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Adventure

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GUNSMOKE

DEC. - JAN.



**Matt Dillon
tries to stop
a vengeful Indian
from taking
a cheating trader's
scalp!**

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GUNSMOKE

INDIAN TROUBLE



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





DROP IT!



HAWK FEATHER... YOU'VE BEEN CHEATED AND IT'S MY JOB TO HELP YOU! WHO IS THE TRADER...

---AND! NOT TELL! TRADER MAKE FOOL OF HAWK FEATHER! HAWK FEATHER NOT SQUAW THAT HAS NEED HELP!



I'M THE LAW IN DODGE CITY! TELL ME WHO...

---NEVER! HAWK FEATHER NOT BELIEVE IN WHITE MAN'S JUSTICE!



HAWK FEATHER BELIEVE IN HIS GUN! WHITE MAN WIN COUNTRY WITH GUN--HAWK FEATHER CAN USE GUN, TOO!



SEE CAN?



TRADER HEAR BIGGER THAN CAN!

THAT NIGHT AT THE
LONG BRANCH...

YOU LOOK BITTER,
WHEN YOU
SMILE, MATT!

HAWK FEATHER,
IF YOU USE THE
TRADER FOR
YOUR TARGET,
YOU'LL BE ON
THE RECEIVING
END OF WHITE
MAN'S JUSTICE,
LIKE IT OR
NOT!

MAYBE,
KITTY, BUT I
NEED MY SERIOUS
FACE TO CHAT
WITH THOSE INDIAN
TRADERS INSIDE!

EVENING! WHILE YOU'RE SHUFFLING,
I'D LIKE TO KNOW *WHY* TRADES
WITH HAWK FEATHER!

I SAID, WHICH ONE
OF YOU BOUGHT
BUFFALO HIPS FROM
AN INDIAN NAMED
HAWK FEATHER?

WE WOULDN'T KNOW
THE NAME OF ANY
INDIANS WE DEAL WITH,
DILLON!

MAYBE YOU WERE
THE ONE...

...WE'RE BUSY
DILLON! FLASH
YOUR SEAR SOME-
WHERE ELSE!





SECONDS LATER...



HERE'S A SCATTER-GUN,
MR. DILLON! I FIGURED
YOU MIGHT
NEED IT!

THANKS,
CHESTER!



NOW---WHY WERE
YOU BOYS SO
BASHFUL?

DON'T YOU REALIZE,
DILLON, THAT WE
DON'T EVEN TELL EACH
OTHER WHERE
WE TRADE?



EVERYONE HAS HIS OWN SECRET SOURCE
FOR GETTING BELTS FROM THE INDIANS!
HE ISN'T TELLING ANYONE ELSE ABOUT
IT! THAT'S WHY WE DIDN'T WANT YOU
MAKING ANY OF US
SAY WHO WE
TRADE WITH!

ALL RIGHT---
MOVE
ALONG!



SOUNDS
REASONABLE,
MR. DILLON!

YES, CHESTER! I JUST
HOPE THAT'S THE
ONLY REASON FOR
THEIR SILENCE!



MATT, NEXT
TIME YOU WANT
TO QUESTION
SOMEONE---
USE YOUR
OFFICE!

NEXT DAY...



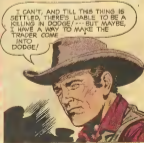
NOT IN DOGGE CITY'S LIMITS, HAWK FEATHER! I'M ORDERING YOU TO MOVE!



AND AS MATT DILLON STARTS TO DRAW...







THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON...



I FIGURED IT WOULD HAPPEN AFTER DILLON TANGLED TWICE WITH THAT REDSKIN!

YES, THEY'RE PROUD PEOPLE! DON'T LIKE BEING PUSHED AROUND! BUT I'LL SAY THIS FOR DILLON--- I'LL BET HE DIDN'T SHOOT TILL HE WAS FORCED TO DO IT!



HERE HE COMES NOW! THAT LOOK SURE SAYS HE DIDN'T LIKE WHAT HE HAD TO DO!

THAT NIGHT...



MARSHAL!

HAWK FEATHER, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO FINE--- ESPECIALLY NOW THAT ALL DODGE CITY THINKS YOU'RE DEAD!



DEAD?

YES! I SPREAD THAT RUMOR AND IT'S CAUGHT ON! I FIGURED YOUR CREATING TRADER MIGHT HEAR IT AND PUT IN AN APPEARANCE IN TOWN!



PLENTY CLEVER! NOW HAWK FEATHER GET HIM!

NO! NOW HAWK FEATHER WILL JUST POINT HIM OUT TO ME ---OR YOU'RE NOT ENTERING DODGE!

SOON ...



DON'T MIND THE FOLKS, HAWK FEATHER, IF THEY ACT AS IF THEY'VE SEEN A GHOST!

JEROSHAPHAT! HE'S HAWK FEATHER!



DO YOU SEE ...

... THAT BE HIM!



WAIT HERE! I'M GOING TO ARREST HIM!



NO! HAWK FEATHER FOR HIM!



WE HEY!





AS THE TRADER SWINGS HIS GUN AT HAWK FEATHER, MATT DILLON DELIBERATELY EXPOSES HIMSELF...





UGH! WHEN HAWK FEATHER SEE MARSHAL RISK OWN LIFE TO KEEP HAWK FEATHER FROM KILLING TENDER, HAWK FEATHER REALIZE READY TO HELP INDIAN EVEN AT COST OF OWN LIFE! IF MARSHAL PRIZE WHITE MAN'S JUSTICE THAT HIGH--HAWK FEATHER TRUST IT, TOO!



NIGHT AMBUSH



Sheriff Macroy spurred his horse up to the top of the ridge and squinted at the setting sun. Just ahead rode Hardesty, his hands fastened to the saddlehorns.

"You'll never make it, Macroy," said Hardesty with wicked relish. "We're still ten miles from Custer City and it's almost dark. You'll have to make camp in another few minutes."

Macroy spurred his horse forward. "You figure your pal Borrell will make another try at breaking you loose?"

Hardesty's grin was reptilian. "Macroy, you're a mind reader. We both know Borrell's still out there and he won't rest until I'm free."

Macroy led his prisoner down toward a sheltering nest of boulders.

"We'll camp here," said Macroy as he proceeded to untie the prisoner's feet.

"Anyway, I still don't see why you're bringing me in," said Hardesty. "I didn't shoot the stage guard."

"No," replied Macroy, "but you were working with the masked man that held up the stage. And you're the one that can identify him."

"If you can get me to talk."

"Oh, you'll talk all right, if you live long enough to reach Custer City."

"Planning to give me down, lowman?" asked Hardesty.

"Borrell will beat me to it. Think it over. He ambushed us twice and missed twice. The second time he nearly got you, friend."

"Don't give me that," Hardesty forced a grin. "Why should Borrell want to finish me?"

"Because you're the only witness that can identify him. Besides, with you gone he won't have to split the loot from that hold-up."

As the Sheriff started a campfire Hardesty watched him uncertainly.

"You're trying to stampede me, scare me into a confession," accused Hardesty. "Well, I'm still not talking, and—"

It was then that the shot came out of the gathering night, the bullet blasting dust from a boulder within inches of Hardesty's head. His hands still bound, the prisoner dived for cover.

"Macroy," he screamed. "It's Borrell! He's after me. Don't let him get me!"

"Why not?" asked Macroy blandly from the shelter of a nearby rock. "You're not worth much to me as a witness if you won't talk."

"All right, I'll talk. I'll tell everything I know."

But Macroy was no longer there to hear him. He was somewhere out in the night moving silently through the darkness.

Suddenly there was a rattle of shots in the darkness, and then silence. "Borrell," whispered Hardesty. "He got the lawman and now he's coming to get me."

Moments later a dark hard-eyed figure stalked into the firelight.

"Borrell," said Hardesty in a hoarse whisper, "so, you can't!"

"He can't and won't," came another voice from the darkness. It was Macroy following close upon Borrell's heels. The lawman held a gun on his second prisoner.

"Shoot at me, will you?" snarled Hardesty, his courage suddenly returned. "Just wait till I tell them what I know."

"Why you double-crossin'—"

"Now, now," said Macroy mildly as he bound his second prisoner. "Don't quarrel boys. Save your strength. After all, you've both got a date with the Judge tomorrow."

ODDGE CITY DAYS

The **TAMING OF DUTCH HENRY**

HORSE THIEVES WERE A DIME
A DOZEN OUT WEST, BUT THE
TOP HAND AT RUSTLING HORSES
WAS DUTCH HENRY AND IT
TOOK DODGE CITY TO PULL
HIM UP SHORT!

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ALL NIGHT, THE HORSE RAIDERS DROVE THE
STOLEN STOCK SOUTH FROM DODGE ...



IN 1876, A DODGE CITIZEN NAMED EMMERSON WENT OUT TO FEED HIS STRING OF PRIDE HORSES.



QUICKLY, EMMERSON MOUNTED AND TRAILED THE HORSES...



TWO DAYS LATER, THE SHERIFF OF RUSSELL COUNTY RECEIVED A TELEGRAM FROM DODGE





BUT IN A FLASH, DUTCH HENRY PUT A FINGER ON THE GUN'S HAMMER, KEEPING THE GUN FROM FIRING, AS HE CLAWED FOR HIS OWN PISTOL...



THAT NIGHT, AS DUTCH HENRY ANGRILY TRIED TO SLEEP IN A DOODGE CITY CELL...





MARSHAL! MARSHAL!
WHAT KIND OF A TOWN
IS THIS? LOOK AT MY
BLANKET! I-I COULD HAVE
BEEN KILLED!

YOU MUST HAVE
AN *ENEMY* IN
DODGE CITY,
DUTCH!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING
TO DO
ABOUT IT?

WHAT CAN I DO? I DIDN'T
SEE WHO FIRED AT YOU!
IF I WERE YOU I'D FIGURE
A WAY TO GET OUT OF
THAT CELL FAST! OF COURSE
AS LONG AS YOU'RE UNDER SUS-
PICION OF HAVING STOLEN
EMMERSON'S HORSES,
YOU'LL HAVE TO
STAY HERE!



MARSHAL! GIVE ME A PEN AND PAPER!
I WANT TO WRITE A LETTER TO
SOMEONE!



NEXT MORNING...

I SEE YOU HAVE
YOUR HORSES
BACK, EMMERSON!

THEY WERE
RIGHT WHERE
DUTCH HENRY'S
LETTER SAID
HE "HAPPENED"
TO SEE THEM!



DUTCH, YOU'RE FREE! I DON'T KNOW
HOW WE EVER GOT THE NOTION YOU
STOLE EMMERSON'S HORSES! WHY, WITH-
OUT YOU VOLUNTEERING THAT INFORMA-
TION IN YOUR LETTER, HE'D HAVE
NEVER FOUND THEM!



OH, DUTCH! DON'T GO BUNNING FOR
EMMERSON! HE PROBABLY WASN'T
THE MAN WHO FIRED INTO YOUR
CELL! I NOTICE SOME SHELLS
WERE FIRED FROM MY GUN!

GUNSMOKE

The

BUNCO ARTIST

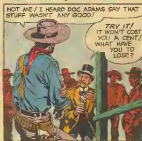






THAT EVENING...













WHAT IS IT?

NATURAL ROCK OIL! DON'T YOU KNOW, ALL GOOD MEDICINE SWELLS?



WANT TO LOOK IN THE OTHER BARREL, MARSHALL?



NO THANKS! ONE WHIFF IS ENOUGH!



SOON...

Not right!



SOMETHING IS WRONG HERE! DOC ADAMS WOULDN'T HAVE LEFT WITHOUT FEEDING HIS HORSE FIRST! NOT UNLESS HE DIDN'T LEAVE OF HIS OWN FREE WILL!





AFTER FREEDING DOC ADAMS, MARSHAL DILLON AND LEN PLAY A DEADLY GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK...



A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

KIDS! PARENTS! TEACHERS! GROUPS! SEE IT FREE!

NEW! "ROCKET CLUB" MOVIE!

JUST OUT!

NEW SOUND COLOR FILM produced by
DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
in Cooperation With The

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
WASHINGTON

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

February 12, 1959

Dear Mr. Hoyle:

I have received the information regarding the production of the "Rocket Club" film by your company. It was happy to have such professional support in our quest to properly guide the interests of young amateur rocket experimenters.

As has been your primary interest, over the years in the development of safe activities for the youngsters of America, so are we vitally concerned over the safety of our youth in their varied experiments in the rocket and motor area.

It appears that, in your film, you have accomplished great aims adequately and are providing the proper balance for the safety considerations that must be applied to this program.

May we commend you for the public-spirited sponsorship of this project and your support of the school effort to encourage interested study of the sciences.

We timely believe that we can support most effectively the responsibility imposed by showing qualified youth through safe programs in these, to become interested and voluntarily pursue careers in science or engineering.

We expect to see "Rocket Club" widely to inform youth and parents of America of the dangers inherent in unorganized and uncontrolled experimentation with amateur rockets and other similar explosive devices.

Sincerely,

E. B. Lyberty
E. B. LYBERTY
Inspector General, USAF
Chief of Staff of
Information Services

Mr. Carl S. Aoych
President
Daisy Manufacturing Company
Rogers, Arkansas

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