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and

TRIGGER



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HOW TO PUMP
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Roy Rogers and Trigger

GHOST TOWN TREASURE



STORY BY ... **ILLUSTRATIONS BY** ...





WE'LL DROP IN TOMORROW AND SEE HOW THE OLD MAN IS DOING NOW!

WELL, AND MEANTIME HE'LL PUT HIS OLD TROUSERS LINE IN THE WASHING & BAKE! I SAID I'LL SECURE IT WITH BOB!



HEY! BOB BELLY IS SIGNING THE CHECK WITH A QUARTZ PRETTY GIRL! SHE'S RIGHT HERE!

WELL I'VE GOT THE EXCITEMENT! PREY! OPEN THE DOOR FOR THEM!



HEY, THIS IS MISS GRACY DANE, WIFE OF JOHN CANCER, THE MAN YOU FOUND IN THE CRIBBY TESTAMENT!

I HOPE YOUR UNCLE IS NOW HELP-ABER AND COME!



UNCLE DAN IS IMPROVING THOUGH HE IS TOO OLD TO DO MUCH EACH COURSE FROM AN ORIGINAL LOVE 'TUTTY' I JUST WANT TO THANK YOU, MR. WOODRUFF!

HEY AND I WOULD LOVE TO FIND HER IN TIME!



WELL, GRACY AND THIS IS A MAN WHOSE TROUSERS SHOULD BE KEPT IN A SAFE! I'LL LEAVE IT WITH YOU!

OH! THANK YOU! WE DON'T WANT TO SELL IT TO ANY POOR WOULD BEAT CASE! I'LL BEAT YOU TO DOOR FOR YOU HAVE LONG! BYE BYE!

HEY! WE'LL SEE YOU AGAIN! BYE!



I EARLY ALONE KNOW MEET YOU SEE WITH MY SPECTACULAR IN GRANT-FIELD.











1. VERTICALLY THROUING HIMSELF SO AS TO PROTECT HIM AND AVOID A TINY POOPER STROKE HIT SLASH BLOWING HIS HEAD!



GARTMAN!

THANK YOU VERY MUCH!









Roy Rogers

and

TRIGGER

A THIEF
AND SANTA











MISSHALE IN THE WOODS
NOT FAR FROM THE
OLD PROSPECT HOLE

"THE SNOWBALL
WAS SLIP!" I LOSE
NO SLEEPING LAG
WAS STOPS BY
TRAIL.



"WAS THERE TRACKS
ANYWAY? THERE IS TWO
SET'S OF 'EM' FOLLOWING
BY OLD TRAIL!"



"THEY'RE HEADING
FOR MY HOBART HOLE!
MAYBE SOMEBODY ARE
NOT WISE."



"THEY FOUND IT? AND NO
TRACKS ARE LEAVING ANY? WHY?
IN THERE ARE? THAT'S A DO!"



"I KNOW! I'LL SHUT AND
SPACE IT FROM OUTSIDE! THEN
I'LL LEAVE BE THERE TO
SAY!"



"WOW!"







IN COURSE OF THE CHASE, ROOPER FACES ALONG THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN, BUT, THE UNFORGIVABLE



WALKING THE WIDE
COURTNESE, GUY'S ABOUT TO
BEHOLD AROUND THE MOUNTAIN AND
HANGERS ON THE SLOPE LEAVE
ON A HANGING WALKER'S HUNG.



AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF, THE HUNG WALKER STOPPED— BUT FINALLY GAVE UP FOR THE TRYING.







BIRED OF THE POWHRS

The Calico Kid

by LORNA R. ELLIOTT

Young Clint Early stood beside his wagon and measured off a length of checkered gingham from a ball of cloth on the tailboard. A strip of his dress covered the gaily-colored material, then Clint folded it neatly and handed it to the woman in the saloonette. Carefully she counted out the money.

"Thank the nation, and it'll be by next month with them buttons you ordered."

The woman turned in the doorway of her log hut. "I owe you thanks, Clint. A body couldn't get a yard of gingham this side of Denver until you and your wagon come to this territory. By the way, I hear you're going to open a store at Showens this winter."

"Yes, Mrs. Barton. I've got some money put by, and when I've saved enough—well, I'd like to open a general store," answered Clint.

A bright young fellow like you ought to do well. Good luck, son. With a smile, she entered her doorway and Clint veyed her trace out onto the trail to Showens.

Up on the ridge, two men moved out of the shelter of a clump of pines, and with their horses through a mass of boulders toward the trail below.

"Here he comes now, Gordon," said Bart Hamish as he scratched the growth of beard on his face.

His companion hitched up his gun belt and lounged back in the saddle. "From what I heard in Showens, the kid's been working to open a store in town. They say he keeps it all in the wagon."

They sat all the wagon at a broad, level spot in the trail.

"Nawdy, boys," said Clint, with a smile. "What can I do for you?"

Hamish grinned broadly. "Well, you see, my friend and me are a little hard up for cash—and since we heard you keep plenty

of that on hand, I figured—" His eyes dropped to a ball of cloth in his hand. He drew made his meaning clear.

"You lays me leader' for a pack of trouble," said Clint quietly.

"Well, now listen to him," chuckled Hamish. "You wouldn't think a young fellow could get so tough just selling turbanets and calico."

Gordon smiled roysterly. "Why now, did you know that there's the Calico Kid—the fastest man with a yardstick on this side of the States? All right, kid, fork over the money."

Clint said nothing but leaned over and began to lift a heavy roll of cloth.

Gordon laughed roysterly. "So that's where he's got it, but that Calico Kid ain't only tough, but he's mighty shrewd, too."

Clint Early said nothing. He was having difficulty with the ball of cloth suddenly, it seemed to slip from his hands. He made awkward efforts to keep it from falling. Somehow the ball of gingham flew forward and smacked against Hamish, knocking the gun from his hand. Then as Hamish's horse reared wildly, the ball struck the ground in a flaming cloud of dust.

When the dust settled, Clint Early was holding Hamish's gun with an ease that belied his youthful face. "Besides you dropped your gun, mister," the young man said. "And your powder better drop the too."

Gordon looked at him undecided for the moment. The boy's eyes were hard with purpose. Gordon's gun thumped to the ground.

When the two arrived at Showens, the two outlaws were sitting in the wagon, lashed with strips of strong, brightly-colored ribbon, decorated with the pattern of bows. Each was wearing a gay turbanet and as the two smiled in a roar of laughter, the sheriff tossed them gallantly into the adobe jail.

Clint Early had won his spurs. Though in the years ahead he would become the most respected businessman in the territory, the people of Showens always affectionately called him The Calico Kid.

CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES



PETE: "WELL, I'D RATHER 'SCUSE WHAT THAT NEW WIFE OF YOURS WILL DO! THERE'S A BUNCH OF FOOLIN' MEN AROUND --- ABOUT TWO HUNDRED YARDS AWAY --- THIS WAY!"

"THERE'S? --- JUST WHAT I'LL GET SOME SHELLS, CHARLEY!"



"WATER IS NOT HERE, CHARLEY!"

"WELL, PLACE IS BEFORE, PETE!"



"GROG!"



"ALL RIGHT --- YOU CAN UNLOAD YOUR LOGS NOW!"

"THE CHARLEY --- NOT WAGES ---"



"I KNOW! I'LL GET HIM, TOO!"



"YEAH, I GOT I WASH I WASH BLEED THAT YOU CALL ME, AND I WAS OUT WAITING STANTE WITH A GUN— I HEARDED 'SCOPPER' WOULD BEASTURE THEM!"

"I STEVED DOWN FROM A BOLT LOG WITH A BOLT KING OF ME!"



"I'VE HAD TO RUN FROM A BEAR ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS IN THE PAST AND WANT TO SAY 'OFF YOU!' I DON'T WANT TO TALK WITH YOU BUT I'M IN A HURRY! BUT I'D HATE TO BE THE THIRD — — — ONE OF YOU!"



"IN THE FIRST PLACE, IT'S A BROWN BEAR AND NOT A BLACK ONE! AND IN THE SECOND PLACE I'D HATE TO BE THE ONE WHO WOULD BE BEING SLEEPING IN THE MOUNTAIN WITH YOU! SLEEPERS — — — NOT BARS!"



"JUST AS HE MADE A SWEEP AT ME WITH HIS PAW I THREW IT — — — AND FLEW 50 METERS OFF THE END OF MY BROWN BEAR!"



"A LITTLE OF THE CHARGE WAS HIT THE END OF MY PAW — — — THROUGH MY HANDS TO DO SUCH DAMAGE AS THAT A GOOD ONE!"



"AND THEN, BECAUSE I COULD FEEL THE SECOND BEAR, HE KNOCKED IT OUT OF MY HANDS!"



"BECAUSE I WAS RUNNING WITH A BEAR WILL SAY IT WAS MY LUCK THAT WAS THE SECOND BEAR FOR MY HANDS! BUT THE BEAR CHARGED ON IT! I SCRAMBLED TO THE NEAREST TREE LINE!"



"I BEGAN TO GET UP BEARS... JUST AS WE BEAR GOT Tired OF CHASING ON MOUNTAIN BARRELS AND WERE FOR US."



"HE STARTED TO CLIMB THE TREE... AND FOUND I HURT HIS FEELING TOO MUCH."



"...SO HE LAY DOWN TO THINK THINGS OVER... JUST SEE THERE WOULD BE THAT LITTLE MAN AND SAYING THREE BEAR DOWN IN HIS THROAT."

"THUS, I HAD VISIONS OF MYSELF TO BEAT UP THERE IN THE ICE WIND... UNLESS THAT JOLLY BRUCE MADE UP HIS MIND TO GO AWAY... HE WOULD SHOWING ANY SIGN OF IT."



"I CLIMBED A LITTLE HIGHER, BUT IT DIDN'T MAKE ME FEEL ANY BETTER... I KNOW THAT OLD BEAR COULD CLIMB AFTER ME IF HE REALLY WANTED TO."

"AND THEN... I SPOTTED MY SHOES WHERE THE CLIMB WAS BEING AT... JUST BEING HE SAID FOR ME... I LAY ALMOST UNDER MY TREE, ON THE OTHER SIDE."





"WHENEVER YOU'LL CLIMB AN ASBESTOS WIND-STOP LINE THAT'LL BESS FOR YOU—BEHIND ON THE FRONT—IT LOOKS BETTER TO ME RIGHT THAN THOSE BALLS OF PURE GOLD WAD!"



"I GOT OUTFACEDDER THAT WITH MY JACKETS TO BESS FOR A WOOD — — —"



"— I'— AND PRETTY SOON I WAS FEELING ACHY BY GOSH! THE OLD FEAR WATCHED ME LICKING HIS PAW AND GRUNDLING IN HIS THROAT!"



"—ET LATER I HOOKED IT AND STARTED TO PULL IT UP 'TIL THE BEAR WENT BAST! THE BEAR WAS BEHOLD' HE GOT TO HIS FEET!"



"— I WAS BLAST I JUMP'D AT THE BEHOLDING GUY! BUT I ASKED (I UP TO FREE)"



"THIS WAS A KIND-OF DEBASTED ME! I ASKED ANYONE HE HANGLED-OFF TO A THROAT OF FURRY SPURTS, MURDER!"



"I KNEW THE BIRD WAS ALIVE, AND I KNEW ALL THESE PINE TREES WOULD BE HERE!—BUT I FELT A GUY HITTIN' AGAINST THE LEFT BRANCH OF MY SHOTGUN WOULDN'T SHOW UP IN MY HAND, AND THE BIRD WOULD BE DEAD!——— WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT?"



"BUT I KNOW THAT BIRD WAS A TREE WITH THE LEFT BRANCH! A BIRD FELL OUT OF IT! SOMEONE WOULD HAVE SEEN IT! BUT NO! THERE WAS NO! AND THERE I WAS! GO AWAY!"



"I'D BEGAIN TO WALKED ACROSS BUT WHY THROUGH THE PINE SHOOTER SHOULD——— SO THAT THE MY SHOT WOULD BE FIRST! AND THEN WOULD BE LAST!"



"I FEEL TWO BIRDS THAT WERE! AND LOOKED FOR THE BIRD! HE WAS? IN BIRD!——— NEVER CAN TELL WHAT ANYBODY WOULD BE DO!——— SO I CLIMBED DOWN— AND THEN WALK!"

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