

BUCK JONES

THE
FIGHTING
SHERIFF

COWBOY
COMICS

7^D
N°1

How to find THE NEVER ENDING SWEET SUPPLY

The only chart you need is on this page. Show it to your Mum *to-day*. With a tin of Cadburys Bournville Cocoa and these directions she will quickly discover the way to a secret supply of super off-ration CHOCOLATE FUDGE.



CHOCOLATE FUDGE

(Cadburys own recipe)

3 tablesp. sweetened condensed milk—*or*
evaporated • 4 tablesp. water • 3 oz. sugar
1 good dessertsp. Bournville Cocoa
½ oz. margarine
1 teasp. vanilla essence

Put all the ingredients into a 6" saucepan. Warm gently until the sugar is dissolved, then boil briskly about 12 minutes. Stir the fudge continuously and reduce the heat a little towards the end of the cooking when the mixture will become very thick. Test in the same way as toffee. Then remove the pan from the heat and well beat the fudge until it is almost setting. Pour it quickly into a greased tin and mark into squares before it sets.



Mother knows that there are plenty of good things in Cadburys Bournville Cocoa—the making of extra-tasty drinks, sweets, cakes and 'afters.'

CADBURYS
BOURNVILLE
COCOA

GROWING FAMILIES HAVE THE COCOA HABIT



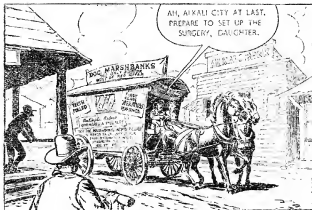
YOU SAVE ON
1 LB. TIN AT
1/3!

BUCK JONES

"on the Trail of the Ryders"



HOT LEAD FLEW FAST AND FURIOUS AS SHERIFF BUCK JONES RODE THE TRAIL OF THE KIDNAPPED DOCTOR, AND, AT PERIL OF HIS LIFE, SAVED ALKALI CITY FROM THE RULE OF THE LAWLESS RYDERS. THEY'VE GOTTA BE FAST TO BEAT BUCK



JUDY SETS UP THE
SURGERY BY
PLACING SEVERAL
BOTTLES OF PATENT
MEDICINE ON A
TABLE.

A CROWD SOON
COLLECTS FOR A
VISIT FROM THE
PRAIRIE DOCTOR.
IS NOT TO BE
MISSED.

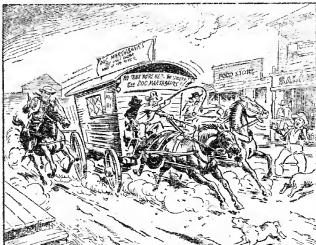
CITIZENS OF ALKALI! YOU CANNOT
AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT DOC
MARSHBANKS' WONDER CURE
FOR ALL ILLS -- BREWED
FROM A SECRET FORMULA --







THE DOC AND BOY ARE POWERLESS AGAINST MARK RYDER'S GUN. ONE OF RYDER'S GANG WHIPS UP THE HORSES, AND THE CARAVAN LEAVES ALKALI CITY -- MUCH FASTER THAN IT ENTERED!



THE NEWS OF THE
DAYLIGHT HOLD-UP
TRAVELS FAST.
WHEN THERE'S
TROUBLE IN
ALKALI CITY,
THE FIRST MAN
TO BE INFORMED
IS THE SHERIFF...

BUCK JONES.

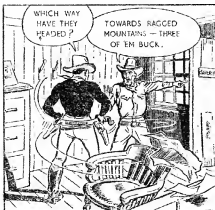


HEY, BUCK! MARK RYDER'S IN
TOWN - HE JUST HI-JACKED
DOC MARSHBANKS, JUDY, AND
THE WHOLE DURNED OUTFIT!



WHICH WAY
HAVE THEY
HEADED?

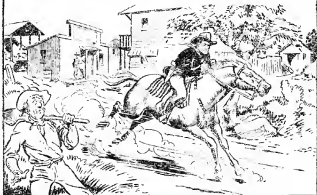
TOWARDS RAGGED
MOUNTAINS - THREE
OF 'EM BUCK.



BUCK WASTES
NO TIME.
PAUSING ONLY
TO SNATCH HIS
GUNS FROM THE
WALL, HE STREAKS
OUT TO HIS
WAITING HORSE
- SILVER.



SO BUCK HITS THE TRAIL OF THE HI-JACKED CARAVAN . . .



— A TRAIL THAT
LEADS TO THE
TIPEEKA HILLS.
AS BUCK FLIES
IN PURSUIT OF
THE BANDITS,
HE SUDDENLY
HEARS A LOUD
EXPLOSION —
— FROM AHEAD.





MEANWHILE - AT MARK
R'D-Q-R'S HIDE-OUT...

O.K. C'MON OUT.
IT-TR'S WORK FOR
YOU TWO.



MY KID STEP-BROTHER'S GOTTA
SLUG IN HIM, GET IT OUT!

I'LL HAVE NOTHING
TO DO WITH IT!



GET TH' SLUG OUT, OR
YOUR GAL TASTES
LEAD!







BUT AFTER TWO MILES THE
TRACK FADERS OUT . . .

GROUND'S TOO BURNED
HARD FOR TRACKS.
WHERE DO WE GO
FROM HERE ?



HECK -
WHAT'S THAT
FLASHING?



MAYBE IT'S NOTHING.
MAYBE IT'S A SIGNAL.
BETTER TAKE A
LOOK-SEE.

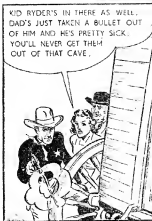






BUCK DEALS WITH TWO OF THE GANG,
BUT MARK RYDER BOLTS INTO THE CAVE







BUCK DOUBLES BACK INTO THE BUSHES WHILE THE DOC ENGAGES MARK RYDER IN A FURIOUS GUN-DUEL. SUDDENLY BUCK RE-APPEARS







YOU DOGGONED YELLOW-LIVERED PUP —
I SHOULD'VE LET YOU CROAK INSTEAD
OF FETCHIN' THE DOC. WAAL, YOU
SAW ME SHOOT THAT BANK CLERK —
— NOW GIT READY TO —
— RECEIVE YOURS !



BUT AS MARK
RYDER'S FINGER
TIGHTENS ON
THE TRIGGER...



—BUCK COMES SWINGING INTO THE CAVE ON THE END OF HIS LARIAT



I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID, MARK RYDER,
I'M TAKIN' YOU IN FOR THE MURDER
OF THAT BANK CLERK !



YOU'RE OKAY, KID, YOU SAVED
JUDY'S LIFE AS SURE AS SHE HELPED
SAVE YOURS. GOOD LUCK TO YOU!





BUCK JONES

and the Secret of the Locket



IT WAS ONLY A GOLDEN
LOCKET—THE SORT OF
PRETTY THING A GIRL
MIGHT WEAR ROUND
HER NECK. BUT IT
HELD A SECRET—A
SECRET THAT BROUGHT
DESPERATE MEN
AND ROARING GUNS
TO ALKALI CITY!

AFTER A CATTLE-DRIVE, A BUNCH OF COW HANDS WITH MONEY IN THEIR POCKETS, WHOOP IT UP IN ALKALI CITY...



- AND OLD HARDTACK KEMP GETS HIMSELF RUN DOWN IN THE SHINDIG...

HECK! THAT WAS A MASTY WALLOP! DOGGONE THESE POWDRIES! THIS WHOOP-EE STUFF MOSTLY ENDS UP WITH TROUBLE!



OUTTA THE WAY, FELLER! YOU'VE CAUSED ENOUGH TROUBLE. I GUESS I'LL SEE TO THIS.



I'M PLUMB SORRY, SHERIFF.

HE'S HURT BAD. I RECKON.

IF THERE'S ANYTHIN' I CAN DO, MA'AM...

YES, THERE IS! KEEP AWAY FROM US! THE FURTHER THE BETTER!

WE'LL GET THE OLD-TIMER OVER TO WIDOW MURRAY'S - AND TALK AFTERWARDS.



WHILE WIDOW MURRAY ATTENDS TO THE OLD RANCHER . . .

I'M BARBARA KEMP, AND HE'S MY DAD. WE OWN FARAWAY RANCH, AWAY OVER THE DESERT.

THAT'S OUTTA MY TERRITORY NEVER HEARD OF FARAWAY BEFORE. BUT WEREN'T YOU KICK A HARD ON THAT CRAZY GUY WHO KNOCKED YOUR POP DOWN? AFTER ALL, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.



MAYBE SO, BUT WE'VE GOT ENEMIES. MISTER, I CAN'T TAKE CHANCES. AND DON'T ASK ME TO EXPLAIN, 'COS I'M NOT TALKING! IT'S PRIVATE.

OKAY, MISS KEMP, BUT DON'T FORGET. I'M SHERIFF. IF YOU WANT HELP, LET ME KNOW.



--- KEMP'S LEG IS BROKEN AND IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO MOVE HIM. BARBARA HAS TO HEAD FOR HOME - ALONE.

SEE HERE, MISS KEMP, I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF YOU GOING ALL THAT WAY OVER THE DESERT, ALONE. ANYONE ELSE AT FARAWAY?

NO, ONLY ME. NOW, BUT MY BROTHER, MALCOLM IS EXPECTED HOME ANY TIME. I'LL GET BY. WE DON'T WANT STRANGERS HORNING IN ON OUR AFFAIRS. ADIOS!



BUT OTHER EYES WATCH BARBARA KEMP LEAVE ALKALI -



THE EYES OF HANK DAWSON - GUNMAN!



BUCK IS WORRIED ABOUT BARBARA, AND SEEING HANK DAWSON AND HIS GANG FOLLOWING HER MAKES HIM MORE SO. HE SEEKS OUT ONE OF HIS DEPUTIES.

YEAH, BUCK! FARAWAY IS OUTTA OUR TERRITORY, SOUTH O' THE DESERT, TUMBLE DOWN PLACE, IT IS! I'VE HEARD SAY OLD MAN KEMP AIN'T GOT TWO BITS TO HIS NAME, YET STICKS TO THE RANCH LIKE GLUE!

MIGHTY QUEER, I RECKON! LISTEN, JUD! I'M FOLLOWING HANK DAWSON AND HIS GANG — IF I AIN'T BACK IN FOUR HOURS GET A POSSE AND RIDE TO FARAWAY, I SMELL TROUBLE!



THEY'RE HEADIN' FOR FARAWAY SURE ENOUGH! I AIN'T LIKIN' IT!





HECK! A DUST STORM!
I'LL LOSE THOSE
NO-GOOD HOMBRES!



SHUCKS, IT'S NO USE!
I'LL HAVE TO FIND
SHELTER!



A SHACK! I DON'T KNOW
WHO LIVES HERE, BUT I
GOTTA GO IN!



ANYONE AT HOME?
CAN I COME IN
OUTTA THE DUST?

THERE IS
NO ANSWER
FROM WITHIN
THE SHACK.
SO BUCK
GOES IN -
TO RECEIVE
A WELCOME
IN HOT
LEAD!



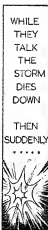
HOLD IT,
SHERIFF!
YOU AIN'T THE GUY I THOUGHT
YOU WERE. THANK GOODNESS
I MISSED YOU!



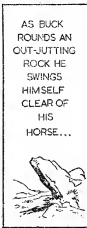
SORRY, SHERIFF, I'VE
GOT ENEMIES. THEY'RE
ON MY TRAIL, RIGHT NOW!
WHEN YOU BUSTED IN I
THOUGHT THEY'D GOT
ME. I'M MALCOLM
KEMP OF FARAWAY
RANCH.

SAY, THAT'S
QUEER! I'M ON
MY WAY THERE
RIGHT NOW. I'LL
GET MY BRONC
INTO THE LEAN-TO
- THEN YOU AND
ME'S GONNA HAVE
A POW-WOW!









HERE'S WHERE WE PART
COMPANY, SILVER! LEAD 'EM
A CHASE, BOY!



THAT'S FOOLED THE
BIG GALLOOTS. NOW
TO, HEAD FOR
FARAWAY RANCH.



HALF-AN-HOUR LATER, BUCK
REACHES FARAWAY RANCH.

HI-YA, FELLA! IS MISS
BARBARA AT HOME?
I GOTTA SEE HER. AN'
IT'S PLUMB URGENT!

OKAY!
I'LL FETCH
HER!



I'M BARBARA
KEMP. WHAT'S
ON YOUR
MIND?

YOU'RE NOT
FOOLING ME,
MA'AM! WHERE'S
THE REAL BARBARA
KEMP?



QUICK AS A FLASH THE
FAKE BARBARA KEMP
DRAWS A GUN -

SO YOU KNOW, EH?
THEN DIE!



NO YOU DON'T! I AMN'T
EVER HIT A WOMAN -
- YET -



NICE WORK. HANK
YOU GOT HERE
JUST IN TIME!



HE WAS IN THE SHACK WITH YOUNG KEMP.
I KNEW HE'D SEEN BARBARA AND HE'D
KNOW YOU WAS A PHONEY.
BESIDES, WHEN HE MADE A
BREAK FOR IT, I
GUESSED HE HAD
THE LOCKET.

YES,
HERE IT IS!
WE'RE GOING TO BE
RICH! D'YOU HEAR?
RICH!!



THE OTHER BOYS ARE
K.I.D.S., HANK. WE'VE GOT
THE SECRET OF THE SARAWAY
TREASURE OUT OF THIS
LOCKET. FIX THAT DUMB
SHERIFF — THEN
COME ON IN!

O.K., LUCILE
I'LL FIX HIM!



GUESS I'LL FIX
ME A SMOKE
BEFORE I FIX
THE SHERIFF.



YOU'VE LEFT IT
A BIT LATE
— RAT!



BARBARA'S IN THERE,
SOMEWHERE. GUESS
I'LL FIND HER FIRST!



HIYA,
MISS BARBARA!







AND THEN THE POSSE ARRIVES!

OKAY, GENTS—AND MA'AM! THROW DOWN
THE HARDWARE! THE SHINDIG IS ALL
OVER! YOU OKAY BUCK?

SURE AM, JUD! AND YOU GOT,
HERE JUST WHEN WE NEEDED YOU!
I SEE YOU'VE BROUGHT
MALCOLM, TOO!



MY SHOULDER WILL SOON HEAL!
THANKS TO YOU WE'RE RICH!
AGAIN! AN' WE CAN MAKE THIS
RANCH WHAT IT
OUGHT TO BE!

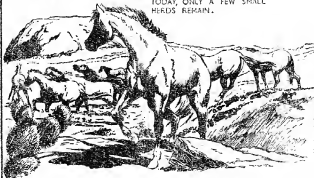
GUESS I,
GOTTA SAY
THANK YOU, TOO
AND THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY
I CAN DO IT!



WAY OUT WEST

WILD HORSES-- BROUGHT FROM SOUTH OF THE BORDER BY THE SPANISH CONQUERORS OF MEXICO. BETWEEN THE 16TH AND 17TH CENTURY THEY ROAMED THE VAST PRAIRIES IN LARGE HERDS.

TODAY, ONLY A FEW SMALL HERDS REMAIN.



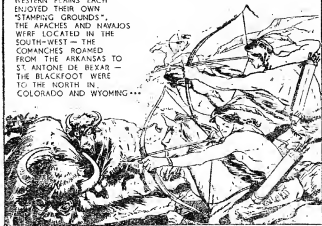
STAGECOACH-- FORERUNNER OF THE RAILWAY, AND IS PROPERLY CALLED A CONCORD COACH. IT WAS DRAWN BY SIX HORSES, AND HEAVILY ARMED GUARDS WERE EMPLOYED TO WARD OFF ATTACKS FROM INDIANS AND BANDITS.





DRYGULCH - MEANS
THE SAME THING AS
AMBUSHING A PERSON.
PLENTY OF THE
HISTORY OF THE WEST
IS FULL OF SHOOTINGS,
AND A LOT OF THEM
WERE DONE FROM
BEHIND A MESQUITE
BUSH OR A CONVENIENT
BOULDER...

THE INDIANS OF THE
WESTERN PLAINS EACH
ENJOYED THEIR OWN
"STAMPING GROUNDS".
THE APACHES AND NAVAJOS
WERE LOCATED IN THE
SOUTH-WEST - THE
COMANCHES ROAMED
FROM THE ARKANSAS TO
ST. ANTOINE DE BEXAR -
THE BLACKFOOT WERE
TO THE NORTH IN
COLORADO AND WYOMING...



BUCK JONES - FRAMED!



CATTLE RUSTLERS WHO KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS HAD BEEN GIVING BUCK JONES A DOUBLE-BARRELLED HEADACHE — IT WAS A HUNGRY HORSE IN THE GROCERY STORE THAT FINALLY SET HIM ROLLING ON THE RIGHT TRACK.



A BRAND-CHANGING MON DOGGONE IT, I RECKONED THE RUSTLERS HAILED FROM THESE PARTS. AND NOW I FIND THIS—IN THE SHERIFF'S SHACK! GUESS BUCK JONES HAS GOT A FEW AWKWARD QUESTIONS TO ANSWER!



YES, HE'S YOUR DEPUTY SHERIFF AROUND HERE. WHERE'LL YOUR BOSS?

GUESS BUCK'S IN THE SALOON HUNTIN' CLUES TO RUSTLERS. MASTER CLANCY.



IN THE SALOON!

LOOKIN' FOR CLUES OF THEM RUSTLERS, ARE YOU, BUCK? VIVAL, I'VE FOUND ONE—IN YOUR LEAN-TO! RECKON THAT RUSTY' BOSS WAS IN TOWN ALL THE TIME. GUESS I'VE FOUND HIM, TOO!

BE YOUR AGE, CLANCY.



I'VE GOT A GOOD JOB—I KNOW WHEN I'M WELL-OFF, IT WOULDN'T PAY ME TO GO CROOKED!

HOOEY! THEM RUSTLERS KNOW ALL THAT'S GOIN' ON IN THESE PARTS. AND I SAY YOU'RE THE BOSS RUSTLER! SO—REACH, YOU NO-GOOD—



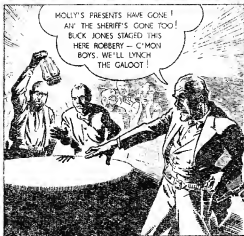
PUT THAT GUN AWAY, YOU ALL-FRED IDIOT!











HALF AN-HOUR LATER, BUCK FINDS HIMSELF UP IN THE FOOT-HILLS.

UCK, WHAT HAPPENED? I REMEMBER!
A GUY'S PARTY! LIGHT SHOT OUT!
SOMEBODY HIT ME ON THE HEAD—AND
THAT'S ALL! NO IT'S NOT! SOME
ONE THANKED ME FOR
HELPIN' HIM!



CLANCY WON'T LISTEN TO REASON
AFTER THIS. IT'S MY BET HE'S OUT
GUNNING FOR ME RIGHT NOW!
(GUESS IT HAS ALL THE EAR-MARKS OF
A FRANK!)!



ONE OF MOLLY'S PRESENTS! IT'S A
TEAM UP OKAY. THE RUSTLERS MUST
HAVE GUESSED I WAS CLOSE ON THEIR
TRAIL. REASON THEY MIGHT PULL A
JOB WHILE FOLKS ARE GUNNING
FOR ME, BY CRACKY—I'LL
GET 'EM—
OR BUST!



AS BUCK MOUNTS, HIS DEPUTY
COMES THUNDERING ALONG.

HEY, BUCK! BEEN
LOOKIN' FOR
YOU. THERE'S
BEEN A
ROBBERY
AT THE
LAZY-Y!

YEAH, I WAS THERE. LISTEN.
JED, TAKE THIS-RING TO
CLANCY. TELL HIM I WAS
FRAKED—BUT THAT I'LL GET THE
BANDITS BEFORE ANOTHER
SUN DOWN. GO ON—RIDE!



JED MEETS CLANCY AND THE LAZY-Y BOYS OUT GUNNING FOR BUCK.

YEAH, IT'S LIKE I'M
TELLIN' YOU BUCK
SAYS HE WAS FRAMED.
AND HE'LL GET THE
GALLOOTS, OR —

HOOEY! HE'S THE CROOK
ALL RIGHT, AND HE'S DUE FOR A
NECK-TIE PARTY RIGHT NOW!
C'MON, BOYS, HE'S UP IN
THE FOOT HILLS!



BUT BUCK IS WATCHING ALL

I CUSS'ED AS MUCH! THE TIME.
CLANCY RIDES TO THE HILLS —
— JED RIDES TO TOWN!
RECKON I'LL GO TO
TOWN, TOO!



SO WHILE MIKE CLANCY CHASES
HIS OWN SHADOW IN THE
FOOT-HILLS, I'LL GET THEM
PESKY BANDITS. GOOD
AN' PROPER!



A LITTLE LATER, BUCK REACHES HIS OFFICE.

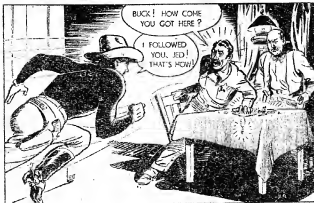
YOUR DEPUTY'S UPSTAIRS, BUCK.

THANKS! I'LL GO RIGHT ON UP! GUESS!



AND, UPSTAIRS.

LOCKIN' THE DOOR WON'T KEEP 'EM OUT - RATS! I'LL A CORFIN' 'EM!









BUCK JONES

and the
FIVE ACES

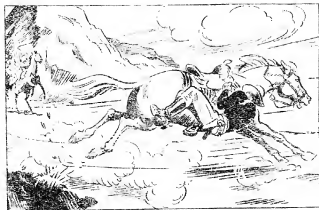


SLIM WILLIAMS
SURE TURNED
ALKALI CITY INTO
A HOT SPOT, AND
HE HAD TO BUMP
OFF BUCK JONES
TO DO IT—ONLY,
BUCK REFUSED
TO STAY
BUMPED
OFF!











ONCE OUT OF SIGHT OF THE WILLIAMS
GANG, BUCK WATCHES WITH INTEREST.

LET 'EM THINK I'M DEAD!
IT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE
TO FIND OUT WHAT
THEY'RE UP TO!



KINDA HANDY THE SHERIFF BEING
DEAD! THIS IS WHERE I TAKE
OVER ALKALI CITY -
- LET'S RIDE!



SO THE PARTY RIDE ON TO
ALKALI CITY THINKING
BUCK IS FINISHED -



LATER THAT NIGHT

THAT LIGHT'S JUST GONE
ON, SILVER - RECKON THAR'S
GONNA BE A POW-WOW
UP THAR!



NOW I'LL GET PULLIN' SOME STRINGS.
BY THIS TIME TOMORROW LOU
GARRITY WILL BE SHERIFF OF
ALKALI, AN' WE'LL TAKE
OVER THE TOWN!





SO SLIM WILLIAMS PUTS THE PRESSURE ON, AND LOU GARRITY IS DULY ELECTED SHERIFF OF ALKALI CITY. AS SOON AS THE NEWS GETS AROUND, THE TOWN BEGINS TO FILL WITH UNDESIRABLE CHARACTERS. AMONG THEM IS - PANHANDLER PERKINS -

THERE IS SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT HIS JAW - IN FACT HE IS -



- BUCK JONES, IN DISGUISE!





UNNOTICED IN THE FREE-
FOP ALL, BUCK SLIPS OUT
QUETLY...

HOW TO GET A
FEW OF THE
LOCAL CITIZENS!



... AND RETURNS WITH AN
ARMED BAND OF ALKALI
CITIZENS!

GET YOUR HANDS
UP, MUGS! THE
PARTY'S OVER!

AND THIS IS THE ALKALI
CITY WIFE-UP COMMITTEE
TELLIN' YOU!



I SAW THAT CROOK SHERIFF
AND THE DAINE, MARQUITA,
HEADING FOR THE
RAILROAD DEPOT!

I'LL SEE TO
THEM, YOU
GUYS LOOK
AFTER THIS
BUNCH



LEAVING THE LOCAL CITIZENS
IN CHARGE, BUCK RACES
AFTER MARQUITA AND GARRITY.









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