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# BOOTS AND SADDLES

THE STORY OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY

- 
- The Gun Smugglers
  - Bad Medicine
  - The Book Soldier

**Gravely ill,** the Apache Chief's son lingers between life and death while an army doctor tries to save him.

If he dies, Captain Shank Adams knows the settlers will be attacked by vengeful Apache hordes who will blame the army for "Bad Medicine."



# BOOTS AND SADDLES

THE STORY OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY

## BAD MEDICINE



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IF THOSE APACHES SMASH THAT CRATE, BY THE TIME WE GET ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF KAGONE IT'LL BE TOO LATE!

COVER ME! I'M GOING AFTER THAT PACK HORSE!

DON'T BE A FOOL! YOU WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

BUT, CAPTAIN, I WAS THE ONE WHO GOT YOU INTO THIS AMBUSH! RESCUING THAT PACK HORSE IS MY RESPONSIBILITY!



NO, DAVIS, YOU'RE STAYING—

DOWN, SIR! ARROWS!



AND AS CAPTAIN ADAMS LOOKS UP...

DAVIS, DAVIS! COME BACK!











YOU SAVE-UM?

HE HAS SMALLPOX, ALL RIGHT! IT'S NOT TOO ADVANCED YET! A VACCINATION SHOULD HELP HIM!



NO OTTER CLAW' EPYOP  
MMM! HE WILL STAB YOUR  
SON WITH THAT GLASS!



YOU STAB  
SON?

I WILL JUST SCRATCH HIS  
ARM SO THE MEDICINE CAN  
GET INTO HIS BODY! IT  
WON'T EVEN HURT HIM!



HIM KILL-UM?

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM,  
OTTER CLAW' MOST OF US  
WHITE MEN WERE VACCINATED  
WHEN WE WERE KIDS! IT  
DIDN'T KILL US, DID IT?



I NEVER WAS  
VACCINATED, OTTER  
CLAW! BUT I KNOW  
IT DOESN'T BOTHER  
YOU MUCH!

THEN IT'S TIME YOU  
WERE, CORPORAL! IT  
WILL PROVE TO OTTER  
CLAW THAT IT'S SAFE  
AND NOT PAINFUL!  
ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVE!



BUT,  
CAPTAIN-

THAT'S AN ORDER,  
CORPORAL!

SECONDS  
LATER...

THERE! YOU DIDN'T  
HEAR HIM CRY OUT, DID  
YOU? NOW IS THE APACHE  
MEDICINE MAN AS BRAVE  
AS TWO STRIPES!

HERE MY  
ARM!  
STAB-  
IN!



A MOMENT LATER...

YES, OTTER CLAW I  
HAVE TESTED THE  
MEDICINE! IT IS SAFE  
ENOUGH FOR YOUR  
SON!



AND AS THE WHOLE TRIBE WATCHES, THE  
DOCTOR VACCINATED THE AILING BOY...

THAT SHOULD  
HELP HIM!



HOW LONG  
BEFORE HIM  
BE BETTER?

IF IT WORKS—WE'LL  
KNOW IN TWO DAYS! TILL  
THEN, OTTER CLAW, ALL  
WE CAN DO IS WAIT!



TWO DAYS DRAG SLOWLY BY, BUT THEN THE CHIEF'S SON PASSES  
HIS CRISIS! SMILES BREAK ACROSS THE APACHES' FACES...

WE RETURN TO RESERVATION!  
PEACE BE KEPT! NOW ALL APACHES  
GET STICK-IN-ARM FROM YELLOW-  
LESS! MEDICINE MAN, WE  
BE SAFE!

I'M GLAD EVERYTHING  
TURNED OUT WELL.  
CHIEF! EVEN OR-  
PORAL DAVIS GOT THE  
SOUVENIR HE CAME FOR!

INCLUDING ONE ON  
MY ARM  
THAT I DON'T  
ARK ON!



# BOOTS AND SADDLES

THE STORY OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY

## THE GUN SMUGGLERS





HOW'D THEY GET WITHIN A QUARTER OF A MILE OF THE RID BEFORE WE SPOTTED THEM? THEY'VE GOTTEN AWAY FROM US TWICE BEFORE FOR THE SAME REASON!



I HEAR THEY'RE LED BY A HALF-BREED! MAYBE HE'S USING AN OLD INDIAN TRAIL I ONCE FOUND!



THAT MIGHT BE WORTH CHECKING INTO LUKE!

I'LL HAVE A LOOK-SEE! MEET YOU AT THE WATER-HOLE!



FIND 'EM, LUKE!

YOU FIND 'EM, WE'LL FINISH 'EM!

I DOUBT IF LUKE WILL FIND ANYTHING, BUT AT LEAST HIS LOOKING HAS STOPPED THE MEN'S GRIND!



LATER...

YES, EVEN AFTER ALL THESE WINTERS, I DIDN'T FORGET WHERE THIS HIDDEN TRAIL BEGINS!



JOSHAPHAT! THREE TRACKS ARE FRESH! PLENTY OF RIDERS CAME THROUGH HERE TODAY! PROBABLY THE GUNRUNNERS!















LIVE, WOLLY!

BANG!



M-MY HAND!

BEFORE THE CAVALRY CAN STOP THEM,  
THE SMUGGLERS FLEW INTO THE DARKNESS...

FROM WHAT I HEARD,  
SMARKY, THEY MEET THEIR  
MEXICAN CUSTOMERS JUST  
ACROSS THE RIO!



THEN I MAY HAVE  
A WAY TO CAPTURE  
THE SMUGGLERS AND  
THE MEXICAN BANDITS  
IN ONE OPERATION!



WOULDN'T IT BE  
EASIER TO CROSS  
OVER THE RIO AND  
NAIL 'EM, SIRT?

MAYBE... BUT I'LL  
STICK TO OUR ORDERS  
AND DO IT MY WAY!

TWO DAYS LATER...



'YOL FOUR--  
REW IN!

WHAT'S SAY--  
ING YOU,  
CORPORAL?  
WANT TO SEE OUR  
TWENTY-FOUR  
HOUR PASS?



'YOU'RE CARRYING A LOT OF HARD-  
WARE FOR GOING OFF ON A PASS?  
WHAT ARE ALL THE WEAPONS FOR?



WELL IF YOU'RE NOT BORN ANYWHERE TELL YOU ANOTHER!

AW, CORPORAL, WE WERE JUST PLANNING TO CROSS THE RIO ON OUR OWN TIME AND AVOID JIM! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?



MINUTES LATER...

THE ONLY THING WRONG WITH YOUR PLAN IS THAT YOU ARE ALL SOLDIERS AND ARE FORBIDDEN TO CROSS THE RIO! I SAID WE'D GET THE BRUSKERS AND THE MEXICANS - AND WE WILL!



EXCUSE THE CAPTAIN'S PARDON, BUT A LOT OF THE MEN ARE WONDERING JUST HOW YOU PLAN TO PULL THAT TRICK, SIR!

UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN'T TELL YOU! ONE ACCIDENTAL WORD, A CARELESS SLUR AND THE PLAN WOULD BE RUINED! YOU'LL HAVE TO TRUST ME!



TRUST HIM, HE SAYS! THE BOYS WANT ACTION!

THERE IS NO PLAN! THAT'S WHY HE COULDN'T TELL US ABOUT IT!



THREE DAYS LATER...

RED HAND--

THE ELDER WARRIOR! THE ARMY IS USING THIS OLD TRAIL TO TRY TO BREAK A MASON-LOAD OF GUNS INTO FORT LOWELL!



TAKE IT!



FOUR HOURS LATER, THE FUZZLED TROOPERS WATCH THE SHUGGLERS RE-CROSS THE RIO AND CAMP. STILL, NO ORDER IS GIVEN TO ATTACK...



I'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH! I'M PAVING THEM BACK FOR JIM NOW!



HOLD YOUR FIRE! WE MAY HAVE TO WAIT A FEW MORE HOURS BEFORE I ORDER THE ATTACK! I'LL COURT-MARTIAL ANY MAN WHO FIRES WITHOUT MY ORDER!

ALL NIGHT THE ALMOST REBELLIOUS TROOPERS WATCH AND WAIT AND THEN AT DAWN...



AMERICANS! WHAT ARE THEY DOING ON THIS SIDE OF THE RIO?

THEY'RE DOING PART OF OUR WORK FOR US!



HOLY COW! THEY'RE ATTACKING THE SHUGGLERS!



THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! NOW MOUNT UP AND CHARGE!



BANG!

YOU'VE BEEN BOLING OVER FOR A FIGHT! HERE IT IS!



THESE MEXICANS  
ROBBED US OF HALF  
OUR JOB!

THERE'S STILL  
ENOUGH LEFT!

AND MINUTES  
LATER...

WE'VE CORRALLED THE LAST  
OF 'EM! BUT WE STILL DON'T  
UNDERSTAND WHY THE MEXICANS  
ATTACKED THE MEN WHO SOLD  
THEM THE SMUGGLED GUNS!



HERE'S A WINCHESTER  
FROM A CRATE THE  
MEXICANS JUST BOUGHT.  
TRY IT!

QUICKLY, SERGEANT BULLOCK LOADS AND PRESSES  
THE TRIGGER...

THIS RIFLE  
DOESN'T  
WORK!

NONE OF  
THE RIFLES  
WORK!



BEFORE I CROOKED THE  
SUNGER ABOUT THE ARMY  
SUPPLY WAGONS USING A NEW  
ROUTE, I HAD THE PYRAMS FINE  
RAIDED OFF! I WAS CERTAIN  
ONCE THE MEXICANS FOUND  
THEY'D BEEN CHEATED, THEY'D  
WANT REVENGE AND CROSS THE  
RIO TO OUR SIDE, WHERE WE  
COULD COLLECT THEM ALL!

AND TO  
THINK THE  
MEN  
DOUBTED  
YOU HAD A  
PLAN! MATTER  
OF FACT,  
CAPTAIN, SO  
DO I!





# BOOTS AND SADDLES

THE STORY OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY

THE BOOK SOLDIER





AS DAY AFTER DAY SERGEANT GRIPP QUOTES REGULATIONS FROM THE BOOK, THE MEN BECOME TENSE AND QUARRELSOME ..





WITH A STRONG SHOVE, SERGEANT GRIPP  
SEPARATES THE TWO  
FIGHTERS . . .

ANYONE I CATCH  
FIGHTING CAN EXPECT  
TO END UP IN THE  
GUARDHOUSE FROM  
NOW ON! IS THAT  
CLEAR?



THAT NIGHT, FORT LOWELL SETTLES DOWN TO  
SLEEP, AS THE ONLY SOUND HEARD IS MEN'S  
SNORING . . .



BUT SUDDENLY, A  
SUBLE TRUMPETS...

WH-WHAT IN BLAZES?  
BOOTS AND SADDLES!



OUT OF  
YOUR BUNKS!

GRAB YOUR  
GEAR!



WHY ARE THEY  
SOUNDING "BOOTS  
AND SADDLES" IN  
THE MIDDLE OF  
THE NIGHT?

WE MUST BE UNDER  
ATTACK FROM  
APACHES!



ROUND UP!

APACHES!





SERGEANT, WHAT'S GOING ON? WHO ORDERED 'BOOTS AND SADDLES' SOUNDED?

I DID, SIR! JUST A ROUTINE DRILL!



A DRILL? IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?

YES, SIR! THE BOOK SAYS EVERY POST SHOULD HAVE AN EMERGENCY DRILL ONCE IN SIX WEEKS!



HE'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN ADAMS! WE HAVEN'T HAD A DRILL FOR OVER A YEAR! MY FAULT, I SUPPOSE!

HEAVEN KNOWS THE APACHES HAVE GIVEN US ENOUGH PRACTICE AT THE REAL THING, COLONEL!



WELL, IT CAN'T HURT THE MEN TO FOLLOW THE BOOK!

THE BOOK ALSO RECOMMENDS THAT EVERY MAN GO OUT ON PATROL! LET'S SEE HOW THE GOOD SERGEANT DOES ON PATROL!



NEXT MORNING...

BUT SERGEANT GRIP, WE DON'T NEED ALL THAT MESS GEAR!

THE BOOK TELLS US... WHAT EQUIPMENT TO TAKE YOU'LL CARRY THE POT!



FORWARD HO!

I WONDER WHAT'S IN THE BOOK FOR SERGEANT GRIP OUT ON THE PLAINS?

THAT EVENING.

SERGEANT, AREN'T YOU PICKETING THE HORSES PRETTY FAR FROM CAMP?

ONE HUNDRED YARDS IS THE PRESCRIBED HYGIENIC DISTANCE IN THE BOOK! IT IS A HUNDRED YARDS RIGHT HERE!



PICKET THEM HERE!



LATER...

OWWIN



WHOOPI!  
WHOOPI!



COMMENCE FIRING!

A FAT LOT OF GOOD IT'LL DO!



NEXT MORNING...

IF ONLY WE'D PICKETED THE HORSES CLOSE TO CAMP THE WAY WE ALWAYS DO IN APACHE TERRITORY!

FORM UP AND STOP GRUMBLING! THIS PATROL WILL CONTINUE -- ON FOOT!





ALL THE NEXT DAY, THE MEN FOLLOW SERGEANT GRIPP AS HE NOW SETS OUT FOR FORT LOWELL...

PICK THAT UP! YOU'RE CARRYING BACK EVERY PIECE OF EQUIPMENT WE CAME OUT HERE WITH!

EVERYTHING BUT OUR HORSES!



ON AND ON THEY PLOD AS THE BEST SWIMMERS OFF THE BURNING SANDS...

HE'LL NEVER GET US TO THE FORT HIS WAY! I'M TAKING THE SHORT CUT AND BRINGING BACK HELP!

GOOD LUCK! WE NEED IT!



YOU THERE! HALT!



I KNOW THE WAY BACK! I'LL BRING HELP!

GET BACK IN THE RANKS! THIS PATROL DOESN'T NEED ANY HELP!









YOU'RE RIGHT, CAPTAIN! ON YOUR FEET! WE'RE MOVING OFF!



CAPTAIN, MAYBE YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GO BY THE BOOK! MAYBE YOU'VE GOT TO TEMPER YOUR RESOLUTIONS WITH YOUR OWN JUDGMENT—LIKE NOW! MY MEN NEED THEIR HORSES!

WELL, IF YOU'RE NO LONGER FOLLOWING THE BOOK SO CLOSELY, I SEE NO REASON WHY THEY SHOULDN'T ROE BACK!

LATER, WHEN SERGEANT BULLOCK RETURNS FROM FURLOUGH...



I HEARD YOU REBUKED MY MEN, CAPTAIN! LUCKY YOU WERE NEARBY WHEN THE APACHES RAN OFF WITH THE HORSES!

LUCKY NOTHING! I WAS FOLLOWING SERGEANT GRIPPY TH—IT'S WHY I WAS CLOSE BY WHEN THE APACHES HIT THOSE HORSES!



YOU WERE FOLLOWING HIM?

YES! I WAS CURIOUS TO SEE HOW FAR HE COULD GET OUT IN THESE PARTS—BY THE BOOK!

A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS  
COMICS

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## WESTERN FORTS



PIONEER FAMILIES GAVE THANKS WHEN THEY PULLED INTO THE SHELTER OF A MILITARY FORT ON THEIR LONG TREK ACROSS HOSTILE COUNTRY. THOUGH OFTEN VERY SMALL, THE FORT'S HIGH LOG WALLS MEANT SAFETY, SINCE INDIANS PREFERRED HIT-AND-RUN ATTACKS ON UNPROTECTED GROUND TO THE LONG SIEGE OF A WELL-ARMED FORT.



THE PARADE GROUNDS WERE LOCATED IN THE CENTER OF THE FORT. HERE THE SOLDIERS DRILLED, PARADED, AND HELD EVENING RETREAT.



\* SOAPBOX ROW\* HOUSED ENLISTED MEN'S WIVES. LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE CAMP LAUNDRESSES AND SO ALLOWED TO FOLLOW THEIR SOLDIER HUSBANDS TO FRONTIER CAMPS.



SECOND LIEUTENANTS WITH THEIR FAMILIES LIVED IN ONE SMALL ROOM WITH A SHED OUTSIDE FOR A KITCHEN. WITH EACH PROMOTION, OFFICERS GOT ANOTHER ROOM.



THE SOLDIERS' MOUNTS WERE WELL-CARED FOR. THE HORSES' STABLES CONTAINED A BLACKSMITH SHOP, HARNESS ROOM AND STORAGE SPACE FOR THE ANIMAL'S FOOD.



AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, THE UNITED STATES ARMY WAS A HUGE MELTING POT OF ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE. FORMER "VOLUNTEERS" RECALLED AS "REGULARS", USUALLY ACCEPTING A LESSER RANK JUST TO STAY IN SERVICE. THESE WERE THE SOLDIERS WHO OCCUPIED THE SOUTH, PROTECTED WESTERN SETTLERS AND PATROLLED THE MEXICAN BORDER.



"SALVAGED YANKEES" WERE FORMER WARTIME CONFEDERATE PRISONERS. WHEN THEY PROMISED TO JOIN THE ARMY AS INDIAN FIGHTERS, THEY WERE RELEASED FROM YANKEE PRISONS.



NEGROES, INCLUDING MANY RECENTLY FREED SLAVES, WERE CALLED "BUFFALO SOLDIERS" BY THE INDIANS THEY FOUGHT. THE TENTH CAVALRY WAS A FAMOUS NEGRO REGIMENT.



INDIANS WERE ENLISTED AS SCOUTS IN THE ARMY OF THE WEST. THEY OFTEN SHED THEIR UNIFORMS BEFORE A BATTLE, AND FOUGHT IN THEIR TRIBAL WAR PAINT ALONGSIDE THE BLUE-CLAD SOLDIERS.



IMMIGRANTS FROM ALL NATIONS SWELLED THE ARMY RANKS, BUT SOLDIERS USUALLY MARCHED TO MUSIC PLAYED BY GERMAN OR ITALIAN BANDSMEN.