

10¢
GOLDEN
MAGAZINE

JAN. - FEB.

GENE AUTRY COMICS



GENE AUTRY AND THE SCAR



YOU CAN'T GET BACK HERE BECAUSE MY
BIRD'S BEEN IN THE TREE AGAIN!



COME HERE YOU MEN!



I GOTTA BAW IN MY SLEEVE, COMBOY!
IF YOU'LL GET THAT BIRD'S ATTENTION I'LL...

FORGET IT! IF YOU START BAWLIN'
SOMEBODY'S GONNA TO GET WANT!



HELD IT! UNBUTTON THE VEILS OF
YOUR S-RTS AND TURN AROUND!



MERCY! THAT BAWDIT'S LOOKIN' TO SEE
IF THEY'VE WISHED THEIR NEEDS!



SHAY! YOU CAN ALL WALK BACK TOWARD
THE COACH!



WHAT'RE YOU BAWTIN' AND COMBOY?

I'M WONDERIN' WHAT YOU FIGURED
TO FIND ON OUR S-RTS AN WHY
IT'S IMPORTANT!





HEY! GIVE BACK MY GUN!

YOU CAN PICK IT UP AT THE
SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN ROCKY
DAD!



THE LOWDOWN THIEF! I'LL STOP HIM! TOSS
ME YOUR RIFLE, BOB!

NOTHIN' DOIN', BOB! THAT
HORSE AIN'T A THIEF! THAT'S
GENE ATRY!



ATRY! THE OUTLAW HUNTER!

YEAH! AN IF YOU DON'T GET
INSIDE PROMPT, YOU'LL BE WALKIN'
TH RESTO TH WAY TO TOWN!



MEANWHILE

HE CANE THIS WAY COUND!
THOSE HOOPPRINTS ARE
NIGHTY FRESH!



THERE HE IS! PROBABLY DOESN'T ENVY
WE'RE BEHIND HIM, EITHER!



SO WE'LL CUT OVER THAT RISE AN
GET AHEAD OF HIM!



HERE HE COMES! WE'LL JUST GIVE HIM
HOMERE A LITTLE SURPRISE!



WE CAN TAKE IT A WITE EASIER NOW, GINGER! NOBODY'S FOLLOWING US!



GOIN' SOMEPLACE MISTER?

GOIN' THE CURIOUS COMBODY!



RIGHT? HOW ABOUT CLIMBING DOWN OFF THAT HORSE AN' TELLIN' ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT. THAT HOLD-UP THAT WENT A HOLD-UP!



LOOKS LIKE I HAVEN'T ANY CHOICE! WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

LET'S START WITH YOUR NAME! MINE'S GENE ATRY!



GENE ATRY! IN SUB GALE!



A GIRL!

YEP! I FIGURED ID BE SAFER IF I DRESSED LIKE THIS ON THE TRAIL!



BESIDES, THE MAN WITH THE GEAR MIGHT RECOGNIZE ME IN GALE'S CLOTHES!

WHAT MEN? WHAT GEAR?



LET'S GET OFF THIS MAIN TRAIL IN CASE SOMEBODY ELSE FOLLOWED ME! MY CAMP'S UP THERE!

OHAY! COME ALONG CHANDY!



MY FATHER WAS KILLED IN A BANK ROB IN SILVER CITY NEAR ALBUQUERQUE THREE YEARS AGO HE WAS ROBBED OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!



J-D WAS SHOT BY THE THROAT! HE COULDN'T TALK! BUT BEFORE HE DIED, HE DREW THIS FOR ME!



THE MAN WITH THAT SCAR ON HIS NECK IS MY FATHER'S KILLER! I'VE BEEN HUNTING FOR HIM EVERYWHERE!



WHAT'S THIS OTHER DRAWING? IT LOOKS KINDA FAMILIAR BUT I CAN'T PLACE IT!

I DON'T KNOW! I'VE SHOWN IT TO SEVERAL PEOPLE! NOBODY RECOGNIZED IT!



IF YOU DON'T MIND I'LL KEEP THIS PAPER! IT'S A REAL CLUE!

THAT SOUNDS AS IF YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME, MISTER AUTO!





THAT HORSE ON THE COACH WAS ABOUT AS OLD AS YOU, DON'T EVEN IF YOU DON'T DO ANY MORE!

BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANY OTHER! HE CAN'T BE THE HORSE!



HE COULD WORK FOR HIM THOUGH! LET'S RIDE ON TO ROCKY MOUNTAIN OLD PRIME! SHERIFF HOLE'S ABOUT HAVE A CUP!

THAT'S AS GOOD AS I CAN DO! YOU'VE GOT AN OLD COUNTRY!



NEARBY - THE STAGECOACH ARRIVES IN TOWN AND

MERCY! THAT MISTER BOONE WHO RODE WITH US IS VERY DISAPPEARABLE! HE WOULDN'T EVEN TALK TO ME!

I DON'T APPROVE HIS LEATHER, HE'S AN OLD MAN AND HIS SANDS ARE A BAD PAIR!



ARE THEY SHERIFFS?

NOBODY AIN'T CALLED THEM ARE THEY? BUT THEY'VE GOT AN SHERIFF!



YOU'VE GOT TO BE HERE FOR THE SHERIFF - IT'S THE SHERIFF! I GOTTA REPORT - IT'S THE SHERIFF TO THE SHERIFF!



THE UNBAGGABLE MISTER TOO GOOD HEADS
STRAIGHT FOR THE NEWSDEALER OFFICE OF
MR. DALE SANDERS

ALL... TOO HOW DID OUR BLAZ WORK?

IT DIDN'T! FOR AS I KNOW LANK'S
STILL SITTING UP IN ROBERT CANYON!

WHAT? "MADY" THE GOLD BY BOARD?

BLAZ! BUT I DIDN'T HAVE A
CHANCE TO GIVE LANK THE
SIGNAL!

IF THIS IS A DOUBLE-CROSS I'LL



WHAT IN BLAZES?



WARRS YOU'VE WUNT?

IF YOU'LL PIPE DOWN SANDERS,
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED!



AN THAT'S HOW IT WAS SANDERS! I
DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO PRETEND
I SEEN A COYOTE AN TAKE A SHOT AT
IT!

SHUT UP!



AUTRY AND SUE DALE! THAT'S A BAD COMBINATION
FOR US! WONDER HOW SHE LEARNED ABOUT "MADY"?

HER DAD NIGHTS TOLD
HER BEFORE HE RICKED
OFF! SAY, WHY ARE YOU
SO JEALOUS THAT BANDIT
WAS SUE DALE?



WHO ELSE COULD BE LOOKING FOR ME? I OUGHT TO PLEAS YOU FOR MUFFING SUCH A SWELL CHANCE TO GET RID OF HER!

I COULDN'T HELP IT! AUTRY WAS TOO FAST FOR ME!



AUTRY'S GOT ME WORRYED! WHY WAS HE RIDING INSIDE THAT STAGE?

SEARCH ME! HE DIDN'T ACT TOO SURPRISED WHEN HE GOT STUCK UP!



I GET IT! AUTRY WAS LOADING THE GOLD! HE RODE INSIDE BECAUSE FOLKS WOULD THINK HE WAS JUST ANOTHER PASSENGER!

IT'S LUCKY SHE DALE STOPPED THAT STAGE TOO! AUTRY MIGHT OF SHOT YOU AND LINA BOTH! HE'S DYNAMITE!



WE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HIM AND THE GIRL FIRST! IF HE'S CAUGHT HER LATELY THEY'RE HEADED HERE RIGHT NOW!

WANT ME TO RIDE OUT MY DRY GULCH 'EM?

NO! WE'VE GOT TO BE SMART! I CAN'T SHOW MY FACE! SHE'D RECOGNIZE ME!



I'LL HEAD FOR THE WOODS! AND LINA TOO FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS! YOU --

HEY! THERE'S AUTRY IN A GAL NOW!



IT'S SUE DALL. ALL RIGHT! THEY'RE PROBABLY GOING TO SEE THE SHERIFF! WAIT A FEW MINUTES AND THEN GO OVER TO GET YOUR GUN!



ACT FRIENDLY AND REMEMBER EVERYTHING THEY SAY! THEN REPORT BACK TO ME!

OKAY, SANDERS!



HORNY GENE! I BEEN EXPECTIN YOU! SAYS TOLD ME EVERYTHING! I...

SAY! WHA THAT GAL AIN'T TH' OWN-ROOT THAT STUCK US UP 'M A MONKEY'S UNCLE!



WHAT 'M I START TALKIN, GENE! 'M ALL MIXED UP!

THIS IS MISS SUE DALL SHERIFF MILES, AN SHE DID HOLD UP THE STAGE!



BUT I DON'T ROB ANYBODY SHERIFF! I WAS LOOKING FOR THE MAN WHO KILLED MY DAD!



YOU'RE MIXIN ME UP MORE, MA'AM!

I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT SHERIFF!



AS GENE FINISHES THE STORY

I NEVER SEEN A SCAR LIKE THAT, GENE! AN I SURE DON'T SEEN THOSE OTHER HEN TRACKS!

ME, NEITHER!



I GOTTA RUN ALONG! 'M I 'M HELD, AUTREY SING OUT! I JINT LEAVIN ON ANOTHER RUN FEE TWO DAYS!

THANKS, ZEB!



COULD I CALL A WASTIN GENE SO'S NAME
SHE CAN LOOK OVER THE MEN FOLKS IN
TOWN?

THAT WOULD BE WASTIN TIME!
HAVE ANY STRANGERS SETTLED
HERE IN THE LAST THREE WEEKS?

ONLY BOONE AN' HIS BOSS CLYDE
SANDERS! SANDERS BOUGHT THE
GAZETTE NEWSPAPER! HE ...

NEWSPAPER! THAT'S
IT!

I KNEW THAT DRAWIN LOOKED FAMILIAR!
IT'S A PRINTER'S MATRIX. A MOLD FOR
CASTIN TYPE!

DID YOU KNOW ANY NEWSPAPER MAN IN
SILVER CITY NAMED "SANDERS", SUB?

NO! BUT HE COULD HAVE CHANGED
HIS NAME!

BUT HE COULDN'T HAVE GOT RID O' THAT
SCAR! RECKON WE'LL PAY SANDERS A
CALL!

HOLD IT, GENE! BOONE'S HEADIN
THIS WAY!

SORRY, SHERIFF! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU
WERE BUSY!

THIS GAZETTE ANY
OFFICIAL! MEET TWO
OLD FRIENDS O' MINE ...
RUSS GALE AN' GENE AUTEY!
FOLKS, THIS IS TOO SOON!

HOWDY, MUM! AUTEY. IN I MET ON THE STAGE,
SHERIFF! IM SURE SORRY FOR ACTIN' LIKE
I DID, AUTEY!

THAT'S OKAY! HERE'S
YOUR GUN, LIKE I PROMISED!
TOO BAD I LOST THAT SANDER'S
TRAIL!

WADDAYS BEEN LOST IT? AIN'T THAT HIS
DALLAS - ED UP OUTSIDE?

THATS MY HORSE MASTER BOONE!
DID I LOST LIVE AN OUTLAW?



HA HA! COURSE NOT!

MISS DALE IS ON LOOKIN' FOR
HER DAD BOONE!



BUT HES DEAD!



HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT WOULD
YOU EVER MEET MISS DALE BEFORE?

UH NO! I MUSTA HA GOT HER
MIXED UP WITH SOMEBODY ELSE!
SILVER CITY'S A BIG PLACE!



UH I GOTTA BE GETTIN BACK TO WORK!
SANDERS WANT OUT O TOWN FOR A FEW
DAYS!

THATS TOO BAD! I WAS
COUNTIN ON BEIN HIM! BUT
ILL BE AROUND WHEN HE
GETS BACK. I HAHA!



BOONE ACTS LIKE A NEED O
SUFFALO WAS AFTER HIM! HES
PLENTY WAST!

ED AN I! WHY
DID YOU TELL HIM
THAT LIE ABOUT DAD?



IT WAS A TRAP SUE AN BOMB FELL THRU
INTO IT! NOW IM SURE HE WAS ON THAT
STAGE TO WATCH OUT FOR YOU!

I DONT UNDERSTAND! I NEVER
SEW HIM BEFORE!

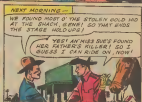












The PLAN THAT FAILED



A jagged flash of lightning ripped the inky sky apart. Thunder crashed in wild fury across the mountain peak. The giant pines groaned and swayed under the lash of the rain.

In the trim little cabin clinging stubbornly to the mountain's side, the dark figure of a man moved stealthily across the floor. His bare feet took each step with care, avoiding the loose board that squeaked under the slightest pressure. The storm noises would drown out a squeak. But Matt's ears were keen. There was no sense in taking any chances when he had such a perfect plan for murder!

The lightning flashed. The man stopped, huddling against the blackness of the cabin wall. When the glare faded, he moved forward again.

Once more he halted, this time by the side of a bunk. His hand swung upward, then swept downward. He felt, rather than heard, the strangled cry of the man at the bunk. He waited for another lightning flash. His hands were cold. Beads of sweat dripped from his forehead running down on either side of his nose into his moustache.

The flash came. His eyes darted to the bunk. Matt lay still, the knife handle standing upright in the plaid blanket over his chest.

Quickly the man made his way to the table and lighted the lamp. There was no need for stealth or darkness now. There was only need for haste!

A few minutes later he headed down the rainwashed trail toward Paker Joe's cabin.

Sheriff Ben Baker looked up from his desk as the street door opened ad-

mitting the white-faced man. The sun streamed in, too, bright and warm.

"Sheriff! Matt's dead! Murdered!" The words exploded from the newcomer's lips like bullets from a six-gun.

A tiny white line etched itself about the sheriff's mouth. Matt Cole had been his friend for twenty years. He did not know this man, Hank Madden, very well. He had had a strange feeling of worry ever since Matt had taken Madden on as his partner to develop the Lone Mountain Mine, which was the name of Matt's latest gold claim.

"Didn't yuh hear me, Sheriff?" Madden's voice was shrill.

"Yes," the sheriff said quietly. "Sit down an' tell me what's happened!"

Hank Madden sat down and color slowly flowed back into his face. "It wuz an awful shock! Matt lyin' there wuz wif th' knife—"

Sheriff Baker interrupted. "Start at the beginnin', Madden."

"Well, yesterday Matt wuzn't feelin' too good so I went up to th' diggin's alone. Bein' frettid about him, I went down to th' cabin around noon. He said he wuz feelin' better but he looked like he wuz worryin' about somethin'. Fin'ly, he told me what it wuz. Seems he'd heard footsteps awhile after I'd left. He kep' waitin' for somebody to knock. When they didn't, he went outside to look around. There wuzn't nobody in sight but—" Hank paused to give the Sheriff a significant look. "There wuz moccasin tracks leadin' right up to th' front window!"

Incredulity clouded Sheriff Baker's eyes. "Matt Cole wouldn't worry over any pussyfootin' Injun!"

Hank nodded "He worried over this one!" He leaned forward and lowered his voice as he continued. "Y'see, Sheriff, Matt'n me hit pay dirt three, four days ago. We've been haulin' nuggets outa that mine as fast as we could dig 'em! Matt had 'em out on th' table when that Injun was prowlin' around. The redskin musta seen 'em 'cause every blasted one of 'em's gone! The cabin's tore apart! Sure as shootin', that Injun killed Matt an' stole that gold!"

"Maybe," said the sheriff. "But how come you didn't wake up?"

"I wuzn't there." Hank flicked his tongue over his lips.

"Where were you?"

"Down to Poker Joe's. I got there afore th' storm broke an' didn't leave till jest after sunup. Poker Joe'll swear to that!"

Sheriff Baker reached for his gun belt. "You an' Poker Joe are pretty thick, aren't you?"

"We both like a friendly card game. Matt didn't go fer gamblin'—"

The sheriff interrupted. "What happens to the Lone Mountain mine now that Matt's dead?"

Hank blinked at the unexpectedness of the question. "Cordin' to th' partnership papers, I git it."

"That gives you a mighty good motive for killin' Matt, doesn't it?" Sheriff Baker took down his hat.

"ME?" Hank shouted the word. "I'VE got an alibi!"

"How much did you agree to pay Poker Joe for it?"

A dull flush reddened Hank's cheeks. "Not a blasted cent! L—"

Again Sheriff Baker interrupted with an unlooked-for question. "With all that gold in the cabin, seems funny you an' Matt didn't have a lock on the door."

"We did! One o' them new-fangled spring locks. Put it on soon as we found traces o' pay dirt."

"Then how did this Injun get in?"

Hank relaxed a little. "Didn't I tell yuh? He cut th' screenin', climbed in th' window an' left by th' door. Yuh

can see his bare footprints there."

"That's right interestin'." Sheriff Baker started for the door. "Come along, Modden. I want to look over the scene o' the crime."

The ride up Lone Mountain was a silent one. When they reached the cabin, the sheriff gave only the briefest glances to Matt's body, the footprints and the disordered rooms. But he was definitely interested in the window screen.

Hank watched nervously. What was the sheriff trying to figure out? Why was he peering at the slashed wire netting? Why. He did not finish thinking that question. He was staring at the handcuffs on his wrists. They had been snapped on so suddenly that there had not been time to back away or to draw the twin to the knife he had used on Matt.

"There wasn't any Injun, Modden," the sheriff said grimly.

"But th' screen?" Hank's lips were dry with fear.

"That's how I know," said Sheriff Baker. "If somebody on the outside cut this screen, the wires would be bent toward the inside! But they're not! They're bent out! You cut that screen, Hank Modden! You killed Matt Cole an' bribed Poker Joe to swear to an alibi for you!" He paused, then added grimly, "Maybe you an' Joe can have some more friendly card games while you're BOTH waitin' to get hung!"



GENE AUTRY

and
THE HIDDEN RANCHO

"I'VE WALKED HUNTRY CLOSER TO DEATH A HUNDREDCASE, CARRIED UP THE MOUNTAIN ABOUT THAT CANYON WHEATHER WE'LL BE BUMPING AHEAD!"



"GREAT! HERE, BEHOLD! IT'S CALLED 'CANYON LOOKS LIKE THE MOUNTAIN' EARLY AT THAT CLIFF!"

"BUT HOW ABOUT 'I' HEARD UP THE CANYON? IT'S A BUILT HERE THROUGH HERE, THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT AT THE OTHER END!"



THOSE TRACKS ARE NEW!
I'LL FOLLOW THEM AND
SEE WHERE THEY
GO!



THERE'S THE OPENING... COULD THAT
BE A BARRICADE? SO IT ISN'T A
CANYON, AFTER ALL! LET'S GO
THROUGH!



WHAT A LAYOUT! I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT IF I DIDN'T SEE IT WITH
MY OWN EYES!



WONDER IF THAT'S THE SPREAD FOLKS
CALL "THE HIDDEN RANCH!"



IF IT IS, THERE'S SOME BIG MYSTERY
ABOUT IT'S OWNER! SURELY HE'LL KNOW
GORN AND HAVE A LOOK, CHASE!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT ON THE RANCH

WELL ASK WHAT DID
YOU FIND OUT IN
TOWN?

(SPEAKING)
GORN, DIDN'T
KNOW ANY-
THING
ANYTHING!



YOU SURE GORN
HASN'T EVEN BEEN
MISSED? AFTER
TWO WEEKS?

RIGHT! BUT HE
DON'T OFTEN SHOW
UP IN A TOWN!
ANYWAY HE DID
HE WAS SURE!
BUT SOCIABLE!







HE AINT CRIBBIN' MEAN- IS HIS
POCKETS JUST A LITTLE CRUM
AN' NO HARDER!

TAKE A LOOK IN MY SADDLE BUCK!
ANYHOW AN' B, PROBABLY LINGER
COVER!



WHAT'S UP? KINGS THAT?

JUST A COMMON BALLYW
REARERS DUCKED INTO HICK
CANYON TO GET OUT
OF THE STAM.
LATERED MYN'S
TRUCKS AND
POUNDED THEM!



LEARN' LIZARD, BONE!
YOU KNOWS AIN' NO
COMMONLY COMMON!
HE'S GENE AUTEY!



THAT DOESN'T MEAN
A THING TO ME!

KEEP FORGETTING,
YOU'RE NEW! OUT HERE
QUICK! THERE AIN' NO
RULES, WHAT OF THE BEGS
WING LEG? JOHN AUTEY!



THEY CALL HIM **THE OUTLAW HUNTER!**
HE'S A WANDA LAWREN, BUT HE DON'T
HAVE A BANGIN' BELTCH. HE'S CAUGHT
MORE CROOKS THAN ANY HUNTER
LIVED!



WELL! AND ONE
OF EM JES, MY
BROTHER! AUTEY
SAY HAY TO THE
DALLONS! KEEP A
WHERE I GET EVEN!



GET DOWN THAT
GUN, MURKIN!

WOUND DOWN!
HE WAITED A
LONG TIME
FOR THIS!





GENE ALTEYS HERE ABBY! HE'S THE GREAT
OUTLAW MASTER IN THE WEST!

HE'LL HELP US! THEY'RE LOOKING
FOR HIM UP! BUT HE'LL FREE HIM
TODAY!



IF YOU WANT TO, THEN HE
MIGHT BE DEAD! THESE
GANGS WITH GUN-SLINGING
& BLOOD!



YOU'RE WHAT ABBY! WE'VE
GOT TO DO SOMETHING
NOW! BUT WHAT?

ALL BUT MY MIND TO IT
WHILE I'M
GONE! I'M
GONE! DON'T YOU DO
ANYTHING
BACK!



DON'T WORRY ABBY! I'LL
GET A BETTER A
HAVE ALTEYS IN
EVEN IF HE IS A
RUSSELL!



GET BACK IN YOUR ROOM WITH THEM!
BRINGING HIM UP THE FRONT STAIRS! I'LL
GO DOWN THE BACK WAY!



I'VE GOT TO SEE INSIDE
THEY PUT ALTEYS!



TAKE IT SLOW, MITCH!
THIS BIRD'S HEAVY!



WE'LL BE A HOT NUMBER
WAGON I WANT TOBORROW
PUMPKIN BUNNETS THIS MORNING!



I DON'T TRUST ANYBODY EXCEPT GARDNER AND
GOLDIE DAVE AND GARDNER LISTEN
TO ME!

OH! BEHOLD! MITCH! DAVE'S
STEERED US RIGHT TO HIM!



WHAT! WHY DON'T HE FALL OFF THE CLIFF
AND THE OLD WITCHEN ALONG WITH THE MOTHER!

WE'VE GOT THE ONLY GARDNER
WHO KNOWS WHERE GARDNER
AND MITCH GO TO DANCE &
GARDNER CAN TALK TILL
THEY TALK!



BUY SOME LONG LIP
AND BITE INTO THE
MIDDLE OF HIS
TO THE SURE-THING
BOLDLY!



SO WHAT? THEY CAN'T
DO ANYTHING TO US!
ALL THE BLOODSUCKERS
CAN DO IS
COMMITTED
SUICIDE!



MITCH'S BROTHER?
GARDNER AND GARDNER
GOING TO FIGHT
INTERESTING!

OH! GARDNER AND GARDNER
ARE A
HOT NUMBER
WAGON I WANT
TO BORROW
PUMPKIN
BUNNETS
THIS MORNING!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

OWW!



OOOFF!



FACE THAT!



AND YOU TAKE THAT!



AND NOW FOR YOU, BALDY!



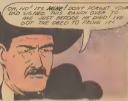
NOT SO FAST, AUNT!



BEHOLD THAT'LL HOLD YOU FOR A WHILE!



IN THE MEANTIME

















DO YOU LOVE
HERE?

WOULD YOU WANT TO TALK
ABOUT DO YOU
THINK YOU
COULD GET
DOWN TO THE
BALCONY?



I CAN SURE TRY!



BE CAREFUL!



HONEY COME HERE QUICKLY, MYSTER AUSTRY!



YOU KNOW WHO
I AM?

JUST LATER, I'LL TELL YOU
HOW I DISCOVERED YOUR NEW
TRICK TO MAKE ALIBIS!



WHO ARE YOU?
AM I WHO'S THIS ALL
ABOUT?

I'M WITH
CONCERN! I ...



LISTEN! SOME ONE'S IN THE HALL! IT'S
GONE AND

SAH! LET'S HEAD
RIGHT THE WAY
SAYING!



HE ACTED STRANGE... BUT JUST **Ahead** MY
WISDOM? WELL, HE'S FROM A DIFFERENT
OR WASN'T HE? PROBABLY NOT!



OH, HUH? I HEARD DAD AND SOME
GUARDIANS! MUST BE NOTHING, DAD WAS
DEAD! IT LOOKED LIKE SUICIDE, BUT IN
THE END, WHOEVER KNEW!



THE **Ahead** **WAS** RIGHT ABOUT
DAD'S DEATH!



WAS TAKEN OVER THE MARCH! HE
CLAIMED DAD HAD DECIDED IT
TO ASK OUR FRO
HIRED MEN GUARDIAN
ED. I DON'T KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED
TO THEM!

I HEARD THEM TALKING
ABOUT ANOTHER
WOMAN!



THE MAN
WAS THE ONLY
PERSON WHO
KNEW THE
TRUTH ABOUT
DAD'S DEATH!
HE HAD BEEN
KILLED BY
HIS OWNERS!

LET AND I THINK I UNDERSTAND
WHAT'S
GONNA GO ON! THE
FIRST THING TO DO
IS TO FIGURE OUT
TO GET OUT OF THE
SPOT HERE ANY!



LET'S GO TO THE
TO TALK TO THE
IF I DECIDE TO TALK!



HE SHOULD
WANT TO
KNOW IN
ABOUT, SO

A MOMENT LATER



WHY AM I BEING
CHASED? I LOOKED
EVERYWHERE!

OH, GET
OUTSIDE AND
GET SOME
A HAND!

IF I COULD GET MY
HANDS ON THAT GOLD
I'D CLEAR OUT!







FREED, DAVE! THIS IS A GUY IN YOUR SHIRT!

IS THAT?



I HEARD YOU SAID YOU KILLED TOM DAVIS! TAKE HIS GUY, AND GET!

I HAD A RIGHT TO SHOOT DUNCAN! HE WAS A FELONY IN PRISON!



THAT'S NOT TRUE!

LET HIM TALK FIRST! IT'S GO A-HEAD, DAVE!



DUNCAN'S REAL NAME WAS TOM DAVIS! HE WAS WANTED FOR ALABAMA AND ROBBERY AND MURDER!



I SPOTTED HIM BY ALABAMA AND TRAILED HIM OUT HERE! HE CLAIMED HE KILLED DAVIS, BUT I SAID I HAD TO TAKE HIM BACK ANYWAY!



HE KILLED A GUY ON ME! I SAID HIM HE WAS WANTED! I HATED TO SEE HIM'S FELLING, SO I TRAILED UP THE SWAMP TRAIL!



DON'T YOU BELIEVE HIM, HASTER RUTBY! IF THAT'S WHO YOU ARE, HE'S TELLING A POKER OF LIES!

YOU MUST BE LONN! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ALL THIS?

I HEARD THE GUNNERS THAT NIGHT!
SAY IT, YOU' LITTLE MAN TRYING TO
BLACKMAIL MISTER DUNCAN! WHEN
MISTER DUNCAN WOULDN'T STAND
FOR IT, ARE THEY
ARE THEY
ARE THEY
ARE THEY
ARE THEY
ARE THEY



BUT TOM DUNCAN WINK
TOM DAVIS, HURRY HE,
ABBY!

YES! HE DARE NOT WINK
TO ABBY! I CHASE AROUND
TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!



HE WINKT BASTY OF THAT
GUNNER, MISTER ABBY, BUT
HE WOULDN'T PROVE IT!

I CAN
PROVE IT!



AN OUTLAW NAMED BLACKIE STONE WAS FATALLY
WOUNDED IN A DENVER HOSPITAL LAST MONTH! ON
HIS DEATH BED HE CARRIED TOM DAVIS OF
THAT CRIME!



HE CONFESSED THAT HE AND A MAN NAMED
DEAN WHITE DID IT! THAT USED TO BE YOUR
NAME, DIDN'T IT, LUCE?



YOU'RE CRAZY!

WHAT IS WELL, TELL THE
TRUTH, DAVE! I'VE GOT YOUR
PICTURE AND ALL THE PROOF!
THE SHERIFF BACK EAST SENT
IT OUT!



GLAD YOU WINK,
ABBY!

KEEP YOUR EYE ON
MISTER ABBY! I'LL FIND
UP HIS NO-GOOD
DARNED!







Wild Horses

ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO CORTÉZ AND DE SOTO LANDED IN MEXICO BRINGING WITH THEM THE FIRST HORSES EVER SEEN ON THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT. THESE SPANISH HORSES WERE "CREOLAS," DESCENDANTS FROM THE ARABIAN HORSE, VERY SMART, FINE LOOKING, AND SUPERB SADDLE HORSES.



MANY OF THEM ESCAPED AND WANDERED NORTH INTO WHAT IS NOW ARIZONA, TEXAS, NEW MEXICO, CALIFORNIA, UTAH AND NEVADA. THERE THEY MULTIPLIED UNTIL GREAT HERDS OF THEM ROAMED THE WESTERN PLAINS.



UP UNTIL THIS TIME THE INDIANS TRAVELED ON FOOT, USING DOGS FOR PACK ANIMALS. THEY SOON CAPTURED SOME OF THE WILD HORSES AND MOUNTED UPON



THESE FLEET ANIMALS, WERE ABLE TO OVERTAKE AND KILL THE BUFFALO, THERE BY MAKING THEIR MODE OF LIVING MUCH EASIER. THE BUFFALO WAS THE INDIAN'S MAIN SOURCE OF MEAT AND HIS HIDE PROMPTED BOTH SHELTER AND CLOTHING.



WHEN THE FIRST WHITE MEN CAME WEST THEY FOUND GREAT HERDS OF INDIAN PONIES. THEY WERE THE DESCENDANTS OF THE SPANISH HORSES BROUGHT IN BY CORTÉZ AND DE SOTO. THEY HAD BECOME SOMEWHAT SMALLER BUT WERE VERY TOUGH, WIRY AND FLEET OF FOOT.

THE SWIFTERS OF THE EARLY WEST WERE QUICK TO PERCEIVE THE QUALITY OF THESE INDIVIDUAL HORSES AND ACCORDINGLY MANY OF THEM ENGAGED IN TRADING WITH THE INDIANS OF THE WEST. THESE WERE THE WILD HORSES.



SOME OF THE PONIES BROUGHT WITH THEM WERE COACH HORSES WHICH HAD BEEN IMPORTED FROM FRANCE AND ENGLAND. LATER ON, MORGAN HORSES WERE BROUGHT WEST BY W. L. MORTON, AND SOME OF THE FINEST COWBOYS TO BE FOUND TODAY WERE A RESULT OF THE MORGAN INFLUENCE.



MOST OF THE SADDLE HORSES NOW USED ON THE CATTLE RANCHES OF THE WEST HAVE THE BLOOD LINE OF THE FIRST SPANISH HORSES. THEY SEEM TO BE THE BEST ADAPTED FOR THIS WORK, HAVING "LOW SEINING," ENDURANCE AND PLENTY OF SWEET TOOTH. THE "ST. DENIS" OR "QUARTER HORSE" WHICH IS NOW SO POPULAR, DEFINITELY SHOWS THE SPANISH HORSE CHARACTERISTICS, HAVING THE SHORT BACK AND HEAVILY MUSCLED LEGS.



AS LITTLE AS ONE POUND OF WHEAT OR MAIZE FEEDS A WILD HORSE FOR ONE DAY IN THE WAIN BY WEIGHT IN UTAH, NEVADA, ARIZONA AND EASTERN UTAH. THEY WERE EATING OFF MUCH VALUABLE CROPPING LAND WHICH COULD BE USED FOR RAISING



CATTLE AND THE RANCHERS STARTED KILLING THEM. ALL THE LARGE MANUFACTURERS OF POULTRY SUPPLIES STARTED KILLING THEM FOR CHICKEN FEED. MUSTANG-KILLERS MADE A BUSINESS OF CATCHING THESE HORSES, BREAKING AND SELLING THE BEST ONE FOR SADDLE HORSES AND DISPOSING OF THE OTHERS AT THE "KILLERS". THEY WILL SOON BECOME EXTINCT UNLESS SOME FEDERAL AGENCY FEELS FIT TO SET ASIDE A SUITABLE RANGE FOR THEM. AT THE PRESENT TIME THERE ARE ONLY ABOUT 20,000 OF THESE WILD HORSES LEFT.



The FIRE

JED BURLEY, THE CATTLE BUYER, MAKES HIS YEARLY VISIT TO THE CIRCLE-T RANCH — BURLEY INSPECTS THE CATTLE WITH JIM TITUS, THE OWNER OF THE CIRCLE-T, AND YOUNG DAVE CONRAD, THE FOREMAN.

THESE STEERS ARE ABOUT 2500 LBS. I'LL GIVE YOU EIGHT THOUSAND CASH FOR THE LOT!

IT'S A DEAL, BURLEY!



CAN YOU DELIVER THEM TO THE RAILROAD BY THE END OF THE WEEK?

SURE I CAN! TO THE HORSE WHOLE I MAKE OUT A BILL OF SALE!



EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS! I SURE COULD USE SOME O' THAT BINGERO!



SURE IT'S MY MONEY, BORN BORN IF THE BIRD KEEPS THAT MONEY HERE 'TILL ANOTHER, I'M GONNA SEE ABOUT GETTIN' IT!



SIX SEVEN EIGHT THOUSAND! WANT TO COUNT IT YET?

BEYOND I CAN TRUST YOU BURLEY, AFTER ALL THE YEARS, WE'VE BEEN DOIN' BUSINESS! BESIDES, DAVE WAS WATCHING YOU!





TOWARD MIDNIGHT

EVERYBODY'S ASLEEP!
THERE'LL BE A CHANCE!



THE FIRE'LL SPREAD PLenty FAST,
IN THE DRY GRASS OF THE PASTURE!



BECAUSE THESE RANGERS DO THE
TRICK!



NOW!...



ZONIE! LOOK AT THAT
GRASS BURN!



GOT TO GET TO GRASS BEFORE
SOMEBODY TAKES THE ALARMS!



GOOD! THEY'RE STILL SOUNDING THEIR BARS!



GOTTA HIDE THIS CANN!
IF SOMEY ALEXE DAVE
SMOY TO THE GRASS'LL
BE UP!



CLINK!



WHAT'S THAT? GREAT BUNS! SAUCE!!



GILL! DOWN! SWAB A LEG! THE BOSS'S ON FIRE!

IT HAIN'T THE BARK! HAVEN'T IFS THE BEST PASTURE!



HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT'S DOWN?

OH, CAN YOU SEE IT FROM YOUR WINDOW?



I SAW THE FLAMES! LOOK FOR THE STAIRS! THE BRICKS BLENDING THE FIRE THAT WAY!

YEA! WE'LL HAVE TO BRIST A FIRE BREAK TO STOP IT, BOSS!



DRIVE 'EM INTO THE HOLE'S CORNER! I'VE I'LL GET THE DYNAMITE!

DRAY! COME ON BOYS! CUT SMOCKS, OLD SACKS, ANYTHING TO SMOOTHER THE FLAMES!



IS A BURN YOU A HAWK BOSS?

WE'VE GOT TO HURRY! DON'T BE THOSE SNEAKS! GET SWABBED ON, AIR BOUNDS!



THEIR BLASTIN' CRACKS COMER UP! ANY NOISE I'LL GET THE SAME CARRY!





JUST LIKE I FIGURED! THERE'S A
LUNNY IN THE FIGHT ROOM THAT SURE
WAS GET TO SOMEBODY COULD ROB
THE SAFE!



ROPE DOWN!

NO BLAST HIT! SOMETHING
MIGHT GONE WRONG!
A'INT GONNA WAIT!



HOLD UP! THE BOY
YOU COVERED, DOWN!



YOU AIN'T STOPPIN' ARE NOW!



WHAT'S GOIN' ON AHERE?



NICE SHOOTIN' DAVE!
LOOKS LIKE YOU
POLYCAT WAS GETTING
SAY TO CLEAN OUT
THE SAFE!

AWH! SORRY FOR
MISHEARD GOT ON YOU!
BUT HANG! FOUND OUT
THAT FIRE WAS
DELIBERATELY SET,
I HAD TO HAVE FIRST!



LOVIN'! BECAUSE YOU'VE
SAVED THE CIRCLE - I
DAVE! THANKS FOR
CATCHIN' THIS COWBOY!

CLAYTON CONTOUR'S
DOES WITH BOB, A
KIDNAPER, BUSS!

