

DELL
COMIC

NO. 533

10¢

Zane Grey's
**RANGE
WAR**

a picturized edition of "The Rash Knife Outfit"



Range War



Range wars between sheepherders and cattlemen were common in the early West. Most people never stop to inquire just why these two groups hated each other so much.

Sheep are smaller and much closer to the ground than beef cattle. Because of this, they eat grass much more closely than beef cattle. When a herd of sheep grazes over a patch of grass, they nearly clip it short. Since the sheep usually move in a tightly-packed mass, they cover every inch of earth, stripping it almost bare. In the American West, this often led to destruction of good grazing land. In many areas, grass was sparse and when sheep had stripped it, the earth dried up and a "dust bowl" resulted. This was particularly true in times of drought. Once the prairie grass was gone, the wind blew the dry earth away in clouds of choking dust.

Many people say that a horse will not drink from the same water hole with a sheep. This is not strictly true but it is true that sheep often disturb the bottom of a spring or stream so badly by wading into it and plunging the bottom with their small, sharp hoofs that a horse refuses to drink the dirty water. In the West where water is sometimes very scarce, this was enough to cause feuds.

Today, sheepmen and cattlemen are good friends. The Federal Government supervises grazing on public lands and it carefully prevents "overgrazing." If grass has been eaten to the danger point, no herds are permitted to re-enter the area—sheep or cattle. Some sites have been reserved to beef cattle because the land will not stand the close clipping of a herd of sheep. Other areas with tougher grass have been set aside for sheep.

The water problem has been solved by sinking many wells and the use of watering troughs. Indeed, on some large ranches, sheep and cattle are run together, causing little or no trouble to one another.



Dave Gray's **RAMBLER** (Book Ends Outfit), No. 101, May-July, 1954. Dave Gray published cartoons by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y. **Range** by Coleman, Jr., Prophet, Helen Meyer and Phyllis, Albert D. Scharfstein, Vice-President Single copies 10 cents. Published by arrangement with The Hearst Publications, Inc., 1000 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif. by Dave Gray. Book. All rights reserved throughout the world. Photocopy service obtained from the artist, "Book Ends Outfit" by Dave Gray, copyright, 1952, by Dave Gray. Printed in U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

ZANE GREY'S RANGE WAR



BUT YOU WON'T BE GOING TO YELLOW JACKET TILL DAY-AFTER-TOMORROW, JIM. I'VE GOT WORD THAT BAMBURGE, THE STOCK BUYER, IS SHIPPING FROM WINDLOW IN THE MORNING---AND I WANT YOU TO LOOK HIS SHIPMENT OVER FOR DIAMOND BRANDS!



THE NEXT DAY---AT THE WINDLOW LOADING PENS---

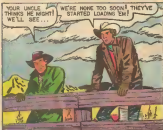
CURLY DO YOU FIGURE BAMBURGE WOULD HAVE THE NERVE TO SHIP OUR BRANDED STOCK?

WEDDE, JIM!



YOUR UNCLE THINKS HE MIGHT! WE'LL SEE ...

WE'RE HERE TOO SOON! THEY'VE STARTED LOADING 'EM!



LOOK THERE, CURLY! MY UNCLE WAS RIGHT! THERE'S ONE GOING THROUGH THE CHUTE!



HE-YAH! G'IT IN THERE!

SW-AMM-UMH!



PLAN ON THE COB'S HIP IS THAT'S DR. DIAMOND.

...AND THERE'S ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER! CURLY, I'VE SEEN ENOUGH! I'M GOING TO HUNT UP BAMBURGE!

AW-AMM!





I RECKON YOU'LL FIND HIM IN THE RAILROAD STATION, JIM--- WERE THE FREIGHT OFFICE.

HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS BARFACED COW THEMING--- NOT ANY MORE!



AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, DARNELL, THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A CAT---HA, HA!

---OR A GATTLE KING? WELL, SAMBRIDGE---

SAMBRIDGE!

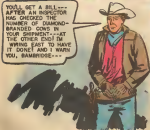


I'M SAMBRIDGE! WHO ARE YOU--- AND WHAT DO YOU---

JIM TRAFF'S MY NAME! OF THE DIAMOND! YOU'RE SHIPPING QUITE A NUMBER OF MY GATTLE, SAMBRIDGE---



I AM? WELL, IT'S POSSIBLE, TRAFF--- IF YOU WERE SO CARELESS AS NOT TO BRAND THEM! IF YOU WISH TO NOTE DOWN THEIR NUMBER AND MARKINGS, AND SEND ME A BILL... I'LL CONSIDER IT!



YOU'LL GET A BILL--- AFTER AN INSPECTOR HAS CHECKED THE NUMBER OF DIAMOND-BRANDED COWS IN YOUR SHIPMENT--- AT THE OTHER END! I'M WRING EAST TO HAVE IT DONE! AND I WARN YOU, SAMBRIDGE---



YOU'RE CALLING ME A COW THEM? YOU PUPPY? IF YOU'VE SPOTTED ANY DIAMOND-BRANDED COWS IN MY BUNCH, IT'S A MISTAKE! IF THAT MAKES ME A THEP, GO'S YOUR UNCLE---



STAGGERING BACK, OFF BALANCE, THE CATTLE BUYER ENCOUNTERS THE HOT STOVE.



DON'T YOU CALL MY UNCLE A THIEF OF ANY COLOR--- AND TAKE YOUR HAND OFF YOUR SUN, BARRIDGE!

THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, DARNELL! IF THAT'S YOUR NAME---



LATER---AT THE DIAMOND RANCH OFFICE---

BACK ALREADY, MENNY? ANY NEWS TO REPORT?

YOU BET, UNCLE JIM! CURLY AND I SPOTTED QUITE A FEW DIAMOND-BRANDING STOCK IN BARRIDGE'S SHIPMENT!



HMMM! WAS BARRIDGE ANYWHERE AROUND?

HE WAS---AND I TOLD HIM OFF! ALSO I SENT A TELEGRAM EAST TO HAVE ALL DIAMOND COGS IN THE SHIPMENT COUNTED BY THE WAY---HOW IS MOLLY'S HEADACHE TODAY?



I RECKON HER HEAD'S FEELING BETTER. SHE LEFT FOR FLAG, TO SEE HOW HER BROTHER'S RECOVERY IS PROGRESSING... DON'T LEAVE ANY OTHER WORD FOR YOU.

DOODONE! AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE HER TILL I MAKE A TRIP BACK FROM YELLOW JACKET!



I'LL GO AND LOOK UP GLORY! HAVEN'T HAD MUCH CHANCE TO TALK WITH HER SINCE SHE CAME BACK FROM THE EAST.



HELLO, SIS! YOU SURE SEEM TO FIT HERE, IN THE DIAMOND LIVING ROOM---

JIM! COME--- TELL ME WHERE YOU'VE BEEN ALL DAY!



BUSINESS IN WINSLOW, FOR UNCLE! HAD TO WARN A CROOKED BUYER WHO WAS SHIPPING STOLEN DIAMOND COGS. NAME OF BARRIBOSE.

OH! I HOPE YOU IMPRESSED HIM! WHO ELSE DID YOU SEE IN WINSLOW, JIM?



AW-W-W, HMM! NOBODY I KNEW! FELLOW NAMED DARNELL WAS WITH BARRIBOSE--- EASTERER---GANDLER TYPE... DIDN'T LIKE HIS "JIM" / HANDSOME" LOOK.



DARNELL? JIM! ARE---ARE YOU SURE THAT WAS THE NAME?

YES, BUT---GLORY! WHAT AILS YOU? WHO---?



GLORY--WHAT IS THIS DARNELL PERSON TO YOU?

JUST---JUST A SAD MEMORY, JIM! AT LEAST, UNTIL NOW! HE MADE A FOOL OF ME, BACK EAST!



I MET ED DARNELL AT THE ANDERSONS, LAST SUMMER! HE FASCINATED ME! WE BECAME ENGAGED---AND A FEW WEEKS LATER HE EMBEZZLED MONEY FROM DAD---WAS FOUND OUT---LEFT TOWN WITHOUT A WORD TO ME! THERE YOU HAVE IT ALL, BROTHER DEAR!

THE DRINK! VERMIN!



BUT WHY WORRY ABOUT HIM NOW, SIS? HE WOULDN'T DARE TO SHOW HIS FACE WHERE YOU ARE!

YES---HE WOULD, JIM! ON THE WAY OUT HERE, I MET HIM BY CHANCE IN THE ST. LOUIS STATION! THAT'S HIS HOME TOWN! AND, JIM---



---HE DARED TO MAKE ADVANCES TO ME! THE LADY-TAC-TWIFY! BUT HE HAD SOME QUEER POWER OVER ME, STILL, AND THAT SCARED ME STIFF! ESPECIALLY WHEN HE SWORE HE'D FOLLOW ME!



AND THAT'S (SOM) WHAT HE'S DONE! HE'S PROBABLY FOUND OUT ALREADY THAT I'M HERE! OH, JIM, DON'T EVER LEAVE ME ALONE WHERE HE MIGHT APPROACH ME AGAIN!

I WON'T, SIS! YOU CAN BANK ON THAT! AND IF MY GUYBOYS EVER GET WIND OF HIS GAME, THEY'D KILL HIM, SURE! DON'T WORRY---



I WON'T WORRY, JIM, BROTHER! I CAME OUT HERE TO BE SAFE---SAFE FROM THE DRUGS AND THE GOSSIP OF THOSE WHO KNEW ABOUT ME AND ED! AND I KNOW THAT FROM ANYTHING ELSE YOU'LL PROTECT ME!



FIVE THOUSAND FEET LOWER THAN THE DIAMOND RANCH, THE SANDSTONE CLIFFS OF YELLOW JACKET HEM IN A WILD AND UNSPOILED RANGE. THE ONLY HABITATION IS A LOG CABIN, CLOSE UNDER THE WALL....



WANT ANOTHER DEAL, MALLOTT OR DID I CLEAN YOU OUT?

---WHERE THE HUSH KRIPE OUTFIT IDLY WATCHES A GAME BETWEEN ITS DEADLIEST GUNHAND AND ITS BEST CARDSHARP, GARR.



YOU CLEANED ME OUT, GARR! WHAT DO YOU ASK TO DO WHEN YOU'VE WON ALL THE MONEY IN THIS OUTFIT?

RECKON I'LL CLEAN OUT AND FIND SOME MORE SMART ALECKS WITH MONEY TO LOSE!



WESSE YOU WON'T! WESSE THE OUTFIT DON'T COTTON TO THE IDEE OF YOUR CLEARING OUT WITH ALL OUR MONEY AFTER YOU'VE GOT IT BY CHEATING!---YOU SHAKE-EYED CARDSHARPP!

CHEATING! HAH! YOU'D CHEAT YOUR BLIND GRANDMOTHER, IF YOU WERE SMART ENOUGH, CHOK MALLOTT! ALL YOUR DRAINS ARE IN YOUR OWN HAND---



BLAST YOU, GARR!---!

DEAD! HE DIDN'T HAVE
A CHANCE AGAINST
YOU, CROAK!

YEAH? AS MUCH CHANCE AS I, OR
ANY OF US, HAD AGAINST HIS CARD
SHARPENING! YOU KNOW THAT, BOSS!

ALL RIGHT--- IT'S DONE! GET
A COUPLE OF THE BOYS TO
HELP YOU PLANT HIM, CROAK!



PRETTY SOON YOU BOYS WILL HAVE
SOMETHING BETTER TO DO THAN FROD
ONE ANOTHER WITH
YOUR HORNS! I'M
SICK OF --- HEY!
SOMEBODY
COMING!

IT'S A LONG GOWD---GROO! THROW A BLANKET
OVER GARR! DON'T WANT THE WORLD TO KNOW
WE'RE FIGHTING AMONG OURSELVES!



GARR,
JED

HELLO, THE
CABIN? IS
JED STONE
THERE?

I'M STONE! WHO ARE YOU STRANGER?

IT'S YOUNG JIM TRAFF, JED!



WITH
PISTOL-SHOT,
THE NEWCOMER
NAILS THE HOUSE.

COME IN, TRAPT! I DIDN'T HAPPEN TO SEE YOU DURING THE LATE UNPLEASANTNESS OVER YOUR UNCLE'S DRIFT FENCE--- NOT TO KNOW WHO YOU WERE...

MAYBE THAT WAS LUCKY---FOR ME!

IT TOOK COOL NERVE FOR YOU TO WALK UP HERE ALONE, TRAPT! HAVE A CHAIR?

THANKS, STONE! I'LL SIT HERE, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME, AS FOR MY VISIT REQUIRING NERVE...

---I FIGURED IT WAS SAFE ENOUGH, IF I CAME UNARMED AND IF YOU JED STONE, HAPPENED TO BE HOME! MY UNCLE SPEAKS WELL OF YOU--- SAID THAT WHEN YOU RODE FOR HIM THERE WASN'T A PNER, SQUARER COMBAT IN ARIZONA!

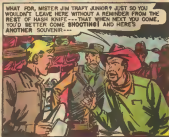
AMPH...
UMPH!

SO WHAT, TRAPT! MAKE YOUR POINT--- WITHOUT SOFT SOAP!

NO "SOFT SOAP" ABOUT IT! THE POINT IS---IF YOU CAN TELL ME THAT THE HASH KNEE AIMS TO LEAVE MY DIAMOND COWS ALONE, I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT.

AND IF I DON'T SAY THAT...?

WHY THEN---MY JOB IS TO CLEAN UP THE YELLOW JACKET! WITH GUNS IF I HAVE TO--- WITH OTHER MEANS IF THEY'LL WORK!





BLAST
YOU,
JED---

RECKON YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH
SHOOTING FOR TODAY, GRACK! CARR
WAS ARMED, BUT THIS BOY---

YOU DROOKED-FACED LITTLE RAT! YOU
MAY BE A GOOD SHOT, BUT YOU'RE A
YELLOW---



---LOW-DOWN, ROTTEN...
VICIOUS... BOWARD!

SLAP...
SLAP...



THANKS, JED
STONE! I'LL
BE LEAVING
NOW!



MINUTES LATER---WHEN JIM HAS FINISHED HIS STORY---

GOOD GRIEF, JIM! YOU BLAPPED KILLER MALLOY! NOW YOUR LIFE WON'T BE WORTH A HOOT DOWN A PAIR GARRET!

WHY'NT YOU SHOOT HIM?

WITHOUT A GUN, BUD? I WASNT ARMED...



HERE! YOU WEAR MY GUN---TILL I CAN DO YOURS UP FOR YOU! AND FROM NOW ON, DON'T EVEN SLEEP WITHOUT A SHOOTING IRON! MALLOY WON'T REST TILL HE GETS YOU---

AWW, CURLY! CROAK MALLOY IS TOO YELLOW TO COME HURTING ME!



YELLOW? NOT IN THAT WAY, BOSS! YOU DON'T KNOW AN OUTLAW GUNNER'S PRIDE! ASK SINGER DUNN HERE---

SINGER! YOU'RE OUT OF THE HOSPITAL AND WEARING YOUR GUNS AGAIN!



SURE, JIM! TO FEEL NAKED WITHOUT 'EM, I RECKON! WHEN MOLLY TOLD ME YOU'D HEADED FOR YELLOW JACKET, I HAD TO COME!

PARTNER! I'M HEFTY GLAD! BUT TAKE IT EASY FOR A WHILE---



I'LL KEEP WATCH AGAINST THE HASH KNIFE OUTFIT, WHILE YOU AND THE BOYS PUT UP THAT RANCH HOUSE! CURLY'S RIGHT ABOUT MALLOY, TOO! WEAR YOUR HARDWARE RIGHT AND DRY!

OKAY, SINGER--- IF YOU INSIST! BUT I BELIEVE JED STONE WILL MOVE HIS OUTFIT



SPRING BLENDING INTO SUMMER, AS THE HOUSE OF PEELER LOGS RISES ON JIM TRAPT'S CHOSEN RANCH SITE.

WHEN WE GET THIS FRONT DOOR HUNG, SUNNER, IT WILL FEEL MORE LIKE HOME----

I'LL HELP YOU, JIM...



Ow! WHO DID THAT---?

BLAM!

RIFLE BLUG! DUCK, JIM----



HEY---

DUCK, I SAID! THEY'RE SHUNNIN' FOR YOU!



WHO'S GUNNIN' FOR MEY?

CROAK MALLOY, LIKELY! OR ONE OF HIS HASH KATFE PAROS! FROM NOW ON, YOU STAY UNDER COVER!



BLUNDER! WHERE ARE YOU GOIN'?

UP ON THE RIM, WHERE THAT SHOT CAME FROM, TO GET THAT WARGENT! IF I'M NOT BACK, DON'T WORRY! IT MAY TAKE TIME...



MISSED HIM BY A HAIR--- DOGSOME IT! BUT THERE'LL BE ANOTHER TIME! EITHER ME OR SONORA WILL FIX THAT TRAPT OUB'S GLOCK!



JUST BACK FROM THE RIM, CROAK MALLOY FINDS HIS HORSE AROUND FOR A FAST DEPARTURE.

NEARLY A WEEK LATER---

JIM! YOU'RE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE HOUSE! DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'D MAKE A MIGHTY GOOD TARGET FROM THE RIM?

I'M NOT WORRIED--- ABOUT MYSELF, CURLY! BUT I SURE AM, ABOUT SLINGER!



NOBODY HAS SEEN ANYTHING OF HIM FOR A WEEK! HE JUST SLIPPED OUT OF THE DOOR, AND VANISHED!

SURE! SLINGER IS MORE LIKE AN OILY MAN LIKE A WHITE MAN... BUT YOU GET UNDER COVER, JIM TRAPT!



AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE RIM, A RIFLE'S SIGHTS ARE LINED UP ON JIM'S DISTANT FIGURE...



--- BUT, AT THE SOUND OF HIS NAME, SOFT SPOKEN, THE RIFLEMAN 'FREEZES'



THE NEXT INSTANT, TWISTING ABOUT LIKE A STRIKING SHAKE, HE WHIPS HIS RIFLE UP! SLINGER'S SHOT BLENDS WITH THE REPORT!



SONORA--- OHAK HULLOY'S FARTHER! I'LL TAKE HIS RIFLE BACK TO JIM--- PERHAPS IT MAY TEACH THE BOY CAUTION!

GENTLY SLINGER SLOWLY LIFTS THE WEAPON FROM A LIFELESS HAND.



AND BARELY IS THE NEW HOUSE FINISHED, WHEN---

TEX HARNER'S UNCLE JIM SENT YOU---?

WITH THIS LETTER I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE YOUR ANSWER BACK, PRONTO!



WHAT DOES BOO JIM SAY, BOSS?

YOU BET, CURLY! HE'S GIVING A DANCE FOR GLORIANA--- THREE NIGHTS FROM NOW! TAKING IT FOR GRANTED WE'LL GET THERE!



DANCE FOR MY SISTERS AT FLAG, SATURDAY NIGHT!! WE'RE ALL GOING, BOYS! START PACKING!

YI, YI, YIPPEE!

WHOOPE!



TWO DAYS LATER---AT THE HOME RANCH---

HI, UNCLE JIM! HELLO, SIS! WHERE'S MY FURGE, MOLLY?

NOWH---



ILL GIVE IT TO YOU QUICK AND STRAIGHT, JIM--- MOLLY'S LEFT US! SHE'S LIVING WITH HER MOTHER IN FLAG---WORKING IN A STORE---

WHAT? BUT--- BUT WHY?



MOLLY FIGURED, AFTER MEETING GLORY, THAT HER FAMILY ISN'T HIGH-GLASS ENOUGH TO MIX WITH YOURS, JIM! DON'T BLAME GLORY, THOUGH! IT WAS ALL MOLLY'S IDEA...

JIM! I SWEAR THAT IS THE TRUTH!



MY SISTER WON'T
DANCE WITH YOU
ANY MORE, JIM!

NO, SLINGER! SHE CLAIMS
ALL HER DANCES ARE
SPOKEN FOR---BY ED
DARNELL! BUT IT SEEMS
HE HAS FORGOTTEN HER!

HE'S DANCING WITH
EVERYONE ELSE, THE
DIRTY DUDE! WHEN
I GET HIM OUTSIDE,
I'LL TAKE HIM APART!

THAT'S EVEN
MORE MY JOB
THAN YOURS,
HARTNER! LEAVE
HIM TO ME!

LATER---AS JIM HAS A WALTZ WITH GLORIAHA---

MOLLY'S STILL SITTING
THEM
OUT, ALONE! THE DIAMOND BOYS
HAVE GUT HER DEAD---FOR
YOUR SAKE, JIM! POOR KID,
SHE'S SUFFERING!

AND I CAN'T
GO & TEND ABOUT
IT--- YET---
GLORY!

SUDDENLY, HOPING SHE
IS NOT NOTICED, MOLLY
LEAVES THE ROOM.

WAIT A MINUTE, BEAUTIFUL! MAYBE I
FORGOT A DANCE OR TWO---

GET OUT
OF MY WAY, YOU---
ANIMAL!

BUT DARNELL'S
QUICK EYE
NOTES HER ESCAPE.



MOLLY! BLESSED MOLLY! YOU DO LOVE ME! AND I'VE GOT YOU BACK NOW--- DON'T YOU DARE RUN OUT ON ME AGAIN--- FOR ANY REASON!



I WON'T, JIM! AND THAT'S A PROMISE!

I'VE NEVER LOVED ANYONE BUT YOU, JIM! I TRIED TO MAKE YOU HATE ME--- FOR YOUR OWN GOOD! BUT IT DIDN'T WORK! I RECKON REAL LOVE IS BIGGER THAN EAST OR WEST OR FAMILY OR STYLE!



TWO DAYS LATER--- AS THE DIAMOND RIDERS HEAD BACK INTO YELLOW JACKET---

THINGS ARE SURE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT IN YELLOW JACKET NOW, JIM!



---WITH MOLLY AND GLORIANA BOTH GOING TO FIX UP THE INSIDE OF OUR NEW RANCH HOUSE? YOU BET IT WILL BE DIFFERENT, GIRLY!

YOUR UNCLE JIM SAID HE AIMS TO START TOMORROW WITH THE GIRLS, IN A BACKBOARD! NOW THAT THE HASH KNIFE DUTRY HAS SORT OF FACED AWAY.



JIM! THERE'S A TRAIL HERE BEEN THROUGH HERE WISE THE PAST HOUR--- HEADING OUT OF YELLOW JACKET! SEE THE DUST!

SA-AY, BOBS! SLINGERS RIGHT!



COME ON, BOYS! IF THOSE ARE DIAMOND COWS
BEING MUSTLED---WE'RE IN TIME TO HEAD
'EM OFF!



JIM, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! IF WE CUT
THROUGH THAT NOTCH IN THE CLIFFS---
AND OVER INTO A LITTLE SIDE CANYON
I KNOW, WE'LL HAVE 'EM HEADED OFF
BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING!



GOOD! WE'LL DO
IT, BLINDER!

HALF AN HOUR LATER---CROSSING A RIDGE TO
REACH THE SIDE CANYON---

IT'S TOUGH ON THE HORSES,
JIM---BUT WORTH IT---

---IF THOSE
ARE DIAMOND
CATTLE THEY'RE
DRIVING!



WE'LL KNOW IN A FEW MINUTES, JIM!
THEY'LL BE JUST ABOUT PASSING THIS
SIDE CANYON WHEN WE COME OUT
OF IT!



IT'S THE HASH
KNIFE---DRIVING
OUR COWS!

---AND DARNELL
IS WITH 'EM
HEAD 'EM OFF!



SUNFIRE ECHOES, AS THE OUTLAWS WHO WERE
RIGGING POINT SWIFTLY SEEK COVER---



---BEHIND THE MILLING POINT
OF THE TRAIL HERD.



CALLING HIS RIDERS FROM
FLANK AND DRAG, GROAK
MALLOY HEADS
FOR THE
YELLOW CLIFFS.



RIDE! WE'LL FIND A PLACE TO HIDE
AND BURN 'EM!

SPURRING THEIR MOUNTS, THE OUTLAW
DISAPPEAR INTO A DEEP, NARROW DRAW...



--- BUT JIM AND HIS DIAMOND COWBOYS ARE TOO
CLOSE! WITHOUT TIME TO LAY AN AMBUSH...



---THEY PICK THE FIRST LIKELY COVER---
AN ANCIENT LIVE CASP, BUILT UNDER A LEDGE...



ADVANCING WITH HIS FIGHTING COWBOYS, JIM TRAFF SHOUTS A WARNING!



CLOSE ON MALLOY'S SHOT, SMOKE BURSTS FROM EVERY CREVICE AND OPENING ON THE BURNING CABIN.



A DIAMOND RIDER, CLOSE TO JIM, GIVES A CHOKED SCRY---ING LAST!







BUT CROAK MALLOY IS NOT WITH THEM! THROUGH A HOLE IN THE BURNING ROCK, HE SCRAMBLES LIKE A SINGSSED CAT...



MESSE I CAN MAKE IT---ALONE! THERE'S A CRACK IN THE CLIFF BACK HERE.



HEAD! I MADE IT! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME NOW, AWAY TO THUNDER WITH THE REST!



WE GOT 'EM ALL BUT MALLOY, I RECKON! I DON'T SEE HIM, JIM...

THERE'S ONE LYING IN THE DOORWAY...



IT'S BARNELL! SOMEBODY SHOT HIM SO CLOSE THAT HIS SHIRT IS POWDER BURNED!

THAT WOULD BE CROAK MALLOY!! BET HE'S SLEEPED--- SCOT FREE!



AFTER HIM, THEN! WE CAN'T LET THAT KILLER STAY FREE, TO MURDER AGAIN!

AN' THEY'RE MY SENTIMENTS! LET'S GOV!

MEANWHILE---AT HASH KNIFE HEADQUARTERS---

I'VE FAILED, PECCOS---EVERY
WET YOU LOOK
AT IT!

JEDDIE? YOU MEAN---YOU'VE
FAILED TO GET THE HASH KNIFE GANG
OUT OF YELLOW JACKET--- FAILED
TO KEEP GROAK MALLOY FROM
GOING AFTER DIAMOND BOWS AGAIN!

BUT THERE'S A BIGGER FAILURE
THAT YOU'VE MADE, JED STONE!
ONE THAT SURE COUNTS, WITH ME!

GO AHEAD---
NAME IT,
PECCOS!

ALL RIGHT! YOU'VE
FAILED TO SHUT UP
THE THINGS THAT
MAKE A MAN A
MAN! YOU'VE
FAILED TO TURN
COYOTE JUST
BECAUSE YOU'RE
OUTLAWED! YOU'RE
STILL MY BOSS---
AND MY FRIEND!

THANKS, PECCOS! NOW I KNOW
IT WILL BE WORTHWHILE TO
MAKE A FRESH START---
WITH YOU FOR MY PARTNER!
SOMEWHERE IN NEW MEXICO,
SAY...

JED---LET'S START
NOW! BEFORE
MALLOY'S BUNCH
GET BACK!

OKAY, PECCOS! GET YOUR WAR
SACK PACKED! THEN WE'LL
SADDLE UP! BUT WE'LL LEAVE
SEPARATELY--- BY
DIFFERENT TRAILS!

YEE-HOO! NOW
YOU'RE TALKIN',
BOSS!

I'VE SAVED MY MONEY FOR
YEARS---MOST OF IT IN
A YELLOW LOG BEHIND
MY BUNK! IT'LL HELP
US GET A NEW START!

I'VE GOT A
LITTLE, TOO,
PECCOS!
WE'LL MAKE
OUT, I
RECKON.

I'LL SEE YOU SOON IN SALLUP, JED! SO LONG!

SO LONG---
AND GOOD
LUCK---
PARTNER!

I'LL WAIT A WHILE---
GIVE PECOS A CHANCE
TO GET WELL ON HIS
WAY. IN CASE MALLOY
SHOULD COME BACK
SOONER THAN WE
EXPECTED...



MALLOY WAS GOING TO RUN PECOS,
JUST BEFORE HE LEFT WITH HIS
PARTS TO RAID THE DIAMOND! GROAK
FIGURES HE CAN KILL ME EASIER IF
PECOS ISN'T AROUND TO SIDE ME...



A RIDGE'S
COMING UP THE
TRAIL!
IF IT'S
GROAK---



HELLO---!



SAMBRIDGE!

WHERE'S MALLOY?



I WOULDN'T
KNOW!

YOU WOULDN'T KNOW, ERY? HOW ABOUT THE
TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS I ADVANCED MALLOY
FOR THOSE DIAMOND COWS HE PROMISED ME
TWO WEEKS AGO? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE
BOSSING THIS OUTFIT, STONE!



I DON'T KNOW
ABOUT THAT, EITHER!

MATTER OF FACT, CROAK HULLOY AND I HAVE SPLIT UP! WHAT HE DOES---OR PROMISES---IS NO LONGER MY BUSINESS!

YOU WANT TO BE QUICKER WHEN YOU CALL A MAN THAT, BARRIBIDGE? I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU

YOU'RE A LIAR---



--- BUT I'M NOT A KILLER, LIKE HULLOY! NOW, GET OUT OF HERE, WHILE YOU'RE STILL HEALTHY!

YOU WANT, STONE? ---UGH! I'LL GET EVEN---



---NOW!



CLUNK!

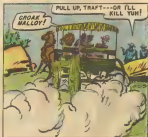
SIDEWINDER---



AS THE SLEEVE-GUN'S FIRST SHOT CLIPS CLOSE TO HIS EAR, JED STONE DRAWS...



---AND FIRES IN ONE SMOOTH MOVEMENT!



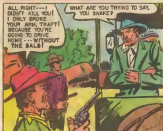
A LIVELY AND LAUGHING ARGUMENT
HAS JUST STARTED BETWEEN THE GIRLS
IN THE REAR SEAT, WHEN---



ARR---

grink!

BUT BIG JIM TAKES
A CHANGE---AND LOSES!



ALL RIGHT---I
DIDNT KILL YOU!
I ONLY BROKE
YOUR ARM, TRAPT!
BECAUSE YOU'RE
GOING TO DRIVE
HOME---WITHOUT
THE BALS!

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY,
YOU SNAKE?



I'M TAKING THEM ALONG WITH ME,
TRAPT! AND YOU'RE GOING TO
BRING ME THEIR RANDOM MONEY---
TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!
FOUR DAYS FROM NOW YOU'RE
GOING TO FIND A NOTE, SOMEWHERE
ALONG THIS ROAD, SAYING WHERE
TO LEAVE THE CASH! THAT'S ALL!



GET OUT---BOTH OF
YOU! UNLESS YOU
WANT ME TO SHOOT
OFF YOUR PRETTY
LITTLE EARS!
MOVE!

OHHH, YOU---YOU---UNCLE
JIM, MUST WE---?



I---I RECKON YOU MUST,
HOLLY---AND GLORY! HEAVEN
HELP YOU---BUT IT'S THE
ONLY WAY!

WELL, HOSS, WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF THE HACH KNIFE
OUTFIT, AND I RECKON THIS IS THE LAST WE'LL SEE
OF YELLOW JACKET. THIS OLD ROAD LEADS
STRAIGHT OUT---



AMAZING! FRESH TRACKS OF A LIGHT
WAGON AND TEAM, HEADING IN...
PROBLY TO YOUNG JIM TRAFF'S
NEW RANCH HOUSE...



---AND HERE COMES ANOTHER WAGON...
OR THE SAME ONE---HEADING BACK!
TOO LATE TO GET OUT OF SIGHT OF IT.



WELL! OF ALL MEN---BIG JIM TRAFF! WHAT
HAPPENED TO YOU?



JED STONE! YOUR GUNMEN, ORDAR MALLOY AND REEVES,
JUST HELD ME UP, PISTOL WHIPPED ME, AND KIDNAPED MY
NIECE FOR RANSOM, AND MOLLY DURN! BUT YOU PROBABLY
KNOW ALL ABOUT IT---



no!

LISTEN, JIM,---AND BELIEVE
ME FOR OLD-TIMES' SAKE!
I'VE BROKEN WITH MALLOY!
I'M ON MY WAY OUT---OUT
OF YELLOW JACKET, FOR
GOOD. REEVES MEYER WAS
ONE OF MY OUTFIT, BUT I KNOW
HE'S BAD...









THE TOLL
AT JIM T
RANCH IS

DAY...
NEW

CURLY, I CAN'T SEE WHAT'S DELAYING UNCLE JIM AND THE GIRLS!
YOU DON'T SUPPOSE ANY OF THE HASH KNIFE OUTFIT---

JIM! LOOK THERE,
DOWN THE ROAD---
COMING OUT OF
THE BRUSH---



IT'S MOLLY---

---AND GLORY! GOOD
BRIEF--- LOOK AT
'EM, JIM!



MOLLY! MOLLY! WHO
CROGGED YOU THROUGH
THE BRUSH?

CRAGG HALLYD! BUT
HE'S DEAD, JIM! AND I'M
TOO TIRED TO STAND---



GLORY---HONEY---I'LL
KILL WHOEVER MADE YOU
GO THROUGH THIS---

JED STONE KILLED
THEM BOTH,
CURLY! HE WAS
WONDERFUL, BUT,
CURLY---BEND
YOUR HEAD
DOWN!



YES, GLORY?
WHAT---?

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE FIRST
IN MY HEART---AND THE
WEST WILL BE NEXT!
BUT IT TOOK THE HASH
KNIFE OUTFIT TO
SHOW ME THE
TRUTH!