

CHARLES STARRETT

The
**DURANGO
KID**





FOR THE MOST PART, THE BATTLE AGAINST OUTRIGHT TERROR IN THE OLD WEST WAS CARRIED OUT TO THE TUNE OF BARKING GUN-BOYS AND BOUNDING FIRTS, BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER WEAPON AND THE HARVEST OF MEN CRINGED TO SEE IT IN THE HANDS OF A MASTER. THIS WAS THE DEADLY

Whiplash!



BECKON VULVE RIGHT WHIP SLADE--
THAT'S A BICH MEN O' GOLD
BURNIN' RIGHT THROUGH THE
HORSE HOLLOW!

ONLY TROUBLE
IS--HORN HOLLOW
BELONGS TO THEM
WANNABE'S GOTTA
FIND SOME WAY
TURN OIT OUR HANDS
ON IT!



THE DURANGO KID

THEY DON'T CALL ME "WRIP" FOR NOTHING!

THE SHORE ARE A WRECK WITH THAT THING WHAT?



WE'LL FINISH YOUR JOB!

BURY HIM UNDER THAT TREE AN' LET'S GIT GOIN' BACK TON TOWN! I THINK WE'LL DO SOME BUSINESS DOWN AT THUR LAND OFFICE I KNOW A "LEUTENANT" DOWN THERE



LATER THAT DAY—AT THE LAND OFFICE

I THINK, BLAKE, THAT THIS FORGED LAND TITLE WILL DO IT UP!

GREAT, LEUTENANT! THAT GIVES ME OWNERSHIP OF MORSE HOLLOW I'LL CUT YOU IN ON A 50 PERCENT THAT WAS SET FOR THIS!



NOW THEY'VE GOT THE TITLE, THEM INJUNS AREN'T WONT KNOW WHAT HT' BE!

HEE THERE DOES FLEET FOOT CHEEF O THUR CHEYENNES!



HEARD WHAT I THINK O ARMY YOUR FOOT ARMY? SO FLEET NOW-FLEET FOOT!

HOW-HOW-HOW!

YAK-YAK-YAK!



IF YOU THINK THAT WAS BLURRY, NOW'S THIS!

WONT THOU?



YOU'LL ALL SPLIT YOUR SOES LAUGHING AT THIS I GUARANTEE!

BLURRY!



THE DURANGO KID

THANK YOU STEVE BEARD
THESE MEN ARE EVIL. WE
SEE THEM AROUND OUR LANDS
IN HORSE HOLLOW. ONE OF
SIX BEARDS WENT TO JOHN
TRAY TO MISSING.



THAT IS WHY I
CAME TO VISIT
HANK'S VILLAGE
TODAY. I THINK
BAD THING PLAN
EVIL. I FEAR
THEY WANT TAKE
MORE OF OUR
LAND.



WHY THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE
CHIEF FLEET
FOOD? HORSE
HOLLOW BE-
LONGS TO
THE CHIEFTAIN
BY SACRED
TREATY!

THAT'S WHAT SHE WENT TO
SET YOUR MIND AT EASE,
CHIEF. LET'S GO INTO THE
LAND OFFICE, WHERE YOU
CAN SEE THE LAND TITLE
FOR YOURSELF.



YOU AND THE CHIEF ARE
MISTAKEN BEARD. HORSE
HOLLOW BELONGS TO
WHIP SLACK — ALWAYS
AND!



THAT CAN'T BE! THAT
TITLE IS A FORGERY!
COLONEL, WILL YOU
COME IN HERE AND
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS?

I COULD
HAVE
SWORN.



ME, TOO, STEVE! BUT YET—
THIS TITLE LOOKS ALL
RIGHT AND I SURE WE'LL
HAVE TO HONOR IT!

NEVER! WE NOT GIVE UP
LAND WE SHOW IS OURS!
WE WILL FIGHT TO THE
DEATH! I HAVE
SPOKE!



YOU HEARD WHAT
THAT INDIAN SAID?
I WANT FULL
RESTITUTION
FROM THE US
ARMY!



WHAT STONE
DID YOU
CLEAN FROM
UNDER?

WELL, SIR—
IS THE ARMY
GOING TO
WALK FOR
THAT
LAND-ROB?

NO CHOICE, STEVE. WE'RE
BOUND TO PROTECT
THE LEGAL PROPERTY OF
ANY CITIZEN WHO'S
THREATENED. I'LL HAVE
TO SEND MY TROOP
INTO HORSE HOLLOW—
MUCH AS I OBLIVIOUS
THAT SNAKE SLACK!



THE DURANGO KID



NEXT MORNING AT HORSE HOLLOW!



BUT SUDDENLY ACROSS THE PLAINS A HORSEMEN COMES RIDING! IT IS THE DURANGO KID - FEARLESSLY CUTTING IN BETWEEN THE TWO FORCES!



THE DURANGO KID

SPEAK, DURANGO—BUT QUICKLY—BECAUSE ONLY YOU DO MY ANKBY WARRIORS HOLD THEIR LANCES!



BY THUNDER, DURANGO—IF IT WERE ANYBODY ELSE BUT YOU I'D—TALK 'EM AWAY!

A TELEGRAPH FROM WASHINGTON—IT GIVES THE SOUMPARISE AS THEY WERE SET BY SACRED TREATY! MORE HOLLOW BELONGS TO THE CHEYENNE—AND SLADE'S WIFE IS A FARE!



SLADE! THAT'S GOOD NEWS! THIS WAS ONE BATTLE I SURE DON'T LIKE GOING INTO! MY ANKBY'S CHIEF—I'M JUST A DUVE SOLDIER TRYING TO DO HIS DUTY!



BUT WE RIDE FOR VENGEANCE TOO, COLONEL! OUR BROTHER, RED DEER, HAS BEEN SLAIN—AND AROUND WE RECK YOU CAN SEE THE MARKS OF THE EVIL SLADE'S WIFE!



CHIEF, THE WHITE MAN HAS LAID AGAINST MURDER TOO! I PROMISE THAT "WAMP SLADE" WILL FACE TRIAL FOR MURDER—AND YOU CAN BE A WITNESS AGAINST HIM! BUT YOU MUST LET US DO IT AS FAST!



DURANGO'S WORD IS HONEST AND THE CHEYENNE HAS MUCH FAITH IN HIM. LET IT BE AS DURANGO SAYS. LET THERE BE PEACE AMONG US!



LATER—AT THE SALOON WHERE SLADE HAS SET UP HEADQUARTERS...

NO HUM—WONDER HOW THIN COLONEL'S GUTTIN' ALONG—PERFECT! OUR PROPERTY!



NO HUM! I THINK I LIKE THE AMP BETTER THAN ALL THE OTHERS.

THE DURANGO RID



THE DURANGO KID





WOOD had thicker than water in the town of Skull Gap—and a heart that wore plenty! It was the kind of place that went to sleep or death to the straggle melody of a six-gun song that sang its warning from dawn to dusk! It was wild all right—and it lived the grim law of a jungle—till the Durango Kid came along to

STEVE BANGED TOWARD EXTRAORDINARY, AND HIS SODDY, WULF PINE ARE DRIFTING SOUTH

"Write the Law in Gunsmoke!"

THAT'S A SIGN POST UP TOWARD STEVE SHORE NOW! THAT MEANS THERE'S A TOWN NEARBY!



IT'S A TOWN ALL RIGHT! WHATTENA? SAY, STEVE? HOW ABOUT HOW? YORE HORSE, RIDER, AN' YORE DURANGO OUTFIT? IN THEM ROCKY HILLS OVER THERE—AN' OUT US INTO TOWN FOR A SPELL? BEEN LIVED OFF THEM RANGE NOW DATD TWO WEEKS NOW!



WOULDN'T MIND SLEEPING IN A GOOD BED MYSELF FOR A CHANGE GERR PARDNER— YOU SOLD ME!



RAJES AND 'DURANGO KID' SQUINT ARE CAREFULLY HOODEN IN A CAB!

LET'S GO! I'M GOING TO SINK MYSELF INTO A HOT BATH FIRST THING!



HOW ABOUT MAKING ME A PROMISE, STEVE? LET'S JUST BE THE DORTY SADDLE— TEMPS—NO MORE WOLF, NO MORE— JUST GUTTA!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

IN SIMMONS—FATHER OF THE HERE YOUNG LADY YEM PERFECTED. IN "MINE" YEM—AS CHAIRMAN O' OUR SECRET CITIZENS' COMMITTEE FOR LAW AN' ORDER!



MINGO'S THEM BIGGEST BARBERS IN THESE PARTS. OWNED EVERY-THING IN SIGHT—AT LEAST. 'TIL THEM GOVERNMENT OPENED UP THE STOP FOR SETTLE'. HUH AN HIS HIRD SUNDERS ARE TERRORISM' THRU WHOLE COUNTRY...



WE GOT A CITIZENS COMMITTEE THU CHALLENGE MINGO— BUT THU PEOPLE ARE STILL SHOOKED. THEY NEED A STRONG MAN THU LEAD EM...



WHAT WE NEED IS SOMEBODY LIKE YEM—OR, EVEN BETTER YET—SOMEBODY LIKE THE DURANGO KID! PEOPLE WOULD BE WILLIN' THU RIGHT IF THEY KNEW WE HUZ SON' US!



SIMMONS, I THINK I CAN GET YOUR MAN!

I WANT YOU TO CALL A MEETING OF THE LEADERS OF THIS TOWN. MY DURANGO IS THAT YOU'LL BE IN FOR A HAPPY SURPRISE!

SURE HEY! WE'LL ALL BE AT MY HOUSE!



LATER THAT NIGHT... EAST, RAGED BOY! SOON AS I GET THIS DURANGO OUT, IT ON WE RIDE!



AND, AS THE DURANGO KID THINKERS BACK TO TOWN... EVENING, GENTLEMEN! I HAVEN'T EXACTLY INVITED BUT I THOUGHT TO DROP N ANYWAY!



MINGO!

THE DURANGO KID



THAT'S HIS! DON'T THINK I'D FIND OUT ABOUT THIS MEETING, DID YOU? ... I'LL BE REAL EASY WITH YOU MEN — IF YOU PACK UP THE COMMITTEES OF YOURS AND GO HOME LIKE NICE BOYS!



NOTHIN' DOIN', MINGO! WE AIN'T YONE'S BOYS! WE'RE HERE 'TIL WE STAY!

IN THAT CASE, GENTLEMEN — I BEGOT THAT I WILL HAVE TO KILL YOU!



YEEEEOW!!



YOU CAN RUN THAT RANGE OF YOURS, MINGO — BUT YOU CAN'T RUN THIS TOWN! **GUNSMOKE LAW IS OUT!** IT'S EITHER YOU OR US!

SO WHAT? HARRY? B— THAT SUITS ME FINE, DURANGO!



I CAN MAKE WAR, TOO, DURANGO! I'M COMIN' BACK HERE IN THE MORNING WITH ALL MY OUNSLIDERS — AND IF YOU FOOL HAVEN'T COME TO YOUR SENSES BY THEN, IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO TRY 'EM!

WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU, MINGO!

ALL NIGHT, DURANGO RIDES THE PLAINS.

SETTLERS! COME! MEN OF THE FREE PLAINS! DEFEND YOUR HOMES! WERE OUT DEWEDOT TROOPS! GET INTO TOWN NOW! NOW! AND JOIN THE ALL-OUT FIGHT AGAINST MINGO AND HIS SCUMBA BLOOD!

YAKO! IT'S DURANGO! HE'S COMIN' WITH US! MARRHAA! GO GIT WE NUN DILE!

YEP DURANGO'S GONNA BE HERE IN A LONG TIME PER THIS!

GONNA MAKE THE LAND SAFE PER OUR KIDS AN WOMEN — THAT'S WHAT!

GIT MOVIN' HIGH-BOYS! GONNA RIDE MINGO OUT! THAT'S WHAT!



THE DURANGO KID



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THIS BLOODSHED... AND THAT'S TO GET MINGO HISSELF! ACROSS THESE DOORS TO THAT BARN - THAT WINDOW!

THERE'S MINGO RIGHT BELOW DIRECTING HIS MEN. I'LL MAKE A LEAP OUT OF THIS HAY WINDOW - LAST GOON AND



THE DURANGO KID



Dan Brand Tipi

THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE PRECIOUS CARGO TO THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY WAS ACROSS A WATERY TRAIL—CLOSELY GUARDED BY THE ENEMY FLEET. IT WAS A CHANCE IN A THOUSAND, BUT THEY HAD TO TAKE IT! THEY KNEW THAT THE PRICE OF FAILURE WAS DEATH—YET, UNAFRAID, DAN BRAND AND TIPI EMBARKED ON THE "VOYAGE WITH DANGER!"



A TINY FISHING VILLAGE—
SOMEBODY SOUTH OF BATAVIA.



CAPTAIN HARKINS?

AT YOUR SERVICE, DAN BRAND. WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF THIS SECRET MEETING?



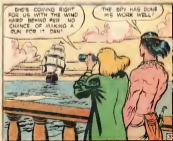
THOSE CRATES ARE FILLED WITH NEW RIFLES, CAPTAIN. THEY'VE GOT OUT TO THE WHITE MEN OF NEW ENGLAND! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO HALL THEM NORTH BY LAND FOR THE BRITISH ARMY IS ON ALL SIDES—AND THE FREIGHT IS HEAVY TO HANDLE...

I UNDERSTAND, THEY WILL HAVE TO BE SHIPPED BY SEA—THROUGH THE BRITISH BLOCKADE! A DANGEROUS PROPOSITION, DAN BRAND.

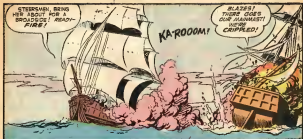
THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



STEERSMAN, BEING HER ABOUT FOR A BROADSIDE! READY-FIRE!

KA-ROOM!

BLAZE! THERE GOES OUR MAINMAST! WE'RE CRIPPLED!



WE'RE DONE FOR! I'M GOING TO GIVE THE ORDER TO SINK THE SHIP AND THE CARGO WITH IT! I'LL BE BEFORE I LET THE RIFLES GET IN BRITISH HANDS! LISTEN TO ME, MEN!

WAIT, CAPTAIN—WAIT!



I SAY NO! CAPTAIN—SURRENDER THIS DAY!

WHAT? HAVE YOU GONE SOFT, DAN—ARE YOU APPEARING TO ME FOR LIBERTY? I'LL NEVER SURRENDER!



THEN I WILL ANDY THERE, WATSON—WE SURRENDER!

DAN BRAND, YOU'RE A COWARD AND A TRAITOR! IF THE BRITISH DON'T KILL YOU FIRST, I WILL!



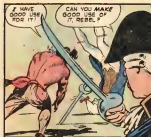
LATER...

A FINE CATCH, I MUST SAY! SAW THEM! TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY CRATES OF RIFLES—AND, FOR A PRISONER, THE GREAT DAN BRAND HIMSELF! WHAT A BLOOMING TRIUMPH!

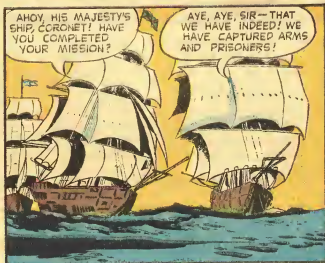
THE DURANGO KID







THE DURANGO KID





THE THIN PLUME of smoke lifted upward from the red sandstone bluff. The man crouched in the shadows of a girdle, watched it with narrowed eyes. His tongue came out to lick at his dry lips, as cold terror ran its way down his spine beneath the faded blue shirt. "Apaches," he told the dry New Mex. so air. "On the war trail—and me with a dead horse—and no bullet for my gun!"

He had been out prospecting in the Dos goons, hunting gold. He had a few nuggets in a leather bag at his waist, enough to make his trip into these mountains well worth while, if he could make it back to the post—with his scalp still on his head!

Take Gibbons shook his sawney head, wrinkles of worry furrowing his forehead. Without a horse, without a gun to fight his way out of a trap, his chances of saving that scalp were almost nil. Gibbons had seen what Apaches did to the men they caught. He had seen men hang over a slow fire, tied upside down to a wagonwheel. He had seen other things, even less pretty than what was left of the men after the fire had burned its way out.

He set out on a slow trot along the narrow trail that looped around the mountain. He carried a rifle in his right hand, a rifle whose chamber and magazine were empty. At his right side hung a long hunting knife in a stringed sheath. *If I can keep out of sight, maybe I can make it . . .*

The sun passed down with terrific fury. It slid over the wide beam of his coat but it beat down on his shoulders, it was an exhausting weight on his back. It slowed his feet and numbed his muscles.

Gibbons came to a bend in the trail. Ten feet below the trail went on. If he could get down to that lower trail, he would save himself hours of travel. But he would make himself a prime target against the sky for keen Apache eyes.

He shrugged and went to his knees. *I make it or I don't*, he told himself. He dug the long blade of his knife into the loose soil and dug with a toe at a protruding rock.

Midway down the face of the cliff he heard the yell.

It froze his blood, for it came from deep in the belly and whistled out from a throbbing Apache throat. Something came, and whined high overhead and then he heard the flat dull report of a Winchester sound out across the flats.

"They've seen me," Gibbons groined, he cursed his luck. Now they'll be coming this way on their ponies and . . .

He choked off his words. He used to crouch beneath an empty air. He would need all that breath for running. And then he felt solid rock under his mountain and he lowered himself to the ledge.

He ran into the approaching dusk with long strides, moving steadily downward toward the flats. He was planning ahead, knowing the Apaches would be coming for him. Night was only two hours away. It was dry and cool at night, a good time to travel, once he was off the mesa.

Gibbons found a tiny spring and lay on his belly drinking carefully, storing up the wetness against the coming darkness. He rolled over and lay on his back, long, letting his muscles ease. Overhead he could see the stars come twinkling out, bright in the black-

THE DURANGO RID

area of the sky. He wondered idly if he would see those stars tomorrow night.

When he felt refreshed, he went strutting into the flats. Somewhere out behind him in the blackness ransacking the coral and the sage, the Apaches were coming swiftly and steadily as their ponies. Gibbons knew he had one advantage; on foot, he would not loom high up against the horizon, so he would if he had been mounted. By taking advantage of the cactus and scotilla, ranging from clump to clump so that he merged with their dense shadows, he might make it.

Now as he ran he could hear the drumming hoofs. They might not attack him at night—the Apaches like most other Indians—rarely fought at night, believing that the spirit who came to guide them to the happy hunting grounds might not find them in the blackness, were they killed. But if they learned he had no horses for the night he caught—

Gibbons put that thought away from him, and concentrated on running.

He came upon the wagon an hour after midnight. It still smoked, its charred ribs smoldering a dull red showing here and there where the fire lingered.

Gibbons did not look at what remained of the two bodies on the ground. The Apaches had caught these men only yesterday, had amused themselves with torture for some hours, then had fired the wagon and ran off the horses.

He hunted in the wreckage and found black, fat loam the ruins of the smoking wagon. Carefully he ran the web black that over his hands and face, turning them as black as the night around him. Then he took new and leather bits of chat and rubbed it over his shirt and trousers.

"I'm as black as the night itself," he said to the dead things on the ground. "They'll never see me now!"

He hunted for bullets, but the Apache search had been thorough. They had taken coffee and bullets, food and clothing.

Gibbons ran on.

It was an hour before dawn when the Apache found him. Gibbons was looking for a windfall of cave or which to spend the day-long hours. As he halted, a grim figure rose up out of the night, running abruptly.

The thought came to Gibbons, even as he went off his feet at the Apache, that the redskin was more surprised to see him than Gibbons was to find the Apache barring his path. He was a dark, stocky fellow with wide shoulders that betrayed terrific physical strength. A red flannel headband ran about his dark black hair. High mountains reached almost to his knees. His thighs were bare.

The Apache grunted as Gibbons tumbled

into him, driving his head goodlike, farward into the Apache's belly. With a guttural "Whoo!" the Apache tumbled backward.

Gibbons was on him even as he hit the ground. His fingers went for the greasy throat, tangling in the long hair. He gulped in a lungful of air and his fingers found their grip and tightened.

The Apache writhed, clanking at those iron fingers, trying to rip them free so as to scream for help from his fellow tribesmen who were even then hunting for this man who sought his life. But there was marvellous strength in Zeke Gibbons in these dawn hours. He was fighting not only to stay alive, but to keep himself from the capture that had made the name of Apache a dread one on the American southwest.

The Apache's struggles grew weaker. There was a dry rattling sounding in his throat. He shook spasmodically and his arms fell away. He lay there as Gibbons held his grip for another minute until he was positive that the man under him was dead.

Then he got to his knees, ripped loose the bandolier of brass cartridges and lifted the carbine the Apache had dropped.

He caught the Apache pony after a short chase, but did not mount him. Grasping the rope hereabouts he led him at a walk across the flats. "If I get up on him, those other leaves may see me. If I let him go, they'll maybe find him, hunt for 'afer missing friend and then come hoofing it after me!"

The first pink tints of dawn found Gibbons plodding across a dandy plain fifteen miles from the trading post. He halted to look behind him. The red sandstone bluffs loomed high in the distance.

Gibbons grunted, even though the effort hurt his dry lips. "Now let 'em catch me!" He swung onto the pony and kicked at its ribs.

Fresh, the way little bronc began to run. Gibbons let him go for a mile, then pulled him in at a slower pace. "No need to blaze daylight. Those 'Percha devils will have ran up and down all night, trying to find me. They're on no shape to catch you. I've saved you for three last low miles. If they show, you can run your fool head off!"

Toward noon, he saw the Apaches trailing him, miles to the rear. He shook the reins and the tough pony really ran, Gibbons laughed as only a man can laugh who has touched death's cold fingers and lived to remember it.

Two miles away, he could see the lag walls of the post. The Apaches would never get him now. He was safe.

Zeke Gibbons began to whistle. . .

THE END



The DURANGO KID

HEY, SPIKE—
DYIN' SEE WHAT
JIM GREEN'S?

WHAS WE COME
LEONIN' FEE & HIDEOUT
FEE OUR STOLEN HORSES
AN' LOOKIN' WHAT WE
FIN'D? BEST-HOSS O'THEM
ALL! LET'S DRAG 'EM
SPOOT!

DURANGO, LUCK SOMETHING ACCIDENTS, MUST SOMING CAN NEVER DO! THE OLDEST ONE-HOOTS IN THE COUNTRY WOULD GIVE THEIR EYE-TEETH FOR A CLUE TO THE DURANGO KID'S HIDEOUT, BUT IT TAKES TWO BLUNDERING HORSE-THIEVES TO STUMBLE ACROSS IT AND THUS KICK OFF THE SUSPENSEFUL, THREE-PART STORY OF

"DURANGO'S STOLEN STEED!"



HOW! GOTTA
CLAP FINE
BRONC'S PUTTIN'
UP!

YEAH! BUT AIN'T HE A
BEAUTY? HE'LL BRING
PLENTY O' DOLLARS ACROSS
THAT BORDER!



SHORE GOT US A MAJ
FINE TEEB SPIKE!

WHO S'AD HOSS-
STEALIN' DON'T AN
OFF? LUCK'S SHORE
ON OUR SIDE!

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

TO CLAIM HIM, DURANGO WOULD HAVE TO SHOW HIS THE LEGAL OWNER—AND THAT'S **STEVE BRANDY**! WE CAN'T DO THAT!

AN' IF YOU DON'T CLAIM HIM, HE'LL BE AUCTIONED OFF! REESE WE'VE GOT TO BUY RAGER AT THIS AUCTION!

WE CAN'T DO THAT EITHER IF I BOUGHT HIM AT AUCTION, THEN ~~ANYBODY~~ **ANYBODY** WOULD KNOW RAGER BELONGS TO ME FROM THEN ON. DURANGO WOULD NEVER RIDE HIM AGAIN!

SOLLY! WHAT T'GO? WHAT T'GO?

ONLY ONE THING TO DO, MULEY—**TOWN HORSE-TAGGERS** OURSELVES!

YOU MEAN—LET SOME-**BODY ELSE** BUY RAGER—AND THEN STEAL HIM BACK!



RIGHT! OF COURSE, WE'LL LEAVE MONEY TO REIMBURSE THAT PERSON—BUT EVEN SO THAT WILL MAKE DURANGO OFFICIALLY AN OUTLAW! BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY! I MUST HAVE RAGER BACK SO OTHER HORSES CAN SERVE DURANGO!

Now Day!

WELL, ALL THE HORSES HE CLAIMED—EXCEPT DURANGO! I RECKON DURANGO WONT CLAIM, EITHER—'CAUSE THAT WOULD REVEAL WHO HE IS! SURE HE'LL TAKE HIM ON, BUT I'VE GOTTA TAKE 'EM OFF THIS HORSE OFF!

ONE HUNDRED AN' FIFTY WACKARON!

I BID THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS! AN' I AM TUN' GIT THEM HORSES!

HOW! AIN'T NOBODY NINE IN A ROW THAT 'D!



HE'S ALL WORN BANG JUD! BUT TUNES SON TUN TREAT IN A LOT MORE DENTLS THAN THE!

DON'T TELL ANY HOW TUN TREAT **MY** HORSE, SHERIFF! COME ALONG TUN BLASTED CAUSE—**MOVE!**

SOMEBODY BORN THE COTTER QUICK—AROUND HE **ADLES** ME!

LEAVES 'EM RIGHT—JERON A HORSE HORSE LIKE THE!



THE DURANGO RID

GOT 'EM!
HE'S
PLenty
STRONG
THAT
HOSS!



HE'S A KILLER—BUT IN
GONN TUN TEACH HIM
TUN BEHAVE! AN' LESSON
ONE STARTS RIGHT NOW—
GONNA GIVE TH' BROTHER
HELL HEVES FORGET!

LAY OFF, JUDO!
THAT'S NO WAY
TUN HANDLE
A HOSS!



EASY, STEVE,
JUDO!—THOU
SHEDDIN' THE
HANDLES! THAT
VARIANT!

CONTROL
YOURSELF,
STEVE—
WE'LL GET
OUR CHANCE
LATER ON!



WE'D SOONER GET
AWAY FROM HERE,
MULEY—BROOD I
GIVE MYSELF AWAY
COMPLETELY! THAT
ROTTEN HOSS—
SCARED TUN
SAFER AWAY FROM
HERE! BUT
STEALING, MULEY!

LATER THAT DAY AT JUDO'S RANCH

ALL WE GOT IN HEAR!
WHAT IS GLASS YUN WANT
IN FEE, JUDO? HE'S TOO
CROOKY TUN RIDE!



DON'T
JUDO
TUN
RIDE
IN, MULEY!

THAT HOSS IS GONN TUN
BE SAFE— TUN TEAP
DURANGO' DURANGO'S
SHORE TUN COME AFTER
WA TONIGHT— AN' THAT'S
WHEN HE WALKS INTO
OUR TEAP!



YUP WITH DURANGO OVER
THIN WAY, HE CAN DO ALL THIN
RUEBLY! WE WANT ILL WANT
A BUNCH OF MEN AROUND THIS
CORRAL, TONIGHT



COM'N' OF COM', DURANGO LL
HAVE TO COME ALONG THIS BOARD!
I'M FORTIN' YOU BUYS ALONG HEAR
KEEP HD— AN' SHOOT TUN KILL!



THAT
MORT.

SO! THERE'S A GAUNTLET POSTED ALONG
THE ROAD! HAVES THATS WHY JUDO BOUND
KINDER— TO TEAP ME! HAVES THING A
LITTLE BT TOUGHER, BUT.



THE DURANGO KID

THE TREE WILL DO! LUCKY THE TRAINED BADER GOT JUST SUCH SITUATIONS AS THESE. I'LL GIVE THE BARD-CALLS AND THEN I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE IT TO BAKER TO DO THE REST!



THE PERCING SCREAM OF A WILD BIRD SPLITS THE NIGHT!

HOODOO-WHEEE!
HOODOO-WHEEE!



WHAT'S COMING OVER THAT CREEPER? HE SHAMPOO HIS DOGS! SHAMPOO HIS DOGS! SHAMPOO 'EM DOWN!

HOODOO-WHEEE!
HOODOO-WHEEE!



HOODOO-WHEEE!
HOODOO-WHEEE!

WFOW! THAT WAS A GOOD PLOVER CHASE! SLAP LEATHER, MEN—GIT AFTER 'EM!



IT'S AS AN ARROW BENDER HEADS RIGHT FOR THE TREE!

HELLO, BADER! HE'VE GOT SOME BOND TO DO BOY!



GAWSH! I'M COMING DOWN THIS ROAD—GAUNTLET OR NO GAUNTLET! RIGHT INTO THEM RAGS! ... GOOD BOY! NOW-UP THAT BARBARENT!



THOUGHT I'D FIND SOMEBODY HANGING HERE! SURPRISE!





PLAN TWO RAIDER — PLAN TWO — ALLEY GOAT!



THEY'LL HAVE A FINE TIME TRYING TO CATCH RAIDER NOW — UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS THAT CONRAD JUDO, WILL BE THE LAST RIDER!



... AND I'M RIGHT! ... IT'S A COUPLE OF ACCOUNTS TO SETTLE WITH YOU WHEE!



ACCOUNT NUMBER ONE — THIS SETTLES WHAT I OWE YOU FOR BEATING RAIDER WITH A STICK!

WHEE!



ACCOUNT NUMBER TWO — THIS SETTLES WHAT I OWE YOU FOR TRYING TO MURDER DURANGO! — AH, AND HERE COMES RAIDER BACK AGAIN — LEAD THAT BUNCH CLEAR 'N A GORGE! ... GOOD BY!



COME NOW GENTS — YOU DON'T REALLY THINK YOU CAN CATCH UP WITH A HORSE LIKE RAIDER DO YOU?



A MAFKED OF MINUTES AND JUDO'S MEN ARE LEFT FAR BEHIND ...

OUT IN THE FREE AND OPEN AGAIN! WELL, RAIDER — WE'LL HAVE TO FIND A NEW HIDEOUT!

AND A BETTER ONE! JUST CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE YOU AGAIN!

THE END

Here it is fellas! send for it **NOW!**

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*Play up all 24 RPM photograph record plus 16 full-color posters in addition to coupon.

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1. Please fill: Please send me enclosed \$2.50 in stamps for a catalogue and sound effects record.
 2. The new 24 rpm full-color record catalogue.
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LOOK AT THESE 4 WONDER BARGAINS

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REAL LIVE ACTION MOVIES! HERE'S WHAT YOU GET: A REAL PROJECTOR, 1 FILM, A STAND AND SCREEN!

ALL FOR ONLY **\$298**
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THE NEWEST IN NEAR-HUMAN DOLLS

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THE NEWEST IN NEAR-HUMAN DOLLS

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