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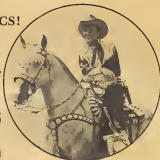
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# ROY ROGERS

and the  
*haunted cliffs*

IT LOOKS LIKE OLD MAN WEATHER IS ON THE PROG, TRIGGER-- AND WE'RE GOING TO GET WET!



THERE'S NOTHING HALFWAY ABOUT NEW MEXICO CLIMATE-- IF YOU DON'T FREEZE OR BAKE, YOU'LL PROBABLY DROWN...



...SEE WHAT I MEAN, TRIGGER? EASYKNOW-- OR THE WHOLE BANK WILL GIVE WAY!



THIS WASH HAS A GRVEL BOTTOM-- AND WE CAN STILL MADE IT... I HOPE!



AS THE RAIN LETS UP, ROY ROGERS CLIMBES THE FIRST HUMAN HABITATIONS IN FORTY MILES.



& NEWLD HOGAN IS ALWAYS CLEAN AND DRY AND SOME NAVAJOS AREN'T AFRAID TO LET A WHITE MAN IN, OUT OF THE RAIN.



OOH-DAAH? NO! TAKE-UM CHILD  
OUTS DE-- NOT DIE IN HOGAN?



PLEASE, HOS-TEEN ME-ZH? YOUR GRANDSON  
WON'T DIE UNTIL I BRING A DOCTOR-- THAT  
IS, IF HE'S KEPT WARM AND DRY!



BUT IF YOU LEAVE BILLY  
OUT HERE IN THE RAIN,  
HE'LL DIE SURELY! HE'S  
GOT PNEUMONIA, AND--  
OH, PLEASE!

BOY DIE SOON  
WHITE MAN  
DOCTOR NOT  
HELP-UM.  
MECINE MAN  
NOT HELP-UM.



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF  
NOT LETTING THE KID  
DIE IN YOUR HOGAN,  
CHIEF?

YOU ASK-UM  
ETNASHOTI  
YAZHI.

WHO--  
WHO ARE  
YOU?



HEY! OH, JUST A  
YOUNG DORRPOE  
TRYING TO GET  
ALONG... BUT WHAT'S  
THE NAVAJO'S REASON  
FOR TREATING A  
KID THIS WAY?

OH! IT'S JUST THEIR  
SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR--  
THAT IF ANYBODY  
DIES IN A HOUSE,  
THE EVIL SPIRIT  
THAT ENTERS THE  
DORRPOE WILL  
HARM THE LIVING



HMM? THE KID'S BURRING  
UP WITH FEVER. HOW'D  
YOU COME TO FIND OUT  
ABOUT HIM, MA AM?

I--I'M HELEN DAY,  
DOING MISSION WORK  
AMONG THESE NAVAJOS--  
AND HELPING WHEREVER  
I CAN... THEY NEED  
ABOUT EVERYTHING!





MY HORSE WON'T--WON'T GO INTO THE RIVER? WHAT WILL I DO?



WE'LL WORK IT THIS WAY! YOU RIDE TRIGGER, AND--



--HOLD BILLY TIGHT! TRIGGER AND I WILL SWIM AND TOW YOUR HORSE BEHIND US!



OH, ROY! IT'S SWEEPING US DOWNSTREAM SO FAST!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT--IF WE CAN--!!--KEEP FROM GETTING SUGGED UNDER!



SWIM, TRIGGER! KEEP IT UP, BOY! WE'RE GETTING THERE!



HE MADE IT, ROY! HE'S WONDERFUL!

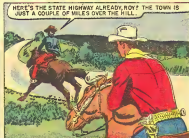


TRIGGER? THERE ISN'T A HORSE IN THE WORLD THAT CAN MATCH HIM, HELEN.

--AND LITTLE BILLY DIDN'T EVEN GET WET IN THAT AWFUL CURRENT--POOR SICK LAMB?!



AHH!  
AHH!  
AHH!



THE LITTLE FELLOW IS BREATHING BETTER? THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THAT HE'LL PULL THROUGH ALL RIGHT.

OH, I HOPE SO? AN' A DOCTOR--



-- BILLY'S MOTHER, BACK AT THE HOGAN? SHE'S VERY SICK WITH THE SAME THING... CAN'T YOU COME OUT WITH US AND DO SOMETHING FOR HER? PLEASE?

HMM? YES, I COULD MISS OAK. I'M ONLY ON THE VISITING STAFF HERE.



LOOK? YOU AND MR. ROGERS WILL HAVE TO EAT BEFORE YOU RIDE BACK. I'LL MEET YOU AT THE LONGHORN RESTAURANT.



-- IN HALF AN HOUR, SAY?

YES? THAT'LL BE OKAY.



... SO THESE NAWJOS LEFT THEIR SHEEP AND WAGONS AND MOST OF THEIR GEAR AND RAM-- BECAUSE THEY SAW SPOOKS? YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT, MISS OAK?



BUT I DO, DR. GENTRY?

AT LEAST, HOUSTEN NEZH AND HIS PEOPLE SAW GREEN LIGHTS ABOVE THE OLD CLIFF DWELLINGS, AND FIGURES OF PEOPLE OR SOMETHING THAT THEY THOUGHT WERE SPOOKS.

IT'S REASONABLE-- TO BELIEVE THEY SAW SOMETHING...



WELL-- THERE'S NOTHING SPOOKY ABOUT PNEUMONIA! IF BILLY'S MOTHER HAS IT, THE QUICKER WE GET OUT THERE THE BETTER.





GOOD NEWS, HOSTEEN NEZH? LITTLE BILLY IS BETTER -- AND I'VE BROUGHT THE WHITE DOCTOR.

HOSTEEN NEZH IS GLAD!



NOW THE DOCTOR WILL MAKE BAH TAM WELL, TOO, JOE JERRY.

ETRAISHOTI YUHI IS GOOD FRIEND TO NAWAJOS.



WHITE DOCTOR LISTEN TO SAG SPIRIT THAT MAKE-UM BAH TAM SICK? WHITE DOCTOR BRAVE MAN?



LOOK-A-HERE, HOSTEEN NEZH -- DO YOU THINK I WOULD SEE THOSE SPOOKS OF THE OLD PEOPLE, IF I WENT TO YOUR HAUNTED CANYON?

USH? NOT KNOW...



MESBEE YOU SEE - UM -- MESBEE YOU DIE FIRST? MESBEE YOU KETCH-UM SICK LIKE BILLY AND BAH TAM?



WAIT A MINUTE -- WHAT ABOUT THOSE SPOOK LIGHTS YOU SAW? WHAT DID THEY LOOK LIKE?



NO SPOOK TALK ABOUT THAT KETCH-UM 'LENTY SAGLUCK

THE OLD BOY IS SCARED, ALL RIGHT -- AND A NAWAJO ISN'T AFRAID OF ANYTHING THAT'S GOT REAL FLESH AND BLOOD!







CANYON OF OLD PEOPLE HERE?

OH? HOW BEAUTIFUL!

JOE JERRY GO BACK NOW! MORE BETTER WHITE MAN'S COME TOO.

HOLO ON, THERE, JOE?



I ALWAYS THOUGHT NAVAJOS WERE MEN AND YOU'RE ACTING LIKE A SCARED KID, FELLOW? THE WHITE GIRL IS STAYING-- IS SHE BRAVER THAN YOU?

UGH?



YOU RIGHT, ROY RODGERS? IF ETMAHOTI YAZHI STEK, JOE JERRY STAY TOO.



8000 MAN, JOE? IT TOOK PLENTY OF GUIT FOR YOU TO SAY THAT.



WELL, FOLKS-- WHAT DO YOU WANT TO INVESTIGATE FIRST?

THE CLIFF DWELLINGS? IT LOOKS AS IF ONE COULD CLIMB UP THERE.

YOU'RE NOT GOING ALONE, BOB GENTRY!



THERE ARE SOME OF YOUR SHEEP, JOE JERRY.

SOMETHING SCARE-UM BAD, BEFORE NOW! SPLIT-UM UP IN SMALL BUNCHES.

BA-A-AM!  
MA-A-A-AM!



HERE'S A COUPLE OF FRESH HIDES! LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY HAS BEEN BUTCHERING...



WHITE MANS KILL-UM YESTERDAY... TAKE-UM MEAT--LEAVE-UM SKINS.

RIGHT? AND HERE'S A MESS OF BOOT PRINTS IN THE DIRT.



JOE JERRY, WOULD YOU BE SURPRISED TO FIND OUT THAT THE "SPOOKS" YOU SAW WEREN'T INDIAN SPOOKS AT ALL?

UGH? NOT INJUN? WHAT YOU MEAN?



FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF, JOE... IF A BUNCH OF OUTLAW WHITE MEN WANTED TO OPERATE IN THESE CANYONS WITHOUT ANYBODY ELSE KNOWING IT-- WHAT WOULD THEY DO?



PLENTY MORE CANYONS WHERE NO INJUNS LIVE... WHY WRITE OUTLAW WANT-UM THIS ONE?

THAT'S SOMETHING I AIM TO LEARN-- IF I LIVE LONG ENOUGH, JOE.



RIDE! RIDE FOR COVER, JOE JERRY!



HIGH ON THE CLIFFS ABOVE, SUNLIGHT GLIMTS BRIEFLY ON POLISHED METAL.



WHAT YOU SEE, UM, ROY?

SUNLIGHT FLASHING ON SOMETHING— MAYBE A GUN BARREL.



WHAT WE DO NOW?

WAIT TILL HELEN AND GOD SHOW UP-- AND KEEP OUR GUNS READY.



ME THINK-UM SPOOKS KETCH OOG AND ETRASHOTI YAZHI.

SOMETHING IS KEEPING THEM, JOE... WE'D BETTER BUILD A FIRE.



THIS WILL MAKE THE "SPOOKS" THINK WE'RE STILL HERE.

WHERE WE GO, THEN?



WE'RE GOING TO HEAD INTO THIS CANYON AND CLIMB ONTO THE "BENCH" ABOVE THE CLIFF DWELLINGS.



I HUN TO FIND WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE... AND WHY?





WE'VE GOT TO GET ABOVE THE "BENCH JOE"—SO WE CAN LOOK AROUND BEFORE PUTTING OUR FEET IN A TRAP.

URT! YOU MAKE A GOOD NAWAJD, ROY.



LOOK-UM! THREE MANS AROUND FIRE...

-- A FIRE THAT CAN'T BE SEEN FROM DOWN IN THE CANYON.



LET'S GET AS NEAR AS WE CAN-- AND HEAR WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT.



IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR PETE TO SHOW UP.

O'YOU THINK HE'LL GET THAT FIRE IN THE CANYON MIXED UP WITH OURS?



HE WON'T GET MIXED UP--NOT AFTER WE SET OUT THE LANDING FLARES... LISTEN! THAT'S HIS MOTOR NOW!



AIRPLANE! THE PILOT'S CUTTING AND THEN GUNNING HIS MOTOR FOR A SIGNAL, JOE.



GW-OO? SPOOK LIGHTS! SPIRITS KETCH-UM US NOW FOR SURE!

SHUT UP, JOE! THOSE ARE JUST COLORED FLARES!



OUT OF THE NIGHT SWOOPS A CABIN PLANE --  
TO LAND LIGHTLY ON THE "BEACH"



OKAY, BOYS -- CHOCK THE WHEELS  
AND STAND BY

HOW NAWY'D  
YOU BRING THIS  
TIME, PETE?



ONE -- TWO -- THREE -- FOUR --  
FIVE -- SIX -- SEVEN ?

AT FIVE HUNDRED  
BUCKS AMBCEP?



WHAT'S THAT  
FIRE DOWN IN  
THE CANYON --  
THOSE NAWAJOS  
COME BACK?

NAHF ONLY A  
BLUNCH OF TOURISTS,  
PETE -- A MAN  
AND A GIRL  
CLIMBED UP TO  
THE CAVE'S, AND  
WE HAD TO TAKE  
'EM



THERE'S A COWBOY AND AN  
INJUN WAITING FOR 'EM --  
DOWN BY THAT FIRE  
THEY DUCKED JUST WHEN  
I GOT A SHOT ON THEM

YOU DOPPE? YOU  
IDIOIT? NOW  
WE'VE GOT TO  
RUR THEM ALL  
OUT OF ORBIT  
OPERATING.



CLEAR OUT! TAKE THAT BLUNCH OF ALIENS DOWN  
TO THE CAVE, WHILE I FIGURE THE BEST  
WAY OUT OF THIS MESS.

OKAY! OKAY,  
PETE.





WHERE WE GO NOW?

DOWN TO YOUR HOTEL? HOLD TIGHT AND YOU WON'T FALL.



HUMPH... TOURISTS? THEY'D BETTER DISAPPEAR-- ALONG WITH THEIR COWBOY AND INDIAN GUIDE... CAN'T RISK THEM--



REACH-- MISTER ALIEN-RUNNER? YOU'RE THE ONES THAT'RE GOING TO DISAPPEAR FROM THE SCENE, I RECKON

UH-- ?



USHF BIRD-MARCHER WAS INSTEAD OF PIPE... KEEP-UM QUIET-- LIKE SPOOK.

YOU AND YOUR PASSENGERS WILL HAVE A CHANGE TO TALK LATER-- TO THE U. S. IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES!



GOOD JOB, JOE JERRY? NOW WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE CAVES



WE GO DOWN, BOY?

WHY NOT? NOBODY'S EXPECTING US-- THAT'S SURE.



COME ON, JOE-- THERE'S ANOTHER CAVE BEYOND THIS ONE.







ROY'S MAN, THOUGH  
DOWN, IS FAST AND  
DANGEROUS



DOC BENTLEY SCORES  
A KNOCKOUT—  
AND TAKES A  
BULLET.



THE LAST  
SMUGGLER IS  
DISARMED—



-- AS MORE TROUBLE COMES  
WITH A RUSH FROM THE  
DOORWAY



GET BACK THROUGH  
THAT DOOR--FAST!



GOOD GIRL, ETNA SHOT!  
YAZHI? I'LL HANDLE THEM--  
YOU LOOK AFTER GOD NOW!  
BOB? IS HE--?



BOB? OH--WHERE ARE YOU HURTY?



STAY IN THIS ROOM--ALL YOU ALIEN BORDER-JUMPERS--AND YOU WON'T BE HURT... YOU'RE TAKING ORDERS FROM US, NOW

YOU ALLEE SAMEE GOVERNMENT HAW?



FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELVES-- BUT RIGHT NOW, THIS SHIT IS ALL THE GOVERNMENT THAT YOU NEED TO WORRY ABOUT... SAYIT?

OKAY, JOE JERRY? I'LL COVER THESE BIRDS WHILE YOU TIE THEM UP... USE THEIR SHOELACES, BELTS--ANYTHING YOU CAN FIND.

YOU BET! PLENTY QUICK!



ALL DONE--HAWG TIED--THIRTY SECONDS FLAT, JUST LIKE-UN RODEO? YOU GOT--UN WATCH, ROY?

HOW DEEP DID THAT SLUG BITE YOU, DOC?

GLANCED OFF A RIB, ROY--NOTHING VERY BAD... I WAS A FOOL TO PASS OUT.

DON'T YOU DARE CALL YOURSELF NAMES, BOB GENTRY? YOU DIDN'T PASS OUT TILL YOU'D GOT YOUR MAN.

THAT TONE IS WORTH A COUPLE OF BULLET WOUNDS, ETRASHOTI YAZHI?





MINUTES LATER THE SMUGGLERS' PLANE COMES DOWN AT CAREYTOWN'S SMALL LANDING FIELD.



THAT YOU, ROGERS? WE GOT YOUR RADIO MESSAGE.

NICE TIMING, SHERIFF!



ANYBODY ELSE IN THE PLANE?

NO, I DIDN'T NEED ANYONE BUT THE PILOT. . . WE'VE GOT HIS SMUGGLER FRIENDS TIED UP IN AN OLD CLIFF DWELLING.



THERE ARE ABOUT TWENTY ALIENS WITH THEM. A PLANE WOULD BE THE EASIEST WAY OF BRINGING THEM ALL OUT.

FINE? WE'LL USE THIS ONE. . . I CAN SCARE UP ANOTHER PILOT FOR IT.



YOU'VE DONE A JOB THAT THE IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES WILL BE RIGHT HAPPY ABOUT, ROGERS.

I HOPE SO, SHERIFF! YOU SEE, IT WAS AT THEIR SUGGESTION THAT I WAS SPENDING A LITTLE VACATION IN NAVAJO COUNTRY.

THE GOVERNMENT MEN KNEW THAT A LOT OF ALIENS WERE COMING IN THROUGH THE DESERT TOWNS--BUT THEIR LANDING POINT WAS A MYSTERY.

I LEFT MY FRIENDS AND MY HORSE IN THE CANYON, SHERIFF-- SO I'D LIKE TO FLY BACK WITH YOU, IN THE MORNING. . . JUST CALL ME AT THE HOTEL.

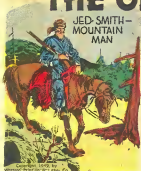








# PIONEERS OF THE OLD WEST



Where the blue waters of Lake Mead back up behind Hoover Dam, two wilderness rivers used to meet. Flowing from the north, the Virgin joined its fierce current to the Colorado. Near here, the water ran smoothly enough to allow a boat or a raft to get across.

The two dozen mountain men who stood at this spot in the fall of 1826 had no boat. To get across with their packs they would need to build rafts—but that was no trouble for those rugged pioneers of the West.

Trappers, traders—Indian fighters, as a matter of course! They were also explorers of an almost unknown country. Great rivers, whose every turn is now mapped, were scarcely yet named.

Jed Smith, the leader of the party, knew more of the Southwest wilderness than anybody. He had been this way once!

Years before he was old enough to vote, this young New England

Methodist had heard the call of adventure. At the age 23 he was already a noted trapper and guide. His companions were William Sublette and Thomas Fitzpatrick—names famous through the west of 100 years ago.

Now, at 26, Jed Smith was at the height of his career. Only two months before, he had completed an extensive piece of exploration—across the high Sierras westward through the unknown Nevada and Utah deserts. That was a two-way trip. It makes the more famous Fremont's explorations look tame.

But Jed was not thinking of what the history books would say about him. He was considering how quickly he could get his party of traders across the river—without losing their packs or their scalps.

The Mojave Indians were always looking for a chance to lift a white man's hair. There might be a big war party of the red men within rifle-shot at that very minute. They wouldn't show themselves unless they could catch the mountain men at a disadvantage.

Jed, as leader, had to make plans for his whole company. For instance, how many rafts should they build?

It would be safer, in a way, to make just one trip across, keeping the twenty-odd men together. In case of Indian attack, 20 rifles could rout almost any enemy armed with bows.

But rafts for one crossing would take too long to build. Jed decided on half the number. He gave the orders; the men fell to work.

With rawhide strips, driftwood and green wood were bound together. The little rafts were floated, loaded, shoved off by their crews. Poles served for both pushing and paddling. They would have to make two trips.



Jed went with the first party. As they fought the current, their cranky craft turning around and around, the dread war whoop echoed through the canyon.

A few rifles banged, on the shore—**TOO FEW!** Ten men had been left there. Already the surprise attack had taken heavy toll.

The Mojaves swarmed down upon those still alive. Arrows and tomahawks completed the massacre. The savages' knives turned red.

The men with the rafts fired their rifles—but they were helpless to do more. There was nobody left to rescue. To return would be only to throw away their own lives.

With bitter words, they reloaded. The Mojaves would be crossing the river after them. They would be hard put to it to save their hair. Their packs held many things that the savages would risk their lives to get.

It was up to Jed Smith to get his surviving mountain men out—and in the end, he did it. He knew the trail to the San Gabriel Mission. There were the Spanish padres, and safety.

A refuge—but hardly a welcome! The Spanish did not want the mountain men or their trade. They feared and detested the Anglo-Saxon's lawless energy; his fearless, reckless will; his wild humor.

Because Jed Smith was a different sort, who revered both God and humankind, the Spaniards let his party come, and go. Jed had been there before. San Gabriel respected him.

Smith led his rough-and-ready crew north to his camp on the Stanislaus River. A number of other traders and

trappers were already there. It was the best substitute for home that these homeless men could find. But not even a camp could hold Jed's restless spirit for long.

From Stanislaus he pushed his explorations northward through California. He led his buckskin clad companions through the giant redwood aisles. There the sun shot slender spears of light between dim, tremendous tree trunks. Stepping behind a single redwood a dozen men would be lost to sight.

Jed Smith wasted no time in mere wonderment. He must always find out what lay beyond. . . .

Beyond the redwoods lay the Willamette watershed—and death for all but three of Jed Smith's band. The Umpqua Indians reaped a rich harvest of scalps, and furs from the trappers' packs. But they missed Jed Smith.

Five years later, Jed lay on his stomach, his parched lips in the warmish water of the Cimarron River. He drank carefully, slowly, for he had been days without a good drink. When he had soaked up all the life-giving fluid that he could, he would fill his water bottle and hurry back to the wagon train.

At last he stood up, wonderfully refreshed. He turned—to confront a band of painted savages.

At once the horrid Comanche war whoop rang out. Jed Smith must have known that this was the trail's end for him.

Jedediah Strong Smith died as he had lived—on the brink of high adventure. One of the first explorers of the Old West, he blazed the trails for a greater America.

# CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

"BROWNIE"

Written by BOB  
Illustrated by BOB

HEY! GUT STEALING THOSE  
PEACHES YOU STARVATION  
THING? YOU'RE AS BAD  
AS A COUPLE OF BEAR  
CUBS!

THEE-  
HEE!



CHARLEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO  
BROWNIE, THE BEAR CUB YOU  
TOLD US ABOUT  
WHILE AGO---  
I MEAN, AFTER  
HE GREW  
UP!

TELL US  
ANOTHER STORY  
ABOUT HIM---  
PLEASE,  
CHARLEY!



WHEN BROWNIE CAME OUT OF HIS DEN  
THE SPRING THAT HE WAS THREE  
YEARS OLD, HE HAD NO INTENTION  
OF LIVING ON JUST ROOTS AND  
RABBITS.



HE REMEMBERED THE LADY CAMPER  
WHO HAD FED HIM ON BREAD AND  
JAM... IF HE COULDN'T FIND HER,  
HE'D LOCATE SOME OTHER HUMAN  
TO SPONGE ON.



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE  
HIS NOSE LED HIM TO A  
LOGGING CAMP.



"THE CLOSED HE GOT TO THE BUNKHOUSE, THE MORE HIS MOUTH WATERED.



"THE COOK, SHORTY BURKE, WAS JUST PUTTING A PAN OF PORK AND BEANS INTO THE OVEN WHEN BROWNIE WALKED IN. THERE WAS NOBODY ELSE AROUND."



"SHORTY MADE THE TOP BUNK IN ONE JUMP..."



"AND BROWNE STARTED GOBBING UP THE SPILLED BEANS."

"WHEN HE'D FINISHED EVERY LAST BEAN, HE LAY DOWN BESIDE THE STOVE..."



"AND CLOSED HIS EYES HE WAS FEELING RIGHT AT HOME."



"WHEN HE WAS SURE THE BEAR WAS ASLEEP, SHORTY BURKE REACHED DOWN AND GOT THE RIFLE THAT STOOD AGAINST THE WALL."



HE GOT DOWN FROM THE BLINK AND TIP-TOED CLOSE FOR A BRAIN SHOT.



JUST AS SHORTY WAS FIXING TO PULL THE TRIGGER, BROWNE OPENED ONE EYE AND STUCK OUT HIS TONGUE LIKE A FRIENDLY DOG.



WELL! I'LL BE DOG-GONED!

THEN HE ROLLED OVER TO HAVE HIS STOMACH SCRATCHED... THAT WAS TOO MUCH FOR SHORTY BURKE.



WHEN THE LIMBERJACKS CAME IN THAT NIGHT FOR SUPPER....



...SHORTY HAD THE BEAR COVERED UP.

HEY! THAT'S MY BLANKET, SHORTY!



YAAAAAAH!



"SOME OF THE LOGGERS MADE FOR THE GOOD, THOSE WHO COULDN'T GRABBED THEIR AXES.

WHEN HE PULLED THE BLANKET OFF HIM, THE FUN COMMENCED.



"BUT SHORTY JUST CURFED HIS BEAR OUT OF THE WAY LIKE HE WAS A BIG PUPPY."



"HE TOLD THE LUMBERJACKS THAT BROWNIE WAS REALLY AS TAME AS A KITTEN, AND HE AIMED TO TEACH HIM A LOT OF TRICKS."



"IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR BROWNIE TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH EVERYBODY WHO WOULD FEED AND PUSS OVER HIM."



"THE ONLY ONE HE DIDN'T LIKE WAS THE BOSS...WHO WAS A STINGY GENT."



"WHEN THE ICE BROKE UP AND THE LOGS STARTED DOWN-RIVER, ---"



"THE BOSS GOT TOUGH...HE TOLD SHORTY TO GET RID OF THAT HOG OF A BEAR, OR HE'D SHOOT HIM HIMSELF."



"AS THE BOSS STARTED OFF TO GET HIS RIFLE, SHORTY COLLARED HIM... SHORTY WAS FIGHTING MAD."





"BUT SO WAS THE BOSS! HE WOULD HAVE HALF-KILLED SHORTY BURKE."



"IF BROWNIE HADN'T INTERFERED... ONE SLAP OF BROWNIE'S RAW KNUCKLES KNOCKED THE BOSS COLD."



"SHORTY KNEW RIGHT THEN THAT HE'D BETTER NOT WAIT UNTIL THE BOSS WOKE UP."



"SO HE TOOK A CANOE AND SOME GEAR INSTEAD OF THE SIX MONTHS PAY THAT WAS DUE HIM... AND HEADED UPSTREAM WITH BROWNIE."



"HE PORTAGED OVER TO A SMALLER RIVER, WITH BROWNIE'S HELP."



"A FEW MILES DOWN THAT STREAM, THEY RAN INTO A STRETCH OF ROUGH WATER."



"AFTER THEY'D CARRIED THEIR GEAR AROUND THAT..."



"...SHORTY DECIDED TO RUN THE RAPIDS INSTEAD OF PACKING THAT HEAVY CANOE... IT WAS LUCKY FOR HIM THAT BROWNE WENT ALONG.



"... BECAUSE, JUST WHERE THE RAPIDS ENDED, THEY HIT A ROCK.



"SHORTY GOT PRETTY WELL BANGED UP ON SOME MORE ROCKS UNDER THE WATER.



"WHEN HE CAME UP, HE HAD JUST ENOUGH STRENGTH TO GRAB BROWNE'S FUR AND HANG ON...



"UNTIL HIS FOUR-FOOTED PARTNER TOWED HIM ASHORE.



"THAT SETTLED MATTERS, SHORTY BURKE TOLD BROWNE THEY'D BUILD A LOG CABIN RIGHT THERE WHERE THEY STOOD.



"AND DID BROWNE STAY WITH SHORTY BURKE FROM THEN ON, CHARLEY? DID HE?"

"WE-ELL, THAT'S WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL ANOTHER STORY: RAT... I'LL TELL IT TO YOU, MERRIE, ANOTHER TIME."



Boy Rogers, smiling in *Resolving Phoenix*.

