

**SHORT IN THE SADDLE DEPT.**

Okay, all of you young people out there! Had enough of the sexy new-wave movies that are rated "R" and "X" and "Ecch"? Let's take a look at a "nice" movie... one that's rated "GP"... which means there's hardly **any** sex, just blood and gore and violence and murder and—ulp—

# THE

We came to tell you that we can't drive your cattle to Bells Palsy, Mr. Brandason!

There's been a big gold strike up at San Gelto, an' we'd like to try our luck at strikin' it rich!

But if we don't hit it, we'll come back... since you're so nice to work for, giving us half a day off on Christmas, and a 15-minute longer lunch hour on Thanksgiving Day...

Forget it, you lousy ingrates! If you don't work for me **NOW**, you don't work for me **EVER**! So... get off my horses! Get off my property! Get off my payroll! And get off my back!

And if you ever show up around here again, I'll blow your heads off!

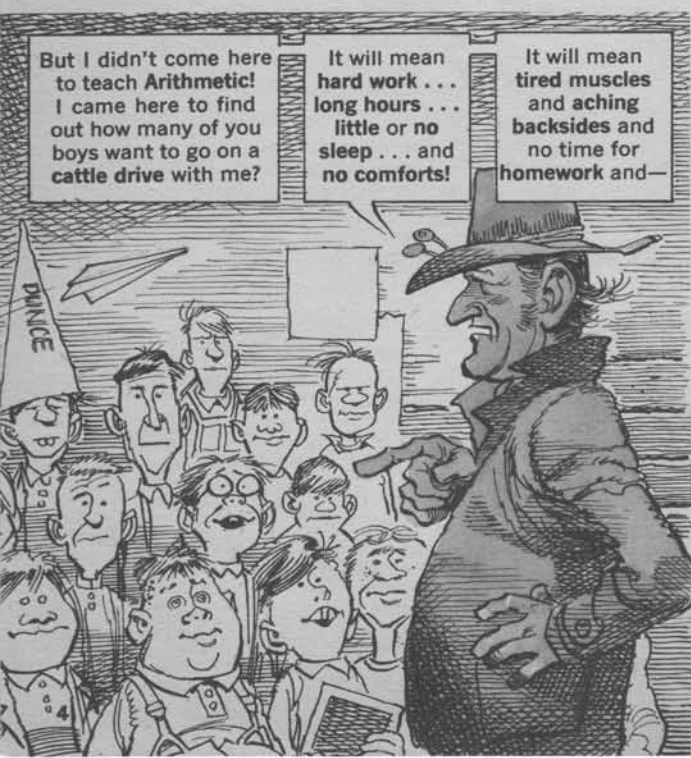
Gee, we were real lucky! We caught him in one of his **BETTER MOODS!!**



But I didn't come here to teach Arithmetic! I came here to find out how many of you boys want to go on a cattle drive with me?

It will mean hard work... long hours... little or no sleep... and no comforts!

It will mean tired muscles and aching backsides and no time for homework and—





# COW KIDS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: DICK DE BAROLO



Hi, Henry! You know how I can get my cattle to Bells Palsy?

Sure! Take a right at the fork outside town, and it's 1800 miles on your left!

I mean where can I hire some hands to help me get there?

How about the boys in school?

Nahh! I don't want to have to wait until three o'clock every afternoon to continue the cattle drive!



I see we have visitors! Come in, Gentlemen! We were just practicing long division!

Billy, how many times does four go into ten?

Giggle! Yakk!

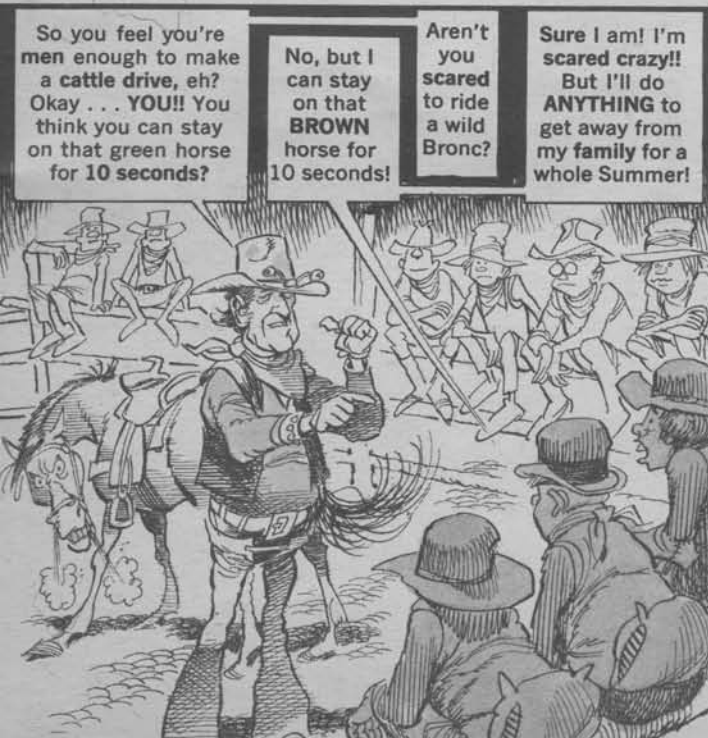
Giggle!

Yakk!

Why's everybody laughin' at him? I think that's close enough! So what if there's three left over!

Uh . . . two, and one left over!

Yakk!

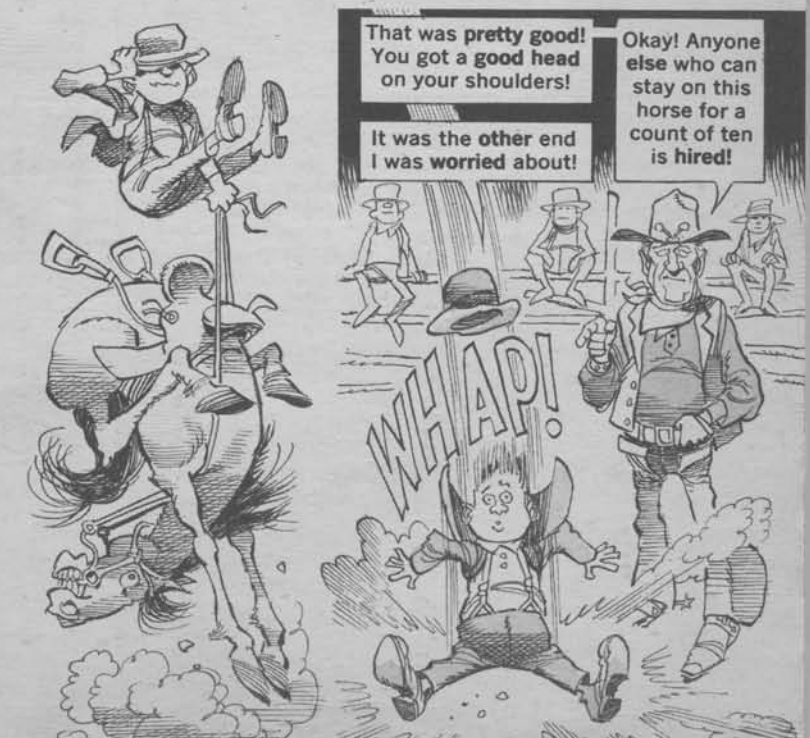


So you feel you're men enough to make a cattle drive, eh? Okay . . . YOU!! You think you can stay on that green horse for 10 seconds?

No, but I can stay on that BROWN horse for 10 seconds!

Aren't you scared to ride a wild Bronc?

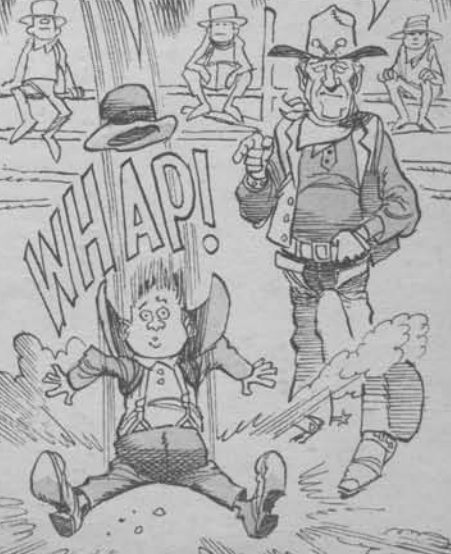
Sure I am! I'm scared crazy!! But I'll do ANYTHING to get away from my family for a whole Summer!



That was pretty good! You got a good head on your shoulders!

Okay! Anyone else who can stay on this horse for a count of ten is hired!

It was the other end I was worried about!





Count of ten?!? I'm only in the First Grade! I can't even count up to seven!



Boy, my rear-end hurts . . . and that's just from watching!



I'm next . . . and I've got my heart in my mouth!



I'm after you . . . and I've got a pillow in my pants!

O.K.! You all made a fine showing! You may have been BOYS when you applied for this job, but when it's over, you're all going to be MEN!

Yeah! Crippled OLD MEN!!



How about letting me try it?

My job is to add a little spice to this sickeningly sweet picture! I'm the token Mexican!

I haven't got a name! I'm a . . . a mistake of nature!

Then you're also our token Bastard!

What are you doing here?

What's your name?



Okay, let's see what you can do with this wild beast . . .

Here, boy!

Sit down!

Wow! Where'd you learn to handle a horse like that?

Horse?! I thought it was a big DOG!!

Roll over!

Play dead!



O.K., boys, you're all hired! And since I'm going to treat you like men, you'll be paid like men! At the end of the drive, each of you can have either \$50 in cash . . .

. . . or 100 luscious lollipops plus a big red balloon!

Now you all go home and get a good night's sleep because I want to start out FIRST THING in the morning!

What time is that, Mr. Brandason?

One minute after Midnight!



I'm going to be gone for a long time, dear! Do you want me to bring you back anything?

Just you—and a string of blue glass beads!

It's also going to be a very dangerous trip! I may not make it!

In that case, can you mail me the beads?



Are you looking for a Cook, Mr. Brandason?

This is not road dust, Sir! This is the only color I am available in!

Well . . . you ALREADY have a token Mexican! I figured this was the next best thing!

Okay, you're hired! I want to get an early start! These are the men you'll be cooking for!

These are the men, eh? You're making an early start all right! About TEN YEARS early!

Yeah! Wash all that road dust off and we'll talk about it!

You—you mean you're a . . .



Fight!

Fight!

Hey, what's going on here?

Nothing! I was just trying to take a splinter out of his chest!

Yeah! From the BACK!

There's no place for someone like you on this cattle drive! So call your horse and get off my ranch!

Here, Rover! Wanna go for a walk? Atta boy!

You're gonna regret this, Mr. Brandason! You'll never get that herd of pussy cats to market!

Herd of pussy cats???

Let him be! If that's a dog he's walking, then it's pussy cats we're taking to market!



Okay, men! Move 'em out . . .

We're going to ride, and ride hard!

Let's go! Yeah . . . Yeah . . .

Woop! Woop! Hyaah!

Git along, little doggies!!

Not dogies, you idiot! Pussy cats!

Yip, yip! Ty-upp! Keep 'em moving, boys!

There's nothing like seeing a big herd on the move, is there?

No, sir . . . there certainly isn't

Fanny! Why in the world are you following the herd? You should have stayed home!

I AM home! You and your "men" have driven the cattle around the house 14 times so far! Tell those kids they're riding "round-up" horses . . . NOT "merry-go-round" horses!



Mr. Brandason, you really don't expect to complete this cattle drive with those kids, do you? How about hiring some REAL cattle hands . . . like US?

Who have you worked for?

All the big ranches like "A & P", "S & H", "H & R Block", "B.B.D. & O"!

Oh, yeah?! Well you happen to be lying! B.B.D. & O isn't a ranch! It's a railroad!





I'm sorry! I DID lie, Mr. Brandason! Because nobody will hire us when they find out we're ex-cons who did time for kidnapping, robbery, murder and passing a red light!

Well, I'm not going to hire you either! I don't mind the kidnapping and robbing and murdering and passing a red light! It's just that I can't stand people who get caught! Now... get out of here!!

You really think that you'll make Bells Palsy with this group of green kids?

Yep! I figure it'll take about 5 days!

Yeah? Well, you'd better make that about 25 days, with the progress YOU'RE making!

He's right dear!

Fanny! What are YOU doing here! I told you to stay home!

I AM home!

Oh, NO...



Dinner is on, boys.

Oysters on the half shell, onion soup, Coq au Vin, string beans almondfine, potatoes soufflé, avocado salad and a Burgundy wine!

Yecch! Who wants that garbage?!?

We want franks and soda pop!

What are we having?

Why do you boys stare at me all day long? Haven't you ever seen a Black man before?

Sure we have! But you're the first man we ever saw—Black OR White—that spoke perfect English!

Okay, boys! Mount up! Let's get goin' We're burning daylight!

Burning daylight?! We just ate dinner! It's eight o'clock at night!

How do you know it's eight o'clock at night! It might be eight o'clock in the morning!

Because it's pitch black out!!



What's the matter?!? You never heard of a cloudy day before?

By the way, has anybody seen my wife recently?

Not for about three hours!

Thank God! We must finally be off my property!

Okay, Move 'em out! Let's go!!

M-M-Mister Bran-Bran-Brandason! He-He-He-f-f-f-fell in the wa-wa-

Hey, you! I thought I told you to stay away from me!

You did! But what Stuttering Boob was trying to tell you was that this idiot fell off his horse into the rapids and he can't swim and he was drowning and that you should help him!

Somehow it seemed funnier the way Boob was telling it!





As for YOU, I never want to hear you stutter again! Understand???

CUT THAT OUT!

What did you say?

Say it again!

See? Your stuttering's cured!

Holy #\$\$%&! I can't believe my #\$\$%& ears! Wait till my #\$\$%& Mother and #\$\$%& Father hear me... not to mention my #\$\$%& Sunday School Teacher!

You mean rotten son of a #\$\$%&!

You mean son of a #\$\$%&!

You son of a #\$\$%&!

Y-y-y-yes, s-s-s-sir!



Breakfast is ready! Twelve bacon and eggs... and one bagels and lox!

Hmm! I almost forget we had a token one of THEM, too!

No, Sir! Not for a day and a half, now!

Holy cow! We REALLY must be moving!!

Say, you haven't seen my wife walking around, have you?



How did you like your Dinner, boy?

Best &#%\$#@! filet mignon I ever had!

He doesn't stutter any more, but now I sure would like to do something about his language!



Er—can we go to sleep now, Sir?

Sure, boys! I guess you're tired! I must try to remember that you're just kids and don't have the kind of strength and stamina that a man like me, Z-Z-ZZZ-ZZZZZ-ZZZZZ



They're asleep!

Got the bottle of stuff?

Yeah! Here! Have a slug!

Mmmm! It's good!

Yeah! It's great tasting Soda Pop again after being served Vintage Wine with every meal!



Hi, there big boy!

Lookin' for a little fun!

Come into the wagon and I'll teach you something fantastic!

Hi, there big broad!

Yes!

No, thank you, Ma'am! See, that's why I came along on this cattle drive... to get away from my Teacher!



That young man seems to have turned down an evening of love!

Well, I convinced him that it'd be better that way! A young man's first experience should be with a girl in the back seat of a buggy! He had a buck for the girl, but he didn't have an extra 50¢ for the buggy! How about you...?

Madam, I have the money, I have the desire, and I have the time! However, I am afraid that I might—er—pick up something!

No, I mean bad speech patterns! I pride myself on my diction!

You mean a disease?





Everybody up! Let's get going!

So?!? I let you sleep till three A.M.!! You want to stay in bed all day?!? Get moving!

What's the big hurry?

I thought I told you bums to stay away from me!

We're taking over the herd!

Not while I got two good arms, you're not!

B-But it's Sunday! You said we could sleep late!



Not while I got two good legs, you're not!!



Boy, you're lucky I've got a good heart or—



Boys, I hope you're watching this! Does it teach you something about ex-cons?

No, but it certainly teaches us something about pig-headed stubborn ranch owners!



H-he's dead! This is our chance! Now we can take justice into our own hands, revenge his death, get back the cattle, and then, maybe, go kite flying!

Boys, I'm afraid I cannot allow you to take revenge! There are SEVENTEEN of them, and only ELEVEN of you! You'll never succeed!

Like I said, there are only seventeen of them, and twelve of US! So if we work together, we can do it! Now... here's my plan... pst... pst... pst

Then we'll tie you up... and leave you here to rot!



Be honest! Did you understand Bullslinger's plan?

Uh-uh! None of us did! Nobody here understands perfect English!

Well, I got the gist of it! He wants us to fight the way MEN fight, not the way boys fight!

No! Did you?

How's that?

Dirty!



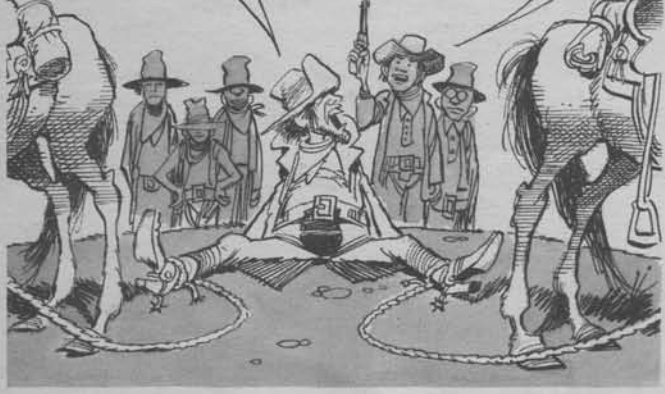


Have pity, boys! My leg's broken! Get me to a Doctor!

That's just what we're planning on doing! Except that we've been having an argument! He says the nearest Doctor is five miles THAT way, and I say the nearest Doctor is five miles THIS way!

We're not taking any chances! We're sending you BOTH ways!

Well, what have you decided to do?



Somebody ... make a wish!

Yecch! This "Final Comeuppance" scene is disgusting!

Why? Because it's so violent?

No ... because it's so short!



There it is, gang! Bells Palsy! Let's drive the cattle in, get our money, shoot up the town, make out with the women, beat up on some old folks and then fall down dead drunk!



Hear that, Mr. Brandason ... wherever you are? We can be mighty proud of our boys! They finished the cattle drive! And between us, they sure learned a lot during it!

