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DECEMBER

COLLECTOR'S ISSUE

Lobo

BRANDED FOR LIFE!

AN HONEST MAN... BLAMED FOR A CRIME

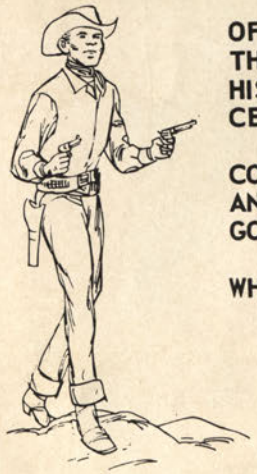
HE DID NOT COMMIT!

READ THE FIRST DRAMATIC ADVENTURES OF LOBO A FUGITIVE ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW!

Lobo

FOLLOWING THE TRAGIC WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, THOUSANDS OF EX-SOLDIERS LEFT THE WAR-TORN EAST AND HEADED WEST.

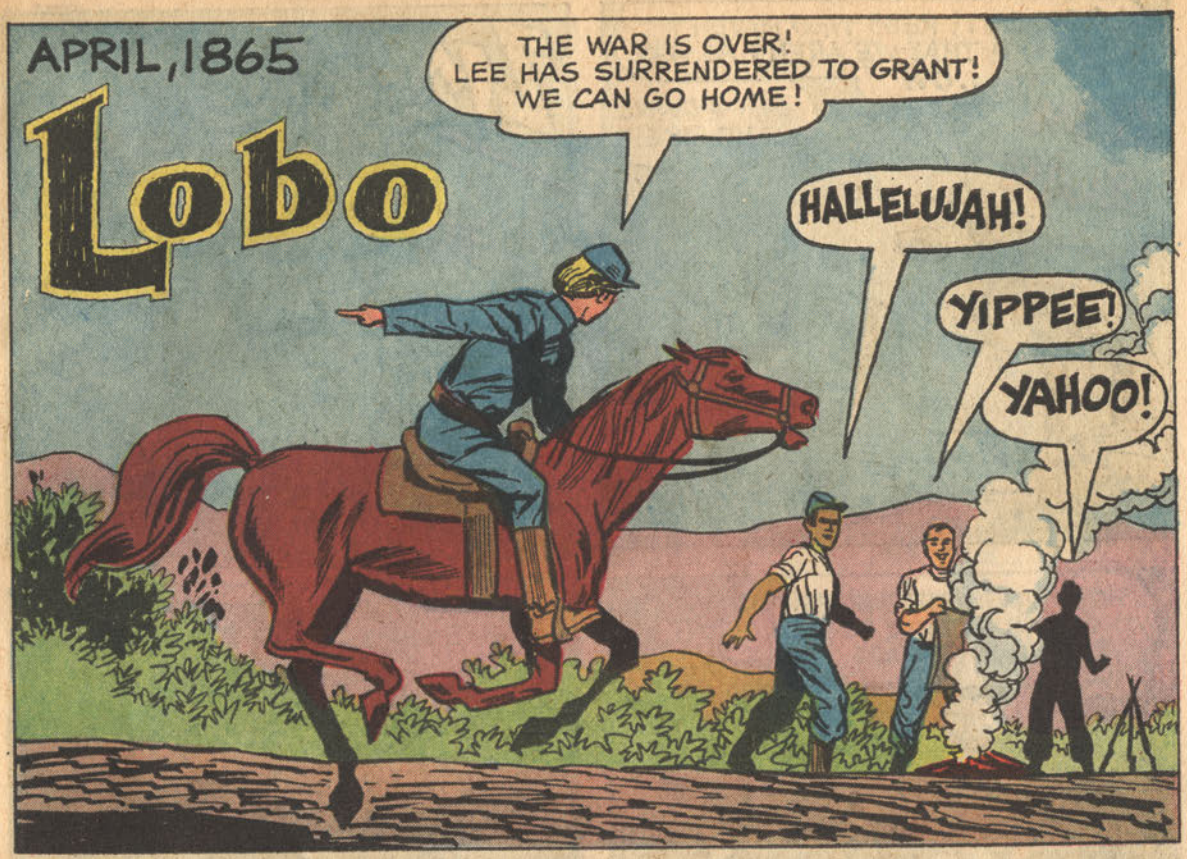
THE GREAT AMERICAN PLAINS WERE RIPE FOR AN EXPLOSION, AN EXPLOSION OF THE VAST WEALTH AND OPPORTUNITY THAT LAY HIDDEN FOR CENTURIES ON ITS DESERTS, IN ITS MOUNTAINS, AND IN THE FERTILE SOIL OF ITS PEACEFUL VALLEYS.



OF THE MEN WHO WENT WEST, MANY BECAME COWBOYS, THE HEROIC FIGURE WHO HAS EMERGED FROM AMERICAN HISTORY AS THE OUTSTANDING MAN OF THE LATE 18TH CENTURY.

COWBOYS CAME IN ALL SHAPES, SIZES, AND TEMPERAMENTS... AND THEY CREATED ALL SORTS OF LEGENDS. SOME WERE GOOD, SOME WERE BAD AND SOME WERE INDIFFERENT.

WHATEVER THEY WERE....LOBO COULD HAVE BEEN ONE OF THEM.



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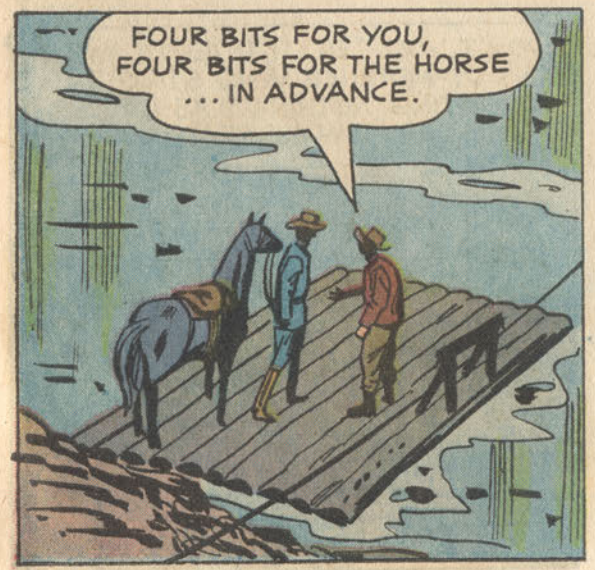
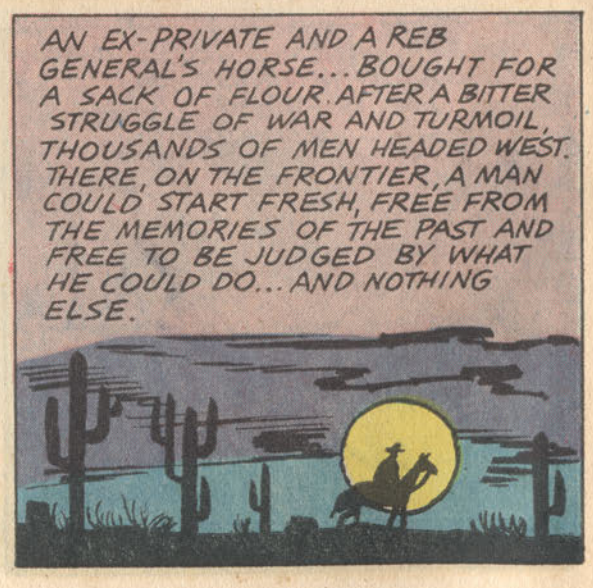
LOOK OUT! REBS WHO HAVEN'T HEARD THAT WE AREN'T AT WAR
...OW
BAM
BLAM
GET DOWN... AND FIRE!
ZING
BLAM
BAM
HOLD YOUR FIRE, BOYS. THE WAR'S OVER FOR THEM NOW, TOO!
WHAT...WHAT HAPPENED?
REBS SNEAKED UP ON US. YOU WERE LUCKY YOU WEREN'T KILLED LIKE THEM.

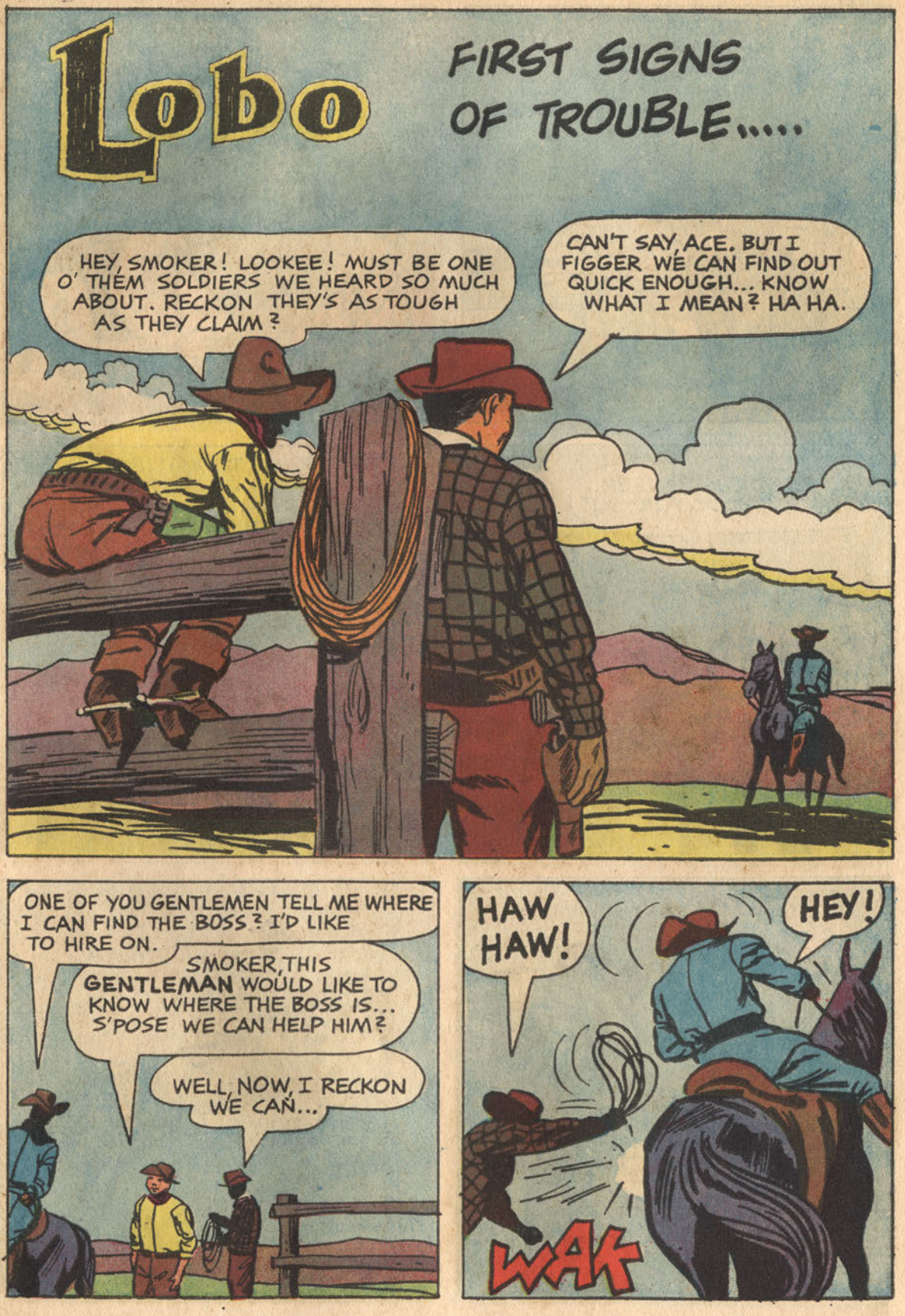
WHAT'S GOT INTO HIM? IT WAS US OR THEM.
HEY!
KRYK
NOBODY SHOULD HAVE DIED HERE TODAY... NOT NOW, NOT WHEN THE WAR IS FINISHED.
BUT... BUT THEY...
DON'T YOU SEE? IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE WHO STARTED SHOOTING. NOTHING WAS GAINED... JUST FIVE MORE DEAD MEN.
FORGET IT. YOU'RE A SOLDIER... WE'RE ALL SOLDIERS COME ON, LET'S HAVE SOME COFFEE.

I'M NOT A SOLDIER! NONE OF US ARE SOLDIERS ANY MORE. WE WERE MUSTERED OUT. WE'RE FREE TO LEAVE ANY TIME WE WANT... I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE...I'M LEAVING!

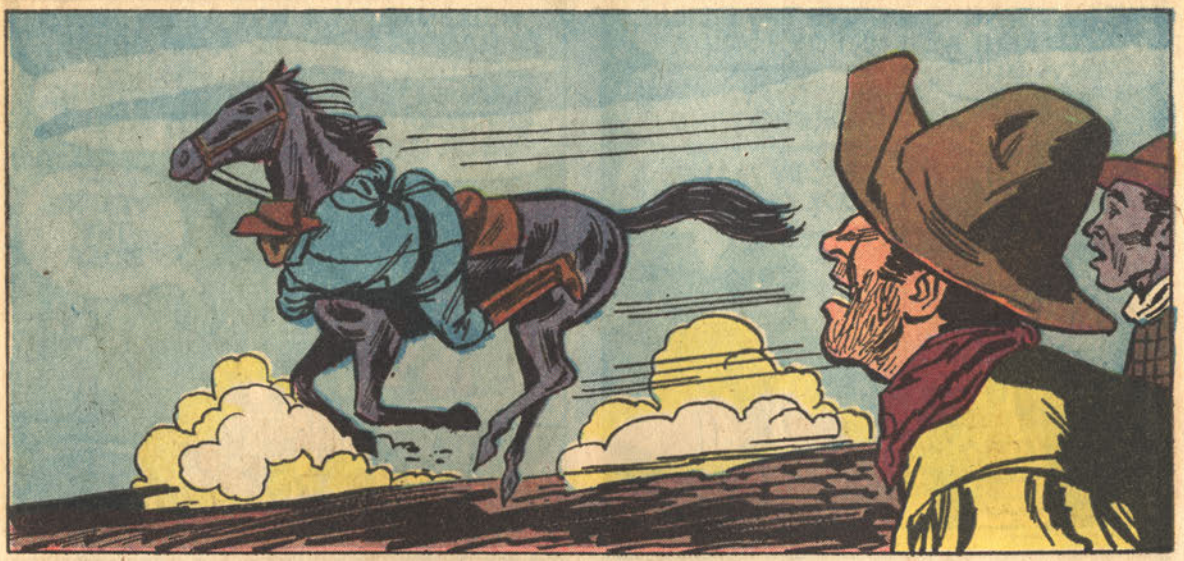
COME ON, MIDNIGHT. LET'S RIDE SOMEPLACE THAT DOESN'T STINK OF KILLING. WE'LL FOLLOW THE SUN FOR A WHILE... AN EX-PRIVATE RIDING A REB GENERAL'S HORSE, BOUGHT FOR A POUND OF FLOUR. DOESN'T MAKE MUCH SENSE... BUT NOTHING MUCH DOES, THESE DAYS.

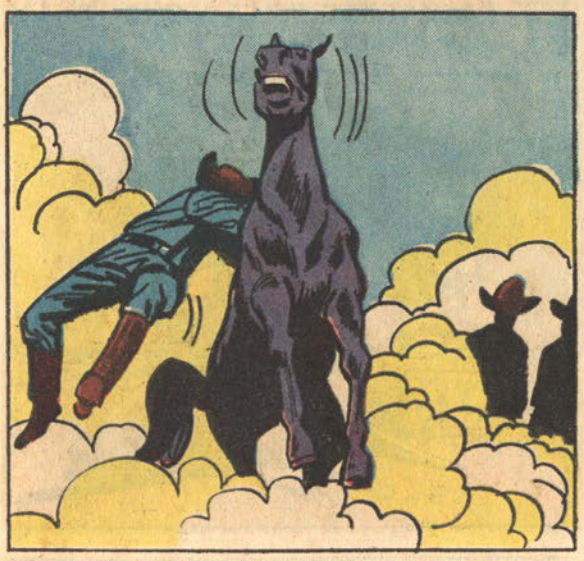

FOUR BITS FOR YOU, FOUR BITS FOR THE HORSE ... IN ADVANCE.


AN EX-PRIVATE AND A REB GENERAL'S HORSE... BOUGHT FOR A SACK OF FLOUR. AFTER A BITTER STRUGGLE OF WAR AND TURMOIL, THOUSANDS OF MEN HEADED WEST. THERE, ON THE FRONTIER, A MAN COULD START FRESH, FREE FROM THE MEMORIES OF THE PAST AND FREE TO BE JUDGED BY WHAT HE COULD DO... AND NOTHING ELSE.


Lobo
FIRST SIGNS OF TROUBLE.....
HEY, SMOKER! LOOKEE! MUST BE ONE O' THEM SOLDIERS WE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT. RECKON THEY'S AS TOUGH AS THEY CLAIM?
CAN'T SAY, ACE. BUT I FIGGER WE CAN FIND OUT QUICK ENOUGH... KNOW WHAT I MEAN? HA HA.
ONE OF YOU GENTLEMEN TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE BOSS? I'D LIKE TO HIRE ON.
SMOKER, THIS GENTLEMAN WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHERE THE BOSS IS... S'POSE WE CAN HELP HIM?
WELL, NOW, I RECKON WE CAN...
HAW HAW!
HEY!
WAK

HAW HAW!
SEEMS YOU LOST YOUR MOUNT, SOLDIER.
ACE, SMOKER!
WHAT THE DEVIL IS GOING ON HERE? WHO ARE YOU, STRANGER?
THIS HERE SOLDIER-BOY DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO STICK TO HIS HORSE.
SHUT UP, ACE. I'M THE BOSS, STRANGER. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I WAS GOING TO ASK IF YOU WERE IN NEED OF A COWBOY... BUT IT SEEMS I'VE GOT TO PROVE SOMETHING FIRST! RIDE, MIDNIGHT... YAAHOOO!





POWBAM
CRAK
BLAM
ZNG

YOU'LL DO, COWBOY!
YOU'LL DO JUST FINE!

WE'RE STARTING A DRIVE TO ABILENE. YOU'LL RIDE WITH US. DON'T YOU OWN A GUN?
THREW IT AWAY. I'VE HAD MY FILL OF SHOOTING.
NOBODY MAKES A FOOL OUTA ACE!

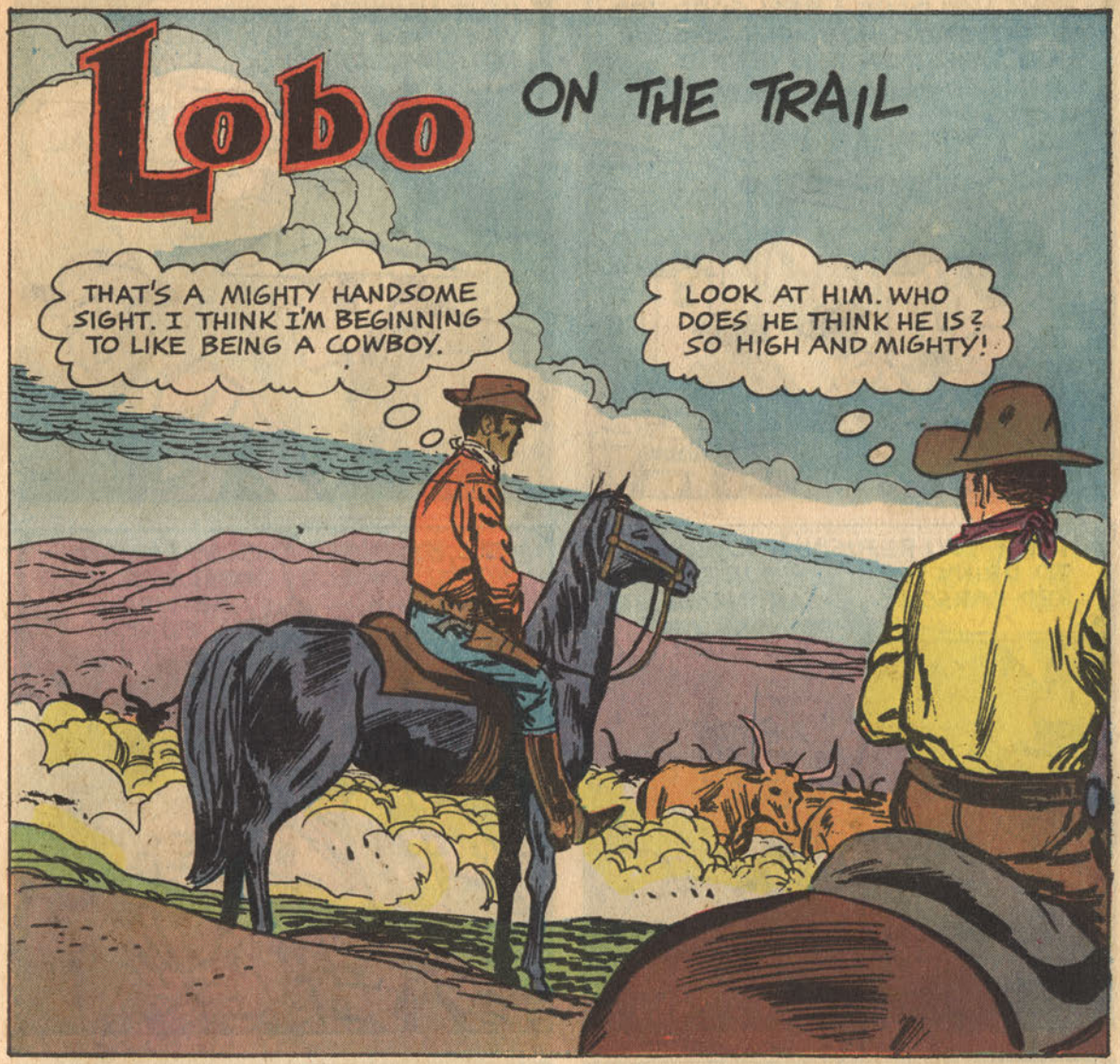
WELL, LIKE IT OR NOT, A GUN COMES IN HANDY... TURNING A STAMPEDE, SHOOTING A RATTLER, OR JUST PLAIN TO "EQUALIZE". GOT NOTHING BUT THIS DOUBLE. TAKE IT FOR YOUR FIRST PAY.
YOU'RE THE BOSS.

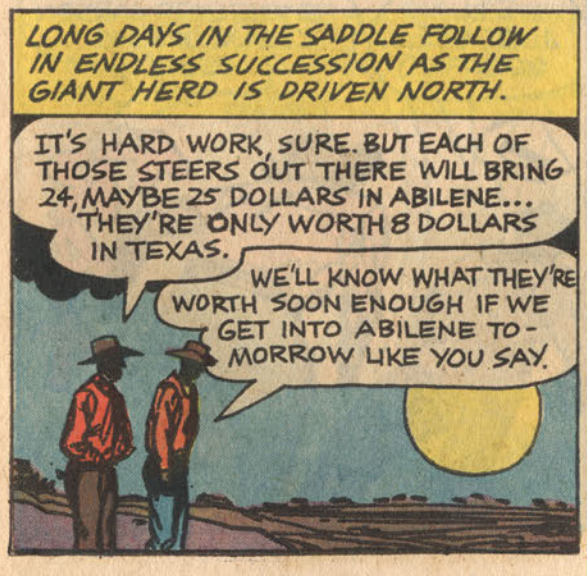
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE NEWCOMER PROVES HIS ABILITY ON THE RANGE.
NEVER SAW ANYBODY CATCH ON SO QUICK.

EASY THERE, FELLA. WE'RE ALL BRANDED ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

TOMORROW IS BIG DAY FOR YOU. YOU EAT. COOKING ON TRAIL GOOD ... BUT NOT GOOD LIKE THIS.
YOU CALL THIS GOOD?
SURE IT'S GOOD, GOOD AND BAD. HAW HAW HAW!

WELL, MIDNIGHT. MAYBE YOU AND I HAVE FOUND SOME PEACE AFTER ALL. ACE AND SMOKER AREN'T SO BAD... JUST PLAYFUL, I SUPPOSE.


Lobo
ON THE TRAIL
THAT'S A MIGHTY HANDSOME SIGHT. I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO LIKE BEING A COWBOY.
LOOK AT HIM. WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS? SO HIGH AND MIGHTY!


LONG DAYS IN THE SADDLE FOLLOW IN ENDLESS SUCCESSION AS THE GIANT HERD IS DRIVEN NORTH.
IT'S HARD WORK, SURE. BUT EACH OF THOSE STEERS OUT THERE WILL BRING 24, MAYBE 25 DOLLARS IN ABILENE... THEY'RE ONLY WORTH 8 DOLLARS IN TEXAS.
WE'LL KNOW WHAT THEY'RE WORTH SOON ENOUGH IF WE GET INTO ABILENE TOMORROW LIKE YOU SAY.

THE NEXT EVENING...
LOOKS LIKE DRY CUSTOMERS, MAY. DROVERS DON'T STICK WITH THEIR PAY VERY LONG...JUDGING BY THESE BOYS SMILES, I'D SAY WE'LL BE BUSY TONIGHT!

BOYS, YOU DONE A REAL GOOD JOB. WE GOT PREMIUM PRICES FOR OUR BEEF... FIRST DRINK IS ON THE RANCH!
YIPPEE!
YAHHOO!
HOOREE!
HAVE ANOTHER, COWBOY. WHEN RED CARSON DRINKS, EVERYBODY DRINKS!
NO THANKS, FRIEND. ONE COLD GLASS IS ALL I CARE FOR.
HUH? YOU REFUSIN' TO DRINK WITH RED CARSON?
NO. I JUST DON'T WANT ANY MORE, THANKS JUST THE SAME.
WELL, BY JINGO. YOU'LL TAKE THIS DRINK!
THAT COWBOY MUST BE SCARED. HE DIDN'T FLINCH.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, COWBOY? YOU WANT ANOTHER?
DON'T DO IT, FRIEND.
WE'LL JUST SEE... OOOOFFF!
HE KNOCKED CARSON CLEAN OFF HIS FEET!
KRAK

I DON'T WANT TO GET CAUGHT IN THIS!
THAT COWBOY IS IN FOR TROUBLE.

STRANGER! YOU BETTER BE ABLE TO HANDLE THOSE GUNS.
I CAN HANDLE THEM, FRIEND. BUT YOU WANT TO DO SOME SHOOTING...YOU'LL DO IT ALONE!

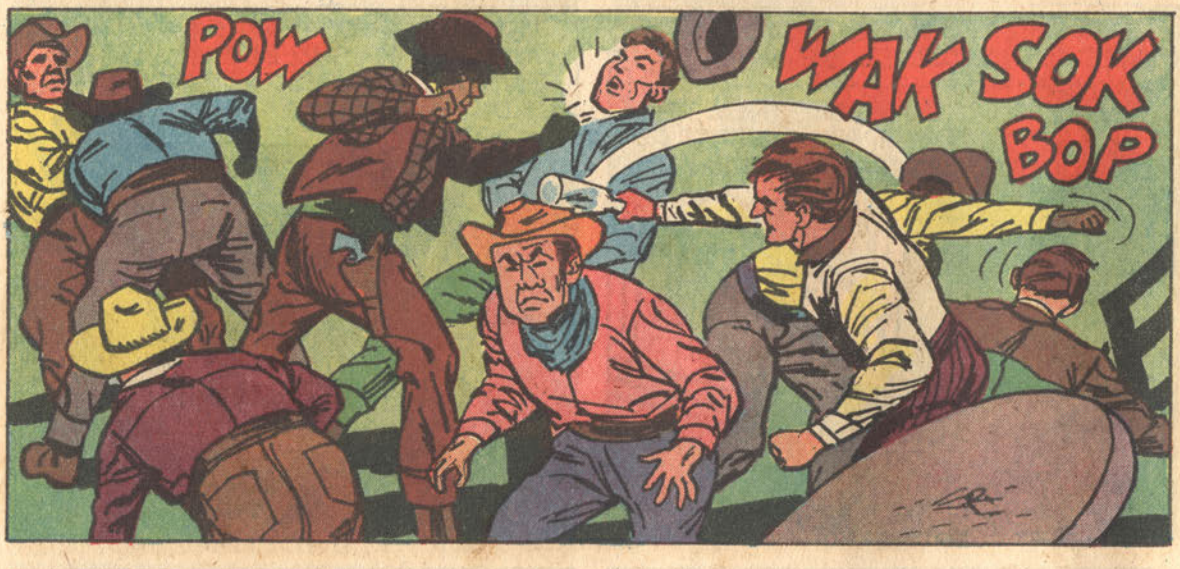
NOTHING GOOD COMES FROM SHOOTING, FRIEND. BUT YOU MOVED ME TO IT. NOW, YOU WANT TO DRINK? NOBODY'S STOPPING YOU.

STRANGER, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT. GUESS A MAN'S GOT A RIGHT TO REFUSE A DRINK. MIND IF I JOIN YOU? PEACEFUL LIKE?
NOT AT ALL.

SCARED TO FIGHT, AIN'T YOU, SOLDIER? WELL I AIN'T SCARED!
GET HIM, ACE!

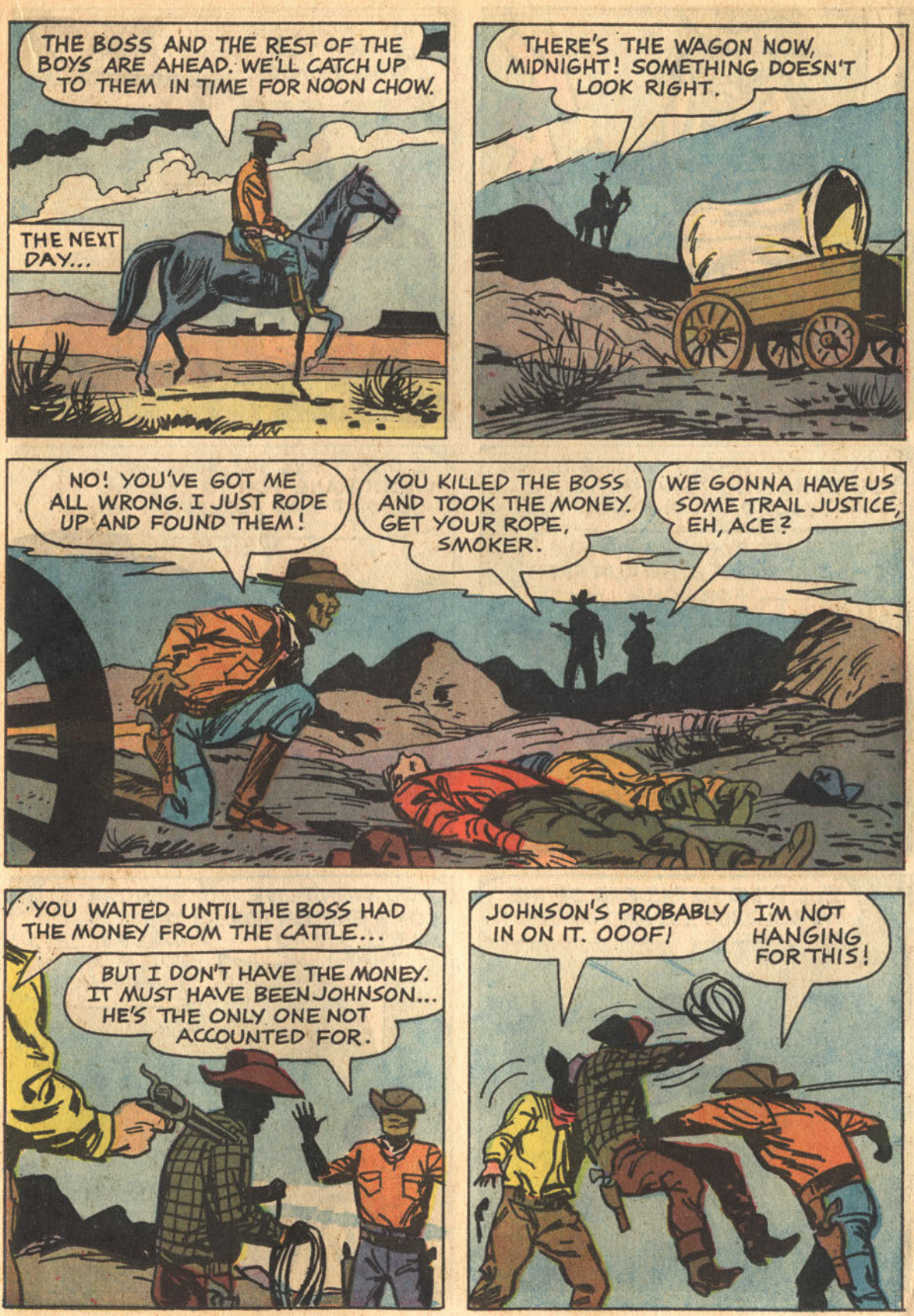
LOOK OUT, STRANGER!

I DON'T WANT TO GET LEFT OUT OF THIS ONE ...YOWEEE!


POW
WAK
SOK
BOP

SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD FIGHT, MISTER. YOU LEAVING SO SOON?
MIGHT AS WELL, THEY DON'T NEED ME.

WELL, MIDNIGHT. THIS TIME TOMORROW WE'LL BE ON THE TRAIL BACK TO TEXAS. ACE AND SMOKER SHOULD BE COOLED DOWN BY THEN.


THE BOSS AND THE REST OF THE BOYS ARE AHEAD. WE'LL CATCH UP TO THEM IN TIME FOR NOON CHOW.
THE NEXT DAY...
THERE'S THE WAGON NOW, MIDNIGHT! SOMETHING DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT.
NO! YOU'VE GOT ME ALL WRONG. I JUST RODE UP AND FOUND THEM!
YOU KILLED THE BOSS AND TOOK THE MONEY. GET YOUR ROPE, SMOKER.
WE GONNA HAVE US SOME TRAIL JUSTICE, EH, ACE?
YOU WAITED UNTIL THE BOSS HAD THE MONEY FROM THE CATTLE...
BUT I DON'T HAVE THE MONEY. IT MUST HAVE BEEN JOHNSON... HE'S THE ONLY ONE NOT ACCOUNTED FOR.
JOHNSON'S PROBABLY IN ON IT. OOOF!
I'M NOT HANGING FOR THIS!

KRAK

I'VE SWORN NEVER TO SHOOT TO KILL... BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I WON'T SHOOT.
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS.

YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU... YOU LOBO! THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE, A LOBO, A LONE WOLF!
THAT ROPE'LL FIND HIM. NO WOLF EVER RUN FREE FOR LONG.

I DIDN'T KILL THE BOSS AND I WON'T HANG FOR IT. IF I'M A LOBO, IT WAS FORCED ON ME.

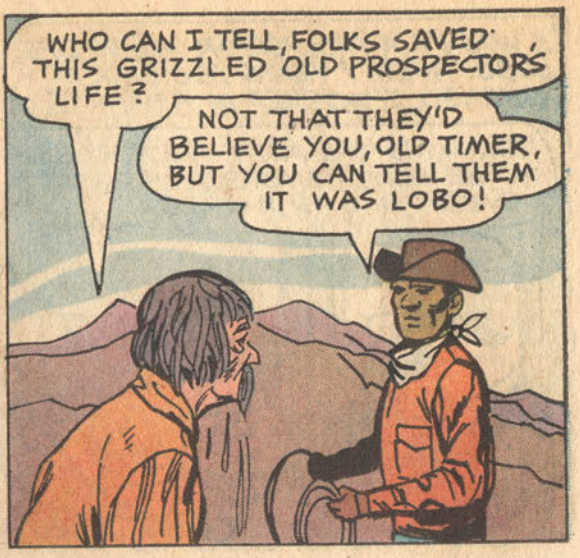
I'LL RIDE TO THE END OF THE WORLD... BUT I'LL FIND JOHNSON!

YOU WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH, LOBO. WE'LL SEE TO THAT.
THEN THAT'S THE WAY IT WILL BE... LET'S RIDE, MIDNIGHT... YAAHHOOO.

Lobo
THE BRAND STICKS
SHERIFF! HALF OUR CREW WAS MURDERED AND ALL THE MONEY WAS TOOK; TOOK BY A LOBO, A NO GOOD, MAVERICK LOBO!
HOLD ON THERE! WHO IS THIS HERE LOBO FELLOW?
WE RODE UP AND FOUND HIM STANDING OVER THE BODIES OF THE BOYS.
LOBO, EH? THAT THE ONLY NAME HE'S GOT?
HE NEVER SAID WHAT HIS NAME WAS. BUT LOBO'S AS GOOD A NAME AS ANY FOR A WANTED POSTER!
HMM. I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

DAYS LATER...
I RECKON THAT'S ME, MIDNIGHT. ACE AND SMOKER SAID THEY'D SEE ME HANGED.
WANTED FOR MURDER LOBO
WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE SOME WAY TO KEEP OURSELVES ALIVE, MIDNIGHT. UNTIL I FIND JOHNSON, I'M A HUNTED MAN...
TWO PROSPECTORS WERE KILLED IN THEIR BEDROLLS BY JONES CREEK LAST NIGHT.
IT MUST HAVE BEEN LOBO. WHO IS HE, SHERIFF?
FOLKS CLAIM HE'S THE BIGGEST COWBOY EVER RODE A HORSE... A COAL BLACK ARABIAN!
NOW THEY'VE BRANDED YOU TOO, MIDNIGHT.
GOT TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT AND AVOID TOWNS...
HELP!
RIDE, MIDNIGHT. HE WON'T LAST LONG IN THAT CURRENT! YAAHOOO!

THANKEE, SON. I'D BEEN A GONER IN ANOTHER MINUTE.
NO NEED TO THANK ME. A MAN IN TROUBLE DOESN'T OWE ANYBODY A THING.

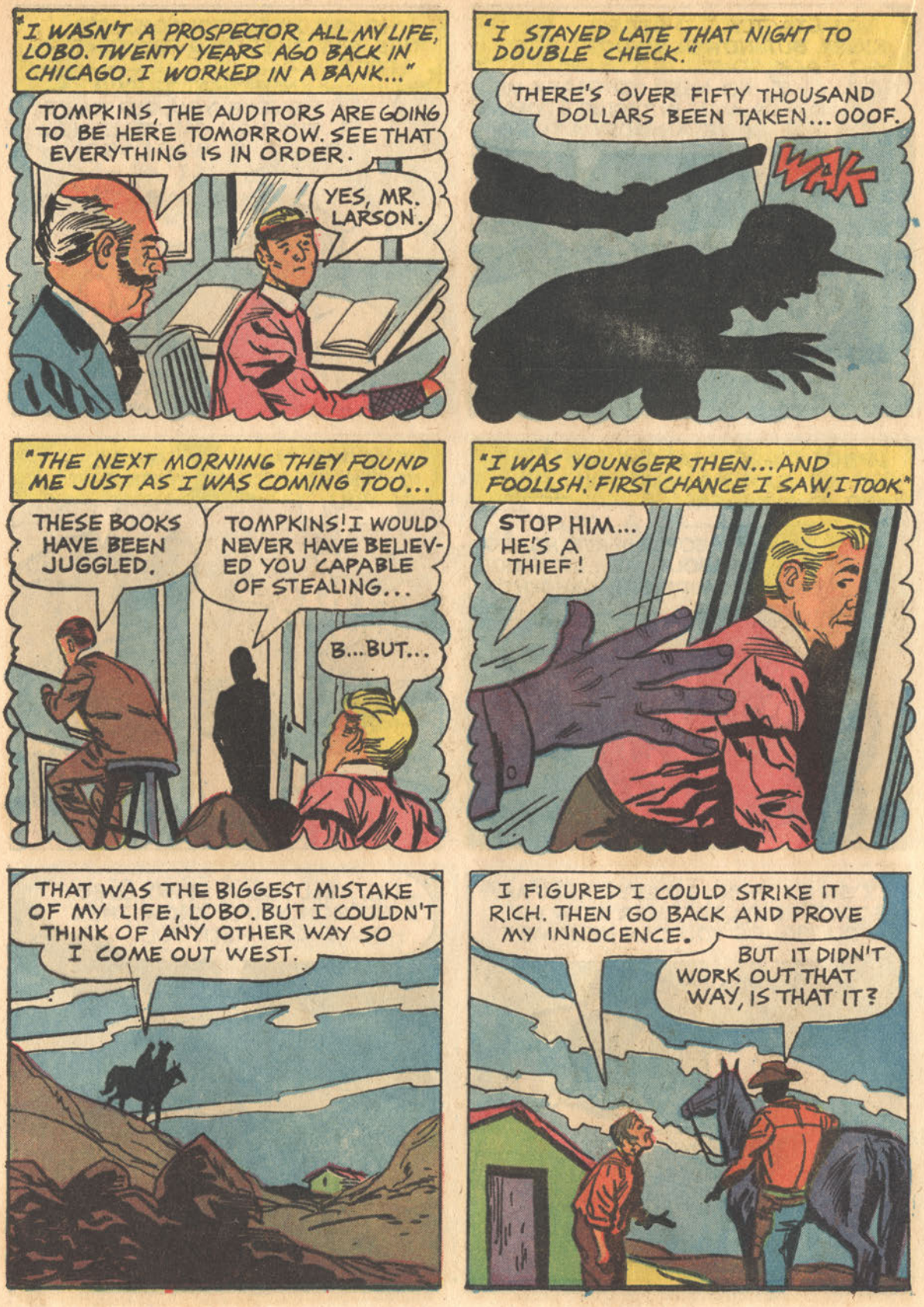

WHO CAN I TELL, FOLKS SAVED THIS GRIZZLED OLD PROSPECTOR'S LIFE?
NOT THAT THEY'D BELIEVE YOU, OLD TIMER, BUT YOU CAN TELL THEM IT WAS LOBO!

LOBO! I HEARD ABOUT YOU. BUT NO MAN DID WHAT YOU DID IS A KILLER.
A LOT OF PEOPLE HAVE HEARD ABOUT ME... LET'S RIDE, MIDNIGHT. YAHOOO!

NO! COME BACK! I CAN HELP YOU.
WHOA, MIDNIGHT!

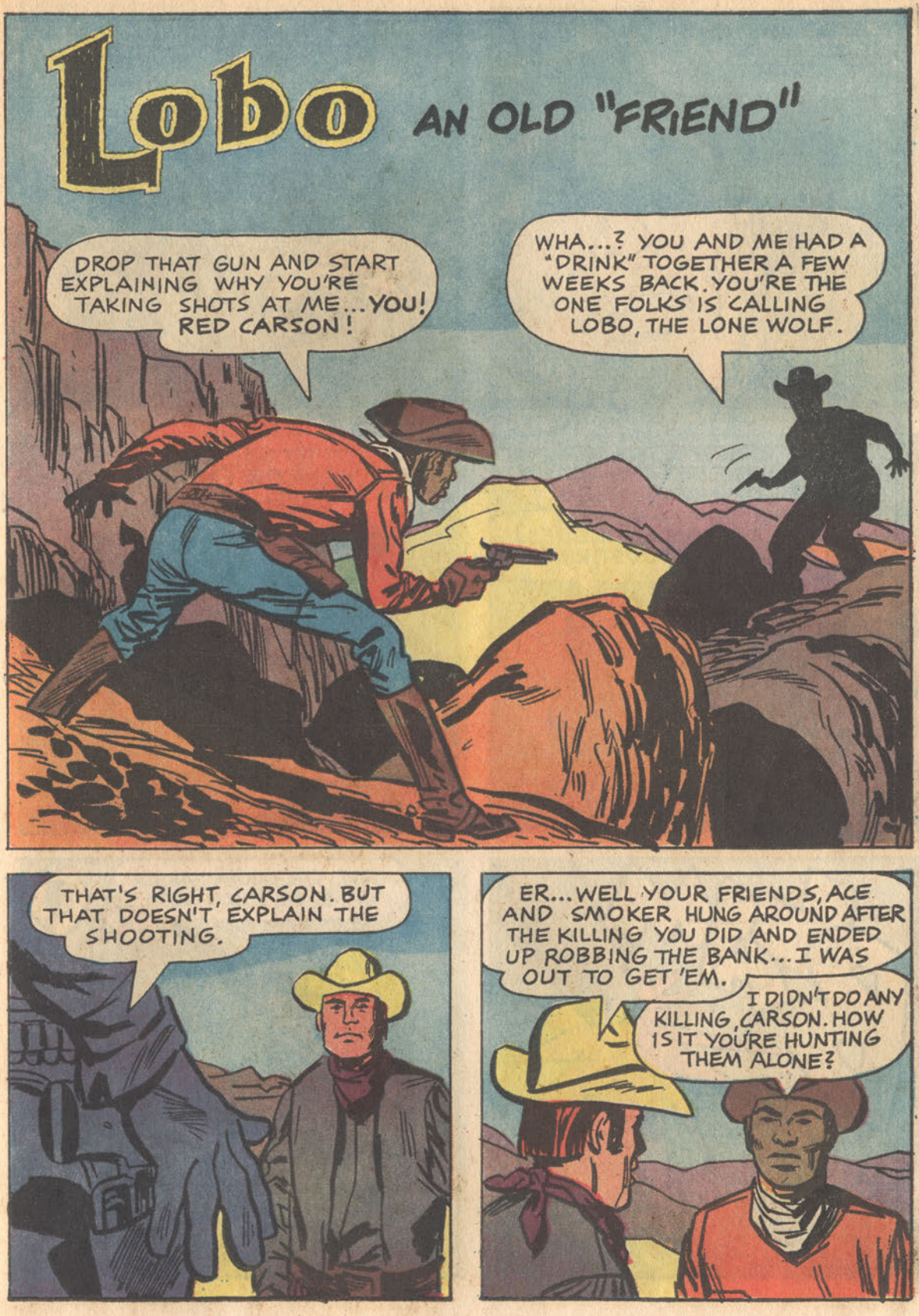
I DIDN'T THINK I'D EVER NEED ANYBODY'S HELP, OLD TIMER. HOW DO YOU FIGURE YOU CAN HELP ME?

I'LL TELL YOU A STORY, LOBO. I RECKON YOU'LL KNOW THEN HOW I CAN HELP YOU.

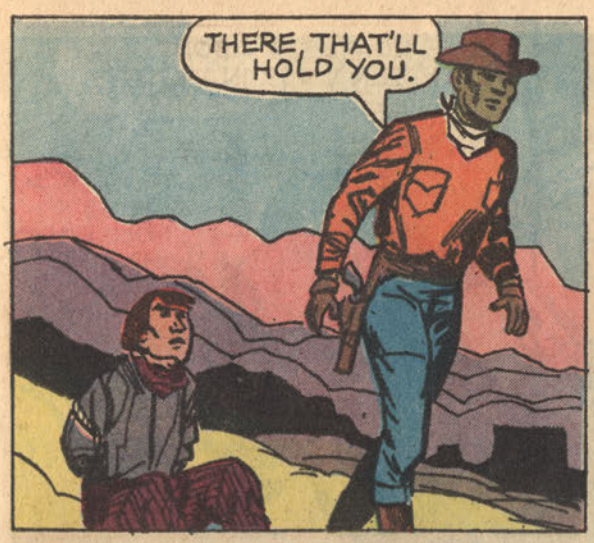

"I WASN'T A PROSPECTOR ALL MY LIFE, LOBO. TWENTY YEARS AGO BACK IN CHICAGO. I WORKED IN A BANK..."
TOMPKINS, THE AUDITORS ARE GOING TO BE HERE TOMORROW. SEE THAT EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER.
YES, MR. LARSON.
"I STAYED LATE THAT NIGHT TO DOUBLE CHECK."
THERE'S OVER FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS BEEN TAKEN...OOOF.
WAK
"THE NEXT MORNING THEY FOUND ME JUST AS I WAS COMING TOO..."
THESE BOOKS HAVE BEEN JUGGLED.
TOMPKINS! I WOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED YOU CAPABLE OF STEALING...
B...BUT...
"I WAS YOUNGER THEN...AND FOOLISH. FIRST CHANCE I SAW, I TOOK."
STOP HIM... HE'S A THIEF!
THAT WAS THE BIGGEST MISTAKE OF MY LIFE, LOBO. BUT I COULDN'T THINK OF ANY OTHER WAY SO I COME OUT WEST.
I FIGURED I COULD STRIKE IT RICH. THEN GO BACK AND PROVE MY INNOCENCE.
BUT IT DIDN'T WORK OUT THAT WAY, IS THAT IT?

NOT EXACTLY. I HIT IT RICH, ALL RIGHT. BUT NOW I'M TOO OLD TO GO BACK SO I'LL JUST SPEND MY DAYS HERE.
BUT HOW IS ALL OF THIS SUPPOSED TO BE USEFUL TO ME?
GOLD, LOBO. YOU'RE YOUNG, YOU CAN USE IT TO PROVE YOUR INNOCENCE...
BY HELPING OTHERS IN TROUBLE, I'LL BE PROVING MY OWN INNOCENCE. I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, OLDTIMER.
BUT I CAN'T TAKE YOUR GOLD...
LOBO, YOU GAVE ME BACK MY LIFE! AND YOU CAN DO SOME GOOD. YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE IT.
A FEW DAYS LATER...
YOU'LL BE MOVING ON SOON... BUT I WANT YOU TO TAKE THESE. I MADE THEM MYSELF.
THIS'LL BE A KIND OF TRADEMARK FOR YOU, LOBO. THEY'RE GOLD, SOLID GOLD.
REMEMBER, LOBO. I'LL BE HERE 'TILL THE DAY I DIE.
I'LL BE BACK, OLDTIMER! RIDE, MIDNIGHT. YAHOO!

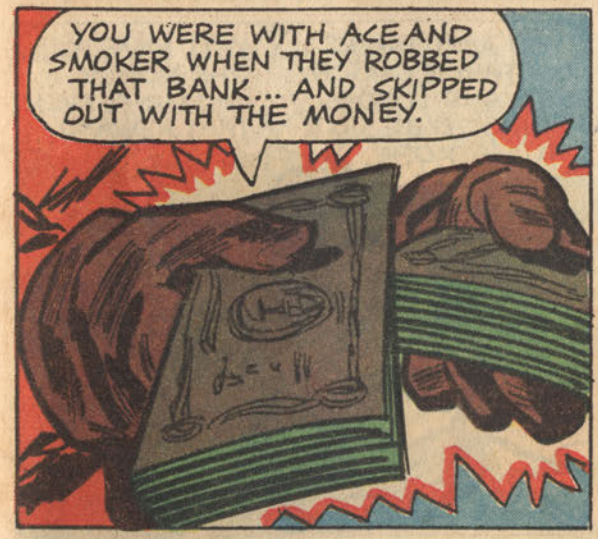
IT'S MIGHTY STRANGE, MIDNIGHT. I'M WANTED FOR EVERY UNSOLVED KILLING AND ROBBERY THIS SIDE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.
I DON'T DARE SHOW MYSELF TO FOLKS UNLESS I'M PREPARED TO FIGHT...
OLD TIMER GAVE ME ENOUGH GOLD TO LIVE LIKE A KING...
AND HERE I AM. TAKING THE PART OF EVERYONE THAT'S EVER BEEN DONE WRONG!
MAYBE I WAS BORN TO BE LOBO. WHA?
BAM
ZINC-

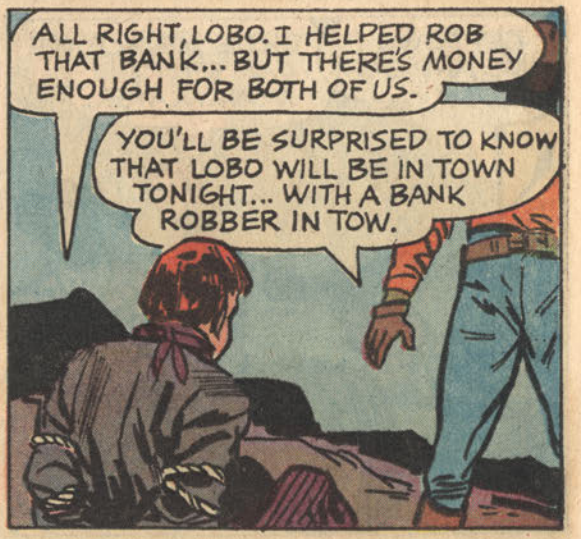

Lobo
AN OLD "FRIEND"
DROP THAT GUN AND START EXPLAINING WHY YOU'RE TAKING SHOTS AT ME...YOU! RED CARSON!
WHA...? YOU AND ME HAD A "DRINK" TOGETHER A FEW WEEKS BACK. YOU'RE THE ONE FOLKS IS CALLING LOBO, THE LONE WOLF.
THAT'S RIGHT, CARSON. BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN THE SHOOTING.
ER...WELL YOUR FRIENDS, ACE AND SMOKER HUNG AROUND AFTER THE KILLING YOU DID AND ENDED UP ROBBING THE BANK...I WAS OUT TO GET 'EM.
I DIDN'T DO ANY KILLING, CARSON. HOW IS IT YOU'RE HUNTING THEM ALONE?

I...ER...I WAS WITH THE POSSE BUT I GOT SEPARATED.
SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT CARSON ...I'D BETTER LOOK IN THOSE SADDLE BAGS FIRST CHANCE I GET.
WELL, LOBO. IF YOU SAY YOU DIDN'T KILL THOSE MEN, THEN I GUESS I WON'T TURN YOU IN... HAW HAW.
I'LL RIDE WITH YOU...YOU'LL WANT TO REJOIN THE POSSE... AND I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN NAMED JOHNSON.
ER...NO. I GUESS I'LL JUST RIDE ON.
I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM OR HE'LL HAVE THE POSSE BACK ON MY TRAIL.
HAVE IT YOUR WAY, CARSON. RIDE, MIDNIGHT. YAHOO.
BAM
THAT SHOULD'A TAKEN CARE OF HIM... OOOF


THERE, THAT'LL HOLD YOU.

I'VE GOT A NOTION THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS BAG, CARSON. LIKE BANK NOTES.

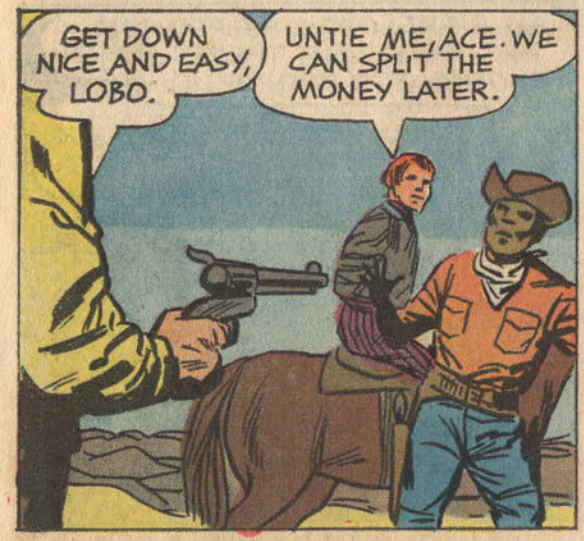

YOU WERE WITH ACE AND SMOKER WHEN THEY ROBBED THAT BANK... AND SKIPPED OUT WITH THE MONEY.


ALL RIGHT, LOBO. I HELPED ROB THAT BANK... BUT THERE'S MONEY ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US.
YOU'LL BE SURPRISED TO KNOW THAT LOBO WILL BE IN TOWN TONIGHT... WITH A BANK ROBBER IN TOW.

I GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO GET RICH... AND YOU RISK YOUR NECK TURNING ME IN.
THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, CARSON.

ACE, WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWING THEM FOR MILES. WE BETTER JUMP 'EM NOW.
RIGHT. WE'LL RIDE AROUND IN FRONT AND TAKE 'EM BY SURPRISE.

NOW, SMOKER!
DON'T MOVE, COWBOY!


GET DOWN NICE AND EASY, LOBO.
UNTIE ME, ACE. WE CAN SPLIT THE MONEY LATER.

YOU AIN'T TAKIN' US TWICE, CARSON! YOU AND LOBO IS GOING TO BE SHARING A ROPE.
WE'LL HAVE ALL THE MONEY... AND MAYBE EVEN THAT REWARD.

WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR HAND, LOBO? LOOKS LIKE A GOLD PIECE.

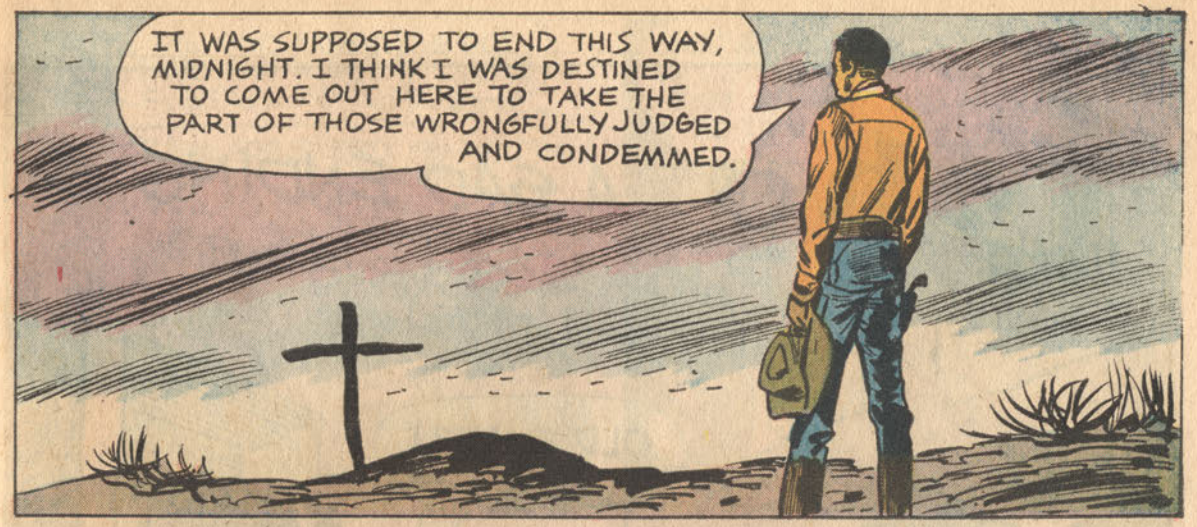
WHAT'S THE WOLF'S HEAD SUPPOSED TO MEAN... OOF!
YOU BOYS ARE A MITE GREEDY.

DON'T MOVE, LOBO.
BAM
BLAM
DON'T SHOOT ME, LOBO! JUST DON'T KILL ME.
DON'T WORRY ACE. ALL THREE OF YOU ARE GOING TO SUNSET CITY WITH ME...
DID YOU EVER SEE A SADDER BUNCH, MIDNIGHT?

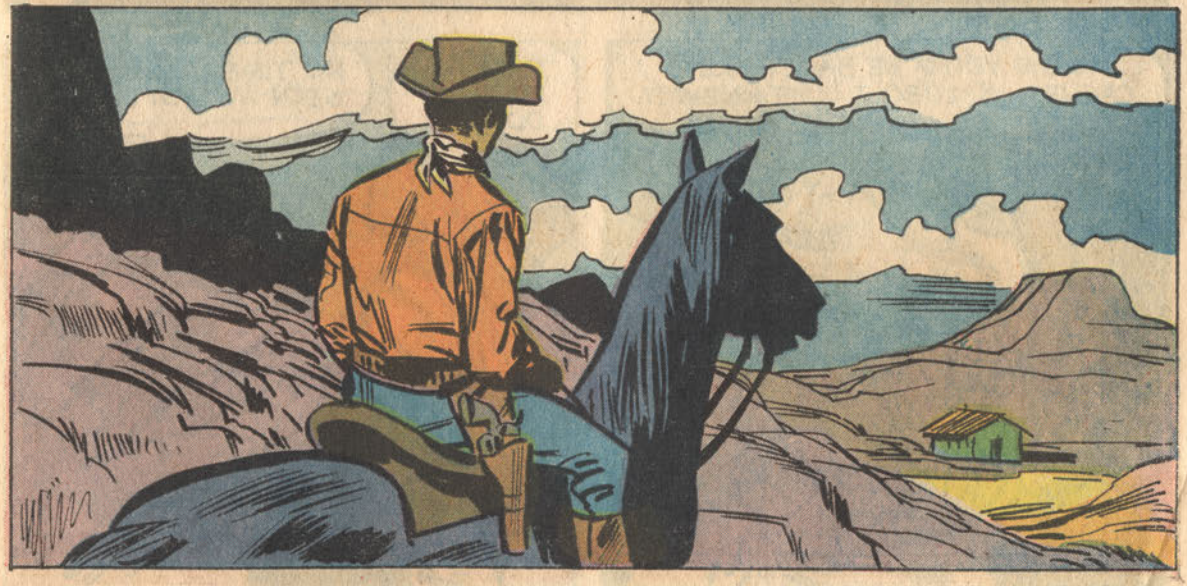
HEY, ZEKE. THEM BANK ROBBERS IS BACK.
THERE'S A REWARD OUT FOR THAT BIG UN! HE'S LOBO!
YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THESE MEN, SHERIFF. THE STOLEN MONEY'S IN THOSE SADDLE BAGS.
WHA? WHO ARE YOU, STRANGER?
FOLKS CALL ME LOBO. THAT'LL DO.
YOU...YOU'RE LOBO? I GOT TO TAKE YOU IN TOO.
NO, SHERIFF. DON'T ANYBODY MOVE!
NOW THAT THAT'S DONE...ANYBODY HERE KNOW A WRANGLER NAMED JOHNSON?
A FELLOW NAMED JOHNSON WAS HERE SPENDING MONEY LIKE IT WAS GOING OUT OF STYLE. HE THE ONE YOU MEAN?

HE'S THE ONE SHERIFF. WHERE CAN I FIND HIM?
PEOPLE AROUND HERE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW THE SAME THING. HE BUSTED UP A FEW PLACES BEFORE HE LEFT.
I SAW HIM LEAVE LAST NIGHT, LOBO, HEADING WEST.
THANKS SON. RIDE, MIDNIGHT! YAHOO!
WHY DIDN'T YOU ARREST HIM, SHERIFF?
I DON'T KNOW. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HIM...
THAT'S A LOBO COIN. SUPPOSED TO REMIND THE SHERIFF OF SOMETHING THE NEXT TIME HE AND LOBO MEET UP. LOBO SAID SO.
MEANWHILE...
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ON JOHNSON'S TRAIL AT LAST... WE'LL GET HIM TO ADMIT THE KILLINGS THAT THEY'RE BLAMING ME FOR...THEN WE'LL BE FREE!
INDIANS! THEY'RE RILED UP ABOUT SOMETHING.

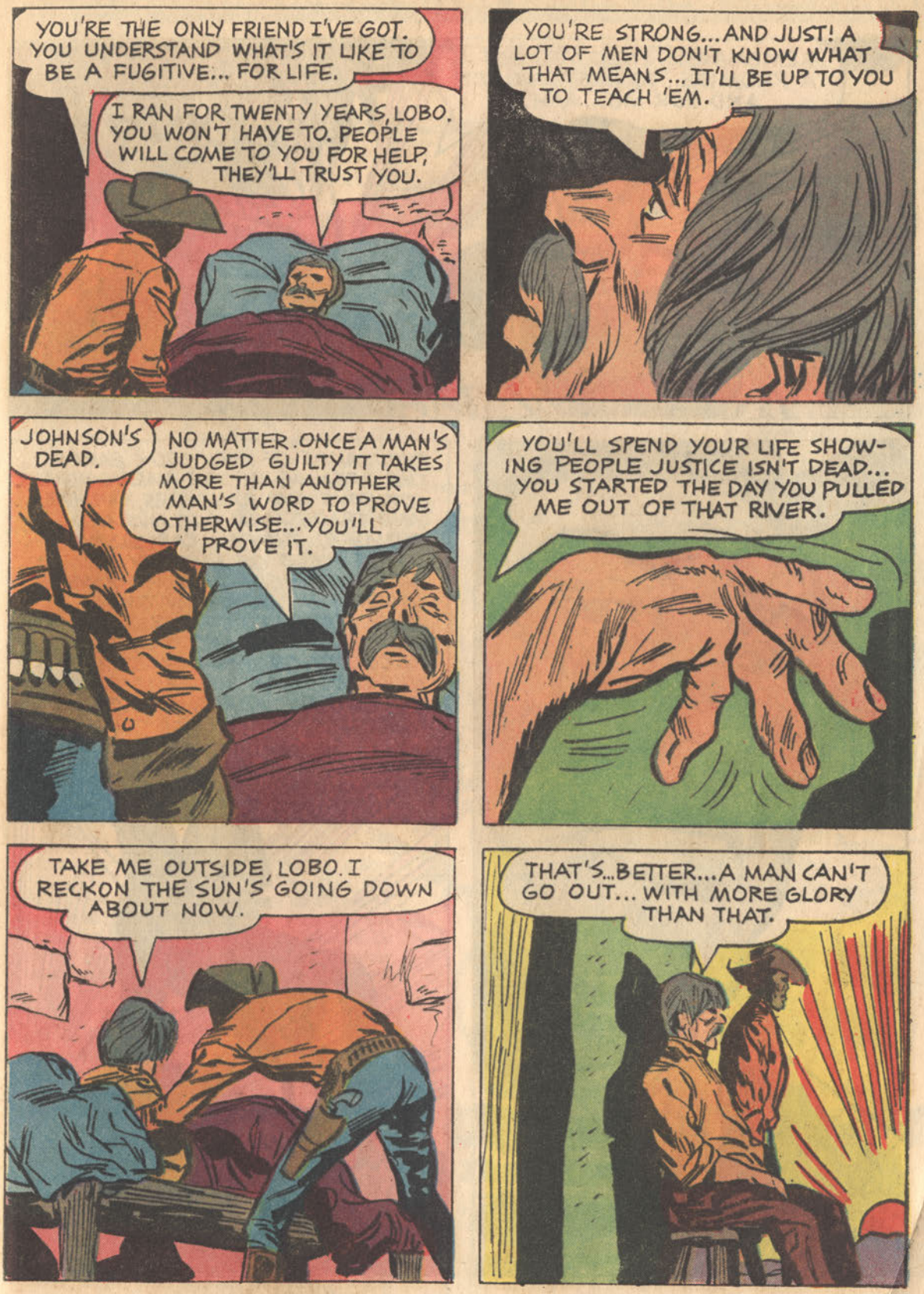
HELP!
SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE, MIDNIGHT.
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TOO LATE.
JOHNSON!
TRY TO DRINK THIS WATER. WHAT HAPPENED?
INDIANS. I STOLE ONE OF THEIR HORSES. GOT CAUGHT ... SHOT THE CHIEF'S SON...
IT WAS YOU DID THE KILLINGS I WAS BLAMED FOR, WASN'T IT.
IT WAS... ME... MONEY IS... GONE... LOST EVERTHING ...AAAHHG.
HE'S DEAD! NOW THERE'S NO WAY OF PROVING THAT I'M INNOCENT... I'M BRANDED FOR LIFE!


IT WAS SUPPOSED TO END THIS WAY, MIDNIGHT. I THINK I WAS DESTINED TO COME OUT HERE TO TAKE THE PART OF THOSE WRONGFULLY JUDGED AND CONDEMMED.

NO SENSE IN GOING BACK. JOHNSON IS DEAD. ACE AND SMOKER'LL GET THEIR TRIAL... LET'S RIDE, MIDNIGHT, BACK TO THE OLD TIMER'S CABIN.



Lobo
A SAD ENDING
OLD TIMER!
I KNEW YOU'D BE BACK FORE I CASHED IN, LOBO. I JUST KNEW IT.
I'LL RIDE FOR A DOCTOR.
NO TIME...I...I'VE SEEN MY LAST DAYS...


YOU'RE THE ONLY FRIEND I'VE GOT. YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT'S IT LIKE TO BE A FUGITIVE... FOR LIFE.
I RAN FOR TWENTY YEARS, LOBO. YOU WON'T HAVE TO. PEOPLE WILL COME TO YOU FOR HELP, THEY'LL TRUST YOU.
YOU'RE STRONG...AND JUST! A LOT OF MEN DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS... IT'LL BE UP TO YOU TO TEACH 'EM.
JOHNSON'S DEAD.
NO MATTER. ONCE A MAN'S JUDGED GUILTY IT TAKES MORE THAN ANOTHER MAN'S WORD TO PROVE OTHERWISE... YOU'LL PROVE IT.
YOU'LL SPEND YOUR LIFE SHOWING PEOPLE JUSTICE ISN'T DEAD... YOU STARTED THE DAY YOU PULLED ME OUT OF THAT RIVER.
TAKE ME OUTSIDE, LOBO. I RECKON THE SUN'S GOING DOWN ABOUT NOW.
THAT'S...BETTER...A MAN CAN'T GO OUT... WITH MORE GLORY THAN THAT.

THOUSANDS OF MEN TOOK PART IN THE OPENING OF THE AMERICAN WEST. COWBOYS AND RANCHERS, FARMERS AND TRADESMEN, OUTLAWS AND GUNMEN... THEY ALL CARVED OUT A LITTLE PIECE OF HISTORY AND MADE IT THEIR OWN. MANY WERE LEGENDS IN THEIR OWN TIME... MANY WEREN'T REMEMBERED AT ALL... BUT SOME DESERVE THE RECOGNITION THEY EARNED. MEN LIKE LOBO DON'T DESERVE TO BE FORGOTTEN... FOR THEY WERE THERE!

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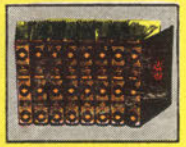
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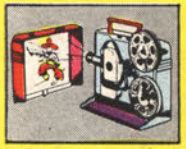
Movie Projector

Jr. Typewriters

Big Three Hunting Set

Guitars

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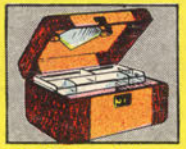
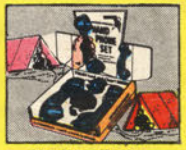
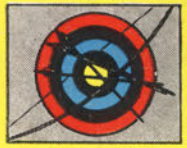
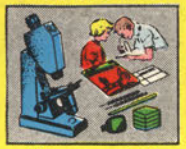
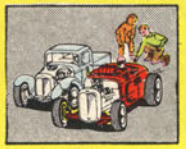
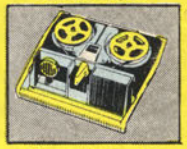

Girl's Travel Case


Walkie Talkie


Archery Set


Microscope Set


Model Hot Rod Kits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