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This big 15" Silver Trophy as John Sill just did!

Your Name

"Hey, You SKINNY Bag of Bones!"
That's what the boys shouted at me ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO...

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Like YOU can be SOON!

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HOW YOU CAN BECOME an ALL-AROUND ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN in 10 THRILLING MINUTES a DAY

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Which One Paid Hundreds of Dollars?

Larry Campbell
Rex Ferrus

Rex Ferrus was a weakling, paid a few cents to start building at home into a Champion All-Around He-Man!
Larry Campbell paid hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Start to become an All-Around He-Man at home with these same secrets for only a few cents like Rex Ferrus did! Now Rex is tops in Sports, Job, Popularity, as you can be.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're 14 or 40, if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your own home to make YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

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230 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

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KEEP CLIMBING! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE TOP...TO BALANCING ROCK...IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

DON'T LET THEM GET ME AGAIN...PLEASE.

WE WON'T, NAN! WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS SOMEHOW!

THE INFAMOUS CREECH GANG...RAMRODDED BY THE OUTLAW BROTHERS, Job AND "OX" CREECH...RAIDED, LOOTED, AND MURDERED UNTIL IRATE TEXAS CITIZENS CALLED ON THE TEXAS RANGERS FOR HELP! THIS IS THE STORY, AS THE OLD RANGER RECORDS HAVE IT, OF THE BATTLE IN SIOUX FALLS...OF THE ARIZONA KID AGAINST THE KILLER GUNS OF...

THE RAIDERS OF BALANCING ROCK!

Bannock City drowns in the hot Texas Sun! A quiet, peaceful little hamlet, struggling for survival in the middle of nowhere!

A moment later, peace was gone, and quiet fled before the hammer of guns! The Creech gang had struck, and Bannock City was doomed!
JOB, THIS TOWN - OUGHTTA YIELD ENOUGH LOOT AN' FOOD TO KEEP US GOING AT BALANCING ROCK AWHILE!

I'M GONNA HAVE ME SOME FUN! I GET A KICK OUTTA SEEIN' THESE PUNKS RUN LIKE SCARED RABBITS WHILE I BACK-SHOT 'EM!

BLAST EVERY LAST MAN, WOMAN, AN' KID... PILE THE LOOT UP AN' PUT THE TORCH TO THE WHOLE SHEBANG!

RUN, YUH RABBITS! HA, HA, HA!

PILE THE LOOT ON THE EXTRA HOSSES! AN' SEE THAT THERE AIN'T NO LIVE ONE'S LEFT!

WE TOOK SOME NICE HOSSES, OK!

C'MON BACK TO BALANCIN' ROCK? LET'S RIDE!

YIPP, YIPSY YIPPEE!

THE NEXT DAY'S DAWN FOUND SAN-NOCK CITY BEREFT OF ALL LIFE GAVE THAT OF THE WINGED SCAVENGERS AT THEIR GRISLY TASK WHEREVER THE CREECH GANG STRUCK, DEATH AND RUIN FOLLOWED OVER THE WIDE SOUTHERN TERRITORY!

A WEEK LATER, THE TEXAS RANGERS, COMMANDED BY MAJOR CULLEN, CAMPED NEAR SIOUX FALLS IN SOUTHERN TEXAS!

I WONDER WHAT'S UP... WHY WE TREKKED DOWN HERE?

SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH THE CREECH GANG? THOSE JASPERS RIDIN' IN MUST BE THE FELLERS WHO CALLED TO THE RANGERS FOR PROTECTION FROM THE CREECHS!

I'VE HEARD OF THE CREECH GANG! A BAD BUNCH, CLIFF!

YEP! I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF NAM BEING IN THE TERRITORY WHERE THAT BUNCH RIDES!

I HEARED THEY GOT A SECRET HIDE-OUT, NOBODY KIN FIND!
A Few Minutes Later, Major Cullen faced His Texas Rangers.

Men, we've been asked to wipe out the Creech Gang! We've just got a break! These men behind me are from Sioux Falls, and they've just strung up their sheriff who they found was working in cahoots with the gang!

Before he hung, he told 'em that the Creech Gang was goin' to hit Sioux Falls tomorrow! We're goin' to wait for them! Any questions?

Do we wipe 'em out, or take 'em alive for trial?

What about my daughter Nan?

Nan will stay in camp! Happy and a crew will be left to guard her! We'll filter into town by twos, and ambush the Creeches when they ride in! We want some alive to tell us where the Gang's hide-out is!... Let's ride!

Throughout the night, Rangers drifted unobtrusively into Sioux Falls, received their orders, and disappeared!

There's Heglin givin' us a signal....lay low!

O.K., kid! I'm still worried about Nan...wish this was over!

The next day at noon, dust was reported on the other side of the hills north of Sioux Falls, and a few minutes later...

This's the biggest town we've hit yet! Oughtta be plenty down there for us!

I got an uneasy feelin' O.K! We shoulda heard from that sheriff we bribed down there!

Forget it, Joe! Let 'er rip, yun mongrel wolves!

Yip, yip yihoohooh!

As they hit the edge of town, a nervous townsmen blasted at the plains' pirates!

Whoa...pull up...somethin's gone wrong!

That lead stung...muh 'oss, he's gone loco!
In a split second the street was criss-crossed with screeching lead, as the Rangers opened up!

Dang that fool who let go 'fore they were in the trap! They're gonna make their getaway, sure as shootin'!

If we can capture a couple... look... that Jasper on the laced bronc... he's comin' right under us!

Like a leaping puma, the agile scout sprang down upon Job!

No yuh don't. Yuh lousy... AWWWGG!

No prisoner for the Rangers!

A few minutes later...

Wal, Major. We emptied a few saddles! Chance! No use tryin' to follow 'em!

Say, Major, that skunk your scout captured is Job Creech himself.

Job Creech, tell us where your gang holes up! It'll make a lot of difference in your sentence when you face a judge and jury!

I ain't tellin' yuh nothin'! Yuh snake eatin' coyote!

Maybe when he has had time to think it over he'll think different. C'mon, you!

Meanwhile!

We mus' get job away from those hombres, before they sweepin' heem!

Yeah, we gotta, but how? They're a tough bunch to buck. But somehow we gotta get job! I ain't lettin' those law dogs hang him!

He see Ranger Camp outside Sioux Falls. Young squaw there!
CROOKED WOLF! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! THE SQUAW MUST BE MACKLIN'S GAL... HEAR TELL SHE TRAVELS WITH THE RANGERS! WE'LL HIT THE CAMP WHILE MOST OF THE RANGERS ARE IN SIOUX FALLS, AND KIDNAP THE GAL! THEY'LL HAVE TO EXCHANGE HER FOR JOB! CHILI CHARLIE, YOU HIT THEM FROM THE OTHER SIDE!

SI! EES GOOD IDEA!

TEN MINUTES LATER, THE OUTLAWS STRUCK THE RANGER CAMP IN FORCE!

THE CREECH GANG! SOMETHIN' WENT WRONG IN SIOUX FALLS! NAN, GET IN THE CABIN!

WATCH YUH DON'T SHOOT THE GAL! I WANT HER ALIVE!

YUH DIRTY. UGHNN!

CHILI, DRAG THE GAL OUTTA THE HUT!

A PLEASURE, SENOR!

LET ME GO!

LISTEN CLOSE, RANGER! RIDE TO SIOUX FALLS, AN' TELL YOUR BOSS I'M SENDIN' A MAN TO THE RIVER! IF M' RH BROTHER JOB AIN'T RELEASED BY SUNDOWN, YOU'LL NEVER SEE THIS HERE GAL AGAIN! SAVVY?

YUH WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

O.K., MEN, BACK TO BALANCIN' ROCK!

HARM THAT GAL, AND TEXAS WON'T BE BIG ENOUGH FOR YUH TO HIDE IN! THAT'S A PROMISE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

THAT'S HIS MESSAGE! AND I HEERED OX GAY "BACK TO BALANCIN' ROCK"... IF THAT MEANS ANYTHING!

MAJOR, YUH GOTA GET NAN AS YOU DO, BUT I CAN'T LET JOB CREECH GO!

CLIFF, I FEEL AS BAD ABOUT NAN AS YOU DO, BUT I CAN'T LET JOB CREECH GO!

IF I DID, THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS WOULD LOSE FAITH IN THE RANGERS! CLIFF, I CAN'T DO IT... WHERE'RE YOU GON' DAVEY?

THE INDIANS TAUGHT ME WAYS OF MAKIN' A MAN TALK, AN' I RECKON NOW'S THE TIME TO USE 'EM! I'M GON' TO MAKE JOB TELL ME WHERE THIS BALANCIN' ROCK IS...
I'm with ya! We gotta get Nana back, no matter what method we use!

That's what I figure, Cliff!

Grimly, the two Rangers entered the jail, determined to make the vicious outlaw talk!

He'll tell me where balancing Rock is, or I'll... look! Job Creech, hangin' from the rafters! We're too late... he's well past talkin'!

The townsmen do it! We're afraid we'd set him free to save Nana! Now we'll never get her back!

There's still a chance! Ox sent a man to the river to watch for Job! At sundown, when Job don't show, he's gonna ride back to Ox at the hide-out... an' we're gonna trail him! Get the hosses, there's no time to lose!

At sundown...

Job ain't comin'! Reckon they hung him! Best git gone before they try for me!

There he goes! It's goin' to be tough, trackin' him in the dark!

If any man can do it, you can, kid! You've got it for Nana's sake!

They followed the outlaw's trail...

If we could only keep him in sight... but then he might hear or see us! Hurry, kid, hurry!

I am! These tracks are very fresh. We're close! We've been climbing upward for an hour!

A few minutes later...

There it is... balancing Rock!

Quiet, Cliff! They probably have a lookout! Their camp must be in the valley beyond the rock! We'd best leave the hosses here!

There's the lookout! I'll stalk him... we can't shoot or give him a chance to, or it'll warn those snakes down there! Wait here!

Hurry... and be careful! If somethin' happens to you, Nana is doomed!
LIKE A STALKING WILDCAT, THE KID CREEP CLOSED AND CLOSER TO THE LOOKOUT! BUT SOME SENSE OF WARNING TURNED THE OUTLAW! HE SPUN AROUND...Saw THE RANGER SCOUT...

WHAT... ARGH!

THAT'S A BREAK! I'M GOIN' TO TRY AN' GET NAN OUT OF THE BACK WINDOW! STAY HERE AN' KEEP ME COVERED!

MADRE DE DIOS... RANGERS... ARGGH!

That does it... they'll be on us like a swarm of wasps! Run, Nan... I'll try to hold 'em to give you a start.

MAYBE I WON'T KILL HER. MAYBE I'LL KEEP HER FOR AWHILE, ANYWAY! HA! HA! HA!

PGST! NAN... OVER HERE! CLIMB OUT THIS WINDOW... QUICK!

DAVY! SOMHOW, I KNEW YOU'D COME. IT'S BEEN LIKE A NIGHTMARE.

THIS WAY, NAN!

DAD!
Then, with a cracking roar, the balancing rock left the place it held for centuries and crashed toward the valley, carrying an avalanche of tons of shale in its wake.

I reckon that just about finishes the Creech Gang!

It was a close thing... but Nan is safe, an' the Creech Gang an' balancin' rock are gone forever!

THE END
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Wheaties "Breakfast of Champions"
GUN WHIPPED

Many of the famous gunmen of the old West were immortalized in the songs and ballads of the frontier. It is in these folk songs, rich in the color of an earlier era, that the important incidents in the lives of these men come down to us. This is the ballad "Gunwhipped," about a famous gunman who rode when the West was young!

"You'll never get away with this, copper... ARGGHHH!

It is sung at the roundup campfires, wherever a man can lift his voice to the stars... and it goes like this...

"Balduy, give us the one about copper Fernac!"

"My paw remembers that hombre!"

"That's the ballad, gunwhipped! 'Let's see... it goes... He rode into town with his gun tied low.'"

"We was a-lookin' for trouble, an' ready to go!"

"That killer, copper Fernac, is sure on a rampage!"

"Got the town reed, an' killed our lawmen..."
LISTEN, YOU FOLKS! I DONE BLASTED YOUR LAW, AN' I'M TAKIN' OVER THIS HERE FLEABITEN TOWN. ANYBODY DON'T LIKE IT, COME A-SHOOTIN', I'LL FACE ANY MAN IN THE WORLD WITH A SIX-SHOOTER.

HE SWAGGERED DOWN STREET FILLED WITH BEAG AND FIRE, WHILE THE COPPER POINTS GLEAMED ON HIS DANDY'S ATTIRE.

HE MEANS IT! HE'S THE FASTEST GUNMAN IN THE WEST...AN' HE AIN'T AFRAID OF SHOOTIN' IT OUT WITH ANY MAN.

WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING! C'MON.

THEY RAN TO YOUNG PETERS, DOWN THE STREET, BESIDE HIM, HIS WOMAN STOOD, GREY-EYED AN' SWEET.

BOB, YOU'RE ACTIN' DEPUTY IN CASE SOMETHIN' HAPPENS TO THE SHERIFF. WELL, IT SURE DONE HAPPENED, AN' IT'S UP TO YOU.

COPPER'S LIABLE TO SHOOT DOWN ANY ONE OF US NEXT.

DON'T LET THEM EGG YOU INTO IT, BOB. COPPER'S A KILLER!

I RECKON THE MISSUS IS RIGHT, BOB. YOU WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST COPPER. NO MAN DOES THAT I KNOW OF.

HELEN, YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE LIKE US EXPECT TO HAVE CHILDREN, AND LIVE WITHOUT FEAR! WE CAN'T DO THAT WHILE KILLERS LIKE COPPER FERNAC WALK THE STREETS.

WE WAS WRONG TO COME TO YOU, BOB! YOU CAN'T BUCK A PROFESSIONAL KILLER LIKE COPPER!

MEN LIKE HIM CAN'T BE LEFT TO GO ON! SOMEONE HAS TO TRY AN' STOP HIM...AN' I RECKON IT MIGHT'S WELL BE ME.
They came face to face, with a curse for a greetin', while the folks watched in silence, this momentous meetin'.

Git off the street, yuh pole cat!

Git out of town, Copper! You ain't wanted here!

Copper's hand flew down, as light as a feather an' he shot while Bob's gun was still in the leather?

Draw, dang yuh!

Not yet, Copper!

First, yore ear; then I'll break yore arms! I'll cut you into doll rags an' let yuh live!

Four... five... six!

Your guns empty, Copper! Now I'll draw mine!

Yuh tricked me! I'll shoot. I ain't afraid of any man's lead!

I know you ain't afraid of lead. I ain't killin' yuh... I'm gonna gunwhip yuh, an' break yuh, Copper! I'm gonna gunwhip the guts out of yuh!

No! Shoot an' git it over with! Don't gunwhip me!

His gun barrel stained bloody, and red like rust, until Copper lay broken, in the streets, boilin' dust?

I crawl... I'm finished! Don't gunwhip me no more! I can't stand anymore!

I'll gunwhip any man who thinks he can murder in this town!

The End
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Here’s how this exciting book can help you become a smooth dancer. It’s full of easy-to-follow diagrams and instructions.
THE GOLDEN-HAIRED OUTLAW

"I'm Bullet Ben, the deadliest desperado and outlaw that ever made a pair of six-shooters sing!"

That wuz jes' the way that Bullet Ben introduced himself to Tombstone over 60 years ago. I know, 'cause I wuz thar an' can tell yuh all 'bout Bullet Ben.

This Bullet Ben feller, he wuz jes' 'bout the durn prettiest cuss I did ever squint a peeper at. He had long, corn-yellow hair that fell over his broad shoulders like a golden kerchief. An' his clothes were the cleanest and fanciest duds in all the West.

Bullet Ben's crop of canary-colored hair was usually topped by a white, sugarloaf sombrero, and he wore embroidered silk shirts. He sure did like to hear the jangle of his spurs when he walked, so his high-heeled boots were all equipped with the biggest and clankiest pair of spurs that ever kicked up the dust in Tombstone. The complete outfit was finished off with a deadly pair of six-guns hanging from a silver-studded belt.

When Bullet Ben first rode into Tombstone, he made it known to all that he was the most famous gunman to ever ride into that booming silver town. An' folks believed him, too. Bullet Ben scared 'em an' he puzzled 'em, 'cause he was the first killer the Tombstone folks had ever heard of that recited poetry and possessed the manners of a true gentleman.

As the folks got used to seein' him around and listenin' to his bloody tales of roaring six-shooters and daring stage hold-ups, they grew kinda skeptical. An' they had a darn good right to be. Seems that all of Bullet Ben's shootin' wuz bein' done with his mouth. Nobody had ever seen him in action. Matter of fact, nobody had ever heard of him before he came a-trottin' into Tombstone.

Doc Holliday, the good-badman of Tombstone, and Wyatt Earp, the United States deputy marshal, were asked if they had, in all their days, heard of a famous desperado called Bullet Ben. Nope ... they never heard of him ... an' if them two boys never heard of him, then there wuz no such outlaw!

One night, Bullet Ben wuz over at the Alhambra saloon, tellin' some of his smoky stories to a bunch of the boys. The long bar wuz lined with all kinds of critters. Cattle thieves were drinking with merchants; gamblers brushed elbows with rich miners; stage robbers back-slapped hard-working citizens. Faro chips clattered at the circular, tables and spinning roulette wheels hummed their temptin' tunes. Fortunetunes in silver changed hands at the flip of a card!

Well, as I wuz sayin' ... Bullet Ben wuz tellin' a hair-raisin' episode 'bout how he out-drewed and dropped four bush-whackin' coyotes in Deming one day. The words wuz fallin' off his tongue like he wuz recitin' a magazine story. All of a sudden like, the butterfly doors of the Alhambra slammed open and in staggered a cowpoke wavin' a pair of six-shooters as if they wuz hot potatoes.

"I'm a-gunnin' for that dude-slick desperado, gent's!" the bull-faced hombre roars out, twirlin' and spinnin' his irons on his index fingers. The big hall hushed down so that you could hear a drink bein' poured.

"Whar be he, coyotes?" the gunman insisted. Nobody answered. He spun the guns 'round his fingers once more, then clipped back the hammerines and raised the smokepoles. The guns barked in rapid succession and with each roar one of the lanterns in the hall popped out. Bolts of lightning flashed and six-gun thunder rumbled in the darkness. Then there wuz quiet.

When the new lanterns wuz brought out and lit, Bullet Ben had made tracks. That wuz the last Tombstone saw of the gentlemanly, poetry-spoutin', self-made outlaw.

Bullet Ben was next heard of in Galeyville. He wuz walkin' down the street one fine sun-blazin' day, smokin' a cigar, when ... WHAMBO! ... there's a blast and the steegie jumps outta his mouth like a bat out of Hades.

Bullet Ben's face turned white. He looked across the street, an' there in front of the saloon sat a big burly feller, shakin' with laughter and holdin' a smokin' six-shooter.

"My name's Bullet Ben, famous outlaw and desperado, stranger. That was a dollar corona you just clipped from my lip." Bullet Ben was scared, but managed not to sound unnerved.

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...
Here it is fellas! send for it NOW!

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Name: ________________________
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City: ________________________ State: ________
"Howdy, Goldielocks," sez the stranger as he lifted his sombrero, releasing a shock of black curly hair. "Sheriffs call me Curly Bill."

"Curly Bill!" shouted Bullet Ben with surprise and admiration. "Not the most famous outlaw in all Arizona?"

"Yup," answered the scoundrel of the Arizona ranges. "That's me."

"I'd consider it an honor and a privilege if you'd let me join your band of outlaws, Curly."

It was easy to see that Curly Bill liked the golden-haired hembie right off the bat. Curly got up, slapped Ben on the shoulder and said, "You're a member, Goldie! Let's go in and sign the deal with a couple of drinks." Later that evening it was indeed a proud Bullet Ben that rode out of Galeyville, side by side with the most notorious bandit he had ever met.

After that alliance, Bullet Ben would parade up and down the streets with his sombrero tilted and his mouth curled down in his best badman sneer. When he entered a saloon, he'd slam his fist down on the bar and yell, "I'm Bullet Ben! One of Curly Bill's outlaws! Pour me some of that miserable snake juice you call whisky and make it pronto!"

Yep, Bullet Ben carried on that way for quite some time, an' he impressed a heap of folks, but he failed to impress one man... himself. Curly Bill thought that Ben was too doggone pretty to get all mussed up going on raidin' and robbin' escapades. So he kept Ben at the gang's ranch house doing the cooking, sewing and other household chores. When the gang came back all shot up, Bullet Ben was waiting at the ranch to remove the slugs and nurse the boys back to their plundering prowess.

The fame and lustre of being "one of Curly Bill's outlaws" began to lose its shine for Bullet Ben after a spell. The thought of being the only outlaw without a lawless deed to trulyfully boast about, made Bullet Ben ashamed of himself. Curly Bill and the other saddle sneak rode out on cattle raids across the Mexican border; they robbed gold shipments; they plundered smuggler trains and shot up towns... but Bullet Ben had to stay home among the pots and pans. It was enough to make any honest outlaw commit murder. An' that was exactly what Bullet Ben wanted to do. Murder, or any other transgression that would make him an outlaw in his own eyes.

So, Bullet Ben committed his crime. He mustered his courage, donned his most ferocious desperado scowl, and stole an old broken down nag. When he trotted into Shakespeare, a small mining town, proudly leading his loot down the street, he and the horse were instantly recognized. Sheriff Hank Had-

... continued

...don was called and he quietly took Bullet Ben away to the jailhouse.

Now it jes' happened that a real badman, a rannie called Sandy, was being tried at that time fer shootin' up the town. The citizens were holdin' the trial in the eatin' room of the local hotel. When the meetin' wuz called to order, one of the members of the Citizens' Committee sez, "While we're holdin' court on this trigger happy yoot, let's judge the yellow-haired hoss thief that Sheriff Hank Hadden jes' run in."

The sad-faced, handsome Bullet Ben was brought in. He stood silent and still; straight as a reed he was. The usual smile wuz missin' from Ben's face but in his steel-blue eyes there wuz a glint of satisfaction. The trial started and ended quicker than a man could draw his sixgun. The verdict? Hanging!

Two ropes were heaved over the rafters of the dining room. For his last request Sandy asked for a good stiff drink. When they asked Bullet Ben what he wanted before they strung him up, he didn't say a word, jes' shook that topaz crop of his... no last request.

Eight men lined up at the other end of each rope. At a signal both ropes were yanked. Both men sailed half way up to the ceiling and swung there until they were dead.

An' that's the true tale of Bullet Ben. In life he wanted to be an outlaw... in death he was one. An' I know that the story is true... I know it as sure as my is Hank Hadden.
I'm innocent, I tell you... Argh!

There was no law in early Texas until men banded together as vigilantes and made their own law. Without fair and lawful trial, many men who were hung by the vigilantes were later proven innocent. Curly Brande was one of the innocent victims of this brutal justice. A year after his hanging another man confessed to the crime he paid for.

Two years had passed since Curly Brande had been hanged, when a stranger rode into the thriving town of Calico Wells. He was a grim-jawed, haunted-eyed man, his face ravaged and wasted from some inner turmoil.

Bret Holcomb... Fill your hands! This is justice callin' yuh!
A crowd rushed out into the street at the sound of shots... and the stranger called two more names...

Chan Destray, Rick Talen...
Draw!

Rick... that kill-crazy Hombre's callin' us!

ARGHH!

ARGGHH!
Harve Bell--you're next! Draw!

Ugh!

It's Justice, Harve! Just one more to go... one more!

Throw down those guns... you're under arrest, stranger.

Come an' take 'em, sheriff! Draw an' come a-shootin'!

That ends it! Justice for Curly Brande! ARGGHH!

Craziest thing I ever seen! He comes into town, kills four men, an' then lets me shoot him down without even drawin'!

There were five men who hung innocent Curly Brande two years ago! This Jasper shot four of them!

The fifth man was bitter about the killing! His name was Ross Hunt! That's why he killed the other four, then let you kill him! He avenged the murder of Curly Brande!

The end
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IT WAS A HOT SUMMER MORNING AS THE ARIZONA KID AND HAPPY HACKS RODE INTO BEARPAW RANCH ON THEIR WAY TO THE SANDSTROM RANCH TO PICK UP A CONSIGNMENT OF CATTLE TO FEED THE RANGERS!

SOON'S WE TOP this rise we'll see the Sandstrom Ranch!

LOOKIT THAT MESA! Shore is purty!

THERE'S THE RANCH... HEY, looks like trouble... A hanging down there! Let's go!

AW, SHUCKS... I MIGHTA KNOWN IT! THOUGHT THIS'D BE A PEACEFUL RIDE TO PICK UP A FEW HEAD OF STEERS, BUT WITH YOU ALONG WE'RE BOUND TO RUN INTO TROUBLE! TROUBLE NATURALLY LIGHTS ON YOU LIKE FLIES ON A DEAD HOGS!
SWING THE DIRTY RUSTLER!

Hold on there!

Who gave you leave to interfere here, stranger?

We're from the Ranger camp! I reckon you hombres ain't heard that law's come to Texas!

Glad to see you! I'm Carl Sandstrom. That Jasper we were goin' to hang stole the bunch of steers I was savin' for you!

You must have mighty strong evidence it was him!

We have! There's a masked hombre called 'The Hawk', been rustlin' from all the ranchers in the Basin here! We trailed the stolen cattle an' the trail an' the cattle disappeared at the river below the mesa!

An' we caught him, Ham Coley, on the mesa!

It's a lie! I ain't the Hawk! I was up there lookin' for tracks! The whole bunch of you are so scared of this Hawk hombre that you're ready to swing anybody!

We ain't scared. It's just that this rustlin' has us near broke!

Me an' Happy will trail that lost bunch of beef an' see what we can find! Meanwhile let's not have any necktie parties 'til you're sure you've got the right man!

Won't do you no good! The trail disappears at the mesa like the steers had wings an' flew away! This Hawk hombre has got us up a tree!
THE KID AND HAPPY FOLLOW THE FAINTLY MARKED TRAIL OF THE RUSTLED HERD!

LOOKS TO ME LIKE THIS HANK HOMBRE'S TRYIN' TO RUN THE RANCHERS OUT OF THE BASIN BY RUSTLIN' THEM CLEAN!

LOOKS TO ME LIKE WE'RE POOKIN' OUR NOSES INTO TROUBLE WHICH AIN'T OUR AFFAIR!

HERE'S WHERE THE TRACKS DISAPPEAR! WELL, WE'VE DONE ALL WE COULD, LET'S MOSEY BACK!

HOLD ON! WE'RE GOIN' TO SCOUT THIS RIVER! CATTLE CAN'T FLY... THEY MUST'VE COME OUT OF THE WATER SOME PLACE!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER!

ME NEITHER! WE'LL CAMP HERE TONIGHT AND LOOK AROUND AGAIN IN THE MORNING!

DIDN'T FIND A SIGN OF 'EM!

THE TWO RANGERS MADE THEIR MEAGER CAMP AND ROLLED UP IN THEIR BLANKETES. THEN AN HOUR BEFORE DAWN, THE HEDGEHOG-LIKE SENSES OF THE YOUNG SCOUT AWAKENED HIM!

HAPPY, WAKE UP... I JUST HEARD A HOSS SNIORT OUT THERE! SOMETHING'S UP!

IT'S THE HAWK!

Lucky you awoke, Kid, or they'd've Riddled Us while we slept!

BACK, MEN, THEY WOKE TOO SOON! BACK!
QUICK! MOUNT UP! WE'LL FOLLOW THAT HAWK HOMBRE!

NO WONDER HE'S GOT THE RANCHERS SCARED! HE'S A CREEPY LOOKIN' CUSS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

DISAPPEARED, JUST LIKE THE CATTLE!

YUP! WELL IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HAM COLEY...UNLESS HE GOT AWAY FROM SANDSTROM!

LOOK...ONE OF THE HORSES OF THE MEN WE DOWNED! WATCH HIM...HE'LL FOLLOW THE BUNCH! WHAT A BREAK!

RIGHT THROUGH THE WATERFALL! THERE MUST BE A CAVE BEYOND! LET'S GO!

WHY CAN'T WE JUST REPORT THIS TO THE RANCHERS AN' LET 'EM DO THEIR OWN DIRTY WORK?

THE TWO RANGERS RIDE THROUGH THE THUNDERING WATERFALL...

WHAT A LAYOUT...A HUGE CAVE UNDER THE MESA! THE STOLEN CATTLE ARE DRIVEN IN HERE FROM THE RIVER, LEAVING NO TRAIL, THEN PROBABLY RE-BRANDED AND DRIVEN AWAY THROUGH AN EXIT ON THE OTHER SIDE!

THERE'S A SMALLER CAVE HERE!

THIS IS THEIR HEADQUARTERS! BUT IT LOOKS LIKE OUR BIRD HAS FLOWN...HERE'S HIS MASK!

WATCH IT, KID...
NICE SHOOTING, HAPPY! LET'S GO! I'M TAKIN' THIS MASK WITH ME... IT TELLS A STORY!


KEEP THAT PONY MOVIN'... BACK TO THE SANDSTROM RANCH!

THE FLEET HORSES MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE INTERVENING MILES.

HOLD ON THERE! I TOLD YOU WE'D HAVE NO HANGIN'!

WHY, RANGER, WE FIGGERED THE HAWK'S MEN MIGHT GIVE YOU TWO AN' WE WERE GONNA FINISH THE HAWK OFF!

WE FOUND THE HAWK'S NEST AN' SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING HERDS AN' THE MESA! BUT COLEY ISN'T THE HAWK! YOU ARE, SANDSTROM!

YOU AIN'T PULLIN' NO SUCH TRICKS ON ME, RANGER!

NO YOU DON'T, SANDSTROM! I'M SAVING YOU FOR THE ROPE YOU'VE BEEN SO ANXIOUS TO USE!

DON'T NOBODY BE FOOLISH NOW!

'DON'T SHOOT! I'LL CONFESSION! I'M THE HAWK! I WANTED TO RUN THE OTHERS OUT OF THE BASIN SO IT WOULD BE ALL MINE... SO I'D BECOME A CATTLE KING! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS ME, RANGER?

THE MASK, SANDSTROM... IT HAD A BLOND HAIR STICKIN' TO THE INSIDE... YOUR HAIR! THE REST OF YOU RANCHERS'LL FIND YOUR CATTLE UNDER THE MESA! TAKE YOUR MEN AND CLEAN OUT THE HAWK'S NEST! I RECKON THAT'S ALL!

THE END
IT'S THE ARIZONA KID! GIT HIM, 'FORE HE KIN DRAW!

THE MOUNTAINS WERE COLD AND FILLED WITH SNOW, AND A BITTER BLIZZARD WHISTLED IN ICY RAGE THROUGH THE GULLIES. BUT MORE VICIOUS EVEN THAN NATURE AT ITS WORST WERE THE BAND OF KILLER OUTLAWS THAT THE ARIZONA KID TRAILED THROUGH THE Icy HEIGHTS! THEY WERE MANY... AND HE WAS ALONE... AND HE KNEW THAT SOMEWHERE, SOON, THE TRAIL WOULD END IN A...

"POWDER SMOKE PAY-OFF!"

THE TEXAS RANGERS ARE CAMPED NORTH OF DALLAS, WHEN WORD COMES THAT "TWIST" REEVES AND HIS CUTTHROAT GANG HAVE ENTERED TEXAS!

TWIST CROSSED OVER FROM OKLAHOMA, AN' HE'S BEEN RAIDIN' THE MOUNTAIN TOWNS!

CAPTAIN MACKLIN, TAKE SIX MEN AND FIND TWIST REEVES AND HIS BUNCH, AND DESTROY THEM!

WE'LL SEND OUT A PATROL OF RANGERS IMMEDIATELY!

YES, SIR, MAJOR!
HOLD ON, KID... YOU'LL HAVE TO SKIP THIS PATROL! WE NEED FRESH MEAT IN CAMP, AND YOU'RE THE BEST GAME HUNTER WE'VE GOT!

YOU GO HUNTING GAME, KID, AN' LEAVE THE MAN-HUNTING TO MEN!

CLIFF TRYIN' TO GIT YOUR GOAT, KID?

GOAT'S SAY, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA, HAPPY. I'M SICK OF VENISON AN' ELK... I'M GON' UP IN THE MOUNTAINS AN' BAG ME SOME WILD GOAT AN' MOUNTAIN SHEEP! 'Course it'll taste terrible anyway, after you get through cookin' it!

IS THAT SO? YOU'D BEST BE CAREFUL YOU DON'T GET CAUGHT IN ONE OF THEM MOUNTAIN STORMS, MAN LIKE ME! I'LL BRING YOU BACK SOME WILD GOAT AN' SHEEP TO CHARGE!

TWO DAYS LATER, THE ARIZONA KID IS HIGH IN THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS FACING A BITING ICY WIND!

LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THOSE FREAK, MEAN BLIZZARDS COMING UP! MAYBE I CAN BEAT IT DOWN TO THE FLATS!

BUT A VIOLENT WIND SWEEPS THE BLIZZARD FORWARD FASTER THAN THE KID HAD ANCONTICIPATED.

CAN'T MAKE IT DOWN... THE OLD MOUNTAIN MAN, SHOSHONE PETE, HAS A CABIN NEAR HERE! I'LL STAY UP WITH HIM UNTIL THIS STORM BLOWS ITSELF OUT!

THERE'S HIS CABIN! ARROW, OL' FELLER, YOU AN' THE PACK PONY'LL HAVE A NICE DRY LEAN-TO OUT BACK UNTIL THIS BLIZZARD BLOWS OVER!

HEY, SHOSHONE, YOU OL' MOUNTAIN, OPEN UP AN' LET A WEARY MAN IN!

FUNNY... I NEVER HEARD OF A MOUNTAIN MAN WHO BARRIED HIS DOOR, BEFORE!
GIT OUTTA HERE! I DON'T TAKE IN NO TRAMP STRANGERS! GIT!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! SHOSHONE KNOWS ME... AND A MOUNTAIN MAN NEVER TURNS ANYBODY AWAY... 'SPECIALY IN A STORM!

I'LL PRETEND TO LEAVE, THEN CIRCLE BACK! I WANT TO GET A LOOK IN THAT CABIN!

THE KID RIDES A WIDE CIRCLE, CACHES HIS PONIES AND SLIPS UP TO THE LEAN-TO BEHIND THE CABIN!

SHOSHONE NEVER OWNED THIS MANY HORSES... SIDES, HE USES UNSHOD, INDIAN PONIES! HE'S GOT COMPANY, AN' I AIM TO SEE WHO IT IS!

A MOMENT LATER, THE YOUNG SCOUT PEEPS THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW OF THE LITTLE CABIN!

IT'S TWIST REEVES AN' HIS GANG!

LET'S GO, SHOSHONE! YOU'RE GONNA GUIDE US OUTTA THESE MOUNTAINS, AN' AWAY FROM THAT BUNCH OF RANGERS THAT'S TRAININ' US. FOR SOME OTHER NOSEY PILGRIM RIDES' BY!

Yuh dirty blizzards ain't gonna git away with this!

SHUT UP! YOU GUIDE US OUT WHILE THE BLIZZARD KEEPS THE RANGERS SHACKLED UP! ONE FALSE MOVE AN' I'LL KILL Yuh!

THE CAVALCADE OF CUTTHROAT KILLERS STRINGS OUT WITH SHOSHONE IN THE LEAD... AND THE ARIZONA KID FOLLOWING BEHIND!

THEY'RE TOO MANY FOR ME TO TACKLE ALONE IN THIS TREACHEROUS FOOTING! IF I CAN CUT THEM DOWN, ONE BY ONE... ONE OF THEM'S DROPPING BACK ALL READY... HIS HORSE IS LAME!
I'LL CUT AROUND AND BRING HIM DOWN SOON AS HE DROPS BACK A LITTLE FURTHER!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THIS IS NUMBER ONE!

SOMETHING HAPPENED TO CHICARO... HE AIN'T IN SIGHT!

AIN'T THAT TOO BAD!

SHUT UP, YOU! WE CAN'T WAIT FOR ANYBODY... WE GOTTA KEEP GOIN'!

TWO MEN PASS AND THE BLIZZARD CONTINUES! AND THE FAMOUS RANGER SCOUT STALKS THE OUTLAW TRAIL LIKE A DEADLY NEMESIS! HIS SILENT WEAPONS TAKE THEIR TOLL!
PORKY, YOU
SCOUT FOR SOME
WOOD...WE'LL
CAMP HERE! THE
PONIES ARE
ALL IN!

NOT ME...I AIN'T GONNA
LEAVE THE BUNCH...I
AIN'T GONNA LET WHAT-
EVER IT IS OUT THERE,
GIT ME, LIKE IT DID
THE OTHERS!

YUH YELLER
DOG! I'M STILL
HEAD MAN HERE,
AN' ANY MAN WHO
WON'T TAKE MY
ORDERS, GITS A
BELLYFUL OF
LEAD!

LOOK, TWIST...THAT'S
THE SAME ROCK WE
PASSED TWO DAYS
AGO!

YUH DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER! YOU'VE
BEEN LEADIN' US IN A CIRCLE!

YEAH, I HAVE!

YUH REMEMBER THAT STRANGER THAT RODE
UP TO THE CABIN THE DAY WE LEFT? WAL, HE
WAS THE RANGER SCOUT, DAVY LARAMEE,
WHO FOLKS CALL THE ARIZONA KID! HE KNEW
THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG, AN' HE'S
BEEN FOLLOWIN' AN CUTTIN' YUH DOWN,
ONE BY ONE, WHILE I'VE LED YUH IN
A CIRCLE!

HE'LL GIT YUH...
YOU'LL NEVER
GIT OUTTA THESE
MOUNTAINS ALIVE...

WHY YUH...

SHOSHONE!

THE REVERBERATIONS OF THE VICIOUS SHOT...
The violent movement of the kid as
he jumps up, shift the block of snow,
plunging the kid into the camp of the raging
OUTLAWS!
WE'VE GOT HIM!
...ARGHHH!

NOT YET, TWIST... NOT YET!

HOLD IT, KID... WE PASS!

Y'HEARD US! IT'S SUICIDE T'LUH FACE YOU WITH A GUN!

MAYS LATER, AFTER THE STORM HAS BLOWN ITSELF OUT!

MAJOR, WE CAN'T FIND HIDE NOR HAIR OF TWIST REEVES AN' HIS GANG!

THE ARIZONA KID FOUND THEM, CAPTAIN, AND CLEANED THEM UP!

BUT... BUT I THOUGHT THE KID WAS OUT AFTER GAME!

HE GOT THAT, TOO!

Y'HEARD, CLIFF, A GOOD MAN CAN HUNT GAME AN' MEN AT THE SAME TIME... AN' BAG BOTH!

THE END
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