

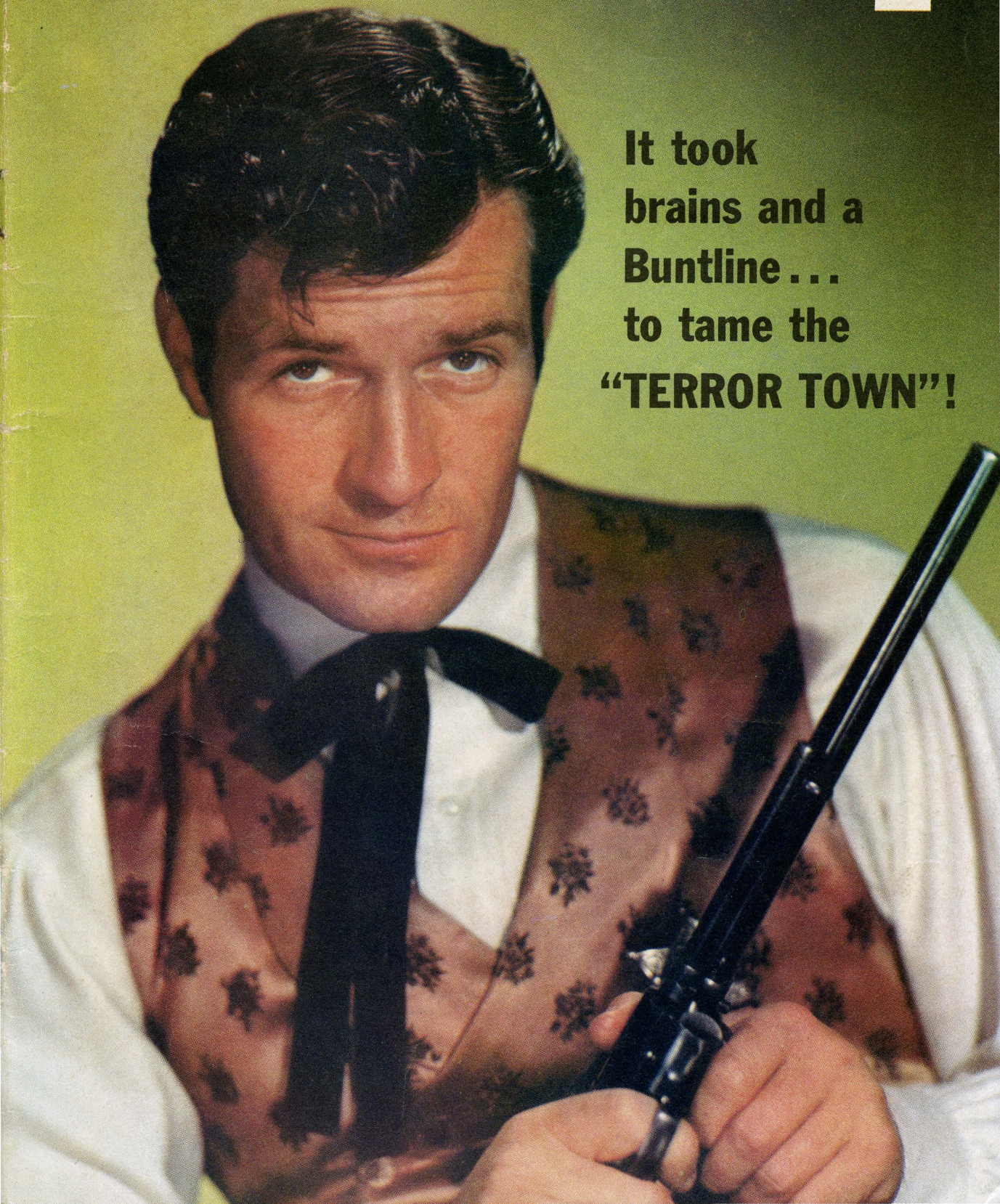
DELL

HUGH O'BRIAN as the famous marshal

Wyatt Earp

NO. 860
10¢

It took
brains and a
Buntline . . .
to tame the
"TERROR TOWN"!





DODGE MEETS ITS MATCH

Dodge City, Kansas . . . great western railhead and cowboy capital of the world, teeming with buffalo hunters, seekers of gold, gunfighters, and cattle . . . a tough town, needing a man with quick wits and iron nerve to keep it in line. Such a man was WYATT EARP, Marshal of Dodge City, who fought for law in a town that knew none.

THE LIFE and LEGEND of
WYATT EARP

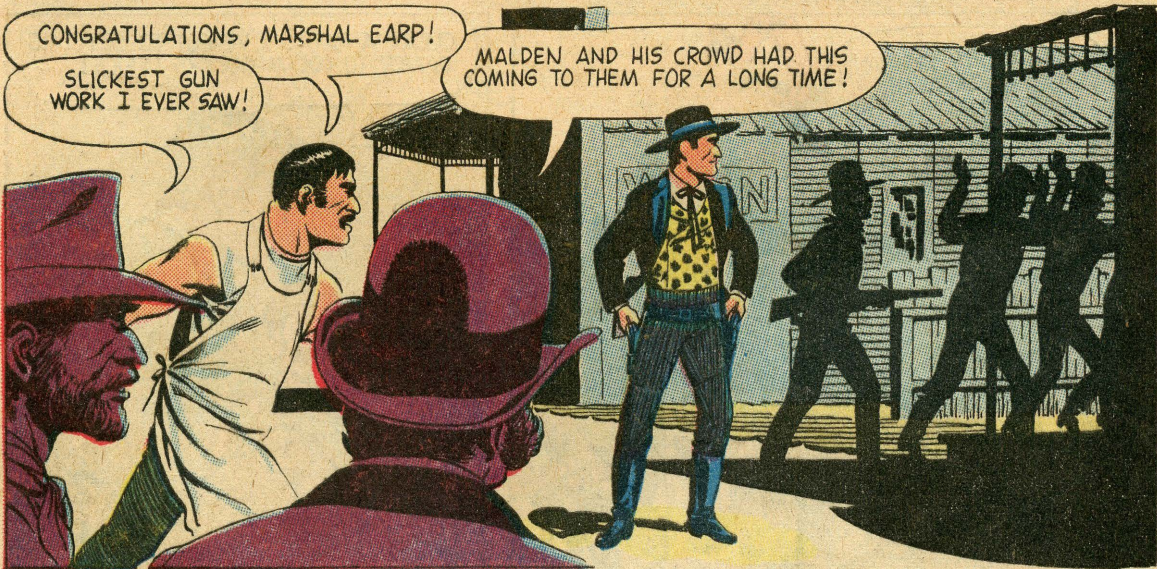
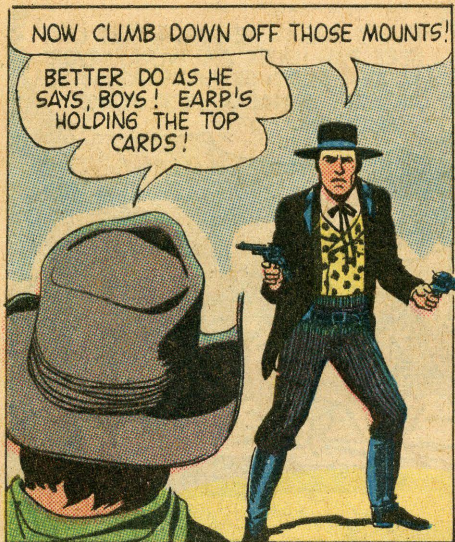
TERROR TOWN

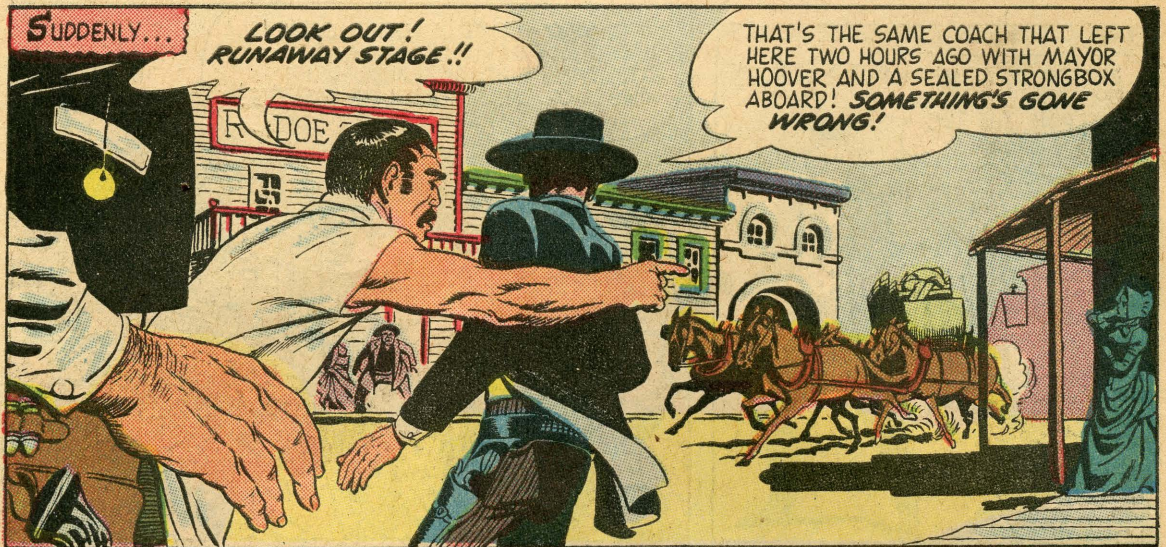


DODGE CITY, 1876 — A LUSTY, BOISTEROUS LIVESTOCK SHIPPING CENTER, ITS STREETS TEEMING WITH PUNCHERS AND CATTLE DROVERS, FRESH FROM THE TRAILS... SUDDENLY, A PARTY OF HORSEMEN SURGES INTO VIEW WITH BLAZING GUNS!





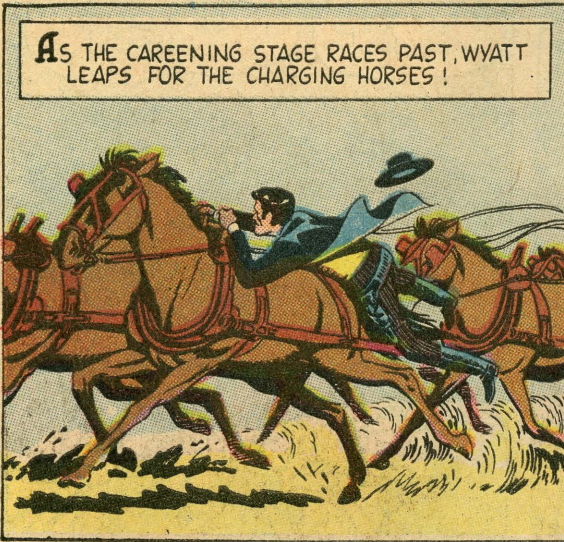




SUDDENLY...

LOOK OUT!
RUNAWAY STAGE!!

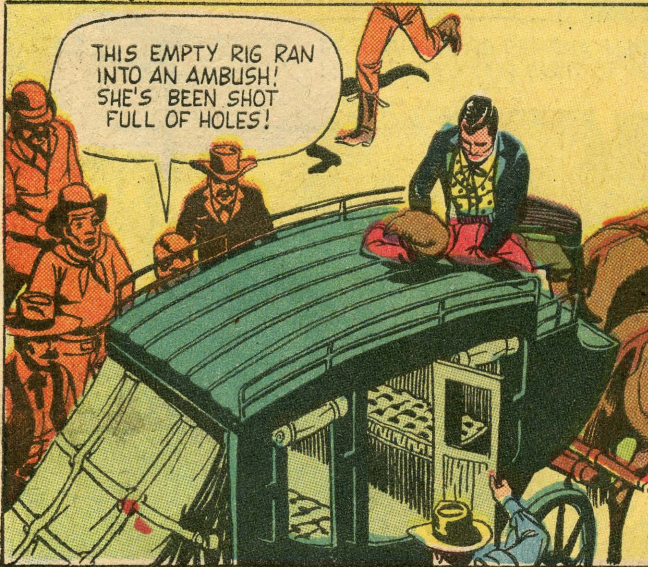
THAT'S THE SAME COACH THAT LEFT
HERE TWO HOURS AGO WITH MAYOR
HOOVER AND A SEALED STRONGBOX
ABOARD! **SOMETHING'S GONE
WRONG!**



AS THE CAREENING STAGE RACES PAST, WYATT
LEAPS FOR THE CHARGING HORSES!



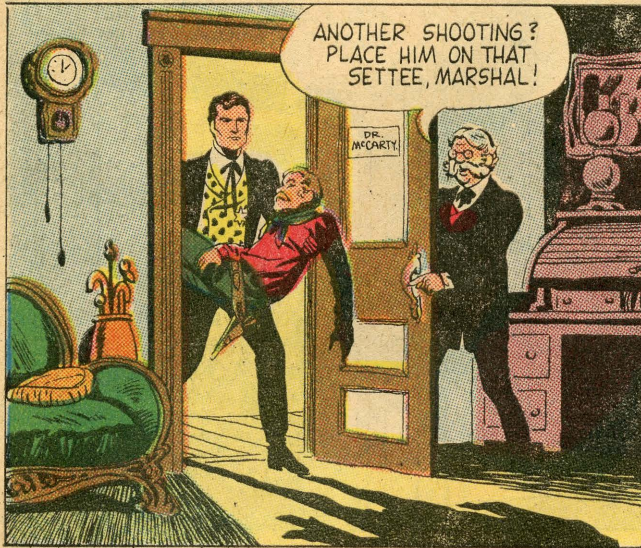
WHOA!!
STEADY, THERE!



THIS EMPTY RIG RAN
INTO AN AMBUSH!
SHE'S BEEN SHOT
FULL OF HOLES!



CLEAR A PATH! I'VE GOT TO GET THIS
DRIVER TO DOC MCCARTY'S OFFICE!



ANOTHER SHOOTING?
PLACE HIM ON THAT
SETTEE, MARSHAL!



JUST A SCALP
WOUND! NOT
SERIOUS!

HE'S COMING
AROUND!



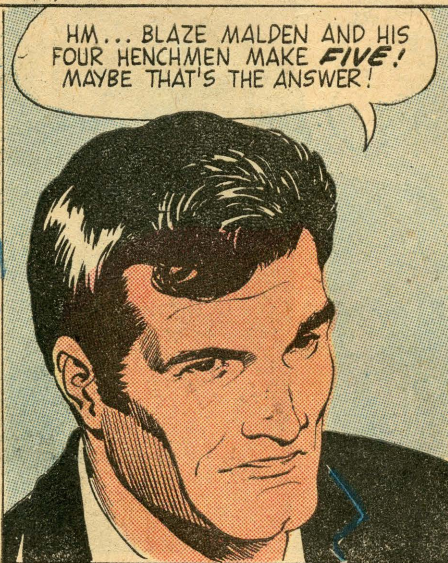
WHO
DID IT,
LUKE?

FIVE MASKED RENEGADES ...
ATTACKED THE STAGE WEST OF
PAWNEE GAP! BULLET-CREASED
ME ... AND MADE OFF WITH THE
MAYOR AND THAT STRONGBOX!

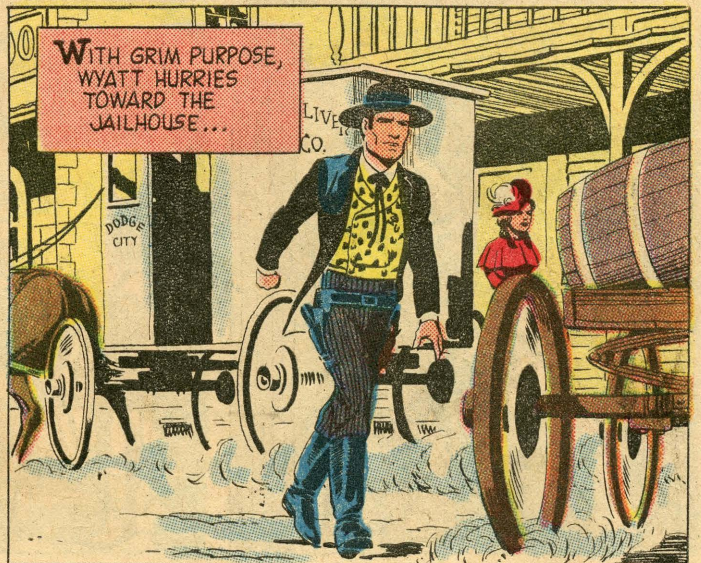


BUT THAT STAGE SECRETLY
LEFT HERE ON SHORT NOTICE FOR
AN **UN**SCHEDULED RUN TO
AVOID TROUBLE!

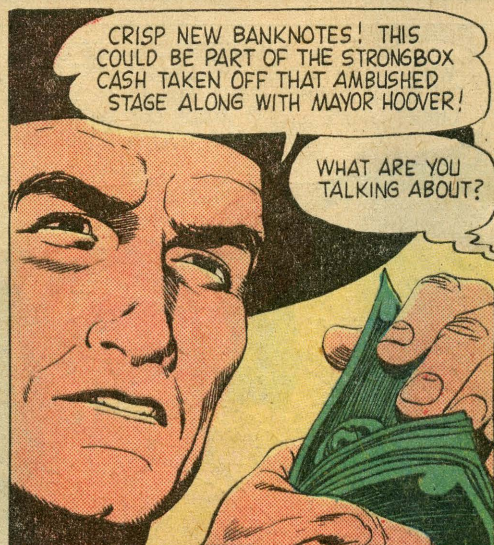
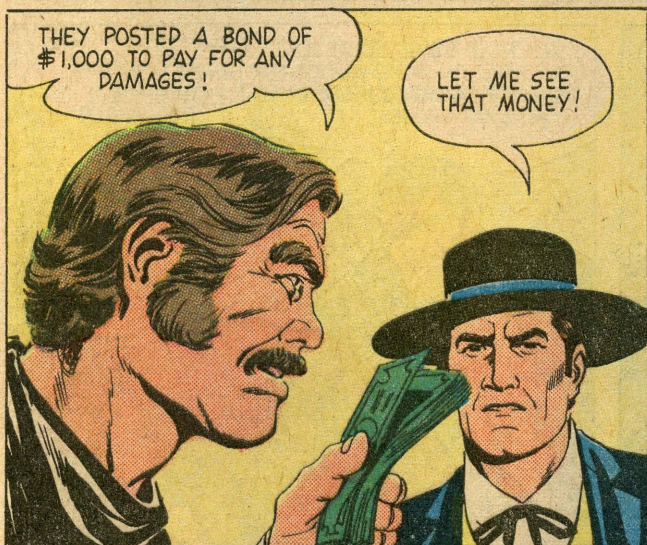
THEN HOW DID
THOSE FIVE
RENEGADES
LEARN
OF IT?

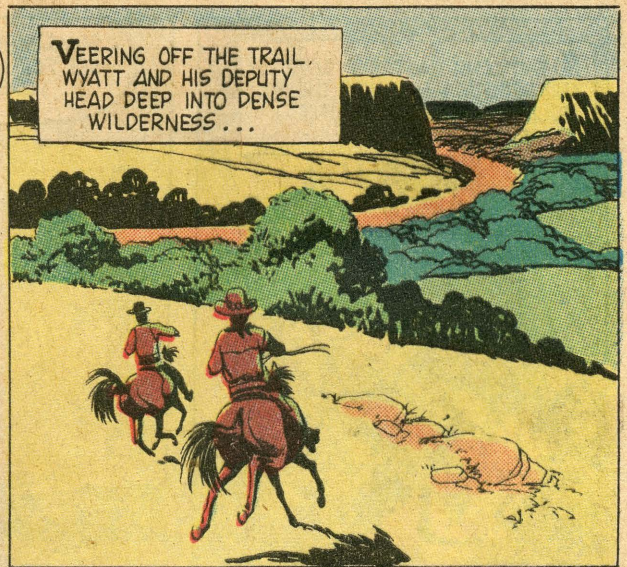
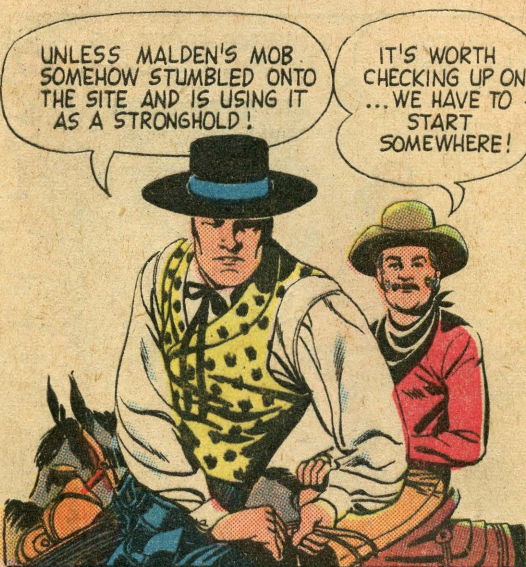
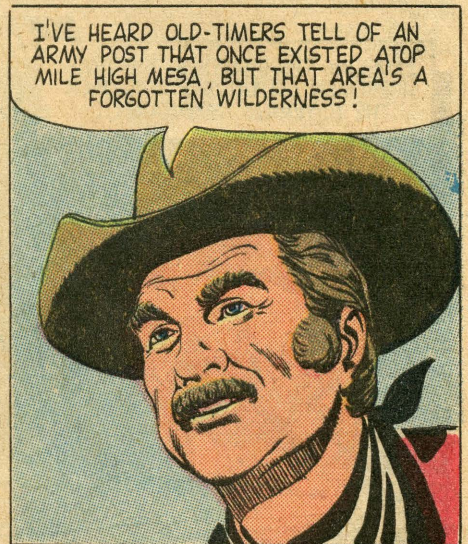
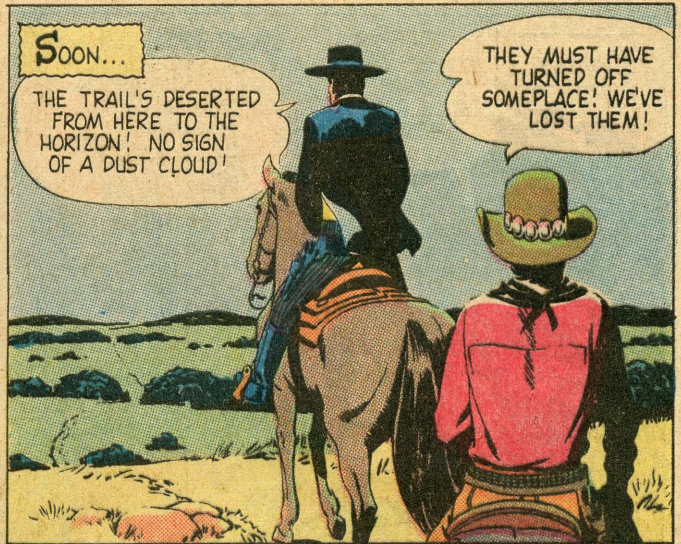
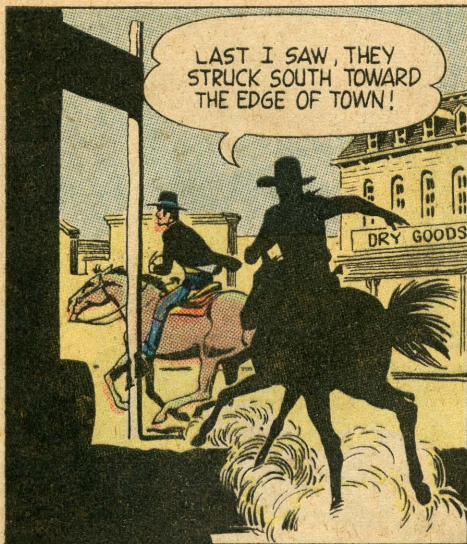


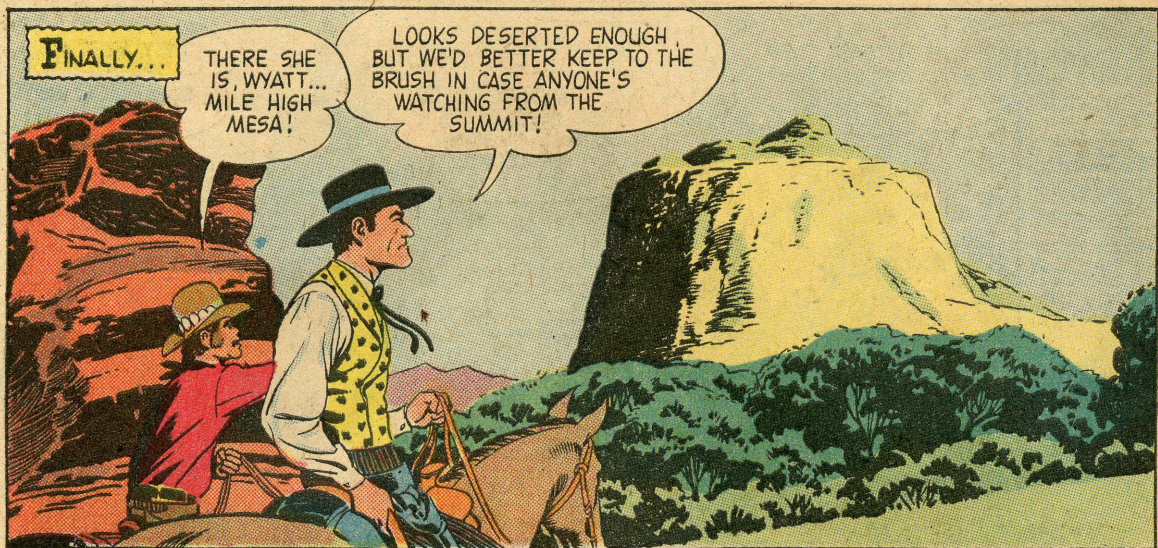
HM ... BLAZE MALDEN AND HIS
FOUR HENCHMEN MAKE **FIVE!**
MAYBE THAT'S THE ANSWER!



WITH GRIM PURPOSE,
WYATT HURRIES
TOWARD THE
JAILHOUSE ...







FINALLY...

THERE SHE IS, WYATT... MILE HIGH MESA!

LOOKS DESERTED ENOUGH, BUT WE'D BETTER KEEP TO THE BRUSH IN CASE ANYONE'S WATCHING FROM THE SUMMIT!



HUGGING THE SHADOWS, THE TWO HORSEMEN CAUTIOUSLY APPROACH THE TOWERING MOUNTAIN...



LOOK! AN OLD TRAIL!

AND FRESH HOOFPRIENTS! SOMEBODY'S ALREADY ARRIVED HERE... ONLY *MINUTES* AGO!



ALERT AND CAUTIOUS, WYATT AND DEPUTY HAL GUIDE THEIR MOUNTS UP THE SPIRALING CUTBACK TRAIL...



SOME VIEW! YOU CAN SEE FOR MILES! THERE'S DODGE CITY!

I CAN SEE SOMETHING *ELSE*... DEAD AHEAD!



GREAT DAY!
THIS MUST BE
WHAT'S LEFT
OF THE OLD
ARMY FORT I
WAS TELLING
YOU ABOUT!

WE'RE IN LUCK!
THAT LOOKOUT HASN'T
SEEN US! WE'LL HIDE
OUR HORSES IN THE
BRUSH! IF MAYOR
HOOVER'S BEING HELD
HERE, WE'VE GOT
TO FIND HIM!

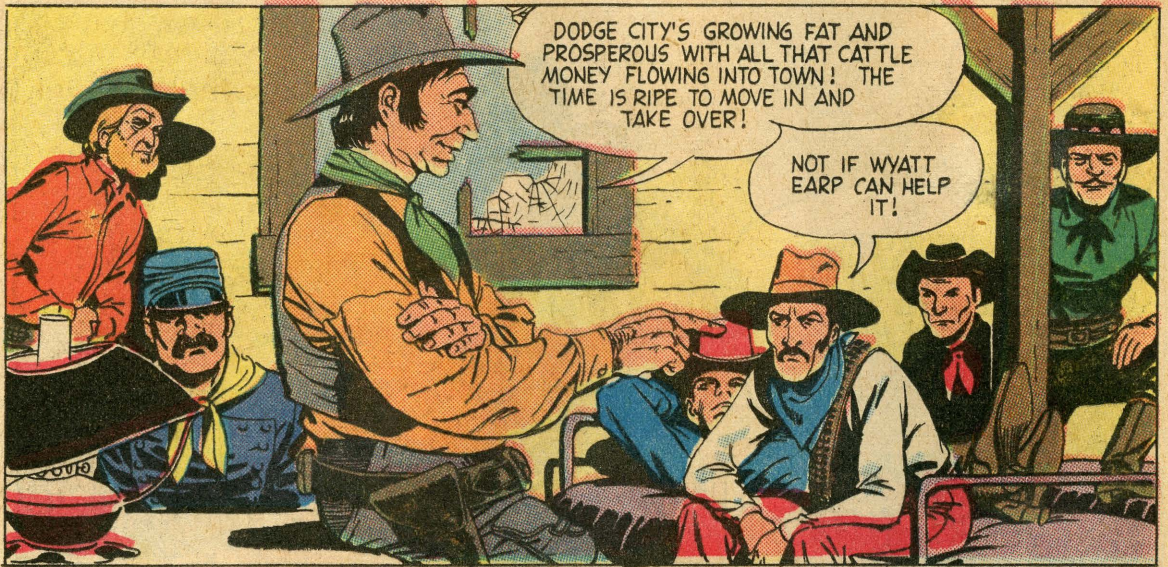


MOVING LIKE SHADOWS, WYATT AND THE DEPUTY
SLIP BEHIND THE ANCIENT BUILDINGS ...



LISTEN!

VOICES...FROM INSIDE
THAT BARRACKS!



DODGE CITY'S GROWING FAT AND PROSPEROUS WITH ALL THAT CATTLE MONEY FLOWING INTO TOWN! THE TIME IS RIPE TO MOVE IN AND TAKE OVER!

NOT IF WYATT EARP CAN HELP IT!



WYATT EARP *IS* HELPING US! THANKS TO THE TOWN'S ANTI-GUN LAW, WE CAN HANDLE UNARMED CITIZENS!

WHAT ABOUT THE MAYOR?



DON'T WORRY! NOW THAT WE'VE GOT HIM WHERE WE WANT HIM, HE'LL SOON BE REAL EAGER TO RUN DODGE CITY ON *OUR* TERMS!



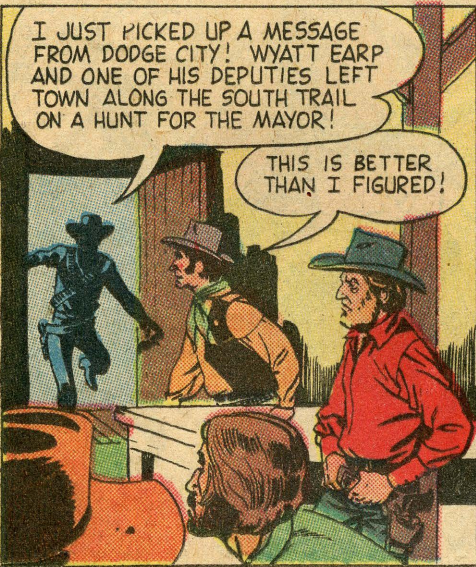
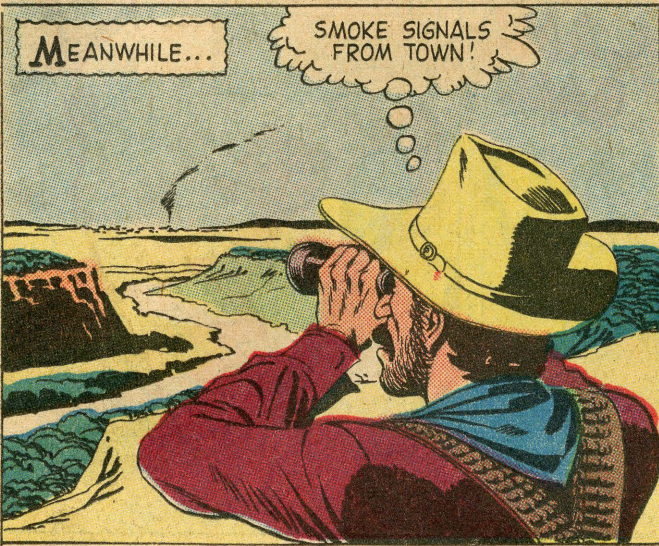
DID YOU HEAR THAT?

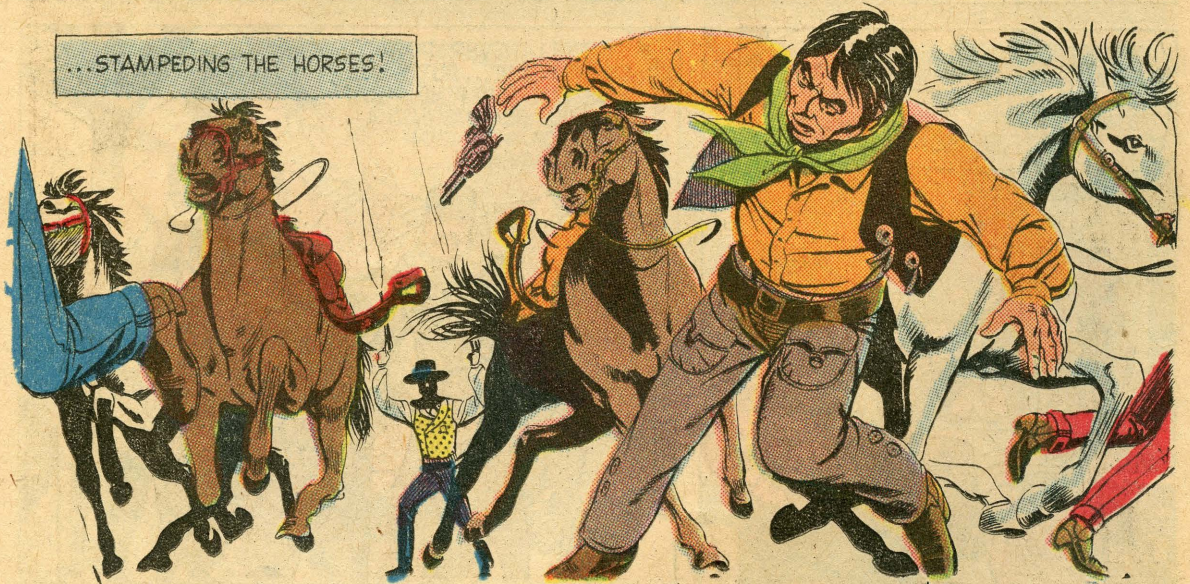
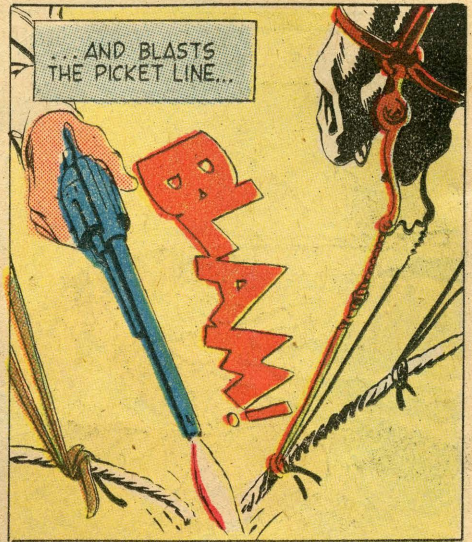
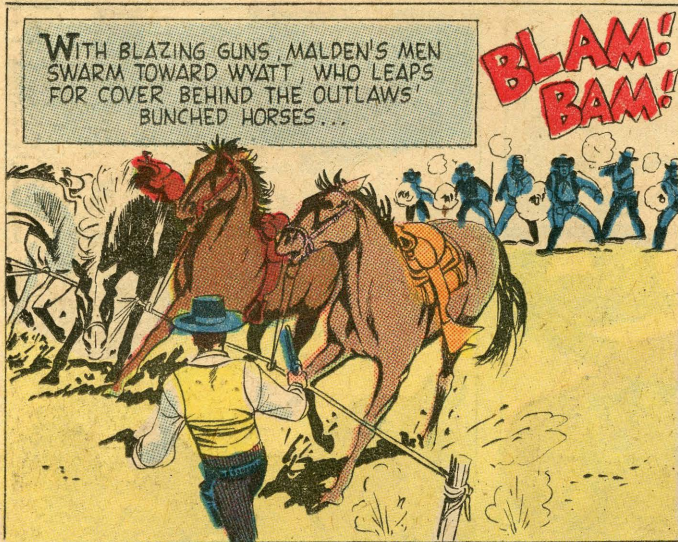
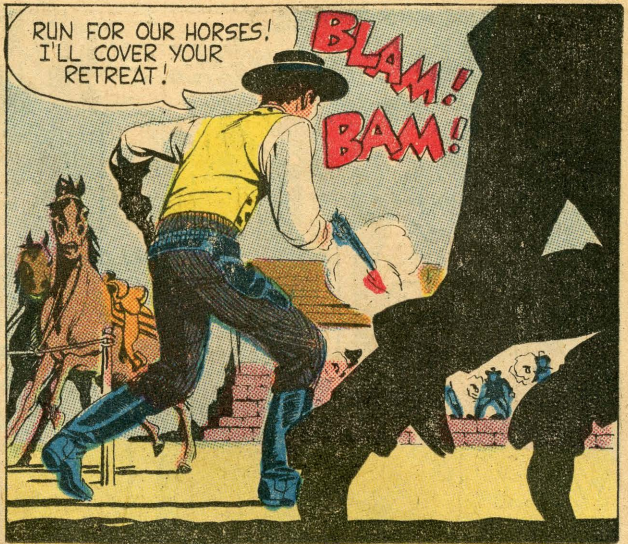
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO, HAL!

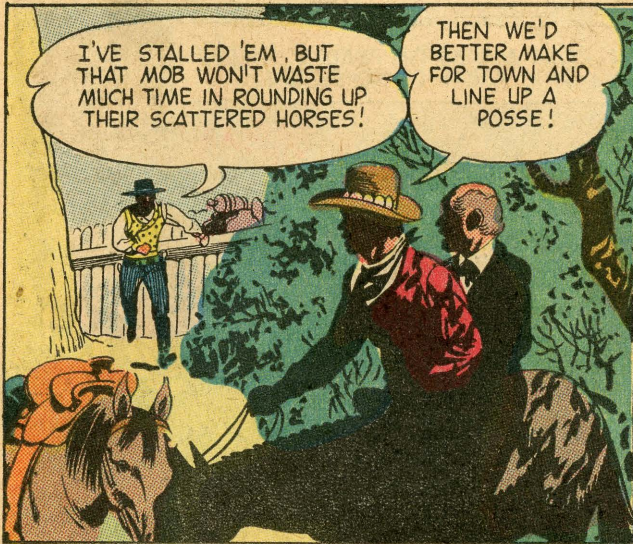


THERE'S THE OLD GUARDHOUSE!

LET'S GET TO IT BEFORE WE'RE SPOTTED!





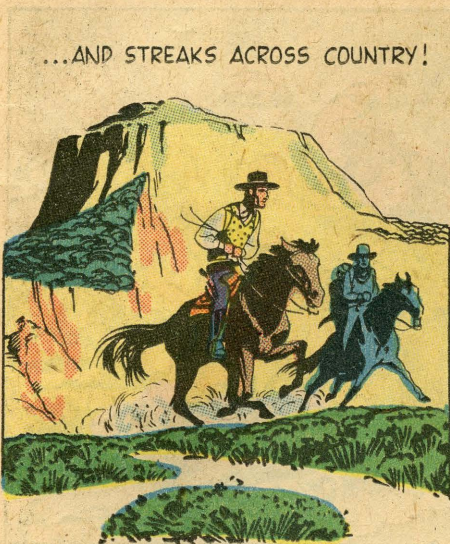


I'VE STALLED 'EM, BUT THAT MOB WON'T WASTE MUCH TIME IN ROUNDING UP THEIR SCATTERED HORSES!

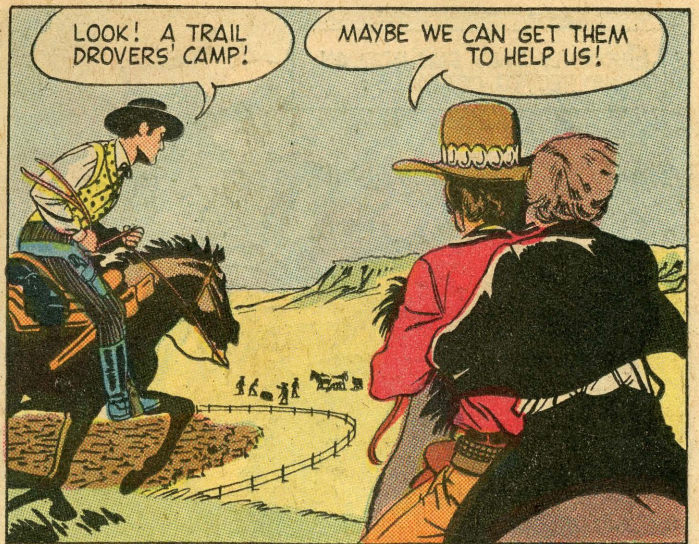
THEN WE'D BETTER MAKE FOR TOWN AND LINE UP A POSSE!



AT A RECKLESS GALLOP, THE TRIO DESCENDS THE MESA TRAIL ...



...AND STREAKS ACROSS COUNTRY!



LOOK! A TRAIL DROVER'S CAMP!

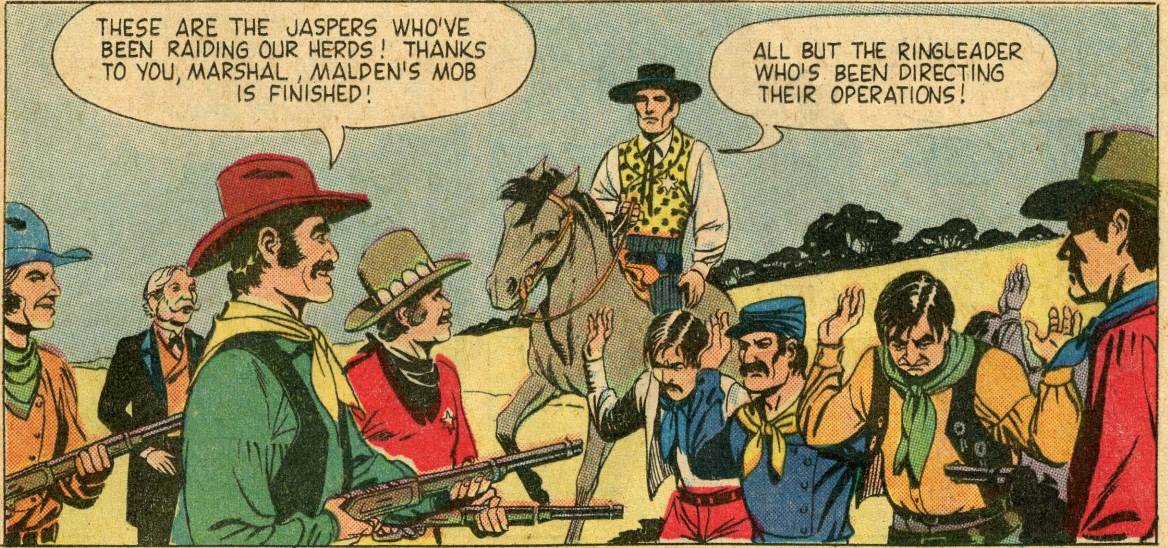
MAYBE WE CAN GET THEM TO HELP US!



WHAT'S GOING ON?

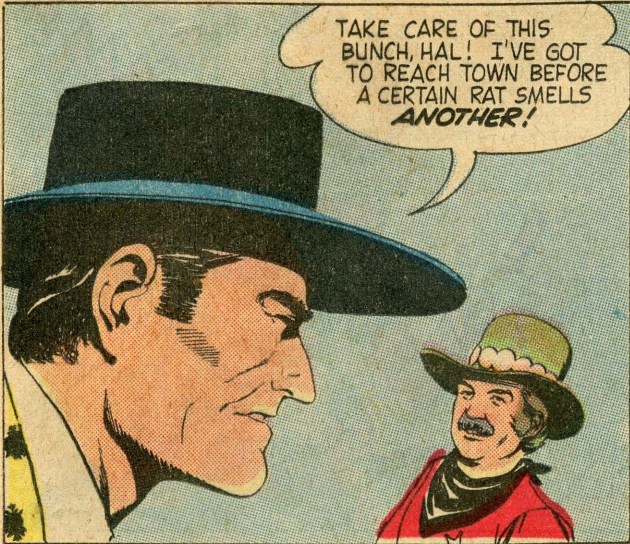
TOO MANY RENEGADES HAVE BEEN RUNNING OUR CATTLE OFF! IF GUNFIRE CAN'T PROTECT OUR STOCK, THIS BARBED WIRE WILL!



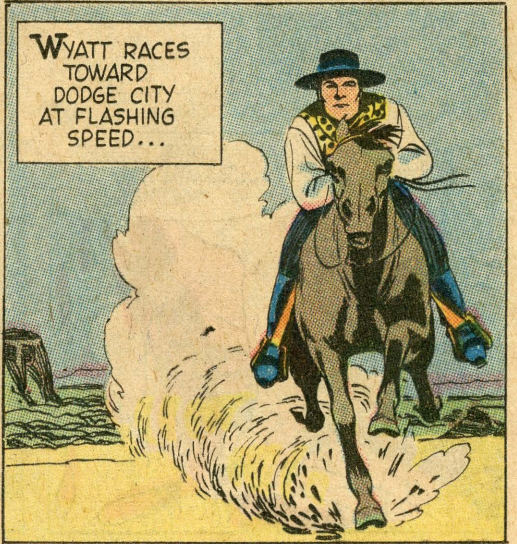


THESE ARE THE JASPERS WHO'VE BEEN RAIDING OUR HERDS! THANKS TO YOU, MARSHAL, MALDEN'S MOB IS FINISHED!

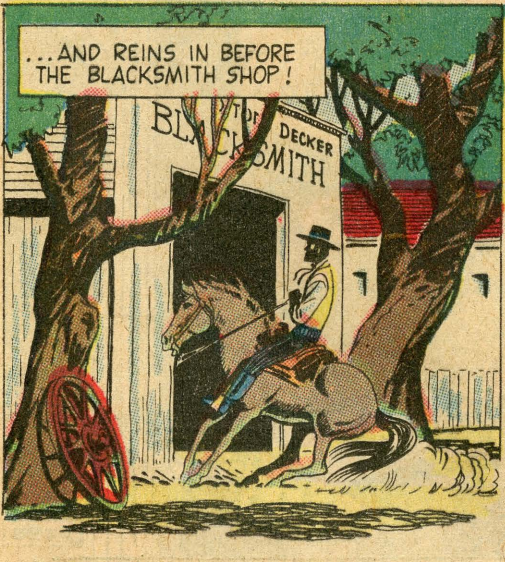
ALL BUT THE RINGLEADER WHO'S BEEN DIRECTING THEIR OPERATIONS!



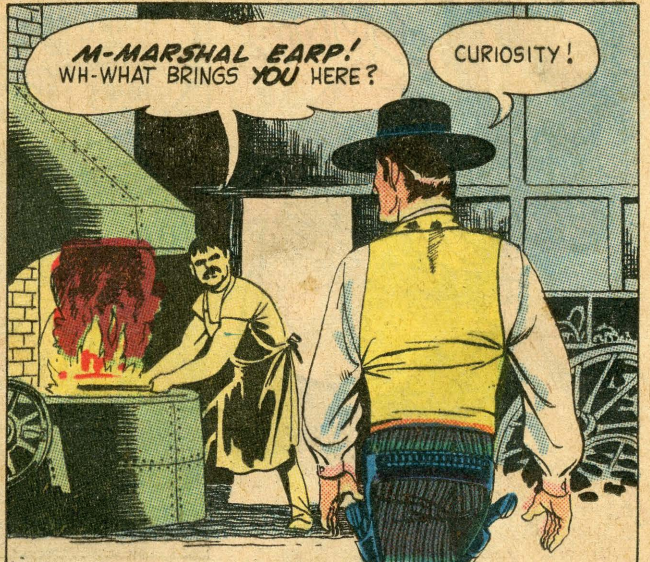
TAKE CARE OF THIS BUNCH, HAL! I'VE GOT TO REACH TOWN BEFORE A CERTAIN RAT SMELLS ANOTHER!



WYATT RACES TOWARD DODGE CITY AT FLASHING SPEED...



...AND REINS IN BEFORE THE BLACKSMITH SHOP!



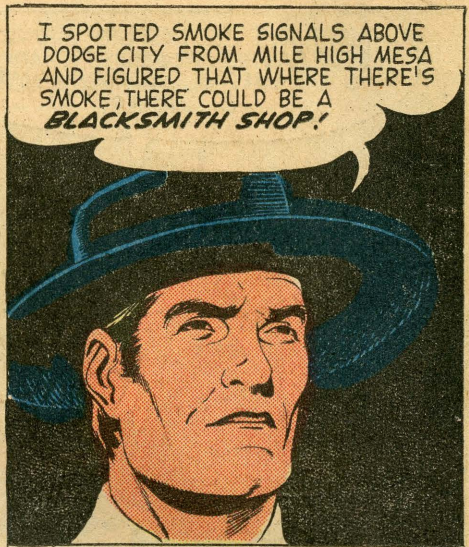
M-MARSHAL EARP! WH-WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

CURIOSITY!



MIGHTY BIG FORGE FIRE FOR THE LITTLE BUSINESS YOU'RE DOING, ISN'T IT, DECKER?

WHAT OF IT?



I SPOTTED SMOKE SIGNALS ABOVE DODGE CITY FROM MILE HIGH MESA AND FIGURED THAT WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE COULD BE A **BLACKSMITH SHOP!**



IT WAS YOUR SMOKE MESSAGE THAT TIPPED OFF MALDEN'S RAIDERS WHEN THE STAGE LEFT TOWN WITH THE MAYOR AND THAT STRONGBOX! YOU'VE SENT YOUR LAST SMOKE SIGNAL, DECKER!

AND YOU'VE SERVED YOUR LAST DAY AS MARSHAL!

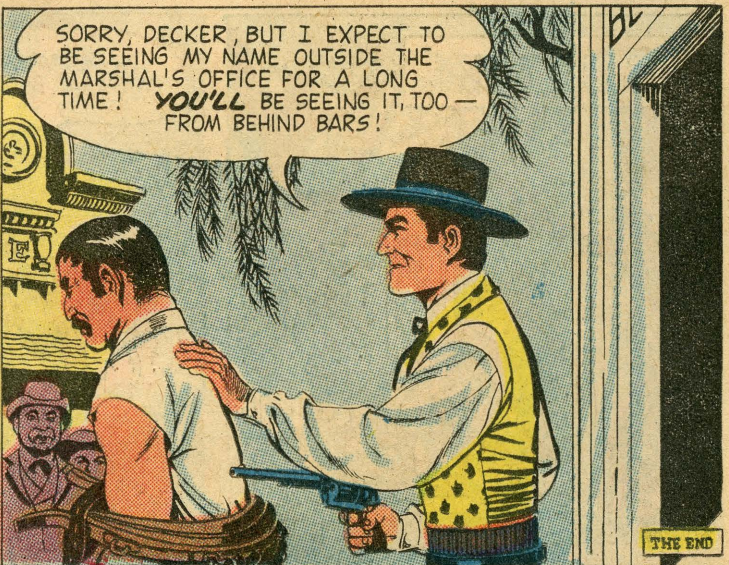


A SIZZLING HOT IRON FLASHES UPWARD IN DECKER'S HAND... BUT WYATT'S HAND IS QUICKER!

BLAM!



GLUNK!

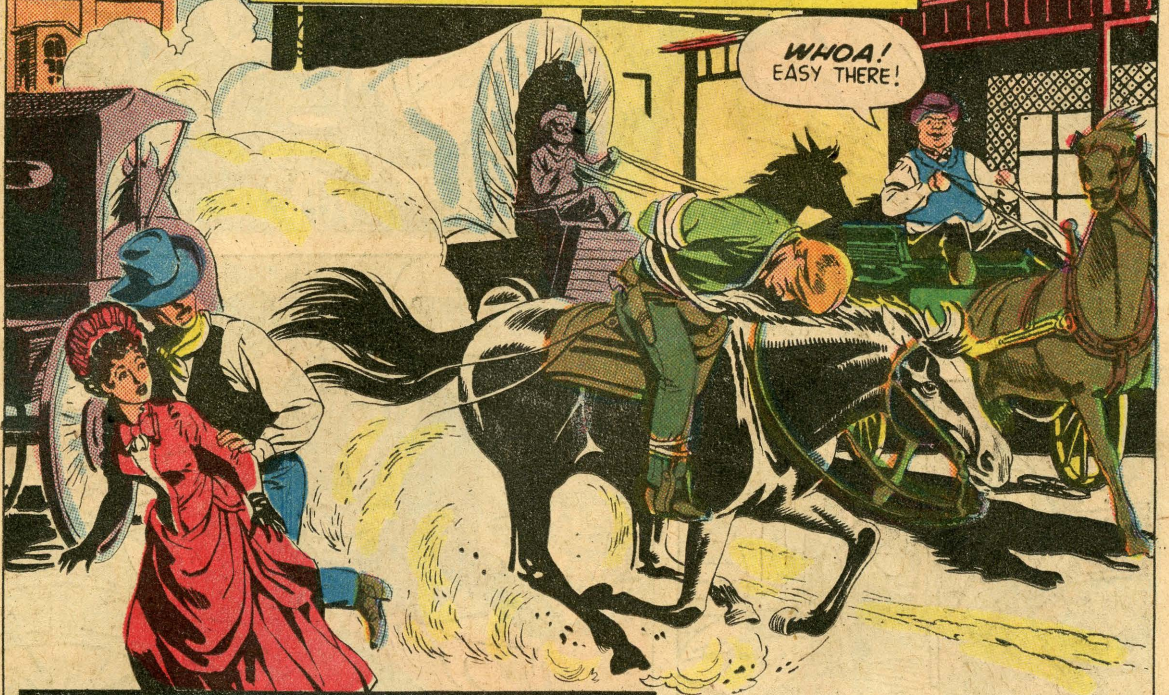


SORRY, DECKER, BUT I EXPECT TO BE SEEING MY NAME OUTSIDE THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE FOR A LONG TIME! YOU'LL BE SEEING IT, TOO — FROM BEHIND BARS!

THE END

THE LIFE and LEGEND of **WYATT EARP**

DOOMSDAY AT DODGE CITY



THE QUIET LATE AFTERNOON CALM OF DODGE CITY IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED, AS A GALLOPING HORSE RACES INTO TOWN...

THAT LOOKS LIKE
DEPUTY DRAKE!

U.S. MARSHAL
OFFICE



HE'S BEEN
SLUGGED AND
HOG-TIED TO
HIS SADDLE!

WHOEVER DID IT
MUST HAVE STAMPEDED
HIS HORSE INTO TOWN!





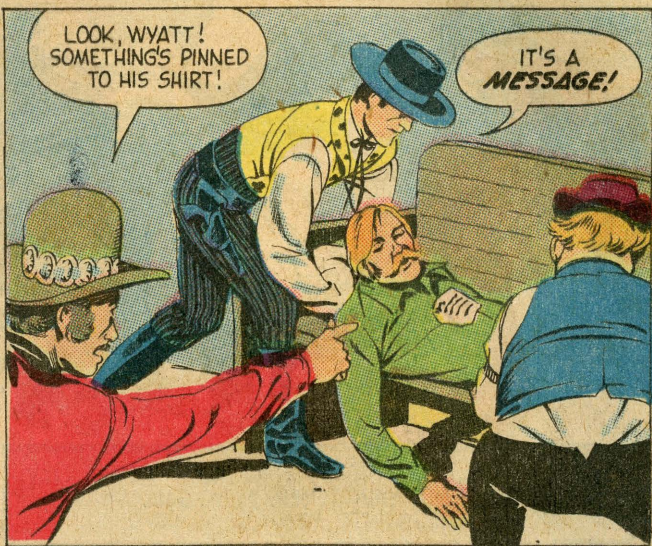
HELP ME CUT HIM LOOSE AND GET HIM INTO THE OFFICE, HAL!

I'LL LEND A HAND, MARSHAL!



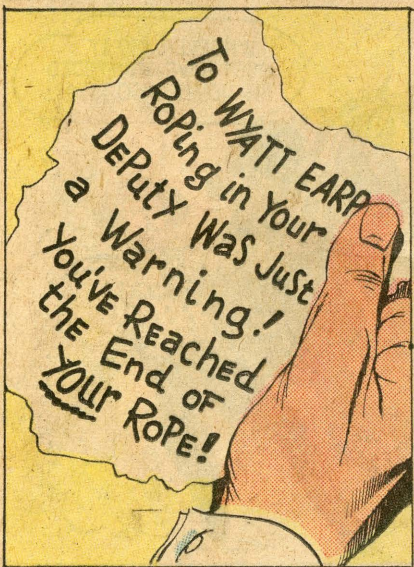
THAT GRAIN I WAS HAULING TO THE FEED STABLE CAN WAIT!

THANKS, PATTON!

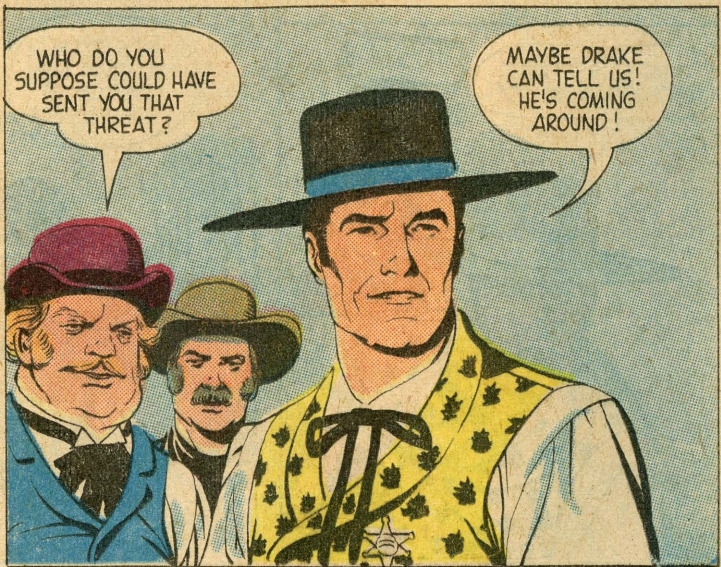


LOOK, WYATT! SOMETHING'S PINNED TO HIS SHIRT!

IT'S A MESSAGE!



TO WYATT EARP
Roping in your
Deputy Was Just
a Warning!
You've Reached
the End of
YOUR ROPE!



WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE COULD HAVE SENT YOU THAT THREAT?

MAYBE DRAKE CAN TELL US! HE'S COMING AROUND!



WHAT HAPPENED, DRAKE?

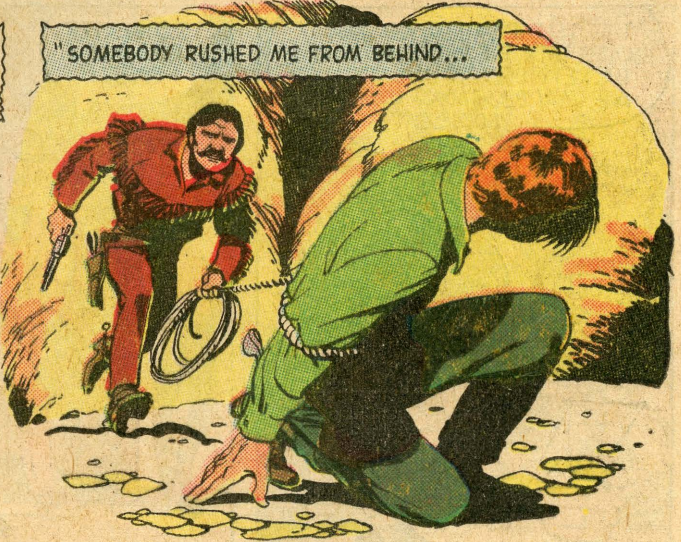
I WAS COVERING THE RIVER TRAIL... HUNTING FOR SOME TRACE OF DAB GREELEY'S STRAYED LIVESTOCK...



"JUST AS I REACHED SENTINEL ROCKS, I HEARD THE SHARP, WHISTLING SNAP OF A ROPE ..."



"BEFORE I COULD TWIST AWAY, THE NOOSE TIGHTENED AND YANKED ME FROM THE SADDLE ..."

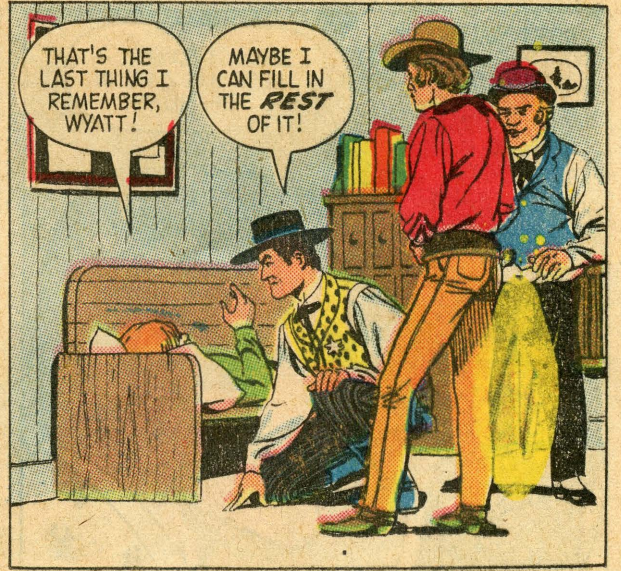


"SOMEBODY RUSHED ME FROM BEHIND..."



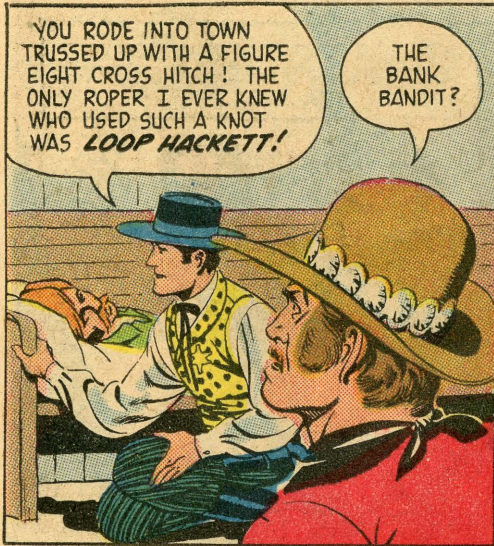
"THEN, THE WHOLE WORLD EXPLODED AROUND ME!"

WHAP!



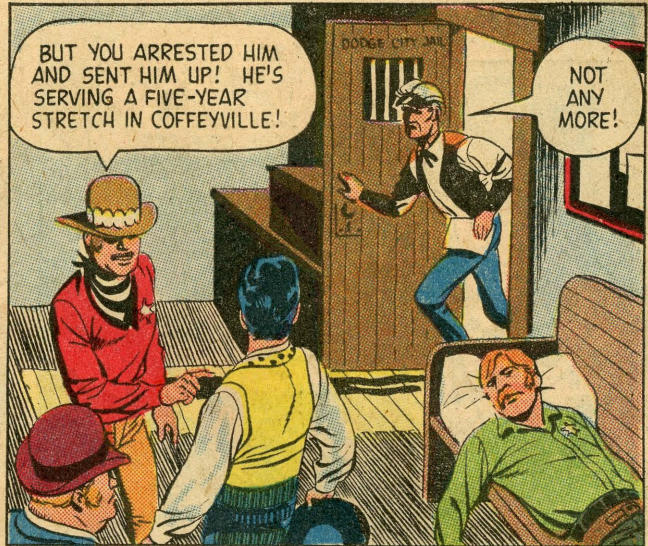
THAT'S THE LAST THING I REMEMBER, WYATT!

MAYBE I CAN FILL IN THE REST OF IT!



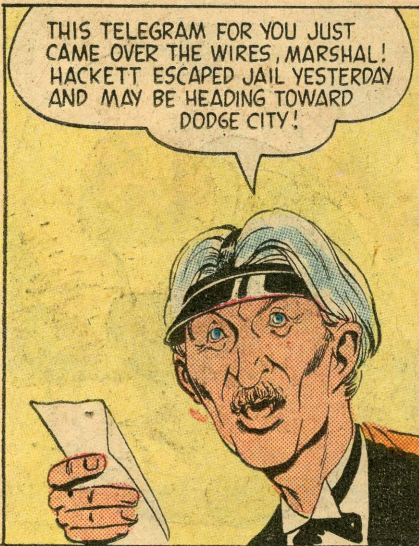
YOU RODE INTO TOWN TRUSSSED UP WITH A FIGURE EIGHT CROSS HITCH! THE ONLY ROPER I EVER KNEW WHO USED SUCH A KNOT WAS **LOOP HACKETT!**

THE BANK BANDIT?

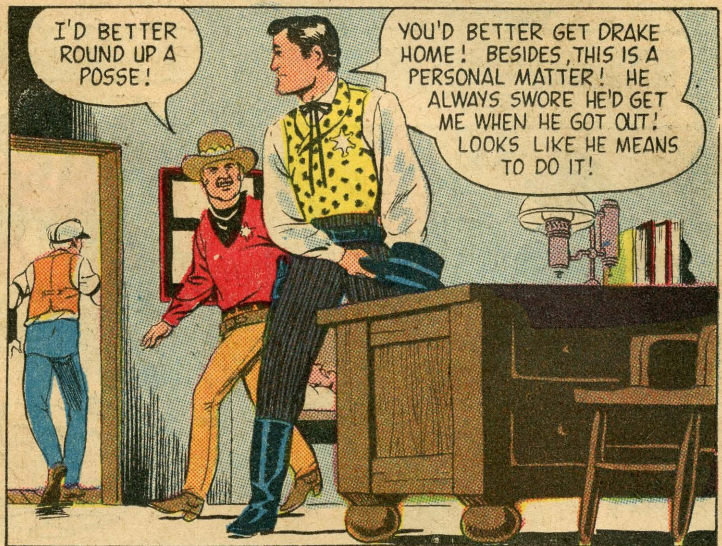


BUT YOU ARRESTED HIM AND SENT HIM UP! HE'S SERVING A FIVE-YEAR STRETCH IN COFFEYVILLE!

NOT ANY MORE!

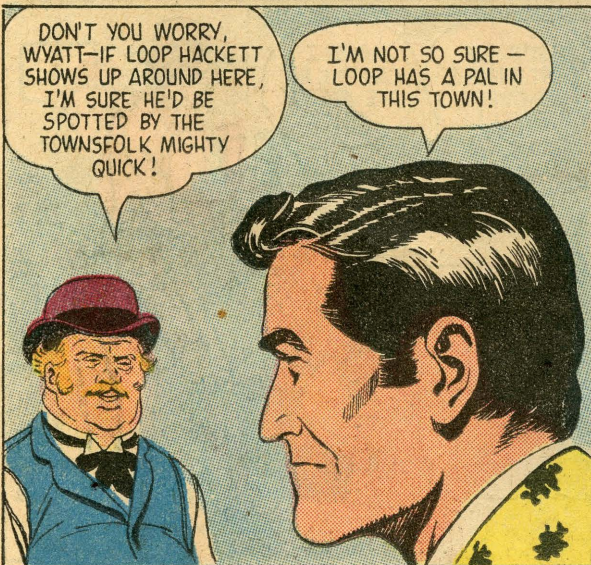


THIS TELEGRAM FOR YOU JUST CAME OVER THE WIRES, MARSHAL! HACKETT ESCAPED JAIL YESTERDAY AND MAY BE HEADING TOWARD DODGE CITY!



I'D BETTER ROUND UP A POSSE!

YOU'D BETTER GET DRAKE HOME! BESIDES, THIS IS A PERSONAL MATTER! HE ALWAYS SWORE HE'D GET ME WHEN HE GOT OUT! LOOKS LIKE HE MEANS TO DO IT!



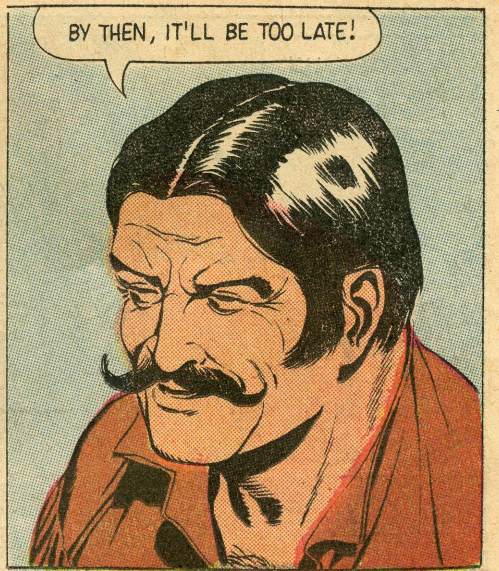
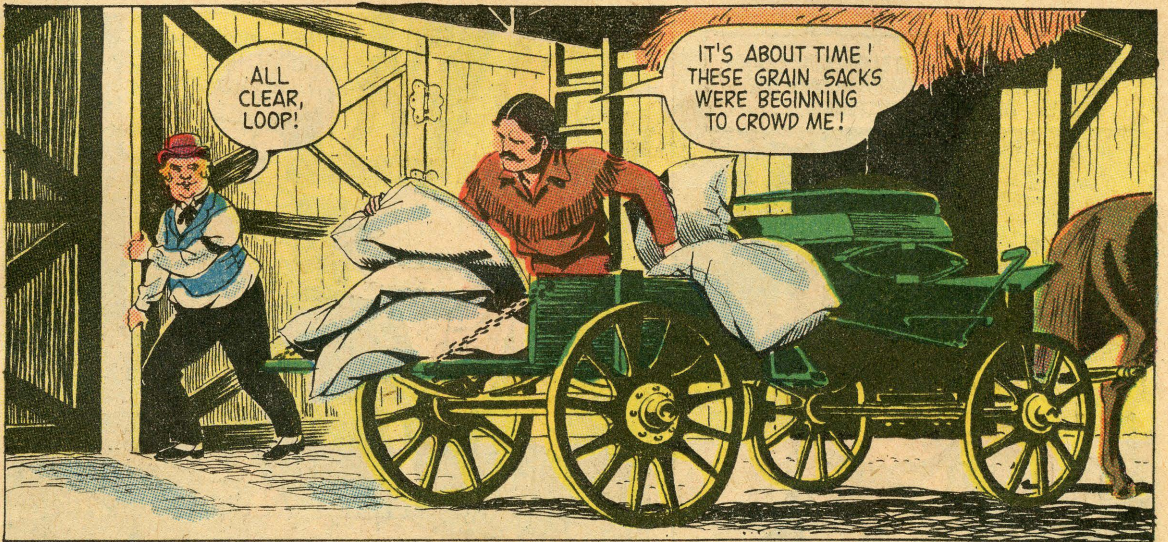
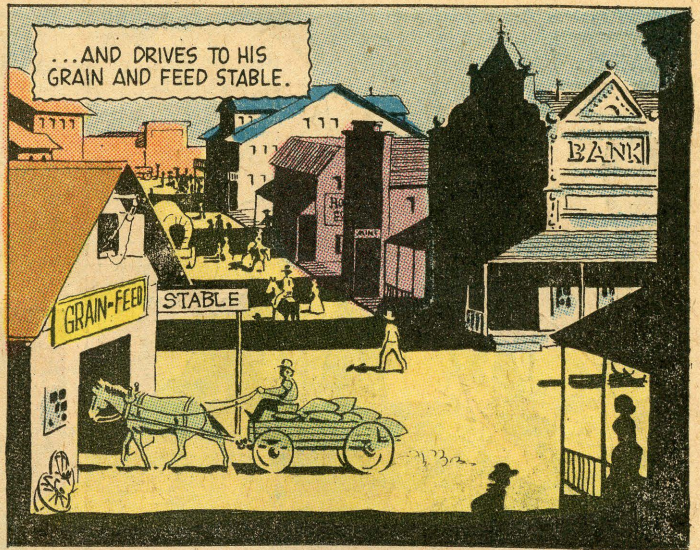
DON'T YOU WORRY, WYATT—IF LOOP HACKETT SHOWS UP AROUND HERE, I'M SURE HE'D BE SPOTTED BY THE TOWNSFOLK MIGHTY QUICK!

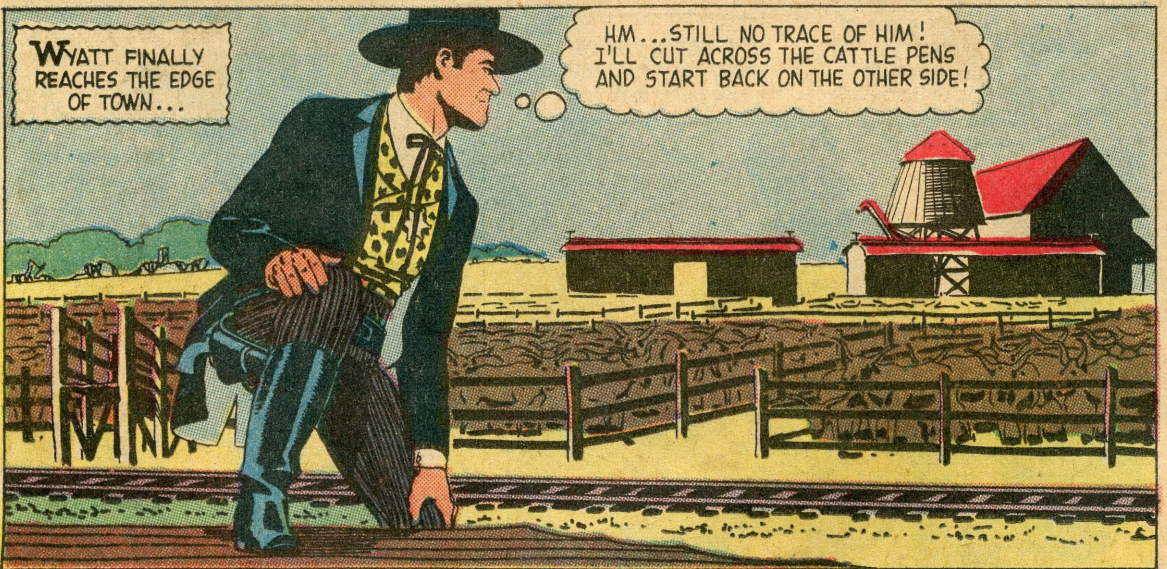
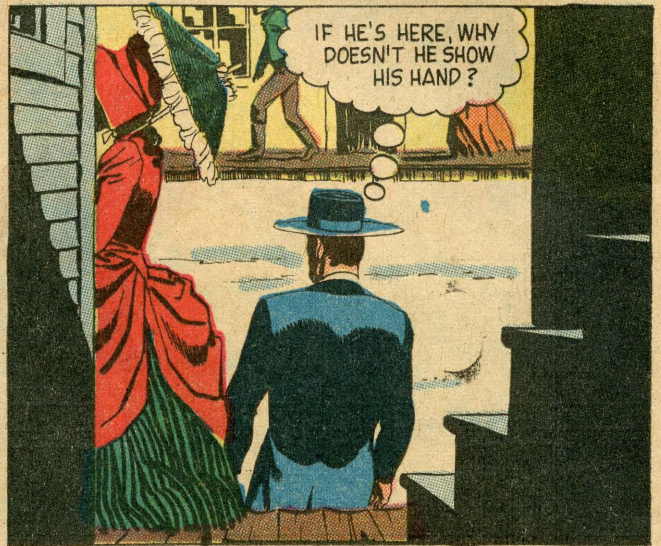
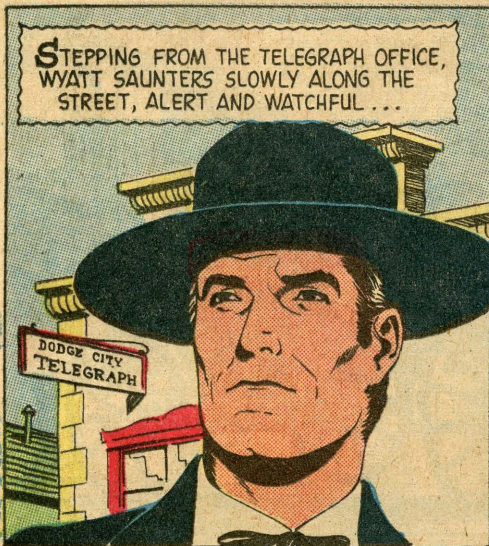
I'M NOT SO SURE — LOOP HAS A PAL IN THIS TOWN!

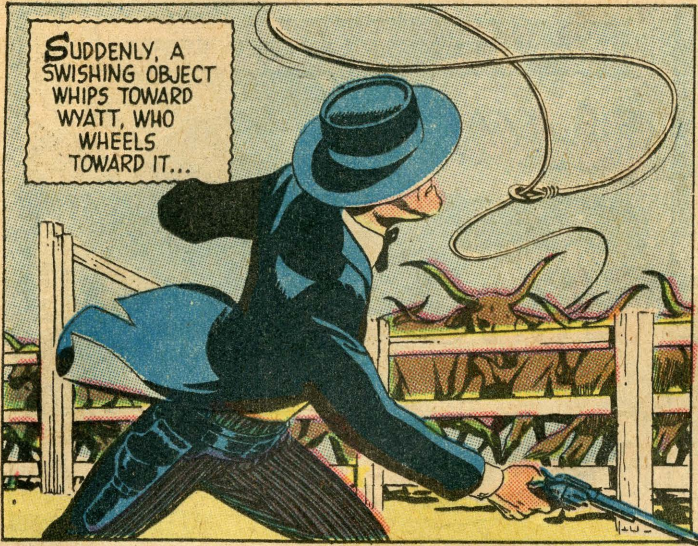


A PAL? WHO?

I DON'T KNOW *WHO* HE IS, BUT HE HAS A CONFEDERATE I WAS NEVER ABLE TO RUN DOWN! LOOP NEVER WOULD TALK!



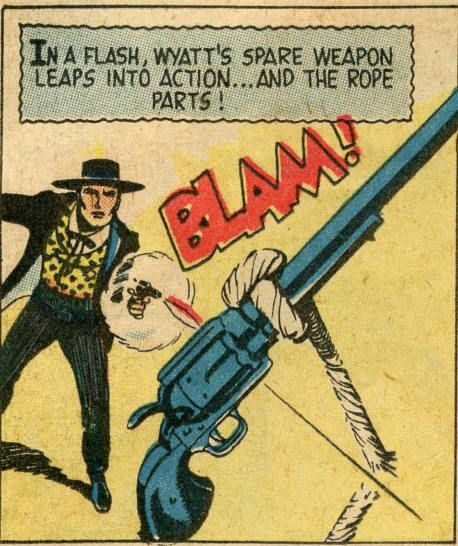




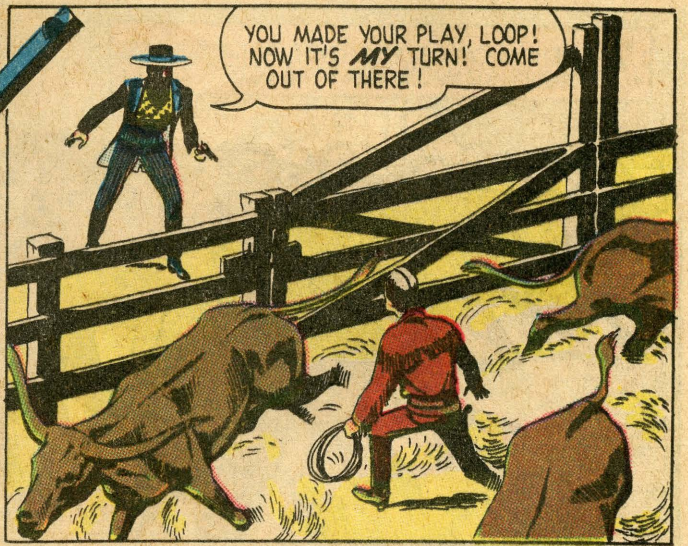
SUDDENLY, A SWISHING OBJECT WHIPS TOWARD WYATT, WHO WHEELS TOWARD IT...



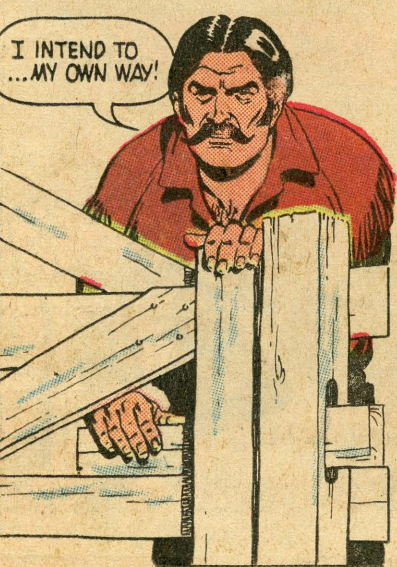
...AS HIS DRAWN GUN IS JERKED FROM HIS HAND!



IN A FLASH, WYATT'S SPARE WEAPON LEAPS INTO ACTION... AND THE ROPE PARTS!



YOU MADE YOUR PLAY, LOOP! NOW IT'S *MY* TURN! COME OUT OF THERE!

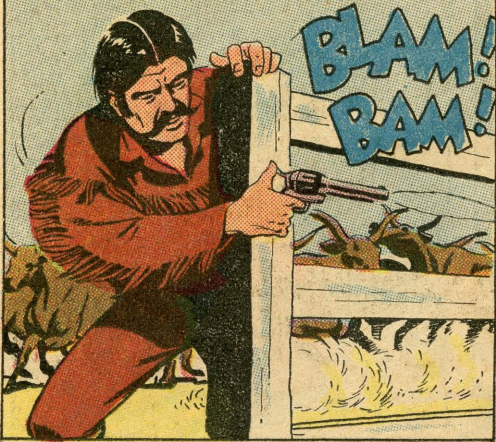


I INTEND TO ...MY OWN WAY!



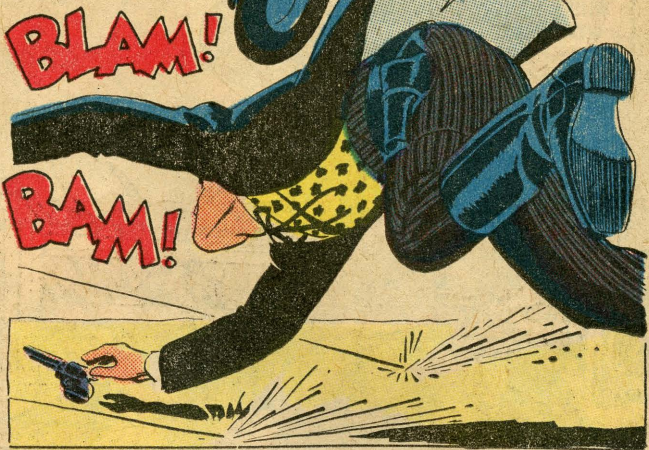
LIKE THIS!

CLAWING FOR HIS GUN, THE OUTLAW FIRES BLINDLY...



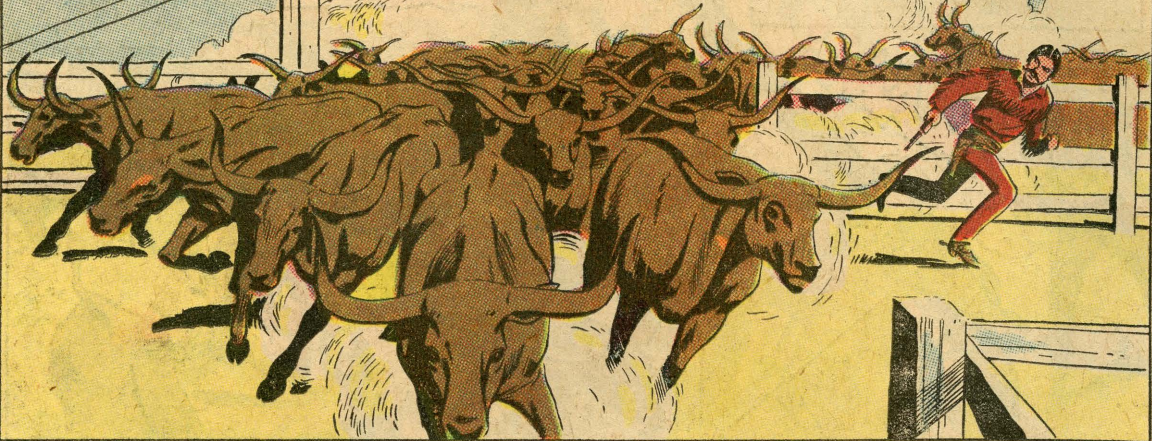
BAM!
BAM!

... AS WYATT LUNGES FOR HIS FALLEN WEAPON!

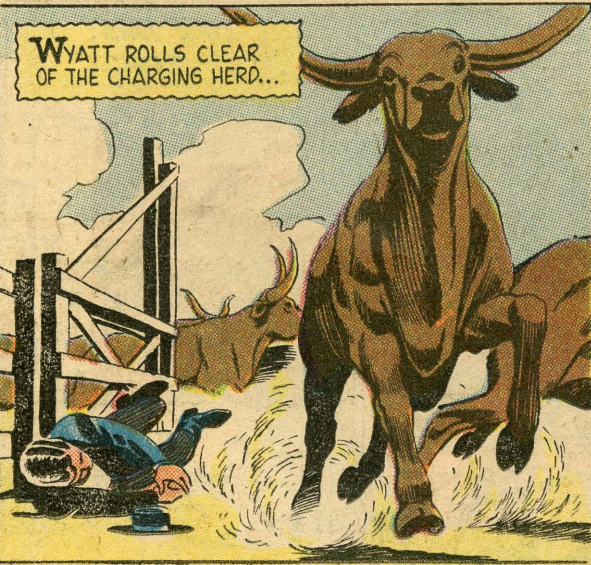


BLAM!
BAM!

THE PENNED CATTLE, FRIGHTENED BY THE GUNFIRE, SUDDENLY STAMPEDE FROM THE CORRAL!

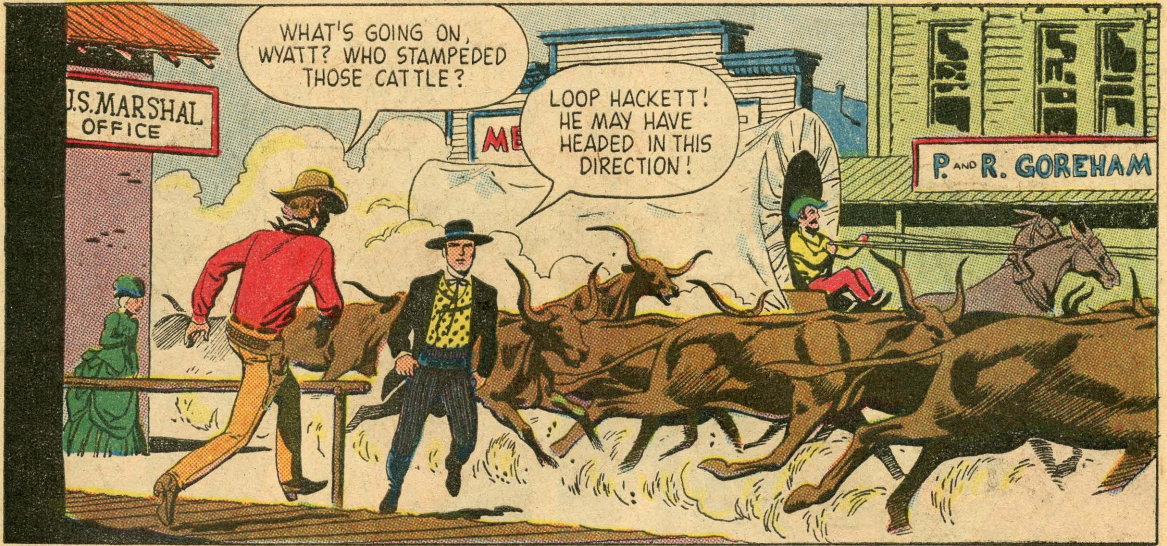


WYATT ROLLS CLEAR OF THE CHARGING HERD...



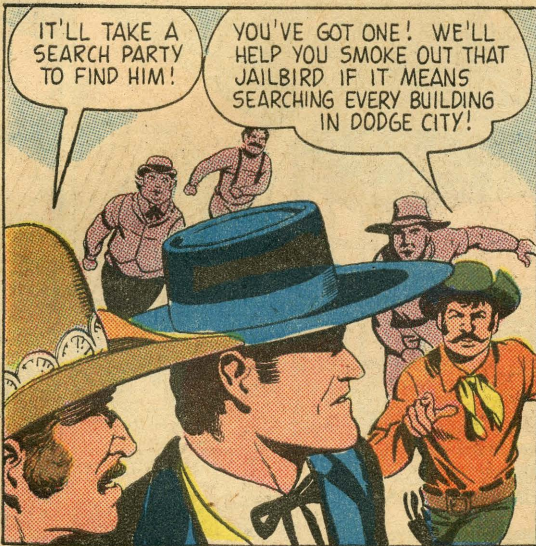
... BUT, IN THE DUST AND CONFUSION, HACKETT HAS DISAPPEARED!





WHAT'S GOING ON, WYATT? WHO STAMPEDED THOSE CATTLE?

LOOP HACKETT! HE MAY HAVE HEADED IN THIS DIRECTION!



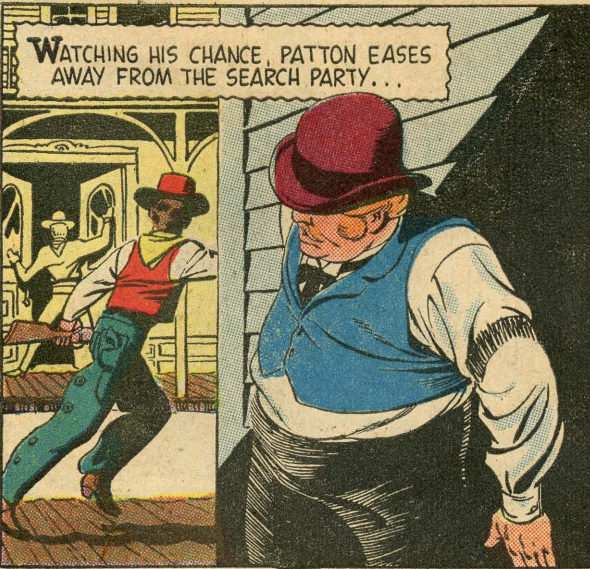
IT'LL TAKE A SEARCH PARTY TO FIND HIM!

YOU'VE GOT ONE! WE'LL HELP YOU SMOKE OUT THAT JAILBIRD IF IT MEANS SEARCHING EVERY BUILDING IN DODGE CITY!



WYATT EARP MARSHAL

ENOUGH OF YOU MEN COVER EVERY APPROACH TRAIL LEADING IN OR OUT OF TOWN! THE REST OF US WILL TAKE UP THE HUNT STREET BY STREET!



WATCHING HIS CHANCE, PATTON EASES AWAY FROM THE SEARCH PARTY...



... AND HURRIES TO THE GRAIN AND FEED STABLE!



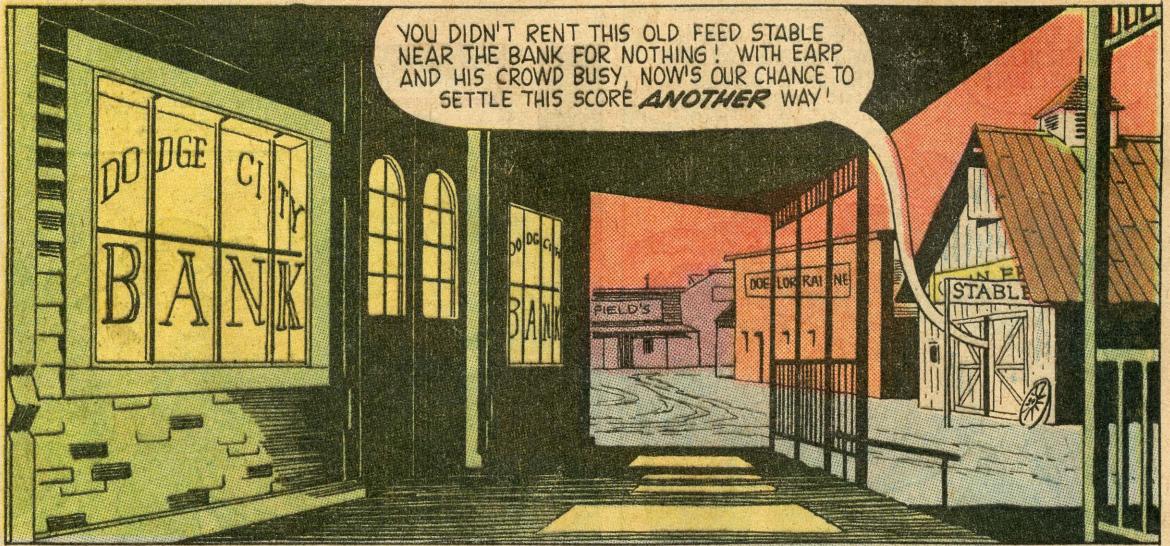
WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT?

PLENTY! THANKS TO YOUR BUNGLING, HALF THE TOWN HAS JOINED EARP AND HIS DEPUTY IN A HOUSE TO HOUSE SEARCH FOR YOU!



THAT MOB WILL SOON BE SHOWING UP **HERE!** YOU'D BETTER FORGET SETTLING ANY SCORE WITH WYATT EARP AND CLEAR OUT!

NOT WITHOUT GIVING **HIM** SOMETHING TO REMEMBER!



YOU DIDN'T RENT THIS OLD FEED STABLE NEAR THE BANK FOR NOTHING! WITH EARP AND HIS CROWD BUSY, NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO SETTLE THIS SCORE **ANOTHER** WAY!

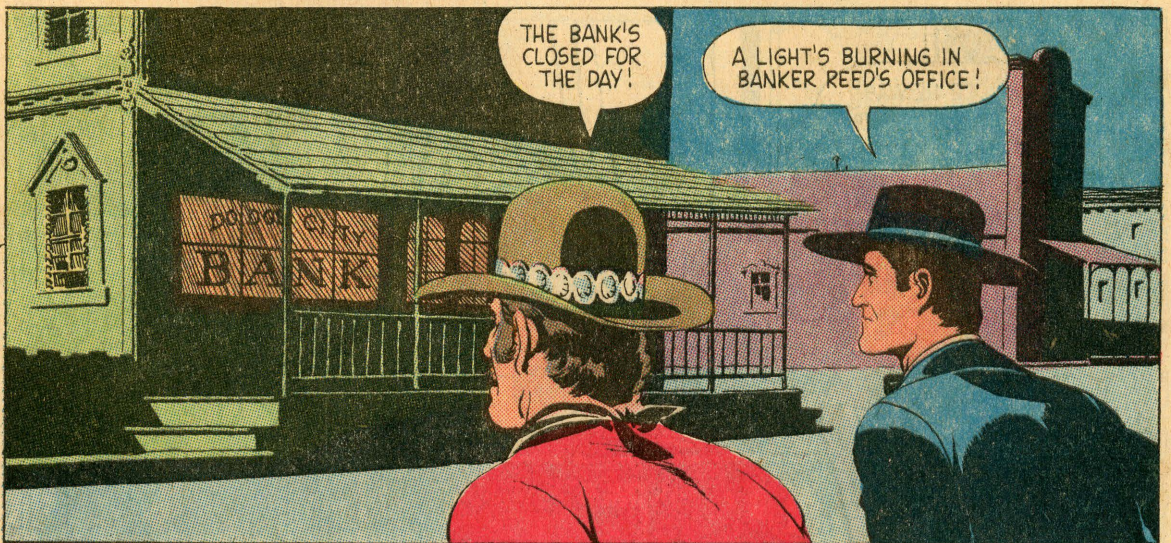


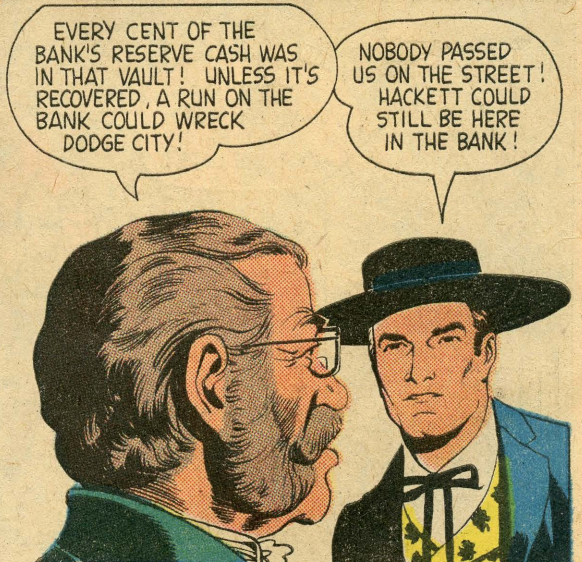
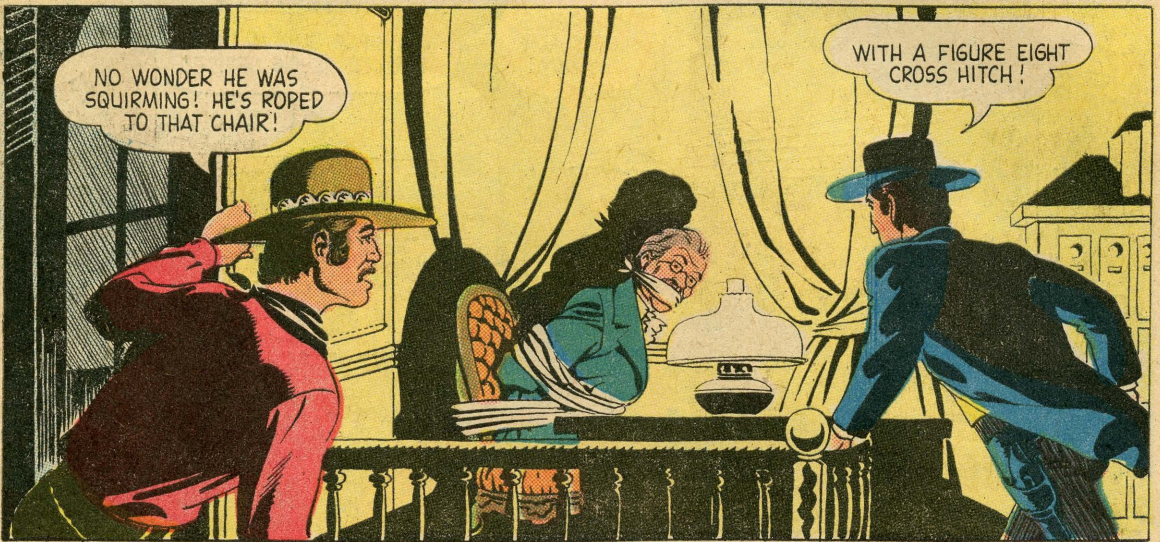
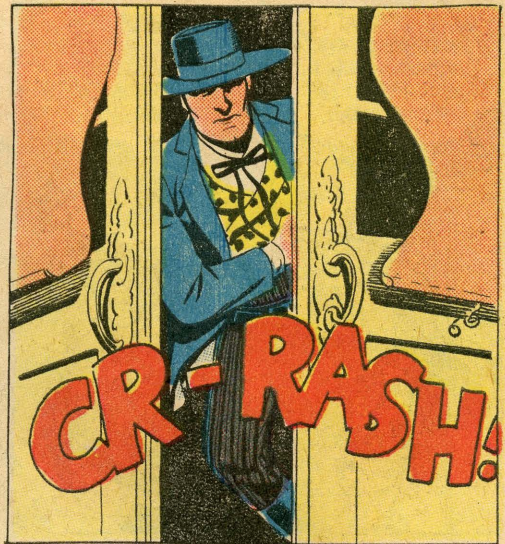
DARKNESS SETTLES, BUT THE NARROWING SEARCH FOR LOOP HACKETT GOES ON...

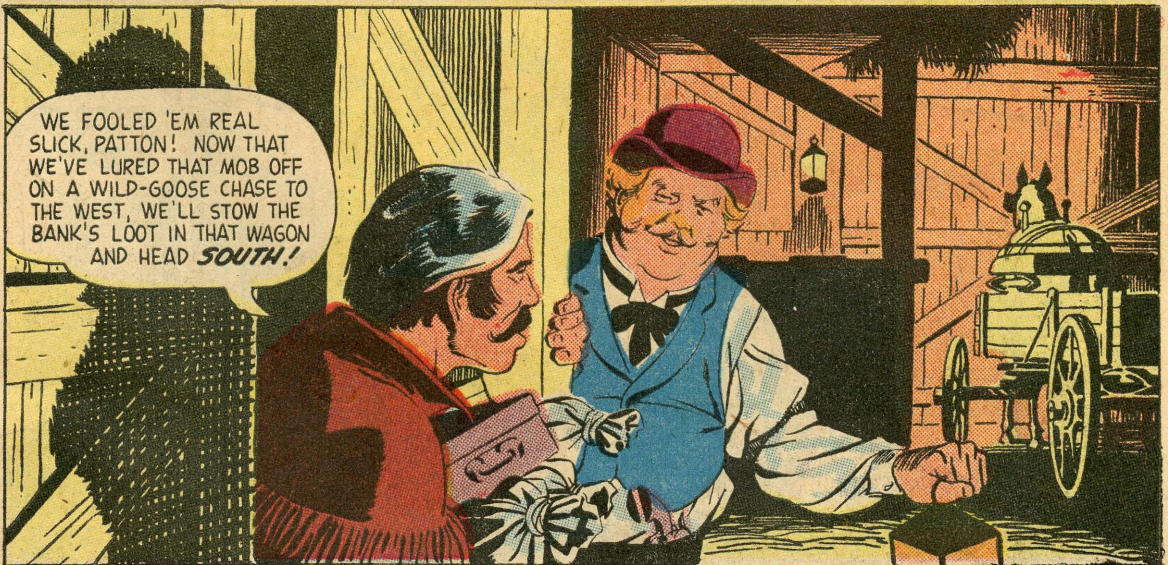


NO TRACE OF HIM YET, WYATT! IT'S MY GUESS THAT BUZZARD GAVE US THE SLIP!

HE COULDN'T HAVE GIVEN THOSE POSTED GUARDS THE SLIP WITHOUT US KNOWING ABOUT IT!









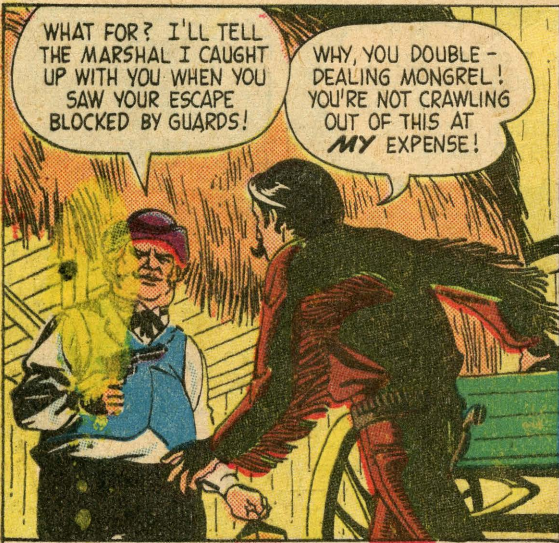
LOOK!
WYATT EARP!
HE'S HEADING
THIS WAY!

HE'S COMING
FOR US!



NOT US, LOOP... YOU!
YOU'RE THE WANTED MAN
EARP IS AFTER!

HAVE YOU GONE
LOCO? PUT DOWN
THAT GUN!

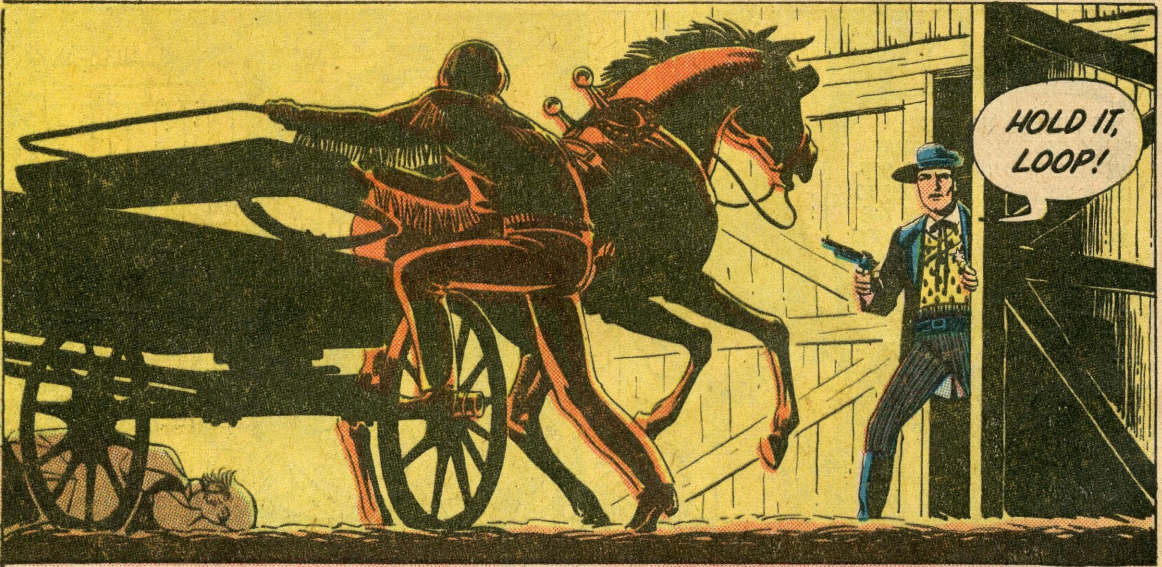


WHAT FOR? I'LL TELL
THE MARSHAL I CAUGHT
UP WITH YOU WHEN YOU
SAW YOUR ESCAPE
BLOCKED BY GUARDS!

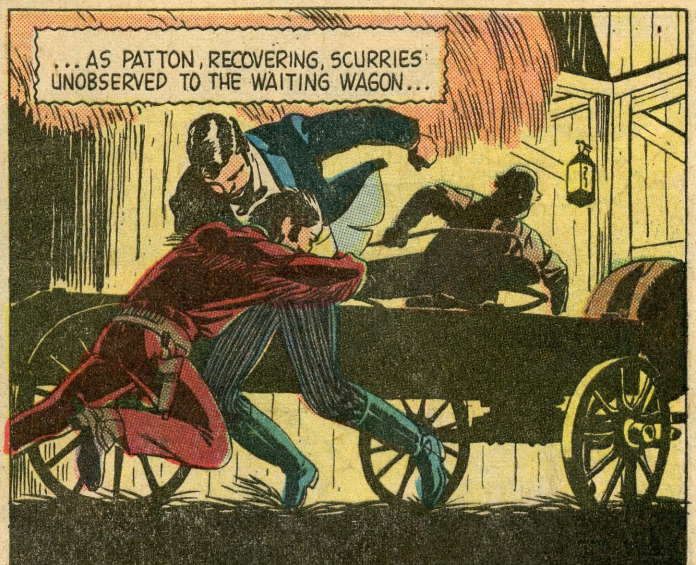
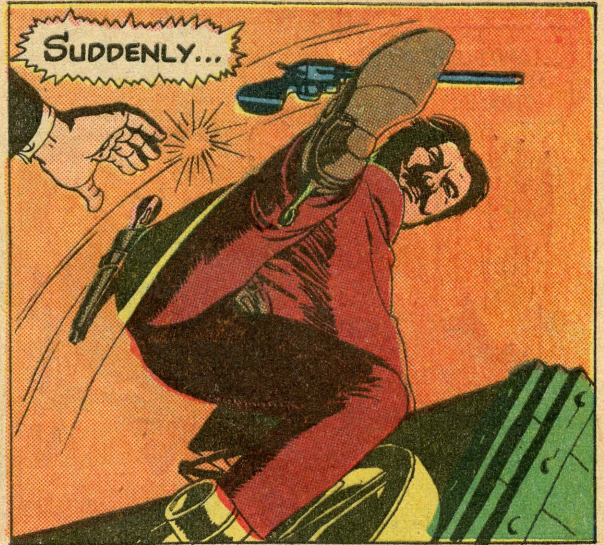
WHY, YOU DOUBLE-
DEALING MONGREL!
YOU'RE NOT CRAWLING
OUT OF THIS AT
MY EXPENSE!

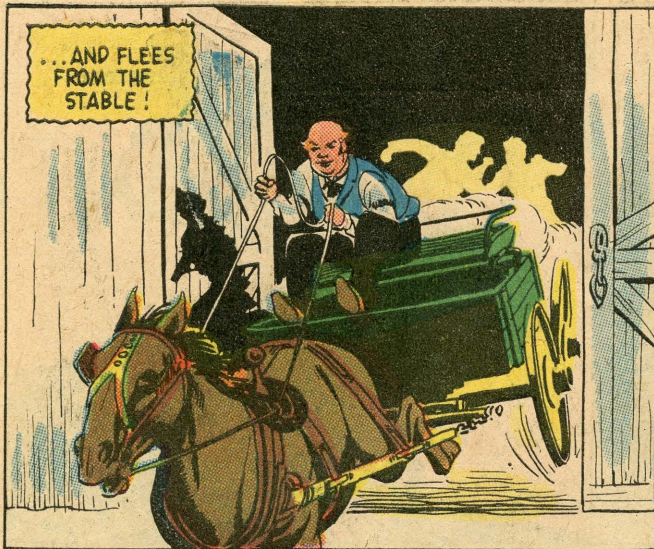


WHAP!



HOLD IT,
LOOP!





...AND FLEES FROM THE STABLE!

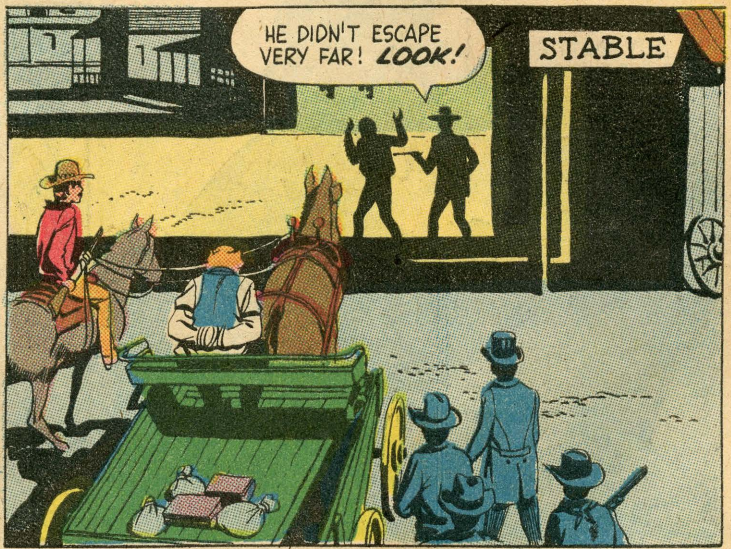


A MOMENT LATER, THE FIGHT ABRUPTLY ENDS!



ON YOUR FEET, LOOP! YOU'RE ALL THROUGH!

BUT **PATTON** ISN'T! YOU'VE LET HIM ESCAPE WITH THE BANK'S CASH!



HE DIDN'T ESCAPE VERY FAR! **LOOK!**

STABLE



I WAS ROUNDING UP THE GUARDS AT THE SOUTH END OF TOWN JUST AS **PATTON** SHOWED UP! HE WAS DRIVING TOO FAST TO AVOID SUSPICION AND OUT TOO LATE TO BE DELIVERING GRAIN AND FEED!

THAT "GRAIN AND FEED" IS GOING RIGHT BACK INTO THE BANK VAULT...

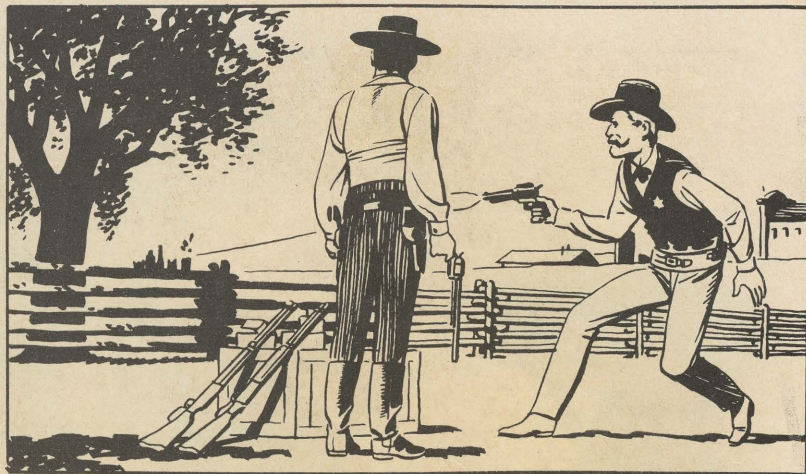
AND THERE'S **ANOTHER** KIND OF VAULT WAITING FOR **LOOP HACKETT** AND HIS PARD!

THE END

WYATT'S FRIENDS



BILL TILGHMAN



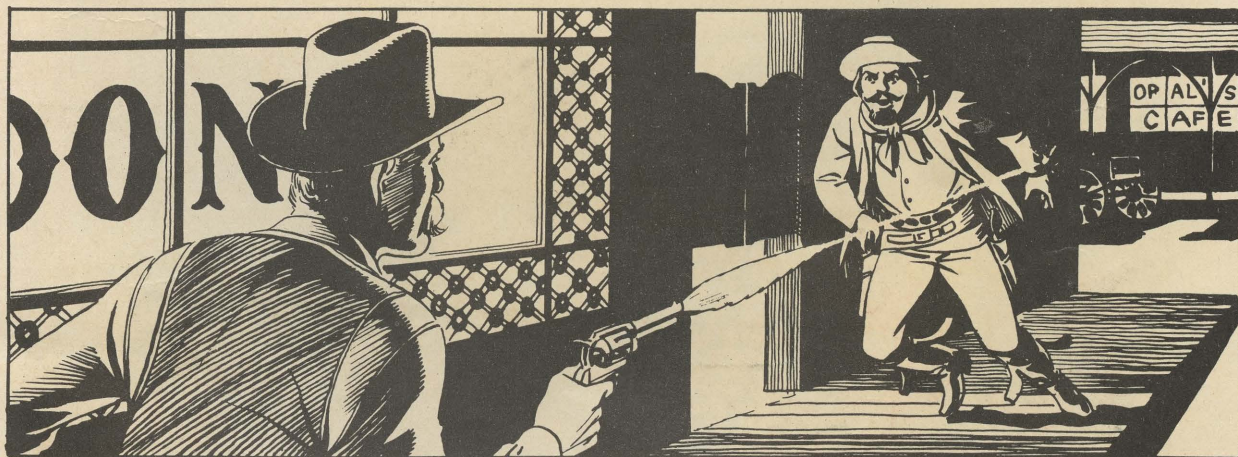
Bill Tilghman was one of the west's great lawmen and knew Wyatt Earp quite well. "Uncle Billy," as Tilghman was called in later years, won the admiration of Wyatt Earp by his devoted work as a frontier law officer.



It was Bill Tilghman's practice to make an arrest without going for his gun. He would draw only when an outlaw forced him to.



In the hopes that an outlaw would give himself up rather than fight, Bill often gave that man the chance to draw first.

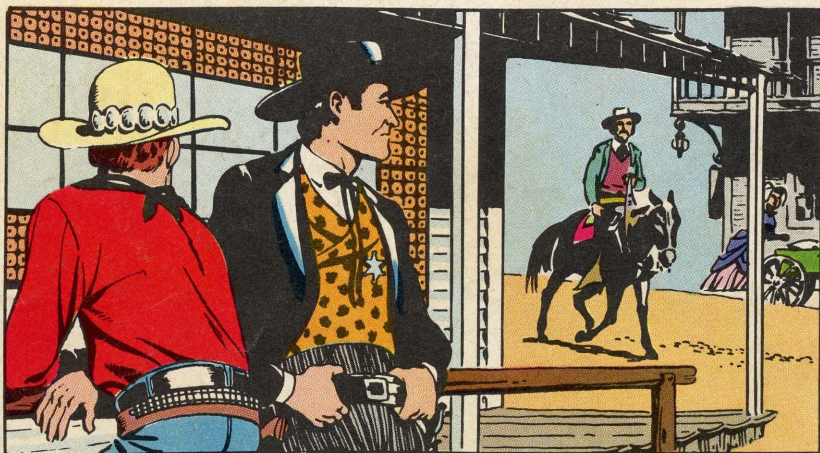


Uncle Billy was once asked how he managed to win when an outlaw forced him to draw. His explanation was, that a man who knows he is wrong is always a little slower than a man who knows he is doing the lawful thing.

WYATT'S ENEMIES



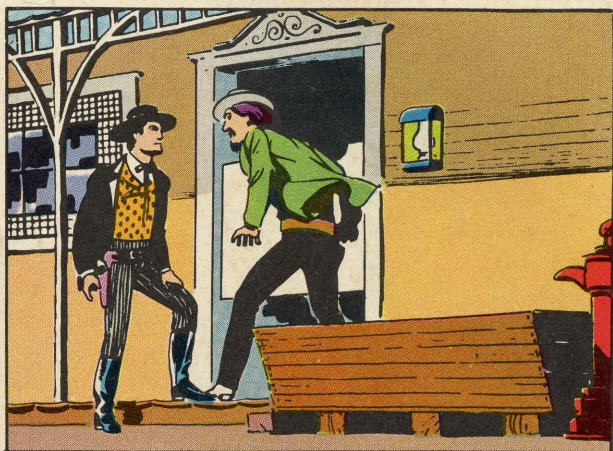
CLAY ALLISON



Gunmen were constantly drifting in and out of Dodge. Many of them caused no trouble and were on friendly terms with Wyatt Earp, others like Clay Allison came to town looking for trouble. These were Wyatt's enemies.



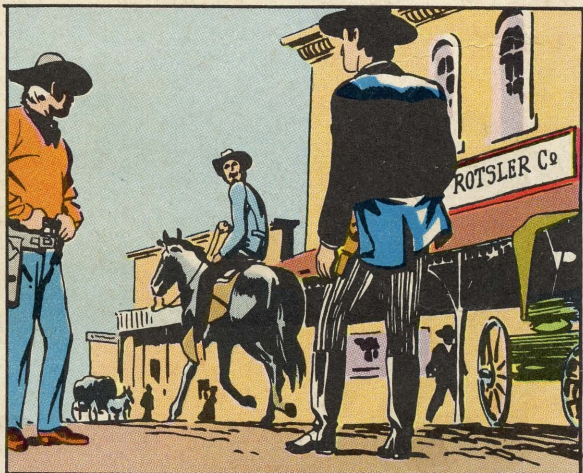
Gunman Clay Allison was credited with 21 killings. He was tall, handsome, and quick as a cat. He had ridden into Dodge to find out just how tough Wyatt Earp really was.



Clay Allison soon found Wyatt, and after a short exchange of words, Allison, without warning, dropped his hand to his pistol to make a lightning-fast draw...



... But Allison was in for a surprise. His gun had just cleared the holster when the barrel of Earp's Buntline Special pressed into his side. Wyatt had outdrawn him!



Clay Allison was forced to back down and quietly leave Dodge. Earp had made a fool of him, and Allison never forgot it. Wyatt Earp had become a bitter enemy!