

DELL

DEC.-JAN.
Still 10¢

GUNSMOKE

A man in a cowboy hat and vest holding a revolver against a brick wall. The man is wearing a light-colored cowboy hat, a red long-sleeved shirt, a tan vest, and a brown leather belt with a large buckle. He is holding a revolver in his right hand, pointing it upwards. The background is a brick wall.

The Whole Town
Waited... for the
"Payoff in Lead"!

HAPPY DREAMS



...of a real
Roy Rogers
Christmas



JUST LOOK AT THESE WONDERFUL TOYS AND COWBOY HATS, BOOTS, GUNS AND CLOTHES. EVERYTHING IS BRANDED WITH MY OFFICIAL DOUBLE R BAR LABEL BETTER MAKE SURE YOU HAVE SOME OF THIS GEAR ON YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST. SHOW THIS PICTURE NOW TO MOM OR DAD SO THEY'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO TELL SANTA.



LOOK FOR MY DOUBLE R BAR BRAND

Roy Rogers

spoons - action toys - hats - bed spreads - shirts - socks - boots - belts - chip and rice - chow-chow - cheese - gum - gumdrops - hats - jellies - jellies
 sets - jackets - paper napkins - pens - rollers - screw kits - jewelry - pajamas - rolls and tapes covering sets - pencil holders - pencils - paper - paper - paper - paper
 pencils - pen and paper holders - pens - school bags - teddy bears - t-shirts - ties - toys - toothpaste - toothbrushes - toothbrushes - toothbrushes

GUNSMOKE

THE FRIENDLY ENEMY

BUT WHO ARE THEY FROM?

I WAS PAID TO DELIVER THEM. MISS KITTY! AND I WAS ALSO PAID NOT TO SAY WHO SENT THEM!

OH, KITTY! THIS IS THE THIRD DAY IN A ROW SOMEONE SENT YOU FLOWERS! WHO CAN IT BE? THIS NOTE IS LIKE THE OTHERS! ALL IT SAYS IS— "FROM AN ADMIRER"



DO YOU THINK MATT—

---MATT? NO, HE DOESN'T GO IN FOR ROMANTIC GESTURES LIKE FLOWERS!



FLOWERS AGAIN?

YES, MATT! AREN'T THEY LOVELY? JUST SMELL THEM!



NO, THANK YOU!

WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHOW YOUR ANSWER, MATT!



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year old and new address enclosing if possible year old address label.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS







WELL, KITTY,
WHICH ONE DO
YOU RECKON
IS HUM?

(GULP!) I-I HOPE HE
ISN'T AMONG THEM,
AT ALL!



KITTY, I THINK YOU'VE GOT COMPANY!



AFTERNOON, MISS KITTY!
I WAS HOPING YOU'D WEAR
MY CORSAGE!

SO YOU'RE
MY "ADMIRER"?



FROM THE FIRST TIME I
ROSE INTO DODGE AND
SAW YOU, I'VE BEEN YOUR
ADMIRER! MY NAME'S
WALT WORTH!

YOU CERTAINLY
HAVE AN EYE
FOR PRETTY
FLOWERS, WALT!



THANK YOU, MISS KITTY!
BUT EVEN THE LOVELIEST
FLOWER PAGES NEXT
TO YOUR CHARM!

(SIGH!) WHAT
A PLEASANT
FLATTERER
YOU ARE!



MISS KITTY, I WAS
WONDERING IF PERHAPS
AFTER YOU FINISHED
WORK----

---EXCUSE ME,
KITTY? OFFICIAL
BUSINESS!





FIRST TIME I'VE LEARNED BOXING BACK EAST! MAKES ME MORE THAN A MATCH FOR A ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE FIGHTER LIKE HIM!



HOPE I HAVEN'T HURT YOU, MARSHAL! THE TOWN NEEDS A GOOD LAWMAN LIKE YOU! IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE PUSHING ME AROUND!



HERE'S THAT GUNBELT YOU WANTED! NO HARD FEELINGS?



NOW, MISS KITTY I WAS ABOUT TO ASK YOU IF I COULD TAKE YOU TO THE DANCE TOMORROW NIGHT!



YOU MEAN THE BIG-BARN DANCE?

YES! I WAS HOPING IF NO ONE ELSE ASKED YOU, MIGHT I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF ESCORTING YOU TO THAT SQUARE DANCE?





RIGHT, BECAUSE WHILE MARSHAL DILLON IS SQUARE DANCING IN THAT HALL, WE'LL BE TUNNELING FROM ITS CELLAR INTO THE BANK NEXT DOOR!

AND THE BEAUTY OF IT ALL IS THAT NOT ONLY WILL WE KNOW THE MARSHAL IS OUT OF THE WAY, BUT THE MUSIC WILL DROWN OUT THE SOUND OF OUR DIGGING AND BLOWING THE BANK SAFE!



THE NEXT EVENING...

CHESTER DIDN'T MIND WATCHING THINGS FOR ME, KITTY, SO I CAN SPEND THE WHOLE DANCE HERE!



THEN LET'S NOT WASTE A DANCE, MATT!



MEANWHILE, BELOW THE DANCE HALL...

LUCKY THE EARTH IS SO SOFT! WE SHOULD COME UP INTO THE BANK IN HALF AN HOUR AT THIS RATE!



KEEP DIGGING! I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOKSEE UPSTAIRS AND MAKE SURE OUR DANCING MARSHAL IS STILL STOMPING OVERHEAD!



YES, DILLON LOOKS PRETTY BUSY!
WELL, A LITTLE COMPETITION IS SURE
TO KEEP HIM FINNED HERE ALL NIGHT!



MAY I? CERTAINLY, WALT! I KNOW
MATT WON'T MIND!



I JUST CAME FOR ONE DANCE---
BUT IT HAD TO BE WITH YOU!



YOU CERTAINLY ARE A FINE
DANCER!
THANK YOU, MISS KITTY!
JUST PRACTICE, BUT NOW
I'LL LET THE MARSHAL HAVE
SOME MORE PRACTICE!



MINUTES LATER...

YOU KNOW MATT, SOMETHING
PUZZLED ME
ABOUT WALT! HE'S A REAL DUDE, BUT
HE CAME HERE WITH MUDDY BOOTS AND
DIRT ON HIS JACKET SHOULDER!



ABSOLUTELY! NOW WHERE
WOULD A MAN GET SO
DIRTY BEFORE COMING
TO A DANCE?
EXCUSE ME,
KITTY, BUT THAT'S
WHAT I AM TO
FIND OUT!



GONE?---WELL, I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND AND SEE IF I CAN LEARN ANYTHING!



WHAT IN THE WORLD--- SOMEONE MUST BE IN THE CELLAR WHERE THAT LIGHT'S COMING FROM!



SO THAT'S HOW WORTH GOT DIRTY--- TUNNELING INTO THE BANK!



SWIFTLY, MATT DILLON RACES AROUND TO THE REAR OF THE BANK...

THEY PROBABLY HAVE SOMEONE ON GUARD AT THE TUNNEL END, BUT I'LL USE THIS PASSKEY AND HOPE I GET INTO THE BANK IN TIME!



ALL RIGHT, GENTS, REACH! DILLON!









Oww!

REMAND ME TO SEND YOU FLOWERS!



THIS WHITE STETSON OF HIS MAY HELP ME CORRAL THE REST OF HIS FRIENDS!

TYING UP WORTH, MARSHAL DILLON LEAPS ONTO HIS HORSE!...



SEE THREE MEN RIDING OFF?

SURE DID, MARSHAL! THEY WERE GALLOPING THAT WAY AND FAST!

MINUTES LATER, JUST BEYOND DODGE...



OVER HERE, WORTH! WE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D MAKE IT!

GOOD! THE WHITE STETSON TRICKED THEM INTO REVEALING THEMSELVES! NOW TO TAKE THEM!



Medicine finder



By Red Thunder Cloud

Young Persimmon gazed around at the trees and plants in the woods near Indian Neck and shook his young head in dismay. He had not placed in the races and had not been allowed to take part in the Youth Dance. Red Mullet, the bully who had nicknamed him Picking Plant, had won the races and teased him unceasingly. To make matters worse, the Rappahannocks were ill with a sickness that covered their faces and necks with red marks and no one knew what could be done about it.

"If only I could remember where I had seen those red marks before. The English soldier and his son who watched the games had those same red marks. If only I could recall where I had seen them before that," he mused to himself.

He walked on a little further and unthinkingly reached out to touch a branch that was covered with bright green leaves and red berries. Young Persimmon whistled with pain and quickly drew his hand back. The thorny leaves had pricked his hand and the blood began to flow. His eyes widened in wonder as he stared at the tree. Now he knew the answer to the mystery! Turning around, he bolted for the village.

"Chief Tahocope," he shouted eagerly, "I know the sickness of the red marks. When I was a small boy, the people of my tribe caught it. It is called measles and the Catawbas cure it by drinking a tea made from the leaves of the holly tree. Come quickly, I will show the women how it is prepared!"

Three days later, the Rappahannocks had recovered. At moonrise, the people prepared for a feast. Chief Tahocope walked into the council ring, holding his hand up for silence.

"Hear me, my children! The Catawba youth who dwells among us has tried hard to place in the games but he has not been successful. Red Mullet, our champion runner, has nicknamed him Picking Plant—a name that he detests. Yet, because of the knowledge of the Catawba youth, the Rappahannocks are now singing feast songs instead of the death song." Turning slowly and fastening his gaze directly upon Red Mullet, the chief continued, "From this day on, our friend is no longer to be called Picking Plant. His new name is Medicine Finder. Tahocope has spoken."

Placing a mantle of turkey feathers around the neck of Young Persimmon, the chief smiled at him gratefully.

Young Persimmon was happy. No longer would he be called that hated name of Picking Plant. Bekucan, the warrior who had adopted him, would be proud of him. All of the people of this tribe, in the land that the English called Virginia, would respect him. Now he was the bearer of a name that the people would always remember.

Admiringly, he fingered the soft deer-skin mantle of turkey feathers which the chief had given him. It was a fine gift.

"Medicine Finder," he murmured softly to himself.

DODGE CITY DAYS

The Elusive Luke McGlue

DODGE CITY ALWAYS HAD ITS TROUBLE-MAKERS, BUT THE WORST OF THEM WAS A MAN WHO NEVER EVEN EXISTED! IT ALL BEGAN ONE QUIET DAY, AS A CIGAR DRUMMER WAS HAWKING HIS WARES.

GENTS, THESE SMOKES WERE MANUFACTURED IN ST. JOSEPH BY PEOPLE WHO REALLY KNOW CIGARS—THEY'RE THE FINEST!



AND AS THE COWBOYS, DRIFTERS AND CITIZENS OF DODGE FILED OUT...



ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THEY CALLED ON THE CASINOS AND SALOONS OF FRONT STREET...







THE NEXT DAY, AS THE DRUMMER BOARDS A DEPARTING TRAIN...



BUT NO ONE FOUND LUKE MCGILLIE, THOUGH FROM TIME TO TIME HE POPPED UP UNEXPECTEDLY IN DODGE...



FOR WEEKS, REVEREND WRIGHT ENJOYED HIS FINE PONY...



AND ONE NIGHT, THE PREDICTION CAME TRUE...



THE NEXT MORNING, THE SAD-
DENED PREACHER REPORTED THE
THEFT...



LATER...



THE ELUSIVE LUKE McGLUE PLAYED SEVERAL OTHER PRANKS IN DODGE, OFTEN PICKING ON UNSUSPECTING TENDERFEET! ONE DAY, LUKE McGLUE MADE HIS FINAL APPEARANCE IN DODGE BUT HE HAD GONE AS FAR AS HE COULD GO...



GUNSMOKE

PAYOFF IN LEAD

MY CARD, MARSHAL! ANY TIME YOU FEEL LIKE A GAME OF POKER OR WATCHING THE ROULETTE WHEEL SPIN, TRY MY NEW CASINO --- THE LUCKY CRANCE!

I GAMBLE ENOUGH JUST PINNING ON THIS BADGE EVERY MORNING!



MR. GORE, I WONDER IF DODGE CAN SUPPORT STILL ANOTHER CASINO?

I'LL MAKE OUT! MY PLACE IS DIFFERENT! AND THEN THERE'S MY UNUSUAL LUCK!

---WATCH THE COIN! I'M CALLING HEADS!



YOU CALLED IT RIGHT!

LOOK, MARSHAL! PURE LUCK! BUT I'VE ALWAYS HAD IT!



THAT NIGHT...

LOU GORE SEEMS A WITZ DOWN IN HIS LUCK! FOR AN OPENING NIGHT, HE ISN'T GETTING MUCH OF A CROWD!



A WEEK LATER...

BEEN THE SAME ALL WEEK, MR. DILLON! I RECKON YOUR PREDICTION WAS RIGHT---AS USUAL!

I WISH HE HAD MORE BUSINESS, CHESTER! THIS COULD SPELL TROUBLE!



WHY ARE YOU CONCERNED ABOUT HIS POOR BUSINESS?

BECAUSE GORE DOESN'T STRIKE ME AS THE KIND OF MAN WHO'LL TAKE IT LYING DOWN!



NOT MUCH ACTION TONIGHT, IS THERE?

I'M PLAYING— NUMBER SEVENTEEN!



THE WINNER— SEVENTEEN!

IT'LL DO! PEOPLE TAKE TIME BEFORE THEY TRY A NEW PLACE! BUT MY LUCK NEVER FAILS ME! I'LL COME OUT ALL RIGHT.



FIRE! THE SPIT DICE IS REALLY BLAZING!



MR. DILLON, THAT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ONE WE CAN GET UNDER CONTROL, DOES IT?

NO, CHESTER, BUT WE'D BETTER MAKE A TRY AT IT!



KEEP BACK, MR. DILLON,
OR YOUR CLOTHES'LL
BURST INTO FLAME!

NOISE WATER!



BUT AN HOUR LATER, AS THE FIRE AT LAST
SIMMERS DOWN...

SORRY, JIM! THAT
WAS THE BEST WE COULD DO!



JUST THE NIGHT I
WAS AHEAD, TOO!

DON'T LET YOUR
LUCK CHANGE! TRY
MY PLACE!



WHY
NOT?

DRINKS ARE ON THE HOUSE!
COMING, GENTLEMEN?



WHAT ARE YOU
DOING, MR. DILLON?

CHECKING, CHESTER!
TRYING TO FIND WHERE
THE FIRE STARTED--
AND WHY!



MINUTES LATER...

IT WAS NO ACCIDENT,
CHESTER!

NOT WITH THAT
KEROSENE CAN
THERE! BUT WHO'D
DO A THING LIKE THAT?



SOON...

I FOUND THIS UNDER THE SPLIT DICE! KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT?

WHY SHOULD I? I'M A GAMBLER, NOT AN ARSONIST!



I SAW IT HELPED YOUR BUSINESS!

MARSHAL, IF YOU CAN PROVE WHAT YOU'RE HINTING AT, GO AHEAD AND DO IT IN COURT! OTHERWISE---



LET'S CALL THIS LITTLE WINDFALL OF CUSTOMERS TYPICAL OF LOU GORE'S LUCK!



THE NEXT EVENING, AT THE RED BUCKET CASINO.

I DIDN'T GULD DECK YOU, MISTER! ASK ANYONE IN DODGE--- I'M AN HONEST DEALER! THAT'S WHY THEY ALWAYS COME HERE!

MAYBE YOU WERE WAITING-- TELL HOW TO CASH IN ON THAT PHONY REPUTATION!



WHY, YOU---



M--MY HAND---





IF I TIME MY ENTRANCE RIGHT, I MAY BE ABLE TO INTERRUPT THE PAY OFF!



FORGIVE ME FOR NOT KNOCKING---

---MARSHAL DILLON! AM I GLAD YOU CAME!



ARE YOU? I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT SOME PRIVACY WHILE YOU PAID OFF THE MAN YOU HIRED TO SHOOT UP THE RED BUCKET'S DEALER!

I KNOW HE IS THE MAN, BUT HE DID IT ON HIS OWN! NOW HE'S HAD THE NERVE TO COME HERE AND ASK ME TO PAY HIM! SAYS HE HELPED MY BUSINESS!



I NEVER SAW THAT CHEAP GUNBUCK BEFORE---

---WHY, YOU LYING TINNORN! YOU HATED ME!



BASE OFF!

I'LL MAKE HIM TELL THE TRUTH---



OWW!



THANKS, MARSHAL! HE THREATENED TO
BLACKMAIL ME IF I DIDN'T PAY HIM! SAID
HE'D GO TO YOU AND CLAIM
I HAD HIRED HIM!



YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE HAVING A VERY
GOOD NIGHT, GORE!



WELL, WITH TWO CASINOS OUT OF BUSINESS,
NATURALLY I'M GETTING A LOT MORE PLAY! I
PUT IT DOWN TO PURE LUCK, DON'T YOU?



SOON...

HE KEEPS
SWEARING GORE HIRED
HIM! WHAT DO YOU
FIGURE IS THE
REAL STORY?

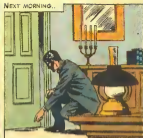
I'M NOT SURE,
CHESTER--- NOT
SURE, AT ALL!



GORE HAD PLENTY OF REASON TO HIRE ACE,
BUT HE SURE COVERED HIS TRACKS WELL
WHEN HE GOOLY HANDED HIM OVER TO ME!
--- I JUST DON'T KNOW!







THANKS, GORE! CHESTER
AND I WILL MEET YOU IN
FIVE MINUTES!

FINE! I'M JUST
AS ANXIOUS AS
YOU ARE TO KEEP
ACE BEHIND BARS!



WELL, IF THAT DOESN'T
BEAT IT ALL! WERE YOU
EXPECTING HIM TO DO
THIS, MR DILLON?

NO, CHESTER! HE
FOOLED ME COM-
PLETELY---AND I
DON'T LIKE HAVING
TO ADMIT IT!



BUT THERE MUST BE A GOOD REASON FOR
HIM TO PLAY HIS HAND THIS WAY! GORE IS
A GAMBLER! I WONDER IF HE'S TRYING TO
TURN THIS RIDE INTO A REAL JACKPOT!



SOON...

CHESTER, YOU'LL
HAVE TO ESCORT
MR. GORE TO ACE'S
MEETING PLACE HERE
WITHOUT ME!

WHAT'S THE MATTER,
MARSHAL? WHERE
ARE YOU GOING?



I JUST REMEMBERED THAT
TODAY IS THURSDAY! I HAVE
TO MEET AND RIDE GUARD
ON A BIG RAY ROLL!

THEN YOU'RE
GOING BACK
TO DODDGE?



NO! I HAVE TO WAIT ABOUT TEN MILES OUT
OF TOWN FOR THE BUCKBOARD TO SHOW!
GOOD LUCK TO BOTH OF YOU!



YES... I THINK GORE IS PLAYING FOR BIG STAKES! HE LOOKED RIGHTLY RELIEVED WHEN I SAID I WASN'T GOING RIGHT TO DODGE!



RIDING STRAIGHT FOR DODGE AND DISMOUNTING AT THE OUTSKIRTS, MATT DILLON SLIPS BACK INTO TOWN UNSEEN.

TWO BIG CASINOS LEFT! NOW TO SEE IF GORE WAS PLANNING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE ABSENCE OF ANY LAWMAN TO KNOCK OFF THE REST OF THE COMPETITION!



DILLON! THAT WAS A MISTAKE, MISTER!





DELL
publishers

A PLEDGE TO PARENTS

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