

30th Anniversary

DELL  
15¢

# HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL



# HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL



## LADY LUCK RUNS OUT



From the first moment Paladin steps on board the paddle wheeler, trouble dogs his running down a professional gambler.



The deck is stacked against Paladin, who works to learn the gambler's tricks, but ends up in front of the deadly paddle wheel.

## THE INDIAN HEIR



Sent in search of the heir to a gold fortune, Paladin finds the way barred by hostile Hops and tries to fight his way into their camp.



Paladin tracks down the heir, only to be tricked and trapped in a lonely pueblo, with flying lead for unwelcome company.





SPRINTING FROM HIS CABIN, PALADIN RACES  
OUT ON DECK.

GONE! BUT IT'S  
OBVIOUS THAT KNIFE  
WAS THROWN BECAUSE  
SOMEONE KNOWS WHY  
I'M ON BOARD!



Soon...

I SHOULD LOOK RICH ENOUGH  
TO BE ABLE TO AFFORD A CARD  
GAME WITH THAT CARSHARP  
REYNER, WHO'S BEEN MILKING  
THE PASSENGERS DRY! AND IF  
I PLAY LONG ENOUGH, I SHOULD  
LEARN HOW HE BIDS UP THE  
BIG WINNER EVERY TRIP!





TWO HANDS LATER...



BUT THE NEXT THREE HANDS, PALADIN LOSES...



LATER...



THAT EVENING ...





YES! WHERE SHE PLACES HER HAND ON HER FACE TELLS REYNER ALL HE NEEDS TO KNOW! BUT NOW, TO PROVE I'M RIGHT!



EXCUSE ME! BUT I WANT TO GET SOME MORE CASH FROM MY CABIN! COME ALONG, BETTY!

NO, PALADIN! I'LL WAIT HERE!



BUT I INSIST! LOSING MONEY IS BAD ENOUGH, BUT BEING LONELY ALL THE WAY TO MY CABIN IS TOO MUCH OF A SACRIFICE!



A MINUTE LATER... BUT THAT THUMP... THUMP... THUMP...

PAY NO ATTENTION TO IT, STEWARD! MY WIFE HAD A BIT TOO MUCH REFRESHMENT!... THIS SHOULD HELP YOU FORGET THE NOISE!



AND NOW THAT BETTY CAN'T SIGNAL, LET'S SEE HOW FRIEND REYNER MAKES OUT!



SOON...

WELL! MY LUCK'S  
FINALLY CHANGING!

THE NIGHT'S  
STILL YOUNG!

AND HALF AN HOUR LATER...

REYNER LOST  
AGAIN! SINCE  
BETTY HASN'T  
BEEN AROUND, HE'S  
ONLY WON ONCE!  
THAT PROVES SHE  
SIGNALLED HIM!

WHY, BALADIN, MY OLD  
FRIEND! I THOUGHT I  
RECOGNIZED YOU! YOU  
REMEMBER LUKE,  
DON'T YOU?

OF COURSE,  
LUKE!

I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO  
YOU—PRIVATELY!

NOTHING I'D  
LIKE TO DO BETTER  
LUKE, BUT I AM IN  
THE MIDDLE OF THIS  
CARD GAME!

WE'LL EXCUSE  
YOU! GO ON!

THEN HOW COULD I  
REFUSE STEPPING OUT-  
SIDE WITH MY DEAR  
FRIEND LUKE?







MINUTES LATER, AFTER CHANGING...



SHORTLY AFTER, LUKE RETURNS FROM THE BAR...









**NED WEST  
GUNSMITH**

**COLLECTOR'S ITEM**



IT'S BEEN IN OUR FAMILY SINCE ABOUT 1650, NED! AN OLD FAMILY HEIRLOOM, BUT MY SON DROPPED IT! - CAN YOU FIX IT?

A MIQUELET! WHERE IN THE SAM HILL DID YOU GET THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PISTOL!



SURE, AND I CAN EVEN DO BETTER THAN THAT! I CAN **SELL IT** FOR YOU! IT MIGHT FETCH YOU AS MUCH AS ONE OR TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS!

THANKS, NED, BUT IT'S NOT FOR SALE!



I KNOW A **COLLECTOR** WHO WOULD SAVE ME A STANDING ORDER FOR JUST SUCH A PISTOL! WHAT IF HE OFFERED—

I DON'T CARE WHAT HE OFFERS! IT'S BEEN IN OUR FAMILY FOR OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS AND IT'S STAYING WITH US!



SOON...

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. WINTERN, MY FRIEND TAD LORING HAS A MIQUELET PISTOL!

BUT WHAT CONDITION IS IT IN?



IT IS IN PERFECT CONDITION! BUT HE WON'T SELL IT!

SEE THIS SPACE, NED? IT'S ONE OF THREE EMPTY PLACES IN MY COLLECTION! I WILL GET THAT RARE PISTOL!





THAT NIGHT NED WEST HEARS A SLIGHT NOISE...



COWING TO, NED WEST GRABS A LANTERN AND LOOKS AROUND...



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NOW!



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NEXT MORNING, NED WEST  
REPORTS THE ROBBERY...



MARSHAL,  
ARE YOU REALLY  
CALLING ON  
WINTERN?

I KNOW HE'S A RESPECTED  
MERCHANT, NED, BUT HE'S ALSO  
THE LAWENST'S SUSPECT! THE  
MISSING CASH AND COLTS COULD  
HAVE BEEN TAKEN TO HIDE THE  
REAL OBJECT OF THE ROBBERY—  
THAT OLD PISTOL!



I UNDERSTAND, MARSHAL! FEEL FREE TO  
SEARCH EVERY DRAWER AND CLOSET IN MY  
PLACE! I JUST HOPE  
THAT RARE PISTOL  
IS RECOVERED!

THANKS, MR.  
WINTERN!

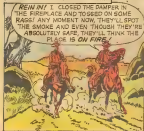


BUT SHORTLY  
AFTER...

SORRY TO HAVE TROUBLED  
YOU, MR. WINTERN! WE'LL  
BE GOING!

OH, I LEFT MY HAT IN  
THE STUDY! I'LL JUST GET IT!

BUT AS THEY RIDE OUT OF SIGHT...



REW MY! I CLOSED THE DAMPER IN  
THE FIREPLACE AND TOSSED ON SOME  
RAGE! ANY MOMENT NOW, THEY'LL SPOT  
THE SMOKE AND EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE  
ABSOLUTELY SURE, THEY'LL THINK THE  
PLACE IS ON FIRE!



THERE'S THE  
ALARM, NED!  
BUT WHY DID  
YOU DO IT?

IF WINTERN HAS ANY SECRET  
PLACE WHERE HE KEEPS HIS  
VALUABLES HIDDEN, THE SIGHT  
OF ALL THAT SMOKE SHOULD  
MAKE HIM TRY TO SAVE THOSE  
VALUABLES FROM THE FIRE! <  
AND IF HE HAS THE MIQUELET  
PISTOL, THAT'S  
WHERE IT WOULD  
BE!



YOU WERE RIGHT, NED!  
THERE'S A SAFE BEHIND  
THAT PARTING!

A MOMENT LATER...



HOLD IT, WINTERN! I'D  
LIKE TO SEE WHAT'S  
INSIDE THAT BOX!

GU-DURE, MARSHAL! IT'S JUST  
SOME CASH AND NEGOTIABLE SECURITIES!



MARSHAL,  
WATCH OUT!



**BANG!** OWWW!



THE MIQUELET PISTOL! I RECKON WINTERN  
FIGURED HE'D KEEP IT HIDDEN TILL THE  
ROBBERY WAS FORGOTTEN! BUT, NED, YOU  
SHAKED OUT THAT COLLECTOR'S ITEM!

# The COYOTE



"Sheriff! Sheriff Mahoney!"

As the rider pulled up in front of the sheriff's office on the main street of Grubstake he was bowling at the top of his lungs.

Squinting in the harsh sunlight, Sheriff Ken Mahoney stepped into the street. "Relax, friend, what's this all about?" he snapped.

Dismounting from his horse the rider reported excitedly. "The express train from Goldville was ambushed in Shawnee Canyon! I was riding by when I saw some gun-slicks begin the attack."

Ken Mahoney frowned as he stared at the rider and then at the white horse which was tethered to the nearby hitching rail.

"Could you make out who those varmints were?" he queried.

"I figure it was Blackie Carson and his gang," was the reply. "That black outfit he wears—I'd know it anywhere."

"We'll need a posse," snapped the sheriff. "I've got some men deputized. They're down at the railroad station guarding a gold shipment! Come on, we'll pick them up there."

At the railroad station Mahoney faced the bitter protests of Del Blake, the express manager. Blake gestured toward a pile of wooden chests heaped on the station platform. "Sheriff, I've got nearly a quarter million in gold here. If you take your deputies you'll be leaving that shipment un-

guarded."

"Sorry," said Mahoney. "But Blackie Carson's the most wanted man in this territory. This is my chance to nail him."

A moment later Mahoney was galloping out of town with every able-bodied man in Grubstake behind him.

From a nearby ridge Blackie Carson watched the sheriff's exit, a twisted grin on his face. "It worked," he gloated, as he turned to face the rest of his gang. "I outfoxed Mahoney. All we have to do is go down there and pick up that gold shipment."

Moments later Blackie and his gang cantered into town and pulled up at the railroad station.

"I knew it," said Del Blake, as he saw the bandits ride up. "It was just a trick to get the sheriff out of town! Carson! You're the trickiest coyote in this territory!"

"Thanks for the compliment," grinned Blackie, as he dismounted. "The coyote's the smartest critter in the West."

"You're smart all right, but not smart enough," called a voice from behind Blackie.

The bandit leader and his men twirled—and found themselves facing the drawn guns of Ken Mahoney and his posse which had slipped in behind them.

"Better drop your hardware, Blackie. You and your men don't have a prayer," said the sheriff. One by one the bandits dropped their guns.

"I was sure you'd be heading for Shawnee Canyon," muttered Blackie. "How'd you know that call for help was a fake?"

Mahoney grinned and nodded toward the rider who had brought in the message. "That rider you sent—he was supposed to have galloped a good ten miles from Shawnee Canyon, but there wasn't a streak of sweat on his horse. And with that gold shipment waiting on the railroad station, it wasn't too hard to figure what was cooking."

Mahoney jerked his thumb in the direction of the town jail. "Head for the calaboose, Blackie! You may be a smart coyote, but I just nailed your hide to the wall."

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HAVE GUN,  
WILL TRAVEL  
**THE INDIAN  
HEIR**



IN SAN FRANCISCO, A VAULT DOOR SWINGS OPEN, REVEALING A FANTASTIC PILE OF GOLD BARS ...

YES, PALADIN, THAT'S HOW A MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD LOOKS!



HALF OF THESE ARE MINE BY MY FATHER'S WILL! DAD WAS A FABULOUSLY LUCKY PROSPECTOR! HE DIED A MONTH AGO!

YOU SEEM SO WELL PROVIDED FOR, MISS CLAY, I CAN'T SEE WHY YOU WANT FOR ME!



BECAUSE THE OTHER HALF BELONGS TO HER YOUNGER BROTHER, RAYMOND! TEN YEARS AGO, WHEN NELLIE, RAY AND THEIR FATHER CAME WEST, THEIR WAGON TRAIN WAS ATTACKED! RAY WAS CARRIED OFF BY THE INDIANS! WE WANT TO FIND HIM SO WE CAN CARRY OUT THE TERMS OF THE WILL!

JUST WHERE DO I BEGIN TO LOOK?



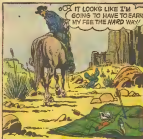
DAD'S BEEN SEARCHING FOR RAY EVER SINCE WE REACHED CALIFORNIA! JUST THE WEEK BEFORE DAD PASSED AWAY, HE RECEIVED A STRONG LEAD! IT'S THE HOPI PUEBLO MARKED ON THE MAP!

I SEE THERE'S A WORD WRITTEN BY IT - HOSTILE!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, PALADIN REARS THE HOPI PUEBLO, SUDDENLY ...

**WAOOSH!**







SINCE INDIANS RESPECT PHYSICAL STRENGTH, LET'S SEE IF A LONG SHOT WORKS!



ANY BRAVES?

YES! BUT IF I WIN, I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOUR CHIEF IN PEACE!



ARE THE HOPI BRAVES SQUAWES? I WILL WAGER MY HORSE AND GUNS AGAINST ENTRY INTO YOUR PUEBLO AND WORDS WITH YOUR CHIEF THAT I CAN BEAT ANY HOPI IN WRESTLING!



USH! THE PALEFACE HAS HIS BET! AND GOOD! HOPI'S HAS HIS HORSE AND GUNS!



HERE HOPI BRAVE YOU TRY TO BEAT!

MINUTES LATER, AS THE HOPIS WATCH IN SILENCE, TWO MEN LOCK IN WILD GRAPPLING...



NOW, PALEFACE YOU  
BEG ME STOP!



NOT YET!



ST-STOP!



PALEFACE PLENTY STRONG! JIM WIN RIGHT TO  
BE HERE IN PEACE AND SPEAK WITH ME!  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?







IS BLUE  
EYES HERE?

UGH! BUT HIM SEND US OUT AND  
GAY TELL YOU HIM NOT WANT MEET  
ANY PALEFACE!



I HAVE AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE  
FOR HIM! HE WILL WANT TO  
HEAR MY WORDS!

NO! HIM NOT  
CARE WHAT YOU  
HAVE TO TELL-UM!



I'VE COME A LONG WAY TO FIND HIM AND  
I'M NOT STOPPING NOW! I DON'T THINK HOP!  
BRAVES WILL SHOOT A MAN IN HIS BACK!



TURN BACK!



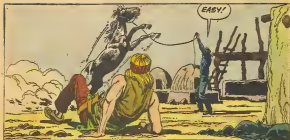
**BANG!**



I HAVE COME  
A LONG WAY  
TO BRING NEWS  
TO YOU ABOUT—

I DO NOT WANT TO HEAR  
YOUR NEWS! YOU COME  
FROM A WORLD THAT FORGOT  
ME! I HAVE LIVED HERE  
AMONG THE HOPIAS HALF MY  
LIFE! THEY ARE MY PEOPLE!  
I RIDE AWAY FROM YOU  
AND YOUR NEWS!





THAT NIGHT, PALADIN TELLS THE WHITE YOUTH OF THE FORTUNE AWAITING HIM...

'YOUR FATHER HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU ALL THESE YEARS!' I GUESS YOU STILL REMEMBER

THE WAGON ATTACK, WHEN YOU WERE CAPTURED!

I WOULD RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT THE PAST!



YOUR SISTER IS VERY BEAUTIFUL! SHE REMEMBERS THE NICKNAME YOU USED TO CALL HER!

WE NEED WATER! I WILL GET IT!



ALL RIGHT! SIT AS YOU ARE AND TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THE REAL RAYMOND CLAY!



HM BE RAYMOND CLAY!

YOU ARE LYING! AND IF YOU DON'T SPEAK, MY GUN WILL!



WHERE IS...

BANG!

ZING!





MINUTES LATER, HAVING TIED THE PRISONERS, PALADIN IS LED TO SOME ANCIENT HOPI RUIINS...

YOU HELP IN TIME! THEM PLAN TO KILL ME WHEN YOU ROPE OFF WITH MAN CALLED LANS! HIM PAY BRAVES PLENTY TO HELP-UM! KEEP ME ALIVE IN CASE HM NEED ANSWERS ABOUT ME THAT ONLY I KNOW!

HE PLAYED HIS PART ALMOST PERFECTLY!



HE ACTED RELUCTANT TO COME WITH ME! THEM WHEN I HELD HIS HORSE HE FOUND THE EXCUSE HE WAS LOOKING FOR-- I SEEMED TA MAN HE COULD TRUST! HE'D GO BACK AND CLAIM YOUR INHERITANCE!

IT NOT BE EASY TO LEAVE MY PEOPLE, THE HOPI!

LATER, IN SAN FRANCISCO...

SO YOU REALLY FOUND MY BROTHER, PALADIN? I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HIM!



I'M SURE THE MEETING WILL BE A PLEASANT SURPRISE!

W-H-E'S NOT--

YES, MISS CLAY! HE REALLY IS YOUR TRUE BROTHER!



HE IS NOT THE ACTOR YOU HIRED TO IMPERSONATE YOUR BROTHER--AFTER HE WAS MURDERED!

PALADIN, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?



SHE HAD HER BROTHER CAPTURED BY HAVING AN IMPERSONATOR BRIBE SOME HOPI BRAVES TO HELP HIM! ONCE HER BROTHER WAS KILLED, THE IMPERSONATOR WOULD HAVE CLAIMED

RAYMOND CLAY'S HALF OF THE INHERITANCE—TURNING IT OVER TO NELLIE! SHE'D HAVE PAID HIM WELL—AND PROFITED HAND-SOMELY!



NO WONDER SHE TURNED ON HER BROTHER WITH SUCH VICIOUS FURY! YOU WOULD, TOO, IF YOU KNEW, ACCORDING TO THE TERMS OF THE

WILL, IF EITHER CHILD TRIES TO PREVENT THE OTHER FROM GETTING HIS RIGHTFUL PORTION, THAT ONE WILL LOSE HIS SHARE TO THE OTHER!



NO YOU MEAN AFTER MANY MOONS OF LIVING OFF WHAT I HUNT, OR SLEEPING IN A PUEBLO, I

YES, AND ALL BECAUSE I PUSHED WHAT YOUR SISTER HIRED HIM TO DO—

WHERT A MILLION DOLLARS!

RAISED HER TO YOUR FATHER'S FORTUNE!



**Meet Tubby, the Whale**

LET ME SPOUT YOU A QUESTION—HAVE YOU TRIED **TUBBLE**—THE NEW FUN BUBBLE SOAP?

FOUR UNDER RUNNING WATER—AND YOU'LL SAY, "LOOK NOW, I'M IN TUBBLE!"

TUBBLE WASHES YOU CLEAN AS IT BUS-BUS-BUBBLES!

WO'NT STING YOUR EYES, NEVER LEAVES A BAYTLE BEHIND! AND WHAT A WHALE OF A LOT OF FUN!

3 COLORS IN THE 6-PACK OR NEW 9-PACK—LOOK FOR TUBBY THE WHALE!

HAVE GUN,  
WILL TRAVEL

# PADDLE WHEELERS



ON THE SMALL RIVERS OF THE OLD WEST, STERN-WHEELERS WERE OFTEN USED FOR CARRYING CARGO AND PASSENGERS. THEIR SHALLOW DRAUGHT KEPT THEM OFF THE FREQUENT SANDBARS.



WHEN CAUGHT ON A SANDBAR, A STERN-WHEELER REVERSED ITS WHEEL AND PLOUGHED OUT A CHANNEL BEHIND ITSELF THAT SOON LET IT FLOAT FREE.



ON THE BIGGER RIVERS WHERE THERE WAS DEEPER WATER AND STRONGER CURRENTS, SIDE-WHEELERS WERE NEEDED. THESE WOOD-BURNING BOATS COST TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS OR MORE!



OFTEN CALLED FLOATING PALACES BECAUSE OF THEIR LUXURIOUS CARVED WOOD WALLS, PLUSH DRAPES AND CRYSTAL CHANDELIERS, MANY SIDE-WHEELERS HAD EXPENSIVELY-FURNISHED DINING ROOMS.



SINCE MANY RIVERS HAD STRONG CURRENTS, HIDDEN SANDBARS AND CHANGING UNDERWATER CONTACTS, NAVIGATION MADE THE PILOT KINGMAN. HE WAS PAID TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS A MONTH.



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