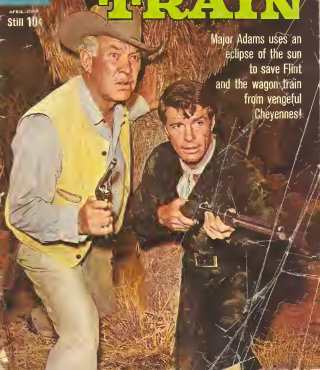


DELL
Western
Adventure

WAGON TRAIN

APRIL 1959
Still 10¢

Major Adams uses an
eclipse of the sun
to save Flint
and the wagon train
from vengeful
Cheyennes!





Revenge of the Cheyenne

"Maybe I'm not responsible for my scout,
but I felt as though I was when
Flint didn't come back from a
special assignment. What I saw when
I found him made my blood run
hot and cold. His life depended on
perfect timing and what I could
do to outwit his captors."



Race to Rainbow Creek

"I've seen some smart alecks
who drive a hard fight . . . but
when one of them decides
he can outride, outdrive, and
outdo everyone in the wagon
train, it's time somebody put
him in his place . . .
and I was elected for the job!"

WAGON TRAIN

REVENGE of the CHEYENNE

FRESH WATER HERE, MAJOR! AND PLENTY OF WOOD AND GRASS FOR THE ANIMALS! WE CAN CAMP HERE!

WAGONS, HALT!



DO YOU SEE THAT SMOKE UP AHEAD... IN THE MOUNTAINS?

CHEYENNE, MAJOR... BUT I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE ANY TROUBLE!

CHIEF RED ARROW HAS A VILLAGE UP THERE...

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE HE'LL BE FRIENDLY?



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





TONIGHT, AS THE WAGON CAMP SLEEPS, THREE PAIR OF EYES WATCH FROM THE ROCKS ABOVE...

TONIGHT THEY SLEEP... TOMORROW, WE WILL TAKE OUR REVENGE!



I SHOULD BE BACK WITHIN AN HOUR, MAJOR...

SURE YOU DON'T WANT SOMEONE TO GO ALONG WITH YOU?

STOP WORRYING... I'M JUST DOING THIS FOR YOU! I KNOW CHIEF RED ARROW IS PEACEFUL!



FLINT RIDES EASILY, CONFIDENT THAT THERE IS NO CAUSE FOR CONCERN...

BUT AS HE MOVES UP THE TRAIL...





FLINT FIGHTS AGAINST THE ATTACK...



ONE OF THE CHIEF'S BRAVED DRAWS A GLIMMERING KNIFE...



IF I EVER GET OUT OF THIS, I'LL LISTEN TO THE MAJOR... HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT TROUBLE!







I WISH YOU'D EXPLAIN THIS...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT —

SILENCE! YOU
WILL SPEAK WHEN
WE ARE READY!



TWO OF OUR BRVES WERE KILLED BY
MEN OF THE WAGON TRAIN... THEY HAD
RIDDEN INTO THE WHITE MAN'S CAMP
IN PEACE!



WHITE MEN KILLED THEM WITH
GUNS... THE PROMISE
HAS BEEN BROKEN!

WHEN...
WHEN DID
THIS HAPPEN?



TWO MOONS AGO!
IN THE VERY SAME
PLACE YOU NOW
MAKE YOUR CAMP!

BUT I WASN'T
WITHIN HUNDREDS
OF MILES OF HERE!
THAT WASN'T OUR
TRAIN!



ALL WHITE
MEN ARE
BROTHERS...

NO! WE HAVE EVIL MEN IN OUR
MIDST, JUST AS YOU HAVE IN
YOURS... I PROMISE YOU THOSE
MEN WILL BE PUNISHED!

THERE ARE WAYS OF CHECKING WHICH TRAIN CAME THROUGH TWO MONTHS AGO! THE MEN WILL BE QUESTIONED... WE WILL FIND THEM AND TURN THEM OVER TO THE LAW!



HOW DO I KNOW YOU SPEAK TRUTH? IT IS BETTER CHEYENNE PUNISH YOU NOW!

THAT'S REVENGE, NOT PUNISHMENT!



GET RED ARROW WILL NOT ACT UNTIL HE SEES YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE YOU SPEAK HONEST WORDS! TAKE HIM AWAY! TIE HIM UP!



YOU WILL REMAIN HERE... MOON WILL COME TONIGHT AND GO... WE WILL SOON LEARN IF YOU SPEAK TRUTH!

HOW WILL THIS PROVE ANYTHING?



TWO GANGS WILL GUINE ON WAGON TRAIN SCOUT! IF YOU STILL HAVE VOICE WHEN SECOND MOON COMES, WE KNOW YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH!



DOAN'S LEFT ME ONE THING TO DO: THE SUMMIT RYDS IN THE CO.

IT'LL TAKE A MIRACLE TO GET ME OUT OF HERE! MY TONGUE WILL BE SO SWOLLEN BY TOMORROW NIGHT I WON'T BE ABLE TO WHISPER — LET ALONE SPEAK!



AT THE BRISON CAMP NEARLY TWO HOURS HAVE PRESSED...

FLINT SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK LONG AGO...

MAYBE HE'S HAVIN' A POWWOW WITH THOSE CHEYENNES!



WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER! I'D BETTER RIDE UP AHEAD AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED!

I'LL RIDE WITH YOU, MAJOR!



LET'S RIDE EAST UP SANDER CREEK AND BRANCH OFF TOWARD THE CHEYENNE CAMP.

AND REACH A POSITION IN THE HILLS WHICH OFFERS FULL VIEW OF THE VILLAGE...



IT'S FLINT!
THEY'VE GOT HIM
PRISONER...

HE'LL NEVER LAST
UNDER THAT SUN!







UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS MAJOR ADAMS ESCAPES THE FIRE OF INDIAN BULLETS...



...AND RETURNS TO THE WAGON CAMP...



MAJOR ADAMS EXPLAINS WHAT HAS HAPPENED...



BUT WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT...HE'S NEARLY OUT OF HIS HEAD RIGHT NOW...

BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM!



IF WE TRY AND RESCUE HIM BY FORCE, WE'LL HAVE A FULL-SCALE FIGHT... I CAN'T ASK ANY OF YOU TO RISK THAT!

WE DON'T CARE, MAJOR... GIVE US THE CHANCE! ... WE WON'T MAKE COLORADO JUNCTION BY THE 17th ANYWAY... TODAY'S THE 17th! WE'RE WILLIN' TO HELP YOU!



WHAT DID YOU SAY ABOUT THE 17th?

THAT'S THE DATE TODAY... DON'T YOU REMEMBER TELLIN' US YOU'D HOPED TO GET TO COLORADO JUNCTION BY THE 18th?





THE NEXT MORNING, MAJOR ADAMS RIDES BOLDLY INTO THE CHEYENNE CAMP...







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Keeping law and order in the small frontier towns which dotted the western plains during the 1800's was one of the gravest problems early townspeople faced.

Mixed with the permanent population was a constantly shifting element of gamblers, highwaymen, thieves of every description, and some of the boldest gunmen in history.

In at least one town, it took a small army to rid the streets of unsavory characters.

The little settlement of New Town, New Mexico, seemed to have more than its share of lawless men. Among the more notable, and colorfully named, were: Calibou Brown, Dirty-face Mike, Billy the Kid, Doublecut Sam, Wink the Barber, Mysterious Dave, and Kickapoo George. Gangs of restless outlaws roamed the street with permanent chips on their shoulders, looking for trouble. They usually found it.

Gun fights and brawls were so commonplace that when an afternoon went by without at least a dozen "incidents," it was counted as a pretty dull day.

"I tell you, it's got to stop!" an enraged citizen stormed heatedly to a group of his fellow townspeople one day. "It isn't safe to be out on the streets. Why, a man can't even ride into town for supplies with his wife and children without fearing for their lives!"

"We all know that," another man drawled. "But I don't see what we can do about it. The sheriffs we've hired haven't lasted more than two days — most of 'em not even that long! I tell you, it'd take an army to run those jaspers out of town!"

The first citizen leaped to his feet, his heavy fist striking into the open palm of his other hand. "By jaggos, that's all!" he crowed triumphantly. "It'll take a small army, all right, so we'll just raise one!"

The others brightened visibly at this sug-

gestion. They had selected New Town as their home and were reluctant to move on to another town where, quite possibly, the situation might be even more desperate.

Plans were swiftly made. The general store had a run of business on rifles and ammunition as the men of one family after another armed themselves for an all-out battle.

"Now we've got to go about this sensible-like," one of the leaders cautioned the others. "There's no sense in risking lives unless we have to. I say we should post some kind of a notice in the town square, telling these hambones we mean business."

And so it was that placards were posted and posted in several conspicuous parts of town.

Early that evening the makeshift army took up his position, stretched along the main streets of the town. They were a formidable sight, each man armed with a rifle and one or two handguns as well.

All day long the outlaw gangs had passed the placards, made note of their message, and burned to their leaders for advice.

Preserved to this day, the message on one such placard read: "Notice to thieves, thugs, fishin, and buskes-stealers among whom are: Oh Wheeler Harlin, Little Jack the Carter, Pock-Marked Kid, Saw Dust Charlie, Billy the Kid, and about tweety others. If found within the limits of this city after ten o'clock this night you will be invited to attend a grand party, the expense of which will be borne by over 100 substantial citizens."

The plan worked admirably since the nature of the "party" was too apparent to need explanation and the number of vigilantes too great to resist.

The outlaws made a hasty retreat, leaving behind only their colorful names to be recorded in later histories of the community.

THE CALCULATING KILLER



EVENING, DAN!
WAS CHET PRICE
COME TO TOWN YET?
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO
MEET HIM HERE!

EVENING,
JEFF — AND WALT!
NO, I HAVEN'T SEEN
HIM! IS IT SOME-
THING IMPORTANT

SHERIFF'S
OFFICE



I RECKON IT'S ABOUT
THE BUSTLING, DAN...
YOU KNOW NEARLY
ALL OF US HAVE BEEN
MISSING SOME STOCK!
WALT AND I HAVE
SOME SUSPICIONS...



AND CHET SAID
HE WANTED US
TO SEE SOME
EVIDENCE HE'D
TURNED UP!

TELL HIM
WE'LL BE AT
THE PALACE
MOTEL!

OKAY,
BOYS!



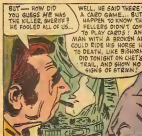
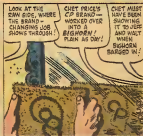
BEFORE LONG,
CHET PRICE LEAVES
HIS GROOM AND
CLOSE BEARD,
STILL ANOTHER
RANGER RIDES
INTO TOWN...

I'M LOOKING FOR
PRICE, DAN... IS
HE AROUND?

YUP! WENT TO THE "PALACE"
DAY, WHAT HAPPENED TO
YOUR ARM, BISHORN?







WAGON TRAIN RACE TO RAINBOW CREEK

IT IS EARLY MORNING AS THE WAGON TRAIN MOVES ACROSS THE MUDDY CREEK. ONE YOUNG FELLOW SEEMS TO BE PAYING LITTLE ATTENTION TO MAJOR BRANN'S ORDERS...



KEEP IN LINE THERE!

AWWW! GOT ON THERE!



HEY!



GIDDAP, YOU DODDERY CRITTERS!

HOLD UP, BRAGAN! YOU WERE TOLD TO STAY IN LINE!



NOW LOOKEE HERE, MAJIN SCOUT! LOTS BRAGAN TAKING ORDERS FROM NOBODY!

IF YOU WANT TO STAY WITH THIS WAGON TRAIN, YOU'LL START TAKING ORDERS!



I'M JUST TRYIN' TO GET A MOVE ON! THE WAY YOU'N THAT MAJOR RUN THINGS, WE'LL BE OLD MEN 'FORE WE GET TO CALIFORNIA! IF I WAS RIPPIN' THINGS, YOU'D SEE SOME REAL TRAVELIN'!

WE HAVE A LOT OF PEOPLE TO WORRY ABOUT, BRAGAN... WOMAN AND CHILDREN... THIS IS A CROSS-COUNTRY MOVE — NOT A RACE!



ANY TROUBLE, FLINT?

NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE, MAJOR... THIS FELLA JUST FIGURES OUR WAGON TRAIN ISN'T FAST ENOUGH FOR HIM!



WE'LL GET THERE JUST AS FAST OUR WAY, LUTE... AND A LOT SAFER!

YOU BOYS JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO DRIVE WAGONS, THAT'S ALL... WAY, BACK IN ALABAMA,

YOU'RE NOT IN ALABAMA NOW! NOW FOR THE LAST TIME, YOU EITHER DO AS WE SAY OR YOU LEAVE THIS TRAIN AT THE NEXT TOWN!

BOY, YOU SURE TALK BIG FOR A LIL' OL' INDIAN SCOUT!



I FND MY MONEY TO JOIN THIS MULE OUTFIT... AND IM NOT LEAVIN' LESS'N 7 DICKS!

YOUR MONEY CAN BE RETURNED, LUTE! WHAT FLINT JUST SAID IS THE WAY IT HAS TO BE!

YOU JUST WORRY 'BOUT ALL THEM SLOW-POIN' MULE DRIVERS, MAJOR... OL' LUTE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!





WHAT'S GOING ON BACK HERE?

HE'S TRYING TO MOVE ME ASIDE!



I WARNED YOU ONCE ABOUT CAUSING TROUBLE, BRAGAN! YOU KEEP YOUR PLACE IN LINE!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, WILSON SCOUT...



CAUSE I HAVE JUST BEEN ITCHIN' TO KNOCK YOU CLEAN TO ALABAMA!

SOCK!



BRAGAN, I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW HAPPY I AM THAT YOU STARTED THIS!

POW!



FLINT!

LET 'EM GO, MAJOR! BRAGAN WAS ASKIN' FOR IT!



MAYBE THIS'LL STOP YOU FOR GOOD, BRAGAN!



NOW, THEN, LET'S —

I'M NOT FINISHED YET, WALN SCOUT!



COUPLA THEM LITTLE OL' FLY PICKS YOU BEEN SWINGIN' AT ME AREN'T ENOUGH TO STOP LUTE BRAGAN!

oof!



THAT'S ENOUGH! THE WAY YOU TWO ARE GOING AT IT, THIS FIGHT COULD LAST FOR DAYS!

I'D SURE NEVER QUIT!

ME NEITHER!



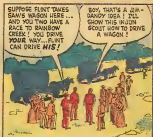
ALL STARTED JUST YAGGE I TOLD THIS FELLA HIS WAGON WAGN'T FIT FOR TRAVELIN'! ANY FOOL CAN SEE ITS THE TRUTH!

IT'S NOT THE WAGON, BRAGAN...IT'S THE MAN WHO DRIVES IT THAT COUNTS!



YOU TRYIN' TO TELL ME MY WAGON ISN'T ANY BETTER'N FINE'S ONE!

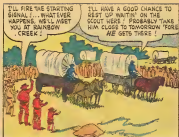
IT'S A GOOD WAGON...MAYBE IT IS BETTER...BUT WE'VE GOT A LONG TRAIL AHEAD! IT'S HOW YOU DRIVE IT THAT'S GOING TO MAKE THE DIFFERENCE!





I DON'T INTEND TO DRIVE FAST, BRAGAN... THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET THERE THE RIGHT WAY! SAFE...AND SURE!

YOU'LL BE EATIN' THOSE WORDS, BOY!



I'LL FIRE THE STARTING SIGNAL!...WHATEVER HAPPENS, WE'LL MEET YOU AT RAINBOW CREEK!

I'LL HAVE A GOOD CHANCE TO REST UP WAITIN' ON THE SCOUT HERE! PROBABLY TAKE HIM CLOSE TO TOMORROW 'FORE HE GETS THERE!

THE MAJOR FIRES A SIGNAL AND THE RACE IS ON...



GOOD LUCK, FLINT!

BLAM!

GIDDAP, YOU ALABAMA CRITTERS! LET'S MAKE DUST!

LUTE DRIVES HIS TEAM HARD...



YAHOOO! WE'RE LEAVIN' THAT OL' SCOUT SO FAR BEHIND HE'S CHOKIN' ON DUST!

CONFIDENT, FLINT DRIVES HIS WAGON EASILY...



TEN MILES OF TRAIL IS A LOT FARTHER THAN BRAGAN FIGURES...WE'LL HAVE THOSE HORSES WORN OUT BY THE TIME HE REACHES THE HALF-WAY POINT!

A FEW MILES ALONG THE TRAIL, LUTE REACHES A STREAM.

GIT ON IN THERE,
HOSSES!

SPLASH!

SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE WHEELS JAWS
BITWEN SOME ROCKS...

CRUNCH!

COME ON, YOU CONSERN
MULES! LET'S PUT
SOME BACKBONE
INTO IT!

ALL TOGETHER NOW,
HOSSES! ONE —
TWO —
THREE...
HEAVE!

CONSERN IT... THAT INDIAN
SCOUT'S CATCHIN' UP WITH
US ALREADY!

FLINT CROSSES DOWNSTREAM THROUGH CALMER WATER...

STOPPING FOR A LITTLE SWIM, BRAGAN? YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO WIN A RACE THAT WAY!



AND SOON...

COME ON, HORSES! THAT YANKEE CAN'T BE TOO FAR AHEAD!



AN HOUR LATER, THE SITUATION IS REVERSED...

WELL, NOW... LOOKS WHAT WE HAVE HERE?



SORRY I CAN'T STOP AND HELP YOU, INDIAN SCOUT!

I DON'T NEED HELP, BRAGAN! I'M JUST CHECKING MY RIG TO MAKE SURE IT'S SAFE! MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU DID THE SAME... THERE'S A ROUGH STRETCH AHEAD!



BUT LUTE DOES NOT HEED FLINT'S WARNING AND LATER...

I'M NOT TAKING ANY MORE CHANCES WITH STREAMS! I'LL CIRCLE AHEAD AND CROSS FARTHER UP WHERE IT'S SHALLOW!



HE MOVES ALONG THE RIDGE, UNWARE THAT THE HARD DRIVING HAS LOOSENED A WHEEL...





FLINT HURRIES BACK TO HIS WAGON AND BEFORE LONG...

THAT CONGRUIN SCOUT'S STILL EVEN WITH ME! COME ON, HOGGERS, LET'S MAKE THE DUST FLY!

CRACK!



THAT FOOL IS GOING TO RUN THOSE HORSES RIGHT INTO THE GROUND!



GET GOIN', YOU CRITTERS! DON'T SLOW DOWN NOW!



FINALLY, THE TIRED ANIMALS CAN GO NO FURTHER...

JIGGISH!
CONGRUIN!



MEANWHILE, FLINT, DRIVING EASILY, SWINGS OFF INTO THE LAST LEG OF THE TRAIL...

EASY DOES IT... NOT MUCH FARTHER TO GO!



AND AN HOUR LATER, THE RACE IS OVER...

HOW THAT YOU YELLAS HAVE COOLED OFF I'LL LET YOU AT THIS RAINBOW CREEK WATER! WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR FRIEND FROM ALABAMA?



IT IS ALMOST SUNDOWN WHEN THE WAGON TRAIN ARRIVES AT RAINBOW CREEK TO MAKE CAMP...

LOOKS LIKE YOU WON, SH, FLINT?

I HOPE SO... BUT NOW I'M BEGINNING TO WINKER ABOUT THAT POOL BRAGAN!



YOU CAN STOP WORRYING, FLINT... WE FOUND LUTE BRAGAN ON THE TRAIL!

YOU DID?



WE SURE DID! AND I MADE HIM WINKER HIS TEAM IN... HE'S MADDEN'A SINGED POLICAT BECAUSE THEY JUST PULLED UP AND QUIT ON HIM!



OKAY, BOYS... LAUGH YOUR HEADS OFF! I GOT IT COMIN'! GOT TO ADMIT THAT YOU WERE RIGHT!

HORSES AND RIGGS CAN ONLY BE PUSHED SO FAR... I'M GLAD YOU LEARNED A LESSON, BRAGAN... MAYBE NOW WE CAN BE FRIENDS!



SURE, WINKER... AND FROM NOW ON IF I OPEN MY COTTEN-PICKIN' ALABAMA MOUTH, YOU GOT MY PERMISSION TO PUT YOUR FIST IN IT!

HALLELUJAH!

ALMANACS... OLD AND NEW

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Almanacs are known to have been in use since ancient Roman times and are still popular today. Besides containing a calendar, they usually list the dates of holidays, feast days, birthdays of great men, important battles, and many other statistics.



Filled with fascinating facts about various subjects, including the planets and stars, phases of the moon, times of eclipses, and other phenomena, they are a great source of accurate general information.



This was not always the case, however. In the 18th century, almanacs were popular mainly for their many predictions, made by astrology, most of which were highly inaccurate. Nevertheless, the effect of the predictions, such as the end of the world by fire or flood, was often so disastrous on the population that, at times, the publishing of prophetic almanacs was banned.



For Richard's Almanac, published by Benjamin Franklin in 1732 to 1757, is the best known almanac produced in the United States. Besides the usual store of information, it contained advice and maxims, many of which are still in use. Today, most almanacs are published by newspapers, trades, and professions. An annual publication by the U. S. Navy Department is a detailed text book for the navigator and is found on all American vessels.



A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

INDIAN ENGLISH



The American Indian was fast in picking up the English language, but rather than use single words, he preferred to use phrases which colorfully described objects and actions. "Making wide apart tracks" depicted someone running.



To explain a journey that took ten days and nights, the Indians would say it was "ten sleeps away," or if the exact distance was unknown, it was "many sleeps away."



The Indians were curious about the amazing field glasses which the soldiers used . . . and after looking through them, the braves decided they were "bring-em-close-glasses."



When the army issued a new rifle that would shoot twice as far as any gun that the Indians had seen before, they named it "shoot today—kill tomorrow gun."



Today, some older Indians use these terms. One Montana Indian was heard referring to an automobile as a "skunk wagon," showing his contempt for new inventions.

A MARKED TRAIL



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Even before organized wagon trains began to roll West, small family groups banded together and began the long trek toward the setting sun. Their pioneer blood would not wait for others to blaze trails for them.



The stoutly constructed wagons were built tightly enough to float when rivers must be crossed and of planks thick enough to afford protection from the bullets of Indian guns when forted against an attack.



But the great defect in the wagons was the lack of inside space. And pioneers, wanting to insure their comfort in the new land, overloaded the wagons with all sorts of family possessions and heirlooms.



As the terrain became more hazardous, the weary oxen weakened under the strain of the heavy loads and it became necessary to dispose of treasures to lighten the wagons ... but the problem was what to discard.



Only the most necessary things were kept. As tools and furniture were tossed off along the way, a well-marked trail was left by those first settlers ... a trail of heartbreak littered with broken dreams.



But much was learned from these experiences. When wagon trains were formed, one of the wagon master's jobs was to help people decide what to pack aboard and how much. An overloaded wagon meant a bad start.