

DELL
15¢

APRIL-JUNE

HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL

J. Morgan



RICHARD BOONE

Paladin goes prospecting for trouble
when a gold mine turns into a death trap!

HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL



GOLD PLAGUE



Sent to learn why gold shipments have suddenly stopped coming from a new mine, Paladin finds death has struck payroll — among the miners.



When Paladin tries to escape with the grim news, the doctor opens fire, determined at the price of Paladin's life to save thousands.

FIGHTING DUDE

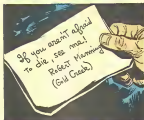


Hired to keep a top hat on a dude's head, Paladin discovers the plagued alk hat is the target for every would-be hero in town.



Defending the dude's hat calls on Paladin's best, six-gun and cunning, as a million-dollar deal hangs on keeping the hat in place.

HAVE GUN,
WILL TRAVEL
**THE GOLD
PLAGUE**



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 new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

TO BE PERFECTLY HONEST, MR. MANNING, I'M NOT LOOKING FORWARD TO AN EARLY DEATH! WHY DID YOU SEND FOR ME?



I BROKE MY LEG WHEN A HORSE THREW ME AND CAN'T CHECK MY GOLD CLAIM! IT'S A DAY'S RIDE FROM HERE! TWO WEEKS AGO, WE BROUGHT OUT THIRTY THOUSAND IN ORE!

MAYBE THE GOLD RAN OUT!

IMPOSSIBLE! THERE'S PLENTY OF GOLD IN THE MOTHER LODE OUTCROP! HAD IT COMES OUT IN ALMOST PURE ORE! I SHOULD HAVE RECEIVED A SHIPMENT, PALADIN!



HERE'S A MAP TO MY CLAIM IN FINE RIDGES! BUT I MUST WARN YOU I SENT ANOTHER RIDER OUT A FEW DAYS AGO! HIS HORSE CAME BACK EMPTY! THERE WAS BLOOD ON THE SADDLE!

IF THIS IS WORTH MY WHILE—"



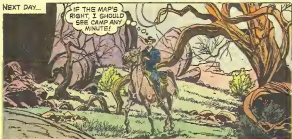
I'VE GOT PLENTY OF MONEY TO BUY... JUST FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO MY LAST SHIPMENT!

GOODBYE, MR. MANNING! I SHOULD BE BRINGING YOU SHORTLY!



I HOPE SO I SINCERELY HOPE SO!

NEXT DAY...



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF FIRING
AT ME? HANNING SENT ME!

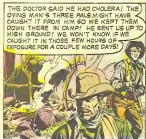
WE FIGURED HE
DID! HE WANTED TO
BE SURE YOU DIDN'T
ENTER THE CAMP DOWN
BY THE DISSENS!



WHY SHOULDN'T BECAUSE OF CHOLERA! WE
I GO DOWN HELPED MORE MEN TO
THERE? HELP US DIE! A WEEK AGO, WE
PICKED UP FOUR, BUT THEY'D
JUST STARTED WORKING WHEN
ONE CAME DOWN VIOLENTLY
ILL! ONE OF HIS PALS
FETCHED A DOCTOR!



THE DOCTOR SAID HE HAD CHOLERA! THE
DYING MAN'S THREE PALS MIGHT HAVE
CAUGHT IT FROM HIM SO WE KEPT THEM
DOWN THERE IN CAMP! HE SENT US UP TO
HIGH GROUND! WE WON'T KNOW IF WE
CAUGHT IT IN THOSE FEW HOURS OF
EXPOSURE FOR A COUPLE MORE DAYS!



HOW MANY
OF THE NEW
MEN DIED?

ONE! THE FELLOW
WHO CAME DOWN
FIRST! WAIT-LOOK
DOWN THERE!



THAT'S THE
SECOND MAN
TO DIE!





SOON...

NOTHING LIKE A GOOD CIGAR TO HELP PASS THE TIME!



WATCH OUT!

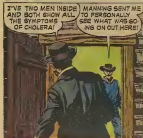


COME ALONG! I'M GOING DOWN TO THE CAMP AND IF YOUR FRIENDS TRY TO STOP ME, YOU STOP A BULLET!



HE-HEY!







NOW STAND ASIDE!

M-MY GUN!



SATISFIED?



YOU'RE SURE THEY HAVE CHOLERA?

THEY'VE ALL THE SYMPTOMS...
UPSET STOMACHS
CRAMPS IN THEIR LEGS AND ARMS
BURNING THIRST AND THE REST!



ARE THEY COLD? EVEN AFTER THEY DIED WERE THE OTHER TWO LIKE ICE?

YES! THEIR SKINS WERE COLD!



NOW I KNOW WHAT TO REPORT!

STOP HIM! DON'T LET HIM GO BACK TO MANNING!



DRIVE HIM INTO THE CAVE!

BANG!



THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE WHERE I CAN GET COVER... IN THERE!

PING!



JIM, KEEP FIRING TO FORCE HIM BACK WHILE THE REST OF US WORK THAT ROCK SLAB OVER THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE!

BANG!



KEPT BACK BY THE MINER'S BULLETS, MINUTES LATER...

WE'LL GIVE YOU FOOD AND WATER, BUT YOU'RE STAYING PUT TILL THE DOC SAYS YOU CAN COME OUT!

SOON...



N-NO... I CAN'T
BUDGE THE SLAB
BY MYSELF!



THERE MAY BE ANOTHER
WAY OUT OF THIS CAVE!



LET'S SEE WHAT'S
AROUND THIS TURN!



A DEAD
END!!



WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE I'M
REALLY STUCK HERE, BUT IT
ISN'T TIME TO ACT YET!

NEXT MORNING...



THE DOCTOR'S
STRUGGLING TO LOAD
TWO MORE COFFINS
ONTO THE BUCKBOARD!
THEY'RE ALL DEAD NOW!



I'M TAKING THE COFFINS OFF TO
CREMATE THEM! I DON'T WANT TO
DO IT AROUND HERE! EVEN THE
BURNING ASHES ARE DANGEROUS!
WHEN I RETURN, I'LL CHECK
YOUR MEN!

WE'LL BE
WAITING, DOC!



HELP! HURRY! THE CAVE'S
FULL OF RATTLESNAKES!



RATTLERS?
WHERE?

THEY'RE CRAWLING
ALL OVER THE CAVE FLOOR!
LO-LOOK FOR YOURSELF!



TELL YOUR FRIENDS TO
REMOVE THE SLAB!

WHAT-?



MOVE THE SLAB! I-I CAN'T BREAK LOOSE!

AND NO TRICKS!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

MOUNT UP AND YOU SOON WILL!



THE DOCTOR'S GONE OFF TO CREMATE THE FOUR DEAD MEN!

I KNOW! THAT'S WHY I HAD TO GET OUT NOW!



SHORTLY AFTER...

DOC! DOC! REIN IN!



YES, GENTLEMEN? IF YOU'VE COME TO HELP ME WITH THE CREMATION--

NO, DOC! WE'VE COME TO HAVE YOU OPEN THE COFFINS!







Big-talk Billy



Big-talk Billy was the most boastful man in the territory. According to Billy he'd scouted for Custer, fought the Apaches, guided wagon trains to California and had helped wipe out the last buffalo herds in the Southwest. In short Billy had let it be known that he personally had tamed the West all by himself.

But never did Billy talk as big as he did on that day outside the sheriff's office.

"Yes sir," he said to the assembled citizens of Langhorn, "I seen that stage hold-up with my own eyes. I was coming down from my cabin up in the Notch when that gang shot up the coach and killed the driver. The leader was riding an Apolooosa pony. I'd know that critter anywhere."

"Whyn't you try to stop him, Billy?" goaded one of the men in the crowd.

Billy nodded. "I did! I opened up on him with my Sharps 50 and drove them off. But I told the sheriff I'll be able to identify the man on that Apolooosa if the Law ever finds him."

That was when the sheriff grabbed Billy. "For Pete's sake clam-up old-timer. If that gang hears that you're the only witness they'll kill you sure, Billy."

"Let 'em try," boasted Billy. "I ain't afeared. Remember, I fit the Pawnees and the Apaches. Had a show-down with Wild Bill Hickok himself once. No two-bit stage robber's gonna scare me."

With that Billy rode off toward his cabin, high in the hills. Neither Billy nor the sheriff noticed the two gimlet-eyed men who rode swiftly out of town in the opposite direction.

At noon the next day a cowpoke rode into Langhorn with news of a big gun battle blazing out in the Notch.

"Big-talk Billy," snapped the sheriff when he heard the news. "That gang of stage robbers heard about him being the only witness to the robbery—and they're out to get him!" Gathering a posse the sheriff headed for the Notch.

When the posse arrived on the ridge above Billy's cabin a barrage of gunfire was issuing from the windows. From a nearby hillside a single rifle was peppering the cabin windows below.

"I don't get it," said the sheriff. "That should be Billy boxed in down there, but there are at least six guns down in that cabin and only one up on the hill! Come on, we're going to check on that lone gun."

The lone gun proved to be Billy! "Howdy, Sheriff! Got them all pinned down for you in my cabin. I was all ready for them when they came."

"You knew they were coming, Billy?" asked the sheriff.

"Sure thing. I was dead certain they'd show up when they heard I spotted the guy on the Apolooosa. I was waiting up here when they showed up at my cabin. Ought to be about ready to surrender soon, I figure."

Sure enough, a minute later a white handkerchief was flying from the window of the cabin.

Langhorn would have to find a new nickname for Big-talk Billy. And the sheriff was thinking it ought to be Tiger-Bill!

NED WEST
GUNSMITH

The EXPLODING GUN

THE TOWN'LL
BE JUMPING
TONIGHT, NED!

YES, MARSHAL! I KNOW
EVERYONE'S GLAD TO SEE
THAT TOURING TROUPE OF
ACTORS PULL INTO
OUR TOWN!



YIPPEE! JUST
FEAST YOUR
EYES ON THAT
LEADING LADY!

I'LL HELP AMANDA DOWN,
BARTON! YOU CAN TAKE
OFF HER BAGGAGE!



YOU CAN PLAY THE ROLE
OF PORTER, CALDER!

BUT SHE
PREFERS ME!

AMANDA IS MY
LEADING LADY!



GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! I'D LIKE
MR. BARTON TO LEND ME HIS HAND!
MR. CALDER, PLEASE SEE
TO MY LUGGAGE!



SOON...

MR. WEST, YOUR
SIGN SAYS YOU'RE A GUN-
SMITH! WE'RE DOING A NEW
PLAY THIS EVENING AND I'D
LIKE YOUR TECHNICAL ADVICE!

SURE, BUT
JUST HOW
CAN I HELP
YOU?

THE PLAY CALLS FOR THIS OLD-FASHIONED PISTOL TO EXPLODE ON STAGE! HOW MUCH POWDER WILL MAKE IT EXPLODE, BUT NOT HARM THE ACTOR FIRING IT?



ONE CAPFUL OF POWDER SHOULD DO THE TRICK WITHOUT COSTING THE ACTOR HIS HAND!

ONE CAPFUL! THANK YOU FOR THE ADVICE!



AND WITH MY COMPLIMENTS, A TICKET TO TONIGHT'S PERFORMANCE!

WHY, THANKS!



THAT EVENING, NED WEST ENJOYS THE MELODRAMA, TILL SUDDENLY...

HE'S LOADING

THE PISTOL FOR BARTON TO FIRE WITH TWICE AS MUCH POWDER AS HE SHOULD USE!



STOP! DON'T LET BARTON FIRE THAT PISTOL!

SIT DOWN! IT'S JUST A PLAY!





OFF!!



DRAG THAT FOOL OFF STAGE! THE PLAY MUST GO ON!

SECONDS LATER, AS NED WEST COMES TO...



N-NO-I MUST KEEP BARTON FROM FIRING THAT PISTOL AND LOSING HIS HAND!



WHAT THE DEVIL IS- DON'T FIRE THAT PISTOL!



NED, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF INTERRUPTING THE SHOW?

MARSHAL, THERE'S ENOUGH POWDER IN THAT PISTOL TO BLOW OFF BARTON'S HAND AND CALDER DELIBERATELY OVERLOADED IT AFTER ASKING MY ADVICE!



HAVE GUN,
WILL TRAVEL

THE DUDE





ALL OF YOU--BACK OFF!

MY--MY GUN!

BANG!
BANG!



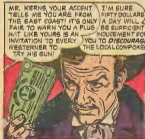
MR. KERNS, I'M THE MAN YOU HIRED-- PALADIN!

YOU CERTAINLY APPEARED AT THE APPROPRIATE MOMENT PALADIN! MY WIFE, KATHY, AND I WERE A BIT APPREHENSIVE TILL YOU SHOWED UP!



I RECEIVED YOUR REQUEST FOR HELP YESTERDAY AND RODE AS QUICKLY AS I COULD! RECOGNIZING YOU WAS EASY!

YES, I WAGSINE MY SILK TOP HAT AND FUR LAPELS DO GIVE ME A DISTINCTIVE MARK! NOW YOU ARE HERE, PALADIN, YOUR JOB IS TO SEE THAT MY HAT STAYS ON MY HEAD!



MR. KERNS YOUR ACCENT TELLS ME YOU ARE FROM THE EAST COAST! IT'S ONLY FAIR TO WARN YOU A PLUS HIT LIKE YOURS IS AN INVITATION TO EVERY WESTERNER TO TRY HIS GUN!

I'M SURE FIFTY DOLLARS A DAY WILL BE SUFFICIENT INCENTIVE FOR YOU TO DISCOURAGE THE LOCAL CONPOKES!



I WILL BE HERE A FEW DAYS! I'M NOT SURE HOW MANY! BUT UNTIL I DEPART YOU ARE TO PROTECT ME--AND MY HAT!

IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE! WHY SHOULD ANY MAN HIRE ME AT THAT FEE JUST TO SPORT AN OUTLANDISH HATE!

FOR TWO DAYS, PALADIN CARRIES OUT HIS PUZZLING MISSION...





IF YOU HADN'T SCARED MY HORSE --

TAKE YOUR ROPE AND GET RIDING OR I'LL DRAG YOU FROM ONE END OF TOWN TO THE OTHER BY YOUR FEET, WITH THAT ROPE!

QUICKLY, WORD SPREADS OF PALADIN'S ACTION...

ACTION...

THE MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE TO REMOVE PALADIN WILL COME TO ORDER!

I MAKE A MOTION THAT IN ORDER TO GET THE PLUS LID OFF THE TENDER-FOOT'S DOME, WE FIRST REMOVE THE HIRED GUN FROM HIS SIDE

ALL IN FAVOR OF REMOVING ONE GENT BEARING THE NAME PALADIN--RARE THEIR HAND!

WE'RE ALL FOR THAT!

SOON...

MISTER! MISTER, THE DUDE'S WIFE WAS OUT SHOPPING WHEN A RUN-AWAY SUECKBOARD STRUCK HER DOWN NEAR THE RAILROAD STATION!

IS SHE BADLY HURT?

YOU'D BETTER CHECK! BUT SHE WANTS TO BE TAKEN TO HER HUSBAND AND I RECKON YOU SHOULD SEE IF THEY CAN MOVE HER YET!

HE TOOK THE BAIT! NOW THE WAY TO THE DUDE'S ROOM IS MADE OPEN!





I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT! YOU WANT TO RESIGN! BUT I'LL DOUBLE YOUR FEE! A HUNDRED DOLLARS A DAY!

KEEPING THAT RIDICULOUS HAT ON YOUR HEAD MUST BE MIGHTY IMPORTANT! MORE IMPORTANT THAN DOING IT FOR A MERE GESTURE! I JUST WISH I KNEW WHY YOU HAVE TO WEAR IT- AND I HAVE TO SEE IT STAYS ON!



LATER...

MR. KERNS, THE FOOD HERE IS FINE, BUT THE CONTINUING THREATS TO YOUR HAT DON'T AID THE DIGESTION! HOW LONG...

(SORRY, PALADIN! I'VE NO WAY OF TELLING!)



KERNS IS STILL HERE! AND SO IS HIS HAT!

THAT MEANS HE DIDN'T GET THE MESSAGE YET, AND TILL HE DOES, WE DOG HIS STEPS!



THE NEXT DAY...

TRAINING CERTAINLY FASCINATE YOU!

YES! I MUST ADMIT IT! MY CHILDHOOD AMBITION WAS TO BE AN ENGINEER!



EXCUSE ME, SIR! YOU DROPPED YOUR NEWS-PAPER!

(IT DOESN'T MATTER! I READ IT!)





THEN YOU WON'T MIND MY PICKING IT UP? HAVEN'T SEEN AN EASTERN NEWSPAPER IN DAYS!

UNLESS MY EYES ARE PLAYING TRICKS, THAT'S THE END OF AN ENVELOPE POKING OUT OF THAT NEWSPAPER. KERNS IS GRABBING!



WELL, YOUR VISIT TO THE STATION WASN'T A TOTAL WASTE, WAS IT?

NO, IT WASN'T AT ALL!



YOU CAN WAIT DOWN HERE FOR ME! IF YOU SEE KATHY, TELL HER TO COME RIGHT UP! I MAY WANT HER TO START PACKING!

WELL... SOMETHING IS HAPPENING, AFTER ALL!



MINUTES LATER...

THE WINDOW'S OPEN! GET IN FAST BEFORE HE TURNS AND SEES US!

IT WON'T MATTER IF HE DOES! HIS GUN-SLINGER'S STILL DOWNSTAIRS!



WHAT'S THE IDEA?

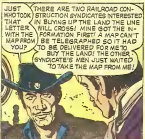
WE CAME TO COLLECT SOMETHING, KERNS-- THE LETTER!

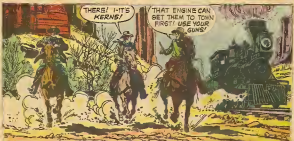
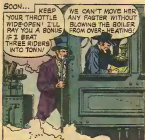


AGAIN AND AGAIN THE INTRUDERS STRIKE, BUT STILL KERN DENIES THERE IS ANY LETTER. THEN THEY RIP THE ROOM APART...



AN HOUR LATER, PUZZLED BY KERNS ABSENCE, PALADIN CHECKS...







GET DOWN!

TH- THEY'LL KILL US ALL!



RIGHT YOU ARE, PALADIN! THE WAY TO TOWN IS CLEAR! I CAN GET THE LAND OF HEARNS, OPTIONS FIRST!

AFTER WHAT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH BECAUSE OF THAT TOP THAT YOU COBBLE IT!



KEEP FIRING! YOU'VE DROPPED TWO OF THEM!

BANG!

HELP!

I THINK THAT'S ENOUGH TO DISCOURAGE THE THIRD RIDER!

NEXT DAY...



HOW MY ASSIGNMENT IS OVER, I CAN'T GET RID OF THAT OUTRIT FAST ENOUGH!

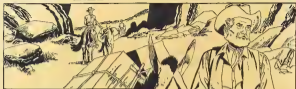
YOU DID WELL ENOUGH IN IT, KEENE? YOU TURNED A TARGET INTO A FORTUNE!

A PLEDGE **DELL** COMIC TO PARENTS

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HAVE GUN,
WILL TRAVEL

MOTELIER LODGE CAMPS



THE GOLD RUSH OF 1849 SENT MINERS SWARMING OVER THE WESTERN SLOPE OF THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS. GOLD CAME FROM A LODE OF QUARTZ SPANNING 100 MILES OF THAT COUNTRY.



THE CAMPS THAT SPANG UP WERE CALLED THE MOTHER LODGE CAMPS! AUBURN HAS ONE. ON ITS STEEPEST STREET STORES AND HOUSES WERE STAGGERED UP THE HILL LIKE STEPS!



GRAND VALLEY BOASTS A GRIM GRAVE. AFTER HANGING AND BURYING A MAN FOR STRALING A HORSE, THE MINERS FOUND THE REAL THIEF! THE INNOCENT MAN GOT THE EPITAPH...



VOLCANO'S CLAIMS WERE PROCESS PICKINGS! THE BEST GRAVES! THERE WAS FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS A DAY! MINERS PAID A THOUSAND DOLLARS A DAY FOR A MONTH.



THE TOWN OF COLONA HAS A MARKER, WHERE GOLD WAS FIRST FOUND IN CALIFORNIA! ITS CHINESE BANK AND 1850 PERIOD STORES REMIND ONE OF THE PART THE CHINESE PLAYED IN THE GOLD RUSH!

