

DELL

BUFFALO BILL JR.

NO. 824

10c



BUFFALO BILL JR.

A BRONCO NAMED GUNBOAT

WHEN BLACKJACK JACKSON IS HUNGLED INTO WILEYVILLE AND CROSSES TRAILS WITH BUFFALO BILL JUNIOR AND CALAMITY, THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN.



FIRST, THE STAGE BLACKJACK IS ON HUNGLED OVER BILL'S PACKAGE, CRUSHING THE PRESENT HE AND CALAMITY BOUGHT FOR THE JUDGE'S BIRTHDAY.



BUT BUFFALO BILL JUNIOR SEES A CHANCE TO EARN MONEY SURELY, AS THE LOCAL RODEO OFFERS PRIZE MONEY TO ANYONE WHO CAN RIDE GUNBOAT.

WITH PRIZE MONEY AT STAKE, BILL MAKES A GAME TRY TO STAY ON THE BUCKING MUSTANG, BUT THE KILLER HORSE IS MORE THAN HIS MATCH.



THEN, WHEN AT GUNPOINT, BILL SEES HIS OWN HORSE STOLEN TO HELP AN OUTLAW MAKE HIS ESCAPE...

HE IS FORCED TO TRY AGAIN TO RIDE THE DANGEROUS GUNBOAT FOR THERE IS MORE AT STAKE NOW THAN MERE PRIZE MONEY.



BUFFALO BILL JR.

A BRONC CALLED GUNBOAT

THAT **PRINCE** YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR BILL IS IN THE MAIL SACK!

IT CAME JUST IN TIME, MR. APPLIN! JUDGE WILEY'S BIRTHDAY IS TOMORROW AND THAT'S HIS PRESENT!



GILMARTY AND I BOUGHT HIM TWO ENGLISH BRAR RIFLES!

OPEN UP THE SACK, BILL! THE MARSHAL'S RIDING INSIDE, BUT I DON'T RECKON HE'D CONSIDER YOU A MAIL ROBBER!



MORNING, MARSHAL BENTON!

HOWDY, BILL! THE MAIL-BAGS ON THE FLOOR! BUT JUST KEEP CLEAR OF MY PRISONER!



BLACKJACK JACKSON'S A MEAN CRITTER!



CRACK!

HERE IS THE-





WHILE AT THE JAIL...

SOON AS I GET CALAMITY'S
CHICKENS OUT OF HERE, YOU
CAN PUT JACKSON IN!

I'LL LEAVE THE
RODS AND RANADELS
ON! IT WON'T BE AS
EASY KEEPING
JACKSON HERE
AS KEEPING
CHICKENS!

I'LL FIX UP A BLANK FOR
YOU SO YOU CAN KEEP AN
EYE ON HIM! HOW LONG DO
YOU FIGURE ON STAYING
IN WILEYVILLE?

TILL THURSDAY WHEN
THE TRAIN COMES
THROUGH HERE FOR
TUMPA AND THE
FEDERAL PRISON
JACKSON'S
HEADING FOR!

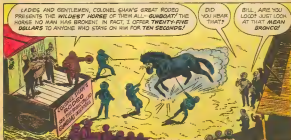


HE'LL KEEP
TILL THEN!



LISTEN, BILL!
THE RODEO PARADE!

WHO CARES ABOUT A RODEO
AT A TIME LIKE THIS?



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, COLONEL QUAY'S GREAT RODEO
PRESENTS THE WILDERNESS HORSE OF THEM ALL - GUMBOSAT! THE
HORSE NO MAN HAS BROUGHT IN FACT, I OFFER TWENTY-FIVE
DOLLARS TO ANYONE WHO STAYS ON HIM FOR TEN SECONDS!

DID
YOU HEAR
THAT?

BILL, ARE YOU
LOOZ? JUST LOOK
AT THAT MEAN
BROGGO!











THE NEXT DAY, AS THE WHOLE TOWN GOES OUT TO SEE THE ROOBS...



AND NOW, THE FINAL MOMENTS
OF A MILLER BRONC!



"THE RIFLE IS A FINE WEAPON, COLONEL!
BUT DO YOU EVER SEE WHAT A MAN
CAN DO WITH A CRUTCH?"



"DROP THE
ROPE!"



"IF YOU'RE A JUDGE, STOP THOSE
KIDS! THEY'RE STEALING A HORSE!"

"NO! THEY'RE
SAVING
ONE!"



SOON...

A HORSE NEEDS MORE THAN DRIED GRASS AND SAREBUSH, CALAMITY!



NEARBY...

THE NAG OF MINE KEEPS GETTING LAMER! WE'LL HAVE TO STOP WHILE YOU RUSTLE ANOTHER HORSE FOR ME!



NEEDNAY!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, BLACKJACK? SOMEONE HAS A HORSE IN THAT SHED!

BUT HE WON'T KEEP HIM FOR LONG!



REACH!



N-NO, BILL!



OWW!

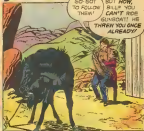




I'LL TAKE THE
KID'S HORSE—HE'S
SADDLED!

THEY CAN'T CHASE
US! THAT MULE'S TOO
SLOW AND THE OTHER
HORSE IS GUNBOAT—
AND HE'S A KILLER!

5 SECONDS LATER...



SO-SO!
TO FOLLOW
THEM!

BUT HOW,
BILL? YOU
CAN'T RIDE
GUNBOAT! HE
THREW YOU OFF
ALREADY!



EASY GUNBOAT! I'M NOT PUTTING
A SADDLE ON YOU THIS TIME! THE
TIME I WANT YOU TO RUN!
THERE'LL BE NO ARMS TO
FENCE YOU IN!

HE DOESN'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE SAYING!
LOOK AT HIS EYES—
HE'S GETTING
ANGRY!



YOU CAN RUN GUNBOAT,
CAN'T YOU? SHOW ME
—LOW FAST!

BILL, HE'LL
THROW YOU FIRST
AND THEN KICK
YOU!



STEADY,
GUNBOAT
BABY!

HEEYOH!



THAT'S IT
FELLOW! RUN!



AND AS BUFFALO BILL JR. CLOSES IN, HE WHISTLES TO HIS HORSE WHO PULLS UP SHORT...





the Fend



The two cattlemen faced each other, teasing. After months of bitter quarreling, this was the final showdown over the waterhole that lay in unclaimed rangelands between their two ranches. Arms hanging loosely near their holsters, each waited for the other to start the draw.

Galloping hoofs broke the tension. Sheriff Jim Colt came around the bend. "Hold it, you two," he yelled.

He dismounted and eyed the angry ranchers sternly. "Heard you two hot-heads arranged this little meeting. But gunplay is no way to settle it. Why wrangle like coyotes over one base? It's a big waterhole. Why can't you both use it?"

"Our heads get mixed," snapped Jed Wayne, turning to his horse.

"Too much trouble separating 'em," agreed Pete Logan with a growl.

The two men exchanged threatening glares and then rode off in opposite directions. The sheriff shook his head. Both too proud and stubborn to give in and share the waterhole, they would shoot at first sight hereafter. In their bitterness, one might even ambush the other.

The next day, as Pete Logan rode grimly toward the waterhole, a bullet suddenly whined past his ear. Logan hurried off his horse, diving for cover behind scrub. "Jed Wayne bushwhacking me, eh?" he muttered. "Two can play that game!"

He began circling for the hidden ambusher. But then he gasped as Jed Wayne came riding behind him along the trail, in full view. Another shot rang out, taking off Wayne's hat.

"I'll get you for that, Pete Logan!"

shouted Wayne, wheeling for cover.

"But it wasn't me," called Logan, showing himself. "I was just shot at, too. Somebody's gunning for both of us. But who—?" His voice trailed off, puzzled.

"A sheepherder from the hill country!" hissed Wayne suddenly. "Get it, Pete? If he shot one of us, the other would get blamed and jailed. We'd both be out of the way and the sheepherder could take over my . . . er . . . that is, our waterhole."

The two ranchers faced each other. Logan stuck out his hand. "Right, Jed . . . our waterhole. Us cattlemen have to stick together against sheepies. Come on, we'll get that varmint bushwhacker."

Circling among boulders up the slope, they glimpsed the gunman too late. He was already on his horse and disappearing beyond the ridge.

Later, Sheriff Colt rode up. "I heard shooting. I told you men no gunplay . . ."

"Don't worry," interrupted Wayne. "We patched things up. We're standing together so no sheepmen get the waterhole. Those shots you heard was one of 'em trying to bushwhack us!"

"Do tell?" said the sheriff. "See who it was?"

"Didn't get a good look at him."

"Too bad," said the sheriff. "Then I don't think I'll have any luck finding him."

Wheeling his horse, Jim Colt left the two ranchers busily arranging to water their herds, their quarrel forgotten.

No, Sheriff Colt was plumb sure he wouldn't bring in the unknown gunman who had fired at the two ranchers.

He smiled and put two shells back in his gun.

THE BUFFALO HUNTER



By the next day, they are well out on the prairie, as wise knife signals a halt.



But that evening, as a storm rages across the prairie, wise knife wakes up suddenly...





WE HAVEN'T TIME TO HUNT AND RIDE
BEHIND THE HERD'S FLANKS! START FIRING
AND LET'S HOPE WE CAN MAKE THEM
BREAK AROUND US!



DROP THE ONES RIGHT IN
FRONT OF US!



IF WE PILE SOME UP, THE OTHERS MAY
CUT AROUND THEM AND MISS US!



BUT THE STORM-SCARED HERD RAGES ON,
TRAMPLING THE FALLEN BUFFALOS AND
CHARGING FOR THE TWO LOVE FIGURES!

THEY'VE GOT
TO BREAK!



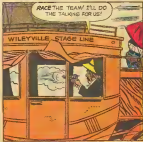


ALL DAY THEY PLOD ON, FOLLOWING THE TRACKS OF THE HERD, FORGETTING THE HURT AND THE EXHAUSTION OF THEIR LONG UNRELENTLESS MARCH, TILL AT LAST...



BUFFALO BILL JR.







SOON...

HOW DID THE JOB GO, VIC?

JUST LIKE YOU PLANNED, BOSS!

PANHANDLE IND. AGENCY

GOOD! I WAS TELLING CHIEF WHITE AND HERE THAT I'D SEE TO IT NO ONE DROVE ANY OF HIS PEOPLE FROM THEIR LAND!

UH! AS LONG AS WE PAY WANTS!

PANHANDLE IND. AGENCY

THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF! AS LONG AS YOU PAY! IF YOU DON'T, I'LL LET THE GREAT WHITE FATHER OPEN THE LAND FOR HOMESTEADING AND PUSH YOUR PEOPLE OUT!

WE PAY!

WHAT DO WE DO WHEN WHITE BIRD PINDS OUT ABOUT HIS HEAD RIGHTS?

WHO IS GOING TO TELL HIM? I'M THE US MARSHAL! ANY GOVERNMENT POLICY HE HEARS COMES ONLY FROM ME!

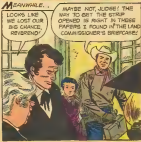
...AND I'M NOT GOING TO TELL HIM THAT THE GOVERNMENT WILL GIVE EACH PERSON IN HIS TRIBE A HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES APiece IF THE PANHANDLE STRIP IS OPENED FOR HOMESTEADING!

AFTER WHAT I'VE DID YOURS, COPELAND, I DON'T FIGURE IT'LL BE OPENED TILL WE COLLECT ENOUGH SKINS TO MAKE US PLUNTY RICH!

MEANWHILE...

LOOKS LIKE WE LOST OUR BIG CHANCE, REVEREND!

WHADE NOT, JUDGE! THE WAY TO GET THE STRIP OPENED IS RIGHT IN THESE PAPERS I FOUND IN THE LAND COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE!











HAILED BEFORE JUDGE WILEY, THE TWO MEN ARE FINED FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE AND DESTROYING CIRCULARS...



TWO WEEKS LATER...



A MONTH LATER, AS SETTLERS POUR INTO WILLOWVILLE, AMATING THE GUN TO OPEN THE PRINCE STRIP...





WELL, REVEREND, THE BIG DAY IS FINALLY HERE! HOW IS YOUR HORSE?

FAST, JUDGE! I HOPE I CAN CLAIM A GOOD SITE FOR MY CHURCH!



BILL?

IT'S WHITE BIRD!



WHAT HAPPENED, CHEEP?

AGENT COPELAND, SHOOT! RIDE FIRST, YOUNG BILL, TO THUNDER PASS!



WHY TO THUNDER PASS?

HIS DYNAMITE PASS, SLOW UP PEOPLE SO HIS FELLOW GET BEST LAND-- HAVE TWO MEN WITH HIM!



SUDDENLY, A BUGLE'S TRILL SOUNDS...

THERE WILL BE MANY KILLED IF COPELAND DYNAMITES THE PASS! WE MUST STOP THE LAND RUSH!

NO GERT! THAT'S THE ONE-MINUTE WARNING BUGLE-- THEY ALREADY LIT THE FUSE OF THE STARTING GUN!

TATA
TATA
TATA



AND AS THE STARTING GUNNERS ROARE, WITH WILD WHOOPS AND YELLS, HORSES ARE SPURRED AND WHIPPED INTO THE GREAT LAND RACE...







I'LL END ME
RECKONING!



OH!



FOR A PEACEFUL
MAN, YOU SURE PACK A
LOT OF POWER!

FOR THE
FIRST AND LAST
TIME, I HOPE!

AND AS THE HOMEOWNERS RACE SAFELY
THROUGH THEIR PASS...



I'M GLAD YOU RODE WITH
ME! THIS WAY, THE ODDS WERE
THREE AGAINST TWO!

NO, BILLY, THE ODDS WERE EVEN!
THERE WERE THREE OF US HERE--
YOU, ME AND THE LORD!

BREAKING A BRONC

WHEN A COWBOY WANTED TO BREAK A WILD HORSE, HE PORED HIS FORELEGS AS THE HORSE TRIED TO RUN, HE WAS THROWN DOWN.



WHILE DOWN, THE COWBOY SLIPPED A HOCKMARE AROUND THE HORSE'S NECK AND TIED A HINGE LEG TO THIS ROPE.



AFTER THE ROPE WAS REMOVED FROM THE FORELEGS, THE COWBOY WOULD LEAD THE HORSE AROUND.



THE NEXT STEP WAS TO PUT A SACK ON THE ANIMAL'S BACK AND GET HIM USED TO THAT BEFORE TRYING ON THE HEAVIER SADDLE.



AFTER THE HORSE WAS SADDLED FOR A FEW WEEKS, THE COWBOY TRIED TO MOUNT HIM.



THEN BY TRAINING THE HORSE TO TURN AND OBEY HIS COMMANDS, THE COWBOY CONTINUED TO FIRMLY SHOW THE HORSE THAT THE RIDER WAS "TOP HAND."



SETTLING THE WEST

WHEN AMERICA WAS FIRST SETTLED, THERE WAS UNLIMITED LAND --- AND A MAN COULD CLAIM GREAT TRACTS IN THE DAYS OF THE EARLY SPANISH SETTLERS, A MAN COULD HAVE AS MUCH LAND AS HE COULD RIDE AROUND IN ON ONE DAY.

BUT COLONIAL CONGRESS AUTHORIZED LAND AUCTIONS, WHERE PARCELS OF 640 ACRES WERE SOLD FOR \$2 00 AN ACRE.



LATER, PRESIDENT LINCOLN SIGNED THE HOMESTEAD ACT GIVING 160 ACRES TO ANYONE WHO WOULD LIVE ON THE LAND FOR FIVE YEARS.



BY THE 1860'S, WITH SMALL SECTIONS OF LAND BEING DIVIDED, BARBED WIRE FENCES WENT UP, MARKING THE END OF THE OPEN RANGE.



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