YOU THOUGHT PRETTY FAST IN THE MINE THIS MORNING, GEORGEYS, AND YOU THOUGHT FAST WHEN YOU THREW PLASTER POWDER IN MY EYES A WHILE AGO—BUT YOU CAN'T THROW FAST ENOUGH TO MAKE THAT PLASTER POWDER GET YOUR EYES! PROOF ENOUGH?

BLAZES!



I THOUGHT FAST ENOUGH TO KEEP A GUN UNDER THE PAPER, DURANGO! AS FOR YOU—YOU JUST AIN'T GONNA THINK AGAIN!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

YEEHOW!



NOW LET'S SEE HOW FAST YOUR FISTS ARE KILLED!



GO AHEAD GEORGEYS—THINK FAST NOW!



WHAT'S THE MATTER? NOTHING TO SAY? TOO THIN?

GWINNER!



LATER...

GUESS I WILL JUST TOO SMART FOR MY OWN GOOD!

THAT'S THE ONE REALLY SMART THING YOU'VE SAID, GEORGEYS—TOO LATE NOW!

# WE GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU MONEY

YOUR MONEY BACK QUICK IF YOU CAN BUY FOR LESS ELSEWHERE



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These cufflinks are made of solid brass and are plated with a thick layer of 24K gold. They are a classic and elegant accessory for any man's wardrobe.



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