

**BELL**  
Excelling  
Adventure

JAN-MARCH  
Still 10¢

# HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL

RICHARD BOONE

Six blazing guns greet  
Peladin when he answers  
a call for help!



# HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL

## THE COLONEL'S STORY



As Paladin helps a retired Army Colonel, he finds himself trapped in a flame-threatened cabin with a man accused of being a vengeful liar and coward.



Before Paladin can learn whether the Colonel's story is false or his accuser's claim a lie, all face the grim chance of death from Indians' guns.

## MAN IN THE MIDDLE



Coming to the aid of a damsel in distress, Paladin also comes in range of the vicious fists of the man from whom she wants to escape.



When Paladin discovers why the girl is really fleeing from the man, a desperate chase leads him to a racing train and waiting game.

# HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL THE COLONEL'S STORY



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HOURS LATER...

COULDN'T YOU HAVE  
GOTTEN HELP OVER  
THERE, MRS. CLAY?

NO! THEY'RE OUR  
ONLY NEIGHBORS,  
BUT THEY ARE  
AWAY!



YOU STAY IN THAT HOUSE  
TILL I BRING YOUR HUSBAND  
TO YOU!

DESSERT  
HIM? NO,  
SIR! I'M  
RIDING ON WITH  
YOU!



MRS. CLAY, YOUR DESIRE TO  
BE WITH HIM IS SENTIMENTAL,  
BUT NOT PRACTICAL! YOU'LL  
ONLY BE HINDERING  
OUR CHANCES!

IN THAT  
CASE,  
RIDE ON!



SOON...



THE GUNFIRE  
MEANS COLONEL  
CLAY IS STILL  
HOLDING OUT!

BANG  
BANG!

BUT THE COLONEL  
HASN'T THINNED OUT  
THE OPPOSITION ANY!  
THERE ARE STILL  
SIX GUNS!







"MY SIX-MAN RECONNAISSANCE PARTY WAS HIT SOON AFTER WE RODE INTO INDIAN TERRITORY! I WANTED TO USE OURSELVES FOR BAIT, HOPING THE MAIN BODY OF MY TROOPS WOULD REACH US IN TIME TO FINALLY HIT THE INDIANS IN AN OPEN FIGHT...



"WE WERE IN A GOOD POSITION! THE INDIANS STARTED BATHERING! MY PLAN SEEMED TO HAVE A CHANCE WHEN I GOT HIT IN THE LEG...



"THEY FIGURED I WAS GOOD AS DEAD, AND WHEN THE INDIANS DREW BACK FOR A MOMENT, THEY MADE A BOLT FOR IT.

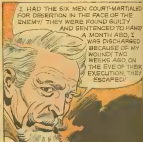


"I LOST A LOT OF BLOOD AND WAS ONLY HALF-CONSCIOUS WHEN THE MEN WHISPERED ABOUT FIGHTING THEIR WAY BACK TO THE MAIN BODY AND LOSING OUR CHANCE TO HIT THE INDIANS...



"THE INDIANS STARTED AFTER THEM, LEAVING ME ALONE! BUT SIGHTING THE DUST OF THE APPROACHING MAIN FORCE THE BRAVES BROKE OFF THEIR ATTACK TO AVOID A PITCHED BATTLE! AS DUSK CAME, I MANAGED TO SLIP OFF..."









AS THE DESERTERS WATCH THE FLAMING WAGON BURN HARMLESSLY AWAY FROM THE CABIN, PALADIN BAINS THE COVER OF WOODS...



...AND APPROACHES THE DESERTERS FROM BEHIND...







YOU GOT THE  
DROP ON US!  
NOW WHAT?

I'LL LET  
YOUR OLD COLONEL  
MARCH YOU—STRAIGHT  
TO THE GREATEST  
MILITARY POST!



HAND US OVER TO CLAY  
AND YOU'RE TURNING US  
OVER TO A **FAKE** AND  
A **KILLER!**

RUNNY, THAT'S  
NOT HOW HE  
IMPRESSES ME!



SURE, BECAUSE YOU  
ONLY HEARD HIS STORY!  
WHAT'D HE DO—SHOW  
YOU THAT  
WOUND  
HE MADE  
HIM-  
SELF?

ARE YOU SAYING  
THAT WOUND WAS  
SELF-  
INFLECTED?



YES! CLAY WANTED TO GET OUT OF  
THE ARMY! BUT HE COULDN'T QUIT  
IN THE MIDDLE OF AN  
INDIAN CAMPAIGN WITHOUT  
BEING CALLED A COWARD!  
SO HE PICKED UP AN  
ARROW THAT LANDED  
HARMLESSLY BY HIM  
AND MADE THAT  
WOUND! THEN HE  
SAW WE WERE  
WATCHING!

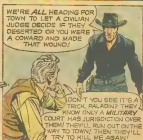


SO HE FIGURED A WAY TO DISCREDIT  
US! HE TOLD US TO PULL OUT AND WE'D  
COVER US! BUT WHEN HE  
GOT BACK, HE SAID WE  
DESERTED!

IT'S YOUR WORD  
AGAINST HIS, ISN'T  
IT? WHY SHOULD I  
TAKE YOURS?



READ **THIS!** IT'S A  
COMMENDATION I RECEIVED  
FROM THE ARMY FOR  
BRAVERY UNDER FIRE!  
DOES THAT MAKE ME SOUND  
LIKE THE SORT OF MAN  
WHO'D DESERT?



AT DUSK...



CAN'T YOU  
KEEP THAT FIRE  
FROM SMOKING  
MYSTER?

WHEN I NEED  
YOUR ADVICE, I'LL  
ASK FOR IT!



HE HAS ALL THE GUNS, WALDEN!  
BETTER LISTEN TO THE GENT!



YEAH, WALDEN, IF WE GET A  
FAIR SHAKE THIS TIME, WE'LL STILL  
BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF CLAY!



THERE! THAT GETS  
RID OF THE SMOKE!



HEY! CLAY'S  
BOLTING!

CLAY! COME  
BACK!





ZING!  
PING!

PALADIN,  
HOW BAD...

IN THE STOMACH,  
BLEEDING FAST...



I'LL COVER YOUR RETREAT,  
BUT I NEED ONE MAN...  
TO STAY WITH ME... IN  
CASE I GO... BEFORE  
THE REST GET A  
GOOD LEAD!



WH-WHO  
WILL STAY?

AND GET SCALPED  
BY THOSE MURDERING  
REDSKINS? NOT ME!



YO-YOU, WALDEN...  
YOU HAVE A COMMEN-  
DATION FOR BRAVERY!

BRAVERY'S ONE  
THING--SUICIDE'S  
ANOTHER!



GIVE ME A GUN! I'LL  
FIGHT WITH YOU EVEN  
IF IT MEANS LETTING  
THOSE DESERTERS  
ESCAPE!

PING!



THEY WON'T ESCAPE  
COLONEL! NOW I  
FINALLY KNOW WHO  
WAS LYING!



IT WAS A TRICK!  
GET HIM!



OHW!!

BANK!



NE-HELP!

YOU'LL ALL NEED  
HELP IF YOU  
DON'T BACK  
OFF!



MINUTES  
LATER...

HERE  
HORSES!

IT DOESN'T MAKE  
SENSE! WHY ARE THEY  
RETURNING OUR  
MOUNTS?



THEY'RE FRIENDLY INDIANS! THE  
SMOKE I WAS MAKING BEFORE  
SIGNALLED THEM TO RUN OFF  
OUR HORSES AND FIRE OVER  
OUR HEADS! THEN I COULD  
FIND OUT WHO WAS LYING AND  
WHO WAS THE COWARD!



I'M GLAD MARTHA  
REACHED YOU,  
PALADIN! YOU  
SAVED MY LIFE!

NO, COLONEL,  
YOUR OWN  
COURAGE  
SAVED YOUR  
LIFE!



NED WEST  
GUNSMITH

TRIAL BY GUNFIRE

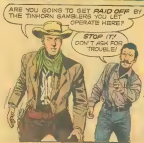
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THE NEXT DAY...





MARSHAL, I HEAR YOU INSULTED MY MOTHER! DRAW!

IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, SON--



I DID IT! I GOT OFF THE FIRST SHOTS!

**BANG!  
BANG!**



AS THE KID SLIP-HAMMERS HIS THIRD SHOT, THE MARSHAL'S GUN FIRES SIMULTANEOUSLY . . .

M-MY SHOULDER... SOMEONE... HELP ME... HELP!



SOON...

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A MONTH, KID! THE MARSHAL PUT THAT BULLET WHERE IT WOULDN'T DO TOO MUCH DAMAGE! BUT THE NEXT MAN YOU COME UP AGAINST MAY PLAY FOR KEEPS!

YO-YOU WERE RIGHT, WEST! IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW YOU SPEED-UP YOUR GUN...



...COOLNESS, BRAVERY, THAT'S WHAT COUNTS IN THE SHOWDOWN! THE MARSHAL FIRED AFTER ME, BUT HE HAD COURAGE ENOUGH TO WAIT TO AIM! THE GUN WON'T EVER MAKE ME A REAL MAN-- TAKE IT!



# RED HANDED



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"Two express robberies in one month," said District Superintendent Max Barnes, as he paced the office of The Kansas and Western Railroad station. "Fifty thousand in gold and greenbacks stolen inside of thirty days," he grunted, as he addressed his remarks to Kip Mason the rugged man seated before him.

"Well, I'm here to help, Mr. Barnes. I'll do everything I can."

"Mason, they tell me you're the best railroad detective west of the Mississippi. I sure hope you can get a line on the thief who's been breaking into our express cars. He seems to know exactly when and where a valuable shipment is going through. Another hold-up and it could be my finish as district superintendent."

"When's the next express shipment going through?" asked Kip.

"Tomorrow night. Thirty thousand in gold bullion for the bank at Tonopah." Barnes gave Kip a sidelong glance. "What are your plans, Mason?"

Mason shrugged. "Hard to say, sir. Right now I'm going down to the printers' to see about getting some more reward posters turned out."

"Posters!" grunted Barnes scornfully. "Well, if you're going to wait until somebody turns over that thief for the reward—"

But Kip didn't even hear him. He had

already stepped through the door and was heading toward the office of the Territorial Sentinel, which turned out a weekly newspaper and did Central City's printing work as well.

"You foolish young pup!" called Barnes. "You'll never get that thief that way. He's too smart for you."

Sure enough the next morning a telegram arrived from Tonopah. The train had been held up and the express car robbed. The smashed express box was being sent back to Central City on the afternoon train.

That afternoon as Kip Mason examined the express box on the station platform at Central City, Max Barnes banged angrily through the crowd of onlookers.

"And you call yourself a railroad detective? Thirty thousand in gold gone—and we don't even know who the thief was."

"I think we'll know who he is sooner than you think," said Kip. "He'll be carrying a sign."

"A sign?" said Barnes, frowning. "What do you mean?" The crowd pushed closer murmuring their curiosity.

Kip pointed toward the lock on the opened express box. It was smeared with a glistening vivid red color. "When I visited the printer yesterday I borrowed some red printers' ink from him and smeared it on the lock of the express box. The man who opened that box will have a red ink stain on his hand—a stain it'll take days to remove."

Barnes extracted a handkerchief and wiped his brow. "Well, I hope you catch him, whoever he is," he said.

"I have caught him," said Kip as he grabbed for Barnes's hand and snatched away the handkerchief. Barnes's palm was stained with crimson.

As the sheriff's deputies dragged Max Barnes away, Kip explained it all to the lawman.

"Since the thief always seemed to know exactly when the shipments would be made, I knew it had to be an inside job. It was only a question of setting the right kind of trap," he grinned. "You might say I caught him red-handed!"

HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL

# MAN IN THE MIDDLE







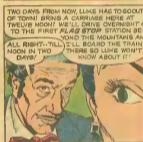
YOUR MOTHER DOESN'T SEEM TOO EXCITED!

MOMMY BROUGHT THAT PLANT ALL THE WAY FROM ST. LOUIS! SHE WON'T LET ANYTHING KEEP HER FROM TAKING CARE OF IT! NOW YOU HAVE TO GET MOTHER, ME AND THAT PLANT ON SOMETHING LEADING EAST!



YOU MEAN TAKE YOU DOWN TO THE STATION OR TO A STAGE OFFICE?

NO! LUKE HAS FRIENDS AT THOSE PLACES! IF ANYONE OF THEM SAW ME BOARDING A TRAIN OR STAGE IN SAN FRANCISCO, THEY'D KEEP ME OFF IT BY FORCE! LUKE HOPES I'LL CHANGE MY MIND--AND MY LETTER ACCEPTING HIS MARRIAGE OFFER COULD PUT THE LAW ON HIS SIDE SO I'D BE FORCED TO STAY!



TWO DAYS FROM NOW, LUKE HAS TO SCOOT OUT OF TOWN! BRING A CARRIAGE HERE AT TWELVE NOON! WE'LL DRIVE OVERNIGHT TO THE FIRST FLAG STOP STATION BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS AND

ALL RIGHT--TILL NOON IN TWO DAYS!

I'LL BOARD THE TRAIN THERE SO LUKE WON'T KNOW ABOUT IT!



OH, MR. PALADIN, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!

I'D ALMOST GIVE YOU MY PLANT IN GRATITUDE--IF

YOU GET US AWAY FROM THAT WICKED MAN!



SAY GOOD-BYE TO LUKE FOR ME!



TWO DAYS LATER... THAT'S THE TWELFTH OF NOON NOW!

THANKS, PALADIN! NOW GET OUR BAGS AND LET'S BE OFF! I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE ESCAPING LUKE SO EASILY!









OH, PALADIN, YOU WERE WONDERFUL! HOW LUCKY I AM TO HAVE HIRED YOU!

SAY THAT WHEN YOU'RE ON THE TRAIN! YOUR WOULD BE HUSBAND MAY NOT GIVE UP HIS BRIDE SO EASILY! BUT I WONDER HOW HE LEARNED YOU'D LEFT...



WHILE A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

LUCKY

I NOTICED THAT THE WINDOW PLANT OF LAURIE'S MOTHER WAS GONE! OTHERWISE, I'D NEVER HAVE CHECKED AND LEARNED SHE BOLTED! HOW TO GET THE BOYS TO HELP!

THAT EVENING...



THAT LOOKS LIKE A PERFECT PLACE TO BED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT—PARTICULARLY SINCE IT'S THE ONLY HOTEL IN TOWN!

DON'T STOP HERE, PALADIN! FIND A FARM HOUSE! IF LUKE KEEPS AFTER US, HE'D BE SOUND TO CHECK THAT HOTEL!



I'VE A FUNNY FEELING THAT THERE'S MORE TO MISS LAURIE'S STORY THAN SHE'S TOLD ME! BUT TELL SHE SHOWS HER HAND, ALL I CAN DO IS PLAY ALONG AND HOPE FOR THE BEST!



SOON AFTER, ON A BACK ROAD...



MINUTES LATER...





THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE WHERE THIS BRAND-NEW CURRENCY COULD HAVE COME FROM—A BANK!



SO THAT'S WHY LUKE'S CHASING YOU! HE AND SOME FRIENDS MUST HAVE ROBBED A BANK! THEY LEFT THE MONEY WITH YOU FOR SAFEKEEPING, DIDN'T THEY? YOU WERE TO KEEP IT TILL THE SEARCH SLEW OVER! I HAD TO PICK YOU UP ON THE DOT OF NOON—BECAUSE THAT WAS RIGHT AFTER THEY WERE TO DELIVER THE LOOT!



YOU'RE RIGHT! LUKE AND THREE PALS HIT A BANK AT ELEVEN! NO ONE COULD CONNECT MOTHER AND ME WITH THE ROB BERRY, SO WE WERE TO HANG ON TO THE MONEY FOR A MONTH! BUT WE FIGURED WITH YOU FOR A

GUARD WE COULD GIVE THEM THE SLIP!



AND NOW LUKE AND HIS BANK-ROBBING PLAY-MATES ARE ON OUR HEELS! THERE ARE FOUR GUNS POINTING AT US!

I KNOW! I DIDN'T THINK THEY'D LEARN WE'VE LEFT TILL TOMORROW!



STOP CRYING! WE HAVE TO FIGURE A WAY TO GET THAT MONEY INTO THE HANDS OF THE LAW BEFORE LUKE GETS US!

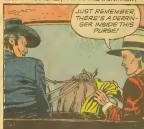
YOU'RE RIGHT! SNIP-SNIP! LET ME WIPE MY EYES AND THEN I'LL HELP YOU MAKE PLANS!



SUDDENLY, I'VE MADE THE PLANS! YOU ARE PUTTING US ONTO THAT TRAIN!



ALL NIGHT, THE DETERMINED GIRL KEEPS PALADIN COVERED, AND IN THE MORNING...



SOON...



MINUTES LATER...





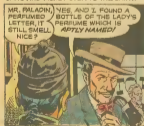








LATER THAT DAY, AFTER TURNING THE GANG AND MONEY OVER TO THE LAW...



## HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL **INDIAN SIGNALS**



BY NIGHT OR DAY, PLAINS INDIANS SENT MESSAGES TO OTHER TRIBES FROM ONE BARRER HILLTOP TO ANOTHER. BY NIGHT, FIRES WERE USED, BY DAY, SMOKE.



FLAMING ARROWS STOOD OUT AGAINST THE CLEAR NIGHT SKY. THE NUMBER OF ARROWS SHOT AND THEIR DIRECTION INDICATED THE MESSAGE. ONE FLAMING ARROW MEANT WAR.



DURING DAYLIGHT, INDIANS WOULD THROW WET GRASS OR LEAVES ON A SMALL FIRE TO MAKE IT SMOKE. TWO INDIANS HELD A BLANKET OVER THE SMOKING FIRE AND BY QUICKLY PULLING THE BLANKET AND QUICKLY RECOVERING THE FIRE, THEY SENT PUFFS OF SMOKE INTO THE AIR.



THEY COULD MAKE LARGE OR SMALL PUFFS OF DIFFERENT PATTERNS. EACH SIGNAL, LIKE OUR PRESENT DAY MORSE CODE, CARRIED A MESSAGE. THREE QUICK PUFFS MEANT DANGER.



AT NIGHT, A BRIGHT FLAMING FIRE WAS COVERED AND UNCOVERED WITH A PIECE OF DAMP BARK TO MAKE A LONG OR SHORT FLAME, ANOTHER METHOD FOR SENDING MESSAGES.

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After examining my entire introductory package, I will write you within 10 days if I do not wish to continue with the Program. Otherwise, I understand you will send me a new Nature Album complete with a set of color prints every month for only \$1.00 each plus shipping. I am not obligated to take any further number of future albums, and I may cancel my subscription any time I wish.

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