

YOUR TELEVISION ALL-AMERICAN COWBOY



BUSTER CRABBE

AUTHORIZED
A.C.M.P.

JAN.

NO. 2



10¢



This is a
**FAMOUS
FUNNIES**
Publication

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APPROVED
READING
MATERIAL



10¢



This is a
FAMOUS FUNNIES
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HOMER ON THE RANGE



"BANK--THAT OLD-SHINE OF BROWDIN' HATTERS' IS JUSTA LONJA BROW-BOSSELAY TO ME, BARDWIG,--IT DON'T MEAN A THING!"

SO WHAT?

BOO-B-O BROWDY

BOO-B-O BROWDY

BOO-B-O BROWDY



I AM TO GIT MY PANTS BRANDED WITH SOMETHIN' THAT MAKES SENSE SOMETHIN' THAT'LL COME IN HANDY WHEN I NEEDS IT!

LIKE WHAT, HOMER?



YOU'LL KNOW WHEN YOU SEE IT. ALL WORKED OUT ON THE CRITTER, PARD--NOT BEFORE!

THAT'S BROWDIN' I'VE GOTTA SEE, HOMER!



SAGEBUSH SAM THE BRANDED MAN - 1001 DIFFERENT DESIGNS -

SAM'LL FIX ME UP FRONT!



LISTEN, SAM, ME BEIN' THE CHIEF ROVIN' DEPUTY-MARSHAL OF THIS HULL TERRITORY, I'M FORCED TO COVER A HEAP OF ACREAGE. SO I WANTS ME A VERY SPECIAL BRANDED JOB DONE, SO PLEASE LISTEN CAREFUL - - - -

THAT'S A TONGH ORDER, HOMER, BUT I'LL DO IT!-- PRAP BY TOMORROW!



THE NEXT DAY--

THERE T'IS, PARD--A COMPLETE ROAD-MAP OF MY ENTIRE DISTRICT, NOW I CAN ALLUS STAY RIGHT ON THE BEAM!-- AH! NEVER EVER GIT M'SELF LOST!!

HOMER THAT SURE HITS THE JACK-POT SON,--YOU WIN HANDS DOWN!!

ACCEPTS NO OTHER BRAND -

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BUSTER CRABBE

BUSTER CRABBE AND HIS SADDLE WHISKERS, RIDING THE DESERT TRAIL, CAME UPON A CORPSE... AND THIS TAKE THE FIRST STEP ON THE LONG, DIRM STAIRCASE OF DANGER LEADS TO—**THE MONSTER OF DEATH VALLEY!**

HE'S DEAD. BUT THE ONLY MARKS ON HIM AS FAR AS I CAN SEE ARE SMALL ABRASIONS AND PUNCTURES ON HIS HANDS AND ARMS.



THERE'S NOFIN' BUT CACTUS SCRATCHES, POOR GARDY MUST'VE DIED OF THIRST, AIN'T NO OTHER EXPLANATION!



THERE WAS NO REASON HE HAD HEART TO BE SOME OTHER DRY-GULCHED, THAT'S EXPLANATION? FEN SURE!



WE'LL BRING HIM INTO TOWN AND LET THE CORONER DECIDE WHAT KILLED HIM. THAT'S THE PROPER THING TO DO.

THEM SIZZARDS & CIRCLIM 'ROUND UP THERE DON'T THINK WE'VE DOIN' PROPER.

WELL, IF IT AIN'T BUSTER CRABBE HIMSELF! WHY'D BRINGS YOU TO ALKALIT?

WE RAN ACROSS A CORPSE IN NEED OF A BURIAL, YOUR DEMETERY WAS THE NEAREST.

WHY, IT'S JEFF HAINES! WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, BUSTER?

I DON'T KNOW, HE WAS DEAD WHEN WE FOUND HIM. HAVE YOU A CORONER IN TOWN?

WE GOT A LADY DOCTOR. SHE'S OFFICIAL CORONER, TOO, SINCE DOC ANDREWS UP AN' GED. BUT I DON'T NEED HER TO KNOW WHAT KILT JEFF HAINES — HE WAS BIT BY SILA MONSTERS.

SILA MONSTERS? HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

'CAUSE WE'VE HAD A PLUME EPIDEMIC OF MEN GETTIN' KILT BY LIZARD BITES! JEFF HERE IS THE SEVENTEENTH VICTIM THIS YEAR.

GOT ANOTHER JOB FER YOU, W'AM, HE GOT PUNCTURES IN HIS HANDS AN' ARMS JUST LIKE THEM OTHERS!

SILA MONSTERS ABAINT?

THIS HERE IS BUSTER CRABBE, M'AM. RECKON YUN MUST'VE HEARD ABOUT HIM

OF COURSE! I'M GLAD YOU'RE IN TOWN, MR. CRABBE!

WHAT DO YOU HEAR, DOCTOR?

I MEAN THAT THERE'S SOMETHING *ROTTER* IN ALSALI COUNTY! I'VE ODDE SOME RESEARCH ON GILA MONSTERS, AND THE REPTILES HAVE KILLED MORE PEOPLE IN SIX MONTHS THAN THEY HAVE IN THE PAST SIXTY YEARS!

ANOTHER STRANGE THING IS THAT EVERY VICTIM HAS HAD MULTIPLE BITES... AND GILA MONSTERS DO *NOT* TRAVEL ABOUT IN GASSES!

WHM... ARE YOU SURE THESE MEN ACTUALLY DIED FROM GILA VENOM?

YES, I'VE MADE EXHAUSTIVE TESTS IN MY LABORATORY. GILA VENOM ALONE CAUSED DEATH.

THEN WHAT FER ARE YUN SO SUSPICIOUS OF FOUL PLAY? MAYBE THEM GILAS HAVE JUST BOME LOCO ALL OF A SUDDEN?

MAYBE. AND MAYBE NOT. IT'S *YOUR* JOB TO SOLVE MYSTERIES, SHERIFF, NOT MINE. AND UNTIL YOU SOLVE THIS ONE, I'M NOT WRITING "ACCIDENTAL DEATH" OR ANY MORE DEATH CERTIFICATES!

OH... AWRIGHT, M'AM...

GOL-DURR CRAZY FEMALE! WANTS ME TO GO OUT AN' ASK THEM LIZARDS WHAT FER THEY IS SITIN' PEOPLE!

SHE'S *RIGHT*. SHERIFF THE *REAL* MONSTER BEHIND THESE DEATHS MIGHT BE A TWO-LEGGED ONE!



YOU NEAR *YOU* THINK IT'S MURDER, TOO??? BUT, HOW...

I DON'T KNOW *HOW*, BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!



WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR, BUS-TERT? LET'S BUS-SIT GOIN'!

NO, WE'RE GOING TO HANG AROUND ALEALI FOR A SPELL, WHISKERS. THERE'S A JOB TO DO HERE.



WILL YOU DEPUTIZE US, SHERIFF? SO WE CAN HELP YOU IN AN OFFICIAL CAPACITY?

WHY, SHORE! BUT I STILL THINK YER WASTIN' YER TIME!



TALKING ABOUT TWO-LEGGED MONSTERS, WHO'S *THAT*?

HIM? STUPERDOUS STUPE, WE CALL HIM. HE'S ALL BRAIN AN' NO BRAIN. HE'S AS HARMLESS AS A BABY.



HOWDY, SHERIFF. I STRUCK IT RICH. DOT GOLD NUGGETS BING PAVIN' BLOCKS.

YOU'D BETTER HURRY, STUPE. THE ASSAYER'S OFFICE CLOSES IN A FEW MINUTES.



EVERY FEW DAYS HE COMES INTO TOWN WITH CHUNKS OF ROCK HE THINKS IS GOLD. WE GOT A SPECIAL FUND FOR HIM. THE ASSAYER WILL GIVE HIM A FEW DOLLARS PER GRUB.

THAT'S PRETTY DECENT OF YOU PEOPLE.

WAL, WE CAN'T LET THE POOR SALCOT STARVE. A CARNIVAL LEFT HIM STRANDED HERE LAST YEAR. SEEMS HE ATE MORE THAN HIS STROM-MAN ACT WAS WORTH! WE SORTA ADOPTED THE BIG ODDE!



WAL, THERE YUN ARE? CONSIDER YERSELVES SWORN IN AS DEPUTY SHERIFFS OF ALKALI COUNTY? I EXPECTS YUN TO ARREST EVERY GILA MONSTER IN DEATH VALLEY AN' MAKE 'EM TALK!

WE'LL DO OUR BEST, SIR!



Later, after checking into the local hotel

WE'LL GO AROUND TOWN TONIGHT FLASHING A WAD OF MONEY AND MENTIONING THAT WE'RE GOING PROSPECTING IN THE MORNING. IF THE KILLER IS IN ALKALI, WE'LL BE TRAILED....



The next day...

WE'LL SEPARATE HERE AND CAMP ABOUT A HALF-MILE APART WHERE WE CAN SEE EACH OTHERS CAMP-FIRE. IF YOU'RE ATTACKED, FIRE A SHOT AND I'LL COME RUNNING, AND VICE VERSA.

RIGHT!



Long after dark...

I'D BE SCART FLUNG SILLY IF I DIDN'T KNOW THAT GILA MONSTERS ARE PEACEFUL CRITTERS AT NIGHT...



Then,

THUD



A little later...

WHISKERS HAD LET HIS FIRE DIE DOWN--IT'D BETTER CHECK TO SEE IF HE FELL ASLEEP...



HE'S BEEN DRY-SULPHED! BUT *WHERE* IS HE?



A SINGLE SET OF FOOTPRINTS! ONE MAN DID THIS! AND HE MUST BE CARRYING WHISKERS!



A few miles later.

NOOF PRINTS! THE MAN GOT ON A HORSE HERE! HE MUST BE A *BRUTE*! HE CARRIED WHISKERS ALL THIS DISTANCE WITHOUT PUTTING HIM DOWN *ONCE*!



Meanwhile, as the first faint rays of dawn begin to cross the darkness...

OOO---WHAT A CON-BARNED, GAD-BLASTED, DINO-DINO HEADACHE!



YEEEEEE!! GOLA MONSTERS!! HALP!!





TRAPPED! SOME MUR-
DERIN' VARMINTS DROPPED
ME INTO A PIT FULLA
POISONOUS LIZARDS!
THEY'LL EAT ME
ALIVE!



Then...
DON'T JUST STAND THERE
LOOKING AT IT, WHISKERS!
GRAB IT, SO I CAN PULL
YOU UP!



WHEN, AM I GLAD TO
SEE F&M, BUSTER! IT
AIN'T POSSIBLE, BUT
NOT ONE OF THEM GILA
MONSTERS DOWN THERE
LAID A FANG ON ME!

CAN'T SAY I BLAME THEM!
WHO'D WANT TO BITE AN
UNAPPETIZING, MANGY OLD
BUZZARD LIKE YOU?



WHY, YOU
YOUNG
WHISPER-
SNAPPER,

WE'LL ARGUE THE
POINT LATER! TAKE
THIS GUN, HIDE YOUR-
SELF AND WAIT FOR
THE KILLER TO SET
BACK! YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO IF HE
DOES!



I'M RIDING BACK
TO THE CAMPSITE
ON THE CHANCE
THAT THE KILLER
WENT BACK TO
ADD ME TO HIS
COLLECTION OF GILA
FOOD! SEE YOU
LATER!

AWRIGHT,
YUH...YUH...
WHISPER-
SNAPPER!



But the would-be killer
had vanished. His
tracks disappeared on
the outcrop of rocks
sloping into the distant
mountains...He did not
return to get his victim
out of the gila monster
pit...At the end of the
day, Buster and Whisk-
ers returned to Albat...
they had failed to trap
the two-legged mon-
ster of Death Valley...



WE'RE PLUMB
SMACK BACK
WHERE WE
STARTED.

NOT QUITE. WE'VE
LEARNED A FEW
THINGS. WE KNOW
THAT THOSE "ACCI-
DENTAL" GILA DEATHS
WERE MURDER. WE
ALSO KNOW THE KILLER
IS STRONG
AS AN OX
AND SMART
AS A FOX!



BUSTEN! WHISKERS! I'D JUST
ABOUT GIVEN YOU TWO UP! I
BEEN OUT ALL DAY LOOKIN'
FEN YUH!
JUST GOT
BACK!

OH? AND WHY
WHERE YOU SO
WORRIED ABOUT
USP?



WAL, I GOT TO THINKIN' IF
YOU TOOK THIS HERE MUR-
DER BUSINESS SO SER-
IOUSLY, THERE MIGHT
REALLY BE SOMETHIN'
TO IT. SO... SINCE
YUH DIDN'T GIT
BACK LAST
NIGHT, I WENT
LOOKIN' FEN
YUH.



DID YUH
FIND OUT
ANYTHIN'?

WE'VE GOT A FEW LEADS... WE'LL
KEEP YOU POSTED ON DEVELOP-
MENTS, SHERIFF. LET'S GO,
WHISKERS.



YUH DIDN'T
TELL HIM
MUCH, DID
YUH?

AFTER WHAT WE'VE
BEEN THROUGH, WHISKERS,
WE HAVE TO BE SUSPIC-
IOUS OF ANYBODY THAT'S
BEEN OUT IN
THE DESERT!



GOOD EVENING, DOCTOR WARTEN. I
THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW
THAT YOUR OPINION WAS RIGHT...
THE GILA VICTIMS WERE
MURDERED.

YOU'VE
CAUGHT THE
KILLER?



NO, WE HAVEN'T CAUGHT HIM YET, BUT WE WILL YOU'VE BEEN OUT RIDING IN THE DESERT YOUR-SELF, I NOTICE

YES, I LOVE HORSEBACK RIDING! I RIDE EVERY CHANCE I GET. BUT SO COME INSIDE AND TELL ME EVERYTHING!



And so... AND THAT'S THE STORY, UP TO NOW

A GILA MONSTER PIT... THOSE POOR MEN WHAT A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE! HAVE YOU TOLD THE SHERIFF ABOUT THIS?



NO, I HAVEN'T. WHY DO YOU ASK?

I... I SHOULDN'T SAY THIS, MR. CHABBE, BUT... WELL, THE SHERIFF HAS BEEN VERY RELUCTANT TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT THESE DEATHS...



SO RELUCTANT THAT, WELL, I'VE GOTTER A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS OF HIM. OH, EXCUSE ME, SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR.



OH, I'M DYING FROM DISEASES. CAN YOU CURE ME AGAIN, DOCTOR LADY?



THIS PILL WILL MAKE YOU AS GOOD AS NEW, MR. STUFF. IN RETURN, YOU CAN DO ME A SERVICE BY TAKING MY HORSE TO THE STABLE. HE'S OUTSIDE.

YES, M'AM, DOCTOR LADY.

HE CROPS IN ABOUT THREE TIMES A WEEK, DYING OF DISEASES, BUT SETTING BACK TO THESE MURDERS.

TAKE YOU TO THE PIT? THAT WOULD BE DANGEROUS! THERE'S A HOMICIDAL MANIAC AT LARGE.

PLEASE, MR. CRABBE! I WANT TO SUBMIT A DETAILED EYE-WITNESS REPORT TO THE STATE POLICE! I DON'T TRUST THE COUNTY SHERIFF!



ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE YOU THERE IN THE MORNING.

WILL YOU TAKE ME TO THIS PIT?



The next day...

HERE IT IS, DOCTOR MARTER. THE BILA MONSTER DEATH PIT! THE KILLER TOSSES HIS VICTIMS INTO IT, AND WHEN THEY'RE DEAD BRINGS THEM BACK WHERE HE FOUND THEM.

HOW ANFUL...

HOW ANFUL...



Then...

HOW ANFUL FOR YOU, BUSTER CRABBE!



YOU'RE A SMART MAN, CRABBE... FOS SMART! BUT, FORTUNATELY, I'M A LITTLE SMARTER.

ALL RIGHT, YOU FUGITIVE FROM A BARBER SHOP, SET OFF THAT HORSE WITH YOUR HANDS HIGH!

STUPID!



THROW THEM BOTH INTO THE PIT, SHARKOV! THE GREAT BUSTER CRABBE MAY TRY TO RESIST... IT WILL BE AMUSING TO WATCH THE BRIEF AND FUTILE STRUGGLE!





OH NO, YOU DON'T!
YOU'RE TOO BIG
FOR ME! I'LL DIE
WITHOUT SATISFY-
ING THE DOCTOR'S
LUST FOR BLOOD.

BUSTERY!



A moment
later...

THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN
SHOULD BE HERE ANY
MINUTE! I ONLY HOPE
THEY'LL BE HERE IN
TIME!

BUSTER,
YUH
TURNED
YELLOW!



WID AS HE IS, YUH
COULD'VE AT LEAST
HANDLED HIM A FEW
BRUISES FOR HIS
PRINCE TO DIE
WITHOUT A FIGHT.

SHH—LISTEN
THEY'RE RUNNING
AWAY! THE RUSE
WORKED!



FWEEET!
TARZAN!



COME ON, WHISKERS,
OL' AMP! WE DON'T
WANT TO LOSE
TRACK OF OUR
FRIENDS!

YUH MEAN WE'RE
GITTIN' OUT OF
HERE ALIVE??



WE WERE IN NO DANGER! THE SUN WASN'T
HIGH ENOUGH TO REACH THE BOTTOM OF
THE PIT—AND GIL'S MONSTERS AREN'T
VICIOUS IF THEY'RE IN THE SHADE!

HUH?

IT'S DIRECT SUNLIGHT OR SOLAR RAYS THAT MAKE GILA MONSTERS ATTACK ANYTHING THAT MOVES! WITHOUT IT, THEY LIMIT THEIR BITING TO WHAT THEY CAN SWALLOW AS FOOD.



SO THAT'S WHY I WISHT BILT!

A few minutes later ...

HURRY UP ZHAROV! GET OUR LOOT LOADED! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST!

IT'S A LITTLE LATE, DOC! MARTEN!



BREAK THEIR NECKS, ZHAROV! THEY'RE BOTH UNARMED!

UNARMED? I'VE STILL GOT ARMS DOC— TWO OF THEM!



AND THE BIGGER THEY ARE —

AAHH!

CRACK



I'VE STILL GOT YOUR GUN, CRABBE. YOU HAVEN'T WON YET!

OH YES, WE HAVE, DOCTOR MARTEN THAT GUN IS LOADED WITH SLANKS—YOU'RE FINISHED!



And so... DOCTOR MARTEN HOLLERED APOLOGUE TO DIVERT SUSPICION AND TO MAKE YOU LOOK GUILTY! SHE AND HER MUSCLE MAN CLEANED UP PLENTY!

HOW'D YOU FIND OUT?

I DIDN'T UNTIL SHE GAVE HERSELF AWAY— BUT I WAS PREPARED JUST IN CASE — AND THAT PREPARATION PAID OFF!



FRANTIC ANTICS

FEATURING **WHISKERS**

HOW LONG DO WE HAVE TO WAIT ON THIS SIDING?

WE WON'T BE ABLE TO MOVE UNTIL THEY'VE CLEARED THAT LANDSLIDE AT THE PASS OFF THE TRACKS.

THAT MIGHT TAKE ALL DAY. WE'D BETTER LET THE ANIMALS OUT TO GRAZE.



Nearby...at the crack of dawn...

WAKE UP, YUH OL' BOOTS!
IT'S ABITTIN' ON TO SUN-UP
AN' WE GOT A LONG RIDE
AHEAD OF US!

ZZZZZ...
UMPH?
BOONK?
WHUZZIT?



GIT YER HOSS SADDLED,
WHISKERS, WE NEED AN
EARLY START IF WE 'SPECT
TO GIT TO DRY SALCH IN
TIME TO SEE THE CIRCUS
TONIGHT!

GRUMMP...
(GRUN) CONGRAN
YER RIDE, BOONK—
IT'S STILL DARK!



(YAWN) THAT SOL-DURNED SOURDOUGH
AIN'T HUMAN! ALWAYS AGITTIN' UP WITH
THE BIRDS 'STEAD WITH US
PEOPLE... (YAWN)



WAL, (YAWN) LET'S GIT
AGGIN'... GIDDYAP! WHAT
TUN WAITIN' FER, HOSS?
GIDDYAP!



LISSEN HERE, TUN ORNERY CAYUSE,
WHEN I TELL TUN TO GIDDYAP, GIDDYAP!
OH? WUH? SAY, YOU AIN'T MY HOSS!
YOU AIN'T EVER A HOSS!



YER A NIGHTMARE. THAT'S WHUT
YOU ARE! ONE OF THEM BAD
DREAMS! SCAT! GIT! TUN
AIN'T AGGIN' TO SPOIL
MY SLEEP!



Then...

JUMPIN'
JACKRABBITS!



WHUT IN
TARNATION...?



IF I WUN'T SEEN
THIS WITH MY OWN
EYES, I WOULDN'T
BELIEVE IT!

YOU MEAN
YOU SEE IT,
FOOP?



Whiskers and Sourdough finally get
to Dry Gulch. That evening...

MAYBE WE BETTER
NOT MENTION THEM
WILD BEASTS TO
ANYBODY FOLKS
MIGHT THINK WE
WUD CRAZY.

OH, BOY!
HERE COMES
THEM PURTY
CARSON
SISTERS!



SOURDOUGH, THERE IS ONLY
ONE LOGICAL EXPLANATION...WE
WANDERED OFF THE TRAIL SOME-
WHERE. WE'RE SMACK DAB IN THE
MIDDLE OF AFRICA!



HOWDY-DO, AN' HANG
ME FER A HOSS THIEF IF
YOU LOVELY LADIES
AIN'T A SIGHT FER SOME
EYES!

WHY, MR WHISKERS,
AND MR SOURDOUGH!
WHAT A PLEASANT
SURPRISE!



Then...



OH, LOOK!
THE
CIRCUS
PARADE!

HOW THRILLING!
THE CIRCUS GOT
INTO TOWN TODAY
AFTER ALL! NOW
IF WE ONLY KNEW
SOME GENTLEMEN
WHOD ASK TO TAKE
US...

WHISKERS AN'
HE WOULD BE
MIGHTY PLEAS'D
TO, MA'AM?
WE'LL SEEN UP
AN' MEET YOU AT
THE TICKET
GATE, GIRLS!



THESE FANCY DUDE DUDS WE RENTED SUHTA IMPRESS THE GIRLS!

BECKON WE'RE THE BAD-DUMMEST SLICKEST-LOOKIN' MONNERS THIS SIDE OF CALIFORNIA!

SNUFFLE?



An elephant never forgets and especially a mama elephant!

HEY---!!

glwoosh!!



WHEN? LOOKS LIKE THE COAST IS CLEAR!

WE CAN'T GO OUT DRENCHED TO THE SKIN LIKE THIS! I'M AGOIN' TO BORROW THAT THERE SUIT!

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! IT'S THAT NOSE-NOSED BLOOD-THIRSTY MONSTER AGAIN!

IF WE GET KILLED, I'M AGOIN' TO SUE THIS CIRCUS FOR EVERY CENT THEY GOT!



BUT WHAT ABOUT ME? THERE'S ONLY ONE SUIT...

THIS SUIT'S BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US --- WITH ROOM TO SPARE!



AND SO... JUST ACT NONCHALANT, GOORDOURSH. AN' MAYBE NOBODY WILL NOTICE US...

GUSS IT ALL! BY THE TIME WE GETS INTO OUR OWN DUDS AN' BACK HERE, WE'LL BE SO LATE THE GIRLS WON'T EVEN TALK TO US!





The elephant aimed and fired, but neglected to make allowance for a moving target, and so --



SMOOSH! FEX!

OH, DEAR, WE'RE BROACHED TO THE SKIN!

THOSE TWO SCOUNDRELS PUT THAT ELEPHANT UP TO THIS!



THEM WET HENS IS MESSER 'N' WET HENS!

WE GOT TO EXPLAIN TO 'EM AS HOW IT WASN'T OUR FAULT.



WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THESE NET CLOTHES OR WE'LL CATCH OUR DEATH OF GOLD!

THERE'S A DRESS!



I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HUMILIATED IN ALL MY LIFE!

I'M SO MAD I COULD SPIT!

AW, COME ON, LADY-- I MEAN LADIES-- BE REASONABLE!



BUSTER CRABBE

KILLER'S INCORPORATED

BUSTER CRABBE AND HIS SIDERICK, WHISKERS, RIDE INTO TROUBLE SALORE WHEN THEY'RE CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A BLOODY FEUD, AND WIND UP AT THE MERCY OF MR. BLACK AND HIS *KILLERS INCORPORATED*...



HONDY, MEN—

DOHN 'HONDY' SE, YUN SNEAKIN' DRY-BULCHERS! AN' DOHN REACH FER YORE SUNS 'LESS YUN WANT TER DIE WITH-OUT A TRIAL!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, STRANGER, BUT AS LONG AS YOU'RE GIVING US A TRIAL, I WON'T REACH FOR MY SUNS. WE CAN PROVE WE'RE INNOCENT OF WHATEVER IT IS YOU THINK WE'RE GUILTY OF!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! THE MAN YOU LEFT FOR DEAD IS STILL ALIVE TO IDENTIFY YOU!

GOOD! HE'LL TELL YOU WE'VE GOT THE MEN YOU WANT! MEANWHILE, HOW ABOUT TELLING US JUST WHAT HAPPENED?

IF YOU DON'T KNOW, JUST ASK YOUR BOSS, MR. BLACK! IF YUN LIVE TO ASK HIM!





Some miles later,
FOR THE LAST
TIME, FROD IS WH
BLACK, AND
WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT?
THE LEAST YOU
CAN DO IS TELL
US THAT!

PLAYIN' DUMB
AIN'T AGGIN' TO
HELP YUH
NONE! SAVE
YONE BREATH!



WE GOT THE VARMINTS WHO SHOT
YORE PA, MISS TURNEN. AFORE WE
HANG 'EM, WE'D LIKE HIM TO
IDENTIFY 'EM, SO'S WE DO
IT LEGAL.

MY FATHER...
MY FATHER IS...
DEAD...



I... I *KNEW* THIS WOULD
HAPPEN. I *SERBED*
FATHER TO LEAVE, BUT
NOW... IT'S TOO LATE...
AND I'M GOING TO *STAY*
UNTIL BLACK HAS *ME*
KILLED, TOO... I'M GOING
TO BE JUST AS *BRAVE*
AS MY FATHER WAS.



YOU WAS *COUNTIN'* ON
TURNEN DYIN', BUT IT AIN'T
AGGIN' TO DO YUH NO GOOD!
WE'RE AGGIN' TO STRING YUH
UP WHERE BLACK KIN SEE
IT THROUGH HIS
BIRGULARS!



HOLD ON! IF
YOU'RE LAW-
ABIDING
PEOPLE, YOU
WON'T KILL
MEN IN COLO
BLOOD! YOU
HAVE NO
PROOF
THAT WE
SHOT
TURNEN!

WE'VE BEEN LAW
ABIDING *FOO*
LONG! IT'S
TIME WE
STARTED
FIGHTIN' FIRE
WITH FIRE!
FOU WON'T
SHOOT ANY
MORE HOME-
STEADERS
IN THE *BACK!*



WHISKERS, IT
LOOKS LIKE *WE*
HAVE TO FIGHT
FIRE WITH
FIRE... SO
START
FIRIN'!

RIGHT!

WHACK!

HEY...?

HOLSTER THOSE GUNS, YOU HOMBRES, UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE BLASTED ALL OVER THE PLACE!

OO AS HE SAYS, BOYS, AFORE HE KILLS ME!



A moment later...

AFTER 'EM, BOYS! AN' SHOOT TO KILL!



THEM BULLETS IS COMIN' TOO CLOSE, MISTER! LET'S TURN AROUND AN' SETTLE THIS BUSINESS. SINCE WHEN DO WE RUN FROM A FIGHT?

SIMMER DOWN, YOU OLD BOAT— I'VE A HUNCH YOU'LL SEE PLENTY OF FIGHTING BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH!



TELL THE MEN TO OPEN THE GATES, BASCOM. WE'RE HAVING VISITORS...

YES, SIR, MR. BLACK!



HEE, YOU TWO! IN HERE!

MIGHT BE A TRAP, MISTER!

MIGHT BE LET'S FIND OUT!



Inside: WELCOME, STRANGERS! ANY ENEMY OF THE HOMESTEADERS IS A FRIEND OF OURS! HEH! HEH!

THANKS! YOU WOULDN'T BY ANY CHANCE BE MR. BLACK, WOULD YOU?





AH! YOU'VE HEARD OF ME!

ONLY RECENTLY. THE HOMESTEADERS THINK WE'RE ON YOUR PAY-ROLL, AND THAT WE KILLED A MAN NAMED TURNER. THEY WOULDN'T EXPLAIN. WILL YOU?



THOSE HOMESTEADERS! ALWAYS BLAMING ME AND MY EMPLOYEES FOR THEIR MISFORTUNES! I'LL GLADLY EXPLAIN *EVERYTHING*. GONE TO MY OFFICE.



BUT FIRST TELL ME WHY YOU KILLED TURNER.

WE DIDN'T KILL ANYBODY! WE WERE JUST RIDING BY WHEN THOSE HOMESTEADERS ROSE UP AND ACCUSED US OF MURDER.



OH, COME NOW, GENTLEMEN. I CAN PRODUCE SEVERAL EYE-WITNESSES WHO *SAW* YOU KILL MR. TURNER. I CAN EVEN PRODUCE THE MURDER WEAPON WHICH YOU DISCARDED—AFTERWARD.



I CAN DO THIS, BUT I *WON'T*... IF YOU SIGN ON WITH MY OUTFIT, I NEED EXTRA MEN. YOU'LL BE SPARED THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE AND BE WELL PAID RESIDES. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

I SAY YUN KIN GO PLUMS TO--

HOLD IT, WHISKERS!



YOU'VE GOT US IN A SPOT, BLACK, AND WE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO ACCEPT YOUR PROPOSITION. CONSIDER US HIRED. AS OF NOW.

FINE! I'M GLAD WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. BUT IF I *ISN'T* "BLACK"—IT'S "MR. BLACK!"

ALL RIGHT, MR. BLACK. NOW THAT WE'RE ON FOUR SIDE OF THE FENCE, WILL YOU PLEASE TELL US WHAT'S GOING ON AND WHY?

YOU'LL FIGURE THAT OUT BY YOURSELVES SOON ENOUGH. MEANWHILE YOU DON'T ASK QUESTIONS--YOU JUST TAKE ORDERS!



LOPE: AS A FELLOW-EMPLOYEE OF OURS, MAYBE YOU'D TELL US THE SCOPE? THE BOSS ISN'T VERY TALKATIVE.

WE'RE PAID TO DO WHAT WE'RE TOLD, AND NOT TALK ABOUT IT! IF THEY HOMESTEADERS IN THE VALLEY KNEW WHAT BLACK KNOWS, THEY'D NEVER GIT OUT!



BUT IF YOU'ER WONDERIN' HOW YER GOIN' TO EARN YER PAY, YOU'LL FIND OUT TOMORROW WHEN THE HOMESTEADER'S HOLD THE TURNER FUNERAL. THEY WON'T HAVE NO HOMES WHEN THEY GIT BACK!



LOPE THIS NIGHT:

WELL, WHAT YUN MAKE OF IT, BUSTER?

THE SET-UP'S PLAIN ENOUGH. THAT OIL-PUMP AND STORAGE TANK TELLS THE STORY. THE MAIN OIL DEPOSIT IS PROBABLY BENEATH THE VALLEY. HE WANTS THE HOMESTEADER'S LAND.



HEY, YOU TWO, GIT BACK INSIDE THE BUNKHOUSE! NOBODY'S ALLOWED OUTSIDE AT NIGHT EXCEPT TO DO GUARD DUTY! YUN WANNA GIT SHOT?

SORRY, WE DIDN'T KNOW THE RULES!



A little later, a silent, shadowy figure steals over the wall...

...and runs down into the valley, concealed from view by the high banks of the dry river bed...

And before long, Miss Turner has an unsuspected visitor!



DON'T BE ALARMED, MISS TURNER. I'M HERE TO HELP YOU, NOT TO HURT YOU. YOUR NEIGHBORS ARE TOO NOT-HEADED TO REASON WITH. I THOUGHT I COULD TALK TO YOU.

YOU'RE ONE OF THE MEN WHO KILLED MY FATHER!



WE DIDN'T KILL YOUR FATHER, AND WE NEVER HEARD OF BLACK UNTIL YOUR NEIGHBORS CHASED US INTO HIS PRIVATE FORTRESS.

YOU... YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A KILLER...



BLACK HAD MY FATHER KILLED, AND ALL THE OTHERS. HE DAMMED THE RIVER TO RUIN OUR CROPS. HE DROVE OUR CATTLE OFF THE RANGE. HE'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO STEAL OUR LAND.

WHY HAVEN'T YOU BROUGHT ALL THIS TO THE ATTENTION OF THE LAW?



THE NEAREST POLICE OFFICER IS OVER 50 MILES FROM HERE. WE'VE SENT THREE MEN TO CONTACT THE POLICE. ALL THREE JUST VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!



I DON'T KNOW BLACK'S PLANS, BUT I DO KNOW HE INTENDS TO ATTACK YOU IN THE MORNING. WARN YOUR FRIENDS TO BE ON THEIR GUARD. I'LL DO WHATEVER I CAN TO HELP. GOOD-NIGHT, NOW!



Down...

THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN, MEN! BURN EVERY HORSE TO THE GROUND WHILE THEY'RE AT THE CEMETERY— AND SHOOT THEM DOWN WHEN THEY COME RUNNING BACK! THE RIVER-BED IS A PERFECT TRENCH!

WHAT ABOUT US, MR. BLACK?



YOU TWO GO CLEAR UP THE GROUND, YOU'LL FIND EVERYTHING YOU NEED IN THE TOOL SHED...

YOU'RE THE BOSS, MR. BLACK!

HUH?



WE'LL *CLEAN UP* THE PLACE FOR HIM ALL RIGHT! WHISKERS, ROUND UP THE HORSES AND DRIVE THEM OUT OF THE STOCKADE! IF ANYBODY SETS IN YOUR WAY *SHOOT!*

YAHOO! YOU HEAR WE'RE GETTIN' INTO ACTION AT LAST!



THERE GOES WHISKERS WITH THE HORSES! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST NOW!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY WERE THE HORSES LET OUT? I GAVE NO SUCH ORDER!





I HAVEN'T TIME TO ANSWER QUESTIONS JUST NOW, MR. BLACK! THE LIVES OF THE HOME-STEADERS ARE MORE IMPORTANT!

GADDDH!



IN A FEW MINUTES THOSE AMBUSHERS IN THE "TRENCH" ARE GOING TO GET MIGHTY WET!



I CAN'T LEAVE BLACK TO DIE, ALTHOUGH HE DESERVES IT!



BWOOM!



And the professional killers in the river bed find themselves trapped between an unleashed river and armed homesteaders!

But then, suddenly, the dam and the oil tank explode simultaneously! Seconds later, the stronghold is an oil-soaked blazing inferno!



Hours later...

THAT'S THE END OF BLACK AND HIS GANG... BUT IT'S ALSO THE END OF BUSTER CRABBE... THE BEST FRIEND I EVER HAD, AN THE BEST HOMRE WHUT HE GAVE HIS LIFE FOR US...

HE GAVE HIS LIFE FOR US...



WHISKERS, YOU OLD GOAT, YOU CAN'T GET RID OF ME THAT EASILY!

BUSTER! CONSERN YER RIDE, YUH YOUNG WHIPPER-SHAPPER, NAYIN' ME BIEVIN' FER NUTHIN'!

THE LEGEND OF PECOS BILL

by Buster Crabbe

ACCORDING to the more ventures of our historians, Pecos Bill was born about the time Sam Houston discovered Texas. Little is known of the man who fathered Pecos Bill, but one thing is certain—he was one of the biggest liars in the world!

Bill's mother was a steady pioneer woman. It is a matter of record, although the records are lost, that she once killed forty-five Indians with a broom-handle. She weaned Bill on moonshine whiskey when he was three days old. He set his teeth on a bow-knife.

When Bill was a year old, another family moved into the territory and settled some fifty or sixty miles down the river from Bill's place. Bill's father decided the place was getting too crowded, so he packed his family and belongings into a wagon and headed west.

One day after they crossed the Pecos River, Bill fell out of the back of the burry wagon. There were sixteen or seventeen other children in the family, so his parents didn't miss him for several weeks, and then, of course it was too late to try to find him.

Bill was a rugged baby. He lived on horned toads, rattlesnakes and gila monsters, and grew up with the coyotes along the Pecos. It wasn't long before he learned the coyote language. He hunted with them and sat on the tails and howled with them at night.

Being so young when he got lost, he always thought he was a coyote. The coyotes thought he was, too, because he could do anything they could do.

One day when he was ten years old or so, a cowboy came along just when he was tearing a hind leg off a grizzly bear to have for breakfast. This cowboy stared at him in astonishment, and then asked him what he was doing tearing around naked like that with the varmints.

"Why," replied Bill, "It's because I saw a varmint. I'm a coyote."

"No, you ain't," said the cowboy. "You're a human being."

Bill wouldn't believe him, although the cowboy argued the point loud and long. "I'm a coyote," insisted Bill. "Ain't I got feet? Don't I howl all night?"

"That don't prove nothing," said the cowboy. "All Texas got feet, and most of them howl. Did you ever see a coyote without a tail? You ain't got no tail! That proves you ain't no varmint!"

Bill looked, and sure enough, the cowboy was right. No tail.

So Bill went along to town with this cowboy, and took up life as a human being. Bill adapted himself to this new environment just as easily as he had to coyote life. It wasn't long before he became famous as a bad man.

Although Colt took the credit for the six-shooter, it is a matter of record (this record, too, has been lost) that Pecos Bill invented the six-gun. He also invented train-robbing, and most of the other crimes

popular in these days.

Before long Pecos Bill had killed all the bad men in West Texas, massacred all the Indians, and eaten all the buffalo. He decided to migrate to a new country where a man could find some diversion.

He was riding westward when his horse stubbed his foot on a mountain and broke his leg. Bill shot him, slung his saddle over his shoulder and continued on foot in very bad humor.

Suddenly a ten-foot gnatcatcher, screaming being stepped on, roared up and bit Bill. Bill thrashed that snake within an inch of his life. While he was doing this, a big old mountain lion jumped him from behind. This was no ordinary lion—it was as big as an elephant with four-foot fangs and claws to match! This was the famous lion the State of Nuevo Leon was named after down in old Mexico.

A few minutes later, Bill had his saddle cinched on one thoroughly cleaned lion. He went down that canyon whooping and hollering, riding that lion a hundred feet at a jump, whipping his flanks with the rattlesnake.

There wasn't anything that Bill couldn't ride, and he was thrown only once in his life—and then under such peculiar circumstances you couldn't rightly call it "thrown."

It happened when Bill made a bet that he could ride an Oklahoma cyclone, without spurs or saddle. He met the cyclone, the worst ever known, up on the Kansas line. He knocked that cyclone down and climbed on its back. That cyclone pitched and bucked with such incredible violence that it would be unbelievable if it had not been vouched for by so many reliable eye witnesses to the event.

Down across Texas went the cyclone, knocking down mountains, blowing holes in the ground and tying the trees into knots. The plains used to be heavily-forested forests until that big wind left it a bare prairie.

Pecos Bill just sat up there, slapping the cyclone across the ears with his hat, and rolling a cigarette with his free hand. He rode it through three States, but over in Arizona it got him.

When that cyclone realized it couldn't throw him, it just up and rained out under him. Bill came down over California. The spot where he landed is now known as Death Valley, a hole in the ground more than one hundred feet below sea-level. The print of his hip-pockets can still be seen in the granite.

Incidentally, the Grand Canyon was dug by Bill one day when he was prospecting. That is a matter of record. Unfortunately this record, too, has been lost.

It was Bill's drinking habits that finally killed him. It got so that liquor had no effect on him, so he started drinking strychnine and cyanide and other types of wolf poison. This would have been all right, except that he used to spike his drinks with fish-hooks and barbed wire. It was the barbed wire that did it. It rasped his intestine and gave him indigestion. He was hardly more than a hundred years old when he died, a victim of his intemperate ways.

Buster Crabbe &

Roy, beans, bear!



SOME PEOPLE THINK THE FAMOUS ROY BEAN-- "THE LAW WEST OF THE PECOS" WAS A FICTITIOUS CHARACTER. ACTUALLY, HE WAS A REAL-LIVE, FLESH AND BLOOD INDIVIDUAL STILL REMEMBERED BY SOME OF THE OLDER CITIZENS OF LANGTRY, TEXAS, AND MOST OF THE "TALL TALES" TOLD OF HIM ARE IN FACT THE UNGUARDED TRUTH!

Roy Bean was the proprietor of the Jersey Lily Saloon. As well as the coroner and the justice of the Peace of Langtry, he attained this high position by diligent work and study-- on how to make the most of his two six-shooters.



Roy Bean was a born businessman. If a man plunked down a ten-dollar bill for a ten-cent drink, he got no change. Roy Bean just couldn't bear to part with money, other people's or his own.



He always closed the bar when he had to act in his official capacity of judge, or coroner.

JUDGE, WE FOUND THIS HOMBRE DEAD ON THE ROCKS BELOW THE RAILROAD TRESTLE. HE MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF!

BAR'S CLOSED, GENTLEMEN-- FOR A MINUTE OR TWO.

NO IDENTIFICATION ON HIM, JUDGE. JUST A REVOLVER AND FORTY DOLLARS WAS ALL WE FOUND IN HIS POCKETS.

GARRYH! CONCEALED WEAPONS WITHIN CITY LIMITS IS AGAIN THE LAW! BEH! DEAD DON'T RELIEVE A MAN OF HIS RESPONSIBILITIES! I HEREBY FINE THIS HERE GULP! FORTY DOLLARS!



YES, JUDGE ROY BEAN WAS A STICKLER FOR UPHOLDING THE LAWS OF TEXAS...ALTHOUGH THE FINES HE IMPOSED AND COLLECTED, SOLOOM, IF EVER, CAME ANY CLOSER TO THE STATE TREASURY THAN HIS OWN WALLET!



THIS HERE RAILROAD WORKER, JUDGE, MURDERED A CHINAMAN IN COLD BLOOD...IN FRONT OF A COZEN EYE-WITNESSES!

YUH PLEAD GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



I KILT HIM, AWRIGHT! NO USE DERYVIN' IT.

H'MMM...WAL, I'LL NEED A COUPLE OF HOURS TO LOOK INTO THE LEGAL ASPECTS OF THIS HERE CASE...BRING HIM BACK LATER FER SENTENCIN'!



And us, a few hours later...

GENTLEMEN, I'VE LOOKED

THROUGH EVERY LAW BOOK OF THE GREAT STATE OF TEXAS FROM STEM TO STEM, AND I'LL BE HANGED IF I RIN FIND ANY LAW AGIN KILLIN' A CHINAMAN. SO THE CASE IS HEREBY DISMISSED.



Judge Roy Bean's ruling on that case has become one of the best-known and most quoted incidents of his fabulous career. But what isn't well-known, was the *method* in his madness...Bean's brand of justice may be open to question, but there was usually a reason behind it...a good reason or a bad reason...but a reason!

At that time, 1883, the railroad was being built across Texas, and hundreds of Chinese laborers were employed by the Railroad Company. They worked hard and cheap...and thus were resented by the Americans who didn't believe in working hard and cheap.



FEELING WAS RUNNING HIGH AT THE TIME THE CHINAMAN-MURDERER WAS BROUGHT TO TRIAL. BY PRESSING THE MAN, ROY BEAN MAY NOT HAVE SERVED THE ENDS OF JUSTICE, BUT HE PREVENTED A FULL-SCALE RACE-RIOT, AND POSSIBLY HIS OWN NECK. HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING.



Beas had a bear by the name of Bruno. Bruno was an alcoholic, and it cost Beas's customers a small fortune every day to keep the bear happy. And Beas insisted the bear be kept happy!



But Bruno had another function besides drinking up huge profits for Beas...he was used to punish wrong-doers, especially those who had no money to pay fines!



The bear was also valuable for executing practical jokes...

ABOUT THE BILL FOR THAT LAST DELIVERY OF WHISKEY, JUICE...



YOU SALESMEN! ALWAYS WORRYIN' 'BOUT BILLS-AN' SUCH! BOY, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!



TCH, TCH, WHAT TUH WANT TUH GIT SO CLOSE TO BRUNO FER? TUH QUARTER KNOW BETTER'N THAT!

ROG!

YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE, JUDGE, AND IT WAS A DIRTY TRICK. HOWEVER, I'LL FORGET IT, AND YOUR DUE BILL, TOO...IF YOU GIVE ME THAT YARMIN'T'S PELT AFTER HE DIES.



YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF A DEAL!

BOY BEAS WAS NOT A MAN TO TURN DOWN A GOOD BARGAIN. BUT THIS TIME HE'D RUN INTO A MAN WHO HAD SOME ULTERIOR MOTIVES OF HIS OWN. WEEKS PASSED BEFORE THE SALESMAN FOUND THE OPPORTUNITY HE'D BEEN WAITING FOR...



This happened when he ran into Roy Bean one day in the Menger Hotel bar-room in San Antonio...

WELL, JUDGE BEAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN SAN ANTONIO...

BEEN HERE A WEEK OR BUS-NESS. NOW'S THINGS IN LANGTRY?



YOUR BROTHER SAM'S TAKING GOOD CARE OF YOUR PLACE. BUT BRUNO... BRUNO'S DEAD. IS YOUR WORD STILL GOOD ON MY GETTING HIS HIDE?

BRUNO'S DEAD? GARDH... ME AN' THAT WARMINT WAS JUST LIKE BROTHERS... BUT... YOU'LL GIT HIS HIDE...



Roy Bean kept his bargain. He immediately sent this telegram to his brother.

TELEGRAM

SAM BEAN
LANGTRY, TEXAS

SKIN BRUNO AND
SHIP HIDE TO MR. A. P.
BETTERS AT MENGER
HOTEL SAN ANTONIO.

ROY BEAN

The next day... in Langtry...

SAM, WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BRUNO? WHUT DID HE DIE OF, ANYWAY?

WHUT DID HE DIE OFF? BUCKSHOT, NATURALLY.



YUH DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO SKIN HIM ALIVE. DID YUH? I HADDA KILL HIM FIRST!

WHY, THAT ORNER...



IT WAS A LONG, LONG TIME BEFORE SALESMAN BETTERS VENTURED BACK INTO LANGTRY... HE MIGHT HAVE LOST A FEW ACCOUNTS, BUT HE GAINED A BEAR SKIN... AND VENGEANCE!





THE HORSE

The earliest known ancestor of the modern horse was a prehistoric mammal that lived some three million years ago on the North American Continent, named Eohippus—or the Dawn Horse. This early horse was no larger than a fox!



Although the first horse originated in America, its descendants did not survive on our continent. The "wild" horses that the American Indian captured and domesticated were not native to this land—but were the descendants of horses lost here by Cortez and other early visitors from Europe! This accidental breed is known as Mustang!



The pure Arabian horse represents the highest form of the horse's development throughout the ages. When the British Isles were invaded in the first century, B.C., the natives were found to possess small but very hardy horses. These animals, bred with Arabians and other breeds finally produced the horse now known as Thoroughbred!



Today we have horses of all size and shape, ranging from the diminutive ponies to the enormous Percheron Draft-Horses—but they all have one thing in common—they all evolved from Eohippus!



WILD BILL HICKOK

by Ruster Crabbe

JAMES BUTLER HICKOK was born in La Salle County, Illinois in 1837. He grew to six feet, one inch of broad-shouldered, barrel-chested manhood. In his youth he killed wolves for bounty, and supplemented his income by shooting at a dime for a target at wages of half a dollar a shot. These activities did much to develop him into the incredible marksman he became—and he became the deadliest gun fighter of them all!

He was equally adept with his feet. Of all the countless fist-fights he had, there is no record that he ever lost a single one. He lived in an era of violence, when six-shooter was the law of the land, and human life of small importance. He adapted himself well to his environment—so well that he soon became the most feared man in the history of the old West!

The question is: was all this necessary? That is, was he actually the *bravest* figure that legend pictures him to be, or was he a surly, quick-tempered, shoot-first-and-ask-questions-later type of individual?

Hickok has been the subject of much controversy. There is no question about his being a killer, but was he a gun fighter, who fought fair, or a gunman, who didn't?

I don't know the answer, but the fact that he killed literally *hundreds* of men seems to balance the scales on the "gunman" side. It is difficult to believe that a peace-loving man, even in these turbulent times, couldn't avoid taking *that many* lives!

There was nothing modest about Hickok. He would relate his hair-raising adventures and extol his personal prowess and courage to anyone who would listen. Throughout his varied career as stage-coach driver, Civil War sharpshooter and spy for the Union forces, Indian fighter, scout, guide, and peace officer, Wild Bill Hickok did much to create his own legend by his swash-buckling manner and determination to achieve immortality. He succeeded. But he made things easy for the folklorist, and difficult for the historian.

How James Butler Hickok became "Wild Bill" Hickok is somewhat of a mystery. He may have scorned the name Bill because it was a popular name at the time, adding "Wild" to it to make it even more colorful. There was Buffalo Bill, and there was the legendary Pecos Bill, among others.

One story has it however, that James was nicknamed Bill by one of his early employers. Hickok had an aquiline hawklike nose, and his boss decisively referred to him as Bird-bill, Duck-bill, Buzzard-bill, and, at times, as just plain Bill. Hickok resented these jibes, being a sensitive young man, and it wasn't long before his employer departed this world. Therefore, "Bill" was known as "Wild Bill!"

But, however he acquired his fanciful appellation, he lived up to it to the hilt!

Wild Bill was a two-gun man—an lightning fast and as accurate a shot with either hand. Many gun fighters carried two guns in those days for psychological reasons, but very few could use two at the same time. Hickok could, and often did. It is a

matter of record that he more than once eliminated two enemies simultaneously, aiming and firing in two directions at the same time! These feats are all the more remarkable when you consider the fact that he never missed his gun sights to eye-level to take aim, but always shot from the hip!

His reputation was much the same as that of a prize fighter who has vanquished all opponents. He was the *champion*. In those days, gun fighters aspired to kill any one with a superior record, and thus lay claim to the *championship*. It is doubtful that Wild Bill would have lived as long as he did, had it not been for his constant alertness. It is said that he even *slept* with his guns in his hands!

He luck finally ran out in Deadwood, the outlaw town in Black Hills. This was Sioux land. One of General Custer's scouts had discovered gold there in 1874. The War Department managed to keep this a secret until the following year when the news leaked out, and the gold rush was on!

Incidentally, this invasion of the white man into the territory the United States Government had granted to the Sioux Indians was the main cause of the Sioux rebellion that resulted in the annihilation of General Custer and his entire command on the Little Big Horn.

Wild Bill Hickok rode into this outlaw town in 1876. He was a married man now and hoped to secure his future by finding a gold deposit or two. (A year later, the U. S. Government was to recognize Deadwood as a legitimate settlement and he could have filed his claims—but he was not destined to live that long.)

Legend has it that Hickok had a premonition of his impending death—and this is verified by his last letter to his wife wherein he wrote that should he never see her again, he would die with her name on his last breath. . . .

On Wednesday afternoon, August 2, 1876, the day after he wrote the prognostic letter, he was playing poker in a Deadwood saloon. A swaggering braggart named Jack McCall who talked tough—with only his to back him up, decided to become the genuine article by killing the famous Wild Bill Hickok! He entered the saloon, watched the poker-players casually for awhile, and then, as Hickok studied his cards, he pulled his gun and shot the famous gun-fighter through the back of his head.

But Jack McCall's aspirations to be a hero were short lived—the outraged citizens of Deadwood hanged him for the miserable coward that he was, and buried him in an unmarked grave.

Hickok was buried at the mountain slope of Ingleside—then a significant and romantic spot. The entire town came out for the funeral in respect for the "lucky great man."

James Butler (Wild Bill) Hickok was determined to be immortal. So determined, that many years later when his body was exhumed for reburial, his remains were found to have undergone the miracle of natural embalming! Small wonder that his name is engraved forever on the tablet of American Legend and History!

What's New

by MABEL O'SHAY

HIE EVERYBODY. I've been shopping and found some smooth articles. I'll get them for you too. Just use the coupon on the bottom of the page. Be sure you print your name and address plainly and one of these days the mailman will be bringing you a package. 'Bye now—I must get on my shopping spree. I'll be back soon with more ideas.



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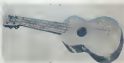
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BUSTER CRABBE

2

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BC - The Monster & Devil Valley Peace River & ? 12

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The Legends of Peace River text 1

BC - Roy Bow's Bone Peace River & ? 4

The House H. G. Peters^o 1

Wild Bill Hickock text 1