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# The DURANGO KID

DURANGO KID

NO. 20



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# THE DURANGO KID

STEVE BRAND AND HULEY PIKE BUY MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR WHEN THEY PURCHASED A CATTLE RANCH!

THEY PAY A HARD PRICE OF DANGER AND SIGN THE DEED IN BLOOD AS DURANGO RIDES TO THE TUNE OF FLAMING SIX-GUNS ALONG A BITTER TRAIL TO THE **SMUGGLER'S DEN!**



ART BY FRID SWARDNER

**BIG NEWS!** STEVE AND HULEY HAVE BOUGHT A RANCH!

WELL, HULEY-THERE SHE IS - THE LAZY 'K'! THERE'S ALL OUR LIFE-SAVINGS PAL!

DW- GONE, EP SHE AINT JEST AS PURTY AS THUH MAN SAID! WE DONE WANTED A LONG, LONG SPELL FER THIS, PARTNER!



THUH RANCH HOUSE IS SORTA LOP-EARED A BIT BUT I RECKON YOU AN' ME KIN FIX IT UP FINE

LET'S GO! PLENTY OF WORK FOR US FROM NOW ON, OLD-TIMER!



THE DURANGO KID

# THE DURANGO KID

**BUT—INSIDE THE RANGEROUSE ...**

**YEAH—SMART!**

THIS IS THUH LIFE, ALL RIGHT THUH BOSS SHORE WUZ USIN' THUH OL BERN ON THIS JOB

WE SCOUT ON THIS OL ABANDONED RANCH AN USE IT THUH HIDE THUH CATTLE WE SMUGGLE IN FROM OVER THUH BORDER.



WELL, I'LL BE WHO IN BLUES LIKE YOU

WHUT THUH— WHO IN TARNATION ARE YOU P



WE JUST OWN THIS SPREAD, THAT'S ALL! JUST BOUGHT IT AND TRAVELLING COWBOYS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME, GENTS, AT THE LAZY X—AS LONG AS THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING TO HIDE! SO WHAT'S YOUR GAME?



SHOOTIN'S MY GAME, HOMBRE! YIII!

THO CAN PLAY THAT GAME, MISTER!

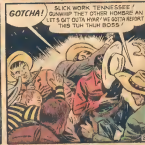


NOW—REACH FOR AIR! ALL OF YOU! AND START TALKING—FAST!



**GOTCHA!**

SLICK WORK, TENNESSEE! GUNSHIP THEY OTHER HOMBRE AN LET'S GET OUTA HUR! WE GOTTA REPORT THIS THUH THUH BOSS!



# THE DURANGO KID

**NEXT DAY** - AFTER THEIR HEADS HAVE STOPPED ACHING A BIT STEVE AND MOLEY GO INTO THE NEARBY TOWN OF STONY FORK FOR PROVISIONS.

THEY'VE  
THEIR OWNERS, BOSS. THEM YOUNGER  
LINS A PAIR 'TRUCK WITH A  
SHOOTIN' IRON.

AMMORN. I'LL FIX 'EM.  
LEAVE IT TO ME!



HOWDY SHERIFF -  
I SEE YUH'RE  
KEEPIN' YOUR EYE  
ON THEM TWO  
STRANGERS WHUT  
JEST POPPED INTO  
TOWN.

YUP - THEM TWO  
YOUNGSTERS MUST  
HAVE PLENTY O'  
AMBITION. BUYIN' UP  
THE 'OL' BROKEN-  
DOWN RANCH.



I'D VANDU. PEAR'S BERTY BIRMA.  
TUMME THEM LAYZ & BEIN' RIGHT  
NEXT TUM THIN BORDER. HONOR. IF THEM  
STRANGERS FIDDER TUM RUN SNAUGLED  
CATTLE ACROSS THUM LINE?

GOLLY! BOW THEM  
YOUNG FELLERZ. JEST  
DONT LOOK LIKE THUM  
KIND TUM DO THEET,  
BALSER!

HORRE! BUT WITH THE HIGH  
BORDER TAX, SNUDDLE MEXICAN  
RIFZ WOULD BE MIGHTY PROFITABLE  
FOR 'EM. OH WELL, JEST THOUGHT  
I'D MENTION IT...



DOGGONIT - YUH SHORE PUT  
A BUD IN TUM HAD, BALSER!  
BUT I BLESS IT WOULD JEST  
SORTH BE IN LINE O'DUTY IF I  
RIDE OUT THAR TONIGHT AND  
TAKE A LOOK AROUND ANYWAY  
CANT DO NO HARM - AFTER  
ALL, THEY'RE STRANGERS!

YUH'RE RIGHT SHERIFF.  
WELLS - WONT DO NO HARM  
TO CHECK UP. TELL YUH WHUT  
I'LL RIDE ALONG WITH YUH -  
JEST FER THUM EXERCISE  
AN COMPANY.

WHY THANKS  
A LOT  
BALSER. BUT  
I DONT SUESS  
WE'LL FIND  
ANYTHIN'.

OH YES YUH WILL  
TUM OL' THINKIN' SAMPAN -  
YUH'LL FIND JEST EXACTLY  
WHUT I WANT! YUH TUM  
FIND! NAW-NAW-NAW!



# THE DURANGO

LATE THAT NIGHT—IN THE RANCH HOUSE OF THE LAZY X...

A LITTLE MORE FUNK UPON THIS PLACE IS SOMA LOOK DOWNRIGHT FURTY PARTNER!

YES BUT YOU KNOW—I'M STILL WORRIED ABOUT THOSE BADHAT SCOURTERS WE TANGLED WITH YESTERDAY WONDRA WHAT THEIR GAME WAS...



ALL RIGHT, YUH SPOGGIN' BANNES—REACH! YUH'RE BOTH UNDER ARREST!

WHY-A-A-? WHAT'S THE IDEA, SHERIFF? YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON US!



OH NO! I JEST FOUND FOUR SHOOGARD AN' YAW STUBB'Z HIO IN THUH HILLS ON YORE RANGE YORE LAZY X BRAND WAS PLASTERED OVER THE OLD MEXICAN BURN!

AN A DURM CLIMBY JOB O' BRANDSOTTER EF I SAY SO—HUHHELF!



I TELL YOU IT'S A PLANT, SHERIFF—BUT I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO COME ALONG WITH YOU I'LL GET MY HAT.

YEAH! GRAB YORE SOMEBRED AN' START MOVIN'!



OKAY, SHERIFF—I'LL START MOVING!

WHUT THUN'!



SORRY, SHERIFF—BUT I DON'T SEE ANY OTHER WAY OUT OF THIS FOR NOW!

OH NO YUH'DOV'Z HEMBED!



COME ON PARTNER—LET'S GET OUT FAST!

RIGHT BEHIND YUH, STEVE!



# THE DURANGO KID

THIS IS GREAT—TWO NIGHTS ON OUR OWN RANCH AN' WE'RE OUTLAWIN'! GOODBYE, LAZY X—AN' ALL OUR SAVIN'S! HEY! WHAT THIN RECK WE RUNNIN' FOR EF WE'RE AWAYDENT?

DON'T RECKON WE'LL GET MUCH CHANCE TO PROVE OUR INNOCENCE IN JAIL, PARTNER!

AND THAT SHERIFF DIDN'T LOOK SMART ENOUGH TO LATCH ON TO THE REAL FACTS. THIS TIES IN WITH THOSE BACKWATS WHO SUMPHIPPED US YESTERDAY. THERE'S BEEF SMUGGLIN' GOIN' ON AROUND HERE...



...AND IF THE SMUGGLED CATTLE COMES FROM MEXICO—WHY THEN, MEXICO'S THE PLACE TO LOOK!



A FEW DAYS LATER—IN A TINY MEXICAN TOWN JUST OVER THE BORDER...

AH, SENOR BALSER! YOU ARE MANY DAYS LATE, AMIGO!

COULDN'T HELP IT, RAMANO. WE RAN INTO SOME RUMPUSS.



COUPLE DUMB JASPER'S BOUGHT THIN LADY'S WHARF WE BEEN STOWIN' THIN BEEF BUT WE SHORE GAVE 'EM A SCARE. GUESS THEY'RE STILL RUNNIN'!

HA-HA-HA! YOU ARE MUCHO SMART, SENOR!



I STILL WANT YORE BEEF, RAMANO. I HAVE THIN CASH WITH ME.

EXCELLENTO! I WILL GIVE YOU A RECEIPT. AND I WILL DELIVER THE LONGHORNS MYSELF TONIGHT, THROUGH OUR SECRET TUNNEL UNDER THE BORDER!



I RECKON THAT'S IT, PARDNER! THEM 3 THUH HOMERS WHO WUZ WITH THUH SHERIFF COUPLE NIGHTS AGO.

YOU SKIP OVER THE BORDER AND GET THE SHERIFF AND A POSSE, HOLEY IN GUNS TO TRAIL BALSER, AND LOCATE THAT TUNNEL.

THAT SLEAZY SMUGGLER'S GOING TO TANGLE WITH THE DURANGO KID—TONIGHT!



LATE THAT NIGHT...

SO 'EASY RADER THERE THEY GO INTO THAT TUNNEL. I'D A'HEER HAD FOUND IT IF I HADN'T TRAILED THEM.



HERE GOES 'E SLEAZY RADER



BUT I SHHHH! HEY BOSS I HEAR HOOPBATS SOUND US. WE'RE BEIN' FOLLOWED!

EASY—KEEP MOVIN' LIKE YUH DON'T KNOW HE'LL MEET THUH BEST 5 THUH GANG AT THUH OTHER SIDE AN' WE'LL BE READY FER 'IM—WHOEVER HE IS!



AT THE AMERICAN SIDE OF THE TUNNEL, BALSER ALERTS HIS GANG AND...

OKAY, BOYS—FIRE!





# THE DURANGO KID



HMPH - THOUGHT SO!  
IN TRAPPED IN HERE - AND  
THERE'S NOT A BIT OF COVER  
OUT THERE!



WHAT'S THAT! BLAZES -  
CASTLE IDING THROUGH -  
FAST! I'LL BE TRAMPLED!



MOVE, RAIDER - GET OUT!  
NO NEED FOR YOU TO GET  
TRAMPLED, TOO! WAIT OUT THERE,  
RAIDER - I MAY COME OUT ALIVE...  
AND, THEN AGAIN - I MAY  
NOT....!



ONLY ONE CHANCE -  
ONLY ONE CHANCE!



IF ONLY MY FINGERNAILS HOLD OUT!  
CAN'T... CAN'T HANG ON MUCH  
LONGER...



MOVE OVER  
HOMBRE!

DIABLO!



HOWDY, RYLAND - BEEN  
ANYTHIN IN THAR OF A HOMBRE  
IN A BLACK SHIRT AN' HAT?  
EXPECT HE'S PURTY SQUASHED  
UP - YUH MIGHTA MISSED  
HIM!

YEAH, HIS BRONC  
CAME OUT, BUT  
HE'S IN THAR -  
DAD FER  
SHORE!

THE DURANGO KID





# The DURANGO KID

THE DURANGO KID SEARS LEATHER TO DEFEND A HELPLESS GIRL FROM WHAT COULD BE CERTAIN MURDER. BUT FINDS SURPRISE IN THE SADDLE WHEN

'THE LADY SHOTS A HOT IRON!'



ONE NIGHT HILEY AND STEVE HEAR A SCRATCHING ON THE DOOR OF THEIR NEW RANCHHOUSE...



IT'S GEORGE JAGGIE - OUR NEIGHBOR FROM TOWN 3-BAR-3!

AND HE'S HURT BAD! LET'S GET HIM INSIDE FAST, HILEY!



# THE DURANGO KID



RANKED OAKHOOTS DOWN THUR ROAD...  
M. GROOM /  
KNOW WHO IT WAS... IT WAS...  
AHHHHHHH

DAID HE DIED AFORE /  
HE COULD TELL US WHO /  
IT WAS BUSHED IN /

BETTER FORK YOUR BRONC, MULEY AND /  
SO GET JASMINE'S PARTNER EB SWARTH /  
AND SEND WORD FOR THE SHERIFF /  
TOO!



LATER... /  
UNTIL I GIT MUR PAYS ON THUR /  
RANNIE'S WHUT DONE IN /  
MUR RANCHER /

SHERIFF, I AN'T GOM TUN REST /  
GOM TUN REST

NEITHER AN I, EB - HE WUZ MUR BEST FRIEND.



I GUESS I KIN LET OUT THUR BIG SECRET /  
AFORE - NOW THUR GEORGE IS DAID I WUZ /  
THUR ONLY ONE WHO KNEW - NOT E VEN /  
YOU EB, KNEW THUR GEORGE HAD A /  
DAUGHTER!

A DAUGHTER! /  
WAL, I'LL BE!



YEP GEORGE SENT JENNY /  
AWAY TUN SCHOOL A LONG TIME /  
AGO - AFORE HE TOOK YOU ON AS /  
RANCHER EB HE DIDNT WANT /  
HIS KID TUN GIT MIXED UP IN /  
THUR RANCHIN LIFE



I GUESS IT S MUR JOBS TUN WRITE TUN /  
JENNY NOW AN TELL HER ABOUT HER FAW /  
SHELL WANT TUN COME WEST /  
AN TAKE OVER HER SHARE O THUR RANCH

YEAH, /  
TUN D BETTER /  
DO THET



TARNATION! I DIDNT RECKON /  
ON OL GEORGE HWIN A DAUGHTER /  
AN HEWESS WHEN I KILLED IM BY /  
JASPER - I DIDNT FIGGER TUN SHARE /  
THET RANCH WITH GEORGE AN I /  
SHORE AS BLAZE ANNT GOANNA /  
SHARE IT WITH HIS /  
DAUGHTER!



ALL I GOTTA SAY IS - THET KID /  
ANNT NEWER GOM TUN REACH THUR /  
J BAR O AGIN!

# THE DURANGO KID

**10 FEW MINUTES LATER...**

BEST CAN'T FIGGER IT OUT, STEVE - WHO KILLED GEORGE DAMN NE AN' WHY?

THAT "WHY?" IS IMPORTANT MULEY. IF ROBBERY WASN'T THE MOTIVE, THEN THAT LITTLE GIRL IS IN DANGER, TOO. THE RATS MIGHT TRY TO GET RID OF HER!

HEY! THAT REMINDS ME - THUH KID'S DUE ON TODAY'S STAGE!

HOLY SMOKE! IT OUGHT TO BE PASSING STONE GAP BY NOW!

LET'S GO! I DON'T KNOW IF THAT LITTLE GIRL IS IN DANGER OR NOT, BUT IT'S BEST TO RIDE OUT AND MAKE SURE SHE'S PROTECTED!

RIGHT YUH ARE!

**11 SHORT WHILE LATER**

I HAD A FEELING THAT LITTLE KID'S LIFE WAS IN DANGER. LET'S GO! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED, PARTNER - SO BURN UP THAT IRON OF YOURS!

YUH SHORE CALLED THIS ONE, STEVE!

SWITCH YORE FIRE, MEN - HYLAR COME TWO HUNDERS - SHOOTIN' SIGNAL THUH REST O' OUR GUYS ON THUH HILL!

YUH! THEY GOT MEN ON THUH HILL YONGER! WE'RE CAUGHT IN CROSSFIRE - LOOKS BAD, STEVIE!

KEEP MOVING! IF ONLY WE HAD ANOTHER MAN TO KEEP THE OWL'S ON THAT HILL PINNED DOWN, WE COULD HANDLE THE OTHERS.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

# THE DURANGO KID

JUST THEN, FROM THE STAGECOACH...



NEED ANY HELP GENTLEMEN?

BANG! BANG!



THAT DONE IT! LOOKT 'EM TURN TAIL!

BUT THEY'RE MAKING A CLEAN GETAWAY. AND WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE OR WHAT THEY'RE AFTER...



I'M JENNY JASMINE STRANGER - AND PECH CALLED

I'M STEVE BRAND AND THIS IS HOLEY PINE OUR LADY'S RANCH IS RIGHT NEXT TO YOURS YOUR FATHER WAS OUR FRIEND, MISS JASMINE.

WELL, THIS SURE AIN'T NO 'POPE' LITTLE KID!

I DON'T KNOW WHY, MISS, BUT WHOEVER KILLED YOUR FATHER IS AFTER YOU, TOO. YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER UNTIL WE CLEAR THIS UP. I'D ADVISE THAT YOU STICK CLOSE TO US AND THE SHERIFF FOR PROTECTION...

NOW GET THIS STRAIGHT PESTER! I'M NOT HOME BEHIND ANYBODY FOR PROTECTION! I HANDLE MY OWN GUN AND TAKE CARE OF MY OWN AFFAIRS! I'LL THANK YOU TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR OWN AFFAIRS!

I TELL YOU TH- IF YOU'RE JUST A WIMP AND NEED PROTECTION I'M GOING TO TRAIL YOU ANYWAY WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!

YOU JUST TRY STEVE BRAND AND I'LL SHOOT YOUR BARS OFF!



# THE DURANGO KID

WELL, I'LL BE... THAT CRAZY LITTLE WIXEN I'VE GOT A GOOD NOTION TO TURN HER OVER MY KNEE AND—

IF YUH MEAN SHE'S GOT SPIRIT— SHE SHORE HAS PARDNER!

JUST THE SAME I'M NOT GOING TO LET THAT HOT-HEADED DAME STOP ME... THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME CLUE! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THIS GUN—I SHOT IT OUT OF ONE OF THOSE OMLWOOD'S HANDS.

THIS HAMMER HAS BEEN REPAIRED AND NOT SO LONG AGO!

IF THAT AIN'T NO CLUE, I'LL BE GRASSO FER A HOO! LET'S TAKE IT IN TUM THUH TOWN BLACKSMITH AGO!

**SHORT TIME LATER, AT THE BLACKSMITH SHOP**

SHORE I REMEMBER FIDIN' THIS GUN STEVE IT WUZ JEST LAST WEEK... ONE OF THUH HANDS UP AT BLACKY THINKS THE 3-BAR-3 BROUGHT IT IN

THAT'S ALL WE WANT TO KNOW

BLACKY THINKS A HELLION

THAT CLUE COMES FROM THE 3 BAR-3 KNOW WHUT THEY MEANS, STEVE?

I SURE DO, PARDNER! IT'S AN INSIDE JOE... AND JENNY DISHANE WALKING RIGHT INTO A TRAP! WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST!

AND IF JENNY DASHNE DORN I WANT STEVE BRAND TO HUR INTO HER AFFAIRS, THEN THE DURANGO KID WILL

GOOD LUCK, STEVE! IT'S TIME DURANGO TOOK A HAND AROUND HWAR ANYWAY!

**MEANWHILE**

I GUESS I LOST MY TEMPER—AND GOSH, THAT STEVE BRAND WAS NICE... HANDSOME TOO

HWAR YUH BE, HISS— THUH 3 BAR-3! THEE HONE



THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID - FIGHTER FOR JUSTICE - GLAD TO MEET ME ?

I SHORE AIN'T - GAWNING!



I WANT ALL OF YOU - FOR THE MURDER OF GEORGE JASHINE AND THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF JENNY JASHINE! DOES THAT CHANGE RING A BELL IN YOUR EMPTY SKULLS ?



NO, YOU DON'T MISTER - ~~ME~~ IN THIS FIGHT, TOD!

YEOW!

NICE SHOOTING, JENNY!

BANG!



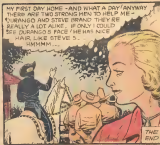
AND NOW - FOR A LITTLE MATTER OF REVENGE!

NO, NO - DON'T DON'T!



NO, JENNY - NOT THAT WAY! TWO CRIMES DON'T MAKE THINGS RIGHT. LET A JURY AND JUDGE DECIDE SCARTH'S FATE!

I-I-GUES YOU'RE RIGHT DURANGO - (SOB) I TAKE HIM AWAY - OUT OF MY SIGHT!



MY FIRST DAY HOME - AND WHAT A DAY! ANYWAY THESE ARE TWO STRONG MEN TO HELP ME - DURANGO AND STEVE BRAND - THEY'RE REALLY A LOT ALIVE... IF ONLY I COULD SEE DURANGO'S FACE! HE HAS NICE HAIR, LIKE STEVE'S...  
AMMMM...

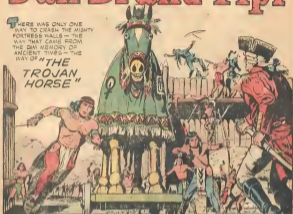
THE END



# Dan Brand and Tipi

THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO CRASH THE MIGHTY FORTRESS WALLS — THE WAY THAT CAME FROM THE DIM MEMORY OF ANCIENT TIMES — THE WAY OF "THE TROJAN HORSE"

"THE TROJAN HORSE"



DAN BRAND AND TITI ARE BUSY ROUNDING UP INDIAN ALLIES FOR THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.

SO FAR TITI HAS BEEN ABLE TO KEEP OUR TRAILS SECRET.

AND A GOOD THING! THE BRITISH WOULD GIVE PLENTY FOR OUR HEADS!



BUT

AMBUSH! THEY'VE FOUND OUR TRAIL! LOOK! IT'S ST. BARRIS AND HIS CHANDALAS!

AND BRITISH SOLDIERS TOO! AND THERE ARE MORE BEHIND US!



THEY'RE TOO NEAR FOR US! QUICK, TITI — THE CLIFF — THE CLIFF IS BELOW!

IT'S OUR ONLY WAY OUT!



# THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



WAIT! WAIT!  
I HAVE AN IDEA! IT  
MUST WORK!  
LISTEN TO ME!  
LISTEN!

WHAM,  
SO THAT'S  
YOUR PLAN!  
I DON'T  
KNOW A  
TROJAN HORSE  
YOU SAY?

PLEASE! LET'S  
TRY IT! IT  
WORKED ONCE  
DAN TOLD ME  
ABOUT IT...  
AN ANCIENT  
LEGEND  
ABOUT A TRIBE  
OF WHITE MEN  
WHO LIVED MANY  
THOUSANDS OF  
YEARS AGO IN  
THE CITY OF  
TROY.



MEANWHILE INSIDE THE  
DURANGO VILLAGE...

WELL  
BANNIS,  
YOUR  
PLAN  
WORKED

I TOLD YOU IT  
WOULD! AN' I'VE WON  
COUNT ON MY OWN  
DAGGAS TOO! THE'LL  
GET YOU AN' YOUR  
SQUAD O' MEN BACK  
HOME AS SOON AS  
THAT CATAWBA  
ATTACK IS OVER.



YOU MAY THANK YOUR  
STARS YOU'RE NOT DEAD  
BY NOW BRAND! HERE'S  
MY OFFER - YOUR FREEDOM  
AND A FORTUNE IN GOLD IF  
YOU TELL US WHERE  
WASHINGTON'S ARMY IS  
AND HOW MANY HE HAS



I PREFER DEATH TO TREASON!  
THERE'S MY ANSWER! GIVE  
YOUR DIRTY MONEY TO BANNIS -  
HE EARNED  
IT!



BLAZES! YOU'VE INSULTED HIS MAJESTY'S  
UNIFORM! YOU'LL GET THE DEATH YOU  
PREFER! YOU REBEL DOG! YOU'LL DIE AT  
DAWN - BY MY FINEST SQUAD - THE  
DEATH OF A TRAITOR TO THE THRONE!  
TAKE HIM AWAY!



NEXT MORNING, AT THE FIRST STREAK OF DAWN...

DANN SAID THE CATAWBA  
IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT.  
THEY MUST HAVE GIVEN  
UP THE ATTACK - BUT  
WHAT IS THAT?

A SQUAD OF A HORSE  
IS A HUGE ONE! A  
HORSE - MADE OF  
LOGS AND SKINS!  
WHAT CAN IT  
MEAN

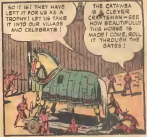


# THE DURANGO KID



THE CATAWBA HAS RETREATED. IT IS SAFE—LET US GO FOR A CLOSER LOOK AT THAT HORSE!

BUT WHAT IS THE MEANING OF IT? CAN IT BE THAT THEY LEFT IT FOR US—AS A TROPHY OF THEIR DEFEAT!



SO IT IS! THEY HAVE LEFT IT FOR US AS A TROPHY! LET US TAKE IT INTO OUR VILLAGE AND CELEBRATE!

THE CATAWBA IS A CLEVER CRAFTSMAN—SEE HOW BEAUTIFULLY THIS HORSE IS MADE! COME, GO! LET IT THROUGH THE GATES!



?

NOW WHAT KIND OF A CONTRADICTION IS THAT? ALL RIGHT, MEN—STOP YOUR BAWKING AND LET'S GET ON WITH THE EXECUTION OF THIS REBEL!



BUT SUDDENLY FROM THE SAWDUST, COMES A CRY FROM THE GENTRIES!

A TRICK! THE CATAWBA HIDES IN THE WOODS! HE IS ATTACKING AGAIN!

QUICK, BRAVES! LEAVE THE HORSE! EVERY-ONE TO THE WALL!



AND, SUDDENLY, FROM INSIDE THE HORSE—

QUICK, MY BRAVES! NOW IS THE TIME! THERE IS DAN!



TOO! TOO! THAT WAS BRILLIANT, LITTLE BROTHER! QUICKLY—FREE ME!

!!!

# THE DURANGO KID



THEY AND HIS BRAVES QUICKLY OVERCAME THE BRITISH SQUAD, DANG BONES ARE OUT AND...

WE HAVE TIMED IT SO OUR BROTHERS NOW ATTACK!

QUICKLY— TO THE SKIES OPEN THEM UP! SPEED— SURPRISE— THAT'S WHAT COUNTS NOW! MOVE FAST BROTHERS!



COME IN BROTHERS— COME IN! WE HAVE MADE YOU WELCOME!

AND COME IN FIGHTING!

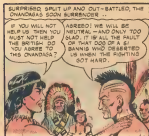


THE DEFEAT OF THE PREVIOUS DAY HAS GIVEN THE CATAWBAS PLENTY OF REASON FOR FIGHTING HARD!

SWEEP THROUGH THIS VILLAGE!

YOU SEE, CHIEF IT WORKED!

BY MY ANCESTORS, IT DID! THE WOODEN HORSE IS NOW A PART OF OUR LEGENDS, TOO! THIS DAY BRINGS US GLORY!



SURPRISED, SPURT UP AND OUT— BATTLED, THE CATAWBAS SOON SURRENDER...

IF YOU WILL NOT HELP US THEN YOU MUST NOT HELP THE BRITISH DO YOU AGREE TO THIS CATAWASA?

AGREED! WE WILL BE NEUTRAL— AND ONLY TOO GLAD. IT IS ALL THE FAULT OF THAT DODDY OF A SI BANNIS WHO DECEASED US WHEN THE FIGHTING GOT HARD.



HE TONGUE WAS SMOOTH AND HE TALKED OILY WORDS HE MADE US PROMISES OF GREAT HUNTING GROUNDS IF WE WOULD WORK WITH HIM.

A TRAITOR TO ONE IS A TRAITOR TO ALL— NOW YOU KNOW CATAWASA.



SOME DAY WE WILL CATCH UP TO SI BANNIS AND THEN WE WILL SETTLE THE SCORE FOR ALL TIME.

AREN TO THAT DAN!

# FIGHTING MAN

TAKOWA, the Comanche boy, stood beside the cooking pots in front of his father's white buffalo skin tipi, and stared fiercely. His dark black eyes were fastened on the trotting ponies and the black-painted warriors around them, who were following the war chief, One Arrow, out of the encampment for a surprise attack on the Osage who had been raiding the Comanche horse herds.

"I am old enough to go," he told the soft breeze that swirled around the tipi. "I am twelve. If I do not win my eagle feather soon, I will be too old to fight! I will be grey and wrinkled and weak, like He-ye-ye-ka!"

Knocking at the dust, he walked past his father's scalp stuck and war shield that hung before the tipi. His heart thumped as he ran his eyes over the graily trophies of the Indian battlefields. Some day he would have such trophies before his own tipi. Some day.

Takowa sighed and walked toward the rope-picket line where the Indian ponies browsed on the short plains grass. He picked out his own mount, a buckskin pony named Wild Wind. Takowa's father was a rich man and had bought Wild Wind for Takowa three moons before. Even Little Bird, the medicine man, admitted that Wild Wind was the fastest pony in all the Comanche herds!

"With Wild Wind between my knees, I could count coup against the Arapahos and Osages all on the same day!" Takowa growled angrily. To count coup was to touch an enemy with the hand or weapon in battle. It was a very high honor among the Indians of the plains.

He rode steadily, not wanting to play with his boyhood friends. He felt that hoop and spear and shinny and snow snake were games beneath his notice. "Let Chips and Mchaka play those games. They do not have a pony that can outrun the wind!"

Takowa mounted up from the deep, thick grama grass of the flats into the shrub-dotted slopes below the timber line. Thin, gaisty limbs of acacia, and the flat, prickly bulbs of the cactus plants lent a splash of color to the dun ground. A breeze ruffled his shiny

black hair that was bound with bone ornaments. His nostrils quickened. Takowa lifted his head, suddenly alert.

He had caught the pungent, harsh odor of Indian war paint in that breeze!

"One Arrow will have led the braves far from this point," the Comanche boy told himself. "Therefore, the war paint I smell is not Comanche war paint! It not—then whose?"

Like an eel, Takowa slipped over the side of Wild Wind and hung there, one hand buried in the thick mane of the little buckskin. The beaded moccasin on his left foot rested on the pony's rump, but with luck, it would not be seen!

Bobbing to the buckskin's every stride, Takowa peered under his mount's throat. His breath choked, and he spluttered.

A thin line of war-painted Osages were moving slowly down from the pinon-covered hills, the wind rustling the feathers dangling from their painted shields, jingling the bits of metal and shell on arm and in hair. Takowa heard the rattle of the horse breastplates as a warrior turned on the saddle to look about. They were bound for the defenseless Comanche camp!

Takowa dourmed a heel on Wild Wind's belly. The little buckskin fled like a startled fawn before the twang of the Indian bow-string. At such a distance he looked to the osiding Osages like a wild, masterless horse.

His heart was making so much noise in his excitement that Takowa could hardly think! He knew what would happen when those black-winged Osage braves hit the Comanche tents. There would be screams and howling blood, scalps ripped from heads, war arrows thrusting into the few crippled or aged men who had been left behind! Takowa thought of his pretty mother, and his baby brother, and his lips tightened.

"What can I do?" he asked himself. "I wanted to be a warrior and a hero. Now I have the chance. But one twelve-year-old Comanche boy cannot fight fifty Osage braves!"

He knew, deep inside him, that even Young Buffalo, his father, or One Arrow himself,

could do nothing! And yet—

Forgetting himself, Takowa straightened on the buckskin's back. If his little idea would only work! He banged his moccasined heels into the pony's back and clung with strong young hands to the thick mane.

He rode into the Comanche village in a cloud of dust. His young voice carried the grim news from tipi to tipi as he flashed by cooking fires and meat racks. Vaguely he was aware of running women, of an old man hobbling out into the open, a war lance in his feeble hands.

Takowa reined in before the tipi of Broken Bow, the Comanche warrior who had suffered a thigh wound driving off the last Osage attack on the horse herd. Quickly, Takowa outlined his plan. As he listened, a grim smile quirked Broken Bow's mouth. He nodded agreement.

Then Takowa whirled Wild Wind and sent him at full gallop out onto the flats beyond the village where boys like Chaps and Hehabs were dropping their play sticks and running toward him.

"Osage beaves!" Takowa shouted, pointing behind him. "Riding to the village! We have played many games together, my friends. But we are to play a grim game now—a game of war!"

The flat brown faces of the boys lighted eagerly. With general shouts they thronged about him, to listen. Takowa said, "Broken Bow will get us bows and arrows, spears and war paint! Mount your fastest ponies and meet me at the council tipi!"

Broken Bow had enlisted the quick, deft hands of the women. Bows and arrows were passed to boy after boy as he sat his horse, his face smeared hedeasuly. Takowa was moving Wild Wind back and forth, speaking quickly.

"We have played at ambush many times, my brothers! Now we carry a man's weapons. It is not to be play now, but war! And yet—give us good ambush spots, and luck with our first arrows, and we may yet turn back the Osage dogs!"

It was a mad scheme. One Arrow or Young Buffalo would have sent the boys to their tipis with backhand blows and derisive shouts. But One Arrow and Young Buffalo were gone, and there was none to stop these vigorous future fighters. They had the blind blissfulness of inexperience in real warfare plus youth's firm, insistent belief in its own powers.

And then—located secretly by Little Bird, the medicine man—a young puppy went yapping through the Indian village. "Look!" cried Little Bird, lifting a bronzed arm from beneath his red blanket. "See the young dog testing his strength. It is a good sign! I promise victory—victory for our own young

whelps riding on their first war trail!"

It was all Takowa needed. With a wild shout and a waving, upraised arm, Takowa led his friends out of the village on the gallop.

They went into the hills, at a racing run. High in the timber, among the twisted rocks of some forgotten riverbank, they flung themselves from their ponies and ran to the rim of the malpais.

Looking down, they could see the Osages advancing at a steady jog. Their eyes were fixed on the distant Comanche village. They could tell the warriors were gone. Only women and old men and a few children were seen near the tips and the cooking pots. The Osages gave harsh, grunting cries and yelps. Excitement lifted them taller. They shook bows and knives that flashed in the sunlight. A big, half-naked chief threw back his head and yapped like a dog—

It was Takowa's arrow that took the Osage chief in the throat, between jaw and collar-bone. And as his arrow thudded home, other arrows whined in the air, to plunk in gristly fashion in chest and arm and leg. The boys above, their blackened faces seen here and there above a rock or shrub as they bent their war bows, were fiercely intent. Often had they played like this among these very rocks. Now play was—reality!

And yet, so sudden was the attack, so merciless were the long arrows flashing in the sunlight, that eight of the Osage warriors tumbled from their saddles before the others found their attackers' yelps and howls of rage echoed from their throats. Lances were lifted and hurled! Osage bows bent and Osage bow-strings twanged!

Takowa stood at his full height. "Look! Look!" he shouted. "One Arrow returns! With him ride our Comanche fighting men!"

The Osages, sunk in the narrow trail, had no way of measuring the truth of Takowa's shouted words. Grunting and shouting their anger, they wheeled their horses about and pummeled the animals' sides with their moccasined heels.

It was two days later when the Comanche braves returned from the warpath, to learn the tale of Takowa and his boy-warriors. Little Bird, the medicine man, and the crippled Broken Bow, were prodigal in their praise. Pride glittered in Young Buffalo's eyes as the medicine man planted a coup stick ornate with a feather denoting one coup, beside Young Buffalo's own coup stick. "He will be a great fighter, your son Takowa," prophesied Little Bird.

And Takowa, hoping in his heart that Little Bird was right, ran past them to join Chaps and Hehabs at their play. After all, a twelve-year-old boy cannot be a fighting man every hour of the day!

# The DURANGO KID

THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH GOLD IS THAT IT'S RIGHTLY HARD STUFF TO HOLD ON TO! BUT MULEY FINDS THAT IT'S EVEN TOUGHER TO HOLD ON TO HIS LIFE IN "MULEY PIKE'S BIG GOLD RUSH!"

OKAY, BULL-SUNG HIM OVER! NOW THUH GOLD MINE LL BE ALL OURS!



FIVE DAYS AS MULEY OWSES A BAWVICON CALF...

YEOW!



DOGGONIT! SOMEFIN'S THUH MATTER WITH THUH GROUND! NYAR - I SWEAR, MUH HISS'S FOOT SUNK RIGHT THROUGH...



WHUT THUH - A CAVE-IN! YEOW!



HEY - THIS MUST BE SOME KIND O' GABANNOED MINE! WONDER WHUT KIND O' STUFF WUZ IN NYAR? I'LL LOOK AROUND AND...





GOLD! GOLD!  
REAL GOLD  
NUGGETS!

A GOLD MINE RIGHT  
ON THUH LAZY-X  
RANCH 'GOLLY-NO  
MORE WORK-JUST  
A-SITTIN' AND A-  
DREAMIN' AND A-  
SLEEPIN' WE'RE  
RICH!



I'LL POP THUH WHOLE THING TUN  
STEVE AS A BIG SURPRISE! I'LL GIT  
INTUH TOWN AN' BUY ALL THUH  
THINGS STEVE WANTED-I JEST CAIN'T  
WAIT TUH SEE 'IS FACE'  
YIPPEE!



SHORT WHILE LATER...

FANCY CALIFORNIA SADDLES WITH THUH  
BEVER TRIMMIN' AN' THROW IN THREE  
O' THUH MOST EXPENSIVE BEAR RUSS  
YUH GOT GIMME A COUPLE O'  
ROCKY CHAIRS AN'

I'LL TAKE  
THEM TWO.  
HEY-  
WHO'S  
GONNA  
PAY  
FOR ALL  
THIS  
STUFF?



JEST NEVER YUH HEARD  
WHO'S GONNA PAY? YOHLL  
GIT YORE CASH 'AN' JEST  
DELIVER THUH STUFF ON  
YORE WAY OUT THUH  
AFTERNOON!

HMM. NOW WHARE  
DID THUH LAZY-X GIT  
THEIR HANDS ON  
READY CASH?  
SOMETHIN' COOKIN'  
BULL!



LET'S FOLLOU TH'  
MUST BE SOME WAY TUH  
GIT OUR HWAS ON SOME  
O' THEIR EASY MONEY  
TOO!

YEAH-WE'RE SHORE HURTIN'  
FOR AN' EASY TOUCH  
OWHOOOIN' JEST AN' IT BEEN  
THE SAME SINCE **THE  
DURANGO KID** SHOWED  
UP AROUND HWAR



I JEST HAD TUH  
SNEAK ANOTHER LOOK-  
BOLLY WHUT  
BEEFOOTURE SHINY  
GOLD!

# THE DURANGO KID



**GOLD!**  
LET'S PLUG  
HIM AN'  
ANNYWY'

NIX, YUH DOPE! YUH'RE ALWAYS  
TOO FAST WITH THEY SHOOTIN'  
NOW 'IT'S SMARTER, TUH FOLLY  
HIM AN' SEE WAWAR HE'S GETTIN'  
THEY GOLD!



**SHORT WHILE LATER...**  
HYAR'S HIS GOLD...  
TUH COVER  
IT UP WITH BRANCHES.

OKAY,  
BULL-  
THIS  
IS IT!



WHAT  
TLUH-NO?



NIX!  
NO, YUH DOPE!  
WE GOTTA MAKE  
THIS LOOK LIKE  
AN ACCIDENT...  
WE DON'T  
WANT ANYBODY  
THIGET  
SUSPICIOUS  
WITH THIS  
JASPER OUTA  
THUH WAY  
THE GOLD MINE'S  
ALL OURS!

NO, YUH DOPE! WE GOTTA MAKE THIS  
LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT... WE DON'T  
WANT ANYBODY THIGET SUSPICIOUS  
WITH THIS JASPER OUTA THUH WAY  
THE GOLD MINE'S ALL OURS!



NOW-THAR'S A  
STEEP CLIFF  
WOULDNT IT  
BE BEST TOO  
BAD IF THIS  
HONERE FELL  
OFF IT? NOBODY  
COULD LIVE  
THROUGH  
THAT!



YUH SHORE  
GOT BRAINS,  
BRAINS!

HEY,  
NIX-  
NIX!



**OUT-A MOMENT LATER...**

THEY  
TREE SHORE  
CUSHONED MY  
FALL-  
WHAT LUCK?  
NOW I GOTTA  
GIT  
OUTA HYAR!

OUT ON TOP OF THE CLIFF.

THEY'S FUNNY - I DIDN'T HEAR NO THING 'LET'S LOOK OVER!

NIX YUM DOPE 'LET'S ROLL THE BOULDER DOWN ON HIM - NOBODY COULD LIVE THROUGH THAT!



GRAY - NOW!

OUT - A HALF SECOND BEFORE THE BOULDER LIVES



YEEOW - ANOTHER CAVE-IN!



AN' BEST IN TIME 'JIMMY BORGERS THAT COME-IN SAVED MUM LIFE ' I'VE HAD ENOUGH O THIS - I GOTTA GIT OUTA HYAR FAST!

THEY BOULDER, SHERE FINISHED 'M OFF' WIZNT EVEN NUTHIN LEFT O'HM TUN SEE?

RIGHT? NOW NOBODY KNOW 'BOUT THIS GOLD MINE 'EPT US' LET'S START DIGGIN' 'THEY CASPER'S DAND, ALL RIGHT!



HOLY FLYIN COYOTES! HE'S COMIN' BACK TUN NAUNT US!

I GUILP'E A-A-GHOST!





# THE DURANGO KID

GHOSTS!  
GHOSTS!  
YUH, H!

I JUST AINT WAITIN TUN SEE WHUT LL HAPPEN THIS TIME MOVE, PEE F— MOVE!



HOLD ON, SHERIFF— IT'S MULEY! WONDER WHAT'S WRONG?



STEVE 'SHERIFF' THAR'S OWLHOOTS TRYIN TUN TAKE AWAY OUR GOLD MINE! DOZENS OF EM! I LICKED A FEW OF EM, BUT THEY WUZ TOO MANY FER ME!

GOLD MINE? OWLHOOTS? WHAT GOLD MINE?

THEY AN TUN TIME TER PLAN! THEY WENT THAT-A-WAY!



GRAB 'EM! AN SAVE ME! COUPLE GOOD LICKS!

HITS TUN JONES BROTHERS— WANTED FER PETTY ROBBERY IN A DOZENS STATES! ALL RIGHT, BOYS— YUH KIN STOP RUNNIN NOW!



OKAY, PARTNER— NOW START TALKIN' ' WHAT ABOUT THAT GOLD MINE?

JUST FOLLY HE GENTS!



GOLD? HAW— HAW— HAW— HAW! THE'S PYRITE— POOL'S GOLD! AINT WORTH A PENNY! THE FINE MINE'S BEEN HAWIN A SLICKER OUTA GREENHORN PROSPECTORS FER TWENTY YEARS! YAK! YAK! YAK!



THAT NIGHT...

ALL RIGHT, PARTNER— YOU JUST LOAD THAT STUFF FRONTED AND TAKE IT BACK TO THE STORE!

GRABBE GRABBE— WHY DON'T SOMETHIN' AWCF HAPPEN TUN ME FER A CHANGE?



THE END

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COME AND I BRING YOU THE SACK YOU WANT FOR THIS WEEK!



SCHOOL PLUS WITH A BIG SACK FOR YOU, AND YOU CAN HAVE THE BEST OF THE CYCLE!

COME AND GET THE SACK YOU WANT TO HAVE!



IT'S NO USE, SHE'S GOT THE SACK! SHE'S GOT THE SACK!

SHE'S GOT THE SACK! SHE'S GOT THE SACK!

GLAD YOU TOLD ME SHE'S GOT THE SACK! SHE'S GOT THE SACK!

GLAD YOU TOLD ME SHE'S GOT THE SACK! SHE'S GOT THE SACK!



LOOK AT THE SACK! TWO WEEKS OF PAYING DAYS OF A MAN WHO CAN HANDLE THE BIG BUSINESS!

LOOK AT THE SACK! TWO WEEKS OF PAYING DAYS OF A MAN WHO CAN HANDLE THE BIG BUSINESS!

LOOK AT THE SACK! TWO WEEKS OF PAYING DAYS OF A MAN WHO CAN HANDLE THE BIG BUSINESS!



IN YOUR HAND IS THE SACK OF PAYING DAYS OF A MAN WHO CAN HANDLE THE BIG BUSINESS!

IN YOUR HAND IS THE SACK OF PAYING DAYS OF A MAN WHO CAN HANDLE THE BIG BUSINESS!

IN YOUR HAND IS THE SACK OF PAYING DAYS OF A MAN WHO CAN HANDLE THE BIG BUSINESS!



LOOK AT THE SACK! TWO WEEKS OF PAYING DAYS OF A MAN WHO CAN HANDLE THE BIG BUSINESS!

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 2. 50 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 3. 75 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 4. 100 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 5. 125 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 6. 150 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 7. 175 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...

**MAKING YOUR FEATS OF STRENGTH AND ENERGY GIVE YOU MORE SUCCESS—SUCCESS—SUCCESS and a full life of POPULARITY!**

**7 FEATS OF STRENGTH**

1. 25 Pound Padded Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 2. 50 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 3. 75 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 4. 100 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 5. 125 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 6. 150 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 7. 175 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...

**MAKING YOUR FEATS OF STRENGTH AND ENERGY GIVE YOU MORE SUCCESS—SUCCESS—SUCCESS and a full life of POPULARITY!**

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1. 25 Pound Padded Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 2. 50 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 3. 75 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 4. 100 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 5. 125 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 6. 150 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...  
 7. 175 Pound Pagan... Strength Feats...

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