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Wild Bill Hickok



IN THE BLAZING AFTERNOON OF AUGUST 2, 1876, IN DEADWOOD CITY, MEETING PLACE OF GUNFIGHTERS, OUTLAWS AND ADVENTURERS



GET OFF THE STREETS! THE PURDY BOYS ARE SHOOTIN' UP THE TOWN!

Oh what is now South Dakota.



GIT DOWN HERE, SON! THEM PURDY BOYS'S AS SOON KILL YE AS LOOK AT YE!



I'M A THINKIN', THE STREET WAS DESERTED, EXCEPT FOR ONE MAN WHO COOLLY STOOD WAITING FOR THE KILLERS

THERE'S AN HOUT WHO'S ASKIN' FOR A DOSE OF HOT LEAD!

LET'S GIT HIM!



SUDDENLY, AS IF BY MAGIC, SIX-GUNS APPEARED IN THE MAN'S HANDS. THEY BARKED TWICE . . .



I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH SHOOTING! WHO IS THAT MAN?

WHAT? YE MEAN TO SAY YE DON'T KNOW WILD BILL HICKOK?

THAT'S WILD BILL? WHY, HE'S THE MAN I CAME HERE TO SEE. MY EDITOR SENT ME HERE TO GET A STORY ABOUT HIM.

I'LL GIVE YE YER STORY, SON COME ON OVER TO THE BELLA UNION AND I'LL TELL YE ALL ABOUT WILD BILL HICKOK.

I'M CHARLEY UFFER. I BEEN AROUND HICKOK SINCE HE WAS A YOUNGUN. AIN'T NO-BODY DONE THE THINGS HE HAS.

I CAN BELIEVE THAT AFTER WHAT I JUST SAW.



THE TWO MEN FOUND A TABLE IN THE CROWDED FRONTIER SALOON. THEN

THAT MAN WAS BORN FOR ADVENTURE. EVEN AS A YOUNG UN, JIM--HE KNOW HIS REAL NAME IS JAMES BUTLER HICKOK--HAD HIS SHARE OF EXCITEMENT.

JIM WAS BORN ABOUT THIRTY-NINE YEARS AGO IN A LITTLE TOWN ON THE ILLINOIS BORDER CALLED THOT GROVE.



"HIS PA WAS REAL ABOLITIONIST". WELL, ONE NIGHT WHEN YOUNG JIM WAS ABOUT ELEVEN YEARS OLD...

WAKE UP, JIM. I NEED YOUR HELP.

PA, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

JUST BE QUIET AND GET DRESSED. COME TO THE BARN WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH.



WHEN HE GOT DOWN, JIM GOT HIMSELF A SURPRISE HE FOUND OUT HIS PA WAS RUNNING AN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY HELPIN' SLAVES TO ESCAPE

YOU MEN GET UNDER THE HAY IN THAT WAGON, AND STAY THERE

GOSH, PA, WHAT DO YOU NEED ME FOR?

I NEED SOMEBODY TO KEEP WATCH WHILE I DRIVE. WE'VE GOT TO GO TONIGHT, AND YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE AVAILABLE

DON'T WORRY I'LL KEEP WATCH AS GOOD AS ANY-ONE ELSE



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THEY STARTED OUT, AND THEY HADNARD FOR THE FIRST TEN MILES THEN.

PA, I HEAR SOMETHING IN THE BUSHES BESIDE THE ROAD

MAYBE IT'S AN ANIMAL

BUT IT WEREN'T NO ANIMAL. IT WERE MEN!

WHAT DO YOU FELLOWS WANT?

WHAT ARE YE HAVIN' IN THAT WAGON?



THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, MISTER WHO ARE YOU?

WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR SOME RUMBAWY SLAVES FIGURED THEY MIGHT COME ALONG HERE

JIM'S FATHER DIDN' WANT TO HEAR NO MORE. HE WHIPPED THEM HORSES AND LET OUT O' THERE.





SHOOT! HE'S
GOT THEM
SLAVES!

KEEP THOSE HORSES
GOING, JIM. WE'LL BE
CLEAR OF THEM IN A
MINUTE.



WELL, THEY GOT THEM SLAVES
FREE, ALL RIGHT! AND YOUNG
JIM HAD HIS FIRST REAL
TASTE O' GUNFIRE.



NOTHIN' MUCH HAPPENED TO JIM AFTER
THAT TILL HE WAS SEVENTEEN. HE GOT
HIMSELF A JOB HELPIN' TO BUILD THE
ILLINOIS-MICHIGAN CANAL.

THINGS WENT ALONG FINE TILL THEY
TEAMED JIM UP WITH A HULKIN' BULLY
NAMED HUDSON. HE WAS SO BIG HE
HAD EVERYBODY BUFFALOED.



THAT IS, EVERYBODY BUT YOUNG JIM. WHEN HE TRIED
TO PICK ON HIM.



WELL, IF IT AIN'T
MAMA'S BOY, COME HERE,
HICKOK, SO'S I CAN SEE
HOW PURTY YOU ARE.

HUDSON,
I'VE HAD
ENOUGH
OUT OF
YOU! I'M
WARNING
YOU TO
STOP IT!



THAT FELLER, MUDDON, CAME OUT O' THAT CANAL LIKE A WILD BULL, AND L JIM WAS IN HIS FUST REAL FIGHT



HOW, PURTY BOY, YOU'RE
GON' TO LEARN WHAT
IT'S LIKE TO BE A FISH!



NOT ME,
HUDSON -- FOUR!



JIM WAS SO MAD, HE HELD THE BIG
FELLER UNDER TILL HE WENT LIMP

ATTABOY, JIM. THAT BRUKE
NEEDED SOMEONE TO
TEACH HIM A LESSON!

HELP ME GET
HUDSON --
I THINK HE'S
DONE FOR.



I THINK THE BOY
KILLED HIM.

MAYBE, BUT
IT WAS HUDSON
THAT STARTED IT.



SON, IF I WERE YOU, I'D GET
OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE
SHERIFF COMES. NO TELLIN'
WHAT HE'LL DO.

I GUESS
YOU'RE RIGHT.
I'D BETTER
GO.



THAT NIGHT, JIM HICKOK HEADED WEST.



JIM CHANGED HIS NAME TO BILL HICKS AND WORKED HIS WAY DOWN THE RIVER TO SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI, AND BACK UP AGAIN TO LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS



NO MORE ROAMING FOR ME I'M GOING TO JOIN THE REDNEGS AND STAY RIGHT HERE IN KANSAS



THESE BORDER RUFFIANS SPENT THEIR TIME RAIDIN' KANSAS, KILLIN' AND BURNIN' EVERYTHIN' IN SIGHT, THAT IS, TILL THE REDNEGS GOT AFTER EM



AT LEAVENWORTH, HE FOUND A LETTER WAITIN' FOR HIM FROM HOME

"GADSD! HUBBON IS STILL ALIVE! I DIDN'T KILL HIM, AFTER ALL! NOW I CAN GO BACK TO BEING JIM HICKOK"



WHAT WERE THE REDNEGS?

THEY WAS A RANGER OUTFIT FORMED TO FIGHT A BUNCH O' MANY PRO-SLAVERY COYOTES CALLED THE BORDER RUFFIANS



THE BIG FIGHT WAS BACK IN 1858. JIM AND ME WAS BOTH THERE WE'D BEEN TRAILIN' THEM RUFFIANS FOR THREE DAYS

THEY CAN'T BE FAR AWAY THEIR TRAIL IS STILL WARM

FROM THE NUMBER OF BURNED FARMS WE'VE SEEN, TO SAY IT'S HOT





They

LOOK AT THAT SMOKE
WE'VE FOUND THEM

THAT'S THE
LAST FARM
THOSE SHAKES
ARE GOING
TO BURN IN
KANSAS!



LET'S GO GET 'EM, BOYS
WE'RE GOING TO RUN THEM
OUT FOR GOOD!



DOWN BELOW, THEM RUFFIANS WAS DOIN' THEIR USUAL LOOTIN' AS WE POGG'D IN

HERE'S ANOTHER BUNCH O'
THEM ANTI-SLAVERY NORTH-
EARNERS! WE'LL TEACH 'EM TO

IT'S THE
REDESS!



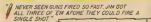
CLEAN 'EM
OUT, BOYS!



IT SURE WAS A FIGHT! JIM AND ME GOT
PINNED DOWN BY A BUNCH O' THEM
RUFFIANS

JIM, WE GOT TO GIT OUT O'
HERE OR WE'RE DONE FER

MOVE OUT AND YOU'RE
REALLY FINISHED WE'LL
TRY ANOTHER WAY



THAT WAS A FIGHT! WHEN IT WAS OVER,
KANSAS WAS FREE. THEM RUFFIANS--
THEM THAT WAS LEFT--NEVER COME
BACK AGAIN.



THINGS WAS PURTY QUIET AFTER
THAT, AND JIM BEGAN TO HANKER
FOR SOME EXCITEMENT HE FOUND
IT BY HIRIN' OUT AS A BULL-WHACKER*
RIDIN' THE SANTA FE TRAIL.



*Old Over

OWENS SECOND
TRIP OUT

IT SURE GOT
AWFULLY QUIET
ALL OF A
SUDDEN,
DIDN'T IT?

TOO QUIET I DON'T
LIKE IT YOU BETTER
TELL THE BOYS TO
KEEP AN EYE PEELED
FOR INJUNS



BOYS, BE
PREPARED
FOR
TROUBLE L.



GET YOUR WAGONS
CORRALLED! LET'S GO!



“Y’E NEVER SEEN SUCH A COMMOTION IN YER LIFE THEM DRIVERS RODE AROUND YELLIN’ AND SCREECHIN LIKE A PACK O’ WILD HYENAS!”



“FOR A WHILE, IT LOOKED PURTY BAD. THEM DRIVERS WAS OUTNUMBERED EIGHT TO ONE. THEN JIM GOT AN IDEA.”



“JIM STEPPED UP AND TOOK HIM ARROWS ZIPPED AROUND HIM LIKE HAILSTONES.”



THEN ONE INJUN DROPPED FROM HIS
HOSS—THE CHIEF!

KATONAH
IS SHOT!

OUR CHIEF IS
DEAD! LET US TAKE
HIS BODY AND GO!



LOOK AT 'EM
HIGH TAIL IT!

YEAHOO!
JIM HICKOK
DID IT!

YOU SAVED US, SON! WERRE
YOU'RE ONLY A KID, BUT YOU
SHORE KNOW HOW TO HANDLE
A GUN!

IT WASN'T MUCH
I JUST HAD A
HANKERING FOR
THAT WAR
BONNET!

SOON AFTER, JIM BECAME A WAGON MASTER.
FOR A YEAR HE TOOK FREIGHT OVER THE
TRAIL WITHOUT NO TROUBLE!



THEN THAT WINTER, JIM RAN INTO HARD LUCK HE WAS RIDING A COUPLE OF MILES AHEAD OF THE WAGONS WHEN IT HAPPENED.



RIGHT AT THE TOP OF THE PASS, A TREMENDOUS BEAR CAME OUT OF THE BRUSH AT HIM

A GRIZZLY!
EASY,
BUCKING!



HIS HOSS WENT PLUMB LOGG



JIM SHOT THAT BEAR SIX TIMES, BUT THEN BULLETS HAD AS MUCH EFFECT AS GRAINS O' SAND



WHEN THEY
TWO LOCKED
TOGETHER, IT WAS A
FIGHT TO THE DEATH



THE DRIVERS FOUND 'EM A COUPLE O' HOURS
LATER. THE BEAR WAS DEAD, AND JIM JEST
ABOUT "

EASY NOW!
HE'S
HURT BAD!



WE BETTER GET HIM INTO SANTA FE
FAST, OR HE'S DONE FOR

NOT IF I KNOW
JIM HICKOK THERE
ISN'T MUCH THAT
CAN KILL HIM







THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO ANY MAN WHO WRESTLES WITH ME!

YEAH, BUT HE'S GOT TO HAVE ONE BAD ARM FIRST, EH MFCARLESS?



WELL MAN, I'M HERE FOR MY MONEY, WHERE IS IT?

THE COMPANY HASN'T SENT IT YET. JUST BE A LITTLE PATIENT, MISTER MFCARLESS.



I THOUGHT SO. JUST LIKE ALL YANKEE OUTFITS—WELCHERS! IF IT AIN'T HERE BY THE END OF THE WEEK, I'M PUNNIN' THE LOT O' YOU OUT!



THAT HOWIE SPELLS TROUBLE.

MAYBE I'D BETTER GO TO THE MAIN OFFICE AND TRY TO GET HIS PAYMENT. IT MAY TAKE A COUPLE OF DAYS.



WHEN WELLMAN LEFT, MFCARLESS BEGAN PICKIN' ON HIS WIFE.

WHERE'S YOUR HUSBAND WITH THAT MONEY? I TOLD YOU I'M GOING TO THROW YOU OUT IF I DON'T GET IT.

JIM!
JIM!



WHAT'S THE MATTER?

HE WANTS HIS MONEY. I TRIED TO TELL HIM MISTER WELLMAN WENT AFTER IT, BUT HE WON'T LISTEN!

GET OUT OF HERE, MFCANLESS! AND STAY OUT TILL WELLMAN GETS BACK!

ALL RIGHT, HICKOK, I'LL GO BUT I WON'T WAIT MUCH LONGER!



A FEW DAYS LATER, MFCANLESS COME AGAIN THIS TIME HE BROUGHT A COUPLE O' HIS GANG WITH HIM.

I'M THROUGH WITH', NOW YOU PACK UP AND GIT,

BUT MY HUSBAND WILL BE HERE TOMORROW HE'LL BRING YOUR MONEY



YOU HERE AGAIN, MFCANLESS? WHY DON'T YOU CALM DOWN AND WAIT TILL WELLMAN GETS BACK?

WHAT BUSINESS IS THIS OF YOURS, HICKOK?



NONE BUT IF YOU DON'T STOP BOTHERING THIS WOMAN, I'M GOING TO MAKE IT MY BUSINESS.

WHY YOU NOBY THANKS I'LL SHOW YOU! — LET'S GET HIM, BOYS!



GET INSIDE, M'AM.



JIM FIGGERED THEM CRITTERS'D TRY SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT AND HE WAS READY FOR 'EM

GET HIM!
HE'S DUCKIN'
INSIDE!

TAKE THE FRONT
DOOR--IT'L TAKE
THE SIDE. HE
CAN'T SHOOT
TWO WAYS AT
ONCE!



COME ON OUT, HICKOK.
I'M GOIN' TO GET YOU!

HERE
I AM.



HICKOK,
YOU'RE THIR...



JUST THEN, THE OTHER FELLER COME
BREAKIN' IN



*JIM DIDN'T BAT AN EYELASH
HE JUST DROPPED AND WHIMLED.*



THAT WAS THE END O' M'CANLESS
AND HIS GANG O' HOSS THIEVES.
JIM SENT WORD TO THE SHERIFF
TELLIN' HIM WHAT HAPPENED



THREE DAYS LATER, THEY COME
AND ARRESTED HIM

DON'T WORRY, JIM. YOU'LL
COME OUT ALL RIGHT

IT WAS A CLEAR
CASE OF SELF-
DEFENSE



GUESS WE'D BETTER
GO NOW, HICKOK. WE
GOT A LONG RIDE
AHEAD

GOODBYE, JIM,
AND GOD
BLESS YOU!



"JIM WAS TRIED AT BEATRICE, NEBRASKA, A FEW
WEEKS LATER. THE VERDICT WAS UNANIMOUS."

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT,
JAMES HICKOK -- NOT
GUILTY!



CONGRATULATIONS, JIM!
ARE YOU READY TO GO
BACK TO ROCK CREEK?

NO, SIR. I'M RIDING TO FORT
LEAVENWORTH. MY PA FIGHTS
AGAINST SLAVERY AND IT'S
ABOUT TIME I DO THE SAME.



AT LEAVENWORTH, THE UNION ARMY GIVE JIM A JOB TAKIN' A WAGON TRAIN O' SUPPLIES TO INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI. IT WAS A BIG TRAIN, AND JIM ONLY HAD TWELVE SOLDIERS TO GUARD IT.



THEY GOT INTO TROUBLE THE THIRD DAY OUT.

WE'RE IN FOR A FIGHT!

LOOK, JIM! CONFEDERATES!



THEY'RE NOT REAL SOLDIERS!

THEY'RE GUERRILLAS! MUST BE AT LEAST FIFTY OF THEM!

IT WERDN'T MUCH OF A FIGHT. THEY WAS ALL SURROUNDED, SO THEY GAVE UP—ALL EXCEPT JIM.



STOP HIM!

SHOOT HIM DOWN! AFTER HIM!

THEY DID THEIR BEST TO GET HIM, BUT IT WERDN'T NO USE. JIM'S HOSS WAS TOO FAST.

LET'S GO BACK. WE'LL NEVER CATCH HIM ANYWAY, WE GOT THE SUPPLIES.



JIM HEADED STRAIGHT FOR INDEPENDENCE AND THE COLONEL IN CHARGE OF THE GARRISON THERE.

WE WERE OUTNUMBERED AND SURROUNDED, SO I FIGURED THE BEST THING TO DO WAS TO GET AWAY AND SEE YOU.

NOTHING I CAN DO RIGHT NOW, HICKOK. MOST OF MY MEN ARE ON ANOTHER MISSION.



BUT IN THE MORNING, I'LL GIVE YOU A TROOP OF CAVALRY TO HELP YOU GET THOSE SUPPLIES BACK.

THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, COLONEL.



THERE WEREN'T NOTHING JIM COULD DO BUT WAIT HE DECIDED TO LOOK THE TOWN OVER. HE WAS WALKIN' DOWN THE MAIN STREET WHEN HE CAME ON A MOB.

LUCKY WAS THROWIN' ROCKS, SHOOTIN' GUNS AND YELLIN' LIKE CRAZY.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

THEY'RE AFTER THE MAN IN THAT STORE. THEY'RE GOIN' TO HANG HIM.



WHAT FOR?

THEY JUST DON'T LIKE HIM. THAT'S REASON ENOUGH FOR THAT MOB.

WHERE'S THE SHERIFF?

THE SHERIFF? HE'S PROBABLY HIDIN' IN THE NEAREST COAL CELLAR. THESE FOLKS ARE REAL DRUNK!





THE CROWD STARTED TO MOVE IN AND JIM LET GO WITH A COUPLE FROM THE MOB





WELL, THEY CAUGHT UP WITH THEM GUERRILLAS IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, AND THEY COME CHARGIN' DOWN ON 'EM LIKE A WILD HOSS STAMPEDE.





THE NEXT AFTERNOON, WILD BILL RODE INTO INDEPENDENCE AT THE HEAD OF THE WAGON TRAIN EVERYBODY RECOGNIZED HIM.





"WELL, BILL JOINED THE REBELS. HE GOT AWAY WITH IT FOR A COUPLE O' MONTHS, BUT THEN



DON'T PLAY INNOCENT, HICKOK I SAW YOU MANY TIMES AT LEAVENWORTH



IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEONE ELSE YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE

I'M AFRAID NOT, YOU MADE THE MISTAKE BY BECOMING A SPY --TAKE HIM!



BILL WAS GIVEN A QUICK TRIAL. IT WAS OVER IN TEN MINUTES

HICKOK, YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF ESPIONAGE YOU ARE SENTENCED TO DEATH EXECUTION WILL BE AT DAYBREAK.



LOCK HIM IN THE SUPPLY CABIN UNTIL MORNING.

YES, SIR.



IT SHORE LOOKED BAD FOR BILL BUT HE AIN'T THE KIND TO GIVE UP

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT, AND THAT'S THROUGH THE DOOR WAYDE, IF I COULD TRICK THE GUARD.



I DON'T THINK THEY'D LET A FELLOW BURN TO DEATH





LOOK AT THOSE FLAMES!
GET SOME WATER!

IT'S TOO LATE!
WE CAN'T
SAVE IT!



IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT, BILL RODE OUT OF THAT CAMP WITHOUT BEING STOPPED



AND THE NEXT MORNING, HE WENT ON HIS REPORT TO GENERAL CURTIS

BILL, THE INFORMATION YOU BROUGHT IS INVALUABLE

I WAS JUST DOING MY JOB, SIR



WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT?

PLENTY, SON, PLENTY! IF I HAD TO TELL YE EVERYTHIN BILL DID DURIN' THE WAR, YE'D BE SETTIN' HERE FER A WEEK



THEN IT'D LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT BILL'S INDIAN EXPERIENCES I'VE HEARD SOME WILD STORIES ABOUT THEM

I'LL BET YE THEY WAS ALL TRUE SET BACK AND I'LL TELL YE ONE OF 'EM



ONE DAY, GENERAL CUSTER SENT FOR BILL. HE WANTED HIM TO SCOUT INJUNS.

THAT WAS WHEN BILL WENT TO FORT HAYS, KANSAS, WASN'T IT?

YEP HE WANTED ACTION AND HE GOT IT. OLD CUSTER SHORE KEPT HIM BUSY. I REMEMBER ONE TIME WHEN BILL SCOUTED THE SNAUK.



BILL FOUND 'EM ALL RIGHT, BUT HE FOUND A LOT MORE 'N HE BARGAINED FOR.

HE WAITED TILL DARKNESS AND CRAWLED DOWN INTO THE CAMP.

LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT CAMP. THEY MUST BE PLANNING ON WAR.

THAT'S THE CHIEF'S TEEPEE. LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE HAVING A MEETING.



WYDEE I CAN HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING.

INSIDE THAT TENT, BILL SAW ABOUT EVERY SNAUK CHIEF. THEY WAS HOLDIN' A COUNCIL O' WAR, ALL RIGHT.

WE HAVE MANY GUNS AND THE WHITE SOLDIERS ARE FEW. IT IS TIME TO STRIKE.

WE MUST DRIVE THEM FROM OUR LANDS, FOREVER!



TOMORROW NIGHT, WE
ATTACK FORT HAYS.

GOOD WHEN WE LEAVE,
NONE WILL REMAIN
ALIVE. THE FORT WILL
BE BURNED TO THE
GROUND.



IT'S BETTER GET BACK AND
WARN GENERAL CUSTER.



BILL ALMOST MADE
IT TO THE EDGE OF THE CAMP,
THEN ONE OF THEM INJURED
SPOTTED HIM.

A WHITE MAN!



HELP! HELP! A WHITE
MAN IS IN OUR CAMP!



BILL DUCKED FOR COVER JUST IN TIME. IN A MINUTE, THEM INJUNS WAS RACH' AROUND THAT CAMP LIKE MADMEN NOT EVEN A MOUSE COULD GET THROUGH 'EM WITHOUT BEIN' SEEN.





BELL LIT OUT OF THERE LIKE A BROMO WITH A BURR UNDER HIS SADDLE, AND ALL THEM WINGS LIT OUT AFTER HIM



BELL RODE RIGHT THROUGH TILL DAYLIGHT HE GOT TO THE FORT JUST AS HIS HOSS WAS ABOUT TO GIVE OUT - BUT HE GOT THERE - AND, ON ACCOUNT OF HIM, THAT ATTACK NEVER DID COME OFF. **SHARRETT**



WELL, AFTER THAT, THINGS GOT PURTY QUIET FER BILL, AND HE LOOKED AROUND FER SOMETHIN' ELSE TO DO CLOSE BY FORT HAYS WAS A WIDE OPEN TOWN CALLED HAYS CITY. THINGS WAS PURTY BAD THERE, SO BILL WAS ASKED TO COME IN AND CLEAN 'EM UP.



BILL TOOK THE JOB, AND BECAME A MARSHAL. HIS FIRST TROUBLE WAS WITH A FELLER NAMED JACK STRAMMAN, HAYS CITY'S WORST BADMAN.

I CAN LICK MY WEIGHT IN WILDCATS!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, STRAMMAN? DON'T MARSHAL HICKOK ORDER YOU OUT OF TOWN?



HICKOK CAN'T ORDER ME AROUND! I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM!

TAKE MY ADVICE AND LEAVE WILD BILL. IS NOBODY TO POOL AROUND WITH.



MAYBE HE CAN SCARE YOU, BUT NOT ME! I'M GOIN' TO GET WILD BILL HICKOK. JUST WAIT AND SEE.



A COUPLE O' NIGHTS LATER, IN A SALOON.

THERE'S HICKOK WITH HIS BACK TOWARD ME. THIS IS MY CHANCE.



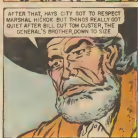
A S STRAWHAN RAISED HIS GUN TO SHOOT, BILL DREW AND FIRED OVER HIS SHOULDER, BANG! BY THE MIRROR OVER THE BAR!



ANYBODY ELSE
LOOKING FOR
TROUBLE?



AFTER THAT, HAYS CITY GOT TO RESPECT MARSHAL HICKOK. BUT THINGS REALLY GOT QUIET AFTER BILL CUT TOM OUSTER, THE GENERAL'S BROTHER, DOWN TO SIZE.



THE TROUBLE STARTED WHEN BILL ARRESTED YOUNG TOM FER SHOOTIN' UP THE TOWN. TOM SWORE HE'D GET REVENGE.



A COUPLE O' NIGHTS LATER, TOM BRAGGADIT THREE TOUGH BOYS FROM THE FORT TO TEACH BILL A LESSON.





BILL'S SON-GUNS SWANGED INTO HIS HANDS LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING, AND AFORE THEM YELLED COYOTES KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENIN'!



I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!



I DON'T THINK YOU'LL BOTHER ME AGAIN



WITH HAYS CITY ACTIN' LIKE A SUNDAY SCHOOL, OTHER TOWNS BEGAN TO BEG BILL TO CLEAN 'EM UP



THE WORST O' THEM WAS ABILENE, KANSAS. AND WHEN THE MAYOR ASKED BILL TO HELP HIM, HE AGREED

BILL WENT RIGHT TO WORK, AND IN A COUPLE O' MONTHS, ABILENE WAS A CHANGED TOWN BUT THERE WAS STILL SOME MIGHTY TROUGH HONDRES AROUND. TWO O' THEM WAS BEN THOMPSON AND PHIL COE, WHO RAN A GAMBLIN' JOINT.



BUT THEY DIDN'T SCARE BILL NONE.

WHAT DO YOU WANT, MARSHAL?

THE TOWN COUNCIL HAS PASSED A LAW THAT ALL GAMBLIN' TABLES ARE TO BE OUT IN THE OPEN YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE YOURS FROM THE BACK ROOM.



THE TOWN COUNCIL DOESN'T MEAN A THING IN HERE. NO ONE TELLS US WHAT TO DO.

I TELL YOU WHAT TO DO YOU'LL OBEY THE LAW, OR YOU'LL BE OUT OF BUSINESS.



WHO'S GOING TO CLOSE US? YOU AND THAT TIM BUDGE?

GET THOSE TABLES OUT IN FRONT BEFORE TOMORROW NIGHT, OR YOU'RE THROUGH I'LL BE BACK.



THE NEXT DAY, THOSE TABLES WAS OUT FRONT, BUT BILL KNEW HE HADN'T SEEN THE LAST O' PHIL COE.

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT, COE I'LL BE SEEING YOU.

YOU SURE WILL, HICKOK YOU SURE WILL.



NOTHIN' HAPPENED TILL SPRING ROUNDUP TIME, WHEN ABILENE WAS FILLED WITH WILD, CELEBRATIN' COWBOYS. THEN COE WENT TO WORK.







SUDDENLY SOMEONE CAME RUNNING OUT OF THE DARKNESS, STRAIGHT FOR BILL. IT LOOKED LIKE BEN THOMPSON, SO BILL FIRED.



RIGHT THEN, BILL WENT PLUMB WILD WITH GRIEF HE WENT AROUND CLEARIN' OUT THE TOWN

GET OUT! ALL OF YOU! THE CELEBRATION'S OVER!



HE DIDN'T STOP TILL ABILENE WAS EMPTY AND NOT ONE OF THEM HORRIBLES DARED STAND UP TO HIM

MY OWN FRIEND I KILLED MY OWN FRIEND



THE NEXT DAY, BILL WENT TO SEE THE MAYOR

I'M THROUGH, MISTER WO COY I CAN'T STAY HERE AFTER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, BILL DON'T BLAME YOURSELF FOR JIM'S DEATH IT WAS AN ACCIDENT



WE NEED YOU HERE, BILL WE WANT YOU TO STAY WITH US, YOU'VE MADE ABILENE A DECENT PLACE IN WHICH TO LIVE

SORRY, MAYOR, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND I'M LEAVIN' TOWN TODAY



FOR A WHILE, BILL FELT MIGHTY SAD THEN HIS OLD PAL, BUFFALO BILL, TALKED HIM INTO JOININ' HIS WILD WEST SHOW BUT BILL COULDN'T STAND IT HE STAYED A WHILE AND QUIT

THAT WAS ONLY A FEW MONTHS AGO. THEN WE HEARD HE GOT MARRIED



YOU HEARD RIGHT, SON BILL GOT HITCHED TO AGNES LAKE ON MARCH 6 OF THIS YEAR SHE WAS THE WIDDER OF A CIRCUS OWNER

REALLY? HOW DID THEY MEET?

WELL, BILL MET HER ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, WHEN HE WAS MARSHAL O' HAYS CITY MISSUS LAKE BROUGHT THE CIRCUS TO TOWN AND BILL SAW TO IT THAT SHE DIDNT HAVE TO PAY A LICENSE FEE



BILL FELT SORRY FOR HER BECAUSE SHE WAS A WIDDER HE WAS AT THE CIRCUS WHEN SHE CAME TO THANK HIM

MISTER HICKOK, I DONT KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU WE NEEDED THE LICENSE MONEY BADLY

GLAD I WAS ABLE TO HELP I NEVER SAW A WOMAN BEFORE THAT COULD RUN ANYTHING BESIDES A BROOM

I USED TO THINK THAT WOMEN NEVER AMOUNTED TO MUCH, BUT YOU CHANGED MY MIND IF I COULD MARRY SOMEONE LIKE YOU I'D GET A PARSON RIGHT NOW

MISTER HICKOK!



WELL, I'VE GOT TO MOVE ALONG NOW HOPE I SEE YOU AGAIN

I DO, TOO! GOODBYE, MISTER HICKOK

BILL DIDNT SEE MISSUS LAKE AGAIN FOR THREE YEARS



HE RAN INTO HER NEXT IN NEW YORK, WHILE HE WAS WITH BUFFALO BILL AND HIS WILD WEST SHOW.

HELLO, MISTER HICKOK.

HOWDY! I'M MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, M'AM.



THEY DIDN'T SEE EACH OTHER FOR TWO MORE YEARS. THEN, THEY MET OUT WEST AGAIN.



"BILL WAS VISITIN' THE FAMILY OF A FRIEND, AND, BY CHANCE, THERE WAS MISSUS LAKE.

I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE YOU AGAIN THIS TIME.



BILL MADE SURE HE WOULDN'T LOSE HER. A WEEK LATER, THEY WAS MARRIED.



BUT IF BILL WAS MARRIED SO RECENTLY, HOW COME HE'S HERE IN DEADWOOD?

BILL'S A MAN THAT HANKERS FOR ACTION. WHEN HE HEARD THERE WAS A GOLD STRIKE IN DEADWOOD, HE JUST HAD TO COME A-RUNNIN'.



I'LL BET HE'S BROUGHT LAW
AND ORDER TO THIS TOWN



HE SHORE HAS! THERE AIN'T
MANY HOMBRES LEFT AROUND
HERE AS WOULD FACE UP TO
BILL. THEM BOYS'D GIVE ANY
THIN' TO GET RID O' HIM

I SURE WOULD
LIKE TO
MEET HIM



WELL, HERE'S YER
CHANCE HERE HE
COMES



BILL, THIS HERE MAGAZINE
FELLER HAS BEEN HANKERIN'
TO MEET UP WITH YE. HE
WANTS TO WRITE A STORY
ABOUT YE.

HOWDY, SON,
GLAD TO
KNOW YOU



I'M JUST ABOUT TO PLAY A
LITTLE POKER WITH THE
BOYS. HOW ABOUT SITTING
IN? HE CAN TALK LATER

THAT SUITS
ME FINE.



THIS IS CHARLEY RICH, CARL MANN AND
CAPTAIN MASSEY I GUESS YOU KNOW
CHARLEY UTTER



AS HICKOK SAT DOWN

"ANYBODY WANT TO CHANGE SEATS WITH ME? I DON'T LIKE MY BACK TO THE DOOR."

NO THIN' TO WORRY ABOUT, BILL. AIN'T NOBODY AROUND HERE THAT LL TRY ANYTHIN'.

**B**UT AT THAT MOMENT, IN A DIRTY LITTLE SALOON UP THE STREET

MC CALL, YOU'RE A REAL TOUGH HOMERE. YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN IN DEADWOOD THAT WOULD DARE STAND UP TO WILD BILL.

WHO, ME?



SURE, YOU EVERYBODY KNOWS JACK MC CALL IS THE FASTEST DRAW IN THE DAKOTAS.

THAT'S RIGHT. I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANY MAN—NOT EVEN WILD BILL HICKOK!



THAT'S BIG TALK. YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE IT TO ME.



I'LL BELIEVE YOUR BIG TALK WHEN I SEE YOU DRAW ON WILD BILL.

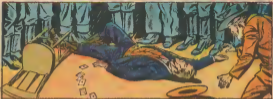
WELL, YOU'LL SEE IT RIGHT NOW. I'LL SHOW YOU WHETHER I'M YELLOW OR NOT!



IT WORKED/THERE GOES THE BIGGEST FOOL IN DEADWOOD.

YEAH? MAYBE WE'LL BE RID OF HICKOK FOR GOOD, THIS TIME. IF NOT, WE'LL BE RID OF MC CALL.





GALLANT RETREAT



THERE WAS no more peaceful

American Indian tribe than the Nez Perce. They had never made war on other tribes, and had always befriended the white man. Native to Oregon, Washington and Idaho, the Nez Perce had helped the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Early settlers found them gentle, friendly, and religious. But as always happened when settlers came, there was friction.

In 1855, Governor Stevens, of the Oregon Territory, set aside a large tract of land in Idaho for a Nez Perce reservation. It was agreed that the land would belong to the Indians forever. No white man would be permitted on the reserve and more than a quarter of a million dollars was to be paid to the tribe.

The Nez Perce kept the treaty but the white man did not. Settlers crossed into the reservation and built homes and ranches. Then, in 1861, gold was discovered there and soon there were more white men on the reserve than Indians.

Though the Indians were tricked, cheated, and even shot, they never killed a white man. In 1861, a new treaty was proposed that diminished the Nez Perce land. To keep peace, the majority of the tribe agreed to go to the new reserves. But some refused. This group became known as the "non-treaty" Nez Perce. They had always lived on the land and would not sign it away.

The leader of this group was Chief Joseph, a noble man, tall and handsome, in his late thirties. When, in 1877, the United States Army ordered him to take his people to the reservation, he took up arms in defense of his land and the freedom to live where he would.

The first battle took place in Idaho, at White Bird Canyon. Federal officers felt it would be an easy task to round up the "peaceful" Nez Perce. These war-hardened soldiers little realized Chief Joseph's untried military

genius. The Federal troops were soundly defeated.

Chief Joseph now knew there could be no peace. General G. G. Howard, the Army commander, pursued the Indians. Though outnumbered, the Indians chose to make a second stand at the Clearwater River. After two days of hard fighting, however, the Indians were forced to retreat.

The only path now open to the Nez Perce lay east. Chief Joseph had slightly less than three hundred braves, whose movements were hindered by the women and children of the tribe. The Indians took with them large herds of cattle and 2,000 ponies. Thus they started over the treacherous trail toward Montana.

Day after day they marched, the Army behind gradually losing ground. But General Howard telegraphed ahead and a force of soldiers from Fort Missoula blocked the Indians in a narrow pass. The Nez Perce discovered the barricade in time, and escaped from the canyon by a trail no white man knew existed.

Onward they pushed, in the Bitter Root Valley, Chief Joseph kept his now blood-thirsty young braves from attacking the settlers. These whites traded freely with the Indians, not wanting trouble, only hoping to speed them on their way.

On August 9, the Nez Perce were camped near the Big Hole River. They had no scouts out; they expected no attack. But without warning, a force of soldiers under General John Gibbon smashed into their camp at dawn. The surprise was complete. Warriors dashed from tepees, as the troops fired into the camp. The Indians ran for the woods.

Chief Joseph managed to rally his people and they charged back into the village, fight-



ing the attackers hand-to-hand. Under cover of their own fire, they broke camp and sent the women and children southward.

The battle raged on. It wasn't until the next night that the Nez Perces retreated. They left eighty-eight of their people dead on the field.

Chief Joseph led his tribe southeast and then east. He again encountered General Howard but succeeded in fighting his way past, into the newly opened Yellowstone National Park. Here they captured two parties of tourists, among the first park visitors.

Now in Montana, the Nez Perces asked help of the Crow Indians, but were refused. Chief Joseph realized that his only escape was to cross the border into Canada. He eluded one force of soldiers and steadily made his way north toward safety. But his people were exhausted. They had traveled 1,800 miles, over half a dozen mountain ranges, forcing their way through the toughest kind of wilderness. They lost many of their people and were burdened with wounded.

Within a day's march of Canada, they made camp, determined to rest before going further. With General Howard far behind, Chief Joseph believed his tribe safe from attack. He could not know that General Nelson A. Miles, with 279 men and artillery, was marching to cut off his escape.

It was a bitter cold night, late in September, that Miles finally drew up for attack. At dawn, the Federal soldiers charged the camp. An Indian herdboy gave the alarm.

Chief Joseph had no time now for strategy. He could only stand and fight. The first charge was thrown back. The Indians gradually withdrew to bluffs behind the camp, their accurate fire taking a heavy toll. After several charges, Miles found his casualties too heavy. He held his men back. To make matters worse, a blizzard had started.

Chief Joseph sent messengers to Sitting Bull in Canada, asking help. But the old Sioux chief, fearing retaliation after his mas-

sacre of General George Custer at Little Big Horn the year before, would not re-cross the border into Montana.

That night, Chief Joseph had his people dig trenches and throw up rock fortifications, an unorthodox move in Indian warfare. The next morning, General Miles' howitzers shelled the Indian defenses. Then the general sent out an envoy under a flag of truce to see if the Nez Perces would stop fighting.

Chief Joseph met with General Miles. The Nez Perces leader refused to surrender. Canada was so close, and he still hoped for aid from the Sioux. He returned to his lines and fighting resumed.

On the fourth day of the battle, General Howard arrived with a small company and another truce was arranged. This time, Chief Joseph was promised that if he surrendered, the Nez Perces could return to their lands in Idaho. Chief Joseph pondered the issues. That night, Chief White-Bird slipped from the battlefield with 104 of the tribe and escaped into Canada. Chief Joseph knew he must give up. He had hardly enough warriors left to fight.

On the morning of October 3, 1877, he rode proudly to the tent of General Miles. The chief's clothes and flesh showed the marks of many bullets. Lifting an arm to the morning sun, Chief Joseph said, "From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more against the white man." So saying, he handed his rifle to General Miles.

Then followed the tribe's surrender—184 women, 147 children, and 87 men—all that remained of the rugged band which had marched nearly 2,000 miles in four months, and fought off some 2,000 Federal troops in eleven engagements.

Actually, part of the tragedy that befell the Nez Perces came after their surrender. Whereas General Miles promised the Indians that they would be returned to the reservation, orders to this effect did not come from Washington until eight years later. It was as Chief Joseph said, "The white people have too misty chiefs. They do not understand each other. They do not talk alike."



JESSE JAMES



THE stories told of the adventures of Jesse Woodson James have thrilled many people. They have brought fame and fortune to writers, actors, publishers, and promoters. But for Jesse James they brought only the harried life of a hunted animal and a sordid death at the hands of one of his own cowardly companions.

Jesse James was born in 1847, in Clay County, Missouri, on a farm not far from Centerville. His father, a Baptist minister, died soon after Jesse was born and neither Jesse nor his older brother, Frank, had much opportunity for schooling.

In the years of bitter conflict between the North and the South, Jesse and his brother did not enlist in the regular armed forces on either side. Instead, they joined a rebel guerrilla band led by William Quantrill. As guerrilla fighters, the James brothers gained their first experience in the technique of surprise attack and withdrawal which they so successfully used later as bandits. At the end of the war, Quantrill surrendered to the Federal forces and his followers were scattered.

In 1866, Jesse and Frank James started working with a band of robbers. Jesse, because of his skill and ruthlessness, emerged as the leader. At first the bandits specialized in bank holdups. Their robberies developed along a certain line of procedure involving careful planning, surprise attack, and swift departure. Their first train robbery, in 1873, brought them additional notoriety, but it also increased the activities of law enforcement officers.

For ten years, Jesse James and his band were quite successful. But in an at-

tempted bank robbery in Northfield, Minnesota, the gang met a disastrous defeat. Out of eight active bandits, three were wounded and captured, and three were killed. Only the two James brothers escaped.

For the next three years, the robbers were less active and considerably less successful. However, stories about them were told and repeated. Jesse James had many imitators. Other bandits tried to use his methods and many of the crimes charged to him were not his work at all.

In 1880, a new prosecuting attorney, William Wallace, was elected in Missouri on a platform demanding the arrest and prosecution of outlaws. This represented a change in public sentiment and the beginning of a period of persistent prosecution. Three of the members of the Jesse James outfit were captured, tried, and convicted. One bandit killed a fellow member of the gang and then gave himself up. Jesse James killed one of his own men whom he suspected of disloyalty.

In 1882, Jesse James was living in St. Joseph, Missouri, under an assumed name. He had married at the height of his ill fame, and he lived with his wife and two children.

Governor Crittenden of Missouri had offered a reward of \$10,000 for Jesse's capture—"dead or alive." The outlaw lived in constant terror and fear, for he could not trust anyone.

His suspicions proved well founded. Two of his own men, the Feed brothers, John and Robert, shot him and claimed their reward. They were formally arrested, tried, and convicted of murder. Then they were pardoned and paid the \$10,000.

Frank James, weary of the life of an outlaw, gave himself up. He was jailed and brought to trial, but he was not convicted. He died in 1915.

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