

DELL

NO. 346

ZANE GREY'S 10¢

# HIDE-OUT

Picturized Edition of

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND



# SAGUARO- GIANT OF THE DESERT



IN THE DRY, WIND-SWEPT DESERTS OF SOUTHERN ARIZONA GROWS THE GIANT SAGUARO CACTUS. FORESTS OF THESE HUGE TREE CACTI TOWER THIRTY TO FORTY FEET ABOVE LESSER MEMBERS OF THE CACTUS FAMILY. THESE GIANTS ACT AS A RESERVOIR FOR WATER DUE TO THEIR MOISTURE ABSORBING ABILITY.

FROM PREHISTORIC DAYS TO THE PRESENT, THE INDIANS HAVE DEPENDED ON THIS GIANT CACTUS FOR FOOD, WATER AND BUILDING MATERIAL. THE LIQUID FROM THE SAGUARO IS MADE INTO DELICIOUS PRESERVES, JAMS AND CANDY BY THE DESERT INDIANS.

WHEN THE WHITE MEN MIGRATED WESTWARD THROUGH THE DESERT AND RAN OUT OF LIFE-SAVING WATER, IT WAS THIS MAJESTIC PLANT THAT OFFERED LIQUID TO THIRST-RAVAGED MEN.



# HIDE-OUT

ADAM LANEY, FRESH FROM AN EASTERN COLLEGE, HAS ANSWERED THE DESERT'S CALL TO ADVENTURE--- TO FREEDOM! BUT HIS SOUL STILL BEARS THE SCARS OF BROKEN CHAINS.



THAT EAGLE'S NOT AFRAID! HE'S AS FREE AS THE AIR!

AND I'M FREE, TOO--- FROM NOW ON! FREE FROM THE SHAME OF ANOTHER MAN'S EVILNESS! FREE TO GO WHERE I PLEASE, WITHOUT HIDING FROM MEN WHO WOULD CONNECT ME WITH HIM!



GUERO IS MY BROTHER--- BY BLOOD AND NAME ONLY! HE'S BAD, CLEAR THROUGH! HE'S IN PICACHO NOW, DRINKING AND GAMBLING!

I'VE BEEN KEEPING OUT OF HIS WAY--- FOR VERY SHAME--- BUT NO MORE! I'VE BEEN GIVING HIM MONEY--- MONEY THAT OUR MOTHER LEFT ME--- TO PAY HIS GAMBLING DEBTS. BUT THAT'S ENDED!



I'LL GIVE THIS TOWN THEY CALL PICACHO THE ONCE-OVER. IF I HAPPEN TO SEE GUERO, I'LL IGNORE HIM.

WITH A HEAVY MEAL UNDER HIS BELT, ADAM LANTY STARTS OUT TO "SEE THE SIGHTS."

LANTY



GUERD! I THOUGHT SO! THIS IS A PLACE HE'D FEEL AT HOME IN.



I WON'T DOCK OUT JUST BECAUSE HE'S HERE.



DANCE, BIG BOY? I LIKE YOUR LOOKS!

NO—THANK YOU!

WANT TO SEE HIM HIMSELF!



I WANT MONEY, ADAM, AND YOU'VE GOT IT! WILL MOTHER'S DARLING FORK IT OVER LIKE A NICE BOY, OR—

GO TO WORK! YOU'RE NOT NICK ENOUGH WITH CARDS TO HIDE YOUR TRICKS, GUERD.

SHUT UP! GIVE ME WHAT I WANT OR I'LL TAKE IT---









NO RIVER! IT'S  
GOT TO BE ---  
BEYOND THIS RIDGE.  
GOT TO BE!



NIGHT FOLLOWS THE BURNING DAY AND  
ANOTHER TORTURING DAY FOLLOWS NIGHT! ONLY  
ADAM LAREY'S SUPERS YOUTH AND STRENGTH  
COULD HAVE HELD ONTO LIFE THIS LONG ...  
WITHOUT WATER!

THE RIVER ---  
IT ISN'T HERE ---!



LAKE! THERE'S ---  
LAKE OF WATER!  
RIGHT AHEAD ---



BUT THE MIRAGE VANISHED --- AND WITH IT THE  
LAST OF ADAM LAREY'S STRENGTH ...



AMID STRANGE SURROUNDINGS,  
CONSCIOUSNESS SLOWLY RETURNS...

TAKE IT  
EASY, BOY!  
I'LL GIVE YOU  
A DRINK...

WATER ---







NO MORE NOW! TOO MUCH AT ONCE WOULD KILL YOU, BOY! I'VE BEEN FEEDING YOU A SPOONFUL AT A TIME FOR TWO DAYS, NOW YOU'VE LOST ABOUT SEVENTY POUNDS!



MY NAME'S GISMUKS, I'M A PROSPECTOR AND A MINER. I FOUND YOU JUST ABOUT DEAD--- BUT YOU'LL PULL THROUGH NOW. IT WAS MY BURRO, JIMMY, WHO SPOTTED YOU FIRST. WHAT'S YOUR NAME? ---IF YOU WANT TO TELL ME?

NAME ---  
NAME'S AD---  
UH? CALL ME WANSFELL!



A WEEK LATER...

YOU'RE PLENTY STRONG ENOUGH TO TRAVEL NOW, WANSFELL. TOMORROW MORNING, I'M STARTING FOR TUMA FOR SUPPLIES. BUT I reckon you won't be coming with me!

I--- I WON'T! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?

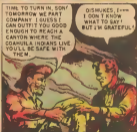


WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO, BOY?

TO GO--- ALONE--- INTO THE LOVELIEST PLACE I CAN FIND--- AND LIVE THERE!



ALONE? THAT'S MY WAY, TOO, WANSFELL--- BUT FOR DIFFERENT REASONS! I LIKE LONELINESS IN THE DESERT. YOU'RE TOWN-BRED AND RUNNING FROM SOMETHING? I WON'T ASK YOU WHAT



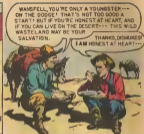
TIME TO TURN IN, SON? TOMORROW WE PART COMPANY. I GUESS I CAN OUTFIT YOU GOOD ENOUGH TO REACH A CANYON WHERE THE COMCHA INDIANS LIVE. YOU'LL BE SAFE WITH THEM.

GISMUKS, I--- I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! BUT I'M GRATEFUL!



BREAKFAST!  
COME AND  
GET IT!

COMING,  
WANSFELL!



WANSFELL, YOU'RE ONLY A YOUNGSTER ---  
ON THE LODGE! THAT'S NOT TOO GOOD A  
START! BUT IF YOU'RE HONEST AT HEART, AND  
IF YOU CAN LIVE ON THE DESERT --- THIS WILD  
WASTELAND MAY BE YOUR  
SALVATION.

THANKS, DRUNKER!  
I AM HONEST AT HEART ---



--- AND THIS DESERT IS BIG AND FREE,  
ENOUGH FOR ANY WANDERER! I'LL BE  
BIG, AND CLEAN, TO MATCH IT --- --  
OR DIE TRYING!



I'M LETTING YOU TAKE JINNY .  
SHE'S TRICKY, BUT A BLAMED  
GOOD BURRO! SHE'S CARRYING  
MY OVEN, A BLANKET, A CANTEEN,  
AND CRUS --- AND A CANVAS  
COVER OVER IT ALL! IF  
YOU NEED MONEY, I CAN  
SPARE YOU THAT, TOO!

NO! I HAVE MORE  
MONEY THAN I'LL  
NEED NOW! LET  
ME PAY YOU!



GOOD-BYE --- AND DON'T FORGET ANY  
OF WHAT I'VE TOLD YOU --- ABOUT THE  
LANDMARKS TO THE  
CANYON --- AND WHAT  
THE DESERT CAN DO  
FOR YOU IF YOU'LL  
LET IT!

I WON'T AND I'LL  
NEVER FORGET  
YOU, DISMUKES!



JINNY, THERE GOES THE BIGGEST MAN  
I'VE EVER KNOWN!





NO — NOBODY ANSWERS!  
THEY CAN'T BE — — —  
DEAD?



THEY'RE — — — GONE!  
CLEARED OUT!  
THERE'S NOBODY HERE  
BUT ME! NO FOOD — — !



THEY'RE GONE FOR THE  
SUMMER — — — — —

OSBORN'S SAID THEY  
MIGHT BE? I'D NEVER  
FIND THEM! MY ONE  
CHANCE FOR LIFE IS  
TO STAY HERE TILL  
THEY RETURN IN  
THE FALL!



I HAVE WATER — — AND A ROOF TO KEEP  
OFF THE SUN — — AND MY KNIFE! BUT I MUST  
MAKE WEAPONS TO KILL GAME — — —  
IF THERE IS ANY GAME  
TO KILL!



IN THE MORNING, WANSPELL LAYS OUT THE  
CONTENTS OF HIS POCKETS . . .



I GUESS THESE THINGS ARE MY ONLY ADVANTAGE  
OVER A STONE AGE SAVAGE — — — A WALLET  
WRAPPED IN A RUBBER BAND, A POCKET KNIFE,  
A HANDKERCHIEF, A WATCH! AND I LACK A  
SAVAGE'S SKILL AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE  
WASTELAND.





ONE MORNING,  
AS WANGFELL  
KNEELS TO  
DRINK....

AAAA-  
AAAA!



NEXT? FIFTEEN POUNDS  
OF MEAT! IF I CAN KILL  
IT BEFORE THE THING--  
KILLS ME!



ONE THROW--  
ONE CHANCE! IT'S  
ME OR IT!

TSSSSSS  
SSSSSS!



THE ROCK  
STRIKES FIRST...

gGyAh!



...BUT ONLY PUTS THE RATTLER TO FLIGHT...

HE WON'T GET AWAY  
FROM ME! I'LL HIT  
HIM AGAIN!



STUMBLING WEARILY AFTER THE REPTILE,  
WANGFELL TRIPS...AND FALLS ON THE SHORE!



AFTER A FEW CONVULSIVE  
MOVEMENTS, THE BOY LIES STILL—  
HISSING ANGRILY, THE RATTLE-  
SNAKE CRAWLS AWAY.

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BARELY HALF  
AN HOUR LATER,  
GUSTY LITTLE  
PROCESSION  
REACHED THE  
DESERTED CAMP.



FATHER— LOOK!  
WHAT IS IT?

WHITE MAN—  
I THINK HURT  
OR DEAD!  
WE SEE!



HE IS  
ALIVE!  
CAN WE  
SAVE HIM?

CHARLEY JIM BIG MEDICINE  
MAN— SAVE MANY FROM  
SNAKE BITE! MAYBE THIS  
ONE, TDD!



WHITE MAN  
STRONGER NOW!  
FOOD TASTE GOOD?

YES!  
WHEN DID  
YOU FIND ME?  
WHAT IS YOUR  
NAME?



NAME DELLA? WE  
FIND YOU BY WATER,  
THREE DAYS AGO.

I OWE YOU MY  
LIFE, DELLA? AND  
I'M AFRAID I  
SHALL OWE YOU  
STILL MORE?



RAPIDLY RESPONDING TO THE INDIAN GIRL'S CARE, WANSFELL SAYS STRENGTH



WHY ARE YOU SO GOOD TO ME, OELLA? I'M STRONG ENOUGH TO WALK--- A LITTLE--- BY MYSELF! YET YOU'RE ALWAYS READY TO HELP ME!



OELLA WANT TO BE HELPING YOU--- ALWAYS!

CHARLEY JIM, YOU HAVE SAID I COULD STAY WITH YOUR PEOPLE--- BUT I NEED SOME THINGS FROM TOWN. A RIFLE, CLOTHES---



USH--- GOOD! CHARLEY JIM SEND BOYS TO TRADING POST WITH HORSES. COME BACK IN FIVE, TEN DAYS! BOYS NO TELL WHITE MEN THAT WANSFELL LIVE WITH CHARLEY JIM!



TEN DAYS LATER...



TA, TA, TA!

THEY'VE COME WITH THE STUFF FROM THE POST. OELLA! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

THIS SHAWL IS MY GIFT TO YOU, OELLA!

O-O-O OH!



IT'S NOT A VERY FINE ONE, BUT IT'S PRETTY ON YOU!

OELLA LIKE --- BETTER THAN ALL! WANSFELL GIVET!





THIS RIFLE IS FOR YOU, CHIEF! I SENT FOR TWO OF THEM!

UH! WHITE BOY GOOD— LIKE SON!



WEEKS PASS— AND THE YOUNG WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND BECOMES A HUNTED— UNDER CHARLEY JIM'S EXPERT TRAINING—

HARR! YOU HIT-UM!



WHITE MAN, YOU HAVE EYE LIKE EAGLE! YOUR HEART IS THE HEART OF THE INDIAN!



TAKE MY DAUGHTER DELLA FOR YOUR WIFE! LIVE WITH INDIAN ALWAYS!

MARRY— MARRY DELLA?



NO! NO— I CAN NEVER MARRY! I AM HUNTED BY THE LAW! I HAVE BLOOD ON MY HANDS! I WOULD BRING DELLA SORROW. NO! SOME DAY THE LAW WOULD FIND ME— AND BREAK HER HEART.



THEN GO, WHITE MAN! ME THINK DELLA'S HEART BREAK ANYWAY! BUT YOU NOT MARRY HER, YOU NOT STAY.

TEN YEARS HAVE PASSED. WANSFELL, THE WANDERER, BEARS LITTLE RESEMBLANCE TO THE DESPERATE BOY, ADAM LARCY, WHO FLED INTO THE DESERT WITH HIS BROTHER'S BLOOD ON HIS HANDS... AS HE PROMISED DISMUKES, HE HAS GROWN BIG AND CALM AND CLEAR— A TRUE SON OF THE WASTELAND!



DEATH VALLEY— THE HOTTEST HOLE ON THE CONTINENT! BUT IT'S ONE OF DISMUKES' FAVORITE STAMPMING GROUNDS. ON HIS EVERLASTING SEARCH FOR GOLD AND I MIGHT RUN ACROSS HIM!



DRY! BUT THERE'S A WATER HOLE NOT FAR FROM HERE. WE'LL MAKE IT IN AN HOUR OR TWO.



THERE'S THE WATER— AND AN INDIAN— HURT OR SICK!



HE'S DEAD, POOR LAD! CLUBBED FROM BEHIND, LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO!



AND HERE ARE THE TRACKS OF HIS MURDERERS— WHITE MEN! DISMUKES WOULD NOT BE WITH SUCH A CROWD— UNLESS HE WERE A CAPTIVE!



I HEAR VOICES --- UP THE  
LEFT FORK OF THIS GULLY!  
AND THE GRINDING OF AN  
ARRASTRA! I'LL TAKE  
THE RIGHT FORK ---

--- AND LOOKIN' ON THEIR  
CAMP FROM ABOVE! ONLY TWO  
SHELLS IN MY GUN.

GOOD GRIEF! IT IS DISMAYING  
THAT THEY'VE CAUGHT! THE  
INDIAN MUST HAVE BEEN  
WITH HIM

A GRIM SCENE, TRULY! AN HONEST MINER  
FORCED TO WORK HIMSELF TO DEATH, GRINDING  
HIS OWN ORE FOR A GANG OF THIEVES!

GRIND THAT ORE FOR US,  
LITTLE MAN! DON'T SLOW  
DOWN --- OR I'LL SURE  
ENOUGH FEEL YOUR BACK!

UP WITH YOUR  
HANDS, ALL OF  
YOU!

YOW!

SET HIM! HE'S  
THE DESERT  
RAT'S PART ---  
UGH!





MAN! YOU'VE GROWN ---  
EVEN IN THE LAST COUPLE  
OF YEARS! GROWN BIGGER  
INSIDE AS WELL AS OUT!  
I DON'T WONDER THAT  
YOU'RE A LEGEND  
AMONG DESERT MEN!

A LEGEND?  
WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN BY THAT?



WAIT TILL I'VE WET MY  
WHISTLE --- AND  
WASHED OFF  
THE SWEAT  
AND GRIME  
FROM THAT  
ARRABRA!  
THEN WE'LL  
TALK, MY  
FRIEND!



I ENVY YOU, WANSFELL! I'VE SPENT MY  
LIFE DIGGING IN THE DIRT FOR GOLD.  
YOU'VE SPENT THE PAST TEN YEARS  
HELPING FOLK IN NEED, RIGHTING WRONGS,  
DEALING OUT JUSTICE TO EVIL MEN --- IF THE  
CAMPFIRE STORIES I'VE HEARD ARE TRUE!

THEY ARE  
PROBABLY  
EXAGGER-  
ATED.



EXAGGERATED!  
IF A TENTH OF THEM  
ARE TRUE, YOU'RE EVEN  
A BIGGER MAN INSIDE  
THAN YOU ARE TO LOOK  
AT!

I'M STILL A  
WANDERER WITH A  
PRIZE ON MY HEAD,  
IF ANYBODY KNEW  
MY REAL NAME!



WE WON'T ARGUE ABOUT IT, PARCHER!  
INSTEAD, I WANT TO SHOW YOU WHAT I'VE  
GOT IN THIS MINE. IT'S JUST A FEW STEPS  
UP THE DRAW.



HERE IT IS --- THE RICHEST VON I EVER  
STRUCK --- FORTY PERCENT PURE GOLD!  
JUST WHAT YOU SEE IN THIS CHUNK OF ORE!  
AND I'M GIVING IT ALL TO YOU NOW, WANSFELL,  
LOOK, STUCK AND BARR'L! IT'S SMALL THANKS  
FOR SAVING MY LIFE!

THANKS TO YOU,  
MY GOOD FRIEND!  
BUT I'M NOT A  
MINER, AND I  
DON'T WANT IT!



MARCH FINDS WANSFELL FLOODING SOUTHWARD OVER THE MOJAVE--- BENDING HIS COURSE TO MEET THREE OTHER TRAVELERS...



WE'RE GOIN' TO RIVERBEND!  
MY GAL HYER IS SICK AND  
PINING FOR HOME!



STRANGELY DISTURBED, WANSFELL WATCHES THE  
PARTY DISAPPEAR INTO THE SUNSET ...



HUMPH! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF  
THOSE FELLOWS! THEY SAID NO WATER  
AT THE COTTONWOODS! NO WATER ---- WHEN  
THE MOUNTAIN IS WHITE WITH SNOW! THEY  
LIED --- BUT WHY?



I'LL GO BACK AND LOOK THEM OVER  
AGIN! THAT GIRL WAS IN TEARS ---  
AND SHE ISN'T THEIR SORT! I SICK!  
--- MAYBE?



THEY'VE MADE CAMP ---  
IN THAT DRY WASH!



WHO ---? IT'S THE  
BIG FELLA!

YOU FOLLOWED  
US? WHADDYUH  
WANT?

TO HELP  
MAYBE?









YAH---  
UGH!



GIRL! THROW ME A  
PIECE OF ROPE!

ROPE?  
YES---



THANKS! NOW, CHILD,  
YOU CAN TELL ME  
JUST WHAT'S  
WRONG!



THEY--- THEY TOOK ME AWAY FROM MOTHER---  
AT THE COTTONWOODS! WE LIVE THERE! I  
WAS OUT LOOKING FOR FIREWOOD WHEN  
THEY GRABBED ME! MOTHER DIDN'T  
SEE --- (SOPH) (SOPH)



I--- (I'VE BEEN S-SO SCARED!  
THEY SAID THEY WOULD (SOPH)  
SLIT MY TONGUE IF I S-SPOKE  
TO YOU!

POOR  
LITTLE  
KID!



I'LL TAKE YOU HOME  
TONIGHT! THE COTTON-  
WOODS AREN'T TOO  
FAR AND YOU CAN  
RIDE MY BURRO!

I DON'T MIND  
WALKING--- I JUST  
WANT TO GET BACK  
TO MOTHER! SHE'S  
SICK--- AND SHE'LL  
BE WORRYING!

MY NAME'S GENIE LINWOOD! I'M SO--- SO GLAD YOU CAME ALONG! YOU'RE GOOD--- AS GOOD AS THOSE OTHER MEN WERE BAD, MR---

CALL ME WANSPELL--- NOT MISTER! AND TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOURSELF, GENIE! IS YOUR FATHER LIVING?

FATHER DIED--- OF CONSUMPTION--- TWO YEARS AGO. MOTHER COUGHS LIKE HE DID--- AND WE HAVEN'T HAD ENOUGH FOOD LATELY ALMOST NOBODY EVER COMES BY THE COTTAGE--- AND WE HAVE NO WAY TO GET SUPPLIES



HERE'S WHERE WE LIVE! WE WON'T TELL MOTHER ABOUT THE BAD MEN, WILL WE, WANSPELL? IT WOULD ONLY SCARE HER!

VERY WELL, GENIE--- JUST AS YOU WISH

MOTHER! MOTHER! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

GENIE, MY CHILD! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THIS TIME?



I--- I WAS LOST, MOTHER! AND THIS KIND MAN, WANSPELL, FOUND ME AND BROUGHT ME HOME!

THANK SOOOO MUCH FOR THAT! I WORRIED, GENIE! I CALLED AND LOOKED FOR YOU TILL I HAD TO--- TO LIE DOWN--- (GROAN)



YOU MUST HAVE BEEN TOO WORRIED TO EAT ANYTHING, MRS LINWOOD! I'LL GET SUPPER FOR ALL OF US, FROM THE THINGS IN MY PACK!

THANK YOU--- AGAIN AND AGAIN! BUT DON'T COOK MUCH FOR ME--- I'M NOT HUNGRY!



TWO WEEKS PASS WANSFELL TAKES OVER THE SIMPLE CHORES, THE COOKING, THE ROLE OF DOCTOR AND FAMILY FRIEND,...



WANSFELL--- TODAY, I FEEL THAT I MUST TALK WITH YOU--- ABOUT GE'!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER, MRS LINWOOD? SHE SEEMS WELL--- EATS AS MUCH AS I DO



IT ISN'T THAT--- GENIE IS WELL! BUT I SHALL HAVE TO LEAVE HER SOON! AND THEN SHE WILL HAVE NO ONE--- NO ONE, BUT YOU!

MRS LINWOOD! YOU'RE BETTER THAN WHEN I CAME HERE! YOU'RE JUST DISCOURAGED!



NO! I'M ALMOST HAPPY--- FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS! BECAUSE I BELIEVE YOU ARE THE ANSWER TO MY PRAYER FOR GENIE! WHEN I GO, SHE WILL HAVE A STRONG PROTECTOR! AND NOW I MUST TELL YOU A SECRET EVEN GENIE DOESN'T KNOW!



A SECRET?

YES--- IT IS THIS, GENIE IS RICH! HER FATHER FOUND GOLD IN THE MOUNTAIN, HE WORKED HIMSELF TO DEATH FOR IT! IT IS HIDDEN NOW BENEATH THE FLOOR, UNDER MY DO!



I WANT YOU TO INVEST IT FOR HER--- UNTIL SHE COMES OF AGE! SHE HAS AN UNCLE, JOHN SHAYER, A PROSPECTOR---

BUT I CAN'T TRUST HIM WITH MONEY!

I SEE--- AND I AM DEEPLY HONORED BY YOUR TRUST! I WON'T BETRAY IT!



THE NEXT DAY, GENIE'S MOTHER DIED--- AND WAS BURIED BESIDE HER HUSBAND.



AND FOR THREE WHOLE DAYS, GENIE REFUSED TO EAT.



GENIE! I'M GETTING SICK--- FOR WANT OF EXERCISE! I USED TO WALK MILES EVERY DAY! I MUST BEGIN AGAIN!

ALL RIGHT--- WHY DON'T YOU?



I CAN'T LEAVE YOU ALONE! OTHER BADMEN MIGHT COME ALONG! YOU'LL HAVE TO WALK WITH ME! UNDERSTAND?

YES!---- ALL RIGHT! I DON'T CARE WHAT I DO!



WANSFELL'S SCHEME WORKS WITHIN A WEEK GENIE'S APPETITE IS BACK...

OH! WANNT, LET'S STOP AND EAT! YOU DID BRING SOME LUNCH, DIDN'T YOU?

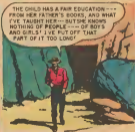


GENIE, HERE IS A SPOT I'VE NEVER SHOWN YOU--- A LITTLE JUNGLE, FED BY A HOT SPRING!

OH, WANNT! A HOT SPRING! TAKE ME TO IT!



AFTER TWO YEARS







A WEEK LATER... A FARMHOUSE ATTRACTS THE WANDERERS OF THE WASTELAND.

GOOD EVENING, MAAM? WILL YOU LET US CAMP UNDER YOUR TREES TONIGHT? MY NAME IS WANSPELL... AND THE GIRL WITH ME IS GENIE LINWOOD. WE'RE FROM THE DESERT!



YOU'RE MORE THAN WELCOME-- BOTH OF YOU!

OUR NAME IS BLAIR! MY HUSBAND IS AWAY-- HE'S A PROSPECTOR. BUT I'LL SEND MY BOY EUGENE OUT WITH SOME FRESH MILK FOR YOU! AND DON'T THANK US! IT'S A TREAT TO HAVE VISITORS!



WHY?! THERE'S A... A STRANGER COMING?



NO, NO, NO! THAT'S A BOY-- YOUR OWN AGE, OR A LITTLE BETTER-- EUGENE BLAIR! HE'S BRINGING US FRESH MILK!

THANKS, EUGENE! I WANT YOU TO MEET GENIE LINWOOD! HER FIRST NAME IS ALMOST THE SAME AS YOURS!

UH---HELLO! WE'RE MIGHTY GLAD YOU STOPPED HERE! HOPE YOU STAY AWHILE!



WE'RE GOING TO STAY LONG ENOUGH TO GET ACQUAINTED, NEIGHBOR! YOU'RE THE FIRST BOY GENIE HAS EVER SEEN!

...IN HER WHOLE LIFE! GOLLY, MR WANSPELL! I'VE SEEN A FEW GIRLS SINCE WE'VE LIVED HERE BUT THEY ALL WORE MR.'S CLOTHES!





THAT'S MY STORY--- AND GENIE'S, MRS. BLAIR!



BEFORE MANY DAYS, ACQUAINTANCE RIPENS INTO FRIENDSHIP AND GENIE, IN "GIRL'S CLOTHES", LOSES HER SHYNESS...

WANSFELL, YOU MAY BE A HUNTED MAN, BUT YOU'RE A NOBLE ONE! YOU HAVE BEEN FATHER AND BROTHER AND TEACHER TO THAT GIRL! BUT NOW--- WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?

THEY DEPEND LARGELY ON YOU! GENIE, AS I'VE MENTIONED, HAS MONEY OF HER OWN--- BUT SHE NEEDS A MOTHER! WILL YOU TAKE HER INTO YOUR HOME?



TAKE GENIE LINWOOD INTO OUR HOME? WHY NOT? EUGENE, THE CHILDREN AND I--- WE'VE ALREADY TAKEN HER INTO OUR HEARTS.



I AM GLAD! GENIE IS HAPPY HERE--- AND I'M GOING TO BUY WITH HER MONEY THE RICH VALLEY LAND BEYOND THE NOTCH--- THE LAND THAT EUGENE WOULD LIKE TO WORK FOR HER, ON SHARES.



AND THEN, WANSFELL?

AND THEN--- I'M GOING AWAY! FOR GOOD, I THINK--- AND WITHOUT GOOD-BYES.



WANSFELL, I HONOR YOU! I KNOW THAT GENIE'S SUN RISES AND SETS WITH YOU! SHE WOULD MARRY YOU IN A MINUTE--- IF YOU WERE SELFISH ENOUGH TO ASK HER! BUT MUST YOU ALWAYS BE PUTTING HOME AND FAMILY--- ALL THAT IS DESIRABLE--- OUT OF YOUR LIFE?

YES!



I CAN NEVER, NEVER YIELD MYSELF TO THOSE THINGS--- WHILE I HAVE MY BROTHER'S BLOOD ON MY HANDS, AND A PRICE ON MY HEAD! BUT I AM THROUGH WITH RUNNING AWAY! I WILL GO BACK TO PICACHO IN A FEW DAYS FROM NOW, AND GIVE MYSELF UP--- TO THE LAW!



HOWDY, STRANGER? LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY -- OR SOMETHING?

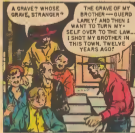
YES! I AM LOOKING FOR A GRAVE!



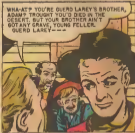
A DAY COMES WHEN WANSFELL STRIDES AGAIN DOWN THE STREET OF PICACHO TOWN, NOW AGEING AND HALF DESERTED...

A GRAVE? WHOSE GRAVE, STRANGER?

THE GRAVE OF MY BROTHER--- GUERD LAREY! AND THEN I WANT TO TURN MYSELF OVER TO THE LAW... I SHOT MY BROTHER IN THIS TOWN, TWELVE YEARS AGO!



WHA-AT? YOU'RE GUERD LAREY'S BROTHER, ADAM? I THOUGHT YOU'D DIED IN THE DESERT. BUT YOUR BROTHER AIN'T GOT ANY GRAVE, YOUNG FELLER. GUERD LAREY---



--- IS ALIVE! HE WAS ONLY WOUNDED!



THANK GOODNESS AT LAST MY HANDS ARE CLEANSED OF MY BROTHER'S BLOOD, NOW I CAN GO BACK TO THE DESERT A FREE MAN. THANKS, STRANGER, THANKS FOR YOUR HELP!



## The Cowboy's Lament

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo  
As I walked out in Laredo one day,  
I spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen,  
Wrapped up in white linen and cold as the day.

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,  
Play the Dead March as you carry me along;  
Take me to the green valley, there lay the sod o'er me,  
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"  
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by.  
"Come off down beside me and hear my sad story:  
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die.

"Let sixteen gamblers come handle my coffin,  
Let sixteen cowboys come sing me a song.  
Take me to the graveyard and lay the sod o'er me,  
For I'm a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

"My friends and relations they live in the Nation,  
They know not where their boy has gone.  
He first came to Texas and hired to a ranchman,  
Oh, I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

"Go write a letter to my gray-haired mother,  
And carry the word to my sister so dear,  
But not a word of this shall you mention  
When a crowd gathers round you my story to hear.

"Then beat your drum slowly and play your fife lowly  
Beat the Dead March as you carry me along,  
We all love our cowboys so young and so handsome,  
We all love our cowboys although they're done wrong.

"Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys,  
And tell them the story of this my sad fate;  
Tell one and the other before they go further  
To stop their wild roving before 't is too late.

"Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin,  
Get six pretty maidens to bear up my pall,  
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,  
Put roses to decorate the clods as they fall.

"Then swing your rope slowly and rattle your spurs lowly,  
And give a wild whoop as you carry me along,  
And in the grove throw the sod o'er me,  
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.





(Continued from inside back cover)

"Go bring me a cup, a cup of cold water,  
To cool my parched lips," the cowboy said,  
Before I turned, the spirit had left him  
And gone to its Giver—the cowboy was dead.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,  
And bitterly wept as we bore him along,  
For we all loved our comrade, so brave, young, and handsome,  
We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.