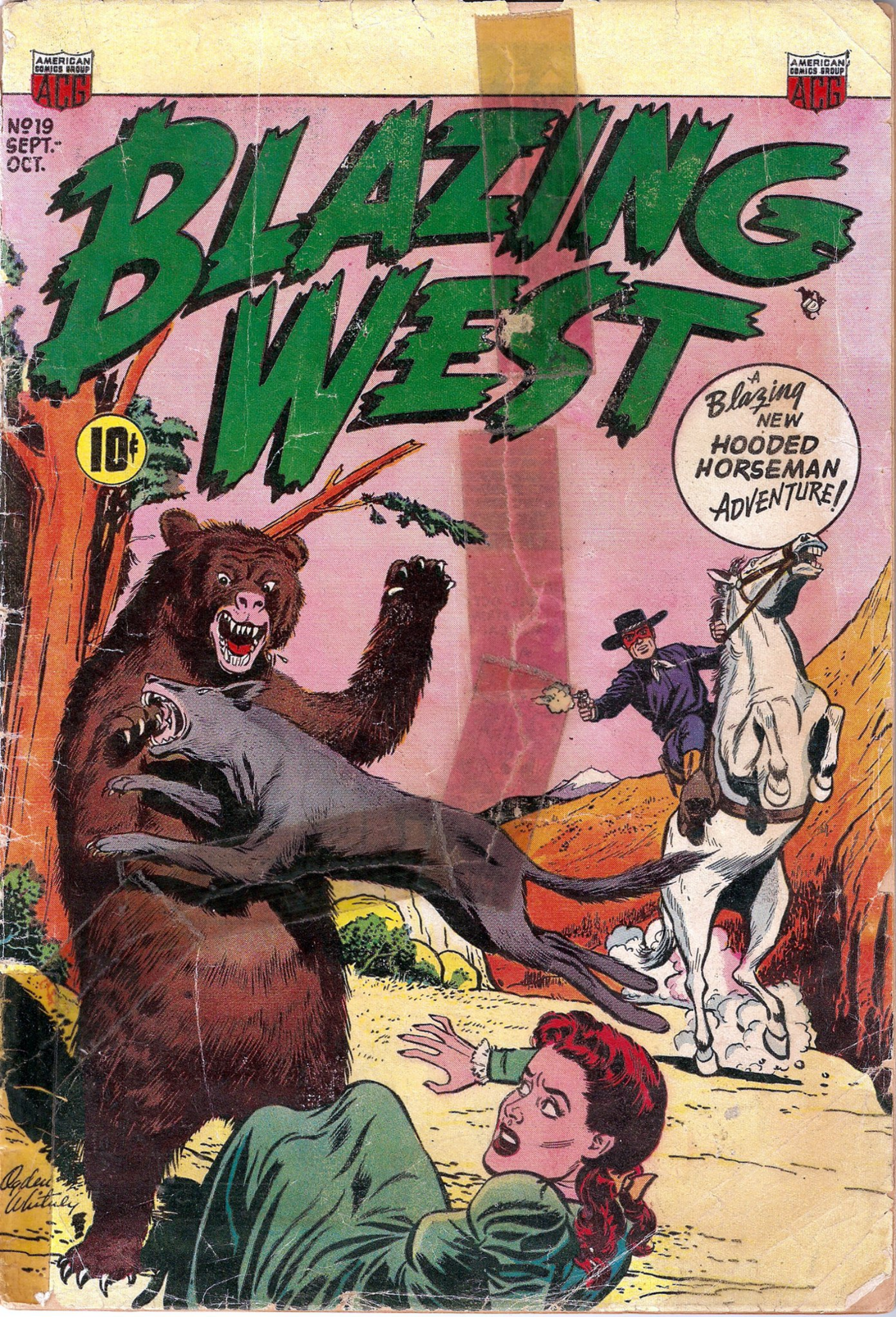
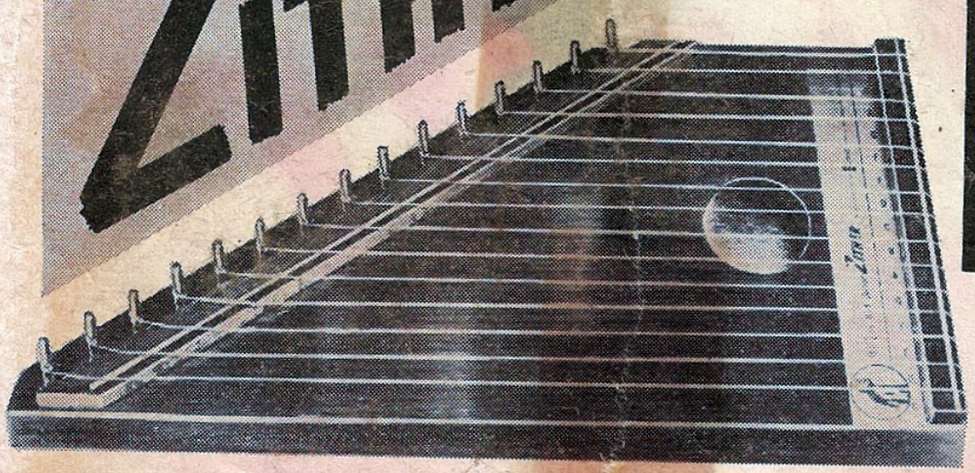

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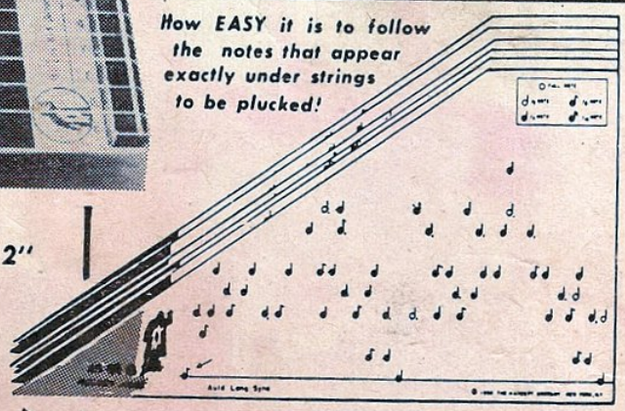
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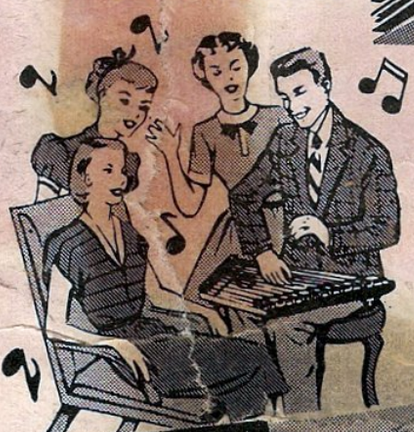
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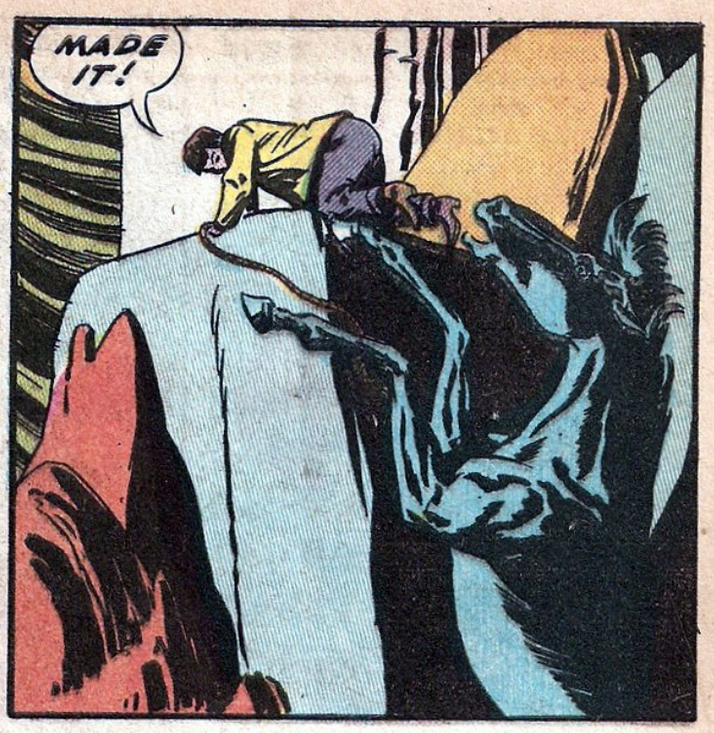

--OR CAN IT BE THAT YOU ARE JUST TALKING BIG--BLUFFING, AS IT WERE? WHICH IS MY OPINION, SIR! I SHALL BE GLAD TO BACK IT BY A $10,000 WAGER ON MY CHIEFTAIN--AS AGAINST YOUR SPUD!
I WON'T TAKE THAT FROM NOBODY--NOT EVEN YOU, PARSON! IF ONLY I HAD THAT KIND O' MONEY TO BET--
AH, BUT YOU HAVE A RANCH OF THAT VALUE! SHALL WE MAKE IT YOUR SPREAD AGAINST MY $10,000 --OR DO YOU FIND YOUR COURAGE FALTERING?
NO, MIKE! DON'T--
KEEP OUTA THIS, LOBO!--
PARSON, YUH'RE SHORE BUCKIN' A TOUGH HOMBRE--AN' A FAST HOSS! YUH'RE ON!
GOOD! THEN IT SHALL BE MY ENTRY AGAINST YOURS! BUT REMEMBER--THERE CAN BE NO WITHDRAWAL FROM THE RACE! IF EITHER OF US FAILS TO RUN A HORSE--
HE LOSES!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! JIST CONCENTRATE ON THE BEATIN' YORE NAG'S GONNA TAKE!
GOSH, MIKE, THE RANCH IS ALL YUH GOT! YUH SHOULDN'T O' DONE IT!
FERGET IT! MY SPUD'S THE FASTEST THING ON FOUR FEET--AN' THAT $10,000 IS AS GOOD AS MINE!
IT'S NOT SPUD I'M THINKIN' ABOUT--BUT PARSON BLAKE HIMSELF! I DON'T TRUST HIM, MIKE! THAT WOULDN'T-HURT-A-FLY LOOK THAT MAKES FOLKS CALL HIM PARSON--I THINK IT COVERS A BLACK HEART!
YUH'RE LOCO! WHY, HE'S NOTHIN' BUT A TIMID LITTLE GUY WITH A COUPLA TOUGH RIDERS!
THE DAY BEFORE THE RACE--
HE RAN THAT MILE IN NOTHIN' FLAT, LOBO! I TOLD YUH THERE WAS NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT!
I STILL DON'T TRUST PARSON! PLEASE, MIKE, AS A FAVOR TO ME--HAVE SLIM SLEEP IN THE STABLE TONIGHT!
HIDDEN ON A NEARBY HILL--
I'VE SEEN ENOUGH TO--ER--SHAKE MY CONFIDENCE IN MY OWN HORSE'S SPEED! IT IS INDEED REGRETTABLE, BUT WE SHALL HAVE TO TAKE STEPS--TONIGHT!
2


MIDNIGHT--
HEARD A NOISE... WHO'S THERE?
POW!
OH-HH!
A SHOT---FROM THE STABLE!
BANG!
MINUTES LATER--
I--I DIDN'T SEE HIM--HE GOT ME FROM THE REAR!
RAISED HIM FROM A COLT, AND NOW--DEAD! AND GOODBYE RANCH! THERE'S NO OTHER HOSS I KIN ENTER IN THE RACE THAT WOULD STAND A CHANCE AGAINST PARSON'S NAG! YUH'D NEED A FIREBALL LIKE SPUD FER THAT--A HOSS THAT COULD RUN LIKE A BAT OUTA HADES---
THIS IS PARSON'S DOING--I'M SURE OF IT! IT'S HIS WAY OF MAKING SURE OF HIS BET! AND IF WE COULD ONLY PROVE HE SHOT SPUD, THE BET WOULD BE OFF!
I'M SICK AN' TIRED OF HEARIN' YUH YELLIN' ABOUT PARSON BLAKE! CLEAR OUTA HERE, BEFORE I--
AND SO THE BANTAM BUCKAROO CLEARED OUT--AND SET FORTH ON A SECRET ERRAND!
MY MIND'S MADE UP, AN' MIKE CAN'T CHANGE IT! I'M GONNA INVESTIGATE OUT AT PARSON'S RANCH, AN' TRY TO PIN SOMETHIN' ON HIM BEFORE THE RACE TOMORROW! GOLLY--THAR ISN'T MUCH TIME--
AT THE BLAKE SPREAD--LOBO OVERHEARS--
SMART OF YUH, SHOOTIN' THAT NAG, BOSS! THAR'S NO WAY WE KIN LOSE THE RACE NOW!
AND NO WAY I CAN POSSIBLY LOSE MIKE HARNEY'S RANCH! AH, IT POSSESSES THE AMPLE WATER AND FINE GRAZING I'VE WANTED SO LONG! AND ENTICING HIM INTO OUR WAGER --IT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS!
3


SUDDENLY--
GOT YUH, YUH LITTLE VARMINT!
LET-- ME-- GO!
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
IT'S THAT BRAT THEY CALL THE BANTAM BUCKAROO! HE WAS LISTENIN' TO EVERYTHIN' YUH WERE SAYIN' AT THE WINDOW!
HE--HE'S GOT ME WRONG! I JUST HAPPENED TO BE PASSIN', AND--
LET HIM GO, CHUCK! AFTER ALL, HE'S ONLY A LAD!--IT WAS ALL PROBABLY JUST HIS SENSE OF BOYISH ADVENTURE --WASN'T IT, SON?
ER--YEAH! THAT'S ALL IT WAS!
YES, YOU LITTLE LYING RAT--THE SENSE OF BOYISH ADVENTURE THAT'LL SPELL YOUR FINISH!
BAM!
ER--IF THE BOY WERE TO LIVE TO COME BACK AND TALK, THERE MIGHT BE CERTAIN-- AH--DIFFICULTIES IN OUR TAKING OVER THE HARNEY RANCH! I GREATLY FEAR THERE'LL HAVE TO BE AN ACCIDENT-- A FATAL ACCIDENT!
YEAH--AN' IT WOULD BE BEST IF HIS BODY WAS NEVER FOUND! THAT BOILING GEYSER AT DEVIL'S CANYON SHOULD DO IT-- I'LL LUG HIM OVER THERE AFTER YUH LEAVE FER THE RACE TOMORROW!
AND SO--NEXT DAY--
LITTLE CHILLY--EH, KID? BUT DON'T WORRY--WHERE YUH'RE GOIN', YUH'LL WARM UP FAST!
I--I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHIN'-- BUT WHAT?
ON A CLIFF OVERLOOKING DEVIL'S CANYON--AND THE BOILING DEATH BELOW--
END O' THE LINE, YOUNG UN-- AN' OVER YUH GO!
IT--IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
4.


EEEYOWW!
I'LL TEACH YUH, YUH WHELP!
POW!
SURE, I'LL TOGG YUH INTO THE GEYSER--BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE THE SATISFACTION O' GETTIN' MY KNIFE INTO YUH!
IT LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS FOR THE BANTAM BUCK-AROO! BUT AT THE LAST MOMENT--QUICK THINKING AND FAST ACTION PAY OFF!
OOOF!
EE-YOWW W!
SPLASH!
I'M FREE--FOR ALL THE GOOD THAT'LL DO MIKE! THE RACE'LL BE STARTIN' SOON AND WE GOT NO ENTRY--WHICH MEANS THE RANCH'LL BE LOST! I--HUH! WHAT'S THAT?
WHINNIE!
SUDDENLY-- A NEW DANGER!
IT'S THAT BIG WILD HORSE KILLER --AN' HE'S AFTER MUH HIDE!
5.


BETTER TRY TUH SCUTTLE UP THAT CLIFF PRONTO--OR IT'LL BE ALL UP WITH ME!


MADE IT!


ULP! I'M--LOSIN' MY BALANCE!


WHAM!
URF!


I'LL BE--TRAMPLED TUH DEATH IF HE EVER SHAKES ME OFF! AN' I GOT ONLY ONE CHANCE TUH STAY ON! IF--IF ONLY I KIN MAKE A HACKAMORE OUTA THIS STRAND O' ROPE--


IT WAS TOUCH AND GO--BUT LOBO MADE IT!
NOW, YUH DEVIL--DO YORE WORST!


IT WAS A TERRIFIC DUEL--A VOLCANO OF WILD HORSE-FLESH AGAINST A MERE BOY! BUT THE BOY WAS THE BANTAM BUCKAROO--AND HIS WIRY, RANGE-HARDENED BODY WITHSTOOD THE AWFUL TEST!
IT'S LIKE--TRYIN' TUH RIDE--AN' EARTHQUAKE! BUT I GOTTA HANG ON--I GOTTA!

AND FINALLY--THE GREAT HORSE WAS BROKEN!

EASY, BOY--EASY!--IT--IT'S HARD TUH REALIZE I'VE TAMED THE GREATEST HOSS THAT--HEY! WHAT WAS IT THAT MIKE SAID--THAT THE ONLY CAYUSE THAT COULD STAND A CHANCE AGAINST PARSON BLAKE'S NAG WAS A FIREBALL LIKE SPUD--A HOSS THAT COULD RUN LIKE A BAT OUTA HADES--!

WELL--I GOT THAT HOSS RIGHT HERE! THAR ISN'T TIME--THE RACE'LL BE ON BEFORE I KIN GIT THAR--BUT I'M GONNA GIVE IT A TRY, ANYWAY!

LATER--AT THE COUNTY FAIR GROUNDS--

IT--IT SORTA GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN, PARSON--BUT I'M ASKIN' YUH TUH CALL OUR BET OFF! MUH HOSS IS DEAD--MURDERED--AN' I GOT NO OTHER MOUNT TUH ENTER!

INDEED REGRETTABLE, SIR--AND YOU HAVE MY SYMPATHY! BUT YOU KNOW THE TERMS OF OUR WAGER--AND AS A SPORTING MAN, YOU REALIZE THAT THE BET MUST RIDE!

LOBO WAS RIGHT ABOUT HIM--AN' I WAS WRONG! IF ONLY I'D REALIZED--

THEY'RE OFF!

THE RACE IS ON! THEN--FROM OUT OF NOWHERE--

WHERE'D THEY COME FROM? HOLY HANNAH--THAT'S KILLER, THE WILD STALLION!

IT'S--LOBO! BUT WHAT----

WE'RE FAR BEHIND--OUTA THE RACE ALREADY--BUT I'LL TRY, ANYWAY! LET'S GO, KILLER!

MEANWHILE, UP AT THE FRONT OF THE PACK--SERENELY CONFIDENT--

IT'S A WALKAWAY! NOTHIN' KIN STOP US NOW--HOPE PARSON COMES THROUGH WITH A GOOD SPLIT ON THAT RANCH WE'RE WINNIN'!

BUT SUDDENLY--

SUFFERIN' SUNFISH--DO YUH SEE WHAT I SEE?

NO--IT CAN'T BE! WE MUST BE DREAMIN'!

LOBO! LOBO!


FROM FAR OUT OF THE RACE, LOBO--THE BANTAM BUCKAROO--AND A FLAMING WILD STALLION WHOSE LIGHTNING SPEED WAS UNEQUALED--
COME ON, KILLER--GIVE IT ALL YUH GOT! WE'RE GAININ' ON PARSON'S HORSE! MEB-BE--MEBBE WE'LL DO IT YET!
RUN, YUH VARMINT--RUN! HE'S--CATCHIN' US!
AND IN THE LAST CRUCIAL MOMENT--
YUH DID IT, KILLER--YUH DID IT!
NEVER MIND THE CONGRATULATIONS, MIKE--THERE GOES PARSON! HE SHOT SPUD--I HEARD HIM BOASTIN' ABOUT IT--AN' HE TRIED TUH HAVE ME KILLED, TOO!
HE DID, EH? WELL--HERE'S WHAR I GET BACK SOME OF MUH OWN!
AS MIKE AND LOBO TEAM UP IN A FAST CHARGE--
FLOWERS FER YUH, WADDY--AN' YUH'LL NEED 'EM!
HOLD ON THAR, PARSON! YUH GOT A DATE WITH THE SHERIFF!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, YOU FOOL!
POW!
IN A LIGHTNING GUN-DUEL--
ARGH!
BANG!
BANG!
THAT AFTERNOON--
WELL, THAR HE GOES--INTUH THE WILD OPEN RANGE, WHAR HE BELONGS!
SO LONG, KILLER! WE'LL NEVER FORGET YUH!
DON'T MISS THE BANTAM BUCKAROO'S NEXT RIPSNORTING ADVENTURE--IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!
The End...

PHIL RIZZUTO

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THE WRONG STEERS

CLEM SAUNDERS SAT his horse in front of the Indian Agent's office and pointed proudly to the 500 head of fat, prime Texas steers he and his cowhands had just driven up to the Reservation. "Thar they be," Clem called out to Lon Purkiss, the Indian Agent. "Ain't they *beauts?* Each o' them steers is well over the weight the Army contract called for---I reckon them Injuns will shore have themselves a feast on muh Bar S longhorns!"

Purkiss' small, cold eyes traveled greedily over the herd of cattle, taking in every detail of the Bar S brand on each steer. And while he was thinking how easy it would be to duplicate that brand, he said to Clem, "Okay, I'll give yuh yore receipt---an' then muh men'll drive the steers tuh the Reservation pens. It's almost dusk---too late tuh turn 'em over tuh the redskins tonight---we'll do it in the mornin'."

After Clem got the receipt, he said to the Agent, "How about muh money? I shore kin use that dough---the bank's about tuh foreclose on muh ranch, an' this herd'll bring in jest enough tuh keep the Bar S spread whar it belongs---in *muh* hands!"

"Yuh'll have tuh see Colonel Gardner in the mornin' about yore money," Purkiss said gruffly. "He's in charge o' this Federal Reservation---an' he pays out on all Army steer contracts. So if yuh'll jest run along now an' let me run this herd intuh the pens---"

Clem rode away dispiritedly. The money meant so much to him, he'd been aching to get his hands on it as soon as possible. But one more day couldn't matter much, he told himself, as he began riding towards town and a bunk for the night.

Next morning, Clem rode up to the Army headquarters on the Indian reservation and entered Colonel Gardner's office. "Colonel," he began, "I'm Clem Saunders of the Bar S ranch, an' I---"

"So *you're* the man who tried to peddle off undersized and underweight steers on me, eh?" the Colonel said grimly, grabbing the bewildered Clem's arm. "Come with me!"

Minutes later, the Colonel was pointing into the Reservation pen at the measliest lot of scrawny, undersized steers Clem had ever seen. "None of those steers meets the Army contract specifications about weight," the Colonel said. "You're not getting a plugged nickel for that herd!"

"But---but that's *not* the herd I brought in last night," Clem protested. "Wait---those---those steers all have the *Bar S* brand on 'em!"

"Shore they do," came a mocking voice from the Indian Agent's office. "Them's the steers yuh brought in last night!"

Clem whirled, and angrily eyed the burly, grinning Purkiss. "Now I'm beginnin' tuh understand," Clem rasped out. "Yuh bought these scrawny steers fer a song, forged muh brand on 'em---while yore men drove muh fat herd tuh a hideout, whar yuh'll change the brand afore sellin' 'em fer a fancy price! Wal, it's not gonna work---'cause even though yuh outweigh me by forty pounds, I'm gonna whip yuh till yuh confess!"

"Why, yuh puny half-pint," roared Purkiss, reaching for his gun. "I'll---*OWWW!*"

"That'll teach yuh I kin shoot," Clem said, holstering his smoking gun. "An' now I'll show yuh I kin *hit!*"

Twenty minutes later, after the bleeding, battered, gasping Lon Purkiss had confessed, the grinning Colonel said to Clem, "That's not the first time that polecat pulled that stunt---but you're the first man who's been *man* enough to make him 'fess up! And now that I've got proof against him, I'll see that he loses some weight---on a rockpile in a *federal pen!* But now, come on in to the office, son---I've got your check waiting!"

WINNERS of the WEST

JAMES BUTLER HICKOK--THE FAMED WILD BILL --WAS BY FAR THE GREATEST DUELIST OF THE OLD WEST! HIS SMOKING SIXGUNS BLASTED MORE THAN A HUNDRED MEN TO THEIR DOOM--BESIDES ALL THE INDIANS HE SENT TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS! BUT NEVER DID WILD BILL FACE MORE DANGEROUS ODDS THAN IN HIS FABULOUS BATTLE TO THE DEATH WITH THE MCCANLES GANG!

IT ALL STARTED IN NEBRASKA THE DAY WILD BILL LEFT HIS CAVALRY DETACHMENT TO VISIT MRS. WELLMAN, AN OLD FAMILY FRIEND! BUT AT HER CABIN...

MR. HICKOK--YOU *MUSTN'T* COME HERE! YOU'VE GOT TO FLEE---*FOR YOUR LIFE!*

WHY, WHAT'S WRONG, MRS. WELLMAN?

MCCANLES AND HIS GANG OF CUTTHROATS WERE HERE LOOKING FOR YOU---THEY HEARD YOU VISIT ME, AND THEY SAID THEY'D BE BACK TO CUT YOUR HEART OUT! YOU'VE GOT TO GET AWAY BEFORE THEY RETURN!

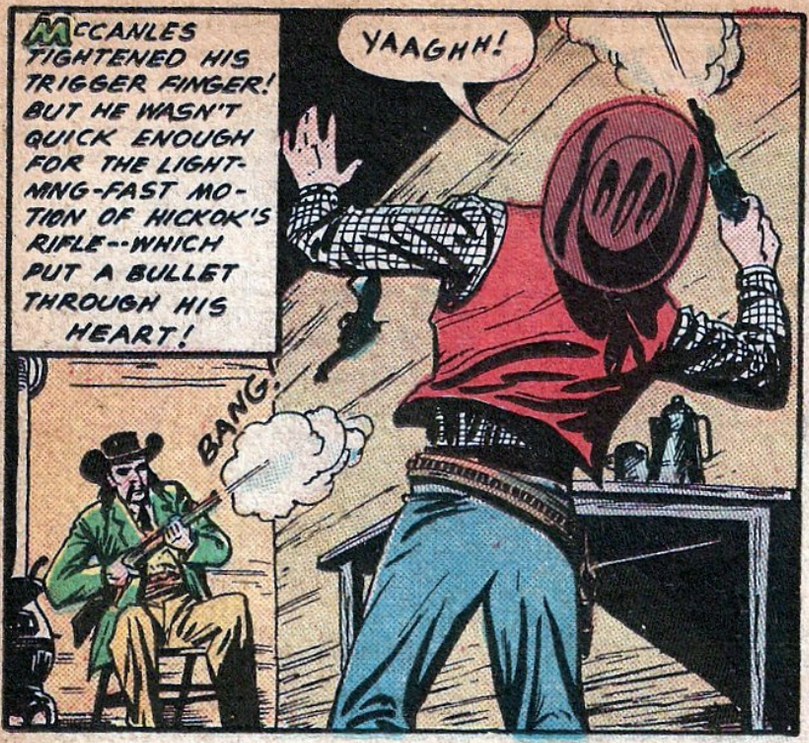
MCCANLES, EH? I REMEMBER HIM--HAD SOME TROUBLE WITH HIM IN THE MOUNTAINS--- AN' I RECKON HE DIDN'T FORGET *ME!*

I RECKON I'LL JEST SET IN YORE CABIN AN' *WAIT* FER HIM, MRS. WELLMAN! YUH KIN GO STAY AT A NEIGHBOR'S PLACE!

WILD BILL DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT! THE CLATTER OF HOOVES SUDDENLY SOUNDED OUTSIDE, THE DOOR BURST OPEN---AND THERE STOOD MCCANLES, AT THE HEAD OF A GANG OF TEN ASSASSINS!

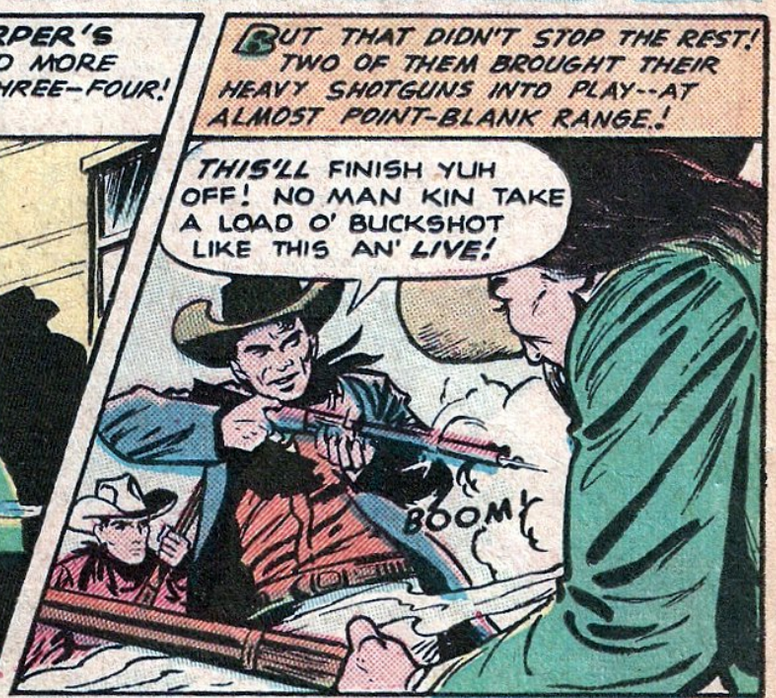
C'MON IN, MCCANLES --I'M HOLDIN' OPEN HOUSE TODAY FER MUH *ENEMIES!*

GIT 'IM, BOYS!


MCCANLES TIGHTENED HIS TRIGGER FINGER! BUT HE WASN'T QUICK ENOUGH FOR THE LIGHTNING-FAST MOTION OF HICKOK'S RIFLE--WHICH PUT A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEART!
YAAGHH!
BANG!


WITH THEIR LEADER DEAD, THE VICIOUS GANGMEN CAME RUSHING IN, INFLAMED WITH HATRED AND THIRSTY FOR REVENGE!
FILL 'IM WITH LEAD! CUT 'IM TUH PIECES!
THEY'RE SURROUNDIN' ME--I'D BETTER GIT MUH BACK AGAINST THE WALL!


AS HICKOK HIMSELF WAS QUOTED IN HARPER'S MAGAZINE OF 1867, "I NEVER AIMED MORE DELIBERATELY IN MY LIFE! ONE--TWO--THREE--FOUR! ---AND FOUR MEN FELL DEAD!"
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!


BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP THE REST! TWO OF THEM BROUGHT THEIR HEAVY SHOTGUNS INTO PLAY--AT ALMOST POINT-BLANK RANGE!
THIS'LL FINISH YUH OFF! NO MAN KIN TAKE A LOAD O' BUCKSHOT LIKE THIS AN' LIVE!
BOOM!


BUT WILD BILL HICKOK WAS NO ORDINARY MAN--AND WHAT WOULD HAVE KILLED MOST MEN MERELY STUNNED HIM! THROUGH A HAZE OF SMOKE AND A FILM OF PAIN, HICKOK LOOKED UP--JUST IN TIME!
WE GOT 'IM DOWN--CUT HIS HEART OUT!


HICKOK ROSE FAST FROM THE FLOOR--AND HIS FIST ROSE WITH HIM!
I MAY'VE BEEN DOWN--BUT I'M SHORE NOT OUT!
POW!


THEN, WHIRLING AROUND LIKE A WILD ANIMAL AT BAY--
YUH BLASTED --AAGHH!
NO--- YUH'RE BLASTED!
CRACK!













AND SO ENDED THE GREATEST CLOSE-RANGE FIGHT OF ONE MAN AGAINST ODDS IN THE HISTORY OF THE ENTIRE WEST! WILD BILL HICKOK'S MAGNIFICENT STRENGTH AND VITALITY PULLED HIM THROUGH--- AND HE WENT ON TO FIGHT AS A SHARPSHOOTER AND SCOUT IN THE UNION ARMY--AND TO TAKE ON THE TOUGHEST JOB IN THE WEST--- MARSHAL OF ABILENE!



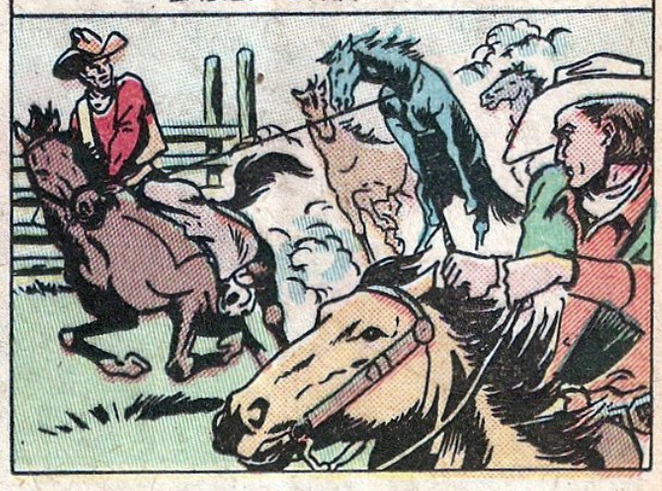
The End

HINTS about HORSES

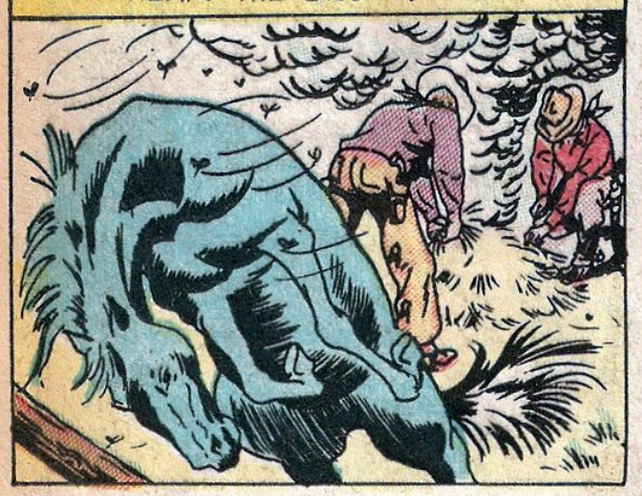
SO YUH'RE HAVIN' TROUBLE TAMIN' A WILD BRONC, EH? WELL, JEST BEND AN EAR AND TAKE SOME TIPS FROM AN OLD-TIMER WHO'S GENTLED THE WILDEST, MOST ORNERY BRONCS THE WEST EVER BRED! THE SECRET OF IT ALL IS IN **GENTLIN'** THE HOSS -- 'CAUSE IF YUH ABUSE HIM AN' TRY TO BREAK HIS SPIRIT BY FORCE, YUH'RE LIABLE TO WIND UP WITH AN OUTLAW KILLER WHO'LL *NEVER* BE TAMED!



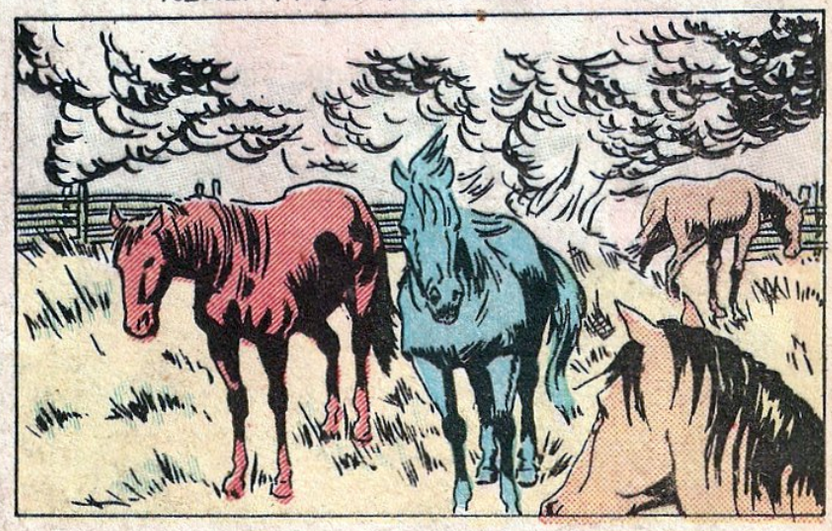
"FUST THING TUH DO AFTER YUH'VE CAUGHT YORE WILD BRONC IS TUH LEAD HIM INTUH A LARGE FENCED-IN PASTURE -- BUT DON'T TRY TO **DRAG** HIM OR YUH'LL MAKE HIM EVEN MORE ORNERY! IF YUH'RE HAVIN' ANY TROUBLE, JEST HAVE A FEW TAMED BRONCS AROUND TUH ACT AS DECOYS OR LEADERS -- AND YUH'LL FIND THE WILD BRONC MUCH EASIER TUH HANDLE!"



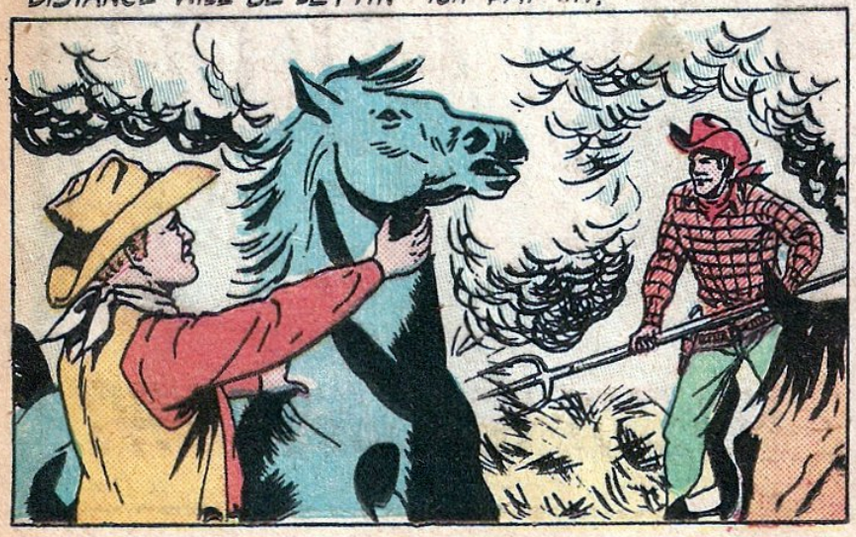
"IF YUH'RE A WESTERNER, I DON'T HAVE TUH TELL YUH ABOUT THE SUMMER MOSQUITOES THAT COME IN SWARMS AN' JEST ABOUT DRIVE MEN AN' HOSSES LOCO -- SO YORE NEXT STEP IN GENTLIN' YORE WILD HOSS IS TUH LIGHT UP SMOKE SMUDGES FROM BIG PILES OF WET HAY NEAR THE BRONC!"



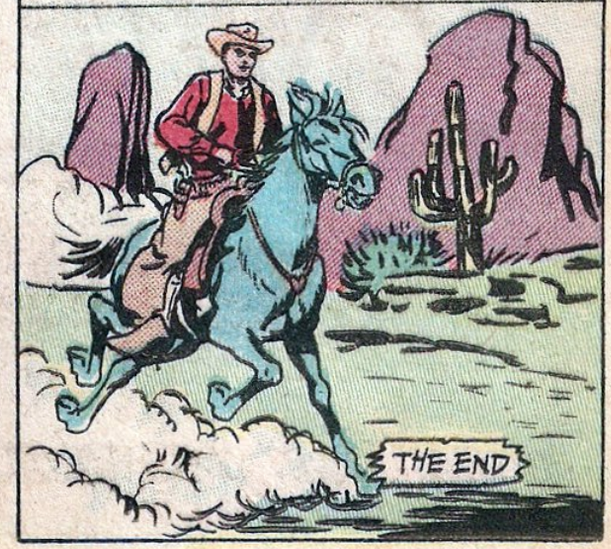
"YORE TAME DECOY HOSSES WILL KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE THAT THE SMUDGE GIVES 'EM RELIEF FROM THOSE PESKY 'SKEETERS, AN' THEY'LL COME RUNNIN' FER THE SMUDGE! THE WILD BRONC WILL BE RIGHT BEHIND 'EM -- AN' YUH'LL SOON FIND **HIM** STANDIN' RIGHT PEACEFUL-LIKE IN THE DENSE SMOKE, ENDURIN' IT FER THE SAKE O' RELIEF FROM THE BITES!"



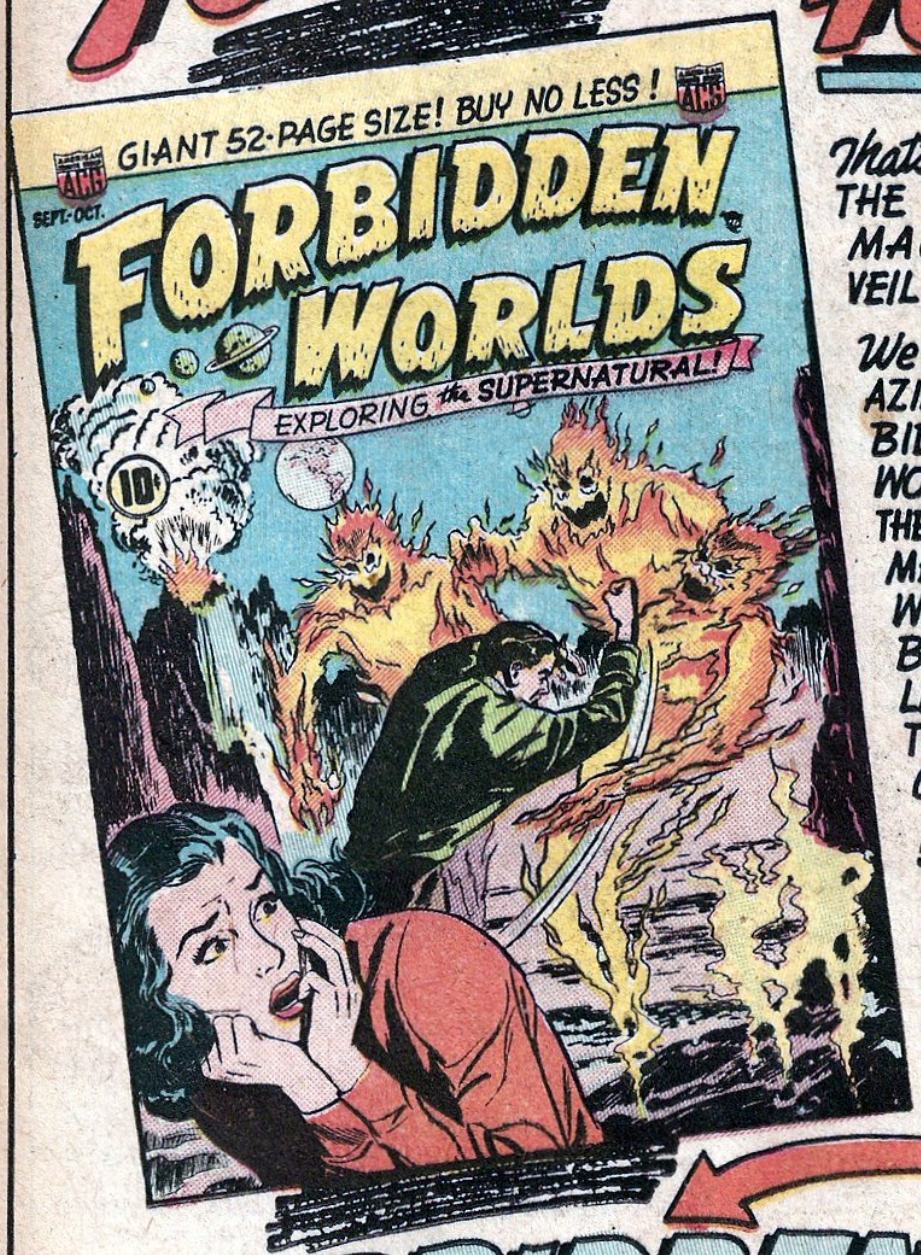
"NOW'S YORE TIME TUH GO OUT AN' MINGLE WITH THE OTHER HOSSES, ADDIN' MORE FUEL TUH THE SMUDGES, TALKIN' LOW AN' GENTLE TUH THE WILD BRONC -- AND EVEN THE WILDEST WILL SOON SAVVY THAT **YUH** BUILT THE SMUDGES AN' DIDN'T AIM TUH HARM HIM! PURTY SOON THE CRITTER THAT WOULDN'T EVEN LET YUH GIT WITHIN ROPIN'-DISTANCE WILL BE LETTIN' YUH PAT 'IM!"



"FROM THEN ON, IT'S ALL EASY -- FER ONCE YUH'VE GAINED THE WILD BRONC'S CONFIDENCE, HE'LL ALLUS THINK OF YUH AS A FRIEND -- AN' HE'LL MAKE THE BEST, MOST LOYAL HOSS A MAN EVER HAD!"



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AMBUSH

PVT. TIM WATSON rode up the gully whistling loudly, as if he actually enjoyed the chore of gathering firewood for his troop in the ravine behind him---and also as if this weren't the heart of dangerous Apache country.

Still whistling with unconcern, Tim nonchalantly halted in front of a fallen dead tree and dismounted, hatchet in hand. Then, just as he had begun to chop away at some of the smaller dead branches, the woods suddenly echoed to wild war-whoops, and Apaches emerged from behind almost every tree and boulder.

Tim's air of nonchalance vanished immediately, and an expression of terror took its place. Desperately hurling his hatchet at the nearest of the savages, he leaped into his saddle and dug his spurs hard into his horse's flanks. Looking back, he saw that his hatchet had found its mark, and that the Indians were turning in rage from the body of their fallen comrade, bounding onto swift ponies which other Apaches were quickly bringing up.

"It's a real ambush, all right," Tim thought. "They even had their hosses ready in case of an escape from their trap. But I'll shore give 'em a run fer their wampum!"

Enraged at the escape of their intended victim and at the death of one of their braves, the Apaches galloped furiously after Tim---who promptly fanned their fury by turning in his saddle and dropping the two nearest Indians with two shots from his service Colt. But slowly, the Indians narrowed the gap between them and their quarry, and Tim knew that they were so intent on having his scalp that they probably didn't even notice the rifle barrels poking out from behind the boulders and trees in the ravine they were now approaching.

Then, just as the leading braves raised their war lances and prepared to hurl them into Tim's back, a crackling volley of shots rang out---and dozens of Apaches dropped in their tracks! The remaining redskins turned in panic and tried to flee, but the withering fire from the concealed troopers cut them down relentlessly!

When the carnage was over, the Captain in charge of the Federal troop came over and shook Pvt. Tim Watson's hand. "That red hair of yours sure lured those Apaches into our ambush! Good work---*Sergeant* Watson!"

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of BLAZING WEST, published Bi-monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1950.

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(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1951.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York.
(My commission expires March 30, 1951)

UNSUNG HEROES of the WEST

PONY BOB HASLAM

ONE OF THE GREATEST EXPLOITS IN ALL THE ANNALS OF THE WILD WEST WAS PERFORMED IN MAY, 1860, BY 20-YEAR-OLD **PONY BOB HASLAM** --- THE PONY EXPRESS SERVICE'S CRACK RIDER! BECAUSE OF HIS TOUGHNESS, PONY BOB WAS GIVEN THE TOUGHEST RUN, FROM THE RUGGED HEIGHTS OF THE SIERRA NEVADAS TO THE PARCHED DESERTS OF DEATH VALLEY --- BUT WHEN BOB STARTED HIS RIDE THAT MAY DAY, HE HAD NO IDEA **HOW** TOUGH IT WAS GOING TO BE!

WHEN BOB GOT TO REED'S, HIS LAST CHANGE-STATION ---

HUH? WHY, THAR'S NO ONE HERE --- NOT EVEN A FRESH HOSS FER ME!

NOT KNOWING THAT THE STATION-MASTER HAD FLED WITH ALL THE HORSES BECAUSE THE PIUTES HAD GONE ON THE WARPATH IN THE VICINITY, PONY BOB CONTINUED ACROSS THE SALT-WHITE DESERT TO THE END OF HIS RUN. BUCKLANDS!

BUT AT BUCKLANDS, PONY BOB LEARNED THAT HIS RELIEF WAS JOHN HUDSON --- THE ONLY COWARD IN THE HISTORY OF THE PONY EXPRESS SERVICE!

NO, I --- I **AIN'T** MAKIN' THE RUN TUH SMITH'S CREEK --- I HEARD THE PIUTES IS SWARMIN' ALL OVER THE PLACE!

YUH YALLER-LIVERED POLECAT! **I'LL** TAKE THE MAIL ON --- BECAUSE THE MAIL'S **GOT** TUH GO THROUGH!

BUT BEFORE BOB HAD GONE A FEW MILES ---

OH, OH --- THEY'RE SHORE RAISIN' THE DUST AFTER ME --- BUT I'LL SOON MAKE 'EM **EAT** IT!

KII-YIIII!

ALL THE WAY TO SMITH'S CREEK, BOB HAD TO FIGHT OFF THE PURSUING INDIANS, KILLING 19 OF THEM!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

BY THE TIME PONY BOB GOT TO SMITH'S CREEK, HE HAD RIDDEN 185 MILES IN 16 HOURS, USING NINE DIFFERENT HORSES --- BUT HE WASN'T THROUGH **YET!**

THE WEST-BOUND RIDER WAS KILLED BY PIUTES, BOB --- AN' THAR'S NO ONE BUT **YUH** TUH CARRY THE MAIL! YUH'VE **GOT** TUH GO BACK TUH BUCK-LANDS WITH THIS POUCH!

LET'S HAVE IT --- I'M ON MUH WAY!

BUT AT COLD SPRINGS STATION, 35 MILES FURTHER ON---

THE STATION-MASTER AN' MUH RELIEF RIDER---BOTH **SCALPED!** I'D BETTER KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT ON THE RUN TUH SAND SPRINGS!

BOB'S WARINESS STOOD HIM IN GOOD STEAD, FOR HE ESCAPED FROM A PIUTE AMBUSH AND FOUGHT THE INDIANS OFF THROUGH 37 GALLOPING MILES!

BANG!

BANG!

AS BOB NEARED THE TINY ADOBE FORT THAT WAS THE SAND SPRINGS PONY STATION---

IT'S THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER ---LET HIM IN AN' THEN SLAM THE GATE AGAINST THOSE REDSKINS!

ONCE INSIDE, BOB HELPED FIGHT OFF THE SIEGE OF 50 PIUTES---BUT STAYED ONLY UNTIL ENOUGH INDIANS HAD BEEN KILLED TO ASSURE THE SAFETY OF THE FORT!

THERE'RE ONLY 18 LEFT--- I RECKON YUH MEN KIN HOLD 'EM OFF BY YORE-SELVES! KEEP FIRIN' AT 'EM---WHILE I MAKE A BREAK FER BUCKLANDS WITH THE MAIL!

BANG!

PONY BOB MADE IT TO BUCKLANDS, BUT THERE---

DON'T STOP, BOB! HUDSON STILL WON'T TAKE THE MAIL---YUH'VE GOTTA GO ALL THE WAY TUH FRIDAY STATION!

WHO'S STOPPIN'?

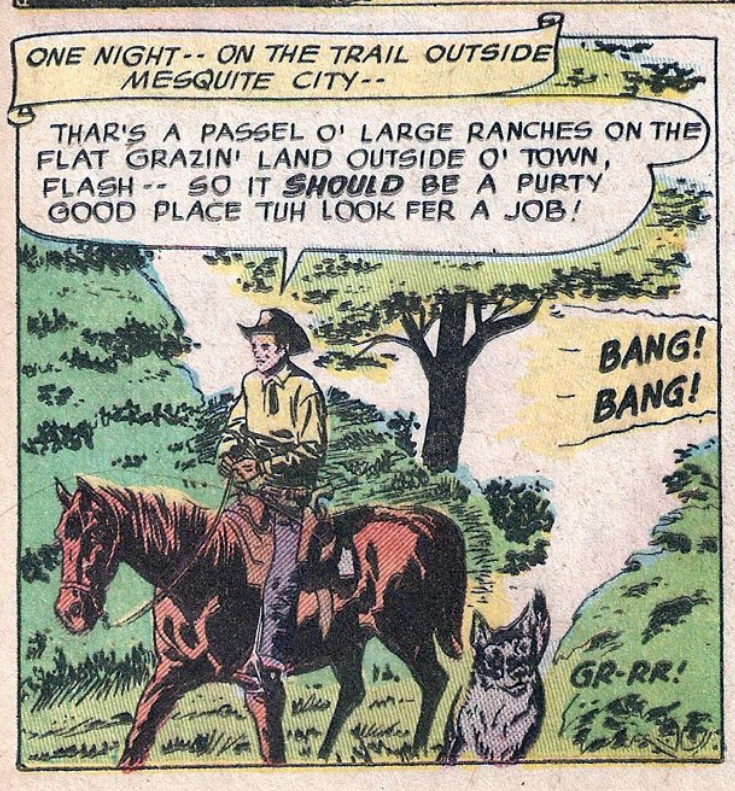
AT FRIDAY STATION, PONY BOB HASLAM WAS GIVEN A HERO'S WELCOME! HE HAD RIDDEN 380 MILES THROUGH THE MOST RUGGED MOUNTAINS AND DESERTS IN AN ELAPSED TIME OF TWO DAYS AND NIGHTS, SPENDING ONLY 11 HOURS OUT OF THE SADDLE, AND BRINGING IN THE MAIL ONLY 3½ HOURS BEHIND SCHEDULE---TRULY AN EPOCHAL FEAT THAT WILL STAND FOREVER IN THE HISTORY OF THE BLAZING WEST!

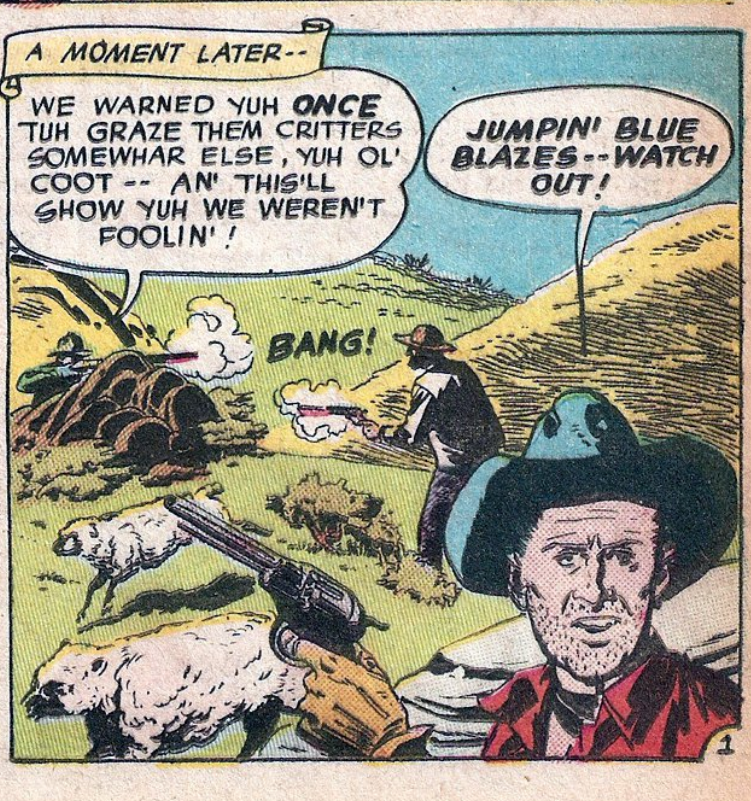
THE END!

The HOODED HORSEMAN

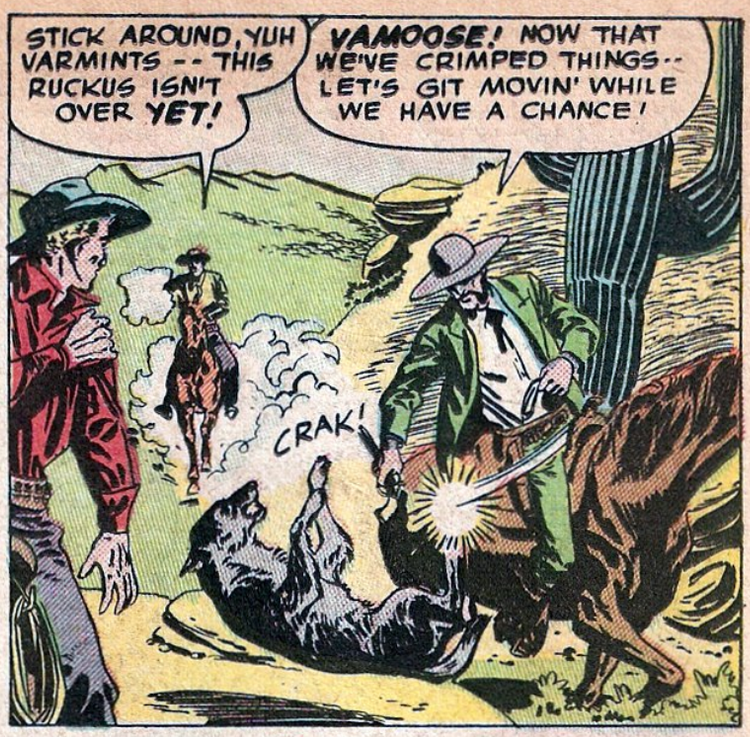
FEW BADMEN PAID MUCH ATTENTION TO THE QUIET-MANNERED WRANGLER WHO ROAMED THE RANGE WITH HIS DOG -- AND FEWER STILL ASSOCIATED HIM WITH THE BLACK-GARBED FIGHTER FOR JUSTICE KNOWN AS **THE HOODED HORSEMAN!** BUT BUD FRASER HAD VOWED TO STAMP OUT OUTLAWRY WHEN HIS FATHER, A COW TOWN SHERIFF, WAS TREACHEROUSLY KILLED -- AND IT'S A PLEDGE THAT'S REDEEMED WITH SMASHING FISTS AND DEADLY SIX-GUNS -- AND A DOG NAMED **FLASH!**



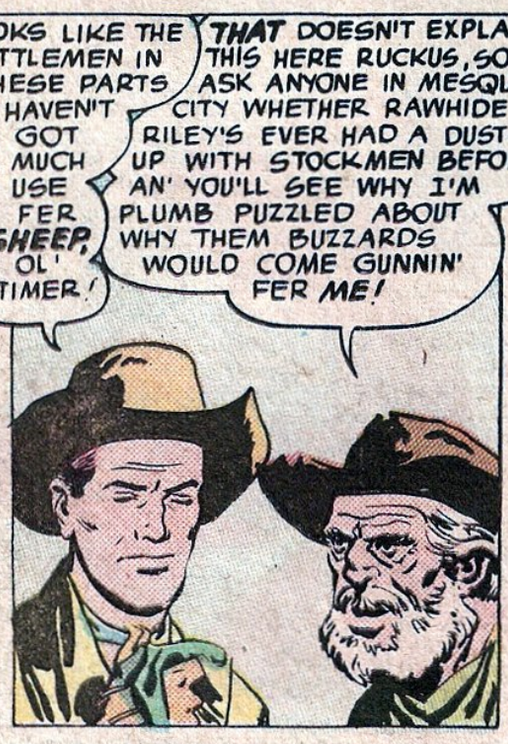




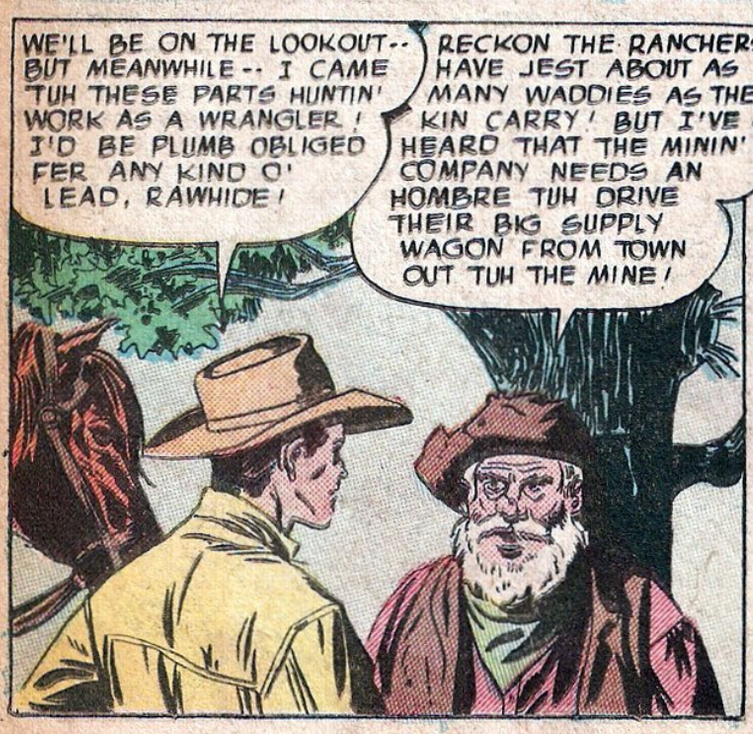

AS THE GANG LEADER SPURS FORWARD --
BANG!
RR-RIP!
GRRR!

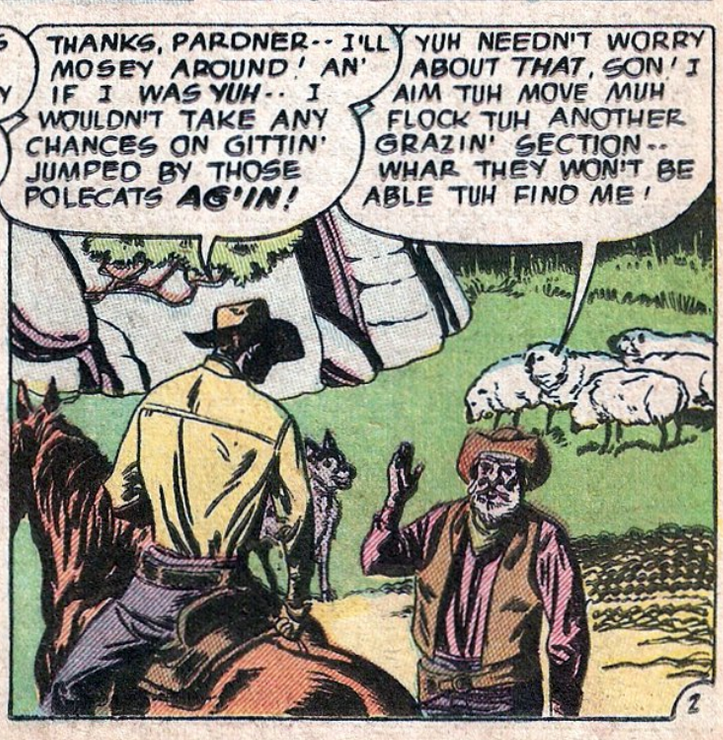

STICK AROUND, YUH VARMINTS -- THIS RUCKUS ISN'T OVER YET!
VAMOOSE! NOW THAT WE'VE CRIMPED THINGS -- LET'S GIT MOVIN' WHILE WE HAVE A CHANCE!
CRAK!

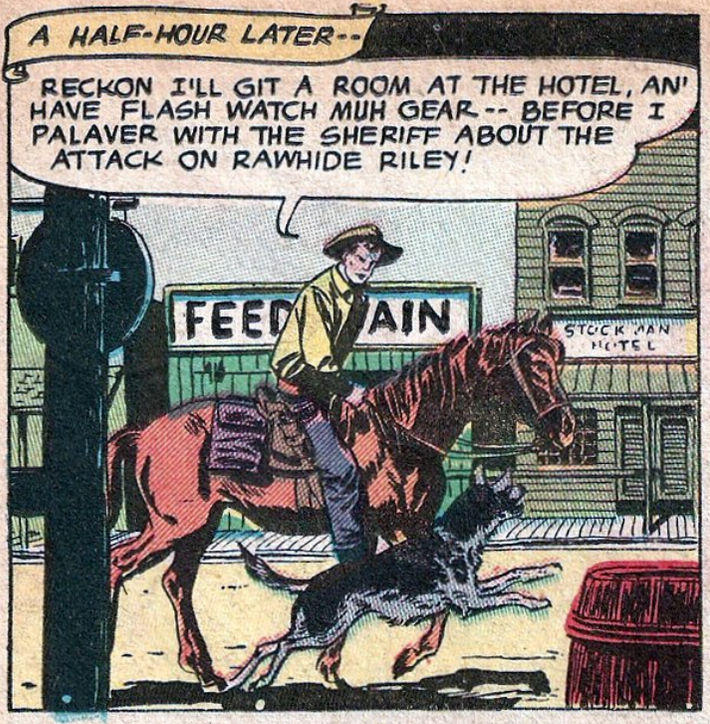

ROUSED TO A FIGHTING PITCH -- FLASH STARTS TO PURSUE --
FLASH -- GIT BACK HERE! THIS RUGGED COUNTRY GIVES THEM SIDEWINDERS PLENTY O' COVER -- AN' TRAILIN' 'EM WOULD JEST MEAN GITTIN' YOURSELF PLUGGED!
BOW-WOW-WOW!


LOOKS LIKE THE CATTLEMEN IN THESE PARTS HAVEN'T GOT MUCH USE FER SHEEP, OL' TIMER!
THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN THIS HERE RUCKUS, SON! ASK ANYONE IN MESQUITE CITY WHETHER RAWHIDE RILEY'S EVER HAD A DUST-UP WITH STOCKMEN BEFORE -- AN' YOU'LL SEE WHY I'M PLUMB PUZZLED ABOUT WHY THEM BUZZARDS WOULD COME GUNNIN' FER ME!


THIS PIECE O' CLOTH FLASH RIPPED FROM HIS SLEEVE IS ONE WAY TUH IDENTIFY THE VARMINT WHO LED 'EM! IT MAY TAKE TIME -- BUT NOW THAT FLASH HAS SOMETHING TUH KEEP HIS SCENT IN MIND -- HE'LL BE ABLE TUH PICK HIM OUT FROM AMONG A THOUSAND WADDIES!

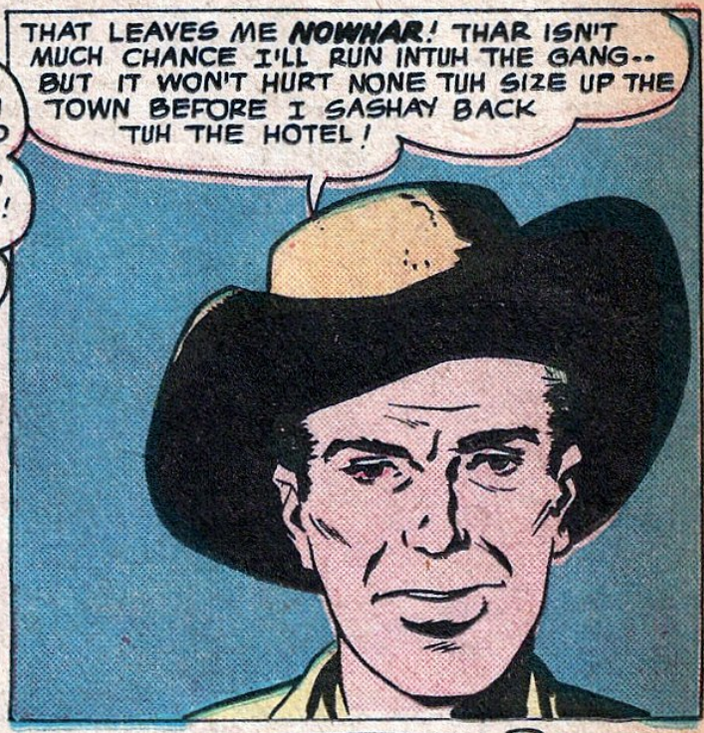

WE'LL BE ON THE LOOKOUT -- BUT MEANWHILE -- I CAME TUH THESE PARTS HUNTIN' WORK AS A WRANGLER! I'D BE PLUMB OBLIGED FER ANY KIND O' LEAD, RAWHIDE!
RECKON THE RANCHERS HAVE JEST ABOUT AS MANY WADDIES AS THEY KIN CARRY! BUT I'VE HEARD THAT THE MININ' COMPANY NEEDS AN HOMBRE TUH DRIVE THEIR BIG SUPPLY WAGON FROM TOWN OUT TUH THE MINE!


THANKS, PARDNER -- I'LL MOSEY AROUND! AN' IF I WAS YUH -- I WOULDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES ON GITTIN' JUMPED BY THOSE POLECATS AG'IN!
YUH NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, SON! I AIM TUH MOVE MUH FLOCK TUH ANOTHER GRAZIN' SECTION -- WHAR THEY WON'T BE ABLE TUH FIND ME!


A HALF-HOUR LATER--
RECKON I'LL GIT A ROOM AT THE HOTEL, AN' HAVE FLASH WATCH MUH GEAR -- BEFORE I PALAVER WITH THE SHERIFF ABOUT THE ATTACK ON RAWHIDE RILEY!
FEED
AIN
STOCK MAN HOTEL


I'LL BE BACK IN A MITE, FLASH! KEEP YORE EYE ON MUH THINGS!


SOON AFTERWARD -- AT THE HOOSEGOW...
THE GALOOTS WHO TANGLED WITH RAWHIDE RILEY ARE UP TUH SOMETHIN' SHERIFF! YUH SHORE THAR'S BEEN NO RUSTLIN' GOIN' ON?
WE HAVEN'T LOST A SINGLE COW, AMIGO! THE CATTLEMEN AIN'T RISKIN' THE PUREBRED STOCK WE GOT IN THESE PARTS -- THEY'RE WATCHIN' THE HERDS DAY AN' NIGHT! NOPE -- I DON'T RECKON THAT'D EXPLAIN IT -- AN' BLAMED IF I KIN FIGGER OUT ANY OTHER REASON!
TED

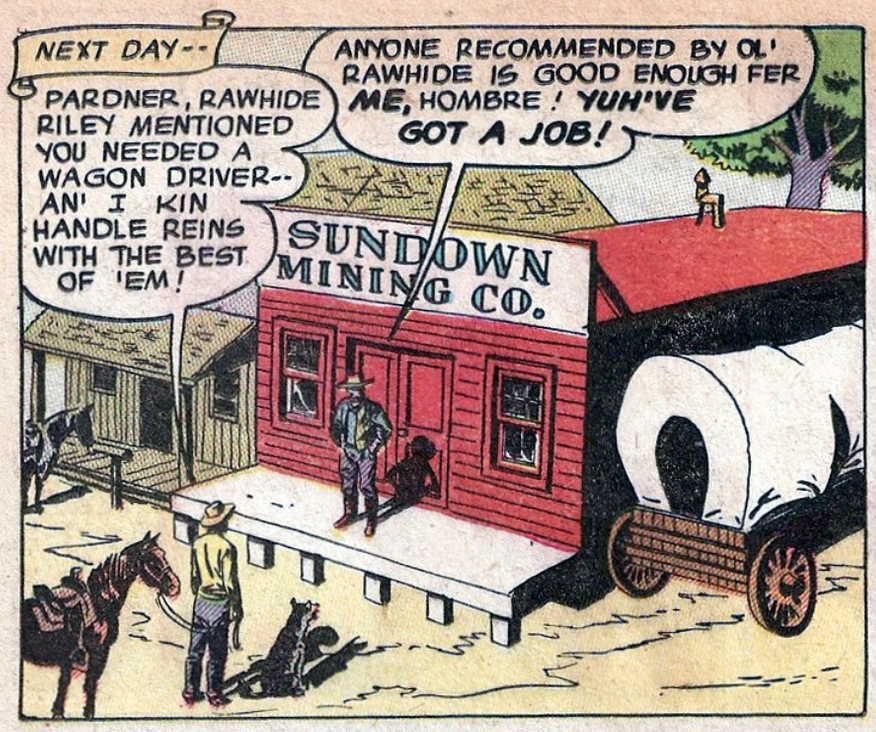

THAT LEAVES ME NOWHAR! THAR ISN'T MUCH CHANCE I'LL RUN INTUH THE GANG -- BUT IT WON'T HURT NONE TUH SIZE UP THE TOWN BEFORE I SASHAY BACK TUH THE HOTEL!

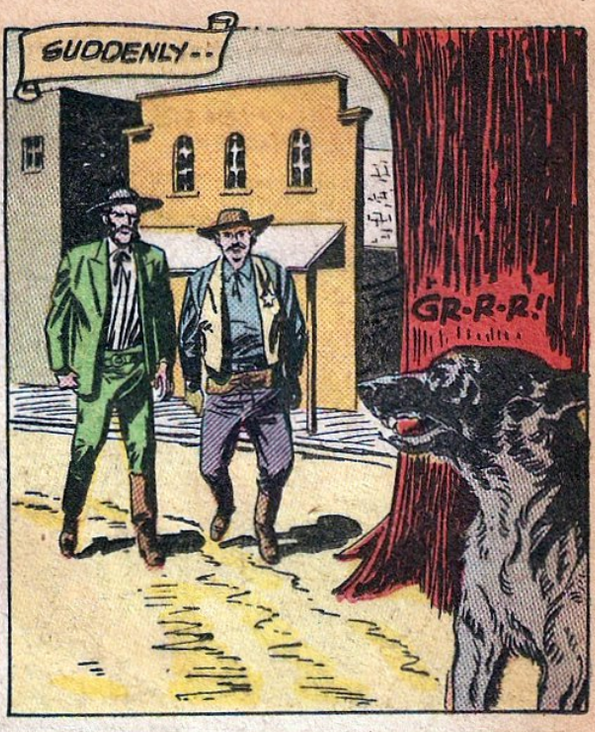

MEANWHILE -- AT THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN -- FLASH GROWLS RESTLESSLY AS A HATED SCENT TINGLES LIKE A WARNING! HE SNIFFS AT BUD'S SADDLEBAG -- BUT NO -- IT ISN'T THE PIECE OF CLOTH!


IT'S SOMETHING FURTHER AWAY BUT MUCH MORE VIVID -- IT'S THE MAN HIMSELF!
GR-RR!


MOMENTS LATER --
THIS'LL BE EASY! A COUPLE O' LICKS WILL BUST THE LOCK -- AN' WE'LL GIT ALL THE DYNAMITE WE NEED!
TRADING


SUDDENLY--
LONGHORN, LOOK! IT'S THE DOG WE TANGLED WITH WHEN WE TRIED TUH PLUG RAWHIDE!
GR-R!
AS FLASH MAKES A SAVAGE RUSH---
THIS MAN-EATER MUST'VE TRAILED US! WE'D BETTER SKEDADDLE-- BEFORE HE GETS BUSY WITH THOSE FANGS!
BOW-WOW
BANG!
YUH'RE LUCKY WE CAN'T FIRE AG'IN, YUH WHELP-- IT'D ROUSE UP THE WHOLE TOWN!
WAM!
AS THE OUTLAW RIDES OFF--
I FIGGERED THAT KICK WOULD SLOW YUH DOWN, MUTT! YUH DIDN'T GIT ANYTHIN' THIS TIME BUT A PIECE O' MUH SADDLE PAD!
-RRIP!
THAT DOG REMEMBERS US, LONGHORN-- AN' THAT KIN MEAN TROUBLE! BUT HOW KIN WE PLUG THE CRITTER-- WITHOUT TANGLIN' WITH THE FAST-SHOOTIN' GALOOT WHO OWNS HIM?
THAR'S ANOTHER WAY TUH FIX A BIG DOG THAT'S ALLOWED TUH ROAM AROUND AT NIGHT LIKE THIS'N! NO ONE SAVVIES I'M BOSS O' THIS GANG-- AN' THAT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TUH GIT RID O' THAT MUTT THE SMART WAY!
SOON AFTERWARD--
FLASH-- WHAR YUH BEEN? I TOLD YUH TUH HOLE DOWN HERE AN' WATCH THINGS-- AN' THIS IS JEST ABOUT THE FIRST TIME YUH'VE EVER DISOBEYED ME
WUF!
STUNG BY BUD'S REBUKE-- FLASH DOES HIS BEST TO EXPLAIN--
A PIECE O' WOOL, EH! YUH'RE SHORE AS SHOOTIN' TRYIN' TUH TELL ME SOMETHIN', FLASH-- BUT I STILL THINK YUH SHOULD'VE STAYED HERE, SAVVY?
YIPE!
4


NEXT DAY--
PARDNER, RAWHIDE RILEY MENTIONED YOU NEEDED A WAGON DRIVER-- AN' I KIN HANDLE REINS WITH THE BEST OF 'EM!
ANYONE RECOMMENDED BY OL' RAWHIDE IS GOOD ENOUGH FER ME, HOMBRE! YUH'VE GOT A JOB!
SUNDOWN MINING CO.


SUDDENLY--
GR-R-R!

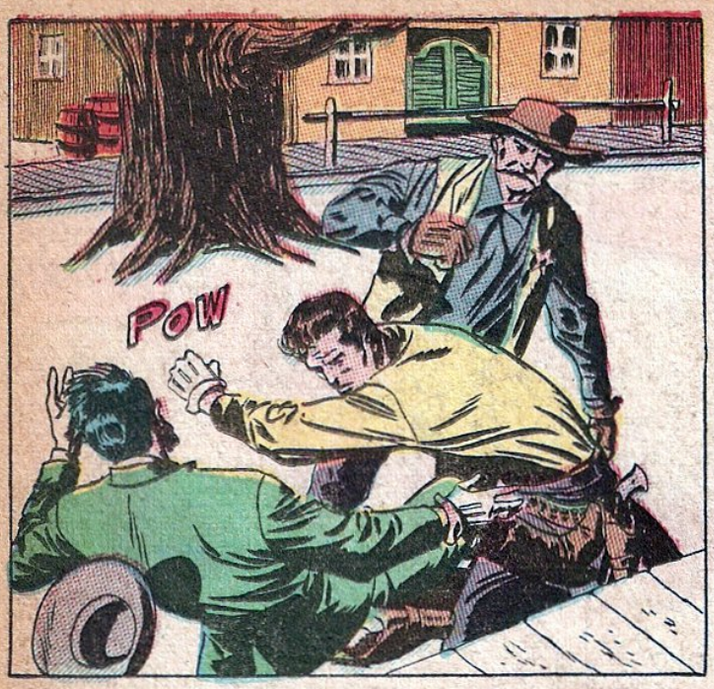

YEP-- I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHAR! THAT'S THE DOG, SHERIFF!
FLASH-- SIMMER DOWN!
GR-RR!


SORRY, STRANGER-- BUT FLASH DOESN'T GENERALLY SHOW UGLY WITHOUT REASON!
HE'S GOT PLENTY O' REASON! I CAUGHT THAT NO-GOOD MUTT KILLIN' SHEEP OUT AT BOBTAIL CREEK LAST NIGHT-- AN' DROVE 'IM OFF WITH MUH QUIRT!

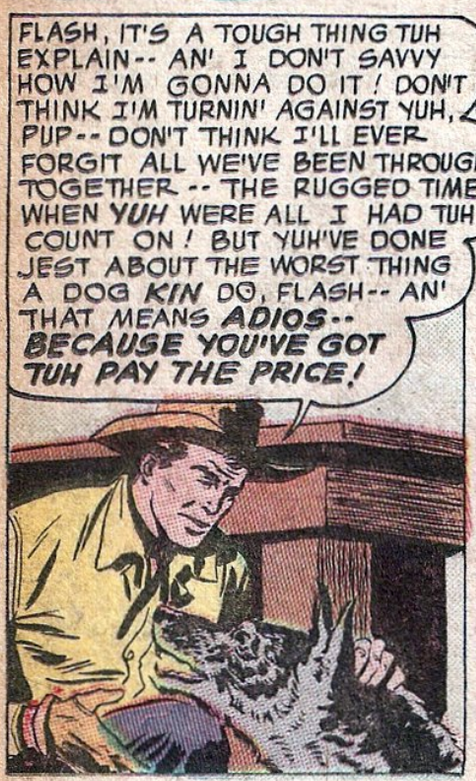

KILLIN' SHEEP!
THAR'S NO USE GITTIN' YORESELF RILED, SON! IT'S PLUM POSSIBLE TUH MISTAKE ONE DOG FER ANOTHER-- AN' IF YUH KIN PROVE YORE PUP WAS WITH YUH LAST NIGHT-- THAT'LL END IT!


SHERIFF, I KIN HARDLY BELIEVE IT-- BUT THAR'S NO USE PRETENDIN'! FLASH TOTED A PIECE O' WOOL BACK TUH THE HOTEL LAST NIGHT-- SO I RECKON YUH'VE GOT THE RIGHT DOG!
THAR'S ONLY ONE WAY TUH CURE A SHEEP-KILLER-- LET'S GIT IT OVER WITH!


A SPLIT SECOND AFTER LONGHORN'S HAMMER CLICKS BACK--
BANG!

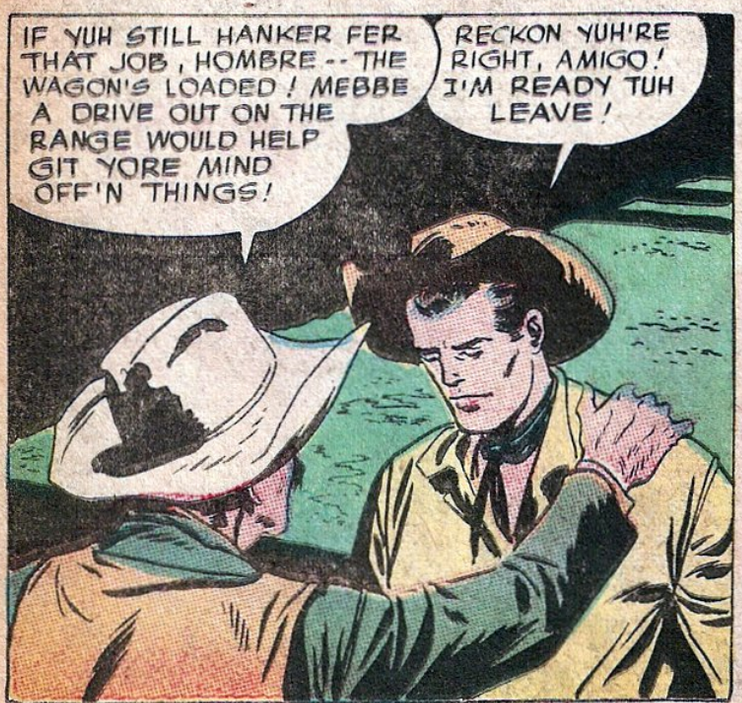

POW


GIT THIS, HOMBRE -- IF THAR'S GOIN' TUH BE ANY SHOOTIN' IRON POINTED AT FLASH -- IT'LL BE THE LAW'S!
THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FER ME! SHERIFF, I'M COUNTIN' ON YUH TUH DO YORE DUTY!


FLASH, IT'S A TOUGH THING TUH EXPLAIN -- AN' I DON'T SAVVY HOW I'M GONNA DO IT! DON'T THINK I'M TURNIN' AGAINST YUH, PUP -- DON'T THINK I'LL EVER FORGIT ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TOGETHER -- THE RUGGED TIMES WHEN YUH WERE ALL I HAD TUH COUNT ON! BUT YUH'VE DONE JEST ABOUT THE WORST THING A DOG KIN DO, FLASH -- AN' THAT MEANS ADIOS -- BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT TUH PAY THE PRICE!


I'M SHORE SORRY ABOUT THIS, BUD -- BUT YUH NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT MUH SHOOTIN' HIM! I'VE GOT SOME CHLOROFORM OUT AT MUH RANCH, AN' I'LL TAKE FLASH WITH ME WHEN I RIDE HOME AT NOON -- AN' PUT HIM OUT OF THE WAY EASY-LIKE!
THANKS, SHERIFF! I'LL FEEL A HEAP BETTER ABOUT IT THAT WAY!

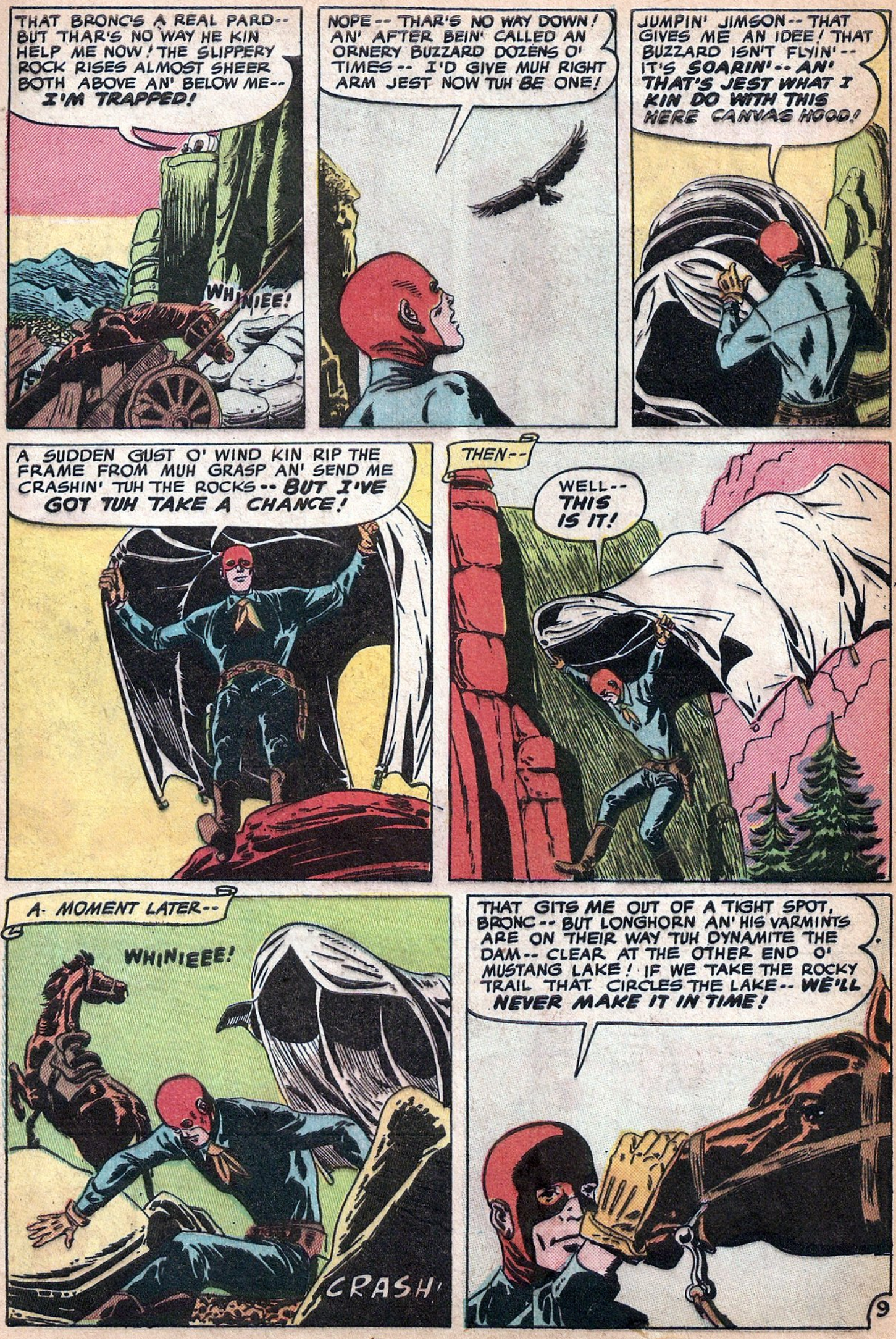

A MOMENT LATER --
COME ON, BOY -- LET'S GIT!
NOPE -- I'M NOT COMIN' WITH YUH THIS TIME, FLASH! BUT WE'LL BE MEETIN' AGAIN SOMEWHAR WHEN I'VE PLAYED MUH LAST CHIP -- AN' UNTIL THEN -- SO LONG -- PARDNER...
ARRFF!


IF YUH STILL HANKER FER THAT JOB, HOMBRE -- THE WAGON'S LOADED! MEBBE A DRIVE OUT ON THE RANGE WOULD HELP GIT YORE MIND OFF'N THINGS!
RECKON YUH'RE RIGHT, AMIGO! I'M READY TUH LEAVE!

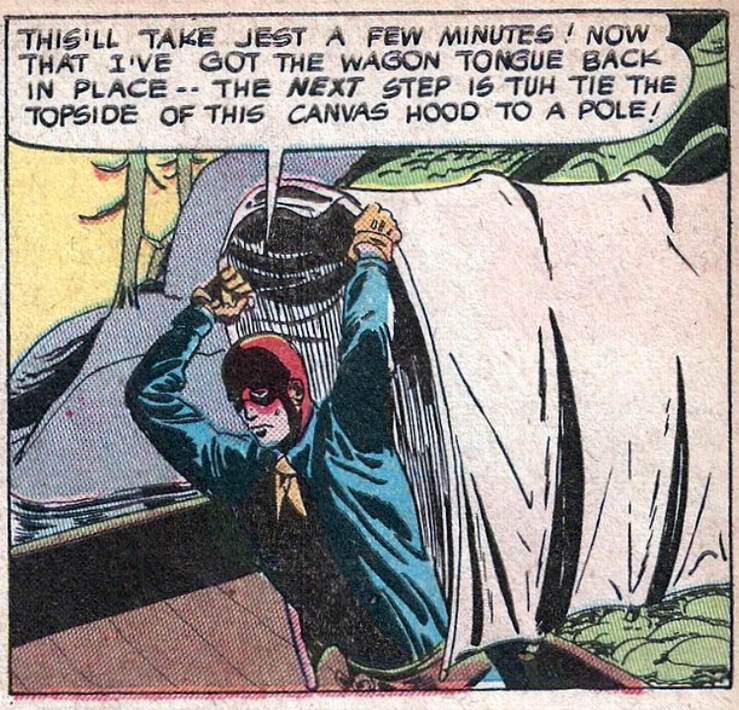

BUT I'M NOT LEAVIN' YUH, BRONC! NOPE -- I'VE GOTTA HAVE ONE OF MUH BUDDIES WITH ME ON THE TRAIL!
WHINEEE!

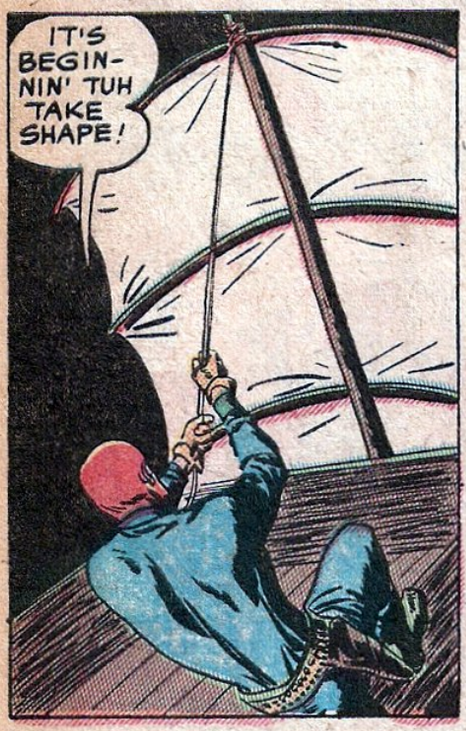

MINUTES LATER--
IT WON'T HELP NONE TUH KEEP BROODIN' ABOUT FLASH-- BUT THE MORE I THINK OF IT--THE MORE I KEEP WONDERIN' ABOUT LONGHORN LONERGAN! SOMETHIN' TELLS ME I OUGHTA SLIP OUT TO HIS RANCH FER A LOOK-SEE-- AS THE HOODED HORSEMAN!
YEP-- HERE'S MUH CHANCE TUH LOOK AROUND FER AN HOUR OR SO! I'LL TETHER THE TEAM IN THAT GULLY YONDER-- WHAR THAR'LL BE NO CHANCE O' ANYONE FINDIN' THE WAGON!
A MOMENT LATER--
THAR'S THE WAGON, LONGHORN! THE DRIVER'S PROBABLY INSIDE-- GRABBIN' HIMSELF A LITTLE SHUT-EYE!
YEP-- AN' THAR'S SHORE TUH BE DYNAMITE AMONG THEM MINE SUPPLIES!
THEN--
LOOKS LIKE I'M SAVIN' MUHSELF A RIDE!
CRIMPIN' COYOTES, LONGHORN-- THAT'S THE HOODED HORSEMAN!
SOONER OR LATER-- VARMINTS LIKE YUH L'ARN TUH EXPECT ME!
BANG!
BANG!
SUDDENLY-- LONGHORN RIDES UP AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WAGON--
IT'S YORE TOUGH LUCK YUH DIDN'T EXPECT ME, HOMBRE!
CRAK!
A MOMENT LATER--
I HAD AN IDEE YOU BUSHWACKERS WERE UP TUH SOMETHIN'-- AFTER BUD FRASER TOLD ME YUH TRIED TUH PLUG RAWHIDE RILEY!
AN' YUH FIGGERED YUH'D LURE US OUT BY DRIVIN' THE SUPPLY WAGON, EH? SHORE, WE TRIED TUH GIT RID O' RAWHIDE-- BECAUSE HE'S MADE A PRACTICE O' DRIVIN' HIS SHEEP ACROSS MUSTANG LAKE DAM-- AN' I DON'T AIM TUH HAVE WITNESSES WHEN WE DYNAMITE IT!
DYNAMITE
7


YOU'RE PLUMB LOCO! WHAT IN BLAZES WILL THAT GET YUH?
CATTLE! THE HERDS ARE TOO WELL GUARDED FER RUSTLIN'-- SO I AIM TUH FLOOD THOUSANDS OF ACRES O' GRAZIN' LAND! WITH THE STEERS FACIN' STARVATION, I KIN BUY 'EM UP FER A TENTH O' WHAT THEY'RE WORTH -- AN' GRAZE 'EM ON MUH OWN SECTION O' HIGH GROUND! IT'S JEST ABOUT AS GOOD AS RUSTLIN' -- WITH NONE O' THE RISKS!
THAR'LL BE EVEN FEWER RISKS ONCE WE'VE GOT YUH OUT OF THE WAY! UNHARNESS THE TEAM, BEARCAT -- AN' GIT THIS HOMBRE TIED TUH THE BACK O' THE WAGON!
MOSEY OVER HERE, HORSEMAN -- AN' DON'T TRY NOTHIN' FANCY -- UNLESS YUH LIKE THE TASTE O' LEAD!
A MOMENT LATER--
ALL TOGETHER-- IT'S JEST ABOUT READY TUH ROLL!
JUMPIN' JIMSON-- I'M GOIN' TUH NEED A CAST IRON HIDE TUH GIT OUT O' THIS FIX ALIVE!
THEN--
HA! HA! HE'LL KEEP GOIN' UNTIL HE REACHES THE PAYOFF PLUNGE -- A 500 FOOT DROP INTUH MUSTANG LAKE!
A QUARTER OF A MILE BELOW--
NOTHIN' KIN SLOW THE WAGON DOWN NOW-- AN' THAR'S THE CLIFF! WAL, I TOLD FLASH I'D SEE HIM AG'IN WHEN I'D PLAYED MUH LAST CHIP -- AN' I RECKON IT'S ON THE TABLE!
WITH UNCHECKED SPEED--
HERE GOES!
RUMBLE!
HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW--
SAVED -- BY A LEDGE!
CRASH!
8

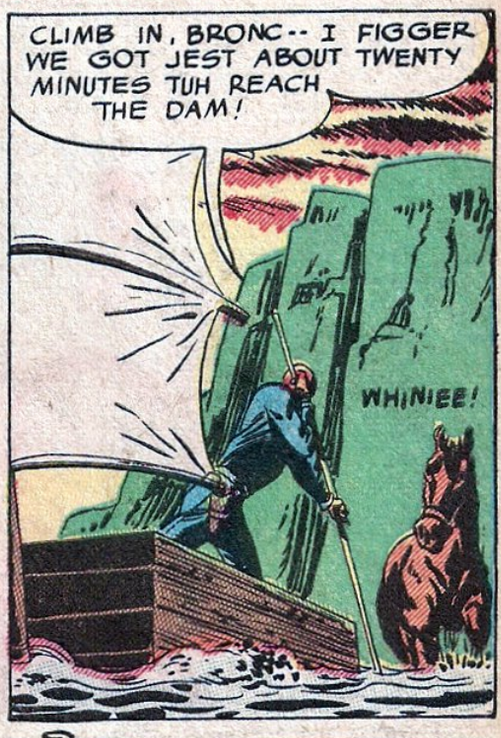

THAT BRONC'S A REAL PARD-- BUT THAR'S NO WAY HE KIN HELP ME NOW! THE SLIPPERY ROCK RISES ALMOST SHEER BOTH ABOVE AN' BELOW ME-- I'M TRAPPED!
WHINIEE!
NOPE-- THAR'S NO WAY DOWN! AN' AFTER BEIN' CALLED AN ORNERY BUZZARD DOZENS O' TIMES-- I'D GIVE MUH RIGHT ARM JEST NOW TUH BE ONE!
JUMPIN' JIMSON-- THAT GIVES ME AN IDEE! THAT BUZZARD ISN'T FLYIN'-- IT'S SOARIN'-- AN' THAT'S JEST WHAT I KIN DO WITH THIS HERE CANVAS HOOD!
A SUDDEN GUST O' WIND KIN RIP THE FRAME FROM MUH GRASP AN' SEND ME CRASHIN' TUH THE ROCKS-- BUT I'VE GOT TUH TAKE A CHANCE!
THEN--
WELL-- THIS IS IT!
A MOMENT LATER--
WHINIEEE!
CRASH!
THAT GITS ME OUT OF A TIGHT SPOT, BRONC-- BUT LONGHORN AN' HIS VARMINTS ARE ON THEIR WAY TUH DYNAMITE THE DAM-- CLEAR AT THE OTHER END O' MUSTANG LAKE! IF WE TAKE THE ROCKY TRAIL THAT CIRCLES THE LAKE-- WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT IN TIME!


BUT S'PPOSIN' WE DON'T RIDE! LONGHORN FIGGERED HE'D FINISH ME OFF WITH THIS WAGON -- BUT I'M NOT THROUGH GITTIN' USE OUT OF IT YET -- NOT BY A LONG SIGHT!


THIS'LL TAKE JEST A FEW MINUTES! NOW THAT I'VE GOT THE WAGON TONGUE BACK IN PLACE -- THE NEXT STEP IS TUH TIE THE TOPSIDE OF THIS CANVAS HOOD TO A POLE!


IT'S BEGIN-NIN' TUH TAKE SHAPE!

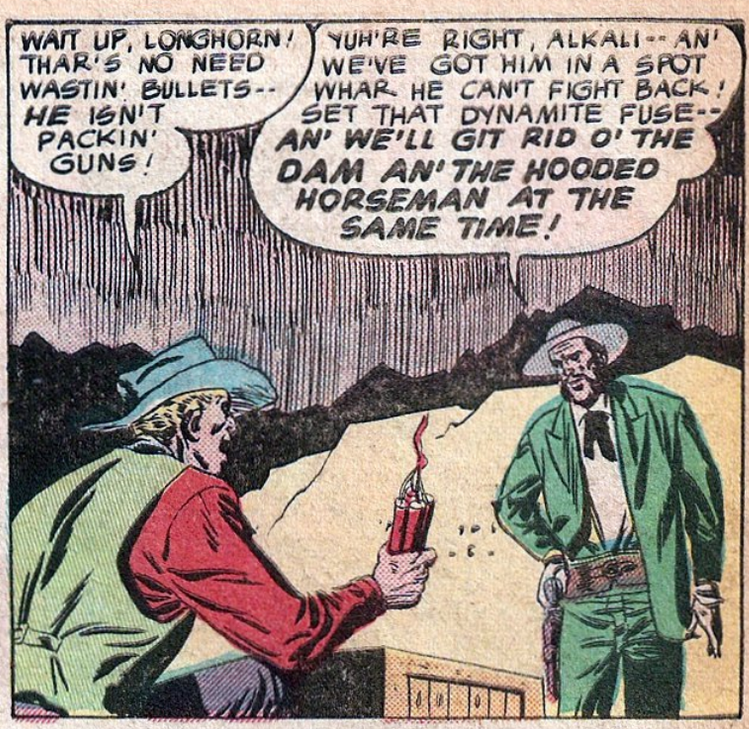

GITTIN' ACROSS THE LAKE WILL TAKE A HEAP LESS TIME THAN GOIN' AROUND IT -- AN' I'VE GOT JEST THE KIND O' RIG I NEED -- A SAILBOAT!


CLIMB IN, BRONC -- I FIGGER WE GOT JEST ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES TUH REACH THE DAM!
WHINIEE!


THEN -- WITH THE WIND PUSHING AGAINST THE MAKESHIFT SAIL --
WE'RE GITTIN' THAR, BRONC! WHATEVER'S AHEAD OF US, I'M SHORE O' ONE THING -- IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS THAT I'M GONNA MISS FLASH MOST!


MINUTES LATER --
SUFFERIN' SASSAFRAS -- IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN CLOSER! THAR THEY COME!


I DON'T SAVVY HOW YUH MANAGED TUH WIND UP ALIVE -- BUT YUH'RE GOIN' TUH NEED MORE'N LUCK THIS TIME!
BANG!


WAIT UP, LONGHORN! THAR'S NO NEED WASTIN' BULLETS -- HE ISN'T PACKIN' GUNS!
YUH'RE RIGHT, ALKALI -- AN' WE'VE GOT HIM IN A SPOT WHAR HE CAN'T FIGHT BACK! SET THAT DYNAMITE FUSE -- AN' WE'LL GIT RID O' THE DAM AN' THE HOODED HORSEMAN AT THE SAME TIME!


NOW I'M IN A WORSE JAM THAN BEFORE! THE WIND'S BEHIND ME -- SO I CAN'T HEAD BACK ONTUH THE LAKE! AN' IF I TRIED TUH CLIMB TUH THE TOP O' THE DAM -- I'D STOP HALF-A-DOZEN SLUGS BEFORE I WAS HALFWAY UP!

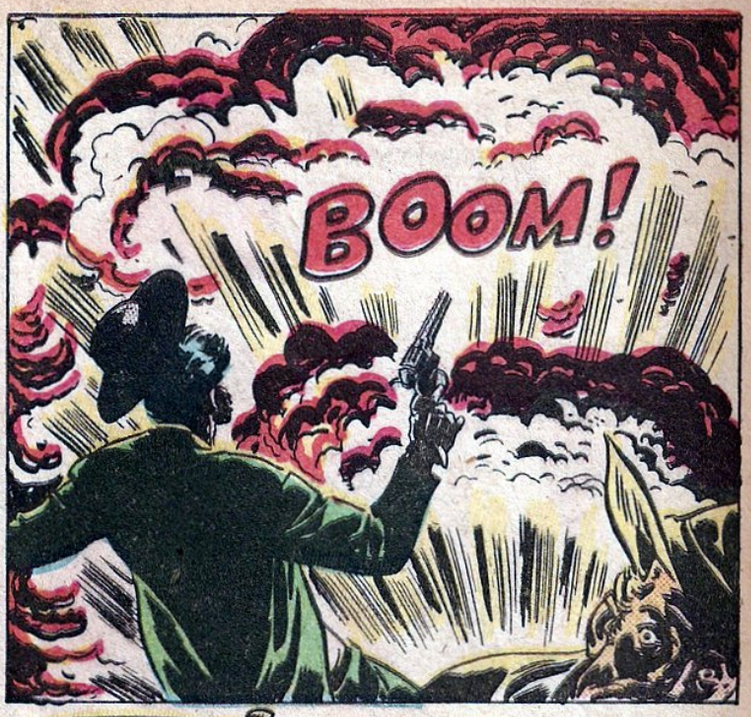

AS THE HOODED HORSEMAN LOOKS DESPERATELY AROUND --
THAR'S A CRITTER RUNNIN' LIKE SIXTY OUT THAR -- BUT IT'S JEST A WOLF! NOTHIN' BUT A WOLF COULD TRAVEL THAT FAST!


BUT AS THE SHAGGY FORM STREAKS CLOSER --
SUFFERIN' SASSAFRAS -- IT'S FLASH! HE'S ALIVE!


SECONDS LATER --
BETTER HANDLE THAT DYNAMITE EASY-LIKE -- NOW THAT YUH'VE GOT THE PERCUSSION CAPS ATTACHED!
HOPPIN' HORNED TOADS! PLUG HIM LONGHORN -- QUICK!


YE GODS -- AG'IN?
WAM!
GRR-R!


AAAGH!


BOOM!

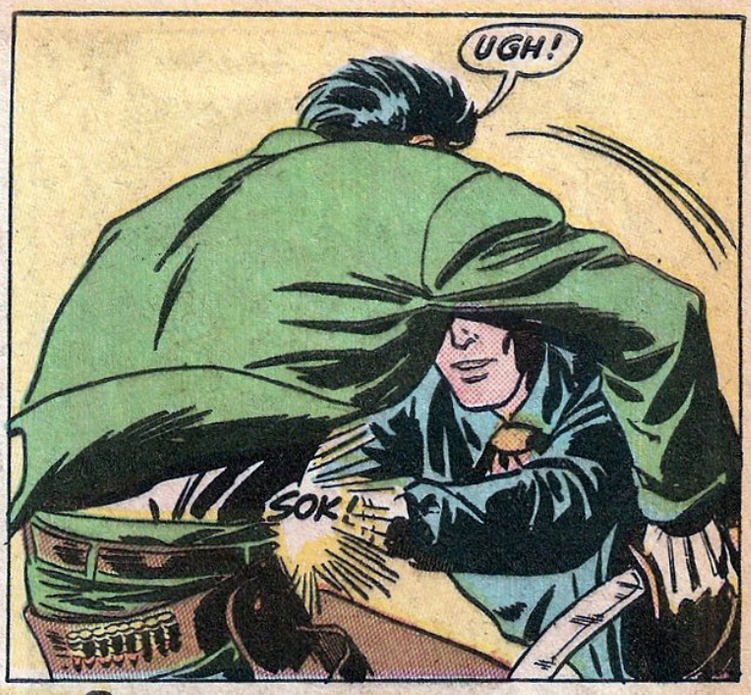

IN THE NEXT INSTANT--
YUH YAPPIN' VARMINT--THAR'S NO ONE TUH STOP ME FROM PLUGGIN' YUH THIS TIME!
BANG!
BOW-WOW!


THEN-- AS LONGHORN MISSES HIS FOOTING--
CRASH!


YUH VARMINTS CAME HERE FER A BLOWUP-- AN' I AIM TUH GIVE YUH A PURTY GOOD SUBSTITUTE!
BANG!


THIS TIME I'M MAKIN' SHORE O' GITTIN' RID O' YUH, HORSEMAN-- BECAUSE I'M FIXIN' TUH RIP YUH APART!
WAM!



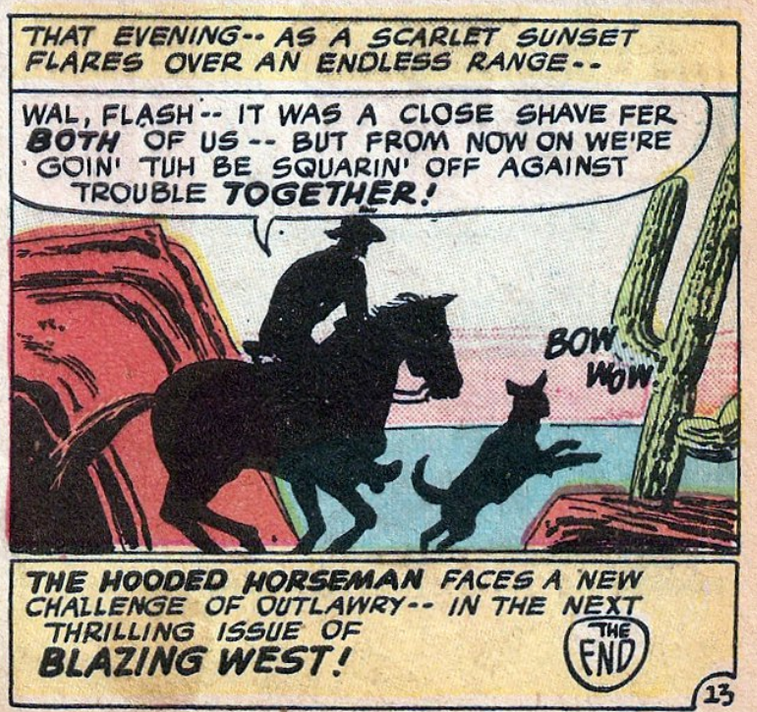










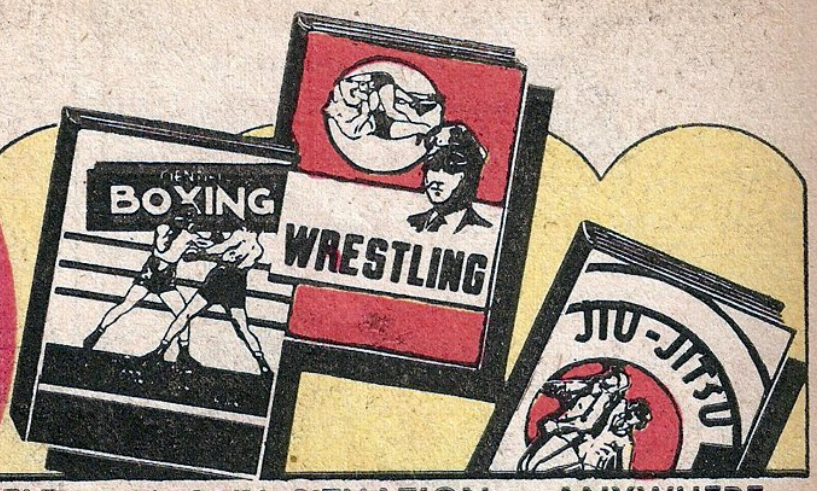


THE HOODED HORSEMAN FACES A NEW CHALLENGE OF OUTLAWRY-- IN THE NEXT THRILLING ISSUE OF **BLAZING WEST!**

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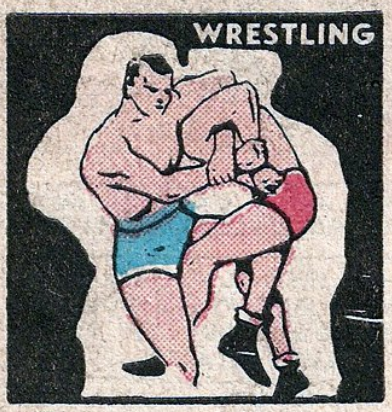
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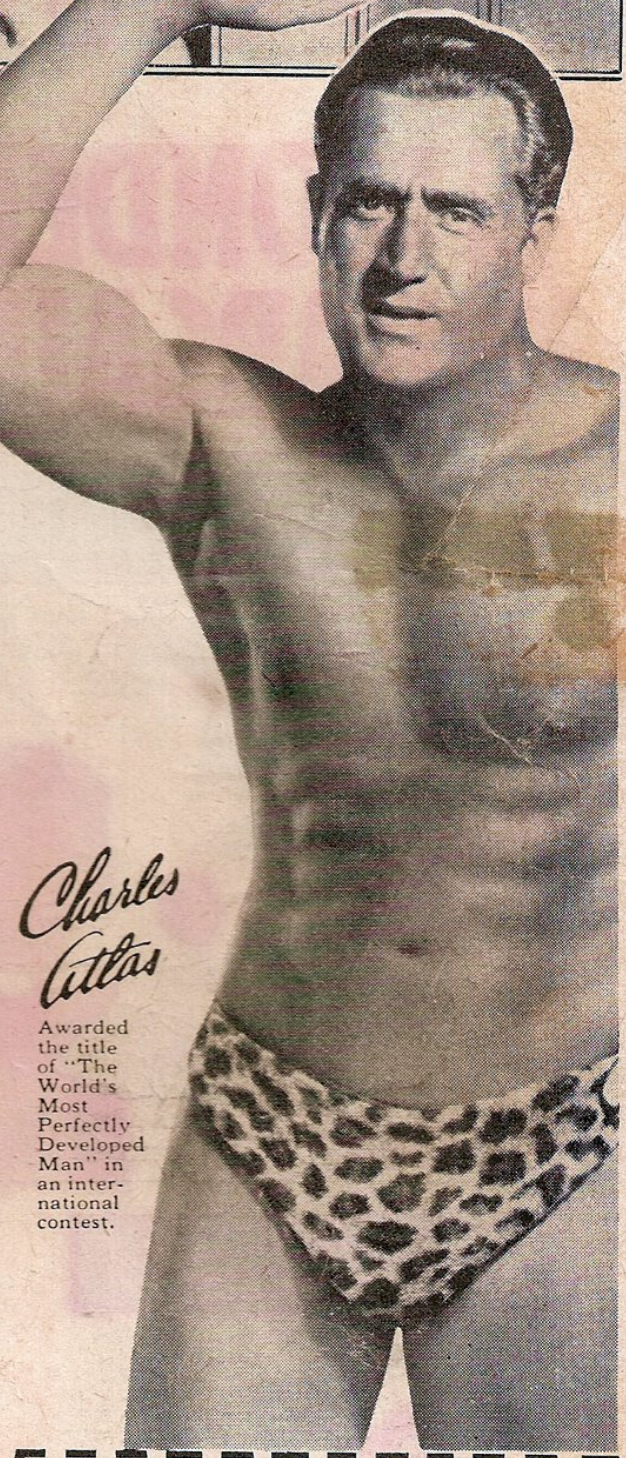
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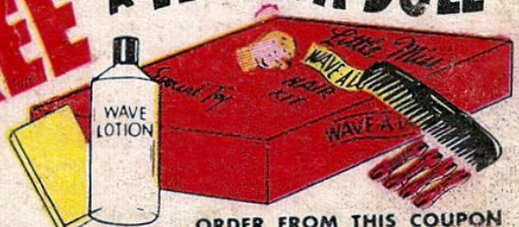


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