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JOHN
WAYNE



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JOHN WAYNE

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A
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JOHN WAYNE
ADVENTURE
WITH THE
MARINES!

BRIDGE-
HEAD!"



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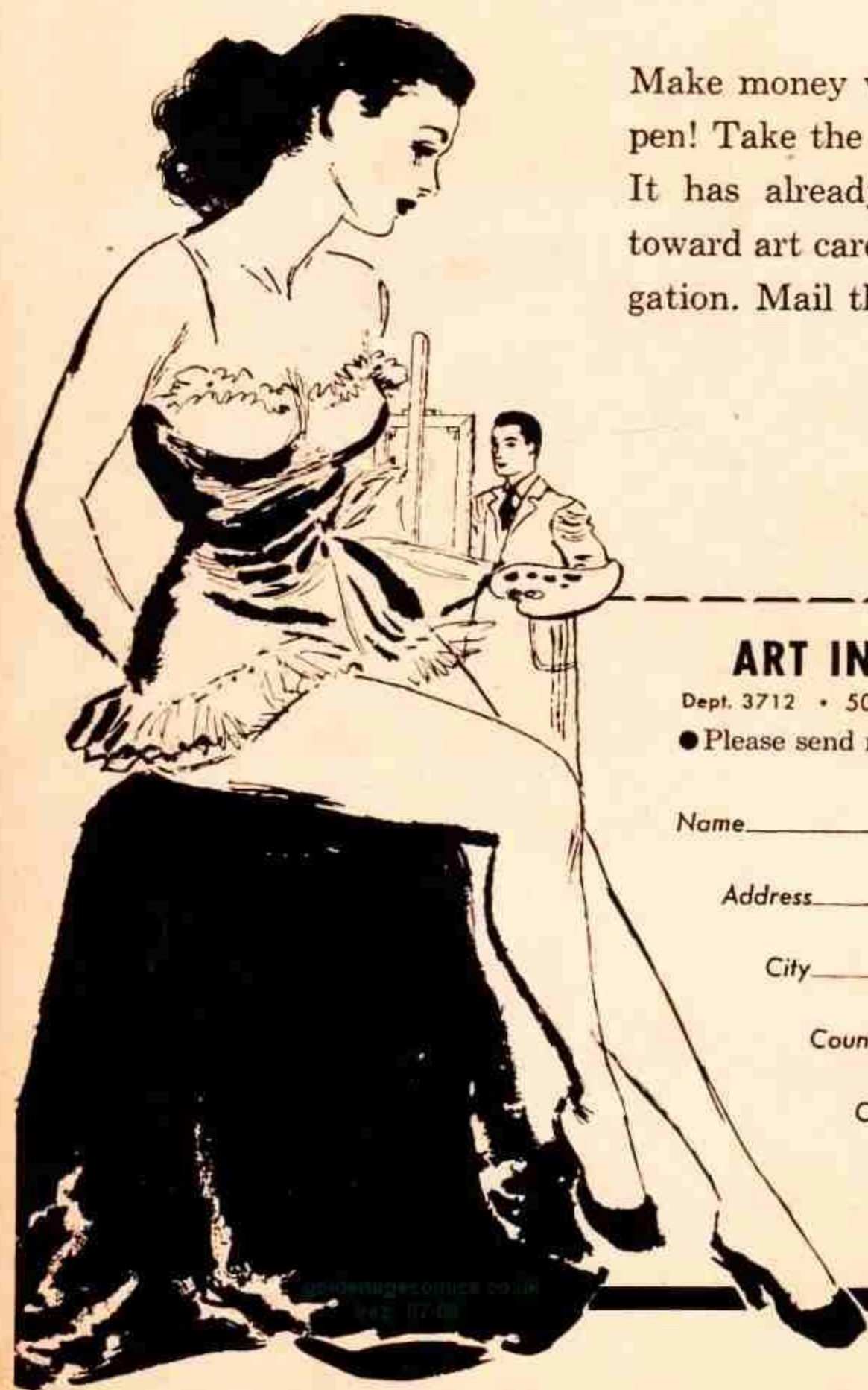
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JOHN WAYNE in "Bridgehead"

HEY, CHARLIE...WATCH HOW YOU'RE DRIVING THIS JEEP! DON'T FORGET WE'VE GOT A BIG LOAD OF DYNAMITE BACK HERE!

WHO CARES? MAYBE I'LL GET BLOWN BACK TO BROOKLYN!

LET'S SAVE IT FOR BLOWIN' UP THE BRIDGE!



JOHN WAYNE AND THREE BUDDIES, TIM, CHARLIE, AND JOE BILLIS FIND THEMSELVES ON WHAT SHOULD BE A ROUTINE MISSION OF SETTING UP A BOOBY-TRAP ON A BRIDGE ACROSS A VITAL RIVER. BUT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A "ROUTINE MISSION" WHERE THIS GANG IS CONCERNED!

OKAY...YOU GISMOS... I HOPE IT'S CLEAR NOW. G-2 EXPECTS A COMMIE ADVANCE THROUGH HERE IN A COUPLE OF HOURS...

YEAH...I KNOW...AND WE SET A CHARGE IN THE BRIDGE TO DELAY 'EM ENOUGH SO OUR REINFORCEMENTS CAN MOVE UP!



SHE'S ALL SET NOW, JOHN! FIRST HEAVY LOAD THAT HITS THIS WILL BLOW THE BRIDGE TO KINGDOM COME!

GOOD WORK, JOE! LET'S GET ACROSS NOW AND SET THE CHARGES IN THE TREES.

WON'T MAKE **ME** MAD TO GET RID OF THIS DYNAMITE!





DYNAMITE'S STRAPPED TO THE TREES NOW!

LET'S SET THE FUSES AND GET OUTA HERE!

QUIET, YOU GUYS! I HEAR SOMETHING!



WHAT IS IT, JOHN?

LET'S GET OUT OF SIGHT... QUICK!



HOLY COW! A RED TANK!

AND A WHOLE BATTALION OF TROOPS !!



THEY'RE AHEAD OF SCHEDULE! G-2 MUST'VE MADE A MISTAKE!

COME ON! WE GOTTA GET BACK TO HEAD-QUARTERS!



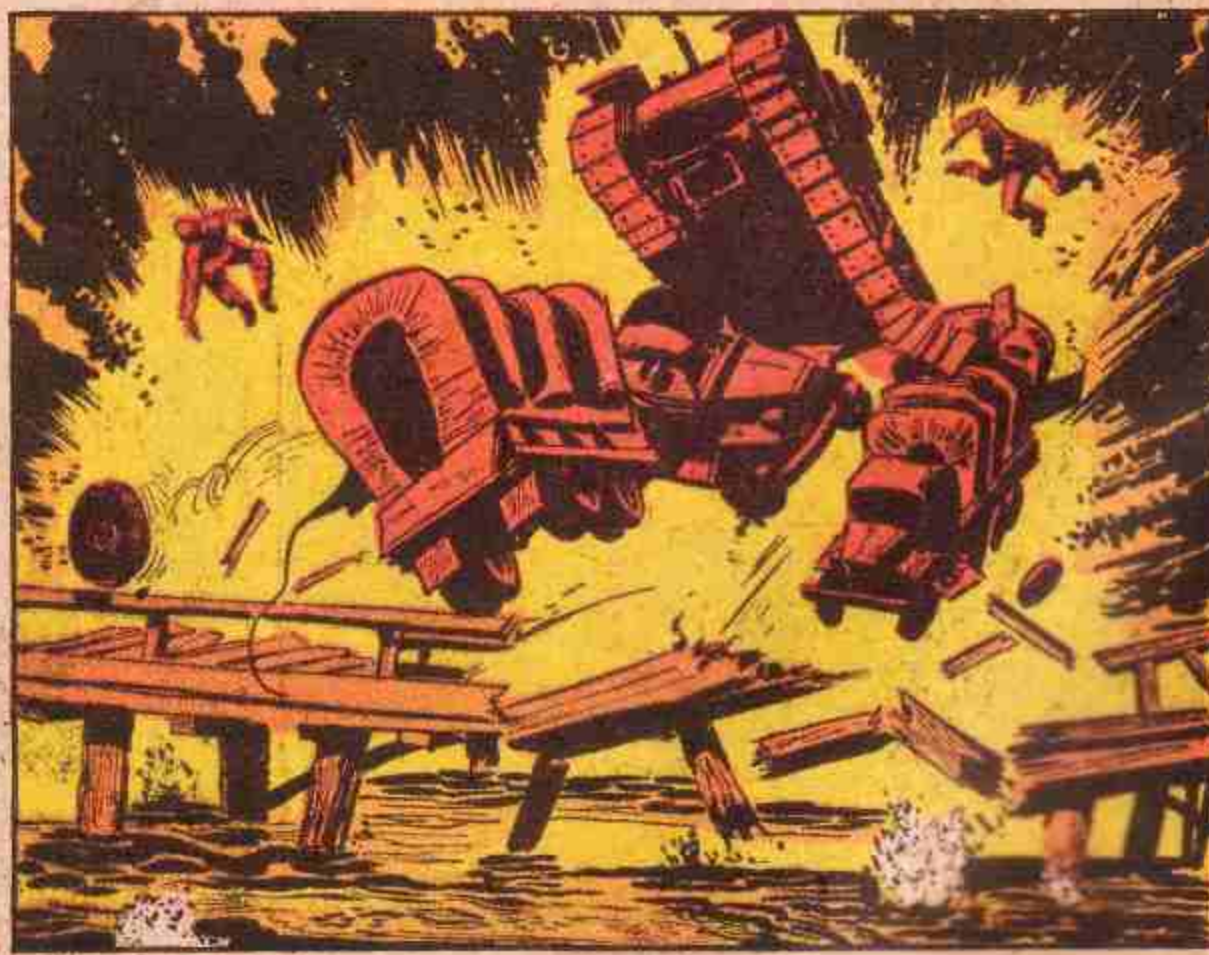
FASTER...YOU GUYS... OR WE'LL NEVER GET BACK ACROSS THAT BRIDGE BEFORE IT'S BLOWN UP!

AND I CAN'T SWIM!



TOO LATE!

MAYBE SO...BUT THAT'S SURE GONNA BE A PRETTY SIGHT IN ABOUT A SECOND!





WHAT'LL WE DO?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU GUYS, BUT I'M GOING TO STAY HERE AND TRY TO SLOW THE REDS DOWN FROM BUILDIN' A NEW BRIDGE!



THEY'RE STARTIN' TO WORK ON A BRIDGEHEAD ALREADY!

IT'S NOT GONNA BE EASY GETTING ACROSS THAT RIVER...BUT SOMEONE'S GOT TO GET WORD BACK TO THE COMMAND POST!

I'LL TRY IT, JOHN!

THE THREE MARINES WATCH ANXIOUSLY AS JOE SLIPS INTO THE WATER...



THINK JOE'LL MAKE IT?

HE'S GOT TO! IF THE REDS GET ACROSS THAT RIVER BEFORE OUR REINFORCEMENTS COME UP... IT'LL BE MURDER!



SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S THAT?

A MACHINE GUN, YOU SAP! HOW LONG'VE YOU BEEN IN THE MARINES?

TAT!!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!!



HE HASN'T SPOTTED JOE YET, BUT I'M NOT TAKIN' ANY CHANCES! I'M GETTIN' AFTER HIM!

WAIT FOR ME!



THERE HE IS... JUST 'HAVIN' FUN!

I'LL GIVE HIM A GOOD LAUGH!



ENJOY YOURSELF, COMRADE!

BLAM!









YAHOO! POUR IT ON, BABY! POUR IT ON!



LOOK! IT'S COMIN' AROUND AGAIN!

AND HE'S HEADIN' RIGHT FOR US!



CUT IT! WE'RE ON YOUR SIDE!

HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT, YOU SAP! ALL HE KNOWS IS THAT WE'RE HEADIN' ACROSS THE RIVER! HE THINKS WE'RE REDS!



WHAT'LL WE DO?

I'LL GIVE YOU THREE GUESSES!



HEY, TIM! I THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T SWIM!

HONEST, JOHN... SO DID I! I JUST NEVER TRIED BEFORE!

HERE IT COMES AGAIN!



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

WE'RE PRACTICALLY ACROSS NOW! MAYBE WE CAN MAKE IT BEFORE HE COMES BACK AGAIN!



THE TROUBLE IS THAT THE **REDS** KNOW WE'RE NOT REDS!

YEAH... THEY'RE REALLY OPENIN' UP!

QUIT BEEFIN' AND LOOK!



HEY! IT'S THE COMPANY!

I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE ANYONE IN MY WHOLE LIFE!



GIVE IT TO 'EM!

THIS IS ONE BRIDGEHEAD THAT'S NOT GONNA BE BUILT!



LATER...

SO WHEN THE CAPTAIN SAYS HE'S RECOMMENDED US FOR A CITATION... THEN ASKS US WHAT WE'D LIKE... CHARLIE, HERE, HASN'T GOT SENSE ENOUGH TO ASK FOR A THREE-DAY PASS!

YEAH, JERK-HEAD... WHY'D YOU HAVE TO ASK HIM FOR A FRAMED PICTURE OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? I GOT A LOT MORE RESPECT FOR BRIDGES NOW!

MAJOR MARS

AMERICA'S #1 SPACE SOLDIER

MISSION TO VENUS

YOU MUST COPY THE VENUSIANS' INVASION PLANS FROM THEIR MICROFILM!

I UNDERSTAND... COPY IT, BUT NOT STEAL IT!

PROFESSOR, I'VE DESIGNED THIS RING ESPECIALLY FOR THIS MISSION!

YOU'LL HAVE IT IN AN HOUR!

ROCKET 24 TO EARTH- I'LL BE LANDING ON VENUS IN 15 MINUTES

ONE SHORT BLAST AND YOU'LL SLEEP AN HOUR!

HERE'S THE FILM! MAKE A COPY WITH MY ROCKET RING AND THE SUN'S RAYS... THEN BACK TO EARTH!

CONGRATULATIONS MAJOR... YOU'VE SAVED US FROM INVASION!

THANKS TO MY ROCKET RING THE VENUSIANS DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT PLANS I COPIED

GET ONE OF THESE ROCKET RINGS FOR YOUR VERY OWN!

Major Mars' own

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JOHN
WAYNE

meets

"THE MUSIC MAKER"

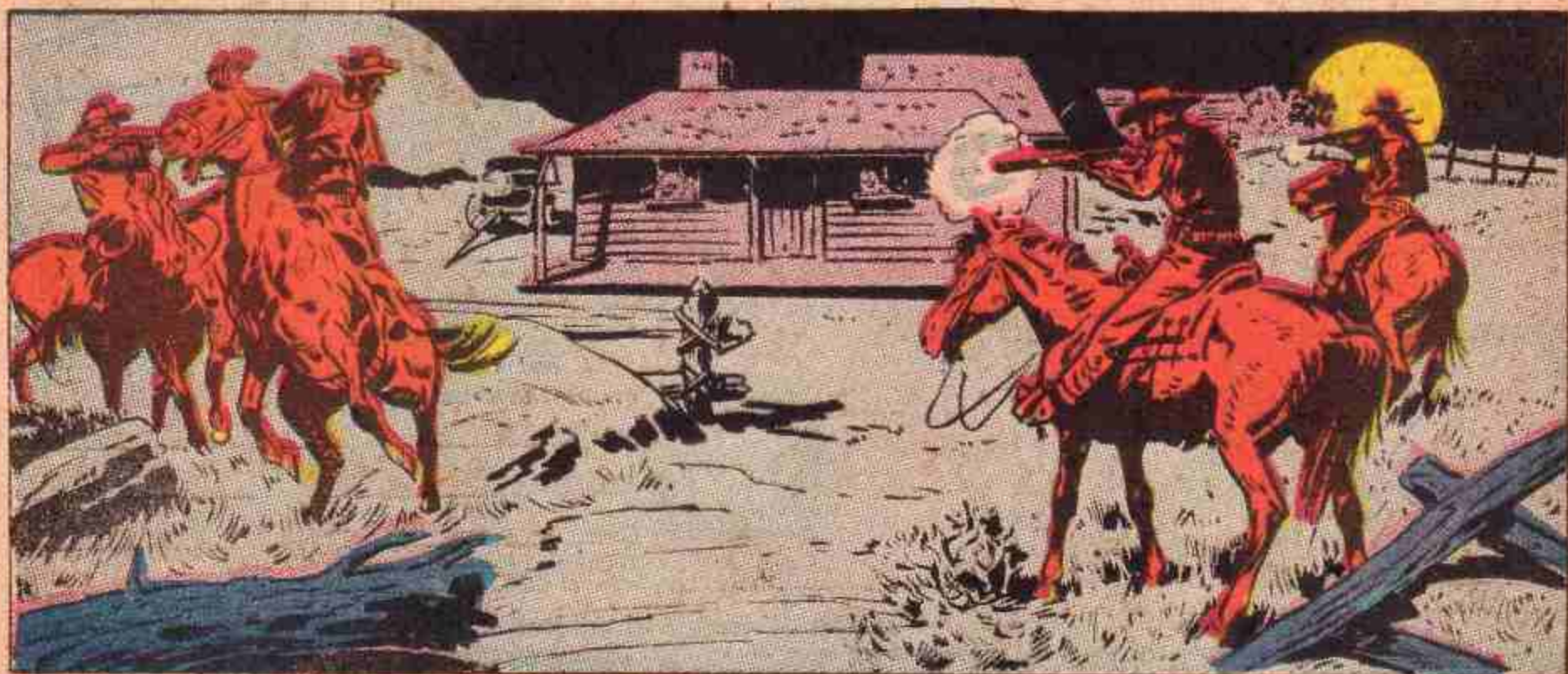
STRANGE MUSIC IN THE NIGHT! THE HOWL OF A COYOTE -- A GUITAR STRUMMING SOFTLY -- A HAUNTING COWBOY SONG -- AND THE ANGRY WHINE OF BULLETS! SOMEHOW, JOHN WAYNE FELT THAT THE SINGER OF THE SONG WAS THE ANSWER TO "THE MYSTERY OF THE MUSIC MAKER"!!

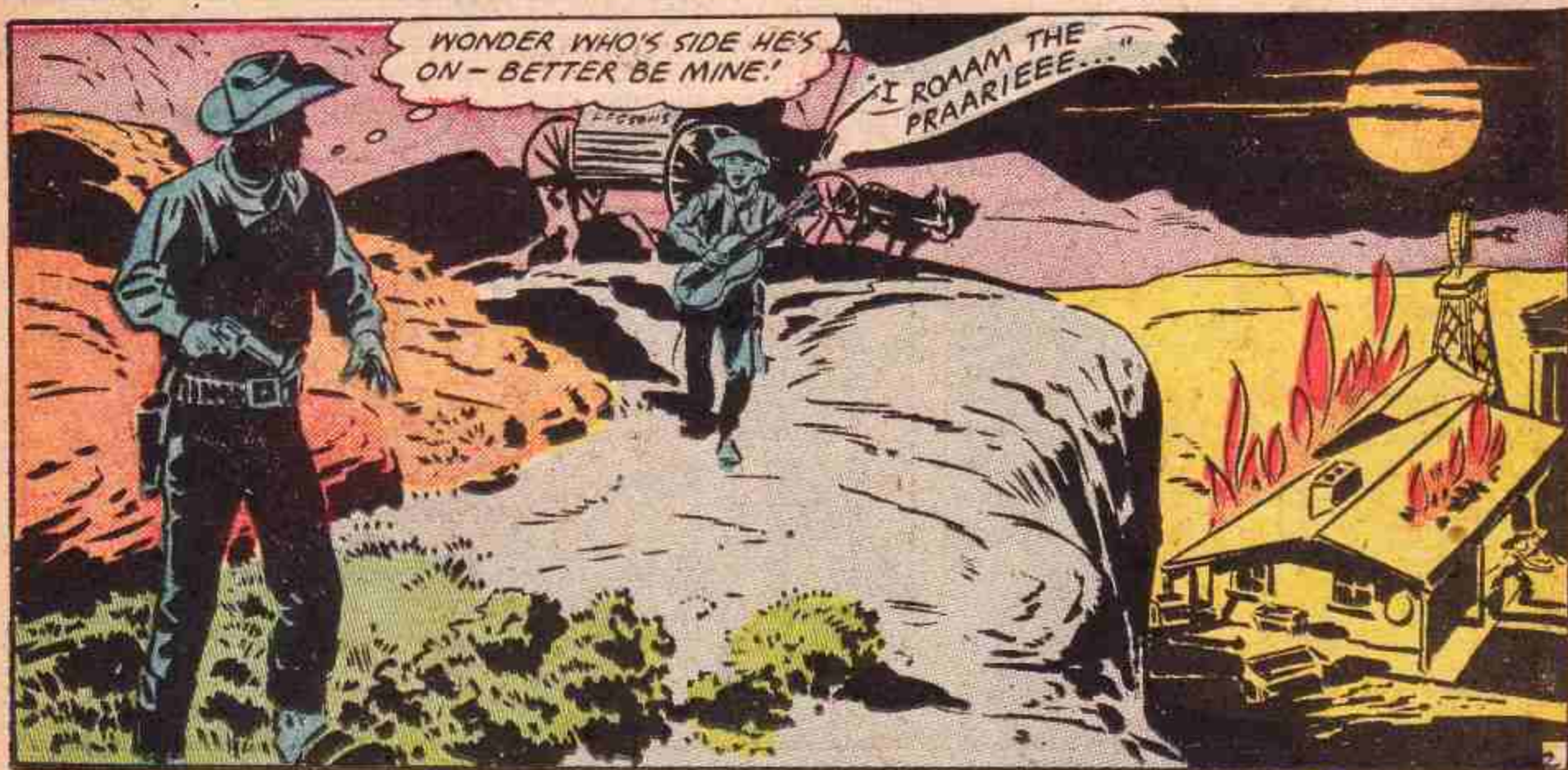


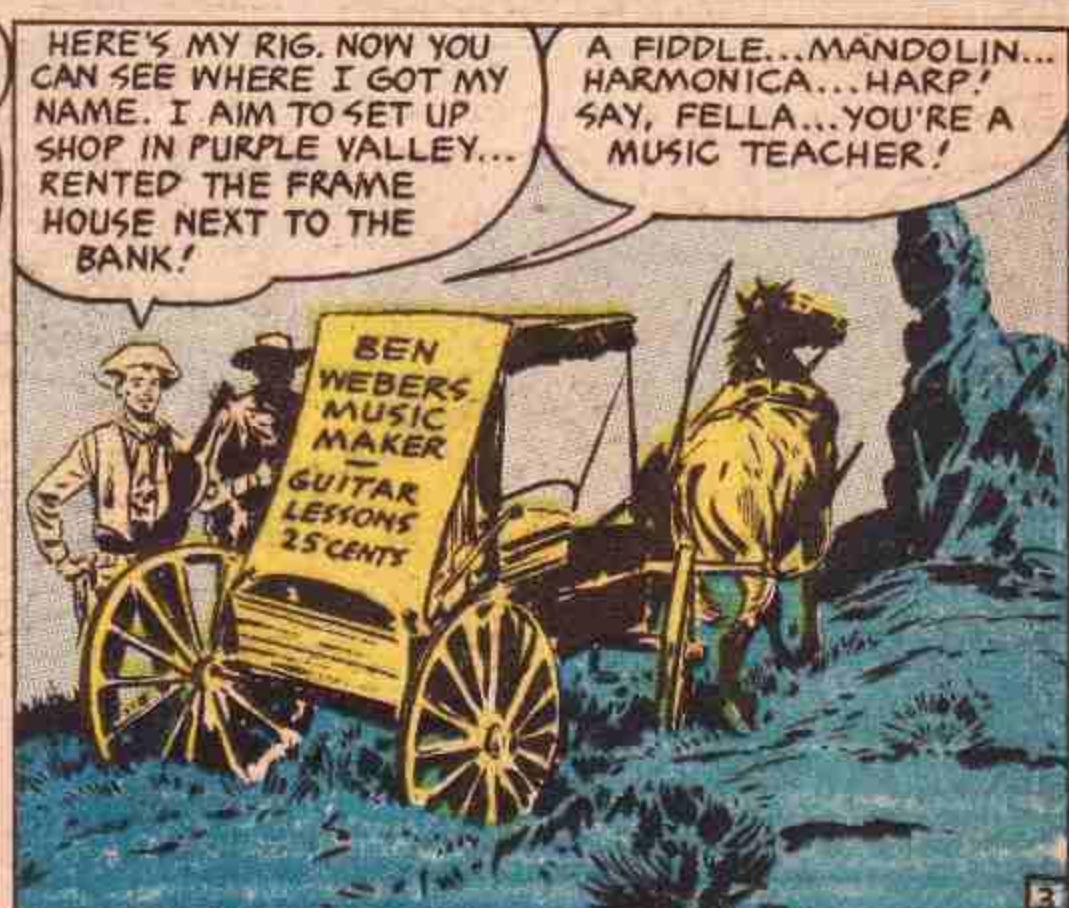
GUNFIRE! AN' THIS TIME OF NIGHT-- SURE AS SHOOTIN' -- IT AIN'T LIKELY TO BE TARGET PRACTICE!



WHY--IT'S THE RUMSON PLACE. HALF DOZEN MEN 'GAINST ONE LI'L OLE MAN-- AND A GAL!



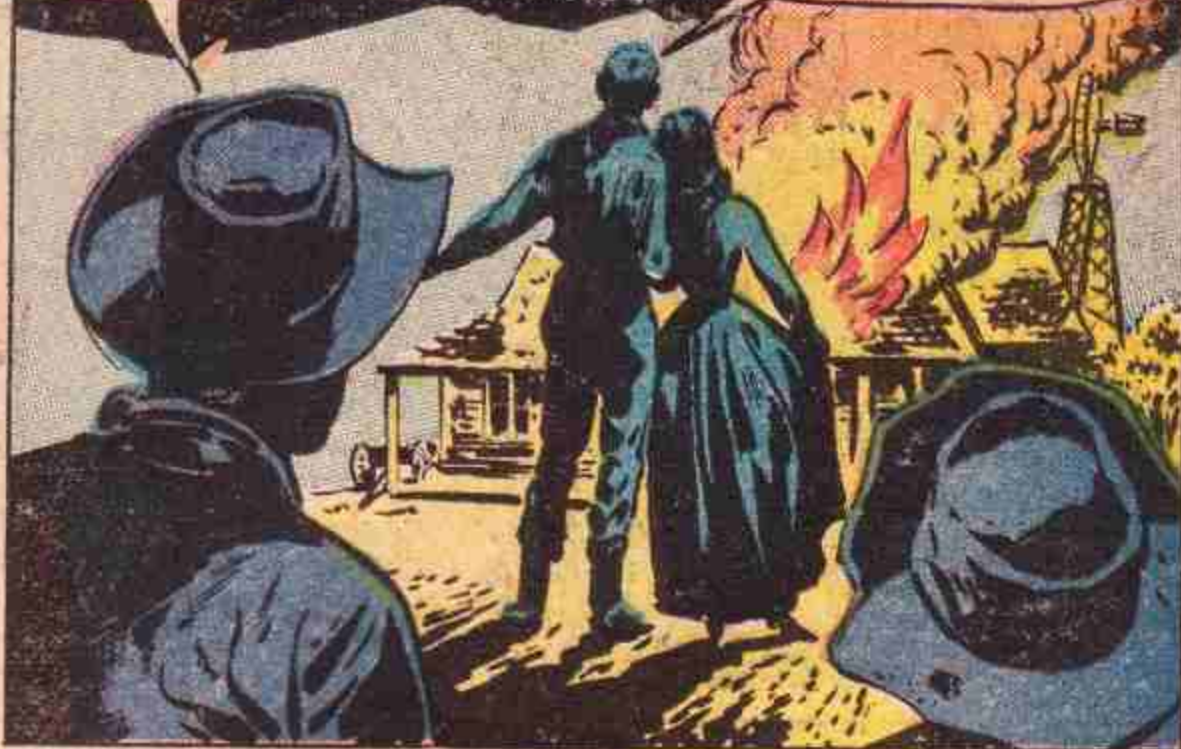




WE BEST GO DOWN BELOW... SEE HOW THE RUMSON'S FARED.

YOU FOLKS ALL RIGHT? WE'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT INTO TOWN... YOU CAN STAY AT THE HOTEL.

THE HOUSE... MY LIFE'S SWEAT AND BLOOD... GONE UP IN SMOKE! THEM VARMINTS!



WE'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE, DAD. WHY IF IT WEREN'T FOR JOHN WAYNE AND THIS OTHER GENTLEMAN...

NO NEED FOR THANKS, MISS RUMSON. THIS HERE IS BEN WEBER, GOIN' TO BE THE MUSIC PROFESSOR IN TOWN. GUESS HE CAN GIVE YOU A HITCH TO TOWN IN HIS RIG.

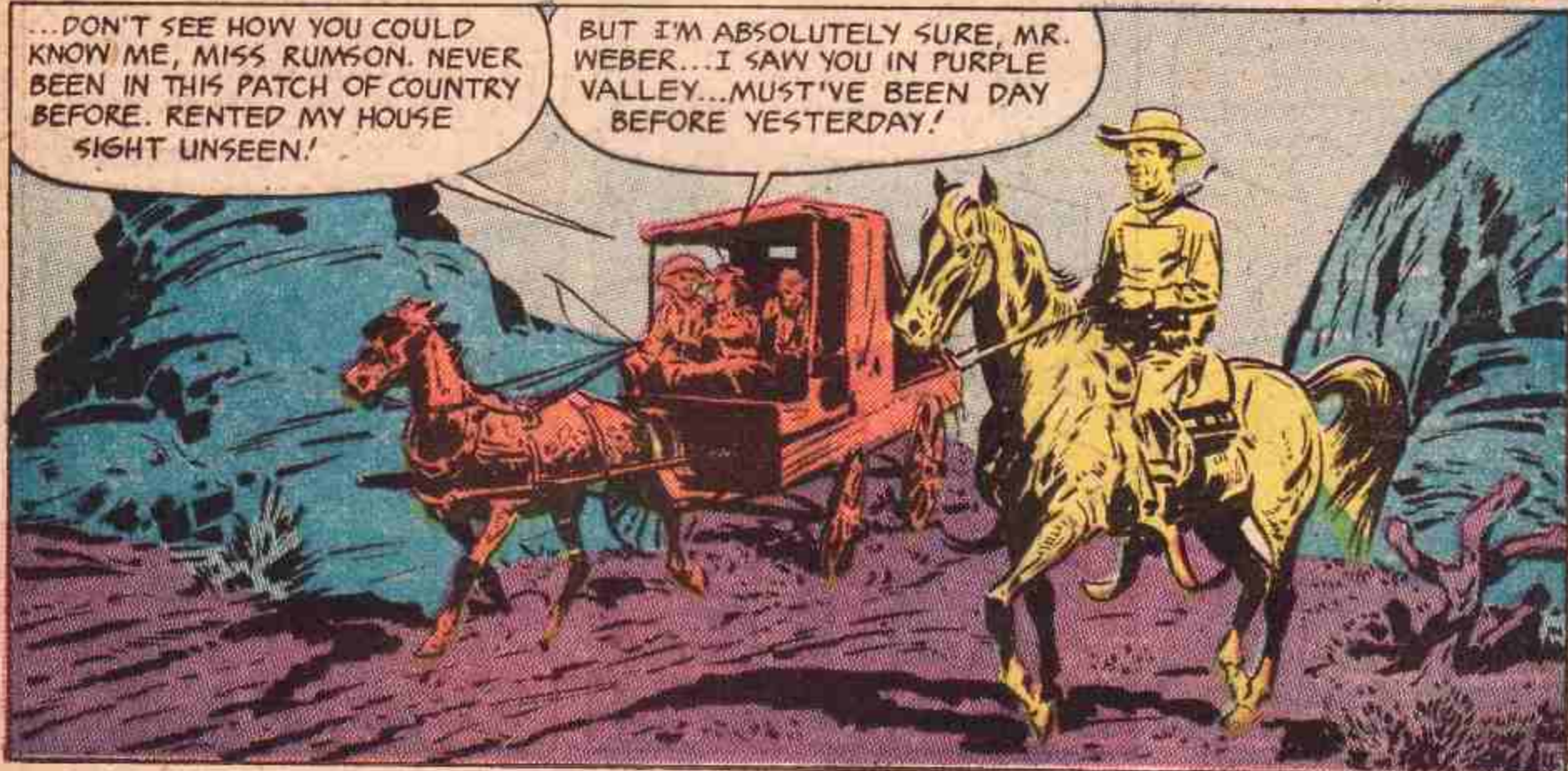
WHY, I KNOW MR. WEBER! 'LEAST I'VE SEEN HIM ON MAIN STREET THE OTHER DAY.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MA'AM!



...DON'T SEE HOW YOU COULD KNOW ME, MISS RUMSON. NEVER BEEN IN THIS PATCH OF COUNTRY BEFORE. RENTED MY HOUSE SIGHT UNSEEN!

BUT I'M ABSOLUTELY SURE, MR. WEBER... I SAW YOU IN PURPLE VALLEY... MUST'VE BEEN DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY!



...YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THEY WAS TRYING TO SHAKE YOU DOWN FOR PROTECTION MONEY?

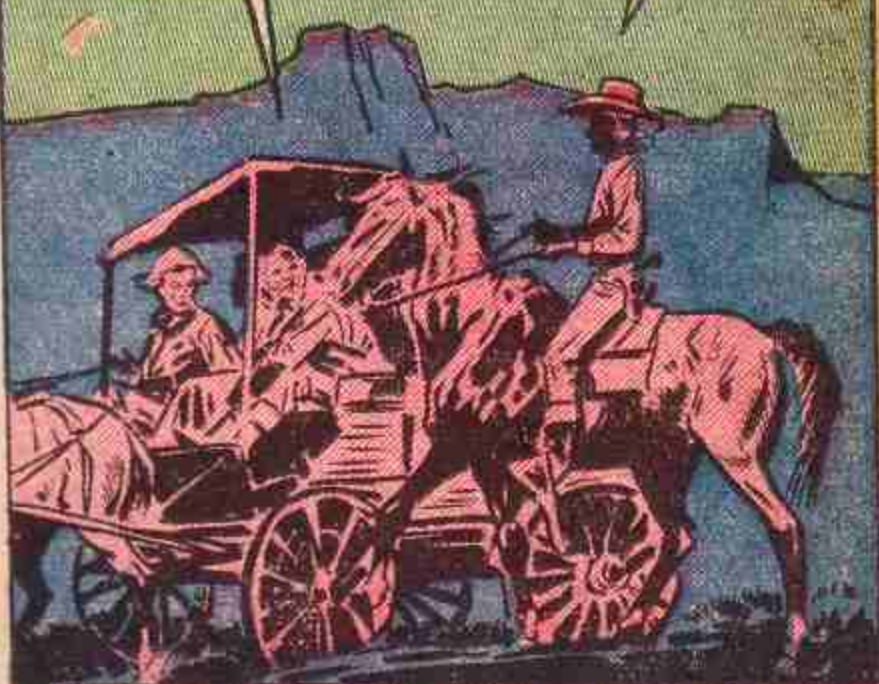
...YEP! AND I WOULDN'T PAY... SO THEY (CHOKE) BURNED DOWN MY HOUSE... LET MY LIVE-STOCK LOOSE!



AS THEY RIDE BACK TO TOWN, MR. RUMSON POURS OUT HIS STORY OF THE RAID.

I THINK THEY MUST BE THE SAME BUNCH RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE GOINGS ON... AROUND HERE.

GOINGS ON? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



WHILE YOU WAS OUT OF TOWN...PLENTY HAPPENED.. AND IS STILL HAPPENING!

SO I CAN SEE!



IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN MUSIC...I'D BE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO GIVE YOU INSTRUCTIONS, MISS RUMSON.

OH, THAT SOUNDS FINE, MR. WEBER.



TWO DAYS LATER.

HOWDY, MISS RUMSON. HOW ARE YOU FOLKS MAKING OUT SINCE THE FIRE?

TOLERABLY WELL, THANK YOU. WELL, I MUST BE HURRYING OFF...BEN WILL BE WAITING...I'M TAKING MUSIC LESSONS YOU KNOW. GOODBYE MR. WAYNE!



HIM! SO IT'S BEN NOW...NOT MR. WEBER. THINGS HAVE SURE ENOUGH MOVED SMOOTH... LAST COUPLE OF DAYS.



NOBODY'S LOOKIN'... GUESS I'LL GET MYSELF SPRUCED UP FOR THE DANCE TONIGHT.



THERE GOES THAT SONG AGAIN! MY FRIEND BEN WEBER SOUNDS LIKE HE'S COURTIN' FOR REAL! WON'T BE A LONESOME COWPUNCH FOR LONG!



"LONESOME COWBOY FAR AWAY FROM HOME"



EVERY TIME I HEAR THAT SONG - THERE'S SHOOTING CONNECTED WITH IT! I WONDER!

HEY! ALMOST CUT YOUR THROAT! SET STILL!



JOHN WAYNE... YOU LOOK A SIGHT!

JUS' TRYIN' TO FIND OUT... WHAT'S GOIN' ON?



THEY'VE JUST HELD UP THE BANK... AND MADE A SUCCESSFUL GETAWAY!

HMMM... THIS BEARS LOOKIN' INTO!



THE KEEN ANALYTICAL MIND OF JOHN WAYNE HAS SIZED UP THE SITUATION. HE GOES TO THE OFFICE...

THE WAY I HAVE IT FIGURED, SHERIFF... THAT MUSIC PROFESSOR IS THE GANG'S LEADER!

BUT HE JUST MOVED INTO TOWN LAST WEEK! AND THEY'VE BEEN OPERATING NOW... ALMOST A MONTH.



TRUE ENOUGH... BUT HE COULD'VE BEEN CAMPING NEARBY. NOW HERE'S MY PLAN... BZZ...BZZ.



WAYNE AND THE SHERIFF TELL THEIR PLAN TO PEGGY RUMSON.

BUT THAT'S PRE-POSTEROUS! WHY BEN WEBER IS THE FINEST HUMAN BEING... I'VE EVER MET!

MAYBE... WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH... IF YOU COOPERATE WITH THE SHERIFF HERE.

WELL, MUCH AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGMENT, I'LL DO IT!

THE NEXT DAY, THE STAGECOACH IS SCHEDULED TO COME THROUGH TOWN WITH A SHIPMENT OF PROSPECTOR'S ORE — AND THE TRAP IS SET.

NOW YOU JUST GO UP TO BEN WEBER'S... AND LET THE MUSIC MASTER GIVE YOU A LESSON.

ALL RIGHT! BUT I TELL YOU... YOU'RE ALL WRONG!



YOU MEN STATION YOURSELVES NEAR TO WHERE THE STAGE IS COMING THROUGH... AND WAIT FOR THE TRAP TO BE SPRUNG.



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER THERE IS THE DISTANT CLIP-CLOP OF HORSES' HOOFES. A SHORT WHILE AFTER THE STAGE COMES RATTLING INTO TOWN...

THAR SHE BLOWS, MATES. NOW I'LL JUST WHISTLE THE SIGNAL TO MISS RUMSON...



...AND THERE GOES THAT DANGED SONG AGAIN!



HERE THEY COME... ON SCHEDULE! BUT THAT'S MIGHTY PECULIAR... SOMEONE DOWN HERE'S SINGING THE SONG TOO!

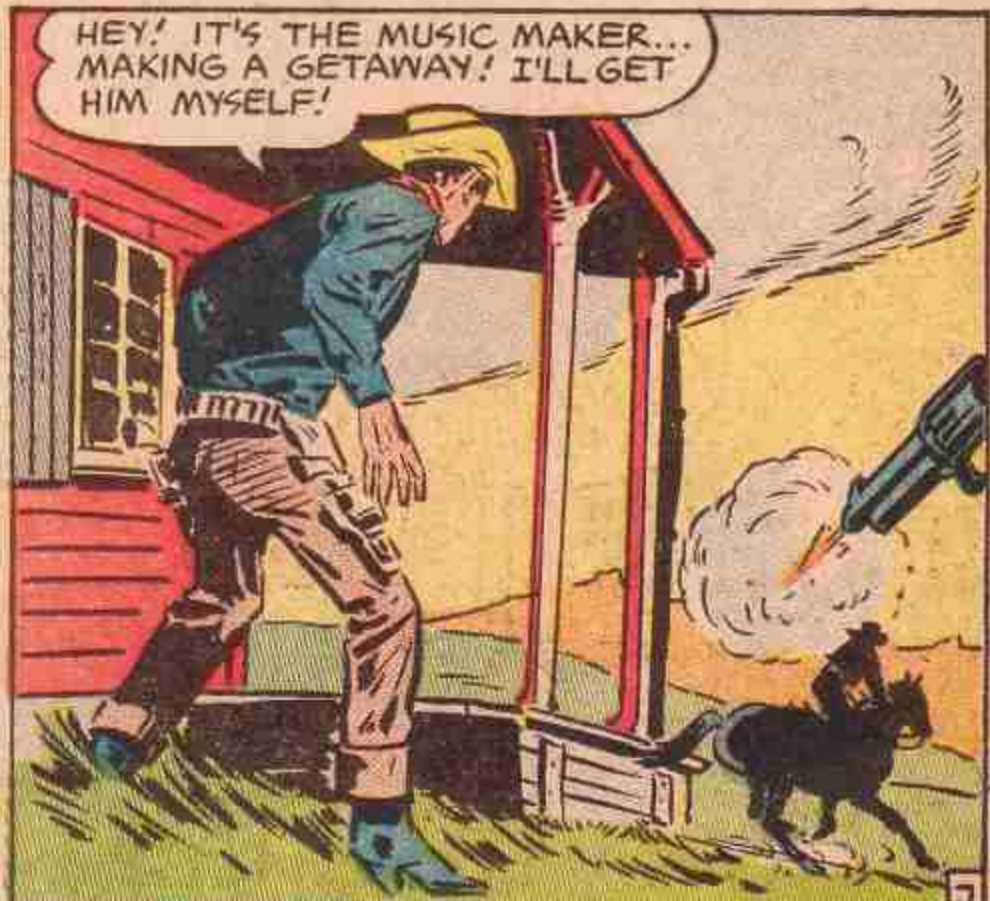


FINE WORK, SHERIFF!

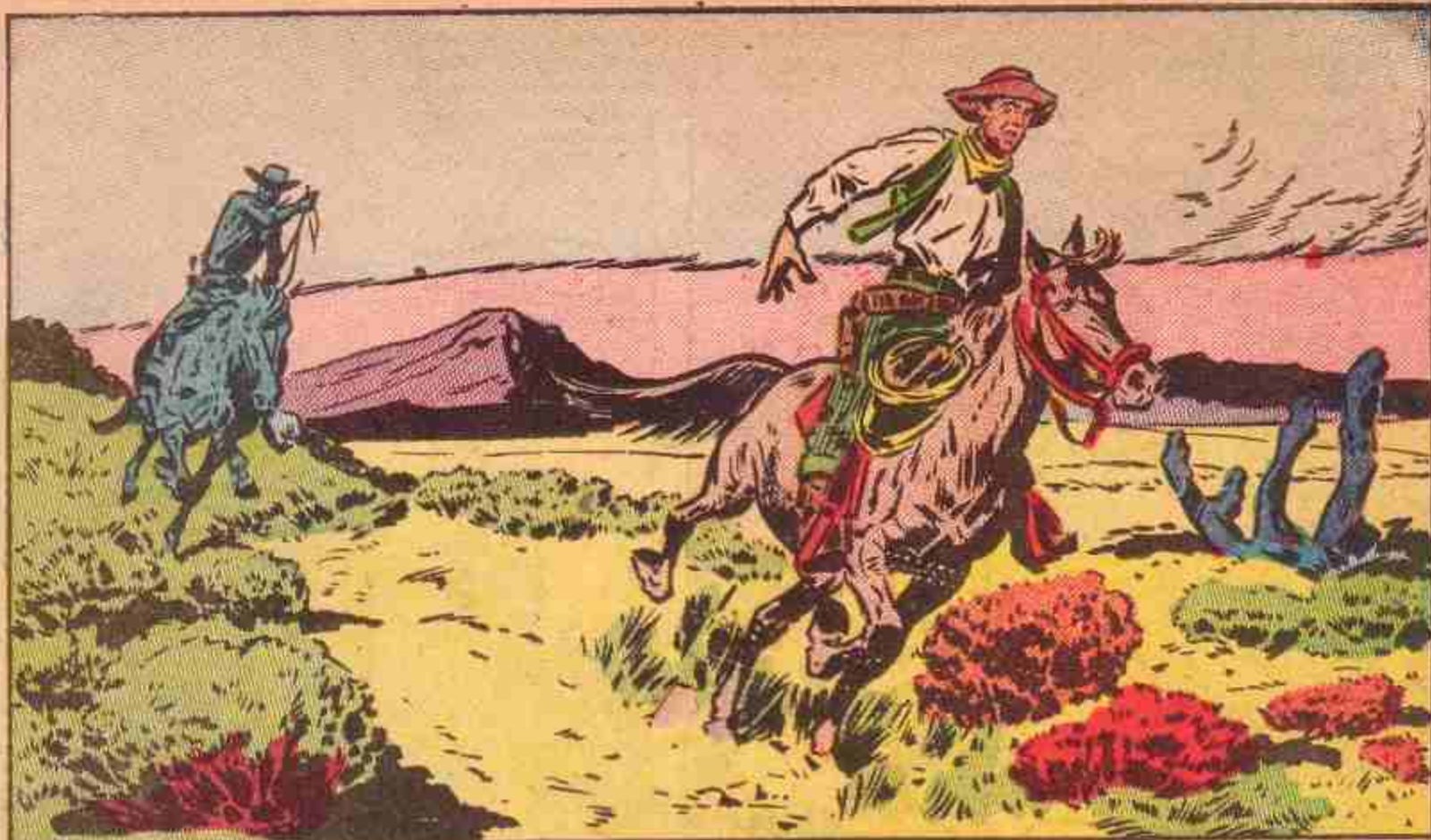
GOT 'EM ALL... EXCEPT ONE!



HEY! IT'S THE MUSIC MAKER... MAKING A GETAWAY! I'LL GET HIM MYSELF!



AND SO...
 BEGAN
 A WILD
 CHASE.
 JOHN WAYNE
 SET OUT
 ALONE
 AFTER THE
 "MUSIC
 MAKER"...
 WHILE
 THE SHERIFF
 ROUNDED UP
 THE MINOR
 MEMBERS
 OF THE
 GANG.
 SUDDENLY,
 FAR OUT ON
 THE PRAIRIE...
 WITH WAYNE
 GAINING FAST



THE "MUSIC MAKER" SIGNALS FOR
 A STOP.



TAKE ME IN, FELLA!
 THIS HARD RIDIN' KIND
 OF TUCKERS ME OUT!



WAYNE BENDS OVER FOR THE
 GANG LEADER'S GUNS...

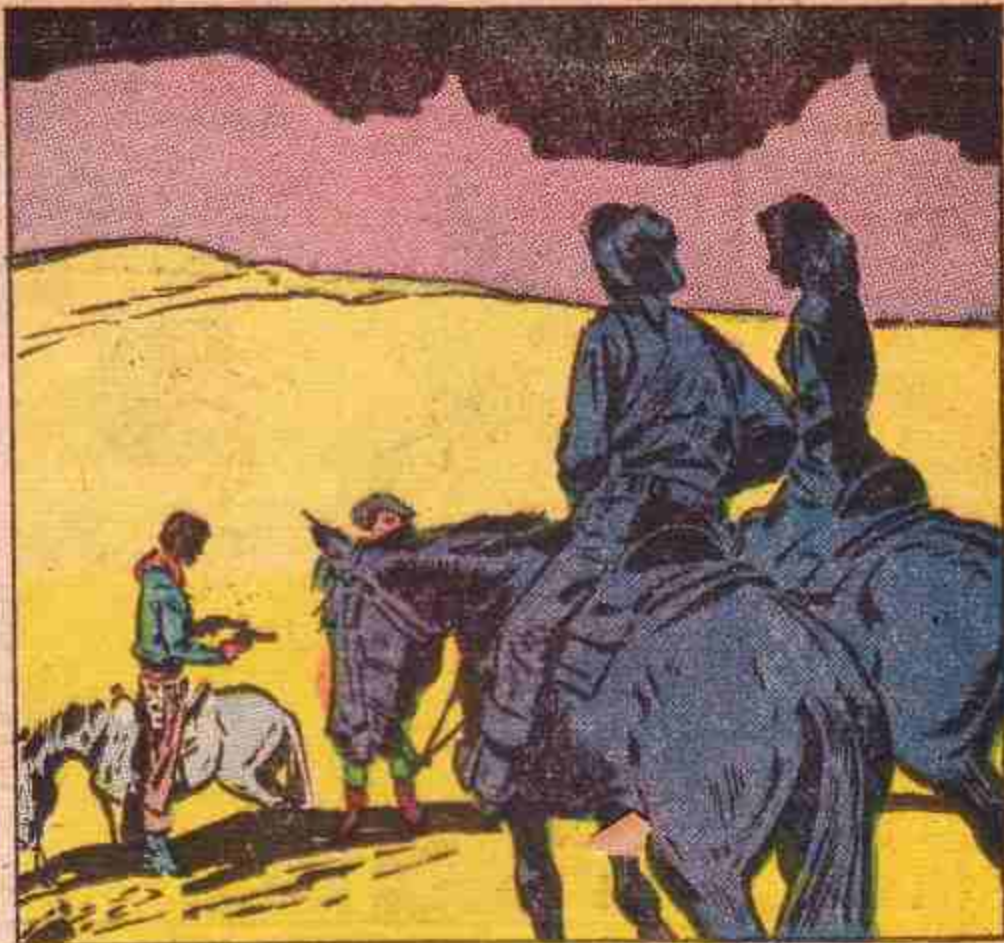


THE GANG LEADER
 MAKES A DESPERATE
 EFFORT...



...AND FINALLY
 RETRIEVES A GUN.





ALL I KNOW... ONE OF THEM
IS AN OUTLAW... THE OTHERS
A HARMLESS MUSIC
PROFESSOR... BUT...
WHICH IS WHICH?



THEY'RE ALIKE AS TWO
PUPS IN THE SAME LITTER!
CAN'T SEE HOW TO TELL
THEM APART UNLESS...



...UNLESS SOMEONE'S GOT
A MOUTH ORGAN WITH
HIM ...AND IT SO HAPPENS
...I HAVE ONE RIGHT
HERE IN MY POCKET -



NOW WHICH ONE
OF YOU... WOULD
LIKE TO LIGHT INTO
A MELODY FIRE?
YOU...OR YOU?



I WOULD!
HERE, GIVE
ME THAT
HARMONICA.

...BUT HE CAN'T
PLAY! IF HE'D
TAKEN MUSIC
LESSONS LIKE
MAW SAID...



BUT, INSTEAD OF PLAYING THE
HARMONICA, WEBER TRIES A
TUNE ON WAYNE'S HEAD!



GOT SAND IN MY HARMONICA!
THAT TIME I WAS READY FOR YOU -
COME ON IN RAPE WEBER - YOU'LL
BE SINGING TO THE JUDGE
RIGHT SOON.



THE QUARTET HEADS BACK TOWARD TOWN...

WELL, MY FAITH
IS RESTORED IN
YOU BEN WEBER!

...IF RAPE HAD TAKEN
MUSIC LESSONS INSTEAD
OF FOOLIN' 'ROUND WITH
SIX GUNS... HE WOULDN'T
BE IN THIS POSITION.

MAYBE A
SHORT COOLING
PERIOD IN THE
JUG - AND HE'LL
BE PLAYING A
NEW TUNE ON HIS
HARMONICA!



JOHN WAYNE

in

"THE DEVIL'S HORSEMEN"

WHEN JOHN WAYNE AND BONANZA BILL RECEIVE A CALL FOR ASSISTANCE FROM THE MOST PROMINENT CITIZENS OF FARO, WYOMING, THEY HAVE NO IDEA AS TO THE NATURE OF THE TROUBLE...



...BUT WHEN WAYNE AND BONANZA RIDE INTO FARO A FEW NIGHTS LATER, THE SIGHT THAT GREET'S THEIR EYES WOULD MAKE THE BLOOD OF WEAKER MEN RUN COLD! THE OTHERWISE PEACEFUL VISTA IS SHATTERED BY THE BLASTING OF SIX-GUNS... A WEIRD, SAVAGE, INHUMAN BAND HAS COME TO LOOT AND PILLAGE—A BAND THE FRIGHTENED TOWNSFOLK CALL **THE DEVIL'S HORSEMEN!!**

JOHNNY, I'VE SEEN PLENTY O' STRANGE THINGS IN M' LIFE, BUT **SKELLY-TONS** SHOOTIN' UP A TOWN BEATS EVERYTHIN'!

A REVEREND JONES ASKED ME TO COME HERE AND HELP HIM SOLVE A MYSTERY!



...RECKON **THIS** IS **IT!!**

JOHNNY! THEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY! NOT MUCH USE IN SHOOTIN' SKELLY-TONS!





SEEMS DANG FOOLISH
CHASIN' SKELLY-TONS ALL
OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE,
JOHNNY!

COME ON, BONANZA.
I MAY HAVE HIT ONE
OF 'EM!



BONANZA, SEEMS AS
IF THEY TOOK TO WATER
TO COVER THEIR TRAIL!
LOOK! BLOOD!



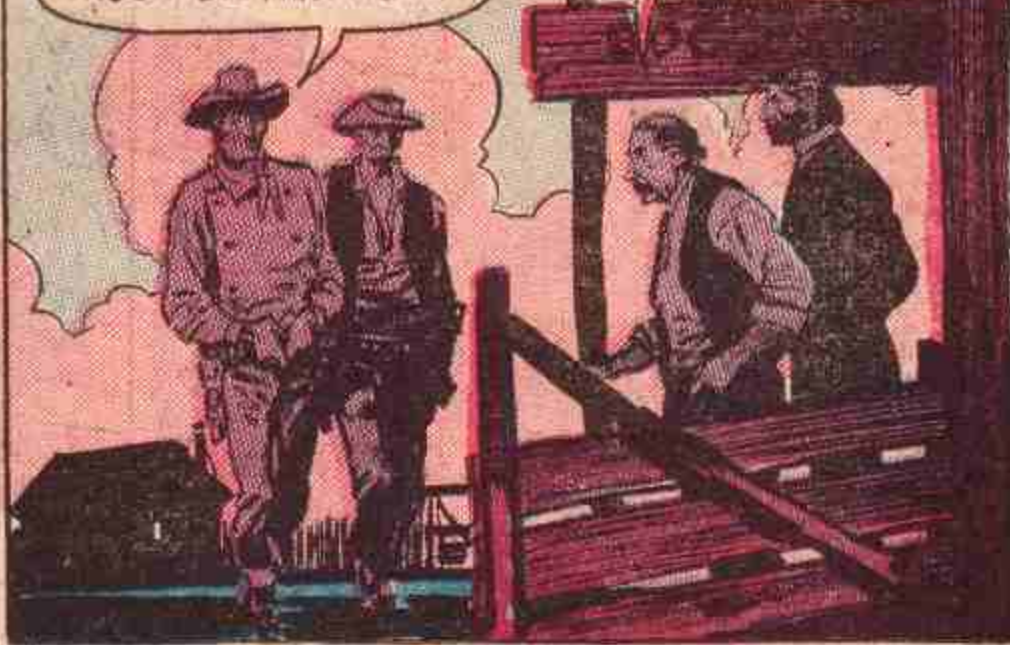
BUT SKELLY-TONS
CAN'T BLEED, JOHNNY!

EXACTLY,
BONANZA! LET'S
GO BACK TO
TOWN. IT'D BE IMPOS-
SIBLE TO TRACK 'EM
AT NIGHT!

**JOHN WAYNE AND BONANZA RIDE BACK INTO FARO
TO DOC SMITH'S OFFICE...**

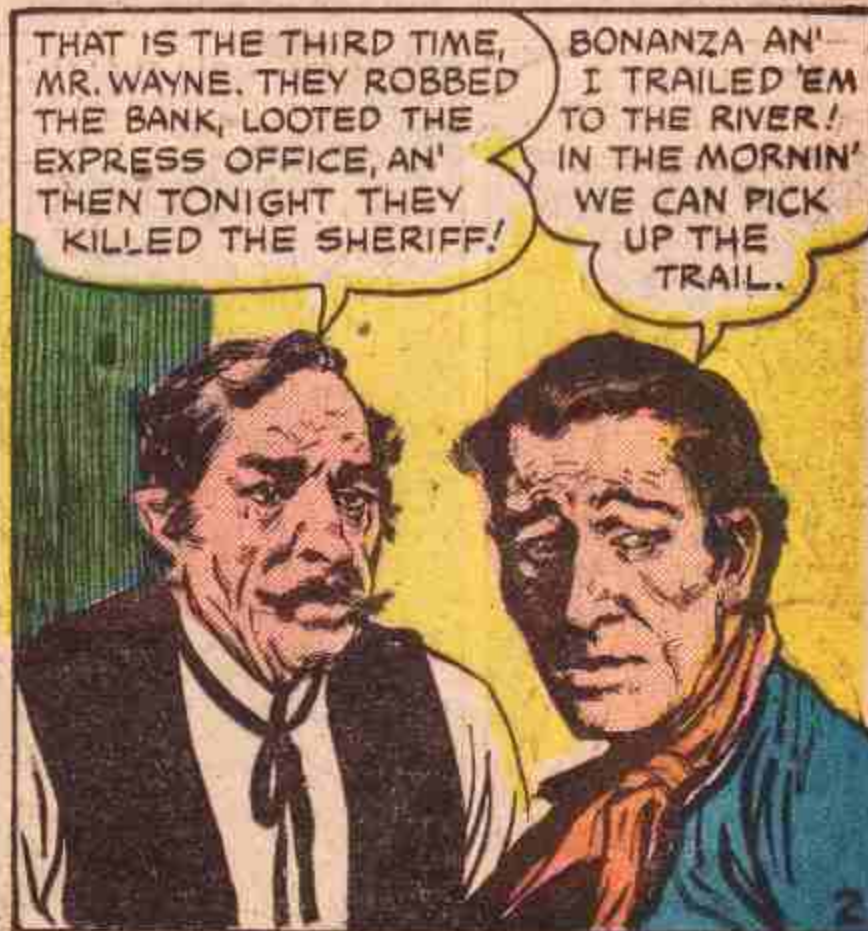
WE'RE TO MEET
REVEREND JONES OVER
AT DOC SMITH'S. THAT
MUST BE HIM NOW.

WAYNE! THANK
GOODNESS! I'M DOC
SMITH. THIS IS THE
REVEREND JONES.



AMOS COULTER, THE RANCHER,
SHOULD BE HERE UNLESS HE'S
HAD ANOTHER HEART ATTACK...
SIT HERE, WAYNE!

THANKS, DOC!
WE WERE
JUST RIDIN'
INTO FARO
WHEN THOSE
'SKELETONS HIT
TOWN!

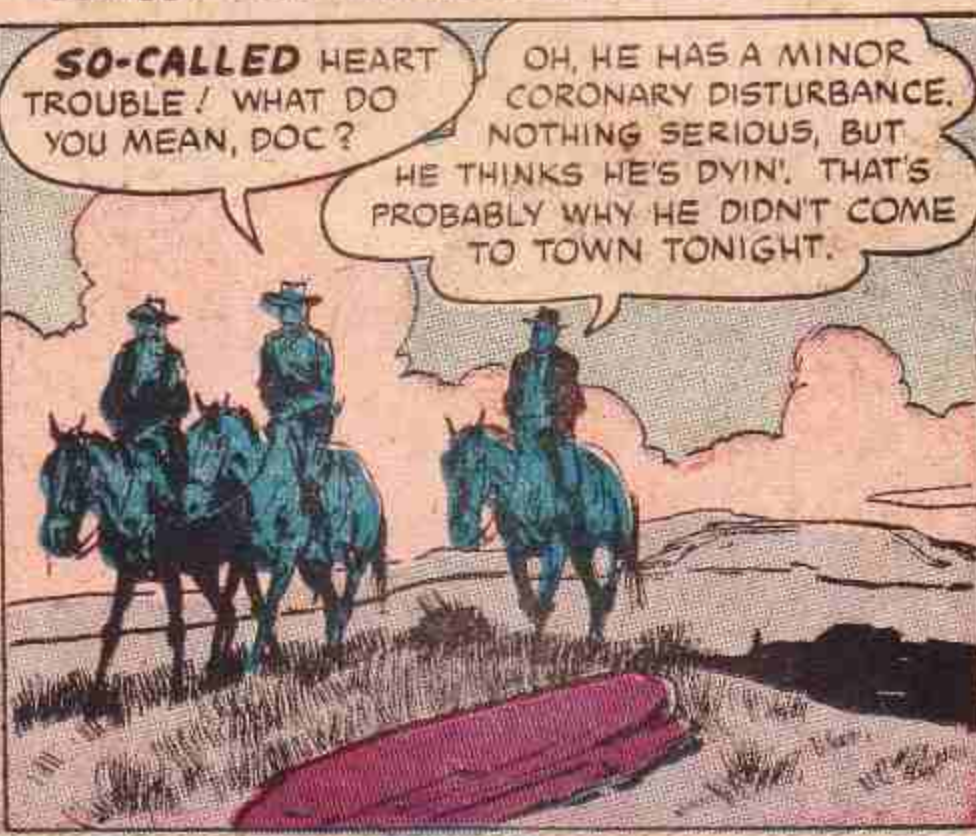


THAT IS THE THIRD TIME,
MR. WAYNE. THEY ROBBED
THE BANK, LOOTED THE
EXPRESS OFFICE, AN'
THEN TONIGHT THEY
KILLED THE SHERIFF!

BONANZA AN'
I TRAILED 'EM
TO THE RIVER!
IN THE MORNIN'
WE CAN PICK
UP THE
TRAIL.



WITHIN A SHORT TIME WAYNE, BONANZA, AND DOC SET OUT FOR THE COULTER SPREAD...



AS DOC JONES ENTERS...



DOC! GIVE ME AN INJECTION! QUICK!

O.K., AMOS... TAKE IT EASY. THIS IS JOHN WAYNE AN' HIS PARTNER!

THAT'S BETTER... SORRY, WAYNE, I WASN'T ABLE TO GET TO TOWN TO MEET YOU, BUT I DIDN'T DARE MOVE!

DOC AND THE REVEREND TOLD ME EVERYTHING I NEED TO KNOW, MR. COULTER.



THERE WAS ANOTHER RAID LAST NIGHT. THEY KILLED THE SHERIFF!

THIS IS TERRIBLE! YOU MUST PUT A STOP TO IT, WAYNE!



THAT'S WHAT I INTEND TO DO, MR. COULTER... BONANZA AN' I WOULD LIKE A LITTLE BREAKFAST BEFORE WE TAKE UP THE TRAIL!

OF COURSE, ALEC, FIX SOME CHOW FOR MR. WAYNE AN' HIS PARD. LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED ANY HELP!



AS THE SUN RISES, WAYNE AND BONANZA PICK UP THE TRAIL... BUT ONLY WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY...

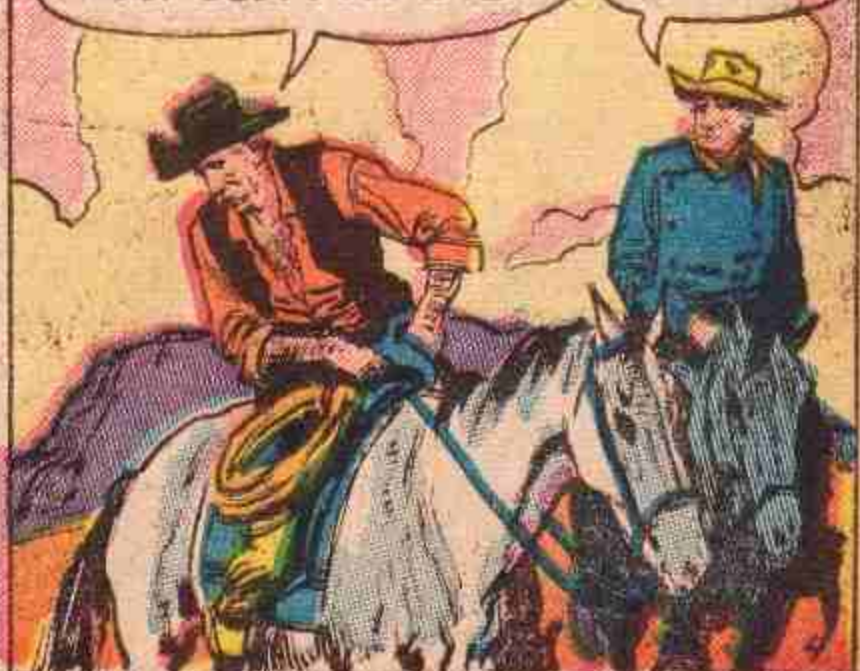


THEY CAME OUT OF THE WATER HERE... LOOK! MORE BLOOD!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

GREAT GOPHERS! I DON'T SEE HOW ANY ONE HOMBRE COULD LOSE SO MUCH BLOOD AN' LIVE!

MAYBE IT WASN'T A MAN... BUT A HORSE!



AHOSS! WAL, I'LL BE DANGED! O' COURSE... SAY! AIN'T THET AMOS COULTER'S RANCH DOWN YONDER?

YEP. KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN. DON'T FORGET WE'RE UP AGAINST KILLERS. I THINK WE'RE GETTIN' CLOSE TO WHAT WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR!



THE TRAIL LEADS TO A CLEFT IN THE ROCKS

A HIDDEN VALLEY! AN' A SHACK ON COULTER'S LAND! I KIND OF THOUGHT THAT HOMBRE WAS MIXED UP IN THIS!



CAUTIOUSLY THE TWO MEN INSPECT THE SMALL VALLEY NESTLED BETWEEN THE HIGH CLIFFS...

LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH... **HEY!** SOMEBODY'S BURNIN' SOMETHIN', JOHNNY!

I'D SAY IT WAS THE CAR-CASS OF A HORSE! PERHAPS THE HORSE THAT WAS HIT!



WHY BURN A DEAD HOSS?

I'VE GOT A GOOD IDEA WHY, BUT I HAVE TO HAVE PROOF. STAY HERE, BONANZA!



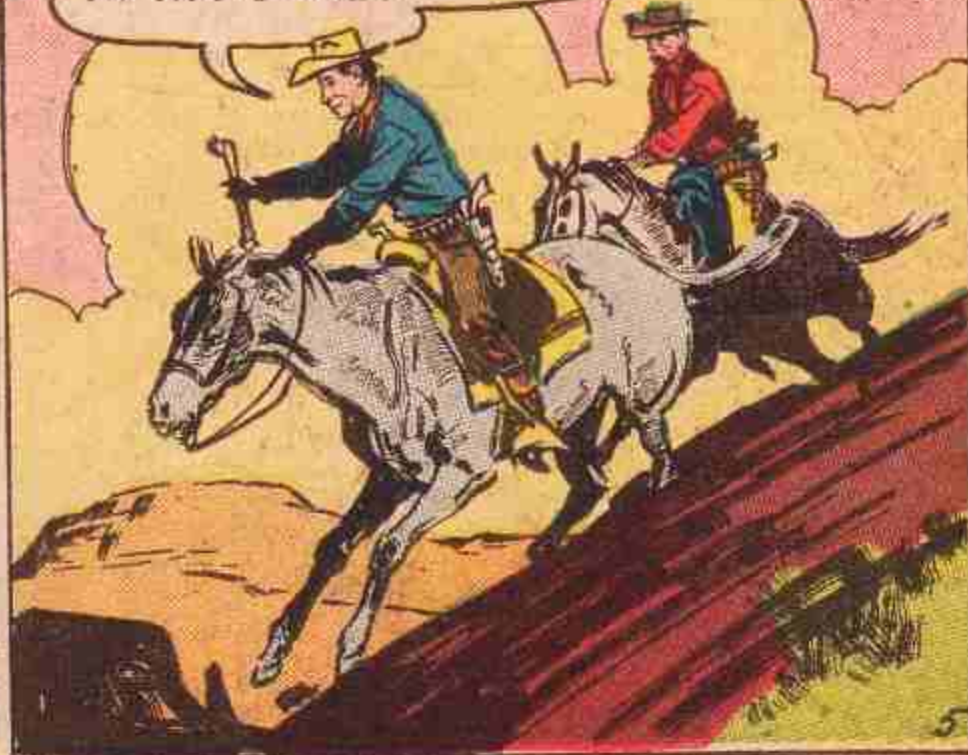
IN TWENTY MINUTES, JOHN WAYNE SLIPS BACK THROUGH THE OPENING...

IT'S A BONE, ALL RIGHT... FROM THAT BURNED HORSE!

YUH GONE **LOCO?** WHAT IN TARNATION YUH WANT WITH A... WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED!



WE'RE OUT OF RANGE NOW. LET'S HIT FOR TOWN... I WANT DOC SMITH TO TAKE A LOOK AT THIS BONE!





SEE ANYTHING DIFFERENT NOW THAT NIGHT HAS COME?

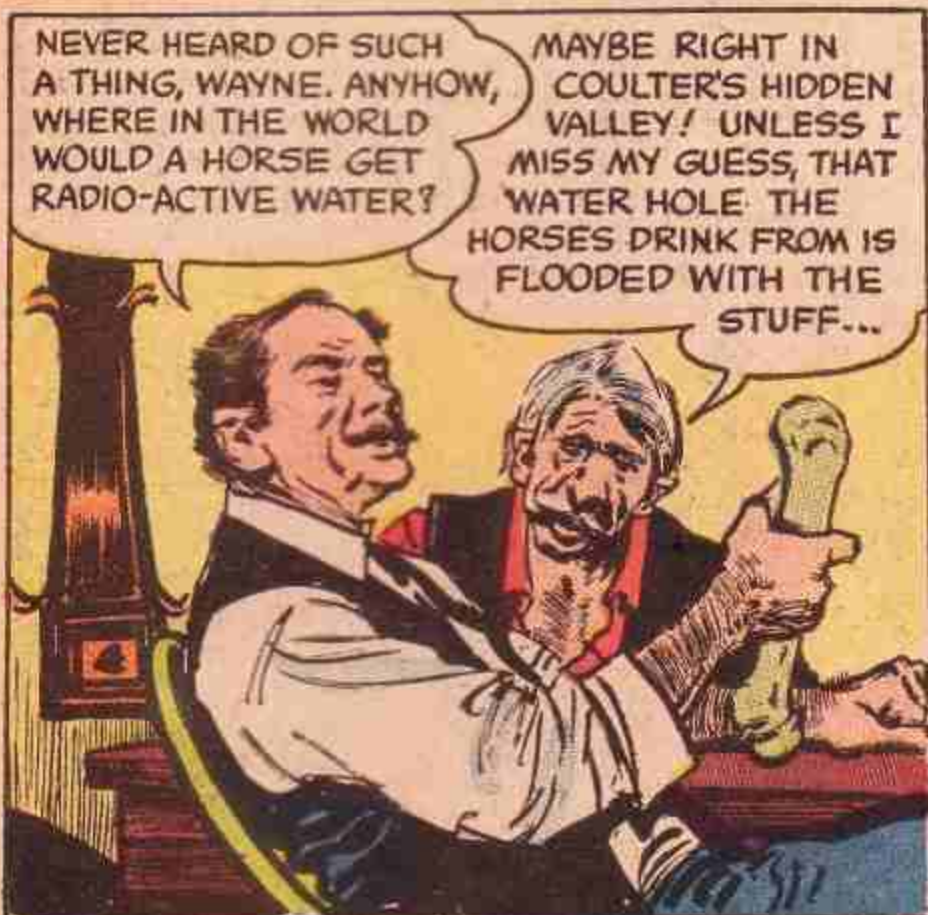
JEE-HO-SAW-FAT!!

IT'S SHININ' JEST LIKE THEM SKELLY-TONS!

BACK IN TOWN WAYNE SHOWS THE BONE TO DOC SMITH AND EXPLAINS WHERE HE GOT IT...

GREAT HEAVENS! IT'S LUMINOUS!

YEH! SEEMS TO ME, DOC, I'VE READ THAT IF RADIO-ACTIVE WATER IS DRUNK IN QUANTITY, IT HAS THIS EFFECT ON BONES.



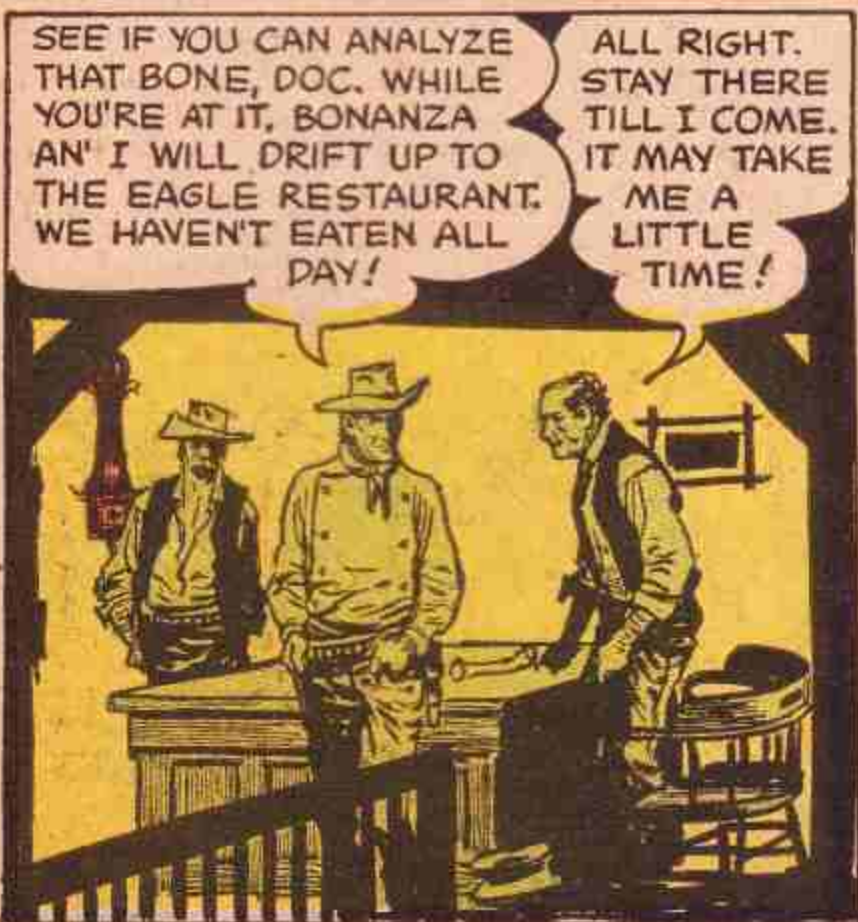
NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING, WAYNE. ANYHOW, WHERE IN THE WORLD WOULD A HORSE GET RADIO-ACTIVE WATER?

MAYBE RIGHT IN COULTER'S HIDDEN VALLEY! UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THAT WATER HOLE THE HORSES DRINK FROM IS FLOODED WITH THE STUFF...



...AND THOSE HOMBRES THAT RODE THOSE HORSES MOST LIKELY GOT THE SKELETON EFFECT BY PAINTIN' THEIR CLOTHES WITH LUMINOUS PAINT!

I THINK YOU'RE WAY OFF, WAYNE, BUT IF YOU'RE RIGHT, IT SURE LOOKS BAD FOR AMOS COULTER.



SEE IF YOU CAN ANALYZE THAT BONE, DOC. WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, BONANZA AN' I WILL DRIFT UP TO THE EAGLE RESTAURANT. WE HAVEN'T EATEN ALL DAY!

ALL RIGHT. STAY THERE TILL I COME. IT MAY TAKE ME A LITTLE TIME!



WAYNE AND BONANZA LEAVE DOC SMITH'S...

AM I READY TO DIVE INTO A BIG JUICY STEAK!

YOU'LL HAVE TO POST-PONE IT, PARD. WE AREN'T EATING RIGHT NOW. WE'RE HEADING BACK TO THE SECRET VALLEY!



I DON'T SAVVY...

I THINK THE SKELETON GANG'S ABOUT TO PULL OFF ANOTHER RAID... IF WE DON'T STOP 'EM!

WHEN THEY REACH THE CLEFT IN THE ROCK, WAYNE AND BONANZA SLIP THROUGH AND CAUTIOUSLY CLIMB DOWN TO THE FLOOR OF THE VALLEY...

JOHNNY! THERE'S THEM SKELLY-TON HOSSES!

THEY'RE THE SAME HORSES WE SAW THIS AFTERNOON... ONLY AT NIGHT YOU CAN SEE THEIR BONES!



BUT... BUT HOW IN TARNATION...

SOMEBODY'S COMING. GET DOWN!

ROUND UP THE HORSES, RED. TH' BOSS IS STAGIN' ANOTHER RAID!

SO I HEAR. HE'S GOIN' HISSELF THIS TIME. DON'T WANT NO MISTAKES. IT'S TO BE A KILLIN'— A **DOUBLE KILLIN'**!



YA HEERD WHAT THEM... SKELETONS SAID, JOHNNY? A DOUBLE KILLIN'?

THEY'RE TAKING THE HORSES OVER TO THE SHACK. LET'S MOSEY OVER.

WAYNE AND BONANZA SILENTLY WORK THEIR WAY OVER TOWARD THE SHACK...

BOSS! SOMEBODY'S COMIN' CARRYIN' A LANTERN!

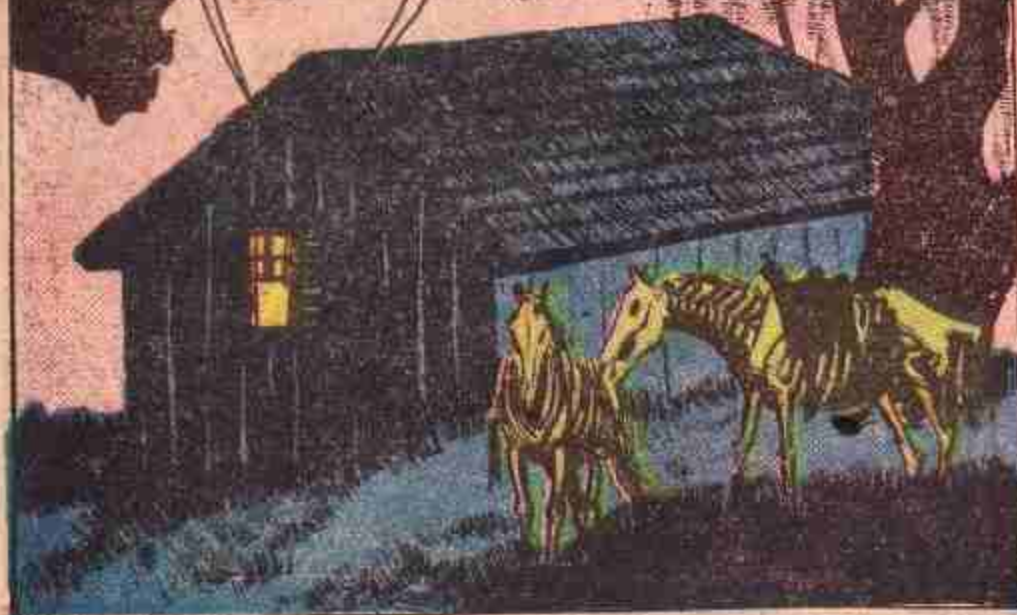
MUST BE COULTER. GET INSIDE. WE'LL SEE HIM THERE.





PRETTY SMART,
AREN'T YOU, WAYNE?
FIGURED OUT
EVERYTHING!

NOT SO SMART, DOC. JUST
USED COMMON SENSE.
AS YOU TOLD ME, ONLY
THREE PEOPLE KNEW I
WAS COMING TO FARO...YOU,
COULTER AND THE REVEREND.



THE REVEREND WAS ELIMINATED,
AND YOU WORKED A LITTLE TOO
HARD TO THROW SUSPICION
ON COULTER, HERE.

I
DID,
DID
I?



...I BEGAN TO WONDER ABOUT YOU —
AND WHEN YOU PLAYED DUMB ABOUT THE
EFFECT OF RADIO-ACTIVITY... WITH A
SHELF OF BOOKS IN YOUR OFFICE
ON THAT VERY SUBJECT, I WAS
SURE.



HE'S A MADMAN, WAYNE.
LIKE A FOOL I TOLD HIM WHAT
HAD HAPPENED TO MY HORSES
THAT DRANK FROM THE WATER-
HOLE HERE IN THE VALLEY.



HE THREATENED TO LET
ME DIE OF A HEART ATTACK
IF I DIDN'T PLAY ALONG WITH
HIM. I WAS AFRAID TO
REFUSE.



BUT I'M NOT AFRAID
NOW. EVEN IF MY HEART
FAILS, I'M GOIN' TO
KILL HIM FIRST!





ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS. **HOIST 'EM!** I CAN SEE YOU, BUT YOU CAN'T SEE ME... SO GET 'EM UP IF YOU WANT TO LIVE! **FAST!**



YOU TOO, DOC!



NOBODY'S GOIN' TO STOP **ME!**



THERE HE GOES!



GIVE ME YOUR GUN, WAYNE. I'M A PRETTY FAIR SHOT, AND I HAVE THIS COMIN' TO ME!

I GUESS YOU DO!





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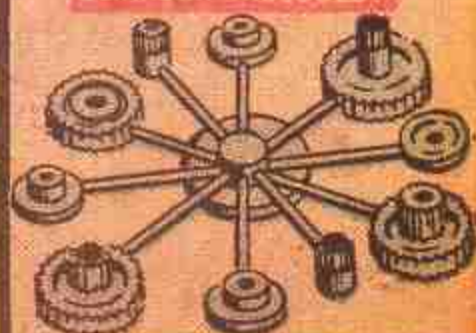
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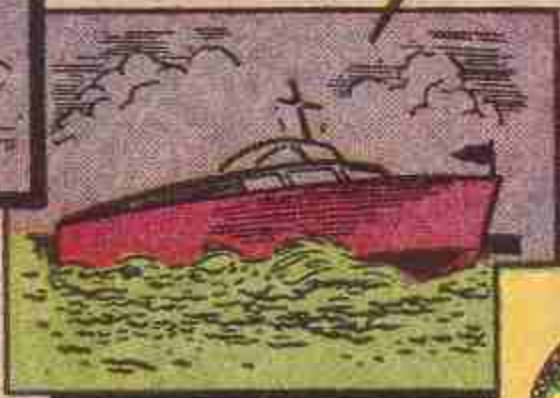
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