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GENE AUTRY COMICS





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Gene Autry and the GILA COUNTY KILLERS

GENE AUTRY AND HIS FRIEND, JESS MERER, THE SHERIFF OF GOLD COUNTY, RIDE INTO THE YARD OF JIM PARKER'S RANCH NEAR THE BORDERLINE BETWEEN GOLD AND GILA COUNTIES...

WELL, STOOD BY WITH JIM THAT KILLER HITCHIN' AN' HIS GANG O' ROAD AGENTS AN' RUSTLERS AN' KILLERS HAVE MOVED IN HERE FROM ARIZONA!

THE PLACE GURE LOOKS DESERTED FOR THIS TIME O' DAY!

PARKER RANCH
J.M. PARKER, PROP.



I'M SURE GLAD YOU'RE HERE, GENE! MAYBE, BETWEEN US, WE CAN NAB THESE HOODLUMS 'FORE THEY DO MUCH MORE DAMAGE IN GOLD COUNTY!

I HOPE SO, JESS! THAT'S WHY I'M HERE!



LIFT 'EM HIGH, BOYS. AN' COME ON IN!





WE GOT VISITORS! GRAB THEIR GUNS!
THEN GIT SOME ROPE AN' TIE 'EM UP.
WHILE I KEEP 'EM COVERED!

WITH PLEASURE! YAM KNOWING
OUR VISITORS ARE, DON'T YU?
THE SHERIFF AN' BENE ATRY!



NEVER THOUGHT ID
BE TWIN UP GENE
ATRY! MUST BE
SOMETHIN' BIG TO BRING
HIM DOWN HERE!

MAYBE HE'S
HUNTING MOLLER
KITCHIN!
HAW! HAW!

GIT THE CASH
AN' LET'S BE
MOVIN'!

SLONG, GENTS!
BY 'TH TIME YU
GIT OUTA THEM
BODER, WE'LL BE
SAFE IN THE
NEXT COUNTY!



THERE THEY GO! MUSTA
HAD THEIR HORSES
TIED OUT IN THE BACK!
POOR OLD JIM! LOOKS
LIKE HE'S DONE FOR!

YES! MOVE YOUR
CHAIR AROUND SO
MY HANDS CAN
REACH YOURS JEE!
MAYBE WE CAN
LIVVE EACH OTHER
'THIN WAY!



I'VE FOUND THE KNOX, LEE! HOLD STILL!
MAYBE I CAN WORK IT LOOSE! WE'VE GOT
TO GET OUTA HERE QUICK AN' SEE IF WE
CAN HELP PARKER!



THEY TIED WONG AND ME AND MADE JIM OPEN THE SAFE! HE TRIED TO FIGHT THEM, AND THEY SHOT HIM DOWN WITHOUT WARNINGS!



DID JIM HAVE MUCH MONEY IN THE SAFE?

YEE! ABOUT THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS! YOU KNOW HOW JIM DISTRUSTED BANKS!



WE'LL TAKE JIM INTO THE BEDROOM, MARY! THEN WE'LL GO AFTER THE VARMINTS THAT SHOT HIM!

AY! WE'LL BRING 'EM BACK, MRS PARKER! I PROMISE YOU THAT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

IT'S READY TO FOLLOW THEIR TRACKS JESS!

YEAH! THEY'RE HEADIN' STRAIGHT FOR GILA CREEK!



HERE'S GILA CREEK! THE TRACKS GO DOWN INTO THE WATER, SO THEY'VE CROSSED OVER INTO GILA COUNTY! THIS CREEK'S THE BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTIES!

WELL, LET'S FOLLOW THEM OVER! COME ON!





WHO'S THE SHERIFF OF GILA COUNTY?

AN HONORABLE NAMED TOM BRYANT! HE'S A STRANGE ONE ... DOESN'T LIKE ME OR MY BOYS INTRUDIN' ON HIS TERRITORY!



WHEN THREE MEN ROBBED THE GOLD CITY BANK ... AN' I'D SWEAR THEY WERE PART O' KILLER KITCHEN'S GANG ... WE TRAILED 'EM ACROSS THE CREEK! BUT BRYANT POLITELY INVITED US TO GO BACK HOME ... SAID HE AN' HIS BOYS WOULD HANDLE IT!



CAN'T FIND ANY TRACKS ON THIS HARD SHALE! NO TELLIN' WHICH WAY THEY WENT!

RIGHT! SO LET'S GO HAVE A TALK WITH THIS SHERIFF BRYANT!



WHERE'S HIS OFFICE, JES? HOW FAR IS IT FROM HERE?

GILA FORKS ... 'BOUT THREE HOURS' GOOD, HARD RIDIN'!



THREE HOURS LATER ...

HERE WE ARE! DON'T BE SURPRISED GENE, IF WE DON'T GET A VERY CORDIAL WELCOME FROM THE SHERIFF!

I'M GETTIN' ANNOYED TO MEET THIS UPPITY BRYANT! MOST SHERIFFS ARE GLAD TO WORK WITH OTHER LAWYERS!

GONE AND JEGG ENTER SHERIFF
BRYANT'S OFFICE ...

HOWDY, WEBBER! WHAT
BRINGS YOU OVER
TO SULA COUNTY?

I'VE COME OVER TO
REPORT ANOTHER
ROBBERY AN' KILLIN'
THE HONORABLE THAT
DID IT DROPPED THE
CREEK INTO THIS
COUNTY, BRYANT!



WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH YOUR BOYS
WEBBER? CAN'T THEY
CATCH ANYBODY?

SURE, IF THEY
GET A CHANCE TO
RUN 'EM DOWN!
HOW 'BOUT ME
BRINGIN OVER A
POSSIE TO LOOK
WITH YOU,
WEBBER?



I DON'T NEED ANY HELP FROM
GOLD COUNTY! THE FOLKS HERE
ELECTED ME TO KEEP THE LAW
IN SULA COUNTY! AN' I CAN
DO IT ALONE!



HAVE YOU FOUND ANY
TRACE OF THE THREE
HONORABLE WHO ROBBED
THE GOLD CITY BANK
AN' ESCAPED INTO
THIS COUNTY, SHERIFF?

WHO ARE YOU,
STRANGER! AN'
WHAT BUSINESS
IS IT OF YOURS
HOW I RUN THINGS
IN THIS COUNTY?



HERE'S MY CREDENTIALS, SHERIFF!
I'M A ROVING DEPUTY FROM THE
UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S
OFFICE! AN' ALL THE
COUNTIES IN THE
DISTRICT ARE MY
BUSINESS!

GONE
AUTRY!



SORRY, AUTRY! THOUGHT YOU WERE
JUST A MERRY CONDORE! WE AIN'T
FOUND A SIGN OF THOSE BANK
ROBBERS! THEY MUSTA GONE
STRAIGHT THROUGH
HERE WITHOUT STOPPIN!



JESS AM I FEEL PRETTY SURE THE JOBS WERE DONE BY KILLER HITCHING GANG! WE KNOW THEY'VE MOVED IN HERE AN WE WANT TO STOP EM BEFORE THEY GET GOIN' GOOD, THE WAY THEY DID IN ARIZONA!



"YOU CAN COUNT ON ME TO HELP AUTREY! I'LL GET A POSSE AN WE'LL COME THE COUNTY!"

GOOD!



IF THEY'RE IN GILA COUNTY, WE'LL NAB 'EM! IT'LL BE A FEATHER IN OUR CAP IF WE CAN RUN DOWN THE FAMOUS KILLER HITCHIN'!

IT SURE WILL! I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO DO IT ALONE! IF YOU CAN'T, I'LL ORGANIZE A POSSE AN COME IN AN' HELP!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF BRYANT GENE?

I DON'T KNOW HE MAY BE JUST AN OVER-AMBITIOUS LIARMAN WANTIN' TO GET ALL THE CREDIT! AN' AGAIN, HE MAY NOT BE! WE'LL SOON KNOW!



"THIS IS A SURPRISE! WHEN DID YOU COME TO GILA COUNTY, JESS?"

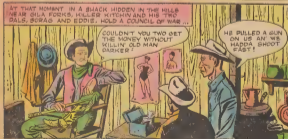
HELLO, RUTH! WE JUST RODE IN TO SEE YOUR UNCLE! THIS IS MY FRIEND, GENE AUTREY!



HOW DO YOU DO, MISTER AUTREY? I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU!

THIS IS RUTH BRYANT, GENE'S SHERIFF BRYANT'S NIECE! RUTH LIVES WITH HER UNCLE!





AUTRY'S BEIN' HERE CHANGED OUR PLANS! WE'D BETTER LIE LOW FOR A FEW DAYS! UNLESS WE CAN GET RID OF HIM! I WISH YOU'D SHOT HIM INSTEAD O' PARKED!

WE WAS FOLLOWIN' YOUR ORDERS! YOU SAID NOT TO DO ANY MORE KILLIN' 'LESS THEY WAS NECESSARY!



LISTEN! A RIDER'S COMIN' UP THE TRAIL! QUIET!



THERE'S THE SIGNAL! IT'S TOM! LET HIM IN, SCAR!



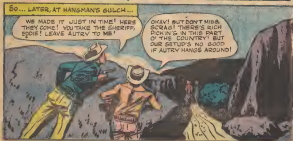
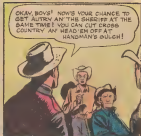
WONDER WHAT BRINGS HIM UP HERE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT! SOMETHING MUSTA HAPPENED!



OHAY, TOM! I'LL LET YOU IN!

HURRY UP! I'VE GOTTA GET BACK! AN' I'VE GOT BIG NEWS!





WHAT'S THE MATTER,
CHAMP? HEAR SOMETHING?

CHAMP'S ACTIN' MIGHTY
BRITTERY, JESS! HE CAN
HEAR AN SEE THINGS WE
CAN'T! WE'D BETTER STOP
A MINUTE!

THIS WOULD BE A GOOD
SPOT FOR AN LASH, JESS!
A DEVELGHERS COULD PICK
UP OFF EASY FROM THAT
CLIFF UP THERE! IS THERE
ANY WAY OF MAKIN' A DETOUR?

THIS IS THE ONLY
ROAD TO GOLD CITY!
WE'VE EITHER GOT TO
GO ON OR TURN BACK
TOWARD BILA FORKS!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! PLAY LAKE,
CHAMP!

THAT'S ABOY! IF THERE'S ANYBODY
UP ON THOSE CLIFFS, THEY'LL
THINK WE'VE STOPPED BECAUSE
CHAMP PICKED UP A STONE OR
SOMETHIN'!

SET DOWN, JESS! WE'LL LEAD THE HORSES BEHIND THOSE BUSHES WHERE WE'RE OUTA EYE RANGE! THEN I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND AN' SEE IF ANYBODY'S UP THERE!



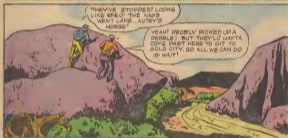
DON'T YOU THINK THIS IS A LITTLE FAR-FETCHED, GENE? THERE'S NO SIGN OF ANYBODY UP ON THOSE ROCKS!

CHAMP AN' I'VE TRAVELED TOGETHER A GOOD MANY YEARS, JESS! HIS WARNIN'S HURE NEVER FAILED! I'D FEEL BETTER IF I DID A LITTLE SCOUTIN' AROUND!



THEY'VE STOPPED! LOOKS LIKE ONE O' THE HASS WENT LAME...AUSTIN'S HORSE!

YEAH! PROBABLY PICKED UP A PEBBLE! BUT THEY'LL HARTA COME DAST HERE TO GET TO GOLD CITY, SO ALL WE CAN DO IS WAIT!



SO SCRAG AND EDDIE WAIT AND WATCH...

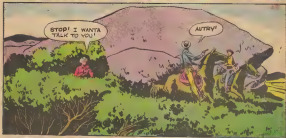
SURE TAKIN' 'EM A LONG TIME TO FIX THAT HORSE!



LISTEN! I HEAR A SOUND!

YOU DON'T S'POSE SOMEBODY'S...







SO, A SHORT TIME LATER, THE THREE
RIDE TOWARD SILA FORDS ...

SO YOUR NAME'S EDDIE
WILSON AN' YOU HAIL
FROM TEXAS... BUT
YOU WON'T DO ANY
TALKIN', HUH?

I'LL DO MY TALKIN'
TO THE SHERIFF!
YOU AIN'T GOT NOTHIN'
ON ME, ASTRY!

THAT'S THE SECOND
TIME YOU'VE CALLED
MY NAME! HOW'D YOU
HAPPEN TO KNOW ME?

I.. ER... I
RECOGNIZED
YER FACE!
I SEEN IT IN
A PICTURE
ONCE!



AN' I RECOGNIZED YOUR VOICE!
I HEARD IT ONCE, COMIN' FROM
BEHIND A MASK IN JIM BARKER'S
RANCH HOUSE! I ALSO RECOGNIZE
YOUR SHIRT!



YOU'RE RIGHT,
SENSE! HE IS
ONE O' THE
KILLERS!

TRY AN'
DROVE IT!

WE WILL!



A LONG TIME LATER, THE THREE WALK INTO SHERIFF BRYANT'S OFFICE ...

WE'RE BACK AGAIN, SHERIFF, WITH A PRISONER
FOR YOU! WE NABBED HIM IN SILA COUNTY, SO
WE'RE BRINGIN' HIM TO YOU! DID YOU EVER SEE
HIM BEFORE?

WHY.. ER... NO!
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHAT'S THE
CHARGE AGAINST
HIM?





PLENTY O' CHARGES! TRYIN' TO OVEYULCH SHERIFF JESSER AN ME' ROBBERY AN' THE MURDER O' JIM PARKER!

THE GUY'S LOCK, SHERIFF! HE AN' MY DA' SCRAG BROWN WUZ JEST RIDIN' THROUGH! THIS MONNER JUMBED US! SCRAG GOT AWAY, BUT HE WINGED ME! HE'S THE ONE GUYNTA BE LOCKED UP!



THOSE ARE PRETTY SERIOUS CHARGES, AUTRY... UNLESS YOU HAVE PROOF!

I'LL GET THE ONDOO TOMORROW! WE'LL BRING JIM PARKERS WOOD AN' HIS GANESSE COOK HERE! THEN I'LL IDENTIFY THE KILLER! THEN WE'LL GET HIS PARTNER AN' THE CASH THEY STOLE!



IF YOU DON'T WANT TO LOCK HIM UP FOR SARKKEDING, SHERIFF, I'LL TAKE HIM TO THE JAIL IN GOLD CITY AS MY PRISONER!



SURE, I'LL LOCK HIM UP, AUTRY! IF HE ROBBERD AN' KILLED THAT RANCHER, HANGING'S TOO GOOD FOR HIM! GET ALONG, YOU!



OHAY, SHERIFF! JESS AN' I'LL STAY AT THE HOTEL HERE TONIGHT AN' BE BACK TO SEE YOU EARLY IN THE MORNIN'! S'LONG!



LET'S BED DOWN THE HORSES! THEN HOW 'BOUT PAYIN' A LITTLE CALL ON SHERIFF BRAYNT'S PRETTY NICE?

YEB!





AT LAST, AFTER A LONG WAIT...

HERE COMES
BRYANT NOW!

HEADIN' STRAIGHT
FOR THE DOGS
HOUSE!



WHERE'D THIS
HORSE COME
FROM?

DEPUTY MARSHAL GENE
AUTRY AN' THE SHERIFF
O' GOLD COUNTY BROUGHT
HIM IN' CHARGEDUM WITH
ROBBIN' AN'
MURDER!



WAIT TILL THEY GO INTO THE
JAIL! THEN WE'LL FIND A
GOOD LOOKOUT SPOT
NEAR THERE!



SO... A HALF HOUR LATER...

O'NIGHT, BERT! I'LL BE BACK
EARLY IN THE MORNIN' TO
RELIEVE YOU!

THE DEPRISONER'S CHAY!
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS
TAKE HIM A
DRINK O'
WATER, IF
HE WANTS IT,
BERT!



NOW WHAT
GENE?

MORE WATCHIN' AN' WAITIN'
SOMETHIN' IN THE WING.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT! THAT
HILL BEHIND THE JAIL
WOULD GIVE US A GOOD
VIEW AN' COVER, TOO!



LET'S GET CHAMP
AN' YOUR HORSE!
WE MIGHT NEED 'EM!
I'VE GOT A HUNCH
OUR FRIEND BRYANT
IS TIED IN WITH
THOSE KILLERS
SOMEWAY!

I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT! BRYANT'S A
SHEER DUCK, BUT
HE'S GOT A GOOD
REPUTATION!
FOLKS IN GILA
COUNTY LIKE
HIM!



SO GENE AND JESS WEBER WAIT SILENTLY ON THE HILLSIDE BEHIND THE JAIL UNTIL JUST BEFORE DAWN...

TWO RIDERS! ANYTHREE HORSES!
DO YOU BELIEVE ITS A JAIL BREAK?

YOO! I FIGURED THAT IF EDDIE BAG
& PART D' KILLER, KITCHIN GANG,
THEY WOULDN'T LET HIM STAY IN
JAIL! O'MON! LET'S GO DOWN!



SOON'S I SET THE DOOR UNLOCKED,
SHOOT OFF THE LOCK, SCRAP, GO
IT'LL LOOK LIKE A REAL JOB!

OKAY, KILLER!



WHAT...
OWWW!

THAT'LL SHUT YOU UP!
NOW WHERE'S EDDIE?



HERE I AM, KILLER!

GOOD! SET THE
SHARD'S KEYS
AN' STICK 'EM
IN THE DOOR!
THEN LET'S
RIGHTAIL OUTA
HERE!



TOO BAD YOU HAD TO
GUN DOWN BERT TILLY!
HE WAS A GOOD-HEARTED
DOGG!

DEAD MEN CAN'T TALK...
AN' HE GOTTA
PROTECT THE
SHERIFF! O'MON
BEFORE THE
WHOLE TOWN'S
DOWN HERE!







A SHORT TIME LATER BEND RETURNS TO
SHERIFF BRYANT'S OFFICE ...







The TWICE-TOLD STORY

COPY, 1948 BY OSCAR LERICK



Alec hesitated in the door of the lamplit living room and eyed his father sitting in the big chair by the fireplace. He was shivering a little, because he knew Mom had told Dad about the cookies.

He took a deep breath. "Did you want to see me, Dad?"

Don Clark turned to look at his twelve-year-old son, teetering on the threshold. "Yes, Alec. Come here."

Slowly Alec crossed the room. He held his head down a little so he would not have to meet his father's eyes.

"Sit down, Son." Dad pointed to the hassock near his feet. When Alec was seated, uneasily and uncomfortably, Dad continued: "Well, Son, why did you steal the cookies instead of askin' Mom for them?"

Alec looked up. His face was red, but his eyes met his Dad's gaze squarely. "I didn't mean to, Dad. I was only gain' to taste 'em. But they were so good, I ate almost the whole plateful before I knew it. I didn't think it was stealin'. Honest, I didn't!"

"Stealin' is stealin', whether you take cookies or cash," Dad said quietly.

Alec gasped. "Gee, Dad, I wouldn't steal money!"

"Mebbe not now, but once you get the habit o' stealin', it's a short jump from petty theft to grand larceny. An' when a fellow takes that jump, only a miracle can save him from tumblin' into a real outlaw!" He paused to look again into the crackling fire. "An hambre I knew real well found that out one time. Wanta hear about him?"

"Yes, Dad." Alec tucked his legs under him and gave Mom a sidelong

glance as she entered the room and settled herself by the lamp with her darning basket.

"Well," Dad began, "I'll call this fellow 'Pinto.' He wasn't much older'n you when this happened. 'Bout nineteen, I reckon. Like you, he wasn't really bad. But he'd stolen pies an' cookies an' such stuff, and he'd never been caught. So he was kinda cocky.

"One cold winter night, he found himself in a strange town, miles from home. He didn't have a red cent or a job. An' he was starvin' hungry. He was warmin' himself by the stove in the general store, when he heard two men talkin' about somebody named Lee Dakin who kept a pile o' gold in a house safe. Pinto pricked up his ears. He knew somethin' about locks, an' he certainly could use some cash. The more he thought about Dakin's gold, the surer he grew that he could steal some of it without gettin' caught. Finally, he decided to try it. He slipped out the store an' headed for the Dakin house.

"It was dark an' quiet. He decided Dakin wasn't home. So he pried open a window an' climbed inside. The safe was an old one. Pinto opened it, double-quick. He was helpin' himself to some of the gold, when a voice spoke from behind him. 'Reach, mister!' it said, 'I've got you covered!'

"Pinto jumped to his feet. A mighty pretty girl stood in the doorway. In one hand she was holdin' a bull's-eye lantern; in the other, a six gun pointed straight at him.

"Don't shoot, ma'am!" Pinto cried, stickin' up his hands. "I'm not armed."

"That's funny, going robbin' with-



out a gun," the girl said. She came on into the room, but she kept her gun pointed right at his chest.

"I'm not really a thief," Pinto told her. "I never stole anything before."

"No?" The girl glanced at the open safe. "Looks like you opened my safe with a real, professional touch."

"YOUR safe?" Pinto gasped. "Are— are you Lee Dakin?"

"She nodded. "My dad always wanted a boy. That's why he gave me a boy's name. Reckon I'd better call the law . . ."

"Please don't!" Pinto begged. "Give me another chance. I swear I'll never do anything like this again. I was hungry an' broke an' . . ." He told her the whole story.

"When he was finished, the girl took a couple gold pieces an' gave 'em to him. "Here," she said. "These'll be enough to feed you and get you back home. And, if you're smart, you'll stay there!"

"Pinto took the gold pieces an' high-tailed it away from there lickety-split, after thankin' her for bein' so understandin'."

Alec let out the breath he had been holding. "Gosh, Dad, he sure was lucky! Did he go right home, that very night?"

Dad shook his head. "No. He went to the hotel an' got himself a big meal an' a bed. He paid for 'em with one o' the gold pieces. An' next mornin', he

was mighty surprised when he woke up, because the sheriff was shakin' him an' sayin' "Wake up, young fella! You're under arrest!"

"Pinto sat right up in bed. "Why? I didn't do anything?"

"You robbed Lee Dakin last night," the sheriff said grimly. "An' don't tell me you didn't. He's the only one around here with any gold. An' you paid for your bed an' supper with a gold piece, after tellin' folks, earlier in the evenin', that you were plumb broke."

"Pinto talked fast. He told the sheriff everything from start to finish. When he was through, the sheriff laughed. "Gosh dang it!" he said. "That gal wasn't Lee Dakin. Dakin's sixty, if he's a day! I'm bettin' it was Six-Gun Sal. She was prob'ly gettin' set to crack that safe herself, when you showed up an' did it for her. I've been tryin' to get the goods on her and her husband for a long time. If you'll help me prove this on 'em, I MIGHT forget to remember YOUR part in this whole affair."

"And did the sheriff forget?" Alec asked eagerly.

Dad smiled. "Reckon so. Anyway, he let Pinto marry his daughter, Isabel, a couple years later."

"Isabel?" repeated Alec. "That's Mom's name!" — He stopped. Suddenly, everything was clear to him. He knew why Dad had been so worried because he stole the cookies, and why Dad had told the story about "Pinto."

Alec took a deep breath, stood up and held out his hand. As Dad grasped it, Alec said, "Never again, Dad! I promise!"

After Alec had gone to bed, Isabel Clark shook a reproving finger at her husband. "Shame on you, Dan Clark! Telling Alec such a tall tale, even if it did point a moral. You couldn't open a safe with dynamite. And you never stole . . ."

Dan's laugh interrupted. "Those are almost the same words MY mother said to my dad after he told me that very same story . . . the day I stole a whole berry pie when company was coming for dinner!"



Big-Foot =

RANCHER SIM BALEN AND HIS NEPHEW, CHRIS, SKY HOOBAYS TO LUKE MITCHELL, THE CATTLE BUYER...

OO LONG TIME! WE BE BACK THIS WAY IN A FEW MONTHS! GLAD TO GET SUCH A PRIME BUNCH O' STEERS!

GLAD TO GET THE FAL THOUSAND DECKS! I CAN USE IT RIGHT NOW!



HOLD ON TIGHT TO THAT MONEY, UNCLE SIM! HERE COMES OLD BIBBOY! HE'LL TAKE IT AWAY FROM YOU FAST! WANT A SALESMAN!



HOWDY BOYS! BETTER START REACHIN' FOR BANKROLLS! I GOT SOME TREMENDOUS BARGAINS THIS TIME!

HOWDY, DIBBS! COME OVER MY MEET LUKE MITCHELL ROOM KANSAS CITY!



WE'VE MET BEFORE! HRR, MITCHELL! THIS IS 'BOUT THE FIFTH OR SIXTH TIME I'VE RUN INTO YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT! WHAT YOU DOIN', DIBBS! FOLLOWIN' ME AROUND THE COUNTRY!



NOPE, BUT IT'S AN IDEE! WHEN YOU LEAVE A PLACE YOU ALWAYS LEAVE A NICER HUNK O' CASH BEHIND! POLK'D BETTER GIVE IT TO ME FOR GOOD! 'STEAD O' LETTIN' BIG-FOOT TAKE IT!



BIG-FOOT? WHO'S HE?

A YARVINT WHO'S BEEN DOIN' A LOTTA ROBBRIES ROUND THIS PART O' THE COUNTRY! IN A COUPLA PLACES HE LEFT FOOTPRINTS ABOUT SIXTEEN INCHES LONG!



HOW! HE MUST BE A GIANT . WITH FEET THAT SIZE! OUGHTA BE EASY TO SPOT HIM!

THAT'S WHAT THE SHERIFF THOUGHT! BUT HE AIN'T BEEN ABLE TO NAB HIM YET!



WELL... BE CAREFUL O' YOUR COUCH, SIR! I BETTER BE HORN' BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS! S'LONG!

S'LONG RETURN!



I HON'T REST EASY TILL YOU GET TO THE BANK WITH THAT MONEY, UNCLE SIR!

QUIT WORRYIN' OVER! THE ONLY WAY 'BIG-ROOT, OR ANY CROOK, WILL GET THAT MONEY IS OVER MY DEAD BODY!



A STORM'S BLOWIN' UP, BIBBS! BETTER GET YOUR WAGON UNDER COVER! WE GOT AN EXTRA BED FOR YOU!

BECKON I'LL SLEEP IN THE WAGON, LIKE I ALLUS DO!



UNLESS YOU WANT SOME HELP GLADDIN' THAT CASH OVER, IS WORRYIN' ABOUT!

THINGS, BUT I'LL BE OVER! ITS IN MY DESK! THE DESK'S PADLOCKED, AN' THE KEYS HID IN A NIFTY SAFE PLACE!

LATER THAT NIGHT...

RAINS GUT! SURES EVERYBODY'S ASKED! BECKON ITS SAFE TO GIT BUSY!



MEHTY NICE O BORE, DUMB SM TO TELL WHERE THE CASH IS HD! ONE O THESE KEYS'LL FIT THAT PADLOCK HER SHOES!



USIN' THESE CLOWNS SHOES TUN LEAVE PRINTS WAS SHOES POOLED FOLKS INTO THINNKIN' TH' THIEF IS A BIG HONORE!



GOTTA GO STOCKIN'-FOOTED AN' WATCH WHERE I STEP!

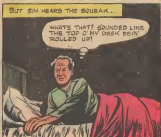


I MADE IT WITHOUT LEAVIN' ANY TRACKS FROM TH' WAGON TO HERE!



I'LL LEAVE TH' BIG SHOES HERE!







GOTTA GET OUTA HERE! THAT
GAP'LL BRING CHRIS!



WO'NT HAVE TIME TO MAKE
ANY TRACKS WITH THESE
SHOES! BETTER GET BACK
TO THE WAGON FAST!



UNCLE SIM!
WHAT HAPPENED?

SOMEBODY BROKE
IN THE HOUSE AN'
OPENED THE DESK!
SO AFTER THE VARMINT
CHRIS! HE CAN'T BE
FAR AWAY, YET!



NOBODY IN SIGHT!
AN' NO SOUND OF
HORSE'S HOOPS!
BUT THERE'S BIG
FOOTPRINTS UNDER
THIS WINDOW!

THEN IT WAS
BIG-FOOT!
TAKE A LOOK
OUTSIDE! I'LL
BE OUT AS
SOON AS MY
HEAD STOPS
WHIRLIN'!



THESE FOOTPRINTS'RE SURE FUNNY!
NOBODY COULD POSSIBLY STAND LIKE
THAT! WITH ONE FOOT
GOIN' AN' THE OTHER
FOOT COMIN'! I
WONDER WHERE
DIBBS ...



WHAT TH'...!
WHO'S THERE?

IT'S CHRIS!
BIG-FOOT WAS HERE!
HE CONVINCED UNCLE SIM
AN' STOLE THE CASH!
WHERE WERE YOU TONIGHT?



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