

DELL

Exciting
Adventure

AUG.-OCT.

Still 10¢

BAT MASTERSON

Gene Barry

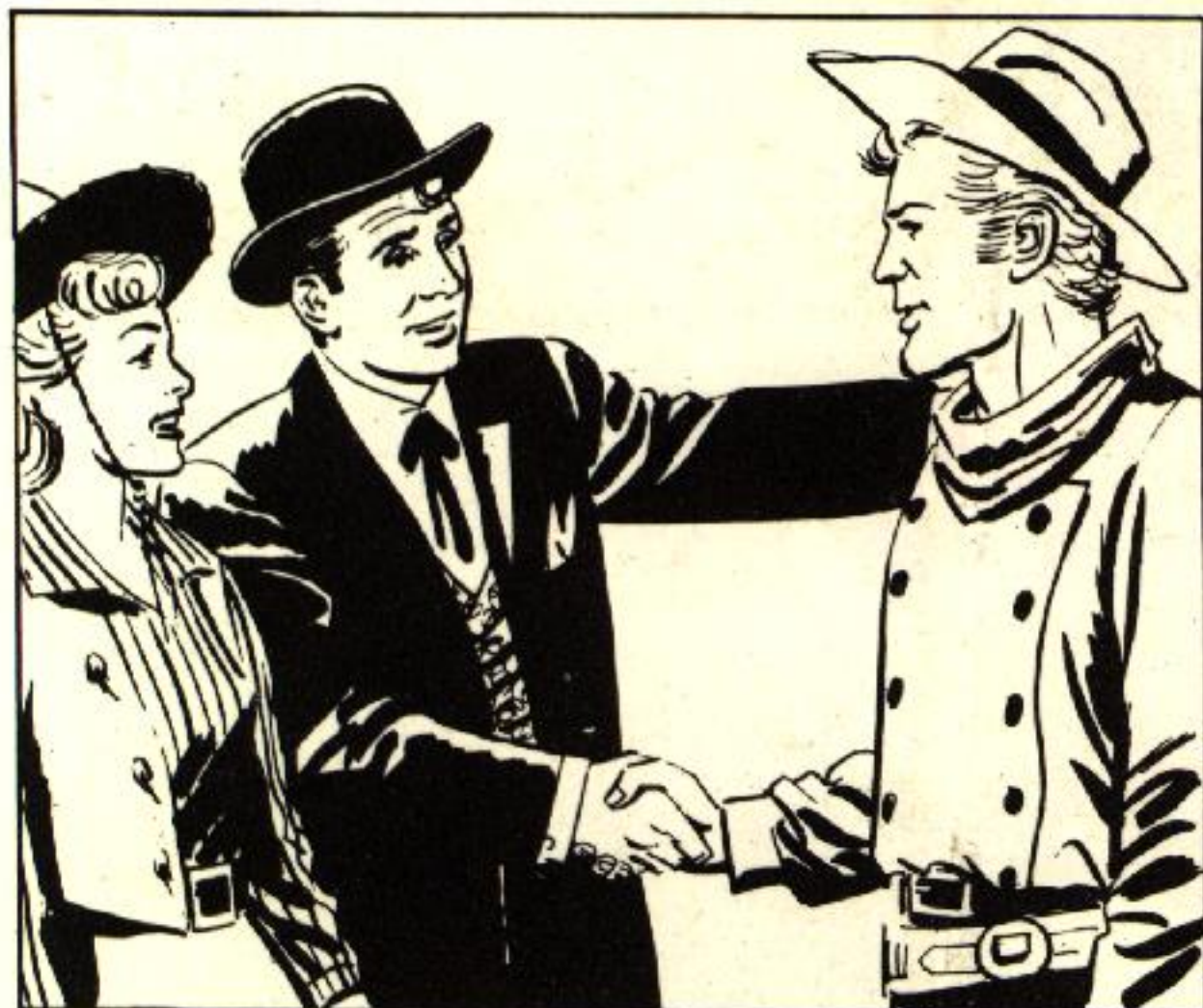
On a rugged
trail drive,
Bat's life
depends
on an
ex-convict's
loyalty!





BAT MASTERSON

JAILBIRD'S HONOR



Bat hires an ex-convict, Johnny Peele, as a trail hand on a cattle drive, firmly trusting that Johnny has "gone straight."



But as Bat leaves the bank after collecting the money for the beef, he walks straight into Johnny Peele and a drawn pistol!

GHOSTLY TREASURE



Bat leads three orphans to shelter from a storm—and finds the old Spanish Mission "haunted" by a frightening mystery and the shape of a black-robed padre.



Later Bat tangles with grimmer enemies — outlaws who have hidden a golden treasure — loot — inside the Mission's crumbling walls — and want to leave no witness alive!

BAT MASTERSON JAILBIRD'S HONOR



LAURA BIRDSONG— IN RANGE CLOTHES! YOU LOOK WONDERFUL!

BAT! BAT MASTERSON! IT'S BEEN AGES—!

...BUT I MISS THE SMUDGE OF PRINTER'S INK ON YOUR NOSE, LAURA! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE COLTSVILLE CLARION?

IT HAS A NEW EDITOR, BAT—AND I'M THE NEW OWNER OF THE RAFTER K RANCH, SINCE UNCLE PAT DIED. I'M DRIVING TEN HUNDRED HEAD TO ABILENE— STARTING TOMORROW.

YOU'RE DRIVING? YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T GOT A TRAIL BOSS?

NOT ONE I CAN TRUST, BAT— AND NOT EVEN ENOUGH GOOD RIDERS! I THINK SOMEBODY WHO WANTS ME TO FAIL HAS BEEN HIRING RAFTER K MEN AWAY FROM ME...

OH, BAT, CAN'T YOU HELP ME GET THIS BEEF HERD THROUGH? I NEED THE MONEY THEY'LL BRING! WITHOUT IT I COULD LOSE EVERYTHING!

YOU MEAN IT, DON'T YOU? SOMEBODY HAS YOU SCARED! ALL RIGHT, LAURA, I'LL BOSS YOUR DRIVE!

THANKS! THANKS, MORE THAN I CAN SAY, BAT!

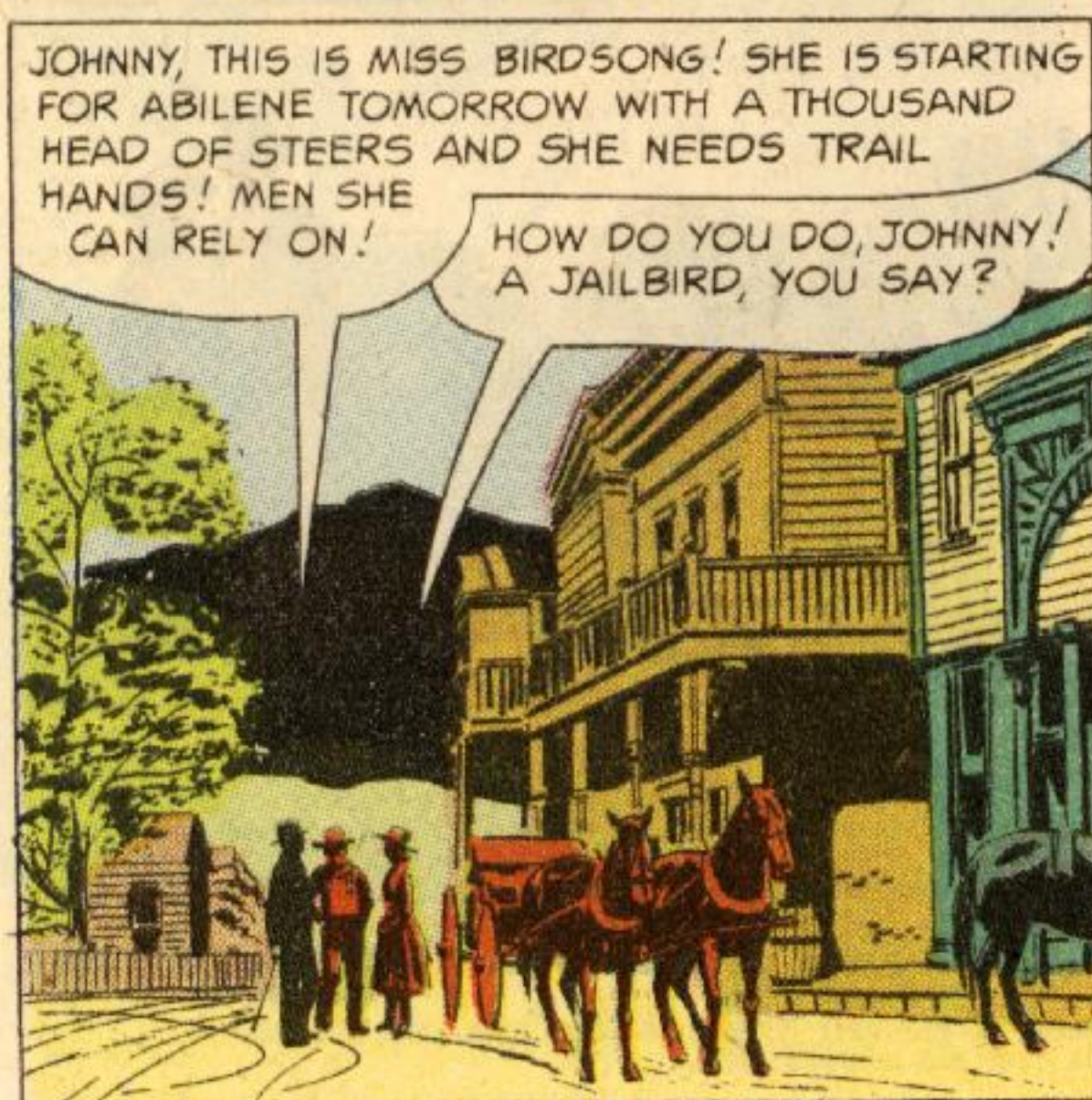
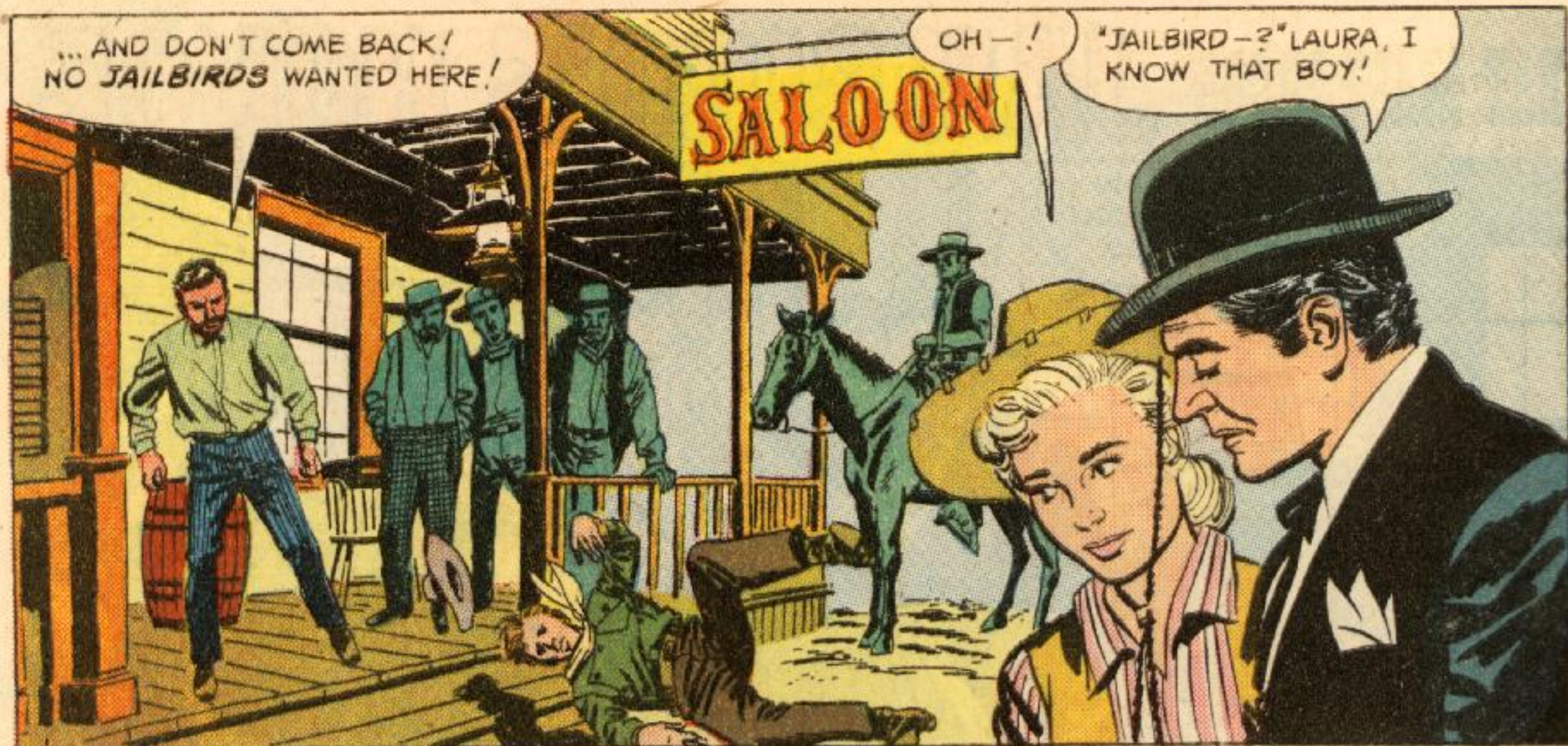
BAT MASTERSON #4-608

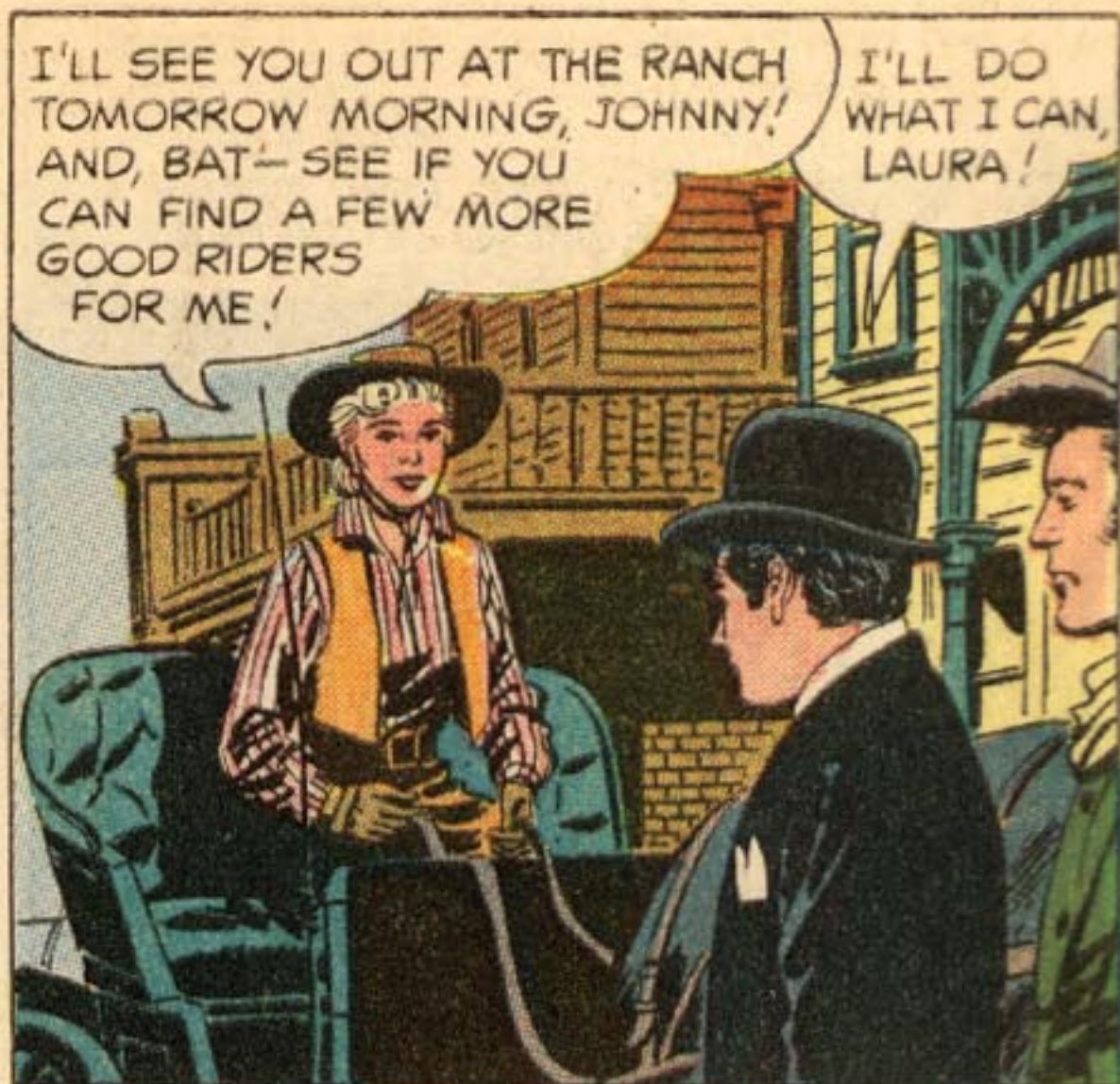
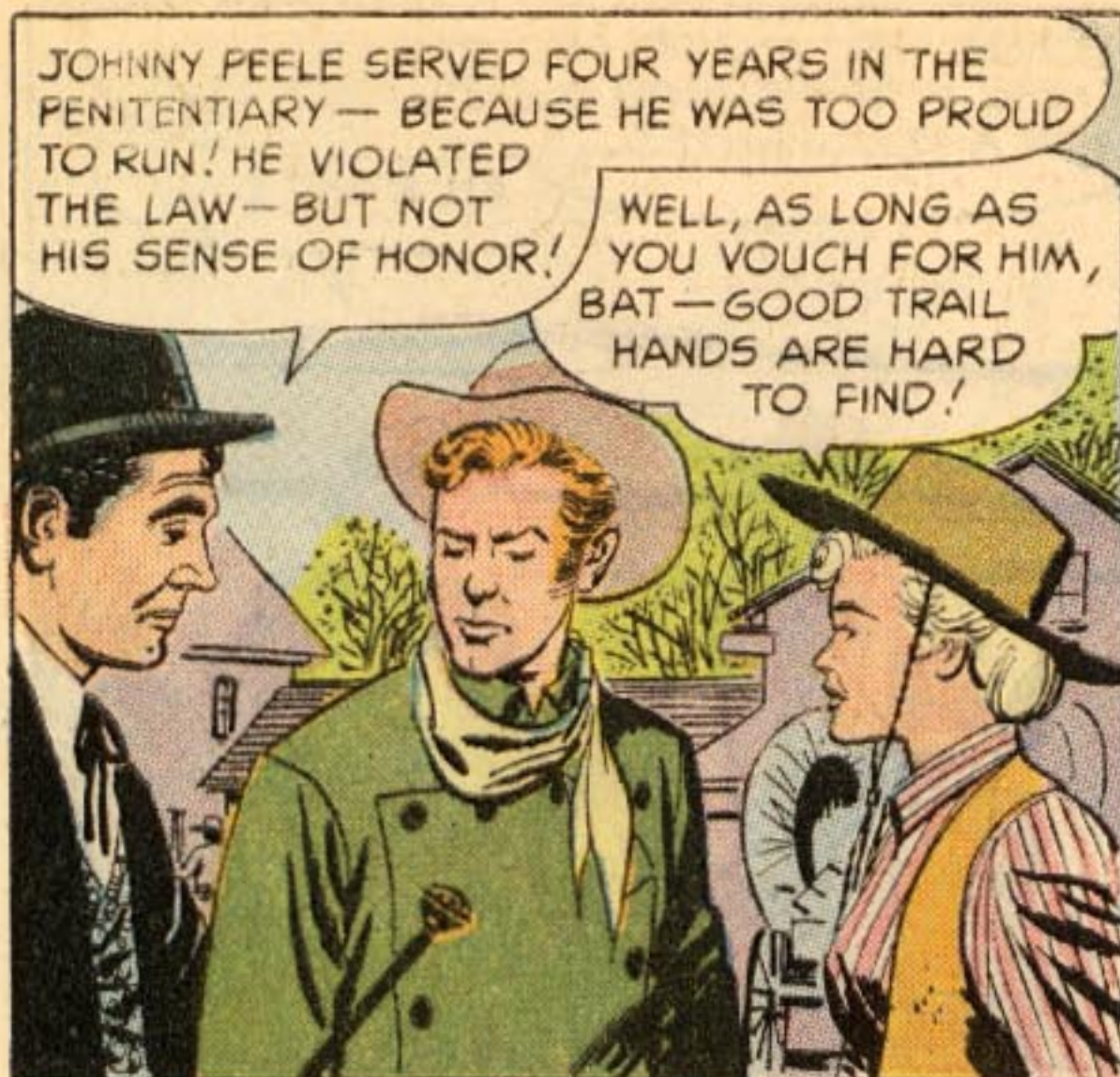
POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N.Y.
BAT MASTERSON, No. 4, August-October, 1960. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-Pres.-Advertising Director; Albert P. Delacorte, Treasurer. Application for second-class entry pending at the Post Office at New York, New York. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Possessions and Canada 40c per year. Subscriptions for Pan-American and foreign countries 70c per year. Dell Subscription Service: 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1960, by Ziv Television Programs, Inc.

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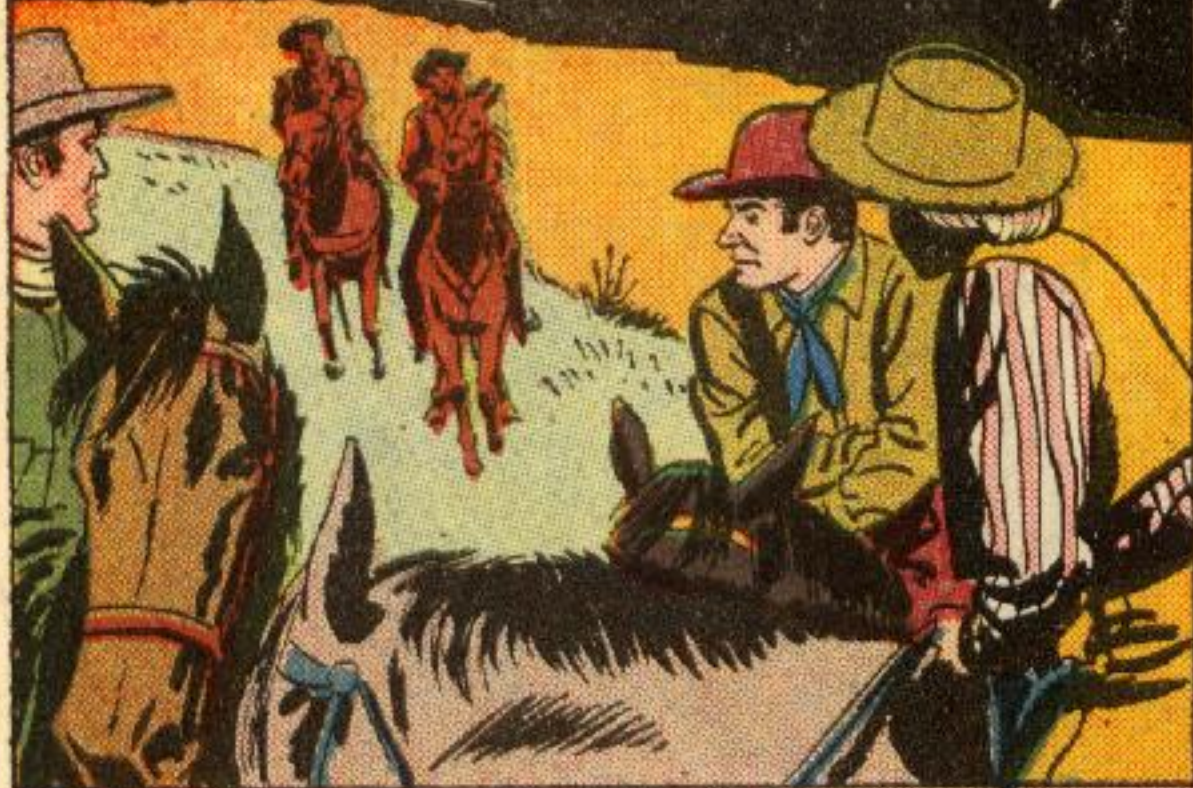
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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





WHO-? MY NEIGHBOR, BRECK DALTON— OWNER OF THE DIAMOND B— AND HIS FOREMAN "CRUNCH" MORLEY. THEY'VE BEEN GATHERING A TRAIL HERD, TOO, BUT WE'RE AHEAD OF THEM!



JOHNNY, YOU AND TEX AND SLIM GET OUT THERE WITH THE HERD, AND I'LL JOIN YOU IN A FEW MINUTES.

ALL RIGHT, BAT!



LAURA, THERE'S STILL TIME FOR YOU TO THROW YOUR STEERS IN WITH MINE FOR THE DRIVE TO ABILENE!

SO YOU CAN SKIM THE CREAM OFF THE MARKET BEFORE MINE EVER SEE A BUYER? I TOLD YOU, NO THANKS, MR. DALTON.



YOU LITTLE FOOL, YOU'LL NEVER GET THERE, DRIVING ALONE, WITH HALF A CREW!

I HAVE SOME NEW RIDERS YOU CAN'T HIRE AWAY FROM ME, AND A FIRST-CLASS TRAIL BOSS! LET ME INTRODUCE HIM!



—MR. BAT MASTERSON!

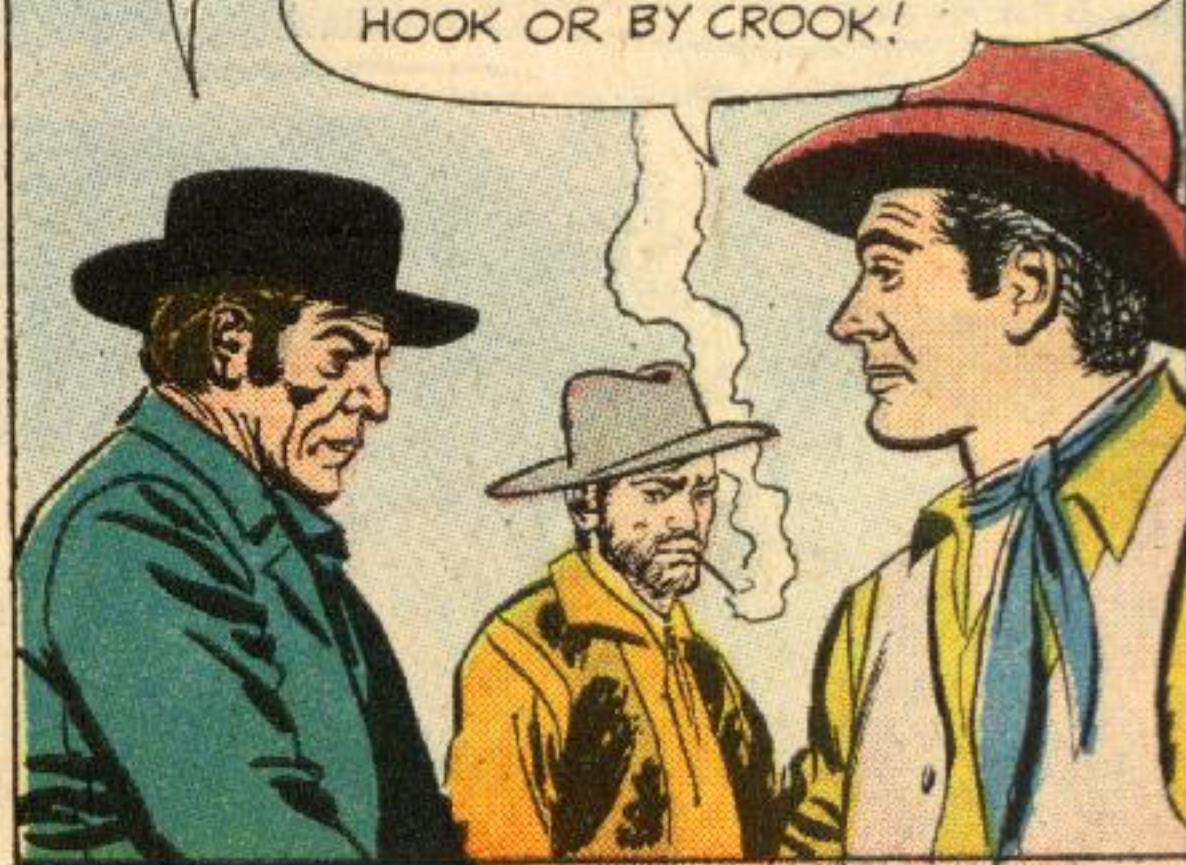
A GAMBLER! A FRIEND OF JAILBIRDS AND OUTLAWS...

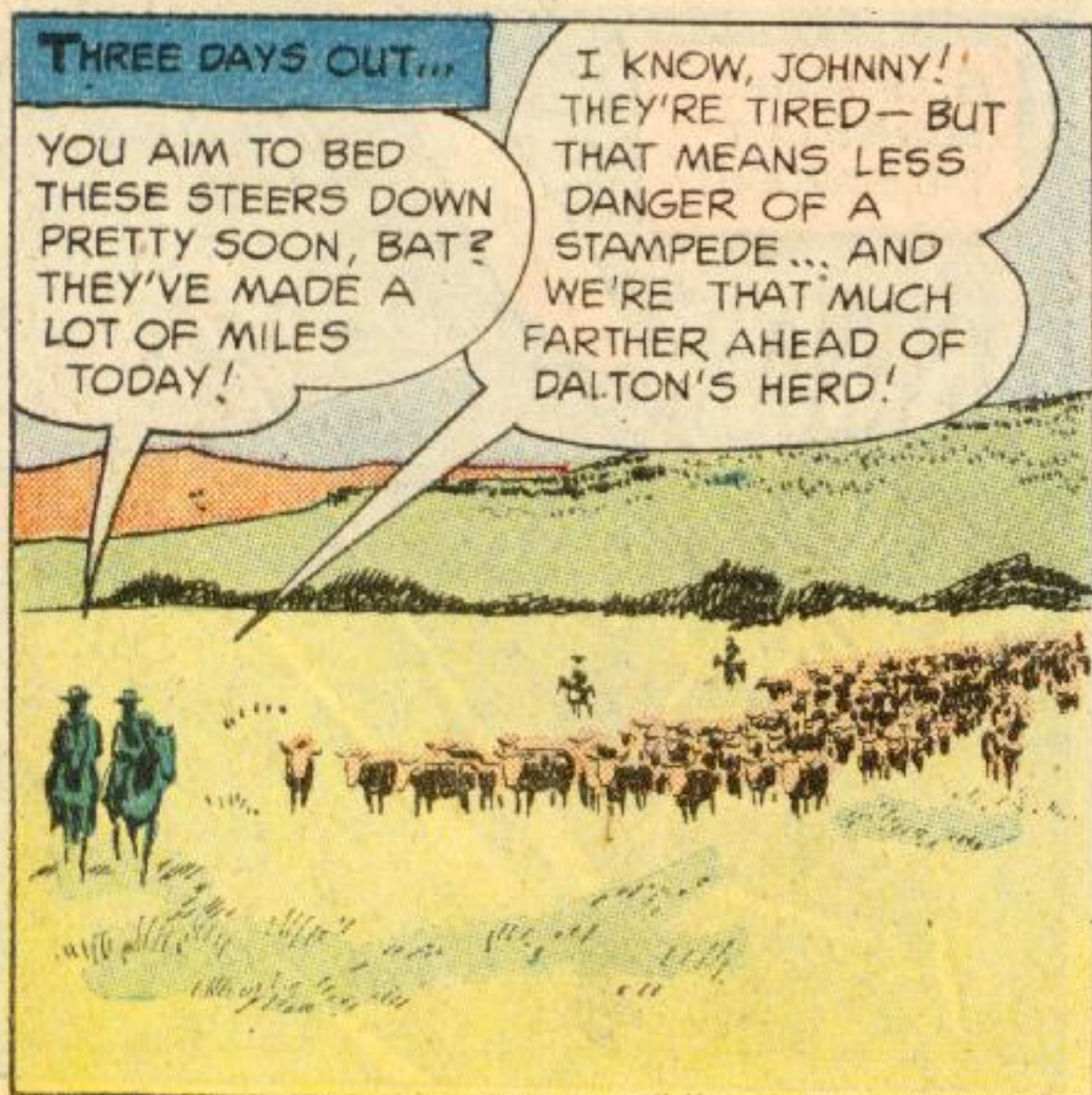
...BUT NO FRIEND OF ANY MAN WHO IS LOW ENOUGH TO STEAL FROM A WOMAN!



YOU'D BETTER EXPLAIN THAT REMARK, MASTERSON!

I'VE LOOKED UP YOUR RECORD, DALTON! YOU HAVE ROPED IN OTHER RANCHES! YOU'VE SCARED, OR HIRED — RIDERS AWAY FROM THE RAFTER K! YOU AIM TO TAKE IT OVER BY HOOK OR BY CROOK!





EVERYTHING HAS GONE SO WELL UP TO NOW, BAT, I'M BEGINNING TO HOPE OUR LUCK WILL HOLD— CLEAR THROUGH TO ABILENE!

IT MIGHT— BUT I DOUBT IT, LAURA! JOHNNY RODE BACK TODAY AND SAW HIS DUST— NOT TEN MILES BEHIND US!



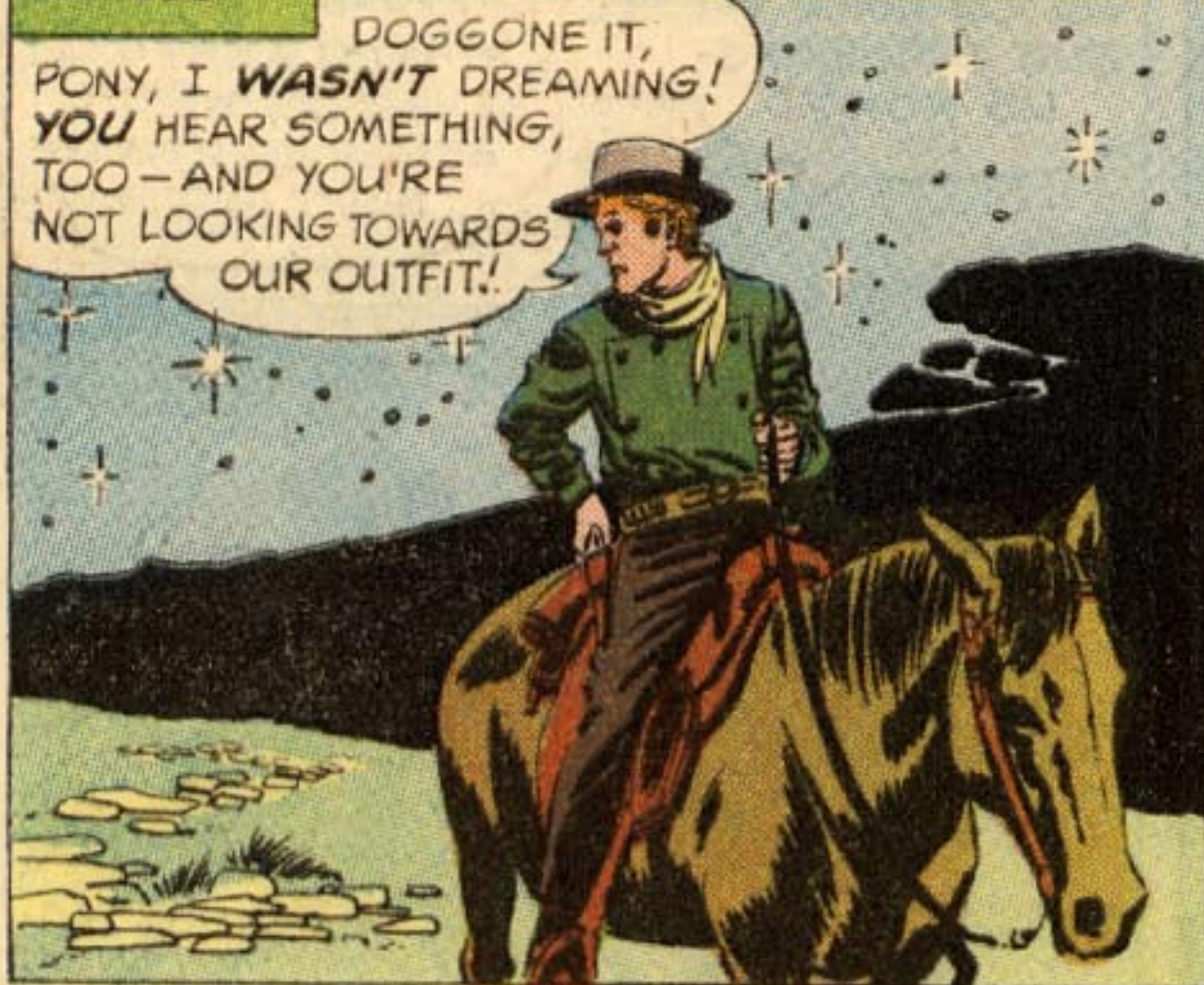
AND THAT BRINGS UP THAT EXTRA JOB I HAVE FOR YOU, TONIGHT, JOHNNY... WE HAVE TO RIDE AROUND THE HERD— AND THE CAVVY— BEYOND THE REGULAR NIGHTHAWKS, AND USE OUR EARS!

I'D THOUGHT OF THAT, TOO, BAT! DALTON IS CLOSE ENOUGH TO TRY SOME HOKEY-POKEY!



AT MIDNIGHT— BEYOND THE RAFTER K'S LOOSE HORSES —

DOGGONE IT, PONY, I **WASN'T** DREAMING! YOU HEAR SOMETHING, TOO— AND YOU'RE NOT LOOKING TOWARDS OUR OUTFIT!



RIDERS— HEADING TOWARDS OUR REMUDA!



PULL UP, GENTS, AND NAME YOUR BUSINESS— OR EAT HOT LEAD!

CUT HIM DOWN!

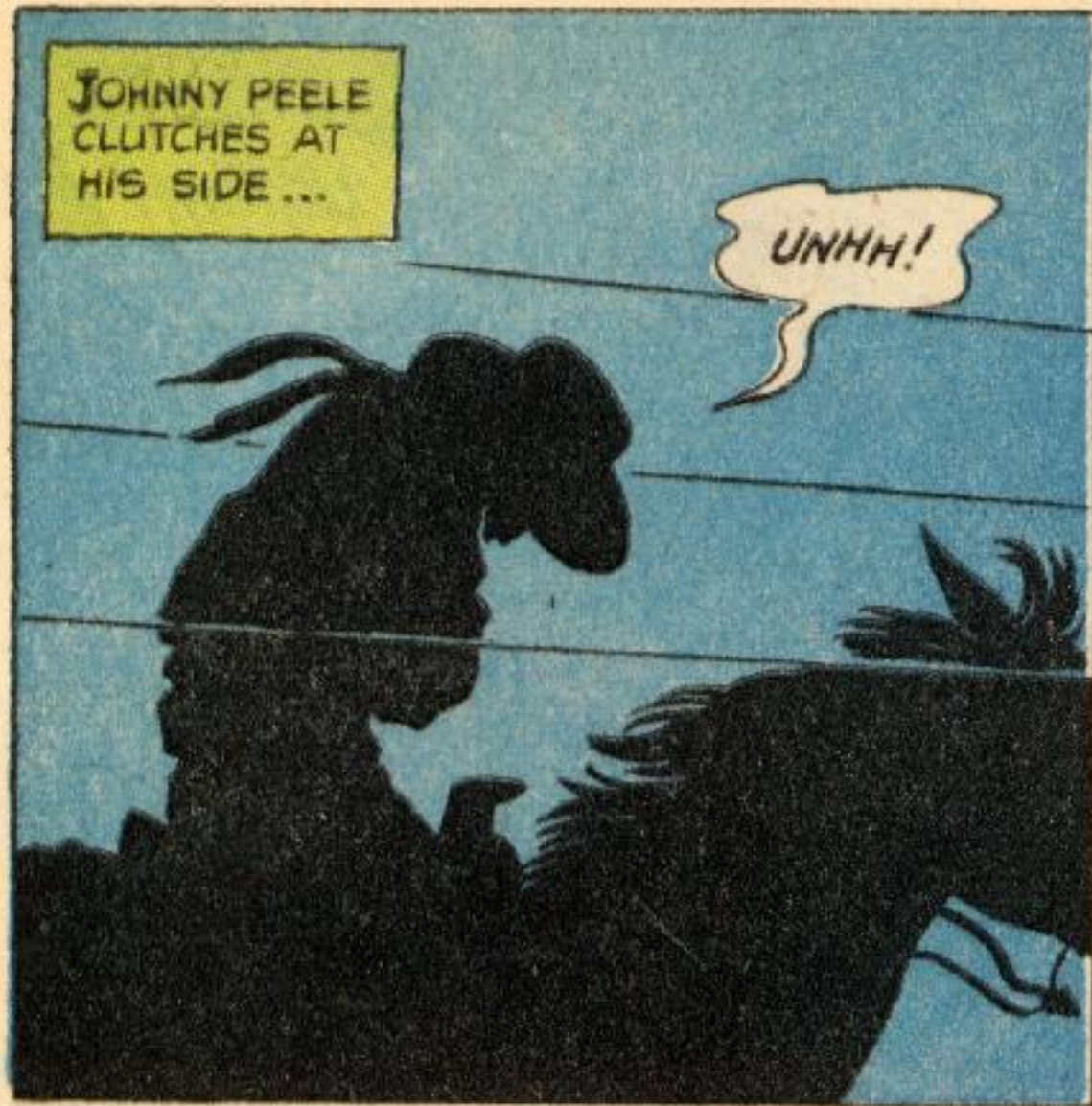


AT JOHNNY'S CHALLENGE, BRECK DALTON DRAWS.

GUNFLAME BLANKS OUT THE STARLIGHT!

BAM!
BANG!
BAM!





JOHNNY PEELE
CLUTCHES AT
HIS SIDE...

UNHH!



JOHNNY!

BANG!
BLAM!



...THEN KICKS HIS HORSE INTO A RUN!

BAT! THEY'RE AFTER
THE REMUDA!



UNKNOWN TO JOHNNY, BAT ALSO HAS SPOTTED
THE RAIDERS...

GOOD BOY, JOHNNY! I
HOPE THEY MISSED
YOU! IF I CAN CLOSE
THEM FROM BEHIND
NOW...



...AND, RIDING
UP FROM
BEHIND THEM,
BAT HOPES
HE'LL BE
TAKEN FOR
ONE OF
THE CREW!

LEAVE THE REMUDA!
WE'LL SPOOK THE STEERS!
YAAA-HOOO! YI-YI-YI!

YI-YI-YI!

I'LL TRY SOMETHING — BEFORE
JOHNNY GETS TOO CLOSE...!

BAT'S GRIP TAKES THE REARMOST RAIDER COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE.

YI-EEEE!

THAT'S NUMBER ONE!



UGHHH!
OOF!

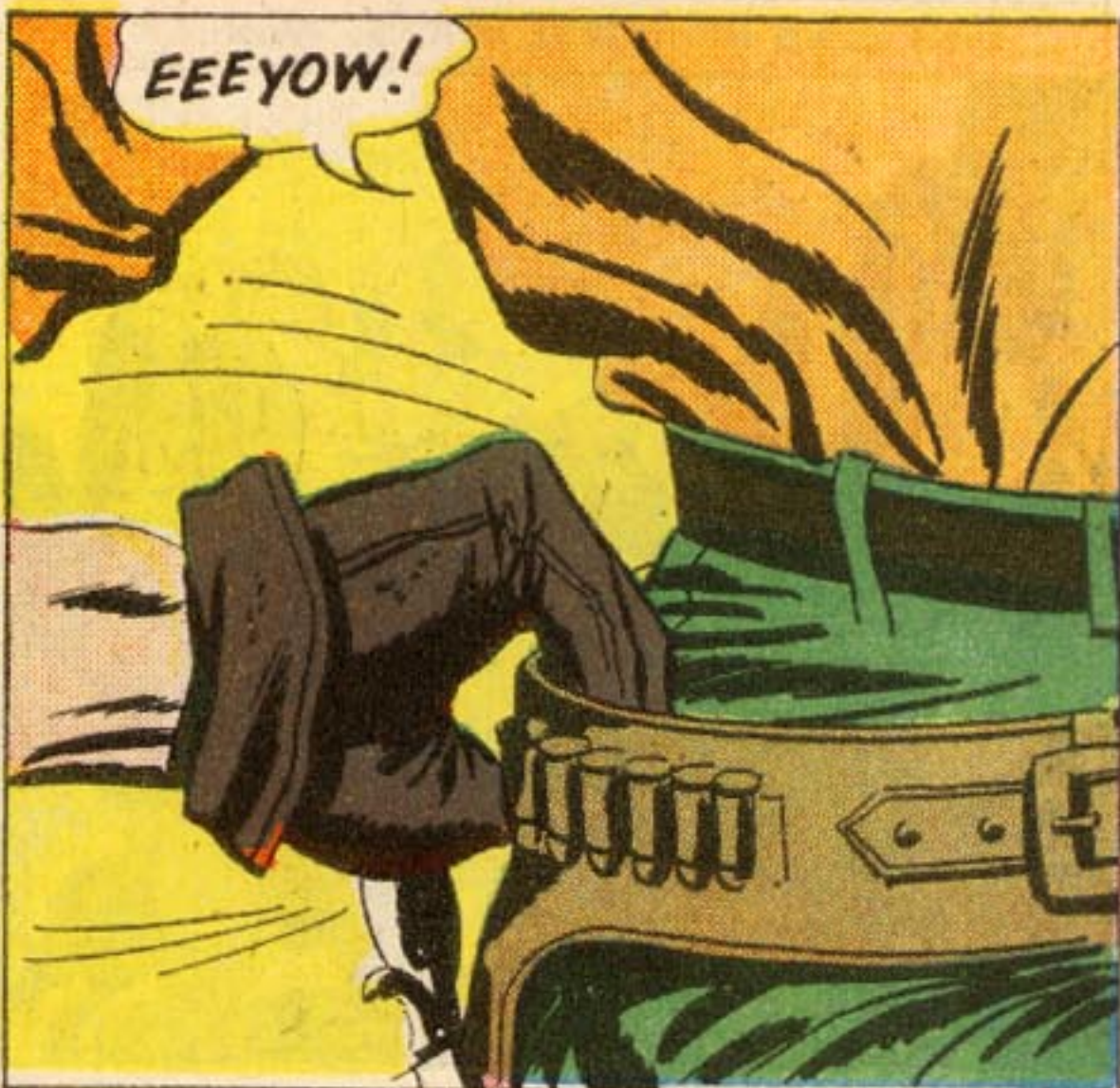


SULLY! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOU!

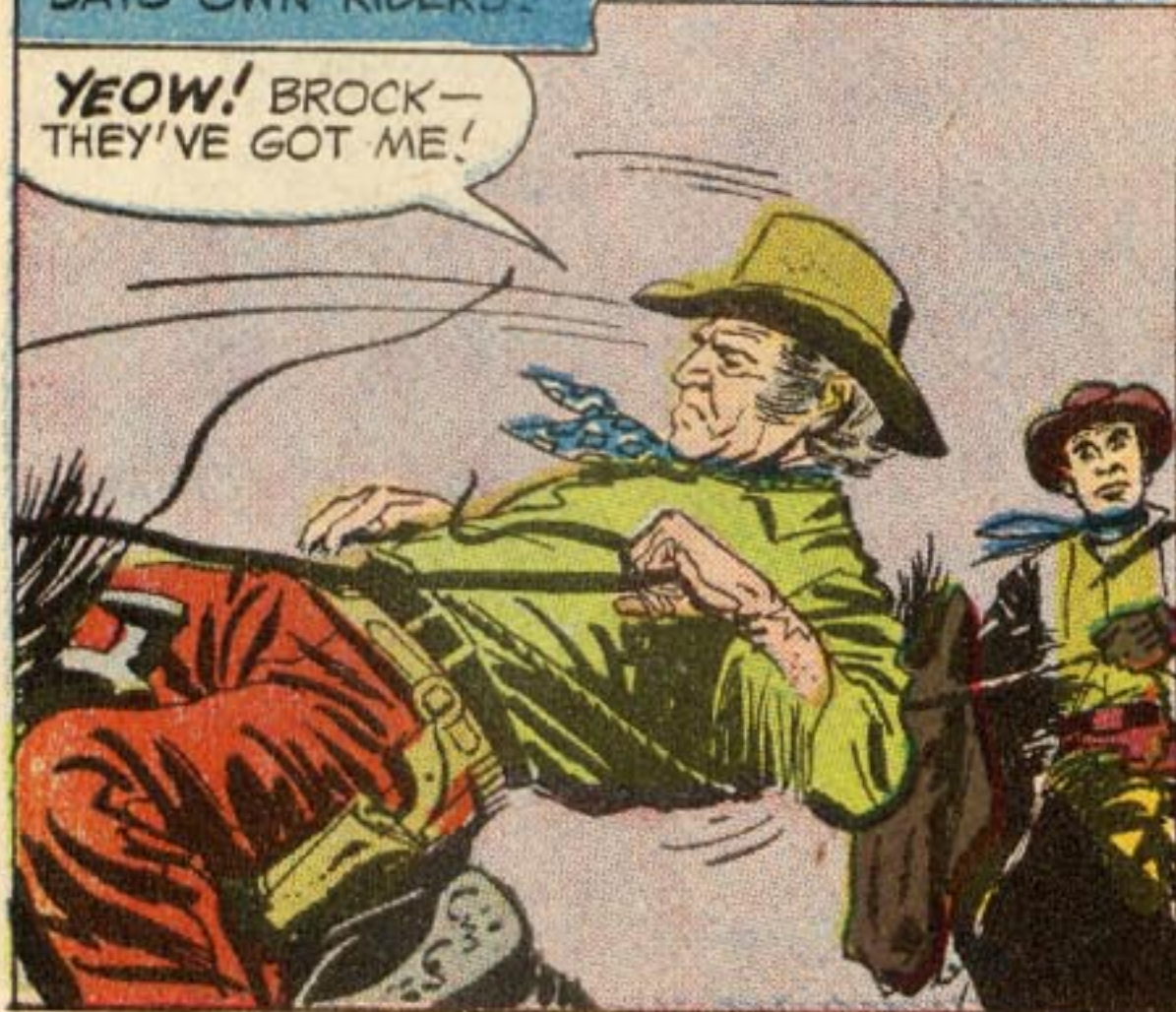


EEYOW!



THE THIRD RAIDERS YELL RISES ABOVE THE POUNDING OF HOOFS AND THE SHOUTS OF BAT'S OWN RIDERS.

YEOW! BROCK—
THEY'VE GOT ME!



BAT! I ALMOST SHOT
YOU FOR A DALTON
MAN—TILL I SAW
YOU ROPE HIM!

JOHNNY! ARE
YOU ALL RIGHT?



I'M STILL RIDING TO
CATCH UP WITH
THOSE RUSTLING—



THOSE BULLETS ARE
COMING OUR WAY!
SANDERS! TURK!
SOMETHING'S
WRONG!

JINGO YELLED, 'THEY'VE
GOT ME!' 'WE'D BETTER
LOOK FOR HIM, BRECK!



THE STEERS! THEY'RE
STAMPEDING THIS WAY!



BRECK'S VOICE CUTS THROUGH THE GROWING
THUNDER OF HOOFS...

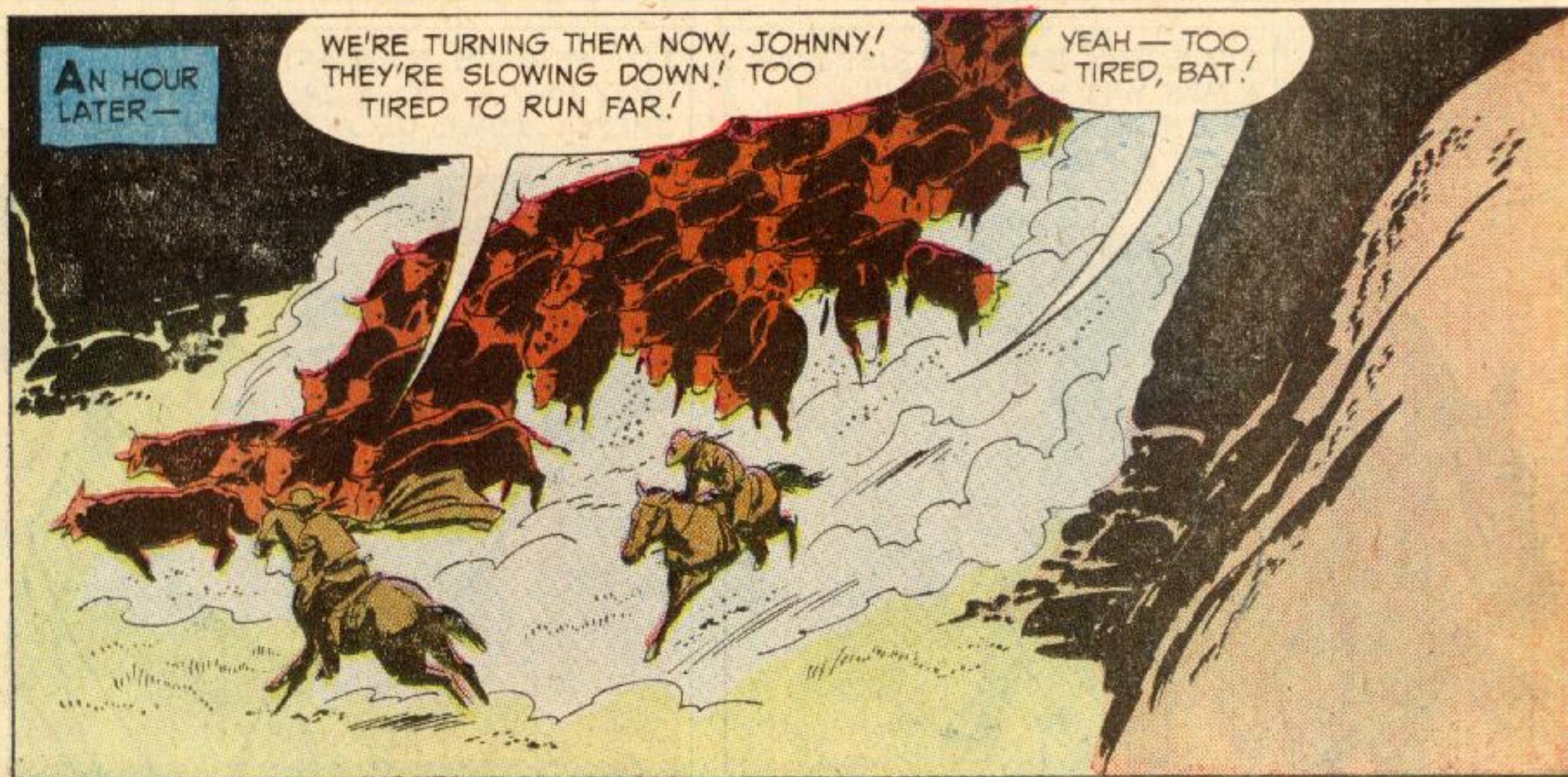
RIDE! GET
CLEAR OF THEM!
EVERY MAN FOR
HIMSELF, NOW!



AN HOUR
LATER—

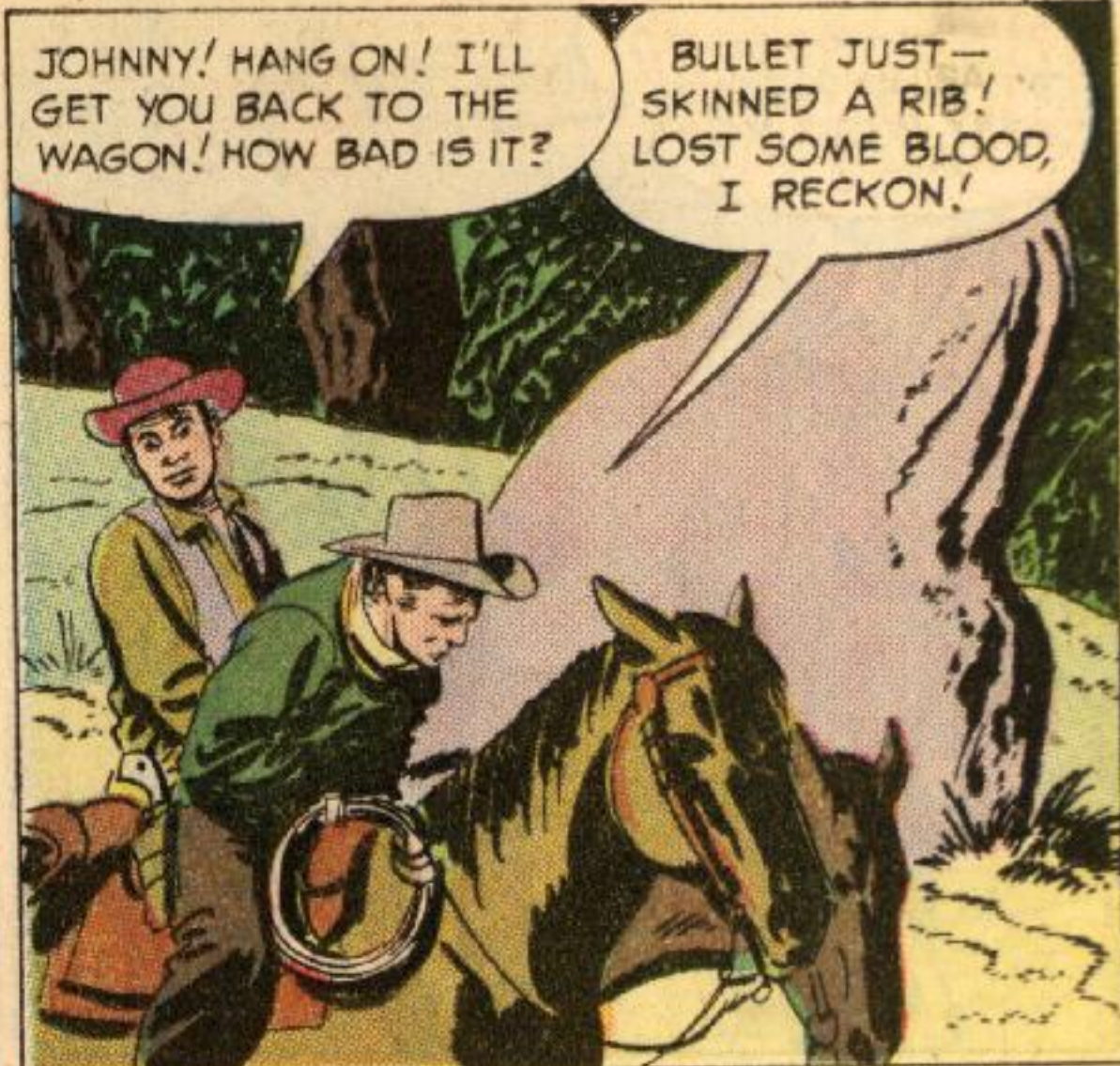
WE'RE TURNING THEM NOW, JOHNNY!
THEY'RE SLOWING DOWN! TOO
TIRED TO RUN FAR!

YEAH — TOO
TIRED, BAT!



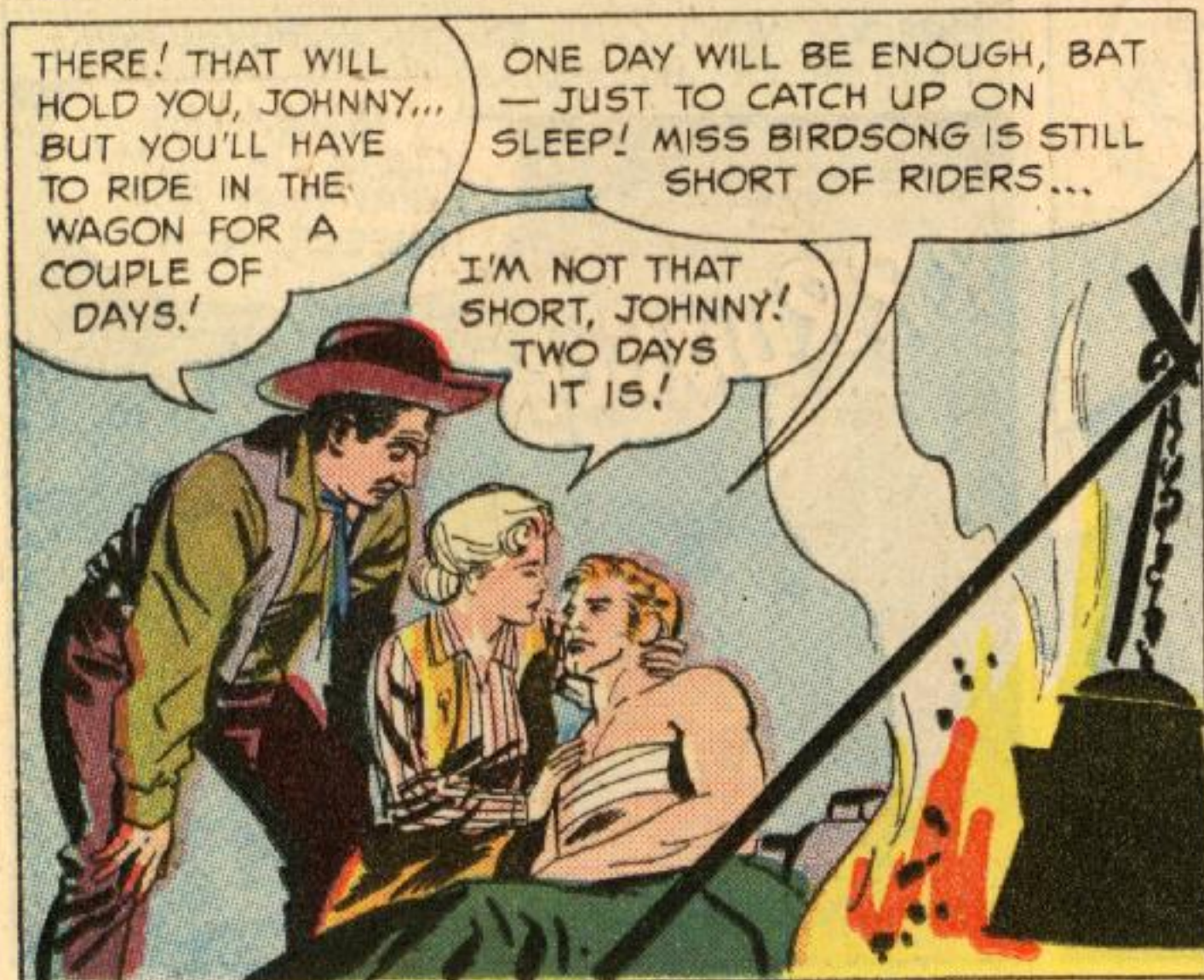


JOHNNY—
YOU'RE HURT!



JOHNNY! HANG ON! I'LL
GET YOU BACK TO THE
WAGON! HOW BAD IS IT?

BULLET JUST—
SKINNED A RIB!
LOST SOME BLOOD,
I RECKON!



THERE! THAT WILL
HOLD YOU, JOHNNY...
BUT YOU'LL HAVE
TO RIDE IN THE
WAGON FOR A
COUPLE OF
DAYS!

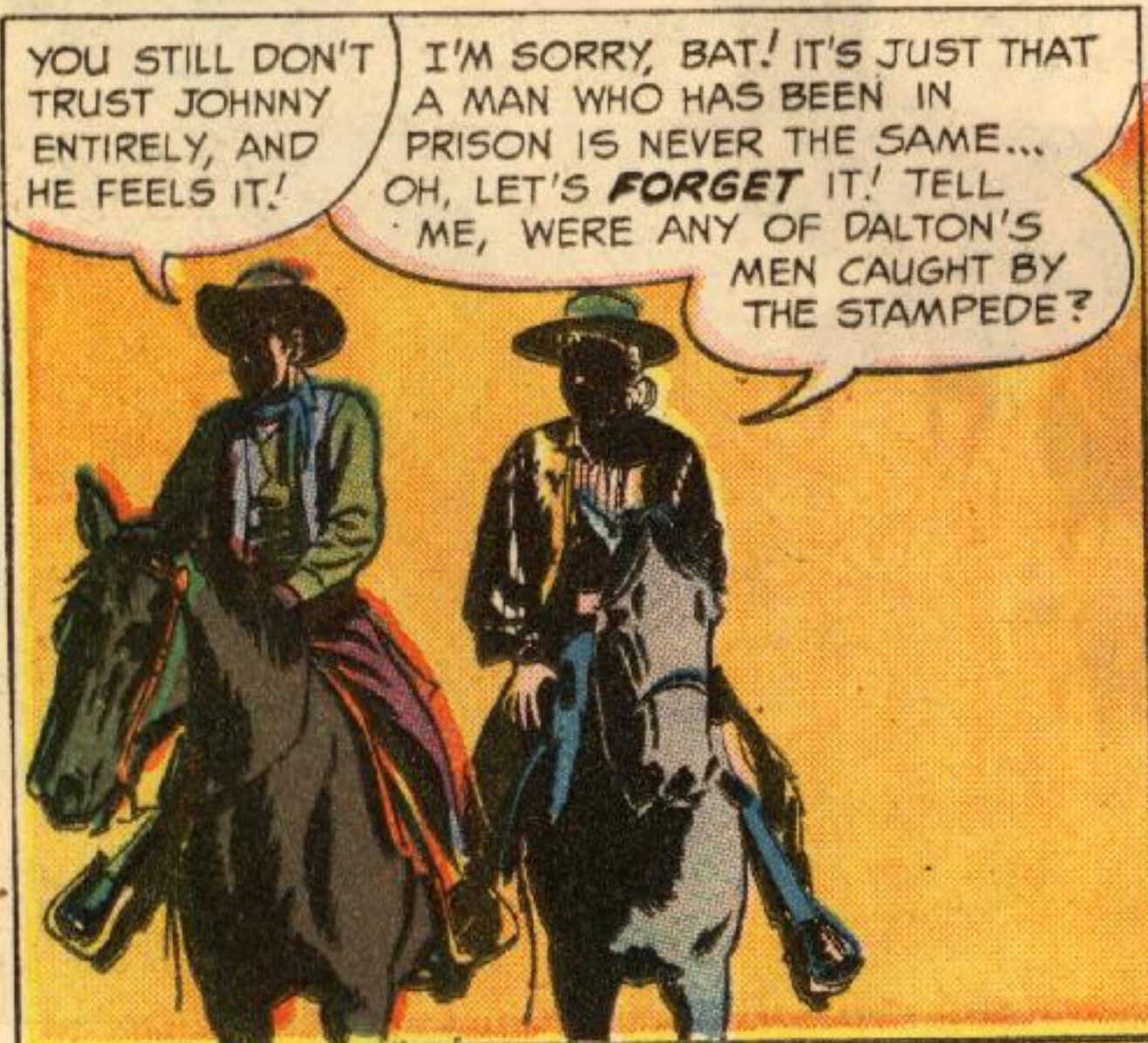
ONE DAY WILL BE ENOUGH, BAT
— JUST TO CATCH UP ON
SLEEP! MISS BIRDSONG IS STILL
SHORT OF RIDERS...

I'M NOT THAT
SHORT, JOHNNY!
TWO DAYS
IT IS!



BAT, WHY DIDN'T
JOHNNY PEELE
RIDE IN WHEN
HE WAS
WOUNDED—
INSTEAD OF
FIGHTING IT
OUT FOR TWO
HOURS, LOSING
BLOOD—?

PRIDE, LAURA! A
"JAILBIRD'S" HONOR!
HE'S GOING TO WIPE
OUT THE STIGMA
OF THAT PRISON
TERM IF IT KILLS
HIM!



YOU STILL DON'T
TRUST JOHNNY
ENTIRELY, AND
HE FEELS IT!

I'M SORRY, BAT! IT'S JUST THAT
A MAN WHO HAS BEEN IN
PRISON IS NEVER THE SAME...
OH, LET'S **FORGET** IT! TELL
ME, WERE ANY OF DALTON'S
MEN CAUGHT BY
THE STAMPEDE?

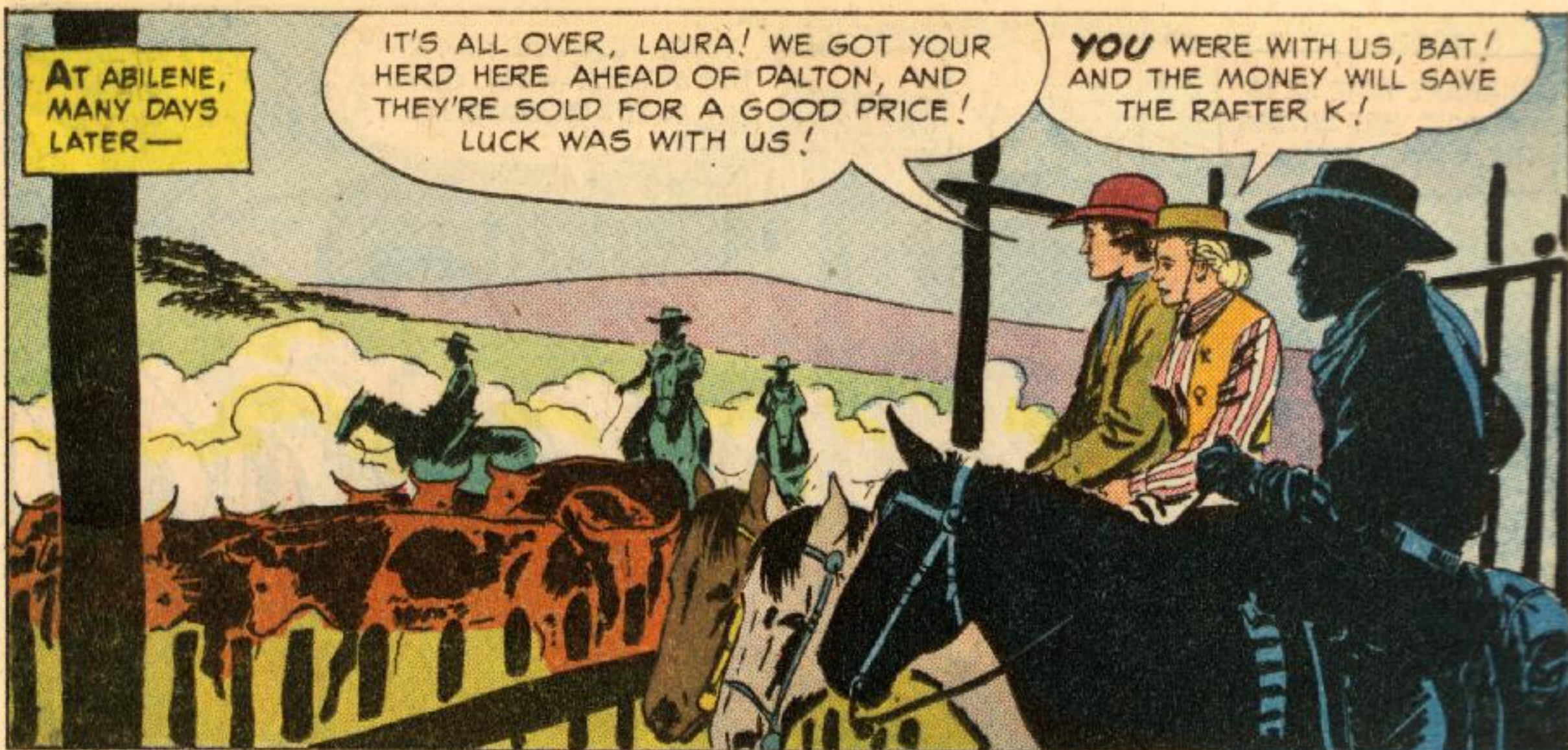


NO! WE MADE SURE AFTERWARDS! BUT
THEY HAD A CLOSE CALL—AND MAYBE
THEY'LL LEAVE US ALONE FOR A WHILE!

AT ABILENE,
MANY DAYS
LATER —

IT'S ALL OVER, LAURA! WE GOT YOUR
HERD HERE AHEAD OF DALTON, AND
THEY'RE SOLD FOR A GOOD PRICE!
LUCK WAS WITH US!

YOU WERE WITH US, BAT!
AND THE MONEY WILL SAVE
THE RAFTER K!



HERE'S THE BUYER'S CHECK,
BAT! WILL YOU GET IT
CASHED AND BRING THE
MONEY TO THE STOCKMEN'S
HOTEL? I CAN'T WAIT TO
GET THE TRAIL DUST
WASHED OFF!

ALL RIGHT,
LAURA! IT'S
SUNDOWN —
BUT THE BANK
HERE KEEPS
LATE HOURS!



I'LL SEE YOU AT
THE HOTEL THEN!
TELL THE CREW!



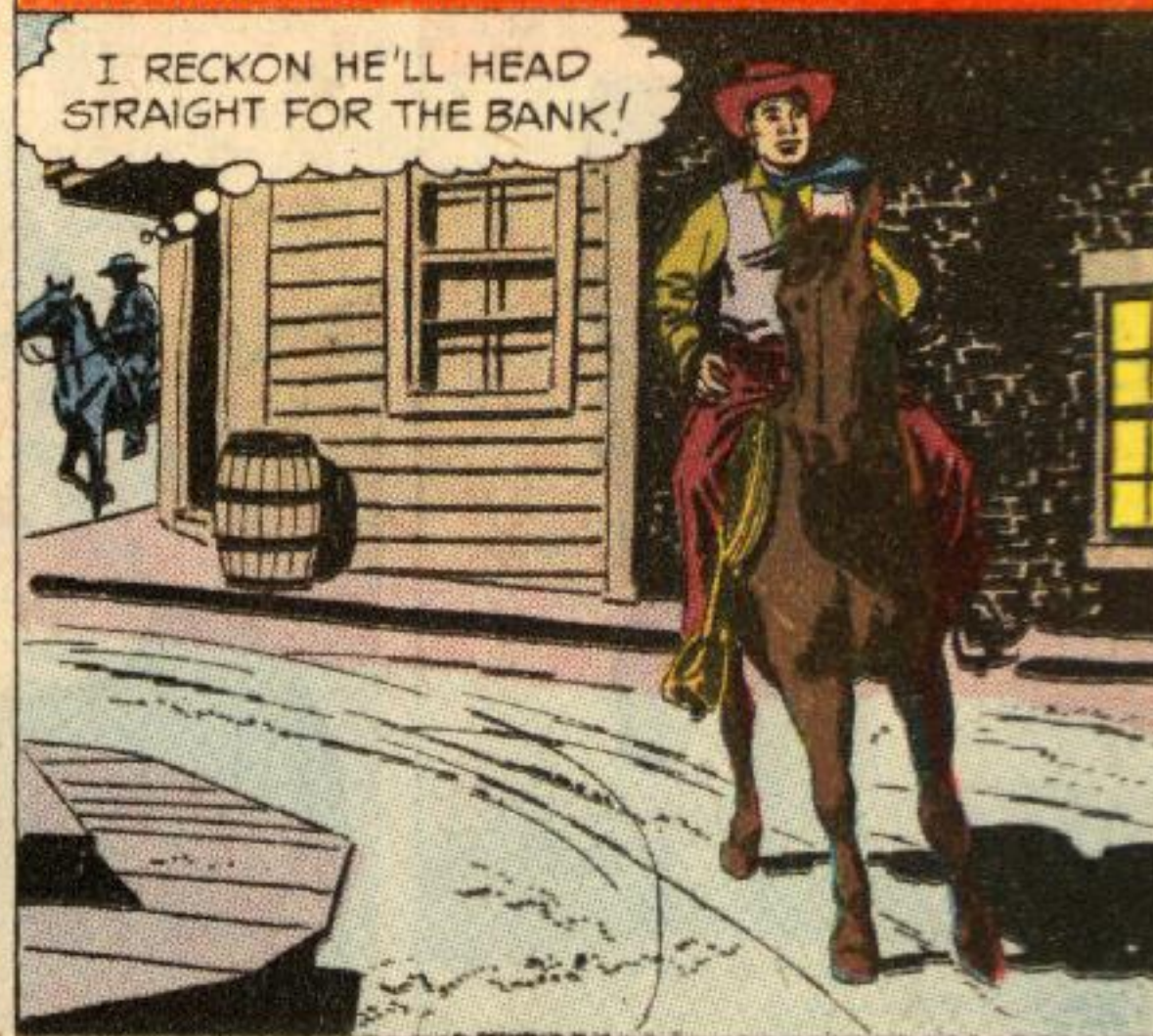
JOHNNY, TELL THE BOYS WE'LL
PAY OFF AT EIGHT TONIGHT —
AT THE STOCKMEN'S.

I'LL PASS
THE WORD,
BAT!



BUT JOHNNY LOSES LITTLE TIME IN TRAILING
BAT INTO THE DIM-LIT TOWN.

I RECKON HE'LL HEAD
STRAIGHT FOR THE BANK!



UNAWARE THAT HE IS WATCHED, BAT ENTERS THE BANK.

THERE HE GOES TO GET THE MONEY! WE'LL GET HIM WHEN HE COMES OUT!



JOHNNY PEELE, HIDDEN BETWEEN THE HORSES, HEARS EVERY WORD.

WE'LL WAIT IN THE NEXT ALLEY! WHEN HE COMES BY—DOWN HIM—WITH GUN BUTTS OR BULLETS!

DALTON AND FOUR GUN HANDS! THEY RODE AHEAD OF US!



TO REACH THE BANK UNRECOGNIZED BY THOSE IN THE ALLEY, JOHNNY CROSSES THE STREET TWICE.

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET AHEAD OF THEM!



IN THE BANK'S VESTIBULE—

I'VE GOT MY GUN ON YOU, BAT! KEEP YOUR HANDS AWAY FROM YOUR SIDES!

JOHNNY! SO I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU—ALL ALONG!

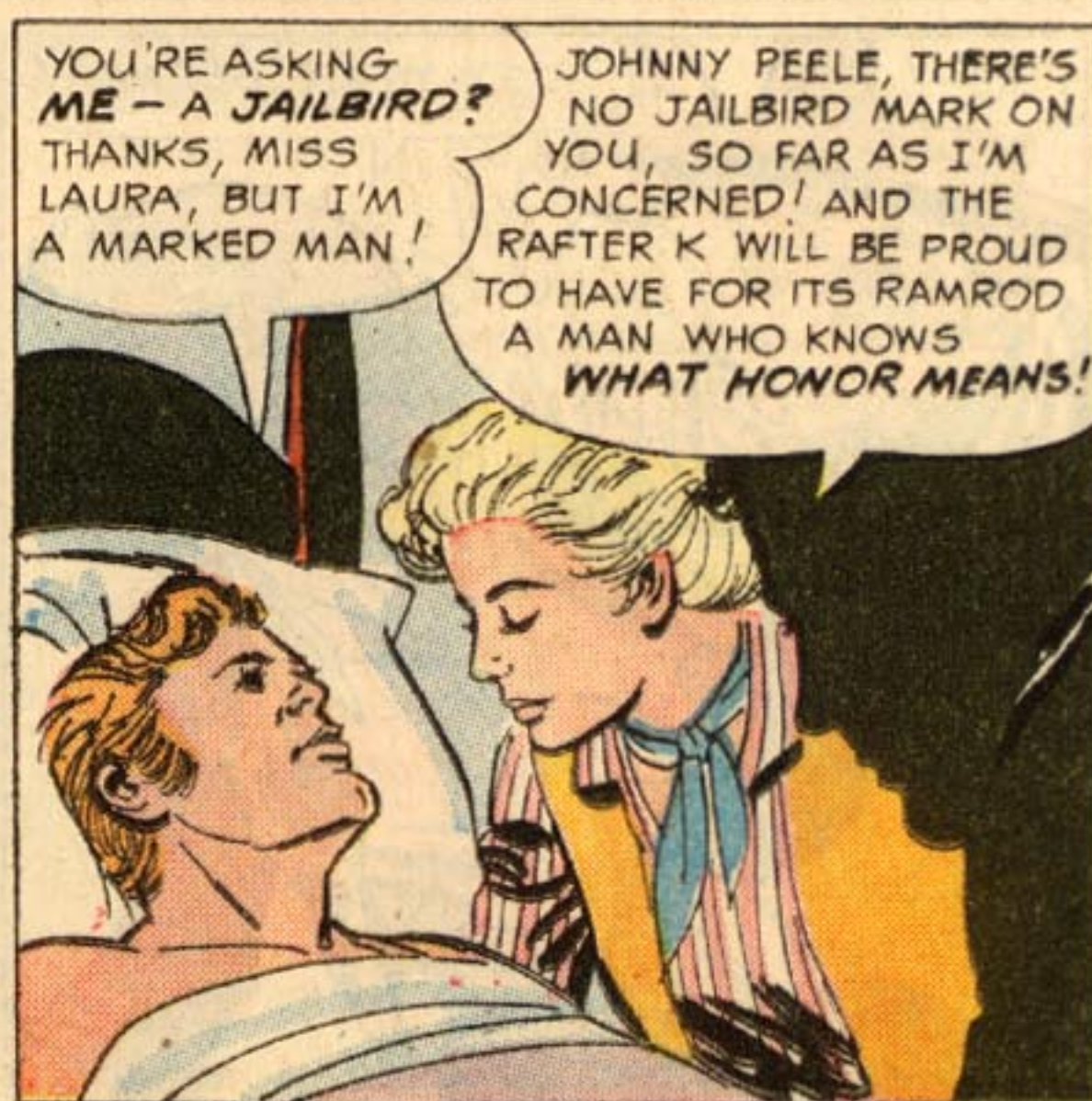
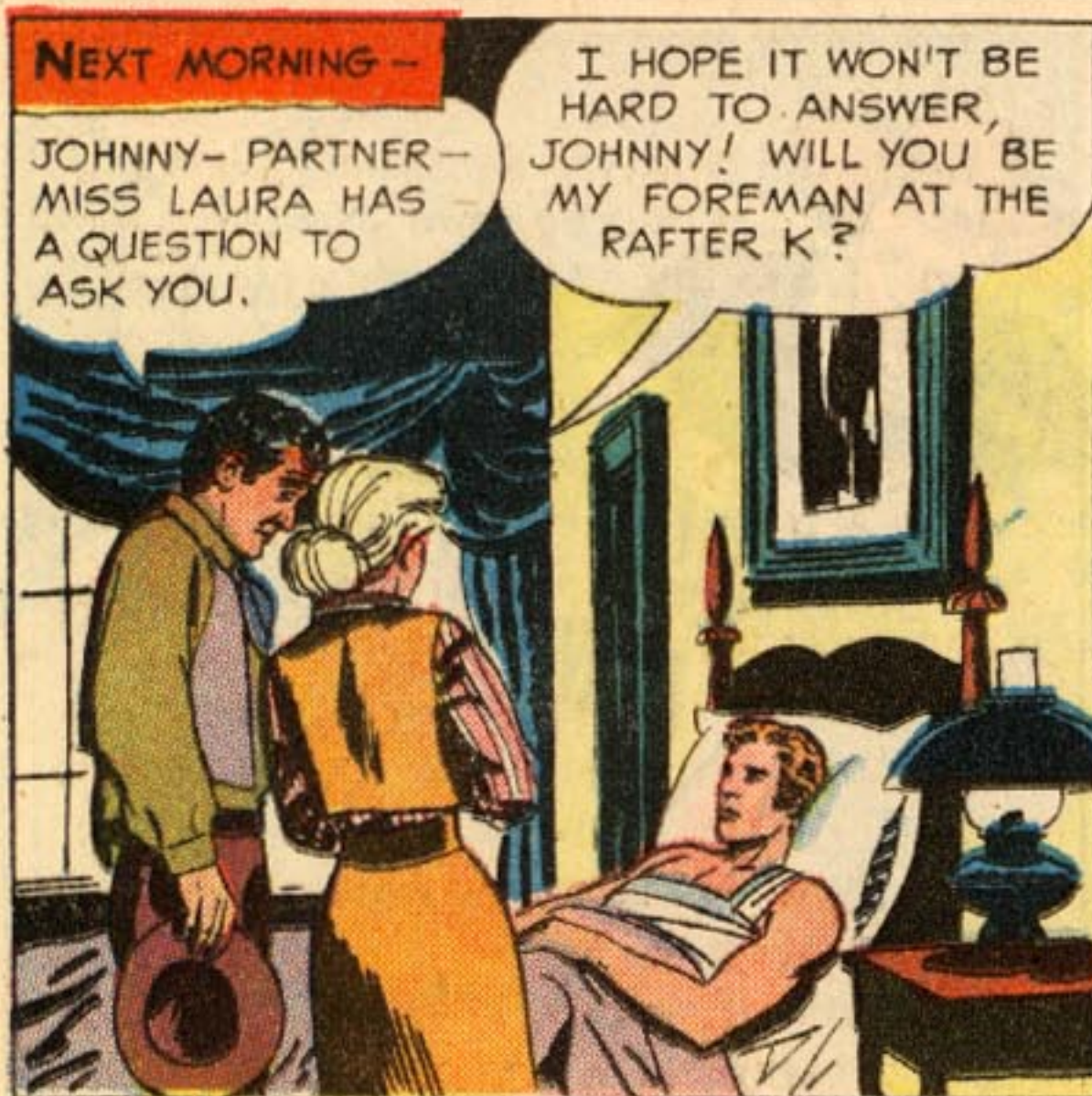


I'M GOING TO PUT MY HAT ON THE FLOOR! YOU DUMP THAT BAGFUL OF MONEY INTO IT... AND DON'T RAISE YOUR VOICE!

ALL RIGHT! BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET SO FAR THAT I WON'T CATCH UP WITH YOU, JOHNNY!







SADDLE BUM



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"It's men like you that make outlaws out of men like me!"

Strap Jordon hurled the words at the Box-K foreman. Strap had come riding, looking for a job. He had paused outside the ranch office for an admiring glance at the six glossy palomino horses in the pole corral. Then he had turned in at the office to make his respectful request.

The foreman took a frowning look at the scarred boots, threadbare jeans, and the beat-up sombrero weighted down with the dust of too many days' riding.

"On your way, saddle bum!"

That was when Strap said the thing he was afterwards so sorry for—the thing that got him into all the trouble. They all heard him say it. They didn't know he didn't mean it. But he had gone two days without food, and it was another hard day's riding to the next ranchhouse. Strap felt justifiably bitter at the foreman's unfriendly treatment.

"You can stop at the cookhouse for a handout, bum," the foreman sneered.

"I'm not asking for charity," Strap flung back as he mounted his tired horse

and rode away.

About an hour out on the trail the gnaw of hunger was so great that he turned around and headed back to the Box-K. "Might as well swallow my pride along with some grub," he was thinking.

It was dark by the time he neared the ranch. He heard hoofs approaching on the trail. Made wary by the day's treatment, he stepped his own horse off the trail and watched from behind a clutter of boulders.

The man who passed rode furtively. It was the Box-K foreman, and he drove ahead of him the six prize palomino horses Strap had observed at the ranch.

Strap forgot his hunger and followed the foreman . . .

Later that night—much later—Strap was visited at his own campfire by a delegation of hard-faced riders. The Box-K foreman was among them, several Box-K waddies, and the sheriff.

"That's him!" the foreman said. "When I wouldn't give him a job today he got mad and said it was my fault if he turned outlaw. All these men heard him say it. And we all saw him eyeing the palominos. He rustled 'em, Sheriff."

It looked hopeless for Strap—a man without friends in a far country.

The sheriff's eyes glinted. "What have you got to say for yourself, boy?"

"I can tell you where the horses went," Strap said. "In a dead-end canyon north from here—"

"We know that much. We lost the trail in there—"

"I can put you on it again. There's a hidden passage through the solid rock—"

"You drove the horses through there?"

"No. He did." Strap pointed at the foreman.

"Why, you mangy saddle bum!" The foreman's gun leveled down.

"Hold it!" the sheriff's voice cut in. His own gun was leveled hard on the foreman. "It isn't the first time a man's run off his boss's stock, and put the blame on a stranger. We'll investigate. If it's like you say, boy, you'll have friends and your pick of a job around here."

Strap smiled wearily. "Right now," he said, "I'll settle for a can of beans."

"Softspoken" Smith

THE CAVE-IN

"SOFTSPOKEN" SMITH, LEAVES HIS VILLAGE FORGE TO ANSWER A CALL FROM THE SILVER DOLLAR MINE.

THE BROKEN HOIST IS AT THE END OF THIS STOPE, SMITH! OPERATIONS WILL BE HELD UP FOR WEEKS, WAITING FOR A NEW GEAR—UNLESS YOU CAN REPAIR IT!

HUMPH! SOMETHING ELSE NEEDS REPAIR HERE, MACKAY.

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LOOK HERE!
ROTTEN WOOD!
YOU'RE ASKING FOR A CAVE-IN!

I-I CAN'T HELP IT, SMITH!
MY UNCLE, MR. BOLLING, IS ONLY INTERESTED IN KEEPING THE MINE RUNNING ... THIS BROKEN HOIST, FOR INSTANCE!

WEAK, FOURTH-GRADE STUFF! NOT FIT FOR FIREWOOD! DOES BOLLING KNOW?

HE HAS BEEN TOLD, BUT HE WON'T LISTEN! AFTER ALL, IT'S HIS MINE! ER— WON'T YOU HAVE A LOOK AT THE HOIST NOW?

CRACK!

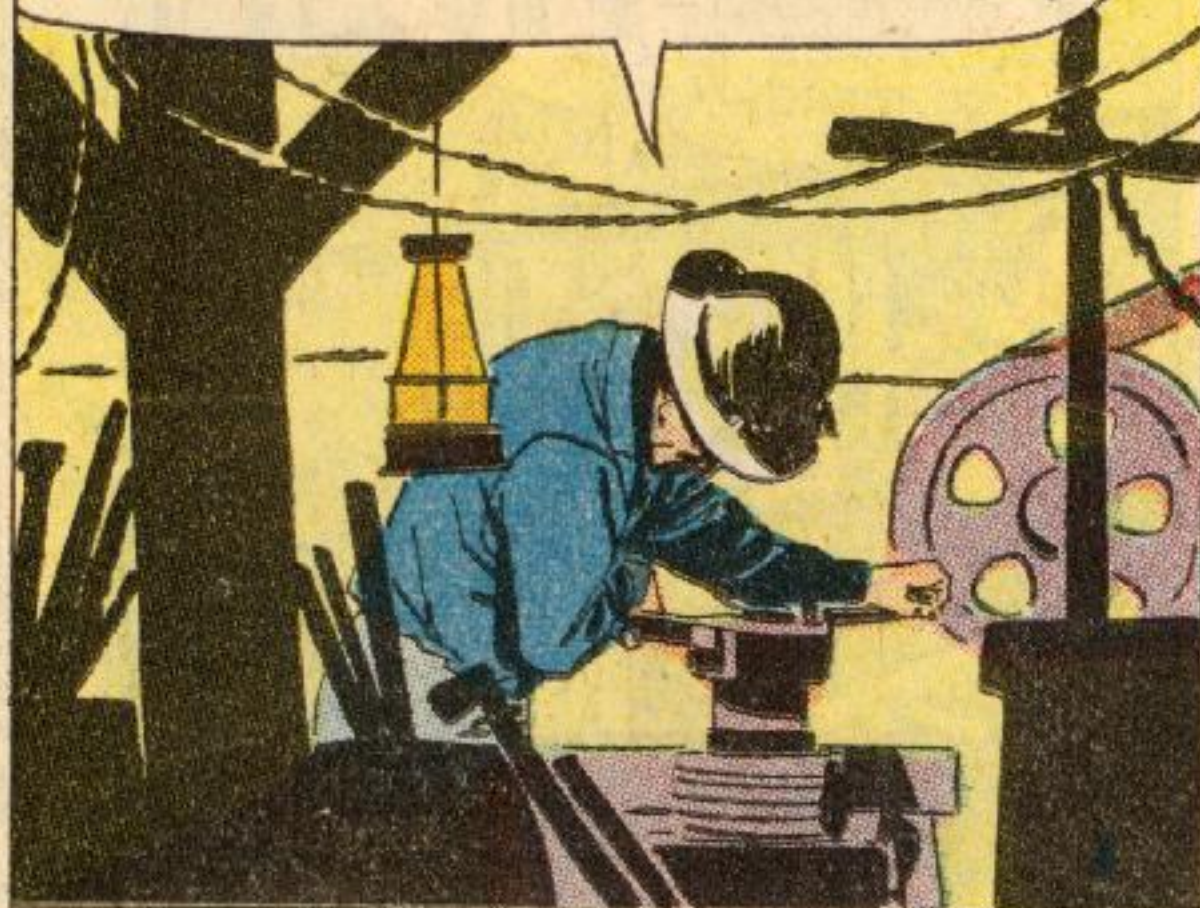
THAT'S THE BROKEN GEAR— A NUMBER OF THE TEETH ARE STRIPPED! CAN YOU REPAIR IT, SMITH?

I CAN!

WAIT, SMITH! THE TOOLS ARE HERE. AREN'T YOU GOING TO TAKE THE GEAR?

I'LL TALK WITH MR. BOLLING, FIRST!

SMITH IS RIGHT ABOUT THE TIMBERING, OF COURSE! BUT WHAT CAN I DO? I'M ONLY ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT! I'D BETTER FINISH TEARING DOWN THESE GEARS NOW!



IN THE OWNER'S OFFICE...

WELL, SMITH - CAN YOU FIX THAT GEAR - OR MAKE A NEW ONE?

I CAN, MR. BOLLING - BUT I WON'T UNTIL THAT MINE STOPE IS RE-TIMBERED! IT'S A DEATH TRAP!



ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME HOW TO RUN MY MINE? I CALLED YOU IN TO REPAIR SOME MACHINERY - NOT TO ADVISE ME!

MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW HOW BAD THAT TIMBERING IS!



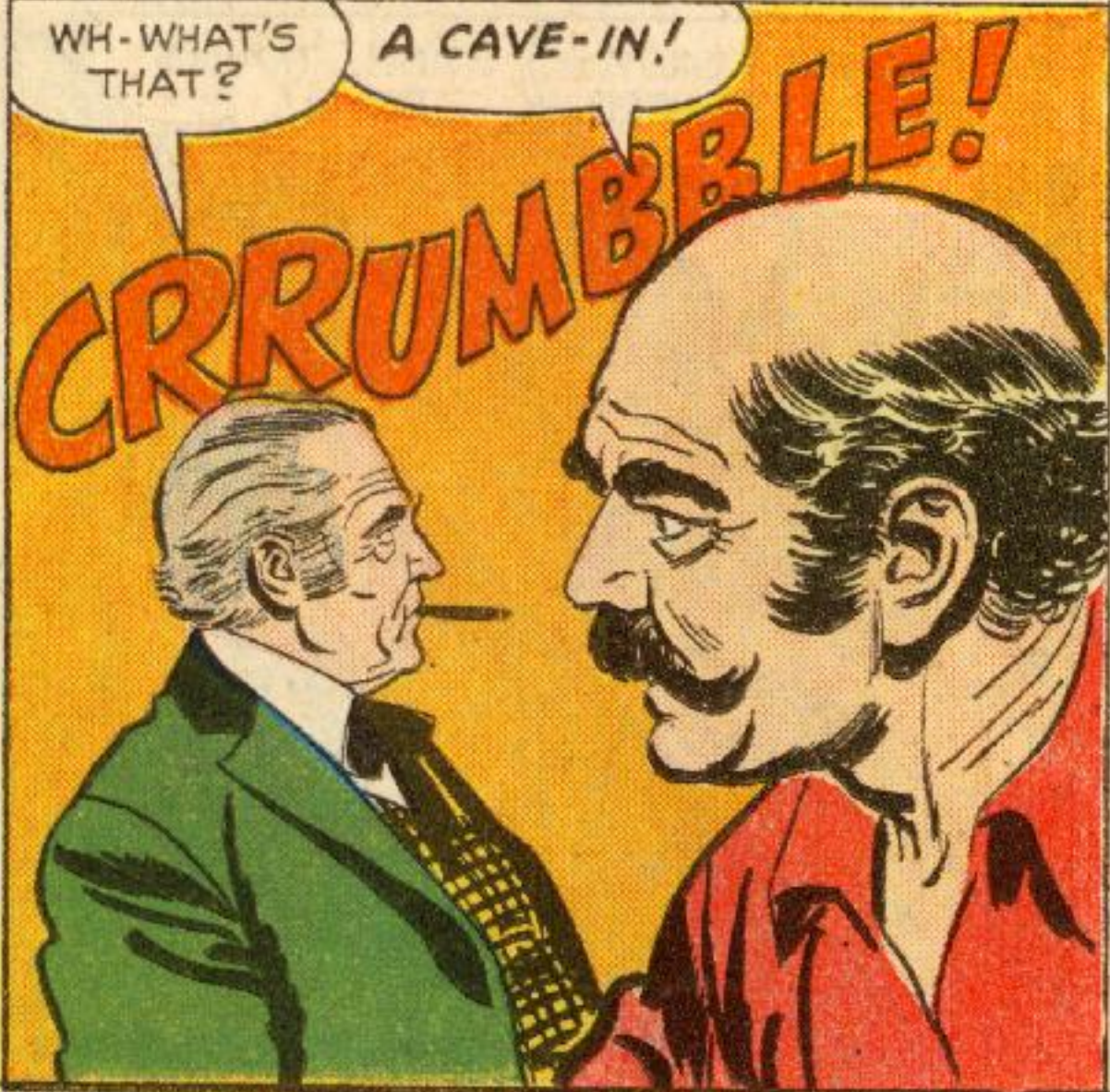
THAT'S SOME OF IT - ROTTEN WOOD! I WOULDN'T SEND A DOG DOWN THERE, BOLLING!

UGH! THAT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY! IF YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A COWARD TO FIX THE HOIST, I'LL HAVE MY NEPHEW MACKAY RIG A DIFFERENT KIND! YOU CAN -!



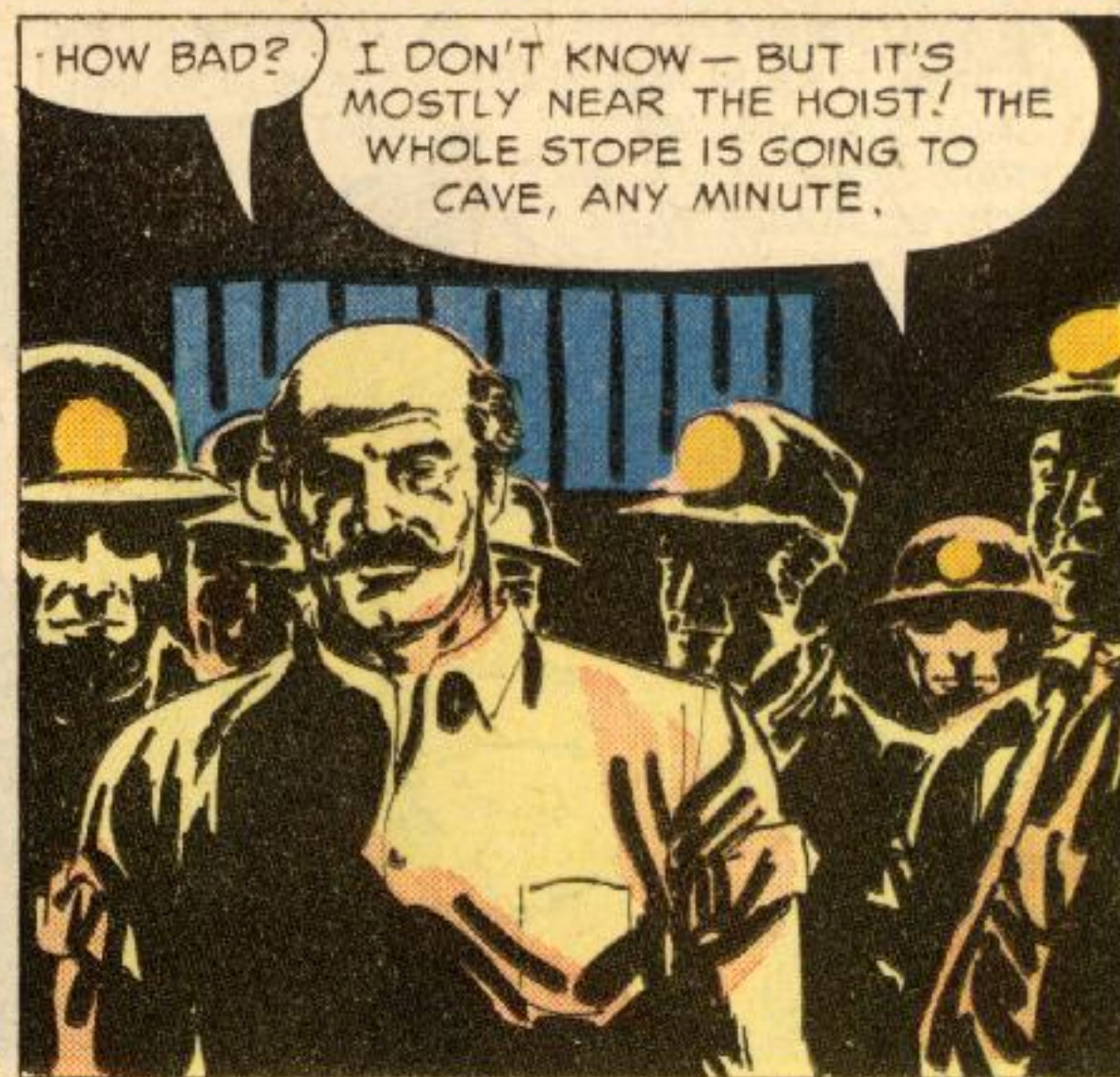
WH-WHAT'S THAT?

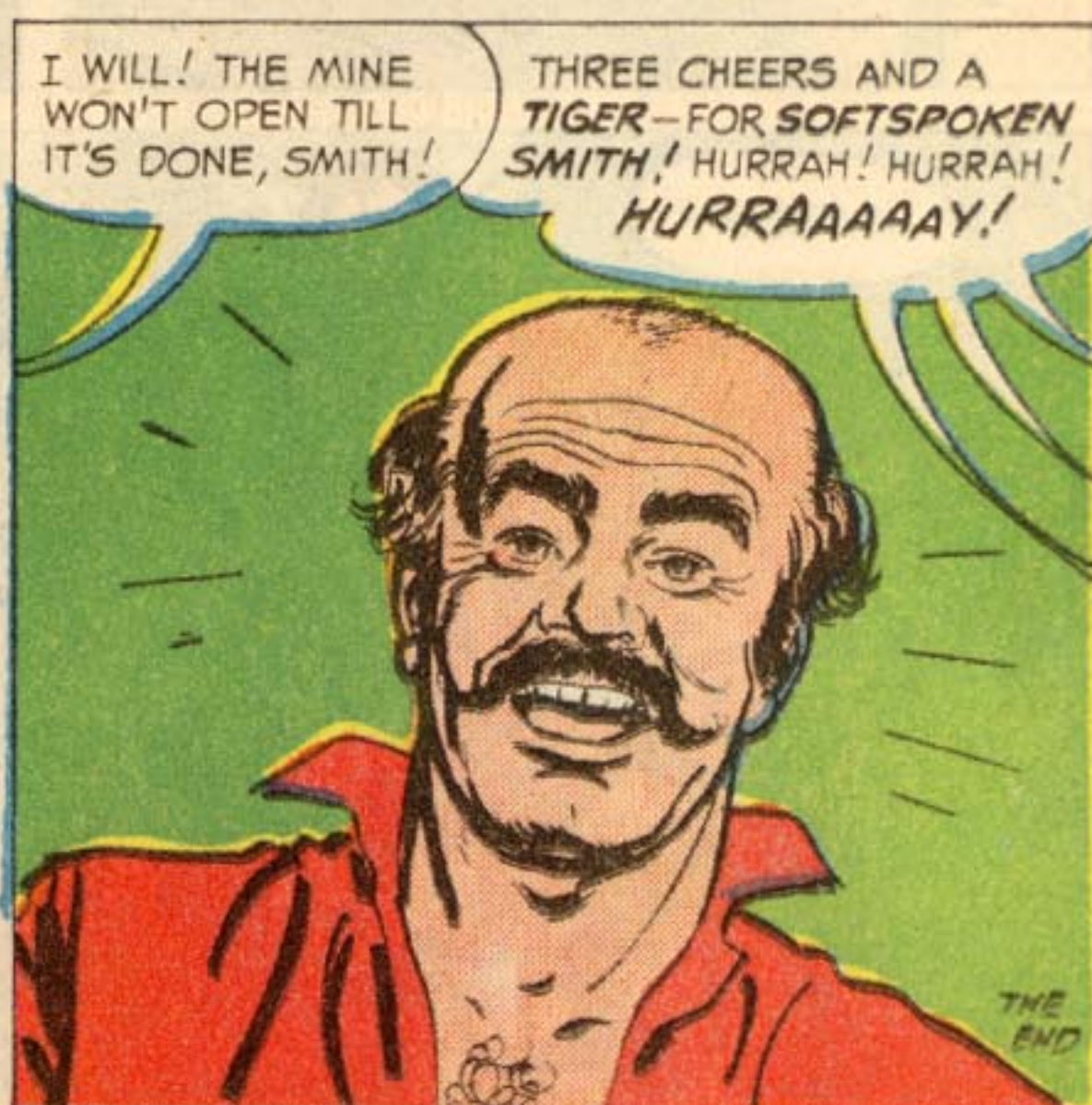
A CAVE-IN!



YOUR NEPHEW IS DOWN THERE! COME ON, BOLLING!







ON THE OLD EMIGRANT TRAIL, BAT MASTERSON IS NOT THE ONLY TRAVELER CAUGHT BY A LATE SUMMER STORM!

THAT TEAM NEEDS HELP - OR IT WILL BE STUCK THERE FOR THE NIGHT!



YOU FOOL HORSES - **PULL!** YOU'VE **GOT TO!**

MAYBE THEY **CAN'T**, SISTER!



I THINK I CAN HELP YOU - WITH MY TWO HORSES! JUST TAKE IT EASY, TILL I GET THEM HITCHED!

OH - **THANK** YOU, SIR!



GIDDAP!

HURRAY! WE'RE **MOVING!**

COME ON, PONIES!



YOU'RE OUT OF THE BOG—BUT THERE'S NO TELLING HOW LONG THIS STORM WILL LAST! WE'D ALL BETTER TAKE SHELTER IN THE OLD SAN TOMAS MISSION—A MILE AHEAD!

A ROOF OVER OUR HEADS? WONDERFUL! IF YOU'LL LEAD THE WAY—

LIGHTNING GIVES A GLIMPSE OF THE MISSION'S RUINS...

BOOM—BAROOM!



I'LL HELP YOU UNHARNESS!

TWO OF US ARE ENOUGH! WHY DON'T YOU DIG OUT SOMETHING FOR SUPPER, YOUNG LADY? WE'LL MAKE A FIRE, INSIDE!

FIRE—AND **HOT FOOD?** I'D FORGOTTEN THERE WERE SUCH THINGS!



OOOH! IT'S **DARK** IN HERE!

IT SMELLS MUSTY— BUT IT'S **DRY** AT LEAST!



WELL! THERE'S FIREWOOD ALREADY LAID IN THE FIREPLACE!

AS IF SOMEBODY WAS EXPECTING US, MR.—ER—



WILLIAM BARCLAY MASTERSON —AT YOUR SERVICE, MA'AM!

MORE THAN THAT, MR. MASTERSON! YOU'RE OUR **GOOD FORTUNE!** OUR NAME IS MARKHAM — JED, HERE IS THIRTEEN; SUE IS TEN; I'M HOPE, AND I'LL BE TWENTY NEXT MONTH!

WE—WE LOST OUR PARENTS ON THE TRAIL WEST— WITH THE FEVER! THE PEOPLE IN THE WAGON TRAIN WANTED US TO GO WITH DIFFERENT FAMILIES, BUT WE SAID **NO!** WE'RE STICKING TOGETHER! WE'LL FIND WORK AND MAKE A HOME....!

YES, SIR! YOU BET!

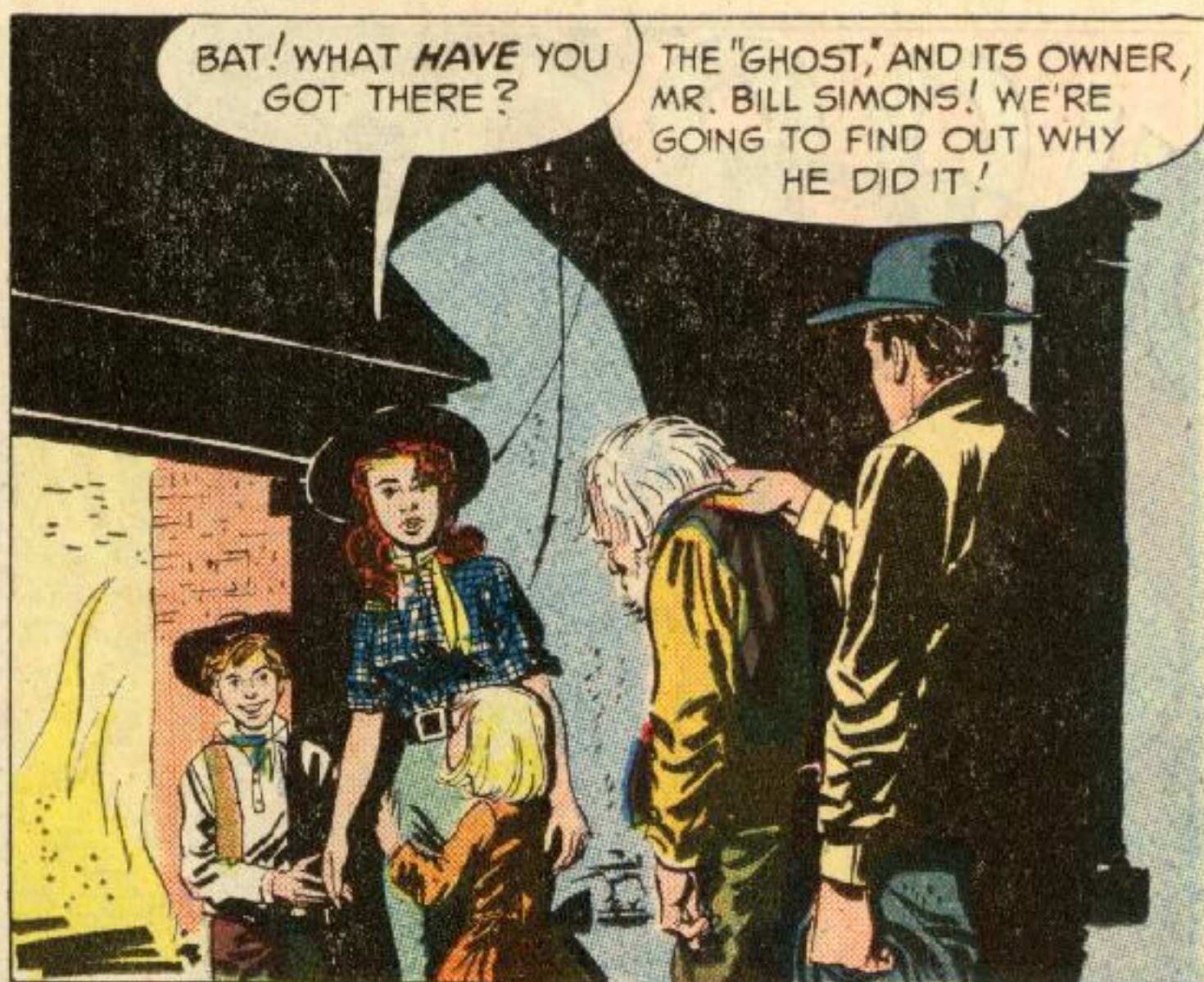
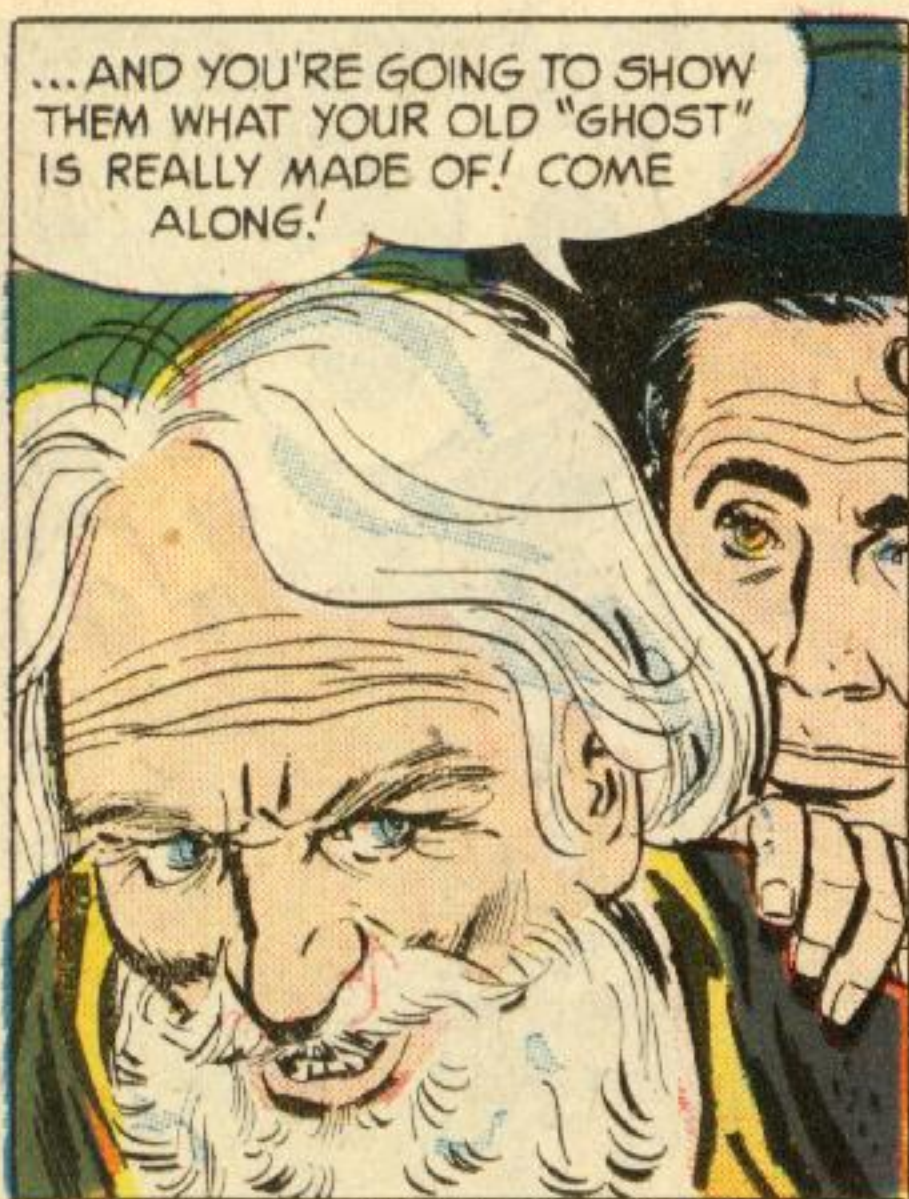
BACON AND BEANS AND PAN BREAD — AND **YOUR** CANNED PEACHES FOR DESSERT, MR. MASTERSON! YOU KNOW, THIS OLD RUIN DOESN'T SEEM SPOOKY ANY MORE!

THERE'S AN OLD STORY THAT IT'S HAUNTED— BY THE GHOST OF THE BLACK ROBED FRIAR!



WH—WHAT WAS **THAT?**





SPEAK UP, BILL! WHO—BESIDES US—HAVE YOU TRIED TO SCARE WITH THIS RAGGED OLD "GHOST?"

THE TREASURE HUNTERS! IT WORKED EVERY TIME, TOO—UNTIL NOW! LET ME PUT HIM BACK!

ALL RIGHT! PUT HIM BACK WHERE HE WAS...AND THEN COME AND HAVE SOME SUPPER WITH US!

BAT, WHO *IS* THIS OLD BILL SIMONS? AND WHY DID HE INVENT ALL THIS HOCUS-POCUS?

TO SCARE OFF THE "TREASURE HUNTERS!" YOU HEARD HIM! BILL IS AN OLD PROSPECTOR, I'D SAY—A "DESERT RAT," WHO HAS LIVED WITH DREAMS OF GOLD SO LONG IT HAS TURNED HIS MIND.

NO CREAM OR SUGAR FOR YOUR COFFEE, BILL—BUT IT'S HOT! TELL ME—DO YOU SEE MANY TREASURE HUNTERS AROUND?

QUITE A FEW—BUT THEY HAVEN'T FOUND THE TREASURE OF SAN TOMAS YET—HEH, HEH! A CHEST OF *GOLD*, WORTH A *FORTUNE*!

WHAT'S THAT ABOUT A *CHEST OF GOLD*? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT A CHEST OF GOLD?

BAT! WHO ARE *THEY*?

HARD CASES, ON THE DODGE, I'D GUESS!



WHAT ABOUT **GOLD**? TALK UP, OLD MAN!

IT WAS BURIED—TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO—BY THE PADRES OF SAN TOMAS MISSION—BEFORE THE INJUNS KILLED THEM! THAT'S WHY THE PADRES' GHOSTS STILL HANG AROUND TO GUARD IT! I KNOW—I'VE SEEN 'EM!



AH, SHUT UP, YOU OLD LOON!



YOU, DUDE—UP WITH YOUR PAWS! ALAMO, TAKE HIS GUN, AND TIE HIM UP! HANDS **AND** FEET!

WITH PLEASURE, BOSS!



CHICK AND BRAZOS, YOU TAKE CARE OF THE HORSES—AND WHAT THEY'RE CARRYING—AND COME BACK! THE GIRL'S GOT SUPPER ALL READY FOR US!

OKAY, BOSS!



HOW ABOUT THE BOY AND THE OLD GALOOT, BOSS? WANT ME TO TIE THEM, TOO!

NO...JUST KEEP AN EYE ON THEM, ALAMO!—AND YOU, GIRL, DISH UP THE GRUB! WE'RE HUNGRY!











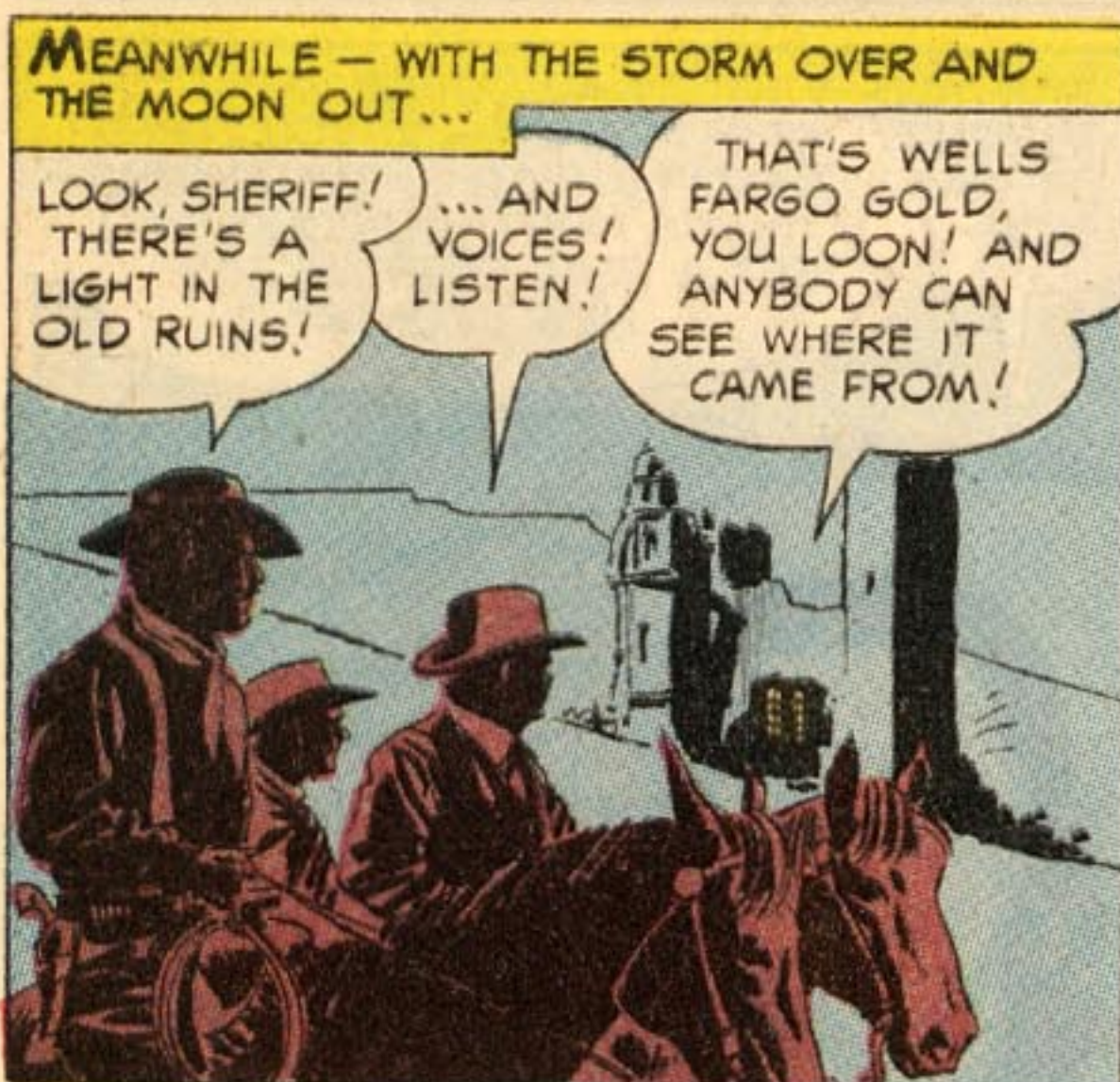
THE TREASURE OF
SAN TOMAS — I'VE
FOUND IT AT
LAST! AND IT'S
ALL *MINE*!

IT'S GOLDEN TREASURE,
ALL RIGHT, BILL — BUT
IT'S NOT *OLD* TREASURE!
ALL THESE COINS ARE
FRESH FROM THE U.S.
MINT — IN A *WELLS
FARGO EXPRESS BOX*!



LISTEN, YOU OLD
CRACKPOT! THIS
MONEY IS NEW —
AND IT BELONGS TO
WELLS FARGO UNTIL
IT'S DELIVERED...!

HUH? *WELLS FARGO*
DIDN'T FIND IT? I
FOUND IT!



**MEANWHILE — WITH THE STORM OVER AND
THE MOON OUT...**

LOOK, SHERIFF!
THERE'S A
LIGHT IN THE
OLD RUINS!

... AND
VOICES!
LISTEN!

THAT'S *WELLS
FARGO* GOLD,
YOU LOON! AND
ANYBODY CAN
SEE WHERE IT
CAME FROM!



CLOSE IN ON THEM,
MEN! BUT NO
SHOOTING — YET!

SHERIFF, THE ONLY
GOOD BANDIT IS
A *DEAD* BANDIT!



DON'T MOVE! WE'VE CAUGHT
YOU RED-HANDED!

A *SHERIFF*!



JUST THE MAN WE NEED!
SHERIFF, I'M BAT
MASTERSON! THIS
OLD DESERT RAT FOUND
THE LOOT... AND THE
MEN WHO STOLE IT
ARE *TIED UP* IN
THE OTHER ROOM!



SHERIFF QUINN — THE MARKHAM FAMILY! AND OVER THERE ARE THE FOUR HARDCASES WHO ATE UP OUR SUPPER!

KIOWA DODGE AND HIS GANG! MASTERSON, YOU'VE MADE A MIGHTY IMPORTANT CAPTURE! AND THERE'S A REWARD COMING TO YOU...!



... A REWARD OF TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THE BUNCH!

SPLendid! BUT IT GOES TO THE MARKHAMS AND OLD BILL SIMONS, HERE! I JUST **HELPED** THEM CAPTURE THIS CREW!



BAT, YOU MUSTN'T! IT WAS **YOU-!**

NOT AT ALL! THREE PARTS OF THE REWARD — TO YOU THREE! AND \$625.00 TO BILL SIMONS — THAT'S FAIR! YOU FOLKS WILL GET A REAL START IN THIS NEW COUNTRY...



...AND BILL WILL HAVE ALL HE NEEDS TO LIVE ON WHILE HE IS HUNTING FOR THE **OLD** TREASURE OF SAN TOMAS! RIGHT, BILL?

YOU BET! THE TREASURE IS HERE, AND I'LL FIND IT, SOME DAY, IF I JUST KEEP HUNTING!

A PLEDGE **DELL COMIC** TO PARENTS

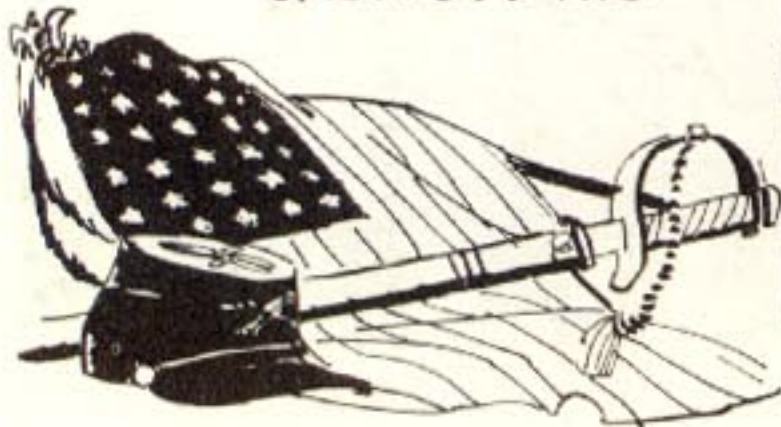
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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

BAT MASTERSON

LANDMARKS OF THE OLD WEST

CASA DEL RIO



HISTORIC CASA DEL RIO, NEAR PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, STILL STANDS...ORIGINALLY BUILT AS A FORT IN 1863, IT BECAME LATER THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, AND STILL LATER A RANCH HOUSE.



THE HISTORY OF DEL RIO SPRINGS, CLOSE TO THE BUILDING'S SITE, GOES BACK TO FATHER KINO, JESUIT MISSIONARY, EXPLORER AND STATESMAN OF 1691 TO 1711. THE VALLEY BEARS HIS NAME.



IN 1867, YOUNG ROBERT POSTLE BROUGHT HIS BRIDE HANNAH TO CASA DEL RIO, AND HOMESTEADED THE RICH LAND AROUND IT. THIS WAS WHEN THE APACHES WERE RAIDING FAR AND WIDE.



THE FARM PROSPERED. ROBERT POSTLE SET UP A GRIST MILL WHICH GROUND GRAIN FOR HIS OWN AND NEIGHBORING RANCHES. VISITORS WERE FREQUENT, AND HOSPITALITY THE KEYNOTE.

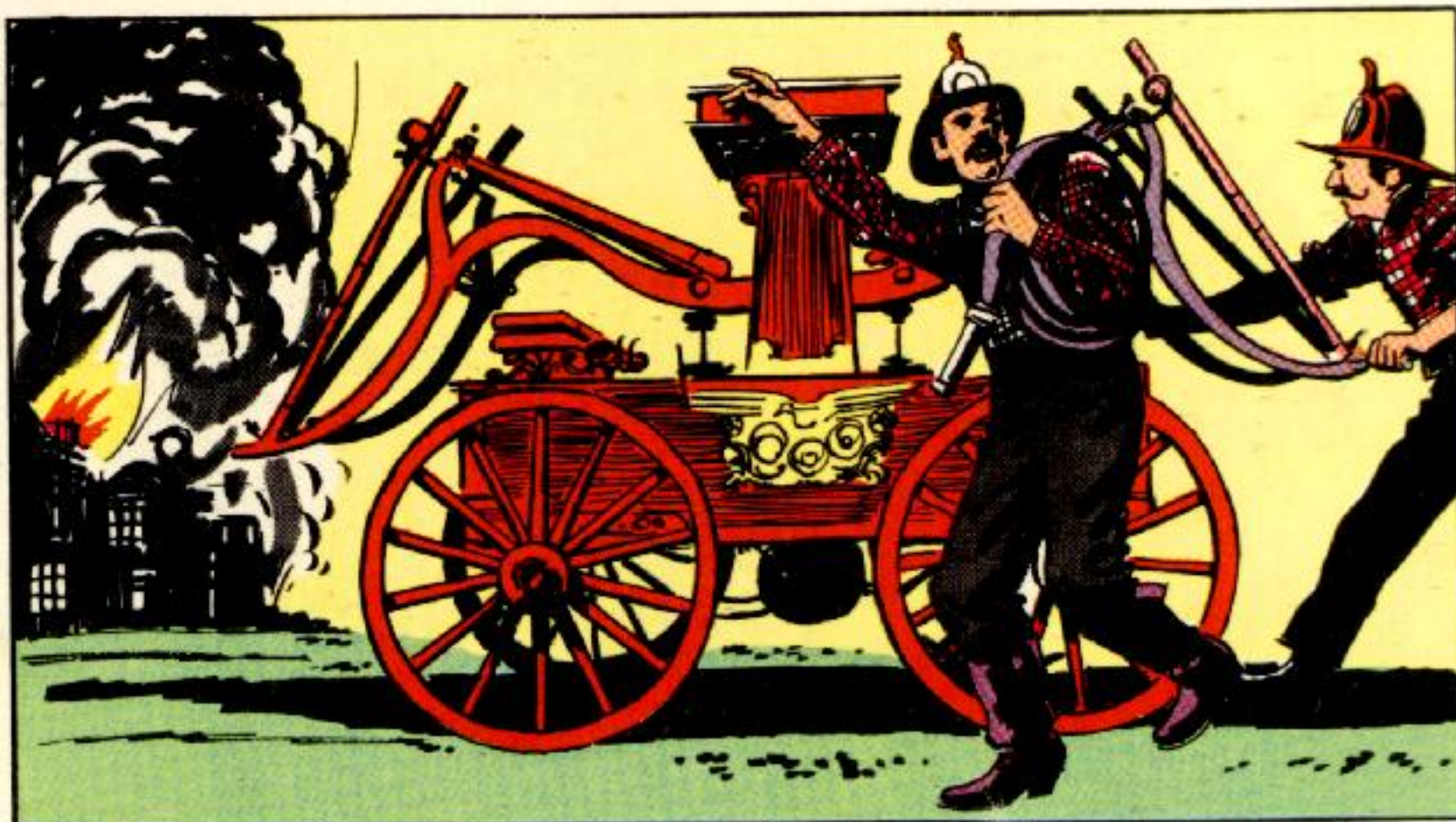


WIDOWED AT EIGHTEEN, MOTHER ALREADY OF TWO CHILDREN, SPIRITED AND LOVELY HANNAH POSTLE RAN THE THIRTY-THOUSAND-DOLLAR-A-YEAR RANCH AND DEFIED APACHES!

BAT MASTERSON

ROARING TOWNS OF THE OLD WEST

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA



ON SATURDAY NIGHT, JULY 14TH, 1900, A RAGING FIRE BROKE OUT AMONG PIONEER PRESCOTT'S FRAME BUILDINGS... FOUR FIRE COMPANIES ARRIVED, BUT FOUND NO WATER PRESSURE.



WITHOUT WATER THERE WAS NO STOPPING THE FIRE. WILLING HANDS CARRIED OUT MERCHANDISE OR ROLLED WHISKEY BARRELS FROM THE BURNING BUILDINGS TO THE PUBLIC SQUARE.



THE FARO LAYOUTS AND THE ROULETTE WHEELS OF SEVERAL GAMBLING HOUSES HAD BEEN SAVED AND WERE SET UP IMMEDIATELY FOR BUSINESS BY THE LIGHT OF THE BURNING TOWN.



THE PIONEER SPIRIT---AIDED BY FREE WHISKEY FROM THE BARRELS IN THE SQUARE---ROSE ABOVE THE TRAGEDY OF THE FIRE BY SINGING: "THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT!"