

La grande saga de Casey Ruggles

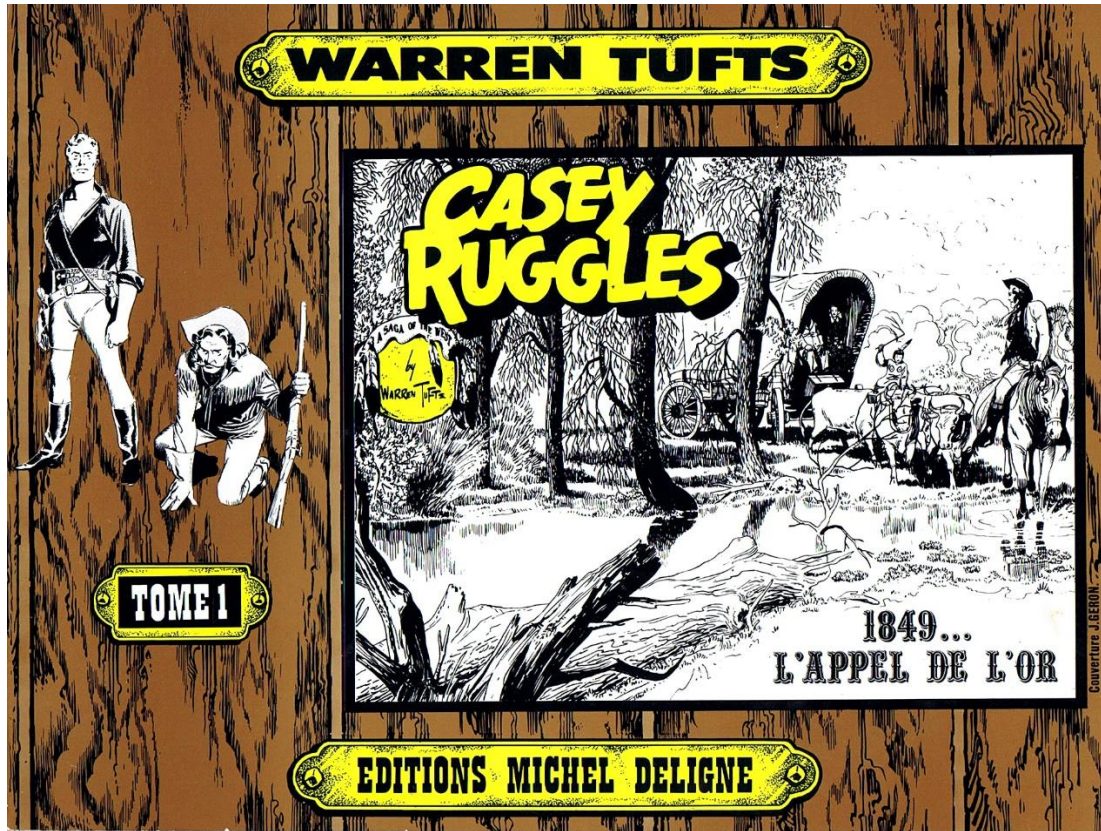
Michel Deligne, né en 1938, est un éditeur belge bien connu. Une excellente bibliographie en même temps que biographie est à consulter sur internet, en particulier sur wikipédia.

Michel Deligne publia le pire et le meilleur. En cette seconde catégorie figure ce bijou que constitue l'ensemble des titres propres à Casey Ruggles, western américain dessiné avec une rare élégance par Warren Tufts. Certains pourraient considérer à première vue ce grand western un peu trop esthétique, un peu trop glacé, trop beau en plus pour refléter la réalité plus sombre que lumineuse de l'ouest américain. Tel peut-être un premier sentiment. Mais une fois vraiment dans l'histoire, on ne peut que suivre celle-ci avec passion et oublier totalement ses doutes quant à la valeur de ce héros et de ses belles aventures. On en arrive même vite à considérer cette lecture comme un pur régal. Ce qui fait que notre Deligne, en nous offrant ces huit albums parus de 1978 à 1980, curieusement sous deux formats différents, a tapé dans le mille. Merci à lui.

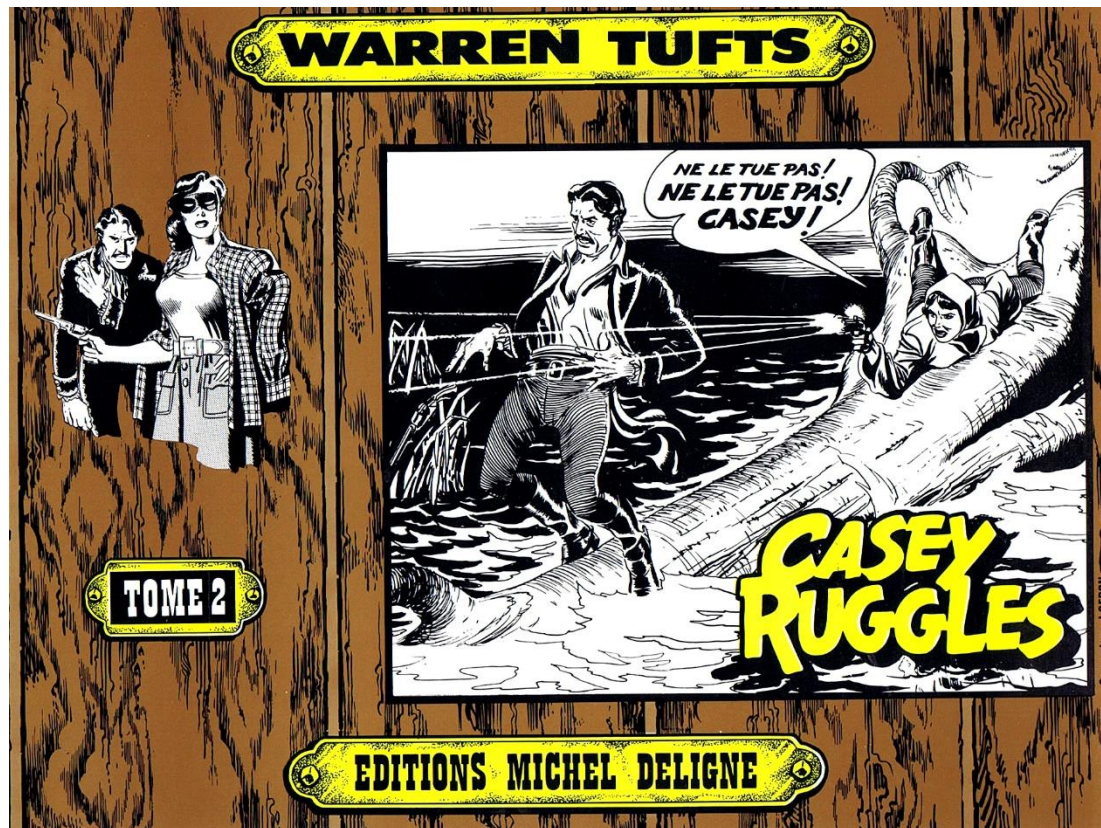
Nous reproduisons, après avoir rendu hommage à la belle production du « Maître » - ça ne l'empêcha pas de faire faillite ! – deux aventures en anglais, grande première ce nous semble dans nos présentations. Une fois n'étant donc pas coutume, nous vous prions d'accepter cette petite entorse à notre bon vieux français.



Michel Deligne dans sa librairie à Bruxelles, Curiosity House, fondée en 1972 Elle porte très bien son nom. Et que de merveilles sur ces rayonnages !



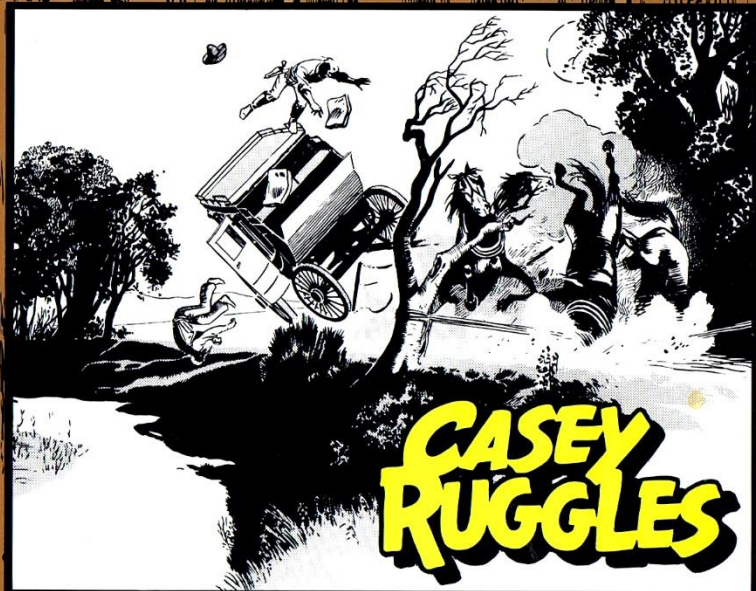
Edition très soignée avec de belles couvertures. Le format oblong est inusité dans la BD.



WARREN TUFTS



TOME 3



CASEY RUGGLES

EDITIONS MICHEL DELIGNE

Couverture J. GERON

WARREN TUFTS



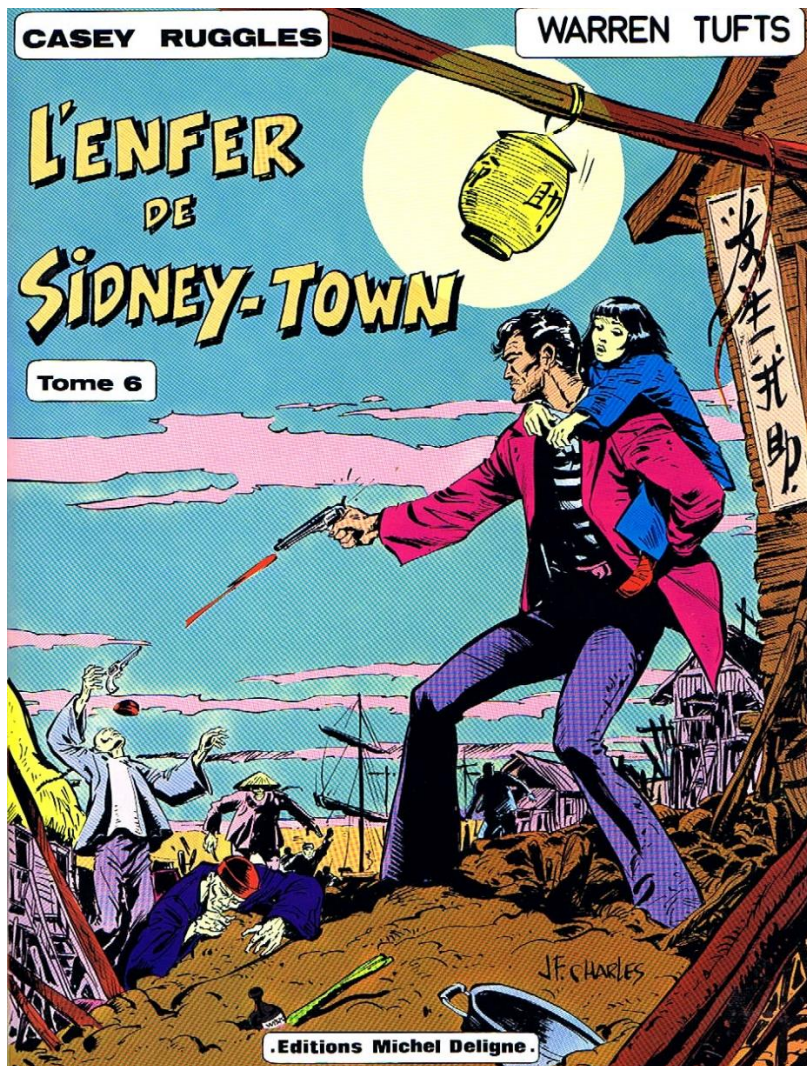
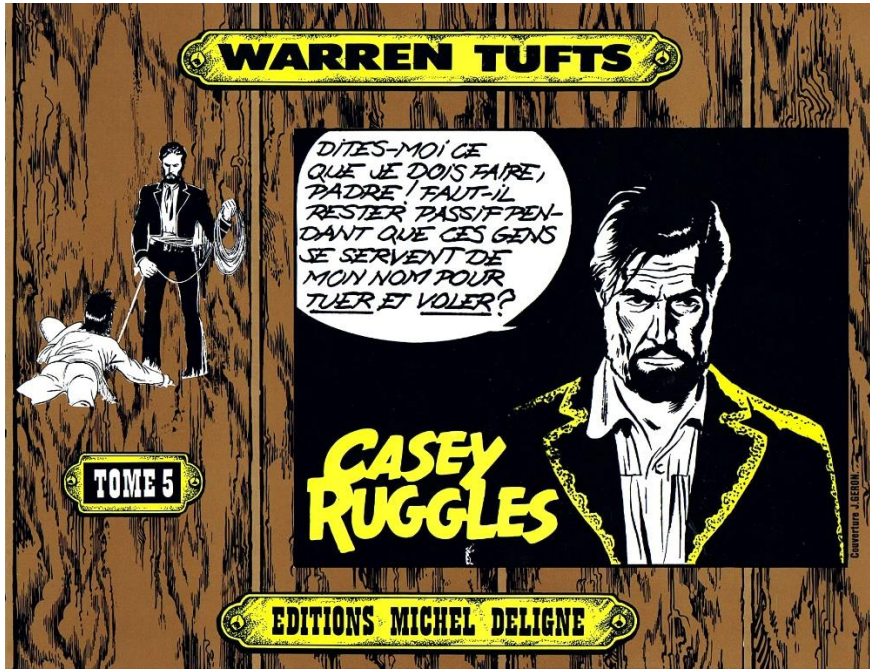
TOME 4



CASEY RUGGLES

EDITIONS MICHEL DELIGNE

Couverture J. GERON



CASEY RUGGLES

WARREN TUFTS

la POURSUITE INFERNALE

TOME 7



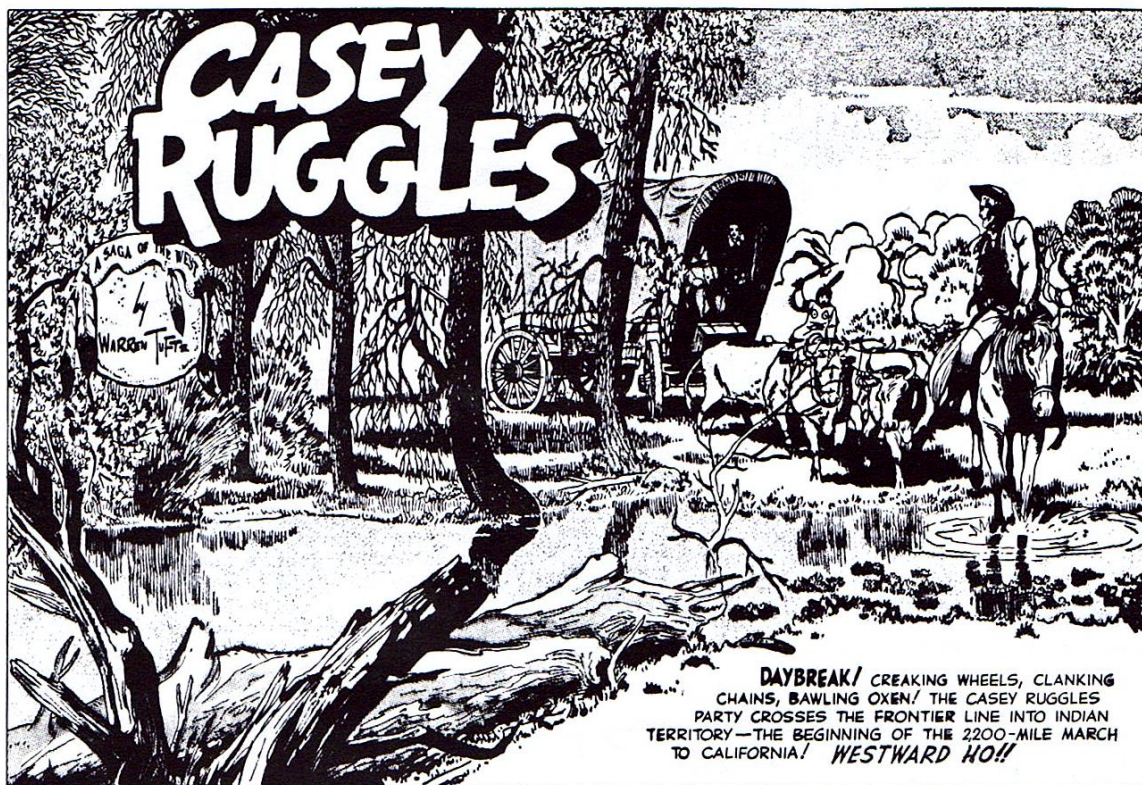
Warren Tufts

CASEY RUGGLES

LES PERLES DU DESERT



La qualité semblait quelque peu baisser pour ces derniers albums. L'ensemble reste néanmoins fascinant et est à recommander à tout amateur de BD, westerns en particulier.



I NTRODUCTION

Thirty years ago, in the centennial year of the 1849 Gold Rush, twenty-three-year-old Warren Tufts launched *CASEY RUGGLES, A Saga of the West*, a newspaper strip which chronicled the adventures of ex-U.S. Army Sgt. Ruggles, later U.S. Marshal. Tufts set his *Saga* in the turbulent times of this historic event.

In contrast to other strips, *CASEY RUGGLES'* time period and geographic locations were clearly identified, and authentically portrayed in the panels. Appropriately, Tufts had our hero associate with historical personalities who were alive in Gold Rush Times. Reader interest was further stimulated when Tufts frequently blurred the line between fact and legend to involve Casey Ruggles in and about famous events of record.

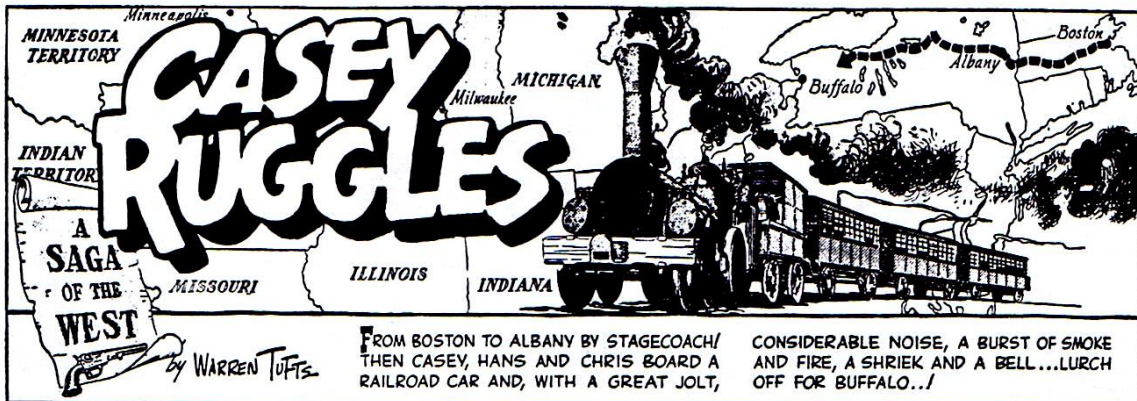
Tufts' art style was best described as photographic and cinematic. Anatomic proportions were accurate, as were the artifacts and locales of the period. He was particularly adept at designing the camera viewpoint of the panels so as to augment action and movement in the strips. His landscapes were exquisite.

To heighten the sense of reality, Tufts took great pains to include themes of human interest in his stories. Comic relief alternated with intense action. Some stories dealt with moral dilemma, while others were tender stories of love and gentle whimsy. As in real life, one could not often predict with any degree of accuracy whether, after the brawl, things would turn out "all right": the best man or woman did not always win.

Interestingly, it is this formula of realism that makes Tufts' work contemporary and thoroughly readable in the 1980's.

Henry Yeo.

CONTENTS



FROM BOSTON TO ALBANY BY STAGECOACH/ THEN CASEY, HANS AND CHRIS BOARD A RAILROAD CAR AND, WITH A GREAT JOLT, CONSIDERABLE NOISE, A BURST OF SMOKE AND FIRE, A SHRIEK AND A BELL...LURCH OFF FOR BUFFALO..!

So far...

In 1848, Sgt. Casey Ruggles of the U.S. Dragoons in California with the Fremont Expeditions resigns his commission and returns to Boston for Hans and Chris Hasenseffer. They set out for gold country, picking up Kit Fox, an Osage orphan, on the way. Once in California, they find neither fame nor fortune in gold mining. Casey starts a freight service, while Hans returns to publishing. Their operations are headquartered in the ruined John Sutter's Fort. The following year, after Casey routs the forces of the Emperor of Tillyvally, he is appointed roving U.S. Marshal of the new state of California.



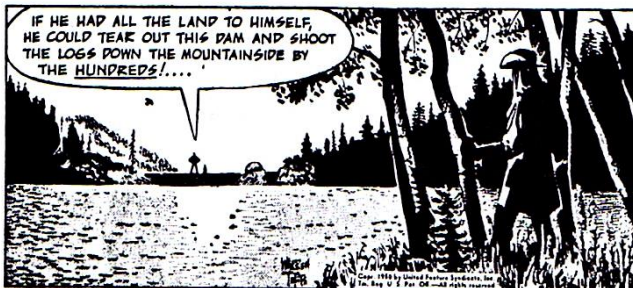
TREK TO CALIFORNIA
(9-19-49 to 1-7-50)

Tufts' *Saga of the West* starts in the Sunday papers in May, 1949. In September, 1949, the daily strips begin in continuity with the Sunday strips, augmenting the adventures of the Ruggles party as they travel west. Some of the background and inks are apparently by Edmund Good and Al Plastino.



EMPEROR OF TILLYVALLY
(1-9-50 to 1-14-50)

These six strips form a short introduction to one of Casey's wildest adventures. The villain calls himself the unlikely name of Jolly Roger I, Emperor of Tillyvally. What he does, however, is no laughing matter. The action takes place near Hangtown, in the Sierra Foothills. The storyline of the Sunday and daily strips diverge after this week.



THE WHISPERER (11-20-50 to 8-21-50 to 11-18-50) threatens the inhabitants of Big Bear Flat, where logging co-exists with gold mining. After a series of false leads, Casey uncovers the Whisperer's motive - and his identity.

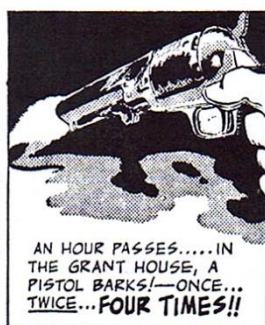
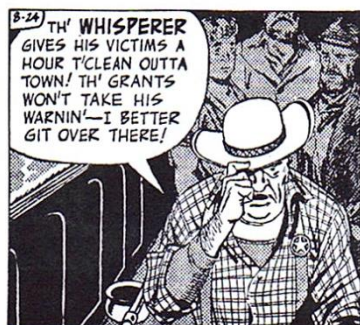
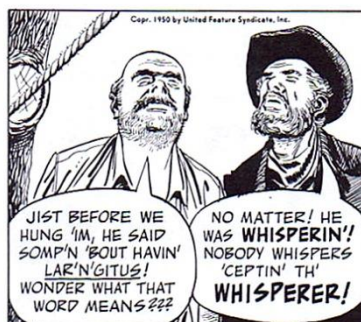
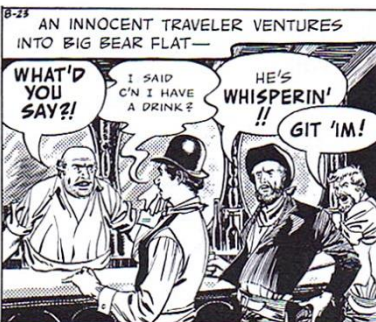
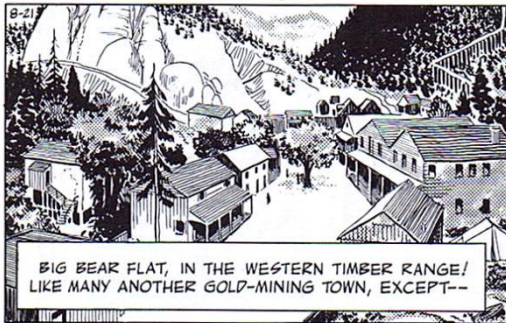
CASEY RUGGLES

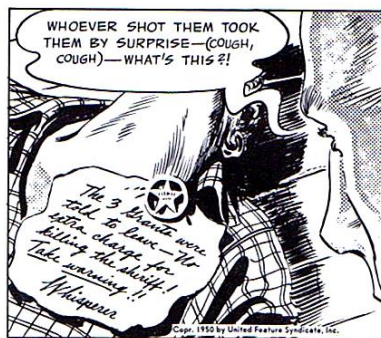
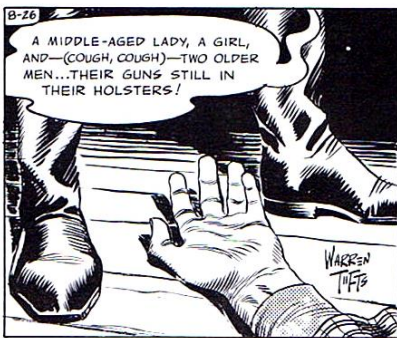
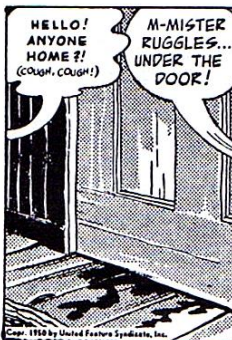
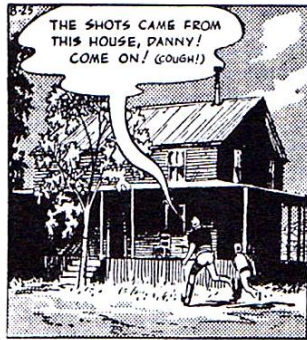
by WARREN TIFTS

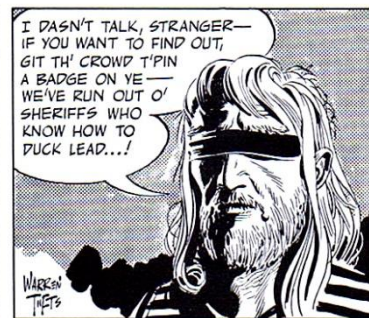
COLLECTION CASEY RUGGLES PUBLISHED BY WESTERN WIND PRODUCTIONS, LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA
in collaboration with Dr. Henry Yeo and Tony Ralola — Cover by Ron Harris
U.S.A. Distribution: Tony Ralola, P.O. Box 14361, LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA 90803
© 1949, 1950, 1953 by UNITED FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.
© 1981 WESTERN WIND PRODUCTIONS
LIMITED EDITION FOR COMIC ART COLLECTORS
THE PUBLISHER IS INDEBTED TO MIKE ROYER FOR THE GENEROUS LOAN
OF HIS EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL ARTWORK FOR THE PRODUCTION OF THIS VOLUME

Synopsis

- 5-22-49: *Late Fall, 1848. The Boston and New York Stage Co. brings young ex-Sergeant Casey Ruggles back to Boston. Fending off bystanders' questions about gold in California, he heads for Hans Hassenfeffer's Print Shop for a happy reunion with Hans and his adopted daughter, Chris.*
- 5-29-49: *Giving Hans two days to clear up his business, Casey makes plans to head for California a jump ahead of the anticipated Spring stampede. While arranging for transportation, he runs across Army deserter Bolt, who recognizes the value of Casey's expeditionary experience, and tries to "recruit" him to lead his group.*
- 6-5-49: *As Bolt, Cap, and assorted villains surround Casey, an elegantly-dressed lady rides by in her cab and calls out to him. He makes a run for it, but catches a wild shot from the prone Bolt. In a fog, Casey drives himself and his mysterious rescuer into a store window.*
- 6-12-49: *Three days later, Casey awakens in a magnificent mansion, and finally confronts his benefactress. He tentatively addresses her as "Miss Jean Lafitte"; but she ignores the insinuation, preferring to be known as Lilli Fontaine. Lilli doesn't get very far with her proposition that Casey join forces with her for the trip to California. But she correctly guesses that now that Casey knows of her interest, he will set out from Boston that very day.*
- 6-19-49: *Casey, Hans, and Chris leave on the Albany stage. Bolt and Lilli stand close by.*
- 6-26-49: *Casey and his family stay overnight at the Red Horse Tavern twenty miles out of Boston. In trying to explain his three-day absence, Casey tells an unconvinced Chris that he leads "anything but a routine existence".*
- 7-3-49: *Boston to Albany by stage coach. Now they board a railroad car and lurch off for Buffalo.*
- 7-10-49: *After being stranded for a night in the Mohawk Valley (the locomotive boiler blew up) a relief train picks them up and steams into Buffalo. They ride the stage into Detroit for a twenty-minute layover and then it's off for Chicago. Casey is invited to ride shotgun.*
- 7-17-49: *Bandits waylay the coach by toppling a tree onto the coach, the driver, and the horses.*
- 7-24-49: *Hans and Chris survive. The bandits fight over who gets the lady. Casey appears among the mangled remains and guns down the bandits.*
- 7-31-49: *Fighting off discouragement, the three survivors salvage some horses and ride on. Casey's recent gunshot wound reopens, and he loses consciousness, and falls off his horse.*
- 8-7-49: *Lilli and her slave, Jason, reappear to survey the scene of the ambush. They find Chris and Hans vainly trying to tend to Casey.*
- 8-14-49: *Lilli and Jason get Casey to a doctor in Chicago. They are secretly followed by Bolt and Cap.*
- 8-21-49: *Afternoon of a late winter's day, and Casey and company reach St. Louis - last stop before the Frontier.*
- 8-28-49: *Fearing the Red Man's barbarism, a boozy emigrant kills a peaceful trader brave and his squaw, and clubs their small son. That's all he remembers - as Casey's fist crashes home with force enough to fell an ox. Next morning on the steamer bound for Westport, Casey is presented with a horse "blessed by WAKANDA" with the color of the sun. Gratified, Casey accepts the palomino - only to find out that the little orphan boy, Kit Fox, goes with the horse.*
- 9-4-49: *At Independence, Casey purchases oxen, wagon, and other supplies for the trek from old friend and village smithy, Bob Weston, for \$635.50. Discovering that Casey doesn't plan to leave Independence for another week or so, Lilli (who has a rendezvous to keep) decides to force him into an early start.*
- 9-11-49: *Casey uses the respite to instruct Hans, Chris, and Kit Fox in the social mores of the Western Frontier; as well as the use of firearms.*
- 9-18-49: *Lilli arranges for an ox yoke to be stolen from the Ruggles camp. This, together with his spotting Bolt and Cap in town, triggers Casey into immediately breaking camp - exactly as Lilli had hoped.*
-



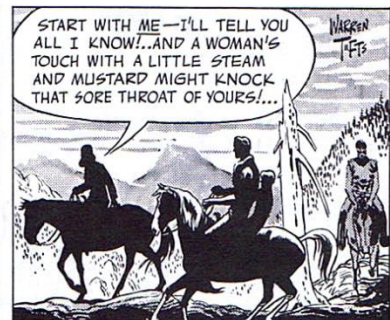
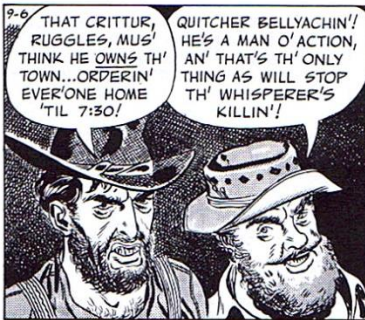




2-4

"IF YOU WANT TO FIND OUT 'BOUT TH' WHIS'PERER," BLIND SAM SAYS, GIT THIS CROWD TO PIN A BADGE ON YE! WE'VE RUN OUT O' SHERIFFS WHO KNOW HOW TO DUCK LEAD!..."

Copyright 1960 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. All Rights Reserved. U.S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved.

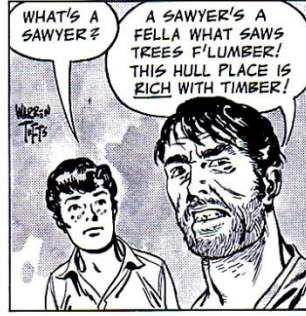




9-9

WHILE CLARE TELLS CASEY WHAT SHE KNOWS OF THE WHISPERER, DANNY TAGS AFTER TOM ON HIS ROUND OF CHORES...

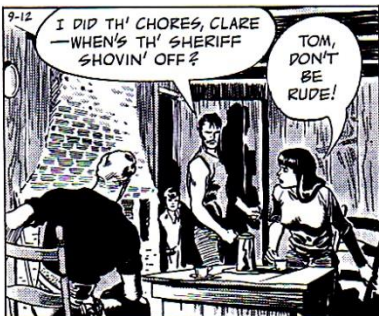
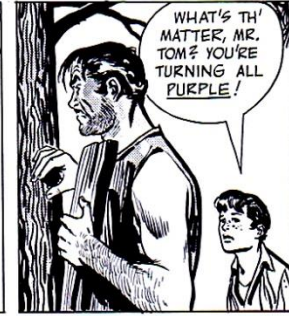
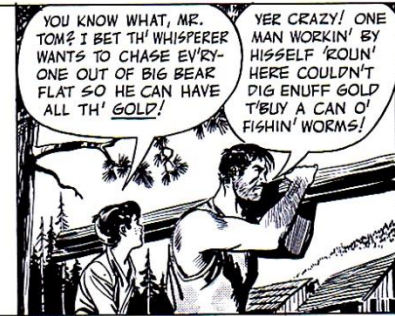
Copyright © 1950 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. All rights reserved.

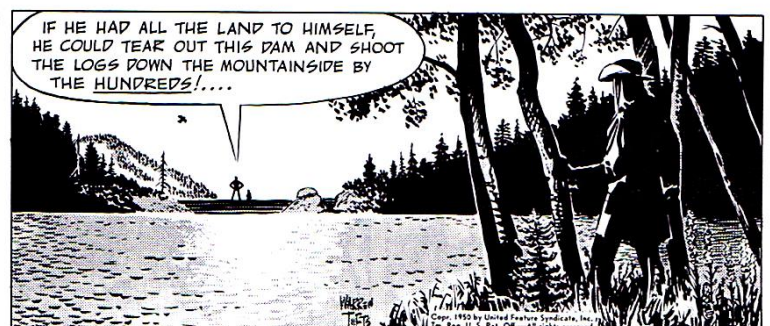
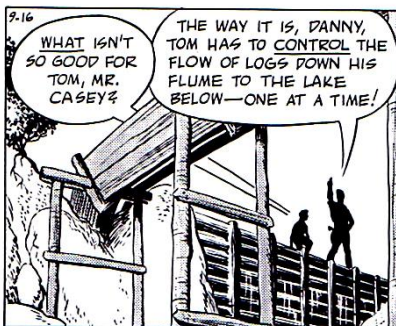
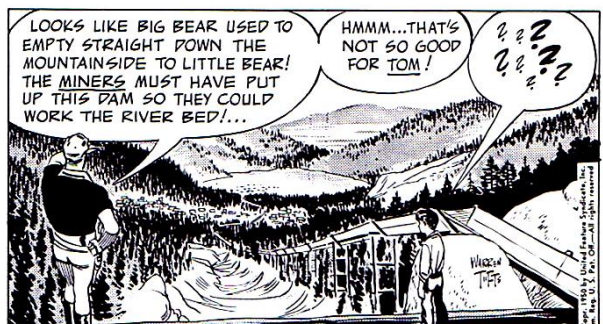
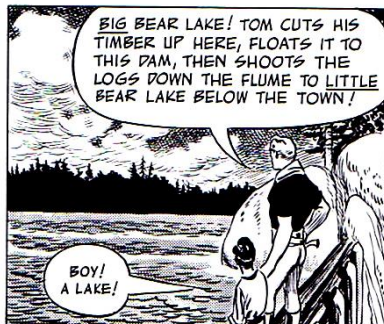
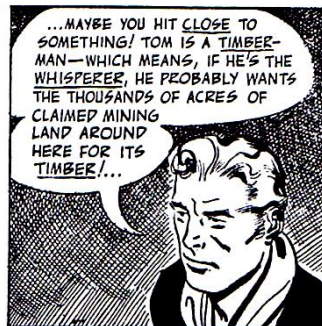
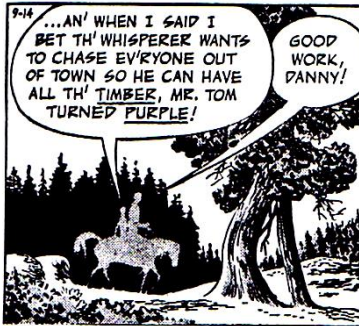


9-11

WHILE CLARE TELLS CASEY OF THE WHISPERER'S ATTACKS, DANNY TAGS AFTER TOM ON HIS ROUND OF CHORES....

Copyright © 1950 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. All rights reserved.





9-18

IT IS NEARLY SEVEN O'CLOCK WHEN CASEY AND DANNY START DOWN FROM THE DAMSITE....

MR. CASEY, IF TOM IS TH' WHISPERER, LET'S GO NAB 'IM!

WE NEED PROOF, DANNY....

THE FACT THAT TOM WOULD PROFIT IF ALL THIS TIMBERLAND WERE HIS ISN'T ENOUGH-- LISTEN!-- EXPLOSION!

EXPLOSION!--AND, IN THE TOWN BELOW, THE DANCE HALL WHERE CASEY'S MASS MEETING IS TO TAKE PLACE GOES UP IN SMOKE!....

WAGNER 1938

9-19

WHAT HAPPENED?!

DAR DOES YOU MEET PLACE, HEADMAN-- WHISPERER BLOW CEILINK OFF PENCE HULL!

DIS FLAG VAS POOSHED IN DURT!

'LAST WARNING!-- ALL LEAVE BIG BEAR FLAT OR DIE FROM FIRE, FAMINE, AND FLOOD! WHISPERER!'

HE ISN'T LOSING ANY TIME! ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET THIS FIRE OUT!

HOW? THIS IS A BIG FIRE! YOU WANT MESSBE WE SHOULD BLOW IT OUT?!

TEN MEN CHOP OUT THE FOUNDATION!--COLLAPSE THE BUILDING! GET 50 MEN UP ON THAT HILL TO START A LANDSLIDE! WE'LL SMOTHER IT!!

WAGNER 1938

9-20

THE WHISPERER THREATENS TO WIPE OUT BIG BEAR FLAT WITH FIRE, FAMINE, AND FLOOD, AND STARTS OFF BY FIRING THE DANCE HALL!

AS THE BLAZE RAGES OUT OF CONTROL....

...CASEY ASSIGNS TEN MEN TO QUICKLY COLLAPSE THE BUILDING BY CHOPPING OUT THE FOUNDATION!

...WHILE 50 MEN, SENT TO THE HILL ABOVE THE BUILDING, SET ABOUT STARTING A LANDSLIDE! OBJECT: SMOTHER THE FIRE!

MEANWHILE, CASEY ORGANIZES THE REST OF HIS MEN INTO FIVE-MAN SQUADS, DISPATCHING THE FIRST FOUR SQUADS TO GUARD THE DAM!...

WHICH--IF BLOWN UP-- WILL FLOOD THE TOWN!!!

WAGNER 1938

9-21

IT'LL TAKE 10 MINUTES FOR MY MEN TO GET UP TO THE DAM! IF ONLY THE WHISPERER DOESN'T BLOW IT UP IN THE MEAN-TIME AND FLOOD US!...

VE JOOST 'BOUT GOT FIRE SMOOSHED, HEADMAN! VOT'S NOW?!

THE WHISPERER ALSO PROMISED 'HUNGER' IN HIS NOTE! HE COULPN'T VERY WELL ATTACK EACH MINER'S FOOD SUPPLY....

HE MUST O' MEANT TH' TWO GEN'RAL STORES WE GOT! JENKINS' STORE--

AND JUST THEN, JENKINS' STORE GOES UP IN SMOKE!!

WAGNER 1938

9-22

THE WHISPERER'S BLOWN UP JENKINS' FOOD STORE!!

THE FAMINE BEGINS!!

SQUADS 5 AND 6—GUARD THE SECOND STORE!..

SQUADS 7 THROUGH 25—MAN A BUCKET BRIGADE ON JENKINS' PLACE!!

AS THE 10-MAN GUARD SURROUNDS THE SECOND FOOD STORE, NO ONE NOTICES THAT WATER HAS BEGUN COURSING DOWN THE LUMBER FLUME WHICH PASSES DIRECTLY OVERHEAD!!

Copyright 1950 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. TM, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved.

9-23

SHERIFF, HEAR THAT? SOMEONE'S OPENED TH' HEAD-GATE AT TH' DAM!—THEY'S LOGS COMIN' DOWN TH' LUMBER FLUME!

THE FLUME PASSES DIRECTLY OVER THE FOOD STORE OVER THE STORE WE'RE GUARDING!—WHA—

...AND AN ENDLESS STREAM OF CAREENING LOGS SHOOT THE FLUME TRENCH AND—

LOOKOUT!!

SUPPENLY, 20 YARDS SHORT OF THE STORE, A SECTION OF THE FLUME IS BLASTED!!...

Copyright 1950 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. TM, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved.

9-25

RUGGLES! TH' LOGS SLAMMIN' OUTTA THIS BLASTED FLUME ARE LEVELIN' TH' FOOD STORE!

GIVE ME YOUR AX, QUICK!

WE'RE GOING TO BREAK THE FLUME IN A NEW PLACE—TRY TO DIVERT THE LOGS! GET ME A COUPLE OF MEN!

LEAN INTO IT! WE'VE GOT TO SHOVE THE FLUME OFF ITS BED!! SHOVE!!

Copyright 1950 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. TM, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved.

9-26

AS CASEY BATTLES TO STOP THE FLOW OF LOGS FROM DEMOLISHING A FOOD STORE, THE GUARDS HE DISPATCHED TO THE DAM ARRIVE TO FIND—

WHISPERER!!

?

L'K'OUT F' THAT PIKE!!

Copyright 1950 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. TM, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved.



10-2

WELL, CLARE AND TOM ARE ON THEIR WAY TO SAW MILL FLAT FOR FRESH SUPPLIES! I STILL THINK TOM SHOULD BE JAILED!

MOST OF US TOWNFOLKS THINK THIS IS A GOOD TEST, SHERIFF—

—TH' WHISPERER'S TRYIN' TO STARVE TH' TOWN OUT! IF TOM'S TH' WHISPERER, WOULD HE OFFER TO BRING IN SUPPLIES??

ALZO, EEF WHITS'PERER MAKES NEX' ATTECK WHILE TOM'S IN SAW MEEL FLOT, DOT'LL PROOF TOM'S HOKAY!

AT THIS MOMENT, TOM'S FREIGHT WAGON PULLS OFF THE SAW MILL FLAT ROAD AND STOPS AT HIS LITTLE BEAR LAKE LOGGING CAMP BELOW TOWN!!

Copyright © 1950 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

10-3

LEAVING THE ROAD TO SAW MILL FLAT, TOM AND CLARE PULL UP AT THEIR LITTLE BEAR LAKE LOGGING CAMP—

THERE ARE ANGRY WORDS—AND SUDDENLY TOM FELS HIS SISTER WITH A VICIOUS BLOW ON THE HEAD!

... AND SETS OFF FOR HIGH GROUND ABOVE TOWN!

THEN FROM THE STOREHOUSE HE FETCHES LONGBOW, HUNTING ARROWS AND OIL-SOAKED RAGS...

Copyright © 1950 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

10-4

DANNY SAID YOU WANTED TO TALK TO ME, BLIND SAM—

AYE, MR. RUGGLES—COME IN!

—WHEN I FIRST MET YE, I COULDN'T TALK PRIVATE FER TH' CROWD...BUT THERE'S SOMETHIN' YE SHOULD KNOW:—

'T WAS I WHO GAVE TH' WHISPERER HIS NAME, BEIN' TH' ONLY PUSSON EVER T'HEAR 'IM! I C'N RECOGNIZE HIS WHISPER ANYWHERE...!

AN' MY COMPANION, BRUTUS, C'N RECOGNIZE HIS SCENT!!

WHEN YE THINK YE'VE CAUGHT TH' WHISPERER, TH' PROOF O' TH' PUDDIN' WILL BE WHEN BRUTUS TEARS 'IM T'BITS!!

Copyright © 1950 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

10-5

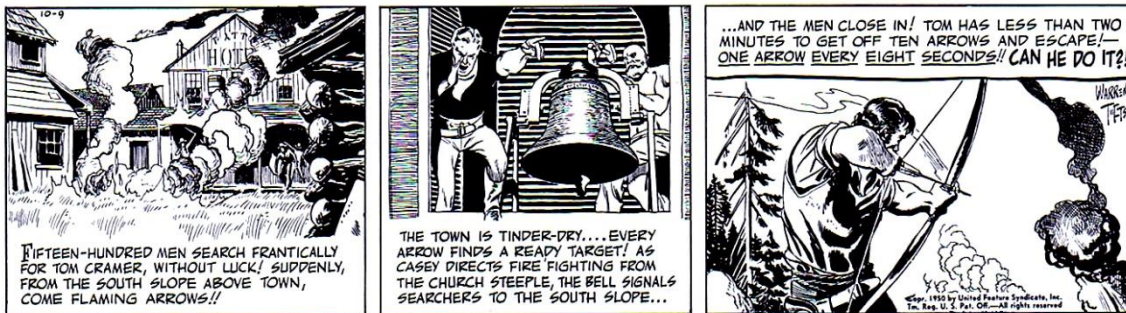
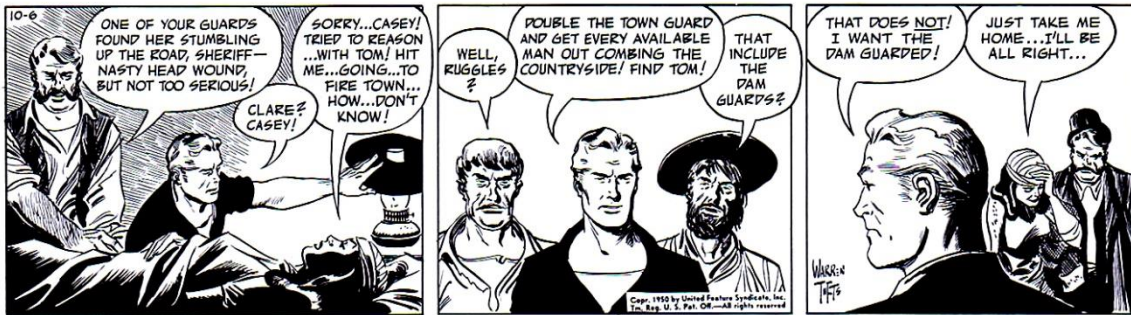
CAN WE COUNT ON BRUTUS TO IDENTIFY THE WHISPERER, BLIND SAM?

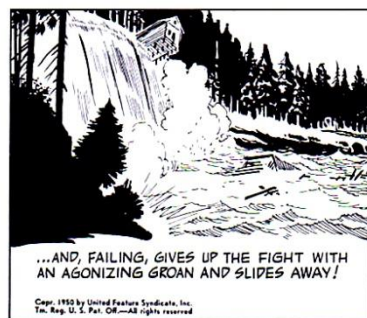
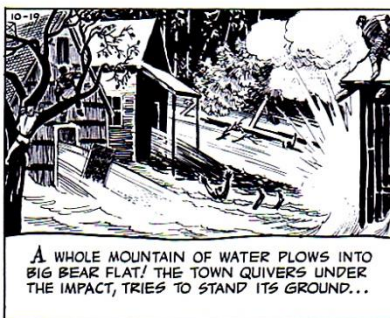
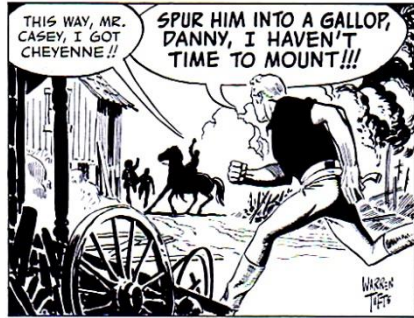
AYE, MR. RUGGLES—BRUTUS WILL KNOW!

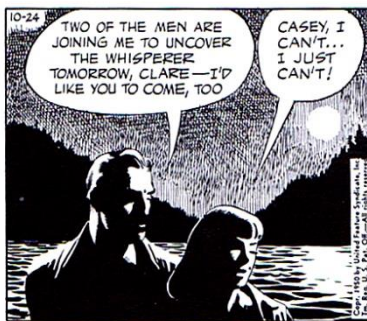
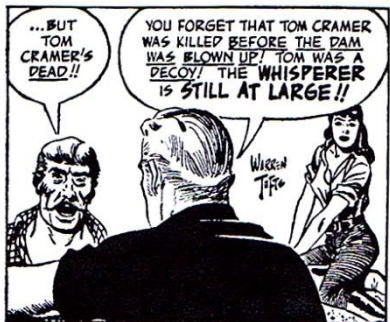
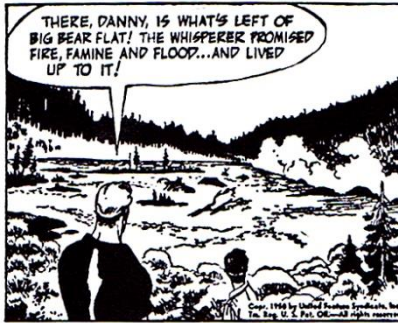
OKAY—THEN BRUTUS'S OUR ACE-IN-THE-HOLE! AND, SAM—KEEP IT QUIET!

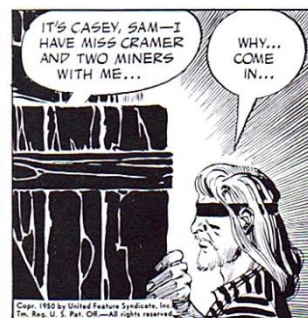
SHERIFF, WE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR YA!—CLARE CRAMER'S BEEN FOUND SLUGGED! HER BROTHER DID IT! TOM'S TH' WHISPERER!!

Copyright © 1950 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. All Rights Reserved.









MORNING.....
CASEY LEADS
CLARE AND
TWO CHOSEN
MINERS TO
BLIND SAM'S
CABIN TO
UNMASK THE
WHISPERER

10-30
I GUESS THIS IS IT, EH, MR. RUGGLES?
THIS IS IT, SAM...

WELL, I BEEN EXPECTIN' IT ...AN' I'M READY!
YOU ADMITS YOU WHITS'PERER?!!
VHY, YOU DORTY--

IF YOU THINK BLIND SAM IS THE WHISPERER, TAKE A LOOK UNDER THAT BLACK BAND WHERE HIS EYES USED TO BE!!

10-31
CASEY, IF SAM ISN'T THE WHISPERER, WHY ARE WE HERE?
BECAUSE SAM'S THE ONLY ONE WHO'S HEARD THE WHISPERER...THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN IDENTIFY HIS 'VOICE'!

AYE! AS TH' WHISPERER THREW ACID IN ME EYES, HE SAID-- 'I'M LETTIN' YE LIVE AS A WARNIN' T' OTHERS T' LEAVE BIG BEAR FLAT...!' I'LL NOT F'GIT THAT WHISPER!!
THE WHISPERER WANTS THIS TERRITORY EITHER FOR ITS GOLD OR ITS TIMBER! WE'RE HERE TO DECIDE WHICH!!

JED, YOU'RE A PROFESSIONAL MINER WITH BIG-OPERATION KNOW-HOW! YOU'RE SUSPECT NUMBER ONE! WHISPER THOSE WORDS SAM SPOKE!
ME??
M-ME??
W-W-WHISPER???

11-1
THIS IS SILLY, RUGGLES, I COULDN'T BE TH' WHISPERER! I...I...I--
WHISPER, JED!

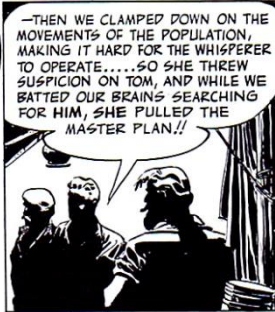
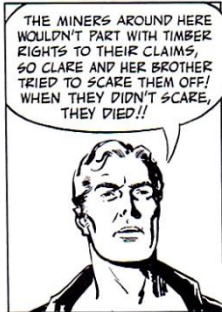
'I'M...LETTING YOU LIVE... SAM...AS... A WARNIN' TO OTHERS...TO LEAVE BIG BEAR FLAT!!

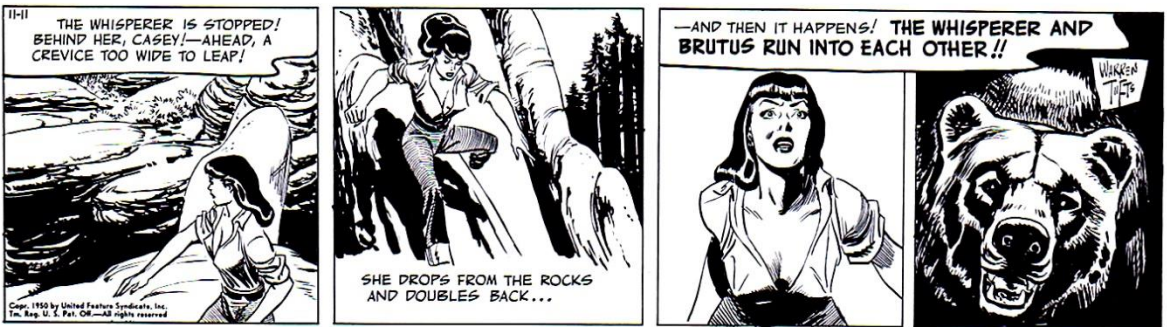
BUT I'M NOT TH' WHISPERER, RUGGLES, I SWEAR--
HE'S RIGHT, MR. RUGGLES...HE'S NOT TH' WHISPERER!

11-2
YOU'RE A MINER, JACQUES-- BEFORE, YOU WERE A LUMBER-JACK! YOU COULD BE THE WHISPERER ON TWO COUNTS! WHISPER!
ME??
SHU!!

I LETTINK YOU ALIVE, SAMMY, BECUSS YOU VARNING TO UTTER PIPPLES DEY SHOOD GIT OUT PIG PEAK FLOT!!

NO...TH' WHISPERER SPOKE ENGLISH, RUGGLES!
ONE SUSPECT LEFT.....! CLARE??
ME?!
CASEY, HAVE YOU GONE LOCO??!





11-15
EVEN THE MINERS, ACROSS THE RIVER, HEAR IT: A WOMAN'S PIERCING SCREAM, TWO RAPID SHOTS, AND A BEAR'S CRY OF RAGE!

AND CASEY, WHO HAD BEEN FOLLOWING CLARE, HEARS IT AND LEAPS TO THE SCENE!

THE WHISPERER'S SHOTS STUN BRUTUS, AND CLARE MISSES HER ADVANTAGE: INSTEAD OF EMPTYING HER SPARE GUN INTO HIM, SHE TURNS TO RUN!!

Wagner TFB

Copy, 1950 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. TM, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved.

11-16
AND IN TURNING TO RUN, CLARE MAKES HER FATAL MISTAKE!

THE WHISPERER'S EAR-SPLITTING CRY SETS OFF A STAMPEDE!— THE MINERS RACE PELL-MELL FOR THE SCENE...

...MEETING JED AND JACQUES ON THE WAY—

CLARE CREAMER'S TH' WHISPERER, AN' BRUTUS HAS GOT 'ER! COME ON!!

Wagner TFB

Copy, 1950 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. TM, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved.

SHOOT THAT BEAR! HELL KILL HER!!

CAN'T! WE'LL HIT HER!!

Copy, 1950 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. TM, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved.

RUGGLES, Y' CRAZY FOOL— DON'T!!

Wagner TFB

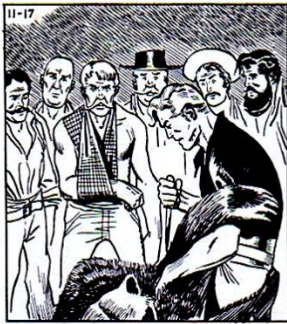
11-16
WITH A CRY OF RAGE, BRUTUS TURNS ON HIS ASSAILANT!

NO UGLIER ENEMY THAN A WOUNDED GRIZZLY! CASEY FEINTS TO HIS RIGHT... BRUTUS LUNGES...

...AND CASEY HITS HIM FROM BEHIND... SLASHING... SLASHING...

Wagner TFB

Copy, 1950 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. TM, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved.



LANCE

YOU'VE SEEN THE LAST OF WHEAT-CROFT, TINTA... YOUR FATHER'S VAQUEROS WILL DELIVER HIM TO THE NAVY AT MONTEREY AND HE'LL BE SALTED AWAY!

AND NOW, WHAT OF YOU, LANCE?

MUST YOU HURRY BACK TO THOSE STUPID OCCUPATION DUTIES SO SOON? YOU WERE REPORTED DEAD—YOUR ARMY WILL NOT MISS YOU FOR A LITTLE WHILE...

CAN'T CHANCE IT. IF THEY FIND THEY CAN DO WITHOUT ME, I'LL BE OUT OF A JOB!

ADIOS, 'RED'!

ADIOS, GRINGO...

THE MILES POUND BY AND LANCE EXHILARATES IN THE SPACIOUS FREEDOM OF THE RAW LAND. BY DUSK HE SHOULD CATCH UP TO HIS TROOPS NEAR THE ABANDONED PRESIDIO OF SAN FRANCISCO...

...THEN ON TO SUTTER'S FORT ON THE AMERICAN RIVER... AND THE ARMS AND KISSES OF SWEET, PATIENT AND ADORING VALLE...

BUT LANCE RECKONS WITHOUT THE NEWS WHICH HAS REACHED SUTTER'S FORT! WITH THE STRENGTH OF BIG FALLON TO GUIDE AND SUSTAIN HER, A GRIEF-STRIKEN VALLE LEAVES CALIFORNIA ON THE OVERLAND TRAIL EAST, BEARING THE TRAGIC NEWS OF LANCE'S DEATH TO HIS FAMILY...

NIGHTFALL. HIS TROOPS STILL UNSIGHTED, LANCE MAKES CAMP IN A GROVE OF OAKS. ABRUPTLY, A SIXTH SENSE CAUSES HIM TO WHIRL...

WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER? WHERE IS NIETA MIA?!

for late TV news and closeup views and viewing cues FOLLOW "IT'S THE MOLLOY" in The Sun-Times

Seule page d'un autre héros de Warren Tufts, Lance. Un récit qui promet mais que nous n'aurons jamais l'occasion de connaître, jamais traduit en français, ce qui semble être une pure hérésie. On nous a bombardé d'un chénit invraisemblables et de toutes origines, et des chefs-d'œuvre authentique sont restés en rade. Cherchez l'erreur. Ci-dessous une autre aventures en anglais de Casey Ruggles. A nos dictionnaires !

CASEY RUGGLES

A FAMILY REUNION!

TAKING TIME OFF CASEY FINDS SOLITUDE AND CAMPS WITH HIS THOUGHTS IN THE TIMELESS QUIET OF THE VALLEY!



ON THE EVE OF HIS SECOND DAY OF WANDERING A PAIR OF TRAVELERS APPROACHES CASEY'S FIRE FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE SIERRA WALL.



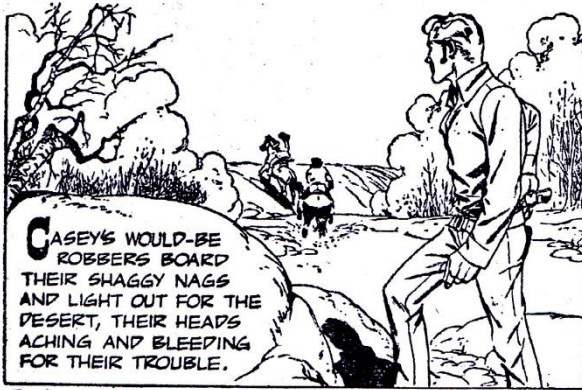
TRAVEL-STAINED, WEARY, SOUR-FACED AND SMELLY, THEY GOBBLE CASEY'S FARE HUNGRILY AND WITHOUT THANKS. CASEY HAS SEEN SOME WEIRD CHARACTERS, BUT ONLY STARVATION COULD OBLIGE HIM TO STOMACH THESE TWO!

HIS SUSPICIONS ARE REALIZED WHEN—UNINVITED—THEY DECIDE TO SPEND THE NIGHT WITH HIM. TOWARD MORNING THEY MAKE THEIR MOVE—

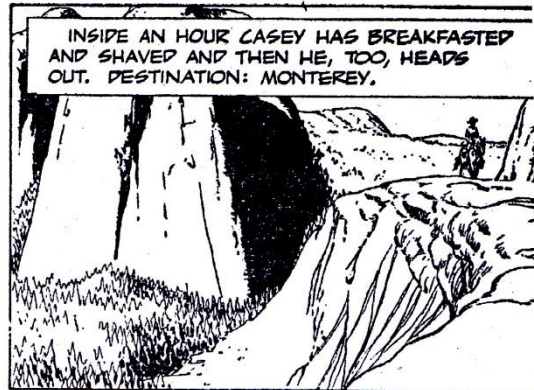


DROP IT, STINKY! ONLY MY SUBLIME, GOOD NATURE KEEPS ME FROM PLANTING A BALL RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES OF YOU BOTH! NOW PACK UP YOUR FRIEND AND HEAD FOR DISTANCE!—LOTS OF IT!

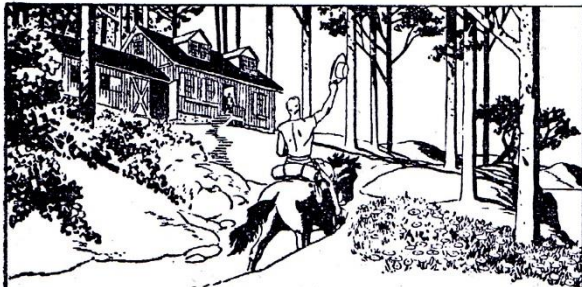
TM. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved
Copr. 1954 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.



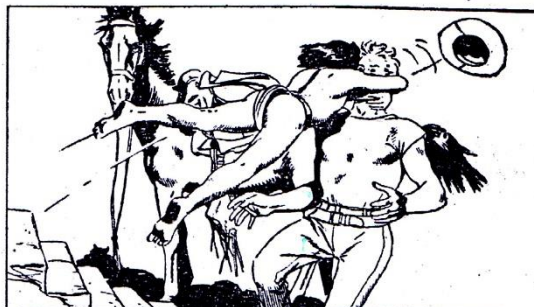
CASEY'S WOULD-BE ROBBERS BOARD THEIR SHAGGY NAGS AND LIGHT OUT FOR THE DESERT, THEIR HEADS ACHING AND BLEEDING FOR THEIR TROUBLE.



INSIDE AN HOUR CASEY HAS BREAKFASTED AND SHAVED AND THEN HE, TOO, HEADS OUT. DESTINATION: MONTEREY.



MORE THAN A YEAR HAS PASSED SINCE CASEY HAS SEEN HIS FRIENDS. ONE OF THEM SPIES HIM COMING AND A WILD WHOOP ROLLS OUT ACROSS THE PACIFIC.



KIT FOX! SCOURGE OF THE PALEFACE! DEFENDER OF THE RED MAN'S CAUSE!



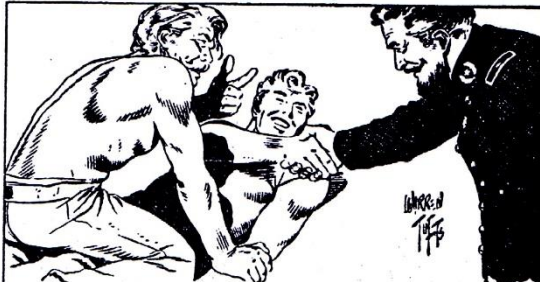
AND CHRIS! LOVELY, ADORING, ADORABLE SISTER CHRIS!



AND GOOD OLD RELIABLE HANG HASENFEFFER. JUST FIVE YEARS AGO TODAY THE FOUR OF THEM WERE ROLLING WEST WITH THE GOLD-SEEKING TIDE.

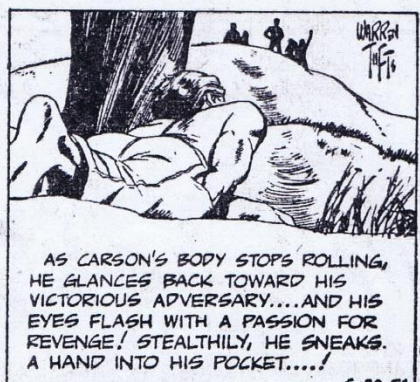
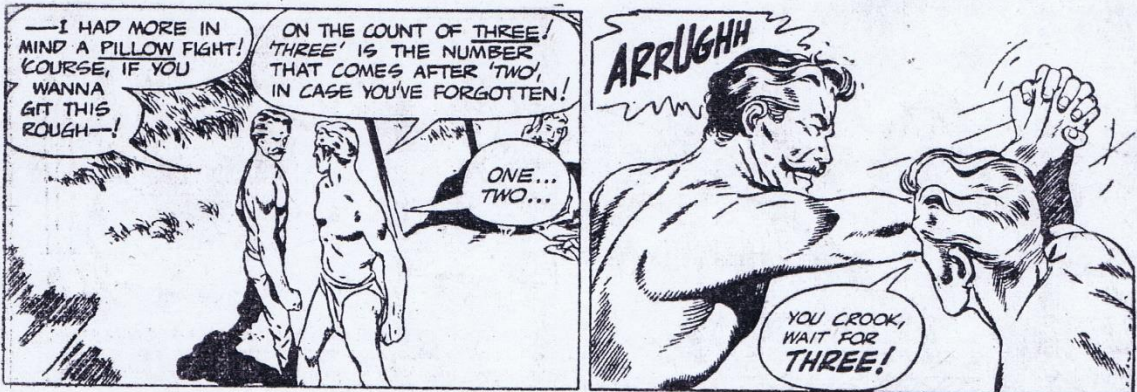


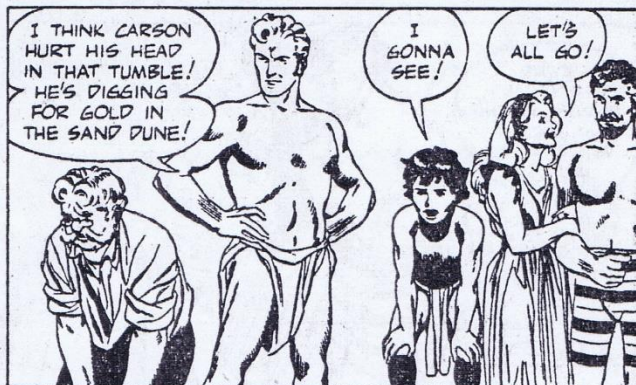
THE HOUSE HAS A NON-PAYING GUEST! DYNAMIC KIT CARSON, SADDLE-TRAMP, VAGRANT, AND DEAN OF AMERICAN TRAPPERS (SO HE SAYS).

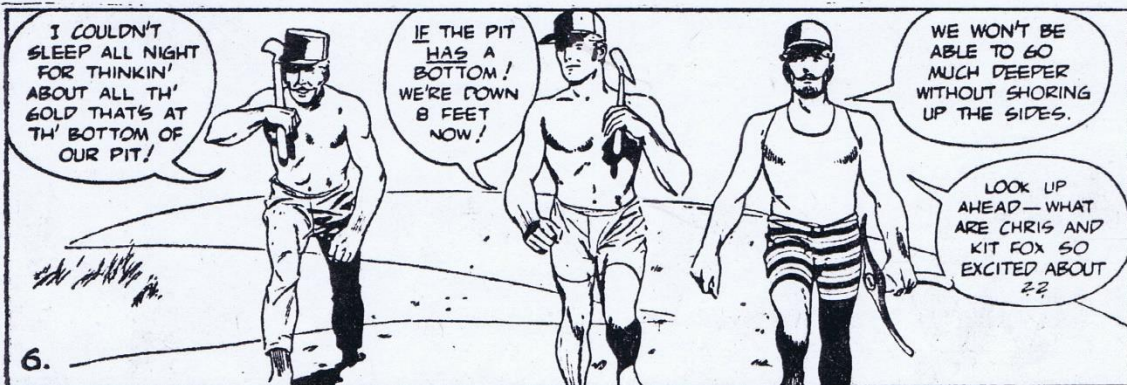


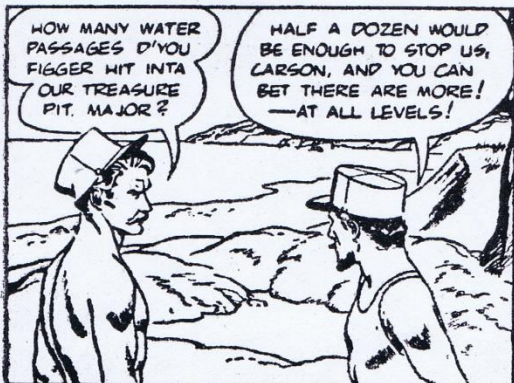
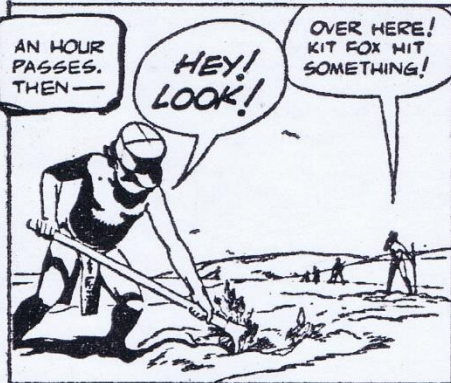
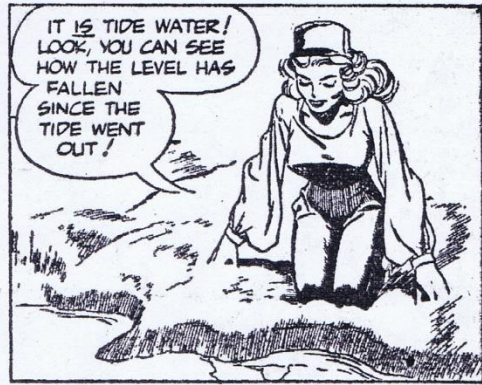
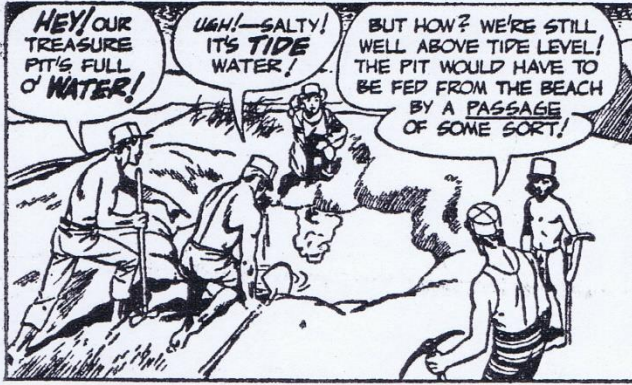
THERE IS ANOTHER NON-PAYING GUEST: CHRIS'S FIANCEE, MAJOR JACK BARTON. ALL IN ALL, THERE ARE TOO MANY FUN LOVERS IN THIS GANG OF ROGUES; SOMETHING IS BOUND TO SNAP! 3.

Tim. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved
Copyright 1954 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.





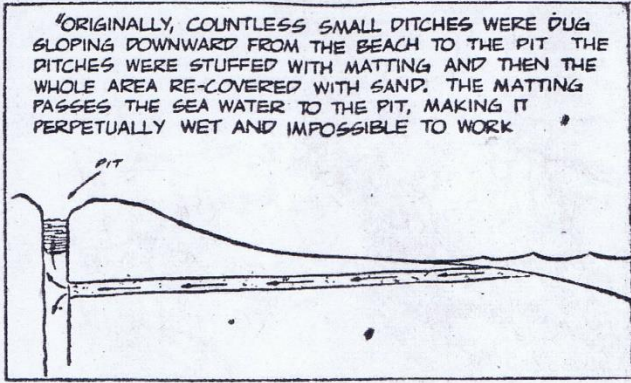






JACK, I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THIS OLD MATTING WE DUG UP ACTS AS A WATER PASSAGE!

I'LL EXPLAIN, CHRIS...



ORIGINALLY, COUNTLESS SMALL DITCHES WERE DUG SLOPING DOWNWARD FROM THE BEACH TO THE PIT THE DITCHES WERE STUFFED WITH MATTING AND THEN THE WHOLE AREA RE-COVERED WITH SAND. THE MATTING PASSES THE SEA WATER TO THE PIT, MAKING IT PERPETUALLY WET AND IMPOSSIBLE TO WORK



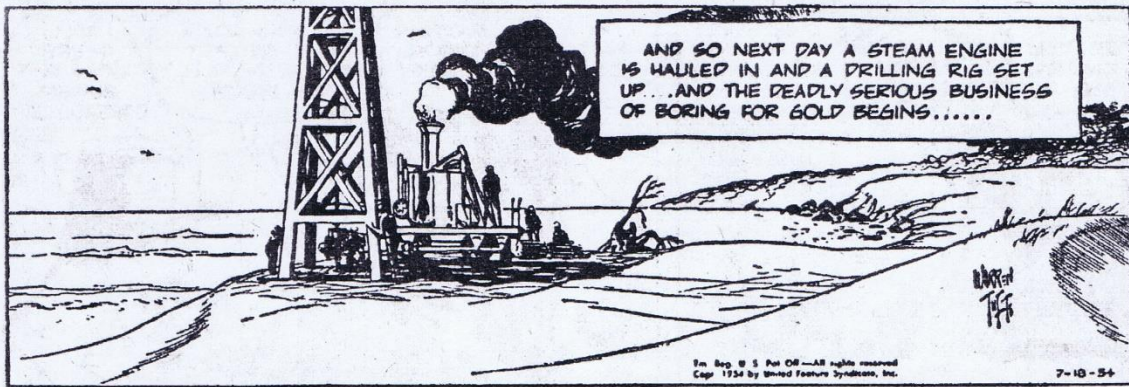
SOMEBODY SURE WENT TO A MESS O' TROUBLE TO KEEP US AWAY FROM HIS TREASURE!

TOO MUCH TROUBLE! BEFORE I GIVE UP ONE MORE BEARD OF PERSPIRATION I WANT TO KNOW THERE'S GOLD IN THAT PIT !!



OH, THERE IS, CASEY! A WEALTHY OLD ECCENTRIC NAMED ORTEGA USED TO OWN THIS GRANT!

ALL THE SAME, DOLL FACE, I WANT MORE THAN YOUR FEMININE INTUITION TO GO ON BEFORE I START PUMPING OUT THE PACIFIC OCEAN THROUGH A HOLE IN THE BEACH!



AND SO NEXT DAY A STEAM ENGINE IS HAULED IN AND A DRILLING RIG SET UP... AND THE DEADLY SERIOUS BUSINESS OF BORING FOR GOLD BEGINS.....

7-10-54



THE FACES OF MAJOR BARTON, KIT CARSON, AND CASEY ARE GRIM WITH DETERMINATION AS THEY INTRODUCE STEAM POWER IN THEIR QUEST FOR BURIED TREASURE.....

8.



ALL DAY LONG THE AUGER BORES DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE PIT THROUGH LAYER UPON LAYER OF SAND, OAK PLANKING, SHEET IRON, HARD TAR AND COCONUT MATTING!



THE PIT SEEMS BOTTOMLESS! AND THEN, TOWARD SUNSET, IT HAPPENS!



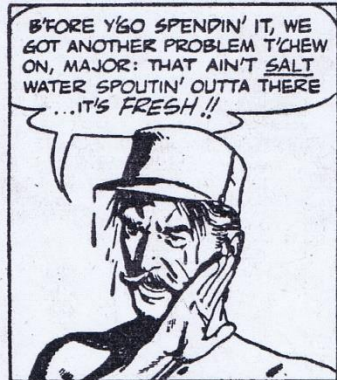
CAP THAT DANG THING, IT NEARLY BLOWED MY HEAD OFF!

IT'S GOING DOWN MUST HAVE HIT AN AIR POCKET! REVERSE POWER, CASEY...WE'LL HAUL OUT THE DRILL!



KIT!...CASEY! THERE ARE FRAGMENTS OF GOLD IN THE DRILL! WE'VE HIT IT!!

TM Reg U S Pat Off -All rights reserved
Copr 1954 by United Feature Syndicate Inc



B'FORE Y&O SPENDIN' IT, WE GOT ANOTHER PROBLEM T'CHEW ON, MAJOR: THAT AIN'T SALT WATER SPOUTIN' OUTTA THERE ...IT'S FRESH!!

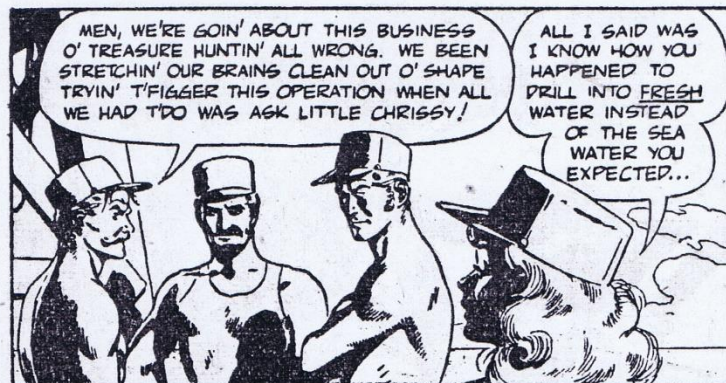


FRESH?! DON'T TELL ME WE'VE RUN INTO AN UNDERGROUND LAKE!!

WE KNOW THE PIT IS BEING FED BY SEA WATER PASSAGES FROM THE BEACH...HOW DID WE HIT FRESH WATER??



YOU BOYS ARE MAKING ENTIRELY TOO MUCH FUSS OVER THIS! IF YOU'LL JUST LISTEN TO ME I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!



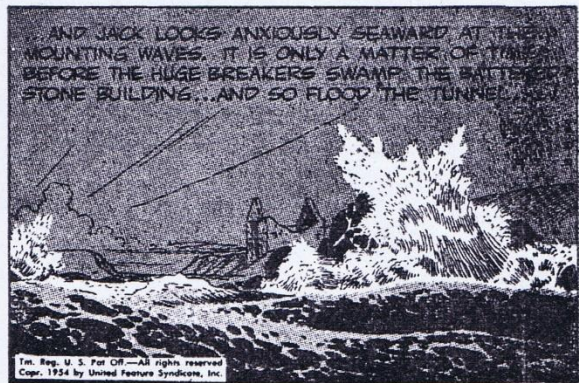
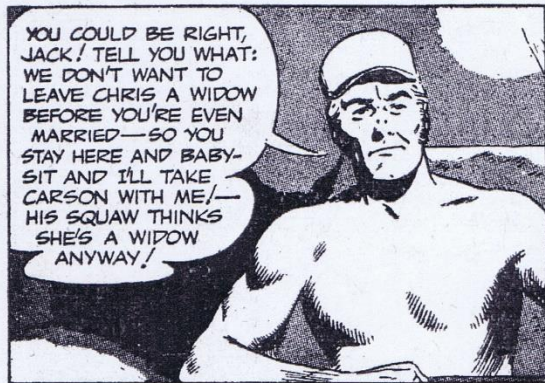
MEN, WE'RE GOIN' ABOUT THIS BUSINESS O' TREASURE HUNTIN' ALL WRONG. WE BEEN STRETCHIN' OUR BRAINS CLEAN OUT O' SHAPE TRYIN' T'FIGGER THIS OPERATION WHEN ALL WE HAD T'DO WAS ASK LITTLE CHRISSEY!

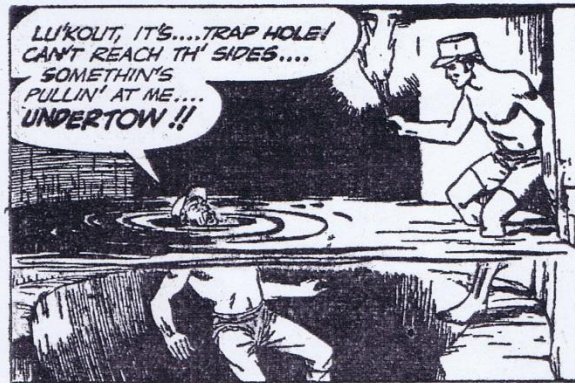
ALL I SAID WAS I KNOW HOW YOU HAPPENED TO DRILL INTO FRESH WATER INSTEAD OF THE SEA WATER YOU EXPECTED...



IT'S ALL VERY SIMPLE: THE RIVER IS JUST A FEW FEET AWAY!









HECK, NO!
WE CAN'T
GO BACK
EMPTY-
HANDED!
LET'S---
WUP!

REIN UP---FEELS
LIKE AN IRON DOOR!



IT'S RUSTED
TIGHT! PULL,
CARSON!

I'M...PULLIN'!
SHE'S GIVIN'...

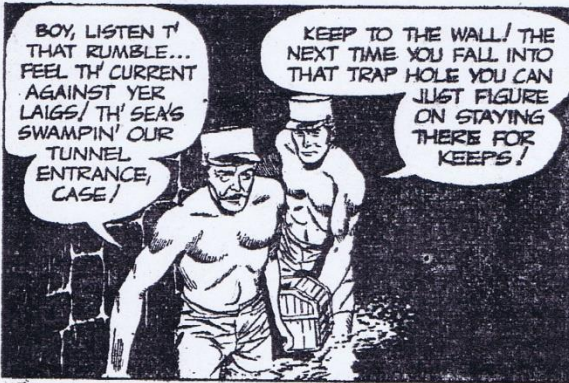
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved
Copr. 1934 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.



I'LL BE DARNED!
THERE'S AN OLD
FLINTLOCK RIGGED
TO FIRE WHEN
THE DOOR OPENED,
KIT---

---BUT OUR BOY,
ORTEGA, FAILED ON
HIS LAST TRAP!---
POWDER AND FLINTS
CAN'T TAKE YEARS
OF DAMPNESS!

NEITHER CAN YOU
OR ME! LET'S US
GRAB THIS CHEST
AN' GIT ON
OUTTA HERE!



BOY, LISTEN T'
THAT RUMBLE...
FEEL TH' CURRENT
AGAINST YER
LAIGS! TH' SEA'S
SWAMPIN' OUR
TUNNEL
ENTRANCE,
CASE!

KEEP TO THE WALL! THE
NEXT TIME YOU FALL INTO
THAT TRAP HOLE YOU CAN
JUST FIGURE
ON STAYING
THERE FOR
KEEPS!



WE'RE ALMOST
OUT! WATCH IT,
YOU'RE SPILLIN'
TH' GOLD!

THE CHEST IS ROTTED! GIVE
LESS TALK AND MORE MUSCLE
OR WE'LL LOSE IT ALL!



JACK, CHRIS,
WE'RE BACK!
HEY, WHERE IS
EV'RYBODY?!

HOLY HORNY TOADS,
CASE, THEY'S A REG'LAR
STORM UP HERE!

I'M UP TO MY
CHIN IN IT DOWN
HERE, YOU
CLOWN! WEIGH
ANCHOR!

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved
Copr. 1934 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.



I CAN'T FORGIVE YOU
FOR RENDERING ME
HELPLESS, CHRIS....

THERE WAS
A CHANCE I
COULD HAVE
SAVED THEM!

OH, DARLING, I
COULDN'T BEAR TO
LOSE YOU, TOO....

13



THAT SHOULD PAY OFF YOUR CURSED MORTGAGE, YOU RASCAL! UNHAND THE DAMSEL AND BEGONE!

REASON IS, WE'VE HAD OUR EYES ON TH' DAMSEL OURSELFS!

A WEEK HAS GONE, AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR GASEY TO GET BACK INTO THE SADDLE...



WELL, LITTLE SISTER, NOW YOU'VE GOT SOME GOLD PIECES TO ADD TO YOUR DOWRY. LET ME KNOW WHEN THE WEDDING'S TO BE...



TAKE CARE OF HER, MAJOR... IF IT TAKES THE WHOLE CORPS OF ARMY ENGINEERS!

I'LL CONSIDER THAT AN ORDER, CASEY....

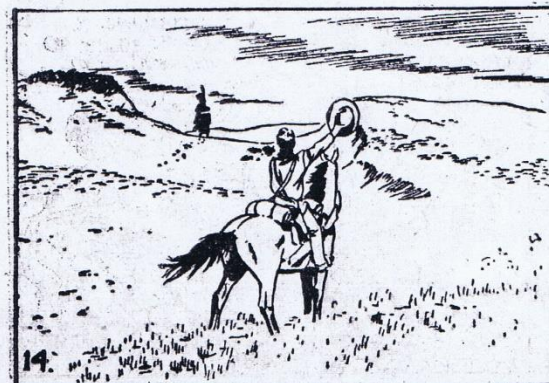


I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU, PARTNER! ADIOS!



RIDING TRAIL NORTH, KIT?

NO-O-O, I RECKON I'LL HIT OFF T' TAOS, CASE. IF MY SQUAW GITTS T' THINKIN' TOO MUCH LIKE A WIDDER SHE'LL HAWK ALL M'BELOINGINGS!



14.



ALONE ONCE MORE WITH THE POWERFUL RHYTHM OF A GOOD HORSE BETWEEN HIS THIGHS, CASEY RUGGLES KNOWS THE CONTENTMENT OF ALL MEN OF THE TRAIL. IT IS A CONTENTMENT BELITTLED BY WORDS... BUT ITS EFFECTS ARE SEEN IN A HEAD HELD HIGHER, SHOULDERS SET, FRAME ERECT WITH VIGOR. AND CASEY RUGGLES IS READY FOR ANYTHING.

1m Reg. U S Pat Off - All rights reserved. Copy 1934 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

9-9-34

