

GOLD
KEY

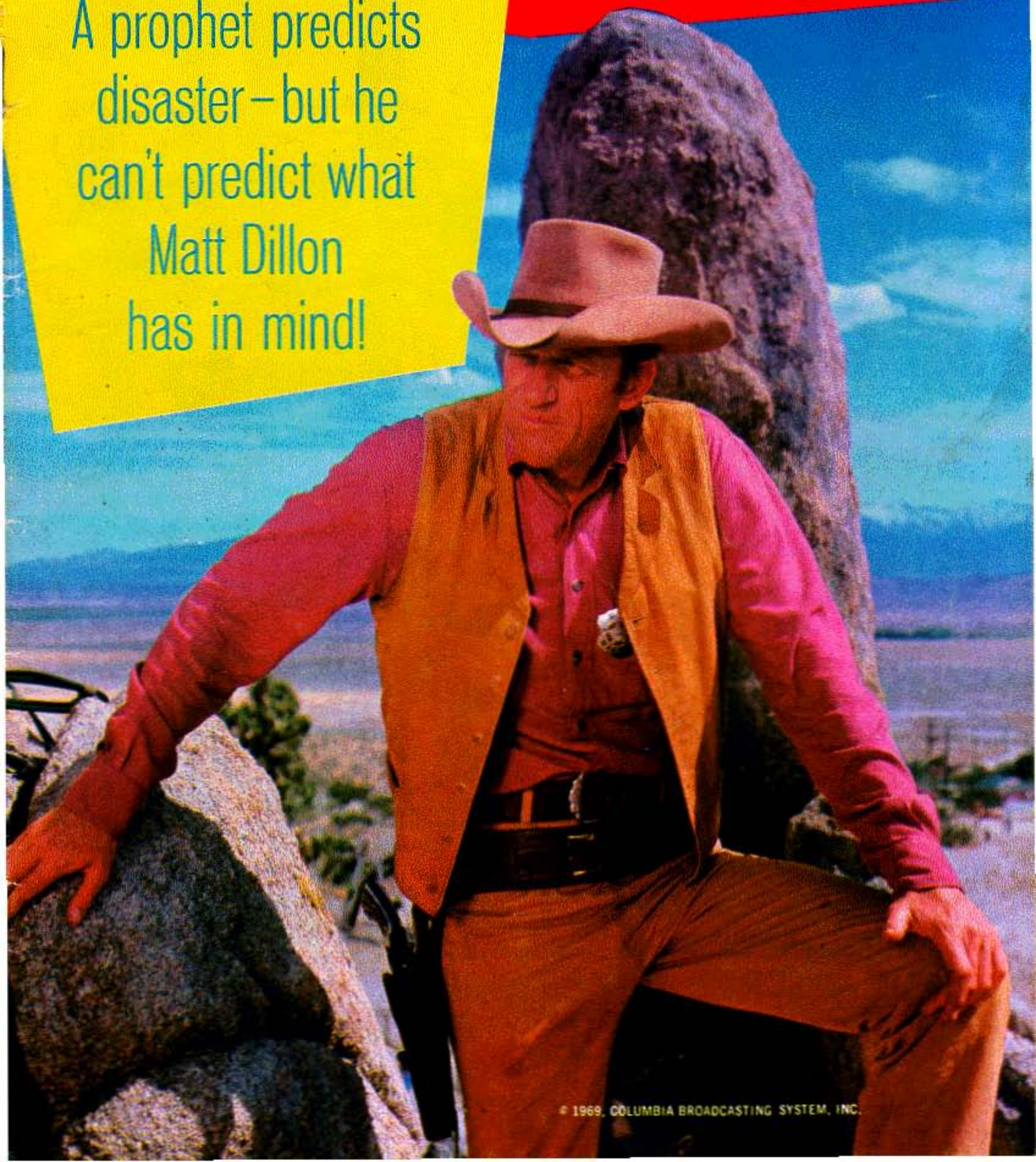
GUNSMOKE

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GUNSMOKE

10228-002
FEBRUARY

A prophet predicts
disaster – but he
can't predict what
Matt Dillon
has in mind!



GUNSMOKE

The PROPHET

DOWN DODGE CITY'S FRONT STREET A SOLEMN DRUMMING SOUNDS, AS STARTLED CITIZENS RUSH OUT AND GAPE AT AN UNUSUAL PROCESSION...

BEHOLD! THE
PROPHET
COMES!

LET ALL WHO
ARE WISE--
LISTEN!

WHO IS THE
WHITE-ROBED CRITTER?

SEARCH ME,
BUT HE SURE
SPOOKS ME!



HEAR! THESE ARE THE WORDS
OF MY VISION! DODGE CITY IS
AN ABOMINATION, A CESSPOOL OF
EVIL! HER WAYS AND HER PEOPLE
WILL BE **PUNISHED!**

I HAVE COME
TO WARN YOU
THAT YOUR END
IS NIGH!

SO IS **YOURS** IF YOU
DON'T STOP SPREADING
THAT GLOOM!



10223-002
GUNSMOKE #6-6911





LATER, TEN MILES
OUT OF DODGE...

NO ONE'S EVEN RIDING
SHOTGUN! PICKING UP
THIS GOLD SHIPMENT
WILL BE EASY!
CUT LOOSE!



REIN IN!

BANG!
BANG!

IT APPEARS
SOMEONE IS
AFTER THE GOLD!



I FEEL LIKE A
SITTING DUCK IN
HERE---

NOT IF YOU KEEP LOW!
SHOOT BEFORE THEY
AIM FOR THE DRIVER!



GUARDS--
INSIDE!

THEIR SHOTS
ARE PASSING
TOO CLOSE!
MAKE TRACKS!



THANKS FOR CUTTING CROSS-COUNTRY AND
MEETING ME, DILLON! YOU MADE THOSE VARMINTS
TURN TAIL!

THE GOLD **ISN'T**
SAFE TILL IT'S
INSIDE THE BANK!



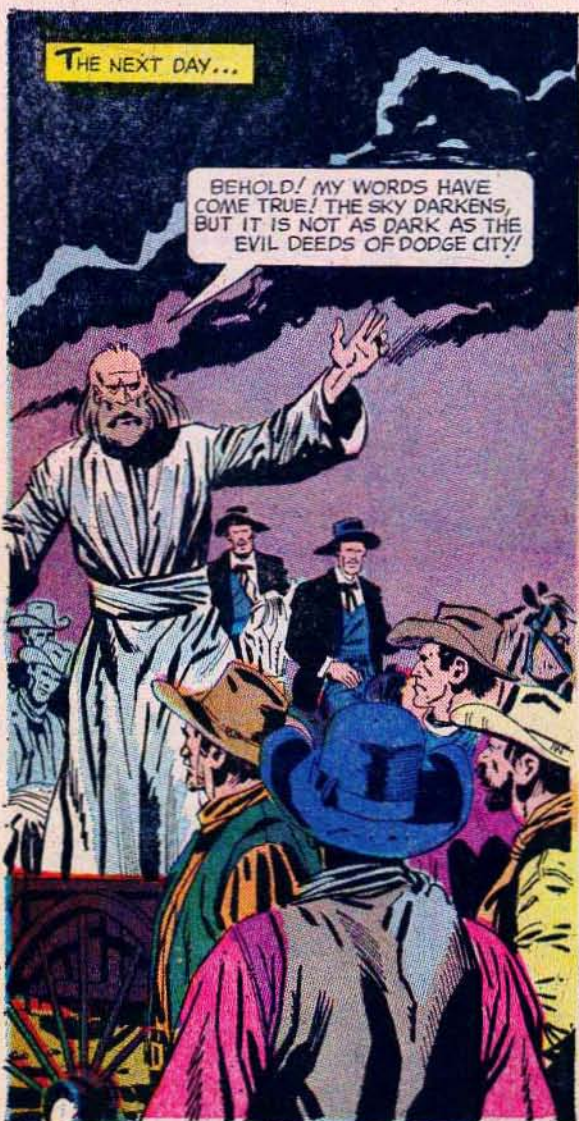
LATER...

THERE! THE SHIPMENT'S SECURE!

I'LL FEEL THAT'S TRUE WHEN IT'S HEADING EAST ON THE TRAIN NEXT WEEK!



RELAX, DILLON! THESE TWO MEN ARE TAKING TURNS ON *CONTINUOUS* GUARD DUTY IN FRONT OF THE SAFE! THE GOLD WILL GET OFF ON THAT TRAIN ALL RIGHT!



THE NEXT DAY...

BEHOLD! MY WORDS HAVE COME TRUE! THE SKY DARKENS, BUT IT IS NOT AS DARK AS THE EVIL DEEDS OF DODGE CITY!



GREAT IS THE ANGER ABOVE YOU! DEEP SHALL BE THE FALL OF DODGE! YOUR CITY IS *DOOMED*!

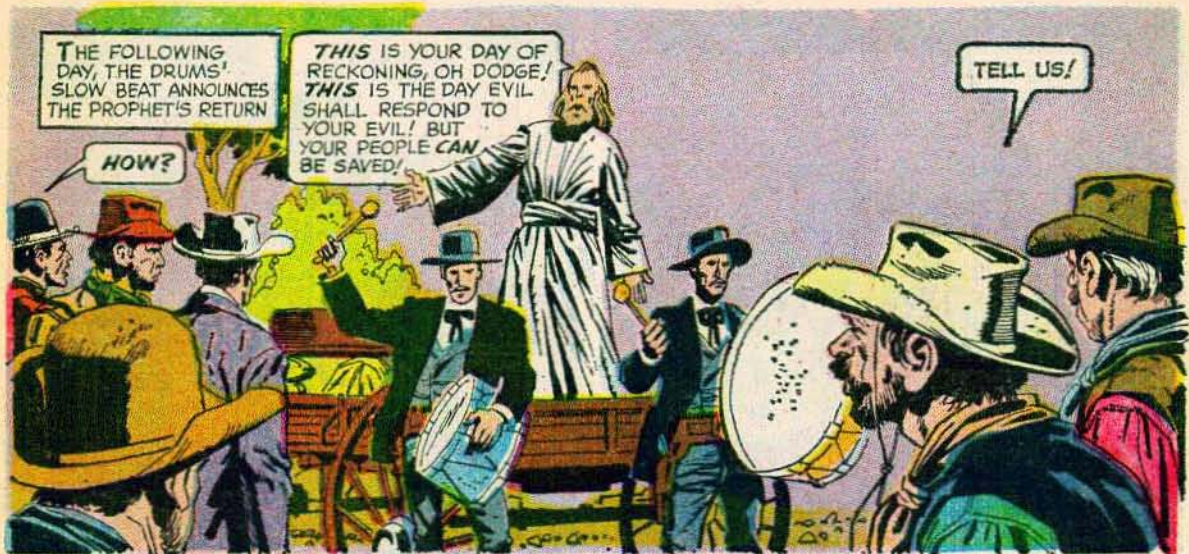
I GOT ME A BROTHER WHO CAN PUT ME UP IN HAYES! RECKON I'LL GO CALLING!

M-MAYBE WE'D BETTER PULL UP STAKES FOR A FEW DAYS--



MATTHEW, THAT PROPHET'S FIRST PREDICTION CAME TRUE--

COME ON, FESTUS, THE WAY THE SKY WAS CLOUDING UP YESTERDAY; I COULD HAVE PREDICTED RAIN, TOO! DO YOU *REALLY* BELIEVE THE GROUND WILL TREMBLE TOMORROW AND SWALLOW UP DODGE?



THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE DRUMS! SLOW BEAT ANNOUNCES THE PROPHET'S RETURN

THIS IS YOUR DAY OF RECKONING, OH DODGE! THIS IS THE DAY EVIL SHALL RESPOND TO YOUR EVIL! BUT YOUR PEOPLE CAN BE SAVED!

TELL US!

HOW?



HARKEN UNTO MY WORDS! WHILE THE GROUND SHALL TREMBLE HERE AND THE CITY BE SWALLOWED UP, THOSE WHO SEEK SALVATION WITH ME ON THE HILL ABOVE--THEY SHALL BE SAVED!

SAVE US!



THIS IS THE WAY TO SALVATION! THOSE WHO SEEK TO AVOID THE BOTTOMLESS PIT OF DODGE'S DESTINY-- FOLLOW!

COUNT ME IN!

I'M GOING!



MY HELPERS AND I WILL PRAY FOR YOU FROM THE SHRINE! GO BELOW A FEW PACES, WHERE YOU CANNOT SEE OUR SACRED TENT! BEAT THE DRUM AND REPENT!



THIS IS DOWN FAR ENOUGH! IF WE GET CLEAN OFF THE HILL WE WON'T BE SAVED EVEN HERE!

START REPENTING! IF ONE OF US DOESN'T, WE MAY ALL BE DOOMED!

BWOOM BWOOM



AN HOUR LATER...

FESTUS, STOP WORRYING! YOU'RE TOO INTELLIGENT TO LET SOME WILD-EYED GENT WHO CALLS HIMSELF A PROPHET SCARE YOU!

MATTHEW, I STILL FIGURE WE'RE COURTING TROUBLE STICKING AROUND IN TOWN--



RUMBLE

HHOLY COW! THE GROUND'S SHAKING!

THE WHOLE EARTH'S TREMBLING AND R-RIGHT UNDER US!



THE PROPHET SAID THE GROUND WOULD SHAKE!

DON'T PANIC! MAYBE SOMEONE'S BLASTING NEARBY!



DILLON, I'VE MINED HERE AND I KNOW **NO ONE** IS DYNAMITING IN THESE PARTS! THERE HASN'T BEEN ANYTHING WORTH BLASTING FOR!

IF THAT WASN'T DYNAMITE, THEN I'M **GITTING OUT** OF TOWN!



WHOOOOM!

A-ANOTHER TREMOR!

THE END IS COMING! RUN!





THE SAFE DOORS STILL CLOSED--

A LIT FUSE!
DOWN!

PSSSSHT



STAY FLAT AND HOPE THIS DESK GIVES US ENOUGH COVER!

WHAT--



BWOOOM!

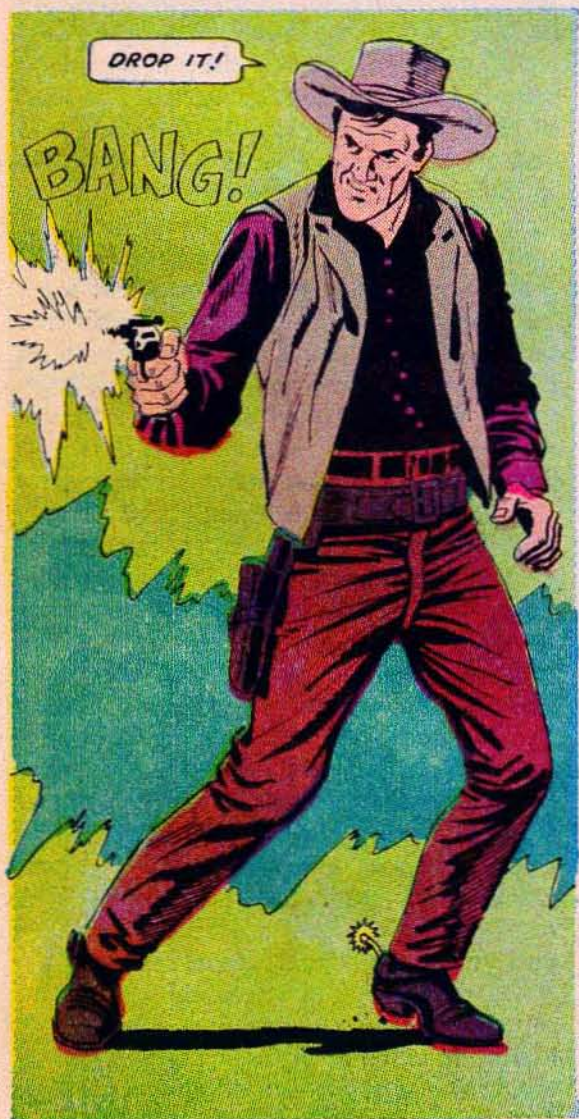


THAT SHOULD HAVE DONE IT, BOYS! NOW LOAD THE GOLD ONTO MY BUCKBOARD BEFORE SOMEONE BY THE HILL FINDS WE SNEAKED OUT OF THAT "SHRINE!"



LOOK! SOMEONE IS IN HERE STILL!

LET'S SEE IF THAT BLAST FINISHED HIM OFF! IF NOT WE WILL!



So Henry now proceeded to auction them off

The last mount to be sold was a beautiful bay colt which was bought by Bill Tilghman, a deputy marshal. Tilghman, named him 'Chief' and within a few months was winning races with the colt. Realizing that he had let a good thing go, Dutch Henry offered to buy back the horse. When Tilghman refused, Henry hinted that Chief might disappear some night. Tilghman looked at Henry with cold eyes. 'Steal that colt, Dutch, and I'll put a bullet through your hide.' Dutch took the hint.

Dodge City, Ellsworth, Hays City, - Dutch frequented a dozen Kansas towns as he dodged the law. Time and again local lawmen brought him in for horse theft, but Henry was always released for lack of evidence. Soon farmers whose stock was missing would drop in on Henry, describe the missing horses to him and promise to pay him a reward if he would find them. Usually Henry didn't have far to look before he located 'the missing animals and collected his "finder's fee:"

It was said that at the height of his career, Dutch Henry was the leader of some 300 horse thieves. These were divided into several smaller gangs, each with its own territory. Stolen herds from one area would be exchanged for horses stolen in another territory, thus making it almost impossible to identify the stolen horses;

In 1879, **Bat Masterson**, Ford County sheriff brought Henry into Dodge for trial on the usual charges. A tricky lawyer got Henry off for lack of evidence, much to Masterson's disgust.

But Henry's fate was sealed. Later that year, a pair of federal marshals slipped into his hotel room in Pueblo, Colorado, and nabbed him while he slept. Someone had remembered that Henry had never finished serving his first sentence for stealing twenty army mules. To the lawman, Henry smilingly explained, "the road-gang boss sent me for a shovel - and I'm still looking for one."

Dutch Henry died of old age at the turn of the century; an amazing achievement in an age when most horse thieves finished their career at the end of a rope,

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His name was Henry Born, an educated American of German descent. Known as Dutch Henry, he often visited Dodge dressed in a sleek black broadcloth suit, a fancy shirt and a shoestring tie. Dutch Henry **looked like** the picture of a professional gambler, but actually he was the slickest horse thief west of the Mississippi.

Dutch Henry first appeared in the annals of the West as a trooper in Custer's 7th Cavalry during the late 1860's. It was then that he was inspired to join the horse-stealing profession--a dangerous but profitable way of life; Henry, began his career, by stealing twenty government mules. Arrested, he was sentenced to a long term on an Arkansas road gang. But some months later, when the road-gang boss sent him for a shovel, Henry just kept on walking until he was out of sight.

By the 1870's, Dutch Henry was the acknowledged leader of the horse-stealing profession. It was said that he could and would steal anything on four legs. But fine horseflesh always had a special place in Henry's heart.

One day he rode into Dodge driving a herd of horses, ready for sale. Henry had acquired them from a pair of Kiowa **Indians** some days before the Indians, now **dead**, had no further use for their mounts.

GUNSMOKE

The GUILTY ONE

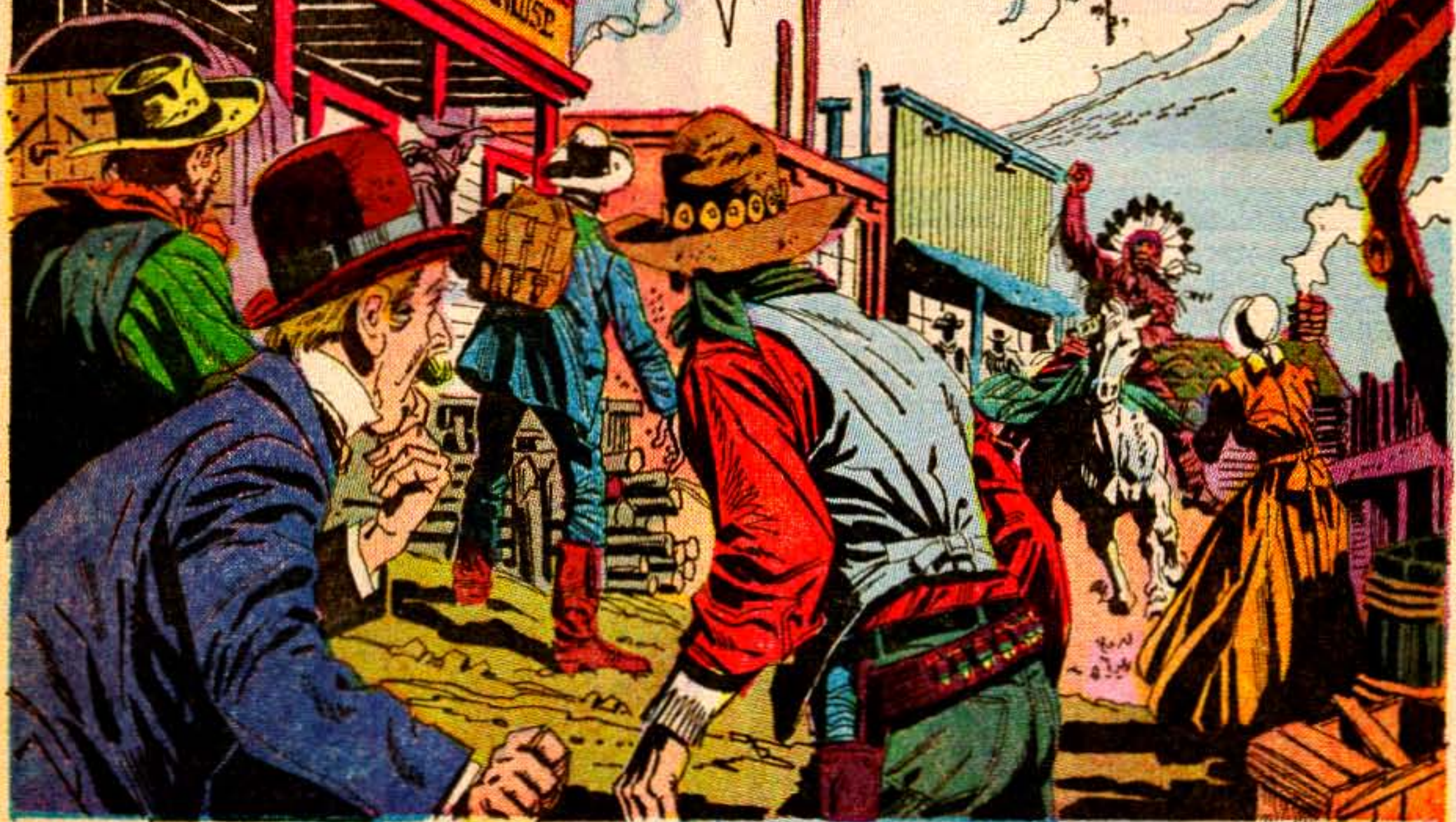
AS A WAR WHOOP RINGS ALONG DODGE CITY'S FRONT STREET, THE STARTLED FOLKS JUMP ASIDE AND A SIOUX CHIEF RACES DOWN THE COWTOWN'S BUSTLING STREET...

BACK OFF OR YOU'LL GET TRAMPLED!

WHOOOP!
WHOOOP!

JUST *ONE*-- BUT WHAT'S THAT CHIEF DOING HERE SHOUTING LIKE THAT?

INDIANS!



MATTHEW! COME A-RUNNING! THERE'S QUITE A SIGHT OUTSIDE HERE!

I *THOUGHT* I HEARD AN INDIAN WAR CRY! WAS I IMAGINING THAT?



MARSHAL, I COME GIVE SELF UP! KILL WHITE MAN!

CHIEF SWIFT WING, ARE YOU CONFESSING TO A MURDER?





YES! KILL TRADER, WHO HAVE POST NEAR MY TRIBE'S-RESERVATION!

BUT YOU ARE A PEACEFUL MAN! DID YOU KILL HIM ALONE? WHY DID YOU DO IT?



SWIFT WING KILL-UM ALONE! KILL-UM BECAUSE HIM CHEAT MY PEOPLE! GIVE US BAD TRADING GOODS! NOW, YOU PUT ME IN JAIL AND TRY ME!

BUT I'VE NO EVIDENCE OF ANY MURDER NOR ANY COMPLAINT YET!

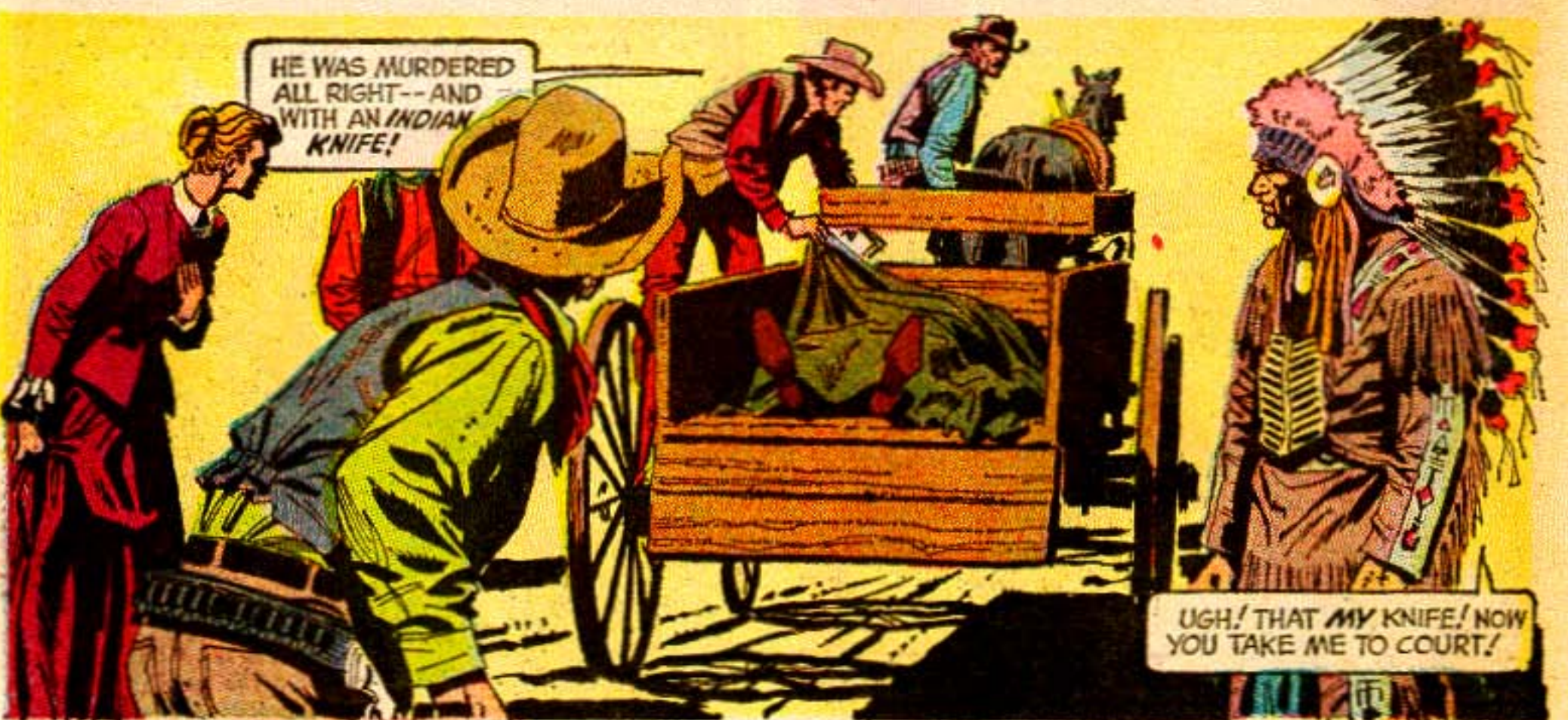


MATTHEW, YOU GOING TO PUT THAT CHIEF IN THE COOLER? THAT SURE WILL RILE UP THOSE RESERVATION INDIANS!

SO FAR, I'VE A CONFESSED MURDERER ON MY HANDS, BUT WITHOUT PROOF OF ANY MURDER!



MARSHAL! GOT A MURDERED MAN ON BOARD! HE'S VIC KERNS, THE INDIAN TRADER! FOUND HIM BY HIS PLACE--DEAD!



HE WAS MURDERED ALL RIGHT-- AND WITH AN INDIAN KNIFE!

UGH! THAT MY KNIFE! NOW YOU TAKE ME TO COURT!



ALL RIGHT, CHIEF! YOU'RE GETTING YOUR WISH! I AM ARRESTING YOU ON THE CHARGE OF **MURDER!**



QUICKLY, WORD OF THE KNIFING SPREADS THROUGH DODGE...

I SAW THE MURDER WEAPON! AN **INDIAN** DID IT FOR SURE!

NO NEED TO WAIT FOR A TRIAL IF THAT CHIEF **CONFESSED!**



GIVE US THE INDIAN --

WE WANT THE CHIEF AND **NOW!**

YOU'RE **NOT** GETTING HIM! HE WILL BE TRIED IN COURT LIKE ANY OF YOU WOULD BE IF **YOU** COMMITTED A CRIME!



HE CONFESSED! WHY WASTE TIME? HERE'S A **ROPE!**

A JUDGE WILL DECIDE WHETHER THAT CONFESSION IS TRUE OR NOT!



I SAY LET HIM SWING --

I NEED SOME ROPE FOR A CRATE! THANKS FOR BRINGING IT! NOW **BACK OFF!**





THAT EVENING
NEAR DODGE

SWIFT WING IS
IN THE WHITE
MAN'S JAIL!

IF HE IS BROUGHT
TO THE JUDGE, HE
WILL SAY HE KILLED
THE TRADER AND BE
HUNG FOR IT!



YOU KNOW HE WILL DO ANY-
THING TO SAVE HIS SON, CROW
FEATHER, FROM BEING HUNG
FOR THE MURDER HE COMMITTED!

AND THAT MEANS
WE MUST RESCUE
SWIFT WING FROM
JAIL!



LATER...

UGH! I KILL
TRADER!

CAN I
HELP YOU?



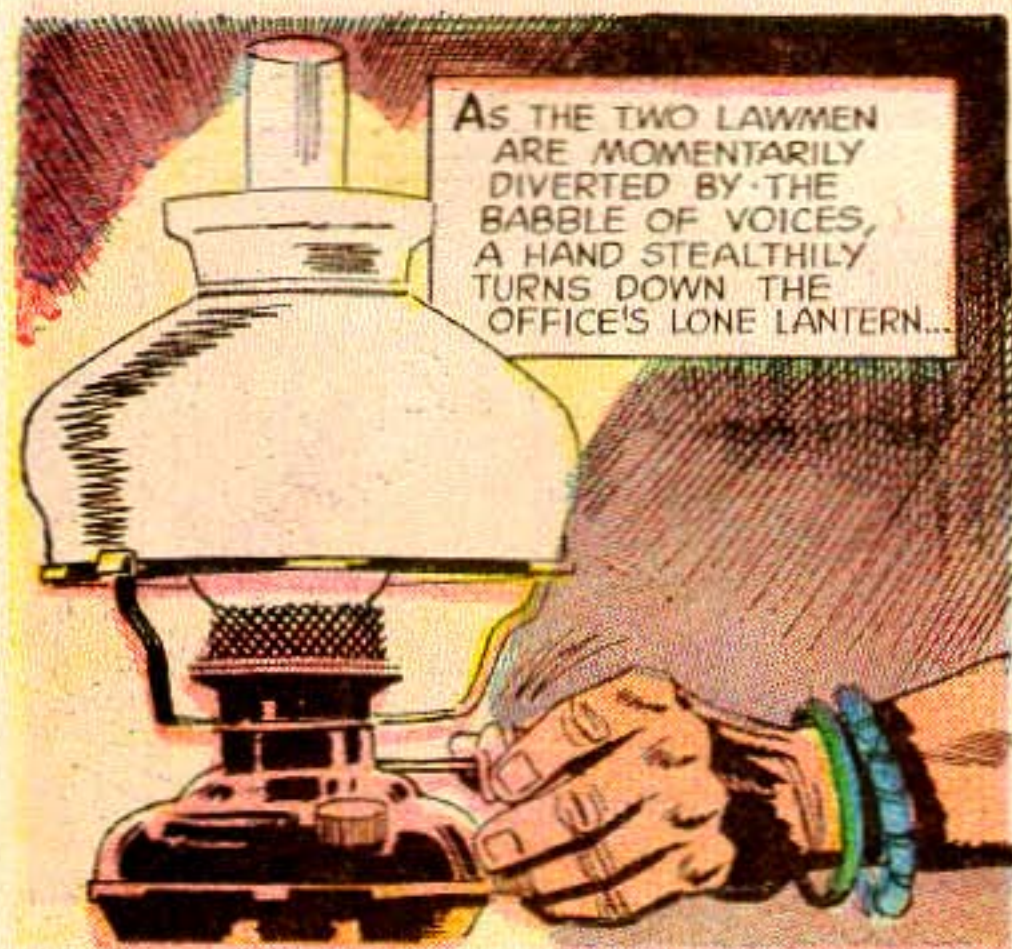
YOU KILLED HIM? BUT CHIEF
SWIFT WING CONFESSED THAT HE--

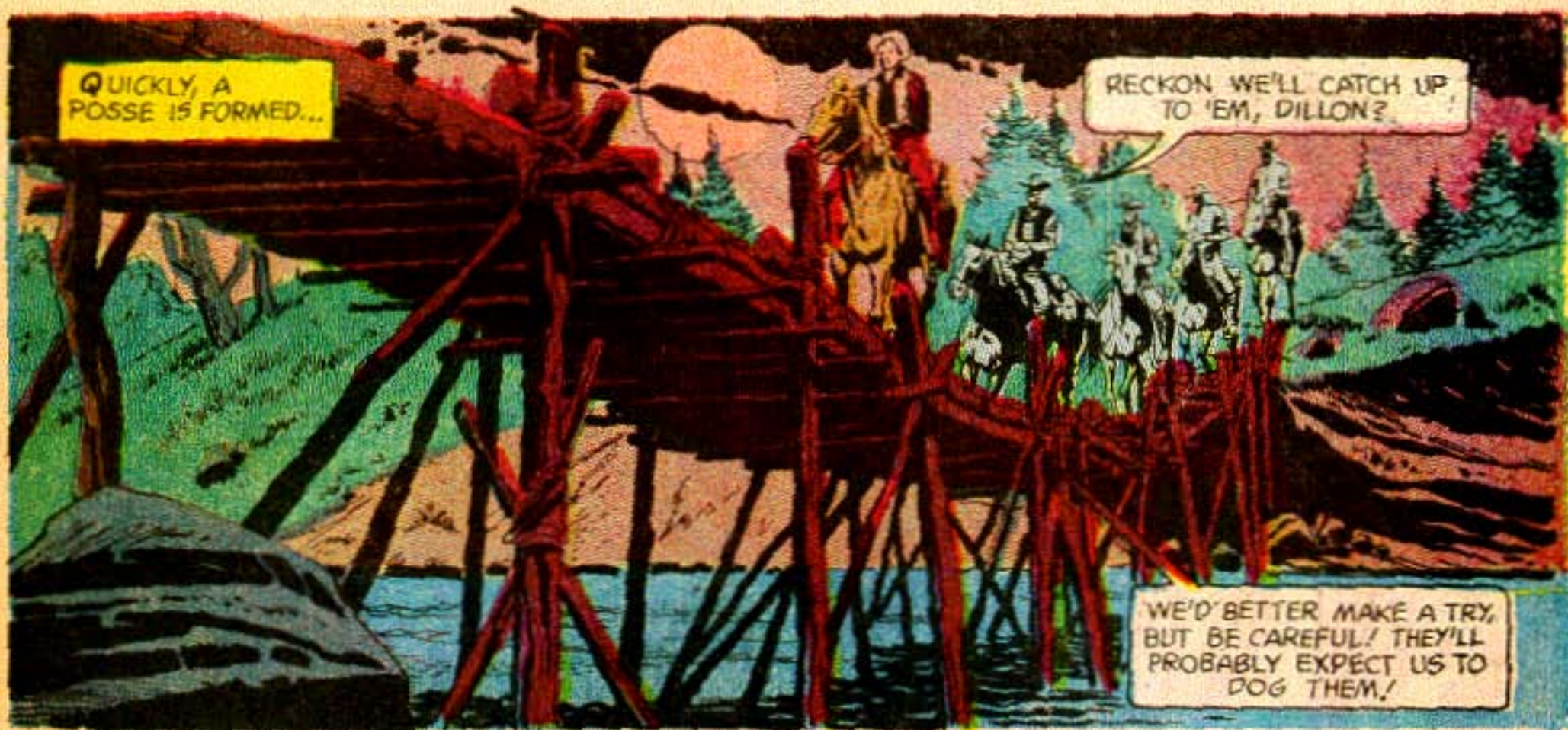
HIM LIE!
I KILL
TRADER!



IT MY KNIFE THAT KILL-UM!

BUT I HOLD
TRADER SO
WE CAN
KILL-UM!

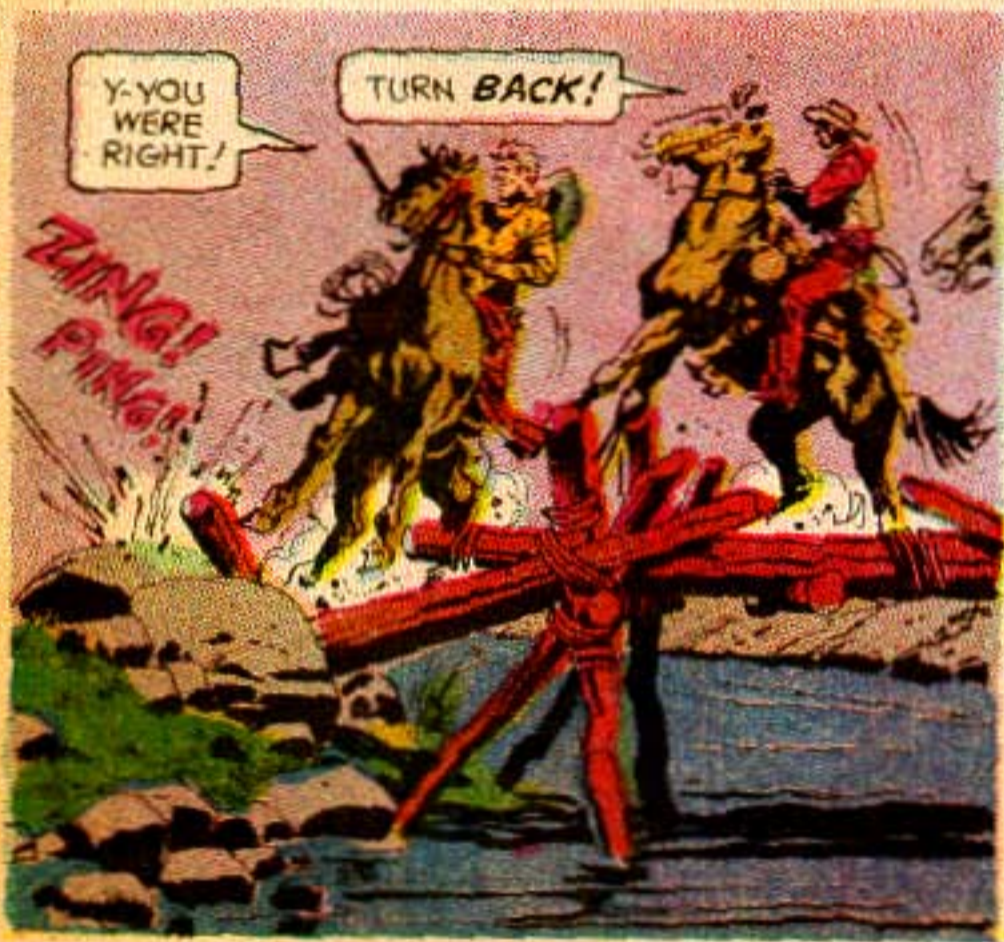




QUICKLY, A POSSE IS FORMED...

RECKON WE'LL CATCH UP TO 'EM, DILLON?

WE'D BETTER MAKE A TRY, BUT BE CAREFUL! THEY'LL PROBABLY EXPECT US TO DOG THEM!



Y-YOU WERE RIGHT!

TURN BACK!

ZING!
PING!



YOU MEAN, WE'RE TURNING TAIL, ALREADY?

THOSE SHOTS WERE JUST A WARNING! IF WE TRY PUSHING ON SOMEONE'LL STOP A BULLET!



BUT DILLON, A MURDERER HAS ESCAPED!

AND I AIM TO TRACK HIM DOWN -- BUT IN THE MORNING WHEN I CAN'T BE BUSHWHACKED IN THE DARK!



BEFORE DAWN, MATT DILLON RIDES TO THE RESERVATION AND AT FIRST LIGHT, AS HE DISMOUNTS AND MOVES CLOSE TO THE TENTS...

I AM GOING BACK TO JAIL OR THE WHITES WILL COME FOR ME AND MANY OF YOU WILL BE HURT OR KILLED!

NO! YOU DID NOT KILL THE TRADER! STAY HERE!



I WILL NOT LET CROW FEATHER BE PUNISHED--

WHY DO YOU WANT TO SACRIFICE YOURSELF FOR YOUR SON'S DEED?



HE IS YOUNG! HE IS RASH LIKE MANY YOUTHS! BUT HE HAS HIS *WHOLE* LIFE STILL AHEAD OF HIM! IF I PAY FOR THE CRIME, HOW MANY YEARS WOULD I LOSE AS AGAINST ALL THOSE HE WOULD LOSE!



I'M *NOT* TAKING YOU BACK, CHIEF SWIFT WING! YOU *CAN'T* PAY FOR SOMEONE ELSE'S CRIME EVEN THOUGH HE IS YOUR *SON*!

Y-YOU HEAR US THEN!



BUT *WHY* DID YOUR SON STAB THE TRADER? .. WELL?

SWIFT WING *NOT* SAY! BUT I TELL! CROW FEATHER AND SOME OTHER YOUNG BRAVES WANT JUMP RESERVATION--



"GO TO TRADER AND BUY GUNS HIM NOT SUPPOSED TO SELL TO SIOUX! PAY PLENTY! BUT ONE GUN NOT WORK, EXPLODE AND HURT YOUNG BRAVE WHO USE-UM..."

BWOOM!



"GO BACK TO TRADER! HIM NOT GIVE BACK MONEY! CROW FEATHER ANGRY AND START FOR TRADER, HIM FIRE! CROW FEATHER HIT, BUT RUSH FORWARD AND STAB-UM!"



TRADER DIE QUICK! OTHER BRAVES BURN DOWN POST! GO TO HILLS WITH CROW FEATHER! WHEN SWIFT WING HEAR--GIVE SELF UP TO YOU!

IF WHAT THIS BRAVE SAID IS CORRECT, YOUR SON MIGHT NOT BE FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER!

WHAT YOU MEAN?



IF THE TRADER FIRED AT HIM FIRST, THEN YOUR SON KILLED HIM IN SELF-DEFENSE! GET HIM TO TURN HIMSELF IN, CHIEF, AND THE COURT WILL FREE HIM!

NO...NOT TRUST PALEFACE COURT WITH LIFE OF MY ONLY SON!



THERE HE IS! YOU GOING TO ARREST HIM, DILLON? WE'LL HELP YOU BRING IN THAT MURDERING CHIEF!

YOU'VE COME FOR THE WRONG MAN! SWIFT WING ISN'T THE KILLER!



YOU LOCO, DILLON? HE EVEN CONFESSED--

TO PROTECT THE REAL MURDERER! NOW TURN BACK AND LEAVE BRINGING IN THE MURDERER TO ME!



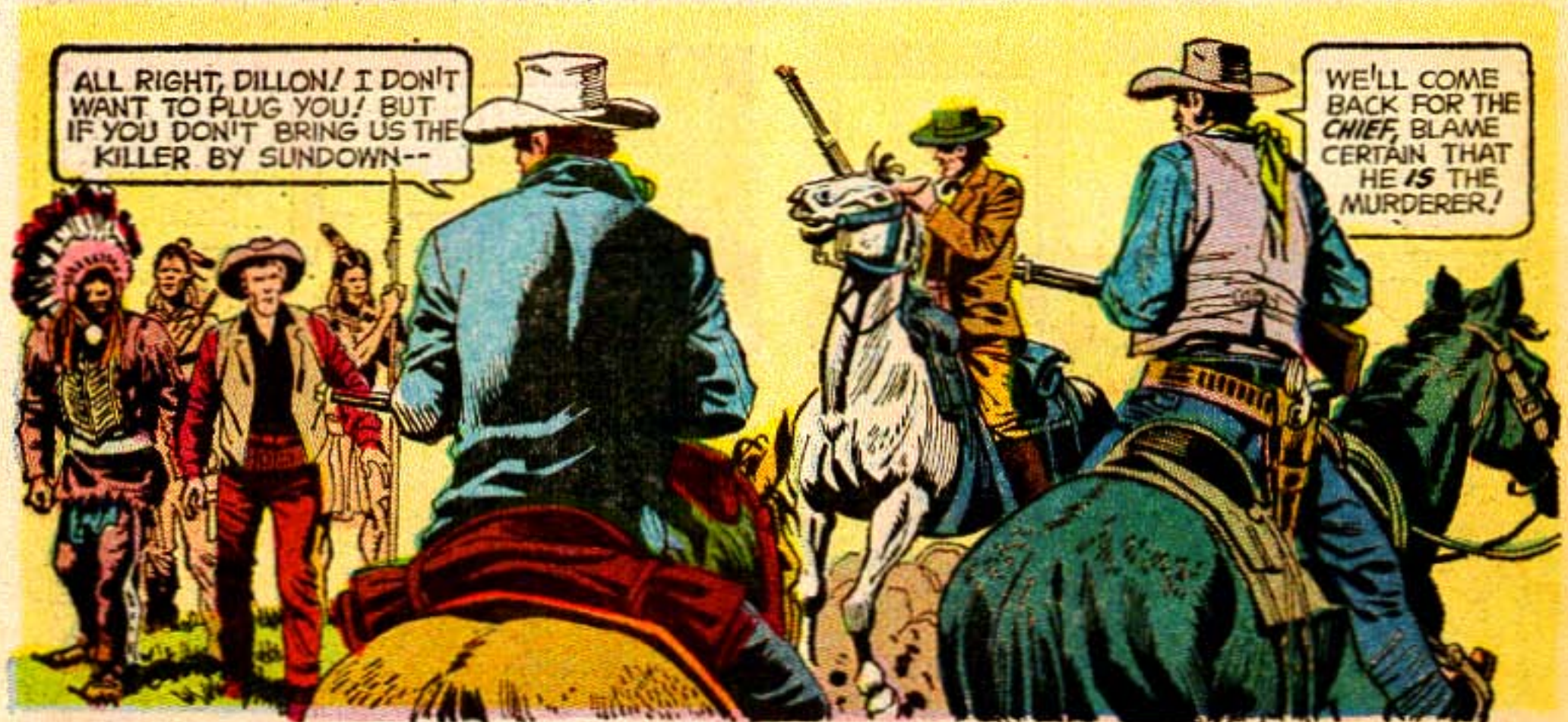
NO! TRADER
KILLED BY ME!

STOP! YOU NOT SAY MORE!
MARSHAL SPEAK TRUTH!
YOU NOT RETURN TO JAIL!



THAT CHIEF
SEEMS SURE
THAT HE DID
THE---

TRY TAKING HIM
AND YOU'LL BE-
DOING IT OVER
MY DEAD BODY
AND BE BROUGHT
IN FOR MURDER, TOO!
NOW RIDE HOME!



ALL RIGHT, DILLON! I DON'T
WANT TO PLUG YOU! BUT
IF YOU DON'T BRING US THE
KILLER BY SUNDOWN--

WE'LL COME
BACK FOR THE
CHIEF, BLAME
CERTAIN THAT
HE IS THE
MURDERER!



PALEFACES WANT TAKE ME WITH-UM!
BRAVES NOT WANT ME GO! NOW SWIFT
WING DO WHAT HIM WANT! GO WITH YOU
AND BRING IN SON! YOU SHOW I CAN TRUST
PALEFACES! RISK YOUR LIFE FOR ME! I TRUST
YOU WITH SON'S LIFE IN COURT!



SOON...

MY SON
CALL!

RIDE AWAY!

THEN TELL HIM
WHY WE'RE HERE
AND CONVINCE HIM
TO COME ALONG!

QUICKLY, THE CHIEF TELLS WHY HE WANTS HIS SON TO FACE TRIAL...

NO! WE CANNOT TRUST THE WHITE MAN! ONE CHEATED ME AT TRADING! THAT ONE WILL CHEAT ME OF MY LIFE!

I AM COMING UP FOR YOU, MY SON!



BUT AS A SECOND SHOT GRAZES CLOSER TO THE ADVANCING CHIEF...

BANG!

THAT HOthead IS PLAYING FOR KEEPS!

PING!



BACK! MY NEXT SHOT WILL NOT BE AIMED TO MISS --

I AM YOUR CHIEF! PUT DOWN YOUR RIFLE!

BANG!



T-THE RIFLE--

WHOOOMP



I HAVE A PISTOL, FATHER! TURN BACK!

I HAVE COME FOR YOU! GO TO THE WHITE MAN'S COURT WITH ME OR KILL ME HERE!





GODD! NOW, WE GO TOGETHER!



LATER...

ACCORDING TO MY EXAMINATION, YOUR HONOR, THE DEFENDANT CROW FEATHER WAS WOUNDED BY A BULLET SHOT FROM AT LEAST A YARD AWAY!



WHICH MEANS, HE WAS FIRED ON *FIRST* AND STABBED THE DECEASED IN SELF-DEFENSE! HE IS FOUND-- NOT GUILTY!



IT'S SUNDOWN, GENTS! YOU HEARD THE JUDGE! I BROUGHT IN THE MAN WHO SHOT THE TRADER, BUT HE WAS FOUND INNOCENT OF MURDER!

OKAY, DILLON! WE'RE NOT CONTRADICTING THE COURT! JUSTICE WAS DONE!



NOW SWIFT-WING'S TURNING HIMSELF IN MAKES SENSE, MATTHEW! HE'S QUITE A CHIEF!

MORE IMPORTANT, FESTUS, HE'S QUITE A FATHER!