

DELL

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a **GENE AUTRY** *and* **CHAMPION**



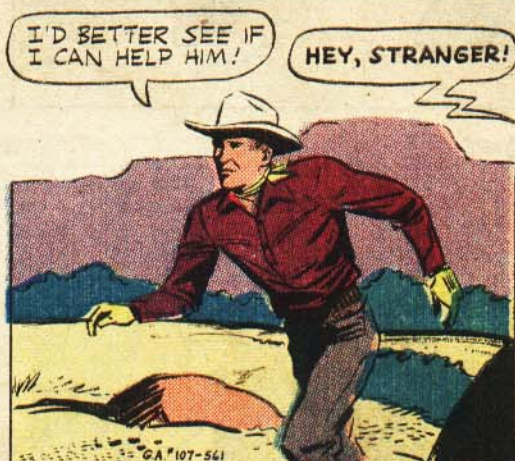
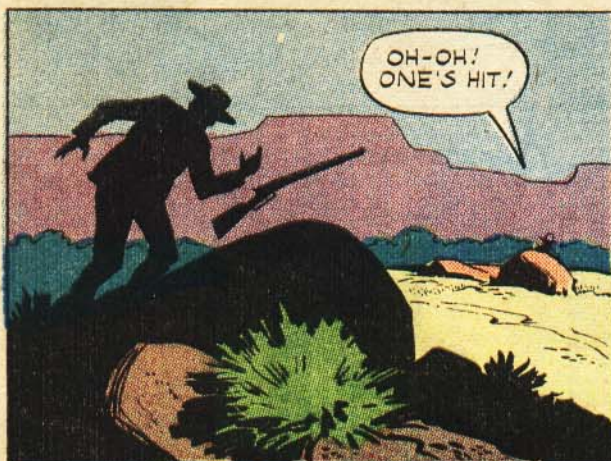
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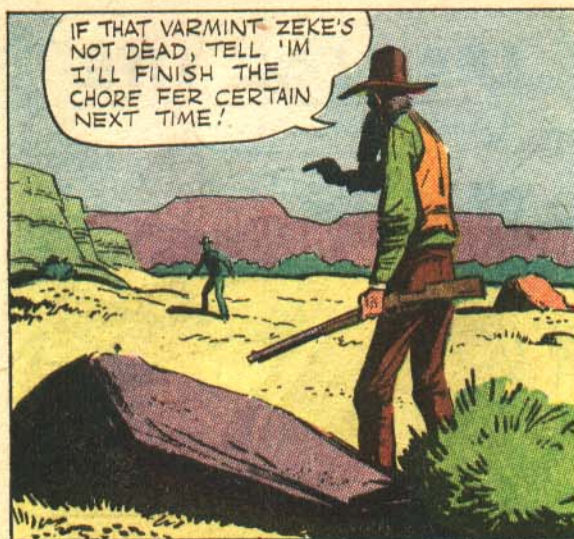
GENE AUTRY *in* LEAP FOR LIFE



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



IF THAT VARMINT ZEKE'S NOT DEAD, TELL 'IM I'LL FINISH THE CHORE FER CERTAIN NEXT TIME!

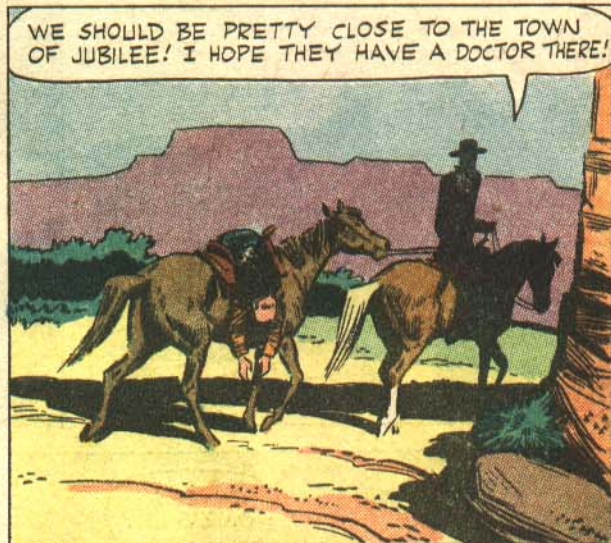


THAT FELLOW'S REALLY GOT HIS BRISTLES UP ABOUT SOMETHING!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...



THAT'LL HOLD HIM TILL I GET HIM TO A DOCTOR!



WE SHOULD BE PRETTY CLOSE TO THE TOWN OF JUBILEE! I HOPE THEY HAVE A DOCTOR THERE!

LATER, IN A CABIN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF JUBILEE...



LEW! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT BACK! DID YOU FINISH THE JOB?

I DON'T KNOW! I SHOT IT OUT WITH ZEKE, ALL RIGHT, BUT I'M NOT SURE I FINISHED HIM!



SOME BLAMED COW-POKE SHOWED UP AN' KEPT ME FROM POLISHIN' OFF THE JOB!

GREAT! YOU WOULD BOTCH IT UP AFTER ALL THE TIME I'VE SPENT CONVININ' HOB I'M HIS NEPHEW!

IT WASN'T EASY GETTING HIM AND ZEKE SORE ENOUGH AT EACH OTHER TO BUST UP THEIR PARTNERSHIP IN THE GOLDEN BURRO MINE!

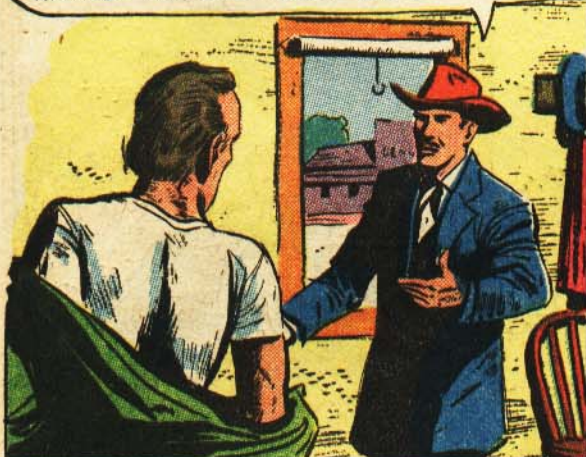


LAY OFF, REPP! IT WASN'T MY FAULT! I'LL GET HIM NEXT TIME, AND WE'LL STILL FRAME HOB FOR THE MURDER!

NEXT TIME!...



...HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU CAN RUN AROUND THOSE HILLS DISGUISED AS HOB WITHOUT HIM SPOTTING YOU?



...BESIDES, I CAN'T KEEP HOB CONVINCED I'M HIS NEPHEW FOREVER!

WHY NOT? YOU'VE STILL GOT THOSE CREDENTIALS WE SWIPED OFF HIS **REAL** NEPHEW IN THE HOSPITAL!



AND HOB'S ALREADY SO CONVINCED THAT HE'S WILLED YOU HIS HALF OF THE MINE!



SO WHY DON'T WE RELAX AN' WAIT TILL THE OLD BUZZARD KICKS OFF?

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO WAIT!



WE'VE GOT TO HAVE THE GOLDEN BURRO ALL SEWED UP, WITH ZEKE AND HOB OUT OF THE WAY PERMANENTLY, IN CASE THAT NEPHEW RECOVERS HIS MEMORY AND SHOWS UP HERE!



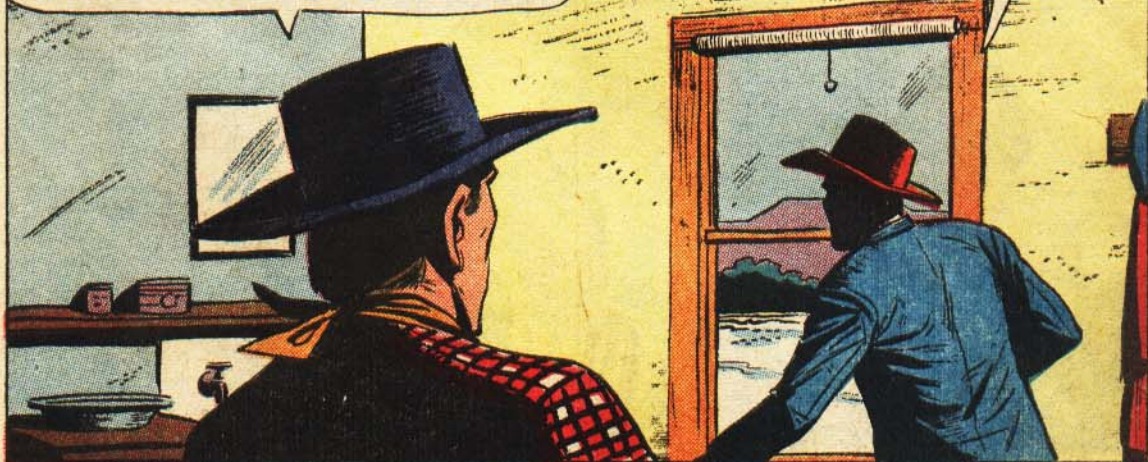
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT AT THAT! BUT WE'RE NOT IN SUCH BAD SHAPE, AFTER ALL!

HOW DO YOU FIGURE?



WELL, IF I DIDN'T GET ZEKE, THAT COW-POKE'LL SWEAR HE SAW HOB SHOOT HIM, ANYWAY! THAT'LL PUT HOB IN PLENTY O' HOT WATER!

HOLD IT, LEW! COME HERE! LOOK!



HEY, IT'S THAT COW-POKE!



COME ON! WE'RE GONNA SEE WHETHER HE TAKES ZEKE TO THE UNDERTAKER'S PARLOR OR TO DOC BROWN'S!



LATER IN DOC BROWN'S OFFICE...

WILL HE BE ALL RIGHT, DOC?

SURE! HE'S A TOUGH OLD BOY! IT'S NOT SERIOUS... HE'S SUFFERING MOSTLY FROM SHOCK!



BUT THIS SHOOTING PUTS JUBILEE MUCH CLOSER TO BECOMING A GHOST TOWN!

YOU MEAN THIS OLD FELLA MEANS THAT MUCH TO THE TOWN?



HE SURE DOES, GENE! AND THE MAN WHO SHOT HIM, TOO! THEY'RE PARTNERS, AND EVERYONE HERE DEPENDED ON THE PAYROLL FROM THEIR GOLDEN BURRO MINE!



DEPENDED? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE MINE NOW?

TWO WEEKS AGO, HOB AND ZEKE GOT INTO A FIGHT OVER HOB'S NEPHEW AND THEY SHUT THE MINE DOWN!



TWO WEEKS! THEN SOME OF THE FAMILIES IN JUBILEE MUST BE PRETTY BAD OFF!

THEY ARE! AND IF SOMETHING ISN'T DONE SOON, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THEM!

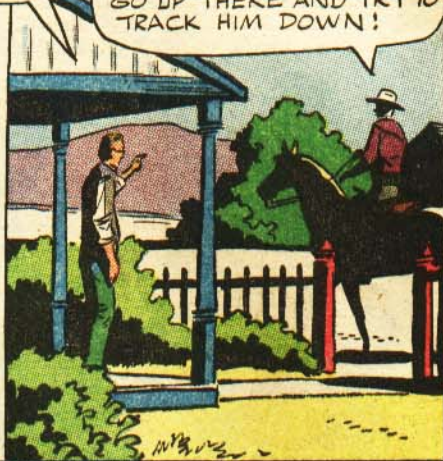


THEN I RECKON I'D BETTER SEE IF I CAN'T DO SOMETHING! WHERE WILL I FIND HOB?



I HEAR HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME HUNTING
IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR BALD ROCK!

THAT'S NEAR WHERE I
SAW THE FIGHTING! I'LL
GO UP THERE AND TRY TO
TRACK HIM DOWN!



LET'S GET TO OUR HORSES
AND FOLLOW THAT GUY!
HE COULD MESS UP
EVERYTHING!

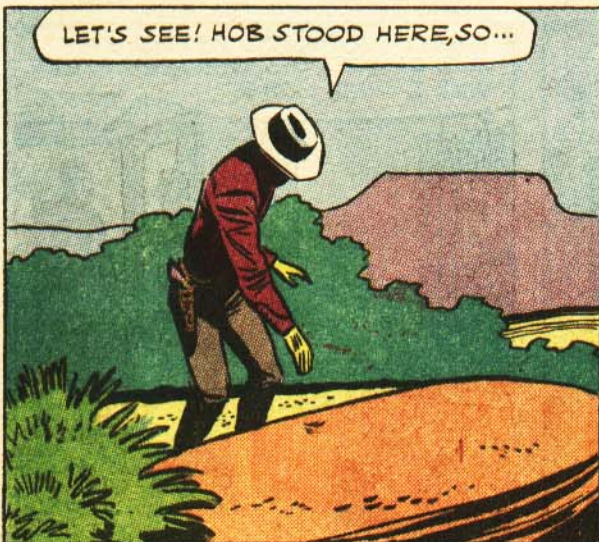


LATER...

I'D BETTER GET A GOOD
IDEA OF HIS TRACKS BEFORE
I START TRAILING HIM!



LET'S SEE! HOB STOOD HERE, SO...

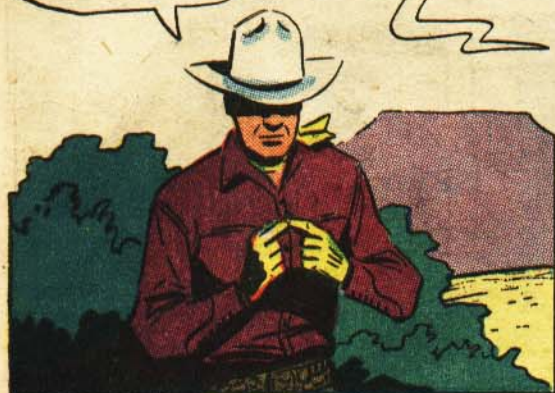


H-M-M-! LOOKS LIKE HOB'S
BEARD IS SHEDDING!



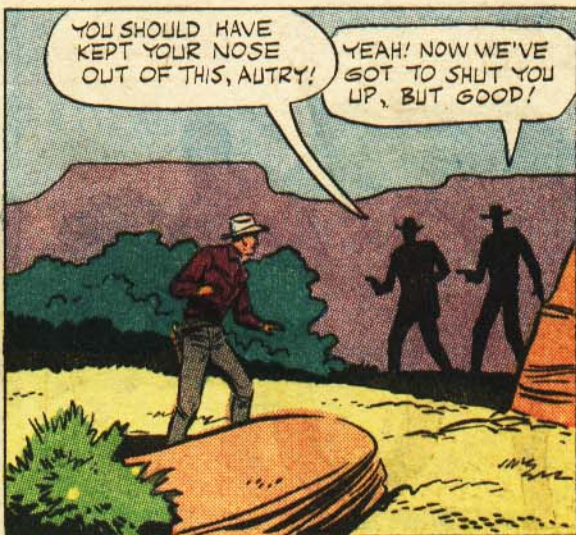
ONLY THIS IS FALSE
HAIR! UNLESS HOB
WEARS A FALSE
BEARD, HE WASN'T
THE ONE THAT...

THAT'S RIGHT,
COW-POKE!
REACH!



YOU SHOULD HAVE
KEPT YOUR NOSE
OUT OF THIS, ATRY!

YEAH! NOW WE'VE
GOT TO SHUT YOU
UP, BUT GOOD!



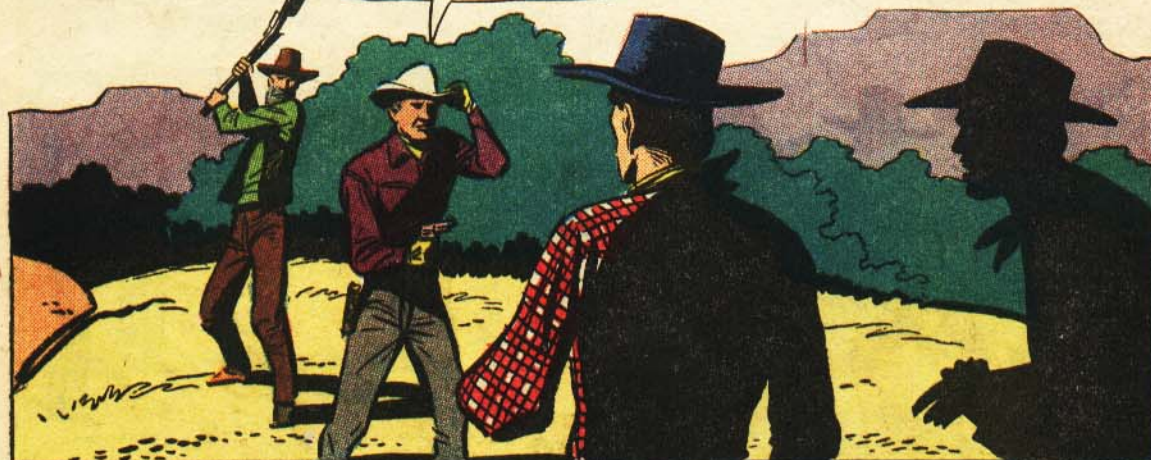
THEN I HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE!



LOOKS LIKE I CAN
TALK A WHILE LONGER,
ANYWAY!



ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO!
GET ON YOUR HORSES!



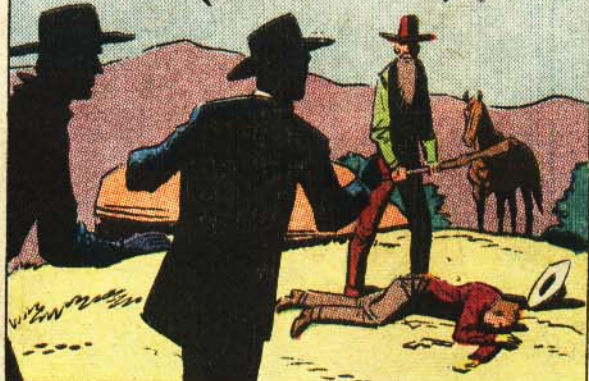
YOU'RE NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE, MISTER!

AUGH!



QUICK! TIE AND GAG HIM BEFORE HE COMES AROUND!

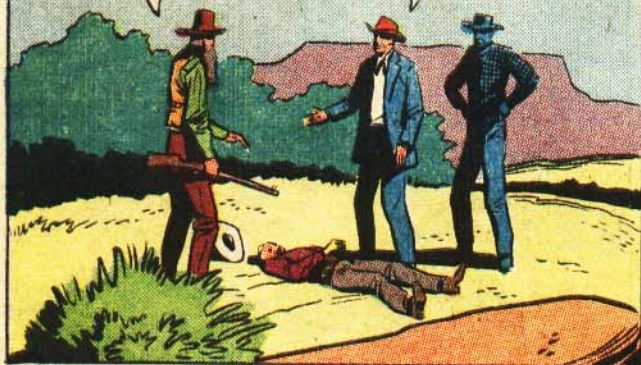
BLAST IT, NEPHEW! I HAD A BIG BUCK IN MY SIGHTS WHEN YOU BOYS STARTED ALL THIS RUCKUS!



MINUTES LATER...

NOW, WHAT WAS ALL THAT SHOOTIN' FOR, ANYHOW? AN' WHO'S THIS SIDEWINDER?

UNCLE HOB, I HATE TO TELL YOU, BUT HE'S A HIRED KILLER ZEKE SENT UP HERE TO GET YOU!



A HIRED GUNNIE, HUM? AN' HERE I BEEN LIVIN' UP IN THESE BLAMED MOUNTAINS, HOPIN' ZEKE'D COME TO HIS SENSES, AND WE'D PATCH THINGS UP!

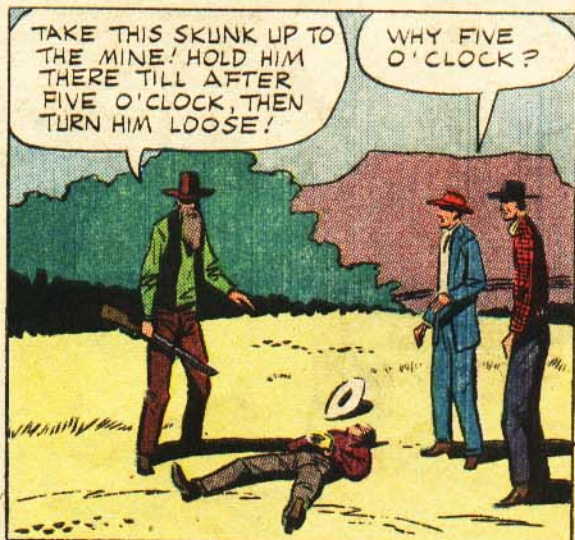


BUT IF THIS IS THE WAY HE WANTS IT, BY GUM, HE'LL GET IT THIS WAY! ONLY I'LL DO MY OWN SHOOTIN'!



TAKE THIS SKUNK UP TO THE MINE! HOLD HIM THERE TILL AFTER FIVE O'CLOCK, THEN TURN HIM LOOSE!

WHY FIVE O'CLOCK?





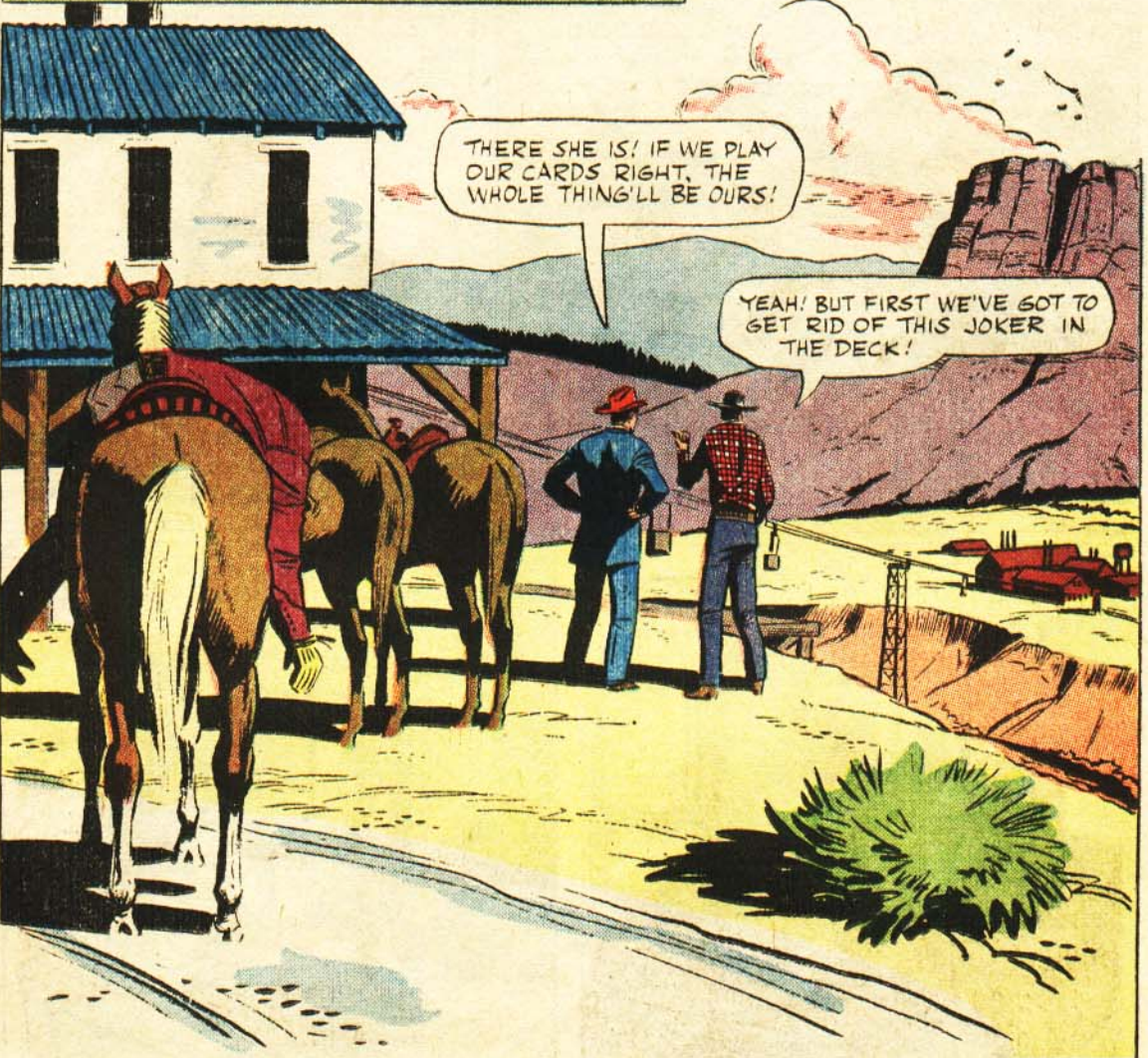
CAUSE THAT'S WHEN I'LL BE MEETIN' ZEKE FOR A SHOOT-OUT IN TOWN! ONE OF US WON'T BE AROUND AFTERWARD!



WHAT'LL WE DO, REPP?

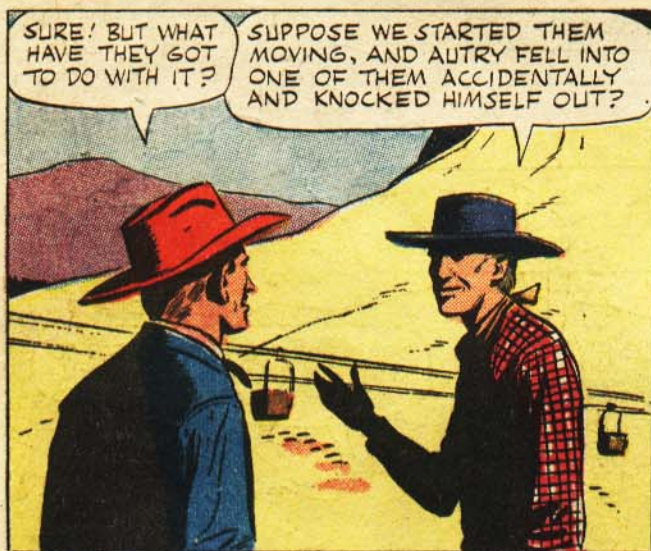
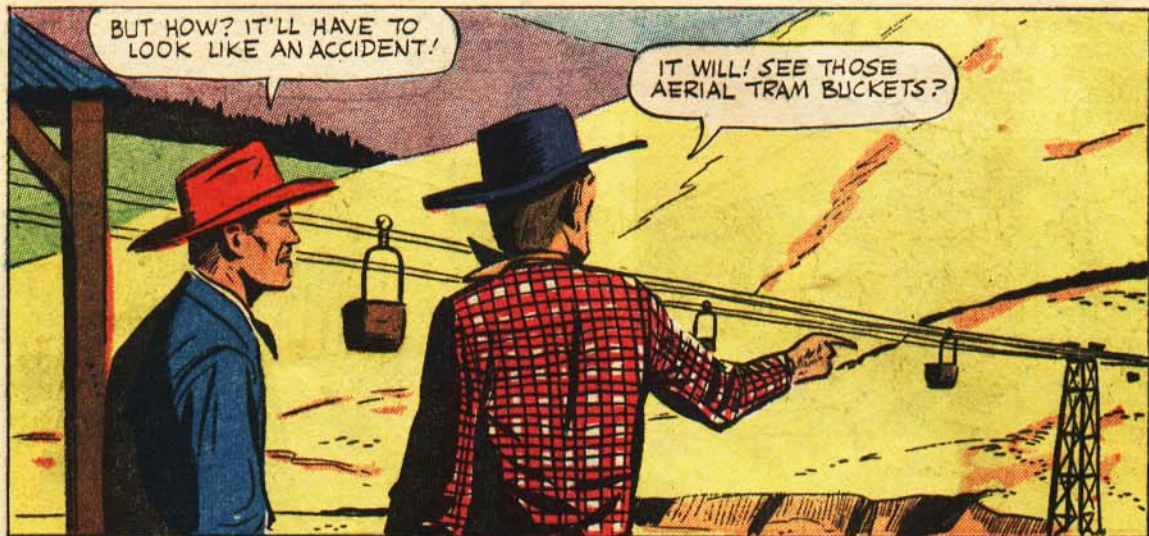
LET'S TAKE THE COW-POKE UP TO THE MINE LIKE HE SAID! WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING UP THERE! IT'S NOT FAR!

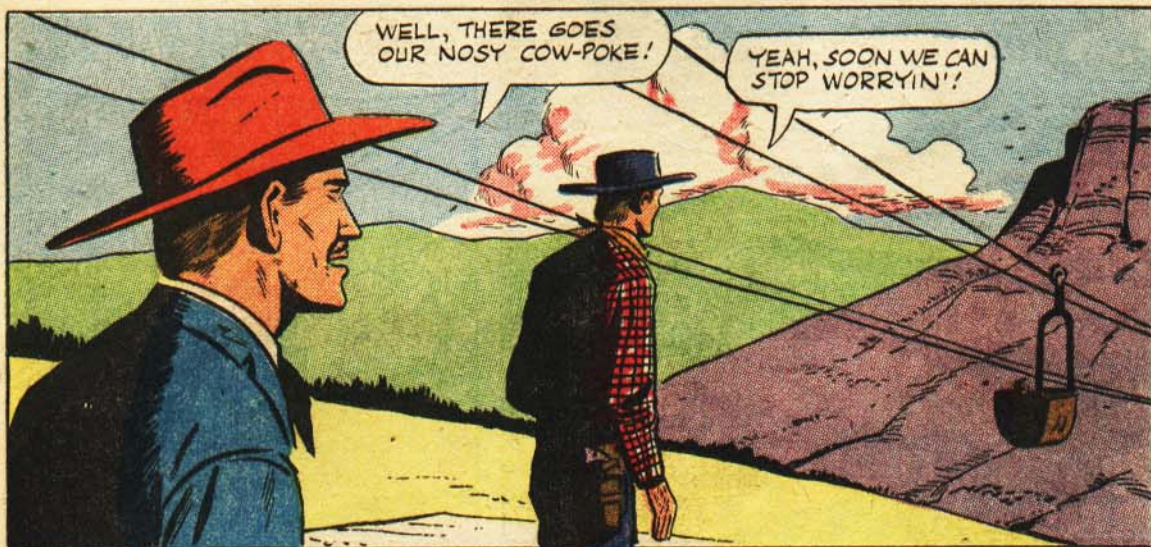
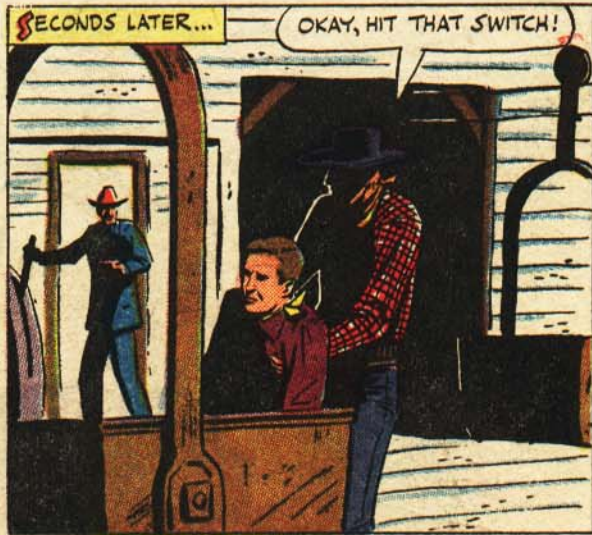
TEN MINUTES LATER, AT THE GOLDEN BURRO MINE...



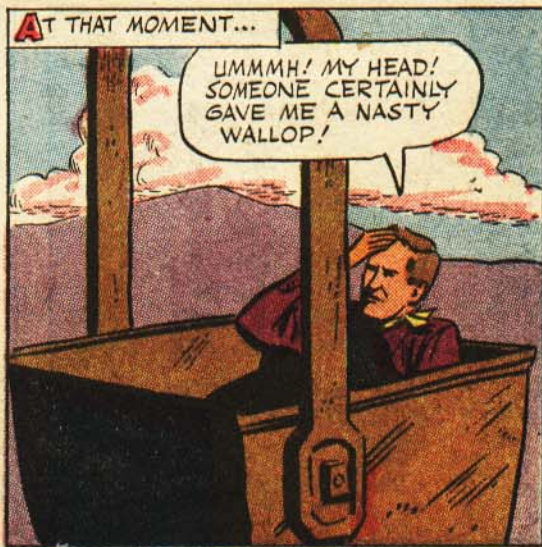
THERE SHE IS! IF WE PLAY OUR CARDS RIGHT, THE WHOLE THING'LL BE OURS!

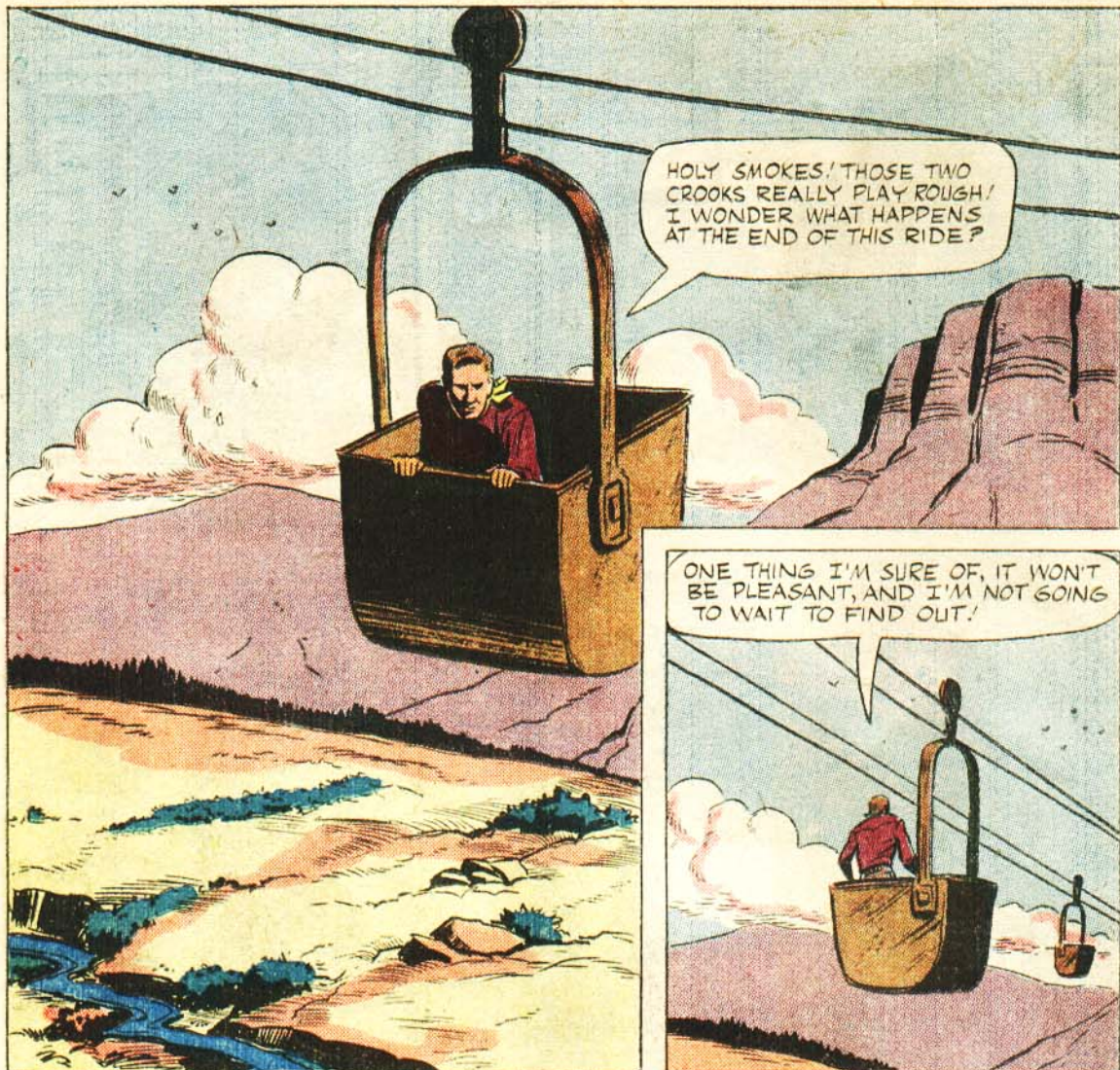
YEAH! BUT FIRST WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THIS JOKER IN THE DECK!



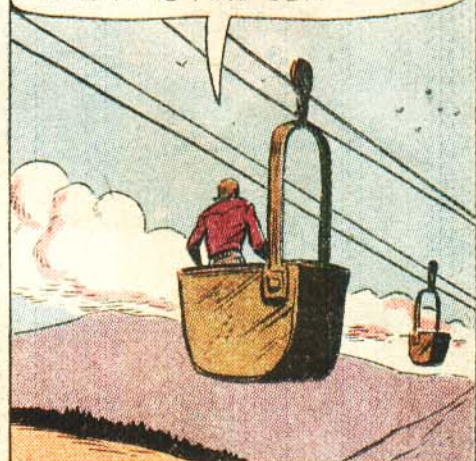


WE'D BETTER KEEP THOSE TRAM
BUCKETS FILLED AN' MOVIN'! COME ON!

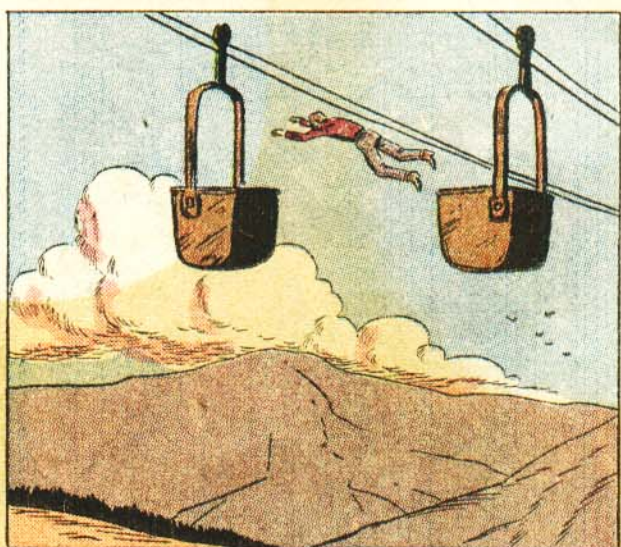


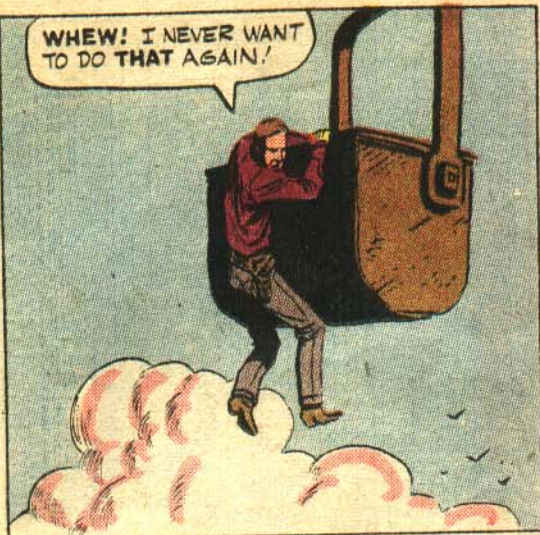


ONE THING I'M SURE OF, IT WON'T BE PLEASANT, AND I'M NOT GOING TO WAIT TO FIND OUT!



MAYBE I'M CRAZY FOR TRYING THIS, BUT...

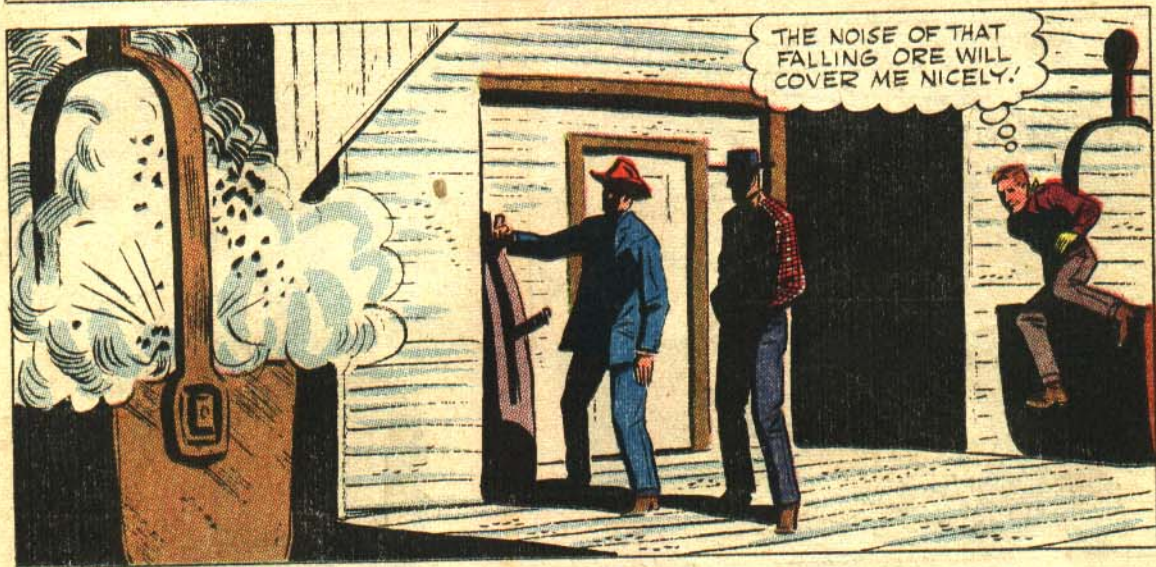




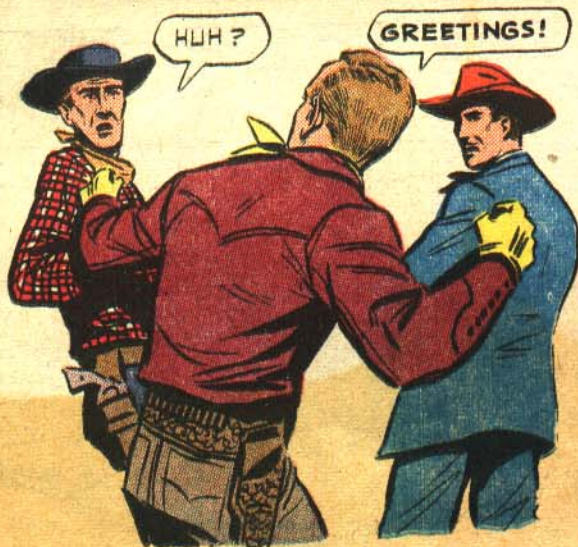
WHEW! I NEVER WANT TO DO THAT AGAIN!



BUT THERE'S ONE THING I DO WANT TO DO! AND THAT'S PAY A RETURN CALL ON THAT PAIR BACK THERE!



THE NOISE OF THAT FALLING ORE WILL COVER ME NICELY!

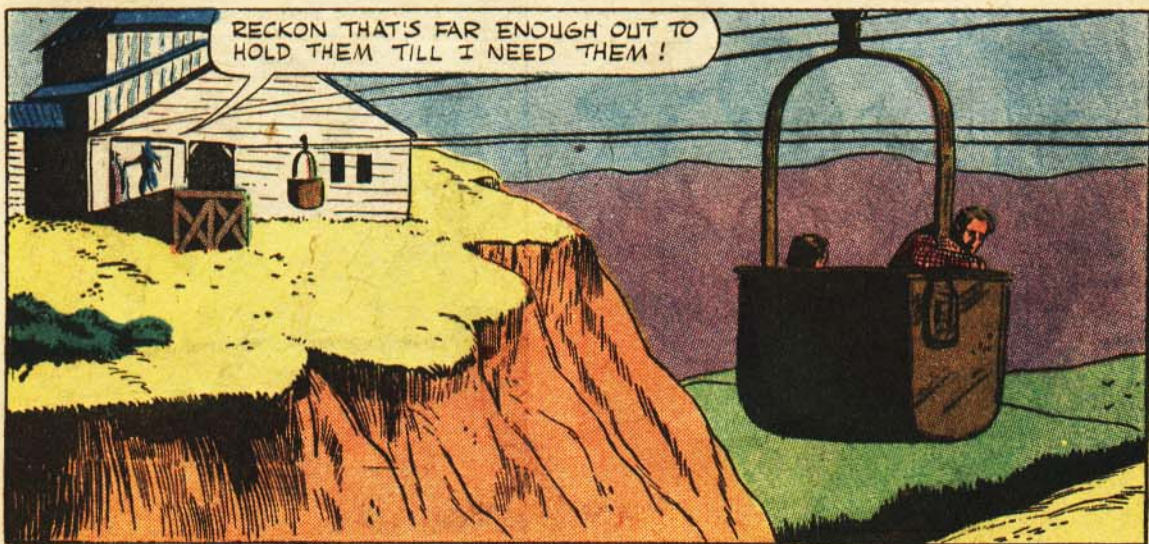
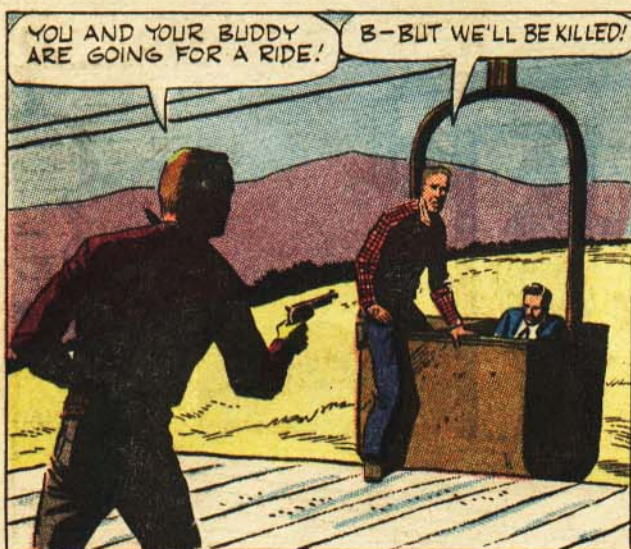


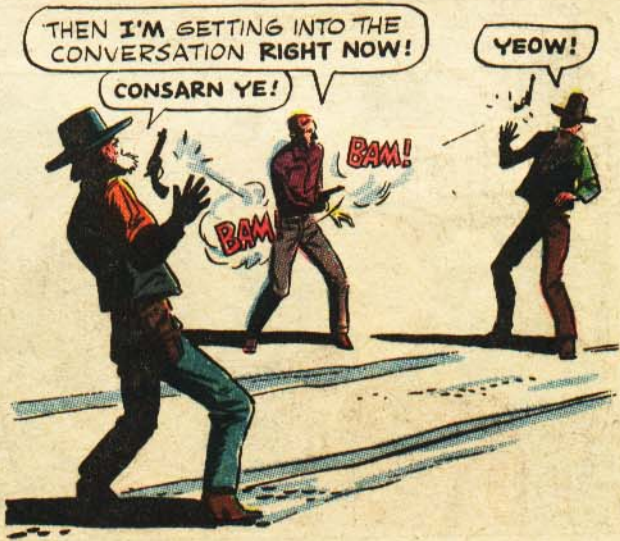
HUH?

GREETINGS!



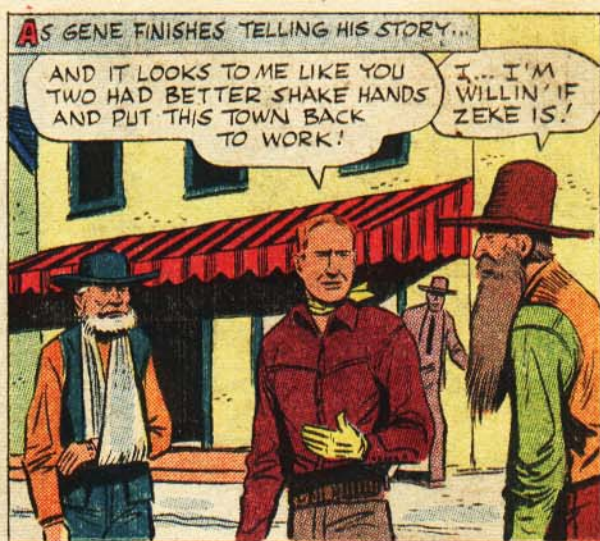
HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU!







ALL RIGHT, YOU STUBBORN OLD MULES! YOU'RE GOING TO LISTEN TO ME NOW!



AS GENE FINISHES TELLING HIS STORY...

AND IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU TWO HAD BETTER SHAKE HANDS AND PUT THIS TOWN BACK TO WORK!

I... I'M WILLIN' IF ZEKE IS!



'COURSE I AM, YUH OLD GOAT!

THEN LET'S GET THE GOLDEN BURRO TO GOIN' AGAIN! YOU CAN TAKE CHARGE WHILST I LOCATE THAT REAL NEPHEW O' MINE!



HOLD IT! THE MINE'S BEEN CLOSED TWO WEEKS! SEEMS TO ME YOU OWE ALL THE PEOPLE YOU HURT BY YOUR FOOLISHNESS A LITTLE BACK PAY!



THEY'LL GET IT, GENE! THAT. AND THEN SOME!

YEP! I RECKON IT'S A PURTY SMALL PRICE FOR GETTIN' SOME SENSE POUNDED INTO OUR HEADS!

A Real Powerful WEAPON



"Hey! You can't camp on this lot!" Clem Matthews strode angrily toward the bearded man who, on his knees, was nailing together a board flooring, obviously intended for the tent lying nearby.

The bearded man stretched to his full height which put his head about four inches above Clem's. "Nobody says 'you can't' to Dob Adams!" he barked.

"I'm sayin' it!" declared Clem.

Adams gave Clem's short, spare frame a derisive glance. "You the law here in Slide Rock?"

Clem shook his head. "We've got no reg'lar law yet. I'm Clem Matthews. Me and my brother Ernie founded this town!"

From the quick glance Adams threw at the ridge looming above the camp, Clem knew he recognized the names. For it was on Catamount Ridge that he and Ernie had, two weeks earlier, made the fabulously rich strike responsible for the West's latest gold rush.

"I reckon that gives us the right to call it our town," Clem went on, "and to run it like we want—without gunplay and such."

"That's real interestin'," sneered Adams. "But about this here lot —"

"I'm comin' to that," Clem broke in. "When me and Ernie laid out the town, we put this lot aside for our sister, Dolly. She's on her way here now. And you'd better get moved afore she shows up."

"I ain't scared of no female!" snorted Adams.

"You'd better be scared of Dolly," said Clem. "She packs a right powerful weapon."

"A gun?"

Clem shook his head.

Adams grinned. "Then I'm stayin' right here — and I'd like to see her toss me off."

"You prob'ly will," growled Clem, stalking away to find Ernie.

That night the brothers decided they would not wait for Dolly but would dispossess Adams themselves. So, the next morning, after Adams had headed for the ridge with his prospecting tools, they hitched a mule team to his tent floor. Then they dragged tent and contents to another location, still unclaimed. After this, they returned to "Dolly's lot" to stand guard. When darkness fell without Adams returning, they concluded he was spending the night on the ridge and went home.

"Y'know, Ernie," said Clem, when later they were climbing into their respective bunks, "maybe you and me ought to camp on that lot till Dolly gets here."

"A durned good idea!" exclaimed Ernie. "We'll pitch a tent there first thing tomorrow."

But when they reached the lot next morning, they discovered Dob Adams had moved back. Also, he was now wearing a gun.

"And if you try to move me off again," he bellowed at the brothers, "I'll blow you to blazes!"

Clem could not help but smile. "You won't talk so big when Dolly gets here. That weapon of hers —"

"I ain't scared," barked Adams.

"You ought to be!" The voice belonged to a tall rawboned woman who, unnoticed by the three men, had come up the street moments earlier and had since been listening intently.

"Dolly!" shouted Ernie.

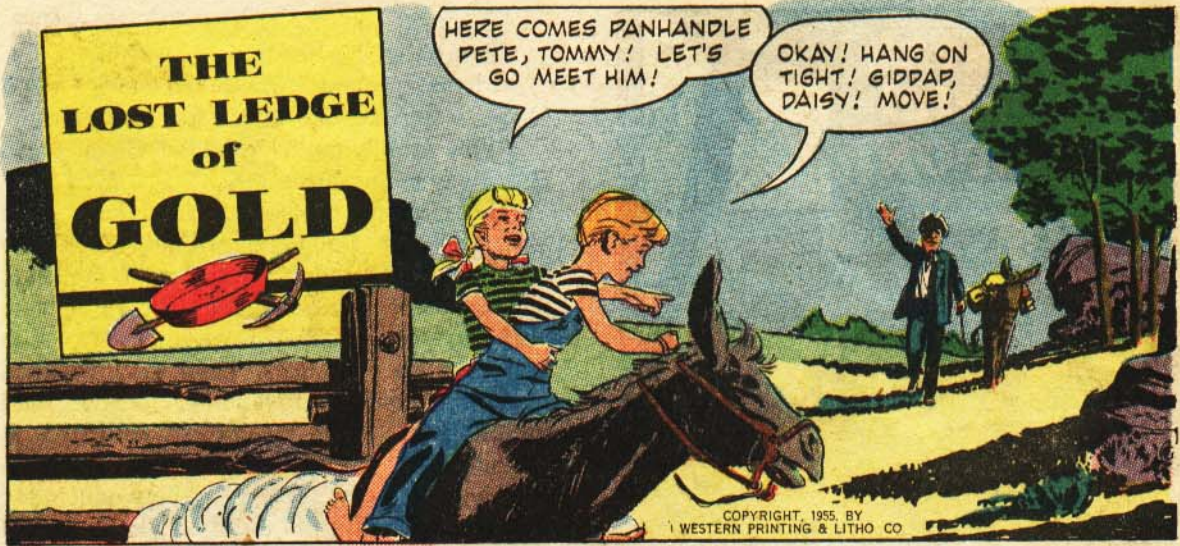
"This hombre's jumped your lot!" yelled Clem.

"And I'm keepin' it," Adams snapped, "in spite of that real powerful weapon you're supposed to pack."

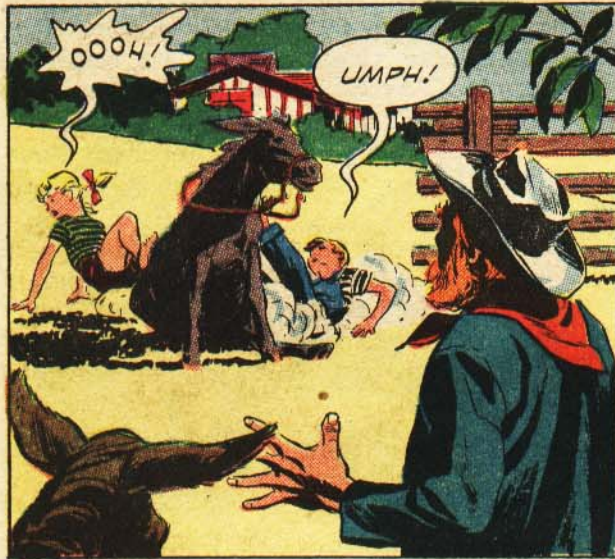
"Don't be too sure," said Dolly, brandishing something sharp and shining.

Adams took one look at Dolly's weapon — and was gone.

"It never fails," laughed Dolly, eyeing the "right powerful weapon," — a long, long hatpin!

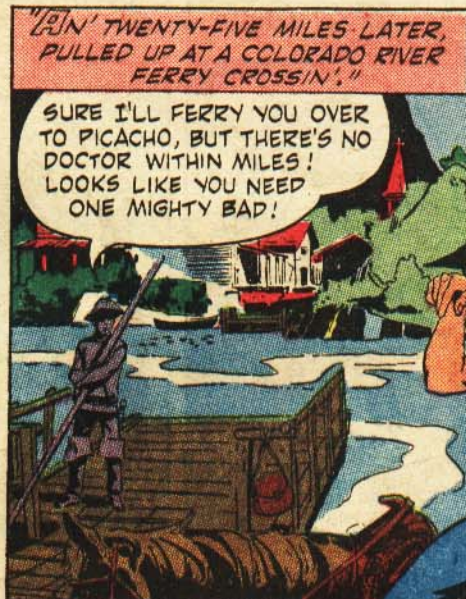


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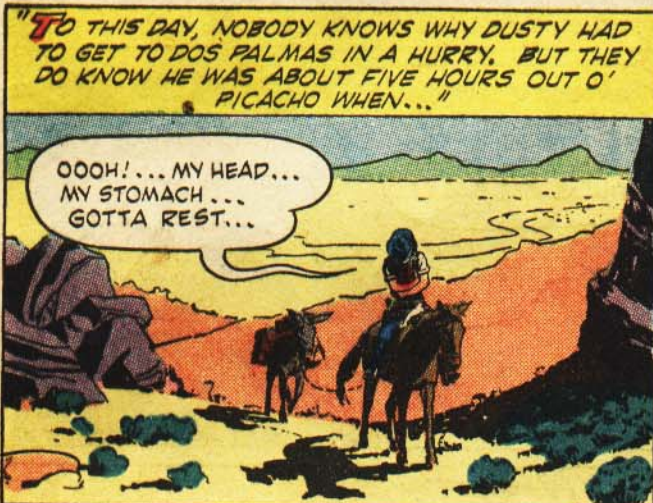
A DESERT RAT LIKE ME!
I'LL CALL HIM "DUSTY"
'CAUSE NOBODY'S EVER
RECOLLECTED HIS REAL
NAME! 'BOUT FIFTY
YEARS BACK, HE HEADED
NORTH OUT O' YUMA,
ARIZONA...



"IN' TWENTY-FIVE MILES LATER,
PULLED UP AT A COLORADO RIVER
FERRY CROSSIN'."

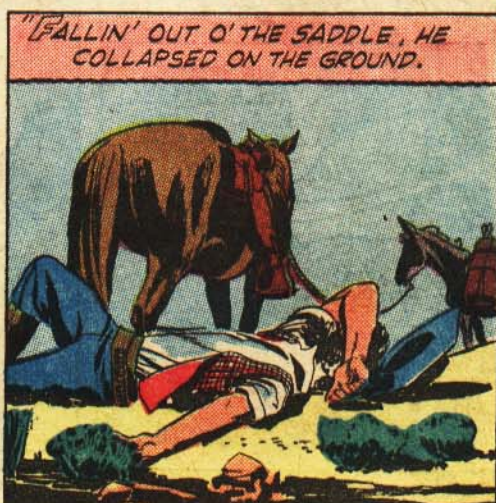
SURE I'LL FERRY YOU OVER
TO PICACHO, BUT THERE'S NO
DOCTOR WITHIN MILES!
LOOKS LIKE YOU NEED
ONE MIGHTY BAD!

NOT HALF AS BAD AS
I NEED TO GET TO
DOS PALMAS OASIS!
LET'S SHOVE OFF!



"TO THIS DAY, NOBODY KNOWS WHY DUSTY HAD
TO GET TO DOS PALMAS IN A HURRY. BUT THEY
DO KNOW HE WAS ABOUT FIVE HOURS OUT O'
PICACHO WHEN..."

OOOH!... MY HEAD...
MY STOMACH...
GOTTA REST...

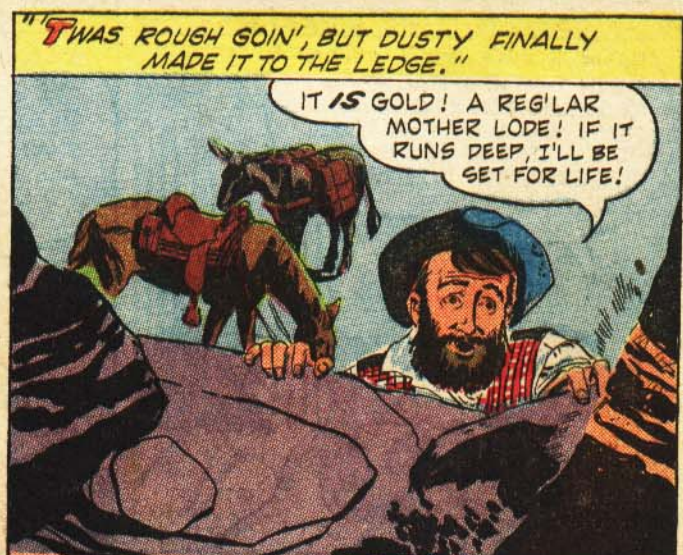


"FALLIN' OUT O' THE SADDLE, HE
COLLAPSED ON THE GROUND."



"FOR SOME WHILE, HE RESTED.
DIDN'T EVEN OPEN HIS EYES.
WHEN HE DID..."

JUMPIN' JEHOSEPHAT!
IF THAT LEDGE ISN'T
FULL O' **GOLD**, I'M
PLUMB LOCO!



"T WAS ROUGH GOIN', BUT DUSTY FINALLY
MADE IT TO THE LEDGE."

IT **IS** GOLD! A REG'LAR
MOTHER LOSE! IF IT
RUNS DEEP, I'LL BE
SET FOR LIFE!

"AFTER SOME MORE REST, DUSTY MANAGED TO CHIP OFF A COUPLA SAMPLES."



DON'T SEEM POSSIBLE! AFTER SPECKIN' FOR YEARS, I'VE MADE A STRIKE WHEN I WASN'T EVEN **LOOKIN'** FOR GOLD!

"BUT HE WAS TOO WEAK TO STAKE HIS CLAIM OR PUT UP A MARKER."



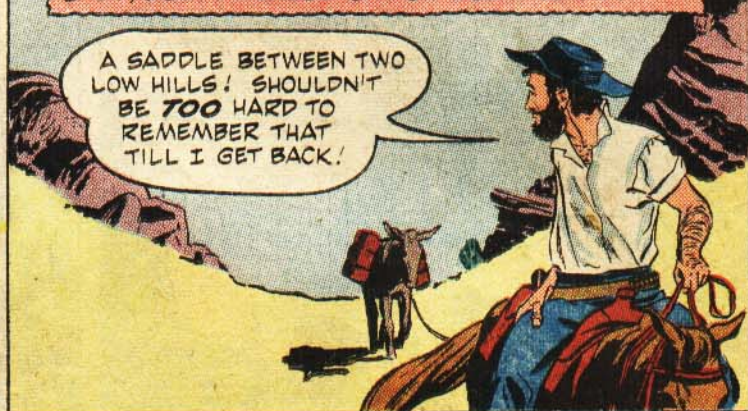
DOGGONE IT! (PUFF!) I CAN'T EVEN LIFT A ROCK! BUT I'VE GOTTA MARK THE PLACE!

"T'WAS A MIGHTY PECULIAR CLAIM MARKER HE FINALLY SET UP."



THIS SPARE MULE SHOE'LL KEEP MY VEST FROM BLOWIN' AWAY!

"FIGURIN' HE COULD IDENTIFY HIS CLAIM REAL EASY, DUSTY HEADED ON FOR DOS PALMAS."



A SADDLE BETWEEN TWO LOW HILLS! SHOULDN'T BE **TOO** HARD TO REMEMBER THAT TILL I GET BACK!

"BUT DUSTY NEVER WENT BACK ON ACCOUNT O' BEIN' TOO ILL. AN' SEVERAL YEARS LATER..."

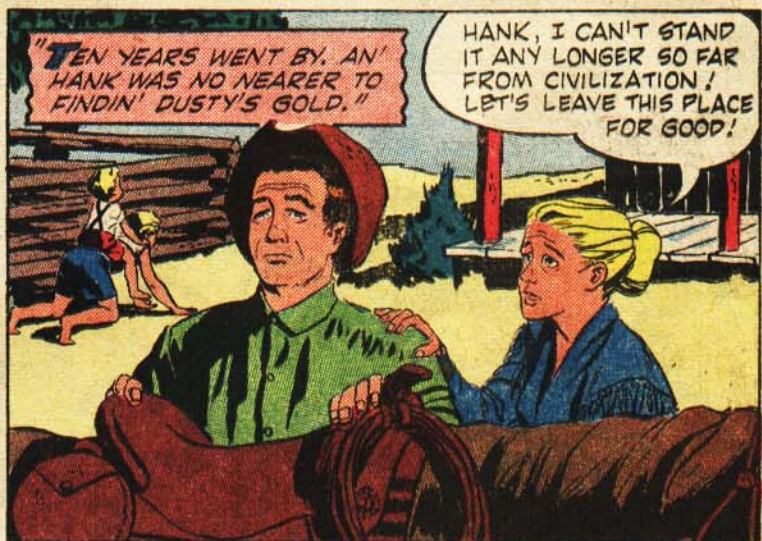
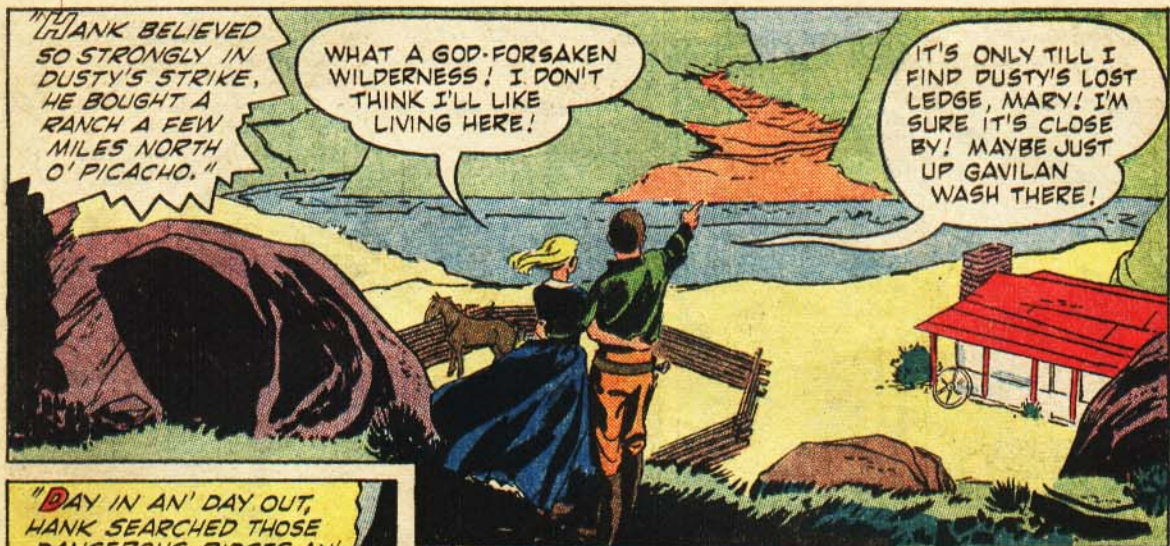


HANK, YOU'VE BEEN VISITIN' ME IN THIS HOSPITAL REAL REGULAR FOR TWO YEARS NOW! I'M MIGHTY GRATEFUL! SO I'M LETTIN' YOU IN ON THE GREATEST DISCOVERY O' MY LIFE!

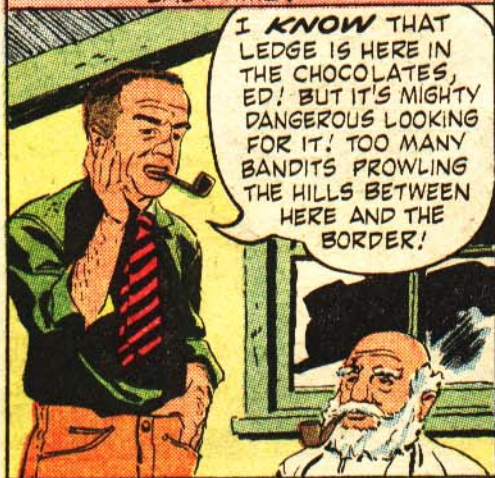
"HANK BROWN'S EYES ABOUT POPPED OUT O' HIS HEAD WHEN HE HEARD DUSTY'S STORY AN' SAW THE ORE SAMPLES."



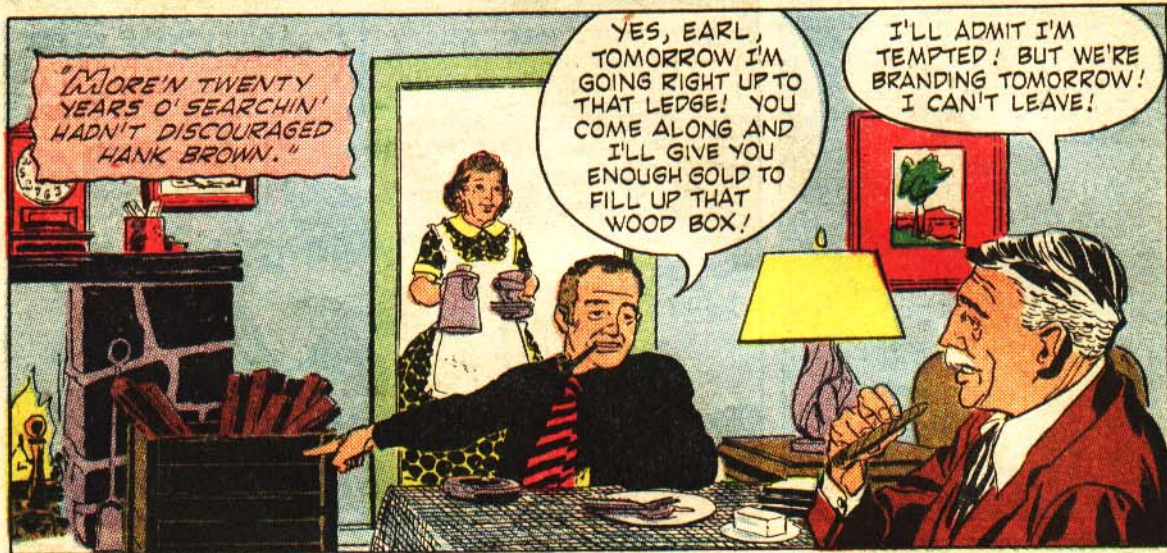
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GO BACK, SO HERE'S A MAP O' THE WAY I WENT! MEBBE YOU CAN FIND THAT LEDGE! IF YOU DO, ALL I WANT IS ENOUGH TO LIVE ON WITHOUT WORRYIN'!



"ONLY ABOUT FIVE OR SIX YEARS AGO, HANK VISITED ED FOR THE LAST TIME."



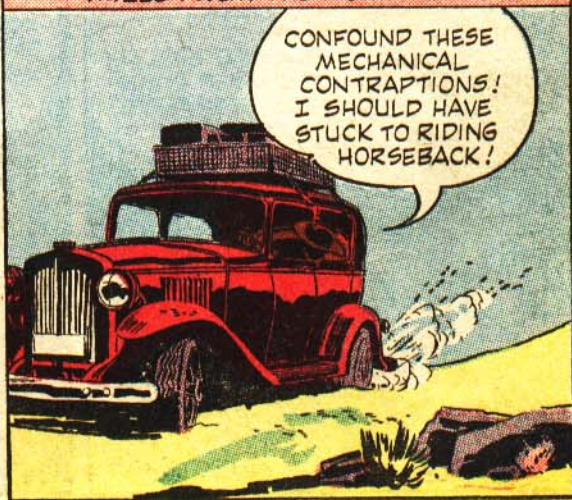
"THEN LATE THAT WINTER, HANK DROPPED IN ON HIS FRIENDS, EARL AND SARAH WORTH."



"THE NEXT MORNIN', HANK HEADED UP TOWARD INJUN PASS."



"HANK RAN INTO TROUBLE NOT MANY MILES FROM THE WORTH RANCH."



"**HANK SAT THERE ALL THE REST O' THE DAY. AN' ABOUT AN HOUR AFTER SUNDOWN...**"

EARL! LOOK!
THERE'S HANK!
TRAPPED IN
THE SAND!

THAT'S HOW I
FIGURED WE'D FIND
HIM - I BROUGHT
TOW ROPES! WE CAN
PULL HIM OUT
EASY!



BUT FROM THAT DAY TO
THIS, NOBODY'S SEEN
HIDE NOR HAIR O' HANK
BROWN, NOR HEARD
ANYTHING O' HIS FAMILY!
EARL AND SARAH DON'T
THINK HANK'LL EVER
SHOW UP NOW!...



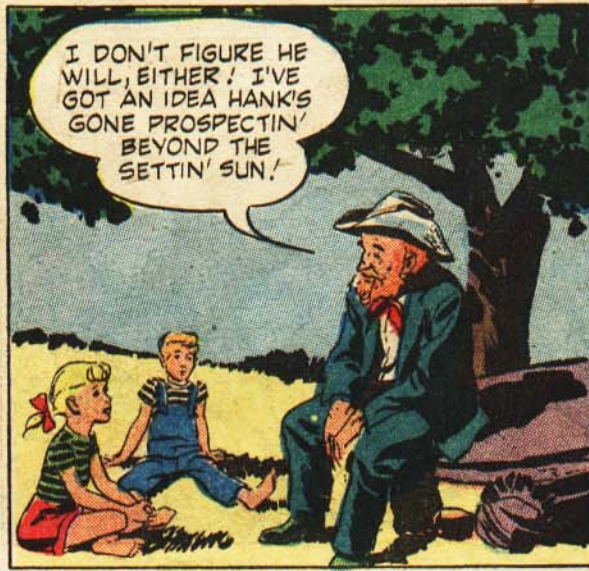
"**HANK DECIDED PROSPECTIN' BY CAR IN
THOSE RUGGED MOUNTAINS WASN'T FOR
HIM. SO NEXT MORNIN'...**"

WILL YOU BE
COMING BACK
AGAIN, HANK?

I SURE WILL! JUST AS
SOON AS I LEAVE MY
CAR IN LOS ANGELES
AND PICK UP A GOOD
SADDLE HORSE AND
A PACK MULE!



I DON'T FIGURE HE
WILL, EITHER! I'VE
GOT AN IDEA HANK'S
GONE PROSPECTIN'
BEYOND THE
SETTIN' SUN!



HAS ANYBODY ELSE
GONE LOOKING FOR
THE LOST LEDGE?

SEARCH ME! BUT I
RECKON THEY **WILL!**
THE LURE O' LOST
GOLD IS A MIGHTY
POWERFUL MAGNET
FOR MOST FOLKS...
INCLUDIN' **ME!**

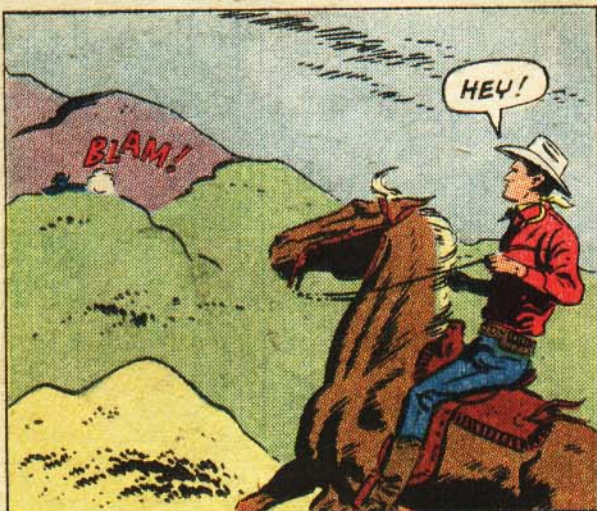
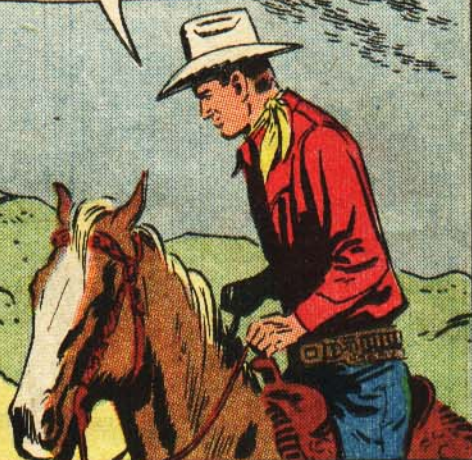


GENE AUTRY

AND *Champion* IN **AIR-BORNE RUSTLERS**

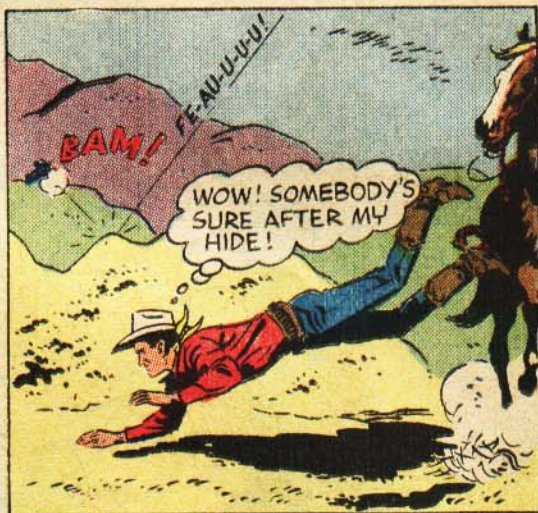
GENE HAS TRAILED RUSTLED
FLYING-A CATTLE INTO A
LITTLE-TRAVELED SECTION
OF THE RANGE...

THOSE TRACKS LEAD UP THE
TRAIL TO DAD FOLEY'S MINE,
CHAMP! I'LL CHECK WITH HIM!
HE MIGHT HAVE SEEN...



HEY!

BLAM!



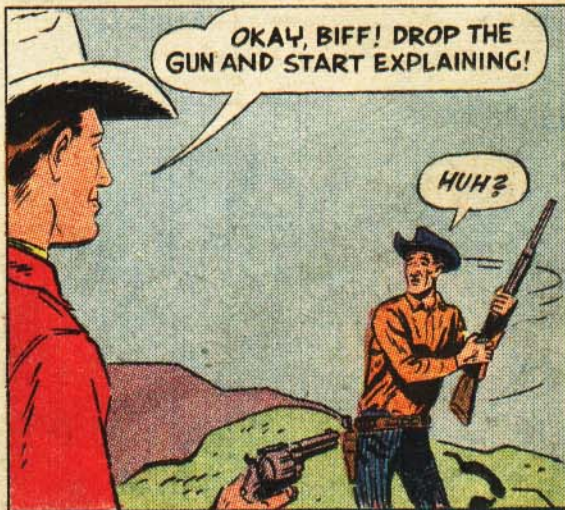
WOW! SOMEBODY'S
SURE AFTER MY
HIDE!

BAM!

GENE CIRCLES THE AMBUSER AND...

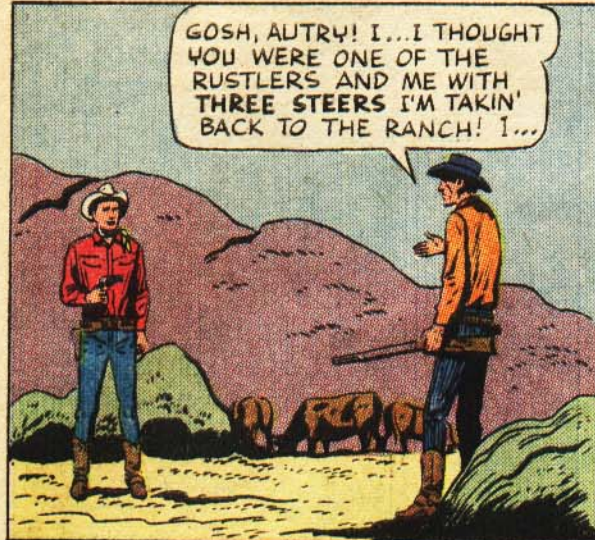


GREAT SCOTT!
BIFF JONES OF THE
LAZY K! JUST WHY
WOULD HE WANT
TO BEEF ME?

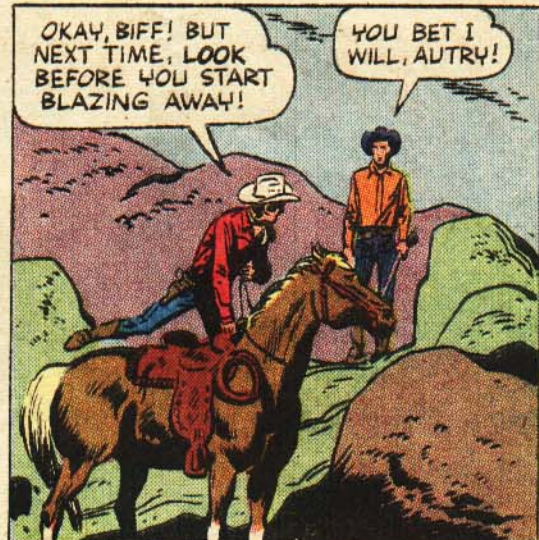


OKAY, BIFF! DROP THE
GUN AND START EXPLAINING!

HUH?

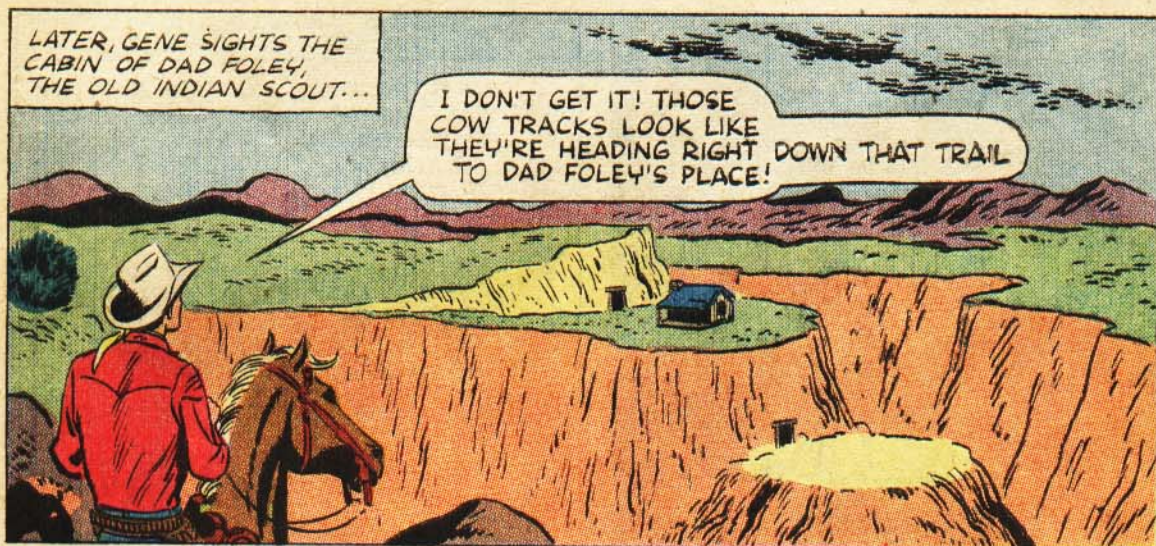


GOSH, AUTRY! I...I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THE RUSTLERS AND ME WITH THREE STEERS I'M TAKIN' BACK TO THE RANCH! I...



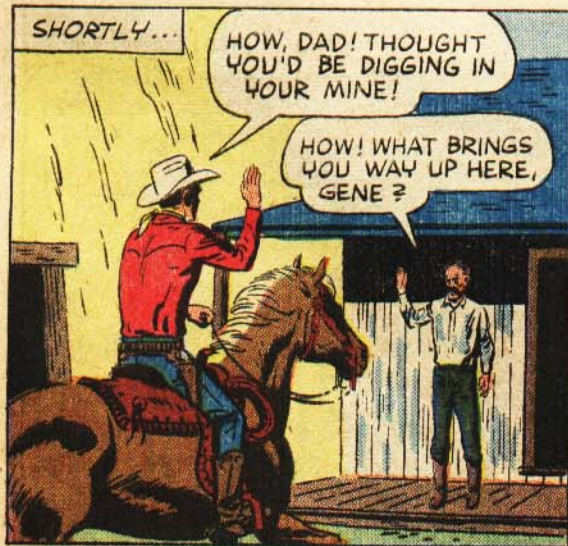
OKAY, BIFF! BUT NEXT TIME, LOOK BEFORE YOU START BLAZING AWAY!

YOU BET I WILL, AUTRY!



LATER, GENE SIGHTS THE CABIN OF DAD FOLEY, THE OLD INDIAN SCOUT...

I DON'T GET IT! THOSE COW TRACKS LOOK LIKE THEY'RE HEADING RIGHT DOWN THAT TRAIL TO DAD FOLEY'S PLACE!



SHORTLY...

HOW, DAD! THOUGHT YOU'D BE DIGGING IN YOUR MINE!

HOW! WHAT BRINGS YOU WAY UP HERE, GENE?

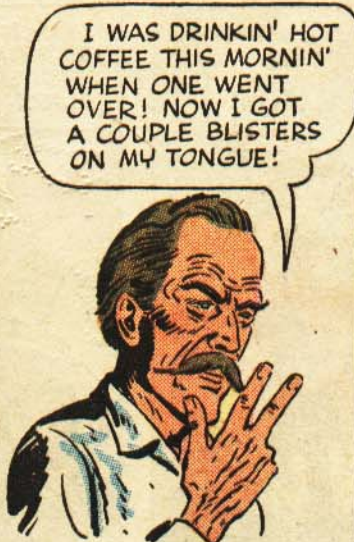


I'M ON THE TRAIL OF A GANG OF RUSTLERS!

RUSTLERS? HAVEN'T SEEN ANY 'ROUND HERE! SIDES, WHO CAN THINK OF RUSTLERS WITH FOUR HEEL-O-COPTERS FLAPPIN' OVER HERE EVERY DAY!



YUH KNOW, GENE, THEM CONTRAPTIONS SURE MAKE A RACKET! MADE ME SO DURNED JUMPY, I BURNED MY TONGUE!



I WAS DRINKIN' HOT COFFEE THIS MORNIN' WHEN ONE WENT OVER! NOW I GOT A COUPLE BLISTERS ON MY TONGUE!



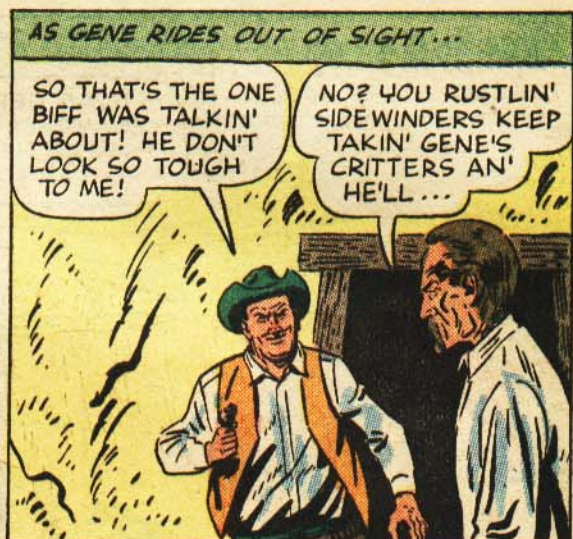
UH...THAT'S TOO BAD, DAD!



SENSING SOMETHING IS WRONG, GENE DECIDES TO DO SOME IMMEDIATE SCOUTING...

RECKON I'D BETTER MOVE ALONG... SORRY I HAVEN'T TIME TO GET A FEW MORE LESSONS 'IN INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE!

ME, TOO! I JEST HOPE YUH RECOLLECT THE ONES I ALREADY SHOWED YUH!



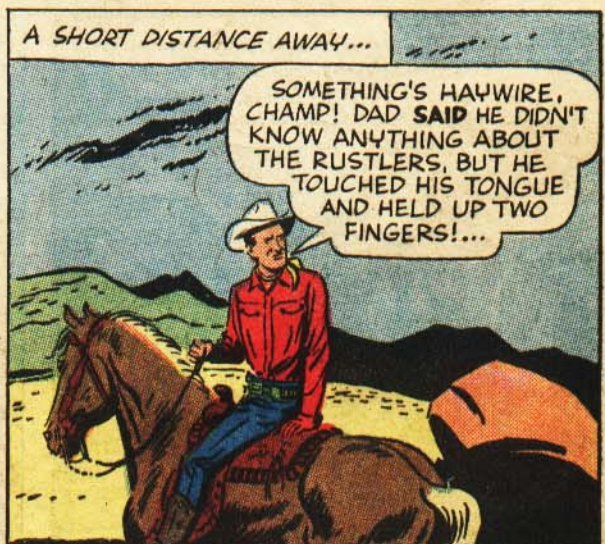
AS GENE RIDES OUT OF SIGHT...

SO THAT'S THE ONE BIFF WAS TALKIN' ABOUT! HE DON'T LOOK SO TOUGH TO ME!

NO? YOU RUSTLIN' SIDEWINDERS KEEP TAKIN' GENE'S CRITTERS AN' HELL...



HE'LL NOTHIN'!... NOW, SHUT UP AND GET THIS! FROM NOW ON, WHEN THE BOYS BRING IN A BUNCH OF STEERS, YOU HELP UNLOAD! UNDERSTAND?



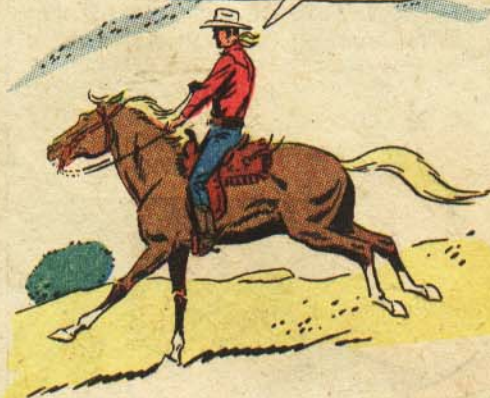
A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

SOMETHING'S HAYWIRE, CHAMP! DAD SAID HE DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE RUSTLERS, BUT HE TOUCHED HIS TONGUE AND HELD UP TWO FINGERS!...

THAT'S INDIAN SIGN
LANGUAGE MEANING
HE WAS LYING! AND
THAT TALK ABOUT
FOUR MAIL HELICOPTERS
A DAY... THERE ARE
ONLY **TWO** THAT I
KNOW OF!



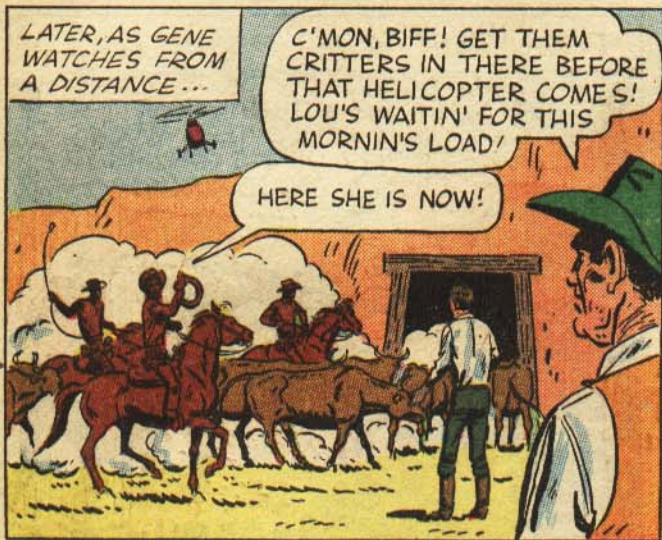
FAN THE BREEZE, BOY!
WE'LL WATCH DAD'S PLACE
FROM THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE CANYON!



LATER, AS GENE
WATCHES FROM
A DISTANCE...

C'MON, BIFF! GET THEM
CRITTERS IN THERE BEFORE
THAT HELICOPTER COMES!
LOU'S WAITIN' FOR THIS
MORNIN'S LOAD!

HERE SHE IS NOW!



I'LL BE DARNED!
THAT'S OZZIE, MY NEW
COWHAND! AND PUNT
STAFFORD FROM THE
RINGED B!

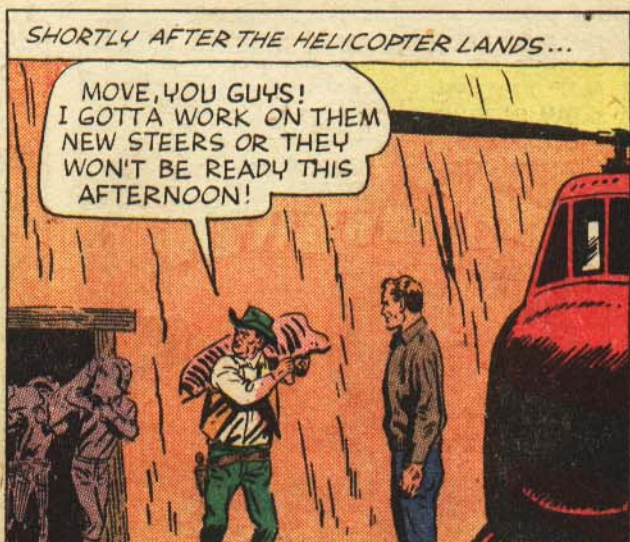


THAT MAIL PLANE'S LANDING
IN THE CANYON!... SO THAT'S
WHY DAD KEPT TALKING
ABOUT **FOUR** MAIL PLANES
A DAY!



SHORTLY AFTER THE HELICOPTER LANDS...

MOVE, YOU GUYS!
I GOTTA WORK ON THEM
NEW STEERS OR THEY
WON'T BE READY THIS
AFTERNOON!



AS THE HELICOPTER RISES FROM THE CANYON...

SO THAT'S IT! THE STEERS ARE SLAUGHTERED IN DAD'S MINE, THEN THAT FAKE MAIL PLANE PICKS UP THE CARCASSES AND DELIVERS THEM SOMEWHERE!

SMART BOYS! FOLKS DON'T NOTICE A MAIL PLANE'S REGULAR FLIGHTS!... HUMPH! HE'S DISAPPEARED BEHIND THE HILLS - BUT IT LOOKED AS IF HE MIGHT BE LANDING AT THE OLD HARDWELL PLACE!

LET'S GET DOWN THERE, BOY! MAYBE WE'LL CATCH THEIR NEXT DELIVERY!

HOURS LATER, AT THE OLD HARDWELL PLACE...

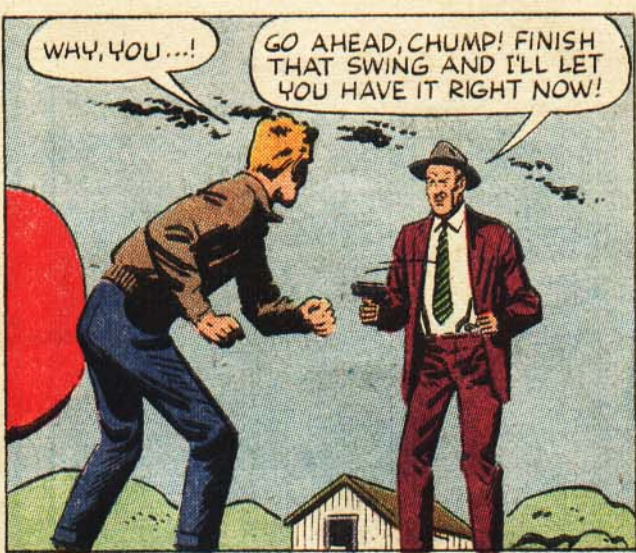
WITH THE NOISE THAT HELICOPTER'S MAKING, I THINK I CAN GET TO THOSE ROCKS!

I'M FINISHED, LOU! YOUR THREATS SCARED ME INTO THIS, BUT I'M NOT QUITE YELLOW ENOUGH TO **STAY** IN THIS CROOKED BUSINESS!

TALKIN' **BIG** AGAIN, ROB?

YOU'D BETTER FIND ANOTHER PILOT! I'M SICK OF THIS!

LISTEN, I'VE WARNED YOU BEFORE!... DON'T STEP OUTA LINE!



THAT NIGHT AT THE FLYING-A, GENE TALKS TO HIS NEIGHBORS, SETH AND CAL...

... THAT'S THE PLAN, BOYS!... YOU'LL BE RISKING YOUR STEERS, TOO! IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO BACK OUT!

BACK OUT?... NOT ME!

ME, NEITHER!



A MONTH GOES BY AND AT GENE'S RANCH...

OKAY, CHAMP, SETH AND CAL ARE READY AND THERE'S ROB'S PLANE!... THEY'LL GIVE US TIME TO GET TO DAD'S!



HOPE ROB'S RIGHT ABOUT ALL THE GANG BEING AT DAD'S FOR THE PAYOFF!... AND WHAT A PAYOFF THEY'RE GOING TO GET!



A LITTLE WHILE LATER, IN DAD'S CABIN...

I'M WARNIN' YUH, HOGE! ONE OF THESE DAYS, GENE AUTRY'LL CATCH UP TO YOU!

HAH! WE BEEN TAKIN' AUTRY'S BEEF FOR FIVE WEEKS, AN' HE'S DONE NOTHIN' TO STOP US!



UNTIL RIGHT NOW, HOGE!



AUTRY! WELL, YOU'RE NOT GONNA STOP ME NOW, EITHER!



OOOF!



PRESENTLY...

HURRY IT UP, GENE!
THAT HEEL-O-COPTER'S
LANDIN'! WE CAN NAB
THE WHOLE KIT-AN-
-KABOODLE!

OKAY, DAD!
LET'S GO!

AS THE HELICOPTER LANDS AT THE LOWER MINE
ENTRANCE...

HEY! WE'VE BEEN
DOUBLE-CROSSED!

QUICK! BACK
IN THE MINE!

RUN FOR THE TOP
ENTRANCE!

BLAM!
BAM!
BAM!

BUT GENE AND DAD HAVE THE TOP
ENTRANCE COVERED...

AUTRY!

THAT'S RIGHT, OZZIE!
DROP YOUR GUNS!
ALL OF YOU!

LATER...

SO GENE AUTRY DIDN'T
LOOK SO TOUGH TO YOU HUH?

OKAY! OKAY! I WAS
WRONG! BUT WHAT GRIPES
ME MOST IS THE FIVE
WEEKS' WORK WE PUT IN
FOR NOTHING!

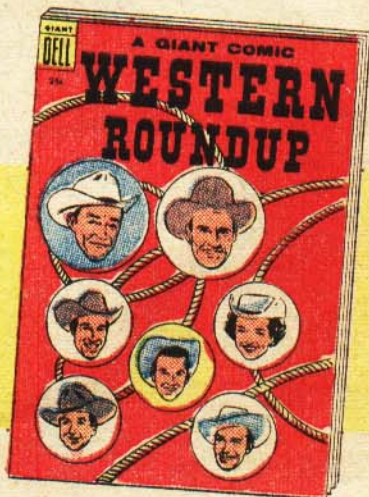


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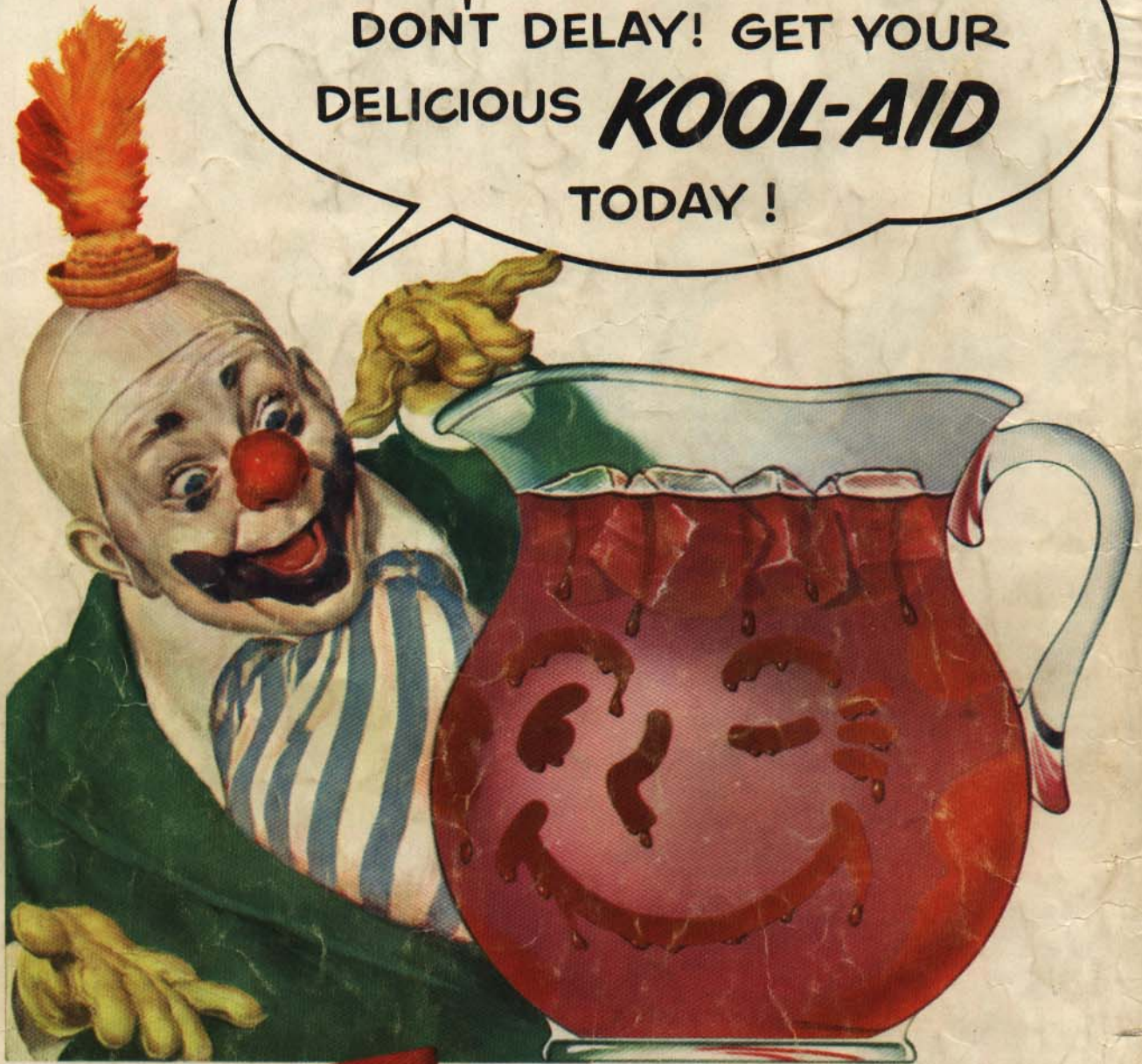
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