

DELL

NO. 1031  
SEPT. NOV.

Still 10¢

# Fury

Two thrilling feature stories:

A Night In Ghost Town

The Three-Toed Killer



## A NIGHT IN GHOST TOWN



What starts as just a friendly bet brings Joey, Pee Wee and Furry to an ominous ghost town that is all too obviously — haunted!



Suddenly, the boys discover that all that stands between them and flying lead is the slaying hoofs of Fury!

## THE THREE-TOED KILLER



When Joey and Fury trail a swift striking puma that threatens the Broken Wheel's herd of horses...



The hunters become the hunted as the climax is reached when Fury alone faces the puma's charge!

# Fury

THE NIGHT IN GHOST TOWN



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HEEYAH!

NO, FURY!  
STAY  
THERE!



MINUTES LATER...

JOEY, ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT?

YES---JUST KIND OF  
TIRED, JIM!



THE SHERIFF SAID THIS  
IS THE FOURTH ROBBERY  
IN TWO WEEKS! HE'S  
SURE THE OTHERS  
WERE DONE BY  
THE SAME TWO  
MEN!

IF ONLY WE  
HAD REALIZED  
FURY WAS  
TRYING TO  
WARN US  
WHEN THEY  
RODE UP!



NEXT MORNING...

THEIR TRACKS ARE  
STILL CLEAR, SHERIFF!

I JUST WISH  
THE SKY WERE,  
CLEAR, JIM!



BUT HERE  
COMES THE  
RAIN---



AND THERE  
GOES THEIR TRAIL!  
THOSE OUTLAW HAVE  
HAD ALL THE LUCK ON  
THEIR SIDE! MIGHT  
AS WELL HEAD  
BACK!

THAT AFTERNOON, AS WORD SPREADS OF THE HORSE, JOEY'S FRIENDS RIDE OVER FOR A FIRST HAND ACCOUNT...





LATER...



WELL, PHE WEE,  
THERE IT IS!

YES, JOEY, AND IT  
LOOKS SCARED THAN  
I THOUGHT!



WEEIGH!



EASY, PURY!  
NOTHING'S  
WRONG!



SOMETHING  
IN THAT GHOST TOWN  
SCARED HIM, JOEY!  
LET'S GET OUT  
OF HERE!



JFOOP PHE WEE!  
YOU GOT ME INTO THIS  
CRAZY BET—AND WE'RE  
GOING TO SEE IT  
THROUGH!







*DESPITE PSE WEE'S PROTESTS, JOEY ROLLS OVER AND BACK TO SLEEP, TILL ---*



*FINALLY, BOTH BOYS SLEEP, BUT THEN...*





CAUTIOUSLY, THEY APPROACH THE SLIGHT, DARK  
RUMS OF A ONCE PROSPEROUS TOWN OF SEVENTY  
YEARS AGO.





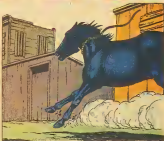


*BUT AS PURY RIDES UP ONE OF THE HORSES GRABS A CARIAT...*





*SOON, FLYY GIVES UP TUGGING ON THE LINE! INSTEAD, HE GRINDS AND CHIRPS ON THE BOPE UNTIL, AT LAST...*









AS THE ROBBERS BLAZE AWAY, RUBY'S POWER-  
FUL LEGS FLAY AT THE DELAQUATED WALL ...



# Fury

## THE THREE-TOED KILLER



THAT'S FUNNY, PEE WEE, I COUNT ONE COLT LESS THAN WE HAD WHEN WE CAME OUT!

YOU MUST BE COUNTING WRONG, JOEY! LET ME CHECK!



SEE, JOEY... YOU'RE RIGHT! WHERE COULD THAT MISSING COLT BE?

LET'S LOOK AROUND! WE LOST ONE LAST WEEK! I WON'T LET HIM RIDE HERD ON THESE GRAZING HORSES IF WE DON'T FIND THAT COLT!

I STILL CAN'T FIGURE WHERE THAT OTHER MISSING COLT WANDERED! HE SHOULD HAVE SHOWN UP AFTER A WEEK!

THAT'S WHAT JIM SAID... BUT NO ONE'S SEEN A SIGN OF HIM!



NEIGH!

EASY, FURY! IF YOU WANT YOUR HEAD I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU!

DROPPING THE REINS, JOEY LETS FURY TAKE HIS OWN DIRECTION...



WHY'S FURY DIGGING AWAY LIKE MAD AT THAT DIRT MOUND?

I DON'T KNOW, PEE WEE! LET'S SEE WHAT IS UNDER IT!







AS THE HEIGHT OF THE PUMA HITS HIM, PURE'S SPRUNG LEG GIVES WAY...

SEIZING A HULL, THE PUMA BACKS OFF FOR A FINAL CHARGE...







LATE THAT NIGHT, AS PETE TAKES HIS SECOND TURN AT WATCH, THE TROING BOY'S WOODS CATFANS UP WITH HIM...







NEXT MORNING...







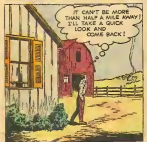
ARRRR!

THERE! IT'S KEEPING HIM BACK!— IF HE JUST RUNS OUT OF PATIENCE BEFORE I RUN OUT OF WOOD, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



MEANWHILE...

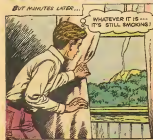
I WONDER WHAT'S MAKING THAT SWOKE OVER IN THOSE WOODS?



IT CAN'T BE MORE THAN HALF A MILE AWAY! I'LL TAKE A QUICK LOOK AND COME BACK!



NO! I PROMISED JIM TO STAY HERE!



BUT MINUTES LATER...

WHATEVER IT IS... IT'S STILL SWOONS!



GOSH, I WISH I KNEW WHETHER IT WAS RIGHT TO GO OR TO STAY! SUPPOSING IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF A FOREST FIRE OR SOME TROUBLE LIKE THAT? WOULDN'T IT BE WRONG FOR ME TO STICK HERE?



*BUT FURY JEALOUS AT THE SIGHT OF JOEY ON ANOTHER HORSE, FORGETS THE THROBBING PAIN OF HIS LEG...*









*BUT AS THEY RACE FOR HELP, THE PUMA, FINDING HE CAN'T BREAK THE LARIAT BY TUGGING AND PULLING, CHEWS SAUVAGELY AT IT...*









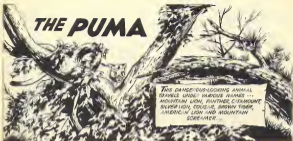
AS THE PUMA RODE DOWN THE CLIFFSIDE AND CAME MOTIONLESS, JIM THROWE A STONE AT IT...



A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS

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# THE PUMA



THE CATS OF THIS GROUPING ANSWER MANY OF OUR NAMES -- MOUNTAIN LION, BAYLEND, CIDEWONT, SWIFTLION, COUGAR, BROWN TIGER, AMERICAN LION AND MOUNTAIN SCORPION...

ALL THESE MANY NAMES BELONG TO JUST ONE MEMBER OF THE CAT FAMILY, AN EIGHT-FOOT, ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-POUND, MEAT-EATING BEAST, MORE POPULARLY KNOWN AS THE PUMA.



WITH FLECKS OF BLACK SPOTTING ITS LIGHT COAT, AND A TIGER-LIKE TAIL, A PUMA IS ABOUT TWENTY INCHES ABOUT TWENTY INCHES LONG AND IS ABOUT TWENTY INCHES LONG.

FATHER IS DRIVEN OFF BECAUSE HE MIGHT EAT THE BABIES FOR MORE THAN A YEAR, WORKING ALONE CARES FOR THE YOUNG, TEACHING THEM TO HUNT AND CARE FOR THEMSELVES.



PUMAS MUST HUNTO EAT THEIR NATURAL PREY ARE DEER AND SOMETIMES THE ELK, BUT IT WILL TRACK DOWN DOMESTIC ANIMALS LIKE CATTLE, SHEEP AND HORSES. THE WILD HUNTER CAN BE FOUND IN THE WESTERN UNITED STATES AND CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.



# A GHOST TOWN REBORN

SOME GHOST TOWNS DO COME BACK TO LIFE, AS EVIDENCED BY WICKES, MONTANA. WELLS COVERED WITH DUMPS OF MINING REFUSE, OLD ABANDONED SMOKE STACKS FOR SMELTING ORE AND A ROW OF COKE OVENS ARE LANDMARKS OF THIS TOWN WHICH ONE MAN ALONE HAS YETLED OVER THIRTY MILLION DOLLARS IN PREVIOUS YEARS.

WITH THIRTY-TWO SALOONS AND FIVE DANCE HALLS, IT TOOK A MAN WITH A TEAM OF HORSES TO CLEAN THE CHAIRS AND BOTTLES OFF MAIN STREET EVERY MORNING.



THE TOWN, WHICH WAS BUILT FOR GEORGE WICKES, A NEW YORK MINING ENGINEER, WAS DESTROYED IN 1877. LATER, FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE LIVED THERE.



IN 1900 AND AGAIN IN 1933, FIRE RAGED THROUGH THE FLIMSY BOXY HOUSES AND STORES OF WICKES, CAUSING ALMOST COMPLETE DESTRUCTION OF THE TOWN.



BUT TODAY, MEN ARE BACK WORKING THE LEAD GOLD AND SILVER OUT OF THE THIRTY FEET OF TUNNELS OF THE ALTA HOME. WICKES, MONTANA IS NO LONGER A GHOST TOWN.