

DYLA

JUNE - AUGUST

Roy Rogers'

10¢

TRIGGER

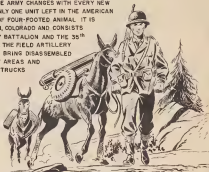


The **ARMY'S LAST MOUNTS**



THE OLD CAVALRYMAN OF THE INDIAN WARS AND THE BORDER CAMPAIGNS HAD THREE WEAPONS TO USE AGAINST THE ENEMY. A SOLDIER RIDING IN CUSTER'S FAMOUS 7TH CAVALRY CARRIED A .52 CALIBRE SPENCER CARBINE, A .44 CALIBRE COLT REVOLVER AND A BRASS-HILTED SABRE. WHEN ONE REMEMBERS THAT THE LARGEST CALIBRE RIFLE USED IN THE AMERICAN ARMY TODAY IS ONLY A .30 AND THEN THINKS OF THE .52 WHICH THESE TROOPERS USED, IT CERTAINLY RAISES ONE'S ESTEEM FOR THE MEN WHO SHOT RIFLES MEASURING MORE THAN HALF AN INCH ACROSS THE BORE THAN, THEY OFTEN DID WHILE IN THE SADDLE.

BUT TIMES CHANGE AND THE ARMY CHANGES WITH EVERY NEW ADVANCE. TODAY THERE IS ONLY ONE UNIT LEFT IN THE AMERICAN ARMY THAT USES ANY SORT OF FOUR-FOOTED ANIMAL. IT IS STATIONED AT CAMP CARSON, COLORADO AND CONSISTS OF THE 4TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION AND THE 35TH QUARTERMASTER COMPANY. THE FIELD ARTILLERY TROOP USES ITS MULES TO BRING DISASSEMBLED 75-MM CANNON INTO ROCKY AREAS AND SWAMPS WHERE TANKS AND TRUCKS CANNOT GO. THE QUARTERMASTER OUTFIT USES ENORMOUS PACK SADDLES ON ITS MULES TO BRING AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES TO OUTPOSTS WHERE, SOMETIMES, EVEN HELICOPTERS RUN INTO TROUBLE.

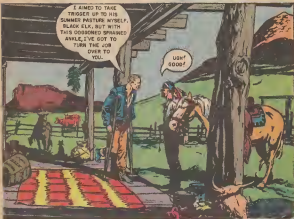


TRIGGER WINS A WARRIOR'S PLUME



I AIMED TO TAKE TRIGGER UP TO HIS SUMMER PASTURE MYSELF, BLACK ELK, BUT WITH THIS DAMNED SPRAINED ANKLE, I'VE GOT TO TURN THE JOB OVER TO YOU.

USH! GOOD!



JUST TURN HIM LOOSE TO GUARD THOSE PALOMING MARES—THEY'RE VALUABLE!

OKAY, UNCLE MIKE!



BLACK ELK'S PEOPLE CAMP IN MOUNTAINS NEAR SUMNER RANGE. MESSHO WE STOP AT MY LODGE ON THE WAY! WHAT YOU SAY, TRIGGER?

HUH, HUH!





THE PRIDE CAMP TURNS OUT TO
WELCOME TRIGGER'S RIDER...



GOOD! I HAVE TWO SIX-GUNS AND GUN BELT, AND THREE YOUNG WAPES THAT SAY TRIGGER WILL MAKE YOUR HORSE LOOK LIKE A CRIPPLED BURRO. CREEPING WOLF! WE WILL LET ANTELOPE MAN HOLD THE STRAPS.



THEN AND THERE THE RACE IS ARRANGED... THE COURSE IS A HALF-MILE STRETCH OF GRASSY GANYON, CLOSE TO CAMP.



HI-YAH, TRIGGER!

HEY! WHOOP! GOOOO START!

COME ON, TRIGGER! BEAT THAT BLACK BURRO! HI-YEE-SEE!



OLD ANTELOPE MAN GUARDS THE WAGERED PROPERTY... TELLS ELK STANDS BY THE FINISH LINE, BOOTING FOR TRIGGER.

THEY RUN RACE-AND-NICKA, FOR START!



HALFWAY DOWN THE COURSE, TRIGGER MOVES EASILY INTO THE LEAD...

HO, HO! WHIP NEVER MADE BURRO INTO RACE HORSE, CREEPING WOLF!



WHY CAN WARE JORRO OUT OF YOUR HORSE... LOUD MOUTH!

HI! STOP THAT...



THERE WAS NO RACE, SINCE NO
ONE REACHED THE FINISH LINE.
CREEPING WOLF? TAKE BACK THE
THINGS YOU BET BLACK ELK,
AND GO! YOU ARE A DISGRACE
TO OUR PEOPLE.

YEAH!

UNDER A BARRAGE OF TAUNTS AND
LAUGHTER, CREEPING WOLF CLIMBS
INTO HIS SADDLE.

HA, HA! KEEP YOUR WHIP OUT OF
MINE, CREEPING WOLF—OR
YOUR HORSE WILL
EAT IT!

OR MAYBE
HE HORSE WILL
RIDE HIM! AH,
HA, HA, HA!

LAUGH NOW,
FRIENDS OF BLACK ELK!
BUT CREEPING WOLF'S TIME
TO LAUGH WILL COME
SOONER THAN YOU
THINK!





BUT IF BLACK ELK HAD KNOWN THE PLACE TO WHICH CREEPING WOLF RODE THAT NIGHT, HE WOULD NOT HAVE FELT SO CAREFREE!



YOU BOYS—GET YOUR DOGGERS OUT OF THE CARR, AND RIDE FOR THE PAIUTE CAMP! WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THAT "FIVE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR HOSS" THIS MORN'G! IS THERE?



THROUGH THE DARK HOURS BEFORE DAWN, THE TRAITOR, GREEPING WOLF, GUIDES THE OUTLAW BAND.

AT THE CRACK OF DAY, THEY REACH THE CAMP...

PALOMING HORSE THERE? WHAT YOU THINK, GUNSHIRT?

WHERE-EEEM? HE'S A WINNER. ALL RIGH? WORTH PLENTY OF CASH!



GRAY, BOYS? HOPE THE BEST OF THESE HOGSERS AND SLAP YOUR SADDLES ON 'EM! KEEP AN EYE PEELER FOR ANY PAINTS THAT NEDDY GET 'EM HAPPY!



DOGGY! BAD WHITE MEN STEAL OUR HOGSERS! THEY ARE TAKING DADDY'S FATHER--!



WEE? OY, PAINTS? HORSE THIEVES!



MEN TURN OUT AT BLACK ELK'S CALL, ONLY TO FACE THE DEADLY PISTOLS OF GUNSHIRT WOLF'S GANG.

DROP THOSE SMOKE POLES, INDIANS—OR WE'LL BLOW DART, DART THROUGH YOU!





CRANKING HORSES PROUDLY, THE OUTLAW RIDE FAR AND FAST...



...AND AT SUNDOWN, FITCH CAMP IN A REMOTE CANYON.



WE'LL CAMP HERE? NO POSSIBLE BEING TO BE ON OUR TRAIL TONIGHT.

WELL, HUH? I RECKON NOT, SUNSHINE.

IN HIGH GOOD HUMOR, THE GANG UNRAIDLES...

SUNSHINE WAS SMART AFTER ALL --- TAKING THESE PRIMITIVE HORSES ALONG.

YEAH? CRANKERS ON AND OFF, WE COVERED TWICE AS MUCH GROUND! AND WE CAN BELL 'EM ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.



AFTER DRINKING THEM FILL, THE HORSES, INCLUDING TIGGER, ARE SHOVED INTO A LITTLE CANYON POCKET NEAR THE SPRING...

A THREE-FOPE FENCE AND A SINGLE HORSE GUARD KEEPS THE GAY IN... BUT TRIGGER CATCHES THE SOUND OF LITTLE ELA'S MUFFLED SOBBIAN...



WHY-NIP-NIP-NIP-NIP?



TRIGGER? I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING (SOB?) --- BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?



I TELL YOU, BILL,
HOWEF CAN
FIGURE THINGS
BETTER THAN
OL' GURDENT?

YEH! KEEPING
THAT INJUN RID
FOR A HOSTAGE WAS
SMART, TOO! INJUNS
WON'T DARE TO TRAIL
US.



IF YOU'VE GOT ANY SCRAPS
LEFT, BOYS, SCRAPS 'EM
AND A PLATE FOR THE
PAPPOOSE! I'M TYING
HIM TO A TREE SO
HE WON'T PLAY
ANY TRICKS ON
US TONIGHT.



TIED UP AND SHIVERING WITH COLD,
LITTLE ELK HAS NO STOMACH FOR WHITE MAN'S
SCRAPS! HIS HOPES OF ESCAPE HAVE HIT BOTTOM...



WRAPPED WARM IN THEIR BLANKETS, GURDENT
AND HIS GANG SNORE AWAY THE NIGHT HOURS...

ZZZZZ
-UMPH-
KUH-BIZ-
ZZZZZ!

HEE-
HAAA-
DUD!



OL' TRIGGER IS VERY MUCH AGRAB! EXPERIMENTALLY
HE PICKS AT A KNOT IN THE ROPE, BECAUSE...

OH! THAT,
YOU HOSSE!



BRACKET!

I'LL TEACH
YOU TO
RID YOUR
BARBICOO!



QUICK AS LIGHTNING, TRIGGER'S FOREFOOT LASHES OUT... A STUNNING BLOW!



AND HE GADY GOES, BACK TO HIS SWOT-FIXING.



MINUTES LATER, HE STEPS OVER THE TWO LOWER ROPES TO FREEDOM...

In SOFTEST WHISPERS THE TWO FRIENDS CONFER. TRIGGER KNOWS, AS WELL AS LITTLE ELK, THE NEED FOR SILENCE IN THE CAMP OF THEIR ENEMIES...



TRIGGER I YOU UNTIED THE FENCE I CAN YOU UNTIE ME?

WHUFF?



FINDING THE KNOT, TRIGGER'S TEETH SET TO WORK WITH TRAWED CLEVERNESS...



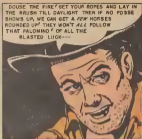
I CAN UNTIE MY FEET, TRIGGER, IF ONLY NOBODY WAKES UP...







DUNSMITH? THERE
AIN'T A HOSS LEFT WE
CAN LAY A ROPE ON!
WE'RE AFROOT!



DOUSE THE FIRE? SET YOUR ROPES AND LAY IN
THE BRUSH TILL DAYLIGHT THEN IF NO POSSIE
SHOWS UP, WE CAN GET A FEW HORSES
ROUNDED UP? THEY WON'T ALL FOLLOV
THAT PALOMINO? OF ALL THE
BLASTED LUGS---



DARKNEAK FINDS LITTLE ELE A TIRED AND LOST
LITTLE WARRIOR...

WHICH WAY IS THE
LODGE OF MY FATHER,
TRIGGER? I---
DON'T REMEMBER
THIS PLACE.



THE RISING SUN ALSO LOOKS DOWN ON BLACK ELE AND
FOUR MORE GRIM PRUTES TRAILING THE STOLEN PONIES.



HELLO! WHERE'RE
ALL YOUR MEN-
FOLKS, LARK
WINDY?

THEY SOME AFTER
DUTLAWS WHO
STEAL-UM OUR BOY
AND MANY HOSSES,
SHERIFF BOONE!

AND BACK BY THE
PRUTE CAMP, A POSSIE
PULLS UP, ASKING QUES-
TIONS



DUTLAWS? THAT'S THE
SAME BUNCH WE'VE
BEEN TRAILING,
SANDY!

YUP!
SUNSHINE
NOBEL'S BANK
ROBBERS,
BOONE!
LET'S GET
AFTER
'EM.

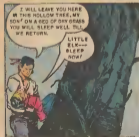


SURE NOW OF HIS DIRECTION, TRIGGER BREAKS INTO A LONG, BOUND-EATING STRIDE...



NOT FAR AWAY, BLACK ELK AND HIS FRIENDS SCATTER TO A HUSBLE-LIKE WOLVES BEFORE THE SLIDING DEER.









... THEN, IN THE POCKET ITSELF, PRISONER RIFLES FACE THEM, DISARMED OR WOUNDED, THE GANG IS STOPPED...





YOU
AREN'T
STOPPING
ANYMORE,
BUNNY!

STOP!



BUT GUNSHOT'S
HAMMER FALLS ON
EMPTY CHAMBERS!

CLICK!
CLICK!

WITH A BURST OF RAGE, TRIGGER LASHES
OUT---AND DOES NOT MISS!



EE-
EEM!



WELL, BLACK ELK, WE'VE CAUGHT
'EM ALL---THANKS TO YOU!

NO---
THANKS TO
TRIGGER!

TRIGGER HAS WON THE
RAGLE FEATHER OF A
WARRIOR! HE BROUGHT
BACK MY SON---
HE CAPTURED
CHIEF OUTLAW.



HUMM? I
RECKON YOU'RE
RIGHT AT THAT,
BLACK ELK.

TOMORROW I TAKE TRIGGER TO
JOIN HIS MARE! AFTER GOOD
FIGHT COMES GOOD FEED
AND REST!



TRIGGER

SHARES DANGER ON THE
DARK CONTINENT



ON A WORLD TOUR WITH THE SHOW OF WHICH HE IS THE STAR PERFORMER, TRIGGER VISITS THE CITY OF NAIROBI, AFRICA...

THROUGH DEAFENING APPLAUSE, THE GREAT HORSE MOVES DOWN THE SANDUST TRACK...



THE CROWD SITS SPELLBOUND AS TRIGGER DANCES TO MUSIC, KEEPING PERFECT FORM...



IN ONE MAN OF THE AUDIENCE, THE LUST TO POSSESS BURNS LIKE AN EVIL FLAME



AS TRIGGER MAKES HIS FINAL BOW, HIS FANS GO WILD...





A QUIETLY-RUNNING TRUCK, WITH CANVAS SIDES, BACKS UP TO THE STABLE TENT...



AND A KNIFE BLADE RIPS THE CANVAS OF TRIGGER'S QUARTERS...





JUST HOW DANGEROUS A SPOT IT WAS, EVEN ARCHIE COULD NOT GUESS! A ROGUE ELEPHANT, HATING EVERYTHING THAT MOVES, STANDS EYING THE TRUCK'S APPROACH.



LIKE A THUNDERBOLT THE BRUTE CHARGES...



JUMP! INTO THE RIVER, ARCHIE!



BARE INCHES FROM TRIGGER'S BACK, THE TRUCK'S STEEL FRAME HITS THE WATER.



SWIM--- AFTER THE HORSE, ARCHIE! MUSTN'T LOSE HIM AFTER ALL THIS!





FREE AND OUT OF DANGER FOR THE MOMENT, TRIGGER BLOWS HIS NOSTRILS CLEAR...

STICKS AND ROTTEN FRUIT STRIKE TRIGGER FROM THE TREES OVERHEAD. A CHORUS OF HORRIBLE BARKING FOLLOWS...



PURSUED BY THE BARKING OF ODD-FACED BABOONS, HE LEAVES THE TREES IN ANGER AND DISGUST...

ALONE ON THE OPEN GRASSLAND, HIS CONFIDENCE RETURNS! HERE IS A HORSE'S NATURAL PLACE, WHERE HE CAN SEE HIS ENEMIES FROM A DISTANCE...



FROM A HERD OF GRAZING ZEBRAS COMES A SOMEWHAT HORSY SMELL... TROTTING CLOSER, TRIGGER STUDIES THE STRANGE BEASTS...



AFTER A LONG LOOK...THE ZEBRAS PAY HIM NO FURTHER ATTENTION...THEIR PRESENCE, HOWEVER, GIVES TRIGGER SOME FEELING OF COMPANIONSHIP...



BUT AFRICA IS FULL OF SAVAGE SURPRISES! A YOUNG MARE'S SCREAM...



ALL BUT THE STRIPED STALLION! COURAGEOUSLY, HE MAKES STRAIGHT FOR THE TAWNY RAIDER...



...PUTS THE ZEBRA HERD TO FLIGHT...



LIKE FLASHING KNIVES, THE ZEBRA'S SMALL HOOPS SLASH AT SIMBA'S FACE.



LIGHTNING HEELS SLICE UPWARDS!



AND TRIGGER HAS LEARNED A LESSON THAT DANGER FOLLOWS THE ZEBRA HERDS! TWO LIONS WOULD NOT HAVE MISSED THEIR KILL.



AT THE BASE OF A BIG ROCK A COOL SPRING SPARKLES...



DAZED AND DISORIENTED, SIMBA WATCHES THE TWO ZEBRAS GALLOP OFF, BEARING ONLY HIS CLAW MARKS...



SCENTING WATER AND FEELING THIRSTY, TRIGGER MOVES PAST A TANGLE OF BRUSH, GIVING IT PLENTY OF ROOM...



BUT AS HE DRINKS, HIS EYE CATCHES A SHADOW OF MOVEMENT BEHIND HIM...



IN A FLASH HE PIVOTS TO MEET A LEOPARD'S LEAP! IT HAD CREEPT UPON HIM FROM THE BUSH!



A STEADY SHOD BLOW SENDS THE SPOTTED BRUTE SPINNING.



HIS FULL WEIGHT LANDS ON THE SQUIRMING, SCOWLING FURY...



WITH BREATH AND MOVEMENT STAMPED OUT OF THE BEAST, HE TURNS AWAY...



BEFORE FEEDING AGAIN, HE PICKS A HIGH LOOKOUT, TO SCAN THE PLAIN FOR OTHER DANGERS' HUNGERNESS FOR HIS OWN LAND... FOR FRIENDLY HUMAN VOICES... FILLS HIS HEART.



LIKE A TRUMPET CALL HIS LONGING BURSTS OUT, ECHOING OVER MIST AND BUSH...



NOT FAR AWAY, YOUNG GARY BOYLE, ANXIOUS TO SPEND SOME OF HIS TEXAS OIL INCOME ON BIG ADVENTURE, HAS COME TO GRIEF! THE SAME ROUGE ELEPHANT THAT DUMPED TRIGGER INTO THE RIVER HAS KILLED GARY'S HORSE AND HIS GUNBEARER, BEFORE SUC-
CUMING TO BULLETS



POOR ROCKET! I NEVER EXPECTED TO PART WITH YOU LIKE THIS, PARD!

AFTER BURYING HIS NATIVE COMPANION, HE SHOULDER HIS SADDLE AND BRIDLE...



I RECKON I'LL HAVE A MIGHTY LONG WALK...

...UNLESS I CATCH ME A ZEBRA, OR SOMETHING TO RIDE...



WHICE-NEE-HEE-HEE!



DANG-GONE! I MUST BE HEARING THINGS! THAT SURE SOUNDED LIKE A HOSS'S WHINNY!

HOT DAWG! A GOLDEN PALMIND! HE LOOKS AS LOST AS I DO, HERE IN THE HEART OF AFRICA - HEY, PONY!



WHICE-NEE-HEE!

SA-A-Y! YOU'RE A DEAD-RINGER FOR SOMEBODY I'VE SEEN AT THE BIG HODES BACK HOME! YOUR NAME WOULDN'T BE TRIGGER, TOO, WOULD IT?



FROM HOME! HO, HO, HO!



AT GARY'S APPROACH, THREE SMALL AFRICAN
ANTELOPE WHO HAD BEEN DRINKING BURST
OUT OF THE BRUSH...



...AND GARY'S RIFLE WHIPS UP FOR A
FAST SHOT...





HERE'S MY SUPPER, TRIGGER, PARD!
I SURE WISH I HAD A FEED
OF CATS FOR YOU!



SM'RY (GULP!) THIS DRINK WOULD PUT
SINGA DIN'S "HALF A PINT OF WATER,
GREEN" TO SHAME! BUT IT'S DRINK,
OR DRY UP, I RECKON!



THEY SAY WHEN YOU CAMP ALONE IN
LION COUNTRY, THE BEST THING TO KEEP
THE BIG CATS AWAY IS LOTS
OF FIREWOOD!



I WON'T LIGHT ANY BIG FIRE UNTIL
DARK! MAYBE THEN I'D BETTER
LIGHT TWO OF 'EM, AND GOE DOWN
WITH TRIGGER BETWEEN 'EM!



OLD SIMBA IS TUNING
UP FOR HIS EVENING
SERENADE, TRIGGER—
BUT I'LL KEEP THESE
FIRES FED, AND I DON'T
RECKON HE'LL BOTHER US!



THE FIRST DIM LIGHT OF DAY FINDS TRIGGER
AND GARY DOZING, THEIR FIRES SUNK LOW...

IN THE HALF-LIGHT, THREE TAWNY FORMS MOVE CLOSER—SUSPICIOUS OF THE FIRE SMELL, BUT TANTALIZED BY THE SCENT OF HORSE AND MAN.



A SIXTH SENSE WARNS TRIGGER: HE IS SUDDENLY ON HIS FEET, SHUFFLING THE BREEZE...



TRIGGER'S WARNING BAWL JERKS GARTAWAKE



HIS MIGHTY HAUNCHES GATHERED UNDER HIM, TRIGGER MEETS THE BIG MALE'S RUSH...



THEN HIS HALF-TON WEIGHT, DRIVEN BY STEEL-SPRING MUSCLES, HITS SIMBA IN THE FACE! THE IRON SHOO HOOPS PUNCH HOME!



AT THE SAME MOMENT, GART HAS BOTH HANDS FULL OF BELCHING 40'S!



ANXIOUSLY, GARY TURNS TO HELP HIS PARTNER...



BUT AT THAT INSTANT TRIGGER WHIRLS, BLOCKING GARY'S LINE OF FIRE.



THE DOUBLE THUD OF HIS HEELS IS LOUD AND SHARP...



GOOD JOB, TRIGGER! THAT ONE'S GOT ENOUGH---



KNOCKED SPRAWLING BY THE SECOND LIONESS' ATTACK, GARY SEEMS DOOMED...



... BUT TRIGGER'S FIGHTING SCREAM ECHOES HIS PARTNER'S YELL...



NOTHING OF LION SIZE COULD TAKE THAT PILD-
DRIVER BLOW... AND KEEP ITS FEET!



IF WE GET OUT OF THIS COUNTRY ABOVE, OLD BOY, WE'LL FIND YOUR OWNER. HE PROBABLY WON'T THINK OF PARTING WITH YOU FOR THE BEST OIL WELL IN TEXAS-- BUT I AIM TO MAKE HIM THE OFFER, ANYHOW!



DEMMING! HOW COME YOU FOUND ME? IS THE SAFARI CLOSE BY?

YES, BUT... WHERE'S YOUR GUNBEARER?



... AND HOW ON EARTH DID YOU GET OUT OF THAT SCRAPE ALIVE? THREE LIONS CHARGIN' YOU FROM THREE DIRECTIONS----

UH-HUH! THEY CREEPT UP ON US WHILE I WAS ASLEEP.



---CREEPT UP ON "US"? OH! YOU MEAN YOU AND THE HORSE--- BUT, I SAY! THAT ISN'T THE HORSE YOU RODE OUT ON, BOYLE!

NO--- POOR ROCKET GOT KNOCKED OFF BY A ROBBLE ELEPHANT, AND SO DID M'GAMBO, MY GUNBEARER!



THIS HORSE--- THIS PRINCE OF HORSES, DEMMING--- IS THE REASON I'M NOT LIDN BAIT RIGHT NOW! HE WARNED ME--- THEN TOOK ON THE BIG MALE HIMSELF! HE KNOCKED A LIDNESS OFF MY BACK, TOO!

WHERE---EHEE! BUT HOW--- WHERE--- UH---?



WHERE DID HE COME FROM? IF HE COULD TALK, WE'D KNOW! I RECKON HE'S JUST LOST--- LIKE I WAS! ANYHOW, HE'S A RINGER FOR THE MOST FAMOUS HORSE IN THE WORLD--- TRIGGER!



WE'LL HEAD BACK TO NAIROBI NOW, DEMMING! I'VE HAD ENOUGH CLOSE CALLS TO LAST ME FOR A WHILE--- AND TRIGGER'S HAD HIS SHARE!

AH---QUITE SO! THE TRIP BACK SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG!



FOUR DAYS LATER, TRIGGER'S TRAINER IS CLOSETED WITH THE POLICE.

I'M AWFULLY SORRY, MR. GALEN. BUT THERE'S NOT BEEN A SINGLE CLUE TO SHOW WHERE TRIGGER WAS TAKEN! HE SEEMS TO HAVE VANISHED!

WELL, KEEP TRYING, CHIEF! I AM TO STAY IN NAIROBI UNTIL I KNOW...



PAROON, SIR! WE'VE JUST RECEIVED THIS MESSAGE BY TELEPHONE... FROM HUNTER GEMMING'S SAFARI BASE! TRIGGER'S FOUND!

WHAT?



HHEM! A CHAP GEMMING WAS GUIDING GARY BOYLE. FOUND A GOLDEN PALOMINO ANSWERING TO THE NAME OF

DON'T BOTHER TO READ IT, CHIEF! JUST TELL ME HOW TO GET TO GEMMING'S PLACE!



TRIGGER, BOY! YOU'VE HAD ME WORRIED TO DEATH!

NO, NO, NO, NO!



YOU'VE SAVED ME FROM LOSING MY JOB. AND MY MIND, TOO, MR. BOYLE!

TRIGGER SAVED MY LIFE SEVERAL TIMES OVER! I DON'T SUPPOSE A MAN COULD OFFER HIS OWNER ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY HIM...?

NOT A CHANCE IN THE WORLD, BOYLE! IN A WAY, TRIGGER BELONGS TO SEVERAL MILLIONS OF HIS FANS, YOU KNOW.



THEM, SO LONG, PAROON! I RECKON WE WON'T FORGET EACH OTHER, UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN... IN TEXAS!

WHY NOT? NO, NO, NO!

