

ALAMO ASTONISHMENT IN THE MIGHTY MANN CO. MANNER!



12¢

#117  
AUG

SAXTON HALE PRESENTS

# ALAMO SUSPENSSTORIES

THE ONLY COMIC THAT  
GUARANTEES A MURDER  
AT THE ALAMO IN  
EVERY ISSUE!

IN THIS ALAMO-PACKED ISH!

# MURDER!

AT THE ALAMO...? YOU WON'T BELIEVE THE TERRIFYING ANSWER!







**Y**IPPIE-DIE-AY, ABOMINABLE ALA-MINIONS!  
AFTER MY TERRIFYING TRIP TO THE SOUTH  
POLE IN OUR LAST **ANXIETY-INDUCING ISH**, I FELT  
A VACATION TO A WARMER CLIMATE WAS JUST WHAT  
THE DOCTOR **HORROR**-DERED! LUCKILY, TWO OLD  
FOOLS RENTED ME FOR A MEETING IN NEW MEXICO!

READ ON, FORT FIENDS, BECAUSE THEY'RE ABOUT  
TO GET A BIT MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR IN  
THE RENTAL AGREEMENT – OR SHOULD I SAY  
RENTAL **BEREAVEMENT!** – IN A STORY I CALL...

## BLOOD BROTHERS!





BADLANDS, NEW MEXICO.

SOME TIME IN THE FUTURE.

REDMOND, WE  
HAVE ENGAGED IN A  
*FRUITLESS WAR* FOR  
A HUNDRED YEARS.

WE HAVE  
NO HEIRS. AND  
NOW WE ARE OUT  
OF TIME.

THANKS TO OUR  
POINTLESS BICKERING,  
THE MANN FAMILY LINE  
WILL DIE WITH US.

IT KILLS ME TO  
EVEN SAY IT, BUT I  
THINK YOU KNOW  
WHAT I INTEND TO  
PROPOSE.





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IT KILLS ME TO  
EVEN SAY IT, BUT I  
THINK YOU KNOW  
WHAT I INTEND TO  
PROPOSE.

I DESPISE  
IT WITH *EVERY ATOM  
OF MY BEING...*  
BUT YES.

IT'S THE  
ONLY SOLUTION THAT  
MAKES SENSE.







WE MUST--

BROTHER!  
PLEASE.



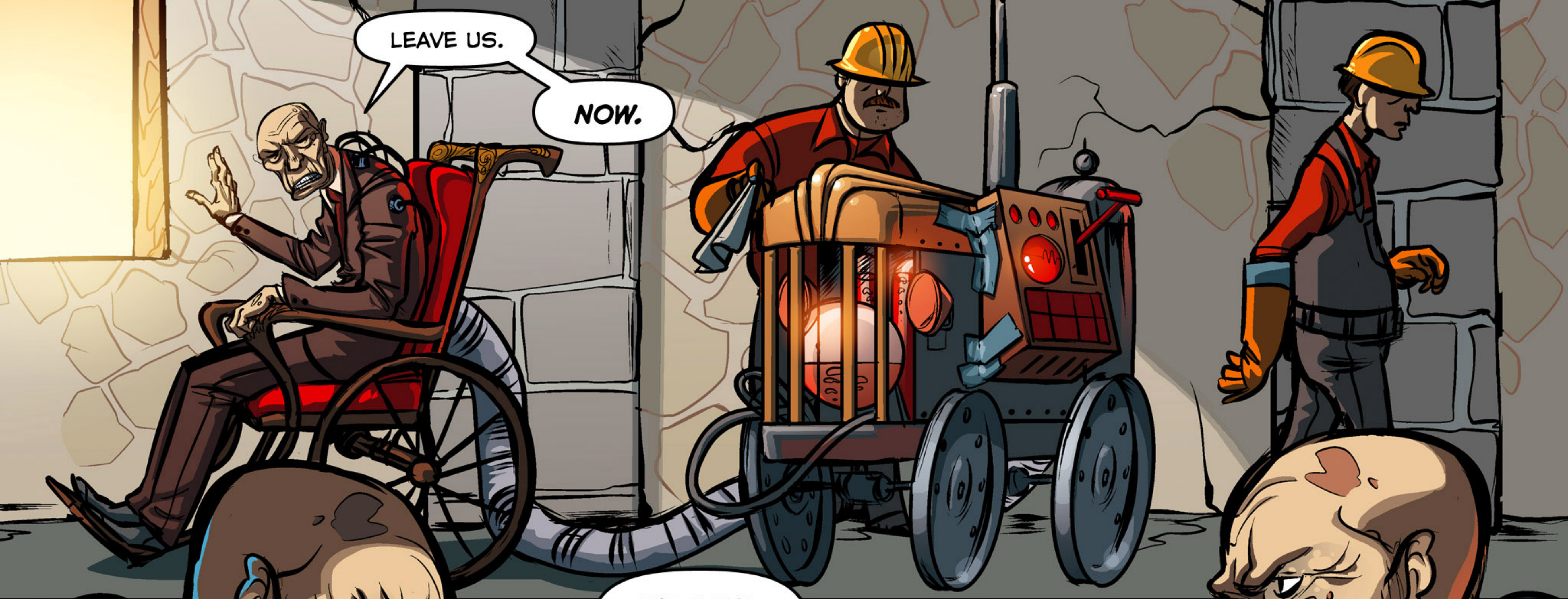


WE MUST--

BROTHER!  
PLEASE.

DISMISS  
THE HELP  
FIRST.





LEAVE US.

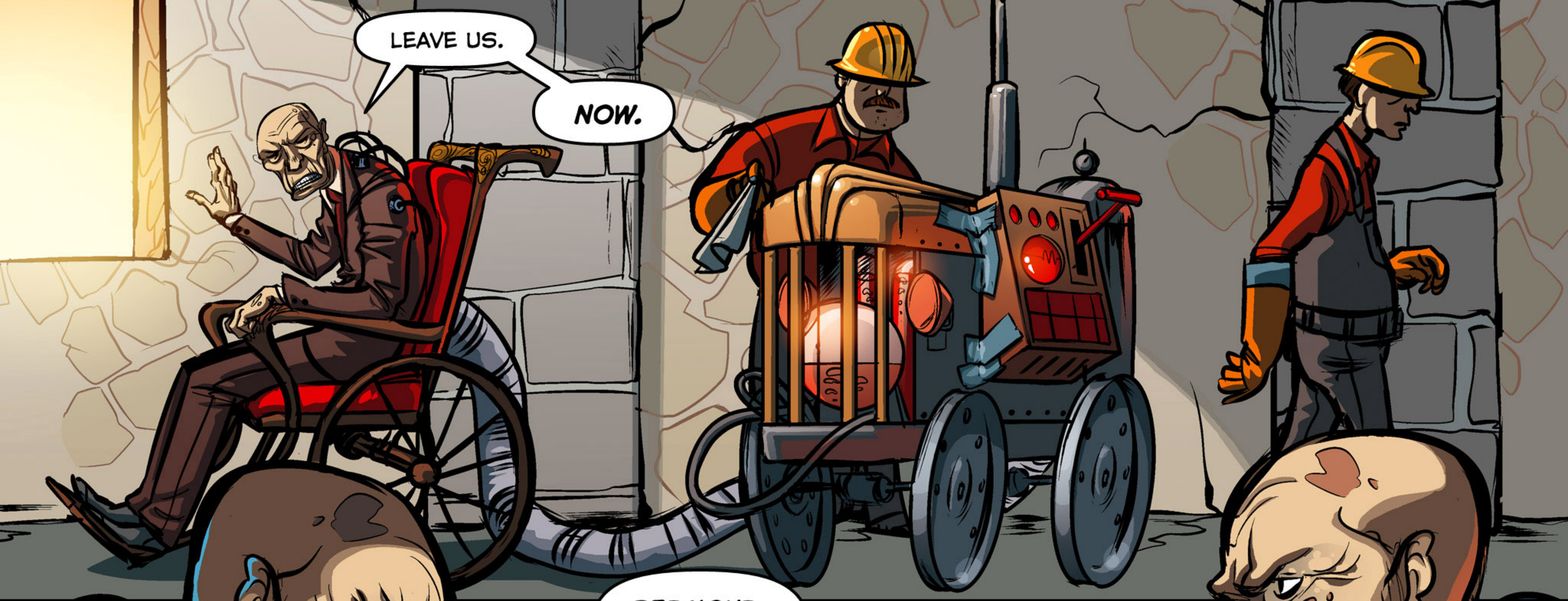
NOW.



REDMOND,  
I PROPOSE A  
TRUCE.







LEAVE US.

NOW.



REDMOND,  
I PROPOSE A  
TRUCE.

SO THAT WE CAN  
BUILD A MACHINE TO  
MAKE ONE OF US  
PREGNANT.



MM.  
OF COURSE.





MY ONE  
CONCERN, BROTHER...  
IS IT POSSIBLE THIS  
PLAN IS TOO  
PERFECT?

DIFFICULT TO  
SAY. HONESTLY,  
I CAN FIND NO  
FLAW IN IT.



NOR I.  
SO IT'S A  
DEAL?

YES.





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SO IT'S A  
DEAL?

YES.



I MUST  
SAY, REDMOND --  
IT WAS BIG OF YOU  
TO SUGGEST THIS  
MEETING. THAT TEAR-  
STAINED LETTER  
YOU SENT ME...





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YOU SENT ME A  
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WHAT?  
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TEAR-STAINED  
LETTER.

THNK  
THNK  
THNK  
THNK  
THNK  
THNK  
THNK

GENTLEMEN.



MY NAME IS  
GRAY MANN. I AM  
YOUR BROTHER.

AND I SENT THE  
LETTERS PROPOSING  
THIS TRUCE.

WHICH,  
I MIGHT ADD,  
IT TOOK YOU LITERALLY  
THIRTY SECONDS TO  
TURN INTO AN IDIOTIC  
CRIME AGAINST  
NATURE.

CONGRATULATIONS.











AHEH.

YES.  
YOU COULD  
SAY THAT.





AHEH.

YES.  
YOU COULD  
SAY THAT.



MANN MANOR. 1822.





AHEH.

YES.  
YOU COULD  
SAY THAT.



MANN MANOR. 1822.

WELL. THANK HEAVENS  
FOR SMALL MERCIES,  
AT LEAST SHE FINALLY  
STOPPED SCREAMING.



AS I WAS SAYING,  
BARNABUS, IF THE SITES  
OF INFESTATION ARE INDEED  
MULTIPLYING, SO IS THEIR  
NEED FOR MUNITIONS.  
MUNITIONS *WE* CAN---





AHEH.

YES.  
YOU COULD  
SAY THAT.



MANN MANOR. 1822.

WELL. THANK HEAVENS  
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AT LEAST SHE FINALLY  
STOPPED SCREAMING.



MISTER  
MANN?

SIR?

AS I WAS SAYING,  
BARNABUS, IF THE SITES  
OF INFESTATION ARE INDEED  
MULTIPLYING, SO IS THEIR  
NEED FOR MUNITIONS.  
MUNITIONS *WE* CAN---



WELL?

YOUR WIFE,  
SIR... SHE...

...DIDN'T  
MAKE IT.





WELL?

YOUR WIFE,  
SIR... SHE...



...DIDN'T  
MAKE IT.



BETTE...



YES.  
WELL.

AND THE  
CHILD?







CH--

CHILDREN,  
SIR.

THREE  
BOYS.

GOOD. AT LEAST SHE  
DID **SOMETHING** RIGHT.



TAKE ME  
TO THEM.

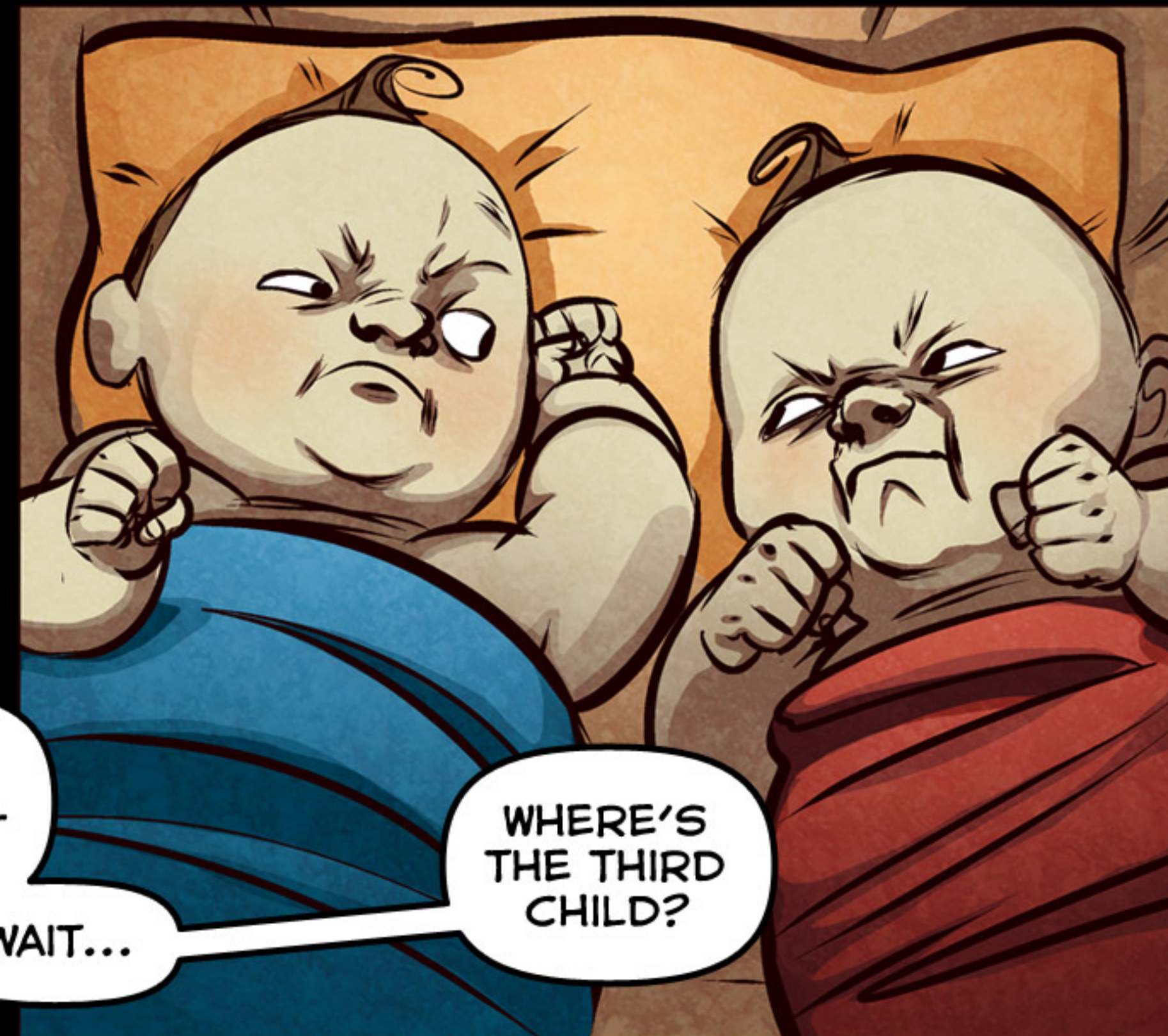




STRAPPING.  
ALERT.  
HANDSOME.

MM.  
THEY'LL  
DO.

WAIT...



WHERE'S  
THE THIRD  
CHILD?



SIR, HE'S... HE CAME  
OUT SO *SMALL*, AND...  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
YOU SHOULD KNOW  
ABOUT HIM...

SHOW HIM  
TO ME.



HE CAN  
TALK, SIR.

HELLO,  
FATHER.

**BLUAGH!**

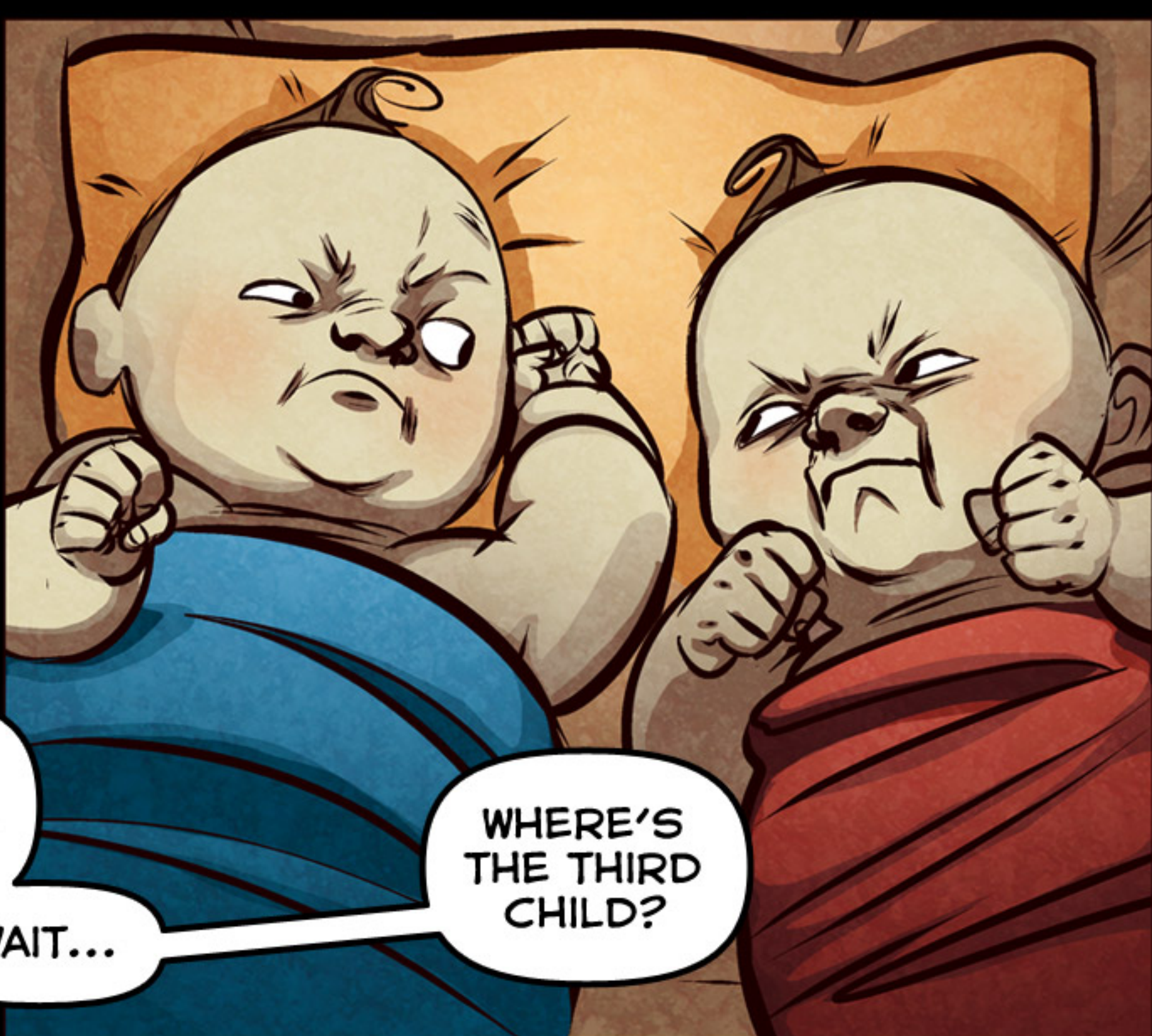
SMOTHER  
IT.





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ALERT.  
HANDSOME.

MM.  
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SHOW HIM  
TO ME.



HELLO,  
FATHER.

HE CAN  
TALK, SIR.

**BLUAGH!**  
SMOTHER  
IT.

WHEN SUDDENLY...



**EAGLE  
ATTACK!**

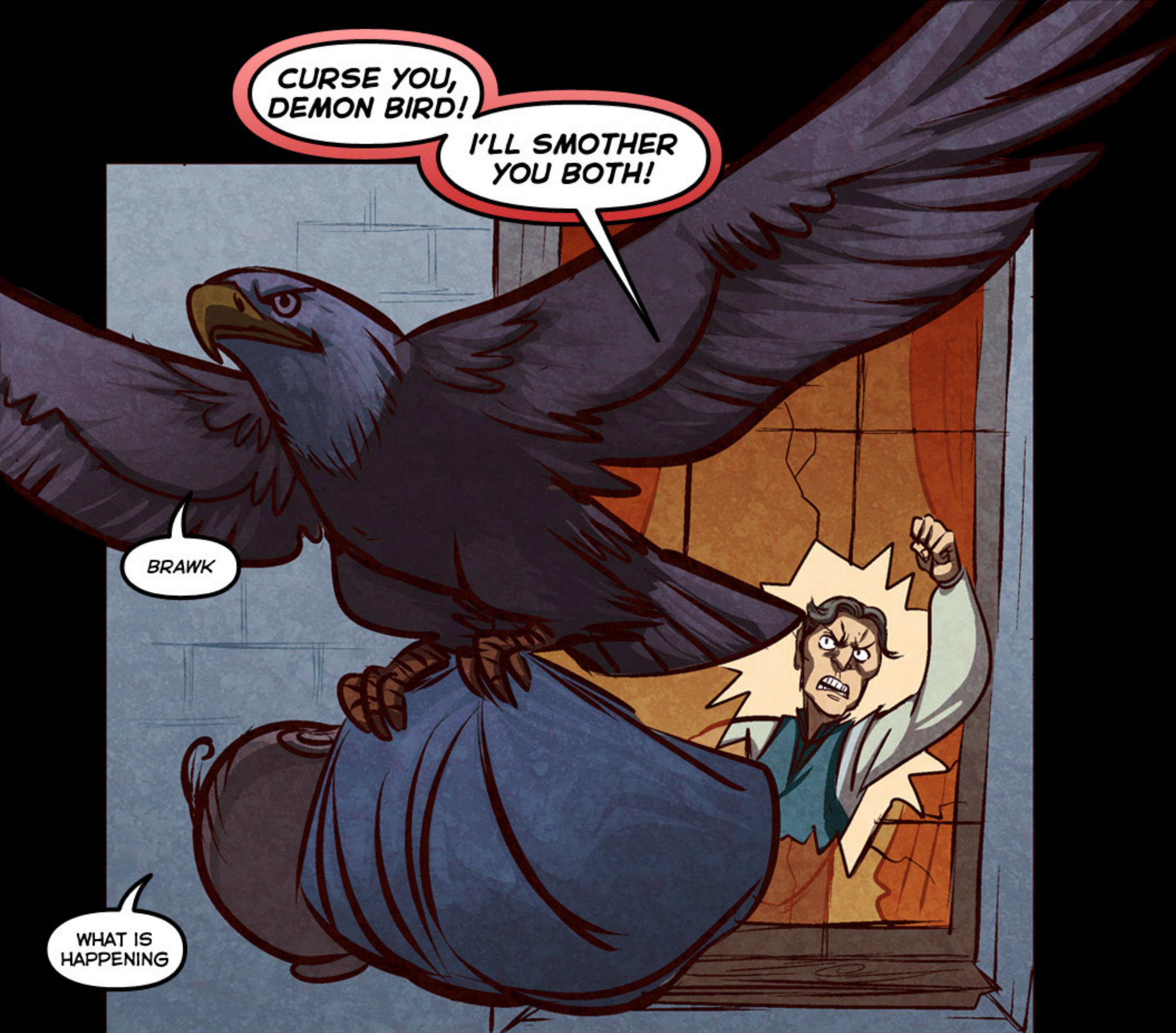


CURSE YOU,  
DEMON BIRD!

I'LL SMOTHER  
YOU BOTH!

BRAWK

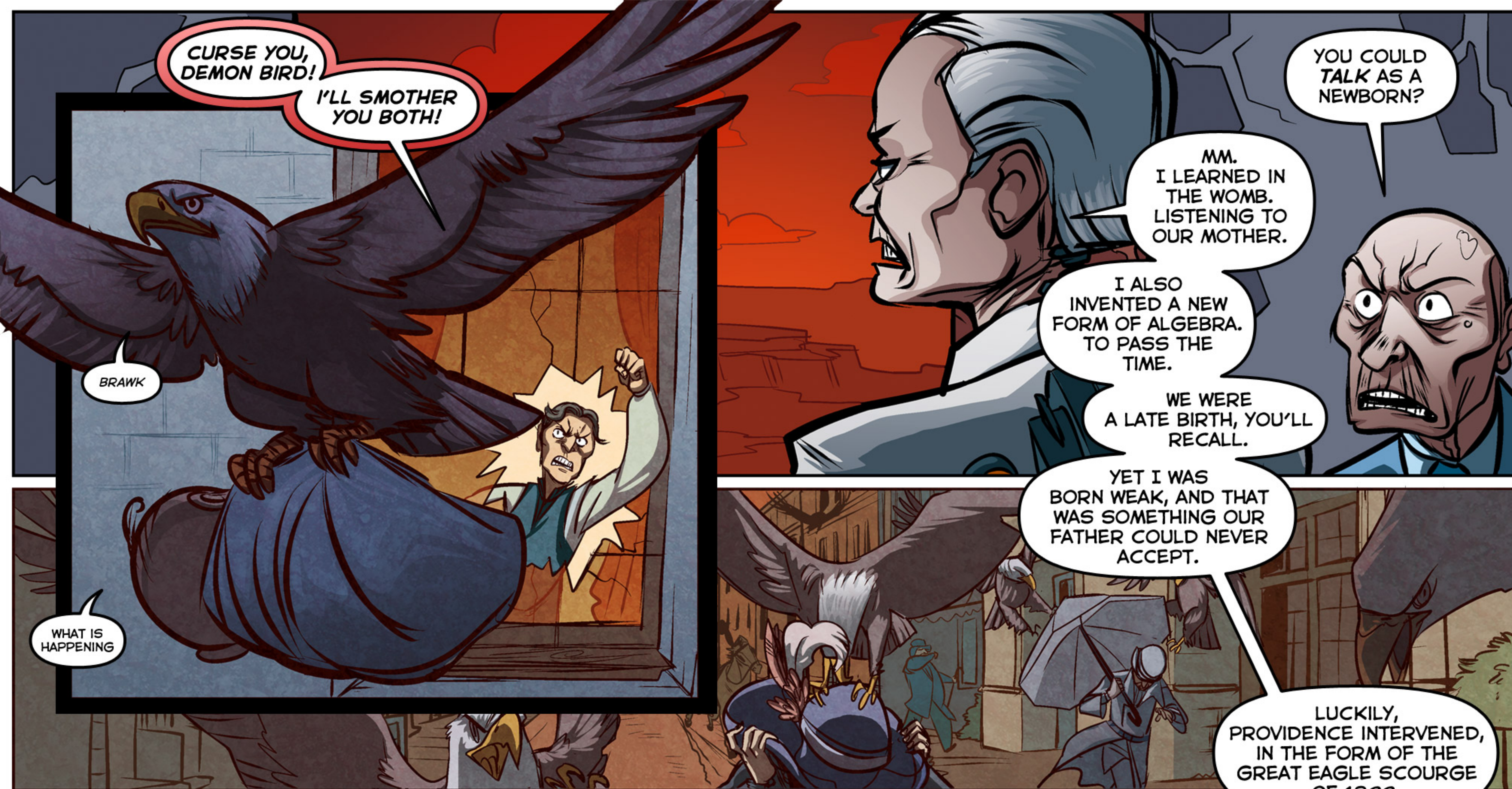
WHAT IS  
HAPPENING











CURSE YOU,  
DEMON BIRD!

I'LL SMOTHER  
YOU BOTH!

BRAWK

WHAT IS  
HAPPENING

YOU COULD  
TALK AS A  
NEWBORN?

MM.  
I LEARNED IN  
THE WOMB.  
LISTENING TO  
OUR MOTHER.

I ALSO  
INVENTED A NEW  
FORM OF ALGEBRA.  
TO PASS THE  
TIME.

WE WERE  
A LATE BIRTH, YOU'LL  
RECALL.

YET I WAS  
BORN WEAK, AND THAT  
WAS SOMETHING OUR  
FATHER COULD NEVER  
ACCEPT.

LUCKILY,  
PROVIDENCE INTERVENED,  
IN THE FORM OF THE  
GREAT EAGLE SCOURGE  
OF 1822.





I WAS RAISED  
BY THAT EAGLE AS  
IF I WAS ONE OF  
HER OWN.

FRAIL.  
HELPLESS.

I WAS FED  
GRUBS AND  
MICE.

ACCEPTED  
ALONGSIDE  
HER OTHER  
CHILDREN.

KEPT WARM  
AT NIGHT, NESTLED  
IN HER FEATHERY  
BREAST.

AND, WHEN I WAS  
STRONG ENOUGH,  
BROTHERS...







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BY THAT EAGLE AS  
IF I WAS ONE OF  
HER OWN.

FRAIL.  
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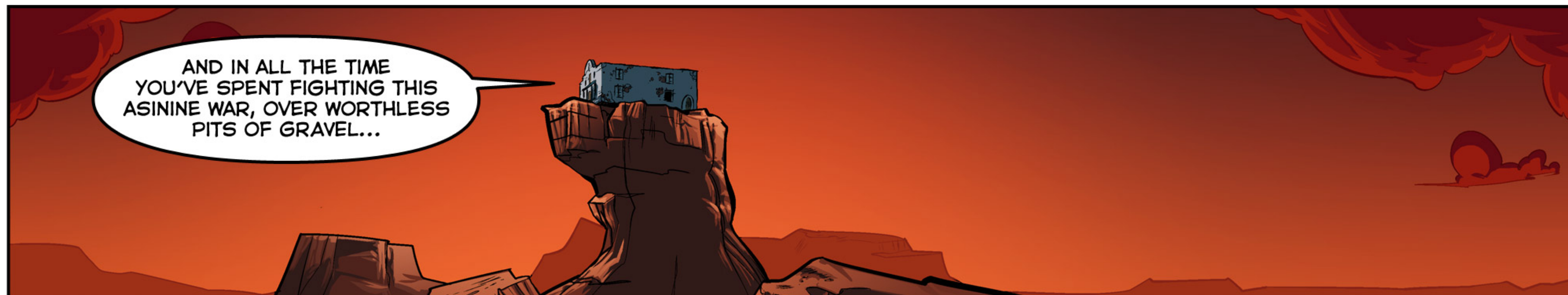
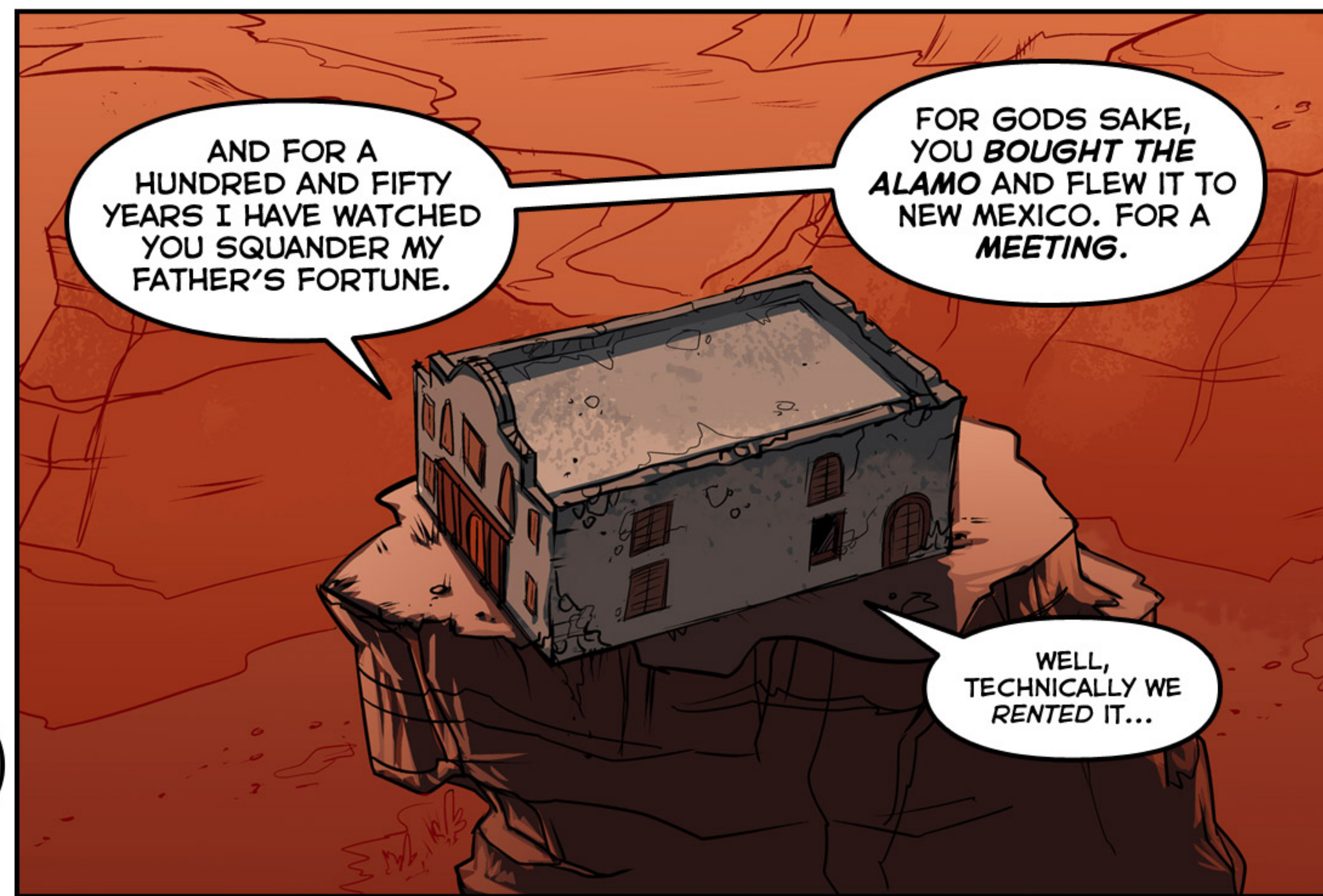
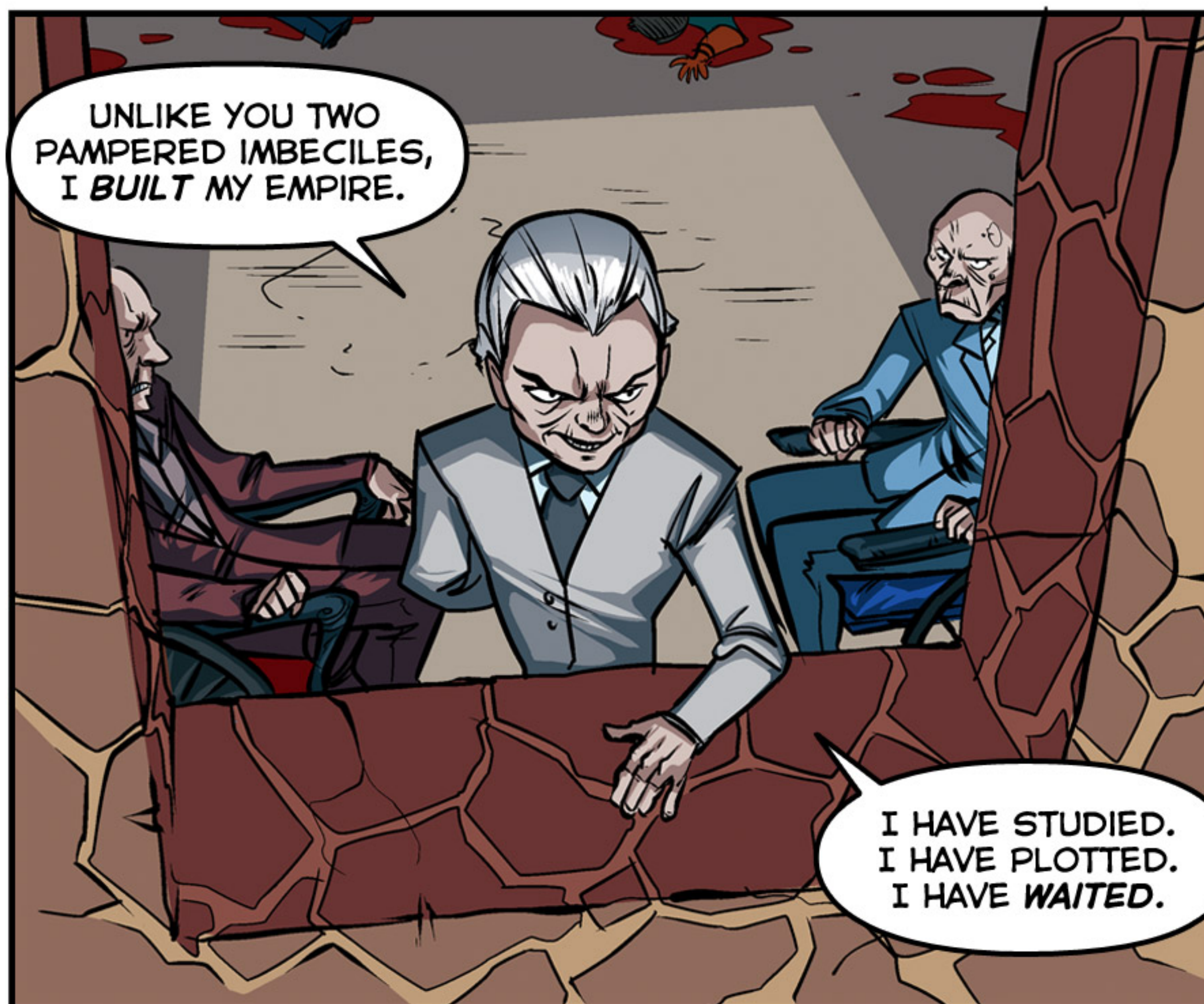
AND, WHEN I WAS  
STRONG ENOUGH,  
BROTHERS...

I ATE HER,  
AND ALL HER  
CHILDREN.

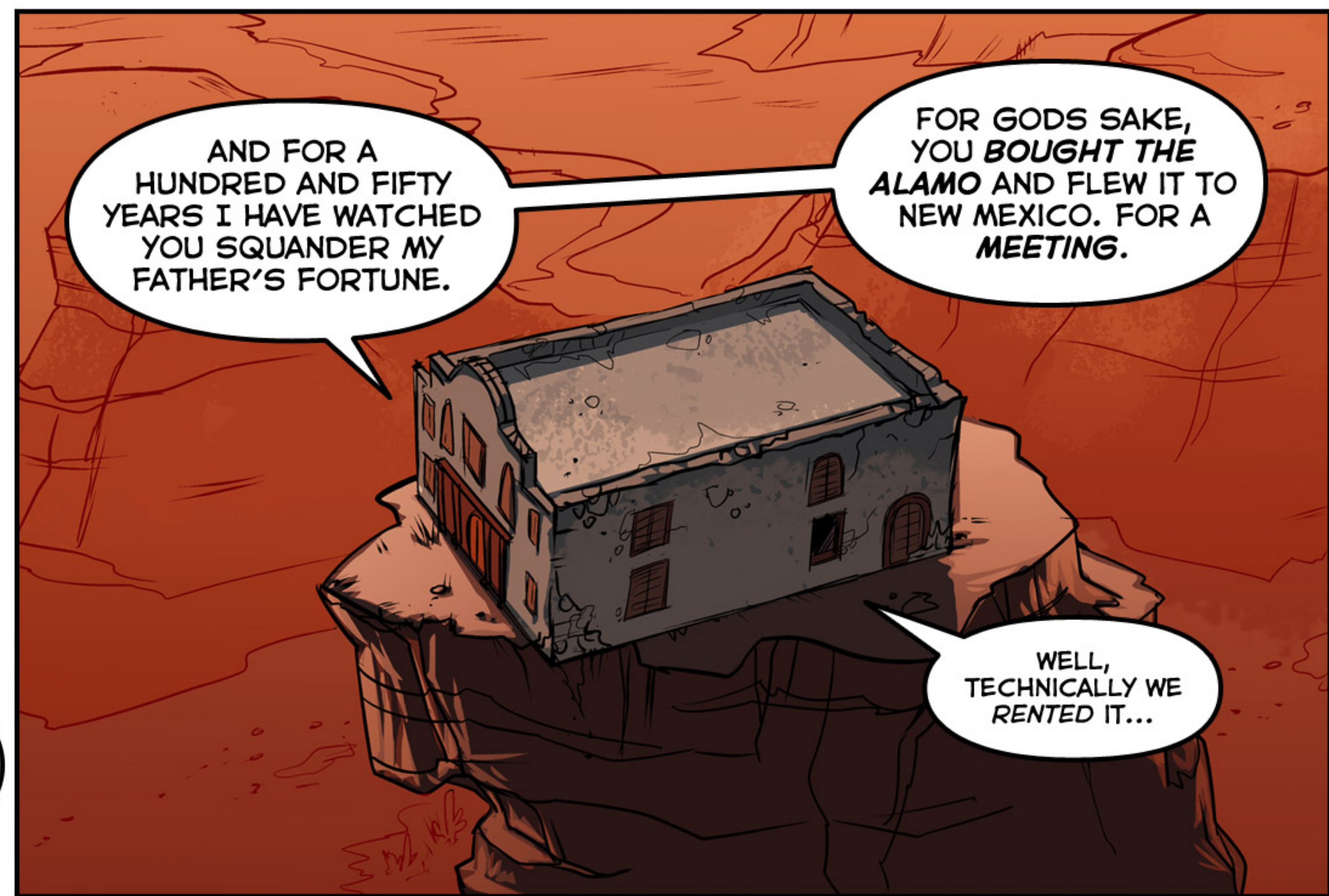
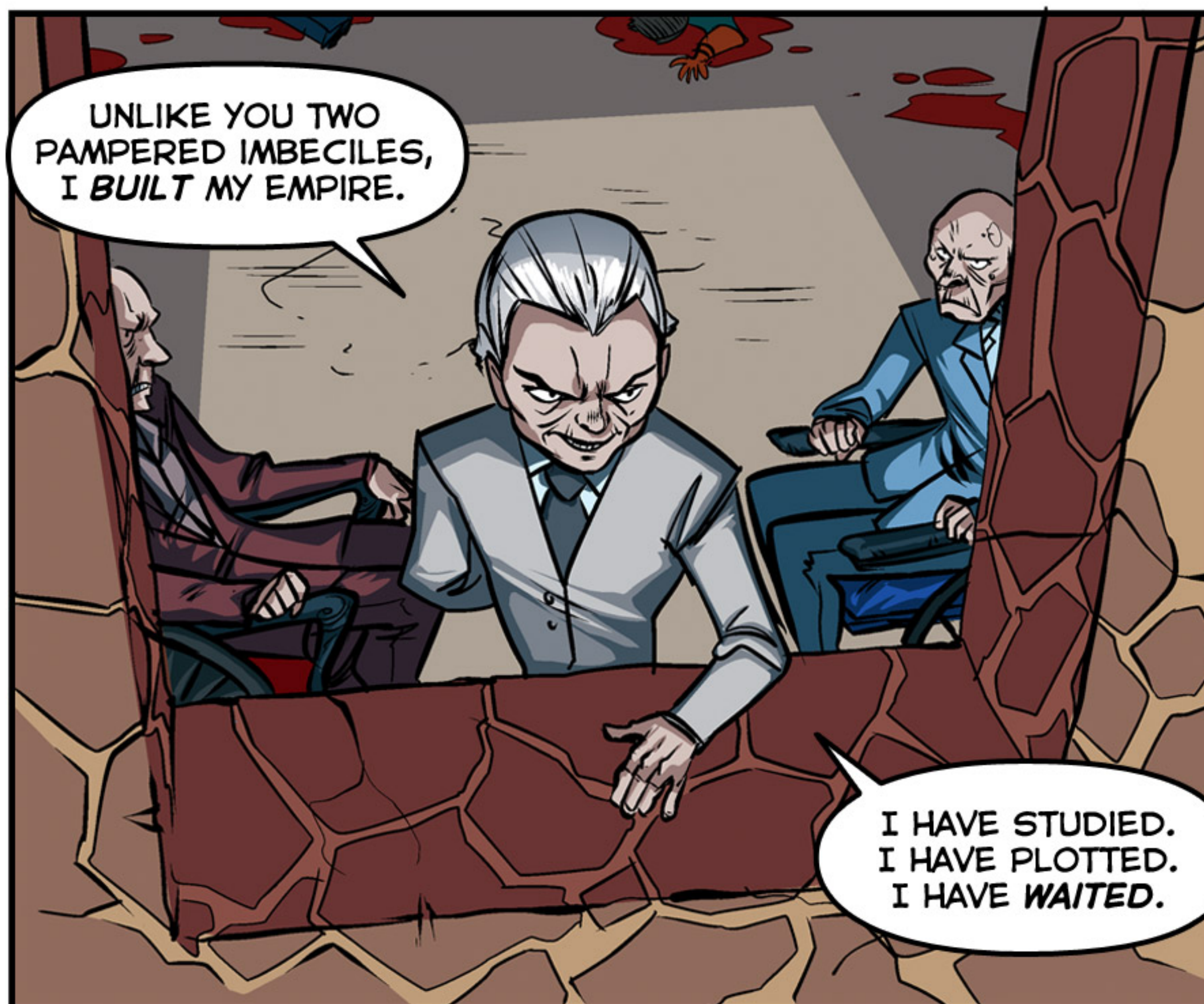
AND  
CRAWLED BACK TO  
CIVILIZATION.













"...THE ONLY THING  
IN THIS HELL-BLASTED  
LANDSCAPE ACTUALLY  
WORTH FIGHTING OVER."

SIX HUNDRED  
SIXTY-SEVEN...  
SIX HUNDRED  
SIXTY-EIGHT...

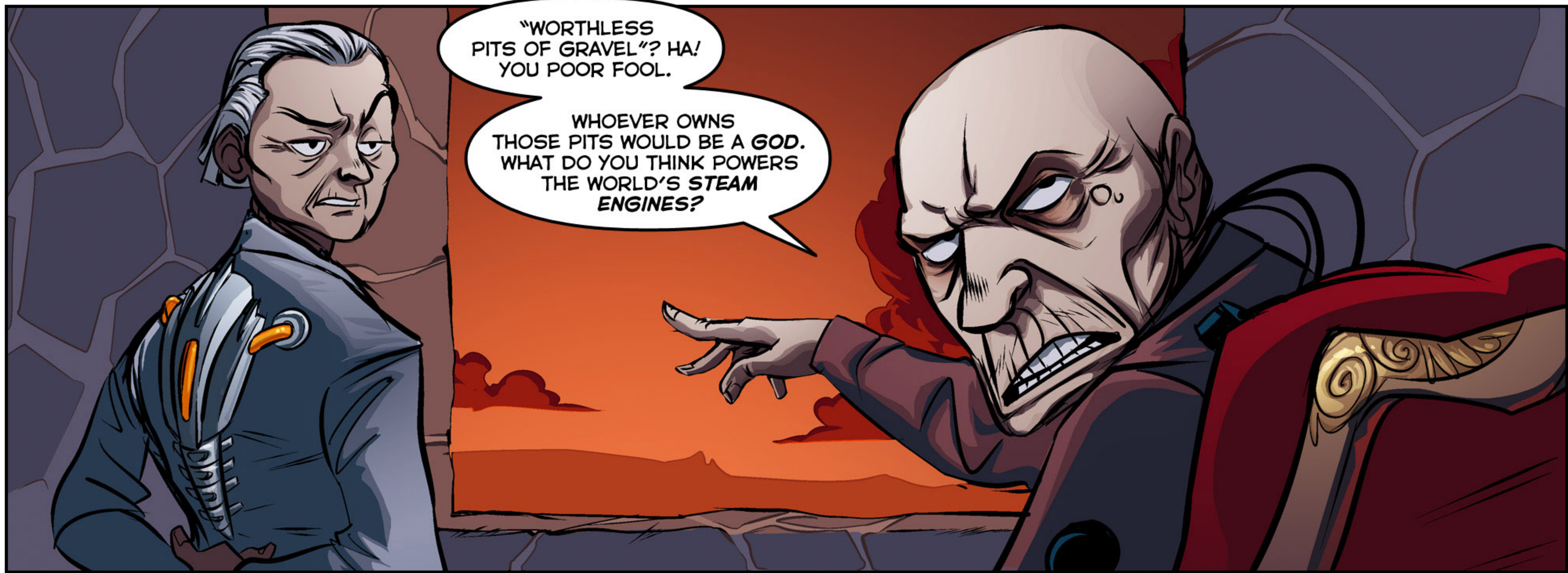
COME ON,  
OTHER ARM! PULL  
YOUR WEIGHT!  
RIGHT ARM'S  
EMBARRASSING  
YOU!

**MANN CO.**

WE MAKE HATS, GUNS, BATS, BOMBS, BAZOOKAS, CAMERA  
BEARDS, COMICS, MAGAZINES, PORTABLE BACCARAT DETECTORS,  
BANNERS, SWORDS, SHIELDS AND GET IN FIGHTS

NON-EMPLOYEES WELCOME FOR GORILLA WRESTLING FRIDAYS

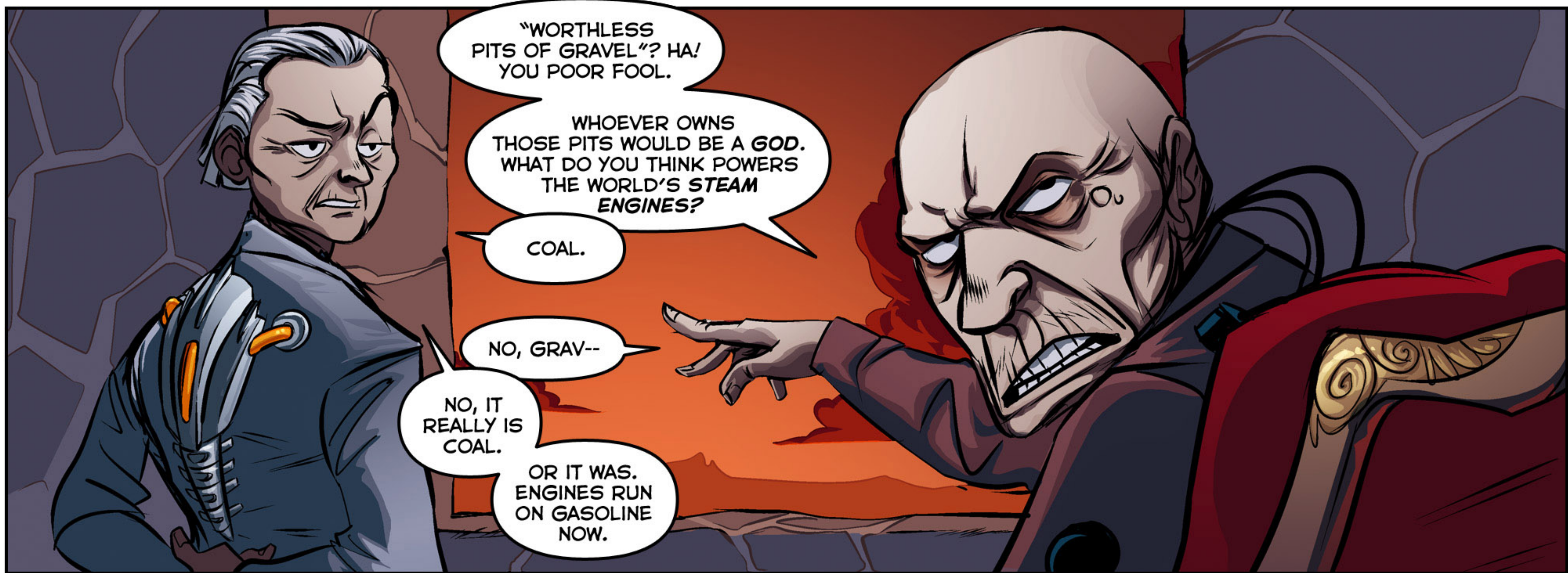




"WORTHLESS  
PITS OF GRAVEL"? HA!  
YOU POOR FOOL.

WHOEVER OWNS  
THOSE PITS WOULD BE A GOD.  
WHAT DO YOU THINK POWERS  
THE WORLD'S **STEAM**  
**ENGINES?**





"WORTHLESS  
PITS OF GRAVEL"? HA!  
YOU POOR FOOL.

WHOEVER OWNS  
THOSE PITS WOULD BE A GOD.  
WHAT DO YOU THINK POWERS  
THE WORLD'S *STEAM*  
*ENGINES*?

COAL.

NO, GRAV--

NO, IT  
REALLY IS  
COAL.

OR IT WAS.  
ENGINES RUN  
ON GASOLINE  
NOW.

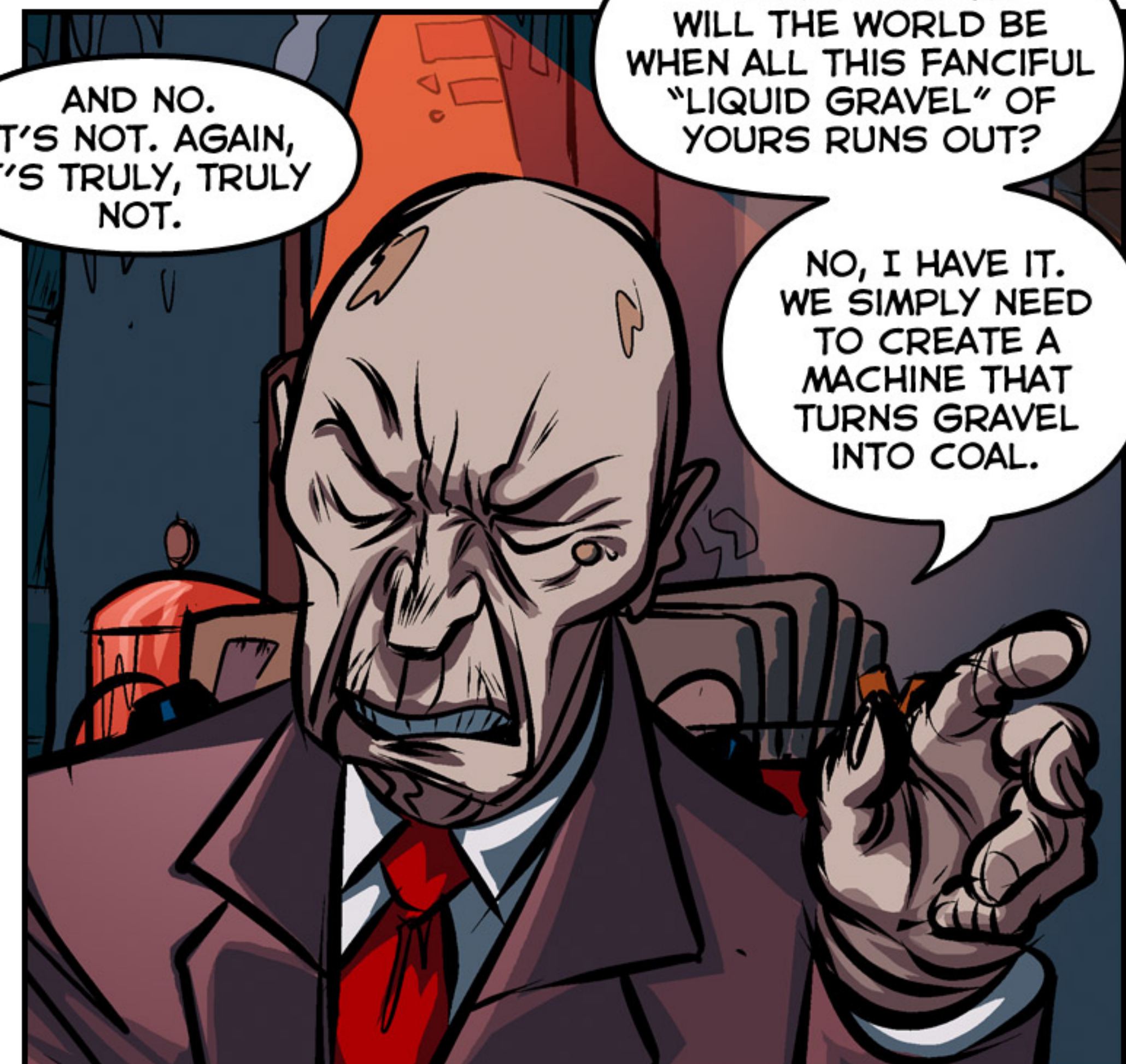
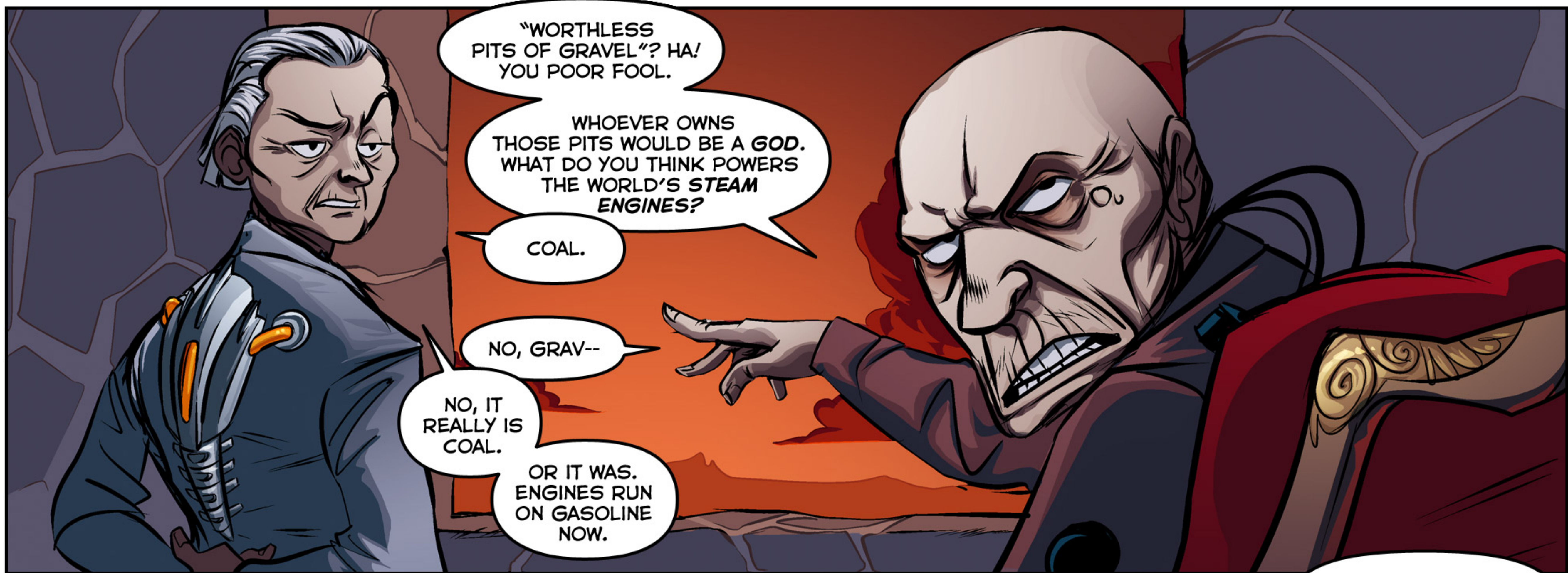










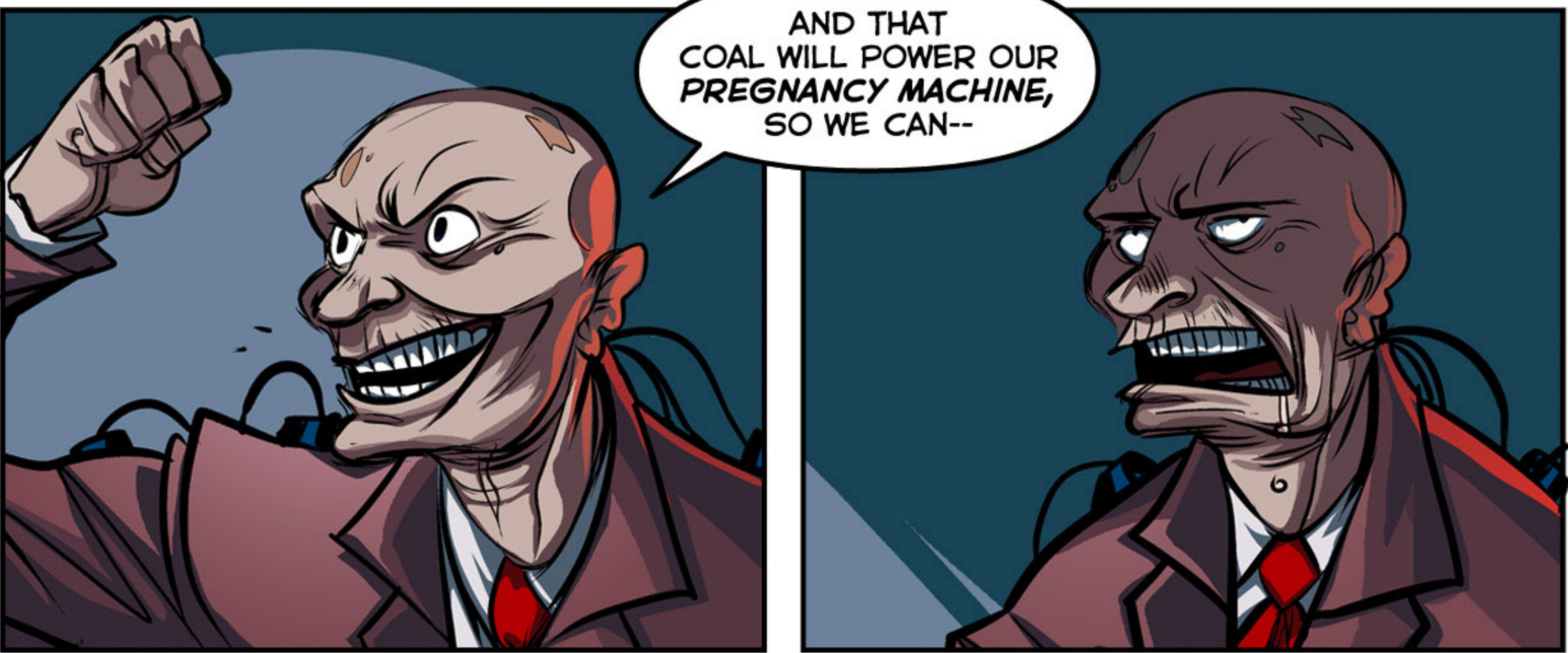




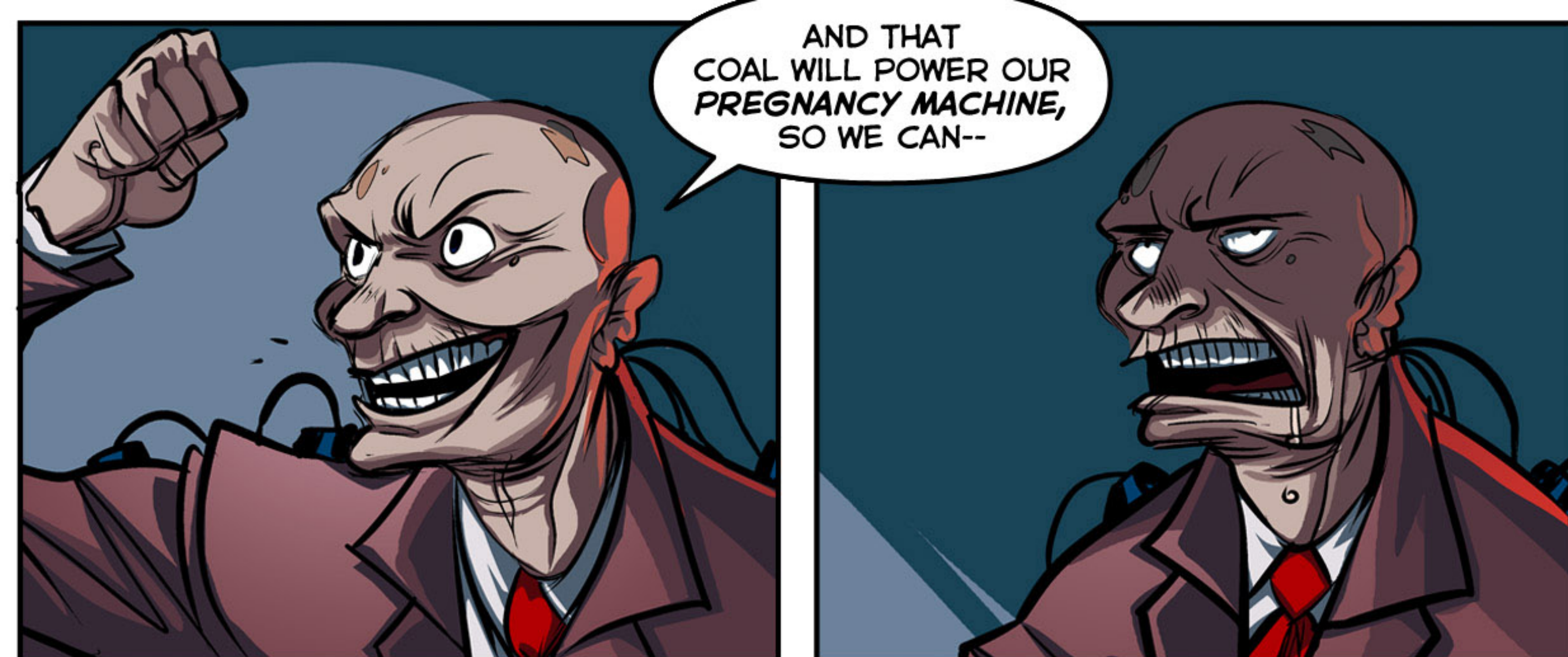


AND THAT  
COAL WILL POWER OUR  
*PREGNANCY MACHINE*,  
SO WE CAN--

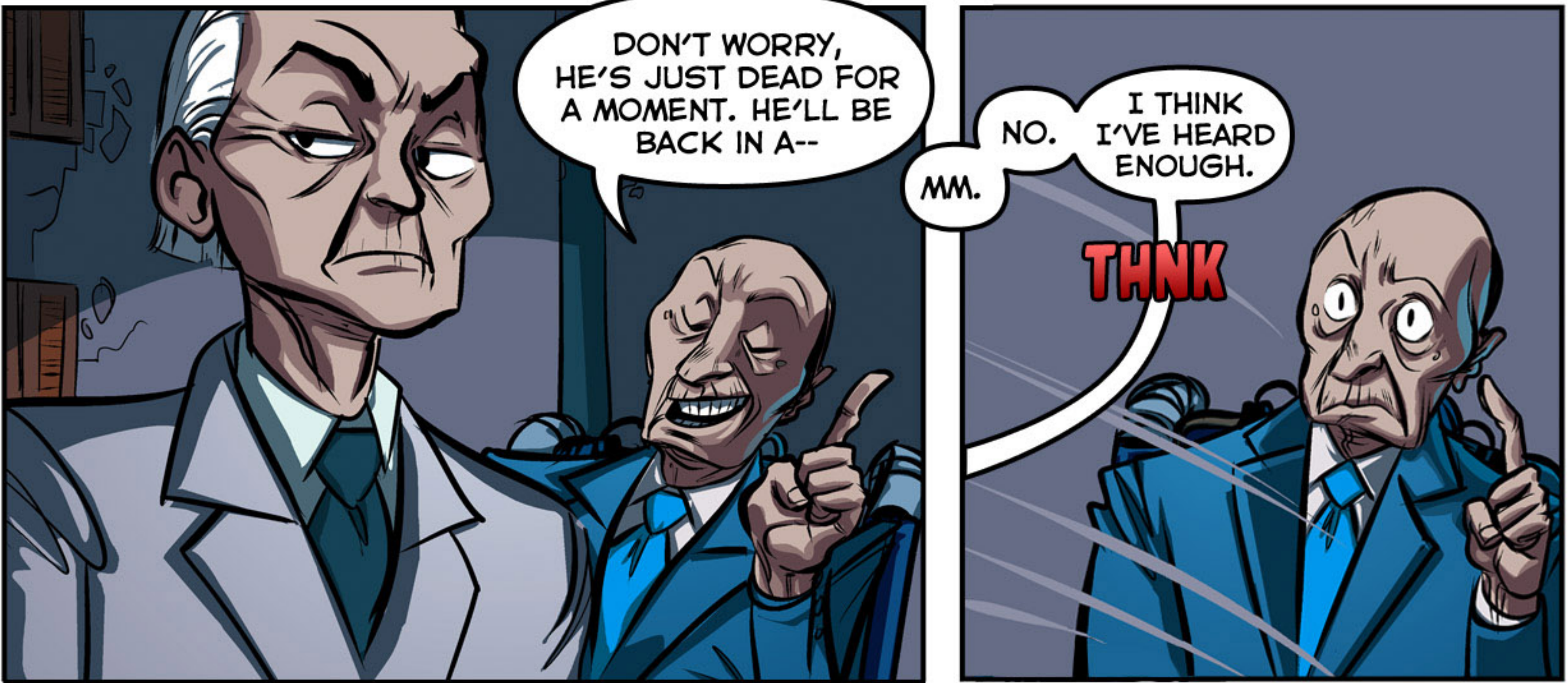
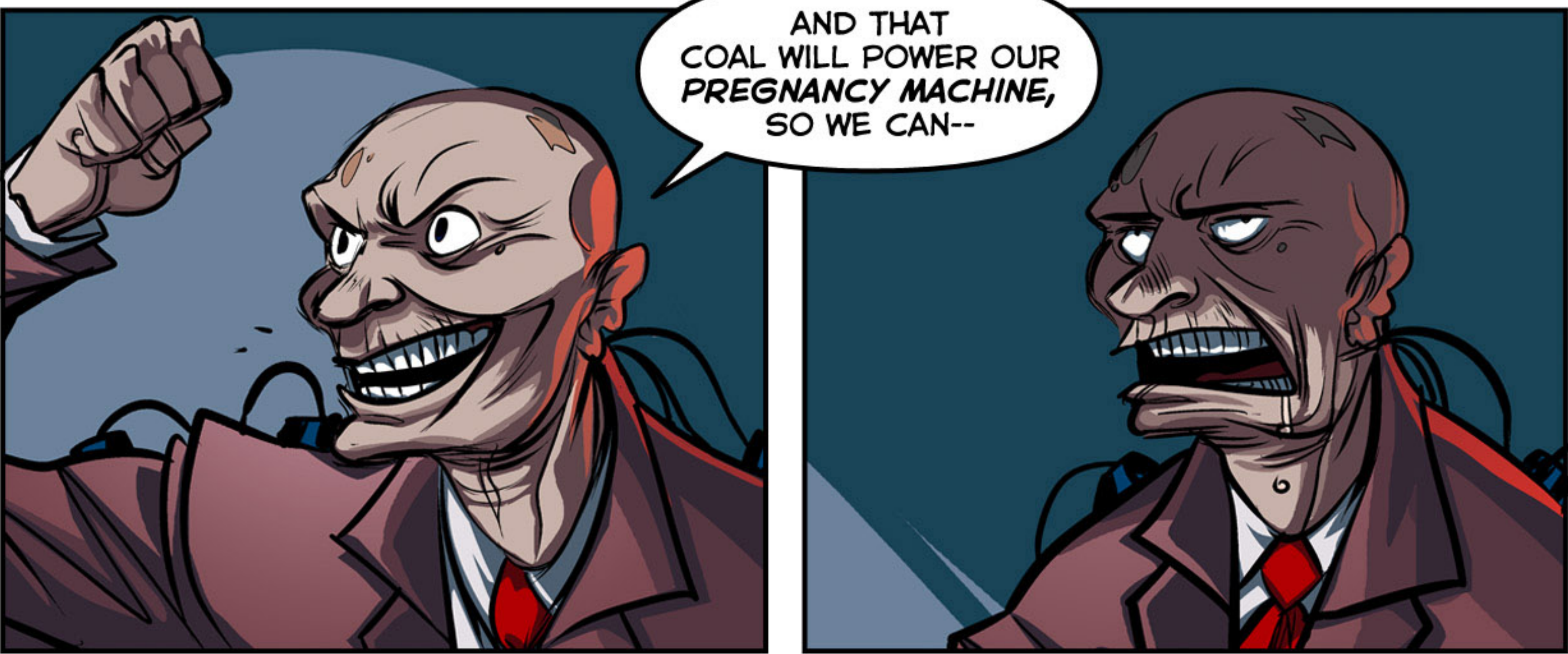




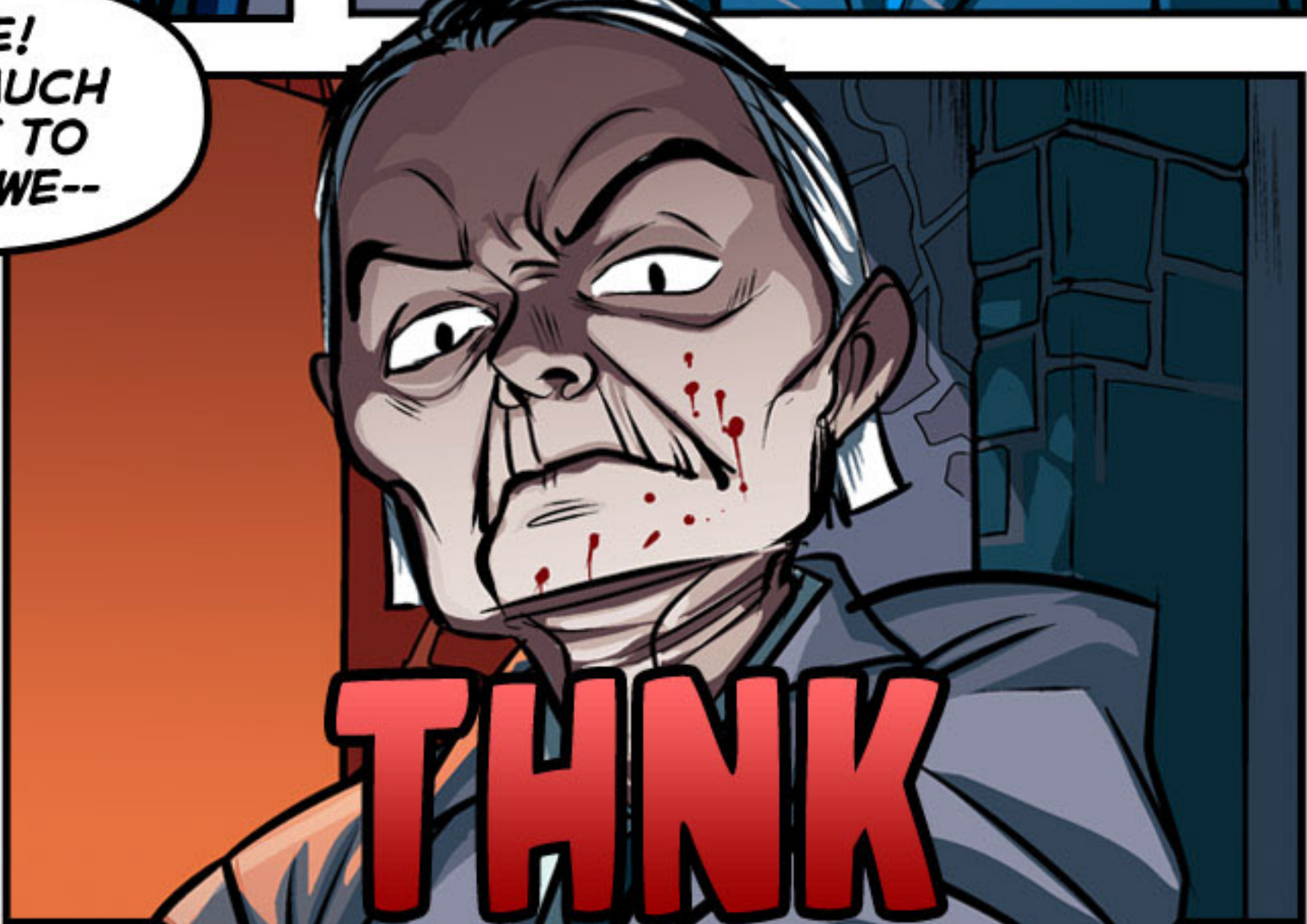
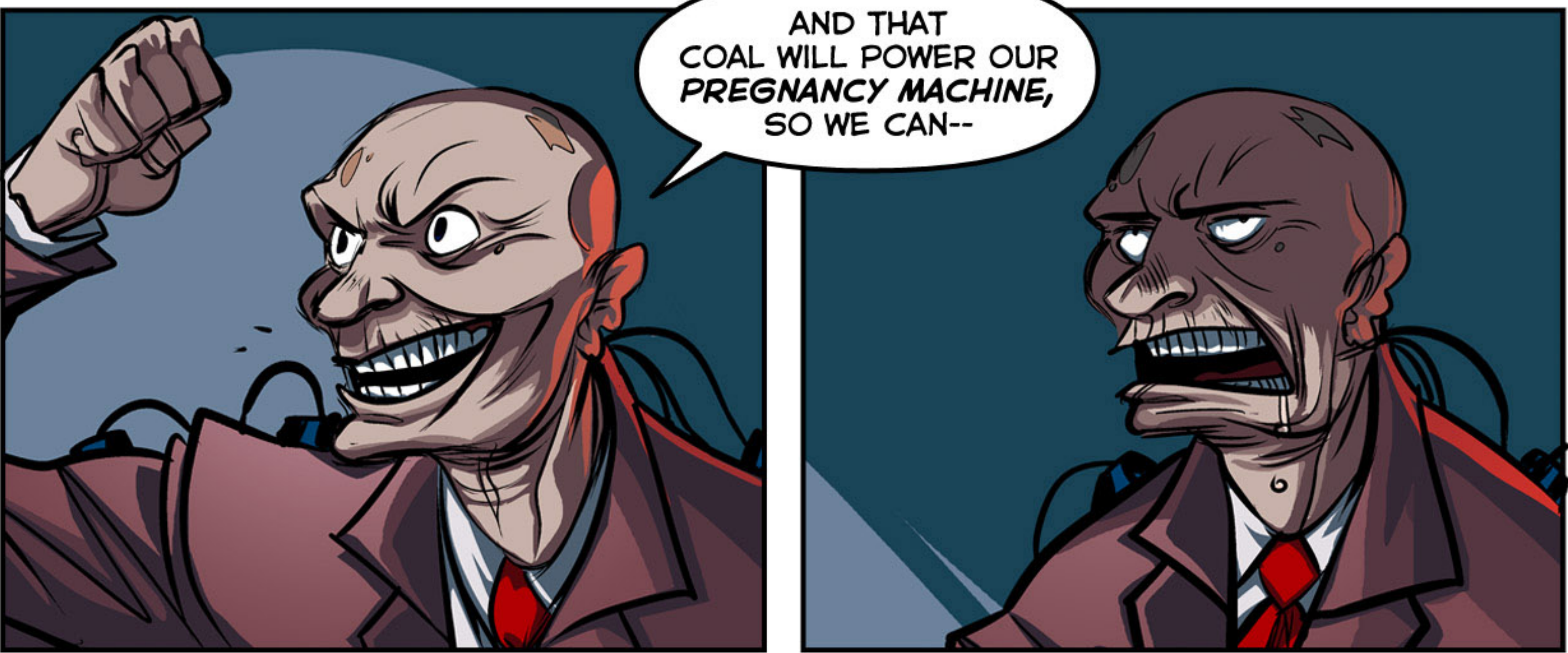
















AND THAT  
COAL WILL POWER OUR  
**PREGNANCY MACHINE**,  
SO WE CAN--



DON'T WORRY,  
HE'S JUST DEAD FOR  
A MOMENT. HE'LL BE  
BACK IN A--



NO.  
MM. I THINK  
I'VE HEARD  
ENOUGH.

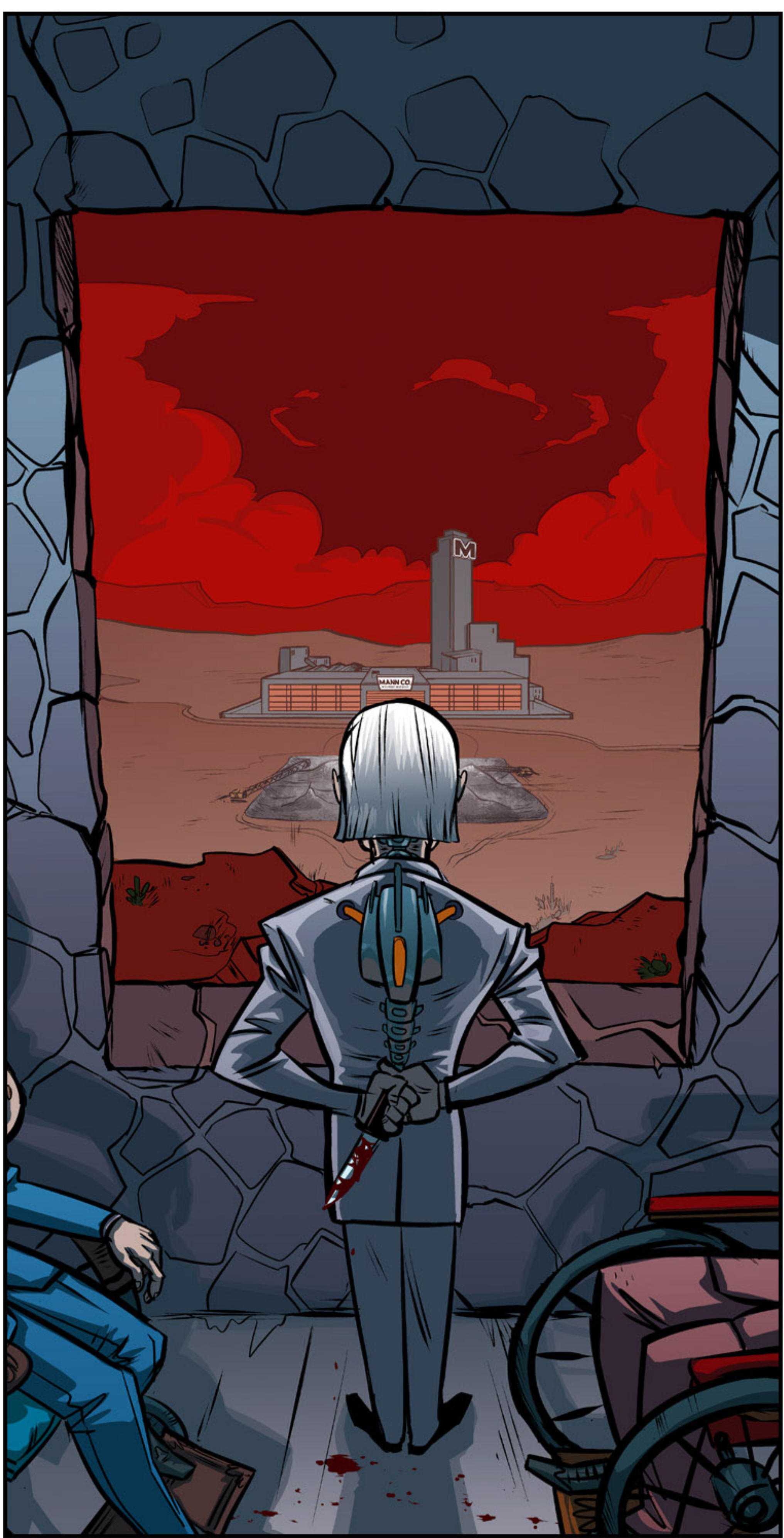
**THNK**



NO! PLEASE!  
WE HAVE SO MUCH  
GRAVEL LEFT TO  
FIGHT OVER! WE--



**THNK**





**DON'T FORGET TO  
REMEMBER THESE OTHER  
GREAT ALAMO ACTION MAGS!**

AND **DON'T MISS** AN ASTOUNDING  
ALAMO APPEARANCE IN THIS MONTH'S  
**TRUE TALES OF SAXTON HALE!**  
SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S ORIGIN ISSUE!  
PRINTED WITH **REAL** ALAMO DUST!  
**BUY FIVE OF THEM!**



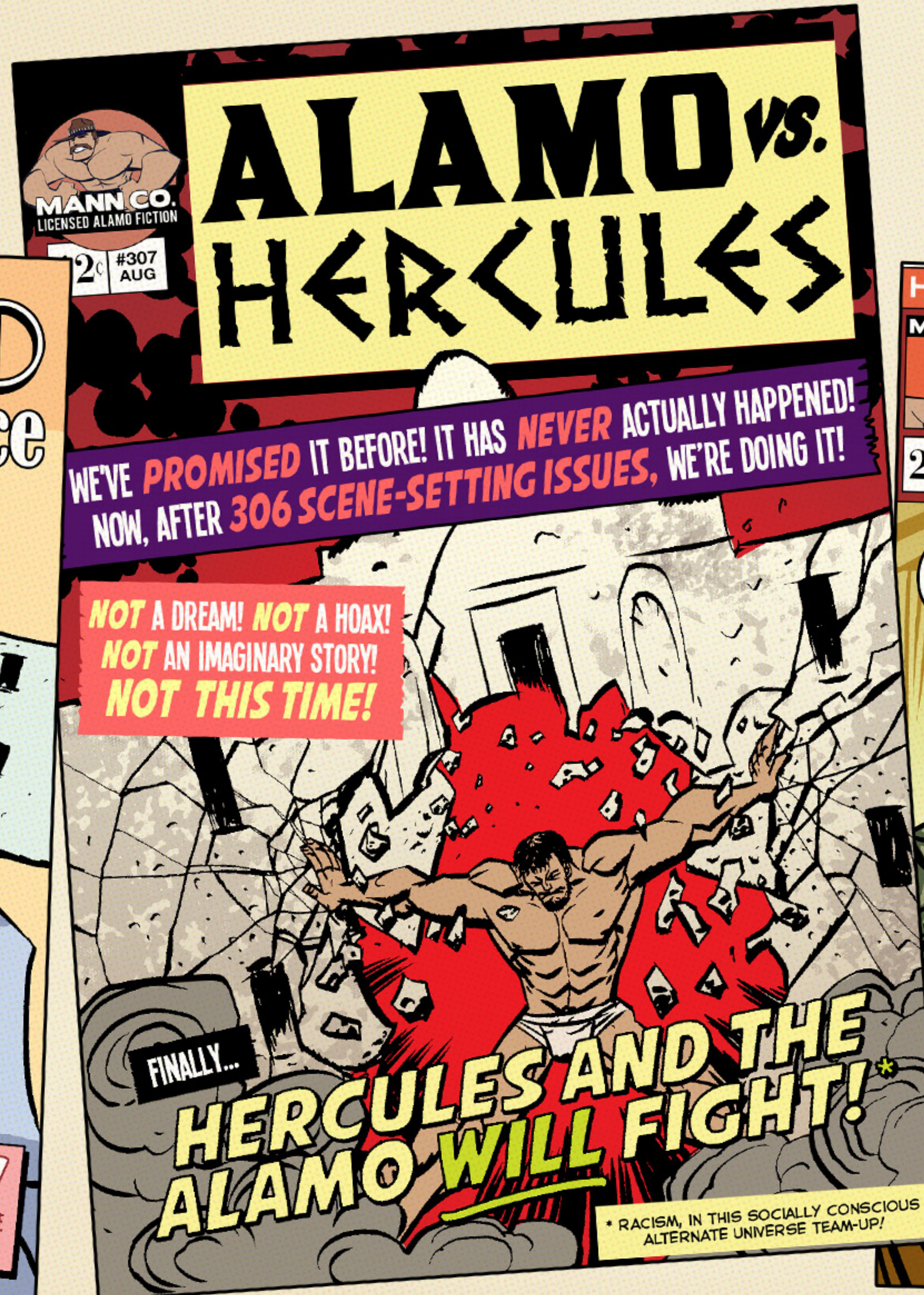
**Alamo**  
Hospital Romance

12c #24 AUG

I DON'T CARE IF YOU HAVE AMNESIA, MARY... I'M STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU!

I DON'T REMEMBER HIM!

**LADIES!**  
MAKE YOUR MAN MORE LIKE THE ALAMO! WE'LL TELL YOU HOW!



**ALAMO vs. HERCULES**

MANN CO. LICENSED ALAMO FICTION

2c #307 AUG

WE'VE **PROMISED** IT BEFORE! IT HAS **NEVER** ACTUALLY HAPPENED! NOW, AFTER **306 SCENE-SETTING ISSUES**, WE'RE DOING IT!

**NOT A DREAM! NOT A HOAX!  
NOT AN IMAGINARY STORY!  
NOT THIS TIME!**

**FINALLY...  
HERCULES AND THE  
ALAMO WILL FIGHT!**

\* RACISM, IN THIS SOCIALLY CONSCIOUS ALTERNATE UNIVERSE TEAM-UP!



HOW I GOT THE FICTION RIGHTS TO THE ALAMO

**TRUE TALES OF SAXTON HALE**

MANN CO.

20c #124 AUG

I'M SO CONFIDENT IN MY HAND, HALE, I'LL RAISE YOU THE FICTION RIGHTS TO AMERICA'S GREATEST MONUMENT!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, MR. PRESIDENT!