

DELL
COMIC

NOVEMBER
10¢

Roy Rogers

Comics



A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE



Keeps 'em on good spookin' terms.

Tricks or Treats are lots more fun than chasing little
spooks away from the front gate. Here's the trick that keeps 'em on
good spookin' terms... Milky Way candy, with that thick
milk chocolate coating covering a creamy, rich caramel layer over
a double helping of malted milk nougat. m-m-m!

Halloween's on the way so be ready with
plenty of luscious Milky Ways

Buy 'em by the box for
"Tricks or Treats"



M-m-milky Way...

your money can't buy more. "m-m-m-m"!

Roy Rogers

AND

THE FLYING BUTCHER

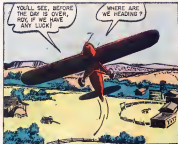
KING OF THE COWBOYS



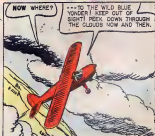
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A SCANT HOUR'S FLYING PUTS THEM OVER THEIR HUNTING GROUNDS.

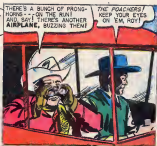


A BIT LATER---





LOOK FOR ANTELOPE!
THAT'S THE GAME THEY'LL
BE AFTER! I'VE FOUND
THREE DIFFERENT GAR-
GASSES, SHOT AND
LEFT FOR THE
COYOTES---



THERE'S A BUNCH OF PRONG-
HORNS--- ON THE RUN!
AND, SAY! THERE'S ANOTHER
AIRPLANE, BUZZING THEM!

THE ROACHERS!
KEEP YOUR EYES
ON 'EM, ROY!



IN ROY'S LENSES THE OTHER PLANE SHOWS GRAY
COLORED, FLYING VERY LOW, HEADING THE ANTELOPE



SUDDENLY, A GUN'S MUZZLE SPURTS FLAME!



THE LEADING BUCK GOES
DOWN---ROLLS OVER AND OVER



THAT'S AUTOMATIC! HE
SHOT THE BUCK-- AND
THE DOE IS RUNNING
ON THREE LEGS!
WHAT ARE YOU
WAITING FOR,
BARNEY---

KEEP YOUR EYE
ON THAT PLANE,
ROY! IF IT
HASN'T SEEN US,
IT'LL LAND...

BARNEY! THE PLANE'S LANDINGS...
TAKING UP CLOSE
TO THE DEAD
BUCK, I GUESS!
I'LL GLASS
IT AND MAKE
SURE!



THE BINOCULARS SHOW TWO MEN LEAVING
THE PLANE---APPROACHING THE BUCK.

THEY'RE
FUSSING
WITH THE
BUCK'S
HEAD.
NOW---

OKAY!
WE'RE
GOING
DOWN-
STAIRS!



THE HOWL OF THE PLANE'S ACCELERATION
GROWS TO A SHRIEK.



AT A SAFE HEIGHT, BARNEY LEVELS OUT...

---CIRCLES---AND COMES IN TO
LAND NEAR THE OTHER PLANE.





RACING BACK TO THEIR PLANE,
THE TWO POACHERS SCRAMBLE IN.



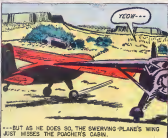
THE NEXT INSTANT, A
SUBMACHINE GUN STUTTERS---



---AND BULLETS CRASH INTO
THE RANGER'S CABIN.



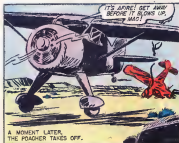
AS THE PILOT SLUMPS, ROY GRABS FOR THE WHEEL.



---BUT AS HE DOES SO, THE SWERVING PLANE'S WING
JUST MISSES THE POACHER'S CABIN.



THE UNDERCARRIAGE HITS A
ROCK, AND THE RANGER PLANE
DOES A GROUND LOOP.



A MOMENT LATER, THE POACHER TAKES OFF.



IN THE CABIN OF THE WRECKED CRAFT, BARNEY IS UNCONSCIOUS--- ROY GAZES, DIMLY AWARE OF SMOKE.



FIGHTING HIS OWN DIZZINESS--- AND BARNEY'S DEAD WEIGHT, ROY PULLS HIS FRIEND CLEAR.



...HE LEFT US TO DRY...
DELIBERATELY! I'LL RUN
HIM DOWN, AND PIN THIS
JOB ON HIM, IF IT'S THE
LAST THING I DO!



ONE BULLET HOLE... HIGH UP!
HICKED THE COLLARBONE! NOT
TOO BAD, IF IT DOESN'T IMPACT
BEFORE I CAN GET HIM TO
A DOCTOR...



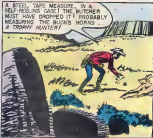
THAT BANDAGE
WILL HAVE TO DO.
HE'S STILL UN-
CONSCIOUS...
WITH SHOCK AND
A BANG ON THE
HEAD.



WE'RE A LOT OF MILES FROM
NOWHERE, AND WE'LL NEED FOOD!
I'LL DRESS OUT THIS ANTELOPE
MEAT... HEY! WHAT'S THAT ---?



A STEEL TAPE MEASURE, IN A
SELF-REELING CASE! THE BUTCHER
MUST HAVE DROPPED IT! PROBABLY
MEASURING THE BUCK'S HORNS...
A TROPHY HUNTER!



MAYBE I CAN USE IT
TO TAG ITS OWNER!
EVERY CLUE WILL COUNT!



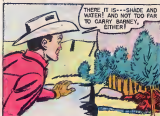
I'LL TRY TO FIND A PLACE TO CAMP---
SHELTERED, AND CLOSE TO WATER...
IF THERE IS SUCH A PLACE IN THIS
BARREN MESA...



WORKING QUICKLY, ROY TAKES THE
LONGEST OF THE ANTELOPE HIDE...



...AND HANGS IT UP TO COOL.



THERE IT IS---SHADE AND
WATER! AND NOT TOO FAR
TO CARRY BARNNEY,
EITHER!

A LITTLE EXPLORING LOCATES A DEEP LITTLE
GULCH, WITH ASPEN TREES BESIDE A TINY BROOK.

BUT, WHEN ROY RETURNS---

ROY! YOU'RE
NOT HURRY!
WONDERED---

---WONDERED IF SOME-
BODY ELSE HAD PULLED
YOU OUT? NO---THOSE
KILLERS LEFT US TO
BURN!



THINK YOU CAN WALK A
QUARTER OF A MILE,
PARTNER? I'VE FOUND A
MIGHTY FINE CAMPING
SPOT.

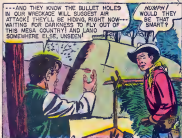
GOOD! I CAN
MAKE IT---
WITH A LITTLE
HELP. DON'T!



THIS IS THE WORST---FOR
YOUR SHOULDER, BARNNEY!
ONCE DOWN, YOU CAN REST!

YEAH---





WHAT'S THE LIKELIEST PLACE TO LOOK FOR THE PLAIN, BARNEY?

WELL--- IT WOULD HAVE TO BE A PLACE A MAN COULD REACH BY CAR---OR JEEP...THAT JUST ABOUT NARROWS IT DOWN TO SALT CANYON

SALT CANYON IS TEN OR FIFTEEN MILES EAST OF HERE...IT HAS A FEW SIDE CANYONS OPENING ONTO A HARD-PACKED SALT FLAT---A NATURAL AIRSTRIP! IT'S YOUR BEST BET, ROY!



ALL RIGHT, PARTNER--- HERE'S YOUR ROAST ANTELOPE AND I'VE BROUGHT YOU ENOUGH FIREWOOD TO LAST YOU A COUPLE OF NIGHTS...

THEN, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, ROY--- AND GET GOING!



SOME HOURS LATER, WITH HIS FEET SMARTING AND HIS SHADOW GROWING LONGER, ROY NEARS THE EDGE OF HIGH MESA.

THIS WILL BE THE NARROW END OF SALT CANYON, BELOW!



A DIFFICULT CLIMB BRINGS HIM DOWN INTO THE CANYON'S TWILIGHT.

THIS IS WORSE GOING THAN THE MESA! BUT WHEN I GET TO THE SALT FLAT, THERE OUGHT TO BE SOME MOONLIGHT TO HELP.



AND, TWO HOURS LATER---WITH A
WHITE MOON SHINING DOWN---

THE SALT FLAT!
IT'S A NATURAL
ARMSTRONG, ALL RIGHT!

I'M PROBABLY RISKING A
BULLET---HEADING ACROSS
THIS SALT PAN---BUT I
MIGHT FIND TRACKS...

---WHEEL TRACKS! AIR-
PLANE WHEEL TRACKS!
THE MOON SHOWS THEM UP!
BARNEY WAS RIGHT, AND
THEY'RE FRESH!

---AND THE WHEEL TRACKS
LEAD STRAIGHT TO
THIS SIDE CANYON!

A JEOP!

---AND THE PLANE! CAMOU-
FLAGED WITH ASPEN
BOUSH! AND I SMELL
WOOD SMOKE!

A LITTLE FARTHER UP THE CANYON---

I'VE MADE UP MY MIND, MAD--- WE'LL BURN MY PLANE, NOW! AND DRIVE OUT IN THE JEEP! THAT WAY, THERE'LL BE NOTHING TO CONNECT US WITH THE SHOOTING---

---AND NO WITNESSES!



WRONG! THIS WITNESS IS LOOKING AT YOU DOWN A GUN BARREL!

OWW---



YOU FOOL! I AM BAZIL C. POMEROY OF LENOX! IF YOU ARE INSANE ENOUGH TO THINK YOU CAN HOLD ME UP---

I'M SORE ENOUGH TO DO ALMOST ANYTHING! TURN AROUND!



---AND DON'T TRY THAT!

OWW!



WHO--- OWLPI--- WHO ARE YOU?

DEPUTY SHERIFF ROY ROGERS OF PRONGHORN COUNTY! I HAPPE-NED TO BE IN THAT RANGER PLANE, YOU SHOT UP AND LEFT TO BURN, POMEROY!



YOU'RE CRAZY, ROGERS! YOU'VE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO CONNECT ME---

BUT I HAVE!



I HAVE YOUR FINGERPRINTS--- ON THE STEEL TAPE YOU CHOPPED BESIDE THAT PRONGHORN BUCK! AND FINGERPRINTS DON'T LIE, MISTER FLYING BUTCHER! NOW, START WALKING--- TO YOUR JEEP!



Roy Rogers

KING OF THE COWBOYS

IN

APACHE JUSTICE

HELLO, LUKE! I SAW YOUR LIGHT STILL BURNING---AND REMEMBERED THAT BULLET. HERE, IS ALL OUT OF DODG FOOD!

HELP YOURSELF, ROY! YOU KNOW THE SHELF IT'S ON!



ONE EVENING, AFTER SUNSET, ROY ENTERS LUKE BARLOW'S GENERAL STORE

YOU KNOW, LUKE, I DON'T THINK IT'S WISE FOR YOU TO KEEP ALL THAT CASH IN YOUR STORE! THERE'S A BANK IN TOWN.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY---YES, I KNOW IT, ROY! BUT A LOT OF FOLKS DEPEND ON ME TO CASH THEIR CHECKS.



HERE'S THIRTY-FIVE CENTS FOR THE DOG FOOD---AND, LUKE, I SURE WISH YOU'D BANK THAT MONEY!

UH-HUH! I'LL BANK SOME OF IT---TOMORROW... PRONGHORN'S AN HONEST TOWN, THOUGH I'M NOT WORRIED!



BARRE PRONGHORN IS HONEST---BUT NOT ALL THE HUMANS WHO PASS THROUGH IT! GOOD NIGHT, LUKE... AND TAKE MY ADVICE!

CRAY, ROY--- TOMORROW, FORTY-FIVE, THIRTY---



AN HOUR LATER---

WELL, IT ALL CAME OUT STRAIGHT! I'LL LOOK UP NOW, AND---



WAIT! DROP THAT MONEY! THEN LIE DOWN---
COVER YOUR FACE!

...LWP



YEAH? NO BURGALAR CAN
BLUFF ME---



IN ONE SWIFT MOTION,
LUKE BARLOW TOSSES HIS
MONEY INTO THE SAFE...



HE SLAMS
THE IRON DOOR
WITH HIS FOOT,
AND TURNS TO
REACH FOR HIS
GUY BELOW THE
COUNTER

...SHOWN!



BUT EVEN AS HE GRIPS THE PISTOL, A
KNIFE, HURLED FROM THE WINDOW,
PIERCES HIS HEART!

BLACK EARS DOES
NOT BLUFF---ON
WHAT TO BE SHOT,
WHITE TRADER
WAS A FOOL!

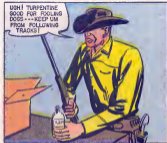


THROUGH THE
SMALL WINDOW
CLIMBED A MAN
IN PRISON GARS,
WITH THE DARK
FEATURES OF
AN INDIAN!

TOO MUCH LIGHT
HERE! MAYBE
SOMEBODY LOOK
IN







USH! TURPENTINE
GOOD FOR POOLING
DOGS---KEEP UM
FROM FOLLOWING
TRACKS!



NOW I GET UM HORSE FROM LIVERY
STABLE, AND RIDE!

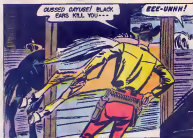


...GON!

...AND DRUGS
TO GET UM FROM BEHIND!



AT THOMAS'S
STALL, HE
PAUSES, IN
ADIRATION!



TURPENTINE WILL TRACK
SCENT! NO ONE FOLLOW
BLACK EARS NOW---



...AND NO ONE FIND OUT WHO KILL-UM
TRADER MAN!



A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE APACHE
RENEGADE'S DEPARTURE ---

WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT TRIGGER BEFORE
WE TURN IN, BULLET! HE OUGHT TO BE
JUST ABOUT RESTED UP AFTER LAST
WEEK'S HARD RIDING...



BULLET! WHAT'S THAT---



MYMY---
WHY / MY
HEAD---?
WHO---?

BEN! THIS IS ROY---ROY ROGERS!
YOU'VE GOT A GOOSE EGG ON
YOUR HEAD! SOMEBODY
WHAMMED YOU!



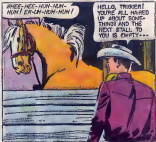
BEN, WHY WOULD ANYBODY WANT TO
JUMP YOU? HAVE YOU ANY MONEY
AROUND?

NO MONEY---
NOTHING TO
STEAL...
EXCEPT
GOOSE!





HORSES! MAYBE THAT WAS WHAT...! WE'LL TAKE A LOOK, BOY!



HEH-HEH-NON-NON-NON-NON-NON-NON-NON!

HELLO, TRIGGER! YOU'RE ALL HANDED UP ABOUT SOMETHING AND THE NEXT STALL TO YOU IS EMPTY...



HEY! THAT EMPTY STALL IS WHERE JIM LARAMIE'S BLACK WAS TIED! SOMEBODY STOLE HIM, BOY!

LET'S HAVE YOUR LANTERN, BOY! FOR A LOOK AROUND!



HERE! THIS BUNDLE BELONGS TO YOU, BOY?



THAT SHIRT? I SHOULD HOPE NOT, BOY! HEH, HEH! IT'S A JALIBIRD'S GUTTIT...UH, SAY! DO YOU RECKON IT COULD HAVE BEEN...?

...A WILDBIRD WHO STOLE THE BLACK? YES! IT'S A GOOD GUESS THAT HE LEFT THESE DUBS BY ACCIDENT.



...BUT HE MUST HAVE SOTTEN OTHER CLOTHES SOMEWHERE IN PRONGHORN! THE QUESTION IS, WHERE...?

GOME ON, BULLET! I'VE GOT A HUNCH---AND I DON'T LIKE IT! NOT ONE LITTLE BIT!



---LUKE BARLOW---ALONE IN THIS STORE---LATE! WITH ALL THAT MONEY! AND ALL A JAIL BREAKER COULD WANT, FROM CLOTHES TO GUNS!



THE DOOR'S NOT LOCKED! BUT LUKE WOULD HAVE LOCKED IT, IF HE'D SOME...



LUKE! LUKE! ...BULLET, WHAT DO YOU SMELL---



BLOOD! HE'S DEAD, BULLET! A KNIFE, IN THE BACK---



---AND HIS SAFE EMPTIED! THE JAILBIRD GOT HIM! AND THE ONLY JAIL BREAKER ON THE LOOSE RIGHT NOW IS BLACK BIRD, THE APACHE RENEGADE--ALMA'S SLAVEY ELDER!



I'LL TELEPHONE THE SHERIFF...
AND DOG KELLY THE
CORDERNER... TO COME
HERE ON THE JUMP!



TEN MINUTES LATER, AS DOG KELLY AND SHERIFF
BING WALKER JOIN ROY---

HE DIED INSTANTLY,
GENTLEMEN... STABBED IN
THE BACK, THROUGH THE HEART!
ABOUT AN HOUR AGO!

IN THE BAGG! DOG,
WE'LL CATCH THAT
RENEGADE KILLER,
NO MATTER WHAT
IT TAKES!



COME ON, ROY! WE'LL PUT BULLET
ON HIS TRAIL AT THE LIVERY BARN!



I SMELLED TURPENTINE
IN THE STABLE! FRESH!

TURPENTINE! ON HIS
HORSE'S HOOP? WE'LL
SEE...



I TOLD YOU GIMS! THAT TURPENTINE
STINGS BULLETS NOSE!

DOSSONG! WHAT ARE
WE GOING TO DO,
ROY?

GET ON THE TELEPHONE!
NOTIFY EVERY PEACE
OFFICER WITHIN THREE
HUNDRED MILES, TO BE ON
THE WATCH FOR HIM!
AND THEN COME BACK
HERE! I'LL HAVE YOUR
HORSE SADDLED, BING!



...MY HORSE? HOW CAN WE TRAIL THAT INJUN AT NIGHT, ROY?

WE CAN'T, BING! BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT AS WE RIDE... TAKE BULLET ALONG AND LEAVE HIM THERE---BECAUSE WE WON'T NEED HIM, THIS TRIP!



AN HOUR LATER--- SOME MILES OUT OF TOWN---

I HAD THE MISSUS PACK SOME GRUB FOR BOTH OF US, ROY---IN MY SADDLE ROLL! BUT I'M ITCHING TO KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING!

TO THE APACHE RESERVATION!



TO THE RESERVATION? ROY, YOU AIN'T FOOLISH ENOUGH TO THINK BLACK EARS WOULD DARE TO SHOW UP THERE---

NO, BING! BUT I FIGURE THAT BLACK EARS HAS MISSED HIS BUNDLE OF PRISON CLOTHES! HE KNOWS THEY WILL IDENTIFY HIM AS LUKE'S MURDERER, AND THE HUNT WILL BE HOT IN THREE STATES...

SO HE'LL HOLE UP IN SOME PLACE ONLY AN APACHE COULD KNOW ABOUT! AND THE ONE MAN WHO WOULD OR COULD GIVE US A BLUE IS LONG KNIFE---BLACK EARS' OWN FATHER!



THREE DAYS LATER, AS ROY AND SHERIFF WALKER SIGHT THE APACHE HOSANS---

I STILL THINK WE'RE ON A "WILD-BOOSE CHASE," ROY! NO INDIAN WOULD GIVE HIS OWN SON AWAY!



YOU MAY BE RIGHT RING! BUT I'VE KNOWN LONG KNIFE FOR A 8000 MANY YEARS---AND HE LOVED JUSTICE, LIKE THE OLD BIBLE PROPHETS OLD!



THERE HE IS---HE SAW US COMING, RING! HELLO! 8000 HEALTH TO YOU, GRANDFATHER!



IT IS MANY SUMMERS SINCE I HAVE SEEN YOU, ROY, MY SON!

MANY SUMMERS TOO LONG! MY HEART IS GLAD TO SEE YOU WELL, CHIEF! BUT IT IS HEAVY, WITH BAD NEWS!



YOU MEAN, ABOUT BLACK EARS? I KNOW THAT HE ESCAPED FROM THE WHITE MAN'S PRISON... BUT HE HAS NOT BEEN HERE!

MY GRANDFATHER HAS NEVER SPOKEN AN UNTRUTH! BUT I DID NOT EXPECT TO FIND BLACK EARS HERE... HE HAS NOW ADDED NEW MURDER TO ROBBERY.



MY HEART IS DEAD WITH SHAME! BLACK EARS, MY SON, A MURDERER AGAIN! IT IS MY FAULT FOR SPOILING HIM --- LOVING HIM TOO WELL!



BUT NOW HE MUST BE CAUGHT! AND I, HIS FATHER, WILL HELP YOU CATCH HIM, ROY! I THINK I KNOW WHERE BLACK EARS HAS GONE TO HIDE---UNTIL THE HUNT FOR HIM ENDS!



THANK YOU, CHIEF!



I TELL MY SQUAD---THEN
CATCH MY HORSE! YOU WANT!



WELL---I'LL BE THROWN AN'
HANG-TIED! I NEVER EXPECTED
TO KNOW A FATHER LIKE THAT!

LONG KNIFE IS A MAN
OF GREAT HONOR,
BING!



TEN MINUTES LATER, WHEN LONG KNIFE HAS
CAUGHT UP HIS HORSE---

HE DIDN'T WASTE ANY
TIME! HE'S READY TO
RIDE, ROY!



HERE
ARE EXTRA
HOGGASING!
ARE THEY
FOR OUR
SON, BLACK
EARS?

NO! FOR WHITE SON,
ROY! HE WILL NEED
THEM LATER!



I TAKE ONLY
ROY! SHERIFF
GO HOME!

ROY! I LIKE THAT!
CATCHING THAT
RENEGAD IS MY
JOB---



COOL OFF, BING! LONG KNIFE HAS
GOOD REASON FOR HIS REQUEST,
OR HE WOULDN'T MAKE IT! AND
CATCHING BLACK EARS IS
LONG KNIFE'S JOB, NOW!

AMAYAMAY!
WELL---
I STILL
DON'T LIKE
IT, ROY! BUT
IF YOU REALLY
THINK---

ALL BE ROPED AND BUSTED! IF YOU DON'T TREAT THAT APACHE LIKE HE WAS REALLY HIS OWN FATHER! I CAN'T FIGURE 'EM OUT--EITHER OF THEM!



WISE IN THE WAYS OF INDIANS, ROY LETS LONG KNIFE TAKE THE LEAD IN SILENCE--A SILENCE WHICH LASTS FOR TWO DAYS! AND THEN---

UNLESS MY THOUGHT IS WRONG, BLACK EARS IS HIDING THERE--IN THAT MOUNTAIN RANGE..

THE KOZAS!



YES---THE KOZAS---WHERE THE LAST MOUNTAIN PALM TREES GROW! THERE IS A HIDDEN GARDEN, PLANTED BY THE GREAT SPIRIT, OF WHICH ONLY A VERY FEW APACHES KNOW! TOMORROW MORNING YOU WILL SEE!



WE LEAVE HORSES HERE!

LONG AFTER DARK, WITH THEIR MOUNTS STUMBLING WITH WEARINESS, THEY REACH THE MOUNTAIN'S BASE..

YOU TAKE OFF BOOTS--- WEAR MOGASINS! WE CLIMB HIGH PASS.

THANKS, CHIEF! I'M GLAD YOU THOUGHT TO BRING THEM.





PALM TREES BEEN HERE!
NOT FAR TO TOP!

DESPERATELY WEARY, BUT STRUGGLING NOT
TO SHOW IT, ROY FOLLOWS HIS GUIDE.



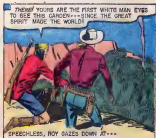
SEE! SUNRISE NOT
FAR OFF, NOW!

LIKE MARCHING GIANTS, THE PALMS OF THE
MOUNTAIN SEEM TO CLIMB WITH THEM.



NO TALK NOW!
FOLLOW!

AT THE HEAD
OF THE CLEFT,
A ROCK WALL
IS RICKED WITH
FOOTHOLDS---
CARVED BY
FORGOTTEN MEN.



THESE YOUNG ARE THE FIRST WHITE MAN EYES
TO SEE THIS GARDEN---SINCE THE GREAT
SPIRIT MADE THE WORLD!

SPEECHLESS, ROY GAZES DOWN AT---



---A GARDEN OF PALMS---
OF MISTY BEAUTY LIKE THAT
OF EDEN! A JEWEL OF LIFE
IN THE HEART OF A DESERT
MOUNTAIN!

YOU SAW THE SMOKE OF CAMPFIRE AMONG THE PALMS? MY SON, BLACK EARS IS HERE!

...WHERE YOU KNEW HE WOULD BE, CHIEF!

HE IS ARMED! IF HE SEES YOU FIRST, HE WILL SHOOT!

FROM TREE TO TREE ROY AND LONG KNIFE ADVANCE, WITH NO SOUND BUT LONG KNIFE'S WHISPERED WARNING.

I SEE HIM---COOKING HIS BREAKFAST! WAIT HERE, CHIEF---THIS IS MY JOB!

NO...

I GO---YOU WATCH! TAKE MY GUN! I TRY WORDS BEFORE BULLETS!

DANGEROUS! BUT YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO TRY!

BLACK EARS! MY SON!

UGH! WHY YOU COME HERE!

I HAVE COME TO PLEAD WITH YOU, MY SON! THERE IS ONE WAY IN WHICH YOU CAN WIPE OUT PART OF THE BLACK DISGRACE YOU HAVE BROUGHT YOUR PEOPLE--- YOUR PARENTS! **GIVE YOURSELF UP!**

WHA? YOU HAVE COME HERE TO TELL ME THAT? TO BLEAT AT ME LIKE AN OLD GOAT?

---OR HAVE YOU COME TO HUNT OUT MY HIDING PLACE, SO THAT YOU CAN TELL THE WHOLE LAWYER? I THINK YOU HAVE! BUT I WILL NOT GIVE YOU THE CHANCE! YOU DIE, NOW---

YOU ARE ALL BAD! IT IS BETTER THAT I DIE, AND CEASE TO SORROW FOR AN EVIL SON!

WASH! THIS WILL STOP YOUR BLEATING---



SUDDENLY, THE BRASSING PISTOL STEAGIES, CLICKING TO FULL COCK...



YOW---



THAT'S ABOUT ALL THE ROPE YOU'LL GET---TILL YOU'RE HANGED, BLACK EARS! TURN AROUND AND PUT YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOU!

ARRRRGH!



WHITE DOG DIE TOO---



---NOT YET, BLACK EARS!

BANG!

THERE! YOU'LL KEEP WHILE I LOOK FOR THE MONEY YOU STOLE FROM LUKE BARLOW'S SAFE.



THIS LITTLE GAVE LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO START HUNTING!

I'LL COME, TOO!



ADAM! HERE IT IS---RIGHT WITH HIS BLANKETS! ALL OF IT, I GUESS! I'LL TAKE IT OUTSIDE---



---EH? WHAT'S THAT YELLOW STUFF IN THE ROCK? IT LOOKS LIKE GOLD!

IT IS GOLD, BOY, MY SON!



THIS MINE WAS WORKED BY INDIANS---BY THE OLD PEOPLE---LONG, LONG AGO! IT IS NOW THE SECRET OF THE APACHES---UNTOUCHABLE! MY PEOPLE WOULD KILL ME, IF THEY KNEW I BROUGHT YOU HERE!

I SEE, GRANDFATHER! THAT WOULD BE APACHE JUSTICE!



BUT A HIGHER SENSE OF JUSTICE MADE YOU BRING ME HERE ---WHATEVER THE RISK! I HONOR YOU FOR THAT, GRANDFATHER! AND YOUR SECRET IS SAFE WITH ME!

YEAH, BOY, I KNEW IT WOULD BE SO, BOY---MY SON!



Roy Rogers

KING OF THE COWBOYS

IN BULLET HOLDS THE FORT

WITH HIS JEEP "WELLSVILLE" BRALLY BOBBED DOWN, BUT BRALLY SEES HOPE IN AN APPROACHING SANDY HATSON.

HE-E-EY!
BILL WAUGHN!
COME ON, GIVE
ME A HAND!

YARK!
YARK!

HYONN! WELL! YOU SURE HAVE
DUG YOURSELF IN, PAT! TAKE
MORE THAN YOU AND YOUR
DOG TO PULL HER OUT!

WHAT DO YOU
THINK I MOLLERED
TO YOU FOR,
BILL?

OH-Y! WE'LL SEE WHAT
TWO OF US CAN DO!
ONLY THING—I'VE GOT TO
KEEP AN EYE ON TOMMY—
SO HE WON'T FALL OFF
THE SEAT, OR ANYTHING!

I RECKON IF WE BOTH LIFT UP ON THE
REAR END— AND SWING HER ONTO
FRAMES AROUND, THAT'LL DO THE
TRICK! ONLY THING— GOT TO
KEEP AN EYE ON TOMMY—

YEAH!

BULLET, YOU HOP UP ON THAT WAGON-
SEAT AND MIND THE YOUNGSTER!
WATCH HIM CLOSELY—SARVEY?

YARK!



WYWA! WYWA!
OH—MY LITTLE BOY!
WYWO-O-OA! HE'LL
BE KILLED—



IN ANGUISHED FEAR FOR TOMMY, BILL WUGHAN RUSHES
AFTER THE DISAPPEARING TEAM.

BUT TOMMY IS NOT IN IMMEDIATE DANGER OF
FALLING! WITH SORE BALANCE AND A STRONG
DODD, BULLET HOLDS HIM ON THE HANGAR!

HA, HA, HA! HORSES
RUN FASTER IN
FASTER! DODDAP!



STILL AT A
GALLOP THE
TEAM OF SPOOKY
RANGE HORSES ENTERS
LONG WOLF CANYON.



DODDAP, HORSES!
DODDAP!

JUST ABOVE THE RIVER,
THE TEAM SLOWS DOWN,
DESPITE TOMMY'S SHARPLE
YELLS. AT THIS RATE,
ALL WILL BE WELL...



BUT THE DRY WHIRL OF A SCYTHES
BATTLE SOUNDS FROM THE ROADSIDE...



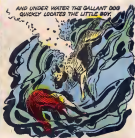
SEE DODD!

Dee—

...AND THE TEAM EXPLODES INTO FRANTIC ACTION.



SO SWIFT IS BULLETS LEAP THAT TOMMY STRIKES THE SURFACE OF THE RIVER ONLY A SPLIT SECOND AHEAD OF HIM.

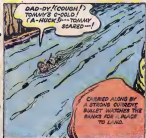


AND UNDER WATER THE GALLANT DOG QUICKLY LOCATED THE LITTLE BOY.

TOMMY HAS HAD A CHANCE TO BREATHE LITTLE WATER BEFORE BULLET RAISES HIM CLEAR— AND HOLDS HIM THERE.



COUGH! A-HUGH--PHOOON! COUGH!



DAD-DY! (COUGH!) TOMMY'S S-COLD! (A-HUCK-S--- TOMMY SCARED---!

DRIVEN ALONG BY A STRONG CURRENT BULLET WATCHES THE BANKS FOR A PLACE TO LAND.



A MILE FURTHER DOWNSTREAM HE FINDS IT.



TOMMY S-COLD / COLD AND WET! PUT TOMMY DOWN, WOY-WOW!

... AND STRUGGLES AWAY WITH HIS SQUISHING BURDEN!



FINDING A SUN-WASHED BANK,
BULLET LETS SUNLIGHT AND PLAY
DRY OFF HIS SMALL CHARGE—WHILE HE WAITS
FOR HUMAN FRIENDS TO COME AFTER THEM.



BUT THE BOY'S WARMTH DISAPPEARS AS IT
BANKS TOWARD THE WASH DESERT HORIZON...



A LEAN GUY WOLF
SNUFFS THE BREEZE
THAT RISES FROM
THE ARID/D'S
WASH DEPTHS...



SENSE WITH
WANGER HIS
AUGURAL HOWL
RISES ON THE
DESERT WIND...



...TO CATCH THE GAZE OF HIS
MALE AND GROWN OFFSPRING! THE
"DANGER CALL" OF THE WOLF CLAN!



TO BULLET, THOSE HOWLS MEAN
DANGEROUS DANGER—TO THE LITTLE BOY IN
HIS CARE, WOLF HOWLS MEAN A
GROWN MAN, A BABY WOULD BE A TOOTH-
SOME HORROR FOR THE LEAN WOLVES.



Oh-ooooo-ooooo!
O-ooo-EEEE-ooooo!

WHY WOH-WOH DID A HOLE?

SUDDENLY BULLET TURNS TO THE SANDY BANK OF THE ARROYO, AND GIGGLES FURIOUSLY.



WOH-WOH!
ANOTHER WOH-WOH!

WAA-WAA-
WAA-WAA...



WOH-WOH!
TOMMY
SCARED!

WHY?



SOMETHING IN TOMMY'S EYES BREAKS UP SANDER! JUMPING BACK FROM THE HOLE BULLET HURDLES SHARPLY--AND THE WOLF TURNS TAIL!

WAA-WAA-
YARRRRH!



WAA-WAA-
WAA-WAA...

STRUCK WITH REAR FOR TOMMY'S LATHER TAIL FOR HIMSELF, BULLET KEEPS UP A CONTINUOUS RAINBOW OF SCOWLS AND GRINS-- BUT NEVER HOLDS BACK.



... AND BEGAN TO CURSE IN, FORTIFIED BY NUMBER.





PARTNER'S WIN



The old boar beaver's strong, chisel-edged teeth had almost felled the young aspen tree at the top of a little knoll, near the pond. His mate watched, alert for danger. Neither of them was aware of the boy in the brush, with his camera focused on them.

The young tree creaked and swayed, about to fall. The male beaver jumped back—and at that instant Bud Walton clicked the shutter of his Leica. His low laugh was lost in the creak of the tree, as both beavers scuttled out of the way.

"I caught you that time, Partners," he addressed the pair, in a whisper. "Caught you getting your winter's food supply! Sure—you don't know that your dams are checking floods and watering square miles of pasture land for us ranchers. . . . But you're our partners, all the same! Pity that ALL the folks you help don't appreciate it—"

Bud caught his breath sharply, as a beaver's tail slapped the water of the pond, like a pistol shot. The danger signal instantly the pair of beavers on the knoll left their woodcutting and scuttled toward the water. KRANG!

As they entered it, a rifle spoke from beyond the dam. The bullet tore the surface viciously—but missed its living target.

Bud Walton crouched lower in the brush, his face suddenly white with anger. He loved the peaceful, harmless beavers! He admitted that legal trapping, in season, was necessary to keep their numbers down to normal. . . .

But THIS was like murder! He'd like to know who—

A dead stick snapped near the beaver dam. As Bud watched from hiding, two men appeared with a rifle and an axe. Bud knew the axeman by sight. He was Kyle Broome, a cattle breeder, whose broad alfalfa fields were irrigated by this same Beaver Creek. He had a reputation for hot temper and sharp business dealing. The sleepy-looking youth with the rifle was plainly a hired hand.

"You'll have to do some better shooting to earn your pay, Jew!" the older man growled. "You'll get a dollar for every beaver tail you bring me—there's no use trying to sell pelts without a license. . . . Look! I'll break a hole in their dam. When the beavers swim out to fix it, you can knock them off! Just keep out of sight. . . ."

Heavy axe strokes shocked the stillness as Broome attacked the top of the dam. When the gushing water made further chopping difficult, he tossed the axe ashore, and followed it.

"If they quit showing up—chop a bigger hole," he told the sleepy youth. "Every year some of 'em come down from here and dam up one of my irrigation ditches. This is the payoff!"

As Broome turned to leave, Bud Walton rolled up another exposure in his camera.

"Get him!" the boy muttered with fierce satisfaction. "Kyle Broome chopping the beaver dam—and his hired man watching.

with a rifle. That's evidence to satisfy any judge! But it still doesn't save my beaver friends," he added thoughtfully.

Jess had retired into the brush with his rifle. There was no chance of photographing him in the act of shooting a beaver—unless Bud could get directly behind him, unseen and unheard. That would take a lot of woodcraft—and some risk! But Bud decided to try it.

Flat on his stomach, he began inching his way through the underbrush in a big half circle—to come at Jess from behind.

Nearly an hour later, Bud Walton guessed he was close. The next minute, he KNEW it—far from just ahead came gentle snoring. Bud rose up for a look—and ducked. This would be easy—

Without disturbing the snoring youth, he eased the rifle away. Some distance back in the brush, he pushed it into a hollow, rotten log. Ha, and the beavers, had was the first round. But there would be constant danger to the little dam builders, until Broome was brought to trial. How could Bud protect them—in the absence of his father, the State Game Ranger? For Walton Senior would not be home for a week!

All at once, ideas came crowding into the boy's mind. He could send a note to Broome, warning him that he and his hired hand had been photographed in the act of—



But not a warning would only give Broome time to think up some kind of a dodge. It would only postpone the threat to the beaver colony.

There was just one other answer to the problem: **MOVE THE BEAVERS TO A SAFE PLACE!**

It would have to be done in a hurry! By tomorrow morning, Broome himself might be back, with another rifle! But with luck and hard work the job **MIGHT** be handled—by one fourteen-year-old boy! He had seen his Dad trap beavers alive. . . .

It was an hour past dawn the next morning when Bud Walton lifted the last of his ten cage-type beaver traps and tied it securely to one of his pack horses. They made a loud flight of them contained a fat, sassy beaver who pried at the wire meshes with hand-like forepaws.

There might be a couple of beavers left in the pond, but they would be wary. Let Kyle Broome do his worst, now!

The eight beavers would spend a healthy, if homelick, week, caged in the Waltons' woodshed—until Bud's State Ranger Dad came home to take over!



CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

COMPILED BY
WESTERN PUBLISHING & LITHO CO.

AW, CHARLEY!
THERE AREN'T
ANY MORE DUCKS
COMING IN THIS
MORNING! LET'S
GET BACK HOME!

MAYBE
YOU'RE RIGHT,
PETE! WE'LL
PICK UP THE
DEER...



WE DIDN'T DO TOO
BADLY, PETE---
THREE NICE DUCKS
A PIECE!

YOU MEAN FIVE FOR YOU,
PAT--- AND TWO A PIECE
FOR CHARLEY AND ME!
BUT I'LL BEAT YOU
TOMORROW!



WONT PAT? CHARLEY---
LOOK! A BLACKTAIL
BUCK--- SWIMMING!



PUT US ALONGSIDE OF
HIM, CHARLEY! DEER
SEASON ISN'T OPEN
YET--- BUT I WANT TO
SEE HIM, CLOSE-UP!

OKAY...



CLOSER,
CHARLEY!
I WANT TO
GET A
HOLD---



SUDDENLY CHARLEY SWERVES THE SKIFF'S
BOW SHARPLY AWAY.



YEW!
HEY---!

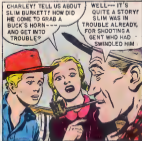


WHAT DID
YOU DO
THAT FOR?
I ALMOST--

--- ALMOST GOT YOURSELF
INTO TROUBLE, YOUNGSTER!
THE WAY SLIM BURKETT DID,
WHEN HE GRABBED A HANDFUL
OF BUCKHORN, DOWN ON LOST
LAKE? I WAS THERE AND
I KNOW!



BOY!
I'LL NEVER
GET SO CLOSE
TO A LIVE
BUCK AGAIN!



CHARLEY! TELL US ABOUT
SLIM BURKETT! HOW DID
HE COME TO GRAB A
BUCK'S HORN---
AND GET INTO
TROUBLE?

WELL--- IT'S
QUITE A STORY!
SLIM WAS IN
TROUBLE ALREADY,
FOR SHOOTING A
GENT WHO HAD
SWINDLED HIM.



SLIM FIGURED HE'D PROBABLY KILLED THE MAN,
AND WOULD SWIM FOR MURDER IF HE WAS
CAUGHT... SO HE LET OUT FOR THE MOUNTAINS



HE TURNED HIS HORSE LOOSE, WHEN
HE GOT IN AMONG THE PEAKS---
AND DID A NIGHTY GOOD JOB
OF LOSING HIMSELF.

"I WAS DEPUTY SHERIFF IN THE COUNTY WHERE THE SHOOTING HAD HAPPENED... AND AFTER THE SHERIFF'S POSSES HAD GUT CHASERS THEIR OWN TAILS, I WAS GIVEN THE JOB OF LOCATING SLIM."



"I WOULDN'T HAVE DONE ANY BETTER THAN THE POSSES---- IF I HADN'T HAPPENED TO KNOW THAT SLIM ONCE SPENT A WINTER TRAPPING IN THE TETONS! I HEADED FOR THERE, ON A HUNCH."

"WHEN I FOUND SLIM'S BUCKSKIN PONY FEEDING IN A WILD MEADOW, I KNEW MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT."



"I TURNED MY HORSE LOOSE WITH SLIM'S, AND HEADED ON FOOT FOR LOST LAKE---- ON ANOTHER HUNCH. IT WAS HIGH, BUT SHELTERED, AND FULL OF FISH A MAN COULD CATCH WINTER OR SUMMER."

"SURE ENOUGH, AFTER FOLLOWING THE EDGE OF LOST LAKE, I SAW SMOKE SIGN THROUGH THE TREES--"



"SLIM KNEW HE WAS COVERED — — — AND HE WAS MIGHTY CAREFUL NOT TO MAKE ANY WRONG MOVE."



"WHEN SLIM HAD GIVEN HIS WORD, I KNEW HE'D LIVE UP TO THE LETTER OF IT. . . BUT HE HADN'T PROMISED NOT TO ESCAPE!"

"SO — — — WHEN I SAW THE RAFT HE'D MADE — — — I HAD AN IDEA."



"SLIM GUESSED MY THOUGHT, AND IT KIND OF AMUSED HIM."



"I KNEW WHAT SLIM WAS HOPING FOR-----
BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ANY GOOD NEWS FOR HIM!
HE DIDN'T TALK ANY MORE-----"



"---UNTIL WE ROUNDED A LITTLE BIT OF AN
ISLAND TO SURPRISE A SWIMMING BLACK-
TAIL BUCK "



"ALL OF A SUDDEN, SLIM STARTED
YELLING AND PADDLING WITH
BOTH HANDS."



"THE CLOSER WE GOT THE MORE EXCITED HE GOT!
I DIDN'T CATCH ON THAT IT WAS ALL AN ACT,
UNTIL---"



"--- HE MADE A JUMP THAT OVERTURNED THE RAFT
AND LET HIM GRAB THE DEER'S ANTLERS! IT WAS
PERFECT TIMING!"



"WHEN I CAME UP, MY BELT GUN WAS
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE, AND
SLIM'S RIFLE WAS UNDERNEATH
THE BOTTOM-SIDE-UP RAFT!"

"BEFORE I COULD GET THE THING RIGHTED--"



"--- SLIM HAD WRAPPED HIS LONG LEGS AROUND THAT BIG BUCK, AND RIDDEN IT OUT OF WATER."



"I HEARD SLIM'S WARWHOOP MOCKING ME, AS THEY DISAPPEARED INTO THE TIMBER."



"BUT I WASN'T GIVING UP---NOT BY A LONG SHOT! I KNEW THAT BUCK WOULD LEAVE TRACKS--- DEEP TRACKS, CARRYING SLIM'S WEIGHT."



"--- AND I WAS RIGHT! THE TRAIL WAS EASY TO FOLLOW ..."

"---UNTIL IT RAN INTO THICK SCRUB THAT SLOWED ME DOWN ... IT HADN'T SLOWED THE BUCK DOWN, EVIDENTLY--- BECAUSE PIECES OF SLIM'S CLOTHING WERE CAUGHT ON THE BROKEN BUSHES."



"BEYOND THE THICKETS I STRUCK MORE OPEN GROUND---AND ROCKS WHERE THE TRACKS DIDN'T SHOW... BUT I KEPT GOING, AND PRETTY SOON I HEARD A NOISE."



"IT WAS COMING FROM BEHIND A PATCH OF SPRUCE---GRUNTS AND GASPS AND A SOUND LIKE A SMALL STAMPEDE. I PUSHED THROUGH THE TREES, AND SAW."

"---SLIM BURKETT HOLDING ON TO THE BUCK'S SHORT TAIL, AND THE BOTH OF THEM GOING AROUND AND AROUND A TREE!"

"THE BUCK SEEMED TO BE AS FRESH AS EVER--- BUT SLIM WAS WEAKENING FAST!"



"I WAS LAUGHING TOO HARD TO SHOOT STRAIGHT, I GUESS! ANYHOW, THE RIFLE BULLET JUST NICKED THE BASE OF THE BUCK'S HORN."



"THE SHOCK OF IT KNOCKED THE CRITTER INTO A SOMERSAULT--- AND SLIM DID A NOSE DIVE."

"THE BUCK WASN'T KNOCKED OUT, EXACTLY... HE GOT HIS FEET UNDER HIM— AFTER A FASHION."



"--- BUT I COULDN'T SHOOT THAT FLUCKY DEER! AFTER ALL, HE'D HELPED ME CATCH MY PRISONER AGAIN! HE WOBBLER AWAY---

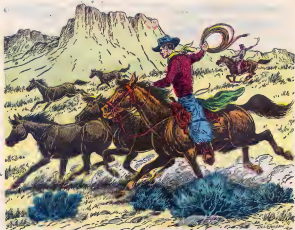


"--- BUT SLIM COULDN'T EVEN WOBBLE FOR A WHILE."



"I GOT HIM ONTO HIS FEET AT LAST, AND HE DIDN'T GIVE ANY MORE TROUBLE, ALL THE WAY BACK TO JAIL."





MUSTANG RUNNER

Nevada Wild Horse Hunter.

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AROUND THE TURN OF THE CENTURY IT WAS ESTIMATED THAT THERE WERE ABOUT TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND WILD HORSES STILL LEFT IN THE UNITED STATES. MOST OF THEM WERE IN NEVADA, ARIZONA, UTAH AND EASTERN OREGON. THEY WERE USUALLY SCRUBBY AND UNDER-SIZED, BUT WIRY AND FLEET OF FOOT. HOWEVER, ONE WOULD OCCASIONALLY FIND A BUNCH OF THESE MUSTANGS THAT RAN TO PRETTY FAIR SIZE AND CONFORMATION. THEY WERE EATING OFF MUCH VALUABLE GRAZING LAND THAT COULD BE USED FOR RAISING CATTLE AND THE RANCHERS STARTED KILLING

THEM. A GREAT MANY NEVADA COWBOYS WENT INTO THE BUSINESS OF MUSTANG RUNNING. THEY BUILT EXTENSIVE TRAPS AND, BY WORKING IN RELAYS, MANAGED TO HIDE GREAT BANDS OF THESE "BROOM-TAILS" INTO THE ENCLOSURES. THE LARGER ONES WERE BROKEN FOR SADDLE AND LIGHT HARNESS HORSES. THE REST WERE SENT TO THE "KILLERS."

THESE NEVADA BOYS WORE BOOTS OF ABOUT KNEE HEIGHT AND A SMALL HAT. THEIR CHAPS WERE SHAPED LIKE A BLACKSMITH ANVIL AND FRINGED ALL AROUND. THEY RODE CENTER-FIRE SADDLES AND USED AN EXTRA-LONG LARIAT.

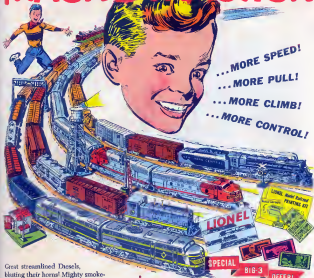


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