

DELL  
COMIC

NO. 664 10¢

Zane Grey's

# SHADOW *on the* TRAIL



PICTURIZED EDITION

# SHADOW ON THE TRAIL

A lengthening shadow on his trail hounds  
Wade Holden and dogs his footsteps  
as he strives to live down his past.  
Years of honest living are dimmed  
by an enveloping cloud of fear  
that darkens his every conscious moment.  
And though he tries to cast off the shadow  
and emerge free and unafraid,  
its growing length threatens to engulf him  
with a terrible judgment.



# Zane Grey's SHADOW ON THE TRAIL



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

MY DYING WISH, BADE. MY COMMAND—  
RIDE OUT OF HERE---SO STRAIGHT---  
BUT THE DEVIL GOT TRAIL! YOU---  
LEAVE ME---NOW! PROMISE!

SIMM---FATHER!  
HE ANSWERS!



AAAAA...

IS IT YOUR LAST CHANCE---  
YOU PROMISED?



SIMM! FATHER!



PISTOL SHOTS---SIMM'S  
BURNS! HE'S SLOWING  
THE BANGERS UP---  
DURING HIS LAST,  
FOR ME!



DURING, SIMM BELL FIRES HIS LAST SHOT---  
A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE A RANGERS  
BULLET SCORES AGAIN



--- AND THE MENTAL PICTURE OF HIS DYING FATHER--- IS  
BURNED INTO BADE'S MEMORY FOREVER



THE SOLD IS WEIGHING MY HORSE --- MUST LET IT GO!  
WHY DID I HAVE TO PULL THAT LAST JOB?



WT---BBAN!



FOR THE NEXT HOUR, WADE KEEPS HIS LEAD --- BUT  
HIS HORSE IS TIRING FAST.

PONY --- IF YOU CAN ONLY LAST TILL DARK ---  
I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES AFOOT!



LIGHT AHEAD --- A CAMP FIRE! I MIGHT SET ANOTHER  
HORSE THERE ---



SUDDENLY WADE'S WEARY MOUNT STUMBLES  
AND GOES DOWN



MOMENTS LATER ---

HIS HORSE IS DOWN, CAPTAIN MCMARREY!  
WE'VE GOT HIM NOW ---

NO ---  
NOT YET!







PERHAPS, WE'LL HAVE A LOOK  
IN THE TENT, WHILE MY MEN  
ARE SEARCHING THE WAGONS...

WAIT!... JARGALLINE,  
ARE YOU IN THERE?



I'M CHANGING MY CLOTHES,  
FATHER... OH? WHO...?



IT'S CERTAIN YOUR OUTLAW  
ISN'T IN MY DAUGHTER'S  
TENT, CAPTAIN WAGGARTY?

WARRANTY? OBVIOUSLY!  
BUT SHE MIGHT HAVE SEEN  
HIM SLIPPING PAST IT!  
DID YOU MISS?

AN OUTLAW?  
OH, NO!



WHAT DID HE DO?  
DID HE KILL  
SOMEBODY?

NO... BUT HE WAS WITH  
MEN WHO ROBBED A BANK  
AND KILLED A MAN! WE'LL  
CATCH HIM... NAME'S  
PAVE HENDER!



I... I'M SORRY! I'VE GOTTA  
BLEED ON YOUR BLANKETS!

IT WILL WASH  
OUT! BUT NOW  
I MUST BANDAGE  
YOUR WOUNDS,  
WAGG HENDER!



I DON'T EXACTLY LIE TO THEM...  
ABOUT CHANGING MY CLOTHES!  
I JUST HATE MY BOOTS OFF...  
HOW DO YOU FEEL?

MIGHTY GRATEFUL!  
AND... I'M AFRAID...  
PRETTY WEAK!







FIVE YEARS LATER... A SCARD AND A WANDERER'S LIFE HAVE CHANGED MADE HOLDEN FROM A BOY INTO A MAN OF POISE AND CHARACTER. EVEN HIS NAME IS CHANGED... ALREADY FAMOUS FOR SWIFT SUPPLIES... TO... TEX SPARRON!



ANOTHER CHUCKLEBROOD... ANOTHER RANGE WELCOME BEFORE DRIFTING ON



LOOKING FOR A JOB, COWBOY?

UH HUH! IF I COULD GET IN WITH AN OUTFIT AS CLEAN LOOKING AS YOURS' NAME'S TEX SPARRON!



I'M LAWSON, FOREMAN FOR AUL BROOK! SORRY WE'RE FULL UP! SO ARE MOST OTHER OUTFITS WORTH WORKING FOR BUT THERE'S PERCARRON---

UH -- WHAT'S THAT NAME?



PERCARRON... A TEXAN... SALT OF THE EARTH! BUT RUSTLERS HATE ABOUT CLEARED HIM YOU MIGHT HAVE TO WAIT FOR YOUR PAY!

HAS HE... UH... A FAMILY?



YES... A BIG FAMILY! MOTHER, GIRL AND BOY OF FOURTEEN, TWINS TWO YOUNG-UNS BORN SINCE THEY CAME HERE... AND A BROWN DAUGHTER

UH - TELL ME HOW TO GET THERE, WILL YOU, LAWSON?









OH, DADBOY! DADBOY! WE'RE  
SAVED! OH---NOW #CAGAGAGAG#  
IT MAKES ME--- WANT TO DRY!

I---I RECKON I  
'DON'T FEEL MUCH  
DIFFERENT, NOW!



SUCKS! I DON'T  
MEAN TO UPSET  
YOUR FOLKS, MA!

--- YOUR OFFER JUST  
SORT OF KICKED THE  
WIND OUT OF US, TEX!  
WE COULDN'T SEE ANY-  
THING BUT TROUBLE TILL  
YOU HORNED IN!



YOU'RE A STRANGE MAN,  
TEX BRANDON! IT'S GOING TO  
TAKE A LITTLE TIME TO GET  
USED TO YOU! WE AN'TIME---  
HAVE SOME MORE CAKE?

IT'S TOO GOOD  
TO REFUSE,  
MISS  
JACQUELINE!



LONE AFTER SUPPER

THIS WILL BE YOUR SLEEPING QUARTERS,  
BRANDON--- FAR ENOUGH FROM THE  
HOUSE SO THAT YOU WON'T HEAR  
THE THING WHOOPIING

IT'S TOO  
GOOD FOR  
ME, MISS  
JACQUELINE!



BURNING WATER! AND A FIREPLACE  
--- EVEN A BUB! THESE AN'T  
COMMON QUARTERS!

WE BUILT THIS  
CABIN FOR A  
FOREMAN---  
BUT IT'S NEVER BEEN  
OCCUPIED BY ONLY  
ONE MAN



GOOD NIGHT, TEX BRANDON!  
I DON'T EXPRESS MYSELF  
LIKE ROMA--- BUT I'M TRULY  
BLISS AND GRATEFUL THAT  
YOU'VE COME!

NO! HELP  
SO OLDB  
AS I AM!  
GOOD NIGHT





THE FOLLOWING DAY--OUTSIDE ONE OF FINE MOUND'S SALOONS









HEY, FRIEND-- JUST WHO ARE YOU-- BESIDES BEING PENBARROW'S NEW FOREMAN?

NAME IS TEX BRANSON! AND NIGHTY GLAD TO MEET YOU, KINSEY!



I'M LOOKING FOR RIDERS--AT TOP PAST IF YOU COULD STEER ME TO SOME---

I HEARD PENBARROW WAS CLEAR BROKE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S LUCK HAS CHANGED, TEX! ABOUT RIDERS-- I DON'T KNOW



YOU DON'T KNOW---? BECAUSE YOU, AND PERHAPS SOME FRIENDS OF YOURS MIGHT HAVE RUSTLED A FEW OF PENBARROW'S COWS? IF THAT'S IT --- FORGET IT, COWBOY! SIGN UP WITH ME --- AND GOIT TRAINING TO BE A BUSTLER! HELP THE MAN YOU HURT!



"HELP THE MAN WE HURT!" THAT KIND OF HITS ME WHERE I LIVE, BRANSON! COME DOWN TO WHERE MY OUTFIT HANGS OUT, AND TALK TO THEM, TOO-- -WILL YOU?

LEAD THE WAY, COWBOY!



THAT'S OUR CABIN, BRANSON! THERE'S SIX OF US --- AND THE OTHERS WILL BE INSIDE! THERE'S HICKS, AND OSBORN, AND KID MARSHALL, AND NEW FELL, AND RAIN CARTER ---

I HOPE THEY LISTEN!



INSIDE THE CABIN

BELLOWS, THIS IS TEX BRANSON --- WHO JUST SAVED MY BACON! HE'S GOT SOME THING TO TELL!







WE'RE EATING AT THE COOK SHACK, FROM NOW ON-- AND KEEPING OUR EYES PEELED SOME- DAY BOON HARBORIN AND HIS KIND WILL BE STRIPING BACK!



A MONTH LATER---

YEE, I STILL CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT'S TRUE! WE'VE DRIVEN TWO THOUSAND STEERS TO HOLBROOK-- BAWKED A SMALL FORTUNE-- AND NOW WE'RE DRIVING HOME A NEW WAGON--



--- A WAGON FILLED WITH NEW RIFLES AND SUPPLIES AND THINGS FOR YOUR SISTERS-- LIKE YOU PENCARROWS GADD TO HAVE BEFORE THE RUSTLERS CLEANED YOU? IS THAT WHAT YOU MEAN, HAI?



YIPPEE! THAT'S IT, TEE! AND WE'RE ALMOST HOME! TEE HOOP! RINSEY! RICKS! I'LL RACE YOU--



SUDDENLY, FROM THE THICKET---TWIN RIFLE SHOTS!

KRANG!

KRANG!

TWO HUNDRED YARDS AHEAD, NICKS AND KINGSY PULL UP SHORT!

DRY BULLDOGS!  
THEY'VE GOT  
NICK'S HORSE!

AND TEE?



THERE THEY GO... BUT OF  
RANGE! BUT WE'LL GET  
'EM, NICKS!

YOU BET! NAL WILL  
TAKE TEE IN! THE  
LOW-DOWN BIDE-  
WINDERS!



LOOK, NICKS! ONE OF  
THOSE BULLDOGS IS  
PAIN GARTER...  
THE SHAKY!

YOU'RE RIGHT! HE  
WAS LEFT BEHIND  
WITH THE OTHERS...  
PE BOARD TOP RANGER!



WE'RE GAINING ON THEM,  
NICKS...

YEAH! I'M GOING  
TO TETA SHOT...



YOU GOT HIM, COWBOY!  
LEWRY SHOT, THAT!



WHO IS HE,  
NICKS?

ONE OF HARBORIN'S RIDERS...  
NAME OF HEALE! NOW FOR  
GARTER...



FOR ANOTHER MILE, PAUL CARTER HOLDS HIS DISTANCE -- UN-HIT\*



THEN, SENSING BY THE CLOSER HUM OF BULLETS THAT PURSUIT IS BARRING, HE TURNS TO FIRE



THEN A BULLET HITS CARTER'S MOUNT



MAYBE HE'S PLAYING POSSESS, MOOSE!

KEEP HIM COVERED!  
I'LL SEE---



DEAD! THE FALL BROKE HIS NECK!



LET'S GET BACK TO TEX BRANSON, HICKS!  
IF WE'S CASHED IN HIS CHECKS -- WE'VE LOST THE BEST FRIEND HE EVER HAD!





FROM NOW ON UNTIL YOU'RE WELL, YOU ARE GOING TO RIDE MY ~~THOROUGHBRED~~ "POW" HE HAS THE EASIEST SAIT OF ALL OUR HORSES --- AND HE CAN DO BURN ANY OF THEM!

JACQUE --- YOU --- SHOULDN'T RISK HIM ---



IN THE END, JACQUELINE HAS HER WAY --- LITTLE SUSSESSING HOW LUCKY HER IMPULSE WILL PROVE TO BE!

NOW --- RIDE WITH YOUR MAN, TEX BRANCON!



TWO DAYS LATER, YOUNG HAL PENCARRON IS "GLASSING" A GRASSY CANYON, WHEN ---

BRUCKS! NOT A SIGN OF RUSTLERS ALL DAY! I RECKON SINCE HERS AND BINSBY BILLED RAIN GARTER --- THEY'RE AFRAID!



I RECKON I'LL CALL IT A DAY! TIME TO REPORT TO TEX, ANYWAY --- BE FORE HE COMES LOOKING FOR ME!



DON'T MAKE A SOUND, KID --- OR I'LL CRACK YOUR HEAD!

UH --- WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?



JUST WANT TO TAKE YOU ALONG WITH US!

YOUR OLD MAN WILL PAY PLENTY TO GET YOU BACK! SEEING HE'S RICH AGAIN ---







BURSTING INTO VIEW, TEX'S THOROUGHBRED PULLS AWAY FROM THE ORDINARY COW PONIES.



SO GET HIM, TEX? IF WE WEREN'T RIDING THESE SLOW CROWD-BALTS---

THEY'RE KEEPING HELL IN THE LINE OF FIRE! WE'LL HAVE TO GET CLOSER, PEN --- BUT YOU'RE GAINING, FAST!



WAIT TILL HE GETS CLOSER - SIX-GUN RANGE!

IT'LL BE CLOSER, BACK! HE WON'T MISS HITTING THE RED!

BUT HARD UPON HIS WORDS, COMES A SLAMMING REPORT



POW!

MY SHOULDER --- DOWN!



PROT HELL'S PONY FLASHES THE SWIFT STALLION AND HIS GRIM FACED RIDER!

YEA A BY-GO AFTER THE OTHER ONE, A TEX BUMPEN!















THEN, EXCEPT FOR THE PAIR OF WOUNDS, IT IS OVER! EVERY  
LIVING RUSTLER IS HURT OR CRIPPLED. HALF OF THE  
ATTACKING COWBOYS ARE NOT



YOU--- YOU HEAR IT,  
BRANDON? YOU'RE  
LETTING US GO!





THAT NIGHT, TEX'S BEARY, BULLETT-WOUNDED CREW GETS HOME LATE . . .

GET FEG AND CLEAN UP, BOYS!  
DON'T WOND ABOUT ME ---  
I'LL SEE YOU LATER!

YOU NEED REST  
YOURSELF, TEX!



ENTERING HIS CABIN HURRIEDLY, TEX CONFRONTES WITH HIS CONSCIENCE . . .

TEX BRANSON, THERE'S ONE PERSON YOU  
WANT TO SEE --- MORE THAN ANYTHING!  
BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO --- GET!



YOU'RE WORSE THAN A COB-THIEF! YOU'VE LET  
JACQUE PESCARNOW COME TO LOVE YOU --- FOR  
A MAN WITH A JAWBON OR AOT THROAT? IF CAP  
MAHAFETY EVER RECOGNIZES YOU, YOU'LL  
GO TO PRISON --- MAYBE FOR LIFE!



THE ONLY DECENT THING YOU CAN DO IS ---  
FIRST TO CLEAR UP THIS RANGE FOR THE  
PESCARNOWS --- OR BE TRYING! AND THEN  
TO CLEAR OUT --- DISAPPEAR!



BUT BEFORE YOU DO --- THERE'S SOMETHING  
TO TAKE CARE OF! AND THE REST OF MY  
SAVINGS WILL DO IT



NEXT MORNING, IN THE OFFICE OF HIS RANCHER ALLERBROOK ---

ALLERBROOK, WHAT PRICE WOULD  
YOU TAKE FOR YOUR RANGES,  
CREWS, CATTLE, AND ALL?

WWW! BRANSON,  
I'VE LOST HEAVILY TO  
RUSTLERS! I'M LOSING  
MORE! AND I'M TOO OLD TO  
LEAD MY CREWS IN A RANGE  
WAR THAT WOULD CLEAR 'EM OUT!





THIS IS A LAST WARNING TO YOU—MASON—  
HARBORIN—ORAKE! CLEAR OUT! LEAVE THIS  
RANGE! NEXT TIME, THE CONSEQUENCES WILL  
BE FATAL! HORSE! COWMEN ARE TAKING  
OVER—FROM HERE OUT!



THAT AFTERNOON, ON RETURNING HOME, TEX HAS A  
SHOCK

RANGERS! WITH GAF  
MANAFETY! CALLING ON  
PENGARROW!



THE MASQUERADE IS  
OVER! GAF'S TRACKED YOU  
DOWN, WADE HOLDEN!  
YOU'LL FACE THE  
MUSIC NOW



BUT FIRST, YOU'LL  
COME CLEAR FROM BEHIND  
"TEX BRAMON'S" REAR!



SO LONG, LITTLE GABIN!  
I RECKON MY NEXT HOME  
WILL BE A DOLL!



AT THE CLEAR DRIVER "STRANGER'S" APPEARANCE,  
SHOCKED TENSION GRIPS THE PENGARROW LIVING ROOM





YES, THIS IS MY UNCLE BY MARRIAGE --- CAPTAIN MARAFFE'S UNCLE JOE, THIS IS TED BRADON --- MY HUSBAND-TO-BE!

WAS AT "JACKIE" YOU'VE KEPT IT FROM ME ---



TED BRADON? PERCARROW HAS BEEN TELLING ME WHAT YOU'VE DONE --- TO BRING LAW AND ORDER TO THIS RANGE! AND JACQUE LIVE, TOO!



CONGRATULATIONS --- TED BRADON! YOUR FIANCEE IS A LUCKY GIRL --- TO HAVE A MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW ON HIS TRAIL? YOU'LL MAKE HER HAPPY, I KNOW!

I WILL --- SO HELP ME HEAVEN! AND --- THANK YOU, CAPTAIN!



PERCARROW --- LET'S GO INTO YOUR OFFICE! I'LL BE RETIRING SOON, FROM THE RANGERS, AND IF I COULD BUY A RANGE NEARBY ---

ER --- WHY I RECKON YOU COULD, CAP!



YES --- HE FREE? YOU' AS WAGE HOLDIN' --- YOU KNEW HIM, TOO? THAT WAS WHY YOU SHAVED!

YES, JACQUE! I KNEW I COULD NEVER COME TO YOU WITH THAT SHADOW OF MY PAST RANGING OVER ME! BUT YOU AND CAP MARAFFE HAVE REMOVED IT NOW!