



THE DURANGO KID vs. THE FIRST ATOMIC WEAPON!

CHARLES STARRETT *as*

The DURANGO KID





CHARLES STARRETT in a trick photograph shakes hands with his other self - **THE DURANGO KID!**

THE DURANGO KID

STAY! DON'T MOVE! EYES DURANGO—AND ALL THAT'LL BE LEFT OF YOU WILL BE APOCALYZED SANDOZ!

BLUFF! AN' THAT THERE CONTRADICTION ON 200 'N' 100!



THE MONSTER DEVICE WAS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AHEAD OF HIS TIME! HIS DEATH-RAID SCIENCE PRODUCED A BEAMING RAYE BEYOND, MORE HORRIBLE, THAN ANY THE WORLD HAD EVER SEEN! WITH IT HE WAS MASTER OF THE BARTH! AND THE DURANGO KID NEVER FACED A CLEVERER ENEMY THAN "THE BOSS" OF A DEMOLISH HEAPON THAN "THE RAY OF HORROR!"



STAYE EVER SINCE THEN BUILDING CAME FROM TH CITY AN' PUT UP THEY RE-COLOR LOOKY BUILDIN' J BEEN THOU' TUN WE HAITS IN IT...



CAIN'T BE A BUNCH 'CAUSE THAR AIN'T NO CATTLE 'ROUND NO CORRALS, NUTTEN!

NOTHING EXCEPT "KEEP OUT" SIGNS AND BARBS, THE OTHER, WHOEVER HE IS, JUST YANT' REACT!

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THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

LATER, AMONG THE GRASSES OF THE WINDSTROUD RANCH...

"HOLD! THE HIREN A BUNCH OF FOOLS! YOU CAN'T EVER STEAL A HIDE WITHOUT MESSING UP! NOW LISTEN TO ME - I WANT A SPEED THOUGHT!
I MUST HAVE A LIVE STEER!"



YEAR, BOSS - SURE, BOSS - YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS -

"NOW GET OUT OF HERE AND DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT THAT STEER! I MUST GO BACK AND DO SOME MORE WORK IN MY LABORATORY NOW."
"SO!"



"WE'RE GOIN', BOSS!"

"THEY ARE FOOLS - ONLY I AM A GENIUS! AN MY BEAUTIFUL LABORATORY! MY IDEA IS SO SECRET! AND SO FAVORABLE THAT I HAD TO BUILD IT WAY OUT IN THE WILDERNESS. SO NO ONE COULD SPY OR INTERFERE..."



"AH YES! I KNOW THE NEW-FRANLED ELECTRICITY COULD BE USED FOR OTHER THINGS BEFORE TELEGRAPH MESSAGES! I FELT THAT IF I COULD CONCENTRATE POWER ON ONE POINT, A NEW ELEMENT I DISCOVERED..."



"AND IF I COULD FIND A WAY TO FOCUS THE APPROPRIATION THAT WOULD RESULT - THEN I KNOW I COULD PRODUCE A DEADLY RAY WHICH MIGHT ATOMIZE ANYTHING IT SHONE ON!"



"AH YES! IT WORKS ON STEEL! IT WORKS ON WOODS! BUT - THE BIG QUESTION IS..."



"...WILL IT WORK ON A LIVING FLESH? THAT IS WHY I NEED A LIVE STEER TONIGHT - TO FINISH THE EXPERIMENT! HA-HA-HA-HA-HA! I AM A HUNDRED YEARS AHEAD OF THE REST OF THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD!
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!"



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



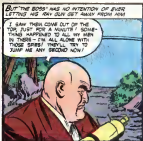
THE DURANGO KID

THIS WAY—AWAY FROM THE DOOR SIDE. WE'LL GET AROUND THE BUSHES AND TRY TO GRAB HIM FROM BEHIND. IF ONLY HE'D DROP THAT RAY GUN FOR A MINUTE!



BUT THE BOSS HAS NO INTENTION OF EVER LETTING HIS RAY GUN GET AWAY FROM HIM

I SAW THEM COME OUT OF THE TOR. JUST FOR A MINUTE! SOMETHING HAPPENED TO ALL MY MEN IN THERE—I'M ALL ALONE WITH THOSE SPIES! THEY'LL TRY TO JUMP ME ANY SECOND NOW!



THERE'S ONLY ONE DEFENSE—MY DEATH RAY! I'LL DISINTEGRATE EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!

YOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT DURANGO— THAT TOR! IT'S OUT RIGHT THROUGH— FALLING —!



AND I'VE UNCOVERED THE SPY! JUST ONE SPY OF THE GUN AND THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT OF HIM BUT ATOMIZED SMOKE!



NO! YOU GOTTA KILL ME FIRST!

THUNDER! MY GUN!



THE DURANGO KID





The DURANGO KID

AN HONEST NEWSPAPER WAS OFFER THE BEST GUARANTEE OF LAW AND ORDER IN THE WEST—AND ED SMALL, CHIEF OF THE BIG PORN MAGAZINE, WAS AN HONEST AND FEARLESS EDITOR! WHEN AN HONEST MAN MEETS A CROOK—THERE'S A FIGHT!
 THE DURANGO KID FIGHTS FOR A CLEVERLY—WITH MURDER AND ARSON TO BOOT—AGAIN ED SMALL'S PUFFY NET

Deadline for MURDER!

“THERE'S NO WAY OUT STEVE—WE'LL BE HUNG TO DEATH! 8-8-8-80 LONG SH-DAL!”



“WELL STEVE—WELL SHE IS—BIG FOLK! HONOR BY TALK SHEP KNEW THAT WOULD A ELECTION BOY ON WHEN HE SAYS GO HONOR?”

“THAT DOESN'T CONCERN US, WALLY! WE'RE HERE TO INVESTIGATE A BISH OF MURDER!”

BENDIX FOR SHERIFF IN VOTE TOMORROW!

BEN AX YOUR CHANCE FOR SHERIFF !!

VOT FOR BEND



“AND WE'VE GOT TO DO IT EARLY—THE CHIEF DOESN'T WANT IT WORSE IN THESE PARTS THAT I'M A FEDERAL MARSHAL, BUT WE'RE IN LUCK—IF THERE'S ANYBODY!”

“WELL, KNOW WHAT GOES ON IN THE TOWN IT'S THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER EDITOR...”

“...AND ED SMALL IS AN OLD PAL OF DURGO!”

BIG FOR GAZETTE

THE DURANGO KID



SO SMALL! IT'S SURE BEEN A LONG TIME!

STEVIE BRAND! AWAY! WE'LL SCATTER BY THREE AND CALL ME 'TIL I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE!



I NEED HELP, BOYS. WHAT WITH THE ELECTION AND ALL THE RUSTLING GOING ON, I'M KEPT SO BUSY THAT I JUST DON'T GET A CHANCE TO GET OUT AND FIND OUT THE NEWS. AND THERE'S SOME MOSTLY FUNNY DEALING GOING ON— MARK MY WORDS!



SEND! WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS, WANT?

I GOTTA HOOKER UP 'N HANG A PRT' WITH YUH SMALL—PAPER—WHY WHUT I MEANT?



THESE MEN ARE AN REBBER, SENDS. WHEN YOU'VE GOT TO SEE YOU CAN SAY RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM!

DEAR, SMALL— WHATEVER YOU SAY, AUNT HE CALL YUH OUT DASTANERIOUS, THOUGH!



I REBBED A LITTLE FRIENDLY VEST WIGHT PERSUADE YUH YUH SUPPORT HE PEE SHEET! AFTER ALL I AMN TALK BEST MAN PEE TALK JOB, YUH KNOW! YER PAPER COULD BE A BIG HELP TUN HE..

LETS HERE, SEND!— I SUPPORT THE MAN I THINK IS THE MOST HONEST—AND I'M NOT SO SURE YOU'RE THE ONE!



YUH AIN'T SMART, SMALL. ARE YOU TRYING TO SCARE ME? THUNDER AND BLAZE, MAN! MY PAPER WAS FOUNDED ON HONEST DEALING, AND IT'S GOING TO STAY THAT WAY! NOW— GET OUT!

I COULD MAKE IT WELL WORTH YER WHILE, KNOW WHUT I MEAN?



WHY, YUH LITTLE LEARD—I GOT OTHER WAYS TUN MAKE YUH PLAY BALL, GEE? I'LL SHASH 'N, BY YER BARD TUN BWHITDRENNY!

YOU CAN'T SCARE ME! YOU GORILLA! NOW OT YOU'VE BIG BUNS OFF ME OR I'LL—!

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

That night—at the ranch stockyards...

THEY SAID HE GOT THIS STOCKYARD A LONG WAY FROM TOWN!

THEY'RE MOVING A HERD OF CATTLE INTO THE YARD RIGHT NOW—in the middle of the night! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT HERD THEY WANT TO SEE—AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHY IT IS!

Apart the stockyard...

THAT SHE IS, BROTHER—TIGHT HERD! BUSTLED IT OFF HEAD BY HEAD! AN' BELIEVE YOU ME, I SHORE TOOK MAH RICK O' THE BEST!

GOOD WORK, BROTHER—GIFTY—GILL AND YOU BLENDED THIS JOB BUT ME GOT THE ACT RIGHT NOW!



... AND GOT THIS **BRANDSLEETTER** JOB DONE BEFORE MORNING—in 200'LL PAY THEM BRANDY SO NOBODY CAN TELL WHO THEY BELONGED TO!

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS. MONEY FOR CASH! SO—HAY—GO! PAY ME SURELY, HE SAID!



OH—THE MAN CLUMBY FEET—TRIPPED OVER THAT BRANDY MON!

NOT WUZ THAT?

SURELY! LET'S GIT 'EM!



OH, ALLEY! WE'RE NOT LOOKING FOR A FIGHT YET—HERE UNDERCOVER RUN!

OVER IT!



IT'S COMIN' AS FAST AS I—
ARGHHH!



MULEY!



MULEY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? MULEY, SPEAK TO ME—
UGH!

GOT 'EM!

THE DURANGO KID



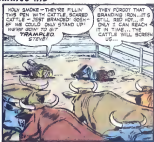
THE DURANGO KID



MEANWHILE IN THE PEN...

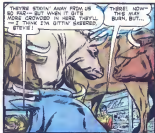
MALLEY! MALLEY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

BEHOLD! SO— THAT BULLET JUST GRABBED ME AN' KICKED ME OUT! WHAT A CUMMERY SATCHEL-FOOTED GARD I AM!



HOLY SNAKE!—THEY'RE FILLIN' THIS PEN WITH CATTLE, SCARED CATTLE—JUST BRANDED 'GOSH— IF HE COULD ONLY STRAD UP! WERE GOIN' TO GET TRAMPLED STEVE!

THEY FORGOT THAT BRANDING IRON...IT'S STILL RED HOT...IT'S ONLY I CAN REACH IT IN TIME... THE CATTLE WILL SCREW US...



THEY'RE STROIN' AWAY FROM US SO FAST— BUT WHEN IT GETS MORE CROWDED IN HERE, THEY'LL — I THINK I'M GITTIN' SCARED, STEVE!

THERE! NOW— THE MAN BURN, BUT...



MADE IT!



HURRY, STEVE!—HURRY! WE'RE IN YOUR LAST SQUARE FOOT O' FREE SPACE LEFT IN THIS HERE PEN!



OH! OH! WHERE!

WE'RE STAND- ING NOW— AND CAN MOVE AROUND— IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT, MALLEY!



AND NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE—THEY'RE HERE—AND KEEP YOUR HEAD LOW— GRAB MY HAND AND I'LL PULL!

MOVE OVER, YOU CLUMSY COTTLES! SAY—GOSH, THEY'RE SO TIGHT IN HERE I CAN'T BREATHE!

THE DURANGO



NOW LET'S GO
BACK AS CLEAN
UP ON THEM
CITY DAVL-
HEETS WHAT
DOES HE
ME!

NO, HALEY—
BACK TO OUR
HORNED SEN-
DIN AND THE
OTHER BARNY
WENT INTO TOWN
TO GET HIM TO
SMALL'S PLACE. WE'VE
GOT TO TRY TO SAVE
THE DRIVING REEDS!



COME ON
HALEY—
LET'S
RIDE!

STEVE! EDDY!
LOOK AT THEM SKY
OVER TOWN! IT'S
RED WITH FLAMES!



TOO
LATE!



GO INTO TOWN, HALEY—
AND SEE IF YOU CAN HELP
ED ANY. I'M STAYING HERE.
IT'S HIGH TIME FOR JUSTICE
TO TAKE A HAND—
YEAH, IT'S TIME FOR THE
DURANGO KID!



LATER—AT DINNER...

WE DONE IT! WOW!
WHAT A RISE! AIN'T
NOTHING BUT ARISES
LEFT IN THE MEAT-
PAPER DANCE!
NOTHIN' NIN STOP
US NOW!

HAPPY
ELECTION
DAY,
BOYS!



AND NOW WE'LL LET THESE
GENTLES OUT OF THE PEN
AN SEE WHAT'S LEFT BY
OUR SADDOPERS!



THEY AIN'T NOTHIN'
LEFT! NOFWAY!
AT ALL!

JUST THEM HORSES
WE TIED THEM WITH
HOLY SHOCKS—D'YU
THINK THEM STABEN
WERS THEY NOWFWAY?



SUDDO AGIN,
GENTS!

THAT'S DURANGO KID! SHOOT
MR. MEW
—FAST!

THE DURANGO KID



Dan Brand-Tipi

WHEN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION BURSTED ITS WAY HEARD ROUND THE WORLD THE STRONG MEN OF THE FRONTIER JOINED UP WITH THE TYRANNY OF THE KING AND HIS GOVERNORS CALLED TO THE CALLED FIGHTERS LIKE DAN BRAND AND HIS INDIAN FRIEND, TEE, MADE IMPORTANT LEADERS IN THE DANGEROUS WARRIORS OF THE WILDS. IT'S EASY TO ASK WHY WHEN YOU READ:

"THE BATTLE OF THE DUNGEONS!"

CHARGE, REBELS!
DOWN WITH
TYRANNY!



Hines-J.A.

1775! TWO YEARS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION!
A FRONTIER OUTPOST.

THERE'S THE HOUSE, LIEUTENANT! GEORGE FRANKLIN AND A BAND OF FRONTIER MEN ARE IN THERE, PLOTTING A SILENT UPRISING AGAINST THE CROWN IN AN AMERICAN TOWN—BUT I DON'T HOLD WITH THESE MOTLEY REBELS—KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

YES, BLESSED—I MEANT TO KNOW JUST WHAT YOU MEAN! WILL THIS BE ENOUGH? THE GOVERNOR SAID TO BRING YOU WILL?

WELL—AH—WELL! I'M JUST DOING THE DUTY OF AN OFFICER TO HIS MAJESTY, YOU KNOW—BUT THIS MONEY CERTAINLY WILL COME IN HANDY—



THE DURANGO KID



I COME SECRETLY FROM BOSTON TO TELL YOU—
ARM YOURSELVES! MARCH! JOIN THE REVOLUTION! ALREADY, SAM JOHNS AND HIS MEN HAVE BOARDED BOSTON BAYS AND CAPTURED THEIR OVERTAKEN TEA INTO THE BOSTON HARBOR!

GEORGE FRANKLIN IS RIGHT! ENOUGH OF THE KING'S TREASON!

AWAY THE HOUSE...



BUT SUDDENLY...

SUBVERTED BY THE HOUSE— IS THE LAND OF THE CROWN! YOU ARE SURROUNDED!

RETREAT! FIGHT, BORN OF LIBERTY! LIBERTY OR DEATH!



THE VILLAGER PROTESTANTISM, LED BY THEIR LEADER, FRANKLIN, BUT LATA BOSTON BATTLE— BUT THROTTLED AND CAPTURED THE HOUSE, THEY STRUGGLE AGAINST THE HOUSE OF BOURBON IS A WAR.



...AND FINALLY...

YOU MAY TAKE US, BROTHERS TAKE US— BUT THE REVOLUTION WILL DO US!

THE SLAUGHTERS OFF TO THE GOVERNOR'S DUNGEONS!



THEY NEVER HAD A CHANCE—DETERMINED BY SOME GOVERNMENT JAVABANDER, AND I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND IT WAS THAT SHIPY-EYED BLESKED!

WE'LL GET BLESKED LATER, HAY-RIGHT, NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET FRANKLIN AND THE OTHERS OUT OF THE GOVERNOR'S DUNGEON! WHAT THINK YOU, ALLEN?



YOU'RE RIGHT, LAD! BUT IN THE WHOLE FRONTIER I KNOW OF ONLY TWO PERSONS WHO'VE GOT THE STRENGTH AND COURAGE THAT'S NEEDED—AND THAT'S DAN BRAND AND ME! AND I KNOW JUST WHERE TO FIND HIM! JUST BE AT MY PLACE TOMORROW NIGHT!

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



RIGHT! I HOLD THE KEY TO FREEDOM'S CUSTODY AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT, SYBIL SWINE?

TOUGHEN UP! BLESSING YOU'RE A DIRTY THROAT! BAWK, TUP—DON'T FIGHT! WE'VE GOT THE ROOM IN US YARD TIME!



THESE WON'T DO. ANOTHER TIME, EARL! YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL ALL HAVE TOMORROW!

YOU'RE OVVVE, BOUND—WHY FIGHT A LOSING BATTLE? WHY NOT BE SMART LIKE ME!



SO—UNTIL TOMORROW—YOU CAN GET WITH THE REST OF THE REBEL BARRLE! HEH—HEH—HEH—THANKS! COME, BLESS!—LET US BEGIN THE BALL! BY JOVE, BUT I'M IN A JOLLY GOOD MOOD!



BUCKLE UP—WHAT IS THE SITUATION HERE?

ALL FEELS HERE—CREATED FOR 'ORIGINES AGAINST THE CROWN'! THE OTHER DUKINGS ARE ALSO

FULL—IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY TO BREAK DOWN THESE DOORS, WE COULD BATTLE OUR WAY THROUGH! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



IF YOU'RE READY TO DIE FOR FREEDOM—SO THAT'S UNDISCUSSIBLE! LISTEN—I HAVE A PLAN—THREE OF YOU STAGE A FIGHT—HAVE PLENTY OF NOSE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

JURTES! WHAT A BACKET THESE REBELS ARE MAKING! FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES—THE STUPID BARRLE! I'LL STOP THAT—BY SHOOTING A COUPLE OF THEM!



NOW, YOU SCUM! JUST PREPARE THAT STUFF—OR I'LL HAVE THE HANGMAN A JOB! STOP IT, NOW!

THE DURANGO KID

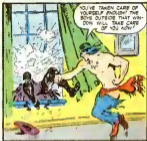


THE DURANGO KID



WELL, WELL!
I-I-I-THINK
I'M GOING
TO KISS...
DICKIE...

DON'T HARM ME,
BRAND—DON'T HARM
ME, PLEASE—
AFTER ALL, I'VE
TO TAKE CARE
OF MYSELF!



YOU'VE TAKEN CARE OF
YOURSELF, ENOUGH! THE
BOYS OUTSIDE THAT WIN-
DOW WILL TAKE CARE
OF YOU NOW!



TOP—THE
REV' TAVE
YOUR BLOOD
AND GET FRANK-
LIN FREE!

RIGHT! ALL MEET
YOU AT
THE GATE!



FIGHT MEN—
FIGHT TO THE
GATE AND HOLD
THERE!

DEATH TO THE
RED-
COATS!



ALL'S WELL,
DICKIE—WE'VE
JOT
FRANKLIN!

ALL RIGHT, MEN—
BREAK FOR THE
WOODS AND PREP-
ARE! MEN WITH
BILLS FORM A
SENT GUARD AND
COVER OUR
MOVEMENT!



I THANK YOU, DICKIE! THE
REVOLUTION WILL HAVE GREAT
NEED OF MEN LIKE YOU! YOU
WAS A BRILLIANT GENERAL,
— THAT STRATEGY WAS
MAGNIFICENT!

THANKS, GEORGE.
BUT I'M NOT
LOOKING FOR
GOLD BRAD! I
PREFER TO FIGHT
IT OUT RIGHT
HERE IN THE WOODS.



THESE FRONTIERMEN AND I
WILL FORM A GUERRILLA ARMY
— READY TO STRIKE! WHEN
THE TIME COMES! I ASKED
YOU WE WILL DO HONOR TO
THE CAUSE!

I'M SURE YOU WILL,
DICKIE! AND THE TIME
WILL COME SOON—
VERY SOON!

THE brown and white steer lay helpless as the red-hot brand swooped down on its flank. Defiantly, the man with the tiny scar on his jaw made three moves with the straight iron, changing the KT brand into the Laddered Diamond. He studied his work for a moment, nodded his satisfaction, and was rising to his feet when the .44-40 bullet dug a hole between his spurred boots.

The man swore and dove for his pony. He could see the riflemen with the smoking rifle running across the hogback ridge, framed against the blue sky as he lifted his rifle and threw it to his shoulder. The man dropped the brand and clawed frantically at his Colt. The sharpshooter fired again. The man who had been changing brands opened his eyes and slung desperately to a slowly widening red stain on his blue shirt. He toppled backwards.

Ken Talley came forward carefully, automatically ejecting a shell from the chamber, levering another shell into the barrel. His tanned face was hard, set in flat planes in which his blue eyes burned like sapphire flame.

"Caught one of 'em at last," he said through tight lips.

He came to stand over the fallen man. Many men ran straight iron out where the grassy plains of the Feather River range stretched between the big black bluffs of the Mogul Rim and the cold, fast-flowing waters of the Feather. But this was the first time young Ken Talley had caught a man with the iron in his hand.

He turned the man over and grunted when he saw his face. "Ben Kimmel! One of Drew Deegan's boys!"

Talley blinked carefully against the breeze that stirred the green grass. Drew Deegan was a power in the Rim. He had two guns, and he knew how to use them. A small rancher like Ken Talley could not hope to stand against him or the bunch that rode under his Crosspatch brand. If he should complain to Deegan, Deegan would find a way to make him go for his gun. And Talley knew he was no match for the gunman with Colts in his hands!

Talley cut the steer free, studying the Laddered Diamond. Deegan's cow smart to use his

own brand, he thought. But somewhere in the breaks South of the Mogul Rim, he probably has a Laddered Diamond herd, all set to move! As he went across the rolling grassland, head down, Talley took up in his mind the brands of his neighbors. Luke Parker's Three T brand, Monk Crocama's T Diamond. All those brands, including his own KT brand, could easily be changed into Deegan's Laddered Diamond mark.

He moved up into his fifty-dollar Cheyenne saddle and tied his little pinto to a run. He could not fight Deegan and his gunslicks—but he was not going to sit by and let Deegan run off his steers and eventually force him off his ranch!

Talley was in the general store in Hardknott the next morning when the trouble broke. As Talley put his arms around the big box of groceries, the voice came from the doorway. It was a cold voice, hard and grim, colored with a sneer.

"We found Kimmel early this morning, Talley. Somebody shot him. We saw your pony's tracks all around. We figured you'd know about it."

Talley turned slowly. One hand was tightly clenched. He felt his eyes drawn to the tightly smiling face of the man in the doorway. It was big Herb Leover standing there—almost as good a man with a Colt as Deegan.

"I know about him. I caught him running a straight iron on my stock. I shot him."

Leover looked at him coldly, for a long moment, then swung on his heel and walked away. Talley felt his knees turned rubbery for a moment as he leaned against the bare wooden counter. He lifted his neckerchief to his face and wiped it.

The store clerk came up from behind the heavy wooden counter, his cheeks white. He said, "I was afeared Herb was a-goin' for his six then."

"So was I. But he didn't."

"He will. You ride for home. I'll send the rest of the things out your way by wagon."

"Yeah. Maybe I will."

He walked out of the store, conscious of the Colt bobbing on his right thigh, a heavy weight shifting as he strode. Instantly, as the

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hot sunlight touched his cheeks, he knew he was marked for death. Herb Looover was across the street, by the hitch-rail. He was lounging there carelessly—too carelessly. Twenty feet the other side of him was Draw Deegan, standing motionless under the wooden overhang of the Macksmith's shop. The two fastest gunmen in the Rim country, looking at him with their cold, merciless eyes. He was in the way of the Crosspatch bunch. He would be stamped out. Here. Now. Today.

Talley walked at an angle across the street. He had no chance, but he would not run. If he could get where he wanted—

"Talley!"

The word struck him like a whiplash. He jerked his head around and looked at Draw Deegan, but he kept walking across the dusty street.

Deegan snarled, "Stand still, Talley! I'm talkin' to yuh!"

Talley quartered still more across the street until he was less than ten feet from the hitch-rail. Now he stopped and faced Deegan. He licked his lips and ran his palms on the rough blue wool of his shirt. He said, "I'm still. I'm looking for no trouble with the Crosspatch."

"Too late for that, Talley. When one of my boys goes down, I find out why."

"He was running a straight iron."

"We didn't see a straight iron," Deegan said coldly.

Talley shrugged. He wondered idly if he would gain anything by starting this. Here and there a face peered from a window, or from around the corner of a building, at the three men. They were frightened faces, all of them, knowing Draw Deegan's ruthlessness and kill-hunger.

Deegan spoke to his big foreman. "Herb, I don't hold with murder. The sheriff's out of town. If we wait for him, this sidewinder may get away."

Herb chuckled coldly. "I'll back yore play, boss."

Herb shifted his feet, about to change his position.

Talley went for his gun. He lifted it and whirled, throwing himself face down in the dust of the street. He heard guns betch thunder, heard a man grunt heavily, heard the dull thud of a falling body.

Herb Looover was lying in the dusty street, unmoving. A smoking gun was close to his motionless right hand.

"Blast yuh, Talley!" gitted a voice.

Ken Talley whirled. He could see Draw Deegan backing away, one hand clamped over his bleeding shoulder. Deegan was white with pain and rage. He cursed and swore at Talley as he backed away.

Deegan rasped, "I'll be back. I'll skin yuh and nail yore hide to a bar-room wall, Talley! That was a low-down trick—"

Talley laughed and got to his knees. He had deliberately stationed himself between Deegan and Looover, directly in their line of fire. He had no chance against them. They were so fast they could shoot him down before he could touch his own gun. But he had counted on that speed, on that instinctive draw-and-shoot celerity that was the mark of the true gunslick. Deegan had gone for his gun and fired, all in one movement. So had Looover. Only — he, Talley, had fallen flat on his face — and Deegan had put a .45 calibre Colt bullet in Looover's heart, killing him instantly. Looover had hit Deegan in the shoulder.

Talley said, "Now it's your turn, Deegan. Stand still!"

Deegan froze. He looked carefully at the hard-faced Talley. He cried a laugh, saying, "It was Looover's fault, Talley. He was hot for gunplay. I figured mobba Kimmel was running his own brand —"

"Buttin' that lip, Deegan. It won't work. We're all wise to you, in the Rim country. Only trouble has always been, you were too strong for us. Now mobba the odds are even."

Talley lifted his Colt and trained it on Deegan's chest. The blood receded from the gunslick's face. Deegan shouted hoarsely, "Talley! Man, yuh wouldn't shoot me in cold blood?"

People were coming from the houses and the saloons and the stores, now. A man shouted encouragement to the KT man. Several women shouted advice. Deegan caught the sudden fury and resentment in their voices.

Talley said, "You got a gun. Lift it! When we can't miss, we'll shoot. You'll kill me! I'll kill you! Well — what's the matter? You wanted to kill me. You got the chance. Only thing is, now — I'll take you with me."

"No. No!"

Deegan threw down his gun. There was fright in his face, and in his protruding eyes. He shouted, "I won't do it. I —"

The people surged around him. Talley pushed them back. He laughed. "I always did think you gunslicks had no more craw than a jackrabbit! Let's go into the sheriff's office, Deegan. I'm going to write something on a paper, and you're goin' to sign it."

Deegan nodded. His chin fell forward on his chest as he moved through the people and the hot sunlight toward the cool sheriff's office. Looking at him, Talley felt a twinge of sympathy. Deegan was a broken man. He would be dangerous no longer. Someone had looked him in the eye and called his bluff.

Talley sighed as he watched Deegan walk ahead of him. He lifted his head and drew warm, good air deep into his lungs. It wasn't always the man with the fastest gun-hand who won the fight. Sometimes a man could win who could just hold a gun and look death straight in the eye — and challenge him!

— THE END —

THE DURANGO KID

FROM TIME TO TIME THE GOVERNMENT DECLARED WESTERN AREAS OF WESTERN LAND OPEN TO WHOMEVER WANTED IT ALL "GOLDEN" HOURS CLEARED OFF AND THE RUTS OF THE RAIL LINES LAY AT THE FOOT TO SHOW THE SIGNAL TO GO. THEN THE RACE FOR LAND WAS ON. THE PRIZE BELONGED TO THE SWIFTEST AND MOST DARING—AND SOMETIMES TO THE MOST UNCONSCIOUS! IT WAS A DANGEROUS, DEATH-RISKY, RISKY-UNLAWFUL GAME TO GET THEIR FORTUNE—

"THE GREAT LAND RUSH!"



The starting line of the Great Rush!

WESTERN WANTED TO GO! I GUESS WE'RE ALMOST READY—THE FEDERAL MARSHALS HAVE CLEARED THE AREA OF ALL SCATTERERS.



But at our end of the starting line, a group of scatters talk bitterly among themselves...

THEY SUREN'T WANT KICK US RIGHT OFF THE HURDLE! LAND DOWN AT THE FOOT OF ARCHER CREEK! BLAST 'EM!

AN' THAT'S WHAT WE BARRICADED OUR LEFT BANK SCORNEY! DODGERS! WE'RE IN A RUM, RUM OF SCORNEY ELSE BITE THAT ASS! WE DO SCORNEY!



THE DURANGO KID



AIN'T NOBODY GON' TALK OUT
THAT AFORE ME DO? AN' I
DOAN CARE IF WE HAD TUM
JILL A FEW O' THEM CRITTERS
TUM SEE TUM IF
UNDERSTAND?

WE
UNDERSTAND!



—AT THE SAME POINT OF
THE SCATTERING LINE IS STEVE
BROWN, FEDERAL MARSHAL, AND
MR. SIDRICK, WILEY FOX.

GOLLY, STEVE! TUM IS, HULLY BUT
NOW AIN'T
KEEP YOUR EYES
PEELED FOR OTHER
THEY AN
THINGS TOO. WE'RE ON
ASSIGNMENT! HORE TO
WATCH OUT FOR
DIRTY BLAK.



OUTRAGED BY THE EXTERMINATION A HORDE
TEAR SUDDENLY INTO "SPASSER!"

HARRY! HARRY!
DEAR TUM!
ARRR!

I CAN'T POP—
THEY'RE BRACKEN!
...OH HELP!
HELP!



HOLD ON,
YOUNG LADY!



HERE GON' I SLAE DON'T LIKE TO DO
THUM TOO OFTEN... ONE SLIP AND...



THESE WE ARE! BAW! THERE
BEING—BAW! THAT'S THE
BOY—NOTHING TO BE
SCARED OF...

THAT WAS MAGNIF-
CENT RIDING, STRANGER!
THANKS A LOT! IN
ANOTHER SECOND THEY
WOULD HAVE TURNED
THE RUCKSACK OVER.



AND HORE HE
SO—RIGHT BACK TO
THE STARTING
LINE, YOU JEST
ALREADY LOST
A DAUGHTER,
POP!

BUT THANKS TO YOU, I
DON'T! YOUNG FELLER BRINGS
MY NAME AN' SM-BLUE RIGHT
GRATEFUL TUM YIN THAT
WUZ BLAK BOW!

THE DURANGO KID

"HERE SHORE COUNTRY
BY BITTIN' DURAGLES
A GOOD PIECE O' LAND
SO HE AN BRING HA
DIT BEST! YUH SEE-
JAH'S BACK AN' HE'VE
FOGGERIN' THUH LIFE
OUT WHAR WILL
BRING HER BACK TUN
HEALTH..."



"YUH THAR'S A SWEET PABBL, O' LAND
THEY I ONCE PASSED MANY YEARS
AGO WHEN I WUZ A SOLDIER AN' THAT
I ALWAYS HANGERS FER IT'S RIGHT
AT THAR JOPY O' APPROX! CREST-AN
THAT'S THE
SPOT I'M
RACKY FER!"



"WELL I SURE
WISH YOU LUCK,
POP!"

"THE JOOP IS READY!
THEY STARTIN' SIGNALS!
GOON TUN SO OFF AN'
MINUTE NOW!"



"GO YUH
WANT TUN
DIT TUN
ARACHE CREEK,
HUR? SORRY POP -
WE GOT DIFFERENT
IDEAS ABOUT THEY
PIECE O' LAND!"



BANG!

"POP! THOSE MEN
THEY'RE TRYING
TO HOOK US!"

"TRADITION!... YUH HARRITS,
STEER AWAY! STEER AWAY!
NAY'RE GOIN' TUN NEAR
OUT OUR PABBL!"

H-HOOORAY



"THEY'RE JUST WHAT WE
NEED TUN GO OFFERS!"



"HADDY! HONEY
ARE YUH SURTY?
THE A' DUTY
WARRANTS!"

"THAT WAS AS'OTTEN A
TRICK AS I'VE EVER SEEN!"

THE DURANGO KID



ALL RIGHT, YOU RATS — PULL UP!



GET A MOVE ON, HISTER! YOU'RE GOING RIGHT BACK THERE AND SWITCH WAGONS WITH THOSE PEOPLE YOU PLACED THAT ROTTEN DECK ON!



ALL RIGHT, POP — TAKE OFF! WILEY AND I WILL COME WITH YOU A WAG, JUST TO SEE THERE'S NO MORE FUNNY BUSINESS PULLED... AS FOR YOU GOATS — YOU GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO YOU!

WILEY? #2?!



ALL RIGHT, MEN — WE KNOW WHAT THEY'RE GOIN' — JUDGE CREEK! I'LL RIDER OUT A HOP THE GUT END O' THEM SO THERE WON'T BE NUTHIN' LEFT TUN TELL WE DONE IT! WE AIN'T HAD THEM LEST WOND NUT?



A FEW HOURS LATER, NEAR THE VALLEY OF ARACHE CREEK.

THESE IT IS, POP — ARACHE CREEK! AND YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE THERE — IT'S ALL YOURS! I SURES WILL LEAVE YOU NOW.

NO LONGER STRAY AWAY! I SURES I'LL BE GRATEFUL TUN YUN PER TUN WEE O' MY LIFE!



STEVE, I WONDER WHY THEM DILDOOS POKED ON THUN BOWDAYS FOR THEIR DICKS WOOK — CAUSE THEY WHEEL HOOKY WUD NO ACCIDENT!

RIGHT! THERE'S SOME SPECIAL REASON THEY MUST WANT ARACHE CREEK FOR THEMSELVES. THEY'LL STRIKE AGAIN, WILEY. WE AIN'T SEEN THE LAST OF THEM.



AND WHEN THEY STRIKE — THE DURANGO KID WILL BE READY WELL CUT OFF LANDSSESSORS IN THIS NEW TERRITORY EVEN BEFORE IT GETS A CHANCE TO START!

THE DURANGO KID

LAST NIGHT—STEVIE BRADY AND THE DURANGO KID RECALLED THE NIGHTS ABOVE ARCHER CREEK VALLEY ON THE LOOKOUT FOR DIRTY WORK.



BUT SUDDENLY—A STRANGE AND UNUSUAL THUNDER FILLS THE VALLEY AND SENDS ITS ECHOING ROAD UP THE SLOPES.

THAT ECHOING SOUND—WHAT ON EARTH CAN THAT MEAN? IT SOUNDS LIKE—NO, IT CAN'T BE—BUT...



...BUT IT IS! A HERD OF BUFFALO STAMPEDES DOWN THE VALLEY—GOOD HEAVENS, THE SENSHI CAMPERS IS RIGHT IN THEIR PATH!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID





THE DURANGO KID BEATS MOST MEN TO THE BULLET PUNCH BECAUSE HE IS AN EXPERT AT FANNING. THERE IS LESS WHEN YOU PULL THE TRIGGER OF A SIX GUN BECAUSE THE TRIGGER MUST LEVER BACK THE HAMMER—TO COCK IT—AND THEN THE HAMMER MUST RELEASE AND SLAM DOWN. BUT THE DURANGO KID "FANS" HIS GUN (AS SHOWN HERE)—HITTING THE HAMMER WITH HIS FREE HAND, CAUSING THE WEAPON TO SHOOT INSTANTLY.

GET 'EM
TODAY!



10¢
at your
favorite
newsstand!

If you like THE DURANGO KID, watch for him at your local theatres! Three of his latest motion pictures are: *Lightning Guns* — *Streets of Ghost Town* — *Across the Badlands*! Don't miss them!

OR MAYBE YOU'D
A PIECE OF PAPER
TO...

WANTED

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