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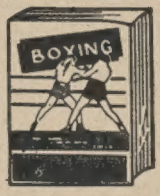





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NO MAN RAN GREATER TERROR DOWN THE SPINE OF BROKEN CREEK THAN BONE-CRUSHER, MAN-KILLING MOUNTAIN LION! MURDERER OF HUNDREDS OF CATTLE, PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1 OF THE HUMAN COMMUNITY, BONE-CRUSHER AROUSED THE HATRED OF ALABAM, SHERIFF OF BROKEN CREEK... BUT WHEN ALABAM LED OUT A SHOOTING PARTY, THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED! A NEW KILLER BURST INTO VIEW...
"THE HOBNAILED LION!"
Joe Kubert


ONE NIGHT, ON A RANCH OUTSIDE OF BROKEN CREEK...
OKAY, MAW- I'M A-GOIN'!
I NEVER DID HEER THE CATTLE MOANIN' LIKE THET AFORE! SOMETHIN'S GOT INTO THE CORRAL-
MOO, OO, MAW
WHA?
B-BONE-CRUSH-CRUSHER!!
RRR-R-RR-R
YA-A-A-A-A-A
THE NEXT MORNING...
BONE-CRUSHER, ALL RIGHT! I SEEN HIS TEETH MARKS IN A DOZEN MEN AND A HUNDRED HEAD O' CATTLE!
ISN'T IT TIME WE GOT RID O' THAT FOUR-FOOTED HELL-CAT!
SHORE-- WHY NOT GIT UP A SHOOTIN' PARTY?
IF YE WANT ANY CATTLE LEFT, YE BETTER! THIS'S BONE-CRUSHER'S FIRST VISIT T' TOM'S RANCH- HE'LL WILL TILL HE GIT'S TIRED-
NO, HE WON'T! SOMETIMES A POSSE IS FOR HUMAN MURDERERS- THIS TIME IT'LL BE FOR AN ANIMAL!
2
THAT NIGHT -- AT TOM FARNUM'S RANCHHOUSE...
AIN'T YOU COMIN', BULL?
NAW! I CAN'T GO OUT IN THIS WEATHER--- I GOT TH' RHUMATIZ! BESIDES, TH' LION WON'T KILL IN THIS RAIN!
YOU'RE WRONG, BULL! - BONE CRUSHER IS SLY AS THEY COME! HE'LL BE OUT T'NIGHT, AN' SO WILL WE!


AN HOUR LATER--- TOM FARNUM PATROLS THE CORRAL
NOTHIN' THIS SIDE O' TH' CORRAL---BULL WAS RIGHT--- BONE-CRUSHER WON'T KUM OUT IN THIS WEATHER.-HE- WAIT! TH' CATTLE'S GITTIN' RESTLESS---
SUDDENLY, A ROAR OF THUNDER---A FLASH OF LIGHTNING!
M-MEBBE BONE-CRUSHER IS HERE-!
EEEEEAAAAAH
TOM'S VOICE, ALABAM!
I KNOW! LET'S HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
IT IS TOO LATE! BONE-CRUSHER SURPRISED HIM--- LET'S TAKE HIM TO TH' HOUSE---
TOM'S SISTER, FRANCIS'LL NEAR DIE O' TH' SHOCK, ALABAM!
LATER---A HALF HOUR LATER...
THERE, THERE, HONEY---IT WUZ JUST A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT!
-SOB- P-POOR TOM-SOB- MY POOR B-BROTHER-SOB-
HMMM-
FUNNY... RUST ooo WHAT'S DOING ON THOSE TEETH MARKS?
3


IT'S A CINCH THERE'S NO RUST ON BONE-CRUSHER'S TEETH! I'LL LOOK INTO THIS KILLING A LITTLE DEEPER---AN' MAYBE IT WON'T TURN OUT TO BE SO FUNNY!
THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
THE SUN'S BAKED ALL THE FOOTPRINTS HARD---SO IF BONE-CRUSHER KILLED TOM, THE MUD SHOULD'VE TAKEN NICE PAW PRINTS---ONLY THERE AREN'T ANY PAW PRINTS!
JUST A SMALL-SIZE FOOTPRINT, LIKE TOM'S, AND BIG ONE'S--- 'ROUND SIZE 12- WITH THREE HOB NAIL MARKS IN THE HEEL!
STEADY, BOY--- STEADY---
I'M FINDING OUT WHETHER TOM FARNUM HAD ANY ENEMIES- HUMAN ENEMIES! BONE-CRUSHER DIDN'T PULL THIS!!
MISSY FLANCIS SAY SHE COME DOWN, TALKEE WITH YOU, CHOP-CHOP!
THANKS, WONG! INCIDENTALLY, HAS ANYBODY CLEANED THAT LION-RUG LATELY? WASHED IT, OR SOMETHING?
THE LION-LUG? OH, NO, MISSA SHELIFF... LUG NEVAH BIN WASH IN YEARS!
THAT'S CURIOUS---I'M SURE IT GOT WET YESTERDAY- FROM THE MATTED STATE O' TH' HAIR---
HMMM?
ALABAM LOCO! LION LUG GO FO' WALK IN LAIN? VELLY UNPLACTABLE!
THIS GET'S STRANGER BY THE MINUTE! THERE'S FLESH CAUGHT IN THESE CLAWS!---HUMAN FLESH!
4

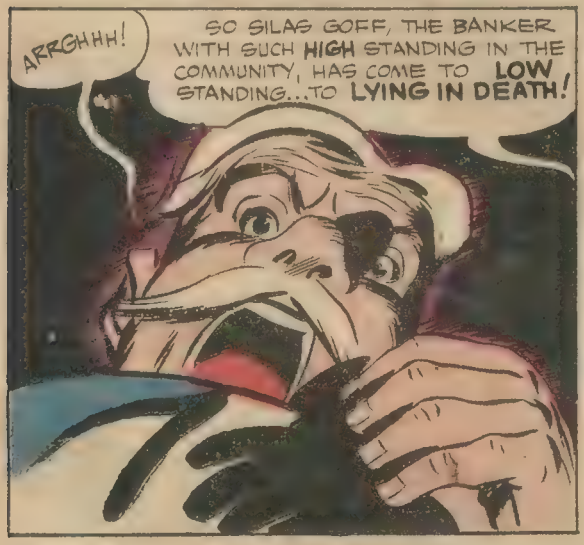

SHORTLY AFTER---
TOM HAVE ENEMIES? HE WAS A HARD MAN TO GET ALONG WITH---AND STUBBORN! HE'D BEEN AGAINST MY MARRYING BULL BENNING FOR THREE YEARS!
REALLY? AND HOW DID TOM GET ALONG WITH BULL?
BULL WAS HIS FOREMAN FOR SIX YEARS! THAT ANSWERS YOU, DOESN'T IT? BESIDES, WHAT HAVE HUMAN ENEMIES TO DO WITH TOM? BONE-CRUSHER KILLED TOM!
LET'S SAY, RATHER, THAT A BRUTE KILLED TOM!
I'VE GOT TO PIECE THIS TOGETHER!
THAT AFTERNOON---
I'VE BEEN ALL OVER THE RANCH 'THOUT A SIGN O' ANYTHIN' THAT MIGHTA MADE THOSE RUSTY TEETH MARKS! NOW TO CHECK TH' BUNKHOUSE!
WHY, OF COURSE! NOW I KNOW!
WHERE DO YOU FELLAS STOW Y'R TRAPS FER COYOTES'N YARMINTS?
YA'LL FIND 'EM IN TH' TOOL SHED, SHERIFF--- OVER YONDER!
MUST BE UNDER THAT TARPAULIN!
A QUICK SEARCH, AND---
SUCCESS! THAT COYOTE TRAP'S GOT FRESH BLOOD ON IT! TOM'S BLOOD, OR I'MA CROSS-EYED DONKEY!
MOMENTS AFTER, IN THE BUNK-HOUSE---
YEP! THEM'S BULL BENNING'S SHOES! ALLUS KNEW THET, 'CUZ HE'S GOT TH' BIGGEST FEET I E'ER DID SEE--- SIZE 12!
NO HOBNAILS IN THESE HEELS! MEBBE HE'S WEARIN' 'EM!
WHERE'S BULL NOW?
ON TH' RANGE, SHERIFF! HE'LL BE BACK TANIGHT, THO'---
THAT'S A COINCIDENCE! SO WILL I!!
FLEETING THOUGHTS FLASH THROUGH ALABAM'S MIND---COULD IT HAVE BEEN BULL BENNING---COULD HE HAVE PERPETRATED SUCH A BRUTAL AND BLOODY MURDER?
5


LATER ...THAT NIGHT... BULL BRINGS HIS HORSE TO A HALT BEFORE THE BUNKHOUSE
HE ENTERS AND LIGHTS THE LAMP---
SUDDENLY
GOOD EVENING, BULL!
WHA?
OH- IT'S YOU! THE BOYS TOL' ME YOU WERE LOOKIN' FOR ME, SHERIFF---WHAT'S UP?
JUST WANTED TO SATISFY MY CURIOSITY, BULL--- SUPPOSE-
-YOU SIT YOURSELF DOWN SO'S I KIN TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR BOOT!
MY BOOT?
THREE HOBNAILS IN YOUR HEEL, BULL! I'VE A RIDDLE FOR YOU- EXACTLY WHEN ARE YOU LION AND WHEN ARE YOU BULL?
HE'S WISE TO SOMETHING--- IF IT'S A BOOT HE WANTS---
-IT'S A BOOT HE'LL GET!
CRACK
YOU'RE LUCKY I DON'T WANT NOBODY HEARIN' SHOTS, ER I'D PUT A BULLET T'YER BRAIN, NOT A GUN BUTT!
SOMEWHERE, I MADE A MISTAKE, BUT I CAIN'T STOP T' FIGGER WOT! I'LL JEST PICK UP FRAN AN' RUN FER IT!
FIVE MINUTES LATER---
I CAN'T ELOPE WITH YOU, BULL! TOM'S ONLY DEAD A DAY! I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS RUSH- ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?
MEBBE I AM! BUT I KNOW ONE THING! I AIN'T GITTIN' WITHOUT YOU!
ARE YOU GONNA COME ...OR---


WONG! BULL'S GONE MAD! MAKE HIM STOP PULLING ME!
AI!! I GO GET HELP, MISSY!
HOLD IT, WONG!
WONG! YOU'LL STAY WHERE YOU ARE!!
NO!
BUT YOU'RE COMIN' WITH ME BY HOOK OR CROOK, SEE?
SMACK
MINUTES LATER, ALONG THE ROAD---
AN' I HAD IT PLANNED PERFECT, TOO! IT'S THAT SHERIFF'S FAULT!
MIGOSH! (GASP)--- (CHOKE) IN TH' ROAD-! IT'S BONE-CRUSHER!
HE'S AFTER ME! MEBBE HE'LL TAKE AFTER FRAN, IF I TOSS HER OFF!
HE AIN'T! HE'S STILL COMIN' AFTER ME---
YAAA
RRRRRR
7


B-BONE-CR-EEEC
BULL'S VOICE--- IN AGONY---MUS' S-SEE WHY---
HAVING TORN BULL'S THROAT TO SHREDS, BONE-CRUSHER TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO FRESH PREY
AS THE MONSTROUS CAT INCHES TOWARD ITS VICTIM---
BONE-CRUSHER! HEADIN' FOR FRAN-!
I'D BETTER MAKE THE NEXT ONES COUNT!--- HE'S FIT FOR MURDER!
DROP, CURSE YOU, DROP! I PUT TWO SLUGS IN YOUR BLOODY HEART!
-PHEW- WOT A CAT---WELL :PANT: CRUSHER---:PANT: YOUR BONE-CRUSHING DAYS ARE OVER!
IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, FRANCIS- IT'S ALL RIGHT!
OH, ALABAM--- IT WAS HORRIBLE!
THE NEXT DAY---
BULL BENNING TOOK ADVANTAGE OF BONE-CRUSHER'S REPUTATION TO KILL TOM FARNUM AND THUS MARRY FRAN! THESE WERE THE TOOLS WITH WHICH HE IMITATED BONE-CRUSHER'S MURDER METHODS---BUT IRONICALLY, BULL DIED A VICTIM OF THE ONE HE IMITATED--- BONE-CRUSHER HIMSELF!
BEST JOB BONE-CRUSHER E'ER DID! YESSIR!
8

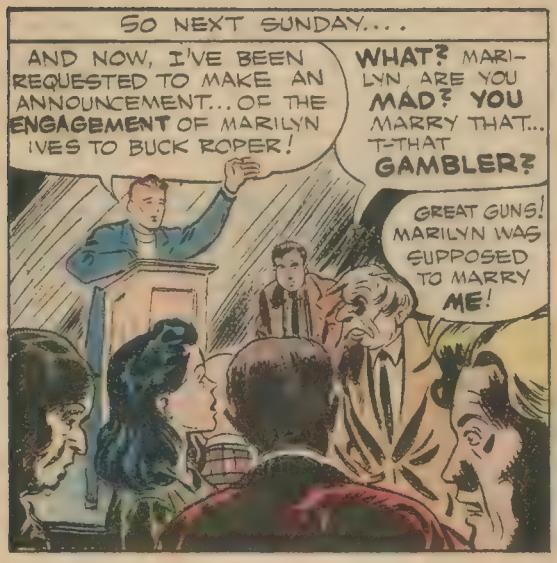

THE
Fighting PARSON
JOHN WATKINS, THE FIGHTING PARSON, CAME TO PREACH IN THE TOWN OF BLANCO'S RUN...BUT HE NEVER EXPECTED TO PREACH A SERMON OF LEAD! CONFRONTED BY A MAN WHO KNEW NOT THE WORD OF RELIGION OR LAW, NOTHING BUT GUNS COULD BARK THE LANGUAGE OF FREEDOM FOR A LOVELY GIRL CAUGHT IN THE VICIOUS TOILS OF A MAN WHO SOUGHT TO CROWN HER...
"QUEEN OF EDEN!!!"


ARRGHHH!
SO SILAS GOFF, THE BANKER WITH SUCH HIGH STANDING IN THE COMMUNITY, HAS COME TO LOW STANDING...TO LYING IN DEATH!

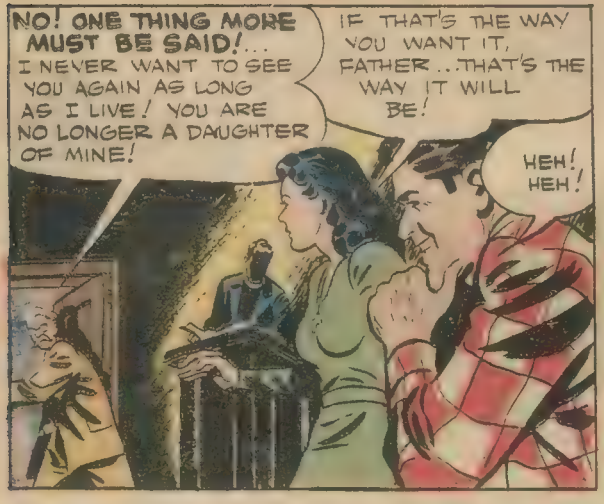

DON'T THINK I KILLED YOU, SILAS! WHY, I KNOW TWO PEOPLE WHO'LL BE ACCUSED OF YOUR MURDER!...YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME? WELL, WAIT AND SEE!

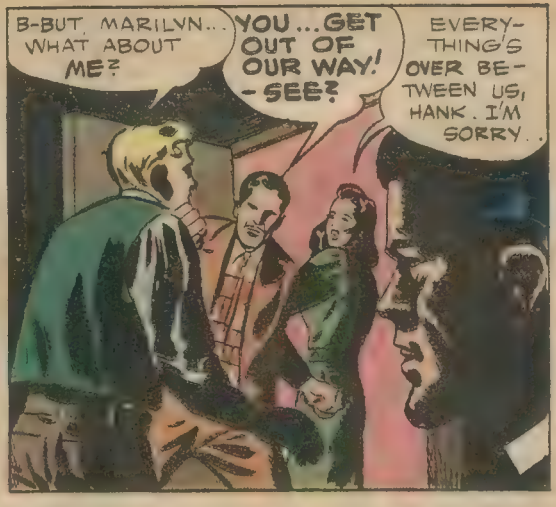

IT COULD SURPRISE YOU TO KNOW THAT ONE OF YOUR MURDERERS SHOT YOU FOR MONEY!
ON THE HILL OVERLOOKING THE MURDER....
MAYBE YOU'LL BE CURED OF DRINK AFTER THIS, CHEROKEE CHARLEY! THE GALLOWS HAS A WAY OF HANDLING VICES PERMANENTLY!
SO YOU DID IT FOR MONEY, CHARLEY? TSK! TSK! DON'T YOU KNOW MONEY'S THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL?....
SO LONG, SUCKERS! I'M ON MY WAY TO FRAME THE SECOND MURDERER--ONLY I'VE A HUNCH HE WON'T HANG!--
AN HOUR LATER, IN BLANCO'S RUN...
SILAS GOFF'S BUCKBOARD! BUT WHERE'S SILAS?
BLOOD! ALL OVER THE BUCKBOARD SEAT!
LET'S GET UP THE ROAD AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SILAS!....
LATER...
GET UP, YOU SMELLY SWINE!--
WE GOT THE KILLER! CHEROKEE CHARLEY... DRUNK AS THE DEVIL!
WE OUGHTA STRING HIM UP HERE--ONLY THE SHERIFF'LL BE SORE!
2
THAT NIGHT, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE....
BUT I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, SHERIFF!--HONEST! LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS ME FALLIN' ASLEEP IN BUCK ROPER'S EDEN BAR!
DRUNK OR SOBER, YOU KILLED SILAS GOFF FOR HIS MONEY!... AND WE'RE HANGIN' YOU FOR IT!

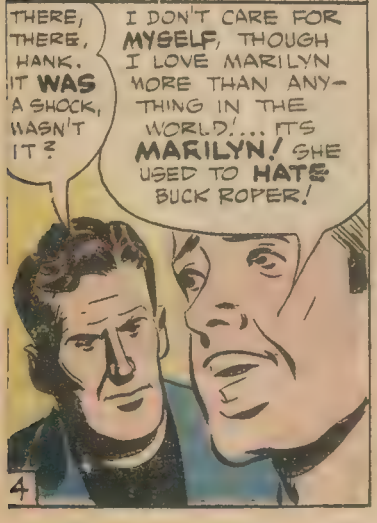

ELSEWHERE, AT TOM IVES RANCH....
GOOD EVENING, MARILYN! I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS TO TELL YOU... IN PRIVATE....
YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU, BUCK ROPER! TELL ME HERE ON THE PORCH AND THEN GET OFF THE GROUNDS!
MAYBE YOU'LL WARM UP WHEN YOU SEE THIS JUICY PIECE OF EVIDENCE AGAINST YOUR FATHER!
THERE CAN BE NO EVIDENCE OF ANYTHING AGAINST MY FATHER! IT SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE WASTING MY TIME!....
A LETTER TO SILAS GOFF IN MY FATHER'S HAND-WRITING!.. (GASP!) T-THREATENING TO KILL SILAS UNLESS SILAS EXTENDS A $ 25,000 LOAN TO HIM! T-THIS IS AWFUL--! WHERE'D YOU GET THIS PAPER?
ONE OF MY BOYS FOUND IT ON SILAS' BODY, AND BROUGHT IT TO ME. -LOOKS LIKE YOUR DAD SHOT SILAS AND FRAMED CHEROKEE CHARLEY!
NOBODY'D BELIEVE SUCH A STORY! MY FATHER HAS THE FINEST REPUTATION IN BLANCO'S RUN....
THEN WHY GRAB FOR THE PAPER--? NO, MARILYN, THE SHERIFF'D BE MIGHTY INTERESTED IN THIS THREATENING LETTER--INTERESTED ENOUGH TO HANG YOUR DAD!
I THINK I UNDERSTAND NOW. WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR KEEPING THE LETTER SECRET?
...NOTHING MUCH JUST YOU!
VERY WELL. I'LL MARRY YOU. NOW GET OUT OF MY SIGHT AND STAY OUT OF IT, UNTIL OUR WEDDING!
YOUR WORDS OF TENDER LOVE THRILL ME TO THE HEART, MARILYN!--LET ME INFORM YOU OUR WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT TAKES PLACE NEXT SUNDAY!
WHO'S THAT YOU WERE TALKING TO, MARILYN?
A FRIEND OF MINE, FATHER!
I CAN'T BELIEVE DAD KILLED SILAS GOFF. AND YET...THERE'S THAT LETTER. I CAN'T TAKE CHANCES. ...I MUST MARRY BUCK ROPER!
3

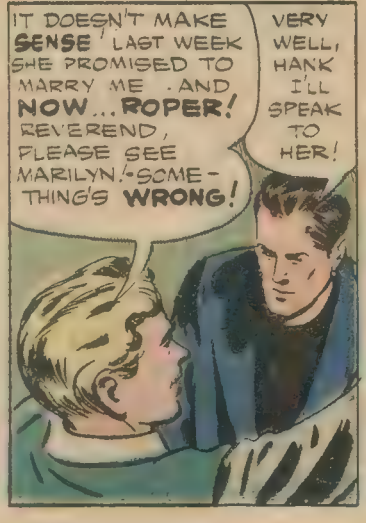

SO NEXT SUNDAY....
AND NOW, I'VE BEEN REQUESTED TO MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT... OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF MARILYN IVES TO BUCK ROPER!
WHAT? MARILYN ARE YOU MAD? YOU MARRY THAT... T-THAT GAMBLER?
GREAT GUNS! MARILYN WAS SUPPOSED TO MARRY ME!

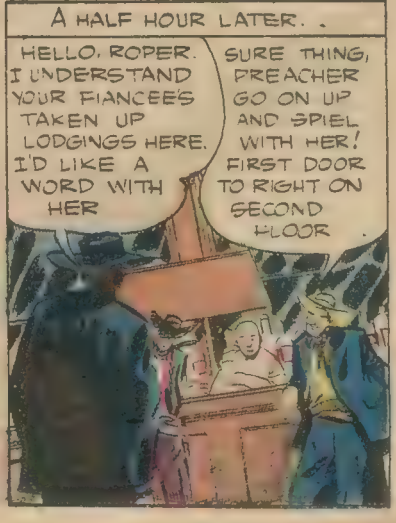

I WON'T PERMIT YOU TO RUIN YOURSELF! I MUST BRING YOU TO YOUR SENSES!
EVERYONE WILL PAY NO ATTENTION TO MY FATHER. I AM OF AGE. I LOVE BUCK ROPER AND WILL MARRY HIM. THAT IS ALL THAT HAS TO BE SAID!

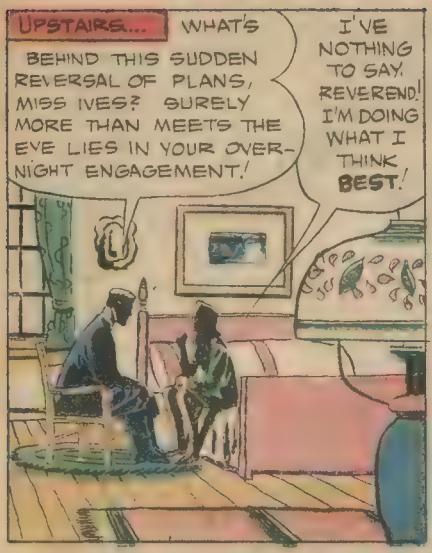

NO! ONE THING MORE MUST BE SAID!... I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE! YOU ARE NO LONGER A DAUGHTER OF MINE!
IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, FATHER... THAT'S THE WAY IT WILL BE!
HEH! HEH!


B-BUT MARILYN... WHAT ABOUT ME?
YOU... GET OUT OF OUR WAY! - SEE?
EVERYTHING'S OVER BETWEEN US, HANK. I'M SORRY.


THERE, THERE, HANK. IT WAS A SHOCK, WASN'T IT?
I DON'T CARE FOR MYSELF, THOUGH I LOVE MARILYN MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD!... IT'S MARILYN! SHE USED TO HATE BUCK ROPER!

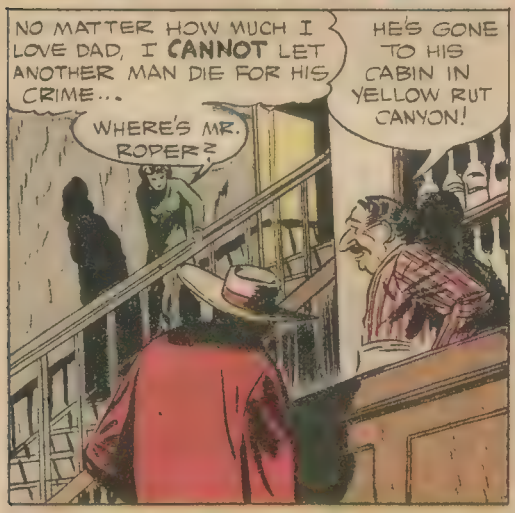

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! LAST WEEK SHE PROMISED TO MARRY ME. AND NOW... ROPER! REVEREND, PLEASE SEE MARILYN! - SOMETHING'S WRONG!
VERY WELL, HANK I'LL SPEAK TO HER!


A HALF HOUR LATER.
HELLO, ROPER. I UNDERSTAND YOUR FIANCEE'S TAKEN UP LODGINGS HERE. I'D LIKE A WORD WITH HER
SURE THING, PREACHER GO ON UP AND SPIEL WITH HER! FIRST DOOR TO RIGHT ON SECOND FLOOR

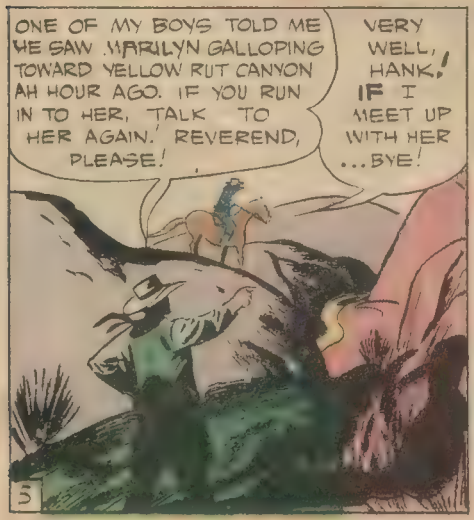

UPSTAIRS...
WHAT'S BEHIND THIS SUDDEN REVERSAL OF PLANS, MISS IVES? SURELY MORE THAN MEETS THE EVE LIES IN YOUR OVER-NIGHT ENGAGEMENT!
I'VE NOTHING TO SAY, REVEREND! I'M DOING WHAT I THINK BEST!

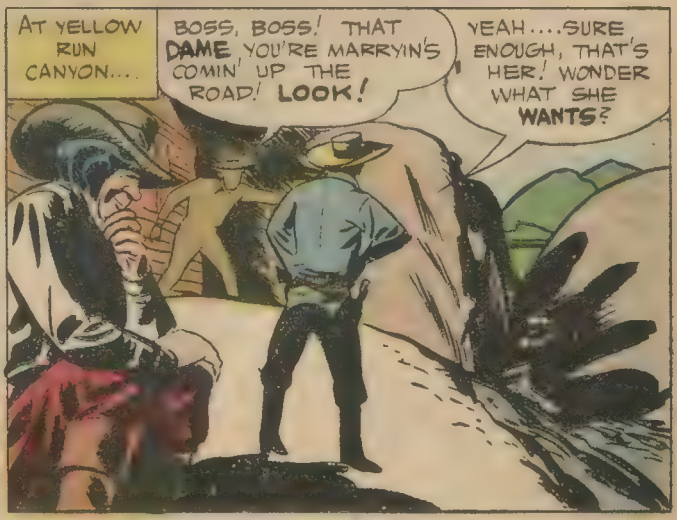

YOU MUST LIVE YOUR OWN LIFE, MISS IVES. BUT ALWAYS CONSIDER WHETHER YOU'RE HURTING SOMEONE ELSE WHO DOESN'T DESERVE TO BE INJURED! GOOD AFTERNOON!
HURTING SOME-ONE ELSE! WHY, I'D CLEAN FOR-GOTTEN!


THEY'RE GOING TO HANG CHEROKEE CHARLEY FOR SOMETHING HE NEVER DID, BECAUSE HE WAS TOO DRUNK AT THE TIME TO EXPLAIN HOW FATHER FRAMED HIM!

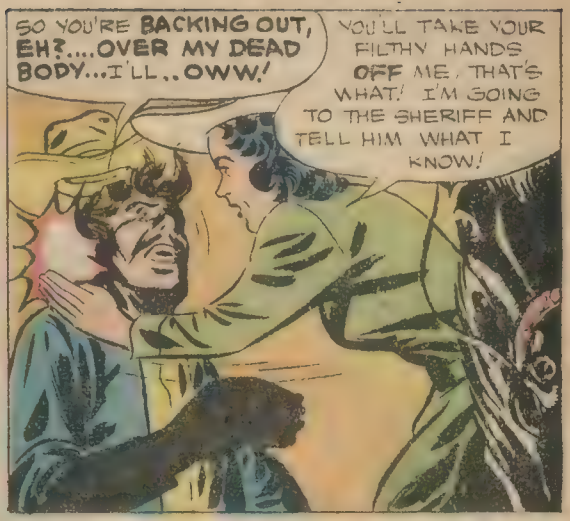

NO MATTER HOW MUCH I LOVE DAD, I CANNOT LET ANOTHER MAN DIE FOR HIS CRIME...
WHERE'S MR. ROPER?
HE'S GONE TO HIS CABIN IN YELLOW RUT CANYON!

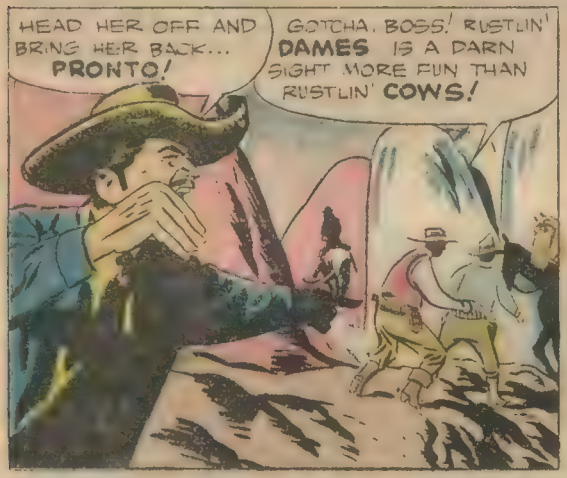

LATER... THAT AFTERNOON....
I SAW MARILYN, HANK. I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOTHING TO BE DONE. SHE'S MADE UP HER MIND!
I STILL CAN'T HELP FEELING SOMETHING PECU-LIAR'S GOIN' ON....

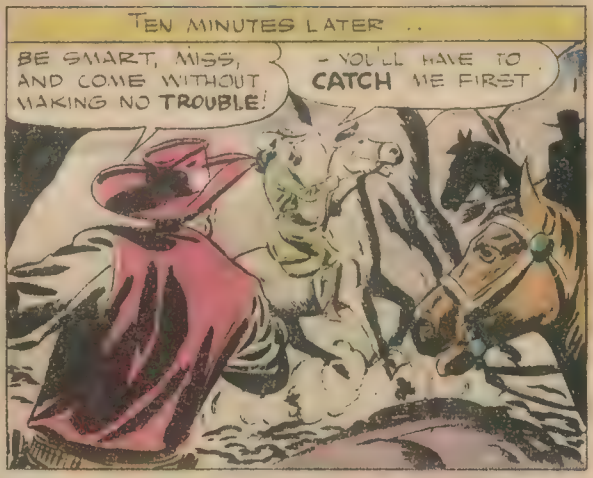

ONE OF MY BOYS TOLD ME HE SAW MARILYN GALLOPING TOWARD YELLOW RUT CANYON AH HOUR AGO. IF YOU RUN IN TO HER, TALK TO HER AGAIN, REVEREND, PLEASE!
VERY WELL, HANK! IF I MEET UP WITH HER ...BYE!
5


AT YELLOW RUN CANYON....
BOSS, BOSS! THAT DAME YOU'RE MARRYIN'S COMIN' UP THE ROAD! LOOK!
YEAH....SURE ENOUGH, THAT'S HER! WONDER WHAT SHE WANTS?


WHAT'S THE B'G IDEA COMING HERE? WE'RE BUSY!
BUSINESS IS WHAT I WANT TO TALK... I'M NOT MARRYING YOU! BETTER TAKE THAT LETTER OF YOURS TO THE SHERIFF AND CLEAR CHEROKEE CHARLEY!


SO YOU'RE BACKING OUT, EH?....OVER MY DEAD BODY...I'LL..OWW!
YOU'LL TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME, THAT'S WHAT! I'M GOING TO THE SHERIFF AND TELL HIM WHAT I KNOW!


HEAD HER OFF AND BRING HER BACK... PRONTO!
GOTCHA, BOSS! RUSTLIN' DAMES IS A DARN SIGHT MORE FUN THAN RUSTLIN' COWS!


TEN MINUTES LATER ..
BE SMART, MISS, AND COME WITHOUT MAKING NO TROUBLE!
- YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST

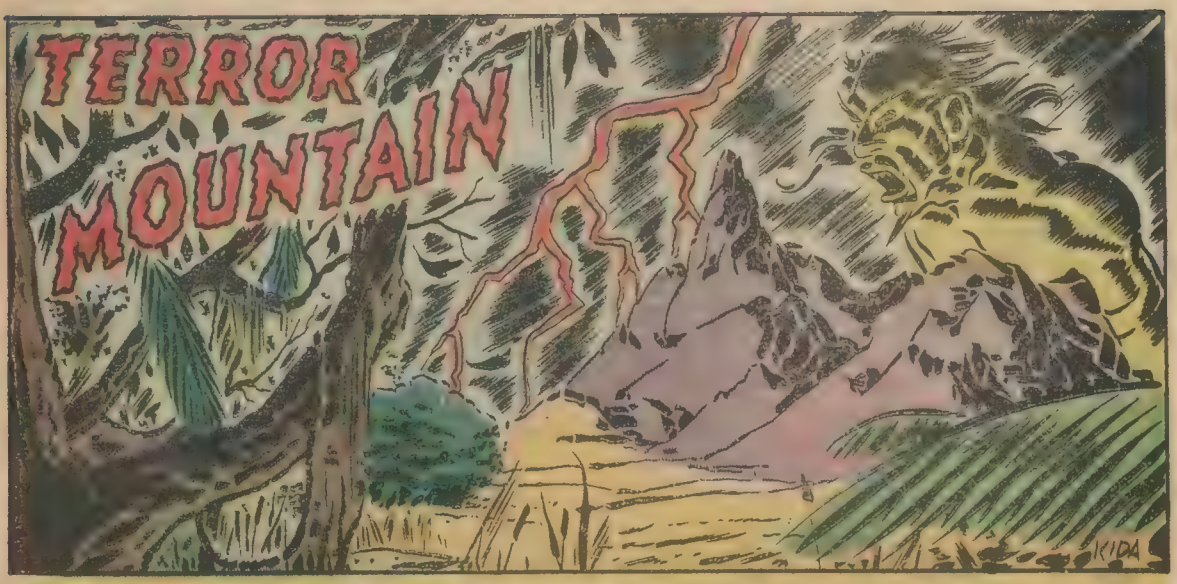

NOT SO FAST, MISS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH! WE SAID YOU'RE COMIN' WITH US!
LET ME GO, YOU BRUTE! L-LET ME GO!


MAYBE THIS'LL MAKE HER ACT LIKE A LADY!


THAT NIGHT ALONG THE YELLOW RUT CANYON ROAD
FUNNY I HAVEN'T MET MARILYN IVES COMING BACK ALONG THIS ROAD. HOLD ON... WHAT'S THAT GLEAMING IN THE DIRT?


MARILYN'S SILVER CROSS! I RECALL SEEING IT AROUND HER NECK! AND THE DIRT'S ALL KICKED UP AROUND HERE, AS THOUGH IN STRUGGLE!
LET'S GO, MISSION! MISS IVES IS SOMEWHERE IN YELLOW RUT CANYON... AND NEEDING OUR HELP! -IF WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
SO YOU DON'T WANT TO BE THE QUEEN OF EDEN? YOU'RE GONNA REGRET THAT DECISION, MARILYN, AFTER A COUPLE OF KISSES!
STAY AWAY FROM ME!
GO ON AN KISS 'ER, BUCK! MAYBE, SHE'LL LIKE IT! HAW! HAW!
YIIII....SHE BIT ME! I'M BLEEDING!
I WARNED YOU NOT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ME!
MAYBE YOU'LL LIKE THIS KIND OF KISSING BETTER!!!
OHHH!
THAT'S THE STUFF, BOSS! CLIP 'ER AGAIN!
NOT IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, ROPER! GET YOUR PAWS UP ALL OF YOU!
THE FIGHTING PARSON! .SHOOT HIM!
A-I-I-I...!
THIS'S THE WAY YOU PREFER IT—NOT I!
7


I'LL GET WATKINS BEFORE HE WIPES OUT ALL OF US!
OKAY, PARSON! YOU'VE DONE YOUR LAST FIGHTING!
HE'S TRAPPED REVEREND WATKINS! I MUST DO SOMETHING!
KICKING HIM'S THE ONLY THING I CAN DO!
THE NEXT ONE'S TICKETED FOR YOUR BRAIN, ROPER, IF YOU AND YOUR STOOGE DON'T SURRENDER!
YEOW! SURRENDER, YOU FOOL! HE'S GOT THE DROP ON US! SURRENDER! WANNA GET US KILLED!
VERY GOOD! NOW, UNTIE MISS IVES.... THEN, THE SHERIFF'LL TAKE OVER ENTERTAINING YOU!
THE NEXT DAY....
THIS LETTER IS A FORGERY! NEITHER CHEROKEE CHARLEY, NOR YOU, MR. IVES, KILLED SILAS GOFF! WE FOUND A LETTER FROM GOFF AT ROPER'S HANGOUT, INFORMING ROPER THAT GOFF KNEW OF HIS RUSTLING, AND WOULD REPORT IT! GETTING RID OF GOFF AND GETTING MISS IVES WERE ROPER'S MOTIVES FOR MURDER!...
I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW MUCH I OWE YOU, MR. WATKINS.-ISN'T THERE SOME WAY I CAN REPAY YOU?
OF COURSE, THERE IS, MISS IVES! LET ME MARRY YOU TO HANK...
8



The entire village knew that a big camp of white men had been pitched in a clearing near a dirt track that crossed the jungle. The head man of the village had sent down three tribesmen to investigate and they had not returned for a week. When they reported to him, they explained their long absence. With scores of other natives, the three scouts had helped clear a wide area.

Once the camp was in order, the place became an uproar of activity. The white men ran around shouting orders, pointing black machines which clicked and purred as natives crouched, ran, climbed, fought, threw spears, and cried. It was all somewhat insane to the headman, but to the little boy who listened on the roof of the palaver house, the story of the scouts seemed to be full of wonder. He hoped very hard that some of these visitors would come to HIS village. He would only be too glad to run and climb for the strangers!

A few days later, the headman's little son, Simu, got his wish. Two white men strolled into the village aiming little boxes. One of the scouts introduced the two white men to the headman. After a hearty handshake, one of the white men took several steps backward and aimed his little black box at the headman. The headman threw up his arms and screamed. The white men threw back their heads and laughed. One white man took a photograph out of his pack and showed it to the scout, indicating various things on the photo with a wide grin. The scout in turn showed the paper to the headman, but the latter smashed the piece of paper to the ground without looking at it. The two white men stopped smiling, looked at each other in bewilderment, and finally one of them pulled a magazine out of his pack. The title of the magazine was "Things". It was full of pictures. The white man who had tried to photograph the headman offered the magazine to the chieftain. Again, the headman struck down the article. The magazine lay in the dust in front of the palaver house. The two white men exchanged glances. From his vantage point on top of the palaver house, little Simu had observed with saucered eyes the unpleasant incidents.

His father was very angry with the visitors, that was plain to see. Then Simu watched sadly as the white men made a gesture of inquiry at Terror Mountain. They seemed to ask: What was that mountain that rose 5,000 feet from the lush jungle? They were told that the mountain was an evil place and that white men were forbidden to go there. One of the white men pointed to his camera, while the other asked why they were not permitted to go to the mountain . . . was it a *sacred* mountain? Desiring to be rid of these guests whom he now heartily disliked, the chief nodded and shouted threats at the

two white men. All the explanation the white men could get were that no Burmese could be persuaded to go within a mile of Popa, the sacred mountain, and that much horror would befall any man who'd venture upon its slopes.

Instead of looking fearful, Simu noticed that the white men seemed pleased with this information. Simu watched them make deep bows of respect and take their leave. He could not read their lips, but he could read the sparkle in their eyes! These men were going to climb *Terror Mountain!*

When the men had gone, little Simu darted to the ground and snatched up the photograph that lay in the dirt before the palaver house. Simu experienced a shiver of delight to see the image of a leopard on the bit of paper. This was true magic! To make the great leopard so small and so harmless. Simu ran his finger over the brute's mouth and felt no pain! This was, indeed, a very remarkable magic. He felt ashamed that his father had turned away these wonderful white strangers with their magical boxes.

Meanwhile, the two white men made a wide detour of the headman's village and struck out for the sacred mountain

Hours later the two were toiling up the boulder-strewn slope of the forbidden mountain.

"D-don't see anything-g so w-wonderful about it t-this far," panted the one called Bill.

It wasn't until they reached the top of the mountain that they noticed the earth was alive.

"Great Scott!" Bill exclaimed. The blood left his cheeks. "Look, Joey . . . SNAKES!"

The entire summit was crawling with snakes. Most of the writhing pack were king cobras, but among them Bill could spot plenty of Russell vipers and banded kraits. Bill's companion needed no invitation. In a minute, at least a dozen shots of the nightmare sight were recorded for "Things", the picture magazine. But their happiness was short-lived. Believing that the snakes lay *before* them, they were scared out of a year's growth by a whistling sound and the hard smack of a cobra's fangs on the stone at their *heels!* Both men whirled, their hair standing up as much as a tropical close crop would allow. Not only was there a roadblock of snakes in front of them, but there were TWO road blocks of snakes BEHIND them!

An eternity of waiting seemed to have passed when they heard a piping little voice calling to them from behind the swamp of snakes. It was Simu, the headman's son. He was dancing up and down and gesticulating toward the heavens.

"The kid's goofy," muttered Bill between clenched teeth. "Let's chance it before the two batches of snakes meet!" Both men made ready to sprint. But Simu was going beserk telling them to keep back. He made such a rumpus that the snakes began to heave and break ranks. Both men recoiled as the snakes began to move in all directions. "He's finished us!" Bill screamed. "His darned yowling's finished us!" He felt like blasting the kid's head off with his .45 when a shock of coldness smote his head.

Sheets of Burmese rain slanted ruthlessly down upon the mountain soaking the men to the skin . . . all in a matter of seconds. Through the sudden, driving storm, Bill saw the kid jumping up and down with glee and pointing joyously at the heavens.

A miracle was taking place. As though the rain erased them, the slope became miraculously clear of snakes! They crawled into every hole, under every rock, into the very ground itself . . . as though by divine decree there were no more snakes!

"*That's* what the kid meant when he pointed to the sky!!" shouted Bill as they raced toward Simu. "He knew a rainstorm was coming and realized the snakes would get out of the rain . .

Before the white men left the vicinity, little Simu was given a big party and many presents. But the one he valued most, hung in the palaver house It was an enormous enlargement of a full figure photograph of Simu It was so big, Simu began to think of himself thereafter as a giant. And in a sense, Simu was not entirely wrong!

AMATEUR NIGHT



THEN "PILL" PETERS, TEXAS RANGER ROOKIE, FOUND HIMSELF IN A SPOT OF SPOTS! THE HONOR OF THE **TEXAS RANGERS**, HIS VERY LIFE, DEPENDED ON TWO TIMID FINGERS ON THE COLD STEEL TRIGGERS OF HIS SIX-SHOOTERS. OUTNUMBERED, OUTWEIGHED, OUTGUNNED BY THE TOUGHEST OUTLAWS IN THE WEST, THIS WAS NOT THE MOMENT FOR **"AMATEUR NIGHT."**


AS CAL COURTLAND AND PRONTO, TEXAS RANGERS, ARE ABOUT TO CARRY OUT A DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT....
OH, MR. COURTLAND, SIR! HEADQUARTERS SENT ME TO HELP! I'M PILL PETERS, YOUR REINFORCEMENT!
REINFORCEMENT ? - YOU? DRAWBACKS MORE THE SIZE OF IT!
SORRY, SIR. I'M LITTLE, BUT VERY WILLING, SIR...
GIVE PILL A CHANCE, CAL. BIG OR LITTLE, HE'S A RANGER...
OKAY... BUT STAY OUT OF THE WAY WHERE YOU WON'T GET HURT!
AFTER THE HOT TIP THAT THE NOTCH GUN GANG ARE COMING TO TOWN, WE CAN'T BUNGLE THIS JOB, PRONTO.
SHHHH.... NO NOISE, PRONTO! WE'LL TAKE 'EM BY SURPRISE!
WHY'S THIS GUN SO HEAVY? MAYBE I...
SUFFERING SIMOLEONS! DIDN'T THAT DUMB ROOKIE GO AHEAD AND DO IT?
BANG
SOME REINFORCEMENTS! COME ON PRONTO... WE'LL DO THIS THE HARD WAY!
YOU TAKE THE ONE GOING THROUGH THE WINDOW, PRONTO!
2


HEY PRONTO!— I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A SECOND!
BANG
KEEP YOUR EYE ON HIM WHILE I HELP PRONTO!..REMEMBER, PILL... WATCH HIM!
RIGHT, SIR. AIMING AT HIS HEART, SIR!
SECONDS LATER..
HEY RANGER, THERE'S A BUG IN YOUR EYE!
REALLY?.. THANKYOU! I MUST KILL IT!
DON'T BOTHER!... THIS'LL KILL IT FOR YOU!
AT THE SAME TIME
WE GOT IM, PRONTO! A NICE NIGHT'S HUNTING!
NOW WE SEE PRISONER AND FIND OUT WHERE REST OF GANG IS!
AFRAID NOT, PRONTO! TAKE A LOOK AT THE PRIDE OF THE TEXAS RANGERS!
OUT LIKE TWO LIGHTS!... HMMMM.....
3


A HALF HOUR LATER....
THIS STEAK MAKE SWELLING DOWN!
WHY SHOULDN'T THOSE CROOKS GET AWAY WHEN THEY SEND US SOMETHING LIKE THAT!
PILL, YOU STAY HERE. THE BOYS AND I HAVE MORE CHECKING UP TO DO... YOU'LL COME WHEN YOU LEARN OUR METHODS A LITTLE BETTER!
WHICH'LL BE NEVER!... HMPPPHHH!
YESSIR, ANYTHING YOU SAY, SIR.
MINUTES LATER....
WHY DIDN'T I STICK TO TEACHING LATIN? WHY DID I EVER BECOME A RANGER? I'LL NEVER BE GOOD!
THERE'S ONE OF THEM NEW RANGERS, FELLERS...
WANTED
RANGER!..THERE'S A MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS FELLER COME TA BOARD WITH ME....
THE DUTY OF A RANGER IS TO PROTECT THE COMMUNITY...., AHEM! LEAD ON GOOD WOMAN!
ER YA SURE YA KIN HANDLE HIM, RANGER? YE'RE THE LITTLEST, WEAKEST LOOKING RANGER I EVER SEED!
DON'T BE DECEIVED BY APPEARANCES, LADY. IN ACTION, I'M HERCULES!
THET'S HIM! LOOK AT HIS SHOOTIN' IRONS ...NOTCHED! ALL OF 'EM_LIKE THEMS OF THE NOTCH GUN GANG!
HANDS UP, STRANGER! THERE'S A TEXAS RANGER ON THE TRIGGER END OF THIS HORSE-PISTOL!
4


YOU THROW LEAD AN' I'LL THROW BOOTS...AN' WE'LL SEE WHO WINS... YOU OR BEANIE BANTON!
S-SAY... OOOPHH
BYE-BYE, RANGER. THAT'LL LARN YA TA STICK YER NOSE IN MY BIZNESS!
SOME RANGER!.. AN AFTER YE HAD THE DROP ON 'IM!
THE BRUTE IS MERELY EXERCIZING A TEMPORARY ADVANTAGE, MADAME! I'LL GET HIM!...UGH!
BAM!
DARN IT! I'VE DROPPED MY GLASSES! I CAN'T SEE WITHOUT THEM!
BANG!
RANGER, I AIN'T NEVER SEEN SHOOTIN' LIKE THET SINCE ANNIE OAKLEY!
DRILLED RIGHT THROUGH THE EYE! RANGER, YOU'RE THE HOTTEST SHOT IN THESE PARTS!


AMAZING!...THIS NOTE SAYS WHERE THE NOTCH GUN GANG 'RE MEETING! MIDNIGHT! AT McGRADY'S STABLE!
EF THE CORPSE WAS A MITE UGLIER HE'D BE THE SPITTIN' IMAGE OV YE, RANGER! SICH RESEMBLANCE!
WE DO LOOK ALIKE, DON'T WE? SAY! WHY DON'T I GO TO THE MEETING DISGUISED AS BEANIE BANTON!
HOW PROUD THE RANGERS'LL BE WHEN I ROUND UP THE NOTCH-GUN GANG SINGLE-HANDED!..EGAD....I MUST MAKE UP!
LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS
WE KNOW THE GANG'S MEETING IN TOWN TONIGHT...BUT WHERE? WHAT'RE THEY AFTER THIS TIME?
WHERE'S PILL?
WANTED
THAT'S THE LIMIT! THAT LITTLE SQUIRT CAN'T EVEN SIT STILL!
WHERE'S YORE RANGER-HEAD? A RANGER'S BEIN' KILT THIS MINUTE!
I'M IN CHARGE, LADY! WHAT RANGER'S BEING KILLED?
A COCKROACH WHO CAN'T SHOOT THE SIDE OF A BARN AT ONE FOOT! AN' HE'S ROUNDIN' UP THE NOTCHGUN GANG SINGLEHANDED!
ONLY ONE MAN'S LOCO ENOUGH TO DO THAT! .... PILL PETERS!
6


THE GANG'S MEETING AT McGRADY'S STABLES AT MIDNIGHT! BUT IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT NOW!
THE HALF-PINT'S GOOD AS DAID! AIN'T EVEN GOT HIS GLASSES ON.
BRRRRTT!
AT THAT MOMENT IN McGRADY'S STABLES...
GOSH, THIS'S AWFUL! CAN'T SEE A THING WITHOUT MY GLASSES,...OOPS!
AIN'T BEANIE ACTIN' KINDA CRAZY TONIGHT?
WHAT'S GOT INTA BEANIE? HE'S FALLIN' OVER HISSELF! - MAYBE HE'S DRUNK?
THAT'S IT! I'LL PRETEND I'M DRUNK!
HIC! THAT RUM SHORE WAS STRONG! (BURP!) HIC..
ALL RIGHT, BOYS!... REGARDIN' THAT BANK JOB TOMORROW....
HIC!... LEMME SEE... WHERE'D I PUT MY BOTTLE?... HIC....
CLAWS!
OOPS!
YEEOOWW!
CRUNCH!
THAT BLACK EYE!
GULP
7


MEANWHILE...
I HOPE WE'RE NOT LATE, CAL!
LATE! THEY'RE PROBABLY CARVING PILL INTO WHITE AND DARK MEAT THIS MINUTE!
YOU AIN'T BEANIE BANTON! YOU'RE THAT PIP-SQUEAK OF A RANGER I POKED IN THE EYE AT THE GRAND HOTEL!
HMMMM..... THIS CALLS FOR ACTION!
YOU'RE KNOCKING YOURSELF OUT, PAL!
OOF!
THE FIRST GUY TO GO FOR A GUN GETS IT... (GULP!)
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, GANG! HE'S BLIND AS A BAT!
DON'T SAY YOU DIDN'T ASK FOR IT!
ONE NEAT SHOT IN THE BACK, AND...
W-WHAT...THE GUN KICKED TOO MUCH!
THET WAS A FLUKE! DRILL HIM BOYS!
G-GOSH! W-WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

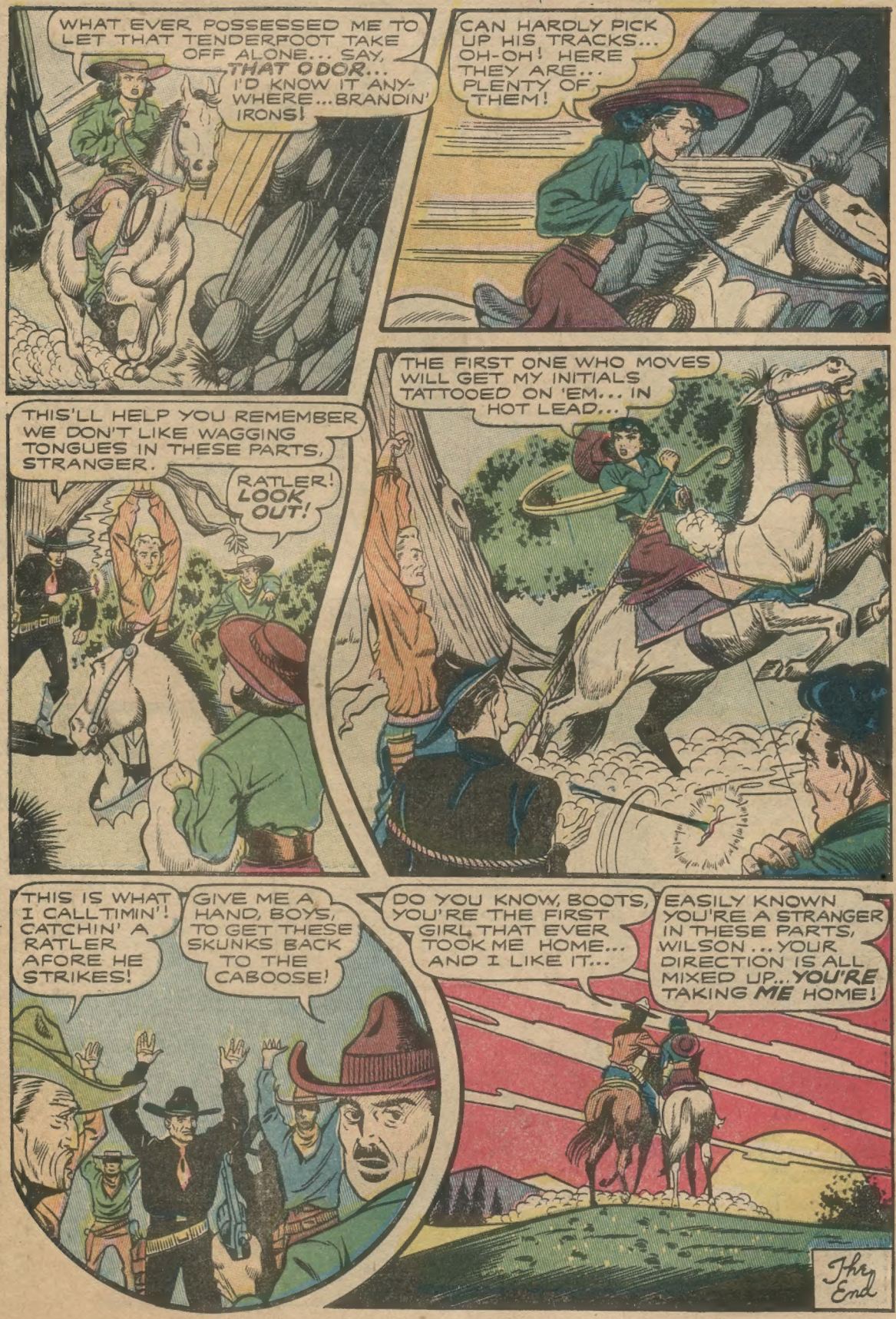

THAT MUST BE THE FIRING SQUAD... EXECUTING POOR PILL!
GOD REST HIS SILLY SOUL!
BANG!
BANG
BAM
WE MUST AVENGE THE LITTLE CRITTER, BOYS!
RIGHT!...AFTER ALL HE WAS A RANGER!
BANG!
HMMM...I BELIEVE I HIT SOMETHING THAT TIME!
HOLY COW! A MASSACRE! WITH PILL DOING THE MASSACREING!
WE SURRENDER! SAVE US!...THE GUY AIN'T HUMAN!
OKAY! WHO'S NEXT!
BAM!
ENOUGH PILL, ENOUGH! WHOSE SIDE YOU ON? WE'RE RANGERS!
R-RANGERS?
YOU DIDN'T NEED US, PILL! YOU'RE A HEADQUARTERS ALL BY YOURSELF!
YOU MEAN I'VE VANQUISHED THE VARMITS MYSELF?
PUT ON GLASSES AND SEE, LITTLE MEDICINE BALL!
I... M-ME.... I...ER....D-DID ALL THAT ?
YOUR AMATEUR DAYS ARE SHORE DONE, PILL! YOU EVEN FAINT LIKE A RANGER.
9


Boots BRADLEY
BY TEX DIXON
SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED TO SUNBURST VALLEY... A SCHOOL TEACHER! THERE'S PLENTY TO TEACH, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO LEARNIN', YIPPIE! JUST RIDE WITH OUR ROOTIN', SHOOTIN' CACTUS BEAUTY, BOOTS BRADLEY AND GET TO KNOW THE ROPES!
WAAL, BOOTS... GUESS I'M NOT LONG FER THIS WORLD NOW. WENT TO TOWN TO TAKE A GLIMMER AT THE NEW SCHOOL TEACHER AN' NOW I'VE SEEN EVERY-THING!
WHAT'D YOU SEE, KANSAS?
SAW THE SCHOOL TEACHER... WHATCHA EXPECT?
CUSS! AS THE ONLY WOMAN RANCH OWNER IN SUNBURST VALLEY, THAT MEANS I'LL BE OBLIGED TO ENTER-TAIN... THAT'LL PUT OFF WORK ON THE NORTH FENCE, AND UNTIL THAT BOUNDARY IS ESTABLISHED, RATLER FLINT WILL CONTINUE TO GRAZE HIS CATTLE IN OUR LAND... CUSS! WISH I WAS A MAN, KANSAS...
YE WOULDN'T MAKE A LIKELY LOOKIN' ONE, BOOTS...


IN MY DAY BARNS WEREN'T FER SHINDIGS, THEY WAS FER...
MULES. AND I'VE GOT A PACK OF YOU IN HERE RIGHT NOW! SPEED IT UP, BOYS...I KNOW YOU'D RATHER BE PACKING DOWN FENCE. SO WOULD I... BUT WE'VE GOT TO BE POLITE...
IF RATLER FLINT SAW US NOW, HE'D FIGURE WE WAS A CINCH TO LOSE OUT ON THAT BOUNDARY WE'RE TRYIN' TO ESTABLISH...
THE LESS I HEAR MENTION OF THAT SKUNK, THE BETTER I LIKE IT!
I'M GETTING AS QUICK WITH MY TONGUE AS WITH MY DRAW... ALL THIS FUSSIN'S GOT ME NERVOUS AS A LYNX... BUT IT'LL BE ALL OVER AFTER TONIGHT... THANK GOODNESS...
WE DON'T MIND, BOOTS... AN' I GUESS THE NEW SCHOOL-TEACHER WILL BE MIGHTY PROUD OF THE WELCOME YOU'RE SETTIN' UP...
AND THAT NIGHT...
ROUND YOU GO, ROUND AND ROUND... WIPE YOUR CHIN AN' PULL DOWN YOUR VEST AN' DANCE WITH THE DOLLY YOU LOVE BEST...
YOU'D THINK THE NEW SCHOOL-TEACHER WOULD AT LEAST SHOW UP AT A DECENT HOUR... WE WOULD HAVE HAD A MILE OF FENCE PACKED DOWN BY NOW, IF...
HERE'S THE TEACHER NOW, MAM...
2


YOU... YOU ARE...
YES, MAM... I'M THE TEACHER... SORRY I'M SO LATE... ESPECIALLY BECAUSE MEANT NOT MEETING YOU SOONER, MISS BRADLEY.
WAAL, YE MIGHT OF DUKED UP AT LEAST!
I'LL ADMIT I WAS CLEANER WHEN I STARTED OUT, BUT...
YOU KNOW THE BOYS WORKING THE FENCE... COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY WERE WASHING IT DOWN WITH GASOLINE... BUT THEN I'M A SCHOOL TEACHER. I SUPPOSE, NOT A COWPUNCHER...
GASOLINE! THAT'S RATLER FLINT'S WORK! THEY AIM ON SETTING MY FENCE ON FIRE!
I'M AFRAID I TOOK THE WRONG ROAD AND CAME IN BY THE NORTH SIDE. YOUR MEN DIDN'T KNOW ME AND I HAD TO. . ER... PERSUADE THEM TO LET ME PASS...
MY MEN?
LET'S GO, BOYS!
LOOK AHEAD! THEY'RE LIGHTING TORCHES!
RIDE, COWBOY, RIDE!
3


THAT MEDDLIN' SCHOOL-TEACHER'S SPREAD THE NEWS! HERE THEY COME... SOUNDS LIKE THE WHOLE TOWN!
LET 'EM COME! I BEEN ITCHIN' TO TANGLE WITH THE BRADLEY BOYS!
RIVALS OF THE WILD COUNTRY MEAN BUSINESS WHEN THEY CLASH . . .
BUT WHEN A MAN LIKE RATLER IS OUTNUMBERED, THAT'S A DIFFERENT STORY...
LET'S HIT THE DUST, BOYS! WE'LL FINISH THIS DEAL LATER... ESPECIALLY WITH THAT SNEAKY SCHOOL-TEACHER!
SOON THE SCENE OF BATTLE TURNS INTO A POINT OF INVESTIGATION AND THANKS-GIVING...
BLAST 'EM! BUT WE SAVED THE FENCE...
THANKS, STRANGER. YOU DID ME A BIG FAVOR...
WILSON'S THE NAME, MISS BOOTS...SORRY THE EVENING TURNED OUT LIKE THIS... YOU PLANNED SUCH A SWELL PARTY...
WE'LL TRY AGAIN NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT. BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO RIDE WITH MY MEN AND SETTLE THE CATTLE DOWN...
I HOPE TO BE SEEING MORE OF YOU, MISS BOOTS..
NICE BOY... BUT HE'S MADE A BAD ENEMY IN RATLER FLINT..
MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE ESCORTED HIM... THAT RATLER WON'T STOP AT ANY-THING IF HE'S GOT A GRIPE...
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME STANDIN' AROUND LIKE THIS? WILSON'S IN DANGER, I FEEL IT... I'M GOING TO CATCH UP WITH HIM... YOU AND THE BOYS GET THE SHERIFF, KANSAS... WE'LL SEE THAT RATLER IS PICKED UP ONCE AND FOR ALL!


WHAT EVER POSSESSED ME TO LET THAT TENDERFOOT TAKE OFF ALONE... SAY, THAT ODOR... I'D KNOW IT ANY-WHERE...BRANDIN' IRONS!
CAN HARDLY PICK UP HIS TRACKS... OH-OH! HERE THEY ARE... PLENTY OF THEM!
THIS'LL HELP YOU REMEMBER WE DON'T LIKE WAGGING TONGUES IN THESE PARTS, STRANGER.
RATLER! LOOK OUT!
THE FIRST ONE WHO MOVES WILL GET MY INITIALS TATTOOED ON 'EM... IN HOT LEAD...
THIS IS WHAT I CALL TIMIN'! CATCHIN' A RATLER AFORE HE STRIKES!
GIVE ME A HAND, BOYS, TO GET THESE SKUNKS BACK TO THE CABOOSE!
DO YOU KNOW, BOOTS, YOU'RE THE FIRST GIRL THAT EVER TOOK ME HOME... AND I LIKE IT...
EASILY KNOWN YOU'RE A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS, WILSON ... YOUR DIRECTION IS ALL MIXED UP... YOU'RE TAKING ME HOME!
The End

WANTED! *Skinny Weaklings* to become HE-MEN

"Let me show YOU too, HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF

COMMANDO -TOUGH

inside and out . . . in double quick time —OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*

whom experts call the WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER



Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day

Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

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