

DELL

AUG.-SEPT.

10¢

GUNSMOKE

His "Badge of Honor"
became their target!



"RIGHT NOW, you're probably asking yourself-

What do Alligator-wrestlers drink to quench their thirsts?"

"Fresh up
Freddie
says:"



"Alligator-wrestling in the hot sun all day is hard work. Ask any member of the Alligator-wrestlers' union!"



"Sometimes I get so thirsty I hardly notice that the alligator is chewing on my arm."



"That's when I give Old Cracker a fast flip, and have a 7-Up! It's the real thirst-quencher. Nothing does it like 7-Up!"

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Next time you're wrestling alligators—or doing anything that makes you thirsty—have a 7-Up! "Fresh up" Freddie always says! "Fresh up" with Seven-Up!"



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

GUNSMOKE

THE DEADLY DUDE



WYDDEEE! THINGS SURE ARE POPPING SINCE THAT TURKEY TRACK OUTFIT RODE INTO DODGE, MR. DILLON!

THEY'VE POPPED LONG ENOUGH, CHESTER! I'M GOING TO BASH IT RIGHT NOW!



LIGHT DOWN, MISTER! THE PARTY'S OVER!



PUT HIM IN THE COOLER, CHESTER! I'VE GOT TO GO OVER TO DODGE HOUSE! THERE'S A BIG DEAL ON AND THEY WANT ME TO GUARD THE MONEY!

ALL RIGHT, MR. DILLON!

HOTEL

SOON AFTERWARD IN DODGE HOUSE...

COLTON, THAT SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND PAWS FOR THE LAST OF THE TURKEY TRACK CATTLE! I'M MIGHTY SORRY TO SEE YOUR OUTFIT FOLD!

I'M A LOT SORRIER! TILL TODAY I WAS RAMROD OF THE BIGGEST SPREAD IN THE SOUTHWEST! —TOMORROW I'LL BE JUST A DRIFTER LOOKING FOR A JOB!



I'VE HEARD ABOUT THE TURKEY TRACKS BAD LUCK--THEY SAY DROUGHT, BLIZZARDS AND DISEASES JUST ABOUT WIPED YOU OUT!

THAT'S WHY MISS HISS HADEN OUR BOSS LADY ORDERED US TO SELL OUT! I'M MEETING HER HERE SOON WITH THIS MONEY, MARSHAL!



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

AN YES, MISS EVELYN HADEN, THE ENGLISH LADY, I UNDERSTAND SHE'S NEVER BEEN IN AMERICA BEFORE -- DON'T HOLD MUCH WITH ABSENTEE OWNERS MYSELF!

WELL, SHE'S NOT AN OWNER ANYMORE! -- AND SHE'LL NEED MOST OF THIS MONEY TO PAY WAGES AND DEBTS--



SUDDENLY --

BOOM! SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE BREWING OUT THERE!



THE WESTBOUND TRAIN'S COMING IN -- AND IT LOOKS LIKE SOME OF YOUR MEN ARE ON THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE, COLTON!

IT FIGURES, RECKON THE BOYS ARE CELEBRATING THE TURKEY TRACK'S LAST VISIT TO DODGE!



EXCUSE ME WHILE I MAKE SURE DODGE SURVIVES THE CELEBRATION!

I'M LEAVING, TOO! SEE YOU LATER, COLTON!



WELL, IT'S THE END OF THE TRAIL, COLTON! A RAINBOW TRAIL PAID WITH GOLD!

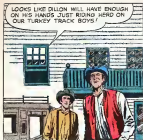
IT TOOK US FIVE YEARS TO MILK THE TURKEY TRACK DRY--BUT WE'VE GOT A HALF MILLION DOLLARS IN THESE LITTLE BANK-BOOKS TO SHOW FOR IT!



AND THERE'S STILL THIS SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND! SEEMS A SHAME TO HAND IT OVER TO THAT HAVEN GIRL--

HOLD ON! LET'S NOT TRY ANYTHING FUNNY HERE IN DODGE THEY TELL ME THIS MARSHAL GILSON IS ROUGH TO TANGLE WITH!





LOOKS LIKE DILLON WILL HAVE ENOUGH ON HIS HANDS JUST RIDING HERD ON OUR TURKEY TRACK BOYS!



WELCOME TO DODGE, TENDERFOOT! WE'RE HAVING A LITTLE DANCE TO CELEBRATE! AND YOU'RE THE GUEST OF HONOR!

JOLLY NICE OF YOU, OLD MAN! BUT IT WASN'T NECESSARY YOU KNOW!

PING!



AND HERE'S THE LATEST STEP FROM LONDON-- OH, EXCUSE ME!

YOWWWW! MY HAND!



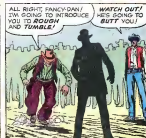
MY DEAR FELLOW-- YOUR GUN'S ALL CHOKED WITH MUD! **DECEIT CLEMSY** OF ME!

HOLD ON, CHESTER! SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT TENDERFOOT CAN HANDLE THIS BY HIMSELF!



SMART ALOEK, EH! I OUGHT TO--

DEAR ME! FISTICUFFS / OF COURSE WE'LL USE THE MARGINS OF **QUEENSBURY RULES!**



ALL RIGHT, FANCY-DAN! I'M GOING TO INTRODUCE YOU TO **ROUGH AND TUMBLE!**

WATCH OUT! HE'S GOING TO BUTT YOU!

PARDON MY ELBOW,
OLD MAN! YOU
REALLY SHOULD
STICK TO THE
RULES, YOU KNOW!

WOW! THAT DUDE
IS REALLY SINKING
HIS SPURS INTO HIM!
STICK TO THE
RULES, YOU KNOW!



JUST THEN...

COME ON, CURLY,
NO TENDERFOOT
CARVES HIS BRAND
ON A TURKEY
TRACK RIDER!

MORE TROUBLES
BREAKING!
IT'S BETTER PUT
A STOP TO THIS!



LET'S KEEP IT FAIR, BOYS!



MY THANKS, SIR,
BUT I REALLY
COULD HAVE
HANDLED THOSE
BOUNDERERS WITH
MY WESLEY!

IT'S MY JOB, STRANGER!
I'M MATT DRILON, THE
MARSHAL HERE IN SODDGE!
BETTER PUT THAT
PEA-SHOOTER AWAY!



OH, THE LOCAL CONSTABLE!
PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE
MYSELF! I'M EVELYN HAVEN,
OWNER OF THE TURKEY
TRACK RANCH!

EYE--EYEW
HAYVEN!



I KNOW WHAT'S CONFUSING
YOU, MARSHAL, BUT BACK
IN ENGLAND EVELYN IS A
PERFECTLY ACCEPTABLE
NAME FOR A MAN!

FRIEND, I SAW
YOU TAKE AND
CURRY THAT
COW-POKE JUST
NOW! YOU'VE
PROVED YOUR POINT!



SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR TURKEY TRACK FOLDING!

THE ENTIRE HAVEN FAMILY FORTUNE WAS INVESTED IN THE RANCH! AND THE PITY OF IT IS, I NEVER EVEN GOT TO SEE A TURKEY TRACK STEER!



THERE'S YOUR LAST HERD— STILL IN THE SHIPPING PENS WAITING TO BE LOADED INTO THE CATTLE CAR!

SO THAT'S WHAT LONGHORNS LOOK LIKE! HUSKY BRUTES, AREN'T THEY?



I'D SAY SO— CONSIDERING WHAT TURKEY TRACK STOCK HAS GONE THROUGH, LATELY!

I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, MARSHAL!



MR. PILLON, I HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO TRANSACT WITH MY FOREMAN, GRAG COLTON! I WONDER IF YOU'D BE GOOD ENOUGH TO COME WITH ME!

BE GLAD TO! I'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS WITH COLTON MYSELF!



SOON IN THE DODGE HOUSE...

WELL, I'LL BE SWITCHED. HIS PAPERS CHECK OUT! HE REALLY IS EVELYN HAVEN!

THEN I GUESS THIS MONEY IS ALL YOURS, MR. HAVEN!



IT ISN'T MUCH, BUT WE LOST PLENTY DURING THE DRY SPELLS AND THE BLIZZARDS!

THAT'S WHAT WE WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT, COLTON!



WE'VE SEEN THE TURKEY TRACK CATTLE DOWN AT THE DEPOT! THOSE STEERS DON'T LOOK AS IF THEY'VE BEEN HAVING A HARD TIME AT ALL!

DILLON, IF YOU'RE CALLING ME A LIAR--



I'M NOT CALLING YOU ANYTHING--YET!



ALL RIGHT, BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT MONEY? THERE'S WAGES-- AND MY SALARY TO BE PAID!

I WON'T PAY A CENT UNTIL I GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS, COLTON! MEANWHILE, I'M ASKING MARSHAL DILLON TO HOLD ON TO THE TURKEY TRACK FUNDS!



BUT THE MEN-- WHAT WILL I TELL THEM?

TELL THEM THEIR MONEY IS SAFE-- IN THE DODGE CITY JAIL!



OF ALL THE BLASTED LUCK, COLTON, WE'D BETTER FORGET THE MONEY IN THE BAG AND CLEAR OUT OF GODDSE, PRONTO!

RELAX! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON DILLON! I'LL WANT TO KNOW WHAT HIS NEXT MOVE WILL BE!



MEANWHILE...

I WILL, MR. DILLON!

CHESTER, THERE'S SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND IN THAT BAG! I'M RELYING ON YOU TO KEEP IT SAFE!



WE CAN CHECK COLTON'S STORY BY SENDING A TELEGRAM TO THE SHERIFF DOWN IN THE TURKEY TRACK RANGE! HE COULD SEND US THE FACTS IN SHORT ORDER!

A SLENDYD IDEA, MARSHAL!



HAVEN AND BILLON ARE HEADED INTO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE! WONDER WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

LET'S LISTEN AT THE SIDE WINDOW!



IT'LL TAKE ABOUT AN HOUR FOR THE ANSWER TO YOUR TELEGRAM TO RED CREEK, MARSHAL!

I'LL BE BACK ABOUT THEN!



RED CREEK! THAT'S RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TURKEY TRACK COUNTRY!

DILLON MUST BE CHECKING ON US WITH THE LAWREN TROOP! THAT'S BAD!



I DON'T LIKE IT, COLTON!

EASE OFF! THE FIRST THING TO DO IS FIND OUT WHAT WAS IN THAT TELEGRAM!



ABOUT AN HOUR LATER...

HERE IT IS!

HOWDY! MARSHAL DILLON ASKED ME TO PICK UP THAT TELEGRAM HE WAS EXPECTING!



"IN ANSWER TO YOUR QUERY: NO DROUGHT FOR PAST FOUR YEARS, MILD WINTERS, NO CATTLE FEVER. (SIGNED)--SHERIFF RED CREEK."

COLTON, WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF DODGE FAST!



WE WILL--BUT WE'RE TAKING THAT SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND WITH US!



SOON AFTERWARD...

WHAT? YOU GAVE COLTON THE ANSWER TO MY TELEGRAM? DO YOU HAVE ANOTHER COPY?

RIGHT HERE, MARSHAL! WE ALWAYS KEEP A FILE COPY!



NO WONDER COLTON WAS ANNOXIOUS TO READ THIS MESSAGE!



MEANWHILE, AT THE SIDE WINDOW OF THE DODGE JAIL...

THERE'S THE MARSHAL'S DEPUTY BUT I DON'T SEE THE MONEY BAG! WE'LL LOSE TIME IF WE TRY TO FIND IT!

I KNOW HOW TO LOCATE THAT MONEY--FAST!



I'M THE RAMROD OF THE TURKEY TRACK! I JUST HEARD SOMEBODY STOLE OUR MONEY OUT OF THE JAIL!

SILENT? WHY THAT'S PLUMB FOOLISHNESS! THE MONEY'S RIGHT HERE IN THIS DRAWER!





ALL RIGHT, TAKE CHESTER'S HORSE AND LET'S GO!



THAT DUST CLOUD--SOMEBODY'S MOVING FAST TOWARD COW CREEK!



BUT A MILE DOWN THE TRAIL...

HOLD IT! SOMETHING'S WRONG! THERE'S ONLY ONE SET OF HOOFPRINTS HEADING TOWARD COW CREEK!



WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! THEY SENT A RIDERLESS HORSE DOWN THIS TRAIL TO RAISE THAT DUST CLOUD AND DECOY US! HEAD BACK UP THE TRAIL!



HERE'S, WHERE THEY TURNED OFF! IT WON'T BE TOO HARD TO RUN THEM DOWN!



THERE THEY ARE!







SHORT MOMENTS LATER...



GREAT DAY! A HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DEPOSITED IN SAN ANTONIO-- ANOTHER HUNDRED THOUSAND IN KANSAS CITY, AND FIVE THAT IN ST. LOUIS!



BY GEORGE! HE HAS ALMOST A HALF MILLION DOLLARS ON DEPOSIT! WHERE DID HE GET IT?

HE'S COMING TO NOW! MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT!



DILLON, IT HURTS! I-- CAN'T BREATHE!

I KNOW! IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD FOR YOU, COLTON!



DILLON... DO SOMETHING... GET ME TO A DOCTOR...

DON'T KNOW IF IT'S WORTH MY WHILE, COLTON... UNLESS YOU'RE READY TO TELL ME ALL ABOUT THESE BANKBOOKS.



DILLON, WHERE'S YOUR HEART? IS MONEY ALL YOU CAN THINK ABOUT AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

BECKON I'M A HARD MAN, SHAWN! HOW ABOUT IT, COLTON?



ALL RIGHT, I'LL CONFESS! I'VE BEEN RUSTLING TURKEY TRACK CATTLE FOR YEARS! THE MONEY IS ALL IN THOSE BANKS... NOW HELP ME!

I CAN'T HELP YOU, COLTON!





BU-BUT I'M DYING!

NO, YOU'RE NOT! THOSE BANKBOOKS IN YOUR VEST POCKET STOPPED THE BULLET!



THE BULLET CAUGHT YOU OVER THE HEART AND KNOCKED YOU COLD! YOU'LL BE FINE IN A MINUTE-- AND READY TO HEAD BACK TO DODGE FOR TRIAL!



A WEEK LATER IN DODGE...

WELL, NOW THAT COLTON AND SHAWN ARE SENTENCED I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE HEADING FOR ENGLAND!

RECKON MR HAVEN WILL GIVE HIS FAMILY QUITE A TURN IN THOSE WESTERN DUDS, MR DILLON!



NO, GENTLEMEN, I'VE THOUGHT IT OVER. I'M GOING TO STAY OUT HERE AND USE THE MONEY COLTON STOLE TO REBUILD THE TURKEY TRACK!



THE TURKEY TRACK CREW ARE WILLING TO RIDE SOUTH WITH ME AND TACKLE THE JOB!

HAVEN, YOU CAN'T MISS! I'LL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR NEXT CATTLE-DRIVE UP THE CHISOLM TRAIL AND INTO DODGE!



CALL HIM DUDE -- BUT THAT'S THE KIND OF MAN THIS COUNTRY NEEDS, CHESTER!

I'LL SAY AMEN TO THAT, MR DILLON!

THE END

the RETURN



COURTESY, JEP BY STEVEN HERRING & JOHN CO

"Keep going," Dusty Dalton urged himself, as he prodded his horse on. "Don't go back to Sierra Cove and take that blacksmith job. Hard work. Low pay. Take years to pay off those debts. Keep going!"

Dusty was leaving years of debts behind. A grubstake from the postmaster, sacks of food from the storekeeper, loans from many folks who only took his word that—"I'll pay you back when I strike it rich."

But he had only struck it poor in all his prospecting trips. Lately, people had insisted on being repaid. It was when the postmaster "with a sick wife to care for" had asked for part payment that Dusty had ridden out of town, yelling that he was sick and tired of being hounded and would never come back.

The postmaster and other creditors had no doubt sent the sheriff after him. But Dusty knew some tricky routes through the mountains. And if he went far enough, the sheriff would give up. But Dusty winced whenever he thought of the postmaster's sick wife. And the fire that had burned out the storekeeper, leaving him penniless. And the others who had need of their money badly. Was it fair to run but on them? Should he return and work off his debts honestly with a job?

"Keep going!" Dusty muttered desper-

ately. "Keep going . . ."

"Miser!" came a tearful thin voice from the underbrush nearby. "Please help me . . . I'm lost!" A little girl stumbled out, rubbing her eyes. Between sobs she blurted out her story: "I was out riding alone on the pony my Daddy gave me for my birthday. I was too excited to watch how far I went . . . or where. Then my pony was scared by a rattler and threw me and galloped away and I'm scared and I want to go home to my Mommy in Sierra Cove . . . please, mister, please!"

Dusty groaned inwardly. If he told the kid the way home, it was a long way for her small feet. Or she'd get lost again.

If he rode back with her, even part way, the sheriff would catch up. Let the kid walk back.

But night would overtake her, with hungry wolves and lean mountain cats on the prowl for any helpless prey.

"Swing up, kid," sighed Dusty, his resistance broken. "Dry your tears. You'll see your Mommy soon."

"And me, I'll see the inside of a jail . . ." he muttered.

With the girl hanging on behind him, Dusty avoided the rough ride down the long slope of Devil's Gulch. For the kid's sake he took the timber trail along the winding Sierra Creek. The girl chatted like a happy magpie. Dusty was in no mood to listen.

"Look, mister," said the girl at one bend. "why is the water so yellow here? It's almost shiny!"

"Because it's full of golden sand," growled Dusty sarcastically. "Now will you keep your mouth shut and . . ."

The rest was a gasp from Dusty as he leaped off the horse, splashed through the shallow water and scooped up sand that was flecked thickly with toamy gleams.

"Suffering sagebrush! It is golden sand!" whispered Dusty. "I can pan enough to pay off all my debts and have plenty left over."

"What are debts, mister?" asked the girl curiously.

"Debts are like what I owe you, honey," said Dusty gently, "for making me go back to wipe out my disgrace."

DODGE CITY DAYS

SHOWDOWN AT ADOBE WALLS

I'M ED GENTON, EDITOR OF THE SENTINEL. IF YOU'LL LIGHT DOWN AND GRAB A CHAIR I'LL TELL YOU HOW DODGE CAME TO BE A COMTOWN!



"I'VE TOLD YOU HOW DODGE WAS BORN AS A BUFFALO HUNTER'S HANG-OUT, BUT BY 1874, THE KANSAS BUFFALO HERD HAD BEEN WIRED OUT...



"IN THE SPRING OF THAT YEAR, THE HUNTERS GOT WORD OF A HUGE HERD SOUTH OF THE ARKANSAS RIVER. THEIR WAGONS LOADED WITH SUPPLIES THEY HEADED OUT OF DODGE...



"THE LAND SOUTH OF ARKANSAS WAS INDIAN COUNTRY, FORBIDDEN TO THE BUFFALO HUNTERS BY TREATY. THE CHEYENNES HATED THE INVASION...



"STILL, THERE WAS MONEY IN BUFFALO HIDES. THE HUNTERS SHARED IN AND THE TRADERS CAME AFTER THEM. THEY STARTED A TRADING POST AT ADOBE WALLS ON THE CANADIAN RIVER.



"BUT OUT ON THE PLAINS, RESENTFUL CHEYENNES WERE ALREADY ATTACKING ISOLATED HIDE CAMPS.



"THEN ONE JUNE DAY, AN ARMY PATROL STRAGGLED INTO ADOBE WALLS ESCORTING AMOS CHAPMAN, A GOVERNMENT SCOUT...



"CHAPMAN HAD HEARD FROM THE TRADERS AT CAMP SUPPLY THAT THE HOSTILES WERE ABOUT TO ATTACK ADOBE WALLS. HE WHISPERED THE MESSAGE TO SALOONKEEPER JIM HANRAHAN...



"HANRAHAN KNEW THAT IF WORD OF THE PLANNED ATTACK GOT OUT, THE HUNTERS WOULD ABANDON ADOBE WALLS TO THE CHEYENNES. HE DECIDED TO KEEP IT A SECRET...



"MEANWHILE, OTHER BUFFALO HUNTERS, WHO HAD BEEN SWEEPED FROM THE PLAINS BY INDIAN ATTACKS, WERE CROWDING INTO ADOBE WALLS...



"JUNE 27TH, THE DATE OF THE ATTACK, WAS FAST APPROACHING. HANRAHAN TALKED WITH HIS PARTNER, BILLY DIXON. THEY HAD TO KEEP THE HUNTERS ALERT WITHOUT BETRAYING THEIR SECRET....



"WHAT HAPPENED ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE ATTACK IS ANYONE'S GUESS. BUT SOME SAY BILLY DIXON FIRED A SHOT OUTSIDE THE SALOON WHERE THE BUFFALO HUNTERS WERE SLEEPING...



THE SHOT AWAKENED THE SLEEPING MEN, EXCITEDLY HARRAMAN POINTED UPWARD. THE HEIGHT OF THE SOD ROOF MUST BE CRACKING! THE MASSIVE RIDGE POLE, THE MEN THOUGHT.



THE HUNTERS WORKED SWIFTLY IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE RIDGE POLE WAS BRACED.



IT WAS TOO LATE FOR THE HUNTERS TO SLEEP AGAIN. SHAKEN BY THE EVENING'S EVENTS, THEY DECIDED TO STAY AWAKE TILL DAWN. HARRAMAN'S TRICK HAD WORKED.



WHEN DAWN CAME, THE INDIANS ATTACKED BUT THE BUFFALO HUNTERS WERE PREPARED. THE CHEYENNE WERE MET WITH A WITHERING FIRE.



THE MEDICINE MAN HAD PROMISED THAT HIS "MEDICINE" WOULD PROTECT THE BRAVES FROM THE WHITE MAN'S BULLETS. BUT HE FORGOT TO TELL THE BUFFALO HUNTERS ABOUT THE ARRANGEMENT.



"SUSPICIOUS OF THE SHAMAN'S MEDICINE, THE MAIN FORCE OF INDIANS WATCHED THE BATTLE FROM THE NEARBY RIDGES ...



"BUT THE DEADLY WORK OF THE SHARPS 'BIG-FIFTIES' WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE INDIANS. THEY FLED, LEAVING THEIR DEAD BEHIND THEM.



"THOUGH HOSTILES STILL ROAMED THE PLAINS, THE HUNTERS CONTINUED THEIR WORK OF DESTRUCTION, DECIMATING THE BUFFALO HERDS...



"THAT TEXAS HERD WAS THE LAST OF THE BUFFALO. BEFORE LONG, THE LAST BUFFALO HIDE WAGGERS WERE ROLLING THROUGH DODGE.



"THE BISON WAS DONE, BUT THAT NEXT SPRING THE FIRST OF THE LONGHORN HERDS POURED UP THE TRAIL FROM TEXAS. THE DAY OF THE BUFFALO HUNTER WAS OVER. THE ERA OF THE COWBOY HAD BEGUN."



THE END

GUNSMOKE

BADGE OF HONOR





IT WAS THE COYOTE KID MARSHAL? THERE MUST HAVE BEEN THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS ON THAT TABLE WHEN HE WALKED IN WITH HIS GUN!

DIDN'T ANYONE TRY TO STOP HIM?



THE COYOTE KID-- HE WAS MIGHTY WELL NAMED, MR. DILLON. WHY, THAT WAS NOTHING BUT COLD-BLOODED MURDER!

COME ON, CHESTER, LET'S GET SOME REST! WE'LL BE RIDING IN THE MORNING!



YEAH--HMM! LOOKS LIKE I'LL NEED A NEW FARD DEALER!



WE MIGHT AS WELL HEAD BACK, MR. DILLON! THAT RAIN WASHED OUT ANY TRAIL. THE COYOTE KID LEFT!

CHESTER, WHEN WE RIDE BACK INTO DODGE CITY WE'LL HAVE THE COYOTE KID WITH US!



BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO FIND HIM, WITHOUT SOMETHING TO GO ON? THE BADLANDS, INDIAN TERRITORY, THE BORDER-- HE COULD HAVE HEADED IN ANY DIRECTION!

I'VE CHECKED THE COYOTE KID'S RECORD! AND I THINK I'VE GOT A GOOD LEAD!



HE HANGS OUT IN A TOWN CALLED DIAZLO-- ABOUT THREE HUNDRED MILES WEST OF HERE.

CAN'T HE TELEGRAPH DIAZLO'S SHERIFF TO PICK HIM UP, MR. DILLON?

SHERIFF Y DIABLO'S BURIED **FOUR** MARSHALS IN THE LAST **TWO** YEARS! NOW THEY CAN'T GET ANYONE TO TAKE THE JOB! THE TOWNS WIDE OPEN, CHESTER!



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THE COYOTE KID WOULD HEAD FOR DIABLO **NOW**?

TWO REASONS! HE'S GOT A WOUND TO TAKE CARE OF-- AND THREE THOUSAND IN STOLEN MONEY BURNING A HOLE IN HIS POCKET!



YEAH, HE'S HEADING FOR DIABLO-- AND IT'S GOING TO BE A GREAT HOMECOMING --- BECAUSE **WE'RE** GOING TO ARRANGE THE RECEPTION!



DAYS LATER, AT THE JOURNEY'S END..

I SURE HOPE WE BEAT THE COYOTE KID TO DIABLO!

THE KID'S WOUND PROBABLY SLOWED HIM DOWN!



BEFORE WE RIDE IN, CHESTER, WE'D BETTER REMOVE OUR BADGES!

HOLD ON THERE, MR. DILLON! I'M NOT AFRAID TO REAR MY DEPUTY'S BADGE ANYWHERE.



NOBLE SENTIMENTS, CHESTER, BUT IF WORD GETS OUT TO THE COYOTE KID THAT TWO LAWREN ARE WAITING FOR HIM IN DIABLO--

--HE MAY NEVER COME IN, I UNDERSTAND, MR. DILLON!



SO THIS IS DIABLO? WOOOEEEE! LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE TOWN IS ON A RAMPAGE!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK, CHESTER! THIS IS WHAT DODGE WOULD BE LIKE WITHOUT A LAWMAN!



IT SURE BEATS ALL! LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE IN THIS TOWN'S ON THE PROUD! JUST LOOK AT THAT BIG BULLY OVER THERE!

OUT OF MY WAY, NOW!



SORRY, NEIGHBOR. I WAS JUST LOADING THIS SACK OF FLOUR ON MY BUCKBOARD, AND---

DON'T TRY TO SOFT-SOUP ME! YOU GOT IN MY WAY ON PURPOSE!



IT'S BAD MEDICINE TO PICK A FIGHT WITH BULL KELLY!



MR. DILLON, WE'VE GOT TO HELP THAT LITTLE FELLER!

NO, CHESTER, WE CAN'T RISK ATTRACTING ATTENTION IN THIS TOWN!





BUT MATT'S KICK THROWS HIM OFF BALANCE, AND...





RECKON THAT CURLY WOLF
HOWLED HIS LAST HOWL!



THANKS, STRANDER! RECKON
YOU SAVED MY LIFE, AND---



--WAIT, I
KNOW YOU--
YOU'RE---

MISTER, IF YOU KNOW ANY-
THING ABOUT ME, YOU'LL BE
SMART TO KEEP IT TO YOUR
SELF. UNDERSTAND!



YEAH, YEAH! I
GET IT! THERE'S
PLENTY OF US
HERE IN DIABLO
WITH SOMETHING
TO HIDE!

YOU GET THE POINT,
FRIEND, SO IF THERE'S
ANYTHING YOU'VE GOT
TO SAY TO ME--SAY
IT *IN PRIVATE!*



YOU'RE RIGHT, FRIEND--
I'M MATT BULLON, DOGGE
CITY MARSHAL! I'M HERE
ON BUSINESS, WORKING
UNDER COVER!

THOUGHT I
RECOGNIZED
YOU! DAN
CLANTON'S MY
NAME, DILLON!



CLANTON? I REMEMBER,
YOU COME FROM NEWTON
--THE ROUGHEST TOWN
ON THE BORDER! YOU
WERE MARSHAL THERE
UNTIL YOU---

--UNTIL I TURNED
YELLOW WHEN
THE CHIPS WERE
DOWN! I SUPPOSE
YOU HEARD IT
THAT WAY, TOO!

NOW, I'LL TELL YOU THE REAL STORY! THERE WERE FOUR OF THOSE GUNSLICKS IN THAT PRACUS! THEY BOXED ME IN ON MAIN STREET AND DARED ME TO DRAW!



THERE WERE FIFTY ARMED MEN LOOKING ON, ALL GOOD CITIZENS, BUT NOT ONE OF THEM LIFTED HIS LITTLE FINGER TO HELP ME, -- SO I HAD TO HANDLE IT MYSELF!



I SHOT MY WAY OUT OF IT! BUT I HANDED IN MY BADGE! I WAS TIRED OF SEEING SAMBULERS AND SALOON-KEEPERS GETTING RICH WHILE THE GUNMEN USED ME FOR TARGET PRACTICE!



THERE'S ANOTHER WAY OF LOOKING AT IT, CLANTON!

YOU'LL SEE, DILLON! SOMEDAY WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN, YOU'LL FIND OUT THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO GIVES A HAND ABOUT THE LAW!

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, CLANTON! BUT SOMEONE'S GOT TO WEAR THAT BADGE!



AS A MATTER OF FACT, DIABLO COULD USE A GOOD LAWYAN RIGHT NOW!



I'VE BEEN OFFERED THE JOB, BUT I TURNED IT DOWN! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF UNWINDING THE LAW...

AND I'M DOING FINE NOW! I'VE GOT A SMALL SPREAD OUTSIDE OF TOWN! GOT ME A WIFE AND A SON! HERE THEY COME NOW!



COME ON, MARSHAL, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO MY FAMILY!

NO, WAIT!



IT'S THE MAN WE CAME FOR--THE COWBOY KID--

HA



HELLO KID, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

DILLON! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU'D COME AFTER ME!



YOU HAD A LONG RIDE, KID, BUT ALL FOR NOTHING! YOU'RE COMING BACK TO FACE MURDER CHARGES IN DODGE!

I SUPPOSE YOU'LL WANT THE MONEY I TOOK FROM THE LONG BRANCH, TOO-- IT'S IN THIS SADDLE BAG!



IT'S ALL THERE, DILLON! COUNT IT!



KEEP HIM AWAY FROM HIS HORSE, CHESTER!
HE'LL BE TRYING FOR A GETAWAY!



MR. DILLON? HE'S HEADING FOR
MR. CLANTON'S BUCKBOARD!



WE'VE GOT TO
STOP HIM!

NO, DILLON, NO!
HOLD YOUR FIRE!



YOU CAN'T SHOOT, DILLON!
THE COYOTE KID'S GOT
MY WIFE AND CHILD
WITH HIM ON THAT
BUCKBOARD!

WE CAN'T JUST
STAY HERE AND
LET HIM GET
AWAY, CLANTON!



THE COYOTE KID'S
AS DEADLY AS A RATTLER!
HE'S WANTED FOR ROBBERY
AND MURDER, AND IT'S MY
JOB TO GET HIM.

ALL RIGHT, DILLON,
BUT I'M RIDING
WITH YOU--IF I
CAN GET SOME
ONE TO LEND ME
A HORSE!



CLANTON,
YOU CAN
TAKE MY
HORSE!

AND JUST TO PROVE THERE ARE
STILL SOME HONEST MEN IN
TOWN, WE'RE GETTING UP A
POSSE TO RIDE WITH YOU!



SOON...

THAT BUCKBOARD
HEADED STRAIGHT
UP THE OLD SADDLE
MOUNTAIN TRAIL
TOWARD MY RANCH!

I GUESS THE GUNFIRE
SCARED YOUR HORSES--
THEY'D NATURALLY HEAD
FOR HOME!



JEDSHAPAT! THERE'S THE BUCKBOARD
NOW! THE COWBOY KID HOLED UP IN MY CABIN!



ALL RIGHT, DILLON, SO YOU'VE GOT ME
CORNERED! BUT BEFORE YOU TRY TO FLUSH
ME OUT, JUST REMEMBER WHO'S WITH
ME IN HERE!



IF BULLETS START
FLYING, CLANTON'S
WIFE AND KID ARE
GOING TO GET HURT!

WE'RE IN A SQUEEZE
HERE, BOYS! WE CAN'T
RISK HURTING THE
WOMAN AND THE CHILD!

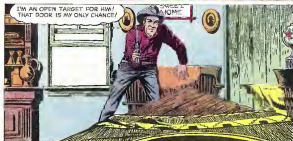


DILLON, THERE'S A BACK WAY INTO THAT CABIN
-- A STORM CELLAR I BUILT INTO THAT EARTH
BANK BEHIND THE HOUSE! AND THERE'S A
HIDDEN ENTRANCE ON THE FAR SIDE
OF THE RISE!





SHORT MOMENTS LATER



SOUNDS LIKE CLANTON'S INSIDE! HOLD YOUR FIRE, BOYS! I'M CLOSING IN!



IT'S THE COYOTE KID! YEAH, IT'S ME, DILLON, AND I'M THROUGH RUNNING!



WWT, MR. DILLON! I'M-A-COMING!



MR. DILLON!



IT'S ALL RIGHT, CHESTER! LIKE THE MAN SAID, WE'S THROUGH RUNNING.



LATER THAT DAY, IN DIABLO...

WELL, NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THE COYOTE KID PATCHED UP, I GUESS WE'LL BE HEADING FOR DODGE!

PUT HER THERE, BATT! I'M PROUD TO SHAKE YOUR HAND!



AND I'M MIGHTY PROUD TO SHAKE THE HAND OF DIABLO'S NEW MARSHAL, DAN CLANTON!

CAFE



DAN, WE JUST CAN'T FIGURE WHAT MADE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT THAT MARSHAL'S JOB.

RECKON IT WAS MATT DILLON THAT MADE ME SEE THE LIGHT! HE SHOWED ME THAT FOLKS CAN'T BUILD A PEACEFUL LIFE AS LONG AS THERE ARE BUZZARDS LIKE THE COYOTE KID ON THE LOOSE!



A PLEDGE 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.

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TO THE PIONEER WOMAN, ISOLATED IN HER LONELY CABIN, THE ANNUAL VISIT OF THE TRAVELING PEDDLER AND HIS WAGON WAS A BLESSING.



THE WANDERING SANGHAI ALSO FOUND A READY WELCOME IN THAT RAW LAND—WHERE SINGS WERE OFTEN A MAN'S MOST IMPORTANT TOOL.



THE HORSE TRADER TRAVELED FROM TOWN TO TOWN WITH HIS STOCK IN TRADE. ALWAYS A SHREWD OPERATOR, HE OFTEN HAD TO LEAVE TOWN IN A HURRY.



THE DENTIST'S ANCHOR WAS A REGULAR VISITOR IN THE FRONTIER TOWNS. HE OFTEN DID HIS JOB WITH THE ENTIRE POPULATION WATCHING.



THE MEDICINE MAN AND HIS CURE-ALLS WAS A REGULAR VISITOR TO TOWN. WESTERNERS LOOKED FORWARD TO THE FREE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE MEDICINE SHOW.

JUICY FRUIT GUM
PRESENTS
HAVE FUN SAFELY



DON'T GET HURT



NEVER dive until you've checked with a long pole for depth, hidden rocks or logs.

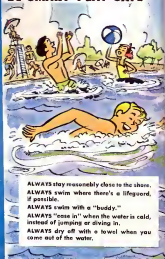
NEVER swim when tired, overheated or chilled.

NEVER swim where there's a fast current or undertow.

NEVER duck or rough-house anyone in the water.

NEVER swim after eating a big meal.

BE SMART—PLAY SAFE



ALWAYS stay reasonably close to the shore.

ALWAYS swim where there's a lifeguard, if possible.

ALWAYS swim with a "buddy."

ALWAYS "ease in" when the water is cold, instead of jumping or diving in.

ALWAYS dry off with a towel when you come out of the water.

HERE'S ANOTHER SMART IDEA...

Juicy Fruit Gum has lots of delicious flavor—
and it won't spoil your appetite.

Ask your Mum to bring some home.

