

DELL
COMIC

OCTOBER
10¢

Gene Autry^W

Comics

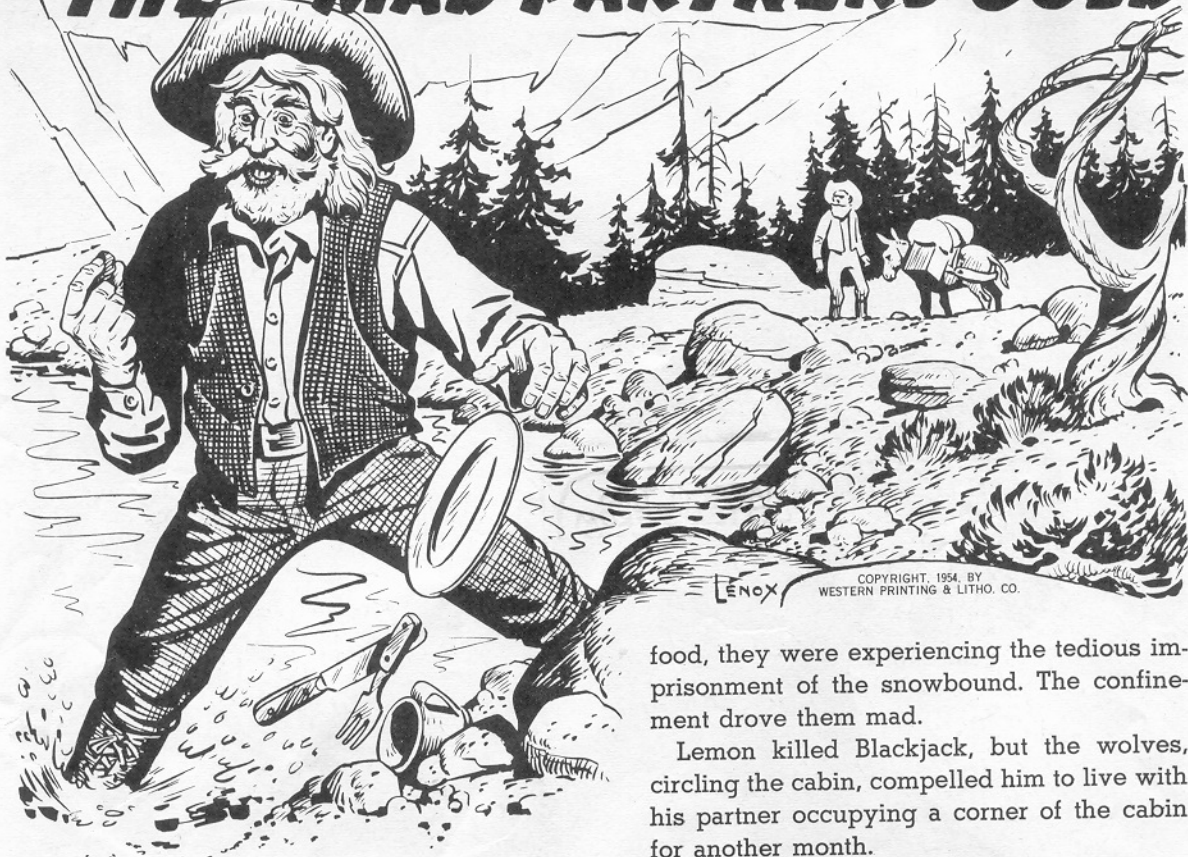


RODEO



RODEO

THE MAD PARTNERS' GOLD



LENOX

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There is a madness that sometimes grips the minds of men who are confined too long together in a small cabin. The mountain men call it "cabin fever." Usually cabin fever expends itself in petty outbursts of anger. But in the case of two old prospectors, called Lemon and Blackjack, it caused violence, death, insanity and a lost fortune in gold.

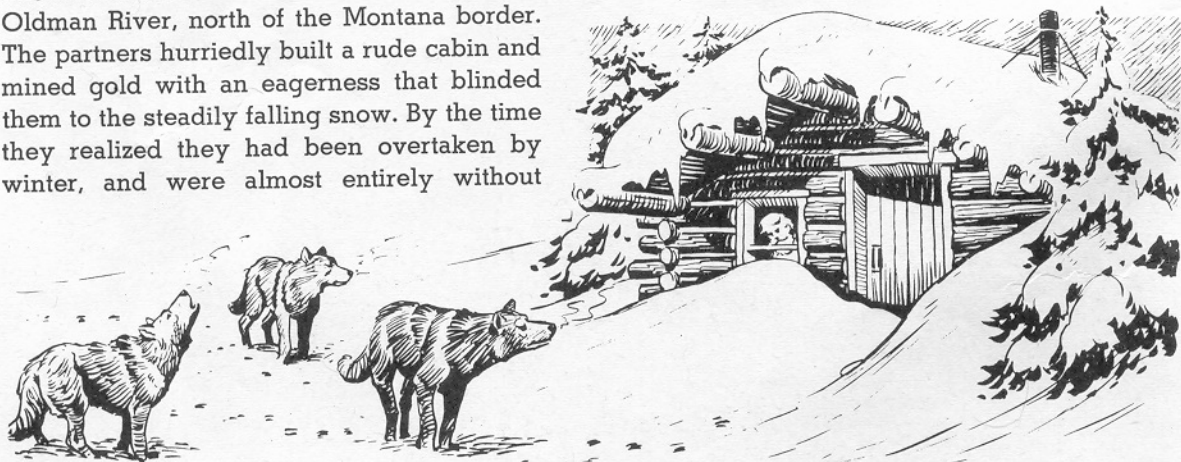
Old Lemon discovered gold while washing tin dishes in a stream near the headwaters of Oldman River, north of the Montana border. The partners hurriedly built a rude cabin and mined gold with an eagerness that blinded them to the steadily falling snow. By the time they realized they had been overtaken by winter, and were almost entirely without

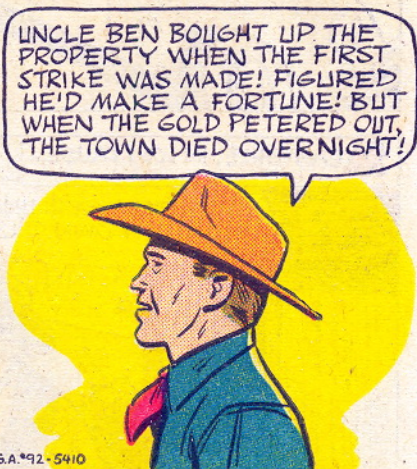
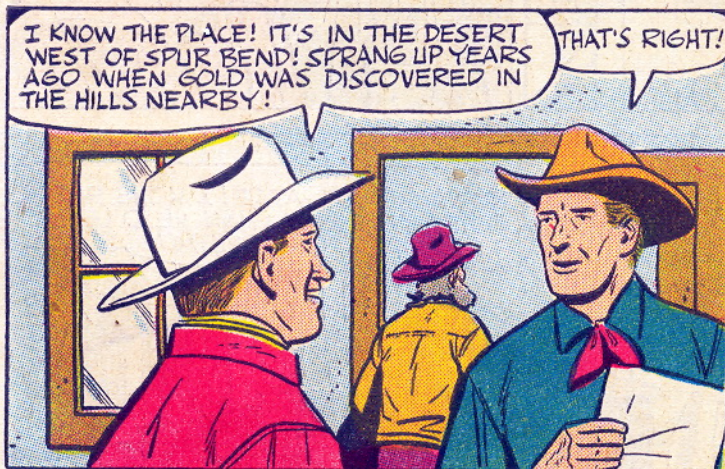
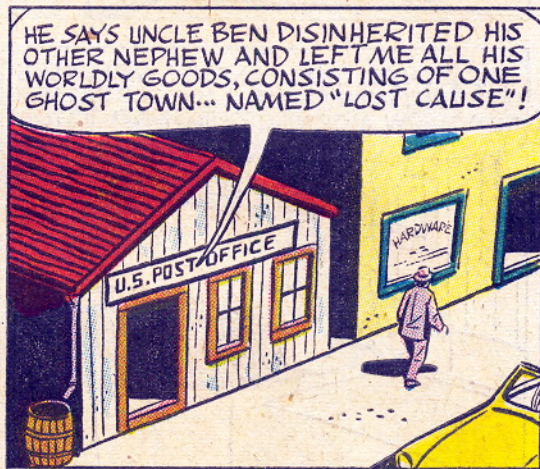
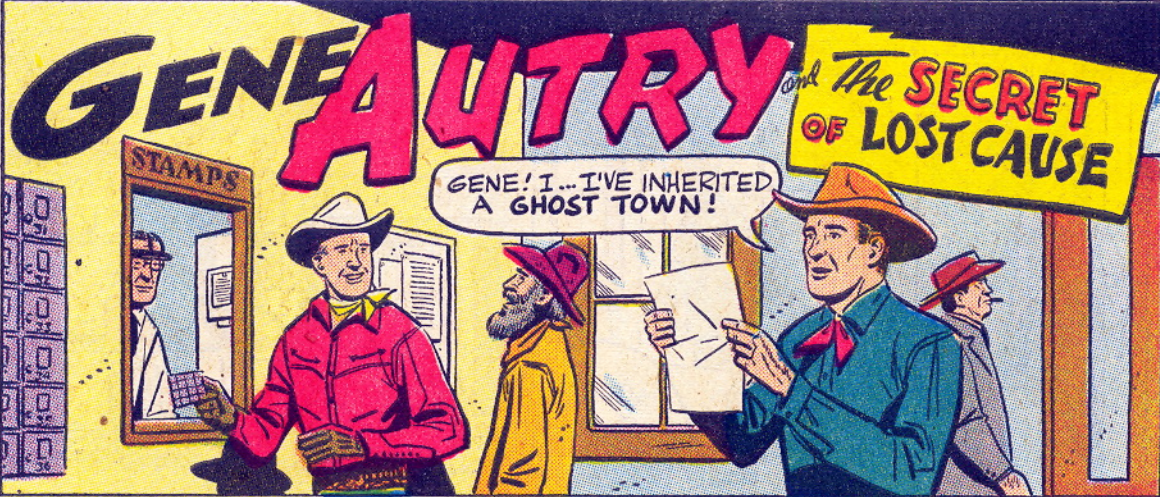
food, they were experiencing the tedious imprisonment of the snowbound. The confinement drove them mad.

Lemon killed Blackjack, but the wolves, circling the cabin, compelled him to live with his partner occupying a corner of the cabin for another month.

The aged prospector knew he was losing his mind, so he struck out for civilization with a poke of gold. He came out with the gold, but he was hopelessly insane.

The cabin and Blackjack's remains were later discovered along with a large quantity of gold by a trapper named Pasture. But the mad partner's rich strike has never been found.





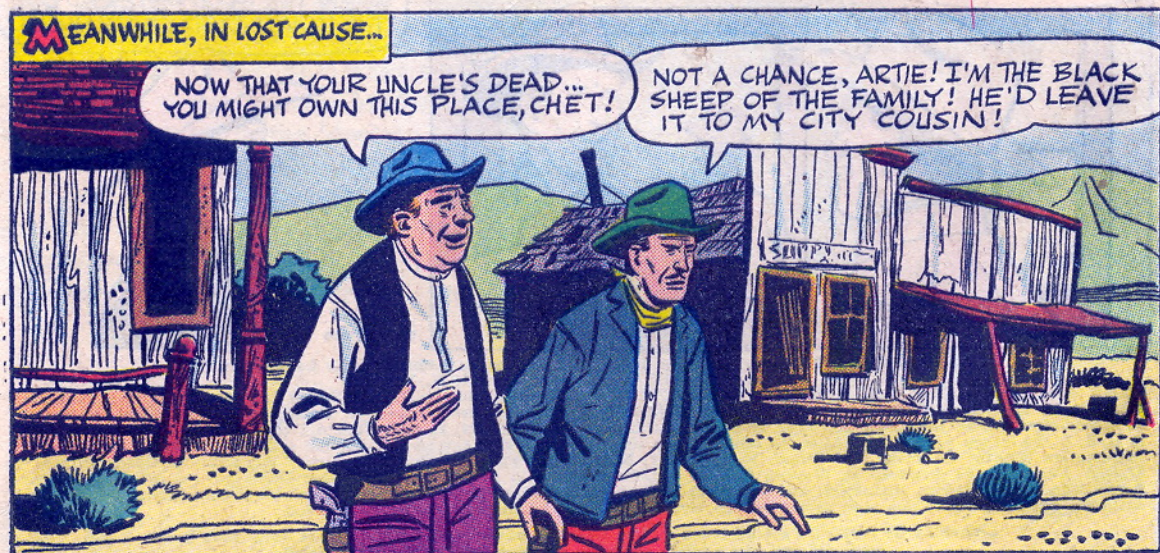
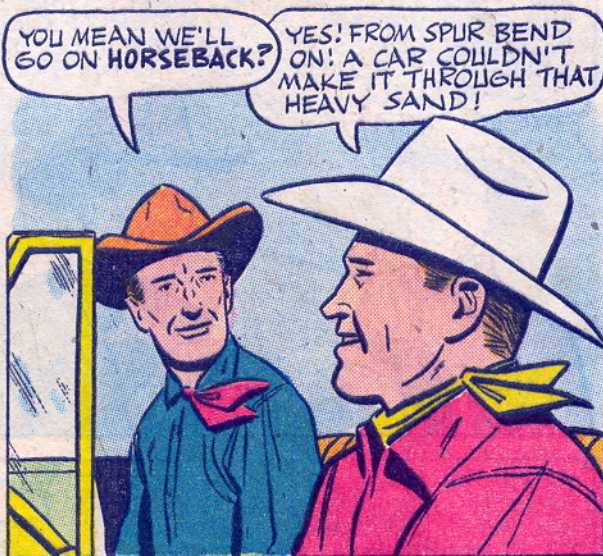
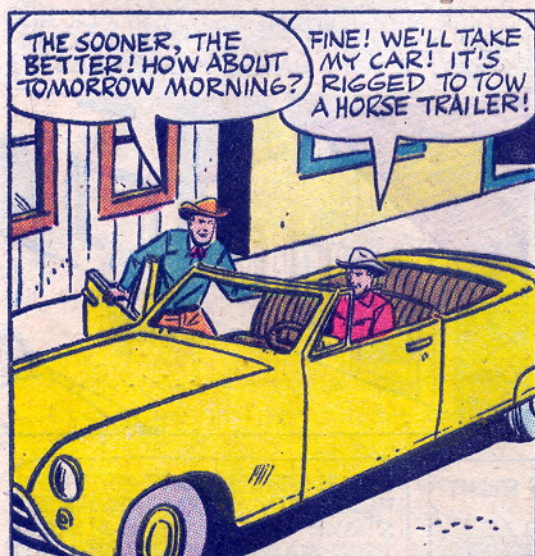
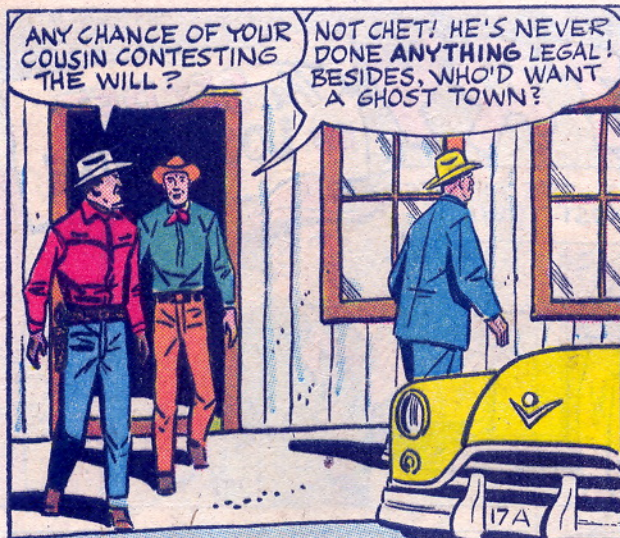
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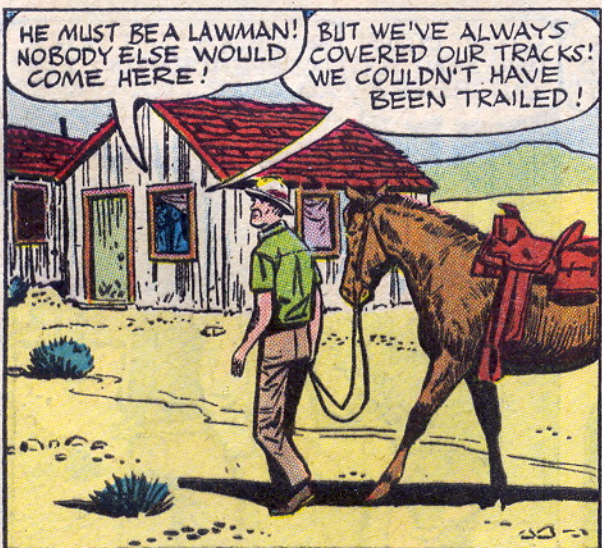
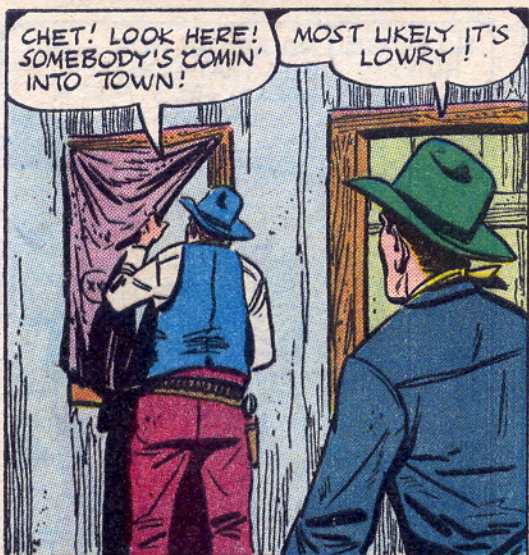
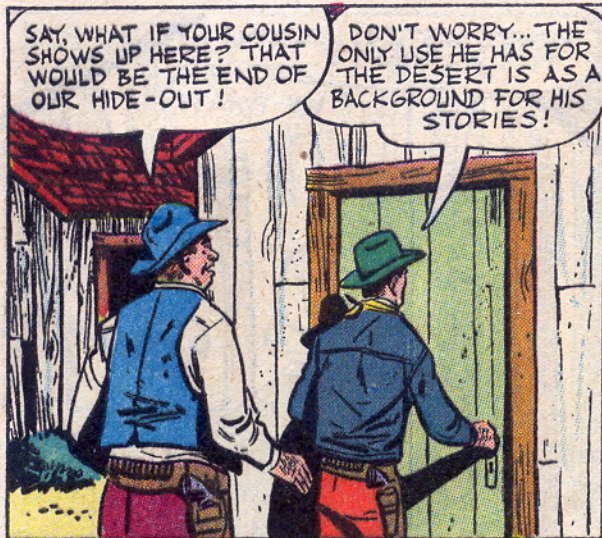
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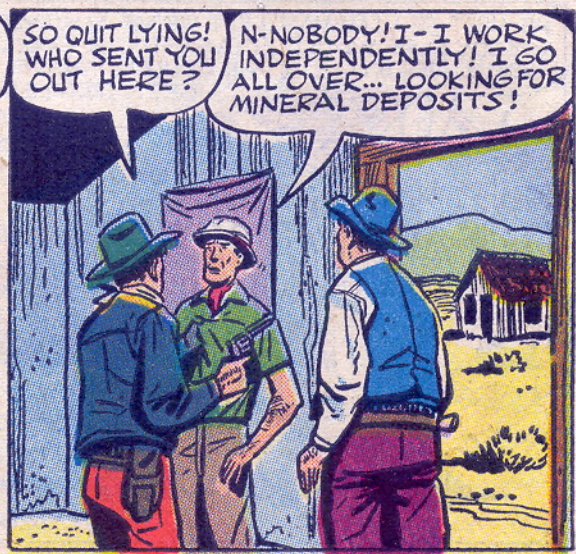
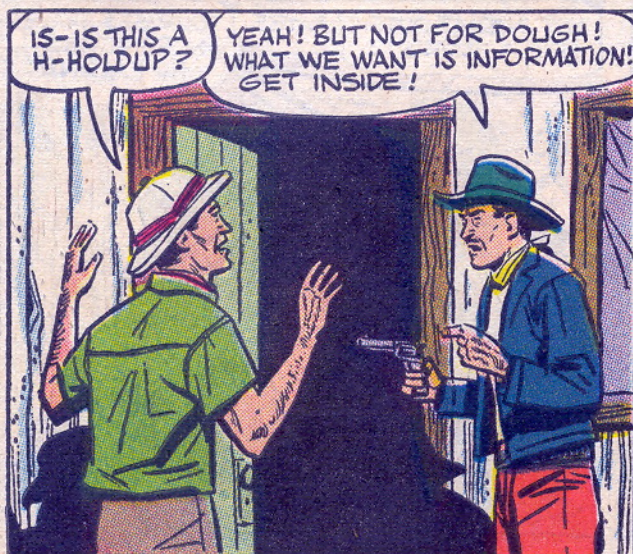
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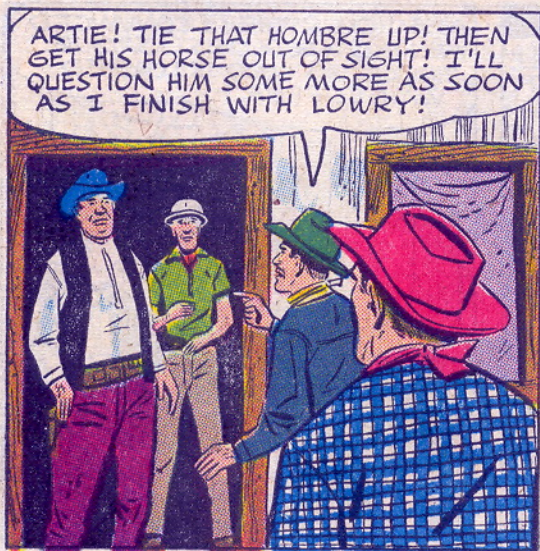
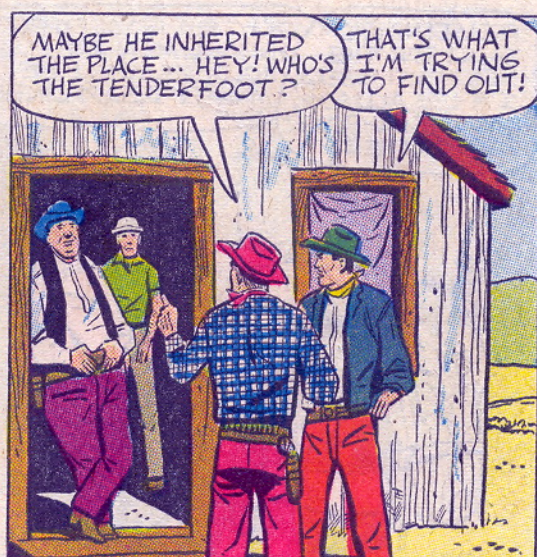
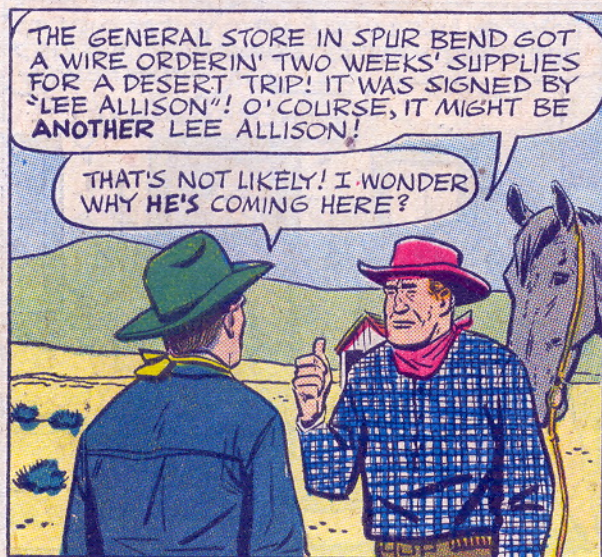
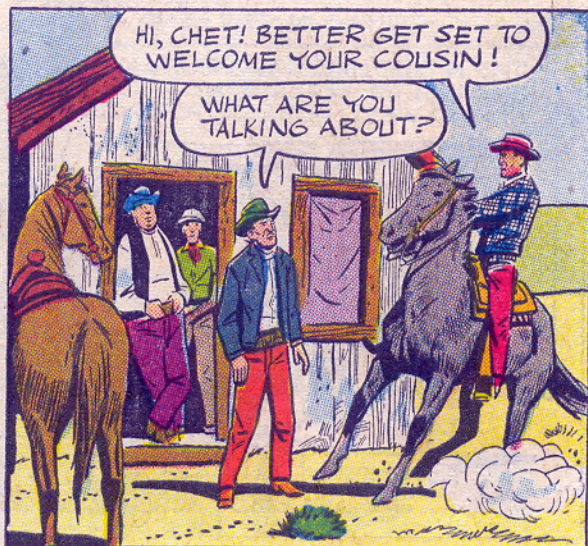
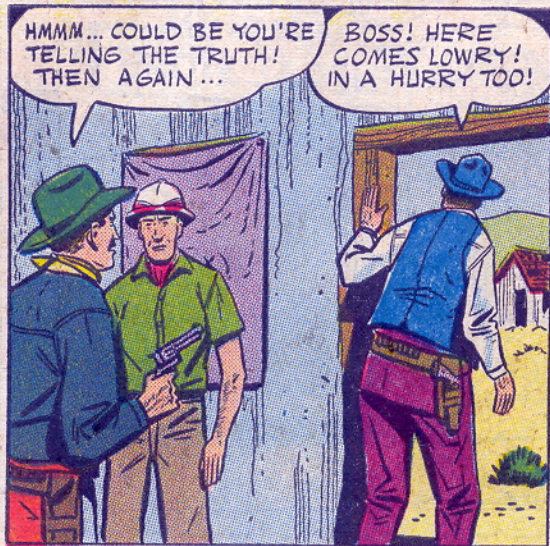
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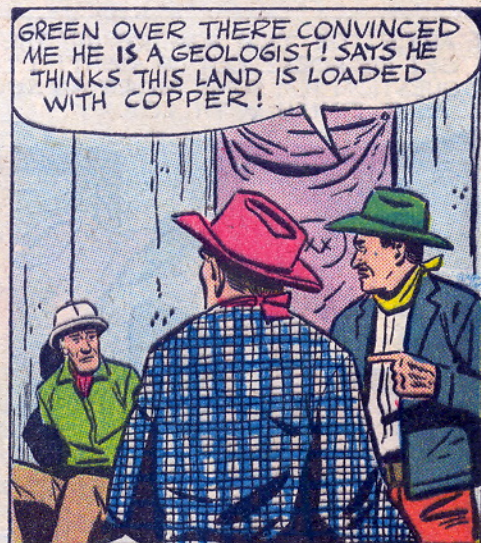
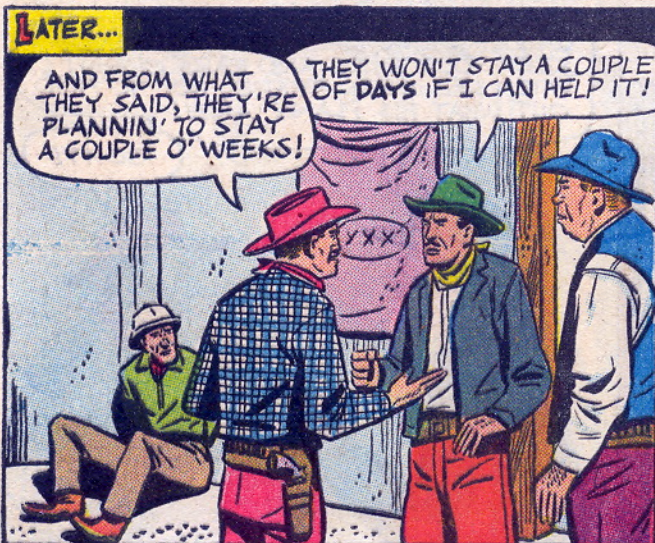
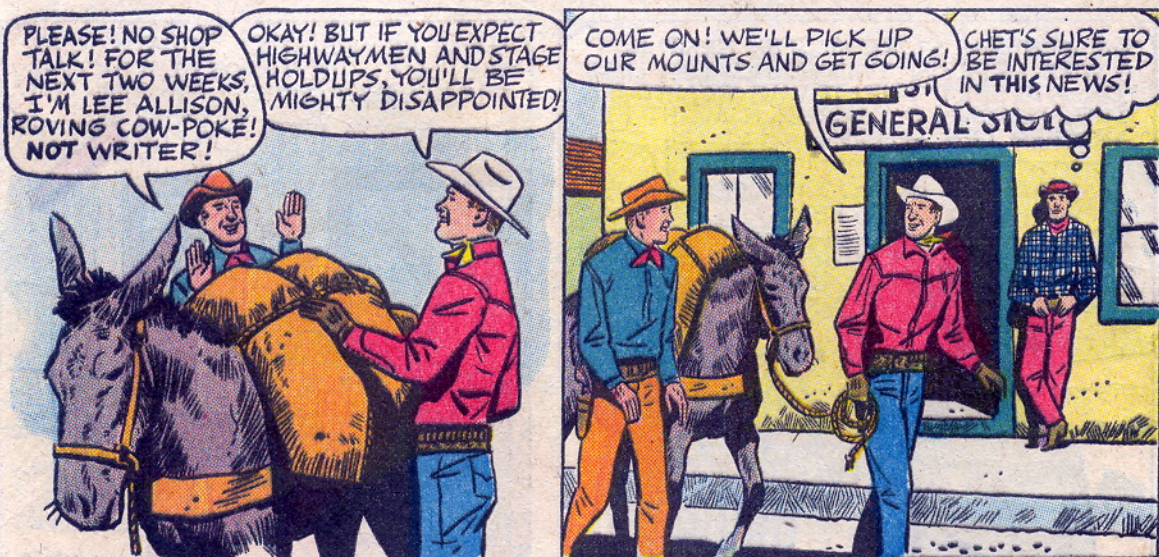
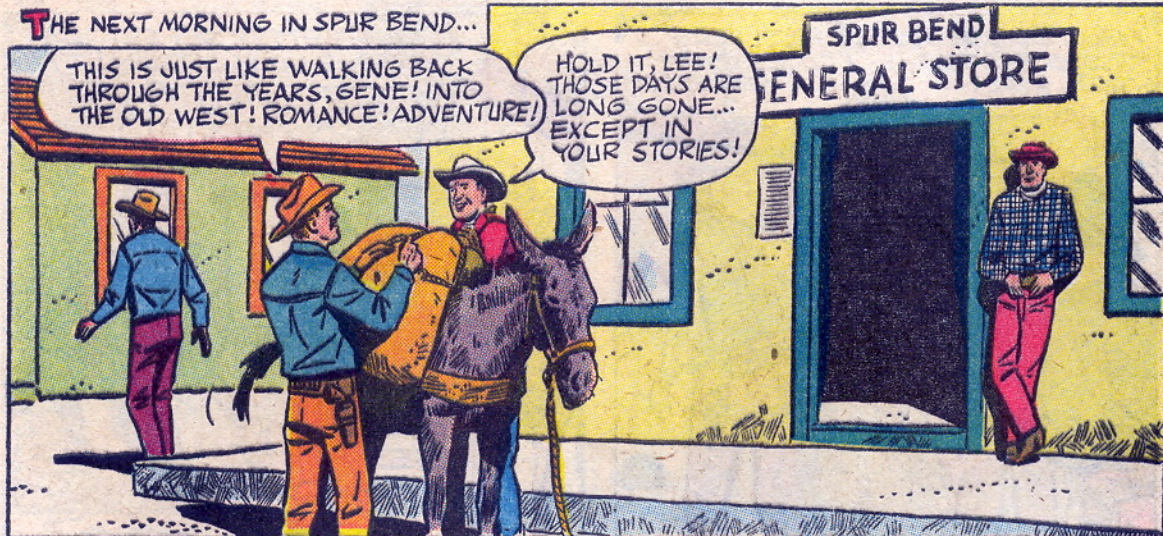


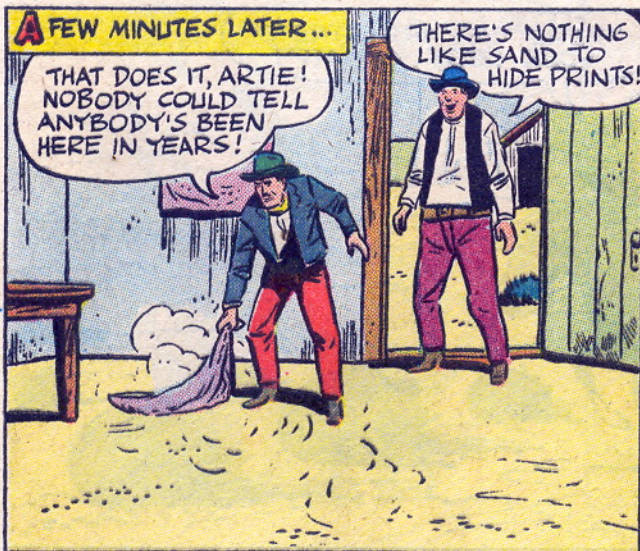
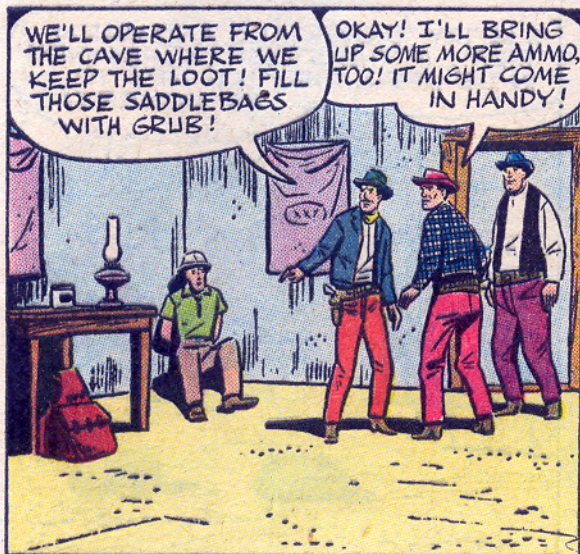
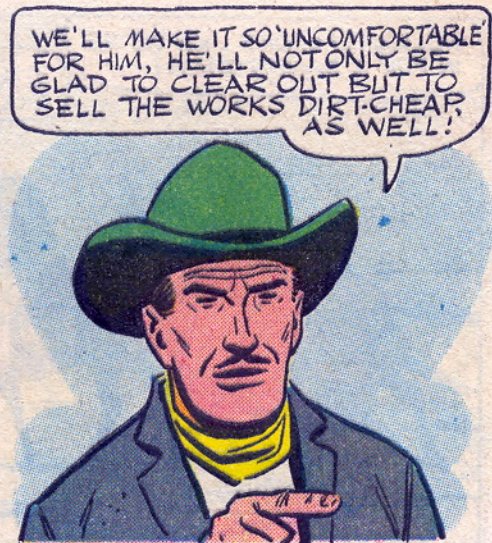
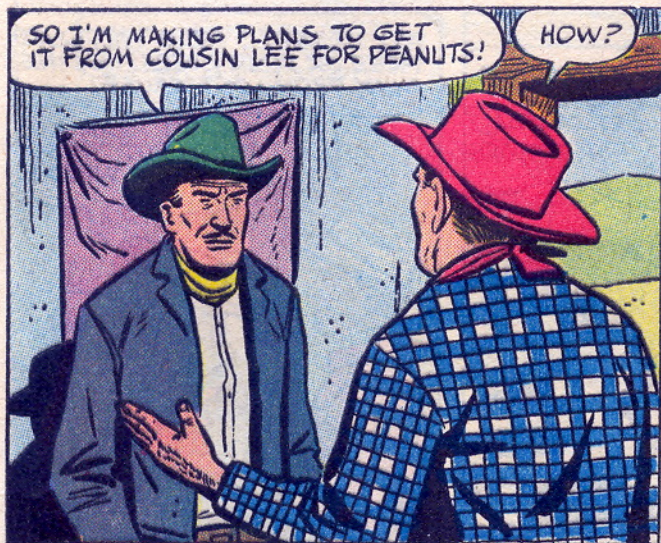


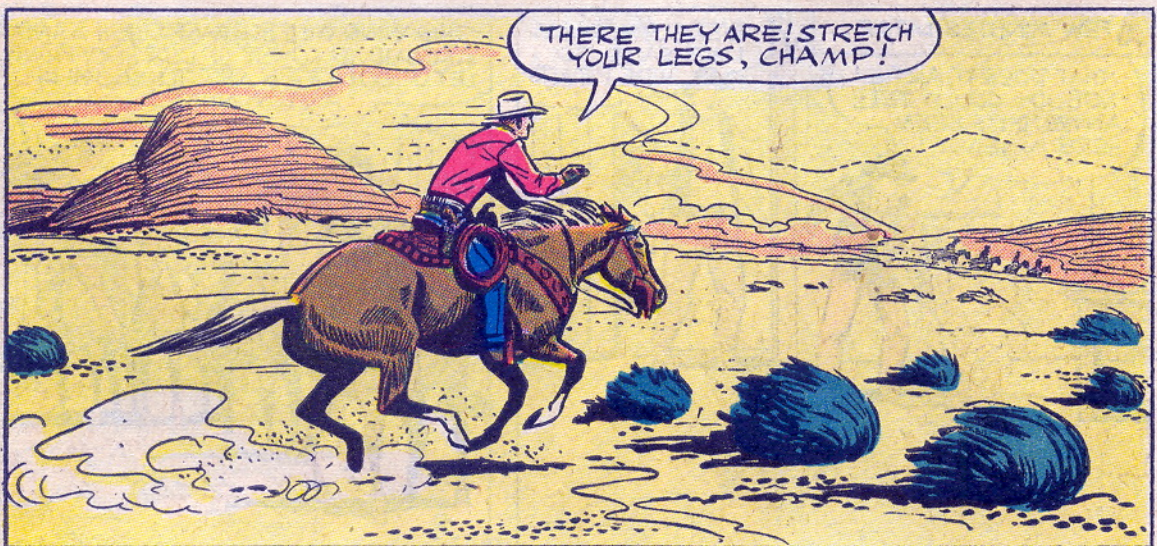
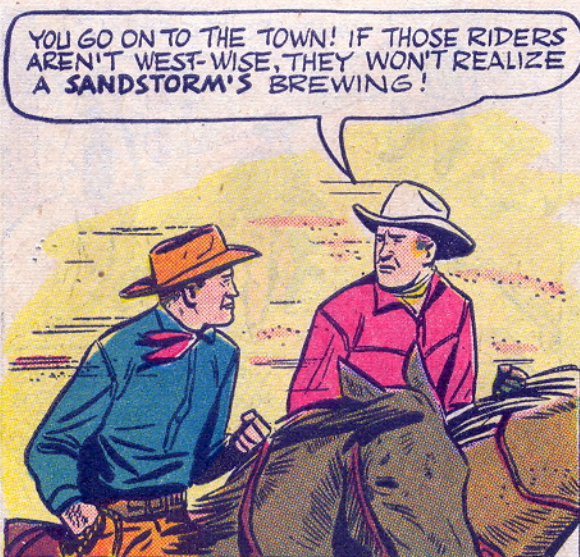
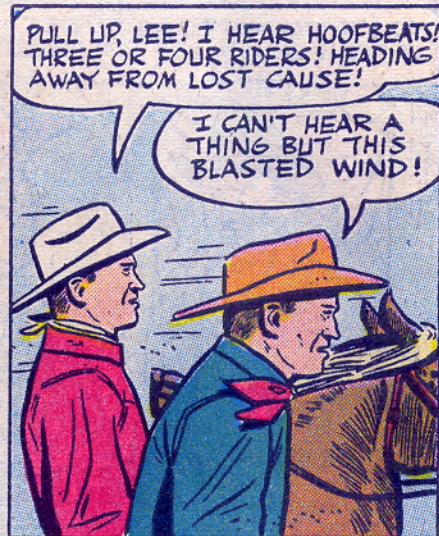
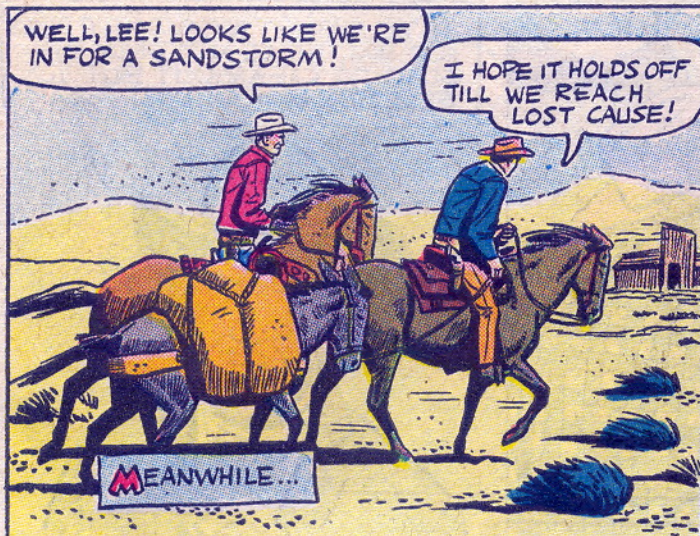


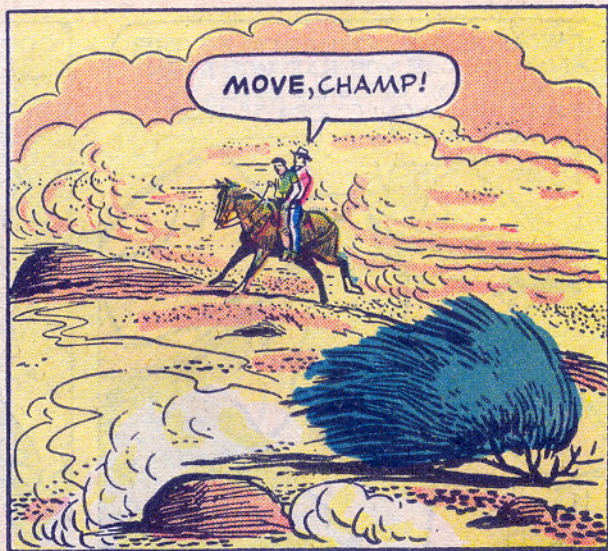
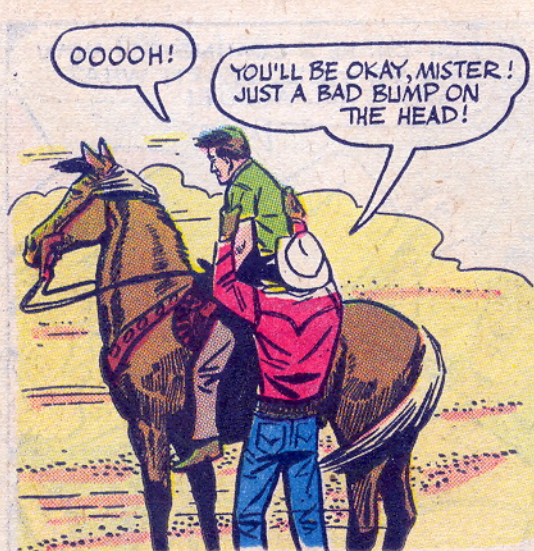
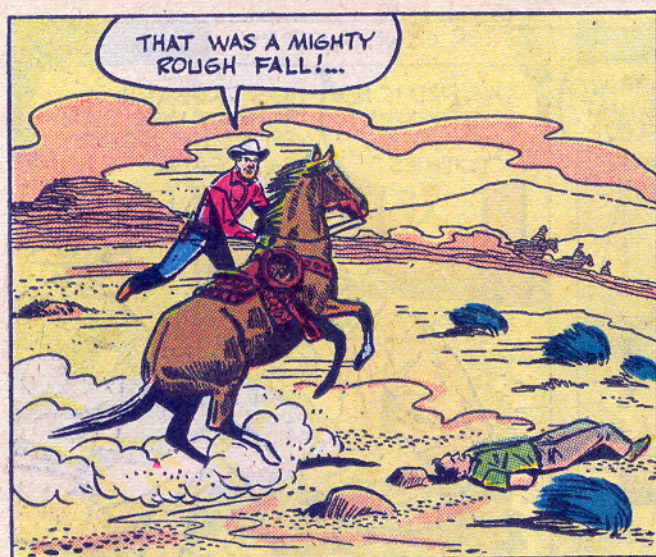
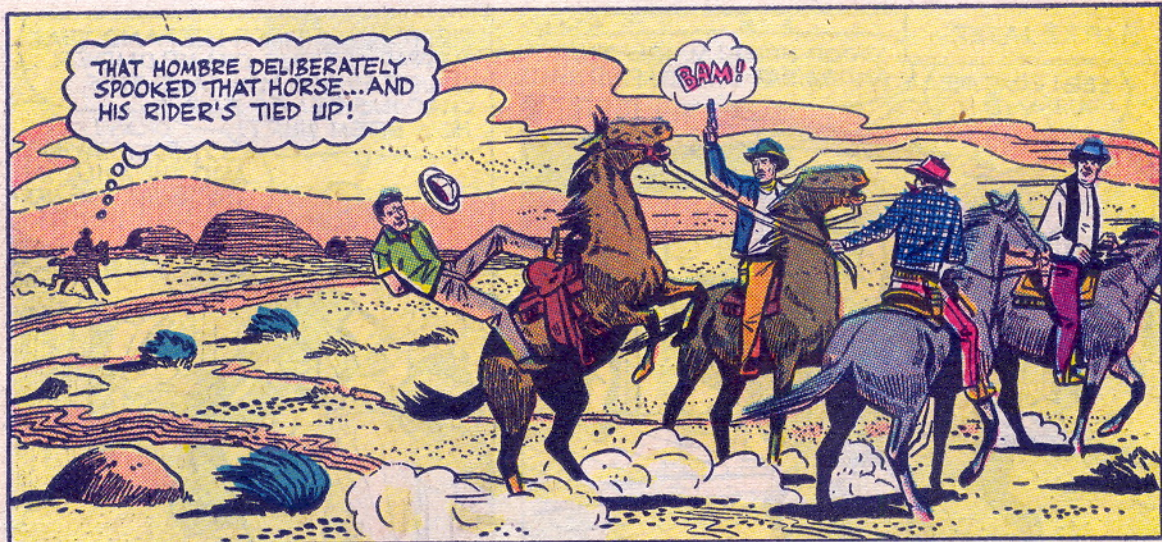


THE NEXT MORNING IN SPUR BEND...

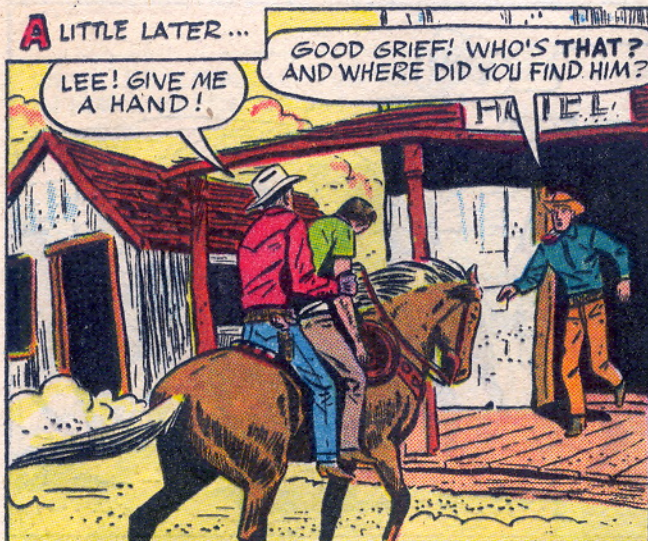








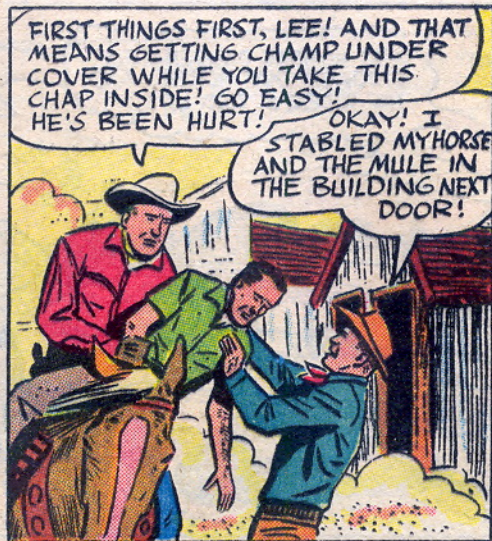
A LITTLE LATER...



LEE! GIVE ME A HAND!

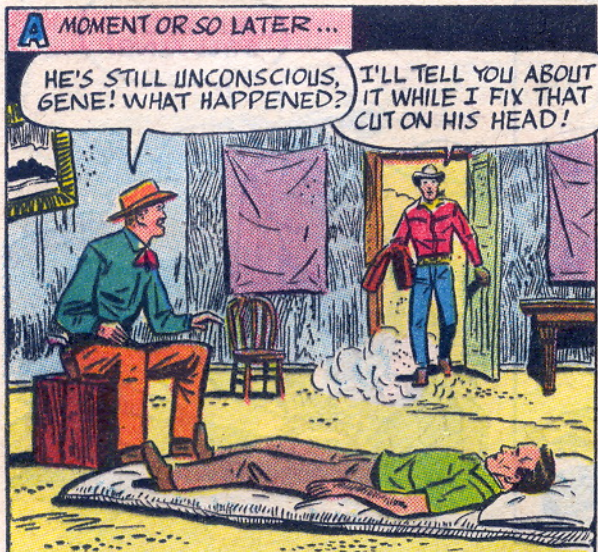
GOOD GRIEF! WHO'S THAT? AND WHERE DID YOU FIND HIM?

FIRST THINGS FIRST, LEE! AND THAT MEANS GETTING CHAMP UNDER COVER WHILE YOU TAKE THIS CHAP INSIDE! GO EASY! HE'S BEEN HURT!



OKAY! I STABLED MY HORSE AND THE MULE IN THE BUILDING NEXT DOOR!

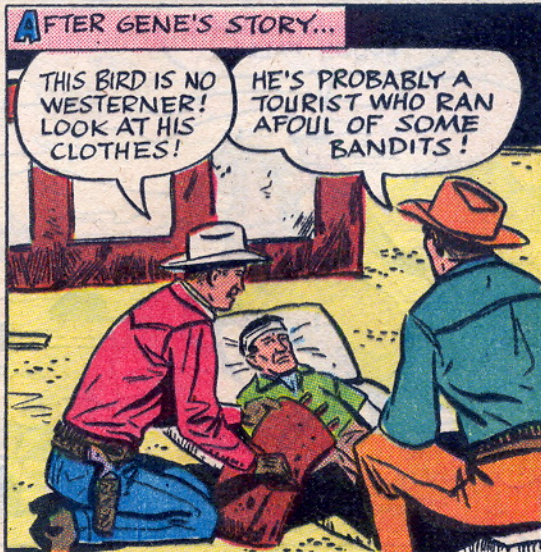
A MOMENT OR SO LATER...



HE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS, GENE! WHAT HAPPENED?

I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT WHILE I FIX THAT CUT ON HIS HEAD!

AFTER GENE'S STORY...



THIS BIRD IS NO WESTERNER! LOOK AT HIS CLOTHES!

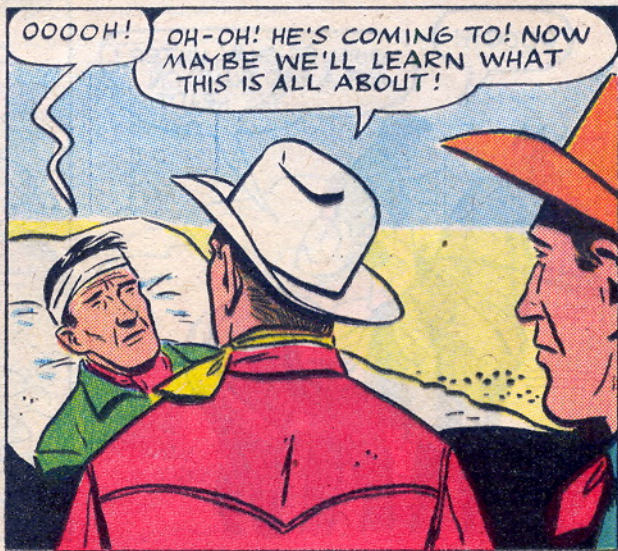
HE'S PROBABLY A TOURIST WHO RAN AFOUL OF SOME BANDITS!

THAT WOULD MOST LIKELY BE THE ANSWER... IF YOU HAD WRITTEN THIS STORY! BUT I'LL GIVE ODDS THIS YARN WON'T "READ" THAT WAY WHEN...



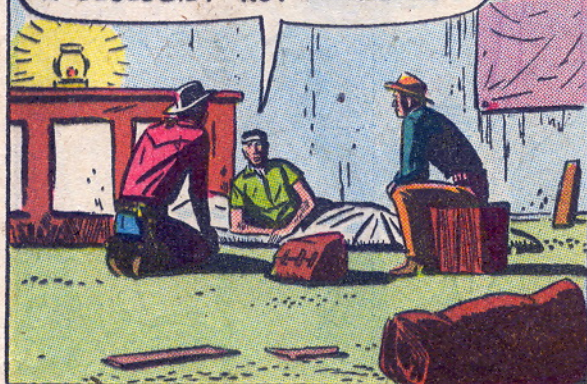
OOOOH!

OH-OH! HE'S COMING TO! NOW MAYBE WE'LL LEARN WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



A LITTLE LATER ...

UNFORTUNATELY, I LEFT MY IDENTIFICATION IN MY OTHER CLOTHES IN TOWN! BUT I DID FINALLY CONVINCE THE HEAD MAN I WAS A GEOLOGIST... NOT A POLICEMAN!

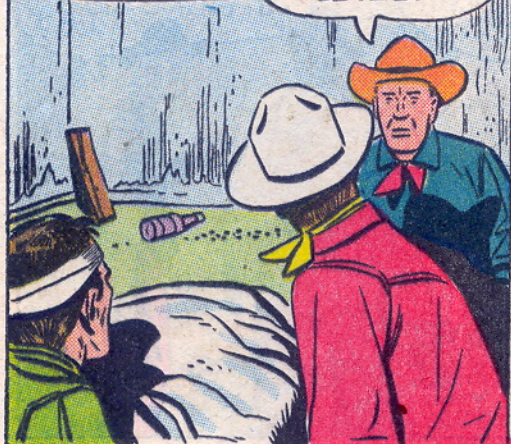


DID YOU OVERHEAR ANYTHING THAT MIGHT HELP US TO IDENTIFY THOSE MEN?

N-NO... EXCEPT... WELL, THE ONE CALLED "CHET" WAS UPSET BECAUSE SOMEBODY NAMED "ALLISON" WAS COMING HERE!

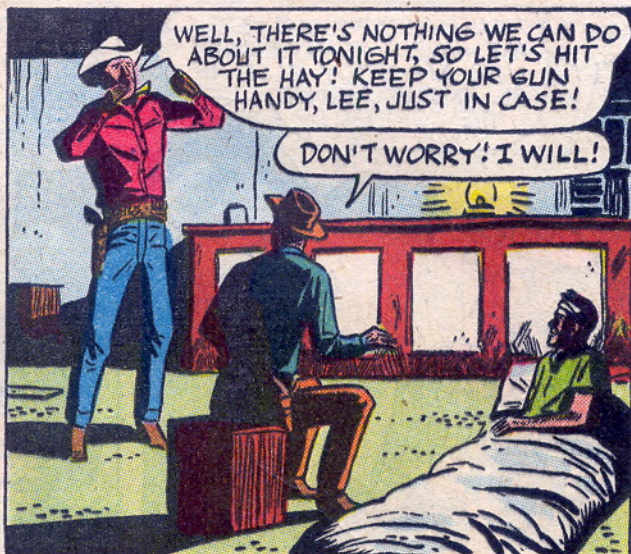


CHET? THAT COULD BE MY COUSIN... CHET STEELE! IF IT IS, WHATEVER HE'S DOING HERE IS NOT ON THE LEVEL!



WELL, THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT TONIGHT, SO LET'S HIT THE HAY! KEEP YOUR GUN HANDY, LEE, JUST IN CASE!

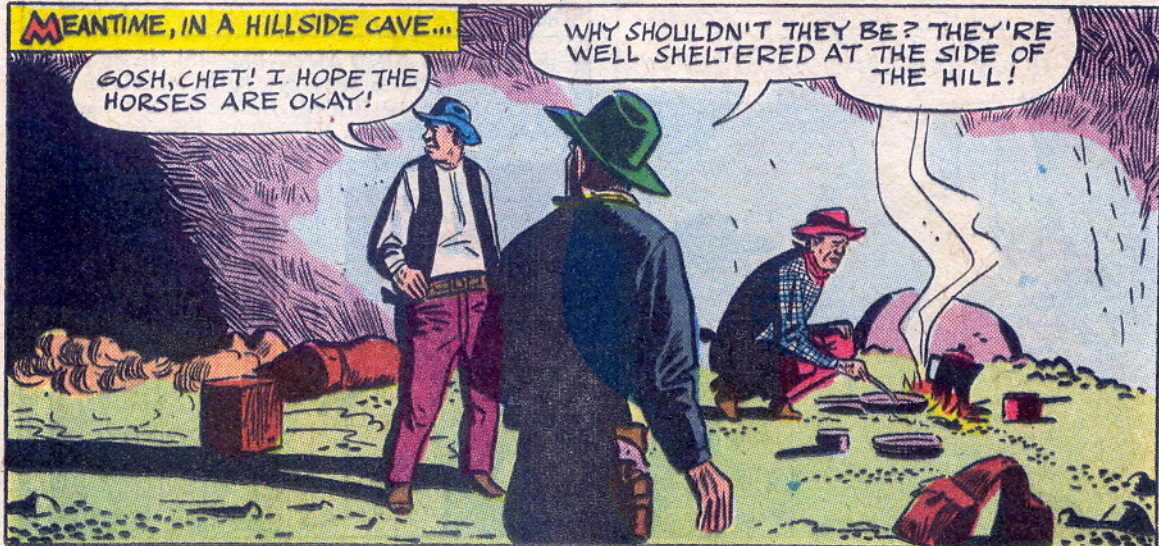
DON'T WORRY! I WILL!

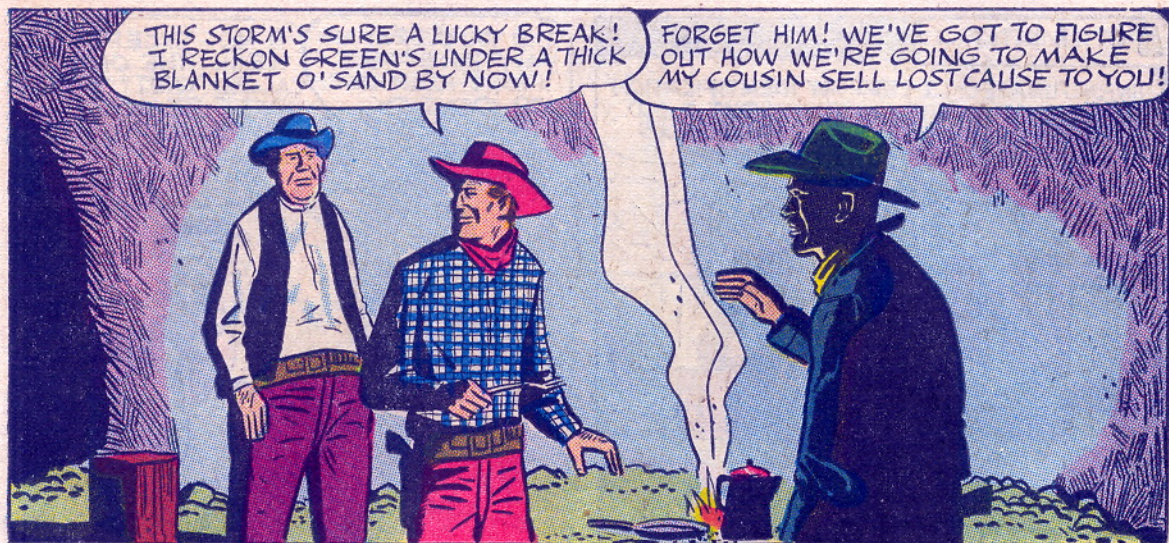


MEANTIME, IN A HILLSIDE CAVE...

GOSH, CHET! I HOPE THE HORSES ARE OKAY!

WHY SHOULDN'T THEY BE? THEY'RE WELL SHELTERED AT THE SIDE OF THE HILL!





THIS STORM'S SURE A LUCKY BREAK!
I RECKON GREEN'S UNDER A THICK
BLANKET O' SAND BY NOW!

FORGET HIM! WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE
OUT HOW WE'RE GOING TO MAKE
MY COUSIN SELL LOST CAUSE TO YOU!



ME?

YEAH! HE'D NEVER LET
ME HAVE IT AT ANY PRICE!
NOR ANYBODY ELSE, IF
HE KNOWS ABOUT
THE COPPER!

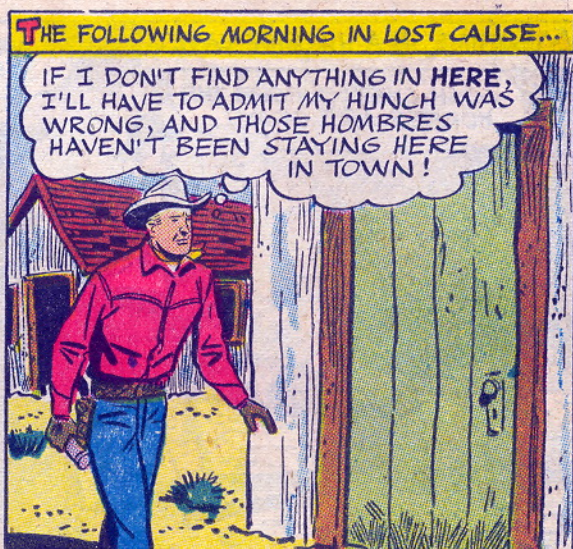


I'LL BET HE
DOESN'T! IF HE
DID, HE'D HAVE
BEEN A LOT MORE
EXCITED ABOUT
THE TRIP!

MAYBE!... ARTIE, WHEN THE
STORM LETS UP, YOU GO BACK
TO TOWN! TRY TO FIND OUT
HOW MUCH LEE KNOWS WITH-
OUT GIVING YOURSELF
AWAY!



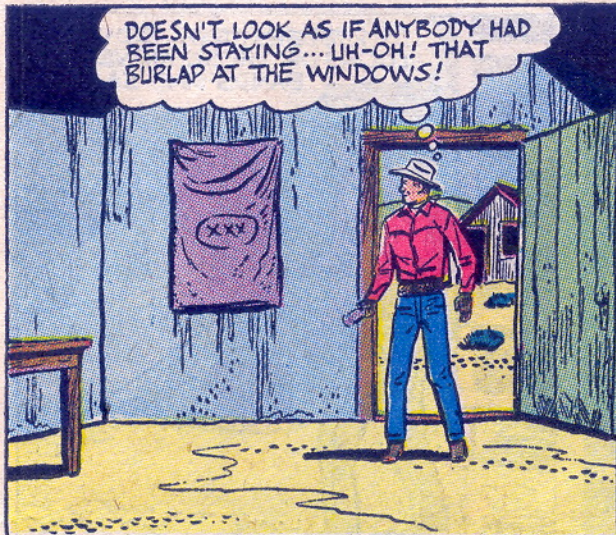
AN' WHILE YOU'RE THERE, GET SOME
MORE COFFEE OUT O' THE CELLAR! I
FORGOT IT AN' THIS CAN'S ALMOST EMPTY!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING IN LOST CAUSE...

IF I DON'T FIND ANYTHING IN HERE,
I'LL HAVE TO ADMIT MY HUNCH WAS
WRONG, AND THOSE HOMBRES
HAVEN'T BEEN STAYING HERE
IN TOWN!

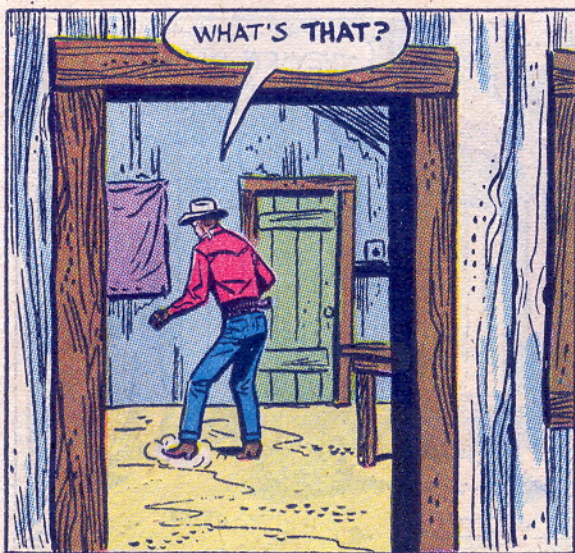
DOESN'T LOOK AS IF ANYBODY HAD
BEEN STAYING... UH-OH! THAT
BURLAP AT THE WINDOWS!



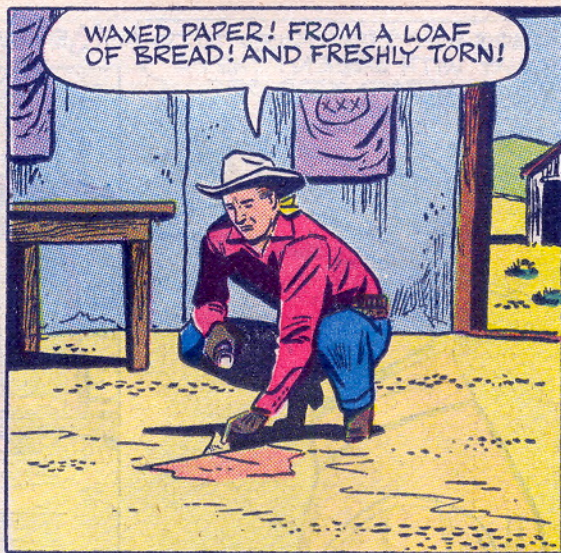
IT HASN'T BEEN HANGING HERE TOO
LONG! NO SIGN OF ROT!



WHAT'S THAT?



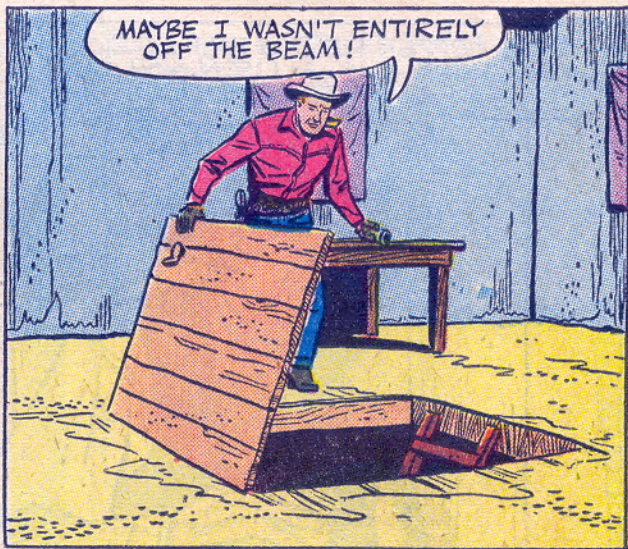
WAXED PAPER! FROM A LOAF
OF BREAD! AND FRESHLY TORN!

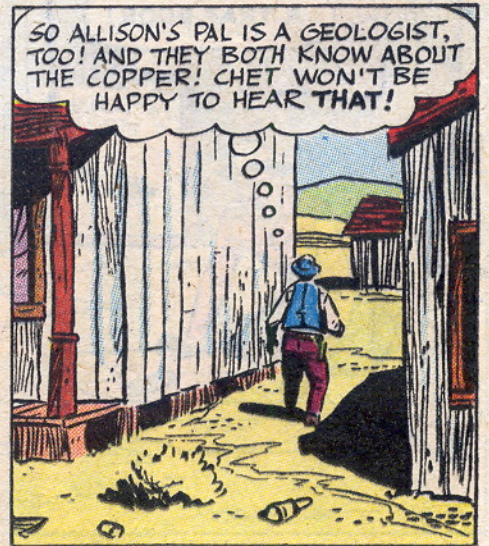
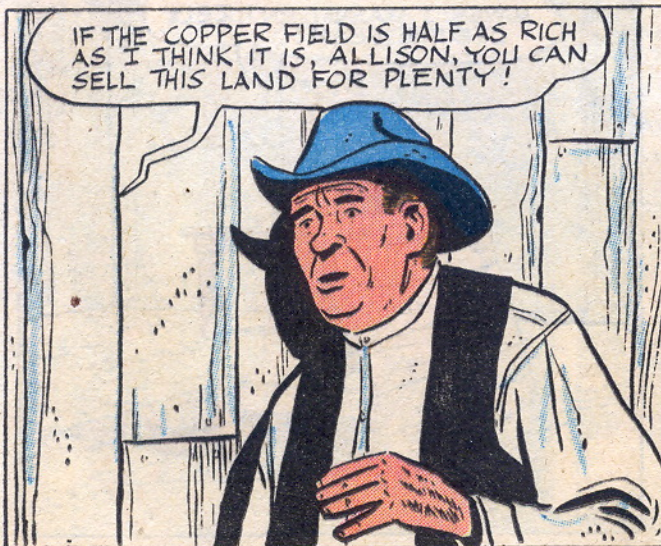
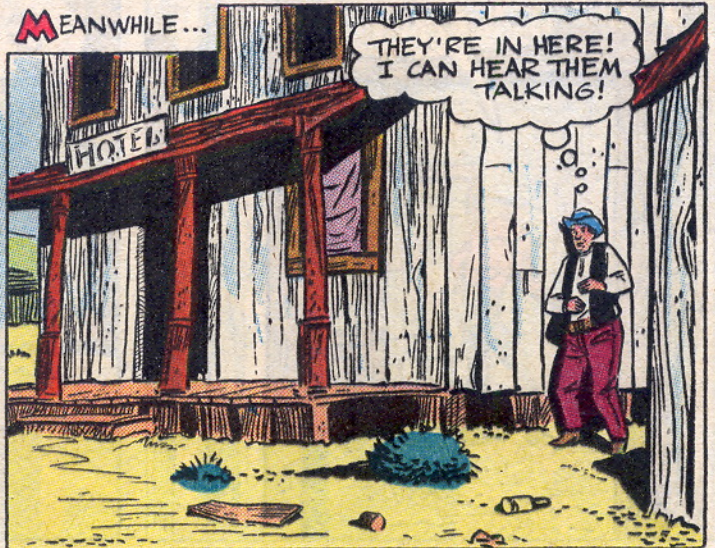
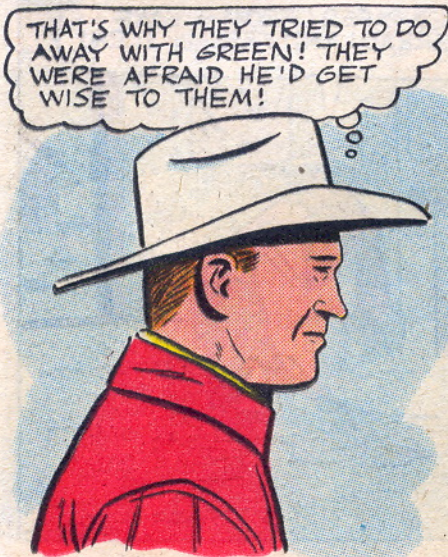
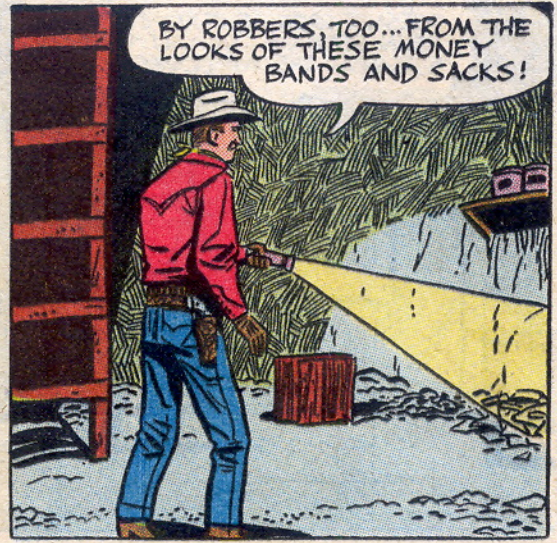
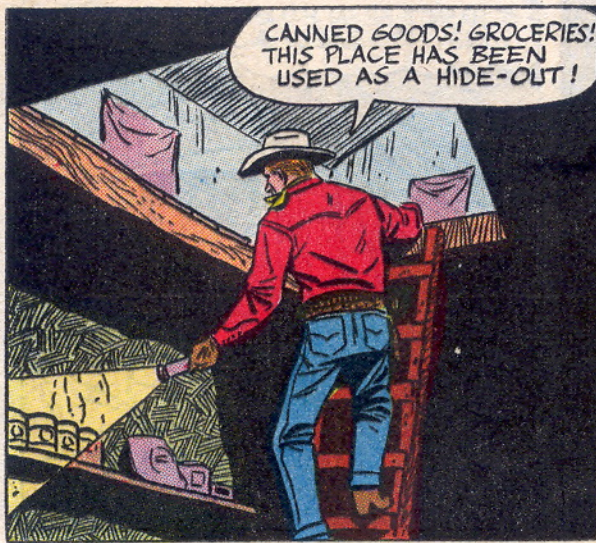


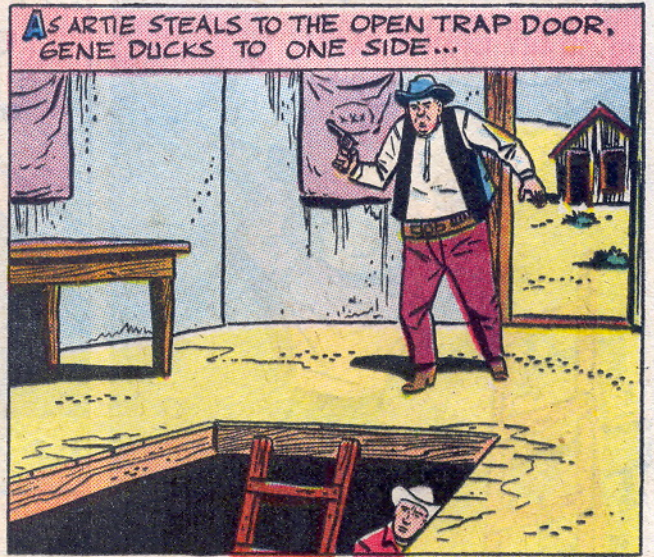
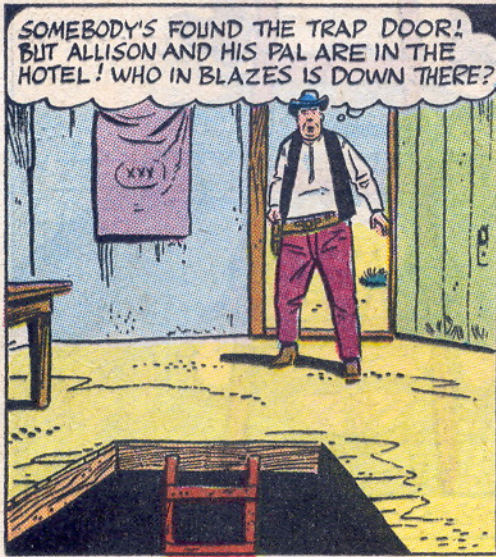
A TRAP DOOR!



MAYBE I WASN'T ENTIRELY
OFF THE BEAM!



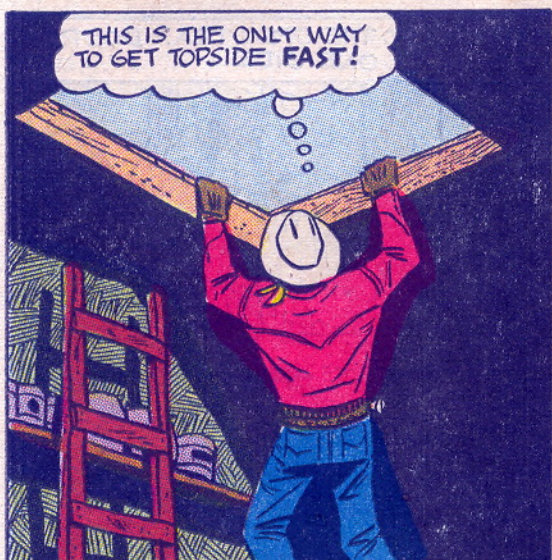
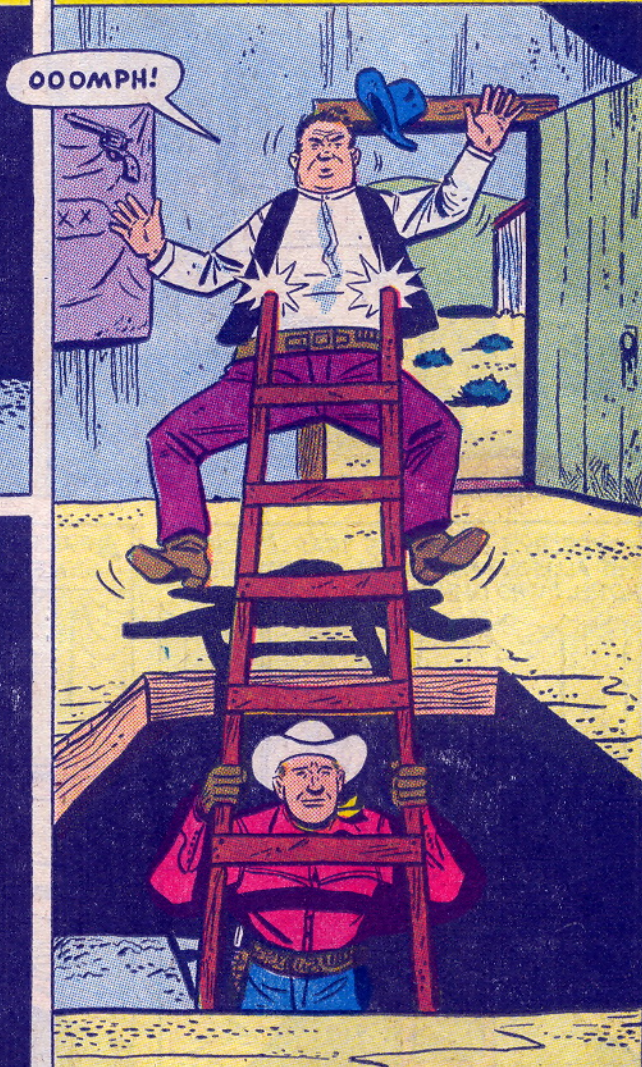


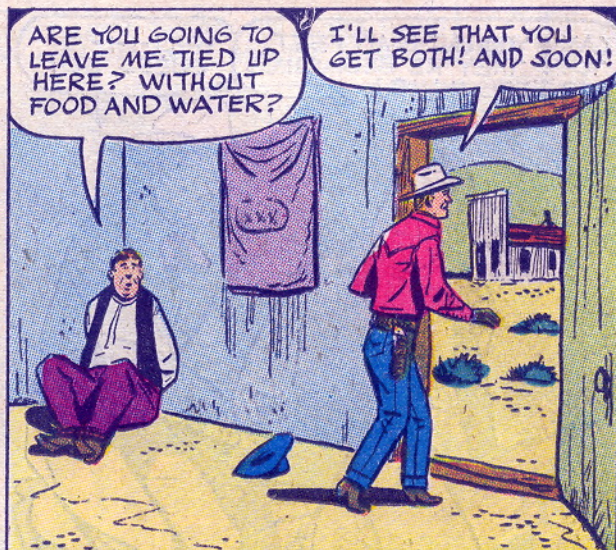
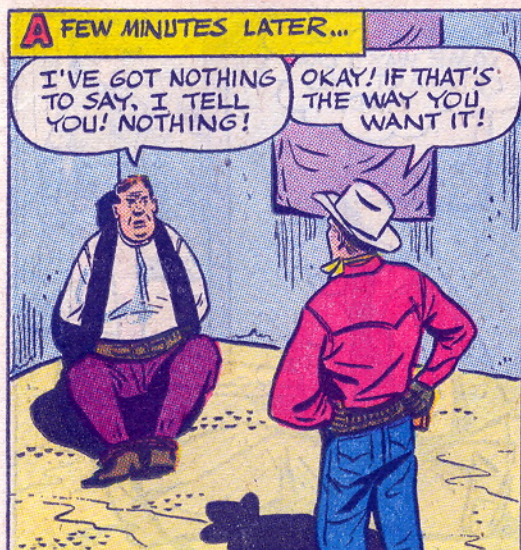
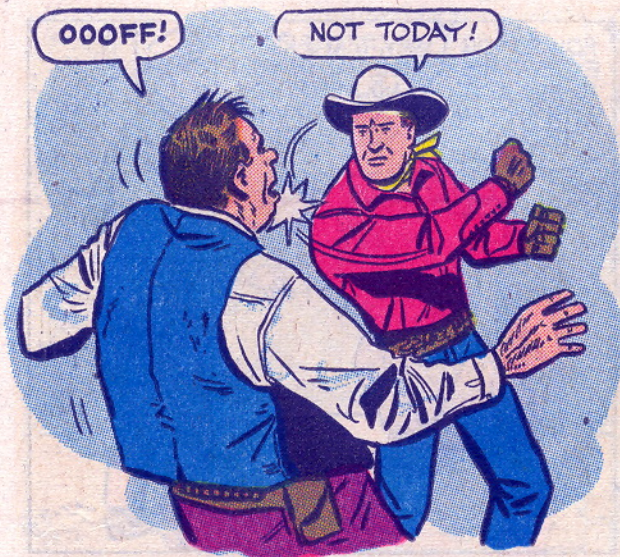


FIRMLY GRASPING THE END OF THE LADDER...

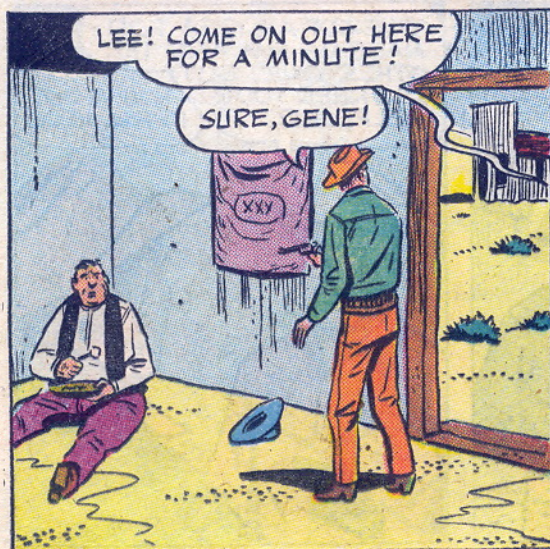
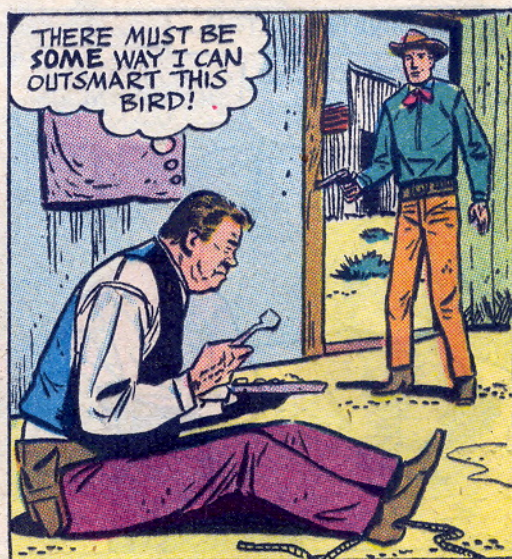
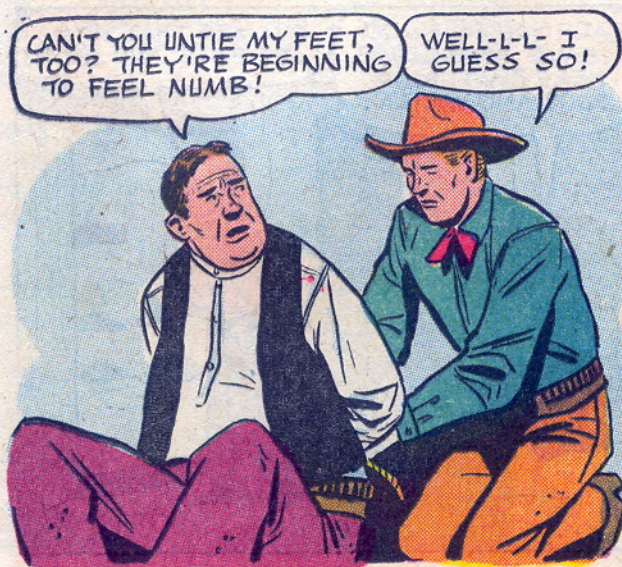
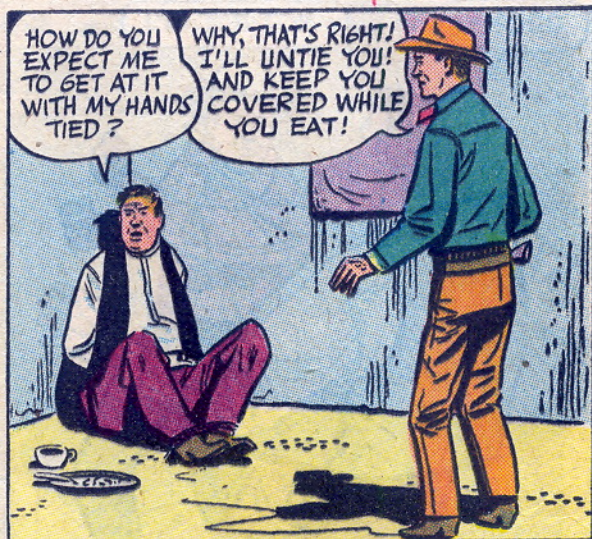
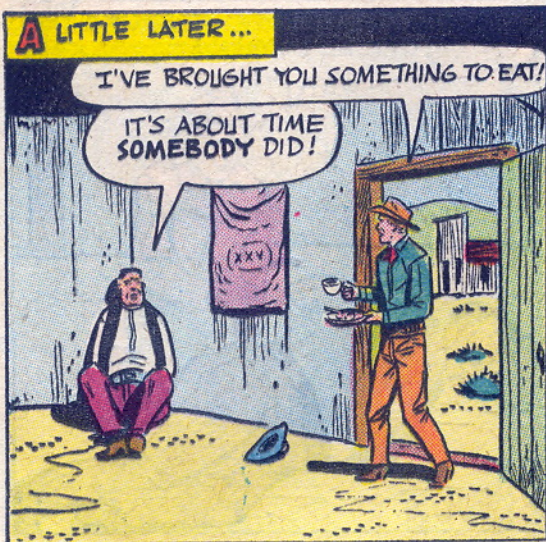


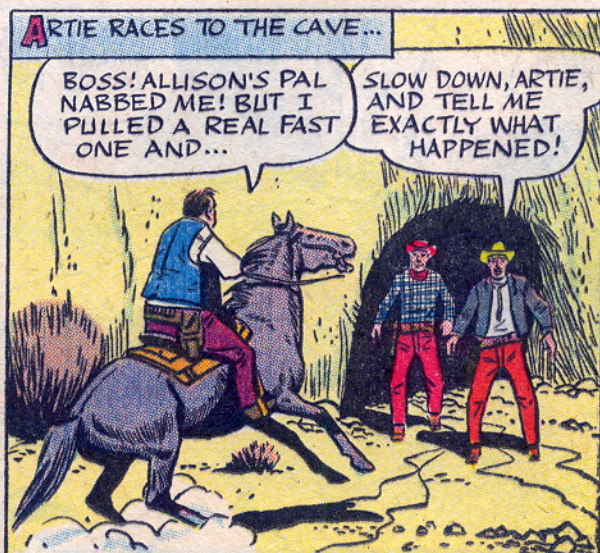
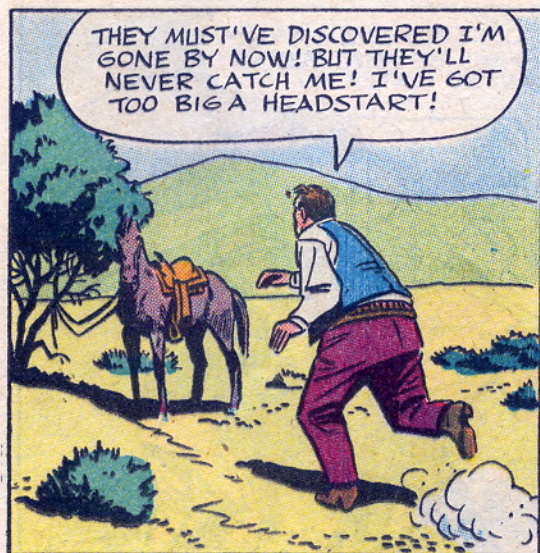
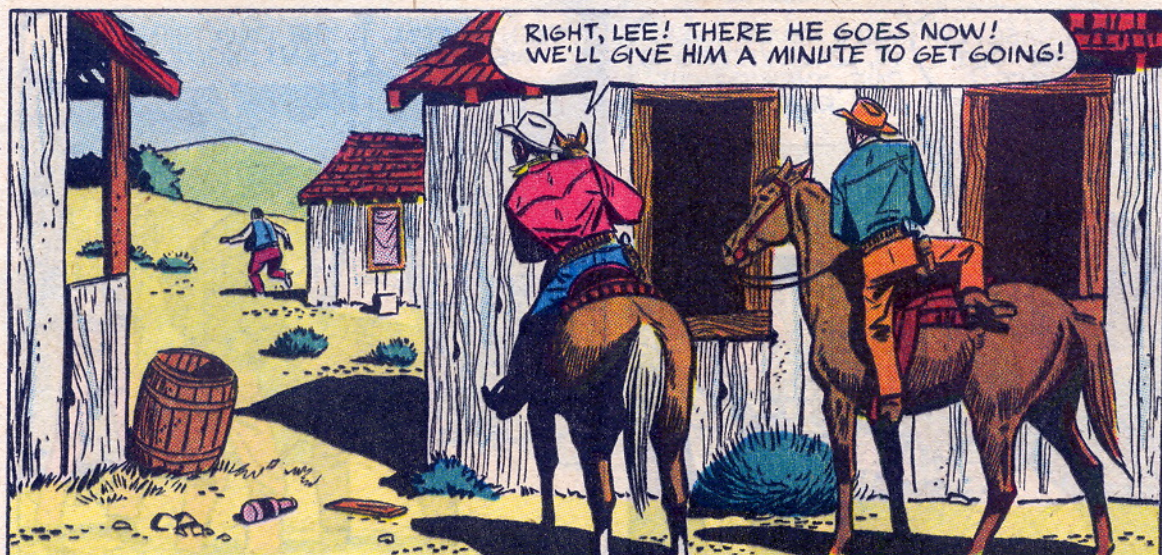
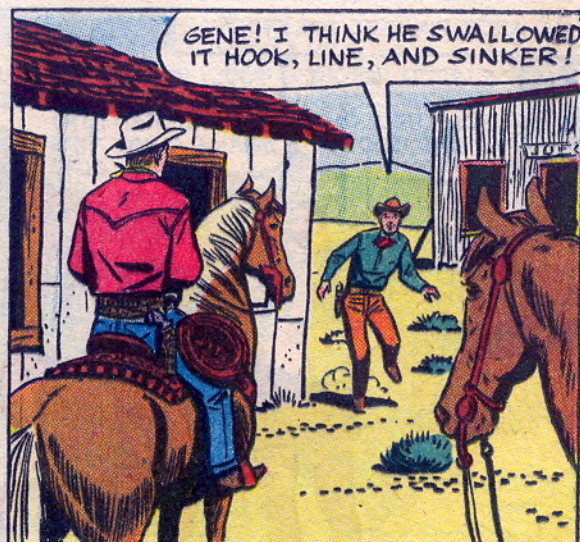
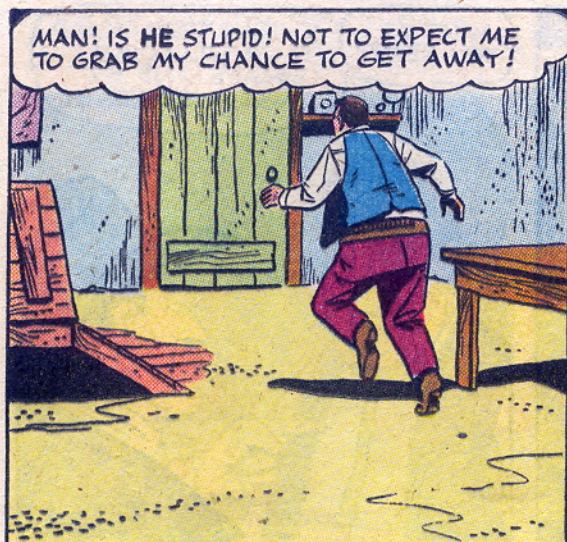
GENE GIVES IT A MIGHTY SHOVE UPWARDS...



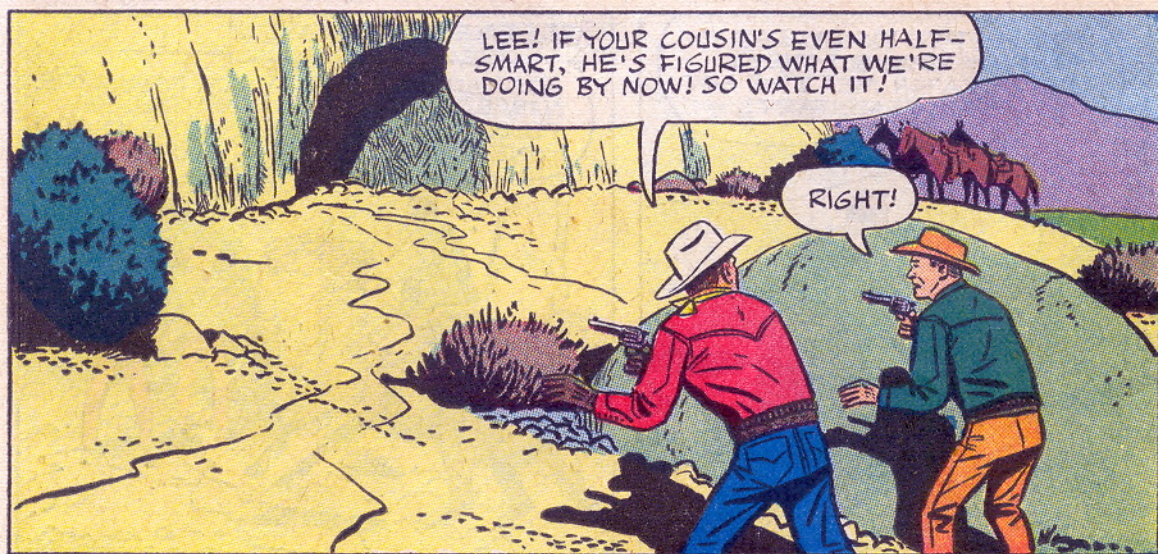
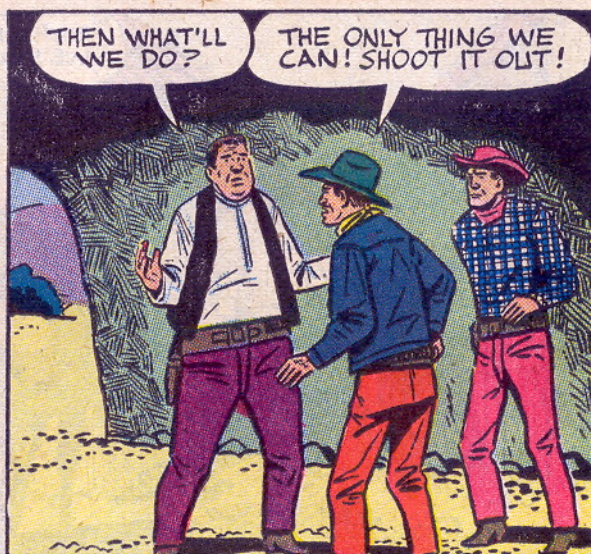
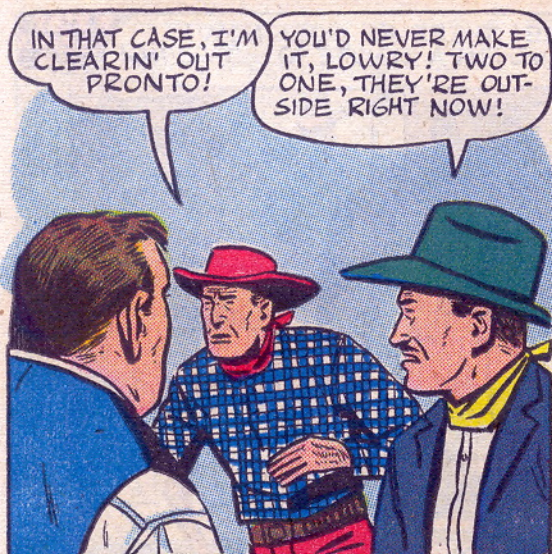


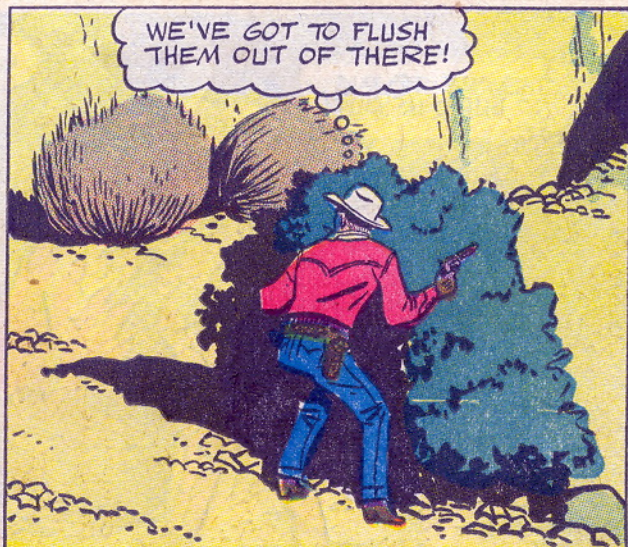
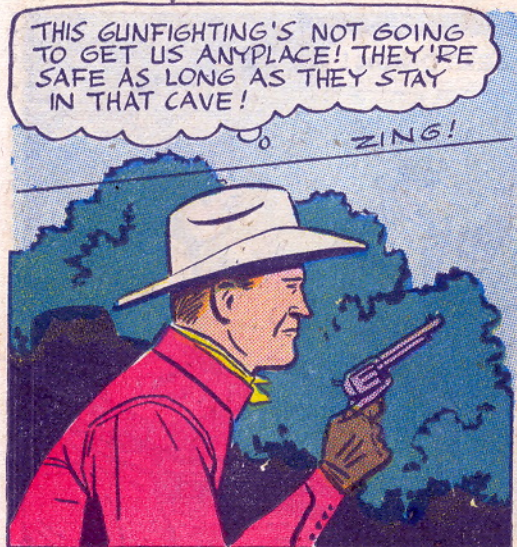
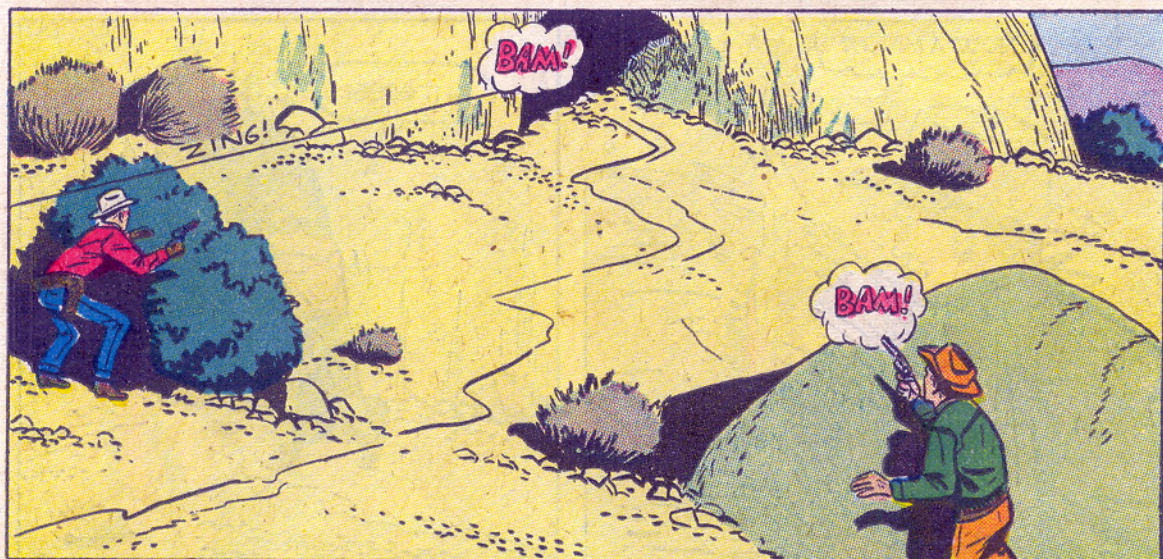
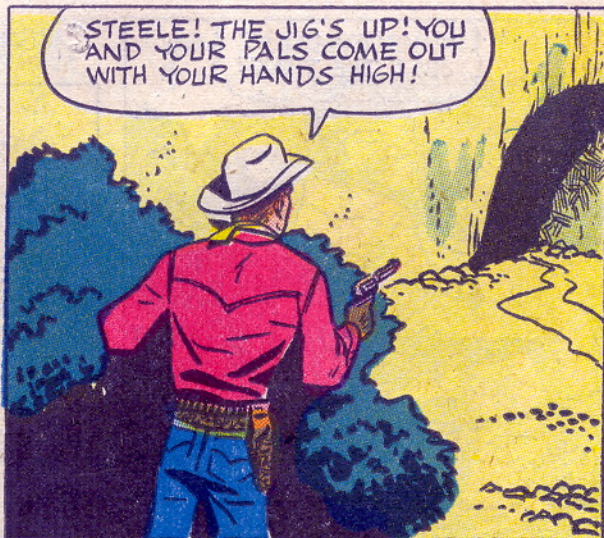
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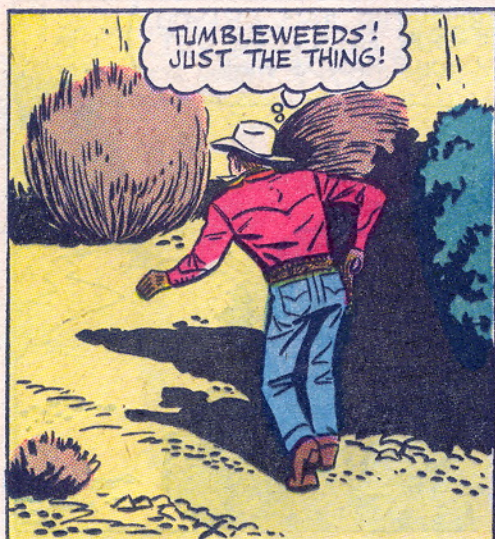




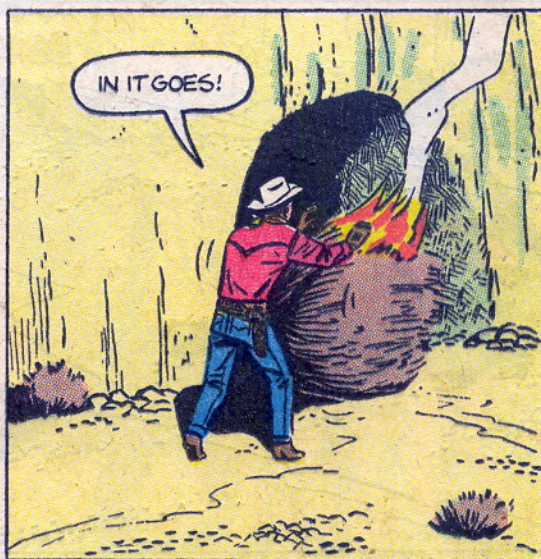
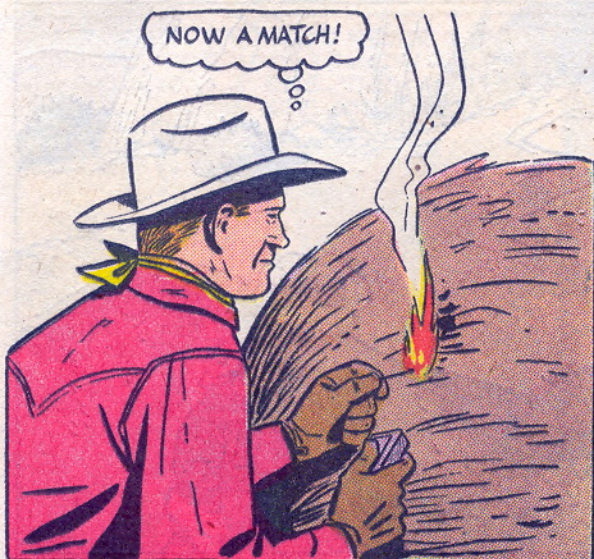
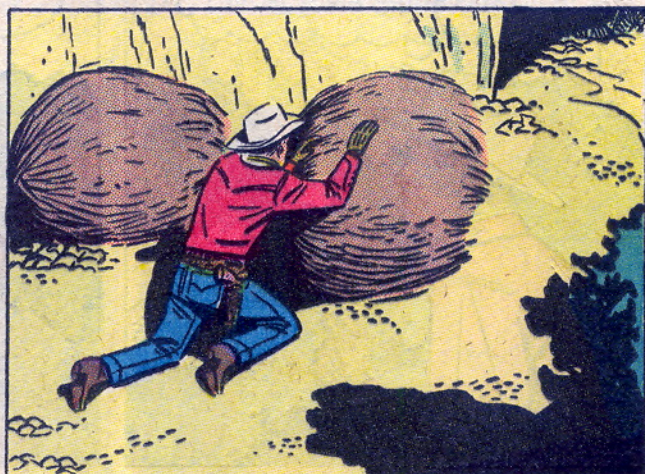
A S ARTIE FINISHES HIS STORY...

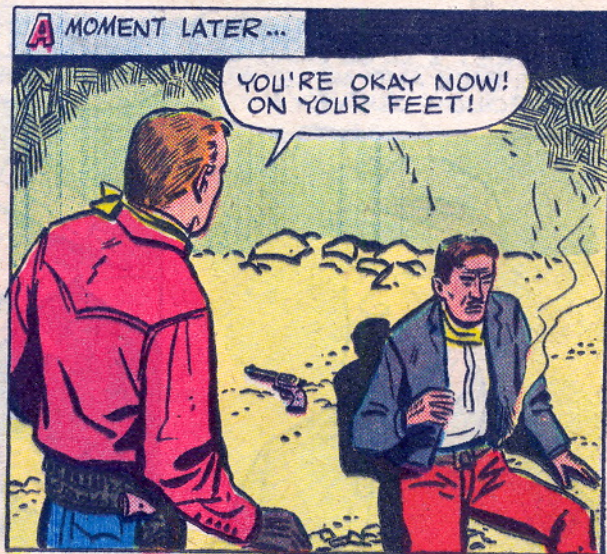
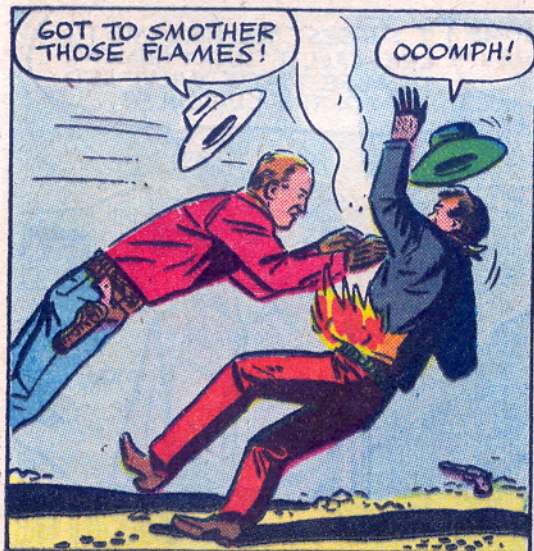


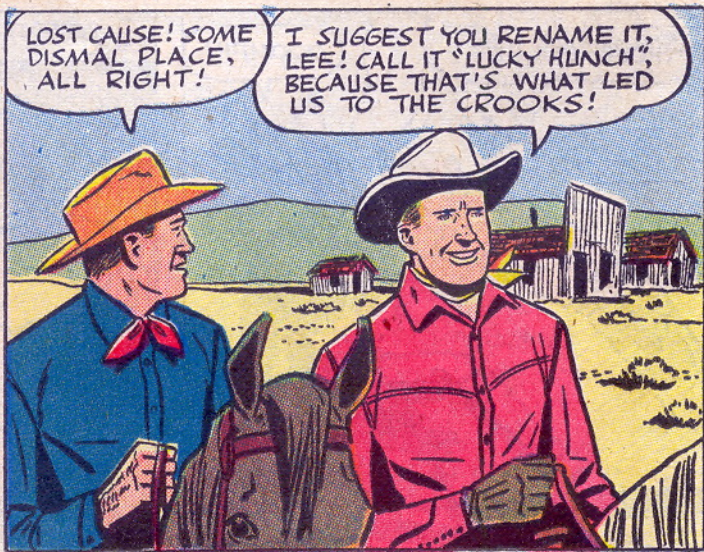
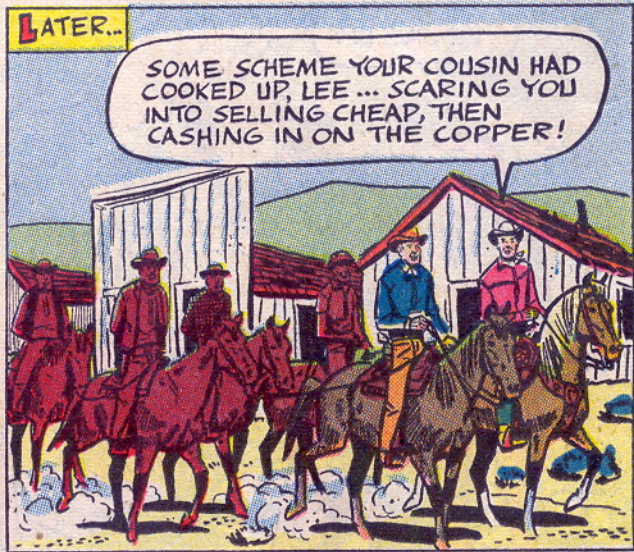


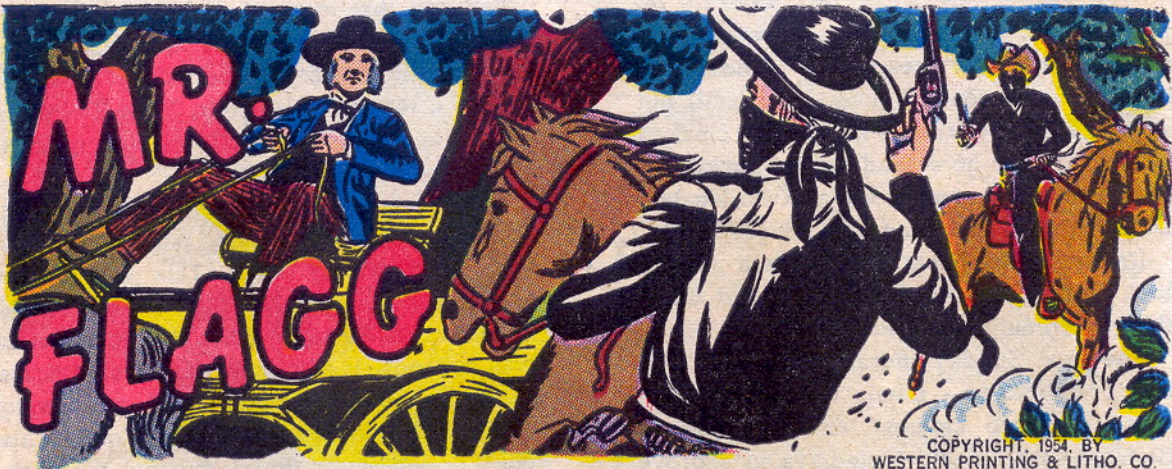


CAUTIOUSLY, GENE PUSHES A GIANT TUMBLEWEED TOWARD THE SIDE OF THE CAVE MOUTH ...









Crack!

The gunshot jerked Reverend Amos Beedle back to reality—and the disturbing fact that two masked men were spurting out of the trees onto the rutted road.

Except for their hats, the two men looked as though they had been cut from the same pattern. Each straddled a bay horse. Each wore a black shirt, black pants, silver-studded gun belt, and a black neckerchief mask. However, one's hat was a dirty tan color with a sagging brim, while the other wore a stiff-brimmed black hat.

"Rein up!" barked Tan Hat, flourishing his six-gun.

The command was unnecessary. Amos had already pulled the old gray horse to a stop.

Tan Hat barked again. "And reach for the sky!"

"Why should I?" asked Amos in a mild, unfrightened tone.

Above the mask, Tan Hat's eyes were bewildered. "Hanged if I know!" he admitted.

Amos shifted his glance to Black Hat. "Do you?"

"Sure!" Amusement laced the bandit's voice. "If your hands are in the air, you can't pull a surprise gun."

"I can't anyway," said Amos. "I'm not armed." He indicated a small object on the seat beside him, adding, "Except for the Good Book, of course."

"The what?" rasped Tan Hat.

"You ignorant galoot," chuckled Black Hat. "He means the Bible." He eased his horse closer to the buckboard and studied Amos with curious eyes. "So you're a parson."

Amos smiled. "Reverend Amos Beedle, of

Twin Trees. Who are you?"

Tan Hat gasped. West of the Pecos, asking personal questions was taboo. He tensed, sure that an explosion of gun or words would follow. But, to his amazement, it was laughter that exploded. He stared at his masked companion, and his amazement mounted as the other checked his merriment to say,

"My name is Simon Matthew Flagg, but around here folks call me 'Dandy' Flagg. Ever heard of me?"

Amos nodded. "I regret to say none of what I've heard has been complimentary."

"That's not surprising," said Dandy. "I'm not what you'd call popular."

Amos grinned. "That's not surprising, either, considering your—uh—activities." He sobered to turn his eyes on Tan Hat. "I have also heard of you. I believe the name is Fred Maxon."

"That's right," growled Maxon. "An' I'm tired of palaverin', so fork over your cash an'—" Dandy's gloved hand firm across his mouth prevented him from finishing the sentence. He jerked his head aside—freeing his mouth—and glowered at Dandy. "Whatsa big idea?"

Dandy's eyes were dark with fury. But his voice was almost expressionless as he said, "What cash the parson's got, he keeps. Savvy?"

Maxon fingered his mask as if he were pulling at suddenly dry lips under it. "Sure, Dandy—sure."

Dandy pulled his reins taut. "Better get going, Parson, before I change my mind about your bankroll." At the smile creasing Amos' face, he added, "What's so funny?"

"The idea of me having any money," replied Amos. "Why, I haven't even got a church. I hold services in my home which is next to the general store. It is small but so is my congregation." He sighed, clucked to the old gray horse and, as the buckboard began to move, tossed an awkward salute Dandy's way. "So long, Mr. Flagg!"

Dandy waved back. There was a strange look on his face — as if he had found something he thought he had lost forever.

The next Sunday morning, Dandy Flagg and Fred Maxon — minus their masks and wearing "store clothes" and light-colored Stetsons — pulled up their bays in a grove behind the general store.

"Of all the loco stunts — us goin' to church," growled Maxon as they dismounted.

Dandy grinned. "It'll make the parson feel good, having two more customers. And nobody'll recognize us without the masks and black duds."

Maxon tied both horses to a tree. "That parson's no fool."

"He wouldn't turn us in if he did recognize us," Dandy confidently declared.

The service was already under way in the little one-room shack when Dandy and Maxon took seats in the third and last row of benches, improvised by placing planks across packing boxes. Reverend Amos Beedle gave no outward sign of recognizing them. However, during the sermon, he did not once consult his notes as he preached on the text: "But the greatest of these is charity."

Apparently Dandy took the text to heart, for when the collection plate was passed, he put a five-dollar gold piece in it before handing it on to Maxon with a significant look. At the look, Maxon hastily exchanged the silver coin he held in readiness for a gold one.

During the final hymn, Dandy nudged his partner. "Let's go," he scowled.

"What's eatin' you?" asked Maxon when they reached the street.

"That collection!" snapped Dandy. "Ten bucks from us and two dollars, six bits from the rest. Not even a parson can live on that."

"Quit worryin'," shrugged Maxon. "You can't do anything about it."

Dandy smiled. "I not only can — I will!"

Between this moment and midnight, two seemingly unrelated events took place. The first was the robbery of the Eldorado Saloon in Reata, twenty miles from Twin Trees, in which the black-masked, black-clad bandits took only paper money.

The second event was the temporary theft of Reverend Beedle's only pair of trousers while that worthy slept. This was easily accomplished, since the trousers lay across a chair back near an open window. But it was not noiselessly done. The belt buckle clinked against the window sill, awakening Amos and bringing him bolt upright in his cot. For a moment, he stared into the darkness. Then a shadow darkened the lighter patch of dark that was the window.

"Who's there?" called Amos, fumbling for the matches and a candle.

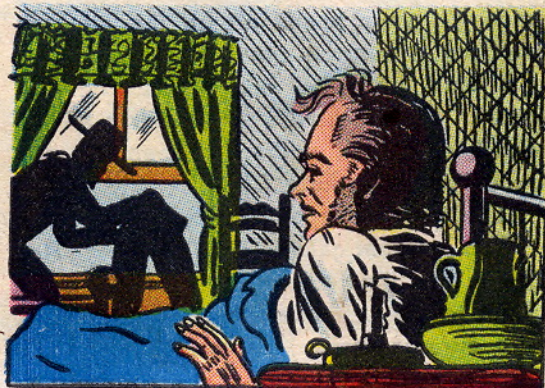
The shadow vanished. Leaping from the cot, Amos started for the window but changed his mind and headed for the dresser and the candle. As the taper flickered into light, he gasped. There, on the floor under the window, lay his trousers — and sticking out of one pocket was a fat roll of bills.

At that moment, Dandy Flagg was swinging up into his saddle and Maxon was saying, "I don't savvy. Why didn't you just call the parson out and hand him that cash?"

"He'd have figured it was stolen and refused it," replied Dandy. "Let's get moving."

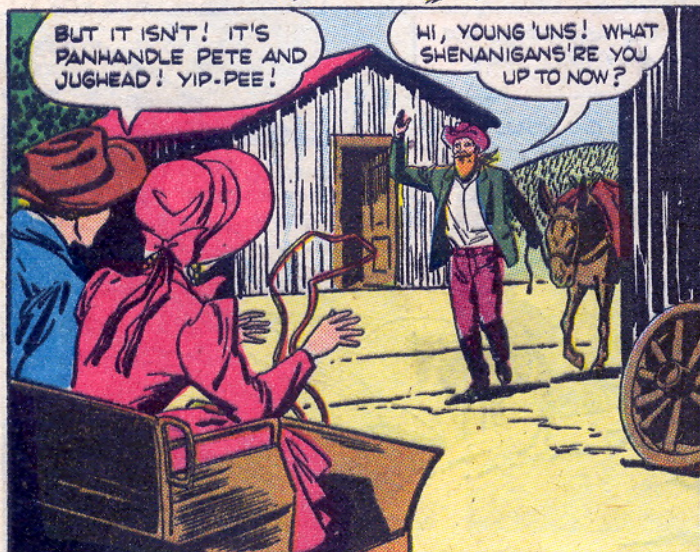
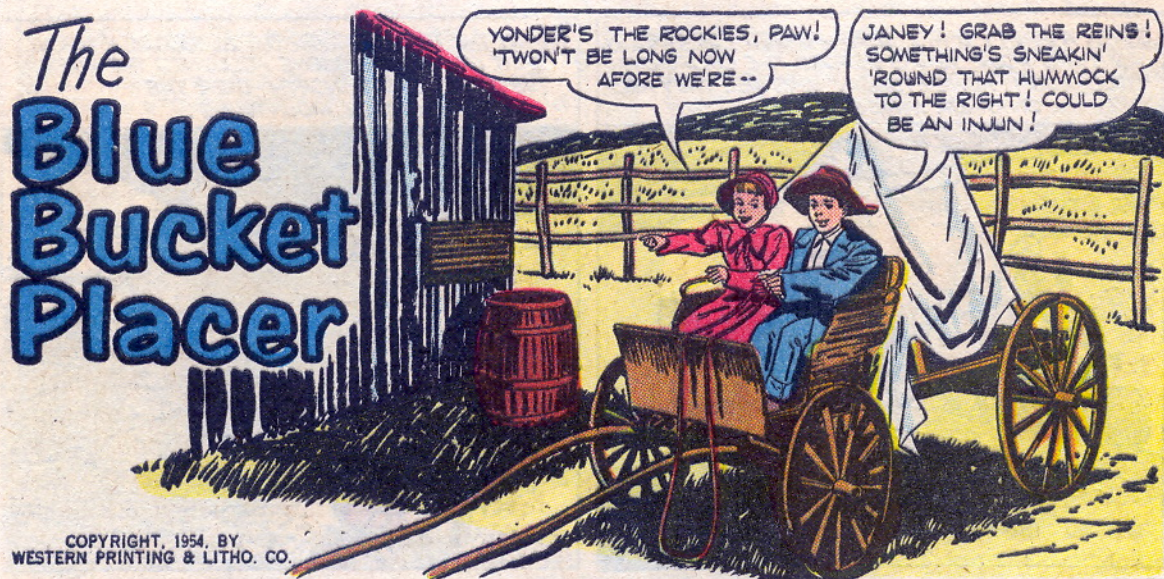
"Okay — after you tell me what made you want to give it to him in the first place," said Maxon.

"That same reason I went to his church today." There was an oddly wistful note in Dandy's voice. "He's the first hombre I've met in years who isn't afraid of me, and the only one to call me Mister Flagg!"

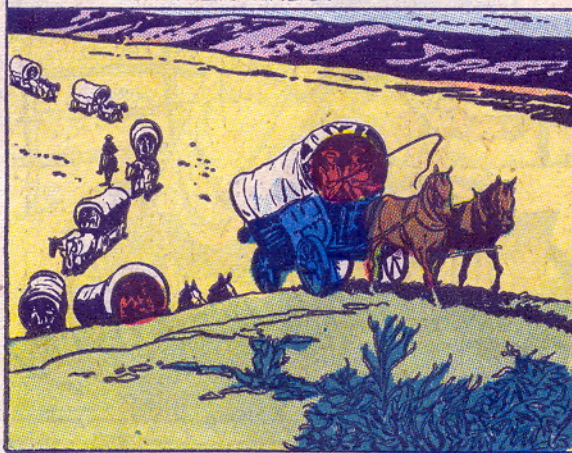


The Blue Bucket Placer

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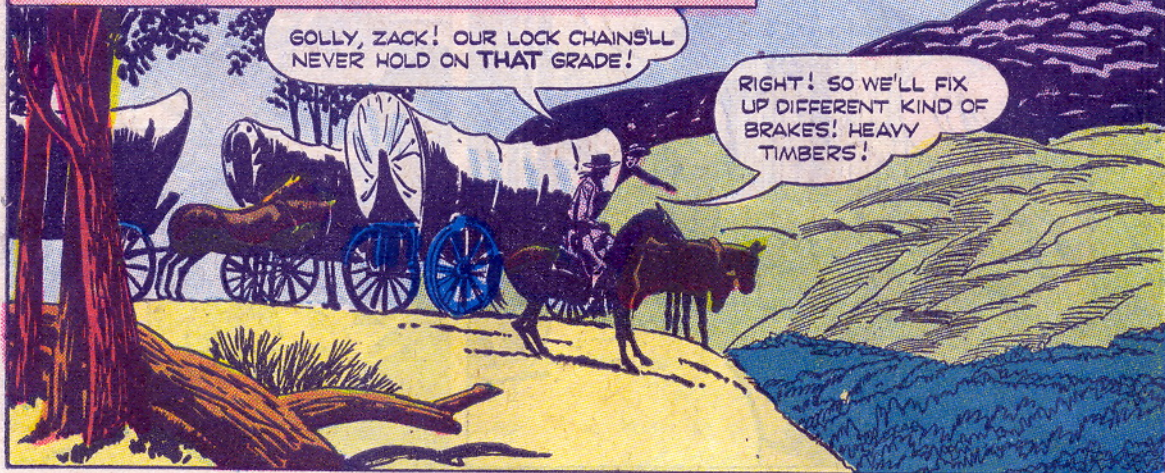
"WHEN A PARTY O' PIONEERS HEADED FOR OREGON, AS 'T WAS FOUR YEARS BEFORE THE CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH, HOMESTEADIN' WAS ALL THEY HAD ON THEIR MINDS.



"WHEN THE TRAIN REACHED THE HUMBOLDT RIVER IT SPLIT UP. SOME WAGONS FOLLOWED THE RIVER. THE REST HEADED NORTH - OVER THE BLACK ROCK MOUNTAINS.



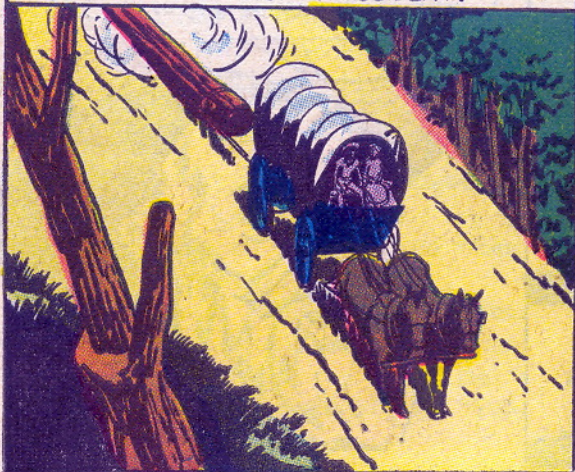
"AFTER THE BLACK ROCKS, THEY CAME TO ANOTHER RANGE - A MIGHTY HIGH ONE. THEY CLIMBED UP ALL RIGHT BUT WHEN THEY GOT TO THE TOP ---"



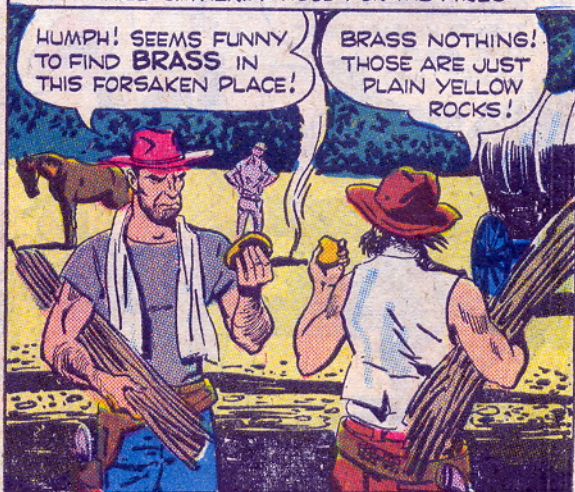
GOLLY, ZACK! OUR LOCK CHAINS'LL NEVER HOLD ON THAT GRADE!

RIGHT! SO WE'LL FIX UP DIFFERENT KIND OF BRAKES! HEAVY TIMBERS!

"THEY FELLED SOME BIG TREES AND CHAINED 'EM TO THE BACKS O' THE WAGONS. AND MADE THE GRADE WITH NARY AN ACCIDENT.



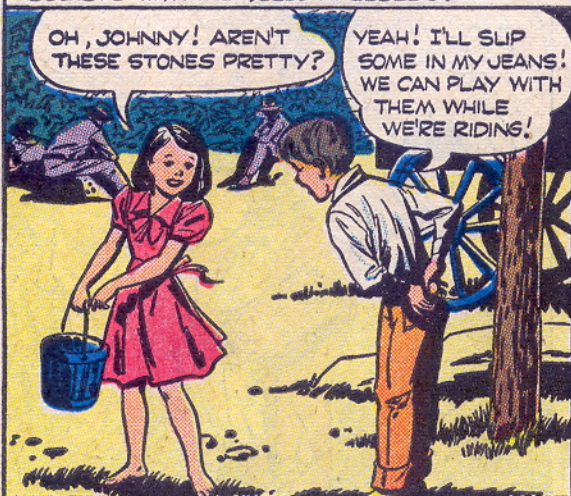
"IN THE CANYON BELOW, THEY MADE CAMP. AND WHILE GATHERIN' WOOD FOR THE FIRES ---"



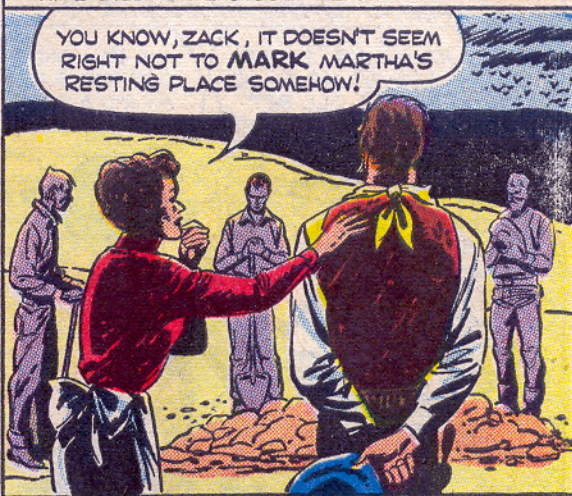
HUMPH! SEEMS FUNNY TO FIND BRASS IN THIS FORSAKEN PLACE!

BRASS NOTHING! THOSE ARE JUST PLAIN YELLOW ROCKS!

"THE YOUNG 'UNS FILLED SOME O' THE BUCKETS WITH THE YELLOW PEBBLES."



"THE NEXT MORNIN' SORROW STRUCK. ZACK'S WIFE DIED REAL SUDDEN-LIKE."



"SO ZACK MARKED IT."



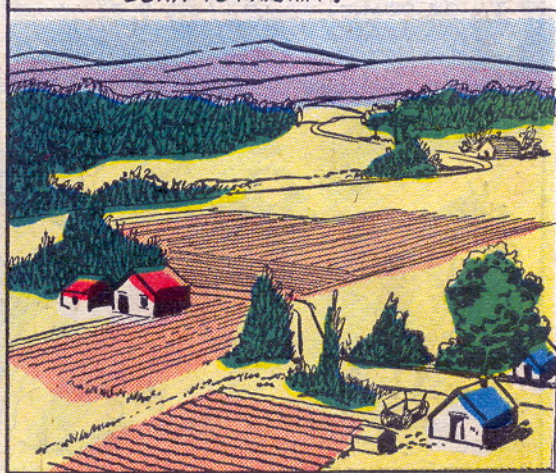
"AGAIN THE WAGON TRAIN MOVED ON. EVERYTHING WENT SMOOTHLY TILL IT WAS CROSSIN' THE DESCHUTES RIVER."



"ALL THE YELLOW ROCKS WERE LOST EXCEPTIN' THOSE THE YOUNG 'UNS HAD IN THEIR POCKETS."



"THE PIONEERS REACHED NORTHWEST OREGON WITHOUT ANY MORE TROUBLE, AND SETTLED DOWN TO FARMIN'!"



"A FEW YEARS LATER, ZACK AND JOE MOVED DOWN TO SUTTER'S FORT IN CALIFORNIA, AND MADE AN ASTONISHIN' DISCOVERY."

ZACK! REMEMBER THOSE YELLOW STONES WE FOUND COMING WEST? I'LL BET MY SHIRT THEY WERE GOLD NUGGETS!

WE CAN FIND OUT FOR SURE! MY KID'S STILL GOT ONE OF 'EM!

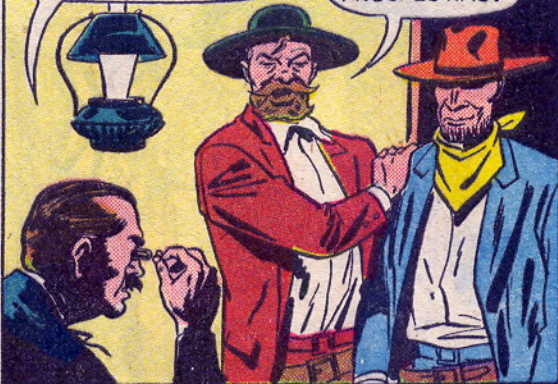
GOLD NUGGETS FOUND IN MILL RACE



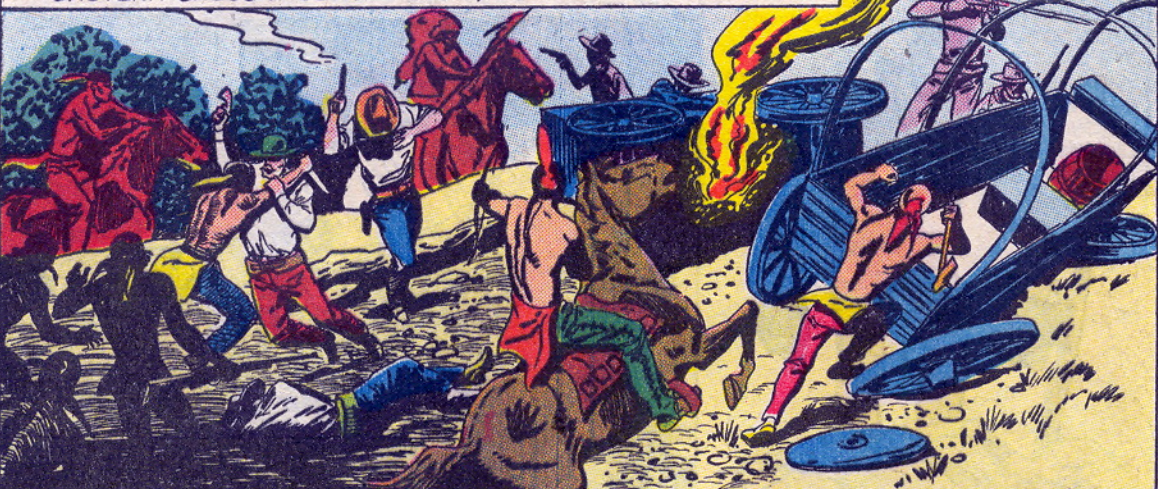
"EXCITEDLY, THE TWO MEN HEADED FOR THE ASSAY OFFICE."

GENTS! THIS "PEBBLE" IS A PURE GOLD NUGGET! WHERE'D YOU FIND IT?

THAT'S OUR BUSINESS! C'MON JOE! WE'RE GOING PROSPECTING!



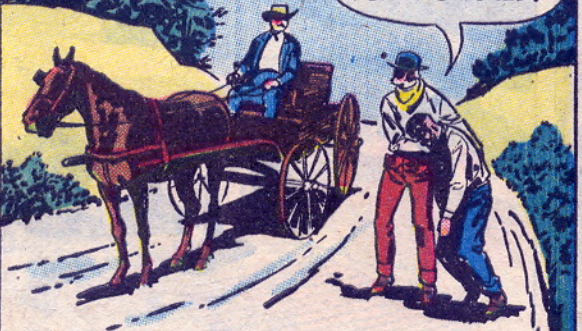
"ZACK AND JOE GOT A SIZABLE PARTY TOGETHER AND HEADED FOR EASTERN OREGON. BUT ON THE WAY, THE OUTFIT WAS AMBUSHED."



"ONLY HALF A DOZEN MEN ESCAPED, AND ONLY ZACK AND JOE LIVED TO GET BACK TO CALIFORNIA."

I'M DR. DRANE! WOULD YOU MEN LIKE A RIDE AS FAR AS YREKA?

WE SURE WOULD! WE'RE DONE IN! 'SPECIALY JOE! I'VE GOT A FEELING HE'S NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD!



"ZACK WAS RIGHT. JOE WASN'T LONG FOR THIS WORLD. BUT THEN NEITHER WAS HE."

YOU'LL RECOGNIZE THE CANYON BY THE PILES OF TIMBERS, DOC! AND THE LITTLE BLUE BUCKET ---OVER MARTHA'S ---GRAVE!



"THOSE WERE THE LAST WORDS ZACK SPOKE."

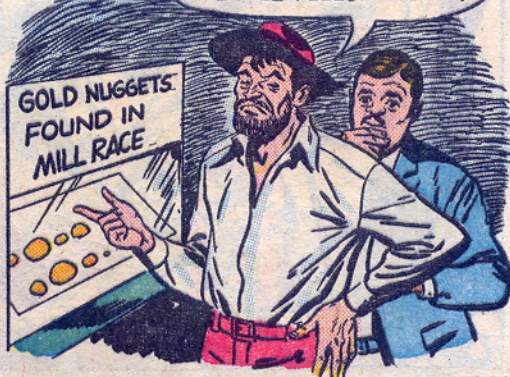
HE'S GONE, POOR FELLOW! I WONDER HOW MUCH OF HIS STORY WAS TRUE?



"DOC STOPPED WONDERIN' WHEN, SOMETIME LATER, A CANADIAN TRAPPER STOPPED IN HIS STORE FOR SUPPLIES."

HUMPH! SO THAT'S GOLD! WHY, I KNOW A CANYON IN EASTERN OREGON WHERE THERE'S HUNDREDS OF THOSE LITTLE YELLOW STONES!

GOLD NUGGETS
FOUND IN
MILL RACE



"THE TRAPPER'S DESCRIPTION OF THE CANYON WAS IDENTICAL WITH ZACK'S. DOC GOT SORTA EXCITED."

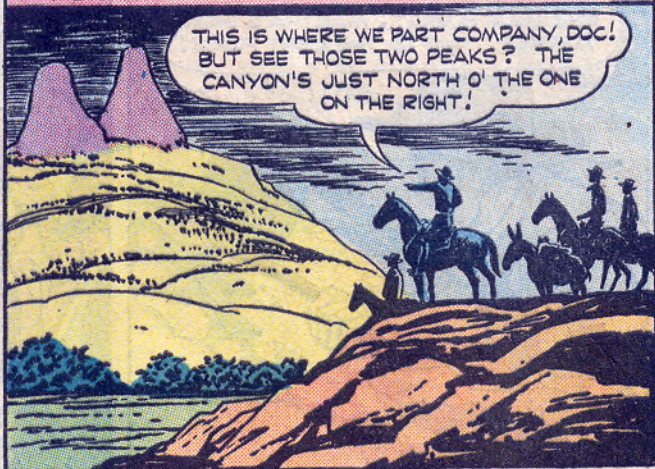
IF I PAY THE EXPENSES, WILL YOU LEAD ME TO THIS CANYON?

NOT ALL THE WAY! CAN'T SPARE THE TIME! BUT I'LL TAKE YOU TO WHERE YOU CAN FIND IT EASY!



"A FEW WEEKS LATER, DOC, WITH TWO TRUSTED FRIENDS AND THE TRAPPER, SET OUT TO LOOK FOR THE CANYON. WHEN THEY REACHED WARNER HILL..."

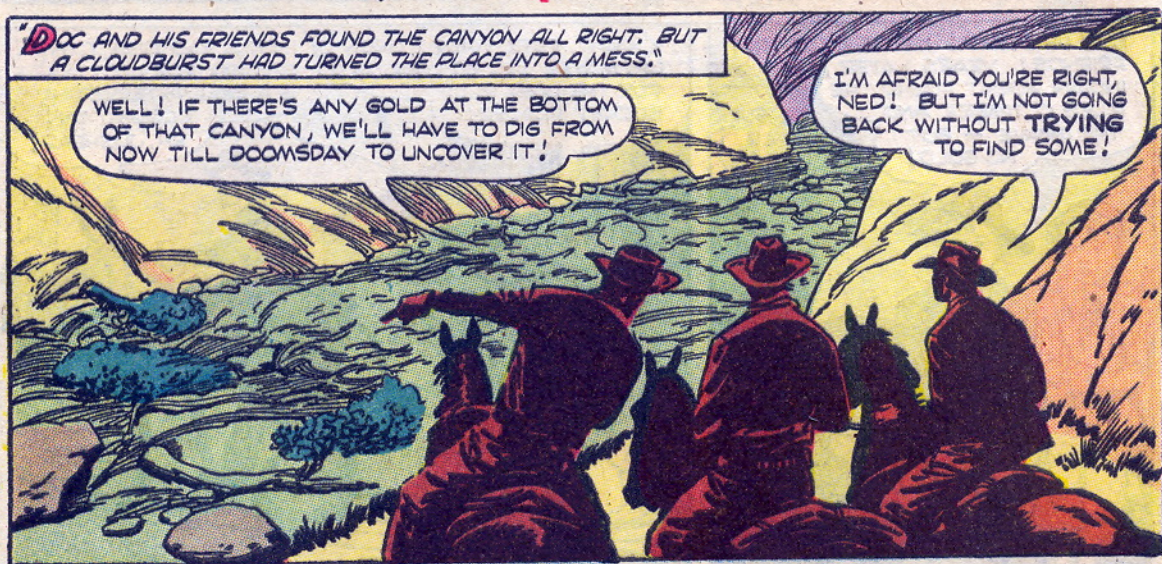
THIS IS WHERE WE PART COMPANY, DOC! BUT SEE THOSE TWO PEAKS? THE CANYON'S JUST NORTH O' THE ONE ON THE RIGHT!

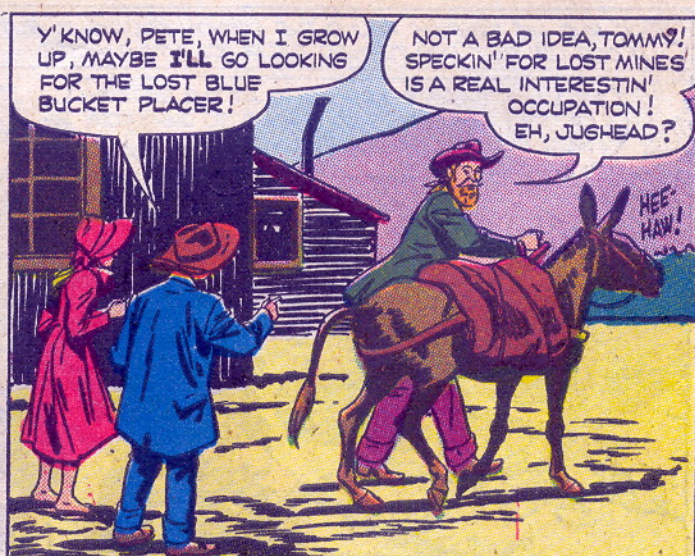
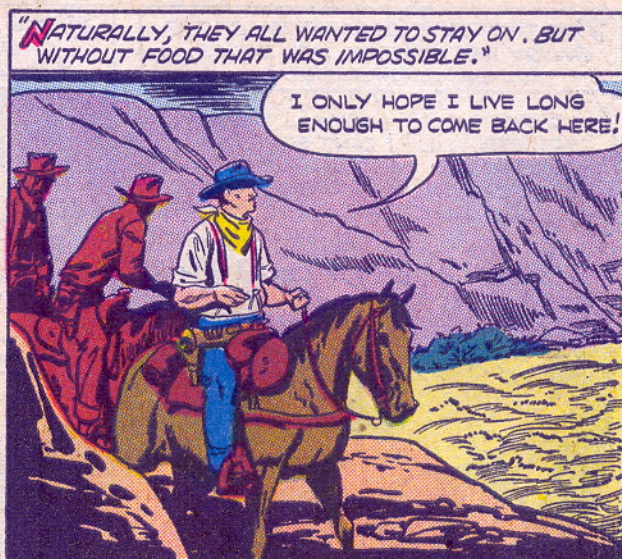
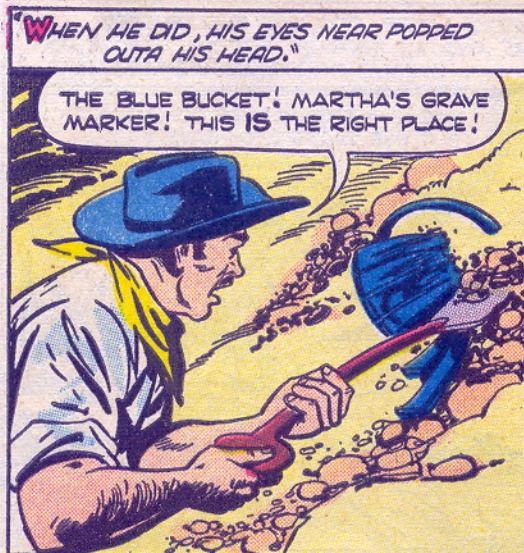
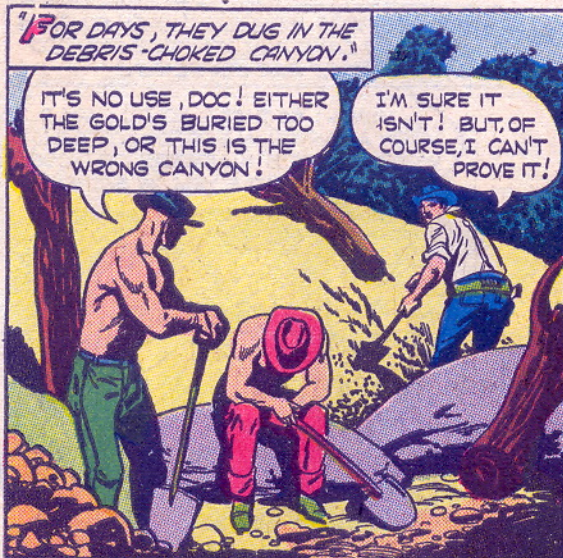


"DOC AND HIS FRIENDS FOUND THE CANYON ALL RIGHT. BUT A CLOUDBURST HAD TURNED THE PLACE INTO A MESS."

WELL! IF THERE'S ANY GOLD AT THE BOTTOM OF THAT CANYON, WE'LL HAVE TO DIG FROM NOW TILL DOOMSDAY TO UNCOVER IT!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT, NED! BUT I'M NOT GOING BACK WITHOUT TRYING TO FIND SOME!





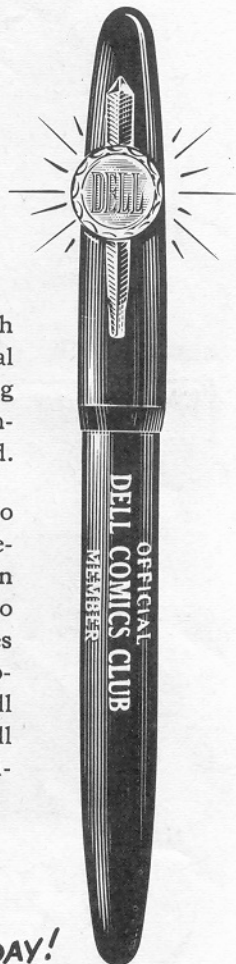
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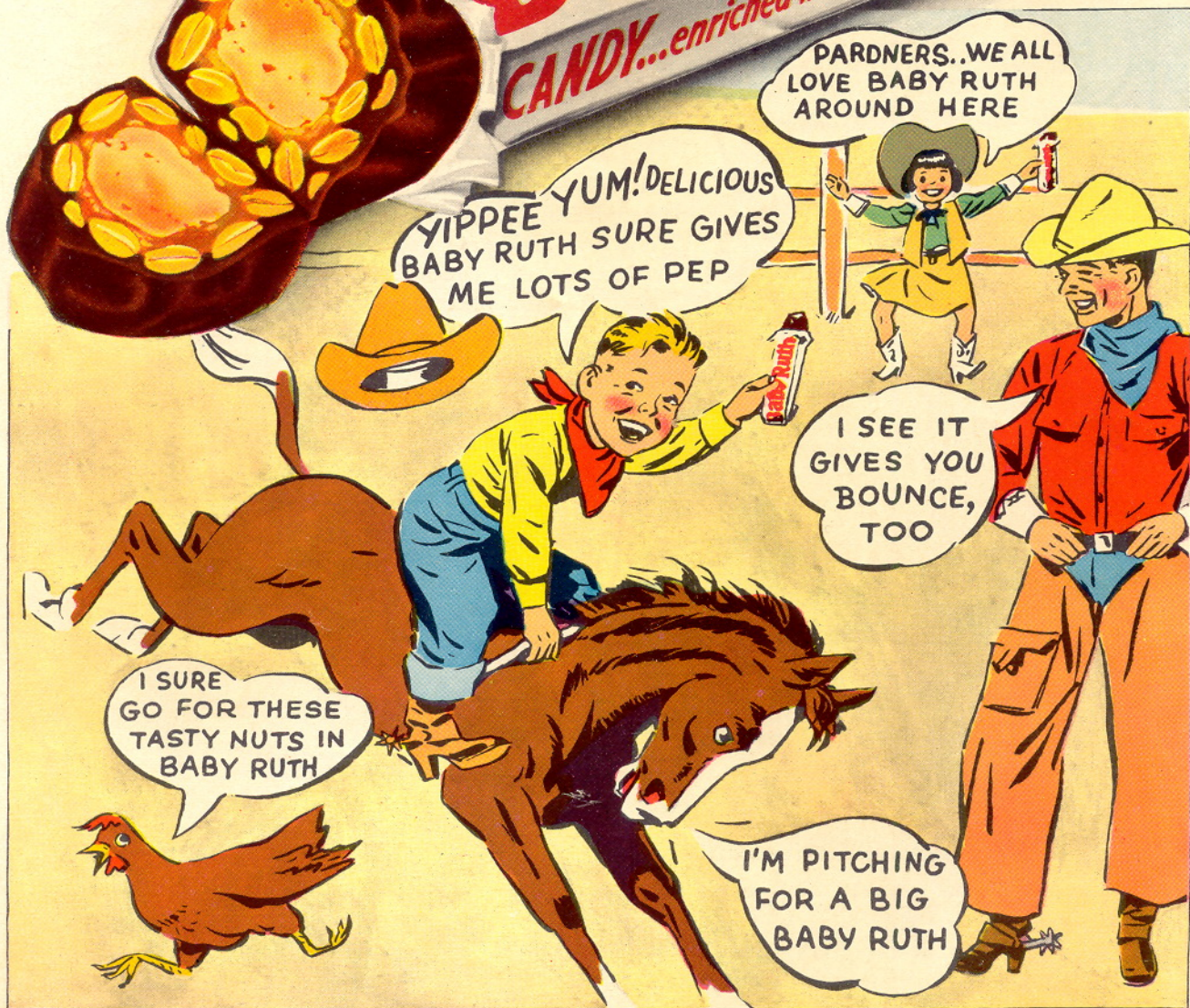
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