

**BELL**

JUNE - JULY

10¢

# GUNSMOKE

"THIS ONE'S FOR  
THE BOUNTY HUNTER!"



Kids who dig the latest  
say **SEVEN-UP "FLOATS"**  
are greatest!



Copyright 1966  
by The Seven-Up  
Company



What's the dreamiest, creamiest concoction ever?  
A 7-Up "Float"! Shhh—if you haven't had one yet,  
don't let on. Just hurry and drop a scoop of your  
favorite flavor ice cream or sherbet into a tall glass—  
pour in chilled, sparkling 7-Up—and up away!  
Now you've got the "inside scoop" on a 7-Up "Float."  
You might even suggest a 7-Up "Float" party!



"Fresh up" with Seven-Up!

Watch "Zane" every week on ABC-TV! Exciting adventures from Walt Disney Studios!

# GUNSMOKE

## MAN WITHOUT A GUN

AS MARSHAL MATT DILLON  
RIDES THE TRAIL TO DODGE...

I'D BETTER HURRY BACK TO TOWN  
WITH THAT FOURTH OF JULY  
CELEBRATION COMING OFF TO-  
MORROW, THERE'LL BE PLENTY  
OF FIREWORKS IN DODGE!

BUT A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

NOW LOOK HERE! YOU'D  
BETTER PAY FOR THOSE  
SILK SHIRTS  
BEFORE  
YOU PUT  
THEM ON!

HEY MITCH,  
LISTEN TO  
THAT LITTLE  
ROOSTER  
CROW!



HE CROWS LOUD  
BUT NOT FOR  
LONG, JETT!

THAT HOGLEG  
DOESN'T SCARE ME!  
I WANT TO BE PAID FOR  
THOSE SHIRTS!



BUT IN THE NEXT MOMENT...

DILLON!

YEAH! SEEMS LIKE WE  
CAN'T GET THAT LAW-DOG  
OUT OF OUR HAIR!



JETT BALDER  
AND MITCH FORD--  
YOU TWO CAN'T  
STAY OUT OF  
TROUBLE FOR LONG,  
CAN YOU?

LOOK HERE, DILLON!  
WE WERE RUNNING  
A NICE FRIENDLY  
GAME WHEN YOU  
RAN US OUT OF  
THAT J-BAR  
TRAIL CAMP!



GENUINE, No. 6, June-July, 1959. Published bi-monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 320 West Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. General Office, New York, N. Y. Editorial Office, Princeton, Paul E. Lally, Executive Vice President, Harold Clark, Vice President, Advertising Director, Robert M. DeLoach, President. Application for second-class mail postage at the Post Office at New York, New York, Postmaster: This publication is published bi-monthly, June and December, \$2.00 per year. Full Subscription Service: 321 West 32nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. 10018. Circulation Information: Lally. All Rights Reserved throughout the world. Registered with Copyright and processed by Western Printing & Lithographing Co., Printed in U.S.A.

This material is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be disposed of by way of trade except at the full retail price; and it is a material condition, not affixed to nor a part of any advertising, literary or personal matter otherwise.



I'M HEADED FOR DOODGE NOW! I FIGURE I OUGHT TO DO A WHOPPING BUSINESS WITH THE FOURTH OF JULY CROWD COMING INTO TOWN!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE A REAL SHARP BUSINESS-MAN, CROBIN!



SEEMS FUNNY SEEING A YOUNG FELLOW LIKE YOU DRIVING A PEDDLER'S WAGON, THOUGH!

I USED TO WORK IN THE CIRCUS! THIS WAGON WAS MY FATHER'S, WHEN HE DIED, I TOOK OVER!



I FIGURE IT'S AN HONEST TRADE AND NECESSARY TOO! MOST WOMEN FOLK OUT ON THE PRAIRIE HOME-STEAD ARE MIGHTY GLAD TO BUY MY RIBBONS AND CALICO AND MY POTS AND PANS!

IT MUST BE A PRETTY HARD LIFE-- ALWAYS ON THE MOVE!



SOMEDAY I'LL SAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO OPEN UP A STORE IN A TOWN LIKE DOODGE CITY!

CROBIN, DOODGE WOULD BE MIGHTY PROUD TO HAVE A MAN LIKE YOU FOR A CITIZEN!



THE NEXT DAY IN DOODGE...

WELL, I RECKON THE CELEBRATION'S ABOUT TO BEGON, MR DILLON! THE CROWD'S ALL HEADING OUT OF TOWN!

HORSE RACING, TARGET MATCHES, ROPING CONTESTS -- THERE OUGHT TO BE SOME BIG GOINGS, CHESTER! LET'S HOPE THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE TO SPOIL THE FUN!

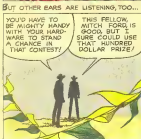


ON THE PRAIRIE OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE END OF THE SIX-GUN SHOOTING MATCH, MATT! AN HOMBRE NAMED MITCH FORD GOT NINETY-FIVE BULLS-EYES OUT OF A HUNDRED!

AND HIS FRIEND, JETT BALDER, IS RIGHT BEHIND HIM IN THE SCORING!







AND AS THE MATCH BEGINS...



BUT AS THE CONTEST ENDS...



BUT CROBIN'S HAND MAKES AN EYE-BURRING MOVEMENT AND...



WOW! DID YOU SEE THAT DRAW?

HE CLEARED LEATHER LIKE CHAIN LIGHTNING!

WHY YOU FOUR-FLUSHING SHORTHORN! YOU WERE PLAYING HIM FOR A SUCKER, BUT HE TURNED THE TABLES ON YOU!

NOBODY'S TRICKING ME

SLAP LEATHER, CROBIN!



BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT...



CROBIN'S HAND-- IT'S SHAKING LIKE A LEAF! HE CAN'T HOLD THE GUN!

LOOK AT HIM SHYERING, JETT! HE'S TOO YELLOW TO SHOOT! COME ON, LET'S VENTILATE HIM!



EASY, BOYS! HE DROPPED HIS GUN! NOBODY SHOOTS A DISABLED MAN WHILE I'M AROUND!



GIVE THEM BACK THEIR HARDWARE WHEN THEY COME TO, CHESTER! BUT KEEP AN EYE ON THEM!

I'LL SEE TO THAT, MR. DILLON



CROBIN, I DON'T GET IT! A MAN WHO CAN DRAW AND SHOOT LIKE YOU CAN-- BUT WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN, YOU COULDN'T HOLD A GUN!

MARSHAL, I'VE BEEN SHOOTING AT TARGETS SINCE I WAS A KID, BUT THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME I EVER DREW ON A MAN!





But at the edge of the crowd...



SOON AFTERWARD, IN NEARLY DESERTED. DODGE...

OUR LUCK'S HOLDING, MITCH! BROOKS IS LEAVING CROBIN OUT IN THE WAGON!

YEAH! AND BROOKS IS GOING TO USE THE SIDE DOOR TO THE BANK!



MEANWHILE, JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

ANYONE SEEN MITCH FORD AND JETT BALDER? THEY'RE NEXT IN THE TRICK ROPE CONTEST!

I SAW THEM HIGH-TAILING IT TOWARD TOWN A FEW MINUTES AGO!

HM!



SOON

CROBIN -- WHERE'S MR BROOKS?

INSIDE THE BANK, MR DILLON! BUT HE'S SURE TAKING HIS ALL-FIRED TIME ABOUT PUTTING MY MONEY AWAY!

WILLIAM CROBIN  
LEWIS DILLON





THE POSSE IS ORGANIZED WITHIN MOMENTS, THEN...



BUT AS THE POSSE LEAVES TOWN,





SECONDS LATER...



MATT DILLON!

IT'S THAT TWO-BIT LAWMAN AGAIN, JETT!



NOW'S MY CHANCE!

ALL RIGHT, JETT! CUT LOOSE!



IT'S BALDER AND FORD!



HOLD IT, DILLON! DON'T GET BRAVE!

MITCH, YOU'LL DROP THAT GUN IF YOU'RE SMART.



I'M SMART ALL RIGHT, DILLON!—AND FAST WITH MY GUN, TOO!

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU WERE MIGHTY GOOD IN THAT SHOOTING MATCH!



BUT HOW GOOD ARE YOU WITH A MOVING TARGET?

WILLIAM CROSS  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

DODGE CITY  
BANK



NOW IT'S MY TURN TO DO A LITTLE QUIETING, PILLON!

JETT!



MIND IF I JOIN THE GAME, MARSHAL?



IT WAS MIGHTY LUCKY FOR ME THAT YOU CAME BACK, MARSHAL!

THAT WASN'T LUCK, CROSSIN!

DODGE CITY  
BANK

YOU FORGOT TO RETURN THE GUN YOU BORROWED FOR THE SHOOTING CONTEST!

GOOD GRIB! I HAD IT ON ME ALL THE TIME AND NEVER DREAMED OF USING IT!



RECKON THAT PROVES WHAT I ALWAYS SAID. A MAN DOESN'T NEED A GUN-- EVEN IN A TOWN LIKE DODGE!

YOU MAY HAVE SOMETHING THERE, CROBIN! BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN A COLT .45 CAN BE A MIGHTY BIG COMFORT TO A MAN IN NEED!



AT LEAST I'VE GOT MY MONEY BACK! THAT THOUSAND DOLLARS WAS MIGHTY IMPORTANT TO ME!

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, SON! YOU'VE GOT TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS NOW!



I OFFERED A THOUSAND-DOLLAR REWARD FOR CAPTURING THOSE TWO BUZZARDS-- AND IT'S YOURS!



WELL, I RECKON YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH OF DODGE, BILLY!

NO, MARSHAL! I LIKE THIS TOWN. I THINK I'M GOING TO STAY!



AND SO A MONTH LATER...

YES SIR, MR. DILLON. THIS TOWN'S GROWING UP REAL FAST!

WITH FINE CITIZENS LIKE BILLY CROBIN SETTLING DOWN HERE, I'VE GOT HIGH HOPES FOR DODGE!



# Vanishing GOLD



The strangest story that ever came out of the famous Dapple Creek gold diggings in California probably concerned big "Forge" Hamilton, the blacksmith. "Forge" arrived early in the 70's at about the time the miners were being robbed blind of their gold dust.

Miners' pokes in their lonely cabins were being lifted, and the strongbox at the Darrell and Wainscot Express office was proving soft to be so strong after all. It was obviously the work of a well-organized local gang.

Big Forge Hamilton set up his blacksmith shop in an old barn which he repaired. There grew to be a kind of mystery about the shop. During the day he repaired mining equipment and shod horses from a hundred miles around. But at night he locked the door and kept the windows tightly shuttered. Muffled sounds of some activity could be heard.

When they asked him he would say, "A man has to work hard to get ahead."

Forge soon became an important man at the diggings. He led the move to do something about the gold robberies.

"It's someone among us," he declared at town meeting. "If we can't catch them taking the gold, we'll catch them going out with it. There's only one way out from town through these mountains. If we guard Pinon Pass and search everything going out, we're bound to catch them."

So they searched every man going out. They stopped the weekly stage and practically took it apart; they opened luggage

and boxes. They did this for weeks on end. But miners kept losing gold, and presumably it was somehow getting out of Dapple Creek.

It remained for a miner's young son, Seth Barlow, to get at the bottom of the mystery. Once after a trip "outside" on the stage, Seth in great excitement told his father something. That night a group of hard-bitten men gathered around Forge Hamilton's blacksmith shop. Some of them climbed up and knocked the shuttered windows out with gun butts. They leveled down on Forge and they had him dead-to-rights. Working at his anvil, he was fashioning as strangely beautiful a horseshoe as ever came under the sight of man.

*It was a horseshoe of solid gold!*

They found more of the golden horseshoes in the shop and a quantity of gold nuggets. Forge had been secretly shoeing the stagecoach horses with shoes of gold, and getting the stolen metal out of the diggings by that method. He turned state's-evidence on the other men involved, and the whole gang was rounded up.

"But what made you suspect, boy?" the miners asked of Seth Barlow.

"I was leaning out of the stagecoach watching the horses' hoofs when we were climbing Two-Mile Hill," grinned Seth. "But horseshoes cut back sporks from granite rock—iron ones do. I like to watch the sporks. But these shoes didn't give off any sparks! I got to wondering. . . ."



# True Tales of Dodge City

## THE HARD CASE



ED DENTON'S MY NAME! AS EDITOR OF THE SENTINEL, I'VE WRITTEN ABOUT SOME TOUGH HORNERS! BUT HERE'S THE STORY OF THE TOUGHEST HARDCASE THAT EVER WALKED THE STREETS OF DODGE!

"THE STORY BEGAN IN THE OLD DAYS, WHEN DODGE CITY GAMBLERS BEGAN TO ORGANIZE DOG RACES.



"AMONG THE FAMOUS MEN WHO KEPT RACING DOGS WAS GENERAL CUSTER. 'LONG HAIR' NEWBLE WERE KEPT BY HIS ORDERLY, A MAN NAMED KELLEY.



"THE ORDERLY WAS KNOWN AS 'DOG' KELLEY. LATER WHEN HE BECAME MAYOR OF DODGE, HE HAD HIS OWN GREYHOUNDS AND USED THEM FOR HUNTING.



"TOUGHENED BY RACING AND HUNTING, KELLEY'S DOGS WERE A HARD-BITTEN LOT AND THEY RULED THE ROOST AMONG THE DOGS IN DODGE.



"THEN, ONE DAY A COUPLE OF BUFFALO HUNTERS-- THE MOGAR BROTHERS--RODE INTO DOGGE CITY WITH SEVERAL WAGON LOADS OF HIDES.



"ON THEIR LAST TRIP THROUGH THE BUFFALO COUNTRY THE MOGARS HAD BOUGHT A DOG FROM A BAND OF ARAPAHO INDIANS. ITS NAME WAS TOU-- A QUIET BEAST THAT WALKED MODESTLY BEHIND HIS MASTER,



"A NEW DOG IN TOWN/ KELLY'S GREYHOUNDS DECIDED TO TEACH HIM HIS PLACE.



"BUT THE NEWCOMER DIDN'T SCARE EASILY. IN THE INDIAN CAMPS OUT ON THE PLAINS HE HAD FUGHT TOUGHER OPPONENTS THAN THESE.



"AND NOW KELLY'S PACK SAW A BAND OF BIGHT-INS THEY'D NEVER WITNESSED BEFORE. UNLIKE MANY DOGS, TOU DID NOT SCAM AND HOLD ON.



"TOM WAS BORN BUFFALO-HORN FROM HIS LORDS ANCESTORS HE HAD LEARNED TO SWAP AND THEN FLUNG HIS ENEMY ASIDE! THAT WAY HE COULD HANDLE AS MANY HOUNDS AS ATTACKED HIM.



"WHEN DOD KELLEY SAW HIS BELOVED GREYHOUNDS GETTING THE WORST OF IT, HE WENT FOR HIS GUN.



"ONE OF THE MOORE BROTHERS SAW THE MOVE, AND STEPPED FORWARD TO STOP KELLEY-- WITH NOTHING BUT A WATER BUCKET FOR A WEAPON.



"BUT THE CITIZENS OF DODGE ALWAYS FAVORED FAIR PLAY, BIG JACK WILLIAMS HAD ALREADY DRAWN A BEAD ON KELLEY.



"THAT SHARP'S 'BIG FIFTY' COULD KNOCK DOWN A BUFFALO AT A HUNDRED YARDS, FOR A MOMENT IT LOOKED LIKE OPEN WARFARE ON THE STREETS OF DODGE.



"BUT DOD KELLEY WAS A SENSIBLE MAN, IN THE FACE OF THAT BUFFALO GUN, THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT PUT AWAY HIS HARDWARE.



MEANWHILE, TOLLS WAS PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THAT GREYHOUND PACK



FOR YEARS AFTERWARD, DOG KELLEY KEPT HIS GREYHOUNDS COURAGEOUS TO THE CORE, THEY WOULD TACKLE ANY WILD BEAST AT HIS COMMAND



AND THESE DOGS STILL RULED THE ROOST AMONG THE FOUR-FOOTED CITIZENS IN DODGE



BUT WHENEVER TOLLS CAME TO TOWN, THOSE GREYHOUNDS WERE SMART ENOUGH TO MAKE THEMSELVES SCARCE...



FOR TOLLS HAD PROVED HE WAS THE TOUGHEST HARDCASE THAT EVER WALKED THE STREETS OF DODGE



# GUNSMOKE

## THE COUNTY HUNTER



LOOKS LIKE JES DOANE ISN'T BUSY! RECKON THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO GET A SHAVE! SEE YOU LATER, CHESTER!

I'LL BE IN THE OFFICE, MR DILLON!



MORNING, JES. HOW ABOUT A SHAVE?

MA-MARRIAL D-DILLON!



JES, WHAT'S WRONG? ARE YOU SICK?

N-NO! SI-SIT DOWN! I'LL GET THE LATHER READY!



**BUT MOMENTS LATER...**

JES, YOUR HAND'S SHAKING LIKE A LEAF! I THINK YOU'D BETTER LET ME FINISH THE JOB.

RECKON I AM PRETTY SHAKY, MATT!



JES, SOMETHING'S GOT YOU WORRIED! WE'RE OLD FRIENDS. --IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO!

I JUST GOT SOME BAD NEWS! I--DO LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT IT, MATT!

AT THAT MOMENT—

TROUBLE, MR. DILLON!  
BETTER COME QUICK!

I'LL BE RIGHT  
WITH YOU,  
CHESTER!



THERE IT IS—TROUBLE!  
ON THE HOOP! HE  
JUST RODE IN!

WE'D BETTER  
CHECK, CHESTER!



I'M MATT DILLON, THE  
MARSHAL HERE IN  
DODGE! WHO ARE  
YOU AND WHO'S  
YOUR FRIEND?

WOLF FERRIS IS MY  
NAME! THIS OTHER  
HONNIE WAS  
MIKE BIXBY!



HE WAS WANTED IN  
CONCHO CITY FOR  
MURDER! I WAS  
BRINGING HIM IN!  
I'M A BOUNTY  
HUNTER... A KIND  
OF A LARLUMER YOU  
MIGHT SAY!

I MIGHT SAY IT,  
BUT I WON'T WHAT  
HAPPENED TO BIXBY?



I WAS BRINGING HIM BACK  
TO CONCHO FOR A THOUSAND-  
DOLLAR REWARD! HE JUMPED  
ME! I HAD TO PROTECT MYSELF!

BUT WHY  
BRING  
HIM INTO  
DODGE?



BIXBY WAS WELL KNOWN  
HERE, AND I NEED SOMEONE  
TO IDENTIFY HIM, SO I CAN  
COLLECT THE REWARD!

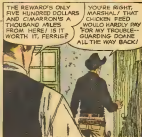
BEFORE I  
SIGN ANY-  
THING,  
THERE HAS  
TO BE AN  
INQUIRY!













BUT AT JES DOANE'S DOOR



MATT, PLEASE! DON'T COME CLOSER. I'VE GOT ANOTHER SHELL IN THIS GUN AND I'LL SHOOT BEFORE I GO WITH FERRIS.

NO YOU WON'T, YES!



YOU WON'T SHOOT BECAUSE I'M YOUR FRIEND!

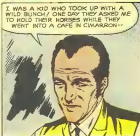
YO-YOU'RE RIGHT, MATT! I LOST MY HEAD, HERE, TAKE THIS BEFORE I DO SOMETHING FOOLISH!



BUT ABOUT THAT MURDER AND THAT HOLDUP, I DIDN'T DO IT... OH, I ADMIT IT WAS PARTLY MY FAULT!



I WAS A KID WHO TOOK UP WITH A WILD BUNCH! ONE DAY THEY ASKED ME TO HOLD THEIR HORSES WHILE THEY WENT INTO A CAFE IN CHAARON--



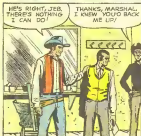
THERE WAS SOME SHOOTING! THEY CAME RUNNING OUT AND WE RODE AWAY! I FIGURED IT WAS JUST SOME HIGH-SPIRITED FOOLISHNESS, BUT LATER I FOUND OUT THERE HAD BEEN A HOLDUP AND SOMEONE GOT KILLED!

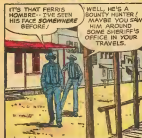


SO I RAN AWAY AND CHANGED MY NAME! I LEARNED A NEW TRADE AND CAME HERE TO DODGE. I'VE BEEN LYING HERE EVER SINCE.

A MIGHTY SAD STORY, BUT THE FACT YOU RAN AWAY SHOWS YOU WERE GUILTY!









OH, OH!  
THEY  
SLIPPED!

CHESTER, YOU'RE THE MOST  
BUTTERFINGERED DEPUTY  
THIS SIDE OF THE ROCKIES!



HERE, I'LL  
HELP YOU!

GOSH, I'M SORRY,  
MR. DILLON!



MR. DILLON-- WHAT'S  
WRONG? YOU LOOK  
LIKE YOU SAW A GHOST!

I THINK I  
HAVE,  
CHESTER!



COME ON! WE'VE  
GOT SOME RIDING  
TO DO!

RIDING? I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND,  
MR. DILLON!



WE'D BETTER PRAY THAT WE  
CATCH WOLF FERRIS AND  
JES DOANE IN TIME!

MEANWHILE MILES DOWN THE TRAIL...





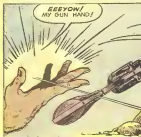
JUST DOWN THE TRAIL...



BUT BACK IN THE GULLY...









**"HEY GANG! Look what I've got.."**

**A STEWART-WARNER 'CADET' BIKE SPEEDOMETER**



Get the Stewart-Warner "Cadet" at your neighborhood bike shop. Or write to Stewart-Warner, Dept. 9-48, 1940 Cheney Parkway, Chicago 14, Illinois.

**INSTRUMENT DIVISION**  
**STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION**  
**SW**  
 Excellence

## BOUNTY HUNTERS



IN THE OLD DAYS AN OUTLAW HAD ONLY TO HEAD FOR THE NEAREST STATE OR TERRITORIAL BORDER TO ESCAPE THE LOCAL LAWMEN.



ALL THE LAW AUTHORITIES COULD DO WAS TO POST REWARDS FOR THE WANTED MEN.



TO SOME HARDGASSES THESE REWARDS WERE A CHANCE TO EARN EASY MONEY. MANY OF THEM WERE EX-OUTLAWS AND WERE FAMILIAR WITH THE HIDEOUTS OF THE HUNTED MEN.



THE BOUNTY HUNTERS USED EVERY TRICK IN THE OUTLAW TRADE TO COLLECT THEIR REWARD MONEY. A MAN WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE WAS OFTEN DELIVERED DEAD.



MOST WESTERNERS HAD HIGH RESPECT FOR THE LAWMEN, BUT THEY LOOKED WITH SCORN ON THE BOUNTY HUNTER WHO TRACKED DOWN MEN FOR THE REWARD MONEY.

"SCHWINN'S THE CHOICE OF CHAMPIONS...OF MOVIE STARS... TELEVISION STARS... AND THE CHOICE OF MOST EVERY KID YOU KNOW—AND WHY NOT? SCHWINN IS THE MOST EXCITING, THE MOST THRILLING BIKE YOU CAN OWN!"

# Schwinn BIKES ARE BEST!

RIDE THE NEW SCHWINN CORVETTE

Here's the bike of your dreams, sleek modern design with rugged Schwinn construction features, plus all the "extras" that make it a real stand-out. We priced it right too... to fit any budget.

- 3-speed freewheel
- Smooth stainless steel fenders
- Hand brakes both front and rear!
- Brilliant chrome headlight
- Flashing colors... Radiant Red, Blue, and Green!



**FREE!**

including the service and television star picture

Find Your Schwinn Dealer in the Yellow Pages

**WRITE IN TODAY!**

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & COMPANY  
1705W—NORTH KILDARE AVE., CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS  
RUSH MY FREE BIKE CATALOG!

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY.....ZONE.....  
STATE.....AGE.....

EASY TERMS AT MOST

SCHWINN BICYCLES ... SCHWINN DEALERS  
START FROM \$39.95!

**SCHWINN QUALITY... COSTS LESS IN THE LONG RUN!**

