

DELL
COMICS

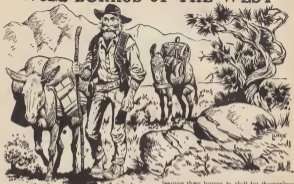
OCT.-FEB.
10¢

REX ALLEN

comics



WILD BURROS OF THE WEST



Much attention has been paid to the fact that bands of wild horses roam parts of the West today, but less note has been taken of the herds of wild burros which are prevalent in the mountain and desert areas of California, Colorado and Arizona.

These bands got their start after the early gold stampedes subsided. Many miners left,

leaving their burros to shift for themselves. At first, wolves, coyotes, cougars and other predatory animals took a heavy toll. Soon, however, the burro learned nature's law of survival and put his teeth and sharp, lightning-fast hoofs to good use. Enemies he couldn't overcome, he learned to elude by escaping, sure-footed as a goat, over dangerous terrain. So he survived and multiplied.



REX ALLEN

in
Skeleton Cave

A SHOT! AND THERE'S AN HORNED RANGER FOR THE RANG-OFF! 'SHELLS LIKE A BUSHWHACK JOB, HOKO!



YOU DON'T NEED THAT SUN FRIEND! IT WASN'T REX ALLEN WHO THREW DOWN ON YOU! IT WAS SOME BUZZARD WHO RAN AWAY AS I CAME UP!

I'M RUSTY HAYLES... AND AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!



ANY IDEA WHO WAS SHOOTIN' AT YOU? ALL I SAW OF HIM WAS DUST!

SEARCH ME! HE WAS HOLED UP YONDER IN THOSE ROCKS!



ABOUT TWO HUNDRED YARDS... WITH A FEMALE WHO AN' A DOWNHILL SHOT! HOW FAST WERE YOU TRAVELIN', RUSTY?

WHY, I WAS CLIPPIN' ALONG AT A HIGH LOPE, BUT... JUST BEFORE THE SHOT...



... I PULLED UP SHARP! I DON'T KNOW WHY... JUST HAD A HUNCH, SORT OF!

THAT HUNCH SURE PAID OFF! IT SAVED YOUR LIFE! THE GUN WAS MEANT FOR YOU... NOT YOUR HORSE!





THE BUSHWHACKER WAS LEADIN' YOU... IN HIS SIGHTS / WHEN YOU STOPPED HIS BULLET HIT YOUR HORSE'S HEAD!

BUT WHO'D WANT TO SEND ME DOWN? IN JUST THE SMOKEYBOY AT THE MOSS HORN LIVERY STABLE!



NO TELLIN' / BUT WE'LL JUST OAH-E YOUR SEAR AN' HIT FOGE TOWN / KOKO CAN CARRY DOUBLE WITHOUT KNOWN' IT!

SEE HE'S A SWEET HORSE, REK / WSH-I HAD ONE / THAT PIECE OF CRUMBANT BELONGED TO BE LIVERY STABLE!



LATER... OL' MOSS HORN'S GOIN' TO BE SORE AS A BOILED OWL ABOUT THAT DEAD HOSE!

WASN'T YOUR FAULT, RUSTY / HE'S NO CALL TO HOLLER!

LIVERY STABLE



WHAT DEAD HOSE? RUSTY, HAVE YOU KLT THAT THOROUGHBRED QUARTER HOSE O' MINE?

QUARTER HORSE? THAT WAS NO QUARTER HORSE MISTER HORN!



YOUR HOSE WAS BUSHWHACKED, MISTER HORN / NOW DON'T GET KLED / I'LL SETTLE FOR HIM / I'LL PFTY SUCKS DO?

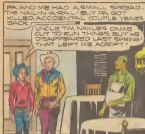
MAKE IT A HUNDRED / AN' GET THAT KO OUTA MY SEHT / HE'S PRSD!



THANKS, REK / I'LL PAY YOU BACK / IF PA WAS ALIVE... AN' WE HAD OUR RANCH... BUT SHUCKS!

YOU LOSE A RANCH? HOW COME, IF I'M NOT TOO NOWY!

CHOP SUEY



PA, AND HE HAD A SMALL SPREAD. THE NAIL IN A RAIL! BUT PA GOT KILLED, ACCIDENTAL COUPLE YEARS BACK.

UNCLE TOM NAYLES CAME OUT TO BUY THINGS BUT HE DISAPPEARED LAST SPRING THAT LEFT ME ADORF!



BUT WHAT BECAME OF THE RANCH?

UNCLE TOM SOLD IT TO BIG JOHN STEEL OF THE LAZY-S AN THEN HE LIT OUT WITH THE MONEY!



NOW THAT MOSS HORN'S PRED ME, I'M UP A TREE!

SOMETHING'LL TURN UP RUSTY! WESSE I CAN USE YOU ON MY PLACE!



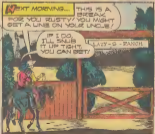
WHY HERE'S MISTERS STEEL, NOW! THIS IS BEX ALLEN, SIR, A FRIEND OF MINE!

HELLO, ALLEN! YOU CAN USE A FRIEND RUSTY! YUH GOT A DIRTY DEAL ALL AROUND FROM WHAT I HEAR!



COME OUT TO TH' LAZY-S, MY BOY! WE'LL MAKE A PLACE FOR YOU!

GEE, THANKS, MISTER STEEL, I SURE DO APPRECIATE THAT! I'LL BE THERE IN THE MORNING!

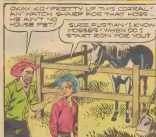


NEXT MORNING...

FOR YOU RUSTY! YOU MIGHT GET A LINE ON YOUR UNCLE!

IF I DO, I'LL SELL IT UP TIGHT, YOU CAN BET!

LAZY-S - RANCH







COURSE IF YOU'RE YELLOW

Okay, I'll ride him!



JUST REMEMBER PUSTIAN, IF HE KILLS ME IT'S ON YOUR HANDS!

AW, THERE'S NO DANGER!



GET HIM AS QUIET AS A MOUSE!

SCRATCH HIM, BUTTIN! THEM SPLICES AIN'T JUST ORNAMENTS!



CHIN TH' SUN!

POWDER RIVER! LET ER BACK!

YIP-DEE-EE!



THAT'S A BAD-EYED SHORTER KUSTY'S BIDDY... OOPS... WAS RIDIN' I SHOULD SAY!

WHAT'S EATIN' YOU REALY, BITTERS? YOU WANT THE KID TO GET TROMPED T' DEATH?



WELL, IS IT AIN'T TH' KNIGHT IN SHININ' ARMOR / WHAT YOU HUNTH'... DRAGONS?

NO... I'M JUST TRYIN' TO SAVE A KID FROM GETTIN' STOVE IN A RAW OBJECTION!



DON'T FORK THAT TWISTER AGAIN, BUSTY! HE'S A RAW BRONG! THIS LOOKS LIKE A PUT-UP JOB TO ME!

STAY OUT OF THIS, ALLEN, OR STRADDLE THAT PONY YOUR OWN SELF!



I'LL JUST DO THAT, PLUSTIAN! STEADY, NOW! EASY, BOY!

SOUNDS LIKE A DANG NURSEWAG, DON'T HE?



LOOK OUT, REX! HE'S GONNA TO ROLL WITH YOU!

SHIT! UP! THAT HOSS NEVER ROLLED IN HIS LIFE! HE'S JUST FRISKY!



JUST FRISKY, HUH? DON'T ROLL, HUH? YOU KNOW ANY MORE JOKE'S, PLUSTIAN?

AW, THERE'S ALWAYS A FIRST TIME, AN'T THERE?



ALLEN! WHO TOLD YOU TO RIDE THAT BLACKY?

OH, HOWDY STEEL! I WAS JUST GOON! GUT SOME WINKLES AS A RAKE TO YOUR FOREMAN!



SAV, I'D LIKE TO BUY THAT BLACK ROOM YOU, STEEL. HE'D MAKE A GOOD HOSS FOR RUSTY, WITH SOME SQUIN'N' DOWN!

WHY? HE'S KILLED TWO MEN ALREADY! I'LL GIVE HIM TO YOU, IF YOU CAN BLUST HIM!



A KILLER, EH? WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TELLIN' RUSTY TO FORK THAT BROWN, PLUSTIAN?

I DIDN'T TELL HIM TO! I JUST SAID HE COULD RIDE HIM, IF HE WASHN'T YELLOW!



YESSER / YUH SUZE TOOK
TH' KNIFE OUTA THE
CABALLO NEEDE HE'S
TOO TAME FOR ME AS
THAT!

WELL SO STEP
OUT, YUH WOLF
DIN'T AKE YUH
BROZE TUH TH'
GROUND!



BECKON YOU MUST
HAVE THAWED HIM
LOOSE, PUSTIAN!



YUH LOOD WALL-
EYED WALDOAT /
I'LL TEACH YUH

GET AWAY
FROM THERE!
GET AWAY...
YOU HEAR ME?

GET SCARED /
I'LL KILL THIS
BLASTED HOSE!
SO HELP ME ...
I'LL DEAT HIS...

ANYBODY BUDE
YOU'D LIKE TO
TANGLE WITH,
PUSTIAN ...
SEEN YOU'RE
SO HANDY WITH
YOUR DUKES!



WHY... YEAH /
DON'T MIND...
I'LL DO!

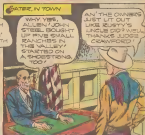
OOOPS / YOU
ALMOST THREW
THAT PUNCH INTO
THE POPEN, JEE!

YOU AGAIN, PUSTIAN? I'M BED LE!
PACK YOUR WAZZING AN GIT!

AW, HE DOESN'T
MAKE ANY TROUBLE-
STEEL! BUT HE
SURE TRIES HARD!

YOU'RE A
TROUBLE-
MAKER!





NEXT MORNING...

YOU SAY UNCLE TIA HAD NO RIGHT TO SELL OUR RANCH, REX?

THAT'S RIGHT, RUSTY!

THE SALE WON'T HOLD WATER, ACCORDIN' TO THE RECORDS! BUT NOBODY BOTHERED TO CHECK ON EM!



THEN TH' NATION A SEAL IS MADE... LEGALLY!

YEAH, I RECKON! BUT I'D TAKE A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER AND THE BANK OF ENGLAND TO GET IT AWAY FROM STEEL!



HW-AAA... SOMEBODY'S CAMPIN' OUT HERE! LOOKS LIKE HE'S SET FOR A LONG STAY!

IT'S JEEB RUSTAN!

HERE'S HIS BRUSH JACKET! I KNOW IT BY THE FRICH ON THE SLEEVES! IT'S SHAPED LIKE A CROSS!



MAYBE WE OUGHT TO TELL MISTER STEEL ABOUT IT!

I GUESS HE KNOWS! THE CAMP ISN'T HIDDEN MUCH. I DON'T SAWVY THIS DEAL A-TALL!



HERE'S WHERE MY HOSS GOT SHOT... NEAR THE CAVE WITH SKELETONS IN IT!

WHAT CAVE-- AN' WHAT SKELETONS?



SURE! I FORGOT TO TELL YOU! I FOUND A CAVE THAT DRY WITH BONES IN IT! I DON'T STOP TO VISIT!

WHERE IS IT? THIS MAY UN-TANGLE THE WHOLE PUZZLE, RUSTY!





THE CAVE'S PRETTY MUCH HIDDEN FROM SIGHT! I JUST STUMBLED ON IT BY ACCIDENT!

HA-HA! SKELETONS! FIVE OF THEM! WHO WERE THEY, I WONDER! ANCIENT INDIANS!



NOPE! THEY WERE WHITE MEN! HERE'S A PIECE OF BLUE JEAN WITH A METAL BUTTON STILL ON IT!

AN' HERE'S SOMETHIN' ELSE! LOOKS LIKE... UH... GOLD!



IT'S UNCLE TIM'S GOOD-LUCK SHIRT! HE WORE IT ALL THE TIME!

OH OH! THEN STEEL WAS MISTAKEN FOR LYIN'! YOUR UNCLE NEVER WENT TO CALIFORNIA! HE'S STILL HERE!



SOLLY! YOU MEAN...

IT'S NOT PRETTY, BUSTY! I'LL WASTE ALL FIVE OF THOSE... AN' BULLS WERE ONCE UPON A TIME FIVE-LIVE RANCHERS!



THEN YOU THINK THAT STEEL... UH... EE...

THEY DIDN'T DIE OF OLD AGE, THAT'S FOR SURE! AN' STEEL'S GOT FIVE SMALL RANCHES IN HIS SPREAD!



HIT THE DIET?

HEY! THAT WAS A BULLET!







ALL RIGHT! UNUSABLE YOUR TONGUE! WE'VE GOT YOU GOLD!

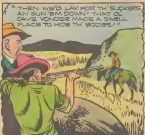
IT'S ALL STEEL'S DON'T! SHOWED HIM IN YUMA. AS LATEO JONES! WE SLATED OUTA TH PEN TOGETHER! KILLED A GUARD! DON'T IT!



WE BUS UP TH' LOOT FROM AN OLD BANK ROBBERY... BOUGHT TH CAVEED PLACE OVER YONDER... THEN STEEL WENT LAND CRAZY!



WE TALKED BIG MONEY TUN TH' SMALL BANCHERS. THEY COULDN'T AFFORD NOT TUN SELL. WE GOT THEIR NAMES ON TH' DOTTED LINE AN' DRAID EM IN GOLD BAGS!



THEN WE'D LAY FOR TH' SLICKS AN' SUN 'EM DOWN! THAT OL' CAVE YONDER MADE A SWELL PLACE TO HOB TH' BODIES!



WHEN I SEEN YOUNG MAYLES POOLIN' AROUND TH' CAVE, I KNOWED SOMETHIN' WOULD POP! I THREWED DOWN ON HIM, BUT I MISSED!

GOOD THING YOU CAME ALONG JUST THEN, REX!



A LITTLE LATER...

RUSTY, NOW WE'LL HAVE A POWWON WITH STEEL, JUST TO BE NEIGHBORLY!

HE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE US, I'LL BET!



Rex ALLEN in *The West Story*



ANYTHING SURE 'N' HAPPEN IN HUB CITY, TEX?

NOT TERRY BOOBY, AND I'W GLAD. I'W TERRY 'I'W GOING TO TURN IN DON'T AFTER CHOW!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK BOSS? LOOKS LIKE COMPANY'S DOWN!

IT'S OUR OLD FRIEND TERRY TRIMBLE! HE 'GOSSED TO BE IN AN ALL SLEEP HURRY!



W'Y DID YOU LOOK SOME FLUSTERED?

I'W SAW (GULP!) SOME RESPONSIBLE VILIAN CONKED ME ON THE NOGIN!



WHAT'S THAT?

WELL, IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS



AS USUAL, COME NOONTIME JIMBO AND I FELT THE PINGS OF MURDER! SO I PULLED UP BACK, HONDED BY SHATONY RIDGE!

1 LIMBO WAS DIVING INTO HIS CATS...



2 "AND I WAS ENJOYING A LITTLE SNACK..."



3 "THINKING I'D SOON HAVE ENOUGH MARDINA TO OPEN MY OWN CARNIVAL..."

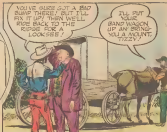


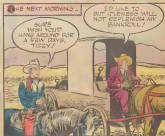
4 "...WHEN SUDDENLY..."



5 "WHILE I WAS OUT GOLD, THE SCOUNDREL RIPPED ME!"









CAMPFIRE ASHES? SEEMS TO LOOK LIKE I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK!







LATER IN HUB CITY

AS SURE AS
MY NAME'S
BIG NEWTON

FOKLS THAT HONERS ACTER? LIKE A
MIRAGE OR A GHOST? HE DISAPPEARED
INTO THIN AIR RIGHT BEFORE AN EYES!



WHAT
DID HE
LOOK
LIKE?

I DON'T
SEE HIS FACE
BUT HE WAS DRESSED
LIKE A PROSPECTOR
AN' CARRIED A BLACK
COAT OVER HIS
ARM!



HMM! THAT'S REAL
INTERESTING! MAYBE
HE'S THE PHANTOM
GUARDIAN OF SOME
LOST MINE OR
TREASURE!

COULD
BE! BUT LET'S
MOVE UP TO BE
THE WARMINT WHO'S
BEEN PULLIN' THOSE
HOLDUPS!



FLAW! I WONDER HOW HE
KNOW ABOUT THE HOLDUPS,
DADDEY! HE WAS IN ON
THEM!



RECKON WE'LL KEEP
ON THAT BIRD'S TAIL, SONNY!
WE MIGHT FIND A FEW
ANSWERS!



MUCH LATER...

WAT HERE,
LORDY! I'LL
FOLLOW HIM, ON
FOOT... WE'RE
TOO CLOSE!





IT WASN'T LIKE
A CHANCE! THAT
PROSPECTOR WAS
SO BURN' TO WIN!
YOU HE DIDN'T
SEE US TILL I HAD
HIM COVERED!

THAT DIDN'T STOP HIM FROM
SWAPPIN' LEAD
WITH YOU
THOUGHT!



HE DIDN'T FIRE
THOSE SHOTS 'SOME
CONFOUSE SHOT UP,
BUT NOT IN TIME TO
STOP ME FROM
SWAPPIN' THE GOLD!

HUH? WONDER
WHAT I COWBOY
WAS FOR? OVER
THIS WAY?



NO TELLIN'! BUT
I DON'T STICK AROUND
AN' SHOOT IT OUT WITH
THOSE BIRDS!
THEY'RE TOO
GUNWISE!



LITTLE LATER...
NO SENSE LISTENIN'
THAT PAIR NOW! I'VE
GOT NO PROOF OF THESE
GUILTY! BUT IF I COULD
CATCH THEM REWARDIN'...
AND WITH A
WITNESS..



THE NEXT DAY,
ROOFTER TALKIN'
PROSPECTOR..

FROM
THAT BURNIN'
LEAD, I'D SAY
THAT COOPER
WAS
TORN! WENT
O GOLD!



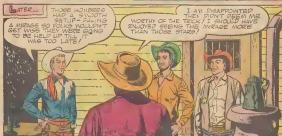












The Phantom Stallion



Most wild horse stories of the early West were pure myth, but the legend of the "Phantom Stallion" is tightly woven with the thread of truth. During the time he reigned the West, he was seen many times and was described as a magnificent milk-white stallion of remarkable speed and beauty. It was said he could pace faster than any horse could run.

Such famous men as Washington Irving, Herman Melville, and Josiah Gregg recorded the feats of this wonder-horse. Newspapers followed his movements and told of futile efforts to capture him.

Known by many names, he was sometimes called the "White Sultan," the "Pacing White

Stallion," the "Ghost Horse of the Plains," and the "Phantom Stallion."

Every trick in the trapper's book was used in an attempt to capture him and riders camped on his trail where ever he ranged. They tried to run him down with relays of fresh horses, corner him in a box canyon, and deprive him of water. Some even grew desperate and tried to cross him with a rifle shot.

Often he would appear on a mountain rim, silhouetted against the sky, and calmly watch the would-be captors on his trail. Or he teased his pursuers by dashing within roping range, only to pace away from their fastest mounts. Like the "Phantom" he was, he outfoiled and outwitted them all. He was never taken.



