

DELL  
COMIC

JANUARY

10¢

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

# Roy Rogers

*Nov. 21 - 53*

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  
malted milk nougat



# Roy Rogers

KING OF THE  
COWBOYS

AND

THE BIGHORN LODGE

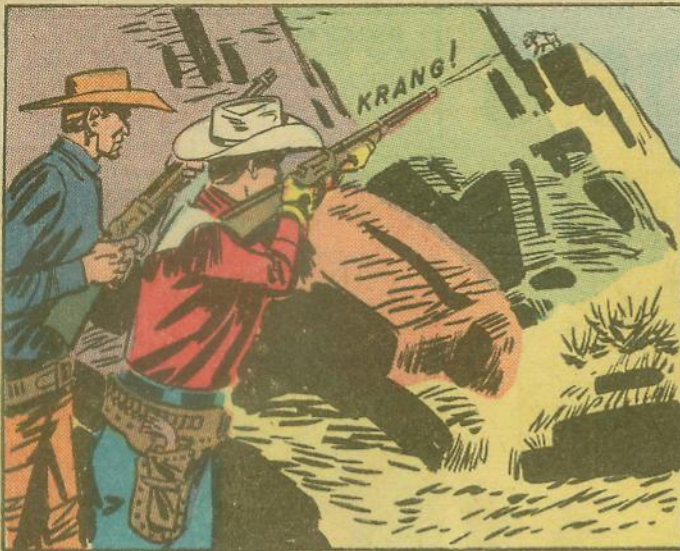


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---AND FALLS LIMP---OVER THE EDGE OF A NEARLY PERPENDICULAR SLOPE.

OKAY, ROY! 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---

DOGGONE THE DIRTY LUCK!

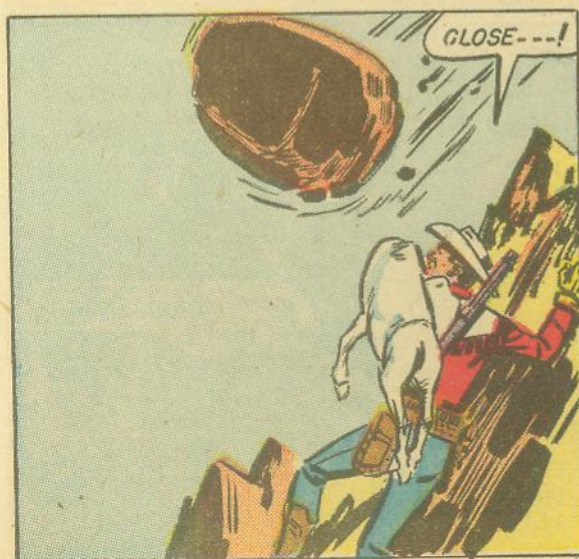
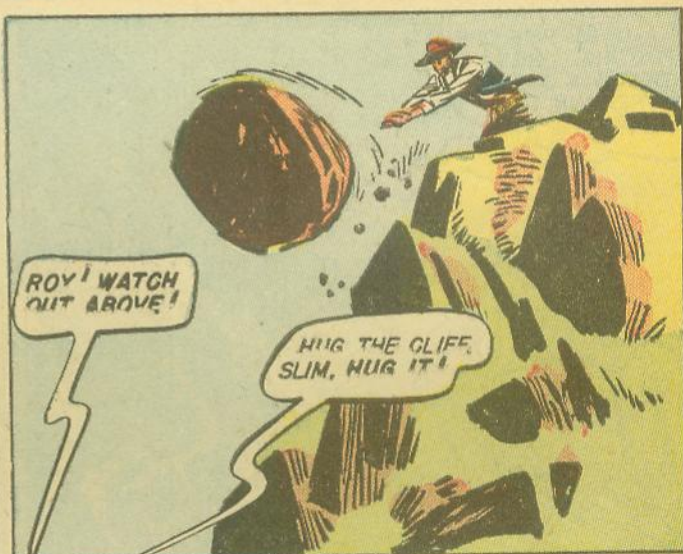
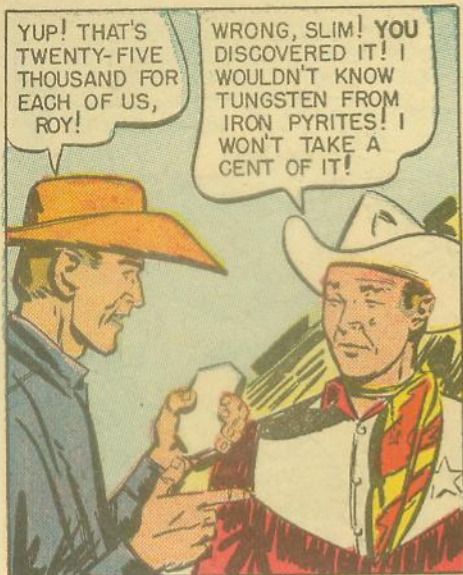
BLAST 'EM! THEY SPOILED MY HUNT! THAT WAS MY RAM!

















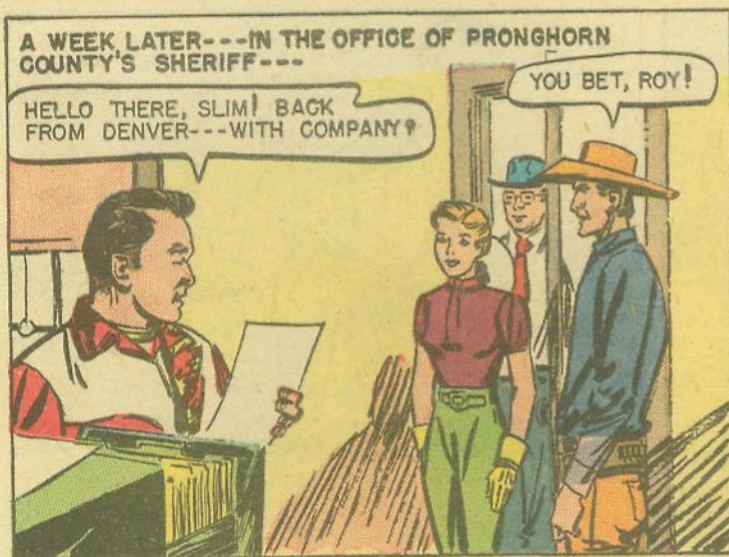
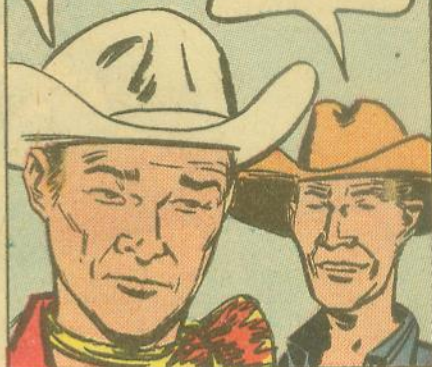


WE COULD TRAIL HIM, SLIM---

AW, LET HIM GO, ROY!

SKUNK EYE PROBABLY HEARD US TALKING TUNGSTEN AND BIG MONEY.

---BUT HE WOULDN'T DARE STAKE A CLAIM TO IT--- OR RECORD IT ANYWHERE, ROY! AND BEFORE HE COULD GET 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---

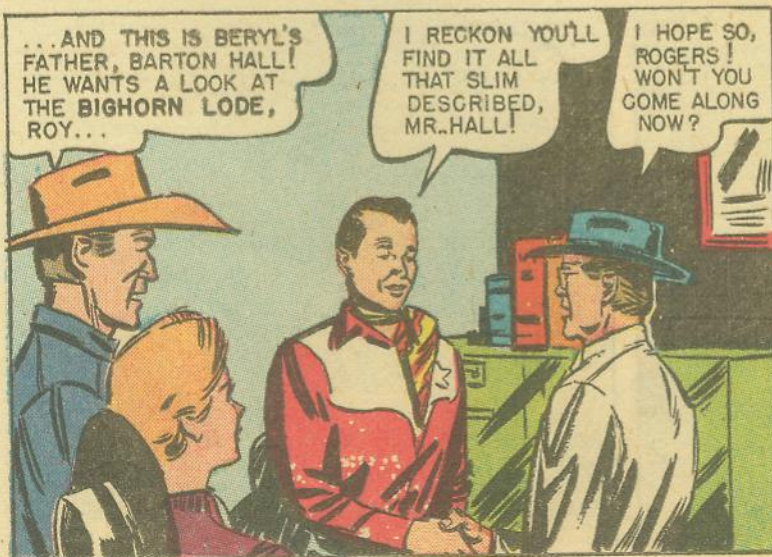
HELLO THERE, SLIM! BACK FROM DENVER---WITH COMPANY?

YOU BET, ROY!



BERYL---ER---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 BERYL HALL, I RECKON THERE'S MORE ON HIS MIND THAN TUNGSTEN!

HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH...

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 SKUNK 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...

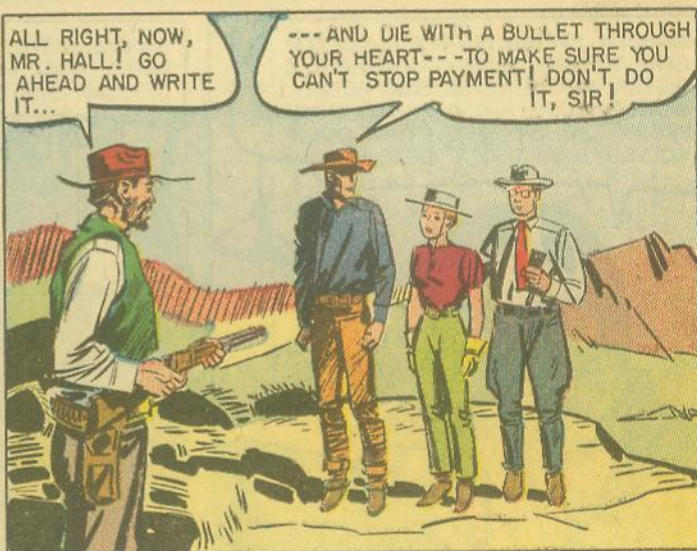
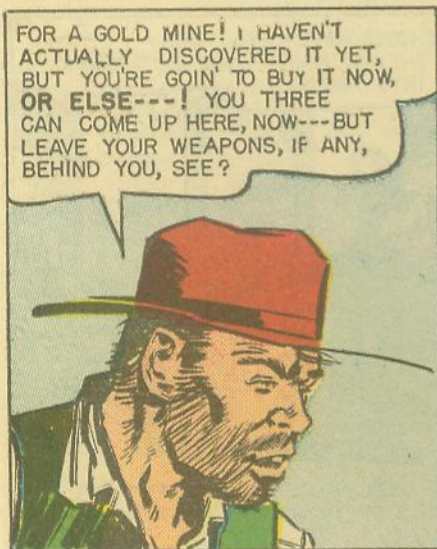
ROY KEEPS BUSY UNTIL MIDAFTERNOON, BUT HIS CONSCIENCE---OR A PREMONITION OF DANGER---BOTHERS HIM BADLY.

COME ON, BULLET! WE'LL SADDLE TRIGGER AND TAKE A PASEAR 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.







OKAY! TAKE A LOOK DOWN THAT OLD MINE SHAFT! IT ISN'T MUCH MORE'N A PROSPECT HOLE---'BOUT TWENTY FEET DEEP...



I'VE GOT GRUB AND WATER CACHED DOWN THERE---ENOUGH TO LAST YOU THREE FOR A WEEK, IF YOU'RE CAREFUL! THAT WEEK WILL GIVE ME TIME TO CASH YOUR CHECK AND FADE..

BUT WHEN THE WEEK IS UP---WE JUST STAY THERE, HUH?



STAY THERE? NOT UNLESS YOU'RE A LOT LAZIER THAN I FIGURE YOU ARE! THERE'S AN OL' MINER'S CHISEL AND HAMMER DOWN THERE---SO YOU CAN CHISEL HAND-AND-FOOT, HOLDS TO CLIMB OUT WITH! TAKE YOU FIVE 'R SIX DAYS, MEBBE.

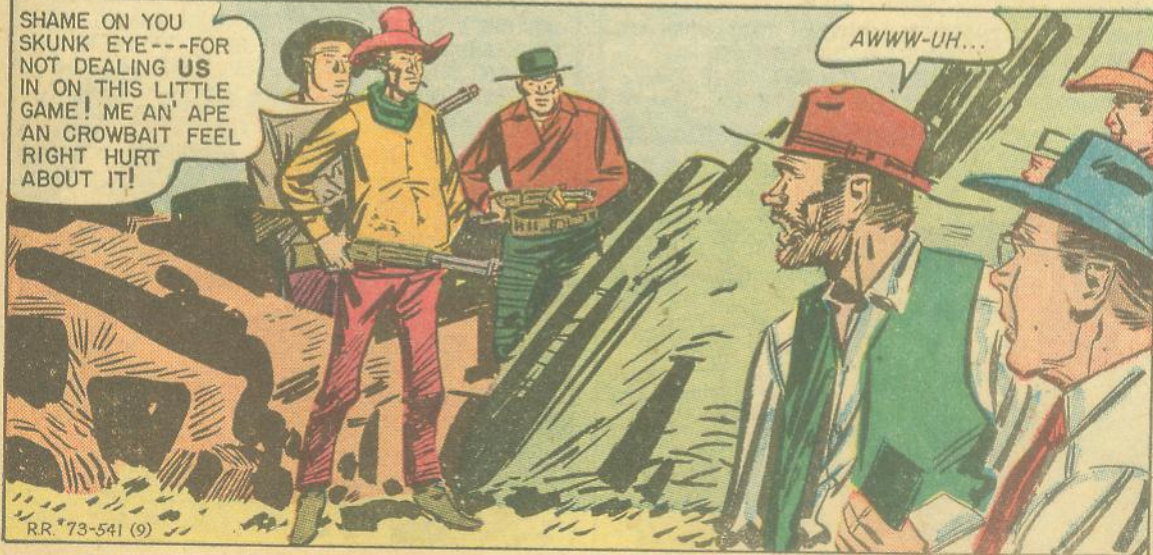


HUMPH! ALL RIGHT, I'LL SIGN A CHECK FOR FIFTY THOUSAND! HAVEN'T ANY CHOICE---



WA-A-AIT A MINUTE!

SHAME ON YOU SKUNK EYE---FOR NOT DEALING US IN ON THIS LITTLE GAME! ME AN' APE AN CROWBAIT FEEL RIGHT HURT ABOUT IT!



AWWW-UH...



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

YEAH, MEBBE HE COULD!

BUT, REMEMBER THIS, GREASE BALL--NONE OF US LOOK 'ZACKLY LIKE PILLARS OF SOCIETY, AND THE BIGGER THE CHECK WE TRY TO PASS, THE MORE SUSPICIOUS THE **BANK** WILL BE OF US! REMEMBER THAT!

AWW, BALONEY! WHEN I PUTS ON A B'ILED SHIRT---

I SAYS A **HUNDRED THOUSAND** WILL QUEER EVERYTHING!

G'WAN! MAKE IT **TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND**! WE'RE TAKING A RISK ANYHOW---

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 WINDLASS ROPE INTO THE HOLE! WE'LL BE BACK TOMORROW---OR MEBBE TONIGHT SOME TIME ---WHEN WE'VE SETTLED THIS THING!

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

AND CHEW 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, BULLET? WHY WOULD HE GO IN THIS DIRECTION---AWAY FROM THE SPRING?



SLIM! ARE YOU---

EEE-YUH, YUH?

ROY! BULLET! THANKS BE---!

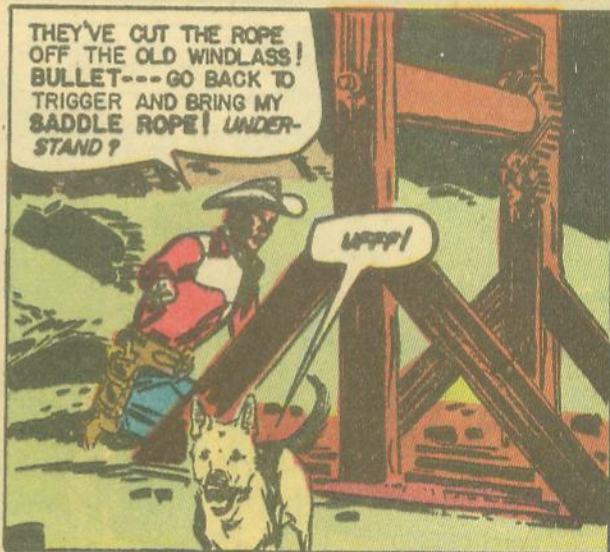


ROY! GET US OUT OF HERE, QUICK! THAT BUNCH OF OWLHOOTERS MAY BE BACK ANY TIME, AND---



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

WRRP!



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

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



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

RIGHT, MISTER LAWMAN!





---ONLY, THIS TIME THE LAW ISN'T **NUMEROUS** ENOUGH TO MAKE US SKIP! JEST UNBUCKLE THAT GUNBELT AN' TOSS IT TO ME!



**BAREFOOTED!**  
THAT'S HOW YOU  
STEPPED SO SOFTLY,  
SKUNK 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---

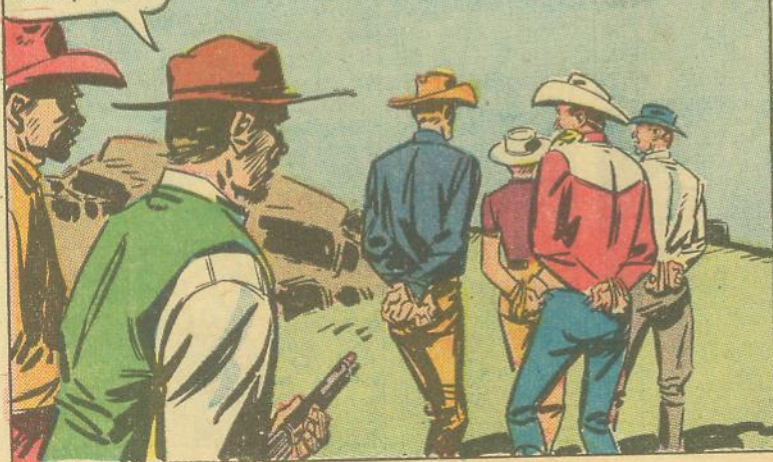


---THE BOYS WANT  
ME TO TIE YOUR  
HANDS! JEST FOR  
SAFETY!

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!**









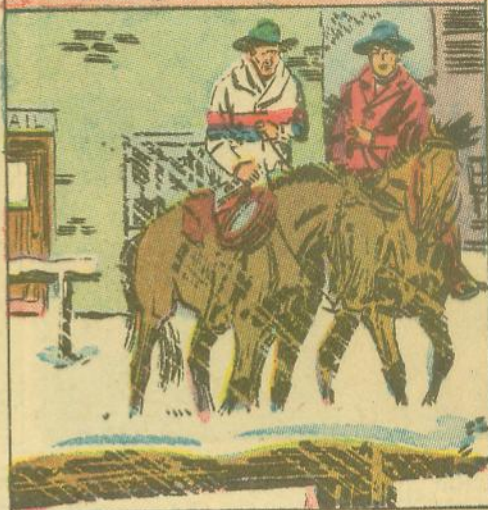
# Roy Rogers

KING OF THE COWBOYS

IN

NESTER'S  
WELCOME

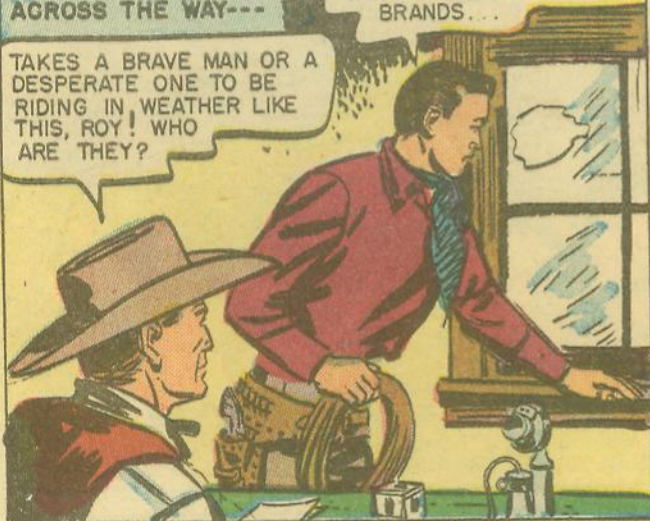
A "NORTHER" HAS BEEN SWEEPING THE "SADDLE" COUNTRY WITH SNOW AND BATTERING WINDS...LATE IN THE DAY, TWO STRANGERS RIDE INTO PRONGHORN'S MAIN STREET, AND STOP.



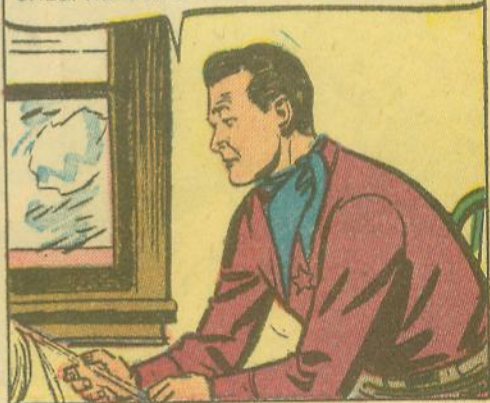
AND INSIDE THE  
SHERIFF'S OFFICE  
ACROSS THE WAY---

I DON'T KNOW, BING!  
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 MILT HOPSON'S  
STORE! THEY MIGHT BE A PAIR OF  
SHEEPHERDERS FRESH OUT OF SUPPLIES.



HELLO, GENTS! MIGHTY MEAN  
WEATHER OUTSIDE...

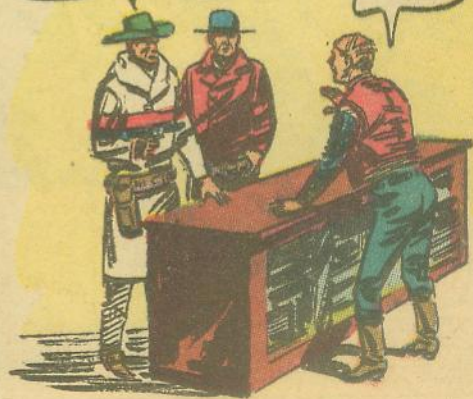
SUITS US!



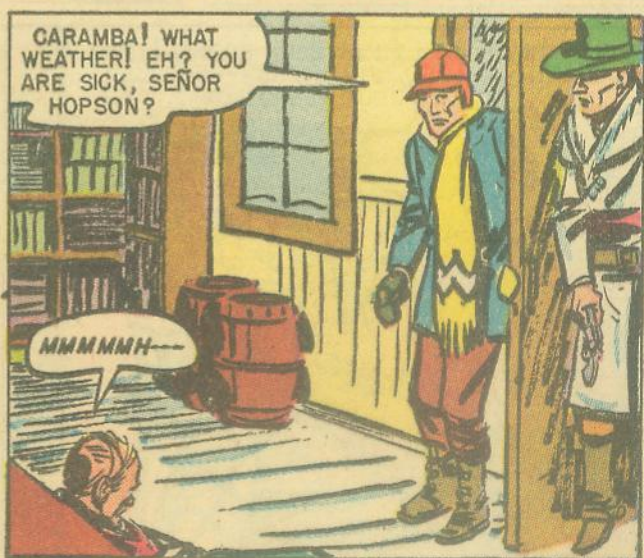
BUT INSIDE THE STORE,  
THE TWO NEWCOMERS LOOK  
LESS LIKE SHEEPHERDS  
THAN HUMAN WOLVES!

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

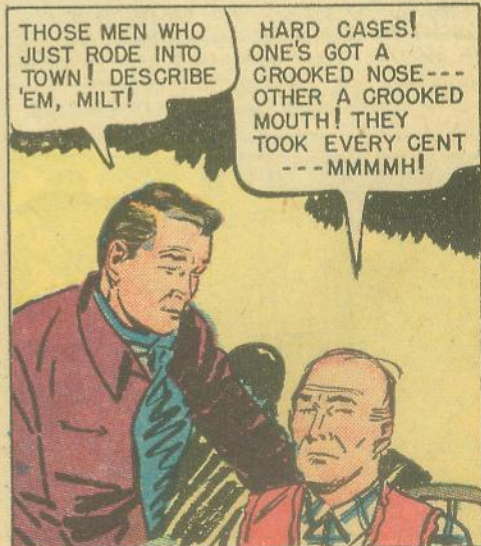
UHH...  
UGG...  
YOU'RE  
ROBBING  
ME?







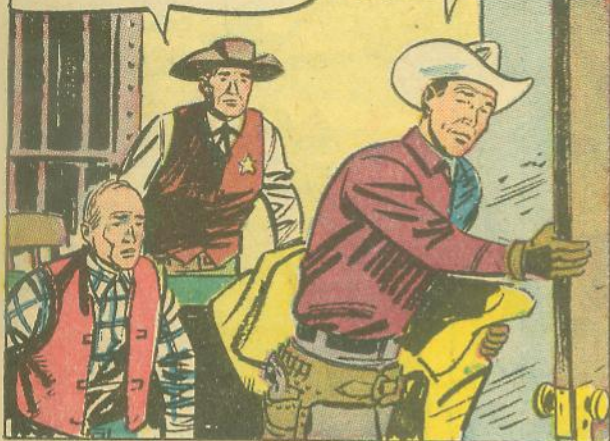






ROY! YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TRACK 'EM IN THIS STORM! FIVE MINUTES FROM NOW THEIR TRACKS WILL BE FILLED FULL---

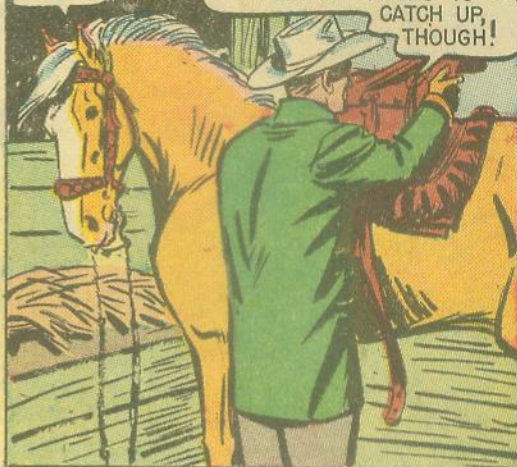
TWO MINUTES FROM NOW I'LL BE RIDING! SO LONG! I'LL CATCH 'EM, ON TRIGGER---



SIXTY SECONDS LATER---

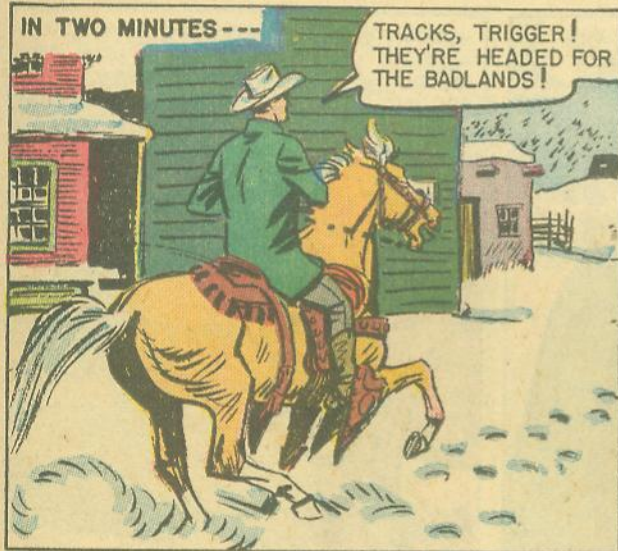
HUH, HUH, HUH?

OUTLAWS, TRIGGER! WE'VE GOT TO RATTLE OUR HOCKS TO CATCH UP, THOUGH!



IN TWO MINUTES---

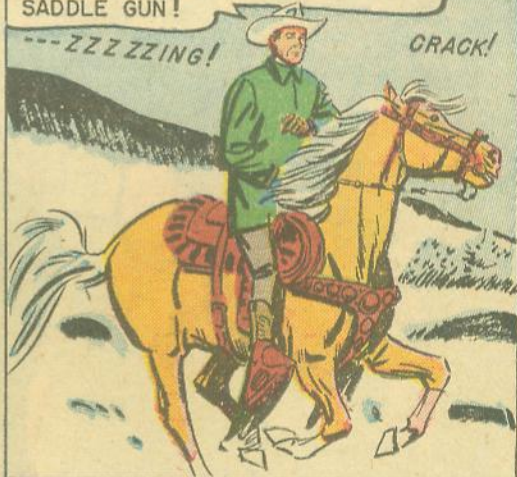
TRACKS, TRIGGER! THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE BADLANDS!



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

---ZZZZZZING!

CRACK!

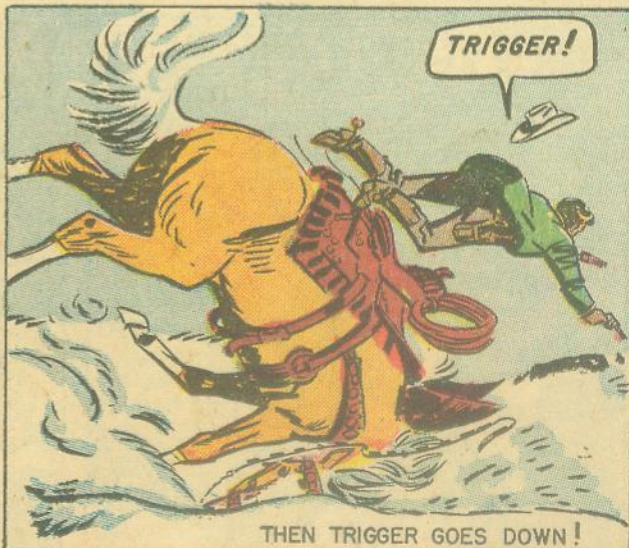


I HATE TO SHOOT, NOT KNOWING IF I MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY KILL A MAN! BUT A SIX GUN IS ACCURATE FOR ONLY SO FAR...



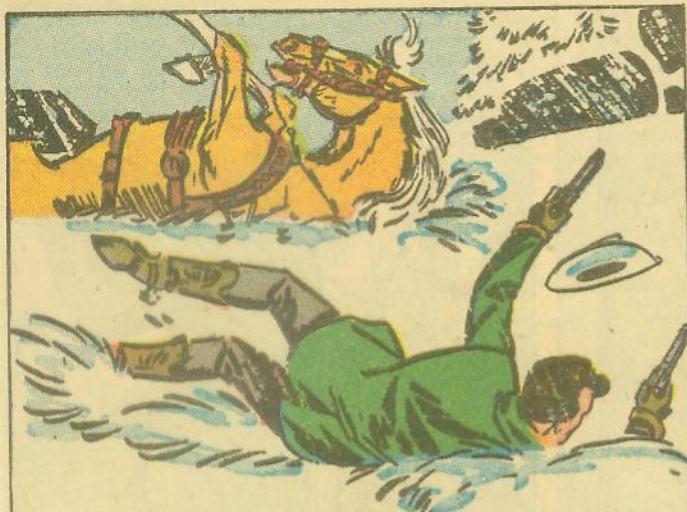
HOPING TO SPOIL THE OUTLAWS' AIM, ROY CUTS LOOSE WITH BOTH FORTY-FIVES!

TRIGGER!



THEN TRIGGER GOES DOWN!



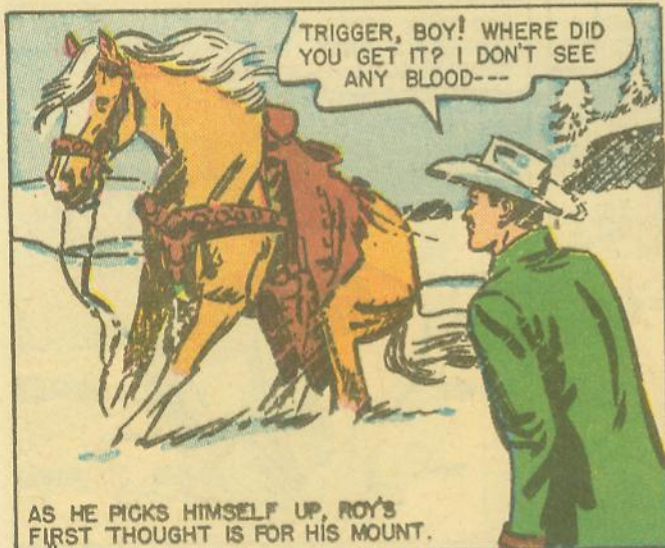


ROY LANDS ON HIS SHOULDER, STILL GRIPPING HIS GUNS.



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---

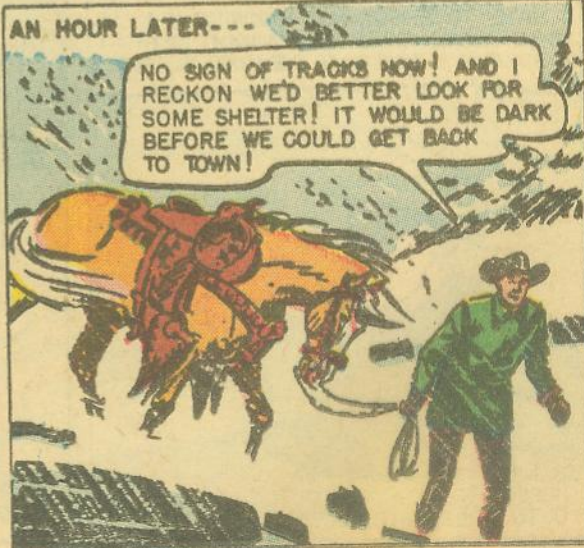
AS HE PICKS HIMSELF UP, ROY'S FIRST THOUGHT IS FOR HIS MOUNT.



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



BUT WE'VE LOST SIGHT OF THOSE OWLHOOTS! 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---



---HE'LL HAVE TO TAKE  
US IN! HELLO, THE  
HOUSE!



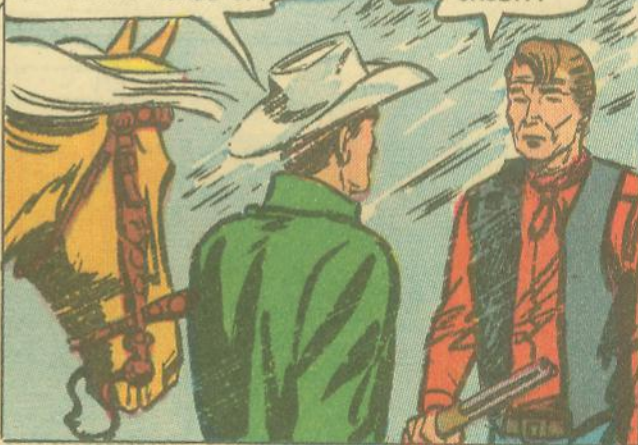
WHAT DO YOU WANT? YOU'RE  
NOT GOIN' TO RUN US OFF  
THE PLACE TONIGHT---NOT IF  
YOU'RE PEGOS BILL AND  
CATTLEMEN'S LAW ROLLED  
INTO ONE!

PULL  
IN YOUR  
HORNS,  
SANDERS!



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

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

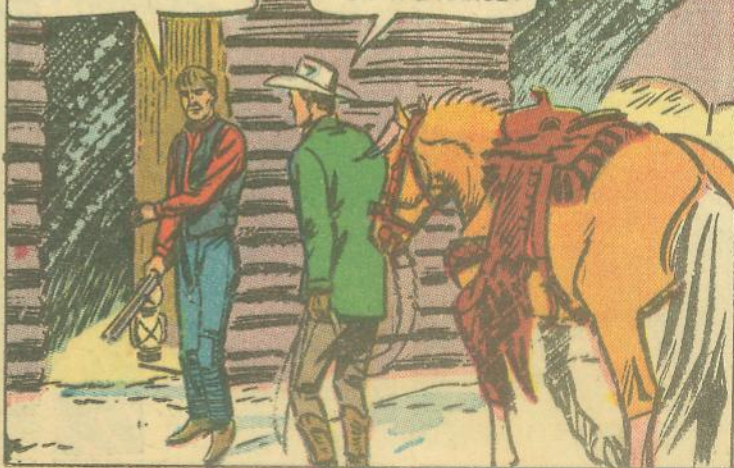


...BUT MAYBE I CAN BED YOUR  
HORSE DOWN OUT OF THE WIND!  
YOU BRING HIM INTO THE BARN!



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 **CATTLEMEN'S SHERIFF!** I'VE GOT SOME COWS. OUT THERE, TOO---BLIZZARD-BOUND AND STARVING, WITH NO WAY TO GET 'EM IN!

HMM! THAT IS TOUGH! PERHAPS IN THE MORNING I---

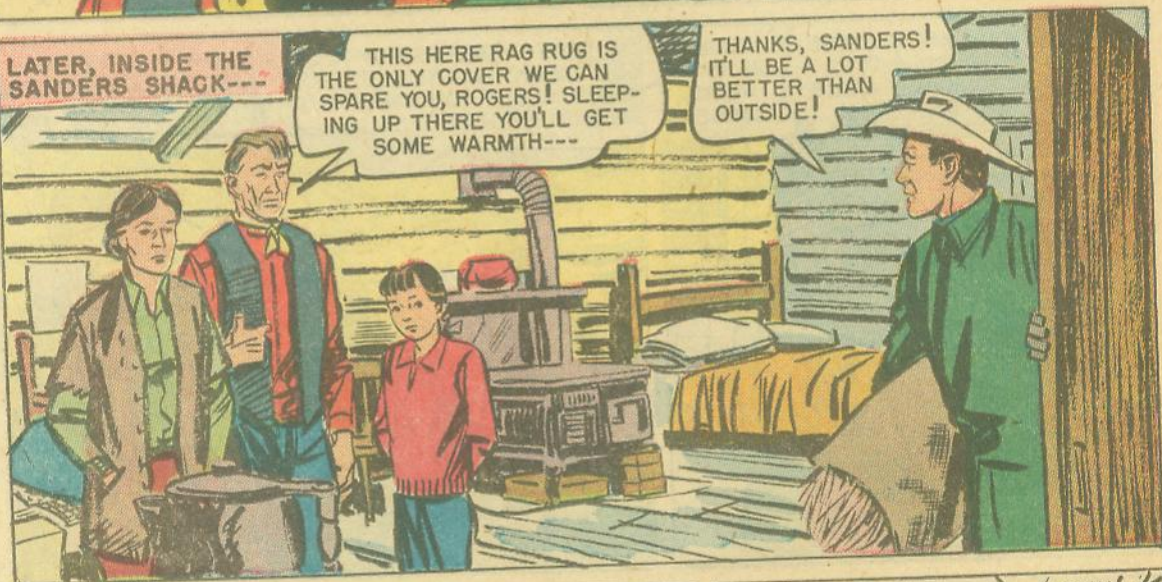
YOU CAN FILL A COUPLE OF FEED BAGS WITH HAY, IF YOU WANT TO---AND BED DOWN IN MY ATTIC. I'D DO THAT MUCH FOR A TWO-LEGGED SKUNK!



LATER, INSIDE THE SANDERS 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!

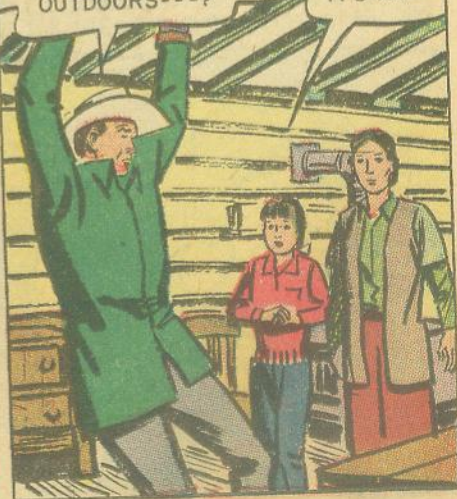
THAT'S TRIGGER---FIGHTING MAD! WHAT IN THE WORLD---



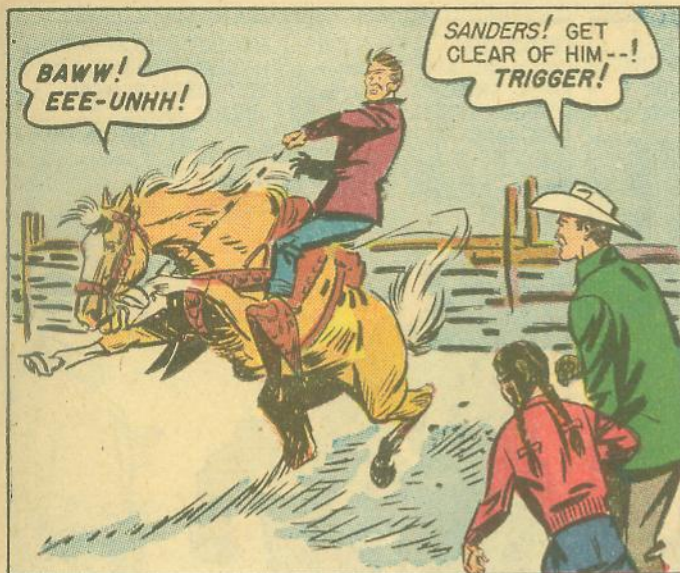
AND, AT FIRST GRAY LIGHT OF DAWN---

SAY! WHAT'S GOING ON OUTDOORS---

OHH! IT'S PA---



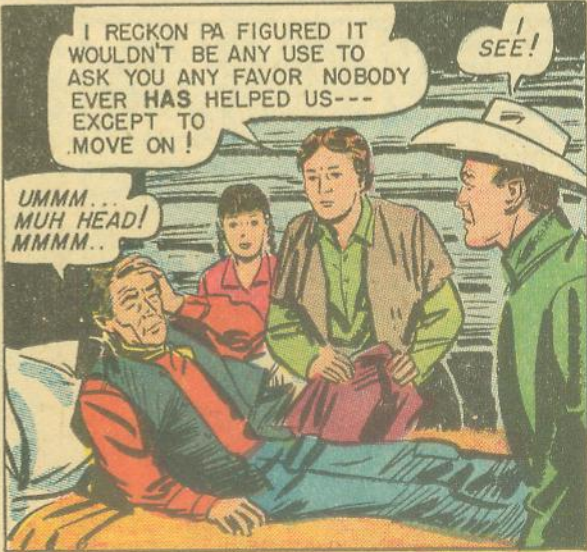
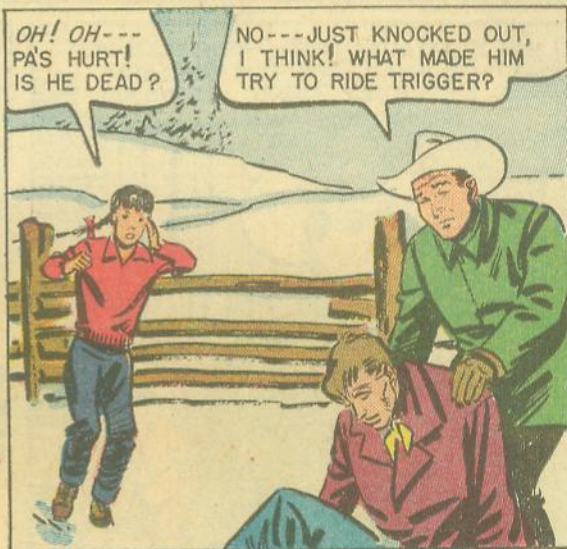




SUNFISHING, TRIGGER SENDS HIS RIDER FLYING---



---TO STRIKE HIS HEAD ON A SNOW-COVERED FARM WAGON.



I SEE!



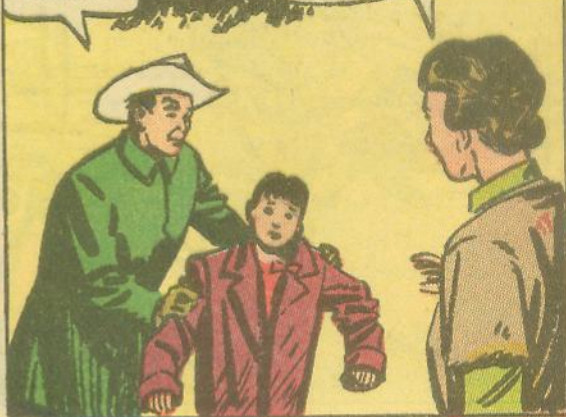
MELISSA, JUST WHERE ARE YOUR PA'S COWS LIKELY TO BE NOW? IN WHAT PART OF SPIDER GULCH? OR DON'T YOU KNOW?

I KNOW--- BUT IT'D BE HARD TO TELL YOU...

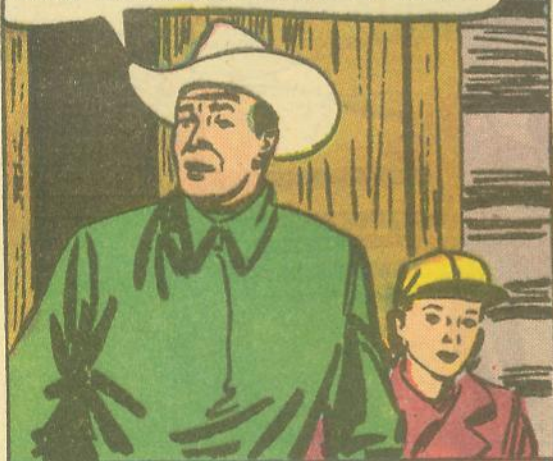


THEN YOU COME ALONG WITH ME AND SHOW ME! TRIGGER WILL CARRY DOUBLE FOR ME, AND NEVER BUCK..

MR. ROGERS! WHAT UNDER THE SUN DO YOU MEAN? YOU AREN'T GOING TO BRING IN OUR COWS?

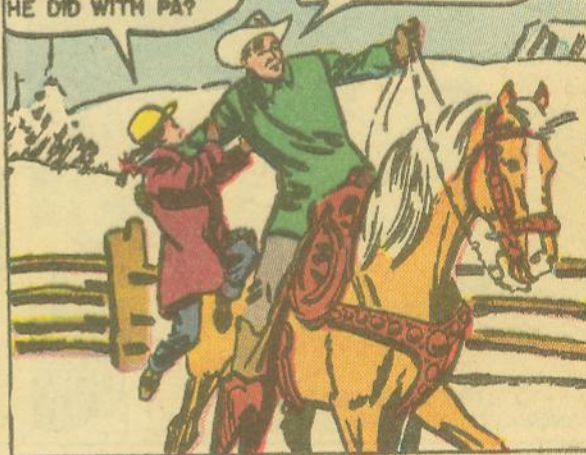


I AM TO DO JUST THAT---WITH MELISSA'S HELP! IT'S ABOUT TIME THAT SOMEBODY ACTED NEIGHBORLY TOWARD YOU FOLKS!



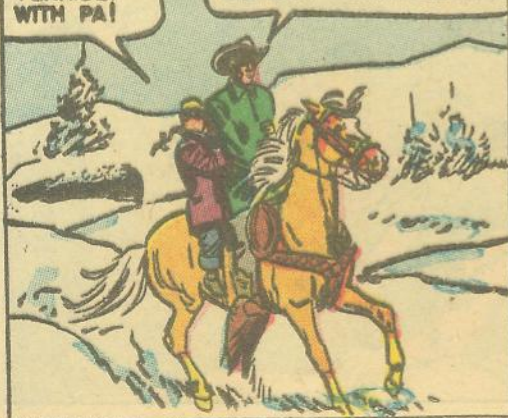
MR. ROGERS! ARE YOU SURE HE WON'T BUCK---LIKE HE DID WITH PA?

SURE, MELISSA! AND I'M JUST "ROY" TO YOU ---NOT MISTER!



WHY---HE GOES LIKE---LIKE A LAMB! AND HE BUCKED SO TERRIBLY WITH PA!

TRIGGER WOULD BUCK OFF ANYBODY THAT HE THOUGHT OUGHT NOT TO BE RIDING HIM! HE'S ALMOST HUMAN-SMART!

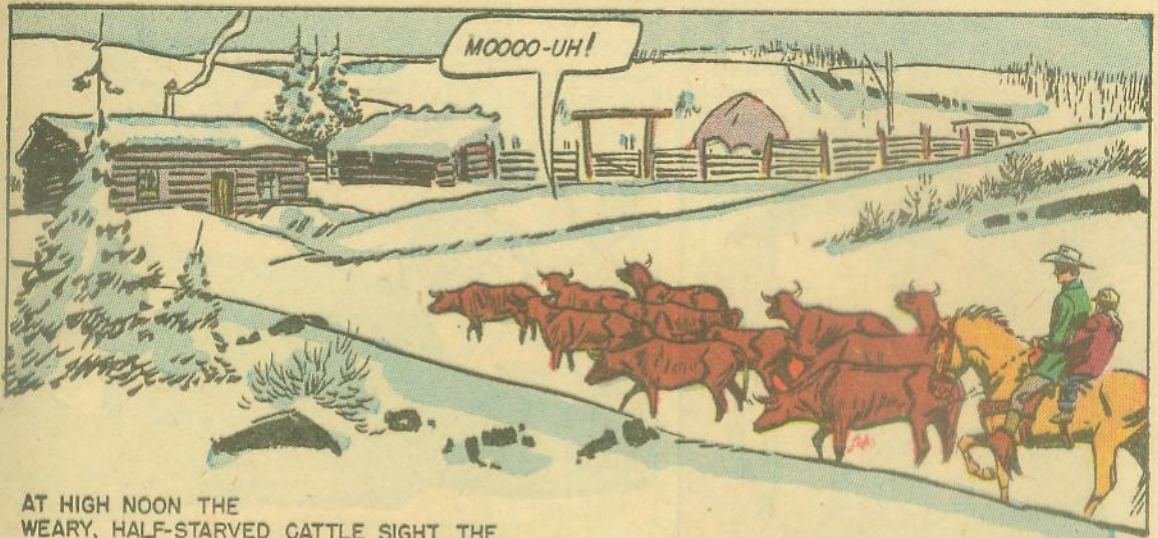


THERE ARE OUR COWS, ROY--- MOST OF 'EM!

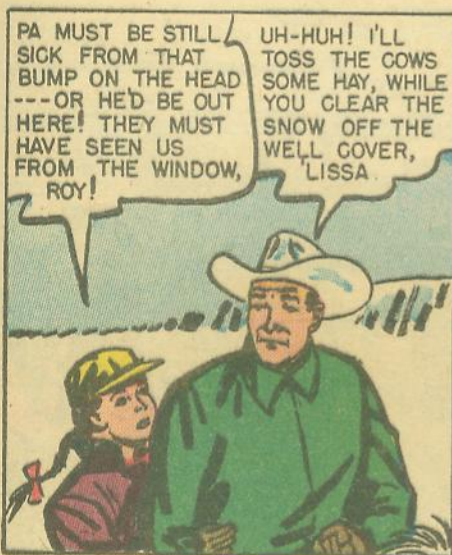


TWO HOURS AND SEVERAL MILES FARTHER THE SEARCH IS ENDED.



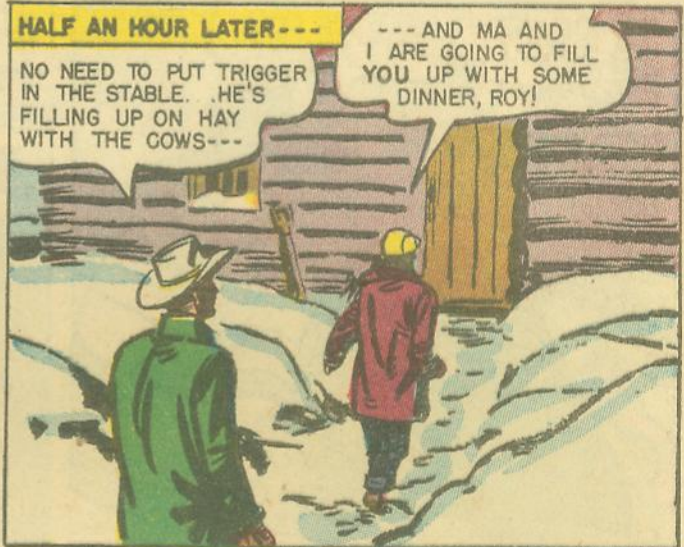


AT HIGH NOON THE WEARY, HALF-STARVED CATTLE SIGHT THE NESTER'S HAY CORRAL, AND QUICKEN THEIR PACE.



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

UH-HUH! I'LL TOSS THE COWS SOME HAY, WHILE YOU CLEAR THE SNOW OFF THE WELL 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 SWIPE AT HIM---

SHHH--!



SAY! WHO...?









ATTABOY, ROY!  
SOCK HIM!



WOW! I RECKON HE'LL BE  
GOOD NOW, ROY! PA'S  
GOT THE OTHER ONE!

THEN---  
I'LL JUST---

CLICK!



---HOOK 'EM  
BOTH TOGETHER.



---AND SEE WHAT'S IN  
THIS MONEY BELT! IF  
THESE BIRDS ARE THE  
SAME ONES WHO ROBBED  
MILT HOPSON.. AND  
THEY SURE FIT THE  
DESCRIPTION..

HEY!  
GET  
THIS---  
UGH!---  
POT OFF  
MY HEAD!



THEY'RE THE ONES! HERE IS MILT'S STACK OF  
TWENTIES! AND THOSE TWO FACES FIT A  
COUPLE OF WANTED DODGERS IN THE SHER-  
IFF'S OFFICE! FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS  
REWARD ON EACH OF 'EM...



---AND THE REWARDS GO TO YOU  
FOLKS---EVERY CENT! WHILE  
YOU'RE WAITING FOR IT, I'LL  
SEE THAT YOU HAVE ENOUGH  
RIDING STOCK AND GRUB...

YOU HEAR  
THAT, PA?  
WE'VE GOT  
A FRIEND  
IN NEED---

AND A  
FRIEND  
INDEED!  
YOU  
BET!



# 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!



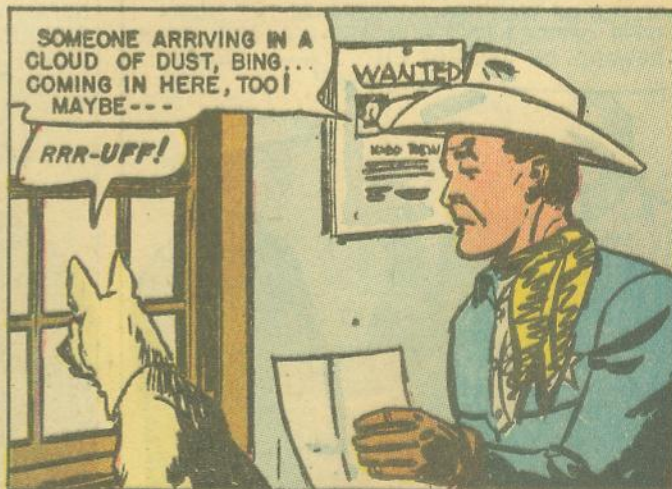
"...THAT DUMB ASSISTANT OF MINE HAD TRIED TO DISCIPLINE ALL THE YOUNG COMANCHE BUCKS FOR BREAKING SOME RESERVATION RULES! HE IMPOUNDED THEIR PONIES, SHAMED THEM BEFORE THE TRIBE, MADE MORTAL ENEMIES... TWELVE OF THEM VOWED VENGEANCE ON ALL WHITES."



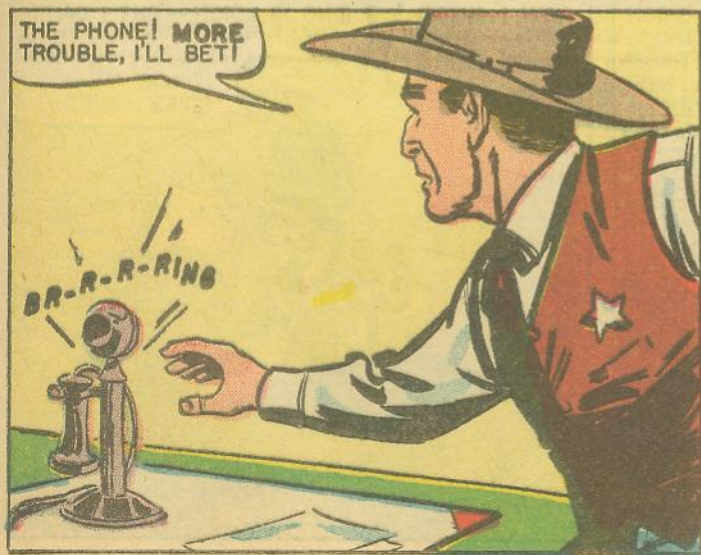
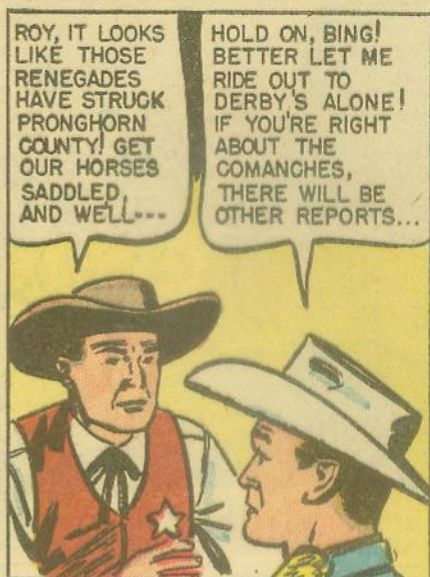
*they hauled him out of bed, and staked him out on an ant hill! Then they disappeared! Maybe some of them will show up in Poughon County. If they do, you're in for trouble, Bing--- bad trouble! My fool assistant was found before the ants killed him--- but that was luck.*  
Sol

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

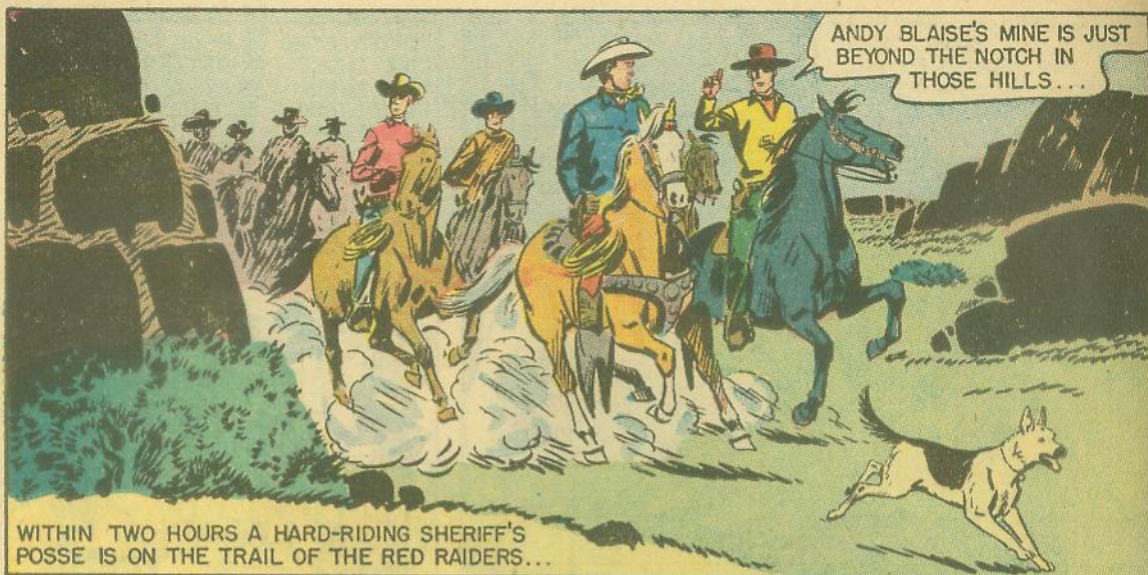
RRR-UFF!











ANDY BLAISE'S MINE IS JUST BEYOND THE NOTCH IN THOSE HILLS...

WITHIN TWO HOURS A HARD-RIDING SHERIFF'S POSSE IS ON THE TRAIL OF THE RED RAIDERS...

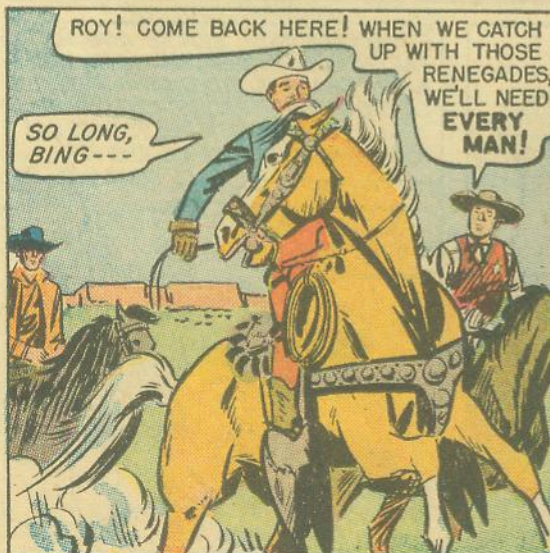


DAVE EMBER SAID THE COMANCHES' HORSE TRACKS WERE ONLY A FEW HOURS OLD---HEADED FOR THE BREAKS! IF WE CAN CORNER THEM BEFORE DARK---

I HAVE A HUNCH WE WON'T, BING!

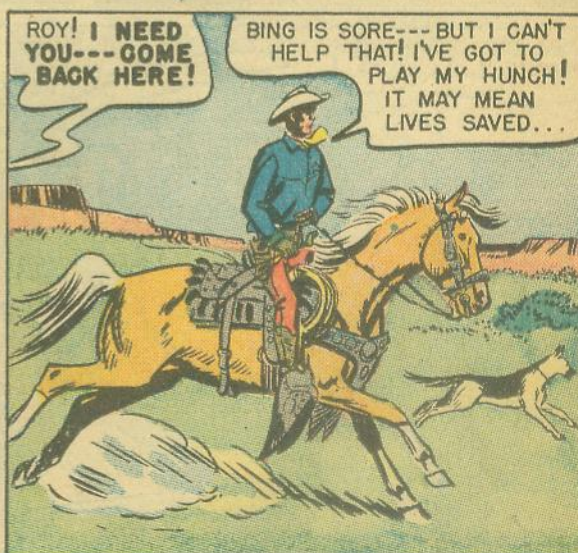


IF THEY WERE REALLY HEADING FOR THE GOBLIN BREAKS, THEY WOULDN'T HAVE LEFT US A PLAIN TRAIL! I'M GOING TO QUIT THIS POSSE, AND WARN THE FOLKS AT COW CREEK!



ROY! COME BACK HERE! WHEN WE CATCH UP WITH THOSE RENEGADES, WE'LL NEED EVERY MAN!

SO LONG, BING---

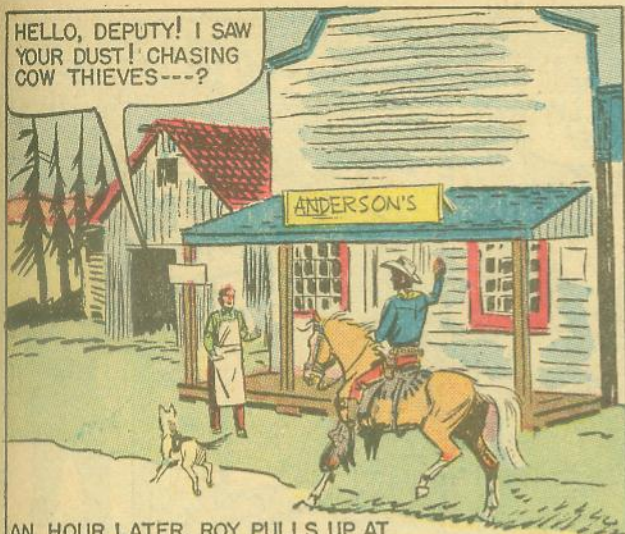


ROY! I NEED YOU---GOME BACK HERE!

BING IS SORE--- BUT I CAN'T HELP THAT! I'VE GOT TO PLAY MY HUNCH! IT MAY MEAN LIVES SAVED...



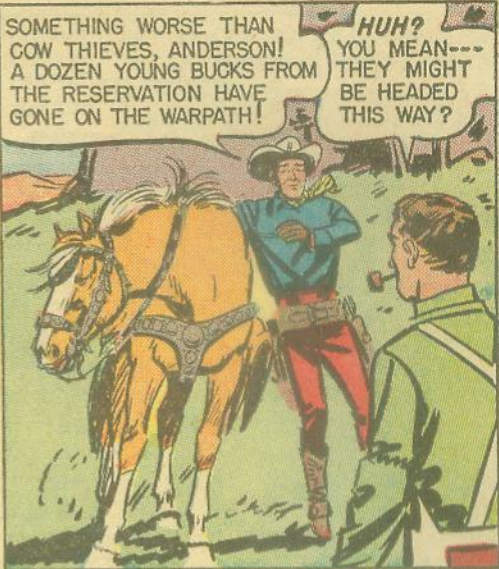
HELLO, DEPUTY! I SAW  
YOUR DUST! CHASING  
COW THIEVES---



AN HOUR LATER, ROY PULLS UP AT  
THE TINY "SETTLEMENT" OF COW CREEK.

SOMETHING WORSE THAN  
COW THIEVES, ANDERSON!  
A DOZEN YOUNG BUCKS FROM  
THE RESERVATION HAVE  
GONE ON THE WARPATH!

HUH?  
YOU MEAN---  
THEY MIGHT  
BE HEADED  
THIS WAY?



HAVE YOU SEEN ANY SUSPICIOUS  
DUST OR SMOKE TODAY? THEY  
MIGHT BE HOLED UP NEAR HERE  
---WAITING FOR MOONLIGHT TO  
JUMP YOU...

ALL I SAW WAS  
A DOZEN OR  
SO WILD HORSES  
HEADING TO-  
WARD THREE  
GULCHES...



THAT WAS THE WAR PARTY!  
BRAVES HANGING ON THE  
OFF SIDE OF THEIR PONIES,  
SO YOU COULDN'T NOTICE  
THEM! THANKS---



WAIT A MINUTE, ANDERSON! BRING ME ALL  
THE ROLLS OF FLYPAPER THAT YOU MAY  
HAVE IN STOCK! AND HURRY, PLEASE!---  
YES, FLYPAPER!



I'LL TRY TO MAKE GHOST GULCH  
BEFORE DARK--WARN CHOLLY  
WARE AND HIS DAUGHTER BONNIE!  
YOU FOLKS BETTER LOAD ALL  
YOUR GUNS AND KEEP WATCH...

WE SURE  
WILL,  
DEPUTY!





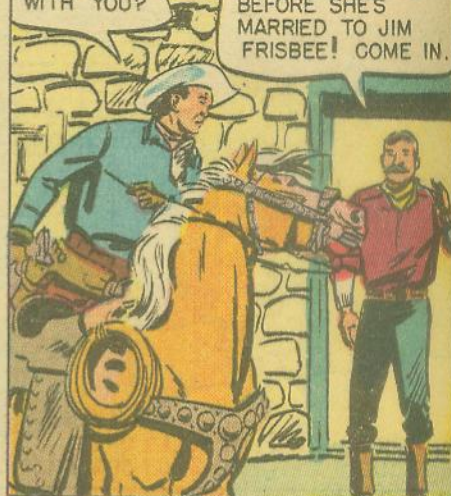
AT DUSK---AS ROY NEARS THE  
STONE CABIN IN GHOST GULCH.



EVERYTHING LOOKS  
QUIET HERE, BULLET!  
WE'RE IN TIME...  
HELLO, GHOLLY  
WARE!

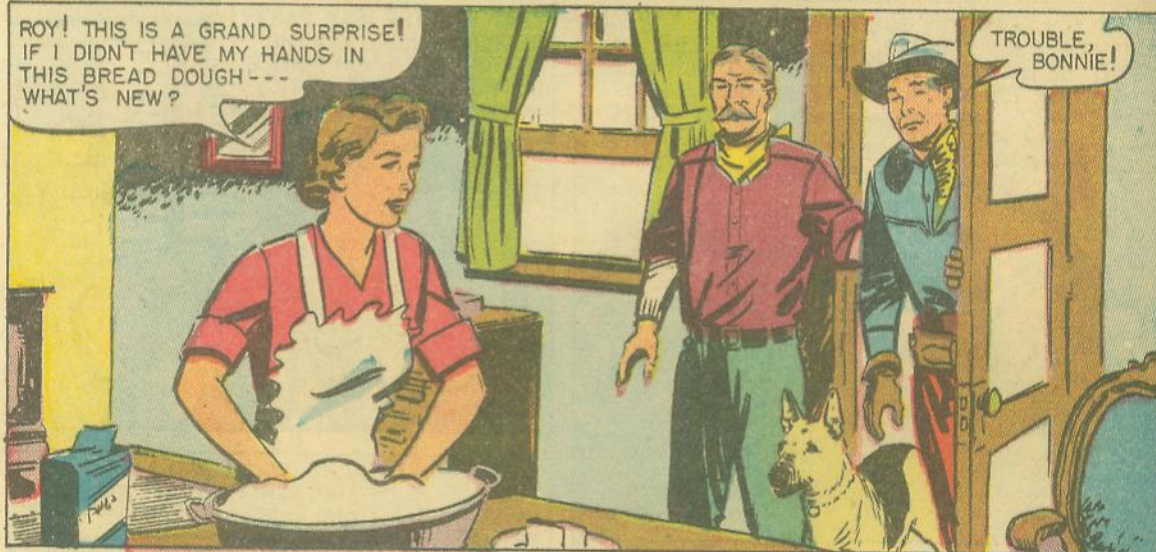
IT'S ROY, GHOLLY!  
IS BONNIE  
WITH YOU?

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?

TROUBLE,  
BONNIE!



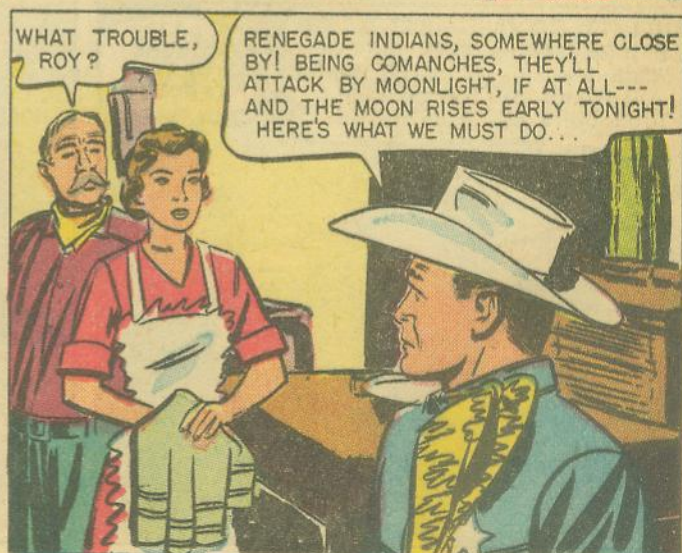
BULLET! GO OUTSIDE  
AND WATCH! ON  
GUARD!

UFF!



WHAT TROUBLE,  
ROY?

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





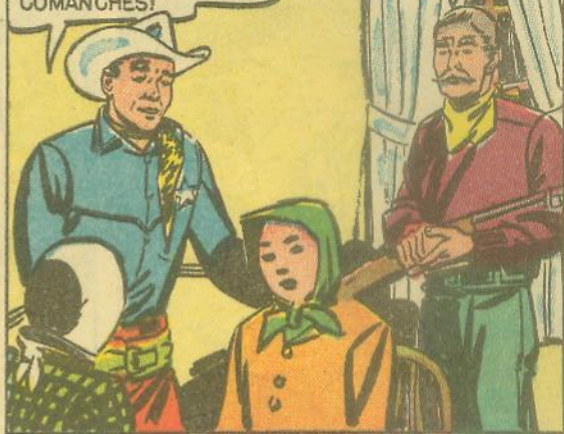
MINUTES LATER---

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 DO---TO FOOL COMANCHES!

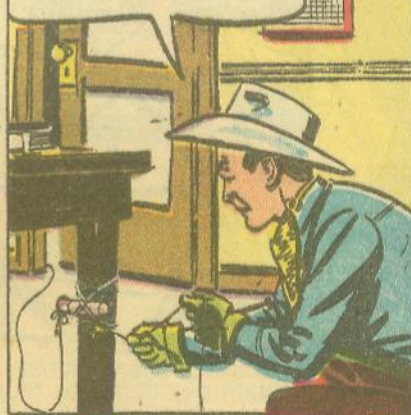
MAYBE! BUT WHERE WILL WE BE THEN, ROY?



YOU AND BONNIE WILL BE DOWN IN YOUR MINE---IN THE CAVE 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?

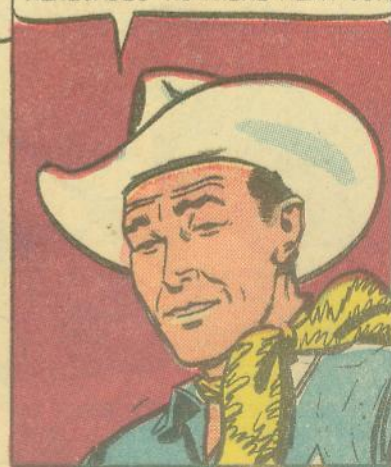
YES! I'LL LEAD THE TRIGGER STRINGS ALONG THE FLOOR TO THE CLOSET. WHEN YOU HEAR ME SHOOT, JERK THESE STRINGS.



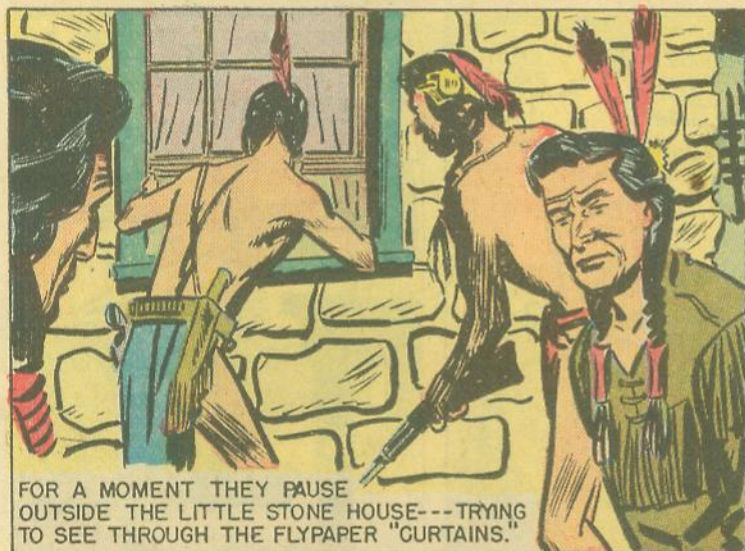
MINUTES LATER, A LITTLE DISTANCE FROM THE CABIN---

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

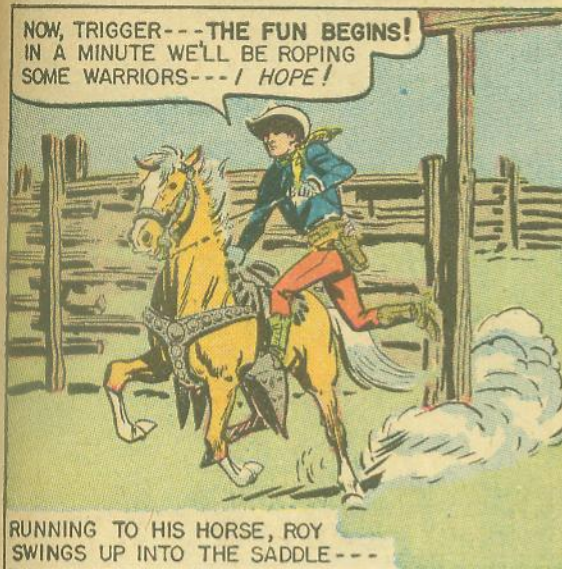
OF COURSE, MY HUNCH COULD BE WRONG---AND THOSE RENEGADES NOWHERE NEAR US...



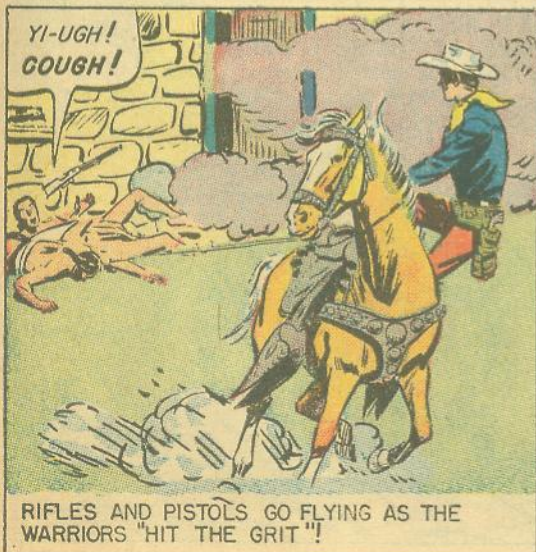
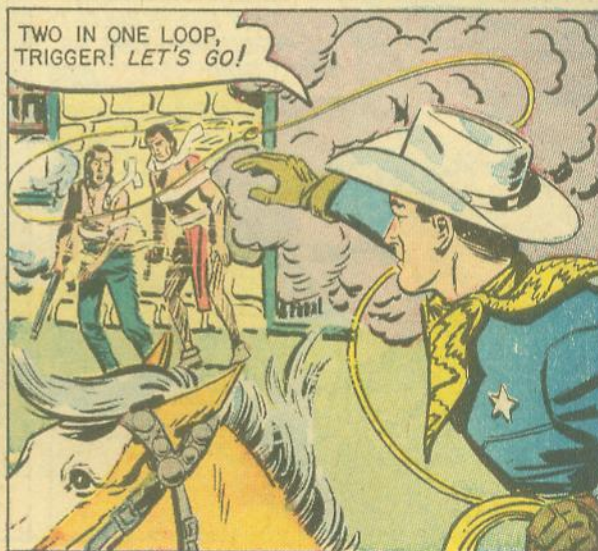








COMANCHE FIGHTS COMANCHE, AND BOTH FIGHT  
THE CLINGING FLYPAPER--AS THEY BLOCK THE  
DOOR.







YOW---  
(KA-CHOO!)

GRRR-  
UFF!

GOOD WORK, BULLET! WE  
HAVE MORE THAN HALF OF  
THEM HOG-TIED! IF  
CHOLLY WOULD  
COME NOW---



YIP YIP  
YIP YIP!

THE HORSE-  
HOLDER---



GET THAT RIDER, BULLET!  
I'D FORGOTTEN THAT HE  
MIGHT JUMP US---

---ZZZIP!

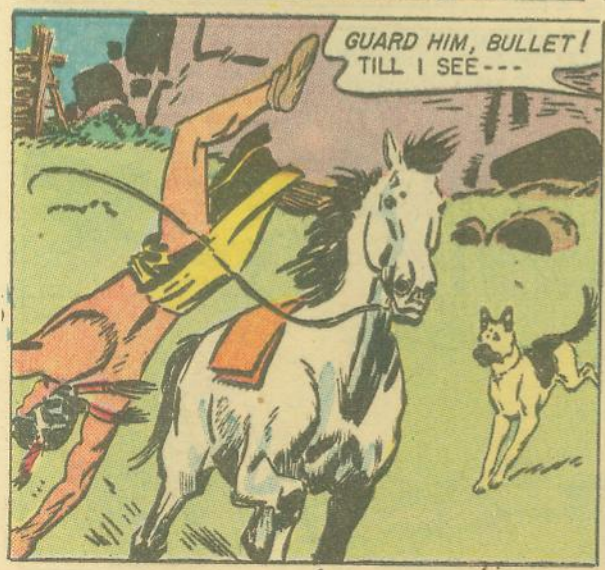
BANG!



---UGHH!

KLUNK---

ONE OF ROY'S SLUGS, AIMED AT THE  
RIFLE, GLANCES OFF THE WEAPON TO  
STUN ITS OWNER.



GUARD HIM, BULLET!  
TILL I SEE---



HE'S JUST KNOCKED OUT! GO  
ROUND UP THE REST, BULLET...  
WHILE I TIE HIM UP!

YARK!







# BREED of the PIONEERS



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Gary Train looked down through the window of the passenger plane at the sunburned rocks of the Funeral Range—and wondered at their naked ugliness. Now the heat-tortured 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 slipped 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—tight moans and broken whimperings—some words of prayer!

"Gary! You're not hurt? Help me—"

It was Dora 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 Dora 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 folks!



"Gary," said Dora, 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—"

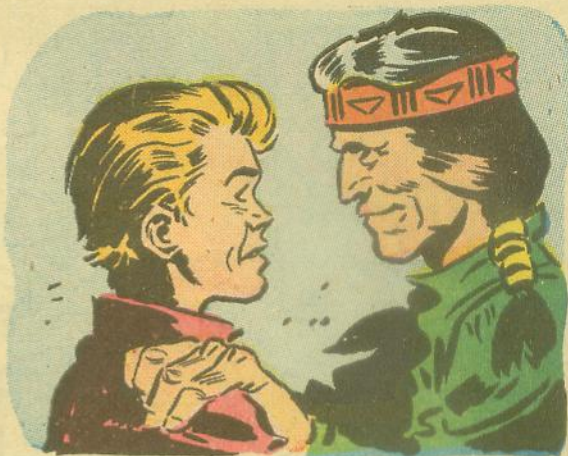
"—unless I go for help? That's so, Dora! I'm the only one who isn't too hurt to walk! All right—"

Gary stood up—feeling for the first time the pain of his wrenched 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 farm! 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 blurting 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-rope 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 Injun! 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 TWINS!  
ONLY TIME YOU'RE  
HAPPY IS WHEN  
YOU'RE FORKING  
IN THE GRUB!

WHERE'S SNOOFY,  
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!

EEEK! SNOOFY! TAKE THAT  
FILTHY OLD COW'S TAIL  
AWAY!

HA, HA, 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 'WIG-WAG'!...

"--- 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 WIG-WAG, OR ---



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



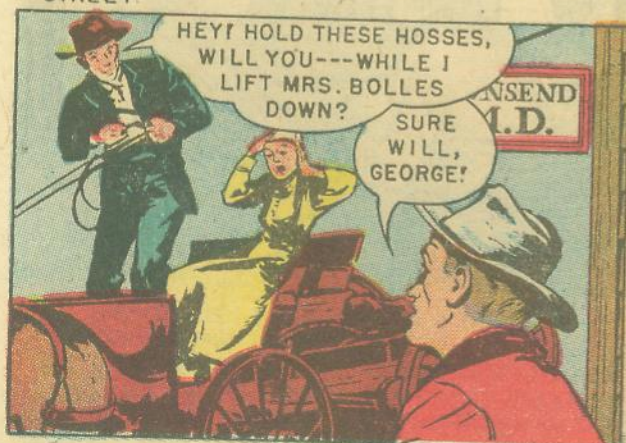
"ONE NIGHT, WHEN THE PUP HAD GOT ME UP FOR A WALK---



" --- 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 DOC TOWNSEND'S, JUST AS I CROSSED THE STREET. "



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

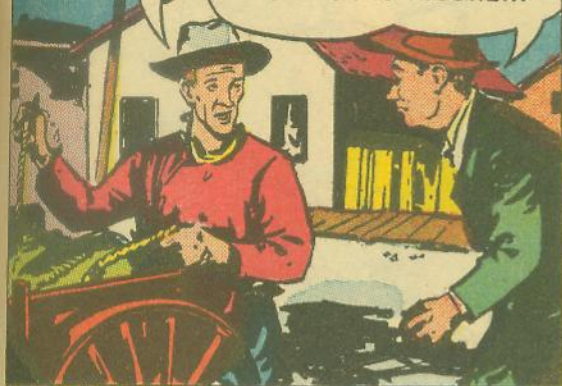




"--- AND CAME BACK OUT TO THE WAGON."

SILAS BOLLES  
DOESN'T NEED A  
MEDICU, GEORGE---  
NOT NOW!

I KNOW IT, CHARLEY! HE  
BREADED 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  
CARRY SILAS INSIDE..  
THEN YOU CAN TELL ME  
WHO KILLED HIM!



"DOC'S BACK ROOM WAS HIS UNDERTAKING  
ESTABLISHMENT.. WHEN WE'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  
COAL OIL, AND I SAW THIS CHUNKY, WHITE-FACED  
GENT JUMP OUT OF A DOWN-  
STAIRS WINDOW---



"--- GEORGE BALLARD HAD  
QUITE 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 --- OH?  
DOC? ---

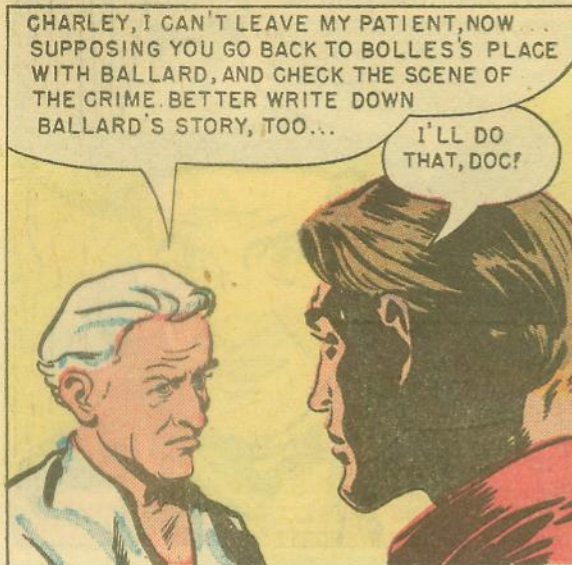
HELLO,  
BOYS!



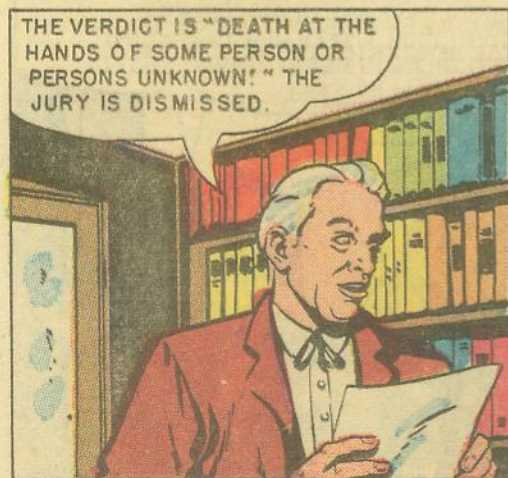
MRS. BOLLES IS RESTING--- UNDER A  
SEDATEIVE! DIDN'T TELL HER THAT YOU'D  
BROUGHT SILAS IN HERE! HMMM! SHOT IN  
THE HEAD... BULLET STILL  
THERE...







"NEXT DAY DOC WAITED UNTIL FIVE O'CLOCK, AND THEN WE WENT AHEAD."



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



"--- BUT AFTER SUPPER I RODE 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 BOLLESES, I THOUGHT I'D BETTER LOOK AROUND INSIDE! WIG-WAG, MY PUP, 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 WHOOPING OUT TO THE BARN, WHERE HE STARTED TO DIG LIKE MAD."

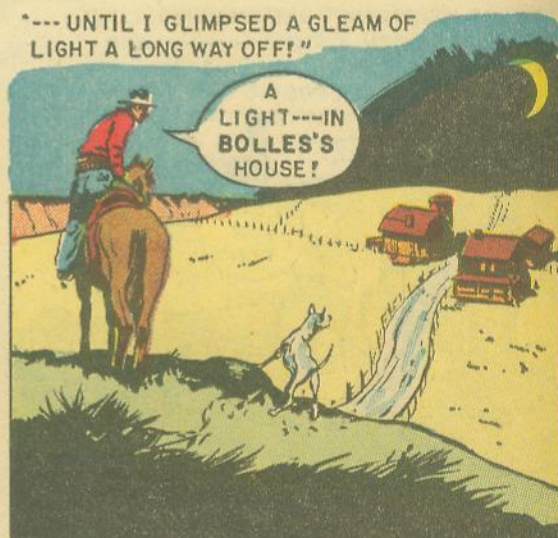




"I REACHED IN UNDER THE BARN SILL, AND PULLED OUT ---"



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



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



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



"I EASED 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!"

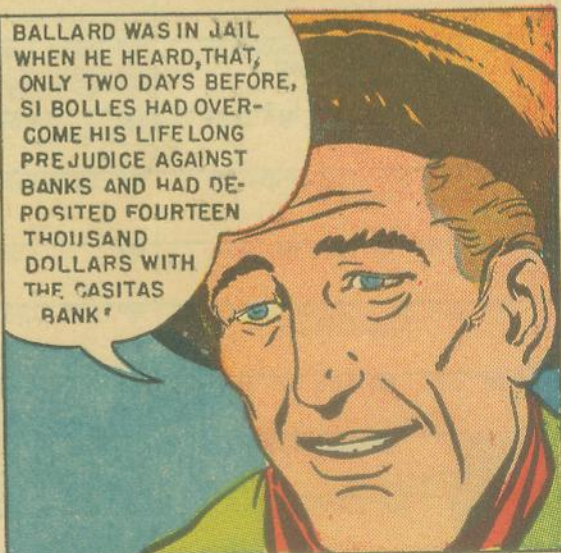


BUT--- BUT, CHARLEY! THE MONEY BOX WAS EMPTY! WHAT HAD BECOME OF SILAS BOLLES'S SAVINGS, IF BALLARD DIDN'T STEAL THEM--?

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



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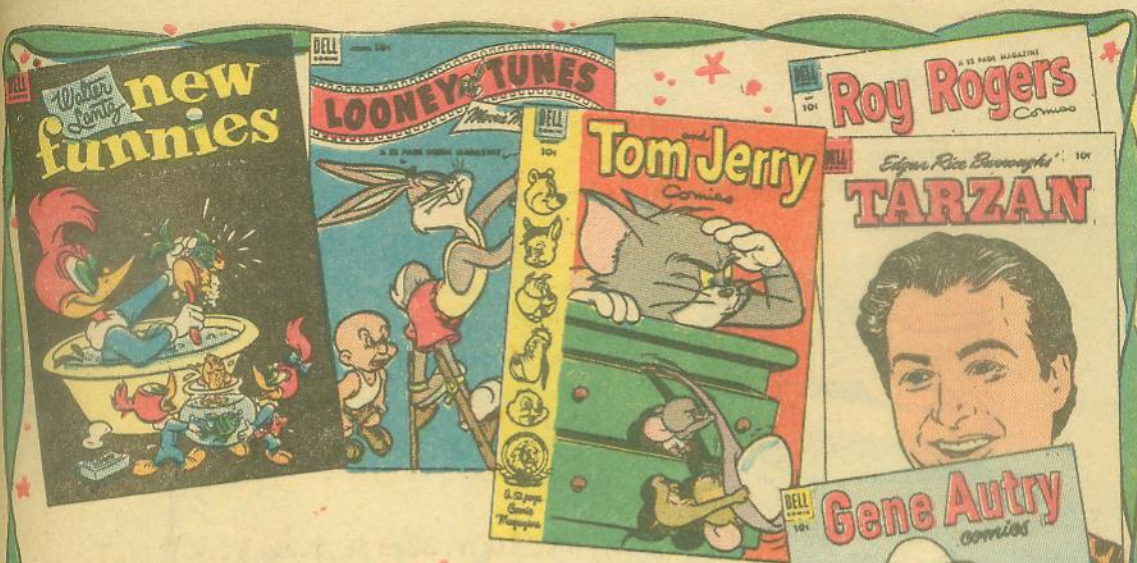
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# INDIAN WORDS

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Many English words that are used today stem directly from Indian expressions. O. K., or "okay" is a Choctaw word,—"o-keh," with the same meaning we give it in English today.

Here are a few other words quite common in the English language, and their Indian sources:



"Ke-bek" was a cry of warning used by Algonquin Indians when shooting rapids in a canoe. Frenchmen, hearing this cry from the Indians on the river below their fort, named it Quebec.

The Seneca Indians, unable to pronounce the word "English," called it "Yangis." So our term "Yankee" simply means "English."



The city of New York gets its name, Manhattan, from the Indians of the same name. The word means "the hill island."



A "powwow" is a magician or a "medicine man." White men thought the name of the medicine man was that of the demonstration. The result was our present misuse of the term powwow.



"Squaw" is merely the English corruption of the Narragansett word "squaws," which means any "woman." It is not a proper designation for an Indian woman unless you are speaking Narragansett, which is an obsolete language.



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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., Editor, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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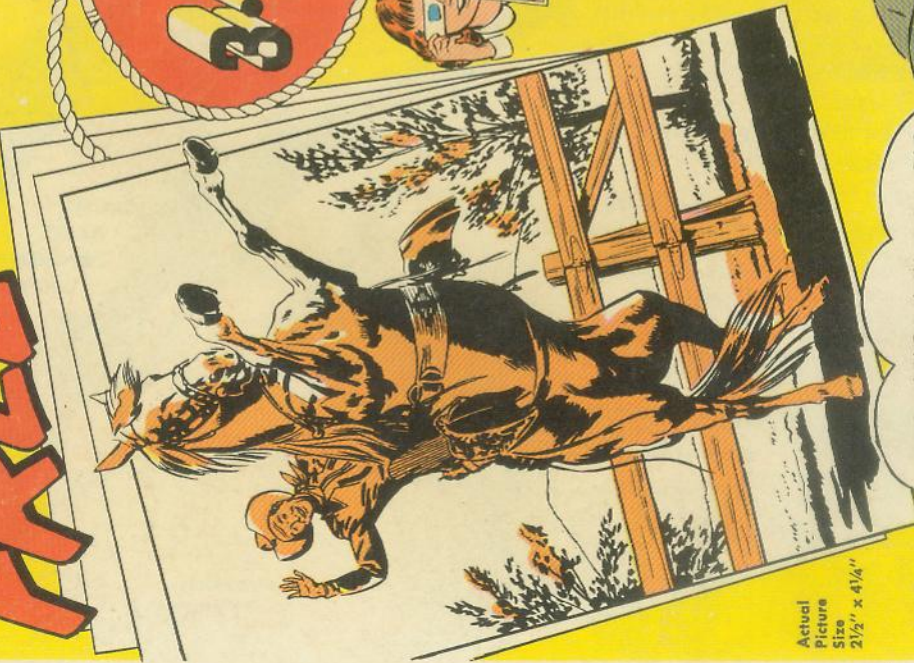
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