The Wild West has been romanticized in American culture ever since the dime novels capturing the exploits of Jesse James were produced in the years directly following the Civil War, and the Western genre continues to enthral audiences to this day. The stories of frontiersmen, outlaws, cowboys, Indians, prospectors, and lawmen surviving the harshest of environments through wit, skill, and determination, or meeting their end by bullet, noose, or exposure speak to what it means to be American and play an essential part in how we define ourselves as a nation. These mythic stories have been captured and created in almost every popular mass medium of the past century and beyond from tabloids to novels, radio plays, television shows, and movies.

Now, powerHouse Books is pleased to present a collection of these uniquely American stories as told through a uniquely American medium… the comic book! *Golden Age Western Comics* lovingly reproduces in full-color, restored, complete scans of over 40 of the best Western stories created between the years 1948 and 1956. These lavishly illustrated stories of guts and glory, violence and valor, intrigue, romance, and betrayed, on the range and in lawless frontier towns, were created by some of the best artists and writers of the era. The action flies off the page in stories such as “The Tragedy at Massacre Pass,” and “Breakout in Rondo Prison,” from the greatest earliest publishing houses, including Fawcett, Charlton, Avon, Youthful, and more. *Golden Age Western Comics* is a collection unlike any other and is sure to delight fans of rootin’-tootin’, gun-toting, adventure of all ages!

Featuring Western Legends of Life, Literature, and Filmdom such as:
- Jesse James
- Annie Oakley
- Kit Carson
- Daniel “Dan’l” Boone
- Lash Larue
- Gabby Hayes
- Tom Mix
- And Many More!
GOLDEN AGE WESTERN COMICS
Edited by Steven Brower
Foreword by Christopher Irving

Published by

powerHouse Books

To be released: April 2012

This PDF of Golden Age Western Comics is only a preview and an uncorrected proof.
Lifting images from mechanical files is strictly prohibited.
To see the complete version, please contact Nina Ventura, Publicist: nina@powerHouseBooks.com

This PDF is NOT the entire book
Golden Age Western Comics

Edited by Steven Brower
Foreword by Christopher Irving

powerHouse Books
Brooklyn, NY
TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword by Christopher Irving .................. Page 5

Western Comics by Steven Brower .............. Page 7

Texas Tim, Ranger (Blazing West-American Comics Group, 1948 Series) Script: Richard E. Hughes ............... Page 9

The King’s Ransom (Lash Larue Western #56 - Charlton, July 1955) ............... Page 17


Tom Mix and the Desert Maelstrom (Tom Mix Western #15 - Fawcett, circa 1949) ............... Page 32

Jesse James (Cowboy Western Comics #59 - Charlton, June 1955) Pencils & Inks: William M. Allison ............... Page 39

Peril Shadows the Forest Trail (Dan'l Boone #4 - Magazine Enterprises, December 1955) Pencils & Inks: Joe Certa .......... Page 43

Buffalo Belle (Blazing West - American Comics Group, 1948 Series) Script: Richard E. Hughes ............... Page 51

Little Lobo the Bantam Buckaroo (Blazing West - American Comics Group, 1948 Series) Pencils & Inks: Leonard Starr .......... Page 59

Tenderfoot (Blazing West - American Comics Group, 1948 Series) ............... Page 68


Young Falcon and the Swindlers (Gabby Hayes Western #17 - Fawcett, April 1950) ............... Page 90
**Annie Oakley** (Cowboy Western Comics #58 - Charlton/ Capitol Stories, April-May 1952) Pencils & Inks: Jerry Maxwell (Iger).................Page 94

**Flying Eagle in Golden Treachery** (Death Valley #9 - Charlton, October 1955).................Page 98

**Cry For Revenge** (Cowboy Western #49 - Charlton, May-June 1954) Pencils: Dick Giordano, Inks: Vince Alascia......................Page 102


**Triple Test** (Cowboy Western #49 - Charlton, May-June 1954) Pencils: Dick Giordano, Inks: Vince Alascia......................Page 114

**The Big Game Hunt** (Gabby Hayes #17 - Fawcett, April 1950) ..................................................Page 122

**Breakout in Rondo Prison** (Range Busters #10 - Charlton, September 1955) Pencils: Dick Giordano, Inks: Vince Alascia......................Page 150

**Four Talon’s Nest** (Masked Raider #2 - Charlton, August 1955) Pencils: Mike Sekowsky....Page 138

---

**FOREWORD**

Christopher Irving

When the Western was at its peak, from about the 1930s–50s, the period of the Old West had only been over for around 50 years, and the craze has since been over for about that length of time. While the current generation of kids embraces the giant robots made popular in the years following the Western’s peak, the cowboy is largely forgotten in this politically correct time. Toy guns are generally taboo, and “Cowboys and Indians” just doesn’t fly on today’s playground.

But once, when being American was a way of life, the cowboy was king, and this collection celebrates that era in an array of spectacular and offbeat comics.

By the late-’40s and through the mid-’50s, as superheroes became less exciting and relevant, the cowboy stepped in with his spurred boots to keep the comics industry afloat. The shrinking comics industry didn’t have enough room for both genres, and the cowboy was the quicker draw, beating the long underwear crowd out. The last standby, All-American Comics’ All-Star Comics (which featured the first major superhero team in the Justice Society of America), gave way to All-Star Western.

After reading this assemblage of stories, put together by Steven Brower, you’ll see why they were all the rage, whether for story quality or sheer kitsch factor. There were more publishers in the Golden Age of comics than badmen in a saloon, and they produced Westerns of all flavors and levels.

Several of the stories herein were published by Charlton Comics, once one of the largest publishers of comics in the United States. Founded in Seymour, Connecticut by a former Italian bricklayer and a disbarred attorney he’d met in prison, Charlton held the distinction of housing everything from editorial to distribution under one roof. The downside to Charlton is that they paid the worst rates in the business; as a result, most of their comics were hastily drawn by freelancers anxious to produce enough pages to make a living wage.

There were, however, some real diamonds in the rough, the brightest being Charlton artist, and eventual editor, Dick Giordano. A trio of Giordano’s stories is presented here, showing the craftsmanship and pride he put into even the lowest paying work. He later went on to edit at DC Comics, eventually becoming the Managing Editor (his modest title for Editor-in-Chief) and then Vice President/Executive Editor in the mid-’80s. Giordano suffered from hearing loss for most of his adult life and, by the time of his death in 2010, was practically deaf.

Although not credited, chances are the Charlton Westerns were written by Joe Gill, a dyed-in-the-wool Irishman and self-professed “hack” writer. Entering the comics industry with best pal Mickey Spillane (of Mike Hammer fame) in the early ‘40s, Joe became the head writer at Charlton and stayed there until they closed shop in ‘86. There, he wrote every genre of story from romance to superhero to crime to Western. I was lucky enough to know Gill a few years before he died in 2007; he was a helluva character, always equipped with a wisecrack and sound writing advice.

Charlton was also a last resort for struggling artists in the ’50s, which made it possible for them to occasionally score artists like Mike Sekowsky, future Justice League of America artist, who contributes the Masked Raider story here. His use of solid blacks and geometric shapes gives his work a kinetic nature that pops off the page. Charlton later boasted a post-Spider-Man Steve Ditko in
their ranks, as he returned to his first major home in comics in the mid-'60s to draw The Question and Blue Beetle.

Although they only have one entry here, Magazine Enterprises produced many of the best and most offbeat Western comics ever made. It wasn’t just because of their assembly of talented, top-level cartoonists; much was undoubtedly owed to the Editor-in-Chief and top man at ME, Vin Sullivan, who was the first to discover Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster’s Superman in the submissions slush pile, and inadvertently helped launch the entire superhero genre. With their flag Western title Best of the West, ME Westerns featured stars who were crossed between superhero and cowboy, wearing masks and costumes while also living with alter egos. Their top characters were the first Ghost Rider, who wore a spooky luminescent costume and used magic to spook the baddies; Redmask, the superhero identity of cowboy star Tim Holt; and the masked cowgirl Black Phantom.

Our ME entry here is from Don’t Boone, featuring the legendary frontiersman, with art by Joe Certa. While he was never considered a huge name, Certa dutifully worked in comics from the ‘40s through the ‘70s, drawing Martian Manhunter for DC Comics, the syndicated Straight Arrow strip, and also working at Gold Key comics on TV adaptations, including the Dark Shadows comic. While his work has a certain stiffness to it, it is far from lacking in charm. Certa was one of many talented journeymen who was like a character actor, always delivering a solid job yet never considered a star.

Not even a character actor, even though he assisted Will Eisner on The Spirit, Manny Stallman’s art is so stiff and off-putting that it instantly delves into kitsch territory. His work on the truly bizarre “Little Eagle” story presented here is a great example of a platypus of a character. Another (and even greater) Eisner connection in this book is Jerry Iger, who drew the “Annie Oakley” story for Charlton and is the person most responsible for giving the legendary Eisner his start in comics. When Eisner met Iger in the late-‘30s, the latter was editor of a comics magazine called Wow, What a Magazine!, and gave Will his first work. After the mag folded, the two went into business together packaging comics as Universal Phoenix, with Eisner doing all of the art and Iger pounding the pavement to find wannabe comics publishers to sell their stories to.

It’s a mighty good thing that the cowboy was around to help keep comics aloft throughout the early ‘50s. It didn’t hurt that the Western was experiencing a wave of popularity through Western characters like The Lone Ranger, Cisco Kid, Zorro, and Hopalong Cassidy, and stars such as Roy Rogers, the King of the Cowboys. Even depictions of his sidekick, Gabby Hayes, had a long-running presence in comics: a former Shakespearean actor, Hayes removed his dentures and played a laughable prospector type, a Little Tramp for the Old West, and we also have him here. Their time was running out, however, as new genres were getting ready to overtake them in Cold War America.

Kids were giving up their six-shooter cap pistols for toy ray guns, or growing up and embracing the new adult Western in the form of the long-running Gunsmoke TV and radio programs. Many of them just moved on to rock ‘n’ roll when exploring the prairies of adolescence. The superhero came back with a vengeance in 1956, as the Flash was revamped for a new generation of National Comics readers, bringing the rest of his superhero buddies back to life in a superhero revival. Pretty soon, the cowboy was replaced with new versions of dusted-off old superheroes at National, and revolutionary angst-ridden ones at Marvel Comics.

But for now, let’s pretend there are no power rings or radioactive spider bites, and we’ll grab a spot at the saloon bar or around a campfire in the middle of the desert, and parlay with these old-school, print cowboys (and girls). Yeehaw!

---

**WESTERN COMICS**

Steven Brower

N ever had the era ended than it was romanticized in the arts. Automobiles had barely replaced horse driven wagons when a plethora of cowboy films entertained the masses alongside melodramas and comedies. The earliest silent Westerns appeared as soon as the technology to create them was available. There was the less-than-one-minute-long Cripple Creek Bar-Room Scene (literally the prototypical barroom scene), and Poker at Dawson City, set during the Alaska gold rush underway at the time, both produced in 1899. In 1905, the first commercial film, The Great Train Robbery, written and directed by Edwin S. Porter, gave birth to the genre. D.W. Griffith experimented with the form in the Twisted Trail (1910), with Mary Pickford; The Last Drop of Water (1911); and Fighting Blood (1911). The first feature-length Western was the six-reel Arizona (1915), directed by Augustus E. Thomas. Cecil B. DeMille’s first motion picture was The Squaw Man (1914). Soon real-life cowboys and legendary Western figures appeared in films, such as Buffalo Bill Cody in The Adventures of Buffalo Bill (1914).

This burgeoning genre soon introduced the first Hollywood cowboy star, William S. Hart, who appeared in over three-dozen films from 1914 until 1925. Next up was Gilbert M. “Broncho Billy” Anderson, starting with Broncho Billy and the Baby (1915), and ending with The Son-of-a-Gun (1919). By far the best-known and lasting star was Tom Mix. Beginning in 1916 he often produced and directed his own films and bridged the gap between the silent era and “talkies.” Sound film ushered in the “singing cowboy,” spawning stars such as Gene Autry, Tex Ritter, and Roy Rogers, a member of the singing group the Sons of the Pioneers. Another successful singing cowboy was William “Hopalong Cassidy” Boyd, who appeared in almost 70 films between 1935 and 1952 and went on to a starring role in a long-running TV series, as did Rogers.

More serious Westerns hit the screen as well, starring non-cowboy actors, such as director John Ford’s classic Stagecoach (1939) starring John Wayne. Others followed: Northwest Passage (1940) with Spencer Tracy; and Dodge City (1939), and Virginia City (1940), starring English actor Errol Flynn as a cowboy. He then portrayed General Custer in director Raoul Walsh’s romanticized biography They Died with Their Boots On (1941). Of note as well were director/producer Howard Hawk’s collaborations with John Wayne on four films, Red River (1948), Rio Bravo (1959), El Dorado (1966), and Rio Lobo (1970). Perhaps the genre reached its zenith with Fred Zinnemann’s High Noon in 1952, starring Gary Cooper in the ultimate shoot out.

Considering their success on film and radio, and later on TV, one would think that Westerns appearing in newspaper comic strips would be natural, but the converse is true. There was *Texas Slim* by Ferd Johnson (later of Frank Willard’s *Moon Mullins* fame), which began in 1925, and was revived in 1940 under the new title, *Texas Slim and Dirty Dalton*. And Broncho Bill by Harry O’Neill debuted in 1928 as *Young Buffalo Bill* and continued until 1950. But those were the exceptions. It wasn’t until the mid-1930s that the genre began to take hold. Zane Grey’s *King of the Royal Mounted*, illustrated by Allen Dean, and *Bronc Peeler* both debuted in 1935. *Red Ryder*, created by writer Stephen Slesinger and artist Fred Harman, began in 1938. *Big Chief Wahoo* (which began as *The Great Gusto*), and *The Lone Ranger*, adapted from the radio show by Fran Stricker and Charles Flanders, soon premiered as well. Also making their debut in the ’30s were Garrett Price’s *White Boy*, Ed Leffingwell’s *Little Joe*, and Vic Forsythe’s *Way out West*. In February 1937, more than a year before Superman’s debut in *Action Comics* #1, the first Western comic book premiered, published by the Comics Magazine Company, titled *Western Picture Stories*, featuring art by the legendary Will Eisner. However, this series lasted only four issues. The same month another Western comic book, *Star Ranger* #1, was published by Chesler/Centaur Publications and ran for 12 issues. It later became *Cowboy Comics* and then the title was changed again to *Star Ranger Funnies*, which lasted until October 1939. In April of the same year Dell published *Western Action Thrillers*, but it lasted only one issue. The first Western photo comic cover featured Roy Rogers, *Dell’s Four Color Comic* #38 in April 1944. The same year *Cisco Kid Comics*, a one-shot comic book by Baily Publishing appeared.

But it wasn’t until 1948 that Western comic books came into their own. After the war, interest in superheroes diminished as real heroes returned home, and publishers were scrambling for new material. Soon, matinee Western stars had comic series based on them: Gene Autry, Monte Hale, Gabby Hayes, Tim Holt, Lash LaRue, Tom Mix, Tex Ritter, Roy Rogers, John Wayne, et al, all had their own titles. Historical and mythological figures were also well represented: Annie Oakley, Buffalo Bill, the Cisco Kid, Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, Jesse James, Kit Carson, the Lone Ranger, Wild Bill Hickock. In addition, new Western characters and titles were created, such as: *Bulldog and Boyo Ranch* by Simon and Kirby; Mort Weisinger and Mort Meskin’s *Vigilante* at DC; *The Hawk* at Ziff-Davis; and the *Two-Gun Kid*, *Kid Colt Outlaw*, and *Rawhide Kid* over at Atlas. Within the stories of this anthology the usual Western tropes appear—the sharpshooter, the kid, the gunslinger, the city slicker, the posse, the pony express, the jailbreak, the stagecoach holdup, barrooms aplenty—but there are many surprises in store as well. And while the portrayal of Native Americans belies the mindset of the time in which these comics were created, there’s actually quite a variety of how their story is told. There are “good” Indians (usually those who assist the white man), peaceful tribes, and warring factions. Treaties are in threat of being broken and peace is laid claim to. Another subgenre of the Western comic was a combination of two disparate ones that became popular after the war: Romance and Cowboys. I would be remiss not to include one here, the familiar tale of the “sassy” gal in need of taming. Still, although several of these stories contain familiar clichés, these tales are imbued with charm and surprises. Often these stories display excellent art and dynamic page design as well.

Created mostly by men working in crowded New York offices, or cramped apartments throughout the city, the tales of the range, barroom brawls, shoot outs, wagon trains, campfires, bank robberies, are all collected here for us to enjoy once again, preserved before they fade into the sunset.
IT WORKED! AND SMALL WONDER! THE SAND MUST'VE BEEN AT LEAST AN INCH THICK AROUND MY WRISTS!

THE NEXT MOMENT... IT LOOKS AS IF THE STORM IS ABOUT TO BLOW OVER! NOW LET'S GET RID OF MIX AND---HUH!

(GULP) HE FRIED HIMSELF!

I'M WILLING TO TAKE A PUNCH AS LONG AS I CAN GET IN ONE OF MY OWN!

POW!

CLOUT!

WHAM!

OOF!

I FIGURED THE FIRST BLOW WOULD DOUBLE YOU UP! WELL, THIS ONE WILL STRAIGHTEN YOU OUT!

LATER, BACK IN CACTUS JUNCTION...-

HURRAY FOR TOM MIX! HE NOT ONLY GOT MY GOLD BACK, BUT HE ALSO RAISED ENOUGH MONEY BY HIS RINGS TO PAY ALL THE POST OFFICE OF SHERIFF HARMON'S MONEY AND MERRY HOSPITAL EXPENSES. HE AND CURLEY! SURE IS THE GREATEST FRIEND I EVER HAD!

WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING? GET THAT TRASH OUT OF MY WAY.

JUST A MINUTE, THERE! WE DON'T KICK WOMEN AROUND IN THESE PARTS.

YOU'RE DRESSED UP LIKE A REAL DUDE, BUT IT SEEMS YOUR NURSEMAID FORGOT TO PUT YOUR MANNERS ON YOU TODAY.

IT WAS WHILE PURCHASING SOME SUPPLIES THAT JESSE JAMES ONCE MET PHOEBE ARNOLD... AND JEREMY TAYLOR. THE ENCOUNTER WAS PLEASANT YET UNPLEASANT, BUT IT IS MOST IMPORTANT FOR JESSE THAT NOT ALL SNAKES, LIKE THE RATTLE, GIVE WARNING BEFORE THEY STRIKE.
THANK YOU VERY MUCH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D HAVE DONE WITHOUT YOU. I'D BE RIGHT GLAD TO RIDE ALONG WITH YOU JUST IN CASE YOU RUN INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE.

I'M JESSE JAMES, MAAM. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

NEAR DUSK JUST OUTSIDE TOWN... SAME DAY...

WHOA... WHOA, THERE! EVERYBODY OUT! STICK UP!

HAND OUT THAT ARNOLD PAYROLL AND MORTGAGE MONEY NEVER AND THE REST.

THAT NIGHT AT THE TOWN'S SALOON...

YOUNG TAYLOR PAID ME UP ALL HIS GAMBLING DEBTS TO-NITE, FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS.

I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D SEE IT, BOSS. HEY, HERE COMES THE SHERIFF AN'T WOULDN'T PAY, ANYMORE JESSE JAMES.

JUDGE TAYLOR HOLDS THE MORTGAGE ON DAD'S RANCH, SO JEREMY HAS THE IDEA HE CAN INSULT ME.

IF HE DOES AGAIN LET ME KNOW, MAAM. SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.

WHY... MR. TAYLOR?

FOLLOWED OVER, MESS ARNOLD. I WANT TOせて出席 your wealth. FOR MY CONDUCT, AND TO YOU, MR. JAMES.

THEN, TOO, DAD ASKED ME TO STOP BY AND ASK ABOUT THE MORTGAGE PAYMENTS. THAT'S MORE THAN REASON FOR COMING. DAD WENT TO THE BANK AT KANSAS CITY TO BE BRINGING IT IN ON THE STAGE, ALONG WITH THE RANCH PAYROLL.

THAT'S A NIFTY KIND OF YOU, SIR.

IT WAS A PLEASURE, MAAM, LET ME HELP YOU WITH YOUR GROCERIES.

YOU'D BE MORE SURPRISED IF I TOLD YOU HOW YOUNG SQUIRT IS JESSE JAMES.

MEANWHILE, AT THE STORE... JESSE JAMES, HUM! POPP MAYBE I WAS A BIT HAPEP WITH HIM. FROM THE WAY YOU LANDED ON THE FLOOR, JEREMY TOOK YOU A BIT SHOCK.
THE SHERIFF HOLDS OUT
THE MONOGRAMMED BUTTON...
YES, THAT'S TRUE, WHY?
BECUSE THE
OWNER OF THIS
BUTTON HELD UP THE STAGE
OUTSIDE TOWN THIS
AFTERNOON.
OH... THEN HE IS A
THIEF!

BUT IF YOU THINK Y'ER
DON'T USE THAT MONEY,
YOU'RE WRONG! I HAD ALL
THE MONEY MARKED AN' THE
NUMBERS RECORDED.
THAT'S THE NEWS
I LIKE TO HEAR,
GIVES ME AN IDEA.
COME ALONG WITH ME,
JESSE AN' I'LL GIVE YOU
AN IDEA ABOUT WHAT
HOLDING UP A STAGE MEANS.
OKAY, SHERIFF?

IF YOU'LL LOOK AT
THE MONEY TAYLOR PAID YOU,
YOU'LL FIND MR. ARNOLD'S
NUMBERED BILLS.
AND, THAT'S POSSIBLE,
JEREMY KNEW YOU WERE
CAUGHT BY STAGE
WITH THE MONEY.

YOU CAN'T FRAME
ME, I'LL...

YES, SIR, THAT'S THE
MONEY THE BANK MARKED
FOR ME, AND THEY
HAVE THE BILL NUMBERS
TO PROVE IT.

MR. JAMES, HOW CAN
WE APOLOGIZE TO YOU?

IT'S OKAY, MISS
ARNOLD, I'M ALWAYS
READY TO HELP A
LADY, GUESS I'LL
BE ON MY WAY. NOW,
GOOD LUCK, PHOEBE.

OUT OF THE FOREST THEY COME CHARGING
SHADOWS THAT SHOW THEMSELVES TO BE,
FIERCE ENEMIES ON THE WAR TRAIL.

AND BEFORE THEY MELT BACK INTO THE
FORESTS...
IT LOOKS AS IF ONE OF THE SETTLEMENT FOLK HAS SLIPPED THROUGH, BUT THAT’S THE FOREST TRAIL HE’S RUNNING ON--

PALFACE COMES! NU--HE WILL SOON STOP RUNNING!

BUT JUST THEN--IT IS WIDE-MOUTH WITH HIS LONG-STICK!

* INDIAN NAME FOR PAUL BOONE.

-- AND MORE SHADOWS ARE WAITING!

LUCKY I HAPPENED BY JUST NOW, STRANGER! I’D HEARD--TELL THE SHAWNEES WERE ON THE WAR TRAIL HEREABOUTS...

...SO I CUT SHORT MY HUNTIN’ TRIP, AND CAME BACK AS FAST AS I COULD!

WIDE-MOUTH THINKS ALL OF US HAVE RUN AWAY! HE DOES NOT SEE ME UP HERE!

HEY--THAT SHADOW! SOMEBODY’S JUMPIN’ AT ME!

QUICK AS A CAT, Boone turns and gives fight to the Shawnee warrior! But then...

MORE OF THEM!... MORE OF THEM OVER HERE!!

TOO BAD I CAN’T STAY TO FIGHT YE TO THE FINISH--BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE THAT STRANGER’S IN NEED OF MORE HELP!

I’M THOUGHT I SAW MORE OF THEM COMING! BUT THEY MUST HAVE BEEN ONLY SHADOWS... AND NOW BECAUSE OF ME THE ONE YOU WERE FIGHTING HAS MANAGED TO GET AWAY!

I CAN’T BLAME YE FOR BEIN’ SHADOW-SHY, STRANGER...

THANK YOU SIR, DR. MORTELL IS MY NAME. I’VE BEEN TRAVELLING THROUGH THESE PARTS, SELLING MY MEDICINES AND ENTERTAINING PEOPLE WITH MY MAGIC TRICKS!

"MY MEDICINES CURE BODY ILLS, SIR-- BUT MY MAGIC TRICKS CURE DESPAIR... THEY PROVIDE RELIEF FROM THE BARE MONOTONY OF HARD FRONTIER LIVING! AND AS A RESULT, I AM WELCOMED WHEREVER I COME!"

"BUT JUST NOW, SIR, AT HOGANS STATION WHERE I WAS PERFORMING SOME MAGIC TRICKS--" TO THE WALLS, EVERYBODY-- THE SHAWNEES ARE ATTACKIN’!

"I--I AM NOT MUCH OF A FIGHTER, SIR. THE NEXT THING I KNEW... I WAS RUNNING FOR MY LIFE!"
But Suddenly!

Krarr! Krarr!

KRAK!

At Em, ye able-boned frontiersmen, give Em salt and pepper! The way we ain't to flusterate Em. Dan'l, it'll be a long time before they even think of the war trail again!

Leavin' all the able-bodied men to stand guard against the raid. Dan'l reckoned was comin'!

Wh-what's goin's on out there? Stand fast, Doctor-Dan'l Boyle suspected ye! So he had all his clodgers stand in front, and those who stood behind us were women-fool dressed in men's clothin'!

After the ruckus—I had a hunch things weren't right. When ye showed up here instead of cleanin' out of Kaintuck. So I backtrailed ye from Booneborough 'til I found where your tracks mingled with a passel of Waccasin tracks. That spelled out that ye were in league with the Shawnees—so before we could hold your show we cooked up one of our own...

There'll be no magic tricks where you're goin', mortell. Just the fair judgment of twelve honest angry men in a jury box.

Later—where're ye headin' for, Dan'l? I reckon I'll traipse in the forests for a spell, with all its shadows...at least there's a man has elbow room...

Suddenly...cewinnin' catamounts. There's some kind of ruckus over at Abigail Scudder's house!

If that's anything wrong a squaw and a spinster—want ye to know it? Ye will! There comes that reprobate deputy—ain' she's a wildcat!
THAT GALE'S PYEEN! 

WOULDN'T YOU BE LEARNIN' 
THAT THERE'S TROUBLE 
WHEN YOU SPEW ON 
THESE PARTS, HOMBRE?

OW-WI!

WHERE'S MIG'S ALL RIGHT...?

AND YOU'RE MING 
THAT GALE'S PYEEN!

I'M TELLING YOU. 
THESE PARTS CRY 
WHEN YOU SPEW ON 
THESE PARTS, HOMBRE!

THAT GALE'S 
PYEEN!

WOULDN'T YOU BE 
LEARNIN' WHEN 
YOU SPEW ON 
THESE PARTS, 
HOMBRE?

WOULDN'T YOU BE LEARNIN' WHEN 
YOU SPEW ON THESE PARTS, HOMBRE?

THAT GALE'S PYEEN!

WOULDN'T YOU BE LEARNIN' WHEN 
YOU SPEW ON THESE PARTS, HOMBRE?

THAT GALE'S PYEEN!

WOULDN'T YOU BE LEARNIN' WHEN 
YOU SPEW ON THESE PARTS, HOMBRE?

THAT GALE'S PYEEN!

WOULDN'T YOU BE LEARNIN' WHEN 
YOU SPEW ON THESE PARTS, HOMBRE?

THAT GALE'S PYEEN!

WOULDN'T YOU BE LEARNIN' WHEN 
YOU SPEW ON THESE PARTS, HOMBRE?
**TENDERFOOT**

**TENDERFOOT!** It was a term of scorn among hardbitten Westerners until Horace Brethword came on the scene! But this Tenderfoot soon proved he could outwit and outfight killers who had outmatched every sheriff, marshal, and posse that rode the range.

---

**Marse Carter and the Tenderfoot Ride into Laredo...**

**What's up, Marshal?**

**The Larson Twins! They killed three more ranchers up in the hills! Where's the sheriff?**

**Something must be wrong, Horace! That's the marshal!**

---

**Right here, Marshal!**

Listen, sheriff! I know what the Larson Killers are! They must have separated up in the hills, cause each one was seen about eight miles apart! Well, corner 'em this time, one by one!

---

**Right! I'll go round up a posse!**

We'll need every man in town that can ride a horse! We'll make sure those killer's this time!

---

**You can count me in, Marshal!**

**Y'know! A Tenderfoot wants to go out an' swing lead with the Larson Twins! What a laugh!**

---

**Hold on, Horace! Someone's gotta stay behind an' watch the jail! I'll make you a Tenderfoot, any deputy an' give you the jail keys! How about it?**

**Huh? Well, all right, sheriff! I'll stay behind for you!**

---

**Las the posse rides off...**

**Hardly, Marse! I just had a hunch! And one of them might have let himself be seen in two different places to make everyone think they were both out there! Well, I'll just have to wait and see if my hunch is right!**

---

**Why did you back out, Horace? You weren't afraid to go were you?**

**I might be needed in town! Those Larson Twins are cunning... they might have wanted to get all the men in town cut in the hills, so the town would be wide open for them!**

---

**And maybe there was only one Larson out in the hills! They both look alike, and one of them might have let himself be seen!**
Minutes later—oh the now deserted streets of the town... Larson!

Now ta get a sackful o' provisions an' then blast it back to the hideout! Luke'll be waitin' for me! I'll have ta blast this lock! Lucky that's no one in town ta hear it!

But inside the jailhouse...

A shot? I'd better take a look!

Please be careful, Horace!

I got enough here fer both of us for... wha...?

Where do you think you're going with that?

Haw! Look who they left behind ta protect the town! A tendereyoot! Wal, I sure ain't gonna leave you behind alive ta tell 'em I was here!

You wouldn't shoot me like this? I don't have a gun! Look... my hands are empty!

I'm been thinking—I caught Larson as he was leaving with a sackful of provisions! There was too much food in there for just one man... and the other Larson then is still hiding out!

You mean you think he was taking the food to his brother's hideout?

Right! And I have an idea! I'm going to let him escape and let him lead you to his brother! Then when you watch and see in which direction he leave town, then ride for the posse and tell them to get back here and follow my trail!

I hope you know what you're doing, Horace! Be careful—and please don't get hurt!

That's right, hold your hands out like you're flogging—oww!

You should have watched my feet as well as my hands! And now you should have watched out for this fist!

Well, Larson, when they catch your brother, the two of you will be making a date with a rope! Isn't your collar beginning to feel a little tight?

Bah!

Well... Larson, you're very boring, Larson! Not much of a conversationalist, are you? Well, I guess I might as well take a little nap here until the posse gets back!

(yawn) You're very boring, Larson! Not much of a conversationalist, are you? Well, I guess I might as well take a little nap here until the posse gets back!
Annie Oakley

Frank, look at the crowd! I think this is the biggest gate ever.

If we weren't due for a show downtown to-morrow, I'd stay over here another day.

It's not what one makes in a lifetime, but how much one saves! Now is the important item in a show. The money be stolen, one of which Frank Butler and Annie Oakley to-est success in their sharp-shooting show...and their moment of greatest danger!

I don't like this rain, Annie. I guess we should start out right after the show.

Yes, if we wait until tomorrow the road may not be passable.

Yuh heard 'em, Abe. We have tuh stick up this here place tonight afore they git away.

We can take over while the show is on... before the money leaves the ticket office.

Here they come now!

Okay, Butler, git em up!

Frank, a stickup.

Confound it, Abe. That dog rattled Annie Oakley would think of havin' the sheriff watch the dough.

We gotta think of some-thing else, slug. Reckon I know what, too.

Thanks, sheriff. For watchin' our money we'll be on our way now. Got to get through this storm.

We ought to make town by midnight at the rate we're going.

Best of luck, Mr. Butler. These roads ain't too safe at night so take it easy.

We'll nightail it tuh where the trail breaks at the fork. Then there won't be any chance of waitin' at the wrong place.
OKAY MISTER, LOOKS LIKE THERE’S NOT MUCH I CAN DO ABOUT IT...!

EXCEPT THIS...

WHAT THE...??

KEEP THAT SUN QUIET! I’LL HANDLE THIS PHOENIX, COVER THE GALS, ABE!

THIS’LL TAKE CARE OF HIM.

AN HOUR LATER...

YOU HEARD THAT, MIS—GET THAT HOS'S MOVIN', DRIVE INTO THIS GLADE, BUTLER'S COMIN' TO GUTTA SHUT HIM UP FOR GOOD, ABE.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

YOU’LL FIND OUT, BUT YOU’LL NEVER TELL ANYONE.

BUT YOU’VE GOT THE MONEY, SURELY YOU WOULDN’T KILL FRANK!

THAT ALL DEPENDS ON IF I’M STRONG ENOUGH WHEN I SLAP THIS HOS'S

DON’T LET HIM KILL FRANK... PLEASE DON’T!

OH, PLEASE... PLEASE DON’T!

YOU'RE REAL PURTY... WHEN I GAVE THAT KISS AND MAYBE I COULD CONVINCE SLUG NOT TO.

MAYBE I CAN STALL THEM...

KISS ME THEN. I THINK SHE LIKES YOU.

AS ABE HOLDS ANNIE, SHE REACHES HER HAND STEALTHILY FOR ABE’S HOLSTER...

AND THEN...

GOODAP !!!!

AND SO, FRANK TURNS THE WAGON AND HEADS BACK TOWARD TOWN WITH THE CAPTIVE OUTLAW...

LOOT! FRANK, THE SKIES ARE CLEARING, WE WON'T MISS THE SHOW BY STARTING IN THE MORNING.
GOLDEN AGE WESTERN COMICS
Edited by Steven Brower
Foreword by Christopher Irving

Published by
powerHouse Books

To be released: April 2012

This PDF of Golden Age Western Comics is only a preview and an uncorrected proof. Lifting images from mechanical files is strictly prohibited. To see the complete version, please contact Nina Ventura, Publicist: nina@powerHouseBooks.com

This PDF is NOT the entire book