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# GUNSMOKE

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and backing his play was  
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# GUNSMOKE

## TROOPERS, BEWARE!

**DOGGE CITY**—TO SOME, A PLACE TO DUMP BUFFALO HOGS, TO OTHERS THE END OF THE TRAIL DRIVE—AND TO MANY, LIKE CLAY KENTON, THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLE!



MARSHAL, I SAW YOUR SIGN! HERE IS MY GUN! CHECK IT IN THE NAME OF CLAY KENTON!

THANKS, MR. KENTON! NICE TO HAVE A VISITOR WHO READS SIGNS FOR A CHANGE!



I'M NOT JUST PASSING THROUGH, SIR! I'VE COME UP FROM THE SOUTH TO MAKE A HOME HERE! MY WIFE'S FOLLOWING ON THE TRAIL IN A FEW DAYS!

IF WE CAN BE OF ANY HELP, JUST CALL ON US!



I DO RIGHTLY APPRECIATE THAT, SIR! NOW THAT I'VE OBLIGED THE LAW, I'LL BE ON MY WAY!



HE SURE SEEMS LIKE A LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN, MR. DILLON!

WELL—COULD BE, CHESTER!—COULD BE!



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\* **DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**

TWO NIGHTS LATER...

YOU CAN HEAR THE RUCKUS CLEAR OUT TO HERE, MARSHAL!

SOUNDS MORE LIKE A SHOWDOWN THAN A HOEDOWN!



NO CIVILIAN IS TAKING MY GAL FROM ME!

COME ON, FELLOWS! LET'S SHOW 'EM THE GIRLS THAT A UNIFORM DOESN'T MAKE A MAN!



BREAK IT UP!



WE WILL, MARSHAL! SOON AS WE RUN OUT OF CIVILIANS!



I SAID NOW AND I MEAN IT!





RALLY OVER HERE, BOYS! THAT MARSHAL  
ISN'T BUFFALOING US!



SOUNDS LIKE YOU  
COULD USE SOME  
HELP, MARSHAL!

YES, THE ODDS ARE  
PRETTY HIGH AGAINST  
ME!



GIVE ME A BADGE AND  
MY GUN AND I'LL BE  
GLAD TO ASSIST YOU, SUN!

THANKS, KENTON!  
BACK OFF TO  
MY OFFICE!



A MINUTE LATER...  
KENTON, YOU TOOK  
AN OATH---

---AND I MEAN TO  
UPHOLD IT,  
MARSHAL! LET'S  
RETURN TO THOSE  
TROOPERS!



HERE IS  
YOUR GUN!

I DON'T FIGURE WE'LL NEED  
THEM! THOSE SOLDIERS  
WILL TURN TAIL AT THE  
SIGHT OF THREE DE-  
TERMINED MEN!



ALL YOU TROOPERS, CLEAR  
OUT OF DODGE! YOU'VE HAD  
YOUR FUN FOR THE NIGHT!

YOU KNOW, I  
BECKON OUR  
FUN IS JUST  
BEGINNING!





I KNEW WE WERE MORE THAN THEIR MATCH!

YOU OVERPLAYED YOUR HAND, KENTON! WHY WERE YOU SO ROUGH?



I WAS JUST DOING WHAT THIS BADGE SAID I SHOULD DO!



THEY'LL TAKE BACK THE BADGE! IT'S NOT A PERMIT TO STRIKE WHEN THERE'S NO NEED TO!



HERE'S THE BADGE AND GUN! I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP!



YOU KNOW, MR. DILLON, HE SEEMED TO GENUINELY ENJOY FLOWING INTO THOSE TROOPERS!

YES, CHESTER, THAT'S WHAT HAS ME WONDERING WHAT REALLY WAS PROMPTING KENTON TO HELP OUT! HE WAS CARRYING OUT MORE THAN HIS DUTY WHEN HE LASHED INTO THOSE SOLDIERS!



NEXT MORNING...

WHY ARE YOU BOARRING UP CHARLEY GOING OUT OF BUSINESS?

HOPE, MARSHAL! JUST TRYING TO STAY IN BUSINESS! WHO'S HAS IT THAT A WHOLE COMPANY OF TROOPERS WILL BE CALLING ON DOGGIE TONIGHT!







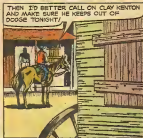
I SEE THE WORD HAS SPREAD FAST!

NO ONE'S TAKING CHANCES! THOSE TROOPERS ARE OUT TO HURRAH THIS TOWN!



WHO STARTED THIS RUMOR?

IT ISN'T A RUMOR! A SOLDIER RODE IN TO WARN HIS BROTHER TO BOARD UP HIS SAWYNS HALL!



THEN I'D BETTER CALL ON CLAY KENTON AND MAKE SURE HE KEEPS OUT OF DOOSE TONIGHT!



SOON...

COME IN!

SHOCK!

SHOCK!

KENTON



SO THAT EXPLAINS IT!



DON'T TRY STUFFING IT OUT OF SIGHT, KENTON! I SEE YOU WERE A CONFEDERATE OFFICER!

I'M FAR FROM ASHAMED OF THAT HONOR!



THAT'S WHY YOU TORE INTO THOSE TROOPERS! THEY WERE WEARING UNION UNIFORMS! SEEMED LIKE FIGHTING THE CIVIL WAR OVER AGAIN, DIDN'T IT?

YOU'RE PRETTY CLEVER, MARSHAL! ---YES, SEEING THOSE UNIFORMS WAS LIKE WAVING A RED CAPE IN FRONT OF A BULL!



THOSE WERE THE UNIFORMS THAT SHOT MY BROTHER, BURNED MY HOME, TOOK AWAY MY FAMILY PLANTATION---

-- THE WAR'S OVER, KENTON!



NOT FOR ME, MARSHAL! IT'S STILL AFFECTING ME! I HAVE NO PLACE TO LIVE BUT AMID CHARRED RUINS! I WAS A PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER! DO YOU THINK I COULD DON A YANKEE UNIFORM?

ADDINGS WON'T CHANGE YOUR FEELINGS! JUST TAKE MY ADVICE --- TONIGHT, STAY HERE!

THAT EVENING, FROM BEING SHUTTERED OR BOARDED WINDOWS, EYES WATCH HALF IN FEAR, HALF IN FASCINATION FOR THE COMING SHOWDOWN...



MORE TROOPERS ARE SILLING IN EVERY MINUTE, MR. DILLON!



THEY'RE EMPTYING OUT FORT DOGGE AND EVERY ONE OF THEM SEEMS TO BE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!





SUDDENLY ABOVE THE YELLS AND SHOUTED THREATS A BURLY SOUND...



SOON.

GLORY BE! THEY'RE STILL  
HOLDING 'EM OFF!

COMMENCE FIRING!



WENTON THE TROOPERS  
CAN HANDLE THIS...

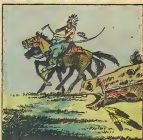
...I'VE GOT TO  
SEE IF ANNE'S  
ALL RIGHT!

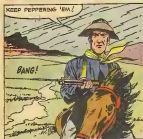
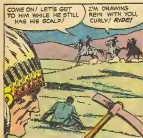


STAY BACK...



ANNE!









# DODGE CITY DAYS

## 'EAT 'EM UP' JAKE

TO THE GAMING TABLES OF DODGE CITY CAME MANY THORNHORN, BUT NONE EVER WALKED AWAY FROM A CARD TABLE WITH A MORE UNUSUAL HAND THAN "EAT 'EM UP" JAKE.

KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH, MISTER! YOU'VE GOT A CARD UP YOUR SLEEVE!

WHO ARE YOU ACCUSING OF CHEATING?



YOU! AND YOU'RE GOING TO SHOW ME YOUR SLEEVE ---

---NO! WITH THAT GUN POINTING AT ME!



HOW GO AHEAD AND CHECK MY SLEEVE, BUT LET THAT GUN BE WHERE IT IS!



WELL?

N-NO CARD!



RETURNING TO THE PRIVACY OF HIS DOGGIE CITY HOTEL ROOM, JAKE BUSILY PREPARED HIMSELF FOR HIS EVENING CARD GAME...





AND JUST IN CASE I NEED A HOLE CARD, THIS ACE UP HERE SHOULD DO NICELY!

SETTLING BACK AT A POKER TABLE ON FRONT STREET, JAKE WAS STARTING HIS GAME, WHEN SUDDENLY...



YOU AGAIN!

YES! A MAN HAS THE RIGHT TO TRY TO WIN BACK HIS LOSINGS! CUT ME IN ON THE DEAL!

AND BEING FAIR-MINDED, JAKE CUT THE GENT IN ON THE DEAL...FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE DECK...



THE WINNINGS BEGAN TO PILE UP IN FRONT OF JAKE, BUT HE COULDN'T RESIST USING HIS ACE IN ONE TRICKY HAND...



WHEN IT SERVED ITS PURPOSE, THE ACE WAS PUT BACK FOR THE NEXT EMERGENCY...

YOU'RE CHEATING! I'D SWEAR YOU PULLED AN ACE OUT FROM YOUR SLEEVES TO WIN THAT HAND! PULL BACK YOUR SLEEVES!



I'LL TAKE A SANDWICH, PLEASE!

MAYBE YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME, BUT I SAID I WANT TO SEE YOUR SLEEVES!





# the Feud



In the hot glare of the sun the grizzled sheriff of Baxter County watched his deputy mount. "I still say it won't work, Frank," he said. "No matter what you do those two are bound to shoot it out."

Tight-lipped, Frank Cullen looked down at his boss. "Bud Denver is a friend of mine. We went to school together. Many a time he shared his lunch with me when I was a hungry kid. And if you need reminding about Chet Morrow—he saved my life when the Apaches trapped me in the Superstitions."

Cullen spurred his horse down the dusty street that led out of town, but behind him he heard the sheriff's harsh prediction. "Just the same, I say those two are going to shoot it out in Bedry today."

Riding through the hills Cullen remembered the story of how it all began back in '72, with a quarrel over the water rights on a mountain creek. In the decades that followed, the feud had been taken up by one or another of the Morrow and Denver clans. Nephews, uncles, cousins—one by one they had sacrificed their lives to the feud. And now it was down to the last two, Bud Denver and Chet Morrow. Taunted by

a few trouble-makers they had foolishly challenged each other to a shoot-out on the streets of Bedry. Somehow Frank Cullen had to find a way to stop the fight.

Looking up from his reverie, the deputy found himself riding over Handscrabble Creek, which had been the cause of the vendetta. For a long moment he looked down at the boulders below, and then suddenly he had it—the plan he needed. Grinning, he rode across the hills toward Bedry.

Bedry was swarming with cattlemen and drifters when Cullen rode in. And then it was happening. Suddenly the crowds vanished from the street, ducking into doorways and alleys for cover. In front of the Longhorn Café, Cullen saw Morrow and Denver, each waiting for the other to make his play.

But it was the deputy who moved first. "You're both under arrest," he said. "Just climb into your saddles, boys. We're going for a little ride," he said. And as the crowd watched silently the little cavalcade rode out into the hills.

It was on the bridge above Handscrabble Creek that he halted them. "Now suppose you two take a look at what you've been scrapping about," said Cullen. "It's bare dry, just as it's been for the past ten years."

"Just wanted you to see the value of those water rights you were going to kill each other for," continued the Deputy. He handed them their guns. "You can fight now, if you want to," he added noncommittally.

Guns in hand, Denver and Morrow crouched scowling at each other. Then suddenly, irresistably, their eyes were drawn back to the sight of that bareboned stream beneath them. And in the next moment they were laughing and shaking hands.

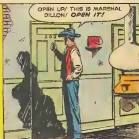
"The creek's yours," said Morrow. "I'll see my lawyer in the morning."

"No pay taxes on that dry mud bed? Not on your life," answered Denver. "You can have it."

And standing beside them Cullen was grinning. "No fighting, boys. We just ended one feud. We don't want to start another."

# GUNSMOKE

## THE FLASH OF A KNIFE







MINUTES LATER...





A WEEK LATER, ON THE BUFFALO-CROSSED PLAINS BEYOND DOOSE...



AND AS THEY START BACK...



WHY ARE YOU FELLOWS POINTING TO DODGE IF YOU HAVEN'T EVEN A DOZEN BUFFALO HIDES!

THEY'LL DO, MARSHAL!



YOU CAN'T MAKE ANY MONEY ON THOSE FEW SKINS!

MAYBE THERE ARE SOME THINGS IN LIFE MORE IMPORTANT THAN MONEY--- LIKE JUST GOING ON LIVING!



SOMEONE THREATEN YOU?

ALL THESE ANIMALS KICK UP A LOT OF DUST, MARSHAL! OPENING YOUR MOUTH TO TALK COULD CHOKE A MAN!

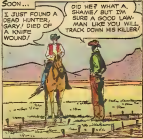


THAT'S THE SECOND BUFFALO CREW THAT'S PULLED OUT, MR. DILLON!

I'M GOING TO SEE IF GARY'S OUTRIT IS BEHIND THIS! IF HE WENT ON HIRING WANTED MEN, THAT COULD BE THE ANSWER!



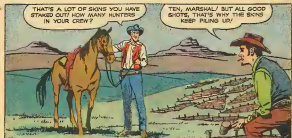
HIDE FOR DODGE, CHESTER! I'LL BE BACK LATER!



SOON...

I JUST FOUND A DEAD HUNTER, GARY! DIED OF A KNIFE WOUND!

DID HE? WHAT A SHAME! BUT I'M SURE A GOOD LAW-MAN LIKE YOU WILL TRACK DOWN HIS KILLER!





WITH THE DUST HE'S RAISING, GARY SHOULD THINK I'M STILL RIDING HIM!



IT DOESN'T TAKE TWO GUESSES TO FIGURE WHO GARY'S SIGNALING!

SHORTLY AFTER...



WE SAW THE MARSHAL RIDE UP!

HE'S GONE! YOU'RE SAFE AS LONG AS YOU KEEP YOUR FACES OUT OF DODGE! AND SINCE THE EASIEST WAY FOR YOU TO MAKE MONEY IS BY DROPPING BUFFALOS, I RECKON YOU'LL STAY OUT OF DODGE!



NOT TWO OF THEM! THEY'RE GOING BACK TO DODGE WITH ME TO STAND TRIAL!



GUN HIM!





ANYONE ELSE WANT TO MAKE A PLAY?

ALL RIGHT, DILLON! YOU'VE GOT US COVERED! NOW WHAT?



I'M TAKING THESE TWO BACK! THEY'RE WANTED FOR STOPPING A TRAIN!

ARE THEY? I ONLY KNEW THAT THEY COULD HANDLE BUFFALO GUNS REAL WELL!



NEXT MORNING...

TWO OF YOUR HUNTERS ARE IN MY JAIL! THEY HELD UP A TRAIN, BRISTOL!

LOOK, MARSHAL, I DON'T CHECK REFERENCES... JUST SHOOTING BILLS!



KEEP BRINGING IN GUNMEN AND HARDGAGES, BRISTOL... AND YOU'LL SOON FIND YOU'RE NOT TOP HAND ANY LONGER!

AS LONG AS I CONTROL THE MONEY, I CAN CONTROL THE MEN!



LATER...

THAT'S A HUNDRED HIDES, GARY! I'LL COUNT OUT TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR YOU!

MR. BRISTOL, PRICES ROSE OVERNIGHT! THIS WAGONLOAD WILL COST YOU THREE HUNDRED!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, PRICES WENT UP?

SEEMS WE'VE GOT A MONOPOLY OUT ON THE PLAINS! I DON'T KNOW WHO BUT ALL THE OTHER OUTRITS ARE KIND OF SCARED OF US AND RULLED OUT! AND SINCE WE'RE THE ONLY ONES YOU CAN BUY HIDE FROM, WE SET OUR OWN PRICE!





AL-ALL RIGHT!  
THREE DOLLARS  
A SKIN!

LET'S PUT IT DOWN ON  
PAPER THAT WAY SINCE  
YOU'RE SUCH A STICKLER  
FOR A WRITTEN AGREEMENT!

THAT EVENING, AFTER HESITATING ALL DAY, BRISTOL FINALLY TELLS THE WHOLE STORY TO HUFF BLISS.



I NEED HELP, MARSHAL!  
YOU WERE RIGHT! DEAL  
WITH THIEVES AND  
YOU GET ROBBED!

YOU'RE LEARNING,  
BRISTOL, BUT A  
LITTLE TOO LATE!



DO SOMETHING!  
GARY HAS ME AT  
THE END OF  
MY ROPE!

I CAN'T, BRISTOL! YOU  
SIGNED A CONTRACT  
WITH HIM! OTHER THAN  
YOUR WORD, I HAVE NO PROOF  
THAT HE FORCED YOU TO SIGN  
IT! THERE'S NOTHING I CAN  
DO LEGALLY!



I'M RUINED---  
RUINED!

WAIT! IF YOU'VE GOT A  
LITTLE COURAGE, THERE  
MAY BE SOMETHING  
WE CAN DO!

THE NEXT DAY, AS GARY CALLS ON BRISTOL FOR A SIDE MEETING...



MAYBE WE'D BETTER RE-  
NEGOTIATE, GARY! I'VE  
GOT SOMETHING ON YOU!  
I KNOW YOU KNIFE THAT  
BUFFALO HUNTER OUT ON  
THE PLAINS TO SCARE OFF  
THE REST AND---

---WHO TOLD  
YOU?



IT'S TRUE  
ISN'T IT,  
GARY?

YES, BUT IF YOU EVER SAY  
THAT AGAIN, I'LL DO THE SAME  
THING TO YOU!





MINUTES LATER, AT THE OFFICE...



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



Oww!

IT ONLY TAKES ONE GOOD HAND TO LAND ONE GOOD BLOW!



LATER...

HURTING?

YES, MARSHAL! NOW YOU'VE GOT GARY BEHIND BARS AND HIS CROWD OF BUNDFIGHTERS HAVE HIGH-TAILED IT. IT'LL BE SAFE ON THE PLAINS! JUST BUFFALOES AND INDIANS TO WORRY ABOUT!

REMEMBER, FELLOWS, COME TO ME FOR THE BEST PRICES ON THOSE HIDES YOU COLLECT! I'VE LEARNED THE HARD WAY YOU CAN'T DO BUSINESS WITH CROOKS! AND THANKS TO MATT DILLON, I'M STILL IN BUSINESS!



A PLEDGE  TO PARENTS

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Ready... get set... Go-Man!

IN NEW **JUMPING-JACKS**



**FREE COMIC BOOKLETS**

... a new one each month, including all your favorites. Get yours at your favorite Jumping Jacks store.



To be specific, they're terrific! The Bucks this year are "dirty" . . . gray . . . or white. Buckle oxfords with flared vamps are . . . way out! Ditto, girl's new pump with Colonial buckles. Peek Loafers are a "must"! Both have new tapered toes!

VAISEY-BRISTOL SHOE CO. - MONETT, MO.

# POISON GRASSES



OLD CATTLEMEN REMEMBER THE WESTERN PRAIRIES AS A SEA OF GRASS, CHANGING COLOR AS THE WINDS BLEW THROUGH IT. HUNDREDS OF FINE GRASSES ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE HEALTHY HORSES AND CATTLE RAISED ON WESTERN RANCHES. MANY GRASSES, HOWEVER, ARE POISONOUS.



WHEN CATTLE EAT WILD LARKSPUR, THEY BECOME PARALYZED AND SUFFOCATE, BECAUSE THEY CANNOT MOVE THEIR LUNG MUSCLES.



LOCO WEED AFFECTS A HORSE'S EYSIGHT. HE REARS, STUMBLES AND GOES WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER, LOOKING FOR MORE LOCS.



HORSETAIL WILL POISON ANIMALS. IF A MILK COW EATS SOME SUCH WEEDS, HER MILK MAY BECOME POISONED AND MAKE A PERSON SERIOUSLY ILL.



SOME YOUNG GRASSES, SUCH AS JOHNSONGRASS, PRODUCE DEADLY CYANIDE. ABOUT FOUR PER CENT OF STOCK DIE YEARLY FROM POISON GRASS.

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