

DELL
Western
Adventure

51¢ 18¢
NO. 1182

WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE!

Western

Josh Randall
follows a hunch to
a bank robber's
strange hideaway—
and unusual
danger!

STEVE McQUEEN

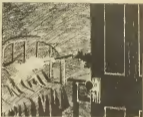


WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE!

PAYMENT DELAYED



How did a bank robber disappear without leaving a trace? Bounty hunter Josh Randall thinks he may have figured out the answer.



But all his travels lead nowhere. . . . Till he checks in at a boarding house with a suspicious landlady — and someone takes pot shots at his bed!

BADMAN IN BLUE



Josh tracks a wanted killer and finds him — riding with a cavalry detail disguised as a trooper.



But he can't convince the lieutenant of the killer's true identity and it is Josh who is taken prisoner!

**WANTED:
DEAD OR ALIVE!**

PAYMENT DELAYED

THAT'S A YEAR-OLD NOTICE! ARE YOU
STILL INTERESTED, BOUNTY HUNTER?

IF THE REWARD IS STILL
BEING OFFERED---
SURE!

\$1,000 REWARD
for the capture
DEAD OR ALIVE



of
**ANDREW
"CROAK"
GASCON**

On April 1st, he robbed the
Wells Butte Bank of \$25,000---
cash after killing the cashier
and the Bank President...
Reward will be paid on
Sheriff's certificate by
Wells Butte Bank.

OH, THE REWARD IS STILL WAITING, BUT NOBODY
WILL BRING HIM BACK HERE---NOT EVEN YOU,
JOHN RANGALL! HE'S EITHER DEAD OR LONG
GONE INTO MEXICO!

HOW DO YOU
KNOW THAT,
SHERIFF?

BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR
GASCON FOR A WHOLE YEAR ALREADY---
AND BECAUSE EVERY PEACE OFFICER IN
THE STATE HAS BEEN CHECKING ALL FREE
SPENDERS SINCE THAT ROBBERY! HE'S
DEAD OR SOUTH OF THE
BORDER---THAT'S
MY OPINION!



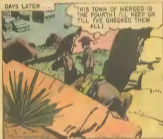
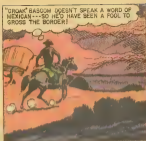
IT'S NOT MY OPINION,
SHERIFF! I'VE STILL
GOT A PRINCE TO
PLAY!

SO LONG---
AND GOOD
LUCK! YOU'LL
NEED IT!

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I'LL BRING YOU MORE COFFEE, MR. RANDALL!
I APPRECIATE MY GUESTS USING THEIR RIGHT
NAMES, NO MATTER WHAT THEIR BUSINESS!



CAN'T SAY I
BLAME YOU,
MRS. HOSKINS!

ER---YOU MUST
HAVE HAD SOME
EXCITING TIMES
AS A BOUNTY
HUNTER, MR.
RANDALL! EXPERI-
ENCES WORTH
MENTIONING?



OH, YES! LIKE THE
TIME A MAN SPOKE
MY NAME TOO LOUD
IN PUBLIC... A THING
LIKE THAT MAKES ME
NERVOUS! BEFORE I
KNEW IT....

... TO DRAW MY
GUN AND FIRED!



EEEK!

THE BULLET ONLY
BURNED HIS CHEEK---
BECAUSE TO GET HOLD
OF MY NERVES JUST IN
TIME. BUT THAT POOR
FELLOW HASN'T BEEN
ABLE TO SPEAK ABOVE
A WHISPER SINCE!



UH--- EXCUSE ME!
I'M AFRAID I---
MUST BE GOING

LATE THAT NIGHT---

GORGONE! IT COULD BE THAT! IT COULD BE
SHE'S A RELATIVE OF BASCON--- AND THAT'S
WHY SHE DROPPED THE GUN WHEN SHE HEARD
'BOUNTY HUNTER!' HER VOICE ISN'T A
'GORGAN,' BUT IT'S LOW AND HUSKY!



BASCON COULD HAVE GIVEN
HER THE MONEY TO START UP
THIS BOARDING HOUSE---
AND GIVE HIM A SAFE HIDE-
OUT! I'VE GOT TO TAKE A WALK
AND THINK THIS OUT



BASDOM COULD GROW A BEARD... DROP
IN FROM TIME TO TIME AS A BOARDER...
I DON'T THINK HE WAS THERE TONIGHT...
THOUGH I DON'T HAVE A GOOD PICTURE
OF HIM...



SOMEBODY'S STILL UP!
THAT ROOM WOULD BE
HANDY FOR BASDOM...
RIGHT OVER THE LEAN-
TO STABLE ROOF...



TWO HORSES... A SADDLE
THERE! HANDY!



I'LL HAVE
A LOOK!



A MAN'S CARTRIDGE BELT, ON A CHAIR...
AND MRS HOOKINS' DARK DRESS ON THE
OTHER CHAIR! THAT'S ALL I CAN SEE...



GOING DOWN,
JACK'S FOOT SLIPS.





IT'S OPENING!



SAM-SAM
LARG-
BARG



HE MAY BE WAITING...
OR MOVING AWAY!
MY EARS ARE STILL
RINGING...



MAYBE I'LL SPOIL
HIS AIM---



NOBODY...
HERE?



WHA- WHO'S
SHOOTING?
YOU...?

NOT SOMEBODY
SHOT INTO MY
ROOM! HE'S
GONE NOW!

THAT SHOOTER DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GO DOWN THE STAIRS! HE MUST HAVE DUCKED INTO SOMEBODY'S ROOM! WHAT ROOM IS THAT--- AT THE END?

THAT'S MRS. HOKINGS! AND THE DOOR'S SHUT!



...AND LOCKED---FROM THE INSIDE! SHE COULD BE IN TROUBLE!

BREAK IT DOWN!



STAND CLEAR---

CRACK!



IT'S EMPTY!

AND THE WINDOW'S OPEN!

MAYBE HE---UH--- KIDNAPED HER!





AT A RUN, JOSH RANDALL GOES FOR HIS HORSE!

IF I GET THERE IN TIME
I CAN FOLLOW THE
SMELL OF HIS DUST!



HERE IT IS! IF THERE'D BEEN
A WIND I'D HAVE LOST IT!



WHERE THE DUST OF THE ESCAPING
HORSES STILL HANGS FAINTLY IN THE
AIR, JOE REINS AROUND.

AT DAWN---

HERE'S HIS FIRST
MISTAKE---NOT DODGING
THIS CLAY PAN! LEFT
TRACKS CLEAR AS PRINT!
NOW I'LL KNOW THEM
ANYWHERE!

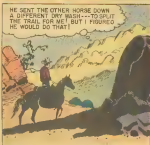


HE THOUGHT HE'D LOSE ME HERE--- BUT HE'S
WRONG! LOTS OF HORSE TRACKS--- BUT I
KNOW NOW WHICH ONES TO LOOK FOR!



HE'S OUT OF SIGHT NOW--- FOLLOWING ONE
OF THOSE DEEP, BRANCHING, DRY WASHES
---AND I GET HE'S HEADING FOR THE HILLS!
HE KNOWS I'M FOLLOWING HIM...







I'M OVERDUE FOR SOME SLEEP, SHERIFF! IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A RECEIPT FOR BADGON NOW, I'LL TAKE IT OVER TO THE BANK IN THE MORNING AND COLLECT THE REWARD!

SURE, RANDALL! AND I'LL TAKE OFF MY HAT TO YOU, BESIDES!



NEXT MORNING---

TEN O'CLOCK! I HAD A MIGHTY GOOD SLEEP... AND THE BANK HAS BEEN OPEN FOR AN HOUR! I'LL EAT BREAKFAST AND THEN COLLECT ME A THOUSAND DOLLARS!



THERE'S A GENT COMING IN AN AMPLE HURRY! GLAD HE'S NOT ME! NOT THIS MORNING!



SHERIFF! THAT'S HIM! ARREST THAT MAN---

ARREST... WHO?



JOHN RANDALL! THAT MAN GOING INTO THE BANK! I WAS JUST REINS IN TO WARN YOU... AND I SPOTTED HIM! I'M A DEPUTY FROM SORE COUNTY... RECOGNIZED HIM BY THAT SAVED-OFF SUN---



YES, MR. RANDALL, WE'LL BE VERY HAPPY TO PAY THE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF THAT MURDERER! IF YOU WILL KINDLY SIGN THIS RECEIPT.

WITH PLEASURE!





Bounty Hunters of the Sierra

In the 1830's Apache and Comanche Indians terrorized the vast and rugged country of the Sierra Madre del Norte. They wiped out ranches and settlements which fought against them. The few settlements left in peace were those which paid the savages a regular tribute in meat and horses. There was no State Militia to oppose them, so the Governments of four Mexican States began offering cash bounties for the scalps of Indians of EITHER sex. The scalp of a warrior paid up to two hundred pesos; of a squaw up to a hundred and fifty.



In spite of the "bounty war" which the Governments of these Mexican States waged against the "Indias blancas" the network of trails used by the red-skinned soldiers deepened with the constant passage of their ponies' hoofs, until the "Comanche Trail" was stamped as clearly as the ruts of pioneer wagon trains to Oregon and California. From the 1830's to the 1870's the Indians roided and the bounty hunters took scalps; and the vast ranges of the Sierra Madres remained a sort of no-man's land. Rich mines were abandoned, and often lost. Mule trains loaded with silver and gold disappeared—the mules down the throats of the hungry Apaches, the gold and silver treasure back into the ground—because the "wild" Indians had no use for it.



Who were these BOUNTY HUNTERS? White men, mostly from the United States and Texas. They came from England, too, and from Ireland and from Prussia. They resorted to every kind of treachery, and they took scalps, regardless of sex or age. Often one of them would pretend to be a friend to the Indians, gain their confidence, and murder them later. Once a bounty-hunting Englishman used a small cannon to mow down his feasting Apache guests. One was an ex-Texas Ranger (serving in the War With Mexico). With two other notorious scalp hunters, he is supposed to have collected the scalps of Mexican citizens when wild Indian scalps were in short supply.



Some of the scalp hunters from the North were prospectors as well, and more than one "lode" of silver ore was discovered by them, in the course of their bounty hunting. As a rule, they were not the kind of men to undertake mining seriously. When they got a few hundred pesos they "lived it up" and went on. Their discoveries were either lost or developed by others.

**WANTED:
DEAD OR ALIVE!**

BADMAN IN BLUE



HE CAMPED HERE
LAST NIGHT--WITH A
SMALL FIRE! THE
ROCKS HIDE IT! THEY
COULD BE HIDING HIM
NOW...

HOT ON THE TRAIL OF JASON FLEAGER---WANTED, DEAD OR ALIVE, FOR ROBBERY AND MURDER---BOUNTY HUNTER JOSH RANDALL IS WARY OF A TRAP!



THIS FIRE HAS
BEEN DEAD TWO
HOURS---ASHES
ARE BARELY
WARM---FLEAGER
DIDN'T WAIT!



HE KNOWS SOMEBODY IS ON
HIS TRAIL---OR HE WOULDN'T
BE RIDING STRAIGHT
ACROSS THIS TERRITORY,
WITH THE ARCHES OUT
RACING!

OWWWW! THAT'S A COUPLE OF ARMY
WAGONS---ORDER ATTACK! MORE
THAN A MILE FROM HERE!



BLAM!
BANG!



IN THE LENSES OF JOSH RANDALL'S FIELD GLASSES
THE ODDS AGAINST THE SMALL ARMY DETAIL LOOK
HOPELESS!





BUT THE LOOTING OF THE WAGONS HAS BARELY BEGUN, WHEN A HIDDEN RIFLE SPEAKS!



MORE INDIANS FALL---DOWNED BY THE UNSEEN MARKSMAN! RAGE AND PANIC SEIZE THE OTHERS!



THE WHIP-LIKE REPORTS COME CLEARLY TO JOSH---THOUGH THE DISTANCE IS TOO GREAT FOR JOSH TO IDENTIFY THE MAN IN THE GULLY.



SUDDENLY THE INDIANS ARE IN FLIGHT---CARRYING THEIR WOUNDED, BUT LEAVING ALL LOOT BEHIND!



THEY HAD HARDLY GONE WHEN THE HIDDEN
SOLDIER HURLED DOWN TOWARD

THAT'S FLEASER! IF HE STOPS TO
LOOT THE WAGONS, I CAN GET
IN RANGE...



BUT FLEASER DOES NOT EVEN GET
OFF HIS HORSE! HIS GUN BUTT SMASHES
OPEN TWO WOODEN CASES... HE TAKES
WHAT HE NEEDS...



...STUMPS AT IMPENDING TROUBLE BARR...



THE
BARR...



HE'S RIDING THE TROOP HORSE NOW... AND
IT'S FRESHER THAN NINE! HE'S SEEN
ME NOW...

FROM RANDALL, DEAR

UNIFORMS! CAVALRY BOOTS! PLEASER
TOOK SOMETHING OUT OF HERE---
BUT WHY?



MAYBE I'LL KNOW THE
ANSWER AFTER I'VE
CAUGHT UP WITH HIM!
OR MAYBE NOT!



LATER...

THAT'S HIS HORSE---
THE TIRED ONE! AND HE
DIDN'T EVEN WAIT TO TAKE
HIS SADDLE OFF IT!



I'LL TAKE YOU ALONG,
PONY! ON THE LONG
TRAIL, TWO HORSES
MIGHT GO FARTHER
THAN ONE!



FIVE MILES BEYOND...

A CAVALRY DETAIL!
THEY'LL HAVE SEEN
PLEASER, MOST LIKELY!





WELL, WHAT IS IT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

A TROOPER JOINED YOUR DETAIL A SHORT WHILE AGO, LIEUTENANT! I WANT HIM!



YOU WANT --- TROOPER MCGREA? WHAT FOR?

HIS NAME IS JASE FLEAGER, AND HE'S WEARING A STOLEN CAVALRY UNIFORM! HE'S WANTED FOR ROBBERY AND MURDER --- DEAD OR ALIVE!



YOU'RE INSANE! TROOPER MCGREA IS CARRYING DESPATCHES TO FORT WADE! HE IS NOT ATTACHED TO THIS DETAIL--BUT NO CIVILIAN COULD PRETEND TO BE A CAVALRYMAN!

HE COULD--- IF HE WERE AN EX-TROOPER, LIKE FLEAGER IS!



HERE'S THE REWARD NOTICE THAT TELLS ABOUT HIM! I'VE BEEN TRACKING HIM FOR TWO DAYS!

A BOUNTY HUNTER! THE HOPE OF BLOOD MONEY HAS LED YOU ON A WRONG TRAIL THIS TIME!



BSMPPH! THIS SMUGGED PRINT COULD BE ANYBODY'S LIKENESS! AND THE SAME GOES FOR THE DESCRIPTION ...!

... INCLUDING THE TATTOO MARK?

REWARD
FOR THE CAPTURE AND
DESTRUCTION OF
THE SUBJECT:
JASE FLEAGER



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE, MR. BOUNTY HUNTER! YOU TAKE YOUR WRETCHED REWARD NOTICE--- AND GET OUT OF HERE!

NOT WITHOUT FLEAGER!

FLEASER, ROLL UP YOUR LEFT SLEEVE AND SHOW THE LIEUTENANT THAT TATTOOED EAGLE ON YOUR ARM!

ANK AMY! SURE, I'VE GOT A TATTOOED EAGLE! LOTS OF TROOPERS HAVE! GO PEOPLE YOUR PAPERS SOMEWHERE ELSE, LIKE THE LIEUTENANT SAID!



ROLL IT UP! AND SHOW HIM THE BOW-AND-ARROW UNDERNEATH IT!

WHY, YOU DOCKEYED LOON---



DROP THAT WEAPON, BOUNTY HUNTER... OR I'LL DROP YOU! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! CORPORAL--- TIE HIM UP!

YES, SIR!



ISN'T THERE SOME ARMY REGULATION AGAINST HELPING A WANTED CRIMINAL, LIEUTENANT?

YOU'RE THE CRIMINAL, BOUNTY HUNTER! I'M TAKING YOU TO FORT WADE ON A CHARGE OF THREATENING AN ENLISTED MAN WITH A GUN!



ENJOYING YOUR SELF, BOUNTY HUNTER? HOW DO YOU LIKE THE TASTE OF CAVALRY DUST IN YOUR TEETH?

BETTER THAN I'D LIKE TO HAVE CAVALRY BLOOD ON MY HANDS, LIKE YOU, FLEASER! YOU COULD HAVE GUT DOWN THE ODDS AGAINST THOSE TROOPERS WITH THE WAGONS! YOU WAITED TILL THEY WERE DEAD!



IF THE LIEUTENANT PLEASE, I'D LIKE PERMISSION TO RIDE ON AHEAD TO FORT WADE WITH THESE DESPATCHES, NOW!

PERMISSION GRANTED, MCCREA!





THE PRISONER, SIR---HE'S ASKING TO SPEAK WITH YOU AGAIN! HE SAYS IT'S IMPORTANT!

THE BOUNTY HUNTER? OH, VERY WELL!



YOU HAVE A COMPLAINT? WHAT IS IT?

NO COMPLAINT, LIEUTENANT! BUT I CAN SHOW YOU WHEN AND WHERE PLEASER STOLE HIS CAVALRY UNIFORM--- AND HIS HORSE!



A COUPLE OF QUARTERMASTER WAGONS WERE OVERTURNED BY APACHES THIS MORNING, TWO MILES THIS SIDE OF BIG WASH! ALL DEAD! THE INDIANS WERE SCARED OFF BEFORE THEY COULD LOOT IT!

WHAT? THIS MORNING? HOW DO YOU KNOW?



I SAW IT---THROUGH FIELD GLASSES, MORE THAN A MILE AWAY! PLEASER WAS NEARER! AFTER IT WAS OVER HE STARTED POTTING APACHES, AND THEY THOUGHT HE WAS A CAVALRY PLATOON! WHEN THEY'D GONE HE TOOK WHAT HE WANTED!



WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME BEFORE? IF YOU'RE LYING---

YOU WERE TOO MAD TO LISTEN! BUT IF YOU DON'T GET TO THOSE WAGONS pronto, THE APACHES WILL COME BACK AND CLEAN UP AND THAT WON'T SOUND WELL FOR YOU WHEN I TELL IT AT FORT WADE!



ALL RIGHT---WE'LL HEAD FOR BIG WASH! BUT IF YOU'VE GIVEN ME A FALSE STORY, BOUNTY HUNTER, YOU'LL PAY FOR IT!

IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN TIME, LIEUTENANTS! THERE ARE THE WAGONS! THE APACHES HAVEN'T RETURNED YET!

BLAST THEM! I WISH THEY HAD! I WISH WE'D CAUGHT THEM HERE!



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS CASE OF UNIFORMS AND THE ONE OF NEW BOOTS! NOTICE WHAT'S MISSING!



ONE UNIFORM MISSING, TO SAY...

...AND ONE PAIR OF BOOTS! THE APACHES WOULD HAVE TAKEN MORE!



I'M CONVINCED, BOUNTY HUNTER! MY APOLOGIES FOR KEEPING YOU FROM PLEASER!

APOLOGY ACCEPTED!



NOW, I'VE GOT TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME!



AT NIGHTFALL...

IT'S TOO DARK NOW FOR TRACKING---AND YOU NEED A REST, PONY!



ONE THING IS CERTAIN--PLEASER WILL NEED A WHOLE NEW OUTFIT, MIGHTY SOON! TOO DANGEROUS TO KEEP ON PRETENDING TO BE A TROOPER!



HE'LL WANT SUPPLIES---A DIFFERENT HORSE---AND GOSH! THE NEAREST PLACE HE CAN GET THEM IS SULPHIDE---AND THE BEST TIME IS AT NIGHT!



UH-N-N-
HUM!

THAT MEANS THIS NIGHT!
WE'LL HAVE TO GO ON,
PARTNER, TIRED AS YOU ARE!



AN HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE---
WITH THE MOON STILL HIGH---

SULPHIDE! NEW TOWN! TOO NEW
TO HAVE A BANK---BUT
THERE'LL BE MONEY IN STRONG-
BOXES AND TILLS---FOR
PLEASER!



FLEASER THINKS HE'S BEING HELD AT FORT WADE... ALL THE SAME, THERE'D BE NO SENSE IN RIDING DOWN MAIN STREET!



CAUTIOUSLY JOSH APPROACHES THE REAR OF THE TOWN'S LIVERY BARN...

THE STABLE MAN IS LIKELY ASLEEP... BUT HE MIGHT HAVE SEEN FLEASER!



HELLO! ANYBODY AROUND?



PONY, I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG HERE!



I'LL GIVE YOU A FEED AFTER YOU'VE RESTED---OH? WHAT WAS THAT?



WHEW! WHEW!

THAT'S WOMAN--- IN A STALL ACROSS THE WAY!



O-O-OH!

THE STABLEMAN---ORDER
FLEASER'S CAVALRY HORSE!



YOU'RE LUCKY---THAT HORSE
WAS TOO TIRED TO KICK YOU!



SOMEBODY BUFFALOED YOU, OLD-TIMER!
DID YOU SEE HIM?



HERE'S A PLACE HE'D
LIKELY HEAD FOR...AND
I HEAR SOMETHING!









THERE THEY ARE!
---COMING OUT OF
MY STORE!

REACH! REACH
HIGH---YOU
TWO!



I'LL HAVE TO REACH FOR BOTH OF US,
SHERIFF! MY PRISONER'S HANDS ARE
TIED!



WHAT'S
THAT---
YOUR
PRISONER?
WHO ARE
YOU?

JOSH RANDALL, BOUNTY
HUNTER! THIS IS JASON
FLEAGER, WANTED DEAD
OR ALIVE... I'VE BEEN
TRAILING HIM!



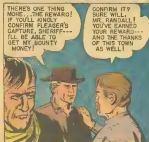
DON'T YOU TAKE HIS WORD
FOR IT, SHERIFF! I
CAUGHT THEM
FIGHTING BESIDE MY
SAFE THAT THEY'D
BROKEN OPEN!
THIS COULD BE
A TRICK!

HAVE YOU
GOT SOME
PROOF,
RANDALL?

YES---INSIDE
MY HAT! WILL
SOMEBODY TAKE
IT OFF FOR ME?



KEEP HIM COVERED, SHERIFF!
I STILL THINK IT'S A TRICK!



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WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE!



IN THE PIONEER WEST, MANY A ROBBER AND MURDERER ROAMED UN-CAUGHT! IN THE "WIDE OPEN SPACES" HE COULD VANISH---ONCE HE WAS OUT OF TOWN!



A SHERIFF OR A TOWN MARSHAL COULD NOT TRAVEL FROM TOWN TO TOWN AND STATE TO STATE ON A MAN HUNT--SO THE BOUNTY WAS OFFERED TO ANYBODY.



SOMETIMES AN INQUEST WAS FORMALLY HELD IN ORDER TO NAME THE KILLER. THE LOCAL DOCTOR SERVED AS CORONER. AFTER THAT ANYONE COULD OFFER A REWARD.



IN SOME INSTANCES THERE WAS LESS LAW AND MORE HASTE---AND THE BOUNTY WAS OFFERED FOR A MAN CONDEMNED NOT BY PROOF BUT BY SAY-SO!



IN ANY CASE, WHETHER ACTUALLY GUILTY OR NOT, THE MAN NAMED ON A REWARD NOTICE BECAME FAIR AND LEGAL GAME FOR ANY MAN HUNTER.

This is a Kangarooseal

You'll flip like a seal for Kraft Caramels because they're so chewy and good and you'll fill your pockets so full you'll feel like a kangaroo.



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to candies
Kraft puts more



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