

2ND BIG CONTEST—ENTER NOW!

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HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL



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test your talent!

CONTEST PRIZE: \$495.00 Scholarship in Commercial Art

Draw your choice of any one of these heads. Make your drawing any size except like a tracing. Use pencil. Everyone who enters this contest gets a professional estimate of his talent. Winner receives the complete course in commercial art taught by the world's largest home study art school, founded forty-seven years ago.

Here is professional training in advertising art, illustrating, cartooning and painting. Students are taught, individually, by artists with commercial art experience. Art Instruction, Inc. is an accredited member of The National Home Study Council.

Purpose of contest: to uncover hidden talent. Entries for September 1961 contest due by September 30. None returned. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified. Enter the contest!

Use 1 coupon—then pass this page on to a friend.

3. ART INSTRUCTION, INC.

Send \$2.00 to: 4400 South 4th St., Minneapolis 18, Minn.
Please enter my drawing in your draw-a-head contest.
(Please name)

Name _____

Occupation _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

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HAVE GUN,
WILL TRAVEL
**THE
AVENGERS**



LATE AT NIGHT, LOUD INSISTANT
KNOCKING BRINGS AN ANGRY
PALADIN TO HIS DOOR...

WHAT'S THE--WELL! IF I'M GOING TO BE
AWAKENED, AT LEAST I HAVE SOMETHING
NICE TO LOOK AT!
BUT ISN'T IT A
LITTLE LATE?

FOR MY BROTHER'S
SAKE, I HOPE IT'S
NOT TOO LATE!



WHY ISN'T HE WITH YOU?

BEN RECKONS HE CAN
TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF--
AND ME! YOU SEE, WE WERE
ORPHANED LAST YEAR AND
I'M MY TWENTY-FOURYEAR
OLD BROTHER'S WARD TILL I'M EIGHTEEN! IT
ALL STARTED WHEN JESS COURTED ME!



JESS?

JESS WROTE! BEN SAID
HE WAS NO GOOD...A CONARD
AND A DRIFTER! I LIKED HIM,
BUT BEN DROVE HIM OFF!
THEN THEY HAD A SET-TO IN TOWN AND
BEN GAVE HIM A LICKING IN FRONT OF
THE WHOLE TOWN! THAT HURT JESS!



I WANT TO OBEY BEN AND DROP JESS, BUT
I DON'T THINK JESS WILL DROP BEN WITHOUT
GETTING REVENGE! I WANT YOU
TO PROTECT BEN!



SETTING OUT AT ONCE AS DAWN BREAKS.

TH--THAT'S BEN'S HORSE,
BUT WHERE IS BEN?

FORWARD: Please send orders on Form 3075 to 241 West 46th Street, New York 26, N.Y.
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COLOR

THIS PICTURE AND YOU CAN

WIN

THE CASH (\$1,000.00) AND THE CAR, TOO!

It's easy to win in this new DOLL COMICS Contest. All ages can enter. Just color in the picture on the right. The car is a Thunderbolt, Jr. (Model # 6349-00). It's an exact copy of the famous Ford Thunderbolt II—10' long, the T-Bird Jr. is battery run and goes up to 10 miles per hour. Has a real horn, lights and a trunk, too. And there's \$1,000.00 in cash and bills in the car! Enough money to treat Mom and Dad, Brother, Sister, and yourself!

The boys and girls coloring this picture in the most original, most beautiful way win a prize. Color, color, color now! Enter as many times as you wish.

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10 SECOND PRIZES

A Schwinn boy's or girl's bike worth \$75.00



100 THIRD PRIZES

Your own translator radio made by Sylvania



1000 RUNNER-UP PRIZES

500 girls will win a Vogue "Baby Dear" Doll—man 18" bundle of love



500 boys will win a "Sports Treasure Chest" by AMF—VOIT—filled w' sports equipment



Here are the rules for the New Doll Comics Contest:

Color in the picture with crayons, water colors, felt, pencil or ball point. Include the top strip of two new DOLL COMICS covers, new on sale, with post entry. Be sure each cover strip includes the name's name and the new Doll Deal. Enter after. Be sure to use new cover strips with each entry. Entries must be post marked before midnight, June 30, 1961, to be eligible. Winners will be notified by mail. Entries will be judged by Advertising Distributors of America on the basis of originality, neatness and beauty. All prizes become the property of Doll Publishing Co., Inc. Anyone in the U.S.A. or Canada may enter—except employees of Doll, its affiliates or their families. Contest is subject to Federal, State and local regulations.



CUT OUT HERE

MAIL THIS OFFICIAL ENTRY SLIP TO:
DOLL COMICS CONTEST, P O BOX 71, NEW YORK 40, N. Y.
 Please Print,

Name _____

I'm a boy I'm a girl Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

EXTRA SURPRISE! See Cover Page for \$1000.00 Prizes!





LATER, THAT EVENING...

WELL, BEN'S FINALLY
RESTING AND EVERYTHING
SEEMS NICE AND
PEACEFUL!



MAYBE I SPOKE TOO
SOON! THAT WHISKEY
CAME FROM THE *MARY
HOWSEY!* WHO'S
THERE?



MARCIA AND JESS!
AND FROM THE LOOKS
OF THINGS SHE'S GET-
TING IN THAT BUCK-
BOARD OF HER OWN
FREE WILL!



NO WONDER SHE WANTED BEN AND ME OUT OF
THE WAY! BUT I CAN nip this in the bud!





SHORTLY AFTER...



SHE TOLD JESS THE LITTLE LOVESICK FOOL TOLD JESS AND HE TOLD LENA ONCE THEY'RE MARRIED, JESS FIGURED HE CAN EVEN TELL HER ABOUT THE MONEY, BECAUSE BY PROPERTY LAWS HERE, ANY POSSESSION OF HIS WIFE'S BECOMES HIS!



WE MAY STILL BE ABLE TO STOP THEIR MARRIAGE!

STOP THEM? *HOW?* THEY HAVE AN HOUR'S LEAD ON US!



WITHOUT YOUR CONSENT, SHE CAN'T MARRY IN THIS STATE! I THINK I KNOW WHERE THEY'RE HEADING!

EARLY NEXT MORNING...



OH, JESS, I'M TIRED OF RIDING IN THIS BACKBOARD ALL NIGHT!

CHEER UP, HONEY! WE'RE *HERE!*

THAT SIGN MEANS WE CAN GET MARRIED! MORE YOU DON'T NEED BEN'S CONSENT NO MATTER HOW YOUNG YOU ARE!



OH, JESS, THIS IS THE MOMENT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

SO'S JESS!

HOWDY! WE'D LIKE TO GET MARRIED!



WELL, THAT'S FINE! CAN'T BLAME YOU! THE YOUNG LADY WOULD MAKE A PRETTY BRIDE, BUT JUST *HOW* YOUNG IS SHE?



SEVENTEEN, BUT WHAT DOES THAT MATTER HERE?

SEEMS YOU'RE A MITE YOUNG TO BE GETTING MARRIED *WITHOUT* YOUR PARENTS' CONSENT!



ACCORDING TO THE *LAW*, SHE

WELL, AS DOESN'T NEED *ANYONE'S* CONSENT!

I SEE IT, IF I'M GOING TO PERFORM THE MARRIAGE, SHE'LL NEED *MY* CONSENT!



BUT I *WANT* TO GET MARRIED!

I'M SURE YOU DO, MRS! BUT AT SEVENTEEN, A GIRL DOESN'T USUALLY KNOW WHAT SHE WANTS TO DO FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE!



LOOK! YOU'RE A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, AND YOU'RE *MARRIING* ME!





NOW ARE YOU GOING TO MARRY US?

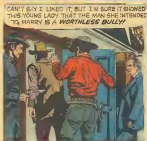


LET HIM GO! THE HONEYMOON IS OVER BEFORE IT EVEN BEGINS!



PALADINI AND BEN! BUT HOW--

PALADINI PLAYED A LONG SHOT! HE FIGURED THIS IS WHERE JESS WOULD COME! YOU HAD A LEAD, BUT YOU HAD TO STICK TO THE ROAD, WHILE WE WENT CROSS-COUNTRY! LUCKILY WE FOUND A JUSTICE OF PEACE WHO WAS WILLING TO TAKE A BIT OF ROUGHING UP!



CAN'T SAY I LIKED IT, BUT I'M SURE IT SHOWED THIS YOUNG LADY THAT THE MAN SHE INTENDED TO MARRY IS A WORTHLESS BULLY!



NO! JESS DOESN'T ACT LIKE THAT ORDINARY! HE WAS DRIVEN TO IT! DRIVEN TO IT BECAUSE OF HIS DEEP LOVE FOR ME!







The Collector



From the top of the ridge the two hard-eyed drifters stared down at the quiet house in the valley.

"You sure about this deal, Gordon?" asked the smaller one of the two riders.

The one called Gordon, a slit-eyed, blue-jawed hardcase, answered, "It's a lead-pipe cinch, Kane. All we have to do is knock on the door and ask the old geezer for his money."

"And just how do you know there is any dough down there?"

Gordon grinned. "Easy to see you've never heard of Pock-rat Randall."

They spurred their horses down from the ridge. "Pock-rat?" said Kane. "Where'd a man get a handle like that?"

"Randall was one of the first pioneers in this territory. Had the first gold mine and the first ranch. And he was the first lawman too. He's an old man now and they say he's got a wad of dough. Lately he's been using it to buy up a lot of souvenirs of pioneer life. But that's not what we're interested in. It's his money we want. They say Randall keeps most of it in that house."

"That's a bad habit," smirked Kane.

"Reckon we ought to go down there and teach the old man some sense."

Randall met them at the door of the house. His hair was neatly combed, his mustache white and flowing. And he wore his string tie. "Good morning, gentlemen," he began.

Gordon drew his gun and shoved the old man back into the living room. "Right pleased to meet you, old Randall," he said.

Inside the room Kane whistled with astonishment. The wall was covered with Indian war bonnets, spears, buffalo skulls and a clutter of guns and rifles.

"No wonder they call him Pock-rat Randall. Look at that collection of junk."

"Permit me to explain," said Randall mildly. "The old West I knew is dying out. That's why I collect these relics to remind me of the old days. I may say I'm pretty proud of my collection."

"It's your collection of greenbacks we're after," said Gordon, leveling his gun. "Hand over your money or you'll be just one more relic of the West that died out."

It was just at that moment that a weird rasping sound, like a rattler about to strike, filled the room. The outlaws snopped around. Up on the wall behind them was an old cuckoo clock about to strike the hour. Just then a mothercat bird stuck his head out of a small door and began calling "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

"That's just another one of my relics, boys," said Randall behind them.

The outlaws turned to him. Things had changed. Randall was standing there with a shotgun in his hands. He levelled it at them.

"And here is another relic from my collection, boys. This double-barrelled job is almost fifty years old, but it's still good enough to polish off a couple of varmints. Reckon you boys better drop your guns."

They did.

Later as Randall turned his crates over to the sheriff at the town jail, the lawman said, "These two are the most wanted men in the territory. How'd you happen to lay hands on them, Pock-rat?"

"Just branching out, Sheriff," was Randall's reply. "I'm collecting polecats, now."

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at the DELL

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Get off the top step of each Dell Deal. Enter its name. The strip includes the price of the comic and the new Dell Comic deal. When you have enough cover strips for the item(s) you want, put them in an envelope together with the required amount of money and the codes at the right. Send them to **DELL TRADING POST, P.O. BOX 28, BROOKLYN 1, NEW YORK**. Trade as often as you like for as many items as you want.

This offer expires at midnight, December 31, 1955. This offer not valid where laws or other restrictions apply. All items are subject to availability. Delivery or lead time 21 days for delivery. This program offer may be cancelled or modified without notice. Articles may be substituted and replacement values may be changed should it be found necessary. Any items substituted may be discontinued without notice.

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AL TRADING POST

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RED WEST
GUNSMITH

THE
HIDE-OUT GUN



NOW HERE'S AN UNUSUAL CUSTOMER FOR A GUNSMITH'S SHOP--A WOMAN AND A PRETTY ONE, TOO!

MR. WEST, I SAW YOUR SIGN AND KNOW YOU CAN HELP ME!



MY DERRINGER IS JAMMED!

I CAN FIX THAT, BUT WHY'S A PRETTY LADY LIKE YOU DOING WITH A DOUBLE-BARRELED REMINGTON LIKE THAT?



THIS IS MY FIRST TRIP WEST! SOMEONE SAID I MIGHT NEED PROTECTION!

AN HOUR LATER, THE SMALL PISTOL REPAIRED, MISS SALLY INSISTS ON TRYING IT OUT...



"I'M TWO BULL'S EYES!" YES, MY LITTLE PROTECTOR DOES SEEM TO WORK JUST LOVELY!

THAT NIGHT...

AW, BILL, YOU KNOW I DON'T COTTON TO GAMBLING!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GAMBLE, NED! BUT YOU BRING ME LUCK! I JUST WANT YOU TO STAND NEXT TO ME AT THE TABLE WHILE I BET!



HERE'S THE TABLE I ALMOST BEAT LAST TIME! COME ON!

MISS SALLY! WONDER WHAT SHE'S DOING HERE? FOR A GIRL WHO WAS CONCERNED ABOUT HER SAFETY, SHE SURE GOT HER FOOT IN THE WRONG DOOR!



SOON...

YIPPEE! I WON AGAIN! YOU ARE MY LUCKY CHARM, NED!



YOU WON'T BE SAYING THAT, BILL, IF YOU DON'T PICK UP YOUR WINNINGS AND LEAVE NOW!

HE-HEY! SHE FAINTED!

BOOM!!!...



DON'T CROWD HER! GIVE HER AIR!

TWO OF YOU GIVE ME A HAND! WE'LL BRING HER UPSTAIRS TO MY OFFICE WHERE THERE'S A COUCH AND SMELLING SALTS!



COME ON, NED! I DON'T WANT TO BREAK MY WINNING STREAK!

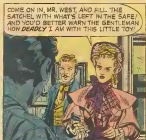
ALL RIGHT, BILL... BUT I WONDER JUST WHAT MADE THAT LADY FAINT! SHE SEEMED IN FINE FETTLE ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE!



SEVERAL SPINS OF THE WHEEL LATER...



MOMENTS LATER, UPSTAIRS...





HAVE GUN,
WILL TRAVEL.

The INNOCENT MURDER



IN WHAT ROOM
WILL I FIND
RALPH LONG?

RALPH LONG? YOU
MUST BE KIDDING! I
CAN'T GIVE OUT HIS
ROOM NUMBER!



HEY! GET AWAY FROM
THAT ROOM REGISTRY!



TAKE IT! I LEARNED
WHAT I CAME FOR!

DOOF!



QUICKLY PALADIN BOUNDS
UP THE
STAIRS...

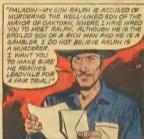
HERE'S
ROOM 202!

KEEP
BACK!



SORRY!







MY JOB'S GETTING HIM TO LEADVILLE FOR TRIAL AND NO ONE IS TAKING OVER THAT JOB FOR ME! NOW PULL UP STAKES!



DON'T GO! I'M INNOCENT AND HE'LL THROW ME TO THE WOLVES!

LATER...



THE MAYOR'S SON WAS A FINE KID!

RIGHT! I KNEW HIM SINCE HE WAS KNEE-HIGH TO A GRASS-HOPPER!

I SAY STRUNG UP HIS KILLER! AND HERE'S A ROPE!



IF I'M GOING TO KEEP RALPH LONG'S NECK OUT OF A NOOSE, I'LL HAVE TO PLAY A LONG ONE ON THE SHOT!

ON TO THE HOTEL!



WHAT? IF YOU WANT RALPH LONG YOU'RE WASTING TIME HEADING FOR THE HOTEL! THE MARSHAL INJURED ON FOOLING YOU! HE'S GETTING A STAGE READY AT THE BLACKSMITH'S!



I PASSED THEM AS THEY DUCKED IN TO THE BLACKSMITH'S!



COME ON! ONTO THE BLACKSMITH'S!

A MOMENT LATER.



MARSHAL, THERE'S A LYNCH MOB OUT THERE!

I DON'T SEE ANYONE THREATENING THE PRISONER!



I TOLD YOU HE *DIDN'T* CARE!

WHEN THERE'S A MOB, I'LL HANDLE IT! BUT I DON'T SEE ANYONE CLAIMING HIS HIDE!



THERE IS YOUR MOB! BUT I SENT THEM ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE TO THE BLACKSMITH'S! ARE YOU GOING TO USE THE TIME I GAINED FOR YOU?



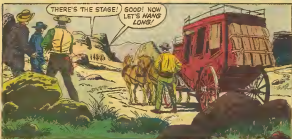
AMONG THE MURDERERS!

DEPUTY, TAKE THE PRISONER! I WAS PLANNING TO GO OUT ON THE SCHEDULED STAGE IN THE MORNING! BUT THERE'S ONE BEING REPAIRED BEHIND THE STABLE. WE'LL USE NOW IF WE CAN REACH IT!

MINUTES LATER .















HAVE GUN,
WILL TRAVEL.

LUNCH ON WHEELS



WHEN THE RAILS REACHED ABILENE, KANSAS, AND IT BECAME A BIG SHIPPING CENTER FOR BEEF COMING UP FROM TEXAS, THE TOWN MISHROOMED OVERNIGHT. THE STREETS WERE JAMMED, THE HOTELS WERE SLEEPING FOLKS IN SHIFTS AND THE EATING PLACES WERE PACKED. JUST EATING BECAME A PROBLEM.



EVEN THE URGENT TEXAS TRAIL HANDS STOOD OBSEQUIENTLY IN LINE TO EAT. THE FOOD WAS TERRIBLE, BUT AFTER AN HOUR'S WAIT, A MAN JUST GULPED IT DOWN.



ONE SMART LOCAL CITIZEN SAW AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE MONEY BY FEEDING HUNGRY COWBOYS. A QUICK MEAL. HE PUT A CLIPBOARD HUT, COUNTER AND BENCH ON A WAGON.



THE WEST HAD ITS FIRST LUNCHEON ON WHEELS. PARKING ON A TEXAS STREET BY THE PLANK SIDEWALK, HE STARTED COOKING, AS WORD SPREAD.



BY TAKING A MEAL ON WHEELS TO THE CROWD, HE HELPED THE COWBOYS GET A QUICK, GOOD MEAL. SOON, SIMILAR LUNCHEONWAGONS WERE SEEN THROUGHOUT THE WEST.



BOYS! GIRLS! JOIN US
AND ALL OUR TV FRIENDS
IN OUR NEW FUN-TYPE CLUB!



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You get
all this
for only

15¢

and one
box top from

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES



CUT OUT AND MAIL
MEMBERSHIP
APPLICATION FORM

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Kellogg's Corn Flakes—world's favorite flakes. They help you get your "and get going!"