

Reno Browne

HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST
COMEDI

15

The
SCREEN'S
FAMOUS
WESTERN
MOVIE
STAR



**HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST
COWGAL!**

Brownie

NO. 52

10¢ SEPT.

**the
SCREEN'S
FAMOUS
WESTERN
MOVIE
STAR!**



HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST
COWGIRL!

BROWNE



THE
OUTLAWS
ATTACK!

FROM THE MOUNTAINS THAT SURROUND THE LAZY-X RANCH THREE MANGY CHARACTERS LOOK DOWN UPON THE ACTIVITIES AT THE RANCH!...

WHAT'S GOIN' ON
DOWN THERE, MUNGUS?
I CAN'T SEE THAT
FAZ!

'PEARS LIKE
ALL TH' HOMBRES
ARE NIGHTAILIN'
IT OUTTA
THERE!

YUP! AN'
LEAVIN' JUST
TWO
FEMALES
ALL ALONE!
LOOKS
PERFECT FOR
US!



WE'LL BE THROUGH
WITH TH' ROUND-UP
IN A WEEK! D'VE
RECKON YOU GAUSLL
BE ALL RIGHT
TILL THEN?

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT US,
GRAMPS!
JUST YOU
BOYS DO A
GOOD JOB!

RIGHT! AN'
WITH CURLY
GONE, RENO
WILL HAVE
SOME GOOD
COOKIN' FOR
A CHANGE...
MINE!

HMPH!





THE OUTLAWS PATIENTLY KEEP THEIR WATCH. THE MEN OF THE LAZY-X RIDE AWAY UNAWARE OF THE DANGER...



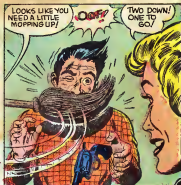


WITH THE ANGRY ROAR OF AN ENRAGED BULL, MUNGO CHARGES AT THE SEEMINGLY HELPLESS RENO!



BUT OUT ON THE PORCH RENO SPRINGS INTO ACTION AGAIN!





WHILE THE OUTLAW GILLOPS THROUGH THE VALLEY, RENO RIDES UP TO AN OVERHANGING BLUFF!





THE POPSICLE
HALL OF FAME
A FIVE STORY OF
A "POPSICLE" YOUTH AWARD



CAROLYN WALKER
MAYOR, BANGOR

GOSH, I THOUGHT I WAS DREAMING. I DO SMELL REAL SMOKE WHERE IS EVERYBODY?



FIRE! FIRE! STAY IN YOUR ROOMS EVERYBODY. THE STAIRWAY IS IN FLAMES—I'LL GET HELP...



DOWN THE DRAIN PIPE—IT'S THE ONLY WAY—HELP! FIRE!



HOLD IT KIDS, I'M COMING UP THE LADDER—



YOU KIDS BE QUIET WHILE I GET MOM AND DAD. SURE GLAD I FOUND THIS LADDER.

HERE COMES THE FIRE ENGINE!



WE SALUTE YOU CAROLYN WALKER. YOU CERTAINLY SHOWED QUICK THINKING AND BRAVERY IN SAVING YOUR FAMILY. WE'RE PROUD TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS GOLD MEDAL AND "POPSICLE" YOUTH AWARD.

THANKS, MR. MAYOR AND THANKS TO "POPSICLE" PETE.



SAVE BAGS

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LIFE ON THE LAZY-X



7489

RENO, GIRL - FOREMAN OF THE LAZY-X GIVES INSTRUCTIONS TO ONE OF HER TOP HANDS...

WINDY, I'M EXPECTING A NEW HAND! RIDE OUT TO THE PASS TO MEET HIM, WILL YOU?

CERTAINLY, MISS RENO! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!

WILL YOU LOOK AT HOW POLITE TH' BOYS ARE TO RENO?

YEP! SHE'S SURE GOT 'EM EATIN' OUTTA HER HAND!



WELL, THAT'S BETTER'N EATIN' THAT SWILL YOU GIVE 'EM!

YOU'LL GO TOO FAR WITH ME ONE DAY, WIDDER KENT! I'VE TAKEN A LOT O' YORE BEFFIN', AN' JAWIN' AN' SOMEDAY I'LL...

TAKE IT EASY, YOU TWO! YOU KNOW RENO DOESN'T LIKE QUAR-RELING AMONG THE HANDS!

NOPE! MY GRANDDAUGHTER CLAIMS THAT IF WE'RE POLITE TO EACH OTHER, WE WON'T GET INTO ARGUMENTS SO OFTEN AN' GIT MORE WORK DONE!



AN HOUR LATER, WITH A POUNDING OF HOOVES AND BULLETS SINGING THROUGH THE AIR, PETE MAURY APPEARS ON THE SCENE!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! MAN THE STOCKADE! THE APACHES ARE ON THE WAR PATH!

YAHOO! MAKE WAY FOR PETE MAURY! I'M A ROOTIN', TOOTIN', HOOTIN' LONGHORN FROM THE NORTH AN' RARIN' TO GO! YAHOO!

WATCH OUT! THIS GALLOP IS PLUMS LOCO!



HOWDY, FOLKS! YORE TROUBLES ARE OVER! I'M HERE TO WORK FOR YOU!

HE'S LOCO, I TELL YOU! (PUFF! PUFF!) HE GAVE ME A HARD TIME ALL TH' WAY IN! (PUFF! PUFF!)

LISTEN, YOU KNOCK-KNEE WADDLE...WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ALL THIS SHOOTIN' AN' FUSS?



WHAT'S TH' MATTER WITH YOU FOLKS? AINT THESE WESTERNERS HERE? I'M FROM TH' NORTHWOODS COUNTRY WHERE THE TREES GROW TALL AND THE MEN GROW STRONG AN' ROUGH!

OKAY, PETE! YOU'LL GO! TH' WORK HERE IS FOR STRONG MEN! WINDY SHOW HIM WHERE HE BUNKS!



YES, MISS RENO!

HAW! HAW! "YES MISS RENO," AN HE EVEN BOWS! IF TH' WORK IS HARD, WHAT'S HE DO HERE...TEND TH' CHICKENS?



HMM! A LOUD-TALKING, BIG-MOUTH WADDLE! 'PEARS LIKE WE GOT A MESS O' TROUBLE. EH, STRETCH?

I'M NOT SAYING, CURLLEY! I'M NOT SAYING... JUST YET!

HAW! HAW! AFTER YOU, MY DEAR MISTER WINDY, SIR!



AFTER PETE HAS BEEN BUNKED, WINDY, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, IS AT A LOSS FOR WORDS!

OOH! THAT FLOP-EARED MULE! I'LL DID YOU HEAR HIM RIBBING ME? WHY...WHY...I'LL

NOW TAKE IT EASY, PAL! CON'T LET A BAG OF WIND LIKE THAT UPSET YOU! HE'LL LEARN TO BE POLITE TO RENO LIKE TH' REST OF US!

HMM! STRETCH DON'T SHOW IT, BUT HE'S MORE UPSET THAN WINDY IS!



WHEN PETE CALLED HIMSELF ROUGH AND TOUGH HE DIDN'T SAY THE HALF OF IT! AT CHOW HE DISPLAYS THE MANNERS OF A STARVED COYOTE!

HERE, MISS RENO! THIS IS FOR YOU! I COOKED IT FOR YOU SPECIAL!

HOMINY GRITS!
MY FAVORITE DISH!



HELP YOURSELF, PETE!

I SURE WILL DO THAT LITTLE THING!

I'LL-- I'LL--

EVERY, CURLY! YOU KNOW MISS RENO DOESN'T LIKE FOR YOU TO BE IMPOLITE!

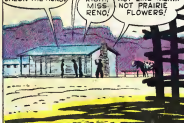


AFTER CHOW THE GANG GET THEIR ORDERS FROM THEIR BOSS RENO...

WINOY, STRETCH, PETE... RIDE OUT TO THE WEST RANGE AND CHECK THE HERO!

YES, MISS RENO!

HAW--HAW! IS THIS A RANCH OR A SUNDAY SCHOOL? YES, MISS "RIGHT, MISS," WHERE I COME FROM WE ACT LIKE MEN... NOT PRAIRIE FLOWERS!



HAW! HAW! HAW! LOOK AT YOU! YOU CALL YOURSELVES COWBOYS! YOU BEEN WORKIN' FER A FEMALE SO LONG YOU'RE BEGINNING TO ACT LIKE ONE! **HAW! HAW!** NOTHIN' COULD MAKE ME YES-MA'M ANY FILLY! **HAW! HAW!**



I SWEAR I'LL MAKE THAT BRAYIN' MULE CHANGE HIS TIME!

NO, WINOY! NO ROUGH STUFF! RENO DOESN'T LIKE IT!

YOU'RE NOT MEN! YOU SHOULD BE WEARIN' SKIRTS... NOT JEANS! IT'S A GOOD THING YOU'RE NOT UP IN THE NORTH COUNTRY WHERE I COME FROM! YOU DAINTY THINGS WOULD OIE OF FRIGHT! **HAW! HAW!**
HAW!

STRETCH, HOW LONG ARE WE GOIN' TO TAKE THIS?

KEEP RIING... ANO KEEP QUIET!



THIS ISN'T EASY FOR A ROUGH, TOUGH HE-MAN LIKE ME! I'M JUST NOT USED TO THIS LA-OE-OA! I GUESS THEY GOT NO MEN IN THIS PART O' THE COUNTRY. JUST LADY BOSSES AND THEIR NICE, POLITE SERVANTS!
HAW! HAW!



WINOY, ARE WE OUT OF SIGHT AND SOUND OF TH' RANCH?

WE ARE, STRETCH. WE ARE!



THE LESSON IN MANNERS CONTINUES IN ALL ITS DELICATE PHASES...UNTIL PETE HAS ABSORBED IT ALL!



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ARE YOU A

DETECTIVE?

KIDNAPPED

STARRING DETECTIVE SKIP M'COY

532

A.B.

FLASH! POLICE WERE MYSTIFIED AT THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF PLAYBOY VAN BINDERS! HIS FAMILY SUSPECTED KIDNAPING, THOUGH THERE WAS NO TRACE OF A RANSOM NOTE!

MEANWHILE, SPEEDING TOWARD A GANGSTER'S HIDEOUT IN THE DESERT ARE THREE MEN-- DAPPER DAN CARTER, 'CINNAMON' KANE, AND THE MISSING VAN BINDERS!



BOY! WON'T JUNIOR, HERE, BRING US A RANKROLL!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS EVERY COP IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE ON YOUR TRAIL!

I WONDER IF THEY RECEIVED THE RANSOM NOTE?

RANSOM NOTE! I FORGOT TO DROP IT IN THE MALBOX!



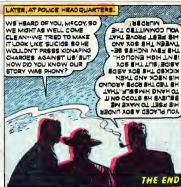
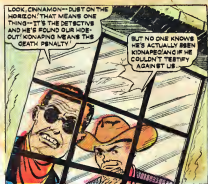
LATER, AT THE HIDEOUT...

SO YOU FORGOT TO LEAVE THE RANSOM NOTE! FOR ALL THEY KNOW, JUNIOR MAY HAVE TAKEN A POWDER OF HIS OWN ACCORD!

THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING ON THE RADIO...

PLAYBOY VAN BINDERS WAS SEEN HEADING SOUTH IN AN AUTOMOBILE IN THE COMPANY OF TWO MEN! A NEW YORK DETECTIVE, HIRED BY THE BINDERS FAMILY, IS BELIEVED TO BE ON THEIR TRAIL!





THE END

TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION!



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THE MARSHAL

I COULD hear the shooting going on down the street. That Wilson gang again! They were shootin' up the town and there was nobody to do anything about it. The last sheriff was lying side by side with the first two. And now, not a single person in Eagle Pass would take the job.

Ever since the Wilson bunch had come to town, it wasn't hardly worthwhile living there. They made life so miserable for everybody that you hardly ever saw anyone on the street.

Finally, I'd had enough; jamming my hat over my ears, I saddled up Buster and headed for Fall City. The town marshal there was a personal friend of mine and if anyone could help me, he could.

A day later, I stalked into his office, dust blown and tired. His face lighted up like a candle when he saw me. "Why, Luke, you old so and so," he said, jumping to his feet.

"Hi, Steve," I said, "glad to see you. It's been some time."

"Yeah. What brings you to this part of the country?"

"Trouble," I answered. "Plenty of it. There's a gang of boys back at Eagle Pass that don't know the meaning of law and order. People are beginning to leave town."

"Wish I could come over and do the job for you, Luke," he said, "but I have to be in court all this month. Tell you what, there's a new man of ours up at school now. When he comes in next week I'll send him up to you. He'll do the job okay."

So I went back to Eagle Pass and waited, but this time my waiting was tempered with joy because I knew Steve wouldn't let me down. The reign of the Wilson gang was just about over, only they didn't know it yet.

Imagine my surprise when this kid walks in

on me. He had two guns strapped to his waist and the guns looked bigger than he did. He had a shiny new look about him that made me feel sick when I thought of what the Wilson boys would do to him.

"How do you do," the kid says very politely, extending his hand, "I am Chuck Evans. Steve sent me over. My first assignment, more or less."

I almost choked. "More or less," I repeated, "and just as liable to be your last. Three of our former sheriffs are now pushing up daisies in the local marble orchard and if I'm not mistaken, they'll soon have company."

Chuck smiled, his baby blue eyes twinkling, "We'll see about that. After all, I have just finished school."

He thought that was something. "Yeah, and the Wilsons have been shooting up this part of the country for nigh onto a year. They've had more practice than you have."

Disregarding my sage advice he asked me, "Where do we eat around this town? I'm hungry, tired, and dirty."

On the way to the restaurant, Chuck told me, "Since there's no sheriff here now, I'm appointing you as one until we can have a legal election."

"You and what army!" I exclaimed. "I ain't being no sheriff in this town unless I got the militia behind me!"

Just then we rounded a corner, and WHOOF! Chuck bumped slam into Neb Wilson, the oldest and toughest of the lot. Both went sprawling to the ground, but Chuck was the first on his feet.

"Beg pardon," Chuck said, "I did not see you coming."

"You little . . .!" Neb roared, taking a sock at Chuck's jaw. His fist whistled through empty air, and then Chuck let go twice and Neb went sail-

ing over backwards like he'd been kicked by a mule.

"I said I was sorry," Chuck insisted mildly.

Neb scrambled to his feet, hand going for his gun. Suddenly Chuck's guns were in his hands. I never saw such a lightning fast draw in all my life. BLAM! BLAM! Neb's hat went sailing off his head and his gun jumped from his hand. He stood there looking at Chuck, his mouth open, eyes wide with astonishment.

"Take this gentlemen back to the jail, Luke," Chuck said, "and lock him up for disturbing the peace."

So back we went, Neb cussing and carrying on about what the rest of the gang was gonna do to us when they found out what had happened.

"We will cross that bridge when we come to it," Chuck coolly told him. My estimation of him had gone up one hundred percent, but I was still plenty scared. After all, he was just one man, and a kid at that.

During the night, the Wilsons came into town and got Neb loose by tearing off half the jail. They left a note pinned to the front door.

"We will be back in a couple of days," the note said, "you'd better not be in town."

My teeth started chattering, but Chuck took it calmly. "We'll beat them to the punch," he said to me. "Where do they live?"

"In a little shack about two miles from town. And I ain't going with you."

"Yes you are. As duly appointed sheriff, you have got to go, but do not be afraid, as I will take care of you."

What could I do? We went.

The Wilson shack was at the base of a huge rock and it was located at the end of a shallow ravine. There was only one trail entrance to the place, and it was a sure trap if they suspected we were coming there. But they never thought we'd have the nerve.

Inside, they were having a party, celebrating Neb's rescue, and we could hear 'em hollering and shouting. Chuck got off his horse and tied a rope across the trail about one hundred feet from the house. Then he handed me a bundle of dry sticks.

"Take these," he said, "and climb those rocks

until you get directly over the house. Then light them and drop 'em on the roof. Leave the rest to me."

I still couldn't see what one man was gonna do against five, but I went. When Chuck saw me up there on the rocks, he moved back about fifty feet from the rope and stood out plainly on the trail.

"Hey, you Wilsons," he called out, loud as he could. "Come on out!"

The noise from the shack suddenly ceased. I saw the tip of a gun poke out from a window. Chuck made a motion for me to light and drop the sticks. I did it.

Chuck stepped off to one side. "You're surrounded, surrender and nobody will get hurt."

The sticks I'd thrown on the roof were beginning to set the place on fire, and smoke began to boil out the windows. And then the door banged open and the Wilsons came tearing out, mad as hornets. They were so mad they got in each other's way. Neb saw Chuck and let out an angry roar. Down the trail he tore, followed closely by the rest.

He hit the rope, and the rest of the Wilsons hit him and went down in a kicking, struggling heap. Then, when they finally got to their feet, Chuck started shooting. He only shot five times and it was the dangdest, prettiest shooting I ever did see. Each of the Wilson boys was drilled through the shoulder.

It was all over.

We didn't have a jail at Eagle Pass that was any good, so we bundled 'em all on horses and took 'em to Fall City. Steve took good care of them for us, and that was the last of the Wilson gang.

Chuck stayed on at Eagle pass as Marshal and things got so law abiding that it was dangerous for a man to jay walk. But that's better than being shot up, I suppose.

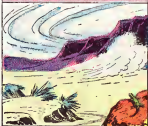
And when I'd ask Chuck about the Wilson gang and tell him how lucky he was, he'd grin at me and say, "Luck? I don't think so, Luke. After all, there was one of me and only five of them. What'd you expect?"

That's the kind of guy he was . . .

Reno HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST COWGIRL! **BROWNE**



DEATH CANYON, A BARREN, FORSAKEN AREA NESTLED IN THE EAGLE MOUNTAINS OUTSIDE OF CACTUS GAP! THIS LAND IS NO GOOD FOR ANYTHING, A WORTHLESS SPOT, WHERE A FEW YEARS EARLIER PIONEERS PERISHED FROM LACK OF FOOD AND WATER, A LAND OF NO RETURN!

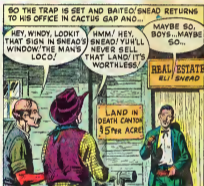
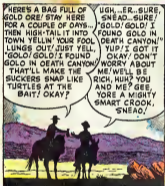
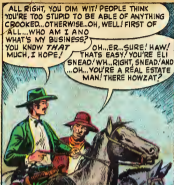


IT IS INTO THIS CHEERLESS WASTE THAT TWO RIDERS COME, MEN OF EVIL-INTENT, THEIR GIMLET EYES SPARKLING WITH GREED AND SCHEMING...

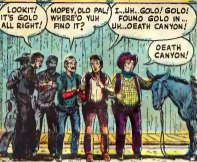
THERE IT IS, MOPEY... DEATH CANYON! THE PLACE THAT'S GOING TO MAKE US RICH...HAVE YOU GOT IT ALL STRAIGHT?

UH...ER...GO OVER IT AGAIN, WILL YUH, SNEAD? IT'S...UH...KIND O' HARD FER ME TUH KEEP IT ALL IN MY HEAD!





THE CRY OF GOLD SPREAD LIKE A WILDFIRE AND SOON MOPEY WAS MOBBED BY GOLD-HUNGRY MEN...



LOOKIT!
IT'S GOLD
ALL RIGHT!

MOPEY, OLD PAL!
WHERE'O YUH
FINO IT?

I...UH...GOLD!
GOLD!
FOUND GOLD IN...
UH...DEATH CANYON!

DEATH
CANYON!

AS ONE MAN THE CROWD TURNS TO SNEAD'S OFFICE, BUT...



JUST A MINUTE, BOYS!
THERE'S BEEN SOME
CHANGES MADE!

LAND IN
DEATH CANYON
\$5000 PER
ACRE!



WOW! THAT'S
QUITE A JUMP
IN PRICE,
SNEAD!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO?
YOU WOULDN'T BUY IT WHEN IT WAS
CHEAP AND WORTHLESS...NOW THAT
GOLD'S BEEN STRUCK I CAN'T SELL IT
TO YOU AT THE SAME PRICE, CAN I?
COURSE, I CAN REFUSE TO SELL IT
AND WORK IT MYSELF, BUT YOU FOLKS
ARE MY NEIGHBORS...I'M GOIN'
YOU A FAVOR! THAT'S MY PRICE!
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!



WE'LL
TAKE
IT!

GIMME
TWO
ACRES!

GIMME
ONE!

ONE AT
A TIME, BOYS!
ONE AT
A TIME!

I'LL
TAKE
THREE!

ME
TOO!



A HALF HOUR LATER, AT THE LAZY-X...

MISS RENO... QUICK!
GIVE US OUR PAY!
WE'RE QUITTIN'!

HURRY IT UP, CURLY I'LL
GIT MY SAVIN'S FROM MY
MATTRESS!
YOU GIT
YOURS!

CURLY!
WINDY! WHAT
IS ALL THIS?
WHY ARE YOU
QUITTING?



AIN'T GOT TIME TO
EXPLAIN! AH! HERE'S
MY SAVIN'S! GOT TO
GET BACK AFORE
IT'S ALL GONE!
OUR PAY, MISS
RENO... PLEASE!

WELL... HERE IT IS... BUT
I WISH YOU'D TELL ME
WHY YOU...

CURLY! O'YUH
WANT TO BE
LEFT HIGH AND
DRY? COME ON,
MAN!



BUT WHEN STRETCH ARRIVES IN CACTUS GAP THE TOWN IS DESERTED EXCEPT FOR...

UH...ER...HI, STRETCH! WHERE YUH GOIN' COWBOY?

IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, MOPEY, BUT I'M LOOKING FOR THAT CROOKED, CHEAP ELI SNEAD! WHERE IS THE TIN HORN?



HE AIN'T IN HERE, STRETCH! HE'S GONE! BESIDES, ALL THE LAND IN DEATH CANYON IS SOLD! YOU'RE TOO LATE TO BUY ANY...

I WASN'T AIMING TO, YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO STOP ME FROM GOING IN TO LOOK FOR SNEAD, ARE YOU? OUT OF MY WAY MOPEY!



I GOT ORDERS TO GO IN THERE! NOW... GIT... 'AFORE I...

TO BUSY COUNTING HIS MONEY TO SEE ANYBODY EH? OKAY, MOPEY! YOU'VE GOT THE DROP ON ME! I'LL SEE HIM SOME OTHER TIME!



BUT SUDDENLY MOPEY IS BEWILDERED BY A BLAZE OF ACTION! QUICKER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW...STRETCH DROPS TO THE GROUND, WHIRLS, DRAWS HIS GUN AND FIRES...



CHANGED MY MIND, MOPEY! I RECKON I'LL SEE MR. SNEAD RIGHT NOW!

AND YOU STAY OUT OF MY WAY OR THE NEXT TIME I'LL AIM AT YOUR GIZZARDS!



STRETCH WILSON! WHAT IN BLUE BLAZES IS THE MEANING OF THIS INTRUSION? I'M A BUSY MAN...VERY BUSY!

SO I SEE! I HATE TO SEE A MAN LIKE YOU SO BUSY, SNEAD... SO I'LL JUST ADVISE YOU TO TURN THAT MONEY BACK TO THE PEOPLE YOU STOLE IT FROM! THAT'LL MAKE US ALL FEEL MUCH BETTER!



YOU'RE A CROOK, SNEAD! THERE'S NO GOLD IN DEATH CANYON AND YOU KNOW IT! YOU SALTED A CLAIM THERE AND HOODWINKED THE PEOPLE TO BUY THAT WORTHLESS LAND! I MEAN TO SET THINGS RIGHT!

WELL! WELL! MIGHTY BIG TALK, THAT! ASSUMING YOU'RE RIGHT, WILSON...HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO GO ABOUT FORCING ME TO RETURN THIS MONEY?





I'M DOING NOTHING! MY FOURTY-FIVE'S WILL TALK FOR ME!



HA! HA! HA! THAT WON'T WORK, STRETCH! I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE NOT THE TYPE THAT WOULD SHOOT A DEFENSELESS UNARMED MAN! AND I'M NOT DRAWIN' AGAINST YOU! YOU'RE STUMPED, STRETCH WILSON!



YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU YELLOW-LIVERED SKUNK! BUT... I'LL FIND A WAY TO MAKE YOU RETURN THAT MONEY! I'LL...

WHILE YOU'RE THINKING IT OVER, I'LL JUST TAKE THIS OVER TO MY BANK! I...

SNEAD! MR. SNEAD!



EH? WHAT'S THIS? YOU... YOU CAN'T HAVE YOUR MONEY BACK! YOU...

WHO WANT'S IT BACK? WE WANNA BUY MORE... MORE! LOOKIT, MR. SNEAD! WE'RE RICH! LOOKIT TH' GOLD!

AND WE OWE IT ALL TO YOU! GOSH, THANKS, MR. SNEAD!



CURLY... WINDY! YOU GONE LOCO? THERE'S NO... OUCH!

HI, STRETCH! DIDN'T SEE YOU! GO ON, WINDY...

YOU... YOU MEAN YOU REALLY... FOUND GOLD IN DEATH CANYON?

SURE WE DID! JUST LIKE MOPEY DID! LOT'S OF IT!



(...AND I SOLD IT SO CHEAP!) ER... LISTEN, BOYS! IT'LL TAKE MONEY TO WORK THAT GOLD... LOT'S OF IT! YOU WON'T HAVE ENOUGH! SELL IT BACK TO ME, I'LL GIVE YOU TWICE WHAT YOU PAID ME!

WA-AL, I DON'T KNOW.

OH, GO ON, CURLY! HE'S RIGHT! HE GAVE US A BREAK! LET'S GIVE HIM ONE...



HI, STRETCH! STILL HERE? SURE, SNEAD! WE'LL SELL! HERE'S THE DEED!

FINE! FINE! AND HERE'S TH' MDNEY! NOW I'VE GOT TO BUY THE LAND BACK FROM THE OTHER FOLKS! IT'LL JUST ABOUT BREAK ME... BUT I'LL MAKE IT BACK!

SAY, SNEAD, THERE'S ONE THING...HOW COME YOU SOLD US THE LAND IN THE FIRST PLACE? ...AN' NOW YOU'RE SO ANXIOUS TO BUY IT BACK?

HIGH FINANCE, MY BOY, HIGH FINANCE! YOU BOYS WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND! EXCUSE ME! I'VE GOT A LOT OF BUYING TO DO!

IN THE NEXT HOUR SNEAD BUYS BACK ALL THE LAND, PAYING TWICE WHAT HE GOT FOR IT! SURPRISINGLY ENOUGH, EVERYONE IS WILLING TO SELL!

JUST LINE UP, FOLKS! I'LL GET TO ALL OF YOU! HAVE YOUR DEEDS READY...I'VE GOT THE CASH!

HEY! WHAT'S RENO DOING AT THE END OF THAT LINE?

YUH JUST CAN'T FIGURE A GAL NOW, KIN YUH?

NOPE!



THEN...WHEN ALL THE RETURNS ARE MADE...

THERE! THAT'S... OH, HELLO, MISS RENO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT LINE? I DIDN'T SELL YOU ANYTHING!

NO, SNEAD, YOU DIDN'T SELL ME ANYTHING! I SOLD YOU...A BILL OF GOODS! CURLY AND WINDY DIDN'T DISCOVER GOLD IN DEATH CANYON! THAT WAS A PHONEY...JUST LIKE MOPEY'S CLAIM WAS!

UGH...I COULDN'T HELP IT, BOSS! SHE ...UH...ASKED ME... AND I TOLD HER! YOU DIDN'T TELL ME NOT TO!

I'M RUINED!
RUINED!

THAT'S ABOUT IT, SNEAD! YOU AND MOPEY HAO BETTER LEAVE CACTUS GAP FOR GOOD! FOLKS AROUND HERE AREN'T GOING TO LIKE YOU VERY MUCH!



LATER...ON THE WAY TO THE LAZY-X ...

YOU SEE, STRETCH, IT WAS ALL RENO'S IDEA! SHE TOLD US TO PUT ON THIS ACT WITH SNEAD! WE TOLD THE FOLKS TO SELL BACK AND... HEY! WATCHA DOIN'?

I WON'T NEED THESE...

A GAL LIKE RENO CAN ACCOMPLISH MORE WITH HER HEAD THAN ANY MAN CAN WITH A PAIR OF SIX-GUNS!

OH, STRETCH! YOU SAY THE NICEST THINGS!

C'MON, CURLY! I RECKON THEY WANT TO BE ALONE!



THE END

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THINK OF IT! I JUST MADE THIS RECORD WITH THE HOME RECORD MAKER!

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The recordograph is an economical device for making home recordings to be used with a record player or turn-table.

WHAT DO I GET?

You get the complete unit needed to make recordings at home. Acoustical recording head, special recording needle, playback needles, 2 recorded records (enough for 4 recordings), spiral feeding attachment and complete easy to follow directions.



SING

PLAY

GREETINGS

RADIO PROGRAMS

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I enclose \$4.95 and complete with postage.

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HERE IS THE MOST EXCITING CASE THAT SKIP McGOY WAS EVER INVOLVED IN! ONLY KEEN OBSERVATION AND QUICK THINKING SAVED HIS LIFE AND HELPED TO CAPTURE THE COLD-BLOODED KILLERS OF THE HIGHWAYS...



NOT WASTING ANY TIME, SKIP AND HIS YOUTHFUL SIDEKICK, PEPPER BURNS, MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO TAKE OVER ONE OF THE GIANT TRUCKS!



STEP ON IT, SKIP!

HERE'S HOPING WE BRING HOME THE BACON!

HOURS LATER...

THAT ACME TRUCK WILL BE HERE SOON -- IS EVERYTHING READY?



THE BOYS ARE ALL SET, BOLTON!

... AND NOT FAR DOWN THE ROAD ...

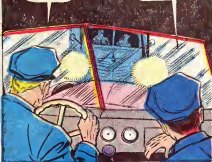
NOTHING SO FAR, SKIP... SEEMS AS IF WE'LL HAVE TO HIT TROY AND START BACK AGAIN THE NEXT EVENING!

THIS TRIP ISN'T OVER -- ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN!



LOOK!!! ANOTHER TRUCK ON OUR SIDE OF THE ROAD!

IT'S SPEEDING TOWARD US -- TURN AWAY!!!



NO!

I'M GOING TO MEET IT HEAD ON -- AND IF MY HUNCH IS WRONG, WE WON'T BE AROUND TO KNOW IT!



INSTEAD OF THE IMPACT OF TWO VEHICLES COLLIDING -- A STRANGE THING HAPPENS!!!

JUMPIN' CODFISH!

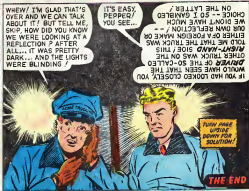
IT WAS ONLY A GIANT MIRROR PLACED ON THE ROAD!



WHEW! NOW WE KNOW WHY THOSE TRUCKS LEFT THE ROAD!

LOOK, SKIP? THOSE MEN RUNNING FOR THAT SMALL TRUCK -- THEY MUST BE THAT HIJACKING GANG!





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and Frame on arrival, plus mailing costs, on your
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