

DELL

MARCH
10¢

ROY ROGERS

and **TRIGGER**





the Porcupine

The good-natured North American porcupine, with his 30,000 bristling quills, and his slow shuffling walk, may not be as bright or fleet-footed as some of his larger adversaries, but is a formidable opponent just the same.

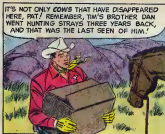
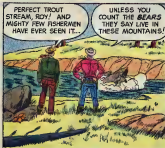
When in trouble, the porcupine, who averages about fifteen pounds when full-grown, would rather climb a tree and wait for his enemy to pass on. But, if cornered, he can whirl around with incredible speed, and, every spine erect and ready, lash out with his clubtail and drive more than a dozen quills into his surprised enemy. Contrary to popular belief, the porcupine does not "shoot" his quills.

Most of the time, however, he is a peace-loving little fellow. Residing in the forest areas of Northern United States, the porcupine is protected both by state law, and the unwritten agreements of hunters all over the North. His favorite foods are green vegetation during summer and evergreen bark during the long, cold northern winter.

Roy Rogers and Trigger

in

BEAR JUSTICE



POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3476 to 263 Ninth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.
 ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER, Vol. 1, No. 29, March, 1955. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 18, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President in U.S.A.; \$1.00 per year, single copies, 25 cents; foreign subscriptions \$2.00 per year; Canadian subscriptions \$1.20 per year. Dell Subscription Service, 16 West 34th Street, New York 1, N. Y. © 1955, Frontiers, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing and Lithographic Co. Except those who have authorized the use of their names herein, the names, ages, characters, incidents, and activities mentioned or portrayed in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

EARLY NEXT MORNING -

WELL, HERE'S MY
LIMIT FOR THE DAY,
PAT! FOR RAIN-
BOWS, AT LEAST!

HUH! YOU'VE
GOT 'EM
TRAINED, ROY!



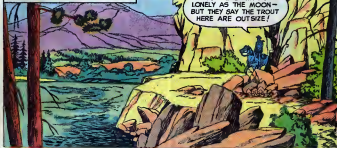
MAYBE YOU'LL DO BETTER
WITHOUT ME, PAT! I'LL RIDE
UP TO MYSTERY LAKE AND
HAVE A TRY FOR LAKE TROUT!

OKAY - BUT
YOU'D BETTER
PACK A RIFLE -
FOR BEARS!

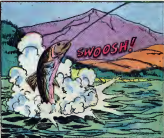


AT THE END OF A TWO-HOUR RIDE -

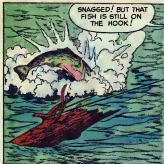
MYSTERY LAKE! AS
LONELY AS THE MOON -
BUT THEY SAY THE TROUT
HERE ARE OUTSIZE!



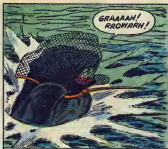
WATCH ME, TRIGGER!
THIS SPINNER SHOULD
GET RESULTS...



ON THE SECOND CAST, A BIG FELLOW
TAKES THE LURE.







GRAAAAH!
RROWRRH!

THE NET'S STEEL HOOP SPRINGS AND CUTS WITH THE SILVERTIP'S SAVAGE JERKING.



KEEP ON TRIGGER!
CLEAR OUT OF HERE!

WHEE HEE HEE HUH?

AAARRH!



RRRRRH...

WELL, I ASKED FOR THIS!
I'VE ONLY ONE IDEA...



WHOOF?



DODGED HIM THAT TIME!
BUT THIS WATER IS TOO COLD...



PHOOH!

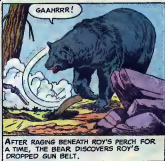
GRRRN-

AS ROY SURFACES, THE BEAR TURNS ON HIM AGAIN.

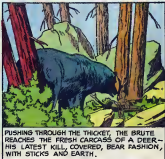




A MIGHTY BLOW SNAPS THE STUB THAT ROY HAS JUST LEFT.



AFTER RAGING BENEATH ROY'S PERCH FOR A TIME, THE BEAR DISCOVERS ROY'S DROPPED GUN BELT.



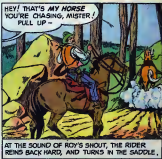
PUSHING THROUGH THE THICKET, THE BRUTE REACHES THE FRESH CARCASS OF A DEER.- HIS LATEST KILL, COVERED, BEAR FASHION, WITH STICKS AND EARTH.





THE OPEN CASE SHOWS CRUDE LETTERS, SCRATCHED WITH A KNIFE POINT, BELOW THE ENGRAVING.





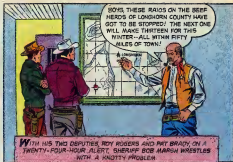




Roy Rogers

and Trigger

In
STOLEN MEAT



AT THAT MOMENT, A LIGHT PICK-UP TRUCK STANDS HIDDEN IN SOME WILLOW SCRUB, ON THE RANCH OF MERVIN RILL--WITH A HOME MADE MICROPHONE ON THE WOOD TURNING ONLY THIS WAY AND THAT.



A BIG TRUCK MOTOR--WELL MUFFLED--
HEADING THIS WAY! HERE'S WHERE I
NAIL DOWN SOME BEEF THEVES, LOU!

OH! BUT,
MERV! SUP-
POSE THEY
NAIL YOU?



IF YOU HEAR ME SHOOTING
AND THEN QUIT--HEAD FOR
THE RANCH AFTER TEN
MINUTES AND PHONE
THE SHERIFF!

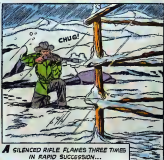
WITHOUT KNOWING
IF YOU'RE DEAD OR
ALIVE? I
COULDN'T!



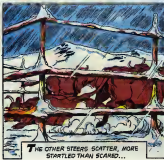
TWO HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, A BIG CLOSED
TRUCK STOPS WITHIN SIGHT OF MERVIN
RALL'S STEERS...



CHUG!



A SILENCED RIFLE FLAMES THREE TIMES
IN RAPID SUCCESSION...



THE OTHER STEERS SCATTER, MORE
STARTLED THAN SCARED...

YEOW!!

KRANG!
KRANG!



...UNTIL MERVIN RALL
BLASTS THE NIGHT.



HIS RIFLE KNOCKED FROM HIS HANDS, THE FIRST SUMNER REPLIES WITH HIS PISTOL—AS A SECOND RIFLE OPENS UP AT MERVIN FROM THE TRUCK.



HIT IN THE ANKLE, MERVIN'S BODY ROLLS WITH THE SHOCK.



I'M...
BLADING
OUT...



THE SHOOTING HAS STOPPED!
I'M NOT GOING TO WAIT ANY LONGER!
I'M SURE MERVIN'S BEEN HIT!

FRANTIC WITH WORRY, LOU RALL PRESSED THE TRUCK'S STARTER...



HALF AN HOUR LATER, BACK IN HER HOME...
YES, SHERIFF MARSH! THEY
KILLED THREE OF OUR STEERS--
AND WOUNDED MERVIN IN THE ANKLE--
AND CLEARED OUT WHEN I
HEADED FOR THEM IN
OUR TRUCK!



THEY HIT MERVIN RALL TONIGHT,
BOYS! HEAD OUT THERE, AND GET
ON THEIR TRAIL. TAKE DOC KELLY
WITH YOU--MERVIN'S HURT!

WE'RE
ON OUR WAY,
BOB!



AN HOUR
LATER...

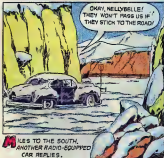
THE HIGHWAY!
AND BULLET IS HEADING
SOUTH, INT!



NELLYBELLE, CALLING SAMSON! CLOSED
TRUCK WITH BULLET-HOLED HOOD IS
HEADING SOUTH FROM
ROLL'S RANGE! OVER!

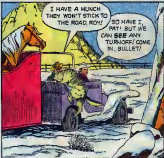


OHAY, NELLYBELLE!
THEY WON'T PASS US IF
THEY STICK TO THE ROAD!



I HAVE A HUNCH
THEY WON'T STICK TO
THE ROAD, ROY!

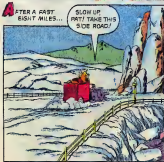
SO HAVE I,
PAT! BUT WE
CAN SEE ANY
TURNOFF! COME
IN, BULLET!



MILES TO THE SOUTH,
ANOTHER RADIO-EQUIPPED
CAR REPLIES.

AFTER A FAST
EIGHT MILES...

SLOW UP,
PAT! TAKE THIS
SIDE ROAD!

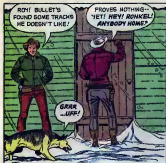


WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, ROY? THESE SIDE ROAD
TRACKS ARE NO FRESHER THAN THOSE ON THE
HIGHWAY! TRUCKS ARE ALWAYS TURNING IN HERE,
NIGHT AND DAY TO RONKEL'S HAY MARKET.

THAT'S
WHY!





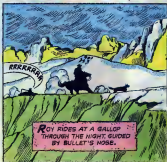
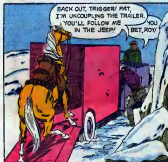


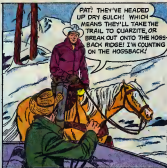


AT THE THIRD STACK -- TWO MINUTES LATER...

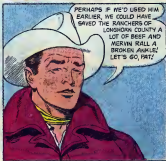
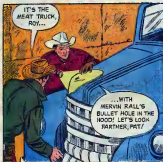








BACK AT THE HAY MARKET AND THE RONNELS' RANCH...



BREED OF THE PIONEERS

LOST

COPYRIGHT © 1981 BY
WELDON PUBLISHING & LITHO CO.



Dave Calvert hesitated among the weird stalagmites. "Maybe we—we shouldn't go too far." His voice sounded hollow in the huge cave.

"Fraidy-cat!" taunted Butch Borland scornfully. He was the same age as Dave, 15—but was bigger and bolder, the leader of the two friends. "Run home to your Ma if you want, but I'm going to see more of Serpentine Cave."

Swallowing hard, Dave followed, not wanting to seem cowardly. He was glad they had walking sticks along to help them over the rough spots as the light from the cave mouth grew dimmer. Dave shuddered, remembering stories of how Serpentine Cave wound for unexplored miles, and how people got lost and never returned.

A roar grew in the silence and they passed a waterfall where black water tumbled down a bottomless pit. Butch kept going eagerly. "There'll be more cave wonders ahead."

Suddenly, Dave stopped to sniff the air. "Smokel" Around the next stalagmite they saw a campfire burning. Nobody was around but they saw a blanket roll and a bag of jerked beef. Why would anyone camp in this dark, lonesome cave?

A man stepped from shadow, with firewood in his arms, surprised to see the boys. Dave gasped in recognition. "Gunner Gus! Wanted by the sheriff!"

"Found my hideout, eh?" growled the bandit, dropping his firewood and grabbing for his gun. "Got you blocked off from the cave mouth. You young 'uns won't get out and bring the law."

The boys turned quickly and ran deeper into the cave. The light faded rapidly and when they finally stopped, utter silence fell around them. They could hear their own hearts beating.

"How—how can we find our way back?" groaned Butch in panic.

In the deep gloom, among the jumbled rock formations and branching corridors, all directions looked the same. Trying to retrace their steps, they were going in circles for all they knew.

They were lost in the mazes of Serpentine Cave!

"We'll never find our way out!" Butch was blubbling, all his former courage gone in the face of real danger. "We'll wander for days and die here!"

"Don't worry, Butch," said Dave, squaring his shoulders. "We'll find the way back if we keep our heads."

From then on, it was little Dave who took over as leader, with Butch following like a frightened child. It was Dave who noticed the black pitch oozing from cracks in the rock. Dipping their walking sticks in it gave them torches, lit by sparks from Dave's pocket flint. Now they could see and move along much faster.

Later, Dave knelt with his ear to the rock, an old Indian trick to hear distant sounds. He heard the faint roar of the waterfalls which they could follow up to the cave mouth.

Even when cave acoustics became tricky, and their guiding sound seemed to come from different directions, Dave did not lose heart. He soon noticed the draft that blew their torch flames, coming directly from the cave mouth.

Before long they slipped past Gunner Gus' campfire, out into the welcome sunshine, gulping fresh air thankfully. Now the way was clear to reach town and bring back the sheriff for the capture.

Butch looked back, shuddering. Then he faced Dave with admiration. "You didn't lose your nerve, like I did. And I called you a fraidy-cat!"

Somehow, though a head taller, big Butch was looking up to little Dave. "I reckon it's how big you are inside that counts," said Butch.

Dave grinned and felt as if he had grown a foot.

CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

CHARLEY,
I HOPE YOU CAN
BREAK THAT ICE JAM!
IF YOU DON'T, THE WATER
WILL BACK UP RIGHT TO OUR
RANCH HOUSE!

DON'T WORRY, PETE!
WE'LL WRECK HER!



COPYRIGHT 1964 BY
WESTERN PUBLISHING & LITHO CO.

I'VE GOT THE DYNAMITE
RIGHT HERE IN THIS FEED
SACK TO DO THE JOB
RIGHT! JUST HAND ME
A FEW OF THOSE
PERCUSSION
CAPS, PETE...



BE MIGHTY CAREFUL, CHARLEY! IF YOU
SHOULD SLIP ON THE ICE WITH ALL THAT
DYNAMITE AND THESE TOUCHY CAPS--

I KNOW, PETE!
I'VE HANDLED
DYNAMITE
BEFORE NOW!



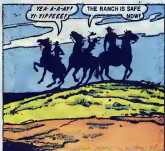
BALANCING ON THE UP-ENDED AND JUMBLED ICE
CAKES, CHARLEY WORKS HIS WAY OUT TO THE
MIDDLE OF THE JAM.

WELL, HERE
GOES! I'D
BETTER NOT
SLIP AND BREAK
A LEG GETTING
BACK, NOW!





WITH A GRINDING THUNDER OF ICE AND WATER, THE DAMMED-UP STREAM SWIRLS THROUGH THE BREAK!



IT WAS PARTLY THE DYNAMITE---AND PARTLY TOM THUMB, THE GALIMPING BIG DOG WHO BELONGED TO MRS. DAN WILLIAMS, WIFE OF THE BOSS ON THE BART.



"THE CRITTER WAS HALF GREAT DANE AND HALF WOLFPOUND OR STAGHOUND, AND HE LIKED TO PLAY TRICKS--- LIKE RUNNING OFF WITH OUR PERSONAL PROPERTY!"

"SOMETIMES WE WOULD PUT HIM UP TO A TRICK--- LIKE OCCUPYING A NEW HAND'S BUNK."



GRRRR...

DOG-SOME? RECKON I'LL HAVE TO SLEEP IN THE HAY!

HAW! HAW!



"TOM THUMB'S FAVORITE STUNT WAS STEALING--- ALL KINDS OF THINGS--- AND ~~WAS~~ THEM! WE FOUND, TOO LATE, A BIG CACHE OF STUFF THAT HE'D SWIPED..."



GET OUT OF THERE, YOU OVERGROWN PEST!

"THAT DOG WAS A NUISANCE TO EVERYBODY--- ESPECIALLY IN DROUGHT SEASON, WHEN HE STAYED BY THE HOUR IN THE COWS' DRINKING TANK... BUT HE WAS MRS WILLIAMS'S PET!"



WHEN YOUR COWS COME IN OFF THE RANGE, DAN, THEY WILL DRINK THAT TRICKLE OF WATER DRY!

NO, THEY WON'T, CHARLEY!

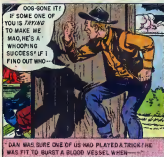
"WHEN THE DROUGHT GOT SO BAD THAT SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE, DAN WILLIAMS GOT AN IDEA..."



"--- AND IT SOUNDED GOOD!"

I'LL GET A CAST OF DYNAMITE--- AND BLAST A BIG HOLE THAT'LL FILL UP WITH WATER! WE'LL DO IT, DRY AFTER TOMORROW!

"THE DAY WHEN THE BLASTING WAS TO START, DAN CAME STOMPING INTO THE COOKSHACK WHEN WE WERE EATING. HE WAS SIZZLING MAD!"



"THAT BIG LUMMOK OF A OOG, TOM THUMB CAME IN, WITH A BOX OF DETONATING CAPS IN HIS MOUTH: CAPS FOR THE DYNAMITE!"



"HE WANTED TO PLAY BALL WITH THOSE TOUCHY THINGS!"



"SO HE DROPPED IT, AND ROLLED IT TOWARD THE TABLE!"



"SEEING THAT WOULDN'T WORK, HE PUT HIS PAWS ON THE TABLE AND PRANCED SOME MORE! THE POT OF COFFEE WENT OVER..."



"ONE MAN PULLED HIS GUN --BUT ANOTHER GRABBED HIS ARM AFTER ALL, WE LIKED OUR JOBS!"

"NO, BILL! DON'T YOU GARE? THAT'S MIZ WILLIAMS'S PET!"



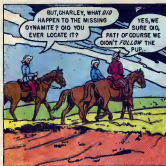
"TWO OF US DIVED OUT OF THE WINDOW ----"

"THE REST OF US FOLLOED OLD DAN OUT OF THE DOOR."

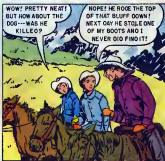


"WE JOINED DAN ON THE TOP RAIL OF THE HORSE CORRAL --AND WISHED WE COULD CLIMB HIGHER -- BECAUSE TOM THUMB STOOD SEVEN FEET HIGH ON HIS HIND TOES, AND HE STILL WANTED TO PLAY!"

"BUT AFTER A WHILE HE GOT TIRED OF BEGGING US, AND HIGHTAILED IT ACROSS THE WASH."



"TOM THUMB STOPPED AT THE TOP OF THE BLUFF AND LOOKED DOWN... IT WAS MAYBE A FIFTY FOOT STRAIGHT DROP! HE OPENED HIS MOUTH..."



"... AND A FEW SECONDS LATER WE *KNEW* WHERE THE DYNAMITE HAD GONE! THERE CAME A BLAST THAT TOPPLED THE WHOLE BLUFF INTO THE WASH... AND DAMMED UP THE WATER SO DAN DIDN'T NEED TO OIG A TANK!"



TIMBER

The frontiersman is proud of his skill with axe and saw. When he cuts down a tree, he tries to control the direction in which it falls so that he can cut it up easily later on. He finds that the best way to do this is to cut a large V-shaped notch with an axe in the side of the tree trunk in the direction in which he wishes it to fall. Then, from the other side, he uses a saw to cut on a level to the point of the notch. If the tree has not grown leaning to one side, it will almost al-

ways fall on the side of the notch. When the tree falls, it falls away from the man, and opens the narrow saw cut so that he can pull it out and get away.

But the wind must be kept in mind. The leaves of a heavily crowned tree catch wind like the sails of a ship and the tree will often surprise the frontiersman by falling in a direction opposite to that which he expected it to take.

COPYRIGHT 1955 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING & LITHO CO.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



THAT'S RIGHT! Every new subscriber to Roy Rogers comics will get this handsome wallet FREE!

YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF what a beauty this red and blue wallet is. It's made of vinyl plastic that looks and feels like real leather and wears just as well. This wallet is a full 3" x 8" in size and has four card compartments and a money compartment plus a secret money compartment. Just what you need for

carrying your allowance, personal papers and identification cards.

WHY WAIT! Send in your subscription to Roy Rogers comics right away. Just \$1 buys 12 big issues... a full year's subscription and you get the Wallet FREE plus a membership card in the Dell Comics Club. If you are already a subscriber you can still take advantage of this FREE offer. We'll start your new subscription when your present one expires. So clip the coupon and mail it today.

A PLEDGE  TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

CUT ON DOTTED LINE PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY.

Mail To: **DELL PUBLISHING CO., Inc. DEPT. 3RR**
10 W 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y.

Please enter subscription to Roy Rogers and Trigger Comics. Include Free Wallet and Dell Comics Club Membership Certificate.

Name Age

St. and No.

City Zone ... State ...

I am enclosing remittance for \$... in full payment. (If this is a gift subscription please fill in below. List any additional names on separate sheet!)

ENCLOSE GIFT CARD TO READ FROM:

Donor's Name

St. and No.

City Zone ... State ...

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 1 year-12 issues \$1.00
 2 yrs.-24 issues \$1.85 3 yrs.-36 issues \$2.70
Canada: 1 yr. \$1.20; 2 yrs. \$2.00; 3 yrs. \$3.00

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!
DON'T DELAY! GET YOUR
DELICIOUS **KOOL-AID**
TODAY!



How many of
these 8 flavors
have you tried?

Grape
Raspberry
Lemon-Lime
Strawberry
Orange
Cherry

New LEMON!
New ROOT BEER!



TELL MOM YOU WANT

Kool-Aid!

I'm not clowning when I say Kool-Aid is the best treat of all! Tell Mom you need Kool-Aid more than ever in the winter—for treats after school—when you're watching TV—for a quick energy lift. Tell her Kool-Aid is the most fun for a nickel the year around!

5¢ Kool-Aid makes two quarts!

REGISTERED TRADEMARK
OF GENERAL FOODS