

DELL

SEPT. - NOV.

Roy Rogers'

TRIGGER



10¢



and the
DRYGULCHER of
GUNSIGHT NOTCH

also TRIGGER JR.
MEETS the TEST

HORSES of HISTORY

—A STORY OF THE PAST—



THE SPANISH HORSE

DURING THE PREHISTORIC AGE, THERE LIVED IN WHAT IS NOW THE UNITED STATES, A STRANGE KIND OF HORSE.

THIS ANCIENT ANCESTOR DEFINITELY LOOKED LIKE THE HORSE OF TODAY, EXCEPT THAT HE WAS ABOUT THE SIZE OF AN AVERAGE COB AND HAD THREE TOES INSTEAD OF A SOLID HOOF.

ALONG WITH THE DINOSAUR AND OTHER ANIMALS OF THAT EARLY AGE, HE BECAME EXTINCT, AND IT WASN'T UNTIL THE SPANISH EXPLORERS CAME TO AMERICA THAT THE HORSE CAME BACK TO STAY — — — THIS TIME, AS WE ALL KNOW HIM.

THE ARABIAN HORSE

IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE THAT THE SPANISH "RE-INTRODUCED" AN ARABIAN HORSE! THE SPANISH ADVENTURERS IN THEIR MANY TRAVELS, FOUND THAT THE HORSE OF THE ARABS WAS THE ANSWER TO ALL THEY WANTED IN A FINE MOUNT.

LOYALTY, SPEED, BRAVERY AND GREAT ENDURANCE GAVE FAME TO THIS BEAUTIFUL, CLEAN-OUT HORSE. IT IS LITTLE WONDER THAT THE SPANISH "ADOPTED" HIM AND LATER BROUGHT HIM TO AMERICA IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

TODAY, ALMOST EVERY LIGHT-WEIGHT AMERICAN HORSE HAS SOME ARABIAN BLOOD AND CHARACTERISTICS.



TRIGGER AND THE DRYGULCHER OF GUNSIGHT NOTCH

EARLY MORNING BRINGS TRIGGER TO UNCLE MIKE HANFORD'S MOUNTAIN CABIN-- WITH HOT ANXIETY IN HIS TRUMPET-CALL...



TRIGGER! WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU THIS MORNING--- LEAVING YOUR BUNCH OF MARES?



HERE'S A COUPLE OF LUMPS OF BROWN SUGAR--- IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT! TAKE 'EM AND GET BACK TO YOUR JOB, BOY!



SA-AY! YOU WANT ME TO FOLLOW YOU--- IS THAT IT? YOUR MARES ARE IN TROUBLE--- MAYBE ONE OF 'EM BOGGED DOWN IN A PATCH OF QUICKSAND OR SOMETHING?



IT COULD BE WOLVES--- OR A MOUNTAIN LION! I'LL GET MY WINCHESTER!







"RUFFY LOOKS LIKE A BULLET WOUND!"



"COME ON, OLD GIRL! LET'S SEE—WELL! YOU ACT HALF PARALYZED!"



"SOMEBODY CREASED YOU, DELIBERATELY, SO AS TO CAPTURE YOU WITHOUT A ROPE, NELLIE! ONLY HE AIMED A HALF-INCH TOO LOW AND KICKED THE TOP OF A SPINAL VERTEBRA!"



"I'VE SEEN IT DONE BY OLD-TIMERS WHO WANTED TO TAKE A WILD HORSE—AT THE RISK OF KILLING IT OUTRIGHT! A RIFLE BULLET PASSING THAT CLOSE TO THE SPINE WILL STUN FOR A MINUTE OR TWO; BUT WHO IN 'NATION—?"

"HEE-HEE-HEE!"



"WHO, IN THE NAME OF COMMON SENSE, WOULD WANT TO STEAL JUST ONE OF A BUNCH OF THOUSAND-DOLLAR MARES? UNLESS HIS OWN HORSE RAN OFF OR BUSTED A LEG OR SOMETHING!"



"HAH! HERE'S BLOOD, WHERE A HORSE OR A MARE FELL DOWN, SHOT... YUP! PALMING HAIRS ON THAT STONE! BUT THEY'RE A SHADE DARKER THAN NELLIE'S!"





DIRK GILLIAN BROKE OUT OF PRISON TWO DAYS AGO--- THAT'S WHAT!

GILLIAN--- THE "MAD DOG" MAIL ROBBER? HE'S IN THESE MOUNTAINS?



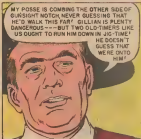
HE STOLE THREE HORSES IN SUCCESSION! RODE THEM TO DEATH! WE FOUND HIS HORSE TEN MILES BACK--- AND BOOT TRACKS POINTING TOWARD GUNSIGHT NOTCH! WHY?

YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF HIM, MIKE?



I'VE SEEN HIS WORK--- TWO PALMING'S CREASE, ONE OF THEM MISSING! HE'S MOUNTED NOW ON ONE OF TRIGGER'S FINEST MARES --- AND I'M FOLLOWING HER TRAIL RIGHT NOW!

WHEE-EE! THAT'S THE LUCKIEST BREAK I'VE HAD YET, MIKE!



MY POSSE IS COMBING THE OTHER SIDE OF GUNSIGHT NOTCH, NEVER GUESSING THAT HE'D WALK THIS FAR! GILLIAN IS PLENTY DANGEROUS --- BUT TWO OLD-TIMERS LIKE US DUGHT TO RUN HIM DOWN IN JIG-TIME!

HE DOESN'T GUESS THAT WE'RE ONTO HIM!



BUT DIRK GILLIAN, LIKE AN OLD WOLF, IS WATCHING HIS BACK TRAIL...



THEY'RE BETTER TRACKERS THAN I GAVE THEM CREDIT FOR, BLAST 'EM! BUT I'LL SETTLE THEIR NASH!



THE SECOND BARELY MISSES, AS UNCLE MIKE
PITCHES TO THE
GROUND...

Z-BOOM!



BUT HIS FALL---MEANT TO IRRITATE A FATALLY
SHOT MAN--- BECOMES ALMOST TOO
REAL! A SHARP STONE GASHES DEEPLY...



IF ONLY---
HON---KUMMP

NOW, THAT'S
THE HORSE
FOR ME!



I'LL JUST MAKE SURE
OF THESE TWO FIRST!

EE-UHNY!
ER-UHNY!



BAD-TEMPERED CUSS, AIN'T YOU? OR MAYBE
IT'S THE SMELL OF BLOOD YOU DON'T LIKE?
WELL, YOU'LL SMELL MORE, IF
I RIDE YOU!

EA-
UHHY!



YEOH!

ERRRR-
UUUUUU-
UHHY!









THERE HE IS---
AND, SAY, TRIGGER!
HE'S WATCHING
SOMETHING!
WONDER IF IT
COULD BE GILLIAN,
UP TO SOME NEW
TRICKS?



I'M NOT
TAKING ANY
CHANCES OF
STOPPING
THAT LBOB'S
LEAD!



SURE ENOUGH! THE TRICKY CUSS IS DOWN
IN THAT GULCH, TYING PIECES OF HIS SHIRT
ONTO HIS HORSE'S HOOPS, SO THEY WON'T
LEAVE TRACKS FOR A SPELL! NOW HE'S
CLIMBING BACK INTO THE SADDLE---



--- AND NOW HE'S HEADING
IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF
MY CABIN--- TAKING IT SLOW,
AND KEEPING UNDER COVER
WHERE HE CAN'T



I'LL LEAVE HORSE AND CANTEEN WITH
POOR OLD MARK--- AND THEN TRY A FEW
TRICKS OF MY OWN ON MR. DIRK GILLIAN!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

IF I JUDGE THAT KILLER RIGHT, HE'LL
STILL BE KEEPING AN EYE ON HIS BACK
TRAIL--- AND IF HE SPOTS ME---



--- HE'LL THINK I'M SO BADLY HURT HE CAN
PICK ME OFF EASY! HE'LL TRY IT--- TO GET
MY SIX GUN AND 'AMMO! KIND OF RISKY BEING
LIVE BAIT FOR A
GUN-WOLF---

BUT I AIM TO
CATCH HIM,
REGARDLESS!



WHAT'S THE MATTER,
TRIGGER? YOU MEAN
TO SAY YOU CAN
SCENT THE JIGGER?

WUFF-
UFFFF!



THE WIND IS COMING UP-SLOPE! GILLIAN
COULD BE HIDING IN THAT DRAW--- AND
HIS SCENT WOULD REACH
YOU, TRIGGER!



DRAH IT! THE OLD POOL IS GOING TO PASS ME
BEYOND RIFLE RANGE! HE'S LOOKING WITH THAT
MICK I PUT IN HIS SKULL! DON'T KNOW
WHERE HE'S
GOING!



--- BUT I'LL GET HIM---
EVEN IF I GOT TO RISK
BEIN' SPOTTED BY
THAT POSSE!



AGAIN! HE CIRCLED
AROUND, TRIGGER!
LAYING FOR US IN
EARTHST! AND NOW
I KNOW JUST WHAT
HE'S UP TO---









THE SUDDEN, LIGHTNING-SWIFT STRIKE FALLS SHORT.



AND BEFORE THE SIDEWINDER CAN RECOIL, STEEL SHOD HOOPS CHOP HIM INTO THE DUST.



ALARMED BY THE POUNDING OF THOSE HOOPS, THE RATTLER'S MATE SLITHERS QUIETLY AWAY.



AND FROM THE DISTANCE COMES A SHOUT.

HI-YAH, MIKE HANFORD! WHO'S THAT YOU'VE GOT WITH YOU? NOT BILLIAN?



TUP! IT'S GILLIAN, PLUMB HARMLESS, NOW! BUT I SURE AM GLAD TO SEE YOU FEELING WELL ENOUGH TO RIDE, MARK!

I FIGURED, WHEN I WOKE UP, THAT YOU'D PULL A FEEL STUNT LIKE THIS, MIKE, YOU OLD GLORY-HOG! SO WHEN MY BOYS SHOWED UP—



NO GLORY'S DUE TO ME, GENTS! TRIGGER'S THE HERO OF THIS HERE MAN HUNT, THREE OR FOUR TIMES OVER! SO IF YOU'VE GOT TO UNLAD SOME COMPLIMENTS, LET HIM TAKE A BOW!



TRIGGER JUNIOR MEETS THE TEST



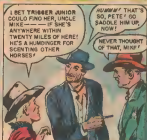
IT'S SHERIFF
DENTON, UNCLE
MIKE!

HELLO, NEIL!
LIGHT DOWN
AND REST
AWHILE!



WHAT'S
NEW?

MOLLY--- THAT PALOMINO MARE YOU
SOLD ME, MIKE! SHE'S SOME OFF
SOMEWHERE TO HAVE HER COLT,
AND I CAN'T LOCATE HER,
FOR THE LIFE OF ME!
HAVEN'T SEEN HER AROUND
HERE!



I BET TRIGGER JUNIOR
COULD FIND HER, UNCLE
MIKE --- IF SHE'S
ANYWHERE WITHIN
TWENTY MILES OF HERE!
HE'S A HUNGRER FOR
SCENTING OTHER
HORSES!

HUHMM? THAT'S
SO, PETE! GO
SADDLE HIM UP
NOW!

NEVER THOUGHT
OF THAT, MIKE!



I'D HELP YOU LOOK
FOR THAT MARE,
TOO, NEIL--- BUT
I'VE GOT AN
APPOINTMENT
IN TOWN!

THAT'S OKAY, MIKE!
I'VE GOT A BUNCH OF
SUSPICNAS TO SERVE
THIS AFTERNOON, TOO---
BUT I'M KINDA WORRIED
ABOUT MOLLY'S COLT. A
COUGAR'S BEEN KILLING QUITE
A BIT OF STOCK LATELY!



HERE'S A BAG OF
SANDWICHES AND
COUGHNUTS --- CASE
YOU DON'T GET BACK
BEFORE DARK, PETE!
NERCY! WHAT AILS
THAT HORSE?

TRIGGER JUNIOR
WANTS ONE OF THOSE
COUGHNUTS! GOT AN
EXTRA ONE FOR HIM,
AUNT MARTHA?

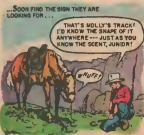


TAKE IT LIKE A GENTLEMAN--- THAT'S RIGHT! AND KEEP THAT SCALWAG PETE OUT OF TROUBLE IF YOU CAN! YOU HEAR, JUNIOR?

I RECKON JUNIOR AND I CAN TAKE CARE OF ANY TROUBLE THAT COMES ALONG, AUNT MARTHA! JUST PUT US TO THE TEST!



PETE AND TRIGGER JUNIOR, CIRCLING THROUGH THE HILLS NEAREST THE RANCH ...



... SOON FIND THE SIGN THEY ARE LOOKING FOR ...

THAT'S MOLLY'S TRACK! I'D KNOW THE SHAPE OF IT ANYWHERE --- JUST AS YOU KNOW THE SCENT, JUNIOR!

WUFF!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON!

WE'VE LOST THE TRAIL AGAIN, BOY? --- NO, THERE'S A BROKEN TWIG!

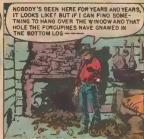


SUNSET ...

MOLLY'S PICKED ONE OF THESE LITTLE MOUNTAIN GLADES TO HIDE HER BABY. I'LL BET A COOKY! BUT WHICH ONE IS THE PROBLEM? AND IT'S GETTING TOO DARK TO READ THE TRAIL SIGNS!



THERE'S A PLACE TO CAMP FOR THE NIGHT, BOY! SOME OLD PROSPECTOR'S CABIN, I RECKON!



GRAZING BY THE BROOK, TRIGGER JUNIOR STEPS ON HIS TETHER POPE...



AND STRAINING LIKE A HORSE WILL WHEN HE FEELS A YANK ON HIS NECK, HE SNAPS THE TIME-WEAKENED HEMP...



ALL AT ONCE THE LITTLE GLADE SEEMS TOO SMALL --- FOR THE NIGHT BREEZE HAS BROUGHT THE YOUNG HORSE A FAINT, FAMILIAR SCENT...



AT MOONRISE, THREE RIDERS ENTER THE CLEARING --- LIKE SOFT-SPOKEN GHOSTS! ONE DROOPS OVER THE SADDLE HORN...



THERE'S THE OLD GARB, BILL! WE CAN BED ACE DOWN THERE FOR A FEW DAYS! HE'S LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD TO RIDE!

THE PLACE AIN'T BEEN USED SINCE I WAS A KID! WE'LL NEVER BE TRAILED HERE!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF ACE, AND BRING IN THE PAYROLL LOOT!



WHAT THE --

DON'T MOVE, FELLA!

HUH --- WHO ARE YOU?





SHIVERING ON THE BARE FLOOR, PETE WATCHES THE FIRE DIE OUT, AND LISTENS TO THE SPORES OF HIS CAPTORS...

ZZZZZZZZ
ZZZZ ---AHN!

HARR- EEE
ZZZZZZZZ!

IF I COULD ONLY WORK A HAND LOOSE! BUT THEY SURE TIED ME TIGHT--- OH! SOMETHING'S PRICKING ME!



FEELS LIKE--- A PIECE OF BROKEN GLASS--- IT IS BROKEN GLASS! IT CUT ME--- SO IT'LL CUT MY WRISTS FREE--- MAYBE!

THAT--- DID IT!



NOW FOR MY FEET!

ZZZZ---ZZZ---
AHN!
MMM---
ZZZZZZ!

NOW---
MY BOOTS!



HERE'S THE TICKLISH PART OF IT---
CRAWLING WITHOUT MAKING ANY NOISE---
THROUGH A PORCUPINE HOLE!



I RECKON I---
MADE IT---
ORAY!



I DON'T SEE TRIGGER JUNIOR! MAYBE THAT
OLD TETHER ROPE DID BREAK, AND---



---OR? A S-SKUNK! AND IF I RUN,
HE'LL--- OPEN FIRE!



I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING QUICK,
BEFORE ---OH! I REMEMBER! SOMEWHERE
I'VE HEARD THAT IF YOU CAN PICK A
SKUNK UP BY
THE TAIL, IN
TIME, HE WON'T
BE ABLE TO--
ER---ER---
(GULP!)



NI-NICE LITTLE SKUNK! OH!
HE'S TURNING---!



I— I DID IT! BEFORE HE COULD—
OWF!— FIRE ON ME! NOW WHAT
TO DO WITH HIM—?



IT'S A RISK— BUT IF IT WORKS IT WILL
MAKE THEM HARRIED MEN FOR WEEKS—
OR AT LEAST TILL THEY CAN GET
NEW CLOTHES!



DO YOUR STUFF,
PUSSY!



SEYOF—
—OOF!

WHERE'D THAT
SKUNK GO! OOF—
OOF!

HE'S BLI'DED
BE? BLAST'NUT!
GID BE AIR!



GOT TO— FIND ME SOME PLACE
TO LAY LOW! THOSE BANDITS WILL BE—
AFTER ME ON HORSES— AND THE MOON'S
TOO BRIGHT! NO TIME TO LOOK FOR
TRIGGER JUNIOR, NOW!



MAYBE THAT THICKET WILL DO!





HALF A MILE AWAY, MOLLY HEARS HER INFANT'S SCREAM OF FRIGHT...



A MILE AWAY, TRIGGER JUNIOR HEARS MOLLY'S NEIGH OF ALARM...

WAAH!



... AND HEADS IN THE SAME DIRECTION, TO LEARN THE CAUSE...



BUT OTHER AND LESS FRIENDLY EARS HAVE CAUGHT THE COLT'S CRY OF TERROR! A HUNGRY COUGAR SENSES AN EASY KILL...



AT THE BASE OF THE BIG PINE HE HALTS, BAFFLED BY THE HATED HUMAN SCENT MIXED WITH THAT OF THE COLT? AND TO KEEP EARS COMES...

WAAH!



...THE NEAR APPROACH OF HURRYING HOOFES



LIKE A GREAT, GRAY SHADOW, HE TAKES TO THE TREE --- FOR A CLEAR VIEW INTO THE NEAR-BY THICKET...

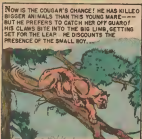




REASSURED, MOLLY NUZZLED HER PRECIOUS YOUNGESTER... THE BREEZE BLOWING FROM HER TO THE PINE TREE, GIVES NO WARNING OF THE COUGAR ON THE LIMB ABOVE...



AFTER A MINUTE, THE COLT FINDS HIS SUPPER--- AND MOLLY'S ANXIOUS NERVES RELAX...



...AND NOW, THE TWITCHING TIP OF A FURRY TAIL IN AN OWL'S-EYE VIEW, LOOKS LIKE A TASTY SQUIRREL...



PIERCED BY NEEDLE-SHARP CLAWS, THAT TAIL IS LIKE A BOMB TO GUNPOWDER!

SCREEE-OWWWW!



COMBAT GOOD BRIEF--- HE'LL KILL MOLLY!

KEOW-PEEE!

BUT THE BIG CAT, BADLY RATTLED, LANDS SHORT OF THE MARE! WHIRLING, SHE PUTS HERSELF BETWEEN IT AND HER COLT...



EE-OW!

MADE FEARLESS BY MOTHER LOVE, SHE LUNGES STRAIGHT AT THE SNARLING BRUTE...



CO-SPEEE-OW!

FARRR-PEEE!

BUT SWIFT AS HER ATTACK IS, THE CAT IS QUICKER...



A SPLIT-SECOND LEAP CARRIES HIM ONTO THE MARE'S BACK...



BUT MOLLY'S SCREAM OF PAIN IS ECHOED BY A FIERCER TRUMPETING-HEARING THE RUMPUS, TRIGGER JUNIOR HAS COME A-RUNNING



MIGHTY JAWS CLOSE ON THE TAWNY MURDERER'S SPINE...



WITH A BROKEN BACK THE COUGAR LANDS IN THE BRUSH...



STILL FIGHTING BUT DOOMED, AS TRIGGER JUNIOR STRIKES LIKE A LIVING WHIRLWIND OF TEETH AND ROOFS...



AND LONG AFTER LIFE HAS LEFT THE TANNY BOOY, THE YOUNG STALLION'S FURY IS STILL UNSATISFIED.



OH-OH! IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS! I HEAR VOICES---AND HORSES! IT'S THOSE PAYROLL ROBBERS LOOKING FOR ME!



THEY'LL SEARCH THIS PATCH OF BRUSH, SURE--- AND IT'S THE ONLY COVER IN A HUNDRED YARDS--- AND THE MOON'S AS BRIGHT AS DAY! BUT TRIGGER JUNIOR CAN OUTFRAN ANY RANGE HORSE--- IF I CAN CATCH HIM QUICK ENOUGH!



TRIGGER!
TRIGGER JUNIOR
--- IT'S ME!

EE--
NAUGH?



NOT DARING TO RETREAT, PETE CONTINUES TALKING, IN A SOFT, EVEN VOICE... AND GRADUALLY THE FLAME OF BATTLE LEAVES THE YOUNG HORSE'S EYES...

STEADY---STEADY, JUNIOR! YOU DON'T EXPECT TO SEE ME--- AND YOU'RE STILL FIGHTING MAD--- BUT YOU'VE GOT TO CALM DOWN NOW, BOY! I NEED YOU!



HOLD STILL, BOY--- TILL I GET ON TO YOUR BACK! THOSE BANDITS ARE HEADING THIS WAY! STEADY, NOW!

Whuff!







GREAT HORNY TOADS!
IT'S PETE---AND TRIGGER
JUNIOR WITHOUT A
SADDLE!

MIKE---HE'S
HURT, TOO!



YOU'VE BEEN GUNSHOT, BOY! NICKED
YOUR SHOULDER? NOW COME---

PKY--- PAYROLL
ROGERS--- CHASED
ME! BUT I KNOW WHERE
THEY'RE HOLED UP!



AWW, I CAN STILL WALK, AUNT MARTHA!
AND I FOUND MOLLY, THE SHERIFF'S MARE
WITH HER COLT!

NO MORE TALKING
TILL I GET THAT
SHOULDER
BANDAGED!

WELL? YOU
DID?



YOU CALL UP THE SHERIFF NOW, UNCLE MIKE!
TELL HIM I MARKED THOSE BANDITS WITH
SKUNK SCENT---

SO HE CAN SMELL
'EM HALF A MILE
AWAY.

YOU MEAN IT?
ANYTHING
ELSE?



YES! TELL HIM THAT IT'S THANKS TO
TRIGGER JUNIOR THAT MOLLY AND HER
COLT ARE ALIVE. A COUGAR JUMPED 'EM
AND JUNIOR FOUGHT HIM TO A FINISH!
I SAW IT ALL!



I TOLD YOU, AUNT MARTHA, THAT
TRIGGER JUNIOR COULD MEET ANY TROUBLE
THAT CAME ALONG--- AND HE SURELY DID
JUST THAT! I BET THAT TRIGGER SENIOR
AND ROT ROGERS WOULD HAVE BEEN
MIGHTY PROUD OF HIM, IF THEY COULD
HAVE SEEN IT, TOO!

I RECKON SO!
MY, OH, MY!
WHAT A HORSE--
AND WHAT A
BOY!

FAST on their HOOFS

Illustration by F. L. O'Connell

BEFORE THE AMERICAN CONTINENT WAS SPANNED BY THE RAILROADS, LETTERS WERE CARRIED FROM MISSOURI TO THE EARLY GOLDMINERS OF CALIFORNIA BY PONY EXPRESS. EACH RIDER RODE FIVE RELAYS—OR TEN MILES TO EACH MOUNT, UNTIL HE RODE A TOTAL OF FIFTY MILES. ONLY THE FASTEST HORSES AND THE BEST RIDERS WERE USED

AS HOSTILE INDIANS OFTEN ATTEMPTED TO WAYLAY THESE COURAGEOUS CARRIERS OF THE U.S. MAIL.



THE PONY EXPRESS

TODAY, LIVES AND THE SAFE DELIVERY OF MAIL DOES NOT DEPEND ON THE RAPID BEAT OF GALLOPING HOOFS, BUT FAST FLYING HOOFS HAVE NOT VANISHED FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE. THE SPORT TODAY THAT STILL DEMANDS EXCELLENT RIDERS AND THE BEST IN HORSES IS THE GAME OF POLO. HORSES OF MANY BREEDS ARE USED IN THIS FLASHING,

THRILLING GAME, SO LONG AS THEY ARE LIGHT IN WEIGHT, SWIFT, INTELLIGENT AND ABLE TO "TURN ON A DIME!"

POLO PONIES
IN ACTION



