

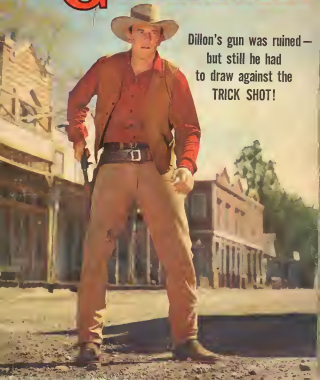
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FEB.—MARCH

— 2 — Still 10¢

GUNSMOKE

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but still he had
to draw against the
TRICK SHOT!



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GUNSMOKE

TRICK SHOT

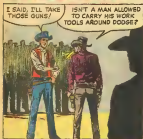
SUDDENLY, THE QUIET OF DODGE CITY'S FRONT STREET IS SHATTERED BY A TATTOO OF GUNSHOTS, AS BULLETS SLAM INTO A FENCE.



QUENTRICKS! Please read copies on page 20.
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BELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





THAT EVENING AT THE LONG BRANCH...







WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS, BOYS?

FIGURE YOUR SHOW'LL DRAW A LOT OF FOLKS?



ALWAYS DOES! I REALLY PACK 'EM IN! BUT I'M GETTING TIRED OF LYING OUT OF A WAGON! DRIVING FOR ONE-NIGHT STANDS FROM TOWN TO TOWN! HOW MUCH MONEY IS THERE IN THIS DEAL?

YOUR CUT WOULD BE ABOUT EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! INTERESTED?



INTERESTED?... I'M FASCINATED!

SWELL! THEN LISTEN WHAT WE WANT YOU TO DO TO DILLON TOMORROW!



HERE ARE YOUR GUNS, PAKER!

HOPE YOU'LL COME TO THE SHOW, MARSHAL! NO CHARGE FOR YOU! YOU'LL BE MY GUEST!



THANKS! I MIGHT DROP BY! BUT REMEMBER-- NO SHOOTING IN THE CITY LIMITS!

DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT LIABE TO FORGET THAT!





WHAT'S THE MATTER, MARSHAL? FIGURE YOU AREN'T UP TO MY SHOOTING?

LOOK, PACKER, I REALIZE YOU DID THAT TO DRAW A CROWD! MY JOB'S TO UPHOLD THE LAW NOT TO GO FANCY SHOOTING!

SOUNDS LIKE DILLON DOESN'T FIGURE HE COULD DO IT!

SHOW HIM YOU CAN MATT!

MY SPECIALTY PACKER, IS DRAWING AGAINST ANOTHER MAN! DOES THAT INTEREST YOU?



WE'LL---I'VE GOT A SHOW TO GO, DILLON!



WE'RE STILL WAITING, DILLON!

SHOW THAT GUNSLICK THAT OUR MARSHAL CAN DO FANCY SHOOTING, TOO!



I HOPE THIS'LL END THINGS---



FOUR HITS!--- PACKER DID YOU ONE BETTER, MATT!

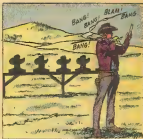


IF YOU THINK THAT'S SHOOTING, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET, FOLKS! COME DOWN AND WATCH THE REAL SHOW AND HAVE YOUR DOLLAR READY!





FOR MY NEXT TRICK, USING THIS SHINY
KNIFE BLADE AS A MIRROR, I WILL ATTEMPT
TO FIRE AT TARGETS OVER MY SHOULDER!



JOSHAPHAT!

I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT IF I
HADN'T SEEN IT MYSELF!



SON, HERE ARE FIVE BALLS! COME OUT
IN THE CLEARING AND TOSS THEM TO
THE MARSHAL!

SURE, "PISTOL"!



READY, MARSHAL DILLON?

YES, SON!

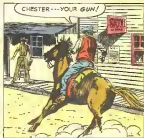




MEANWHILE, AT THE DODGE EXPRESS OFFICE...











MINUTES LATER...

NICE GOING, MARSHAL!

WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN, YOU REALLY OUTSHOT HIM!

BUT MATT, YOU TOOK AN AWFUL CHANCE FACING A DEAD SHOT LIKE RACKER!

HE'S GREAT AGAINST A TARGET THAT CAN'T SHOOT BACK, KITTY! BUT YESTERDAY WHEN I ASKED HIM IF HE'D LIKE TO DRAW ON ME, I SAW HIS HAND SHAKING! THAT'S WHY I FIGURED IN A GUN DUEL THERE WAS A GOOD CHANCE FEAR MIGHT MAKE HIM COME OUT SECOND BEST!

barbed-wire **Feud**



Old Herb Mallock claimed you didn't need to run a ranch with a six-gun. He'd always said if you had to back up a branding-iron with a shooting-iron there was something the matter with both your head and your heart.

He was still claiming this on the morning he and his son Frank bazed their herd of Circle-Dot beefs to the pool in Buffalo Valley—and found their way blocked by barbed wire. It was tight, new wire that glistened brightly in the sun.

More sun glints came from the half-drawn guns of three silent, black-faced men who lounged in saddle. Old man Mallock recognized one of them as Len Spivin, the new owner of the K-G spread which adjoined his own.

"How come this wire," Mallock demanded. "The Circle-Dot and the K-G have shared this water hole for 32 years."

"They don't any more," came Spivin's hard-bitten answer. "This is likely to be a dry year. Might not be enough water for both of us. I'm taking no chances."

"But this is public land, free to all."

"My barbed wire and my gun-hands say different."

"But my cows—without water they'll die."

"That's your affair," Len Spivin told him.

It did, indeed, appear to be old man Mallock's affair. On their weary way back with their doomed and thirsty cattle, his son asked him angrily, "You still claim a man doesn't need a six-gun to run a ranch, Dad?"

"What you suggesting, son?"

"Only one thing we can do—hire more gun-hands than Spivin's got and—"

"And start a range war? No, I'm a peaceful man, I'll think of something."

His troubled glance fell down-slope to where his ranch house stood under the cottonwood shade. There was that rocky depression near the house that wouldn't even grow weeds, and then beyond it the hills of curly buffalo grass. The best little spread anywhere around—if they could get water. Mallock brooded all day—and that night he let himself out of the house with a pack on his back and disappeared into the black shadows. He did not carry a gun. He did carry a rock drill and some dynamite!

It was around daybreak when the dynamite roar shattered the calm, Frank and Mrs. Mallock were roused from sleep to see a wall of water hurtling down the arroyo threatening to engulf their house.

The water didn't reach the house. That rocky basin that never would even grow weeds caught it all and contained it.

Old man Mallock came in soon afterwards, and hard after him came Len Spivin and his gun-hands. "You dynamited the pool!" Spivin roared. "You let all the water flow down onto your land!"

"That's right," Mallock agreed. "It isn't a public pool any more. It's my water on my land. Now we'll share it—like before."

Len Spivin left, shaking his head in wonder.

Mallock turned grinning to his son. "Like I always told you—a man doesn't need a gun to run a ranch."

DODGE CITY DAYS

A LOSING BATTLE



SOMETIMES, CAREFUL PLANNING PAYS OFF IN A STRANGE WAY IN JANUARY OF 1876, SIX MEN WITH BLACKENED FACES HID BY A WATER TANK NEAR DODGE CITY WAITING FOR A PROFITABLE EVENING'S WORK...

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WE-WHAT! IN BLAZES! THE TRAIN'S GOING ON!

SHE MUST'VE TAKEN ON WATER IN DODGE!

OF ALL THE BLASTED LUCK!

ALL RIGHT, SO WE MISSED THAT JOB! BUT WE'LL MAKE UP FOR IT BY HITTING THE STATION AT KENNEY! THERE'S A SAFE THERE!

SOON...

REACH! AND THEN OPEN THE SAFE!

I-I HAVE NO MONEY HERE! IT ALL WENT OFF ON THE TRAIN THAT JUST STOPPED AT THIS STATION!

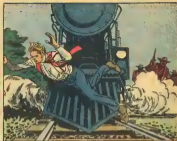
I SAID GOSH THAT SAFE!

I CAN'T OPEN IT FOR THEM! THERE'S TWO THOUSAND IN IT!

I'D BE GLAD TO OBLIGE, BUT THE EXPRESS AGENT HAS THE KEY AND HE'S AT THE HOTEL!

WE HAD ONE BAD BREAK TONIGHT, WE'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER! OPEN IT!





BUT THE ENGINEER FAILS TO HEAR THE WARNING AND STOPS THE TRAIN...





AND THE CAREFULLY PLANNED TRAIN JOB, WHICH WENT WRONG RIGHT FROM THE START, ENDED THAT WAY, TOO. FOR LATER, SHERIFF BAT MASTERSON PUT THE WOULD-BE ROBBERS ON THE WRONG SIDE OF PRISON BARS.



GUNSMOKE

LONE HAND

MR. DILLON,
HE'S COMING
TO NOW!

HELP ME EASE HIM ON
TO A HORSE, CHESTER!



THIS POOR
CUTTER ISN'T
THE FIRST
PROSPECTOR
WE'VE FOUND
LIKE THIS ---

---AND HE WON'T BE THE
LAST, CHESTER, TILL WE GET
A LEAD ON THE GANG THAT'S
PREYING ON LONE
PROSPECTORS AROUND DODGE!

TWO NIGHTS LATER, ON THE PLAINS BEYOND
DODGE, A TIRED PROSPECTOR IS ROUSED FROM
SLEEP BY HIS BRAYING MULE .



WHAT'S ALL THE
RUCKUS ABOUT, LILYP?

WHAT IS ---

---GET AWAY!

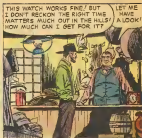


MINUTES LATER, HIS HEAD ACHING, PETE GOES IN
COMES TO ---

MY GOLD DUST --- ALL MY
GOLD DUST IS GONE!



NEXT MORNING...





I'M SURE YOU CAN, DORAN, BUT MY JOB'S BRINGING IN ROBBERS. YOURS IS PROSPECTING!

AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I AM TO DO WITH THE SUPPLIES I BOUGHT HERE!



BUT IT'S NOT JUST YOUR AFFAIR, PETE! FIVE OTHER MEN HAVE BEEN ROBBED! EVERY PROSPECTOR IN THESE PARTS IS IN DANGER! IF YOU COULD GIVE ME A LEAD---

LET THE OTHER GRUB-STAKERS FOLLOW MY EXAMPLE AND HANDLE THEIR OWN TROUBLES! IF THEY AIN'T MEN ENOUGH TO DO IT, LET 'EM PULL OUT OF HERE!



ONE SIDE, OLD TIMER! A HORSE GETS TO DRINK AHEAD OF A MULE!

NOT WHEN IT'S AN MILE AND I WAS HERE FIRST!



WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU STRIKE PAYDIRT AND THE THREE HIT YOU AGAIN?

LIKE I SAID, I CAN TAKE CARE OF MY OWN AFFAIRS!



MINUTES LATER...

DRINK UP, LILY, THEN WE'RE ON OUR WAY!



MY HORSE ALWAYS DRINKS FIRST!

WE'LL SOON SEE!





THEN YOU JUST CUT YOURSELF IN ON A BONANZA!

JOE, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!



THAT EVENING, AS THEY CAMP...

MARSHAL DILLON! WHAT IN THE SAM HILL BRINGS YOU OUT HERE?

LOOKING AROUND FOR A LEAD ON THOSE ROBBERS! FEEL LIKE HELPING ME?



HOW MANY TIMES DOES A FELLOW HAVE TO TELL YOU SOMETHING BEFORE IT SINKS IN? I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!

ALL RIGHT IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT TO PLAY IT! GOOD LUCK!



LATER THAT NIGHT...

JOE! GET UP! WE'VE GOT COMPANY... THE SAME THREE LOROS WHO CALLED ON ME!



GET YOUR HANDS HIGH!



RUSH THEM!





THEY MUST HAVE SOMETHING ON 'EM TO PUT UP A FIGHT LIKE THAT!



OF ALL THE ROTTEN LUCK---RUNNING INTO THESE THREE AGAIN!



THE OLD COOT HAD THE PRIZE! LOOK!



WHERE'D IT COME FROM?

I-I WOULDN'T KNOW!

WE'LL MAKE YOU KNOW!





A MINUTE LATER...

WHAT IN BLAZES?
THE OTHER ONE'S GONE!



HE CAN'T HAVE GONE FAR!
AFTER HIM!



IF YOU SEE ANYTHING MOVE---
PLUG IT!



NEXT MORNING...

MARSHAL---
YOU'VE GOT TO
HELP ME!



QUICKLY, PETE DORAN TELLS WHAT HAPPENED...









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**"Fresh up"
Freddie
says:**

**"RIGHT NOW, you're probably asking yourself -
How does a sporty sports car driver
quench his thirst in a traffic jam?"**



"I'm a sporty sports car driver. I hold the International Record for Driving in Traffic Jams. I get no place faster than anybody!"



"I'm pretty hot stuff behind the wheel. My throat is so hot I get all choked up. My mouth is so hot I can't even shout, like traffic jam drivers do."



"That's when I take a nice chilled 7-Up out of my refrigerated glove compartment (Well, my sports car has one!) Seven-Up makes my throat feel cool and clean. Really puts the brakes on that!"

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