

GUNSMOKE WESTERN

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COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

55
NOV.

10¢

**WYATT
EARP!**

**KID
COLT,
OUTLAW!**

**AND
OTHER
WESTERN
THRILLS!**



Joe
Manney

KID COLT

OUTLAW

THE LEGEND OF KID COLT... YEARS AGO, KID COLT KILLED AN OUTLAW IN SELF-DEFENSE! BUT, BEING YOUNG AND FOOLISH, HE FLED, INSTEAD OF STAYING TO STAND TRIAL! SINCE THEN, HE HAS SPENT HIS LIFE TRYING TO ATONE FOR HIS MISTAKE!

LOOK WELL AT THIS SCENE, YOU WHO READ THIS STORY! FOR IT'S A SCENE FEW MEN HAVE EVER WITNESSED! THE SIGHT OF KID COLT, CAPTURED, AND AT THE MERCY OF THE MOST DANGEROUS OWLHOOT IN THE TERRITORY! LOOK WELL, READER-- FOR THUS BEGINS A KID COLT ADVENTURE YOU WILL NOT SOON FORGET!

PUT DOWN THEM GUNS, BOYS! I CAN HANDLE KID COLT BY MYSELF! HE'S FINALLY MET HIS MATCH IN DURK DRAGO!

NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE KID COLT BEATEN THISAWAY!

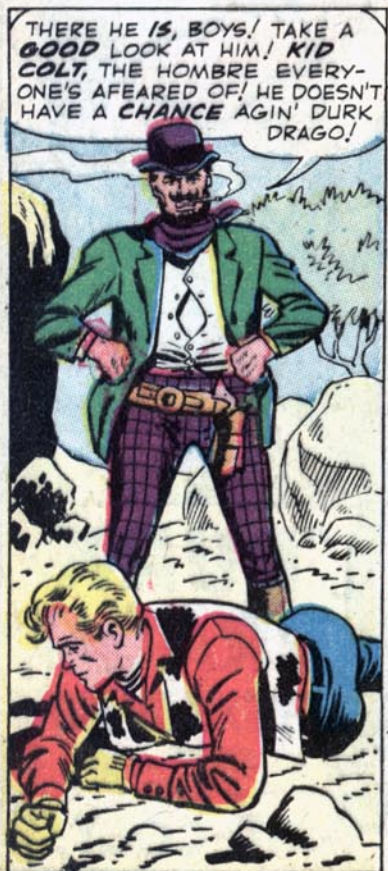
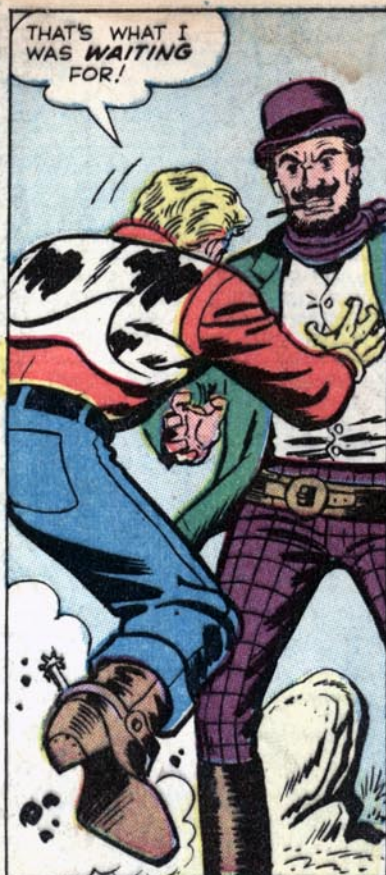
I STILL DON'T TRUST 'IM! HE'S ALWAYS GOT SOME TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE!

NOT THIS TIME, HOMBRE! THIS IS THE END OF KID COLT, FOR SURE!

YOU TALK MIGHTY BIG, DRAGO, WHILE YOU GOT ME HAWGTIED AND HELPLESS!



"DURK DRAGO, THE MAN WHO BEAT KID COLT!"



IN THOSE TENSE SECONDS, THE KID'S THOUGHTS RACED BACK-- BACK TO WHEN IT ALL BEGAN! TO THE TIME THE KID FIRST SAW THE CHALLENGING NOTICE ON A TREE.

WHOA, STEEL! LET'S HAVE A LOOK-SEE AT THAT THERE NOTICE! MEBBE IT'S A NEW REWARD POSTER FOR ME!



**WARNING!
TURN BACK!**

THIS IS DURK DRAGO'S TERRITORY! ANY HOMBRE WHO RIDES THRU, UN-INVITED, DOES SO AT HIS OWN RISK!

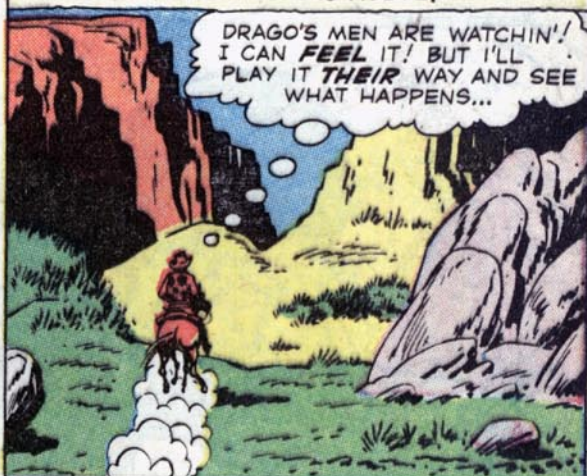
DURK DRAGO

DURK DRAGO! AT LAST I'VE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM! I'VE BEEN HEARING FOR MONTHS ABOUT HOW HE'S GOT THIS WHOLE COUNTY IN A GRIP OF FEAR!! HIM AND HIS BAND OF OWLHOOTS!

I RECKON UNTIL THE GOVERNOR SENDS SOME LAWMAN TO CLEAN UP THIS TERRITORY, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!



UNFLINCHINGLY, THE KID RODE INTO THE SILENT HILLS, SENSING MANY PAIRS OF HIDDEN, HOSTILE EYES PEERING AT HIM FROM THE CONCEALING ROCKS ABOVE!



DRAGO'S MEN ARE WATCHIN'! I CAN **FEEL** IT! BUT I'LL PLAY IT **THEIR** WAY AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS...

THE KID HADN'T KNOWN WHAT TO EXPECT! ROBBERY? LOOTING? ASSAULT? BUT HE **NEVER** EXPECTED ANYTHING AS MERCILESS AND COWARDLY AS WHAT HAPPENED NEXT... AS FROM BEHIND A HUGE BOULDER, ONE SINGLE RIFLE SHOT RANG OUT!

HAW! I'LL GIT 'IM! HE'S A **SITTIN' DUCK!**



ONLY A GUNMAN WITH THE EYE OF A HAWK COULD HAVE FIRED SUCH A SHOT! NOT CLOSE ENOUGH TO SERIOUSLY INJURE THE KID, BUT SUFFICIENT TO GRAZE HIS SCALP AND THROW HIM FROM HIS HORSE!

UGH!



WHEN THE KID CAME TO, HE FOUND HIMSELF A PRISONER OF DURK DRAGO AND HIS MEN!

WELL, WELL! WE GOT US A **GOOD** ONE! IT'S KID COLT HIMSELF!

BETTER LET 'IM GO, DURK! EVERYONE **KNOWS** THE KID IS POISON!



NO ONE TELLS **DURK DRAGO** WHAT TO DO! AFTER I TAKE CARE OF COLT, I'LL BE THE BIGGEST HOMBRE IN THE WEST!



YUH TALK MIGHTY BIG, DRAGO... BUT **TALK** IS PLENTY CHEAP IN THESE PARTS!

YUH THINK I'M JUST **TALKIN'**, EH? ALL RIGHT, MISTER! **WATCH THIS!**



AIN'T A MAN IN THE STATE **HALF** AS STRONG AS DURK DRAGO!



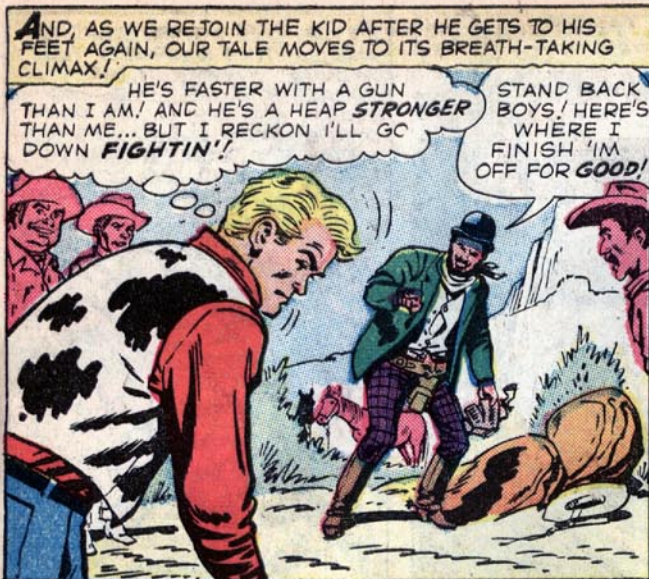
RECKON YORE STRONG ENOUGH, BUT WHAT GOOD WOULD YORE **MUSCLES** BE AGIN' A **FAST DRAW**?

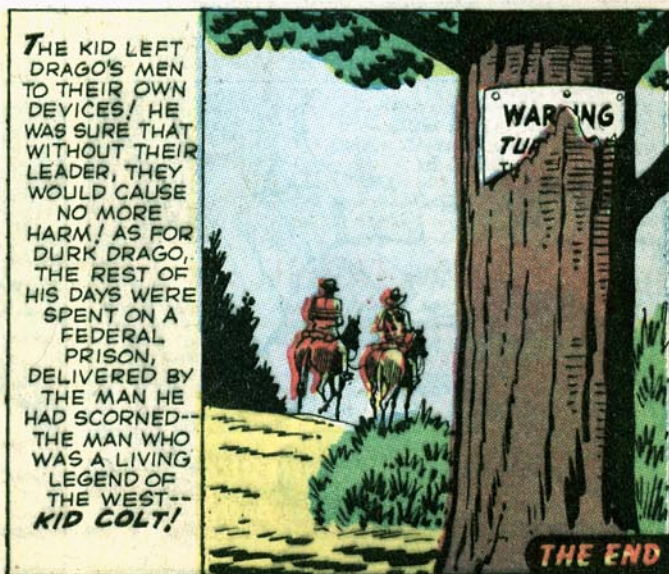
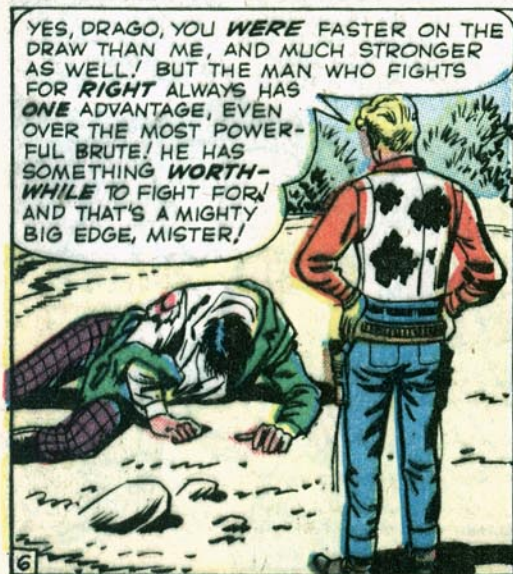
FAST DRAW? HAW! AIN'T **NONE** FASTER'N **MINE!** WATCH--



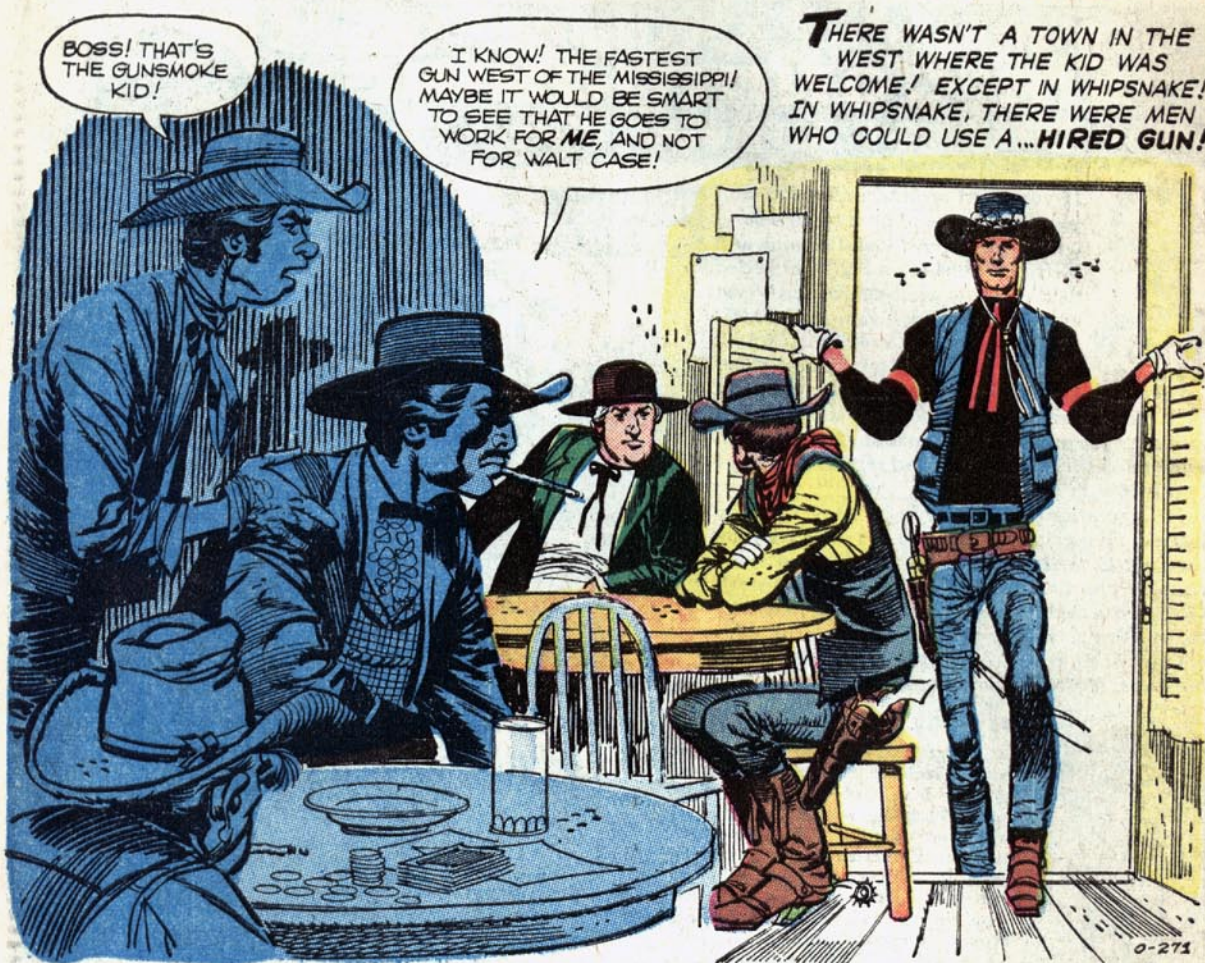
HE- HE'S EVEN FASTER'N **ME!** AND HE'S A CRACK SHOT! AIN'T A HANDFUL OF HOMBRES ANYWHERE COULD HAVE HIT THAT TWIG THATAWAY!



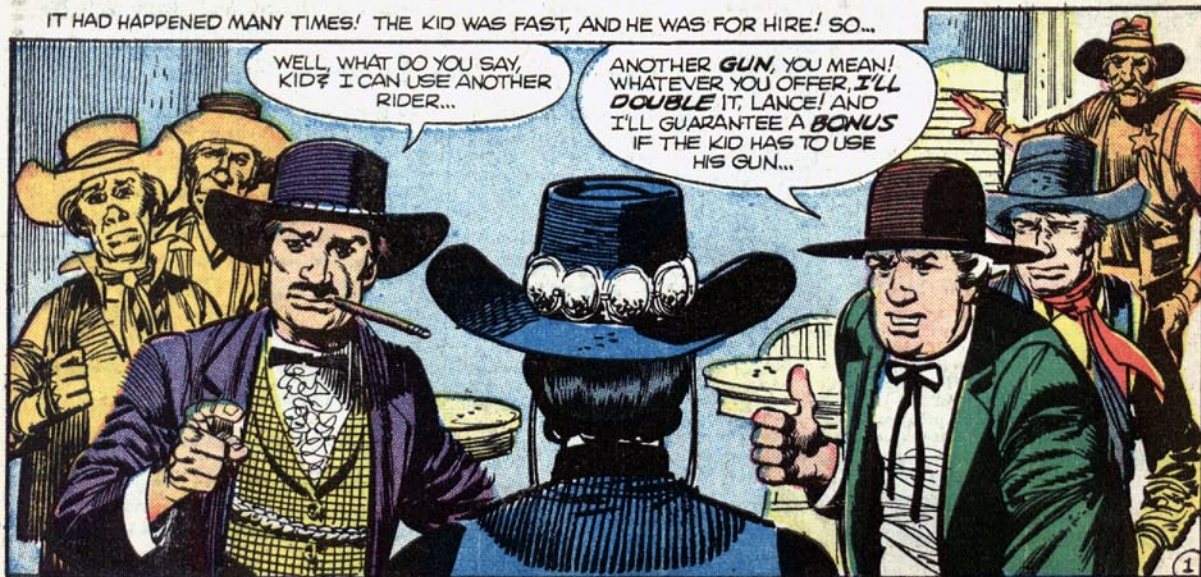


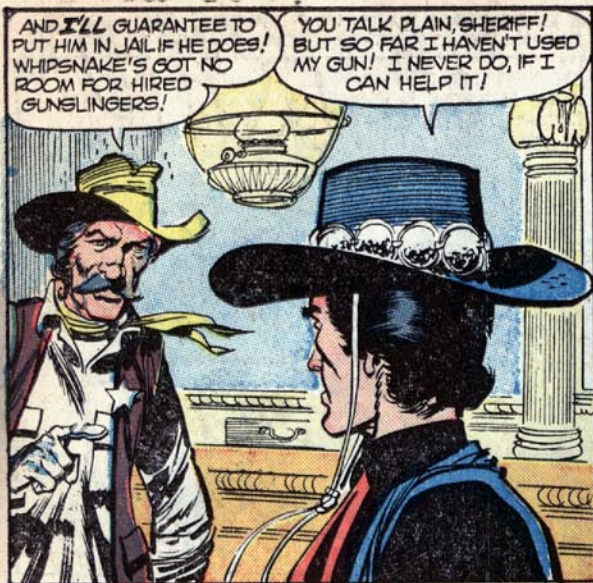


THE GUNSMOKE KID



IT HAD HAPPENED MANY TIMES! THE KID WAS FAST, AND HE WAS FOR HIRE! SO...





AND I'LL GUARANTEE TO PUT HIM IN JAIL IF HE DOES! WHIPSNAKE'S GOT NO ROOM FOR HIRED GUNSLINGERS!

YOU TALK PLAIN, SHERIFF! BUT SO FAR I HAVEN'T USED MY GUN! I NEVER DO, IF I CAN HELP IT!



NO? I SUPPOSE YOU JUST WEAR IT FOR AN ORNAMENT, EH? IF YOU'RE SO PEACE-LOVIN', WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT OFF?

BECAUSE IF I DID, I WOULDN'T LIVE A DAY! SOME HOMBRE WOULD FIGURE THAT KILLING ME WOULD GIVE HIM A REPUTATION!

SO MANY TIMES, THE KID HAD TRIED TO EXPLAIN! BUT WHAT WAS THE USE? GRIMLY, HE TURNED HIS BACK! BUT HIS EYES WERE STRANGELY ALERT...



THAT MAN WITH THE MUSTACHE... YOU KNOW HIM LONG, MISTER?

HIM? THAT'S FRANK LANCE! HE OWNS THE **CIRCLE 8** SPREAD! HE AND HIS BOYS RODE IN ABOUT A YEAR AGO!



THE OTHER ONE'S WALT CASE! HE OWNS THE **DOUBLE LOOP**! THEY'RE FEUDIN'! CASE THINKS LANCE IS RUSTLIN' HIS COWS...

I SEE, THANKS!

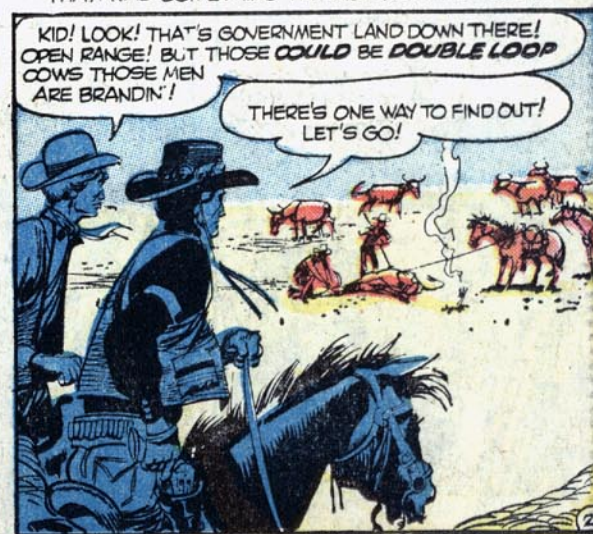
THERE SEEMED TO BE NO REASON FOR THE KID'S ACTIONS, LATER! WHY SHOULD HE FOLLOW WALT CASE?



YOU MEAN YOU WANT TO RIDE FOR ME? OKAY! BUT, WHY ME? IT MEANS TROUBLE...

YOU NEED A GUN AND I'M AVAILABLE! SO I'M RIDING FOR THE **DOUBLE LOOP**!

THE KID DIDN'T EXPLAIN FURTHER! AND AS FOR TROUBLE... THAT WAS SOMETHING THE KID KNEW ALL ABOUT...



KID! LOOK! THAT'S GOVERNMENT LAND DOWN THERE! OPEN RANGE! BUT THOSE **COULD** BE **DOUBLE LOOP** COWS THOSE MEN ARE BRANDIN'!

THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! LET'S GO!



HEEE
YAHH!

THE RUSTLERS, IF RUSTLERS THEY WERE, VANISHED! BUT THIS WASN'T THE FIRST TRAIL THE KID HAD FOLLOWED...



THIS SETTLES IT! THE TRAIL
LEADS DUE SOUTH! RIGHT
TOWARD THE **CIRCLE 8!**
THOSE WERE LANCE'S
MEN!

MAYBE! WE'LL GO
HAVE A TALK WITH
MISTER LANCE!



THAT'S A REAL GOOD IDEA,
KID! OKAY... HERE I AM! SPEAK
YOUR PIECE!

LANCE! SO YOU
WERE EXPECTING US!
SOME OF YOUR MEN
SEEM TO HAVE BEEN
DOING A BIT OF
RUSTLING...



RUSTLING? YOU'VE
GOT US WRONG, KID!
MY BOYS WERE JUST
BRANDIN' SOME
UNMARKED STRAYS!

AND ACCORDIN' TO RANGE
LAW, UNMARKED STRAYS
BELONG TO THE MAN WHO
PUTS HIS BRAND ON 'EM,
HOMBRE! YOU MADE A
LITTLE MISTAKE!



I SEE... TELL ME SOMETHING, LANCE!
I ONCE MET A MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE
YOU! MORT JUDSON WAS HIS NAME!
EVER HEARD
OF HIM?

NEVER! AND
WHAT IF I HAD?



JUST A THOUGHT! BUT JUDSON HAD
NO MUSTACHE, AND HE WAS LEFT-
HANDED! I
GUESS I
WAS
WRONG!

YOU WERE... ABOUT
EVERYTHING! SO CLEAR
OUT UNLESS YOU WANT
TO FIND HOW GOOD I
SHOOT WITH MY
RIGHT HAND!

BUT TO THAT, THE KID SHOOK HIS HEAD!
HE WAS BUSY, A FEW DAYS LATER,
WHEN TROUBLE STRUCK THE
DOUBLE LOOP ONCE AGAIN...

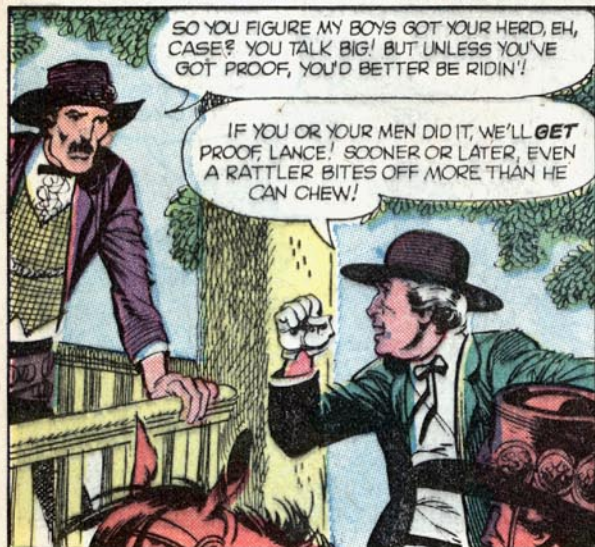


SO THAT'S HOW CASE IS DOING IT!
HE LAYS HIS **CIRCLE 8** BRAND RIGHT
OVER MY **DOUBLE LOOP** BRAND!
BUT HOW CAN
WE PROVE IT?

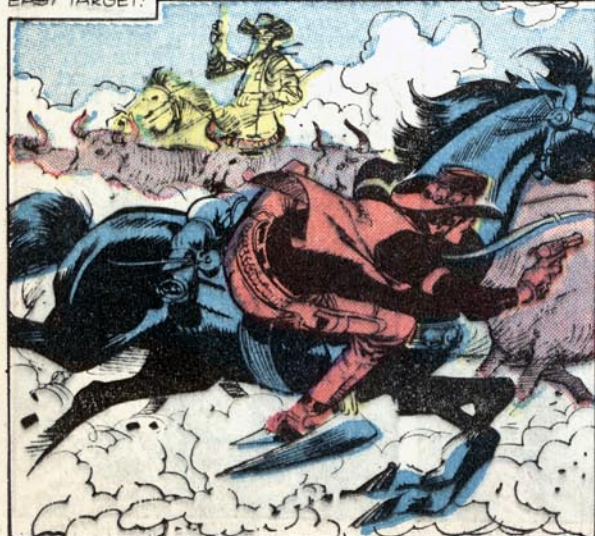
BOSS! LOOK!



ONLY SUSPICION AND PROOF ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS...



CATTLE ARE DRIVEN OFF, LOST! BUT THE KID IS NOT AN EASY TARGET!



AFTERWARD, THE KID IS SILENT! HE RIDES, HE DOES HIS CHORES, AND HE THINKS! BUT THE RUSTLING GOES ON...

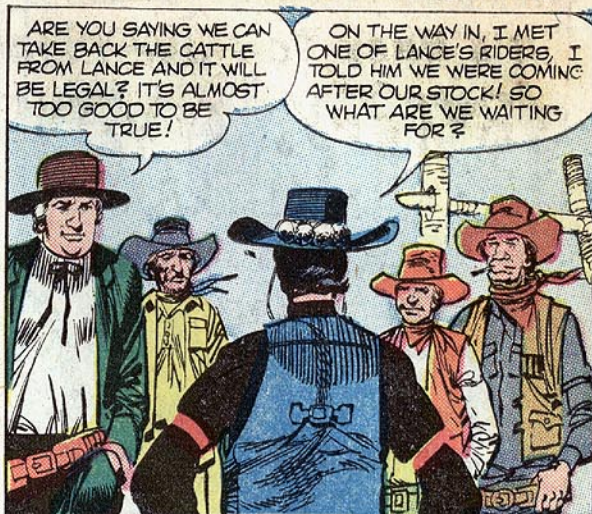


THE KID'S THINKING WAS DONE, THEN! NOW WAS A TIME TO ACT!

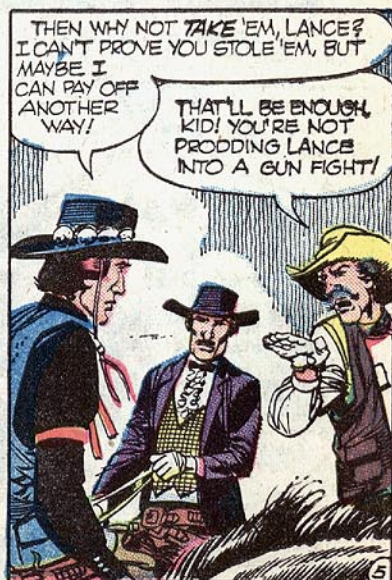
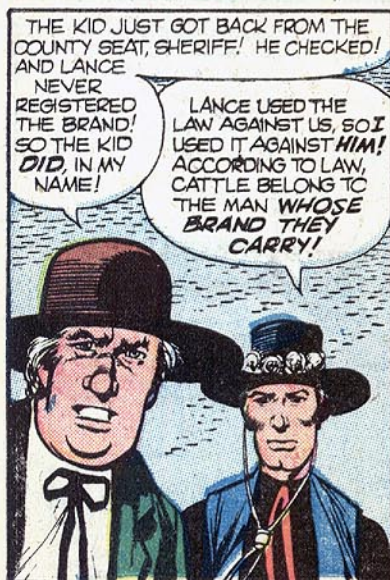
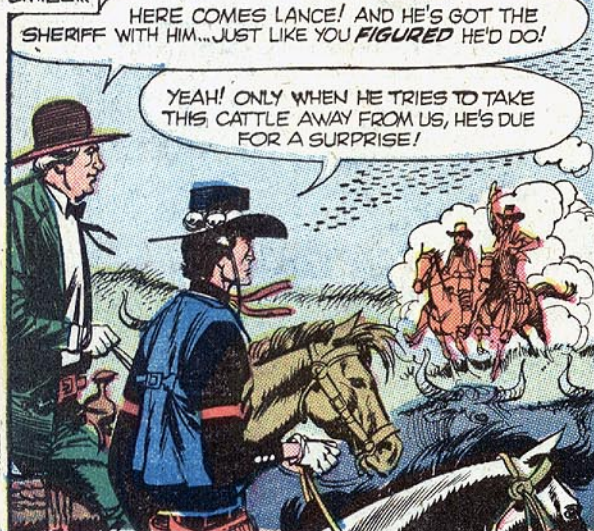




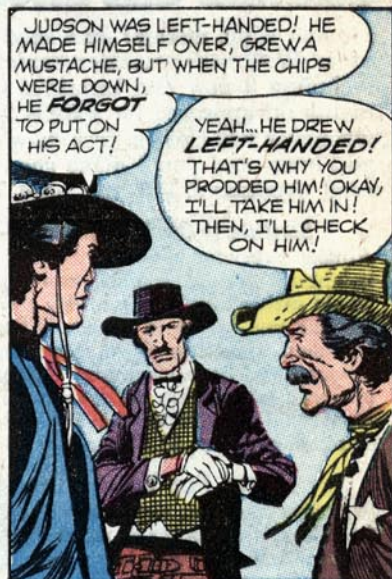
ALWAYS, MEN MISUNDERSTOOD THE KID! BUT TALK COULD WAIT! HE RODE OUT AND IN TWO DAYS, HE RODE BACK...



EVEN AFTERWARD, THE **DOUBLE LOOP** RIDERS COULD SMILE...



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...



A CORNERED COYOTE ALWAYS SQUEALS...



A JOB? THE SHERIFF WAS PUZZLED! BUT THEN, HOW COULD HE KNOW WHAT WAS IN THE KID'S MIND AS THE KID TOOK THE TRAIL ONCE AGAIN?



WYATT EARP

FRONTIER MARSHAL





WELCOME TO DODGE, FOLKS. I'M MARSHAL WYATT EARP, AND THIS IS MY DEPUTY, GRIZZLY GRANT!

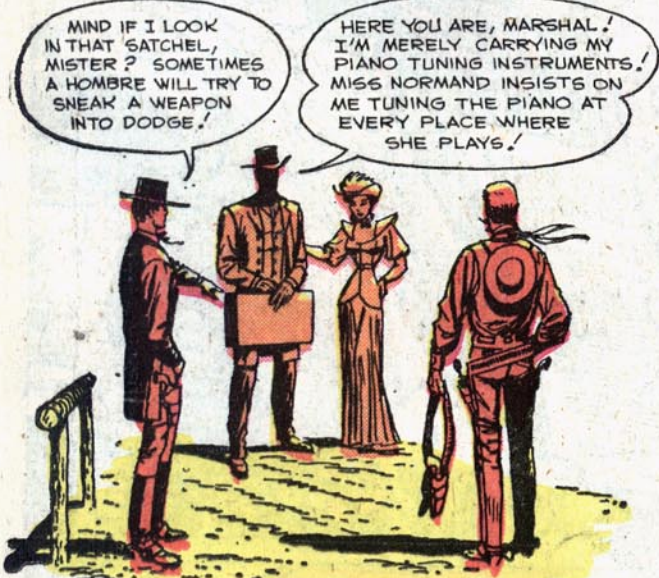
AN HONOR, GENTLEMEN! THIS IS THE FAMOUS MISS NELLIE NORMAND, THE GLAMOROUS SINGING STAR!

AND THIS IS SKY SMITH, MY MANAGER!



WE'LL HAVETA RELIEVE YUH OF THOSE IRONS, MR. SMITH. NO GUNS ALLOWED HERE IN DODGE!

CERTAINLY, GENTLEMEN! THESE GUNS ARE OF VERY LITTLE USE TO A MAN IN SHOW BUSINESS ANYWAY!



MIND IF I LOOK IN THAT SATCHEL, MISTER? SOMETIMES A HOMBRE WILL TRY TO SNEAK A WEAPON INTO DODGE!

HERE YOU ARE, MARSHAL! I'M MERELY CARRYING MY PIANO TUNING INSTRUMENTS! MISS NORMAND INSISTS ON ME TUNING THE PIANO AT EVERY PLACE WHERE SHE PLAYS!



RECKON WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT **THOSE TWO**, EH, MARSHAL?

I DON'T KNOW, GRIZZLY! THEY SEEM A LITTLE BIT **TOO** POLITE AND EAGER TO PLEASE! BUT MISS NORMAND CERTAINLY IS A LOOKER!



WYATT EARP! I SAW THE WAY YOU WERE LOOKING AT THAT GIRL! YOU SHOULD BE ABSOLUTELY ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!

WHY, SALLY! IT WAS NOTHING MORE THAN-EH-PROFESSIONAL INTEREST!



TELL YOU WHAT, SALLY. I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE SILVER DOLLAR WITH ME TO HEAR HER SING!

ALL RIGHT—BUT YOU'D BETTER BE SURE IT'S JUST TO HEAR HER SING!

I'LL BE JIGGERED IFN THOSE TWO DON'T ACT LIKE THEY'RE ALREADY HITCHED UP!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE.





I'M GLAD YOU CAME HERE, TOO. AND — AND I HOPE YOU'LL BE STAYING A LONG TIME.

NOW THAT I'VE MET YOU, I MAY. YOU'RE NOT LIKE THE OTHER LAWMEN WE'VE MET. YOU SEEM SO GENTLE... SO — DON'T THINK ME FORWARD, BUT — SO ROMANTIC!

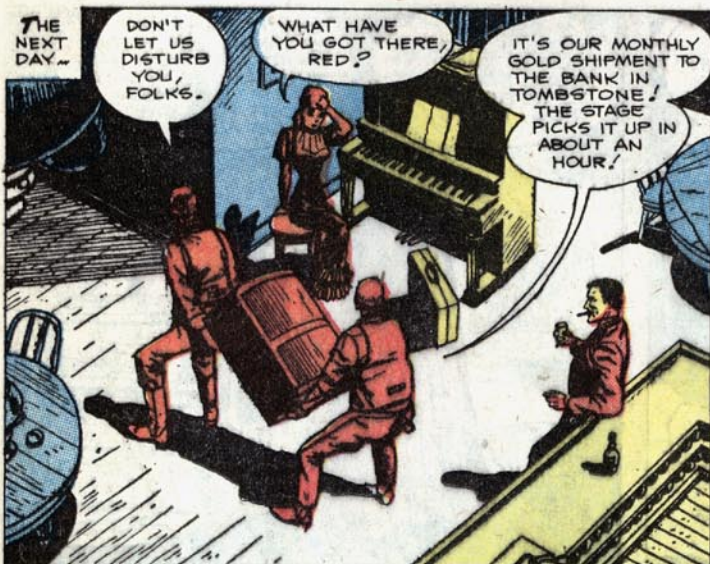


AND, NOT LONG AFTERWARDS...

NELLIE NORMAND... HMMMM...

LOOK — HE'S WALKING LIKE A SCHOOLBOY WITH A NEW CRUSH! OH, I-I COULD JUST CRY! HE'S FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT ME!

NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE MARSHAL ACT LIKE THAT!



THE NEXT DAY...

DON'T LET US DISTURB YOU, FOLKS.

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE, RED?

IT'S OUR MONTHLY GOLD SHIPMENT TO THE BANK IN TOMBSTONE! THE STAGE PICKS IT UP IN ABOUT AN HOUR!



WELL, WELL! HAND ME MY SACHEL, NELLIE... WHILE YOU BOLT THE DOOR!

HERE, SKY!



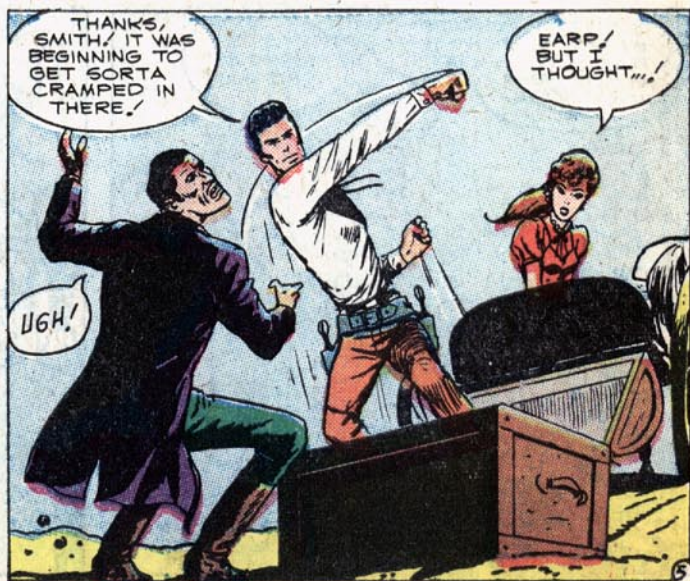
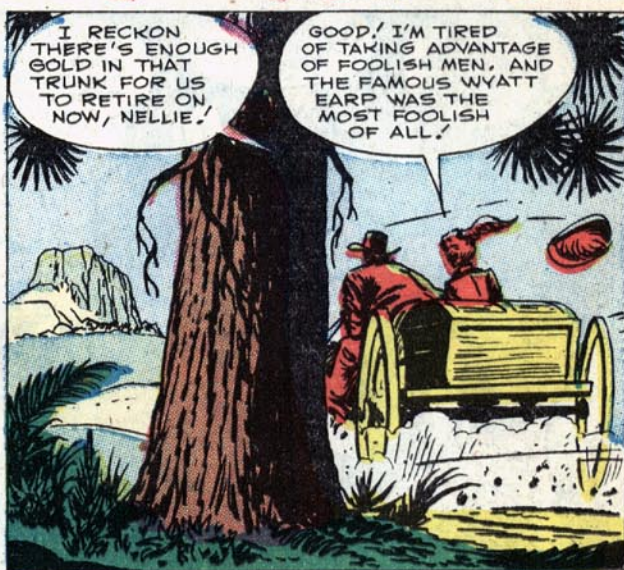
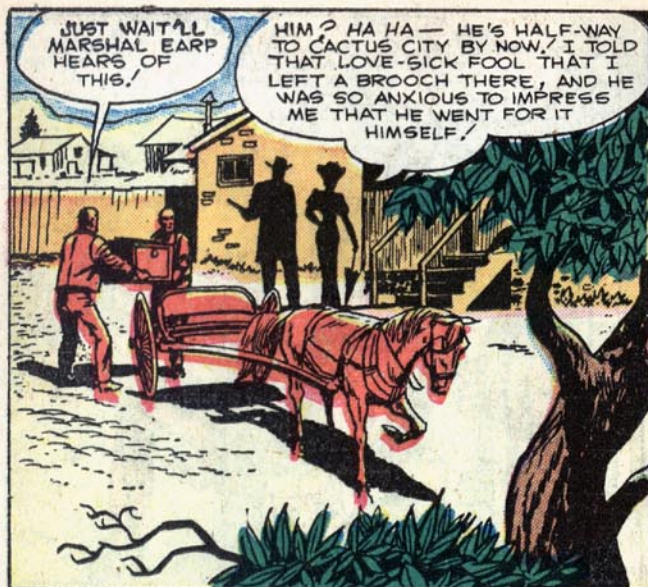
WHEN EARP EXAMINED MY BAG, HE DIDN'T THINK TO LOOK FOR A HIDDEN COMPARTMENT UNDERNEATH!

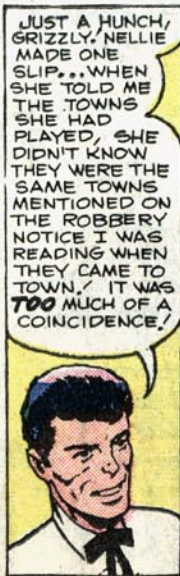
A SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN!



NOW, GENTLEMEN, JUST CARRY THAT TRUNK OUT THE BACK DOOR AND PUT IT ON THE SULKY WHICH I HAVE WAITING THERE!

AND DON'T DO ANYTHING FOOLISH — REMEMBER, I HAVE THE ONLY GUN IN TOWN!





MUSTANG MAVERICK

SPRING cleaning had set in on the Broken Bar ranch, a twenty thousand acre ranch in one of the southernmost countries of Montana. Foreman Hank Benton was in charge of the repairs of the cattle corrals. A wire clipper and wire splicer dangled at his waist, instead of the customary hog-legs; he moved from post to post and connected up the sagging and broken ends of the barbed wire.

He looked up suddenly as a pounding of hoofs sounded from down toward the horse corrals. Once a year, usually at about this time, the ranch-boss, Merv Willett, took his foreman and Willett's seventeen-year-old son, Bart, out on a frolicsome mustang roundup. The small, semi-wild horses roamed a fairly isolated part of the open range to the north where a spur of the mountains raised a sort of natural rampart to protect them from the fierce winds that raced over the plains in winter. Normally, the bigger corral held the horses of the bunkhouse crew and those of the family. The smaller one was intended for the rounded-up mustangs, which, every spring, would be examined for branding. No barbed wire was used on the horse corrals, the sides being of high-hung split rails.

With the exception of two heavy, dray-horses, the corrals were empty. The larger corral was closed with a gate. The gate on the other hung open, and in and out of this wandered a small mustang, cropping the frequent tufts of grass that grew in be-

tween the hard packed areas of ground over which thousands of cattle might be driven at one time.

Foreman Hank Benton paused and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"Time out," he said.

The other men paused, downing tools, and built quirleys. A jug of cold water was passed around.

"You goin' out with the boss later, Hank?" inquired Joe Bemis, one of the bunkhouse crew.

Benton nodded. He cast an anxious eye toward the north. There had been a general forecast of high winds, though rain wasn't expected. A low bank of east-driving clouds had hung on the northern horizon for over an hour, ever since breakfast.

"Mr. Willett wants to bring in three mustangs," he said. "Selling them in town tomorrow. But I dunno..." He again cast an eye on the cloud bank and shrugged. Thunderheads could build up out of massed banks like that, he knew. And in thunderheads was the enormous, awful force of lightning that could start prairie fires or bring danger to herds of closely packed animals.

Idly, the men stared at the mustang, cropping grass.

"Reckon the boss'll take Bart and the maverick along, too?"

Benton nodded.

One of the men chuckled. "The kid hasn't branded the maverick yet, has he?"

"I don't think he will," the foreman said. "Bart says he

wants a horse that's never been frightened by anything."

"That's a horse he'll never get," Joe Bemis observed.

"Maybe," the foreman said, musing. "That kid knows critters. He understands 'em. You have to have the gift, I reckon. Maybe that's why he lets the maverick run wild when he wants to." He paused. "Yeah, she runs wild, but she knows Bart's her master."

"She gun-shy?" one of the other men asked.

"I've seen her blink nary an eyelash when the boss had a little argument with a couple of buzzards, and used his 12-gauge."

"I know one thing she's scared of," Bemis said.

"What's that?"

"Bear," Bemis said briefly. "Any bear."

A hail from the house interrupted them. Mrs. Willett was calling from the porch. She wanted help in taking something from the cellar up to the attic.

"You go, Hank," Joe said. "We'll keep on the fence."

Inside the house, dust covers were coming off furniture, bottles of furniture polish stood around, and rugs were being carried out to be beaten. Mr. Willett was helping perform the latter chore. He grinned under a load as Benton came in.

"Bart needs help down the cellar. Got a trunk. See you later. We're going for mustangs, as planned."

Young Bart smiled as Benton came down, and pointed to a trunk. A moment later they

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...CONTINUED

were hefting it upstairs, and set it down for a second.

"Kinda light," Bart observed. "She was kind of bulky, though, or I'd of handled her myself."

"What you got in there?" Benton asked.

"Uh . . . nothing much," Bart said. He blushed a little, as Benton noticed. Mrs. Willett, wielding a dust rag, smiled. Again Bart blushed, averting his eyes.

Benton had noticed the trunk before, when it had been stored as had most of the older household things in one of the barns before the present house had been enlarged. Once or twice, he'd seen Bart open the trunk, from a distance, but had thought nothing of it. He smiled at Bart, knowing that boys had secrets, and that those secrets were better respected. In a moment the trunk was in the attic.

An hour later, Bart, his father, and Hank Benton rode north toward the mustang stamping grounds. The cloud bank had grown a little larger, and the sun was still shining. In fact, all indications were that the wind would carry the massing clouds further north. And it did, for the greater part of their northward journey.

Then the wind changed. The clouds began to move south-east, toward them. This, in itself, was not dangerous, for there was a small shack, used for storing branding tools, in which they could shelter. But all three knew the possible danger to the mustang herd.

The herd came into sight not long afterward, a drifting, loosely packed mass of about a hundred horses. Bart's maverick caught their scent almost immediately; its nostrils flared with pleasure.

At this moment, as the herd scented their presence, low

growls of thunder rolled from the north horizon. Lightning flashes laced through the clouds.

"Better head for the shack, boss," Benton suggested.

Merv Willett shook his head.

"We've got to get those mustangs toward that cliff," he said. "Only protection they'd have against lightning. We'd be fools to miss the chance. Come on, we can hit for the shack later."

But no sooner had they changed direction, than low squeals and neighs broke from the herd. A quick glance showed what was the matter. Three mountain bears, doubt-



less strayed from their usual mountain grounds, were approaching at an angle to the herd. Merv Willett knew enough of bears to realize the bears wanted no trouble, not in the face of a storm. He halted, took a quick survey.

"We've got to get the herd past those bears. They're terrified, won't move for a half hour, even after the bears skedaddle."

"Start a stampede, Dad," Bart Willett said. "Maverick, here, will do it. If she runs past the bears in a stampede, the others will follow. I know she'll do it!"

Merv Willett looked at his son doubtfully for a moment,

as did his foreman. Then, realizing it was his only hope to get the mustang herd to shelter, he drew a hog-leg and fired it in the air. Instantly, the herd stiffened, but did not move. Again he fired, and Bart galloped forward. Once more the gun thundered. Maverick headed straight toward the bears, now almost wholly out of the path toward the cliff. The undeviating charge of the little mustang made them speed up their departure a little. Then, as the maverick passed the head of the herd, their alarm broke, and still more shots in the air galvanized them into motion, following on the heels of their saddled brother who was carrying Bart. Within minutes the herd was approaching the cliff and shelter.

Shortly after, inside the nearby shack, Hank Benton looked at Bart Willett in amazement, as lightning crashed harmlessly all around them.

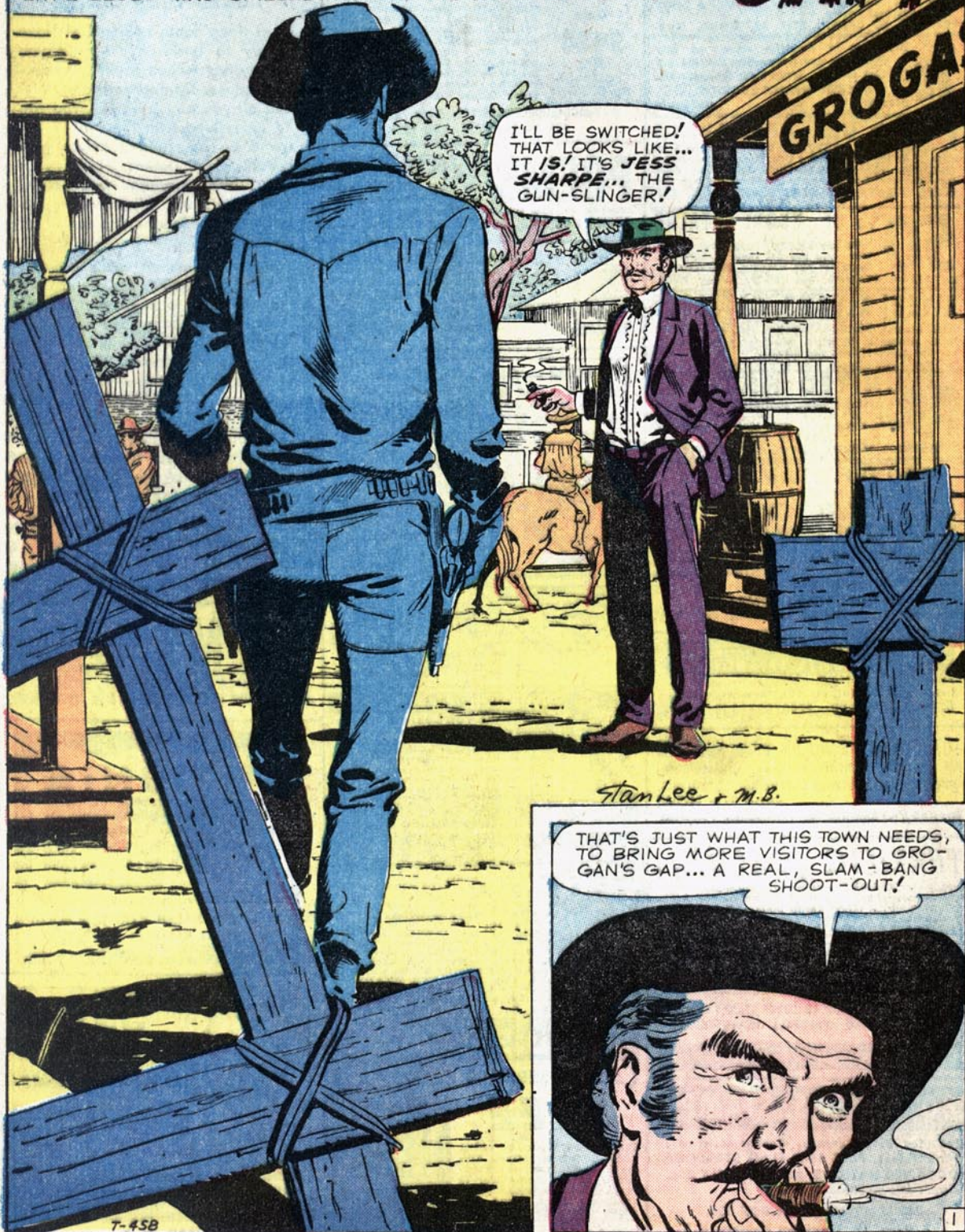
"I knew that maverick was afraid of almost nothing," he said. "But I never figured she'd have gumption enough to get past one bear, let alone three!"

Bart Willett chuckled. "The answer's in that trunk," he said. "I wanted my mustang to be afraid of nothing, so I secretly trained her not to be afraid of bear, or other furred animals. And I used a big old teddy-bear I had when I was a kid, and also an old, moth-eaten bear rug Dad and Mother let me have when they threw it out. They were both in the trunk . . . but I was afraid you'd laugh at me if you knew what I'd been wanting to keep, to train other mustangs!"

THE END K-162

GUN-FIGHT AT GROGAN'S GAP!

HIS NAME WAS EMERY GROGAN, AND HE **WAS** GROGAN'S GAP! HE OWNED THE GENERAL STORE, MOST OF THE LAND, AND THE MORTGAGE ON 'MOST EVERY PIECE OF PROPERTY IN TOWN! BUT STILL HE WASN'T SATISFIED! AND HE NEVER **WOULD** BE SATISFIED UNTIL BLOOD WAS SPILLED... AND UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE!

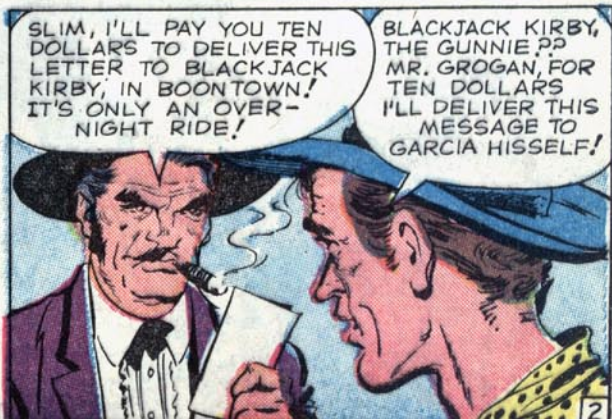
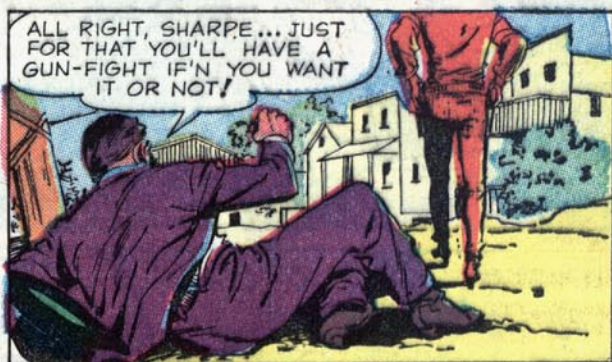
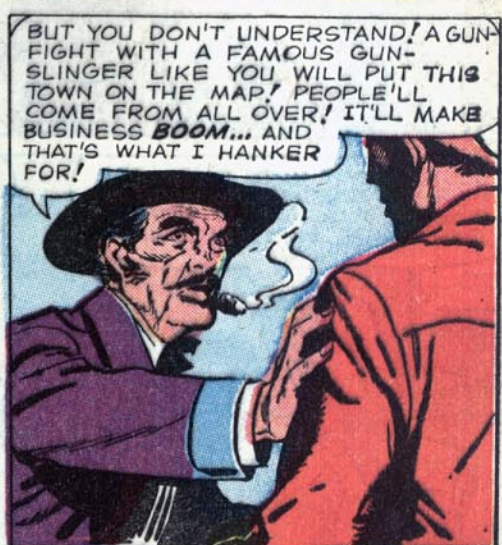
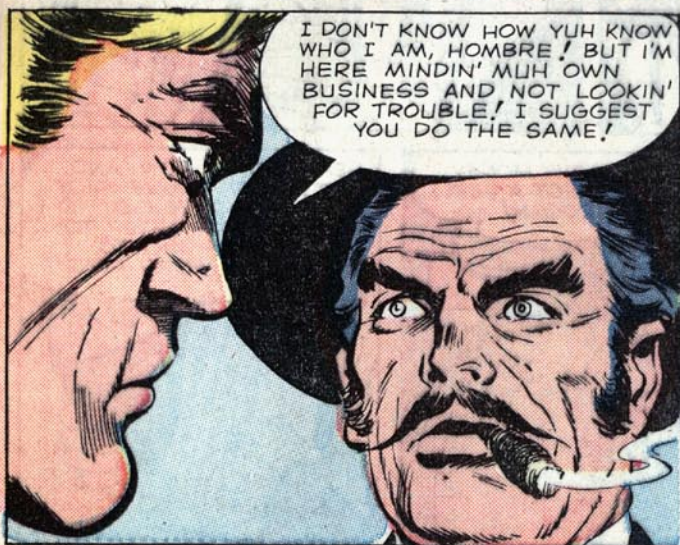


I'LL BE SWITCHED!
THAT LOOKS LIKE...
IT IS! IT'S JESS
SHARPE... THE
GUN-SLINGER!

Stan Lee & M.B.

THAT'S JUST WHAT THIS TOWN NEEDS,
TO BRING MORE VISITORS TO GROGAN'S GAP... A REAL, SLAM-BANG
SHOOT-OUT!







AND AS THE BIG MOMENT DREW CLOSER, EMERY GROGAN BASKED IN TRIUMPH!



MY STORE HAS NEVER DONE BETTER BUSINESS! AND MY SALOON IS FILLED TO OVERFLOWING! I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE OUT OF THIS!

...AND I'LL SHOW JESS SHARPE THAT NO MAN HITS EMERY GROGAN AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!



FINALLY... IN THE SMALL HOTEL AT THE EDGE OF TOWN...



MISTER SHARPE, YOU'VE BEEN HERE FOR TWO DAYS AND CAUSED NO TROUBLE! I FEEL I SHOULD WARN YOU ABOUT SOMETHING...

WHAT IS IT, MR. CARTER?



THERE'S A HIRED GUN IN TOWN... OUT TO GET YOU! HE'S LOOKING FOR YOU RIGHT NOW!

GROGAN! IT MUST BE HIS DOING!



I'M THROUGH LOOKIN', MISTER... I FOUND YUH!

BLACKJACK KIRBY!



STEP OUTSIDE, SHARPE! YOU AND ME GOT SOME BUSINESS TO SETTLE!

BUT I GOT NO FIGHT WITH YOU, KIRBY! I NEVER EVEN SPOKE TO YUH BEFORE!



KIRBY, THIS IS LOCO! I SWORE OFF GUN-FIGHTIN'! I'M TRYIN' TO RAISE SOME MONEY TO BUY ME A FARM ...TO LIVE A DECENT, NORMAL LIFE...



DON'T MAKE ME CRY, MISTER! I'M CALLIN' YUH A YELLA-BELLIED SQUAW IF YUH DON'T COME OUT AND FACE ME DOWN!

IN THE DAYS OF THE OLD WEST, NO MAN COULD TAKE AN INSULT LIKE THAT AND STILL CALL HIMSELF A MAN--AND SO...



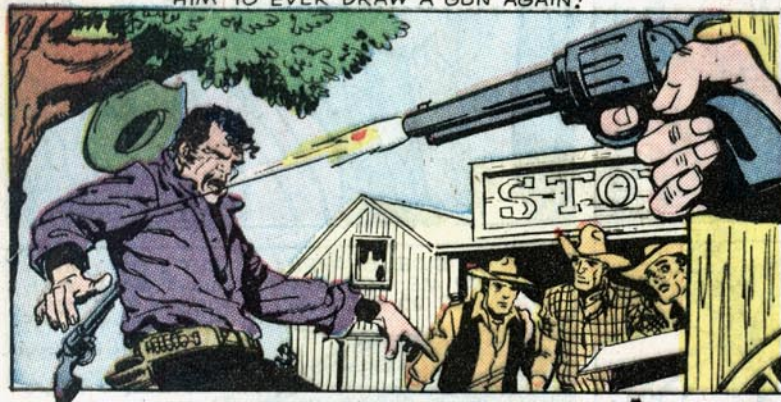
I'M COMIN', KIRBY!



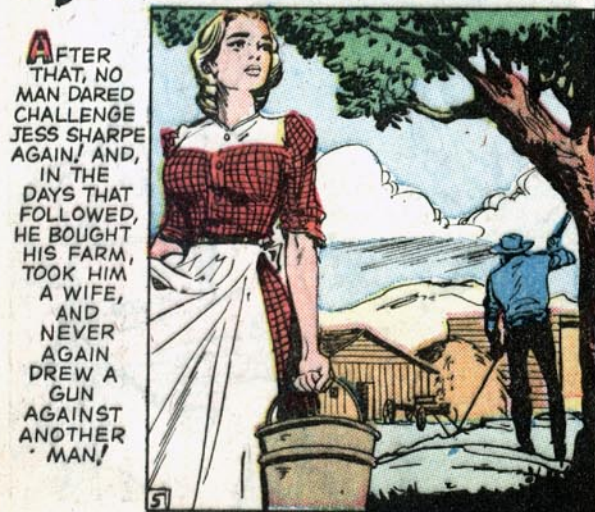
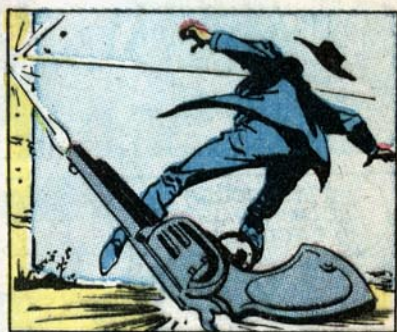
AT LAST! KIRBY WILL GUN SHARPE DOWN AND I'LL MAKE ANOTHER FORTUNE! EVERYTHING IS WORKING OUT PERFECTLY!

SLAP LEATHER!

BUT THINGS DIDN'T GO QUITE AS EMERY GROGAN HAD PLANNED! JESS SHARPE WAS THE MAN WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT--A SHOT WHICH SLAMMED INTO BLACKJACK KIRBY'S GUN ARM, CAUSING HIM TO DROP HIS COLT--AND MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO EVER DRAW A GUN AGAIN!



AND FATE MUST HAVE BEEN SMILING THAT DAY, FOR WHEN KIRBY'S GUN HIT THE GROUND, THE IMPACT CAUSED ONE SHOT TO BE FIRED--ONE LONE SHOT WHICH RICHOCQUETED AGAINST A WALL, AND LODGED IN THE BODY OF--EMERY GROGAN!



AFTER THAT, NO MAN DARED CHALLENGE JESS SHARPE AGAIN! AND, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, HE BOUGHT HIS FARM, TOOK HIM A WIFE, AND NEVER AGAIN DREW A GUN AGAINST ANOTHER MAN!

AND EMERY GROGAN? HE SURVIVED THE BULLET WOUND... BUT ONLY AFTER AN OPERATION WHICH COST HIM OVER A THOUSAND DOLLARS! AN OPERATION WHICH LEFT HIM CONFINED TO A WHEEL CHAIR FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE, AS HE SAW HIS STORE, HIS SALOON, AND HIS TOWN ITSELF SLIP THROUGH HIS FINGERS INTO THE HANDS OF HIS CREDITORS! YES, EMERY GROGAN GOT THE GUN-FIGHT HE HAD WANTED--BUT HE ALSO GOT THE FATE HE DESERVED!



THE END