

DELL

NO. 850 10¢

HUGH O'BRIAN
as the famous marshal

WYATT EARP

The man
who wears the badge
is a target for
"TIN STAR TROUBLE"



AUTHORIZED EDITION

THE TWELVE-INCH LAW

A man and a gun changed Dodge City from a tough trail town on the plains of western Kansas into a law-abiding village. The man was Wyatt Earp, his gun, the "Buntline Special."

This sixgun was a regular Colt .45, but its barrel measured twelve inches instead of the usual six or seven and a half, and it had a detachable skeleton stock which permitted its use as a rifle as well.

Wyatt Earp's favorite gun was a gift from an admirer—the writer, Ned Buntline. Because Earp furnished him with a wealth of colorful material for his novels, Buntline wanted to show his appreciation, and he ordered this specially made gun to present to him. As a result, Buntline is best-known today as the creator of Earp's favorite gun, while Wyatt's first fame came through the novels Ned Buntline wrote about him.



THE LIFE and LEGEND of **WYATT EARP**


**TIN STAR
TROUBLE**











FOR A START YOU CAN GET YOURSELF
A HOTEL ROOM— THEN LOOK OVER THE
TOWN! GET ACQUAINTED WITH
THINGS IN DOGGY!

THAT'S MY
ASSIGNMENT!



FIRST THING IN THE MORNING
WE'RE RIDING OUT TO MEDICINE
CREEK TO ESCORT A FEDERAL
GOLD STAGE INTO TOWN!



DOESN'T SEEM LIKE IT
NEEDS TWO OF US TO
ESCORT ONE STAGE— BUT
YOU'RE THE TEACHER! I
SEE YOU IN THE
MORNING!



LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT
A REAL BASSER YOUNGSTER
ON YOUR HANDS, WHAT? GET
ALL FIRD UP TO MAKE
HIS NAME FAMOUS!

WE'LL HAVE TO
SAY DEPUTY
MOORE DOWN
A BIT, HAL—



— MAKING HIS NAME
FAMOUS IS FINE— AS LONG
AS IT DOESN'T HAVE TO GET
THAT WAY APPEARING ON
A TOMBSTONE!

THE NEXT MORNING
AS THE GOLD STAGE
APPROACHES MEDICINE
BEND —

GUESS YOU FELLAS WILL
BE GLAD TO REACH MEDICINE
BEND! SIDIN' GUARD ON A
GOLD SHIPMENT'S NO PICNIC!

TRUE ENOUGH! LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH
NOW, THOUGH! SHOULD
MEET MARSHAL BARP AND
HIS DEPUTY RIGHT SOON!



THESE IT IS,
BOYS! LET'S
MOVE!



BANG! BLAM! BLAM!

OUTLAWS!
WHYDA —



ONE CORNER FALLS
AWAY AS THE
OUTLAWS STRIKE
WITH BROTHERS!

OFF
THE
STAGE
DRIVER!

BLAM!

BLAM!

THE GUARD AND DRIVER ARE FORCED TO SURRENDER! ONE OF THE OUTLAW FIGHTERS AWAY THE GUARD'S HORSE!

STAND EASY AND NOBODY ELSE WILL GET HURT!

BLAM!



THROWING THE GOLD STEAK, THE OUTLAW MARKS GOOD TARGETS! BANG! BANG!

I'VE GOT TO ROUND UP OUR HORSES!



WATT, HALE AND YOUNG JEFF JUMP INTO VIEW JUST AS THE GUARD CATCHES THE HORSES!

HEY! IT'S THE STAGE DRIVER AND GUARDS!



OUTLAW, MARSHAL GARY! THEY TOOK THE STAGE—NOT MORE'N TEN MINUTES AGO! HEADED NORTH!







LATER—
ON THE TRAIL—

IT'S THE
STAGE!

MOVE CAREFULLY—
IT MIGHT BE A TRAP!



CLEARED OUT,
WYATT? THE GOLD
IS GONE!

THEY MUST'VE
TAKEN IT OUT ON
THEIR HORSES'
FROM HERE!



NOT FROM HERE,
JEFF—THIS STAGE HAS
BEEN STAMPEDED FROM
SOMEPLACE UP AHEAD!
LOOK AT THE TRACKS!



THEN WHAT'RE
WE WAITING FOR?
LET'S GET THEM!

NEVER SAW A
BOY SO DOGGED
EAGER TO GET
HIMSELF INTO
A FIGHT!



SOON—

NO TELLING
WHERE WE'LL
FIND THEM,
WYATT!

I KNOW—
THIS WHOLE AREA
IS HONEYCOMBED
WITH UNDERGROUND
CAVES AND TUNNELS!





**DEPUTY MOORE
FOLLOWS JEROME TRACKS--**

THESE TRACKS
LEAD RIGHT INTO
THAT CANYON!



"AND DISOBEYING
WATTS'S ORDERS, HE
ENTERS THE CANYON!"

THINK I'LL
JUST HAVE A
LOOKSEE!



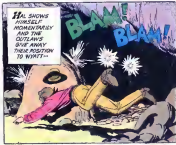
IF THOSE OUTLAWS
ARE IN HERE, I'LL GET
THEM BEFORE THEY
KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!



**THE YOUNG DEPUTY ENTERS
THE AWESOME UNDERGROUND
CANYON--DISCOVERS THAT HE
HAS BEEN SPOTTED BY THE
OUTLAWS!**

WAT'LL HE
GETS CLOSER--





AS THE OUTLAWS
OPEN FIRE ON HALL,
THEY DO NOT NOTICE
WHAT AS HE MOVES
INTO POSITION—



THEY LAIRD
SPOTS WHAT'S
GUNS AND
FIRES—



WANTING TO TAKE THE
OUTLAWS ALONE, WHAT
SEES HIS CHANCE—



ARRR— THEY'RE
RIGHT UNDERNEATH
ONE OF THOSE
OVERHANGING
STALACTITES!



WYATT TAKES CAREFUL AIM AND FIRES AT A STALACTITE OVER THE HEADS OF THE OUTLAWS--



HAL MOVES CAUTIOUSLY BEYOND DALBY WHO IS CONCENTRATING ON WYATT--



--AND THEN--

THAT'S ALL, MISTER! REACH!



I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU TWO--

YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE SEEING THE LIGHT OF DAY AGAIN AFTER WHAT YOU PULLED!



MARSHAL, I'M SORRY—
I SEE NOW WHAT YOU MEAN
ABOUT MISTAKES BEING
COSTLY! I ALMOST GOT
US ALL KILLED!

ONE QUALITY
A LAWMAN HAS TO
LEARN IS DEAMORSE,
—JEFF—



GUESS I WAS JUST
TRYING TOO HARD TO PROVE
I WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO
BE A BETTER MARSHAL
THAN ANYONE ELSE!



BEING A LIVE MARSHAL
IS THE IMPORTANT THING,
JEFF! A LAWMAN'S JOB IS
DANGEROUS ENOUGH WITHOUT
TAKING UNNECESSARY
CHANCES!

YES,
TED—



I WOULDN'T
BLAME YOU IF YOU
SENT IN A BAD
REPORT, MARSHAL
EARLY—I DESERVE
IT!

YOU JEP HELP
US RECOVER THE
GOLD, JEFF—



SINCE YOU LEARNED YOUR LESSON,
I DON'T THINK IT'S NECESSARY FOR ME
TO MENTION HOW TIRED UP YOU WERE
DOING IT!



THE LIFE and LEGEND of **WYATT EARP**

The last of the BUFFALO HUNTERS



COME ON, WALLER!
LET'S CATCH THIS PURTY
LITTLE BUFFLER CALF AND
GIVE HIM A BATH!
HA! HA!

WHA-ADDU!
SAC MR. BOYS!
HA HA!

A S THE ERA OF THE GREAT BUFFALO HERDS COMES TO AN END, MANY OF DOGGE CITY'S RESIDENTS FIND THEMSELVES WITHOUT WORK. SOME OF THE BUFFALO HUNTERS BRUT BRUH AND FIND JOBS... OTHERS FIND IT HARD TO ADJUST TO THE HARDSHIP LIFE OF A STEADY JOB...



HERE WE GO! NOW
TO THE HOGS TROUGH!

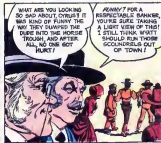


MEANWHILE, WORD OF THE
"FUD" REACHES WYATT EARP...

YOU BETTER HURRY,
MARSHAL! THOSE BUFFALO
HUNTERS ARE REALLY
TEARING UP THE STEERS!

ALL RIGHT,
WYLLY—I'LL
BE RIGHT
THERE!





LATER THAT EVENING, IN THE MARSHAL OFFICE CELL BLOCK--

— HONEST, WYATT? WE'RE SORRY IF WE CAUSED YOU TROUBLE! BUT WE'RE SO BLAMED RESTLESS— WE HAD TO LET OFF SOME STEAM!

I UNDERSTAND, BOYS, BUT YOU *WAS* DISTURBING THE PEACE! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GET JOBS AND SETTLE DOWN, SOONER OR LATER!

THE TROUBLE IS, WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING BUT BUFFALO HUNTING, AND THAT'S ALL OVER NOW!

YOU'VE ALL HAD EXPERIENCE WITH HORSES AND WAGONS, RIGHT?

SURE! WE KNOW HORSES AND WAGONS LIKE WE KNOW BUFFALO— BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH A JOB?

JUST? I HAPPEN TO KNOW WHERE YOU CAN BUY AN OLD DOWN-AND-OUT FREIGHT LINE— WITH HARD WORK, IT COULD BE MADE TO PAY OFF!

WE DO HAVE A LITTLE MONEY SWING, BUT NOT MUCH! PROBABLY NOT ENOUGH TO BUY A FREIGHT LINE!

WELL, IF YOU'RE REALLY INTERESTED, I'LL TALK TO THE BANKER, AND SEE IF HE WILL GIVE YOU A LOAN!

WE'RE ALL FOR IT, WYATT! IF THE BANK WILL GIVE US A LOAN, WE'RE SURE WILLING TO WORK!

FAIR ENOUGH, BOYS! SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!

WYATT, ARE YOU CRAZY? THESE MEN ARE AS WILD AND TOUGH AS THE BUFFALO THEY USED TO HUNT!

I DON'T THINK SO, HALL! ALL THEY NEED IS A CHANCE— JUST ONE BREAK!

The next morning, Wyatt explains the plan to Fletcher Allen, the banker—

—AND I'VE FOUND A SMALL FREIGHT LINE THEY CAN BUY CHEAP— ALL THEY NEED IS A LOAN!

DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY'LL WALK AT IT ENOUGH TO MAKE A SUCCESS OF IT?



IF I DIDN'T THINK SO, I WOULD HAVE RUN THEM OUT OF TOWN YESTERDAY!

I MAY REGRET THIS, BUT DODGE DOES NEED MORE BUSINESS COMPETITION!—SO I'LL GIVE THEM A TRY!



The workers make the deal, and later—

THERE SHE IS, BOYS! BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE A LOT OF WORK TO GET THINGS INTO OPERATION!

MYET'S RIGHT! STANDIN' HERE 'WONT GET IT DONE! LET'S GO!



FOR WERE THE HUNTERS WORK, MAKING NECESSARY REPAIRS—

I HEARD YOU WERE BEHIND THIS, BARRY YOU KNOW DODGE DOESN'T NEED ANOTHER FREIGHT LINE—ESPECIALLY IF IT'S RUN BY MEN LIKE THOSE!



CYRUS, IF DODGE KEEPS GROWING LIKE IT HAS—WE'LL NEED FOUR FREIGHT LINES! THE COMPETITION IS GOOD FOR GROWTH!

YOU MIGHT THINK THE COMPETITION IS GOOD—BUT YOU'RE NOT IN THE FREIGHT BUSINESS! I AM!



Slowly the work pays off, and the first pay load of freight leaves the "Buffalo Freight Line" barn—





A FEW MOMENTS LATER, A DARK FIGURE DROPPED TOWARD A SMALL BAY IN THE CYRUS DOVER FREIGHT COMPANY'S YARD--



SOON, FLAMES APPEAR AT THE BASE OF THE BAY, AND THE STEALTHY FIGURE FALLS INTO THE BURNING!



IT TAKES HIS MIGHT MOMENTS, BUT HE SPOTS THE FLAMES--

FIRE!



-- AND RACES FOR THE FIREHOUSE ACROSS THE STREET!

WAKE UP IN THREE-- FIRE!



WHAT IS IT?

FIRE AT THE DOVER WAGON YARD!



IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, THE DOVER FIRE COMPANY LEAVES THE STATION--



WELL, CYRUS, AT LEAST YOU'RE LUCKY IT WASN'T YOUR MAIN BARN THAT CAUGHT FIRE!

CAUGHT FIRE, MY FOOT! THAT FIRE WAS SET, AND IT WAS ONE OF YOUR SET BUFFALO HUNTERS THAT SET IT—I SAW HIM SLIPPING AROUND HERE JUST BEFORE THE BLAZE STARTED!



THOSE ARE PRETTY STRONG ACCUSATIONS, CYRUS—ARE YOU SURE IT WAS ONE OF THE HUNTERS?

...WELL, I'M PRETTY SURE! I HAVE NO ENEMIES, AND IN-TER-ALL, THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO COULD GAIN ANYTHING BY A TRICK LIKE THIS!



I'LL BET IF WE LOOK AROUND HERE, WE'LL FIND SOME PROOF!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I INTEND TO DO, CYRUS!



HERE, WHAT! THIS SHOULD BE PROOF ENOUGH FOR YOU! TRACKS AND AN EMPTY KEROSENE CAN!



CONFID! I'LL HELP ACROSS THESE BUFFALO HUNTERS—AND THIS TIME THEY'LL STAY IN-JAIL!

WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH EVIDENCE AGAINST ANYONE TO BRING AN ARREST! RIGHT NOW IT'S SIMPLY YOUR WORD AGAINST THREE OF THEM—BUT FROM NOW ON, I'LL WATCH THEM EVERY MINUTE!

LATER THAT SAME NIGHT, WHATT FINIS A VISIT TO THE BUFFALO HUNTERS—



HOW'D 'WORT' THE FIRE GET YOU OUT OF BED?

WE HEARD ABOUT IT— TOO BIG!



AFTER AN HOUR'S CONVERSATION WITH THE HUNTERS, WHATT QUIETLY LEAVES—



— AND EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

LET'S ROLL 'EM, BOYS! MR. GOT A LOT OF FREIGHT TO MOVE TODAY!



I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO KEEP A WATCH ON THEM! — HERE YOU ARE, LETTING THEM GO ABOUT, JUST AS THOUGH THEY WEREN'T UNDER SUSPICION!

CALM DOWN, CYRUS! I KNOW 'EM! THEY'VE MADE THIS MORNIN'! AND NOW THAT THEY'RE PULLING OUT OF TOWN WITH A FREIGHT SHIPMENT, THEY CAN'T CAUSE ANY TROUBLE HERE!





**A MILE FROM TOWN,
WHATT SUDDENLY
TURNS AROUND**

WHERE IN BLAZES
ARE YOU GOING, WHATT?
THE REASON IS THIS
WAY?

WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOU, WHATT?
YOU'VE BEEN ACTING
STRANGELY ALL
DAY!



HAVE IT WELL—
I JUST GOT A HUNCH—
LET'S RIDE THROUGH
THAT GROVE OF
COTTAGEWOODS, UP
AHEAD!



WELL, ALL RIGHT! BUT
YOU'RE JUST WASTING
TIME! YOU SHOULD BE OUT
FINDING THOSE BUFFALO
HUNTERS AND ARRESTING
THEM!

DON'T WORRY!
WE'LL FIND THEM—
AND SOONER THAN
YOU THINK!



I DON'T KNOW WHY I
EVER GAVE THOSE HUNTERS
A LOAN— I GUESS WE
WERE BOTH WRONG!
EH, WHATT?



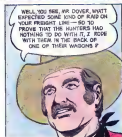
NO, I DON'T THINK WE
WERE WRONG, FLETCHER!





JUST WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, WHATTY?

TELL HIM,
HAL!



WELL, YOU SEE, MR. COVER, WHAT I EXPECTED SOME KIND OF RAID ON YOUR FREIGHT LINE — SO TO PROVE THAT THE HUNTERS HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT, I RODE WITH THEM IN THE BACK OF ONE OF THEIR WAGONS!



WHICH MEANS THAT THESE BOYS COULDN'T HAVE WRECKED YOUR WAGON, CYRUS!

THAT'S RIGHT! I'VE BEEN WITH THEM EVERY MINUTE! WE'VE BEEN IN THE GROVE EVER SINCE WE LEFT TOWN THIS MORNING!



—WELL—OH—MAYBE MR. DRIVER HAD MISTAKEN ABOUT THE FREIGHT RAYD! BUT NOW ABOUT THAT FIRE LAST NIGHT? WERE THEY SITTING OUT HERE THEN??



THE HUNTERS HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT, EITHER!

BUT YOU! SAW THE TRUCKS! I WAS WITH YOU WHEN YOU CHECKED THEM!



GUREE—I SAW THE TRACKS— BUT LOOK!



THESE MEN HAVE ALWAYS BEEN HODDINGS! THE TRACKS AT THE FINE WERE BOOT TRACKS— YOURS, BROTH!

YOU USED SOME MIGHTY DIRTY TACTICS IN TRYING TO ELIMINATE YOUR COMPETITION, CYRUS!



ALL RIGHT, EARO SO YOU KNOW? BUT—



SUDDENLY CYRUS WHIRLS HIS HORSE INTO WYATT'S POSITION AND OFF BALANCE ...

— YOU'LL NEVER ARREST ME!!



DON'T FIRE A SHOT! YOU MIGHT HIT WYATT!

THAT CYRUS IS MAKING A BIG MISTAKE! YOU DON'T PULL THINGS LIKE THAT ON WYATT EARO! WE FOUND THAT OUT!





—AND FOLLOWS THROUGH BOTH A BOOT TO THE SADDLE!



—THAT SPILLS CYRUS FROM HIS SADDLE!



ALL RIGHT, ON YOUR FEET! I'VE GOT A GOOD BIG CELL WAITING FOR YOU IN DODGEM!

WYATT, THAT WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SERIES OF TRICKS I'VE EVER SEEN!



AH HOUR LATER

BEFORE YOU LOCK CYRUS UP, EXPLAIN SOMETHING TO ME! HOW DID YOU KNOW THOSE BOOT TRACKS WERE HIS?

I DON'T! IT WAS JUST A BLUFF TO MAKE HIM SHOW HIS HAND! BUT ONE THING WAS CERTAIN! THEY WERE IT! DODGEM TRACKS!



WYATT, WE SURE WANT TO THANK YOU FOR BELIEVING IN US AND CLEARING OUR NAMES!

WELL, BOYS—YOU'VE NOT ONLY PROVED YOURSELVES TO BE HONEST, BUT YOU ALSO SHOWED THIS TOWN THAT BUFFALO HUNTERS AREN'T LAZY!

WYATT! THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION! LET'S GET THESE BRAGGERS PUT AWAY!

I REMEMBER THE LAST TIME THOSE LADS CELEBRATED! HOPE THIS DOESN'T TURN OUT THE SAME WAY!



WHATT AND HIS FRIENDS RUSH TO THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY--

WHAOP! WHAOP!
THIS IS MORE FUN THAN FLEASIN' HIM IN THE HOSS TROUGH!

COME ON GUT! YOU MEN HAVE CROWDED MY PATIENCE A LITTLE TOO FAR! WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE?

BUT AS THE HUNTERS COME OUT OF THE ROOMWAY, WHATT'S EXPRESSION CHANGES TO A SURPRISED GUY--



WELL, YOU BOYS SURE LOOK FINE! BUT--AH! AHAHA! WHAT IN DEUCE ARE YOU DOING WITH THE PUDE?

AH, WHATT--WE JUST SORTA BORROWED THE PUDE TO HELP US PICK OUT SOME STUFF--

THAT'S RIGHT! WE FIGURED WE NEEDED SOME NEW OLDS WERE FITTED TO OUR CALLIN'!



GOOD IDEA, BOYS! AND I'M SURE GLAD YOU WEREN'T GIVING THE OLDS MORE TROUBLE!

OH, THAT'S ALL THROUGH, MR. BEEF! WE'VE GOOD FRIENDS NOW-- IN FACT, I'M GOING TO BE THEIR BOOKKEEPER FOR THE PERIGHT LINE!

WELL, HAL-- IT LOOKS LIKE DODGE HAS LOST SOME SERRALDO HUNTERS, BUT HAS GAINED SOME BUSINESSMEN!



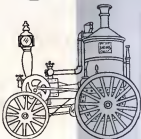
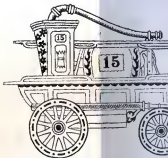
FIRE!

It was just like many other small towns in the early West...hot and dusty, people going slowly about their business. Then, suddenly, a shout—and the cry of fire!

Instantly, everybody seemed to be running in different directions, some toward the fire, some out of town, and some toward the water-filled barrels which stood in the middle of the street. But by the time a bucket brigade was formed, the fire was well out of hand, licking hungrily from one wooden building to another, soon leaving nothing but ruins.

This was a disaster that occurred so often in early days that finally, Dodge City organized the first fire department. The bright red fire-fighting unit was quite a spectacular thing and every citizen was eager to bear the title "Volunteer Fireman." Hose companies were formed, with fire watches, fire drills, and championship races each Fourth of July.

The minute the alarm sounded, the team of firemen jumped into their accustomed places before the engine. The lead man was called the "Spike," the men next to the engine the "wheel horses." With a mule man and a plug man riding the rig itself, the Dodge City Fire Department roared into action—a grand and glorious display of speed and precision, and a far cry from the bucket brigade!



THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN



THE BUNTLINE SPECIAL



Indian fighter, fur trader, showman, novelist... these were some of the careers of Edward Zane Carroll Judson, alias Ned Buntline, creator of the famous "Buntline Special" which helped make Wyatt Earp the most feared man with a gun.



Buntline began his life of varied and sensational adventures by running away to join the Navy, from which he resigned, as a midshipman, to fight in the Seminole wars.



After serving with the Union Army during the Civil War, he met William F. Cody. He promptly named him "Buffalo Bill" and set about launching him on his theatrical career.



He was the original dime novelist, writing over four hundred works... many of them tales of his own life or the careers of his friends, Buffalo Bill and Wyatt Earp.

A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS



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