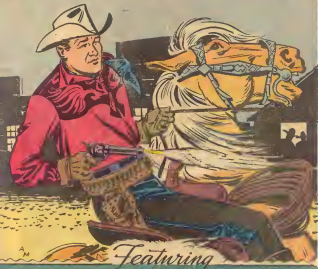


FLAVOR-AID MARCH OF COMICS



Featuring
ROY ROGERS

WELL, TRIGGER, HERE'S THE
END OF YOUR DAY'S WORK! WE
ARE ONE MORE COW-TOWN
NEARER OUR HOME RANGE!

Roy Rogers

IN
FEUDING
GUNS

YOUR BEST BAY---PLENTY
OF CLEAN BEDDING---SIX
QUARTS OF OATS---
AND I'LL GIVE HIM A
RUBDOWN MYSELF!
WHAT'S YOUR PRICE
FOR THE NIGHT?

TWO DOLLARS FOR
ALL THAT, I RECKON!
YOU CAN HAVE THE
STALL NEXT TO THE
BIG BLACK HDS
THERE!

BETWEEN YOU AND ME,
TRIGGER, I DON'T LIKE THIS
TOWN! MAYBE IT'S THE
NAME, BITTER CREEK---
OR MAYBE IT'S THE
SUSPICIOUS LOOKS

HOH, HOH

THERE'S YOUR TWO
DOLLARS---AND DON'T
FORGET-- GIVE HIM LOTS
OF BEDDING!

UH-HUH! WHAT'S YOUR
HANDLE, SO I CAN WRITE
IT DOWN? ANY
NAME'LL DO!

THE NAME IS ROY ROGERS---
AND IT'S MY RIGHT ONE, IF ANY-
BODY WANTS TO KNOW!

HIS RIGHT ONE--- LIKE THUNDER! IF THAT ISN'T ACE FLETCHER, THE GUNMAN THEY'RE IMPORTING TO WIPE OUT THE FIELOS, I'LL EAT THAT TELEGRAM HE SENT SAYIN' HE WAS ON THE WAY! I BETTER TELL GIB FIELOS NOW!



ROOM IT, YOU SAID?

YEP! THIRD ON THE LEFT, TOP OF THE STAIRS!



AFTER A LUNCH-COUNTER SUPPER, ROY CHECKS IN AT THE SMALL HOTEL...

I CAN FEEL THE CLERK'S EYES BORING INTO MY BACK! GOSDONE IT! WHAT AILS THIS TOWN, ANYWAY?



MAYBE I'M JUST TIRED AND IMAGINING THINGS! A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP WILL HELP!



ALL THE SAME, I DON'T LIKE THIS TOWN--- NOT ONE LITTLE BIT POUFFY!



IS HE HERE, JESS?

YEP--- WEARING TWO GUNS! GOT A GUNFIGHTER'S WALK, TOO! ROOM IT, GIB!



BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP, BOYS! THAT ACE FLETCHER IS DYNAMITE, IF I EVER SEEN IT!

BETTER BUTTON YOUR LIP, JESS--- IT FLAPS ALL THE TIME!



UN--- WHO--- WHO---?

FREEZE WHERE YOU ARE, FLETCHER! NOT A MOVE!



WITHOUT WARNING, ROY'S DOOR BURSTS OPEN...

NO GUN UNDER HIS PILLOW, SIS!

ALL RIGHT, FLETCHER--- GET INTO YOUR CLOTHES --- AND NO SUDDEN MOVES!

YOU HAVE THE WRONG PARTY! MY NAME IS ROSERS, AND I CAN PROVE IT!



YOU CAN'T FOOL US WITH FAKE IDENTIFICATIONS! YOUR TELEGRAM TO POP FLETCHER THAT YOU WERE COMING WAS A DEAD GIVEAWAY! EVEN IF NONE OF US HAVE SEEN YOU SINCE YOU WERE A BUTTON!

I DON'T KNOW ANY FLETCHERS, BUT I'M BEGINNING TO SYMPATHIZE WITH THEM! WHAT NOW?



WE FIELDS ARE HOLDING YOU AS SECURITY FOR THE LIVES OF ANY OF US THE FLETCHERS AIM TO SHOOT AT! THE FIRST FIELD THAT GOES WEST WILL HAVE COMPANY!





WALK OUT--- SLOW ' AND REMEMBER--YOUR FIRST BREAK WILL BE YOUR LAST. ACE! WE FIELOS RUN THIS TOWN!

G---BOLLY! THEY GOT HIM--- ALIVE!



DROP YOUR GUNS-- OR EAT BUCKSHOT FROM BOTH BARRELS!

LENN?

WELL?

WHA--?



DROP 'EM, BOYS! IT'S ELLA FLETCHER-- AND SHE MEANS BUSINESS!



ALL RIGHT! KICK THEIR GUNS AS FAR AS YOU CAN, ACE! THEN TAKE YOUR OWN AND STEP BACK OF THIS WAGON! I'VE GOT TWO HORSES WAITING HERE!



HOW WHAT?

TAKE THE TALL HORSE--- WHILE I KEEP THESE MEN COVERED! THEN YOU TAKE OVER, ACE!



WHERE NOW, ELLA?

HOME! YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THE WAY?

THEY'VE GONE— AND LEFT THE WOLFPACK HOWLING! BUT I SURE WOULD GIVE A LOT TO KNOW WHO THAT GENT IS! THAT'S PRETENDING ———



AND LOOKING OUT A WINDOW OF THE HOTEL.

—— PRETENDING TO BE ME—— ACE FLETCHER! I'LL DROP OUT OF A BACK WINDOW!



I'LL HUSTLE DOWN TO THE LIVERY STABLE—— GET MY HORSE—— AND HEAD FOR POP'S RANCH! MAYBE I'LL LEARN SOME ANSWERS THERE!



THEY'LL BE AFTER US, ACE! WE'RE GOING TO SPLIT —— TO CONFUSE THEM! ... I'M TAKING THE NEXT ALLEY TO THE LEFT!

BUT IF THEY TAKE AFTER YOU INSTEAD OF ME —— ?



THEY WON'T CATCH ME! SEE YOU WHEN WE GET HOME!




DOSSONE! I HATE TO KEEP UP A DECEPTION—— BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO ARGUE WITH HER THAT I'M NOT "ACE" —— WITH A BUNCH OF TOUGH RANNIES ON OUR HEELS!




THIS IS THE SAME BLACK HORSE THAT WAS STABLED BESIDE TRIGGER! I'LL PUT HIM BACK —— AND CLEAR OUT OF TOWN WITH TRIGGER BEFORE I GET MORE DEEPLY INVOLVED IN SOMEBODY ELSE'S FIGHT!







I'VE BEEN TAKEN FOR YOU SO MANY TIMES IN THE PAST TEN MINUTES, THAT I'M RIGHT GLAD TO MEET YOU!



SO YOU'RE THE GENT THAT ELLA TURNED LOOSE FROM THE FIELDS? THAT PUTS US IN THE SAME FIX--- TILL WE GET OUT OF TOWN!



EXCEPT THAT YOU KNOW THE SCORE, FLETCHER, AND I DON'T!

NO TIME FOR TALK NOW, MISTER! I HEAR HOSSES COMING DOWN THE STREET!



FORK YOUR HORSE AND LET'S RIDE---



WHAT---?

OWWW!



STABLEMAN TRIED TO BAG ONE OF US --- FOR THE FIELDS! COME ON!



WHICH WAY, ACE?
THIS IS YOUR SHOW
TILL WE'RE IN THE
CLEAR!

FOLLOW ME!
I USED TO KNOW
THESE ALLEYS!




GIB! DANA! THEY WENT
THE BACK WAY--- ACE
AND ANOTHER GUN-
SLICK!

OKAY---
SCATTER, BOYS,
AND HEAD 'EM
OFF IF YOU CAN!




THEY'RE STILL HUNTING
FOR US, ACE--- BUT NO
HOOFBEATS COMING
THIS WAY, YET!

THEY WON'T HEAR
OURS! WE'LL PUSSY-
FOOT DOWN THIS ARROYO!
IT'S DEEP ENOUGH TO
HIDE US FOR A HALF
MILE IN THE
MOONLIGHT!




ALL RIGHT TO RIDE NOW! I AIM
TO CIRCLE TO PICK UP ELLA!
YOU'RE SAFE TO GO ANY-
WHERE YOU PLEASE---
EXCEPT BACK, MISTER!

ROY
ROGERS
IS THE
NAME---



--- AND I'D LIKE TO RIDE ALONG
WITH YOU, UNTIL WE'RE SURE
THAT ELLA IS SAFE. I OWE HER
SOMETHING FOR TURNING ME
LOOSE BEFORE THE FIELDS
HAD A CHANCE TO PUT OUT
MY LIGHT!

I RECKON YOU'RE
RIGHT AT THAT,
ROY---



--- BUT IF YOU AIM TO THROW IN WITH
US FLETCHERS, EVEN FOR A FEW HOURS,
YOU BETTER KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GETTING
INTO! THERE'S AN OLD FEUD BETWIXT
US AND THE FIELDS! IT DIED OUT
FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, BUT A WEEK AGO---



--- LUKE FIELD KNOCKED OUT TOM FLETCHER IN A FIST FIGHT OVER A MISBRANDED CALF, AND THAT STARTED UP THE WHOLE MURDEROUS BUSINESS, ALL OVER AGAIN.



"THE NEXT DAY, LUKE FIELD WAS SHOT DEAD BY SOME DRYGALCHER .



... AND YOUNG JOHNNY FIELD SWORE THEN AND THERE THAT HE'D AVENGE THE MURDER. HE AND HIS FATHER, DAN, FIELD, LAID THE KILLING TO TOM FLETCHER, OF COURSE.



"THE NEXT TIME JOHNNY SAW TOM IN TOWN, HE TOLD HIM TO DRAW AND SHOOT OR GET KILLED LIKE A DOG.



"JOHNNY WAS THE FASTEST... HE BROKE TOM'S ARM WITH HIS FIRST BULLET...



"SHERIFF JUD HAVENS GOT THERE IN TIME TO SPOIL JOHNNY'S SECOND SHOT—BUT HE'D HAVE KILLED TOM, SURE, IF HE COULD.



"I WAS WORKING AS MARSHAL AT THE NEW MINING TOWN OF SALAMANDER, WHEN THE LETTER REACHED ME. ELLA AND HER BROTHERS ARE MY FIRST COUSINS, AND ALTHOUGH I HADN'T SEEN THEM FOR TWELVE YEARS OR MORE...

"IT WAS THAT SAME NIGHT THAT ELLA WROTE ME ABOUT IT. SHE SAID THAT TOM NEVER SHOT LUKE FIELD, BUT THE FAT WAS IN THE FIRE, AND THE FIELD AND FLETCHER FAMILIES WERE GETTING READY TO FIGHT TO THE FINISH.



"I WIRED ELLA RIGHT AWAY, THAT I WAS COMING. SIGNED IT 'ALF' WHICH ARE MY INITIALS."



"I FIGURED THE FIELDS WOULDN'T GET WISE TO MY COMING, SO I COULD GET A GOOD SLEEP AT THE HOTEL BEFORE RIDING OUT TO POP FLETCHER'S RANCH----BUT IT DIDN'T WORK!"

"GOOD THING FOR ME THAT ELLA KNEW IT WOULDN'T WORK, ACE!"



"I'VE GOT NO SYMPATHY FOR FEUDING----EVEN BY MY OWN KIN! I'M HERE TO FIND OUT WHO DID SHOOT LUKE FIELD, AND STOP THIS STUPID KILLING, ROY!"



"THERE'S A LONE RIDER, ACE----LOOKS LIKE ELLA TO ME!"

"IT'S SHE, I RECKON-- YEEZZ-- HOODD!"



"YOU CAN POINT THAT CANNON THE OTHER WAY, ELLA----IT'S ME----ACE---- AND MY FRIEND ROY ROGERS!"

"BUT--BUT-- I THOUGHT..."

YOU THOUGHT I WAS ACE, MA'AM-- BECAUSE THE FIELDS DID? AND I SURE HAVE TO THANK YOU FOR MY LIFE TONIGHT!

YOU'RE WELCOME, ROY-- ESPECIALLY AS COUSIN ACE IS HERE AND SAFE! WE FLETCHERS ARE GOING TO NEED ALL THE FRIENDS WE'VE GOT!

I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR TWELVE YEARS, ACE--- AND I RECKON I NEVER WOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED YOU BY SIGHT ALONE!

OR I YOU, ELLA! YOU WERE A GARGLY LITTLE FILLY WHEN I LEFT AND NOW YOU'RE A GROWN-UP, BEAUTIFUL---



THAT'LL DO, ACE FLETCHER! I ONLY HOPE YOU'RE AS FAST WITH A GUN AS YOU ARE WITH FLATTERY! LET'S GO!

HOW DOES THE STRENGTH OF THE FIELDS AND THE FLETCHERS STACK UP TONIGHT, ELLA?

EIGHT TO FOUR, FAVOR OF THE FIELDS, IF YOU COUNT FIGHTING MEN ONLY, ACE! TOM CAN'T SHOOT WELL WITH HIS BROKEN ARM---



--- AND COUSIN NEWT LONDON IS A CITY MAN WHO CLAIMS HE NEVER COULD HIT ANYTHING WITH A GUN, SO HE DOESN'T COUNT! HE'S BEEN STAYING WITH US THE PAST THREE MONTHS FOR HIS HEALTH--- AND PECKING AROUND THAT OLD ABANDONED GOLD MINE NEAR HOME!

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHO REALLY SHOT LUKE FIELD, ELLA?

NOT A GHOST OF ONE, ROY! SOME SADDLE-TRAMP WITH A WHISKY GRUDGE, PROBABLY--- BUT OF COURSE TOM GOT BLAMED BECAUSE OF THAT FIST FIGHT HE HAD WITH LUKE!



SURPRISE! WE'LL BE HOME IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST, ELLA!

--- IF NONE OF THOSE FIELD BOYS HAVE GOT AROUND TO HEAD US OFF! THEY KNEW WHERE WE WERE GOING, ACE!



YOU GUESSED IT, GIRL! THERE'RE FIVE RIDERS COMING OVER THAT NEXT RISE -- BETWEEN US AND THE RANCH!

IT'S THE FIELDS, ALL RIGHT --- AND THEY'VE SEEN US, TOO!



THEY'VE GOT US OUT-RANGED WITH THEIR RIFLES, ACE! HOW ABOUT ELLA SWAPPING HORSES WITH ME AND HIGH-TAILING IT? NOTHING ON FOUR LEGS CAN CATCH TRIGGER!



BETTER DO THAT, GIRL! BOY AND I WILL MAKE OUT BETTER ALONE!

YOU WILL NOT! NOT WITH MY SLOW PONY!



THEY'RE GAINING ON US! WE'LL HEAD FOR THE OLD MINE!



THEY'RE OUT OF SIGHT FOR A MINUTE --- AND THE MINE'S AT THE END OF THIS RAVINE -- REMEMBER, ACE?

SURE DO, ELLA --- WE USED TO PLAY COMBOYS AND INJUNS IN IT!



THERE IT IS!

TAKE HER INSIDE, ACE!
I'LL STOP HERE---
AND JUMP THE FIELDS
IF THEY TRY TO RUSH
YOU!

THAT'S NOT FAIR---
FOR HIM TO STAND
OFF FIVE MEN
ALONE---

HE WON'T BE
ALONE--- AFTER
I GET YOU
UNDER COVER,
ELLA!



PICK OFF THAT FLETCHER
ON THE BLACK!

GOT
HIS HOSS!



BUT, UNHURT, ACE FOLLOWS ELLA
INTO THE MINE'S ROCKY NAR

SET BACK OUT OF PISTOL
RANGE, BOYS! THOSE TWO IN
THE MINE CAN SEE US---
BUT WE CAN'T SEE THEM
NOW!



AT THAT INSTANT, ANOTHER RIFLE CRACKS
FROM THE RIM OF THE RAVINE



ITS ECHOES ARE DROWNED BY A MIGHTY BLAST AT THE MINE'S ENTRANCE



AND THE WHOLE FACE OF THE CLIFF COLLAPSES, BURYING THE TUNNEL UNDER THOUSANDS OF TONS OF ROCK!

GREAT GRIEF! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A CASE OF DYNAMITE AND CAPS TOUCHED OFF BY THAT BULLET. WHOA UP, TRIGGER!



THAT LAST SHOT CAME FROM ACROSS THE GULCH! I WONDER WHO--?

THERE HE GOES, DAD! BEHIND THOSE BUSHES!



IT LOOKED LIKE THAT ODD RELATION OF THE FLETCHERS--- NEWT LANDON! BUT WHY WOULD HE BLAST DOWN A MOUNTAIN ON HIS OWN KINY?

MAYBE THE GUSS IS NEARSIGHTED--- ANYHOW, THERE'S THREE FEWER OF THE FLETCHER TRIBE TO FIGHT! THAT ONE ON THE PALMINGO MUST HAVE RODE HIS HOSS INTO THE MINE!



WATCH OUT, BOYS---!

IT'S THE GUCE! FEED HIM LEAD---



THAT'LL DO, BOYS ---
THE CUBS HAS CLEARED
OUT O' RANGE!



COME ON, BOYS --- WE'LL HEAD FOR THE
FLETCHER SPREAD RIGHT NOW AND WIPE
OUT WHAT'S LEFT OF 'EM --- BEFORE
THEY GIT US --- OR THE GOVERNMENT
SENDS IN MEN TO STOP US!



THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THAT ELLA AND ACE
ARE STILL ALIVE IN THAT MINE, BUT I CAN'T
HELP THEM NOW! GOT TO TRAIL THE FIELDS
TO POP FLETCHER'S RANCH ---



--- AND SOMEHOW PREVENT
THE SLAUGHTER THEY'RE
AIMING AT!



CRASH! BAM! CRASH!

THE FIGHT HAS
STARTED! I'LL
TAKE A LOOK
BEFORE JUMPING
INTO IT!



THE FIELDS HAVE SCATTERED
BEHIND THE OUTBUILDINGS ---
FIRING AT THE MAIN HOUSE!
SOUNDS AS IF ALL THE
FLETCHER'S ARE INSIDE!



WHAT ROY SAW ---

THIS ARROYO RUNS
AROUND BACK OF THE
BARN! RECKON I
CAN GET PRETTY
CLOSE BEFORE
I'M SEEN!



HE CALLED FOR QUICK ACTION ---

ALL RIGHT, BOYS — — —
DROP 'EM AND
REACH HIGH!



HUH?

WHO?

CAREFUL!
I DON'T WANT
TO — — —



BLAST YUH!

AMHHH!



GO AHEAD!
WHY DON'T
YOU SHOOT
US AND BE
DONE WITH
IT?

BECAUSE I'M NOT IN THE
BUSINESS OF MURDER! I AM
TO HAVE A QUICK TALK WITH
YOU GENTS RIGHT NOW — — —
BUT DON'T CALL FOR HELP,
OR SOMEBODY WILL
GET HURT!



BUT ROY'S SHOT IS A SPLIT SECOND QUICKER.
THE RIFLE SLUG FLIES WILD . . .



DROP ALL
YOUR GUNS,
AND STEP
TOWARD ME
THREE PAGES!

NOW MOVE!

DORRONE IT, BOYS — — — WHY
DON'T YOU KEEP SHOOTIN'?







QUICKER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW IS ROY'S MOVE--- AND SHOT



UGH---!

WHERE'D THAT COME FROM--?

ALMOST AT THE SAME SPLIT SECOND ANOTHER RIFLE SPEAKS...



LUCKY WE CAME IN TIME TO HEAR YOUR POWWOW--- AND SCOTCH THAT SNAKE, GENTS!



ACE! I THOUGHT YOU AND ELLA WERE SEALED IN THAT MINE BY THE BLAST!

THERE WAS A BACK WAY THAT COUSIN NEWT DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT! RIGHT NOW, ROY, I WANT YOU TO MEET POP FLETCHER!

AND I SURE WANT TO SHAKE YOUR HAND, FRIEND!



---AND YOURS, TOO, DANA FIELD! THIS FEUD IS DEAD--- AND SO'S THE MURDERER THAT STARTED IT, I THINK YOU'LL AGREE!

I SURE DO, FLETCHER!

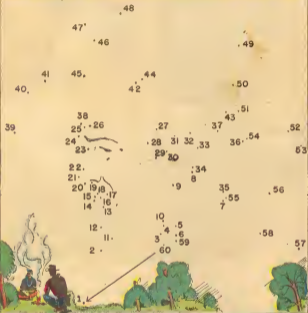


AND IT'S ALL THANKS TO YOU, ROY ROGERS!

NOPE! IT'S THANKS TO THE LITTLE MISTAKE YOU ALL MADE, TAKING ME FOR ACE!

A COMPLIMENT THAT I NEVER WILL DESERVE, ROY!

DRAW A PENCIL LINE THROUGH THE DOTS IN ORDER OF THEIR NUMBERS STARTING WITH NO. 1, AND YOU WILL FIND OUT ABOUT WHOM THE MEN BY THE CAMPFIRE ARE TALKING.



BOY HAS FIVE PIECES OF LUMBER. HE HAS TO PUT THEM TOGETHER TO FORM A SQUARE THE SIZE OF THE SQUARE AROUND THIS COPY. CAN YOU HELP HIM? CUT OUT OR TRACE THE PIECES OF LUMBER AND PUT THEM TOGETHER. YOU WILL FIND SEVERAL SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTIONS ON LAST PAGE.

ROY SEES FOUR HORSES HIDING AMONG THE ROCKS. THEY ARE AFRAID OF THE APPROACHING TIGER. CAN YOU FIND THE FIVE ANIMALS IN THE picture ?



CAN YOU HELP THE INDIAN ?



THE INDIAN HAS CUT HIS ROPE AND PUT IT TOGETHER AGAIN TO FORM THIS DESIGN. HOWEVER IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE IT FROM ONE ROPE. YOU COULD SHOW HIM HOW, BY DRAWING A PENCIL LINE. (YOU SHOULD NOT CROSS YOUR OWN LINES OR GO OVER THE SAME LINE TWICE)

SOLUTION ON LAST PAGE.

THERE IS A NAME HIDDEN IN THE DESIGN BELOW. CUT OUT THE FIVE BIRDS IN THE BOTTOM ROW AND PUT THEM PROPERLY OVER THE DESIGN AND YOU WILL FIND OUT THE NAME.

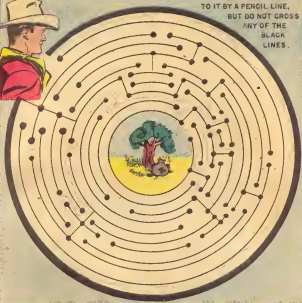


SOLUTION ON LAST PAGE.

ROY ROGERS IS IN A CAVE. CAN YOU HELP HIM FIND HIS WAY TO THE SUNSHINE?
DRAW A PENCIL LINE WITHOUT CROSSING ANY BLACK LINES TO SHOW HIM THE PATH.



ROY IS LOOKING FOR THE LOST MONEYBAG. SHOW HIS PATH TO IT BY A PENCIL LINE, BUT DO NOT CROSS ANY OF THE BLACK LINES.



SOLUTIONS:



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IN FEUDING GUNS

YOUR BEST BET---PLENTY OF CLEAN BEDDING---SE QUARTS OF OATS--- AND I'LL GIVE HIM A RUBDOWN MYSELF! WHAT'S YOUR PRICE FOR THE NIGHT?

TWO DOLLARS FOR ALL THAT, I reckon! YOU CAN HAVE THE STALL NEXT TO THE BIG BLACK HOSS THERE!

BETWEEN YOU AND ME, TRIGGER, I DON'T LIKE THIS TONKIL! MAYBE IT'S THE NAME, BITTER CREEK--- OR MAYBE IT'S THE SUSPICIOUS LOOKS!

HOORAY!



THERE'S YOUR TWO DOLLARS---AND DON'T FORGET---GIVE HIM LOTS OF BEDDING!

UH HUR! WHAT'S YOUR HANDLE, SO I O'M WIRE IT DOWN? ANY NAME'LL DO!

THE NAME IS ROY ROGERS--- AND IT'S MY RIGHT ONE, IF ANYBODY WANTS TO KNOW!



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HIS RIGHT ONE--- LIKE THUNDER! IF THAT
ISN'T ACE FLETCHER, THE GUNMAN THEY'RE
REPORTING TO NIPER OUT THE FIELDS, I'LL
EAT THAT TELEGRAM HE SENT SAYIN' HE
WAS ON THE WAY! I BETTER TELL SID
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ROOM IT, YOU
SAID?

YEP! THIRD ON THE
LEFT, TOP OF THE
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AFTER A LUNCH-QUARTER SUPPER, ROY
CHECKS IN AT THE SMALL HOTEL.

I CAN FEEL THE
CLERK'S EYES BORING
INTO MY BACK! DOGGONE
IT! WHAT AILS THIS
TOWN, ANYWAY?



MAYBE I'M JUST TIRED AND
IMAGINING THINGS? A GOOD
NIGHT'S SLEEP WILL HELP!



ALL THE SAME, I DON'T
LIKE THIS TOWN--- NOT
ONE LITTLE BIT---
POWERR?



IS HE
HERE,
JESS?

YEP--- WEARING TWO
GUNS! GOT A GUNFIGHTER'S
WALK, TOO! ROOM IT,
SID?







THEY BELIEVE — AND LEFT THE WOLFPACK HOWLING! BUT I SURE WOULD'VE LIOT TO KNOW WHO THAT BENT UPKAT'S PRETENDING —



AND LOOKING OUT A WINDOW OF THE HOTEL.

— — — PRETENDING TO BE ME — — — ACE FLETCHER? I'LL DROP OUT OF A BACK WINDOW!



I'LL HUSTLE DOWN TO THE LIVERY STABLE — — — GET MY HORSE — — — AND HEAD FOR POP'S RANCH! MIGHT I'LL LEARN SOME ANSWERS THERE!



THEY'LL BE AFTER US, ACE? WE'RE GOING TO SPLIT — — — TO CONFUSE THEM? I'M TAKING THE NEXT ALLEY TO THE LEFT!



OUT IF THEY TAKE AFTER YOU INSTEAD OF ME — — —

THEY WON'T CATCH ME? SEE YOU WHEN WE GET HOME?



DOODONE! I HATE TO KEEP UP A DECEPTION — — — BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO ARGUE WITH HER THAT I'M NOT "ACE" — — — WITH A BUNCH OF TOUGH GAMERS ON OUR HEELS!



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POOP! WHAT
THE ---
FLETCHER!



YI-EE!

NONE OF THAT,
HOMER!



BE CAREFUL, AND YOU WON'T GET
HURT ANY WORSE! GET ME MY
SADDLE AND BRIGLE, AND LEAD
MY HORSE OUT --- PRONTO!



HURRY! IF YOU DON'T
WANT ANOTHER
TAP ON THE
KNUCKLES!

BLAST IT --- HOW
CAN I HEAR IT? --
YOU NEAR BROKE
MY WHIST!



GRAY --- HOLD THAT POSE ---
AND DON'T FELL!




SUPPOSE YOU BOTH STEP AWAY, BENTS,
AND LET ME AND MY HORSE OUT
THAT BACK DOOR?

HELLO,
FLETCHER!





I'VE BEEN TAKEN FOR YOU SO MANY TIMES IN THE PAST TEN MINUTES, THAT I'M RIGHT GLAD TO MEET YOU!



SO YOU'RE THE GENT THAT DILLA TURNED LOOSE FROM THE FIELDS? THAT PUTS US IN THE SAME FO--- TILL WE GET OUT OF TOWN!



EXCEPT THAT YOU KNOW THE SCORE, FLETCHER, AND I DON'T!

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FORN YOUR HORSE AND LET'S RIDE---



WHAT---

OWWW!



STABLEMAN TRIED TO BAC ONE OF US --- FOR THE FIELDS' COME ON!

WHICH WAY, ACE?
THIS IS YOUR SHOW!
TILL WE'RE IN THE
CLEAR!

FOLLOW ME!
I USED TO KNOW
THESE ALLEYS!

OH! DAMN! THEY WENT
THE BACK WAY— ACE
AND ANOTHER GUN-
SLASH!

CRAY— —
SCATTER, BOYS,
AND HEAD 'EM
OFF IF YOU CAN!

THEY'RE STILL HUNTING
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THEY WON'T HEAR
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POOT DOWN THIS ARROYO!
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"I WAS WORKING AS MARSHAL AT THE NEW MINING TOWN OF SALAMANDER, WHEN THE LETTER REACHED ME. ELLA AND HER BROTHERS ARE MY FIRST COUSINS, AND ALTHOUGH I HADN'T SEEN THEM FOR TWELVE YEARS OR MORE.



"I WIRED ELLA RIGHT AWAY, THAT I WAS COMING. SIGNED IT 'AUF' WHICH ARE MY INITIALS."

"IT WAS THAT SAME NIGHT THAT ELLA WROTE ME ABOUT IT. SHE SAID THAT TOM NEVER SHOT LUKE FIELD, BUT THE PAT WAS IN THE FIRE, AND THE FIELD AND FLETCHER FAMILIES WERE GETTING READY TO FIGHT TO THE FINISH."



"I FIGURED THE FIELDS WOULDN'T GET WISE TO MY COMING, SO I COULD GET A GOOD SLEEP AT THE HOTEL BEFORE RIDING OUT TO POP FLETCHER'S RANCH---BUT IT DIDN'T WORK!"

"GOOD THING FOR ME THAT ELLA KNEW IT WOULDN'T WORK, ACE!"



"I'VE GOT NO SYMPATHY FOR FEELINGS---EVEN BY MY OWNIN'. I'M HERE TO FIND OUT WHO DID SHOOT LUKE FIELD, AND STOP THIS STUPID KILLING, BOY!"



"THERE'S A LONE RIDER, ACE---LOOKS LIKE ELLA TO ME!"

"IT'S SHE, I RECKON. FETTER---WOAAA!"



"YOU CAN POINT THAT DARNON THE OTHER WAY, ELLA---IT'S ME---ACE---AND MY FRIEND ROY ROGERS!"

"BUT---BUT---I THOUGHT!"



YOU THOUGHT I WAS JOE, MY AM— BECAUSE THE FIELDS DID? AND I SURE HAVE TO THANK YOU FOR MY LIFE TONIGHT!

YOU'RE WELCOME, BOY— ESPECIALLY AS GOWSIN JOE IS HERE AND SAFE? WE FLETCHERS ARE GOING TO NEED ALL THE FRIENDS WE VE GOT!

I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR TWELVE YEARS, JOE— AND I HOPE I NEVER WOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED YOU BY SIGHT ALONE!

OH I YOU, ELLA? YOU WERE A DAMN LITTLE FILLY WHEN I LEFT AND NOW YOU'RE A SPORN-UP, BEAUTIFUL—



THAT'LL DO, JOE FLETCHER! I ONLY HOPE YOU'RE AS FAST WITH A GUN AS YOU ARE WITH FLATTERY! LET'S GO!

HOW DOES THE STRENGTH OF THE FIELDS AND THE FLETCHERS STACK UP TONIGHT, ELLA?

EIGHT TO FOUR, FAVOR OF THE FIELDS, IF YOU COUNT FIGHTING MEN ONLY, JOE! TOM CAN'T SHOOT WELL WITH HIS BROKEN ARM—



— AND GOWSIN NENT LANCORN IS A CITY MAN WHO CLAIMS HE NEVER COULD HIT ANYTHING WITH A GUN, SO HE DOESN'T COUNT! HE'S BEEN STAYING WITH US THE PAST THREE MONTHS FOR HIS HEALTH— AND PECKING AROUND THAT OLD HARBONDED GOLD MINE NEAR HOME!

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHO REALLY SHOT LUSE FIELDS, ELLA?

NOT A GHOST OF ONE, NOT! SOME BUCKLE TRAMP WITH A WHISKY CRUISE, PROBABLY— BUT OF COURSE, TOM SO? BLAMED BECAUSE OF THAT FIRST FIGHT HE HAD WITH LUSE!



SHUP! WE'LL BE
HOME IN TIME FOR
BREAKFAST, ELLA--

--- IF NONE OF
THOSE FIELD BOYS
HAVE GOT AROUND TO
HEAD US OFF! THEY
KNEW WHERE WE WERE
GOING, ACE!



YOU SNEEZED IT, GIRL!
THERE'S FIVE RIDERS
COMING OVER THAT
NEXT HILL - BETWEEN
US AND THE RANCH!

IT'S THE FIELDS,
ALL RIGHT---
AND THEY'VE
SEEN US, TOO!



THEY'VE GOT US OUT-RANGED WITH THEIR
RIFLES, ACE! HOW ABOUT ELLA SWAPPING
HORSES WITH ME AND HIGH-BUILDING IT?
NOTHING ON FOUR LEGS CAN CATCH
TRIGGER!



BETTER DO THAT,
GIRL! BOY AND I
WILL MAKE OUT
BETTER ALONE!

YOU WILL NOT!
NOT WITH MY
GLOW PONY!



THEY'RE GAINING ON US!
- WE'LL HEAD FOR THE
OLD MINE!



THEY'RE OUT OF SIGHT FOR A
MINUTE --- AND THE MINE'S
AT THE END OF THIS RANGE--
REMEMBER, ACE!

SURE DO, ELLA!---
WE USED TO PLAY
COWBOYS AND INDIANS
IN IT!



THERE IT IS!

TAKE HER INSIDE, ACE!
I'LL STOP HERE ---
AND JUMP THE FIELDS
IF THEY TRY TO RUSH
YOU!

THAT'S NOT FAIR ---
FOR HIM TO STAND
OFF FIVE MEN
ALONE ---!

HE WON'T BE
ALONE --- AFTER
I GET YOU
UNDER COVER,
ELLA!



BUT, UNHURT, ACE FOLLOWS
ELLA INTO THE MINE'S ROCKY MAW

GET BACK OUT OF PORTAL
RANGE, BOYS! THOSE TWO IN
THE MINE CAN SEE US ---
BUT WE CAN'T SEE THEM
NOW!



AT THAT INSTANT, ANOTHER RIFLE CRACKS
FROM THE RIM OF THE RAFFIC



ITS ECHOES ARE DROWED BY A MIGHTY BLAST AT THE MINE'S ENTRANCE.



AND THE WHOLE FACE OF THE CLIFF COLLAPSES, BARRING THE TUNNEL UNDER THOUSANDS OF TONS OF ROCK!

GREAT GRIEF! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A CASE OF DYNAMITE AND CAPS TOUCHED OFF BY THAT BULLET WHOA UP, TRIGGER!



THAT LAST SHOT CAME FROM ACROSS THE SLOCH! I WONDER WHO--?

THERE HE GOES, DAD! DENING THOSE GUSHES!



IT LOOKED LIKE THAT QUOTE RELATION OF THE FLETCHERS--- MOWT LARDON! BUT WHY WOULD HE BLAST DOWN A MOUNTAIN ON HIS OWN KINT?

WAPIC THE GUSS IS HEARSIGHTED--- ANYHOW, THERE'S THREE FEWER OF THE FLETCHER TRIBE TO FIGHT! THAT ONE ON THE PALOMINO MUST HAVE RODE HIS HOSS INTO THE MINE!



WATCH OUT, BOYS---!

IT'S THE DUCK! FEED HIM LEAD---



THAT'LL DO, BOYS---
THE COWS HAS CLEARED
OUT O' RANGE!



COME ON, BOYS--- WE'LL HEAD FOR THE
FLETCHER SPREAD RIGHT NOW AND WIPE
OUT WHAT'S LEFT OF 'EM--- BEFORE
THEY OIT US--- OR THE GOVERNMENT
SENDS IN MEN TO STOP US!



THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THAT ELLA AND ABE
ARE STILL ALIVE IN THAT MINE, BUT I CAN'T
HELP THEM NOW! GOT TO TRAVE THE FIELDS
TO POP FLETCHER'S BLANCH---



--- AND SOMHOW I GVENT
THE SLAUGHTER THEY'RE
JIMMING IT!



WHEE! BAM! WHOOO!

THE FIGHT HAD
STARTED! I'LL
TAKE A LOOK
BEFORE JUMPING
INTO IT!



THE FIELDS HAVV SCATTERED
BEHIND THE OUTBUILDINGS---
FIRING AT THE MAIN HOUSE!
SOUNDS AS IF ALL THE
FLETCHERS ARE INSIDE!



THIS ARROYS RANG
AROUND BACK OF THE
BARN! RECKON I
CAN GET PRETTY
CLOSE BEFORE
I'M SEEN!



What you saw

Called for quick action!



ALL RIGHT, BOYS--- DROP 'EM AND REACH HIGH!

HURRY!

WHA...?



CAREFUL! I DON'T WANT TO ---

BLAST HIM!



AAAAH!

BUT BOY'S SHOT IS A SPLIT SECOND QUICKER THE RIFLE BULL FLIES WILD.



GO AHEAD! WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT US AND BE DONE WITH IT?

BECAUSE I'M NOT IN THE BUSINESS OF MURDER! I AM TO HAVE A QUICK TALK WITH YOU GENTS RIGHT NOW--- BUT DON'T CALL FOR HELP OR SOMEBODY WILL GET HURT!



DROP ALL YOUR GUNS, AND STEP TOWARD ME THREE PAGES!



NOW MOVE!

DIDDOONE IT, BOYS--- WHY DON'T YOU KEEP SHOOTIN'?



WHAT---?

WHO---?

I'M WHY? FIELDS? I'M PLUMB HARMLESS IF YOU'LL DROP YOUR GUNS--- PROBABLY! IF NOT--- I'VE GOT THE DROP ON YOU ALL!



YOU'VE CALLED THE TUNE, STRANGER! WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS?

TO CATCH THE MAN WHO REALLY MURDERED YOUR SON, LARK FIELDS? I'M CONVINCED IT WAS NOT A FLETCHER!



WHO DO YOU MEAN, STRANGER?

I MEAN THE MAN WHO WOULD INHERIT THE FLETCHER LAND AND CATTLE--- IF ALL OF THEM WERE KILLED OFF! A MAN WHO DOESN'T CARE WHO DOES THE KILLING, SO LONG AS THE FIELDS ARE BLOWN!



RUN! HE COULD BE THE SAME SIDE-WINDER THAT BURIED ACE FLETCHER AND ELLA IN THE OLD MINE, AN HOUR BACK--- THAT SLICK CITY COWBOY OF THEIRS, NEXT LARGEST! HE COULD'VE STARTED THIS FEUD UP DELIBERATE---



WHAT D'YOU THINK, BOYS? SHOULD WE CALL A TRUCE AND TALK IT OVER WITH POP FLETCHER AND TOMMY?

I RECKON!

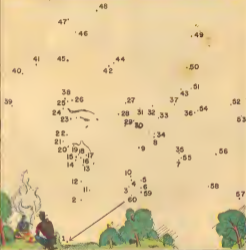
IT WOULDN'T DO ANY HARM, DAD! LET'S TRY---



YOU WON'T GET A CHANCE TO TRY ANYTHING--- ANY OF YOU! THIS RIFLE'S AUTOMATIC--- SIX SHOTS--- AND I'M KILLING THIS SMART TWO-GUN COWBOY FIRST!



DRAW A PENCIL LINE THROUGH THE DOTS IN ORDER OF THEIR NUMBERS STARTING WITH NO. 1, AND YOU WILL FIND OUT ABOUT WHOM THE MEN BY THE CAMPFIRE ARE TALKING.



BOY HAS FIVE PIECES OF LUMBER. HE HAS TO PUT THEM TOGETHER TO FORM A SQUARE THE SIZE OF THE SQUARE AROUND THIS COP. CAN YOU HELP HIM? CUT OUT OR TRACE THE PIECES OF LUMBER AND PUT THEM TOGETHER. YOU WILL FIND SEVERAL SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTIONS ON LAST PAGE.

ROY SEES FOUR HORSES HIDING AMONG THE ROCKS. THEY ARE AFRAID OF THE APPROACHING TIGER. CAN YOU FIND THE FIVE ANIMALS IN THE picture ?



CAN YOU HELP THE INDIAN ?



THE INDIAN HAS CUT HIS ROPE AND PUT IT TOGETHER AGAIN TO FORM THIS DESIGN. HOWEVER IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE IT FROM ONE ROPE. YOU COULD SHOW HIM HOW, BY DRAWING A PENCIL LINE. (YOU SHOULD NOT CROSS YOUR OWN LINES OR GO OVER THE SAME LINE TWICE)

SOLUTION ON LAST PAGE.

THERE IS A NAME HIDDEN IN THE DESIGN BELOW. CUT OUT THE FIVE BIRDS IN THE BOTTOM ROW AND PUT THEM PROPERLY OVER THE DESIGN AND YOU WILL FIND OUT THE NAME.

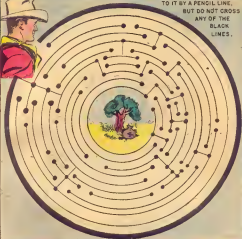


SOLUTION ON LAST PAGE.

ROY ROSE IS IN A CAVE. CAN YOU HELP HIM FIND HIS WAY TO THE SUNSHINE?
DRAW A PENCIL LINE WITHOUT CROSSING ANY BLACK LINES TO SHOW HIM THE PATH.



ROY IS LOOKING FOR THE LOST MONEYBAG. SHOW HIS PATH TO IT BY A PENCIL LINE, BUT DO NOT CROSS ANY OF THE BLACK LINES.



SOLUTIONS:



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