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GENE AUTRY

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GENE AUTRY

and the GHOSTS of ROCKY BRIDGE

LES PARKS
TELEPHONE

A. B. BROWN
BARBERS

ONE MORNING, GENE
AUTRY RIDES INTO THE
THRIVING TOWN OF
BEARPAW...

HONKY-BEN!
GOT TIME
TO GIVE
CHAMP
A
NEW SET
O' SHOES!

GENE AUTRY! AIN'T
SEEN YOU IN A COONS
AGE! BEING CHAMP
RIGHT IN! KONDA
PICKERED MARSHAL
OLMAYD
BE SENDIN'
FOR YOU!

BUT HE DIDN'T! I'M
MEETIN' MY OLD FRIEND
FLARBACK HORSE,
HERE TONIGHT!
WE'RE GOIN' ON TO
CHEYENNE
FOR THE
ROBBO!

TH' MARSHAL NEEDS
YUH MORE'N TH'
ROBBO DOES! THE
BANDIT GHOSTS
OF ROCKY BRIDGE
HAVE GOT HIM
PLUMB TERRIFIED!

GHOSTS? YOU DON'T
BELIEVE IN GHOSTS,
DO YOU? .. HEY!
WHY'S ALL THAT
BACKET OUTSIDE?

IT'S A 'TEAM COMIN'
LICKETY-SPLIT! LOOK!
THE DOOR CRITTERS!
ALL LATHERED UP!
MUST BE A FOOL
COMIN' 'EM!

MAYBE NOT!
MAYBE SOMETHIN'
WREONS!

SHORE HOPE
THEM GHOSTS
AIN'T GOIN'
AGAIN!

THAT'S LOOD TALK,
BEN! GOME ON!
LET'S SEE WHY THAT
HONKEY'S PUSHIN'
HIS TEAM!



"I WENT BACK UP 'EM OVER TOWARD
THE CLIFF, I SAW A HUGE, GRINNIN'
SKULL SHININ' AGAINST THE DARK!"



DECIDED I KNOW THE BEST, REED! YOU GOT
SCARED AN' LET OUTA THERE! LATER, WHEN
YOU WENT BACK, YOUR WAGON HAD BEEN
CLEANED OUT AN' YOU COULDN'T TURN UP
ANY PRINTS OF MEN OR HORSES! IT WAS
LIKE THEY'D WASHED INTO
THE AIR!



THAT'S DEAD RIGHT,
MARSHAL! BUT HOW
IN BLAZES DO YOU
KNOW?

BECAUSE, IN THE
LAST WEEK, TWO
OTHER WAGONERS
HAD THE SAME
EXPERIENCE AT
ROCKY BRIDGE!



NO WONDER BEN
TAYLOR THINKS
SPOOKS ARE ON
THE PROWL
AROUND THESE
PARTS!

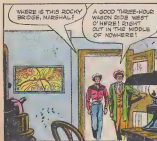
GENE AUSTRY!
WHEN'D YOU
HIT TOWN?



A FEW MINUTES AGO I
HEARD MOST O' REED'S
STORY! IT'S HEAVY
PUZZLIN'!

IT'D SURE BE GLAD IF
YOU'D GIVE ME A
HAND IN SOLVIN'
THAT PUZZLE,
GENE!





... IT'S THE FIRST WATER THEY HIT AFTER CROSSIN' THE BADLANDS! BEIN' SO ISOLATED, IT'S A PERFECT SETUP FOR THESE SO-CALLED DANTON OILHOOTS TO PULL THEIR SKULDUGGERY!



I'VE GOT THE IDEA THESE CROOKS ARE FROM AROUND HERE! OTHERWISE, THEY WOULDN'T KNOW THE GHOSTLY LEGEND OF ROCKY BRIDGE!

I NEVER HEARD THE STORY!



WELL, UP TO A FEW YEARS AGO, THERE WAS A WOODEN BRIDGE ACROSS THAT GORGE ...



... ONE NIGHT, A WAGON LOADED WITH BLACK POWDER BLEW UP ON THIS BRIDGE ...



... THE BLAST BLEW THE WHEELS, THE SKINNER AND HIS HELPER TO KINGDOM COME, AND SET THE BRIDGE ON FIRE ...



"FOLKS DECIDED IT WOULD BE SAFER NOT TO PUT UP ANOTHER WOODEN BRIDGE, SO THEY BUILT A ROCK CAUSEWAY."



"... AN' NOW FOLKS ARE SURE THE GHOSTS O' THE DEAD SKINNER AN' LASHER ARE BACK O' THESE HOLDUPS! WHAT NONSENSE!"

"RIGHT! WHOEVER FIGURED THIS SCHEME OUT IS PLENTY SMART! BUT I DON'T SAVVY WHY HE STAGES ALL THE HOOS-FOCUS!"



"NOR ME! ONE NIGHT, I SET A TRAP WITH A DEEDY WAGON AN' A HIDDEN POSSE! NOTHIN' HAPPENED! RECKON THE CRECKNS GOT WISE!"



"THEN SOMEBODY IN TOWN MUST BE WORKIN' WITH 'EM! HE SPOTTED YOU AN' THE POSSE RIDIN' OUT AN' TROD OFF HIS PALE!"

"YEAH! BUT BLAMED IF I KNOW WHO IT IS! AN' HOW DO THEY SPOT THE WAGONS' WORTH, BORNIN'?"



"MAYBE ONE O' THEIR GANGS OVER IN DRY LAKE! WHEN HE SPOTS A LIVELY VICTIM, HE SENDS WORD."

"HOLD ON, GENE! THAT BADLANDS TIEP TAKES TWO DAYS! HOW COULD HE SEND WORD AHEAD O' A FAST WAGON?"

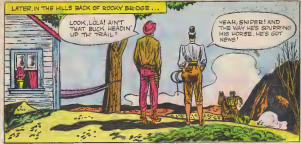




LATER, IN THE HILLS BACK OF ROCKY BRIDGE ...

LOOK, LOLA! AIN'T THAT BUCK HEADIN' UP TH' TRAIL?

YEAH, SNEED! AND THE WAY HE'S SPURRING HIS HORSE, HE'S GOT NEWS!



HELLO, BUCK! WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD?

THERE'S NOTHIN' GOOD ABOUT IT! @#%# ASTRY'S ON OUR TRAIL!



ASTRY! THE OUTLAW-BUSTER! HOW DID HE GET...

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! RIGHT NOW, ASTRY'S ON A CHESTNUT HORSE, HEADIN' FOR TH' BRIDGE TO DO SOME SNAKIN'!



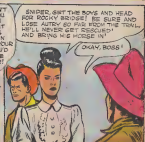
SNEED, AND THE BOYS WILL SOON PUT A STOP TO THAT!

YEAH... BUT NOT WITH BLANKS IN THEIR GUNS! FOR ASTRY THEY'LL HAFTA USE REAL BULLETS!

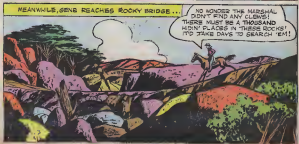


NOTHING DOING! I WON'T STAND FOR KILLIN'! GONNA GO TO JAIL FOR ROBBERY! DON'T WORRY! I LIKE THE IDEA OF SWINGING FOR MURDER!









RECKON I'LL SCOUT AROUND, ANNYWAY!
I JUST MIGHT BE LUCKY!



NO HAZKE WERE ANY BULLETS HIT? TWO TO ONE, THE ROBBERS WERE USIN' BLANKS, BUT...
OH-OH, WHAT'S THAT?



ASHES LEFT FROM BURNIN' FLARE
POWDER! THAT EXPLAINS THE RED
GLARE! REED AN' THE OTHER
VICTIMS SAM!



WELL, THAT'S A START! HAVES
I'M LUCK, BUT I GOTTA HUNCH
I MIGHT FIND SOMETHIN'
ELSE NIGHTY INTERESTIN'!

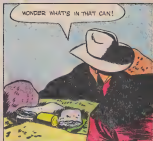


WHE-OW! THIS IS HOT WORK!

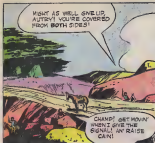


RECKON I'LL REST A COURLA MINUTES
'TILL I COOL OFF A LITTLE!











THAT NIGHT INTOWN, AFTER FLADJACK HOBBS
RIDES IN...





AT TEN O'CLOCK, THE NEXT MORNING...

HEY, MARSHAL! DO YOU KNOW A HONDER NAMED GENE AUTRY? I GOTTA WIRE FOR HIM!

SURE DO, YED? IM EXPECTIN' HIM! ..WAIT! HERE HE COMES NOW!



PULL UP, GENE! TED'S GOT A TELEGRAM FOR YOU!

YEAH! AN' IT'S MIGHTY IMPORTANT! IT'S FROM THE GOVERNOR!



GREAT GUNS! HE WANTS ME TO COME TO THE CAPITAL, PRONTO!

DRAT THE LUCK! JUST WHEN I WAS COUNTIN' ON YOU TO HELP ME SOUND UP THAT GANG OF SHOOT-BANDITS!



I OUGHTA BE BACK INSIDE O' TWO WEEKS, MARSHAL! HOW ABOUT WIRIN' THE GOVERNOR FOR ME? TELL HIM YR ON MY WAY!

SURE THING, GENE!

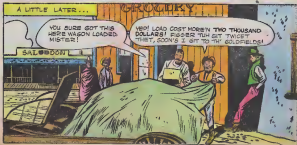
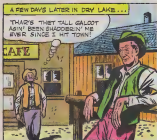


AFTER THAT TRICK AUTRY PULLED ON SNIDER, I AIN'T TAKIN' CHANCES! IM LISTENIN' IN ON WHAT GETS ON THAT WIRE!



HE'S GWIN' THE OPERATOR AT THE CAPITAL, ALL RIGHT! AN' SENDIN' THE MESSAGE LIKE AUTRY TOLD HIM...







BETTER GET MOVING! KEEN ON GETTIN' TO BEARDAW! MEETIN' A PAL THAT! GOODBY!

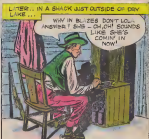
TOO BAD HE AIN'T MEETIN' YOU HERE! THERE'S LIKELY TO BE ROAD AGENTS IN THEM BADLANDS!



AIN'T SHERRER! GOT A HEAD O' NOTCHES IN MY GUN NOW! HURTS MY HAND! GRIPPIN' THE BUTT!



THE OLD FOOL! HE'LL BE PLUNTY SCARED BY THE TIME LOLA IN THE BOYS GET THROUGH WITH HIM!



LATER... IN A SHACK JUST OUTSIDE OF DEW LAKE ...

WHY IN BLAZES DON'T LOLA ANSWER! SHE - OH, OH! SOUNDS LIKE SHE'S COMIN' IN NOW!



UP IN THE GANG'S HIDE-OUT ...

I HEARD TH' WIFE CRACK IN, LOLA! IS IT LITAH!

IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP, I'LL NEVER FIND OUT!



THERE IT IS, SNIDER! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE SET FOR ANOTHER RICH HAUL! THAT IS, IF YOU BRD-BRAINS DON'T MESS IT UP!







mighty nice work, Gene! reckon we got the whole gang!

Eight! Buck an' the girl are both dead! she broke his neck with that whip!



Thanks to you, Gene, there'll be no more ghost-bands in these parts!

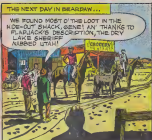
I sure hope not! I reckon call Chand' Noy's worth' on the other side o' the score!



A moment later...

Dawson! shooting's all over! reckon I run too fer! fogged myself! as well as the wipers!

Never mind, Flapjack! you did great work! you an' Gene make an unbeatable pair!



The next day in Beardaw...

We found most o' the loot in the hip-out shack, Gene! an' thanks to Flapjack's description, the Dry Lake Sheriff nabbed Utah!



Darned clever gal, that Lola! an' party, too! mighty fine combination! 'ceptin' when it's on the wrong side o' th' law!



So long, folks! We'll be back after the rodeo in Cheyenne!

Shore will! gonna seem 'tains Budin' broncs! after ropin' ghosts!

The LAST LAUGH

For half an hour, Rod Bentz waited and watched the two young men at the end of the bar. Even if he had not seen them get off the westbound stage, he would have known they were Easterners. Their clothes were "different." So was their talk. And they flashed greenbacks, not the gold and silver coins used out here in the Far West. It was this money that interested Rod. If only he could get some of it. He was practically broke. The mine, into which he had put so much effort, wasn't panning out as he had hoped. The gold was there, all right. But in quantity too small to count.

"Please serve us another round, bartender," said the shorter young man—the one called "Earl."

Rod's fingers plumbed his pockets, trying to identify the coins in it. A five-dollar gold piece, two silver dollars and some small change. He could not spend the gold piece; he needed it to carry out the plan he was mapping. But he still had enough for a drink all around. He smiled and sidled down the bar.

"How about me standin' treat this round?" he said pleasantly.

The young men eyed him, a little alarmed, a little surprised.

Rod broadened his smile. "No offense, gents. It's a good, old western custom to welcome new settlers.

Earl grinned. "So we've heard, Mr. ———."

"Rodney Bentz."

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Bentz. I'm Earl Ferron and this is my friend and partner, Ken Mills." He gestured at his companion. "We're from Indiana. And we'd be happy to

drink with you if you'll let us return the favor. Right, Ken?"

Ken frowned. "We-ell, Earl, you know what Mr. Jennings said about getting too thick with strangers. He said they might try to flim-flam us out of our money and—"

"That old fuddy-duddy!" Earl turned to Rod. "Besides, I'm a good judge of character and you look honest to me, Mr. Bentz."

"Thanks," smiled Rod. "Who's this Jennings hombre, anyway?"

"He lives in our town," Earl explained. "He struck it rich out here a few years ago. That's why we came west. We want to do the same thing."

Rod hid a triumphant grin and reached for his drink. "Then it's mighty lucky for all of us, me runnin' into you. I've got a claim for sale, up in Carrizo Canyon. I've been diggin' gold outa it for four months, an' I've got a hunch I'll strike the mother load any day now. It's a real buy at fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand?" echoed Earl. "We couldn't meet that figure in a month of Sundays. We've only a little over six thousand between us."

"Don't let that worry you," Rod assured him. "We can work out a percentage deal—if you're interested."

"I don't quite understand," said Ken, his eyes narrow with suspicion. "If this mine is so valuable, why do you want to sell it?"

"Because," Rod chuckled, "I don't like hard work. An' I could use some ready cash."

"Would you object to our riding up and looking it over?" Earl asked cautiously.



ILLUSTRATION BY OSCAR DREIBER

"Of course not," said Rod. "I'm the last person in California to ask anybody to buy a 'pig in a pake'."

Earl looked at his tall companion. "What do you say, Ken?"

"It can't do any harm to look at the mine," Ken replied, "but I'm not making any deals until I see the color of the gold."

Several hours later, the three men entered a shallow mine tunnel in Carriazo Canyon. Rod flashed the light of a lantern on the rocky wall.

"See that!" he said. "It's rose quartz—best gold-bearin' rock there is."

Ken chipped off a piece and scrutinized it carefully. "It shows traces of color all right." He gave Rod a searching glance. "Suppose we take half a dozen samples, from different spots in here, and run tests on them in that crucible I saw outside?"

Rod gestured widely. "Help yourselves. I'll go out and start up the fire."

After the fire under the clay crucible was burning brightly, Rod took the five-dollar gold piece and a pen-knife from his pocket. Then—keeping a sharp eye on the tunnel entrance—he began to whittle at the edge of the coin. In less than five minutes, he had a little heap of gold filings, enough to overflow a good-size walnut shell. Just as he slipped these into his vest pocket, Earl and Ken came from the mine, their hands filled with small chunks of rock.

Although two pairs of eyes closely watched his every move during the ensuing test, Rod had no difficulty in dumping the vest-pocketed filings into the crucible. It was only a matter of leaning far enough over the melting rock.

They closed the deal that night in the bar where they had met. According to the terms agreed upon, Rod was to retain a forty per cent interest in the mine for the next three months.

"By that time," he told Earl and Ken, "it's a cinch I'll have collected a lot more'n a measly fifty thousand, an' your boys'll be on the road to bein' millionaires. But, of course, you'll have



to work."

"Who cares?" laughed Earl.

Rod finished his drink. "Well, if I'm goin' to catch the southbound stage, I've gotta be movin' along."

"You're leaving?" Ken looked surprised.

Rod nodded. "Sure! I'm headin' for Texas to spend some time there with friends. But don't worry! I'll be back inside of three months to collect my percentage."

Rod spent the next few months in San Antonio and decided not to return. Every time he thought of the trick he had played on Earl and Ken, he laughed until his sides ached. But he stopped laughing the night, six months later, he heard the man from California talking.

This man, with a friend, was standing next to Rod at the bar. And Rod could hardly believe his ears when he heard him say:

"Yeah, Earl an' Ken have sure got plenty to crow about! Seems they bought their claim from some sharper who thought he'd fooled 'em by 'saltin' an ore test. He didn't know those two kids were minin' experts an' knew the ore they tested couldn't possibly assay so high! But the kids knew the mine was valuable. An' they proved it! Why, in the first three months, they took out close to three hundred thousand dollars worth o' gold!"

THE GOLD PEBBLES

A Panhandle Pete Story

AMONG WESTERN LEGENDS ARE THE STORIES OF LOST MINES AND BURIED TREASURES. AND NO ONE KNOWS THEM BETTER THAN OLD PANHANDLE PETE, WHO LIVES AT THE CRAZY-YR RANCH BETWEEN PROSPECTING TRIPS...

LOOK WHO'S TALKING IN THE GATE, JIMMY! PANHANDLE PETE AND JUGHEAD!

GOOD! I HOPE HE HAS ANOTHER STORY TO TELL US ABOUT A LOST MINE!

HI, THERE, PETE! DID YOU STRIKE IT RICH THIS TRIP?

NOH! BUT I HEARD ABOUT A REAL BURIED TREASURE AFTER THE LOST GOLD PEBBLES OF THE ISLANDS!

IT SOUNDS AWFULLY EXCITING, PETE. WILL YOU TELL US ABOUT IT?

SURE! I'M ALONG WHILE I TEND OUT TO JUGHEAD. HE'S ALWAYS MORE OF A TRYIN' TO KEEP UP WITH THAT FOG CREEPER OVER THE HILLS YONDER!

FIMBY! TAKE ON ACCOUNTA THE FOG THAT A COUPLE TEXAS WANGERS FOOT COME ACROSS THE GOLD PEBBLES OF THE ISLANDS

LET HIM GO! JUGHEAD'S HAD SEVERAL OUT-TO-BLOWY FOG-HIGH GAMES IN THE COUNTRY MOUNTS OF THE GRAND RIVER.

* A REAL TEXAS WANGER, TO WHOM MEN THE ADVENTURE REALLY HARKENED

ONE SUNDOWN, THEY PILED UP
CAMP NEAR A LOW RIDGE.



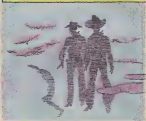
COME MORNING, THEY ROLLED OUT. THEIR BLANKETS
TO FIND THEIR HORSES HAD STRAYED OFF DURING
THE NIGHT.



A THICK FOG WAS DRIFTING OVER THE RIDGE AND
BEHIND. THEY COULD NO LONGER GET STARTED HUNTING
THOSE CAUVSES, IT CLOSED IN.



AN HOUR LATER, THEY STOPPED. THE FOG WAS
LIKE A GRAY BLANKET. THERE WASN'T ANY
MOVEMENT OR SOUND IN IT.



FOR SEVERAL MINUTES THEY CROPPED AROUND
TRYING TO GET THEIR BEARINGS. IT WAS NO
BINE. THEY WERE LOST!!

THIS IS A FINE MESS! A COUPLE OF TRAINED
WOODSMEN GETTIN' LOST! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

KEEP GOIN' AN' SO'S WE DON'T LOSE
BACK ONES, LET'S BE OF A LINE!



AS HE SPOKE, HE TUCK OFF HIS BELT. DAN SAW
LIEVINS'. THEY HOOKED THE BELTS TOGETHER AND
EACH TOOK HALF OF AN END.

HERE'S OUR TRACKS DAN!
MAYBE WE CAN FOLLOW 'EM BACK
TO CAMP!



WALKING NOWHERE, THEY FOLLOWED THEIR OWN TRAIL TILL THEY HIT A STRETCH OF ROCKY GROUND

BEHOLD WE'RE STAMPED DAW! OUR TRAIL DON'T SHOW ON THESE ROCKS I...

HOLD UP! SOMETHING'S MOVIN' OFF TO THE RIGHT! SURE HOPE IT'S THOSE BECKY HORSES!



SLOWLY THE RANGERS MADE THEIR WAY TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN TOWN, STOPPING JAM WEST FOR A...



... AND ABOVE CAN KNOW WHAT WAS UP...



FIGURING THE BECKY HORSES COME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS, THEY TRIED TO FOLLOW ITS TRACKS

I'VE LOST THE CRITTER'S TRAIL, DAW! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OUTTA LUCK AGAIN!

WELL, YEAH IS MORE WIDE THAN ONE! I JUST REALIZED WE LEFT OUR CANTYERS AN EVERY MILE OF OUR BACK AT CAMP!



THE JOB LASTED FOR HOURS, AND THE RANGERS GOT HUNGRY AND THIRSTY BY ITS FINISH...



ALL TO ONCE THE TWO LOST, THE BANGERS-ROUND THEMSELVES IN A STEEP VALLEY. IT WAS SETTLED BY SLACKS, WITH NO WATER, NO GRAZE, NOT EVEN A BLADE OF GRASS.



ALL DAY THEY WANDERED THROUGH THE DESOLATE WASTES... STUMBLING... FALLING... BURNING WITH THIRST.

NIGHT AS WELL... SOME SAID 'CAN'T GO ON... WITHOUT WATER...'

'YOU'VE GOT TO GO ON, DINK!' 'SOME' 'MIND' MEANS 'CERTAIN DEAR!'



COME NIGHTFALL, THEY WERE STILL LOST AND TOO THIRSTY TO SLEEP. THEY CHANGED THE LEAD OUTA THEIR CARTRIDGES. IT DIDN'T HELP.

'WATER BY THROAT... MY HEAD.'

'TRY AN' BEST, BANGERS! 'TIL I CAN FIND WATER TOMORROW!'



A LITTLE AFTER SUNUP JIM BOY DINK ON HIS FEET AND HEADED FOR A LOW RANGE OF HILLS WHEN THEY GOT UP ON THE CREST...

'LOOK, DINK! WATER! WE'RE SAVED!'



THEY GOT NEW STRENGTH AND THEIR BODIES, AND A LITTLE LATER...

'TAKE IT EASY, DINK! TOO MUCH AT ONCE ISN'T ABLE TO MAKE YOU SICK!'

'I WENT DOWN, I WAS JUST SICK! AN'... LOOK, JIM! WATER'S TASTY! WATER'S TASTY! THERE IN THE WATER!'



JIM LOOKED. THEN HE REACHED INTO THE CREEK AND SCOOPED UP A HANDFUL OF THE SHIMMERING BOTTOM.

WOW!!!

WHEW! WHEW! LOOK! OUR HUNTS WENT WAY BAD LUCK AFTER ALL!



BOTH MEN DIPPED INTO THE WATER AND SOON HAD THEIR POCKETS FILLED WITH GOLD PIECES. THEN DAN SPOTTED SOMETHING MOVING UPSTREAM.

WHAT IS IT, DAN? INJURED?

NOT IF YOU'LL PLEASE UP, WHEW! WE'LL BE EATING MANY PIECES!



DAN'S MOUTH WAS TIGHT. THE COBBLER MADE MIGHTY GOOD EATING. AND THAT MEANT THE WARRIORS MUST USE LOGS. GUNNIP FOUND THEM ON THE MOUNTAIN AGAIN.



HALFWAY UP A LONG HILL, THEY STOPPED TO REST. SUDDENLY THEY HEARD THE CRY OF A BIRD. JIM SPOTTED IT LIGHTING IN A STUNTED TREE.

WHAT IS BLAZED!

KINDA JUMPY AREN'T YOU JIM? CATTIN' ALLERGED OVER A HAWK'S CRY?



BUT JIM HAD SEEN SOMETHING NEW IN THE TREE. JUMPING UP, HE HEADED FOR IT.

COME OVER HERE, DAN! LOOK'S LIKE SOMEBODY BEAT US TO DISCOVERING THOSE GOLD PIECES!



DAN'S EYES OPENED IN SURPRISE WHEN HE SAW WHAT HAD CAUSED JIM'S EXCITEMENT.

A PICTURESQUE DEER! POINTS ALONG TO THE HEADS THAT CRACK HE JUST LEFT!

BEYOND ITS OWNER LEFT IT HERE TO MARK HIS STRIKE! THEN HE NEVER GOT TO COME BACK FOR THE GOLD!



THE HANGERS OF THE OLD ROCK WHERE IT WAS IT WOULD BE ONE OF A HIGHPOST FOR THEM. WOULD THEY COME BACK FOR THE REST OF THE GOLD?



LATE THAT AFTERNOON, THEY SAW A FAMILIAR LANDSCAPE ACROSS THE EASTERN SEA.

LOOK, JIM! BECKADOLE MOUNTAIN! WE'LL GET YOUR BEARS NOW ALL RIGHT!

YEAH, AN' BE BACK AT THE POST IN THREE DAYS AT THE MOST!



A FEW DAYS LATER, THE TWO RANGERS SHOWED THEIR GOLD PIECES TO AN IRON EXPERT.

THESE PIECES ARE CALLED "DRIFT GOLD" BOYS' STUFF WASHED DOWNSTREAM FROM A MOTTER MOUNTAIN IN THE CASE, A MIGHTY HIGH ONE!



COULD THAT BE THE TWO RANGERS WHO'VE BEEN AWAY OVER ANY NIGHTS SEARCHING FOR THE GOLD-TRILLED STREAM...



BUT THEY WOULD CANNOT GET IT AGAIN! THE GRANITE HILLS OF THE LLENNON COUNTRY ARE REAL GOOD AT HIDEIN' SECRETS!



COULD YOU, WOULD YOU WANT FIND IT EITHER? MIGHT YOU'D BETTER BEYOND AT THE CRACKS!

NOH! WHEN AN HONORABLE GITS GOLD-PIEVED, TOWARD NOTHING, OR GIVE HIM BUT HITTING PAY DEBT! I'M TAKIN' THE TRAIL, IT SURE!





