

WYATT EARP

MARVEL COMICS GROUP



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THE MARSHAL WHO TAMED THE WEST!

WYATT EARP

HIS GUNS ARE THE LAW!



THERE'LL BE
NO HANGIN', BOYS--
NOT TILL A JUDGE
SAYS SO!

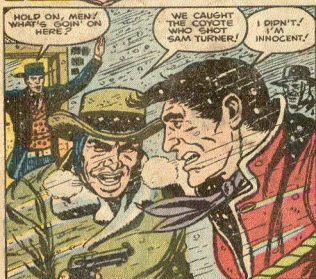
YEAH, MARSHAL?
WELL, WE JUST
APPOINTED
OURSELVES
JUDGE--AND
JURY--AND
EXECUTIONER!

LYNCH
MOB!

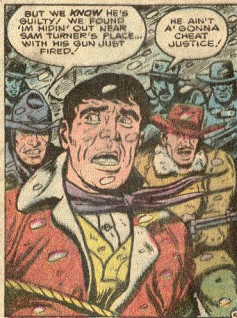
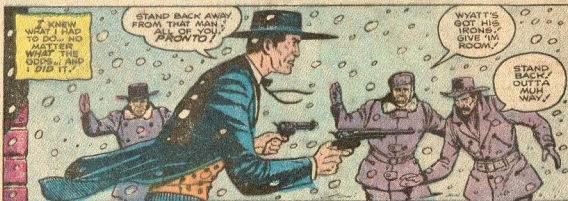
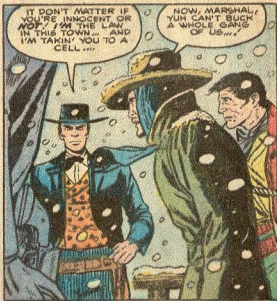
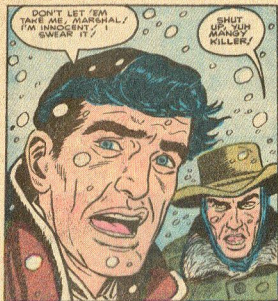
PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

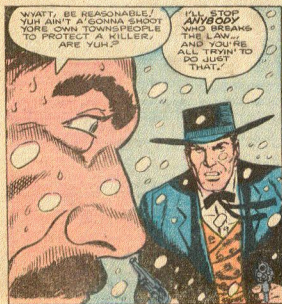
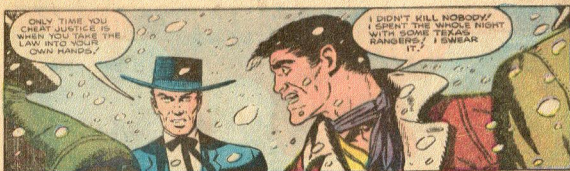
WYATT EARP FRONTIER MARSHAL

IT'S A STRANGE THING — YOU CAN TAKE A FEW DOZEN RESPECTABLE CITIZENS OF A TOWN AND ONE AT A TIME THEY'LL BE ORDINARY, GOD-FEARIN', LAW-ABIDIN' FOLK, BUT PUT 'EM ALL TOGETHER AND MIX 'EM UP WITH SOME RABBLE-ROUSERS, AND THEY TURN INTO ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS THINGS A LAWMAN EVER HAS TO FACE — **A MOB!** I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN.



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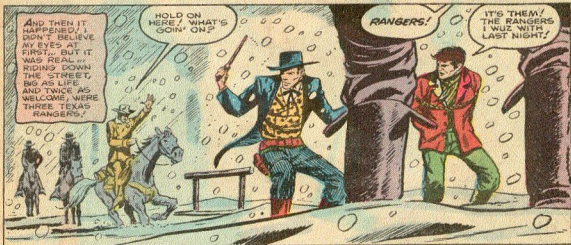
ONE... TWO...

IN ONE SECOND I WOULD HAVE TO MAKE THE MOST DIFFICULT DECISION OF MY LIFE... BUT I COULDN'T TURN MY PRISONER OVER TO A RAGING MOB... WHAT COULD I DO?



THREE!
TAKE 'IM,
BOYS!

BEHIND ME, QUICK!
IF THEY GET YOU, IT'LL
BE OVER MY DEAD
BODY!

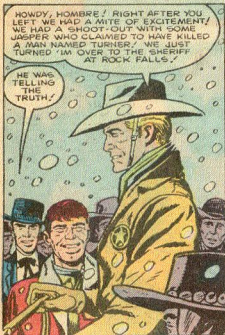


AND THEN IT HAPPENED... I DON'T BELIEVE MY EYES AT FIRST... BUT IT WAS REAL... RIDING DOWN THE STREET, BIG AS LIFE, AND TWICE AS WELCOME, WERE THREE TEXAS RANGERS!

HOLD ON HERE! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

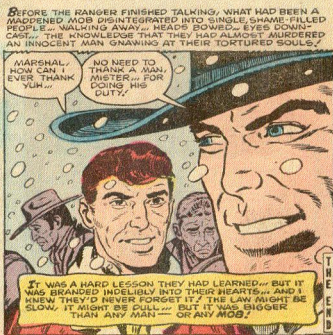
RANGERS!

IT'S THEM!
THE RANGERS
WUZ WITH
LAST NIGHT!



HOWDY, HOMBRE! RIGHT AFTER YOU LEFT WE HAD A MITE OF EXCITEMENT! WE HAD A SHOOT-OUT WITH SOME JASPER WHO CLAIMED TO HAVE KILLED A MAN NAMED TURNER! WE JUST TURNED 'IM OVER TO THE SHERIFF AT ROCK FALLS!

HE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH!



MARSHAL,
HOW CAN I
EVER THANK
YUH...

NO NEED TO
THANK A MAN,
MISTER... FOR
DOING HIS
DUTY.

IT WAS A HARD LESSON THEY HAD LEARNED... BUT IT WAS BRANDED INDELIBLY INTO THEIR HEARTS... AND I KNEW THEY'D NEVER FORGET IT! THE LAW MIGHT BE SLOW, IT MIGHT BE PULL... BUT IT WAS BIGGER THAN ANY MAN — OR ANY MOB!

THE END

PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

WYATT EARP

FRONTIER
MARSHAL



**NEW GIRL
IN
TOWN**



WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A GAL LIKE THAT? I SURE COULDN'T DRAW AND SHOOT AT HER... SO I DID THE ONLY THING POSSIBLE... I HIGHTAILED IT OUT OF THERE — PRONTO!



IF YOU'RE GOING TO BLAST ME, MA'AM, SUPPOSE YOU AT LEAST TELL ME WHY... JUST FOR THE RECORD.

BECAUSE I HATE LAWMEN! YOU'RE ALWAYS TELLIN' A GIRL HOW LATE HER RESTAURANT CAN STAY OPEN... HOW TO RUN HER BUSINESS... AND YOU'RE ALWAYS HAVING GUNFIGHTS AND BREAKING UP FURNITURE!



AND I'VE HEARD OF YOU, WYATT EARP! YOU'RE THE TOUGHEST AND THE MEANEST OF THE LOT... AND YOU'RE NOT WANTED IN MY SHOP! SAVVY?

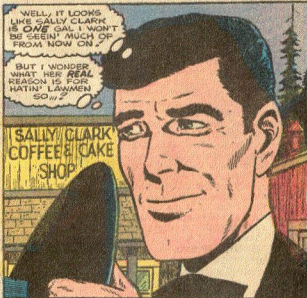
I SURE DO, MA'AM!



WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE SALLY CLARK IS ONE GAL I WON'T BE SEEN' MUCH OF FROM NOW ON.

BUT I WONDER WHAT HER REAL REASON IS FOR HATIN' LAWMEN SO MUCH?

SALLY CLARK COFFEE & CAKE SHOP



IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO FIND OUT THE ANSWER TO MY QUESTION... FOR, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, THREE MEAN-LOOKIN' STRANGERS DRIFTED SILENTLY INTO TOWN; THEIR GUNS HUNG LOW AND THEIR EYES SHIFTY AND COLD; AND, MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, THEY RENDEZVOUSED IN SALLY CLARK'S COFFEE SHOP.

THEY'VE ALL GOT THE LOOK OF GUNMEN ABOUT THEM... AND THEY SEEM TO KNOW SALLY... ESPECIALLY THE TALL ONE.



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



NOW I KNEW WHY SALLY CLARK HATED LAWYERS... ANY GAL MIGHT WHO WAS THE SISTER OF SAM CLARK, ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS GUNMEN WEST OF THE RIO GRANDE!



I WAS SO INTERESTED IN WHAT WAS GOING ON BETWEEN SAM CLARK AND HIS SISTER, THAT I DIDN'T HEAR THE FOOTSTEPS BEHIND ME / UNTIL...



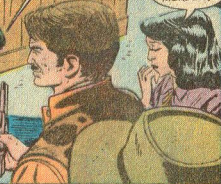
WHEN I CAME TO... THINGS LOOKED MIGHTY GRIM FOR ME...



WELL, WELL / THE BIG MAN HISSELF... WYATT EARP!

MEBBE WE OUGHTTA FINISH 'IM NOW, WHILE WE GOT THE CHANCE!

YOU CAN'T! IT'S COLD-BLOODIED MURDER!



WHAT I SAW NEXT MADE MY BLOOD BOIL! THERE WAS A SUDDEN HAND MOVEMENT, A RINGING IMPACT, AND SALLY CLUTCHED HER FACE WITH DISBELIEF IN HER SHOCKED EYES, SAM'S FINGER MARKS STILL ON HER CHEEK.



WHEN FOLKS IN DODGE HEAR I BUNNED DOWN THE GREAT WYATT EARP, THEY'LL ALL BE TOO SCARED TO LIFT A FINGER AGIN' ME / THIS'LL BE MY TOWN!

THIS AIN'T EXACTLY A FAIR FIGHT, BOYS!

IT'S FAIR ENUFF TO SUIT US! GIVE IT TO HIM, HUNK!



I HAD HEARD ENOUGH! I KNEW THAT THESE THREE DESERVED NO MERCY... THEY WERE KILLERS / WITHOUT FEELINGS, WITHOUT CONSCIENCE... NO BETTER THAN PREDATORY BEASTS! SO I MADE MY MOVE...

IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF NOW.

MUH GUN!! GIT HIM, BOYS!



MY LIFE DEPENDS UPON MY STAYING STILL LONG ENOUGH FOR THEM TO GET A BEAD ON ME! I GRABBED HUNK BEFORE HE COULD AIM HIS COLT... AND SPUN HIM AROUND!



HOLDING HIM IN ONE ARMED HALF-NELSON, I DREW MY OTHER COLT WITH MY REMAINING HAND! AT LAST I WAS ARMED AGAIN! AND HUNK DID THE ONE USEFUL THING IN HIS WASTED LIFE... HE ACTED AS A SHIELD...



AND IT WAS THEN THAT SALLY CLARK CHOSE HER SIDE AND MADE HER STAND— SAVING MY LIFE!



AND SALLY CLARK WAS TRUE TO HER WORD! IN FACT, I SUSPECT I'M GONNA LIKE HAVING HER AROUND DODGE FROM NOW ON... AND FOR MORE REASONS THAN HER GOOD COFFEE AND CAKE!



THE END

RUSTLER'S MOON

THE NIGHT WAS DARK AND STILL, EXCEPT FOR THE STEADY HUM OF FORTY STEERS BREATHING AS THEY SLEPT, THERE WAS NO SOUND SAVE THE WHISPERING OF THE WIND! THE MOON WAS NEW, BATHING THE VALLEY IN A FAINT, SHIMMERING LIGHT! IT WAS A RUSTLER'S MOON... AND IT WAS UNDER THAT MOON THAT THE RUSTLER STRUCK!

MY SHOULDER!

BEFORE MERCIFUL UNCONSCIOUSNESS BLANKETED THE INJURED COWBOY, HIS STARTLED EYES SAW...

IT'S THE...
HAWK...

Stanley

A. TORRES

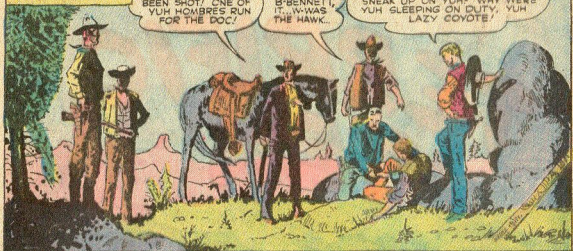
JEDZ

THE NEXT MORNING...

IT'S JIMMY! HE'S BEEN SHOT! ONE OF YUH HOMBRES RUN FOR THE DOC!

MISTER B-BENNETT, IT...W-WAS THE HAWK...

THE HAWK AGAIN! HOW DID HE SNEAK UP ON YUH? WHY WERE YUH SLEEPING ON DUTY, YUH LAZY COYOTE!

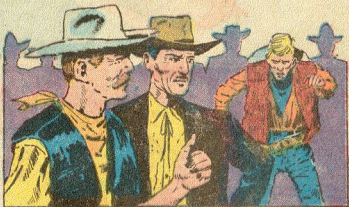
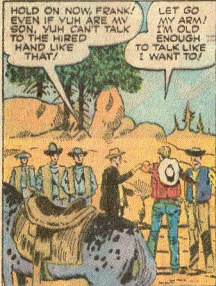


HOLD ON NOW, FRANK! EVEN IF YUH ARE MY SON, YUH CAN'T TALK TO THE HIRED HAND LIKE THAT!

LET GO MY ARM! I'M OLD ENOUGH TO TALK LIKE I WANT TO!

MISTER BENNETT, EITHER YUH KEEP THAT NO-COUNT SON OF YOURS OUT OF OUR HAIR, OR YO'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE ANY HANDS LEFT!

LOOKING FOR A FIGHT, EH?



IF YUH WEREN'T MR. BENNETT'S SON, I WOULDN'T LET YUH GET OFF THIS EASY, FRANK!

ALL RIGHT, BREAK IT UP! WE STILL GOT A RUSTLER TO CATCH!

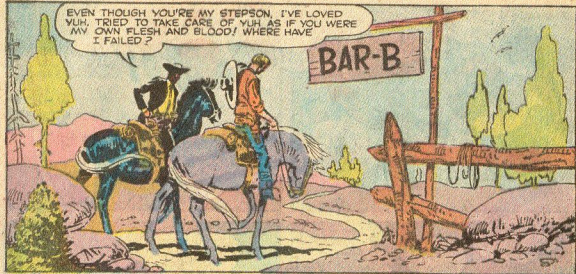
FRANK...YOU WAIT UP...I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

ANOTHER LECTURE, EH?

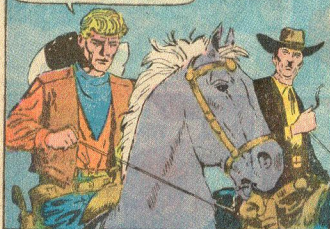


EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE MY STEPSON, I'VE LOVED YUH, TRIED TO TAKE CARE OF YUH AS IF YOU WERE MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD! WHERE HAVE I FAILED?

BAR-B



I'LL TELL YUH WHERE...YUH NEVER GAVE ME ANY RESPONSIBILITY...YUH ALWAYS SIDED WITH THE MEN WHEN THEY LAUGHED AT ME AND WHEN THEY FOUGHT WITH ME! NOBODY TAKES ME SERIOUSLY AROUND HERE!

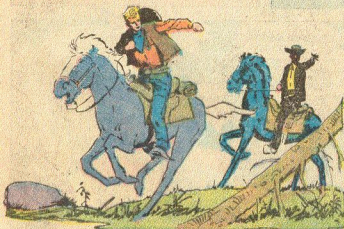


HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU THAT YUH NEVER PROVED YOURSELF? THE REASON I SIDE WITH THE MEN IS BECAUSE I TRY TO BE FAIR...I ALWAYS FIND THEM RIGHT, AND YOU WRONG!



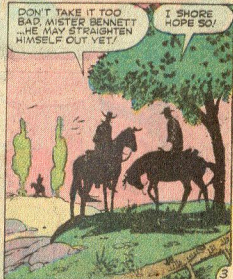
YUH'LL BE SORRY...ALL OF YOU, SOMEDAY...I SWEAR IT!

FRANK...



DON'T TAKE IT TOO BAD, MISTER BENNETT ...HE MAY STRAIGHTEN HIMSELF OUT YET!

I SHORE HOPE SO!

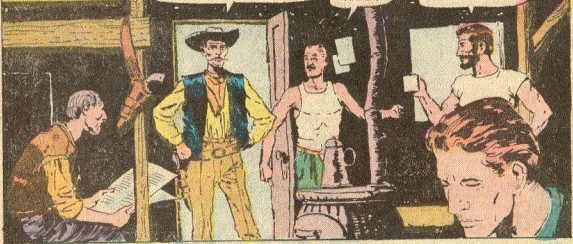


THE NEXT DAY... AT THE BUNKHOUSE...

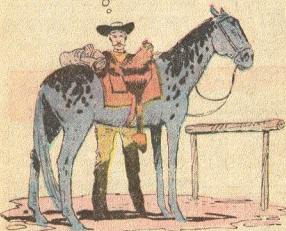
ANYONE SEEN MUH SPURS... CAN'T FIND 'EM ANYWHERE!

AIN'T SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR...

BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU SIT, COWBOY! HAH, HAH, HAH!

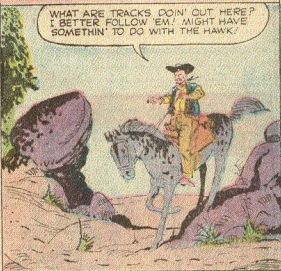


NOW WHERE WOULD A PAIR OF SPURS DISAPPEAR TO?



LATER... AT THE SOUTH END OF THE RANCH...

WHAT ARE TRACKS DOIN' OUT HERE? I BETTER FOLLOW 'EM! MIGHT HAVE SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH THE HAWK!



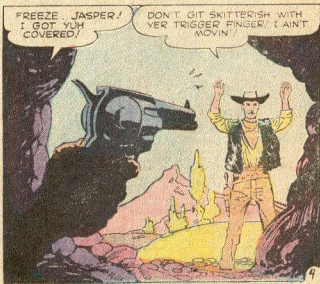
THE LOYAL FOREMAN FOLLOWED THE STRANGE TRACKS UP INTO THE HILLS, UNTIL JUST AS THE SUN WAS SETTING...

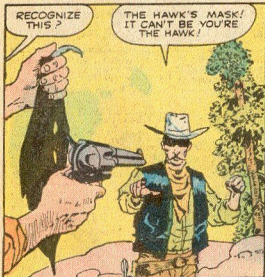
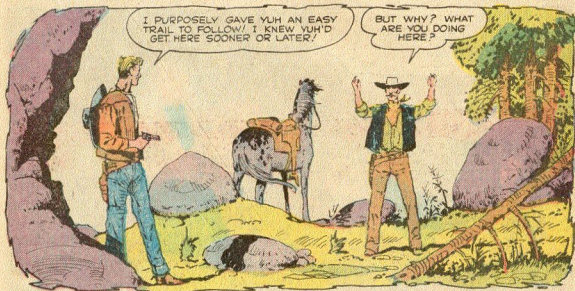
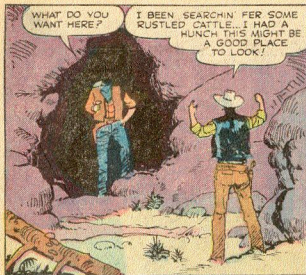
THEY'RE LEADING INTO THIS CAVE!



FREEZE, JASPER! I GOT YUH COVERED!

DON'T GIT SKITTERISH WITH YER TRIGGER FINGER! I AINT MOVIN'!



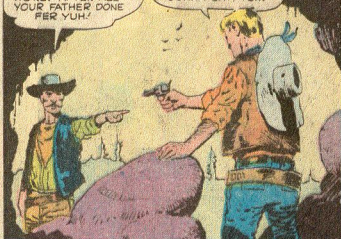


THAT'S RIGHT! AND AFTER I TAKE CARE OF YUH, I'LL LEAVE 'EM TO BE FOUND NEAR THE TRAIL YUH LEFT TO THIS CAVE...AND I'LL BE THE HOMBRE WHO CAUGHT THE HAWK! ONLY I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT YOU BEFORE THE OTHERS ARRIVE... IN SELF-DEFENSE, OF COURSE!



YOU'RE EVEN LOWER THAN I THOUGHT YOU WERE! AFTER ALL YOUR FATHER DONE FER YUH!

THOSE ARE THE LAST WORDS YOU'RE EVER GONNA SAY, TEX!

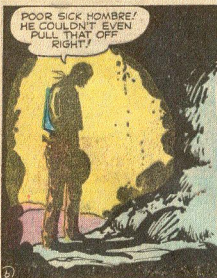


AT THE SAME SECOND AS FRANK SHOT, TEX HURLED HIMSELF TO ONE SIDE, OUT OF THE PATH OF THE BULLET! BUT THE VIBRATIONS FROM THE GUN BLAST, LOOSENED THE HEAVY ROCKS ABOVE... AND...

LOOK OUT, KID!



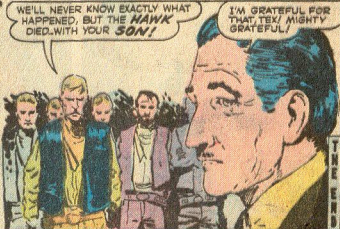
POOR SICK HOMBRE! HE COULDN'T EVEN PULL THAT OFF RIGHT!



FRANK'S BODY WAS NEVER RECOVERED FROM THE MASS OF ROCKS! THE STORY OF HIS DEATH THAT MISTER BENNETT HEARD FROM HIS FOREMAN WAS THE KINDEST STORY EVER TOLD...

WE'LL NEVER KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED, BUT THE **HAWK** DIED...WITH YOUR SON!

I'M GRATEFUL FOR THAT, TEX! MIGHTY GRATEFUL!



PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

WYATT EARP

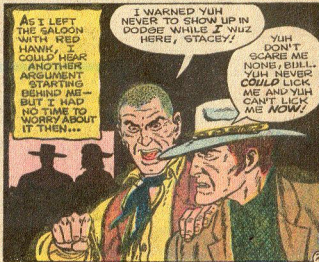
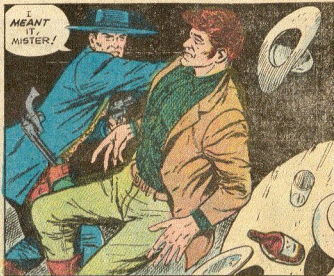
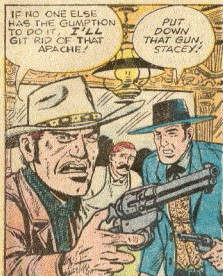
FRONTIER
MARSHAL



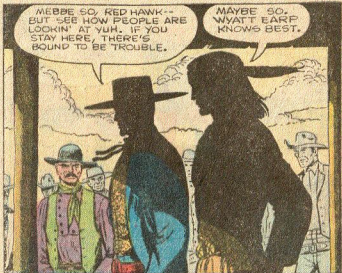
DODGE CITY WAS NEVER WHAT YOU'D CALL A PEACEFUL TOWN AT BEST-- BUT WHEN RED HAWK, THE APACHE, CAME TO DODGE, THINGS REALLY BEGAN TO HUM-- AND THAT MEANT TROUBLE FOR ME, WYATT EARP-- MARSHAL OF DODGE CITY!



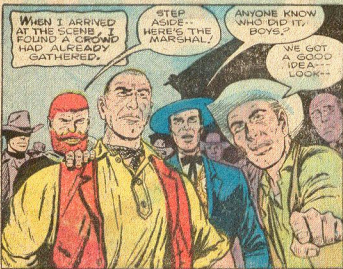
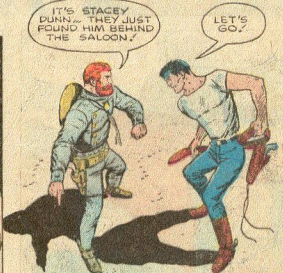
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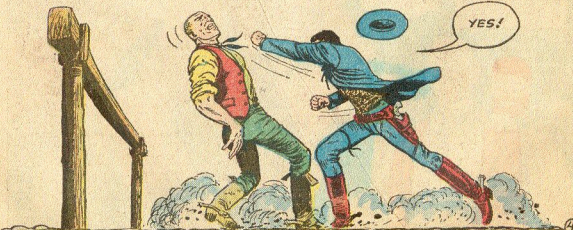


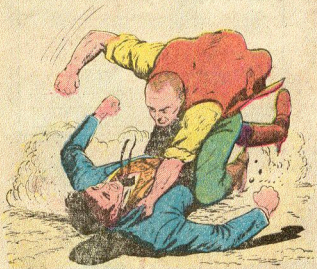
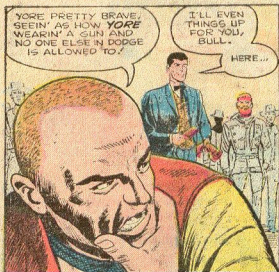
I KNEW THAT BULL NORBETT AND STACEY DUNN HAD BEEN FEUDING FOR YEARS... BUT RIGHT NOW, MY PROBLEM WAS WHAT TO DO WITH RED HAWK.

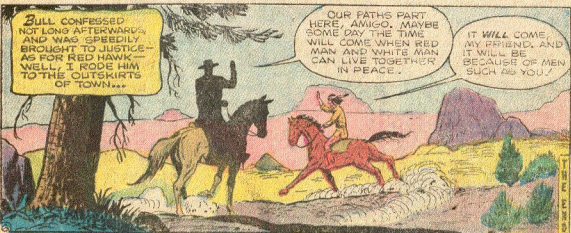
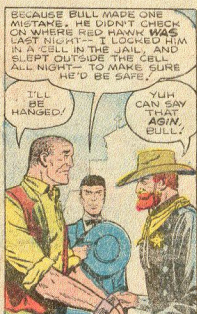
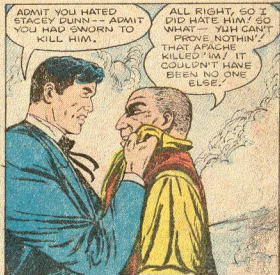


THE NEXT MORNING, I WAS WAKENED WITH A START AT MY OFFICE IN THE JAIL, WHERE I HAD BEEN SLEEPING...

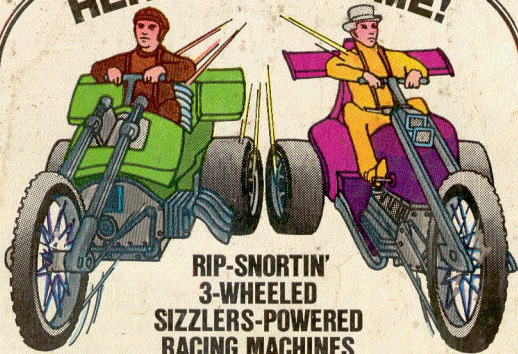








HERE THEY COME!



**RIP-SNORTIN'
3-WHEELED
SIZZLERS-POWERED
RACING MACHINES**

called:

CHOPCYCLES™

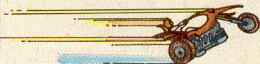
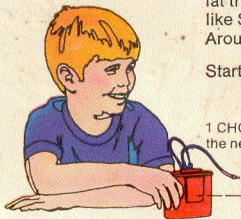
There's never been anything like these babies before! Authentically styled! Fully detailed! With gleaming chromed engines. Big fat traction-grabbin' slicks. Power-charged like SIZZLERS® Cars. Send 'em flying! Around a FAT TRACK®...or across the floor.

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the new portable power unit! From Mattel!



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**IT'S A GOOD THING
HE HAS ALL THOSE COMICS,
OR HE'D PROBABLY BE...**



BURNIN' DOWN THE TOWN