“ROCKY” LANE IN
CODE OF THE SILVER SAGE

NO. 102
10¢

A REPUBLIC PICTURES’ GRIPPING WESTERN DRAMA STARRING
ALLAN “ROCKY” LANE AND HIS STALLION BLACK JACK
EVIL TRIES TO STAMPEDE JUSTICE IN

"CODE OF THE SILVER SAGE"

REPUBLIC PICTURES' GREAT WESTERN MOVIE — STARRING

"ROCKY" LANE
CODE OF THE SILVER SAGE

starring

ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE
And His Stallion BLACK JACK

with

Eddy Waller      Roy Barcroft      Kay Christopher

Directed by Fred C. Brannon
Written by Arthur E. Orloff
Associate Producer Gordon Kay

An adaptation of

A REPUBLIC PICTURE
TORTURED IN THE GRASP OF HAVOC WROUGHT BY AN EVIL GENIUS, THE ARIZONA TERRITORY WAS A STAMPING GROUND FOR DEATH. ALL KNEW HIS HANDWORK OF HORROR, YET NO ONE KNEW HIS FACE. THEN LIEUTENANT ROCKY LANE UNITED STATES CAVALRY CAME THUNDERING INTO TOWN WITH SIX-GUNS BLAZING, AND SO BEGAN ROCKY'S GRIMMEST STRUGGLE AS HE SOUGHT DESPERATELY TO RESTORE TO BOLTON CITY THE CODE OF THE SILVER SAGE!
Rustling, robbery, murder! For more than a year the entire territory of Arizona has been in the grip of terror and bloodshed as a wave of organized outlawry sweeps the land.

But one brave voice rings out against the reign of terror! If this editorial doesn't get action, nothing will!

ARIZONA IN APPEAL TO PRESIDENT

An open letter by the people of the territory asking aid in time of crisis.

So it's action you want, eh, Gately? Well, we can give you plenty.
A FEW WEEKS AFTER THE TRAGEDY, ROCKY LANE DOES SOME READING!
GLAD I FOUND THIS OLD PAPER. IT'LL BRING ME UP ON THE NEWS. WHAT'S THIS??

TRAVEL, BLACK JACK, WE'RE HEADING FOR Bolton CITY--FAST!

MEANWHILE, IN Bolton CITY...
THE PRESIDENT'S ANSWERED YOUR FATHER'S EDITORIAL. LOOK!

OH, NUGGET! IS IT FAVORABLE?

BUT, GENTLEMAN SLACK CAN MEANS...
SANDY WHEELER!

He's hurt!

Charlie, quick! Water... bandages!

Sandy, what happened?

I WANT TO RUN AN AD--FOR SALE: CHEAP--ten-acre farm--owner leaving for the east.

But, Sandy, a man just don't give up his land!

There's nothing worth staying for now. They've killed my wife, rustled my cattle--
FAWCETT MOTION PICTURE COMIC

DON'T LET THEM VARMINTS RUN YOU OFF, SANDY! WE BUILT THIS TERRITORY. IT'S OURS. WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT!

HERE, YOU'VE SEEN THIS--THE LAST PAPER FRED GATELY PUT OUT BEFORE THEY SHOT HIM?

YEAH! ASKING THE PRESIDENT TO BREAK UP HIS WESTERN TRIP AND COME INTO ARIZONA.

WELL, WOULDN'T THAT HELP? THE PRESIDENT COMING IN AND LETTING FOLKS KNOW JUSTICE WILL BE DONE?

HOW CAN WE EXPECT HIM TO COME? WE'RE JUST LITTLE PEOPLE!

MAYBE SO, BUT HERE'S AN ANSWER FROM THE PRESIDENT--SAYS HE'S HONORED TO ACCEPT OUR INVITATION.

WHAT?!! OH, NUGGET!

WHEN'S HE COMING, NUGGET?

WELL, THEY'RE KEEPING THAT A SECRET. ALL THE LETTER SAYS IS A MAJOR DUNCAN'S COMING HERE FIRST--ON THE NEXT STAGE.

YOU WON'T GIVE UP NOW, SANDY! YOU COULDN'T!

I--I DON'T KNOW.

TAKE ANN, SANDY, SHE DIDN'T QUIT WHEN HER DAD WAS KILLED. SHE'S CARRYING ON THE PAPER.

WITH YOUR HELP, NUGGET!
AND IF ANN CAN DO IT FOR HER DAD YOU CAN DO IT FOR YOUR WIFE.

DO IT FOR MARTHA, SANDY. SHE'D HAVE WANTED YOU TO.

ALL RIGHT, I'LL STAY!

WE'LL SHOW THEM THEY CAN'T LICK US, SANDY.

AS SANDY LEAVES, THE "STAFF" OF THE NEWS BUCKLES DOWN TO WORK.

THE PRESIDENT VISITS ARIZONA—WHAT A STORY!—AND WE'LL GIVE THAT MAJOR THEY'RE SENDING A WRITE-UP TOO, EH—WHAT'S HIS NAME AGAIN?

MAJOR DUNCAN.

WHY DIDN'T THEY PICK THE BEST FIGHTING MAN IN THE U.S. ARMY?

YOU WOULDN'T MEAN LIEUTENANT JOHN CASE, BY ANY CHANCES

NOBODY ELSE BUT! LOOK AT HIM—EVERY BIT THE SOLDIER I PROMISED HIS DAD HE'D BE. WE WOULDN'T NEED THE PRESIDENT IF THEY'D SEND JOHNNY.

HERE, NOW! DON'T GET ALL GOOEY JUST 'CAUSE YOU TWO ARE SWEET ON EACH OTHER. START WRITING THAT STORY!

YOU'RE A HARD MAN, NUGGET!

YOU'RE EXAGGERATING A LITTLE, BUT I LOVE EVERY WORD.
You, Charlie! Better start setting type. We'll get out an edition that'll do Fred Gately proud.

Yes sir, Mr. Clark!

But as Nugget turns away, Charlie's pencil moves swiftly!

Next day... have a cigarette, Major? Thank you very much.

I've heard the editor was killed by outlaws the night after he put out this edition. How tragic!

By the way, my name's Champion. Hulon Champion, traveling representative of the Colchester Gun Co.

And I'm Major Duncan, United States Army.

Bolton City Stage

I presume you're traveling in connection with the President's trip, Major.

Well, let's just say I'm traveling, shall we?

Suddenly— outlaws! They're attacking the stage!
At that very moment, Rocky Lane is riding the trail along a nearby ridge. That stagecoach is in trouble! Come on, Black Jack!

Break it up, men! That hombre's too good with his shootin' irons!

But Rocky Lane isn't through yet! Keep after him, Black Jack. I want him for a souvenir.
TCH! TCH! NASTY FALL! A MAN COULD HURT HIMSELF GETTING OFF A HORSE THAT WAY!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE STAGE CATCHES UP WITH ROCKY!
GOOD THING YOU HAPPENED ALONG JUST THEN, MR.--
LANE'S THE NAME, ROCKY LANE. GLAD I WAS ABLE TO HELP.

WE'LL TAKE THE PRISONER OFF YOUR HANDS TILL WE GET TO BOLTON CITY.

ALL RIGHT! I'LL FOLLOW YOU IN.

AN HOUR LATER...

THERE'S THE STAGE COACH! YOU MIND THE STORE, ANN.

I'M GOING TO PICK ME UP SOME NEWS.

ALL RIGHT, NUGGET.

HOWDY, MR. CHAMPION.
GOOD TO SEE YOU BACK.

HELLO, NUGGET! ALWAYS GLAD TO BE IN BOLTON CITY.

SAY, FRIEND, CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE?

GOT A SHERIFF'S OFFICE, BUT NO SHERIFF. WEARING A STAR MEANS SUDDEN DEATH IN BOLTON CITY. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, STRANGER?

NEWSPAPER

STAGE
I need a place to lock up this fellow, caught him attacking the stage. Got one of them coyotes, by golly! Nice work, mister!

We'll take care of this lizard, eh, boys?

String him up!

Hold on, folks! This man gets a fair trial!

He's right! The president'd want us to do it legal-like. We'll string him up legal. Rig up a wagon, boys. They got a sheriff and judge there.

I'm Nugget Clark, major been running the newspaper since Fred Gately's death. I fixed up the sheriff's office as your headquarters. Let me help you with your luggage, major. Thank you, gentlemen!

By the way, have you seen lieutenant case? He's due here with a supply detachment.

Lieutenant John case?

Why yes! Why, I raised Johnny ever since his pappy was killed fighting the Shoshones. Promised I'd make him a fine soldier like his dad. You did a good job, he made an excellent record at West Point!

I'd better tell Ann Johnny's coming! They've been sweethearts since they were kids!
HE CERTAINLY THINKS A LOT OF LIEUTENANT CASE.

SO DO I, SIR. WE TRAINED TOGETHER AT FORT DODGE.

I'M LIEUTENANT ROCKY LANE—CAVALRY INTELLIGENCE—REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR.

GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH ME, LANE! AS YOU WERE!

Rocksy presents his orders and after the formalities are over—so lieutenant Case is bringing in sealed orders? Then the supply detachment is a cover-up—

With the wires down all over the territory and the mails robbed almost daily, it was the only way we could do it—without arousing curiosity.

With your permission, sir, I'd like to ride out to meet lieutenant Case.

You've ridden a long way today, but if you feel like that—

The conversation is interrupted as—

Gun fire! Better check into this!

What in blazes?!
Suddenly, the outlaw dashes toward Champion's gun shop, and--

You'll never get me! A-arrgh!

Nice work, Mr. Champion! I don't relish having anyone's blood on my hands!

It was either you or me, Mr. Champion.

Later, as Champion enters his shop...

What's the idea of killing Tom Hunt?

I gave him a gun and a chance to escape. He made a mistake!

I don't tolerate mistakes, Watson--like attacking my coach! That was brilliant!

But I didn't know you were in it. You weren't due here for weeks.

Did you think I'd stay away and let the President ruin my plans? Just when I have all of Arizona under my control?

We can always move over to New Mexico.
You fool! After all the work I've done—taking riff-raff like you and building an army? I'll never give up this territory to the government! Arizona is mine!

Well, it's not gonna be yours long... with the president coming in.

But the president isn't coming in. Kill the president? I'm going to kill him.

No? What will you do—run away? My men would kill you on sight. Besides, you're wanted for murder. You're staying, Watson!

I—I don't want any part of it.

All right, then! First, we've got to find out the president's route... there's an army supply detachment coming in... check on it!

You expect to get information about the president from a supply detachment?

You forget I spent ten years in the army... a supply detachment to supply what? There's no military base around here.

Maybe you're right, but you're asking for trouble, tangling with soldiers.

Don't worry! With help from Charlie Speed at the newspaper things will go smoothly!

That night, on the trail to Bolton City...

The boys will sure be ready for a good sleep after this haul, lieutenant.

I'll make it up to you in town, that is if you like to attend weddings...
Suddenly... Lieutenant Case?

Advance and be recognized.

Lieutenant Cantwell, Sixteenth Cavalry, reporting to relieve you... here are my orders.

But... but I wasn't expecting relief.

I know, but Major Duncan wants you in Bolton City... you see, Fred Gately was killed last week, and...

Ann's father? No!

In a few moments Lieutenant Case is riding off.

I'll stand first watch, Sergeant. And by the way I'd like to inspect all the guns in the detail, place them on the tail board of the wagon.

Yes, sir.

As the Sergeant turns away, Lieutenant Cantwell lights a cigar and --

Now for the rest of it.

As up on the hillside...

There's the sign! Pete, you and the men wait here for my signal—then attack the wagon, Watson. You come with me.

Here comes Case now. Remember, Watson, use your gun butt. We want him alive!
As Johnny comes up the trail, the outlaws attack.
Let him have it! Who are — ooh!

That does it, Champion — he's out!
Fine! Now I'll signal the men to attack the wagon.

As his men attack the supply detachment, Champion deftly searches his victim.

Ha! Orders for the major, he's to draw up a route for the president and deliver it to a captain Mathews at an abandoned fort tomorrow night... that's when we'll find out the president's route.

Now we'll slip these orders back into a fresh envelope. Yes, Charlie Speed does an excellent job of printing.

An instant later the "sealed" orders are in the young officer's pocket once more and — head him for town. I want to be sure he gets those orders to Major Duncan.

We'd better check on Pete and the boys.
From here it looks as if they've done a pretty good job on that supply detachment.

Some time afterward, as Rocky Lane moves up the trail from Bolton City —
I thought I heard hoofbeats! Say, that's an odd way to ride a horse. We'd better look into this, Black Jack.
The next morning...

Why it's Johnny! Johnny case? Huh? Oh, Rocky! -- What are you doing here, Rocky?

Rocky, what happened? I was going along and --

Here, drink this! Don't try to talk Johnny. Wait till we get to town.

The next morning.

Let's see now, Lieutenant. You lost none of your belongings and yet you say the motive for this "attack" was robbery --

I know it sounds odd, but -- it must have been robbery, Sir.

This lieutenant Cantwell, you say relieved you -- my roster of all the men in this area shows no such officer.

But I'm telling the truth, Sir. Ask Woody, my Sergeant --

Sergeant Woods is dead, Johnny. So are the rest of your men.

What? I'll vouch for Lieutenant case. After all, I did find him in a dazed condition.

That might have been shock -- shock due to fear. It was his first time under fire, you know. You're not calling Johnny a coward?!

I've told you. I want to, but in the absence of truth, Major. I proof -- I'll have to hold you for a court martial -- for dereliction of duty.
But Lieutenant Lane has vouched for you—and you did bring the orders through—I'm releasing you temporarily, but you're confined to the limits of Bolton City—that will be all.

We believe you, Johnny. You know that.

Yes, sir.

Later, Rocky and the Major discuss the sealed orders.

I've been ordered to prepare a safe and secret route for the President! You'll remain here while I deliver the map.

Sir, I'd like to deliver that map myself. You see, I think Johnny was cold-decked by someone who wanted to read those orders and—

I'll admit I can't explain it, sir, but if there are any outlaws waiting for me when I deliver the map—well, we'll know the orders were read somehow.

All right, Lane. The map goes to Fort Lewis, that abandoned post near Castle Rock. You'll meet a Captain Mathews there at eleven tonight.

Thank you, sir.

That afternoon...

No, Johnny, you can't come. You're confined to town. I'll find out if the papers were read—alone!

He's right, dear.

But Rocky doesn't go alone. For as he leaves town a grizzled, old figure trails along behind.

Well, I ain't confined to no limits, by grabs!
LATE THAT NIGHT, ROCKY REACHES THE ABANDONED FORT.

KIND OF LONELY HERE, ISN'T IT, BLACK-JACK? WELL, HERE GOES! CAPTAIN MATHEWS! CAPTAIN MATHEWS!

I'M CAPTAIN MATHEWS. WHO ARE YOU?

LIEUTENANT ROCKY LANE. SORRY, SIR. I'LL HAVE TO SEE YOUR IDENTIFICATION!

YOU'LL FIND IT ALL THERE—CAPTAIN MATHEWS OF THE TWENTY-THIRD CAVALRY.

TWENTY-THIRD CAVALRY? THAT'S INTERESTING—

THE TWENTY-THIRD CAVALRY WAS DISBANDED A YEAR AGO—NOW WHERE'S THE REAL CAPTAIN MATHEWS?

ALL RIGHT, LANE! REACH!

BUT AS ROCKY RAISES HIS HANDS, HIS FIST LASHES OUT!

I DON'T FRIGHTEN EASY, MISTER!

COME ON, WATSON! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT MAP—LUH-H-H-H-H!

THAT'LL TAKE MORE THAN TWO OF YOU.
As Watson levels his gun, a shot rings out.

**MY HAND!**

**NUGGET CLARK!**

**MY AIM ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE, ROCKY! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!**

**LET THEM-- FOR NOW!**

Soon afterward, another rider comes through the gate!

I'm Captain Mathews, Lieutenant Lane reporting. What's going on here?

I'm looking for Lieutenant John Case. What's going on here?

Captain Mathews? Lieutenant Case, sir, we had a little trouble.

Here's my identification. I heard the shooting and came as fast as I could. What happened?

Well, there was about fifteen of these coyotes giving Rocky a bad time-- if it hadn't been for me--

These papers are in order! Here's the map. Captain Mathews!

Thank you, Lieutenant Lane!

But, Captain, you ain't heard the whole story!

That Captain was sure in a rush, say what's that you got there, Rocky?

The identity card I took from that phony officer, let's get back to town! I think this'll help Johnny.

Hours afterward, in the office of the Bolton City News...

Look, Nugget, that phony identity card was printed up somewhere and this is the only print shop around here!

A U.S. Army card counterfeited in this shop! Not a chance!
FAWCETT MOTION PICTURE COMIC

LOOK AT THIS "A" I JUST PRINTED. SEE THE BROKEN CROSS BAR? AND THERE'S THE SAME LETTER ON THE CARD, AND ON THE ENVELOPE JOHNNY BROUGHT IN.

Ann, what's wrong?

Rocky--thank goodness you're back! I've been trying to keep Johnny from going to look for you. He's on his way to the livery stable now--

Meanwhile, Champion has just heard some bad news.

You blundering fool! Letting Rocky lane get that identity card! What if he finds out Charlie Speed forged it? Come on, we've got to keep Charlie quiet.

By Grabes, you're right! But I didn't do it and Ann sure didn't. That leaves only Charlie Speed, the typesetter.

That's who it must be.

Get him down here, Nugget. Make up some excuse, but get him down here right away.

I'm going to stop Johnny.

Tell him to meet me at the majors... and you, Nugget... get Charlie Speed.

Oh, Miss Gately! I've been working late on some advertising circulars. Saw the light in your office and thought Charlie Speed might help me.

Hold it! Someone's coming. I'd better duck into the alley.

He'll be there any minute. Mr. Champion. Nugget went for him. Excuse me--I'm in a dreadful hurry.
YOU HEARD HER, WATSON. NOW SEE THAT SPEED-- ER-- DOESN'T TALK.

DOESN'T TALK? I GET IT!

LATER IN THE OFFICE OF THE NEWS, AS CHARLIE SPEED PROTESTS HIS INNOCENCE.

WHO'D YOU DO THE FORGING FOR, CHARLIE?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN OUT OF JAIL, CHARLIE?

OH, ABOUT EIGHT MONTHS-- HEY-- YOU TRICKED ME!

LET ME EXPLAIN! I ESCAPED-- I HAD TO DO THE PRINTING. HE SAID HE'D SEND ME BACK IF I DIDN'T.

WHO'D SEND YOU BACK? YOU'LL BE CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF LIEUTENANT CASE'S MEN.

A-- ALL RIGHT. I'LL TELL YOU. HE'S-- A-R-R-RGH!

HE'S DEAD, ROCKY!

YOU STAY HERE, NUGGET! I'M GOING AFTER THE KILLER.
Though Watson has a long start, Black Jack's mighty heart is equal to the challenge. And at the very edge of town...

You sure get around, don't you? Come on—on your feet! You've got a date with a rope.

Later, back in town... Gentlemen—perhaps I can help you. I'm a gun expert. May I compare his gun and the bullet?

I never saw this Charlie speed before in my life.

By all means. I'll either prove him guilty or innocent.

Ha! This death bullet was fired from a Webley pistol—a much smaller caliber than the prisoner's gun. Here, see for yourself.

What?
I'm afraid we have the wrong man.

But we do have something to hold him, sir! Conspiracy to assassinate the President of the United States, I can prove it!

The orders Johnny carried were read—because I was jumped at Fort Lewis by a fake army officer and—W Watson! And they tried to grab the map of the President's route.

And Johnny was dry-gulched by a fake officer, too. The orders were resealed in a fake envelope—

Here's more proof Charlie printed all that stuff and just as he started to talk, he was blasted.

And this is the man who planned the conspiracy? I doubt it. He's not smart enough.

As everyone's attention riveted on Watson...

No, Major—the man behind the plot has army experience. He knew enough to suspect the supply detachment, and to counterfeit army documents.

Watson, this is treason. You'll hang—unless you tell us everything you know.

Just then Watson notices Champion eyeing the tobacco pouch meaningfully!

Let me think it over. Er—can I have a smoke?

A smoke?—All right.

As Watson rolls the cigarette, he reads Champion's message.

Let me get my hands on him, Major. I'll make him talk.

He'll talk, Nugget. He doesn't want to swing alone.
ALL RIGHT, THERE'S YOUR MAN. LIEUTENANT JOHN CASE.

YOU DIRTY LYING...

BUT, SIR! YOU WON'T TAKE WATSON'S WORD AGAINST AN OFFICER? LIEUTENANT CASE COULD BE THE MAN. I DON'T DARE OVERLOOK ANY POSSIBILITY. LOCK THEM BOTH UP, LANE.

As dawn breaks...

THE ONLY ONE MR. CHAMPION, YOU'RE SURE NO ONE SAW YOU BRING NUGGET LAST NIGHT? I SAW WAS IN CHARLIE 

CHAMPION? I REMEMBER TELLING HIM NUGGET WAS GOING FOR CHARLIE.

CHAMPION? BY GRABS! MAYBE HE'S THE ONE WHO FIRED THOSE SHOTS!

SHOTS? SAY, THAT'S RIGHT. THERE WERE TWO SHOTS AND CHARLIE WAS HIT ONLY ONCE.

An instant later rocky is searching the surface of the wall of the shop. Suddenly...

I'VE GOT IT! THE SECOND BULLET. IT'S IMBEDDED IN THE WALL.

IF THIS LITTLE ONE IS THE SLUG THAT KILLED CHARLIE THEN THE BULLET I DUG OUT OF THE WALL SHOULD BE ITS MATE.

BUT THEY'RE NOT MATES! BY GRABS!

THEN THAT LITTLE WEBLEY BULLET NEVER CAME OUT OF CHARLIE, AND CHAMPION'S LYING.

RIGHT! COME ON, WE'RE GOING TO LOOK OVER THAT GUN SHOP OF HIS!
Meanwhile...

What are we breaking case out of jail for?

When the President's stage coach is found with all occupants dead, the authorities will want the man responsible. Lieutenant case will do nicely.

And where are we meeting this coach?

I don't know yet, but I shall. I'm going back to town now—but remember, we all meet at three Forks.

But Rocky has made a startling discovery!

Here's something interesting—an army officer's saber with an inscription on the hilt.

Holy saddlebags! What's it say?

So Champion was in the army. Then he's the man we're looking for.

But we still haven't tied him in with Watson. We'll have to keep looking.

Later Nugget makes another discovery.

Look at this bag of gunpowder. Bet he's making a bomb to blow up the President.

I doubt it. He's probably been loading shells.

Maybe you're right, but I'm taking this bag of gunpowder to the major.

Hey, wait a minute, Nugget! This is a Webley shell casing.
FAWCETT MOTION PICTURE COMIC

LOOK HOW IT FITS THE SLUG
CHAMPION SAID KILLED
CHARLIE SPEED. THAT
BULLET CAME RIGHT
FROM HERE.

AND CHAMPION
BANGED IT UP TO
LOOK LIKE IT
WAS FIRED.

NOW WE’VE GOT
ENOUGH PROOF TO
HANG... WHAT’S
THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE
ALL FURY’S BUST
LOOSE.

MAJOR
DUNCAN!

JAIL BREAK! NEVER MIND ME,
SUGGEST CASE AND WATSON
-- STOP THEM AT ALL COSTS!

IN THE ALLEY AT THE SIDE ENTRANCE TO THE JAIL...

QUICK, GET CASE OUT THE OTHER WAY!
I’VE GOT TO GO AROUND FRONT
AND FIND THE MAJOR--

A MOMENT LATER...

GET IN HERE, MAJOR...
OUT OF THE LINE OF
FIRE!

MAJOR, LISTEN! NOW
THAT SUGGEST CASE HAS ESCAPED,
THE PRESIDENT IS
IN GRAVE DANGER!

THANKS,
CHAMPION!

YES! MUST WARN HIM!
TELL ROCKY LANE
PRESIDENT WILL PASS
ABANDONED RELAY
STATION... EAST BEND--
TEN OCLOCK-- HURRY.
IN THE MEANTIME, THE GUNFIGHT HAS BECOME A RUNNING BATTLE AS ROCKY AND NUGGET PURSUE THE OUTLAWS INTO THE HILLS.

RELAY STATION AT EAST BEND! I'LL SEE THAT LANE GETS THE MESSAGE.

THEY ARE! WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S RIDE!

JOHNNY'S NOT WITH THEM! THEY'RE JUST TRYING TO DRAW US AWAY FROM TOWN. LET'S GET BACK!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

ROCKY, WHERE IS JOHNNY? LANE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I SENT ORDERS FOR YOU TO WARN THE PRESIDENT. LIEUTENANT CASE MAY BE--

IT'S NOT JOHNNY, WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT, SIR, IT'S CHAMPION!

HERE'S THE BULLET HE SAID KILLED CHARLIE SPEED -- AND HERE'S THE CASE IT CAME FROM. I FOUND IT IN CHAMPION'S SHOP.

HIM AND WATSON BEEN WORKING TOGETHER ALL THE TIME AND JOHNNY'S INNOCENT!

LANE, I SENT CHAMPION AFTER YOU. TOLD HIM THE PRESIDENT WAS PASSING EAST BEND RELAY STATION AT TEN O'CLOCK...

COME ON NUGGET! WE'D BETTER RIDE--FAST!

A HALF HOUR LATER, AT THE RELAY STATION...

ALL RIGHT, MEN, THAT'S ENOUGH! RELAX, SOLDIER, YOU'RE IN FOR QUITE AN HONOR... BEING FOUND DEAD WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND HIS WHOLE PARTY!

NOW YOU MEN GET IN THE SHACK WITH THE OTHERS -- AND WHEN YOU HEAR THE FIRST SHOT FROM ME, OPEN FIRE!
FAWCETT MOTION PICTURE COMIC

**Scene 1:**

**But on the ridge near by sharp eyes are watching the preparations of the trap.**

**There's the relay station, Rocky.**

**We haven't much time!**

**Loose powder won't explode, but it'll make them mighty uncomfortable. Here, take that rail and bar the front door.**

**Right!**

**Scene 2:**

**A few moments later...**

**We got to work fast, Nugget. Give me that gunpowder you took from Champion's shop.**

**Sure—here! You gonna blow up those buzzards in the shack?**

**Scene 3:**

**Gotta move fast. I can hear the president's coach approaching!**

**Have a good time, boys.**

**Scene 4:**

**Seconds later, the cabin is a black inferno!**

**Help! Let me out! I can't breathe. Gasp! Cough—cough!**

**There's something wrong at the shack. I shot off my gun, but the others aren't coming!**

**We can't wait for them. Here comes the stage. We'll do it alone—**
Then--

BANG! BANG!

Owlhoots! It's too late to turn back. Cover both sides--we're going through!

But the chagrined outlaws spot Rocky on the roof and open fire. Never mind him! The president must die! Come on! We'll beat the coach to town.

They're going to make it! They're getting through! The president's safe!

But Rocky's blazing guns cut Watson down. Champion's getting away, but I've got something to attend to first.

All right, Nugget. Open the door--then get Johnny loose! All right, Rocky.
I'm coming, Johnny.

Drop your guns!

Gulp! Cough-cough! Give me air.

In a moment...

Come on out, you buzzards, and keep your hands high!

Round them up, boys. I'm going after Champion.

But the delay is costly, for Champion is already out of sight. A few minutes later in Bolton City--

I beat the coach into town. I'll still be able to kill the President, but I need ammunition.

Eyes glittering insanely, Champion reloads his guns.

The President! Got to kill the President!

But suddenly--

Drop it! You're covered!

Rocky Lane!

All right, Champion--It's all over.

The President must die! When that coach comes into town, he dies!

Suddenly Champion grabs a rifle from the desk----

Get out of my way!
Champion breaks for the door, but Rocky moves swiftly.

That should slow you down.

He's going for that sabre. My gun's too far away to reach—
but this chair might help.

Nothing's going to stop me! Nothing! Ha ha ha ha ha ha!

Swish

First I take care of you, Lane! And then—

You missed, Champion!

But I didn't!

Wham

Impaled on his own sabre! Ugh, what a way to die!
That afternoon in the Sheriff's Office the Major finishes his report.

---And one last item, Lieutenant. I'm recommending you for two weeks leave, to--er--attend personal matters.

THANKS, ROCKY--FOR EVERYTHING. NUGGET PLAYED A PRETTY NICE HAND, TOO.

SHUCKS! DIDN'T DO NOTHING BUT TRY TO GET A GOOD STORY FOR THE PAPER.

CAN'T LET SPARKING HOLD UP THE BIGGEST STORY WE EVER HAD. I'LL SET 'EM UP MYSELF.

AS FOR YOU, LIEUTENANT LANE, YOU'RE TO REPORT TO THE PRESIDENT. THE PRESIDENT--I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

THERE'S A SLIGHT MATTER OF THE MEDAL OF HONOR!

MEDAL OF HONOR, BY GRABS! WHAT A FINISH FOR MY STORY!
A sinister secret defies "Rocky" Lane in Republic Pictures' great western movie "Code of the Silver Sage"
“ROCKY” LANE
TRAILS TERROR
TO ITS LAIR IN
“CODE OF THE
SILVER SAGE”
A REPUBLIC PICTURES’
BIG WESTERN!