

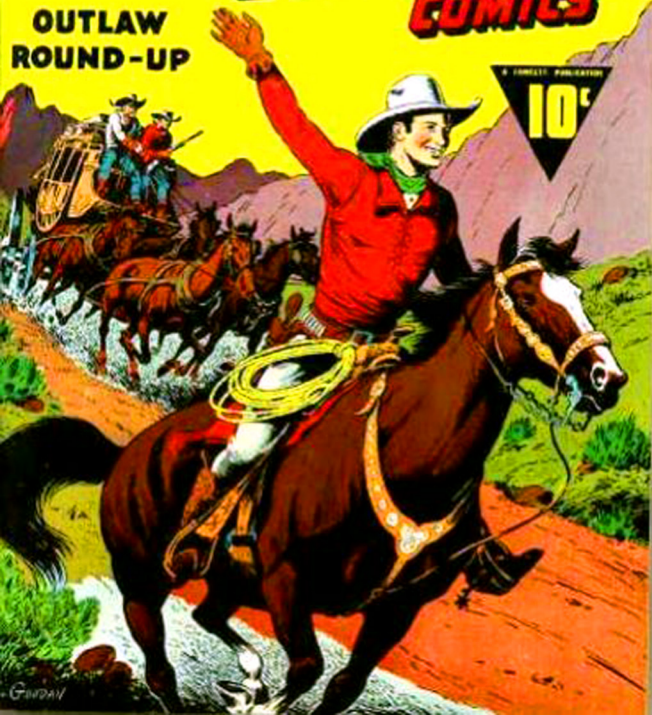
No. 6—March 10

GENE AUTRY

COMICS

**OUTLAW
ROUND-UP**

A COMICS PUBLICATION
10¢



GENE AUTRY

in

Outlaw ROUNDUP

RECEIVING WORD THAT
RANCHER RUSTY WAYNE
KNOWS SOMETHING
ABOUT THE FANCHER
GANG'S HIDE-OUT, GENE
AUTRY SPURS TOWARD
THE R-HANGING W

WAYNE'S SPREAD LIES
JUST OVER THIS RISE,
CHAMP! I SURE HOPE
THIS ISN'T ANOTHER
WILD GOOSE CHASE!

GUNSHOTS! SOUNDS LIKE
WAYNE MIGHT BE HAVIN'
TROUBLE!

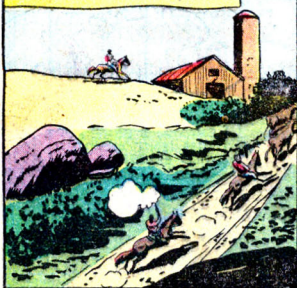
GOT HIM,
WASHER!

YEOW!

WHERE'D THAT
GENT COME
FROM?

SEARCH ME!
HOLD HIM OFF
TILL I GIT
THESE CRITTERS
OUT O' HERE!

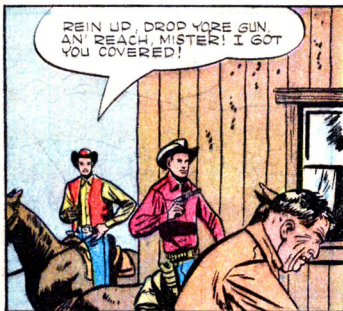
JOE RETURNS GENE'S FIRE.



AND GENE'S GUN ANSWERS.



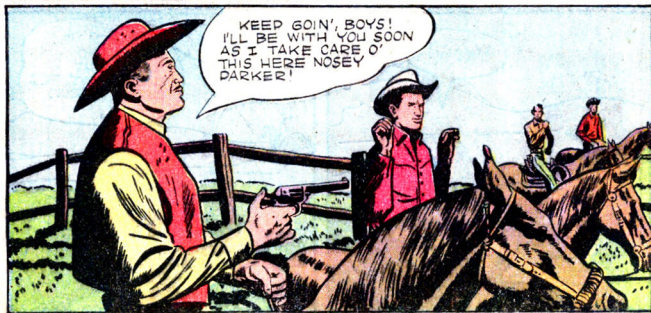
REIN UP, DROP YO'RE GUN,
AN' REACH, MISTER! I GOT
YOU COVERED!



AUTRY! WELL NOW, IF
THIS AIN'T JEST,
SWELL!

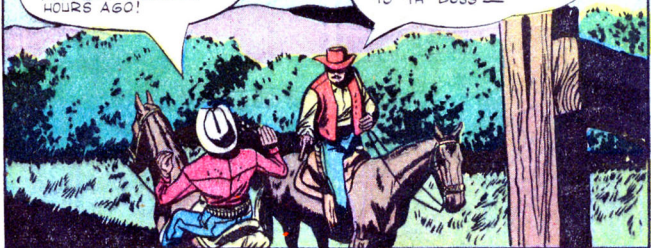


KEEP GOIN', BOYS!
I'LL BE WITH YOU SOON
AS I TAKE CARE O'
THIS HERE NOSEY
DARKER!



I'VE GOT BAD NEWS FOR YOU, DAKOTA! YOUR BOYS MUFFED THAT TRAIN ROBBERY A COUPLA HOURS AGO!

I KNOW! I WAS THERE! FIGGERED WE OUGHTA TAKE **SOMETHIN'** BACK TO TH' BOSS —

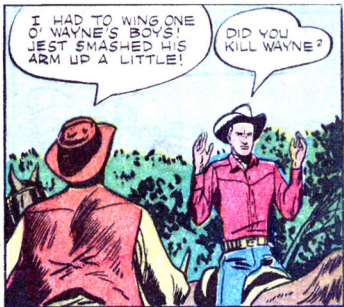


SO ME'N TH' BOYS DECIDED TO BORRY A FEW O' WAYNE'S COWS! THAT BEEF TASTES MIGHTY GOOD WHEN IT AIN'T PAID FER!

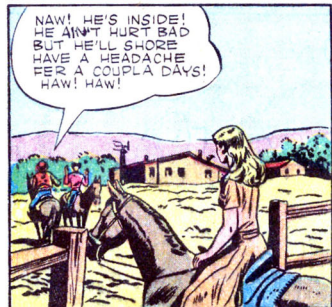


I HAD TO WING ONE O' WAYNE'S BOYS! JEST SMASHED HIS ARM UP A LITTLE!

DID YOU KILL WAYNE?



NAW! HE'S INSIDE! HE AIN'T HURT BAD BUT HE'LL SHORE HAVE A HEADACHE FER A COUPLA DAYS! HAW! HAW!



GOOD GRIEF! GENE AUTRY WITH HIS HANDS UP! SOMEBODY'S HOLDIN' A GUN ON HIM!



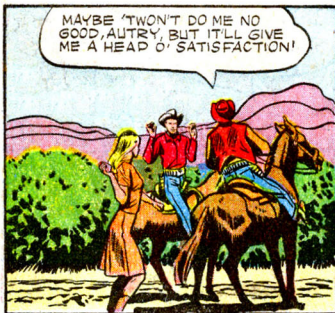
WELL, I GOTTA BE
MOSEYIN', AUTRY!
GOT ANY LAST
WORDS?



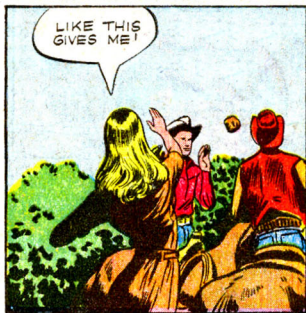
YES, WHAT GOOD WILL
IT DO YOU TO KILL ME?



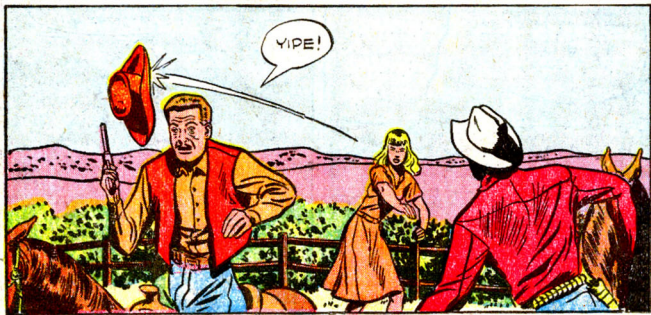
MAYBE 'TWO'N'T DO ME NO
GOOD, AUTRY, BUT IT'LL GIVE
ME A HEAD O' SATISFACTION!



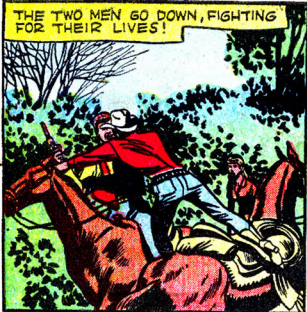
LIKE THIS
GIVES ME!



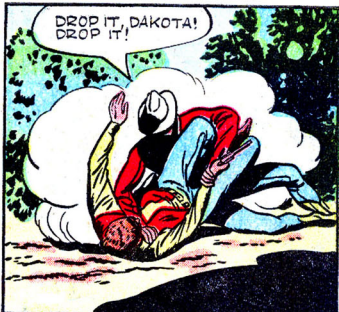
YIPE!



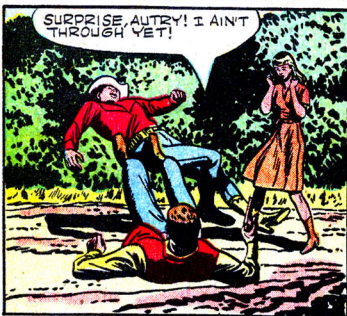
THE TWO MEN GO DOWN, FIGHTING
FOR THEIR LIVES!



DROP IT, DAKOTA!
DROP IT!



SURPRISE, AUNTIE! I AIN'T
THROUGH YET!



FACT IS, YOU'RE TH' ONE
THAT'S ALL FINISHED!



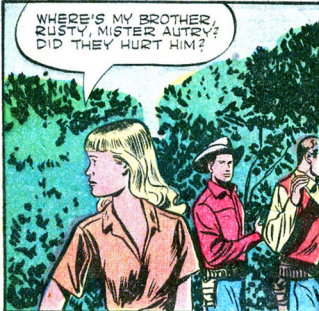
DON'T SQUEEZE THAT TRIGGER,
MISTER, OR I'LL LET DAYLIGHT
THROUGH YOU!



THANKS, POLLY! I GUESS
DAKOTA 'WON'T BE NEEDIN'
THIS GUN ANY MORE!



WHERE'S MY BROTHER,
RUSTY, MISTER AUTRY?
DID THEY HURT HIM?



THIS COVOTE TALKED LIKE
RUSTY WAYNE'S BEEN
KNOCKED OUT!

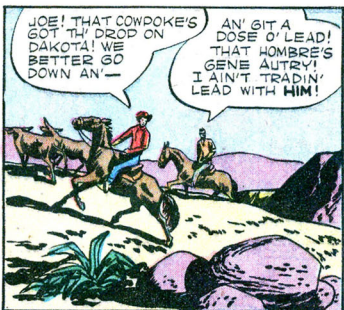


I'LL BE IN AS SOON AS I TIE
UP THIS ORNERY HIGHBINDER!



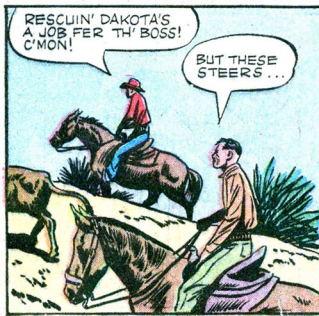
JOE! THAT COWDOKE'S
GOT TH' DROP ON
DAKOTA! WE
BETTER GO
DOWN AN'—

AN' GIT A
DOSE O' LEAD!
THAT HOMBRE'S
GENE AUTRY!
I AIN'T TRADIN'
LEAD WITH HIM!

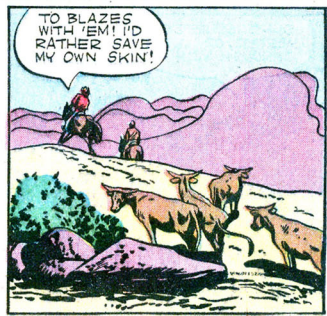


RESCUIN' DAKOTA'S
A JOB FER TH' BOSS!
C'MON!

BUT THESE
STEERS...



TO BLAZES
WITH 'EM! I'D
RATHER SAVE
MY OWN SKIN!



YOU'LL NEVER
TURN ME OVER
TO TH' LAW,
AUTRY! MY
BOYS'LL BE
BACK AN'—

DON'T BET ON IT!
THEY LIT OUT FROM
TH' RIDGE A COUPLA
MINUTES AGO...
WITHOUT TH' STEERS!

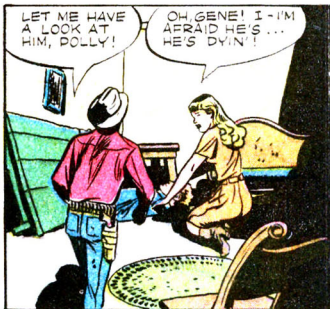
RECKON I'LL LOCK UP,
THOUGH! JUST IN CASE!



RUSTY! RUSTY! SPEAK
TO ME! DON'T DIE!
PLEASE!

LET ME HAVE
A LOOK AT
HIM, POLLY!

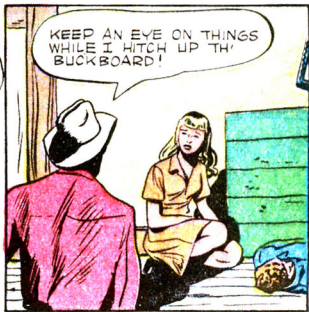
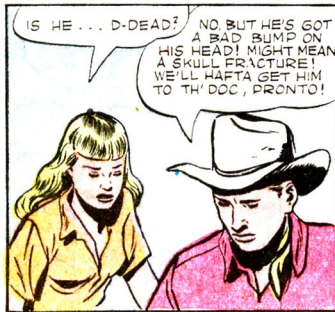
OH, GENE! I—I'M
AFRAID HE'S...
HE'S DYIN'!



IS HE... D-DEAD?

NO, BUT HE'S GOT
A BAD BUMP ON
HIS HEAD! MIGHT MEAN
A SKULL FRACTURE!
WE'LL HAFTA GET HIM
TO TH' DOC, PRONTO!

KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS
WHILE I HITCH UP TH'
BUCKBOARD!



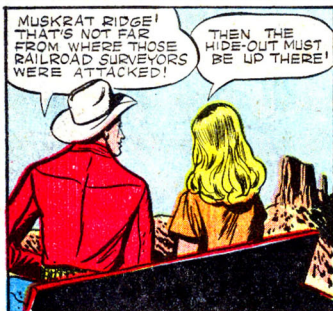
HOW RUSTY TELL
YOU ANYTHING
ABOUT GETTIN'
A LEAD TO KING
FANCHER'S
HIDE-OUT, POLLY?

NO, BUT I HAVEN'T TALKED TO
HIM SINCE MIDMORNING,
WHEN HE WENT OUT TO
HUNT STRAYS OVER AT
MUSKRAT RIDGE!

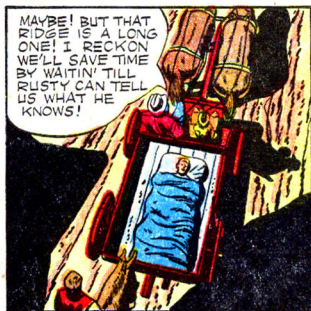


MUSKRAT RIDGE!
THAT'S NOT FAR
FROM WHERE THOSE
RAILROAD SURVEYORS
WERE ATTACKED!

THEN THE
HIDE-OUT MUST
BE UP THERE!



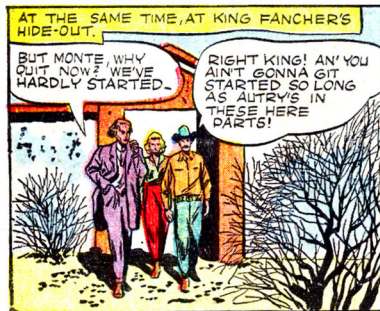
MAYBE! BUT THAT
RIDGE IS A LONG
ONE! I RECKON
WE'LL SAVE TIME
BY WAITIN' TILL
RUSTY CAN TELL
US WHAT HE
KNOWS!



AT THE SAME TIME, AT KING FANCHER'S
HIDE-OUT.

BUT MONTE, WHY
QUIT NOW? WE'VE
HARDLY STARTED.

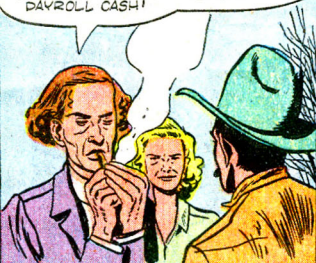
RIGHT KING! AN' YOU
AIN'T GONNA GIT
STARTED SO LONG
AS ALTRY'S IN
THESE HERE
PARTS!



HE'S BAD MEDICINE! AN'
HE'S PUT A JINX ON YOU,
KING! IF YOU'RE SMART,
YOU'LL CLEAR OUT LIKE
ME'N TH' BOYS'RE
GONNA DO!



STAY, MONTE, AND I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER TWO THOUSAND! AS SOON AS THE BOYS GET BACK WITH THE RAILROAD PAYROLL CASH!



YOU WON'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT, MONTE! THERE'S JOE AN' HASHER NOW! THE OTHERS'RE PROBABLY CLOSE BEHIND!



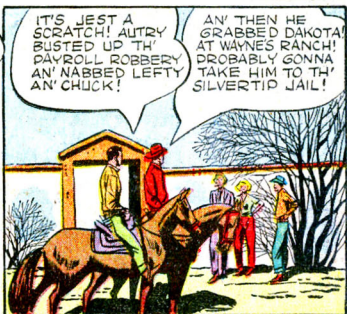
HEY, BOSS! ROUND UP TH' BOYS! WE GOTTA WORK FAST!

JOE! YOU'RE HURT! WHAT WENT WRONG?



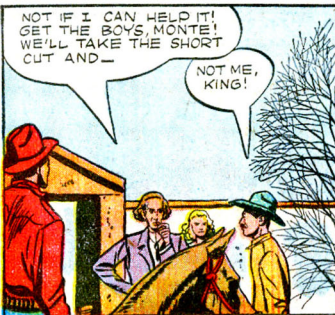
IT'S JEST A SCRATCH! AUTRY BUSTED UP TH' PAYROLL ROBBERY AN' NABBED LEFTY AN' CHUCK!

AN' THEN HE GRABBED DAKOTA! AT WAYNES RANCH! PROBABLY GONNA TAKE HIM TO TH' SILVERTIP JAIL!



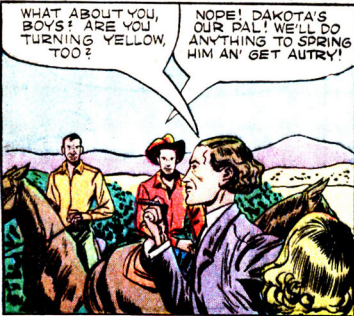
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! GET THE BOYS, MONTE! WE'LL TAKE THE SHORT CUT AND—

NOT ME, KING!



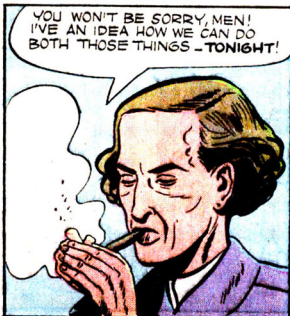
I'LL GIT TH BOYS ALL RIGHT! BUT WE AIN'T HEADIN' NO PLACE BUT BACK TO TH' CHEROKEE STRIP!



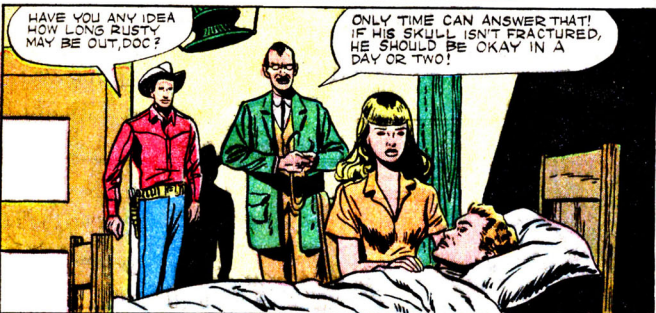


WHAT ABOUT YOU, BOYS? ARE YOU TURNING YELLOW, TOO?

NOPE! DAKOTA'S OUR PAL! WE'LL DO ANYTHING TO SPRING HIM AN' GET AUTRY!



YOU WON'T BE SORRY, MEN! I'VE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN DO BOTH THOSE THINGS - TONIGHT!



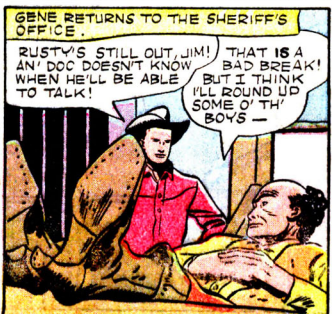
HAVE YOU ANY IDEA HOW LONG RUSTY MAY BE OUT, DOC?

ONLY TIME CAN ANSWER THAT! IF HIS SKULL ISN'T FRACTURED, HE SHOULD BE OKAY IN A DAY OR TWO!



LET ME KNOW THE MINUTE HE COMES TO! I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS TO ASK HIM!

RIGHT, GENE!



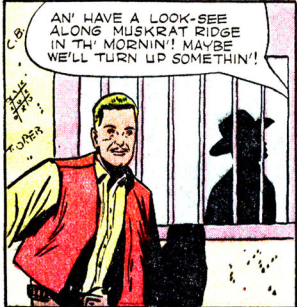
GENE RETURNS TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

RUSTY'S STILL OUT, JIM! AN' DOC DOESN'T KNOW WHEN HE'LL BE ABLE TO TALK!

THAT IS A BAD BREAK! BUT I THINK I'LL ROUND UP SOME O' TH' BOYS -

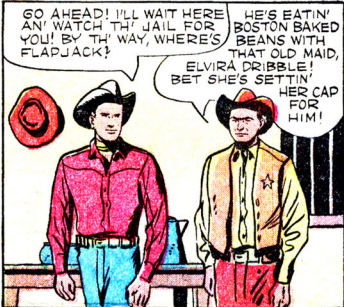
C.B.
TOWER

AN' HAVE A LOOK-SEE
ALONG MUSKRAT RIDGE
IN TH' MORNIN'! MAYBE
WE'LL TURN UP SOMETHIN'!



GO AHEAD! I'LL WAIT HERE
AN' WATCH TH' JAIL FOR
YOU! BY TH' WAY, WHERE'S
FLAPJACK?

HE'S EATIN'
BOSTON BAKED
BEANS WITH
THAT OLD MAID,
ELVIRA DRIBBLE!
BET SHE'S SETTIN'
HER CAP
FOR HIM!

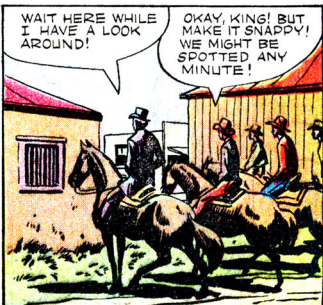


A LOT O' GOOD IT'LL DO
HER! FLAPJACK'S SO
SCARED O' MATRIMONY,
JUST MENTIONIN' IT
GIVES HIM TH' SHAKES!



WAIT HERE WHILE
I HAVE A LOOK
AROUND!

OKAY, KING! BUT
MAKE IT SNAPPY!
WE MIGHT BE
SPOTTED ANY
MINUTE!

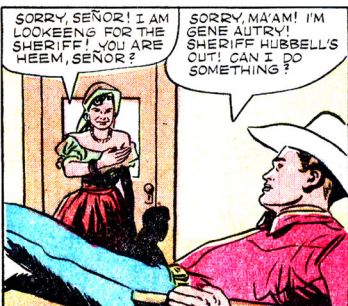


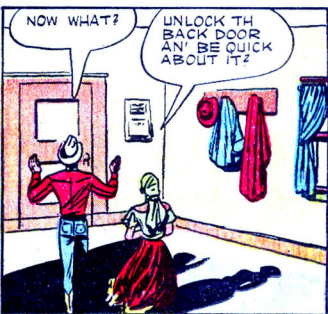
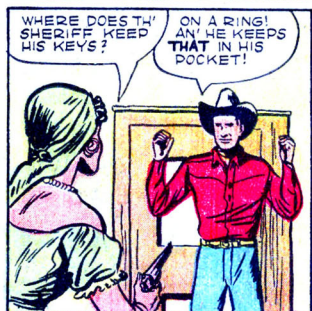
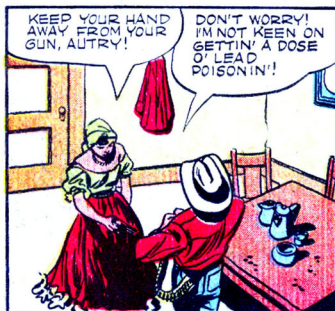
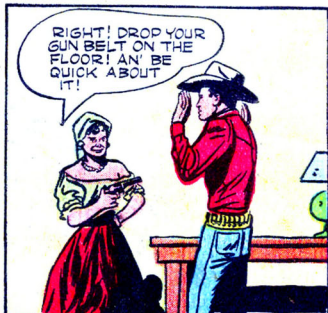
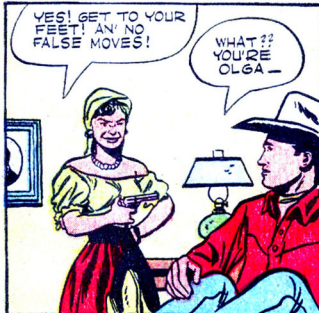
AUTRY! LOOKS LIKE
HE'S ALONE, TOO!
THIS IS LUCK!

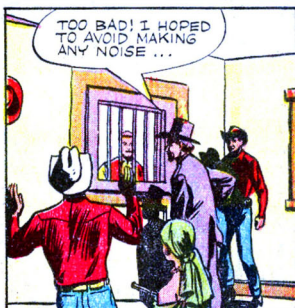
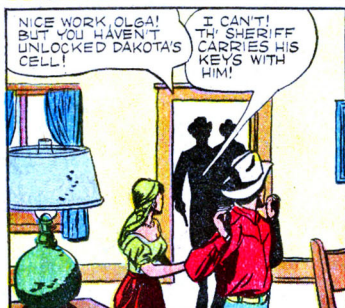


SORRY, SEÑOR! I AM
LOOKEENG FOR THE
SHERIFF! YOU ARE
HEEM, SEÑOR?

SORRY, MA'AM! I'M
GENE AUTRY!
SHERIFF HUBBELL'S
OUT! CAN I DO
SOMETHING?







OKAY! BUT
HURRY!

IT WON'T TAKE
FOUR SECONDS,
BOSS!

WHAT IN
BLAZES!

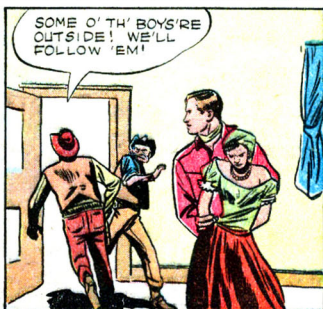
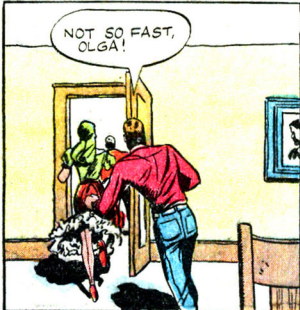
AS OLGA WHIRLS ON FLAPJACK, KING
FANCHER DASHES FOR THE DOOR.

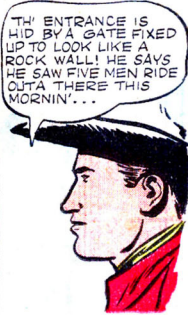
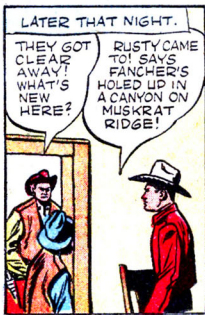
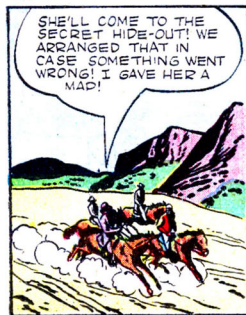
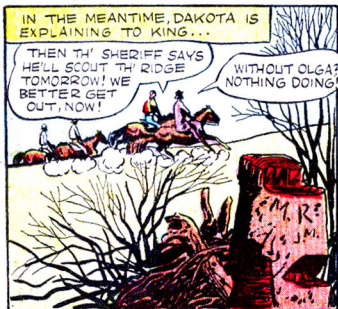
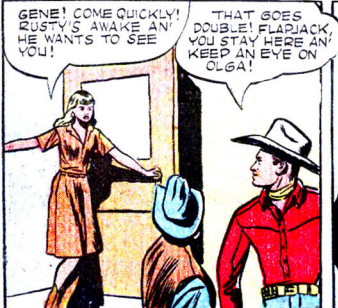
GENE TRIES TO STOP FANCHER.

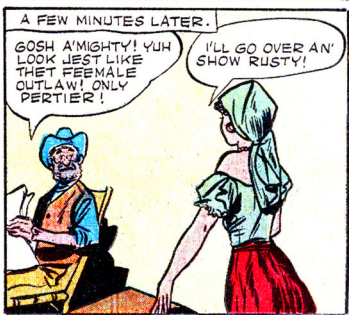
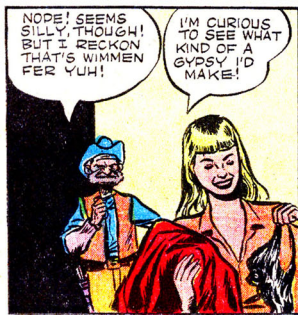
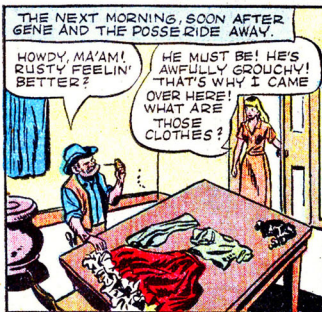
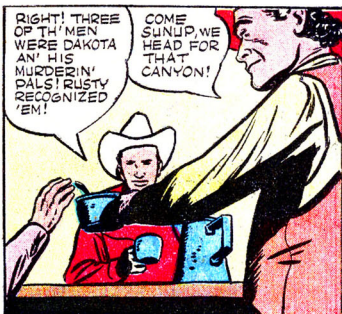
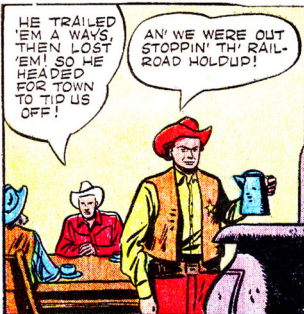
OH, NO, YOU
DON'T...

BUT DAKOTA INTERFERES!

DAD-BLAMED FEEMALE
IN TH' WAY! CAIN'T
SHOOT A WOMAN!







I'M GLAD I DON'T HAVE TO DRESS LIKE THIS EVERY DAY! ... SAY! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS POCKET!

IT'S A MAD! AN' I BET IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE FANCHER GANG!

WHY, I KNOW THIS PLACE! IT'S NOT FAR FROM OUR RANCH!

I'LL HELP MYSELF TO ONE OF DOC'S GUNS AN' A HORSE AN' GO UP THERE! MAYBE I'LL FIND AN IMPORTANT CLUE, OR SOMETHING!

A LITTLE LATER, ON MUSKRAT RIDGE.

THIS DON'T LOOK LIKE NO GATE TO ME, GENE!

I'M SURE IT IS, THOUGH, JIM! THIS IS THE PLACE RUSTY DESCRIBED!

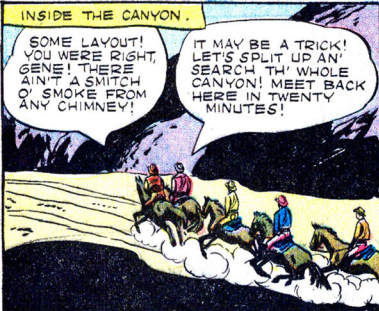
I'LL BE HANGED! THAT'S SURE CLEVER! FUNNY, THERE'S NO GUARD AROUND!

I GOT A HUNCH OUR BIRDS ARE FLOWN! BUT KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AN' GUNS HANDY, JUST IN CASE!

INSIDE THE CANYON.

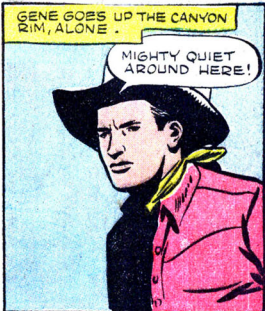
SOME LAYOUT!
YOU WERE RIGHT,
GENE! THERE
AIN'T A SMITCH
O' SMOKE FROM
ANY CHIMNEY!

IT MAY BE A TRICK!
LET'S SPLIT UP AN'
SEARCH TH' WHOLE
CANYON! MEET BACK
HERE IN TWENTY
MINUTES!

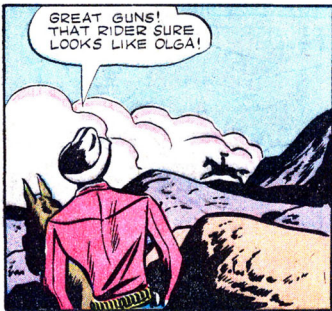


GENE GOES UP THE CANYON
RIM, ALONE.

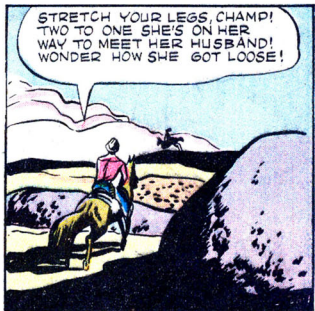
MIGHTY QUIET
AROUND HERE!



GREAT GUNS!
THAT RIDER SURE
LOOKS LIKE OLGA!



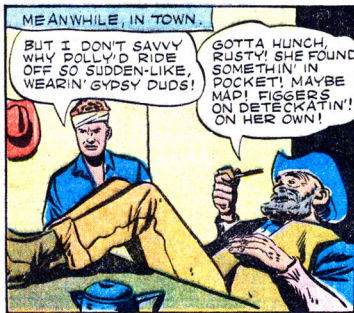
STRETCH YOUR LEGS, CHAMP!
TWO TO ONE SHE'S ON HER
WAY TO MEET HER HUSBAND!
WONDER HOW SHE GOT LOOSE!



MEANWHILE, IN TOWN.

BUT I DON'T SAVVY
WHY POLLY'D RIDE
OFF SO SUDDEN-LIKE,
WEARIN' GYPSY DUDS!

GOTTA HUNCH,
RUSTY! SHE FOUND
SOMETHIN' IN
POCKET! MAYBE
MAP! FIGGERS
ON DETECKATIN'!
ON HER OWN!



WHERE YUH
GOIN'?

TO MAKE OLGA
TALK! IF THERE
WAS A MAP, SHE'LL
KNOW ABOUT IT!



BUT YUH CAIN'T
MANHANDLE A
FEEMALE, RUSTY!

I DON'T AIM TO!
I'LL JUST UP AN'
SHOOT HER IF
SHE CLAMS UP!



OUT ON MUSKRAT RIDGE.

I'M SURE PUZZLED! GENE'S
PLUMB DISAPPEARED! RECKON
WE'LL HEAD OUT O'HERE AN'
SCOUT AROUND FOR HIM!



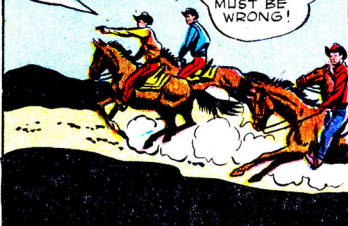
SO THE POSSE LEAVES THE
HIDDEN CANYON.



AND, A FEW MINUTES LATER.

LOOK, SHERIFF!
A RIDER!

GREAT GUNS!
IT'S FLAPJACK!
SOMETHIN'
MUST BE
WRONG!



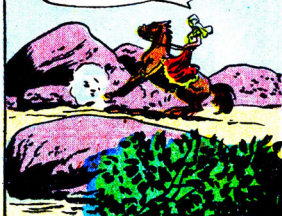
HEY, FLAPJACK!
WAIT, WHAT'S
UP?

PLENTY! GOT NO
TIME FER GABBIN',
THOUGH! FOLLER ME!
TELL YUH ON WAY!



AT THE SAME MOMENT.

GUESS I'D BETTER
GO ON FOOT FROM
HERE!



A SHOT MIGHT BRING THE OTHERS... BUT IF HE DOESN'T HEAR ME AN' TURN AROUND...

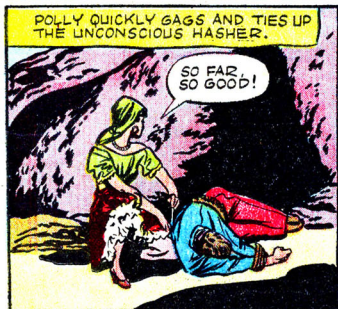


OOOF!

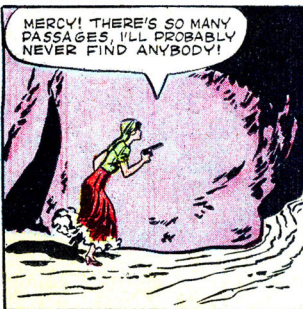


POLLY QUICKLY GAGS AND TIES UP THE UNCONSCIOUS HASHER.

SO FAR,
SO GOOD!



MERCY! THERE'S SO MANY PASSAGES, I'LL PROBABLY NEVER FIND ANYBODY!



OOOPS!

OLGA! YOU MADE IT! C'MON,
I'LL TAKE YUH TO TH' BOSS!
YOU'LL NEVER FIND TH' WAY
ALONE!



LOOK WHO'S HERE, BOSS!

OLGA! HOW IN BLAZES...



UP WITH YOUR HANDS!
I'M DOLLY WAYNE AN'
I WOULDN'T MIND
KILLIN' YOU!



SAME HERE, SISTER!
DROD THAT GUN!



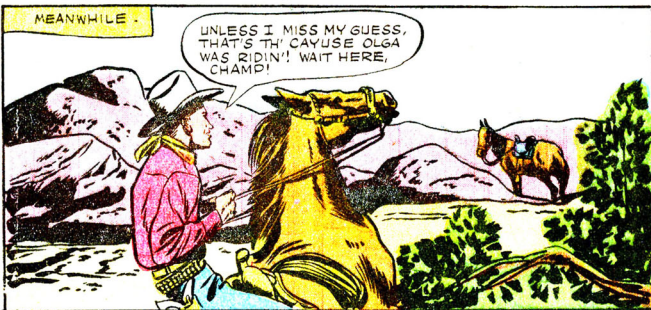
QUICK, JOE! TAKE
A LOOK OUTSIDE!

OKAY, BOSS!

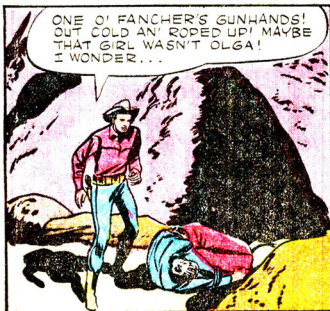


MEANWHILE .

UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS,
THAT'S TH' CAYUSE OLGA
WAS RIDIN'! WAIT HERE,
CHAMP!

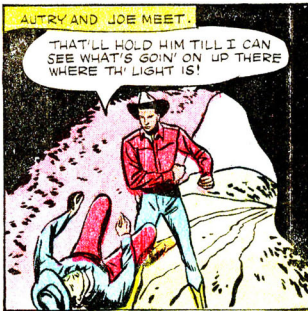


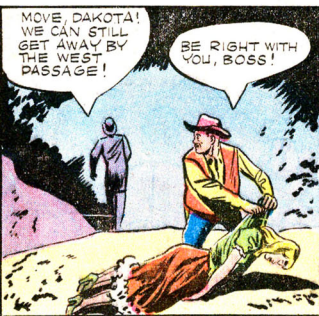
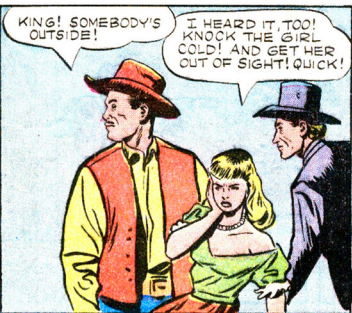
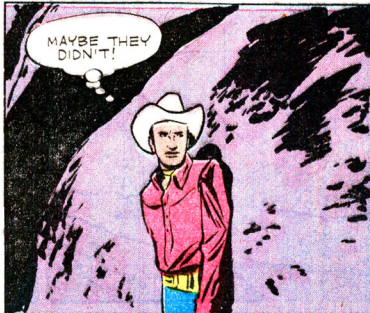
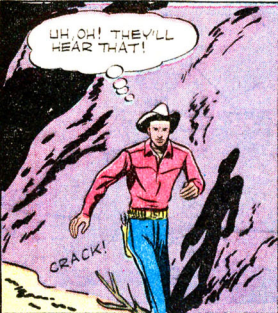
ONE O' FANCHER'S GUNHANDS!
OUT COLD AN' ROPED UP! MAYBE
THAT GIRL WASN'T OLGA!
I WONDER...

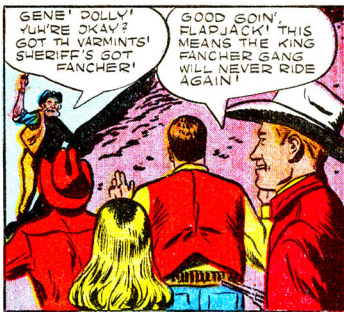


AUTRY AND JOE MEET.

THAT'LL HOLD HIM TILL I CAN
SEE WHAT'S GOIN' ON UP THERE
WHERE TH' LIGHT IS!

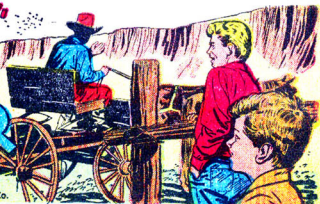






"CHAMPEEN" BEAN SHOOTER

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Sam Kent climbed into the buckboard and picked up the reins. Then he looked down at his two young sons standing alongside the wagon. "Mebbe I ought to stay till Chuck an' Tom get back," he said frowning slightly. "They prob'ly won't show up till after dark."

Dick grinned at his father. "Shucks, Pa, we'll be okay."

Bobby nodded violent agreement. "Besides, if you don't go now, Pa, you won't get to Cascade in time to meet Mom . . . an' she'll maybe think somethin's wrong . . . an' —"

"Aw, dry up!" Dick interrupted, giving his younger brother a half-playful, half-serious push. He looked back at his father. "Don't worry 'bout us, Pa. If anybody was to show up an' start somethin', reckon I'm big enough to give 'em an argument."

A faint smile curved Sam's lips. Dick WAS big. Brawny, too. Looked a heap sight older than fifteen.

"An' I ain't so AWFUL little," Bobby piped up. "I betcha I could sure do a lotta damage with this li'l ol' bean-shooter." He swished the metal tube through the air. "I'm a champeen—"

"Quiet! I!"

This time there was no playfulness in the shove Dick gave Bobby. The ten-year-old went off-balance to sprawl in the dust of the ranch road. Sharp words of reproof rose to Sam's lips, but he held them back when he saw that Bobby was on his feet again almost immediately and was looking at Dick with obvious pride.

"Gosh, Dick, you're stronger'n Pa, I betcha!" Bobby's voice was chockful of admiration.

Dick squared his shoulders. "Not yet, I ain't—but I'm strong enough to make you toe the mark. An' to look out for the stock an' such, too."

Sam pulled the reins taut. "Sure you are, Dick. I got a heap o' faith in—" he included Bobby in his smile and words—"in both o' you. Tell Chuck and Tom I said for them to sleep in the house tonight. Mom an' I'll be out early tomorrow mornin'. She'll need a mite o' restin' after her long trip." He clucked to the roan and the buckboard started to roll. Above the rattle of its wheels, he called a last admonition: "If you spot the Utah Kid, don't try to capture him. Just let him take what he wants an' go on his way."

"Who's the Utah Kid?" Bobby fitted a bean into the shooter and let fly at a distant fence post.

"Gosh, Bobby," Dick said, "I wish you'd lose that darned beanshooter. Ping—spang—bing! All day long."

Bobby shrugged. "I like to shoot beans."

"That shows you're a dumb ox," declared Dick.

"I aint," Bobby frowned. "You are! You didn't tell me who's the Utah Kid."

"The Utah Kid's a plenty bad hombre. He robbed the express company over at Gopher Ridge two days ago an' killed the agent. There's a big reward out for him, an' some talk that he's headed this way."

"You mean he's headed here."

"Course not. We've got nothin' he'd want."

"We got food," suggested Bobby, "an' horses."

Dick started toward the barn. "So

has every other ranch. There ain't but one chance in a hundred the Utah Kid'll pick on ours if he gets hungry or needs a fresh mount."

But the Utah Kid did just that. Bobby and Dick were finishing supper when he bulked large and dust-stained and belligerent in the back door, the waning sun glinting on an ugly six gun in his right hand.

"Don't make no noise," he growled, coming on into the kitchen.

"Nobody'd hear us if we did," said Bobby before Dick could catch his breath. "We're alone here."

The big man lost some of his tenseness. "Wal, ain't that swell? Meet th' Utah Kid, boys."

"Howdy," said Bobby. "I'm Bobby Kent an' he's Dick an'—"

"Shut up!" snapped Dick. "What do you want, mister?"

With his free hand, the Utah Kid pulled out a chair. "Grub!" he barked, sitting down. "Some tuh eat here an' some more tuh pack with me. Then I'll take that paint horse in th' corral—"

"You mean Calico?" interrupted Bobby, giving Dick a sharp, sidelong glance. "That's Dick's horse." He gave Dick another sharp look. This time, Dick caught its meaning. Very slowly, he began to push his chair away from the table.

Crash! Under cover of Bobby's chattering, Dick had tilted the table toward the outlaw. The Kid was falling backward, but he did not hit the floor. Like a cat, he landed on his feet. His gun came up, but Dick was smashing a hard right into his stomach so he could not pull the trigger. The gun clattered to the floor. The Kid's big fists lashed out as Dick closed in. Bobby crouched against the stove. No use trying to reach the Kid's gun. But maybe he could do something . . .

Two minutes later, Dick was still on his feet but Bobby could see that his legs were wobbling. The outlaw was facing the stove. Bobby slid some beans into the shooter . . . took careful aim.

Sping! The first bean caught the Utah Kid in the right eye. Spang! The second bean found his left eye. He

yowled with rage and pain. Snatching the big iron skillet from the stove, Bobby rushed forward.

"Here, Dick!" he yelled. "Smack him with this!"

When the Utah Kid came to, he was handcuffed and the kitchen was full of possemen. Smiling at Dick and Bobby was a man with a sheriff's star pinned to his coat. He was saying:

"I'm sure glad me'n the posse stopped by to fill up our canteens. Saves you boys from guardin' this polecat till the hands get back."

"Oh, we wouldn't o' minded," said Bobby.

"Your pa an' ma'll be mighty proud o' you," the sheriff continued, "when they hear how you nabbed the Utah Kid an' earned the reward. I still don't figger how you did it."

Dick winked at Bobby with the eye that wasn't blackened. "Teamwork, Sheriff. Bobby's talkin' threw the Kid off guard so's I could dump the table on him. But the beanshooter an' the skillet really did the trick."

Bobby winked back at Dick. "It's lucky I'm a dumb ox of a beanshooter, ain't it, Dick?"

Dick reddened. "I was wrong about that, Bobby . . . and I'm sorry. It takes brains to learn how to shoot beans like that!"

Bobby grinned in happy triumph.



The Jayhawkers

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EIGHTY YEARS AGO, JAYHAWKERS HAUNTED THE TRAILS OVER WHICH HERDS WERE DRIVEN NORTH TO THE LIVESTOCK MARKETS. ONE DAY, NEAR THE OLD MISSOURI-INDIAN TERRITORY...

RECKON I'D BETTER SHINE UP MY BADGE, TURK! THAT HERD'LL BE CROSSIN' TH' CREEK AFORE LONG!

AN' THEY'LL BE CHANGIN' OWNERS, TOO!

I SURE HOPE TH' FOLKS WHO VOTED YOU SHERIFF NEVER GIT WISE TO THIS LITTLE GAME!

QUIT WORRYIN'! WE'RE SAFE AS LONG AS THEM DUMB CATTLEMEN KEEP THEIR RESPECT FOR TH' LAW!

LOOK, JAKE! THERE'S ONLY TWO RIDERS WITH THIS OUTFIT! THIS'LL BE A CINCH!

IT'S A CINCH WITH OUR SETUP! LET'S MOVE!

'PEARS LIKE WE GOT COMPANY, ANDY! TOUGH-LOOKIN' BIRDS, TOO!

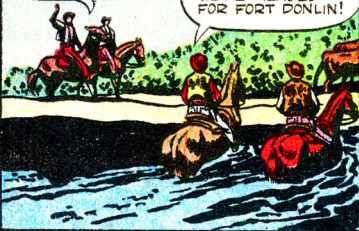
YEAH, GILLIE, THEY LOOK JUST LIKE JAYHAWKERS! BUT THAT BREED O' OWLHOOT USUALLY RUNS IN PACKS - NOT PAIRS!

WELL, THEY WON'T GIT THEIR PAWS ON THESE STEERS! NOT WHILE I CAN SQUEEZE A TRIGGER!

HOLD IT, GILLIE! THEM HOMBRES ARE LAWMEN!

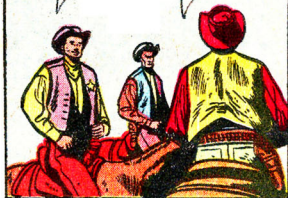
REIN UP, GENTS!
WHAT'S YOUR NAMES?
WHERE YOU FROM?
AN' WHERE ARE YOU
TAKIN' THEM COWS?

HOWDY, SHERIFF!
I'M ANDY LANE O'
RED RIVER! THIS
OLD GALOOT IS
GILLIE JONES!
WE'RE HEADED
FOR FORT DONLIN!



SORRY, MISTER!
I'LL HAFTA CONFISCATE
THESE CRITTERS!
CAN'T LET NO TICKY
CATTLE INTO THIS
COUNTY!

BUT THIS
IS NEUTRAL
LAND! INDIAN
TERRITORY!



WRONG! WHEN YOU
CROSSED THAT
CREEK, YOU CAME
INTO TH' STATE O'
MISSOURI! AN' NO
DISEASED CATTLE...

THERE AIN'T A
COW IN THAT HERD
WITH A TRACE
O' TEXAS
TICK FEVER!



AN' WHAT'S MORE WE AIN'T
GIVIN' 'EM UP! OUTA TH' WAY,
SHERIFF! OR I'LL LET
DAYLIGHT THROUGH
YORE ORNERY
CARCASS!

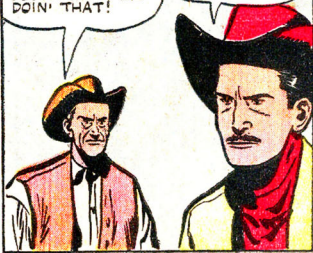


NO! GILLIE!
DON'T...!

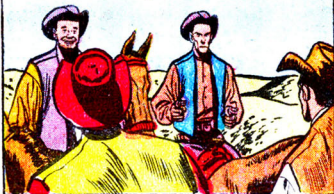


IF YOU WASN'T MY
BOSS, ANDY LANE,
I'D KNOCK YORE
BLOCK OFF FER
DOIN' THAT!

I ONLY KEPT
YOU FROM BEIN'
DRILLED! LOOK!

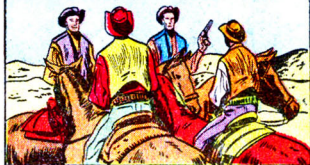


TOO BAD! I WAS
HANKERIN' FOR
SOME TARGET
PRACTICE!

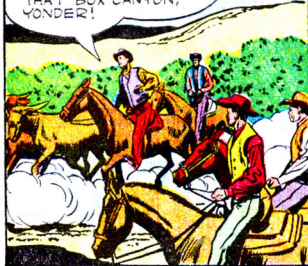


SORRY, SHERIFF!
GILLIE WON'T RAISE
NO MORE RUCKUS!
'SPECIALLY SINCE
YOU'RE ONLY DOIN'
YOUR DUTY!

GLAD YOU FEEL
LIKE THAT,
LANE! GUESS
WE WON'T HAFTA
HANDCUFF
YOU!



NOW ME'N MY DEPUTY'LL
RUN TH' HERD INTO
THAT BOX CANYON,
YONDER!



RECKON I'M PLUMB
LOCO, ANDY! THAT
LOWDOWN CROOK
WAS TRYIN' TO
MAKE ME SHOOT.
WARN'T HE?

RIGHT! IT'S A
JAYHAWKIN' TRICK!
MAKE YOU MAD,
THEN BLAST YOU
DOWN FOR
RESISTIN'!



GONNA STAND BY
AN' LET 'EM STEAL
OUR HERD, ANDY?

NO! I GOT A
IDEA...

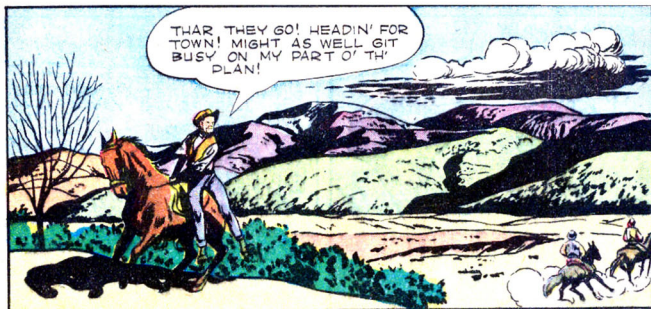
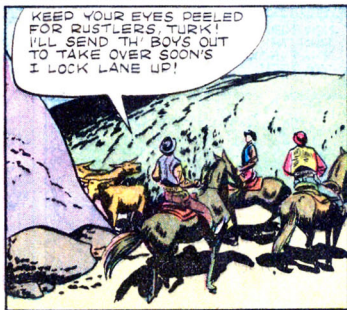
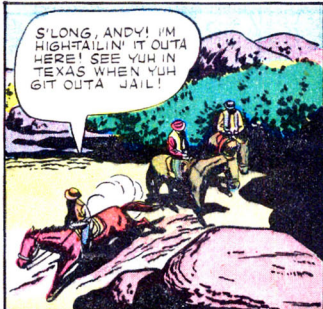
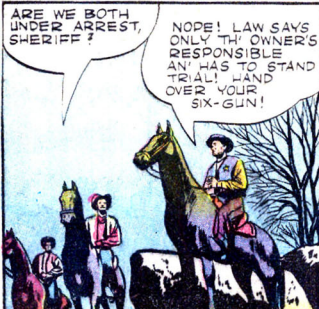


AS JAKE AND TURK HERD THE
CATTLE INTO THE CANYON, ANDY
OUTLINES HIS PLAN...

IT'S WUTH TRYIN', ANDY!
BUT WATCH YOUR STEP!
THEM JASPERS ARE
KILLERS!

DON'T WORRY
'BOUT IT,
GILLIE! IT'LL
WORK!





A FEW MINUTES LATER.

I'LL ONLY GIT ONE CHANCET
AT THIS! GOTTA MAKE IT
GOOD!



WHAT TH'--!

YOU'LL GO TO
JAIL FOR LIFE!
OBSTRUCTIN'
A LAWMAN IN
TH' LINE O'
DUTY!

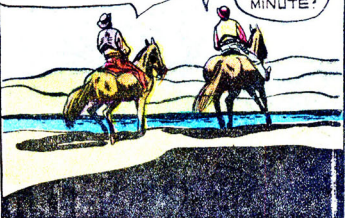
I AIN'T
WORRIED!



LATER.

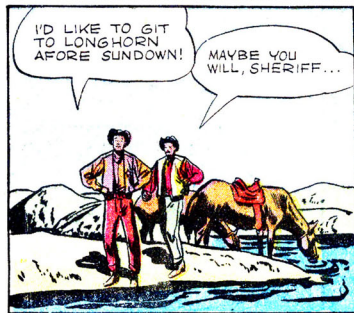
CAN'T YOU PROD UP
THAT CAYUSE, LANE?
HE'S GITTIN' SLOWER
BY TH' MILE!

HE'S TIRED! AN'
HE'S THIRSTY,
TOO! CAN'T WE
STOP A
MINUTE?



I'D LIKE TO GIT
TO LONGHORN
AFORE SUNDOWN!

MAYBE YOU
WILL, SHERIFF...



... IF IT AIN'T
TOO FAR TO
WALK!



MOVE, BOY!

GOSH, SHERIFF! LOOKIT
YOUR PONY TRAVEL!
YOU OUGHTA RACE HIM
AT TH' COUNTY FAIR!

YOU -
YOU -!

IF I EVER GET
MY HANDS ON
YOU!

TAKE IT EASY,
SHERIFF!
REMEMBER - A
MITE O' BATHIN'
NEVER HURT
NOBODY!

ANDY RACES BACK TO MEET AND
TRADE STORIES WITH GILLIE.

AN' THAT'S ALL THERE
WUZ TO IT, ANDY! THE
HERD'S READY TO GO!
JEST WAITIN' FOR
YOU TO GIT BACK!

GOOD! LET'S
HEAD 'EM
ACROSS TH'
LINE, PRONTO!
WE'LL LEAVE
TURK HERE!

A LITTLE LATER.

WELL, GILLIE, THIS
IS ONE HERD THEM
CROOKS WON'T BE
STEALIN'!

TH' ORNERY
COYOTES!
PULLIN' THAT
TEXAS FEVER
SCARE SO'S THEY
COULD STEAL
OUR HERD!

LET'S SHOVE 'EM,
GILLIE! I WANTA
GIT TH' U.S. MARSHAL
AFTER THEM BIRDS!

YEP! AN' WITH
HIM ON TH' JOB
THERE WON'T
BE NO MORE
JAYHAWKIN'
IN THIS NECK
O' TH' WOODS!