

ANG
A DELL COMIC
A DELL COMIC

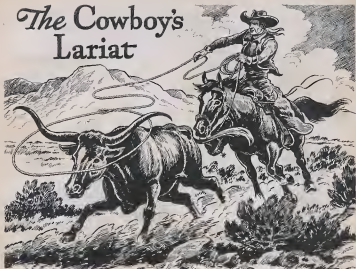
Johnny

AUG.-SEPT. 10¢

Mack Brown



The Cowboy's Lariat



THE AMERICAN COWBOY MUST GIVE CREDIT TO THE MEXICAN VAQUERO FOR MOST OF THE IDEAS AND EQUIPMENT USED IN PRESENT DAY RANGE WORK AND THE HANDLING OF CATTLE. ALMOST EVERY ITEM OF COWBOY EQUIPMENT WAS DEVELOPED BY THESE SKILLED STOCKMEN. THE CHAPS, HACKAMORE, AND THE LARIAT WERE FIRST USED BY THE VAQUEROS. THE WORD "LARIAT" IS A CORRUPTION OF THE MEXICAN "LAREATA." THE REATA IS A RAWHIDE ROPE USUALLY BRAIDED OF FOUR, SIX, OR EIGHT STRANDS AND FROM FORTY TO SIXTY FEET IN LENGTH. IT IS ONE OF

THE MOST EFFICIENT IMPLEMENTS EVER MADE FOR WORK ON THE RANGE. IT WILL NOT KINK OR SNARL OR BECOME STIFF IN WET WEATHER.

IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WEST, THE COWBOY'S ROPE IS KNOWN BY DIFFERENT NAMES--"LASSO," "KETCH-ROPE," "LASS ROPE" OR JUST PLAIN "ROPE." IN RECENT YEARS, THE MANILA YACHT-LINE ROPE HAS BECOME POPULAR AND IS IN GENERAL USE ON THE RANGE AND BY THE RODEO CONTESTANTS WHO ARE ROPING AGAINST TIME. THESE BOYS USUALLY USE A VERY SHORT ROPE--ABOUT 22 TO 28 FEET LONG; THE TRICK ROPERS IN THE RODEO USE THE MEXICAN MAGUEY ROPE WHICH IS MADE FROM THE FIBERS OF THE MAGUEY PLANT. IT IS A HARD TWISTED ROPE AND HANDLES SOMEWHAT LIKE THE RAWHIDE REATA.



Johnny Mack Brown

in
"PRAIRIE HOCUS-POCUS"

"HMM, A MEDICINE SHOW WAGON BEIN' STOPPED BY A RIDER, REBEL!"

JOHNNY MACK BROWN, ON HIS USUAL SATURDAY TRIP TO TOWN FOR SUPPLIES, PAUSES BRIEFLY...

AND IT LOOKS LIKE THAT NO-ACCOUNT SHERIFF LISE COLTON IS DOIN' THE STOPPING!

SUM FORD, THE RUSTLER, AND HIS GANG ELECTED THAT CROOKED COLTON TO OFFICE, JUST SO THEY COULD RUN THE TOWN! AND SO FAR, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO TRAP 'EM!

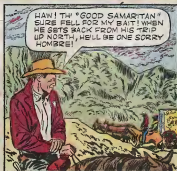
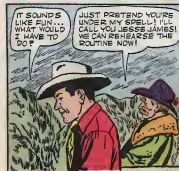
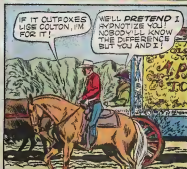
YOU HEARD ME! IF YOU AN' YOUR FLIM-FLAM SHOW STOP IN SNAKE BUTTS, I'LL TOES YOU IN TH' HOOSE-GO!

EGAD, MAN, WOULD YOU DEPRIVE THE CITIZENRY OF MY ASTOUNDING FEATS OF LEGERDEMAIN AND MESMERISM, NOT TO MENTION MY APACHE TONIC WHICH BRINGS BLESSED RELIEF TO —

SINCE WHEN AREN'T STRANGERS WELCOME AROUND HERE, COLTON?

COLTON'S
APACHE TONIC



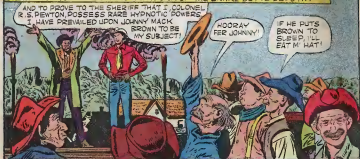


THAT NIGHT, ON THE LOADING PLATFORM OF THE SNAKE BUTTE DEPOT...

AND TO PROVE TO THE SHERIFF THAT I, COLONEL R. S. PEWTON, POSSESS RARE HYPNOTIC POWERS I HAVE PREVAILED UPON JOHNNY MACK BROWN TO BE MY SUBJECT!

HOORAY FER JOHNNY!

IF HE PUTS BROWN TO SLEEP, I'LL EAT M' HAT!



REMEMBER, YOU FOUR-FLUSHIN' MEDICINE PEDDLER, IF YOU DON'T HYPNOTIZE BROWN, YOU'RE HAULIN' FREIGHT!

AW, SHUT YORE FACE, SHERIFF! WE WANNA SEE HIS SHOW!



LOOK ME IN THE EYE, JOHNNY MACK BROWN! YOU ARE SLEEPY... SO SLEEPY...



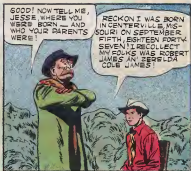
YOU ARE GOING TO SLEEP, JOHNNY MACK BROWN—! SLEEP, SLEEP!

NOW YOU ARE COMING UNDER MY SPELL... SLEEP!



AHA, YOU ARE ASLEEP! NOW YOU ARE COMPLETELY WITHIN MY POWER!





HEY, COLONEL, IN SLIM FORD! MY UNCLE, BOB FORD, KILLED TH' REAL JESSE JAMES IN SAINT JOE! WHAT DOES HE THINK ABOUT **THAT**? HAW, HAW!



THAT'S RIGHT, COLONEL! BOB FORD WAS TH' DIRTY LITTLE COWARD WHO KILLED JESSE JAMES! EVERY BODY KNOWS TH' DOUBLE-CROSSIN' SKUNK SHOT HIM IN TH' BACK!



EASY NOW, JESSE, TAKE IT EASY!

YOU ALL LIE! HOW COULD BOB FORD KILL ME WHEN I'M HERE—**ALIVE**?

HOLY COW! SNAP HIM OUT OF IT, COLONEL! HE'S PLUMB 'LOCO! HE MIGHT SHOOT UP TH' BLASTED PLACE!



WAKE UP! WAKE UP, I SAY!

HUH?

SNAP!



HEY, WHAT'S GON' ON HERE? WHERE AM I?

IT'S ALL RIGHT, JOHNNY MACK BROWN! I'VE BEEN DEMONSTRATING MY ASTOUNDING POWERS OF HYPNOTISM!





HOORAY FOR TH' COLONEL! HE'S SMARTER THAN A TREE FULL OF OWLS!

DOSSONE RIGHT HE IS! GREATEST ACT I EVER SEEN!

YEAH, AN' TH' SHERIFF BETTER LET HIM BE, OR WE'LL BLOW TH' LID OFF'N THIS MAN'S TOWN!



OKAY, BOYS, I ADMIT I WAS WRONG ABOUT TH' COLONEL BEIN' A GREAT SHOWMAN! HE STAYS IN TOWN — AN' TH' DRINKS'RE ON ME AT TH' GOLDEN NUGGET!



BY GUM, GIMME ONE O' THEM BOTTLES FOR MY LUMBAGO!



YOU WERE SPLENDID, JOHNNY! YOU CAN JOIN MY SHOW ANY TIME!

HA, HA, I GUESS WE GAVE COLTON A JOLT! HE FELL FOR THE ACT, HOOK, LINE AND SINKER!



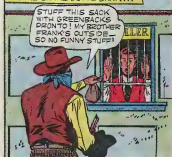
TOO BAD YOU'RE GOING NORTH ON A CATTLE-BUYING DEAL TOMORROW, JOHNNY!

YEAH, RECKON I'LL MISS HEARIN' THE BOYS RAWHIDE THE SHERIFF! BUT I'M NOT THROUGH WITH HIM YET!

DURING THE NEXT TWO WEEKS, WHILE JOHNNY IS GONE, A WAVE OF TERROR GRIPS THE SNAKE BUTTE COUNTRY...



IN THE SNAKE BUTTE BANK...



AT THE WELLS FARGO OFFICE...



AND ON THE TEXAS PLAINS...



LATER...

WELL, SHERIFF, HOW'M I DOIN'?

HMM, MORE LOOT, EH, FORD? I RECKON EVEN TH' REAL JESSE JAMES WAS A DICKER COMPARED TO YOU!

WE'LL SPLIT TH' BOOTY NOW AN' LAY LOW! JOHNNY MACK BROWN'S DUE BACK TOMORROW!

HA, OUR FALL GUY! I'M PROUD OF THE WAY I EARNED MY SHARE BY STAGING THAT CLEVER SCENE ON THE TRAIL FOR BROWN'S BENEFIT!

HAW, HAW, BROWN'D DIE IF HE SAWIED HOW WE TRICKED HIM INTO PLAYIN' INTO OUR HANDS!

YEAH, BUT HE'S WISE TO OUR **RUSTLIN'** DEALS, AN' IF WE DON'T FRAMB HIM NOW, WE'RE SUNK!

TONIGHT I'LL CALL A MEETIN' OF ALL TH' VICTIMS! I'LL CONVINC 'EM **BROWN IS TH' MASKED OUTLAW!**

AND THE TOWN HAS FAITH IN MY HYPNOTIC POWERS! THEY'LL SWALLOW THE STORY THAT BROWN STILL THINKS HE'S **JESSE JAMES!**

THAT NIGHT...

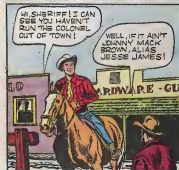
BROWN'S AN HONEST MAN, SHERIFF! BUT MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! MAYBE THE COLONEL COULDN'T SNAP HIM OUTA TH' JESSE JAMES SPELL!

HUH, HE TOLD ME HIS BROTHER **FRANK** WAS OUTSIDE!

HE EVEN MENTIONED **BLOODY BILL ANDERSON!**

HE TRD A STEER TO TH' TRACKS, JUST LIKE JESSE DID IN 'SIXTY-FIVE!

THEN WE ALL AGREE THAT SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!



THAT NIGHT...

DOG-GONE IF I CAN UNDERSTAND IT! WHAT DIRTY WORK IS THE SHERIFF UP TO, ANYHOW?

PSST!

DON'T WORRY, BARDNER! I AIN'T NEVER LET A PAL DOWN! I RODE WITH TH' REAL JESSE JAMES AN' SEEN' AS HOW YOU THINK YOU'RE JESSE, I'M ON YOUR SIDE!

I DON'T SAVVY—

AFTER MULE BEARDSLEY RELATES THE HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST TWO WEEKS...

— AN' SO PLUMB NEAR EVERYBODY IN TOWN THINKS YOU'RE A ROBIN HOOD HERO 'CAUSE YOU ONLY ROB TH' RICH!

HMM, THANKS! THINGS'RE BEGINNIN' TO CLEAR UP!

SPECIALLY WHEN YOU SAY THE SHERIFF AND THE COLONEL ARE BOSOM PALS! IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE CLIMBED OUT ON A LIMB AND SAWED IT FROM UNDER ME!

WHAT'S THAT MUMBLIN' I HEAR?

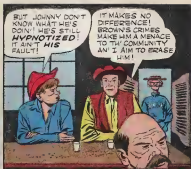
JUST TALKIN' TO MYSELF TO MYSELF SHERIFF! BY THE WAY, WHEN'S MY TRIAL?

YOU'LL NEVER GET TO TRIAL! YOU'RE GONNA DIE WITH FOLKS THINKIN' YOU DID TH' HOLDUPS UNDER TH' DELUSION YOU WERE JESSE JAMES!

SO THAT'S IT, HUH?

YOU GRESSED IT! AN' I'M WITHIN MY LEGAL RIGHTS T' KILL YOU IF—





NO, IT'S THE COLONEL!
SLIM FORD SENT ME
TO STAND BY!

AFRAID I'LL
TALK, HUH?...
DONT WORRY
'BOUT ME... I
WONT TALK... I
GO FIND TH'
DOG!

BUT WITH YOU...
OUTA TH' WAY...
NOBODY CAN SAVE
... BROWN'S SKIN!

BLAM

UH-OH, WE'RE
TOO LATE!

WH, HE
PLUGGED
TH' COLONEL
IN TH' BACK!

AND THE
EXERTION
FINISHED HIM!

YOUR FOREMAN AN'
MEN'RE WAITIN' AT
TH' WAGON, J-JESSE!
AN' SLIM FORD'S
COMIN' HERE!

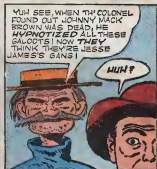
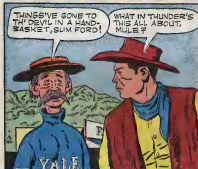
WITH THE COLONEL AND THE
SHERIFF BOTH DEAD, IT'S
GON' TO BE HARD TO CLEAR
MYSELF AND PROVE I'M NOT
IN A TRANCE! I'LL NEED HELP
FROM YOU AND THE KID!

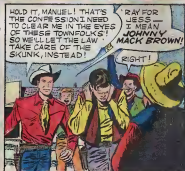
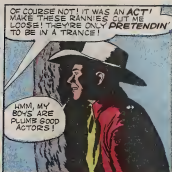
PRESENTLY...

I HEARD
A SHOT!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

SOMEBODY DRY-
GULCHED JOHNNY MACK
BROWN! UH, TH'
COLONEL WANTS TO
SEE YOU IN HIS
MEDICINE SHOW
WAGON!

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES...









IF I DON'T WORK FAST, THE POOR DEVIL WILL BE SMOTHERED!



WHEW! THAT'S A RELIEF! YOU'RE ALIVE! CAN YOU BREATHE OKAY?

Y-YES...THANKS... BUT MY LEG... PLEASE FINISH DIGGING ME OUT, MISTER!



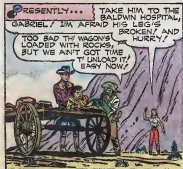
CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED?

THERE WAS A PREMATURE EXPLOSION UP ABOVE... I WAS WORKING BELOW... SAND AND SHALE CARRIED ME AWAY!



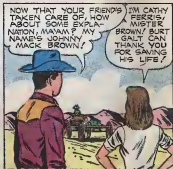
OH, THANK GOODNESS! YOU'RE ALIVE, BURT!

LEAVE US LEND A HAND, STRANGER! IT'S A MIRACLE MISTER GALT WASN'T KILLED!



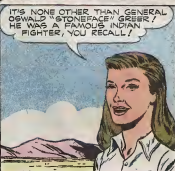
PRESENTLY... TAKE HIM TO THE BALDWIN HOSPITAL, GABRIEL! I'M AFRAID HIS LEG'S BROKEN! AND HURRY!

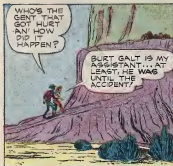
TOO BAD TH' WAGON'S LOADED WITH ROCKS, BUT WE AIN'T GOT TIME T' UNLOAD IT, EASY NOW!



NOW THAT YOUR FRIEND'S TAKEN CARE OF, HOW ABOUT SOME EXPLANATION, MAY'AM? MY NAME'S JOHNNY MACK BROWN!

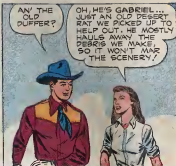
I'M CATHY FERRIS, MISTER BROWN! BURT GALT CAN THANK YOU FOR SAVING HIS LIFE!





WHO'S THE GENT THAT GOT HURT - AN' HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

BURT GALT IS MY ASSISTANT... AT LEAST, HE WAS UNTIL THE ACCIDENT!



AN' THE OLD DUFFER?

OH, HE'S GABRIEL... JUST AN OLD DESERT RAT WE PICKED UP TO HELP OUT. HE MOSTLY HAULS AWAY THE DEBRIS WE MAKE, SO IT WON'T MAR THE SCENERY!

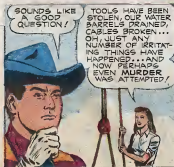


ACTUALLY, I DON'T KNOW HOW THE EXPLOSION WENT OFF SO EARLY. WE PLANNED TO BLAST LATER TODAY TO MAKE THE BASE OF THE MONUMENT PERPENDICULAR!



MAYBE IT WAS DELIBERATELY TOUCHED OFF!

FRANKLY, I'M FRIGHTENED, JOHNNY. SOMEBODY'S BEEN HAMPERING OUR OPERATIONS FOR WEEKS. BUT WHY?



SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD QUESTION!

TOOLS HAVE BEEN STOLEN, OUR WATER BARRELS DRAINED, CABLES BROKEN... OH, JUST ANY NUMBER OF IRRITATING THINGS HAVE HAPPENED... AND NOW PERHAPS EVEN MURDER WAS ATTEMPTED!



WELL, TO PLEASANTER SUBJECTS! WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE UP WITH ME AND SEE OLD STONEFACE CLOSE?

YOU BET! AND MAYBE WE MIGHT EVEN FIND A CLUE AS TO WHO'S CAUSIN' ALL THE TROUBLE!



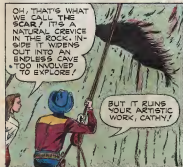
HOPE YOU DON'T GET DIZZY FROM EXTREME HEIGHTS, JOHNNY!

NOT ME, CATHY! BUT I CAN'T HELP WONDERIN' WHAT'D HAPPEN IF SOMEBODY CUT THESE ROPES! WHEW!



DON'T EVEN THINK OF IT! WE'RE HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE THE VALLEY!

HEY, WHAT'S THAT UP ABOVE?



OH, THAT'S WHAT WE CALL THE SCAR! IT'S A NATURAL CREVICE IN THE ROCK. INSIDE IT WIDENS OUT INTO AN ENDLESS CAVE TOO INVOLVED TO EXPLORE!

BUT IT RUINS YOUR ARTISTIC WORK, CATHY!



I KNOW, BUT NEXT WEEK IT WILL BE ELIMINATED. I PLAN TO FILL THE CREVICE WITH CEMENT!

I RECKON OLD STONEFACE WOULD TURN OVER IN HIS GRAVE IF YOU LEFT HIM SCARR'D!



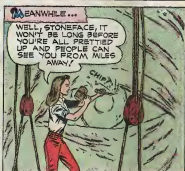
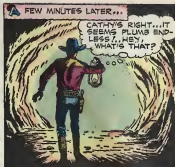
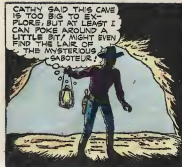
I THINK I'LL HAVE A LOOKSEE INSIDE THAT CAVE WHILE YOU'RE UP ABOVE, CATHY!

OKAY, I WORK BETTER ALONE, ANYWAY. I'VE GOT SOME DELICATE DETAIL WORK TO DO ON THE EYE!

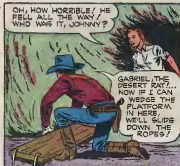


SO-LONG, AN' DON'T GIVE STONEFACE A BLACK EYE!

DON'T WORRY, JOHNNY! YOU'LL FIND A LANTERN INSIDE IF YOU MUST BROWSE!







OH, HOW HORRIBLE! HE
FELL ALL THE WAY!
WHO WAS IT, JOHNNY?

GABRIEL, THE
DESERT RAT!...
NOW IF I CAN
WEDGE THE
PLATFORM
IN HERE,
WE'LL SLIDE
DOWN THE
ROPE!



IT'S SIMPLE!
I FOUND
EVIDENCE OF
ILLEGAL MINE
OPERATIONS
INSIDE THE
"SCAR"!

BUT WHY SHOULD
GABRIEL TRY TO
KILL US, JOHNNY?
WE'VE BEEN GOOD
TO HIM!

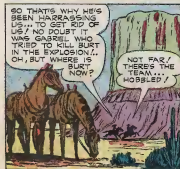


GABRIEL HAD BEEN
SECRETLY DIGGIN'
GOLD OUT OF THE
CAVE...WHICH
HAPPENS TO BE
ON GOVERNMENT
PROPERTY!

HMM, BEFORE I
STARTED MY
WORK HERE,
HUH?



YEP, AN' MAYBE AFTERWARDS,
TOO! BUT HE MUST'VE GOT
MIGHTY DESPERATE WHEN
YOU DECIDED TO SEAL UP
THE SCAR! THAT
WOULD'VE SEALED
OFF HIS GOLD
STRIKE!



SO THAT'S WHY HE'S
BEEN HARRASSING
US... TO GET RID OF
US! NO DOUBT IT
WAS GABRIEL WHO
TRIED TO KILL BURT
IN THE EXPLOSION!..
OH, BUT WHERE IS
BURT NOW?

NOT FAR!
THERE'S THE
TEAM...
HOBBLED!



AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! GABRIEL
THREATENED TO KILL ME AFTER
FIXING YOU TWO! THERE'S A FOOT
TRAIL LEADING TO THE TOP, ON
THIS SIDE
OF THE
BUTTE!

WELL, WE WON'T BE
TROUBLED BY GABRIEL
ANY MORE!

Too WELL PLANNED

Copyright, 1937, by
Western Printing & Litho. Co.



Howard Wilson's steel-gray eyes were tinged with angry red as he glared, through rimless spectacles, at the pale-faced, tight-lipped young man standing by the rolltop desk. "Not a dime, Joe!" he rasped. "Not a single, solitary dime!" He drove each word home with a bang on the open ledger.

Joe Pratt flicked his tongue over dry, pale lips. "But, Uncle Howard, if I don't get the money by tomorrow night, Monte Leeds'll . . ." he gulped convulsively, "he'll kill me."

A suggestion of a malicious smile played fleetingly about the lips of the older man. "What's so bad about that?" he asked rhetorically. "Alive, you're no good to anybody, not even yourself."

The muscles tensed along Joe's stubbled jaw. His hands curled into fists, but remained at his sides. He swallowed a couple of times, opened his mouth and closed it again.

The malicious smile appeared openly on Howard Wilson's lips. For a long moment, he stared into Joe's white face. "Don't get any notions about killing me," he said, "because it'll do you no good—you won't get a red cent! I've made sure of that!"

"You . . . you cut me out of your will?" Joe struggled to push the words through clenched teeth.

His uncle nodded. Then he made a gesture of dismissal. "Run along, Joe. I've got work to do."

"Yeah," Joe snarled, unable to contain his fury any longer. "You've got work to do all right, you old skinflint! You've got to figure out how to cheat more widows and orphans . . . how to put the squeeze on your neighbors, so

you can collect a lot more filthy cash to stick away in the bank."

Wilson purpled with rage, and pushed himself to his feet. "You blasted ingrate!" he roared. "You spineless, no-good tinhorn! Get out of here before I . . . before I . . ." Choked with rage, he was unable to finish.

Joe shrugged, turned on his heel, and stalked from the room. As he slammed the front door behind him, he did an odd thing—he smiled broadly. The jibe about his uncle's sticking cash away in the bank had accomplished its purpose. It had told him where Wilson's cash WAS kept. For, in a split second, before giving way to his rage, Wilson had darted a glance at the three-shelf, glass-fronted bookcase standing against an inner wall of the room.

Early that evening, Joe returned to his uncle's home. It was a natural thing to do; he lived there. However, it was not natural for him to drift through the shadows and come up to the house from the north—the side nearest the cottonwood grove—instead of entering the front door. Nor was it natural for him to be wearing a sheathed knife at his belt.

Two windows broke the north wall of the house. One of them opened into Wilson's bedroom; the other, lighted and ajar about a foot, gave into the living room. It was toward the latter window that Joe tiptoed stealthily.

He was not prepared for the sight that met his eyes. He had expected to find his uncle reading, or dazing before the fire, and had planned accordingly. However, as he peered through the window, he changed his plans.

Far the glass-fronted bookcase was open and so were the shelves of books it contained. The door of a small safe built into the wall behind the bookcase was open, too. Howard Wilson, his back to the north window, was sitting on a footstool before the open safe, counting silver coins as he dribbled them from a moneybag into an iron strongbox.

Joe grinned. Now he knew why Old Man Hacker had driven up that noon, as he was leaving. He had forgotten about his uncle giving Hacker until sundown to pay up his mortgage.

"Lucky I waited," Joe thought. "If I'd pulled the job last night, like I first planned, I wouldn't have gotten that extra three thousand."

He snuck his gloves, slipped the razor-sharp knife from its sheath, took careful aim and hurled it, straight and true, at his uncle's back.

Wilson gave a little moon, shuddered, and slid from the footstool.

Closing his lips against an exultant cry, Joe slipped his gloves back on. Then he pushed the window full open and vaulted through it.

It took him less than fifteen minutes to clean out the safe, carry its contents out the back door, and dump them into the old, abandoned well behind the barn. He covered them with half a dozen large rocks and a sprinkling of earth. When the last moneybag was hidden, he returned to the living room and the north window. Here, he pressed his gloved fingers on the sill—in the position a man vaulting out of the room would press his. Then he buried the gloves under the woodpile and went back into the house, locking the

back door behind him. Five minutes later, he was undressed and in bed.

Shortly before midnight, Joe got up and walked into the living room. Everything was exactly as he had left it. He went into his act just as he had rehearsed it in his mind. First, he yelled, "Help! Murder!" Then he unlocked the front door and raced down the street toward the sheriff's office, still yelling at the top of his lungs.

It was mid-morning. Joe was in the kitchen, eating a delayed breakfast, when Sheriff Tom Morris and his young deputy, Bill Richards, came in.

"Well, Sheriff," Joe said, "what do you think?"

The sheriff's face was stern. "I think YOU killed your uncle, Joe, and tried to fix things so we'd think an outsider did it!"

"ME?" Joe exclaimed, his mind racing. "I was asleep!"

"We've got no proof of that," the sheriff replied.

Joe nodded. "I realize that, but you saw the crook's prints on the window-sill where he took hold to climb out."

"Yes, those prints," the sheriff said, "they help clinch the case against you, Joe."

"But...but...I don't understand," Joe stammered.

"Okay." Bill looked at Joe, as the sheriff reached for his handcuffs. "You see, Joe, those prints were too good... too clearly outlined... too carefully placed. An outsider would have been in such a hurry to get away, he wouldn't have taken time to do such a neat job! But most important of all, you neglected to wipe your FINGER-PRINTS from the handle of the knife."

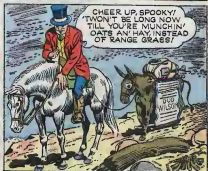


TALKIN' SHADOWS

HEE-HAWWWW!

TAKE IT EASY, SPEEDY!
WE CAN'T GO PERAMBULATIN' ALONG THE PUBLIC HIGHWAY WITHOUT OUR ADVERTISIN'!

ONE MORNING ON THE EDGE OF THE GOLD COUNTRY...



CHEER UP, SPOOKY!
'TWOON'T BE LONG NOW
TILL YOU'RE MUNCHIN'
OATS AN' HAY, INSTEAD
OF RANGE GRASS!



THAT IS, IF THE FOLKS
IN ELKHORN HAVEN'T
LINED THEIR POCKETS
WITH FISHHOOKS SINCE
WE WERE THERE LAST
YEAR!



SAY! BANG!
THOSE WERE
GUNSHOTS!

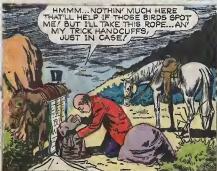
BANG!



LET'S LIGHT A SHUCK,
BOYS! WE DON'T WANT
TO GET MIXED UP IN
ANY SHOOTIN' FRACAS!







TOWARD SUNDOWN...

CAMPFIRE SMOKE! I'LL
LEAVE YOU HERE, SPOOKY,
AN' DO MY ADVANCE
SCOUTIN' ON FOOT!



IT'S THEM! IF I
COULD SHOOT GOOD
ENOUGH... GOSH, MAYBE I
CAN TAKE 'EM, BUT NOT
TILL IT'S A MITE DARKER!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

WE MIGHT AS WELL
TURN IN, BALDY, SO
WE CAN GET AN EARLY
START IN THE MORNIN'!

YEAH - IF THE
LAW AINT CAUGHT
UP WITH US BY
THAT TIME!



QUICKLY, DUB THROWS HIS VOICE
ACROSS THE CLEARING...

IT'S CAUGHT UP WITH YOU -
NOW! REACH, YOU POLECATS!

WHAT THE...?



AND THEN TEN FEET OR SO TO HIS
RIGHT...

THROW DOWN THOSE
GUNS! YOU'RE SURROUNDED!
GET THOSE SHOOTIN'
IRONS, WILSON!



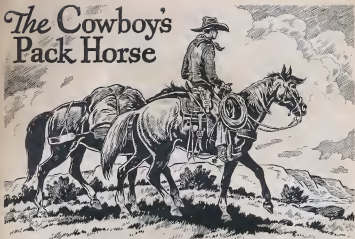
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

RECKON THEY'LL CALL ME
'DAREDEVIL' WILSON AFTER
THIS! TISN'T EVERYBODY
CAN NAB TWO KILLERS -
JUST BY USIN' VENTRILLOQUISM!





The Cowboy's Pack Horse

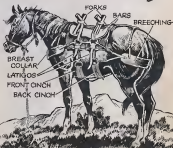


PACK HORSES AND MULES ARE STILL USED EXTENSIVELY IN MANY PARTS OF THE WEST. MOST COWBOYS WHO LIVE AND WORK IN THE MORE REMOTE SECTIONS WHERE THERE ARE FEW ROADS, OWN AN EXTRA HORSE WHICH THEY USE TO CARRY THEIR BEDS AND EXTRA EQUIPMENT WHEN THEY ARE DRIFTING FROM ONE OUTFIT TO ANOTHER. MANY OF THE LARGE RANCHES USE PACK HORSES WHEN WORKING IN COUNTRY TOO ROUGH FOR A CHUCK WAGON TO GET OVER. THESE ARE KNOWN AS "GREASY BACK OUTFITS" BECAUSE THEY CARRY COFFEE, SUGAR, FLOUR, SALT AND SUCH SUPPLIES IN PARAFFINED SACKS SO THEY WILL NOT BECOME WET IN RAINY WEATHER. PACK STOCK IS ALSO USED TO CARRY SALT TO THE SALT-FLATS AND FENCE POSTS AND SPOOLS OF BARBED WIRE INTO ROUGH COUNTRY. THERE ARE MANY FREIGHT OUTFITS USING PACK ANIMALS TO CARRY SUPPLIES INTO MINES AND RESORTS THAT CAN'T BE REACHED

BY ROADS. A GREAT MANY PACK HORSES AND MULES ARE USED BY OUTFITTERS AND GUIDES WHO TAKE HUNTING, FISHING, AND SIGHT-SEEING PARTIES INTO THE

"BACK-COUNTRY" AREAS WHICH CANNOT BE REACHED BY AUTOMOBILES. THERE ARE MANY HITCHES USED IN TYING ON A PACK--THE DIAMOND, WEB-DIAMOND, THE SQUAW-HITCH, BARREL-HITCH, LUMBER-HITCH AND MANY OTHERS. THE DIAMOND IS THE MOST WIDELY USED AND PROBABLY THE MOST PRACTICAL. IT IS SO CALLED BECAUSE WHEN TIED IT FORMS AN ALMOST PERFECT DIAMOND ON TOP OF THE PACK.

Detail of packsaddle and rigging



Building
Fence Posts



