



No. 4

THE 4th BIG ISSUE OF-

10¢

BEST of the WEST

BEST of the WEST

TEPPER
ACTION!
WAR!
GAGS!
STRAIGHT
ARROW



DURANGO
KID



THE
GHOST
RIDER



TIM
HOLT



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STRAIGHT ARROW

THE PLAINS INDIANS PAINTED THEIR
BODIES AS THEY DID THEIR SHIELDS
AND TEPALS — AND EACH DAUB OF
PAINT STOOD FOR SOME DEED OF
VALOR!... OF ALL COMANCHE WARRIORS,
NONE BARE SO MANY MARKS AS
STRAIGHT ARROW — AND
NONE BOASTED THE NAME OF
FEATHER-HAT SO MUCH! FOR
FEATHER-HAT KNOWS THE KEEN
BITE OF JEALOUSY, FEELING THAT
HE HIMSELF SHOULD BE PRIVILEGED
TO WEAR —

THE MARKS OF
A
WARRIOR

Red
Singer

THIS IS THE TALE OF STRAIGHT
ARROW'S MARKS! THE
FELLOW SLASH ON HIS ARM
SPEAKS TO THE COMANCHE EYE
OF THE DRY WIND & THE BLACK
FLUME OF SMOKE RISE FROM A
SANDSTONE MESA TOP —



HE ANSWERED TO THAT SIGNAL —!

GROW FORTY THREE!
NYAAA-NA!





HE IS THE FIRST HAND TO TOUCH THE ENEMY, THIS COUNTING A COW...



HE IS THE FIRST WARRIOR TO POUND A CROW!



SO THAT—BY THE TIME YOUNG FEATHER-HAT RIDES UP—THE FOX IS ALREADY DEFEATED!

WHERE ARE THEY? I SENT THE SMOKE SIGNALS THAT WARNED OF THE RAIDERS! COME TO FIGHT THEM!



HE COMES TO FIGHT—HAH! HAH!

POOR FEATHER-HAT! STRAIGHT ARROW HAS HELP! HE DID ALL THE FIGHTING! NOW HE GOT NO MORE ENEMIES LEFT TO FIGHT! HAH HAH!



THE WIND SCATTERS! ON HIS CHEST TELLS OF THE COME RAID IN THE YEAR OF THE FROZEN WOMAN.

DEAD! HAH! HAH!—KIDNAP THE BUFFALO HUNTERS! AH! AH! DEAD! HAH! HAH!



WAIT FOR ME! MY HORSE IS EXHAUSTED! I MUST ROPE A FRESH ONE—WAIT!

NO TIME TO WAIT, FEATHER-HAT!



THE WINTER SHOWS FLY EARLY! THE BUFFALO HERDS ARE MOVING FAST! IF WE LOSE THE MEAT OF THIS HUNT—OUR PEOPLE WILL STARVE IN THE TIME OF THE FALLING SNOW!!

WAD WITH BAGE FEATHER-
HAT FLUCCS HIS NEW PONY
INTO THE SNOWFLAKES.

ON THAT PLUMING
STRAIGHT ARROW WILL
GET THERE AHEAD OF
ME? HE WILL GET ALL
THE GLORY!



AFTER THEIR SUDDEN ATTACK,
THE DEER WAS FINELY BLU-
DENED ITSELF WITH STOLEN
BUFFALO HIDE AND MEAT.



—AND FIND THAT BUFFALO MEAT,
THOUGH GOOD FOR THE STOMACH,
PREVENTS A MAN FROM FIGHTING
AS WELL AS HE SHOULD!



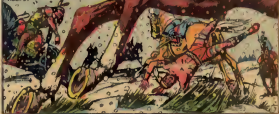
ONE LESS RIFER
FOR THE ARROWS OF
MY COMPANIONS!



AGAIN AND AGAIN HE BUCKLES OUT HIS POSE, AND DIPS
THEM DOWN WITH CRIM DETERMINATION...



BUT WHEN A CARELESSLY TOSSED
COMMANDER WARDLUS PINGS HIS
HEAD, THE RIFTER WAS CHIEF FALLS
UNDER A FOZEN FLANKING PONY
HOOPER!





ONCE AGAIN FEATHER-HAT IS TOO LATE FOR THE FIGHTING...

JOHN HAY!
BUY A
FASTER
HORSE!

MAYBE
STRAIGHT
ARROW
WILL LEAD
YOU THE
PALOMBO!
HAY! HAY!



THE LAUGHTER DIES OFF
SUDDENLY AS A HARSH
VOICE CRIES OUT—

HAY! STRAIGHT ARROW—
BARELY HAIRED!



MY LEG!
CAN'T
STAND...!

SEE IT SWELL
WITH THE
PAIN-DEVILS
IN IT!



AS FEATHER-HAT WITCHES, HIS EYES BLAZE WITH
HATE AND FURY...

ALWAYS HE WINS THE
COUPS AND HONORS THAT
SHOULD BE MINE! PERHAPS
THAT IS THE CHANCE
I NEED...!



AND SO, IN THE SHADOWS OF THE COYOTE
TERRACE, SOME DAYS LATER, FEATHER-HAT BEGINS
TO BOAST...

WWW! SENT THE SMOKE
SIGNALS THAT TOLD OF THE
CROW HORNS THEIVES! WHO
RAN A PONY ALMOST TO
DEATH WHEN THE OSAGES
STOLE OUR HEART'S JOY!



ONLY THE FANNA DEBATES HIS BOASTS...

GREAT HUNTER,
WIGHTY FIGHTER
AM I ?

POOH! YOU FIGHT
WITH YOUR KNOXIE,
FEATHER-HAT! I
DON'T SEE ANY
WOUNDS OF BATTLE
ON YOU!



HE WAS SMART TO BE
HURRY! HE DARES NOT COMPETE
AGAINST ME IN THE SPORTS
THE CHIEF HAS ANNOUNCED
AS PART OF OUR
VICTORY CELEBRATION!





APACHE MOCASINS MAKE NO SOUND ON THE HARD ROCK—



FEATHER-NAT SQUATS IN SHOCK AS AN APACHE HUNTING KNIFE THRUSTS DOWN AT HIM—



IT IS THEN THAT A GOLDEN ARROW WHISTLES OUT OF THE SUNLIGHT—



—AND A MARVELOUS TRICK HOME AGAINST AN APACHE SQUAD!

8-STRINGENT
ARROW!

I BOOGE UP HERE
TO SPEAK WITH YOU,
FEATHER-NAT! LUCKY FOR
OUR PEOPLE THAT THOUGH
I CANNOT WALK, I CAN
YET SHOOT!



THEY ARE
ALL AROUND
US!

THE VILLAGE MUST BE WARNED!
SEND YOUR SMOKE SIGNALS! I WILL
SHOW MYSELF— TRY TO LEAD THEM
PAST ME! WHEN I DO THAT—
SHOOT THEM DOWN!



TO FEATHER-NAT, AS HE CROUCHS ABOVE
A NARROW CANYON TRAIL, THE TRUTH COMES
UP LAST. IT IS BITTER, AND MAKES HIM
RUSH WITH SHAME...

All STRAIGHT ARROW ALWAYS THINKS
OF PROTECTING HIS RIGHTS TO HAVE THOSE
POKES— THAT BUFFALO MEAT SUPPLY—
THAT LIVES!
WASNT THAT
IS WHY HE IS
SO GREAT!



AND AS SO OFTEN HAPPENS, THE TRUTH COMES
TOO LATE...!

HE, I THINK ONLY
OF PROTECTING— OF THE
BUFFY I AMY WIN
— SAVINGS!





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★ ALL READY TO PUT ON and

Have Fun!

GHOST RIDER

THE

ST. SPOKE IN A MARCH THEORY WHIPPED THE SPIRIT HEAD OF A LAMB-AND MEDICINE MAN, AND THE TRIBES OF THE PLAINS LISTENED WITH AGONYING HEARTS AND ROLLING EYES, FOR THEY KNEW IT SPROKE THE TRUTH, AND THEY DID WHAT IT SAID... THEY KILLED THOSE WHOSE NAMES IT MENTIONED BECAUSE THEY WORSHIPPED IT! EVEN THE MIGHTY SPOKE OF THE WIND, THE SUPREMACY SHADE, THAT NIGHT-RIDING MEN CALLED THE GHOST RIDER, KNEW THAT HE COULD DO NOTHING AGAINST IT UNLESS HE FIRST PASSED THE GRIM TEST DEvised BY THE PRIESTS OF

The Talking
HEAD!



NO MEN KNEW WHENCE IT CAME, OR WHAT DANG'ER PORTENT OR UNDISCOVERED PLAN IT ONCE HAD KNOWN, BUT SUDDENLY, THE HEAD WAS THERE, AND ALL MEN STEREB...

THE HEAD, TOO, WAS THE ONLY WOMAN-LIKE AND DANDER-OLD PRIESTESS OF THE TALKING HEAD.



I SEE THE FUTURE, I SEE HIM THE CHEYENNE CALL. DRAWING GOLD DOLLARS WEALTH... MANY POWERS!

THE HEAD LIES, I AM RUNNING BLK— & FROM MAN / IT IS A TRICK!



I SEE LONG DOG, ALSO, AND WHITE DOG! DEATH WILL COME TO LONG DOG BEFORE SUNSET— BY A BLACKBOW ARROW / TO WHITE DOG, SHALL COME A LOVELY WAGAW...



THE PLAINS INDIAN IS A SUPERSTITIOUS MAN, BUT TRICKERY ONLY MIXED WITH AMBIGUOUS MUTTERINGS, THEY DRAW AWAY FROM THE HEAD...

GO NOW, ROOMS! BUT YOU WILL BE BACK— WHEN THE WORDS OF THE TALKING HEAD COME TRUE!



TO RUNNING BLK, NEXT DAY THE FUTURE COMES TO PASS...

THOUGH I RIDE THE TRAIL TO HUNT EVERY DAY, NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH A SIGHT! WILD POWERS IN A BOX CANYON!



I WILL CLOSE THE ONLY WAY IN OR OUT OF THE CANYON WITH THORNY BRUSH AND CACTUS! THEN I WILL TAKE THOSE POWERS AND MAKE THEM MINE!



AM! I WILL BE THE RICHEST MAN IN ALL THE TRIBE WITH SUCH A HEAD— EVEN AS THE TALKING HEAD FORE TOLD!



THE TALKING HEAD SEES THE FUTURE / AH, FOR EVEN THEN, LONG DOG LIES DEAD ON THE SANDS OF LAYS, WITH A BLACKBOW ARROW IN HIS BACK!



SUCH NEWS TRAVELS LIKE WILDFIRE IN THE DRY SUMMER
 GRASSES! THEN—JOURNALS OF RETURNING, AS DOES
 WHITE DEER, WITH A NEW WIFE...!

TWO HORSES
 I OFFER IN
 THANKS!

MY BRIDE DELIGHTS WITH ME,
 BLANKETS AND BEADED
 GARMENTS, TO SHOW
 GRATITUDE!



AND WITH THEM, OTHER INDIANS—CHEYENNES
 AND APACHE, SMOKE AND DRUMS, ARMS
 LADEN WITH MANY PRESENTS...!



AY, HEAR MY WORDS, PEOPLE OF
 THE PLAINS! THE GREAT HAS SPOKEN
 WITH ME! HE HAS SEEN THE FUTURE
 AND IT PROMISES GREAT RICHES
 FOR ALL...!



LEAVE YOUR WEAPONS!
 SWORDS! BOWS! LANCES!
 RIDE OUT ON TO THE
 PLAINS, WHERE THE
 WAGONS OF THE WHITE
 SANDERS DID THEIR
 WAREL MARCHES INTO
 INDIAN GROUND! SEE AT
 THEM! TAKE FROM
 THEM THEIR RICHES!



THIS BRING THE RICHES THAT ARE
 TO TERRORIZE THE FRONTIER...



THE TALKING HEAD SEYS
 TO KILL THE WHITE SANDERS!
 MAH—I KILL!

U RACK!
 WAAAAH!



AND THEN
 ONE NIGHT,
 ON A HIGH
 PEAK OF THE
 INDIAN
 TERRITORY,

A TALKING WAGON THAT IS
 THE RUMOR SWELLING INTO
 A ROAD ACROSS THE
 SAGELANDS! IT'S
 MESSAGE— BUT
 DANGEROUS MESSAGE!
 THE SORT OF DANGEROUS
 MESSAGE THAT IS THE
 BUSINESS OF—
 THE GHOST RIDER!



I SHALL TRAIL THE LATEST OF THESE BLOODS TO THEIR TENTS, THEN AMONG THEM, WEAPONED IN MY BLACK CLOTH CLOAK, I SHALL BE INVISIBLE!



THE GHOST RIDER LEARNS MUCH FOR CHEYENNE TOMBS AS NOT GUARDED IN THE PRIVACY OF THEIR OWN VILLAGES!



THIS IS THE TRIBUTE FOR THE TALKING HEAD, AND THE PINK WOMAN, THE PROTECTRESS, BURIED IT WITH YOUR LIFE!



A FLASH OF FIRELIGHT ON A STABBING LANCESHOD, AND—



HAII—
MERCY —
SPIRIT OF
THE TOMBS!

HE WOULD NOT BE SO TERRIFIED, IF HE KNEW THAT MY "MAGIC" WAS ONLY A TIN BELLIED FILLER WITH SMOKE. IN THE SHATTERING HULL-LIGHT, IT GAVE THE APPEARANCE OF A GHOSTLY HAND.

SHAKING IN FEAR, THE CHEYENNE WARRIOR DROPS TO HIS KNEES, BABBLING ALL HE KNOWS...

IF IT IS SO! THE TALKING HEAD TELLS US WHAT TO DO! WE DO IT, AND PAY IT A PORTION OF WHAT WE STEAL, OTHERWISE THE HEAD WOULD CURSE US, AND WE WOULD DIE...



NEXT NIGHT, IN THE TENTS SACRED TO THE BRAIN WOMAN,

WHO —
ARE
YOU...?

MEN CALL ME THE GHOST WOMAN! I COME FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE DRIVE — SUMMONED BY THE SCREAMS OF YOUR VICTIMS!





THOSE VICTIMS DEMAND YOUR LIFE — TO PAY FOR THEIRS!

NO!
NO!



NO! YOU SHALL NOT KILL ME! I'LL RUN!

FOUR FLIES A STRANGE TRICK / AS FAWN WOMAN LEAPS UP INTERLOCKED, AND FOOT TOE ON THE EARTHEN FLOOR AND SHE CALLS...



AAIIIEEEEE!

I FELL... AND MY HAND CAUGHT IN SOMETHING AND DIPPED THIS FROM IT / BUT THIS IS A BIT OF BLACK CLOTH — AND GHOSTS DO NOT WEAR CLOTHES...



FAWN WOMAN LEAPS ERECT / SHE SCREAMS, CUT HER HAIR — AND SHAKES IN TERROR, BUT ONLY THE ECHOES ANSWER HER...

NEXT NIGHT, AS THE WINDY TRAGE THROWS HIS BLANKET OF BLACKNESS ACROSS THE PRAIRIES, THE FAWN WOMAN SUMMONS THE CHIEF OF ALL THE SPIRITS...

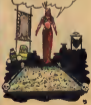


YES, YOU WHO CALL YOURSELF GHOST RIDER! WHERE ARE YOU? I AM NOT AFRAID OF YOU / *Shyly say out!*



HE COMES BEFORE IN ACTIVE BLOOD BROTHERS WITH GAMES OUR PEOPLE. I SAY THIS ONE IS NOT A GHOST. I WILL PROVE IT!

AH! UNLESS HE CAN PROVE HE IS A GHOST — BY MAKING ON THAT BED OF ASHES AND LEAVING NO FOOTPRINTS, WE KNOW HIM FOR A MAN — AND A MAN CAN DIE IN THE TORTURE KORMS!



IN THE SHADOWS, THE GHOST WIDER WIDES HER ORBIA WIDE WITH FLUORESCENT BROWNS...

THIS IS BOLD, FROM HENCEFORTH, MY TRICKS WILL NEVER WORK — I'LL BEG I APPEAR AND WE'LL DRAW MOMENT'S CHALLENGE! BUT — HOW CAN I WALK OVER MEN'S AS THEIR LEAVING FOOTPRINTS?



IN GLITCHING TALKING, THE PAAN WOMAN SHOUTS LOUDLY, NOCTURNALLY...

STEP FORWARD, YOU SO-CALLED GHOST! DO NOT SKULK AMONG THE SHADOWS! ACCEPT MY DARE — OR FOREVER BE A JACKPOTTY!



AND THEN, FROM THE DARKNESS, THE GHOST WIDER MOVES — SO SILENTLY THAT NONE WERE HIM, FOR THEY WATCH THE PAAN WOMAN —



I HEAR YOUR BARBELLING, PAAN WOMAN! TO PROVE MY GHOST, I'LL WALK UPON YOUR BELLIES! WATCH!



A SPURRED AMAZEMENT, THE ASSEMBLED CHIEFS GAZE AS THE FEET MOVE, LEAVE NO TRACE OF THE PROGRESS, OVER THE SOFT-TUFTED LIVERS OF ASHURA!



A LITTLE — HE LEAVES NO FOOTPRINT! TRULY HE IS A GHOST!



AND NOW! YOU I LEFT AN AHAH!

A SPYTHOONING AND ROSE, PAAN WOMAN — AND LEAVES MORNING BY WHICH TO TELL, WHERE HE HAS BEEN!



I AM THE HEAD OF THE DEADONES, WANDA TALAS! THIS WOMAN SLEW ME! SHE BROUGHT ME NORTH TO THESE LANDS, AND MADE ME SAY THE WORDS SHE CHOSE!



EXCEPT THE BOOK OF VENTROLOGISM.



AFTER THE INDIANS HAVE RIDDEN OFF, TO BEING IN THEIR STEELIN LOOT AND TURN IT OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES.



The End



FRANK BOULE

TIM HOLT

THEY SCORCHED AND LOOTED IN THE BULLET COUNTRY ALL THE WAY FROM ABOVE ARIZONA TO SILVER CITY — BUT EVERYTHING THEY STOLE WAS WORTHLESS! FOR THESE CRIMINALS OF CACTUS LANDS ROBBED ONLY FROM OLD SHAY JILES — AND REWARD OF TWO HUND DOLLARS FOUND HIMSELF CONFRONTED WITH THE STRANGEST CASE IN HIS CRIME-FIGHTING HISTORY WHEN HE GOUGHT TO UNRAVEL THE PLOT OF THE **TINK ROOSTERS**

THE SHAY-POSSESSED RIDE INTO THE JUNK YARDS WITH GUNS BLAZING...



BRING THE WAGONS IN! FILE THAT STUFF UP TO THE TRILGATE— THEN SAGAWAY OUT OF HERE!

SHAY!

"WITH FREQUENT ACTIVITY THE ROBBERS FLEW HIGH THEIR WAGON—"

"THEY ARE GOING IN A CLOUD OF BIRD DUST!"

AT BREAKFAST A BANDAGED WAGONER TELLS THE STORY TO SHORTY GAY AND DEEPLY SLEEPY TOM WOLF.



"ONLY TOM WOLF JUST LIKE THE OTHERS, THE ONLY GUY THAT'S BEEN IN SLAVE CITY AND BRINGS WORDS DOWN!" WIFE SPOKE.



"WHY WERE'S A LANTERN WITH BASH ON WHEELS THAT'S PRETTY VALUABLE. M-Y-M-M MAYBE SOME OTHER THINGS WERE ARE VALUABLE TOO."



"SURE SOME OF THE STUFF IS VALUABLE TOO—BUT NOT VALUABLE ENOUGH TO ATTRACT OUR KIND. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?"

"JUST AN OLD BISHOP—BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE MUST GET GO."

AN HOUR LATER, IN THE OFFICES OF THE "BULLET" BARBER—



"HERE WE ARE! THAT BANDIT—DICKS LANTERN WAS RECORDED TO THE LA BORCA FILES, AND HERE IT IS—A LIST OF ARTICLES AUCTIONED OFF BY THE LASORDAS AFTER THE DEATH OF THEIR SON."



"WELL, LASORDA WHO KNOWS AS 'THE ANGRY MAN' WOLF? SOME YEARS BACK HE WAS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT HIGHWAYMEN OF THE BAILY SOUTHWEST."



"STAND AND DELIVER—OF COURSE, LEADY."

THE STOLE FROM THE RICH AND THE
LEGEND OF THE FABULOUS LOST
GEM... AND GREW...



SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT COUNTRY
HE HAS HIDDEN THAT LOST JEWELLED
NO MAN KNOWS WHERE...



"WHEN THEY HUNG
MIA, HE DIED WITH
A GRIN ON HIS
LIPS!"

YOU ARE
HANDLING THE
RICHEST MAN
IN THE
SOUTHWEST
GENTLEMEN!



THE WHOLE STORY IS HERE
IN THESE OLD NEWSPAPERS!
SOMEHOW, THESE JUNK-ROBBERS
HAVE STUMBLED ON IT TOO.
PERHAPS DONA LA SORDA HAS
A MAP OF WHERE HIS LOST
IS BURIED IN SOME OLD
ADVENTURE—AND THAT'S WHAT
THE JUNK-ROBBERS
ARE AFTER!



SOME HOURS LATER, IN THE COURTYARD
OF THE OLD LA SORDA MANSION...

I COME TO SEE A FAVOR
DONA LA SORDA. I COME
AS THE LAW SEEMS TO
APPROACH GENERAL...



HOW CAN I
HELP? I'LL DO
MY BEST I CAN!

GOOD! I WANT YOU TO MAKE
A CAREFUL INVENTORY OF ALL
YOUR OLD ADVENTURE—THEN
SELL IT TO THE LOCAL JUNK-
DEALER.



SOME NIGHTS LATER, TIM HOLT DISAPPEARS IN HIS
PLACE, THE CRIMINAL CHIEF OF THE POLICE,
STANDS GRIN AND READY.

THIS NIGHT, TEN OF THE
LA SORDA TEAM WITH THE
JUNK-SELLER DUGHT TO
BRING OUT THE JUNK-ROBBERS
AND WHEN THEY COME OUT OF
HIDING—MURKIN WILL BE
THERE TO MEET THEM!



UNDER THE BRIGHT ARIZONA MOON, THE JUNK ROBBERS STRIKE AGAIN.



LOOK! THAT WAS
GOSPEL TRUTH IN THAT
NEWSPAPER ITEM!

SURE—THERE'S A WHOLE HEAVY
BATCH OF STUFF FROM THE LA BORDA
HOUSE! I DON'T KNOW THERE WAS
ANY MORE OF IT...!



I DON'T WANT TO STOP
THEM AGAIN! I'M GOING
TO FOLLOW THEM TO
LEARN WHERE THEIR
HIDEOUT IS!

SOMEWHAT LATER, AS THE JUNK
ROBBERS RACE WEST TOWARD RED BUTTES



YOU HONNERS RIDGE ON
MY BEHINDS LAST A MIN.
I'LL CATCH UP WITH YUH
SHORTLY.



WHAT THE — WHY THAT'S
REDMASK BACK THERE,
TRACKING US...!



CAN'T HELP THAT NOW,
BROCK! YOU GOT TO GALLOP
FLIMS FAS! I GOT TO WARN
THE OTHERS THAT REDMASK
IS NOT AFTER US!



I SAW
REDMASK
BOND
AFTER US!

REDMASK, HUH?
I KNOW HOW TO
DEAL WITH HIM!



YOU CHUCK, AND YOU RANCHO —
ARE OUR TWO BEST BILLS—BUT
STAY BEHIND! WE'VE OURSELVES!
WHEN REDMASK COMES DOWN
BY — SALVATE AWAY...!

UNDER THE CASCARING WATERS OF INDIAN FALLS, SOMEWHAT LATER, THE REST OF THE DARE-BODIES ENTER THEIR HIDEOUT.



EAGER FINGERS RIP AT OLD CHAIRS AND DESKS—



SOME WALK BACK, ON THE TRAIL TO THE OUTLAW HIDEOUT—



TWO RIFLE-BARRELS LEFT... THE FINGER OF REVENGE IS TRAINED IN BOTH DIRECTIONS AS TRIGGER-PULLERS GO OFF... SO THERE!



BELOW THE HIDDEN SPLENOR—

A ONE-ARMED MAN UP ON THE ROCKS—NOT JUST A MAN WITH ONE ARM! A MAN WITH A MONOCLE! ONE OF THE JUMP-ROBBERS! JUST ENOUGH MIDDNIGHT CUNTER ON 'EM TO WARN ME HE WAS THERE!



HOURS AFTER, AS DAYS TATE THE BOY A BRIGHT ORANGE, ON THE PLATE OF THE OLD STAGE STATION.



"IT'S ALL AHEAD!"

"WE'LL BE RICH—EVERY ONE OF US!"



CAMPERS FORGOTTEN IN THEIR GREED THE OUTLAW'S CREED AROUND THE TREASURE REVEALED BY THE HUNTING HOUND.



LATER, AT THE OUTLAW CAMP—



"THEY'VE BEEN HERE—AND GONE! LUGGAGE FROM THE SWAGGER STATE OF THE FURNITURE AND THEIR ABSENT DEPARTURE. THEY MUST HAVE FOUND THAT MAP!"

A SHED NOISE CATCHED THEM COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE. THEIR HANDS FILLED WITH JEWELS AND MONEY—THE HEAD OF HARBOR!



"DEEP THAT STATE! THE UNLASTER YOUR SUNSHINE AND COME THE WAY HANDS OVER YOUR HEADS! ALL! SECOND!"



"THE GOOD FOLKS OF BULLET ARE GOING TO REAP YOU FOR THIS! WITH ALL THE MONEY WE CAN BUILD THE BIGGEST SALON IN ARIZONA—AND YOU'LL BE OUR VERY FIRST CUSTOMERS!"

The DURANGO KID

KAR-ROOODOOM!

HERE'S A NEW DANGER—BOOM IN ONE HOUR SHED IN MADNESS, AND BROUGHT TO A CRAZY, CHUCKING END THAT BLASTS THE EARTH AWAY! BUT A NOBMAN IS IN DANGER AND A SLAYED MUST BE SOLVED AND THE DREAMED AND MORE THE TIAL OF COURAGE TO THE

BLASTS BOOM!



DURANGO IS DANGEROUS STUFF

IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO HANDLE IT!



I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, GOMMERY—YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE YOUR DURANGO, THAT WAS A FINE JOB...GLAD I NEED YOU.

I DO MY BEST, BUT MOTHER.





SEVEN MONTHS LATER... DURANGO, RETURNING FROM A SOUTHWESTERN MARKET, BAGGED BY THE ABANDONED RAILROAD TUNNEL...

TOO BAD! A RAILROAD THROUGH THAT TUNNEL WOULD HAVE BEEN A GOOD THING. BUT WHAT MIGHT STILL LIES BURIED UNDER TONS OF ROCK, AND HIS COMPANY'S SORE BANKRUPT...



YES, THAT WAS A SAD ACCIDENT— BUT! NOW WHAT CAN THAT GUY BE DOING DOWN THERE?

A BULLET! SOMEBODY— SOMEONE'S SHOOTING AT ME!



DURANGO SNAPS INTO ACTION!

BLADES! SOMEBODY'S SHOOTING AT ME FROM THOSE ROCKS!... LET'S GO, JAVIER! I'LL KEEP HIM PINNED DOWN WITH MY FACE!...



...WHILE I GO UP AND GET HELD!



WHAH!... UNAPPRECIATED! BUT SUBSTANCE'S A MIGHTY SLICK CUSTOMER! WELL— IT BETTER GO DOWN AND PAY MY RESPECTS TO THE YOUNG LADY!...





SOBODDY BURE DONT
LIKE YOU HERE! AND
IF I RIDG ALONG WITH
YOU A RICE?

YOU MUST BE THE GURRADO!
AND MY DAD USED TO WRITE
TO ME ABOUT YOU I'M
MATE MORRIS DAUGHTER
CARRIE



I'M GOOD SOBODY ABOUT
YOUR DAD GETTING KILLED
IN THAT TERRIBLE
EXPLOSION ANYTHING
I - M - DO -

THANKS GURRADO I'VE
JUST FINISHED
SCHOOL, AND
I'M DETERMINED
TO CARRY ON
WHERE DAD LEFT
OFF -



I'VE GOT A JOB FROM THE BANG
AND I'VE ALREADY RODE A ROAD
BAND I'M GOING TO BRUSH THAT
TUMBLER! AWAYE - AWAYE I CAN
FINN FAD - DAD'S BOTEY -



YOU BE A PUNCHY YOUNG LADY CARRIE AND
I WISH YOU LUCK. WE LEFT A BAD ROAD HERE
I'LL HELP YOU ALL I CAN WISHING YOU WOULD
BE HAPPY AND - BUT I'LL BE THERE -
SOMEWHERE NEAR - HELPING!

GOD
BLESS
YOU
BURRADO!



CARRIE MORRIS AND HER HEAD CREW GET TO
WORK, BUT - THE WED - I OUT ON

WATCH OUT -
YANHHHHH...!

WHOOOOW!



NEXT DAY - ANOTHER "ACCIDENT"

WOLY SOBODY - IT'S THE SUPPLY TRAIN
"A BOMB" RIGHT OFF THEIR
TRACK!



THE THIRD DAY...!

WATCH OUT!
WATCH OUT!
YAHHHHHH...!

THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE!
IT'S CAVING IN!
RIGHT ON TOP OF THOSE
MEN—NOW HURRY!



IT'S NO USE, MEN! LUCK'S AGAINST US... THERE'S BEEN ONE TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AFTER ANOTHER AND THE BANK REFUSES TO MAKE A DOLLAR ON ME. I CAN'T GET ANY MONEY TO PAY YOU WITH—I'LL HAVE TO LET YOU GO!



BOB—BOB—BOB!



FORGIVE ME YOU STARTLED ME—OH, SURELY... I'VE JUST BEEN DOWN THE ROAD LOOKING AT THE WRECKED ENGINE!

NOT YET, CAROL... I'VE JUST BEEN DOWN THE ROAD LOOKING AT THE WRECKED ENGINE...



AND I TELL YOU THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT! I DON'T THINK ANY OF THE OTHER THINGS WERE "ACCIDENTS" EITHER. IN FACT, I'M BEHIND YOU TO WARN YOU ABOUT THE DEATH OF YOUR FATHER...!



LET'S TRY TO THINK THIS THROUGH, CAROL... NOW—LET'S SUPPOSE THERE'S SOMETHING IN THAT TUNNEL THAT SOMEBODY DOESN'T WANT OTHER PEOPLE TO GET AT...



BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE... WHY THEN WOULD SOMEBODY CARE IN THE ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL? NOW, EVEN HE CAN'T GET AT SOMEBODY'S IN THERE—IF ANYTHING!



YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT—IT WOULD
MADE SENSE IF THERE WERE
ANOTHER WAY OF GETTING
INTO THAT TUNNEL!

HEY,
WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?



MAYBE THAT MYSTERIOUS MONSTER WHO
TRIED TO BUSHWACK YOU THE OTHER DAY
CAN PROVIDE A CLUE. THERE WAS SOME-
THING MIGHTY FUNNY ABOUT THE WAY
HE BEHAVIORED!



THIS IS THE SPOT HE WAS
SHOOTING FROM, A... RIGHT,
NOW—HURRY... SEEMS TO
BE THE GROUND AROUND
THAT BALL ONE LOOKS JUST
A BIT TOO FLAT. LET'S
PUSH IT ASIDE...



A HOLE! A DECIDE
TOO! I'LL BET IT GOES
RIGHT DOWN INTO THE
TUNNEL! WHO WERE
RIGHT, DURANGO!

AND THERE'S
A ROPE TO
GO DOWN
WITH...



...AND OUR ROPE
BECOMES A LADDER.
EASY CLIMB—AND
QUIET!



THERE'S BEEN MINING DONE HERE—
AND EVIDENCE! LOOK AT THOSE LAYERS
OF ROCK AND ORE—CAN
THAT BE TUNNELS...?



RIGHT, DURANGO! IT'S **GOLD!**
NOW YOU KNOW THE SECRET
OF THIS TUNNEL—BUT IT
AIN'T SO NICE 'TIL YOU
GO DOWN!

ARE YOU
... CRAZY?
OF A
CRAZY!





THERE'S A WAY OUT THROUGH HERE THROUGH THE WERE MEN'S LEAVES! JUST PUSH A FEW ROCKS OUTA THEM WAY AN...



THERE'S NO WAY OUT! I LED YIM TO MY DYNAMITE CACHE! —MURDER BOON COOMA PE JUST LIKE WADIE MORRIS DIED...
HAW-HAW-HAW-HAW!

BOGDARD REARS WITH GOGGLED THROUGH THE DYNAMITE! BUT A BOGDARD CHARGES AT AND...



HERE'S YOUR DYNAMITE BOGDARD, DINK, CHARGE! DUCK BEHIND THE ROCK FAST!



HAR BOOM!



AS THE DUST SETTLES...

WERE SAFE, ALL RIGHT. THAT MURDERER'S DEAD! BURNED UNDER TONS OF ROCK THAT LIKE THE MAN HE KILLED!

BUT WHAT ABOUT US? HOW WILL WE EVER GET OUT OF HERE?



SUNLIGHT!

THAT BLAST BLEW A HOLE THROUGH THE END OF THE TUNNEL!



FRESH AIR ON TO LIVE AGAIN!

AND TO WORK AGAIN, CARRE, THE GOLD IN THERE IS ALL YOURS... AND IT CAN HELP YOU BUILD THE RAILWAY...

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AUTOMATICALLY
EVERY DAY

Amazing Swiss Invention! CHRONOGRAPH & CALENDAR

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\$ 8 95

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- 2. TIME AUTO
- 3. TIME AIRPLANE
- 4. TIME STORE
- 5. TIME GEOGRAPHY
- 6. TIME HOUR OPERATIONS
- 7. TIME LAP EXPERIMENT
- 8. TIME FOUR SEATS

Now I receive a letter from you about this watch. It is the only watch of its kind in the world. It is the only watch of its kind in the world. It is the only watch of its kind in the world.

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Up To 18 Full Minutes



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- 3. "Dancing Queen" - Abba
- 4. "Disco Inferno" - The Bachelors
- 5. "I Wanna Dance with Somebody" - Diana Ross
- 6. "Stayin' Alive" - Bee Gees
- 7. "Dancing Queen" - Abba
- 8. "Disco Inferno" - The Bachelors
- 9. "I Wanna Dance with Somebody" - Diana Ross
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- 12. "Disco Inferno" - The Bachelors
- 13. "I Wanna Dance with Somebody" - Diana Ross
- 14. "Stayin' Alive" - Bee Gees
- 15. "Dancing Queen" - Abba
- 16. "Disco Inferno" - The Bachelors
- 17. "I Wanna Dance with Somebody" - Diana Ross
- 18. "Stayin' Alive" - Bee Gees

18 HILL BILLY HITS

- 1. "The Gambler" - Kenny Rogers
- 2. "Don't Stop Believin'" - Journey
- 3. "Hotel California" - Eagles
- 4. "Smiling Faces Sometimes" - The Judds
- 5. "The Gambler" - Kenny Rogers
- 6. "Don't Stop Believin'" - Journey
- 7. "Hotel California" - Eagles
- 8. "Smiling Faces Sometimes" - The Judds
- 9. "The Gambler" - Kenny Rogers
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- 15. "Hotel California" - Eagles
- 16. "Smiling Faces Sometimes" - The Judds
- 17. "The Gambler" - Kenny Rogers
- 18. "Don't Stop Believin'" - Journey

18 MOST LOVED HYMNS

- 1. "Amazing Grace" - The Four Tops
- 2. "The Power of Jesus Over Me" - The Judds
- 3. "Amazing Grace" - The Four Tops
- 4. "The Power of Jesus Over Me" - The Judds
- 5. "Amazing Grace" - The Four Tops
- 6. "The Power of Jesus Over Me" - The Judds
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- 18. "The Power of Jesus Over Me" - The Judds

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