

DELL

NO. 333

*Harold & F. H. Howard*  
**ZANE GREY'S** 10¢

# WILDERNESS TREK

52 pages—  
ALL COMICS!

PICTURIZED EDITION



# AUSTRALIA'S STRANGE ANIMALS



† Some people say that the koala bear was the model for the teddy bear!



† The lyre bird was named for its fancy tail which is shaped like an old-fashioned harp . . . a lyre.



† The duck-billed platypus has webbed feet like a duck, a tail like a beaver, thick fur and even goes so far as to lay eggs!

The kangaroo was named in a strange way. An early explorer asked a native what the animal was called and he replied "kangaroo" . . . meaning "I don't know."

Photographs courtesy of

the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.



# WILDERNESS TREK



THE FREIGHTER MERRYVALE STEAMS INTO BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA

WITH TWO YOUNG WANDERERS ABOARD!

WELL, STERL, WE'RE A LONG WAY FROM TEXAS! BUT IF THE AUSTRALIAN GALS ARE AS GOOD-LOOKIN' AS THE ONES WE LEFT--

YOU CAN HAVE 'EM ALL, RED! ME-- I WANT TO SEE NEW COUNTRY!



YOU WON'T SEE MUCH COUNTRY ON THE MONEY WE'VE GOT LEFT, STERL-- WE'VE GOT TO FINDIN' A JOB!

I RECKON--- BUT LET'S LOOK THE TOWN OVER-- FIRST!



LOOK! THERE'S SOME EXCITEMENT DOWN THE STREET--- PROBABLY A FIGHT---

LET'S GO REE? I COULD USE SOME FUN--- AFTER TWO WEEKS ON SHIP-BOARD!



DIRTY ABO! I'LL TEACH YOU TO KEEP OUT OF MY WAY!

STOP IT, YOU REAST! THAT BLACK WASN'T BOTHERIN' YOU---







HAZELTON — AND KREHL — THIS IS STANLEY GANN, THE LEADER OF OUR MUSTER — GANN, I'LL TRY TO KEEP THESE BOYS FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM GRIMSTON'S MOB FOR SAFETY!

GOOD! I HAVE A FEELING THEY'LL PROVE TRUSTWORTHY!



NOW THAT'S SETTLED — GO AND BUY YOURSELVES AN OUTFIT — CLOTHES, WEAPONS, MEDICINES, TENTS, BLANKETS, AMMUNITION — KEEPING IN MIND THAT YOU WON'T SEE A STORE FOR TWO YEARS!

TWO YEARS — WOW!

WHERE'LL WE MEET YOU AFTERWARDS?



ASK FOR OUR CAMP AT THE EDGE OF TOWN — WHERE THE DRIVERS TARD THEIR WAGONS? BE THERE BEFORE SUNDOWN!



NEXT MORNING, THE LOADED WAGONS START

HOW FAR IS IT FROM HERE TO THE BIG ROUNDUP, JONES?

ROUNDUP? OH, YOU COWBOYS HEAR THE MUSTER DRINE? WE'LL

ABOUT TEN DAYS' TRESP — PLENTY WATER, GRASS, MOSQUITOES AND SNAKES BETWEEN HERE AND THERE!



HAW, HAW! DIDN'T YOU COWBOYS EVER SEE A BARBAROO? YOU HAVE ALOT TO LEARN!

HEY, RED! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE — OR AM I CRAZY?

WE'RE BOTH CRAZY, STERL!

THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL!



WE'VE GOT TWO KINDS OF WOODS HERE IN AUSTRALIA, AND WILD "TERRMO" DOGS, AND KOOLAS THAT LOOK LIKE "TEDDY BEARS," AND EMUS THAT LOOK LIKE OSTRICHES — YOU'LL GET 'EM ALL STRAIGHT IN TIME!



HERE WE ARE AT THE MUSTERING, LADS!  
THOSE DARK PATCHES ON THE HILLS  
ARE MOGS OF CATTLE!

THE TENTH DAY OUT

HAZE! TOM—AND KREHL—  
COME OVER TO THE FAMILY  
WAGGERS AND MEET THE  
LADIES WHO'LL BE TREKKING  
WITH US!

LADIES—ON A  
CATTLE DRIVE!

MR. SLYTER,  
YOU'RE SURELY  
JOKING!

THERE'S NO JOKE! THE GAWNS AND MY  
FAMILY AND OUR OTHER PARTNERS ARE  
PLANNING ON NEW HOMES, THREE  
THOUSAND MILES AWAY!

GREAT GUNS!

YOU ALL SURE HAVE  
GOT SAND IN YOUR  
CRAN, BOSS!

YOU'RE THE FIRST  
YOUNG AMERICANS  
I'VE MET, MR. KREHL—

MY HANDLE IS  
PLAIN "RED"—TO  
MY FRIENDS, MAAM—  
FROM TEXAS!

BOYS, MEET MRS. SLYTER AND OUR DAUGHTER,  
LESLIE—AND MISS BERYL DANN, WHOSE  
FATHER YOU'VE ALREADY MET!

WE'RE PROUD TO  
MAKE YOUR  
ACQUAINTANCE,  
LADIES—

WELCOME,  
COWBOYS!

THEN PLEASE CALL ME BERYL!  
"MR. AM"—MAKES ME FEEL A  
HUNDRED YEARS OLD—AND  
TELL ME ALL ABOUT  
TEXAS!

OKAY! I  
RECKON THAT  
GIVIN' ORDERS  
RUNS IN YOUR  
FAMILY!

WELL, BERYL HAS MADE ANOTHER CONQUEST--- JUST LIKE THAT!

I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE OF ITS BEING A CONQUEST, MA'AM!



JUST WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY THAT REMARK, STERL HAZELTON?

WE'LL, I MEAN, BIVE RED A LITTLE TIME AN'OTHE SHOE MAY BE ON THE OTHER FOOT-- TEXAS MEN HAVE A WAY WITH GIRLS AND HORSES!



THAT NIGHT, THE BOYS GET THE TWO-TILL DAWN SHIFT...

WHAT'LL WE DO, STERL? CIRCLE OR STAND GUARD?

CIRCLE, RED--- T'LL WE GET THE LAY OF THE HERD!



SA'AY, STERL! THE WAY THEM GIRLS COTTONED TO US, YOU'D THINK A GORPHE FROM THE RIO GRANDE WAS A ROYAL DUKE!

--OR AN INTERESTING NOVELTY! DON'T WORRY, RED-- BERYL HAS BEEN AROUND, AND LESLIE HAS PLENTY OF HORSE SENSE!



NINE THOUSAND CATTLE, FIVE HUNDRED HORSES, FIVE PARTNERS-- DANN, SLYTER, WOODCOTT, HATHAWAY AND CRIMSTON-- EACH WITH HIS OWN BIG OUTFIT! MAN! THIS DRIVE IS REALLY BIG! AND EXCEPT FOR CRIMSTON--



MI! WHAT'S EATING YOU, BOSS?



WHO THE--?

ME FRIDAY BOSS SLYTER'S MAN-- COME BARYN YOU BAD BLACK FELL A CLOSE-UP!







BUT STERL IS IGNORANT  
OF THE LONG RANGE OF  
AN ABO'S WOMERSA...



THIS TRICK MAY BRING  
HM IN RANGE...



STERL'S GUESS IS  
RIGHT! STEALTHY AS  
A WILD OINCO, THE  
STRANGE ABO MOVES  
FORWARD TO MAKE  
SURE OF HIS VICTIM



ONLY TO STOP ANOTHER SILENT, AVENGING SHAF!



ARRR! HM GOT UM  
WHITE MAN MONEY! NOW  
FRIDAY SAVVY WHY CHEERY  
BLACK FELLA WANT KILL!  
UM BOSS STERL!





THANKS, FRIDAY-- FOR SAVING ME A DIRTY JOB! NOW TELL ME WHO PUT THAT BLACK UP TO MURDERING ME-- AND WHY?

BOSS STERL ALL SAME GRAY? SAVVY ONE MAN WHO HATE-UM FRIDAY, TOOT



ORMISTON? YEAP! IT WOULD HAVE TO BE! HE HATES ME FOR BEATING HIM UP--- AND HE'D LIKE MY DEATH BLAMED ON FRIDAY--- WHICH IT CAME NEAR TO BEING WHEN THIS NATIVE SPEAR KISSED MY THROAT!



TIPPEE TO-HI YO! GET BACK THERE, YOU ORNERY COW CRITTER!

NEXT DAY STERL ALMOST FORGETS HIS CLOSE CALL IN THE HOT DUSTY WORK OF THE TRAIL



HERE COMES THE BIG BOSS, RED!

RECKON HE'S CHECKIN' ON ALL THE OUTFITS-- BUT I DON'T KNOW THE GENT WITH HIM!



HAZELTON--- KREH--- THIS IS MY BROTHER, ERIC DANN, THE ONLY ONE OF US WHO HAS TREKED THIS WAY BEFORE-- HE'LL ACT AS MY LIEUTENANT, AS WELL AS GUIDE!

HOWDY, WISTUN DANN!



IT WILL BE A LONG, DANGEROUS TRIP! WE MAY ALL DIE OF THIRST! IF YOU LADS WANT TO TURN BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE---

HR DANN, WHERE RED AND I COME FROM, A RIDER WHO WOULD OUGHT HIS BOSS FOR THOSE REASONS WOULD BE LOWER THAN A SNAKE'S HOLE! WE'RE NOT THAT KIND!



NO OFFENSE MEANT, I ASSURE YOU, HAZELTON-- JUST A FAIR WARNING OF WHAT MAY BE AHEAD! CHERRIO!

STERL, I GOT A QUEER FEELING ABOUT ERIC DANN! MEBBE IT'S HIS FOXEYES--- OR WHAT HE SAID JUST NOW---

I KNOW, RED! I'VE GOT THE SAME HUNCH--- THAT ERIC'S A PHONY---WORKING AGAINST HIS BIG BROTHER AND THE REST OF US!



GRIMSTON MAKES TWO OF 'EM! WE'VE GOT NO PROOF OF IT---CAN'T EVER GUESS WHAT THEIR GAME IS, STERL!

SO WE'LL JUST PLAY ALONG AND KEEP OUR EYES ON THOSE TWO JOKERS!



AS WEEK FOLLOWS DUSTY WEEK, THE SUN GROWS FIERCE-- THE WATER HOLES FEWER-- AND CIVILIZATION A THING OF THE FORGOTTEN PAST

LESLIE, IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU AND BERYL, THIS CATTLE DRIVE WOULD BE WORSE THAN ANY RED AND I EVER MADE BACK HOME! NO NO EXCITEMENT---

NO FUN!  
NOW ABOUT BERYL, THIS CATTLE DRIVE WOULD BE WORSE THAN ANY RED AND I EVER MADE BACK HOME! NO NO EXCITEMENT---



HOW DID YOU LEARN ABOUT THAT, GIRL?

FRIDAY TOLD ME, OF COURSE-- THE SAME GOOD, OLD BLACK FRIDAY WHO STOPPED GRIMSTON FROM HAVING ME, MONTHS AGO---

THAT'S WHY GRIMSTON HATES HIM!



LOOK THERE, STERL! BERYL IS RIDING TOWARD US--- SO WE CAN'T TALK NOW--- SHE LIKES GRIMSTON! BUT I'VE A LOT MORE TO SAY!

ALL RIGHT! I'LL CALL AT YOUR WAGON AFTER SUPPER TONIGHT, LESLIE!



LESLIE, I BROUGHT RED ALONG, BECAUSE WE THREE SUSPECT SOMETHING IS ROTTEN IN CAMP!

WE THREE--- AND FRIDAY! LET'S WALK TO THE RIVER BANK!



LATER



SMEARED WITH OCHRE CLAY, THE SAVAGE MALE AROUS DANCE TO A HOWLING ACCOMPANIMENT...





WE NEED SOLID EVIDENCE THAT WILL CONVINCE STANLEY DANN OF ORMISTON'S DEVIETY--- BEFORE WE DARE TO SPEAK OR ACT AGAINST HIM--- WE MAY HAVE TO WAIT TILL IT'S ALMOST TOO LATE!



LATE THAT NIGHT

WAKE UP, RED! STAMPEDE!

IT'S NOT OUR HEAD, STERL--- TOO FAR OFF!

RRUMBLE!



SOUNDS LIKE NASHAWAY'S OR WOOLCOTT'S HERD, DOESN'T IT?

RIGHT--OH, STERL--- AND--- HARK! THOSE ARE PISTOL SHOTS!



RECKON ORMISTON OR WOOLCOTT HAS TANGLED WITH THOSE WILD BLACKS--- MEBBE CAUGHT 'EM SPEARING CATTLE---

MAYBE, RED! OUR JOB IS TO SEE THAT OUR CATTLE DON'T GET STAMPEDE FEVER!



OH, BURY ME, WOOLCOTT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE---

KEEP IT UP, RED! YOUR SINGING ALWAYS DID QUIET SPOOKY COWS ON THE CRIMHOLDN TRAIL!



CONFOUND THESE BLACK FELLAS! WHY DID THEY RUSH MY MOB!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW, WOOLCOTT!



AH-AH!





I-ER... I'VE CALLED YOU TOGETHER TO PAY OUR LAST RESPECTS TO OUR PARTNERS, WOOLCOTT AND HATHAWAY, BREASTED TO DEATH LAST NIGHT--



RECKLESS OF THEIR OWN SAFETY, THEY HELPED TO BRING THEIR MOB UNDER CONTROL---AND STOPPED THE SPEARS THAT MIGHT OTHERWISE HAVE TAKEN YOUNGER LIVES! THE LAST SERVICE WE CAN OFFER THEM IS ---



SO WE COMMIT THEIR SOULS TO GOD, AND THEIR BODIES TO THE EARTH! I ---

JUST A MINUTE, MR. DANN?



WE'RE SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU, SIR --- MIGHTY SORRY! BUT YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN US ANY CHANCE TO EXAMINE THIS BLACK-FELLA SPEAR WORK-- IT MIGHT SAVE LIVES!

UPON MY WORD, YOUNG MAN! I CAN'T SEE HOW--



I SAY--- SEND THOSE TWO AMERICAN RICHES ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS, DANN! IT'S AN INSULT TO THE DEAD--

ON THE CONTRARY, ORMISTON! I'D LIKE TO SEE THE WOUNDED



COME HERE, FRIDAY! TELL US WHAT KIND OF BLACK-FELLA KILLED BOSS HATHAWAY!



ALL BLACKS LOOK ALIKE TO ME --- BLASTED ABOS! I'LL ---







NOT THIS TIME, ORMISTON!

CONFOUND YOU! YOU'D HAVE MURDERED MY BLACK--- DELIBERATELY!

I'D HAVE SHOT HIM-- YES! -- MURDER-- DOESN'T APPLY TO FILTHY ARMS-- I HATE 'EM ALL!



GENTLEMEN! WE'LL HAVE NO QUARRELLING IN MY COMPANY! ORMISTON, YOU'RE BESIDE YOURSELF---SO BACK TO YOUR OUTFIT!

NO, NOT TILL I SEE MY PARTNERS RECENTLY BURIED!



VERY WELL, IF YOU INSIST---

---AND WITHOUT BEING PAWED BY ANY BLACK SAVAGE BEFORE THEY ARE LAID TO REST!



ASHES TO ASHES DUST TO DUST---



NICE SHOOTING, PARTNER! BUT ORMISTON IS STILL THINKING TWO JUMPS AHEAD OF US!

MAYBE SO! EVEN IF FRIDAY COULD PROVE THE KILLINGS WEREN'T BLACK-FELLA WORK--

STANLEY DAMN WOULD I BELIEVE ORMISTON GUILTY!



BUT OUR BOSS, BING SLYTER, IS BEGINNING TO SEE THROUGH THAT BUSH-RANGER, I RECKON! PERHAPS WE CAN HELP HIS EYESIGHT ALONG!



STERL, YOUR MARKSMANSHIP AND QUICKNESS HAS PUT ME--- AS WELL AS FRIDAY--- IN YOUR DEBT! I WANT TO---

SURE, I SAYN'T WHAT YOU MEAN, BOSS! AND NOW I'LL ASK A FAVOR!

RIDE WITH RED AND ME, BOSS--- TO WHERE THOSE  
KILLINGS TOOK PLACE--- AND BRING FRIGAY ALONG  
TO READ SIGN!

THEIR HORSES ---  
GOOD MAN! I HADN'T  
THOUGHT OF THAT!

TO READ SIGN?  
THEIR HORSES  
WERE SPEARED,  
TOO, YOU  
KNOW!



NO BLACK FELLA TRACKS  
ALONGA HERE?

WHAT'S  
THAT?



BLACK FELLA THROW SPEAR WITH WOMERA---  
LIKE DIS ---



WHITE MAN PUSH-UM SPEAR--  
LIKE DIS! MAKE ALLEE  
SAME WOUNDA ME SEE  
BOSS WOOLCOTT!

FRIGAY, THIS IS THE  
FIRST TIME I'VE KNOWN  
YOU TO BE WRONG IN  
READING BUSH SIGN!  
NO WHITE MAN COULD  
HAVE---



THAT'S WOOLCOTT'S  
FAVORITE MOUNT!



WHITE MAN KILL-UM HORSE?  
LOOK-UM SPEAR!

FRIGAY! WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN?



--- BUTA WHITE MAN DID, WISTUH SLYTER!  
JUST RUN YOUR FINGER INTO THIS DEAD  
HOSS'S EAR AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!  
THE BULLET HOLE IN HIS HEAD!



BOYS, THIS MEANS SOMETHING THAT I WOULD GIVE MY RIGHT ARM TO PROVE UNTRUE --- BUT I AM CONVINCED! THERE IS A REMARKABLY CLEVER MURDERER IN OUR HOST---

---KILLIN' OFF HIS PARTNERS, SO HE CAN TAKE OVER NINE THOUSAND HEAD OF STOCK?

ORMISTON?



NO! WE CAN'T ACCUSE ANYBODY WITHOUT PROOF! DANN WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT --- AND WE'D HAVE NO RIGHT!

SUIT YOURSELF, BOSS--- BUT REMEMBER YOU MAY BE NEXT! RED AND I--- WE'LL BE SLEEPING WITH ONE EYE OPEN AND OUR GUNS IN OUR FISTS!



THE NEXT DAY, SUNDAY, STANLEY DANN HOLDS A SERVICE FOR THE DROVERS AND THEIR FAMILIES, AFTER WHICH, HE MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT.



FRIENDS, THE CALVING SEASON IS HERE! OUR GATTLER NEED REST --- WHERE THERE IS PLENTY OF FOOD AND WATER WE'LL STOP WHERE WE ARE UNTIL THE BIG RAINS COME! OUR ONLY DANGER IS FROM THE BLACKS---

THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS, LESLIE! WE'LL WATCH ORMISTON!

RIGHT-O! HAVE YOU HEARD THAT BUSHRANGER'S LATEST MOVE, STEWIE? HE CLAIMS THAT WOOLCOTT AND HATHAWAY LOST THEIR CATTLE TO HIM IN A CARD GAME THE NIGHT BEFORE THEY--- DIED!



IN THE NEXT MONTHS, HUNDREDS OF NEW CALVES SNELL THE ENORMOUS HERD...



BUT JANUARY COMES AND GOES WITHOUT THE RAINS



RAINS ARE BOUND TO COME, STERL— AND THAT'S WHEN WE CAN LOOK FOR MORE TROUBLE!

FROM ORRISTON'S YEAR, I RECKON SO, BUT HE'S BEEN BUSY ALREADY PERSUADING WOOLCOTT'S AND HATHAWAY'S RIDERS TO TAKE NO MORE ORDERS FROM DANN!



DID RAIN COME PLENTY SOON. BOSS STERL— WERSE TOMORHT!

HOW DO YOU KNOW, FRIDAY?

G'NAH! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



BLACK FELLA KNOW! THIS RAINS COME, FILL-UM RIBBER RED, WERSE KETCH-UM CATTLE— YOU'SEE — TOMORHT!



AWW-WWW? I'M SURE SOX  
OF THIS DODGONE HEAT AND  
DROUGHT, STEEL'S  
WISH OLD FRIDAY  
WAS RIGHT!

ABOUT THE COMING  
CLOUDBURST --- WITH  
MORE THAN HALF THE  
BIG HERD DOWN IN THAT  
RIVER BED, CROWDING THE  
WATER HOLES?



THAT WOULD BE BAD, RED ---  
A FLOOD BOOMING DOWN INTO  
THAT DRY WASH --- BUT THERE'S  
NOT A CHANCE IT'LL HAPPEN  
TONIGHT!



MIDNIGHT AND THE SUDDEN LOOMING OF BLACK  
CLOUDS OVER THE TORTURED WASTELAND.



THEN UPON THE DRIED-UP RIVER'S HIGHER  
REACHES DESCENDS THE FLOOD.



PARD! IT'S COME!  
THE SKY IS UNLOADIN'  
ON US!

SURE IS! AND IT'LL  
SPOOK THE CATTLE,  
RED!



LISTEN, RED ---  
STAMPEDE!

IT'S NOT THIS HERE  
SIDE OF THE RIVER,  
STEEL! MESS YOU  
HEAR THE FLOOD ---



THAT'S A FLOOD TEARING DOWN THE RIVER BED, ALL RIGHT, RED--- BUT I HEAR CATTLE STAMPEDING, TOO!

WUPP!  
YOU COULD BE RIGHT, PARDNER!

IT'S NOT ANY OF OUR BURCH--- BUT ORRISTON'S WERE IN THE RIVER BED---

---AND WOOLCOTT'S AND HATHAWAY'S AND SOME OF THE DANN'S!



THANK HEAVEN, AND YOU, BOYS. MY CATTLE ARE SAFE! BUT WHERE ARE MY HORSES? AND STANLEY DANN'S HOBS?

THEY'RE STOLEN, MR. SLYTER!



HOW DO YOU KNOW THEY WEREN'T CROWNED?

YOU SEE THAT WIDE TROUGH IN THE FAR BANK? THAT WAS CUT BY THE HOOPS OF STAMPEDING HORSES AND COWS!



I SEE IT! THAT'S WHERE THEY WENT—MORE THAN HALF OF ALL THE CATTLE ON THIS TREK—BUT THAT'S NO PROOF OF THEFT!

NOT WHEN THEIR CAMP ACROSS THE RIVER IS DESERTED—AND BERYL DANN IS BONE WITH THEM?



WHAT? BERYL GONE, TOO—?

COME ON, STERL, I SAW SOMETHING ELSE!

SO DID I—



THERE WERE TWO MEN DEAD OR BADLY HURT ACROSS THE RIVER!

YUP! I THOUGHT I SAW ONE OF 'EM WAVE AN ARM!



YOU STAY ON THIS SIDE, RED? KING IS STRONGER THAN YOUR FORTY---



--- BESIDES, WE MAY NEED YOU TO ROPE US OUT OF THE WATER, IF WE GET BACK!



RED? WHY IS STERL SWIMMING THE RIVER?

SOMEBODY'S LYIN' HURT OVER THERE— LOOKS LIKE YOUR BROTHER ERIC --- MR DANN!





IT'S GEORGE---  
ONE OF DAMN'S  
RIDERS---



---MURDERED  
SHOT THROUGH  
THE BACK---



WHAT HAPPENED  
TO YOU---ERIC  
DANN?

ORRISTON---  
GLIBBED ME  
WITH A PISTOL,  
BROKE A RIB,  
TOO?



I'LL HELP YOU  
INTO THE SADDLE?  
WAS IT ORRISTON  
WHO SHOT GEORGE,  
TOO?

YES? HE--- WE  
TRIED TO KEEP  
HIM FROM  
CARRYING OFF  
BERYL, MY  
NIECE---



WEEFORD SET ON  
ME, TOO? THEY'RE  
ALL BUSHRANGERS?

I KNEW THAT  
LONG AGO?  
HANG ON NOW,  
ERIC?



IN MIDCURRENT, CHOPPY WAVES THREATEN TO  
STRANGLE THE GALLANT HORSE

COME ON, KING?  
RI-RI-FAN? THIS  
IS THE WORST  
OF IT?



STERL! YOUR HOSS DID WELL --- BUT  
HE'S FOUNDERING UNDER ERIC IN THAT  
CURRENT! CATCH MY ROPE AND  
LET HIM GO!



BOY IT ---  
BUT DON'T  
PULL IN YET,  
RED!



OKAY, RED ---  
TAKE 'EM OUT!



HOLD ON A MOMENT  
LONGER, ERIC ---  
WE'VE LICKED  
THE RIVER!





"ARMISTON, BEDFORD AND THEIR COW-THIEVING BUNCH STOLE YOUR DAUGHTER AND BEAT UP YOUR BROTHER, MR. DAMN"

"IS THIS TRUE, ERIC?"

"YES, STANLEY--- OH--- MRRRW!"



"SLYTER, MY FRIEND, BRINGS EVERY MAN TO MY WAGON AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! WE MUST FACE THIS TERRIBLE THING TOGETHER!"

"QUITE RIGHT, DAMN--- AND THE SOONER THE BETTER!"



"MEN--- THIS TRAGEDY IS MY FAULT! I'VE BEEN A FOOL---

"--- I TRUSTED ORMISTON AND HIS BUSHRANGERS, AND THEREBY CAUSED THE DEATH OF WOODCOTT, HATHAWAY AND GEORGIE--- AND PERHAPS MY DAUGHTER'S? MORE THAN HALF OUR CATTLE AND HORSES ARE GONE! I'M NOT FIT TO DIRECT YOU NOW---



"EXCUSE ME, MR. DAMN--- BUT I RECKON WE DON'T NEED DIRECTION RIGHT NOW--- ALL WE WANT IS YOUR PERMISSION TO GO AFTER THOSE COMBATS WITH GUNS!"

"STOUT FELLA, STERL!"

PERMISSION GRANTED?  
PICK YOUR MEN, HAZELTON!

THANK YOU, SIRT!



GET YOUR HORSES,  
THE BEST YOU CAN  
FIND, MEN --- AND  
HURRY!



FATHER, PLEASE--  
LET ME GO WITH THEM!  
I CAN SHOOT A RIFLE  
WITH THE BEST ---  
AND BERTLIS  
IS STILL MY  
FRIEND!

NO, LESLIE!  
YOU'LL STAY  
HERE --- AND I'LL  
STAY TO MAKE SURE  
YOU DO!



WE'RE HEADING UP-RIVER, BOY--  
FRIDAY KNOWS A PLACE WHERE  
THE CROSSING IS  
NOT TOO HARD!



TWO MILES UPSTREAM,  
THE LITTLE POSSE  
BREASTS THE FLOOD.



THREE WAGONS, ALL LOADED HEAVY! WE'LL CATCH UP WITH 'EM SOON!

YEAH--- I'LL SEND FRIDAY AHEAD TO SCOUT!



YOU--- ROLLIE, DRAKE, LARRY! KEEP CLOSE TO RED AND ME FROM HERE ON! THERE'S A FIGHT COMING SOON!

GOOD! YOU GIVE THE ORDERS, --- WE'LL TAKE 'EM!



AN HOUR LATER, FRIDAY'S BECKONING FIGURE SHOWS AGAINST THE SKYLINE...



LOOK DOWN THERE! WAGONS GONE AROUND CATTLE TO SHUT 'EM DOWN--- DRIVERS GONE BEHIND DE MOB!

BUSH COUNTRY--- LOTS OF COVER FOR AN AMBUSH--- BUT NOT TOO THICK FOR FAST RIDING!



UNAWARE OF PURSUIT, THE SIX MOUNTED BUSH RANGERS RIDE IN A CLOSE BUNCH BEHIND THEIR HERD



YOU'VE SIGHTED THEM, STERL?

YES, ROLLIE --- AND HERE'S THE DEAL! WE'LL CUT AROUND THE BUSH AND GET AHEAD OF THEM! YOU THREE WILL AMBUSH THE SIX DROVERS ---

BUT I SAY --- AMBUSH ISN'T SPORTING, YOU KNOW? DOESN'T GIVE 'EM A CHANCE ---

LISTEN, ROLLIE! THIS GAME ISN'T TIDDLYWINKS! HOW MUCH CHANCE DID THOSE KILLERS GIVE WOODSOTT, OR HATHAWAY, OR CEDRIC --- OR BERTYL DANN?

WE'VE GOT THE TOUGHEST JOB, STERL --- TO GET THE WAGON DRIVERS AND KEEP BERTYL DANN FROM GETTING HURT!

I KNOW IT, RED!

THIS'LL BE AN EXECUTION --- NOT A SPORT! RED KREHL AND I WILL TAKE ON THE THREE IN THE WAGONS! AND REMEMBER --- IF YOU DON'T DOWN YOUR SIX MEN FIRST SHOT, KEEP SHOOTING AND RIDE 'EM DOWN!



SAY, STERL--WHERE'D  
THAT BLACK,FRIDAY,  
GO?

I DON'T KNOW,RED--  
BUT WE OUGHT TO  
BE AHEAD OF THE  
WAGONS  
NOW!

HERE THEY COME --- ABOUT  
A RIFLE SHOT APART! THE  
FIRST DRIVER ISN'T ORMISTON!

I'LL RIDE BACK---  
TACKLE ORMISTON  
MYSELF, STERL!

THAT LEADING DRIVER IS ALMOST AHEAD  
OF ME! IT'S THAT  
HOMER THEY CALL  
JACK--- AND HE'S  
GOOD WITH A GUN!

**SUDDENLY KING, STERL'S BLACK STALLION  
LIFTS HIS HEAD...**

**... AND AT THE SOUND, THE WAGON DRIVER  
GRABS A RIFLE...**

UH-HUH-HEIGH!  
HEIGH-  
HEIGH-  
HEIGH!



STEARL'S FIRST  
SHOT MISSES



HE TRIGGERS AGAIN — A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE  
SACK'S BULLET LIFTS HIS HAT.



DRILLED ME — — —  
THROUGH THE GIZZARD — — —  
BLAST HIM!  
(COUGH)



I HEARD RED'S GUN — — —  
AND A RIFLE ANSWERING IT!  
HE MAY BE  
NEEDING US,  
KING!



SECOND WAGON!  
RED GOT THAT  
DRIVER — — —





BEYOND THE TREES, RED STRUGGLES TO  
LINE UP HIS GUNSIGHTS...



ON ORMISTON, WITHOUT HITTING BERYL,  
DANN...







TRUE TO ITS MARK FLIES THE ABB'S SPEAR...





SHE'S FAINTED ---  
FOUR KID! WHAT  
WILL WE DO,  
STERL?

FIX YOUR WOUNDS,  
RED --- BEFORE YOU  
BLEED TO DEATH!  
BERYL IS OKAY!



SHE'S TAKIN'  
A LONG TIME TO  
COME TO, STERL!  
DO YOU  
RECKON  
SHE ---

QUIT FUSSING, COMBON!  
YOU'RE THE ONE  
WHO WORRIES  
ME!



HERE COMES ONE OF OUR  
RIDERS ---

IT'S LARRY AND ROLLIE ---  
WITH DRAKE'S HOSS!  
DRAKE MUST HAVE  
STOPPED LEAD!



DRAKE  
GOT IT,  
ROLLIE?

YES, STERL! HE WOULDN'T  
SHOOT FROM AMBUSH!  
BAR OUT AND SHOUTED AT  
THOSE BUSHWHACKERS  
AND THEY DRILLED HIM!



MISS DAN ---  
SHE ISN'T HARMED  
GRILL --- ?

ONLY FROM SHOCK! RED WILL  
HAVE TO STAY WITH HER  
WHILE WE ROUND UP THE  
CATTLE AND HORSES!

TWO DAYS LATER, SIX THOUSAND CATTLE  
DRIVEN BY STERL'S SKELETON CREW,  
RETURN TO THE RIVER.



BERYL, HOW MUCH  
DID YOU CARE FOR  
ORRINGTON --- I MEAN  
BEFORE YOU FOUND  
OUT WHAT A SNAKE  
HE WAS?

AS MUCH AS  
A SILLY GIRL  
CAN CARE FOR  
A DREAM ---  
UNTIL IT TURNS  
INTO A  
NIGHTMARE!

RECKON I LOOK LIKE  
SOMETHING OUT OF A  
NIGHTMARE RIGHT NOW ---  
BUT I SHORE WISH YOU  
COULD CARE A LITTLE  
BIT FOR ME --- WHEN  
I GET THESE  
BANDAGES  
OFF!

I CARE NOW,  
REO? AND NOT  
FOR A DREAM,  
THIS TIME ---  
BUT FOR A  
REAL WANT!



FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, THE GREAT HERD CRAWLS  
THROUGH AN UNKNOWN, DIFFICULT WILDERNESS.



HAZELTON— KREHL— I HAVE A  
JOB FOR YOU— DANGEROUS! YOU  
MAY REFUSE IF YOU WISH—

NAME IT,  
MR. DANN!



MY BROTHER ERIC SEEMS TO HAVE  
LOST HIS WAY! WE MAY BE A HUNDRED  
MILES OFF THE TRACK! I WANT YOU TO  
RIDE AHEAD AND SCOUT FOR THE  
HEADWATERS OF THE HARBURTON  
RIVER! YOU MAY MEET BAD ANGUS—



WE'LL RISK IT, MR. DANN!  
YOU'LL ALL CAN  
COUNT ON US,  
BOSS!

THANK YOU,  
LADS—I KNEW  
I COULD!



WE'LL TAKE  
SLYTER'S BLACK,  
FRIMY, WITH  
US, RED!

SURE! YOU KNOW,  
STERL, I FIGGERED  
ERIC DANN WAS  
BLUFFING ABOUT  
KNOWING THE WAY—  
SINCE WE LEFT  
THE RIVER!



THREE DAYS LATER,

COUNTRY'S GETTING  
GREENER, RED— DOUGHT  
TO BE A RIVER AHEAD!

YEAH— BUT IS IT  
THE RIGHT ONE?



WE SHALL-UM BLACK  
FELLA. ALONGA HERE!  
WESSE MAKE-UM  
PLENTY TROUBLE!

OKAY, FRIED--  
WE'LL KEEP  
OUR EYES  
PEELED!



SUDDENLY A SPEAR  
WHIZZES OUT OF  
THE JUNGLE...

EEE-  
OUGH!



FOR A MOMENT, THE AIR IS FILLED  
WITH SPEARS AND BULLETS

CAREFUL! DON'T  
GET TOO NEAR  
THOSE TREES,  
STEARL!

THEY'VE ALL CLEARED  
OUT, RED--- ALL  
EXCEPT THIS ONE  
WHO WON'T SPEAR  
ANY MORE HORSES!



I DECIDE THIS IS  
JUST A SAMPLE OF  
WHAT WE'RE IN FOR  
IF WE TREK THE  
CATTLE THROUGH  
HERE!





THE ABOS GOT WHAT THEY WANTED--FRESH HOGS MEAT!

THEY'LL GET MORE IF WE DON'T WATCH SHARP, RED!



WELL, HERE'S THE RIVER WE WERE HUNTING, STEEL--- BUT IT DON'T LOOK LIKE A HEADWATERS TO ME!

AT LEAST WE CAN WATER OUR HORSES!



WATER PLENTY SALT ALONGA HERE--NO GOOD FOR DRINK--UNT BIG SALT WATER CLOSE BY!



THAT SETTLES IT---WE'RE LOST IN THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK! AND THE QUICKER WE WARN STANLEY GANN, THE BETTER!

BACK AT THE 'TRICKERS' CAMP



RED AND I FIGURE YOU'RE AT LEAST THREE HUNDREDS MILES OFF A DIRECT ROUTE TO THE KIMBERLEYS, MR. GANN-- NO MATTER WHAT YOUR BROTHER THINKS!

LOST--- THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN?

NO, I TELL YOU!



A WEEK LATER, THE VAST MOB OF WEARY, THIRSTY CATTLE  
NEARS THE BELT OF JUNGLE THAT MARKS THE  
RIVER'S COURSE...



THEY'VE SMELLED WATER! THEY'LL ALL STAMPEDE NOW!

WE CAN TURN THEM---



AN ARMY COULDN'T STOP THOSE CATTLE NOW, MR. GANN! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE THEY FLOW US UNDER!

BUT, I SAY! WE'LL LOSE HUNDREDS---



RECKLESS OF TREE AND BRUSH THE THURST-CRACKED BRUTES CRASH THROUGH



TO THE BROAD, MUDDY-BOTTOMED STREAM, TO DIVE UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE HERDS BEHIND.



D-OOH! THEY'LL CRUSH US!

THIS IS THE EDGE OF THE MOB --- THEY'LL SOON BE PAST!



WHEN FINALLY THE MAD PUSH IS OVER, HUNGRY DENIZENS OF THE JUNGLE RIVER EMERGE





BY TWOS AND THREES THEY SEIZE THE STRADDLERS



THERE'S TOO MANY OF THE REPTILES, STERL--- WE CAN'T KILL 'EM ALL!

YOU'RE RIGHT, RED! AND WE CAN'T PUSH THE COWS TILL THEY'RE DRUNK!



AT LAST, WITH THIRST SATISFIED, THE GREAT HERD IS MOVED ACROSS THE JUNGLE STREAM--- BUT AT A COST!

WELL, YOUR CATTLE ARE ACROSS, MR. GANN-- BUT I WOULDN'T TAKE THE WAGONS OVER, HERE!

WE'VE GOT TO! IF WE TAKE TIME TO LOOK FOR ANOTHER FORD, THE SACS WILL RUSH THE MOB AGAIN!

GRUNT!



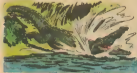
ERIC IS RIGHT, STERL! WE CAN'T WAIT! WE'LL RITCH EXTRA TEAMS TO THE WAGONS AND GO THROUGH THIS PLACE!

IT'S UP TO YOU, BOSS-- BUT THE BOTTOM IS BAD FOR WAGONS AND HORSES!





AND AISE GRUNT, A HEAVY SPLASH, AND A HUGE REPTILE HEADS FOR THE FLOUNDERING TEAM...



SUDDENLY THE DRINK'DROG LETS GO. THE STRUGGLING TEAM MOVES INTO DEEPER WATER.





MEANWHILE, STANLEY DANN IS LIGHTENING HIS LOAD

OH, FATHER—UNCLE ERIC— PLEASE DON'T TRY THE CROSSING HERE!

NONSENSE, BEAT! IT WOULD BE NO BETTER ANYWHERE! THE SLYTER'S WAGON WAS TOO HEAVILY LOADED— THAT'S ALL!



FATHER— LET ME RIDE INSIDE! I DON'T WANT TO SEE—

YOU'LL RIDE VERY WELL BESIDE ME, DERTYL! COME!



NOW, ERIC— LAY ON THE WHIP!

WE SHOAN'T STOP TILL WE'RE OVER! HI-EEEE!



WE'RE DOING BETTER THAN SLYTER'S HEAVY WAGON—

WE'RE TOP-HEAVY!



TEND TO YOUR DRIVING, MISTER DANN— I'LL NAIL THOSE REPTILES!

GODD MAN, RED!

O-D-OH! THERE COMES A CROSS— TWO OF THEM!







I PLANNED WITH BRISTON--TO--  
TO STEAL YOUR CATTLE, STANLEY!  
THEN, I TRIED TO SAVE BERT FROM  
HIM, AND HE--- HE--- NEARLY KILLED  
ME! I DIDN'T DARE COMESS---  
BEFORE--- AND NOW I'M GOING  
TO---



HE'S GONE, MR DANN?  
AND I ROCKON WE'RE NO  
MORE LOST THAN WE  
WERE!



MY BROTHER--- MY  
OWN BROTHER! I  
STILL CAN'T BELIEVE  
IT OF HIM!

MR DANN! SLYTER'S BLACK,  
FRIDAY, SAYS THE BAD AGOS  
ARE ABOUT TO RUSH  
US!

WHAT  
NEXT, BLIGH?



GET DOWN! DOWN BEHIND  
SOMETHING--- EVERYBODY!



YOU GALS---  
GET DOWN IN  
THE WAGON-  
BOX--- AND  
PASS ME MY  
RIFLE!









BUT THE NATIVES  
BREAK AND SCATTER,  
DEMORALIZED BY  
THEIR LOSSES



AT SUNSET

BADABOS GONE... NOT  
COME BACK AGAIN!  
TAKE-UM MANY SPEARS  
FROM DEAD ONES!

BUT, FRIDAY, WE'RE STILL  
LOST! WILL WE EVER REACH  
THE KIMBERLEYS?



FRIDAY GOT GOOD FEELING ALONG  
HERE? THINK WE NOT HAVE MUCH  
TROUBLES NOW? REACH KIMBERLEY  
OKAY, STAND-BY.



AND FRIDAY IS RIGHT! TWO DAYS LATER, THE TREE  
CONTINUES PAST THE RIVER OF CROCODILES AND BADABOS

ASIDE FROM WEEKS OF WEARY TRAVEL, AND A DUST STORM OR TWO



... THE GREAT TREK MET NO OBSTACLES. AT LAST THE BLUE RANGE OF THE KIMBERLEYS ROSE UP TO GREET THEM WITH THE PROMISE OF REST AND GREEN PASTURES, AND A NEW HOMELAND.



WELL, BING SLYTER, WE'VE ARRIVED! I'VE BEEN WONDERING --- DO YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO LOSE OUR COWBOYS AS SOON AS THEY'RE PAID THEIR WAGES?

LOOK OVER THERE, STANLEY --- BENEATH THOSE TREES I FANCY YOU'LL FIND YOUR ANSWER!



AND THERE IT IS!

# THE NATIVES OF AUSTRALIA

The famous boomerang is made from extremely hard wood. It returns to the thrower only if it **MISSES** its target.

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Three "raas" for the cooking pots!



Native spearmen are among the best in the world. They use a throwing stick to give extra power and can throw spears amazing distances.



Australian natives make fires by using a fire drill as American Indians do but they do not use a bow to drive the drill.





American big game is, in general, less dangerous than European or African. Not so the grizzly! They are often called "silvertips"

because of the long white guard hairs growing on their darker fur.

Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.