

DELL

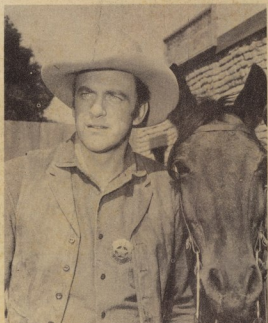
NOV. - JAN.

10¢

GUNSMOKE

A man with a mustache, wearing a red shirt and a tan vest, is shown from the chest up. He is holding a revolver in his right hand, pointing it towards the left. He has a determined, slightly menacing expression on his face. The background is dark and indistinct, suggesting an indoor setting. The overall tone is gritty and dramatic.

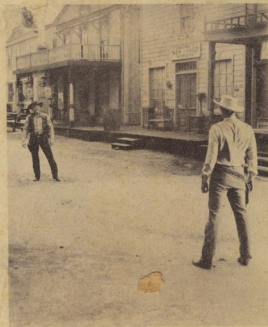
Trouble tracks
hombres who get
**"PAID IN
SILVER"**



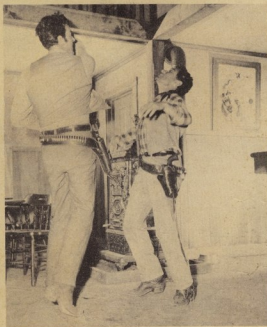
A marshal in Dodge City . . .



has to know his way with guns . . .



but he's always better off . . .

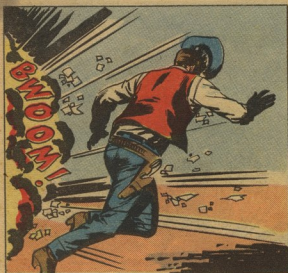


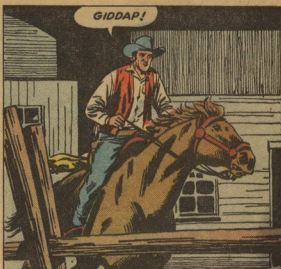
when he doesn't have to use 'em!

GUNSMOKE

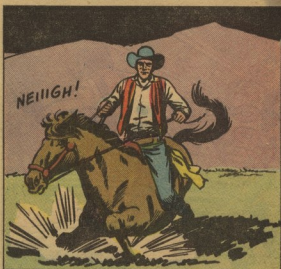
ENOUGH ROPE

AS MARSHAL MATT DILLON
PATROLS FRONT STREET AFTER
MIDNIGHT, SUDDENLY...





BUT LATER, AS MATT DILLON FOLLOWS THE TRAIL...



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, MATT TAKES UP THE TRAIL AGAIN WITH HIS DEPUTY...

YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. DILLON, THE ROBBER'S HORSE DOES HAVE A *NICKED* LEFT HIND SHOE!

BUT WE CAN'T FOLLOW HIM ANY FURTHER, CHESTER! THE RAIN IS FALLING HARDER!



NO, I RECKON NOT!

HEAD BACK FOR DODGE!



LATER, IN THE LONG BRANCH...

YOU CAN'T BLUFF *THIS*! I'LL RAISE YOU TWENTY---



MAYBE IT'S JUST A WOMAN'S CRAZY INTUITION, BUT I'D BETTER TELL *MATT*!



HE SURE HAS A LOT OF MONEY *SUDDENLY*! WHEN HE WAS IN HERE TWO WEEKS AGO, HE HAD TO BORROW MONEY TO EAT!

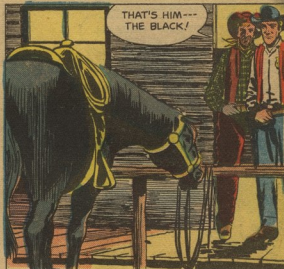


AND MINUTES LATER ...

THAT'S THE GUY, *MATT*!

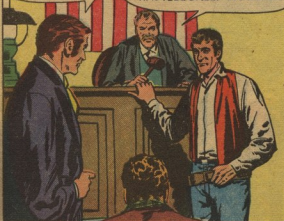
THANKS, KITTY! LET'S SEE WHAT IT'S WORTH!





THEN YOUR HONOR
HAS RULED IN FAVOR
OF MY OPINION!

YES, SECTION 8 OF THE
CITY'S LAW MAKES IT
CLEAR THAT YOUR CLIENT
WAS **ILLEGALLY** ARRESTED!



BUT THAT'S A MERE
TECHNICALITY! IT
WILL MEAN THAT A
MAN I AM SURE
ROBBED HUNDREDS
OF PEOPLE OF THEIR
SAVINGS WILL ---

---GO FREE! BECAUSE
THAT IS THE WAY THE LAW
IS WRITTEN AND HIS
LAWYER WAS SMART
ENOUGH TO BRING UP
THE QUESTION! I
REALIZE IT MEANS
JACKSON CRATER CAN
NEVER AGAIN BE TRIED
FOR THIS ROBBERY, BUT
THAT IS WHAT THE LAW
SAYS I MUST DO!



THEY FREED HIM!
HE'S COMING OUT!

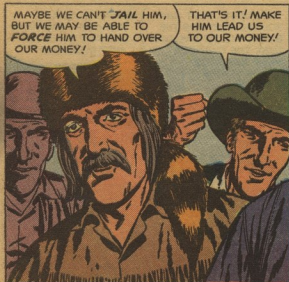
WHAT ABOUT OUR MONEY!
MY **LIFE SAVINGS** WERE
IN THAT BANK!

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE
THAT ROBBERY **BUSTED!**



MAYBE WE CAN'T **JAIL** HIM,
BUT WE MAY BE ABLE TO
FORCE HIM TO HAND OVER
OUR MONEY!

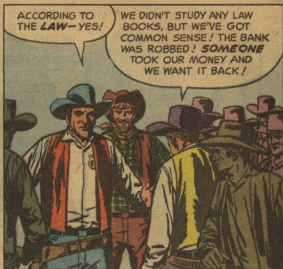
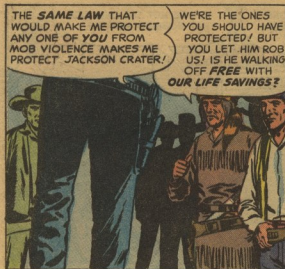
THAT'S IT! MAKE
HIM LEAD US
TO OUR MONEY!



THERE HE IS ---

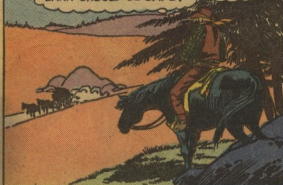
---GRAB HIM!





FOR TWO DAYS, MATT DILLON HOLDS AN ANGRY TOWN AT BAY, WHILE CRATER ROAMS FREELY.— THEN ONE NIGHT...

AFTER THAT CLOSE CALL, NO ONE'LL FIGURE I'D BE SUCKER ENOUGH TO TAKE CHANCES AGAIN--- SO THIS LITTLE LARK SHOULD BE **SAFE!**



WH-WHAT IN BLAZES---

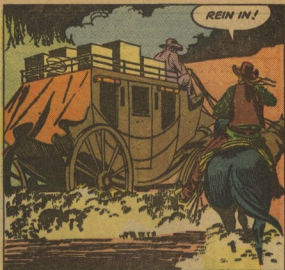
---KEEP 'EM HIGH!



HANG IT! BUT I GUESS THERE'S ENOUGH IN HERE TO BUY ME MORE THAN ONE NEW SHIRT!



REIN IN!



WHERE'S THE CASHBOX?

ON THE ROOF! HELP YOURSELF, BUT EASE OFF THAT TRIGGER!



ADIOS AND THANKS!

YOU WON'T BE SO THANKFUL ONCE MATT DILLON LIGHTS ONTO YOUR TRAIL!



GALLOPING TO THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY, MATT DILLON CAREFULLY FOLLOWS THE LONE RIDER'S TRACKS...

THERE'S HIS TRAIL AGAIN! I LOST IT FOR A SPELL---BUT NOW I'M IN LUCK!



AS MATT RIDES CLOSER...

DIDN'T FIGURE ON COMPANY SO FAST!
I'D BETTER MAKE SURE THAT'S AS
FAR AS HE COMES!



AND THAT LOOKS LIKE
THE END OF THE TRAIL!



OWW!

HE THINKS
I'M HIT!
I'LL ROLL
BEHIND
THAT
ROCK!



FOR THREE MINUTES, THERE IS ONLY GRIM
SILENCE...

THERE'S HIS GUN---HAVEN'T
SEEN HIM MAKE A MOVE FOR IT---
I'LL HAVE TO RISK GOING OUT AND
MAKING SURE HE'S THROUGH!

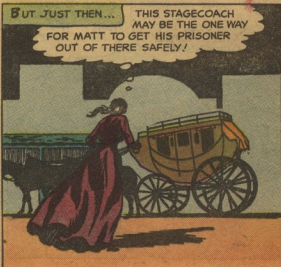




BUST DOWN THE DOOR!

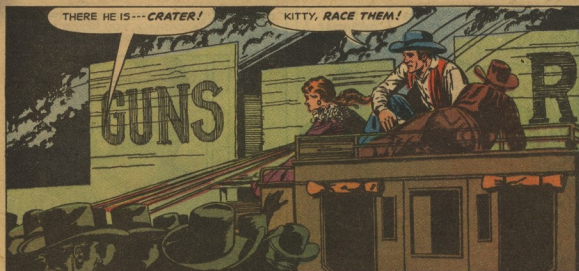


THIS STAGECOACH
MAY BE THE ONE WAY
GET HIS PRISONER
RE SAFELY!

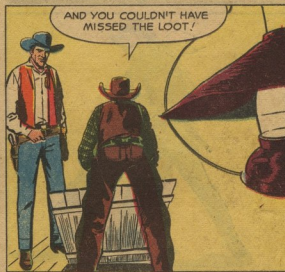
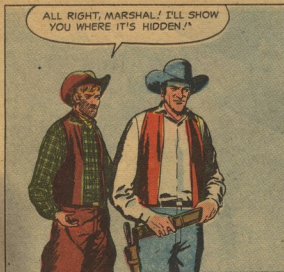


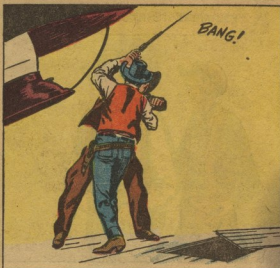
RUSH THE PLACE!











BANG!



OWWW!

LATER, AT DODGE CITY AS THE STAGE ROLLS UP TO CARRY CRATER OFF TO JAIL...

DON'T WORRY, MARSHAL! WE WON'T RUSH HIM, NOT SINCE WE GOT BACK OUR BANK SAVINGS!

THE LAW MUST ALWAYS BE OBEYED, NO MATTER HOW UNJUST OR UNREASONABLE IT MAY SEEM AT THE TIME. IT IS DESIGNED TO AFFORD PROTECTION FOR THE INNOCENT AND PUNISHMENT FOR THE GUILTY.

BUT MEN LIKE CRATER DON'T ESCAPE JUSTICE LONG! WITH A MAN LIKE HIM, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GIVE HIM ENOUGH ROPE---



the END

DODGE CITY DAYS

THE WILD RUSSIAN



THERE NEVER WAS A DODGE CITY EDITOR NAMED ED DENTON, BUT IF THERE WERE, THESE ARE SOME OF THE **TRUE STORIES** HE WOULD HAVE WRITTEN IN HIS NEWSPAPER IN THOSE LAWLESS DAYS!



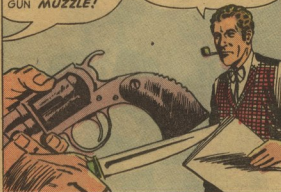
... SO HE DIED, DENTON! WELL, I RECKON I CAN CUT ANOTHER **NOTCH** IN MY GUN!

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE **KIDDING**, RUSSIAN BILL? YOU DIDN'T SHOOT ANYONE! WE ALL KNOW YOU'RE JUST A **WOULD-BE** BAD MAN!

"FINDING HUMAN INTEREST COPY, FOR MY NEWSPAPER IN DODGE CITY 45N'T HARD, NOT IN A COWTOWN LOADED WITH STRANGE CHARACTERS LIKE RUSSIAN BILL."

THAT'S **NOT** WHAT MY GUN HANDLE SAYS! AND ANYONE WHO THINKS DIFFERENTLY, MAY FIND HIS ANSWER COMING FROM MY GUN **MUZZLE!**

FOR A FOREIGNER, YOU CERTAINLY PICKED UP THE LINGO FAST! BUT TALKING LARGE **DOESN'T** MAKE YOU A GUNFIGHTER!



"THAT EVENING, THE CLICK OF A ROULETTE WHEEL WAS SUDDENLY STOPPED..."

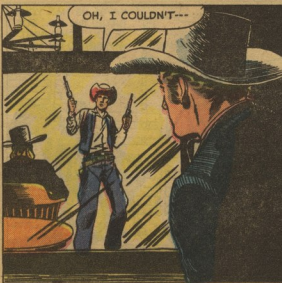


PILE OUT! THAT COW-POKE IS **REALLY** SORE ABOUT LOSING!

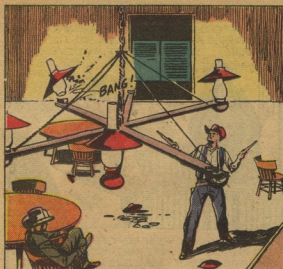


WHAT ARE **YOU** STAYING FOR, MISTER?

I'M COMFORTABLE! BE-SIDES, YOU **COULDN'T** HIT A BARN DOOR!



OH, I COULDN'T---



AND WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON...

WHERE'S
**RUSSIAN
BILL?**

I FELT SOMETHING RUSH BY ME---
FIGURED IT WAS THE WIND! MUST
HAVE BEEN **HIM FLEEING!**



THERE HE IS!
STILL PANTING
FROM RACING OUT!

DON'T RIDE ME, GENTS, OR
SOMEONE WILL END UP
IN **BOOT HILL!**



RUSSIAN BILL, STOP **ACTING**
LIKE AN **OUTLAW** BEFORE
YOUR PLAY-ACTING GETS
YOU INTO **TROUBLE!**

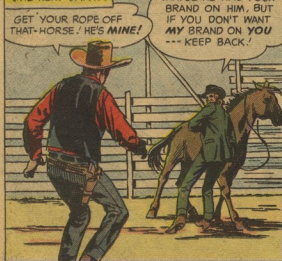
DENTON, I **AM**
A WANTED MAN!
I'M **NOT** ACTING!



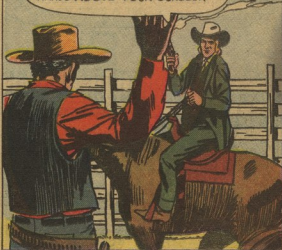
THE NEXT DAY...

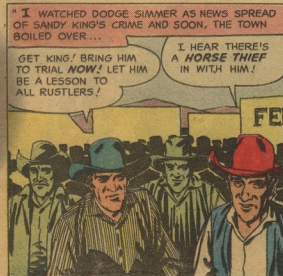
GET YOUR ROPE OFF
THAT HORSE! HE'S **MINE!**

MAYBE HE HAS YOUR
BRAND ON HIM, BUT
IF YOU DON'T WANT
MY BRAND ON YOU
--- KEEP BACK!



THAT'S A WARNING---KEEP YOUR
HANDS **ABOVE** YOUR GUNBELT!





"I ATTENDED THE TRIAL! IT WAS FAIR AND FAST AND THE JURY BROUGHT IN THE ONLY POSSIBLE VERDICT..."

THE JURY HAVING FOUND YOU BOTH **GUILTY**--- I SENTENCE YOU TO **HANG**!

WAIT, YOUR HONOR! RUSSIAN BILL STOLE A HORSE ALL RIGHT, BUT HE DID IT JUST TO BUILD HIMSELF A REPUTATION! I'M SURE THIS TRIAL HAS SCARED ANY FOOL NOTIONS OF BEING A BAD MAN OUT OF HIM!



YOUR HONOR, DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! I STOLE A HORSE! I'M GETTING THE PUNISHMENT I **DESERVE**!

YOU FOOL, ARE YOU GOING TO **DIE** JUST TO KEEP UP THAT BAD MAN ACT?



"BUT RUSSIAN BILL PLAYED OUT HIS PART TO THE END..."

I'VE NO REGRETS! I **DESERVE** TO HANG---

---CUT HIM DOWN! HE'S NO OUTLAW! JUST A MAN TRYING TO PUT ON A BIG SHOW!



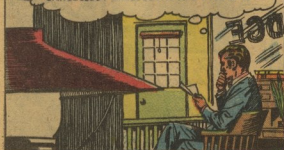
WRITE THIS UP, DENTON! I WANT ALL DODGE TO READ HOW RUSSIAN BILL, THE HORSE THIEF, DIDN'T FEAR DEATH!

WHY--WHY IS HE LETTING HIMSELF GET CARRIED AWAY WITH THIS ACT? HE ALMOST MAKES IT SEEM THAT HE **EARNED** THAT ROPE!



"THE NEXT DAY, AN OFFICIAL LETTER FROM THE AMERICAN CONSUL IN RUSSIA SUDDENLY EXPLAINED WHY RUSSIAN BILL WENT WILLINGLY TO HIS DEATH..."

DO YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING LIEUTENANT TANNEBAUM OF THE IMPERIAL WHITE HUSSARS? HE WAS REPORTED TO BE IN DODGE CITY! HE KILLED HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER AND FLED RUSSIA! BUT HIS MOTHER, A COUNTESS, HAD HIS **EXECUTION ORDERS** CANCELLED! ENCLOSED IS **HIS PICTURE**---



Secret Deal



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"Well, Cal," Don Carson said to his older brother after the lawyer left, "Dad's will makes you the sole owner of the ranch. Reckon that leaves me out."

"Don't be loco," Cal returned quickly. "Dad provided for you too by naming you permanent foreman. You'll always have a home and a job here as long as there's a Carson Ranch, Don."

A queer thought flashed across Don's mind. If the "Carson Ranch" were sold and no longer existed. . . . Don shook the unworthy thought from his mind. He could trust his brother.

But only a week later, the sky fell in for Don.

That was the day he came back earlier than usual from the range. Approaching the house, Don heard voices within. Through the window he saw Cal talking to Peter Courtney, the real-estate man from town.

"Sure, Cal," Courtney was saying, "The new ownership papers of the ranch will go through tomorrow, all legal. And like you said, I won't breathe a word to

your brother Don."

Don stumbled to the well for a drink, stunned. Cal had secretly sold the ranch and betrayed their father's bequest! Temptation and greed had overcome Cal. If there were no "Carson Ranch," Cal no longer had to furnish Don with a home and job. As simple as that—and as rotten.

Dazed by his thoughts, Don rode aimlessly across the range. At dusk, he heard the sound of lowing ahead in North Canyon. Were coyotes dogging the herd?

"Human coyotes!" breathed Don as he topped the rise cautiously and saw the two dark horsemen moving the herd toward the river.

Rustlers! Don half-pulled his gun, then paused. Why stop them? He was no longer saving the ranch or his home or his job. Why not let Cal take the loss? Don swung his horse away with a gloating grin.

He swung his pinto back. No, he couldn't take revenge. Not even if he still felt Cal's knife sticking in his back.

Keeping out of moonlight, Don circled back of the two outlaws. Don's gun barked, winging one quickly. As the second rustler whirled his horse and drew, Don galloped straight at him. The shock of colliding horses took the outlaw unawares, flinging him out of the saddle. They both grabbed sky then, at the cold glint of moonlight on Don's waiting muzzle.

After an all-night ride delivering the captured rustlers to the sheriff, Don returned to the ranch by noon. Cal came running to meet him, waving a paper. Before Don could tell his news, Cal spoke eagerly.

"Where you been, Don? Courtney just delivered the papers, so now I can tell you my big secret. You're fired as my foreman. From now on, you're my legal partner, half-owner of the Carson Bros. Ranch . . . our new name!" Cal squinted at his brother. "What's wrong, Don?"

"Nothing," gasped Don. "I—I'm a little excited I guess. I caught some rustlers last night."

"You risked getting shot?"

"Well, after all," grinned Don, "it was to save our ranch from a loss, wasn't it?"

GUNSMOKE

PAID IN SILVER

AS HAWK ARROW RIDES INTO
DODGE FOR BUFFALO HUNTING
SUPPLIES...

LET HAWK ARROW
PASS, PLEASE!

MOVE FOR A
REDSKIN? DON'T
MAKE ME LAUGH!



HAWK ARROW
WANT TO GET
TO STORE!

GO AROUND **BACK**, INDIAN!



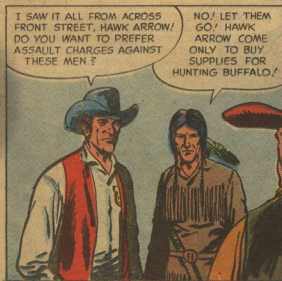
HAWK ARROW ALWAYS
USE **FRONT**---

---MAYBE **THIS** WILL
CHANGE YOUR HABITS!



JE-JED - HANK!
GIVE ME A HAND!





YOU FIGURING ON GETTING HIM OUT-
SIDE OF DODGE?

THAT'S RIGHT! WHEN MATT
DILLON WON'T MEDDLE!
NOW STAY WITH HIM!



HANK, HE'S JUST BUYING SUPPLIES!
A FEW MORE STOPS AND I RECKON
HE'LL BE RIDING OFF!



D-DO YOU SEE *THAT*---

---YOU'D HAVE TO
BE BLIND NOT TO
SEE THAT *SILVER*
GLITTER!



TO
BE
EANS

MINUTES LATER...

CRASS, I TELL YOU WE
BOTH SAW IT! HE PAID
FOR THOSE STORE GOODS
WITH *RAW SILVER*!

I'LL ASK THE STORE-
KEEPER! I STILL
THINK YOU'RE LOCO!



AND MOMENTS LATER...

THAT INDIAN WHO WAS
JUST IN HERE ---DID HE
PAY YOU IN *SILVER*?

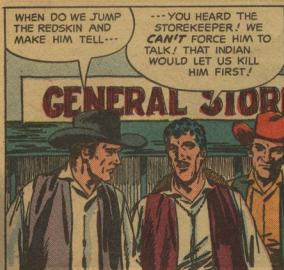
THAT'S RIGHT! HAWK
ARROW AND ALL THE
OTHER BRAVES OF HIS
TRIBE ALWAYS PAY FOR
WHAT THEY BUY WITH
SILVER!



ALWAYS?

THEY HAVE A SECRET *SILVER*
MINE SOMEWHERE IN THE HILLS!
A LOT OF FELLOWS HAVE TRIED TO
FIND OUT WHERE IT IS, BUT THE
BRAVES HAVE PLEDGED TO LET
THEMSELVES BE *KILLED* RATHER
THAN TELL WHERE IT IS! SO
DON'T LOSE ANY SLEEP
TRYING TO FIND IT!





THAT NIGHT AT A RANCH OUTSIDE DODGE...

NOW TO MAKE SURE THIS RANCHER FIGURES AN **INDIAN** RUSTLED THESE HORSES!



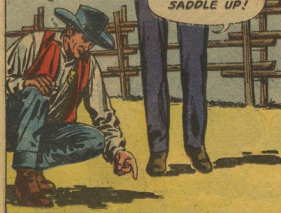
A FEW MORE WAR WHOOPS AND **THIS** SHOULD MAKE EVEN A JUGHEAD LIKE DILLON FIGURE THAT **HAWK ARROW** PULLED THIS JOB!



LOOK HERE! — WE'RE IN LUCK!

TWO OF MY HANDS CAN RIDE WITH US IN CASE WE NEED HELP WITH THAT THIEVING REDSKIN!

SLIM! HAL! — SADDLE UP!



WHOO! WHOO! WHOO!



NEXT MORNING...

I HEARD SOME WAR WHOOPS! RACED OUT AND FOUND SIX HORSES WERE RUN OFF! THIS MORNING, ONE OF MY HANDS PICKED UP **THIS!**

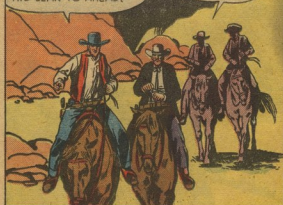
LET'S HOPE ITS OWNER WAS ALSO CARELESS ABOUT LEAVING HIS **TRAIL!**

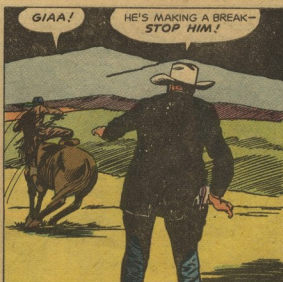
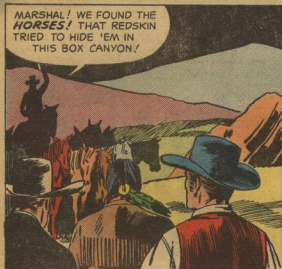


SOON...

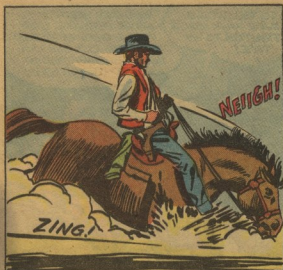
I LOST THE TRAIL ON THESE ROCKS, BUT THERE'S NO DOUBT WHERE IT WAS **HEADING!** THERE'S HIS LEAN-TO AHEAD!

SLIM, LET'S YOU AND I SCOUT AROUND, THAT BOX CANYON YONDER!









AS HAWK ARROW GALLOPS AROUND THE HILL-SIDE, SUDDENLY...

REIN IN!



YO-YOU
NOT KILL...

---KILL? DIDN'T WE JUST **SAVE**
YOU FROM A NECKTIE PARTY?
THOSE WERE **OUR** SHOTS THAT
BROUGHT DOWN MARSHAL DILLON'S
HORSE!

IN DODGE, YOU
FIGHT HAWK ARROW!
WHY YOU SAVE
HAWK ARROW NOW?

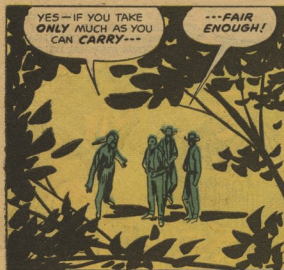
MAYBE I HATE SOME-
ONE EVEN MORE THAN
INDIANS --- NAMELY,
MATT DILLON!

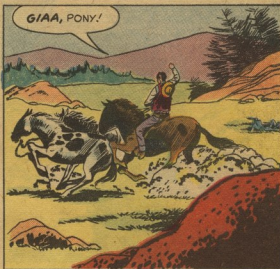


HAWK ARROW
THANK! HOW
HAWK ARROW
PAY YOU BACK?

NOW THAT YOU'VE MENTIONED
IT, IT'S EASY! LEAD US TO
YOUR TRIBE'S **SILVER MINE!**







AS MATT DILLON TREATS THE WOUNDED BRAVES,
THEY QUICKLY TELL WHAT HAPPENED...

THEM SAY THEY HUNT FOR BUFFALO,
BUT MEBBE THEM HUNT FOR **SILVER**
NINE! TAKE OUR HORSE AND RIDE
OVER HILL! YOU GET AHEAD OF THEM!

THANKS!



MATT DILLON GALLOPS HIS HORSE UPHILL, AND
SOON...

I'D SURE LIKE TO KNOW **WHAT**
BROUGHT THOSE UNLIKELY
FOLKS TOGETHER!



THAT **CAVE** AHEAD SHOULD GIVE ME
PROTECTION WHEN I TRY TO
STOP THEM!



RACING AHEAD, MATT DILLON GETS INTO POSI-
TION, AS SUDDENLY...

**REIN IN AND KEEP YOUR
HANDS HIGH!**



IT'S DILLON! GUN
HIM DOWN!

BANG!



OWW!







DROP YOUR GUNS!

WH-WHAT IN BLAZES---!



M-MY GUN!

DON'T SHOOT!



HAWK ARROW, YOU'RE **NOT** UNDER ARREST! YOUR **RUSTLING** AND **RESCUE** WERE STAGED BY CRASS! I REALIZED YOU **WEREN'T** THE RUSTLER WHEN I PICKED UP YOUR TRAIL AFTER YOU ESCAPED! YOUR HORSE, LIKE MOST INDIAN HORSES, WAS **UNSHOD**! BUT WHOEVER RUSTLED THE HORSES RODE ON A SHOD MOUNT!



AFTER THE THREE MEN ARE TIED, SOMETHING BRIGHT CATCHES MATT DILLON'S EYE...

SILVER!



NOW HE **KNOWS** WHERE MY TRIBE FINDS ITS SILVER... IN THE **CAVE**, WHERE HE WAITED FOR US!

THE LOOK ON HAWK ARROW'S FACE TELLS ME HE IS CERTAIN I HAVE GUESSED THE LOCATION OF HIS TRIBE'S SILVER MINE!



YOU KNOW, HAWK ARROW, I COULD BE RICH **IF** I KNEW WHERE MY SPUR PICKED UP THAT SILVER! BUT IT'S HOPELESS! I'VE BEEN ALL OVER TODAY! **I'D NEVER FIND THE PLACE AGAIN!**

HAWK ARROW FIND SOMETHING MORE VALUABLE THAN SILVER! WITH **YOU** AS LAWMAN, HAWK ARROW HAS LEARNED TO **TRUST WHITE MAN'S LAW!**

The END

SETTLING THE WEST



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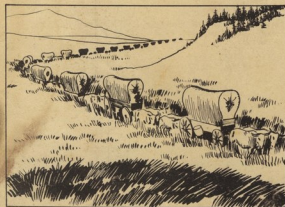
MANY MODERN ROADS IN AMERICA FOLLOW OLD TRAILS. THE FIRST TRAILS IN THIS COUNTRY WERE MADE BY BUFFALO HERDS, WHICH INSTINCTIVELY FOUND THE BEST WAY THROUGH THE DEEP FORESTS. THEY CLEARED A PATH THROUGH THE BRUSH TOWARDS THEIR WATER HOLES AND FOUND THE EASIEST FORDS ACROSS RIVERS.



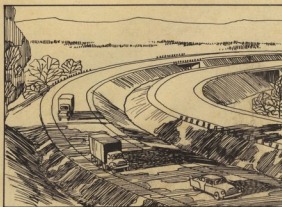
INDIANS IN SEARCH OF WATER AND AN EASY WAY THROUGH THE WOODS, HUNTED ALONG THESE BUFFALO TRACES.



LATER, STAGE ROUTES TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THESE EARLY ROADS, WIDENING THEM, BUT FOLLOWING THEIR ORIGINAL COURSE.



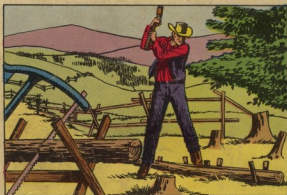
PAVED WITH PLANKS, THE WOODEN TURNPIKES WERE A BOON TO EARLY SETTLERS.



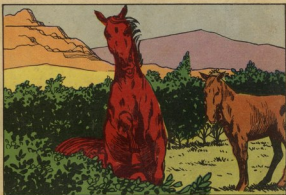
SOME PORTIONS OF OUR MODERN HIGHWAYS, WE OWE TO THE BUFFALO HERDS WHICH FIRST BROKE TRAIL IN AMERICA.

FENCES

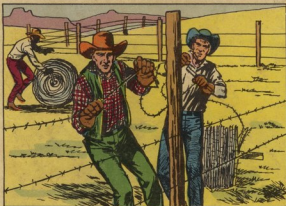
FENCING WAS A SERIOUS PRAIRIE PROBLEM. FOR YEARS FARMERS ASKED THE LAWMAKERS TO FORBID ANIMALS TO ROAM AT LARGE. SOD FENCES, CONSISTING OF A DEEP DITCH WITH EARTH THROWN UP BESIDE THEM, WERE AMONG THE FIRST FENCES.



WHERE TIMBER WAS AVAILABLE, VIRGINIA RAIL OR ZIGZAG FENCE WAS USED.



LIVE THORN FENCES DEVELOPED A THICK, THORNY BARRIER THREE YEARS AFTER PLANTING. THEY WERE CALLED HORSE-HIGH, PIG-TIGHT AND BULL STRONG.



INSECTS WERE ATTRACTED TO "LIVE FENCES" AND TRIMMING WAS A NUISANCE. WHEN BARBED WIRE WAS INVENTED IN 1874, IT QUICKLY BECAME THE MOST POPULAR FENCING MATERIAL.

A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS
COMIC

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