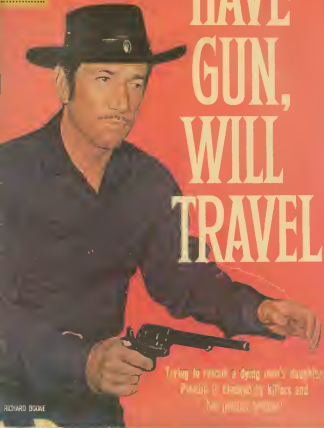


**DELL**  
Exciting  
Adventure

OCT.-DEC.  
Still 10¢

# HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL



Trying to rescue a dying man's daughter,  
Pawnee P. Timony is killed by killers and  
his partner friend!

RICHARD DOWNE



# HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL

## SNOWED IN



When Paladin promises to reach a passenger on a snowed in train, he doesn't suspect that desperate men are waiting to shoot him.



And what should be a relaxing train ride turns into a deadly fight, a one-way trip to danger.

## THE MAP TO NOWHERE



The start of a grim treasure hunt is marked by an attempted murder and the treasure map soon leads Paladin toward a waiting six-gun.



But as Paladin's shovel strikes the long-sought chest, the treasure pit threatens to become his grave.





A MINUTE LATER, THEIR HAND IRONS OFF, THE LAWMEN'S BADGES AND SUNS ON...





MINUTES LATER...



MEANWHILE...



LATER...

AND TO THINK I COULD  
BE CURLED UP BY THE  
FIRE AT MY HOTEL WITH  
A GOOD BOOK!



NEH-GH!



HE'S DEAD!



SEEMS I'M NOT THE ONLY  
ONE OUT IN THIS WEATHER!



ONLY A RIFLE COULD  
HAVE CARRIED THIS  
RAG! THAT GIVES  
THEM THE  
ADVANTAGE!



MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO  
GET OUT OF THEIR RANGE! BUT  
AS LONG AS I'M BREAKING TRAIL  
FOR THEM, THEY CAN GO  
FASTER!











DOWN AND DOWN, BALASIN FALLS IN A WHIRLING WORLD OF SNOW UNTIL AT LAST...







WHOSER YOU ARE! GET THE NEAREST LAWMAN AND TELL HIM MY DEPUTY AND I WERE CAPTURED BY--

SHUT UP!

WE ARE THE MARSHAL AND THE DEPUTY!

YOU CAN SEE WHO ARE WEARING THE BADGES!

TRY THEM! NO NEED CAN YOU GET US OUT OF HERE?

ONLY ON FOOT! BUT THOSE CLOUDS MEAN MORE SNOW, SO THERE'S NO CHANCE THAT WAY!

I'VE GOT TO GET THESE PRISONERS HANDED OVER, BUT THIS TRAIN IS SNOWED IN TIGHT!

I'LL RISK GOING ON FOOT, MR. PRALDIN! ANYTHING TO REACH MY FATHER!

YOU WON'T REACH HIM THAT WAY!

YOU WERE HIRED TO TAKE ME TO HIM! I INSIST ON TRYING!

SORRY, MISS JOYCE! I'M NOT WALKING YOU INTO A BLIZZARD! BUT THERE MAY BE A WAY TO GET THIS TRAIN MOVING!

SOON, PALADIN HAS ALL BUT THE FORWARD PASSENGER CAR UNCOUPLED! THEN, SECURING LINES TO THE CARS BEHIND...



MINUTES LATER, AFTER BACKING THE LENGTH OF CLEARED TRACK, THE ENGINEER STARTS THE TRAIN FORWARD AT FULL THROTTLE...







HAVING FREED THE LAWMEN, AS PALADIN STARTS OUT OF THE COMPARTMENT



BUT AS BERT REACHES FOR PALADIN'S GUN,







NED WEST  
GUNSMITH

# The TRICK SHOT

AN ADVENTURE BY NED WESTER AND FRANK L. MURPHY



THAT NIGHT...



SOON!



MINUTES LATER, NED WEST COMES TO, HIS HEAD ACHING. LIGHTING A LANTERN, HE LOOKS AROUND.

HE'S GONE? THE FEW DOLLARS I HAD IN MY TILL WERE CLEANED OUT! BUT THAT HARDY PAID THE ROBBER FOR HIS TIME!



THAT'S FUNNY! I KNOW THERE NEVER WAS A DENT ON MY WORK BENCH BEFORE. NOW I THINK I KNOW WHAT MADE THIS DENT AND WHY I WAS KNOCKED OUT IN THE FIRST PLACE!



NEXT MORNING...



GENTLEMEN TO MAKE THIS CONTEST ABSOLUTELY FAIR, I THINK WE SHOULD ALL USE THE SAME RIFLE!

ANY OBJECTIONS TO YOUR USING MY RIFLE



SUITS ME!

SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH!

FOUR MEN FIRE WITH BLAZE'S SPECIAL RIFLE. NONE HAS MADE A PERFECT SCORE! WHEN ASHTON'S TURN COMES...



NO! I'M USING MY OWN RIFLE!

WHAT'S WRONG, MR. ASHTON? EVERYONE ELSE USED MINE! WHY WON'T YOU USE IT?

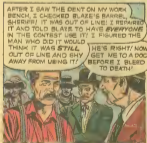
I'LL TELL YOU WHY! BECAUSE ASHTON IS THE MAN WHO JUMPED ME LAST NIGHT AND DENTED MY WORK BENCH BY SLAMMING YOUR RIFLE AGAINST IT TO THROW THE BARREL OUT OF LINE!



WHY SO! LYING SCOUNDREL! I'LL SHUT YOU UP!



AS ASHTON DROPS HIS USELESS RIFLE AND GRABS FOR HIS PISTOL, A SECOND SHOT RINGS OUT...



AND NOW WE CAN FINISH OUR CONTEST HONESTLY-- THANKS TO ME! WEST!

HE'S RIGHT! NOW GET ME TO A DOC BEFORE I BLEED TO DEATH!

# BONANZA on STONY CREEK



Marshal Hardesty was about to spur his mount across Stony Creek when he saw a white object floating downstream. He lifted it from the water. "That's strange!" he muttered. "A Sunday-go-to-meeting shirt, freshly laundered!"

He'd never heard of anyone living that far up on Stony Creek. Yet that shirt had floated downstream from somewhere. And with the inborn curiosity of a good lawman Hardesty was going to find out where that somewhere was and who that shirt belonged to.

It was about a mile up the stream that he came to a newly built cabin. On the creek bank stood a scowling bearded man with rifle in hand.

"Howdy, stranger," said Hardesty, ignoring the rifle. "New around here, aren't you?"

"Prospecting," the man said curtly. "When I heard you riding in I thought you were some claim jumper."

Hardesty said, "I found this shirt floating downstream. Yours?"

"Er-yes. I was washing some clothes, and I reckon it got away from me. Thanks." He snatched the shirt from Hardesty's hand.

"You all alone here?" asked Hardesty curiously.

"Er-yes," replied the man. "You can look in that cabin if you want to. No one here but me, mister."

Hardesty took him at his word. The cabin was empty. Remounting, the lawman spurred down the trail. If he had noticed the path leading away from the back of the cabin he made no mention of it. "So-long, stranger," he said as he rode off.

It was ten minutes later that Hardesty started to circle back to the cabin on foot. The miner's story had not made sense of all. That shirt had been far too small for his burly form.

Soon the sheriff was following the small path that led into the woods behind the cabin. It ended at a small cave. Standing there was the man Hardesty had questioned. A second armed man emerged from the cave, herding a man, woman and child before him.

"It was the sheriff, Binbo," said the bearded one. He looked accusingly at the woman. "Smart, weren't you? I let you wash some laundry and you let that shirt get away hoping it would bring help," he snarled, raising his rifle.

"Easy, Foster," said Binbo. "We don't want any more trouble."

"That's right, you've got enough trouble as it is," said Hardesty as he stepped out of the brush with leveled gun. "Drop that hardware, boys!"

With angry scowls the armed men let their guns fall.

"Marshal, thank heavens you came," said the woman. "These men were holding us prisoners, and using our cabin for a hideout."

Her husband stepped forward. "Stover's my name. Don't know what they saw in this place. You can't make a dollar a day panning gold here."

"Reckon you're wrong, mister," said Hardesty. "These two men are the most notorious men in the territory. And I'll see that you folks collect some of the reward money."

As he rode away Hardesty grinned back at Stover and his family. "So I reckon you struck a bonanza here at Stony Creek after all."

HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL

# THE MAP TO NOWHERE

AS GRANT LANDERS STARTS FROM HIS RANCH HOUSE IN THE SOUTH OF CALIFORNIA, SUDDENLY...



AS THE RANCH HAND RUSHES UP THE ATTACKER SEARCHES THE FALLEN MAN, QUICKLY FINDING WHAT HE IS AFTER...



TWO DAYS LATER...





A TREASURE  
MAP!

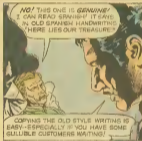
YES! AN AMERICAN, HYDRA, AND A MEXICAN,  
RODRIGO, CHIPPED IN WITH ME TO BUY A MAP  
TO THE TREASURE BURIED BY SPANISH MONKS  
WHEN THEY FLED FROM CALIFORNIA DURING AN  
INDIAN UPRISING A HUNDRED FIFTY YEARS AGO!



WE DIVIDED THE MAP INTO THIRDS AND  
EACH TOOK A PART SO WE NEEDED EACH  
OTHER TO COMPLETE THE MAP!

BUT THEY ROBBED  
ME OF MY PART!

I'D SAY GOOD  
BYE TO IT!  
YOU CAN PICK UP  
JUNKY TREASURE  
MAPS ALL OVER  
CALIFORNIA!



NO! THIS ONE IS GENUINE!  
I CAN READ SPANISH! IT SAYS  
IN OLD SPANISH HANDWRITING  
"HERE LIES OUR TREASURE!"

COPYING THE OLD STYLE WRITING IS  
EASY—ESPECIALLY IF YOU HAVE SOME  
GULLIBLE CUSTOMERS WAITING!



PALADIN, I AM SO SURE THIS  
MAP IS GENUINE THAT YOU WILL  
FIND FIVE HUNDRED  
DOLLARS IN THERE!

IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE ALREADY  
FOUND A "TREASURE!"



BUT WITHOUT THE MAP, JUST HOW DO I  
TRACK DOWN YOUR CHARMING PARTNERS?

LUCKILY, MY THIRD  
OF THE MAP WAS FOR  
THE FIRST THIRD OF  
THE ROUTE! I CAN TELL  
YOU WHERE TO FIND THE  
FIRST TREASURE  
MARKER!



NEXT DAY...

IF LANDERS IS RIGHT,  
I TAKE MY FIRST SIGHTING  
FROM THIS ABANDONED  
MONASTERY!







WAITING A MOMENT, PALADIN CAUTIOUSLY CRAWLS TOWARD THE GRABLY ELENT RUNS...



SO THAT'S IT! A PISTOL WITH A TRIP LINE--AND I HAD TO BE CLUMSY ENOUGH TO SHOOT MYSELF!

MINUTE'S LATER...

THAT GUN SHOWS THEY KNOW LANDERS LIVED--AND COULD BE SENDING SOMEONE TO FOLLOW THEM! LET'S HOPE THEY BELIEVE I DIDN'T GET ANY FURTHER THAN HERE!



THEIR TRAIL'S CLEAR-- TWO RIDERS! WHO ELSE WOULD HAVE COME HERE BUT THE TWO MEN FOLLOWING THE MAP? NOW TO SEE IF I CAN CATCH UP WITH THEM!



SOON... THEY CAME HERE-- BUT HERE IS WHERE I CAN LOSE THEM! UNLESS THEY ARE STILL AROUND AND I LET THEM FIND ME AND NOT... KILL ME!

HOW TO LET THEM KNOW LANDERS HAS SENT SOMEONE TO FOLLOW THEM--AND HOPE THEY ARE AROUND TO LEARN THIS!



THE BEST? I WANT THE FINEST LUNCH MONEY CAN BUY, SENORITA! I AM ON MY WAY TO FIND A BURIED FORTUNE!

BIEN! BUT WHAT IF YOU DO NOT FIND IT, SENOR?



IMPOSSIBLE! I HAVE A TREASURE MAP THAT CAN'T HELP BUT TAKE ME TO THE END OF THIS RAINBOW!

A TREASURE MAP?



THAT'S RIGHT! I'M ON MY WAY TO DIG UP A TREASURE BURIED YEARS AGO BY SPANISH MONARCH!



LATER...

I'VE BEEN HERE AN HOUR--TIME ENOUGH FOR WORD TO SPREAD ACROSS THIS SLEEZY LITTLE TOWN!



COME, AMIGO!





BUT WHY-- DON'T ARGUE!  
HE'S GONE WITH  
US! LET'S  
MOUNT UP!



FOLLOWING THE SIGHTINGS ON THE ANCIENT MAP, THE  
THREE MEN MAKE THEIR WAY ACROSS THE PLAINS, CAMP-  
ING AT NIGHT. SOON, ALL ARE ASLEEP--ALL BUT ONE!



PALADIN, AMISO--  
WAKE UP AND  
LISTEN!  
I'M LISTENING!



WHY SHOULD  
WE SPLIT THE  
TREASURE WITH  
HINDS, SHP  
HE HAS THE LAST THIRD OF THE  
MAP WE NEED TO FIND THE TREASURE!



SI, BUT IT ONLY TAKES A FLICK OF THE  
WRIST AND THEN HINDS NEVER COMPLAIN  
WHEN WE TAKE THE MAP FROM  
HIM! AGREE, AMISO?



NO, RODRIGO--IT  
NEA'T AGREE!



NEXT DAY...

I SEE THE TREE YOUR MAP TELLS US TO HEAD FOR, RODRIGO!

GI! BUT THAT IS THE LAST THING ON MY PART OF THE MAP!



WE SHOULD BE GETTING CLOSE TO THE TREASURE! MY MAP HAS ONLY FOUR SIGHTINGS BEFORE IT MARKS THE PLACE WHERE WE'RE TO DYE!



LATER, AS THEY TAKE SIGHTINGS FROM HIND'S PART OF THE MAP.

PALADIN, NOW THAT WE'RE FINISHED WITH RODRIGO'S SECTION OF THE MAP, WE DON'T NEED HIM, DO WE?



WE WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN HERE IF IT WEREN'T FOR HIS PART OF THE MAP!

LET'S NOT GET SENTIMENTAL! WHO DON'T WE CUT HIM OUT OF THE DEAL?



I DO THE CUTTING, AMIGO!





BUT THE TWO TREASURE SEEKERS SLAZE ON, TILL SUDDENLY...



WE FIGHT THE INDIANS  
EH, AMIGO HINDS?

YEAH! CUT LOOSE!



MINUTES LATER...

THEY'RE TURNING TALL!

WE ARE TOO MUCH  
FOR THEM, AMIGOS!



MAYBE NOW YOU REALIZE THAT THE  
ONLY WAY ANY ONE OF US WILL  
REACH THAT TREASURE IS IF ALL  
THREE OF US STICK TOGETHER!

ON THEY RIDE, FOLLOWING THE MAP THAT  
TAKES THEM INTO THE HOT, ARID WASTES  
OF DEATH VALLEY...

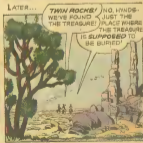


CA-CAN'T GO  
ON... MUCH  
FURTHER...



STAY HERE, AMIGO! PALADIN AND I RIDE  
ON TO THE TWIN ROCKS THAT SAY WHERE  
WE DIG! THEN WE BRING BACK THE  
TREASURE TO YOU!

N-NO... I'M  
GOING ON WITH  
YOU... ALL THE WAY!



LATER...

TWIN ROCKS!  
WE'VE FOUND  
THE TREASURE!

NO, HINDS-  
JUST THE  
PLACE WHERE  
THE TREASURE  
IS SUPPOSED TO  
BE BURIED!







LATER, PALADIN BRINGS THE TREASURE CHEST TO LANDERS, WHO EAGERLY BREAKS IT OPEN...

LO-LOOK! LOOK WHAT THEY CALLED THEIR TREASURE!



YOU FORGET THE MEN WHO BURIED THE CHEST WERE MONKS! TO RELIGIOUS MEN, NATURALLY, THEIR BIBLE, VESTMENTS AND RELIGIOUS OBJECTS WERE THEIR TREASURE!

BUT I WANTED GOLD! I EXPECTED JEWELS! MONEY!



LET ME READ YOU SOMETHING FROM THEIR COPY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT— "FOR THE LOVE OF MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL!"



IF I HADN'T TAKEN YOUR PLACE, YOU MIGHT HAVE GONE ON THAT TREASURE HUNT AND BE LYING DEAD NEXT TO HINDS AND RODRIGO! NOW DO YOU REALIZE THAT THIS TREASURE HUNT DID GIVE YOU THE MOST VALUABLE TREASURE OF ALL!

YES, PALADIN! THANKS TO YOU— IT GAVE ME MY LIFE!



A FLEDGE



TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

## HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL SNOWBOUND RAILROADS



FROM THE 1850'S WHEN STEAM LOCOMOTIVES BEGAN OPERATING, ONE OF THE HAZARDS OF WINTER RAILROAD TRAVEL WAS GETTING SNOWBOUND DURING A BLIZZARD.



THERE WAS NO EQUIPMENT TO CLEAN THE TRACKS AND TRAINS WERE SOMETIMES STRANDED IN SEVERE SNOW STORMS FOR SEVERAL DAYS UNTIL TRACKS MELTED THE SNOW.



AN OPERA COMPANY WAS STRANDED IN ONE OF THE SIX GREAT PACIFIC CARS WHICH WAS STOPPED FOR WEEKS BEYOND LARAMIE DURING THE WINTER OF 1870. THEY ENTERTAINED THE OTHER PASSENGERS WITH BALLY SONGS DURING THE LONG WAIT, WHILE THE SIX STOVES IN EACH CAR KEPT THEM FROM FREEZING.



FORTUNATELY, THE RAILROAD COMPANIES PREPARED FOR SNOW BY CARRYING A BARRICADE WITH FOOD TO LAST OUT THE LONGEST SNOWS. MELTED SNOW WAS A GRANDY WATER SUPPLY.



WITH WARMER WEATHER, THE TRAINS ROLLED ON WEST, BUT DURING THE WINTER MONTHS, PASSENGERS TRAVELLING ACROSS COUNTRY NEVER KNEW HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE THEM TO GET THERE.

## HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL BURIED TREASURE OF THE WEST



MANY FAMOUS TREASURES LIE UNDISCOVERED IN AMERICA'S WEST. THE FAMOUS MONTEZUMA TREASURE IS SAID TO STILL LIE BURIED WAITING TO MAKE SOMEONE RICH.



CHILDREN OF THE MEN LAYING TRACK FOR THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD WERE PLAYING IN THE HILLS NEAR DEL. FOR ONE DAY, WHEN THEY DISCOVERED A HUGE ARROW POINTING SOUTH.



THEY FOLLOWED THE ARROW AND SOON CAME UPON ANOTHER WHICH POINTED DOWNHILL. AS THEY WENT ON DOWN THE SLOPE, THEY FOUND A MAN-MADE CIRCLE OF ROCKS.



RETURNING TO THE RAILROAD CAMP, AN OLD-TIMER TOLD THEM THEY HAD PROBABLY FOUND TREASURE. THE BOYS WENT BACK EARLY THE NEXT DAY TO DO.



FOR DAYS, THEY SCRAMBLED UP AND DOWN THE HILLS LOOKING FOR THE ARROWS MARKING THE WAY, BUT NEVER AGAIN FOUND THE ENORMOUS SPAS.



MANY TREASURE SPAS APPEAR ONLY IN CERTAIN SILENT. AS SHADOWS FALL, THEY DO APPEAR SOMEONE AT THE RIGHT TIME AND PLACE MAY STILL FIND MONTEZUMA'S TREASURE.