

DELL
10¢

MARCH - MAY

Roy Rogers's

TRIGGER



SURVIVOR of the 7th

AT THE END OF THE CIVIL WAR, THE WESTWARD MOVEMENT OF THE POPULATION STARTED AGAIN. IGNORING TREATIES MADE BETWEEN THE GOVERNMENT AND THE INDIAN NATIONS, LAND-HUNGRY IMMIGRANTS INVADED THE RED MEN'S TERRITORY WITH FEROCITY, BORN OF THEIR RESSENTMENT OF THE WHITE MAN'S ENCROACHMENT ON THEIR TERRITORY. THE INDIANS WENT ON THE WARPATH. ONE OF THE WARRING TRIBES WAS THE POWERFUL SIOUX, LED BY SITTING BULL. AGAINST HIM, THE ARMY SENT GEORGE A. CUSTER, BRILLIANT BUT RECKLESS SEVENTH CAVALRY COMMANDER.



COMANCHE, ONLY SURVIVOR OF CUSTER'S LAST STAND



PUSHING DEEP INTO THE SIOUX TERRITORY, CUSTER IGNORED THE WARNINGS OF HIS SCOUTS OF A LARGE INDIAN FORCE ENCAMPTED ALONG THE LITTLE BIG HORN RIVER. SUDDENLY, CUSTER AND HIS TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE MEN FOUND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED BY THOUSANDS OF HOWLING SIOUX. THE BATTLE WAS OVER IN A SHORT TIME WITH ALL OF THE CAVALRYMEN WIPED OUT. COMANCHE, THE HORSE OF CAPTAIN MYLES REGG, WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE MASSACRE. LATER, COMANCHE WAS LED RIDERLESS IN PARADES AT ARMY POSTS TO REMIND NEW TROOPERS OF CUSTER'S GALLANT SEVENTH.

TRIGGER FIGHTS FOR LIFE

DECIDE IT, RANSON! WERE W'D BETTER FLY TRIGGER TO FAIRBANKS SOME OTHER DAY? I DON'T LIKE THE WEATHER REPORTS---

--BECAUSE YOU'RE MORE AT HOME IN A SADDLE THAN IN A PLANE, UNCLE MIKE? I CAN OUTFLY ANY WEATHER REPORTS---

A PLANE IS THE ONLY WAY TO TAKE TRIGGER FROM CALGARY TO ALASKA WHERE HIS OWNER WAITS--BUT UNCLE MIKE WAMPOND IS WORRIED...

ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT, RANSON--(BUT I HAVE A HUNCH WE'RE IN FOR A BAD TRIP!)

WITH A THUNDER OF MIGHTY ENGINES, THE BIG PLANE TAKES OFF...

RRRRRRRRRRRR

SUSPICIOUS OF ALL PLANES, UNCLE MIKE FUSSES AND FUMES---

GOT TO MAKE SURE YOUR SAFETY BELTS WON'T RIP LOOSE IF WE HAVE TO MAKE A CRASH LANDING, TRIGGER.

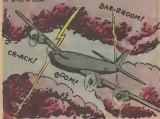
UH-HUH-HUH!

SIT DOWN AND STOP SWEATING, UNCLE MIKE! IN TWO HOURS WE'LL BE OVER PEACE RIVER--

YEAH! AND THAT'S JUST WHERE THE WEATHERMAN SAYS WE'RE LIKELY TO HIT TROUBLE! SO ON--OH, GOODBYE YOU!

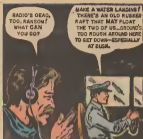


LIKE FORKED AND JAGGED SPEARS, LIGHTNING BOLTS
SLID OUT AT THE STRUGGLING PLANE! GIANT WINDS TOSS
IT LIKE A LEAF!



SECURE IN HIS SAFETY BELTS, TRIGGER TRUMPETS
A QUESTION AND A CHALLENGE TO THE ELEMENTS...





With a terrific bump, the cargo plane plunges —







LONG BEFORE HE IS TIRED, TRIGGER REACHES SHORE.



RAISING HIS HEAD, HE SENDS ONE LAST QUESTIONING CALL OUT ACROSS THE DARKENED RIVER--- BUT HEARS NO ANSWER...



DRIVEN OUT OF THE BUSH BY THE CLOUDS OF MISSOURI, HE HEADS FOR THE HIGHER LAND...



AND THERE, ON A WIND-SWEPT HILL, HE PAUSES --- KNOWING THAT HE IS "ON HIS OWN" IN A BARREN WILDERNESS!



IN SUMMER, ALEXIA PROWSE KNOWS LITTLE NIGHT! FOUR HOURS AFTER HIS ESCAPE FROM THE SINKING PLANE, TRIGGER CHAZES IN BRIGHT DAWN-LIGHT, THE WIND FROM THE RIVER WHIPPING HIS HAIR...



A SLIGHT SHIFT OF THE BREEZE BRINGS A DOUBLE MESSAGE--THE HATED SCENT OF BEAR, AND THE FRIENDLY SMELL OF HIS OWN KIND...



FARTHER DOWN THE SLOPE, A WILD MARE AND HER COLT RISE TO THEIR FEET... THOUGH SHE CAN SCENT NO DANGER, THE ANXIOUS MARE FEELS IT IS CLOSE, AS SHE MOVES ---



--- A SHADY BLACK BULK HURTLES OUT OF THE SAGRATON THICKET--STRAIGHT AT HER COLT.



POWERFUL OF HER OWN LIFE, THE MARE TAKES THE FIGHT TO BRUIN, HER POWERFUL JAWS AGAPE...



CAT-QUICK, DESPITE HIS CLUMSY LOOK, BRUIN EVASDES HER RUSH...



AS SHE PASSES HIM, HIS ARMED PAW LASHES OUT...



WOUNDED BUT DESPERATE, THE WILD MOTHER WHIRLS TO ATTACK AGAIN... PERHAPS TO DIE, THAT HER COLT MAY ESCAPE! AND THIS TIME BRUIN IS READY!



READY... BUT NOT FOR THE GOLDEN FURY TEARING DOWN UPON HIM FROM ABOVE!



CAUGHT OFF BALANCE AS HE TURNS, BRUIN HAS NO DEFENSE...



IRON SHOES HOOPS STRIKE WITH KILLING FORCE...



A LESS TOUGH BEAST WOULD HAVE DIED! BURN, DAZED AND BERTEN, SCRAMBLES OFF INTO THE THICKEST BRUSH...



SOME DISTANCE AWAY, TRIGGER FINDS MARE AND COLT, POISED READY FOR FIGHT OR FLIGHT...



SLOWLY, SHE REACHES OUT TO TOUCH HIS NOSE WITH HERS...



A SQUEAL, A STRIKE! "KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, GIRL!" ... IN HORSE LANGUAGE.



BUT WHEN TRIGGER MOVES ON, HIS NEW FRIENDS ARE CLOSE TO HIS HEELS.



LATER THAT DAY, HE SIGHTS THE HORSE BAND, FROM WHICH MARE AND COLT HAD STRAYED. THEY LOOK LIKE WORK HORSES GONE WILD...



GRUNTING WITH ANGER, THE BIG RED BELGIUM STALLION, WHO HEADS THE BUNCH, SEES TRIGGER AS A RIVAL. HIS PLATE-SIZE HOOPS FOUND UP THE SLOPE...



WHEN HE SEES HIS STRAYED MARE, HIS RAGE BREAKS ALL BONDS. "MARE STEALER!" HE SCREAMS IN HORSE LANGUAGE.



FOR TRIGGER, A CHALLENGE TO BATTLE IS ALWAYS A DEEP THRILL. HIS ANSWERING TRUMPET-CALL RINGS FIERCELY...



HIS RED LIMBS... WITH ALL THE TON-WEIGHT OF HIM BEHIND HIS DRIVING TEETH, HE BITTES TRIGGER'S NECK...



...AND TAKES A SLASH ON HIS OWN BROAD RUMP.



CLUMBSILY, HE TRIES FOR TRIGGER'S LED! MUSCLE-BOUND, RED'S WEIGHT SETS IN HIS OWN WAY...



RED BEGINS TO PUFF! HIS MOVEMENTS SLOW UP! HE IS BRUISED AND WINDED, BUT STILL FULL OF FIGHT AND DANGEROUS!



AT LAST TRIGGER SEES HIS CHANCE! HE TAKES A GRIP THAT EVEN BIG RED'S MIGHTY MUSCLES CANNOT BREAK...



A QUICK WRENCH, BACK AND FORTH THREATENS THE SPINAL CORD! THE BIGGER HORSE SINKS TO HIS KNEES, DAZED, HE EXPECTS NO MERCY...



BUT TRIGGER'S FIGHTING INSTINCT DOES NOT SEEK TO KILL HIS OWN KIND! HE FEELS HIS ENEMY...



DIZZILY, BIG RED MOVES AWAY, THE RAGE AND FIERCENESS SOAK OUT OF HIM, FROM NOW ON, HE WILL KNOW HIS MASTER!



WITH VICTORY, TRIGGER HAS WON A DUTY FROM NOW ON, HE MUST LEAD THE WILD HORSE BAND... DEFEND IT FROM EVERY ENEMY.



FROM NOW ON THERE ARE NO STRAYS FOR A HUNGRY COONER TO CATCH...



BUT ANOTHER KIND OF ENEMY LIES IN WAIT FOR THE UNWARY... A FEE THAT DOES NOT MOVE OR STRIKE... THAT COVERS ITSELF WITH GREEN GRASS AND SPARKLING WATER!



ONE EVENING, A SHRIEL CALL FOR HELP STARTLES TRIGGER'S BAND... A COLT HAS BEEN GRIPPED BY THE SUCKING, DEADLY MUD OF A HIDDEN SINK...



NOW THE DANGER IS CLEAR! TRIGGER AND THE COLT'S MOTHER GET AS NEAR AS THEY DARE! MUD GRIPS AT THEIR OWN FEET... THEY CAN COME NO CLOSER!



HERE IS A FIGHT THAT NO COURAGE OR SKILL CAN WIN! SQUORTING WITH FEAR OF THE SUCKING, SENSELESS MUD, TRIGGER PULLS BACK...







THIS HERE IS THE FIRST STEP!



HOLD STILL NOW, BOY... FINE! YOU AIN'T SCARED OF MY ROPE!



NOW! EASY DOES IT! HERE COMES THE LITTLE FELLA. ALL FOUR FEET OUT O' THE MUD!



DEAR! HUSTLE BACK TO YOUR MA, YOUNGESTER!

HO, HO, HO!



SUDDENLY, THE DISTANT HORSE BAND BREAKS INTO A FOUNDED RUN...A GINNEY RED FOAM DASHES IN BEHIND THEM, URGING THEM ON...BIG RED!

HEE-HEE-HEE OUGH!

WHEE-HEE-HEE!



WHÄ-HÄ-HÄ-HEE-OUGH!

HEY! HOLD ON, GOLDEN BOY! I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, BUT...



DURING THE BRIEF SUMMER NIGHT, HANK SLEEPS WITH A SMILE ON HIS WEATHER-BEATEN FEATURES. IN HIS DREAM, HARDSHIP AND DANGER ARE PAST...



BUT IN THE DARK HOURS, A WIND WHIPS INTO LIFE THE GOALS OF A LONG-SHOULDERED BUHN! THE BLAZE SPREADS... ACROSS A HORN OF FRANKS... A FOREST FIRE IS BORN!



IT'S PISSEY BREATH IS CARRIED ON THE BRIDE TO TRIGGER'S NOSTRILS! KNOWING... AND FEARING... WHAT IT MEANS, HE SPORTS A WARNING.



GREAT HOKKIN' HOOT OWLS! A FIRE COMIN' THIS WAY! WE'VE GOT TO RATTLE OUR HOCKS - GOLDEN BOY!



NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT A SADDLE NOW! I'LL STICK ON, SOMHOW, I RECKON.

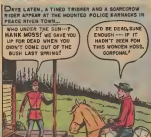


IT'S CLOSIN' IN FAST! MAINT REAR THOSE FLAMES POAN!



THIS IS OUR ONLY WAY OUT, FONY! BUT THE RIVER ISN'T FAR!





WEETAMAN'S BRIDLE

"HI, UNCLE MIKE! HOPE YOU DON'T MIND US SNOOPING!"

"THE TRUNK WAS OPEN AND YOUR BEAUTIFUL BRIDLE WAS RIGHT ON TOP, SO--"

"SO NATURALLY PET AND PETE HAD TO TAKE A LOOK--SEE, HUH?"



"OF COURSE I DON'T MIND! BUT THAT BRIDLE BELONGS TO TRIGGER! IT WAS GIVEN TO HIM BY CHIEF WEETAMAN!"

"WEETAMAN, CHIEF OF THE COMARCHES? PLEASE TELL US ABOUT IT, UNCLE MIKE!"

"WELL, IT HAPPENED THREE OR FOUR YEARS AGO! I TURNED TRIGGER AND SOME COW PONIES OUT TO GRAZE IN THE UPPER PASTURE--"



"A FEW DAYS LATER, CURLY AND I RODE OUT TO BRING THEM IN. I NEARLY HAD HEART FAILURE WHEN WE DISCOVERED TRIGGER WAS MISSIN'!"

"THERE WERE A MESS OF HOOPPRINTS, BUT TOO MANY TO PICK TRIGGER'S OUT RIGHT OFF."

"TRIGGER WOULDN'T LEAVE THESE CAYUSES ON HIS OWN! MIKE! HE WAS SWIPED!"

"HE'D GIVE A HORSE THIEF A ROUGH TIME! SO THERE OUGHT TO BE SIGNS--"

"NOTHIN' PROMISIN' OVER THIS WAY, MIKE!"

"WELL, HE COULDN'T HAVE SPROUTED WINGS AND FLOWN AWAY!"



"FINALLY, I SENT CURLY BACK WITH THE HORSES,
AND I STARTED SORTIN' OUT THE TRACKS."



"COMIN' ACROSS ONE SET THAT
SEEMED FRESHER THAN THE REST,
I DECIDED TO FOLLOW IT."



"TWO MILES UP IN THE HILLS, I SPOTTED
SOMETHING THAT PUT ME IN A SODD-FARIN
MOOD."

INJUN TRACKS! A BOY'S, TOO--
FROM THE SIZE OF 'EM!



"THE NEAREST REDSKINS WERE COMANCHES,
SO I HIGHTAILED IT FOR THEIR RESERVATION."



"OLD CHIEF WEEETAMAH WAS REAL
INDIGNANT WHEN HE HEARD MY STORY."

PALEFACE LIES! ALL COMANCHES
SODD INDIANS NOW! NOT
HORSE STEALERS!

NO? SEND
SOME BRAVES
BACK WITH ME AN' I'LL
SHOW 'EM THE
MOCCASIN TRACKS!



"WEEETAMAH TOOK ME UP ON THAT, BUT WHEN
WE GOT BACK TO WHERE I'D SPOTTED THE
TRACKS, THERE WASN'T A SIGN OF 'EM."

HUMPH! CHIEF WISE INDIAN!
HE SAY PALEFACE LIE! HOW
IT IS PROVED!

LIKE BLAZES!
IT IS! LOOK!
SOME BODDY'S
BEEN DRAGIN'
BRANCHES BACK
AND FORTH HERE TO
HIDE THE TRACKS!



"THEY GRANTED AND SCOWLED. THEN ONE OF 'EM
ACTED LIKE HE WAS GONNA YANK ME OFF MY
HORSE... SO I LIT OUT."

"HATE TO ACT LIKE I'M
BACKIN' DOWN! BUT I'M NO
MATCH FOR THREE BEGGINS!"



"I'D RIDDEN ABOUT HALF A MILE
WHEN..."

"HOLY SMOKE!
IF THAT ISN'T
TRIGGER, I'M
PLUM LUCK!"

"WHEE-EE!"



"IT WAS TRIGGER, ALL RIGHT. AN' HE WAS
TIED TO A TREE IN THE BOTTOM OF A
SHALLOW CANYON."



"WHEN I EYED HIS TIE ROPE, I WAS PLENTY
PUZZLED."

"TRIGGER, THIS MCCARTHE'S
SO OLD AN' THIN, YOU COULDA
BUSTED LOOSE WITHOUT HALF
TRYIN'! WHAT GIVES?"

"WHEE-EE-EE!"



"AND HANGED IF I DON'T THINK
TRIGGER WAS HAVIN' A GREAT
LAUGH AT MY EXPENSE."

"WHICKER-EE-
HUN-HUN!"



"BACK AT THE RANCH, I PUT HIM IN A SMALL
CORRAL NEAR THE HOUSE."

"NOW I'D LIKE TO SEE
ANY INJUR... BIG OR LITTLE.
GET AWAY WITH YOU!"



"BUT A FEW DAYS LATER..."

MIKE! TRIGGER'S MISSIN' AGAIN! AN' THERE'S MOCCASIN TRACKS ALL OVER THE PLACE.



"I'D BEEN PLANNIN' TO RIDE TRIGGER THAT DAY ON A WILD HORSE ROUNDUP."

RECKON YOU BOYS'LL HAVE TO GO UP TO THE HUMBROCK WITHOUT ME! I'VE GOT TO FIND TRIGGER!



"TRIGGER'S TRAIL WAS EASY TO FOLLOW TILL I HIT A ROCKY STRETCH."



"BUT HALF A MILE FURTHER ON..."

NO MISTAKIN' THOSE HOOFPRIENTS! THEY'RE TRIGGER'S! AND IT LOOKS LIKE THAT REGGIE TOOK TO THE WATER HERE! WONDER WHICH WAY HE HEADED?



"MOST FOLKS HEAD DOWNSTREAM, BUT KNOWIN' INJUNS, I KNEW HE'D HEAD UP-- SO THAT'S THE WAY I RODE-- TAKIN' IT EASY SO'S NOT TO MISS ANY SIGNS."



"BUT THE BANK WAS PLENTY ROCKY! AND I WAS ABOUT READY TO TURN BACK FOR A LOOKSEE DOWNSTREAM WHEN..."

HOOFPRIENTS! COMIN' FROM THAT CANYON YONDER!



"I HEADED FOR THE CANYON RIM . . . AND YOU COULDA KNOCKED ME OVER WITH A CARPET TACK WHEN I GOT THERE . . . AND LOOKED DOWN!"

WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONE! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW A STRANGER ON TRIGGER'S BACK!



"THE KID TURNED TRIGGER AROUND TO HEAD BACK DOWN THE CANYON, SO I HEADED THAT WAY, TOO."



"BUT, OF COURSE, TRIGGER BEAT MY PINTO TO THE MOUTH OF THE CANYON AND HEADED OUT ONTO A NARROW, LEVEL, STRETCH LYIN' BETWEEN TWO HOGBACKS."



"I RACED AFTER 'EM! BUT SUDDENLY I HEARD A RUMBLIN' NOISE! THE INJUN KID AND TRIGGER HEARD IT, TOO!"

HOLY SMOKE! A SHAKE!

BAR-DOOM-DOOM!



"THE RUMBLIN' TURNED TO THUNDER AND I RECOGNIZED IT!---- MY BLOOD FREEZE 'CAUSE 'ROUND THAT HOGBACK SWEEP A STAMPEDIN' HERD OF WILD HORSES!"



"TRIGGER STOPPED SO SHORT IN HIS TRACKS, THE KID FELL OFF. I COULD SEE HE WAS KNOCKED COLD."



"BUT QUICK AS A FLASH, TRIGGER WAS STANDIN' OVER HIM, BRACED AGAINST THE ONCOMIN' MUSTANGS."



"WHEN THE DUST SETTLED, THE PARTAILS WERE GONE. THE KID WAS SITTIN' UP AND TRIGGER WAS NUZZLIN' HIM. I RACED DOWN THERE."



"TAMEETAH WAS OKAY EXCEPT FOR A HEADACHE— SO WE HEADED FOR THE RESERVATION."



"SO WEETAMAN GAVE HIS GRANDSON A FINE, FAST PINTO— AND TRIGGER THIS BRIGLE FOR SAVIN' THE LAD'S LIFE!"



"SHAME ON YOU, UNCLE MIKE, FOR NOT LETTIN' TRIGGER SHOW IT OFF! I'M GOIN' TO SHINE IT UP AND MAKE YOU USE IT!"



TRIGGER TRAILS THE LOST

I TELL YOU MIKE HANFORD, WE'RE ASSURED, UNLESS WE CAN STOP OUR CATTLE LOSSES! THEY'RE BEING RUSTLED RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES!

THEY'RE KAWBAGGERS! --- THAT'S SURE IF IT DON'T STOP WE'LL GO BUST!

OH!

I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS SO BAD! UNCLE MIKE AND THE OTHER RANCHERS HERE--- ABOUTS ARE SURE WORRIED I WISH I COULD FIGURE WAZZT THOSE COWS GO.

WE'LL TAKE A RIDE OVER TO THE TEN MILE SWAMP, TRIGGER; THAT'S WHERE THE TRAILS OF ALL THOSE MISSING COWS END.

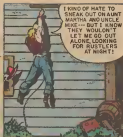
TROUBLE IS, NOBODY HAS FOUND ANY COW TRACKS LEADING INTO THE SWAMP! ANOTHER, A CRITTER WOULD GO DOWN MIGHTY QUICK OUT THERE!

--- AND NO COW IN HER RIGHT SENSES WOULD JUMP OFF THIS POINT OF ROCK INTO THE WATER! IT'S A MYSTERY, ALL RIGHT.

WHUPP!

YOU SEE SOMETHING IN THAT PATCH OF TULE, TRIGGER? SA-AY! I THINK I DO TOO! IT COULD BE A COW.







THERE! IT LOOKS LIKE A RAFTYRIFT MUST BE ON SOLID GROUND, TOO!

AT THE CAMPFIRE TOWARD WHICH PETS IS PADDLING, A TRIO OF TOUGH RIDERS BURST INTO ANGRY ARGUMENT...



COVER THAT FIRE, YOU DUMB FOOLS! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT COULD BE SEEN FROM THE MAINLAND? WHAT DID YOU LIGHT IT FOR, ANYHOW?

AWW, DON'T GET SORE, SUMNER! WE JUST WANTED A CUP OF JAWB.



CAN'T YOU QUIT WORRYIN' FOR A MINUTE, RIGHT OR DAY, GUNNER? NOBODY'LL FIND THIS ISLAND-- OR THE CATTLE WE'VE HID IN HERE! BESIDES, WE'RE MOVIN' 'EM OUT TOMORROW-NIGHT!



WE'RE NOT MOVING 'EM AT ALL-- UNTIL WE LOCATE THAT RUBBER RAFT YOU LOST WHEN YOU FLOATED THAT LAST BUNCH OF COWS ACROSS THE SWAMP! IF ANYBODY ELSE FINDS IT----



OKAY, OKAY! WE'LL LOOK AGAIN FOR IT TOMORROW!

TYIN' A COUPLE OF RAFTS TO A COW CRITTER SO THEY WON'T SLIP OUT OF THE SCOPES AIN'T EASY! YOU GOT TO REMEMBER THAT!



AH-OHO!



SOMEBODY'S IN THOSE BUSHES----

GET HIM, BOYS --ALIVE IF YOU CAN!

---SPYING ON US!



I SEE YUH' STAND UP WITH YOUR HANDS HIGH--- OR I'LL VENTILATE YUH' PROPER!

HE---HE HEARS IT!



A KID! BOO-GONE! HOW DID YOU GET HERE, BUTTON?

I--- I--- FOUND A RUBBER RAFT!



I'VE GOT IT, SUNNER--- RIGHT HERE ON THE MUD WHERE THE KID LEFT IT!



SCARED BUT STILL GAME, PETE TRIES TO STALL...

WHO ELSE KNOWS ABOUT THIS ISLAND IN THE BIG SWAMP--- AND WHAT WE'VE GOT HERE? COME ON---ANSWER!

I--- UH--- I RECKON YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND THAT OUT, MISTER!



THE KID JUST FOUND US, SUNNER! HE DON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO TELL ANYBODY ELSE--- THE WAY I FIGGER IT, SO WE'RE SAFE!

MAYBE! BUT WE WON'T BE IF HE GETS LOOSE! TAKE HIM TO THE CABIN AND TIE HIM UP, ROCKER!

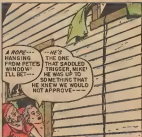
WITH THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN, UNCLE MIKE, HANFORD AND AUNT MARTHA ARE RUDELY AWAKENED...



MIKE! THAT'S TRIGGER GUT IN THE YARD! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

I RECKON! NEVER MAKE A FUSS LIKE THAT FOR NOTHING!

EE-HEE-I
HEE-HEE-OOOO





THERE SURE ENOUGH IS
A LEASE UNDERWATER HERE!
I NEVER FOUND IT WHEN I WAS
A YOUNGSTER--- BECAUSE
THERE WAS LOTS MORE
WATER IN THE SWAMP
THEN!



WHEE-
HEE-HEE!

YOU'VE CAUGHT PETE'S
SCENT AGAIN, TRIGGER?
YOU MUST HAVE, OR YOU
WOULDN'T BE CALLING-



WHEE?

WHEE-HEE!



GET OUT OF HERE,
TRIGGER--- FAST!
THAT RIFLE SHOT CAME
FROM WHERE
WE WERE
HEADED!



THAT BULLET HOLE
ADDS UP TO A LOT!
SOME PARTY, LOCATED
DEEP IN TEN MILE
SWAMP HAS GOT HOLD
OF PETE, AND TRIED TO
LAY ME IN A WATERY
GRAVE JUST NOW! AND
I GET A COOKIE I
KNOW WHY!



HELLO--- BOB CADMAN? MIKE HAMPFORD
SPEAKING! I'M CALLING YOU AND ALL
MY NEIGHBORS FOR AN EMERGENCY!
GET TO MY PLACE AS QUICK AS YOU
CAN--- AND BRING A COUPLE OF
GOOD FIGHTING MEN WITH YOU!

AN-
HUMPH!
BAD AS
THAT, IS IT?
ORAY,
MIKE!

OH, MIKE---
IF ONLY
YOU'RE NOT
TOO
LATE!

BY LATE AFTERNOON, ALL THE NEIGHBORING CATTLEMEN HAD ARRIVED... MIKE HANFORD'S REASONING HITS THEM HARD...



YOU THINK THAT'S WHERE THE RUSTLERS ARE HOLDING OUR STOLEN CATTLE--- AND PETE, TOO, MIKE? HOW'D THEY GET OUT THERE?

I DON'T KNOW, BOB, BUT I KNOW HOW WE'RE GOING THERE!



A LITTLE AFTER DARK, THE HASTILY BUILT SCOW IS PULLED TO THE SWAMP.







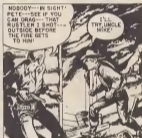


BUCKLING SUDDENLY AT THE KNEES,
QUINN, THE RUSTLER BOSS,
GOES DOWN



QUICK---OUT
OF HERE, PETE! NO
TELLING WHO
HEARD THOSE
SHOTS!

OH! UNCLE
MIKE! YOU'RE
HIT!



NOBODY--- IN SIGHT!
PETE---SEE IF YOU
CAN DRAG--- THAT
RUSTLER I SHOT---
OUTSIDE BEFORE
THE FIRE GETS
TO HIM!

I'LL
TRY, UNCLE
MIKE!



HE'S STILL
BREATHING,
UNCLE MIKE!

GOOD! HELP ME---UP---
TO SADDLE, PETE! GOT---
BULLET IN
SHOULDER!



CAN'T--- MAKE IT! GO ON
---LEAVE ME, PETE! BRING
HELP! MEN WAITING---
EDGE OF SWAMP

WE'LL---(UGH)
--- MAKE IT,
UNCLE MIKE!
FRISSER!
GIF DOWN!

