



POOR, MEAK OLD PERRY GORIC; WELL, "BLESSED ARE THE MEAK: FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH." NEW TESTAMENT - SIX FEET OF IT ANYWAY, LOOKS LIKE -



GEE! YOU'RE MOST AS TALL AS PUNJAB-MAN I USED T' KNOW! BUT TEX BANTAM! THAT MEANS "LITTLE"

YEP! Y'SEE, ANNIE, I'M A MIDGET WHAR I COME FROM--TEXAS, THAT IS--



WOW! TH' WAY YOU CAN HANDLE A PISTOL, TEX! NO WONDER YOU'RE A U.S. MARSHAL--

WAL, USED TO BE RIGHT PROUD O' MY FAST DRAW-- BUT I'D HATE TO DRAW AGIN KIT-- AH'D LOSE SURE--



KIT CALLS YOU "UNCLE" TEX-- ARE YOU HER REALLY, TRULY UNCLE?

FOR ALL PRACTICAL PURPOSES, ANNIE, WE'RE KINFOLK! THAT ANSWER YORE QUESTION?



YOU STUPID ASS, RELTUB--USING YOUR OWN GUN ON SIMS!

HOM'D I EVER GUESS THAT-- THAT GUN MOLL-- WOULD GET MY GUN AWAY FROM ME?



AND NOW, WE GOT THAT U.S. MARSHAL HERE-- AND YOUR GUN SENT TO THE BALLISTICS LAB!

THEY'LL FIND YOUR GUN KILLED OLD SIMS-- WE'LL ALL HANG!



NO! WE'LL BEAT THIS YET! GOT TO GET SOME STOOGES TO TAKE THE FALL-- THAT OLD BUM, PERRY GORIC!

YEAH! PIN IT ON HIM! CONFESSION! THEN HE GETS KILLED TRYIN' TO ESCAPE!



FINE! BUT WE GOT TO WORK FAST, BOYS! DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE OLD BUM IS?

SURE! COME ON! WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER!



BUT, UNCLE TEX-- WHO'LL THEY TRY TO PIN IT ON NOW?

OH, SOME HARMLESS OLD BUM, NO DOUBT-- WHERE'D ANNIE GO?



EH? LIKE A SCREAM-- ONLY SORTA MUFFLED-- CAME FROM THAT WAY--



WHY-- THAT-- THAT'S TH' JAIL! HM-M-- GRILL-- AND BLACKED-OUT WINDOW-- ONLY TH' PAINT'S CHIPPED OFF AT ONE CORNER-- CH-H-H--



LEAPIN' LIZARDS!



THAT'S RIGHT, MR. GORIC-- DON'T HAVE TO READ IT-- JUST SIGN IT, AND WE'LL LET YOU GO! THAT'S FINE--

THOUGHT I'D BEAT HIM TOO HARD-- BUT HE'S STILL ABLE T' WRITE-- NOW THEN--

NOW, HE'S GOING TO "TRY TO ESCAPE"-- EH, CHIEF?



A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO MOTHER IN CHICAGO--



OH, YEAH?



I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE BORN IN DETROIT!

HAROLD GRAY

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