

DELL

Exciting
Adventure

APRIL

10¢

BAT MASTERSON

Bat
discovers
both gold
and danger
in the
same strike!



Gene Barry

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BAT MASTERSON

GOLD FEVER



Having found gold on his property, Bat sells small lots to the highest bidders — and makes a fortune.



His customers, inflamed by the lies of one who did not find gold, drag him out in the street to lynch him!

SHOWDOWN IN DODGE CITY



A gun battle on Front Street finds Bat caught between mistaken peace officers and angry citizens.



In a showdown Bat sides with former Marshal Wyatt Earp against shotguns loaded with buckshot.



IN A COWTOWN DOCTOR'S OFFICE, **BAT MASTERSON** HEARS DESPAIR IN THE WORDS OF THE INJURED MAN HE FOUND ON THE TRAIL TO DEAD HORSE.

I'VE DONE WHAT I CAN FOR YOU, WILL OWENS—BUT ONLY A FIRST-CLASS SURGEON IN A CITY HOSPITAL WILL EVER FIX THAT LEG SO YOU CAN RIDE AGAIN!

THAT MEANS I'M FINISHED FOR ANY GOOD USE, DOC—FINISHED BY THE RUSTLER'S BULLET THAT MIGHT BETTER HAVE PUT ME UNDER GROUND!

NO, DADDY—**NO!** (SOB!) WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU?

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO **WITH** ME, RUBY CHILD? WITH ONLY ONE LEG I CAN'T EVER SUPPORT YOU! AND YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO MAKE YOUR OWN WAY!

NO, DADDY! I CAN WORK—I CAN COOK IN A RESTAURANT—TAKE CARE OF US BOTH!

WHAT'S ALL THAT MONEY FOR, MR. MASTERSON?

EXPENSES, WILL—FOR YOUR TRIP TO THE CITY WITH RUBY! AND I WILL PERSONALLY

GUARANTEE ALL SURGEON AND HOSPITAL BILLS! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE **TWO** GOOD LEGS WHEN THEY ARE DONE WITH YOU!

I—I—THERE'S NO WAY TO THANK YOU, MR. MASTERSON! YOU WON'T LOSE YOUR MONEY—I'LL PAY YOU BACK IN TIME! BUT, RIGHT NOW, THE LEAST I CAN DO IS TO DEED YOU MY LITTLE, OLD, HARDCRABBLE RANCH, SUCH AS IT IS!

YES! OH, PLEASE ACCEPT IT, MR. MASTERSON! EVEN IF THERE AREN'T ANY COWS ON IT ANY MORE!



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I'LL ARRANGE FOR A SPRING WAGON TO TAKE YOU TO THE TRAIN, WILL...

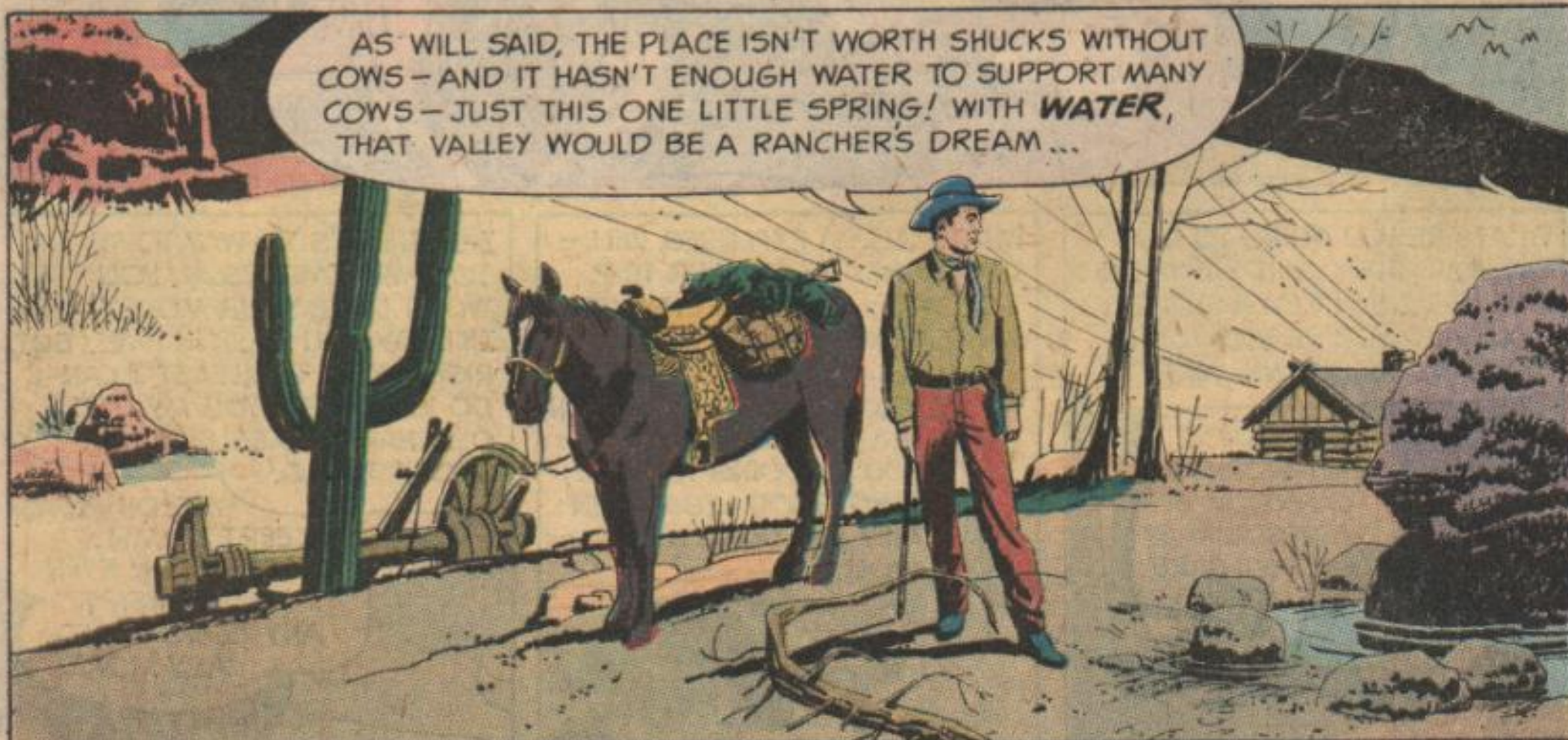
ALL RIGHT, DOC—AND ON YOUR WAY, PLEASE ASK HAMMOND, THE TOWN CLERK, TO COME RIGHT OVER HERE AND MAKE OUT THAT DEED! MAYBE CY SWILLING, THE BARKEEPER, WILL SIGN AS WITNESS!



WITH WILL AND RUBY OWENS ON THEIR WAY TO THE CITY, BAT MASTERSON RIDES OUT TO LOOK OVER THE RANCH HE HAS JUST BECOME OWNER OF.



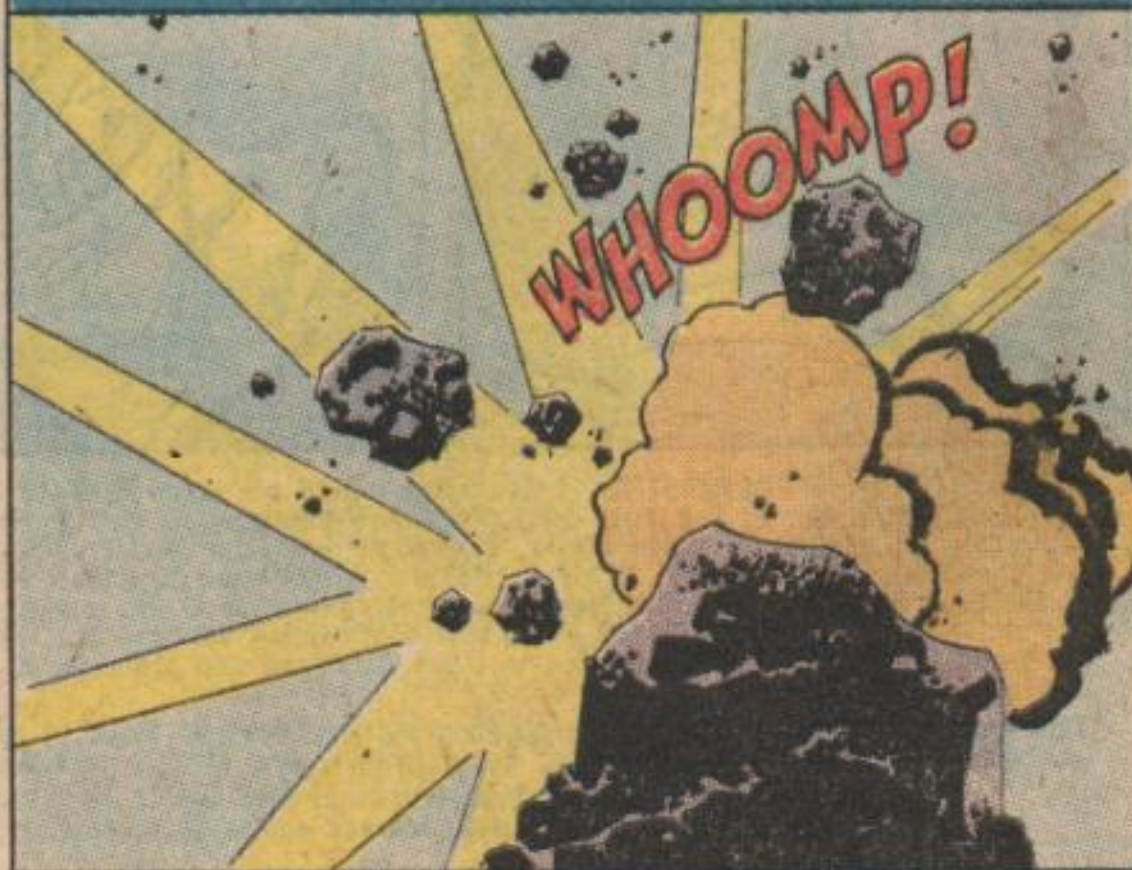
AS WILL SAID, THE PLACE ISN'T WORTH SHUCKS WITHOUT COWS—AND IT HASN'T ENOUGH WATER TO SUPPORT MANY COWS—JUST THIS ONE LITTLE SPRING! WITH **WATER**, THAT VALLEY WOULD BE A RANCHER'S DREAM...



HMMMM! THAT WEATHERED LIMESTONE SHELL IS **DAMP**! I'VE READ HOW MOSES GOT WATER IN THE DESERT BY STRIKING A ROCK... I WONDER WHAT **DYNAMITE** WOULD DO HERE?



THE NEXT DAY BAT TRIES A STICK OF DYNAMITE—WHICH SHATTERS THE FACE OF THE LIMESTONE LEDGE.



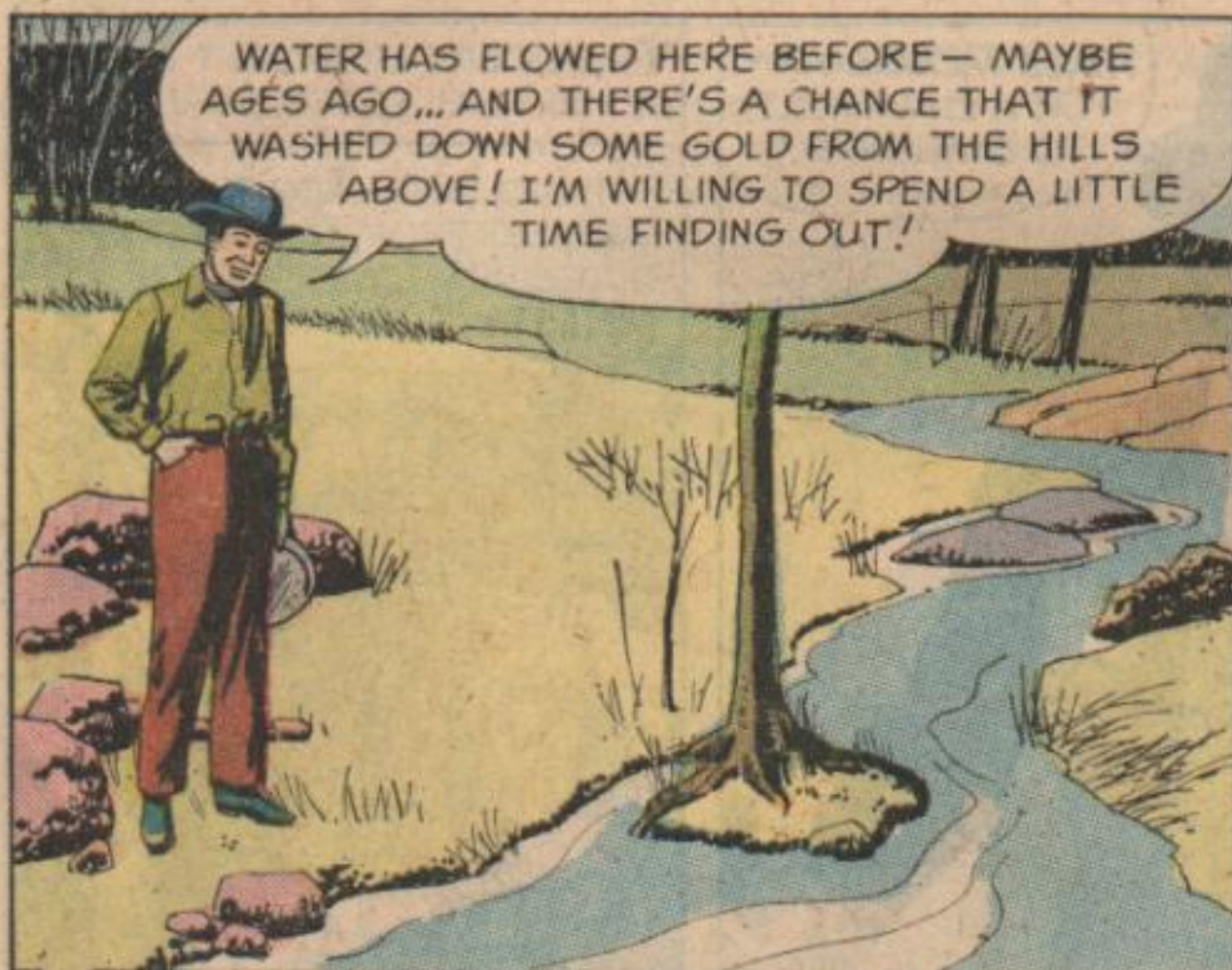
EVEN BETTER THAN I HOPED! THAT LITTLE BROOK WILL WATER HALF OF OWEN'S DRY VALLEY—AND IT COULD KEEP A GOOD HERD OF COWS, TOO!



I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA... MAYBE WITH RUBY OWEN'S DISHPAN AND A LITTLE LUCK...



WATER HAS FLOWED HERE BEFORE—MAYBE AGES AGO... AND THERE'S A CHANCE THAT IT WASHED DOWN SOME GOLD FROM THE HILLS ABOVE! I'M WILLING TO SPEND A LITTLE TIME FINDING OUT!



I'VE DUG DOWN THREE FEET FOR SAMPLES... BUT THERE'S NO "COLOR" IN THIS PAN YET! I'LL TRY ONCE MORE FARTHER DOWNSTREAM!



HIS SECOND PROSPECT HOLE YIELDS A SURPRISE.

I'VE **STRUCK** A **POCKET!** NUGGETS AND GOLD DUST!



LATER—

WELL, I'VE CLEANED OUT THE "POCKET!" THERE'S TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH HERE—ENOUGH TO START A STAMPEDE FROM TOWN!





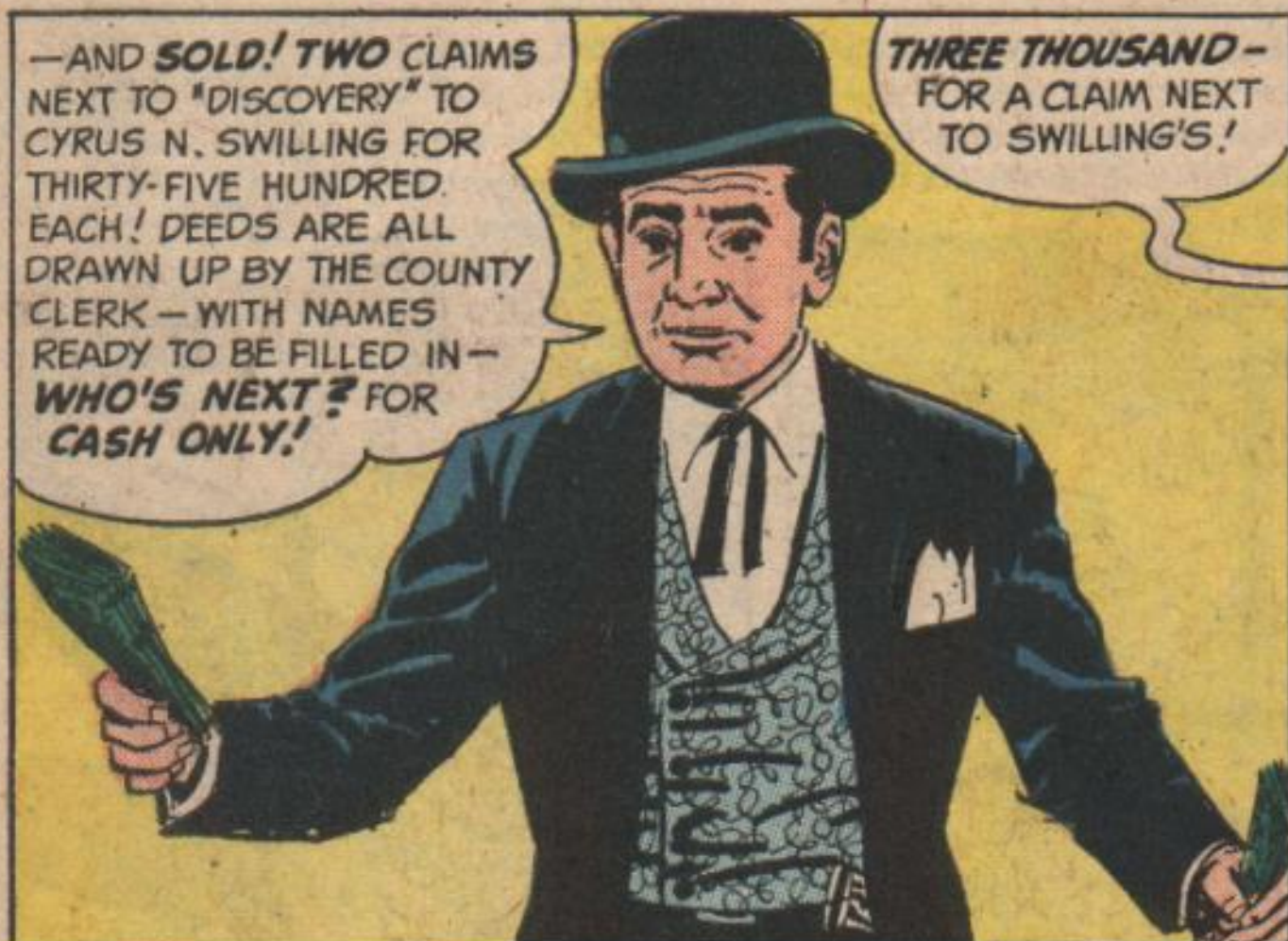
IN CY SWILLING'S SALOON, BAT QUICKLY GATHERS AN EAGER CROWD.

GENTLEMEN! I AM NOT A MINER—BUT I OWN THE LAND ON WHICH THIS GOLD WAS PANNED! I'LL SELL CLAIM-SIZE PLOTS ALONG THE STREAM TO THE HIGHEST BIDDERS! CLAIM NEXT TO "DISCOVERY" STARTS AT **THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS!** WHAT DO YOU BID?

THIRTY-THREE HUNDRED!

THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED!

THIRTY-ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!



—AND **SOLD!** TWO CLAIMS NEXT TO "DISCOVERY" TO CYRUS N. SWILLING FOR THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED EACH! DEEDS ARE ALL DRAWN UP BY THE COUNTY CLERK—WITH NAMES READY TO BE FILLED IN—**WHO'S NEXT?** FOR **CASH ONLY!**

THREE THOUSAND— FOR A CLAIM NEXT TO SWILLING'S!



TWO HOURS LATER, BAT WINDS UP HIS REAL ESTATE DEALINGS...

FIFTY DOLLARS—FOR THE CLAIM FARTHEST FROM "DISCOVERY?" THAT'S ALL I'M OFFERED? THEN I'M CALLING IT A DAY!



MR. MASTERSON! WHERE—WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THIS?

SELLING PARCELS OF MY LAND! SIXTY-ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS AND NO CENTS! COUNT IT NOW, PLEASE!



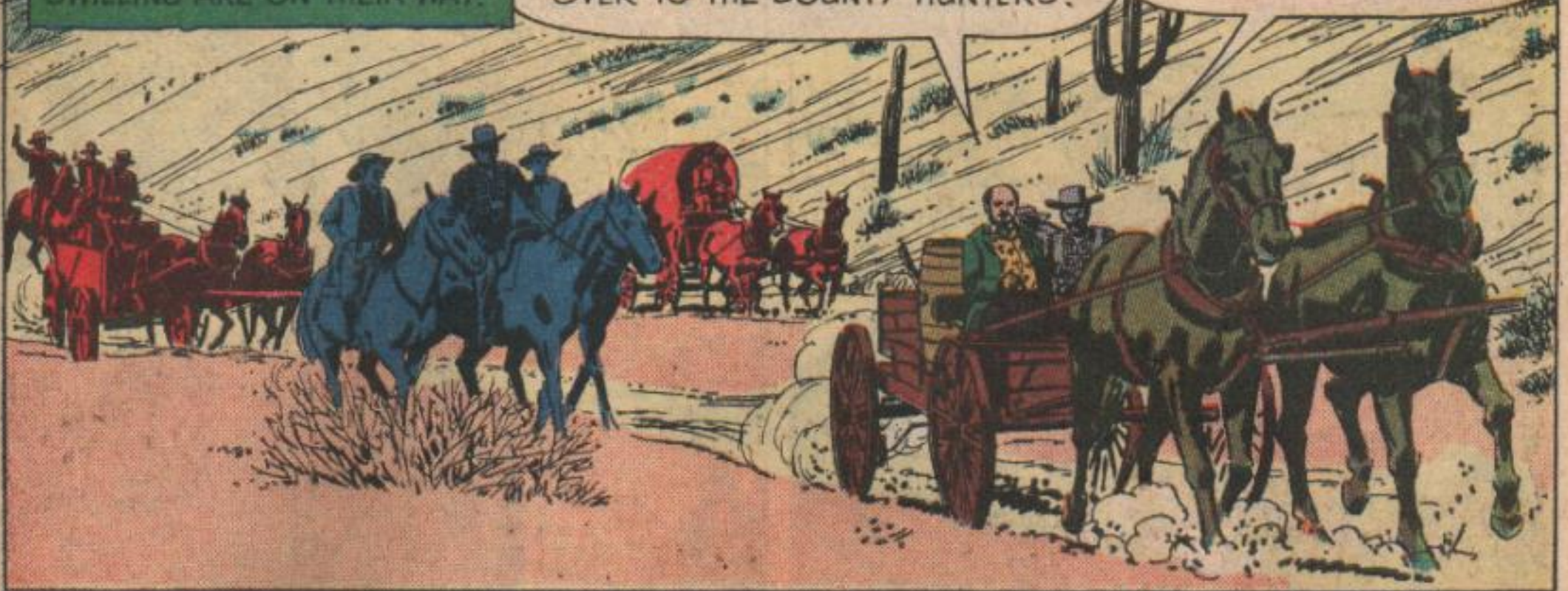
YOU MUST HAVE SOLD EVERY SQUARE FOOT OF YOUR RANCH, MR. MASTERSON!

NO—JUST MINERAL RIGHTS ALONG THE STREAM! I OWN THE REST OF THE LAND AND THE **WATER!**

EVEN BEFORE BAT MASTERSON LEAVES THE BANK THE MINERS — AND SALOONKEEPER CY SWILLING ARE ON THEIR WAY.

REMEMBER, STUD, YOU'RE GOING TO DIG FOR **ME** — YOU AND "PEELER" WARD! TRY HIDING ANY OF THE GOLD YOU PAN, AND I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE BOUNTY HUNTERS!

OKAY, OKAY, CY! BUT YOU PROMISED US HALF THE TAKE — OVER SEVEN THOUSAND!



ALONG THE STREAM MEN DIG AND WASH DIRT WITH FEVERISH HOPES!

STRUCK ANY GOOD-LOOKING DIRT YET, MAC?

IT'S BLACK SAND NOW, DAVE! I'M GOING TO TRY ANOTHER PAN!



CONGRATULATIONS, MAC! YOU'VE STRUCK IT RICH — ON A HUNDRED DOLLAR CLAIM!

NUGGETS! AND GOLD DUST! MORE GOLD THAN SAND!

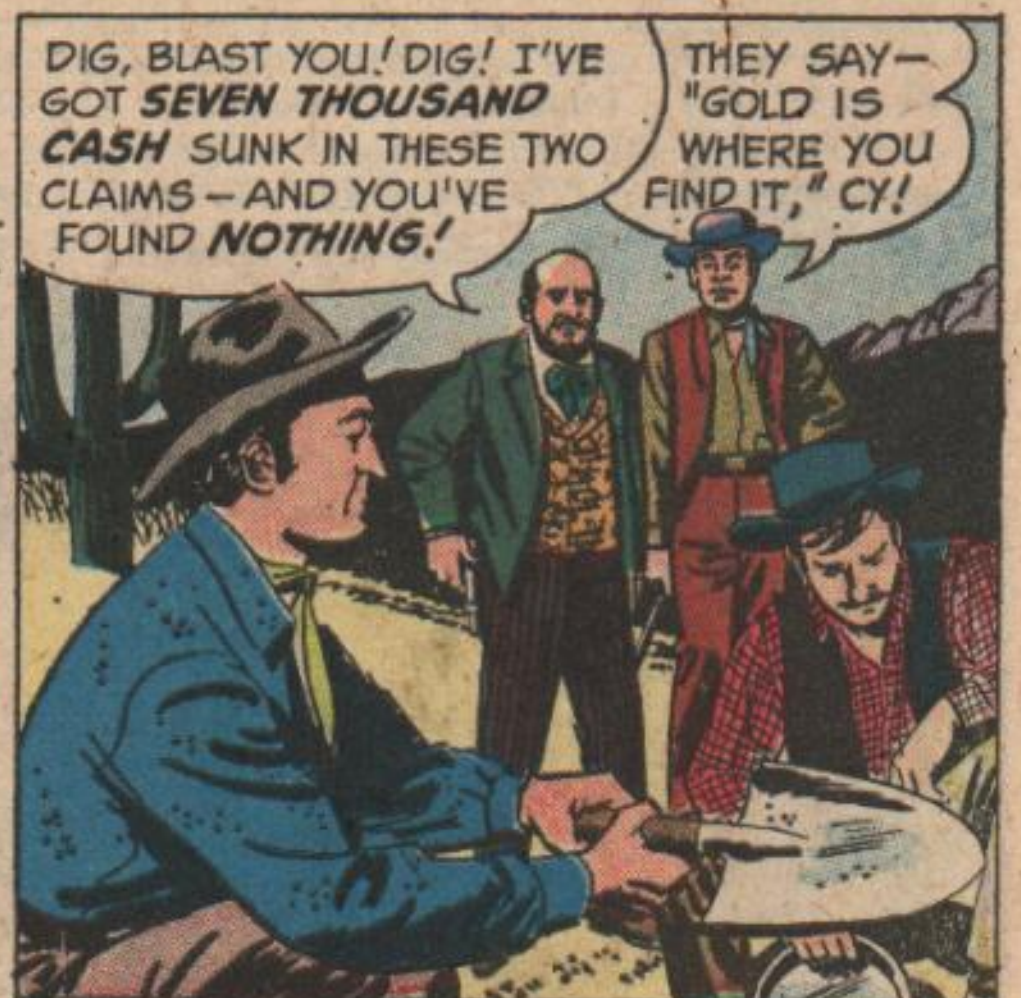


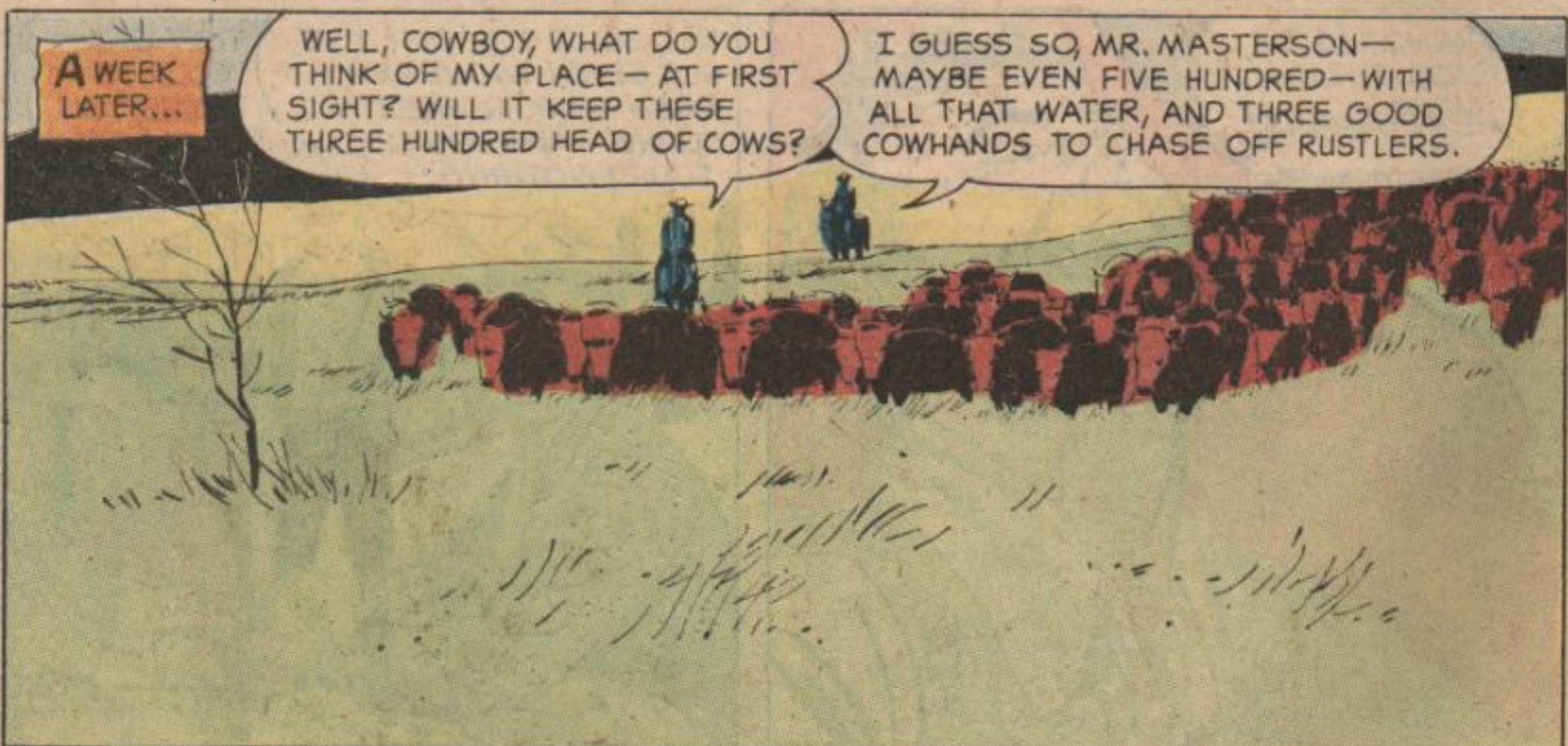
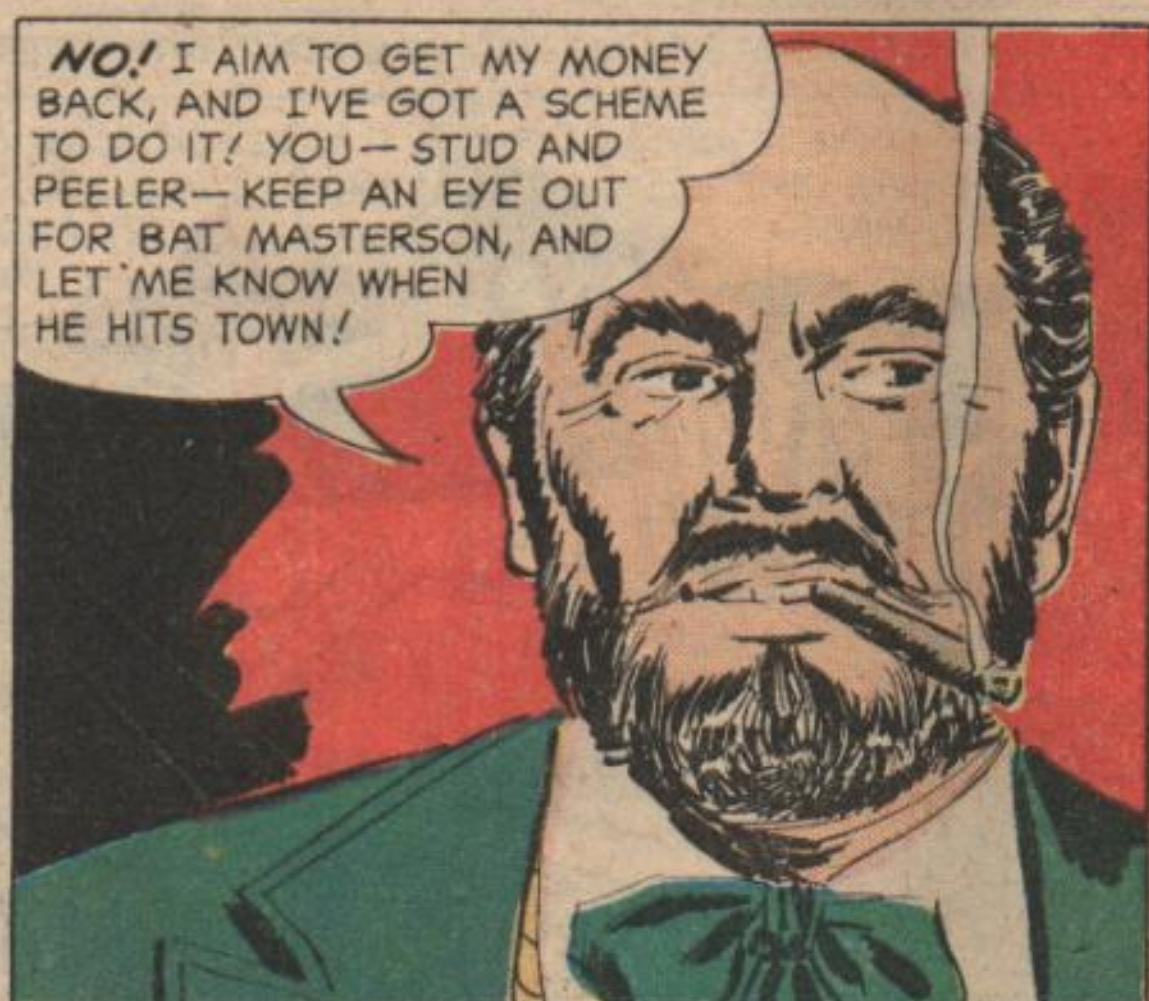
BONANZA! I'VE STRUCK IT RICH! YEEEE-AAAAY!



DIG, BLAST YOU! DIG! I'VE GOT **SEVEN THOUSAND CASH** SUNK IN THESE TWO CLAIMS — AND YOU'VE FOUND **NOTHING!**

THEY SAY — "GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT," CY!





CHANGING INTO FRESH CLOTHES, BAT HEADS FOR TOWN...

IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS SINCE WILL OWENS ENTERED THE HOSPITAL ...AND THE LAST REPORT ON HIS BROKEN

LEG WAS GOOD! HE'LL BE COMING HOME SOON—BECAUSE I'VE GOT A JOB FOR HIM!



... WHERE HIS ARRIVAL IS QUICKLY NOTED.

THERE HE IS—BAT MASTERSON, DERBY HAT, CANE AND ALL! I'LL TELL SWILLING!

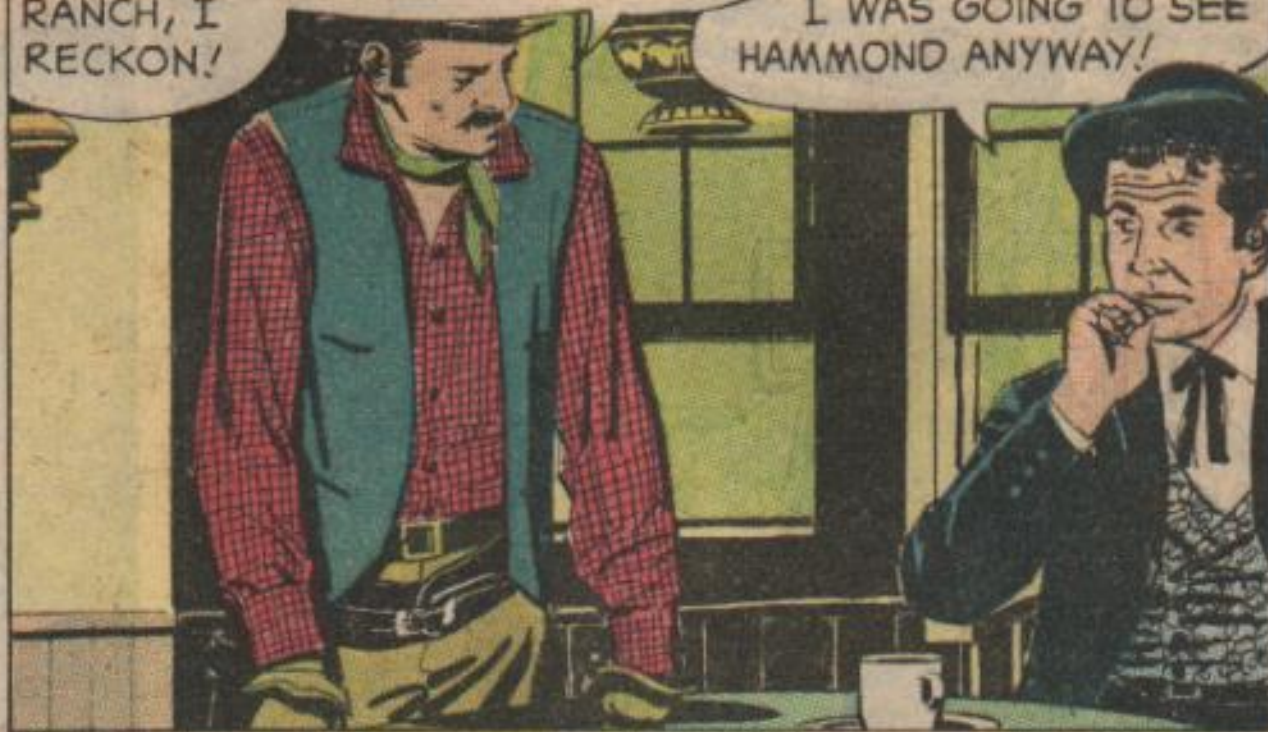


GOOD! TELL HIM THE TOWN CLERK, HAMMOND, WANTS TO SEE HIM AND THEN HUSTLE BACK HERE! PICK UP "PEELER" WARD ON YOUR WAY, STUD!



MR. MASTERSON, HAMMOND, THE TOWN CLERK WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU AS SOON AS YOU CAN SPARE A MINUTE... SOMETHING ABOUT THE LOTS YOU SOLD ON THE OWENS RANCH, I RECKON!

SO CY SWILLING IS STILL HOPING TO GET HIS MONEY BACK FROM ME? ALL RIGHT, STUD! I WAS GOING TO SEE HAMMOND ANYWAY!



THERE HE GOES, CY! REMEMBER, BAT IS FAST WITH A GUN! HOW DO WE TAKE HIM?

ALIVE—UNLESS HE DRAWS ON US! GIVE HIM A COUPLE OF MINUTES WITH HAMMOND, FIRST!

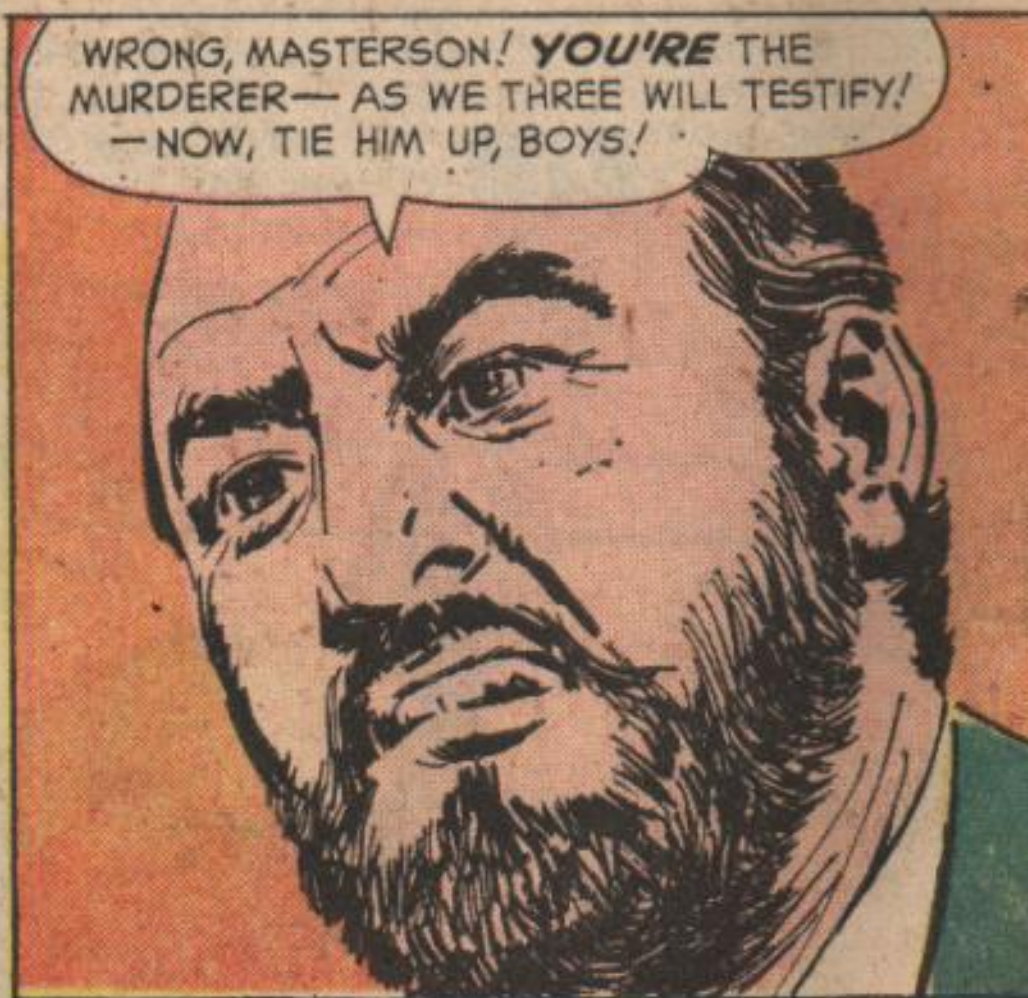
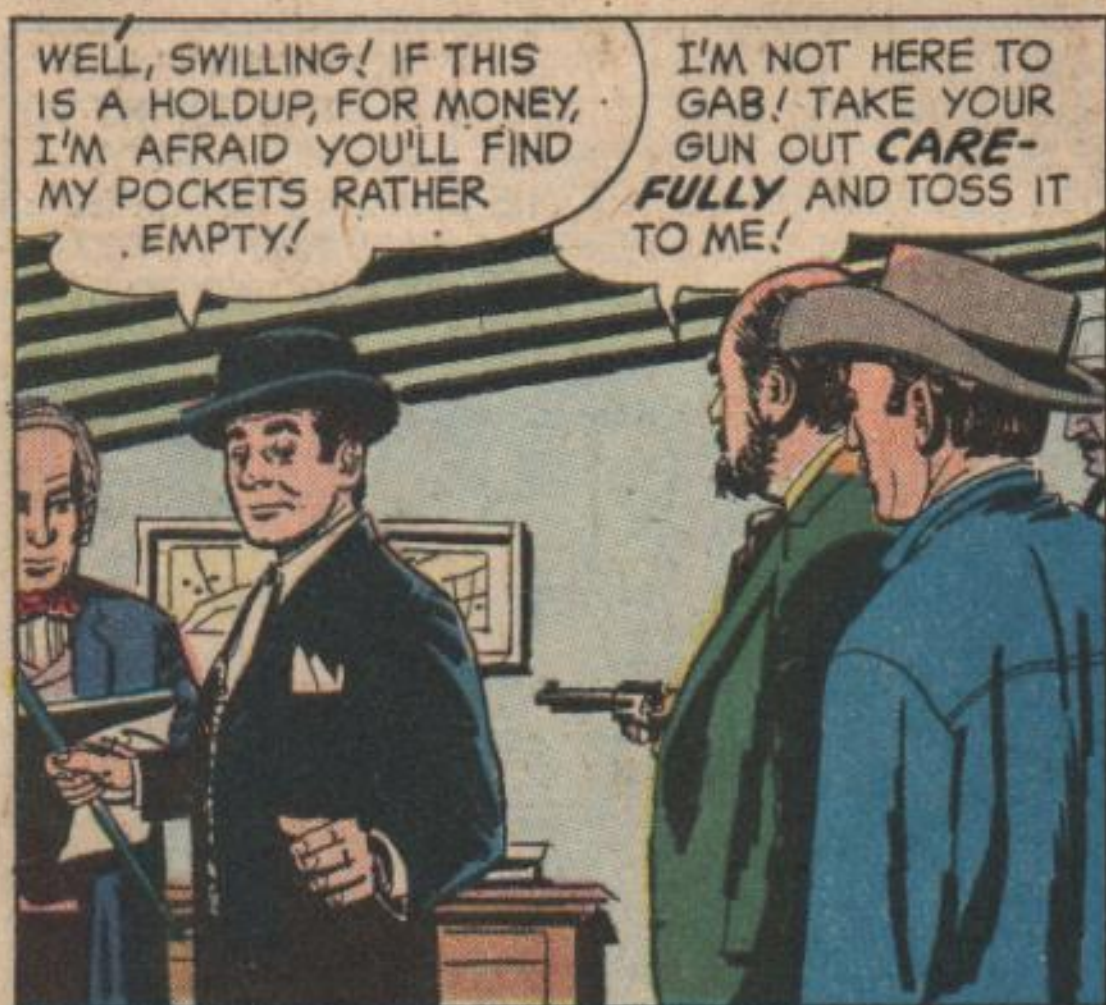


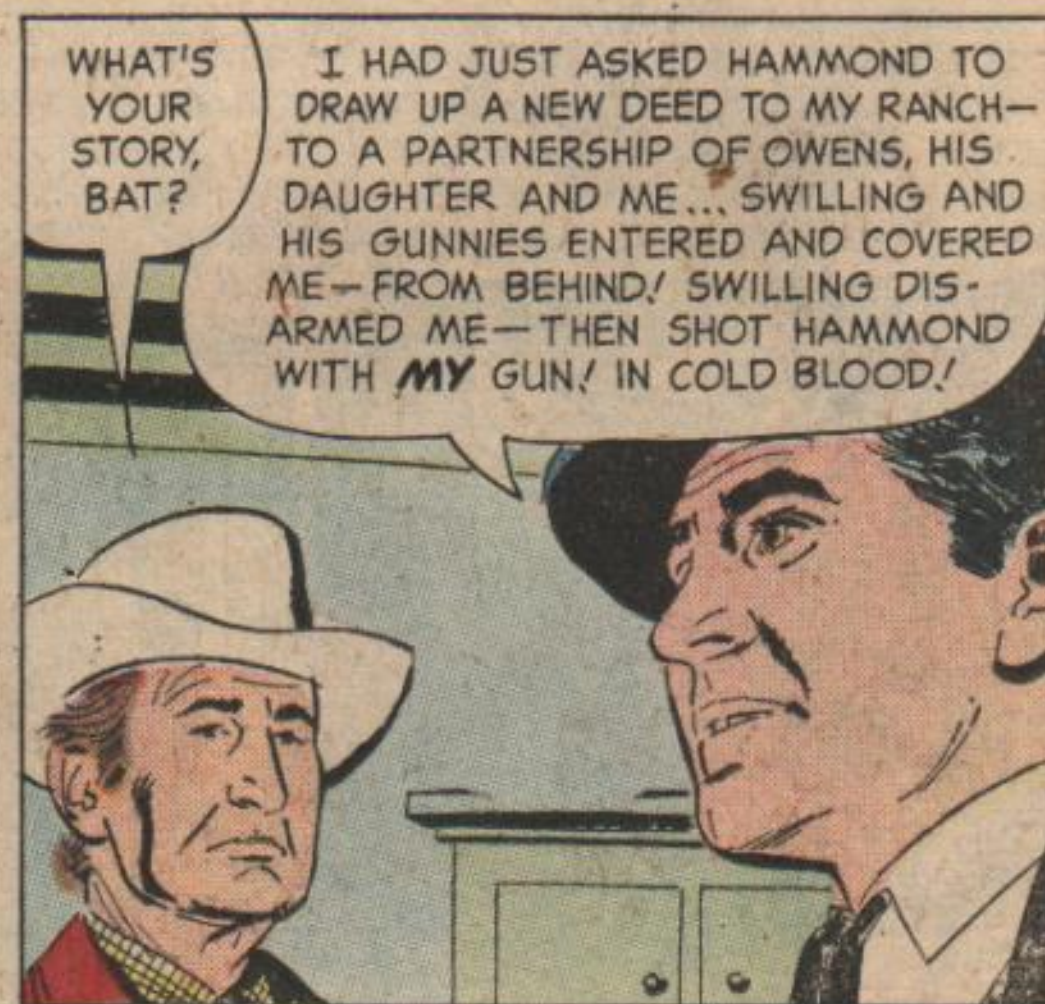
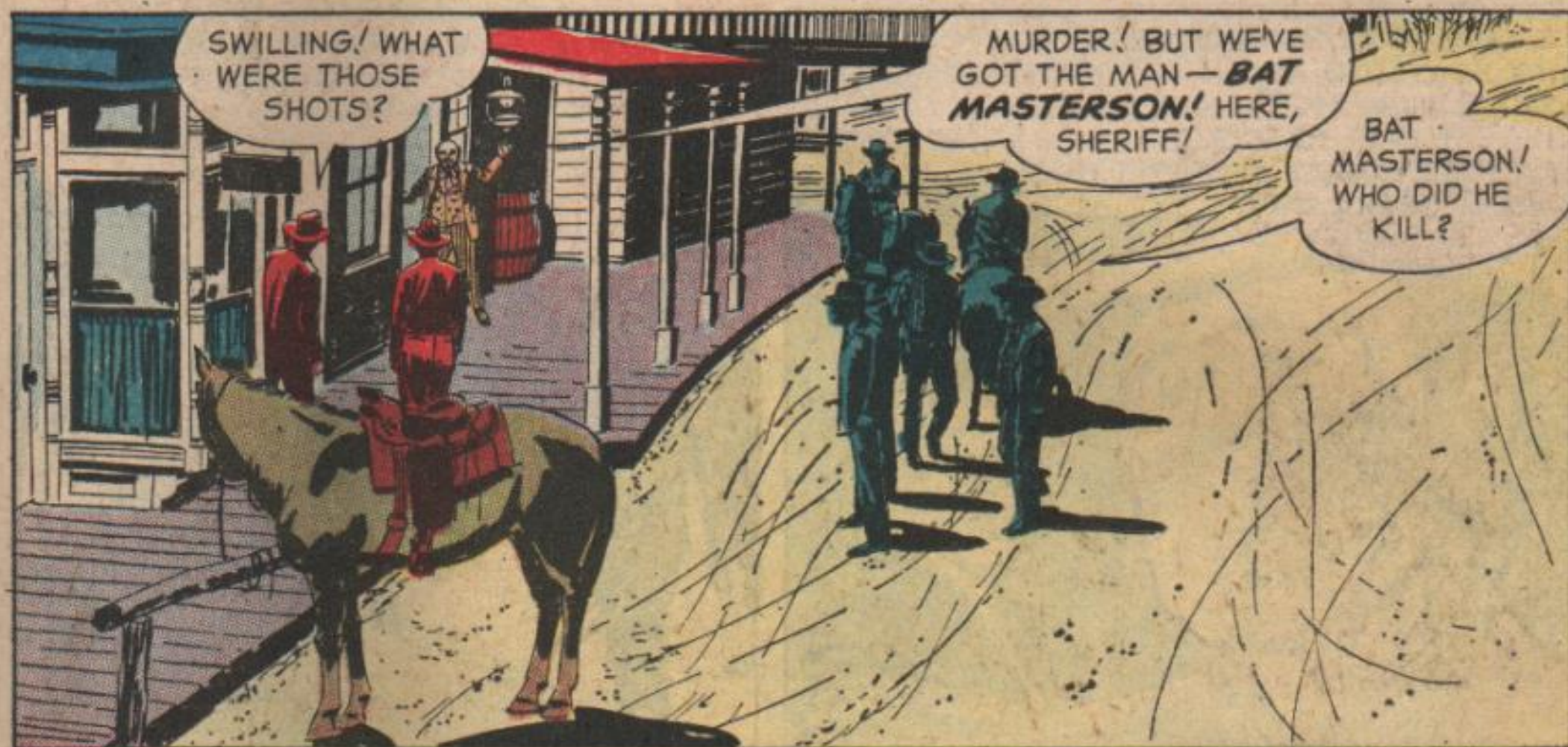
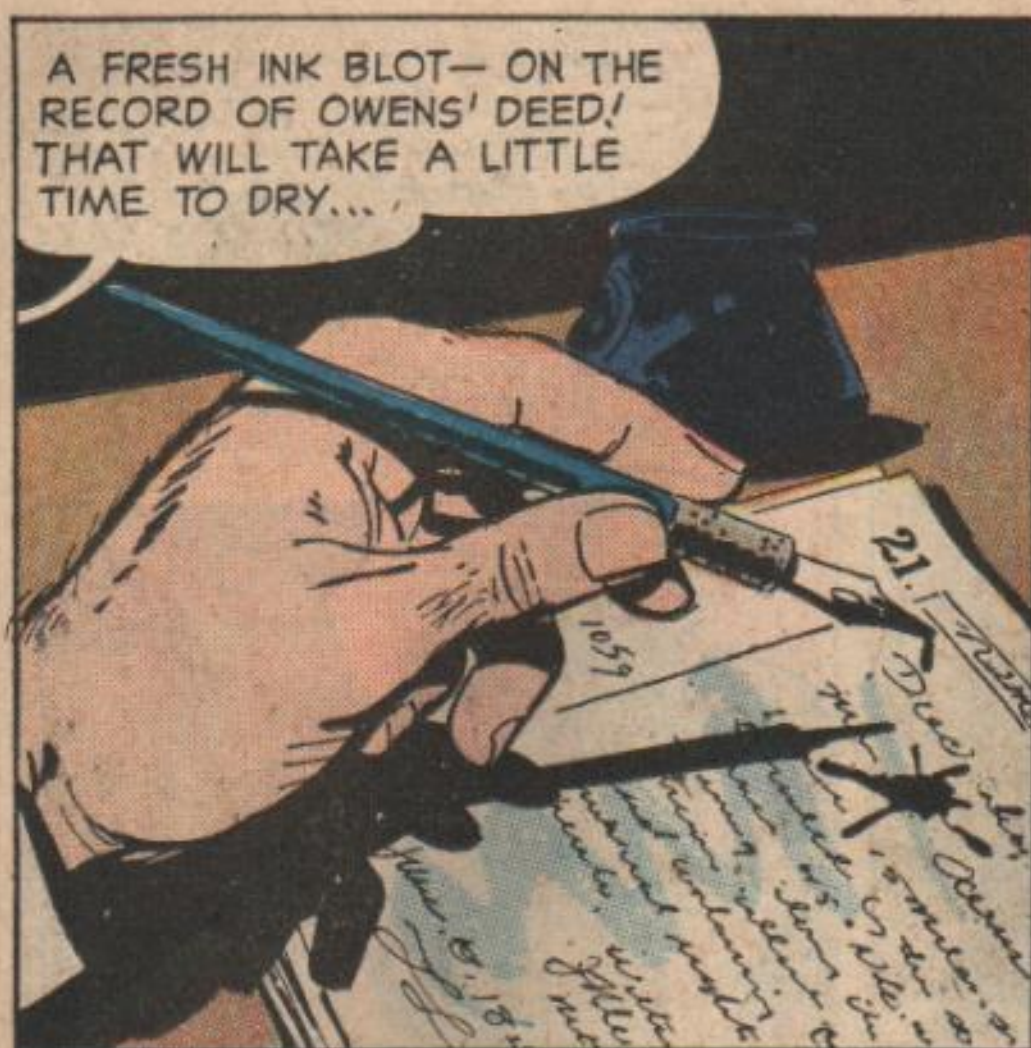
IN THE TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE...

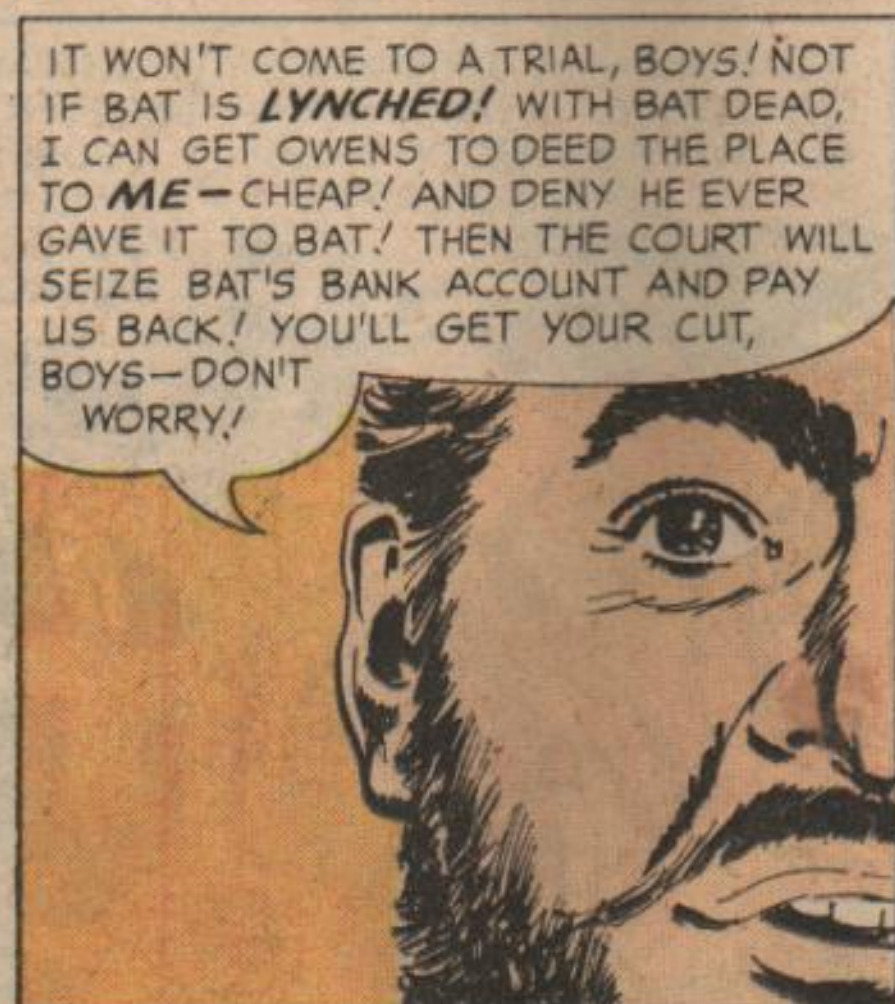
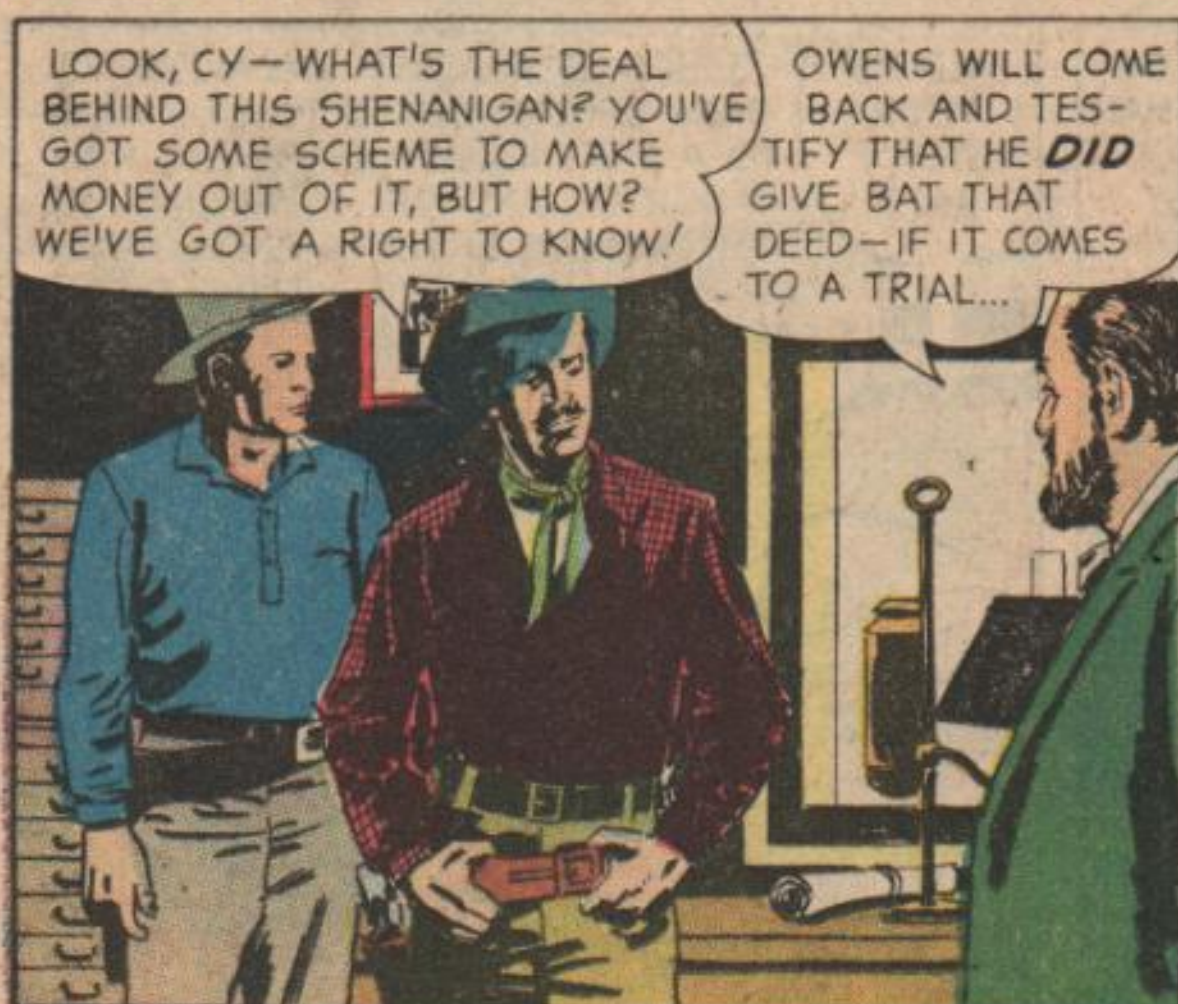
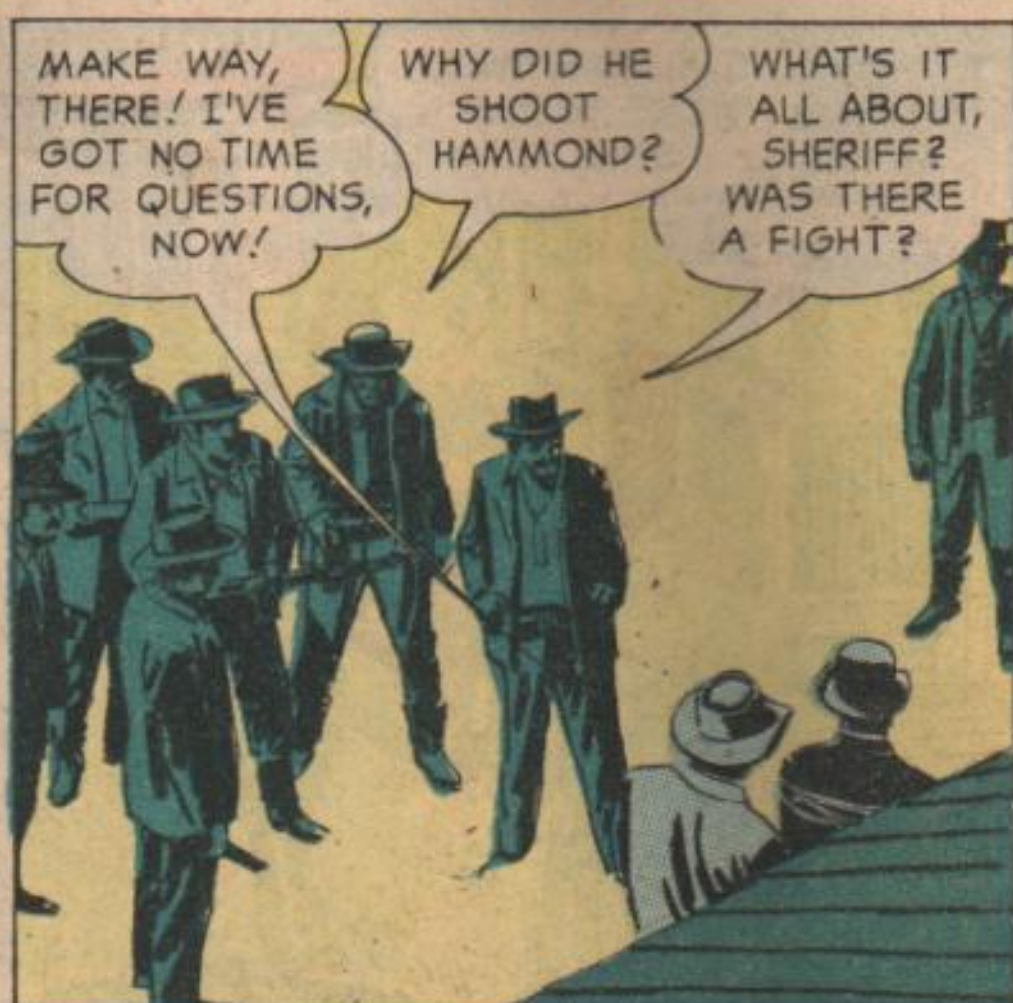
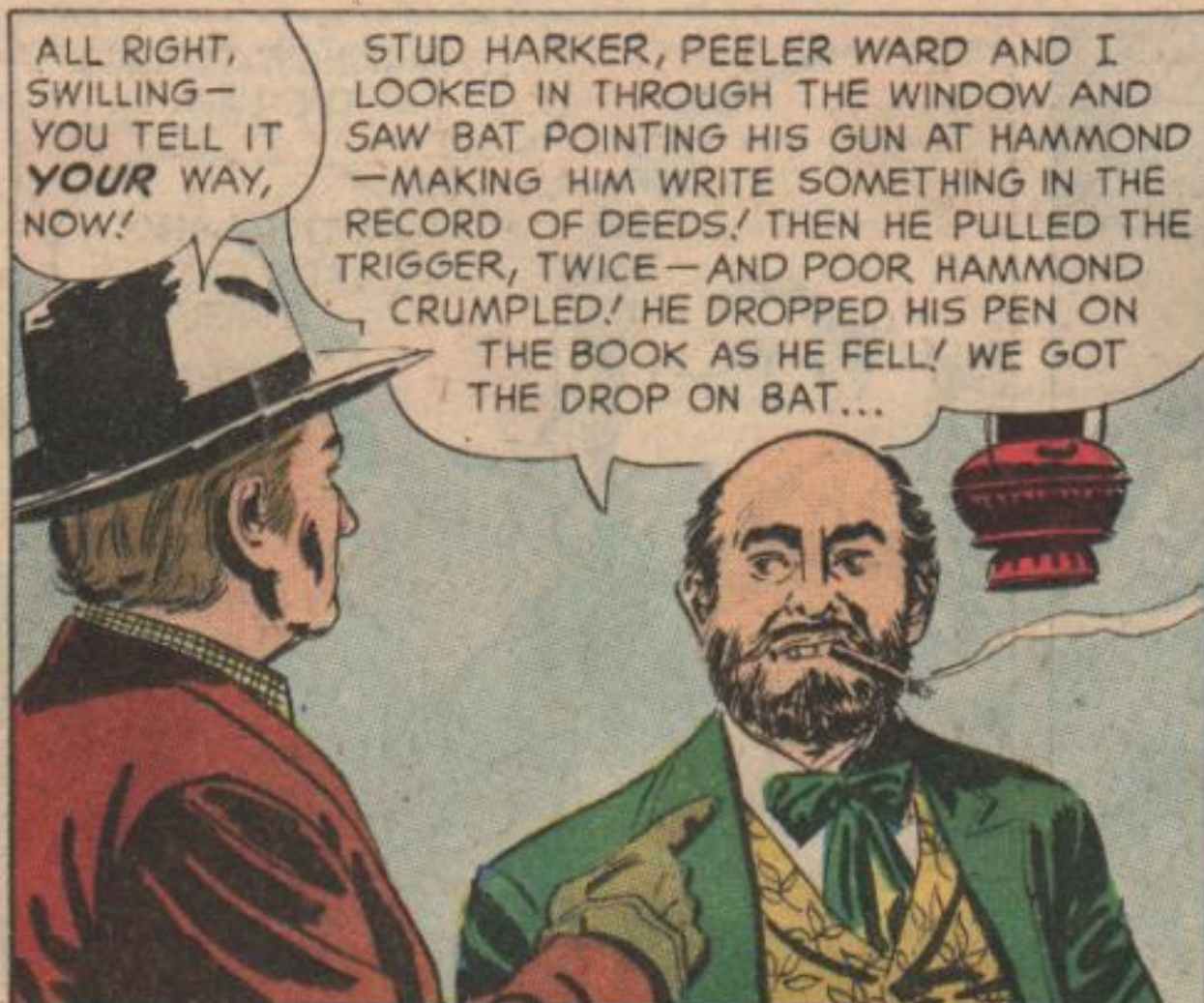
HELLO, HAMMOND! I HEAR YOU WANTED TO SEE ME ABOUT SOMETHING!

WHY—HELLO, MR. MASTERSON! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU—BUT I HAVEN'T ANY SPECIAL BUSINESS TO DISCUSS...









OUTSIDE THE JAIL THE CROWD GROWS, AS SWILLING TELLS HIS MADE-UP STORY.

WE SAW HIM! WE'LL ALL THREE SWEAR TO IT—BAT MASTERSON **FORCED** POOR HAMMOND TO RECORD A **DEED THAT WAS NEVER MADE**—GIVING BAT MASTERSON TITLE TO WILL OWENS' RANCH! THE SHERIFF WILL TELL YOU—**THE INK WAS STILL WET!**

IF BAT DIDN'T **OWN** IT—HOW COULD HE **SELL** LOTS FROM IT?

THAT'S IT, NEIGHBORS! HE **COULDN'T**—NOT LEGALLY! HE TOOK US—YOU AND ME—FOR MORE THAN **SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!** I RECKON HAMMOND ASKED TO SEE THE DEED SO HE COULD RECORD IT!..

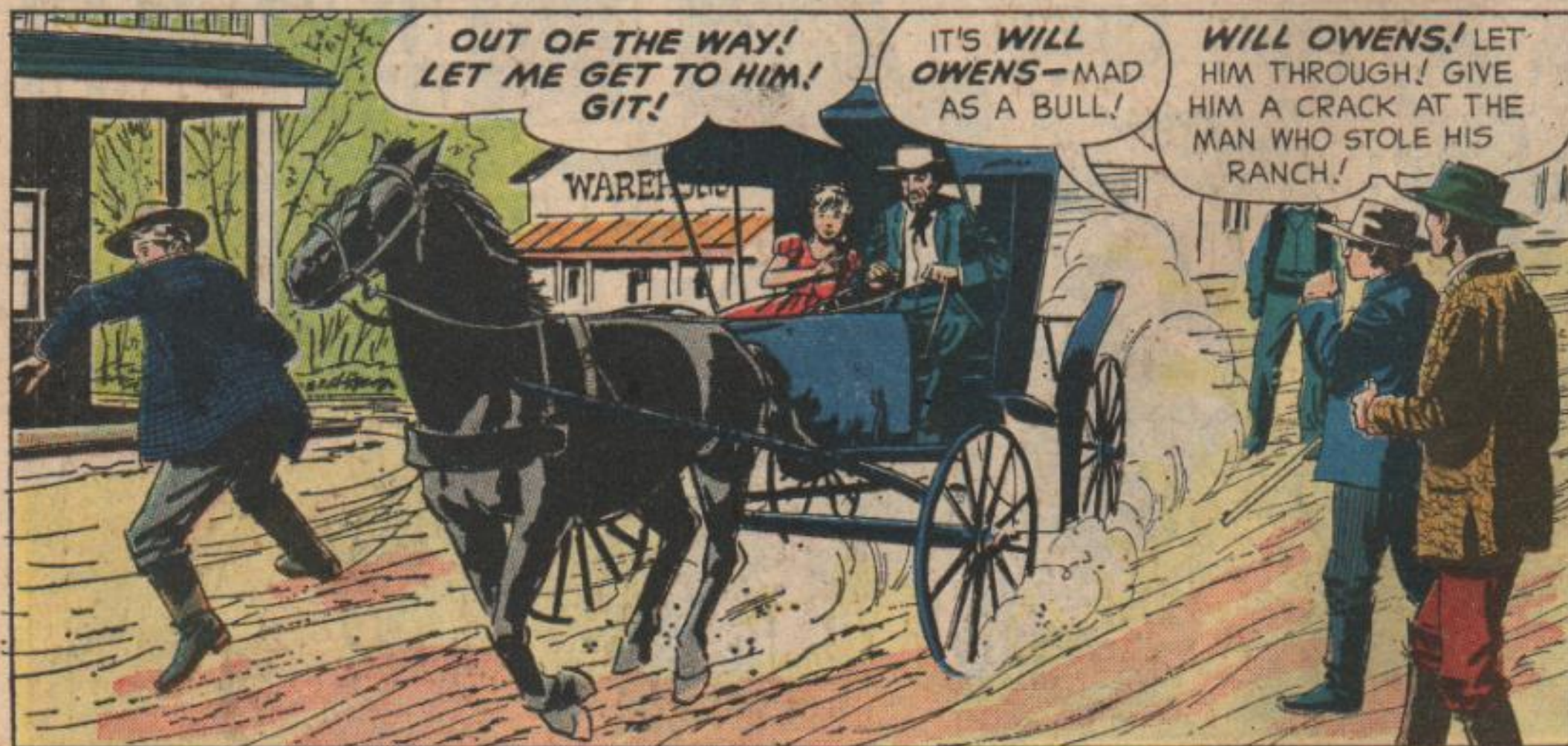
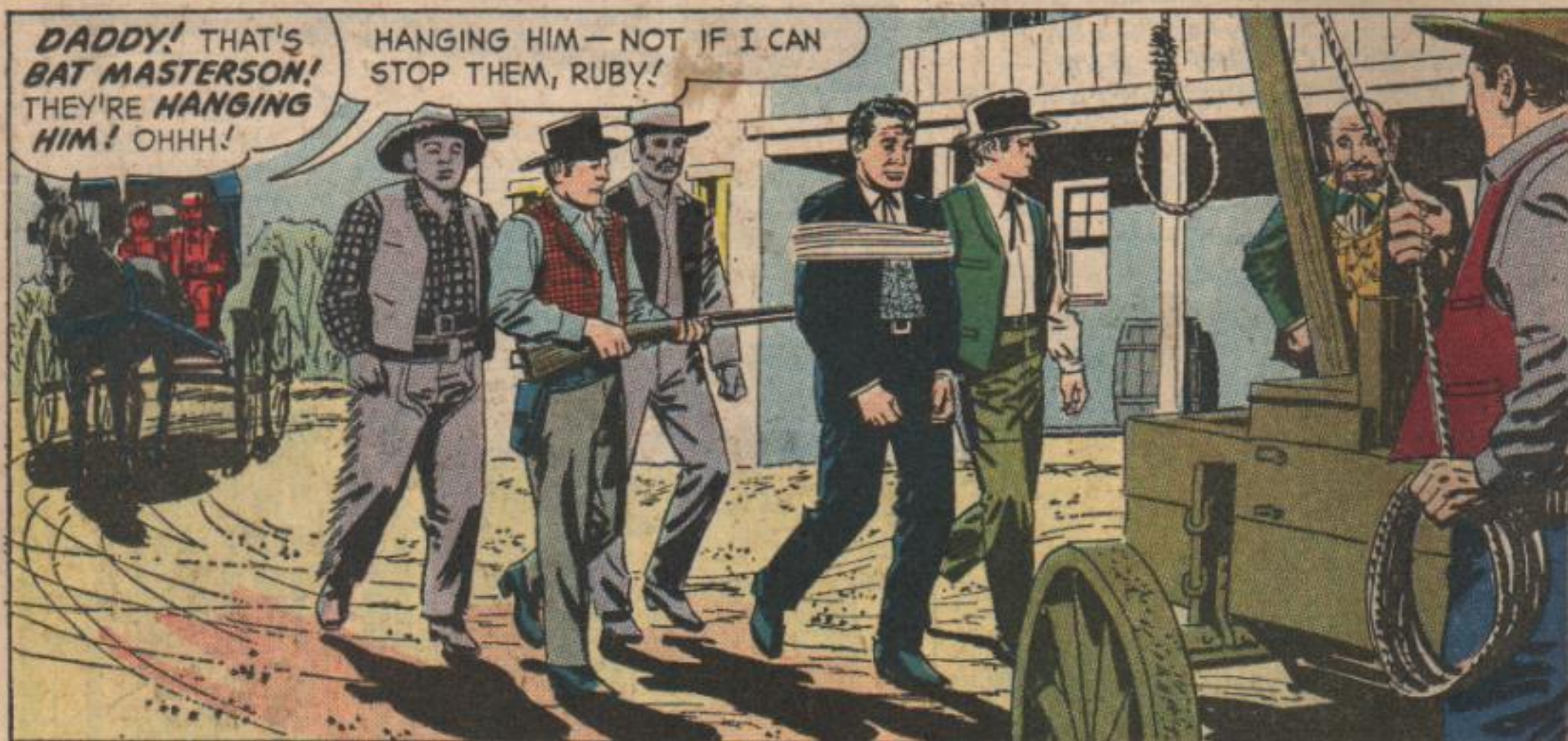
... BUT ALL POOR HAMMOND SAW WAS THE **MUZZLE OF BAT'S GUN!**—WHAT DOES A SWINDLER AND A KILLER LIKE THAT DESERVE? A TRIAL WHERE A SLICK TALKER MIGHT GET HIMSELF FREE? HE SLICK-TALKED US—

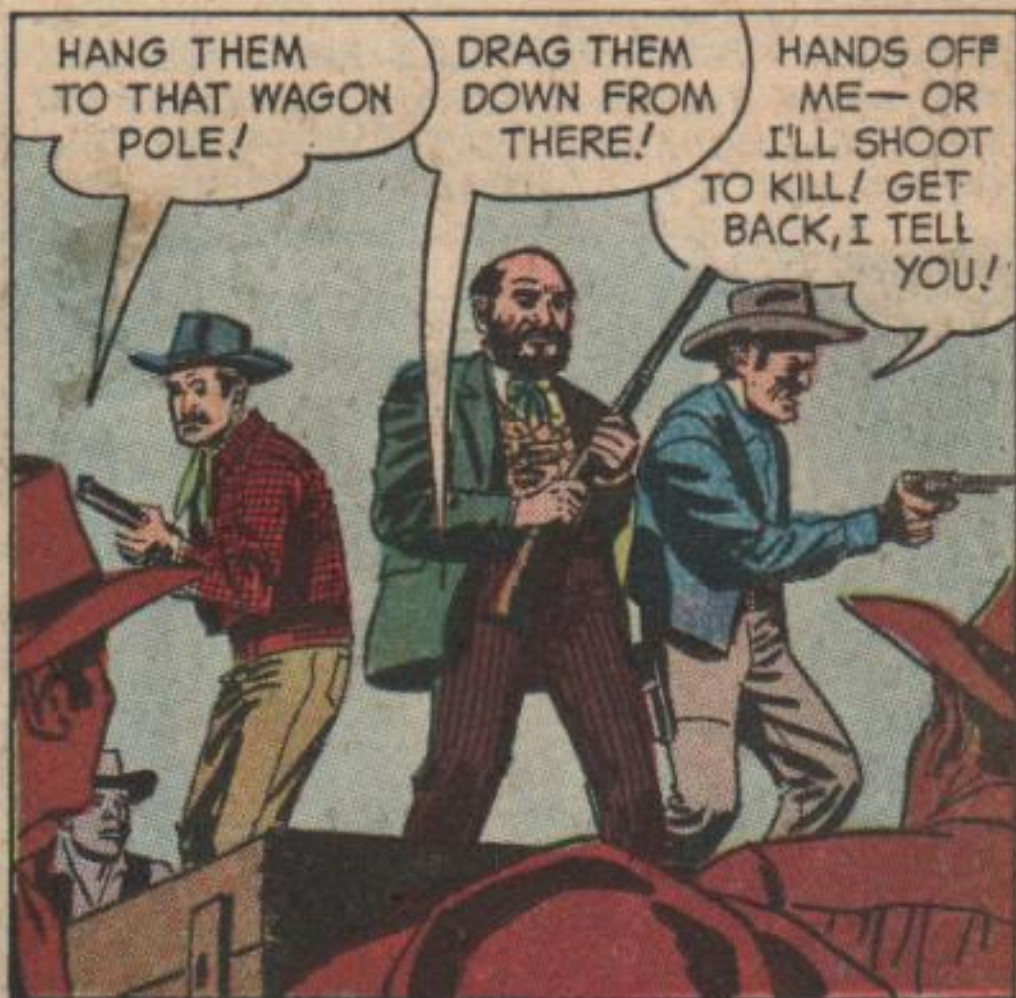
MOVE ASIDE, SHERIFF! WE'RE TAKING MASTERSON OUT TO HANG HIM, NOW! AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIRE ON YOUR FELLOW CITIZENS!

I'LL FIRE—AT ANY ATTEMPT TO FORCE THIS DOOR! NOBODY'S GOING TO LYNCH A PRISONER OF MINE! GET BACK, SWILLING—!

LYNCH HIM!

YE-A-AY!
GET A ROPE!

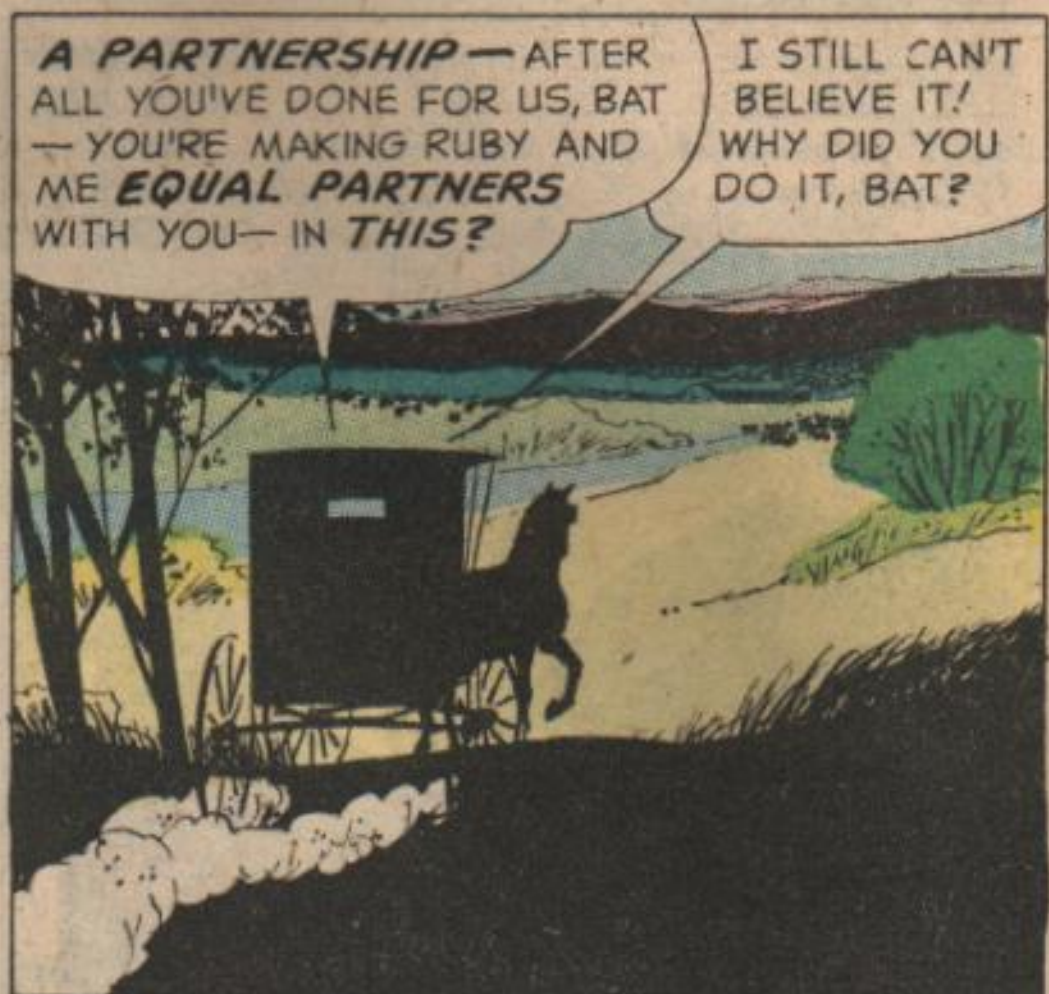






WE'VE GOT THEM—
AND WE'RE TAKING
THEM TO JAIL! THE
SHERIFF AND I!

THAT'S RIGHT, NEIGH-
BORS! THERE'LL BE **NO**
LYNCHING—EVEN OF
REAL MURDERERS!
NOW, MAKE WAY!



A PARTNERSHIP—AFTER
ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR US, BAT
—YOU'RE MAKING RUBY AND
ME **EQUAL PARTNERS**
WITH YOU—IN **THIS**?

I STILL CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!
WHY DID YOU
DO IT, BAT?



WELL, I ADMIT I COULD HAVE KEPT IT ALL
FOR MYSELF...BUT I'M NOT A MINER OR A
CATTLEMAN! I'D RATHER BE A SILENT
PARTNER HERE, AND LET YOU FOLKS EARN
MONEY FOR ME! I'M SELFISH ABOUT IT!

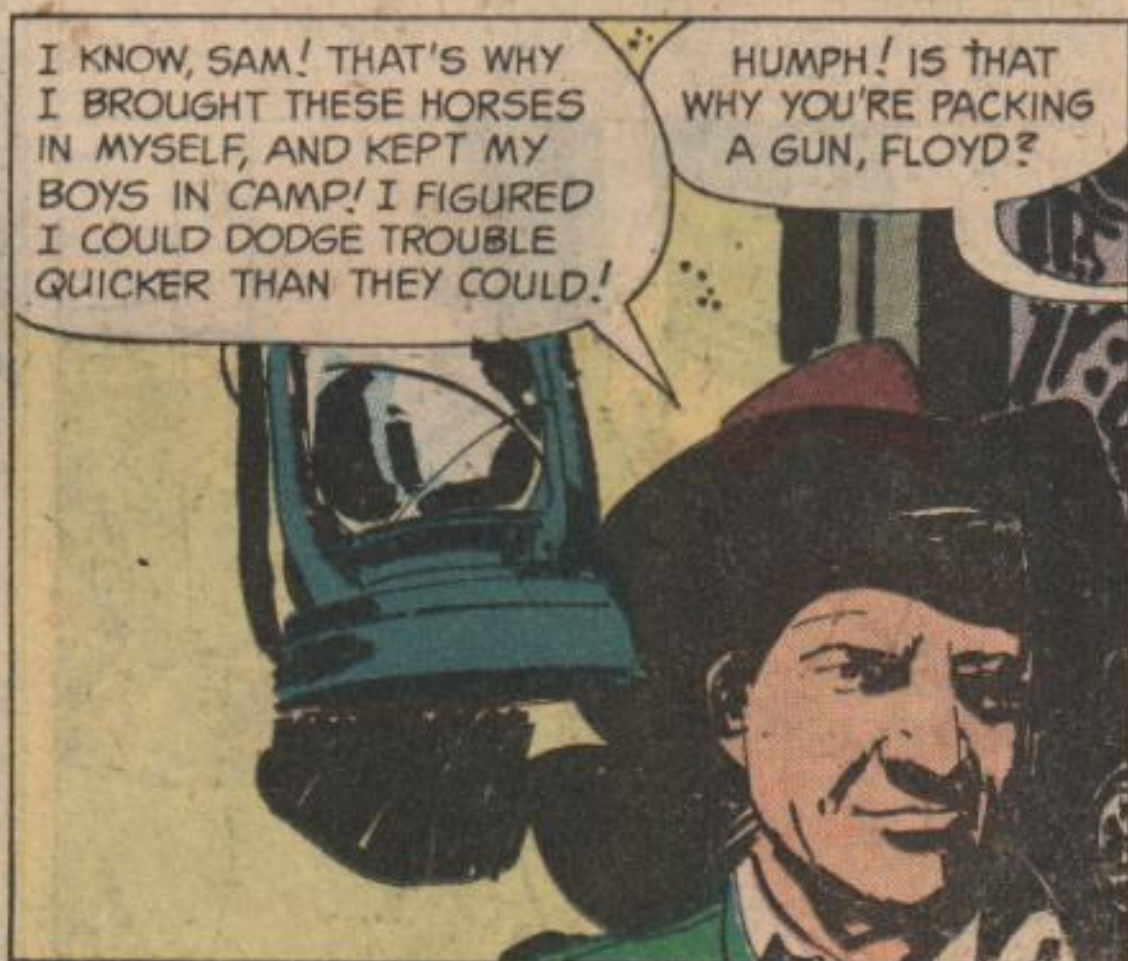
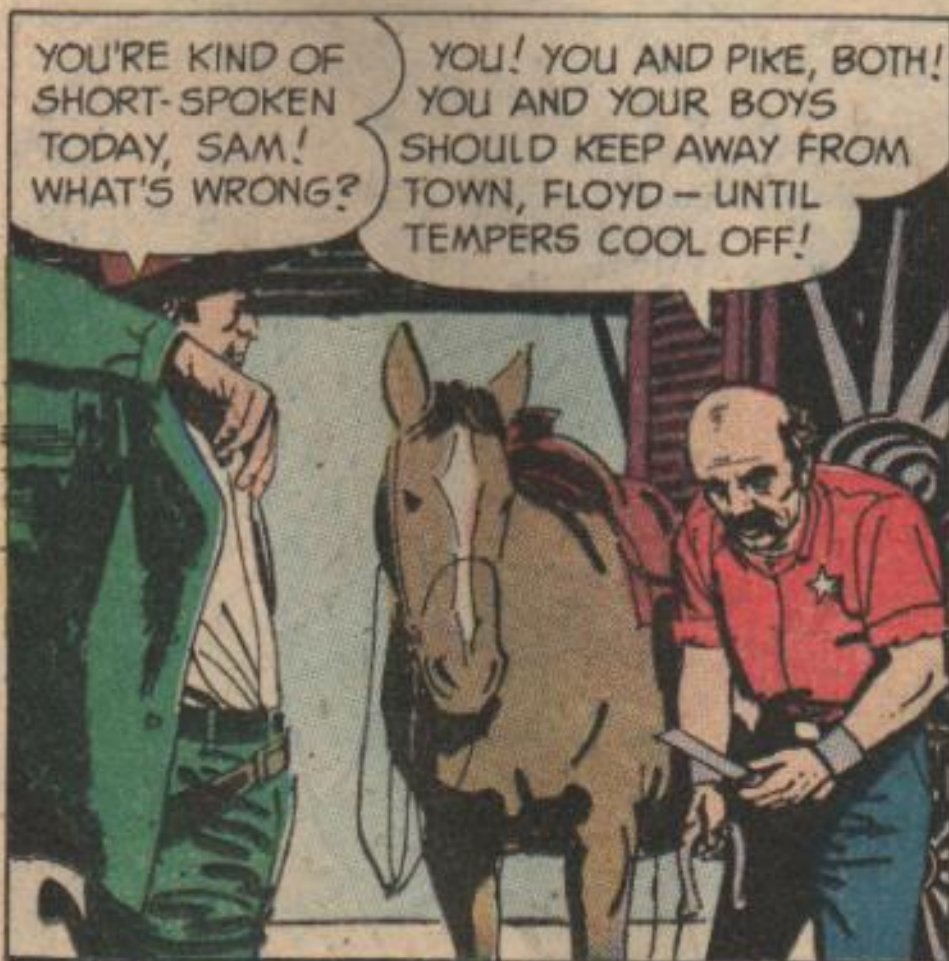
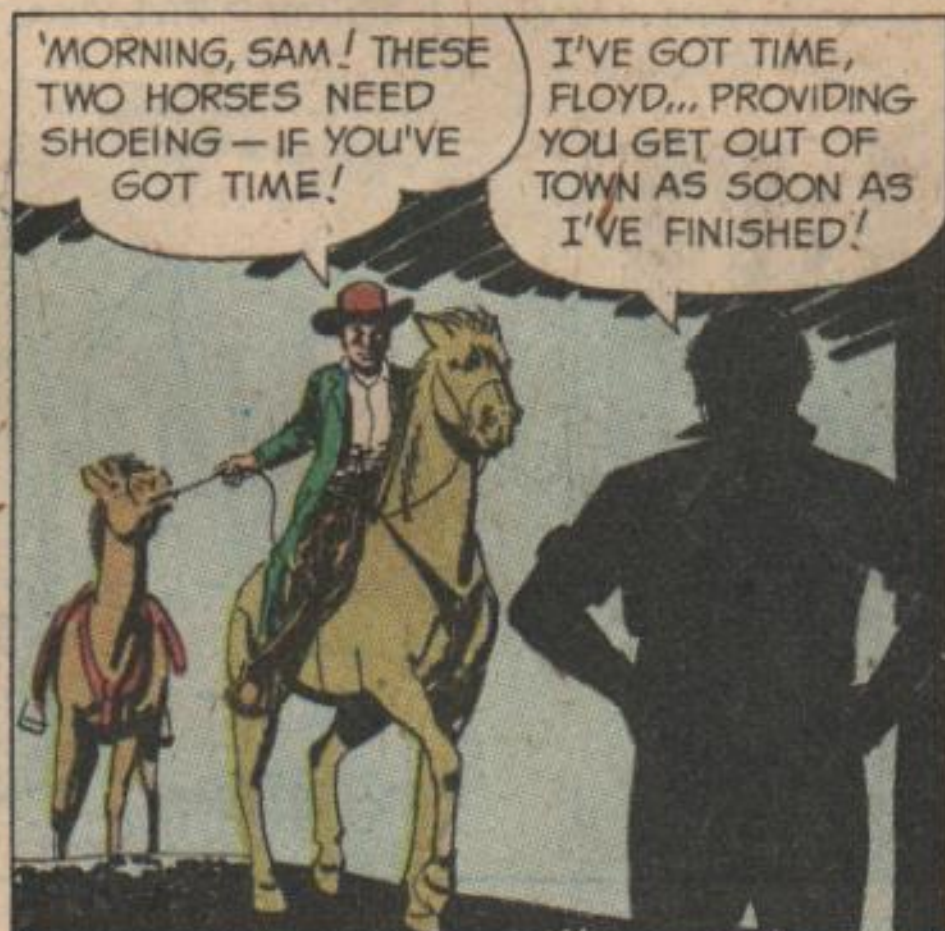
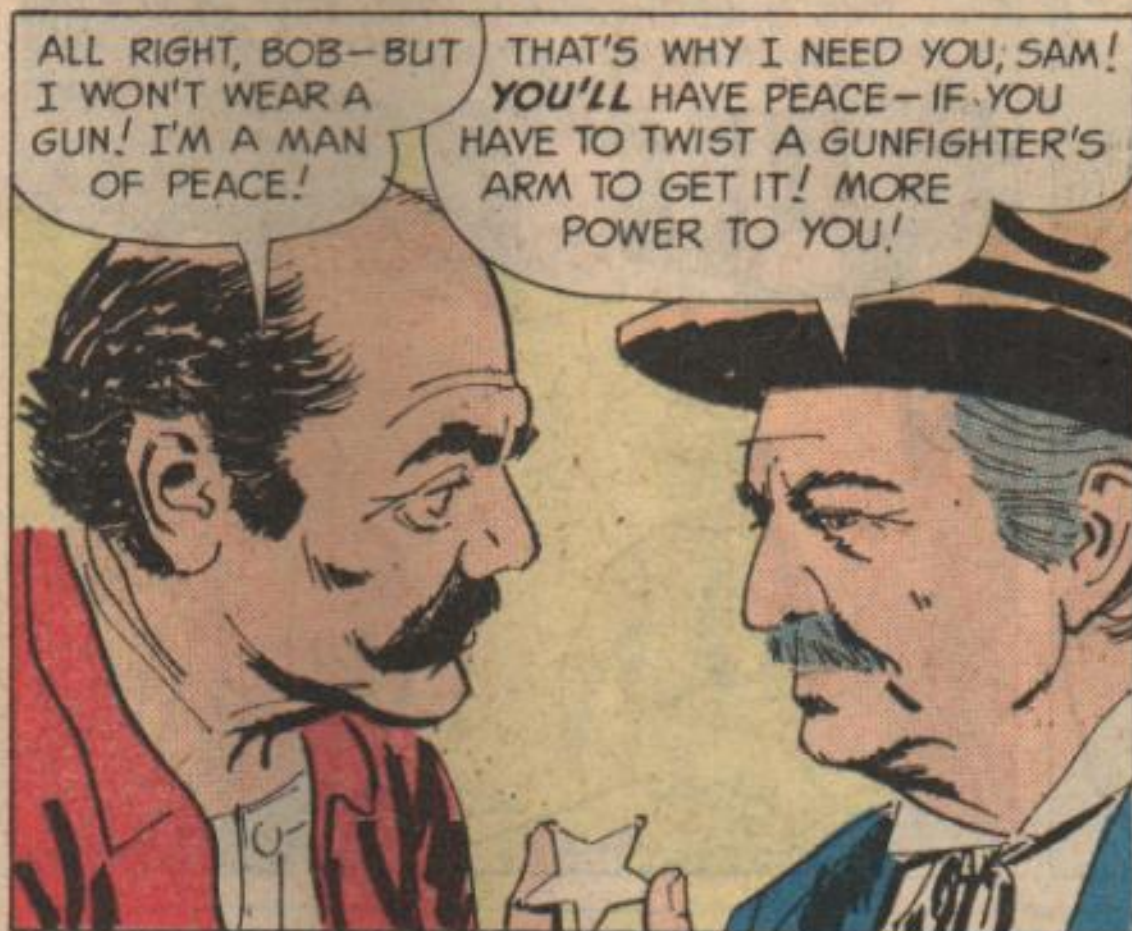
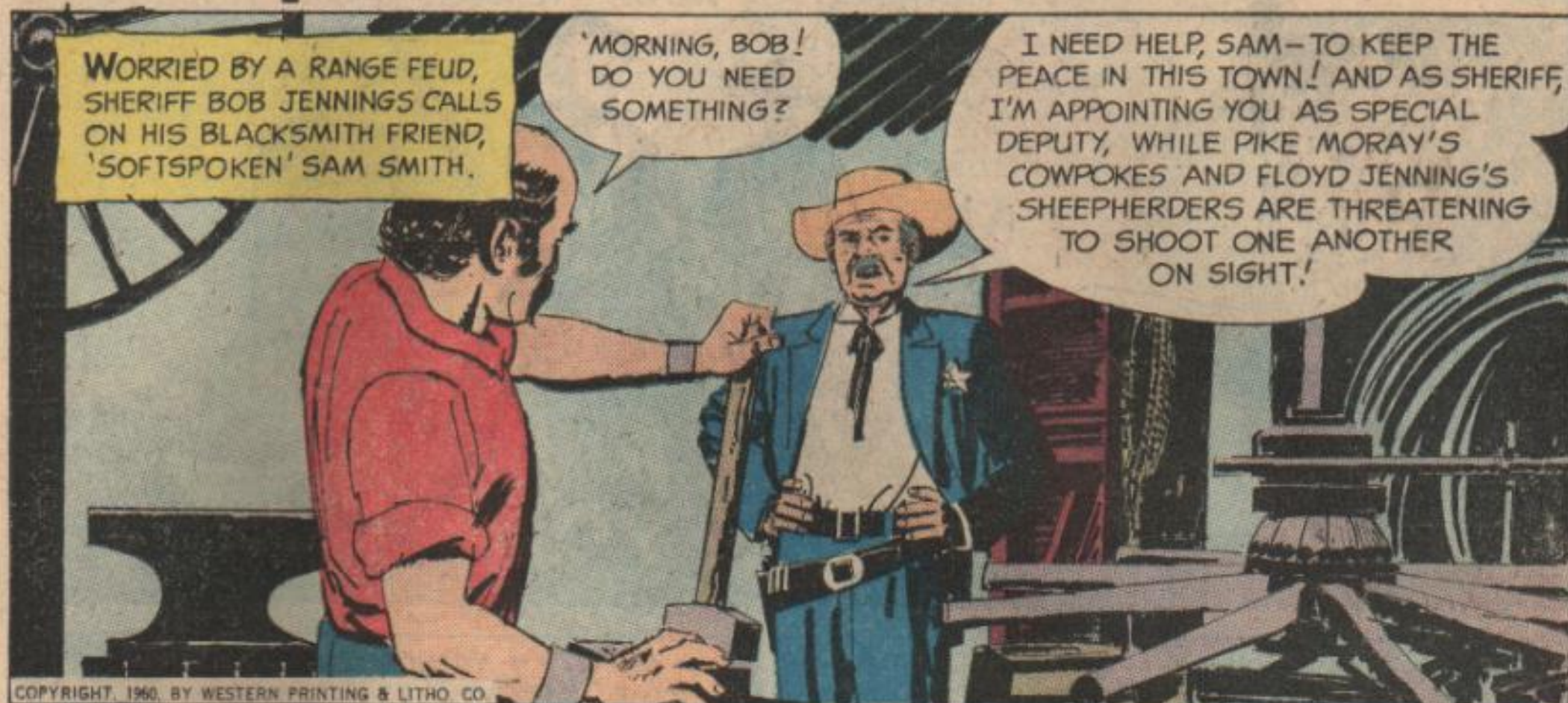


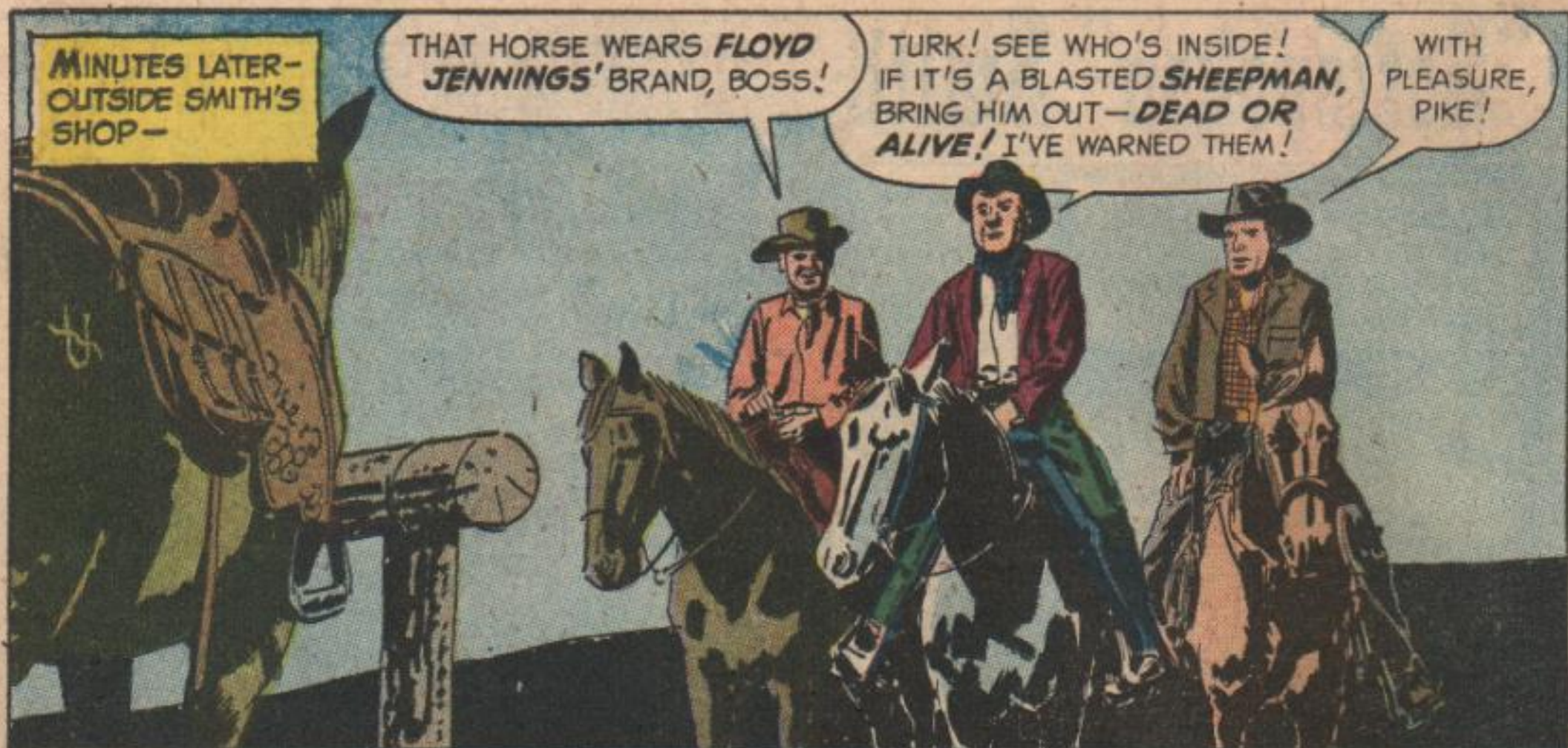
SELFISH! THAT'S WHAT **YOU**
SAY, BAT—BUT DADDY AND
I KNOW BETTER!

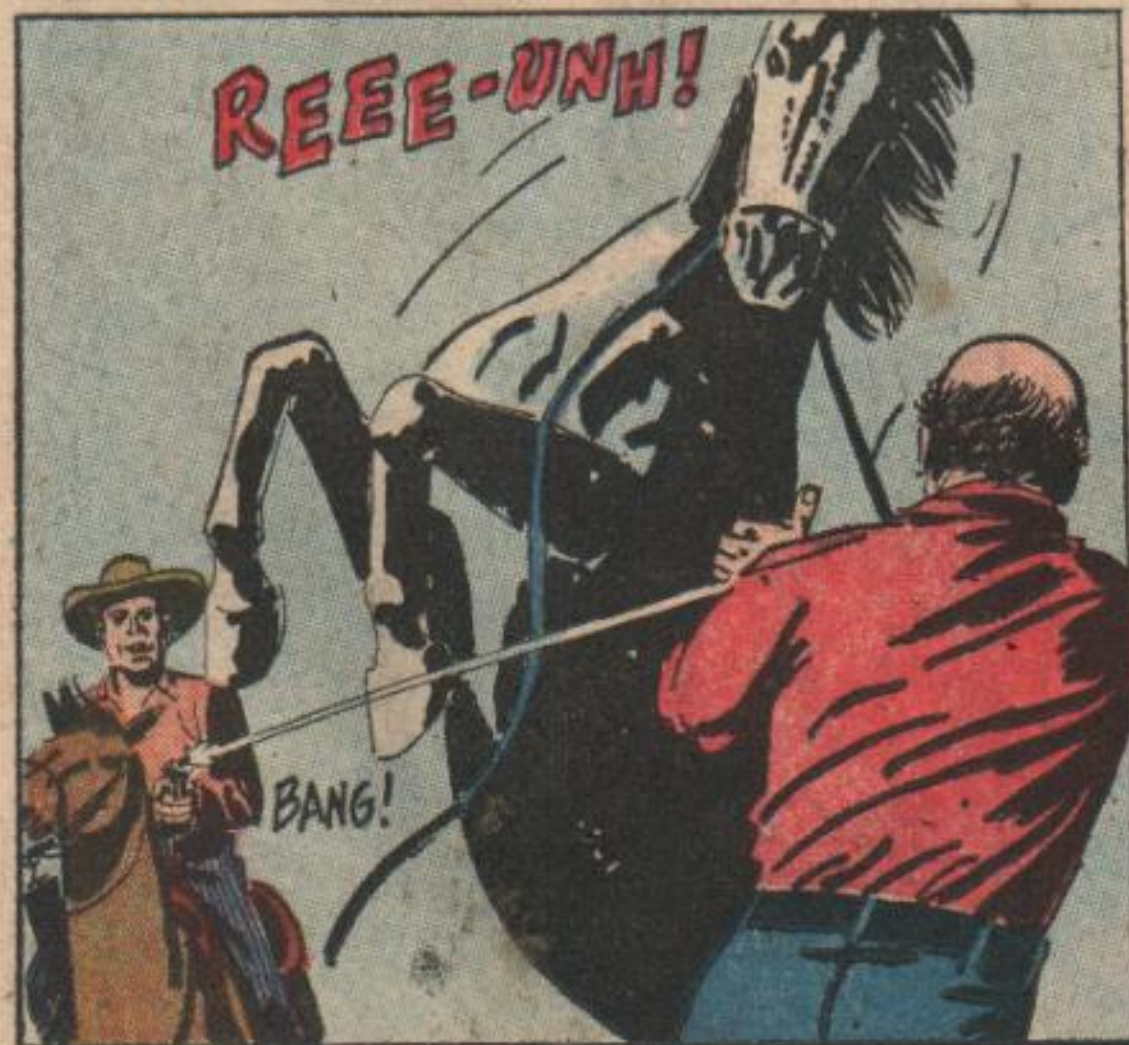
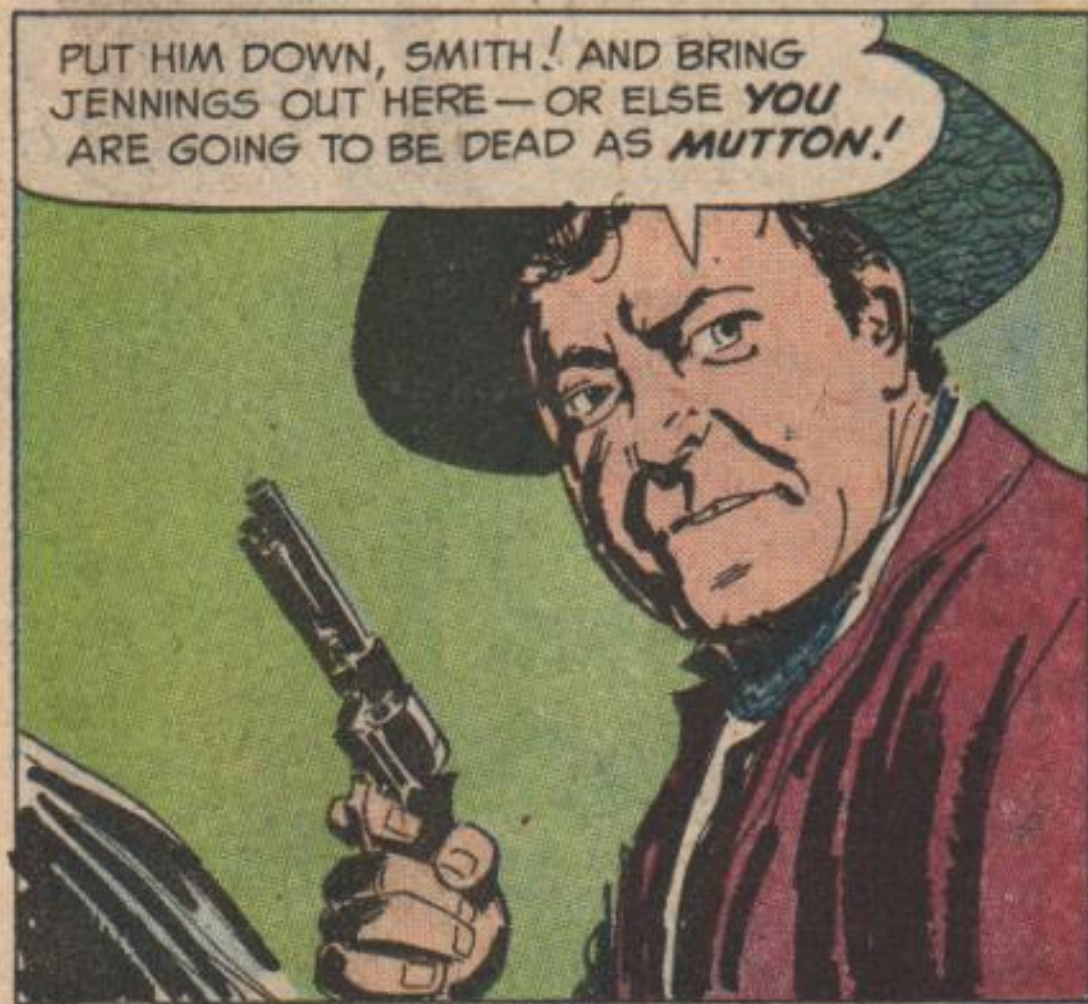
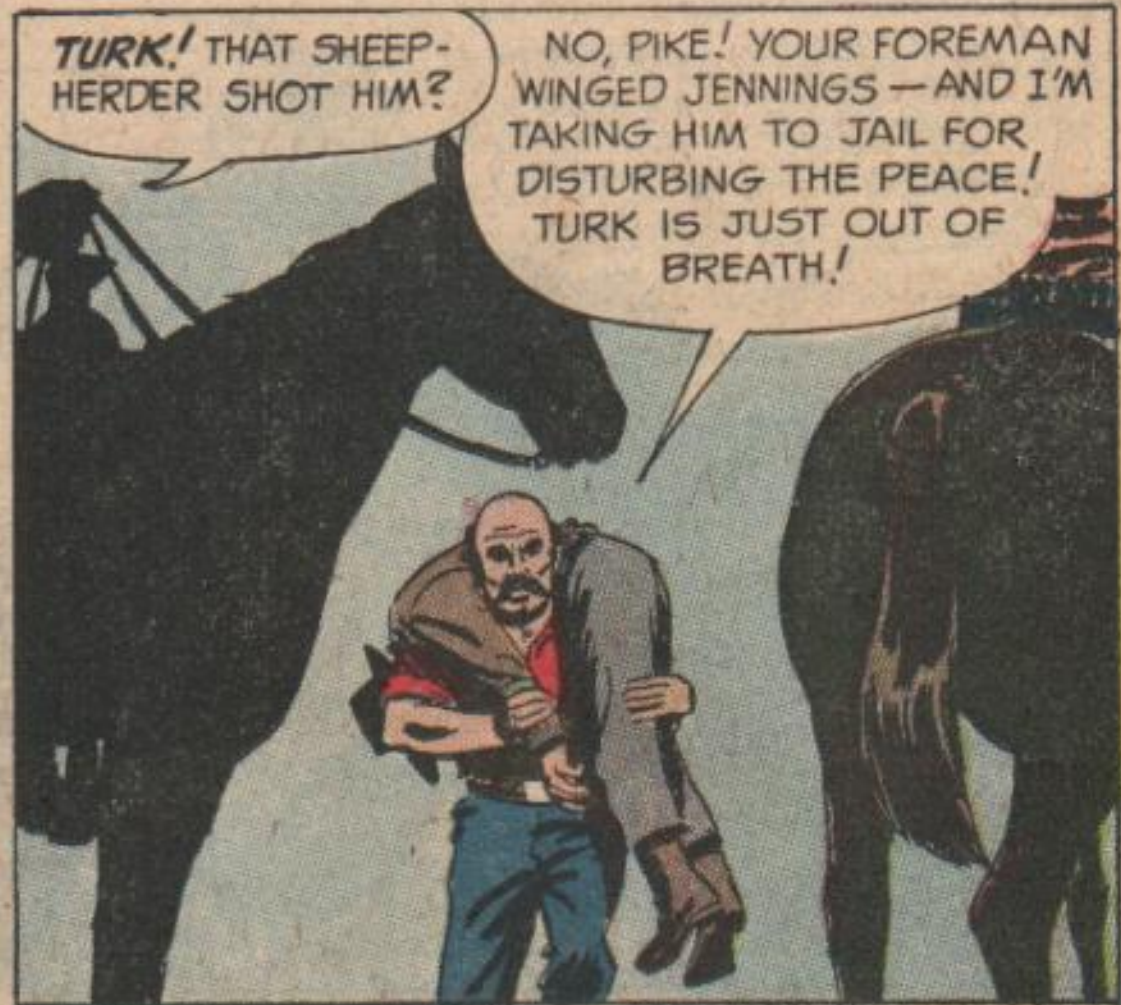
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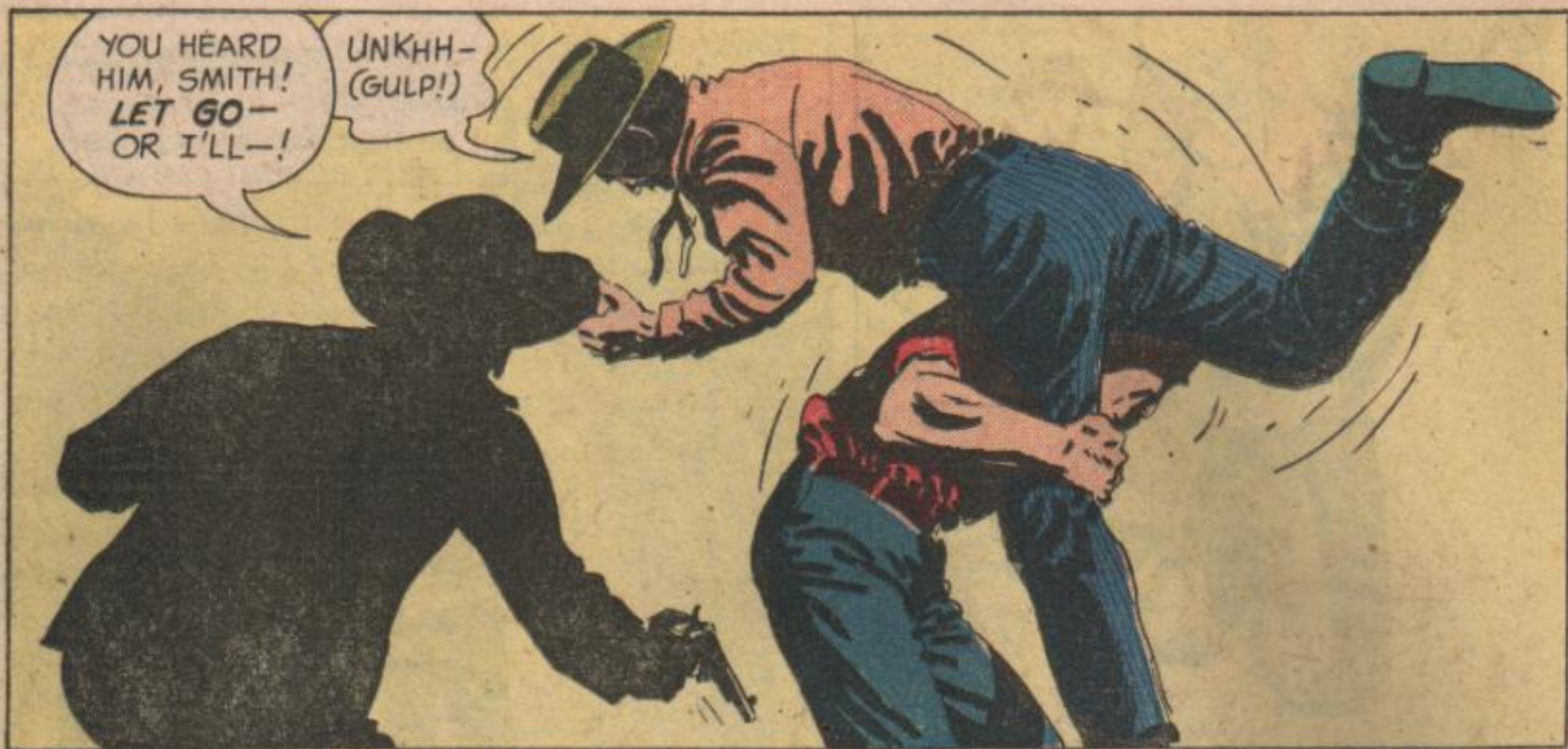
"Softspoken" Smith

THE DEPUTY



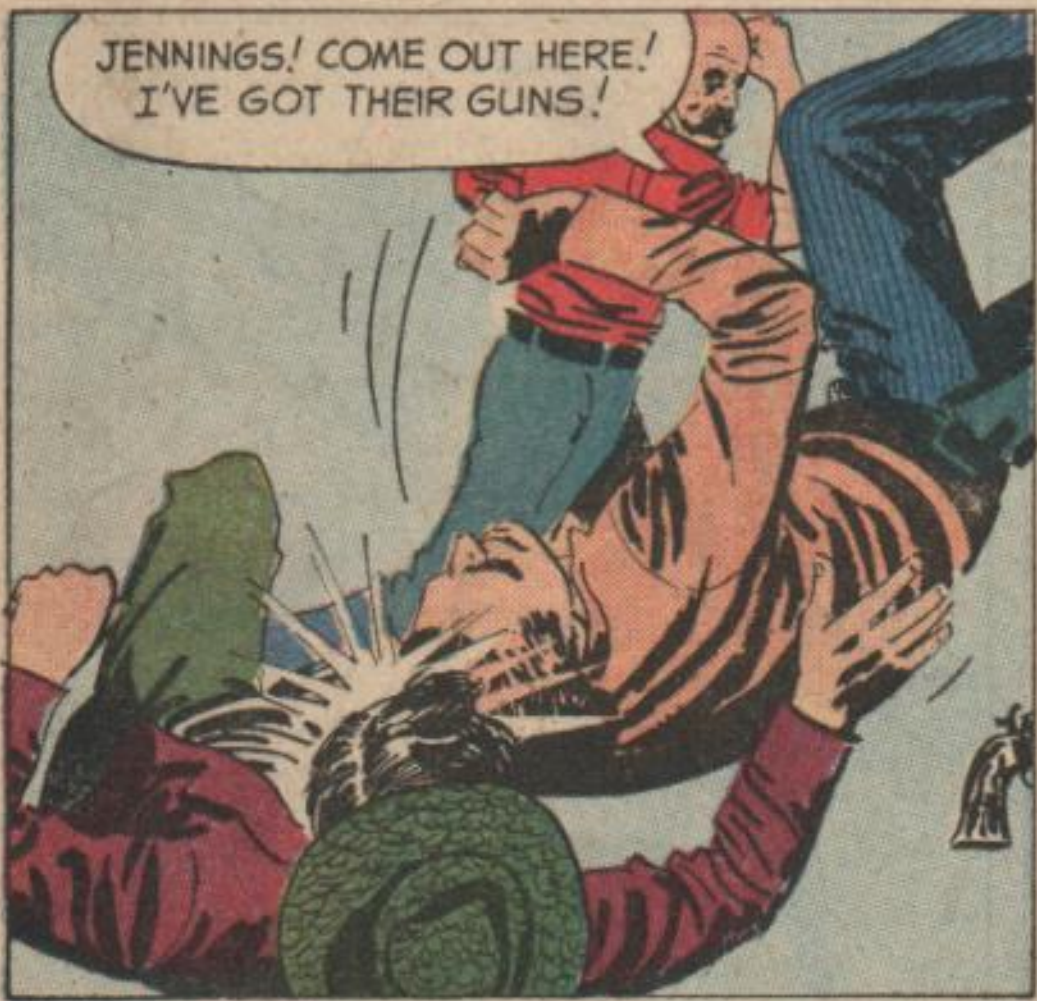






YOU HEARD HIM, SMITH!
LET GO—
OR I'LL—!

UNKHH—
(GULP!)

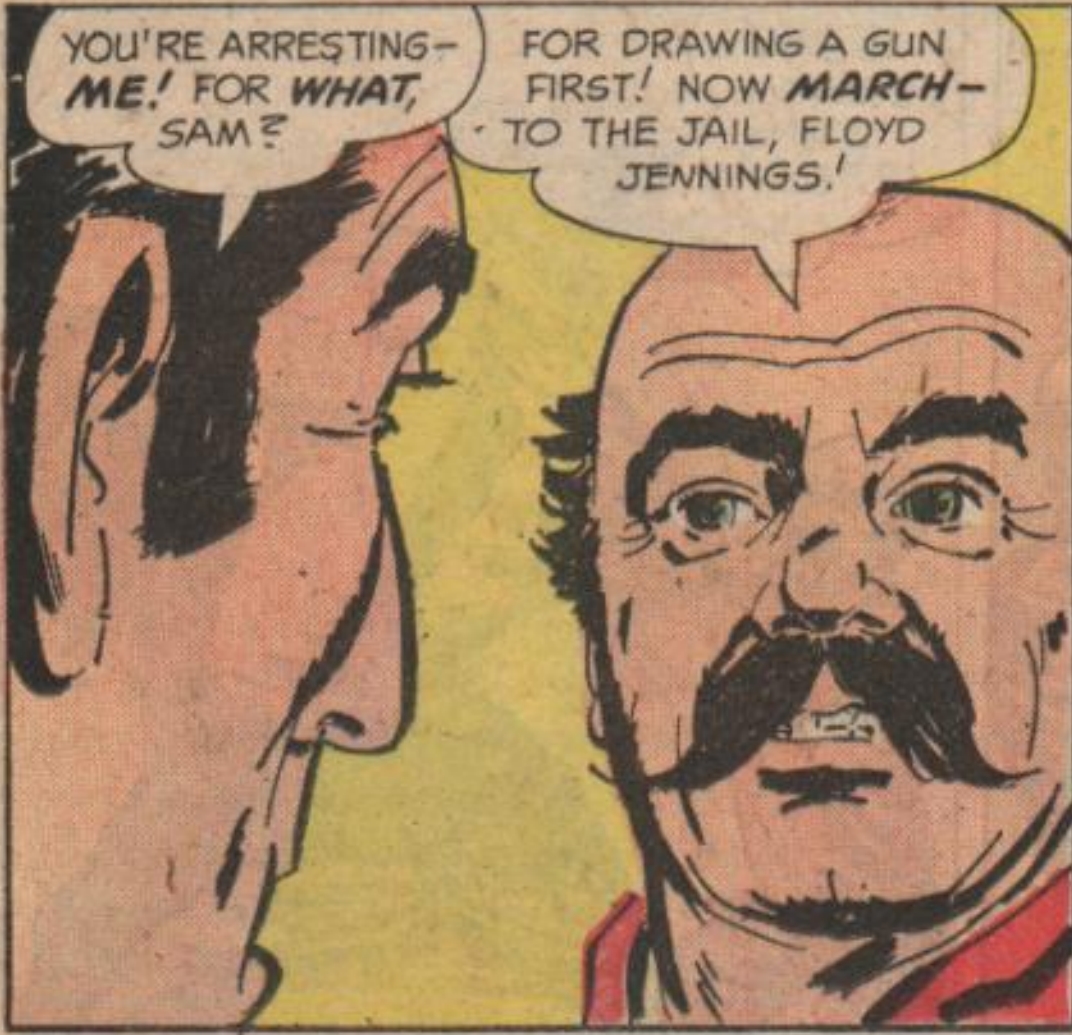


JENNINGS! COME OUT HERE!
I'VE GOT THEIR GUNS!



YOU HANDLED THEM **ALL ALONE?** SAM SMITH, YOU'RE BETTER THAN THREE SHERIFFS! ARE YOU TAKING THEM ALL TO JAIL?

ONLY TURK—
AND YOU, JENNINGS!



YOU'RE ARRESTING—
ME! FOR **WHAT,** SAM?

FOR DRAWING A GUN FIRST! NOW **MARCH—**
TO THE JAIL, FLOYD JENNINGS!



WELL, THAT ENDS THE WAR—
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED! COWBOY, WE JUST GRABBED A GRIZZLY BEAR BY THE TAIL WHEN WE BUCKED SOFTSPOKEN SAM!

A WHOLE **PACK** OF GRIZZLY BEARS WOULD BE MORE LIKE IT, BOSS! STARTING NOW, I'M FOR **PEACE!**

Posse Puzzle



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From his perch high in the rimrock, Red Scanlon watched the sheriff's posse ride out of town. Red had the money with him from the stagecoach hold-up. He also had a bullet wound which needed pampering. About two days' rest was what he needed—two days to let the wound start healing before he started his hard ride for the Mexican border.

The sheriff's posse would never let him get that needed rest. Sheriff Osgood had the keen nose of a hound when it came to sticking on a trail. The sheriff would track him down, Red knew, as surely as starvation follows a long drought.

Red made a desperate decision. The safest place in a hurricane is in the calm, dead middle of it—and the safest place to hide out during the fury of this manhunt might just be in the middle of it too.

Red waited until the last hard-riding straggler of the posse was out of sight in Dynamite Canyon, then he turned his tired bronc down the thin mountain trail in the direction of town.

The early night haze obscured his pas-

sage as he rode into town. But likely there wouldn't have been a gun set against him anyway. All those big enough to carry guns had ridden out of town with the posse.

Red Scanlon rode to a house at the edge of town where Sheriff Osgood lived. He rode boldly into the yard and stepped from the saddle. He knocked at the door. To the young and pretty woman who opened it, he made no bones about his intention.

He pulled a gun from holster and held it on her closely. "You're having a guest while your husband's out with the posse. He'd never think of looking for me in his own house. It'll take him two days to comb those mountains. By that time I'll be rested up and gone. . . ."

Red made a little miscalculation. He was still at the sheriff's house when the sheriff returned. Red saw him coming through the window. In animal fury, he put his gun on the girl again, and said, "Do just like I tell you if you want to live. I'll hide in the other room. You greet your husband just like everything was all right. Put your arms around him and kiss him and hold him there till I get out the window, and get a head start on my horse. Do it right, or I'll gun you both."

Red was in the other room, with his gun out, waiting, when the sheriff entered. He smiled with grim satisfaction as he heard the girl following instructions. He heard her footsteps as she rushed into his arms. "Oh, my darling!" she cried. "My darling, darling husband—I worried so about you when you were away—"

There was more in this same affectionate vein, and Red stepped to the window and let himself out.

He let himself out squarely into Sheriff Osgood's hands. He had been tricked! While the girl had continued to talk, the sheriff had tiptoed out the door and around the house with his gun.

"And in case you're wondering how I figured it out," he told Red with a hard grin, "this girl isn't my wife. She's my sister who's keeping house for me while my wife's away visiting her folks. She gave me the nod to the window while she called me husband."

BAT MASTERSON Showdown in DODGE CITY



IN THE WAITING ROOM OF THE TOPEKA RAILROAD STATION, BAT MASTERSON TAKES HIS OLD FRIEND AND FORMER CHIEF, **WYATT EARP**, INTO HIS CONFIDENCE.

HELLO, BAT! I HEARD YOU WERE WAITING FOR THE TRAIN! BUSINESS OR PLEASURE?

BUSINESS—FOR A FRIEND, WYATT! READ THIS TELEGRAM!



YOU KNOW DAVE SMALL, IN DODGE CITY, WYATT... THIS SAYS MAYOR WEAVER, WHO OWNS A RIVAL SALOON, PUT DAVE IN JAIL ON A **COOKED-UP CHARGE!** DAVE WANTS **ME** TO GET HIM OUT!

UMMM! WEAVER'S A SLICK ONE—RUNS THE "LAW-AND-ORDER PARTY,"—SO CALLED FOR WHAT HE CAN MAKE! HE CAN'T BEAR COMPETITION!



BAT, HERE'S **ANOTHER** TELEGRAM FOR YOU—JUST CAME IN! FROM DODGE!

MORE BAD NEWS?



HMMM! IT'S FROM ANOTHER FRIEND OF DAVE'S—AND MINE! HE SAYS THAT WEAVER'S MARSHAL, JACK PARROTT, IS PLANNING A "WELCOME PARTY"—SINCE THEY FOUND OUT DAVE SENT FOR ME! WELL... THIS TRAIN WILL GET ME INTO DODGE AFTER DARK...

SAY THE WORD AND I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU, BAT!



I KNOW YOU WOULD, WYATT—BUT I THINK I CAN HANDLE PARROTT! THANKS ALL THE SAME! THERE'S MY TRAIN WHISTLING!

WELL, LET ME KNOW IF YOU GET IN A TIGHT SPOT!

THAT EVENING, AS BAT'S TRAIN PULLS INTO DODGE, ITS HEADLIGHT PICKS OUT MARSHAL PARROTT AND A PAIR OF DEPUTIES WAITING OUTSIDE THE CALABOOSE.



THERE'S THE "WELCOME PARTY"—HOLDING OPEN THE DOOR OF THE JAIL FOR ME—SO TO SPEAK! I THINK **I'LL** SPEAK FIRST!



BUT BAT GETS OFF BEFORE THE TRAIN STOPS MOVING AND TAKES COVER BEHIND THE RAISED TRACKS...

PARROTT! I WANT TO TALK WITH YOU!

BAT
MASTERSON!

IT'S HIS VOICE!
HE'S GOT THE DROP ON US!





DUCK—
IN HERE!



GET HIM!— BEFORE
HE CAN SHOOT! HE'S
PURE POISON
WITH A GUN!



THEY'RE AIMING HIGH!
I'LL FIRE A FEW SHOTS
TO HELP THEM LOCATE
ME...



I'LL BE GONE BEFORE THEY
CATCH ON! AND SHOOTING
HIGH LIKE THEY'RE DOING, IS
GOING TO BRING SOME
ANSWERS FROM ACROSS
THE STREET!



THE PROPRIETOR OF THE LONG
BRANCH, "CHALK" BEESON, DIVES
FOR HIS OPEN SAFE, AS WILD
BULLETS FROM ACROSS THE
STREET COME THROUGH.

YEOW! WHAT ARE
THOSE CRAZY FOOLS
AIMING AT? YOU,
BEESON?

WHO KNOWS?
I'M NOT
TAKING A
CHANCE!



IN HOOVER'S WHOLESALE LIQUOR
STORE, PATRONS DIVE FOR COVER!

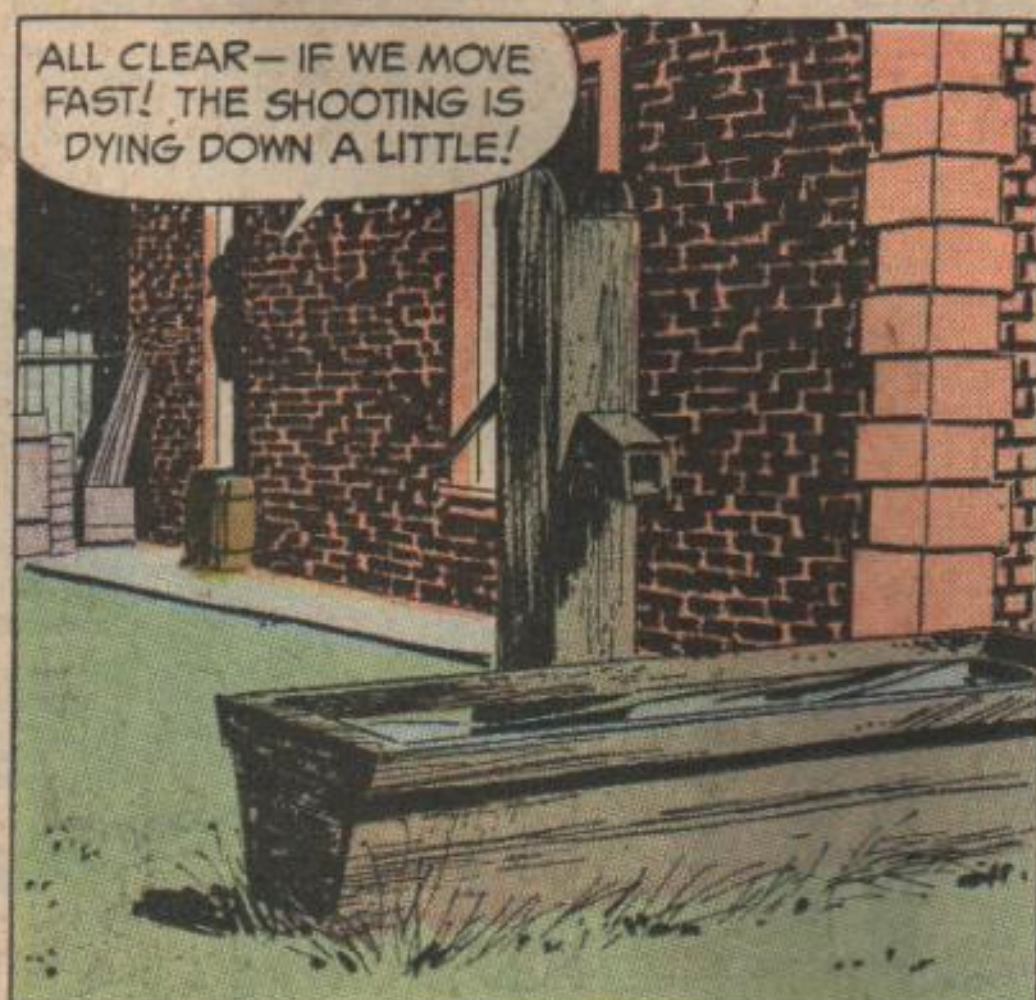
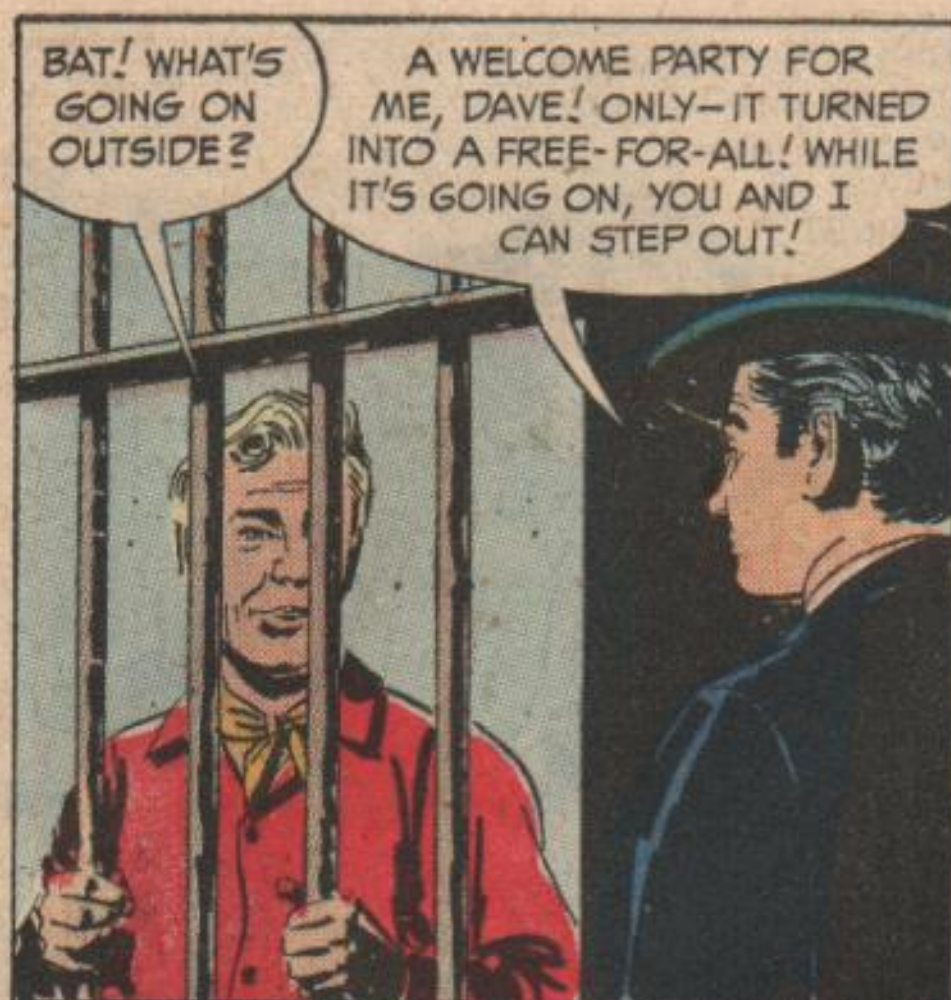
YI! HIT THE
FLOOR,
BOYS!

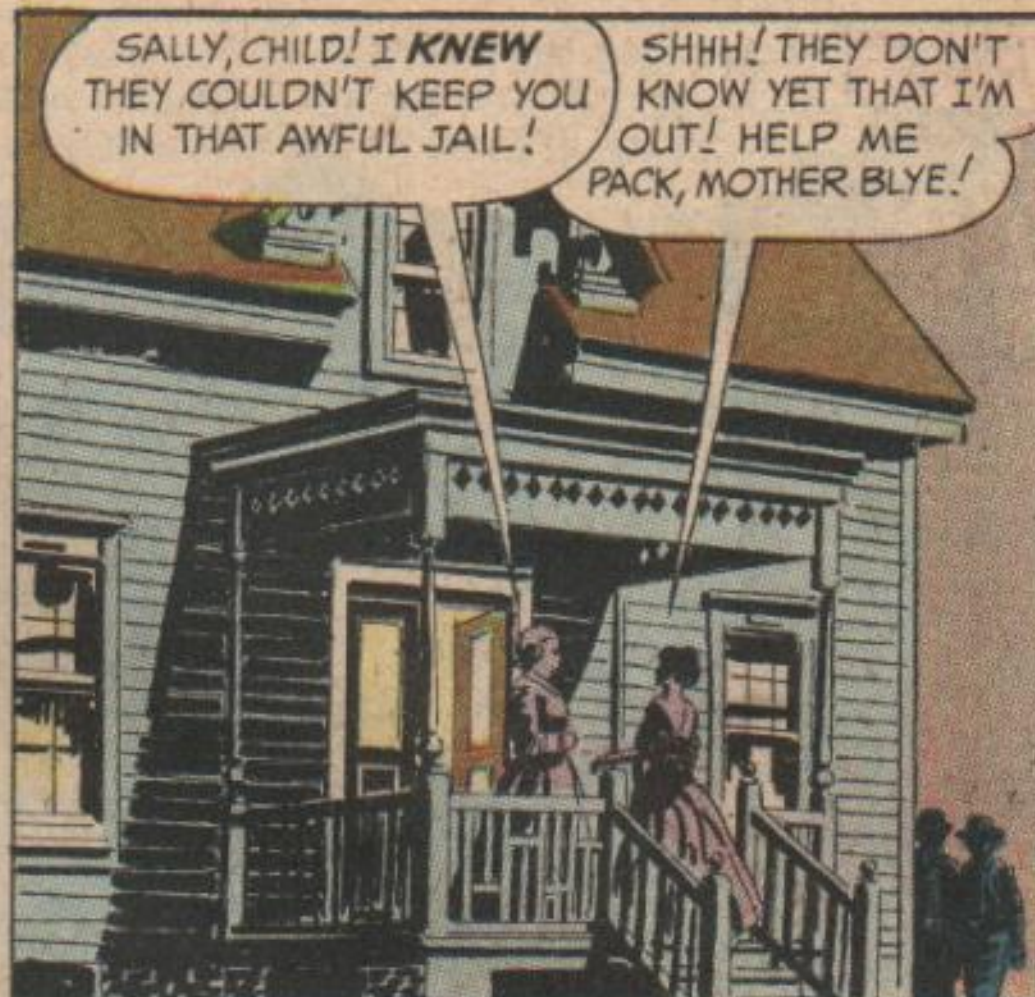
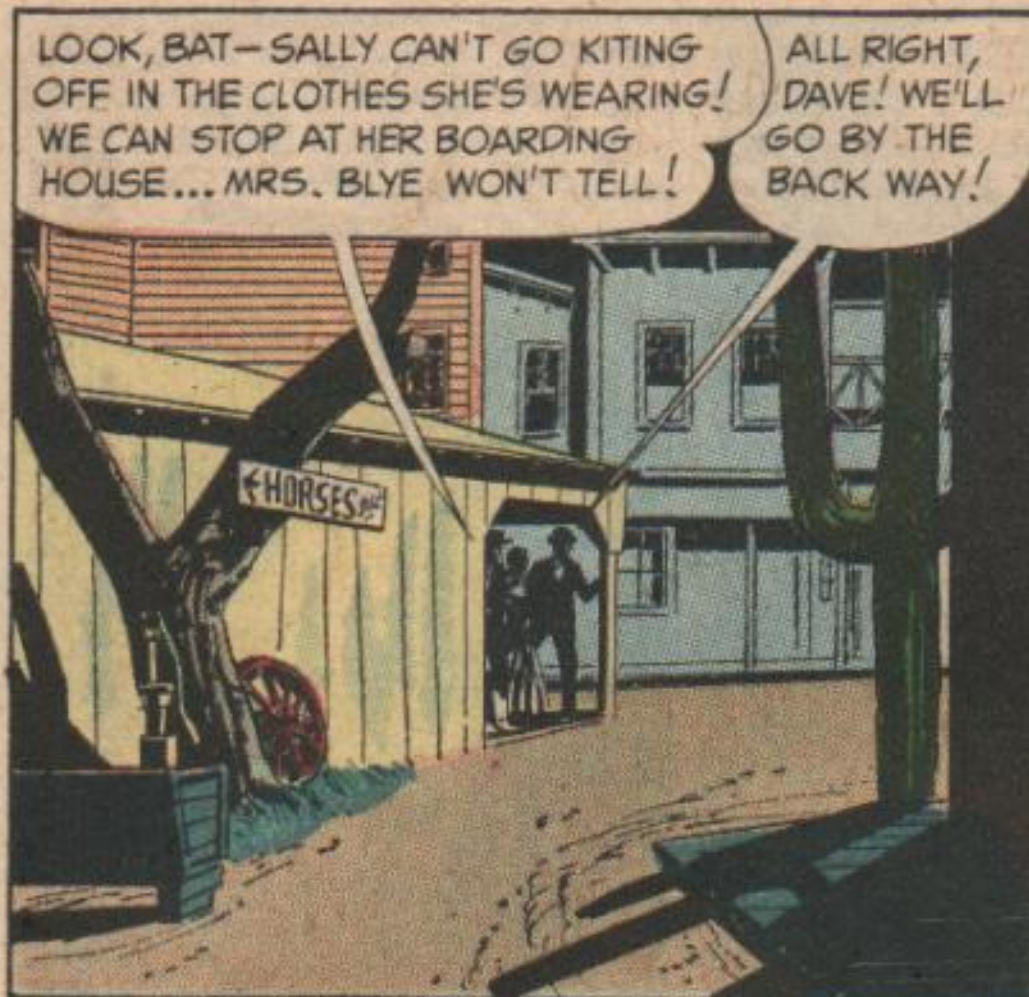
SOME DIZZY
GALLOOT IS
ON A TEAR!



10

No.	Ar. D & T.
1	Ar. Nelson
2	Ar. Nelson
3	Ar. Nelson







LATER--

WHERE ARE WE HEADING, BAT? YOU'VE GOT SOME SCHEME IN MIND?

YES, DAVE! WE'RE TAKING A TRAIN AT GREENSBURG...



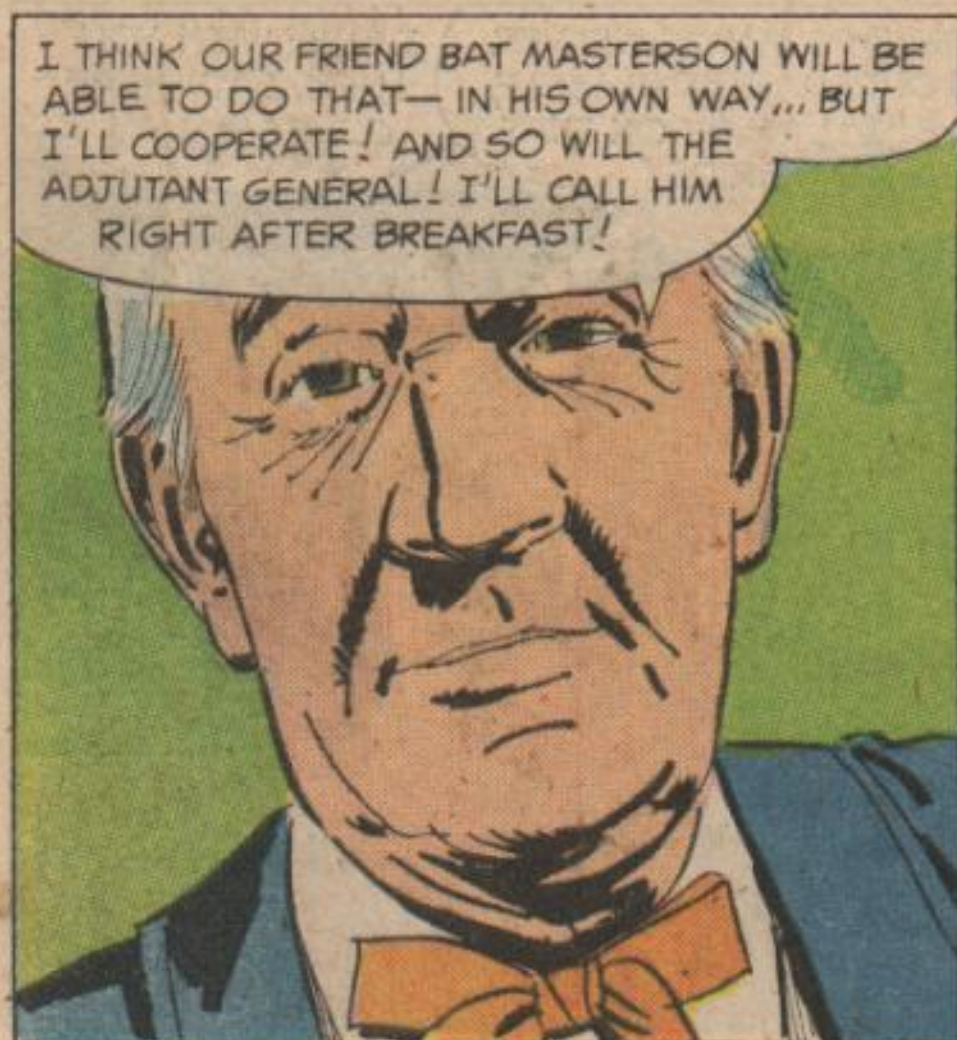
TOMORROW WE'LL BE IN TOPEKA ... AND THE NEXT DAY, I HOPE, WE'LL BE **EATING BREAKFAST** WITH THE **GOVERNOR** OF KANSAS! HE'S A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE! EVEN IF HE WEREN'T, SALLY'S CHARM WOULD WIN HIM OVER TO OUR SIDE!



TWO MORNINGS LATER AT THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION—

MY DEAR MISS BLAINE, WHEN MISRULE IN DODGE CITY GOES SO FAR AS TO JAIL YOU FOR BRINGING HAPPINESS TO THE PUBLIC WITH YOUR SINGING, IT IS TIME THE AUTHORITIES WERE TAUGHT A LESSON!

THEN—YOU WILL SEE THAT THE MAYOR'S ORDINANCE IS REPEALED? THAT DAVE ISN'T GOING TO BE PERSECUTED?



I THINK OUR FRIEND BAT MASTERSON WILL BE ABLE TO DO THAT—IN HIS OWN WAY... BUT I'LL COOPERATE! AND SO WILL THE ADJUTANT GENERAL! I'LL CALL HIM RIGHT AFTER BREAKFAST!



I ONLY WISH THAT I MIGHT BE THERE PERSONALLY—TO SEE THE FUN!

YOU'LL HEAR ABOUT IT, ANYWAY, GOVERNOR! ALL OF KANSAS WILL, TOO!

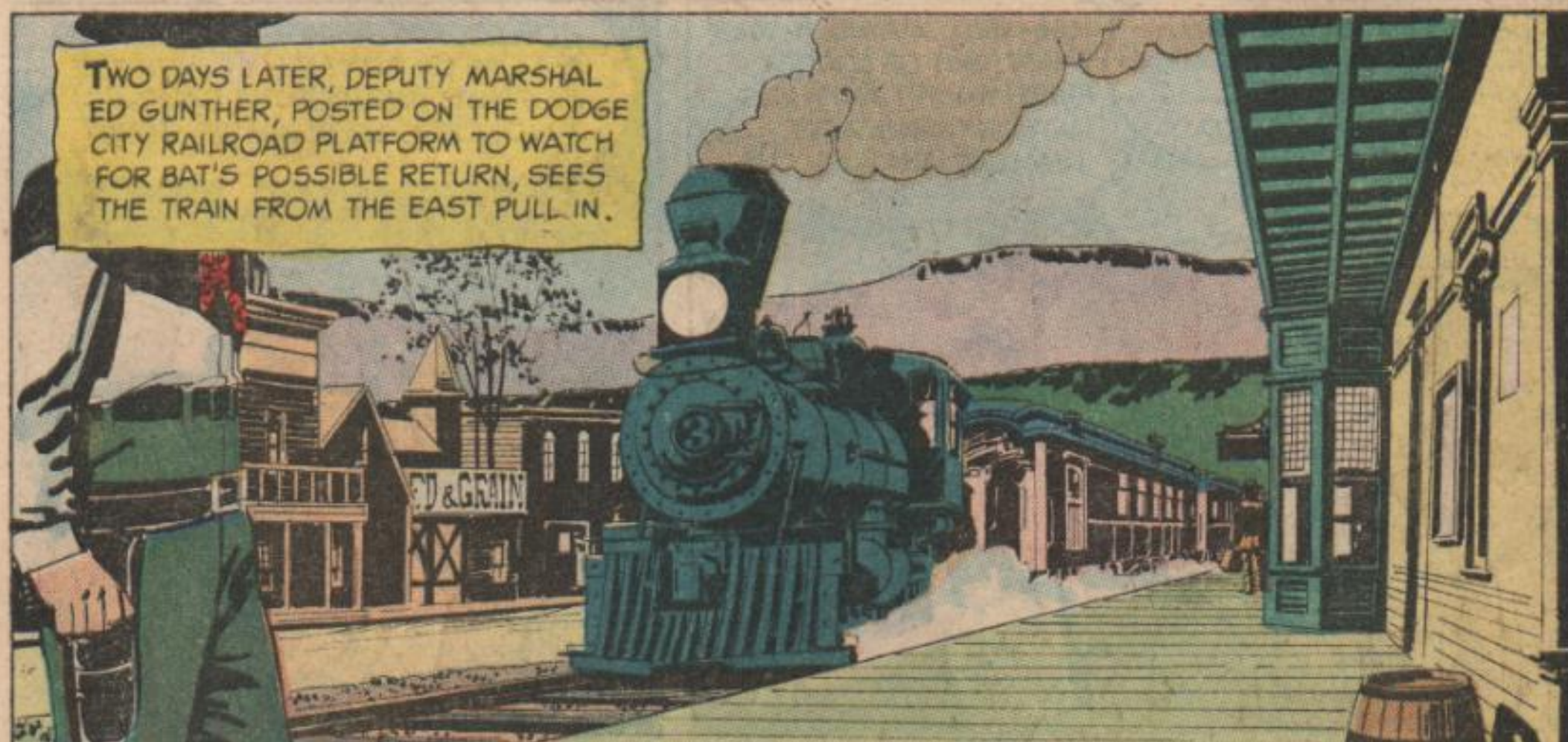
THAT SAME AFTERNOON, BAT LOCATES WYATT EARP.

BAT! COME AND SIT DOWN WITH US, IF YOU'VE GOT TIME! YOU'VE MET THESE BOYS — TEXAS JACK VERMILLION, JOHNNY MILLSAP, JOHNNY GREEN AND DAN TRIPTON — STRAIGHT SHOOTERS AND READY FOR ANYTHING!

HELLO, WYATT! — GENTLEMEN! EXCUSE AN INTERRUPTION?

YES — I KNOW THEM ALL, WYATT! AND I THINK I HAVE A GAME IN MIND THAT ALL OF YOU WILL ENJOY! IT'S A LITTLE RISKY, BUT —

LET'S HEAR ABOUT IT, BAT! LIFE'S BEEN GETTING A BIT DULL LATELY!



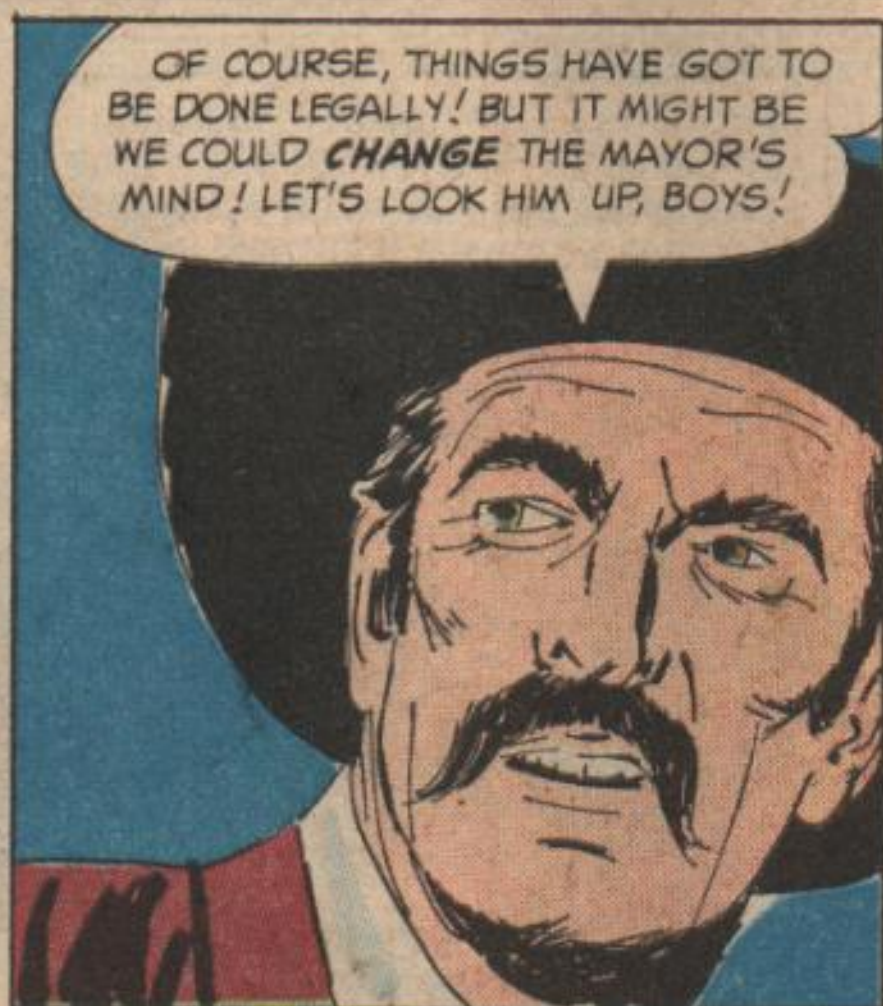
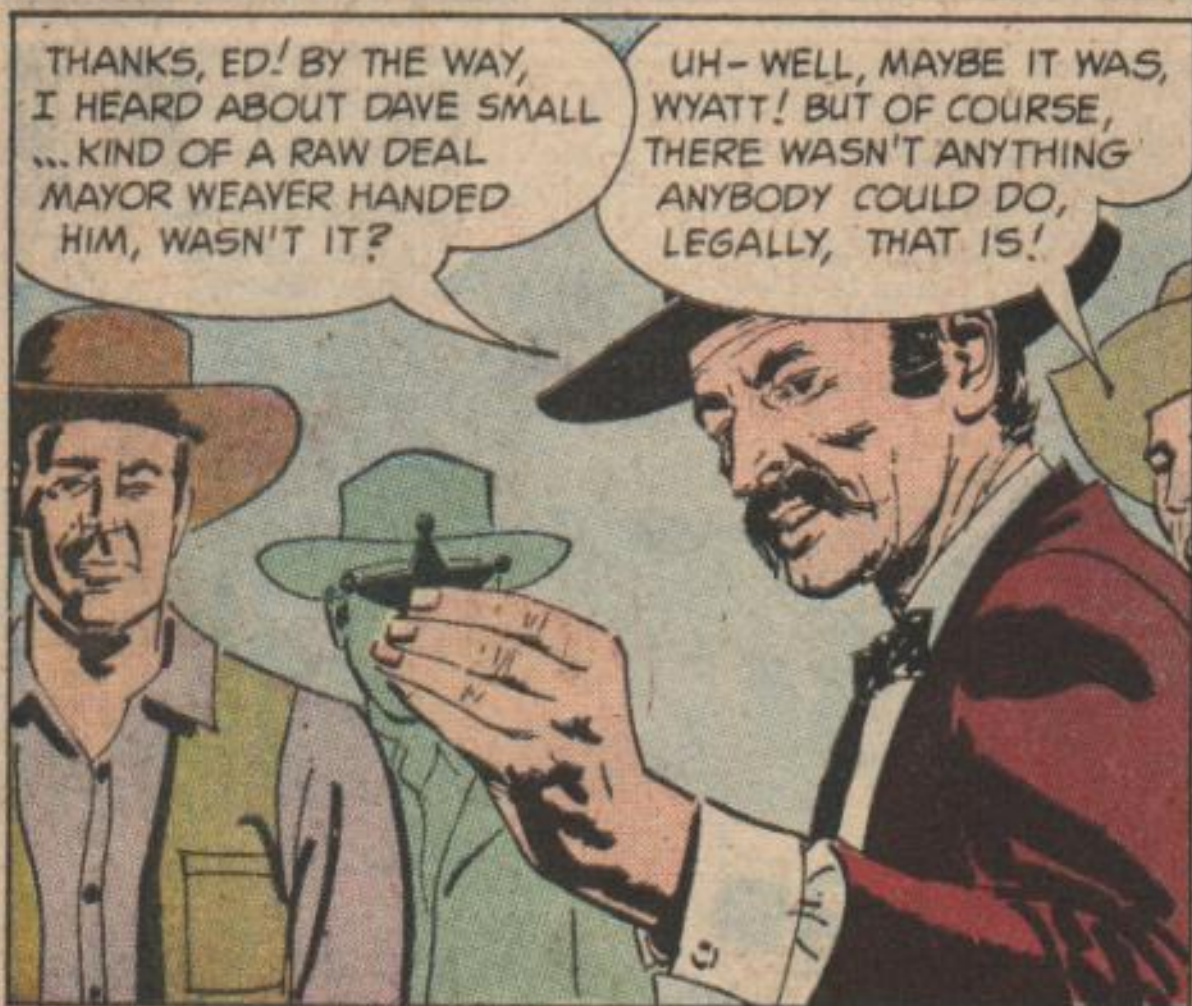
TWO DAYS LATER, DEPUTY MARSHAL ED GUNTHER, POSTED ON THE DODGE CITY RAILROAD PLATFORM TO WATCH FOR BAT'S POSSIBLE RETURN, SEES THE TRAIN FROM THE EAST PULL IN.

HELLO, ED! WAITING FOR SOMEBODY?

WHY — UH — **MARSHAL EARP!** WELCOME BACK TO DODGE! THE PLACE HASN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE YOU LEFT HERE! I WAS WATCHING FOR BAT!

THERE'S STILL AN ORDINANCE AGAINST GUNS, ISN'T THERE, ED? YOU COULD DO US A FAVOR BY **DEPUTIZING THE FIVE OF US** — SO WE WON'T NEED TO CHECK OUR PISTOLS... HOW ABOUT IT? I'M NOT MARSHAL ANY MORE.

WHY — WHY, SURE! THERE'D BE NO HARM IN THAT, WYATT! HOLD UP YOUR RIGHT HANDS...



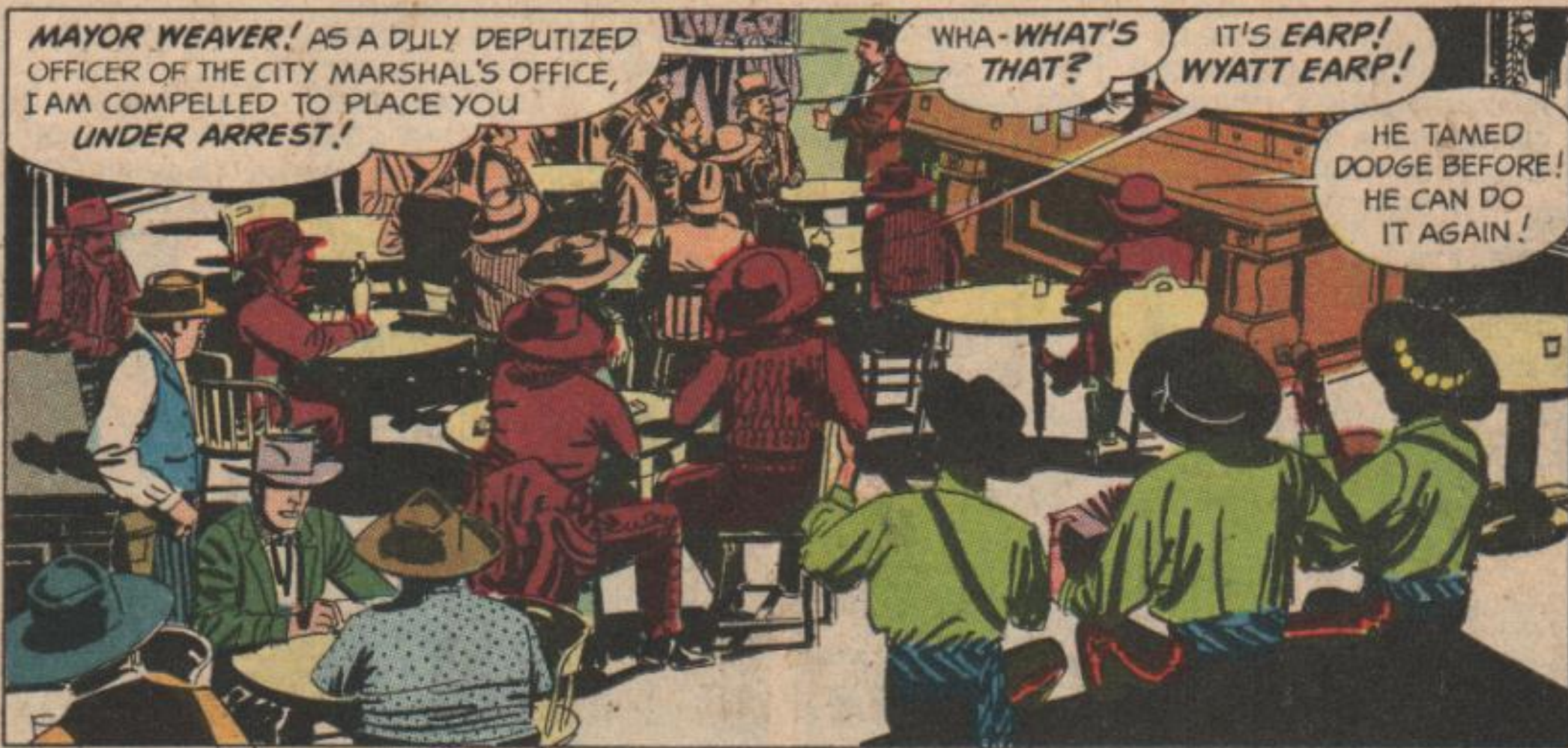


I THOUGHT SO! IT'S STILL A **SALOON!** SOME JOKER MUST HAVE NAILED THIS SHINGLE UP!



COME ON, GENTS! THE CITY ORDINANCE AGAINST MUSIC EXCEPT IN **THEATERS** WILL HAVE TO BE **ENFORCED!**

HAW, HAW! WE'LL DO IT, WYATT!

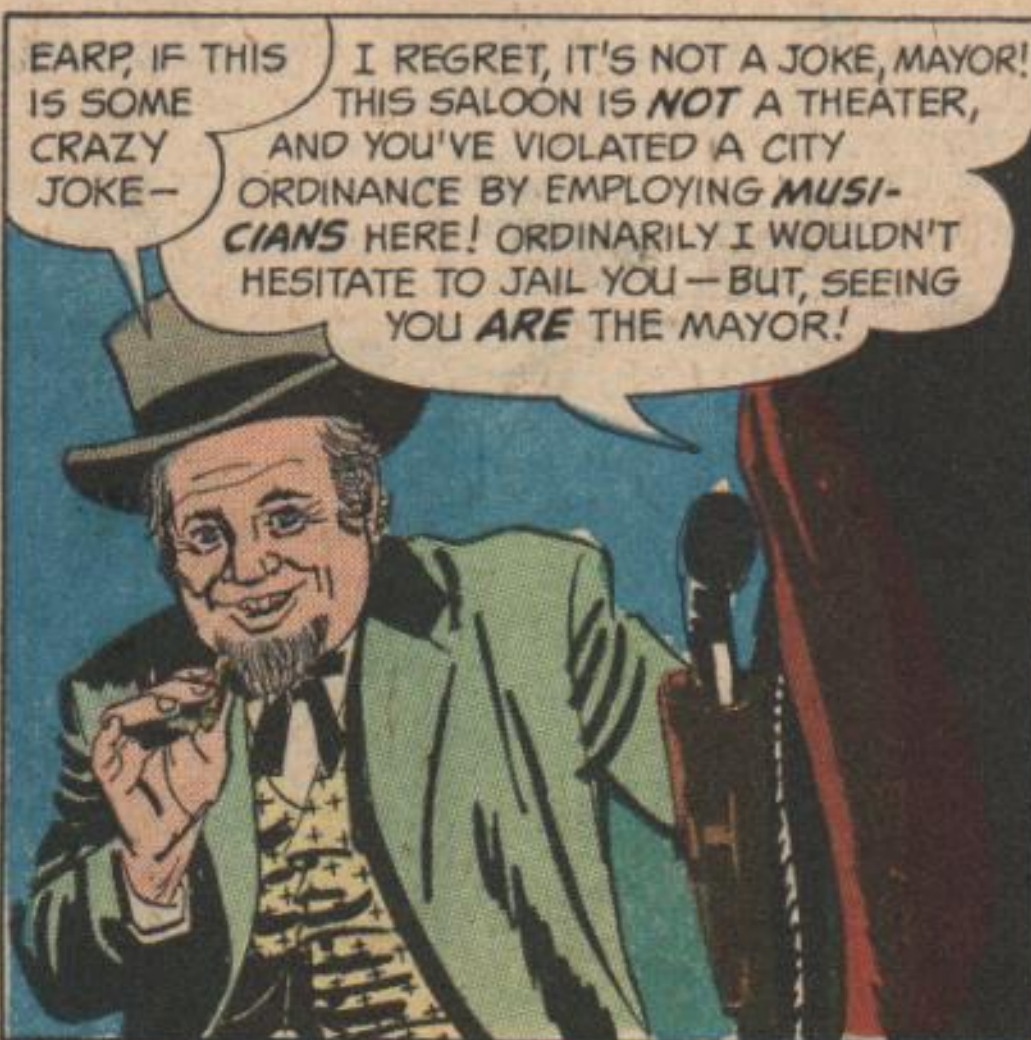


MAYOR WEAVER! AS A DULY DEPUTIZED OFFICER OF THE CITY MARSHAL'S OFFICE, I AM COMPELLED TO PLACE YOU **UNDER ARREST!**

WHA-WHAT'S THAT?

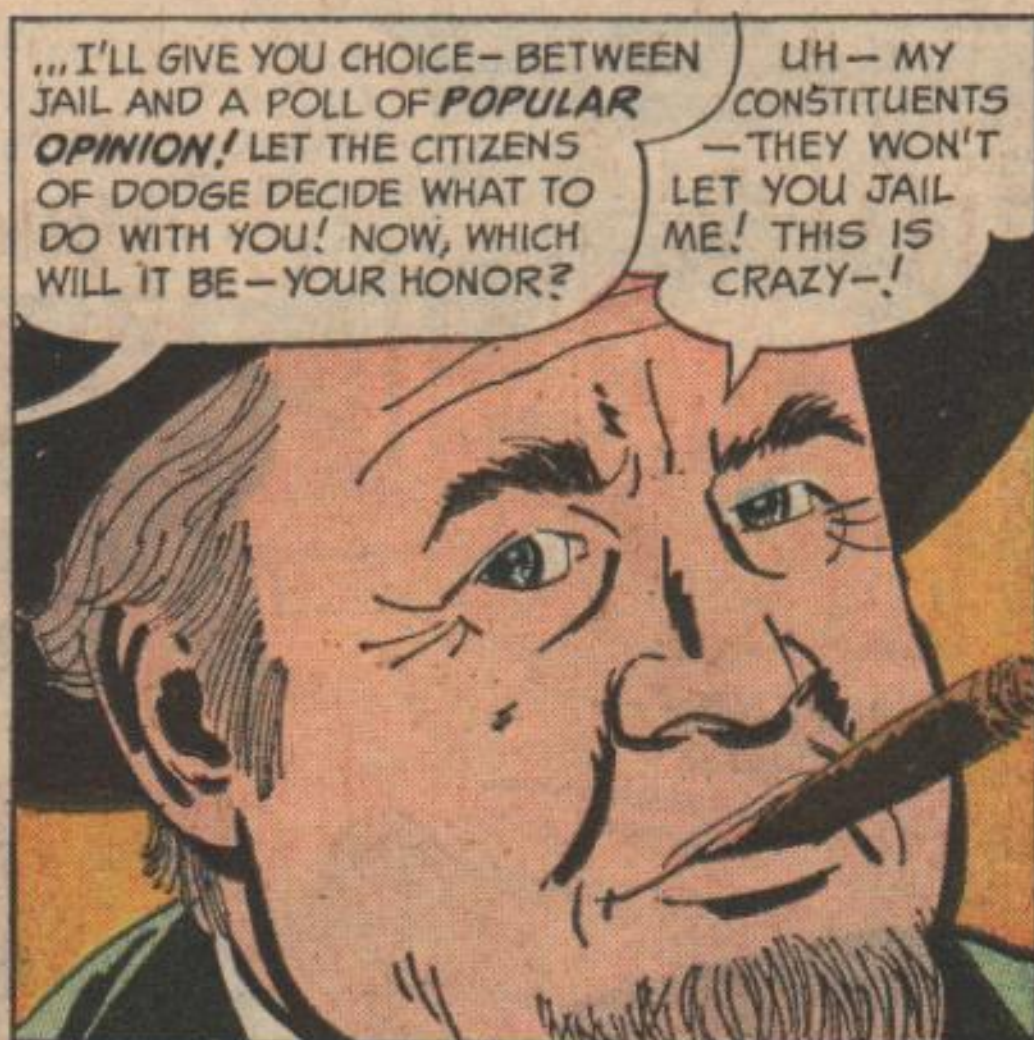
IT'S EARP! WYATT EARP!

HE TAMED DODGE BEFORE! HE CAN DO IT AGAIN!



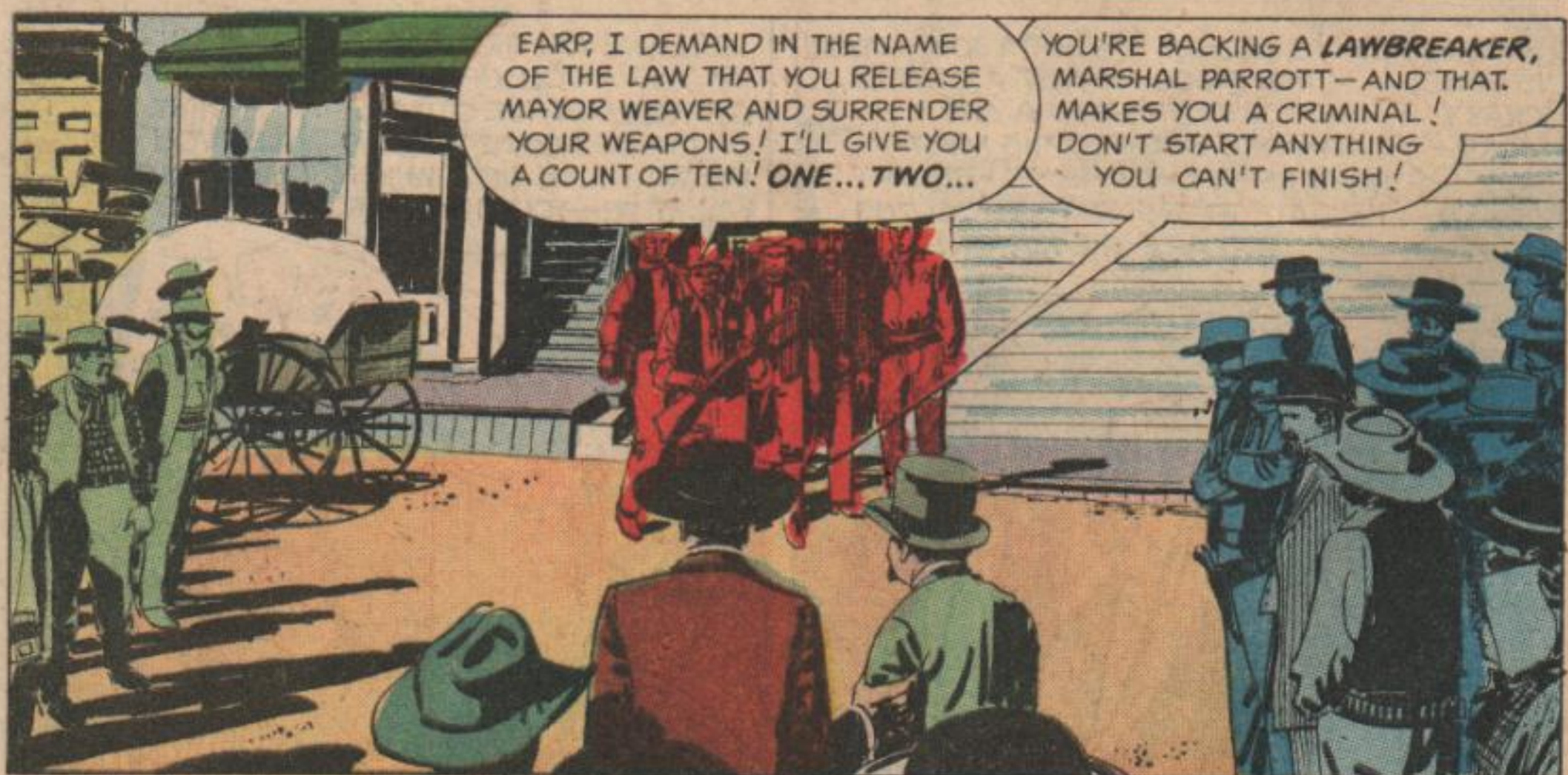
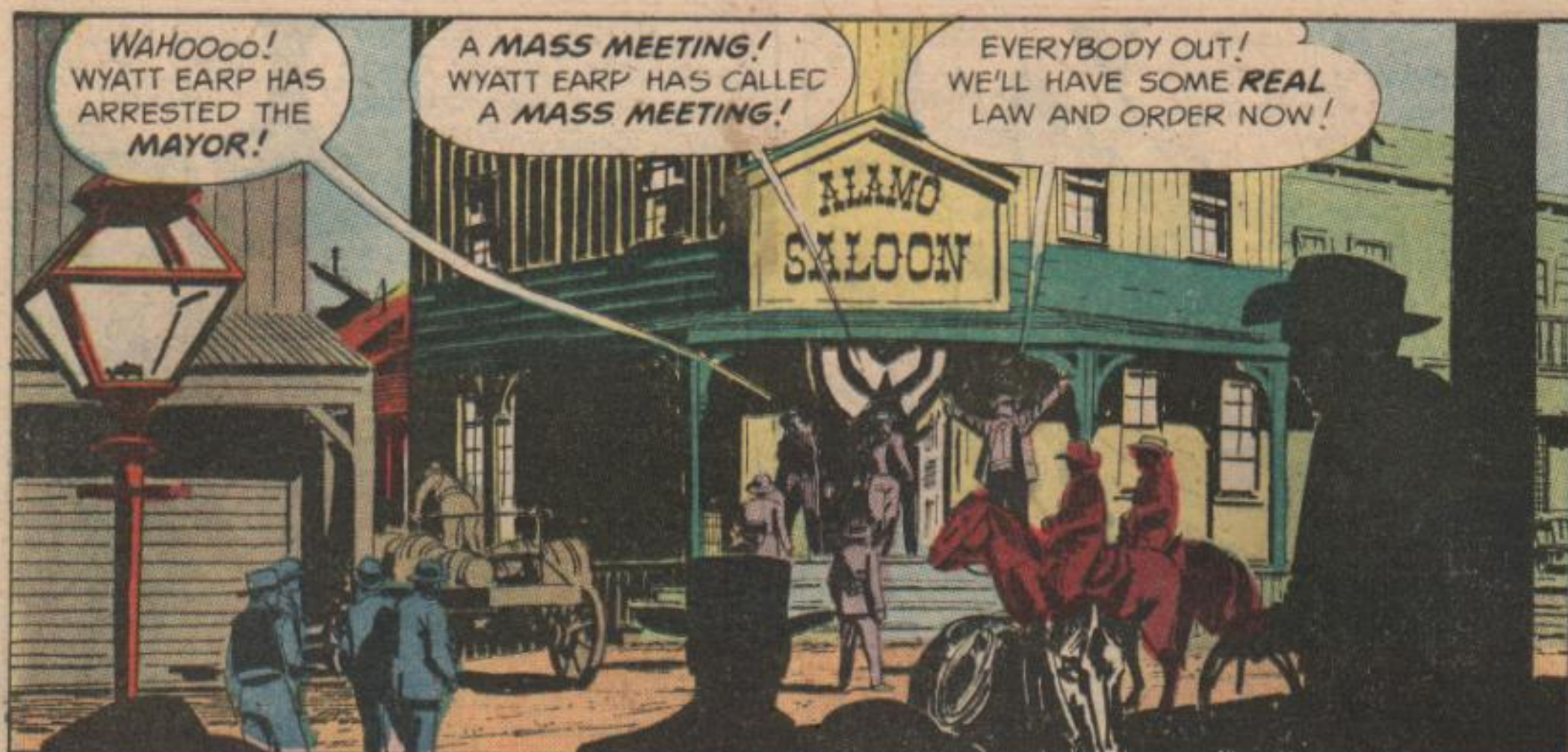
EARP, IF THIS IS SOME CRAZY JOKE—

I REGRET, IT'S NOT A JOKE, MAYOR! THIS SALOON IS **NOT** A THEATER, AND YOU'VE VIOLATED A CITY ORDINANCE BY EMPLOYING **MUSICIANS** HERE! ORDINARILY I WOULDN'T HESITATE TO JAIL YOU—BUT, SEEING YOU **ARE** THE MAYOR!



... I'LL GIVE YOU CHOICE— BETWEEN JAIL AND A POLL OF **POPULAR OPINION!** LET THE CITIZENS OF DODGE DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH YOU! NOW, WHICH WILL IT BE—YOUR HONOR?

UH— MY CONSTITUENTS —THEY WON'T LET YOU JAIL ME! THIS IS CRAZY—!





BAT! IT'S **BAT MASTERSON!**

MAYOR WEAVER! BEFORE MARSHAL PARROTT TRIGGERS HIS SCATTER-GUN, AT DEPUTY WYATT EARP, LET ME POINT OUT THAT SOME OF THE BUCKSHOT WILL CERTAINLY HIT YOU!



SIX... SEVEN ... EIGHT...

MARSHAL, THERE'LL BE NO SHOOTING! NOT NOW! I WILL CALL ON THE GOVERNOR TO SEND THE MILITIA AND DECLARE **MARTIAL LAW** IN DODGE CITY!

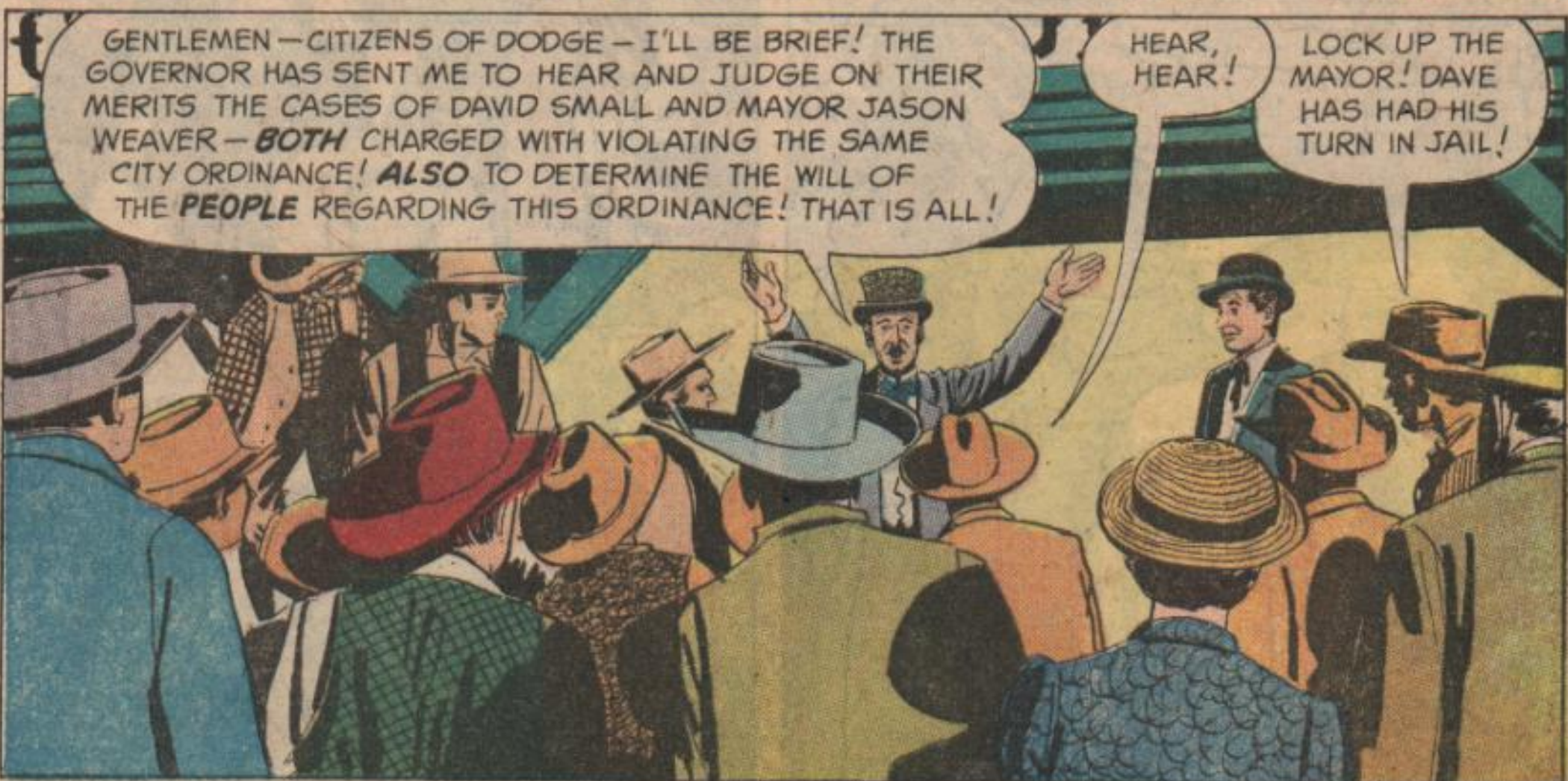


THEN THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS OUTRAGE WILL BE PUNISHED AS THEY RICHLY DESERVE!

WE'RE ONE JUMP AHEAD OF YOU, MAYOR!



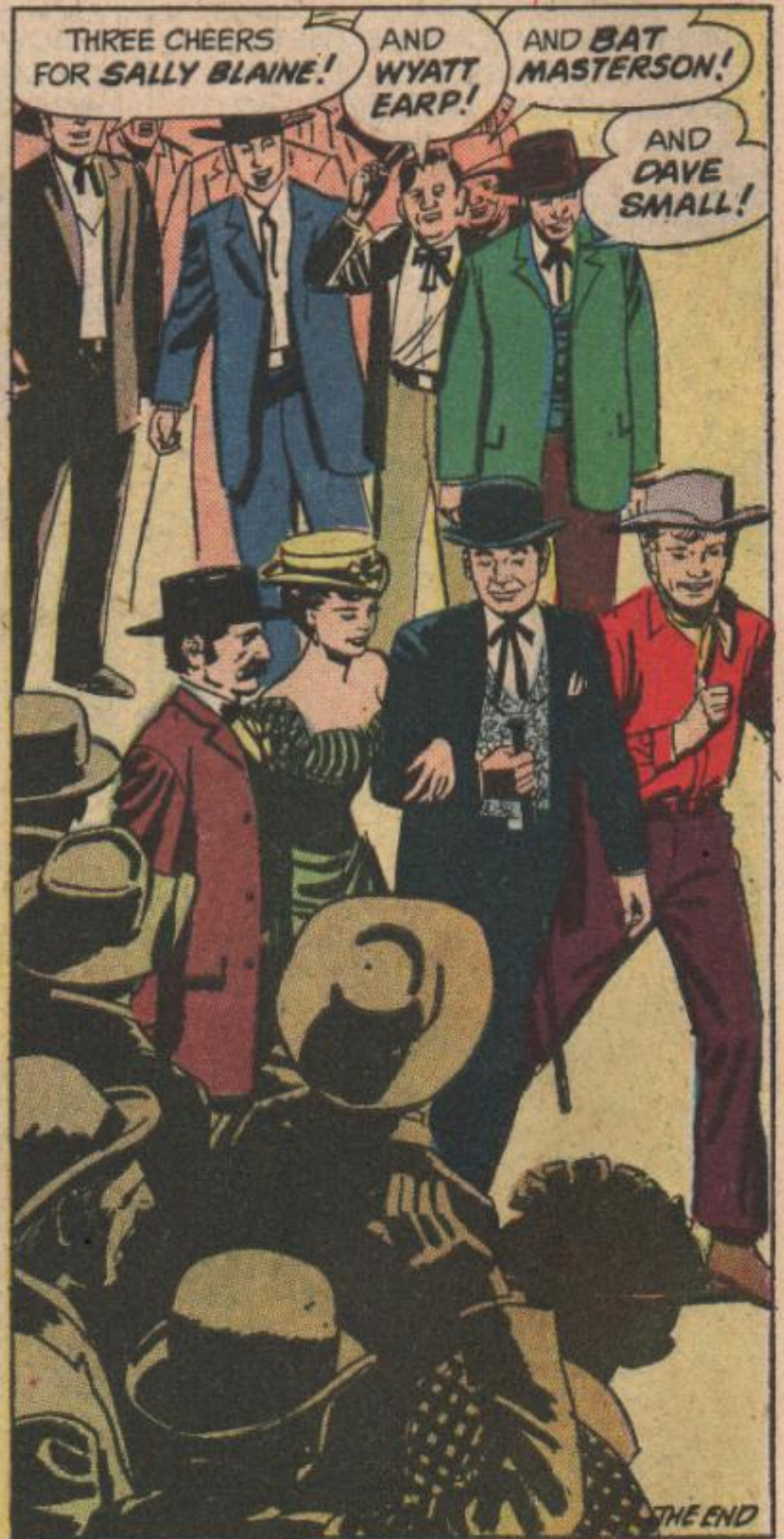
ALLOW ME, GENTLEMEN, TO INTRODUCE COLONEL THOMAS MOONLIGHT, THE **ADJUTANT GENERAL!** THE GOVERNOR'S REPRESENTATIVE!



GENTLEMEN - CITIZENS OF DODGE - I'LL BE BRIEF! THE GOVERNOR HAS SENT ME TO HEAR AND JUDGE ON THEIR MERITS THE CASES OF DAVID SMALL AND MAYOR JASON WEAVER - **BOTH** CHARGED WITH VIOLATING THE SAME CITY ORDINANCE! **ALSO** TO DETERMINE THE WILL OF THE **PEOPLE** REGARDING THIS ORDINANCE! THAT IS ALL!

HEAR, HEAR!

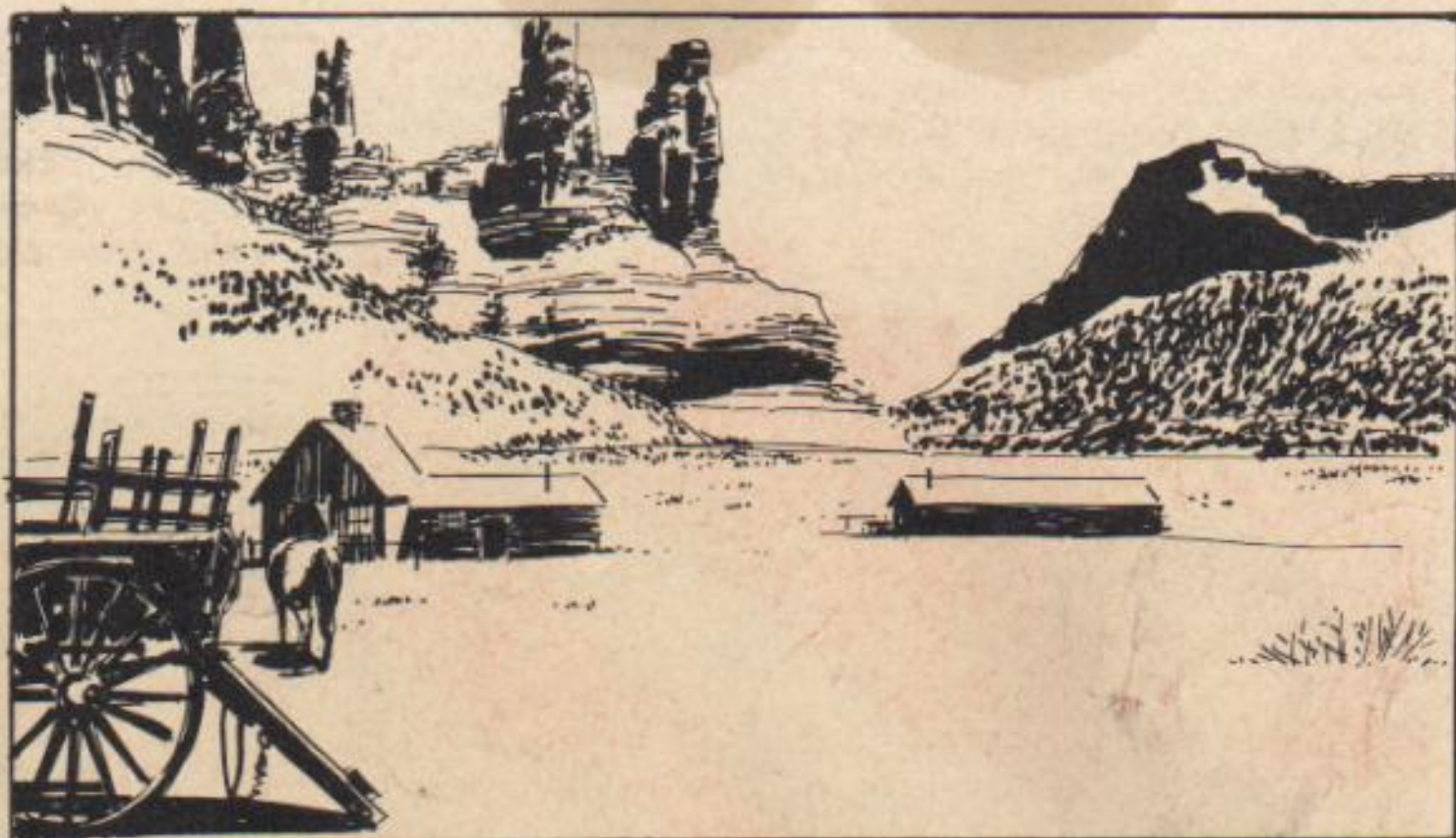
LOCK UP THE MAYOR! DAVE HAS HAD HIS TURN IN JAIL!



BAT MASTERSON

LANDMARKS OF THE OLD WEST

THE HOLE-IN-THE WALL



THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL IS A DESOLATE, CLIFF-RIMMED BASIN IN NORTHERN WYOMING WHERE JOBLESS COWBOYS WHO HAD TURNED OUTLAW DEFIED EVERY POSSE SENT AGAINST THEM.



IN ANCIENT TIMES THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL WAS A LAKE, SURROUNDED BY FORESTS, BUT LITTLE BY LITTLE ITS OUTLET WORE A NOTCH IN THE RETAINING CLIFFS.



IN TIME THE OUTLET NOTCH BECAME A DEEP AND EVER-DEEPENING GORGE, AND THE LAKE'S LEVEL SANK LOWER AND LOWER AS ITS WATERS RUSHED ON THROUGH.



IN THE PAST CENTURY THE LAKE BECAME DRY AND ONLY THE CREEK REMAINED,,, THE DEEP GORGE BECAME A GATEWAY THROUGH WHICH HUNTED MEN PASSED TO HIDING.

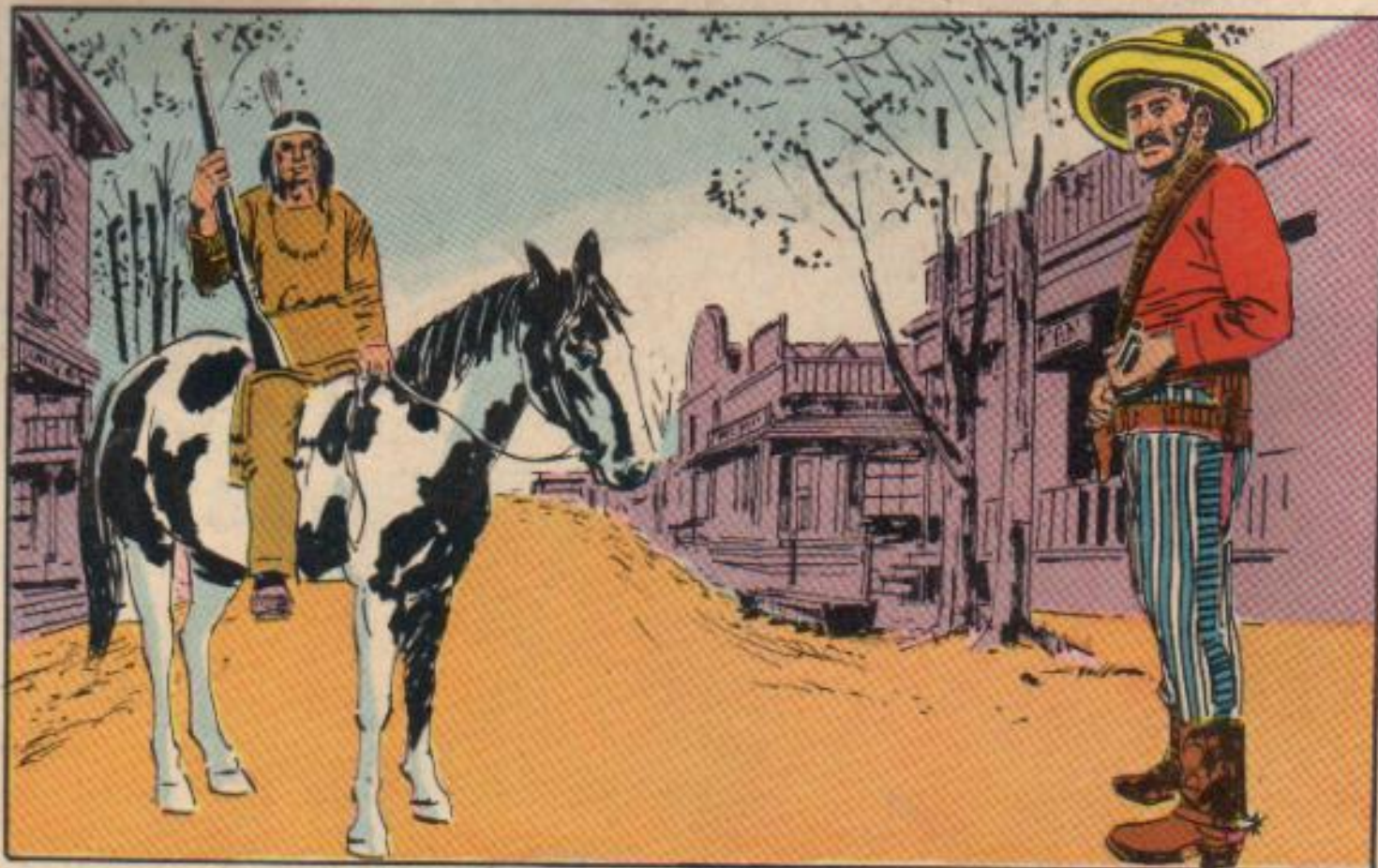


CAVES AND TUNNELS WORN IN THE CLIFFS BY THE ANCIENT LAKE WATERS NOW SHELTERED OUTLAW SENTINELS AND MADE THE PLACE A RUSTLERS' FORTRESS.

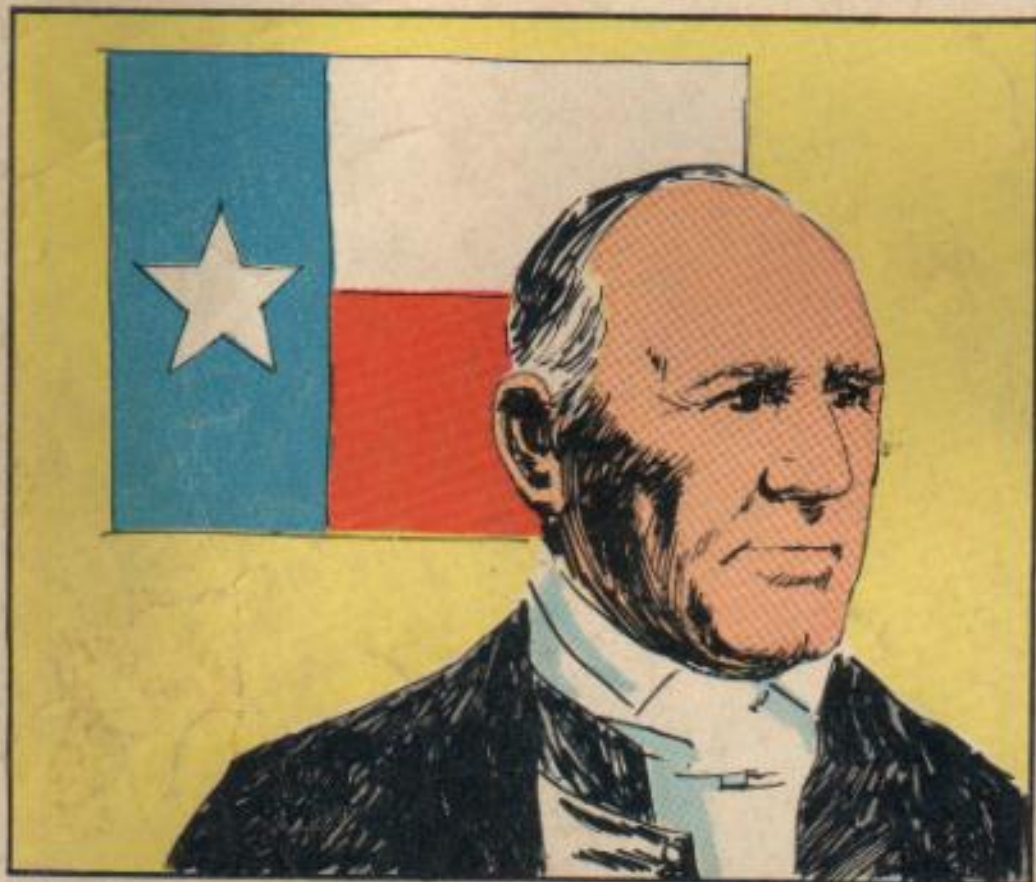
BAT MASTERSON

ROARING TOWNS OF THE OLD WEST

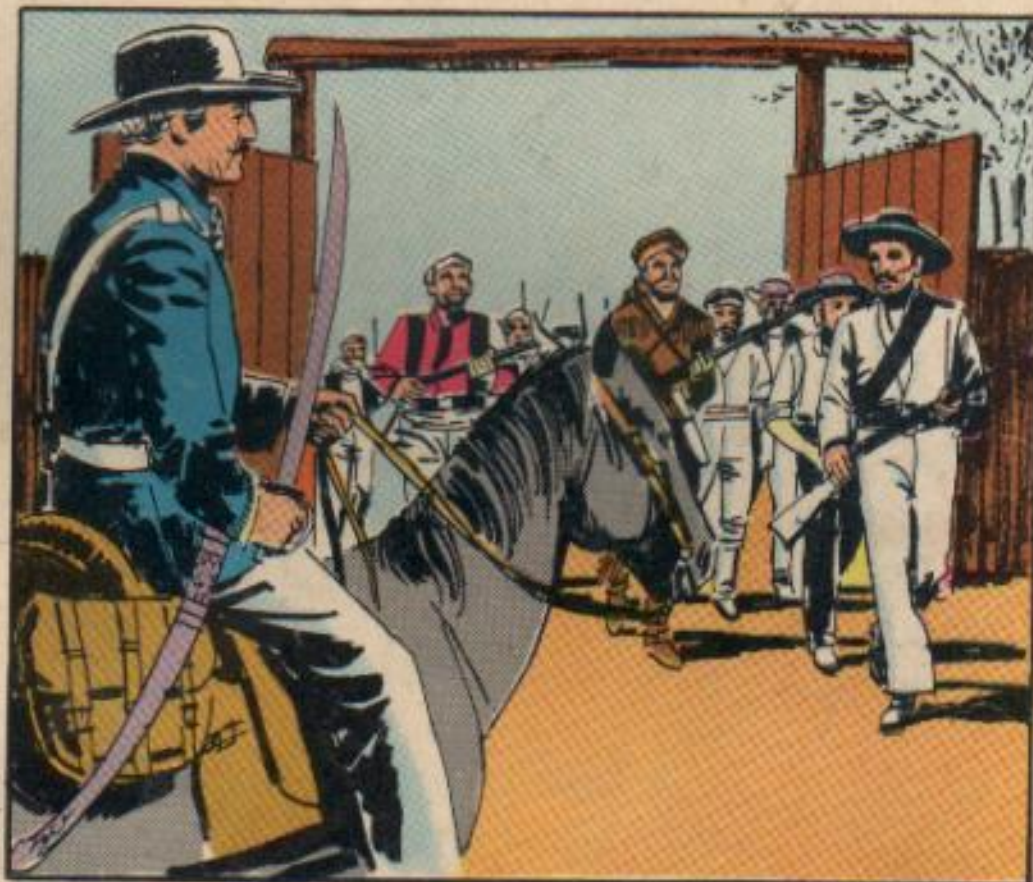
AUSTIN, TEXAS



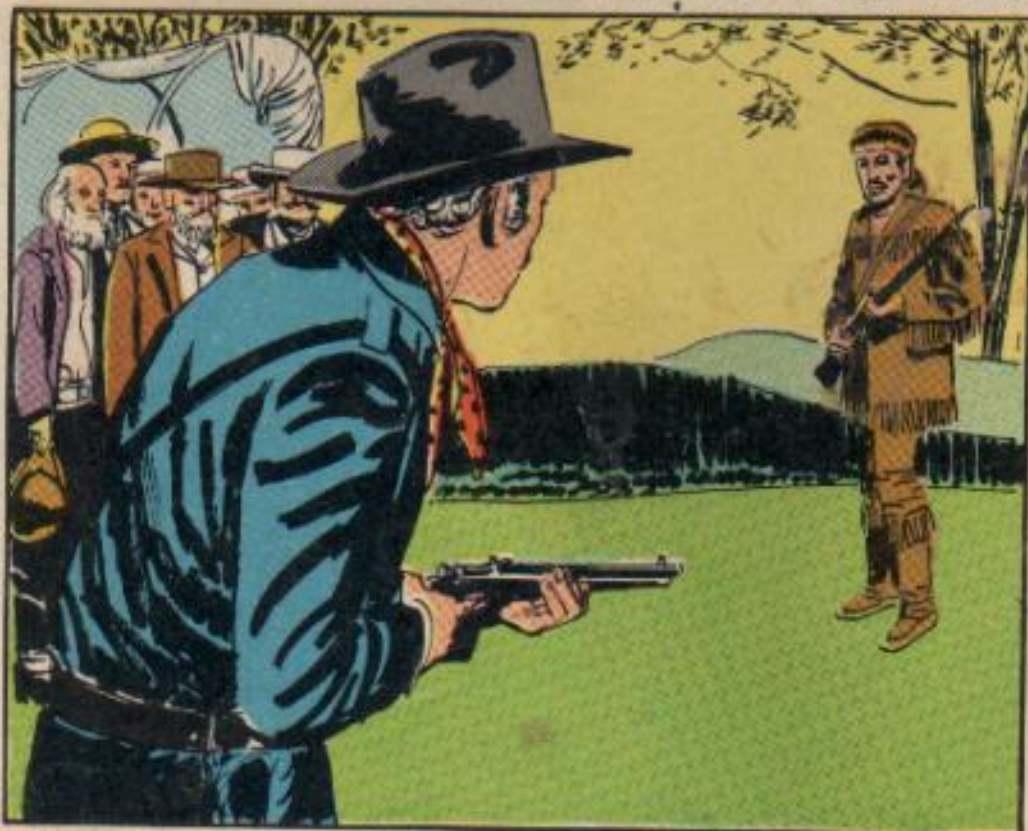
IN 1837 A MEXICAN ARMY AT SAN ANTONIO WAS POISED TO ATTACK AUSTIN, CAPITAL OF THE NEW-BORN TEXAS REPUBLIC... INDIANS WERE RAIDING CLOSE BY.



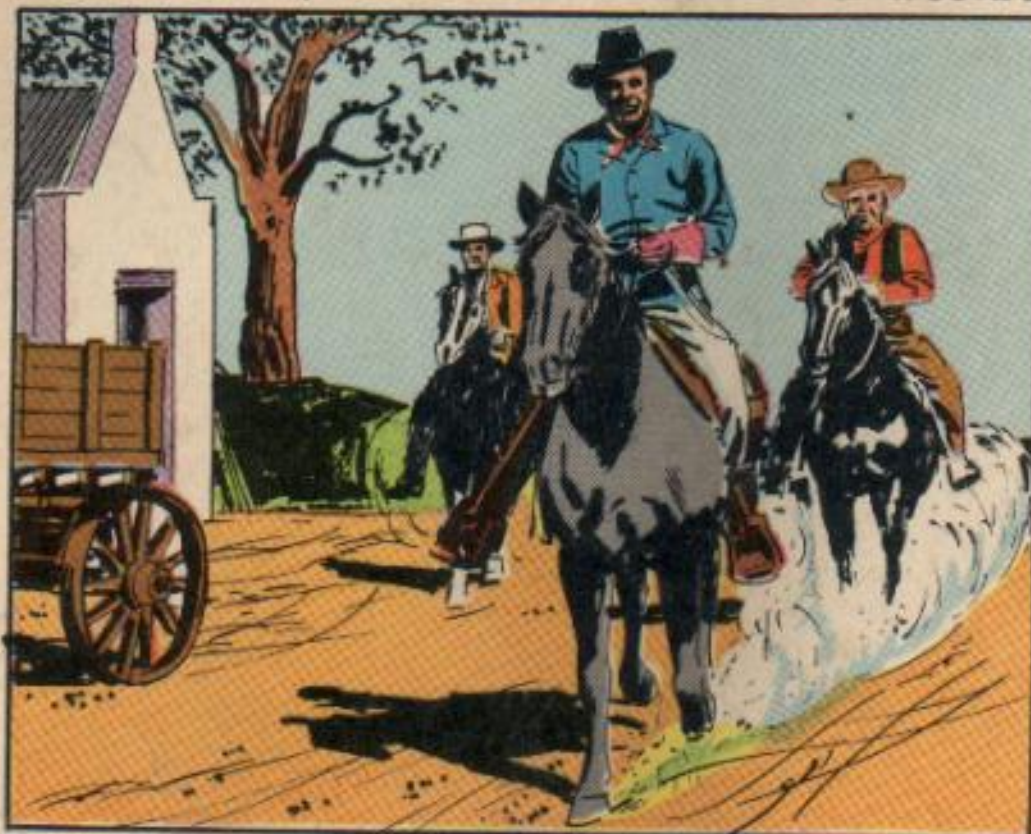
IN THIS EMERGENCY, PRESIDENT SAM HOUSTON MADE THE TOWN OF WASHINGTON, TEXAS, HIS TEMPORARY CAPITAL AND ORDERED STATE RECORDS MOVED THERE.



BUT-AUSTIN'S BUSINESSMEN, CITIZENS AND NEIGHBORING FARMERS, FEARING AUSTIN WOULD NEVER AGAIN BE THE CAPITAL, HAD COL. MORTON GUARD THE RECORDS.



THE PLAINSMAN, DEAF SMITH, BROUGHT PRESIDENT SAM HOUSTON'S ULTIMATUM, AND WAS CHALLENGED TO A DUEL BY COL. MORTON... DEAF SMITH WON!



LESS THAN A WEEK AFTER THE DUEL, PRESIDENT HOUSTON, DEAF SMITH AND ONLY NINE OTHER MEN RODE INTO AUSTIN UNOPPOSED AND REMOVED THE STATE RECORDS.