

It Rhymes With Lust

MMXXII

The Remastered, Full-Color Edition



A MORROMATTO
COMICS SALVAGE FROM
1950 ARNOLD DRAKE &
LESLIE WALLER SCRIPT,
MATT BAKER AND RAY
OSRIN ILLUSTRATIONS,
COLORIZED BY HILÁRIO
CAMPANÁRIO IN 2022.

THE BALDHEADED
CONDUCTOR CLEARED
HIS THROAT AND
SHOUTED: "ALL OFF
FOR **COPPER CITY!**"
HAL WEBER TUGGED
NERVOUSLY AT HIS
HAT BRIM, PICKED UP
HIS BATTERED SUIT-

CASE, STEPPED OFF THE 3:14 EXPRESS AND ONTO A
WILD, DANGEROUS MERRY-GO-ROUND OF BULLETS AND
EMBRACES.

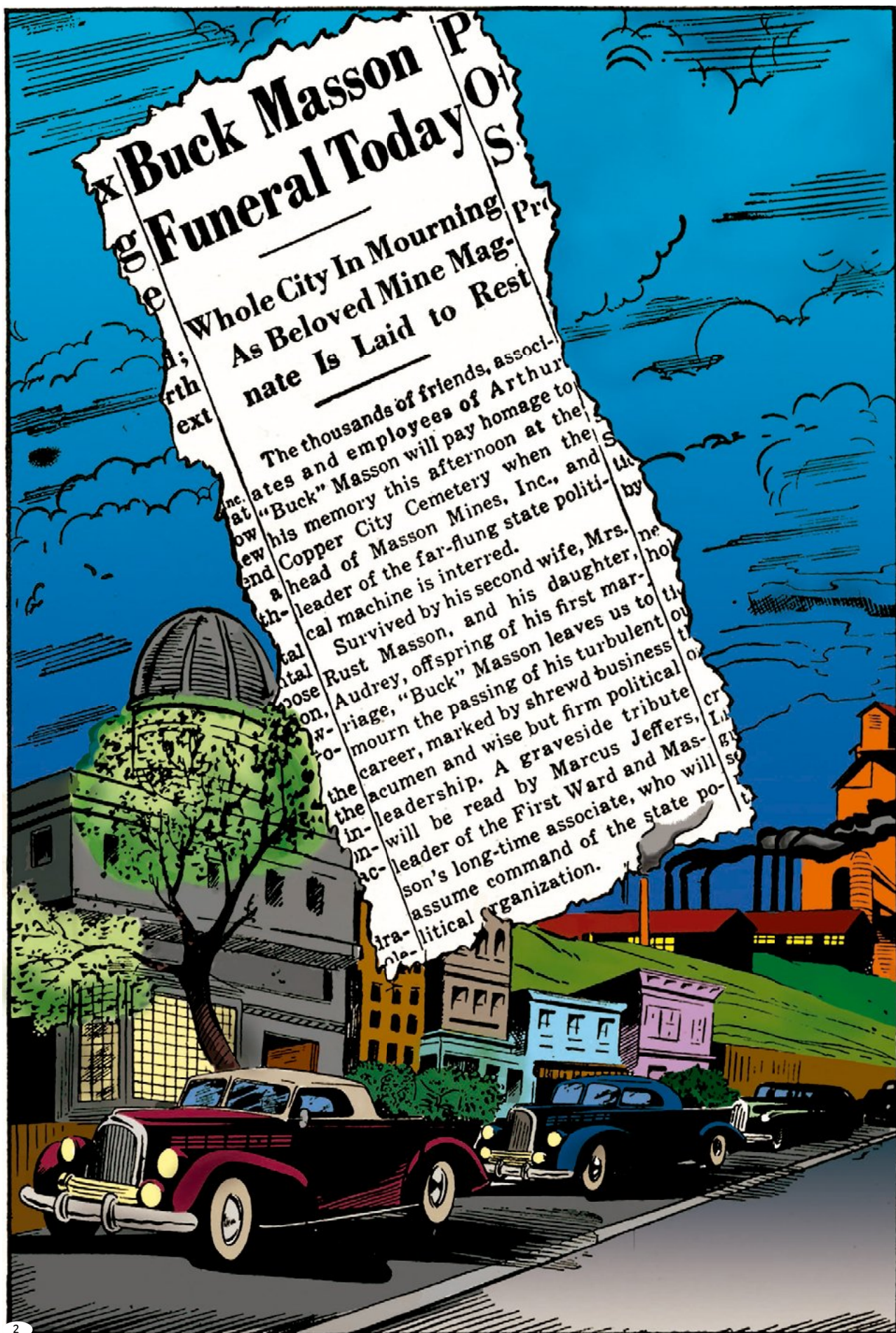
FOLLOW HIM AS HE WEAVES THROUGH A
TANGLED NET OF DOUBLE-CROSS, DYNAMITE AND DISAS-
TER WITH A WOMAN WHO BARTERED TORRID KISSES
FOR HIS SOUL, A MAN WHO SPOKE WITH A .38 AUTO-
MATIC AND A GIRL IN WHOSE SHINING EYES HE SAW
REFLECTED THE TATTERED RAGS OF HIS CONSCIENCE.

Buck Masson P g Funeral Today O

Whole City In Mourning
As Beloved Mine Mag-
nate Is Laid to Rest

The thousands of friends, associ-
ates and employees of Arthur
"Buck" Masson will pay homage to
his memory this afternoon at the
Copper City Cemetery when the
head of Masson Mines, Inc., and
a leader of the far-flung state politi-
cal machine is interred.

Survived by his second wife, Mrs.
Rust Masson, and his daughter, ho-
norary Audrey, offspring of his first mar-
riage, "Buck" Masson leaves us to the
mourning the passing of his turbulent
career, marked by shrewd business
acumen and wise but firm political
leadership. A graveside tribute
will be read by Marcus Jeffers, long-
time associate of the First Ward and Mas-
son's long-time associate, who will so-
liday assume command of the state po-
litical organization.



AS THE LONG FUNERAL CORTEGE SNAKED ITS WAY BACK FROM THE CEMETERY THROUGH COPPER CITY, HAL WEBER, FRESH OFF THE 3:14 EXPRESS FROM THE EAST, PAUSED ON THE DEPOT STEPS AND WATCHED WITH INTEREST. IT WAS SIGNIFICANT, SEEING A FUNERAL ON HIS FIRST DAY IN THIS SPRAWLING WESTERN CITY, BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW IT AT THE TIME.

SOME PARADE!
THEY MUST HAVE BURIED
THE FIRST CITIZEN OF
THE STATE, AT
THE VERY LEAST.

Y'GOT IT ALMOST RIGHT,
MISTER. THEY AIN'T BURIED
THE FIRST CITIZEN... THEY
JEST LAID TO REST THE
FANCIEST SWINDLE-ARTIST
WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI!



PARDON A
STRANGER'S
IGNORANCE, OLD
TIMER, BUT HOW
DOES A CROOK
RATE SUCH A
LAVISH
SEND - OFF?

HE WAS AN HONEST
CROOK. HE OWNED
ALL THE MINES, ALL
THE BANKS. OWNED
THE WHOLE CITY AND
MOST OF THE STATE.
AN HONEST CROOK,
HE WAS...A POLITICIAN.



THAT AIN'T NO FUNERAL THERE.
IT'S A CELEBRATION! ONLY THE
DANG FOOLS ARE CELEBRATIN' TOO
SOON. THE BOSS IS DEAD, BUT HIS
POLITICAL MACHINE'S ALIVE. THIS
TOWN AIN'T HEARD
THE LAST OF
BUCK MASSON'S
CROOKEDNESS!

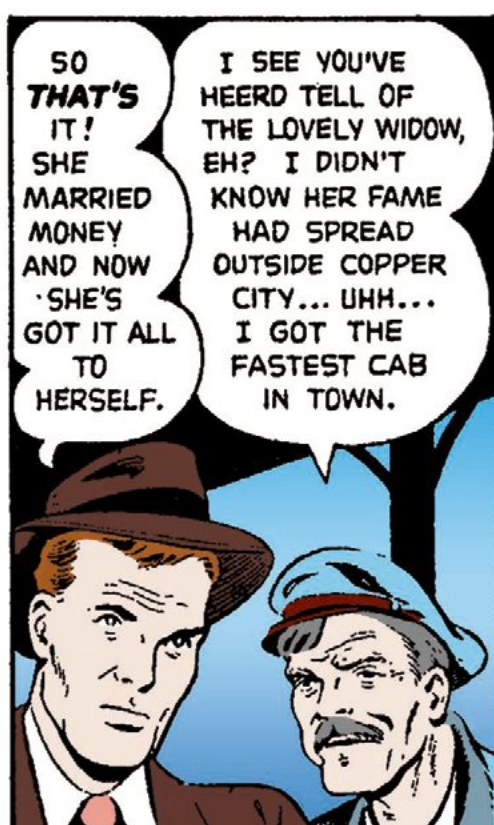
WHAT? DID
YOU SAY
BUCK
MASSON?





HOLD ON THERE,
OLD TIMER
IS THE MAN
THEY BURIED THE
HUSBAND OF
RUST MASSON?

YUP. ONLY JEST
TO BE POLITE, YOU'D
BETTER SAY SHE'S
HIS WIDOW.
UHH...YOU LOOKING
FER A CAB?



SO
THAT'S
IT!
SHE
MARRIED
MONEY
AND NOW
SHE'S
GOT IT ALL
TO
HERSELF.

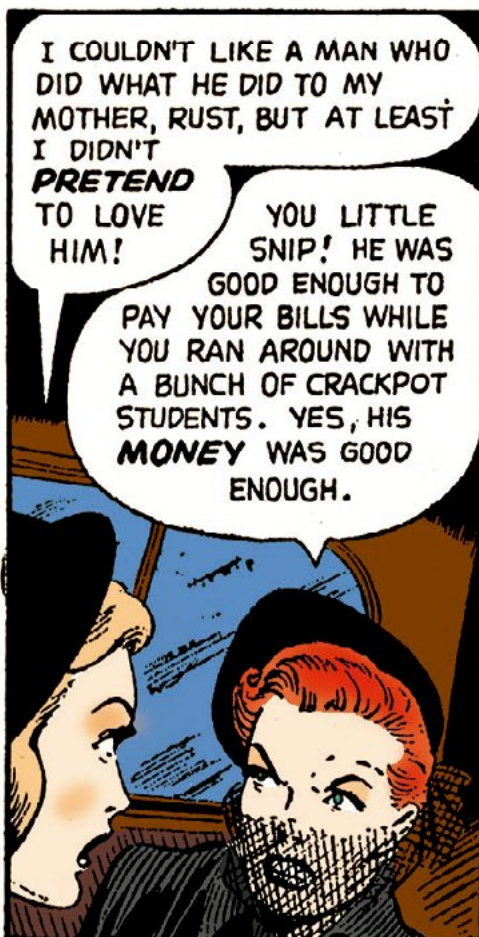
I SEE YOU'VE
HEERD TELL OF
THE LOVELY WIDOW,
EH? I DIDN'T
KNOW HER FAME
HAD SPREAD
OUTSIDE COPPER
CITY... UHH...
I GOT THE
FASTEST CAB
IN TOWN.

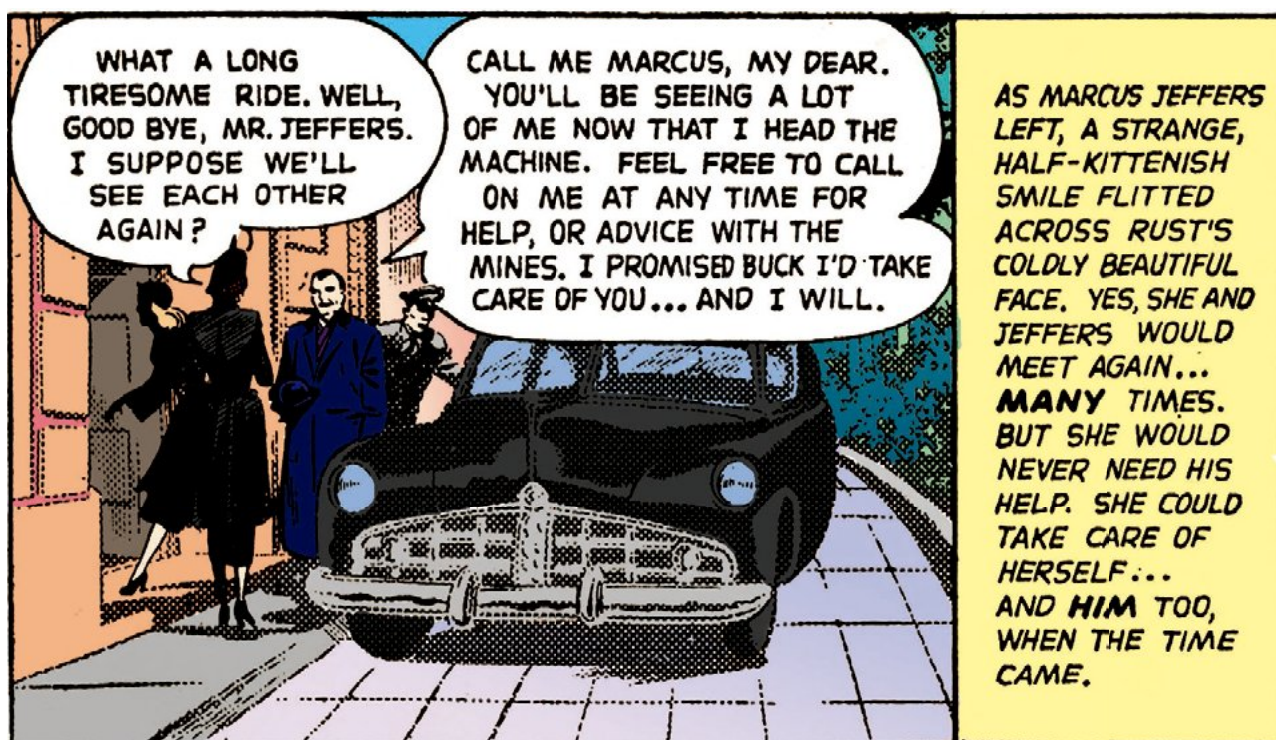


RUST!

SPEAK OF THE
DEVIL.
NOW... ABOUT
THAT CAB...?

AS HAL SAW
HER FACE
AGAIN, A
THOUSAND
SHIMMERING
DREAMS
FLOODED OVER
HIM. **RUST...**
SOFT, FELINE
RUST, NOT A
DAY OLDER,
AND AS HE
WATCHED, A
FEELING OUT
OF THE PAST
GRIPPED AT
HIM, A
FEELING OF
FEAR AND
HATE...
AND LOVE.
HAL JUMPED
INTO THE
WAITING CAB
AND SPED
OFF.





WHAT A LONG
TIREDSOME RIDE. WELL,
GOOD BYE, MR. JEFFERS.
I SUPPOSE WE'LL
SEE EACH OTHER
AGAIN?

CALL ME MARCUS, MY DEAR.
YOU'LL BE SEEING A LOT
OF ME NOW THAT I HEAD THE
MACHINE. FEEL FREE TO CALL
ON ME AT ANY TIME FOR
HELP, OR ADVICE WITH THE
MINES. I PROMISED BUCK I'D TAKE
CARE OF YOU... AND I WILL.

AS MARCUS JEFFERS
LEFT, A STRANGE,
HALF-KITTENISH
SMILE FLITTED
ACROSS RUST'S
COLDLY BEAUTIFUL
FACE. YES, SHE AND
JEFFERS WOULD
MEET AGAIN...
MANY TIMES.
BUT SHE WOULD
NEVER NEED HIS
HELP. SHE COULD
TAKE CARE OF
HERSELF...
AND **HIM** TOO,
WHEN THE TIME
CAME.



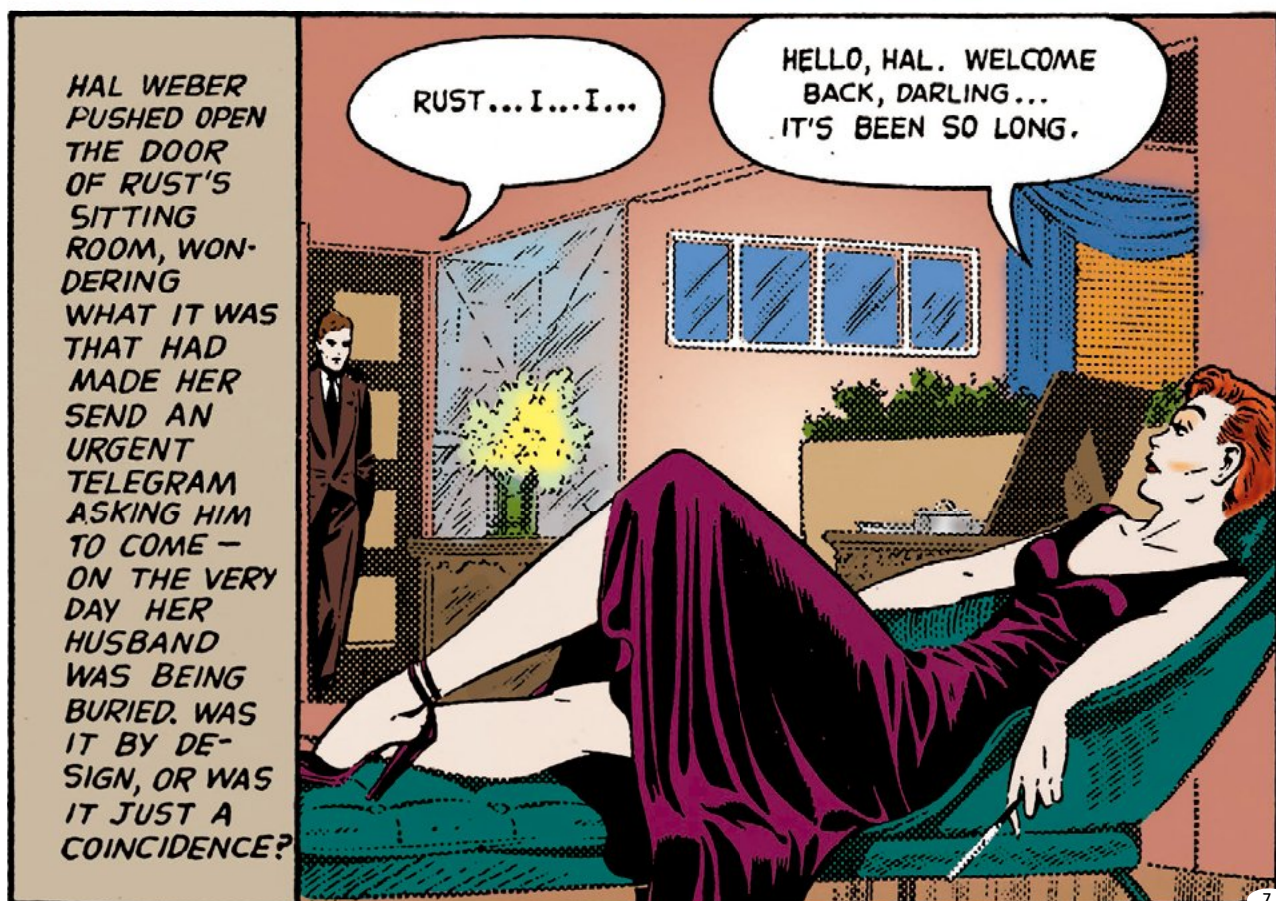
MRS. MASSON,
MA'AM, THERE'S
A GENTLEMAN
WAITING IN THE
LIBRARY.
HE SAYS HIS
NAME IS —.

YES, I KNOW. SEND
HIM UP TO ME
IN FIVE MINUTES.
NOW, AUDREY,
GO TO YOUR ROOM,
AND TRY TO
ACT LIKE A SWEET
LITTLE GIRL
EVEN IF YOU AREN'T.



WELL...
WHAT ARE
YOU WAITING
FOR?
GET OUT OF
HERE!

VERY TOUCHING,
THOSE LILIES. DON'T
WORRY, I'M LEAVING
HERE FOR GOOD. I
DON'T **EVER** WANT
TO LOOK AT YOUR
SCHEMING FACE
AGAIN.





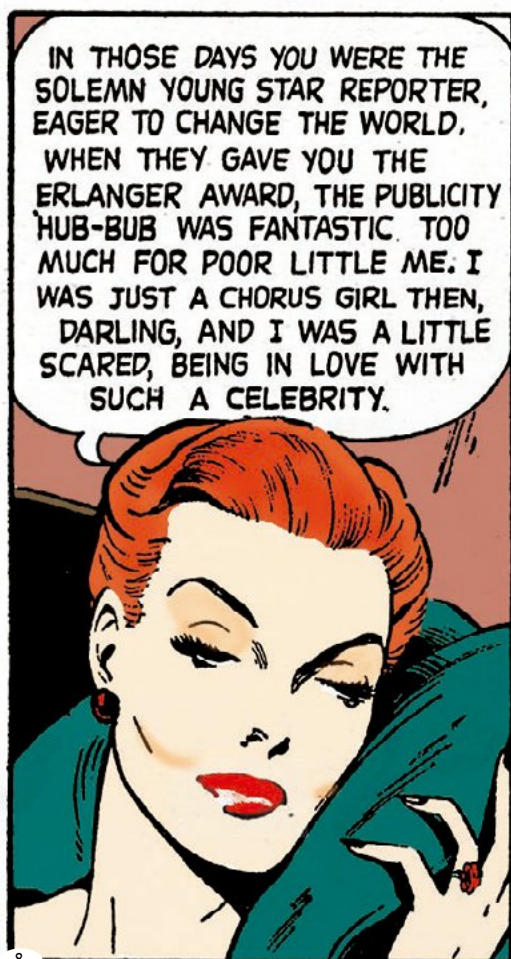
I...UH..
WHO WAS
THAT GIRL
I PASSED
ON THE
STAIRS?

MY DAUGHTER. OH, DON'T
LOOK SO SHOCKED. SHE'S
MY **STEP**-DAUGHTER. AFTER
ALL, IT'S ONLY BEEN...
LET'S SEE, HOW LONG HAS
IT BEEN SINCE WE WERE
TOGETHER IN
NEW YORK?
FIVE YEARS?
SIX?



TEN YEARS,
RUST **TEN!**
HOW COULD
YOU FORGET?
TEN MISERABLE
YEARS SINCE
YOU WALKED
OUT ON ME

LET'S NOT BE
MAUDLIN, DARLING,
THE PAST IS
PAST. WE WERE
A LOT YOUNGER
THEN. AND WE
HAD A LOT TO
LEARN...
BOTH OF US.



IN THOSE DAYS YOU WERE THE
SOLEMN YOUNG STAR REPORTER,
EAGER TO CHANGE THE WORLD.
WHEN THEY GAVE YOU THE
ERLANGER AWARD, THE PUBLICITY
HUB-BUB WAS FANTASTIC. TOO
MUCH FOR POOR LITTLE ME. I
WAS JUST A CHORUS GIRL THEN,
DARLING, AND I WAS A LITTLE
SCARED, BEING IN LOVE WITH
SUCH A CELEBRITY.



IS THAT
WHY YOU
JILTED ME?
TELL ME
THE TRUTH,
RUST.

SIMPLE ARITHMETIC, DEAREST.
YOU HAD TONS OF PRESTIGE,
BUT THE SAME OLD FEATHER-
WEIGHT SALARY. I WAS A
HARD-HEARTED LITTLE WITCH.
BUT THAT'S PAST, HAL...
YOU'LL SEE.



WHEN I GOT YOUR TELEGRAM, RUST, IT DIDN'T MAKE SENSE. WHAT SORT OF JOB HAVE YOU GOT FOR ME?

COME SIT BY ME DARLING. YOU SEE, COPPER CITY HAS TWO NEWSPAPERS: THE **NEWS-TIMES**, WHICH EVERYBODY KNOWS WE OWN, AND THE **EXPRESS**, WHICH HATES US. YOU'RE THE NEW EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE **EXPRESS**.



YOU MEAN...? YOU SECRETLY OWN THE **EXPRESS** TOO?

RIGHT. IT GIVES THE GRUMBLERS A SAFETY-VALVE FOR THEIR— HAL, YOU LOOK SO UNCOMFORTABLE. PERHAPS I SHOULDN'T HAVE BROKEN ALL THE NEWS AT ONCE. TELL ME: WHAT'S... HAPPENED TO YOU THESE PAST TEN YEARS?



FORGET IT, RUST. IT ISN'T PRETTY. YOUR LEAVING HIT ME HARD... BUT I GUESS THE NEWS OF THIS JOB HITS ME EVEN HARDER.

MY POOR DARLING RELAX...DON'T TIGHTEN UP THAT WAY YOU'RE ALL ON EDGE, DEAREST. YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN HOW TO...**RELAX!**

HER HEAVY PERFUME WAS HEADY AND SEDUCTIVE, THE TOUCH OF HER FINGERS AROUSING. THERE HAD ALWAYS BEEN SOMETHING IRRESISTABLE ABOUT RUST. HE HAD NEVER BEEN ABLE TO PUT HER OUT OF HIS MIND, EVEN AFTER SHE HAD WALKED OUT ON HIM MANY YEARS AGO ... WITHOUT SAYING GOODBYE. HE HAD DRIFTED IN THOSE YEARS FROM ONE JOB TO ANOTHER, DRENCHING HIS MEMORIES WITH HEFTY DRINKING. BUT NOW SHE WAS REAL, ALIVE, ENTICING! IT WAS HARD TO RATIONALIZE. WITH A SWEEP HE CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS.



