

DELL
Exciting
Adventure

WAGON TRAIN

MARCH
Still 10¢

Major Adams risks his
life to save a runaway
boy who tries to join
the wagon train!

WARD BOND

ROBERT HORTON





WAGON TRAIN

THE RUNAWAY FROM CANYONVILLE



While attempting to return a runaway boy to his cattle-baron father, Charlie Wooster is imprisoned in the baron's private jail.



To rescue Charlie, Major Adams battles the baron's hired guns and risks his own life to save the boy who has run away again.

FIGHT FOR TIME



When Flint McCullough rides into town on a mission for Major Adams, he finds himself involved in a fight he had not anticipated.

WAGON TRAIN

The RUNAWAY FROM CANYONVILLE



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goooooooooow!
HELP! SOMEBODY
HELP!

CLUNG!



SOUNDS LIKE WOOSTER'S
GOT A TIGER BY THE TAIL!

LET GO OF ME!

NOT
ON YOUR
LIFE, YOU
NO-COUNT
THIEF!



WHO'S IN
THERE,
FLINT?

IT'S A BOY!

LET ME OUT OF HERE!
I WASN'T DOING
ANYTHING!

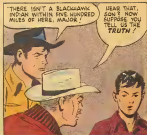


NOT DOING ANYTHING, EH?
MAYBE THESE THINGS JUST
CRAWLED INSIDE YOUR
JACKET?



I WAS JUST HUNGRY THAT'S
ALL! YOU NEVER WOULD'VE
RAISED THE STUFF I TOOK!





AT THE CAMPFIRE...

WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO, MAJOR?

NOT MUCH WE CAN DO, FLINT... WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM WITH US AS FAR AS WATSON CITY... MAYBE SOME OF THE FOLKS THERE CAN TELL US WHO HE IS!

IN WOOSTER'S HOOD, THE YOUNG BOY SLEEPS RESTLESSLY...

GOT... GOT TO GET AWAY... CANYONVILLE'S NO GOOD...

HE'S TALKIN' IN HIS SLEEP!

GET AWAY FROM PA... ANDY FROM CANNON...

CANNON?

THE NEXT MORNING, WOOSTER TALKS TO MAJOR ADAMS AND FLINT...

...AND HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A CANNON... AND CANYONVILLE!

OF COURSE! I SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED!

REMEMBERED WHAT?

CANYONVILLE IS A RANCH ABOUT TEN MILES FROM HERE... AND THE OWNER IS A MAN NAMED CANNON WALKER... A CATTLE BARON OF SORTS!





WOOSTER LEAVES WITH THE BOY, PLANNING TO CATCH UP WITH THE TRAIN BY NOON...

I'LL BET WOOSTER WILL BE HAPPY TO SEE THAT YOUNGSTER LEAVE!

IF HE WERE MY KID, I'D WAHLE THE TAIL OUT OF HIM!



I'LL ADMIT THE BOY IS A WILD ONE... BUT TEN TO ONE HE'S NOT ENTIRELY TO BLAME!



CHARLIE APPROACHES THE DOMAIN OF CERNON WALKER...

OUR RENCH IS JUST AROUND THE NEXT BEND...



AT THAT MOMENT...

MR. WALKER! LOOK!



IT'S JIMMY!

PA! PA! HELP!



BEERY WOOSTER REALIZES WHAT IS HAPPENING...



WOOSTER IS TAKEN TO THE WALKER RANCH...

I'M LOCKING YOU UP HERE UNTIL WE DECIDE EXACTLY WHAT TO DO WITH YOU!

YOU GOT TO LISTEN TO ME... I'M TELLING THE TRUTH!



NO USE PLEADING, WISTER... WHAT CANNON WALKER SAYS AROUND HERE IS LAW!

YOU MEAN HE'S GOT THE RIGHT TO LOCK ME UP... WHEN I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING?

IT'S YOUR WORD AGAINST HIS, WISTER... AND SINCE THIS IS MY PROPERTY AND HIS JAIL AND HIS BOY THAT WAS MISSING... I'D SAY YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE!



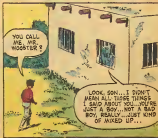
LATER...

HEY, BOY! YOU... COME HERE!



YOU CALL ME, MR. WOOSTER?

LOOK, SON... I DIDN'T MEAN ALL THOSE THINGS I SAID ABOUT YOU... YOU'RE JUST A BOY... NOT A BAD BOY, REALLY... JUST KIND OF MIXED UP...





MELDIE ADAMS RIDES TOWARD THE WALKER RANCH, AND A SHORT TIME LATER...





MEANWHILE...

HOW ABOUT IT, PA? CAN I HAVE THAT BLACK PONY?

I ALREADY TOLD YOU, BOY... THE ANSWER IS NO!

NOW YOU GO AND FIND SOMETHING TO DO... I'M BUSY!



HOW 'BOUT THAT RIDING WE WERE GON' TO DO? CAN WE GO NOW?

THAT'LL HAVE TO WAIT...

BUT YOU PROMISED!

I SAID NOT NOW! MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME...



ALWAYS PROMISING... I'M GONNA RUN AWAY AGAIN AND THIS TIME NOBODY IS GOING TO STOP ME!

SHORTLY...

YOU SURE YOUR PA SAID YOU COULD RIDE THAT HORSE, BOY?

OF COURSE HE DID!







WOOSTER WAS BRINGING YOUR BOY BACK TO YOU, CANNON...

SEEMS HE CLAIMED THE SAME THING... A BIG LIE!



IT'S THE TRUTH! WE CAUGHT YOUR BOY TRYING TO STEAL FOOD FROM US... AND HE WANTED US TO TAKE HIM ALONG, TOO!

MY BOY JIMMY WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT...



DO YOU REALLY KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT BOY? HAVE YOU BOTHERED TO FIND OUT WHY HE MIGHT HAVE RUN AWAY?

LOOK, MISTER...



NO, YOU LOOK! YOU'RE DEAD WRONG AND IT'S TIME YOU FOUND IT OUT! NOW BEING THAT BOY HERE... I WANT YOU TO QUESTION HIM AGAIN SO WE CAN HEAR HIS STORY TOGETHER!

CRANON RIDES AND GOES TO FIND JIMMY...



HE'S GONE, MR. WALKER! TOOK THE BLACK HORSES AND RODE OFF!

I TOLD HIM HE COULDN'T RIDE THAT HORSE!



HE TOLD ME YOU SAID IT WAS ALL RIGHT...

DO YOU BELIEVE EVERYTHING A **BOY** TELLS YOU? HAVEN'T YOU GOT SENSE ENOUGH TO KNOW HOW THAT HORSE ACTS UP?



IT APPEARS YOUR SON
ISN'T AS TRUTHFUL AS
YOU THOUGHT,
EH, CANNON?

I...I...



HE THREATENED TO HAVE
ME KIDNAPED, MR. WALKER...
I... I FIGURED THE KID
WAS TELLING THE TRUTH!

JIMMY DOESN'T
RUN THIS RANCH...
DO!



ASK SOME OF THE OTHER
BOYS... IT'S BEEN LIKE
THIS A LONG TIME... HE
FIGURED YOU'D GET MAD
IF WE SAID ANYTHING...

WHY DIDN'T
SOMEBODY
TELL ME
WHAT WAS
GOING ON?



IT APPEARS YOU MIGHT
BE RIGHT AFTER ALL,
WISTER! LOOKS LIKE A
LOT OF THINGS HAVE
BEEN GOING ON AROUND
HERE I DIDN'T KNOW
ABOUT!

LOOKS THAT
WAXY, MR.
WALKER!



LET'S JUST HOPE I
FOUND IT OUT IN TIME!
I'VE GOT TO GET THAT
BOY AND BRING HIM
BACK!

I'LL RIDE
WITH YOU!



THE MEN RIDE OUT IN SEARCH OF THE BOY...

TRACKS SEEM TO HEAD
OVER TOWARD THE
CANYON RIM...

AT THAT MOMENT, SOME DISTANCE
AWAY...



SUDDENLY THE
HORSE DEARS...



FORTUNATELY, A LEDGE BREAKS JIMMY'S FALL...



A SHORT TIME LATER...



AS THE MEN REIN IN...



THE MAN AND
BOY ARE
ROLLED TO
SAFETY...



SOON...

I OWE YOU
A LOT, ADAMS...
THANKS FOR
WHAT YOU DID!

I JUST HOPE
THE BOY LEARNED
SOMETHING FROM
ALL THIS!



I KNOW I'VE LEARNED A LOT... I'VE
NEGLECTED MY DUTIES AS A FATHER,
AND I HAVE A LOT OF THINGS TO DO
TO GET THINGS ON THE RIGHT TRACK
AGAIN.



FIRST OFF, BOY, YOU'RE GOING TO
APOLOGIZE TO MR. WOOSTER! AND
I EXPECT THERE ARE A LOT OF OTHER
FOLKS AROUND HERE YOU OWE APOLOGIES
TO!

YEP, PA...



THEN... WHEN YOU START DOING WHAT'S
RIGHT, YOU AND I MIGHT GO FIGHTING...
I EXPECT WE'VE GOT A LOT OF TALKING
TO DO... A LOT
OF THINGS TO
STRAIGHTEN
OUT!

SEE, PA! THAT'LL
BE GREAT!



LATER, THE MAJOR AND WOOSTER RIDE
BACK TO THE WAGON TRAIN...

WHAT CAME OVER THAT
YOUNGSTER, MAJOR...
WHY HE ACTED ALMOST
LIKE A REAL BOY!

THAT'S BECAUSE
HE JUST FOUND
HIMSELF A
REAL
FATHER!



FIDGETY TENDERFOOT

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The young man stopped at the blacksmith shop and timidly asked the smith if it would be all right if he stood in the shade of the building for a little while. The big man at the anvil nodded, and the other put his valve down. He was plainly an easterner. Nervously he mopped his brow, shifted his feet, examined his fingernails, and looked up and down the main street of the little cow town. Then he glanced at the blacksmith again and said, "Sure is hot."

The big man cut a glance at him, nodded, and hammered on a horseshoe.

The young man waited for the hammering to stop, then said, "I walked all the way up from the depot." He smiled. Frowned. "I'm to meet a man here." He hidged in embarrassment. "I'm going to marry his daughter."

The blacksmith moved to his forge and back without a comment.

"The girl's name is Mary," the young man continued. "Wonderful girl." He mopped his face again. "She lives in this town." He brushed at his sleeve. "I've got the ring in my valve there. I met Mary in school back East, and we decided to get married when I got going on a steady job. I've got it. Been on it a year."

The smith hammered on another horseshoe.

When he could be heard, the young man said, "I came a long way to get married. From Philadelphia. Mary wrote me to come to this shop. Said I'd meet her father if I waited here, and he and I could get acquainted. She said she'd be here in a little while after my train got in." Again he looked up and down the street. "I don't know why she didn't just meet me at the train. I wonder if maybe—the reason is that her father might be . . . well . . . the kind of a man a girl wouldn't be very proud of, and that's why she wanted me to meet him first. You know,

then I could just leave on the next train . . . without seeing her . . . if I wanted to. You think she might be giving me that chance?"

The smith shrugged and dipped his horse-shoe in a tub of water to cool it.

"I hope it's nothing like that," the young man said. "Because I'd never do that. I love Mary." He grinned sheepishly. "I don't know how I could ever live without her. But I guess you don't care to hear about all this."

The blacksmith nodded. "It's all right, young fellow. Go ahead and talk."

"I'm on my vacation now," the young man went on. "I've already told my boss I'm going to get married. He's going to give me a raise when I get back." He chuckled. "You know something; I thought about trying to make a big splash when I meet Mary's dad. You know . . . dress all up, brag about my job, lie to him a little, maybe, about how much money I make." He shook his head. "But I couldn't do it. Mary has been fair with me right along. True and honest, she is. And I've been fair and honest with her, too. So I couldn't be any way but fair with her father, could I? That's the way I figure it. So when I meet him, I'll tell him the truth about myself. I'll tell him Mary won't have a fancy house or anything like that to start with. But I'll work hard to make a good life for us. I'll be good to her. I'll tell him that."

He half turned to once more look up and down the street, and stopped dead. Mary was standing there, not ten feet from him, smiling at him. She cried, "Tommy!" and gave a happy little shriek and was in his arms. They looked, then she said to the big man at the anvil, "Well, what do you think of him?"

The man grinned. "He'll do."

"Oh, thanks, Dad!" she exclaimed. "I just knew you'd like him," she said, casting a side-long glance at the nervous tenderfoot.

THE BEST POLICY

GLORY BE! THERE MUST BE OVER A THOUSAND DOLLARS IN HERE!

WHO DOES IT BELONG TO? ANY IDENTIFICATION?

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ON THE TRAIL TO HARPSVILLE, TEXAS... HANK AND ZEKE, TWO COWBOYS A BIT DOWN ON THEIR LUCK, MAKE AN ASTONISHING FIND ...

WHO CARES? IT BELONGS TO US NOW!

NOW, ZEKE... YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT. LET ME HAVE IT! WE'LL PROBABLY FIND THE OWNER IN HARPSVILLE!

HERE'S THE NAME... CLINT DASCOMB...

HANK... ARE YOU REALLY CONSIDERING GIVING ALL THAT MONEY AWAY?

CAN'T GIVE AWAY WHAT'S NOT OURS! IF I LOST MY WALLET, I'D GIVE EXPECT WHATEVER FOUND IT TO RETURN IT... IF THEY COULD!

WELL, I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT... BUT THE WAY OUR LUCK'S BEEN GOING, WE COULD SURE USE THE MONEY!

SURE WE COULD... BUT IT'S NOT RIGHT THAT WE SHOULD USE SOME ONE ELSE'S HARD LUCK TO CHANGE OURS!

ALL RIGHT! YOU'VE CONVINCED ME! BUT YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM HOPING WE DON'T FIND THIS DASCOMB FELLA!

SOMETIME LATER, AS THE TWO COWBOYS RIDE INTO HAPSVILLE...

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME FOR THE MAIN EVENT!

YEAH... AND I'D ALWAYS HEARD HAPSVILLE WAS A QUIET LITTLE TOWN!



AFTERNOON, FRIEND... WONDER IF YOU'D KNOW A FELLA NAMED CLINT DASCOMB?

DASCOMB? ARE YOU SERIOUS? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D KNOW HIM?



JUST ASKIN', MISTER! NO NEED TO FLY OFF THE HANDLE!

WHY YOU LOOKIN' FOR HIM IN THIS TOWN, ANYWAY?



RECKON THAT'S OUR BUSINESS! ONE THING'S SURE, IF HE'S HERE, WE'LL FIND HIM! WHERE'S THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE?

UH... RIGHT DOWN THE STREET... BUT THE SHERIFF'S OUT OF TOWN... WON'T BE BACK FOR AN HOUR OR SO!



OKAY, THANKS! WE'LL LOOK FOR DASCOMB ON OUR OWN!

THOSE BOYS ARE EITHER LAW, OR LACK! SURE HOPE THEY KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOIN'!







HEY, YOU TWO! I
WISH YOU'RE LOOKING
FOR ME!

WE ARE IF YOU'RE
CLINT DASCOMB!



WELL I AM! AND THIS
IS THE FIRST AND LAST TIME
WE'LL EVER MEET! GO FOR
YOUR GUNS!



BUT BEFORE GUNS ARE DRAWN...

HOLD IT! WHAT'S
GOING ON HERE?

BEATS ME, SHERIFF! THIS
FELLA DASCOMB AND HIS
FRIENDS WERE ALL SET TO
GUN US!



WE WERE JUST
LOOKING FOR HIM
TO RETURN THIS
WALLET WE
FOUND ON
THE TRAIL!

WHM... AND LOADED WITH
MONEY... PROBABLY FROM THE
BANK THEY ROBBED IN FORT
WORTH! I'LL JUST CHECK THE
SERIAL NUMBERS ON THE CIRCULAR
I GOT THIS MORNING!

???



THERE'S A \$500
REWARD FOR DASCOMB.
LOOKS LIKE A LUCKY
DAY FOR YOU
FELLES!

DOG-GONE, HANK
... REASON
HONESTY IS THE
BEST POLICY
AFTER ALL... EVEN
IF WE ALMOST GOT
KILLED FOR IT!

WOW!

WAGON TRAIN

FIGHT FOR TIME





PAL, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A DEAL! SIDDAP THERE! WE'RE GONNA HAVE THIS TRIP IN RECORD TIME!



AN HOUR LATER, PLINT ARRIVES IN THE TOWN OF MILE HIGH...

SO FAR, SO GOOD!



IN THE GENERAL STORE...

LIST OF SUPPLIES, MY FRIEND... AND I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU FILL THIS ORDER FAST!

I'LL DO THE BEST I CAN, MISTER...



SOON...

THIS IS THE LAST OF IT!

I'M GOING TO MAKE IT BACK SOONER THAN I EXPECTED!



THAT'LL BE FORTY-ONE DOLLARS AND TWENTY CENTS!

SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH!



OH, NOOOOO!

SOMETHIN' WRONGS?









THE ARRIVAL



Great excitement reigned when, at last, the wagon train reached its destination. Settlers, who had gone on before, turned out to greet the newcomers and help them in their new life.



Children, overjoyed at their freedom, romped and shouted, quickly making friends with their new playmates and exploring the surrounding area.



Though they conceded it, some of the women were dismayed at leaving comparative ease for pioneering hardships.



But there was no turning back, so the entire family set to work to build a new home and a new life.



And soon, they, in turn, greeted new travelers from the wagon trains, giving them help and the courage to face the future—in a strange land.

WAGON TRAIN

THE BIG FIGHT



Boxing was a crowd-drawing sport throughout the growing West. It mattered little to the spectators that the sport had begun in the 800 B.C.'s in Greece and had been an event in the Olympic games of that time in history.



Their only concern was to enjoy any fight that happened to come along. It could be a fight promoted by the town or one between local men who were willing to battle it out with fists until one conceded.



Some sturdy fellows discovered a good way to insure a steady income. They traveled from town to town, offering prize money to any local contender who would put up a fee and meet them in the ring.



Esper townspeople paid to see the fight, adding more to the fighter's purse. As a rule, the fights were short, lasting only a few rounds to keep the advantage with the trained fighter rather than the opponent.



However, the rugged Western men were scrappers, and sometimes they came out on top. Since news of the fighter's defeat did not travel fast, he moved to the next town still proclaiming himself a champion.

ASK DAD, He Had One!

Since 1886 Dads have been giving Sons Daisy Air Rifles as their "first" gun. Probably your Dad had Model 35 take-down Pump Gun 1877... Dad didn't own No. 39 Target Special or 97 Ricochet Sound Air Rifle like you one—because they're both brand new Daisies!

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\$9.95

No. 97
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B New!

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