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Gene Barry

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BOWL AND YOUR MILK IN MY MUG!
IT'S A TREAT YOU CAN'T BEAT!



"THE BEST TO YOU IN OATS"



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MUG AND BOWL, BOX 704, DETROIT 32, MICH.

Please send me _____ Yogi Bear Mug and Huck
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MILK MUG
AND HUCK HOUND
CEREAL BOWL

2-PIECE
SET ONLY

50¢

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It's just like havin' Huck and Yogi join you
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- Yogi Milk Mug holds a full half-pint of milk.
- Huck Cereal Bowl holds a he-man cereal serving.
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Kellogg's OKs bring you
the meat of the oats in
tenderest, tastiest, toast-
est, most-fun-to-eat form.

Kellogg's
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BAT MASTERSON

The MARK OF GUILT



SINCE THE SHOOTER IS OUT OF SIGHT, BAT TAKES COVER.

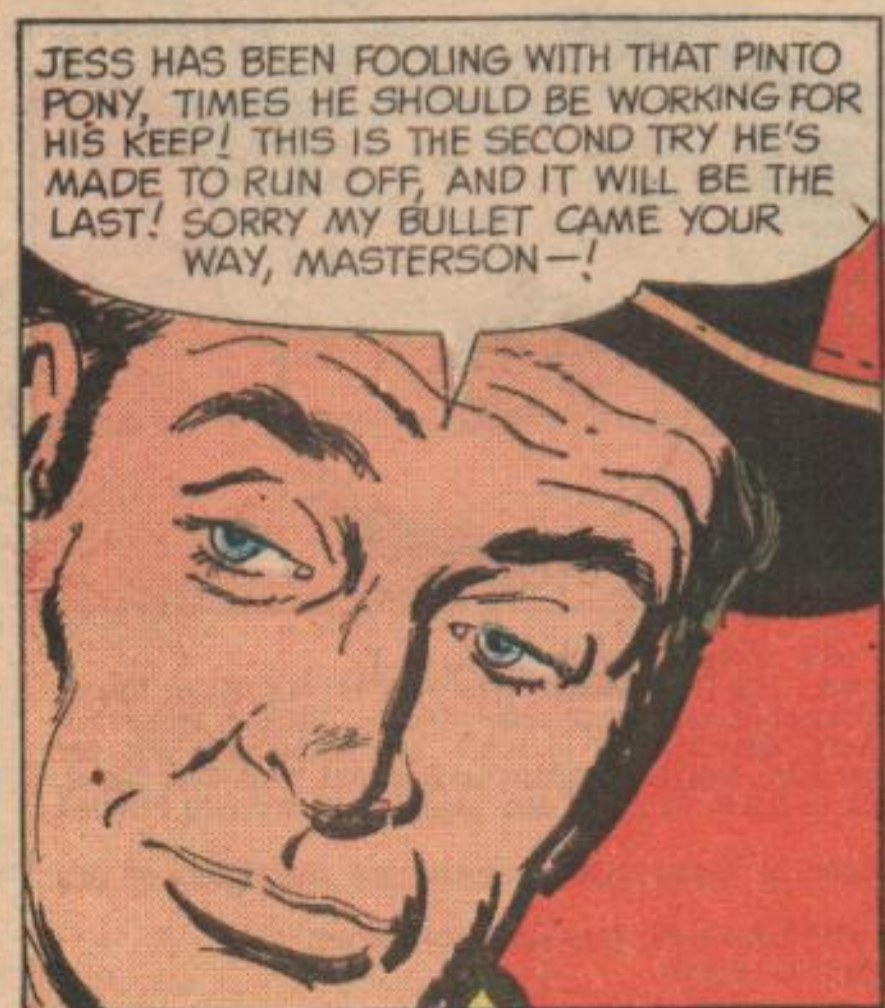
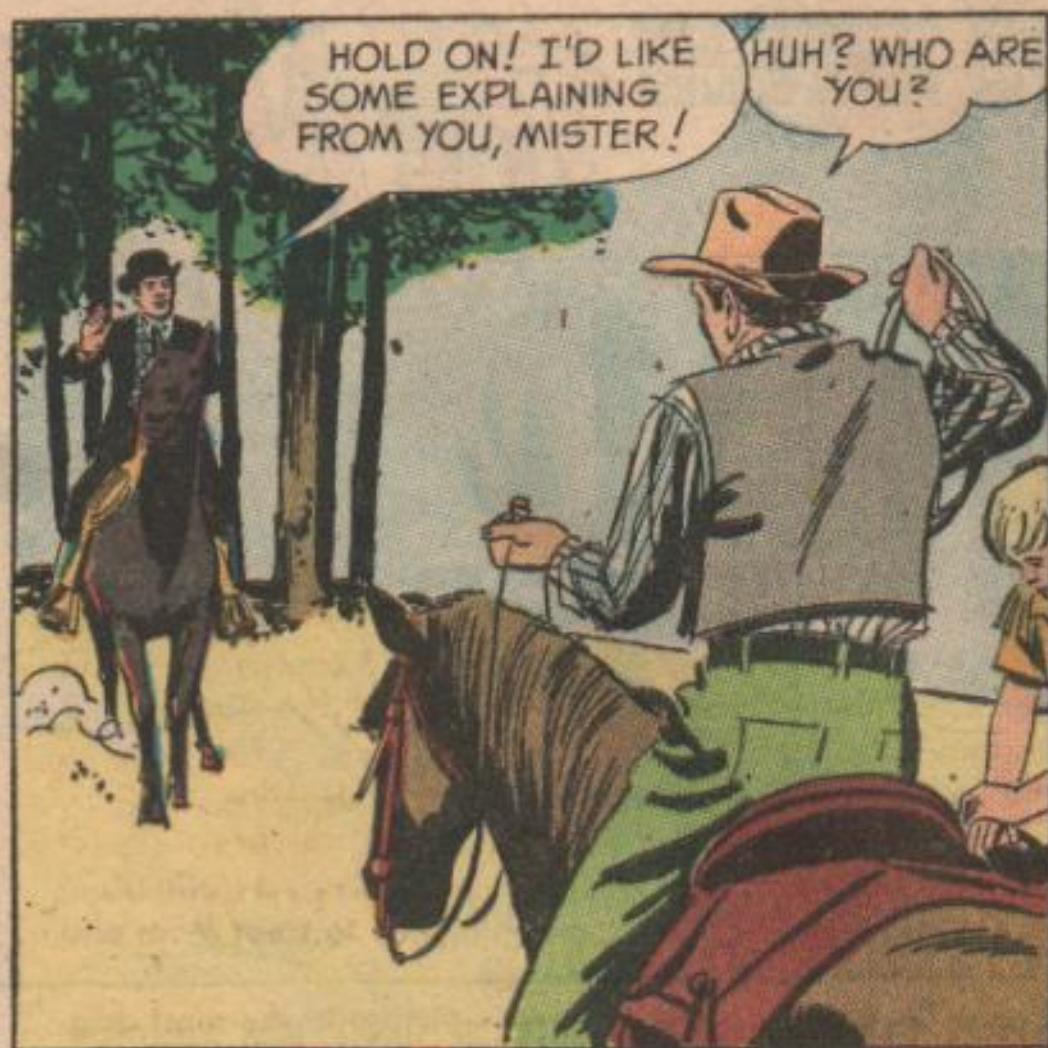


POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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THIS PICTURE AND YOU CAN

WIN

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It's easy to win in this new DELL COMICS Contest. All ages can enter. Just color in the picture at the right. The car is a Thunderbird, Jr. (Retail at \$540.00). It's an exact copy of the famous Ford Thunderbird. 5' 10" long, the T-Bird Jr. is battery run and goes up to 10 miles per hour. Has a real horn, lights and a trunk, too. And there's \$1,000.00 in coins and bills in the car. Enough money to treat Mom and Dad, Brother, Sister, and yourself.

The boys and girls coloring this picture in the most original, most beautiful way win a prize. Color, color, color now. Enter as many times as you wish.

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A Schwinn boy's or girl's bike worth \$76.00



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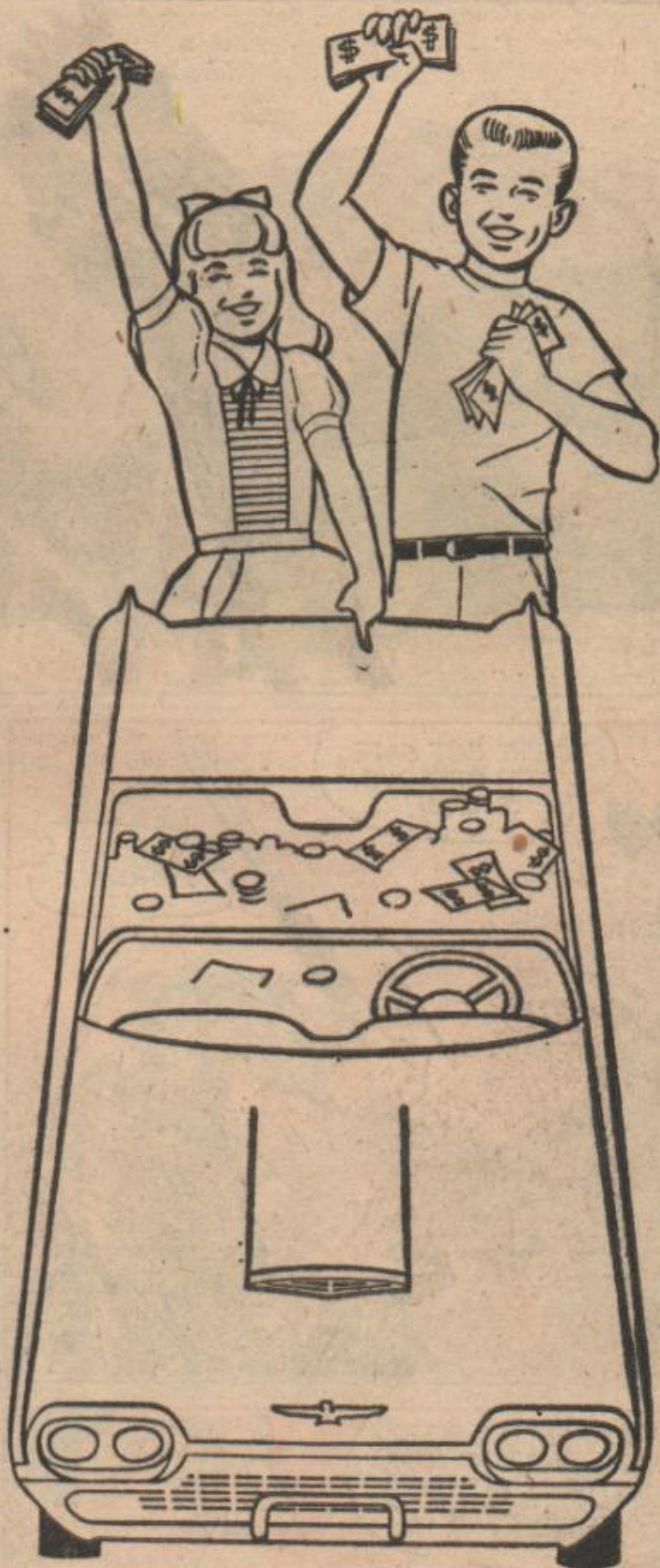


Here are the rules for the New Dell Comics Contest: Color in the picture with crayons, water colors, color pencil or oil paints. Include the top strips of two new DELL COMIC covers, now on sale, with your entry. Be sure each cover strip includes the comic's name and the new Dell Seal. Enter often. But include two new cover strips with each entry. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, Sept. 30, 1961, to be eligible. Winners will be notified by mail. Entries will be judged by Advertising Distributors of America on the basis of originality, neatness, and beauty. All entries become the property of Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Anyone in the U.S.A. or Canada may enter—except employees of Dell, its affiliates or their families. Contest is subject to Federal, State and Local regulations.



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See Center Pages for DELL Trading Post



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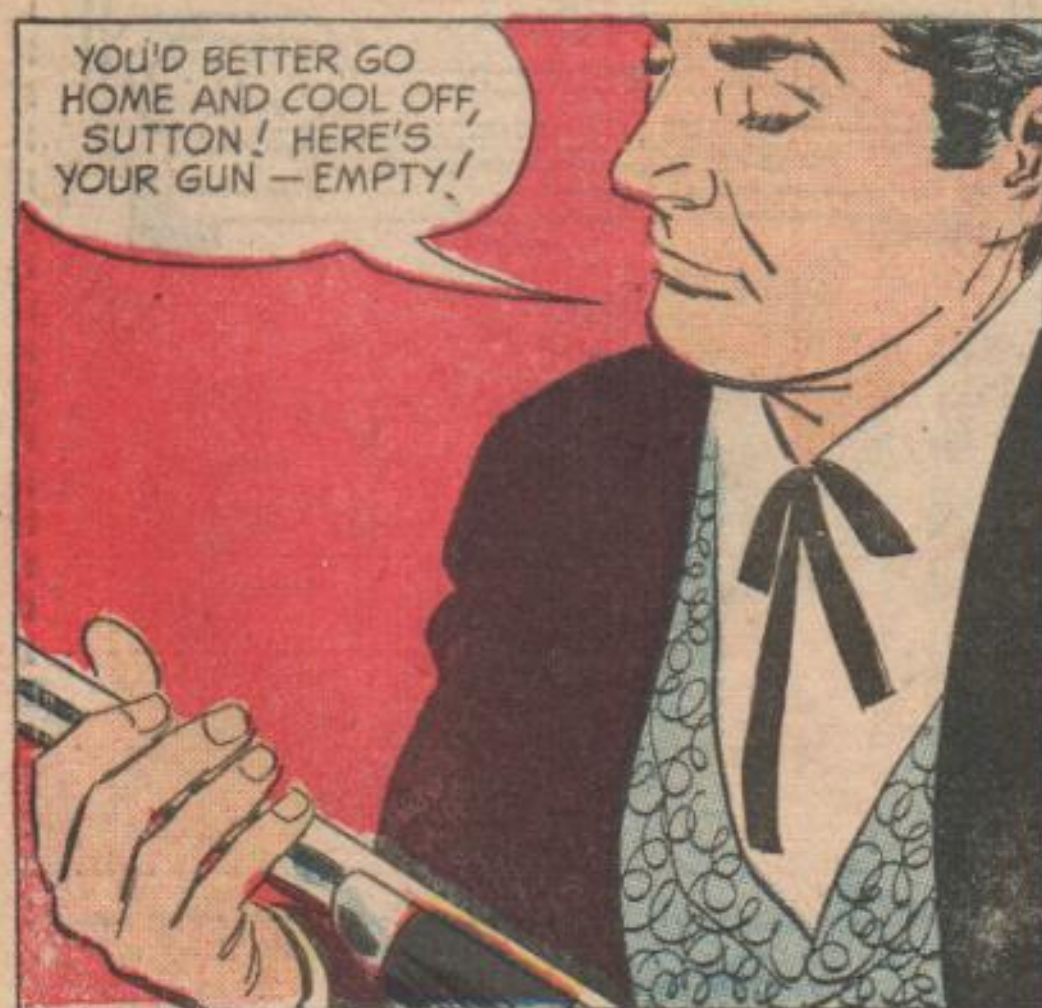
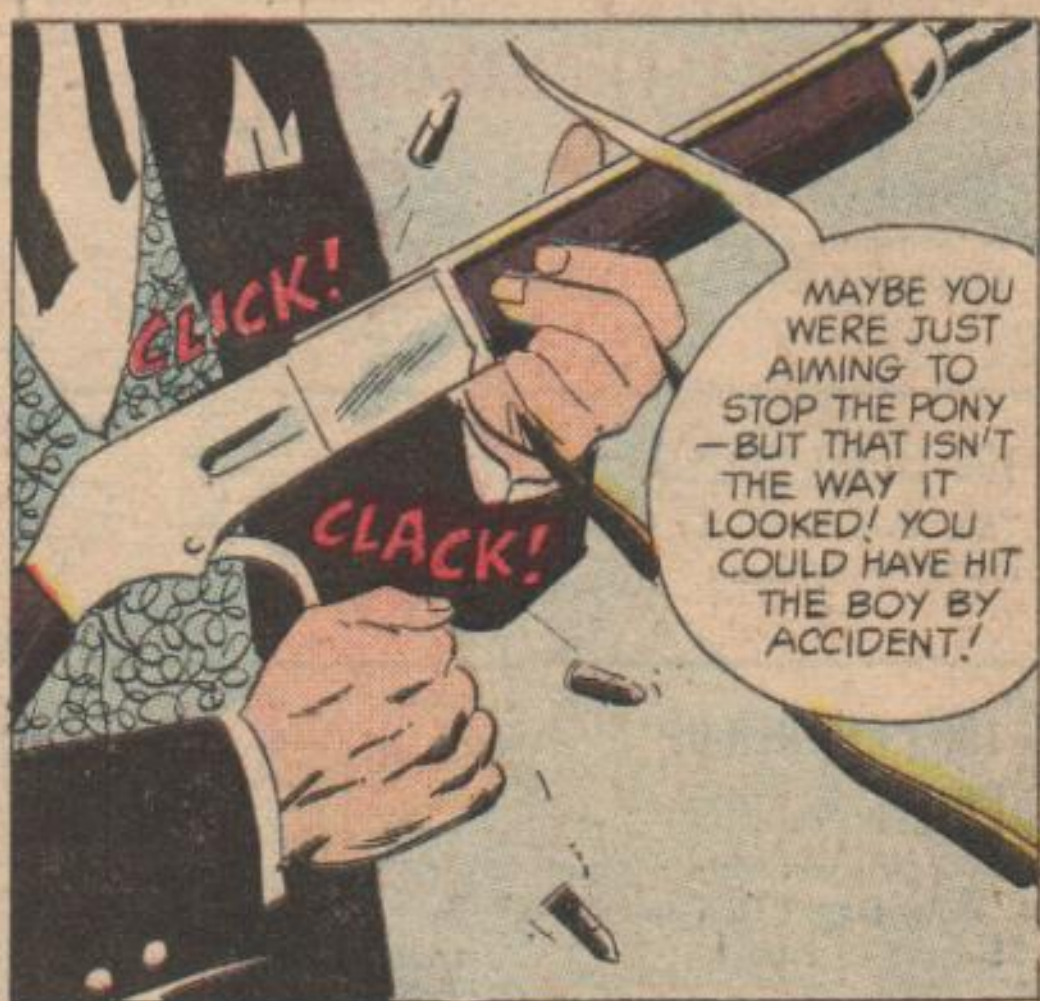
Name _____

I'm a Boy ☐ I'm a girl ☐ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

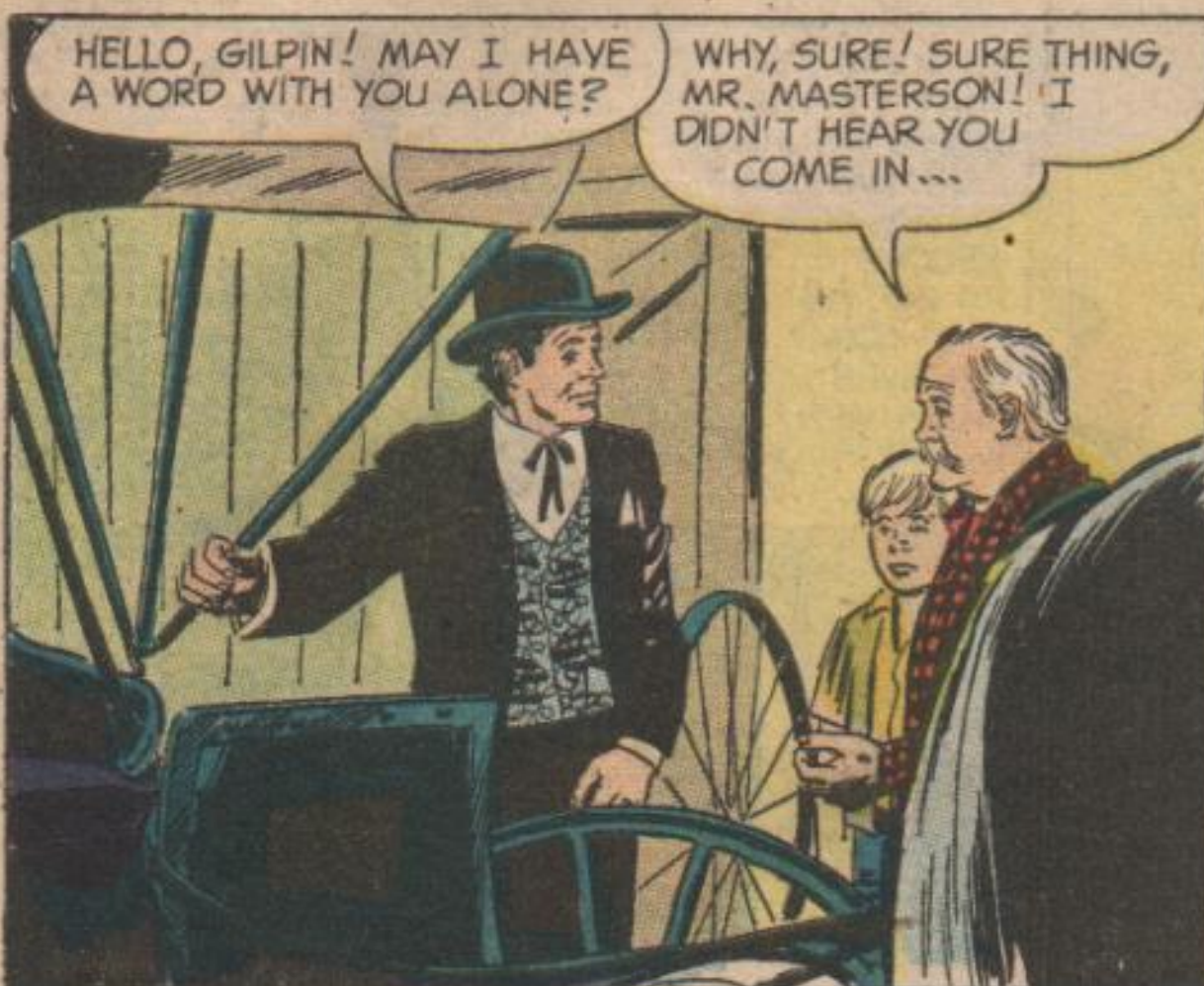






PLEASE, MR. GILPIN! I'LL DO ANYTHING — WORK NIGHT AND DAY! ALL I WANT IS BOARD FOR MY PINTO AND SOMETHING TO EAT! I'LL SLEEP IN THE HAY...

WELL, I DON'T KNOW, JESS! BOARD FOR A HORSE COMES PRETTY HIGH...



HELLO, GILPIN! MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU ALONE?

WHY, SURE! SURE THING, MR. MASTERSON! I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN...



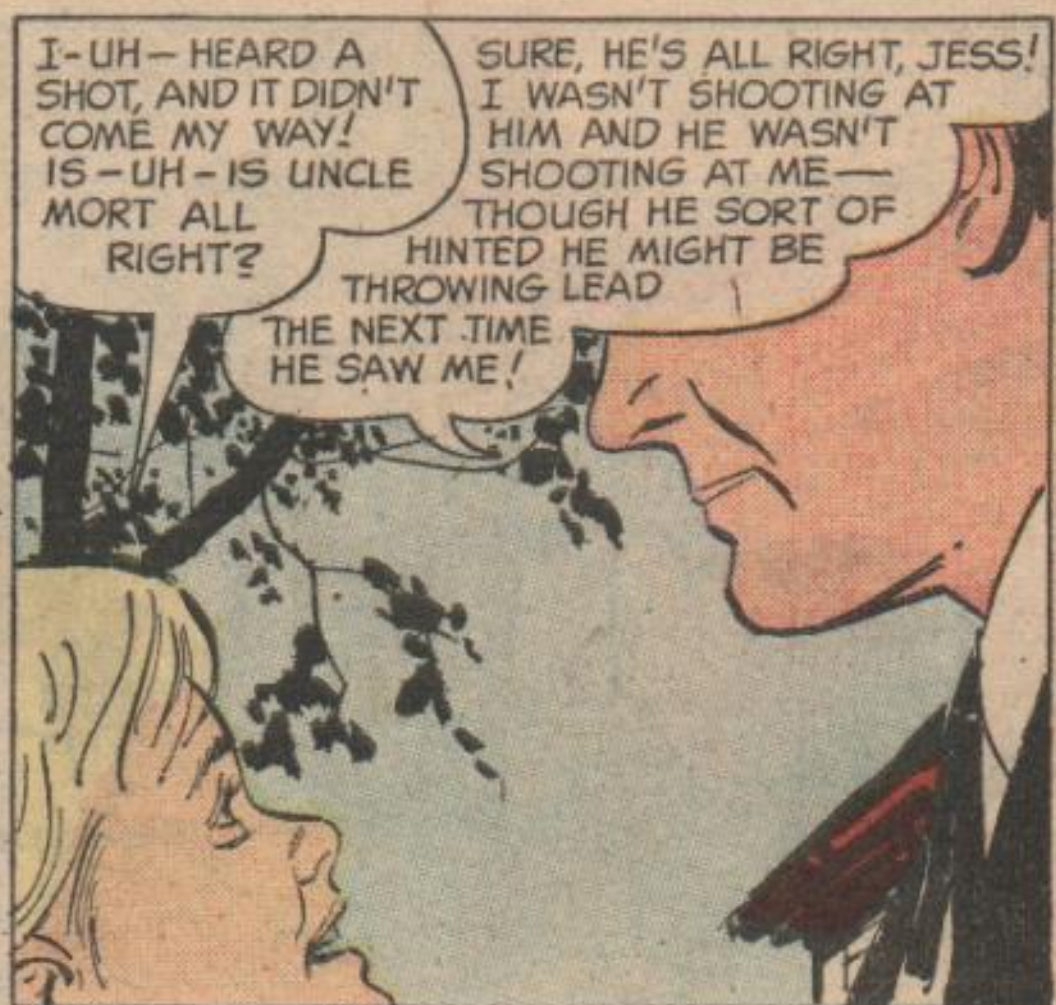
GIVE THE KID A JOB FOR A WEEK — FOR HIS BOARD AND THE PINTO'S... AND LET THEM HAVE PLENTY TO EAT: I'LL PAY FOR IT! LATER, WHEN I KNOW MORE ABOUT HIM, MAYBE I CAN GET HIM A RANCH JOB! BUT DON'T TELL HIM!

SURE! SURE THING! WHATEVER YOU SAY, MR. MASTERSON!



MR. MASTERSON! I-I-UH-!

WHAT IS IT, JESS?



I-UH- HEARD A SHOT, AND IT DIDN'T COME MY WAY! IS-UH- IS UNCLE MORT ALL RIGHT?

SURE, HE'S ALL RIGHT, JESS! I WASN'T SHOOTING AT HIM AND HE WASN'T SHOOTING AT ME — THOUGH HE SORT OF HINTED HE MIGHT BE THROWING LEAD

THE NEXT TIME HE SAW ME!

JUST AFTER SUNDOWN BAT ENTERS THE TOWN'S CHINESE RESTAURANT.

EVENING, SHERIFF CARD! MIND IF I JOIN YOU FOR SUPPER?

GLAD TO HAVE YOU, BAT! PULL OUT A CHAIR!

DO YOU KNOW A GENTLEMAN BY THE NAME OF MORT SUTTON, CARD?

UH-HUH! HAS A "GREASY SACK" RANCH NORTH OF TOWN! I WOULDN'T CALL HIM A GENTLEMAN, THOUGH! NOT THE WAY HE TREATS THAT ORPHAN KID!

THE KID—SUTTON'S NEPHEW—HAS RUN OFF AND FOUND A JOB HERE AT THE LIVERY BARN... JUST WHAT *IS* YOUR OPINION OF SUTTON, SHERIFF?

DON'T KNOW AS I HAVE ONE—EXCEPT HE'S A POOR SUBSTITUTE FOR A PARENT! OF COURSE, YOU HEAR A LOT OF GOSSIP!

SUTTON'S GOT NO FRIENDS THAT I KNOW OF... AND SOME FOLKS FIGURE HE DOESN'T DARE HAVE ANY... BECAUSE MAYBE HE'S GOT A BAD RECORD SOMEWHERE ELSE! AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED—AS LONG AS A MAN BEHAVES HIMSELF—(HARRUMPH!)—WHY WORRY ABOUT HIM!

—ROBBERY!
—MAIL TRAIN!

WHERE'S THE SHERIFF?

DOGGONE! YOU HEAR THAT SHOUTING IN THE STREET, BAT? MAIL ROBBERY!

I HEAR IT! LET'S GO!



I HEARD SOMETHING LIKE
DISTANT SHOTS, HALF AN
HOUR AGO—FROM DOWN
BY THE TRACKS!

YEAH! SO DID I!
BUT A MAN CAN'T
GO CHASING
AFTER EVERY NOISE
HE HEARS!

MAIL
ROB-
BERY!
SHERIFF
CARD...
THERE HE
IS!



SHERIFF! FOUR MEN
JUST HELD UP THE
EXPRESS—DOWN
BY THE WATER
TANK! THEY SHOT
THE MESSENGER,
HERE!

WHAT
DID THEY
GET?

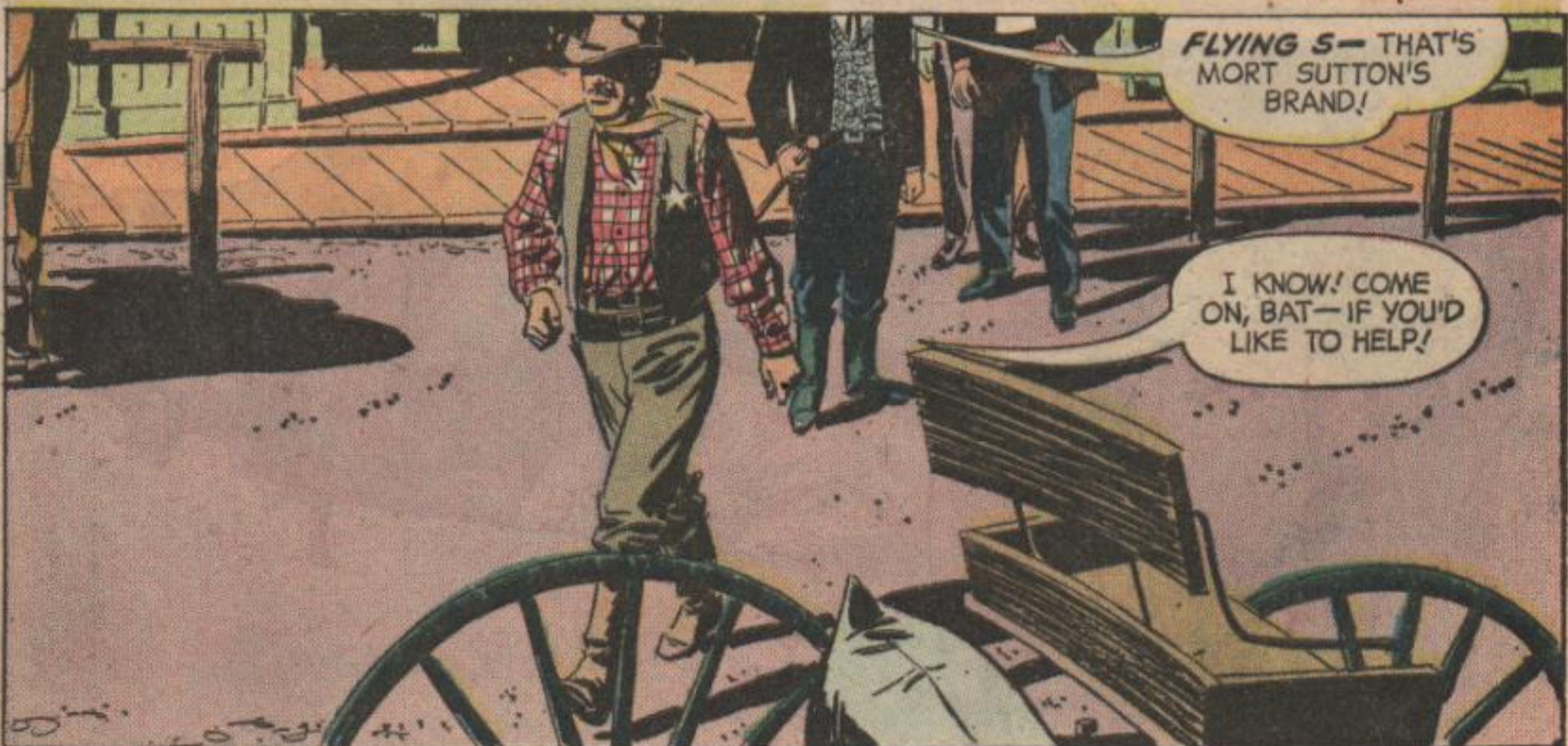


ABOUT FIFTY THOUSAND
DOLLARS—FROM THE SAFE!
I HAD TO OPEN IT, OR
THEY'D HAVE SHOT ME
AGAIN—BUT I PARTLY
EVENED THE SCORE,
I THINK!

EVENED THE
SCORE? WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

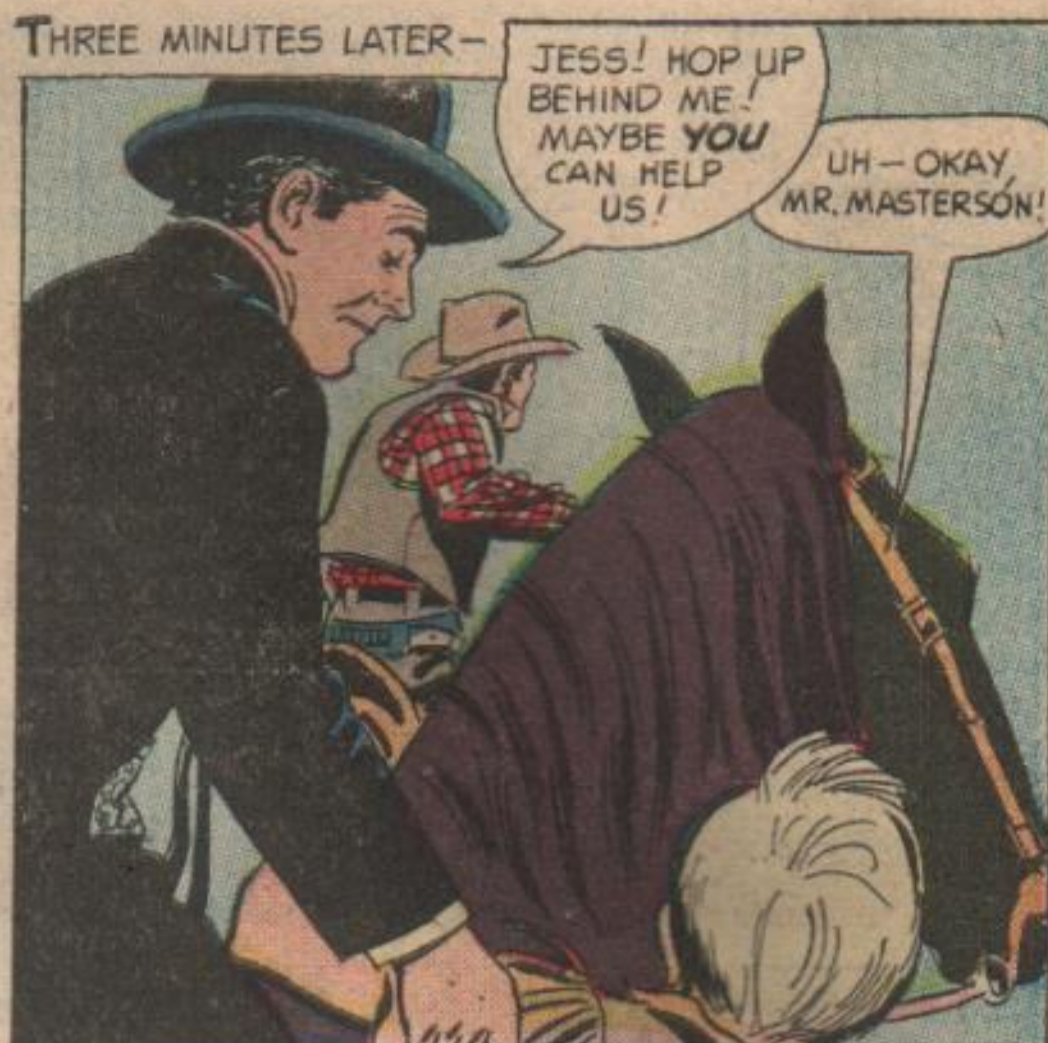


WHEN THEY'D LEFT, I PULLED MY RIFLE
FROM BEHIND A PACKING CASE OPENED
UP! I HIT A HORSE—SAW HIM FLINCH! IF
YOU LOOK IN THE TREES BEYOND THE
TANK, YOU MIGHT FIND HIM! I THINK
IT WAS BRANDED WITH
A **FLYING S!**



FLYING S— THAT'S
MORT SUTTON'S
BRAND!

I KNOW! COME
ON, BAT—IF YOU'D
LIKE TO HELP!





FLYING S— ONE OF MORT SUTTON'S, ALL RIGHT! AND THAT PRETTY WELL PUTS THE FINGER ON MORT!

NO, SIR, IT DOESN'T! UNCLE MORT NEVER STOLE A CENT FROM ANYBODY! THE ROBBERS STOLE THIS HORSE— AND IT WOULD BE EASY, BECAUSE IT WAS OUT ON THE RANGE WITH A BUNCH OF MIXED BRANDS!



HE'S BEEN RUNNING LOOSE FOR QUITE A WHILE, SHERIFF! THE BOY'S RIGHT ABOUT THAT— LOOK AT THIS GROWN-OUT HOOF! — AND HE COULD BE RIGHT ABOUT HIS UNCLE, TOO!

HARRUMPH! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO, BAT?



THIS HORSE COULD STILL HAVE BEEN RIDDEN A LONG WAY — EVEN WITH THE BULLET WOUND! HE LOOKS TO ME LIKE "PLANTED" EVIDENCE — TO THROW SUSPICION ON SUTTON...



THAT'S ALL SUPPOSITION, BAT — AND YOU KNOW IT! I'VE GOT TO TAKE EVIDENCE AT FACE VALUE TILL I'VE PROVED IT FALSE! YOU WANT TO RIDE WITH ME — TO MORT SUTTON'S PLACE — OR NOT?

I'LL RIDE WITH YOU, CARD — AS YOUR DEPUTY IF YOU WISH!

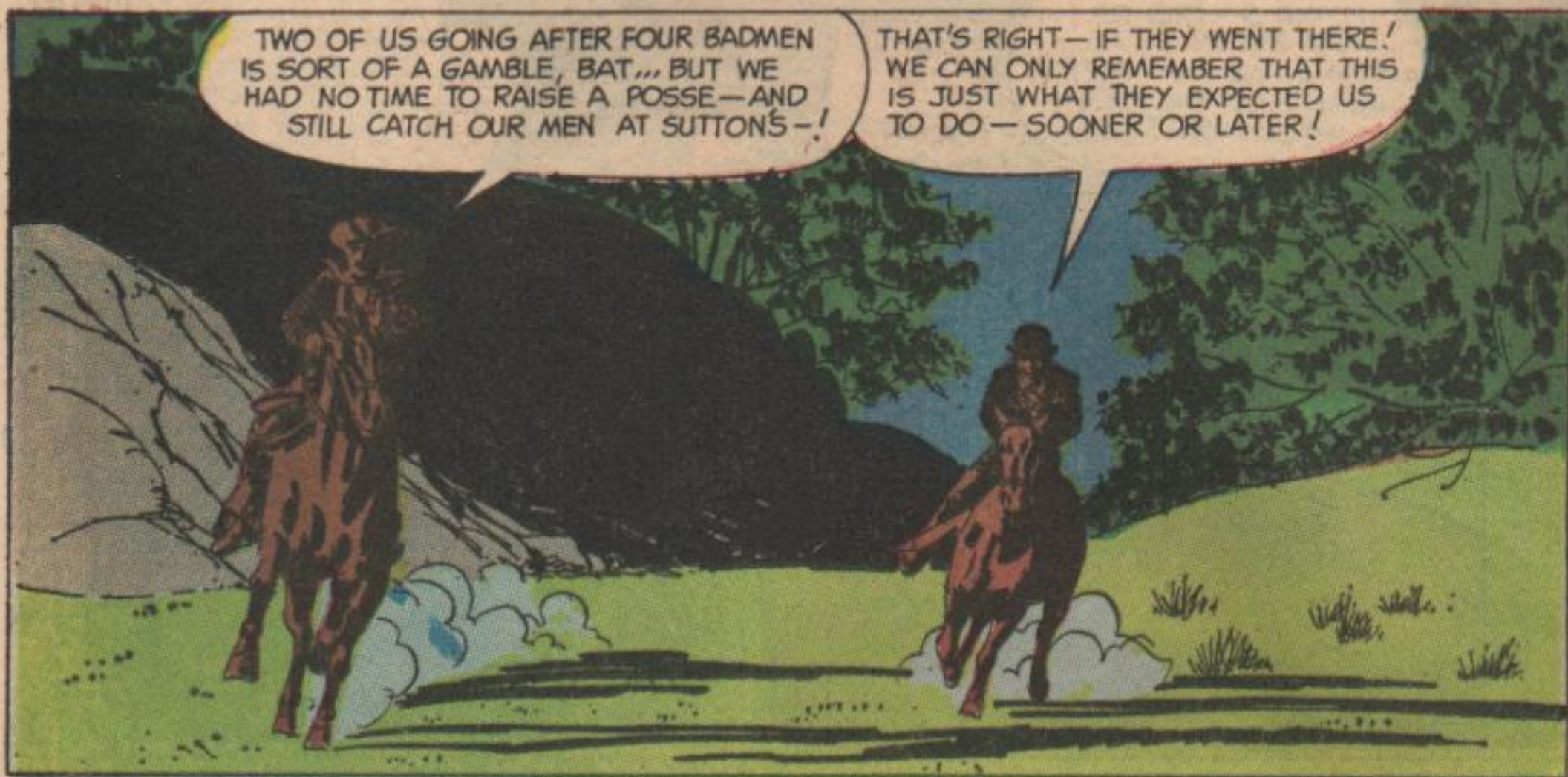


WE CAN'T SPARE THE TIME TO TAKE YOU BACK TO TOWN — BUT IT'S ONLY A SHORT WALK, JESS! BUT ARE **YOU** DEFENDING HIM, AFTER THE WAY HE'S **TREATED** YOU?

UNCLE MORT IS **NO CROOK!** — NO MATTER WHAT **ANYBODY** SAYS!

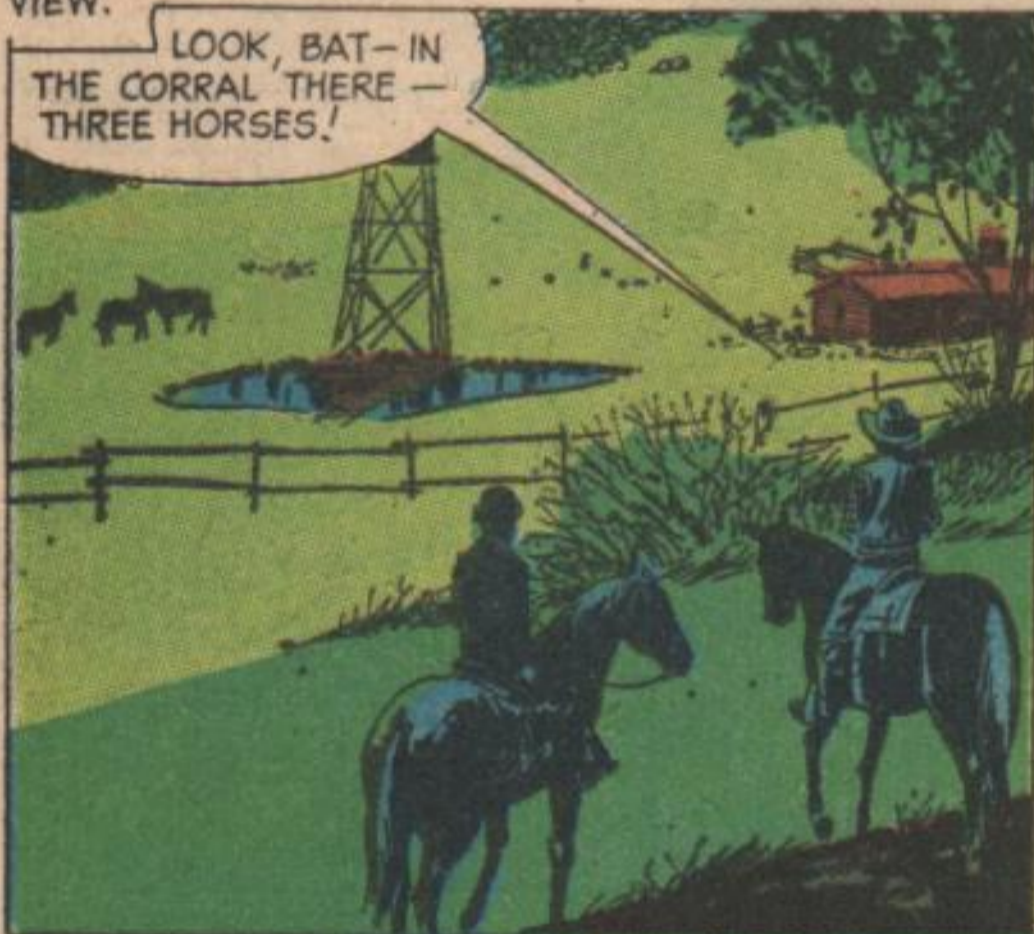
TWO OF US GOING AFTER FOUR BADMEN IS SORT OF A GAMBLE, BAT... BUT WE HAD NO TIME TO RAISE A POSSE—AND STILL CATCH OUR MEN AT SUTTON'S—!

THAT'S RIGHT— IF THEY WENT THERE! WE CAN ONLY REMEMBER THAT THIS IS JUST WHAT THEY EXPECTED US TO DO— SOONER OR LATER!



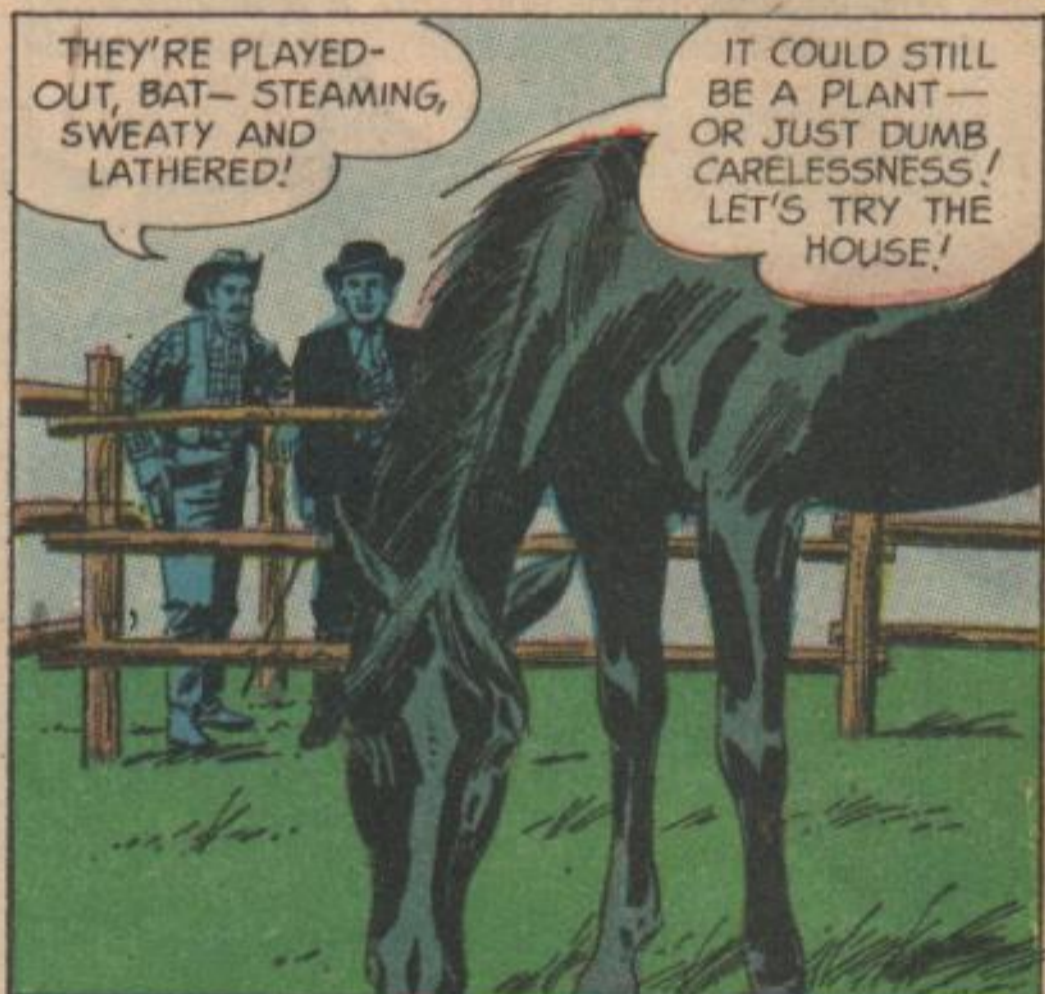
AN HOUR'S HARD RIDING BRINGS SUTTON'S PLACE INTO VIEW.

LOOK, BAT— IN THE CORRAL THERE — THREE HORSES!



THEY'RE PLAYED-OUT, BAT— STEAMING, SWEATY AND LATHERED!

IT COULD STILL BE A PLANT— OR JUST DUMB CARELESSNESS! LET'S TRY THE HOUSE!



SUTTON! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS EMPTY! LIKEWISE ANYONE ELSE IN THE HOUSE! THIS IS SHERIFF CARD!

HUH? SHERIFF? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

BAM!
BAM!



WHERE DID THEY GO, SUTTON— THE MEN WHO LEFT THOSE LATHERED HORSES IN YOUR CORRAL? THE THREE WHO HELPED YOU ROB THE **MAIL CAR** TONIGHT?

—ROBBED MAIL CAR? HORSES—? I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! I'VE BEEN RIGHT HERE, ASLEEP SINCE ABOUT SUNDOWN!



LATER—

WELL, WE'VE SEARCHED THE HOUSE, AND HIS PARTNERS AREN'T THERE—NOR THE MONEY...

AND THEY NEVER **WERE** THERE! AND WHOEVER LEFT THOSE LATHERED HORSES SNEAKED THEM IN UN-
BEKNOWNST TO ME! NOW YOU TAKE OFF THESE HAND-
CUFFS AND CLEAR OUT!



LOOK, SHERIFF—THOSE TRAILS IN THE DEW! **THAT'S** WHERE YOUR ROBBERS WENT! LET'S GET AFTER THEM!

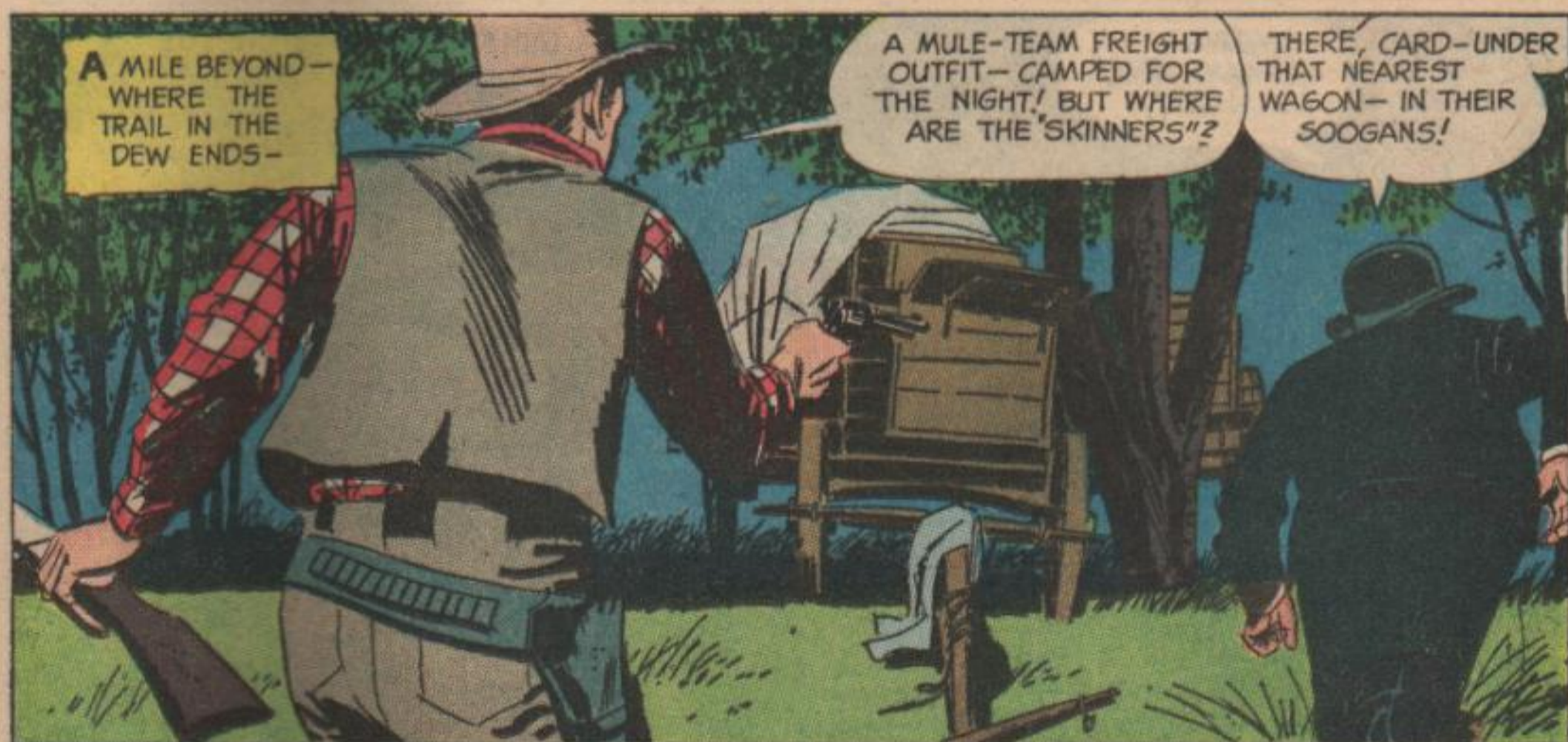
ALL RIGHT, BAT—
AFTER I LOCK SUTTON TO A POST!



A MILE BEYOND—
WHERE THE TRAIL IN THE DEW ENDS—

A MULE-TEAM FREIGHT OUTFIT—CAMPED FOR THE NIGHT! BUT WHERE ARE THE "SKINNERS"?

THERE, CARD—UNDER THAT NEAREST WAGON—IN THEIR SOOGANS!



COME OUT, ALL OF YOU! THIS IS THE LAW! WE'RE LOOKING FOR MAIL ROBBERS—AND IT'S UP TO YOU TO PROVE YOU'RE NOT THEM!

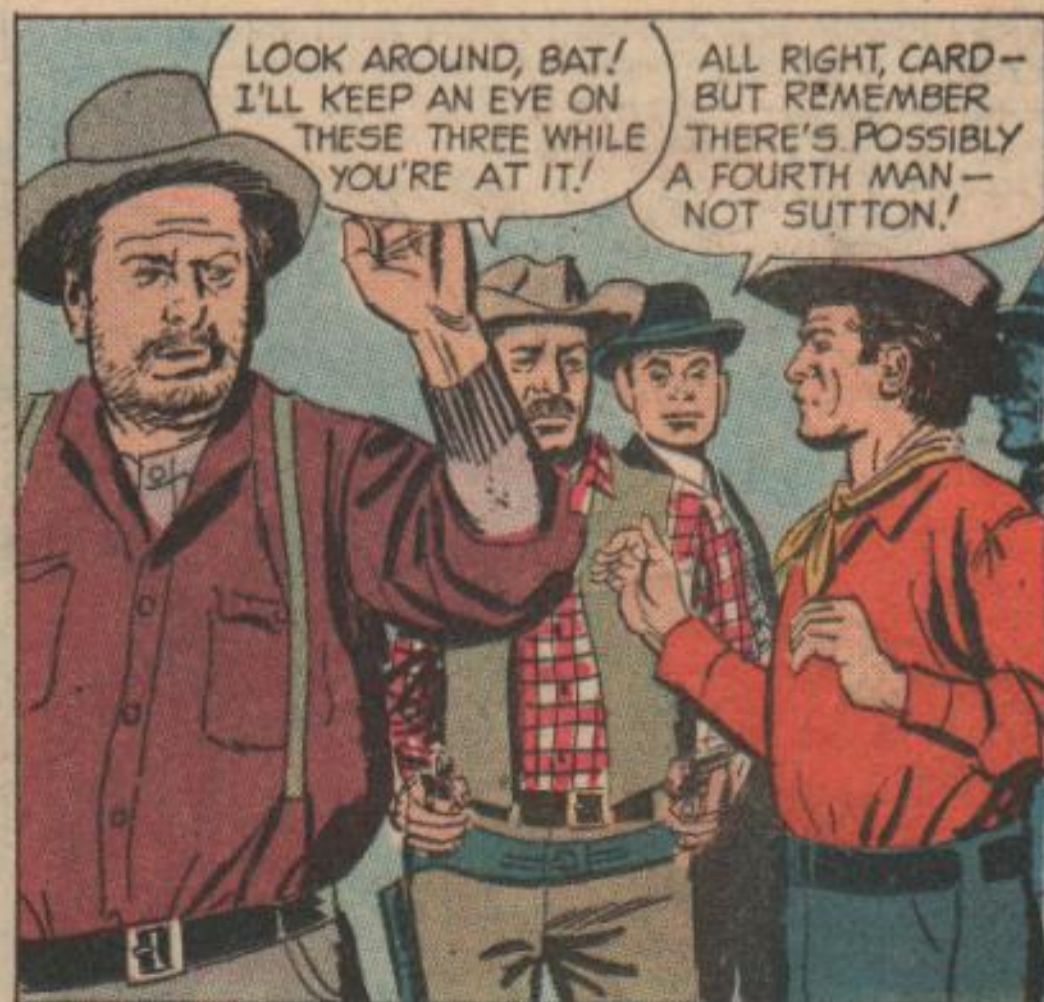
MAIL ROBBERS? THEY DIDN'T COME THIS WAY—!

OR IF THEY DID, WE WERE ASLEEP!



LOOK AROUND, BAT! I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THESE THREE WHILE YOU'RE AT IT!

ALL RIGHT, CARD—BUT REMEMBER THERE'S POSSIBLY A FOURTH MAN—NOT SUTTON!





FINDING THE BARRELHEAD LOOSE, BAT DUMPS THE CONTENTS.

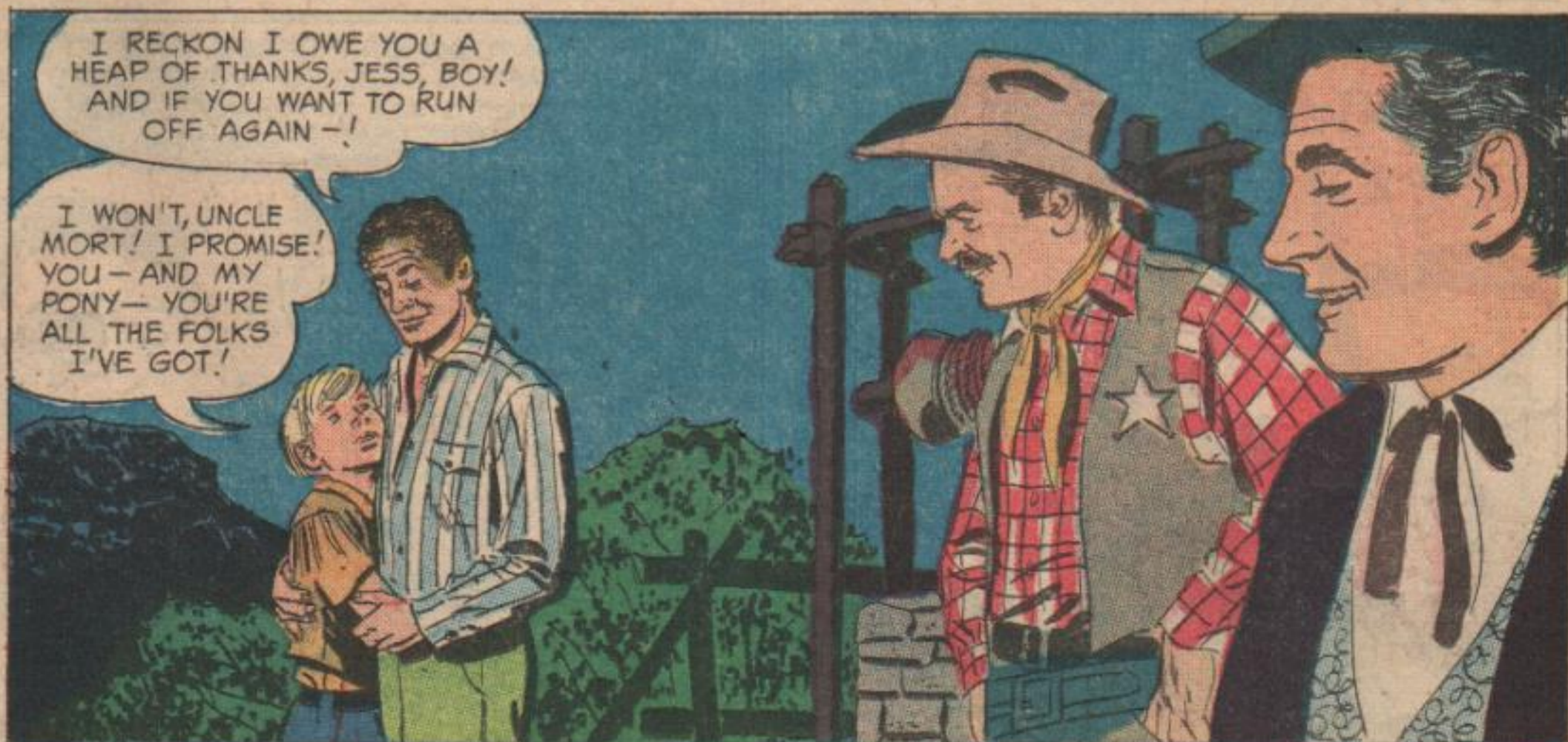
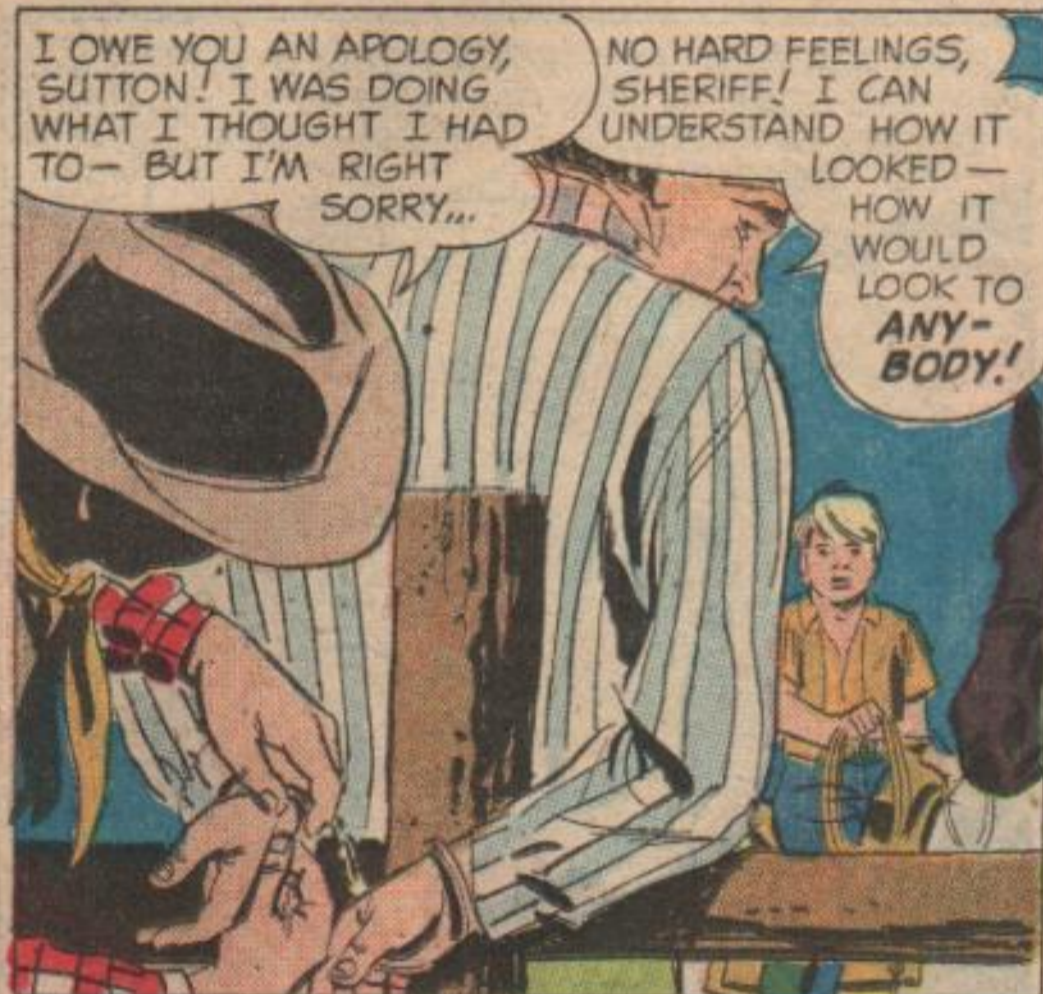


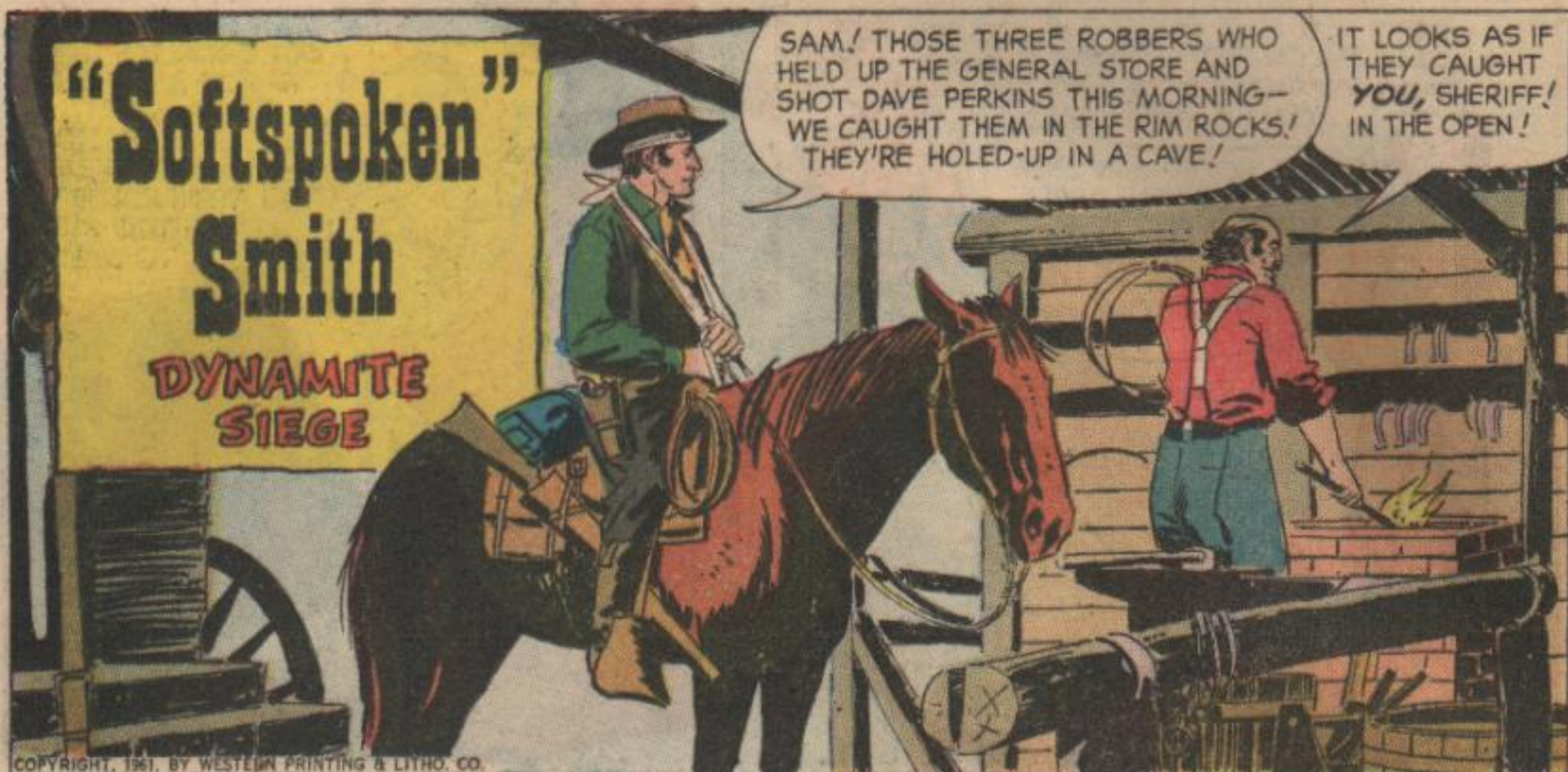
THE DEADLY BLACKSNAKE LASH JUST MISSES CARD'S THROAT.



BEHIND THE SHERIFF'S BACK THE THREE MULE SKINNERS DRAW HIDE-OUT GUNS, BUT ARE CAUGHT BY BAT'S FIRE AND JESS BALLARD'S LARIAT!







SAM! THOSE THREE ROBBERS WHO HELD UP THE GENERAL STORE AND SHOT DAVE PERKINS THIS MORNING— WE CAUGHT THEM IN THE RIM ROCKS! THEY'RE HOLED-UP IN A CAVE!

IT LOOKS AS IF THEY CAUGHT **YOU**, SHERIFF! IN THE OPEN!

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THEY DID— HURT TWO MORE OF THE POSSE BESIDES ME! THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN GET AT THEM WITHOUT LOSING MORE MEN— AND THEY'LL LIKELY GET CLEAN AWAY TONIGHT— UNLESS SOMEBODY COMES UP WITH A NEW IDEA—!



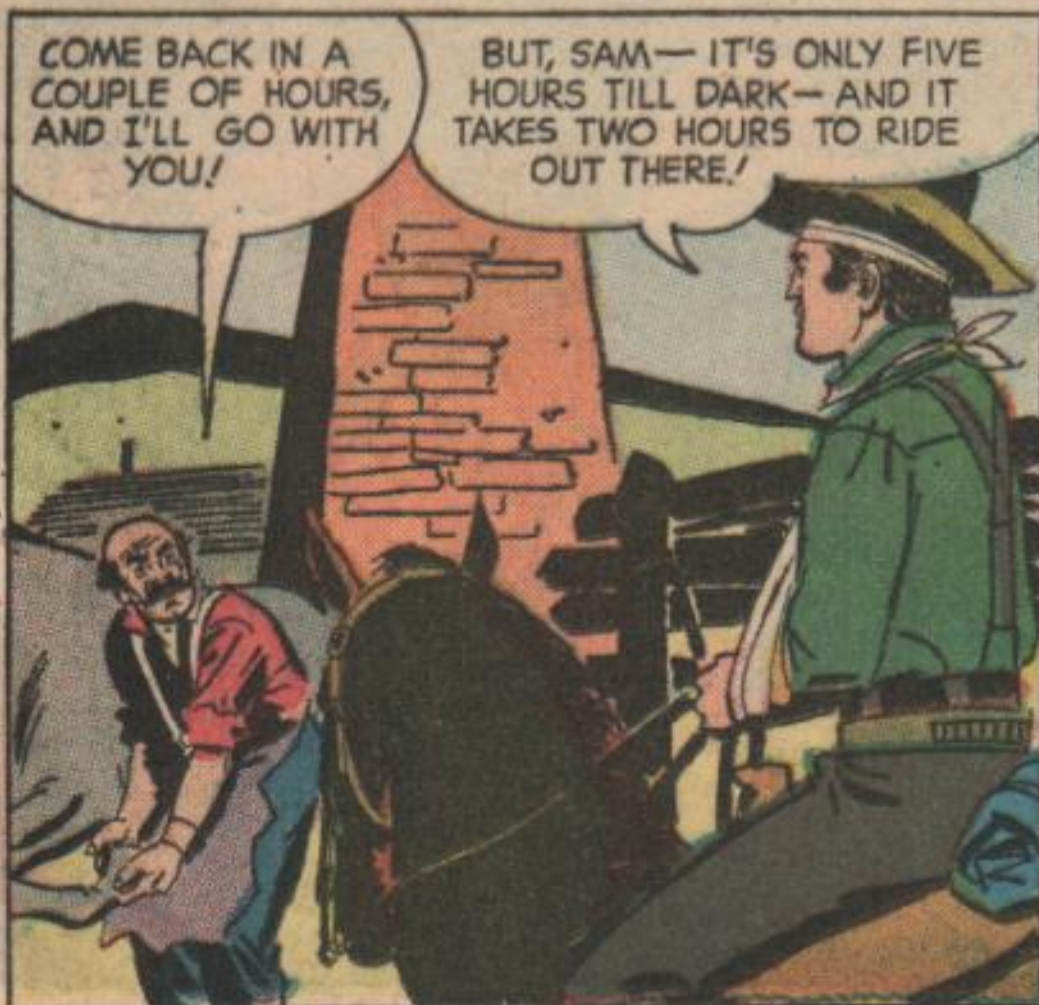
— AN IDEA THAT WILL **WORK!** THAT'S WHY I'VE COME TO YOU, SAM SMITH! THE BOYS WANT YOU TO STUDY THE SPOT WE'RE IN!

I'LL WORK ON IT, SHERIFF!

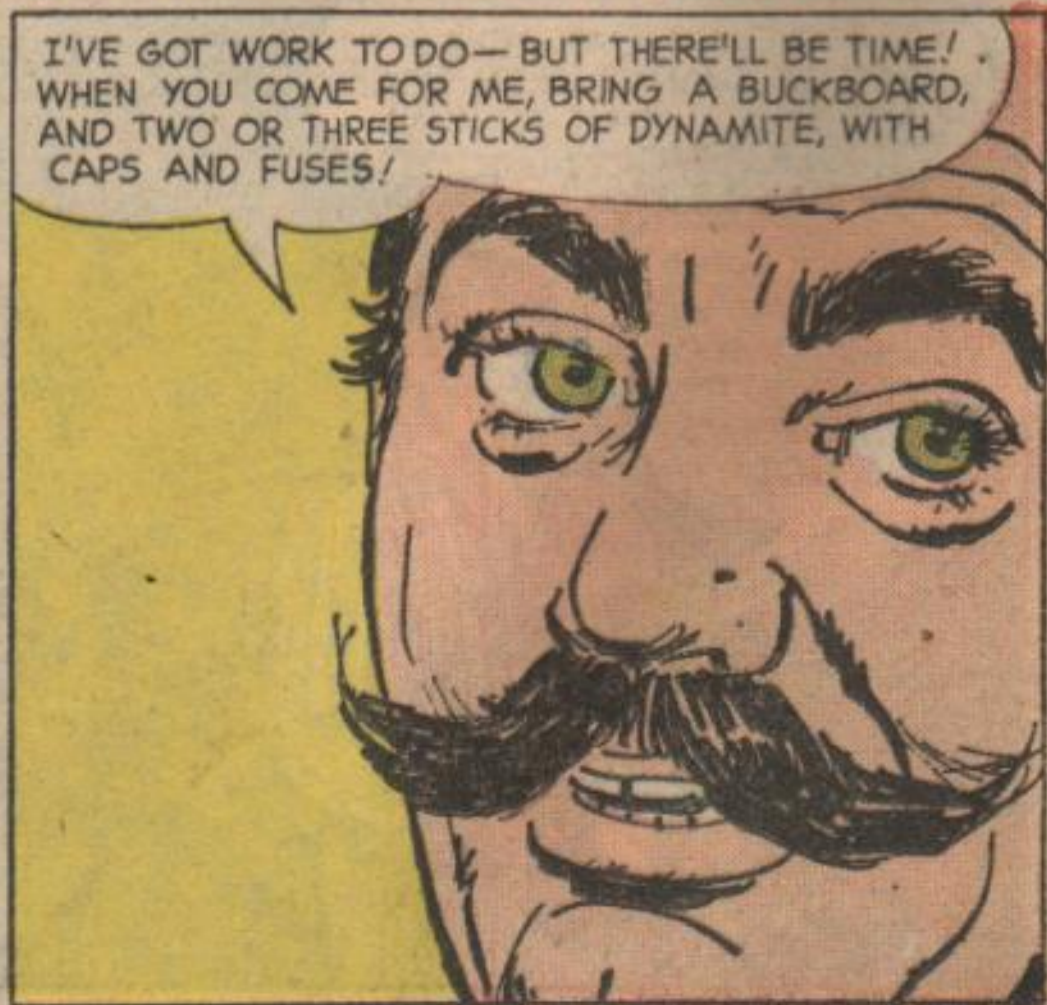


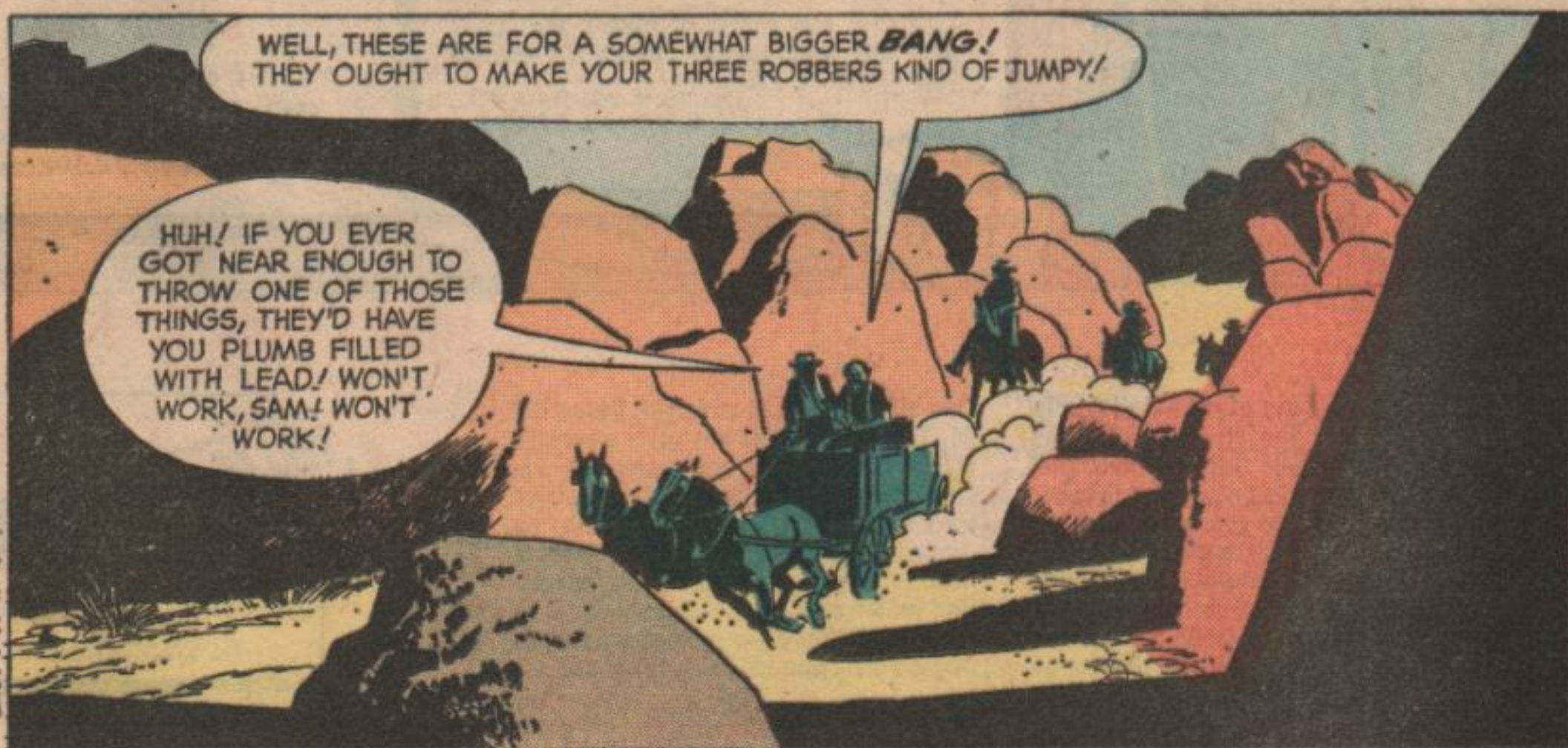
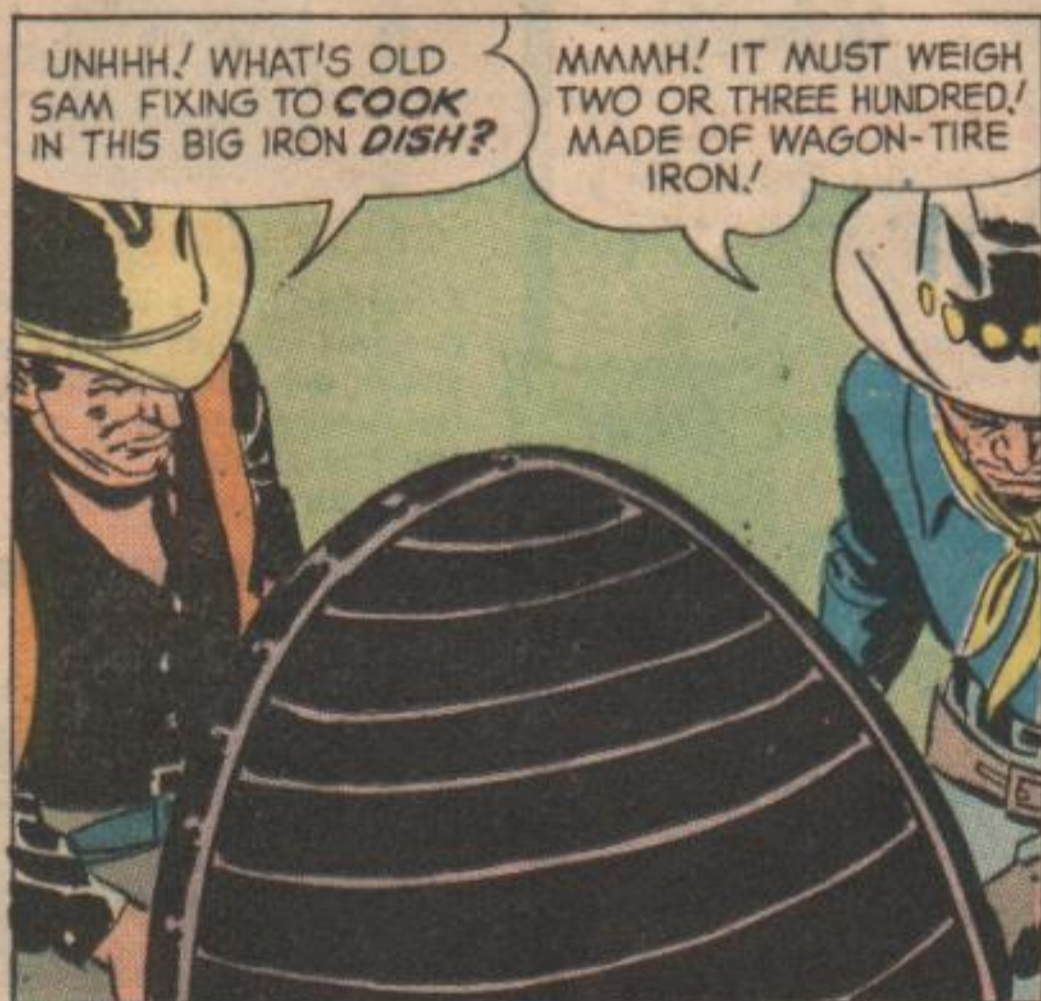
COME BACK IN A COUPLE OF HOURS, AND I'LL GO WITH YOU!

BUT, SAM— IT'S ONLY FIVE HOURS TILL DARK— AND IT TAKES TWO HOURS TO RIDE OUT THERE!



I'VE GOT WORK TO DO— BUT THERE'LL BE TIME! WHEN YOU COME FOR ME, BRING A BUCKBOARD, AND TWO OR THREE STICKS OF DYNAMITE, WITH CAPS AND FUSES!





DELL TRADING POST

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A
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TAKE YOUR PICK OF THE ITEMS SHOWN ABOVE. HERE'S HOW TO GET THEM!

Cut off the top strip of each Dell Comic Cover. Be sure the strip includes the name of the comic and the new Dell Comic seal. When you have enough cover strips for the item(s) you want, put them in an envelope together with the required amount of money and the coupon at the right. Send them to DELL TRADING POST, P.O. BOX 24, BROOKLYN 1, NEW YORK. Trade as often as you like for as many items as you want.

This offer expires at midnight, December 31, 1961. This offer not valid wherever offers of this kind are prohibited, restricted, licensed or taxed. Allow 21 days for delivery. This premium offer may be cancelled or modified without notice. Articles may be substituted and redemption values may be changed should it be found necessary. Any items indicated may be discontinued without notice.

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Please send me the item(s) I have circled below:

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GUM BANK	RING	SHAGGY DOG
SPACE MAP	BRACELET	CAMERA

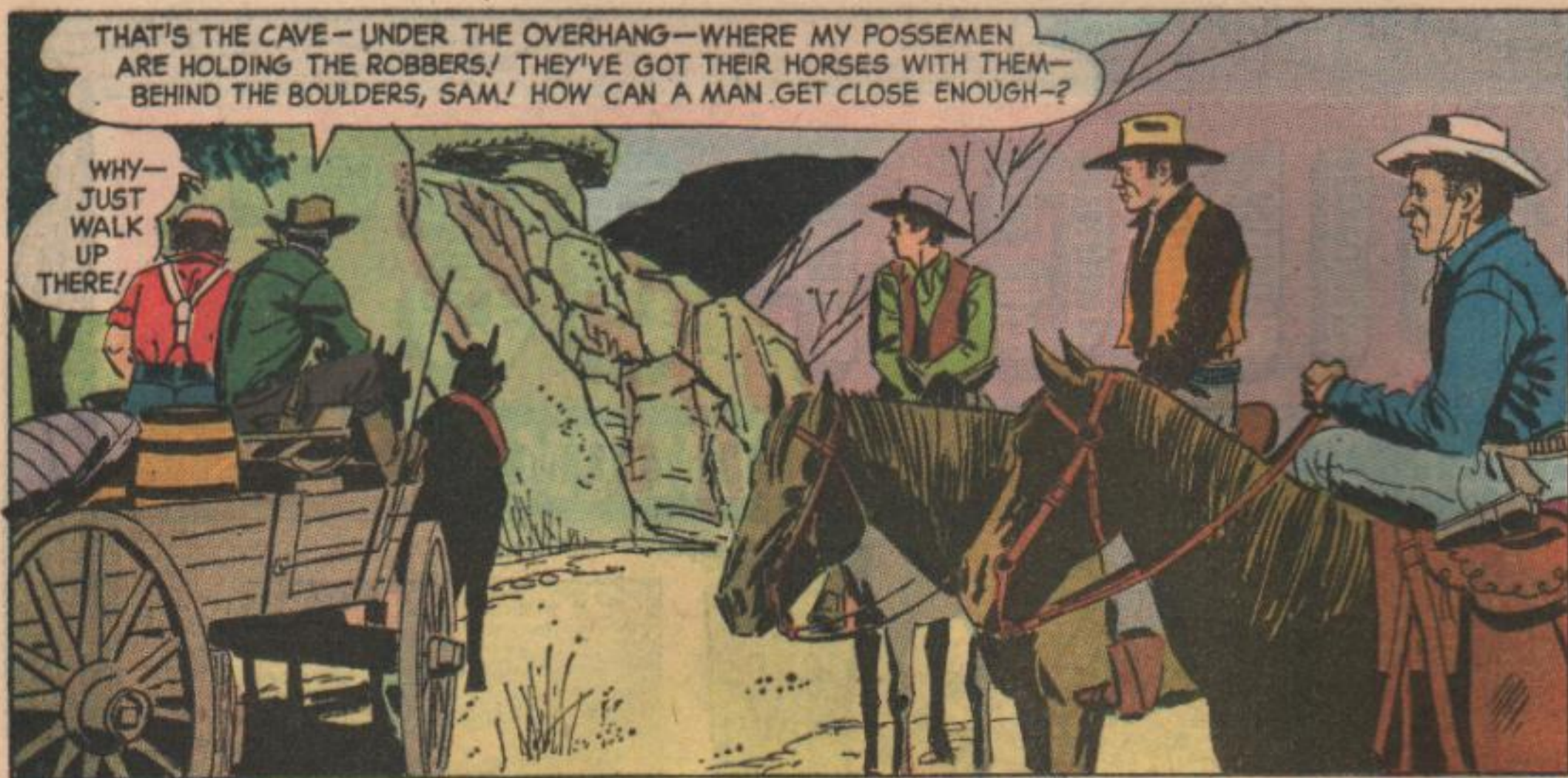
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

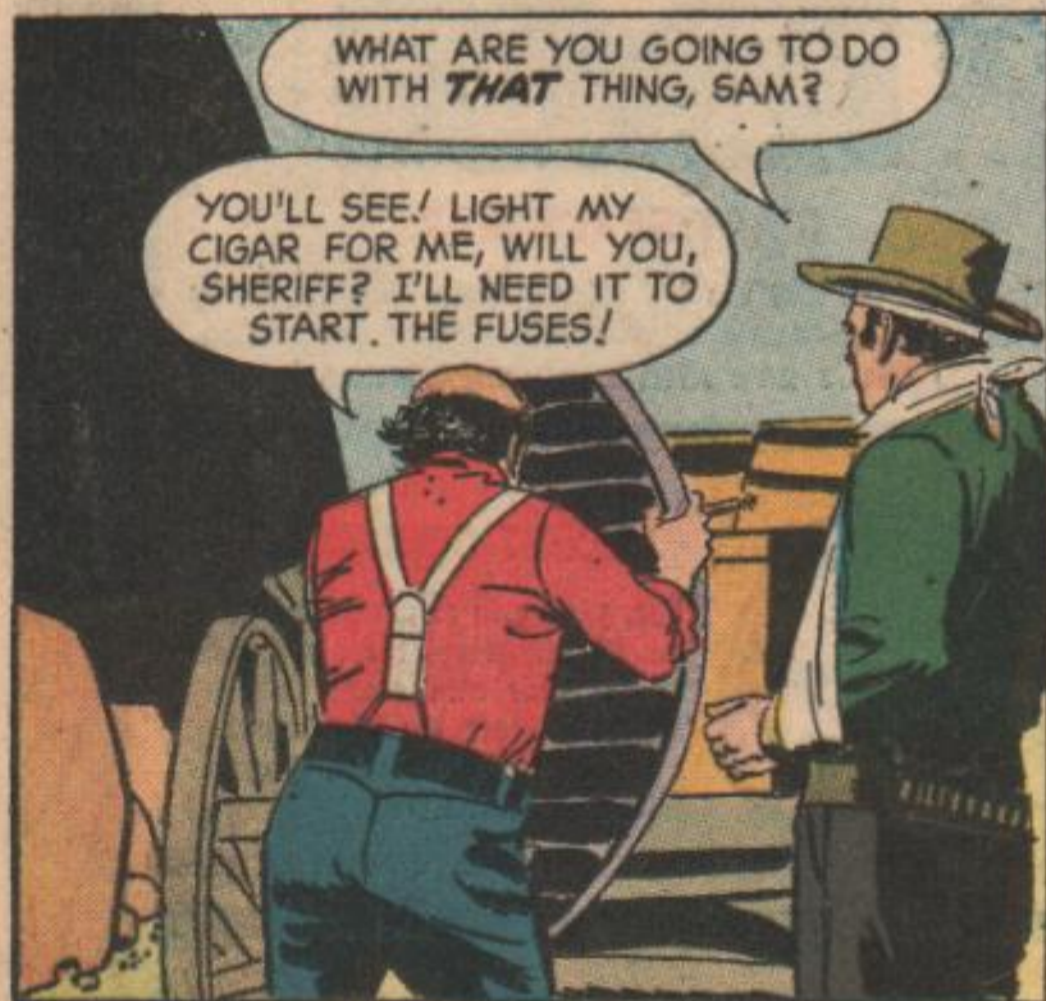
Boy _____ Girl _____ Age _____

(NOTE: U.S. and Canadian currency only accepted. Make checks and money orders payable to Dell Trading Post. Non-residents of the U.S.A. add ten cents handling for each item. Items shipped outside the U.S.A. are subject to tariffs where applicable.)



THAT'S THE CAVE—UNDER THE OVERHANG—WHERE MY POSSEMEN ARE HOLDING THE ROBBERS! THEY'VE GOT THEIR HORSES WITH THEM—BEHIND THE BOULDERS, SAM! HOW CAN A MAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH—?

WHY—JUST WALK UP THERE!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH **THAT** THING, SAM?

YOU'LL SEE! LIGHT MY CIGAR FOR ME, WILL YOU, SHERIFF? I'LL NEED IT TO START THE FUSES!



I RECKON THIS WAGON-TIRE SHIELD OUGHT TO BE **BULLET-PROOF!**

A SHIELD! BUT IT'S **TOO HEAVY**, SAM! EVEN YOU CAN'T CARRY IT UP TO THAT CAVE!

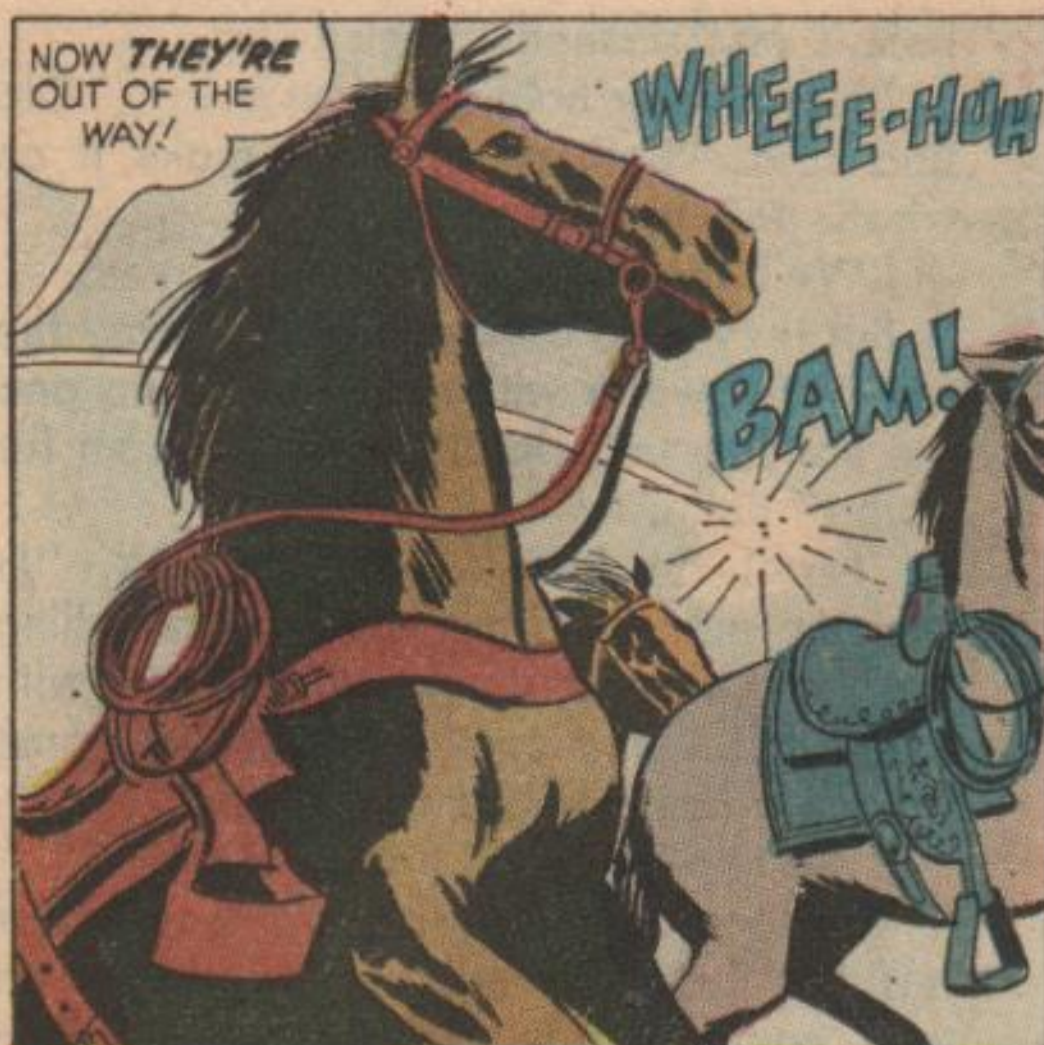


THAT SHIELD WOULD TIRE A **HORSE!** BUT HE'S GETTING THERE!

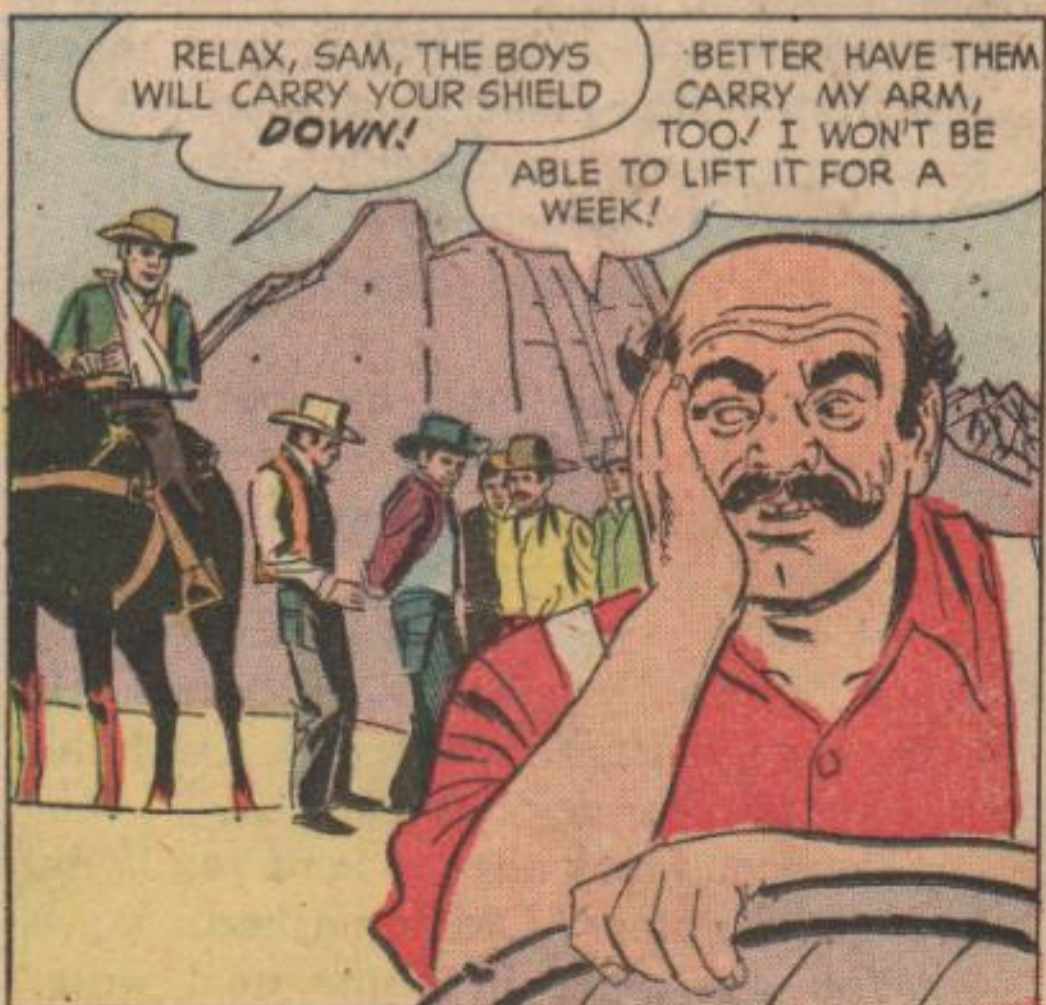
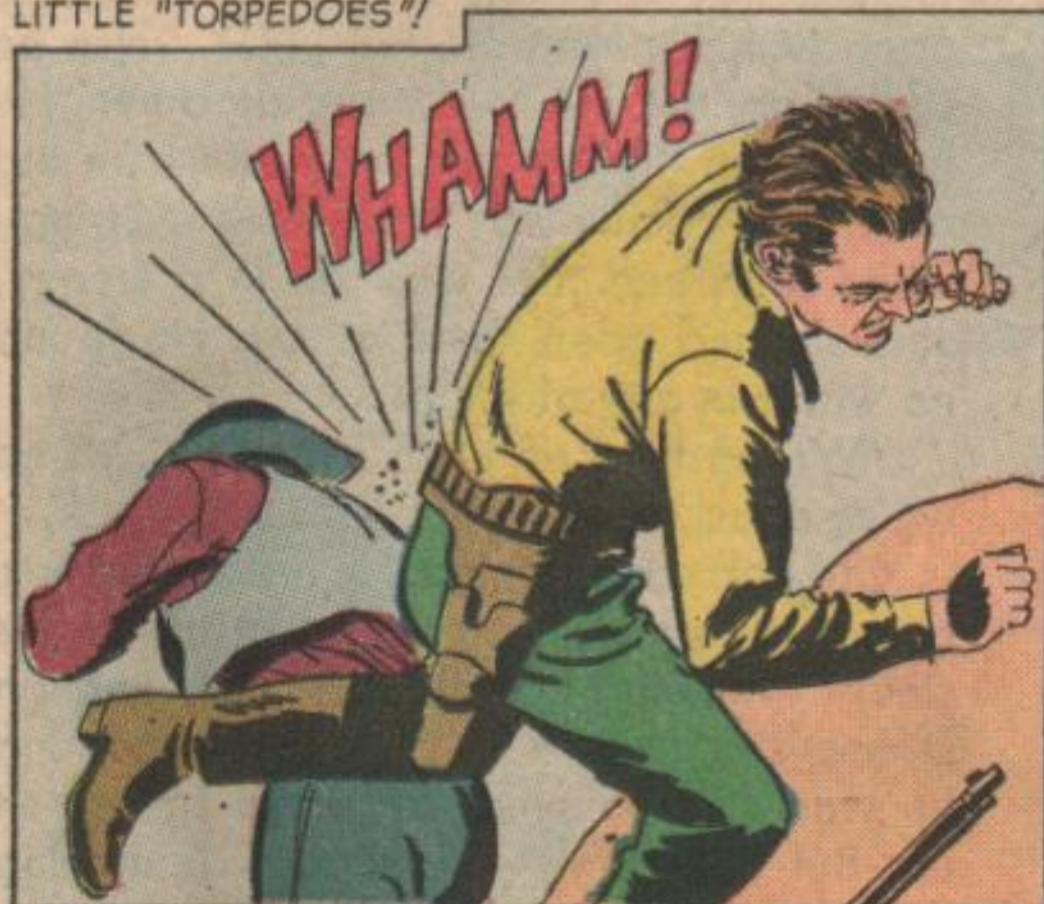
PING!
CLANG!
CLINK!



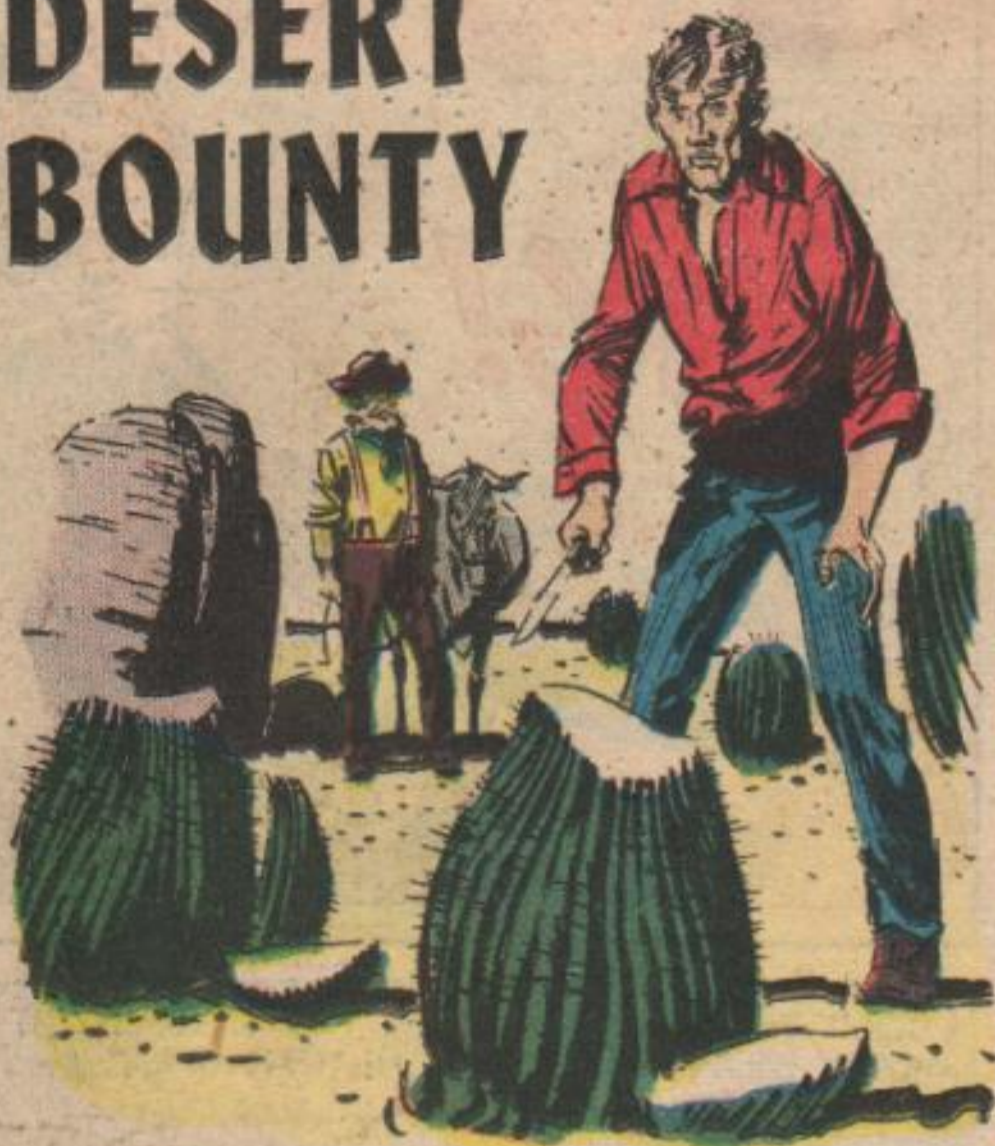
MAYBE I CAN STAMPEDE THEIR HORSES FIRST...



SHOCKED—SPRAYED WITH ROCK-DUST AND GRAVEL, THE EMBATTLED ROBBERS HAVE NO PROTECTION FROM THE LITTLE "TORPEDOES"!



DESERT BOUNTY



Jess Fane never should have left Chicago to come West. He knew that now. But, after gunning down two prison guards on his escape to freedom, the East was too hot for him.

The West was hotter, and Jess was learning it the hard way. It was so hot it blistered his feet. His face under the hot desert sun felt sand-blasted. He staggered as he walked, leaving a trail in the sand as crooked as a sidewinder's.

It was that same trail, however, which let him live longer than he might have. Old Bob Leonard, a "desert-rat" prospector, crossed the trail, followed it, and saved Jess from dying of thirst by sharing half the precious water in his canteen.

Jess revived sufficiently to poke his gun in Old Bob's ribs, and take the rest of the water.

"Now you can lead me out of this blasted furnace," Jess directed. He grinned crookedly. "I got my street numbers mixed."

The truth of it was that Jess Fane had never been out of city alleys before. He was not only lost, he was terrified with this vast expanse of dry desert.

"How can I stay alive to lead you if you hog all the water?" Old Bob asked.

"You can make it to the next water

hole," Jess slashed. "Get going."

"Next water hole's too far away," Old Bob said. "Both of us can't make it on what's left in that canteen."

"We'll make it," Jess said.

But they didn't. Jess gobbled away the rest of the water within the next hour, and the hot sun was clearly spelling doom for both of them.

"I got an idea," Jess croaked. "In prison a man from this country was telling me about some kind of cactus out here with water in it. Barrel cactus, he said the name was. We can find some of them."

"We can try," Old Bob agreed.

Their scrounging of the vast desert floor left them both so weak and dried out that they could barely stand. But Old Bob found a patch of barrel cactus.

Jess was drooling as he slashed one open with his long-bladed knife. Then he stared aghast. He held it upside down. He broke it on the ground. No water ran out of it. The cactus was filled with a stringy white pulp and that was all. In a frenzy, Jess slashed open some others. He found no water in any of them.

"Wrong time of year, I guess . . . and we're dead men!"

Old Bob said nothing. He just stared into desert twilight. Jess moaned fitfully in his sleep that night, retaining just enough strength to hold to his gun. In the morning he was so weakened he could barely sit up. But amazingly, Old Bob was moving around spryly, fixing breakfast.

"You've been holding out on me," Jess growled weakly. "You've found water. I'll kill you—"

He raised his gun. Old Bob kicked it out of his trembling hand, and then, in possession of Jess' gun, he said, "Now I'll herd you back where you came from."

"Where'd you find water?" Jess moaned.

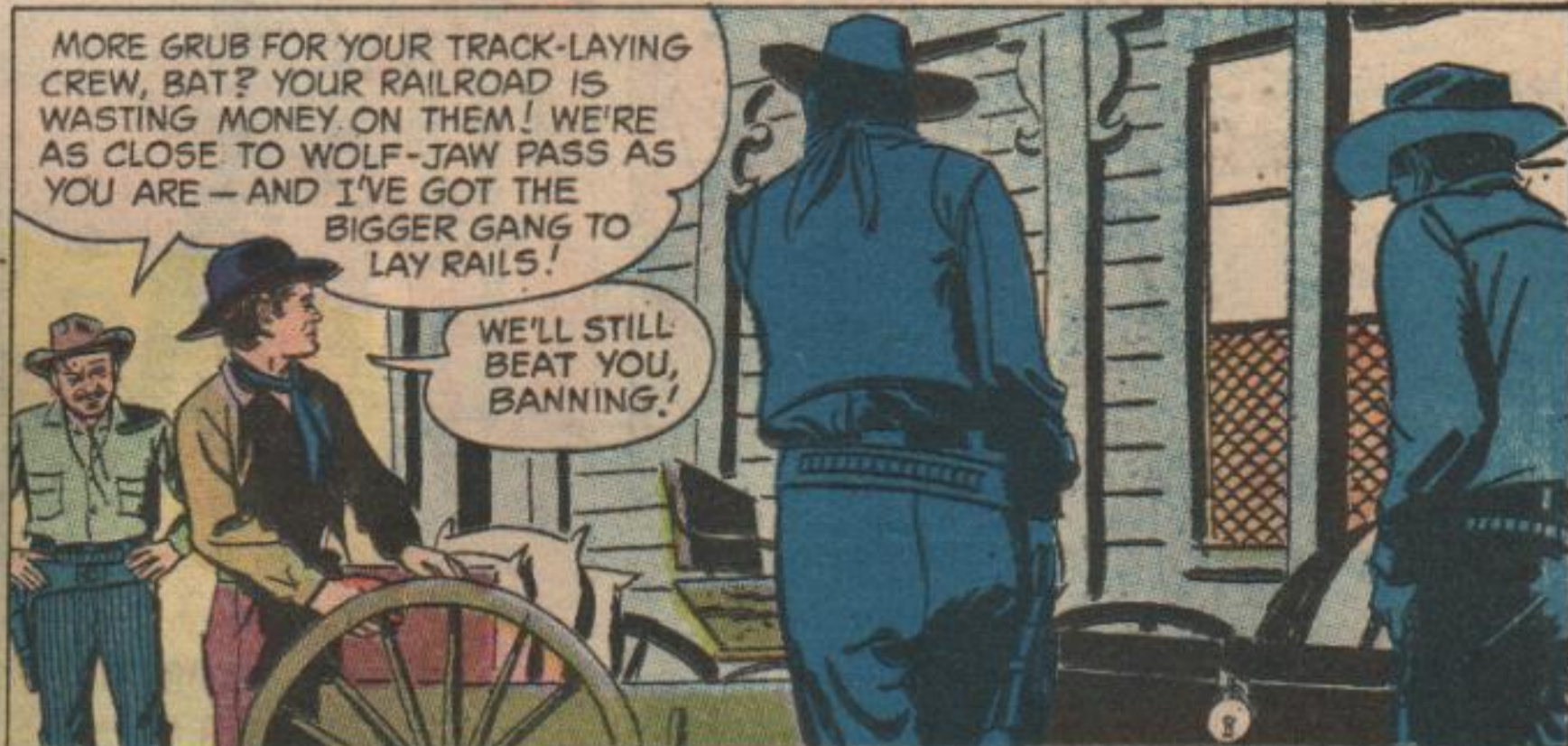
"In the cactus," Old Bob told him.

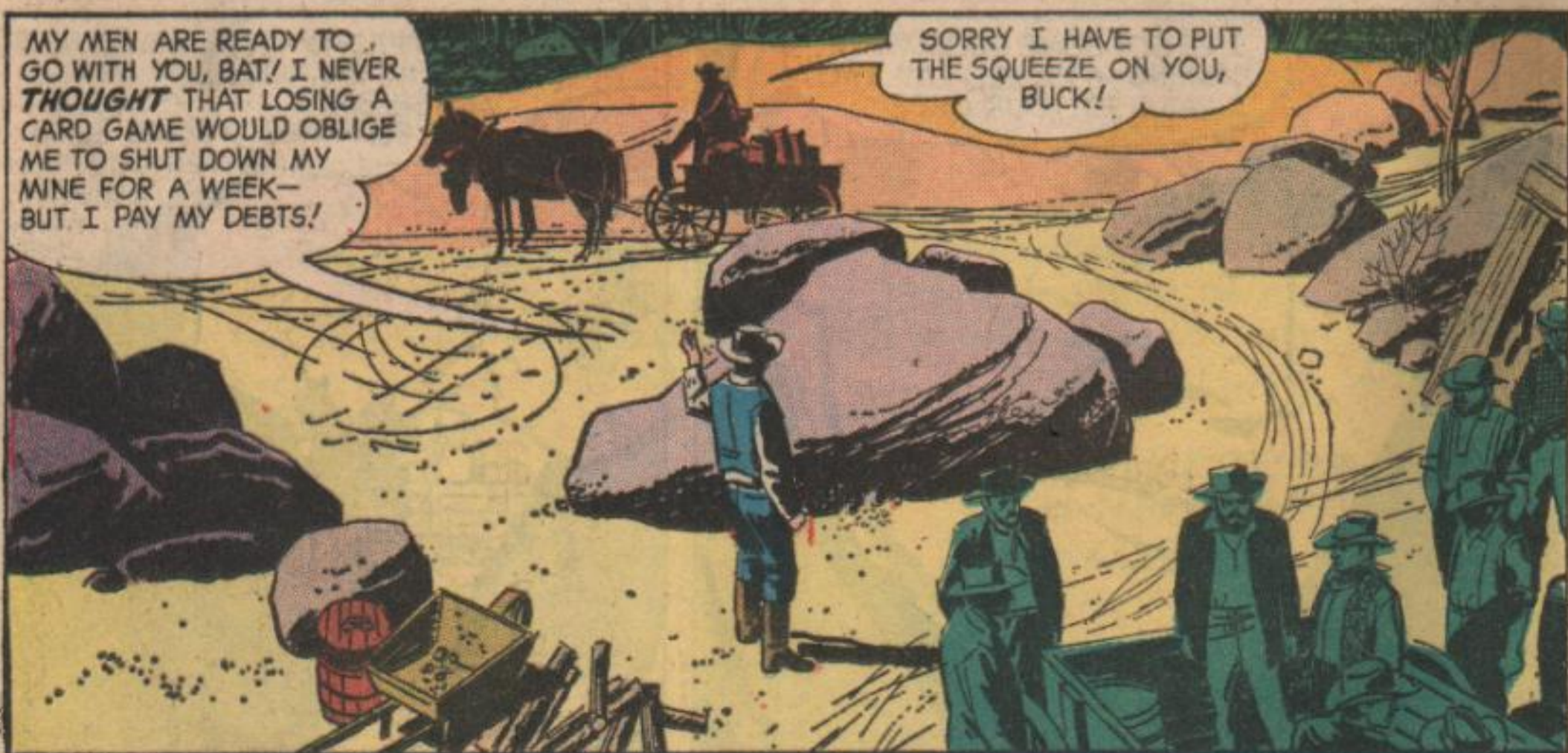
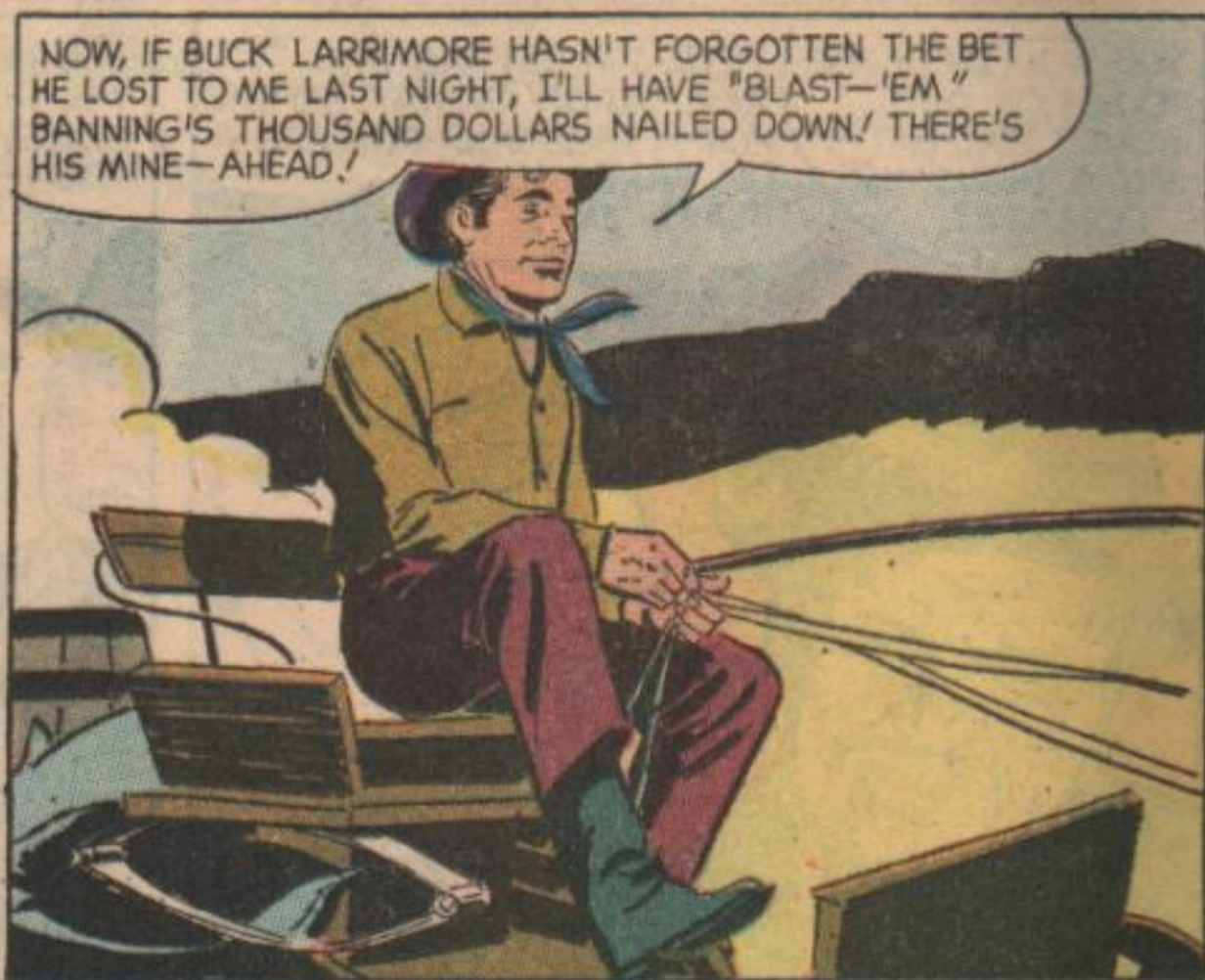
"You lie. None there. I looked."

"It's there," Old Bob said. "You have to mash the pulp with a rock. Makes a tidy bit of water in the bottom of the cactus then— But you city sharpers wouldn't know about things like that."

LONG ODDS

BAT MASTERSON, BOSSING A TRACK GANG FOR THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN AND CENTRAL RAILROAD, IS IN A RACE WITH CONSTRUCTION BOSS "BLAST-EM" BANNING—WHO IS LAYING RAILS FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION FOR THE CONTINENTAL AND WESTERN R.R... WHICHEVER RAILROAD REACHES THE PASS FIRST WINS THE RIGHT OF WAY!





PERHAPS I WON'T NEED THEM FOR A FULL WEEK, BUCK... IT DEPENDS ON HOW MUCH TROUBLE WE RUN INTO BEFORE WE REACH THE PASS! SO LONG!

LOTS OF LUCK, BAT!

AS BAT AND HIS LABORERS NEAR THE RAIL SIDING NEAREST HIS WORK CAMP, AN ENGINEER TOOTS "HELLO!"

HI-YEEE!

TOOOT TOOOT

DID YOU SET THE BRAKES ON THAT GONDOLA? IT'S DOWNGRADE TO END OF STEEL!

BRAKES ARE SET! CAN'T YOU WAIT A MINUTE FOR ME, HIGHBALL?

BAT! I JUST LEFT A LOAD OF RAILS AT END OF STEEL— AND I'M LEAVING THE GONDOLA OF FIREWOOD ON THE SIDING HERE!

OKAY, HIGHBALL!

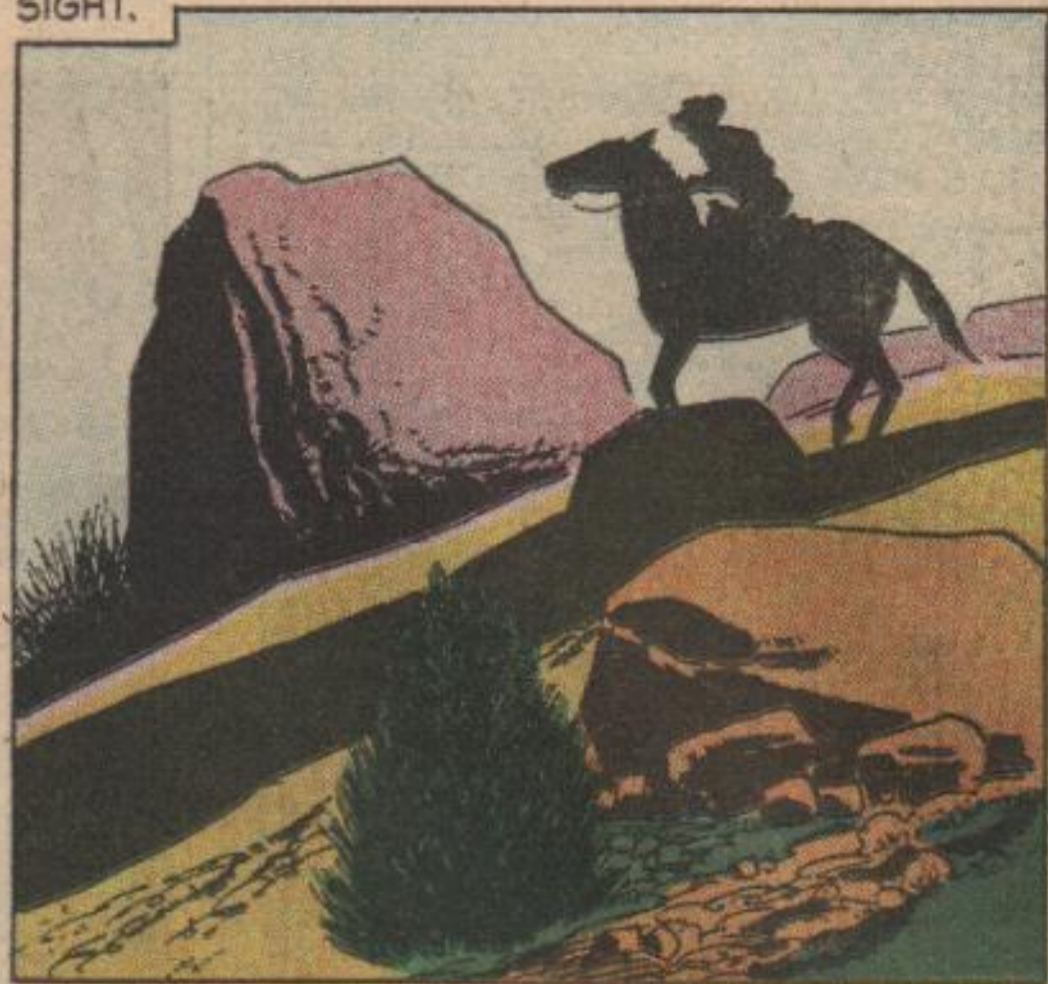
SEE YOU LATER! LUCK, BAT!

WHAT NEXT,
MR. MASTERSON?

GET BACK ON THE WAGON AND
FOLLOW ME—UH! HOLD ON!
SOMEBODY'S WATCHING US—
FROM THE RIDGE!



AS BAT SPEAKS, THE DISTANT RIDER DODGES OUT OF
SIGHT.



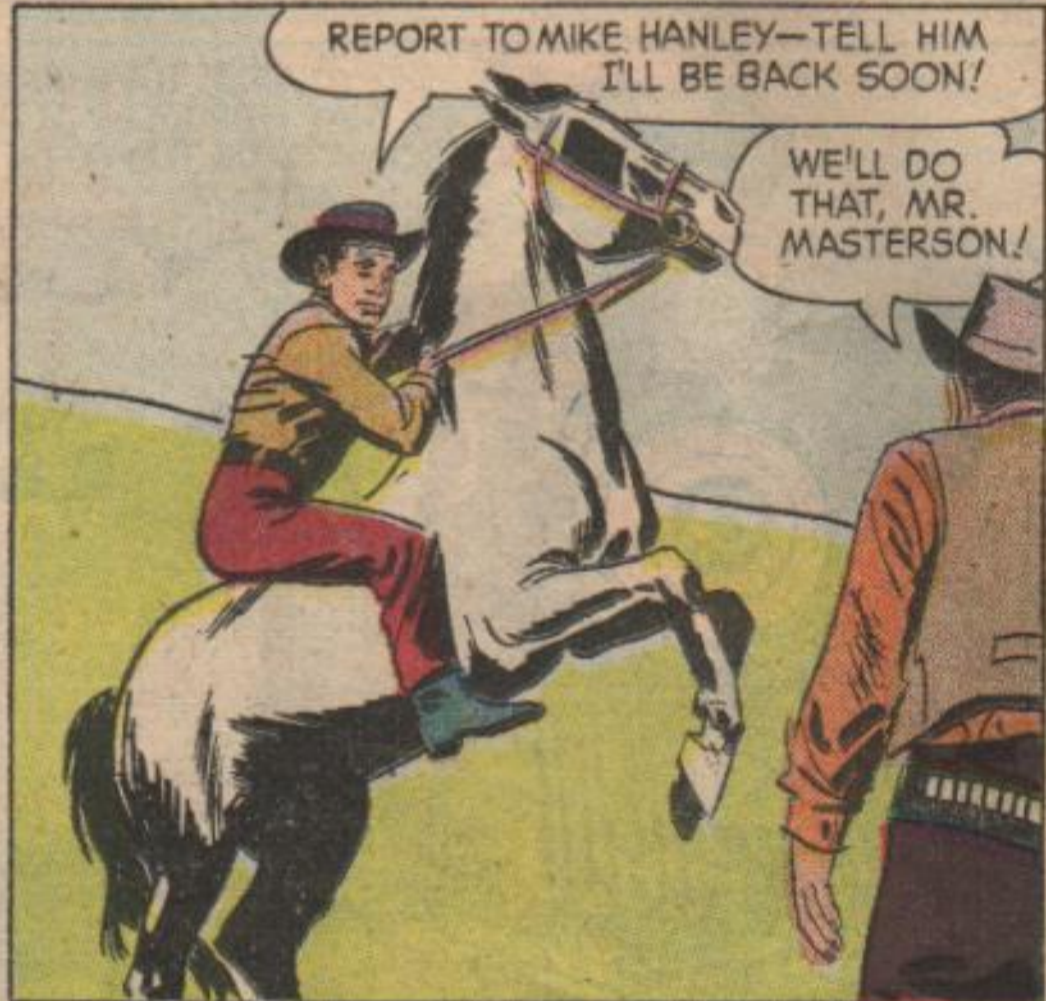
QUICK— HELP ME UNHITCH THIS
HORSE! I WANT TO TRAIL THAT
SPY! TOW MY BUCKBOARD BEHIND
YOUR MINE WAGON—DOWN TO
END OF STEEL, AND START WORK
THERE!

ALL RIGHT,
SIR!

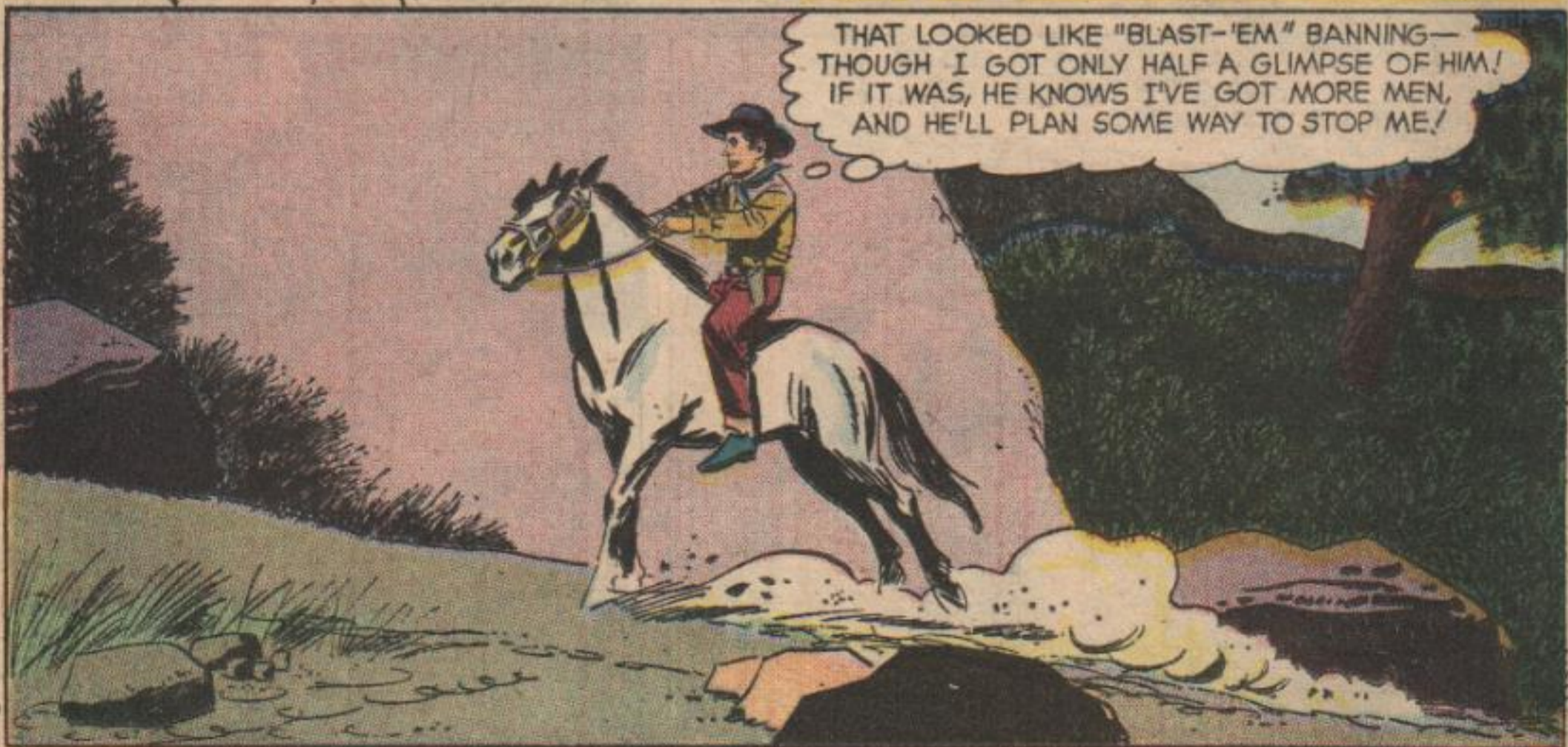


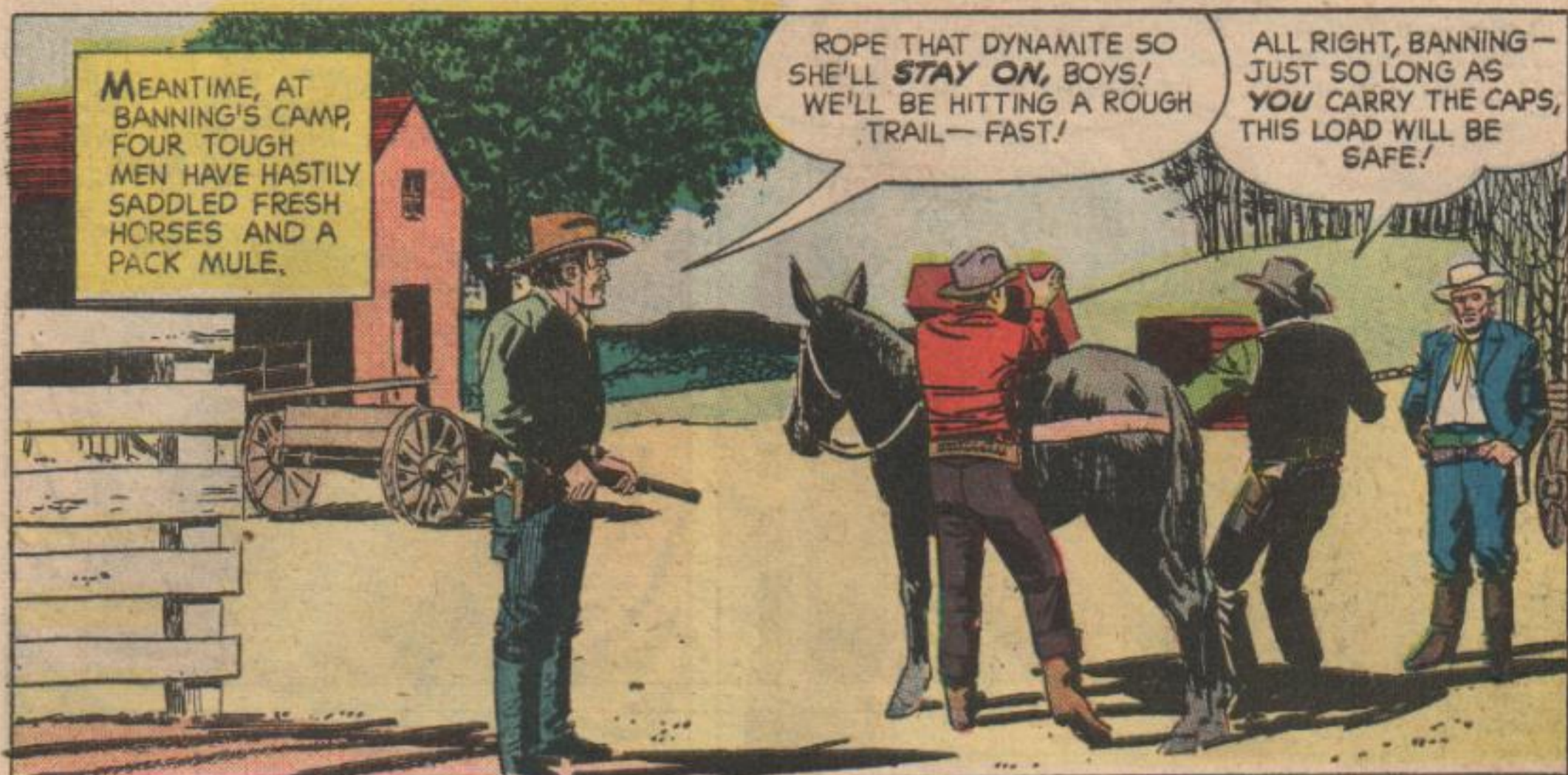
REPORT TO MIKE HANLEY—TELL HIM
I'LL BE BACK SOON!

WE'LL DO
THAT, MR.
MASTERSON!



THAT LOOKED LIKE "BLAST-'EM" BANNING—
THOUGH I GOT ONLY HALF A GLIMPSE OF HIM!
IF IT WAS, HE KNOWS I'VE GOT MORE MEN,
AND HE'LL PLAN SOME WAY TO STOP ME!



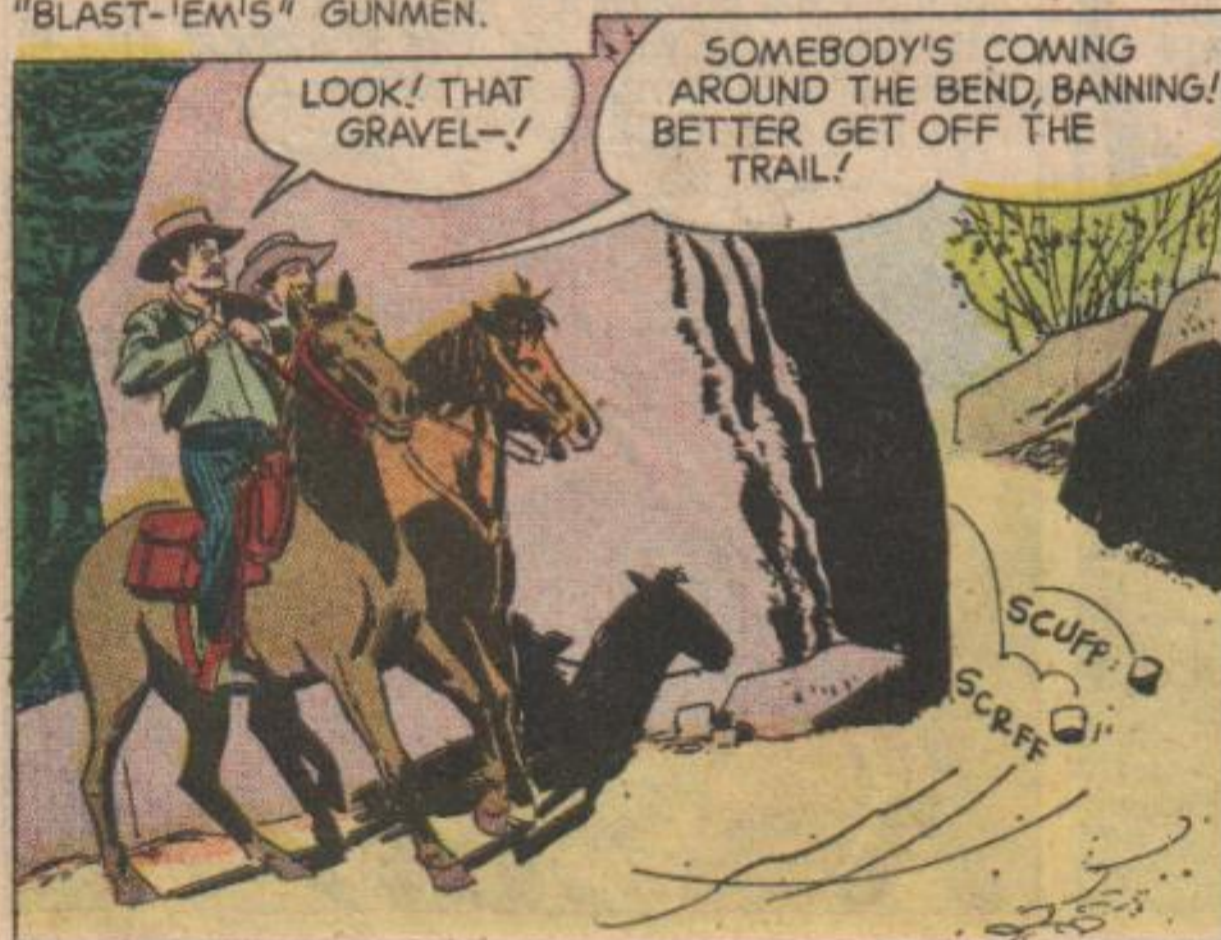


MEANTIME, AT BANNING'S CAMP, FOUR TOUGH MEN HAVE HASTILY SADDLED FRESH HORSES AND A PACK MULE.

ROPE THAT DYNAMITE SO SHE'LL **STAY ON**, BOYS! WE'LL BE HITTING A ROUGH TRAIL— FAST!

ALL RIGHT, BANNING— JUST SO LONG AS **YOU** CARRY THE CAPS, THIS LOAD WILL BE SAFE!

AN HOUR LATER, PEBBLES BOUNCE ACROSS THE TRAIL OF "BLAST-'EM'S" GUNMEN.



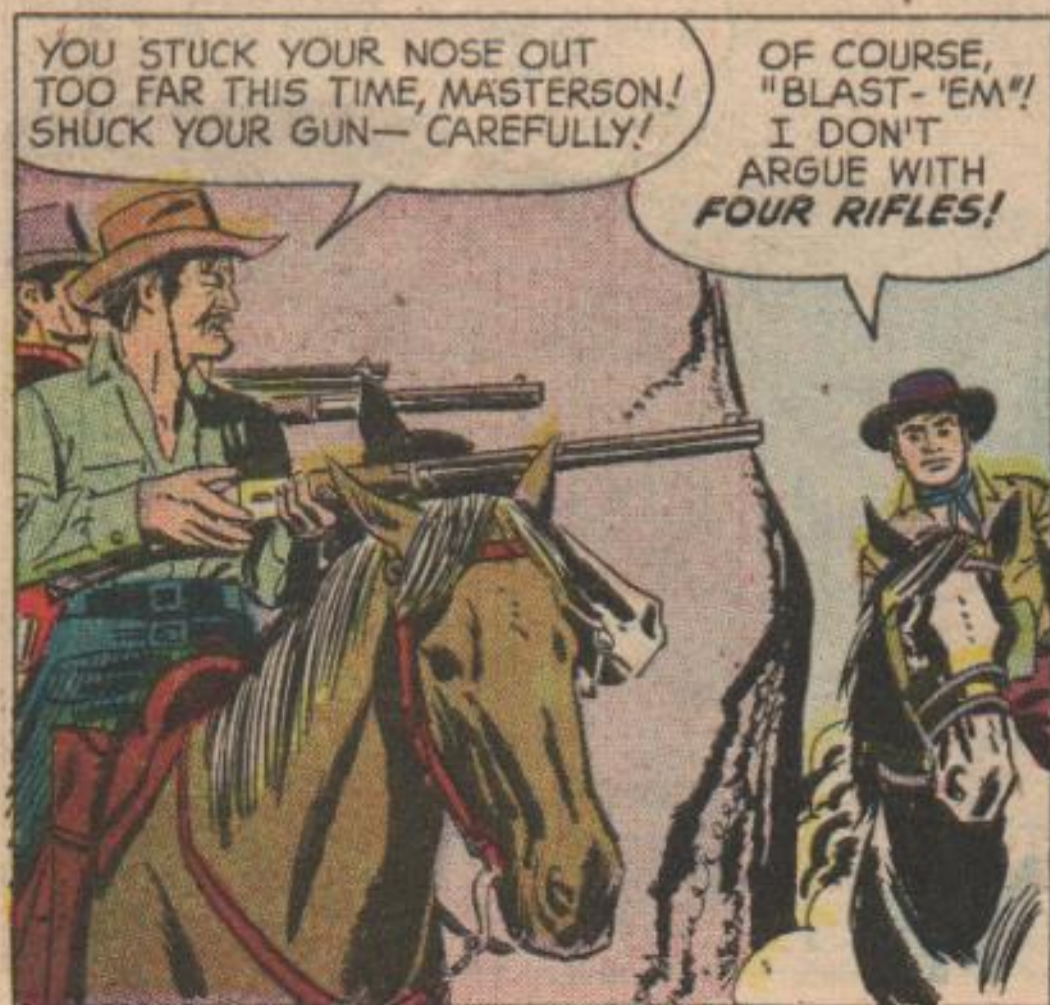
LOOK! THAT GRAVEL—!

SOMEBODY'S COMING AROUND THE BEND, BANNING! BETTER GET OFF THE TRAIL!

SCUFF! SCUFF!



BRRRRRH!



YOU STUCK YOUR NOSE OUT TOO FAR THIS TIME, MASTERSON! SHUCK YOUR GUN— CAREFULLY!

OF COURSE, "BLAST-'EM"! I DON'T ARGUE WITH **FOUR RIFLES!**



NOW CLIMB ABOARD THAT MULE— AND LIE FACE DOWN ACROSS THE LOAD! WE'LL TIE YOU SO YOU WON'T FALL OFF AND HURT YOUR LITTLE SELF!

I'M SURE YOU WILL, BANNING! YOU COULD SHOOT ME NOW— BUT YOU LIKE TO DO YOUR MURDERING IN STYLE!



MAKE THOSE KNOTS TIGHT! THIS GENT IS AS SLIPPERY AS AN EEL!

HE WON'T SLIP THIS ROPE, BOSS — NOT IF HE WAS PECOS BILL HIMSELF!



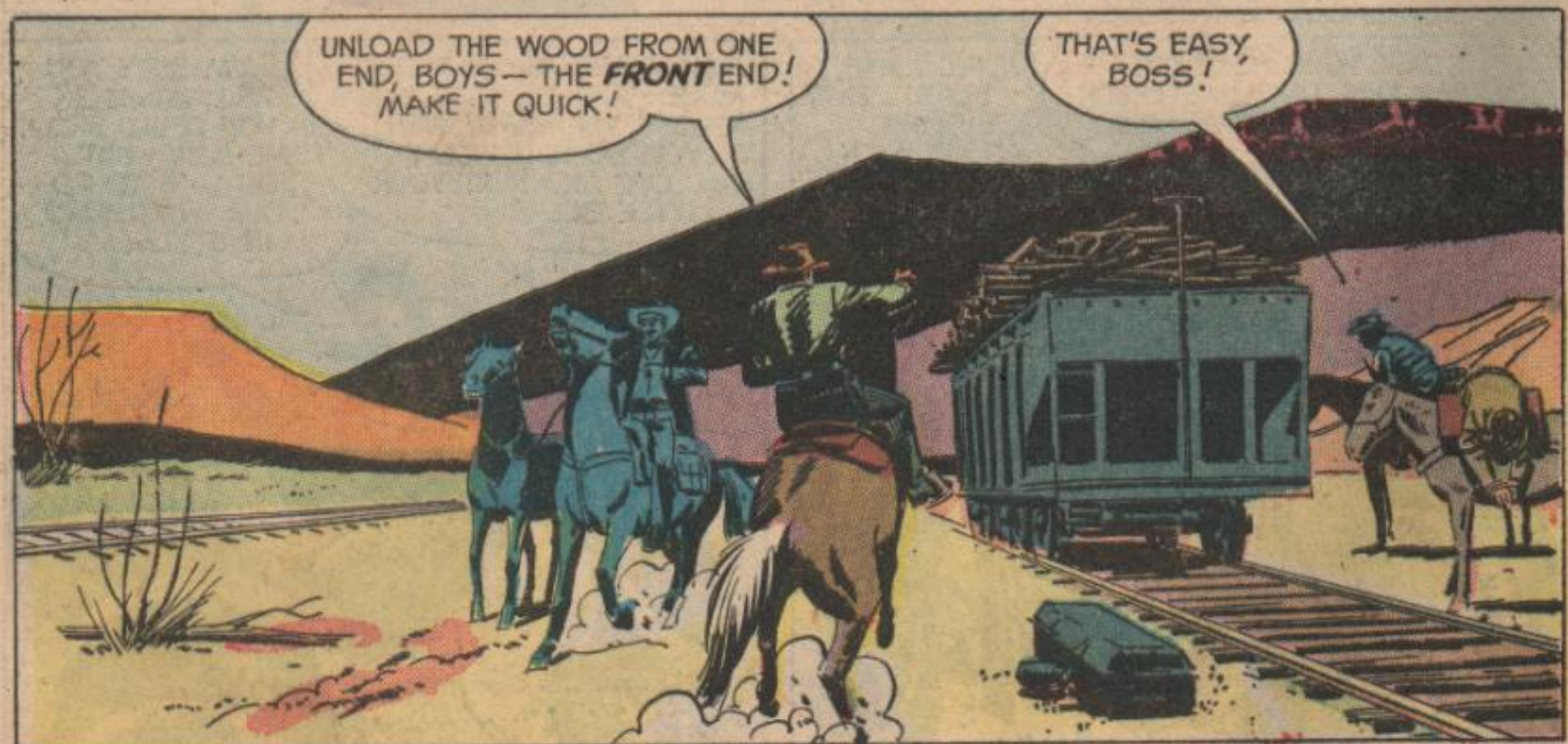
HE PROBABLY PLANS TO BLOW UP A LOT OF TRACK — OR MAYBE ONE OF OUR WORK TRAINS! HE'LL TAKE CARE THAT I DON'T LIVE TO ACCUSE HIM!



THE GONDOLA IS STILL THERE AND NOBODY IS IN SIGHT! IF OUR LUCK HOLDS FOR HALF AN HOUR THE JOB WILL BE DONE! COME ON, BOYS!



THE GONDOLA! IF THEY LOAD THE DYNAMITE ABOARD THE GONDOLA — AND START IT DOWN THE TRACK — IT WILL **HIT THE FLATCAR** OF RAILS — AND KILL ANYBODY WITHIN A HUNDRED FEET OF IT!



UNLOAD THE WOOD FROM ONE END, BOYS — THE **FRONT END**! MAKE IT QUICK!

THAT'S EASY, BOSS!



WE'RE DOWN TO
THE FLOOR, BOSS!
NOW, WHAT?

GET THE **DYNAMITE**—AND
THE **DETONATING CAPS**!
THEN BRING BAT
MASTERSON!



NOW THE CAPS—
BOTH BOXES—AND
SOME WIRE!

UH—SURE,
BOSS! BUT
BE DOGGONE
CAREFUL!



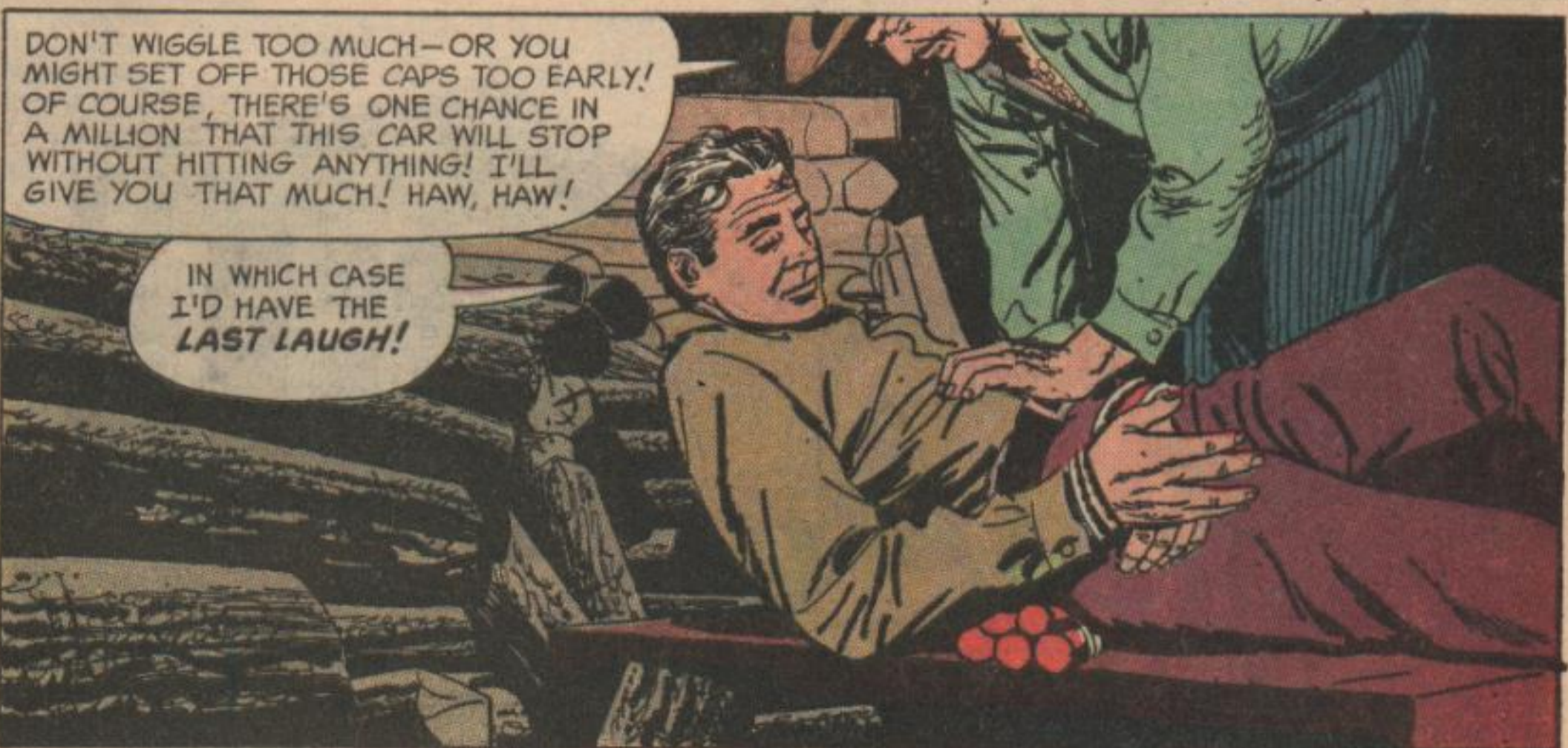
THOSE CAPS DON'T ALWAYS
NEED A LIGHTED FUSE TO
SET 'EM OFF, BOSS!
ONE GOOD JAR
WILL DO IT!

I KNOW IT! DON'T
TRY TO TEACH "BLAST-
'EM" BANNING HIS
TRADE! I'M JUST WIRING
THESE CAPS DOWN ON
THE DYNAMITE...



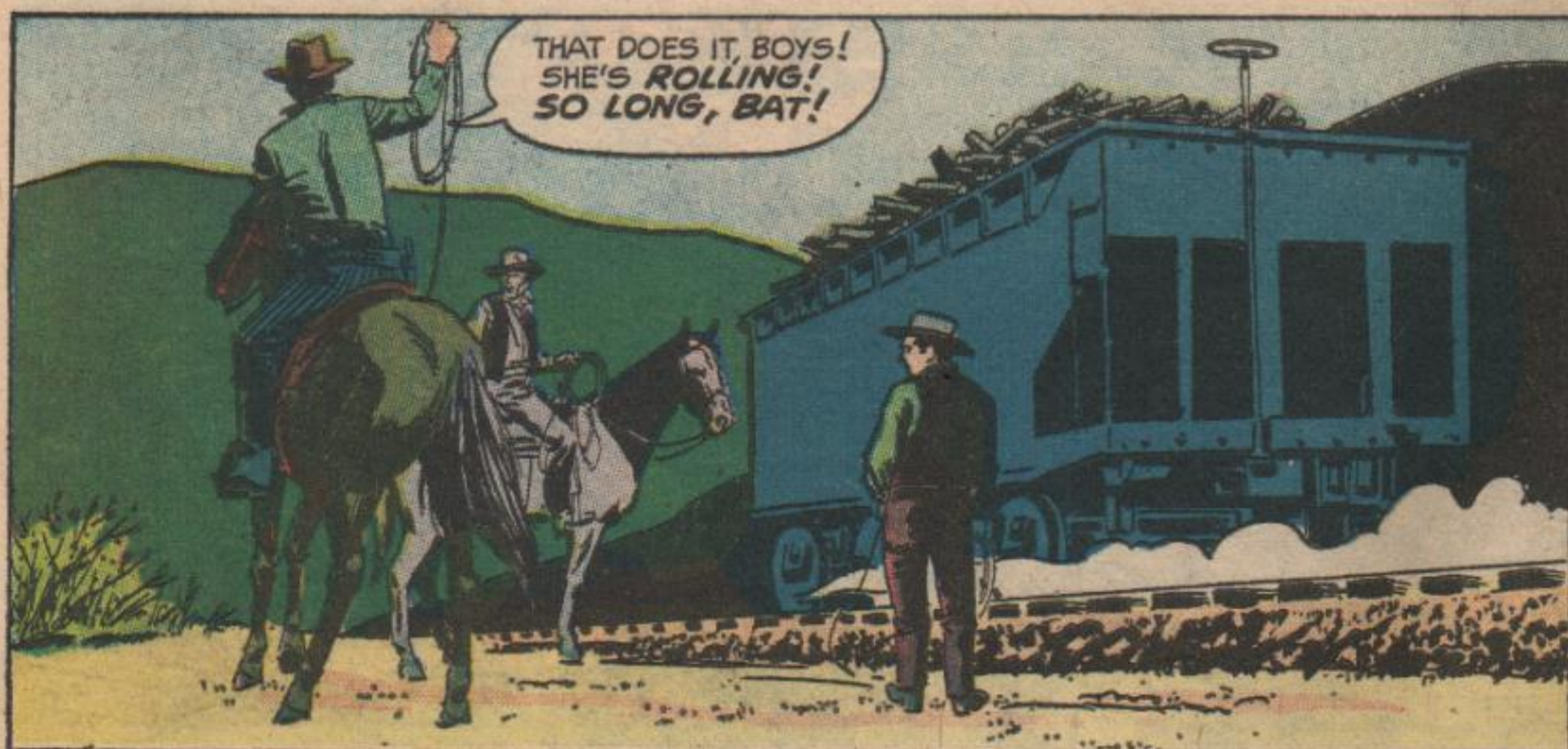
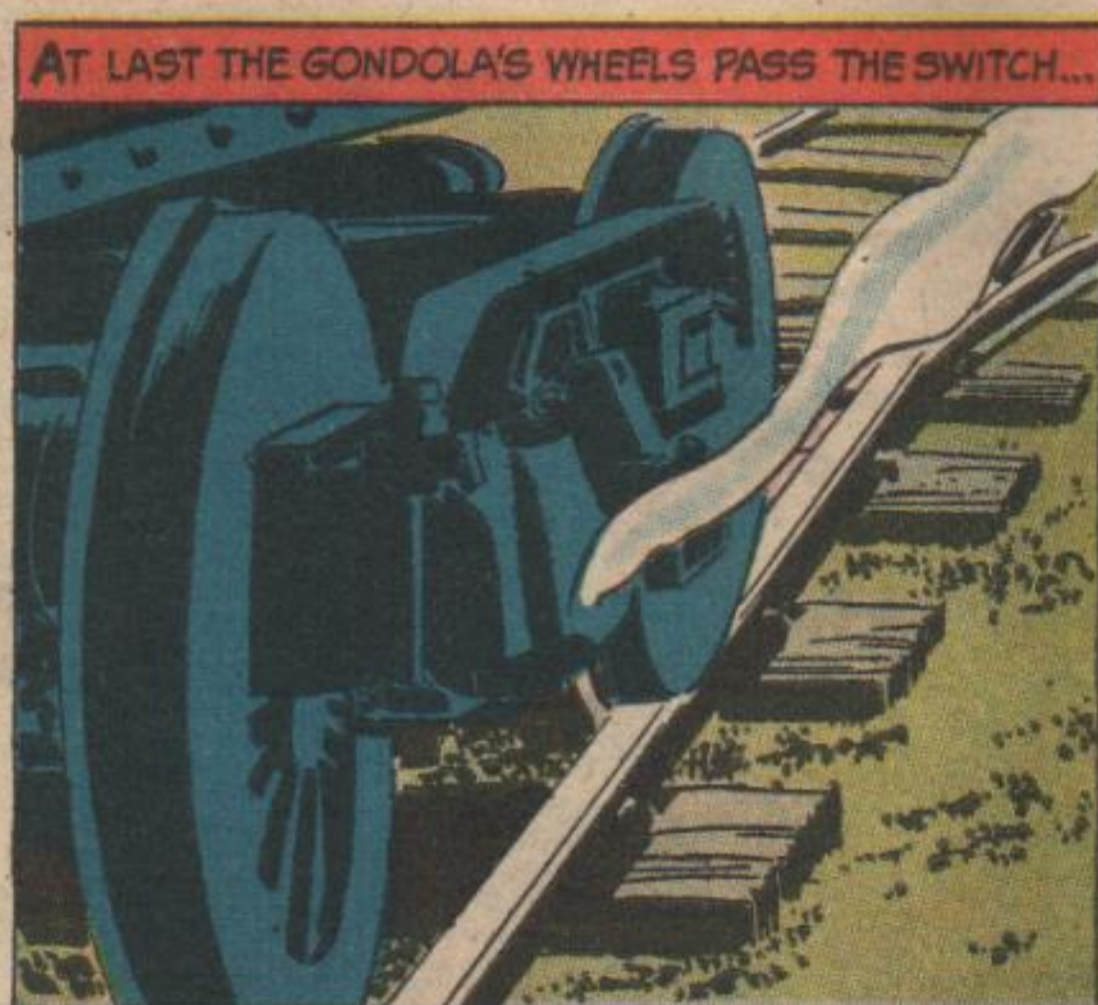
SO I'M TO KEEP
YOUR DYNAMITE
FOR THE RIDE,
"BLAST-'EM"?

WARM AND
QUIET, BAT!



DON'T WIGGLE TOO MUCH—OR YOU
MIGHT SET OFF THOSE CAPS TOO EARLY!
OF COURSE, THERE'S ONE CHANCE IN
A MILLION THAT THIS CAR WILL STOP
WITHOUT HITTING ANYTHING! I'LL
GIVE YOU THAT MUCH! HAW, HAW!

IN WHICH CASE
I'D HAVE THE
LAST LAUGH!



THERE SHE GOES! AND THERE'LL BE **NO** WITNESSES! BAT, AND WHATEVER THAT GONDOLA HITS, WILL DISAPPEAR — BLAST 'EM! AND WE'LL LAY OUR RAILS THROUGH THE PASS BEFORE THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN AND CENTRAL GETS STARTED AGAIN!

YOU SAID IT, BANNING! LET'S RIDE!

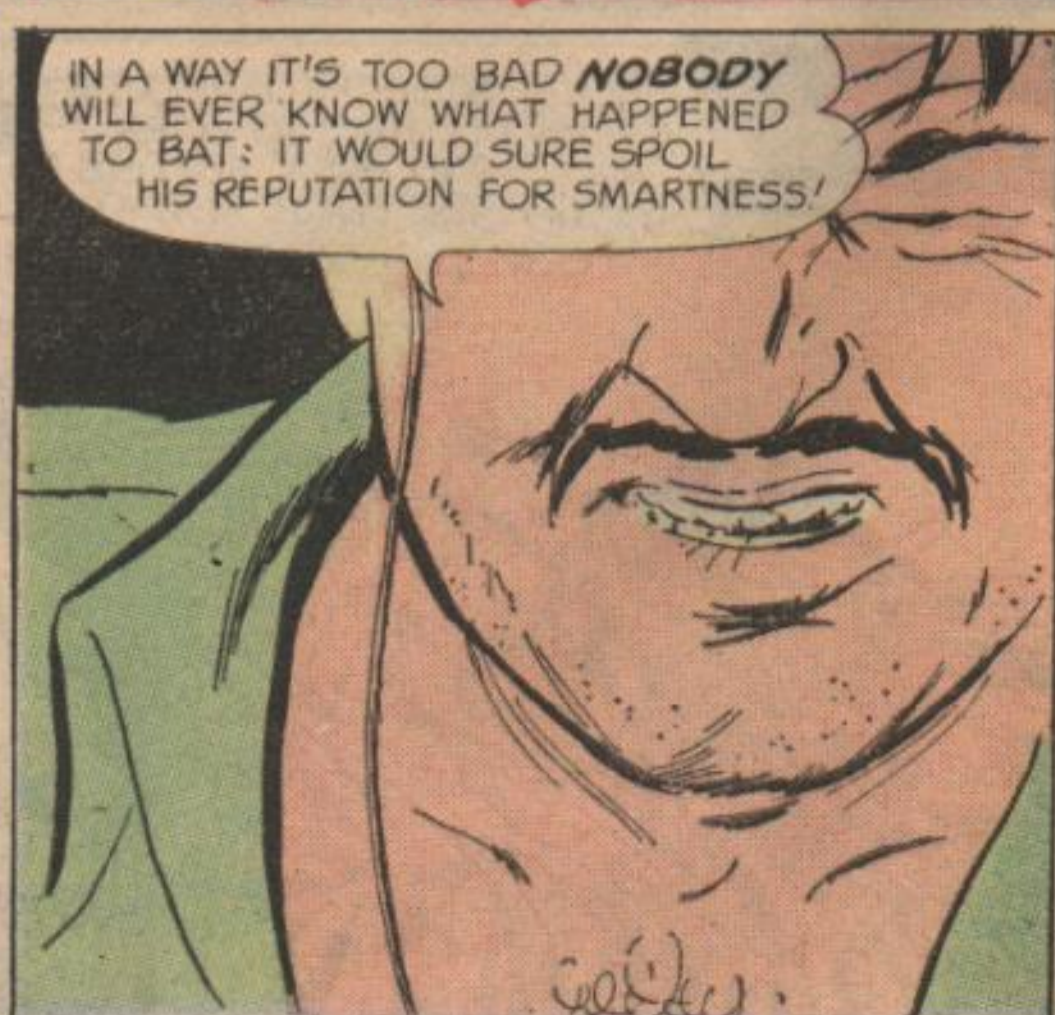
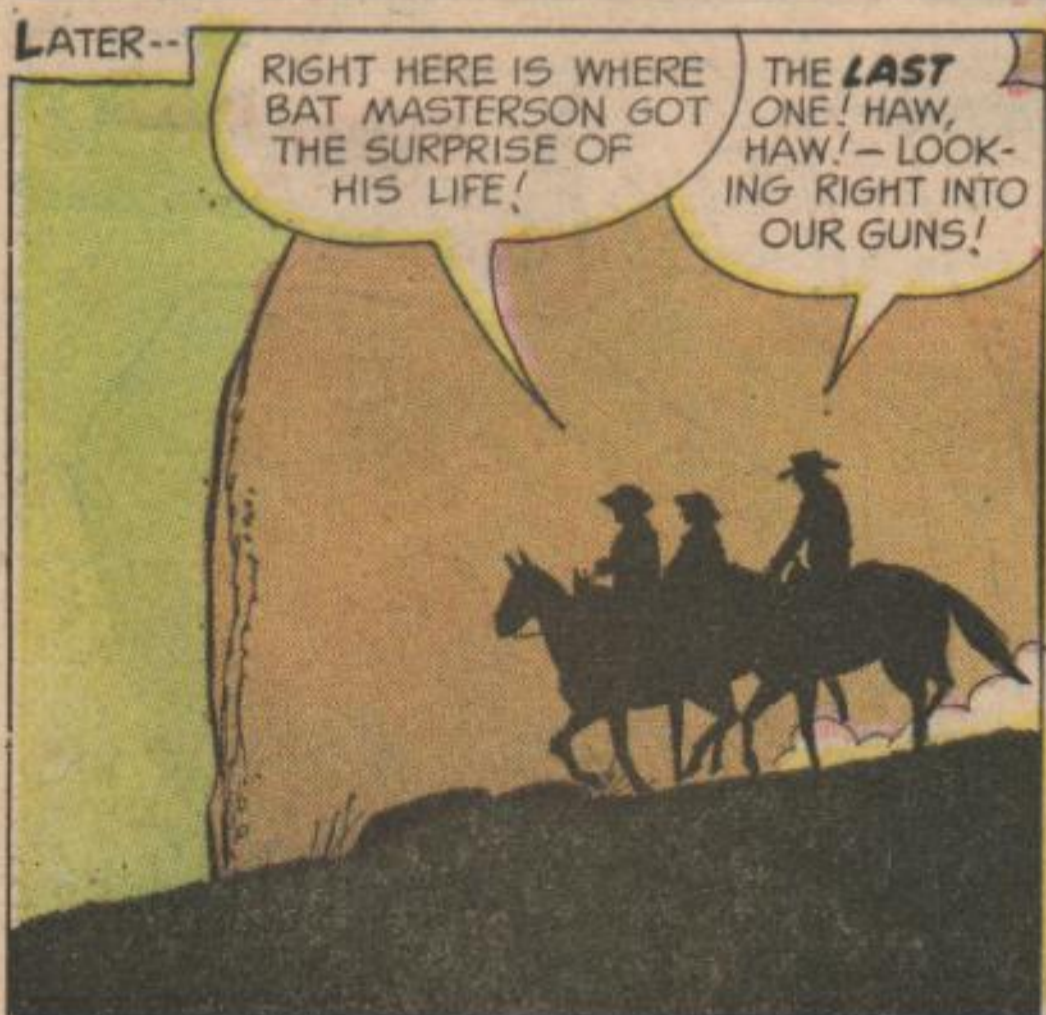
AT LEAST, THEY DIDN'T TIE ME **DOWN**! IF A CHUNK OF WOOD DOESN'T HIT THOSE CAPS — AND IT PROBABLY WILL — I MIGHT GET ON TOP BEFORE THE RIDE IS OVER... **UGH!**

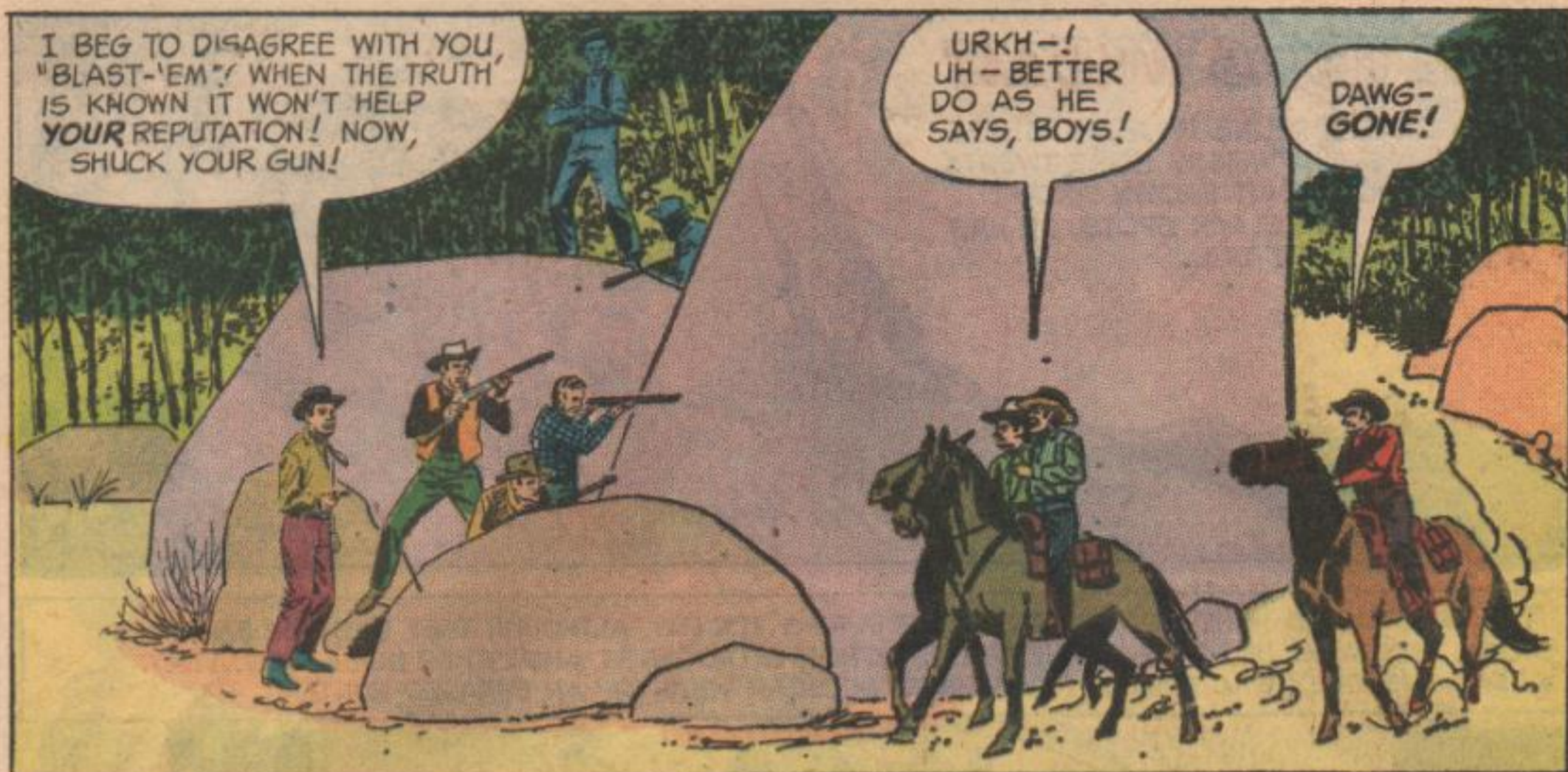
SLOWLY BAT IMPROVES HIS POSITION --

I'VE BEEN COUNTING THE JOINTS IN THE RAILS AS THE WHEELS PASSED OVER THEM... I HAVEN'T **MUCH MORE TIME** — BUT ANY **QUICK MOVE** WILL SET THIS BLAST OFF!

I THOUGHT SO! CAMP IS IN SIGHT... AND THE FLATCAR IS ON THE TRACK!

THEY'RE STILL UNLOADING THE RAILS! I'LL HAVE TO WARN THEM — AND **RISK** SETTING OFF THE BLAST NOW —!





THE TEXAS WILDCAT

THIS CRAFTY FELINE IS ABOUT THREE FEET LONG AND WEIGHS SOME TWENTY POUNDS. CHESTNUT BROWN AND SPRINKLED WITH BLACK SPOTS, HE HAS A SHORT, BUSHY TAIL.



TEXAS WILDCATS HUNT AT NIGHT AND SLEEP DURING THE DAY. ALTHOUGH THEY DESTROY BARNYARD STOCK, THEY MAKE UP FOR IT BY THEIR DESTRUCTION OF RODENTS AND OTHER NUISANCES. VERY AUDACIOUS, THEY WILL SEIZE A FALLEN BIRD IN CLEAR VIEW OF AN ENRAGED HUNTER.



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