

DELL

OCT.-NOV.

10¢

GUNSMOKE

The Marshal was a
living target
for a dead shot!



"Fresh up
Freddie
says:

"RIGHT NOW, *you're probably asking yourself—*

**What does a lion hunter drink
for a quick, refreshing lift?"**



"I'm a ferocious lion hunter. All day I hunt ferocious lions. They roar big—but they don't s-s-s-scare m-m-m-me . . . much!"



"Lion-hunting puts me under lots of pressure, though! So when I'm up against the gun and need extra push—I have a 7-Up!"



"Lions tie *themselves* up when they see me drink 7-Up! They know I always get my lion, 'cause I always get quick energy from 7-Up!"

*Copyright 1957 Walt Disney Productions

Next time you're hunting lions, and need new energy quick—have a chilled 7-Up! As "Fresh-up" Freddie always says:

"'Fresh up' with Seven-Up!"

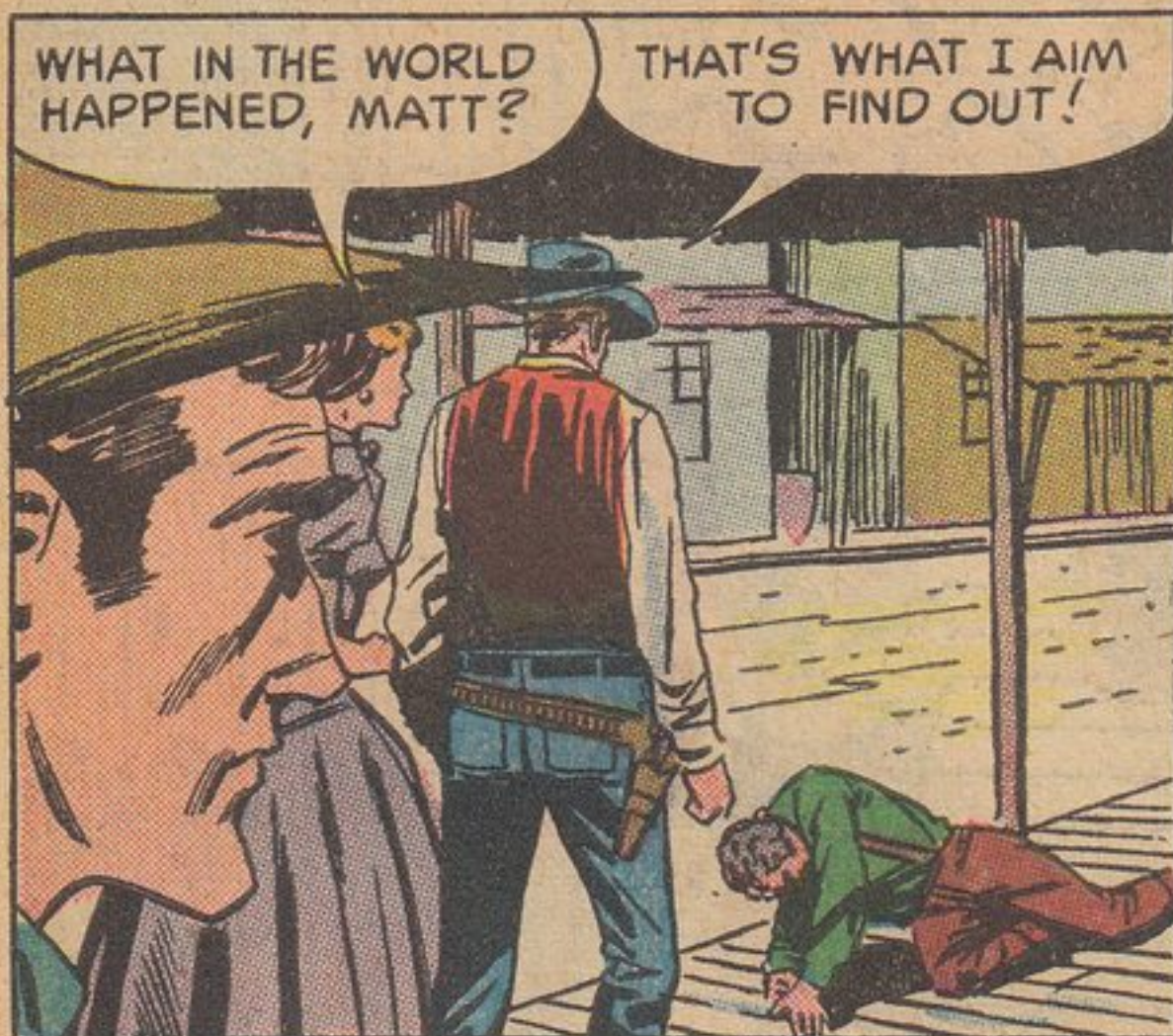
**See Freddie on TV! Watch Zorro* . . . from Walt Disney Studios
every week on ABC-TV**



Copyright 1958 by The Seven-Up Company

GUNSMOKE

THE WITNESS



WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED, MATT?

THAT'S WHAT I AIM TO FIND OUT!



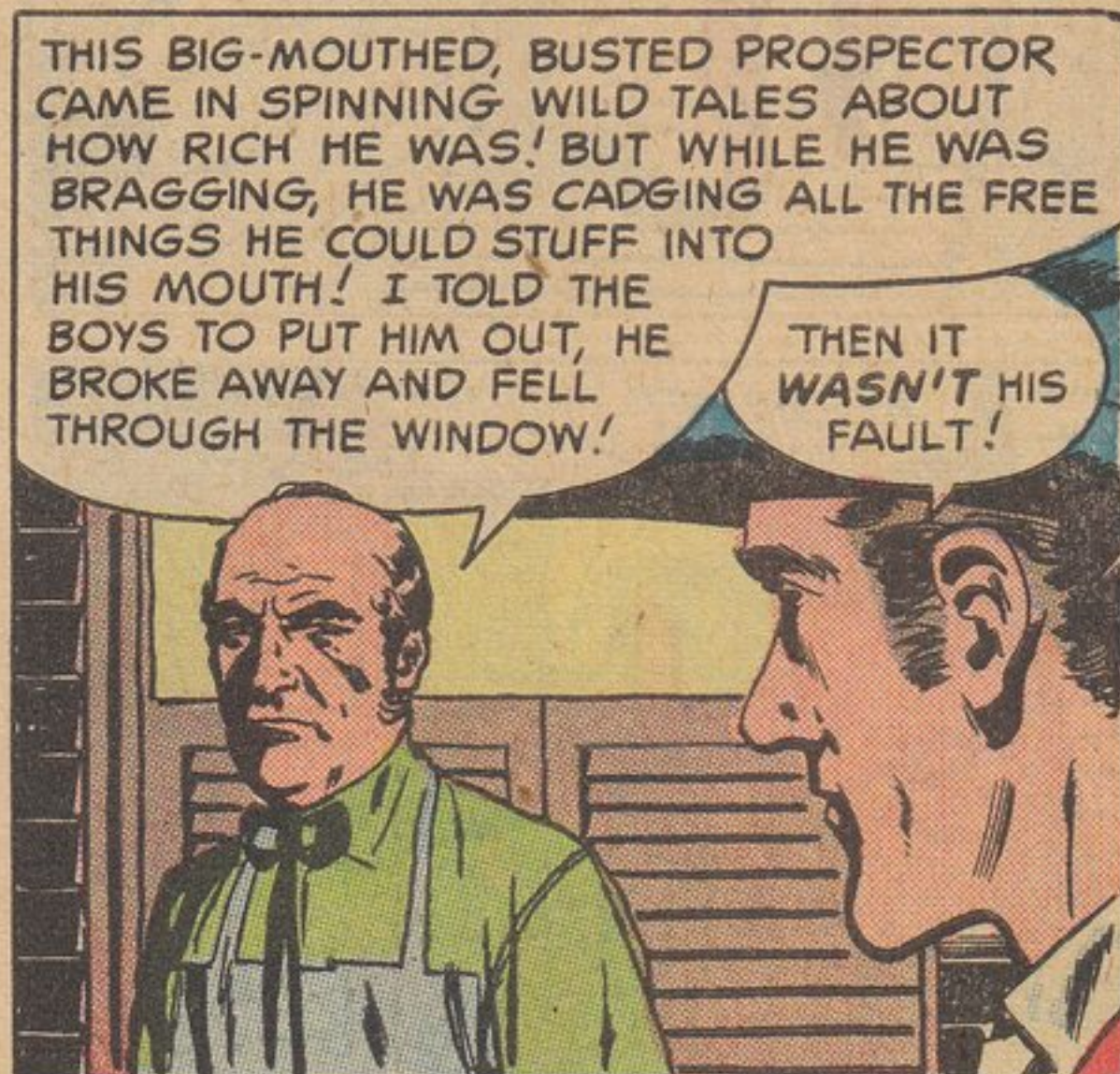
YOU ALL RIGHT, OLD-TIMER?

S-SURE! -- FELL TWICE AS FAR ONCE, DOWN THE SHAFT OF MY GOLD MINE BEFORE THE WAR! LANDED ON A HEAP OF FIST-SIZED NUGGETS, TOO!



THAT WINDOW WILL COST YOU PLENTY, MISTER!

EASY, LINDER! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?



THIS BIG-MOUTHED, BUSTED PROSPECTOR CAME IN SPINNING WILD TALES ABOUT HOW RICH HE WAS! BUT WHILE HE WAS BRAGGING, HE WAS CADGING ALL THE FREE THINGS HE COULD STUFF INTO HIS MOUTH! I TOLD THE BOYS TO PUT HIM OUT, HE BROKE AWAY AND FELL THROUGH THE WINDOW!

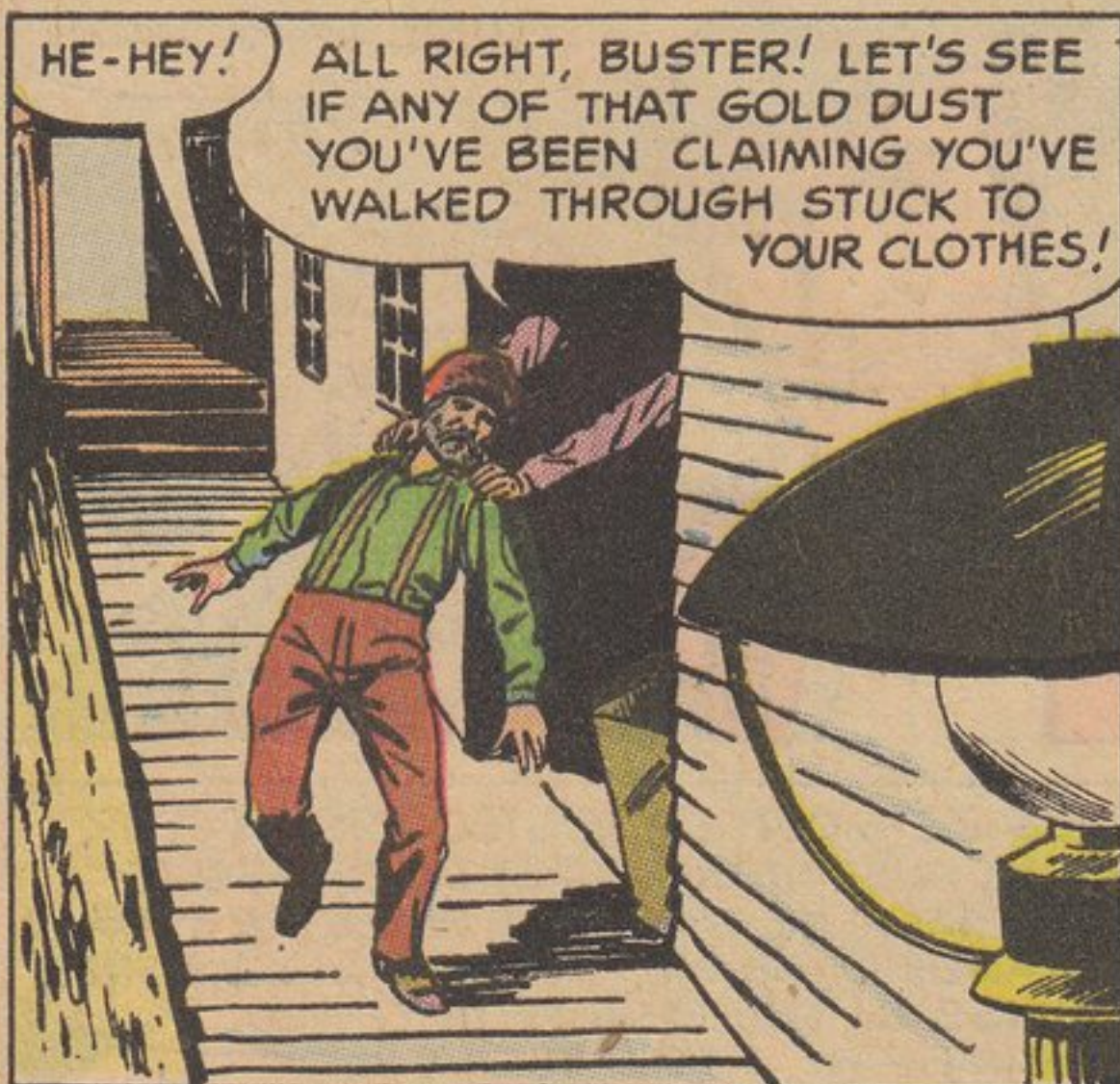
THEN IT WASN'T HIS FAULT!

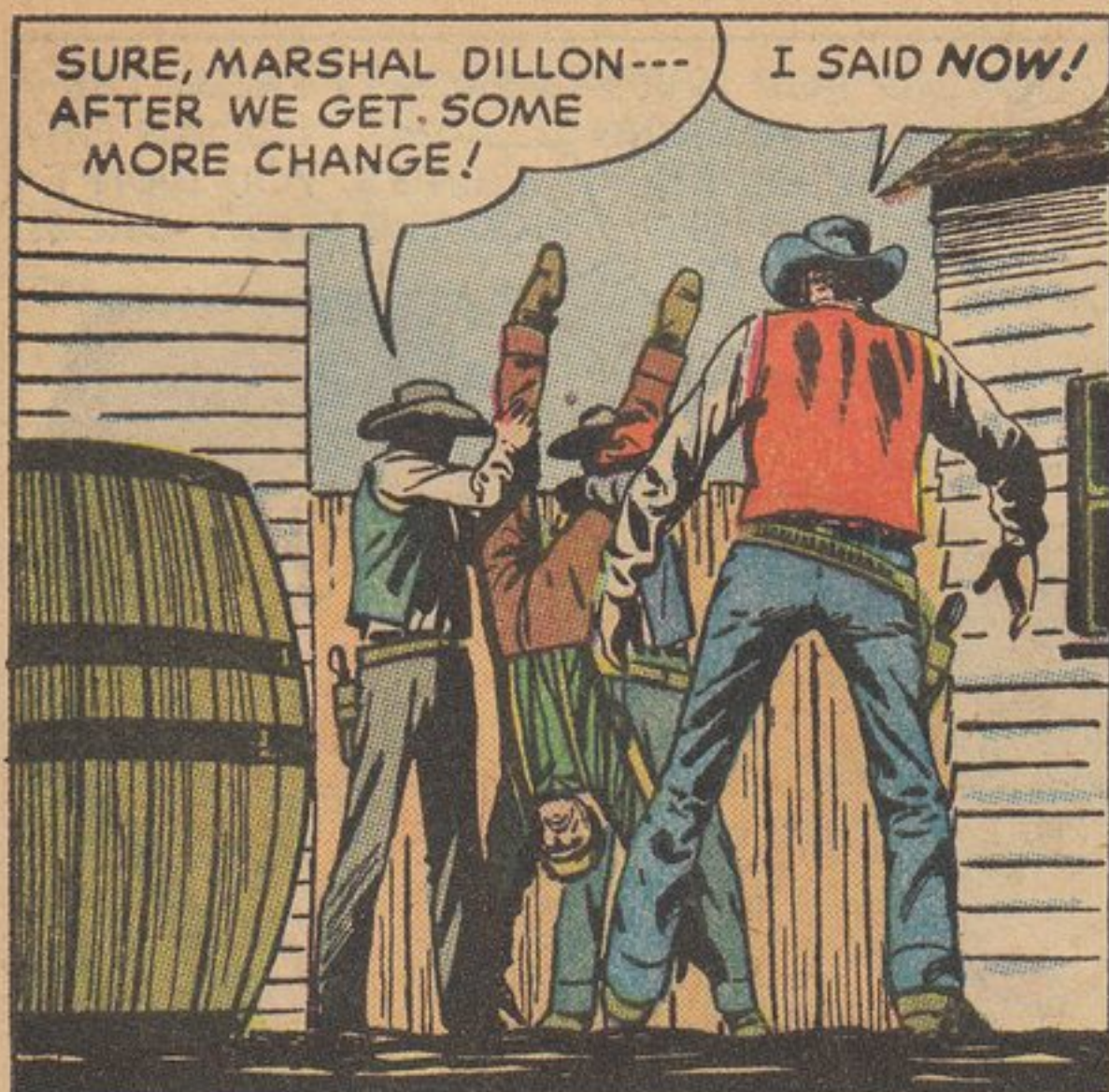
POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.
 GUNSMOKE, No. 11, Oct.-Nov., 1958. Published bi-monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
 George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher, Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-Pres.-Advertising Director; Albert P. Delacorte, Treasurer. Second-class mail privileges authorized at New York, New York. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Canada 60c per year; foreign subscriptions \$1.00 per year. Dell Subscription Service: 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Copyright © 1958, Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Printed in U.S.A.

This periodical is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be disposed of by way of trade except at the full retail price; nor in a mutilated condition; nor affixed to nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





LATER...

FOOD DOESN'T LOOK HALF BAD! COURSE IT ISN'T LIKE WHAT I USED TO GET ON THAT CRUISE SHIP WHEN I WAS RETURNING FROM MY ROUND-THE-WORLD TRIP TO GET BACK TO MY GOLD MINES!

YOU TOOK A WORLD CRUISE?



LOOKING FOR INVESTMENTS! WITH GOLD POURING OUT OF MY MINES FASTER THAN I COULD SPEND IT, I HAD TO FIND SOME FOREIGN MARKETS TO INVEST IN!

FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, YOU DIDN'T PICK THE RIGHT ONES!



OH, DON'T LET THESE DUDS FOOL YOU! SEEING AS HOW YOU'RE A LAWMAN, I CAN CONFIDE IN YOU--- I'M WORTH A HEAP!

THEN WHY DO YOU WAIT FOR HANDOUTS IN CAFES?



DON'T WANT ANYONE THINKING I'M RICH! LEADS TO TROUBLE! SAY, YOU COULDN'T DIG UP SOME MORE OF THIS GRUB?

I'LL FIND SOME! AND MAYBE I CAN SERVE IT ON GOLD PLATES LIKE YOU MUST BE ACCUS- TOMED TO USING!



NEXT MORNING...

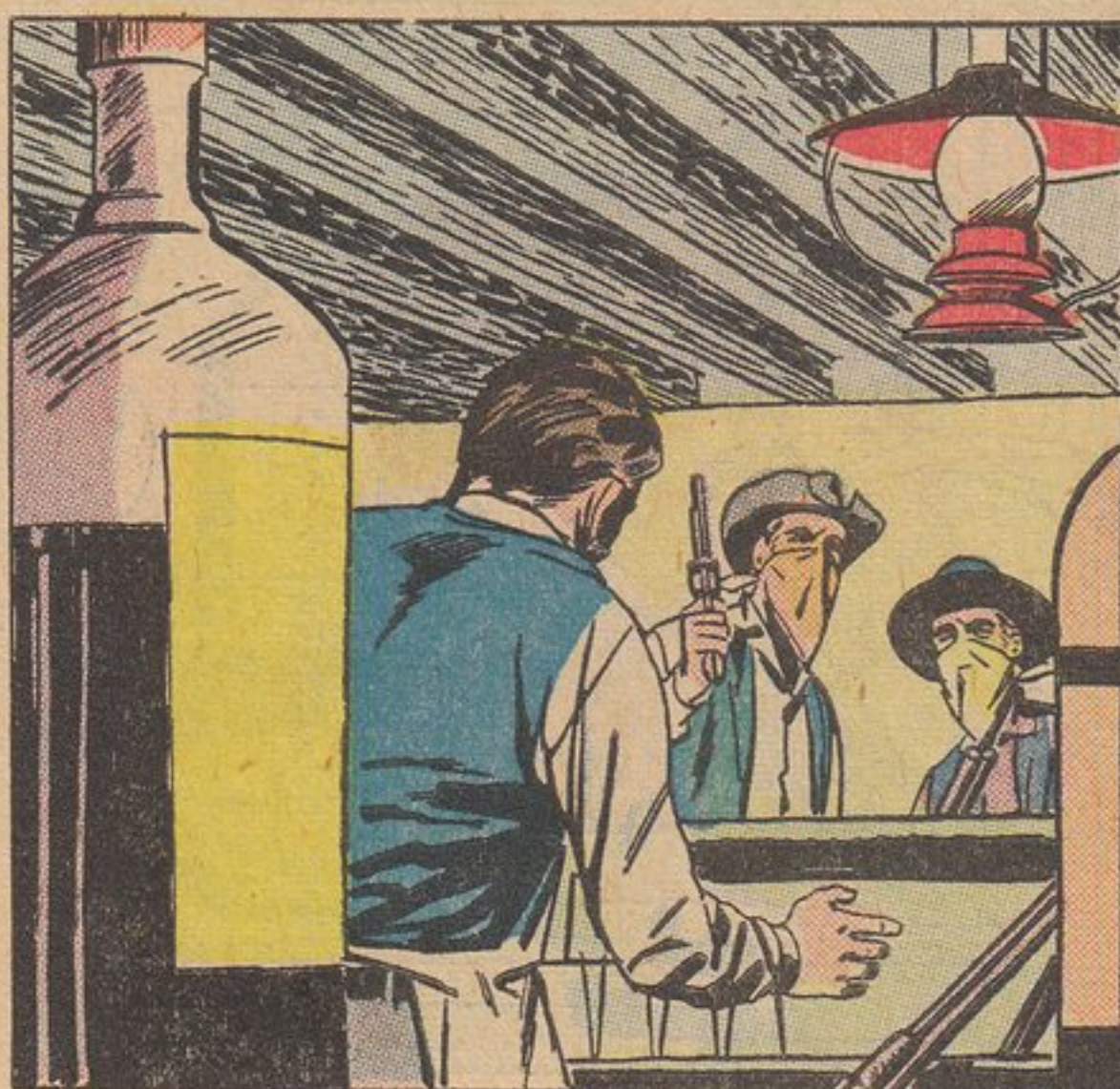
JUST KEEP OUT OF CAFES AND TROUBLE!

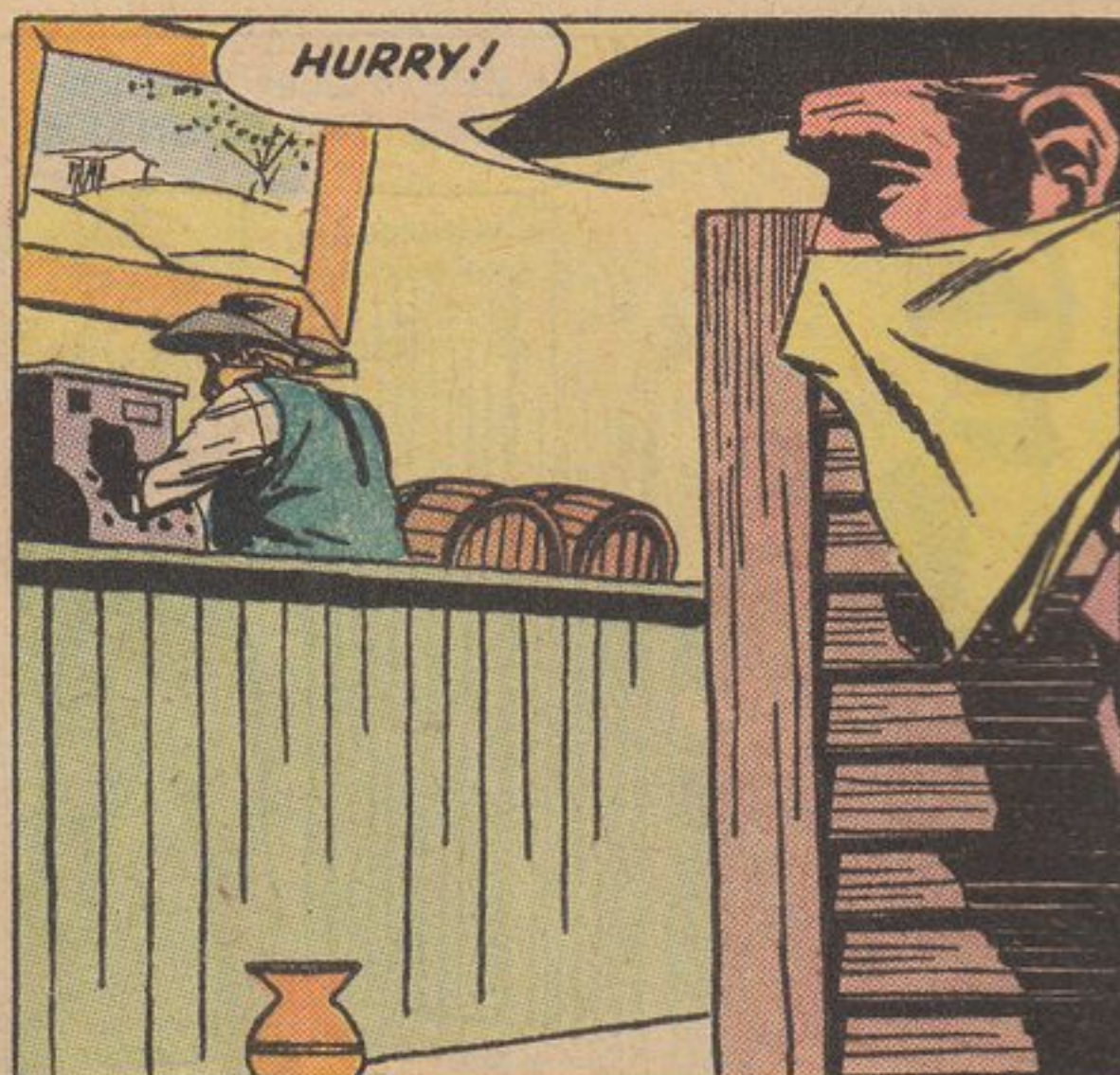
SURE THING, MARSHAL! AND THANKS! I LIKE A CELL FACING WEST ---MORNING LIGHT DOESN'T WAKE YOU UP EARLY!





MINUTES LATER...





SOON...

ANY LEADS,
MR. DILLON?

NO, CHESTER---NOT A
SIGN OF ANYTHING TO
GO ON!

FROM WHERE THE SHOT-
GUN WAS LYING, HE MUST
HAVE MADE
A PLAY!

AND I'LL BET
THERE WASN'T
EVEN MUCH IN
THE TILL!

SURE HATE TO THINK
OF ANYONE GETTING
AWAY WITH SOMETHING
LIKE THIS!

WHOEVER DID IT
MIGHT VERY
WELL GET AWAY
WITH IT IF WE
DON'T GET A BREAK!

SO-SOMETHING IN ME SAYS GO UP AND
TELL THE MARSHAL--- BUT SOMETHING
INSIDE ME SHOUTS EVEN LOUDER: "DON'T
BE A DANG, MEDDLING FOOL!"

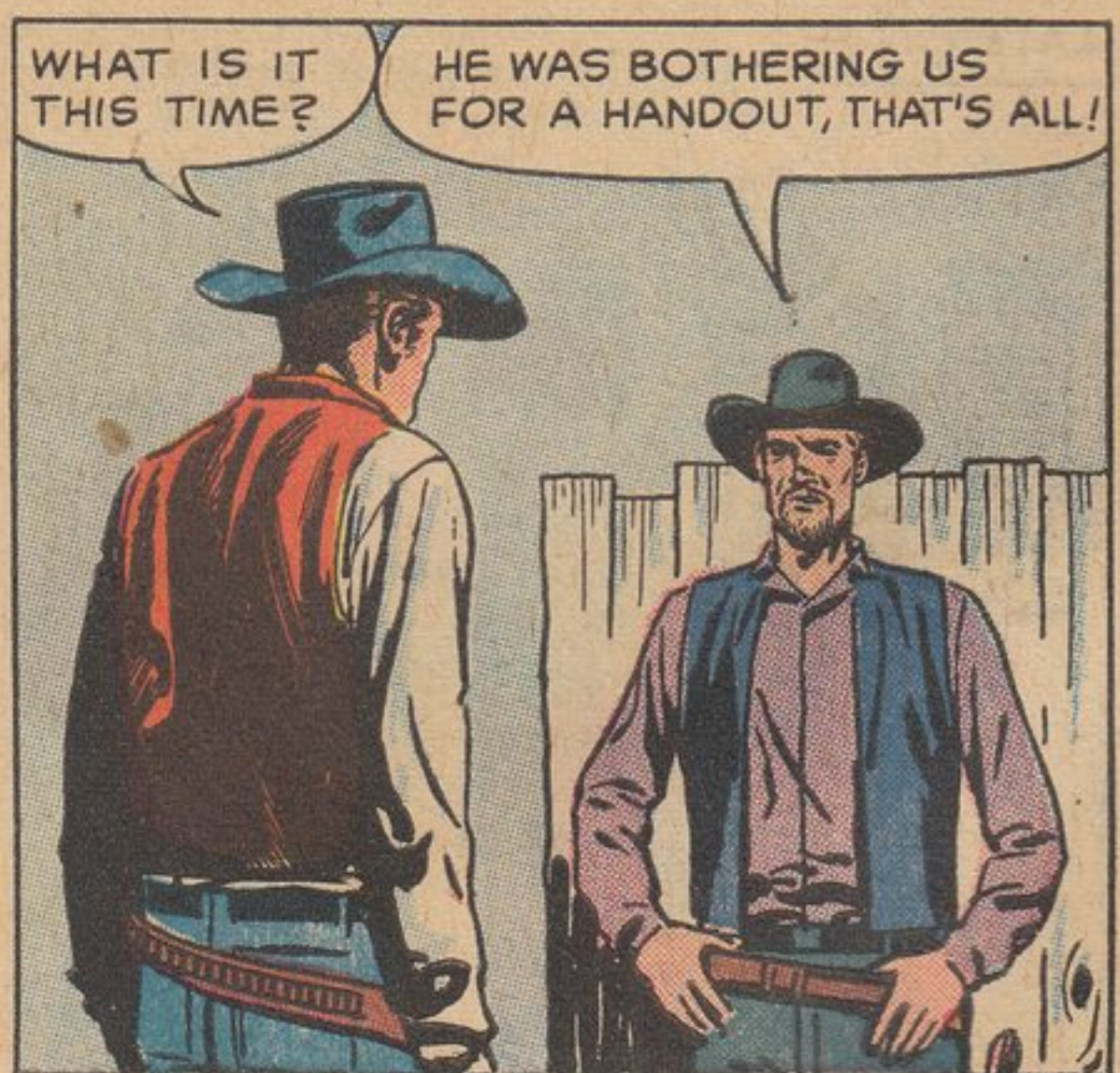
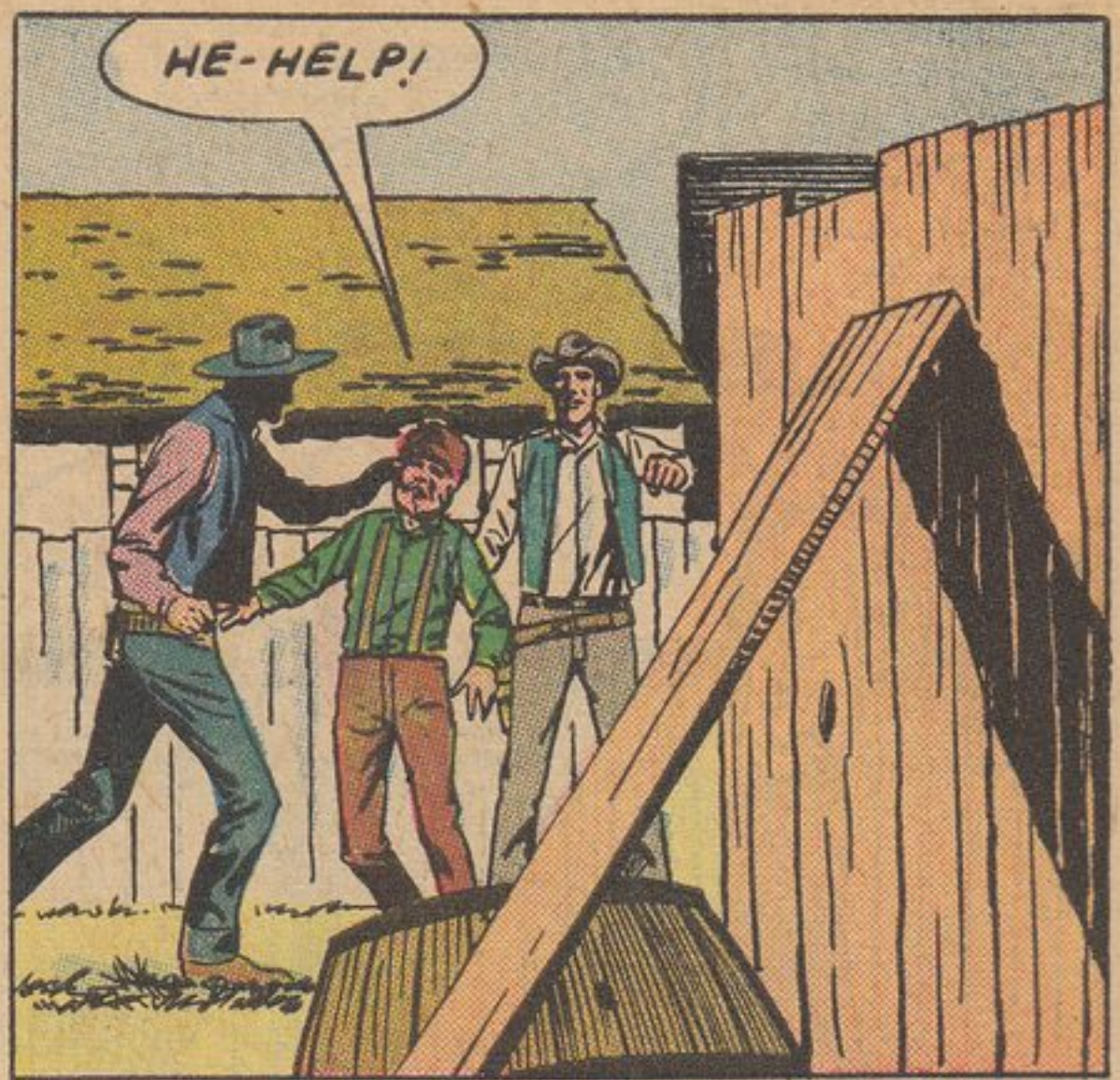
LATER...

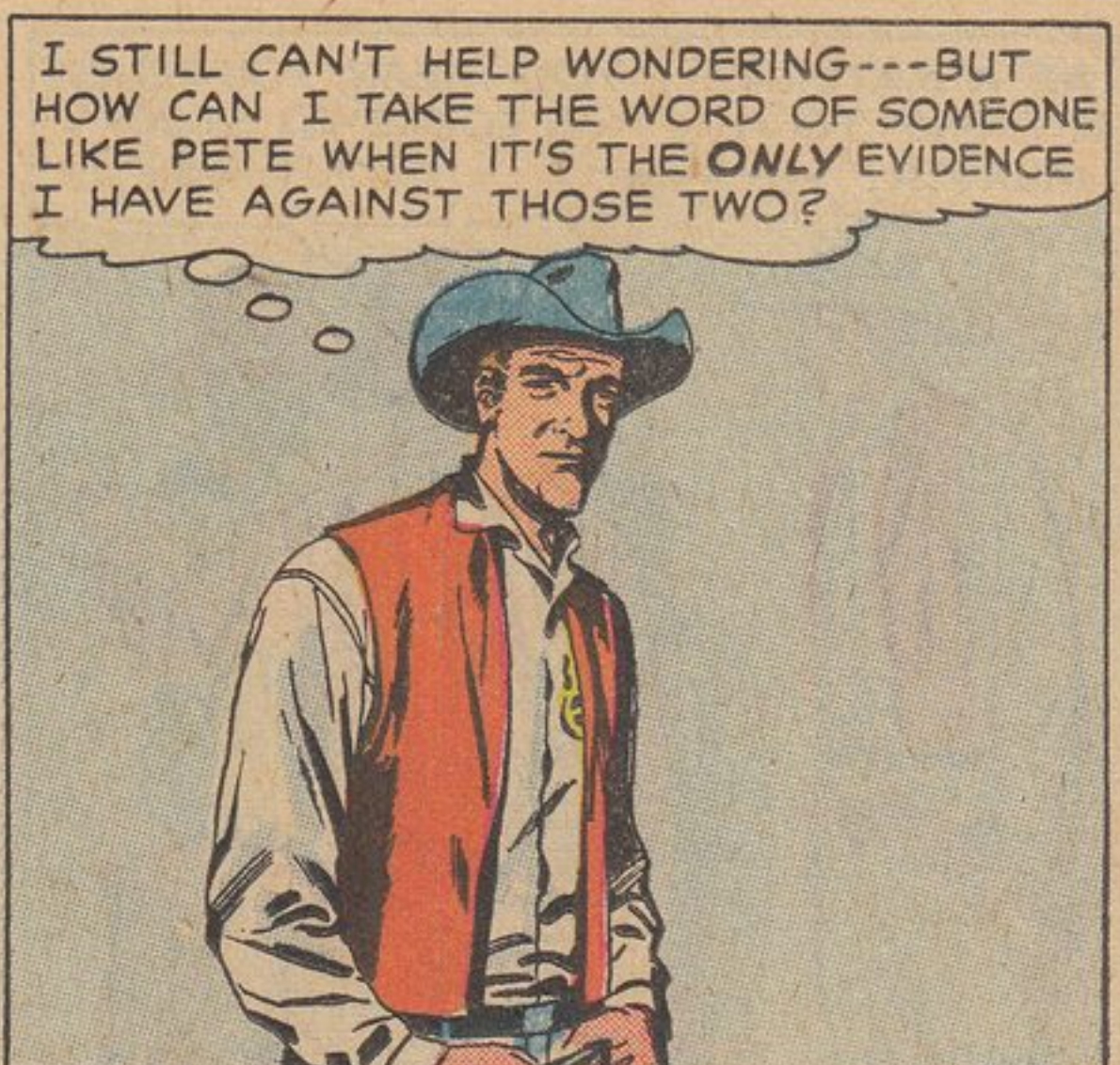
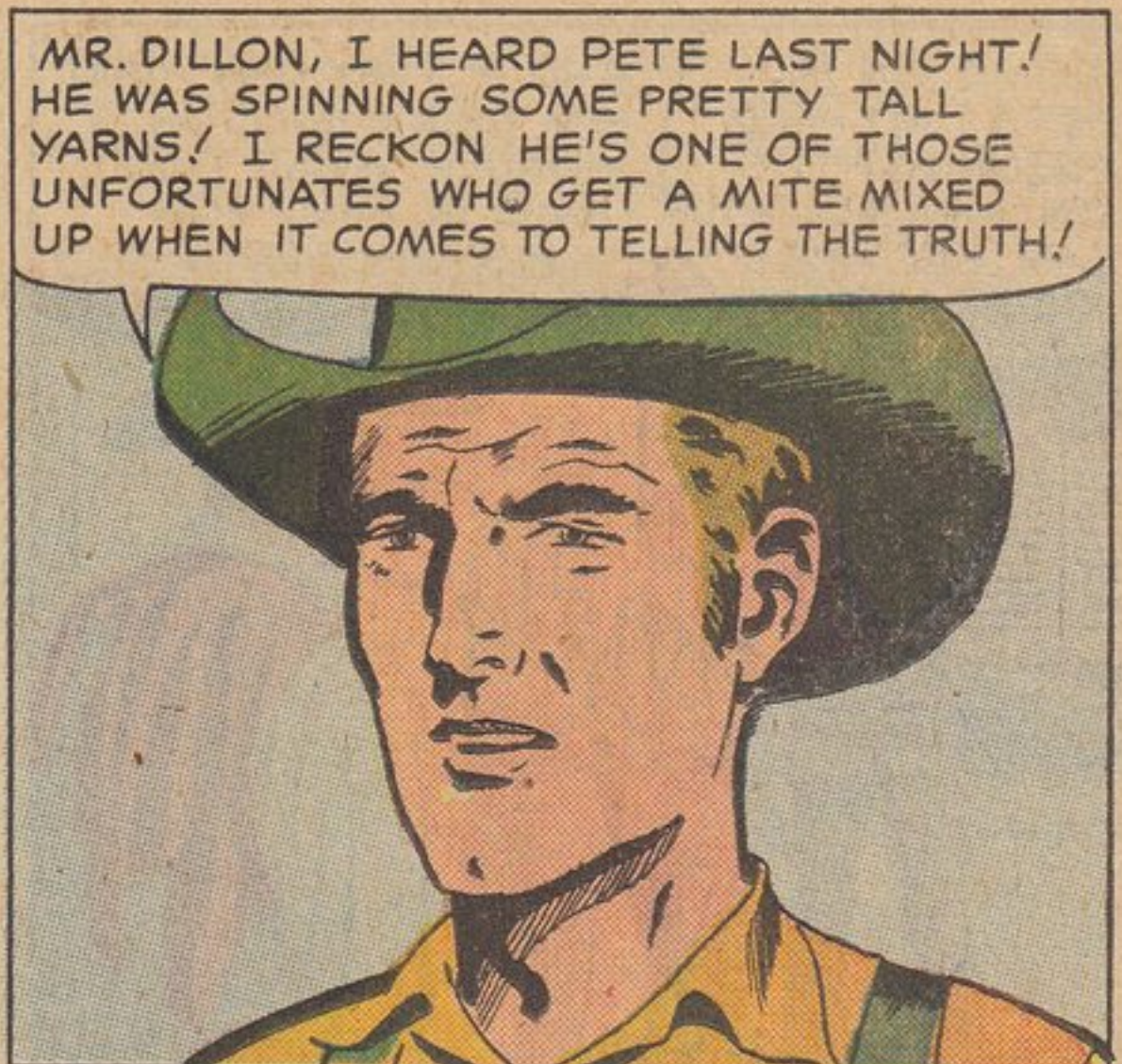
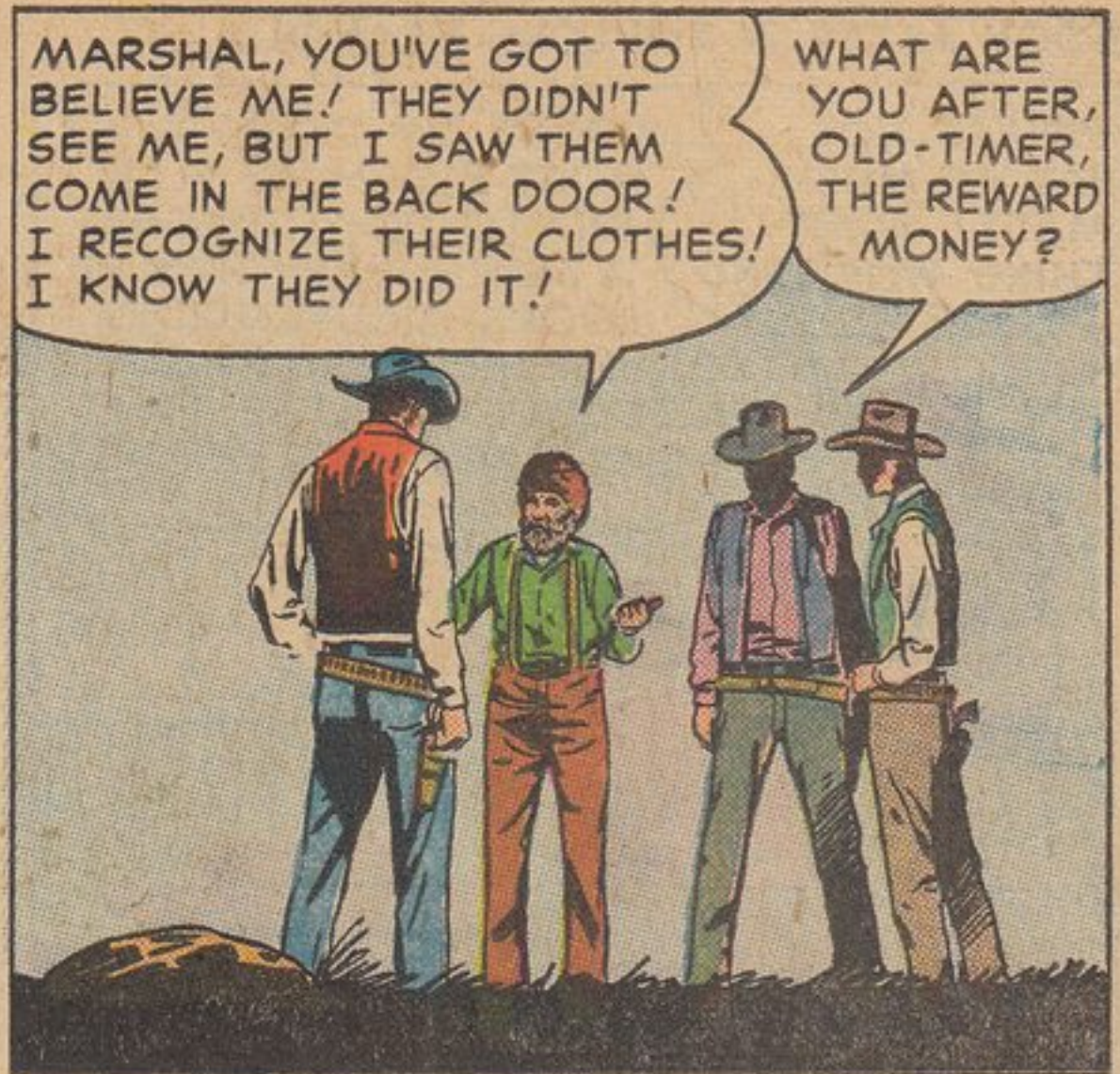
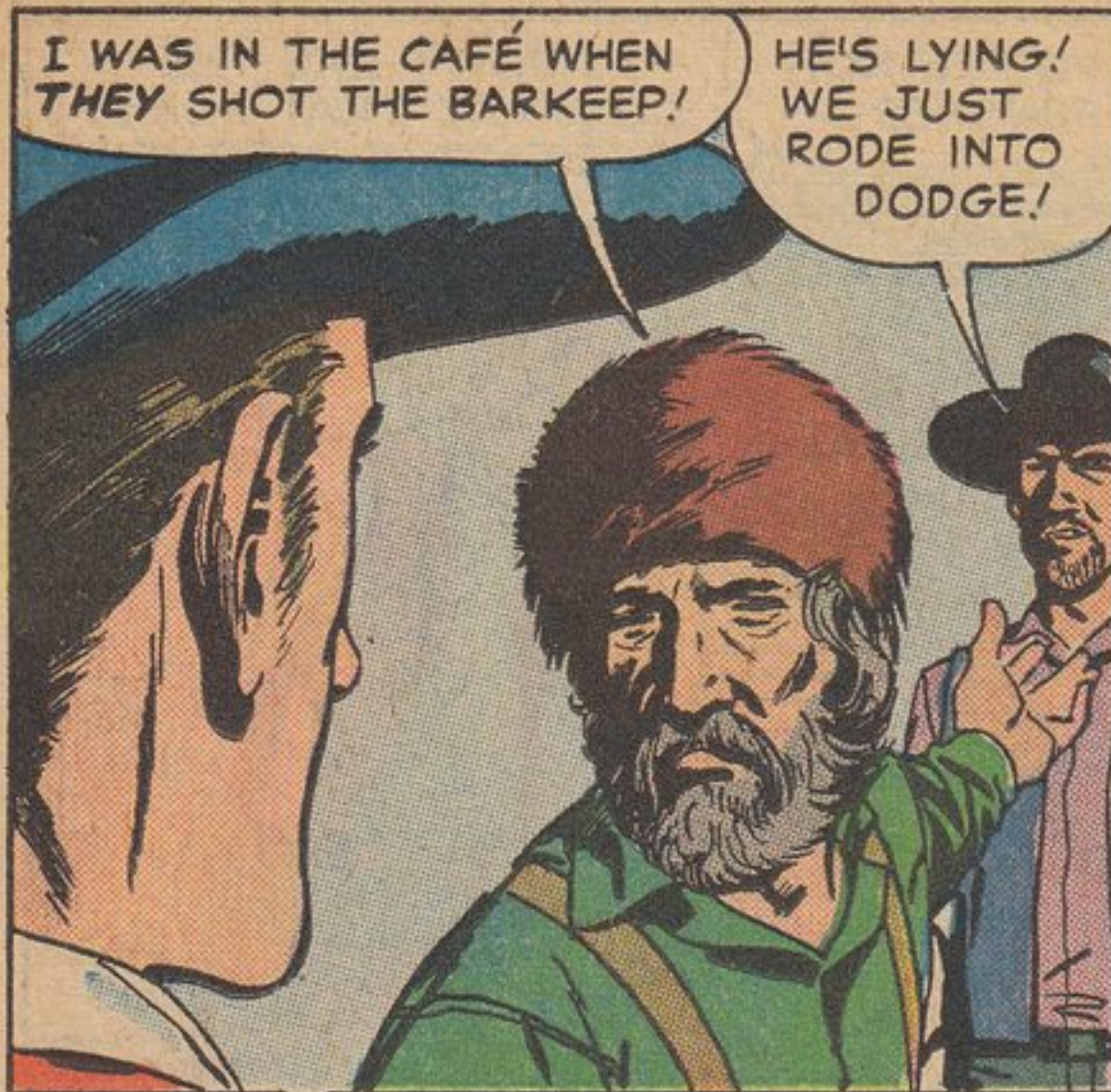
YOU STILL
IN TOWN?

WHY SHOULDN'T
WE BE?

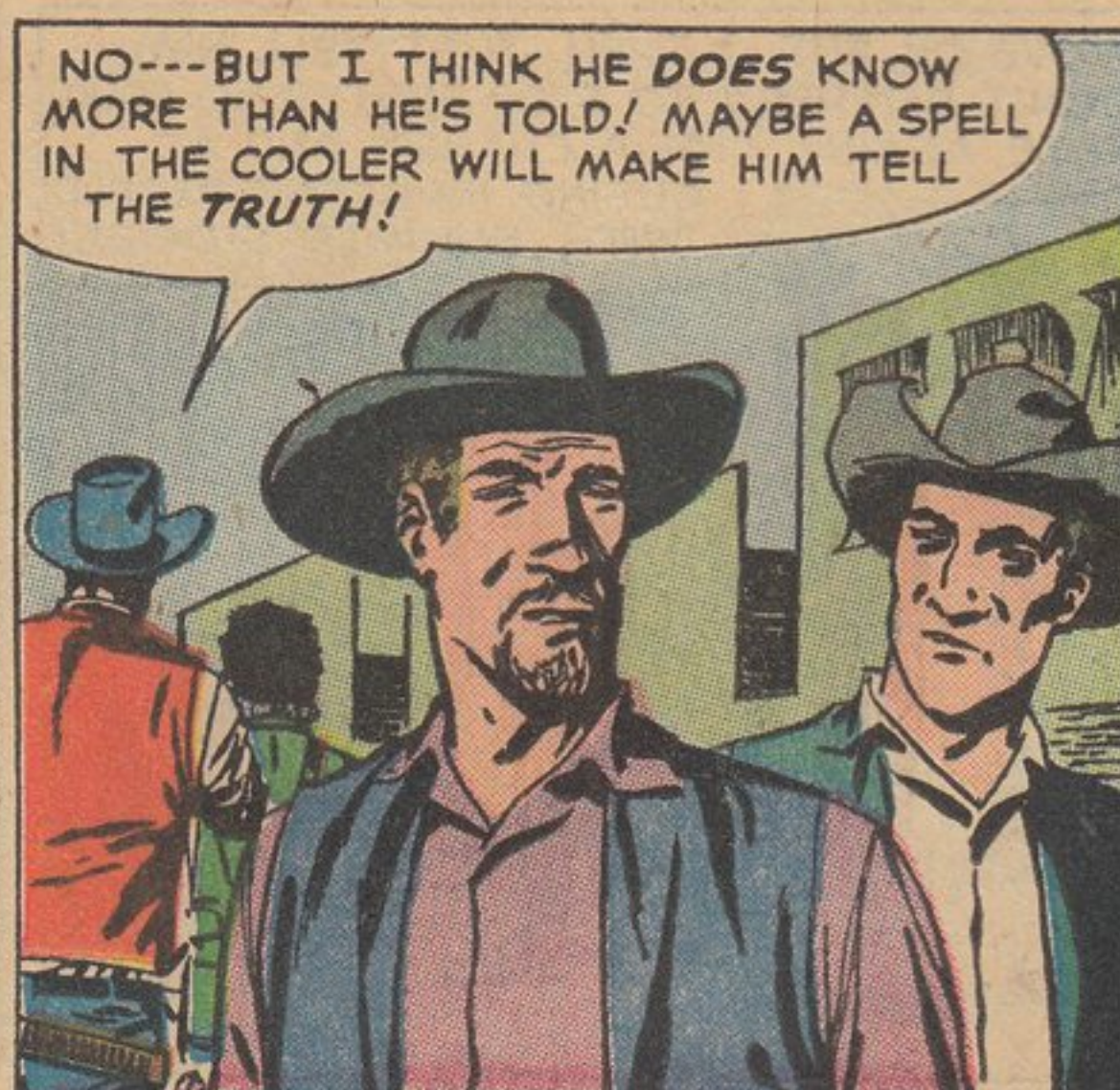
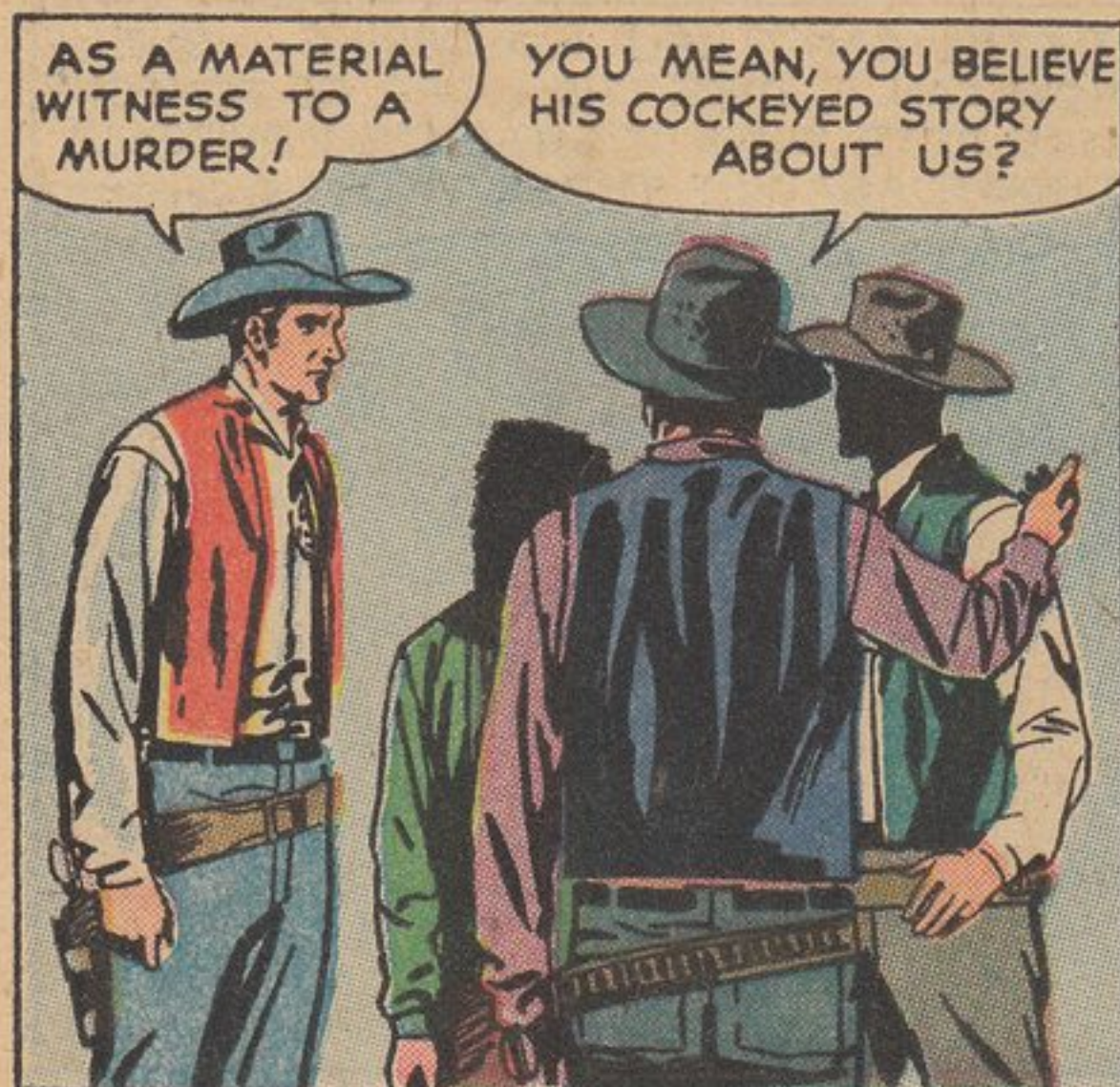
N-NO REASON!
NO REASON!

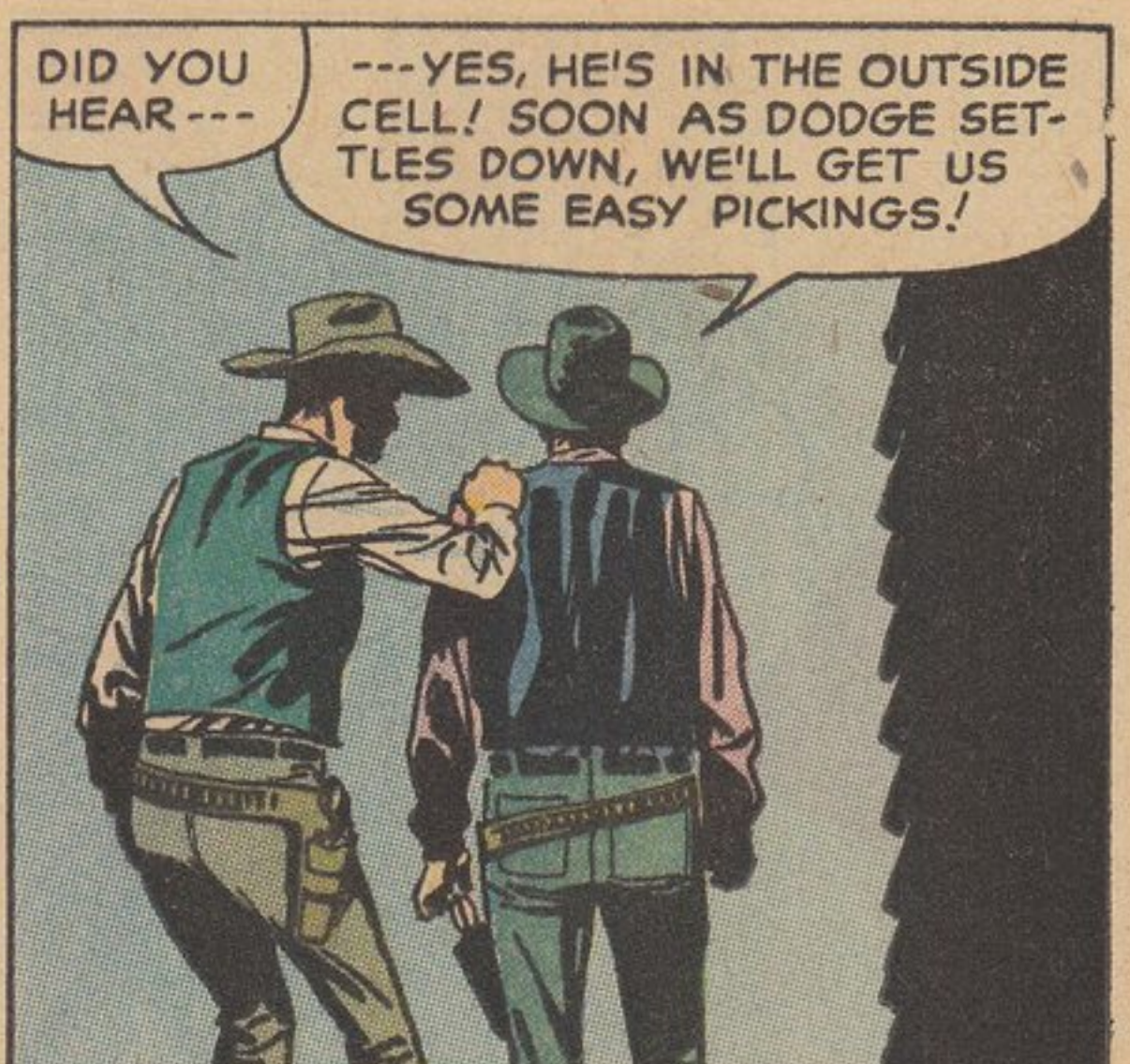
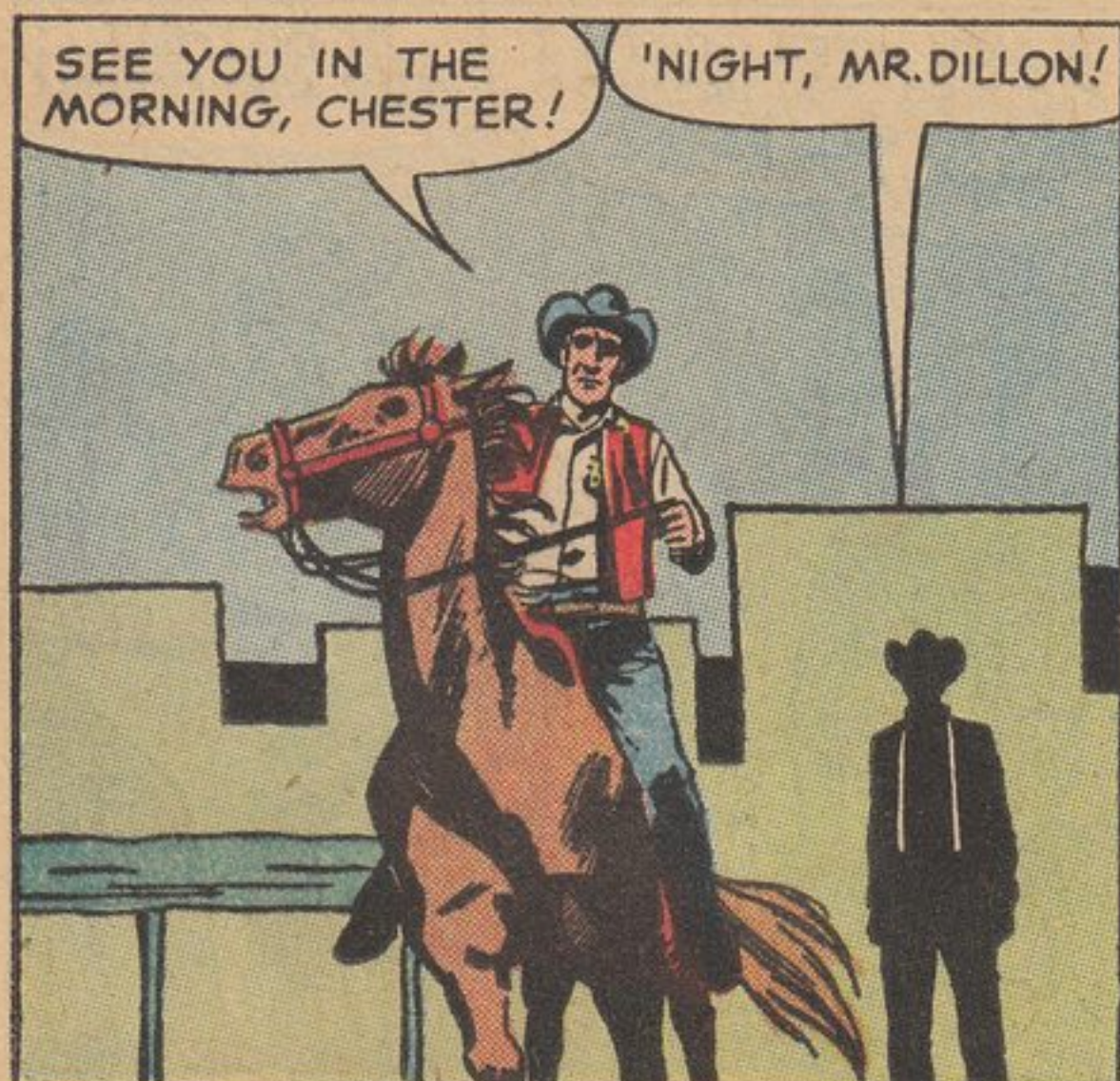
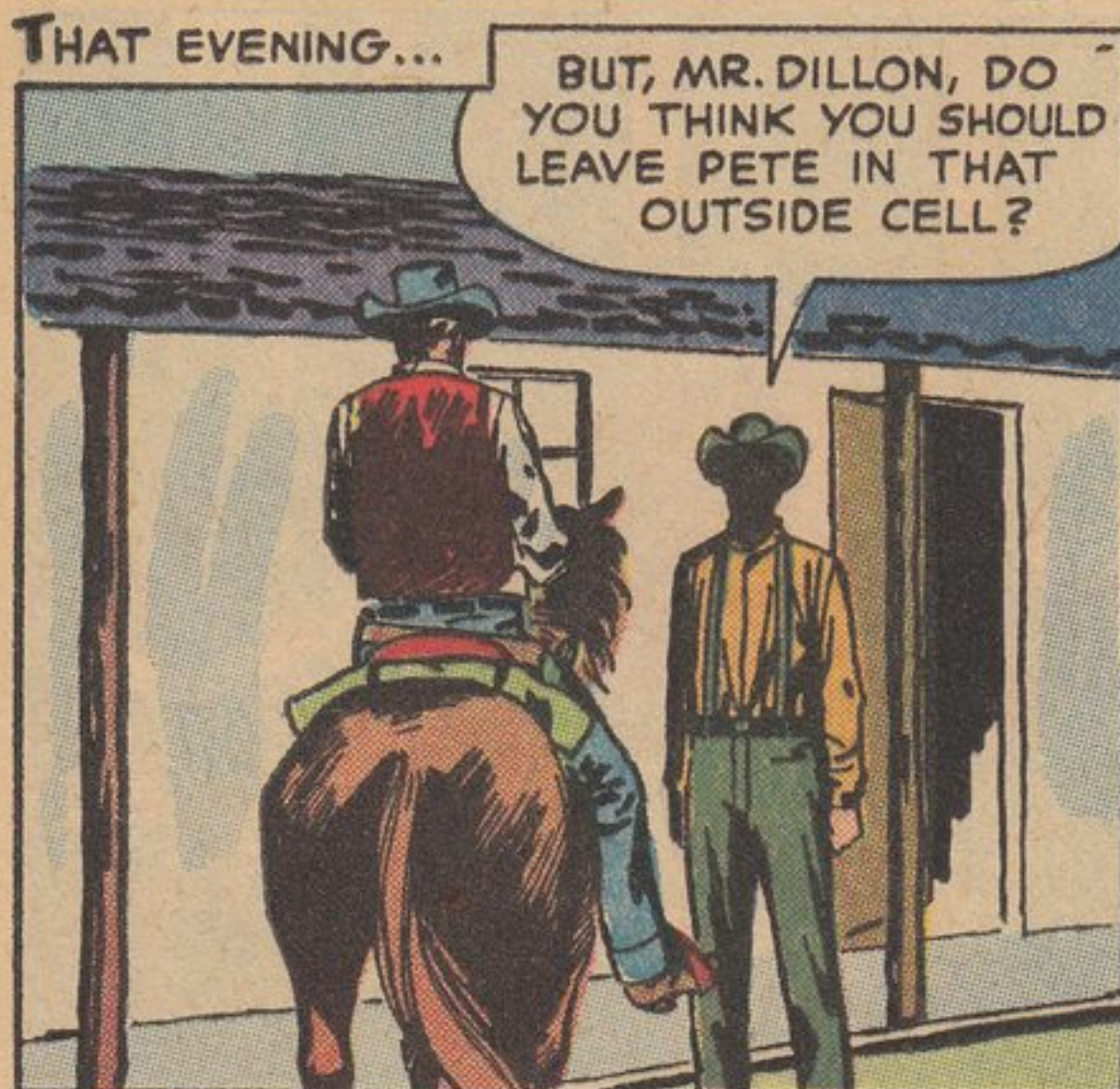
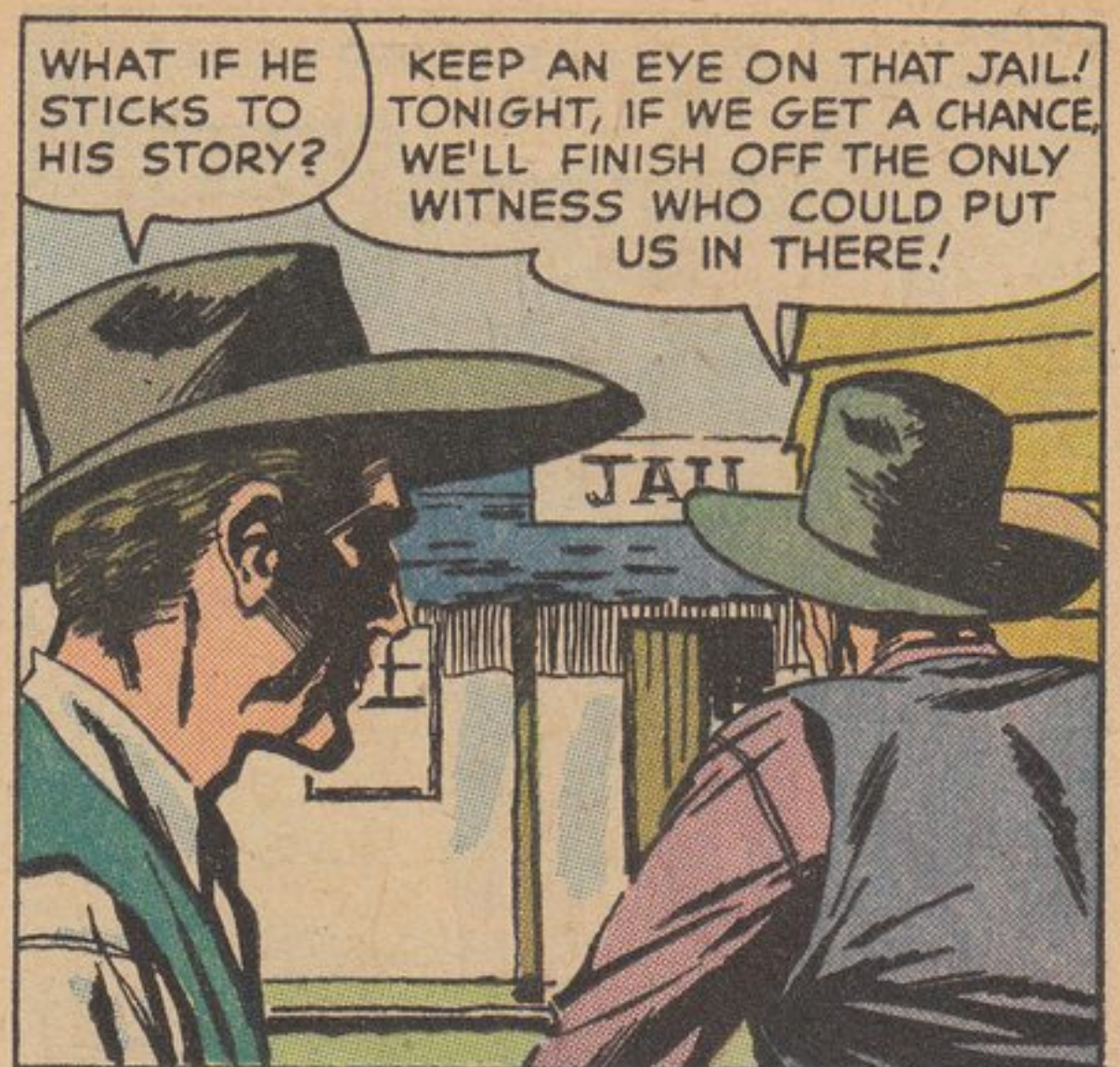
I THINK HE KNOWS
SOMETHING! LET'S
FIND OUT!





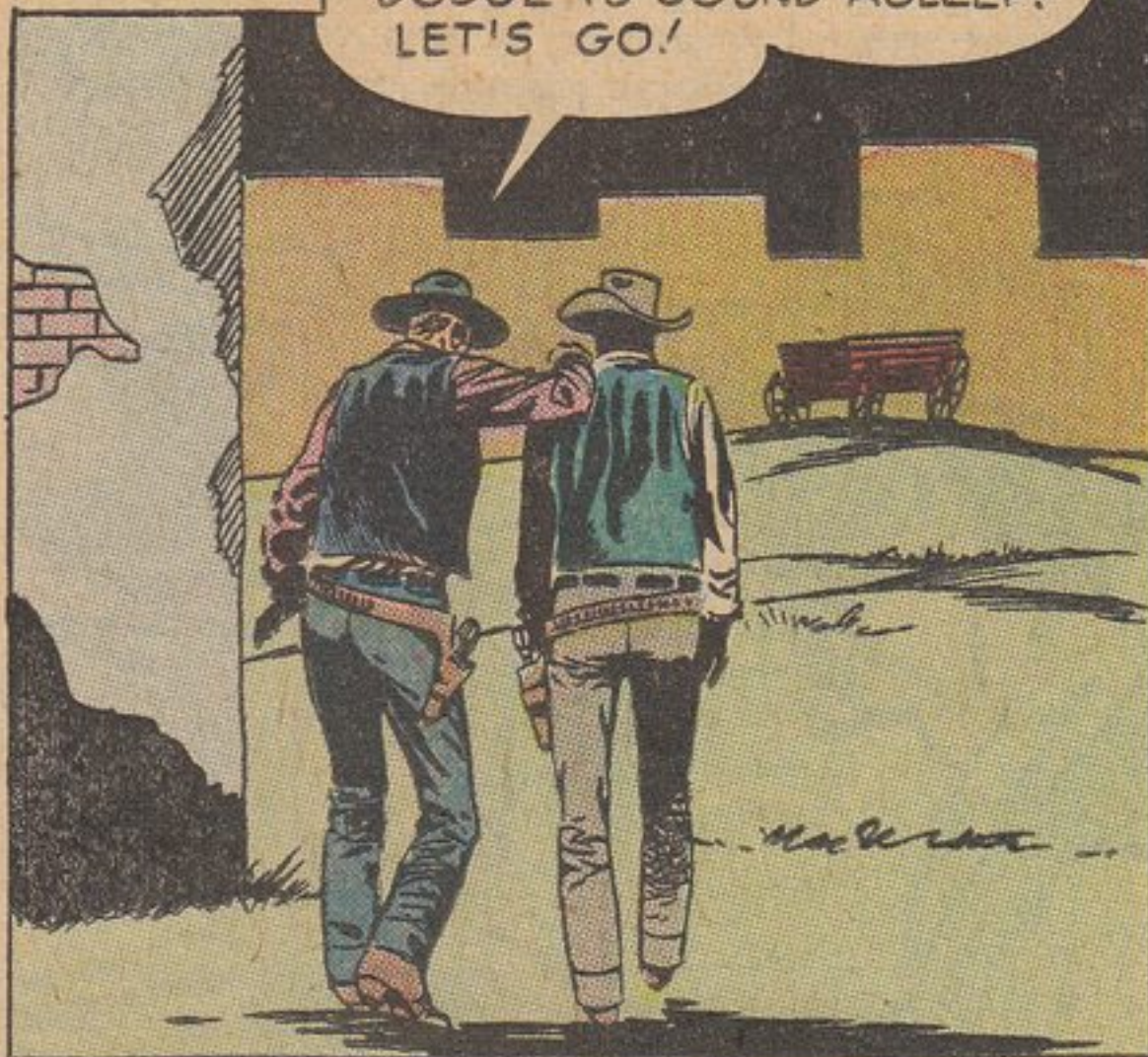
SOON AFTER IN THE LONG BRANCH...





LATER...

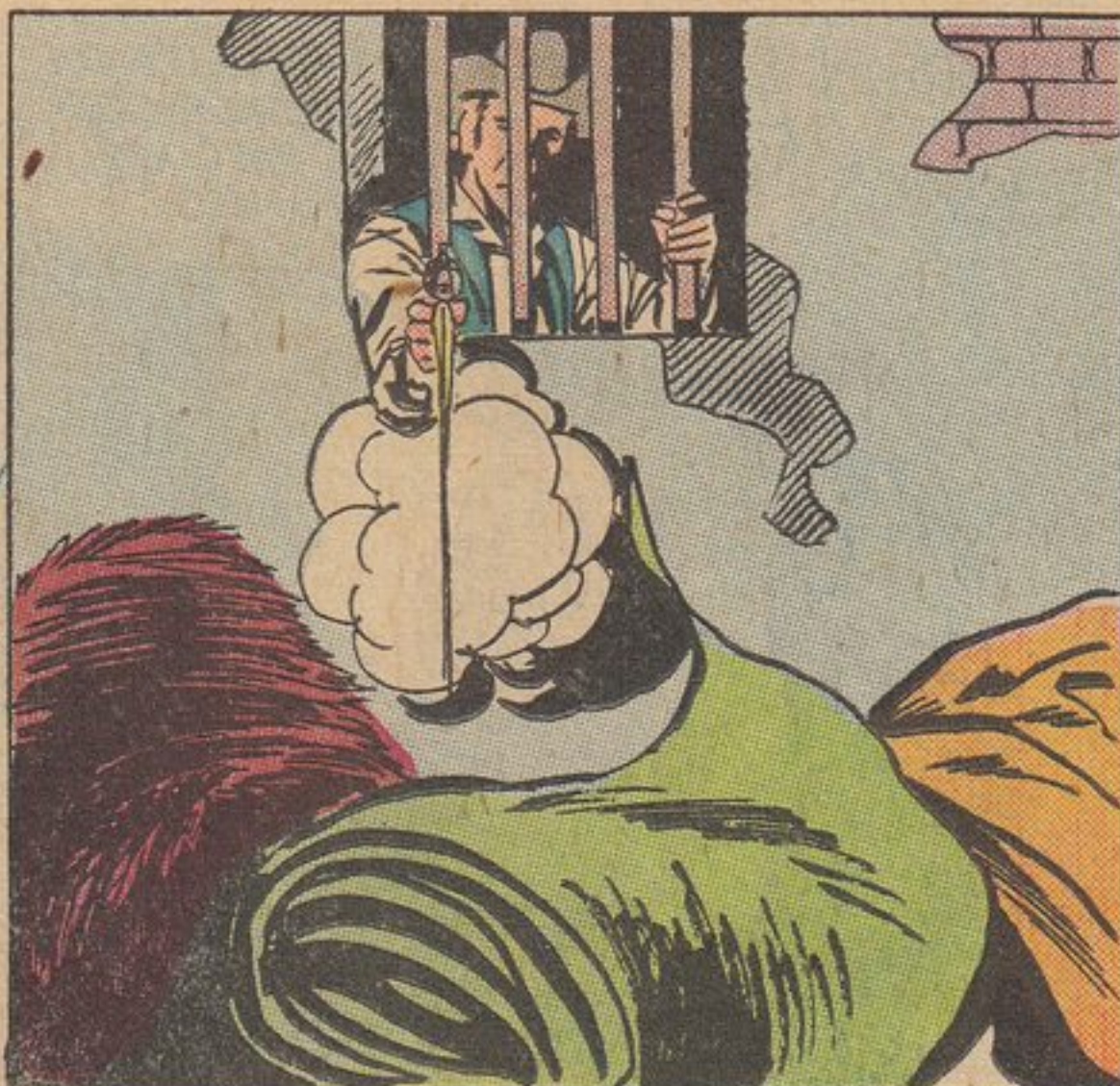
DODGE IS SOUND ASLEEP!
LET'S GO!



GOOD OL' PETE IS ASLEEP, TOO!



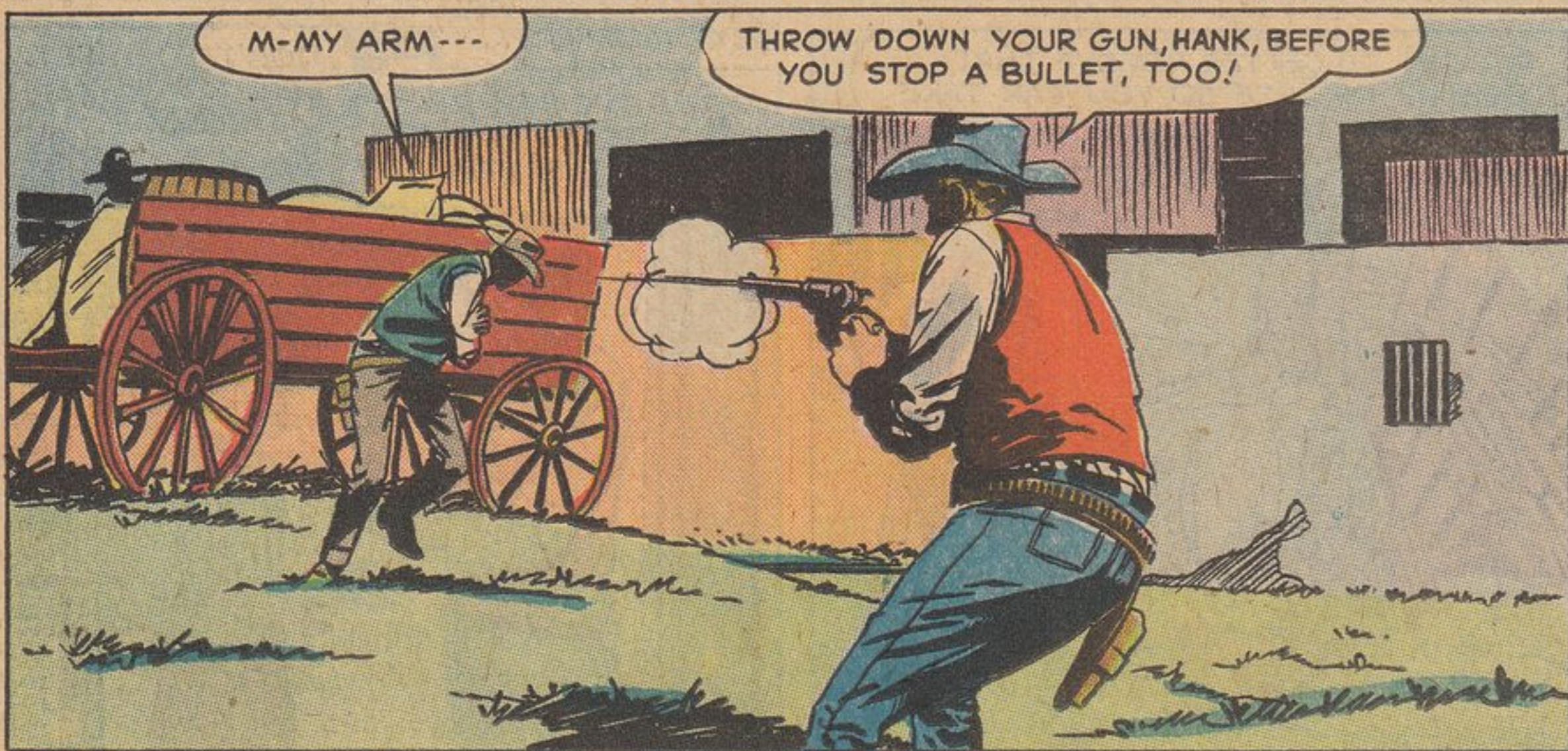
AND HERE'S WHERE HE
STAYS ASLEEP!

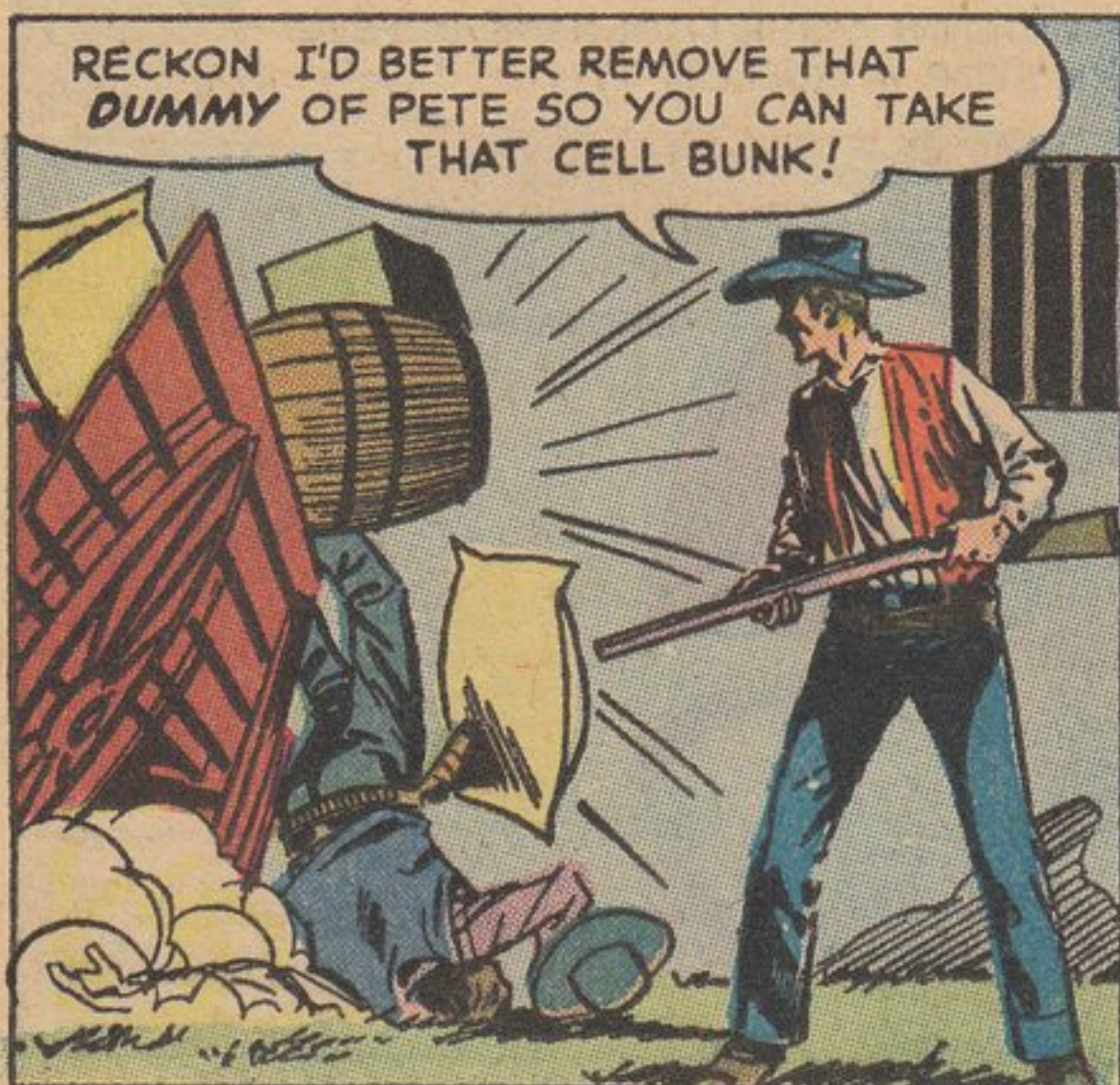


IF YOU WERE GUILTY, I
FIGURED YOU WOULD
TRY TO KILL PETE!
REACH!

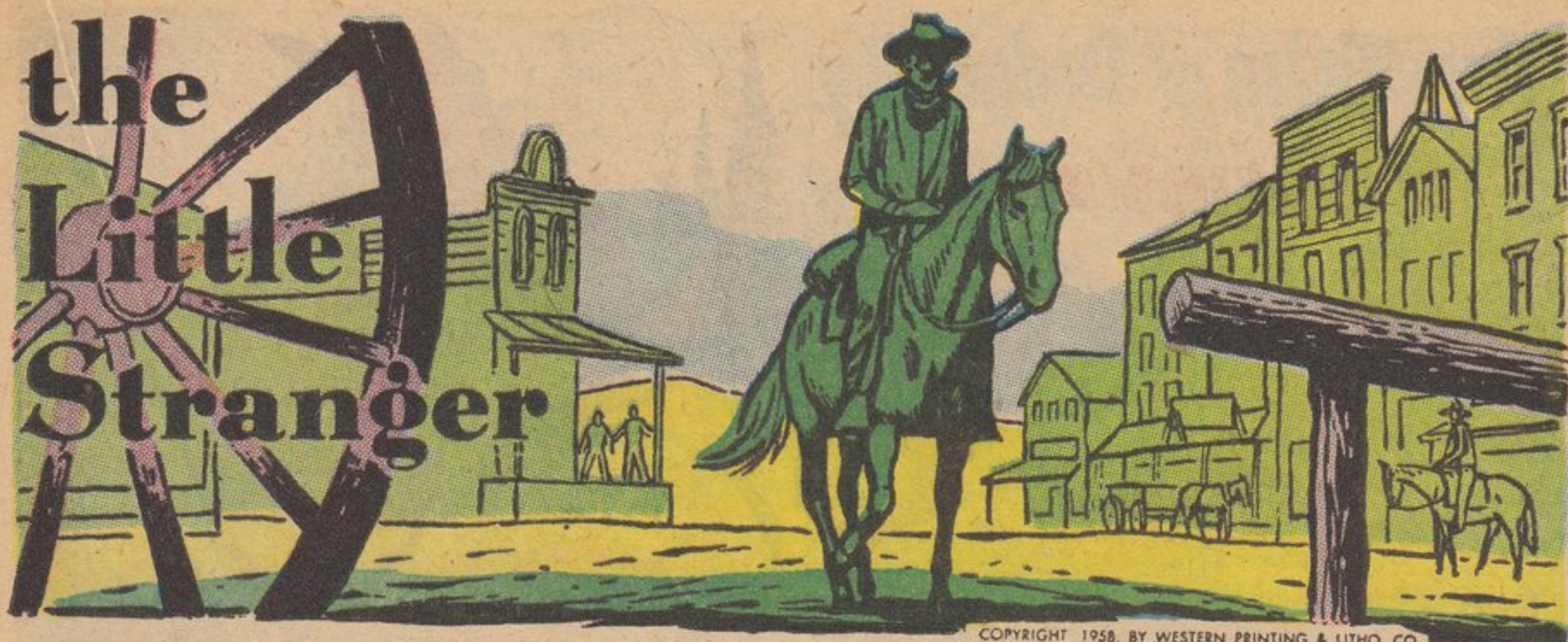
DI-DILLON!
GUN HIM DOWN!







the Little Stranger



COPYRIGHT 1958, BY WESTERN PRINTING & LITHO. CO.

When the "little stranger" rode into the roaring trail-town of Tumbleweed, he was as sorry looking a cowpoke as ever forked a bronc. His horse was all right, a sleek palomino, but the rest of his outfit would have insulted a scarecrow. And in this town where every man made his own law—or tried to—he didn't even carry a gun.

He hitched his horse and went in the Little Gem Restaurant, ordering beefsteak and coffee. He had a name as unimpressive as the rest of him.

"Marion Farrango," he told the inquiring bruiser on the counter stool next to him.

"Farrango? Sounds like *Fandango*. *Fandango's* a dance." The big man winked broadly at the range-garbed men packed close. "With a name like that, I bet he dances."

The stranger looked embarrassed, and didn't say anything.

Grinning, the big man drew his gun. "I've got six shots in this shooting-iron that says you're going to dance the fandango for us, little stranger. I'll count three, then you start dancing—or I'll start shooting the run-down heels off your boots."

"Now wait a minute," the little man protested. "I'm not looking for trouble."

"Dance!" The gun threatened closely.

The little man's eyes rolled around as though imploring somebody to stop what was about to happen, and he tried once more to reason with the bruiser. "Your bullets will shoot holes in the floor, and that won't be nice. . . ."

"The other fellow always pays for the

holes I shoot in floors." The big man winked at the watchers. "Look, little stranger, maybe you don't know who I am. I'm Marn Fargo. Ever hear of him?"

"Who hasn't?" the little man said meekly.

Marn Fargo, as everyone knew without saying, was a man who lived by his gun—a town-tamer the caliber of Wyatt Earp or Len Siringo or Guncat Bodman. Nobody tangled with Marn Fargo—and his greased-lightning draw.

"I never knew Marn Fargo to be the kind of man to pick on a fellow who wasn't wearing a gun," the little man protested.

"Well, now you know." The bully pointed his gun and drilled the first bullet through the floor near the little man's foot.

That was the last shot. The little man lifted his leg as if to dance—but the foot kept going to make a high kick. The worn boot connected. The pistol left the hand of the bewildered gunman and spun up in the air. Before it fell, the little man deftly caught it.

He looked sad more than anything else as he leveled for a long moment on the man who said he was Marn Fargo. "I'm only trying to eat my beefsteak, mister. I thought if I came in town without a gun, nobody'd take notice of me. If people hear my name, it kinda scares them."

"Scares them?" said the bully, puzzled.

"Yep. By the way, you picked the wrong *fake* name to scare me with," the little man finished gently. "I'm the real Marn Fargo."

True Tales of Dodge City

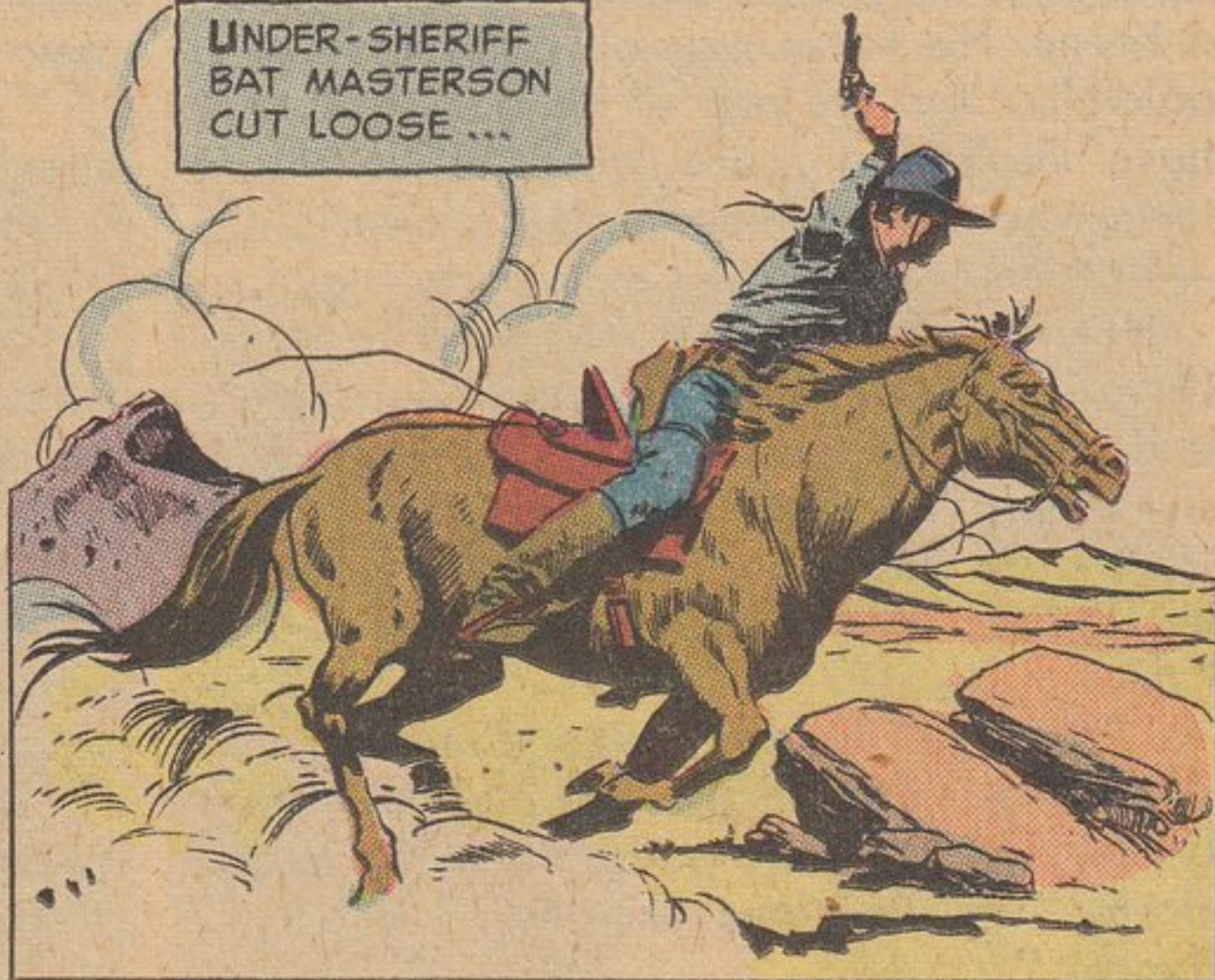
THE MISSING MULES

BACK IN 1873, WHEN THE DEPRESSION HIT DODGE, A LOT OF PEOPLE HIT THE OUTLAW TRAIL! RAILROAD CREWS, OUT OF WORK, THOUGHT FOR A WHILE THEY COULD FIND EASY PICKINGS RUSTLING HORSES...

COPYRIGHT, 1958, BY WESTERN PRINTING & LITHO. CO.

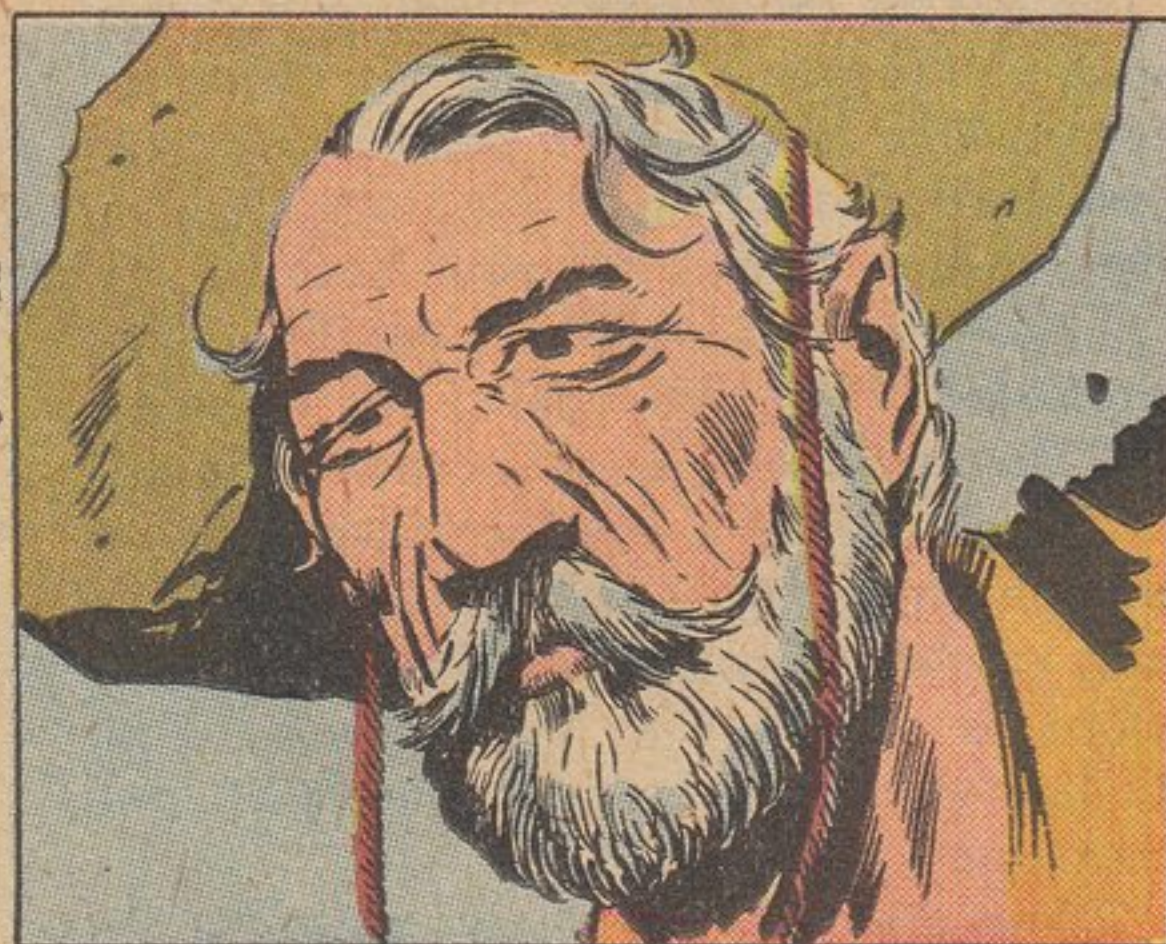
BUT WHEN SOME MEN HIT A RANCH IN GRANADA, THEY SOON HAD A DETERMINED MAN ON THEIR TRAIL...

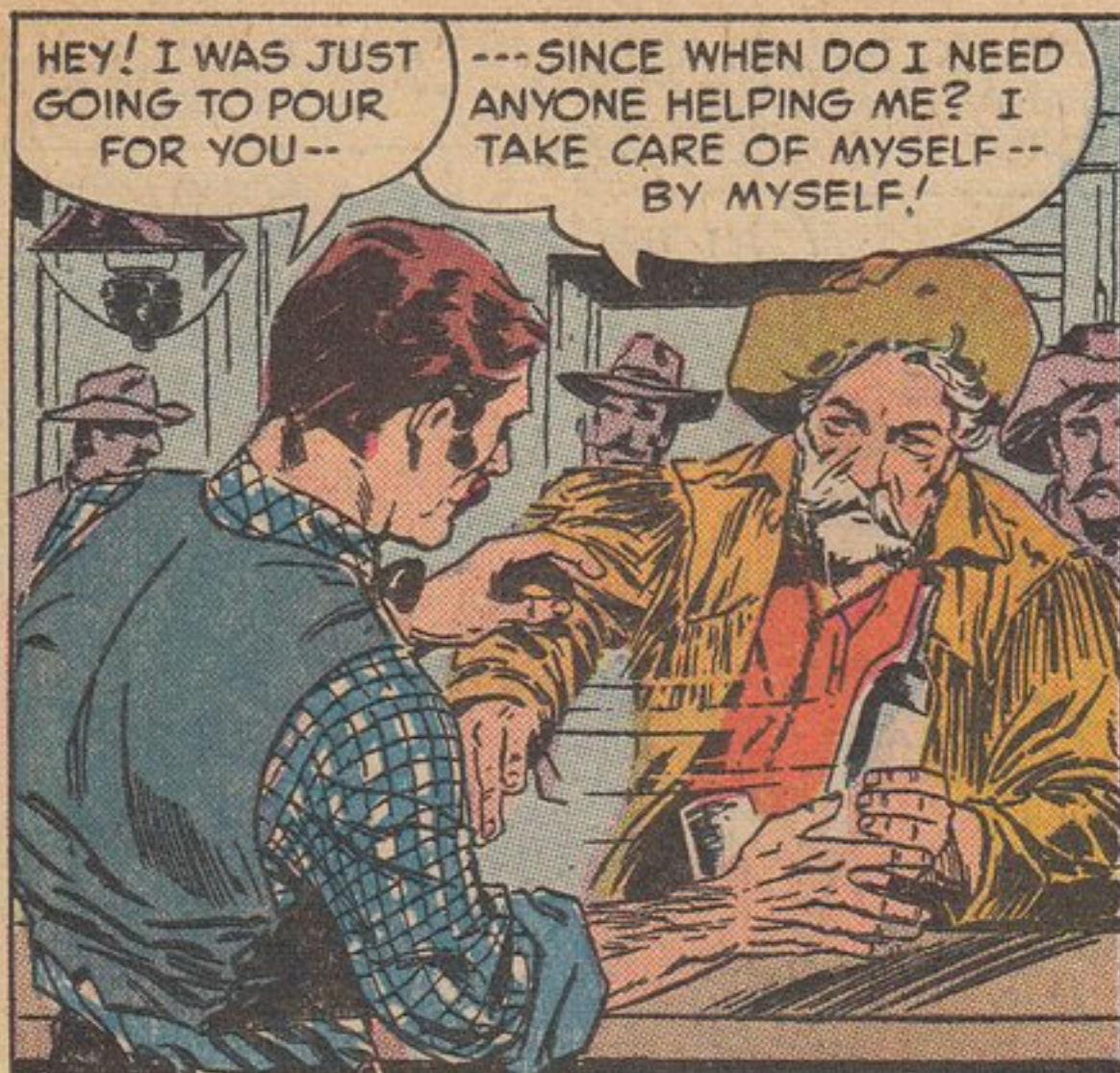
UNDER-SHERIFF
BAT MASTERSON
CUT LOOSE...



AND THE BEGINNING OF A NEW PATTERN STARTED! ALMOST AS SOON AS A HORSE WAS REPORTED STOLEN, BAT MASTERSON WAS ON THE TRAIL AND THE TRAIL ENDED WITH RUSTLERS GRABBING FOR SKY!

BUT NOT EVERYONE IN DODGE CALLED IN THE LAW! THERE WERE SOME REALLY INDEPENDENT CHARACTERS IN TOWN LIKE A FREIGHTER BOASTING THE CHARMING NAME OF DIRTY FACE JONES...





HEY! I WAS JUST GOING TO POUR FOR YOU--

---SINCE WHEN DO I NEED ANYONE HELPING ME? I TAKE CARE OF MYSELF-- BY MYSELF!



DON'T SOUND SO DANG INDEPENDENT, DIRTY FACE! I'LL BET IF SOMEONE RAN OFF YOUR MULES YOU'D COME SINGING TO THE SHERIFF FOR HELP!

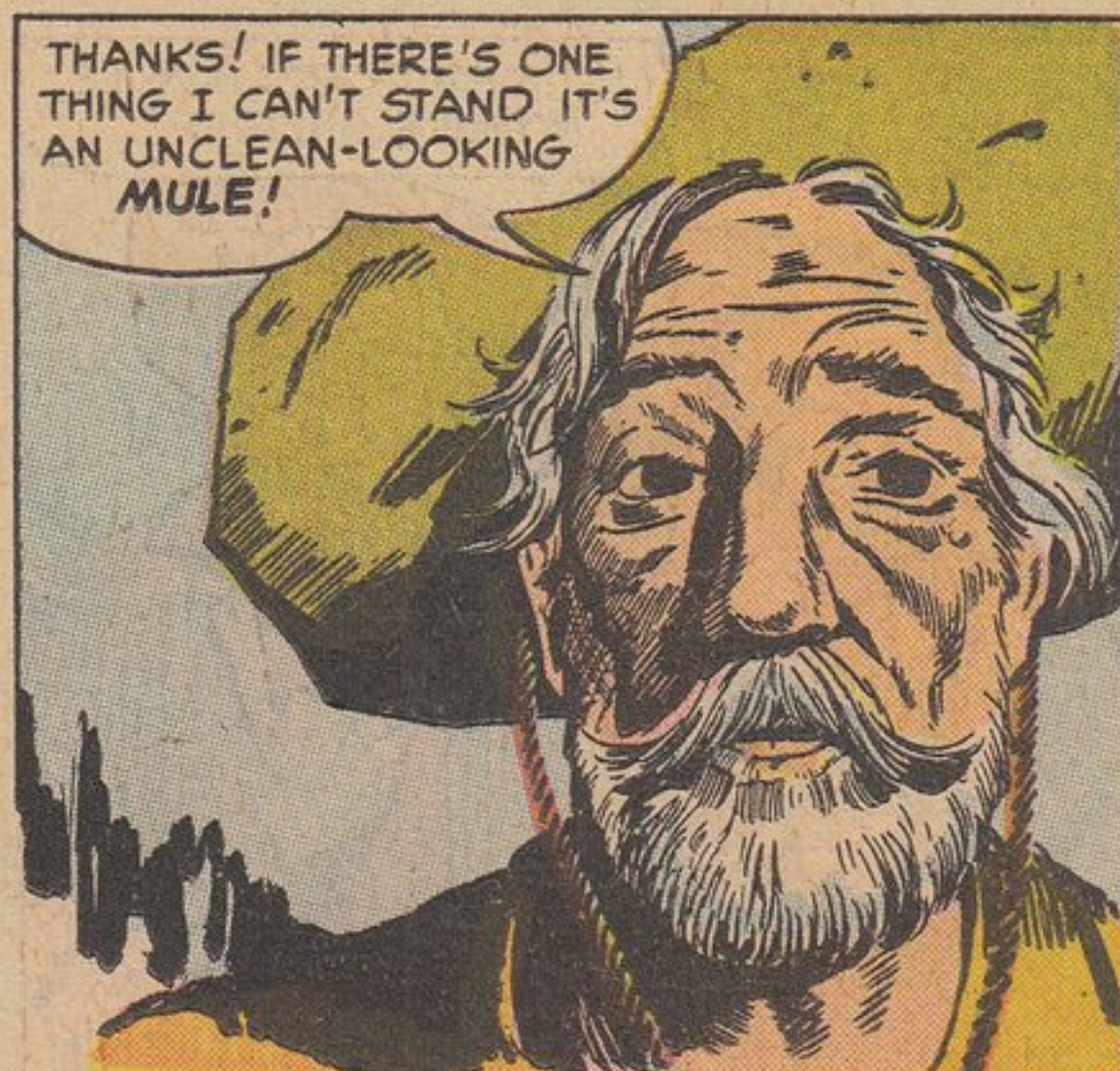
ME ASK FOR HELP? YOU'RE LOCO, MY FRIEND! I MADE MYSELF WHAT I AM AND I'M PROUD OF IT!

PEOPLE LOOKED WITH A BIT OF AWE AT DIRTY FACE FOR HE WAS A SELF-MADE MAN! THEY ALSO TRIED TO STAY UPWIND OF HIM...



I'D LIKE SOAP! YOUR STRONGEST, MOST POWERFUL SOAP!

AH, SO AT LAST DIRTY FACE IS GOING TO WASH HIMSELF!



THANKS! IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T STAND IT'S AN UNCLEAN-LOOKING MULE!

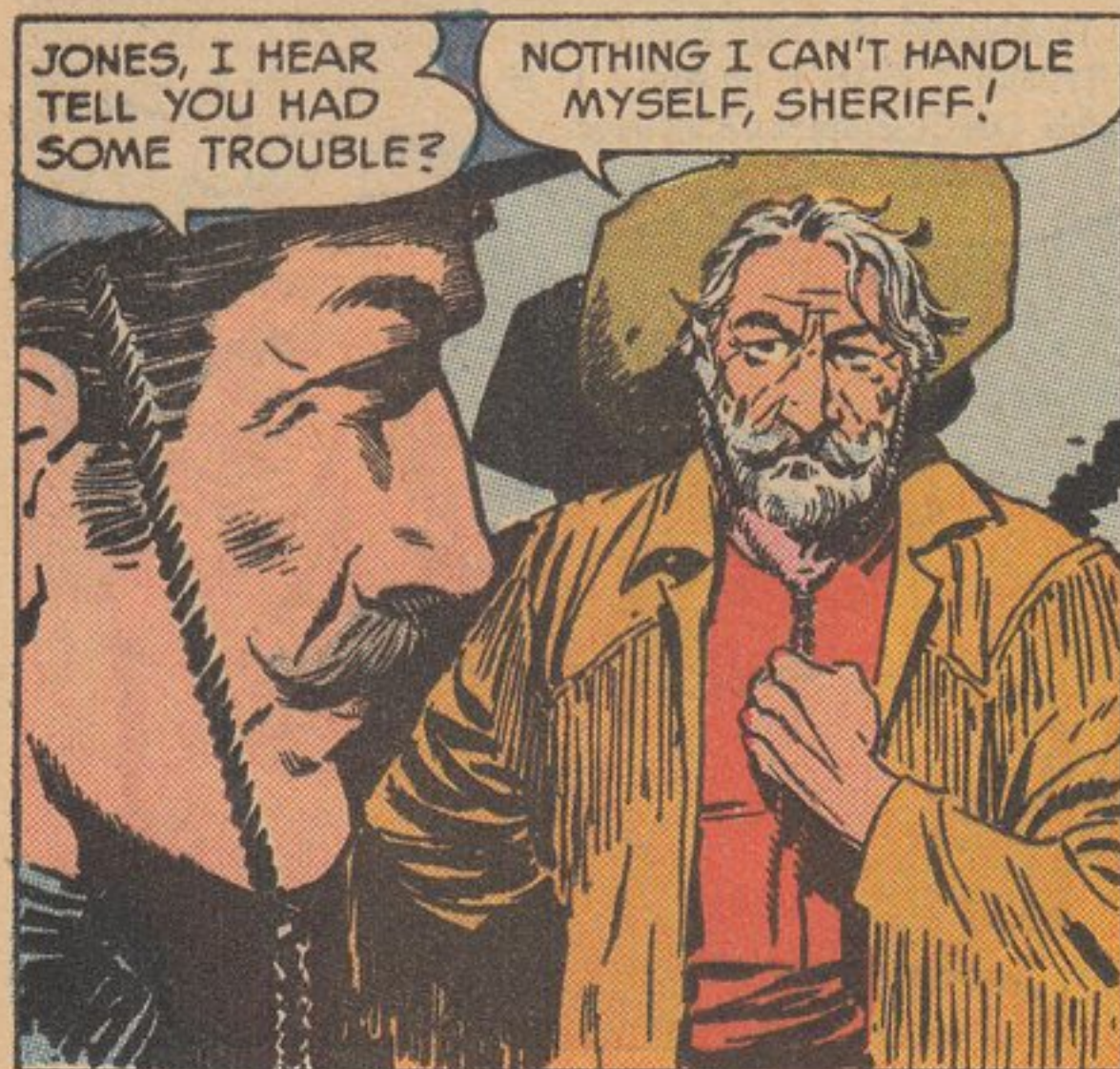
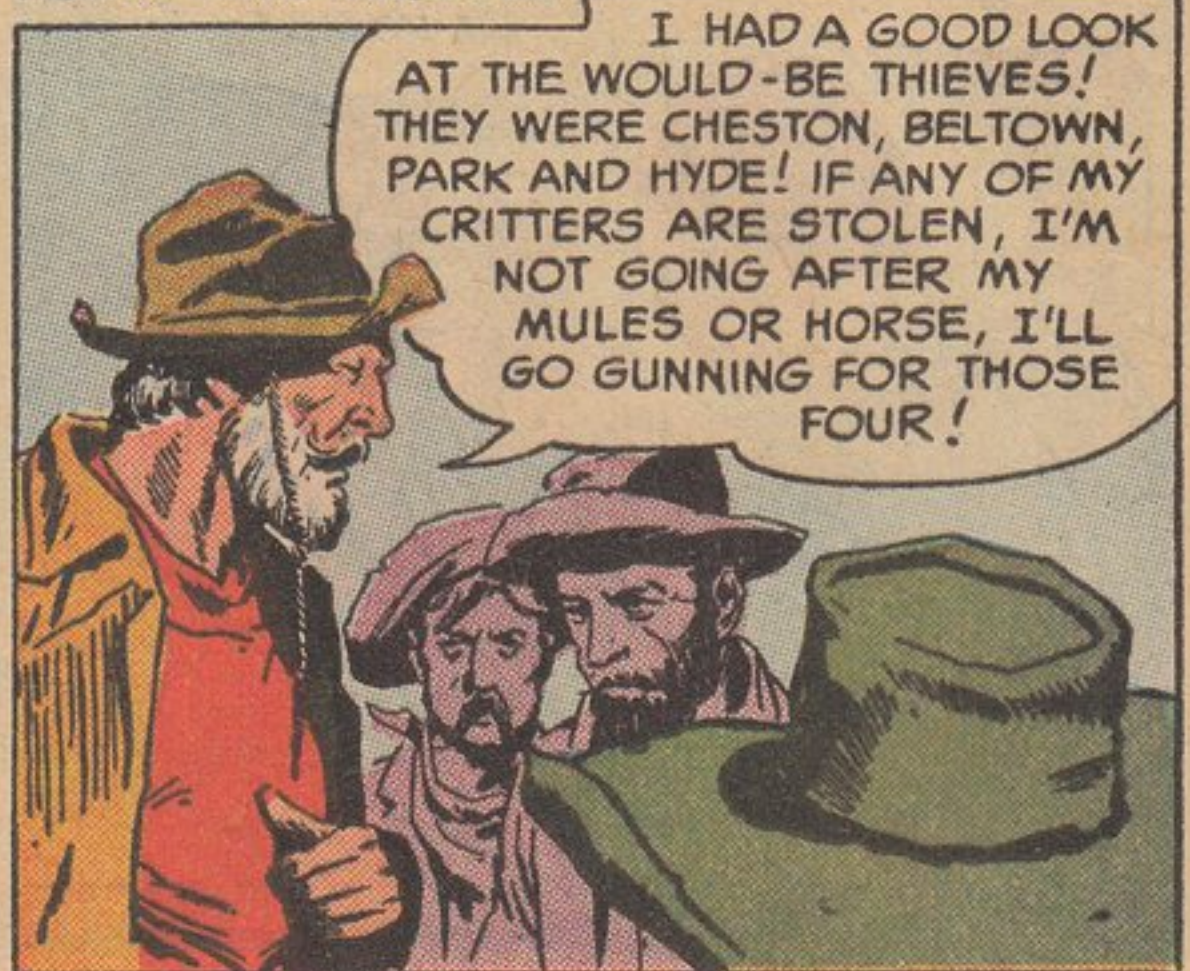
HE CAMPED NEAR BEAR CREEK WHEN HE WASN'T RUNNING FREIGHT. ONE NIGHT DIRTY FACE HEARD A NOISE NEAR HIS MULES...



I SEE YOU, YOU THIEVING POLECATS! NOW GIT BEFORE I VENTILATE THE LOT OF YOU!



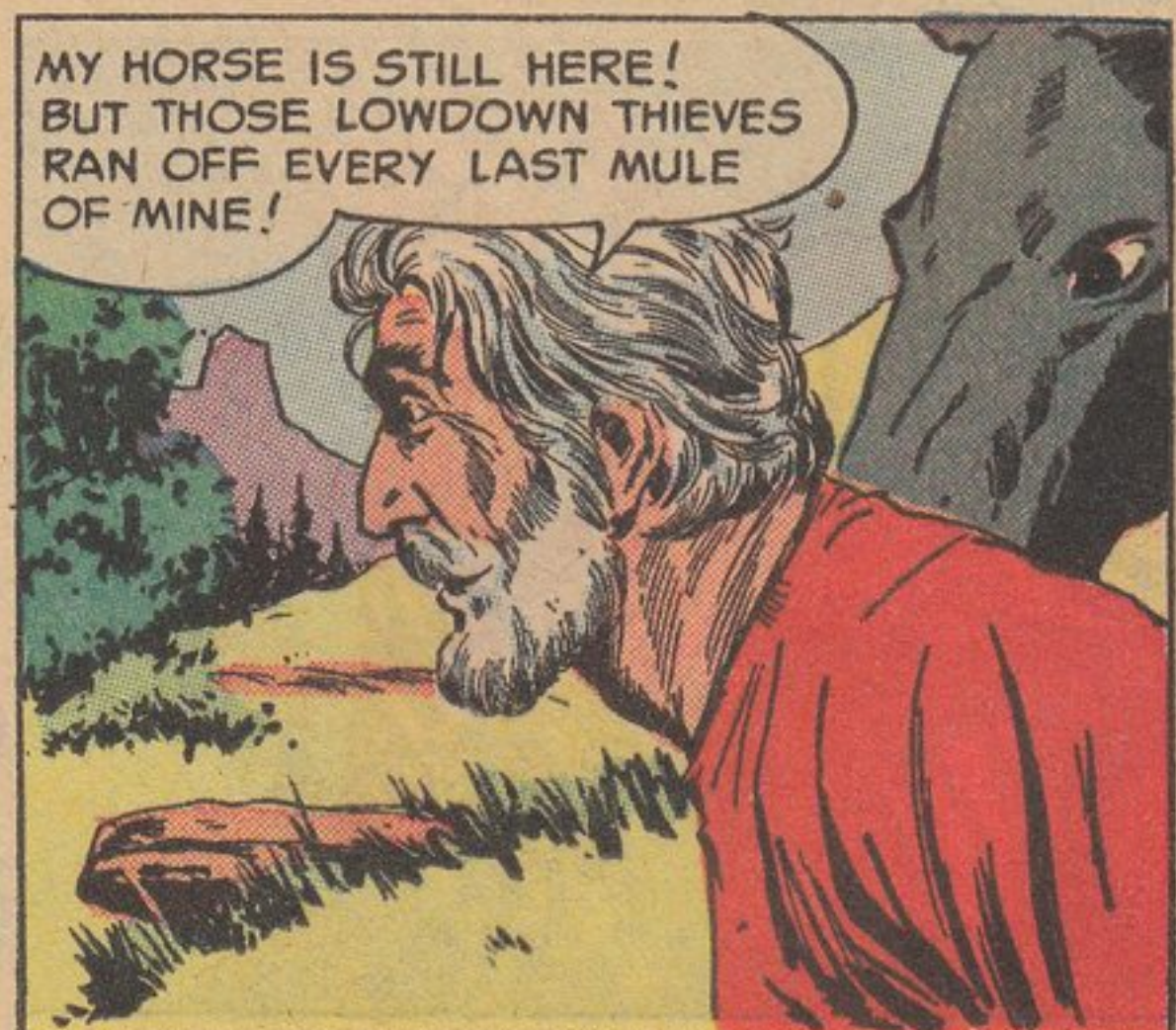
THE NEXT DAY, AN ANGRY DIRTY FACE JONES SPREAD THE WORD OF THE ATTEMPT ON HIS HORSE AND MULES...



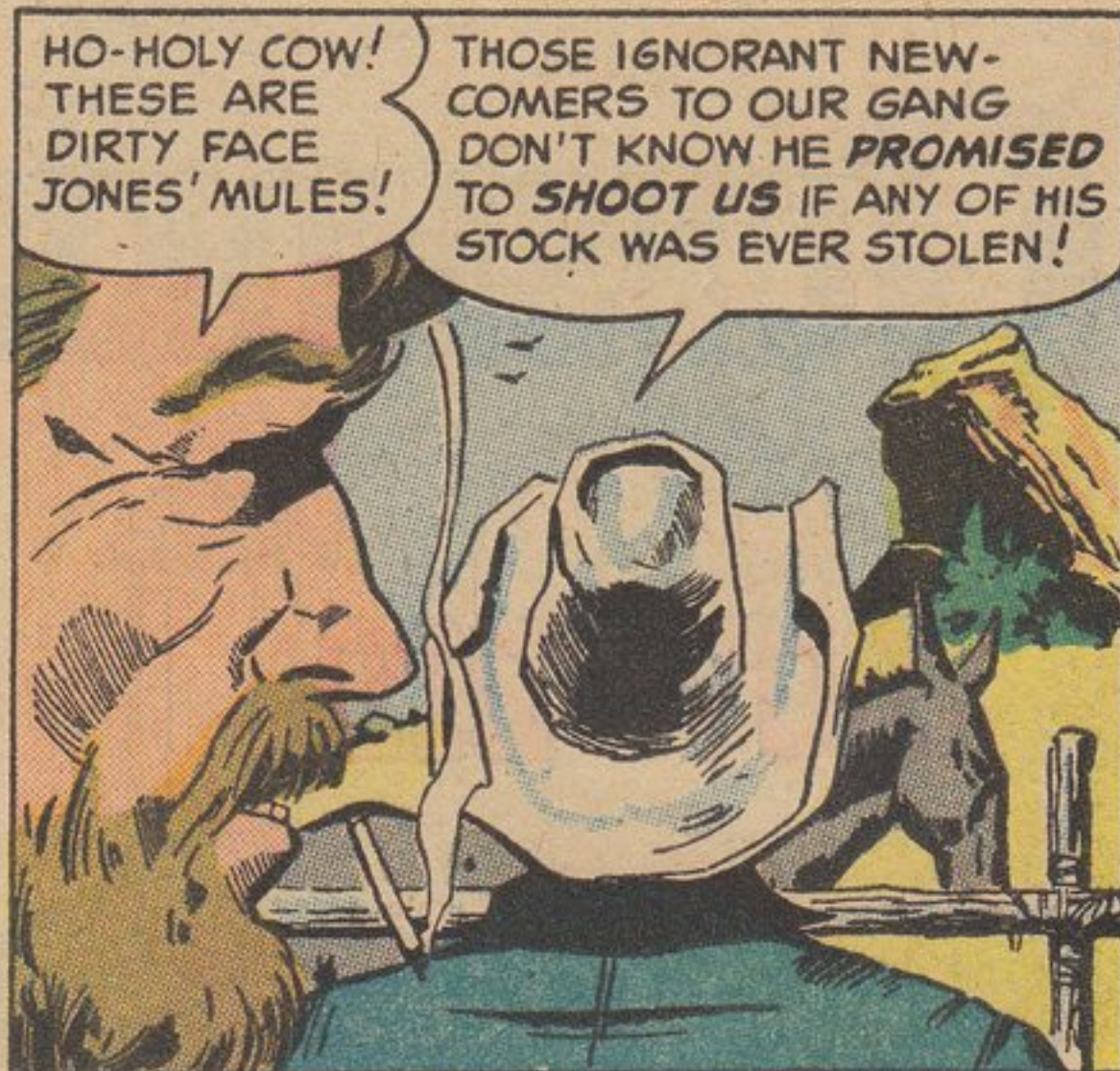
THAT NIGHT, DIRTY FACE AGAIN MADE CAMP BY BEAR CREEK, BUT THIS TIME HE CAREFULLY LOCKED HIS HORSE TO A TREE...



WHEN MORNING DAWNED, DIRTY FACE JONES BELLOWED IN FURY...



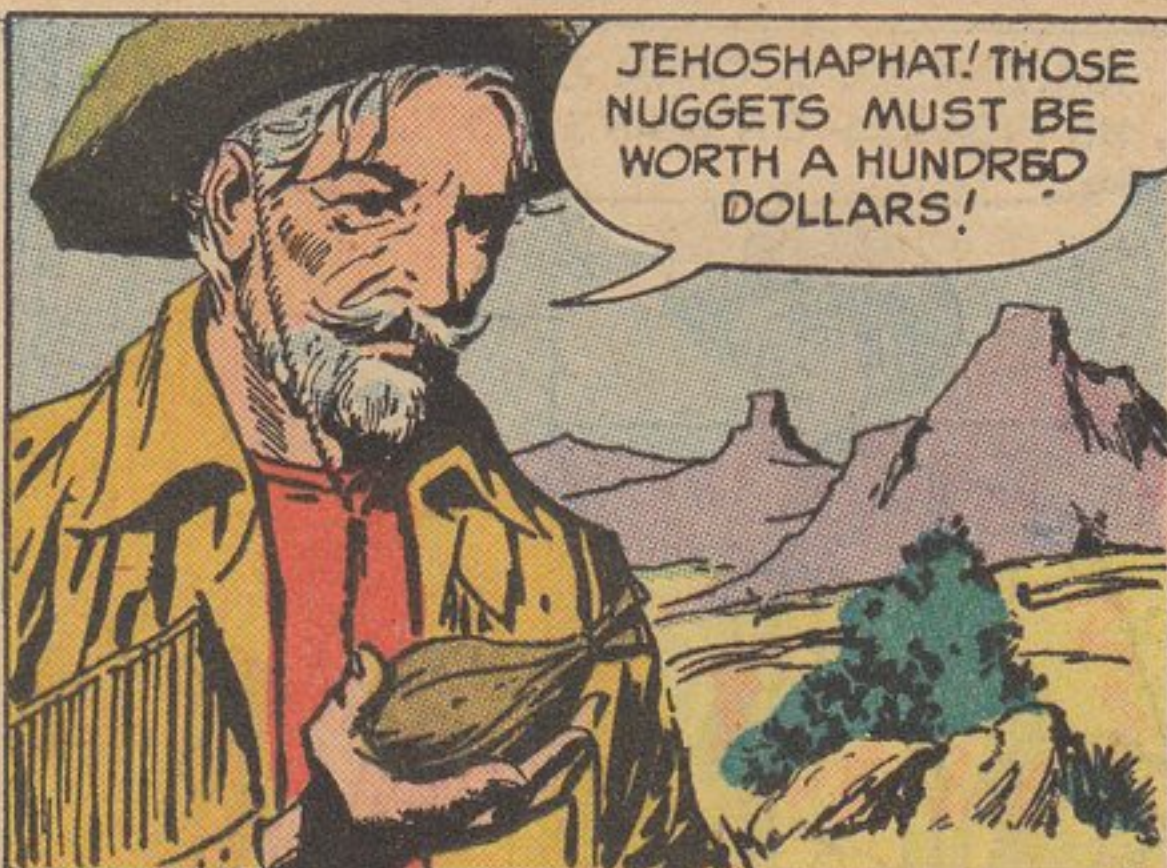
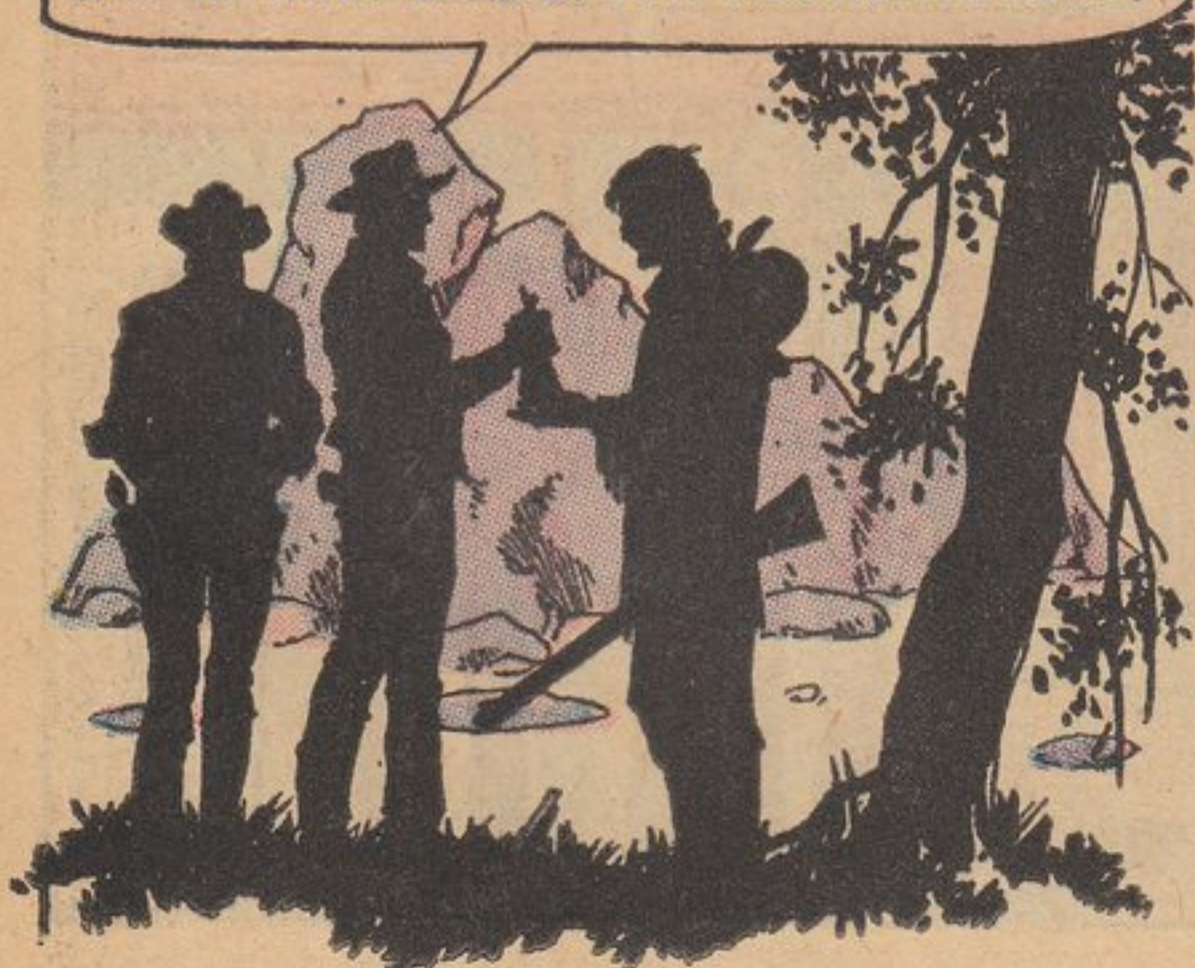
MEANWHILE, THE MULES WERE HAZED INTO A HIDE-OUT CAMP...



AFTER DOWNING A HEARTY BREAKFAST, DIRTY FACE GOT READY TO MOUNT HIS HORSE AND HUNT DOWN THE FOUR MEN HE MARKED OFF BEFORE, WHEN SUDDENLY...



FOUR FRIENDS OF OURS WERE POWERFULLY UPSET WHEN THEY LEARNED WHAT A BLUNDER WE MADE! TOLD US TO HAND YOU THIS MONEY-BAG TO TAKE CARE OF ANY INCONVENIENCES!



SO DIRTY FACE JONES GOT HIS MULES BACK WITHOUT HAVING TO RELY ON THE SHERIFF'S HELP! THE EXTRA HUNDRED DOLLARS HE RECEIVED, HE ALWAYS CONSIDERED AS A BONUS HONORING PRIVATE ENTERPRISE!

THE END

GUNSMOKE

LOW BID

MARSHAL, I HAVE A PRETTY FAT ROLL HERE! I'D BE OBLIGED IF YOU COULD KEEP IT SAFE FOR ME THE NEXT FEW DAYS! DRUCK'S MY NAME!

I'LL PUT IT IN OUR OFFICE SAFE, MR. DRUCK!

WHENEVER YOU WANT IT, JUST CALL ON ME!

THANKS, MARSHAL! RECKON I'LL BE BOTHERING YOU DAILY WITH THE CATTLE DRIVE HERDS COMING IN NOW! I'M A CATTLE BUYER!

THEN YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF COMPANY! DODGE IS FILLING UP WITH CATTLE BUYERS!

YES, BUT I'VE A HUNCH I'M GOING TO BE LUCKY AND GET MOST OF THE HERDS!

MR. DILLON, I THINK I KNOW WHY HE FIGURES ON BEING SO "LUCKY"!

OVER TO THE LONG BRANCH, BOYS! BUT REMEMBER, WHEN THE BIDDING STARTS, I EXPECT YOUR GUN HANDS TO BE STEADY!

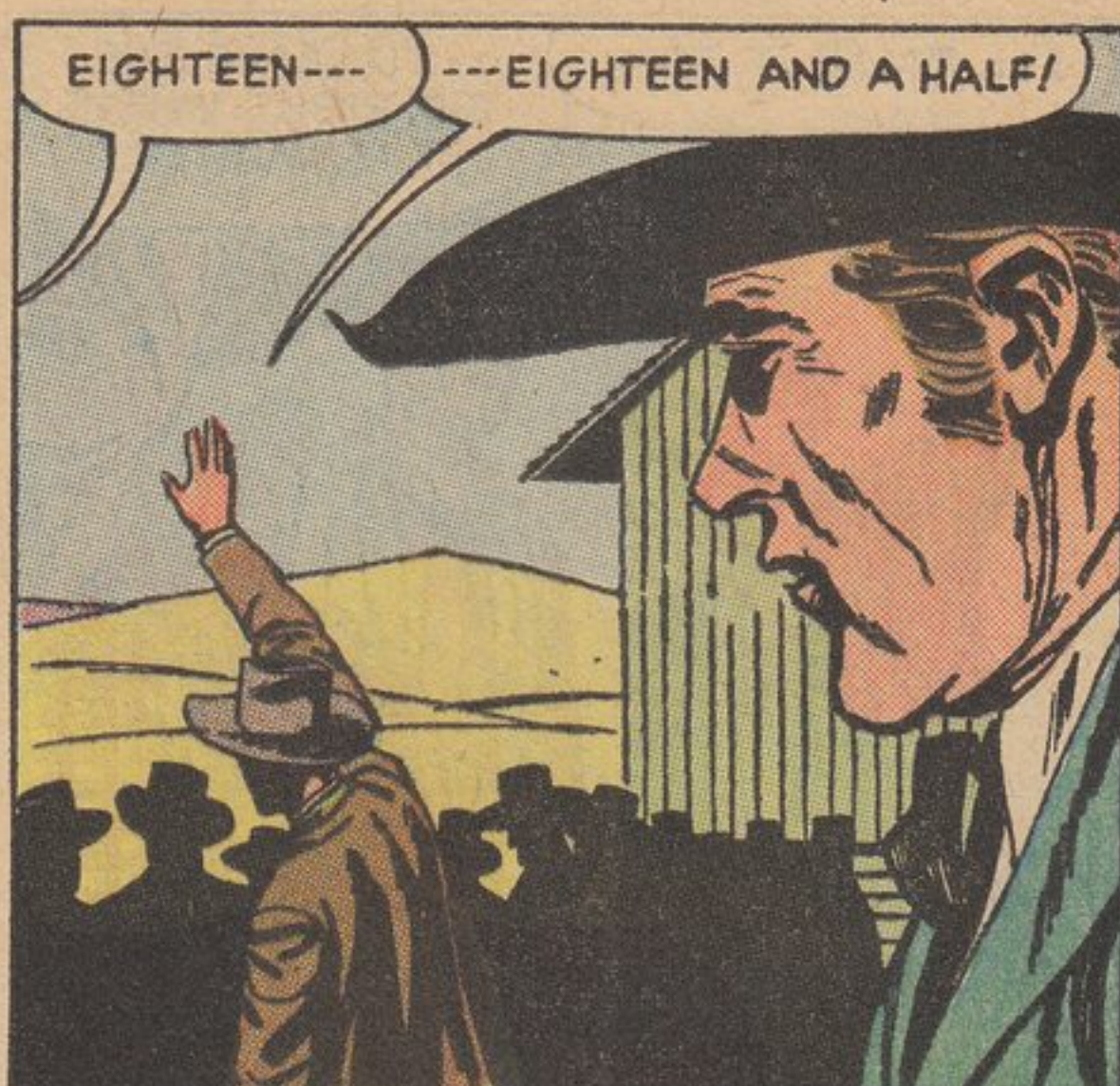
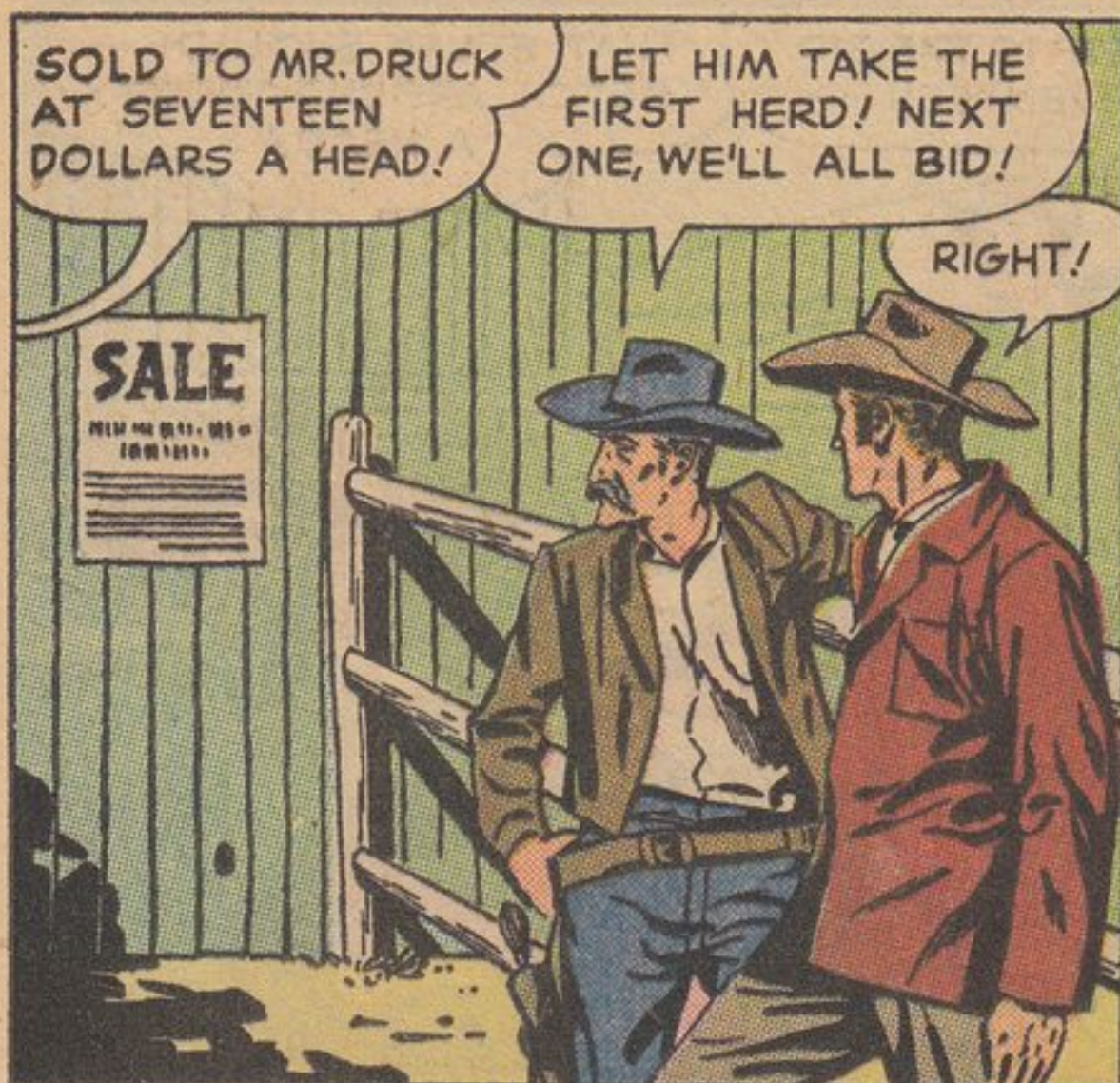
NEXT DAY...

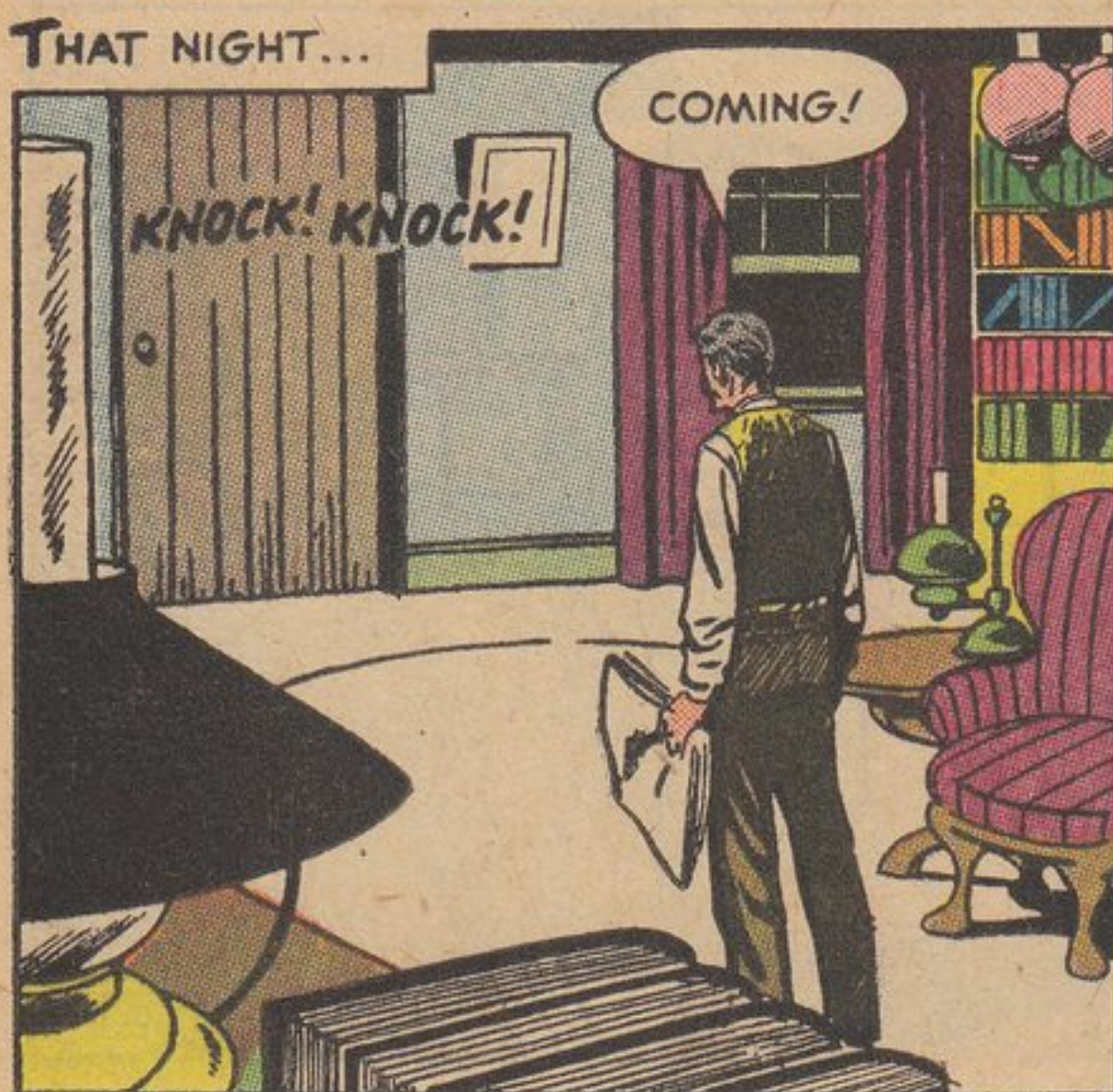
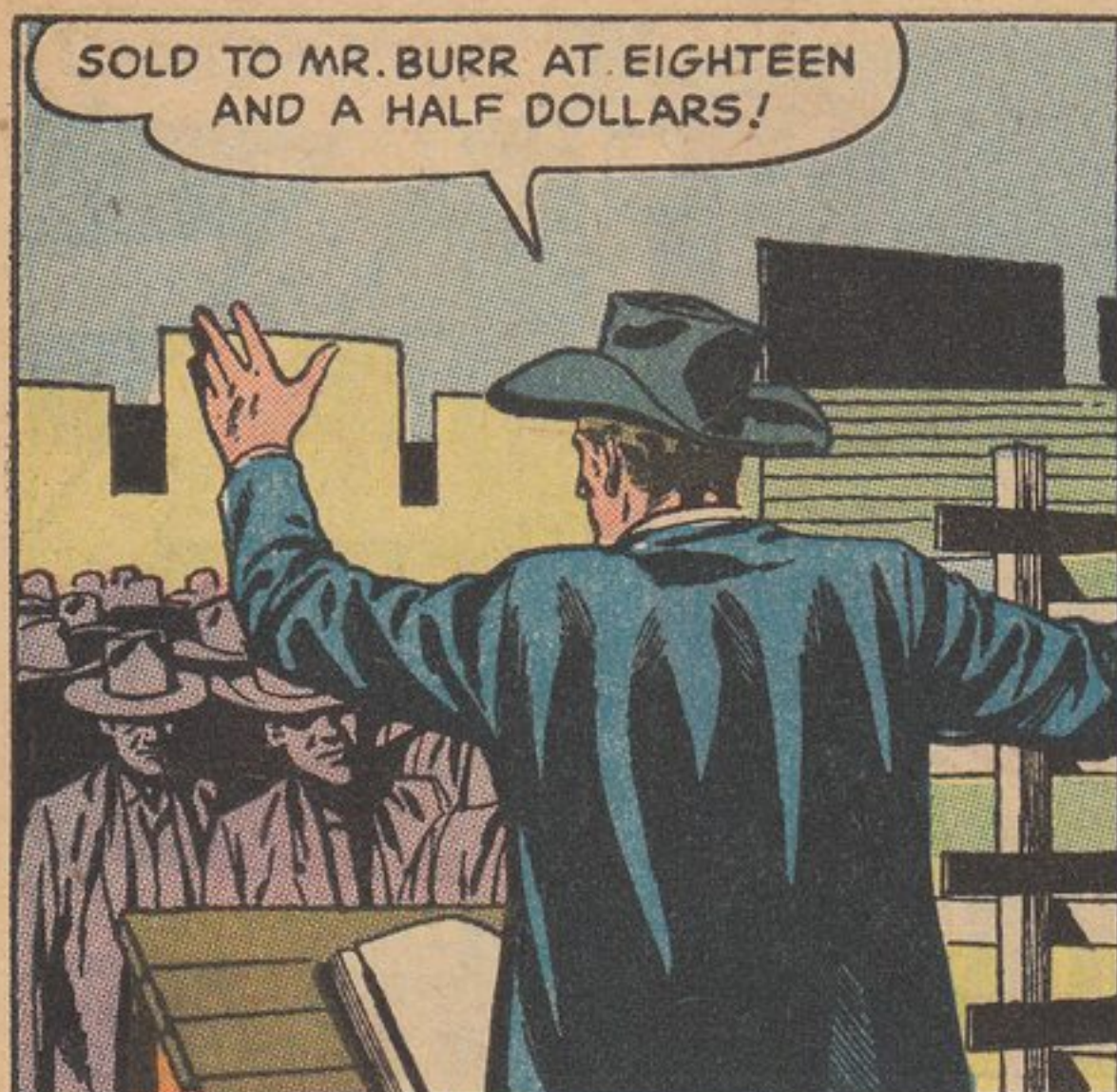
FINE-
LOOKING
STEERS!

RUB THE DUST OFF THESE
CRITTERS WE DROVE UP FROM
TEXAS AND YOU GOT YOURSELF
PRIME BEEF!

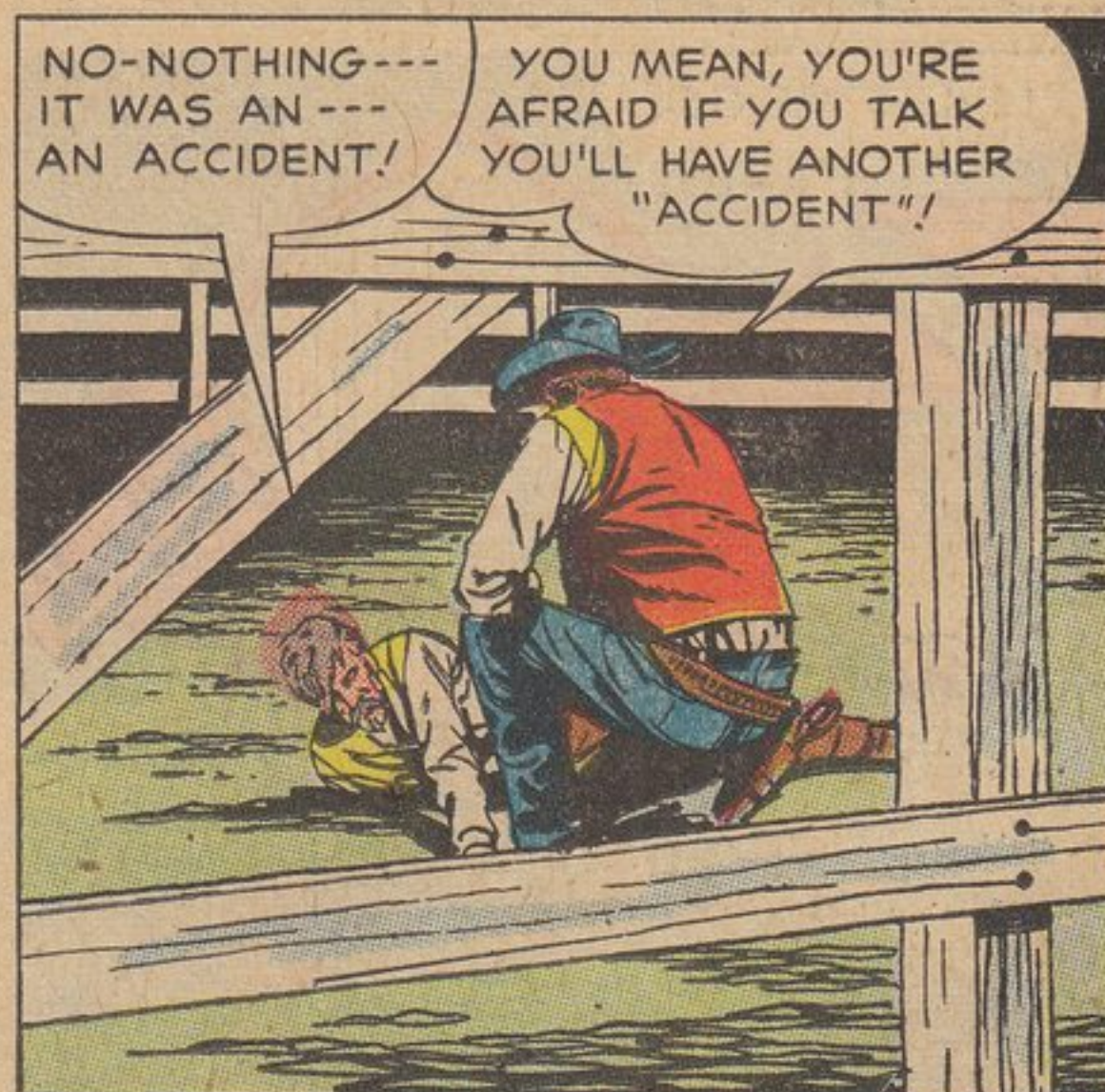
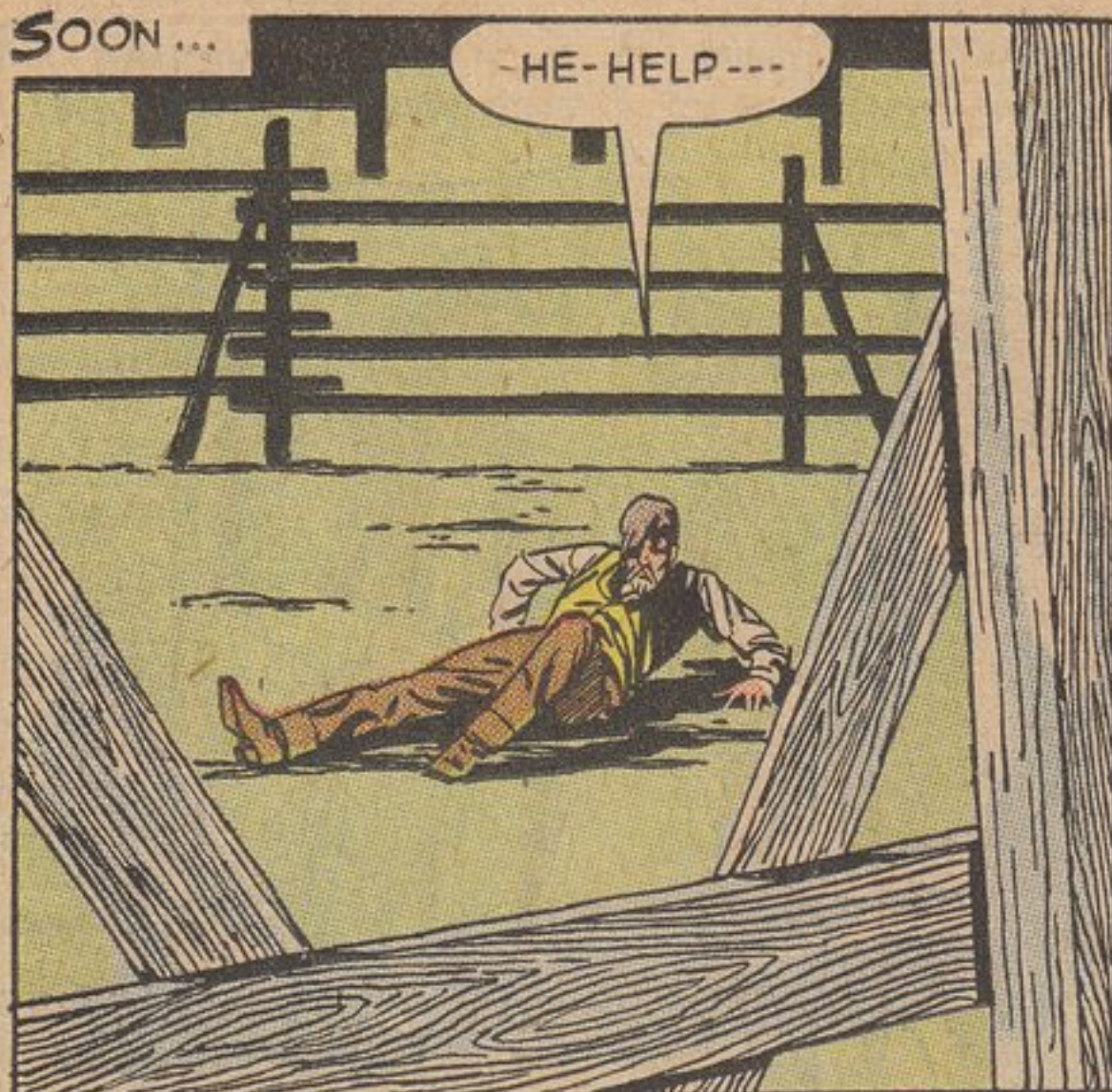
I'M GOING TO OPEN THE BIDDING, GENTLE-
MEN! WHAT DO I HEAR FOR THIS FINE HERD
OF DOUBLE-A STEERS?

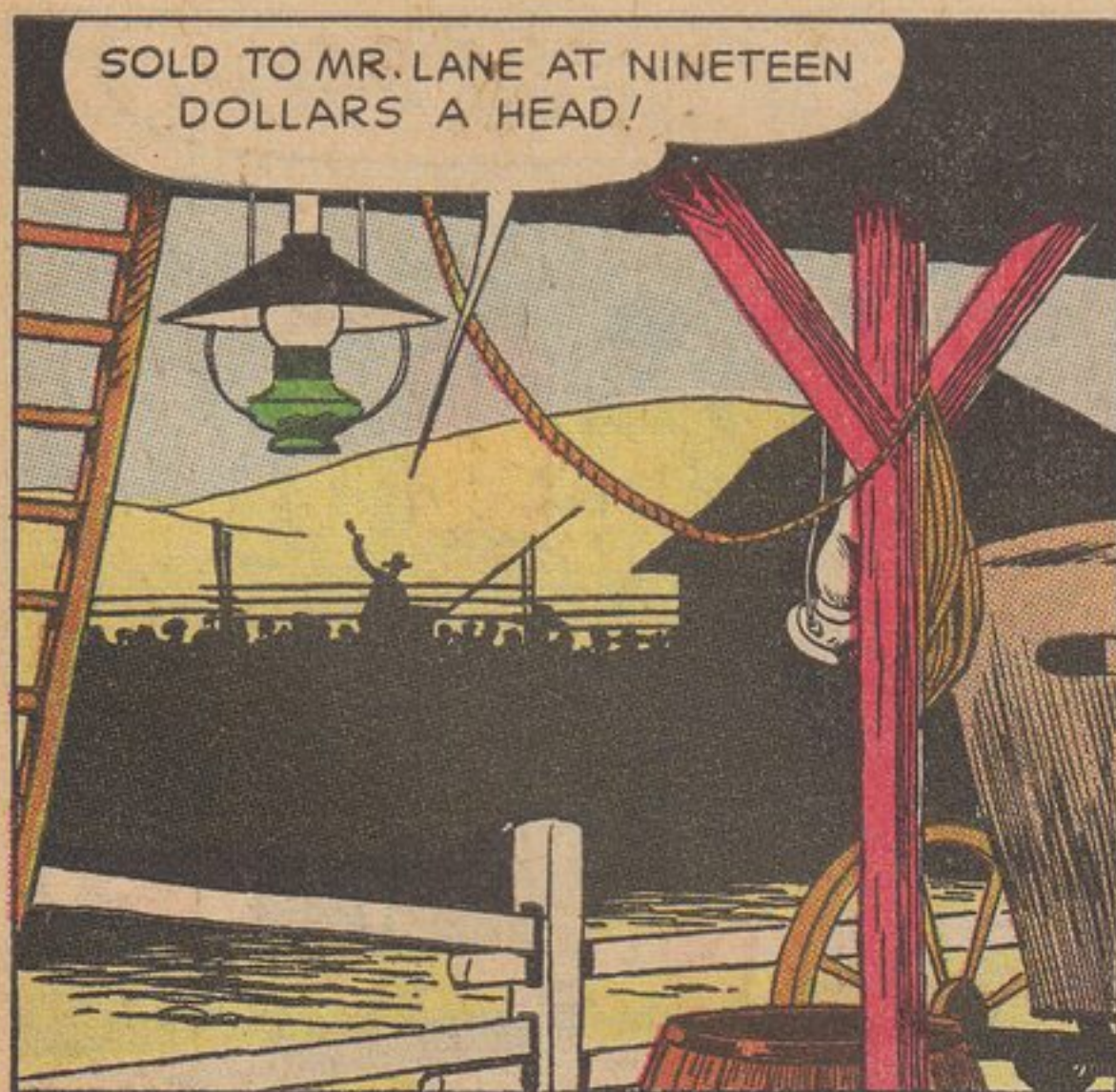
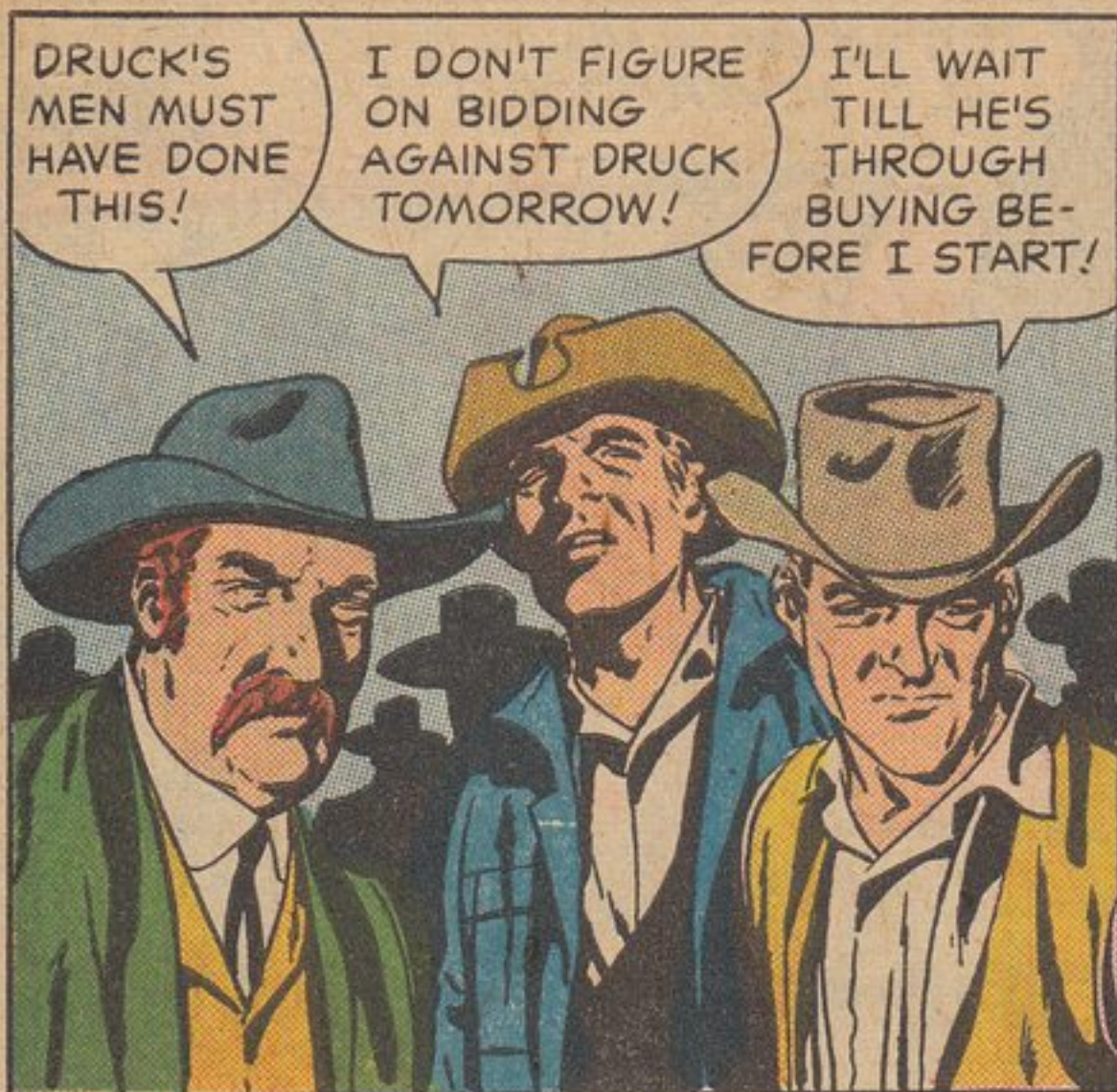


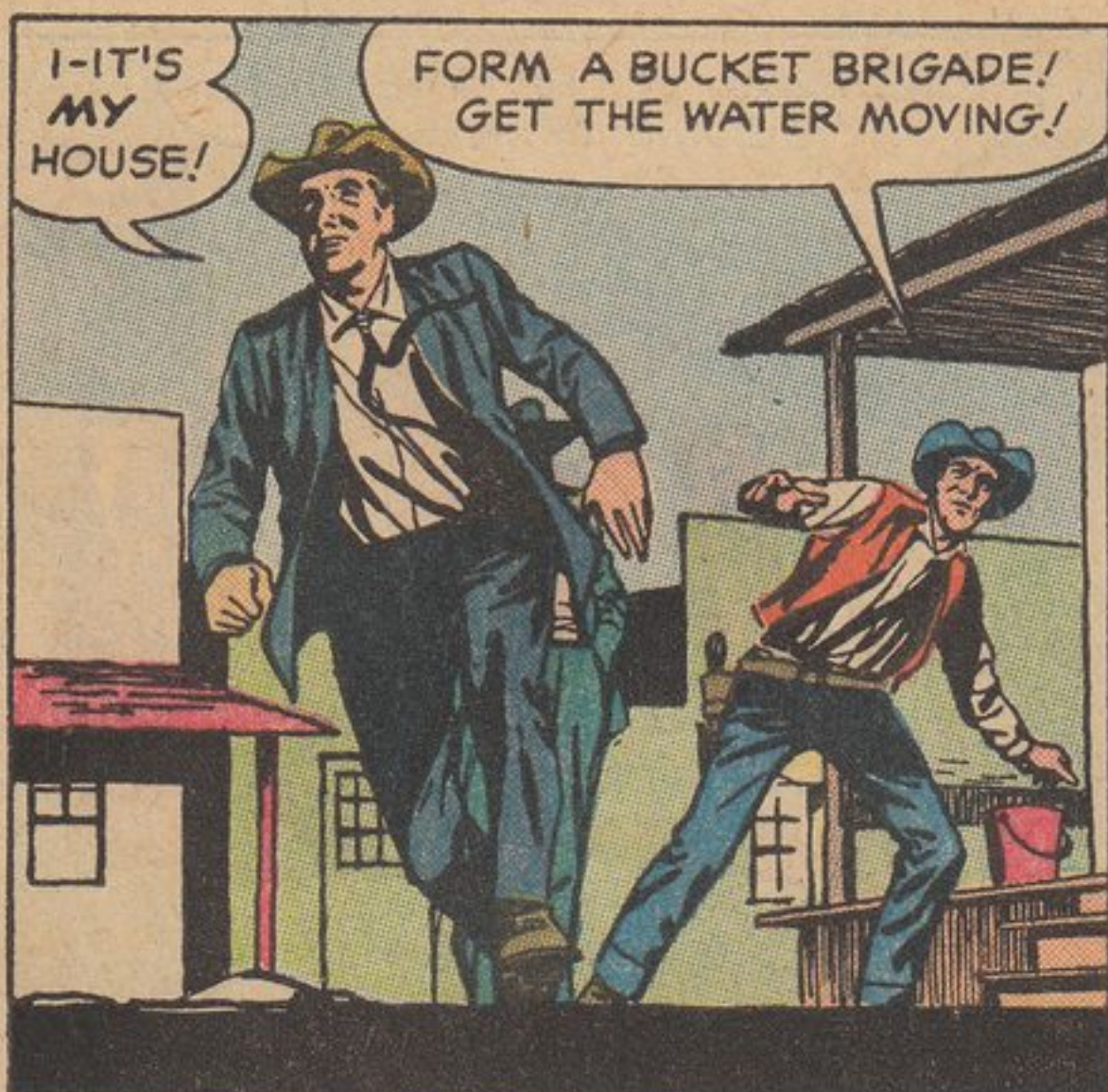




SOON ...





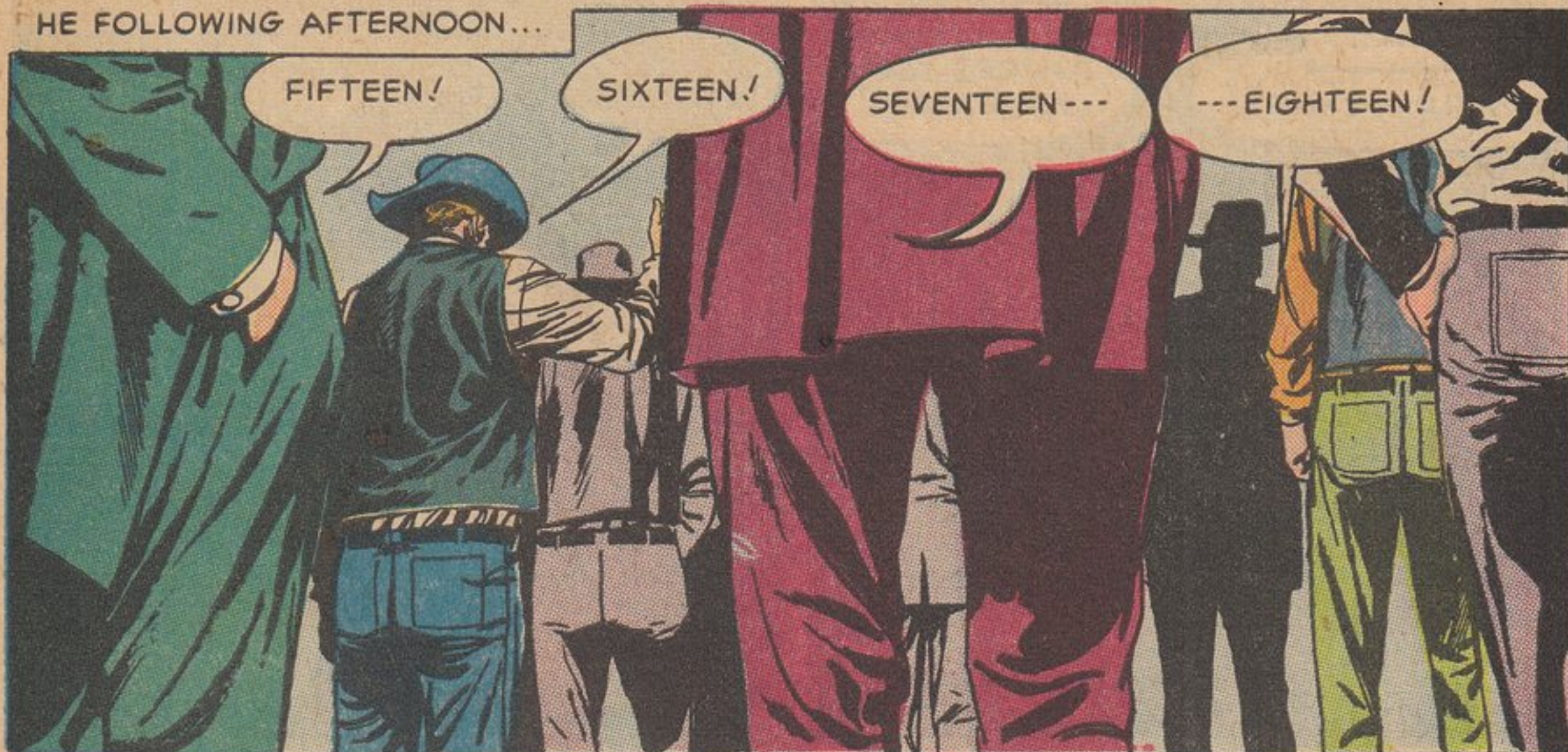


THE NEXT DAY, HERD AFTER HERD GOES TO DRUCK'S UNOPPOSED BIDS...





THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON...



SOLD TO MR. HARVEY
AT EIGHTEEN DOLLARS!



A FEW HOURS LATER...

SOLD TO MR. KURT
AT SEVENTEEN-FIFTY!



I'VE LOST SIX HERDS
TODAY, BOYS! YOU
AREN'T EARNING
YOUR KEEP!

WE DON'T THROW
MUCH WEIGHT
WITHOUT OUR GUNS!

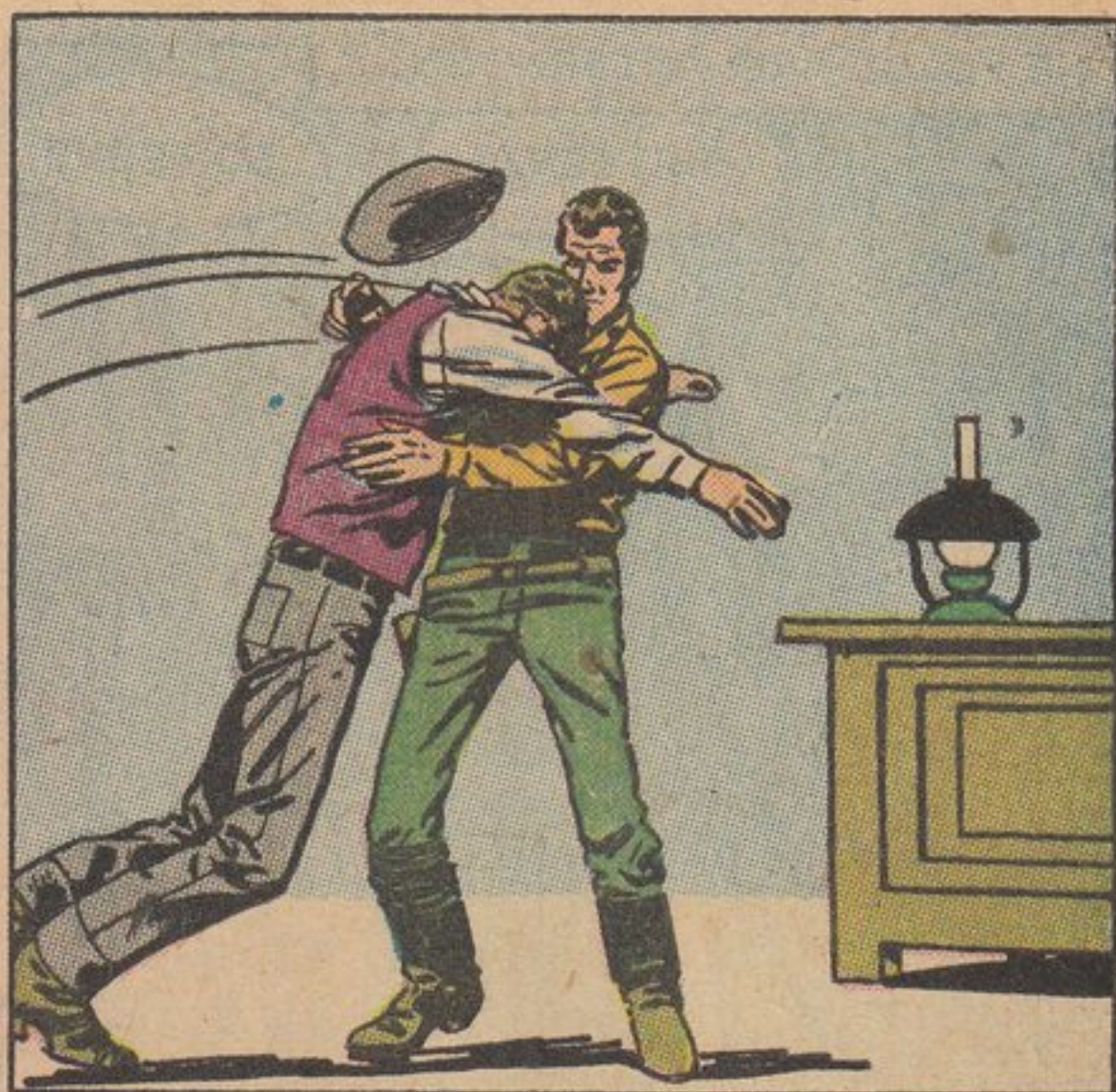


I DON'T WANT
EXCUSES! I WANT
CATTLE--- CHEAP!

OKAY, BOYS! WHEN
THAT DEPUTY MARSHAL
TAKES OVER TONIGHT,
WE GET BACK OUR GUNS!

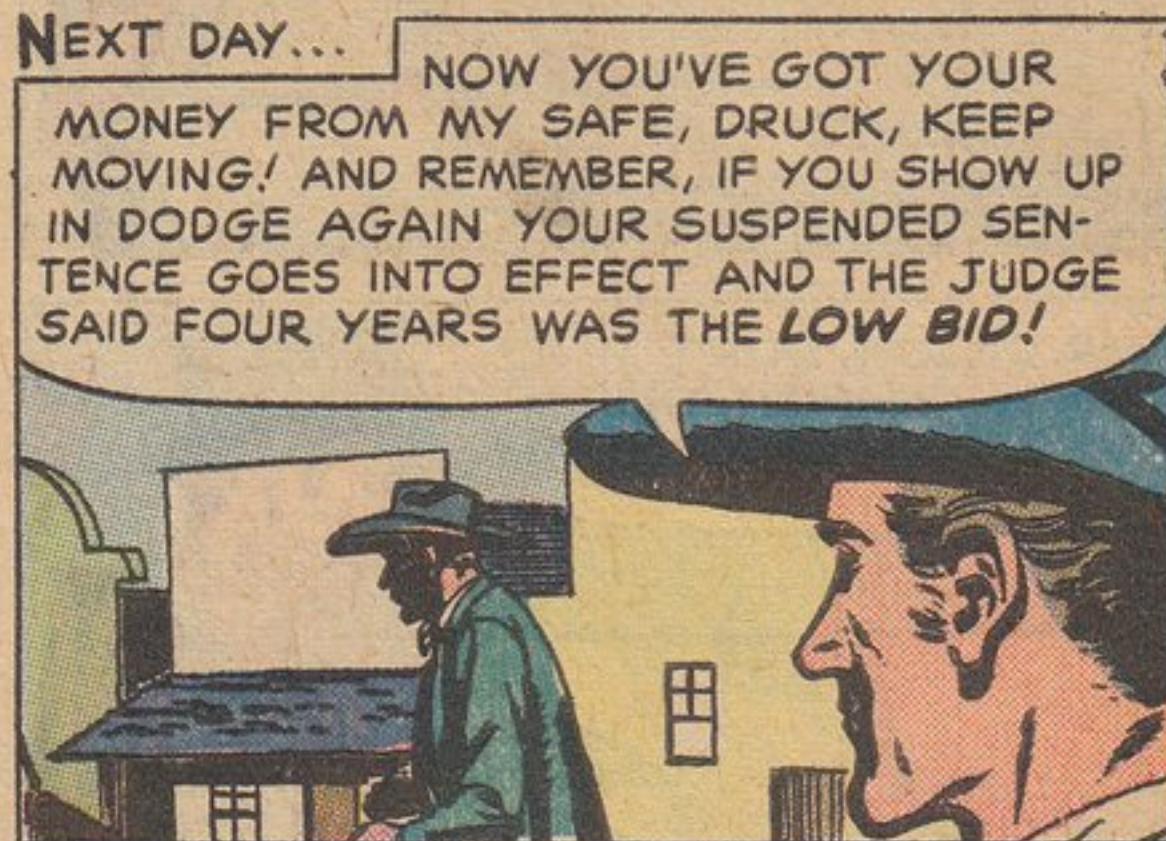
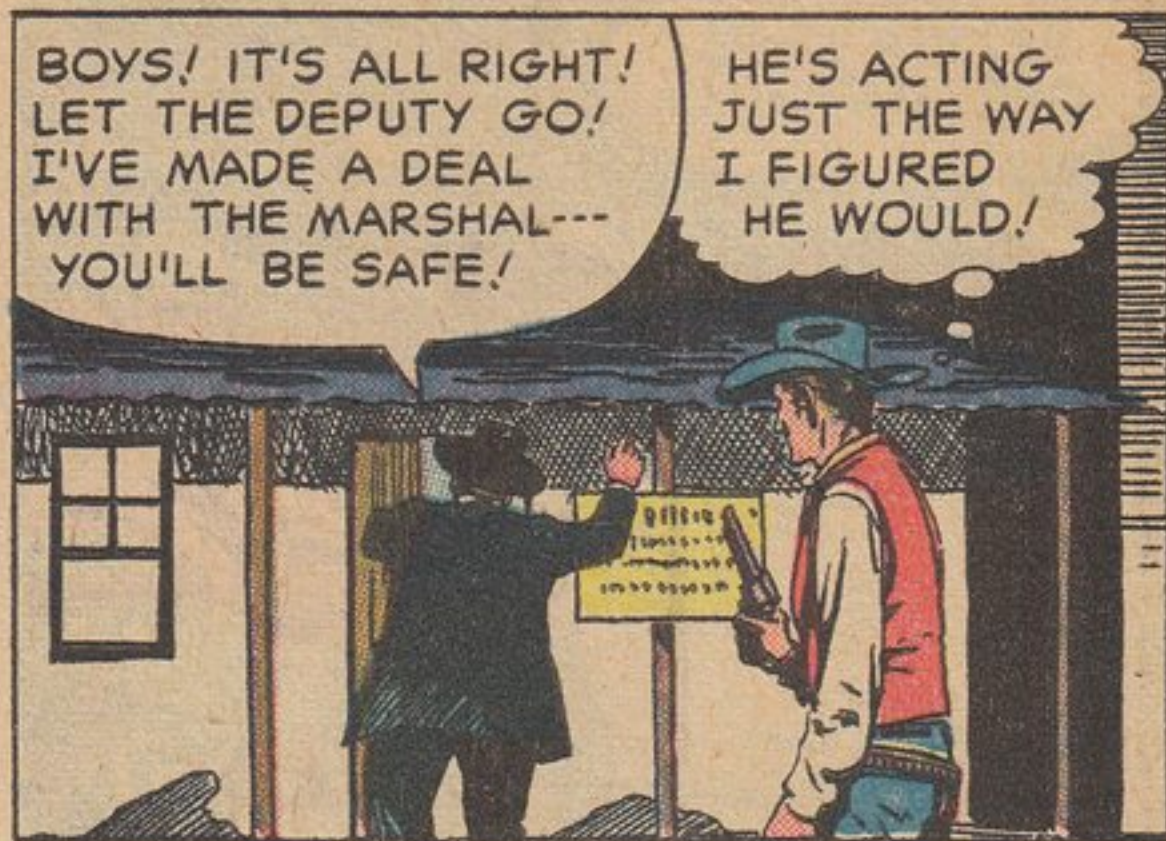


THAT EVENING, AS MATT DILLON'S TOUR OF DUTY ENDS...

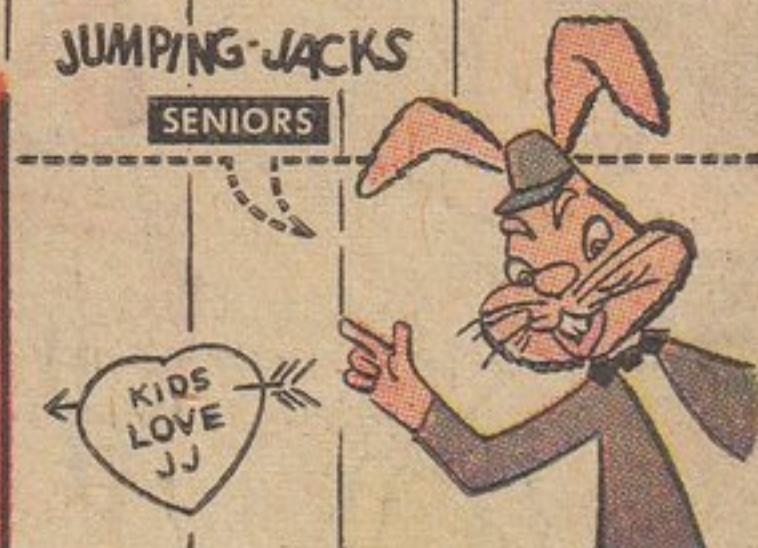




DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



FREE COMIC BOOKLET
When you come in to see the new
JUMPING-JACKS
AMERICA'S FINEST FITTING SHOES FOR CHILDREN
VAISEY-BRISTOL SHOE CO., MONETT, MO.



In Time For School...

This latest Dell Comic subscription offer is perfect for the days ahead. Three automatic push button pens... each writing with a different color ink, red, blue and green. They are perfect for school and home.

Here's how you can get your set. Subscribe now to your favorite Dell comic listed on the coupon below. For just \$1.50 you'll receive the three handsome pens plus 12 great issues of the Dell comic of your choice.



Premium offer good only in the United States, its possessions and Canada

A PLEDGE **DELL COMIC** TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

EASY TO ORDER DELL COMIC SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Just fill in this handy order form by checking below the Dell Comic titles you want. Fill out name and address at right and enclose \$1.50 for each subscription ordered.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> NANCY | <input type="checkbox"/> LITTLE LULU |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TOM & JERRY | <input type="checkbox"/> LOONEY TUNES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NEW FUNNIES | <input type="checkbox"/> GUNSMOKE* |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MUTT & JEFF | |

*Note: This title is published bi-monthly. Subscription price will cover a two-year subscription.

If Subscriptions ordered are to go to different addresses, include additional addresses on separate sheets. Be sure to indicate which title goes to which address.

Mail To: **DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC. DEPT. 10GU**
321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please enter subscription(s) checked at left. Include set of 3 automatic push button pens and Dell Comics Club Membership Certificate. I am enclosing \$1.50 for each subscription ordered.

Name..... Age.....

St. and No.

City..... Zone..... State.....

(If this is a gift subscription, please fill in below.)

ENCLOSE GIFT CARD TO READ FROM:

Donor's Name

St. and No.

City..... Zone..... State.....

Havin' Fun THE REAL ROY ROGERS WAY!



HI, KIDS!
ALL THE
COWPOKES IN THIS
PICTURE WITH ME
ARE WEARING
MY DOUBLE R
BAR CLOTHES.
THEIR GUNS
AND HOLSTERS
ARE REAL
ROY ROGERS,
TOO! IF YOU'D
LIKE TO OWN
ANYTHING
YOU SEE HERE,
TELL MOM THAT
EVERYTHING
IS SOLD
AT ALL GOOD
DEPARTMENT
STORES.

Roy Rogers

LOOK FOR MY
DOUBLE R BRAND



on archery sets • action toys • banks • bed spreads • billfolds • belts • books • boots • chap-vest sets • chuckwagons • gloves • guns • guitars • hats • holsters • horseshoe
sets • jackets • jigsaw puzzles • jeans • lanterns • lunch kits • jewelry • pajamas • paint and crayon coloring sets • pencil tablets • records • robes • raincoats • ranch
models • Roy and Trigger models • shirts • school bags • saddle seats • slipper sox • slacks • stuffed toys • suits • sweaters • tents • toy stagecoaches • ties • watches.