

**DELL**  
Western  
Adventure

JUNE

15¢

# HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL



Bodyguarding an egotistical actor turns out to be more trouble than Paladin bargains for!



# HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL

## CAPTURED



Paladin has worked for unusual clients, but few match actor Edmund Collins, who is marked for as violent a death as the Caesar he plays on stage!



In trying to keep his actor-client from playing an early final performance, Paladin gets trapped in a dead-end maze, the only way out blocked by flying lead!

## THE DEAD MAN'S MESSAGE



When Paladin rides up inquiring for a man who wrote for help, he finds himself facing hostile guns and a mystery only a dead man can solve!



Determined to answer the letter's plea for help, Paladin tracks down the clues that lead to a gunfight against rustlers out to silence him for keeps!

HAVE GUN,  
WILL TRAVEL

# CAPTURED

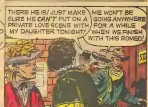
IN SAN FRANCISCO'S LEADING THEATER, PALADIN AND A SPELL BOUND AUDIENCE WATCH EDMUND COLLINS, AMERICA'S LEADING ACTOR, PERFORM "HAMLET"



WITHOUT YOUR HELP, PALADIN, COLLINS MAY NOT BEY VERY LONG! READ THIS ANONYMOUS LETTER THAT CAME THIS MORNING!



AFTER APPLAUSE BRINGS DOWN THE CURTAIN, COLLINS HURRIES BACKSTAGE TO MEET AN ADMIRER...



ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY... PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY...  
CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us two weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address exactly if possible your old address last.





GOF!

YOU MUST BE PALADIN! I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW PLEASED I AM TO MEET YOU AT THIS MOST OPPORTUNE MOMENT!

I QUITE UNDERSTAND!

I THINK WE HAVE BOTH CONCLUDED FINE PERFORMANCES HERE IN SAN FRANCISCO! NOW ONTO THE GOLD HILLS!

A WEEK LATER, COLLINS ACTS OUT "RICHARD III" BEFORE A PACKED TENT.

AT LEAST OUT THERE, COLLINS CAN'T STIR UP TROUBLE OVER WOMEN!

THIS IS A FINE JOB! I ENJOY SHAKESPEARE--AND LOAFING!

YOU MAY JUST BE RESTING UP FOR A REAL WORKOUT!

THAT NIGHT, AS COLLINS SOBS UP THE ADULATION OF THE MINERS, HE ALSO AMUSED HIMSELF INSULTING THE MEN WITH QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

"WHAT A ROUGH AND PEASANT MAN IS THIS!"

I UNDERSTAND THAT REMARK! I'LL MAKE YOU SWALLOW THAT INSULT!



COLLINS IS WORTH A PILE OF CASH TO THAT COMPANY! HE BRINGS IN A FEW GRAND A WEEK! BUT BEFORE WE CAN GRAB HIM TOMORROW AND GET PAID FOR DELIVERING HIM BACK, WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF HIS BODYGUARD...TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT, AS PALADIN BEDS DOWN IN A TENT...



AND I DON'T RECALL INVITING ANYONE TO DROP IN ON ME!



I MIGHT BE ABLE TO GREET MY CALLERS BETTER BY COMING AROUND FROM THE BACK!



**BANG!**

H-HE SHAKED OUT THE BACK!

DROP HIM!





THE FOLLOWING DAY AS PALADIN WATCHES AN OPEN AIR PERFORMANCE OF JULIUS CAESAR.





REMEMBER, SLUG HIM WHEN THE OTHERS  
KNIFE HIM AND WE'LL DRAG HIM OFF AS  
IF IT WERE PART  
OF THE PLAY!



AS PALADIN WATCHES, MENTALLY RECITING  
THE LINES HE ALMOST KNOWS BY HEART,  
SUDDENLY...



YES, THIS WOULD BE A PERFECT TIME TO  
CAPTURE COLLING... IF THAT'S SOMEONE'S  
GAME!







AT THE MOMENT I CAN'T THINK OF A GOOD EXIT FOR US!

OH, WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL ENJOY MY STAY HERE! WHY HOW ABOUT A SMOKE?



AND AS COLLINS PUFFS...

FROM THE WAY THE SMOKE IS BEING PULLED AWAY FROM THE ENTRANCE, THERE MUST BE A DRAUGHT COMING FROM ANOTHER MINE EXIT! AND MAYBE, WE CAN USE IT!



YOU KNOW, MY FAVORITE SHAKESPEARIAN PLAY IS "KING LEAR!"

YOU SHOULD SEE ME DO THE OLD KING! I'M MAGNIFICENT IN THAT PART!



IT MIGHT BE HELPFUL IF YOU COULD PLAY THE SCENE ON THE MOORE'S RIGHT NOW!

I UNDERSTAND! A COMMAND PERFORMANCE!



HE-HELP! MY HEAD... DIZZY... FEEL SICK!



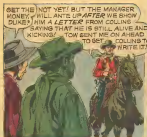
WHAT'S WRONG?

WHATEVER HE HAS MAYBE BAD ENOUGH TO KEEP THE CHIPS FROM CROSSING TO YOUR SIDE OF THE TABLE! HELP HIM!



BACK TO BACK, PALADIN AND COLLINS UNITE EACH OTHER ...







THEY STREAKED  
IT FOR THE  
OTHER END!

IF THEY GET OUT,  
THEY TAKE A HEAP  
OF CHANGE OUT OF  
OUR POCKETS!



KEEP WORKING, COLLINS! MAYBE  
THIS WILL SLOW THEM UP!



IT'S NO USE PALADIN!  
THESE BOARDS ARE NAILED  
SOLID! WE CAN'T GET OUT  
THE BACK WAY!





COLLINS, WITH THE BOARDS  
BLOCKING THAT WAY OUT,  
WE HAVE NO CHOICE!  
WE MUST SURRENDER!

ZING



OWH!



TH-THAT SHOT...  
HIT...M-MY CHEST...



LOOK AT THAT! WHOEVER FIRED THAT SHOT  
BLOOD BY HIS HEART! KILLED THE GOOSE THAT  
COULD HAVE LAID THE GOLDEN EGGS!



AND YOU'LL PAY FOR MURDER-  
ING COLLINS! REACH!



GOOD WORK, PALADIN! THE CRITICS HAVE  
ALWAYS ADMIRER MY DYING SCENES! MYACT-  
ING AND THE LITTLE STAGE BLOOD I HAD  
WITH ME FROM CAESAR'S MURDER SCENE  
HAS BROUGHT THIS DRAMA TO A FINE ENDING!

NO-THERE'S ONE MORE ACTOR WHO  
COULD MAKE HIS ENTRANCE AT ANY TIME!

AND AS PALADIN HAS THE OTHERS DROP THEIR GUNS TO THE GROUND...



HE HELPS ME



LATER...

TONIGHT'S CURTAIN ENDS A MOST SUCCESSFUL TOUR! THAT LITTLE EPISODE YOU HELPED US WITH & WE COLLINS SO MUCH PUBLICITY WE'VE PLAYED TO PACKED HOUSES! WHY NOT JOIN US ON OUR SWING EAST?

I LIKE TO QUIT WHILE I'M AHEAD!



AND TO QUOTE A LINE COLLINS OFTEN USES--"PARTING IS SUCH SWEET BORROW!"



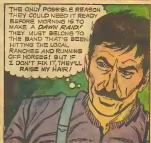


RED WEST  
GUNSMITH

# REPEATING RIFLES

LATE AT NIGHT, A LOUD, PERSISTENT KNOCKING BRINGS RED WEST TO HIS DOOR AND AS IT SAYS...  
SAYS OPEN...

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ALL RIGHT! PUT  
DOWN THAT TOMA-  
HAWK AND TELL ME  
WHAT'S BROKE?

GUN SUPPOSED TO  
FIRE SEVEN SHOTS  
WITHOUT RELOAD-  
ING! ONLY FIRE  
ONE!



STRIPPING DOWN THE CARTRIDGE AND EXAMINING  
IT WITH PRETENDED SPECIAL CARE, RED WOLF  
FINALLY LOOKS UP..

SORRY! IT'LL TAKE A  
WHOLE DAY TO REPAIR  
THIS! THERE ARE PARTS  
THAT NEED SOFTENING  
AND THAT TAKES TIME  
TO COOL AND HARDEN!



GOOD! LET THEM POWWOW! NOW THEY'VE  
HEARD IT WON'T BE READY BY DAWN, THEY  
SHOULD LEAVE ME ALONE AND MAYBE  
EVEN FORGET ABOUT THE RAID!



COME! BRING TOOLS! MAYBE  
OTHER GUNS EASIER TO FIX!

NOW LOOK  
HERE! I'VE GOT  
TO GET A GOOD  
NIGHT'S SLEEP!



SOON AFTER, A HALF MILE FROM TOWN..

YOU COME  
QUICK OR LOSE  
SLEEP HEAD  
LONG TIME!



RIFLE-FIXER HERE! HIM HELP  
US NOW--OR NEVER HELP  
ANYONE AGAIN!



WHY THESE CARBINES NOT FIRE MANY SHOTS--JUST ONE AT A TIME?



I'LL HAVE TO CHECK THEM OVER!

A QUICK GLANCE TELLS NED WEST THAT JUST LIKE THE OTHER SPENCER CARBINE, THE MAGAZINE CUT-OFF LEVER HAS BEEN FIXED FOR SINGLE FIRING! BY THE FLICK OF THE LEVER, IT COULD BE TURNED INTO A REPEATING GUN...



THESE NEED SOLDERING, WE MAKE YOU TOO! THAT'LL TAKE A DAY! WORK ASSEY?

AGAIN AND AGAIN, THEY STRIKE THE STUBBORN GUNSMITH...



ALL RIGHT! I'LL TR-TRY, BUT I'M NOT MAKING ANY PROMISES!

SOON AFTER, NED WEST HANDS BACK THE CARBINE HAVING DELIBERATELY SET IT SO THE MAGAZINE WILL JAM THE WEAPON...



NOW IT WILL NOT FIRE EVEN ONE SHOT!

KILL-UM!



WAIT! LET ME TRY FIRING IT!

WITHOUT THE INDIANS SEEING HIM DO IT, NED WEST CHANGES THE CUT-OFF LEVER...



TWO SERIES OF THREE SHOTS! I JUST HOPE SOMEONE HEARS-- AND UNDERSTANDS THEM!

GOOD! NOW FIX OTHER GUNS!



FLICKING THE LEVER TO CUT OFF THE MAGAZINE AGAIN, NED WEST PRETENDS TO WORK ON ANOTHER CARBINE, AS SUDDENLY

ZING!

OWH!



PALEFACES!

SHOOT!

BANG!

BAM!



BANG! CLICK!

GUN NOT WORK AGAIN!

HE-HELP!



RIDE AWAY FAST! LEAVE BROKEN GUNS!

MOMENTS LATER...

THEY TURNED TAIL, NED! LUCKY YOU FIRED THAT CALL FOR HELP OF THREE SHOTS IN A ROW! MAYBE THIS WILL KEEP THEM FROM RAIDING FOR A SPELL!

AT LEAST THEY WON'T BE ARMED WITH FOUR REPEATING CARBINES THAT WORK PERFECTLY!



# The Golden Trail



As the gold train moved into the canyon country Abel Carter kept watching toward the rimrock high above.

Behind him Mart Baker, one of the mule drivers, spoke up.

"Figuring on trouble, Carter?"  
"When you're riding herd on a quarter of a million in gold dust you've got to be expecting trouble," was the grim reply.

"Reckon you're right," said another mule driver as he strode up behind the first two. "This here is Snake Brogan's country. He and his gang have robbed half a dozen mule trains in the past three months."

Baker urged a reluctant mule around a boulder and then spoke up. "Seems to me they ought to be able to track down that Hole-in-the-Hills gang," he said.

"Not that easy," said Abel, scratching at his gray whiskers. "You could lose an army in this canyon country. Matter of fact, there've been a dozen posse tracking down Brogan's gang, but they always end up on some blind trail. No gold shipment will ever be safe unless that gang is rounded up."

"Well," said Baker. "That's why we hired you, Abel. Think you can swing the job?"

"Well," said Abel drily. "I've been an undercover detective for fifteen years. Seems like I ought to be able to do the job."

It was at the very next canyon that Brogan's gang struck. Almost like magic a dozen men were circling the mule train.

"All right," bawled Brogan. "Stand back, all of you and nobody'll get hurt. All we want is that gold!"

If the mule drivers expected fast action from Abel Carter they were disappointed. The only sign of motion he made was when Brogan's men were driving the mules away. Then, with a sad regretful movement Abel reached out and patted the huge sack of gold loaded upon the last mule.

Looking back Brogan roared with laughter. "Don't cry about that gold dust, hombre. We'll keep it safe. You can have it any time you call of our hide-out. That is, if you can find it, first."

With a bellow of mirth the gang vanished into the maze of canyons.

"Well, that's that," said Mart Baker, grimacing toward Abel. "Reckon we've seen the last of Brogan and our gold dust."

"That's where you're wrong, Mart," said Abel. "Look here." He pointed downward. A thin glint of gold shown on the the canyon floor.

"Gold dust," said Mart, frowning. "Reckon one of those bags of dust broke open."

"Broke open, nothing," said Abel. "When I reached out to pat the bag on that last mule I had my penknife palmed in my hand. I opened a leak in that rawhide gold pouch."

"And now that dust will lead us straight to Brogan's hide-out. Smart thinking, Abel. Reckon I underestimated you."

The next day when a posse of lawmen trapped Brogan's gang deep in the canyon country Brogan roared in disbelief. "You must have found us by pure dumb luck!"

"That's where you're wrong," grinned Abel. "You left a trail, Brogan—a golden trail!"

HAVE GUN,  
WILL TRAVEL

# THE DEAD MAN'S MESSAGE



AS CURTIS SLUMPS LIFELESS, THE DRAUGHT CAUSED BY THE OPEN BUNKROOM DOOR BLOWS HIS LETTER OUT THE WINDOW...



...THEN A STRONG BREEZE CARRIES IT ALONG!



AND NEXT MORNING...

WHAT'S FLASHING OVER THERE?



SAY! IT LOOKS LIKE A LETTER!



YES! AND IT'S EVEN STAMPED! I RECKON SOMEONE DROPPED IT ON THE WAY TO THE POST OFFICE! MIGHT AS WELL MAIL IT!



MAIL



AND MINUTES LATER, THE BOY SENDS OFF THE DEAD MAN'S LETTER...

A WEEK LATER...





MINUTES LATER...



IF I CAN SEE CURTIS' BELONGINGS, I MAY FIND A CLUE TO WHY HE SENT FOR ME TO HELP HIM!

MR. FARREN, I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO INSIST ON SEEING MY PAL'S GEAR!

HANK! LARRY! GET RID OF THIS CALLER!

MOVE, MISTER!

OUT!

YOU'RE MOVING—AND NOW!

CERTAINLY—AFTER I SEE CURTIS' GEAR!

SLUG HIM!

I'VE GOT HIM! HIT AWAY!







MY HORSE IS  
WUNDED! LET  
ME GET A  
FRESH  
MOUNT!

HERE! THIS BELONGED TO  
YOUR PAL CURTIS! HIS  
STALLION COULD USE  
SOME EXERCISE!



MINUTES LATER...

YOU THERE--  
CLEAR OFF  
THIS RANGE!

NOT TILL WE FINISH  
LOOKING FOR OUR  
MISSING STOCK!



YOU'LL ONLY FIND  
TROUBLE HERE!

WE CAN GIVE  
THAT AS WELL AS  
TAKE IT!



THEY STARTED IT!  
FINISH IT!

RIGHT, PALADIN!

BANG  
BANG



THAT MADE  
'EM TURN TAIL!

LOOK!  
ONE'S  
DOWN!

HOLD YOUR  
FIRE! I'LL  
TAKE  
CARE OF  
HIM!

BANG





LET HIM ALONE! I WANT TO KNOW WHY HE'S HERE!

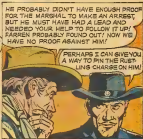


CURTIS WAS YOUR MAN, I UNDERSTAND! HE WROTE ME THIS LETTER! BY THE TIME I GOT TO FARREN'S RANCH, CURTIS WAS DEAD AND I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY HE SENT FOR ME!

I GAVE HIM YOUR CARD, PALADIN! I TOLD HIM IF HE GOT IN A TIGHT CORNER--SEND FOR YOU!



IT'S OBVIOUS HE WAS SPYING ON FARREN! HE GOT IN ALL OF US SMALL RANCHERS AROUND THESE PARTS HAVE BEEN LOSING CATTLE! WE'RE WHAT WAS SURE FARREN HAS BEEN HE DOING RUSTLING OUR STOCK AND CHANGING BRANDS! HE CAN USE HIS CATTLE TRADING BUSINESS TO COVER UP HIS RUSTLING! CURTIS WAS SENT TO GET PROOF!



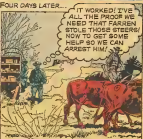
HE PROBABLY DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH PROOF FOR THE MARSHAL TO MAKE AN ARREST, BUT HE MUST HAVE HAD A LEAD AND NEEDED YOUR HELP TO FOLLOW IT UP! FARREN PROBABLY FOUND OUT! NOW WE HAVE NO PROOF AGAINST HIM!

PERHAPS I CAN GIVE YOU A WAY TO PIN THE RUSTLING CHARGE ON HIM!



HOW? WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

BETTER HAVE YOUR COOK WARM UP THE COFFEE! THIS WILL TAKE SOME TIME!



FOUR DAYS LATER...

IT WORKED! I'VE ALL THE PROOF WE NEED THAT FARREN STOLE THOSE STEERS! NOW TO GET SOME HELP SO WE CAN ARREST HIM!



THE SMOKE SCATTERS THE PASSING HERD! MORE MEN RUSH UP TO CONTROL THE SPREADING BLAZE!



BUT THE SMOKE IS ALSO A SIGNAL! AS FARRER AND HIS MEN FIGHT THE FIRE, HORTON AND HIS HANDS RACE UP...







SOON AFTER THE FIRE IS BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL AND FARRREN'S MEN HAVE BEEN DISARMED, THE MARSHAL RIDES UP...



HAVE GUN,  
WILL TRAVEL.

# THE THEATER OUT WEST



THE EARLY WESTERN SETTLERS AND GOLD HUNTERS HAD A GREAT YEARNING FOR ENTERTAINMENT. TRAVELING TROOPS OF ACTORS CALLED ON MINING CAMPS, USING A TENT FOR A THEATER.



ONTO THE IMPROVED STAGES OF THE MINING CAMPS CAME SOME OF AMERICA'S GREATEST ACTORS LIKE EDWIN BOOTH, WHO IN NEW YORK OR OUT WEST, PACKED THE HOUSES.



AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, THEATERS SPRANG UP ACROSS THE COUNTRY. EVEN ROUGH DODGE CITY HAD ITS OWN LITTLE THEATER. THE CURTAIN ROSE AT EIGHT, THE SHOW LASTED BEYOND MIDNIGHT.



THE PERFORMANCES WERE USUALLY OF THE VARIETY TYPE SHOW. IT WOULD STAR A COMEDIAN LIKE EDDIE FOY, SOME SINGERS, A LINE OF DANCERS AND A LOUD ORCHESTRA.



THE ORCHESTRA HAD TO BE LOUD SO IT COULD DROWN OUT THE OTHER NOISES COMING FROM THE BACK OF THE THEATER. FOR WHILE THE PERFORMANCE WAS BEING PRESENTED ON STAGE, IN BACK CARS, DICE AND CHIPS PROVIDED THE SCENERY. MOST WESTERN TOWNS HAD AN OPERA HOUSE AND THEATER.



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