

DELL
COMICS

JANUARY
10¢

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

Roy Rogers

Comics





The same to you... and many of 'em

Three-flavored fun * from Mars' sunlit
kitchens—the best-liked chocolate-covered
candy bar in all the world . . . Milky Way.



- * {
1. Rich milk chocolate
 2. Golden caramel
 3. Creamy chocolate
salted milk nougat

Roy Rogers

KING OF THE
COWBOYS

AND

THE BIGHORN LODGE

I RECKON HE'S STILL AROUND, BOY. THESE BIGHORN SHEEP HAVIN'T BEEN HUNTED---EXCEPT MAYBE ONCE OR TWICE BY "SKUNK EYE" OR PERHAPS SOME OTHER "OUTLAW" IN THE BACK OF BEYOND!



FROM HERE WE GO ON "SHANKS NARE," ROY! BUT BIGHORN SPRING IS ONLY TWO THOUSAND FEET ABOVE US!

THAT'S FINE, SLIM--- AND I HOPE THE OLD RAM YOU TOLD ABOUT IS HANGING AROUND!



AT THAT MOMENT TWO BIGHORN RAMS ARE PASSING THE HEAT OF THE DAY AT THE TINY ROCK POOL WHICH FEW MEN HAVE EVER SEEN

HUFF!

BUT HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE OLDER RAM'S KEEN SENSES WARN HIM OF DANGER



WITH THE SPEED AND GRACE OF WINGED THINGS, THEY SOUND AWAY



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AT THE REPORT OF
ROY'S WEAPON THE BIGGEST
RAM GIVES A GREAT BOUND---



---AND FALLS LIMF---OVER THE EDGE
OF A NEARLY PERPENDICULAR SLOPE.

OKAY, BOY! HE'S SLID
DOWN TO THAT LITTLE
LEDGE! WE CAN GET
DOWN THERE, IF WE
TAKE IT EASY.

I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR
IT, SLIM! COME ON!



TAKE IT SLOW, ROY---

DOBBONE THE
DIRTY LUCK!



BLAST 'EM!
THEY SPOLED
MY HEART!
THAT WAS
MY RAM!



ONE OF 'EM'S THAT GUN-SLICK
DEPITY, ROY ROGERS! IT'S
JIGGERS LIKE HIM THAT MAKES
ME, SKUNK EYE RARELL,
LIVE OUT IN THESE BLASTED
MOUNTAINS! I'LL FOR HIM!



IT'S A NEAR RECORD HEAD, SLIM! BUT
IT'S GOING TO BE A JOB BEATING IT UP
THE CLIFF---WITH THE MEAT, TOO.

AH, WE CAN DO
IT, ROY



---IF WE PICK OUR
FOOTING HEY!
THAT'S A QUEER
STREAK IN THE
ROCKS---



ROY! IT'S TUNGSTEN!
A TUNGSTEN LOCK---
OR I'M A HAIRY ARM!

YOU KNOW
YOUR ROCKS,
SLIM! BUT
TUNGSTEN---



---TUNGSTEN IS ONE
OF THE METALS MOST
NEEDED FOR DEFENSE
TODAY! A GOOD YEN
OF THAT METAL IS
JUST ABOUT PRIS-
LESS!

RIGHT, ROY!
AND WE COULD
STAKE A CLAIM
TO THIS ONE
AND SELL IT
QUICK---



---FOR FIFTY THOUSAND
DOLLARS, ANYWAY!
I KNOW A BIG MINE
OPERATOR, MR. BARTON
HALL, WHO'D PAY
THAT IF I BROUGHT
HIM HERE



FIFTY THOUSAND---?
NOW!

YUP! THAT'S TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND FOR EACH OF US, BOY!

WRONG, SLIM! YOU DISCOVERED IT! I WOULDN'T KNOW TUNGSTEN FROM IRON PYRITES! I WON'T TAKE A CENT OF IT!



NO, SLIM, YOU WON'T CHANGE MY MIND! YOU'VE GIVEN ME A SWELL HUNTING TRIP! I WON'T HAVE A THING TO DO WITH YOUR MINE, BUT TO NAME IT--- THE BIGHORN LODE!

HA! THE BIGHORN LODE! THAT SHINES!



I'LL COME BACK WITH LOCATION NOTICES, AND--- NO! WHAT---



BOY! WATCH OUT ABOVE!

AND THE GREAT SLIM, MISS IT!



CLOSE---



BOY---



SO CLOSE INDEED DOES THE HUNTLING ROCK PASS THAT IT STRIPS BOY'S LOAD FROM HIS SHOULDERS! SLIM, JUST BELOW, IS UNTOUCHED





WE COULD TRAIL HIM, SLIM---

AW, LET HIM GO, ROY!

SLIM EYE PROBABLY HEARD US TALKING TUNSTEN AND BIG MONEY

---BUT HE WOULDN'T DARE STAKE A CLAIM TO IT--- OR RECORD IT ANYWHERE, ROY! AND BEFORE HE COULD SET ANYBODY ELSE TO JUMP MY CLAIM, I'LL BE BACK HERE WITH BARTON HALL!



A WEEK LATER---IN THE OFFICE OF PRONGHORN COUNTY'S SHERIFF---

HELLO THERE, SLIM! BACK FROM DENVER---WITH COMPANY?

YOU BET, ROY!



BERYL---OR---MISS HALL, THIS COWBOY WITH A DEPUTY'S STAR IS ROY ROGERS, MY BEST FRIEND

I'VE WANTED TO MEET YOU, ROY, EVER SINCE SLIM TOLD ME---



... AND THIS IS BERYL'S FATHER, BARTON HALL! HE WANTS A LOOK AT THE BIGHORN LODGE, ROY...

I RECKON YOU'LL FIND IT ALL THAT SLIM DESCRIBED, MR. HALL!

I HOPE SO, ROGERS! WON'T YOU COME ALONG NOW?



SORRY, MR. HALL! THE SHERIFF'S AWAY, AND I DON'T FEEL I OUGHT TO LEAVE THE OFFICE. I MIGHT GET UP TO THE LOCATION TOMORROW, IF YOU'RE STAYING THAT LONG

AS SLIM AND THE HALLS RIDE OFF---

WELL, BULLET, AFTER SEEING THE WAY OUR FRIEND SLIM LOOKS AT MISS BORYL HALL, I reckon there's more on his mind than tungsten!

HAN-HAN-HAN-HAN...

BIGHORN SPRING ISN'T A PLACE I'D CARE TO TAKE A GIRL-- WITHOUT A BIGGER PARTY! MAYBE SLIM HOPED I WOULD COME ALONG-- JUST IN CASE SLIMK EYE OR SOME OTHER CURLY WOLVES SHOULD GET IDEAS...

SHUCKS! MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE LEFT THIS PAPER WORK FOR SHERIFF BING! I HATE TO THINK OF SLIM RUNNING INTO TROUBLE.

ROY KEEPS BUSY UNTIL MIDAFTERNOON, BUT HIS CONSCIENCE---OR A PREMONITION OF DANGER---BOthers HIM BADLY

COME ON, BULLET! WE'LL SADDLE TRIGGER AND TAKE A PASEAP UP TO THE BIGHORN LODGE. SHERIFF WILL EXCUSE US THIS TIME, I GUESS!

WE'LL GET THERE AFTER DARK, BULLET-- BUT BETTER LATE THAN NEVER... I HOPE!

AS SUNSET APPROACHES, ROY'S SENSE OF DISASTER GROWS STRONGER

---WE'LL TALK MORE ABOUT THOSE PARTNERSHIP TERMS WHEN WE GET BACK TO DENVER---



HOLD ON THERE, MISTER! DON'T---

MEANWHILE, AT BIGHORN SPRING, MR HALL HAS SEEN THE TURNSTEN LOOSE AND IS ABOUT TO CONCLUDE A BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT WITH SLIM.

---DON'T PUT AWAY YOUR CHECKBOOK! YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT--- TO WRITE ME--- SKUNK EYE FARRELL--- A FIFTY-THOUSAND DOLLAR CHECK!



WELL, I'LL BE HORNSWAGGLED! FOR WHAT?

FOR A GOLD MINE? I HAVEN'T ACTUALLY DISCOVERED IT YET, BUT YOU'RE GOIN' TO BUY IT NOW, OR ELSE---! YOU THREE CAN COME UP HERE, NOW---BUT LEAVE YOUR WEAPONS, IF ANY, BEHIND YOU, SEE?



ALL RIGHT, NOW, MR HALL! GO AHEAD AND WRITE IT..

---AND LIE WITH A BULLET THROUGH YOUR HEART---TO MAKE SURE YOU CAN'T STOP PAYMENT! DON'T DO IT, SIR!



LISTEN, YOU BUTTINS! MAYBE I'D LIKE TO PUT A SLUG THROUGH YOU---BUT I DON'T AIM TO GET A MURDER CHARGE HUNG ON ME IF IT CAN BE AVOIDED! AND TO PROVE MY GOOD INTENTIONS---

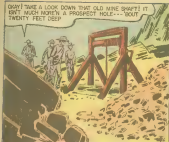


YOU HEAD FOR THAT LITTLE NOTCH, TO THE LEFT OF BIGHORN SPRING! I'LL TELL YOU WHEN TO STOP!

COME ON, SLIM! IT'S OUR BEST CHANCE! PERHAPS SKUNK EYE ISN'T LYING.



GUYS! TAKE A LOOK DOWN THAT OLD MINE SHAFT! IT
DINT MUCH MORE'N A PROSPECT HOLE--- 'BOUT
TWENTY FEET DEEP!



I'VE GOT GRUB AND WATER BUCKED
DOWN THERE--- ENOUGH TO FEED
YOU THREE FOR A WEEK. BE CAREFUL!
CAREFUL! THAT WICKER ALL OVER ME
TIME TO CASH YOUR CHECKS AND
RADE

BUT WHO' THE WICKER
IS UP-- WE JUST STAY
THERE, HELL!



SOAY THERE' NOT UNLESS
YOU'RE A LOT LAZIER THAN
I FIGURE YOU ARE! THERE'S
AN OL' WICKER'S CHISEL AND
HAMMER DOWN THERE--- SO
YOU CAN CHISEL HAND-AND-
FOOT HOLDS TO CLIMB OUT
WITH! TAKE YOU FIVE 'N SIX
DAYS, NEBBE



HAMMER! ALL RIGHT, I'LL SIGN A CHECK
FOR FIFTY THOUSAND! HAVEN'T ANY
CHOICE---

WA-A-AIT A
MINUTE!



SHAME ON YOU
SHUNK EYE--- FOR
NOT DEALING US
IN ON THIS LITTLE
GAME! WE AN' APE
AN' CROWD'NT FEEL
RIGHT HURT
ABOUT IT!

AWWW-OW



AN FURTHERMORE, WE DON'T THINK FIFTY THOUSAND IS THE RIGHT FIGURE! HIGH MEN LIKE MR HALL COULD JUST AS EASY WRITE ONE FOR A HUNDRED THOUSAND!

YEAH, MESSER HE COULD!



BUT, REMEMBER THIS, GREASE BALL... NONE OF US LOOK TACHTL LIKE PILLARS OF SOCIETY, AND THE BIGGER THE CHECK WE TRY TO PASS, THE MORE SUSPICIOUS, THE BARK WILL BE OF US! REMEMBER THAT!

AWK, SALONEY! WHEN I PUTS ON A BILED SHIRT...



I SAYS A HUNDRED THOUSAND WILL COVER EVERYTHING!

OWW! MAKE IT TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND! WE'VE TAKING A RISK ANTHOW...

YOU'RE ALL CRAZY! WE'D BE SAFER SELLIN' HALL FOUR LITTLE CLAIMS--



SLIM! COULDN'T WE MAKE A BREAK NOW--?

...AND GET VENTILATED WITH FOUR RIFLE BULLETS BEFORE WE'D GONE TEN JUMPS? IF I WERE ALONE, I MIGHT RISK IT, BERYL... BUT NOT NOW!



OKAY... YOU THREE CLIMB DOWN THAT WHOLESS ROPE INTO THE HOLE! I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW... OR HERE TONIGHT SOME TIME... WHEN WE'VE SETTLED THIS THING!

OWW! I HOPE YOU ARGUE TILL YOU KILL EACH OTHER OFF!



AND CHOW ON THIS, SKUNK EYE... DEPUTY SHERIFF ROY ROGERS KNOWS WHERE WE'VE GONE! IF WE DON'T SHOW UP, HE'LL MAKE THE WHOLE U.S. TOO HOT TO HOLD YOU!

UH-HUH! THAT'S WHAT I BEEN TRYIN' TO TELL 'EM!



LAST DOWN THE HOLE, SLIM HAS A FINAL WORD OF CAUTION.

AN HOUR AFTER DARK---

YOU'RE SURE YOU ARE STILL ON SLIM'S TRAIL, BULLETT? WHY WOULD HE GO IN THIS DIRECTION--AWAY FROM THE SPRING?



ROD! GET US OUT OF HERE, QUICK! THAT BUNCH OF OILHOOTERS MAY BE BACK ANY TIME, AND---



THEY'VE CUT THE ROPE OFF THE OLD WINDLASS! BULLETT---GO BACK TO TRIGGER AND BRING MY SADDLE ROPE! UNDERSTAND?



NOW, FOLKS, TELL ME THE WHOLE THING! WHO WAS IT THAT HELD YOU UP?

SKUNK EYE, FIRST OF ALL--GREASE BALL, APE AND CROWBART HIJACKED HIM, SO TO SPEAK.



I KNOW THAT BUNCH, SLIM! THEY ALL HANG OUT IN THOSE MOUNTAINS, WHERE THE THREE STATES JOIN---AND THEY SKIP ACROSS ONE STATE LINE OR ANOTHER IF A POSSE SHOWS UP---

ROD'S MISTER LAGMAN!



---ONLY, THIS TIME THE LAW ISN'T NUMEROUS ENOUGH TO MAKE US STOP! JEST UNDISKLE THAT GARBELT AM 'TODS IT TO ME!



BAREFOOTED!
THAT'S HOW YOU
STEPPED SO SOFTLY,
SKUMM, EYE!

ALL RIGHT, YOU THREE DOWN THE HOLE! WE'RE PULLIN' YOU UP SO MR HALL CAN SIGN THAT THERE CHECK! IT'LL BE SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND...



HERE IS YOUR CHECK---
MADE OUT TO ALBERT
FARRELL! AND NOW
WHAT---



ER---I'M SORRY TO
SAY SO, MR HALL,
BUT---

---THE BOYS WANT
ME TO TIE YOUR
HANDS! JEST FOR
SAFETY!



BUT YOU SAID---
OH, WELL! WE
CAN'T HELP
OURSELVES...

--- AND NOW, YOU'LL MARCH OVER TO THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF, WHERE IT DROPS STRAIGHT DOWN! THAT'S FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, TOO!



THE BOYS HAVE VOTED
THAT IT'S BEST FOR YOU
ALL TO GET KILLED FALLING
OVER A CLIFF! NO BULLET
HOLES! AND WE CAN TAKE
THE ROPES OFF YOUR
WRISTS--- **AFTERWARDS!**





SLIM---
DEAR---ISNT
THERE ANY
CHANCE
FOR US?

ALWAYS A CHANCE,
NON---IM WORKING
AT MY ROPE IT'S
COMING LOOSE



ROY! MY HANDS
ARE FREE
UM---
WHAT---

BULLET!
WATCH
OUT---

AT ROY'S SUDDEN SHOUT---



...A FOUR-FOOTED
SHADOW UNDOES THE
COILED ROPE IT WAS
CARRYING AND DOOGES
BEHIND A BUSH



GRAY, YOU FOUR! YOU GOT YOUR
CHANCE---TO JUMP OR SET
YOUR BRAINS KNOCKED---

NOW, SLIM---



---TAKE 'EM
BULLET!

ROY WHIRLS TO BUNT SKINK, EYE IN THE STOMACH,
AS SLIM GRABS CROWBAR'S GUN



OUT OF THE NIGHT LEAPS BULLET TO
SEIZE APE'S GUN ARM---AS SLIM'S CAPTURED
RIFLE SCORES ON GREASE BALL!



AND A MOMENT AFTERWARD---

WELL, ROY, I RECKON THE SHOW IS OVER---
THANKS TO YOU AND YOUR DOG! WE'LL HOLD
THESE WARRIANTS BACK TO JAIL, THEN CELE-
BRATE THE PARTNERSHIP OF THE
BIGHORN LODGE!

Roy Rogers

KING OF THE COWBOYS

IN

NESTER'S WELCOME

A "NORTHER" HAS BEEN SWEEPING THE "SADDLE" COUNTRY WITH SNOW AND BATTERING WINDS. LATE IN THE DAY, TWO STRANGERS RIDE INTO PRONGHORN'S MAIN STREET, AND STOP.



AND INSIDE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE ACROSS THE WAY---

I DON'T KNOW, SENS! CAN'T MAKE OUT THEIR BRANDS

TAKES A BRAVE MAN OR A DESPERATE ONE TO BE RIDING IN WEATHER LIKE THIS, ROY! WHO ARE THEY?



THEY WENT INTO MELT HOPSON'S STORE! THEY MIGHT BE A PAIR OF SHEPHERDERS FRESH OUT OF SUPPLIES



HELLO, GENTS! MIGHTY NEAR WEATHER OUTSIDE

SUITS US!



BUT INSIDE THE STORE, THE TWO NEWSGEMERS LOOK LESS LIKE SHEPHERDS THAN HUMAN WOLVES!

AND IT'LL SUIT US BETTER IF YOU'LL KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT! OPEN YOUR SAFE AND EMPTY YOUR CASH DRAWER--- NOW!

WHY, JES! YOU'RE ROBBING ME!





YOU'LL BE SICK TOO--
WHEN YOU WAKE UP!



NEEDS WE SHOULD
STOP TO FE THOSE
TWO SLEEPERS--

NAW! THEY'LL SLEEP TILL
WE'RE OUT OF TOWN---AND
THE SNOW WILL COVER OUR
TRACKS, PRONTO!



AFTER FILLING A SACK WITH SUPPLIES,
THE TWO OUTLAWS LEAVE THE STORE.

OHMY-UMMMH! THEY'VE GONE!
IF I CAN GET TO ROY
ROBERTS---OR THE
SHERIFF---



---UNWAKE THAT MILT HOPSON
HAS ALREADY COME TO

THEY'RE RIDING OFF! I'LL
WAIT TILL THEY'RE OUT
OF SIGHT---



MILT! WHAT
ON EARTH---

I'VE BEEN ROBBED! TWO
STRANGERS---KNOCKED
OUT PEDRO LOMAS, TOO!



THOSE MEN WHO
JUST RODE INTO
TOWN! DESCRIBE
'EM, MILT!

HARD CASES!
ONE'S GOT A
CHOKED NOSE---
OTHER A CROOKED
MOUTH! THEY
TOOK EVERY DENT
---MMMMH!



BOY! YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TRACK 'EM IN THIS STORM! FIVE MINUTES FROM NOW THEIR TRACKS WILL BE FILLED FULL---

TWO MINUTES FROM NOW I'LL BE RIDING! SO LONG! I'LL CATCH 'EM, ON TRIGGER---



SIXTY SECONDS LATER---

MUM, HUH, MUM?

OUTLAWS, TRIGGER! WE'VE GOT TO RATTLE OUR HOOKS TO CATCH UP, THROUGH!



IN TWO MINUTES---

TRACKS, TRIGGER! THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE BADLANDS!



AND THEY DON'T AIM TO LET US GET ANY CLOSER! IF ONLY I'D BROUGHT MY SADDLE GUN!



I HATE TO SHOOT, NOT KNOWING IF I MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY KILL A MAN! BUT A SIX GUN IS ACCURATE FOR ONLY SO FAR.



HOPING TO SPOT THE OUTLAWS' AIN, BOY OITS LOOSE WITH BOTH FORTY-FIVES!

TRIGGER!



THEN TRIGGER GOES DOWN!



ROY LANDS ON HIS SHOULDER, STILL GRIPPING HIS GUNS



RECKON THAT GENT WON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE, WILDCAT!

NOT ON FOOT--- EVEN IF HE ISN'T HURT HIMSELF! AND HE'S ALONE!



TRIGGER, BOY! WHERE DID YOU GET IT? I DON'T SEE ANY BLOOD---

AS HE PICKS HIMSELF UP, ROY'S FIRST THOUGHT IS FOR HIS MOUNT



HUMPH! YOU JUST STEPPED INTO A POT-HOLE, UNDER THE SNOW! I'M GLAD NO BULLET KNOCKED YOU DOWN, BOY!

BUT WE'VE LOST SIGHT OF THOSE ONE-FOOTS! IT WILL BE PURE LUCK IF WE CAN KEEP THEIR TRAIL WITH THE SNOW BLOWING HARDER.



AN HOUR LATER---



NO SIGN OF TRACKS NOW! AND I RECKON WE'D BETTER LOOK FOR SOME SHELTER! IT WOULD BE DARK BEFORE WE COULD GET BACK TO TOWN!

THERE'S A LIGHT! MUST BE THE NESTER---SANDERS---WHO'S BUILT A SHACK IN CROOKED GULCH! I'VE NEVER MET HIM, BUT---



---HELL HAVE TO TAKE US IN! HELLO, THE HOUSE!



WHAT DO YOU WANT? YOU'RE NOT GOIN' TO RUN US OFF THE PLACE TONIGHT---NOT IF YOU'RE PEGGS BILL AND GATTLEMEY'S LAW ROLLED INTO ONE!

PULL IN YOUR HORSE, SANDERS!



I'M DEPUTY SHERIFF ROY ROGERS! GOT CAUGHT IN THE BLIZZARD, AND THOUGHT YOU MIGHT PUT ME AND MY HORSE UP.

AWWW! WE'VE GOT NO EXTRA BLANKETS, AND NO EXTRA GRUB.



BUT MAYBE I CAN BED YOUR HORSE DOWN OUT OF THE WIND! YOU BRING HIM INTO THE BARN!



GUESS HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN THIS STALL. PLENTY OF HAY---

WHERE'S YOUR HORSE, SANDERS---STILL OUT ON THE RANGE?



YEAH! HE'S OUT ON THE RANGE---WITH A BROKEN LEG AND A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN! NOT THAT IT'D MATTER TO A GATTLERMAN'S SHERIFF! I'VE GOT SOME GUNS OUT THERE, TOO---BLIZZARD-SOUNDING AND STARYING, WITH NO WAY TO GET 'EM IN!

HMM! THAT IS TOUGH! PERHAPS IN THE MORNINGS I...

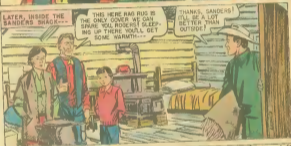
YOU CAN FILL A COUPLE OF FEED BAGS WITH HAY, IF YOU WANT TO---AND BED DOWN IN MY ATTIC! I'D DO THAT MUCH FOR A TWO-LEGGED SKUNK!



LATER, INSIDE THE BANDERS SHACK---

THIS HERE RAG RUG IS THE ONLY COVER WE CAN SPARE YOU ROGERS! SLEEPING UP THERE YOU'LL GET SOME WARMTH---

THANKS, SANDERS! IT'LL BE A LOT BETTER THAN OUTSIDE!



ONE ROOM DOWN THERE-- FOR SANDERS AND HIS WIFE AND LITTLE DAUGHTER AND NOT MUCH COVER---ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS! NO WONDER HE'S GOT A GRUDGE AGAINST THE WORLD!



THAT NIGHT ---TOO COLD TO SLEEP MUCH---ROY DOES SOME THINKING!

THAT'S TRIGGER---FIGHTING MAD! WHAT IN THE WORLD---?

EA-UHH!
EEE-UHHN!
SAB-UHHN!



AND, AT FIRST GRAY LIGHT OF DAWN---

SAY! WHAT'S GOING ON OUTDOORS---

OHAY!
IT'S PA---









AT HIGH NOON THE WEARY, HALF-STARVED CATTLE SPOT THE WESTER'S HAY CORRAL, AND QUICKEN THEIR PACE.



HE MUST BE STILL SICK FROM THAT BUMP ON THE HEAD --- OR HE'D BE OUT HERE! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN US FROM THE WOODS, ROY!

OH-NIGHT I'LL TOSS THE COWS SOME HAY, WHILE YOU CLEAR THE SNOW OFF THE WELLS COVER, LISSA



HALF AN HOUR LATER---

NO NEED TO PUT TRIGGER IN THE STABLE - HE'S FILLING UP ON HAY WITH THE COWS---

--- AND MA AND I ARE GOING TO FILL YOU UP WITH SOME DINNER, ROY!



THEY'RE COMING, WILDCAT! REMEMBER, YOU'LL GET ONLY ONE SHOT AT HIM---

SHOO--!



SAY! WHO?





Roy Rogers

KING OF THE COWBOYS

AND

THE RED RAIDERS

MORNING, BING! WHAT MAKES YOU LOOK THAT WAY--- A TOOTHACHE OR...

THIS LETTER, ROY! IT JUST CAME.

...FROM MY OLD FRIEND, SOL MERTON, INDIAN AGENT! BEEN IN THE HOSPITAL AND WHEN HE GOT BACK HE FOUND---

OH, READ IT! READ IT, ROY!

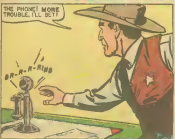
"THAT DUMB ASSISTANT OF MINE HAD TRIED TO DISCIPLINE ALL THE YOUNG COMANCHE BUCKS FOR BREAKING SOME RESERVATION RULES! HE IMPOUNDED THEIR PONIES, SHAMED THEM BEFORE THE TRIBE, MADE MORTAL ENEMIES TWELVE OF THEM VOWED VENGEANCE ON ALL WHITES!"

They hauled him out of bed, and stopt him out on an out hill! Then they disappoared some of them, well then I got on Panguhorn County by they say you're in for trouble! Bing - bed trouble! My first visit out was of hand before the auto of that day - but that was luck.
Sol

SOMEONE ARRIVING IN A CLOUD OF DUST, BING, COMING IN HERE, TOO! MAYBE---

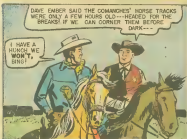
RRR-UFF!







WITHIN TWO HOURS A HAWK-RIDING SHERIFF'S POSSE IS ON THE TRAIL OF THE RED RIDERS



IF THEY WERE REALLY HEADING FOR THE GOBLIN BREAKS, THEY WOULDN'T HAVE LEFT US A PLAIN TRAIL! I'M GOING TO OUT THIS POSSE, AND WARN THE FOLKS AT COW CREEK!





AT DUSK---AS ROY HEARS THE
STONE CABIN IN GHOST GULCH.

EVERYTHING LOOKS
QUIET HERE, BULLETT!
WE'RE IN TIME
HELLO, GHOLLY
WARR!



IT'S ROY, CHOLLY!
IS BONNIE
WITH YOU?

SHE IS, ROY! FOR
THE LAST WEEK
BEFORE SHE'S
MARRIED TO JIM
FRISBEE! COME IN.



ROY! THIS IS A GRAND SURPRISE!
IF I DIDN'T HAVE MY HANDS IN
THIS BREAD DOUGH---
WHAT'S NEW?

TRUBLE,
BONNIE!



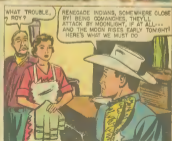
BULLETT! GO OUTSIDE
AND WATCH! ON
GUARD!

uff!



WHAT TRUBLE,
ROY?

RENEGADE INDIANS, SOMEWHERE CLOSE
BY! BEING COMRADES, THEY'LL
ATTACK BY MOONLIGHT, IF AT ALL---
AND THE MOON RISES EARLY TOMORRY!
HERE'S WHAT WE MUST DO



MINUTES LATER---

CURTAINS OF FLY-PAPER! WHAT UNDER THE SUN IS THE IDEA, ROY?

WE'LL HANG THEM FROM THE WINDOWS, TOO, BONNIE! I'LL EXPLAIN WHEN THE JOB IS DONE!-- NO TIME TO TALK, NOW!

THESE ARE PRETTY GOOD DUMMIES---FOR A QUICK JOB! WITH THE LAMP TURNED VERY LOW, THEY'LL GO---TO FOOL DOMANGHES!

MAYBE! BUT WHERE WILL WE BE THEN, ROY?



YOU AND BONNIE WILL BE DOWN IN YOUR MINE---IN THE GAVE BACK OF THIS HOUSE! BETTER TAKE HER THERE NOW---THROUGH THE SECRET PANEL IN YOUR CLOSET--- WHILE I RIG A COUPLE OF THESE TEAR GAS BOMBS THAT I BROUGHT.

TEAR GAS?

YES! I'LL LEAD THE TRIGGER STRINGS ALONG THE FLOOR TO THE CLOSET, WHEN YOU HEAR ME SHOOT, JERK THESE STRINGS.



MINUTES LATER, A LITTLE DISTANCE FROM THE CASIN--

QUIET BULLET! IF THERE ARE ANY DOMANGHES WATCHING THE CASIN, THEY THINK WE'RE STILL THERE! THEY DON'T KNOW THIS CAVERN BEHIND CHOLLY'S HOUSE---OR ITS TWO ENTRANCES.

OF COURSE, MY HUNCH COULD BE WRONG---AND THOSE RENEGADES NOWHERE NEAR US.



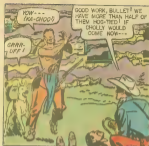
QUIET, BOY! I SEE THEM NOW---STEALING UP THE GULCH LIKE SHADOWS! THEY'VE LEFT THEIR HORSES SOMEWHERE





COMANCHE FIGHTS COMANCHE, AND BOTH FIGHT
THE GLISING FLUYPFER--AS THEY BLOCK THE
DOOR.







BREED of the PIONEERS



Gary Train looked down through the window of the passenger plane at the swabbered rocks of the Funeral Range—and wondered at their naked ugliness. Now the heat-fartured floor of Death Valley unrolled below—with the plane's shadow on it, like a flitting ghost. Ahead loomed the barren folds and ridges of the Panamints. But in a moment, thought Gary, these would pass, and green slopes would roll on toward the Pacific—toward Los Angeles, where his Dad would meet him. Mom would be there, too—or perhaps waiting at their new home. . . .

"But I'm glad I stayed East to finish the school term," Gary mused. "After the holidays—"

A sudden dip of the plane broke his reverie. A puff of smoke stopped past the window. Another lurch, and—

"Safety belts!" The voice of the stewardess cut through the startled murmur of passengers. "Fasten your belts—emergency landing! Don't be alarmed—"

Gary's fingers obeyed automatically. Being a boy who always thought things out, he had practiced doing that, in his mind—just in CASE of an emergency. Other passengers were much slower, or too scared to do anything. . . .

The nose of the plane came up a bit, and then—

A stunning, splintering shock! And another

—and another—

Gary shook some of the fog out of his head, and looked out upon bare rocks—through the broken side of the fuselage. He felt as if a giant hand had shaken and bruised him. But he was alive!

So were others. Alive enough to make noises, anyhow—light moans and broken whisperings—some words of prayer!

"Gary! You're not hurt? Help me—"

It was Dara Kent, the stewardess, who spoke. She was trying to get her feet under her, though one arm and shoulder hung limp.

"Help me, Gary! We have to get—these injured people—out! Before there's a fire!"

Gary unfastened his belt and helped Dara to stand in the tilted aisle. She couldn't do much herself, but she gave him directions. How to grasp and pull some passenger whose bones might be broken. . . . How to stop a bleeding cut. . . . Which ones to drag outside first! Gary was strong for his thirteen years—and the need for it made him still stronger. Soon all the living were out of the broken plane.

There was, luckily, no fire. That is, no actual flames. But the desert sun at midday was like a white-hot furnace hanging in the sky. It made the rocks too hot to touch. It made one thirsty—dreadfully thirsty! Especially the injured folk!

"Gary," said Dara, as they huddled in the scanty shadow of the tail assembly—"Gary, you've done a MAN'S job! I'm proud of you! But none of our lives are saved yet. The engine which caught fire in the air was torn away when we struck. There's no column of smoke—thank Heaven! But that means, no one knows we crashed! No one will come for us! Unless—"

"—unless I go for help? That's so, Dara! I'm the only one who isn't too hurt to walk! All right—"

Gary stood up—feeling for the first time the pain of his wretched and bruised muscles. And the fierce heat of the sun on his hatless head!

"Find a hat—and wear it, Gary!" the girl told him. "And you'd better take the pilot's pistol. You might get near enough some place to signal with it, I can't give you any water—the injured need what little is left in the tank . . . So long, and—**WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU, GARY!**"

It was hours later when Gary Train saw the coyote. Just how many hours the sun had been burning down on him, he could only guess. It was long enough to dry his tongue and blur his eyesight. He had sunk down in the shade of a rock to rest, with the pilot's pistol on his knees. . . .

The coyote popped silently out of a gully—with a ripe peach in its mouth. It couldn't be real—but Gary took aim and fired. And missed! The coyote took off, but **HE DROPPED THE PEACH!**



It was a real peach, a juicy, delicious peach. Gary ate the skin, too, and sucked the stone. Refreshed, he could think more clearly. One big fact stood out. The peach **MUST** have come from nearby! And peaches do not grow wild in a desert!

Gary dropped into the gully. He followed it down to a small canyon. And there was a trail. Gary was almost running now. He rounded a bend—and there, below him, lay a tiny canyon-ford. A fruit orchard—green grass—a house and corral—!

The Indian who owned the tiny fruit ranch met him at the door—with a smile and a dipper of cool water! Soon Gary was blurring out the story of the plane crash—between sips of cold goat's milk. When he had ended, the Indian led him to the corral.

"I have three horses," he told Gary. "You will take one—ride to the Ranger Station, ten miles down the road. I will take water and blankets and food on a pack horse to the plane. Will follow your back track!"

He paused, catch-ropes in hand, at the corral's gate.

"How you find my place?" he asked Gary.

"A coyote had stolen a peach," the boy answered. "I saw him—shot at him—got the peach . . . Then I went looking for the tree!"

A rare smile creased the Indian's leather-brown features.

"You make good in desert," he declared. "Like Injunt. Like old-time pioneers!"

CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

— AND THE
BOYS WON'T BE
RIDING IN TILL
GOODNESS-
KNOWS-WHEN!

SAY,
CHARLEY!
THOSE BEANS
MUST BE
DONE ---
THEY SMELL
AWFULLY
GOOD!

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OKAY, GET YOUR PLATES!
PETE AND PAT, THE
STARVATION THINGS!
ONLY TIME YOU'RE
HAPPY IS WHEN
YOU'RE FORKING
IN THE GRUB!

WHERE'S SNOOPY,
THAT PUP OF YOURS?
GENERALLY, HE'S THE
FIRST ONE TO COME
AROUND WHEN THERE'S
GRUB COOKING

AW, HE'S
PROBABLY AFTER
GOPHERS! I SAW
HIM DIGGING FOR
SOMETHING A FEW
MINUTES AGO!

THERE HE COMES, NOW! AND ---
SAY! WHAT'S HE DRAGGING?

SOMETHING
HE DUG UP!

EEK! SNOOPY! TAKE THAT
FILTHY OLD COW'S TAIL
AWAY!

MAMA, HA!
THAT'S HIS
IDEA OF
SOMETHING
NICE, PAT!



"... ADOPTED ME BY THE SIMPLE TRICK OF WAGGING HIS TAIL AND LOOKING CUTE AND HELPLESS! AFTER THAT, I JUST COULDN'T SEEM TO GET RID OF HIM!— I CALLED HIM WHO-WAS? . . .

"... BUT THAT WASN'T WHAT THE NEIGHBORS CALLED HIM— WHEN THEY CAUGHT HIM KILLING THEIR HENS, AND TOLD ME I HAD TO PAY UP! AFTER PAYING FOR A DOZEN OR SO HIGH-PRICED HENS, I KNEW I HAD EITHER TO SHOOT WHO-WAS, OR—

"--- KEEP HIM TIED UP NIGHT AND DAY!"



"ONE NIGHT, WHEN THE PUP HAD GOT ME UP
FOR A WALK---



"--- A
BUCKBOARD
CAME
TEARING
DOWN THE
STREET
WITH TWO
PEOPLE
ON THE
SEAT---
ONE OF'EM
A WOMAN
WITH A
BANDAGE
ON HER
HEAD!"



"IT WAS SILAS BOLLES'S OUTFIT--- WITH GEORGE
BALLARD DRIVING... THEY PULLED UP AT
OGG TOWNSEND'S, JUST AS I CROSSED THE
STREET."



"BALLARD HELPED THE WOMAN INTO
OGG'S HOUSE---



"--- AND CAME BACK OUT TO THE WAGON."



SILAS BOLLES
DRESH'T NEED A
MORON, GEORGE---
BUT NOW!

I KNOW IT, CHARLEY! HE
BREATHE'D HIS LAST AS
I LOADED HIM ON! BUT
I COULDN'T GET NERVE
ENOUGH TO TELL HER!



WELL, DOC TOWNSEND IS
THE CORONER! WE'LL
GARRY SILAS INSIDE.
THEN YOU CAN TELL ME
WHO KILLED HIM!

"DOC'S BACK ROOM WAS HIS UNDERTAKING
ESTABLISHMENT WHEN HE'D CARRIED
THE CORPSE IN THERE ---"



BUT, CHARLEY, I TELL YOU I DON'T KNOW WHO SHOT SI
BOLLES! I'D RIDDEN OVER THERE TO BORROW SOME
GOAL OIL, AND I SAW THIS CHUNKY, WHITE-FACED
GENT JUMP OUT OF A DOWN-
STAIRS WINDOW---

"--- GEORGE BALLARD HAD
OINTE A STORY TO TELL."



THE JIGGER DODGED AROUND THE
HOUSE TO WHERE HE HAD A HORSE
TIED! I HEARD HIM RIDE OFF... THEN
I HOLLERED FOR SILAS! WHEN I
DIDN'T GET ANY ANSWER I WENT IN
--- AND FOUND HIM SHOT AND
HER HURT TOO
MUCH TO
TALK!

"I LET HIM RATTLE ON--- UNTIL DOC
TOWNSEND CAME IN TO LOOK AT SILAS"

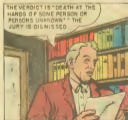


I RECKON THE MURDERER WAS
AFTER POOR SILAS'S MONEY!
BOX! EVERYBODY KNOWS HE
NEVER PUT HIS SAVINGS
IN THE BANK --- WHO?
DOC? ---

HELL,
BOYS!



MRS. BOLLES IS RESTING--- UNDER A
SEDATIVE! DIDN'T TELL HER THAT YOU'D
BROUGHT SILAS IN HERE! HMMM! SHOT IN
THE HEAD... BULLET STILL
THERE...



"THE VERDICT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE SAME, IN ANY CASE..."

"... BUT AFTER SUPPER I ROSE OUT TO GEORGE BALLARD'S BACHELOR SPREAD TO SEE WHY HE HADN'T SHOWED UP! THE HOUSE WAS DARK WHEN I GOT THERE."



"CONSIDERING WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THE SOLLESES, I THOUGHT I'D BETTER LOOK AROUND INSIDE! WAS A HELL, MY PUR, CAME IN, TOO "

"THINGS WERE UPSET AND SMASHED, LIKE THERE HAD BEEN A FIGHT --- AND A TRAIL OF FRESH BLOOD LED STRAIGHT TO THE OPEN BACK DOOR "



"WE WENT THROUGH THE MAIN ROOM TO THE KITCHEN, AND THERE I SAW A MESS THAT BROUGHT ME UP SHORT!"



"WIG-WAG WENT WHDOPING OUT TO THE BARN, WHERE HE STARTED TO DIG LIKE MAD "



"I REACHED IN UNDER THE BARN SILL, AND PULLED OUT----"



"I COULDN'T MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OUT OF THE WHOLE BUSINESS..."



IT ISN'T LIKELY THAT MRS BOLLES HAS COME BACK HOME ALREADY! BUT IF SHE HAS---- TO GET SOME CLOTHES, MAYBE--- SHE'S IN DANGER!



"I HEADED FOR THAT LIGHT AS FAST AS MY HORSE COULD COVER GROUND---- WITH ALL KINDS OF IDEAS BOILING IN MY BRAIN."



"---UNTIL I GLIMPSED A GLEAM OF LIGHT A LONG WAY OFF!"



"AS I LEFT MY SADDLE I HEARD A PISTOL SHOT FROM SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE HOUSE."

"I BARRED IN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR, QUICK AND QUIET! THE LIGHT WAS IN THE BEDROOM, AND I COULD HEAR SOMEONE MUTTERING, LIKE A MAN IN A BLIND RAGE."



"THERE SAT BALLARD HIMSELF--- WITH AN EMPTY TIN MONEY BOX IN ONE HAND, AND HIS PISTOL IN THE OTHER! HE'D SHOT THE LOCK OFF---



"--- AND HIS NEXT SHOT WAS FOR ME!"



"BUT BALLARD WAS TOO MAD TO AIM STRAIGHT! I SHOT THE GUN OUT OF HIS HAND AND ARRESTED HIM FOR THE MURDER OF SILAS BOLLES! HE WAS THE PHANTOM KILLER!"



"BUT--- BUT, CHARLEY! THE MONEY BOX WAS EMPTY! WHAT HAD BECOME OF SILAS BOLLES'S SAVINGS, IF BALLARD HADN'T STEAL THEM --?"

"WELL, THAT WAS WHAT MADE BALLARD Madder THAN EVER WHEN THE TRUTH CAME OUT."



"BALLARD WAS IN JAIL WHEN HE HEARD THAT, ONLY TWO DAYS BEFORE. SI BOLLES HAD OVERCOME HIS LIFE LONG PREJUDICE AGAINST BANKS AND HAD REPORTED FOURTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS WITH THE 'CABITAS BANK'."





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