

DELL

NO. 826

10c

BUFFALO BILL JR.



BUFFALO BILL JR.

A BRONCO NAMED GUNBOAT

WHEN BLACKJACK JACKSON IS HUNGLED INTO WILEYVILLE AND CROSSES TRAILS WITH BUFFALO BILL JUNIOR AND CALAMITY, THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN.



FIRST, THE STAGE BLACKJACK SIGN RUNS OVER BILL'S PACKAGE, CRUSHING THE PRESENT HE AND CALAMITY BOUGHT FOR THE JUDGE'S BIRTHDAY.



BUT BUFFALO BILL JUNIOR SEES A CHANCE TO EARN MONEY QUICKLY, AS THE LOCAL RODEO OFFERS PRIZE MONEY TO ANYONE WHO CAN RIDE GUNBOAT.

WITH PRIZE MONEY AT STAKE, BILL MAKES A GAME TRY TO STAY ON THE BUCKING MUSTANG, BUT THE KILLER HORSE IS MORE THAN HIS WATCH



THEN, WHEN AT GUNPOINT, BILL SEES HIS OWN HORSE STOLEN TO HELP AN OUTLAW MAKE HIS ESCAPE.

HE IS FORCED TO TRY AGAIN TO RIDE THE DANGEROUS GUNBOAT FOR THERE IS MORE AT STAKE NOW THAN MERE PRIZE MONEY.



BUFFALO BILL JR.

A BRONC
CALLED
GUNBOAT

THAT PACKAGE YOU'VE
BEEN WAITING FOR BILL IS
IN THE MAIL SACK!

IT CAME JUST IN TIME, MR. APPLE!
JUDGE WILEY'S BIRTHDAY IS TOMORROW
AND THAT'S HIS PRESENT!



GALANTY AND I
BOUGHT HIM TWO
ENGLISH BRWR
RIFLES!

OPEN UP THE SACK,
BILL! THE MARSHAL'S
RIDING INSIDE BUT I DON'T
RECKON HE'D CONSIDER
YOU A MAIL ROBBER!



MORNING, MARSHAL
BENTON!

HOWDY, BILL! THE MAIL-
BAGS ON THE FLOOR!
BUT JUST KEEP CLEAR OF
MY PRISONER!



BLACKJACK JACKSON'S
A MEAN CRITTER!



CRACK!

HERE
IS THE





WHILE AT THE JAIL...

SOON AS I GET CALANITY'S CHICKENS OUT OF HERE, YOU CAN PUT JACKSON IN!

I'LL LEAVE THE ROOMS AND RAMADIES ON! IT WON'T BE AS EASY KEEPING JACKSON HERE AS KEEPING CHICKENS!

I'LL FIT UP A BLANK FOR YOU SO YOU CAN KEEP AN EYE ON HIM! HOW LONG DO YOU FIGURE ON STAYING IN WILEYVILLE?

TILL THURSDAY WHEN THE TR. IN COMES THROUGH HERE FOR 'LURA' AND THE FEDERAL PRISON JACKSON'S HEADING FOR!

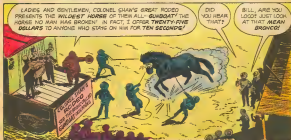


HE'LL KEEP TILL THEN!



LISTEN, BILL! THE ROBBED PARADE!

WHO CARES ABOUT A ROBBED AT A TIME LIKE THIS?



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, COLONEL SHAW'S GREAT ROBBED PRESENTS THE WILDWEST HORSE OF THEM ALL - GUNSHOT! THE HORSE NO MAN HAS BROKEN! IN FACT, I OFFER TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS TO ANYONE WHO STAY ON HIM FOR TEN SECONDS!

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

BILL, ARE YOU LOOSE? JUST LOOK AT THAT MEAN BRONCO!











THE NEXT DAY AS THE WHOLE TOWN GOES OUT TO SEE THE ROBOO...



AND NOW, THE FINAL MOMENTS
OF A MILLER BADON!



THE RIFLE IS A FINE WEAPON, COLONEL!
BUT DID YOU EVER SEE WHAT A MAN
CAN DO WITH A CRUTCH?



DROP THE
ROPPES!



IF YOU'RE A JUDGE, STOP THOSE
KIDS! THEY'RE STRALING A HORSE!

AND THEY'RE
SAVING
OURL!



SOON...

A HORSE NEEDS MORE THAN DRIED GRASS AND SAGEBRUSH, CALAMITY!



NEARBY...

THE NAG OF MINE KEEPS GETTING LAMER! WE'LL HAVE TO STOP WHILE YOU RUSTLE ANOTHER HORSE FOR ME!



NEARBY!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, BLACKJACK? SOMEONE HAS A HORSE IN THAT SHED!

BUT HE WON'T KEEP HIM FOR LONG!



REACH!



N-NO, BILL!



OH-W!







AND AS BUFFALO BILL JR. CLOSES IN, HE WHISTLES
TO HIS HORSE WHO PULLS UP SHORT...





the Feud



The two cattlemen faced each other, tensing. After months of bitter quarreling, this was the final showdown over the waterhole that lay in unclaimed range lands between their two ranches. Arms hanging loosely near their holsters, each waited for the other to start the draw.

Galloping hoofs broke the tension. Sheriff Jim Colt came around the bend. "Hold it, you two," he yelled.

He dismounted and eyed the angry ranchers sternly. "Heard you two hat-heads arranged this little meeting. But gunplay is no way to settle it. Why wrangle like coyotes over one bone? It's a big waterhole. Why can't you both use it?"

"Our herds get mixed," snapped Jed Wayne, turning to his horse.

"Too much trouble separating 'em," agreed Pete Logan with a growl.

The two men exchanged threatening glares and then rode off in opposite directions. The sheriff shook his head. Both too proud and stubborn to give in and share the waterhole, they would shoot at first sight hereafter. In their bitterness, one might even ambush the other.

The next day, as Pete Logan rode grimly toward the waterhole, a bullet suddenly whined past his ear. Logan lurched off his horse, diving for cover behind scrub. "Jed Wayne bushwhacking me, eh?" he muttered. "Two can play that game!"

He began circling for the hidden ambusher. But then he gasped as Jed Wayne came riding behind him along the trail, in full view. Another shot rang out, taking off Wayne's hat.

"I'll get you for that, Pete Logan!"

shouted Wayne, wheeling for cover.

"But it wasn't me," called Logan, showing himself. "I was just shot at, too. Somebody's gunning for both of us. But who—?" His voice trailed off, puzzled.

"A sheepherder from the hill country!" hissed Wayne suddenly. "Get it, Pete? If he shot one of us, the other would get blamed and jailed. We'd both be out of the way and the sheepherder could take over my . . . er . . . that is, our waterhole."

The two ranchers faced each other. Logan stuck out his hand. "Right, Jed . . . our waterhole. Us cattlemen have to stick together against sheepmen. Come on, we'll get that varmint bushwhacker."

Circling among boulders up the slope, they glimpsed the gunman too late. He was already on his horse and disappearing beyond the ridge.

Later, Sheriff Colt rode up. "I heard shooting. I told you men no gunplay . . ."

"Don't worry," interrupted Wayne. "We patched things up. We're standing together so no sheepmen get the waterhole. Those shots you heard was one of 'em trying to bushwhack us!"

"Do tell?" said the sheriff. "See who it was?"

"Didn't get a good look at him."

"Too bad," said the sheriff. "Then I don't think I'll have any luck finding him."

Wheeling his horse, Jim Colt left the two ranchers busily arranging to water their herds, their quarrel forgotten.

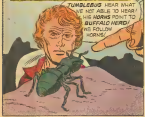
No, Sheriff Colt was plumb sure he wouldn't bring in the unknown gunman who had fired at the two ranchers.

He smiled and put two shells back in his gun.

THE BUFFALO HUNTER



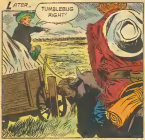
By the next day, they are well out on the prairie, as wise knife signals a halt.



TUMBLEBUG HEAR WHAT WE NOT ABLE TO HEAR! HIS HORNS POINT TO BUFFALO HERD! WE FOLLOW HORNS!



IF THOSE HORNS ARENT POINTING RIGHT YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE A FINE BELT AND I'LL BE SCRATCHING AROUND FOR A TOWN JOB, EVEN THOUGH I CAN'T STAND BEING CORRALLED INDOORS!



LATER...
TUMBLEBUG RIGHT!



IT'S GETTING DARK! IF I TRIED TO SHOOT ANY OF THE OTHERS NOW, THE REST WOULD BOLT AND WE'D LOSE THEM IN THE NIGHT! LET'S CAMP HERE, NEAR WHERE THEY'LL PROBABLY BED DOWN!

But that evening, as a storm rages across the prairie, wise knife wakes up suddenly...



LISTEN! THAT MORE THAN THUNDER WE HEAR! BUFFALO RUN!



WE'VE GOT TO MOVE! THEY'RE STAMPEDEING STRAIGHT FOR US!



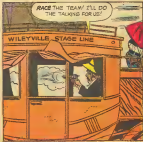


ALL DAY THEY PLOD ON, FOLLOWING THE TRACKS OF THE HERD, FORGETTING THE HURT AND THE EXHAUSTION OF THEIR LONG UNRELENTING MARCH, TILL AT LAST...



BUFFALO BILL JR.







SOON...

HOW DO THE JOB GO, VICT?

JUST LIKE YOU PLANNED, BOSS!

PANHANDLE IND. AGENCY

GOOD! I WAS TELLING CHIEF WHITE BIRD HERE THAT I'D SEE TO IT NO ONE DROVE ANY OF HIS PEOPLE FROM THEIR LAND!

LIAR! AS LONG AS WE PAY MANY BUCKS!



THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF! AS LONG AS YOU PAY! IF YOU DON'T, I'LL LET THE GREAT WHITE FATHER OPEN THE LAND FOR HOMESTEADING AND PUSH YOUR PEOPLE OUT!

WE PAY!

WHAT DO WE DO WHEN WHITE BIRD FINDS OUT ABOUT HIS HEAD RIGHTS?

WHO IS GOING TO TELL HIM? I'M THE INDIAN AGENT ANY GOVERNMENT POLICY HE HEARS COMES ONLY FROM ME!



...AND I'M NOT GOING TO TELL HIM THAT THE GOVERNMENT WILL GIVE EACH PERSON IN HIS TRIBE A HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES APiece IF THE PANHANDLE STRIP IS OPENED FOR HOMESTEADING!

AFTER WHAT WE DID EARL COPELAND, I DON'T FIGURE IT'LL BE OPENED TILL WE COLLECT ENOUGH BUCKS TO MAKE US PLUMPY RICH!

MORNING...

LOOKS LIKE WE LOST OUR BIG CHANCE, REVEREND!

WHADE NOT, JUDGE! THE WAY TO GET THE STRIP OPENED IS RIGHT IN THESE PAPERS I FOUND IN THE LAND COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE!











HAILED BEFORE JUDGE WILEY, THE TWO MEN ARE FINED FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE AND DESTROYING CIRCULARS...







"WELL, REVEREND, THE BIG DAY IS FINALLY HERE! HOW IS YOUR HORSE?"

"FAST JUDGE! I HOPE I CAN CLAIM A GOOD SITE FOR MY CHURCH!"



"BILL?"

"IT'S WHITE BIRD!"



"WHAT HAPPENED, CHEE?"

"AGENT COPELAND SHOOT! RIDE FAST, YOUNG BILL, TO THUNDER PASS!"



"WHY TO THUNDER PASS?"

"HIS DYNAMITE PASS, SLOW UP PEOPLE SO HIS FELLOW GET BEST LAND-- HAVE TWO MEN WITH HIM!"



SUDDENLY, A BUBBLE'S TRILL SOUNDS...

"THERE WILL BE MANY KILLED IF COPELAND DYNAMITES THE PASS? WE MUST STOP THE LAND RUSH!"

"NO CANT! THAT'S THE ONE-MINUTE WARNING BUBBLE-- THEY ALREADY LIT THE FUSE OF THE STARTING GUN!"

TATA
TATA
TATA



AND AS THE STARTING CANNON ROARS, WITH WILD WHOOPS AND YELLS, HORSES ARE SPURRED AND WHIPPED INTO THE GREAT RACE...







AND AS THE HORNTEADERS RACE SAFELY THROUGH THUNDER PASS...



BREAKING A BRONC

WHEN A COWBOY WANTED TO BREAK A WILD HORSE, HE ROPED HIS FORELEGS. AS THE HORSE TRIED TO RUN, HE WAS THROWN DOWN.



WHILE DOWN, THE COWBOY SLIPPED A HOCKMORE AROUND THE HORSE'S NECK AND TIED A HIND LEG TO THIS ROPE.



AFTER THE ROPE WAS REMOVED FROM THE FORELEGS, THE COWBOY WOULD LEAD THE HORSE AROUND.



THE NEXT STEP WAS TO PUT A SADDLE ON THE ANIMAL'S BACK AND GET HIM USED TO THAT BEFORE TRYING ON THE HEAVIER SADDLE.



AFTER THE HORSE WAS SADDLED FOR A FEW WEEKS, THE COWBOY TRIED TO MOUNT HIM.



THEN BY TRAINING THE HORSE TO TURN AND OBEY HIS COMMANDS, THE COWBOY CONTINUED TO FIRMLY SHOW THE HORSE THAT THE RIDER WAS "TOP HAND."



SETTLING THE WEST

WHEN AMERICA WAS FIRST SETTLED, THERE WAS UNLIMITED LAND --- AND A MAN COULD CLAIM GREAT TRACTS IN THE DAYS OF THE EARLY SPANISH SETTLERS, A MAN COULD HAVE AS MUCH LAND AS HE COULD RIDE AROUND IN ON ONE DAY.

OUR COLONIAL CONGRESS AUTHORIZED LAND AUCTIONS, WHERE PARCELS OF 640 ACRES WERE SOLD FOR \$2.00 AN ACRE.



LATER, PRESIDENT LINCOLN SIGNED THE HOMESTEAD ACT GIVING 160 ACRES TO ANYONE WHO WOULD LIVE ON THE LAND FOR FIVE YEARS.



BY THE 1870'S, WITH SMALL SECTIONS OF LAND BEING DIVIDED, BARBED WIRE FENCES WENT UP, MARKING THE END OF THE OPEN RANGE.



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