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captures an outlaw gang!



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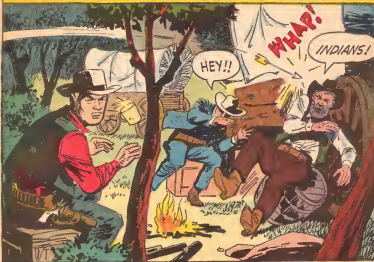
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# WAGON TRAIN **ARROW'S AIM**



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**5** SUDDEPLY, FLINT McCULLOUGH APPEARS FROM BEHIND SOME TREES...



WHAT'S EVERYONE HIDING FOR? SOMETHING WRONG?

DON'T TELL ME YOU SHOT THAT ARROW!

WHAT ARROW?



THIS ARROW! IT ALMOST TOOK OUR HEADS OFF!

DOG-GONE, MAJOR... I SURE DIDN'T MEAN TO COME THAT CLOSE... MUST HAVE MISSED THAT TREE BACK AWAYS!



I'VE JUST BEEN PRACTICING WITH THIS BOW AND ARROWS MY INDIAN FRIEND, WHITE BEAR, GAVE ME!

I'D SAY YOU NEED A LOT MORE PRACTICE!



YOU HANDLE A GUN WELL ENOUGH, FLINT... LEAVE THE BOW AND ARROWS TO THE INDIANS!

IT'S JUST A FORM OF RECREATION, MAJOR...



NEVER KNOW WHEN IT MIGHT COME IN HANDY... AND I'M GETTIN' PRETTY GOOD AT IT, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!

YEAH! YOU'RE SO GOOD YOU ALMOST SHOT THE MAJOR!



WHY DON'T YOU TAKE UP SOME OTHER FORM OF RECREATION... LIKE *SEWING* OR *KNITTING*?

WOULDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE, MAJOR... HE'D PROBABLY STAB SOMEBODY WITH A KNITTIN' NEEDLE!

GO AHEAD AND LAUGH, BOYS... ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL PROVE TO YOU THAT A BOW AND ARROW IS EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS A GUN... IF NOT BETTER!



THE NEXT MORNING, THE WAGON TRAIN MOVES OUT ONCE AGAIN...

WAGONS... HO!



AS THEY MOVE ALONG TRAIL...

SOMEONE UP AHEAD!

WONDER WHO HE IS? HE'S A LONG WAY FROM ANY TOWN!



THE STRANGER APPROACHES...

A *LAWMAN*... AT LEAST IT LOOKS THAT WAY... HE'S WEARIN' A BADGE!



HOWDY, MEN ...  
I'M SHERIFF  
DAVE KINMAN...  
FROM RAINBOW  
RIDGE!

THAT'S A LONG WAYS  
FROM HERE, SHERIFF  
...WHAT BRINGS YOU  
INTO THESE PARTS?

FOUR OUTLAWS... I'VE BEEN  
TRAILING THEM FOR TWO DAYS!

ALONE?

MY DEPUTY WAS WITH ME  
WHEN I STARTED...AND A  
CITIZEN FROM RAINBOW RIDGE...  
THEY WERE BOTH KILLED!

WE CAUGHT UP WITH THE  
OUTLAWS ABOUT TEN MILES  
BACK... WE CAME OUT ON  
THE LOSIN' END OF A  
GUNFIGHT!

THESE MEN SOUND  
LIKE ROUGH ONES!

THEY ARE... BUT I'M NOT  
RIDIN' BACK NOW... IF I TAKE  
TIME TO GET MORE MEN, I  
MIGHT LOSE THEM FOR GOOD!

DO YOU THINK YOU'LL STAND A  
CHANCE AGAINST ALL FOUR OF  
THEM?

I DON'T KNOW...  
BUT I'M SURE  
GONNA TRY!

I WAS HOPIN' MAYBE I COULD GET SOME FOOD FROM YOU BOYS ... GOOD HOT CUP OF COFFEE MIGHT HELP ME KEEP GOIN'!

SHERIFF, WE'LL DO EVEN BETTER THAN THAT... WE'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A COMPLETE MEAL!



GIVE THE WORD, FLINT... WE'LL MAKE CAMP FOR A SHORT TIME WHILE WOOSTER COOKS SOMETHING UP!

RIGHT!



I APPRECIATE THIS, MISTER...

MAJOR SETH ADAMS, SHERIFF! THAT OTHER FELLA IS MY SCOUT, FLINT McCULLOUGH!



LATER...

MR. WOOSTER, THAT WAS WITHOUT A DOUBT THE *BEST* MEAL I'VE HAD IN A YEAR!

THANKS FOR THE KIND WORDS, MISTER SHERIFF...



MAYBE FLINT WILL REALIZE NOW HOW GOOD A COOK I AM!

DON'T LET IT GO TO YOUR HEAD, CHARLIE! THE SHERIFF HERE'S PROBABLY JUST PULLIN' YOUR LEG!



WHICH WAY YOU BOYS MOVIN'?

WEST... UP THROUGH EAGLE CANYON...



I'LL RIDE ALONG WITH YOU... MY TRAIL HEADS THE SAME WAY!

FINE! LET'S GET STARTED!



AS THE WAGON TRAIN MOVES OUT AGAIN...

I'M WORRIED ABOUT THAT SHERIFF...

THE SAME THOUGHT I'VE BEEN HAVING, FLINT...



GOIN' AFTER FOUR MEN LIKE THAT... ALL ALONE!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING... BUT WE HAVE OUR JOBS, TOO!



WE HAVE A WHOLE WAGON TRAIN OF PEOPLE IN OUR CHARGE... I'M SURE THE SHERIFF UNDERSTANDS THAT!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT...



A SHORT TIME LATER...

LOOKS LIKE A STORM COMING UP!

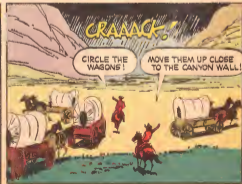
THAT KIND DOESN'T BLOW OVER, MAJOR!



**CRAACK!**

CIRCLE THE WAGONS!

MOVE THEM UP CLOSE TO THE CANYON WALL!





THIS RAIN IS GOING TO WASH OUT ALL THE TRACKS!

IT'S ONE OF THOSE SUDDEN PRAIRIE STORMS, SHERIFF...

THEY HIT FAST, BUT THEY DON'T LAST LONG...

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!



AT THAT MOMENT, NOT FAR AWAY...

WE'RE HUNGRY, HARKNESS!  
WE'VE GOT TO GET FOOD...  
AND SOON!

BUT WE CAN'T  
GO CLOSE TO ANY  
TOWNS...



STOP  
YOUR  
COMPLAINING  
AND LOOK  
DOWN  
THERE...



THIS RAIN WILL MAKE IT EASIER...  
WE CAN GET SOME SUPPLIES FROM  
THEM!

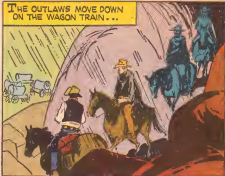
IT'LL BE RISKY...



SO IT'S RISKY... EVERY MOVE WE MAKE IS A RISK... REMEMBER? WE'RE WANTED MEN!



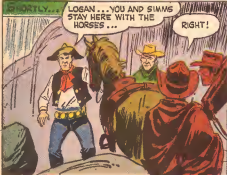
THE OUTLAWS MOVE DOWN ON THE WAGON TRAIN...



SHORTLY...

LOGAN... YOU AND SIMMS STAY HERE WITH THE HORSES...

RIGHT!



THAT RAIN IS REALLY COMING DOWN HARD!

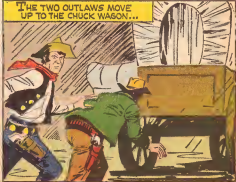
I WISH IT WOULD STOP... I'M LOSING TIME EVERY MINUTE!



THE MEN YOU'RE TRAILING ARE PROBABLY CAUGHT IN IT, TOO, SHERIFF... THEY'LL BE LOSING JUST AS MUCH TIME!



THE TWO OUTLAWS MOVE UP TO THE CHUCK WAGON...



**SUDDENLY...**

WHAT??

JUST SIT QUIET, MISTER... AND YOU *MIGHT* LIVE TO TELL ABOUT THIS!

**THE OUTLAWS GRAB A FEW NEEDED SUPPLIES...**

DON'T POKE YOUR HEAD OUT, OLD-TIMER!

LUCKY THING IT RAINED, HARKNESS...

MAJOR!  
MAJOR!

**BUT THE RAIN AND WIND DROWNS OUT CHARLIE'S CALL...**

GOT TO TELL THE MAJOR!

**AND SOON...**

... AND THEY HAD A GUN STUCK RIGHT IN MY HEAD! THERE WAS NO THIN' I COULD DO! ONE OF 'EM WAS NAMED HARKNESS!

WHAT??

THAT'S ONE OF THE OUTLAWS I'VE BEEN TRAILING...



RAIN OR NO RAIN, I'VE GOT TO MOVE NOW!

WAIT!



WE CAN'T MOVE THESE WAGONS UNTIL THE WEATHER CLEARS... WE MIGHT AS WELL GO WITH YOU!

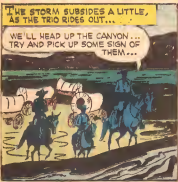


CHARLIE, TAKE CHARGE HERE... WE'LL BE BACK SOON!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET INVOLVED IN THIS, MAJOR ADAMS... I...

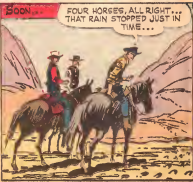


IT'S BEEN BOTHERING FLINT AND ME ALL ALONG THAT YOU HAD TO DO THIS ALONE... NOW WE'VE GOT A REASON AND AN EXCUSE!



THE STORM SUBSIDES A LITTLE, AS THE TRIO RIDES OUT...

WE'LL HEAD UP THE CANYON... TRY AND PICK UP SOME SIGN OF THEM...



SOON...

FOUR HORSES, ALL RIGHT... THAT RAIN STOPPED JUST IN TIME...

THE THREE MEN CONTINUE ON THE TRAIL OF THE FOUR OUTLAWS...



A MILE Ahead, THE OUTLAWS SIGHT AN OLD SHACK...



WE'LL HOLE UP THERE AND FIX SOMETHING TO EAT!

CAN'T BE SOON ENOUGH FOR ME! I'M STARVING!

WE'RE IN LUCK... SEE THAT STOVE! GET SOME WOOD... AND START A FIRE!



THIS WOOD'S PRETTY WET!

IT'LL DO... IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

SMOKE... MAYBE A CAMPSITE!

LOOK!



SOON...

THAT OLD SHACK...  
THE TRACKS LEAD  
RIGHT TO IT!

WE'VE GOT TO  
GET CLOSER...



THE THREE MEN MOVE SLOWLY  
TOWARD THE SHACK...



OUT INSIDE THE SHACK...

HARKNESS! THERE'S  
SOMEBODY COMIN'!



IT'S THAT SHERIFF...  
AND HE'S GOT MORE  
HELP!

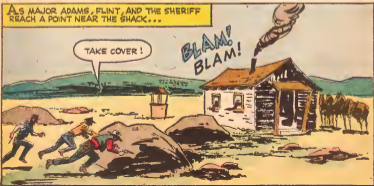
THEY CAN'T  
GET CLOSE  
WITHOUT  
BEIN' SITTIN'  
DUCKS!



AS MAJOR ADAMS, FLINT, AND THE SHERIFF  
REACH A POINT NEAR THE SHACK...

TAKE COVER!

BLAM!  
BLAM!



WE CAN'T GET ANY CLOSER!

AND THERE'S NO TELLING HOW LONG THEY CAN HOLD OUT!



WE COULD WAIT TILL DARKNESS!

THAT MIGHT GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO ESCAPE ...



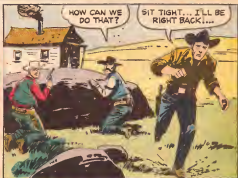
FLINT GETS AN IDEA ...

MAYBE YOU'LL BOTH THINK I'M CRAZY... BUT I THINK WE CAN GET THEM TO COME OUT OF THAT SHACK!



HOW CAN WE DO THAT?

SIT TIGHT... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!...



NOW I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO PROVE TO THE MAJOR JUST WHAT THIS BOW AND ARROW CAN DO IN THE RIGHT SITUATION!



SOON...

A BOW AND ARROW? NOW JUST WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT?

JUST WAIT AND SEE, MAJOR...

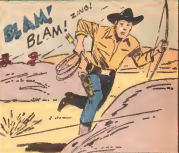


I HAVE TO GET CLOSE TO THE SHACK... THAT ROCK OVER THERE... KEEP ME COVERED!

BE CAREFUL, FLINT!



THE MAJOR AND SHERIFF OPEN FIRE...



BANG!  
BLAM!

BAM!  
BLAM!



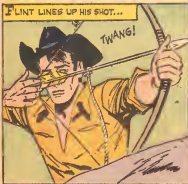
(WHEW!)  
THAT WAS  
CLOSE!

THIS HAS GOT TO WORK!



FLINT LINES UP HIS SHOT...

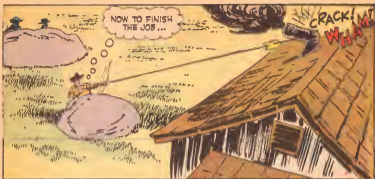
TWANG!



THE ARROW FINDS ITS MARK...







COUGH!  
COUGH!

THE SMOKE ...  
IT'S BACKING UP  
IN THE STOVE ...



DON'T  
SHOOT!

HERE THEY  
COME,  
SHERIFF!



MR. MCCULLOUGH ...  
THAT WAS ABOUT THE  
NICEST TRICK I'VE  
EVER SEEN!

I TAKE BACK EVERYTHING  
I SAID, FLINT ... THAT BOW  
AND ARROW OF YOURS  
WAS GREAT!

APOLOGIES ACCEPTED,  
MAJOR! SAY, MAYBE  
YOU'D LIKE FOR ME TO  
TEACH YOU THE ART  
SOMETIME!

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# A DATE WITH DANGER

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Steve looked closely at the steel-blue revolver the sheriff held out in his hand.

"Gee, Big Tom," Steve gasped, "I'll bet this is the greatest six-shooter ever made." He glanced up at the tall figure looming beside him. "... and I'll bet you are the best sheriff in the whole West!"

Big Tom laughed. "Go 'long with you, young fellah."

"Sure," Steve continued, wide-eyed, "who else but you could have come into this town and cleaned out all the gunslingers and saddle tramps?"

The sheriff frowned. "All of them except Matt Bristow. He's a mean one. I suppose it's just a matter of time before he shows up in town." Then the sheriff laughed. "But that's enough palaver, Son. You'd better high-tail it home 'fore your ma skins me for keeping you from your chores."

"All right," Steve grinned. "See you at the square dance tonight, Sheriff?"

"I'll be there." Then the sheriff chuckled. "You aiming to do some fancy stepping, Son?"

Steve blushed. "Course not, Sheriff. I'm just going along to watch."

In the big barn that night, the fiddles sawed a lively tune as the dancers rollicked back and forth to the catchy hoe-down.

Steve, standing in the shadows, could see Big Tom talking with Judge Green.

Suddenly there was a disturbance from the darkness beyond—angry voices and some shouting, and then, onto the dance floor lurched a huge, disheveled man.

"Matt Bristow!" someone gasped.

"Hey, Sheriff," Bristow yelled savagely, "if you're so blame tough, slap leather!"

Big Tom stiffened but did not move.

"I said reach for it, Sheriff!" Bristow roared again. But Big Tom turned quietly and strode out of the barn.

"Show him, Sheriff," Steve cried out. "Come back... and show him..." A sob choked off his words as his dream of the ideal hero vanished with the figure of Big Tom walking into the night.

The next morning, Steve sat glumly at the breakfast table.

"What's the matter, Son?" his mother asked. "Picking at your food that way, how you going to grow up tall and strong like your sheriff friend?"

Steve stared at his plate.

"Sure got to hand it to him, though," Steve's mother continued. "The whole town's talking 'bout the way he ran Matt Bristow out of town."

Steve looked up quickly. "Big Tom ran Bristow out of town?"

"This morning, 'bout five o'clock, as I gather. Seems they locked horns out in front of the general store. Bristow pulled a gun on the sheriff and Big Tom blasted the six-shooter right out of Bristow's hand. That took the fight out of Bristow quick-like, and he skeddaddled out of town."

"I knew Big Tom wasn't scared of Bristow," Steve said, though doubt was still in his eyes. "But, Ma, why did Big Tom walk away from Bristow last night at the dance? Why didn't he deal with Bristow right then?"

"And take a chance of innocent folks, who were standing around, getting hurt?" She smiled. "Son, not only is that sheriff friend of yours brave, but he's smart. He knew he'd get the chance to settle with Bristow later, when there would be no one near who might get hurt."

She paused. "Say, Son, where you going? You still haven't finished your breakfast."

"Breakfast can wait, Ma," Steve shouted. "Right now, I've got to find Big Tom and tell him that I don't think he's the best sheriff in the whole West—I know it!"

# THE EYEWITNESS

THERE ISN'T A SOUL IN SIGHT!

JUST THE WAY I LIKE IT!  
COME ON!



CRASH!



OKAY, LET'S GET THE MONEY AND FAST!



JUST A FEW DOORS AWAY...

LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE UP EARLY TODAY! THERE ARE TWO HORSES DOWN AT THE BANK!



I WONDER IF THAT'S CHARLIE!



GUESS IT WASN'T CHARLIE! HE SURE WOULD'VE STOPPED BY IF IT WAS! TOLD HIM HIS ORDER WAS GONNA BE READY TODAY!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

BROKEN... SMASHED CLEAN THROUGH, SHERIFF!

MUST'VE BEEN DONE EARLY THIS MORNIN', JIM!



THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY RIDE OUT ON THE TRAIL OF THE BANK ROBBERS...

WE GOT TO FIND 'EM, JED! THE TOWN IS COUNTIN' ON US!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

IT'S THE SHERIFF! AN' HE'S GOT TWO PRISONERS!



BUT SHORTLY...

I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN HOLD THOSE FELLAS, JIM... I *THINK* THEY'RE THE BOYS... BUT I CAN'T *PROVE* IT!

WHAT ABOUT THE MONEY?



THEY MUST'VE HIDDEN IT! DIDN'T HAVE A CENT ON THEM... AND THEY CLAIM THEY WERE NEVER *IN* THIS TOWN!

WE GOT TO GET MORE EVIDENCE...



LATER...

SIMON... YOU SAY YOU SAW THEM?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY, SHERIFF... YOU SEE, I WAS SWEEPIN' OUT THE GENERAL STORE...

THEN YOU *MUST* HAVE SEEN THEM!

WELL, TO TELL THE TRUTH... I GOT REAL BAD EYES... I ONLY HEARD SOMETHIN'!:

THEN I SAW A COUPLE DARK SHAPES RIDIN' ALONG THE STREET... BUT NOTHIN' I COULD IDENTIFY!

BUT *THEY* DON'T KNOW THAT!

HUH?

I'M ALMOST SURE I'VE GOT THE RIGHT MEN... BUT I NEED PROOF... AND, SIMON... YOU CAN GIVE IT TO ME!

LATER THAT DAY, THE SUSPECTS ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE TOWN JUDGE...

YOU KNOW, SHERIFF... I CAN'T ORDER THESE MEN HELD FOR TRIAL UNLESS YOU HAVE MORE EVIDENCE!

I HAVE THE EVIDENCE, JUDGE! AN *EYEWITNESS!* SIMON PRATTLEY SAW THESE MEN...

IS THAT TRUE, SIMON? ARE THESE THE MEN THAT ROBBED THE BANK...

WELL, I...UH...I WAS IN THE GENERAL STORE ... SWEEPIN' OUT... JUST A COUPLE DOORS DOWN FROM THE BANK...

I HEARD THIS CRASHIN' NOISE ... LIKE A WINDOW OR SOMETHIN' BEIN' BUSTED ... THEN I SAW TWO MEN ON HORSES...



I THOUGHT YOU SAID NOBODY WAS AROUND!

I THOUGHT WE WERE ALONE...I...

GUESS THAT'S PROOF ENOUGH! A CONFESSION IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ANY JUDGE!

WHAT'D YOU DO WITH THE MONEY, BOYS?



WE'LL SHOW YOU WHERE IT IS... GUESS THERE'S NOthin' ELSE WE CAN DO NOW THAT YOU HAD AN EYEWITNESS TO IT!

THANKS, SIMON... AND I'M GOIN' TO DO SOMETHIN' FOR YOU IN RETURN!

A WEEK LATER...

I SURE THANK YOU FOR THESE GLASSES, SHERIFF ... DOGGONE, I CAN SEE AS CLEAR AS ANYTHING! THE WHOLE WORLD LOOKS DIFFERENT!

IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO, SIMON... ALTHOUGH YOU WERE A MIGHTY GOOD WITNESS WHEN YOU *COULDN'T SEE* VERY WELL!



# WAGON TRAIN

# SHIUX PASSPORT

MAJOR! LOOK!

I'VE GOT EYES, FLINT! LET'S  
SEE WHAT WE CAN DO!



HE'S IN BAD SHAPE!  
SUNSTROKE AND  
SHOCK!

WONDER WHAT HE'S  
DOING ALONE IN  
COUNTRY LIKE  
THIS ANYWAY?



WE'LL HAVE THE  
ANSWER TO THAT  
IF WE CAN BRING  
HIM OUT OF IT!

WAGONS, HALT!



GET OFF THE SEAT OF YOUR  
PANTS, WOOSTER! SEE IF  
YOU CAN HELP THIS FELLA!

YESSIR, MAJOR! SET HIM  
DOWN IN THE SHADE OF THE  
WAGON!





HE SURE ENOUGH LOOKS DRIED OUT! BEST WE GET A LITTLE WATER IN HIM FIRST OFF!

HE'S BEEN IN THE SUN A LONG TIME, THAT'S FOR SURE!

NOT TOO MUCH, WOOSTER!

I KNOW, I KNOW! YOU THINK THIS IS THE FIRST CASE OF SUNSTROKE I'VE EVER SEEN?

GET A BLANKET, FLINT! FUNNY AS IT SEEMS, WE GOT TO KEEP HIM WRAPPED GOOD FOR A WHILE!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, DOCTOR WOOSTER!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

MIGHT AS WELL MAKE CAMP HERE, FLINT! NO SENSE TAKIN' A CHANCE WITH THIS FELLA'S LIFE!


RIGHT, MAJOR! I'LL HAVE THE FOLKS CIRCLE THE WAGONS! NO SENSE TAKING ANY CHANCES IN SIOUX COUNTRY EITHER!

LATER THAT EVENING...

HOW'S THE PATIENT DOING, WOOSTER?

BEEN MUMBLIN' SOMETHING AWFUL, MAJOR... BUT HE'S COMIN' OUT OF IT NOW!

AAAA...OOOOH... GOT TO...HELP... FAMILY ON TRAIL... WAGON BROKE AXLE... SUN BURNING... MUST GO BACK... SAVE THEM...




NOW, YOU TAKE IT EASY, FELLA ... WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN! HOW MANY OF YOUR PEOPLE ARE OUT THERE... AND WHERE?

MY...WIFE...SON...AND BROTHER... WE LEFT THE WAGON TRAIN WE WERE WITH...HEADED NORTH...




SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT... I WAS A DANGED FOOL...

I'VE GOT TO AGREE WITH THAT! THIS IS NO COUNTRY FOR A SINGLE WAGON!



TELL ME WHERE THEY ARE! I'LL RIDE OUT AND BRING THEM IN!

CAN'T TELL YOU... BUT I CAN LEAP YOU THERE!



YOU WON'T BE LEADIN' ANYBODY ANYWHERE, MISTER... NOT FOR A DAY OR TWO ANYWAYS!

YES! I CAN MAKE IT! I'VE...GOT TO!



THE SUN'S SETTING! CAN'T GO ANYWHERE UNTIL MORNING ANYWAY! LET'S SEE HOW YOU FEEL THEN!

THE MAJOR'S RIGHT, MISTER! I'VE RIDDEN THIS TRAIL A DOZEN TIMES, BUT I'D HATE TO TRY IT AT NIGHT!



ALL RIGHT... GUESS YOU KNOW BEST! I...APPRECIATE YOUR HELP! MY NAME'S MOORE... WALT MOORE!

ALL RIGHT, WALT... YOU GET SOME MORE REST! WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS IN THE MORNINGS!

THE NEXT MORNING, WALT IS STRONGER, SO HE AND FLINT SET OUT ON THE TRAIL CARRYING A SPARE AXLE FOR THE STRANDED WAGON...

GOOD LUCK! WE'LL MEET YOU AT FISHER'S CROSSING IF EVERYTHING GOES RIGHT!

THANKS, MAJOR! WE'LL SEE YOU THERE!



AS THE WAGON TRAIN MOVES ON, WALT GUIDES FLINT BACK TOWARD WHERE HE LEFT HIS FAMILY...

COME ON!  
GET ON,  
THERE!



AND AS THEY MOVE ON, HOUR AFTER HOUR, FLINT'S ALERT EYES SCAN THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR SIGNS OF SIOUX TROUBLE...



HE SEES NONE UNTIL, JUST BEFORE THEY REACH THEIR DESTINATION...

JUST OVER THIS RIDGE, FLINT!

OH-OH! THAT SMOKE COULD MEAN TROUBLE!

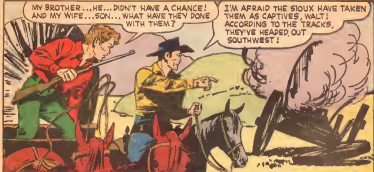


THEN, A SHY SIGHT MEETS THEIR EYES...

EASY, WALT!

OH, NO!





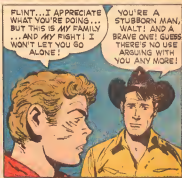
MY BROTHER...HE... DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!  
AND MY WIFE...SON... WHAT HAVE THEY DONE  
WITH THEM?

I'M AFRAID THE SIOUX HAVE TAKEN  
THEM AS CAPTIVES, WALT!  
ACCORDING TO THE TRACKS,  
THEY'VE HEADED OUT  
SOUTHWEST!



I'VE GOT TO  
FOLLOW THEM!  
I'VE GOT TO  
RESCUE MY  
WIFE AND  
BOY!

YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO  
TRAVEL, WALT! BUT I  
PROMISE...AFTER WE DO  
WHAT WE MUST HERE...  
I'LL TRACK THEM, AND TRY  
TO GET THEM AWAY FROM  
THE SIOUX! BESIDES, ONE OF  
US HAS TO GET THE SUPPLY  
WAGON BACK TO THE  
MAJOR!



FLINT...I APPRECIATE  
WHAT YOU'RE DOING...  
BUT THIS IS MY FAMILY  
...AND MY FIGHT! I  
WON'T LET YOU GO  
ALONE!

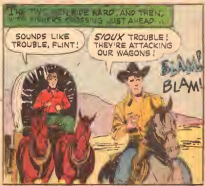
YOU'RE A  
STUBBORN MAN,  
WALT! AND A  
BRAVE ONE! GUESS  
THERE'S NO USE  
ARGUING WITH  
YOU ANY MORE!



SOMETIME LATER...

LET'S HEAD TO FISHER'S  
CROSSING! WE'LL LEAVE  
THE WAGON AND GET YOU  
A GOOD, FAST SADDLE  
HORSE!

THE FASTER,  
THE BETTER!



THE TWO MEN RIDE HARD, AND THEN,  
WITH SMOGERS CROSSING JUST AHEAD...

SOUNDS LIKE  
TROUBLE, FLINT!

SIOUX TROUBLE!  
THEY'RE ATTACKING  
OUR WAGONS!

BLAM!

GUNS BLAZING, WALT AND FLINT RIDE  
FURIOUSLY INTO THE BATTLE



LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE  
HAD ENOUGH!

WALT AND I HAVEN'T, MAJOR! AND WE CAN  
USE THAT PINTO THEY LEFT BEHIND!  
THAT'S JUST THE HORSE WE NEED!



AND SOON...

WE CAN ALWAYS USE  
AN EXTRA HORSE, FLINT,  
BUT WHAT'S SO SPECIAL  
ABOUT *THAT* ONE?

THIS LITTLE  
BEAUTY'S GOING  
TO LEAD US  
TO THE SIOUX  
CAMP, MAJOR!



THE SIOUX  
CAMP? YOU  
HAVE GONE  
LOCO!

WE MUST'VE!

NOW JUST  
SETTLE  
DOWN AND  
I'LL EXPLAIN!



QUICKLY, FLINT TELLS THE MAJOR WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

...SO YOU SEE, MAJOR...I FIGURE THIS PINTO CAN LEAD US TO THE SIOUX CAMP! THEN, WITH LUCK, WE CAN RESCUE WALT'S WIFE AND BOY!

COME ON, FLINT! LET'S GET GOIN'!



GOOD LUCK!

HIYAAAH!



WALT GIVES THE PINTO HIS HEAD AS FLINT'S TRAINED EYES SCAN THE TRAIL.

THIS PONY SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING, FLINT!

HE DOES! AND THE SIOUX HAVE GUIT COVERING THEIR TRAIL! THESE TRACKS SAY THEY'RE ONLY ABOUT AN HOUR AHEAD OF US!



WE'RE RUNNIN' OUT OF DAYLIGHT!

THAT'S GOOD! WE WANT TO, WALT! DARKNESS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE!



THE SUN DISAPPEARS. DARKNESS SHROUDS THE PRAIRIE AS FLINT AND WALT GAZE DOWN ON THE UNSUSPECTING SIOUX . . .

WHAT CAN WE DO, FLINT? WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THEY'RE HOLDING MY WIFE AND SON!

UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THEY'RE IN THAT TEEPEE THE STOUT SQUAW IS GUARDING! BUT WE CAN'T MOVE IN UNTIL MORE OF THE CAMP GO TO SLEEP!



THE HOURS PASS, THEN FLINT DECIDES  
IT IS TIME TO MAKE THE MOVE...



WORKING TOGETHER, FLINT AND WALT  
STRIKE DOWN THE BRAVE ON SENTRY  
DUTY...



THEN THEY MOVE STEALTHILY  
TOWARD THE REAR OF THE TEEPEE...



BOTH OF THEM REALIZE THAT  
ONE FALSE MOVE WILL SPELL DEATH...



YOU GO IN  
FIRST, WALT!



SHHH, RUTH! WE'LL  
HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE  
IN A MINUTE!



UP YOU GO, BOY! THEY'VE SPOTTED US!



KEEP DOWN! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET OUT OF SIGHT! THEY WON'T FOLLOW US!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

PULL 'EM UP, WALT! WE CAN TAKE IT EASY FROM HERE ON TO THE WAGON TRAIN!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, FLINT... HOW COME THEY WON'T FOLLOW US?



THE SIOUX WON'T FIGHT AT NIGHT! THEY'RE AFRAID IF THEY GET KILLED, THEIR SPIRITS WILL BE LOST IN DARKNESS FOREVER!

I'M GLAD THEY BELIEVE IN SOMETHING!



THEY DO... AND THEIR BELIEF BECAME YOUR PASSPORT TO FREEDOM!





# TENDERFEET STATION



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A cluster of boiling hot springs in the middle of the Nevada desert were a boon to water-starved travelers — if they took the time to cool the water. Unfortunately, many over-anxious gold seekers failed to do so.

One man, Pop Haver, who stopped for a week to cool the water and rest his cattle, remained to establish a way station that became famous throughout the West.

A wagon train, happening upon Pop Haver when he was stopped at the springs, offered a trade of seventy of their trail-weary oxen

for twenty of Pop's fresh ones, so they could continue their journey uninterrupted. The profit of this deal was too good to turn down, so Pop Haver made the trade and stayed on at the watering hole to rest his new tender-footed herd.

Each new wagon train that passed offered Pop Haver a similarly profitable trade. Soon, he had more cattle and supplies than he could ever use or travel with. Thus was founded Tenderfeet Station — and a colorful new word was added to our language.



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Moenell, Missouri

## WAGON TRAIN WEAPON OF LIFE



The bow and arrow played a vitally important part in the life of the Indians. Used for hunting, it supplied them with all the food, clothing, and shelter they needed.



Bows and arrows replaced the spear as weapons, and, handled by expert hunters, they were faster and more effective than single-shot rifles for short-range hunting.



When making his bow, the Indian determined its proper length by measuring from the tip of one shoulder across his chest to the end of the middle finger of the opposite outstretched hand... about four feet.



Arrows were usually fletched with eagle or hawk feathers. The length of an arrow was measured from a man's elbow to the tip of his index finger. A good arrow traveled about five hundred feet.



Arrows were carried in quivers made of woven corn husks, bark, or hide. The quiver was worn in back, its strap crossing the wearer's left shoulder and passing under his right arm. The arrows were withdrawn by the right hand over the left shoulder.



Since the bow and arrow allowed an Indian to shoot his enemy from a safe distance, it was not the favored weapon of war. The Indians felt that man-to-man combat was the height of bravery and the surest way to win personal glory.

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