

A DELL COMIC •
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NOV. 10¢

Gene Autry

comics



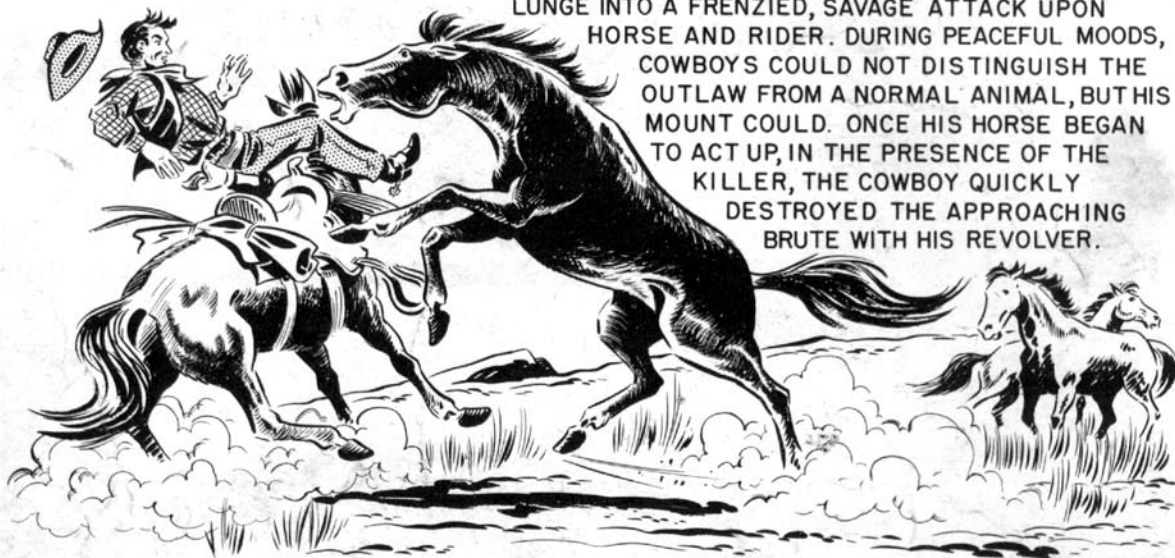
*Exciting Western
Adventure*

Man killers....

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THE ONE HORSE IN APPROXIMATELY FIVE HUNDRED WAS AN OUTLAW OR KILLER. AT OUTLAW THE SIGHT OF AN APPROACHING HORSEMAN, THE BRUTE WOULD CUNNINGLY PLAN MURDER. QUIETLY LEAVING THE HERD, THE STALLION WOULD TROT TOWARD THE RIDER AS IF WITH FRIENDLY INTENT, BUT ONCE CLOSE ENOUGH, WOULD

LUNGE INTO A FRENZIED, SAVAGE ATTACK UPON HORSE AND RIDER. DURING PEACEFUL MOODS, COWBOYS COULD NOT DISTINGUISH THE OUTLAW FROM A NORMAL ANIMAL, BUT HIS MOUNT COULD. ONCE HIS HORSE BEGAN TO ACT UP, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KILLER, THE COWBOY QUICKLY DESTROYED THE APPROACHING BRUTE WITH HIS REVOLVER.



FOR A DISMOUNTED COWBOY, THE RANGE CATTLE WERE, UNDER AVERAGE CONDITIONS, A FAR GREATER MENACE THAN THE GRIZZLY BEAR. UNDER SUCH CONDITIONS, THE CATTLE WOULD ALWAYS ATTACK, WHEREAS THE BEAR ALMOST ALWAYS TURNED AND AVOIDED CONFLICT. SPOTTING A MAN AFOOT FAR OUT IN THE GRASS, THE ANIMALS WOULD START WALKING TOWARD HIM, BUT SOON WOULD BREAK INTO A TROT. SUDDENLY, THEIR CURIOSITY WOULD END AND WITH UNPREDICTABLE, VICIOUS FURY THEY WOULD CHARGE AND TRAMPLE THE HAPLESS COWHAND TO DEATH. NEVER HAVING SEEN A MAN AFOOT BEFORE IN THE OPEN COUNTRY, THEY SEEMINGLY CONCLUDED HE WAS AN ENEMY.



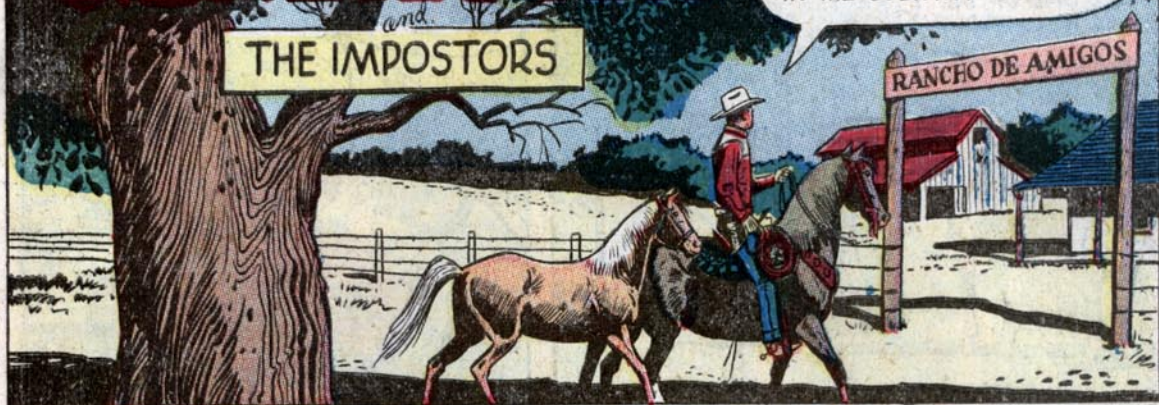
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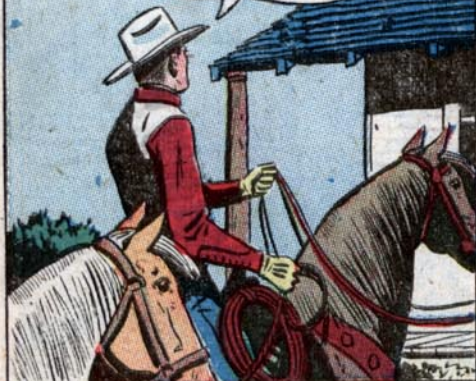
GENE AUTRY

THE IMPOSTORS

HERE WE ARE, CHAMP! THE RANCH OF THE FRIENDS, WHERE THEY RAISE THE FINEST CROP IN THE COUNTRY—BOYS!



YOU'LL FIND A GOOD HOME HERE, GOLDEN GIRL! JUST LIKE THE HOMELESS BOYS WHO HAVE WORN A TRAIL RIGHT UP THIS ROAD AND ACROSS MOTHER MILLER'S WELCOME MAT!



GENE AUTRY! I KNEW YOU'D COME!

WHY, MOTHER MILLER, YOU COULDN'T HAVE KEPT ME AWAY! THE MINUTE I HEARD THAT RANCHO DE AMIGOS WAS GOING TO HAVE A SHINDIG, I THREW A SADDLE ON CHAMP—AND HERE I AM!



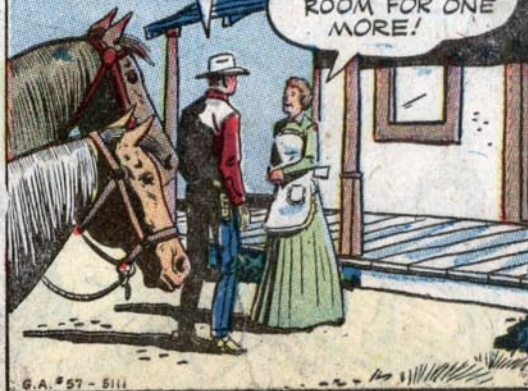
NOW, TELL ME ALL THE GOOD NEWS!

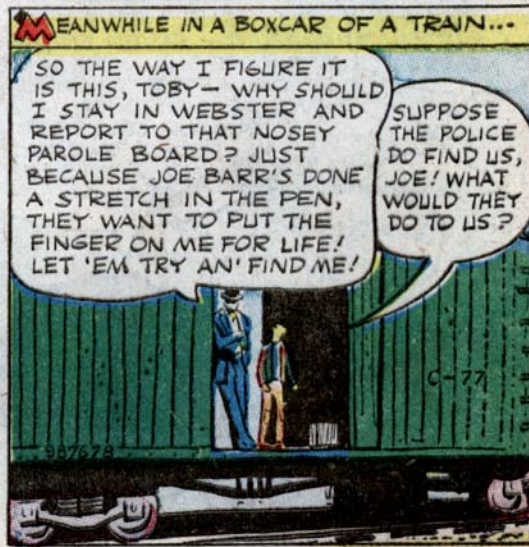
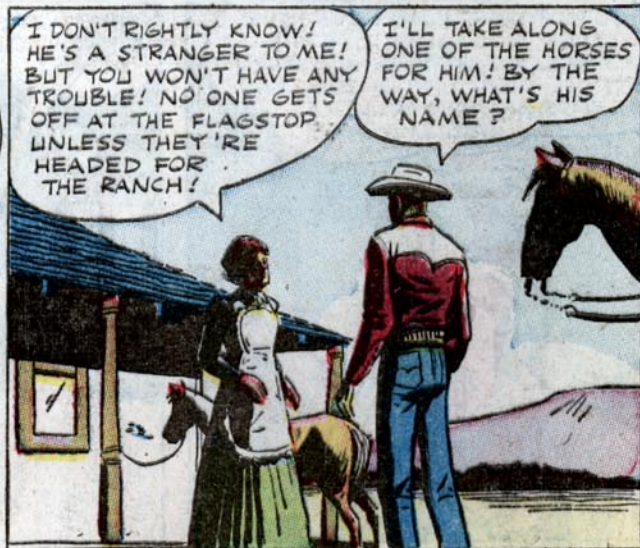
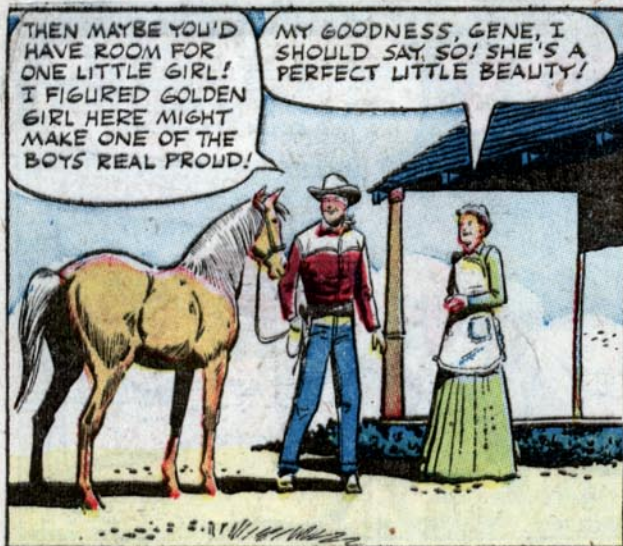
WELL, GENE, WE'VE FINALLY MADE IT—SAVED ENOUGH TO PAY OFF THE MORTGAGE! SO DAY AFTER TOMORROW, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A BANGUP CELEBRATION—RODEO, BARBECUE, AND MORTGAGE BURNING!

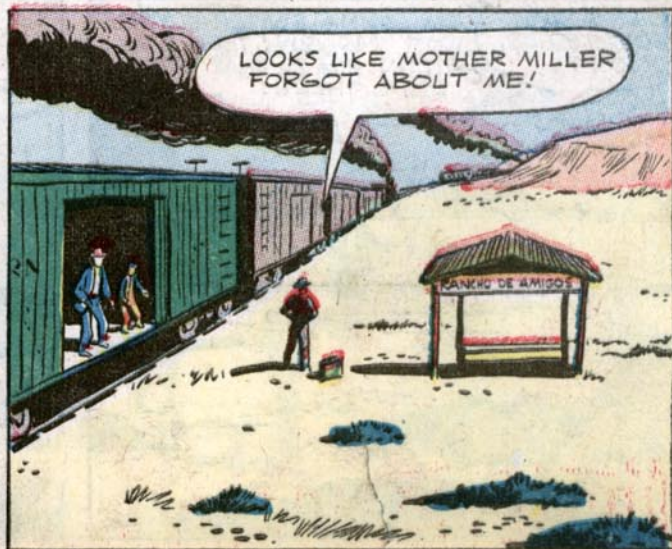


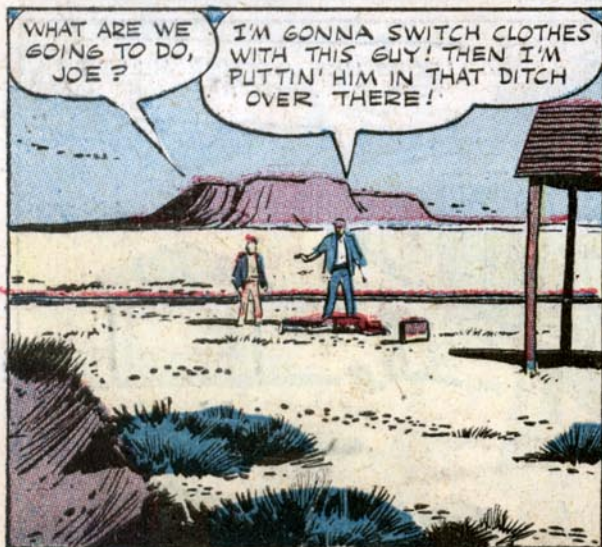
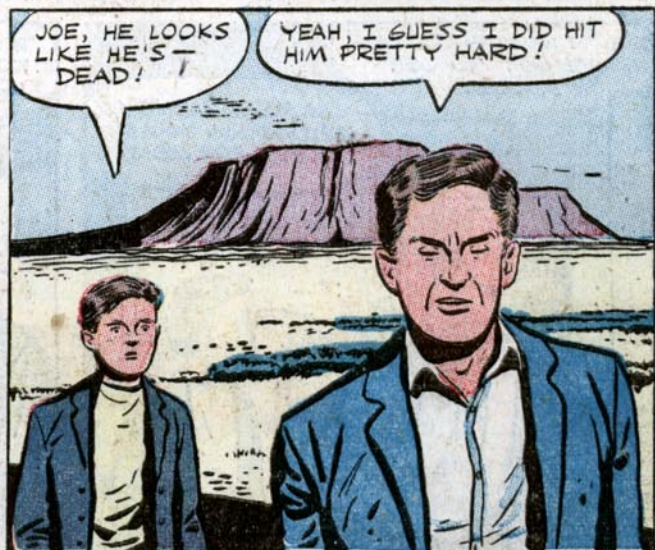
MOTHER MILLER, YOU AND YOUR BOYS CAN DO ANYTHING! TELL ME, WHAT IS THE BOY POPULATION UP TO DATE?

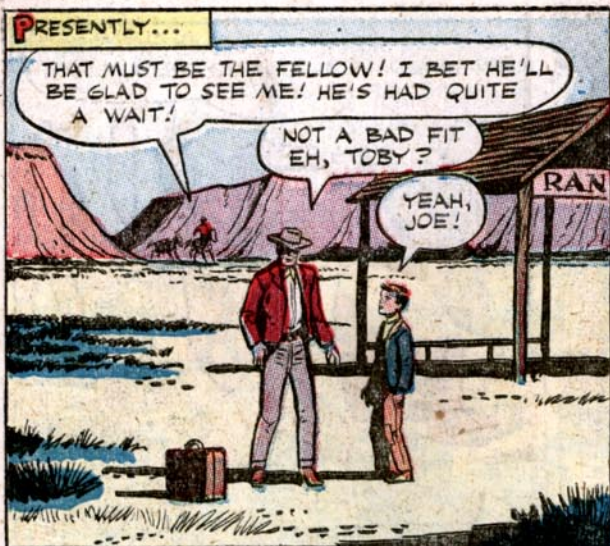
GENE, THE PLACE IS FIT TO BURST WITH THEM, BUT I LOVE IT AND THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE!











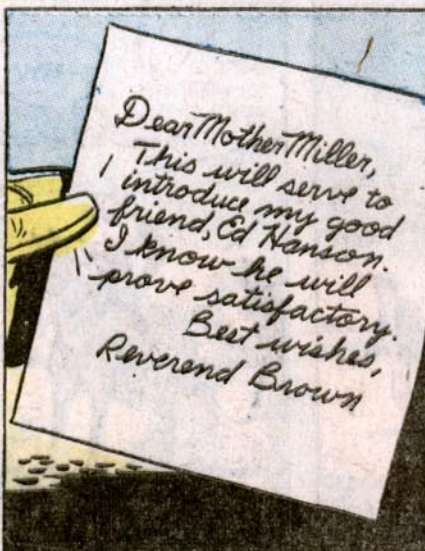
YOU'RE NOT FOOLIN' WITH AN AMATEUR, YOU KNOW!



WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? I CAME TO PICK UP A NEW HAND FOR RANCHO DE AMIGOS, BY THE NAME OF HANSON!



WHAT'S THIS?



IF YOU'RE HANSON, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? WHY ALL THE RUCKUS?



I'M HANSON, ALL RIGHT! I GUESS I MADE A MISTAKE! I - I THOUGHT YOU WERE A HOLDUP MAN!

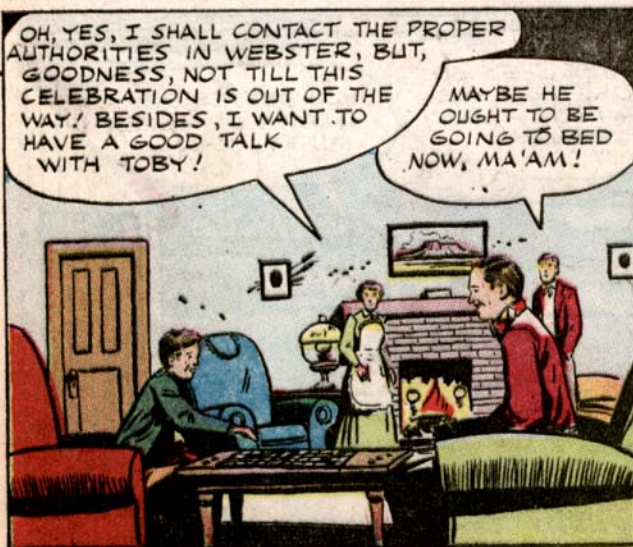
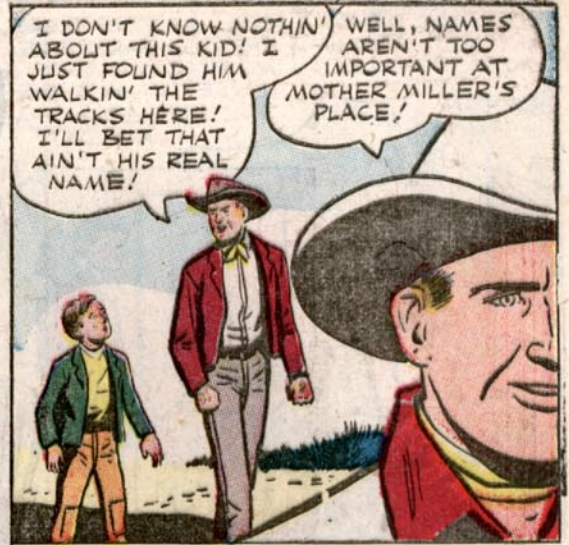
WELL, NO HARD FEELINGS, HANSON! MY NAME'S AUTRY!

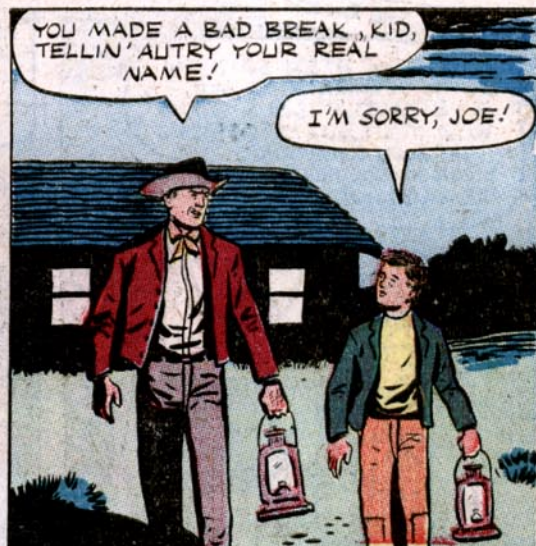
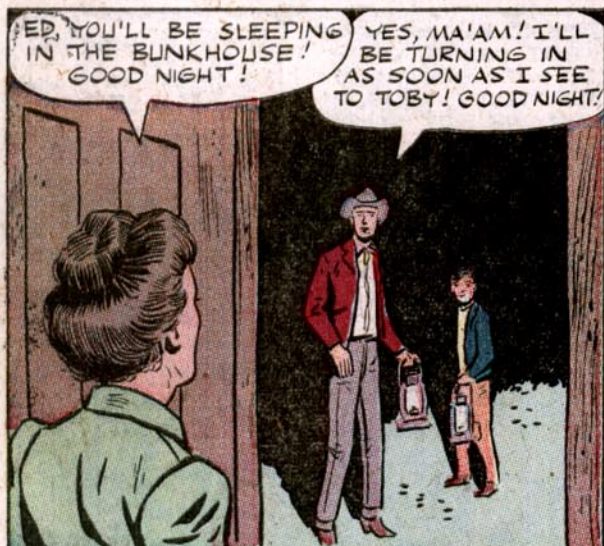
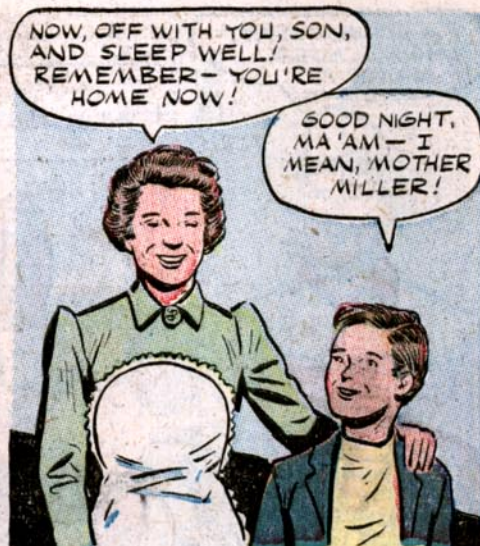
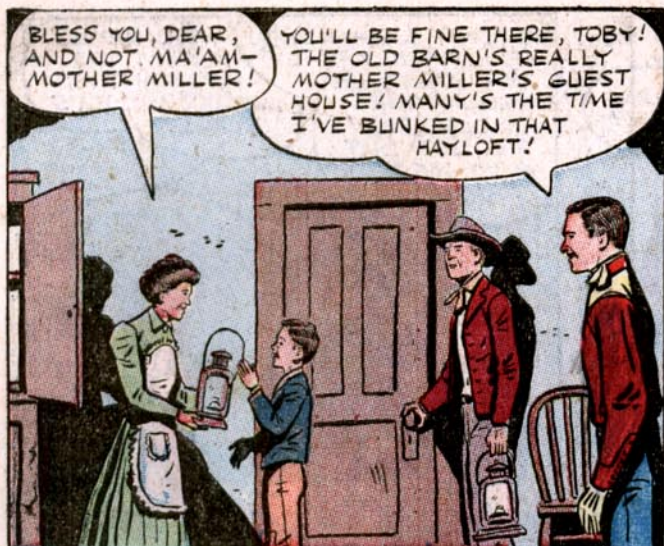


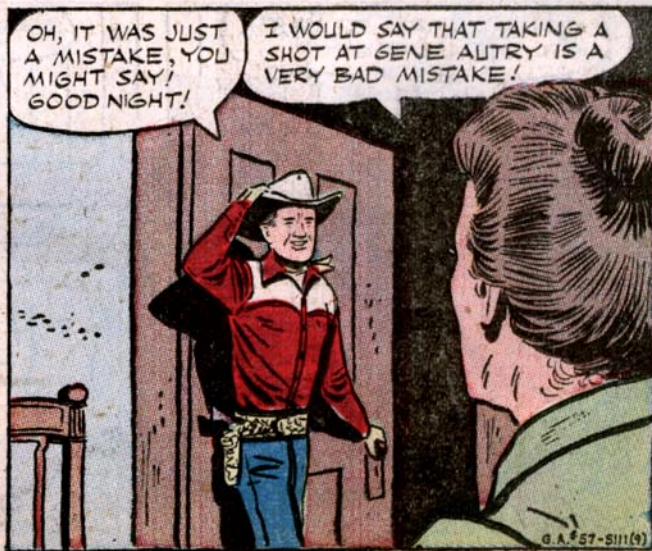
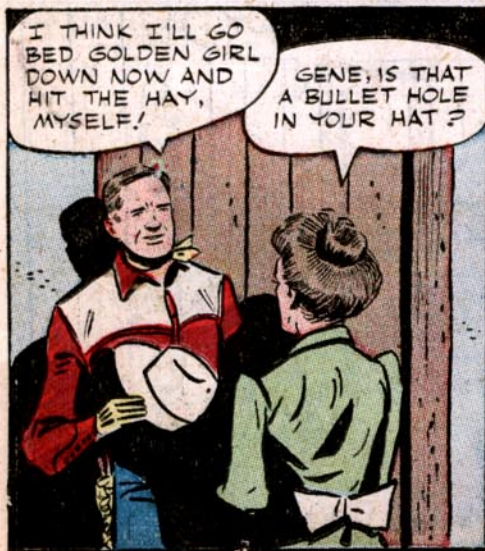
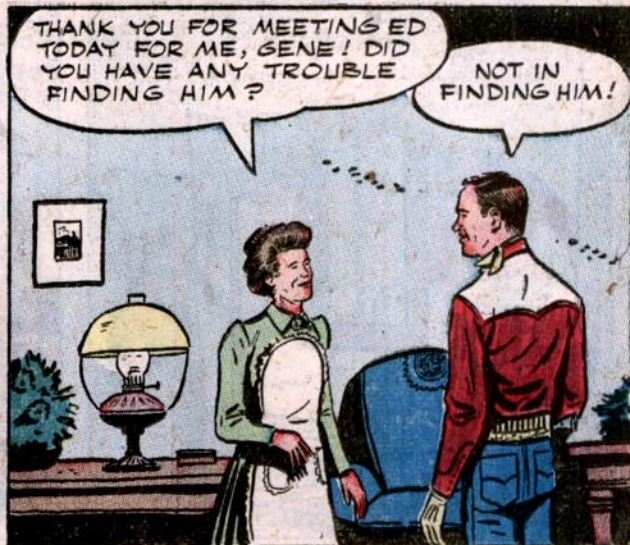
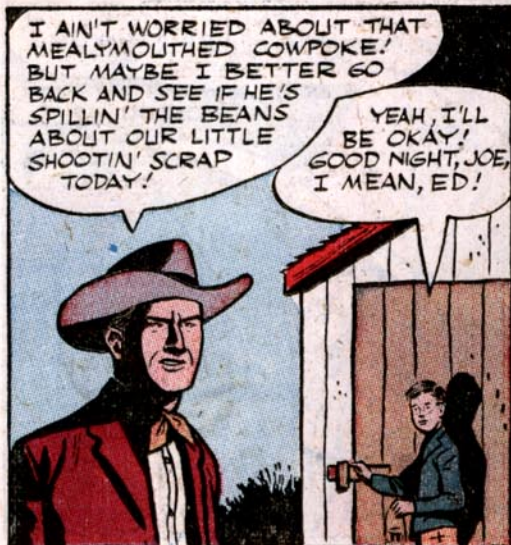
AND I RECKON YOU MUST BE A CUSTOMER FOR THE RANCH! MOTHER MILLER'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

YEAH - YEAH - HE'S FOR THE RANCH!



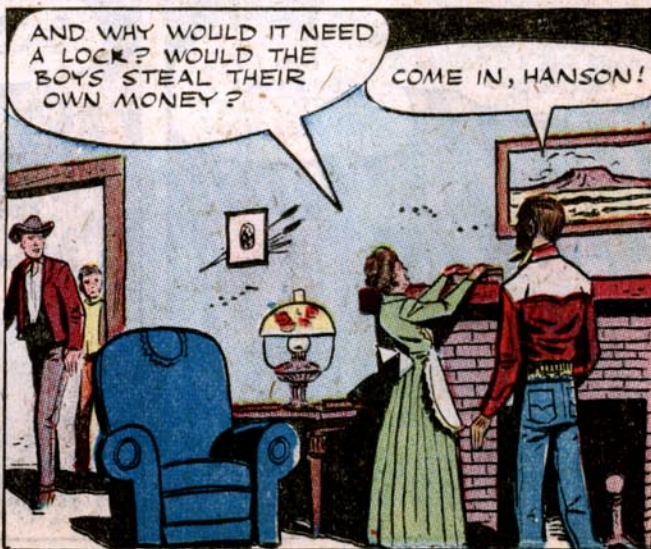
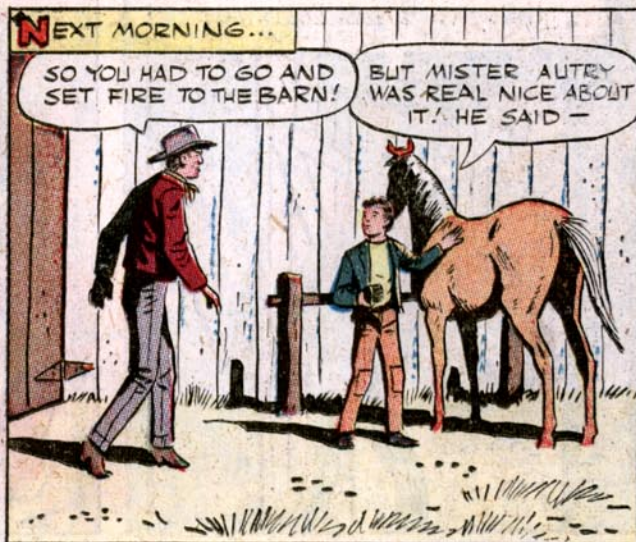


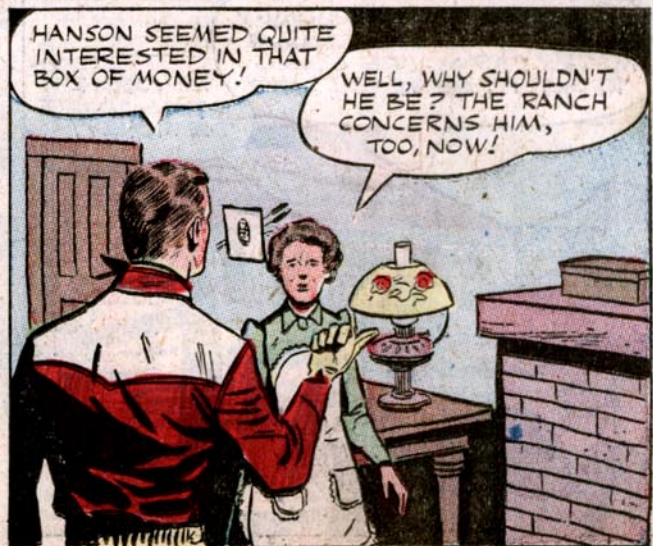
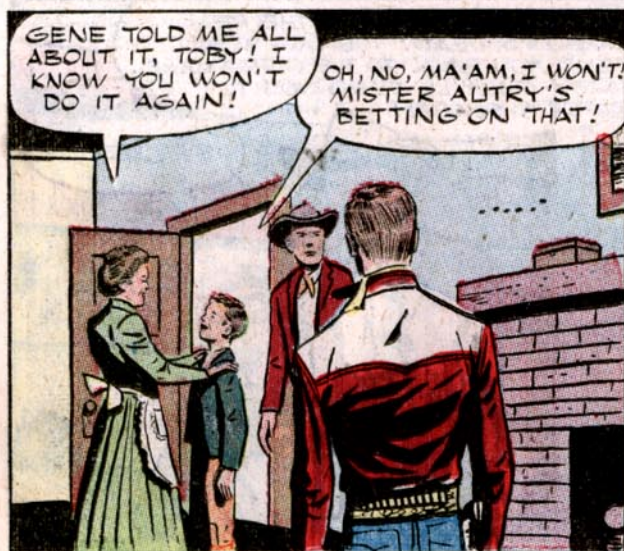
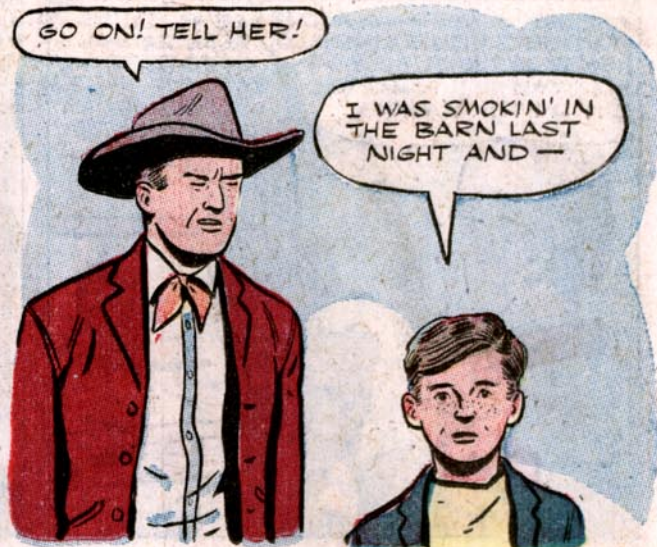
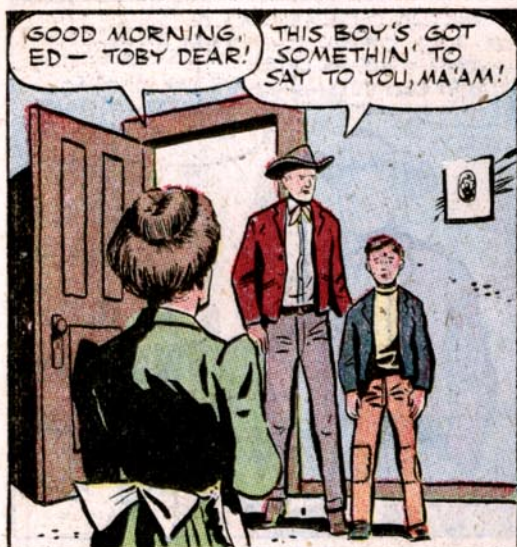


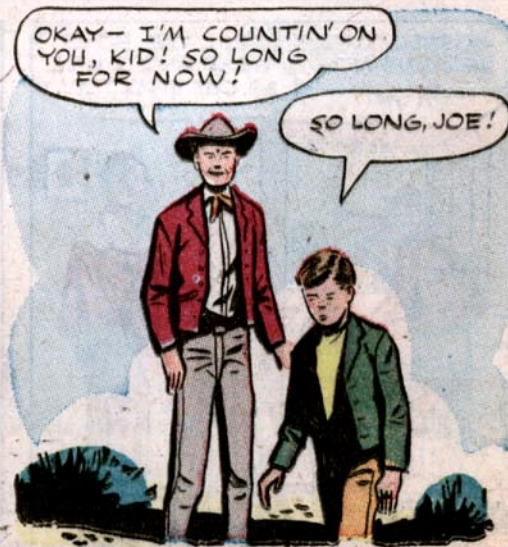
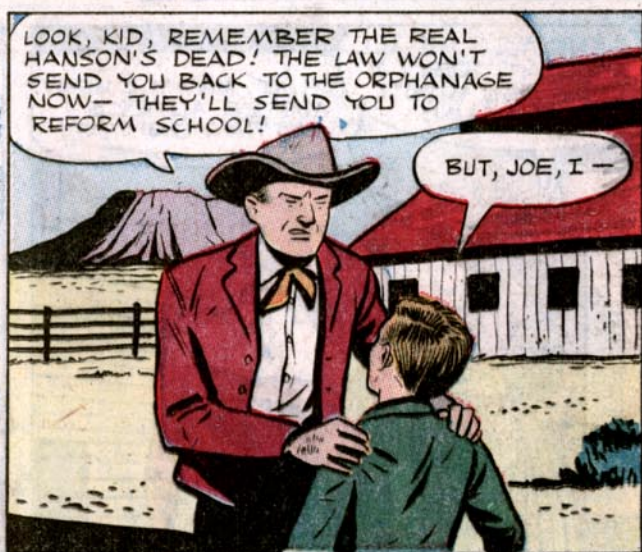
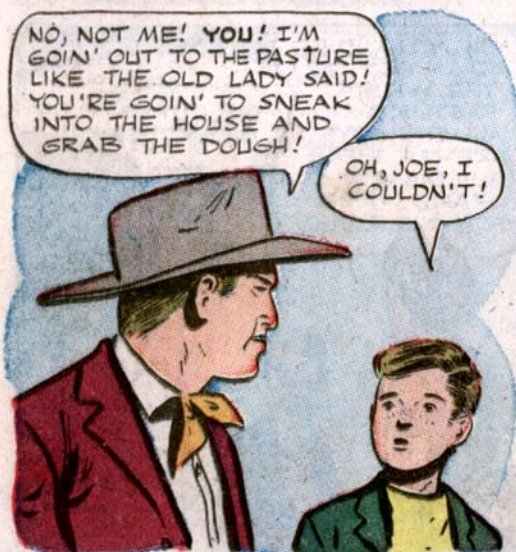
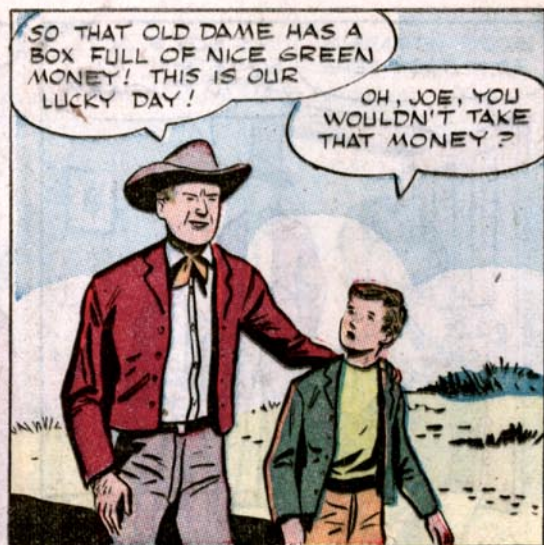
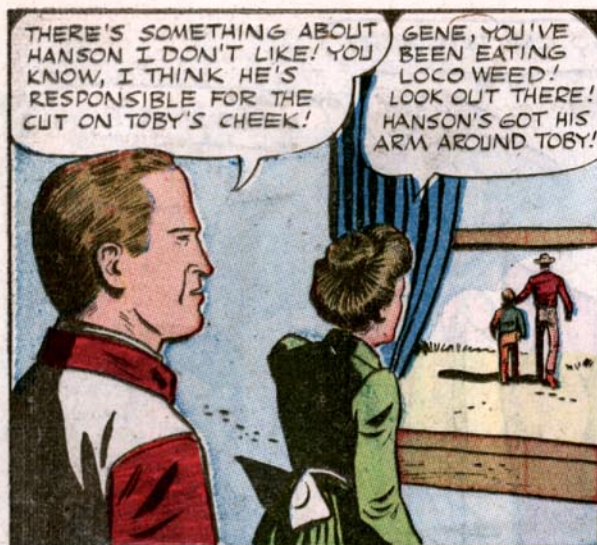


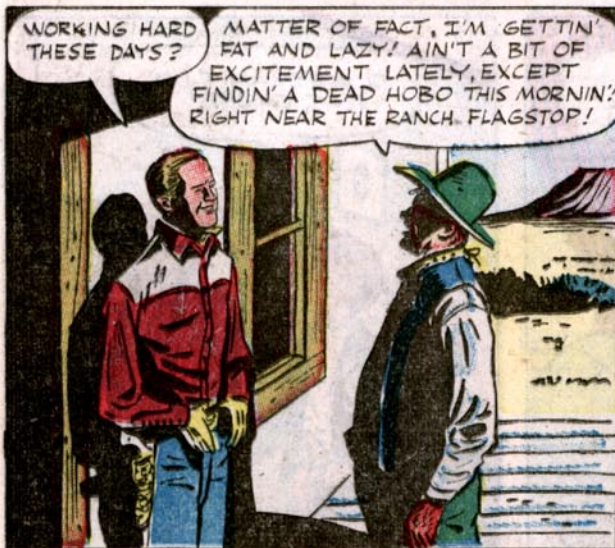
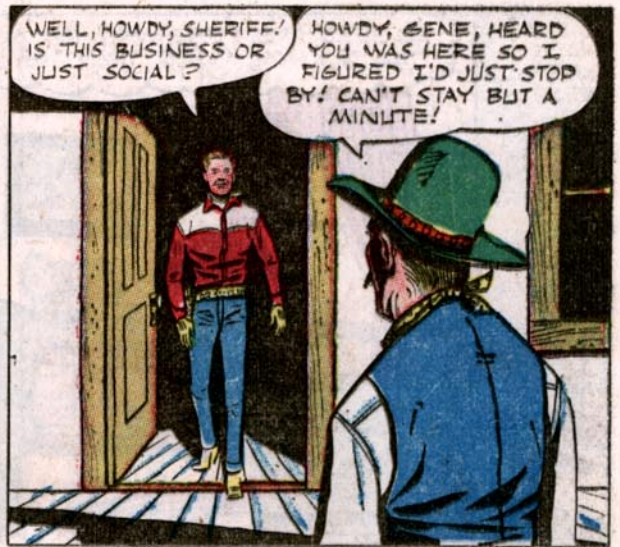


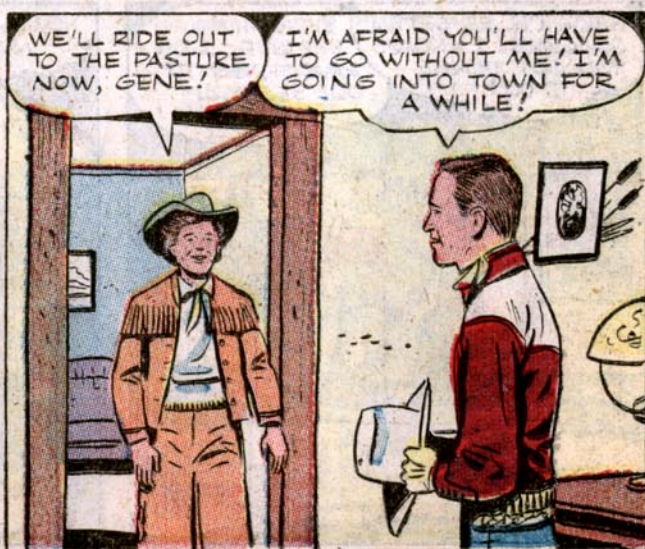
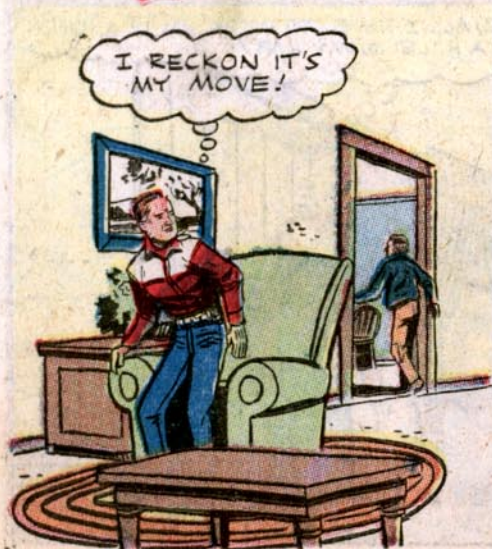
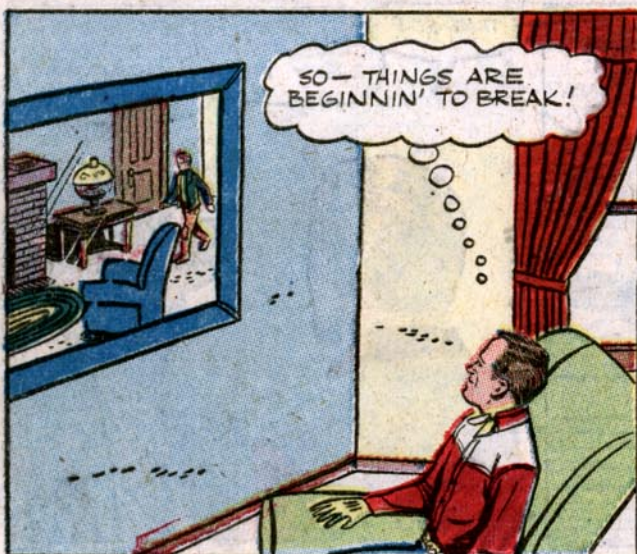
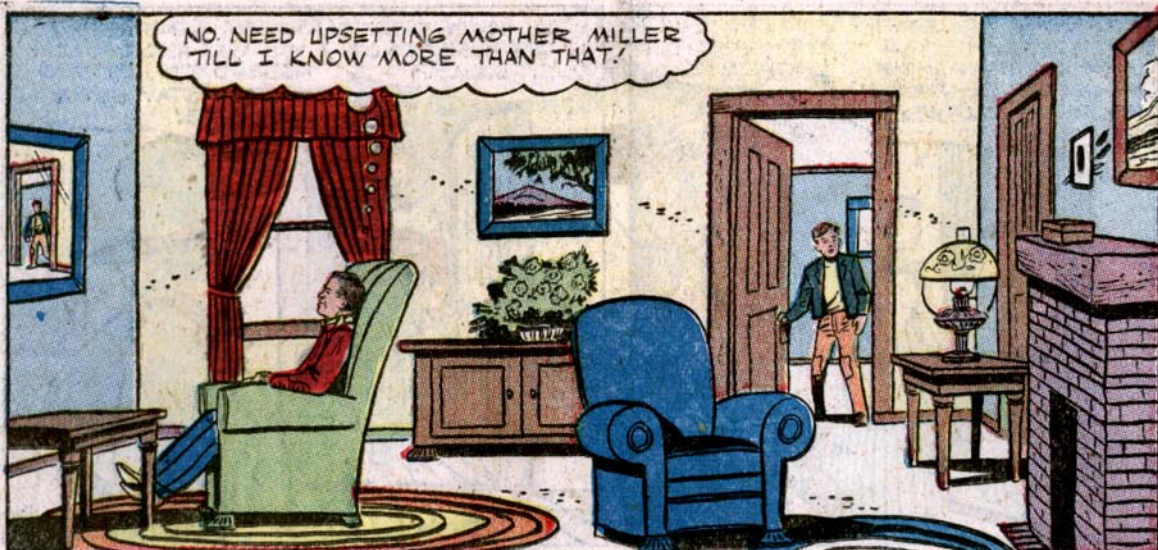


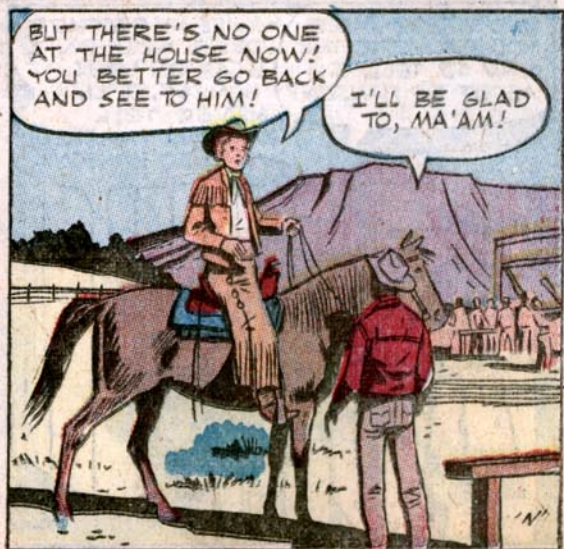
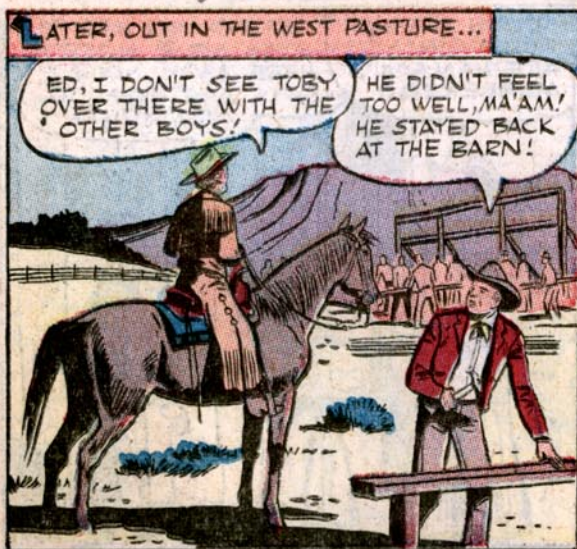
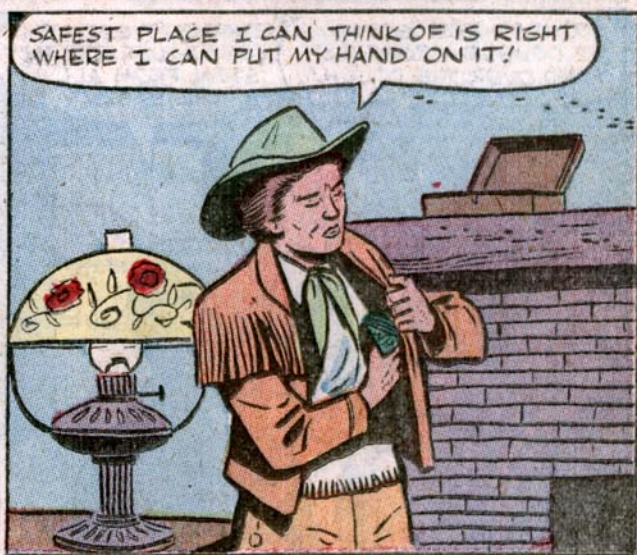


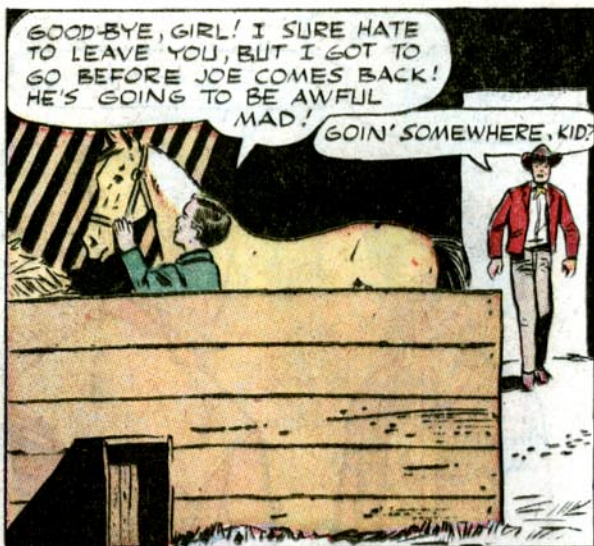
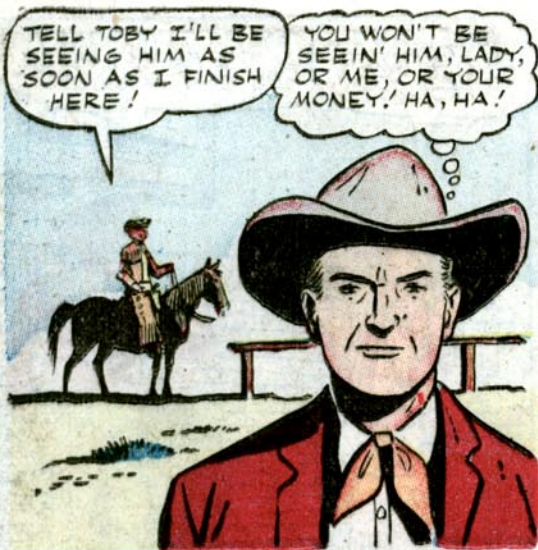


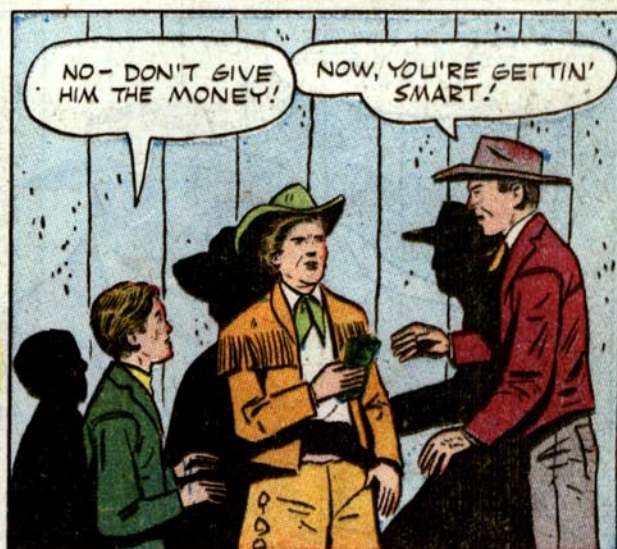


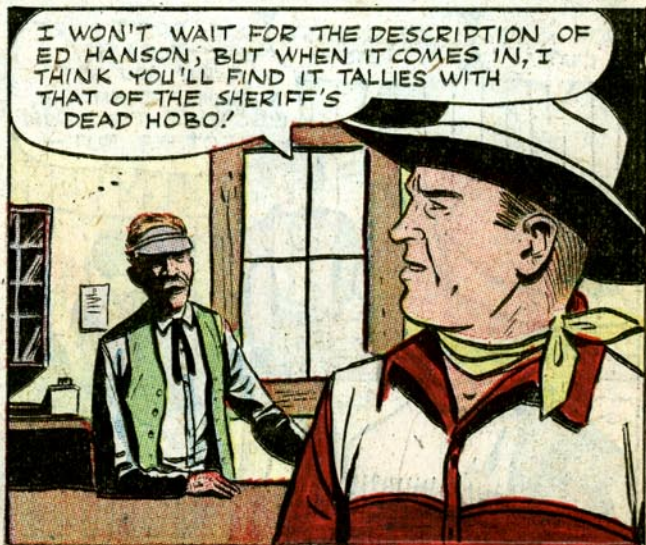
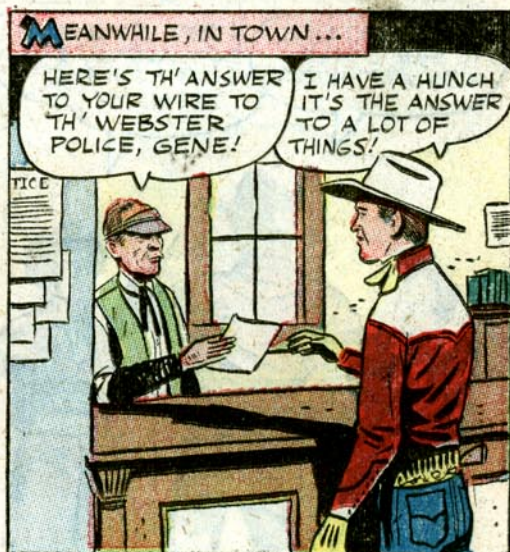
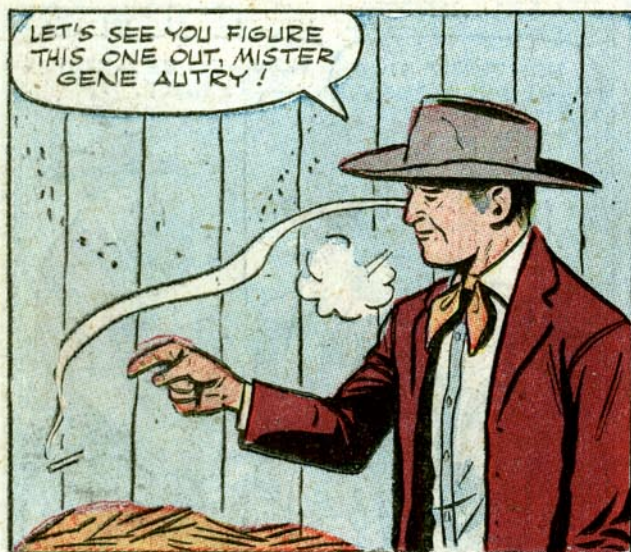


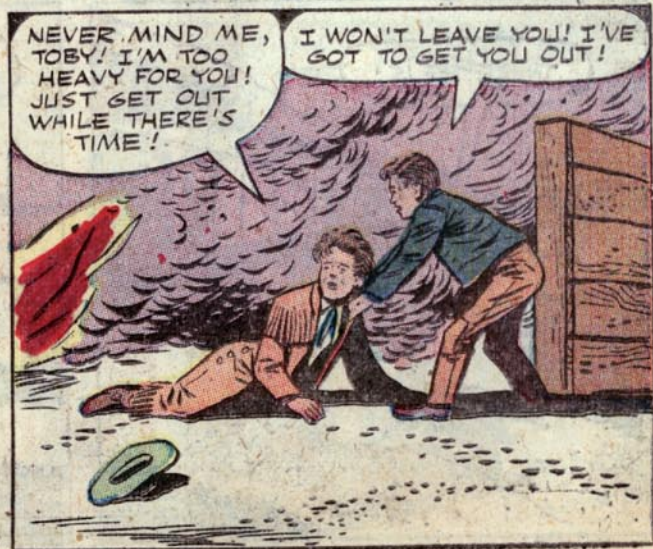
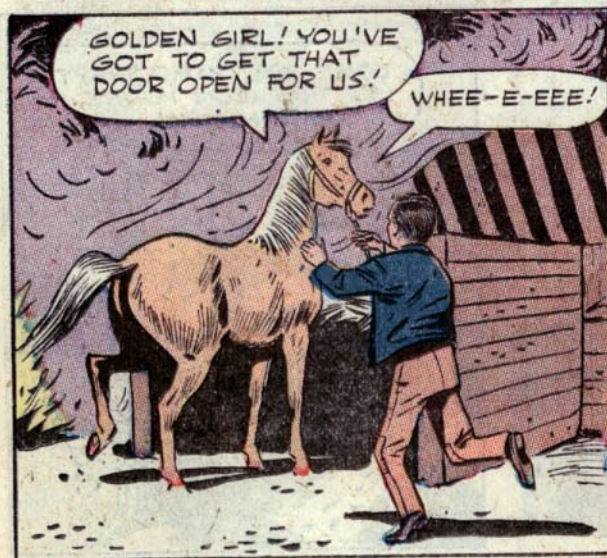
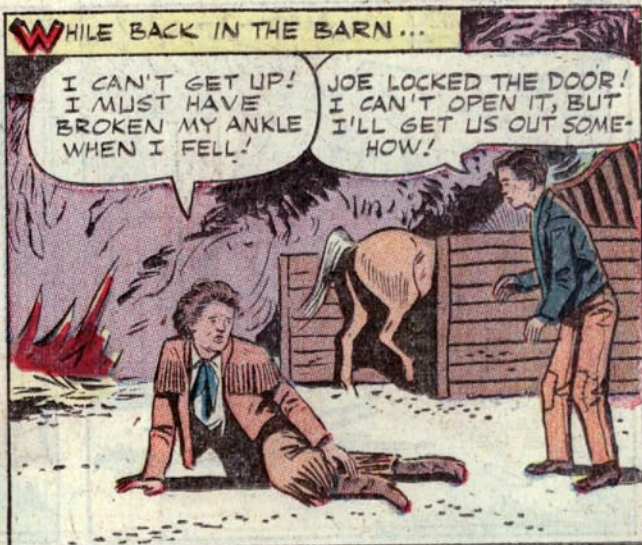
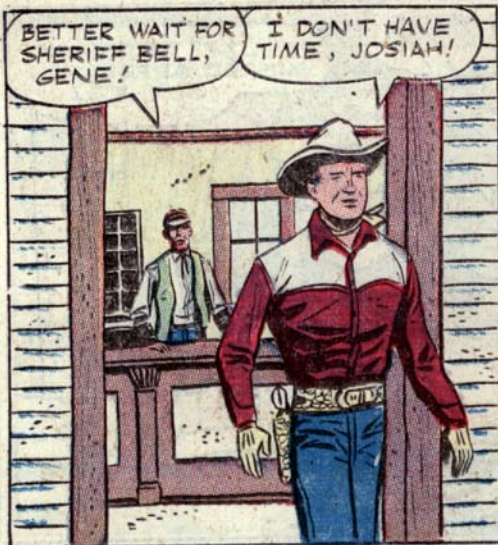


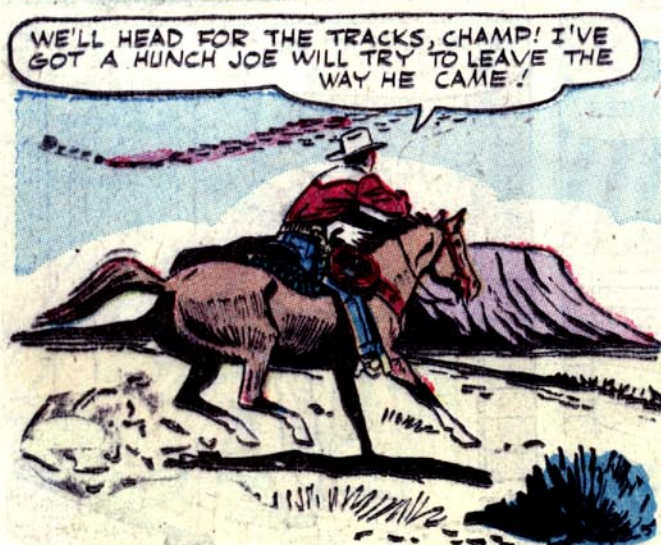
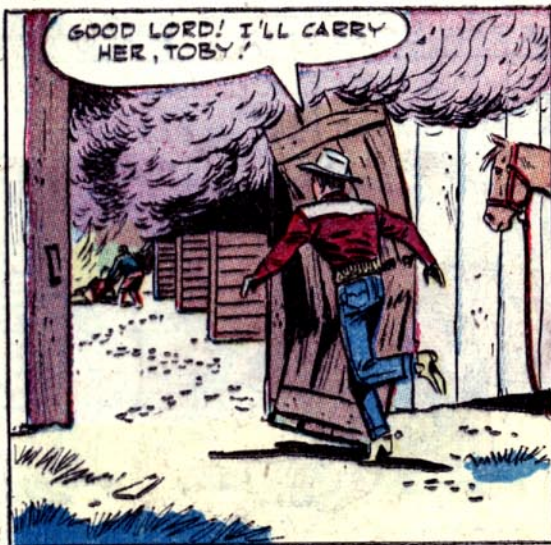


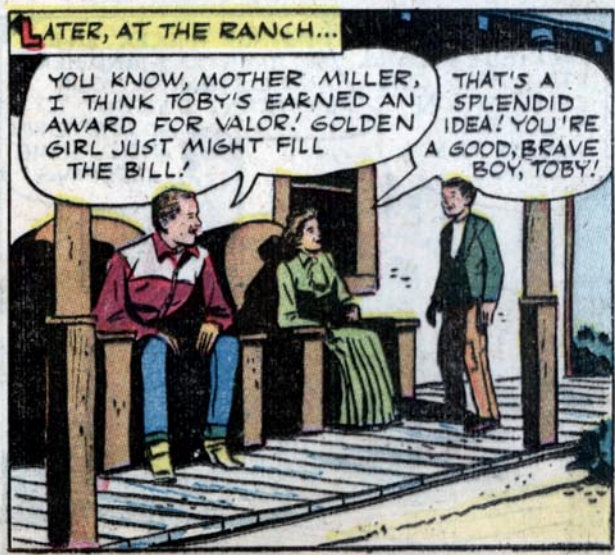
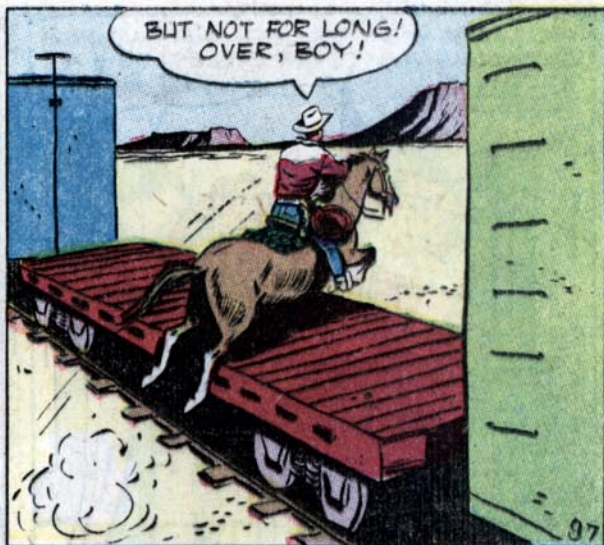


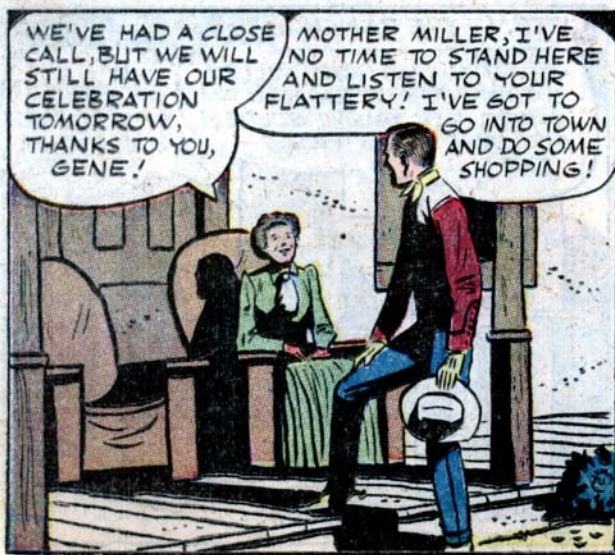
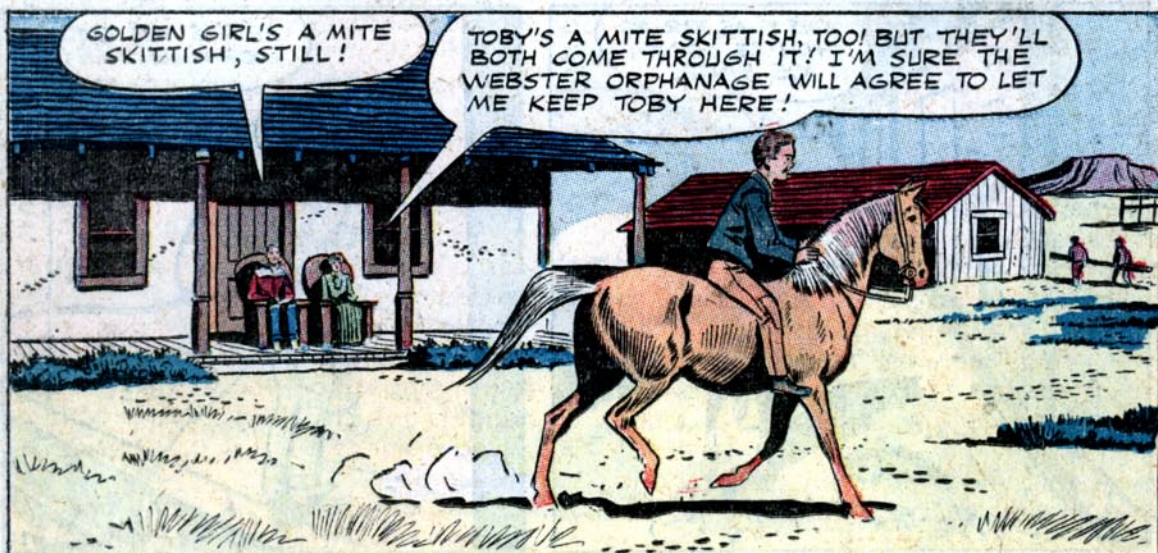
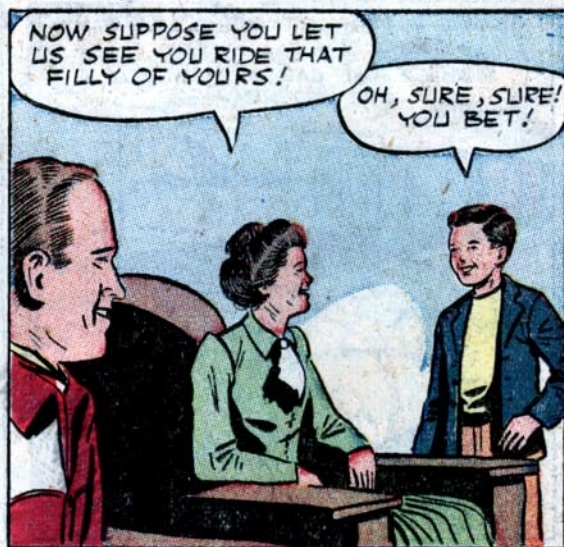
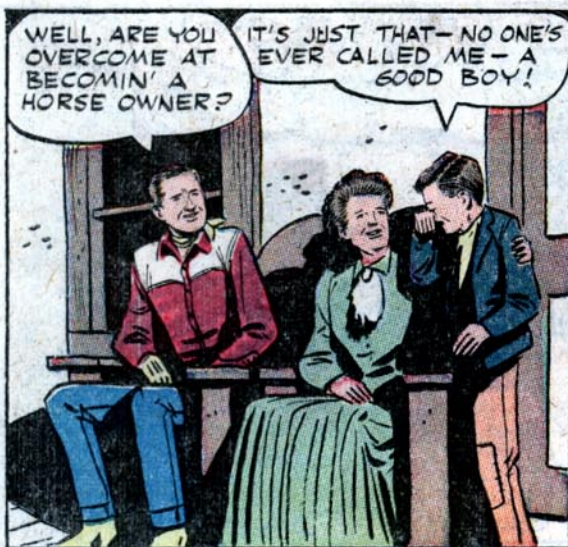












JED'S DEATH-DEFYING INVENTION

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When the two strangers rode up, Old Jed was sitting on his favorite rock by the river, admiring his new pipe.

But even that was forgotten in his excitement at this unexpected company in the lonely Sierra mountains of the Pacific Northwest.

"Howdy!" Jed yelled, scrambling to his feet. "You fellers lost?"

Without replying, the two men dismounted and started walking toward him. One, Jed saw, was tall and gaunt with a lean, pallid face; the other, of medium build, had small eyes and a thin-lipped mouth beneath his thick mustache. Neither smiled.

Jed, suddenly apprehensive, glanced over at his shack, a good hundred yards away. Then, longing for his gun inside on the table, he decided to make the best of the situation.

"Mighty glad to have company out here," he offered. "Gets lonesome."

The smaller man stared at him without a word. The other, busy looking over at the shack, didn't even look up.

Still more worried, Jed cast around for something to start a conversation. "My new pipe!" he said desperately, holding it up in front of him.

The tall man turned around. Both he and his companion stared at Jed, ignoring the pipe.

"Got it in town last week," Jed persisted, smile gone. "Longest stem I ever

saw—sure is a relief, after my old corn-cob. That 'cob used to smoke right up my nose and—"

In a harsh motion, the tall stranger interrupted Jed with a wave of his hand. "You the one they call 'Old Jed'?"

"That's me!" Jed replied, forcing a weak smile. He put out a tentative hand. "Real name's Jed Carney. Awful glad to make your acquaintance, mister . . . mister . . .?"

"Shut up, Pop!" The tall man's voice was a whip and the gun in his hand needed no explanation.

"We heard about you back in Big Cactus," he said. "Everyone in town was talkin' about how you brought in some nuggets as big around as silver dollars!"

Jed glanced over at his shack. "But they're all—"

"I told you to shut up!" The man glared, then grinned. "Finally hit it rich, didn't you, Pop?" The grin sagged. "We didn't ride out here to chitchat, Pop! Those nuggets in the shack?"

Jed's restraint evaporated. "Now see here, you two blasted—"

The tall man's grin returned. "Thought so!" He turned to his companion. "They're in the shack, all right!"

He looked at Jed. "And if we don't find the map to your claim, we'll beat it out of your skull!" He stepped up close, leering into Jed's angry face. "If the nuggets are in there, and if the map's in there, and if you're a good boy, and if you stay right here—we just MIGHT not hurt you!"

He started off toward the shack. "But," he added, over his shoulder, "if you so much as move from here—we'll

leave you for the buzzards, Pop!"

Jed watched silently as the tall stranger disappeared into the shack after his companion. His rage mounted at the noise coming from inside a few minutes later, the noise of his few cherished possessions being smashed.

Rubbing his beard thoughtfully, Jed suddenly turned around and stared down at the murky river.

Then, holding his breath, he jumped in.

The two thieves came running out of the shack, heading for the river. "Heard a splash!" the tall man shouted. "Yeah," the other yelled. "The old coot must've jumped in!" Drawing their guns, they rushed up to the river bank.

"Let him have it," the tall man growled, scanning the muddy surface, "the minute he comes up!"

"It'll be just like shootin' a duck in a barrel!" the other sneered.

Then, guns cocked and ready, the two of them stood there staring at the river.

As the water flowed on and on without the old man appearing, they separated and walked up the bank in opposite directions.

Finally, the lanky thief straightened up. "Looks like the old goat couldn't swim!" he laughed. "It's been a good ten minutes since he jumped in—and nary a sight of him. Nobody could stay under THAT long!"

He turned back toward the shack, putting his gun away.

"Well, if anyone finds him, it'll just be an ordinary case of drowning—we're in the clear now! Come on, let's get the rest of those nuggets and get movin'!"

Four days later, lounging over the bar of Garville's one saloon, the two men stiffened at the sound of a voice behind them.

"That's them, Sheriff! I'd know 'em any place!"

The pair whirled around in disbelief.



The old man! Alive!

"You're not seein' ghosts," Jed said evenly. "It's me all right!" He waved his gun. "And don't reach for those six shooters! Me and the Law, here, we've got itchy trigger-fingers!"

Jed turned to the Sheriff. "They're the ones! I thought they'd head for the nearest town. And you'll probably find some of my nuggets on 'em right now!"

Hands stretched high, the tall stranger stared at Jed in bewilderment. "But—you drowned! We heard you jump in the river! And you didn't come up!"

Jed smiled, for the first time.

"When you live alone for thirty-years," he said, "you learn to invent a lot of things. And I invented me a life-saver, quick-like, right there in the river!"

"But I still don't—"

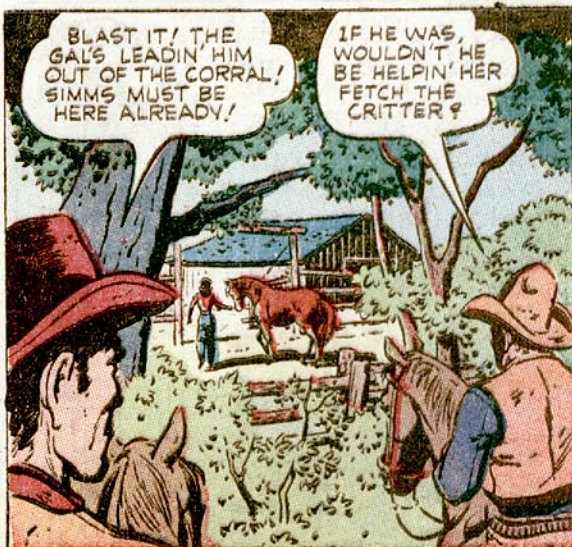
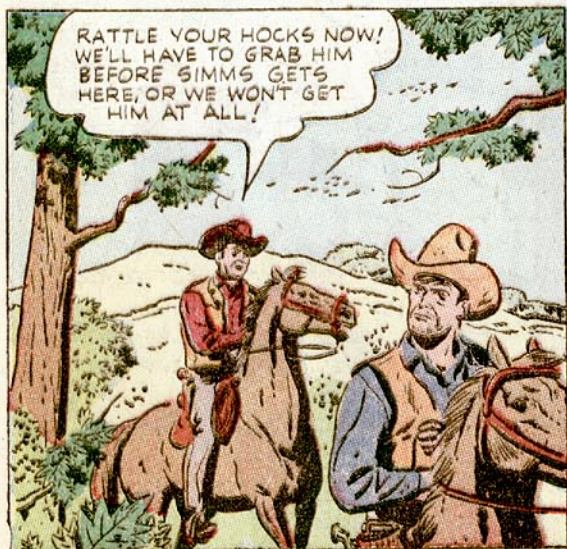
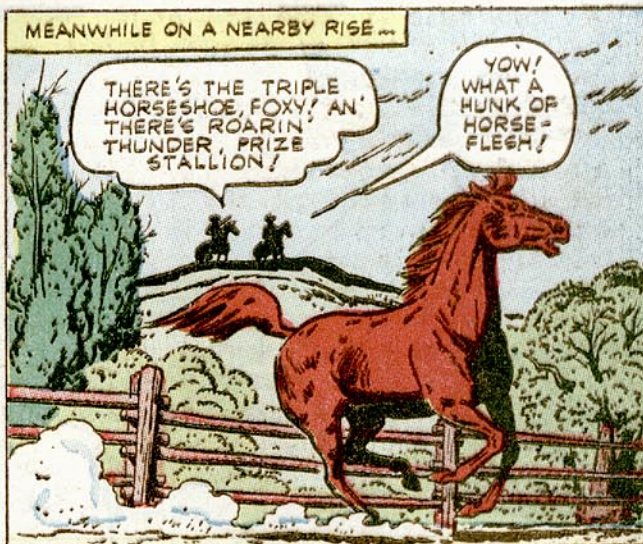
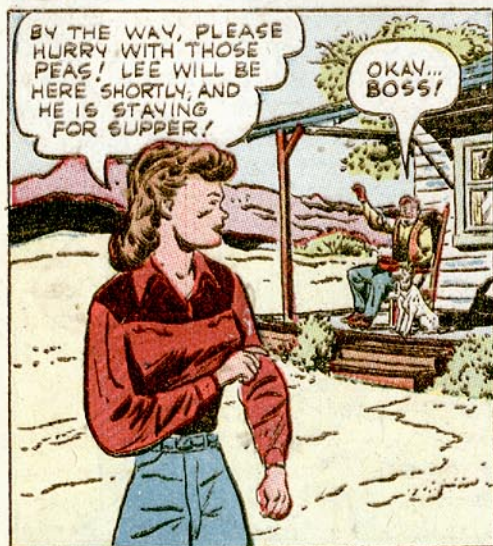
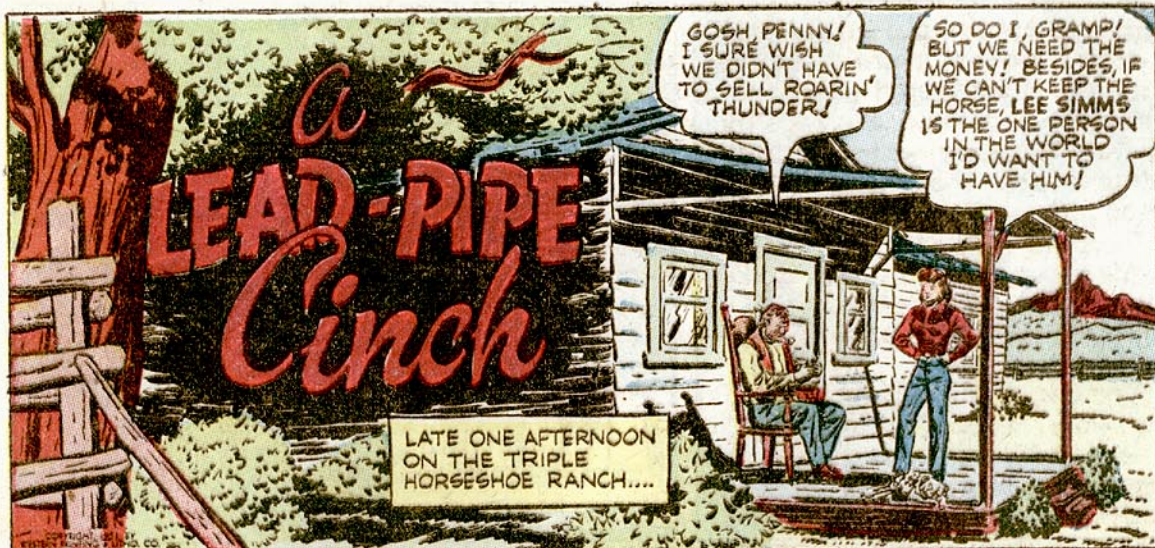
"MY NEW PIPE!" Jed grinned. "Soon's I went under, I put the bowl in my mouth, stuck that big long stem up out of the water among those reeds, blew through it good, and breathed in good ol' air!"

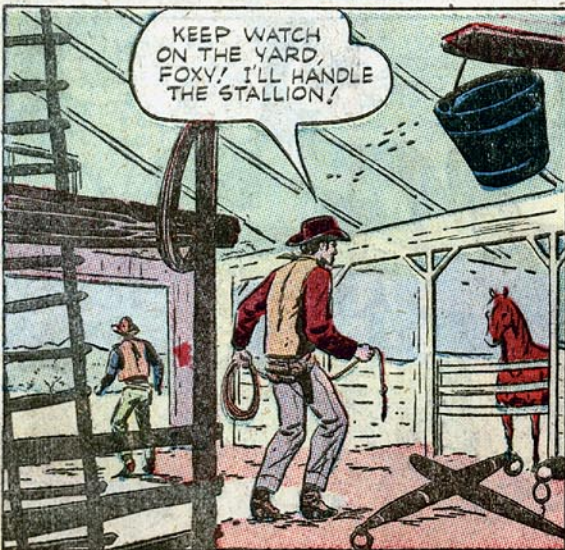
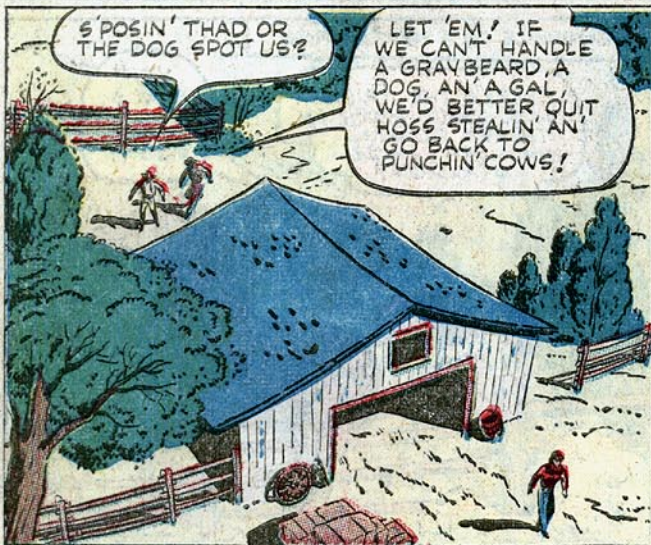
The two men scowled fiercely at each other as the Sheriff snapped handcuffs on their wrists.

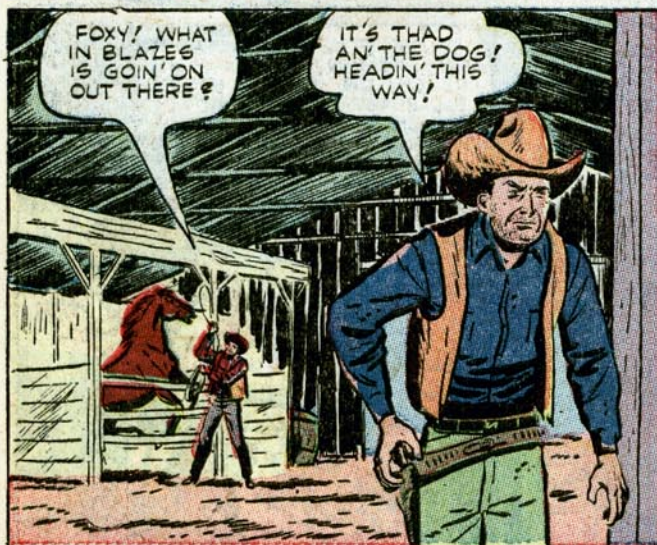
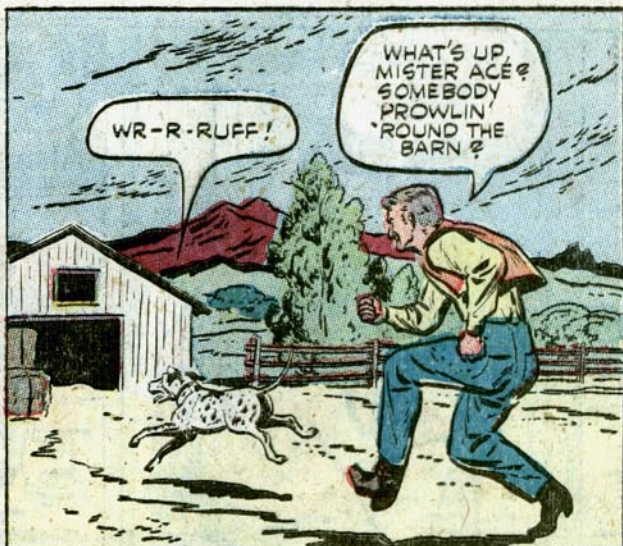
"Yes sir," Jed added, "I just grabbed me a rock on the bottom, next to the bank, and sat there in that muddy water a good twenty minutes, like an ol' fat frog!"

He grinned aside at the Sheriff.

"Only trouble is, my pipe's sorta waterlogged now. Got to get me a new one—but I reckon it's worth it!"

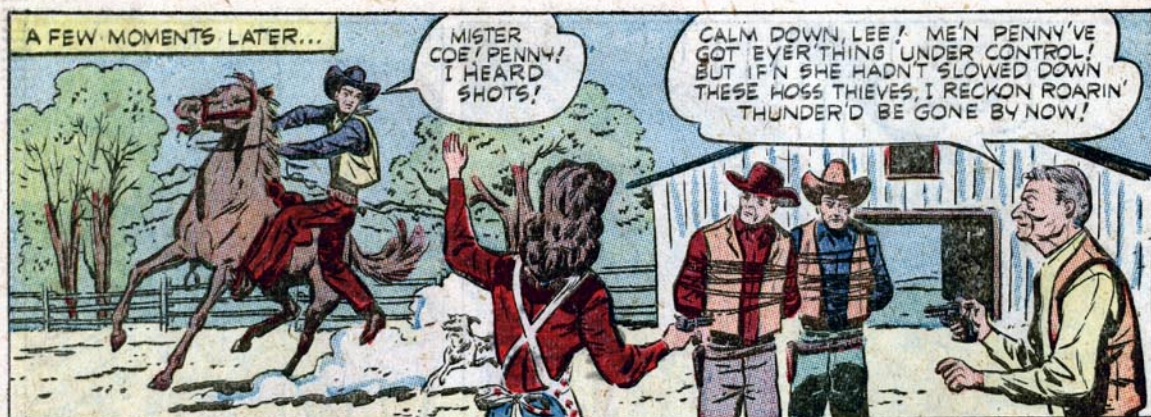












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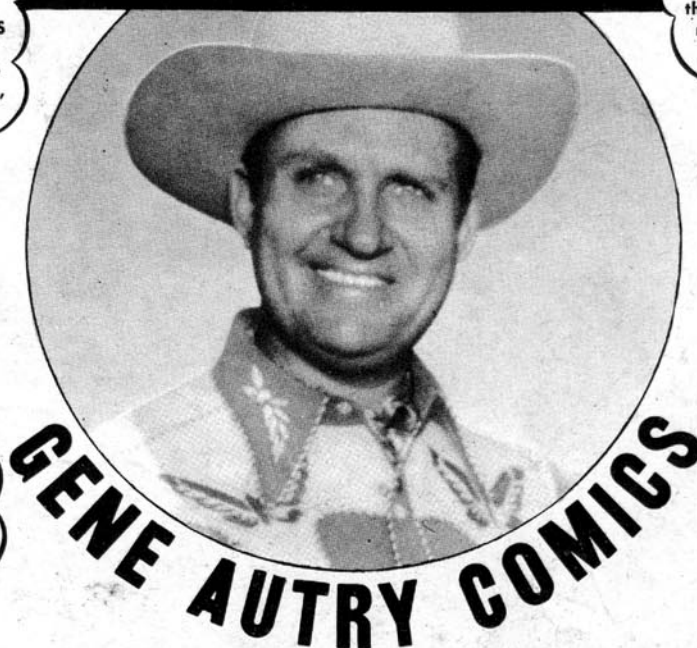
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