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UGGHH!
YOU GOT HIM, RIP! THAT'S THE END OF THE ARIZONA KID!
I TAKE HIS PONY... VERY GOOD HOSS!

KILLERS THREE!

THE KILLERS HIT THE BANK AT CARSON'S CROSSING, AND SLAMMED AWAY TOWARD THE ROUGH COUNTRY WITH THEIR LOOT!
PONY GRUNT... HIM HIT!
KEEP HIM MOVIN', JIM!

WE'LL RIDE THE RIDGES IN THE WILD HOSS COUNTRY, SO WE KIN SEE IF ANYBODY PICKS UP OUR TRAIL!
PONY ALMOST FINISHED!

HOP ON BEHIND ME... MY CAUSAGELL CARRY DOUBLE FOR A SPELL! MIGHT LOUSE UP THE TRAIL FOR ANYBODY WHO'S FOLLOWIN' TO SEE ONE SET OF TRACKS ANGLE OFF!
A MILE FURTHER ON, THE KID FINDS A SOFT SPOT IN THE TRAIL WHERE THE TRACKS ARE SHARP AND CLEAR. TO THE YOUNG SCOUT'S PRACTISED EYE, THE STORY OF THE TRAIL IS NOW Plain TO SEE.

THE DROWSEY SILENCE IS SHATTERED BY THE SUDDEN CRACK OF A WINCHESTER. BLOOD SPURTS FROM THE SCOUT'S HEAD, TURNING HIS FACE TO A QUICK, BLOODY MASK, AND HE PITCHES FORWARD!

UGHHH!

YUH GOT HIM, RIP PLUMB CENTER!

YUP AN' IT'S THE ARIZONA KID HISSSELF!

TAKE HIS HOGS... GOOD INDIAN WAR HOGS, HIM!

DID YUH GIT HIS HARDWARE RIP?

YEAH, HE'S STRIPPED! HEY, JIM, THAT CAUSE AIN'T PARTIAL TO YUH!

HE BEHAVE! STICK WITH KNIFE IF HE DON'T.
The killers race away, and soon black specks gather in the sky, growing larger... vultures, eaters of the dead, drawn to the spot by the smell of blood!

They watch the still form, their heinous naked heads peering like unholy, some harpies on the River Styx! But the body doesn't stir, and they move in, cruel beaks poised to strike and tear!

**Squawwk! Squawwk!**

Oh, my head! Those killer coyotes bushwhacked me. Must've thought they killed me! Luckily the lead only grooved my scalp!

They took my guns, and arrow! Left nothin' but my saddle, an' knife!

A rattle of hoofs booms from above! The kid looks up as a band of wild horses streak over the rocks, silhouetted for a moment in moving splendor!

Wild horses! If I can nab one of those canyons, I can get after those three skunks! I owe them plenty now, an' I aim to square accounts with 'em!

They're grazin' in the hollow! Now, if I can only get close enough to lay rope over one of them... that big, mottled stallion, there! He looks like he could carry a man from here to breakfast without breakin' into a sweat!
WITH INDIAN-LIKE STEALTH, THE YOUNG SCOUT PATIENTLY STALKS THE HERD, MAKING NO SOUND, MOVING NO BLADE OF GRASS, CLOSER AND CLOSER!

HE SENSES SOMETHING WRONG? HE'LL WHEEL THE HERD OUT IN ANOTHER SECOND... IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

THE ROPE WHISTLES THROUGH THE AIR, LANDING TRUE!

GOT HIM!

IF I CAN STAY WITH HIM... MASTER HIM WITH MY HEAD ACHING THIS WAY FROM THE WOUND! IF HE THROWS ME, HE'LL TRAMPLE ME TO DEATH!

THE WILD STALLION PITCHES WITH SPINE-CRACKING FURY, SCREAMING HIS DEFANCE OF MAN AND THE KID GRIMLY HANGS ON, HIS MOUTH AND NOSE POURING BLOOD FROM THE WRACKING, JARRING RIDE!

I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE! IF HE DON'T QUIT IN A MINUTE, I'LL BE ALL THROUGH!

A MOMENT LATER, SPENT DRIPPING SWEAT, THE STALLION STANDS MOTIONLESS ON WIDE, SPREAD LEGS, IN QUIET TRIBUTE TO THE MAN WHO HAS MASTERED HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH AND WILD SOUL!

WELL, OL' FELLER, I GUESS I'M BOSS! NOW I'M GOIN' TO TOSSE MY SADDLE ON YOU AN' WE'RE GOIN' HUNTIN'... MAN HUNTIN'!

HERE'S THE TRAIL AGAIN... AN' THIS TIME I'LL KEEP MY EYES WIDE OPEN!

THE PURPLE SHADOWS DEEPEN, AND THE TEXAS NIGHT COMES ON AS THE KID STICKS TO THE TRAIL OF THE KILLERS! THEN IN THE DARKNESS AHEAD, HE SEES DANCING, RED REFLECTIONS OF A CAMPFIRE IN A GULCH!

THAT MUST BE THEIR CAMPFIRE! WITH ONLY MY KNIFE AND ROPE FOR WEAPONS, I'VE GOT TO MAKE NO MISTAKES... JUST ONE WILL MEAN BOOT HILL!
Two of them! The Injun must be around somewhere close by. I'll have to make my play before the moon comes up, and take my chances that I see that Injun before he sees me!

What's that Injun prowlin' around in the dark for, cash? Oorlll!

What'd you say? I asked yuh... what tho?

For a second the gunman stands frozen with surprise... then his hands flash down to his guns!

You!

No, Rip... Arrgh!

Wrong target, Rip!

Now I'd better move away from here fast. An' see if I can locate Jim Deerfoot?

Urrgghh!

No hurry... you find him already!

From here fast, an' see if I can locate Jim Deerfoot?
SO YOU'RE THE SKUNK WHO TOOK, ARROW!

HIM GOOD PONY... NEEDS NICK FROM KNIFE TO MAKE BEHAVE! I SEE YOU COME TOWARD CAMP...

WHILE YOU KILL CASH AN' RIP! NOW ALL THE BANK MONEY FOR JIM DEERFOOT! NOW TIME FOR YOU TO DIE!

ARROW, THE KID'S GREAT WAR HORSE, SEES HIS MASTER'S DANGER AT THE HANDS OF THE MAN HE HATES! HE KEEPS TRYING TO BREAK THE REINS HOLDING HIM TO THE TREE!

YOU DIRTY RAT... ARROW REMEMBERS... HE'S PULLING FREE? HE'S GOING TO GET YOU!

AS THE LAST KILLER TURNS HIS HEAD TOWARD THE THRASHING HORSE, THE ARIZONA KID'S HAND BLURS DOWN TO CASH HALLEN'S HOLSTER.

HIM TIED... CAN'T BREAK LOOSE... HUH, SO IT WAS TRICK...

I RECKON THAT'S ALL!

ARRRGGH!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER!

WAL, CLIFF, WE WON'T HAVE TO TRAIL THOSE THREE KILLERS ANYMORE! ALL THAT'S LEFT OF 'EM IS IN THESE THREE GRAVES!

ALL THREE OF 'EM, HUH? THAT MUST'VE BEEN QUITE A CHORE! I WISH I HADN'T GONE CHOSIN' OFF AFTER THAT RIDERLESS HOSST... I WISH I'D OF COME UP IN TIME TO GIVE YUH A HAND!

THOSE ARE MIGHTY FINE WISHES, CLIFF! AN' YUH KNOW SOMETHIN'?

THERE WAS A FEW TIMES YESTERDAY AN' LAST NIGHT WHEN I WISH THOSE WISHES OF YOURS WOULD'VE COME TRUE!

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It's Jesse James! He robbed the bank!

Here comes the sheriff with the posse! James'll never escape!

After him, men! Run 'im to the ground!

Be careful, sheriff... he's a slick hombre!

He won't be slick enuff to escape us this time! He ain't got a chance!
You don't catch me a-squealin' on no outlaw. I ain't seen nothin'!

Tell us which way he rode or we'll hang you in his place.

It was at that second that an old prospector held the life of Jesse James in the palm of his hand... and then he spoke... I ain't a-hankerin' to swing for no other hombre. He rope over yonder!

Thanks, old timer!

Ride you critters! We'll track 'im down now!

Well they can't say I didn't tell 'em! Whew, it shore is hot under this store-bought beard!

THE END
Lucky for the folks in that shack that we took this trail to San Saba.

I wonder if this gang has any connection with the man we've been sent to find, Cal Toomey?

Gun play at its smokiest, hard riding and hard fighting, is always the rule when the Texas Rangers ride... and this tale of the great Southwest is no exception to the rule! When the Arizona Kid, Chief Ranger Scout, and his sidekick, Capt. Cliff Macklin, sashay down to San Saba, on the trail of a wanted outlaw, there's sure to be plenty of excitement, especially when they meet 'The Sheriff of San Saba.'

The Sheriff of San Saba!

They're on the run! Hold up, kid! They know the country and we don't! If we take after 'em we're liable to run into an ambush.

That big, red-headed Jasper who was ramrodin' that bunch might be the man we're after, kid.

Could be, the description says Cal Toomey is big, red-headed, and has a scar on his right wrist. Too bad we didn't get close enough to see his wrist.
The Two Rangers Ride on Toward San Saba.

It's been ten years since Cal Toomey killed that gent in Coffeville an' was outlawed an' disappeared. Do you think this Toad Holden could be him? Don't know, but I don't think so. Toomey didn't know the man he killed wasn't armed! All he knew was that Jasper had threatened to get him, and when they met, he went for his gun and plugged him!

Well, Toomey was last seen headin' toward San Saba, but that was ten years ago. I don't have much hope that we'll pick up his trail after all this time. If that Jasper he downed hadn't been the new governor's brother we'd never have been sent on this wild goose chase!

There's a gent on the trail ahead.

You must be sheriff Toller. I'm Captain Cliff Macklin, an' this young fire eater is Dave Laramee, known as the Arizona Kid. Both of the Texas Rangers!

Glad to know you, gent. Howdy, Sheriff! We got a message for you. Toad Holden's back!
That's not good news. Are you men on his trail?

I don't know! We're looking for a Jasper who was outlawed 10 years ago for a shootin'.

This toad, Hombre, fits the description...

Big, red headed fella. Last been heard in this way.

That description could fit a lot of men out here! Might even fit me! I was red headed 'fore I turned so gray, an'... hah, here comes my boy!

Hi, Billy! Son, these men are Rangers. Can Macklin kid and the Arizona kid!

Golly, I've heard of you, Mr. Arizona kid! I spect you're almost as good a man as my dad!

Hmmm. I was born two years after dad came to San Saba. Mom always says...

Just in time for supper, Cain dear!

The sheriff of San Saba stretches out his arm to wave to his wife on the porch, and the keen eyes of the Arizona kid see the scar on his wrist.

Be right in, Marco! Why not? Will you fellows eat with us?

Well, thank you. No, that's...No, that's... Sheriff, see you later.

What's the idea, kid? We could've set down to good home made grub instead of the greasy chow. We'll get here!

You can't eat with a man an' then arrest him! The sheriff has, or had, red hair. He's a big man, and from what Billy said, he came to San Saba about 10 years ago. He has a scar on his wrist, and when a man changes name of Cain, Torrey, his initials for some reason.

I see what you mean... Cal, Tommy, Cain, Toller. C.T. I don't like this kid. He seems to be a right Hombre... a good citizen at that. But boy of his worships him! Think, what it'll do to his son and wife!

I am thinkin'. Let's get some chow before we decide anything.
I heard yuh, Toad! Leave the people alone! This is between you an' me, man to man.

He doesn't stand a chance! They will all open upon him an' shoot him to doll rags. I'm makin' a play, Cliff! Stay put until the time comes to take cards.

Toad, you're a stinkin' carbon eatin' buzzard! I'm invitin' yuh to draw or be branded yellin' in Texas! Never mind the sheriff... slap leather or I'll salivate yuh as yuh stand!

I don't know who yuh are, kid, but after what yuh said it'll be a pleasure to shoot yuh! An' hear your screams while I blast down this meaty-mouthed sheriff!

Take it, yuh... Too slow, Toad!

Ughhhhh...

You've got another hand and another gun, yuh big-mouthed polecat! Use 'em!
UNDER THE DEADLY FIRE OF THE GRIM-FACED LAWMEN, THE OUTLAWS TURN AND SLAM WILDLY AWAY, LEAVING THEIR DEAD BEHIND.

RECKON THAT'S ABOUT ALL.

Yeah, except for one more thing, which ain't gonna be as pleasant as shootin' down those dogs was.

WHAT CLIFF IS TALKING ABOUT IS THE JASPER WE WERE SENT TO GET, THE MAN WITH RED HAIR AN' A SCAR ON HIS WRIST.

I reckon you couldn't be fooled! I'll be awful hard on the boy 'n' my wife, but... I'm ready whenever, you gents are!

READY FOR WHAT, SHERIFF? WE'VE GOT OUR MAN... TOAD HOLDEN, RED HAIR, BIG, AND WITH A NICE FRESH SCAR ON HIS WRIST! FITS THE DESCRIPTION EXACTLY, AND THAT'S WHY THE CASE IS CLOSED... CAL TOOMEY, ALIAS TOAD HOLDEN IS DEAD!

I wonder why you took a chance with your knife against Toad's guns? Yup, I kinda like the way this case ended up!

YOU'RE A GOOD SHERIFF AN' A GOOD MAN, CAIN TOLLIVER! KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK AN' I RECKON THE RANGERS' LEL NEVER HAVE TO RIDE THIS WAY AGAIN.

ADIOS, FOLKS, WE'LL BE RIDIN' ON!

GOOD BYE, AND... THANKS FOR EVERYTHING! VAYA CON DIOS, MES AMIGOS!

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A COLT TAKES BULLETS

U.S. MARSHAL, Ransom Kent, was angry. It wasn’t funny at all to come to a place like Rawlins, Wyoming, to clean out a bunch of rustlers and murderers, for the federal government, and then have the train he was on held up by that very gang of men. He picked himself off the ground, and dusted off his trousers, whipping his Stetson against the whipcord with a cold fury in each motion. He slipped his .45 back into its holster, and the sixgun slid easily into the greased holster. He shaded his eyes against the waning sunlight and looked down the tracks at the five men who lay dead. Further in the distance he could see the dust puffed up by the escaping owlshoot gang. There were ten of them all in all. Ransom Kent swore silently to himself that he would get those ten masked men.

He walked down past the stalled cars, his eyes scanning the ground. If only there was a clue to who those men were. They were known only as the Stocton Gang, and no one knew where they hid out or who the men were under those bandannas. He searched carefully, for half an hour, and found nothing. Over near the baggage car he saw the small knot of passengers clustered around the old porter who had been knocked out by the badmen. Kent shouldered his way over to the conductor who was standing there.

“What’d they get, conductor?” asked the marshal.

The conductor scratched his stubbly chin. “Robbed all the passengers. Took the miners’ payroll. And the porter over here says they took a couple of boxes of ammunition bound for Fort Steele.”

Ransom Kent looked over the floor of the baggage car. Some of the passengers’ bags were lying on the floor. He went over and looked at the broken boxes. There was a piece of broken boxwood with the black numerals “32” painted on it.

The porter staggered over to where Kent was looking and the man said: “That reminds me. Fore they conked me with thuh gun-butt, I heared one of them sidewinders say they wuz outta ammunition at the hideout. Mebbe that’s why they broke in here.”

“Did they say anything else about their hideout?” snapped Ransom.

The old porter scratched his head. “M-mm, come tuh think of it, one of them masked hombres said they better get back tuh the hills afore dark.”

Ransom Kent slapped his thighs. “Good, old timer! That means they can’t be too far from Rawlins, cause it’ll be dark in an hour. Now we’re getting somewhere. Hey, Conductor, how soon’ll we get into Rawlins? I got to talk to the sheriff.”

“Come into town in three-quarters of an hour.”

“Good,” said Kent. Then he slumped into one of the seats, as the train lurched. He had some thinking to do...

In Rawlins, Wyoming, the sheriff was Lars Newton, a tall, wiry character with a friendly face and a big smile. He looked up from his steak and eggs into the hard blue eyes of Ransom Kent. Then he saw the marshal-badge on Kent’s shirt and he smiled.

“Hello there. You must be Kent, the government man.” He held out his hand.

“Glad to meet you, Sheriff,” said Kent. “I just ran into some of your local bad boys. I guess you heard.”

The sheriff nodded and took a mouthful of food. When he swallowed, he wiped his lips and said: “Think it was the Stocton Gang?”

“Don’t rightly know,” said Kent, “but I guess it’s a good hunch.”

The sheriff nodded again, and went on eating.

Kent drummed his fingers idly on the table. He thought back over the events of the robbery. There was something in the back of his mind that was bothering him. Something that was not right. He went over the sights and sounds, the shooting...
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and screaming. No it was not there. It was something that had happened afterward. Somewhere in his mind, there was a clue. He had to get away by himself and think it out.

He turned to the sheriff. “Got a horse I can borrow?”

The sheriff nodded. “Sure, but you ain’t thinkin’ of going after that gang, alone, are yuh?”

“That’s my job,” said the marshal.

“But even if you knew where to find them, in those hills, they’d cut you to ribbons . . .”

“That,” said Kent, “is part of the risk a marshal has to take.”

It was dark. The sky was studded with diamond stars, and Ransom let the black have its own way as they rode slowly through the Wyoming hills. Here, in the lonely night, a man could think. The cool night air refreshed the mind and let things fall into place more easily than when there were a lot of people around talking and shouting. A man had to be alone to think. He roamed the hills all night — travelling in widening circles in the hills — and watched the dawn break overhead.

Kent knew that a lawman had to figure out all the angles to a job, and you had to figure them before you went into action. Anyone who just rushed into a shootout would surely end up with a bad case of lead poisoning from a .45 and fill out a coffin in boothill.

Suddenly he saw it. A thin curl of smoke against the morning sky. He spurred his mount, and half an hour later he came on a cabin hidden in the slash of a canyon. He ground-hitched his horse, and crept up on foot. Through the window he could see them, up already. He counted ten. There were ten men who’d held up that train and run off with jewelry, money, and the boxes of ammunition.

“Ammunition!”

Now he knew what it was that had been bothering him. He smiled to himself. He moved carefully against his cheek began to fire at the crude-brick chimney. Soon big chunks would begin to fall into the cabin, and no more smoke would be coming out.

When this happened, he shouted to the cabin. “Yuh better come out now with your hands reaching for the sky.”

Only silence answered him.

“You boys better give up now, and let me take you back. I’m a government man, and you’ll get a fair trial. Otherwise some of those boys from Rawlins will be settin’ up a little necktie party.”

There was no answer. Then he continued; he played his ace.

“You boys can’t hold out this time. You got ammunition from the train yesterday, but you know it won’t do you any good.”

He chuckled. Now they knew that he knew, and that there would be no bluff. He felt ashamed of himself for not having thought of it sooner, a man who was as gun-conscious as he was. They couldn’t use .32 calibre bullets any more than he could, and that’s what they had taken out of the baggage car. Those were shells for Fort Steele, for the ladies who like to do a little practice shooting — with thirty-two’s. Those owls hoots wouldn’t be seen dead carrying a .32. They used .44’s or .45’s like he did.

He felt good inside when the eight robbers came out of the cabin with their arms over their heads, choking and crying from the black smoke. He would certainly say that he’d smoked the rats out of their hole.

THE END

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HE TAUGHT HIM TO KILL!

COLT BREWSTER WAS THE FASTEST MAN WITH A GUN NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE...AND THE DEADLIEST! THIS IS THE ACTUAL TALE OF COLT BREWSTER...AND OF THE BOY HE TAUGHT TO KILL!

BLADE, IF YOU DON'T GIT OFFA MY LAND, I'LL DRIVE YOU OFF!

IT AIN'T YORE LAND, AND ME AND MY FAMILY ARE STAYIN'. I AIN'T TURNIN' TAIL ON ACCOUNTA A MURDERIN' YELLA BELLY LIKE YOU!

TEXAS...1819! TWO MEN FACE EACH OTHER IN A BORDER-TOWN SALON...AND DEATH WAITS FOR A SHOWDOWN!

NO MAN CAN CALL ME THAT AND LIVE! DRAW, JIM BLADE!

COLT WUZ HOPIN' HE'D GIT AN EXCUSE TA KILL BLADE!

POOR BLADE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!

ARGHHH!
Camera, ride out to Blazer's Ranch and tell his family to get here and claim his body. Then tell 'em I'm givin' 'em 24 hours to clear outta that Ranch! Savvy?

Right, boss!

A few weeks later, Tim Blade's ranch was occupied by Colt Brewster. Colt had everything he wanted... the biggest ranch in the county... the reputation as Texas Fastest Gunman... and the rule of the territory in his name!

Collins... we ain't gonna steal no more cattle or hi-jack no more stage coaches... I got everything... I want now! We're turning respectable!

That suits me fine, boss!

The days turned to months, and the months to years... until one day a boy came into the life of Colt Brewster...

Mr. Brewster, I heard about you. Way out in Arizona, I'd admire to work for you and learn to handle a gun like you!

Well, well... so you heard about Old Colt Brewster way out in Arizona, did ya?

Yes, sir! I'd rather work for you and learn to handle a gun like you, than anyone else!

I like your spirit, Slim. You're hired!

As time went by, Colt Brewster set out to make a Gunman of Slim... Colt liked the boy and planned to someday let him become Foreman of the Ranch... and Colt's own bodyguard!

Never look at your opponent's hands, Slim... only at his eyes!

Uh huh!

Try it again, Slim... this time crouch lower and turn more to the side!

I git it... to give this other hombre less of a target to shoot at, eh?
FINALLY...THE BIG DAY CAME...

SIX HITS OUT OF SIX! THAT'S AS GOOD AS I COULD DO! AIN'T NUTHIN' MORE I CAN TEACH YA, SLIM!

YA MEAN THAT, COLT?

IN THAT CASE, COLT... DRAW!

HUH? WHAT KIND OF A JOKE IS THIS, SLIM?

IT AIN'T NO JOKE, YOU MURDERIN' MANGY POLECAT! I AIM TO RID THE CLEAN EARTH OF YORE DIRTY CARCASE! NOW DRAW, OR I'LL KILL YA WITH YER HANDS EMPTY!

YORE LOCO! BUT YA AIN'T GUNNIN' COLT BREMSTER DOWN...

UGH!

YES I AM!

CRACK!

THANKS, COLT! YOU WERE A GOOD TEACHER!

WHY...WHY DID YOU DO IT, SLIM?

YA SHOULD'A FOUND OUT MY REAL NAME, COLT; INSTEAD OF ALWAYS CALLIN' ME SLIM! IT'S JIM BLADE JUNIOR, COLT! THAT'S WHY I KILLED YA!

THE END

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CLOVEN HOOFS OF DEATH!

IT'S UP TO YOU, ARROW... TO YOUR STRENGTH AND SURE-FOOTEDNESS! IF YOU GO DOWN WE'LL BE TRAMPLED INTO THE GRASS ROOTS.

THE FAST-RIDING RANGERS Seldom HAVE TIME TO CATCH UP ON THE NEWS! NOW IN CAMP AT CHAPAQUA SPRINGS, THEY LISTEN TO A CIRCUIT RIDER'S ACCOUNT OF DOINGS IN THE STATE.

...AN' TALLEY WING HAS BEEN MADE TEXAS SENATOR! HE SWEARS HE'LL OPEN INDIAN TERRITORY TO THE WHITE MAN.

...AN' BACK EAST, FOLKS'RE BIDDIN' HIGH FOR BUFFALO ROSES! I EXPECT YOU RANGERS'LL BE RIGHT BUSY KEEPIN' WIDE HUNTERS FROM Goin' INTO INDIAN TERRITORY FOR BUFF SKINS TO SHIP EAST!

MAJOR CULLEN, THERE'S A WAGON-TRAIN COMIN' IN!
SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS. ALL RIGHT, I CAN'T STOP YOU, BUT I'M NOT ENDING ANY OF MY MEN ALONG TO PROTECT YOU AND LOSE THEIR SCALPS IN THE PROCESS!

THAT SUITS ME! WE DON'T NEED HELP FROM YOUR MILITARY RANGERS. WE'LL HANDLE THE STINKIN' INJUNS OUR OWN WAY!

C'MON, MEN... WE'RE MOVIN' OUT!

THAT'S A HARD-LOADED OUTFIT IF I EVER SAW ONE! THEY'LL MAKE TROUBLE!

I HOPE NOT! I'M A PEACEFUL RANGER. I'LL COOK FOR THE OUTFIT... BUT I DON'T WANT NO TRUCK WITH INJUNS. THEY GIVE ME THE CREEPS!

TWO WEEKS PASS, THEN ANOTHER WAGON-TRAIN COMES INTO CHAPARRA SPRINGS, FROM THE NORTH!

THAT JASPER IN THE BEAVER HAT, IS THE INJUN-HATIN' SENATOR TALLEY WING. I SAW HIM ONCE IN HOUSTON!

CLIFF, I WONDER WHY TALLEY WING HATES THE INJUNS SO MUCH? IT'S STRANGE!

MORE TROUBLE!

MAYOR CULLEN, THIS IS MY SON, ROB! HAVE YOU HAD ANY WORD FROM BULL CORBIN AND HIS RANGERS HUNTERS?

NO, SENATOR! SINCE THEY HAD WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM YOU, I ALLOWED THEM TO GO INTO THE INDIAN TERRITORY AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGEMENT, BUT I REFUSED TO SEND ANY OF MY RANGERS ALONG TO PROTECT THEM.

WHAT RIGHT HAD YOU TO REFUSE? YOUR DUTY IS TO PROTECT WHITE MEN FROM THE SAVAGES THE TERRITORY THESE BLOODY-HANDED BEASTS OCCUPY BECAUSE OF THE CHARITY OF SOFT-HEARTED FOOLS? THEY SHOULD BE ANNIHILATED!

LET'S DISCUSS THIS FURTHER IN MY HEADQUARTERS, SENATOR!

AN HOUR LATER!

CAPT. MACKLIN, MAJOR CULLEN WANTS YOU, THE ARIZONA KID, AN HAPPY HICKS TO REPORT TO HIM, PRONTO!

HOPE IT AIN'T NOTHIN' TO DO WITH REDSKINS! I AIN'T GOT MUCH HAIR LEFT, BUT WHAT I GOT WANTS TO KEEP! NOW WHAT'S UP?

CAPT. MACKLIN, YOU WILL TAKE HAPPY HICKS AND DAVY AS SCOUTS, CONTACT THE BUFFALO HUNTERS AND GIVE THEM PROTECTION! I WILL MOVE UP WITH THE MAIN BODY OF RANGERS LATER!

BUT, MAJOR, IT WILL MEAN AN INDIAN WAR!
YOUNG MAN, THE MAJOR HAS HIS ORDERS FROM THE GOVERNMENT BODY OF THIS GREAT STATE, AND IT IS NOT WITHIN YOUR PROVINCE TO QUESTION THEM! MY SON ROY, SHALL RIDE WITH YOU TO SEE THAT YOU DO YOUR DUTY!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD THE THREE RANGERS AND THE SENATOR’S SON, RIDE ON THE TRAIL OF THE HIDE HUNTERS, INTO DANGEROUS INDIAN TERRITORY!

THERE’S THEIR WAGON TRACKS! WE SHOULD COME UP WITH THEM SOON!

I FEEL LIKE THERE’S AN INJIN BEHIND EVERY BUSH, WATCHIN’ AN’ ADMIRIN’ MY HAIR! IT JUST DON’T MAKE FOR COMFORT!

IT ISN’T RIGHT FOR MEN OF A SUPERIOR RACE TO FEAR DIRTY SAVAGES! MY FATHER SAYS INDIANS SHOULD BE WIPED OUT!

YOUR FATHER HAS GIVEN YOU SOME WRONG NOTIONS ABOUT INDIANS: THEY ARE NEITHER DIRTY NOR SAVAGE, AND THEY WERE HERE ON THIS LAND BEFORE WE CAME! SO FAR AS THE WHITE MAN BEING SUPERIOR, WELL ALL I CAN SAY IS, I’VE SEEN MANY WHITES WHO AIN’T WORTH AN INDIAN’S LITTLE FINGER. AN’ BULL CORBIN IS ONE OF THEM!

LISTEN! RIFLE SHOTS OVER THAT RISE! I THINK WE LOCATED THE HIDE HUNTERS!

LON’S IT AIN’T INDIANS! I WANNA KEEP MY HAIR...

HAPPY, YOU’VE BEEN LOSIN’ YOUR HAIR FOR THE LAST 30 YEARS! THERE AIN’T ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT KEEPIN’! C’MON LET’S GO!

THERE THEY ARE! LOOK AT THEM SLAUGHTERING THE BUFFS! THEY’VE KILLED AS MANY IN ONE STAND AS THE TRIBES WOULD KILL IN A WHOLE SEASON FOR MEAT AND CLOTHING! I’M GOING TO STOP IT!

WAIT, KID, WE WEREN’T SENT HERE TO STOP THEIR HUNTING! IT’S OUR DUTY TO PROTECT THEM.

WE’VE GOT A DUTY TO LOT’S OF OTHER TEXANS. THE ONES WHO’LL BE KILLED IN AN INDIAN WAR IF WE DON’T STOP CORBIN! AN’ WE’VE GOT A DUTY TO THE INDIAN WOMEN AND KIDS, WHO’LL STARVE AND DIE IF CORBIN KEEPS SLAUGHTErIN’ AN’ DRIVES THE BUFF HERDS OFF THE HUNTING GROUNDS: C’MON, ARROW!

CORBIN... STOP FIRIN’!

THAT HERD’S STAMPEDIN’ RIGHT FOR DAVY, AN’ HE’S SO MAD HE DON’T NOTICE！ AN’ TOWARD US TOO! WE BETTER GIT US SOME ROCKS FOR COVER!
Too late, the Arizona Kid sees his danger. The Thundering Hero engulfs him.

Around, Arrow! We've got to run, with them or they'll pour over us.

The Great Indian War Horse, as sure-footed as a mountain goat, and as supple as a puma, twists and turns with the smashing, forward movement of the crazed wild cattle. Now, the young scout is borne along, hemmed in on every side by tossing horns, huge shaggy bodies and grinding cloven hoofs.

Arrow, ol' feller, don't stumble... don't fall or it'll be the end!

Now the thunder of the churning hoofs becomes so great that it blocks out all else... the monstrous throbbing beat batters at the ear drums causing consciousness to stagger. Suddenly the Kid sees several bulls, in the van of the stampede, falter and go down.

Cliff! Happy, they're shootin' though I can't hear the shots. Arrow, when we get to them we've got to take a fast chance to get out of this.

As the Kid reaches his pards' position he flings himself from his horse, shooting the bulls immediately near him.

Keep shootin', bring 'em down right in front of us to form a block they'll have to go around, it's our only chance.

Gosh! From now on I'll take my beef in a pan, 'stead of on the hoof.

For an hour the Rangers shoot as fast as they can pull trigger, their guns become almost too hot to hold. But a barrier of shaggy bodies is finally formed between them and the living, cloven hoofs.

That's all! We're safe! The end of the herd is goin' by!
You nombrew did all right. This's more buffs, inah. We'd git in a month, we can load our wagons with hides!

Oh, who is it? They are the rightful owners! It's sub-chief Tomahawk of the Sioux! Keep your hands off your guns!

We see white men come to our hunting grounds. Kill buffalo for hide and leave meat to rot for buzzards! This is not good! Now we see many more buffalo killed, and herd scared from hunting ground. Tell us why, Eagle Eye? The Sioux know you speak not with forked tongue!

No more will the white hunters take hides these. We have killed to save our lives, are yours! Take them to your lodges so the tribe may rejoice!

Hold on! I got what you told these thievin' injuns! I'm skinning' them buffys, an' the first dirty Redskin what touches one, gets killed!

Put away that gun, you snake!

I warned yuh!

ARRGGHHH!

You have violated our land. You have killed a Sioux. This will be war!

Now you've done it! Ugh! Yuh! Dirty injun-lover!

Corbin, you an' your men get back to your wagons! We're campin' here for the night! One of us has to ride back to bring up Major Cullen an' the men. An' the rest can pray the Sioux don't attack until they get here!

I'll ride back for them. And I want to tell you that I'm beginning to understand Indians a little better... thanks to you!
That night, the little camp is quiet but alert...

Listen! Did you hear that noise? It came from Bull Corbin's camp! I'm going over there and have a look-see!

I didn't hear anything... but I didn't get the hearin' of a wild mustang, like you have!

They're gone! Took their guns but left the wagon. I got a hunch they're up to no good. I'm trailin' them!

I'll go with you. We'll mark the trail so Major Cullen can follow!

Smell that smoke? There's an Indian village beyond those trees. Listen. Someone screamed! That's where Bull An' his men are! The warriors have left the village, waitin' for dawn to attack us, Ah' Bull. Figured they would. So him an' his men went into the village!

Wait for me! I ain't stayin' here in the dark alone with millions of Injuns!

That was a woman who screamed.

He's murderin' those poor people... the woman, an' the ones too old or young to ride with the braves!

The dirty buzzard! We've got to stop him!

Don't move... you're covered!

Heck! We saw you. Jaspers an' snuck up on you!

Hey, Bull. Look what we found!

Well, well... we'll get to you hombres in a minute! First I'm goin' to show yuh how to scalp an Injun kid with a bullet, ha, ha, ha! Watch!

You move, an' I'll plug yuh!

You no good dog!

Stop it! Leave that boy alone!

Another Injun-lover! Must be a ranger, an' the rangers have given me just about all the orders I kin swallow!
White Boy and You, Eagle Eye, saved my son! There can be no war now! Sioux know that few bad Palefaces try to start trouble... but Indian know other Paleface heats are clean. We break camp... go now.

I am glad, Tomaha! It is bad when White and Red Brothers fight. Go you, in peace.

Roy, Roy, why did you have to pay for my sins?

He was a fine boy. Your crusade of hatred against the Redmen caused his death... and could've brought death to many, more like him! Why do you hate Indians so?

My son paid the penalty for my fear and hatred of my own people! Yes, I am an Indian. That's why I hated them, because I was afraid that someday one of them might reveal the lie I have lived. I was brought up by a white family as their own... educated, and lived as a white man. But now that life, for me, is over.

I hired Bull Corbin... not to hunt hides, but to stir up a war with the Indians. I wanted them wiped out so they could never betray me! Never tell that I am red, not white... now when it is too late I see my folly... I see how wrong I have been.

Roy Wing was buried there on the prairie, and as the last of the Sioux rode away, a solitary bowed figure followed behind.

Look, Talley Wing is ridin' away with the Sioux. He's gone! Back to his people! A man who disowns his own people an' hates them for what they are, must live with a gnawin' inside that drives him loco! He's paid for his sins... now maybe, with his own people, he'll find some measure of peace.

The End.
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