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ROY ROGERS

ON THE APACHE TRAIL

CROSSING SOUTHWARD TO THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL, ROY ROGERS RIDES ONTO A STARTLING SCENE....



SUITCASES, LADIES' HANDBAGS... AND A DEAD APACHE!



EMPTY WALLETS, WATCHES.... EVEN SHOES... LOOT FROM WHITE TRAVELERS! BUT WHY DID THEY LEAVE IT?



SHOT WITH A SIX GUN! AND WITH SOME WHITE MAN'S SHOES ON HIS FEET! HIS BODY IS STILL WARM.... AND WHAT'S THIS?



"TO GENERAL 'BUDD' CRAIG... FROM HIS FELLOW OFFICERS OF THE NINTH...." WHY... I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE I WAS A KID!



I'LL TAKE THIS WATCH ALONG... AND IF THE GENERAL IS STILL ALIVE, I'LL RETURN IT TO HIM... HIS RANCH ISN'T FAR FROM HERE.



FIRST, I'LL BACK-TRAIL THESE PONY TRACKS... AND FIND OUT WHERE THE RAID WAS MADE.



DERAILED!



TRAIN WRECKING AND LOOTING! THE APACHES HAVEN'T TRIED THAT STUNT IN FORTY YEARS....



RAISE 'EM HIGH, HOMBRE! YOU'RE PLUMB CORNERED AND CAUGHT UP WITH!



ALL RIGHT! NOW TELL ME WHO I'M SUPPOSED TO BE, SHERIFF.

HUMPH! COOL CUSTOMER! WELL.....



AS I FIGURE IT, YOU'RE THE WHITE BRAINS BEHIND THE INJUNS THAT WRECKED THE WESTBOUND EXPRESS, AND BLEW UP THE MAIL CAR, AND ROBBED THE PASSENGERS...



NO APACHE COULD HAVE PLANNED ALL THAT... AND THERE'S A SAYING: "A KILLER ALWAYS COMES BACK TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME!" THAT MAKES YOU....



.... INNOCENT! I'VE COMMITTED NO CRIME AND YOU CAN PROVE IT BY TRIGGER'S TRAIL..... I FOUND SOME OF THE LOOT A MILE BACK.



I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO PROVE YOUR WORDS, HOMBRE.... BUT DON'T TRY ANYTHING ELSE.



IT WAS RIGHT HERE, SHERIFF... BUT IT'S GONE NOW... EVEN THAT DEAD APACHE!



YOUR STORY DON'T TIBE, MISTER! WHAT O'YUH TAKE ME FOR— A TENDERFOOT?

COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU MIGHT HAVE SOME INCRIMINATIN' EVIDENCE CACHED AWAY IN YOUR CLOTHES...



HUMPH! YOU ALWAYS CARRY A THIN GOLD WATCH IN YOUR SHIRT POCKET, **COWBOY?**



NO. THAT WATCH BELONGS TO A FRIEND OF MINE, GENERAL BUDDINGTON CRAIG. I FOUND IT HERE AMONG THE LOOT...

YOU FOUND IT HERE? WELL, HOMBRE, IT MAY BE SO.... BUT I'D CALL THIS WATCH PURTY GOOD EVIDENCE THAT YOU'RE A LIAR.



TAKE GENERAL CRAIG'S FRIEND BACK TO TOWN AND JAIL HIM, BOYS.



AND TAKE GENERAL CRAIG'S WATCH ALONG, TOO... I DON'T CARE TO RISK LOSING IT.



WHERE ARE YOU RIDING, SHERIFF?

AFTER THOSE CUSSED APACHES ... WITH THE REST OF MY POSSE! LET'S GO!



YOU CAN BE MIGHTY GLAD SHERIFF TARN IS A KIND-HEARTED MAN, STRANGER ... A LOOP ON YOUR NECK IS EASIER TO WEAR THAN HANDCUFFS.



YOU BET! AND SAFER, TOO! IF YOU TRY TO GET AWAY, YOU GET HUNG AUTOMATIC.... AND SAVE THE COUNTY A TRIAL.





GENERAL CRAIG WILL GET HIS WATCH QUICKER IF IT ISN'T HELD FOR EVIDENCE.



OO-UHH!
WHUM -
WTF IN' HEAD?

AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE YOU GENTS...BUT YOUR HORSES WILL TAKE YOU HOME. SO LONG!



AAAARGH!
WE'LL SEE YOU HUNG YET!

MEANTIME, TWENTY MILES AWAY...

FOOLS! DO YOU NOT KNOW WHITE MEN WILL FOLLOW US?



YOU SHUT FACE, JOB TWO-SCALP! YOU HALF WHITE MAN! YOU NOT LEAD US ANY MORE! YOU SHOOT MY BROTHER FOR NOTHING.



LISH! YOUR BROTHER FOOL, LIKE YOU, K'NEE-SAN! HE FOUGHT TO WEAR WHITE MAN'S SHOES... SO EVERYBODY WILL KNOW HE ROBBED TRAIN. MONEY WE TOOK WAS NOT ENOUGH FOR HIM!



A SUDDEN WHISTLE SOUNDS... AND AN APACHE SCOUT COMES RUNNING.



SHERIFF COME FAST....
WITH TEN RIDERS!
SAY QUICK... WE
RUN OR WE FIGHT?



LISTEN, EMPTY HEADS! IF YOU
RUN YOU WILL DIE..... LIKE
COYOTES! CUT ME LOOSE AND I
WILL TRAP THE WHITES MEN
FOR YOU.



JOE TWO-SCALP
SPEAKS WITH A
STRAIGHT TONGUE.

HE HAS STRONG
MEDICINE! WE
NEED HIM.



GO EASY HERE, BOYS! THIS
WOULD BE A BAD PLACE FOR
A FIGHT.



ONE OF YOU STAY
BACK WITH THE HOBBS.



THEY MUST HAVE
LEFT THIS STUFF IN
A HURRY WHEN
THEY SAW US
COMING, SHERIFF.

HAW, HAW!
HERE'S A CORSET!
NO ONE BUT AN
INJUN WOULD
STEAL A-THING
LIKE THAT.



BETTER KEEP YOUR EYES
PEELED, BOYS! THERE'S
NO CRITTER ON EARTH SO
TRICKY AS AN APACH...



TWENTY APACHE RIFLES ECHO
JOE TWO-SCALP'S SHOT.



AMBUSHED! REG'LAR
APACHE TRICK....
CATCHING US WITH
THEIR OWN GOOT!
.... AH! HIT HIM!

WE SWALLERED
THEIR BAIT
LIKE SUCKERS!
THAT FIRST
VOLLEY...

... GOT THAT ONE! AS I WAS
SAYING, JIM, THAT FIRST
VOLLEY COULD HAVE
WIPED US OUT...



WITHOUT TARGETS, THE APACHES TURN HUNTERS....BROWN BODIES MOVE SNAKELIKE ALONG THE HOLLOW'S RIM.....



.... AND AGAIN THE HIDDEN RIFLES SPEAK!



FROM NOW ON I'M A WANTED MAN...UNLESS I CAN ROUND UP SOME OF THOSE APACHES SINGLEHANDED, AND BRING THEM IN....



MEANWHILE

GUNFIRE OVER IN THOSE HILLS!



APACHES FIGHT ONLY WHEN THEY'VE GOT THE ADVANTAGE ... I RECKON SHERIFF TARN IS IN TROUBLE.



THE SHERIFF / HE'S HARD HIT AND ON THE RUN.



THE LAW LOST OUT THIS TIME, TRIGGER BUT MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING WE CAN DO TO HELP.....



THEY'RE ALL DOWN IN THAT HOLLOW....BURYING THE STUFF FROM THE TRAIN ROBBERY.



WE DID IT UP AFTER WHITE MEN FORGET.

BETTER WE NEVER DIG UP WHITE MAN CLOTHES....THE LAW NEVER FORGETS!



THEY'RE PUTTING ON THEIR OLD SHIRTS AND OVERALLS.... CHANGING BACK INTO GOOD TAME RESERVATION INDIANS!



AND NOW THEY'RE RIDING OUT... IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS! OH, THEY'RE SMART!



IT'S TOO DARK TO FOLLOW ANY TRAIL NOW, TRIGGER ... WE'LL HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE DIAMOND C RANCH, AND GIVE GENERAL "BUDD" CRAIG HIS WATCH.



AS THE MOON HANGS LOW TO THE DESERT,
AND THE COYOTES HOWL AND WAIL,
I'LL BE RIDING ALONG TO A PLACE I'VE KNOWN
ON THE OLD APACHE TRAIL....



JUST BEFORE DAWN, ROY REACHES
THE DIAMOND C



I SMELL FRESH HORSE SWEAT!.....
THERE HE IS IN THE CORRAL....



.... A WEARY HORSE, ITS SWEAT
SHINING WET IN THE MOONLIGHT!



THIS HULL IS STILL WET....
AND THE SADDLE BLANKET
IS OF INDIAN MAKE!



IT COULD BE THAT ONE OF THOSE
APACHES RODE IN AHEAD OF ME!
OF COURSE HE'D BE JUST ANOTHER
HARD-WORKING RANCH HAND
TOMORROW...



IT WILL BE JUST AS WELL NOT TO WAKE ANYBODY, TRIGGER ...



IF NOBODY KNOWS I'M AROUND I CAN WATCH THAT NIGHT-RIDING INDIAN ...



I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS TIMEPIECE ON THE GENERAL'S LIVING ROOM TABLE AND....



REACH HIGH ... AND QUICK, STRANGER!



WHO...?

TURN AROUND AND DROP YOUR GUN BELT! AND MOVE SLOW! I CAN HIT A DIME AT THIS DISTANCE



I BELIEVE IT, SISTER

BEATRICE! WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO DOWN THERE? WHAT'S UP?



I HAVEN'T ASKED HIS NAME, UNCLE BUDD. I CAUGHT HIM LIFTING YOUR WATCH OFF THE TABLE... STEADY THERE, STRANGER!

AHBM!.....



MY WATCH? I LOST MY WATCH TO THOSE DEV'LISTH APACHES THAT WRECKED THE TRAIN. WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



IT IS YOUR WATCH, GENERAL CRAIG... I FOUND IT WITH THE APACHES' LOOT AND BROUGHT IT BACK TO YOU.

WHA-A-AT? PUT THAT GUN DOWN, BEE... I KNOW THIS MAN!



ROY ROGERS! WHERE UNDER HEAVEN DID YOU DROP FROM? AND WHAT'S THIS ABOUT THE APACHES... CONFOUND 'EM!



IT'S A LONG STORY, GENERAL... NOW THAT THE WHOLE RANCH KNOWS YOU'VE GOT A VISITOR, LET'S SIT DOWN AND TALK.

... SO THAT'S HOW YOUR WATCH AND I ARRIVED HERE... JUST A FEW MINUTES AFTER ONE OF THE APACHE BAND, I THINK.

AFTER ONE OF THE...-EH? CONFOUND IT, MAN! MAKE YOURSELF PLAIN.



I FOUND A SWEATING PONY IN THE CORRAL, JUST NOW... AND AN INDIAN SADDLE BLANKET, STILL WET. GOT ANY INDIAN RANCH HANDS, GENERAL CRAIG?



NO! YOU'VE GOT INDIANS ON THE BRAIN, ROY! THE NEAREST THING TO AN INDIAN ON THIS RANCH IS JOE TWO-SCALP. HE'S HALF APACHE, BUT I'D VOUCH FOR HIS HONESTY. CONFOUND IT...



PLEASE DON'T SHOUT GO, UNCLE BUDD.... AND YOU HAVEN'T YET INTRODUCED ME, YOU KNOW.

EH... WHAT? THAT'S RIGHT, BEE, I HAVEN'T! YOU SEEMED TO BE GETTING ON VERY WELL WHEN I APPEARED...



ROY ROGERS, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY NIECE, BEATRICE ALBERTINE LANE...

...BETTER KNOWN AS BEE!

I'M MIGHTY WELL PLEASED.



...THAT SHE LET ME LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW HER! FOR A SECOND, WHEN SHE TURNED ON THE LIGHTS, I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER!

YOU HAD A CLOSE CALL, COWBOY!



I'M STILL IN A TIGHT SPOT..... SHERIFF TARN BELIEVES I'M THE LEADER OF THE APACHES. AND HE CAN PRETTY WELL PROVE IT.

I KNOW TARN..... A MAN OF FIXED IDEAS. HE WOULDN'T EVEN TAKE MY WORD...



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, ROY... START YOUR PRIVATE APACHE-HUNT TOMORROW, BUT MAKE THE DIAMOND & YOUR HEAD-QUARTERS... AND CALL ON ME FOR ANY HELP YOU NEED.



AT DAYBREAK, ROY REPORTS TO FOREMAN CHET DOWNEY

GENERAL CRAIG JUST HIRED ME, DOWNEY... NAME IS ROY ROGERS.

OKAY, ROGERS! YOU CAN WASH UP FOR BREAKFAST.



THERE'S JOE TWO-SCALP! AND I'VE SEEN THAT PATCH OF WHITE HAIR BEFORE...



HE WAS BOSSING THE JOB WHEN THOSE OTHER APACHES BURIED THEIR LOOT!



THIS NEW HAND FOLLOWED ME IN LAST NIGHT... HE LOOKED AT MY HORSE AND SADDLE! I MUST WATCH HIM CLOSE.



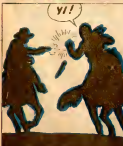
JOE, YOU'D BETTER RIDE OVER TOWARDS ANTELOPE SINKS, AND LOOK FOR THOSE TWO-YEAR-OLD STEERS... ROGERS CAN GO WITH YOU.

OKAY!



YOU TAKE IT EASY TODAY, TRIGGER!..... I'M ROPING MYSELF A DIAMOND C HORSE TO RIDE





SHERIFF WILL LAUGH AT YOU! NOBODY SAW ME ANYWHERE NEAR THAT TRAIN... ASK GENERAL CRAIG!

NOBODY RECOGNIZED YOU **THERE**, MAYBE ... IN YOUR PAINT AND WAR-BONNET... BUT I SAW YOU BURY THE STUFF AFTER THE FIGHT.



THERE WERE MEN KILLED WHEN YOU BLEW UP THE EXPRESS CAR! YOUR ONE CHANCE TO DODGE HANGING IS TO NAME THE REST OF YOUR APACHE GANG.

I DON'T HEAR YOU!



ALL RIGHT... I'LL LET YOU THINK IT OVER WHILE WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE STEERS... LEAD THE WAY TO ANTELOPE SINKS, JOE.



THERE'S ONE OF THEM ... BOGGED DOWN!



I'LL PROBABLY NEED BOTH ROPES TO PULL THAT STEER OUT...



RIDE AHEAD, JOE. YOU KNOW A SAFE WAY INTO THE SINK... AND REMEMBER... A BULLET TRAVELS FASTER THAN YOU CAN.



NOT SAFE TO GO FARTHER.

OKAY... I CAN ROPE HIM FROM HERE.



AT SEVENTY FEET, ROY'S LOOP FALLS TRUE.



COME UP, BOY...
PULL!



SUDDENLY, MUD FLIES FROM THE PLUNGING FEET OF THE TWO-SCALP'S HORSE.



ROY REINS ABOUT, SIX GUN READY...



... AND AT THE SAME INSTANT, THE STRUGGLING STEER GOES DOWN.



JERKED OFF BALANCE, ROY'S HORSE
FALLS BACKWARD



WITH CAT LIKE QUICKNESS, ROY LANDS
CLEAR . . .



... AS JOE'S MOCKING WAR-WHOOP
RINGS OUT.

WAH! WA-WA-WA-WA-WAH!



IF I SHOT HIS HORSE, HE'D STILL BE
ABLE TO SNEAK AWAY! CHALK ONE UP
FOR JOE TWO-SCALP!



TAKE IT EASY, PONY! WE STILL
HAVE A JOB TO DO.



I RECKON THAT HALF-BREED WILL
MAKE HIMSELF SCARCE FROM
NOW ON . . .



MATTER OF FACT... I'D HAVE A MIGHTY SLIM CASE AGAINST HIM IN COURT... MY WORD AGAINST JOE'S, AND I'M ALREADY SUSPECTED.



I'LL SAY NOTHING ABOUT HIM YET... NOT EVEN TO GENERAL CRAIG.



THE NEXT MORNING....

YOU CALLED ME, GENERAL?



ROY, CHET DOWNBY TELLS ME THAT JOE TWO-SCALP DIDN'T SHOW UP LAST NIGHT... WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE HIM?

AT THE SINKS... WHEN I PULLED ONE OF YOUR STEERS OUT, SIR.



HMMMMM! JOE'S BEEN AWOL A NUMBER OF TIMES LATELY... THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH A BREED... UNRELIABLE.



UNCLE BUDD... LOOK! ISN'T THAT JOE TWO-SCALP RIDING IN NOW, WITH A BUNDLE OF PAPERS?

WHY... YOU'RE RIGHT, BEE! THE RASCAL'S BEEN TO TOWN AND BROUGHT BACK THE MAIL.





CONFOUND IT, BOY, YOU ARE IN A FIX NOW.... WHERE I CAN'T PROTECT YOU! JOE MAY HAVE TIPPED OFF THE SHERIFF ALREADY...

I KNOW IT, GENERAL... AND I'M SURE GRATEFUL FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY.

I'LL BE GOING NOW.... WITH JUST ONE WORD OF WARNING! FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, DON'T TRUST JOE TWO-SCALP AS FAR AS YOU CAN SEE HIM. ADIOS, FOLKS...



WAIT, BOY! WHAT IS THERE BETWEEN YOU AND JOE TWO-SCALP? I WANT TO KNOW... PLEASE WAIT!

ALL RIGHT! YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE IT... BUT I SAW JOE AND TWO APACHES BURYING THE SUITCASES AND OTHER LOOT FROM THE TRAIN ROBBERY... YOU... YOU RECOGNIZED HIM?



YES.. ~~IS~~ HIS WHITE SCALP LOCK! AND THAT'S NOT ALL... HE TRIED TO KNIFE ME YESTERDAY.... BECAUSE HE GUESSED I WAS ON HIS TRAIL.

WELL... I'M STILL ON HIS TRAIL AND I'M STAYING THERE! SO LONG, BEE! AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!

YES... AND YOU DO THE SAME!



GOODBYE, ROY ROGERS!



UNCLE BUDD... CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING? CALL THE SHERIFF TO ARREST JOE TWO-SCALP... OR TAKE HIM IN YOURSELF?

ON THE WORD OF A WANTED MAN? BE REASONABLE, CHILD!



I DON'T DOUBT WHAT ROY TOLD US... BUT ASIDE FROM THAT THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO EVIDENCE AGAINST THAT HALF-BREED... IN THE EYES OF THE LAW, ROY HIMSELF IS THE CRIMINAL, CONFOUND IT!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

THERE'S A RIDER, JUST CLIMBING OUT OF THE WEST ARROYO...!



"AND IT'S JOE TWO-SCALP... HEADING THE SAME WAY THAT ROY WENT!"



IT'S ABOUT TIME THAT SOMEBODY BESIDES ROY KEPT AN EYE ON THAT BREED!



WE CAN DO A LITTLE
TRAILING OURSELVES...
CAN'T WE, BROWNIE?



AND I GUESS WE CAN TAKE
CARE OF OURSELVES, TOO!



I SURE KEPT THAT LITTLE OLD
CAN ROLLING... NOT BAD SHOOTING
EVEN FOR A TEXAS GIRL!



YES, HERE'S TRIGGER'S TRACKS...
THE SHOO ONES... WITH THE PRINTS
OF JOE'S BAREFOOTED PONY RIGHT
ON TOP OF 'EM.



NOW I'VE LOST IT! JOE TWO-SCALP
COULD FOLLOW THE SCRATCHES OF
TRIGGER'S SHOES ON BARE ROCK,
MAYBE... BUT I'M NO INDIAN.



I GUESS IT'S NO USE TRYING ANY
MORE... OH, WAIT A MINUTE!
I SEE SOMETHING!



THERE'S JUST A WISP
OF DUST RISING OVER
THERE, IN THAT GULLY...



(UGH!) HAH / THESE ROPES
ARE LOOSENING.. (UGH!) JUST
A TRIFLE... (UGH!)



TIRED OUT... HAVE TO
THINK OF SOME OTHER
WAY, OR I'LL... (UGH)
DIE HERE ...



ROY / ROY ROGERS / ARE
YOU HURT, OR ...



THESE KNOTS ARE
TOO TIGHT! OH,
DEAR

JACKKNIFE
IN MY HIP
POCKET,
BEE .



HOW LONG HAVE
YOU BEEN HERE,
ROY? IT WAS
JOE WHO TIED
YOU, OF
COURSE ?

YES... HE KNOWS
THIS APACHE
LAND LIKE THE
PALM OF HIS HAND.
HE CUT AROUND
AND AMBUSHED ME
NEATLY.



BUT WHY... I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

...WHY HE DIDN'T KILL ME OUTRIGHT WHEN HE HAD THE CHANCE? NEITHER DO I. HE TOOK MY GUN BELT... AND TRIGGER.



BROWNIE CATCHES A FAMILIAR SCENT

WHICKEREEEE...EEE!



AN ANSWERING WHINNY RISES FROM FARTHER DOWN THE WINDING ARROYO.

WHEE-EE-EE-EE!



GIVE ME YOUR GUN, QUICK! THAT HORSE MUST BE JUST AROUND THE BEND... AND IT WASN'T TRIGGER!

WHEEL IS IT-EE



JOE TWO-SCALP'S HORSE!



THAT'S JOE'S SHIRT AND HAT... AND HIS GUNS! AND HE'S GOT YOURS! BUT WHY?

I CAN MAKE A GOOD GUESS... HE'S UP TO SOME DEVILTRY THAT HE WANTS ME TO GET BLAMED FOR.



HE'S PLANNING TO SNEAK BACK HERE AFTER IT'S DONE AND SWAP CLOTHES AGAIN, AND TURN ME LOOSE ... TO GET CAUGHT FOR HIS CRIME....



BUT I'M NOT WAITING FOR THAT.

ROY! YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING AFTER HIM? NOW?



RIGHT! AND YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE RANCH TO GET YOUR UNCLE BUDD AND HIS RIDERS READY FOR TROUBLE ...

NO! YOU'RE DRAGGING YOUR LOOP NOW, COWBOY!



WE'RE RIDING TOGETHER ON JOE TWO-SCALP'S TRAIL, ROY ROGERS. WHEN IT COMES TO SWAPPING LEAD, I CAN SHOOT BETTER THAN MOST MEN.



YOU CAN'T ORDER ME HOME ... LIKE AN INFANT!

HHMMMM!



AND YOU'RE NOT ON TRIGGER NOW... SO YOU CAN'T OUT-RIDE ME!

THAT'S SO.



TRIGGER'S SHOE MARKS I THINK
MAKE TRACKING A HE'S
LOT EASIER. HE'S
HEADING FOR
THE "OVENS".



WHAT ARE
THE
"OVENS"? JUST A NETWORK
OF ROCKY SUN-
BAKED CANYONS
WHERE NOTHING
CAN LIVE, AND NO
HONEST RIDER
EVER GOES.



HERE'S THE FIRST OF
THEM...HOT ENOUGH
FOR YOU, ROY? I RECKON
WE'RE "WARM"
ON JOE'S TRAIL,
TOO.



I'LL CLIMB UP TO THE RIM
AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND.



SMOKE...PUFFS...THE
APACHE SIGNAL CODE!



WHAT'S THE
NEWS, ROY? JOE'S SOMEWHERE
IN THE NEXT CANYON
OVER... SIGNALING
HIS APACHES



IN THE NEXT CANYON . . .

KEEP YOUR GUN LOOSE, BEE...WHILE WE LOOK FOR A PLACE TO HIDE THE HORSES.



THIS LOOKS LIKE A LIKELY SPOT.

BEHIND THOSE BIG ROCKS?



SAY! IF THAT CAVE GOES IN DEEP ENOUGH.....



IT DOES! THERE'S MORE THAN ENOUGH ROOM, BEE

I WONDER IF THE APACHES KNOW ABOUT THIS PLACE?



ONCE AGAIN YOU'RE STAYING BEHIND WITH THE HORSES, YOUNG LADY. I'M NOT LOOKING FOR GUNPLAY, SO DON'T WORRY.

OKAY, COWBOY... BUT DON'T BE GONE TOO LONG, OR I'LL START LOOKING FOR YOU.



JOE IS ABOUT HALF A MILE DOWN THE CANYON, I THINK...I'LL BE ABLE TO SPOT HIM EASILY IF HE'S STILL SIGNALING.





THAT'S JOE!
AND TRIGGER!



AFTER AN HOUR OF WATCHING ...

I THOUGHT SO!
HERE THEY COME.

SMALL GROUPS OF ARMED
APACHES RIDE UP TO JOE'S
RENDEZVOUS.



HEAR ME, APACHE BRAVES! YOU
KNOW THE STAGE COACH THAT
BRINGS PAY-MONEY FOR THE
WHITE MEN WHO WORK IN THE
MANY-DEEP-HOLES SILVER MINE?



HOH!

WE AMBUSH COACH TWO HOURS
FROM NOW AT LITTLE CREEK
FORD TAKE MUCH MONEY.
ARE YOU READY?



HOH!

HOH!

HOH!

WHY YOU WEAR FANCY
COWBOY CLOTHES, JOE
TWO-SCALP? WHITE
MEN REMEMBER
YOU EASILY.

GOOD! THEY
REMEMBER
WRONG MAN.
THESE NOT
MY CLOTHES.



WE RIDE NOW... TAKE PLENTY
TIME AND KEEP OUT OF
SIGHT.



YAHOO! WAH! WAH!
YIP-YIP-YIP!



GOOD THING THAT I UNDERSTAND
APACHE! NOW I KNOW WHAT
THEY'RE UP TO, THERE'S A CHANCE
TO HEAD THEM OFF.



THERE ISN'T A MINUTE TO
LOSE, THOUGH.. AND I RECKON
WE'RE GOING TO NEED
BEE LANE'S GUN!



WE'RE RIDING, BEE! DO YOU KNOW A SHORT-
CUT TO LITTLE
CREEK?

LITTLE
CREEK?
WHY?



JOE TWO-SCALP AND HIS RENEGADES ARE WAYLAYING THE PAY ROLL STAGE WHERE THE CREEK CROSSES THE ROAD.

AND WE'RE SUPPOSED TO STOP THEM?



I'M HOPING TO STOP AND IF THE STAGE AND YOU CAN'T, TURN IT BACK...

AND IF YOU CAN'T, THEN WHAT?



THEN I RECKON THE STAGE GUARDS WILL NEED ALL THE SIX GUN HELP THEY CAN GET.



ALL RIGHT, COWBOY... I'M WITH YOU! THERE IS A SHORT CUT AND IT'S PLENTY RUGGED.



CAREFUL, GIRL! A HORSE CAN BREAK A LEG HERE WITHOUT HALF TRYING!

CAREFUL YOURSELF! YOU ASKED FOR IT.



HEY! WATCH OUT....



ONLY A CUT KNEE.....
BUT WE'LL GO SLOWER
TILL WE REACH BETTER
GOING.



NOW... WHICH WAY AND HOW
FAR IS THE LITTLE CREEK
CROSSING?



THREE MILES SOUTH... IN THE
NOTCH BETWEEN THOSE TWO
HILLS. YOU'LL STRIKE THE
ROAD A LITTLE BEFORE YOU
REACH THE CREEK.



OKAY... YOU RIDE FOR THE DIAMOND C
RANCH. BRING ANY RIDERS YOU
CAN GET IN A HURRY....
AND AS FAST AS HEAVEN
WILL LET YOU!

AND
YOU, ROY...?



I'M HOPING TO MEET THE STAGE
IN TIME... OR ELSE FIGHT TILL
HELP COMES!



DON'T GIVE OUT ON ME NOW,
PONY! OH, IF ONLY I HAD MY
TRIGGER HORSE!



THE PANTING PONY ANSWERS WITH MORE SPEED... BUT THE MARKS OF EXHAUSTION SHOW PLAINLY.



THE ROAD! AND THE STAGE HAS JUST PASSED!



BOY'S PONY OVERTAKES THE REAR GUARDS.



WHAT'S WRONG?



WHAT'S THE IDEA...? SOME NEW HOLDUP TRICK?

NOPE! THAT PONY HAS BEEN RIDDEN TO DEATH...



APACHES WAITING FOR YOU AT THE CREEK... LIKELY TO ATTACK NOW... PULL OFF AMONG THESE ROCKS!



FROM UP THE ROAD COMES A BURST OF SHOTS AND WILD WAR-WHOOPS.

ROY'S HORSE GOES DOWN... WITH A BULLET IN ITS HEAD.

YIP! YIP! WA-WA-WA-WAH!



WOUNDED IN THE HEAD, THE DRIVER GUIDES HIS TEAM TO COVER....

... AND PITCHES, UNCONSCIOUS, FROM THE SEAT.



SLASHING THROUGH THE TRACES, ROY FREES THE FRANTIC STAGE TEAM....

... WHILE THE GUARDS' WELL-PLACED BULLETS....



... SLOW UP THE APACHES' RUSH.



OTHERS, ATTACKING FROM THE REAR, MEET THE BLAST OF ROY'S TWO GUNS.



FROM HERE ON, THE FIGHT SETTLES DOWN TO SAVAGE DEADLY SNIPING.



THOSE RED DEVILS HAVE US SURROUNDED AND OUTNUMBERED... THEY'LL GET US ALL, BEFORE NIGHT.

THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK.



... BUT I'VE SENT FOR HELP... IF WE CAN HOLD OUT FOR ANOTHER HOUR OR TWO...



EYEWOW! OWWWW...



A GUARD'S BULLET DRILLS THE SAVAGE, WHOSE GUN ROY ROGERS SMASHED.



FROM A CLUMP OF THICK BRUSH, JOE TWO-SCALP'S RIFLE SPEAKS.



AND ONE OF THE STAGE GUARDS FALLS WITH A GROAN.



I'M (COUGH)... A GONER! DON'T WASTE TIME... WITH ME, PARONER... SAVE Y'R OWN SCALP... AND THS PAY ROLL!



LISTEN, NEIGHBORS... WE'RE GOING TO BURY THS PAY ROLL MONEY AND TRY TO FIGHT FREE FROM THS TRAP.



THERE'S NO TIME TO BURY THAT MONEY WHERE THOSE DEV'ISH INJUNS THEY'LL GET IT... AND US.... ANYWAY.



NEVER THOUGHT OF BURYING MONEY IN A DEAD HORSE'S THROAT, DID YOU? WELL, THE APACHES WON'T THINK OF IT, EITHER ... I HOPE!



THERE'S ONLY ONE INDIAN IN THAT CLUMP OF ASPENS... HE CAN'T KILL MORE THAN ONE OF US BEFORE WE KILL HIM ...



YOU'RE RIGHT...!

COME ON!



HASTILY THE RED RIFLEMAN AIMS AT ROY'S DODGING FORM.



I THOUGHT HE'D MISS... AND HE WON'T GET A SECOND CHANCE!



I CAN USE THAT RIFLE ...





VICIOUSLY, THE APACHE RIFLES TURN TO MEET THEIR NEW ENEMIES.



GET TO COVER AND CRAWL UP ON THE SKUNKS.

THEY'RE SNAKY; BUT THEY'RE BUM SHOTS.



SUDDENLY THE FIGHT GROWS HOTTER... FOR THE APACHE BAND.



DOGGONE! I OUGHT NOT TO HAVE CAUGHT A FRESH PONY AT THE RANCH... THE FIGHT WILL BE OVER 'FORE I EVER GET THERE.



MAYBE I OUGHT TO HAVE STAYED WITH RORY ROGERS... HE COULD BE DEAD NOW, AND I'D NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF...



SUDDENLY THE REMAINING INDIANS BREAK AND RUN FOR THEIR HORSES!



BUT TRIGGER, MADDED BY THE SMELLS OF BLOOD AND GUNSMOKE, IS IN A FIGHTING MOOD.



MY LAST BULLET... AND I MISSED JOE TWO-SCALD!



TRIGGER'S BUCKING SAVES JOE'S LIFE....BUT SENDS HIM FLYING.



AND, LIKE A SNAKE, THE APACHE, DRESSED IN ROY'S CLOTHES, MELTS OUT OF SIGHT.



COWBOY BULLETS THIN THE SMALL BUNCH OF ESCAPING KILLERS.



I KNEW IT! IT'S ALL OVER
BUT THE WHOOPING!





BEB'S HORSE IS FRESH.... HE'S GAINING!
BRING HIM DOWN, MEN! SHOOT!



BEB FACES DEATH AND WORSE....
IF THAT APACHE GETS AWAY WITH HER.



**HOLD YOUR
FIRE! HOLD
IT, GENERAL
CRAIG!**

EH? ROGERS!
WHAT O' YOU
MEAN...?



**DON'T SHOOT....UNLESS JOE
TWO-SCALP GETS ME!**



ALL RIGHT...
AND HEAVEN
HELP YOU, BOY!

**GOOD BOY, TRIGGER!
WE'RE GAINING...FAST!**



JOE EMPTIES ONE PISTOL... AS
BEE FIGHTS TO SPOIL HIS AIM.



EASY, TRIGGER... HIS SECOND
GUN IS HALF EMPTY / NOT
TOO CLOSE!



KEEP BACK,
ROY! HE'LL...!

UWH!

HIS GUN'S
EMPTY!

HOLD HARD,
BEE!



OH! THEY'LL BOTH BE KILLED ...!



THE GROUND'S IMPACT KNOCKS ROY AND THE HALF-BREED APART.



HALF STUNNED, ROY FIGHTS FOR CONSCIOUSNESS ...



... AND THROWS HIMSELF ASIDE JUST IN TIME.



NOW, ROGERS, YOU DIE ... BEFORE JOE TWO-SCALP!



MAYBE ... AND MAYBE NOT. YOU DON'T KNOW ALL THE TRICKS, JOE.

SEE WHAT I MEAN?





HUMPH! I OUGHT TO ARREST YOU ANYWAY, ROGERS, FOR MAKING A FOOL OF THE-LAW.

THEN YOU'D BETTER ARREST ME, TOO, SHERIFF! YOU SEE, I'M ROY'S ACCOMPLICE ... AND SO IS UNCLE BUDD CRAIG!

WE-ELL ... IN THAT CASE I RECKON THE LAW WILL HAVE TO BACK DOWN A LITTLE.



FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE TO YOU ...



... THE ONLY GENT I EVER KNEW WHO WAS **MAN ENOUGH** TO TANGLE WITH BOTH THE LAW AND THE CRIMINALS AND COME OUT ON TOP ... **MISTER ROY ROGERS!**



ROY ROGERS! YEA-A-A-AY!





Roy Rogers

