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# WHIP WILSON

THE MARK  
OF THE  
WHIP!



YOU CHEERED HIS DAREDEVIL ANTICS ON THE SCREEN OF YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE THEATER... NOW! AT LAST YOU CAN FOLLOW THE BREATHTAKING ADVENTURES OF WHIP WILSON IN HIS OWN COMIC MAGAZINE... EACH STORY GEARED FOR THRILLS AND ACTION!

SO HERE HE IS -- THUNDERING OUT OF THE WEST ON HIS WONDER HORSE, BULLET -- THE FASTEST STEED ON THE RANGE! MEET WHIP WILSON, THE COWBOY WITH THE MAGIC WHIP!



I'M SORRY, BLACK JACK -- HONEST! I DIDN'T MEAN TA CALL YA A CHEAT! I JEST COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU COULD HAVE FOUR ACES WHEN I HAD ONE!

NO MAN CALLS BLACK JACK BARKER A CHEAT-- AND LIVES! ORAW, YA YELLA-BELLIED VARMINT!



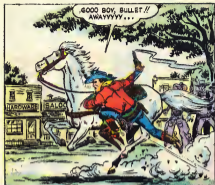




**A**ND THAT WAS HOW THINGS STOOD IN THE TOWN OF TOMBSTONE GAP WHILE BLACK JACK BARTON WAS MADE! HONEST CITIZENS WERE BEATEN, ROBBED AND VICTIMIZED WHILE BANDITRY RAN RAMPANT! BUT THIS TIME THE WRONG VICTIM HAD BEEN CHOSEN... THIS TIME A MAN WHOSE FAME HAD SPREAD THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE WEST HAD BEEN MALTRATED... THIS TIME BLACK JACK BARKER AND HIS BAND WOULD RECKON WITH THE FURY OF **WEESEL WILSON!**





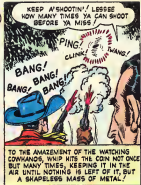


*A*FTER A QUARTER HOUR OF HARD RIDING, SHERIFF OAKS AND HIS POSSE REALIZE THAT THE FLEEING COWBOY'S MOUNT IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THEIR OWN PANTING HORSES!





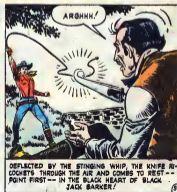




WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT, WHIP WILSON FLINGS HIMSELF TO ONE SIDE, DODGING BLACK JACK'S FIRST BULLET -- AS HIS HAND SHOOTS OUT FOR THE RAWHIDE WHIP HANGING AT HIS WAIST!



BUT THE FAINT WHISTLING SOUND OF THE DEADLY BLADE IS HEARD BY THE FAMOUS COWBOY, AND IN ONE SPLIT SECOND HE WHEELS ABOUT, SNAPS HIS WHIP...



DADDY... DADDY / THEY'VE KILLED YOU!  
(SOB!) OH, DADDY... AND YOU ALWAYS  
HATED VIOLENCE... YOU ONLY TRIED TO  
BRING PEACE AND HAPPINESS TO  
TOMBSTONE GAP / AND NOW  
THEY'VE KILLED YOU!

NO ONE  
EVER TOLD HER  
THE TRUTH  
ABOUT BLACK  
JACK, WHIP!

THEN  
IT WOULD  
BE BEST IF  
SHE NEVER  
KNEW!

YOU KILLED MY FATHER... / BUT IT  
WASN'T YOU ALONE -- IT WAS  
THE WEST -- THE CRUEL, MERCI-  
LESS WEST! DADDY WASN'T  
TOUGH ENOUGH TO STAND UP  
TO SUCH BRUTALITY... SO HE  
DIED! BUT HE DIED NOBLY,  
BRAVELY, WITH HIS  
BOOTS ON -- AND  
I'M PROUD  
OF HIM!

YOUR  
FATHER WAS  
AN -- UNUSUAL  
MAN!

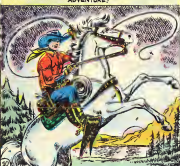
NOW WHERE CAN I  
FIND SHERIFF DAKS  
AND WEASEL?

YOU'LL HAVE TO RIDE  
SOME TO FIND 'EM.  
AS SOON AS THEY FOUND  
OUT WHO YOU WERE, THEY  
WIG-TAILED IT OVER THE  
BORDER -- WITH JUDGE  
BROWN AND THE REST  
OF THEIR THIEVIN' CREW!  
THEY MUST BE HALFWAY  
TO MEXICO BY NOW!

WELL, WITH BLACK JACK DEAD -- AND  
DAKS AND THE OTHERS GONE -- TOMB-  
STONE GAP'LL BE FIT TO LIVE IN AGAIN!  
I RECKON MISS NANCY WILL MAKE YOU  
MEN A FINE BOSS, TOO! / SO... THERE'S  
NO MORE FOR ME TO DO HERE!

NOPE, I RECKON  
YOU'VE DONE A  
PRETTY FAIR  
AFTERNOON'S  
WORK! YOU  
CLEANED UP AN  
ENTIRE TOWN!

AND SO, HIS JOB DONE, WHIP WILSON AND BULLET  
JOG ALONG TOWARD THE SETTING SUN -- AND NEW  
ADVENTURE!



AND IN A SMALL CEMETERY OUTSIDE OF TOMBSTONE  
GAP, A GIRL COMES EACH YEAR TO LAY FLOWERS AT  
THE TOMB OF THE MAN SHE HAD CALLED "FATHER"  
-- A MAN WHO WILL ALWAYS REMAIN A HERO TO HER!  
BECAUSE NO MAN DARES TELL HER THE TRUTH --  
AND BREAK HER HEART.

**THE END**

# Captain Tootsie

## NABS COUNTER-FEITER

By BILL SCHUBER



# WHIP WILSON

**"THE MAN EVERYONE HATED!"**

1277



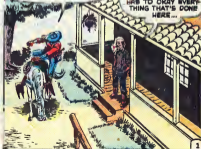
WHOA, BULLET BOY! LET'S SEE IF THEY'LL SELL ME SOME ORTS FOR YOU AT THAT RANCH, FELLA... 'CAUSE WE'RE STILL A LONG WAY FROM OUR HOME RANGE!

HONDY, SIR... MY NAME'S WHIP WILSON! I WONDER IF YOU'D SELL ME SOME FEEB FOR MY HOSS... WE'RE PASSIN' THROUGH ON OUR WAY TO DRY BUTTE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK MY PARDNER, GREG SNELL-- IF N HE SAYS SO, IT'S OKAY!

WHAT?! YOU MEAN I HAVE TO SPEAK TO YOUR PARDNER ABOUT SUCH A SIMPLE THING AS BUYIN' A COLLAR'S WORTH OF HAY?

THAT'S RIGH', STRANGER! OLD GREG SNELL, MAY HIS UGLY SOUL GO TO BLAZES, HAS TO OKAY EVERYTHING THAT'S DONE HERE...





DID I HEAR YOU MENTION MY NAME, BRENT, YOU SNIVELIN' WEAKLING?

MISTER SNELL! I ASKED YA NEVER TO CALL ME THAT!



BAH! TAKE YOUR WHINING COMPLAINTS SOMEWHERE ELSE... WHAT DO YOU WANT, STRANGER?

I'D LIKE TO BUY SOME FEED FOR MY HOSS!



SEE MY FOREMAN, TEX WYATT-- HE'LL SELL IT TO YA-- AND THEN MAKE TRACKS! I DON'T LIKE STRANGERS NOSYIN' AROUND MY RANCH! COME ON, RUST-- FOLLOW ME!



I GUESS YOU MUST BE TEX WYATT... GREG SNELL SAID YOU'D SELL ME SOME FEED FOR MY HOSS!

OH YEAH? THE OLD SKINLINT PROBABLY WANTS ME TO CHARGE YA DOUBLE FOR IT, TOO ...THAT, PENNY-PINCHIN' COYOTE!



GREG SNELL DOESN'T 'PEAR TO BE PARTICULARLY POPULAR WITH FOLKS AROUND HERE!

POPULAR? THERE AIN'T A HOMBRE IN THESE PARTS WHO WOULDN'T CELEBRATE IF THAT SKUNK WAS TO BE SHOT SOMEDAY!



SO, SLIM COOPER... I CAUGHT YA KISSIN' MY WARD AGAIN, EH? WELL, THIS TIME... YA WON'T GIT AWAY WITH IT!

NO, MISTER SNELL... DON'T! I LOVE EMMA... I WANT TO MARRY HER!

OH, DON'T HIT HIM, FATHER, PLEASE... WE'RE IN LOVE WITH EACH OTHER... DON'T, FATHER!

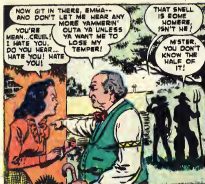
IN THERE'S TWO MORE FOLKS WHO WOULDN'T SHED A TEAR IF OLD MAN SNELL WAS TO MEET HIS MAKER!



GIT OFFA MY RANCH, YA NO-GOOD SADDLE-TRAMP! IF I EVER CATCH YA NEAR EMMA AGAIN-- I'LL KILL YA!

I'M LEVIN'... BUT I'LL BE BACK... I SWEAR IT!

OH, SLIM!



NOW GET IN THERE, EMMA--  
AND DON'T LET ME HEAR ANY  
MORE 'BAMMERN'  
OUTA YA UNLESS  
YA WANT ME TO  
LOSE MY  
TEMPER!

YOU'RE  
MEAN... CRUEL!  
I HATE YOU,  
DO YOU HEAR...  
HATE YOU! HATE  
YOU!

THAT SNELL  
IS SOME  
HOWERS,  
ISN'T HE?

MISTER,  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW THE  
HALE OF  
IT!



WELL, PARDNER, I'LL BE MOSEYIN' ALONG  
NOW--THANKS FOR THE FEED! IF I STAYED  
AROUND ANY LONGER, I MIGHT DO  
SOMETHIN' MYSELF TO SNELL THAT  
I'D BE SORRY FOR!

THAT'S THE WAY  
WE ALL FEEL,  
WILSON! VAYA  
CON ODS!



A FEW MILES AWAY... WHIP  
COMES TO THE TOWN OF  
EAGLE GAP!

BULLET, IT'S  
GETTIN' KINDA LATE--  
WE'D BETTER PUT UP  
HERE IN TOWN FOR THE  
NIGHT AND START OUT  
TOMORROW FRESH!



AND, THE NEXT MORNING...

AMM...IT FELT GOOD  
TO SLEEP BETWEEN  
SHEETS AGAIN! WHAT  
A WONDERFUL DAY--  
BREAK IT IS!

SAY! WHAT'S ALL  
THAT SHOUTIN' 'BOUT  
DOWN THERE? PEARLS  
LIKE SOMETHIN'S  
UP!



SAY, PARDNER,  
WHAT'S ALL THE  
COMMOTION  
'BOUT?

ODN'TCHA  
HEAR? SOME-  
ONE SHOT  
OLD GREG  
SNELL OURLIN',  
THE NIGHT... THE  
SHERIFF'S RICH'  
TO GET THE  
KILLER!



SO GREG SNELL FINALLY WAS  
MURDERED! I THINK WE'LL FOLLOW  
THE POGGE, BULLET--I'M KINDA  
INTERESTED IN SEEN WHAT  
DEVELOPS!



BACK AT THE RANCH HOUSE...

IT COULDN'T 'VE BEEN SUICIDE--  
THE GUN WAS FOUND OUTSIDE  
THE HOUSE IN THE BACK! HE  
COULDN'T 'VE SHOT HIMSELF  
AND THEN PUT THE GUN  
AWAY!

THEN IF HE WAS  
MURDERED... ONE  
OF US MUST BE  
THE MURDERER!  
OHMIGH!

EASY,  
EMMA, EVERY-  
THIN'LL BE  
ALL RIGHT!



EVERYONE OF YOU HATED SNELL AND HAD GOOD REASON TO KILL 'IM--HE HAD BEEN INSULTIN' AND CHEATIN' YA FOR YEARS! BUT THE ONE WHO SHOT HIM IS STILL A MURDERER... AND I'VE GOTTA FIND 'IM... AND STRING 'IM UP!



YOU MUST'VE KILLED 'IM, COOPER! HE ORDERED YA OFF THE RANCH--AND YOU SWORE YOU'D BE BACK FOR REVENGE-- I HEARD YA!

SURE I SWORE IT-- BUT I DIDN'T KILL 'IM! I JUST SNEAKED BACK TO SEE EMMA! YOU MIGHT BE THE KILLER-- YA ALWAYS SAID YA'D GET EVEN WITH 'IM FOR INSULTIN' YA!



WHAT'S THE SENSE O' STANDIN' HERE ARGUIN'? ANY OF US HAD GOOD REASON TO KILL 'IM... I HATED 'IM AS MUCH AS THE NEXT GUY BECAUSE HE MADE ME DO THE WORK OF THREE MEN... AND UNDERPAID AND INSULTED ME! MOTIVES DON'T MEAN ANYTHING-- WE ALL HAVE A MOTIVE! BUT WHO KILLED 'IM?



WE EXPECTED TO BE MURDERED-- BECAUSE HE CAME TO SEE ME A WEEK AGO WITH THIS LETTER! HE TOLD ME TO HOLD IT FOR HIM... AND IF HE WAS EVER KILLED HE WANTED ME TO OPEN THE LETTER AND READ IT, AFTER WE CAUGHT AND HUNG HIS MURDERER! IT'S HIS WILL!



SHERIFF, I'M A STRANGER HEEER-- NAME O' WHIP WILSON! BUT I RECKON I CAN SHOW YOU WHO KILLED GREG SNELL... AND NOW... IF YA'LL LET ME!

YOU? HOW DO YOU KNOW WHO KILLED 'IM?



I JES' KINDA FIGGERED IT OUT IN MY HEAD! C'MERE, BOY... C'MERE, RUST!

WELL, IF YOU'RE GONNA SHOW US THE MURDERER-- GO AHEAD! --DON'T WASTE TIME PLAYIN' WITH THAT OL' HOUND DOG!



I'M NOT WASTIN' TIME-- THE DOG IS IMPORTANT! WATCH... I'LL DROP MY GUN ON THE FLOOR...

WHAT'S HE UP TO?

SEARCH ME!





WATCH!

HE PICKED UP THE GUN!

AND HE'S RUNNIN' TOWARD THE WINDOW!



HE'S JUMPIN' OUT THE WINDOW WITH THE GUN!

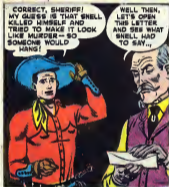
I'M BEGINNIN' TO UNDERSTAND NOW!



SEE? JUST AS I FIGGERED! HERE'S THE DOG BACK AGAIN-- WITH NO GUN! HE'S LEFT THE GUN OUTSIDE!

THEN YOU MEAN...

THAT'S RIGHT! THE DOG HAD BEEN TRAINED BY SNELL TO PICK UP ANY GUN IN THE ROOM AND DROP IT OUTSIDE!



CORRECT, SHERIFF! MY GUESS IS THAT SNELL KILLED HIMSELF AND TRIED TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE MURDER-- SO SOMEONE WOULD HANG!

WELL THEN, LET'S OPEN THIS LETTER AND SEE WHAT SNELL HAD TO SAY...



"TO SHERIFF DUNN... BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS LETTER YOU WILL PROBABLY HAVE HUNG SLIM COOPER FOR MY MURDER. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD PREVENT HIS MARRIAGE TO MY WARD. THIS IS TO LET YOU KNOW YOU HUNG THE WRONG MAN-- FOR I INTEND TO KILL MYSELF. IN DEATH AS IN LIFE, I WILL HAVE THE LAST LAUGH ON EVERYONE!"

HE... HE WAS INSANE!

THE POOR, MIZZURBLE, MIXED-UP JASPER!

Jo Sheriff D.  
By the time home



IT'S A GOOD THING WE READ THIS LETTER BEFORE I INVESTIGATED ANY FURTHER! I WANKA THANK YOU, STRANGER, FOR... SAY! WHERE'D THAT WILSON FELLA GO?



COME ON, BULLET BOY. WE'RE LATE FOR OUR APPOINTMENT IN DRY BUTTE-- BUT, SOMEHOW, I'M KINDA GLAD WE STOPPED AT SNELL'S RANCH! I GOTTA HUNCH SLIM COOPER'LL MAKE EMMA A FINE HUSBAND! YAHOO, BOY-- LET'S RIDE!

THE END



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# WHIP WILSON



**THE  
INDIAN  
KILLER!**

THIS IS THE TALE OF A MAN WHO WAITED FOR 20 YEARS TO SEE A DREAM COME TRUE...A DREAM OF REVENGE, HATRED, AND DEATH! OUR STORY BEGINS YEARS AGO...AS A COVERED WAGON TRAIN CROSSED THE WESTERN PLAINS...

KEEP YORE EYES PEELLED FOR INJUNS, SON-THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY IS THICK WITH 'EM!

DON'T WORRY, PAW-I WONT LET THEM HURTCHA!



WAGON TRAIN COME!

LET US STRIKE MY BROTHERS!





PAW! THEY'RE COMING... INJUNS!

AT THE DREADED CRY, INJUNS, THE WAGON TRAIN FORMED A HASTY CIRCLE AS THE HARDY SETTLERS PREPARED TO FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES!



THEY GOT ME!

TAKE THAT YA MURDERIN' REDSKIN!

THE CHILDREN HIDE THE CHILDREN!



LOOKS LIKE OUR NUMBER'S UP SON-- STAY IN THE TRUNK AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND! HEAR ME?

YES, PAW!

THOUGH THEY FOUGHT BRAVELY THE SETTLERS WERE HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED AND FINALLY...



I PRAY THAT JIMMY'LL BE SPARED! AND NOW I'LL... ARGHHH!



WELL DONE, MY BRAVES! NOW WE LEAVE THIS PLACE BEFORE RANGERS GET HERE!



PAW... PAW... SOB!

AND SO ONLY ONE SURVIVOR WAS LEFT OF THE ILL-FATED WAGON TRAIN-- ONE LONE BOY, JIMMY MATSON-- A BOY WITH A DESTINY OF DEATH TO FULFILL!

IN DUE TIME THE WAGON TRAIN AND THE LONE SURVIVOR WAS DISCOVERED BY A TROOP OF RANGERS...

...AND JIMMY MATTSOON WAS BROUGHT TO THE NEAREST RANGER OUTPOST!

AS THE YEARS SPED BY, JIMMY MATTSOON LIVED WITH ONLY ONE THOUGHT—REVENGE! DEATH TO THE INDIAN! EVERYTHING HE DID WAS DONE FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING HIMSELF A RUTHLESS KILLER!

THIS WAY, CAPTAIN... LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TOO LATE!

'PEARS LIKE THIS'LL JUST BE YORE HOME FER A SPELL NOW, JIMMY!'

JUST TILL I'M OLD ENOUGH TO GIT ME A GUN AND GO OUT AND KILL INJUNS!

HOLY COW, JIMMY! DON'T YOU EVER MISS?

I CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS, RED! ...EVER!



HE DEVOTED ALL HIS ENERGIES TO LEARNING THE WAYS OF THE WOODS AS WELL AS ANY RED MAN... HE ESCAPED THE BEST TRAPPER AND TRAIL-BLAZER WEST OF THE RIO GRANDE!

AND FINALLY, THE ONE THING WHICH HE HAD WANTED BECAME A FACT—JIMMY MATTSOON BECAME A RANGER AS SOON AS HE REACHED THE RIGHT AGE!



NOW THAT YOU'RE A RANGER MATTSOON... WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO SPECIALIZE IN?

THAT'S AN EASY QUESTION, SIR!

I'M GONNA KILL INJUNS!

AND JIMMY MATTSOON WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD! IN A MATTER OF MONTHS, HE BECAME KNOWN AS THE FIERCEST INDIAN FIGHTER IN THE TERRITORIES! HIS NAME WAS A LEGEND... HIS RUTHLESSNESS A BYWORD!



CHARGE! LET NONE OF THEM ESCAPE!



DEATH TO THE ACCURSED RANGERS

UGH!



WITH BLAZING COLTS, OR BATTLING HAND-TO-HAND, JIMMY MATTSON FOUGHT WITH THE PURITY OF A WILD WOLF PACK!



THERE! TAKE THAT... AND THAT! FOR MY FATHER! AND THAT... AND THAT!

MATTSON! HE'S ALREADY DEAD! HAVE YOU GONE MAD, MAN? MATTSON... STOP! YOU CAN'T KILL HIM MORE THAN ONCE!

BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!



BUT AS THE YEARS SPED BY, MORE AND MORE INDIAN TRIBES MADE PEACE WITH THE WHITE MEN... UNTIL FINALLY THE LAST WARRING CHIEFTAIN SMOKED THE PIPE OF PEACE!

CHIEF, THIS PEACE PACT MEANS THAT FINALLY THE RED MAN AND THE WHITE MAN WILL LIVE IN PEACE THROUGHOUT THIS GREAT NATION!

IS GOOD PEACE PACT! NOW SMOKUM PIPE OF PEACE!



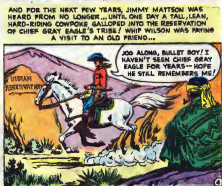
WELL, MATTSON, THINGS SHOULD BE QUITE PEACEFUL FOR YOU FROM NOW ON... THERE WILL BE NO MORE INDIANS FOR US RANGERS TO BATTLE!

I KNOW, COLONEL, AND THAT'S WHY I'M ~~RESHAWING~~ <sup>RESHAWING</sup> FROM THE RANGERS! I INTEND TO KEEP FIGHTIN' INJUNS, EVEN IF THE RANGERS DON'T!



HE'S GOT HATE IN HIS HEART, THAT BOY! HE'LL COME TO A BAD END SOMEDAY!

A BORN KILLER, SIR-- THAT'S WHAT HE IS! I'O HATE TO HAVE HIM FOR AN ENEMY!



AND FOR THE NEXT FEW YEARS, JIMMY MATTSON WAS HEARD FROM NO LONGER... UNTIL ONE DAY A TALL, LEAN, HARD-RIDING COWPOKE GALLOPED INTO THE RESERVATION OF CHIEF GRAY EAGLE'S TRIBE! WHIP WILSON WAS PAYING A VISIT TO AN OLD FRIEND...

JOG ALONG, BULLET BOY! I HAVEN'T SEEN CHIEF GRAY EAGLE FOR YEARS-- HOPE HE STILL REMEMBERS ME!



SAY! WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE? THE BRAVES ARE DOING A WAR DANCE! LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE IN THE AIR!



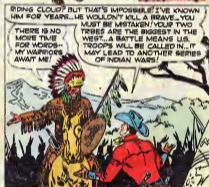
HOW, CHIEF GRAY EAGLE! AFTER MANY MOONS IT BRINGS JOY TO MY HEART TO SEE YOU!

HOW! GRAY EAGLE'S EYES ARE HAPPY AT THE SIGHT OF WHIP WILSON! EVEN ON THE EVE OF BATTLE IT'S GOOD TO SEE AN OLD FRIEND!



BATTLE? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, CHIEF? WHAT BATTLE? WHY THE WAR PAINT AND THE WAR DANCE? WHAT'S WRONG?

IT IS THE SERRANO TRIBE! THEIR CHIEFTAIN, RIDING CLOUD, HAS MURDERED ONE OF MY BRAVES! IT MEANS WAR BETWEEN OUR TRIBES!



RIDING CLOUD? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I'VE KNOWN HIM FOR YEARS... HE WOULDN'T KILL A BRAVE... YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN! YOUR TWO TRIBES ARE THE BIGGEST IN THE WEST... A BATTLE MEANS U.S. TROOPS WILL BE CALLED IN... IT MAY LEAD TO ANOTHER SERIES OF INDIAN WARS!

THERE IS NO MORE TIME FOR WORDS-- MY WARRIORS AWAIT ME!

...



THIS IS FANTASTIC! SOMEONE MUST HAVE MURDERED THE BRAVE AND MADE IT SEEM AS THOUGH RIDING CLOUD IS RESPONSIBLE! BUT WHO? AND WHY? WHO WOULD WANT TO START ANOTHER INDIAN WAR?



I'VE GOT TO REACH RIDING CLOUD AND WARN HIM BEFORE GRAY EAGLE STRIKES! LET'S GO, BULLET BOY--LET'S HEAR THE THUNDER OF YOUR HOOPS!



BUT, AS THE MIGHTY STALLION GALLOPED TOWARD THE SERRANO TRIBE, A LARIAT SANG OUT AND WHIP WILSON WAS THROWN FROM HIS MOUNT!

WHA...?

NOT SO FAST THERE, STRANGER!



YOU WUZ RIDIN' AS THO' YOU WUZ GONNA WARN THE SERRANOS OF SOMETHING! I DON'T WANT 'EM TO BE WARNED! THAT'S WHY I STOPPED YA!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE SERRANOS?



I'M JIMMY MATTSOON, THE ONE MAN ALONE WHO HAS PLOTTED ALL THESE YEARS TO START AN INDIAN WAR... A WAR THAT'LL MEAN THE DEATH OF EVERY RED MAN IN THE COUNTRY... THAT'S WHO I AM! AND NO ONE IS GONNA STOP ME! NOW, STRANGER, I'M GONNA KILL YA SO I CAN GET ON WITH MUH BUSINESS!



MATTSOON, YOU WERE WRONG ON THREE COUNTS! FIRST, YOU'RE NOT GONNA KILL ME! NEXT, I AM GONNA STOP YOU! AND THIRD, I'M NOT A STRANGER-- MUH HANDLE'S WHIP WILSON-- I'M SURE YA HEARD OF ME!

WHIP WILSON! UGH!



LIKE A STRIKING RATTLE, WHIP'S HAND SPRANG TO HIS WHIP AND IT DARTED OUT WITH LIGHTNING SPEED...

I'LL KILL YA WITH MUH BARE HANDS-- JUST LIKE I KILLED ALL THOSE REDSKINS BEFORE YA!



BEFORE WHIP COULD MAKE ANOTHER MOVE... 200 POUNDS OF MANIACAL FURY LEAPED AT HIS THROAT!

MATTSOON, YOU'VE CARRIED AN INSANE HATRED AROUND INSIDE OF YOU FOR YEARS! YOU CAN'T KEEP MURDERING INNOCENT MEN JUST BECAUSE YOUR FATHER WAS SLAIN YEARS AGO!

OH, YOU HAVEN'T HEARD MY HISTORY, WELL, THEN YOU KNOW THAT I'LL NEVER REST TILL EVERY INDIAN IS DEAD AND GONE!

AND AS LONG AS THERE ARE MEN LIKE YOU IN THIS WORLD WHOSE ONLY DESIRE IS TO CAUSE DEATH AND MISERY-- THERE WILL BE MEN LIKE ME WHOSE ONE AIM IS TO DEFEAT YOU!

BRAVE TALK AIN'T GONNA SAVE YOUR LIFE, WILSON!



THERE!

CRACK!



CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME, WILSON-- I GOT INJUNS TO KILL!



DON'T COUNT ME OUT YET, MATTSON!

BUT WITH SPLIT-SECOND TIMING, WHIP ROLLED OVER AT THE LAST MINUTE, KICKING MATTSON IN THE KNEE AT THE VERY INSTANT THAT MATTSON WAS OFF BALANCE!



I'M FALLING! STOP ME... HELP! I DON'T WANNA DIE... NO! HELP!



AHHHH!  
CRACK!

I'LL SAVE YOU, MATTSON-- FOR MY OWN PURPOSES!

ONCE MORE THE MAGIC WHIP OF THE FIGHTING COWBOY SNAPPED OUT-- THIS TIME TO SAVE A LIFE, NOT TAKE ONE!



AND LATER, AFTER MANY MILES OF HARD RIDING... BEFORE YOU TWO GREAT CHIEFS BEGIN A NEEDLESS MASSACRE, LISTEN TO WHAT THIS YELLA RENEGADE HAS TO SAY! TALK, MATTSON... TALK!

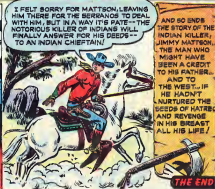
DON'T SHOOT! I'LL TALK... I DID IT... I MURDERED GRAY EAGLE'S BRAVE, AND I PLANTED THE EVIDENCE ON A SERRANOS WARRIOR!



WHIP WILSON, YOU HAVE DONE A WONDERFUL THING TODAY... CHIEF GRAY EAGLE IS YOUR LIFE-- LONG FRIEND!

AND I, WHIP WILSON, AM ALSO ALWAYS IN YOUR DEBT!

IF I HAVE SPARED THE LIVES OF INNOCENT MEN THAT IS PAYMENT ENOUGH, MY GOOD FRIENDS!



I FELT SORRY FOR MATTSON, LEAVING HIM THERE FOR THE SERRANOS TO DEAL WITH HIM, BUT IN A WAY IT'S PATE-- THE NOTORIOUS KILLER OF INDIANS WILL FINALLY ANSWER FOR HIS DEEDS-- TO AN INDIAN CHIEFTAIN!

AND SO ENDS THE STORY OF THE INDIAN KILLER, JIMMY MATTSON, THE MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE SEEN A CREDIT TO HIS FATHER... AND TO THE WEST... IF HE HADN'T NURTURED THE SEEDS OF HATRED AND REVENGE IN HIS BREAST ALL HIS LIFE!



# HAWKEYE HARRIS

SHERIFF OF CACTUS GAP!



7303

MAY 22, 1845 WAS A DAY JUST LIKE ANY OTHER DAY FOR HAWKEYE HARRIS--IT BEGAN IN THE SAME WAY FOR HIM--WITH A CRY FOR HELP!



TAKE IT EASY, OLD-TIMER... I'LL GIT YOURE HOSS BACK FOR YA!

IF ANYBODY CAN, IT'LL BE YOU, SHERIFF HARRIS!





IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE THERE'S BEEN ANY HOGS-STEALIN' IN THESE PARTS! I CAN'T LET THAT JASPER GIT AWAY WITH IT!



THAT'S IT, SMOKEY... WE'RE GAININ'... STEADY NOW, BOY!



WE GOT 'IM!

ARGH!

A HALF-HOUR LATER, BACK AT CACTUS GAP...



GOT ANYTHING TA SAY AFERE WE HANG YA, STRANGER?

NAW... STRING ME UP AND GIT IT DONE WITH!



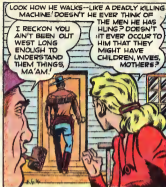
HOW HORRIBLE! WAS THAT POOR MAN HUNG JUST FOR STEALING A HORSE?

LADY IN THESE PARTS HOGS-STEALIN' IS ABOUT THE WUST CRIME THERE IS!



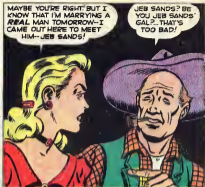
HOW CRUEL AND COLD THAT SHERIFF MUST BE--HOW LITTERLY WITHOUT MERCY AND CONJUNCTION! WHAT A BEAST!

YER WRONG, GAL--HAWKEYE HARRIS IS THE KINDEST, MOST JUST HOMBRE IN THESE PARTS! HE'S GOTTA BE TOUGH... OR WE'D HAVE NO LAW IN CACTUS GAP!



LOOK HOW HE WALKS—LIKE A DEADLY KILLING MACHINE! DOESN'T HE EVER THINK OF THE MEN HE HAS HUNG? DOESN'T IT EVER OCCUR TO HIM THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE CHILDREN, WIVES, MOTHERS?

I RECKON YOU AIN'T BEEN OUT WEST LONG ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND THEM THINGS, MA'AM!



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT I KNOW THAT I'M MARRYING A REAL MAN TOMORROW—I CAME OUT HERE TO MEET HIM—JEB SANDS!

JEB SANDS? BE YOU JEB SANDS' GAL?... THAT'S TOO BAD!



WHY DO YOU SAY THAT? WHY IS IT TOO BAD?

JEB'S GOT A MIGHTY POWERFUL ENEMY HERE IN TOWN, MA'AM—ACES DOWD! ACES HAS A DOZEN OF HIS BOYS WAITIN' FER JEB TA WALK INTO HIS SALOON... AND JEB'S GONNA BE GUNNED DOWN!



BUT THAT'S MURDER! WHERE IS JEB? I'LL WARN HIM! HE MUSTN'T ENTER THAT SALOON!

NUTHIN' YA CAN DO ABOUT IT! IT'S A PERSONAL MATTER, KINDA! YA COULD NEVER TALK JEB OUTA WALKIN' INTO THAT SALOON... HE'D FIGGER FOLKS WOULD CALL HIM A COWARD!



THE SHERIFF/HAWKEYE HARRIS! I'LL TELL HIM—HE'S GOTTA HELP!

A FEW MINUTES LATER IN HAWKEYE HARRIS' OFFICE...



SHERIFF, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! I LOVE JEB! WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED... DON'T LET HIM DIE, SHERIFF!... DON'T!

I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO MA'AM!

AND, AS THE AFTERNOON WORE ON, ACES DOWD AND HIS GNINNS WAITED IN THE SALOON, UNTIL, FINALLY...



HERE COMES THAT JEB SANDS' POLECAT MEN! GET YOUR IRONS READY!

WE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!



WITH SLOW, MEASURED TREAD, THE DOOMED MAN WALKED TOWARD THE SALOON IN WHICH HE WAS FATED TO MEET HIS DESTINY...

IT'S JEB!... THAT COWARDLY SHERIFF IS LETTING HIM DIE! OH, JEB! STOP! WAIT... DON'T GO IN THERE!



EASY, HONEY! I'M HERE... I'M ALL RIGHT!



JEB!... BUT I SAW YOU WALKING TOWARD THE SALOON!



THAT WASN'T ME, HONEY--IT WAS HAWKEYE HARRIS! HE KNOCKED ME OUT WITH A GUN BUTT AND SWITCHED CLOTHES WITH ME! I DUNNO WHY... 'CAUSE HE'S WALKIN' RIGHT INTO A MASSACRE!

IT'S STARTED ALREADY!



**BANG!**  
**BANG!**  
**BANG!**



YOU GOT ME, ACES--BUT I'M TALKIN' YOU AND YOUR GUNNIES WITH ME!



YOU... DON'T HAVETA... WORRY, LITTLE LADY! JEB SANDS, CAN MARRY YA NOW...

OH, SHERIFF... AND TO THINK THAT I...!

HAWKEYE! THEY GOT YA!

THERE LIES THE MAN YOU SAID HAD NO MERCY... NO HEART!

WE'LL NEVER FORGET HIM-- NEVER!

TO THE GREATEST SHERIFF... AND THE KINDEST MAN WHO EVER LIVED!



AND TODAY, IN A TIDY LITTLE CEMETERY IN CACTUS GAP, TEXAS, THE TOMBSTONE OF HAWKEYE HARRIS STILL STANDS--MUTE TRIBUTE TO THE SHERIFF WHO NEVER SWIRKED HIS DUTY!

**THE END**

## AN ACE UP HIS SLEEVE



IT had been three weeks since they had left him alone, assuming that he was dead. Three weeks of agony and anger, with the bitter fire of revenge burning through his insides. Charlie Griffin stirred the embers of his fire and pulled the coffee pot toward him, wincing as he leaned too heavily on his shattered arm inside the sling. Every moment of pain brought new determination to his mind—a bitter promise to wipe out every last one of the gang that had swept across the plains, stealing his stock and killing his partner.

His lips parted as though sneezing at himself. For a moment he remembered Pop White's words before he rode out of town. "Take it easy, son," he had told him. "Gavin and his gang are killers and it'll take more'n one man to stop 'em. Let the posse run 'em down."

Charlie had snorted at that. "Posse nothing, Pop! You don't know what it's like to see a partner gunned down in cold blood. You got to feel a half-dozen horses trampling over your body to know what I went through. I want to get 'em myself!"

Pop had nodded, then looked inquiringly at Charlie's arm, helpless within the plaster cast. "Mebbe so, son. But jest how you gonna go about it?"

A wave of defeat passed over

the tall cowboy, but he recovered in a moment, baring his teeth in a grin. "I don't know how, Pop, but I'll find a way." He nodded, then touched his spurs to the chestnut mare and loped off down the street. His destination was the foothills of the mountain range, an outlaw-ridden section that had long and safely sheltered the hands that rode the hoot-owl trail. Well, he could ride them, too, and somewhere in that maze of hills and gulches, his trail would cross that of Gavin's gang. What happened then was in the hands of Lady Luck.

But even as he rode in pursuit, so did the posse. Word drifted to Charlie that first one, then another, of the gang was either dead or held in hard. And, as he heard the news, Charlie's anger increased until he shook with rage. He didn't want them jailed where a surprise raid could set them free . . . he wanted them at the end of his gun, seeing what it was like to go down in a blast of gunfire!

It was only this morning that Charlie saw the silhouette of the posse's riders on the hill above him. He hailed them and rode forward. Sheriff Hardy told him the news, almost gladly, it seemed. "We got them all, Charlie . . . that is, all but Gavin. Right along we've heard that he lit out for the border

and most likely he'll stay there. Not much sense trying to chase him."

No, there wasn't much sense to it at that. Charlie stirred up his fire again, sipping his coffee slowly. Mexico was a big place, he thought. A man could hide there forever. Well; in the morning he'd hit the trail for home, but the rest of his life his mind would not be at ease, knowing that a murderer was riding another trail somewhere, free to kill again whenever it pleased him.

The chestnut mare heard the click of the hoofs on the rocks before he did, and whinnied softly. Charlie eased his arm into a more comfortable position and half turned. Out of the blackness of the night the rider emerged. His horse was trail-weary and dust-caked. The rider himself was red-eyed with fatigue, but from his stance in the saddle Charlie saw at once that he was fully alert. His clothes were covered with dirt and alkali, all but his gun, that swung at his side clean and glistening with oil.

Beneath his shirt Charlie felt his heart hammering against his ribs. His lips formed a soundless word . . . "Gavin!" The outlaw wiped a hand across his stubble of a beard and snarled, "So you walked away that night after all. Too bad, mister." He swung down from the saddle

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY...





# WHIP WILSON



**FIGHTING  
THE  
MEXICAN  
MARAUDER!**

7249

IN A DINGY CAFE, SOUTH OF THE BORDER!

CARRAMBIA! EACH TIME I PEEK UP A NOOSEPAPER, I SEE WRITTEN ABOUT THEESE WHEEP WELSON GRINGO! WHO IS THEESE WHEEP WELSON? I, RANCHO DIABLO, WOULD BREAK HEEM IN TWO--EEF I COULD FND HEEM!



AM I NOT THE BEEGEST BANDITO SOUTH OF THE BORDER? DOES MY NAME NOT BRING TERROR AND FEAR TO THE HEART OF EVERY MEXICANO? WHY DO THE NOOSEPAPERS NOT WRITE ABOUT ME, EENSTEAD OF THESE WHEEP WELSON?

B-BECAUSE HE EES A BEEG AMERICAN HEEKO, RANCHO!





HE DID IT!  
VIVA, WHEEP WILSON!  
VIVA!

**SNAP!**



LOOK, RANCHO! A CARNEEVAL! THERE EES SURE TO BE GRINGOS WEETH MUCH MONEY EENSIDE!

YOU KNOW, JOSE, I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO EENTO A CARNEEVAL! ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE EES MONEY EENSIDE FOR RANCHO TO STEAL!



15 MINUTES LATER...

SCATTER, MY LITTLE PIGEONS... HA/HA/HA!

EVERYBODY GEEVE ME YOUR MONEY AND THERE WEEL BE NO TROUBLE! EEF ANY ONE REFUSE, RANCHO DIABLO WEEL SHOOT HEEM DOWN LIKE A DOG!

RANCHO DIABLO! I'VE BEEN HOPING Y'D RUN ACROSS THIS COYOTE!

POR DIOS! EET EES RANCHO DIABLO!

PUT DOWN THAT GUN, YOU FOOL! EET EES DEATH TO RESIST RANCHO!



DIABLO, YOUR FATHER WAS A PIG AND YOUR MOTHER A VULTURE! AND YOU ARE NOTHING MORE THAN A SLIMY, STUPID SNAKE!

CARRAMBA! WHO SAID THAT? I WEEL TEAR HEEM TO BITS! YOU! WHEEP WEEELSON!



YES, WHIP WILSON! AND HERE'S WHY THEY CALL ME WHIP!

GRINGO DOG! SHOOT HEEM DOWN, MEN... KEEL HEEM!

**SNAP!**





RANCHO DIABLO IS AT THE RECEIVING END OF ONE OF THE GREATEST PIECES OF WHIP WIZARDRY EVER PERFORMED--AS WHIP WELSON MAKES HIS DEADLY PARABOLIC CURVE AROUND THE CAPTIVE BOY AND FINDS THE NECK OF THE OUTLAW!



THE END

# FACTORY TO YOU!

**NOT 1-NOT 2-NOT 3  
BUT ALL 4**



ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

## 1 FOUNTAIN PEN

Beautifully gold-plated **ROCKET POINT** writes vibrant smooth, as bold as fire as you prefer. New "non-leak" feed guarantees never "drips" - always moist point. Write "Star Ball Pen" in the "white" point cap - deep pocket clip safeguards against loss.

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## SEND NO MONEY

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Great standard lead and just a few pencils, pencils, pencils. Slipped in, inserted, retracted. Fits in your pocket. Leads work in any lead pencil and eraser. Perfect for use by school boys and adults for writing lead reference and drawing. Mechanically perfect and never dull. No sharpening!

## 4 POCKET BALL PEN

Small, standard lead and just a few pencils, pencils, pencils. Slipped in, inserted, retracted. Fits in your pocket. Leads work in any lead pencil and eraser. Perfect for use by school boys and adults for writing lead reference and drawing. Mechanically perfect and never dull. No sharpening!

## FACTORY TO YOU

Count it's a little bigger than other pens, yet more so. It's a little, left service pen. The original NEW **ROCKET BALL PEN** with any name engraved in gold letters on all four. The **ROCKET BALL PEN** is the one you should own for each friend. (They're advance and we pay postage.)

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Send us the money ... that's all we ask. In return ... that's why the highest honor that a man can receive ... is to be ... a ... man. ... that's why the highest honor that a man can receive ... is to be ... a ... man. ... that's why the highest honor that a man can receive ... is to be ... a ... man.

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE: Some names must be engraved on all four pieces.

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and ground-haltered his horse, disdainfully ignoring the fact that Charlie's gun was on his saddle roll only a few feet away.

Charlie noticed it, too, and realized what it meant. Gavin was hoping he'd go for it . . . any excuse to kill him. There wasn't anybody in the territory who could beat Gavin to the draw. The outlaw strode into the light of the fire, only to be met with a wry grin. Charlie said, "They told me you beat it for the border. What happened . . . you come back to finish your job?"

"I come back because they won't be looking for me. You were a fool to stick around in these hills. I thought you were one of the boys."

"Now you got to kill me, I suppose?"

The outlaw laughed sharply. "Looks that way, don't it?" His hand rested lightly on his hips, waiting to see what would happen. But Charlie made no motion toward his gun, still within easy reach. He lifted his hat into a better spot in the slag and reached for his sack of tobacco in his shirt pocket. Deliberately, he rolled a cigarette.

"You shouldn't have come back, Gavin."

It was too matter of fact, the way he said that. The outlaw shifted nervously. "No? Why? That fool posse will be busy bringing the rest of the boys up against a jury. Think they'll worry about me? As far as they know I lit out for Mexico, and you followed me down. If you never show up again it means you're still looking. What am I gonna lose?"

"Your life, Gavin. I'm gonna kill you."

A sarcastic laugh burst from

the outlaw. "With what, that bum wing that I smashed? Too bad it wasn't your head like I thought it would be." His face drew into a scowl. "You've caused me enough trouble for ten guys. I could've gotten clear off with that load of beef if you didn't manage to get a posse on my trail so fast. I told the boys not to leave anyone alive when they raided the place, and they didn't make sure of the job when they ran you down. I should have come back myself and made sure."

Charlie nodded agreeably. "Yep, that was your big mis-



take. Now you're gonna make another. You're gonna try to kill me."

"That won't be a mistake, buddy, that'll be easy. I like to pull irons with a guy who can use one, but in this case I don't care if you can or not. It's tough on you that it had to be this way, but I'm not taking any chances. Go ahead and reach for your iron."

Gavin's hand hovered above his gun butt, waiting for Charlie to move, but the cowboy held his position, still grinning. Gavin's hand began to shake with the suspense, the

desire to kill creeping into his body. Somewhere a coyote howled and broke the unearthly stillness. The outlaw's eyes were a fiery red, seething with a blood-lust.

Gavin blurted, "Well, go ahead. You're getting a chance at me. Reach for your gun . . . you got time. It's there, all ready for you. Go ahead and grab it. You said you were gonna kill me—now do it!"

But instead of reaching, Charlie barely shifted his position, favoring his arm. His eyes were tight slits as he watched the outlaw. A smile of anticipation tugged at the corners of his mouth as he watched Gavin becoming furious over Charlie's refusal to defend himself. Charlie's voice was so low Gavin barely heard it. "I am going to kill you, Gavin. I swore that I'd get you and now I have. Maybe my way of killing is knowing that you're going to be hung for my murder. Go ahead and shoot, I'm waiting to see you do it!"

The outlaw could stand it no longer. "Don't draw then!" he screamed. His hand was a blurred streak as he reached for his gun, but even as he whipped it from the leather there was a crash of thunder and a bullet thudded into his chest. Gavin's eyes went wide in amazement—he tried to bring his gun into line, but his hand went limp. Slowly, his knees buckled and he collapsed in the dirt. Even as his eyes closed in death he could see the ugly snout of the derringer Charlie had concealed in his chest, covered almost completely by fingers that barely had strength enough to pull the trigger. Yes, barely enough . . . but enough.

THE END 81 6282



# HOW I MET... **BULLET,**

"WONDER HORSE OF THE WEST!"

By  
*Whip Wilson*

AND NOW WILSON, YOU'LL  
GIT YOURS! I'M GONNA...

**HEY!**

STOP THAT HOSS! HE'S  
A LOCO KILLER!



I WAS ONLY NINETEEN AT THE TIME ... AND HAD JUST  
FINISHED CAPTURIN' THE FENTON BROTHERS... THE  
NOTORIOUS RUSTLERS OF PECOS COUNTY!

KEEP A'RIGIN',  
HOMBRES! I  
RECKON THE  
SHERIFF'LL BE  
MIGHTY GLAD  
TA SEE YA!

YA WON'T  
GET AWAY  
WITH THIS,  
WILSON!

SHET UP, ZEB! HE  
GOT US AND FLAP-  
PIN' THAT BIG MOUTH  
O' YOURS CAIN'T  
HELP MATTERS  
NONE!



WE WERE RIDIN' THROUGH TREACHEROUS  
COUNTRY, THERE AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF PECOS  
COUNTY-- LONELY, DANGEROUS COUNTRY --  
JUST THE PLACE WHERE A PINTO PONY  
SHOULDN'T STUMBLE OVER A GOPHER HOLE --  
AS MINE DID!

EASY, BOY...  
LOOK OUT!

LOCK-- HIS  
HOSS STUMBLER!

NOW'S  
OUR  
CHANCE!



WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKIN' RATTLER, ZED FENTON DREW A BEAD ON ME... AND FIRED... AT POINT-BLANK RANGE!



LUCKY FOR ME, THE BULLET ONLY GRAZED MY SCALP... BUT IT SENT ME TO THE GROUND IN AN UNCONSCIOUS HEAP!



WELL THEN, IF 'N HE'S DEAD, HE AIN'T GOT NO USE FOR THIS PINTO PONY!

AN IF 'N HE AIN'T DEAD, HE WILL BE WHEN HE WAKES UP -- WITHOUT NO HOSS TO TAKE 'IM TO THE NEAREST TOWN!



IT MAY HAVE BEEN A FEW MINUTES LATER -- OR HOURS LATER -- BUT FINALLY...

WHREWW... MY HEAD! THE FENTONS -- THEY'RE GONE!



CORKY! THOSE LOW-DOWN, BUSHWACKIN' COYOTES STOLE MY PONY! WHAT AM I GONNA DO NOW?



AS IF IN ANSWER TO MY ANGRY QUESTION, I HEARD THE PROUD WHINNY'N' OF A WILD HOSS / LOOKIN' UPWARD, I SAW THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STALLION I'D EVER SEEN!



I WANTED THAT HOSS MORE THAN I'D EVER WANTED ANYTHING IN MY ENTIRE LIFE!

AFTER LONG, WEARY MINUTES OF CLIMBIN' I REACHED THE TOP OF THE HILL AND EAGERLY LOOKED FOR THE NOBLE ANIMAL...

SUDDENLY I HEARD A BLOOD-CURDLIN' WHINNY BEHIND ME... A LOUD, COMMANDIN' SOUND THAT FROZE MY BLOOD!



AS I LOOKED UP, I KNEW THIS WAS NO ORDINARY WILD HOGS, TO BE TRAPPED AND TRAINED IN A ROUTINE MANNER; THIS WAS A PRIZE -- A GEM--A KING OF WILD HORSES -- THIS WAS THE MIGHTIEST STALLION OF ALL!

IF I CAN JUST GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO GET MY LASSO ON HIM!



IT'S HIM!

I LEAPED ASIDE IN A SPLIT SECOND, JUST IN TIME TO DODGE A HALF-TON OF OCEALY HOOFS AND GNASHIN' TEETH!

... WITH THE SAME MOTION I THREW MY LASSO 'ROUND HIS NECK... AND PRAYED!



WHOA, BOY! ... EASY!



GOTCHA!

I'D RIDDEN BUCKIN' BRONCS IN RODEOS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, BUT NEVER A MOUNT LIKE THIS! HE SENSED THAT I WAS TRYIN' TO MASTER HIM, AND HE CALLED UPON HIS STEEL SINEWS AND GALLANT HEART IN A HEROIC EFFORT TO UNBEAT ME!

BUCK, YOU FOUR-LEGGED SON OF A MOUNTAIN LION / TWIST, YOU SHARLIN' SHORTIN' SHOEWININ' BAG O' BONES! I'M STAYIN' ON YOUR BACK TILL THE RIO GRANDE RUNS DRY!



I KNEW IT WAS NOW OR NEVER! WITHOUT MY LASSO SECURELY FASTENED TO THE HORN OF MY PONY'S SAADDLE, I HAD NO CHANCE OF HOLDIN' THE MIGHTY BEAST... I HAD TO RIDE THE STALLION NOW--BAREBACK--OR NEVER!

BUT DETERMINED THOUGH THE STALLION WAS, I WAS EVEN MORE DETERMINED! ONLY DEATH WOULD STOP ME FROM HANGIN' ON TO HIS HEAVEN' BACK... FOR THIS WAS MORE THAN A HOSS TO ME... THIS WAS THE REALIZATION OF A PRAYER--A DREAM-- THIS WAS THE ANSWER TO EVERY COWBOY'S UNSPOKEN WISH-- THIS WAS THE ONE STALLION IN THE WORLD FOR ME!



IT WAS ONLY A FEW MINUTES LATER, BUT IT SEEMED LIKE YEARS... THE STALLION STOPPED... STOOD STILL, BREATHIN' HARD / I KNEW I HAD WON / I WAS HIS MASTER / HE WAS MINE!

AS I DISMOUNTED, I SENSED TROUBLE... AND THEN I HEARD...

THANK YA, BARDNER... RIGHT NICE O' YA TO CATCH THIS HERE STALLION FER US!

YEAH / MAKES US KINGA GLAO WE DIDN'T FINISH YA OFF AFORE -- LIKE WE'RE SONNA DO NOW!



BEFORE I COULD MOVE, THE STALLION REARED UPON HIS HIND LEGS, LASHED OUT WITH HIS FORELEGS... AND ZEB FENTON FELL TO THE GROUND... AN INERT MASS OF BROKEN BONES!

ZEB! LOOK OUT -- THE HOSS'S LOCO!



THE REMAININ' FENTON DREW HIS .45, ABOUT TO SHOOT THE STALLION!... MY WHIP WAS FASTER AND SURER!

I'LL KILL BOTH O' YA -- YOU FIRST, YA WHITE DEVIL!

YOUR KILLIN' DAYS ARE OVER, FENTON!

CRACK!



NOW STAND THERE TILL I MAKE UP MY MIND WHIT TO DO WITH YA!



THEN IT WAS OVER / ZEB FENTON LAY DEAD AT MY FEET... AND SAM FENTON HAD A BROKEN ARM! BUT MY HEART WAS SAD AS THE NOBLE STALLION WALKED AWAY -- FOR I KNEW I COULD NEVER CATCH HIM -- NOT AFTER HE HAD SAVED MY LIFE!

BUT SUDDENLY THE STALLION STOPPED, TURNED IN HIS TRACKS, AND SLOWLY WALKED BACK TO ME...



GOOD BOY! YOU'RE AS TRUE AS A BULLET!... BULLET! THAT'S YOU -- THAT'LL BE YOUR NAME!



AS THE SILVER STALLION RUBBED HIS NOZZLE AGAINST MY ARM, I KNEW I HAD A HOSS -- A HOSS WHOSE NAME WOULD RING ACROSS THE WEST LIKE A GOLDEN SUNSET / BULLET WAS MINE!

AFTER BRINGIN' SAM FENTON TO THE SHERIFF OF PECOS COUNTY, BULLET AND I HEADED SOUTHWEST TOWARD THE RIO GRANDE -- TOWARD MORE THRILLS AND ADVENTURE!



DON'T FAIL TO READ THE FURTHER THRILLING TALES OF BULLET, THE WONDER HORSE OF THE WEST, IN THE NEXT BIG ISSUE OF

**WHIP WILSON**  
COMICS! **THE END**

# WHIP WILSON



VS.  
**"BULL" BARTON,  
THE  
MAN-  
CRUSHER!**

THE MAN DON'T  
LIVE WHO CAN  
LICK BULL BARTON,  
WILSON!

7264



I'LL BE DOGGONED IF THAT DON'T SOUND  
LIKE A GAL CRYING! LET'S MOBBY OVER,  
BULLET, AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG!

SOB!  
SOB!



BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON, MA'AM,  
MY NAME'S WHIP WILSON... AND  
IF SOMETHIN'S TROUBLIN' YOU,  
I'D SURE LIKE TO HELP IF I  
CAN!

HUH? OH...  
(SOB!) THANK  
YOU... BUT I'M  
AFRAID NO ONE  
CAN HELP ME!



WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME  
ALL ABOUT IT, ANYWAY? TAIN'T  
FIT FOR A PRETTY GAL LIKE  
YOURSELF TO BE SORROWIN'  
THAT WAY!

IT'S ALL BULL  
BARTON'S FAULT...  
I'M SALLY GREEN,  
THE SCHOOLMARM  
IN LEADVILLE... AND  
NONE OF THE CHILDREN WILL  
GO TO SCHOOL ON ACCOUNT  
OF BULL BARTON!

HOW CAN THIS BULL BARTON HOMBRE STOP THE YOUNG 'UNS FROM GOIN' TO SCHOOL?

BULL HAS 'EM WORKIN' ON HIS RANCH--HE PAYS 'EM GOOD WAGES AND THEY'D ALL RATHER TEND THE CATTLE THAN STUDY!



BUT THE YOUNG 'UNS NEED SCHOOLIN'! I RECKON YOU'D BETTER TELL ME WHERE BULL BARTON'S RANCH IS, MA'AM... I THINK I OUGHTA HAVE A POW-WOW WITH 'IM!

THE BAR-B IS JUST OVER THE NEXT RIDGE! BUT BE CAREFUL, STRANGER, BULL IS THE STRONGEST MAN IN THESE PARTS!



SORRY, MA'AM--THE WORD "CAREFUL" JUST AIN'T IN MY VOCABULARY! ADIOS!



AT THAT MOMENT, A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, OVER THE RIDGE...

BOY! LOOKA BULL RIDE!

WE'S THE BEST CONBOY IN THE WHOLE STATE, I RECKON!

I'M GLAD WE CAN WORK HERE WITH HIM, INSTEAD A HAVIN' TO GO TO THAT D' SCHOOL!



WATCH THIS, KIDS--HERE'S SUMPIN' ELSE THEY'LL NEVER TEACH YA IN SCHOOL! YAHOO!



TAKE THIS, YA BEAT-UP HAG... AND THIS... AND THIS... AND THIS! I'LL SHOW YA WHO'S BOSS HERE!



GOLLY... HE SURE IS BEATING THAT BRONG! DOES HE HAVETA SHOWIN' 'IM WHO'S BEAT 'IM SO MUCH?

YA HEARD 'IM DIDN'TCHA? HE'S JUST HE'S JBST

SHOWIN' 'IM WHO'S BOSS! BULL'S A REAL MAN...

SUDDENLY A CLEAR STRONG VOICE CUTS THROUGH THE AIR ABOVE THE DIN AND THE SHOUTING!

SKY, HOMBRE... IT DON'T TAKE MUCH GUTS YA BEAT A HOSS THAT CAN'T FIGHT BACK!

WHY? WHO SAID THAT?



I DID, BARTON! THE NAME'S WHIP WILSON... AND I'M HERE TO ASK YA WHY THESE YOUNGSTERS AREN'T IN SCHOOL!



'CAUSE THEY'RE WORKIN FER ME, THAT'S WHY!

I DON'T HAVETA PAY 'EM AS MUCH AS FULL-GROWN HANDS... AN' THEY WORK TWICE AS HARD/ NOW GIT OFF OF MY SPREAD AFORE I THROW YA OFF!

YEAH! BEAT IT, MISTER... WE DON'T WANNA GO TO SCHOOL! WE AINT GISSIES!

THERE'S NOTHING SISSYISH ABOUT SCHOOL! I WENT TO SCHOOL!

HAW! HAW! YOU? WHY, I COULD BREAK YA IN TWO AS EASY AS LOOK AT YA, IN FACT, I THINK I WILL!

I'M TAKIN' YOU UP ON THAT, BULL! BUT IF I LICK YOU... THESE KIDS HAVETA GO BACK TO SCHOOL!

HAW! IF YOU LICK ME-- I'LL GO TO SCHOOL MYSELF! NOW SAY YER PLAYERS... SADDLE-TRAMP!



BEFORE WHIP REALIZES WHAT'S HAPPENING, A SLEDGE-HAMMER FIST CATCHES HIM IN THE JAW!



COME ON, HOMBRE-- DON'T FORGET YOU AINT IN CLASS NOW! HAW! HAW!



USHHHH! THAT'S IT! ROLL IN THE MUD WHERE YA BELONG... AND I'LL JEST HELP YA WALLOW WITH A GENTLE KICK! HAW! HAW! HOPE THIS DON'T CRUSH YER SKULL TOO MUCH!



HIS BOOT!... GOTTA GRAB HIS LEG!



THERE'S ENOUGH ROOM DOWN HERE FOR BOTH OF US!







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# WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and other externally caused Skin Blemishes

WHEN pimply skin is your problem, the first thing to get straight is that you can and should do something about it. To develop the attractiveness of your face is not mere vanity. It is an "open sesame" towards bringing the real YOU closer to other people and giving your personality the poise and confidence it needs. Your good qualities—intelligence, character, dignity—all go to naught... are completely cancelled out by a skin that "nobody loves to touch." Remember, the YOU that people see first is your face.

## SKIN PROBLEMS DEMAND IMMEDIATE CARE

Medical statistics tell us that blemished skin usually occurs from adolescence on through adult life. The problem at the adolescent stage is serious enough to deserve attentive care as a family matter. In adulthood, when life's responsibilities are so much weightier, it is doubly important to exert great effort to eliminate these blemishes. And, there is no better time to get pimples under control than now.

## DON'T ABUSE SKIN

The first instinctive reaction to pimples and blackheads is to squeeze them out with your fingers. A bit of experimentation along these lines soon provides convincing proof that this succeeds only in inflaming your skin and spreading the infection. Under no circumstances should pimples and blackheads ever be squeezed.



## MICROSCOPE SHOWS IMPORTANT BASIS FOR EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Let's take a look through the microscope to see what's behind those unattractive pimples. The high-powered lenses show your skin coated with a covering which originated from two sources—one, internally and the other, externally.

The internal substances on your skin include dead cells, residues from the sweat glands, and a high quantity of oil excreted by the sebaceous glands. A most important factor in skin disorders occurs when thousands of these tiny sebaceous glands discharge more oil than the skin can use for lubrication. Unless special care is given, the oil forms a heavy film which attracts foreign matter to your skin much as any oil mop picks up dirt. These infectious external substances may be classified into three general groups:

1. Airborne materials such as dust, pollen, condensation products of smoke, vapors, etc.
2. Materials brought in contact with the skin, such as tiny fragments of clothing, bedding, cosmetics.
3. Micro-organisms such as bacteria and fungi.

See the difference between a healthy skin and a pimply skin in the microscopic representations below.



Normal skin



Skin, pimply skin

Diagram A shows a normal-size, smoothly functioning sebaceous gland. Diagram B pictures sick, pimply skin. Notice that the sebaceous gland is a swollen mass of clogged oil, waste and infectious bacteria.

## TRY THIS SENSIBLE WAY

Two sensible aims to achieve in controlling the skin condition are: to clear the pores of clogging matter, and to inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin. Toward these ends, Dornol Products' research makes available two formulas. One is to aid in thorough cleaning by highly detergent penetration which simplifies the removal of waste and foreign matter. The other is to discourage oiliness with clinically-proved ingredients, and to kill infec-



tious bacteria often associated with externally caused pimples and blackheads. **BLEMISHES COVERED UP**

To remove the distressing embarrassment of these skin blemishes, the second Dornol formula exerts a "cover-up" action on your broken out skin while the medication does its work. This, plus its pleasant odor, will spare you the mental distress which is associated with unattractive, malodorous, medicated preparations. Imagine! You can apply this Dornol formula to your skin by day and face the immediate present with greater confidence in your appearance, while secure in the knowledge that medication is getting to remove old blemishes and keep away new ones. What this "cover-up" action alone is worth in peace of mind is beyond calculation. No longer need prying eyes make you wince with humiliation and misery. Now because of this wonderful feature of the Dornol treatment, you can put your best foot forward... at once!

## SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We know what the Dornol treatment has done for others, so we want you to try it at our risk. A few minutes a day invested in our treatment can yield more gratifying results than you ever dared hope for. Then, when we say to you, "If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, simply return the unused portion and we will refund not only the price you paid—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!**" Can anything be fairer than that? You have everything to gain... and we take all the risk!

## How to get the Dornol Treatment Immediately

Just send your name and address to DORNOL PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. BB, 4357 Katonah Avenue, New York 66, N.Y. Be sure to print clearly. By return mail we will ship the Dornol treatment to you in a plain package. Dornol postmen delivers the package, pay only \$1.95 plus postage. Or, if you wish to save postal fee, send \$2 now and we will pay postage. Which ever way you order, the **DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE** still prevails. Don't delay another minute, send for the Dornol Medicated Skin treatment with "cover-up" feature... at once! Sorry, no Canadian C.O.D.'s.

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