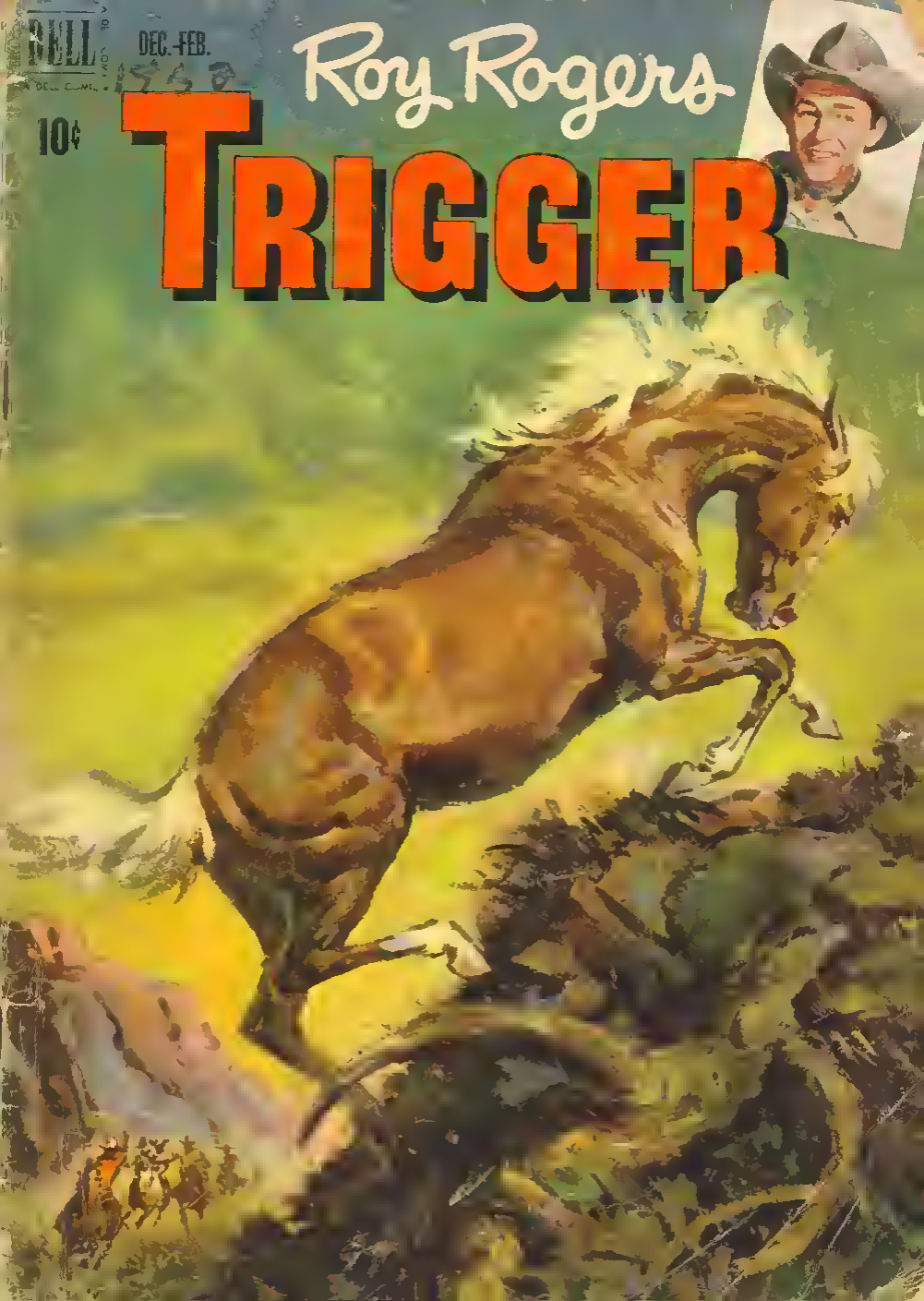
DELL

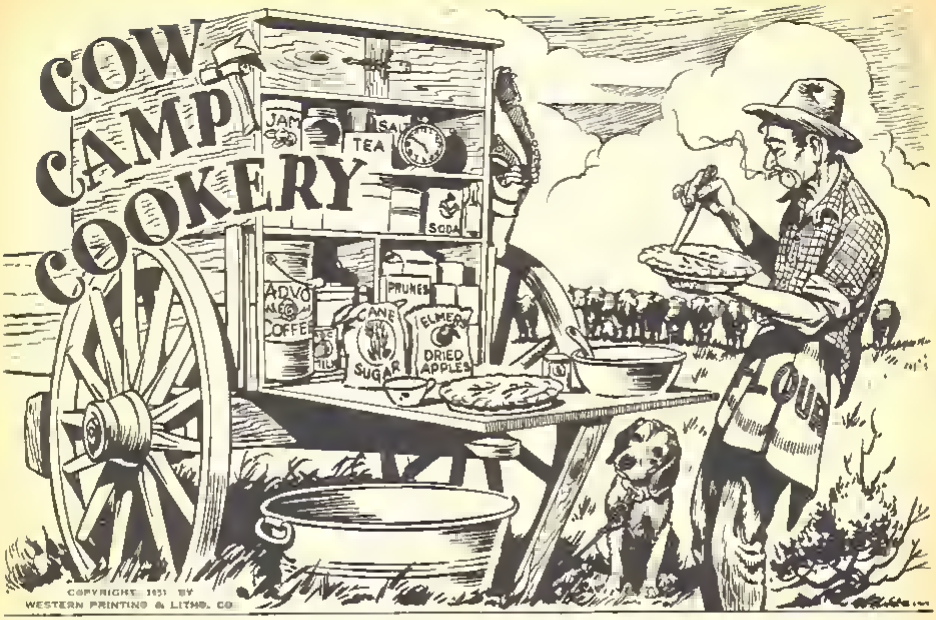
DEC.-FEB.

10¢

Roy Rogers TRIGGER



COW CAMP COOKERY



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The methods of handling cattle on large cattle ranches have changed little with the times. The old chuck wagon, occasionally built behind a truck, is still a vital part of the roundup, and the cook is still king by virtue of his profession. Aside from his cooking chores, many other vital duties are entirely dependent upon him. His wagon sometimes becomes a laundry, tailor shop, general store and even a bank. From his array of bottles, he can prepare medicines for both man and beast, and because of his sympathetic nature, he is often called upon to settle quarrels among the men.

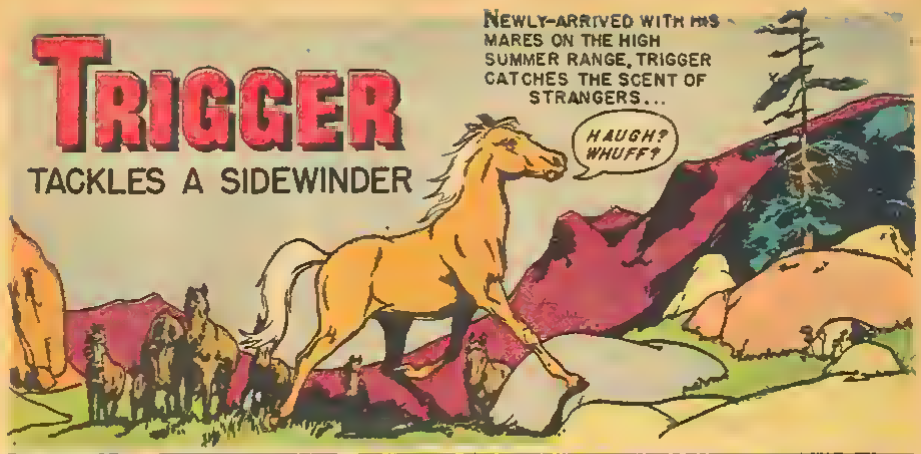
Although he is teased and kidded by the boys, their respect for him is unequalled. And as long as he is clean, they will tolerate the poor quality of his bread.

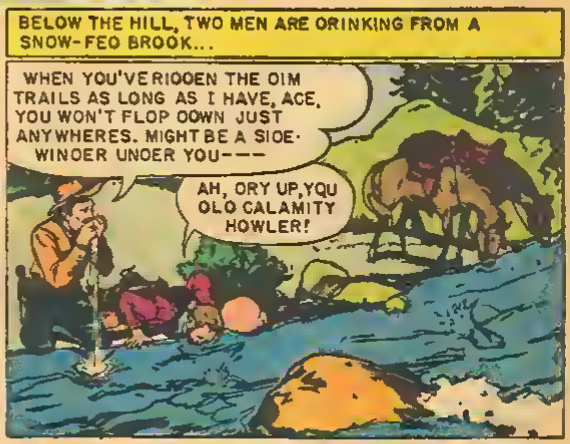
A good cow-camp cook must know a few tasty tricks to please the cowboys' palates as well as their stomachs. For example, he may alternate the regular pancake syrup with "pure honey," made from brown sugar, water and several drops of Oil of Rose.

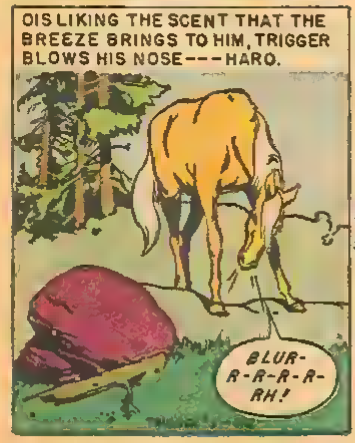
Through necessity, his equipment is limited; but this does not hinder the speed in which he can get a meal together. He is always mindful of that unwritten law of the range—"The outfit must be fed on time!"

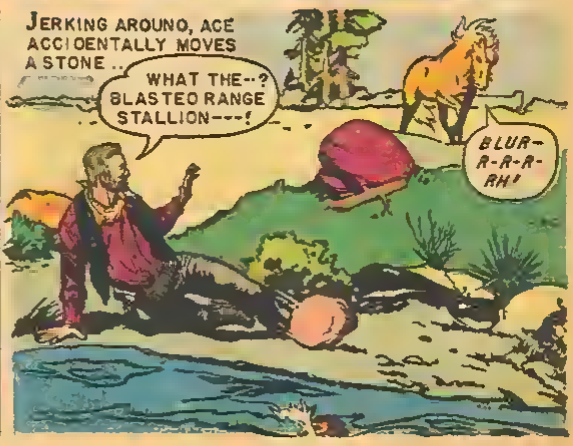
ROY ROGERS' TRIGGER, No. 3, Dec.-Feb., 1952. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y., George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Single copies 10 cents. Subscriptions in U.S.A. 40 cents per year; foreign subscriptions 70 cents per year; Canadian subscriptions 40 cents per year. Copyright, 1951, Roy Rogers Enterprises. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Except for the authorized use of certain characters and names herein, the characters and events portrayed in this publication are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons or parties, living or dead, is intended.

TRIGGER
TACKLES A SIDEWINDER

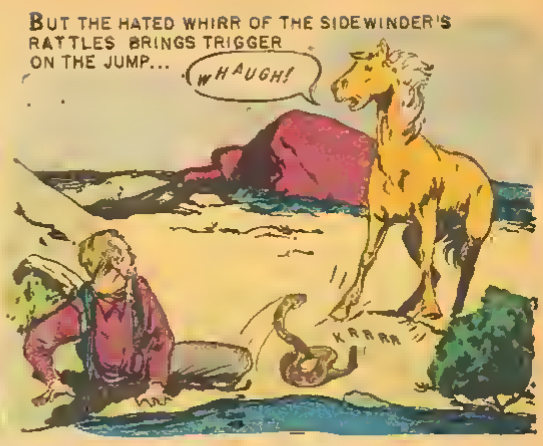


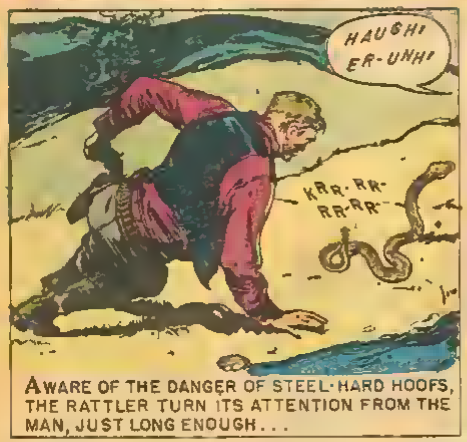






RATTLESNAKE! SH-SHOOT HIM, SHORTY--- SHOOT HIM!
KRRRRR RR

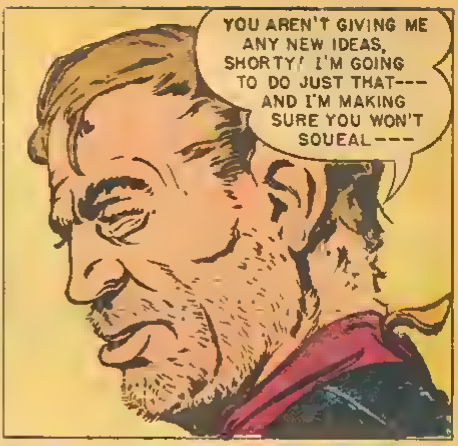

BUT THE HATED WHIRR OF THE SIDEWINDER'S RATTLES BRINGS TRIGGER ON THE JUMP...
WHAUGH!
KRRRR

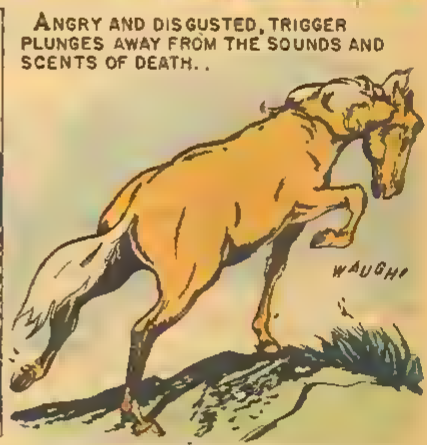

HAUGH! ER-UNH!
KRR-RR-RR-RR
AWARE OF THE DANGER OF STEEL-HARD HOOFS, THE RATTLER TURN ITS ATTENTION FROM THE MAN, JUST LONG ENOUGH...

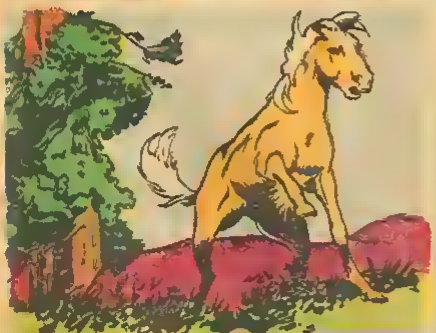
THAT'LL FIX YOU---
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

GET OUT OF HERE, YOU MEDDLING CAYUSE! I'VE GOT A MIND TO PLUG YOU, TOO---
EEE-UNH!

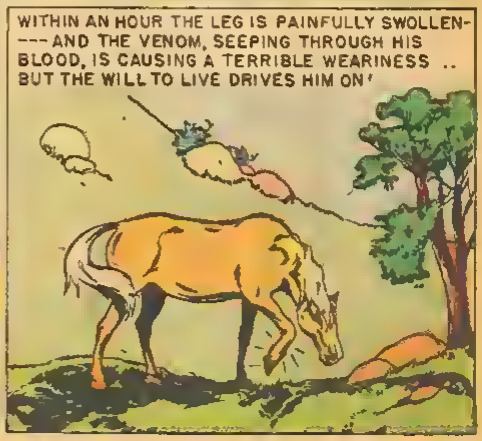
SOMETHING HARD IN SHORTY'S TONE, SPINS ACE ABOUT
OON'T DO IT, ACE! THAT HOSS WAS JUST TRY-ING TO HELP YOU!
HUH?



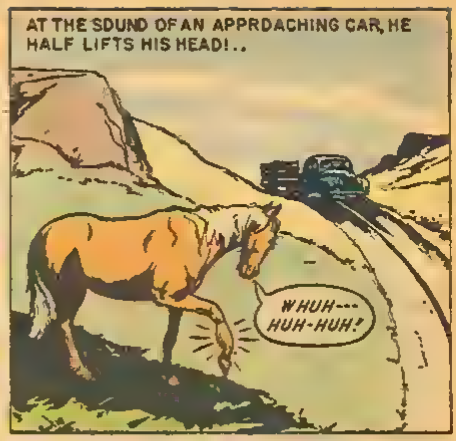


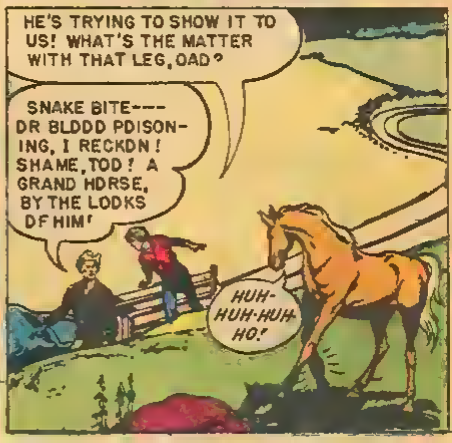


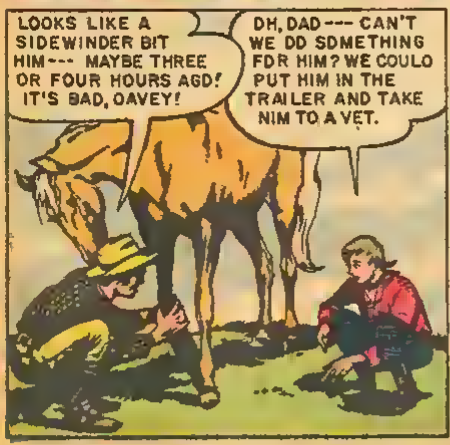
BUT MOMENTS LATER, A STINGING ACHE SPREADS FROM A SPOT NEAR HIS FOREHOOF- THE SPOT WHERE THE DYING SNAKE'S FANGS BROKE THE SKIN, AS ITS HURTLING BODY STRUCK HIM .

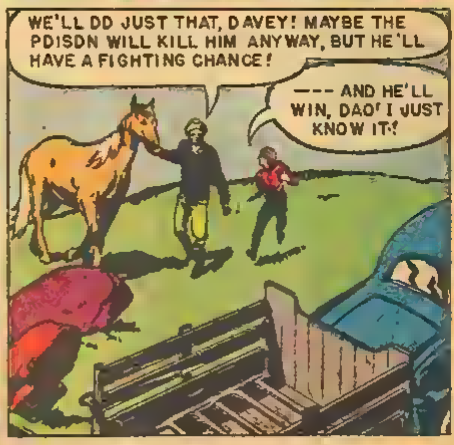


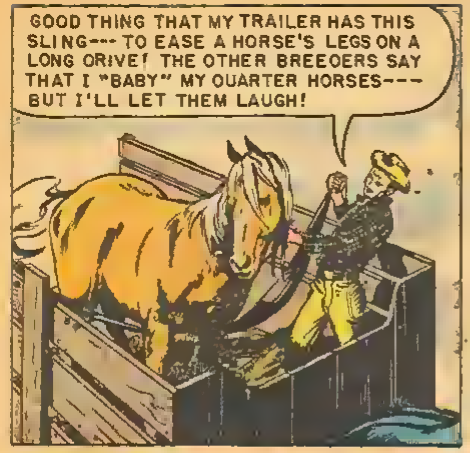
INSTINCT LEADS HIM TO THE NEAREST PLACE WHERE NUMAN HELP MIGHT BE FOUND——— A HIGHWAY RUNNING THRDUGH THE UNFENCED RANGE!..







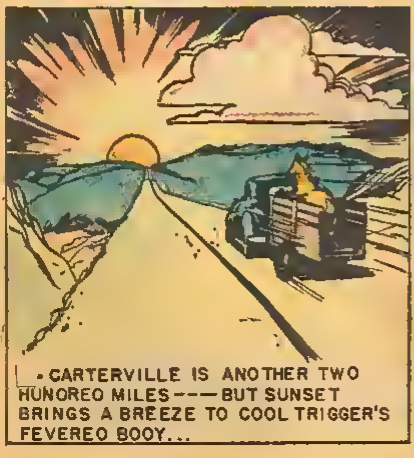


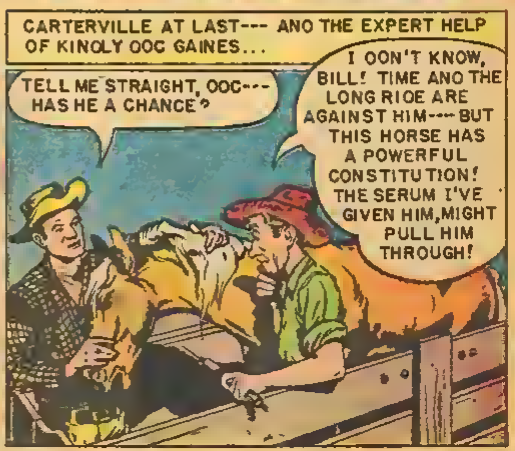

GOOD THING THAT MY TRAILER HAS THIS SLING--- TO EASE A HORSE'S LEGS ON A LONG DRIVE! THE OTHER BREEDERS SAY THAT I "BABY" MY QUARTER HORSES--- BUT I'LL LET THEM LAUGH!

WE'LL SEE IF THE VET IN THE NEXT TOWN HAS ANY ANTIVENOM SERUM. THAT'S OUR PATIENT'S ONE HOPE, DAVEY.

BUT IN THE NEXT THREE TOWNS THE STORY IS THE SAME...
SORRY, MR. BEEKMAN! I'VE GOT NO SERUM FOR SNAKE BITE--- DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'LL FIND ANY.
A. M. COMB VETERINARY

GOSH, DAD! HAVE WE GOT TO JUST LET HIM DIE? ISN'T THERE--- ANYTHING---?
IF HE LASTS UNTIL WE REACH HOME, DAVEY, OUR OWN DOCTOR IN CARTERVILLE MAY SAVE THE HORSE! HE HAS THE RIGHT SERUM --- I KNOW!

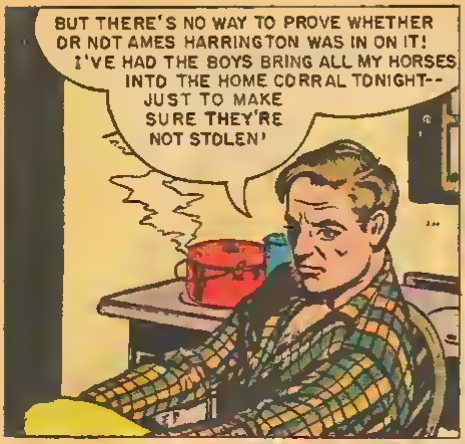

CARTERVILLE IS ANOTHER TWO HUNDRED MILES--- BUT SUNSET BRINGS A BREEZE TO COOL TRIGGER'S FEVERED BODY...


CARTERVILLE AT LAST--- AND THE EXPERT HELP OF KINDLY DOC GAINES...
TELL ME STRAIGHT, DOC--- HAS HE A CHANCE?
I DON'T KNOW, BILL! TIME AND THE LONG RIDE ARE AGAINST HIM--- BUT THIS HORSE HAS A POWERFUL CONSTITUTION! THE SERUM I'VE GIVEN HIM, MIGHT PULL HIM THROUGH!

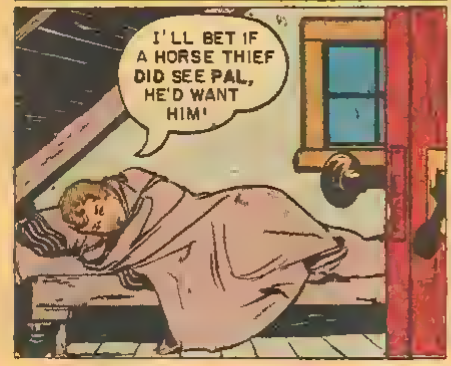
DAYS LATER, AT BILL BEEKMAN'S QUARTER HORSE RANCH---
HOW'S YOUR PATIENT TODAY, DAVEY?
HE'S COMING FINE, DAD! IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS HE'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW, I RECKON
DAD! ISN'T PAL THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HORSE YOU EVER SAW?
I'VE GOT TO ADMIT IT--- HE IS, DAVEY! IT'S QUEER NO OWNER HAS ADVERTISED FOR HIM IN THE PAPERS. HOW DID YOU COME TO NAME HIM "PAL"?
IN TWO MONTHS, DAVEY'S PREDICTION COMES TRUE
WELL--- HE'S A PALOMINO, ISN'T HE? AND HE'S MY PAL! HONEST, DAD, HE ALMOST TALKS TO ME--- DON'T YOU, FELLA?
HUH--HUH-HO, HO, HO!
THERE'S ONE OF MY WRANGLERS BURNING THE WIND--- IT'S SLIM WACO!
BILL, I RECKON I'VE GOT BAD NEWS FOR YOU!
BAD NEWS--?
LET'S HAVE IT, SLIM!
LAST NIGHT ABOUT TWENTY OF YOUR TRAINED POLO PONIES AND CUTTING HORSES PLUMB DISAPPEARED FROM THE SOUTH PASTURE! NO FENCE BROKE OR CUT--- TRACKS LED DOWN TO THE CREEK, AND QUIT THERE!

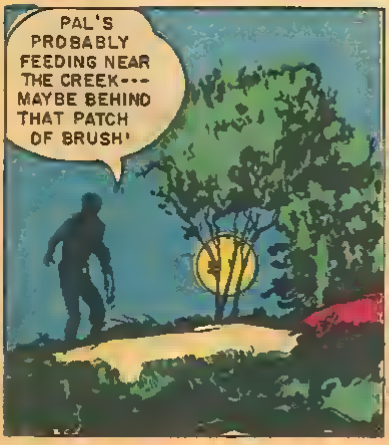
BUT, DAD --- THEY COULDN'T HAVE DROWNED!
NO, DAVEY! TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF TRAINED PUREBREDS DIDN'T WASH DOWN THE CREEK IN ONE NIGHT--- AND THEY WOULDN'T SWIM UPSTREAM WITHOUT HELP.
DAVEY--- YOU RIDE BACK TO THE HOUSE AND TELL MOTHER I WON'T BE BACK FOR DINNER SLIM AND I ARE HEADING FOR HARRINGTON'S SPREAD, UPCREEK
AW, DAD! CAN'T I GO--- PLEASE?
NO, DAVEY! IT'S QUITE A RIDE --- AND REMEMBER THAT PAL HASN'T GOT ALL OF HIS STRENGTH BACK YET. HE'S BEEN RIDDEN ENOUGH FOR TODAY. SO YOU TAKE MY MESSAGE BACK TO THE HOUSE!
YOU FIGURE WE MIGHT HAVE TROUBLE WITH HARRINGTON, BILL?
CAN T TELL. SLIM HARRINGTON JUST BOUGHT THE PLACE A MONTH AGO. NOBODY EVER HEARD OF HIM BEFORE THEN!
I'VE HEARD THAT HE ISN'T RUNNING MUCH STOCK YET--- OR HIRING MUCH OF A CREW! HOSS THIEVES MIGHT BE USING HIS LAND ---
---USING IT WITH OR WITHOUT HARRINGTON'S KNOWLEDGE, SLIM! WE'LL TAKE THE ONLY ROUTE OUR MISSING HORSES COULD HAVE TAKEN--- AND SEE!

WELL-TRAINED HORSES LIKE OURS COULD BE DRIVEN TO SWIM UP HERE, BOSS!
WE'LL KNOW MORE IF WE FIND WHERE THEY CAME OUT!
HERE'S WHERE SOMETHING CAME OUT---
--HARRINGTON'S TEAMS AND WAGONS, HAULING WATER FROM THE CREEK! OUR PONIES COULD HAVE USED THE SAME ROAD AND LEFT NO EVIDENCE!
WELCOME, NEIGHBORS! CLIMB DOWN AND STOP AWHILE!
THANKS, HARRINGTON! AFRAID WE HAVEN'T TIME FOR THAT!
WE JUST WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU HEARD OR SAW ANY SIGN OF HORSES CROSSING YOUR LAND LAST NIGHT! I LOST TWENTY--- AND THEY MIGHT HAVE PASSED CLOSE TO YOUR HOUSE!
LOST TWENTY IN ONE BUNCH, BEEKMAN? THAT'S TOO BAD! I DIDN'T HEAR A THING--- BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO HUNT FOR TRACKS ANYWHERE ON MY LAND!
WE'LL DO THAT, HARRINGTON! THE CREEK IS THE ONLY GAP IN MY FENCE!
GOOD LUCK--- AND DO STOP AGAIN WHEN YOU'VE GOT MORE TIME, BEEKMAN!
THAT EVENING, AT THE BEEKMAN'S SUPPER TABLE...
YOU AND SLIM DIDN'T FIND ANY OTHER PLACE WHERE THE HORSES COULD HAVE LEFT THE CREEK, BILL?
NO, MAME! I'M SURE THE THIEVES, USED HARRINGTON'S WAGON ROAD FROM THE CREEK--- TOOK THE PONIES TO THE PAVEMENT, AND LOADED THEM INTO TRUCKS!



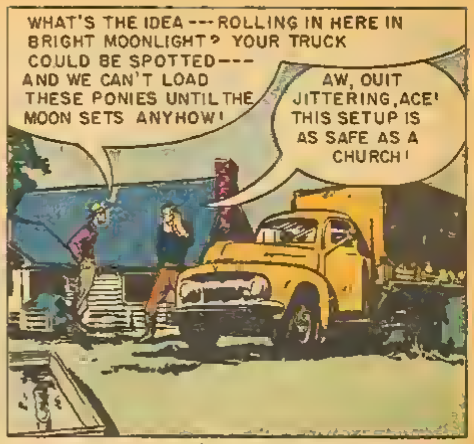
BUT THAT NIGHT, AS HE LIES AWAKE, DAVEY GETS LITTLE COMFORT FROM HIS DAD'S ASSURANCE...



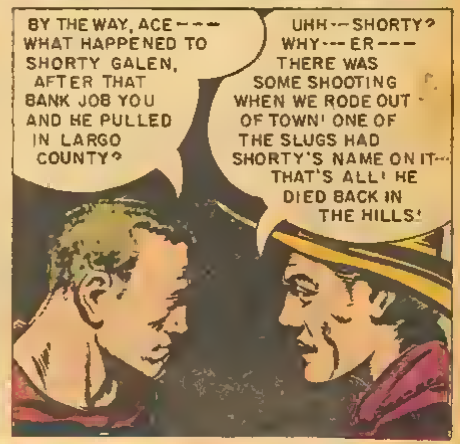


WE'LL--(UGH)--TAKE A LITTLE GALLOP--- BEFORE WE HEAD BACK HOME!
HUH-HUH-HUH?
SA-AY! I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THOSE MISSING PONIES, PAL! THEY MUST HAVE LEFT TRACKS WHERE HARRINGTON'S WAGON ROAD JOINS THE PAVEMENT!
WE'VE GOT ALL NIGHT TO LOOK AROUND! LET'S DO IT, PAL!
MOST HORSES MAKE HARD WORK OF THIS--- BUT IT'S EASY FOR YOU, PAL! DAD DOESN'T KNOW HOW STRONG YOU'VE GOT!
WE'LL HAVE TO GO MIGHTY QUIETLY FROM HERE TILL WE'RE PAST HARRINGTON'S HOUSE! IF HE IS IN WITH THE HORSE THIEVES, HE MIGHT SHOOT!
SAY! THERE'S A TRUCK WITHOUT LIGHTS PULLING INTO THE RANCH YARD! IT'S GOT A CLOSED BODY, BIG ENOUGH TO---

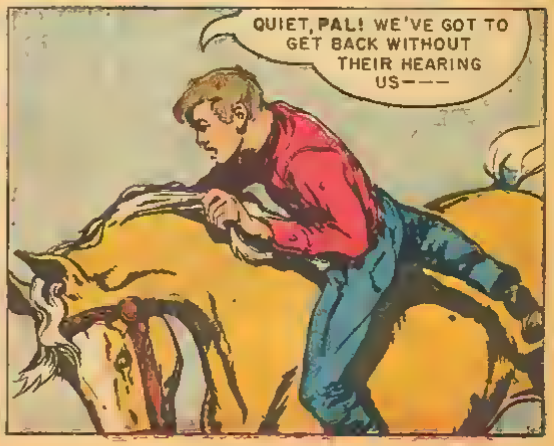
SOMEBODY JUST STEPPED OUT OF THE HOUSE! HE'S TALKING TO THE TRUCK DRIVER? I'VE GOT A HUNCH--


WHAT'S THE IDEA --- ROLLING IN HERE IN BRIGHT MOONLIGHT? YOUR TRUCK COULD BE SPOTTED--- AND WE CAN'T LOAD THESE PONIES UNTIL THE MOON SETS ANYHOW!
AW, QUIT JITTERING, ACE! THIS SETUP IS AS SAFE AS A CHURCH!

WE'LL GET FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS APIECE FOR THE PONIES--- THAT'S TEN THOUSAND SMACKERS AND YOU CAN DO THE SAME THING AGAIN SIX WEEKS FROM NOW! IT'S EASIER THAN CRACKING A BANK!
--- UNLESS SOME RANCHER TUMBLES TO OUR GAME! BEEKMAN'S SUSPICIOUS ALREADY!


BY THE WAY, ACE--- WHAT HAPPENED TO SHORTY GALEN, AFTER THAT BANK JOB YOU AND HE PULLED IN LARGO COUNTY?
UHH--SHORTY? WHY--ER--- THERE WAS SOME SHOOTING WHEN WE RODE OUT OF TOWN! ONE OF THE SLUGS HAD SHORTY'S NAME ON IT--- THAT'S ALL! HE DIED BACK IN THE HILLS!

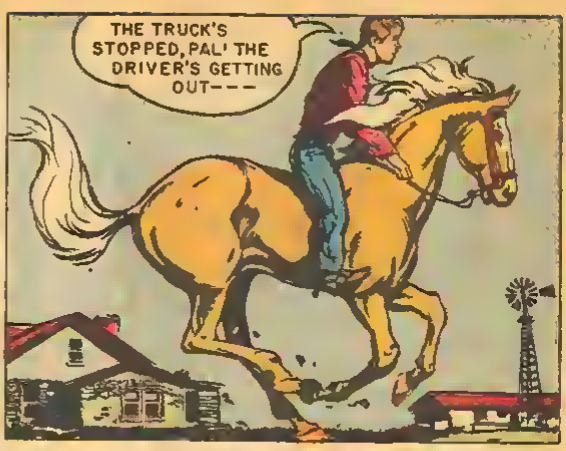
OH, BOY! HE HAS GOT OUR MISSING PONIES--- AND HE'S LOADING THEM IN THAT TRUCK TONIGHT! THEY'RE A BUNCH OF DIRTY CROOKS!

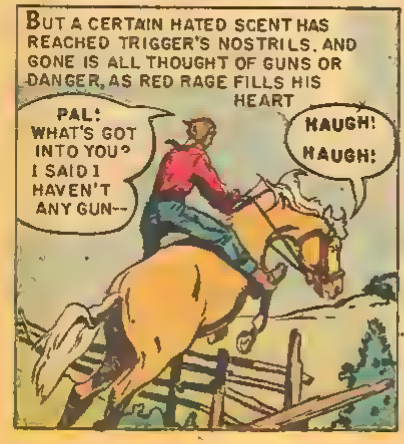

QUIET, PAL! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK WITHOUT THEIR HEARING US---

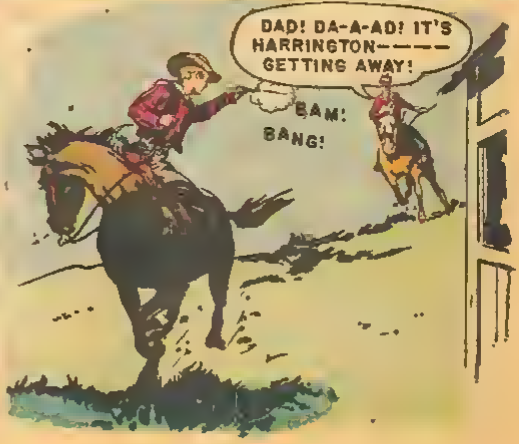
--AND FAST!
D-DON'T YOU SPILL ME, PAL!
LIGHT AS A DEER, TRIGGER LANOS RUNNING .
GOOD--- BOY!
AND, HALF AN HOUR LATER
DAD! WAKE UP! HARRINGTON IS LOADING OUR HORSES INTO A TRUCK---- TONIGHT! WHEN THE MOON GOES DOWN---
OHHH---!
UHH--- WHAT---? WHAT'RE YOU SAYING DAVEY--?
IT'S AN HOUR FROM NOW TILL THE MOON SETS...DAVEY! WAKE SLIM AND THE OTHER BOYS! TELL 'EM TO SADDLE UP--- AND BRING THEIR GUNS!
YOU BET, DAD!
MAME! PHONE THE SHERIFF TO MEET US AT HARRINGTON'S--- PRONTO!
I---I WILL! BUT OH, BILL, BE CAREFUL ---FOR MY SAKE!

ARMED TO THE TEETH, BILL BEEKMAN AND HIS COWBOYS CLATTER OUT OF THE YARD...
YOU'VE DONE FINE TONIGHT, DAVEY--- BE SEEING. YOU!
DAD DIDN'T SAY WE COULDN'T FOLLOW HIM, PAL--- AND I'M NOT GOING TO MISS ALL THE FUN NOW! COME ON!
THIS TIME, BILL BEEKMAN SAVES TIME WITH A PAIR OF WIRE CUTTERS...
WE'LL AIM FOR THE WAGON ROAD WHERE IT JOINS THE PAVEMENT, BOYS. MAY HEAD THE TRUCK OFF IF IT'S STARTED. THE MOON IS ALMOST DOWN NOW!
BILL'S STRATEGY IS WELL TIMED...
THERE'S THE TRUCK GOING OUT! IF IT WON'T STOP, SHOOT THE TIRES!
GUN ANSWERS GUN, AS THE HEAVY TRUCK PICKS UP SPEED...

A FRONT TIRE GOES OUT WITH A SHARP BLAST ..



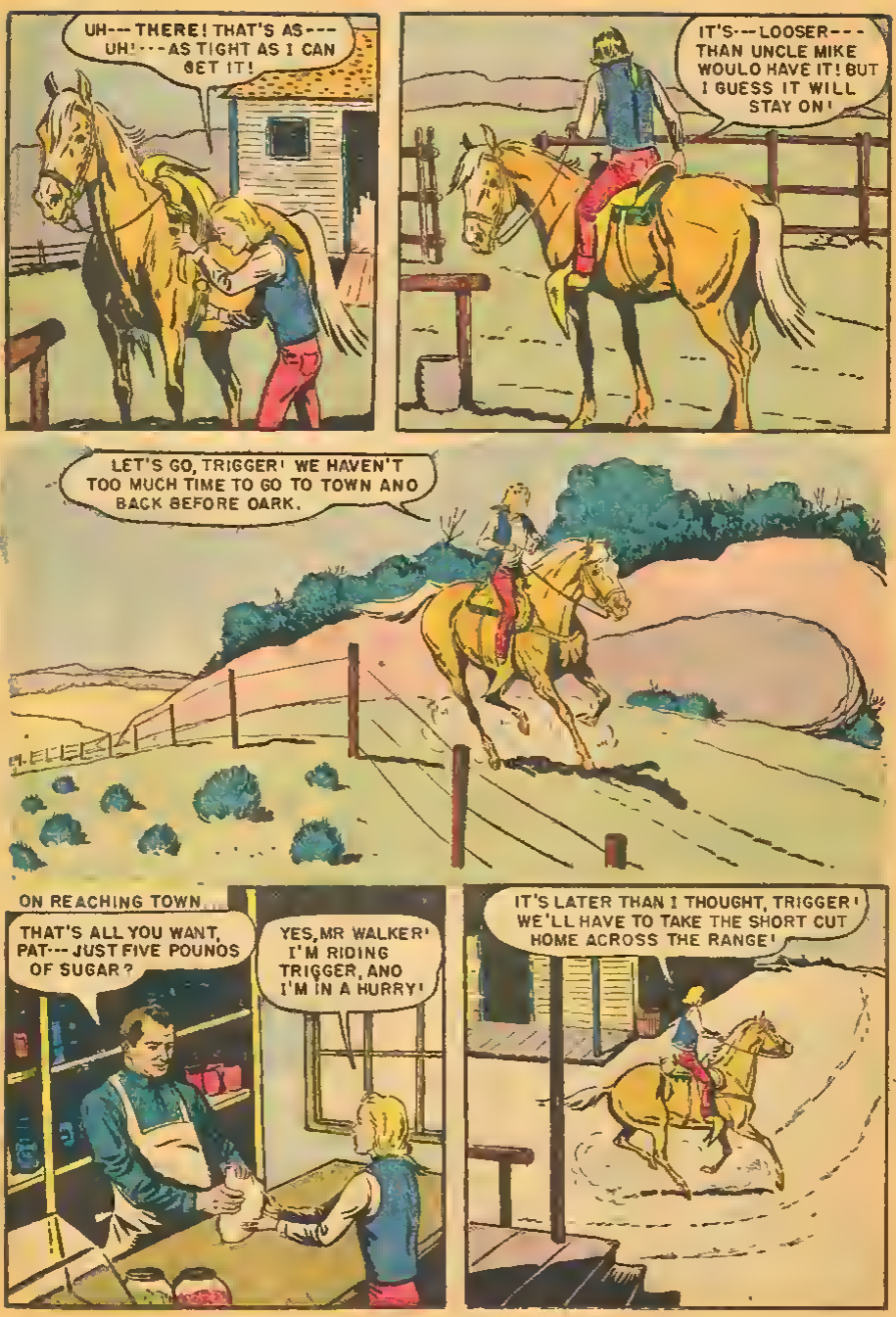


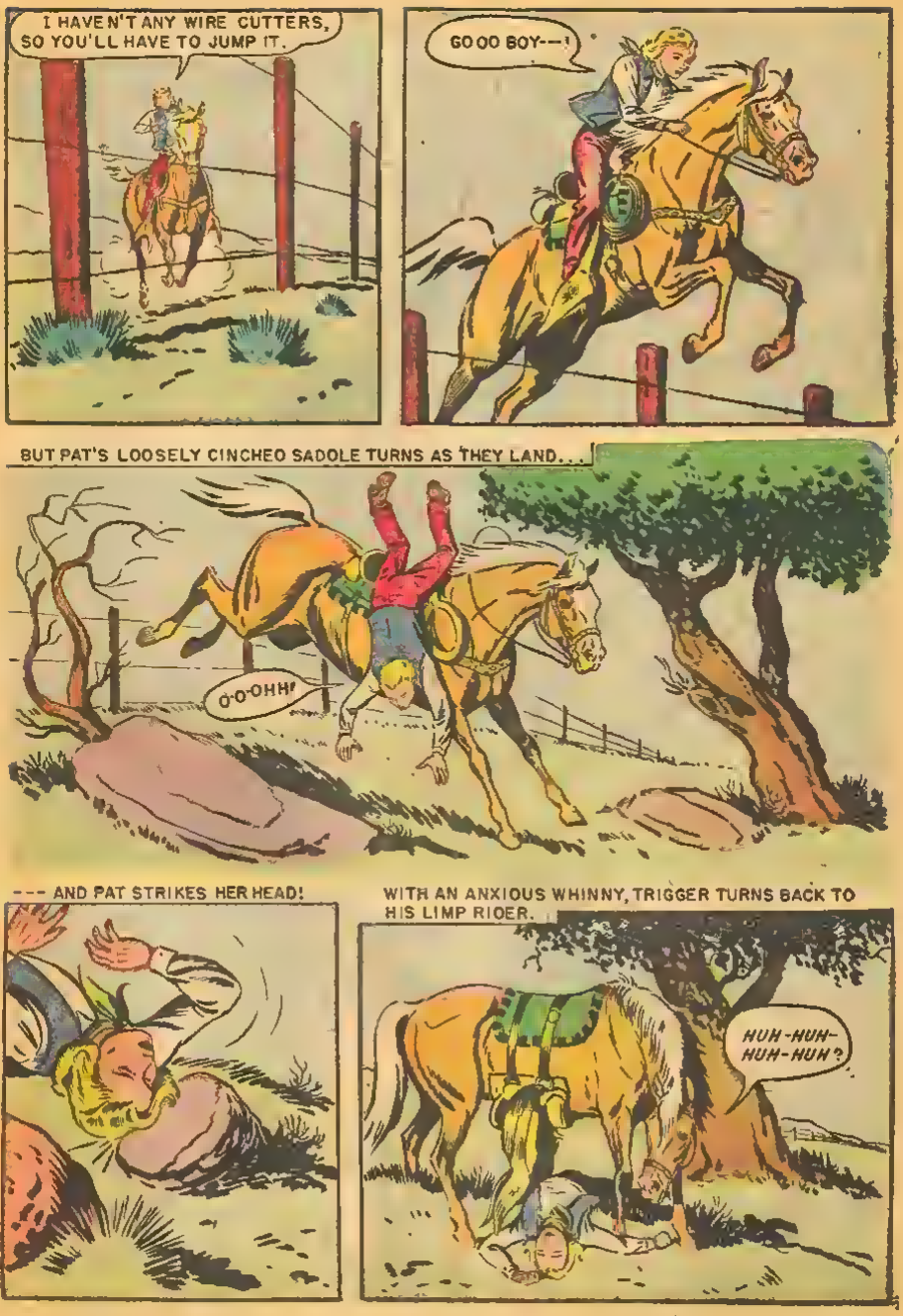


KEEP THAT BIRD COVERED, SLIM! SOMEBODY'S SHOOTING AT DAVEY---
COMING, DAVEY! DOGGONE IT! IF DAVEY GETS HURT, I'LL--
THERE THEY ARE, BOSS! WE'RE HEADING THEM!
BAM! -BANG- BANG!
GRAZED BY A BULLET, TRIGGER BRINGS HIS OWN TERRIBLE WEAPONS INTO PLAY...
EEEYOW!
UNHORSED AND TERRIFIED, "HARRINGTON" BEGS...
STEADY! STEADY, PAL!
EE-UGH! ER-UNH!
DON'T! DON'T LET HIM STRIKE ME!
DAVEY, BOY! WHAT HAPPENED?
PAL CAUGHT THIS SIDEWINDER--- YANKED HIM OFF HIS HORSE!
HERE COMES SOMEBODY ELSE, DAD--- ON THE JUMP!

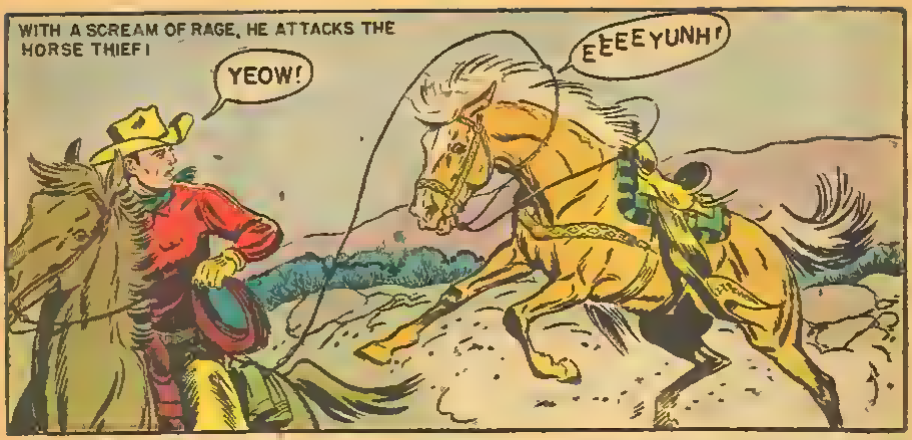
BEEKMAN! WHAT'S COME OFF? I SAW THE TRUCK---
MY STOLEN PONIES ARE IN IT, SHERIFF--- AND HERE'S THE HOSS THIEF, CAUGHT BY MY BOY'S PALOMINO HORSE!
I'VE GOT THAT FACE ON A POSTER IN MY OFFICE---SCAR AND ALL! YOU'RE "ACE" HENDON--- WANTED FOR BANK ROBBERY AND MURDER!
AND--- JUMPIN' BULLFRAWGS! I KNOW THAT PALOMINO, TOO! HE'S THE FAMOUS TRIGGER---STOLEN OR STRAYED FROM HIS SUMMER RANGE, TWO MONTHS AGO! I'VE GOT PHOTOGRAPHS!
RECKON I'M GUILTY, SHERIFF--- FOR HIS GETTING MISPLACED!
DAVEY AND I FOUND TRIGGER DYING OF SNAKE BITE BY THE ROAD, AND BROUGHT HIM HERE TO SAVE HIS LIFE. NOW WE'LL RETURN HIM, OF COURSE!
YOU'LL GET A MIGHTY BIG REWARD FOR HIM, BILL!
I DON'T WANT ANY OLO---REWARD--- FOR SAVING HIM! HE'S MY PAL! ALL I WANT IS A--- A CHANCE TO SEE HIM AGAIN SOMETIMES--- AND MAYBE RIDE HIM, JUST A LITTLE!
I RECKON THAT WON'T BE HARD TO ARRANGE WITH TRIGGER'S OWNER, DAVEY
HUH-HUH-HO-HO!
ANY MAN OR BOY THAT'S MADE A PAL OF TRIGGER, HAS MADE A FRIEND FOR LIFE!
THAT'S THE TRUTH, SHERIFF! I'VE KNOWN IT FROM THE MINUTE I FIRST LOOKED INTO HIS EYE!

TRIGGER
AND THE
UNDERGROUND RAILWAY
TRIGGER, DID YOU KNOW THIS IS MY BIRTHDAY? I'M HAVING A PARTY TONIGHT--- AND I'LL SAVE YOU A BIG PIECE OF BIRTHDAY CAKE! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT?
PAT! WILL YOU FIND UNCLE MIKE AND TELL HIM I'M ALL OUT OF SUGAR? HE'LL HAVE TO DRIVE TO TOWN FOR SOME!
I'LL TELL HIM, AUNT MARTHA!
UNCLE MIKE! AUNT MARTHA SAYS YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO TOWN---
OUT OF SUGAR, HUH? THAT'S TOO BAD! BUT I DON'T SEE HOW CURLY OR I CAN GO THIS AFTERNOON--- WE'VE GOT A SICK COW TO NURSE.
WHY CAN'T I GO--- ON TRIGGER? WE'D BE BACK IN TIME FOR SUPPER, I'M SURE!
OKAY, PAT! I'LL SADDLE TRIGGER FOR YOU IN A MINUTE!
DON'T BOTHER, UNCLE MIKE. I CAN SADDLE HIM--- AND SAVE YOU TIME! SO LONG!


UH--- THERE! THAT'S AS--- UH!---AS TIGHT AS I CAN GET IT!
IT'S---LOOSER--- THAN UNCLE MIKE WOULO HAVE IT! BUT I GUESS IT WILL STAY ON!
LET'S GO, TRIGGER! WE HAVEN'T TOO MUCH TIME TO GO TO TOWN ANO BACK BEFORE OARK.
ON REACHING TOWN...
THAT'S ALL YOU WANT, PAT--- JUST FIVE POUNOS OF SUGAR?
YES, MR WALKER! I'M RIDING TRIGGER, ANO I'M IN A HURRY!
IT'S LATER THAN I THOUGHT, TRIGGER! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE SHORT CUT HOME ACROSS THE RANGE!


I HAVEN'T ANY WIRE CUTTERS, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO JUMP IT.
GO OO BOY---!
BUT PAT'S LOOSELY CINCHED SADDLE TURNS AS THEY LAND...
O-O-OHH!
--- AND PAT STRIKES HER HEAD!
WITH AN ANXIOUS WHINNY, TRIGGER TURNS BACK TO HIS LIMP RIDER.
HUH-HUH-HUH-HUH?

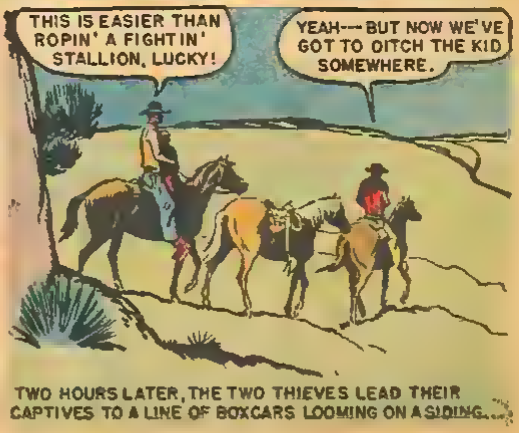
PUZZLED AND WORRIED, HE TRIES IN VAIN TO ROUSE HER.
WHUFF! HUH-HUH-HUH?
LOOK OVER THERE, HOCK! THAT'S ONE WE COULD USE!
PUREBRED, ALL RIGHT--- WORTH PLENTY! LOOKS LIKE HE'S THROWN HIS RIDER.
IT'S A GIRL, LUCKY--- A LITTLE KID--- KNOCKED OUT, OR---
LEAVE HER LAY! TWITCH THAT SADDLE ON STRAIGHT, AND WE'LL TAKE THIS HOSS ALONG! THE KID'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS!
SHE AIN'T DEAD! BUT IT DON'T SEEM RIGHT TO LEAVE HER---
THE TOUCH OF THE STRANGER'S ROPE TELLS TRIGGER WHAT THE SCORE IS . . .
C'MON! WE GOT TO BE MOVING---


WITH A SCREAM OF RAGE, HE ATTACKS THE HORSE THIEF!
YEOW!
EEEEYUNH!

HOCK! GRAB THE KID! MAYBE HE'LL FOLLOW HER!

ER-UGH!
TAKE IT EASY, HOSS! I'M NOT HURTIN' HER!

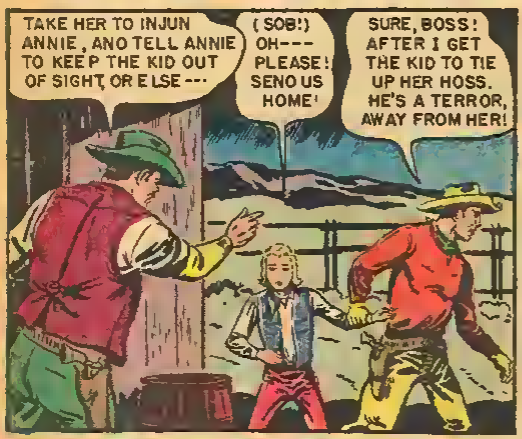
THAT'S THE TRICK! HE'LL FOLLOW THE GIRL LIKE A LAMB! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE HER ALONG, LUCKY!


THIS IS EASIER THAN ROPIN' A FIGHTIN' STALLION, LUCKY!
YEAH--- BUT NOW WE'VE GOT TO DITCH THE KID SOMEWHERE.
TWO HOURS LATER, THE TWO THIEVES LEAD THEIR CAPTIVES TO A LINE OF BOXCARS LOOMING ON A SIDING...

GIT UP IN THAT BOXCAR, YOU---!
WESTERN FREIGHT LINE
EEYUHH!
YI! CUSSED MAN-EATER---!
CLICK!
COME ON, HOSS! FOLLOW YOUR MISSY! (THIS HERE'S THE ONLY WAY TO HANDLE HIM!)
HUH, HUH, HUH?
HUH, HUH?
HERE SHE IS, PONY! (I TELL YOU, LUCKY, THIS IS THE ONLY WAY WE CAN HANDLE THE CRITTER! WE GOT TO KEEP THE KID WITH HIM!)
SOMETIME LATER..
AUNT MARTHA! AUNT MARTHA! WHERE---WHERE AM I?
TAKE IT EASY, SISTER! NOBODY'S GOING TO HURT YOU!
HO-HO-HO!
THAT'S TRIGGER! WHERE ARE WE? WHO ARE YOU?
WE'RE ON THE "UNDERGROUND RAILWAY", SISTER--- AND WE'RE GOING TO START MOVING IN A FEW MINUTES! TAKE IT EASY--YOU'LL BE OKAY.

OH, TRIGGER! TRIGGER! YOU'RE THE ONLY PART OF IT (SOB!) THAT'S REAL! BUT IT'S NOT A DREAM--- OR MY HEAD WOULDN'T ACHE SO!
SHORTLY, A FREIGHT BACKS ONTO THE SIDING—COUPLES ON--- AND PULLS OUT INTO THE NIGHT.
ANOTHER SIDING HUNDREDS OF MILES NORTH AND EAST...
REIGHT
YOUR HORSES NEED EXERCISE, BOY?
YEP! LONG TRIP. WE'LL TAKE 'EM OUT IN THE COOL PART OF THE AFTERNOON, POP!
THIS LOOKS LIKE GOOD HOSS COUNTRY, LUCKY!
UH-HUH! WE'LL COLLECT A FEW MORE FOR THE "UNDERGROUND" TONIGHT, I RECKON, HOCK!
WE'VE GOT THREE MORE STOPOVERS BEFORE WE REACH HEADQUARTERS--- IF NOTHING GOES WRONG!
WHAT WOULD GO WRONG? NOBODY EVER LOOKS INSIDE OUR BOXCARS TO SEE IF WE ARE PACKING IN EXTRA HOSSES WHEN WE PULL OUT!

IF I THOUGHT THERE WAS ANY DANGER OF IT, I'D DITCH THAT KID WE GOT TIED UP--- AND THAT ORNERY PALOMINO, TOO!
AFTER NEARLY A WEEK, PAT AND TRIGGER ARE LED OUT AT NIGHT.
PLEASE---WHERE ARE YOU TAKING TRIGGER AND ME, NOW?
YOU'LL FIND OUT QUICKLY ENOUGH! KEEP QUIET AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!
APPROACHING A DROWSING COWTOWN BY BACK LANES, THEY COME TO A HUGE LIVERY BARN.
HOW DID THE "UNDER-GROUND" MAKE OUT THIS TRIP, LUCKY?
NOT BAD, BOSS! WE GOT FIFTY HEAD OF GOOD STOCK---
---NOT COUNTING THIS PUREBRED PALOMINO!
WHO'S THE KID?

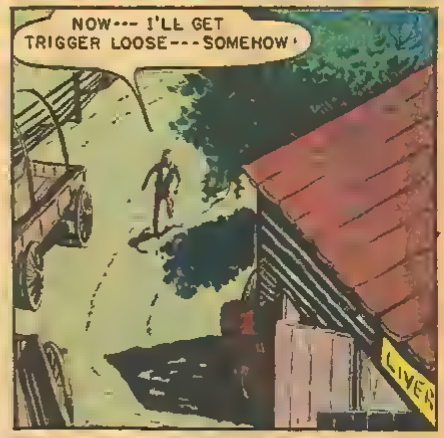


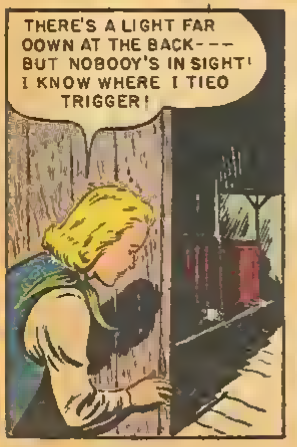
BADLY FRIGHTENED NOW, PAT IS LED TO A LITTLE SHACK BEHIND THE LIVERY STABLE...

(YAWN-UHH-HOHMM!) ME GOT NIGHT SHIFT IN HOSS BARN---GO NOW!
PUT-UM GIRL-PAPOOSE IN LEAN-TO FOR NIGHT!
UGH! GOOD PLACE--- GOT-UM LOCK--- NO WINDOW!
NOW--- I WON'T BE SO SCARED!
YOU FINISH GRUB--- COME 'LONG--- THIS WAY!
YOU GOT-UM BLANKET IN THERE--- DON'T NEED-UM BED!
OH! THE PLACE SMELLS DIRTY!
IT'S GOT AN EARTH FLOOR! WITH THIS KNIFE, I CAN DIG MY WAY OUT OF HERE---TONIGHT! I'LL WAIT TILL THAT CREATURE'S ASLEEP!

THE HARD-PACKED EARTH OF THE FLOOR TAKES A LONG TIME TO BREAK THROUGH

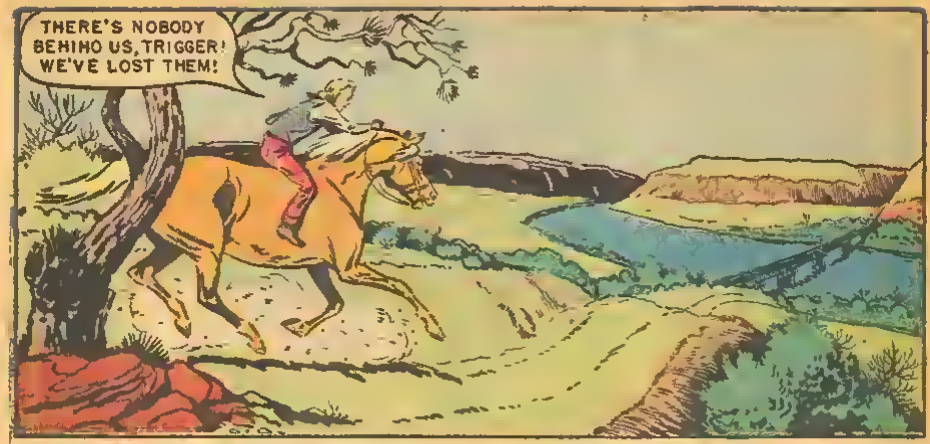
BELOW THE FLOOR'S CRUST THE WORK GOES FASTER





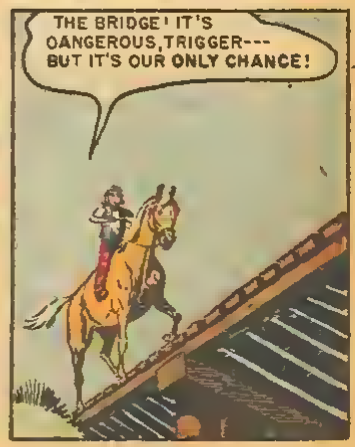
ME GET-UM WHIP--- THEN FIX-UM KICKIN' HOSS!
NOW--- ME TEACH-UM YOU KEEP-UM FEET ON FLOOR---
WHAUGH!
DRHERY CAY--- UGH?
DROP THAT WHIP!
OW URRK!
UGHHH! ME BLIND--- CAN'T SEE!
CAN'T--- STOP TO--- SADDLE YOU, TRIGGER! KNEEL DOWN FOR ME!
HUH-HUH-HUH!

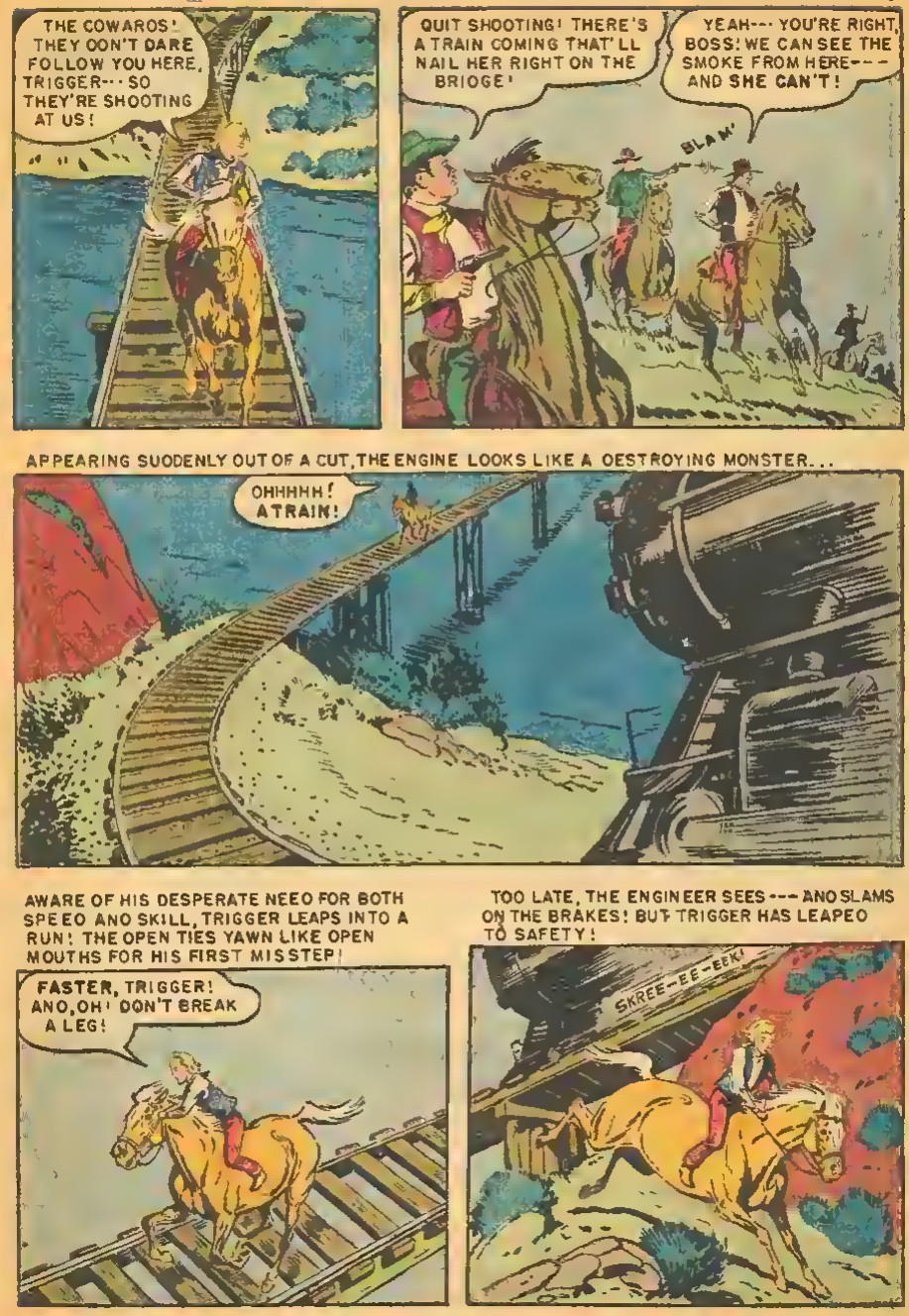
OKAY, TRIGGER—
THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEBODY YELL, A MINUTE AGO! AND SOMEBODY'S TAKING OUT A HOSS----
LET'S GO, TRIGGER!
YEEOW!
---BLASTED KID! SHE'S GETTING AWAY! HOCK! LUCKY! PETE! GET AFTER HER!
BANG!
THEY'LL BE AFTER US, TRIGGER--- BUT NO HORSE IN THE WORLD CAN RUN LIKE YOU! WE'LL LOSE THEM!

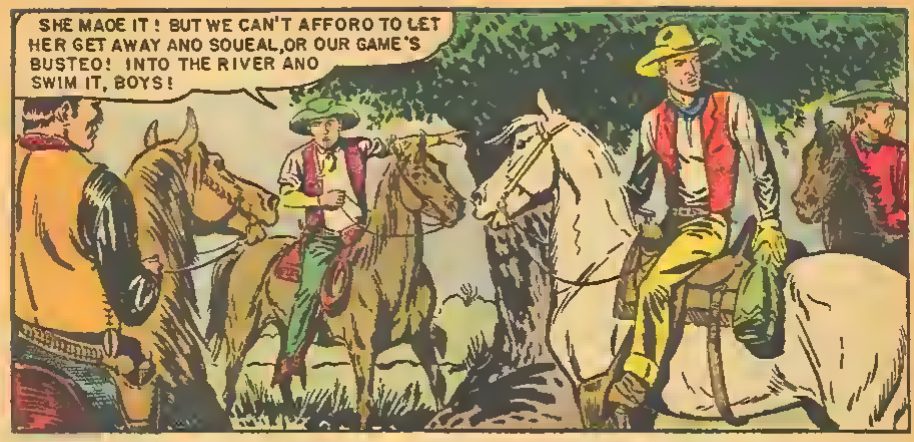


BUT PAT IS WRONG! TAKING SHORT CUTS, WHILE SHE STUCK TO THE ROAD, A GROUP OF RIDERS HAS HIT INTO THE ROAD AHEAD OF HER...

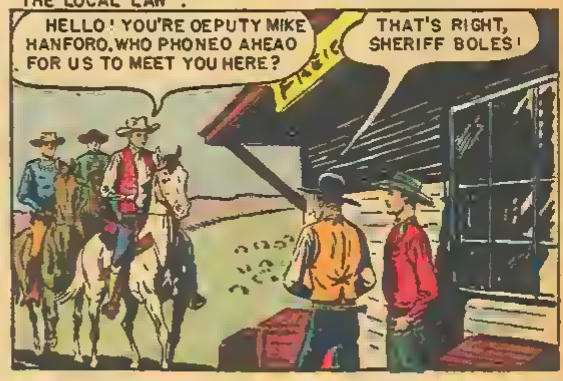
. AND ANOTHER BUNCH, LED BY THE BOSS HORSE THIEF HIMSELF, IS WHOOPING IN FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

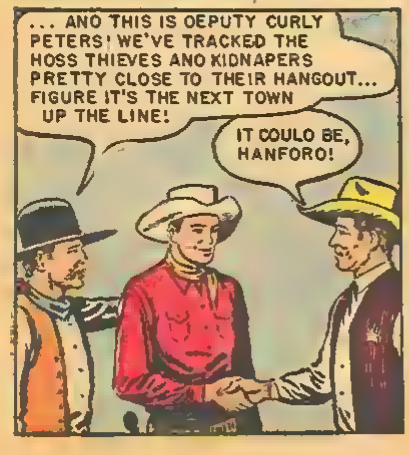



THE COWARDS! THEY DON'T DARE FOLLOW YOU HERE, TRIGGER--- SO THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US!
QUIT SHOOTING! THERE'S A TRAIN COMING THAT'LL NAIL HER RIGHT ON THE BRIDGE!
YEAH--- YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS! WE CAN SEE THE SMOKE FROM HERE--- AND SHE CAN'T!
BLAM!
APPEARING SUDDENLY OUT OF A CUT, THE ENGINE LOOKS LIKE A DESTROYING MONSTER...
OHHHHH! A TRAIN!
AWARE OF HIS DESPERATE NEED FOR BOTH SPEED AND SKILL, TRIGGER LEAPS INTO A RUN! THE OPEN TIES YAWN LIKE OPEN MOUTHS FOR HIS FIRST MISSTEP!
FASTER, TRIGGER! AND, OH! DON'T BREAK A LEG!
TOO LATE, THE ENGINEER SEES --- AND SLAMS ON THE BRAKES! BUT TRIGGER HAS LEAPED TO SAFETY!
SKREE--EE-EEK!



AT A LITTLE STATION UP THE TRACK, DROPPED BY THE TRAIN THAT PASSED PAT AND TRIGGER, HER FRIENDS GREET THE LOCAL "LAW".





UNCLE MIKE! COME HERE! AM I DREAMING--- OR IS THAT PAT AND TRIGGER DOWN THE TRACKS?
UNCLE MIKE! CURLY--- OH! OH, THANK HEAVEN!
' PAT! HOW IN THE--?
UNCLE MIKE---THEY'RE AFTER ME! THE HORSE THIEVES! THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE! THERE'S A DOZEN OF THEM---WITH GUNS!
OKAY, HONEY! YOU GET OUT OF SIGHT BEHIND THE STATION--- QUICK! WE'LL HANDLE THE COYOTES!
HERE THEY COME, IN A SOLID BUNCH! TWELVE OF 'EM, SHERIFF!
"GREASY" SPOONER'S GANG! WAIT TILL THEY GET RIGHT UP TO US--- AND I'LL CALL 'EM! IF THEY WANT TO RESIST ARREST, IT'S THEIR FUNERAL!
THE JIG IS UP, SPOONER! REACH OR EAT LEAD!
THERE'S ONLY FIVE OF 'EM, BOYS!

--- CUT LOOSE AND CUT 'EM DOWN!
BEHIND THE STATION, LITTLE PAT COVERS HER EARS AGAINST THE THUNDER OF FORTY-FIVES...
ER-UNH! HAUGH!
BANG!
BAM-BRRANG!
BLAM! BANG!
OHH, TRIGGER! IT'S AWFUL! IF ONLY UNCLE MIKE AND CURLY DON'T GET KILLED---
MOMENTS LATER
UNCLE MIKE! CURLY! YOU'RE HURT!
NOT MUCH, PAT! IT'S ALL OVER! WE'VE GOT THE HORSE THIEVES TIED UP SAFE! THAT IS, THE LIVE ONES!
DON'T CRY, HONEY CHILD! WE'RE TAKING YOU AND TRIGGER HOME, RIGHT OFF!
I'M--- I'M ONLY CRYING BECAUSE I'M --- SOB! --- SO HAPPY!
HUH-- HUH! HO-HO!
WE BEAT THEIR OLD "UNDERGROUND RAILWAY", DIDN'T WE, TRIGGER? AND IT WILL NEVER STEAL HORSES FROM THEIR HOME RANGE AGAIN!