



YOUR
TELEVISION
ALL-AMERICAN
COWBOY

BUSTER CRABBE

No. 4
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10¢



This is a
FAMOUS
FURNIES
Publication

THE KANSAS KILLER

HORATIO BOSS, one of General Custer's scouts, discovered gold in the Black Hills of the Dakota country in the summer of 1874. General Custer reported the discovery to the War Department, but because the Black Hills was part of the Sioux land, for which negotiations were then in progress, the report of the discovery was suppressed.

But the news leaked out, and within months of the discovery, prospectors were rading for nuggets and dust in the streams of the Black Hills gulches. The Indians did not take kindly to the invasion, and this, together with the Government's attempts to transfer them to a reservation, was the main reason for the Sioux rebellion which was climaxed by the massacre of General Custer and his entire command on the Little Big Horn.

Deadwood was an outlaw town in 1874, not only because the Government could not acknowledge it as a settlement, but because for every honest prospector attracted to the place there was another kind—the kind that "dug" for gold with blazing weapons and a mask.

When John Larsen rode into Deadwood Gulch that summer, the ramshackle town was already swarming with hundreds of newcomers. There was only one narrow street, filled with mumps, legs and boulders, but there was a number of saloons, and the sole occupation of the inhabitants seemed to be at a fist-fight, or gun battle.

John Larsen swung his long, lean body down from his horse, and led the animal into the livery stable.

"I've got a customer for you," he told the proprietor. "I want him fed and bedded down for the night."

The stable man nodded. "I'll take good care of 'em, stranger, but you'll have to pay in advance."

"In advance? Just that a bit unusual?"

Maybe, but that ain't no usual town. You could get yourself hit afore noonan' in this here crazy place.

John Larsen smiled, and paid the fee. As he turned to leave, he said quietly, "A man who doesn't look for trouble seldom finds any."

He made his way down the narrow, cluttered street, stepping around the numerous obstructions, and entered the nearest saloon.

As he came through the swinging doors, the loud talk of the boisterous occupants suddenly ceased. All eyes turned on him to see up the newcomer.

He ignored the scrutiny, and went up to the bar tender.

"Howdy, stranger," said the barkeep amiably. "What's your poison?"

"I'm not thirsty," replied Larsen. "I'm hungry. Can I get a meal here?"

"Shoot thing. Best meal in town. Just go on back to the kitchen. Our Chinese cook will make you up whatever you want."

Thanks. Larsen made his way through the still silent crowd, ignoring their interest in him. When he disappeared into the kitchen, a grizzled-faced man suddenly broke the silence. He looks awright to me, he dawled.

"Well," observed another man, "if he ain't . . . he won't last long round here, that's for shore."

With that, the occupants of the saloon resumed their briefly interrupted talking and drinking, evidently no longer curious about the new-comer.

When John Larsen emerged from the kitchen and seated himself at one of the unoccupied tables, he noticed the others' disinterest with satisfaction. He had come to Deadwood Gulch to look for gold, not trouble, and the only way a man could avoid trouble in such a hotbed of trouble-makers as Deadwood was to make no enemies, and no friends. No friends, for when you made friends, your friends' enemies automatically became your enemies. And all John Larsen wanted was to be left alone to search for gold—enough gold to buy a ranch in peaceful country, and settle down with the gal who was waiting for him back home in Kansas.

At the table next to his, three men played poker. The fat, red faced man shuffling the cards looked at him and asked, "Want to sit in? Four hands is better'n three."

"Thanks," said Larsen. "But I'm going to have some shore. And after I eat, I'm going to try to find a place to sleep. I've been riding since sun-up, and I'm dog-tired."

"Some other time then," said the fat man agreeably as he started to deal the cards. "Jim Hendricks my monkey. What's yours?"

"John Larsen."

"Larsen? Say, I know a Gunner Larsen down Texas way. You a kin of his?"

"Not that I know of."

"Where you from?"

"Kansas."

(Continued, inside Back Cover)

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BUSTER CRABBE

"LEAD POISON"
 BUSTER CRABBE HELD BY
 RUTHLESS KILLERS THREATENED
 TO SPILL BLOOD TO A BAND
 OF VILLAINOUS MEN WHO HAD NO WAY TO
 FIGHT BACK. UNTIL BUSTER SAW THE
 TWO SHARpest HANDS OF THE WEST DECIDED TO
 GO TO THEIR AID AND FOUNd HIMSELF
 YACING "LEAD POISON!"



118

...and his side-
 ...and his side-
 ...and his side-

BOB! IT IS FIVE DAYS
 SINCE MY BROTHER AND
 FATHER WENT TO WORK
 IN THE MINE AND
 NOBODY KNOWS WHERE
 THEY ARE. WE
 HAVEN'T HEARD
 FROM THEM.

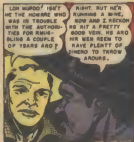
DON'T WORRY, MARQUITA.
 I'LL FIND THEM. THEY
 COULDN'T HAVE DIS-
 APPEARED IN THIS
 AIR.



"PLEASE -- YOU
 MUST DO SOMETHING
 BY NOTHER -- SHE
 IS VERY WORRIED."

"I'LL DO MY
 BEST!"









ELL' FIX HIM--!

YOU ALL RIGHT, OLD TIMER?

LOOK OUT, BUSTER-- BEHIND YOU!



ANYBODY ELSE FEEL LIKE THROWING DOWN ON ME? I'M NOT TURNING MY BACK T'WOUND.

WAIT A MINUTE, BOYS. NO NEED FOR FIGHTING BECAUSE OF A MISUNDERSTANDING SITUATION. HE'S THE FAMOUS SUSTER CAMEO-- AND WE DON'T WANT TO TANGLE WITH HIM.



RELAX, PARTNER. IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT AND MY BOYS ARE FEELING KIND OF HIGH SPIRITED AFTER A TOUGH WEEK IN THE MINES. LET'S HAVE A DRINK AND FORGET IT.

I DON'T DRINK AND IF I DO, THE LIKES OF YOU WOULDN'T BUY ME ONE.



HEH, HEH--YOU SURE TOLD HIM OFF, BUSTER.

I CAME IN HERE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, WHISKEY, AND I THINK I FOUND IT. AT LEAST I NOTICED SOMETHING WORTHY STRANGE. LET'S GO OUTSIDE.



DID YOU NOTICE THE HANDS ON THOSE DEWHOOPS OF MURDOCK? THEY DIDN'T LOOK AS IF THEY DID A HARD WEEK'S WORK IN A MINE. I'VE SEEN A MINER'S HANDS--!

JUMPIN' CACTUS! YOU GOT SOMETHING THERE, SUSTER. THOSE BUSHWACKERS DIDN'T DO ANY MINING?

HEY! HOT DODY.
LOOK--THAT'S
MURDO'S TRUCK.
ISN'T IT?

SEEMS LIKE THEY PERJURED
A FEW MORE MEN TO COME
AND WORK FOR THEM
"HAAAA"



COME ON, WHISKEYS,
WE'RE GOING TO
TAKE A LOOK AT
THE MINE!



Hours later, as they near the mining country...

LOOK---THAT HORSEY
SEEMS DONE IN.

NO--HE'S STILL
ALIVE! I SAW
HIM MOVE!



HELP US--SOME--!
I ESCAPE FROM
CURSED--MINE, THEY
SHOOT--ME--!

WHICH
MINE--??



IS--MURDO--!
ALIVE?

HE'S
DEAD--!



YOU HEARD HIM, IT'S MURDO'S MINE!
I HAD AN IDEA SOMETHING WAS WRONG
UP THERE, AND I WAS GOING TO FIND OUT
WHAT IT IS!





NO WONDER MURDO
AND THOSE OWLHOOTS
ARE PULLING IN MONEY.
HE'S USING THESE
POOR MEN AS SLAVE
LABOR.

AND WE WALKED
PLUMS DANG INTO
THEIR TRAP!
DARN IT!

GET TO WORK - ALL
OF YOU! OR DO YOU
WANT US TO USE THOSE
PERSUADERS ON YOU?

I RECKON YOU'RE
HOLDING THE
UPPER HAND
NOW.

After an exhausting day...

THIS WORK IS KILLING.
WITH THE KIND OF FOOD
THEY'RE SETTING, THESE
MEN CAN'T LAST LONG.
IF I ONLY HAD MY GUN--!

IT IS HOPE-
LESS! WE ARE
TRAPPED.
HERE WE WILL
STAY UNTIL
WE DIE!

PERHAPS THE ONES I
WHO DIS ARE THE LUCKY
ONES. THAT IS THE ONLY
WAY ONE CAN GET OUT
OF HERE.

YOU MEAN A
MAN HAS TO BE
DEAD BEFORE--?
WAIT A MINUTE.
I HAVE AN IDEA.

FRIENDS YOU
ARE DEAD MY
PLAN MAY WORK
AND FREE ALL
OF US.

WHATEVER
YOU SAY,
AMIGO!

ONE OF
THE MEN
KEELED OVER
INSIDE. I
THINK HE'S

BOY HAT THAT
YOU SAID WE'LL
HAVE A LITTLE
FUNERAL FOR HIM
AND SINCE YOU LOOK
SO AND STRONG, WE'LL
LET YOU AND YOUR
FRIENDS DO HIS

WE'LL BURY
HIM OVER
HERE!

ALL RIGHT,
YOU TWO
START DIGGING!



HERE SUPPOSE YOU RATS TRY SOME OF THIS!

AYE-AYE!



GET THEM BUNS, WHISKERS!

I'M GETTING THIS COYOTE FIRST!

ANYONE COME DUCK!



DEATH TO THE DOGS!



UP AND AT 'EM, BOYS!

TIPPEE!

PLUG THEM! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!



Led by Buster, the Mexicans quickly overwhelm their jailers and...

I RECKON THIS PACKAGE IS READY FOR DELIVERY TO THE SHERIFF!

SEEMS LIKE BUSTER CRABBE HAS CHANGED THE SITUATION, OR, ANYOS?

BLON'T SHOOT... MURDO MADE US DO IT!



The next day, Buster and Whiskers join a celebration fiasco...

GRACIAS!

TO OUR FRIEND AND PROTECTOR, VIVA BUSTER CRABBE!

EVERYTIME I THINK OF MURDO AND HIS BARD IN JAIL, I START FEELING GOOD ALL OVER AGAIN!

Buster Crabbe in **TOP SECRET**



IT WAS I'M BUSTER CRABBE.



MY NAME IS BETHEN BROOKS I RECENTLY PURCHASED A LARGE TRACT OF LAND FROM AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS ...

CLOUD.

BLACK CLOUD WOULD HIS LAND? HE ALWAYS SAID HE'D ~~BUY~~ BEFORE HE'D PART WITH IT.

BLACK CLOUD IS VERY MUCH ALIVE, AND WISE ENOUGH TO SELL HIS LAND TO ME! THESE THAT LAND IS A SMALL PIECE OF PROPERTY OWEDED TO YOU, I WANT TO BUY IT.

I'LL PAY YOU \$1,000 FOR THE FEW ACRES OF PROPERTY YOU OWN IN THE LAND-TRACT IT'S MUCH MORE THAN IT'S WORTH, BUT I WANT TO COMPLETE THE TRANS-ACTION.



BLACK HORSE SAVE ME THAT LAND WHEN HE MADE ME AN HONORARY CHIEF OF HIS TRIBE, IT WOULDN'T BE ETHICAL TO SELL IT. BESIDES, I LOVE THE PLACE.



ALL RIGHT, I'LL MAKE IT \$10,000! YOU CAN'T TURN AN OFFER LIKE THAT DOWN!

SURE, I CAN. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, MR. BROOKS, I HAVE A FEW CHORES TO ATTEND TO. GOOD BYE.



MR. CREESE? RAISE YOUR PRICE! I MUST HAVE THAT PROPERTY!

PLEASE, MISS BROOKS, THE PLACE IS NOT FOR SALE AT ANY PRICE THAT'S FINAL!



I ALWAYS GET WHAT I WANT, MR. CREESE. ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

DON'T REACH FOR ANYTHING EXCEPT A FOURTAIN PEN CREESE, YOU'RE GOING TO SIGN SOME PAPERS!



A few days later...

BUSTER CABARET! THUNDER CLOUD IS HAPPY AND HONORED TO GREET HIS GREAT WHITE FRIEND AGAIN!

I AM HAPPY AND HONORED TO GREET YOU, GREAT CHIEF!

WHY ARE YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE MOVING, THUNDER CLOUD? IS IT TRUE THAT YOU SOLD YOUR LAND?

YES, I SOLD IT TO A LADY NAMED ESTHER BROOKS. SHE PAID WELL WE MOVE NOW TO BETTER, RICHER LANDS.



THIS IS GOOD LAND. YOUR PEOPLE HAVE PROSPERED. YOU HAVE ALWAYS SAID YOU WOULD NEVER SELL IT UR.

THAT IS SO... BUT THINGS CHANGE --- CIRCUMSTANCES CHANGE.

I SUSPECT THAT YOU, TOO, SELL YOUR SMALL PIECE OF LAND TO MISS ESTHER BROOKS.

WHY?



BECAUSE IT IS BEST THAT YOU DO. I CAN TELL YOU NO MORE THAN THAT.

BLACK CLOUD, I AM YOUR FRIEND. I KNOW THAT YOU WOULDN'T SELL YOUR HOMELAND AT ANY PRICE. WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS?

BLACK CLOUD HAS SPOKEN! GREAT WHITE FRIEND GO NOW!

ALL RIGHT, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT?





A few days later



A few miles downstream...

RATTLIN' RATTLESNAKES!
LOOK AT THIS, WILL YUH?
WHAT'S ACOMIN' ON HERE,
SUSTEAT???

I DON'T KNOW, BUT
WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S
NONE OF OUR
BUSINESS...

HOW DID *THOSE* GUYS
GET IN HERE? YOU'D
BETTER LET MISS BROOKS
KNOW WE'VE GOT SOME
UNINVITED COMPANY!

RIGHT!



And another mile later...

MY CRABBE? YOU
CAN'T SAY I DIDN'T
WARN YOU? YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST FOR
TREPPASSING!

YOU'D BETTER
READ UP ON THE LAW,
MISS BROOKS! NAVI-
GABLE WATERWAYS DO
NOT BELONG TO THE
PRIVATE PROPERTY THEY
PASS THROUGH!



ALL RIGHT, TURN AROUND
AND GET OUT OF HERE AND
REPORT TO THE LAW THAT I
REFUSED YOU PASSAGE!
GET SET OUT!
OR ELSE?

SO ON, OR
ELSE **WHAT?**



OR ELSE I'LL HAVE TO TELL
MY MEN TO **AIM, FIRE AND
SHOOT TO KILL** IN THAT
PLAIN ENOUGH!

YES, GO AHEAD
AND TELL
THEM! WE'RE
READY!



Then—
COME ON, BOYS—HE CALLED MY
BLUFF. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO LET
THEM PASS... **SLUGGED IS OUT!**
BUT THERE ARE **OTHER** WAYS...





WE'RE FEDERAL AGENTS WE'VE BEEN USING YOUR PLACE IN ORDER TO KEEP AN EYE ON MISS BROOKS' ACTIVITIES.

IF WE DID KNOW YOU, WERE SISTER CRABBE HE WOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO WELCOME YOU WITH BUNS? WHEN? WHAT SHOOTING?

YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY AS LONG AS THERE'S ANYTHING WE CAN DO TO HELP YOU?

YES YOU CAN PRETEND WE'RE NOT HERE, AND ENJOY YOUR VACATION.



A few days later...

MR. CRABBE, WE'VE BEEN INVESTIGATING AT RIGHT SINCE YOU ARRIVED. MISS BROOKS HAS THE PLACE SO HEAVILY GUARDED WE CAN'T OPERATE.

I SEE... ALL RIGHT, WE'LL LEAVE IN THE MORNING, SHE'LL THINK THE PLACE DESERTED AND RELAX.

But the next morning...

OH? MISS BROOKS HAS DAMMED UP THE RIVER?

IT BUT WONDERFUL WHEN THAT FEMALE POLECAT WOULD MAKE HER BEST MOVE?



Then,

GOOD MORNING, I HAD THE STREAM RE-ROUTED. IT NO LONGER CROSSES MY PROPERTY, SO YOU CAN NOT USE IT AS A RIGHT OF WAY.

SO IN ORDER TO LEAVE, WE'LL HAVE TO TRESPASS?

YES, BUT YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO TRESPASS *OUT!* BUT YOU WILL NOT BE ALLOWED TO RETURN! WILL YOU SELL WORKING CRABBE?

NO!









I'M AHEAD, BUSTER! I'LL SAVE YOU!



I'LL RESCUE YOU, BOY! I'LL ... HEY!!



POOR!



A few minutes later...

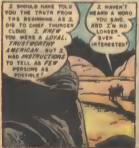
OR CRASH, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

THAT I AM! I'M FULL OF WONDER... SOMETHING WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



I'M ACTING AS A "BLIND" FOR THE GOVERNMENT, BUYING UP LAND AS A "PRIVATE CITIZEN" TO KEEP SECRET THE FACT THAT THIS TERRITORY IS TO BE A U.S. MILITARY TESTING GROUND. NOW WILL YOU SELL YOUR PROPERTY?

NO! BUT I'LL BLAME SOMEONE ELSE!



I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU THE TRUTH FROM THE BEGINNING. AS I DID TO CHEF THUNDER CLOUD I KNEW YOU WERE A LOYAL, TRUSTWORTHY AMERICAN. BUT I HAD INSTRUCTIONS TO TELL AS FEW PERSONS AS POSSIBLE!

I HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD YOU SAID. AND I'M NO LONGER EVEN INTERESTED!



And so... REMEMBER, WALKING, FORGET EVERYTHING!

I CAN'T FORGET YOUR LAND! THAT COYOTE LIKE YOU SAID! WHY COULDN'T YOU WAIT FOR ME? YOU DAMN NEAR KNOCKED MY BRAINS OUT!

Whiskers HAS A Close Shave





THAT'S PLUMB NEIGHBORLY
OF TUM, MISTER (YAWN)
GIVE ME (YAWN) A HAIRCUT,
SHAMPOO, AN' ZZZZZZZZ...

YES,
SIR?



TUM-TUM,
TU-TUM TUM-
TUM...



HE SURE 'S A HARRY MESS! BUT
HE CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE! I'LL
MAKE HIM LOOK LIKE A NEW MAN!



A LITTLE DIRT...
ZZZZSHAH?
HUN? WHUZZIT?

WAKE UP, SIR! YOU'RE
ALL DONE! THAT WILL
BE \$1.00, SIR!



LOOK AT YOUR
SELF IN THE MIRROR,
SIR! QUITE A
TRANSFORMATION,
SIR?

PARDON ME, STRANGER
WOULD TUM PLEASE SIT
OUTTA TH WAY SOB
I AIN SEE MYSELF
IN THE MIRROR!



DAD-BLAST IT ALL,
STRANGER, I ASK TUM
POLITE TO MOVE! OO
I HAVE TO PUNCH
YER DIZLY FACE
INT!

DON'T! YOU'LL
BREAK MY MIRROR!
THAT'S YOU...
YOU THAT YOU'RE
LOOKING AT!





WHAT'S
GON' ON
HERE?

WHAT WUZ
TH' SHOOTIN'
ABOUT?

SOUNDED
LIKE A FULL-
SCALE WAR!

AN' THERINT' NOTHIN' I
JUST SHOT UP THAT BAR-
BARIAN OF A BARBER,
THAT'S ALL.



YOU KILT TH'
BARBER? WHUT
FEEL?

THE LOW-GONER HAD
THEY RUSTLED TH' WHISKERS
RIGHT OFF'N MY FACE WHEN
MY BACK WAS TURNED! WAL,
GOOD NIGHT, SHERIFF.
I'M AGON TO RIT TH'
WAY.



JUST A MINUTE,
WISTER! YU'LL
SLEEP IN TH' JAIL
HOUSE TONIGHT
YORE UNDER
ARREST FOR
MURDER!

MURDER? EXTREM-
ATH' A VARMINT LIKE
HIM AN' T' MURDER, IT'S
JUSTIFIABLE HOMO
GIDE! PERFECTLY
LEGAL!



BUSTER, WIL YU EXPLAIN
TO THIS RATTLE-BRAINED
SHERIFF THAT THIS IS A
FREE COUNTRY, AN' A
MAN'S STILL GOT
A RIGHT TO
DEFEND HIS
HONOR!

WHISKERS!
IS IT
REALLY
YU'?



IF YOU ELLED A WAR OVER
A SHAVE...YU'RE IN TROUBLE!
COME ON, SHERIFF, LET'S
FIND OUT IF THER'S ANY
LIFE LEFT IN THE BARBER!

SMALL
CHANCE OF
THAT...
WITH ALL
THEM
SHOTS!

THESE'VE SHORE COME
TO A PURTY PASS WHEN A
MAR CAN'T EVER BIT HIS
RIGHTFUL REVERSE WITHOUT
BURRIN' AFOUL OF TH' LAW!



I BETTER BRADDOLLE
WHILE THE BRADDOLIN'S
GOOD!



COME ON, YUH FLEA-BITTER OL'
CATUSE! BIT 'AGGIN' WE GOTTA
TAKE TO THE HILLS! IN A
WANTED MAN'S SIDYAP!



HEY! THE
BALDIE'S
TAKIN'
OFF!

LET HIM GO IF HE DOESN'T
COME BACK BY TOMORROW.
I'LL GO AND GET HIM



The next day
THESE TRACKS
ARE FRESH HE
CAN'T BE FAR
OFF

HEY, WHISKERS!
WHISKERS! W-H-O-E ARE
YOU, YOU BARE-FACED
HOOT?



Suddenly

DON'T COME NO CLOSER,
BUSTER CRABBE!





CALM DOWN, YOU HOT-HEADED OLD BORNER, AND LISTEN TO ME

SAVE YOUR BREATH, BUSTER! I AINT LISTENIN' TO NO FOLK! AN' BY JIMBO, I AINT TO DIE WITH MY BOOTS ON!



ALL RIGHT, HAVE IT YOUR WAY! I'LL SEE YOU AROUND WHEN YOU'VE COME TO YOUR SENSES



Several months later

USH, HOW LONG CAN A MAN LIVE ON CACTUS SALAD AN' LIZARDS? LEAST IN TH' HOODESLOW, A MAN SITS DECENT BRUS. I'M ABOUND TO GIVE MYSELF UP!



THEY SAY A CRIMINAL ALWAYS RETURNS TO TH' SCENE OF HIS CRIME. SOB I BETTER GO IN TH' BARBER SHOP AFORE I SEE TH' SHERIFF!



YOU'FF WANT IN TARNATION YOU DORN, STANDIN' THERE ALIVE, SOLD AS BRASS FF?

WHEREERS? YOU'RE BACK!



I TRIED TO TELL YOU! YOU NEVER EVER NEED THE BARBER - HE JUST PAINTED!

AN I WENT THROUGH ALL TH'S FER MUTHIN'! TURN ME LOOSE! I'LL KILL TH' FARMINT!

BANG!

BANG!

Buster Crabbe IN THE RAIDER

BUT, CONBARN IF YOU CAN'T WALK OUT ON US NOW YOU'RE THE FOURTH TEACHER WE'VE HAD THIS MONTH--AND THOSE KIDS NEED THEIR LEARNING. THEY'LL GO NOS-WILD!

THEY'VE ALREADY DONE NOS-WILD, SHERIFF. IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A TEACHER TO TAME THOSE WILD CATS. BUT I'VE HAD ENOUGH.

I'M PUTTING IN FOR THAT JOB, SHERIFF! HOW ABOUT IT?



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE MYSTERIOUS RAIDERS STRUCK! WHO WOULD BE THE NEXT VICTIM? AND IN DESPAIR, THE SHERIFF TURNED TO THE BLAZING SIX-GUNS AND FLASHING FISTS OF THE TOWN'S BEST TWO-GUN WARRIOR IN THE WEST--A MARSHAL WHO CARRIED THE BRAND OF BUSTER CRABBE! BUT LITTLE DID HE KNOW HE WAS ASKING BUSTER TO RISK A ONE-WAY TICKET TO BOOT HILL WHEN HE PICKED UP THE TRAIL OF -- "THE RAIDERS!"

DO'Y YOU WEAR YOU REALLY WANT TO TEACH THOSE KIDS, BUSTERT?

SURE THING! ALL KIDS NEED AN EDUCATION AND I'LL BE GLAD TO FILL IN UNTIL YOU CAN FIND YOURSELF ANOTHER TEACHER. BUT DON'T LET ON WHO I REALLY AM.

YEP--WE'LL TEACH 'EM ALL RIGHT YER OARS TOOTIN'-- WE WILL.



HOW YOU KIDS JUST GOT TO BEHAVE YOURSELVES. WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TEACHERS. I GOT MY HANDS FULL TRYING TO FIND THAY GANG PULLING ALL THOSE ROBERIES. TAKE OVER--OR--MR SMILEY?

HE, WHO?





ULP! GULP!





...SCHOOL IS SET OUT
...DON'T LIKE IT WHISKERS
...CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY
...HAT ROBBER WOULD WANT
...I BE SO FRIENDLY WITH
...HOSE KID. THERE'S
...SOMETHING ABOUT HIM--!

I KNOW WHAT YOU
MEAN, BUSTER--THE
JASPER PUSSE ME THE
WRONG WAY, TOO HE'S
THE SNEAKY KIND AND
HE'S UP TO NO GOOD.
I FEEL IT IN
MY BONES.

...I DON'T THINK YOU
...WANT TO SEE THE
...PAGE 100-101...

LOOKS LIKE SUITE
A BUCKLE SOME
ON HERE.

IT'S ANOTHER ROBERT,
BUSTER. THAT GAMB
HAS STRUCK AGAIN.
THEY CLEARED OUT
THE LEWIS SPREAD.



FOLKS AROUND HERE HAVE BEEN
PRETTY PAYMENT WHILE THESE
ROBBERIES HAVE BEEN GOING ON,
SHERIFF. BUT I'VE HAD ENOUGH.
I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DO IT--
BUT THEY MANAGED TO GET AWAY
WITH EVERYTHING I HAD IN THE
HOUSE INCLUDING A WATCH THAT'S
BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS.
IT WAS A VALUABLE HEIRLOOM--AND
I SET GREAT STORE BY IT.

JUST SHOWER
DOWN, MR.
LEWIS. I'M
GOING TO DO
THE BEST
I CAN--!

THAT MAY NOT BE
GOOD ENOUGH. I
THINK THAT WHAT
WE NEED AROUND
HERE IS A NEW
SHERIFF!

I'M THROUGH
HERE, BUSTER,
UNLESS I
CATCH UP TO
THAT GANG.
FUNNY THING
ABOUT IT IS THAT
THEY GO AFTER
SMALL STUFF.
THINKS YOU
WOULDN'T
EXPECT A MAN
TO ROB

MAYBE IT'S
TIME I TRIED
TO DO SOME-
THING ABOUT
IT, SHERIFF.
LOOKS LIKE
THIS THING
IS GETTING
OUT OF HAND



The following day in the classroom...

I RECKON WE GOTTER
BOOK LEARNING FOR ONE
DAY KIDS. LET'S YAMMOOSE
OUT OF HERE

WITH A MIGHT,
I'LL TELL THE KIDS
WHEN IT'S TIME TO GO
AND NOBODY ELSE!



ALONG ABOUT THIS TIME WE ALWAYS
TAKE A RECESS, TEACHER. AND I
WOULDN'T TRY TO STOP US IF
I WERE YOU.

THAT
WATCH!



RIGHT, BUT FIRST I'D LIKE TO TAKE A SHOUT AT THAT WATCH, IT'S A MIGHTY FUNNY KING--ALMOST AS IF IT WERE A HEIRLOOM.

I CUT YOU DOWN TO SIZE, TEACHER YOU'VE BEEN SETTING UP MY HAIR--!

BOOOO!

BY THE TIME YOU GET ME OUT OF YOUR HAIR YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A PRETTY CLOSE HAIRCUT!

THIS IS THE WAY IT'S USUALLY DONE, NOW STAY OUT!

ANY OF YOU KIDS KNOW WHERE HE GOT HOLD OF THAT WATCH--?

LOOK OUT-- HE'S COMING FOR HIS BUN!

I'LL KILL YOU--!

HE SHOT IT RIGHT OUT OF HIS HAND!

BANG!

SEE, TEACHER--YOU SURE CAN FIGHT AND SHOOT! I RECKON YOU'RE ABOUT THE CLOSEST THING TO BUSTER CRABBE THAT EVER WAS!

BIT BOMB, YOU POLKCAT-- BEFORE I COME AFTER YOU.

I RECKON IT'S TIME WE TOLD THESE KIDS YOU WERE BUSTER CRABBE MAYBE THEY CAN SHED SOME LIGHT ON THOSE BOMBERS.

YOU--BUSTER CRABBE? NO WONDER YOU FIGHT AND SHOOT LIKE THAT!



WHY DO YOU KIDS KNOW ABOUT
CENT OR ABOUT THAT GANG WHO
'VE BEEN GOING ALL THOSE
ROBBERIES AROUND HERE?

WELL, MR.
BUSTER NOT
A THING.

SURE WE'LL
BE SETTING ON
NONE NOW.



BUT THE MOUNTAIN BOY
NOT A KID SHOWED UP TODAY
WHISKERS. I THINK I GOT A
PRETTY GOOD LEAD THAT'S
GONNA MAKE THINGS ADD
UP, AND IT STARTS WITH ACE

IF YOU
FIND HIM
SENDING THOSE
ROBBERIES,
BET



BUSTER--YOU GOT TO DO SOMETHING--
ACE--HE MADE ALL THE KIDS GO WITH
HIM. THEY'RE GOING TO HOLD UP THE
TRAIN-- HE SAID HE WAS AFTER THE
TIME STUFF NOW. I--I DIDN'T WANT TO
GO--SO HE--FLUSHED ME, BUT I
GOT AWAY. DO SOMETHING.

SO IT WAS
ACE AND YOU
KIDS WHO
WERE PULLING
THOSE ROB-
BERIES. WHAT
MADE YOU
DO IT?



WE THOUGHT--WE WERE
BEING--SMART. BUT WE
KNOW BETTER NOW THE
KIDS DON'T WANT ANY
PART OF ACE. HE KEPT
ALL THE STUFF--' HELP
THEM THEY'RE MEETING
AT RIDER SALON--OVER
THE RAILROAD TRACK.

TAKE HIM INTO
TOWN, WHISKERS,
AND SEE THAT
THE SHERIFF
PATCHES HIM
UP. I'M RIDING
FOR RIDER
SALON. TELL
THE SHERIFF TO
MEET ME THERE.

After Ace has been turned over to the sheriff...



Spurring his mount, so that it leaping fires across the
prairie, Buster arrives at Rider Salon before the
train, and...

THERE'S THAT
POLEGAT--!

I'LL FIX--!

IT'S
BUSTER
GRABER!



SEEMS LIKE ACE HAD A
FEW IDEAS FROM "FASAM"
HE HAS THE KIDS PULL THE
JOB FOR HIM. OF COURSE,
THE KIDS THOUGHT IT GREAT
FUN AT FIRST--BUT THEY
KNOW BETTER NOW, THEY'LL
TELL YOU WHERE HE BURIED
THE LOOT IF YOU GIVE THEM
ANOTHER CHANCE.

SEEMS AS HOW
YOU'RE SEEING
IT FOR THEM,
I'LL HAVE TO--
BUSTER
ESPECIALLY
SINCE THEY
ALL WANT TO
BE LIKE
YOU SON.



RED CROSS NEW METHOD OF ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION

W.

TO START THE CYCLE, I PLACE MY HEADS ON THE VICTIM'S BACK SO THAT MY THUMBES JUST TOUCH AND THE HEELS OF MY HANDS ARE JUST BELOW A LINE RUNNING BETWEEN THE ARMS FITS!

I THEN ROCK FORWARD SLOWLY, KEEPING MY ELBOWS STRAIGHT, UNTIL MY ARMS ARE APPROXIMATELY VERTICAL, EXERCISING STEADY PRESSURE UPON THE CHEST.



NEXT, I ROCK BACKWARD, SLOWLY SLIDING MY HANDS TO THE VICTIM'S ARMS JUST ABOVE THE ELBOWS!

CONTINUING TO ROCK BACKWARD, I RAISE THE ARMS UNTIL RESISTANCE AND TENSION ARE FELT AT THE VICTIM'S SHOULDERS. THEN I DROP THE ARMS AND THIS COMPLETE A FULL CYCLE!



The cycles are repeated twelve times per minute, the expansion and compression phases being of equal length, and the release periods of minimum duration.

"Kansas, eh? What you done here in Deadwood?"
Larsen sighed. "Well, for one thing, I'm minding my own business."

The fat, old-timer man turned redder. The other two card players laughed. One said pointedly, "That's one business of Fats Hendricks never learned."

The fat man stared grimly at his cards. "I didn't mean no offense," he muttered apologetically.

"That makes it even," said Larsen, regarding his loss of patience. "I didn't either. But I'm hungry, and tired, and don't feel very sociable. I'm here in Deadwood for the same reason everyone else is, child."

The Chairman appeared at that moment with his food—a steaming bowl of venison stew. The fat man asked no more questions as Larsen dug hungrily into the first good meal he'd had in weeks.

John Larsen paid his bill, nodded goodnight to the bartender and started for the door. Just as he started to push apart the swinging doors, the doors suddenly slammed back against him with such force that he was sent sprawling to the floor. In the doorway stood a barrel-chested man with beady eyes glaring down at him.

"Big Bill Bevens," whispered someone, and then the silence in the room was complete.

John Larsen thumbed slowly to his feet. He had heard of Big Bill Bevens. The man was a notorious killer.

"Why don't you watch where you're goin', mister?" demanded Bevens in a voice that rasped like a file attacking iron.

Larsen looked straight into the man's beady, ugly eyes for a long moment, but said nothing. He turned, picked up his hat, and then started to walk around Bevens to go out the door. Bevens grabbed him roughly and shoved him back. "When I ask a question, mister, I get an answer!"

"You don't want an answer," said Larsen softly. "You want a fight. Well, I don't."

Bevens lips curled into a sneer. "You're a yellow coward, he spat venomously.

"You're entitled to your opinion," said Larsen. Now if you'll excuse me, I'd like to leave."

"You'll leave here, awright, but rest on your feet. I'm goin' to court to prove an' then I'm goin' to fill you full of lead. You'd better draw fast. One."

Larsen sighed, then he said, "I'm no gun-fighter. What glory can you get adding me to your list?"

"It'll be a public service. Ain't no room for cowards in Deadwood Gulch. Two."

"You're the coward," said Larsen, "or you'd use your fists instead of your guns."

"Three."

With a movement so fast no eye could follow it, Bevens hands yanked the revolvers from his hips as a shot rang out. Bevens, a hole between his eyes, stared unconsciously at the man who had killed him and fell to the floor, his unloved six-shooters still in his hands.

Larsen holstered his smoking Colt, and without a word walked around the dead man and out the door.

It was a long moment before anyone spoke in the saloon. Finally a man broke the silence. "If I didn't see it, I'd never believe it..."

Another. "Who is that bomber?"

The fat man. "He said his name was John Larsen an' that he came from Kansas... Where, what a man with a gun."

In Weston's rooming house where Larsen had obtained a room for the night, he lay awake for a long time before he finally fell asleep. This was the first time in his life that he had killed a man—though he had practiced long and hard drawing and firing his Colt just as one he found himself in a predicament where he'd have to use the weapon or die.

And now it had happened. He wouldn't be known as John Larsen any more. He'd be known as the man who killed Big Bill Bevens." He'd be in the game now for the other professional murderers whose greatest ambition in life was carrying names in their gun-belts and acquiring notorious reputations as killers. Yes, there would be many men who would want to be known as "The man who killed the man who killed Big Bill Bevens."

That winter, in Kansas, Joan Wibber was leaving her father's barn with a pair of milk when she saw the tall, lean headed man coming through the gate. For a moment she thought it was John Larsen, but she knew that John Larsen was dead, killed by Indians in the Black Hills, his body left for the buzzards to pick clean.

Through unshut eyes she stared hard at the bearded man coming toward her. Then suddenly a cry escaped her lips, she dropped the pail and rushed into his arms—it was John Larsen!

"They held each other a long, long moment, and then the girl said, "Oh, John, I'd heard that you were dead."

"The John Larsen of Deadwood Gulch is dead. I'm John Smith, honey, and that's the way I've got to stay. I'll explain later."

I don't care if I become Mrs. John Larsen or Mrs. John Smith, just as long as it's you I marry."

As they walked together toward the house, Larsen wondered how he could explain. Could he make her understand that in order to survive he had been forced to kill twelve men? That John Larsen, the Kansas Killer, had become the greatest gun fighter of them all? And that, inevitably, like all champions, he was doomed to lose someday to some challenger or another? John Larsen had to die?

So when he had his gold, he left his clothes and papers besides a skeleton in a dry over bed where he knew some prospector would soon find it. Then he rode out of the Black Hills avoiding Deadwood. He gave a name and called himself Smith and he, too, heard that the fabulous John Larsen, the Kansas Killer, was dead.

John Smith intended that John Larsen should stay dead.



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