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Johnny Mack Brown

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COWBOY'S HORSE

with the best of them



The story of the development of the famed American cowhorse is as fascinating as the story of the development of the West itself.

It begins with the importation of ponies by early Spanish explorers who used them in their treks over the new continent. Comfortable to ride,

in the conformation of the mustang came about. In the cattle lands of the northwest, eastern settlers, who believed that "only a big horse is a tough horse," crossed their heavy draft horses with the native, runty mustangs. Though gains in size were made, corresponding losses in en-



but lacking in endurance and toughness, these ponies were short-backed and small and had firmly jointed legs.

The American descendants of these horses, lost or abandoned by the Spaniards, shed soft flesh for bony sinews and beauty for bony angles until they became the ugly, tough little mustangs on whose backs the West was built.

During the last two decades of the nineteenth century, further changes



durance, agility, and "cow-sense" followed.

In the Southwest, whence the mustang had sprung, better progress was made in improving the breed. There, the colonial-bred "short horse" was crossed with the mustang. From this union came a horse with speed, weight, intelligence, endurance, and with a short, sturdy, good-looking conformation. Thus, the "Quarter horse," considered the greatest cowhorse ever developed, came about.



WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO, NOW! JUST RELAX! I...



MUST BE TH' SAME BUSTLEZ I WAS TRAILIN' WHO KNOCKED ME OUTA MY SADDLE W'YH RIVER!

UH-OH! I'D BETTER LAY OFF! THAT SHERIFFSINGER CAN OUTSHOOT ME! I'LL SHOOT OUT TO BOYLAN'S SO I CAN GET ALIVE ON THE CROSSER. ANY REPORT TO JEFF BAXTER?



LOOKS LIKE WHOEVER IT WAS POTSHOOTING US TAILED OUT! NOW TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF!

MY NAME IS TIM BOYLAN! EVER SINCE MY SISTER AND I INHERITED THE CIRCLE-B, MUSTERS HAVE SPOTS ME BLIND! I SHOULD STUCK TO FERRIN'— THAT'S MY BUSINESS!



MIGHTY NICE BRAZIN' LAND! ... UM, WHO'S BEHIND THE CATTLE STRAIN, TIM?

WELL, I AIN'T TH' ONLY VICTIM! MOST FOLKS SUSPECT JEFF 'E-SHOOT' BAXTER, A NO-ACCOUNT GUNMAN IN MOCCASIN! — ONLY NOBODY CAN PROVE IT!



WHEN I CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER IN THE FACE OF MY LOSSES! BESIDES, MY SISTER'S AGITATIN' FOR ME TO SELL OUT AN' SO FAST!



YOU SEE, BETH MATE'S RANCHIN'! SHE'S LOCATED A NICE PIECE OF FARM LAND IN KANGAS! RECKON I'LL BUY IT TOO, SOON'S I ONLOAD TH' CIRCLE-B!

WHY, I'VE GOT FIVE THOUSAND IN CASH! IT'S WELLS BARGE REMIAD MONEY FOR ROUNDIN' UP A STAGE-ROBBING GANG.



FOR TWO CENTS, I'D BUY YOUR RANCH RIGHT IT OUT WITH THE MUSTERS, AND GIVE THE BOPES-10 TO MY YOUNG NEPHEW WHO'S GETTIN' HARRIED!

GARDNER, HERE'S TWO CENTS! IT'S I OCALL!





FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN, TIM, IT'S A MIGHTY NICE LITTLE SPREAD!

IT IS! IF IT WEREN'T FOR TH' BLASTED RUSTLER, I WOULDN'T THINK OF SELLIN' SO CHEAP!

OH-DEE! IT SURE SOUNDS LIKE TIM BOYLAN'S GOT HIMSELF A BUYER! JEFF BAXTER AIN'T JONNA LIKE THIS! WONDER WHO TH' PURSIN' IS?



THREE-FOUR-FIVE THOUSAND! THE BULLS ARE A LITTLE WATER-SOAKED FROM OUR SWIM, BUT IT'S STILL MONEY!



I'LL MOBBY INTO TOWN AN' DEPOSIT TH' MONEY IN TH' BANK FOR SAFE-KEEPIN', JOHNNY!

FAIR ENOUGH, TIM! YOU MIGHT ASK THE TOWN CLERK TO MAKE OUT A BILL OF SALE. ALL LEGAL-LIKE WHILE YOU'RE THERE!



I WILL, WHILE I'M IN MOOGASIN! I'VE GOTTA MEET MY SISTER! SHE'S COMIN' IN ON TH' AFTER-NOON STAGE TO HELP ME SELL TH' RANCH! I SHELL HAVE TO SIGN IT, TOO!

RECKON SHE'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR THE GOOD NEWS, TIM!



IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL SCOUT YOUR RANGE AND SEE IF I CAN PICK UP ANY SIGN OF THE RUSTLERS WHO'VE BEEN PESTERIN' YOU!

NA HAI! I'LL GET MY POKE! THEY'LL HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL WHEN YOU TAKE THEIR TRAIL, JOHNNY MACK BROWN!

SOON AFTERWARD, SLIM REPORTS TO JEFF "BIGFOOT" BAXTER IN THE RUSTLEBEE'S HIDE-OUT... AN ABANDONED LUMBER MILL...



SO JOHNNY MACK BROWN BOUGHT TH' CIRCLE-B, EN, SLIM? WELL, TH' SALE WONT BE RECORDED IF TIM BOYLAN NEVER REACHES TOWN WITH TH' MONEY... AN' IF BROWN DONT LIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT!

SLIM, TAKE TWO MEN AN COME TH' RANGE FOR 'BROWN... AN' DONT TAKE 'IM ALIVE! TEX AN' HE'LL INTERCEPT BOYLAN ON TH' WAY TO TOWN!



LATER, ON THE TRAIL TO MOCCASIN...

YES EN HOSS, SE'LL BE MIGHTY HAPPY TO LEARN WE GOT US A BUYER FOR TH' CIRCLE-B!



PUT TH' GUN AWAY TEX, I'LL HANDLE TIM BOYLAN ALONE!

OKAY BAXTER, I'LL STAY HERE AN' BACK YOUR PLAY!





MEANWHILE, IN A BOX CANYON ON THE
CIRCLE-S RANCH...

UHM, NOT BAD STOCK,
SH, REBEL? LOOKS
LIKE I MADE A FAIR-
TO-MIDDLIN' BUY!



WA-OH! SOMEBODY'S THROWIN'
LEAD AT US! EASY, BOY!



THERE HE GOES
BEHIND TH' ROCK!
WE'LL CIRCLE
'ROUND AN' FINISH
IM' OFF, MEN!

HE WON'T
GET AWAY,
SUN!



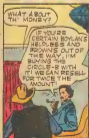
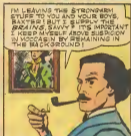
HA, THE SHOTS
STAMPED THE
STEERS! RUN!
YOU WALL-EYED
BRUTES!



STAMPEDE!
LET'S GET OUT
O' HERE! THIS
CANYON'S LIKE
A FUNNEL!

HEY-YAH, DOGIES CHASE
THE VARMINTS OUT!
HEY-YAH!





PRESENTLY...

I DON'T KNOW WHY TIM WASN'T THERE TO MEET ME! IT WAS ABOUT KIND OF YOU TO OFFER TO DRIVE ME TO THE CIRCLE-S!

OH, HE'S PROBABLY CHASING RUSTLERS, NEAR! THEY'RE RUNNING RAMPANT OVER THE RANGE. I'M GOING TO SAY!

THAT'S WHY I HOPE YOU WILL ACCEPT MY OFFER! FIVE THOUSAND IS A GOOD PRICE FOR A SMALL SPREAD IN THESE TROUBLED DAYS!

I'D PROBABLY WILLING! OF COURSE, TIM WILL HAVE TO AGREE! BUT I'M SURE HE WILL... THAT'S THE VERY SUM HE WANTS!



IN THAT CASE, I'M GLAD I BROUGHT THE CASH WITH ME! I'M LEAVING TONIGHT EVENING, SO PERHAPS WE CAN CONCLUDE THE DEAL RIGHT NOW!

BUT WHAT IF MY BROTHER ISN'T HOME?

IF YOU'LL JUST SIGN THIS BILL OF SALE NOW, YOUR BROTHER CAN SIGN AT HIS OWN CONVENIENCE!



I DO HOPE TIM'LL REALIZE HOW LUCKY WE ARE! NOW WE CAN BUY THAT FARM IN KANSAS!

AH, YES, INDEED! TWO-THREE-FOUR-FIVE THOUSAND!

I BID YOU GOOD-DAY, MISS ROYLAN! SOON I SHALL BE SAYING GOOD-BYE, AS YOU LEAVE FOR THAT COZY LITTLE FARM IN KANSAS! RIGHT?

OH, HONORED YOU SHALL! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING MERTHEMPL!





WELL, WONDER WHO THAT HORSE LEVIN' THE SANC'H IS, DEBEL'?



DECKON TIM BOYLAN'S ALREADY FETCHED HIS SISTER FROM TOWN!



OH! I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY BROTHER!

I'M JONNY MACK BROWN, A FRIEND OF TIM'S, MISS BOYLAN! DIDN'T TIM MEET YOU AT THE STAGE?



NO, AND I'M SO ANXIOUS TO TELL HIM THE GOOD NEWS! I JUST SOLD THE DANC'H TO MISTER TEMPLE, THE LAND AGENT IN MOCCASIN!

YOU WHAT?



YOU'RE SURPRISED! IT IS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, ISN'T IT? BUT HERE'S THE MONEY— FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

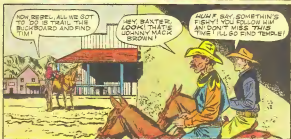
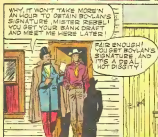
LET ME SEE THOSE BILLS!



I THOUGHT SO! WATERMARKED! THIS IS MY MONEY— OR RATHER, MONEY I GAVE YOUR BROTHER FOR THE ORCLE-S!

YOU? BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHERE IS MY BROTHER?





PARDON ME FOR USIN' YOUR NAME, REBEL, BUT SOMETIMES IT TAKES **HORSE SENSE** TO BEAT A POLKAT LIKE **TEMPLE**!



WONDER WHERE THAT SLIPPERY BROWN'S HEADED? BAXTER'LL BE MIGHTY RILED IF I LET 'M OUT-FOX ME AGAIN!



I THINK **TEMPLE'S** HEADED FOR THE **HIDE-OUT**, BAXTER! WE SOLD THE **CIRCLE-B** TO A **YOUNG STRANGER**! BUT HE NEEDS **BOYLAN'S** SIGNATURE!

A **STRANGER**, HUH? TH' BOSS HAS BEEN **HOONSHOGGLED** BY **JOHNNY RACK BROWN**!



LET'S GO, HOSS! WE'RE TAKIN' TH' **SHORT** OUT TO TH' **HIDE-OUT**! GOTTA STOP **TEMPLE** FROM LETTIN' **BROWN** GET TH' **DEADWOOD** ON 'M!



MEANWHILE ...

WAGON, ONE OF **TEMPLE'S** SUMNER IS WISE TO ME! WE'LL ELIMINATE THAT **JASSER** RIGHT HERE AND NOW!





WELL, TEMPLE'S TRAIL LEADS TO AN OLD, ABANDONED LUMBER MILL... IN FACT, THERE HE IS OVER YONDER!



HA, I GOT HERE IN TIME... HEY, TEMPLE! IT'S ME, BAXTER!



WHAT'S UP, BAXTER?

PLENTY! GET INSIDE, FRONT!



SOMETHIN' TELLS ME THAT SOME HIGHBALLS IT HERE TO WARN TEMPLE ABOUT ME! ANYWAY, I'M PLUMB SURE TIM BOYLAN'S IN THE SHACK!

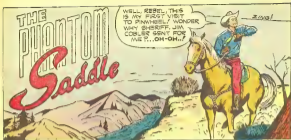


THE PROBLEM IS - HOW'M I GON' TO GET HIM OUT SAFELY?













WELL, JIM,
WHY'D YOU
SEND FOR
ME?

THE FUNNY PART,
JOHNNY, IS THAT I
WANTED YOUR HELP
IN TRACKIN' DOWN
SADDLE DRAGO!



SO THAT'S
WHY HE
TRIED TO
SHOOT ME!

BUT IT BEATS ME HOW
HE KNEW YOU WERE
COMIN' OUTSIDE OF
ANY DEPUTIES. I
AIN'T TOLD ANY-
BODY... EXCEPT
BARLOW, THE
SALOON-
KEEPER!



HMM, AN' IT'S
A CINCH NO-
BODY KNOWS
ME BY SIGHT
HEREABOUTS
... EXCEPT
YOU AN'
DRAGO
HIMSELF!

THAT'S JUST WHY
I SENT FOR YOU,
JOHNNY / NO-
BODY BUT
YOU CAN
IDENTIFY THE
POLECAT
WITHOUT
HIS MASK!



WHEN I KNEW
DRAGO IN THE
PRAIRIE,
HE ALWAYS
PLAYED A
LONE HAND!

NEEDES GO, BUT HE
HAD A PARTNER
WHEN HE HELP' UP
THE PINWHEEL
FREIGHT OFFICE,
BUT NOBODY GOT
A CLOSE LOOK
AT HIS PAL!



IN THAT CASE, I'LL
HAVE A LITTLE TALK
WITH BARLOW AT THE
SALOON / IF DRAGO'S
GOT PALS, WE WANT
'EM ALL!

HI, TONY,
CLIMB
DOWN!



THIS HERE IS MY
FIRST DEPUTY,
TONY POSSE /
SHAKE HANDS
WITH JOHNNY
MACK BROWN!

I'M MIGHTY PROUD
TO KNOW YOU,
JOHNNY / YOU'RE
JUST IN TIME TO
JOIN A POSSE!





DRAGO LOVES THAT SADDLE LIKE A HARE LOVES HER COLT! NOW THAT IT SERVED ITS PURPOSE N MAKIN' FOLKS THINK HE'S DEAD, HE WANTS IT BACK!

DON'T BE TOO SURE IT WAS DRAGO, JOHNNY! THE SADDLE'S VALUABLE TO ANYBODY!

EACH ONE TAKE A DIFFERENT DIRECTION! ONE OF US MIGHT OVERTAKE HIM!

OKAY, BILL HEAD WEST!

I'LL TAKE THE EAST TRAIL!

AS DUSK FALLS, AN HOUR LATER...

WE NEVER SAW HIM NOR HAD OF THE SADDLE THRF, REBEL! MIGHT AS WELL CUT ACROSS TO THE EAST TRAIL AN' SEE HOW TOMMY'S DOIN'!

MEANWHILE, AT THE PINWHEEL BANK...

BOOM!

BOUNDED LIKE SOMEBODY BLEW TH' SAFE IN TH' BANK!

HEY, LOOK... IN TH' ALLEY!

LET'S GO, HOSS! WE'RE GONNA HEAD RIGHT THROUGH TOWN!





BLAST YOU, BROWN! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' ON THIS TRAIL?

LOOKIN' FOR YOU, TONY BOSSA! BUT I DON'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU POSIN' AS SADDLE DRAGO!



WHERE IS YOUR PAL, DRAGO!

DEAD! AFTER HE SWIPED HIS PRATTED SADDLE, I OVERTOOK HIM ON TH' TRAIL AN' SLUNG 'IM DOWN! HE'S BURIED IN TH' GULLY!



HUH, SOME PAL HE WAS! ALWAYS MADE ME DO TH' DIRTY WORK! HE EVEN REFUSED T' ANTE UP MY SPLIT FROM TH' FREIGHT OFFICE HOLDUP!..



BUT WHEN TH' DOUBLE-CROSSIN' SCUNK TRIED T' PULL ME OUTSIDE TH' SALOON TODAY, I KNEW HE WANTED ME OUT O' TH' WAY!

AND THAT'S WHEN YOU HIT UPON THIS CLEVER IDEA, HUHT?



YOU KNEW I THOUGHT DRAGO WAS ALIVE! SO YOU FIGURED YOU COULD CONTINUE YOUR ROBBERIES, AFTER KILLIN' DRAGO, AN' I'D SUSPECT HIM!

THAT'S ABOUT TH' SIZE OF IT!



LATER...

WHEN DID YOU FIRST SUSPECT MY DEPUTY WAS DRAGO'S PARTNER-IN-CRIME, JOHNNY?

WHEN DRAGO TRIED T' KILL TONY INSTEAD OF ME IN TOWN! YOU SEE, ONLY DRAGO'S PARTNER-IN-CRIME WAS MORE DANGEROUS TO HIM THAN I! HE KNEW DRAGO'S SECRET! I ONLY SUSPECTED IT!



Whipping the sheet away with a flourish, John shook the hair out onto the floor and then turned back to his customer. "Just a few more snips, Lafe, and that haircut will make you look like a real city dude!"

The sunburned man in the barber's chair scratched the back of his neck. "Sure feels good, John. Almost like takin' a bath."

"Reckon it's been a good two months since you were in here last. Grows mighty fast." John replaced the sheet and stood back to admire his work. "Any luck this time, Lafe?"

"Nape."

"Well, maybe next time."

Lafe started as the barber began clipping off the final stray hairs. "NEXT TIME—that's all you hear around here—NEXT TIME!" He stared into the mirror on the wall. "There's no 'next time' for me, John. I'm quittin'!"

"Quittin'?" John stopped for a moment, looking at Lafe in the mirror. "Now you're talkin' sense, Mister! I've seen 'em come and go for fourteen years, Lafe, and they all die out there in the mountains sooner or later. Like you say, it's 'next time,' month after month, year after year. Sure glad I never got the gold bug!"

Returning to his work, the barber nodded again. "Yessir, you're smart, Lafe. Any idea what you're going to do?"

"Head back east, and live like a civilized man again. I'm not worried about gettin' a job. I just want to forget this gold fever and shake this dust off, for good!"

John started to reply, then looked up as the cowbell on the door jangled nois-

ily. "Hi Howard!" he yelled, as a bearded old man came through the door.

"Have a seat, Howard. Be right with you, as soon as I finish up here and give Lafe a shave."

The newcomer nodded, greeted Lafe and then walked up to the pair. "Heard the news?"

John and Lafe both looked up. "No, what news?" John asked.

The old man waited, savoring the attention. Then, he practically yelled it. "Mike Lawther," he shouted, "has been murdered!"

"MURDERED?" John almost dropped his scissors. "But, Mike was the nicest fella in these parts—he wouldn't even chase a bedbug out of his shack. Why would anyone murder Mike?"

Seating himself carefully, the old man shook his head. "Hard to believe. But some sneakin' skunk dry-gulched him for the little bit of gold dust he'd saved up through the years!"

"Fourteen years, I know of!" John muttered. "Probably more. Poor ol' Mike, he was the best—"

Lafe leaned forward to interrupt. "They get the hombre who killed him?"

"No," the old man growled. "And I don't reckon they ever will. Sheriff said it was probably some saddle bum. Mike must've nursed the coyote while he was sick, too!"

Putting down his scissors and stirring up some lather, John looked up. "You mean someone who stayed with Mike, and ate his food—you mean someone did that and then murdered him?"

"That's what the sheriff figures."

Stretched out for his shave now, Lafe spoke to the ceiling. "How'd the sheriff

know that, Howard?"

"Don't rightly know," the old man said, frowning. "But I did hear him say they found on extra dirty tin cup. And there'd been a sort of bunk made up on the floor."

Shocked by the news, John lathered Lefe's thick stubble silently, while the old man stared at the floor. Then John began shaving.

"Fear Mike," he finally muttered aloud. "Must've been around forty or so and never saw another town but this one. Even then, he only saw it once every couple months."

The old man looked up, "You're wrong, John. Mike wasn't even forty. I bet. Prospectin' just makes you LOOK older. I oughta know!"

John washed off his razor before answering. Then he turned to the old man. "No, Howard. He was over forty, I'm sure of that."

Once again the conversation languished, each man busy with his own thoughts.

"Conson it!" the old man suddenly exclaimed. "Mike COULDN'T have been older than thirty or thirty-five! He was born around here, and I know he just hasn't been prospectin' that long!"

John waited until Lefe's upper lip was finished. Then he turned around. "You're gettin' old, Howard. You forgot how old Mike really was."

The old man snorted disgustedly. "I was here when Mike was born—you wasn't! Reckon I know what I'm talkin' about!"

"And I say you're gettin' old, Howard!" John felt on the defensive. "Mike was forty if he was a day. And your memory must be slippin', Old-timer!"

Howard jumped to his feet, his face tight with rage. "I'm not gettin' old! And I don't have to stay here and let a two-bit barber call me an old-timer!"

Reluctant to loose a paying customer, yet equally reluctant to loose the argument, John waved his razor at Howard. "No cell to get all fussed up. It's not that important. We'll ask Lefe, here."

Lefe raised his head slightly. "John's right, Howard. Mike was forty, all right. At LEAST forty. Had plenty of grey hair, remember?"

"He had black hair," the old man yelled, furious. "But it doesn't make any difference—you're both against me. I'm not goin' to stay and argue with you, and I'm not comin' back here, ever! You hear that, John? JOHN!"

The barber was standing statue-like by the chair, razor in mid-air, staring at Lefe.

"Lefe, you say Mike had grey hair?"

"That's right. Plenty of it, too. Remember? Some black, but mostly grey."

Ignored, the old man started toward the door. But the barber's voice stopped him.

"Howard! Get the sheriff over here!" John moved the razor right up against Lefe's neck, touching the taut skin.

"And don't you move an inch, Lefe—or I'll slit your neck from ear to ear!"

"You gone loco?" the old man yelled, coming back.

"No," John replied evenly. "This dirty polecat murdered Mike! DON'T MOVE, Lefe! I'm warnin' you!"

"You ARE crazy!" Lefe shouted, his face pasty. "Why would I—"

"Shut up!" John said softly.

"YOU were the sick one Mike took in and nursed. And, to pay him back, you murdered him in cold blood—for that tiny little sack of gold dust! Looks like you planned to head back east in style!"

"But, John," the old man broke in. "What makes you think that Lefe was the—"

"Mike was funny about his grey hair," John replied without looking around, still staring into Lefe's bulging eyes. "Sort of ashamed of it, for some reason. And I've been selling him hair dye for years. He got some every other month."

Angrily, the barber moved his razor farther down Lefe's neck.

"Mike must have used up the dye I sold him last time," John explained.

"Guess he planned to sneak into town and buy some more. So you see, Howard, this sidewinder here had to be in the shack to know that Mike had grey hair. No one else knew it!"

Grim-faced, John turned to the old man. "Now, Howard, will you run over and get the sheriff—before this razor slips?"

ONE SPRING DAY IN COMANCHE, TEXAS, IN 1874...

One To Five

A True Story
OF THE

★ TEXAS
RANGERS

PULL UP, MAX!
THIS IS AS FINE
AS YOU GO!

BUT, BOSS? YOU'RE
NOT GONNA GO
AFTER CHARLEY
WESS ALONE,
ARE YOU?

I GURE ANY DONT HE
SWEAR, ONLY YESTERDAY,
HE'D GET ME, SINGLEHANDED?
BESIDES, I'M NOT SCARED OF
ANY SMALL-TOWN DEPUTY
SHERIFF!

I KNOW THAT! BUT
WESS'S PLENTY
FAST ON THE
DRAW!

NOT FAST ENOUGH
TO OUTFORM WESS
HARDY, THOUGH! MAY
HERE, I'LL BE BACK
REAL SOON!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

HOLY SMOKE!
IT'S WESS HARDY!
I'D BETTER T.I.P.
CHARLEY OFF
PRENTLY!

CHARLEY! HARDY'S
PULLIN' UP IN FRONT
OF THE CONCHO
SALOON!

THAT'S
GOOD
NEWS! I'VE
BEEN LOOKIN'
FOR HIM!



HOLD IT, CHARLEY!
HE'S LIABE TO BE
WAITN' OUTSIDE ...
WITH HIS GUN
COCKED!

WAWYBE! BUT SURE
AS SHOOTIN' HE'S
HERE FOR A SHOW-
DOWN WITH ME!

AN' EVEN IF HE IS A KILLER,
HE CAN'T BE LOW ENOUGH
TO FILL HIS HAND BEFORE
WE MEET FACE-TO-FACE!



OUT AS WEBB STEPS INTO THE STREET...

SO YOU WERE GOIN' TO TAKE
ME SINGLEHANDED, EH?

BLAM!
BLAM!



THAT OUGHTA
TEACH EVERY
LAWMAN
IN TEXAS
NOT TO
MESS WITH
WEBB HARDIN!

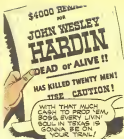


FEW DAYS LATER, AT HARDIN'S HIDE-OUT...

BOSS! MAX IS COMIN' UP TH' TRAIL!
AN' THE WAY HE'S PUSHIN' HE'S
BRONG. THE LAW MUST BE
EATIN' HIS DUST!

WHAT?





CAPTAIN CHARLEY WEBB WAS MY FRIEND / SINCE HIS DEATH, I'VE WORKED TO LOCATE HARDIN / NOW I HAVE / AND I'M GOING AFTER HIM, IF I HAVE TO RESIGN FROM THE RANGERS TO DO IT!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO THAT FAR! I'LL ASSIGN YOU TO THE CASE... ON CONDITION YOU TAKE SOMEBODY WITH YOU!

THANK YOU, SIR / DETECTIVE DUNCAN OF DALLAS HAS ALREADY AGREED TO GO ALONG!



WEEK LATER, IN A LITTLE ALABAMA TOWN...

WEST AIN'T HERE / HE WENT OVER TO PENSACOLA YESTERDAY / HE WON'T BE BACK TILL FRIDAY!

SORRY / MISTER



FRIDAY AFTERNOON...

THERE'S HARDIN IN THE WINDOW OF THE SMOKING CAR!

NOW WHAT DO WE DO?



YOU GRAB HIS ARM THROUGH THE WINDOW WHEN THE TRAIN STOPS, DUNCAN! SHERIFF, YOU AND YOUR MEN BOARD THE TRAIN BY THE BACK DOOR! I'LL GO IN THE FRONT!









COWBOY'S HORSE

Illustrated by Paul C. ...



King of the quarter horses is, of course, the Palomino. Ideally, he is the color of a newly minted gold piece with a white, silver, or cream-colored mane and tail. He has been called the "Glamour Boy" of the range—and this is a complimentary



Color of the Appaloosa's coat ranges from bay to black, but his distinguishing mark is the heavily and oddly spotted rump end.

The Buckskin, or dun, horse is gen-



sense—since he is the most popular utility and show horse in the West.

Other popular types of horses used by the cowboys include the oddly spotted Appaloosa, the Buckskin, and the Pinto.

The Appaloosa horse is believed to have been developed by either the Umatilla or Nez Perce Indians.

erally held in high regard because of his "cow-sense," strength, endurance and stamina. The dun's yellow coat with black points makes him a real looker.

Pinto horses, though extremely showy, have found their greatest favor in parades, circuses, and wild west shows, rather than on the range.

