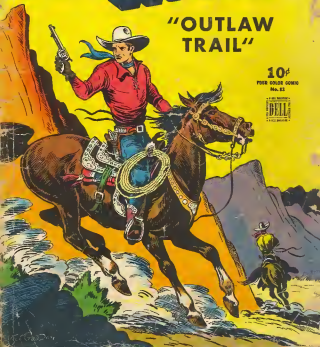


# GENE AUTRY

"OUTLAW  
TRAIL"

10¢

FIVE GOLD COMIC  
No. 23



# Gene Autry

## IN "OUTLAW TRAIL"



Gene Autry was searching for adventure. The old desert son, Panamint Joe, craved only revenge. They both found what they wanted when they crossed guns with the bandit riders of the Outlaw Trail.

A WATER HOLE, CHAMP! WELL BED DOWN THERE FOR TH' NIGHT AN' RUSH ON IN TH' MORNIN'!



CAMPFIRE SMOKE! SOMEBODY'S HERE AHEAD OF US! WE'LL GO CAREFUL TILL WE FIND OUT WHO IT IS!

BOWDY, STRANGER! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE TO APACHE WELLS?

MY NAME'S GENE AUTRY! I'M LOOKIN' FOR WATER AN' A PLACE TO CAMP. WHOSE YOU, OLD-TIMER?



PANAMINT JOE'S MY NAME. BEEN PROSPECTIN' THIS COUNTRY FER NIGH ONTO FIFTY YEARS.

I'M A STRANGER 'ROUND HERE. JUST RIDIN' THROUGH TO REDROCK TO LOOK AT SOME CATTLE AT POP Seely'S RANCH.

GIT DOWN, AUTRY! THERE'S ROOM APLENTY HERE FER BOTH OF US!





CHAMP AN' I'LL CATCH HIM!

NO! LET HIM GO! YOU DON'T KNOW THIS COUNTRY. IT'S FULL O' AMBUSH SPOTS! BESIDES, NIGHTS A' COMIN'!



JUST GRAZED YOUR SHOULDER, JOE! I'LL FIX IT!

THIRD TIME HE'S TAKEN A POTSHOT AT ME! I'LL GIT THAT VARMINT YET!



WHAT VARMINT, JOE?

**JUD STEELE!**  
HIM AN' HIS BOYS HAVE BEEN GUNNIN' FER ME FER MONTHS!



HE TRIED TO RUN ME OUTA TH' COUNTRY, BUT I WOULDN'T GO! HE KNOWS I GO POKIN' AROUND PLACES AN' HE'S SKEERED I'LL STUMBLE ONTO SOME PROOF O' HIS CROOKEDNESS!



WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE STEELE'S A CROCK, JOE?

HE'S GITTIN' RICH TOO FAST. HE EARNS A SALARY AS SUPERINTENDENT OF TH' MINE... BUT **THAT** AIN'T ENOUGH TO PAY FER ALL TH' CATTLE HE'S BRANDIN'!



YOU GET SOME SLEEP, JOE. I'LL KEEP WATCH!

NO USE O' THAT! HE WON'T BE BACK TONIGHT. HE'S TOO SLICK TO RUN TH' RISK O' BEIN' CAUGHT!



TOMORROW I'LL RIDE INTO REDROCK, JOE. AN' I'LL SCOUT AROUND AN' SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT ABOUT THIS STEELE AN' HIS GUNMEN!



**THE NEXT MORNIN'**

I'LL BE BACK SOON, JOE. YOU'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE OPEN FOR MORE LEAD-SUNGERS!

I'LL MOVE MY CAMP BACK IN TH' ROCKS, BUT I'LL BE AROUND, GENE.













HANG TH' MURDERIN' THIEF!

GIVE HIM A ROPE NECKTIE!

QUIET, BOYS!! DEAD MEN CAN'T TALK! AN' WE WANT THE HOPPER TO TELL US WHO HIS PALS ARE! SO WE'D BETTER FORGET TH' HANGIN' FOR AWHILE!

STRING HIM UP!



TH' SHERIFF'S RIGHT!

WE'LL GET HIS PALS AN' HANG 'EM ALL!

I'LL LOCK HIM UP GOOD AN' TIGHT.. AN' I'LL MAKE HIM TALK!

ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF! BUT TURN HIM OVER TO US AFTER HE TALKS!

YEAH, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM AN' HIS PALS!



LISTEN, SHERIFF! I'M TELLIN' YOU A STRAIGHT STORY. YOU CAN FIND MY GUNS AT TH' GUNSMITH'S DOWN TH' STREET!

YOU'LL TELL A DIFFERENT STORY 'FORE WE GET THROUGH WITH YOU!

LOOK AT MY PAPERS! THEY'RE INSIDE MY SHIRT... THEY'LL PROVE WHO I AM!



I HOPE YOU CAN PROVE SOMETHING, STRANGER! IF YOU CAN'T, THAT NOS'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES!

HMM! HAYES' GENE AUBRY, AUTHORIZED TO BUY CATTLE FOR TH' X-BAR-X RANCH IN WYOMING. ALSO A ROVING-RANGE DETECTIVE FOR TH' CATTLEMEN'S ASSOCIATION.











MEANWHILE,  
LATE THAT  
EVENING,  
GENE  
RETURNS TO  
ARCHIE WELLS  
AND GIVES  
THE SIGNAL  
TO CALL  
PANAMINT  
JOE FROM  
HIDING.





SURE! EVERY FOOT OF IT. AN' I KNOW MARY, TOO!







IT'S JUD STEELE!  
HE'S HEADING TOWARD  
HIS RANCH!



LUCKS WITH US! STEELE'S OUTA  
TH' WAY SO WE CAN **REALLY**  
LOOK AROUND!



LET'S GO TH' REST  
OF TH' WAY ON  
FOOT!

OKAY! WE'D  
BETTER TALK  
TO MARY  
FIRST!



MARY LIVES OUT HERE AT TH' MINE.  
THERE'S HER HOUSE... SHE'S STILL  
AWAKE! THERE'S  
A LIGHT!



**PANMINT  
JOE!** WHI-IT  
BRINGS YOU  
OUT HERE?

JUST NOOH' AROUND.  
WANT YOU TO MEET A  
FRIEND O' MINE.  
GONE AUTREY!



GLAD TO  
MEET YOU,  
MYSTER AUTREY!  
COME IN.



YOU'RE UP  
PURTY LATE,  
AIN'T YOU,  
MARY?

YES... SOMETHING WAKENED ME  
ABOUT TWO HOURS AGO... IT  
SOUNDED LIKE TWO MUFFLED  
SHOTS... THEN ANOTHER  
ONE LATER... BUT I  
COULDN'T SEE  
ANYTHING!























# Gene Autry

AND The Gunman of Roaring River

SINCE YOU'RE SO CLUELESS, I GUESS I'LL RIDE IN AN' SAY HOWDY TO MY OLD FRIEND, HAP TILLER.

WHEN GENE AUTRY STARTS OUT TO TRACK DOWN AN UNKNOWN ROACHER IN PINEWOOD NATIONAL FOREST, HE FINDS HIMSELF TRAILING A DEPERATE KILLER WHO USES THE WAST GREEN WILDERNESS AS HIS HIDE-OUT.

BOUNDARY  
PINEWOOD  
NATIONAL FOREST  
GAME REFUGE  
NO HUNTING





A LONG-  
TIME  
LATER.

WE'RE GETTIN' CLOSE TO ROARING-  
RIVER. NOW, DICK, KEEP YOUR EYES  
PEELED AN' YOUR EARS OPEN!  
AN' YOUR GUN HANDY!

I WILL,  
GENE



WHAT'S A MATTER,  
BOY? HEAR  
SOMETHING?



A HORSE!

YEAH! WITHOUT  
A RIDER!



I'LL GET HIM!



STEADY, BOY!



THIS IS A BANSER'S  
HORSE! HERE'S ALL  
HIS EQUIPMENT!

MUST BE JIM ROGERS'S  
HORSE, GENE!



BLOOD STAINS ON TH'  
SADDLE! SO SOMEBODY'S  
GOT JIM ROGERS, TOO!



WE'LL BACKTRACK AN' SEE  
IF WE CAN FIND ANY  
SIGNS O' ROGERS.



TH' HORSE SURE LEFT A  
PLAIN TRAIL ON THIS  
DAMP GROUND!





"I STARTED AFTER HIM. HIS TRAIL WAS EASY TO FOLLOW."



"HE AMBUSHED ME. THE SHOT KNOCKED ME OUT FOR A WHILE. GUESS HE MUSTA THOUGHT I WAS DEAD."



"WHEN I CAME TO, MY HORSE WAS GONE. THEN YOU TWO CAME ALONG."



"DID YOU SEE HIM PLAIN ENOUGH SO YOU'D RECOGNIZE HIM IF YOU SAW HIM AGAIN?"



"YEAH. I THINK SO. TALL ... THIN ... CLEAN-SHAVEN. SORTA SWARTHY SKIN. HE WORE A HAT SO I COULDN'T SEE HIS HAIR."



"HERE'S TH' SPOT HE HID WHEN HE SHOT YOU, ROGERS. TH' PRINTS OF HIM AN' HIS HORSE ARE PLAIN."



"DICK, YOU TAKE ROGERS TO TH' ROARING RIVER RANGER STATION. I'LL START TRAILIN' TH' GUNMAN."



"I'LL BE BACK SOON. I CAN THEN WE'LL TAKE ROGERS DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS."



"HE MUST HAVE ABOUT TWO HOURS' START ON YOU, AUTRY."



"THIS IS HIS TRAIL, ALL RIGHT."



"LOOK! THERE'S TH' HEADQUARTERS DOWN THERE. MAYBE I CAN SIGNAL HAP. IT'S WORTH TRYIN', ANYWAY!"













OH-HO! I KNOCKED OVER TH' PAINTING!



HAAAA!! A TRAP DOOR UNDER TH' BAGEL!



HERE THEY ARE! TH' SKINS OF TH' ANIMALS YOU'VE KILLED!



WHAT'S THIS BELT DOIN' IN HERE?



A BELT WITH A GOLD BUCKLE! INITIALS R.B. - SOB BURTON'S BELT!



GET MOVIN', YOU POLECAT!! WE'RE HEADIN' FOR TH' RANGER STATION!



I'VE GOT TH' KILLER, AN' TH' POACHER, HAD! AN' I'VE ALSO GOT TH' PROOF THAT'LL HANG HIM!



HERE'S TH' HOMBRE THAT AMBUSHED YOU, ROGERS!

BUT, BUT THAT'S ACKY, TH' PAINTER. THAT'S NOT TH' MAN I SAW!



THERE! NOW HE LOOKS MORE LIKE TH' POACHER, YOU SAY? AW, DOESN'T HE? AN' I FOUND SOB BURTON'S BELT, HIDDEN IN HIS CABIN!

YES, YES TH' MAN, ALL RIGHT!

YOU'VE DONE A GREAT JOB, GENE! NOW WE'LL TAKE TH' VARMINT DOWN AN' LOCK HIM UP!