WESTERN ADVENTURES IN THE DAYS OF THE TEXAS RANGERS! HE'S WALLOPIN' THE TAR OUTTA WON'T DO HIM NO GOOD! WE'LL ANYWAY WHEN HE'S FINISHED! 106 Maneely





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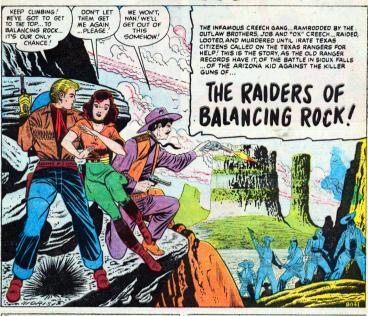
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ARIZONA KID



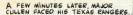
BANNOCK CITY DROWSED IN THE HOT TEXAS SUN! A QUIET, PEACEFUL LITTLE HAMLET, STRUGGLING FOR SURVIVAL IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!



A MOMENT LATER, PEACE WAS GONE, AND QUIET FLED BEFORE THE HAMMER OF GUNS! THE CREECH GANG HAD: STRUCK, AND BANNOCK CITY WAS DOOMED!







MEN, WE'VE BEEN ASKED TO WIPE OUT THE CREEK GANG! WE'VE JUSTE OCT A BREAK! THESE MEN BEHIND ME ARE FROM SIOUK FALLS, AN' THEYVE JUST STRUNS UP THEIR SHERIFF WHO THEY FOUND WAS WORKING IN CANDOTS WITH THE GANG!



BEFORE HE HUNG, HE TOLD 'EM THAT THE CREECH GANG WAS GOIN' TO THOMORROW! WE'RE GOIN' TO WAIT FOR THEM! ANY QUESTIONS?



DO WE WIPE

TAKE 'EM

TRIALZ

NAN WILL STAY IN CAMP!
HAPPY AND A CREW MILL BE
LEFT TO GUARD HER! WE'LL
FILTER INTO TOWN BY TWOS,
AND AMBUSH THE CRECKES WHEN
THEY RIDE IN! WE WANT SOME
ALIVE TO TELL US WHERE
THE GANG'S HIDE-OUT 15!...



THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, RANGERS DRIFTED UN-OBTRUSIVELY INTO SIOUX FALLS, RECEIVED THEIR ORDERS, AND DISAPPEARED!



THE NEXT DAY AT NOON, DUST WAS REPORTED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILLS NORTH OF SIOUX FALLS, AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...































A SHORT WHILE LATER

IF I DID, THE THE INDIANS TAUGHT ME TEXAS WOULD WAYS OF MAKIN' LOSE FAITH IN THE RANG-AN' I RECKON NOW'S THE ERS! CLIFF I CAN'T DO TIME TO USE IT! WHERE'RE 'EM! I'M GOIN TO MAKE JOB TELL ME WHERE THIS BALANCIN' ROCK



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 TOWNS-MEN DID IT! AFRAID WE'D SET HIM FREE TO SAVE NAN! NOW WE'LL NEVER

GET HER

THERE'S STILL A CHANCE! OX SENT A MAN TO THE RIVER TO WATCH FOR JOS! AT SUNDOWN, WHEN JOS DON'T SHOW, HE'S CONNA TROE SACK TO AX AT THE HIDE-OUT... ANY WE'RE GONNA TRAIL HIM! SET THE HOSSES, THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE.



























THAT'LL HOLD 'EN FOR A MINUTE! NO TIME TO LOAD NOW ... IF WE CAN ONLY GET TO THE ROCK, BEFORE THEY PULL US DOWN!



DESPERATELY THEY RUSHED UP THE STEEP PATH TO THE ROCK! THE OUTLAWS RALLIED AND WERE IN CLOSE PURSUIT!

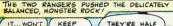


THEY MUST HOSGES SOME PLACE ... OURS ARE TIRED AN! ONE'LL HAVE TO CARRY DOUBLE! I TELL YUH, THEY'LL GET

DAYY. TRYIN' TO WHAT TOPPLE ARE BALANCIN' YOU DOINGE

ROCK!IT'S A CHANCE IN A MILLION! CLIFF, GIVE ME A HAND!







IT'S SWAYIN' THE ROCK ... WE GOT IT'S LETTIN' GO

THEN, WITH A CRACKING ROAR, THE BALANCING ROCK LEFT THE PLACE IT HELD FOR CENTURIES, AND CRASHED TOWARD THE VALLEY, CARRYING AN AVALANCHE OF TONG OF SHALE IN ITS







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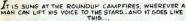
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HE SWAGGERED DOWN STREET FILLED WITH BRAG AND FIRE, WHILE THE COPPER POINTS GLEAMED ON HIS DANDY'S ATTIRE!"



THEY RAN TO YOUNG PETERS, DOWN THE STREET, BESIDE HIM, NIS WOMAN STOOD, GREY-EYED AN'SWEET." BOB YOU'RE ACTIN' DEPUTY IN CASE SOMETHIN' MAPPENS TO THE SHERIFF! WELL, IT SURE DONE HAPPENED, AN' IT'S UP TO YOU." COPPER'S LIABLE ONE OF US NEXT

I RECKON THE MISSUS IS RIGHT, BOB. YOU WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST COPPER... NO MAN DOES, THAT I KNOW OF. DON'T LET THEM EGG YOU INTO IT, BOB! COPPER'S A KILLER!





THEY CAME FACE TO FACE, WITH A CURSE FOR A GREETIN', WHILE THE FOLKS WATCHED IN SILENCE, THIS MOMENTOUS MEETIN'."



COPPER'S HAND FLEW DOWN, AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER AN HE SHOT WHILE BOB'S GUN WAS STILL IN THE LEATHER!









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
GINE AN IF YUN COME
GINEWIRP ME NO
STAND ANYMORE!

WILL ANY MAN WHO
MINGS IN THIS
TOWN!

THE GUNFIGHTIN'
KILLER JA AUL
COVERED WITH
GORE JA AU
CLIMBED ON HIS
CAVUSE JA AN
WAS HEARD
FROM NO MORE!"







THE GOLDEN-HAIRED OUTLAW

6617M 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 har an' can tell yuh ail '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 canarycolored 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 clangiest 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 fown. 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 sixshooters and daring stage hold-

ups, they grew kinda skeptical. An' they had a durn 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 even 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 backslapped hard-working citizens. Faro chips clattered at the circular tables and spinning roulette wheels hummed their temptin' tunes. Fortunes 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-drawed and dropped four bush-whackin' coyotes in Deming one day. The words wuz fallin' off his tongue like he wuz rectim' à 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 dudeslick desperado, gents!" 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 hammers 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', selfmade outlaw.

Bullet Ben was next heard of in Galeyville. He wuz walkin' down the street one fine sunblazin' day, smokin' a cigar, when . . . WHAMBO! . . . there's a blast and the stegle 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.



.. CONTINUED

"Howdy, Goldielocks," sez the stranger as he lifted his aombrero, 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 scourge 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 hombre 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 sombero tilted and his mouth curled down in his best badman sneer. When he entered a saloon, he'd alam 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 aome 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 truthfully boast about, made Bullet Ben ashamed of himself. Curly Bill and the other saddle sneaks 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 ol' 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-

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 Haddon jes' run in."

The sad-faced, handsome Bullet Ben was brought in. He stood silent and still; straight as a teed 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 . . . an olast 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 Haddon.

THE END \$1 5242

THEAVENGER



TWO YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE CURLY BRANDE HAD BEEN HAVED, 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!



















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ARIZONA KID

HOWAS THE MYSTERIOUS, MASKED RIDER CALLED THE HAWK'S HOW COULD A WHOLE HERD OF CATTLE DISAPPEAR WITHOUT A TRACE S IT TOOK THE ARIZONA KID, KEEN-EYED RANGER SCOUT, TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF, THE "MYSTERY MESA"!



T WAS A HOT SUMMER MORNING AS THE ARIZONA NO AND HAPPY HICK'S RODE INTO BEARINW BASH, ON THEIR WAY TO THE SANDSTRUK RANCH TO PICK UP A CONSIGNMENT OF CATTLE TO FEED THE RANGERS!



THERE'S THE RANCH... HEY, LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE... A-HANGING DOWN THERE! LET'S GO! AW, SHUCKS...I MIGHTA KNOWN
IT! THOUGHT THISTO 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 HOSS!





WHO GAVE YOU LEAVE TO INTER-FERE HERE, WE'RE FROM THE RANGER CAMP! I RECKON YOU HOMBRES AIN'T HEARD



GLAD TO SEE YOU! "M CARL YOU MUST HAVE SANDSTROM! THAT JASPER WIGHTY STRONG WE WERE GON' TO HANG STOLE EVIDENCE IT. HE BUNCH OF STEERS I WAS SAVIN' FOR YOU!



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.



IT'S A LIE! I AIN'T THE WE AIN'T SCARED.
HAWK! I WAS UP THERE
LOOKIN' FOR TRACKS! THE
WHOLE BUNCH OF YUH ARE
SO SCARED OF THIS HAWK
HOMBRE THAT YOU'RE
READY TO SWING
ANYBODY!

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 TOLE!









PIERAL HOURS LATER! ME NEITHER! WELL
CAMP HERE TONIGHT
DIDN'T FIND AN' LOOK, AROLIND AGAIN IN THE
A SIGN OF MORNING!

PIPE TWO RANGERS MADE THEIR MEAGRE CAMP AND ROLLED UP IN THEIR BLANKETS! THEN AN HOUR BEFORE DANN, THE KEEN, MOLE-LIKE SENSES OF THE YOUNG SCOUT AMAKENED HIM!





























THE MASK SANDSTROM

...IT HAD A BLOND HAIR

STICKIN' TO THE INSIDE.





DON'T SHOOT! I'LL CONFESS!

TO RUN THE OTHERS OUT

ARIZONA KID

















HEY, SHOSHONE, YOU

OL' MOSSHORN, OPEN UP





FUNNY ... I NEVER

HEARD OF A MOUN-





























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!

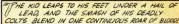
UP TO THE CABIN THE DAY WE LEFT? WAL, HE





THE REVERBERATIONS OF THE VICIOUS SHOT.



















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