

*Peter Rabbit*  
**MARCH OF COMICS**



*Featuring*

**ROY ROGERS**

# ROY ROGERS

IN "BUSH PERIL"

HELLO, COWBOY! THAT PALOMINO HORSE AND CALIFORNIA RIC ARE A LONG WAY FROM HOME, UP HERE IN THE CANADIAN BUSH, AREN'T THEY?

I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, CORPORAL -- ABOUT 3,000 MILES!



AS A MOUNTIE, PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME... I'M ON THE TRACK OF A MAN WHO KILLED A SPECIAL FRIEND OF MINE, SHERIFF CONWAY OF LAS BOCAS.

A MAN HUNT, EN?

ARE YOU AN OFFICER OF THE LAW, TOO?

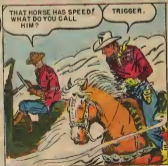
JUST INCIDENTALLY... I'VE BEEN DEPUTIZED -- NAME IS ROY ROGERS... I HEARD THAT THE MURDERER, HOKE MARGOTTE, HAD JOINED AN OUTFIT FROM TEXAS THAT'S COME UP HERE TO DRILL FOR OIL.



HMMM! THERE'S A TEXAS OUTFIT DRILLING TEST WELLS WITH A PORTABLE DERRICK, A FEW MILES UP THIS ROAD... I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU AND LOOK THEM OVER, ROGERS.

THAT HORSE HAS SPEED! WHAT DO YOU CALL HIM?

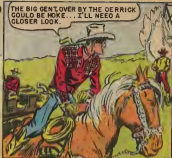
TRIGGER.



DO YOU KNOW YOUR  
MAN BY SIGHT,  
ROGERS?

ONLY HIS PICTURE..

THE BIG GENT, OVER BY THE OERRICK  
COULD BE HOKE... I'LL NEED A  
CLOSER LOOK.



WATCH OUT! THIS WELL HAS  
JUST STARTED TO BLOW  
WATER AND-- GAS...

I SEE...



IF A CHANCE SPARK TOUCHED  
IT OFF, THERE'D BE FIREWORKS!



HOWDY! I SEE YOU'RE  
WEARING CALIFORNIA  
BOOTS, TOO... YOUR NAME  
WOULDN'T BE-- ER--  
MAR COTTE?

WHAT GAVE YOU  
THAT CRAZY  
NOTION,  
MISTER?

I BOUGHT MY BOOTS  
IN TEXAS--

HEY-- DOUSE  
THAT LIGHT!  
THE GAS--



YEAH-- THE GAS!



MARCOTTE! HE DID THAT TO--

-- TO GET AWAY? AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S DONE IT.



SEE HIM, ROGERS?

NOT NOW-- I'M FOLLOWING BY THE BUSHES HE LEFT MOVING.



IF THE BUSH WEREN'T SO CONFOUNDED THICK--

HERE'S A BOOT TRACK-- BUT IT WILL BE SLOW WORK TRAILING HIM.



THERE MAY BE A FIELD-- OR OPEN PRAIRIE-- BEYOND THIS BLUFF OF TREES... COME ON, ROGERS.

RIGHT WITH YOU, CORPORAL!





THE HORSE TRACKS LEAVE THE ROAD HERE--FOR THE DITCH! THAT MEANS HE'LL BE HEADING INTO THE BUSH AGAIN...



INTO THE BUSH? I WAS AFRAID OF THAT, ROGERS! YOU'LL HAVE TO TRAIL HIM ALONE TILL I FIND ANOTHER HORSE...



I DON'T THINK EITHER OF US WILL BE TRAILING HIM VERY CLOSE, CORPORAL--HOKE MARGOTTE HAS LIT A FOREST FIRE... LOOK THERE!



-- AND THE WIND IS BLOWING HIS WAY!

IF THE FIRE DOESN'T CATCH HIM, IT WILL, SURE GIVE HIM A LONG START.



TO BLAZES WITH MARGOTTE! THAT FIRE WILL WIPE OUT A DOZEN FARM FAMILIES, UNLESS WE CAN WARN THEM! YOU TAKE THE RIGHT HAND FORK-- THE LAKE ROAD, ROGERS...

ALL RIGHT!



SEE YOU LATER, MOUNTIE!



HERE'S THE FIRST  
HOMESTEADER--



FOREST FIRE--HEADING  
THIS WAY FAST? HAVE  
YOU PLOWED FIRE GUARDS  
AROUND YOUR HOUSE?

YUP! BUT BILL AMES,  
DOWN THE ROAD,  
AIN'T.



THEN BILL  
AMES'S PLACE  
IS OUR NEXT  
CALL.



THE ROAD WASHED OUT--  
LAST RAIN, PROBABLY...  
TAKE IT, TRIGGER?



THE FIRE'S ALMOST  
OUTRUN ME-- ON  
A FORTY-MILE  
WIND ...

NO TIME TO PLOW A  
FIRE GUARD, AMES?

AFRAID NOT...  
BUT IF WE CAN  
KEEP THE CABIN  
WET, IT MAY NOT  
BURN.



ANY OTHER FAMILY LIVE  
DOWN THIS ROAD ?

YES -- ALEC MASON.  
HE LEFT HERE  
WITH HIS TEAM,  
HEADED HOME...

HERE COMES HIS TEAM BACK -- WITH-  
OUT THE WAGDN! SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENED...



THAT PUTS IT UP TO US,  
TRIGGER!

THERE'S MASON --  
DITCHED -- LEG BROKEN,  
I GUESS...

CAN YOU CRAWL  
OUT, MASON ?



YEAH... DON'T WAIT --  
FOR ME! GD GET MY WIFE  
AND BOY, BEFORE THE  
FIRE -- UNH!

I'LL TAKE YOU TO  
AMES'S PLACE --  
THEN GD BACK  
FOR YOUR  
FAMILY...

IT MAY BE TOO  
LATE! NEVER  
MIND ME --

TAKE HIM, AMES --  
I'M GOING BACK.

ODD HELP YOU? THE  
FIRE'LL BE ACROSS  
THE ROAD IN ANOTHER  
FIVE MINUTES.







WHEN THE SMOKE GETS TOO THICK,  
HOLD YOUR BREATH... WE'LL  
HAVE THE FIRE BEHIND US IN A  
MINUTE.



MY HUSBAND-- DID YOU  
PASS HIM? HE WENT  
TO AMES'S...

HE'S STILL  
THERE-- BROKE  
HIS LEG...  
SENT ME ON TO  
GET YOU.



WE HAVE A FISHING BOAT,  
AT THE END OF THIS  
TRAIL... IF THE  
FIRE REACHES  
THE SHORE--

IT  
WILL!



THE BOAT--IT'S GONE!



BOOTPRINTS! HOKE MAROTTE  
TOOK THIS BOAT, I'LL BET A  
COOKY.



WE'LL ALL GET INTO THE WATER--  
AND NO HOPE WE DON'T LOSE  
OUR HAIR!

MAYBE, IF  
WE GO ALONG  
THE SHORE WE  
CAN FIND THE  
BOAT!



THERE'S ANOTHER BOAT! IT'S CHARLIE WAYNE--  
AND HE SEES US!

GODD! IT'S ABOUT TIME  
WE GOT A BREAK!





CHARLIE! THANK GOD--

I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU ... WHERE'S ALEC?



ALEC IS AT AMES'S PLACE-- WITH A BROKEN LEG... I HOPE HE'S SAFE...

SURE, NOW, HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT THERE, DORA.



QUICK! GET IN, COWBOY! THAT SHORE IS GOING TO BE RED-HOT IN A FEW MINUTES.

SHOVE OFF, MAYNE... I'M NOT DESERTING TRIGGER, HERE.



YOU'RE CRAZY, MAN! YOU'LL EITHER ROAST OR DROWN... GET IN! I'D TAKE YOUR HORSE, TOO IF I COULD, BUT--



TRIGGER IS A TRICK HORSE... HE'LL GET INTO THIS BOAT WITHOUT DAMAGING IT-- AND THEN LIE DOWN.

TRY IT, THEN -- BUT HURRY!



EASY, NOW,  
BOY--  
GET IN!



STEADY,  
TRIGGER--  
LIE DOWN!

WHUH-HUH-  
HUH--



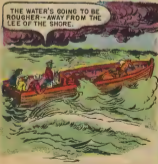
ALL THE WAY, NOW,  
BOY--LIE DOWN!

HE DID IT! MAN!  
I NEVER WOULD  
HAVE BELIEVED  
THAT POSSIBLE.



START YOUR ENGINE,  
MAYNE!

IT'S ABOUT TIME F AIR'S  
GETTING ALMOST TOO  
HOT TO BREATHE.



THE WATER'S GOING TO BE  
ROUGHER--AWAY FROM THE  
LEE OF THE SHORE.



WE'LL NEVER GET ACROSS  
THE LAKE IN THIS BLOW,  
CHARLIE.

I'LL HEAD FOR  
MINK ISLAND--  
THAT'S NOT  
FAR.



THERE'S MINK ISLAND, ROGERS  
-- ONLY GOOD LANDING IS ON  
THE OTHER SIDE ...



WE CAN TURN IN THE  
LEE OF THE ISLAND,  
CAN'T WE ?

THERE ISN'T ANY LEE  
-- ROCKS EXTEND TOO  
FAR OUT-- AND WE'D  
SWAMP TRYING TO  
TURN IN A BLOW LIKE  
THIS ...



OUR BEST CHANCE IS AHEAD ON THIS WINDWARD  
SHORE... THE ENTRANCE IS TEN FEET WIDE,  
BETWEEN ROCKS-- BUT I'M GOING TO  
RISK IT.

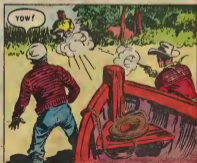
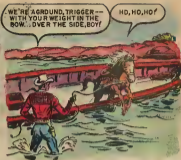


CHARLIE ' WE'LL  
NEVER MAKE  
IT ?

BETTER WAY TO GO  
THAN ROASTING  
ALIVE, DORA.



THIS IS  
IT--!





ROY'S SECOND BULLET DRAWS NO BLOOD,  
BUT SCORES AGAIN-- ON HOKE'S GUN!



GOLLY, ROY--WHEN I'M BIG ENOUGH I'M GOING TO LEARN TO SHOOT LIKE YOU! WHY DIDN'T YOU AIM AT HIM INSTEAD OF HIS GUN?

BECAUSE I DON'T BELIEVE IN TAKING A HUMAN LIFE--IF IT CAN BE AVOIDED...I'D RATHER RISK MY OWN.



I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO JOE CREE... THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM--

--EXCEPT THE SHOTGUN! THAT WAS JOE'S.



OW! HERE'S SOMEBODY--



IT'S JOE, ALL RIGHT? IS HE DEAD?



YES--WITH A SHOTGUN WOUND IN THE CHEST--CLOSE RANGE!

THERE'S THE CABIN! I'LL SEE WHAT'S INSIDE, AND THEN CALL YOU.



WHO'S IN THERE? SPEAK UP!

MMMMH? UNGGGH!



ALL RIGHT-- TAKE IT EASY!





YOUR HANDS FIRST--  
THEN THE GAG...  
THERE? WHAT  
HAPPENED?

UGH? WHERE'S MY  
MAN? YOU FIND  
HIM?

HE'S DEAD, MRS. GREE...  
THE STRANGER, HOKE  
MARCOTTE, SHOT HIM.

OHhhh? I HEAR  
SHOT... THEN  
STRANGER COME--  
CLUB MY DOG--  
TIE ME UP.



SKOOKUM COME  
AWAKE? YOU LOOK  
OUT-- HE TEAR  
YOU.

WOULDN'T BLAME  
HIM--AFTER THE  
TREATMENT HE'S  
HAD.

COME 'LONG, SKOOKUM...  
LAKEESH TIE-UM UP...  
ND BITE GOOD MAN?

I'VE GOT SOME  
FRIENDS OUTSIDE,  
LAKEESH...



LAKEESH? I'M SO SORRY  
ABOUT JOE... AND I DON'T  
KNOW IF MY--MY ALEG  
DIED IN THE FIRE OR NOT...

LAKEESH GLAD  
YOU HERE?

STRANGER... WRECK BOAT ON  
ROCKS... SWIM ASHORE... KICK  
JOE AND ME! GRAB JOE'S  
GUN FROM CABIN...

HE HAD A PISTOL  
-- BUT PROBABLY  
LOST IT IN THE  
WATER.

JOE SEE YOU COME IN CHARLIE  
MAYNE'S BOAT... HE RUN OUT  
TD WARN YOU OFF... THEN I  
HEAR SHOT THAT KILL  
MY JOE.



YOU COME IN--GET ORY  
...ME FIX UP CHARLIE'S  
LEG...

YOU'RE A GOOD  
"KLOOTCHMAN",  
LAKEESH!



WHAT OTHER WEAPONS ARE  
THERE ON THE ISLAND,  
THAT MARGOTTE COULD  
GET HOLD OF?

ONLY AXE, OUT-  
SIDE BY WOODPILE  
...WE GOT-UM SHOT-  
GUN NOW, AND  
BUTCHER KNIFE IN  
HOUSE.



LOAD THAT SHOTGUN, CHARLIE -- AND  
BARRICADE THE DOOR... I'M GOING  
OUT TO LOOK FOR JOE'S MURDERER.

SAY, LAKEESH! I FORGOT  
ABOUT JOE'S BOAT--  
MARGOTTE MAY TRY TO  
GET OFF IN IT, IN SPITE OF  
THE STORM... WHERE IS  
IT?

BOAT AT DOCK--EAST  
SIDE OF ISLAND...  
ENGINE SICK--SOME-  
TIMES JOE CAN'T START-  
UM FIRST TIME.

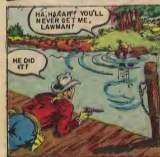


I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT  
OF THAT BOAT SOONER... IF  
MARGOTTE KEEPS TRYING,  
HE MAY GET THE THING  
STARTED.

QUIT THAT, MARGOTTE!  
YOU'RE CORNERED.

UH--?





HE'S HEADING BACK  
TOWARD THE CABIN!  
I CAN HEAR HIM CRASHING  
THROUGH THE BRUSH.



HE TOOK A CHANCE ON  
GETTING HOLD OF THE SHOT-  
GUN, I RECKON --



THE AXE? HE  
GOT THAT --



HEY--



RIGHT BACK  
AT YOU--!



-- AND ONE MORE  
HERE!

UGH!

-- AND THREE IS  
OUT, KILLER!



ROY! YOU GOT HIM!

YES--TELL LAKEESH TO BRING SOME ROPE HE'LL HAVE TO BE TIED.

NO GOOD,WASTE-UM GOOD FOOD ON KILLER! MORE BETTER HE DIE!

I'LL FEE O HIM, LAKEESH... HE WILL DIE WHEN THE LAW SAYS SO-- YOU AND I ARE NOT HIS JUDGES.



THERE'S NO BLANKET FOR YOU TONIGHT, MARRCOTTE-- BUT WE'LL KEEP A FIRE IN THE FIREPLACE.

UMPH!



THE PECULIAR SMELL  
OF BURNING ROPE  
ROUSES ROY'S  
TRAINED  
SENSES ...



...AND WITH CAT-LIKE QUICKNESS ROY MOVES.



ROY-- WHAT'S UP? OH--!



YI-EE!



SAVE YOUR  
SHELLS,  
CHARLIE!

BOOM!

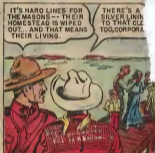
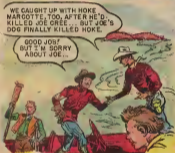


GRRRRH!



YOW!

AAARGH!



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