

ME INC

10c

CHARLES STARRETT as

The DURANGO KID

DURANGO KID

10.25





The DURANGO KID

BANG! BANG! CRACK!

ANOTHER HOLD-UP?
NO—THIS IS DIFFERENT—
DANGEROUS & DIFFERENT...
AS THE DURANGO KID
WILL SOON FIND OUT, WHEN HE
TANGLES THE MYSTERY OF
**“THE DISAPPEARING
STAGECOACH!”**

Art by *W. W. DUNN*



IN THE TOWN OF LIGHTNING...

THAT'S THE **THIRD** STAGE
THAT'S **DISAPPEARED!** GOLD,
MONEY, MAIL, HORSES—
STAGECOACH AN' PASSENGERS—
EVERYTHING!

WHAA IN TARNATION'S
TULUH SHERRIFF?
WHUT'S HE
DOIN' 'BOUT IT?
SOMETHIN'S
GOTTA BE
DROPPIN'!

SHERIFF'S
OFFICE



MYAR! I AM /
AN' 'HOAR'S WHUT I'M
DOIN' 'BOUT IT!

THE DURANGO KID?
WHUD THE BLAZE'S
IS HE?

WANTED!
DEAD OR ALIVE
THE DURANGO KID
\$5000 REWARD



DURANGO'S A **REAL DESPERATE
ROAD-AGENT.** GENTS / HE BROKE
JAIL LAST MONTH AN' WUZ LAST
DEEN HEADIN THIS WAY. I'M DAID
BARTIN / ME'S TULUH HORSE
WE'RE LOOKIN' FER!

WEL **NOW**
WE'RE
GITTIN'
SOMEPLACE!



HEY / INT THIS A PEECE
O' LUCK, BOSS. BARTON?
THET DURANGO'S WORTH
A FORTUNE TULUH US!

RIGHT! / HE'S GITTIN'
TULUH BLAME FOR WHUT
WE DO! / HAVES THINGS
REAL-LOOZY / **WAW-WAW!**

WANTED!
DEAD OR ALIVE
THE DURANGO KID
\$5000 REWARD

HOTEL

THE DURANGO KID

WELL, IT SHOUD AIN'T EASY KEEPIN' ALL THEM STAGES, HOSSES, AN' PASSENGERS AT THUH HIDEOUT? I DUNNO, BUT HE JEST CAIN'T TAKE THUH MONEY AN' LET THEM PASSENGERS GO?



WE'RE BEEN EH AT THUH HIDEOUT SO THAR HONT BE **ANY** CLUES OR EVIDENCE AGIN US! LET **AGB** DO THUH THINKIN', BORDO, WELL SOON MAKE DUNK PLE AN' CLEAR OUT...!



LATER THAT DAY, A BLACK-CLOTHED FIGURE COMES RIDING INTO TOWN...



HOLY SHOVE? AIN'T **THEY** THUH HOSERS ON THUH POSTER?

THUH DURANGO KID! WHUT NERVE! GIT 'EM!



HEY! THOSE PEOPLE MUST BE CRAZY... SET AGIN RANDEE!

BANG!

BANG!

HE'S GITTIN' AWAY! FOLK YORE BROWD, MEN - AN' LET'S GIT AFTER 'EM!

BANG!



HOP YORE HOSSE'S AN RIDE WITH THET POSSE, (DANG!) TANK THO OTHER BOYS WITH YOLL, MAKE SURE THEY DON'T CATCH DURANGO...!

RIGHT / THET DURANGO'S TOO WURABLE TUS / WE WANT HIM ON THUH LOOSE / LET'S GO, BOYS!



SOONWILE, DURANGO STREAKS THROUGH ROCKY PASS...

THAT POSSE'S RIDING HARD, ALL RIGHT. I'LL DUCK THEM THIS WAY-UP RIDGE!

THE DURANGO KID

DURANGO DUCKS THE POSSE - BUT ONLY TO RIDE HEROES INTO BARTON'S MEN!



OH-OH! I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THOSE THREE!



BEHIND THIS ROCK, BANDIT! I CAN HOLD 'EM OFF FROM HERE - WELL, I'LL BE - / THEY'RE NOT EVEN FOLLOWING ME!



STRANGE - I KNOW THEY SAW ME / NOW HERE COMES THE REST OF THE POSSE, DOUBING BACK!

HEY, IDIOT! SEEN ANYTHING OF THE DURANGO HOMBRE!



SHORE DID, SHERIFF! HE WENT THAT WAY AN' HE WUZ MOVIN' FAST!

THANKS... LET'S GO, BOYS!

THEY DELIBERATELY PUT THE SHERIFF ON THE WRONG TRACK! FOR SOME REASON, THOSE THREE HOMBES DON'T WANT ME CAPTURED! NOW, I WONDER WHY? AND NOW - THEY'RE RIDING AWAY.!

FEW HOURS LATER...

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT - ACCORDING TO MY INSTRUCTIONS



WELL, SHERIFF - LOOKS LIKE YOU DUCKED YOUR POSSE ALL RIGHT.

RIGHT - AND IT LOOKS LIKE YOU DID TOO, YOU SHORE GAVE US A RUN FOR OUR MONEY, DURANGO! I GUESS OUR PLAN'S WORKIN'! IT WUZ A GOOD JOB OF MINE - CALLIN' YOU IN ON THIS CASE...



THE DURANGO KID

NOW, EVERYBODY THINKS WYATT'S TUN ROAD AGENT WHUT DID THEM HOURS, THE CUSH IN MAKE TUN REAL. OYAGOTS DROP THEIR GUARD A BIT!

I THINK THEY VE DROPPED THEIR GUARD ALREADY, SHERIFF.

THAT HOMBRE IN THE CHECKERED HAT— AND HIS BUCKS— SAW ME THIS AFTERNOON, BUT THEY SENT YOU OFF THE WRONG WAY!

WHY THOSE GUYS WERE BUCK, BROWN'S MEN!

WHY DID THEY DO THAT? NOW— IF THEY WERE THE REAL ROAD AGENTS, IT WOULD BE MIGHTY HANDY FOR THEM TO HAVE A PROXY SUSPECT RUNNING AROUND, RIGHT?

RUCHE / BUT WE WON'T GET A DANCE TUN 28 MYNIN ABOVE IT— ANNA COME'S ANY PROXY MUSTA FOLLOWED MY BROTHER! WHAT'D WE DO NOW?

ONLY ONE THING TO DO, SHERIFF— ARREST ME / HERE'S MY GUN, WE'LL FIGURE OUT SOMETHING LATER, ON!

TARNATION! I DIDN'T COUNT ON THIS!

ALL RIGHT, HOMBRE— MOVE!

HEY! LOOK— THEM SHERIFF'S GOT 'EM!

GREAT WORK, SHERIFF! LET'S GET 'EM IN JAIL! HE'S TRICKY!

ENTER, BY TOWN...

WHY THOU— I COULD SHERIFF I SENT THEM POSSE OFF TUN WRONG WAY!

SOMETHIN' WENT WRONG! LOOKS LIKE THEM DURANGED HOMBRE AIN'T SO SMART... WE GOTTA GETTA DUA ONL, IDNHO. HE'S NO GOOD TO US BEHIND BARS!

NOW LISSEN CLOSE, BIT SOME O THUN BOYS TUN WORK TUN SALOONS, WHIP UP A LYVIN MOB SEE?

IF BIT IT, WE'LL RAISE A HELLABOOD AN THEN...

THE DURANGO KID

THAT NIGHT! A MOB FILLED WITH LYNCH PARTY, HORDES OUTSIDE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

CHANG AN OUT / BRING OUT THE DURANGO!
 GOULD: THIS IS APOCAL! DURANGO I KIN HOLD EM OFF / WOTTA FIX!



THEN, THROUGH A BACK DOOR.

COME ON, DURANGO - PROVE I YU'RE COHNT WITH US!
 LOOKS LIKE I KE GOT NO CHOICE!



WE GOT YORE HORSE FER YUH, DURANGO. HOP ON AN COME ALONG WITH US!
 THEN YU'RE NOT PART OF THE LYNCH MOB! YU'RE HELPING ME BREAK JAIL..!



THAT'S RIGHT! WE GOT ORDERS. TUH BRING YUH TUH OUR HIDE OUT. YUH'LL NEED A GOOD PLACE TUH LIV LOW FER AWHILE.



LATER AT THE MEADOWS..

SO-HERE'S WHERE THOSE STAGES AND PASSENGERS ARE?



RIGHT / SMART, HUH? YU'RE PART OF OUR GANG NOW, DURANGO - TUH BOSS WANTS IT THET WAY. YUH'LL DRAW REGULAR RICAN PAY AN YUH'LL TAKE ORDERS - BUT IT?



SLETS ME / I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A GOOD GANG TO HITCH UP WITH, GETTING TIRED OF RIDIN ALONE!



FINE / WE'RE GOIN TUH GIT THON BOSS NOW. YOU STAY HERE AN HELP THEM BOYS GUARD THEM PRISONERS. SO LONG!



HOW ABOUT TAKIN' OVER FER ME FER A COUPLE MINUTES, DURANGO? - I COULD USE SOME RELIEF.



SURE THING!

THE DURANGO KID



MIND IF I RELIEVE YOU OF THIS RIFLE FIRST?

HEY!

GNNG!



ALL RIGHT, GENTS-START HUSTLING! TOSS THE LOOT INTO THESE STAGES, HOOK UP THOSE HORSES AND GET ABOARD! WE'RE RIDING OUT!

THIS HORROR'S ON OUR SIDE! YIPPEE!

YOU MEAN WE'RE FREE?

YIPPEE!



FEW MOMENTS LATER...

FOLLOW ME I RIGHT DOWN THAT TRAIL ONTO THE PRARIE ROAD!

YAHOO!



DUH...

WHAT TRAIL- DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

THAT STAGES! ESCAPED, IF THAT'S DURANGO LEADIN' 'EM!



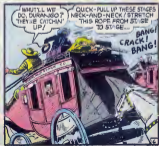
AFTER 'EM, MEN! PUT ON YOUR MASKS / IF THEY GET TUH TOWN, WE'RE SUNK!

WE BEEN TRICKED! THAT DURANGO BUSINESS WUZ JUST A GAB!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!



WHUTLL WE DO, DURANGO? THEY'RE CATCHIN' UP!

QUICK-PULL UP THESE STAGES NECK-AND-NECK / STRETCH THIS ROPE FROM STAGE TO STAGE!

BANG!

CRACK!

BANG!



SCREEECH!

AND WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, PULL ON THOSE REINS AND BRING 'EM AROUND, NOW!



AND NOW - FIGHT!

I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FER A CHANCE TUH DO THIS!



SO YOU'RE THE BOSS I GLAD TO MEET YOU!

WELL, I - GAWD - AIN'T GLAD TUH MEET YOU!



HOLD IT! HYAR, COMES THUR SHERIFF AN A POSSE!



YUP, IT WUZ DURANGO GOT US LOOSE, WHUT A MAN!

DURANGO! BUT I THOUGHT...



YUH THOUGHT WRONG! IT WUZ A SABLE CALLED IN DURANGO ON THUH CASE, AINT NO MAN BETTER - AEF, WHAR IS HE! DURANGO!

SO LONG, GENTS! NO TIME TO WASTE - THERE'S ANOTHER TOWN NEEDS MY HELP! AHEAD! UP RAIDER!

The DURANGO KID

THE CORPSES ARE COLD—BUT THE ACTION'S HEARIN' AS THE DURANGO KID RIDES AN ODD CHANCE TO TAKE THE CHILL OFF "THE HOT MONEY!"

Art by *FRANK MURPHY*



IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF MARSHAL...

SLICEST THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN (COUNTERFEIT) PRODUCE STUFF LIKE THIS CHIEF-MONEY! THAT'S POP REMSEN, A MASTER ENGRAYER WHO WORKED FOR THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

RIGHT YOU ARE...



IT'S A GOOD GUESS, STEVE. SEE THAT "A" ENGRAVED IN THIS CORNER? THAT'S POP REMSEN'S SIGNATURE—AND MY HUNCH IS THAT IT'S HIS WAY OF SIGNALING FOR HELP!

MY GUESS IS THIS—A COUNTERFEITING GANG HAS KIDNAPPED POP REMSEN AND IS FORCING HIM TO TURN OUT HOT MONEY FOR THEM. YOUR JOB IS TO FIND HIM AND SMASH THAT COUNTERFEIT RING!



WE'VE TRACED THE RING TO SOMEWHERE NEAR BIG ROCK, BUT THAT'S ALL WE KNOW.

THAT'S ENOUGH! LET'S GO, HALEY!



THE DURANGO KID

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AFTER HARD TRAVELING...



GOLLY, I'M TIRED! RECKON WE KIN FRESHEN UP A BIT BEFORE WE HIT TOWN P?

LOOKS ABANDONED TO ME, MULEY, BUT LET'S GO UP AND SEE. AT LEAST IT'LL BE SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT AND THERE MIGHT BE A WELL WHERE WE CAN WASH UR...

BAR IN BARREN



HOLD IT, HOMER'S! THIS HERE'S PRIVATE PROPERTY AN STRANGERS AIN'T WELCOME. SO JEST TURN AROUND AN GIT!

WHAT THE - P?



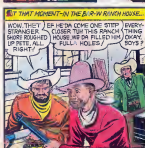
WE DON'T NEED A GUN TO TELL US WE'RE NOT WELCOME, MISTER!

SO, I'LL JUST LEAVE! THIS LESSON IN HOSPITALITY WITH YOU...



...AND THEN WE'LL LEAVE! I DON'T THINK WE'D ENJOY YOUR COMPANY ANYWAY!

DOWNRIGHT IMPOLITE, I CALL IT!



AT THAT MOMENT-IN THE B-A-R-R-R RANCH HOUSE...

WOW, THEY SHORE ROUGHED UP PETS, ALL RIGHT?

EF HE'DA COME ONE STEP CLOSER TUN THIS RANCH HOUSE W'D DA FILLED HIM FULLA HOLES!

EVERY-THING OKAY, BOYS?



ALL'S CLEAR, GET THAT PRESS ROLLIN', JAKE AND TURN OUT THAT HOT MONEY! GET BACK TO WORK ON THAT TEN-DOLLAR BILL, REISEN-MAKE IT A GOOD ONE, OR ELSE!

YOU'LL SAYIN' FOR THIS YET, SAM JUDSON!

THE DURANGO KID

FEW DAYS LATER, AT SAM JUDSON'S GAMBLING HALL IN BIG ROCK... STEVE AND HOLLY PLACE A FEW BETS.



DEAL ME IN, BOYS! I'LL LAY OUT THIRTY-THREE DOLLARS ON NUMBER 21!

HMMH... TAKE OVER FOR ME, JOB?



HEY, BOSS - THE HOMBRE WHO TANGLED WITH PETE THE OTHER DAY IS OUT THERE - AN' HE'S LAYIN' DOWN HEVY MONEY. ALL NEW MONEY, TOO!

NEW MONEY, EH? NO COWBOYS AROUND HERE EVER HAVE NEW BILLS. LET ME TAKE A LOOK AT THAT STUFF!



BLAZE'S! IT'S RHOY MONEY, ALL RIGHT - BUT IT'S EVEN BETTER STUFF THAN WHAT WE'RE BUTTIN' OUR COPS'D DAVE HOMBRE IN TO SEE ME - AND SEND IN SOME OF THE BOYS, TOO!



FEW MINUTES LATER...

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MISTER?

I SURE DID. STEP IN...



...AND HAND-OVER THAT OLDER MONEY, HOMBRE!

YOU HEARD WHAT THEM BOSS SAID, MISTER!



I HEARD HIM, ALL RIGHT...



...BUT I'VE GOT MY OWN IDEAS ABOUT WHAT TO DO WITH MY MONEY!

GAMING!

THE DURANGO KID



ALL RIGHT, BOYS, LAY OFF! NICE WORK, MISTER. I COULD USE YOU IN MY OUTFIT, HOW ABOUT IT?

NOTHING DOING. I WORK ALONE.



SUIT YOURSELF, MISTER, BUT I WANT THE PLATES THAT PRINTED THAT MONEY YOU'RE MISSING. I'LL PAY A GOOD PRICE FOR THEM.

THE PLATES AREN'T FOR SALE, JUDSON. THE ONLY THING I'M SELLING IS THE HOT MONEY ITSELF. I'LL SELL YOU FOUR THOUSAND PROMISES FOR TWO THOUSAND GOOD CASH.



LOOKS LIKE THIS GUN DON'T BONGE YOU, MISTER, OKAY? I'LL BUY YOUR HOT MONEY. HAVE THE STUFF HERE TONIGHT!

I'LL HAVE THE PHONES... BUT YOU BE SURE TO HAVE THE COLD CASH! SO LONG!



FOLLOW THAT CRASPER, INDIAN JOE. MAYBE HE'LL LEAD YOU TO WHERE HIS PLATES ARE HIDDEN.

I GET IT, BOSS.



THERE IS NO MORE CLEVER MAN ON THE TRAIL THAN INDIAN JOE.

SO FAR SO GOOD BUT THIS STRANGER IS A HARD ONE TO TRAIL, ALL RIGHT.



WAL STEVE ANY LUCK?

PLENTY SHERIFF! I THINK I'M ONTO THAT COUNTERFEITING RING THIS TIME. I'LL BE CLOSING IN ON THEM TONIGHT. WANT TILL SO YOU HAVE YOUR POSSES SADDLED AND READY FOR ACTION.

OH-OH-OH! SO TAWNY'S HIS GAME. WHAT TILL THE BOYS HAN HEARS ABOUT THIS!



INDIAN JOE BURNS UP THE TRAIL BACK TO JUDSON'S GAMBLING HALL.

BLAZES - A DEPUTY MARSHAL! AND I PELL RIGHT INTO THE TRAP! IT'S TIME TO ROLL OUT, BOYS - THE LAW'S ON OUR TRAIL. BUT BEFORE WE DO - I'M GOING TO FLASH THAT DEPUTY MARSHAL - AND OLD MAN REMSEN, TOO!



THAT NIGHT!

WELL, JUDSON, I'VE GOT WHAT YOU WANT.

COME IN, MISTER.



...AND I'VE GOT WHAT YOU DON'T EXPECT, MISTER DEPUTY MARSHAL!

BLAZES!

DO WE KILL HIM NOW, BOSS?

NOT YET—TOO MANY PEOPLE IN THE SAMBLING HALL. WE'LL WAIT TILL WE CLOSE UP FOR THE NIGHT AND THEN WE CAN GET HIM OUT UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS—NO GET RID OF HIM WHERE IT'S SAFE...



...MEANWHILE, LET'S GET TO THE HIDEOUT, HIDE OUR EQUIPMENT AND DO AWAY WITH OLD RENSEN, KEEP YOUR EYE ON HIM, PETE!



HE WON'T GET AWAY, BOSS!

BEST DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF, HOMBRE, 'CAUSE MY PET HOBBOY IS KILLIN' DEPUTY MARSHALS!



THAT SO?



LOOKS LIKE YUH'RE GONNA CHANGE YORE HOBBOY TUH, KILLIN' TAMP, JALBURD!

VERY SMOOTH, MULEY—VERY SMOOTH!



SO—THEY'RE GOIN' TUH THUH HIDEOUT ANYWHOR, OFF POP RENSEN, HUH? WHA'S THUH HIDEOUT?

IF YOU HADN'T COAKED THIS CASPER SO HAYS, WE MIGHT HAV'E GOT HIM TO TELL US.



AND-TALKING ABOUT BONES-WHAT DO YOU SAY WE **BREAK** A FEW?



MY, WHAT AN INTERESTING PIECE OF EQUIPMENT! WHAT COULD IT POSSIBLY BE-NOTIFY ME?



A NUTCRACKER, PERHAPS?



YI-HEE-YI-HEE!

AND THIS IS A **JAWBREAKER!**

LET'S GET OUTA HYAR-I AIM TUH STAY ALL IN ONE PIECE!



HOLD IT, EVERYBODY! AIN'T NOBODY GETTIN' OUTA HYAR WITHOUT N HIS GOT HAND-CUFFS ON! GOOD WORK, DURANGO!



WELL, HAYRE I'LL GET IN ON THE EXCITEMENT NEXT TIME SO LONG SHEET-KEEP YOUR MONEY COOL!

TOO BAD YEH HISSERS ALL TUH FUN STUFF, THE DURANGO KID WAS **GREAT!**

WELL, HAYRE I'LL GET IN ON THE EXCITEMENT NEXT TIME SO LONG SHEET-KEEP YOUR MONEY COOL!



THE END

GOLD MADNESS



THEY called him Old Pete. That was the only name he had, the only name he needed. From the headwaters of the Pecos River to the Milk River range in Montana, he had roved the plains and mountains, searching for gold. He knew the deserts, and he knew the waterholes. And now Old Pete had reached his goal. His bulging sacks were crammed with a fortune in the elusive yellow metal.

He chuckled to himself, "Heh-heh! Dog-gone if I ain't went and done it! Found me as rich a vein of the stuff as anybody ever saw!"

He halted the burro to check the leather straps that held the worn canvas sacks that hung heavy on the Arizona pack saddle.

"A whole fortune, all for myself. Yesirree-hob! There's nobody as can out-dress or out-spend Old Pete from now on! I found my pile, and I aim to have me some fun!"

It was close to noon when the three riders rein-sawed their horses to a stop. Old Pete had watched them for an hour as they quartered across the desert toward him. He waved a hand in greeting, studying them with wise old eyes, seeing the low-hung Colts, the wear and dust of long, fast travel, the dried foam on the horses' sleek sides.

"Hoody, gent," Old Pete said. "You hombres 're a mite off the trail, ain't yuh? Yuh've cow-rope?"

The tallest of the three, a man with heavy shoulders and with a reddish scar zigzagging across his lower jaw, nodded glumly. "Lost our way, Pop. I reckon you ain't lost. You old prospectors know these deserts like they were your own hand. Mind if we ride with yuh?"

Old Pete granted. He liked loneliness. It didn't suit him to have three cold-eyed men riding side by side with him as he hit in toward River Gap. But he said, "Suit yer-selves. But I got to walk. I ain't rich enough to ride a bronc!" Old Pete chuckled in his throat as he gladdened on through the sand.

He did not see the three men exchange quick glances at that triumphant chuckle; did not see the eyes narrow in suspicion as they ran over the pack-saddle, over the bulging sacks strapped to the Salas Andrew's cross on the cross-buck. Their lips narrowed, and they pulled their Stetsons lower over their sun-baked faces and rode with their shoulders hunched to the blistering heat.

Heavy Colts revolved at their hips, and the dull brown stocks of Winchester .44-40s nodded gently as their horses' every step.

The men rode into the heat and the sunlight, breathing air that seemed cooked in an oven, feeling the noonday sun drain at their bodies, hunting out the moisture and the sweat, evaporating it before it could form on their chests and foreheads. Even Old Pete granted his approval of them, along about sundown. They, like himself, were of the desert breed.

"Yuh hombres ain't no tenderfoot. Yuh been around. Give me a hand with these packs," he told them. "I'll whup up some supper."

The three men were silent, even while the savory odors filtered from Old Pete's cooking pan and into the cool night air. They sat cross-legged, near their saddles, while their mounts stood less than five feet behind them, ground-reined on the sand. Their cold eyes noted that Old Pete's worn canvas sacks were equally close to him while he cooked with his skillet.

When they were through eating, they pulled Wheeled stogies from their pockets, and offered him one. Old Pete took it, turning it in his fingers. "A poor man's Corona-Corona," he nodded. "Some day I'll have all the Coronas I want."

"Strike it rich, Pop?" asked the young one, a slim, wiry youth who wore a black shirt with pearl buttons, and levis so dark blue that they appeared to match the shirt. His Colts' butt-plates were mother-of-pearl. Old Pete had him tabbed as a dude.

"Nope," said Old Pete. "But I still got hopes."

The man with the scar laughed and gestured at the bulging canvas sacks. "Bet yuh plenty yuh got gold right there in them sacks, Pop," he grinned.

"Nope. Nope. I ain't," almost shouted Old Pete. "You stay away from them sacks!"

The man with the scar chuckled, and got to his feet. "Sure, Pop. Anything you say." But under the wide brim of his Stetson, his eyes touched briefly on the hard faces of his companions. Both of them nodded imperceptibly. They sat and watched Old Pete drag his sacks off to one side of the campfire, where he sat, muttering and mumbling to himself.

The three men finished their cigars in silence, then rose almost as one man, and walked twenty feet away. Old Pete never took his eyes from them as they unrolled their blankets, lay down on them, and with a deft twist, wrapped themselves up like bugs in cocoons.

The old man sat for hours, staring into the dying embers of the fire. He felt the cold chill of the night air go through him. Like

the cold of the grave, he thought. He was marked for death. He knew the signs. Their chuckles and their light talk did not fool him. They knew he carried gold in those sacks. They meant to take it.

Old Pete sighed. The desert breed did not whimper. He thought of the desert and her moods, almost the moods of a woman in their quick change. Those who lived on the desert, like the horned toad and the cactus rat, made the desert a very comfortable place. Knowing what its plants had to offer, they ate and drank where there seemingly was no food or water.

He lifted his head. His eyes were hard and cold. He stared at the three motionless shapes. He got to his feet and went away from them, fifty, then one hundred, then four hundred feet. When he found what he wanted he went to work, taking his long knife from its sheath, and using it.

Dawn came up in a blaze of red fire that tinted the sand and the scud shrubs with blood. Here and there the blunt stems of an acornilla stood up beside the giant's fingers of a saguaro cactus. The magusy plant thrust its spiked leaves upward beside the low leaves of the soap plant. The desert was awakening under the touch of the sun's rays.

From where he knelt over his fire, Old Pete watched the three men unroll themselves, stretch, and walk across toward him, shaking their blankets free of sand. The man with the jaw-scar came to stand in front of Old Pete. "How far are we from River Gap, Pop?" he wanted to know.

"Not far," said Old Pete. "Bout thirty mile as the hawk flies."

The man with the scar nodded. "I reckon yuh know who we are." His voice came hard and cold. "Mebbe yuh don't know our faces, but yuh sure know we ain't cowpokes."

"Yore hands are too soft to know 'bout lassos an' brandin' irons," nodded Old Pete. "Yuh know more 'bout cards an' guns than yuh do 'bout honest work."

The scar-faced man chuckled. "You use yore eyes — like we do."

Old Pete looked up sharply, fighting down the fear that crept up from his guts and out through his throat to his trembling lips. The man with the scar said, "Open those sacks!"

"No, by —"

The man whirled him, a hand to his shoulder, sending him ten feet away and into the sand. The youth with the black shirt dropped his right hand and lifted a Colt, holding it aimed at Old Pete's middle. The man with the scar upended a sack on his saddle blanket. A score of big gold nuggets tumbled out. The youth with the black shirt swore in awe.

Old Pete jumped while their eyes were fastened to his nuggets. His hands dove for

the gun that the youth held, wrestling for it. The third man moved swiftly, circling around behind Old Pete. His Colt was held in his right hand. He shot once, twice, three times. Old Pete jerked convulsively, and fell forward, face down.

The man with the scar appraised him with his eyes, and nodded. He swept up the nuggets and replaced them in the canvas sacks. "He'll never talk now. He can't do anything to us. We'll hit for River Gap. It's only thirty miles away . . ."

Sheriff Luke Herbert bent over the dead man lying face down in the desert sand. He glanced up at the sun, and made a swift calculation. He shook his head. Old Pete had been dead many hours, now. No time to get him in to River Gap. He had to be buried here, with stones over him to mark his grave.

He was unstrapping his short-handled spade when he saw the three men staggering toward him across the blazing sands. At first they were dots moving erratically, then they grew larger, and larger. The sheriff put a hand on his holstered gun, and waited.

When they were within fifty feet, he knew them. He had seen the reward dodgers for these three killers who had come down into the New Mexico deserts from the Utah badlands. They were badly exhausted. Their tongues were black, swollen. Their lips were cracked. They need water, he thought swiftly. His eyes took in the canteens fastened to their saddlebags. Man without water travel in a circle on the desert.

A man with a scar on his jaw cracked, "Water . . . water . . . water . . ."

When the sheriff saw the sacks, he guessed the rest — especially when the boy in the black shirt saw the dead man and began to laugh with shrill hysteria in his voice, pointing down at him, staggering around weakly.

"Water . . . water . . ." mumbled the man with the scar, clawing at his throat. "We'll tell yuh . . . only . . . give us . . . water! We did him in. The gold . . . was his. He told us . . . River Gap only thirty miles away. We shot him . . . took gold. But he got us . . . got us . . . like the desert breed he is!"

The sheriff went to a big canteen and put it to his lips. He spat out the soapy water. The other man nodded. "He must've hacked up the roots of a soap plant . . . Indians use 'em for soap. Dropped 'em in our canteens. Jogging of the horses stirred soap-plant roots an' water . . ."

The sheriff nodded. A man can't drink soapy water under a desert sun. It would get him after a while, as it had these killers. "There's an old sayin' 'round these parts that the desert takes care of its own," he told them, as he drew out his handcuffs and walked toward them. . . .

6 BASEBALL STARS FOR ONLY \$1 BASEBALL FANS!

STARS CARDS CLUBS DOGGERS

ALL THESE STARS AVAILABLE!
CHECK YOUR FAVORITES!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 70-A Alfa Reynolds | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-G Bobby Shantz |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 70-B Ed Lopat | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-A Richie Ashburn |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 70-C Larry Bern | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-B Ralph Kiner |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 70-D Vic Raschi | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-C Curt Simmons |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 70-E Garry Coleman | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-A Bobby Thomson |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 70-F Phil Rizzuto | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-B Alvin Dark |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 70-G Mickey Vernon | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-C Sal Maglie |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 71-A Mel Parnell | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-D Larry Jansen |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 71-B Ted Williams | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-E Willie Mays |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 71-C Ted Williams | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-F Monte Irvin |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 71-E Billy Goodman | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-G Whitey Lockman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 71-F Sam Dickelupple | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-A Gil Hodges |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 71-G Dick Garwood | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-B "FouWee" Ryan |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 71-H Hoot Egan | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-C Roy Campanella |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 72-B Hal Newhouser | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-D Dan Newcombe |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 72-E Fred Hutchinson | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-E Duke Snider |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 72-B Billy Pierce | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-F Francisco Rod |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 72-C Eddie Robinson | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-G Jackie Robinson |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 72-D Al Campanell | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-A Eddie Miano |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 72-E Orestes Miano | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-B Dutch Leonard |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 72-G Nellie Fox | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-C Kenesaw Johnson |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 72-H Sam Rice | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-D Bob Felt |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 74-A Larry Doby | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-E Hank Sauer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 74-B Al Rosen | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-F Phil Cavaretta |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 74-C Dick Leman | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-G Warren Hacker |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 74-D Jim Hagan | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-A Red Schoendienst |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 74-E Bob Feller | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-C COT Chambers |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 74-F Dale Mitchell | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-D Enos Slaughter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 74-A Gus Zenzel | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-E Stan Mauld |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 74-B Ferris Fain | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-F Stan Mauld |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> 74-G Garry Staley |



BE THE FIRST TO GET YOUR FAVORITE BASEBALL STARS ON BIG 4" x 6" FULL-COLOR PHOTO DECALS! AUTOGRAPHED! EASY TO STICK ON ANYTHING, ANYWHERE...

Here are some ways to use these swell decals...



BASEBALL STARS, Dept. D Rm. 301
11 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

\$ _____ enclosed for _____ Baseball Stars

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

This offer expires Dec. 31, 1955 NO C.O.D.'s

Just put an X in the box beside the name of each player you select, and we'll mail them to you promptly. You get 6 for \$1.00, 13 for \$3.00, or 20 for \$3.00. (If you want 6 decals of the same player, put a 6 in the box beside his name.)

ACT NOW! - SUPPLY IS LIMITED!

BASEBALL STARS, DEPT. D, ROOM 301
11 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

The DURANGO KID

CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES? IT'S **DURANGO**, ALL RIGHT, RIDING THE BANNAHAN TRAIL, SHOOTING AN OUTLAW GUN - IN

"Hear The Owl Hoot!"

As of this consideration

KEEP YOUR HANDS FULL OF AIR, FOLKS, AND COME WITH ME!

THIS IS JUST PLAIN **KIDNAPPING!** YOU'LL GET YOURS FOR THIS **DURANGO!**



DAW-SOME! LOOK IT UP - **DEPUTY SHERIFFS!** WE SHORE PULLED THEM WOOL OVER THEIR EYES!

RIGHT! (DAW-DAW!) AIN'T **NOTHIN'** KIN STOP US NOW FROM TAKIN' OVER TALK TOWN!



NOTHIN'. THAT IS - EXCEPT **THUH SHERIFF!**

YOU'RE RIGHT SI! AN' DON'T FERRY **THUH DURANGO KID!** WE GOTTA GIT RID O' BOTH OF 'EM SOMEHOW!



WE'LL GIT RID OF 'EM, ALL RIGHT. YOU HOMERES SHORE TERMED UP WITH BRAINS WHEN YUH TEAMED UP WITH SI STONE. TAKE A LOOK AT **THIS!**



HEY! THAT'S JUST LIKE THE OUTFIT **DURANGO WEARS!**

RIGHT! NOW HERE'S MY PLAN



THE DURANGO KID

EATER, BEHIND THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...



HOLD IT, SHERIFF!

WHUT? DURANGO! HEY, WHUT'S THUH IDEA O' THUH GUN? YUH GOME NUTS OR SOMETHIN? I DONT? SHOOT-DONT SHOOT-DONT...



YA-A-I-A-A!

BLAM!

A FEW MINUTES LATER... THUH SHERIFF!

I HE AD THUH SHOT AN' I COME RUNNIN.

HE'S - HE'S DAID!

I DONT THUT BLACK MASK IN HIS HAND! DURANGO!



NOW THUT THU SHERIFF'S DEAD THUT MAKES **HE** SHERIFF! AN MUX FIRST JOB LL BE TUN GYF THUH DURANGO KID! DURANGO'S TURNED KILLER AN HE'S GOTTA BE BROUGHT THUH JUSTICE!

THAT'S TALKIN, SI!

WE LL BACK YUH ALL THUH WAY!



SEEMS TO ME YU'RE JUST A BIT TOO QUICK TO PIN THIS ON DURANGO. SI STONE.

YEHH SWAL, STEVE BROWD IT THINKS THUH HE YU'VE JEST A TOO QUICK TUN TO PIN THIS ON DURANGO. MAYBE YOU HAD SI STONE.

WHY, YDU?

EASY STEVE-NOW, DONT LOSE YORE TEMPER!



I NEVER DID LIKE YOU, STONE - AND NOW I KNOW WHY!

LET'S GIT GUTA HYER, STEVE.



THE DURANGO KID



THIS IS A **FRAME-UP** AND IN COMING BACK TO PROVE IT!

IF THOSE HOMBERS START SHOOTIN' WE'LL COME BACK IN **COFFINS!**



PETE / JOE / TRAIL, THOSE TWO / STEVE BRAND ALWAYS WAS BLEDGES WITH THUH DURANGO KID - MAYBE **HE'LL** LEAD YUH TUH DURANGO'S HIDEOUT / KEEP QUIET, NOW!

RIGHT, BOBBS! LET'S GO, JOE!



ALL I GOTTA SAY IS YUH SHORE WENT AN LOST YORE TRAPPE, WE'RE PROBABLY OUTLAWS NOW!

SORRY, I JUST COULDN'T HELP IT, SHERIFF MEAN WAS A GOOD IN OF MINE AND I WANT TO GET HIS KILERS. THIS WHOLE THING IS A **MASS FRAME UP** IF I EVER SAW ONE!



HEY! DON'T LOOK NOW - BUT WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED! QUICK, DUCK BEHIND THOSE ROCKS - AND START **SHOOTING!**



I'M SHOOTIN' OVER THEIR HEADS, THEY JUST DUCKED FER COVER AN - **HEY!** WAKED BY THUNDER ARE YOU DOWN?

BUILDING A **FARE** PARDNER AND THROWING SOME **BULLETS** INTO IT!



I BIT IT / THOSE HOMBERS WILL THINK **WE'RE STILL SHOOTIN'** AT EM / SMART!

LET'S GO - AROUND THIS WAY...



CAN'T FIGGER OUT HOW THEY **WISED UP** TO US,

LAY LOW - THEY'RE STILL SHOOTIN' AWAY!

THE DURANGO KID



DURANGO BRINGS HIS PULSCAR TO THE HIDEOUT...



THE DURANGO KID



A SHORT TIME LATER, IN TOWN...



THE DURANGO KID



THE TOY THAT GROWS!

JACK and the BEANSTALK

THE MAGIC PLANT

ONLY \$1.00

With each bowl comes a beautiful color book with the Jack and the Beanstalk story. Also nine full-color cut-outs, up to 8" high, including Jack's Mother, Cottage, Cow, Cow's Owner, Beans, Giant, Hen and Golden Egg, and Harp, all on stand-up bases. Jack is designed to hang on beanstalk to look as though he's climbing.



GIANT & HIGH OVER CUT-OUTS in Preparation

JUST ADD WATER AND WATCH IT GROW!



BEANS



HEN AND EGG



COW



HARP



COW'S OWNER

JACK'S COTTAGE

JACK and the BEANSTALK DEPT. D ROOM 301 11 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK 7 N. Y.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK ROOM 301
11 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

DEPT. D

\$_____ enclosed

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

This offer expires Dec 31, 1955

NO C.O.D.s

Dan Brand ^{and} Tipi

IN A DEEP WOODLAND
A FURIOUS BATTLE OF
LIFE AND DEATH BURNS
TO THE BITTER END
THE LAW OF THE WILD
WARRIOR IS GRIM AND
ITS BUTLERS FACE
IS BORN IN—

THE REVENGE
OF BALU!



BALU, THE WHITE WOLF, MONARCH OF THE FOREST, SCENTS A HATED MAN-SMELL!



THERE IS SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT SCENT! THE WHITE WOLF IS GRABBY, FEARFUL, THE MEMORY OF A HATED THING MAKES HIS HACKLES RISE. HE SAYS HIS HATE TO THE MOON!



AND FROM WHERE DOES THIS HATED MAN-SMELL COME? FROM ST. BARNABE, RENEGADE BOTTLED SPY — ARCH ENEMY OF DAN BRAND!!



THE RIFLE SHOT BLASTS THE FOREST SILENCE...



THE DURANGO KID

A BULLET MISSED IN HIS SHOULDER, THE WHITE WOLF GOES IN SEARCH OF A HIDING PLACE



...AND BUNG SWACK INTO AN OLD ENEMY OF HIS!



MANY A TIME THE VALIANT WHITE WOLF HAS SENT THE BEAR HOWLING BOYEVARD LICKING HIS WOUNDS, BUT NOW BALU IS WEAK AND WOUNDED, THE BEAR SMELLS BLOOD—AND VENGEANCE!



IT LOOKS BAD FOR BALU, HONARD OF THE FOREST!



BUT THEN!



CAREFUL, BROTHER—HE'S DANGEROUS!

CAREFUL YOURSELF!



NO BEAST IS A MATCH FOR THE MIGHTIEST HUNTERS IN ALL THE FOREST—DAN BRAND AND TIP!—WOODSMEN SUPREME!

THAT DID IT!

BALU! BALU!—IT'S US, DAN AND TIP! OH, BALU, YOU WERE ALMOST KILLED!
DAN—LOOK—HE'S BEEN SHOT!





THE BULLETS STILL IN THERE—WE'VE GOT TO DIG IT OUT... **JACK BULL—**
EASY OLD BOY. LOOK, TIP—
 HE KNOWS WE'RE TRYING TO HELP HIM! HE'S NOT BUDGING A MUSCLE.

I'LL SATHER HERE FOR A FOULTRICK!



WE'LL BE AS GOOD AS DEAD IN A FEW DAYS!

I HOPE SO! WE'VE GOT TO STAY WITH HIM, JUST TO MAKE SURE!

A FEW DAYS LATER...



GOOD! THEN WE'VE GOT TO BE MOVING! WE MUSTN'T FORGET WHY WE'RE HERE—WE CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME!

IT'S HEALING OVER, DAN.

WE'VE RECEIVED REPORTS THAT **SI BANNIS** IS HIDING OUT IN THESE WOODS. OUR MISSION IS TO CAPTURE HIM AND BRING HIM TO GENERAL WASHINGTON FOR THE JUSTICE HE DESERVES!



LET'S GO. WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE **BULL** BEHIND THERE'S LITTLE TIME—WE'VE GOT TO SEARCH EVERY INCH OF THIS FOREST!

STAY BACK, **BULL!** SIT DOWN, **SON!** WE'LL BE BACK!



YOU TAKE THAT TRAIL, TIP, AND I'LL TAKE THIS ONE. WE'LL MEET AT THE OTHER END OF THE FOREST. NOW TAKE IT EASY—YOUR MISSION IS JUST TO FIND **BANNIS** AND TELL ME. WE'LL TACKLE THAT TRAITOR TOGETHER! HE'S A CLEVER WOODSMAN, SO BE CAREFUL!

RIGHT!

ALONE, TIP, PROCEEDS FAR INTO THE WOODS...



QUIETLY, NOT A SOUND—AS MY MOTHER TEACHERS HAVE TAUGHT ME! I'LL STAY AWAY FROM THE BEATEN TRAILS.

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



Need Extra Spending Money?

HERE'S \$50
TO USE AS YOU PLEASE!

It's Fun to
Earn Money
the Easy
Stuart Way!



**Take Easy Orders For
STUART GREETING CARDS**

Why not get all those things your heart is set on with money you earn by yourself! You can do it quickly and easily in your spare time! All you do is show our gorgeous greeting card samples for Christmas, birthdays and other year 'round occasions. We send you the samples on approval. Friends, neighbors, relatives, almost everybody buys on sight. You make sensational cash profits—fast!

YOU NEED NO EXPERIENCE TO EARN!

Exciting new 21-Card Christmas Assortment at \$1 is a bargain that sells itself. Yet you keep up to 50¢ of each \$1 as your quick, cash profit. Sell 100 boxes to folks you know and \$50 is yours! Low-priced Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, All-Occasion Assortments, Stationery and many other fast-sellers make still more money for you!

**GET SAMPLES ON
FREE TRIAL!**

Send no money! We'll send you saleable sample assortments on approval for FREE TRIAL. Act fast and we'll also include Samples of Personalized money-makers FREE. Just fill out and mail coupon.

You, Too, Can
Make Money For The
Things You
Really
Want!



**It's Easy To Make Money...
Look At These Exceptional
Earning Records**

- S.W.C., Grays, Va., made \$24.00
- M.C., Miami, Ind., made \$21.00
- J.R., Milwaukee, Wis., made \$19.00
- S.E., Chicago, Ill., made \$17.00
- B.L., Melroy, Mass., made \$15.00
- S.F., Boston, Cal., made \$13.00
- B.A., Montreal, Mich., made \$10.00
- W.A., Oakland, Cal., made \$9.00

CLUB MEMBERS!

Your organization can earn hundreds of dollars with the easy, proven STUART fund-raising plan. Send coupon for full details.

STUART GREETINGS, INC.

323 W. Randolph St., Dept. 425, Chicago 6, Ill.

**MAIL
COUPON
NOW**

STUART GREETINGS, INC., Dept. 425
323 W. Randolph St., Chicago 6, Ill.

YES! I want to earn extra spending money. Please send details with Assortments on approval and Personalized Samples FREE.

Name

Address

City & State State

If for a club, give the name above.

