

DELL  
COMIC

OCTOBER

10¢

# Roy Rogers

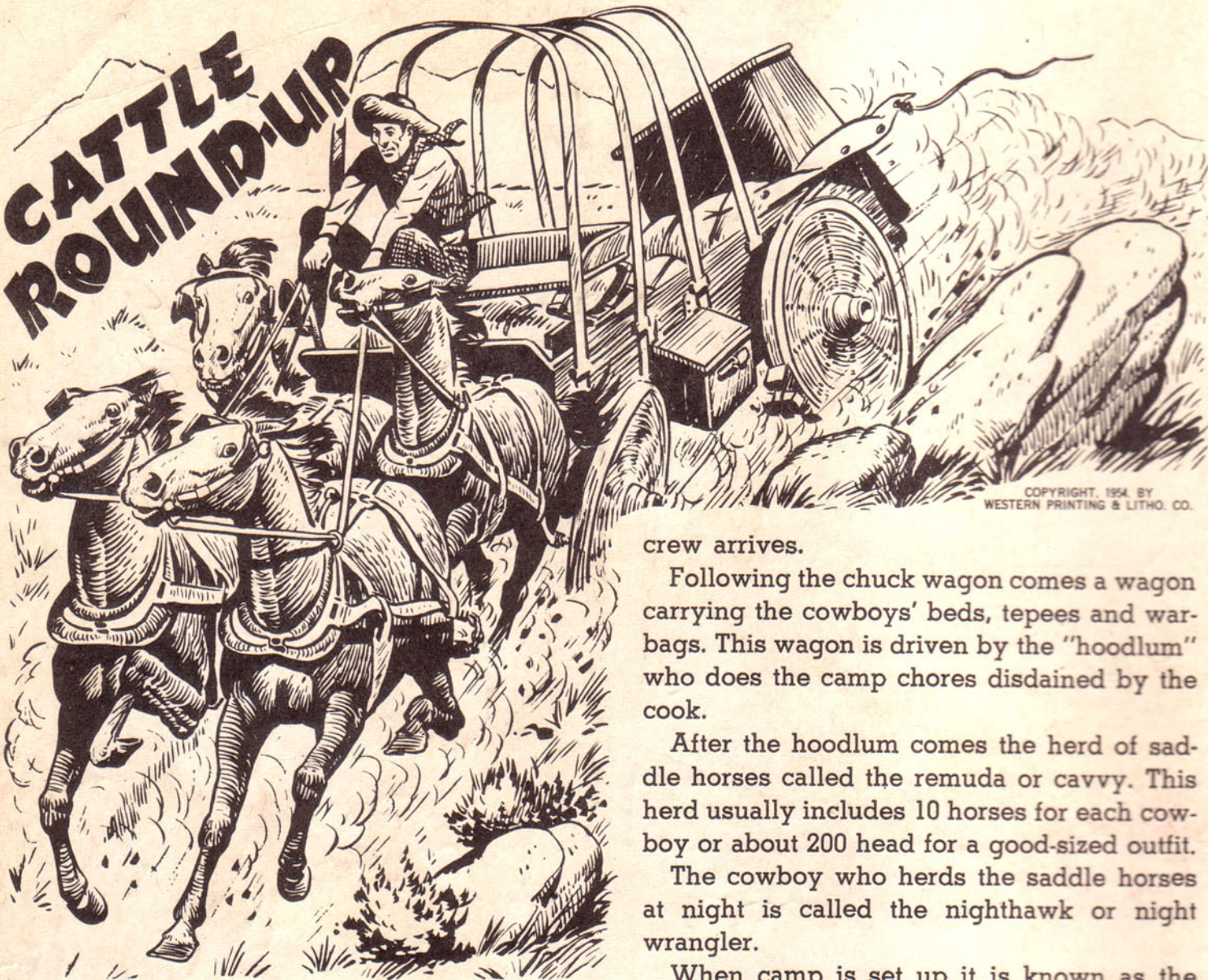
Comico

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# CATTLE ROUND-UP



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crew arrives.

Following the chuck wagon comes a wagon carrying the cowboys' beds, tepees and war-bags. This wagon is driven by the "hoodlum" who does the camp chores disdained by the cook.

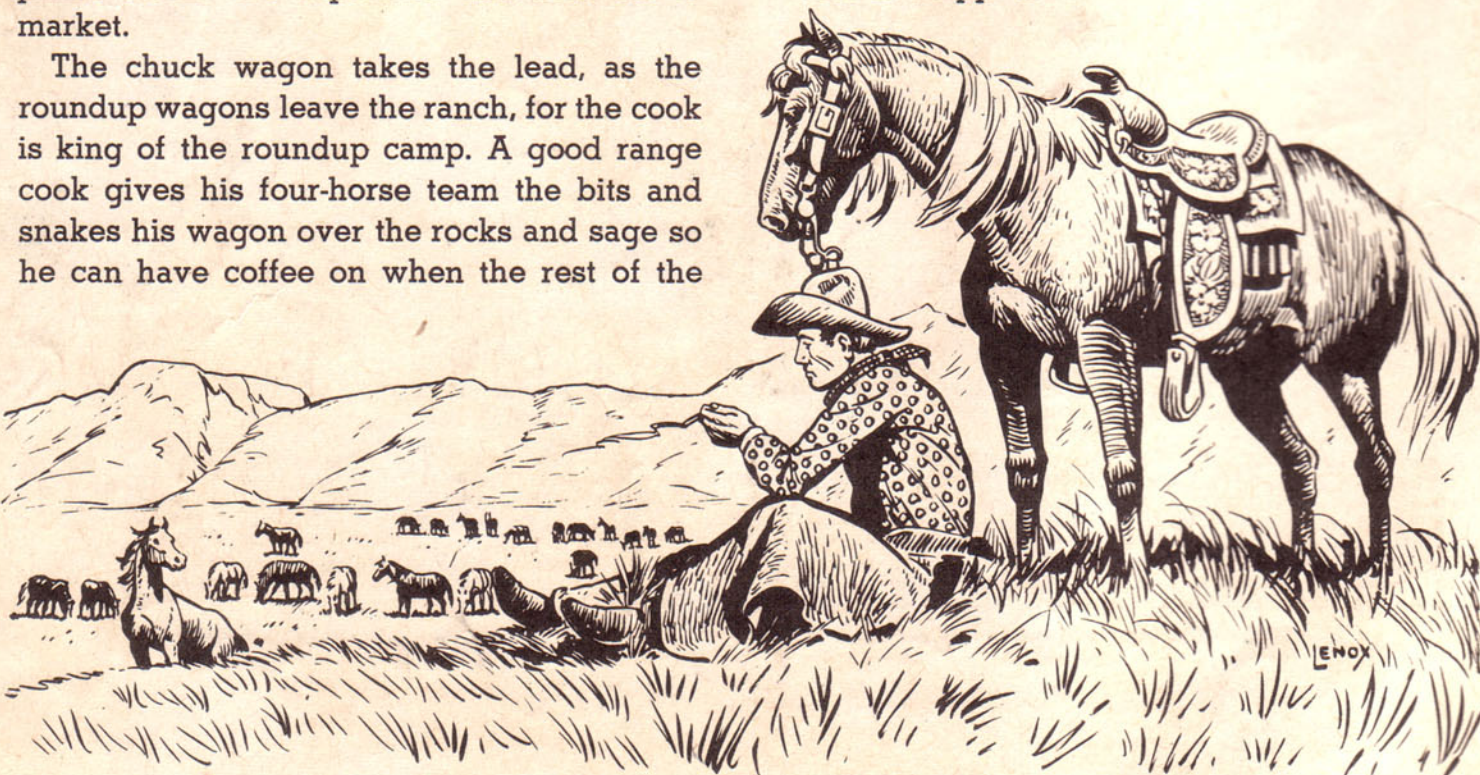
After the hoodlum comes the herd of saddle horses called the remuda or cavy. This herd usually includes 10 horses for each cowboy or about 200 head for a good-sized outfit.

The cowboy who herds the saddle horses at night is called the nighthawk or night wrangler.

When camp is set up it is known as the Layout or the Spread. Large outfits often have the Layout working the range from spring calf branding until the fall when the beef is shipped.

Roundup on most ranches is a bi-annual affair — held in the spring and in the fall. It's the time when calves are branded and the prime steers are separated and sent off to market.

The chuck wagon takes the lead, as the roundup wagons leave the ranch, for the cook is king of the roundup camp. A good range cook gives his four-horse team the bits and snakes his wagon over the rocks and sage so he can have coffee on when the rest of the

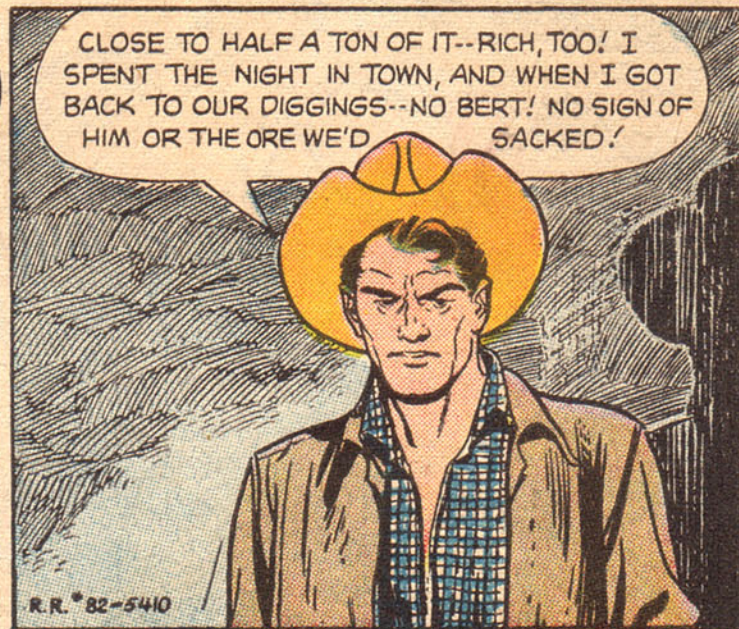
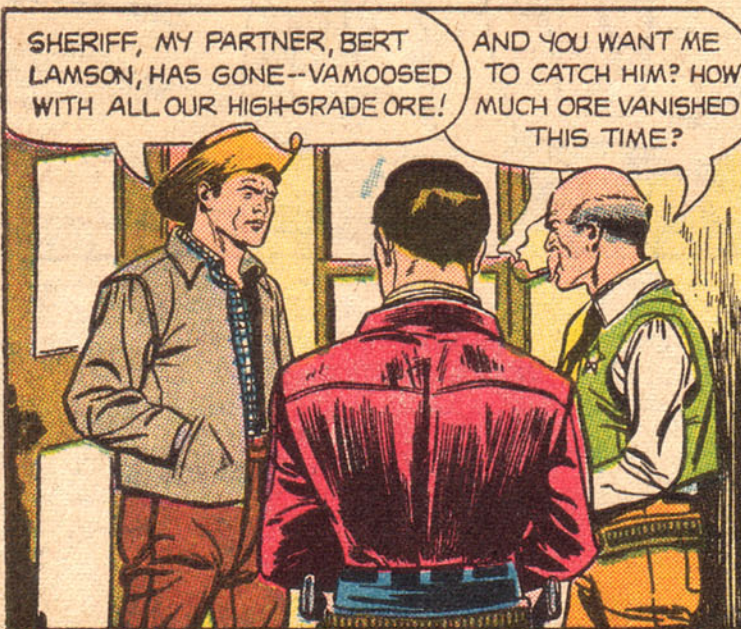
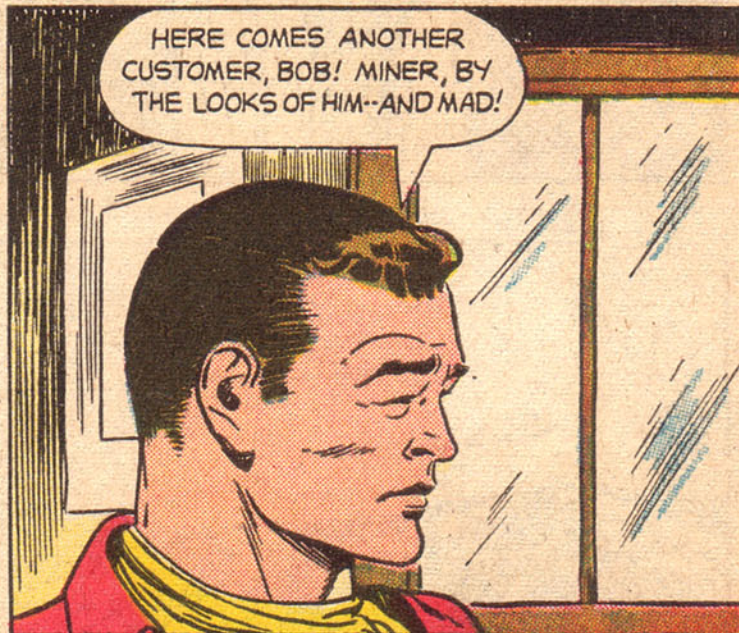
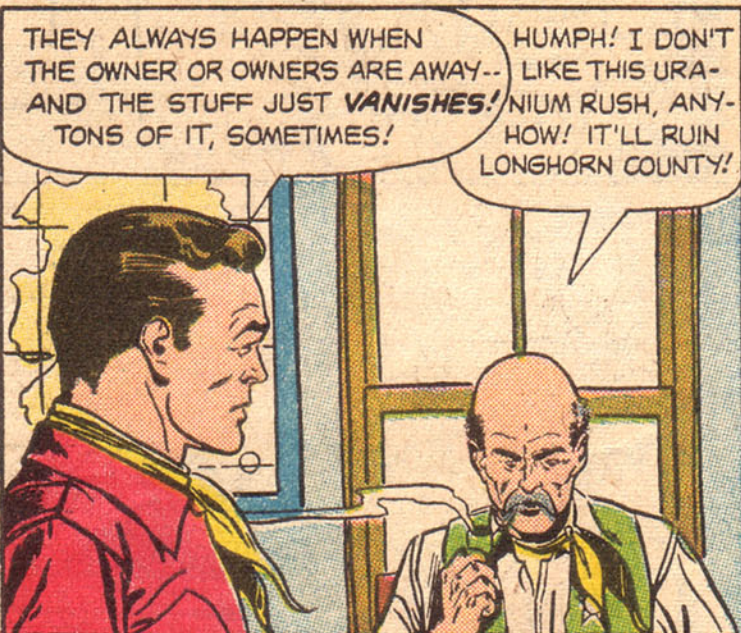
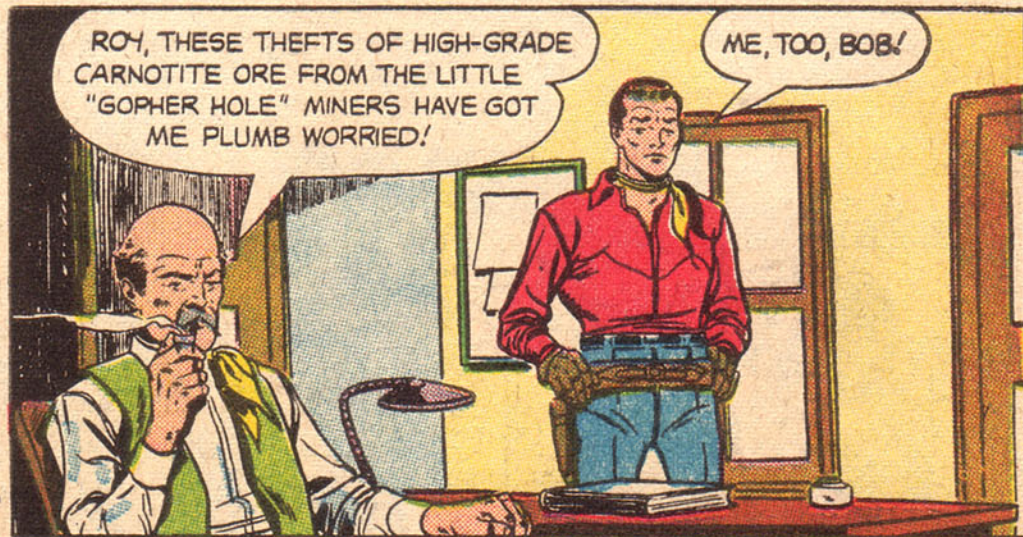




# Roy Rogers

## KING OF THE COWBOYS

### and the VANISHED ORE



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**DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**



RECKON I'D BETTER RIDE  
OUT THERE AND HAVE A  
LOOK AROUND, BOB! THIS  
GENT HASN'T TOLD  
US HIS NAME!

CHUCK NORRIS! AND  
I'D BE GLAD IF YOU  
COULD COME NOW!

JUST A MINUTE!  
WHERE IS YOUR  
MINE, NORRIS?

GOPHER CANYON--  
UNDER THE RIM!

**T**WO HOURS LATER-- ON GOPHER CANYON'S RIM...

QUITE A VIEW,  
NORRIS!

THERE'S A KIND OF  
TRAIL DOWN FROM HERE,  
MR. ROGERS! I'LL SHOW YOU...

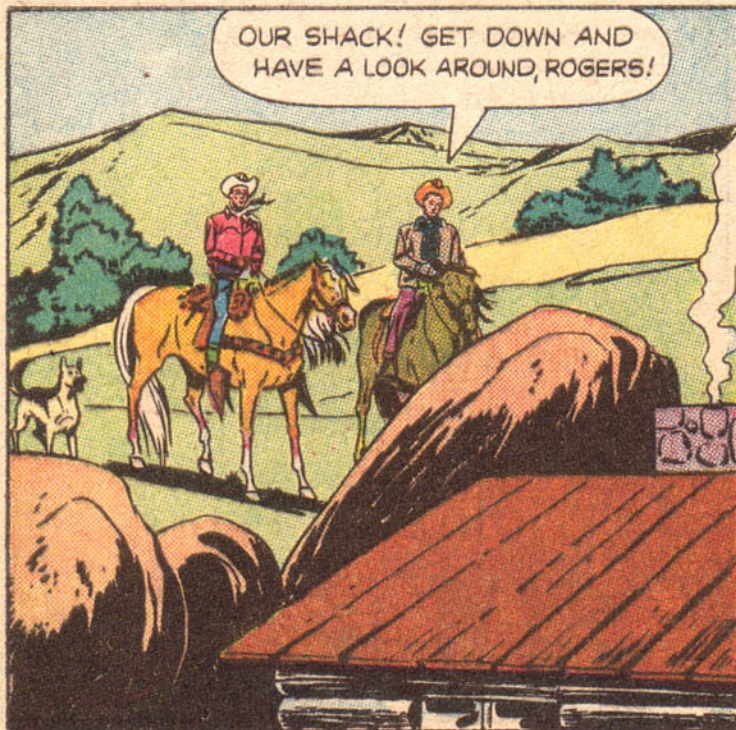
HOW DO YOU  
CARRY THE ORE OUT  
OF HERE, NORRIS?

BY PACK  
HORSE!

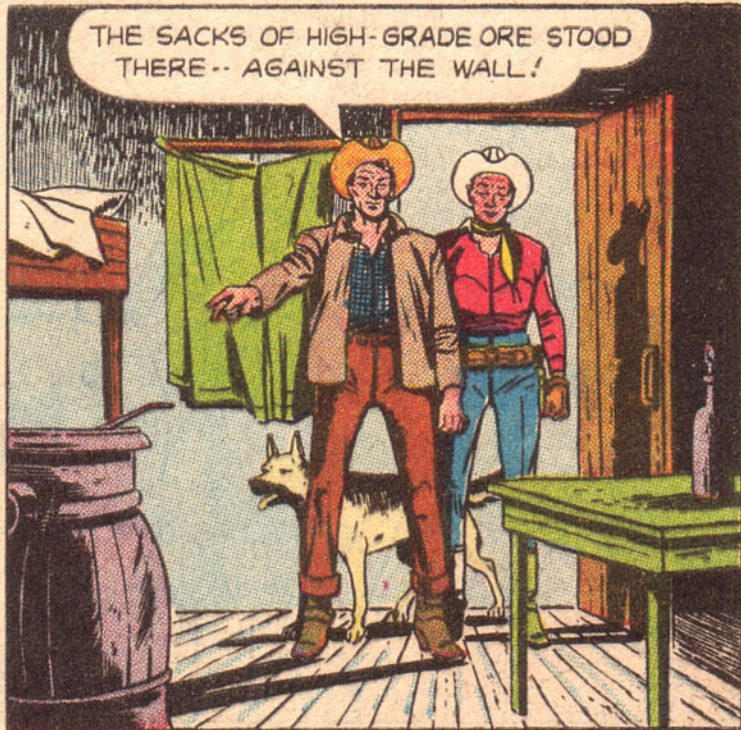
NO TRUCK CAN GET VERY CLOSE-- SO IT'S  
HORSES OR "SHANK'S MARE"! AND THAT'S THE  
QUEER PART OF IT-- THERE AREN'T ANY HORSE  
TRACKS AROUND OUR PLACE!



OUR SHACK! GET DOWN AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND, ROGERS!



THE SACKS OF HIGH-GRADE ORE STOOD THERE -- AGAINST THE WALL!



ARE THESE YOUR PARTNER'S CLOTHES?

UH-HUH! I THOUGHT THE ORE WOULD BE SAFE, WITH BERT'S STAYING HERE TO WATCH IT! THE CROOK!



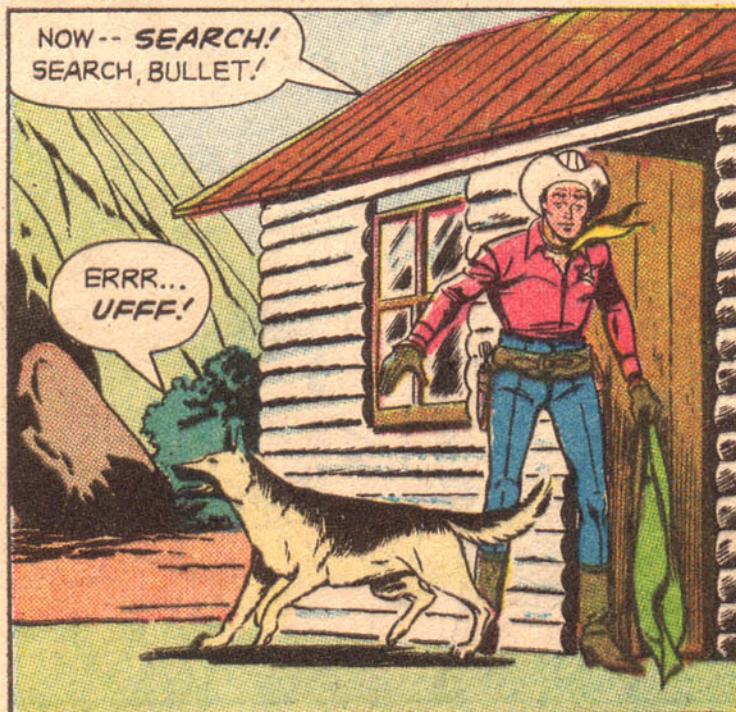
SCENT, BOY!

UFFF... SNIFF...



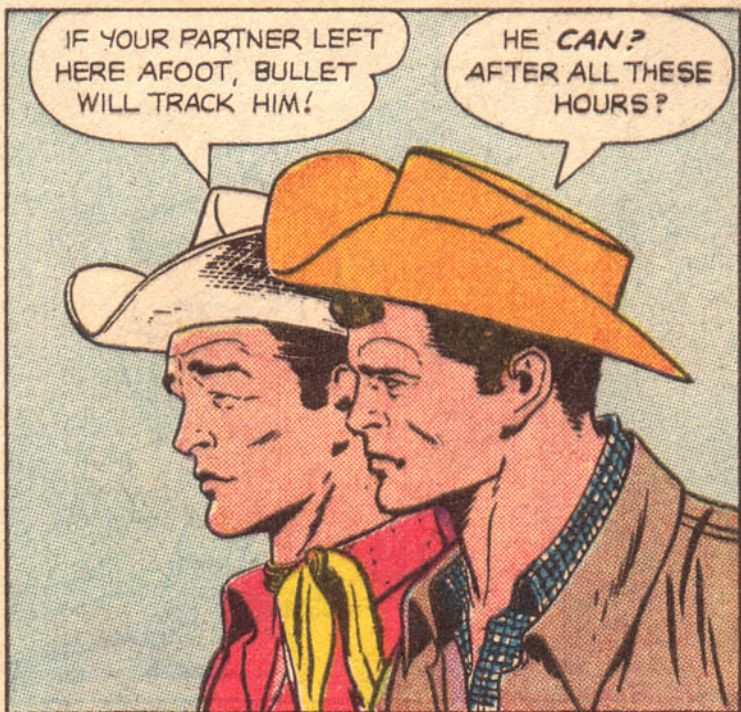
NOW -- **SEARCH!**  
SEARCH, BULLET!

ERRR...  
UFFF!

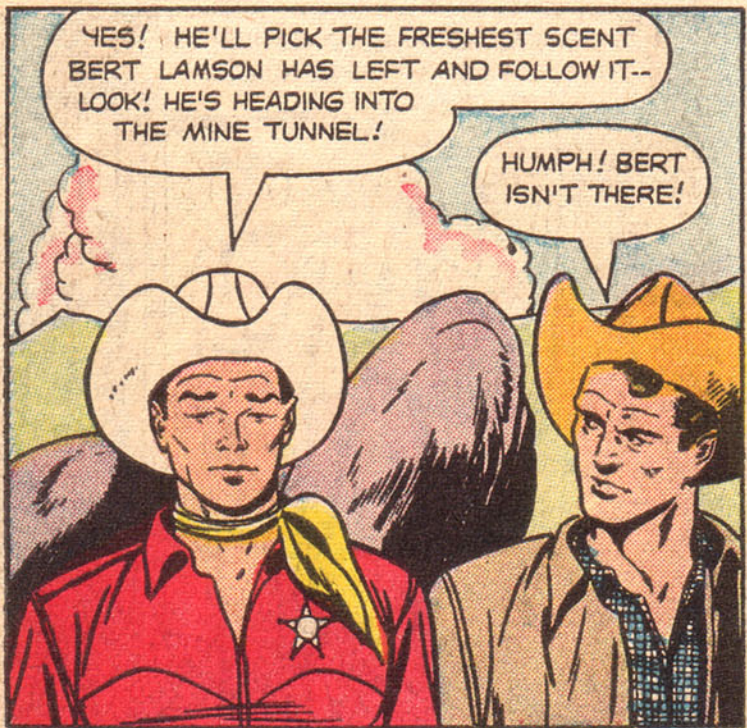


IF YOUR PARTNER LEFT HERE AFOOT, BULLET WILL TRACK HIM!

HE *CAN?* AFTER ALL THESE HOURS?

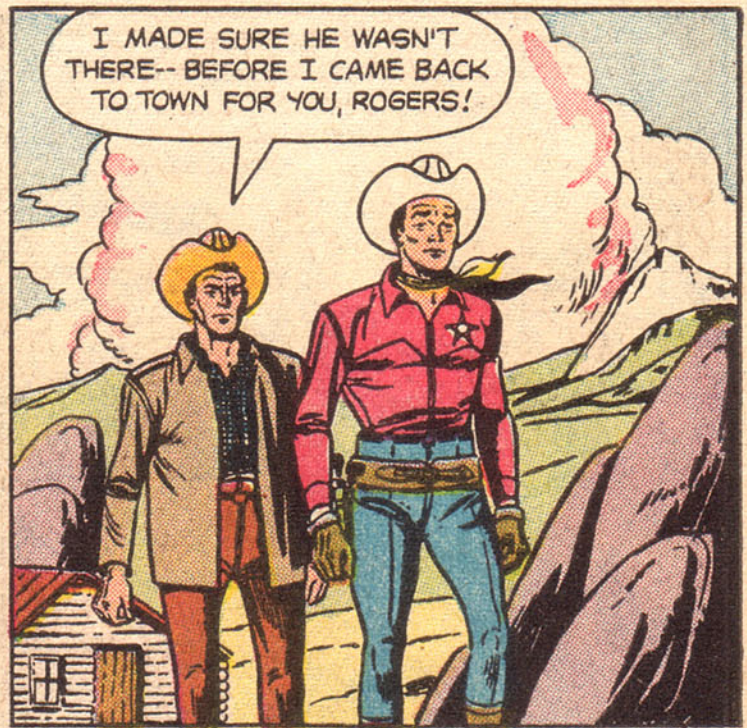






YES! HE'LL PICK THE FRESHEST SCENT BERT LAMSON HAS LEFT AND FOLLOW IT-- LOOK! HE'S HEADING INTO THE MINE TUNNEL!

HUMPH! BERT ISN'T THERE!

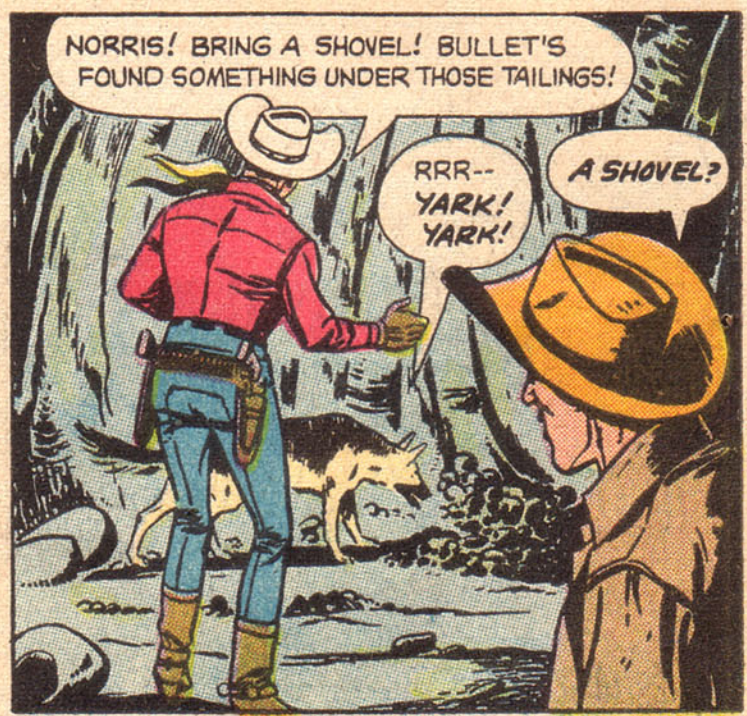


I MADE SURE HE WASN'T THERE-- BEFORE I CAME BACK TO TOWN FOR YOU, ROGERS!



JUST INSIDE THE TUNNEL...

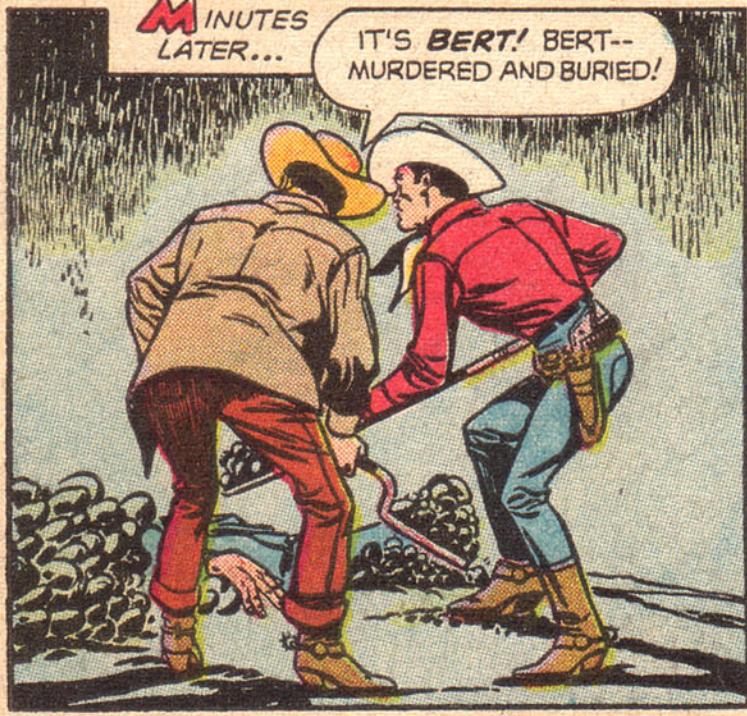
UFF! GRRRRR!



NORRIS! BRING A SHOVEL! BULLET'S FOUND SOMETHING UNDER THOSE TAILINGS!

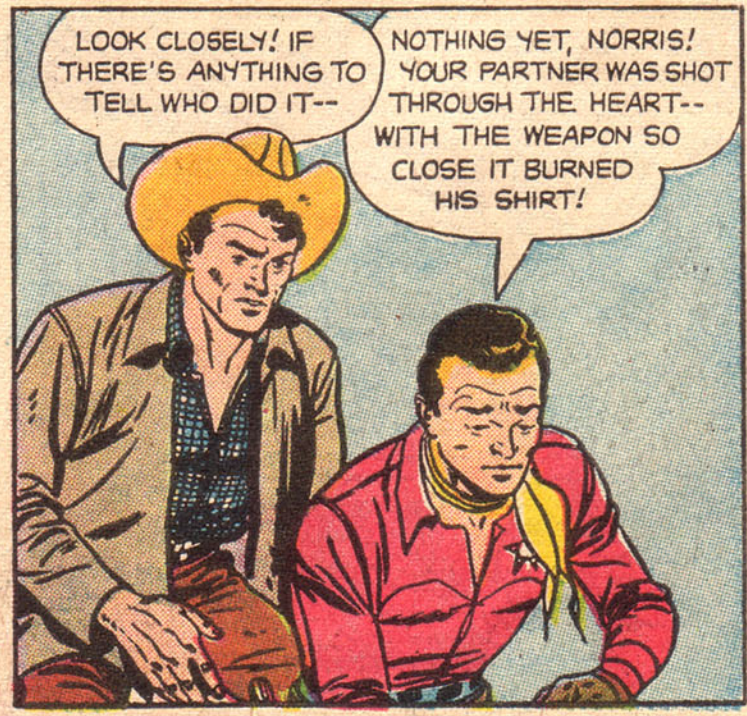
RRR-- YARK! YARK!

A SHOVEL?



MINUTES LATER...

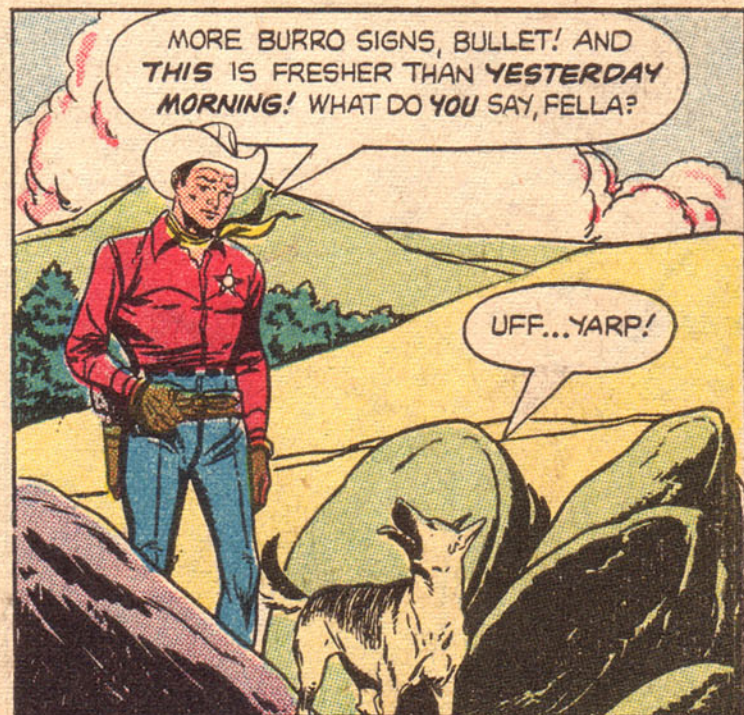
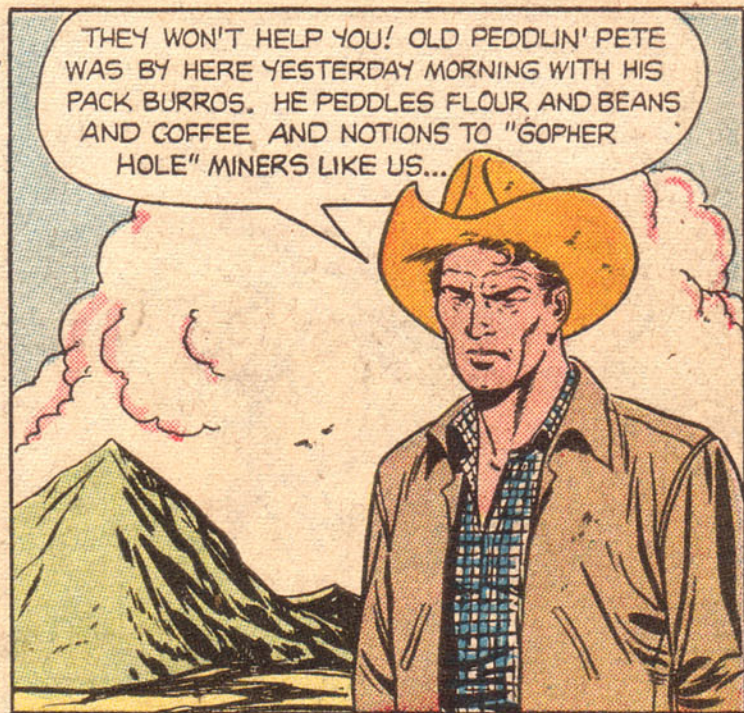
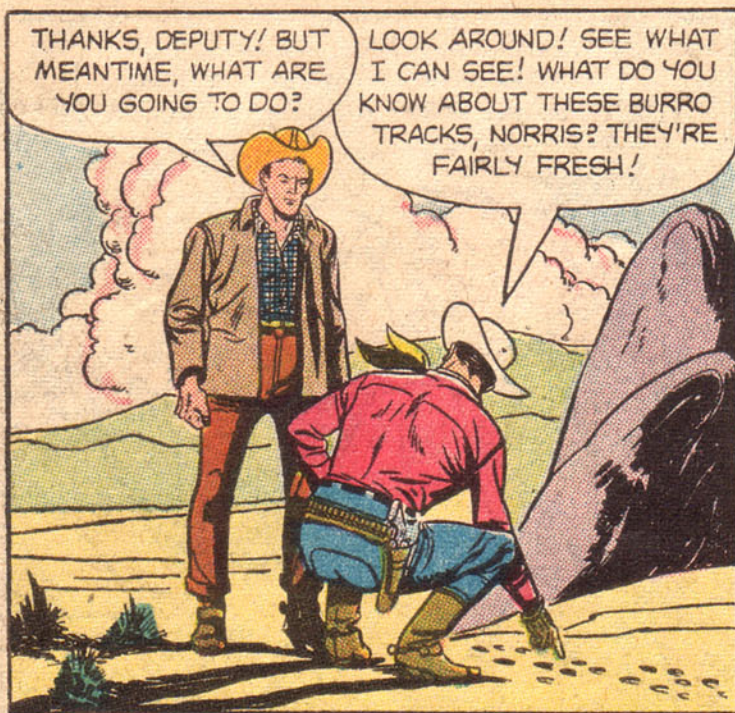
IT'S BERT! BERT-- MURDERED AND BURIED!



LOOK CLOSELY! IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO TELL WHO DID IT--

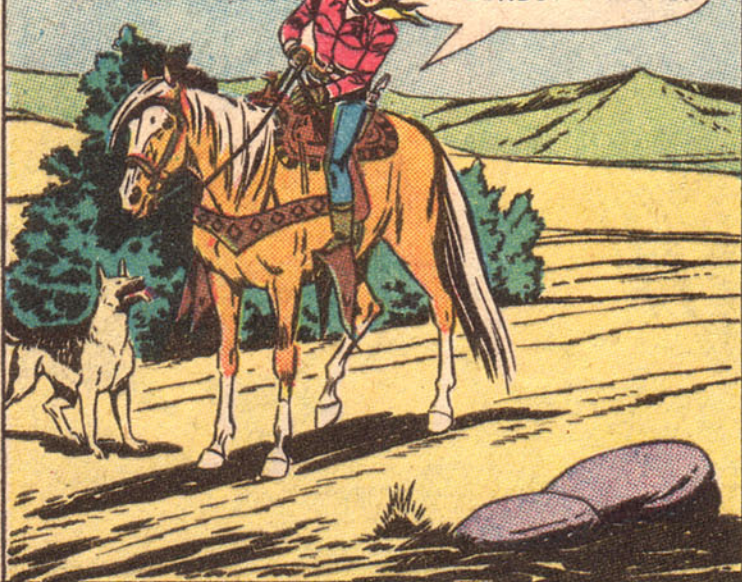
NOTHING YET, NORRIS! YOUR PARTNER WAS SHOT THROUGH THE HEART-- WITH THE WEAPON SO CLOSE IT BURNED HIS SHIRT!





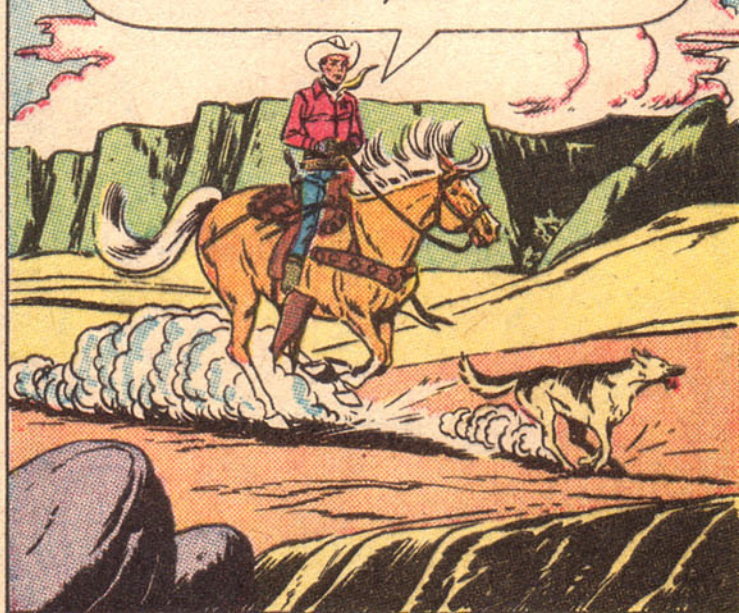


WE'LL TAKE THAT BURRO TRAIL, BULLET!  
I WANT TO KNOW IF IT'S **PEDDLIN' PETE** OR SOME  
**OTHER BURRO WRANGLER** WHO LEFT THE  
**FRESHEST TRACKS!**

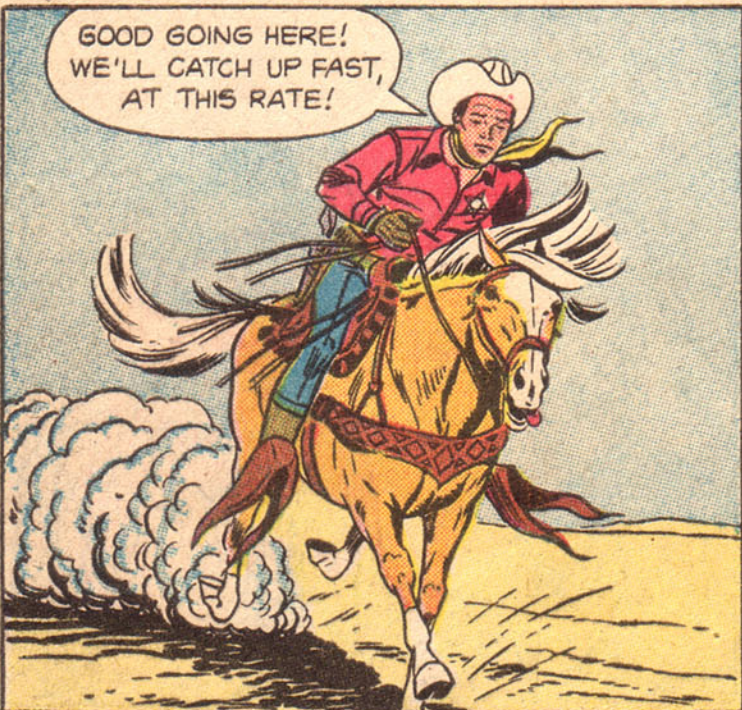


**F**ARTHER ON, WHERE THE TRAIL CLIMBS...

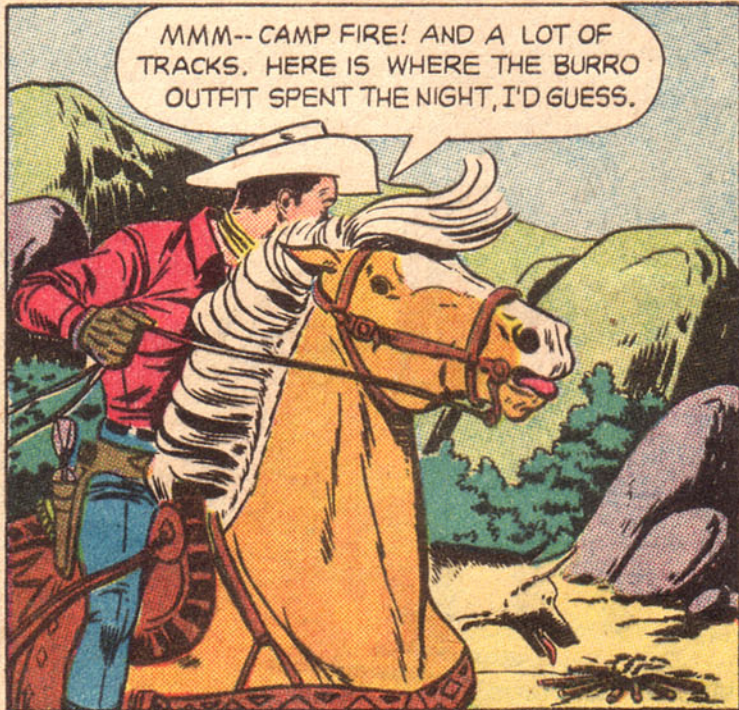
NO TRACKS TO BE **SEEN** HERE, BULLET!  
WITHOUT YOUR **NOSE**, I'D HAVE TO GIVE UP!



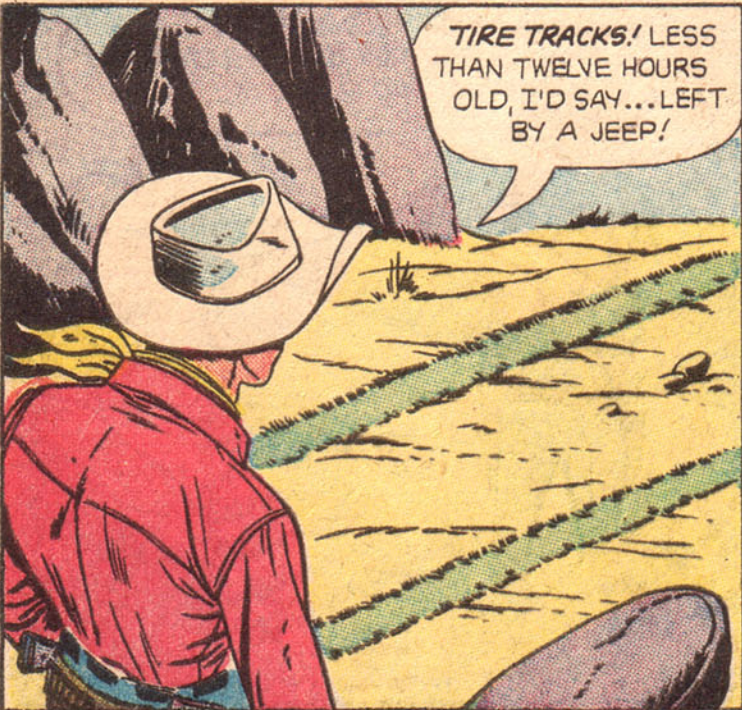
GOOD GOING HERE!  
WE'LL CATCH UP FAST,  
AT THIS RATE!



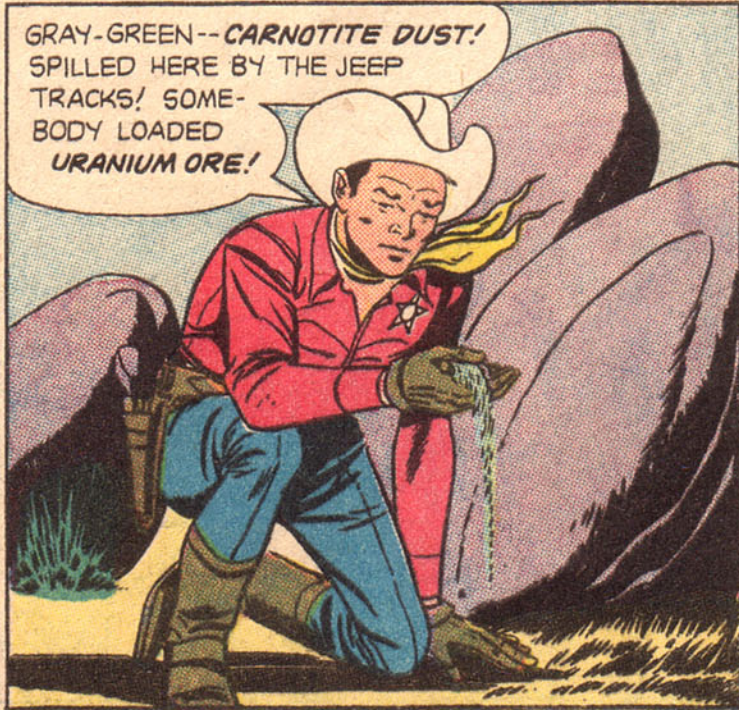
MMM-- CAMP FIRE! AND A LOT OF  
TRACKS. HERE IS WHERE THE BURRO  
OUTFIT SPENT THE NIGHT, I'D GUESS.



**TIRE TRACKS!** LESS  
THAN TWELVE HOURS  
OLD, I'D SAY... LEFT  
BY A JEEP!

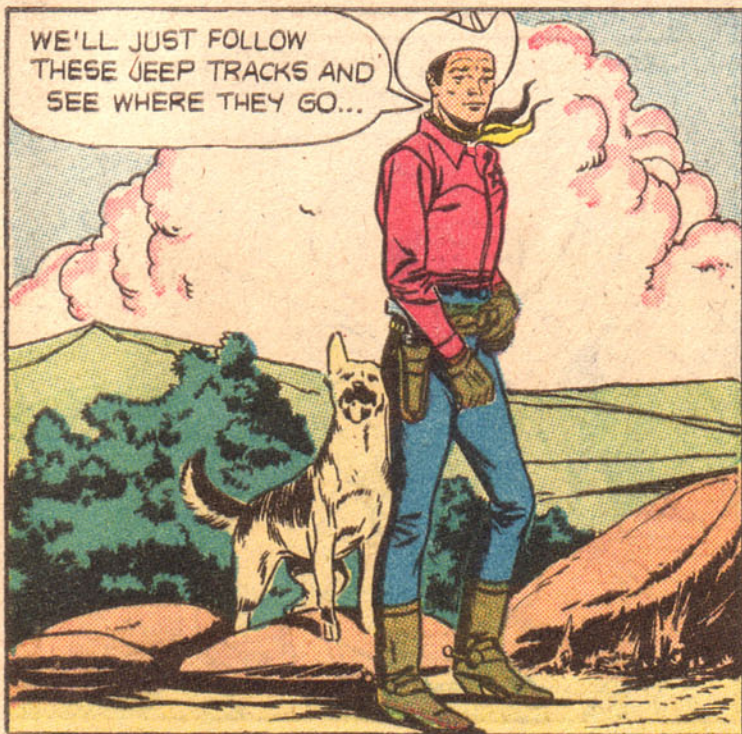


GRAY-GREEN-- **CARNOTITE DUST!**  
SPILLED HERE BY THE JEEP  
TRACKS! SOME-  
BODY LOADED  
**URANIUM ORE!**

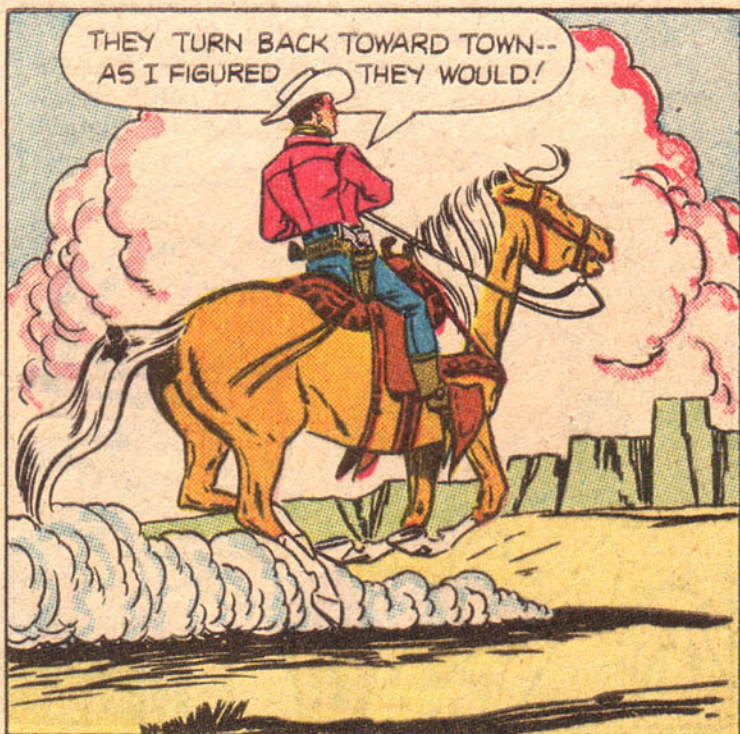




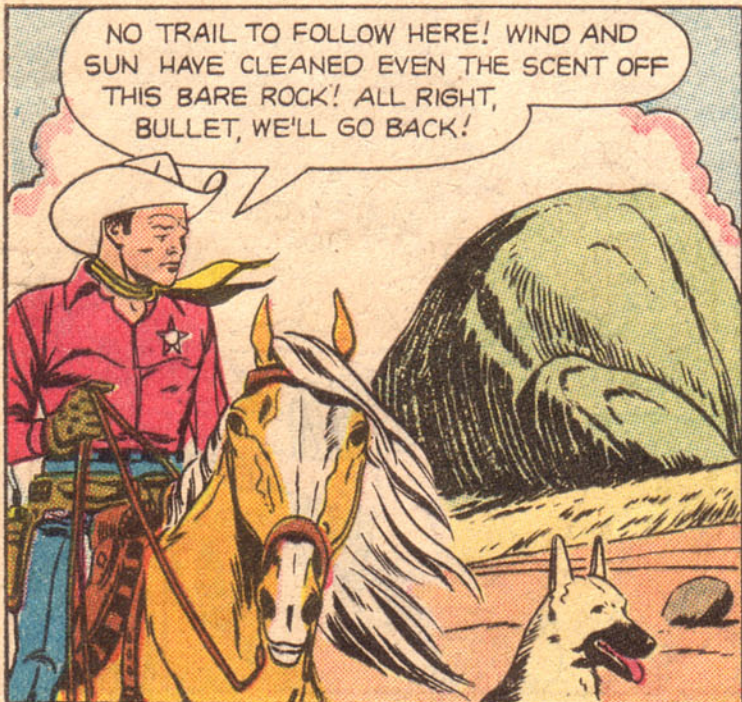
WE'LL JUST FOLLOW  
THESE DEEP TRACKS AND  
SEE WHERE THEY GO...



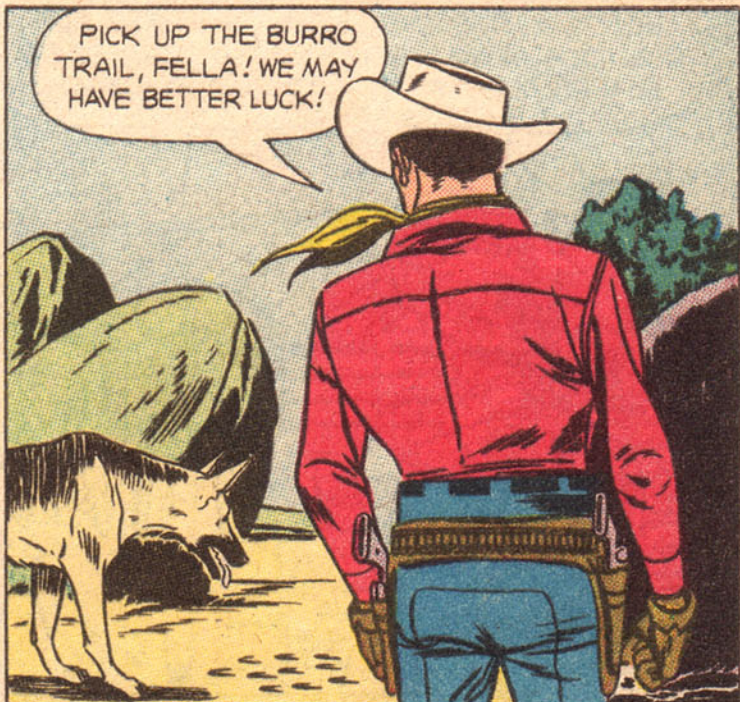
THEY TURN BACK TOWARD TOWN--  
AS I FIGURED THEY WOULD!



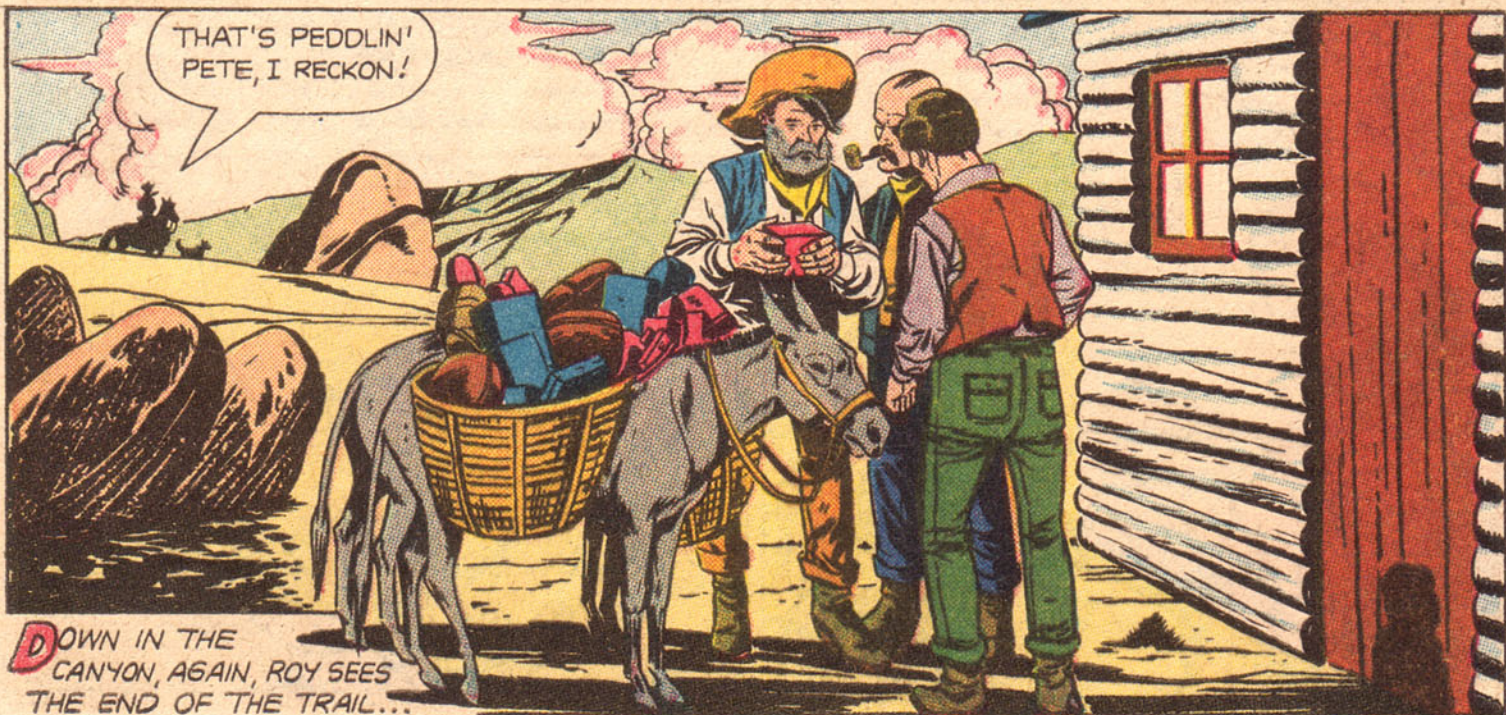
NO TRAIL TO FOLLOW HERE! WIND AND  
SUN HAVE CLEANED EVEN THE SCENT OFF  
THIS BARE ROCK! ALL RIGHT,  
BULLET, WE'LL GO BACK!



PICK UP THE BURRO  
TRAIL, FELLA! WE MAY  
HAVE BETTER LUCK!



THAT'S PEDDLIN'  
PETE, I RECKON!



**D**OWN IN THE  
CANYON, AGAIN, ROY SEES  
THE END OF THE TRAIL...



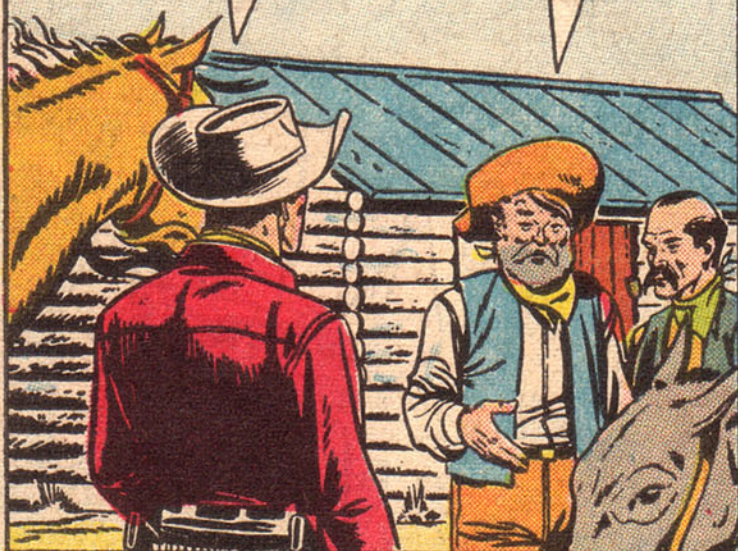
WE'D LIKE SOME EXTRA COFFEE  
AND SUGAR AND CANNED MILK,  
PETE-- BUT WE'RE OUT OF CASH  
UNTIL WE SELL OUR "HIGH  
GRADE"! GOT QUITE A PILE OF IT!

WHY, SURE, I'LL  
TRUST YOU, BEN!  
TAKE WHAT  
YOU WANT!



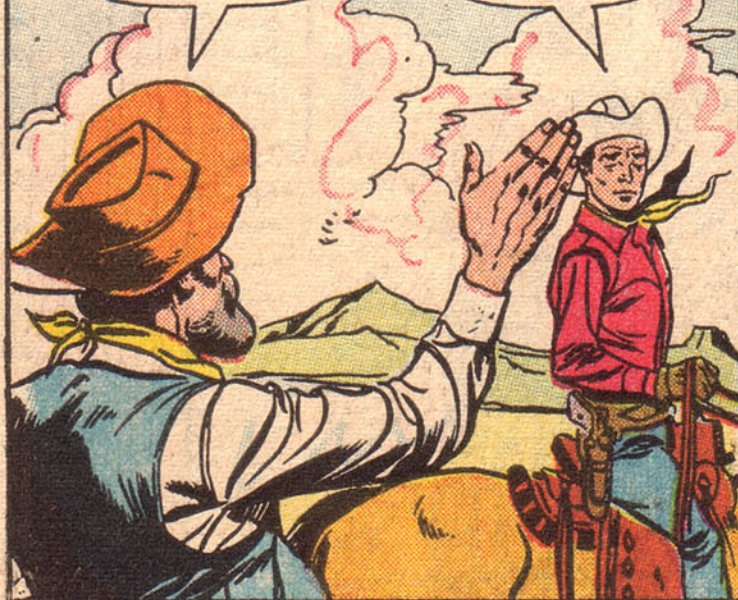
HOWDY, GENTS! MIND  
IF I LOOK AT YOUR SILK  
SCARFS, OLD-TIMER?

THAT'S WHAT I PUT  
'EM OUT FOR-- TO BE  
LOOKED AT, COWBOY!



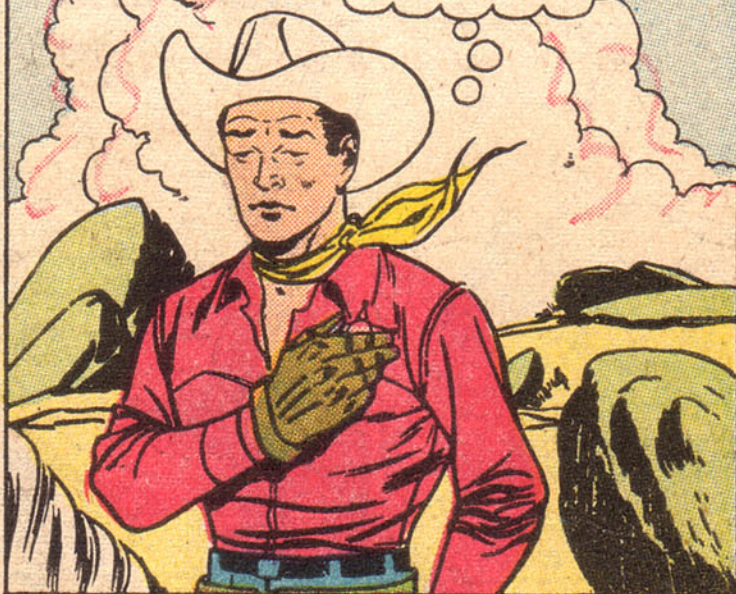
SO LONG-- AND  
THANKS, COWBOY!

SEE YOU AGAIN  
SOME TIME!



QUICKLY, ROY PALMS HIS DEPUTY'S BADGE...

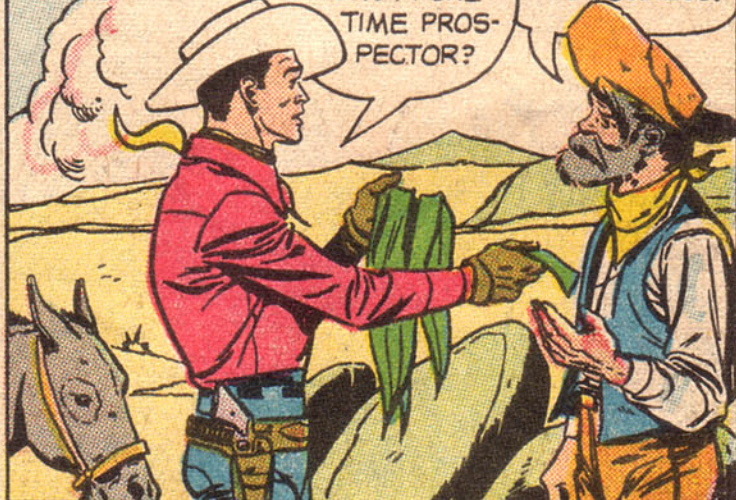
I'LL PUT THIS STAR  
AWAY-- FOR NOW!



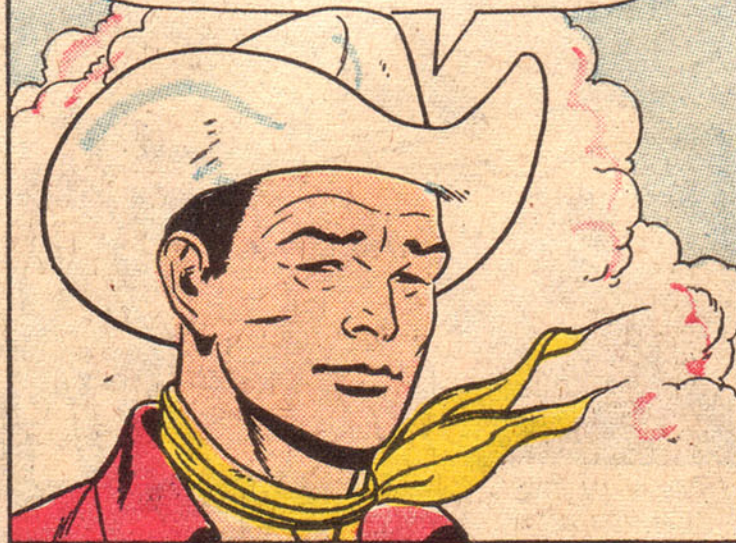
NO CARNOTITE  
COLOR IN THESE  
BASKETS!

THIS ONE  
TAKES MY EYE!  
YOU'RE CALLED  
"PEDDLIN' PETE",  
AREN'T YOU, OLD-  
TIMER? A ONE-  
TIME PROSPECTOR?

YUP! I FOUND  
PROSPECTIN' TOO  
LONESOME! GET  
TO MAKE A LOT  
OF FRIENDS IN  
THIS BUSINESS!



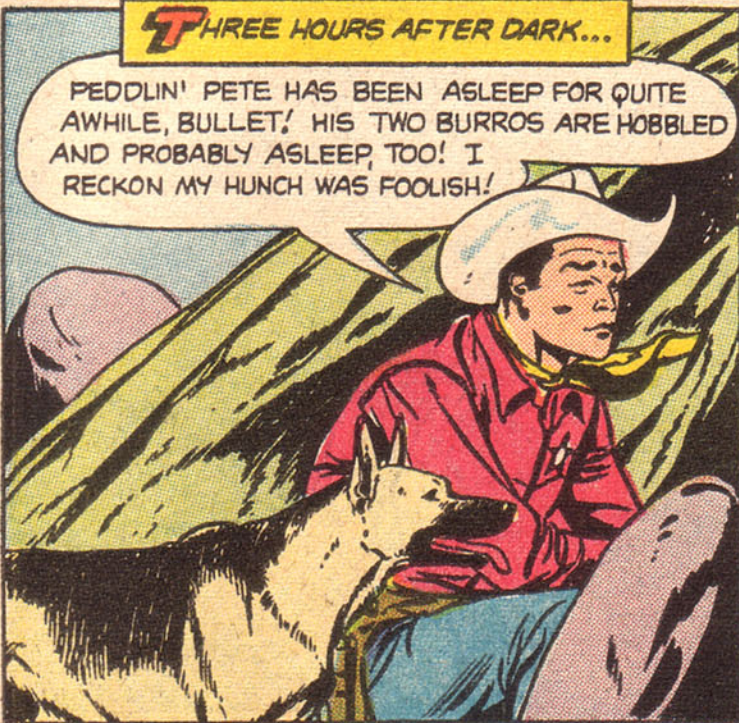
NOT A THING TO CONNECT THAT OLD FELLOW  
WITH CRIME-- EXCEPT HIS BURRO TRACKS! BUT  
I'M GOING TO PLAY ANOTHER HUNCH AND  
**FIND OUT WHERE HE CAMPS TONIGHT!**



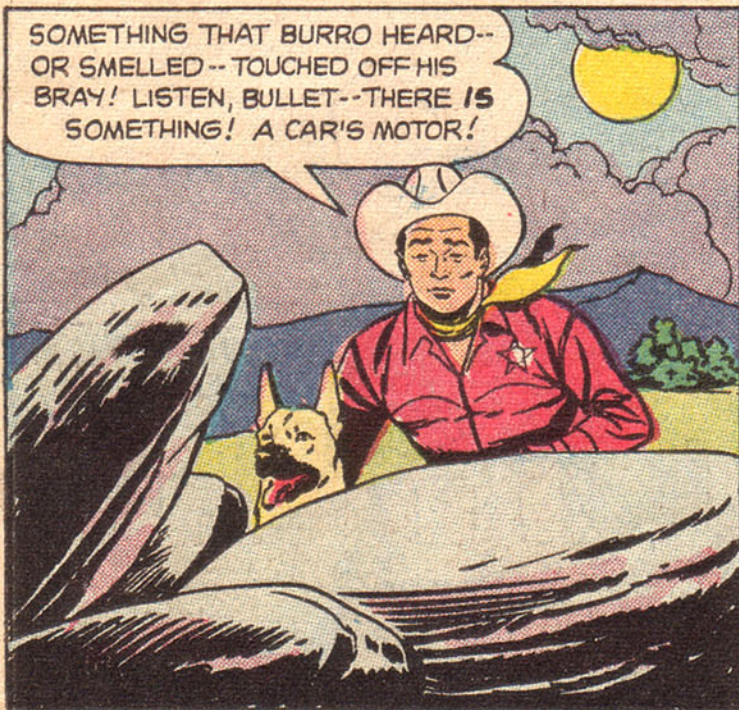


**THREE HOURS AFTER DARK...**

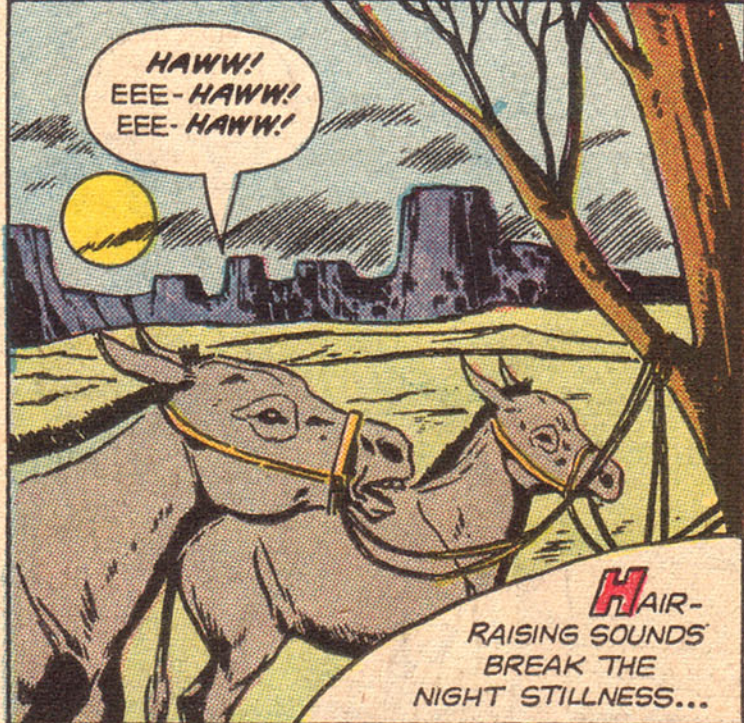
PEDDLIN' PETE HAS BEEN ASLEEP FOR QUITE AWHILE, BULLET! HIS TWO BURROS ARE HOBBLING AND PROBABLY ASLEEP, TOO! I RECKON MY HUNCH WAS FOOLISH!



SOMETHING THAT BURRO HEARD-- OR SMELLED -- TOUCHED OFF HIS BRAY! LISTEN, BULLET-- THERE **IS** SOMETHING! A CAR'S MOTOR!



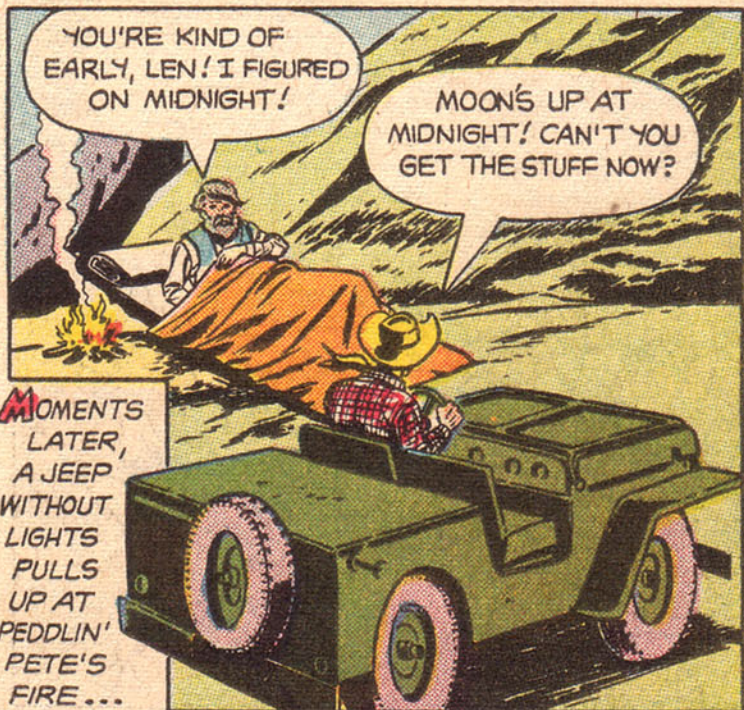
HAWW!  
EEE- HAWW!  
EEE- HAWW!



**H**AIR-  
RAISING SOUNDS  
BREAK THE  
NIGHT STILLNESS...

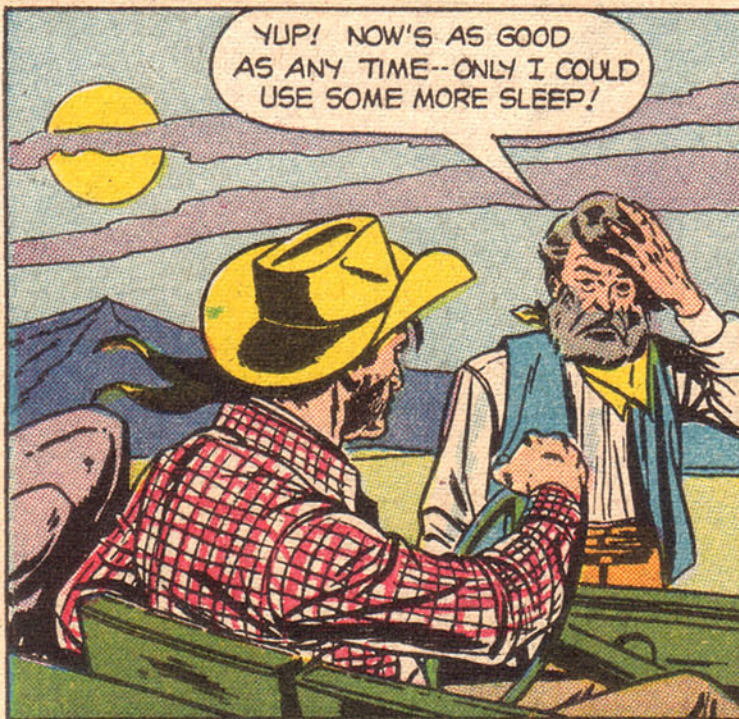
YOU'RE KIND OF  
EARLY, LEN! I FIGURED  
ON MIDNIGHT!

MOON'S UP AT  
MIDNIGHT! CAN'T YOU  
GET THE STUFF NOW?

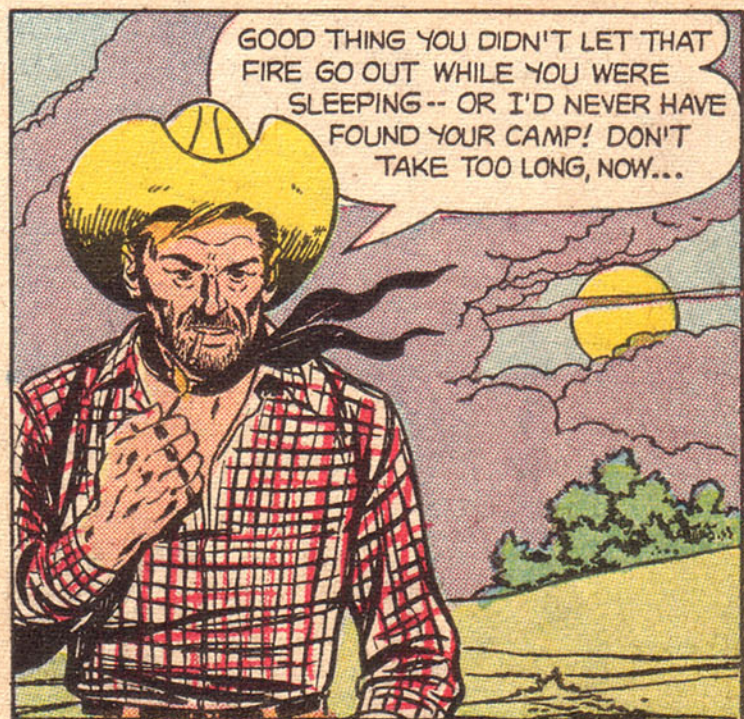


**M**OMENTS  
LATER,  
A JEEP  
WITHOUT  
LIGHTS  
PULLS  
UP AT  
PEDDLIN'  
PETE'S  
FIRE...

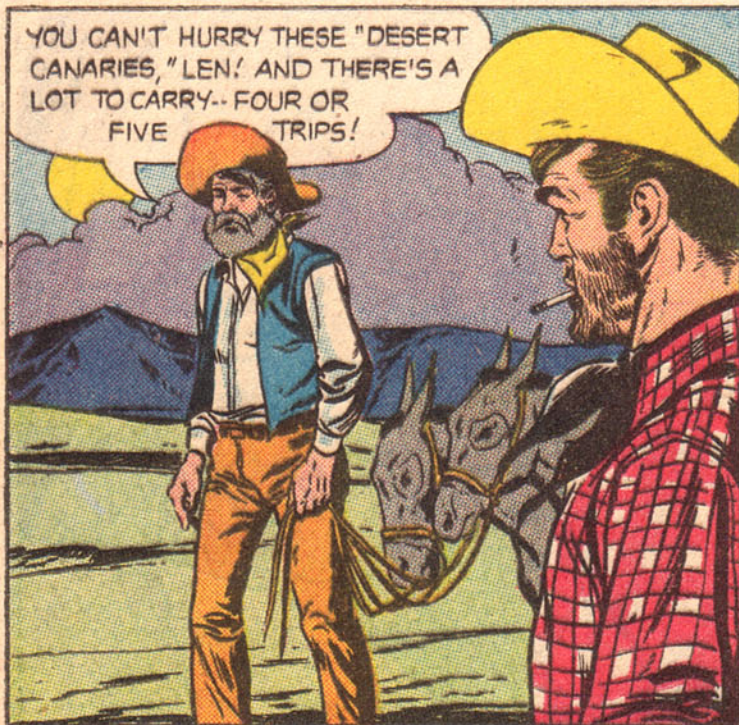
YUP! NOW'S AS GOOD  
AS ANY TIME-- ONLY I COULD  
USE SOME MORE SLEEP!



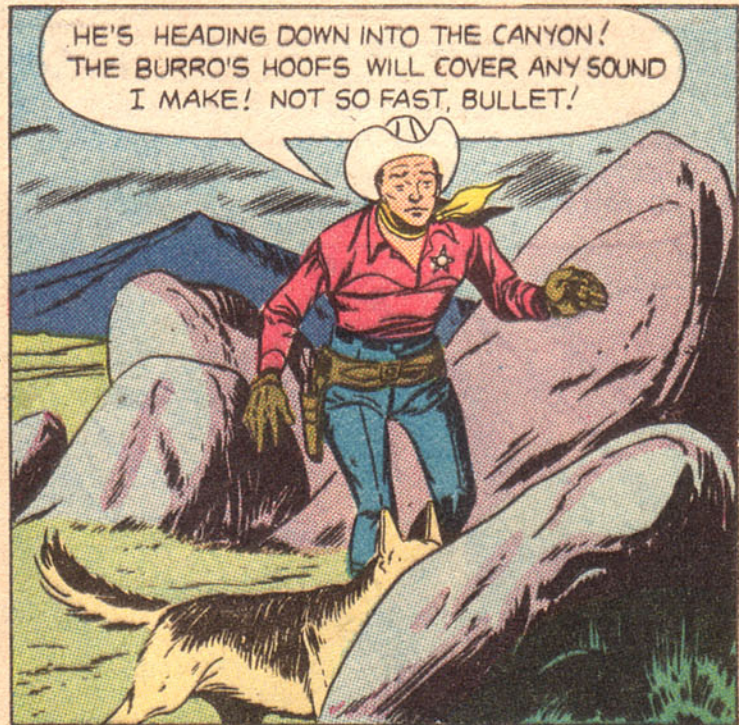
GOOD THING YOU DIDN'T LET THAT  
FIRE GO OUT WHILE YOU WERE  
SLEEPING -- OR I'D NEVER HAVE  
FOUND YOUR CAMP! DON'T  
TAKE TOO LONG, NOW...



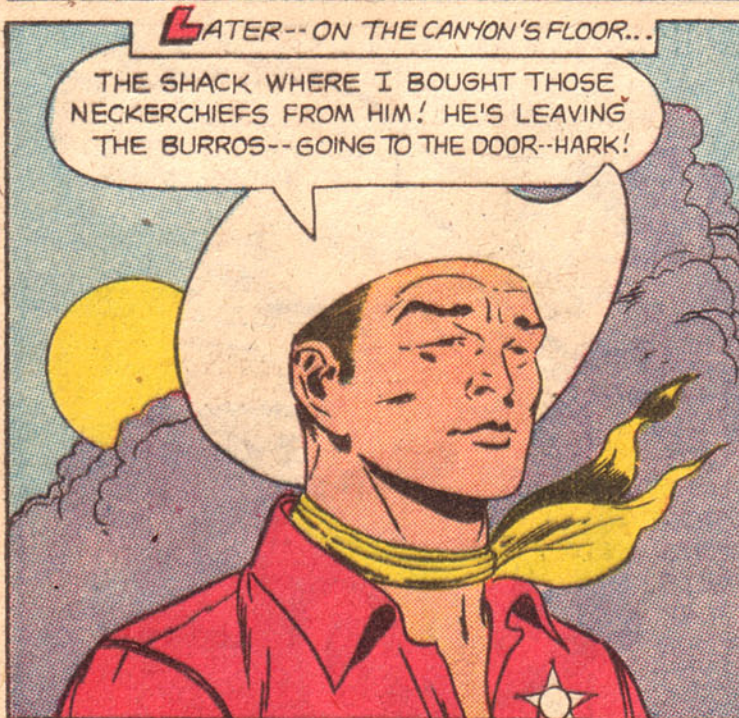




YOU CAN'T HURRY THESE "DESERT CANARIES," LEN! AND THERE'S A LOT TO CARRY-- FOUR OR FIVE TRIPS!

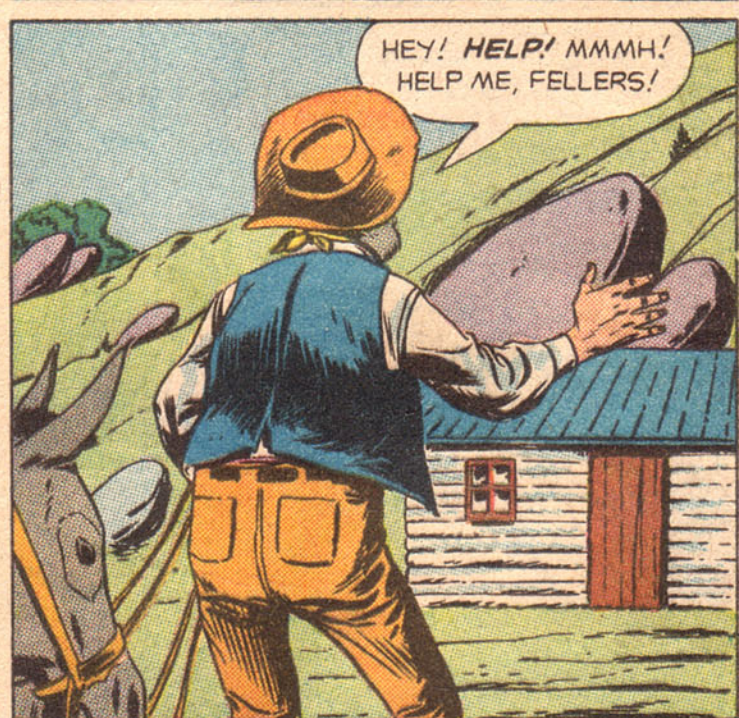


HE'S HEADING DOWN INTO THE CANYON! THE BURRO'S HOOF'S WILL COVER ANY SOUND I MAKE! NOT SO FAST, BULLET!

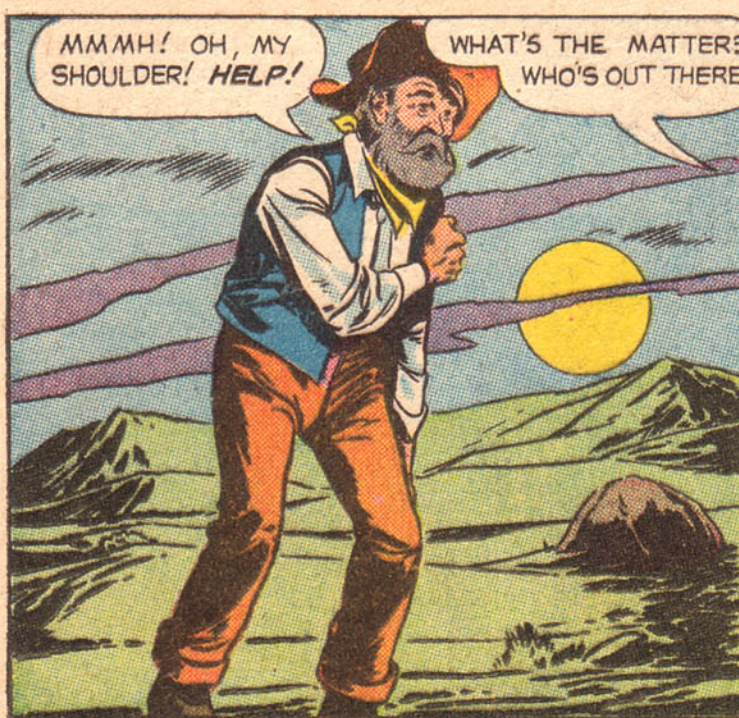


LATER-- ON THE CANYON'S FLOOR...

THE SHACK WHERE I BOUGHT THOSE NECKERCHIEFS FROM HIM! HE'S LEAVING THE BURROS-- GOING TO THE DOOR--HARK!



HEY! **HELP!** MMMH! HELP ME, FELLERS!



MMMh! OH, MY SHOULDER! **HELP!**

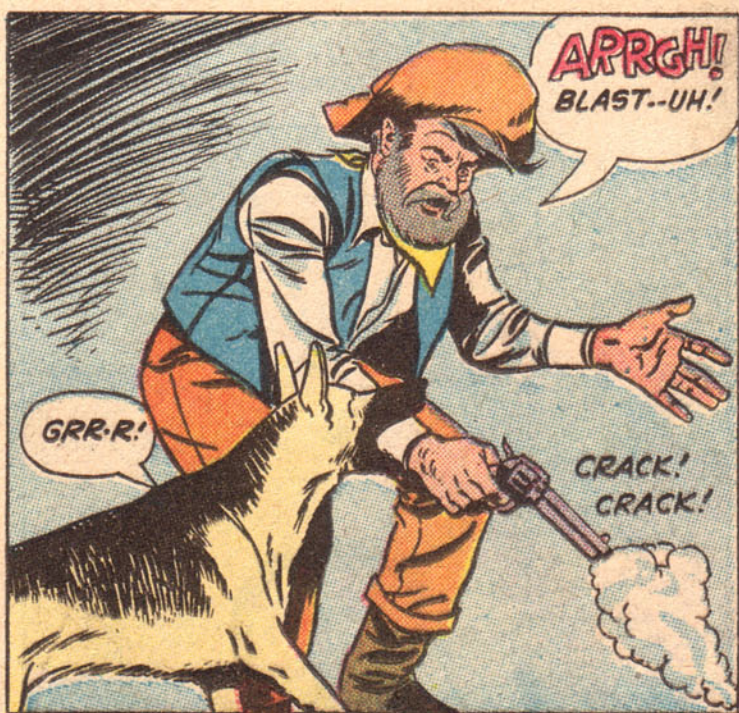
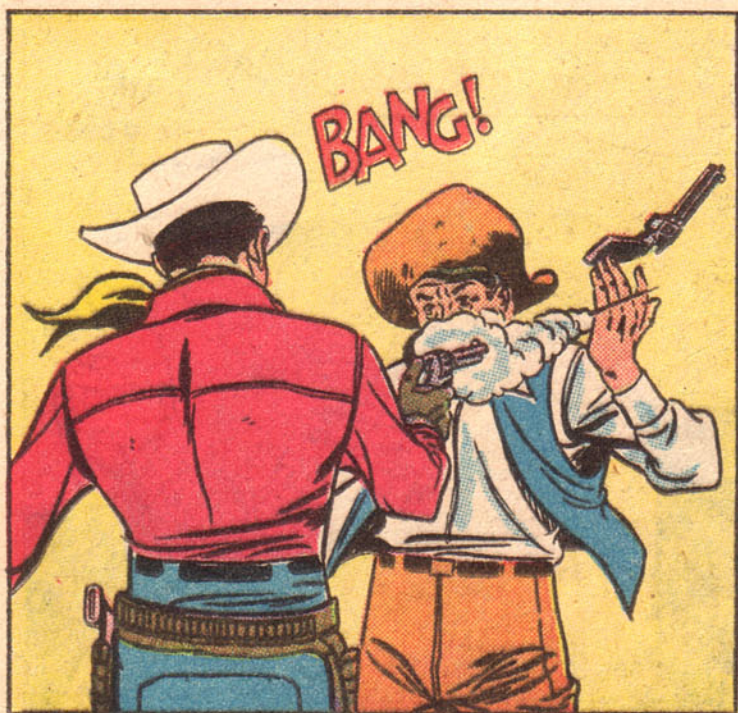
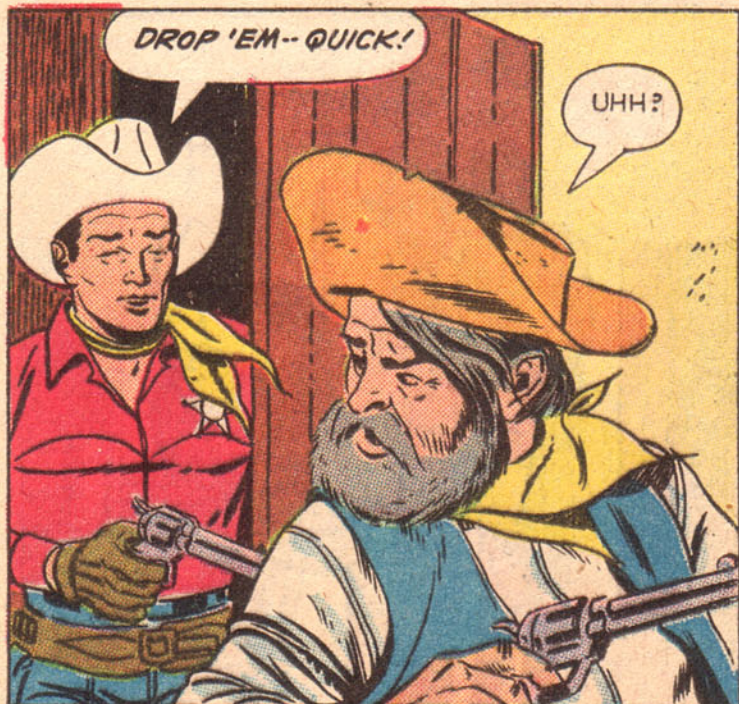
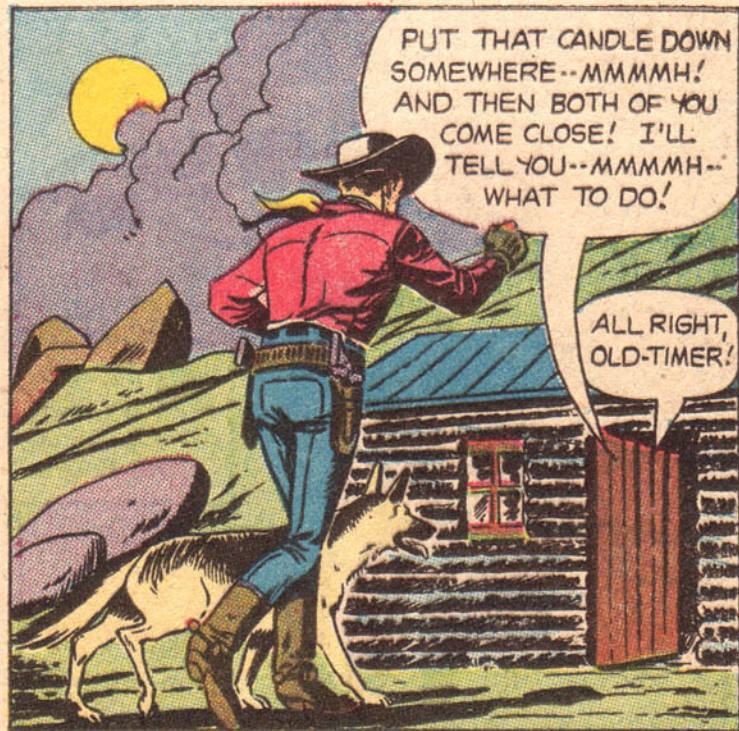
WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHO'S OUT THERE?



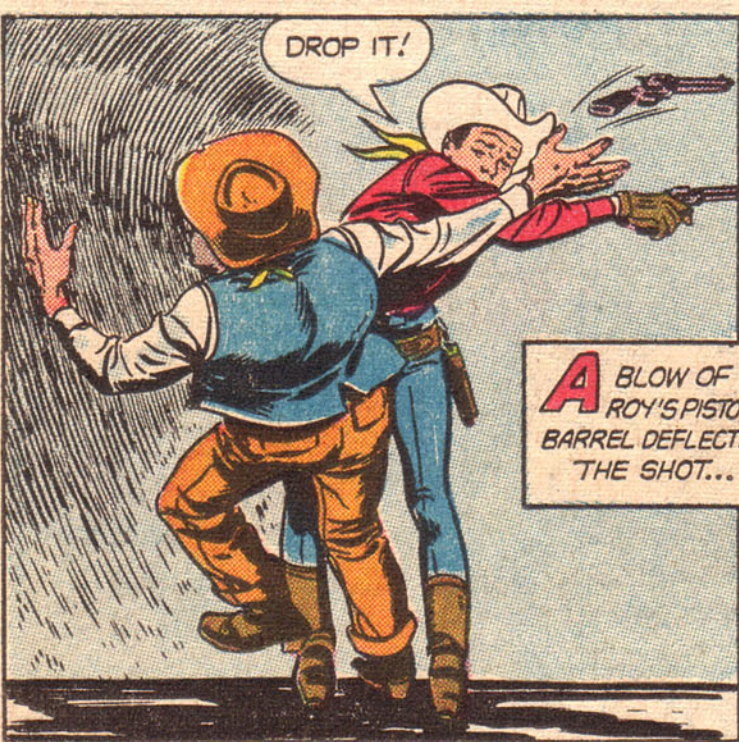
WHY-- IT'S **YOU!** WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, OLD-TIMER?

FELL--MMMh! PUT MY SHOULDER OUT OF JOINT! WALKED HERE FROM MY CAMP-- FOR **HELP!** MMMh!









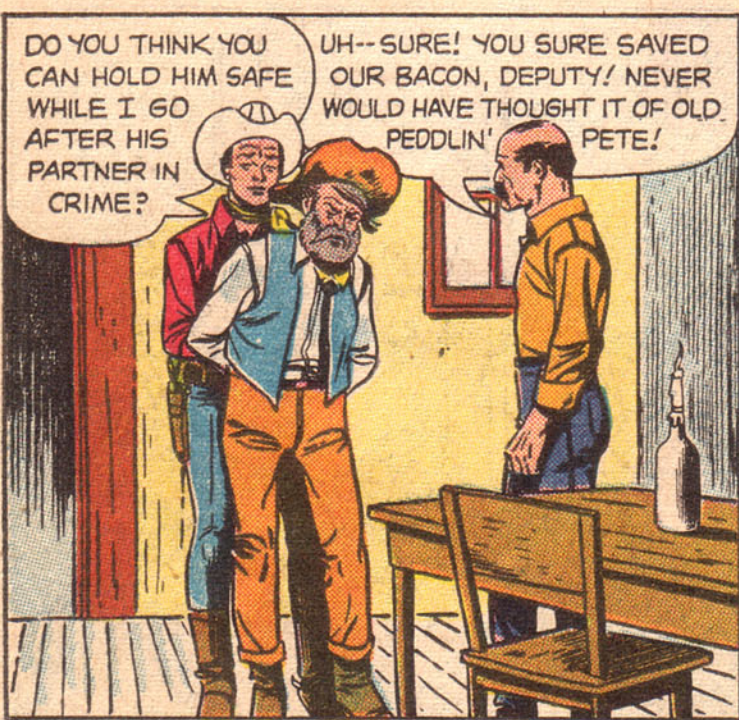
DROP IT!

**A** BLOW OF ROY'S PISTOL BARREL DEFLECTS THE SHOT...



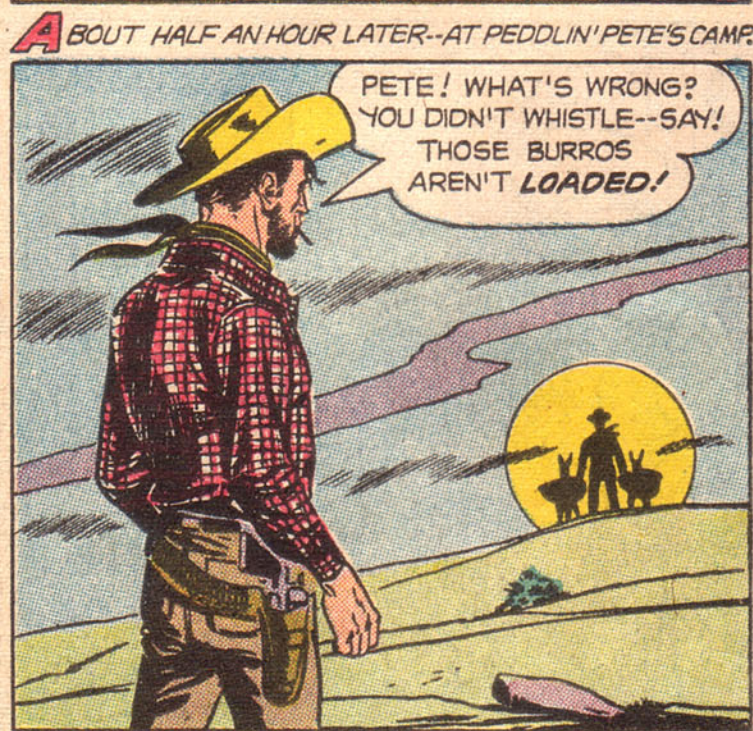
WH-- WHO ARE YOU?

DEPUTY ROY ROGERS! GET A ROPE AND HELP ME TIE THIS SIDEWINDER! HE AIMED TO MURDER YOU FOR YOUR ORE!



DO YOU THINK YOU CAN HOLD HIM SAFE WHILE I GO AFTER HIS PARTNER IN CRIME?

UH-- SURE! YOU SURE SAVED OUR BACON, DEPUTY! NEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT OF OLD PEDDLIN' PETE!



**A** BOUT HALF AN HOUR LATER--AT PEDDLIN' PETE'S CAMP.

PETE! WHAT'S WRONG? YOU DIDN'T WHISTLE--SAY! THOSE BURROS AREN'T **LOADED!**



SHUT OFF THAT ENGINE! **HANDS UP!**

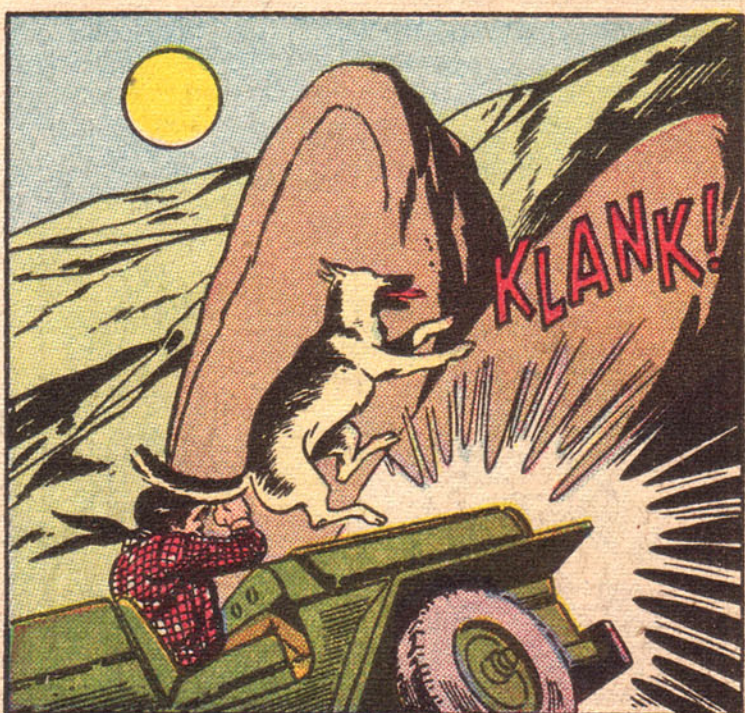
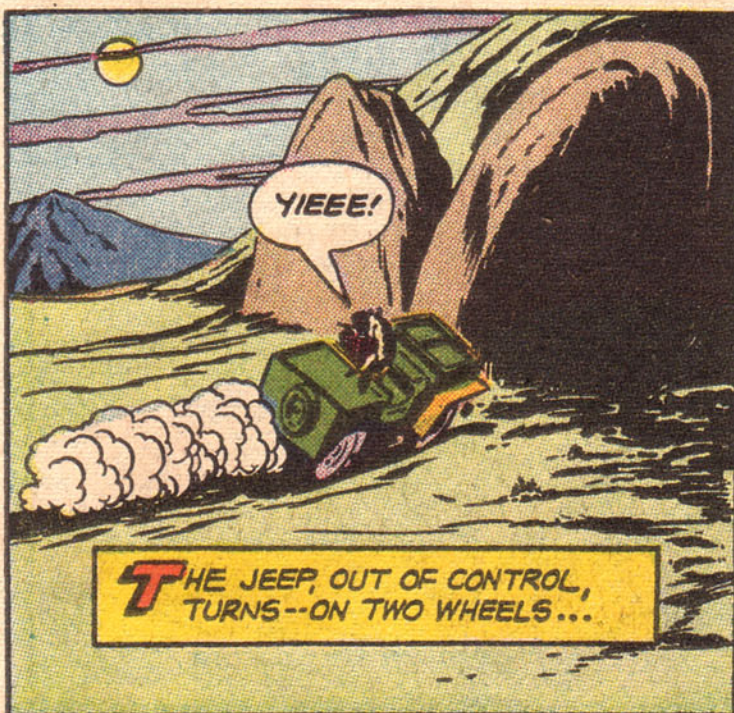
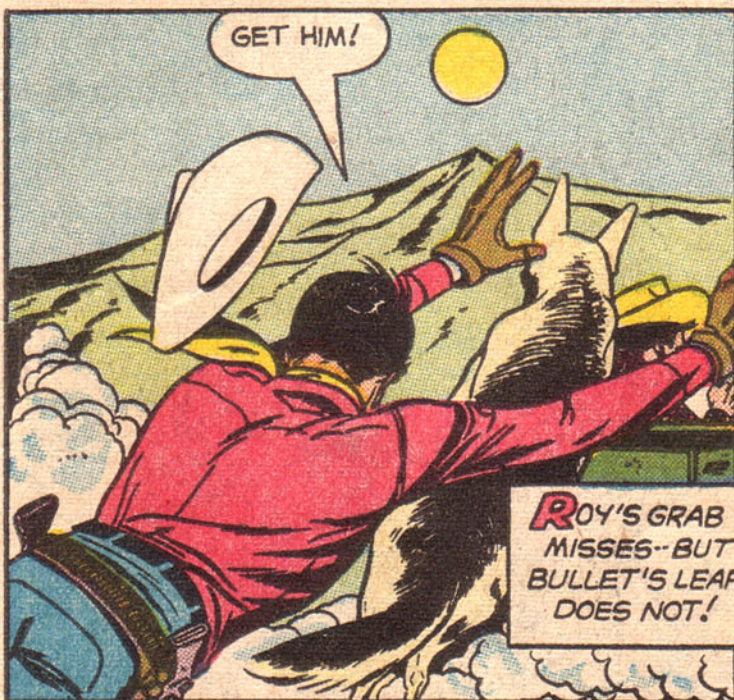
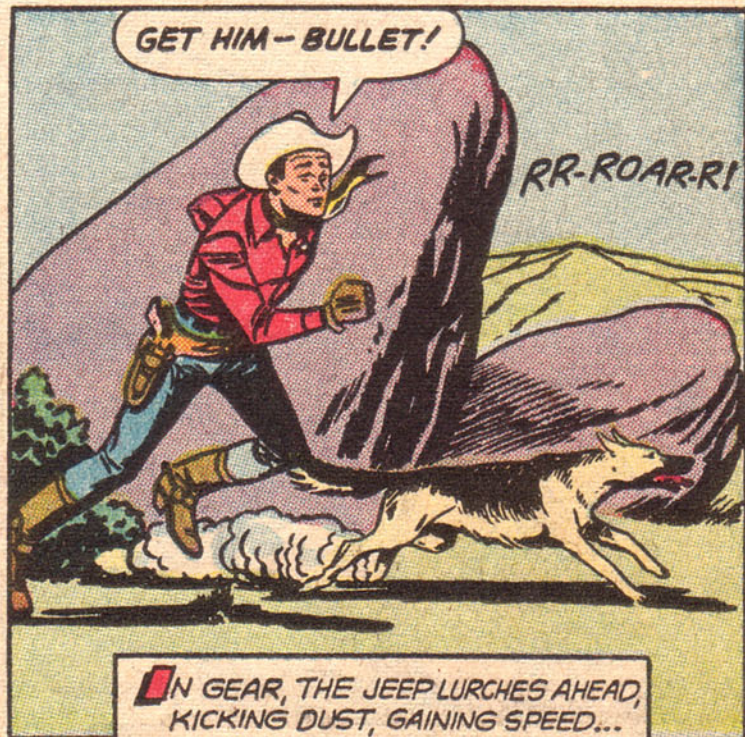
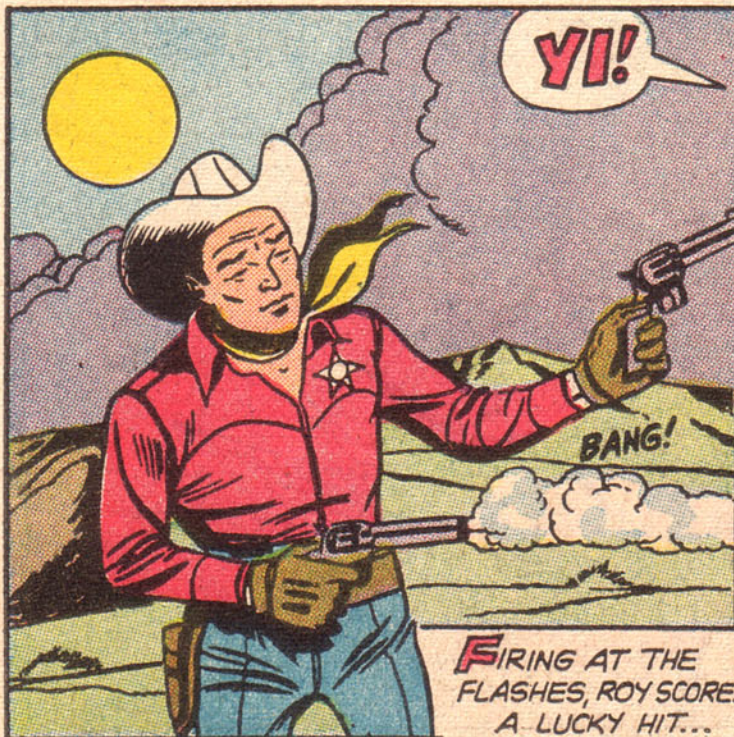
ZING-ZING!  
RRR-R-R  
ROAR-R



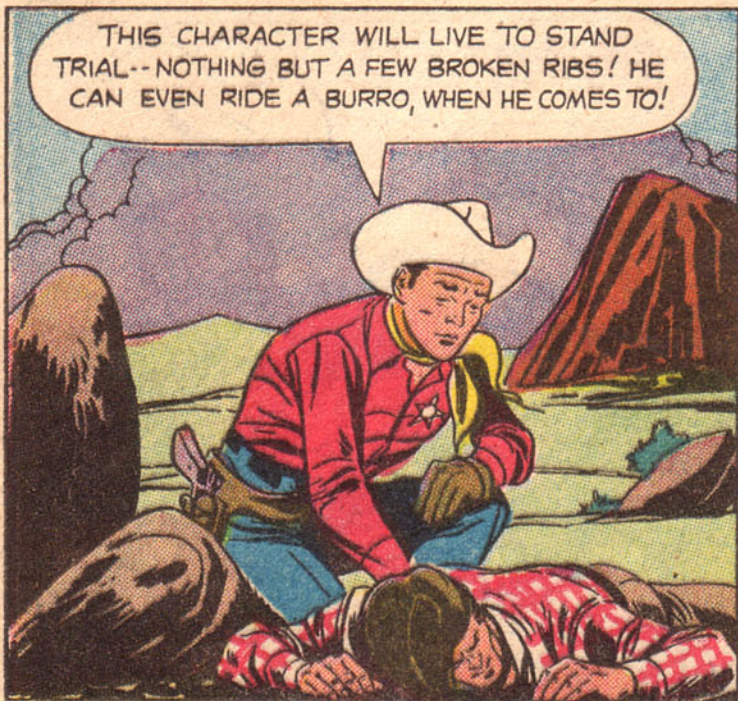
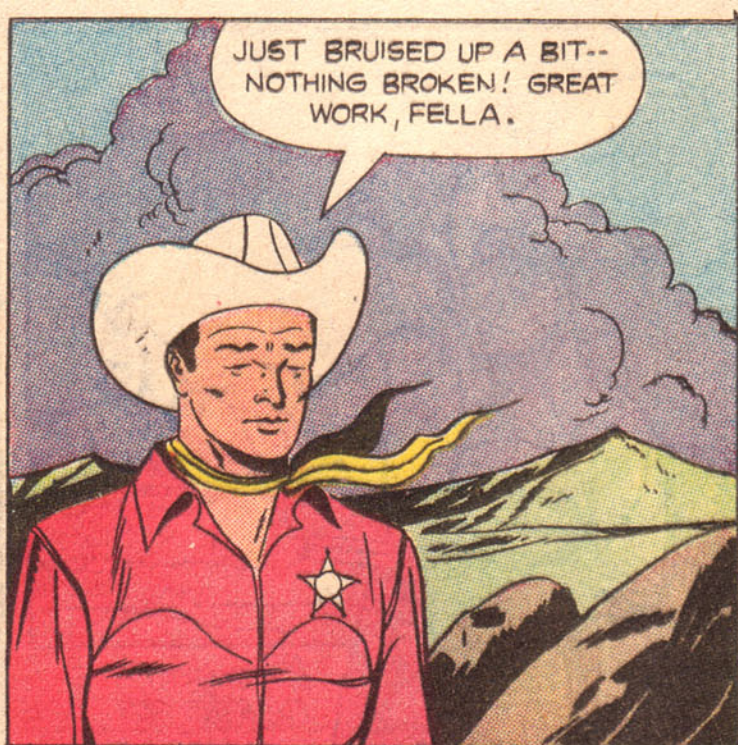
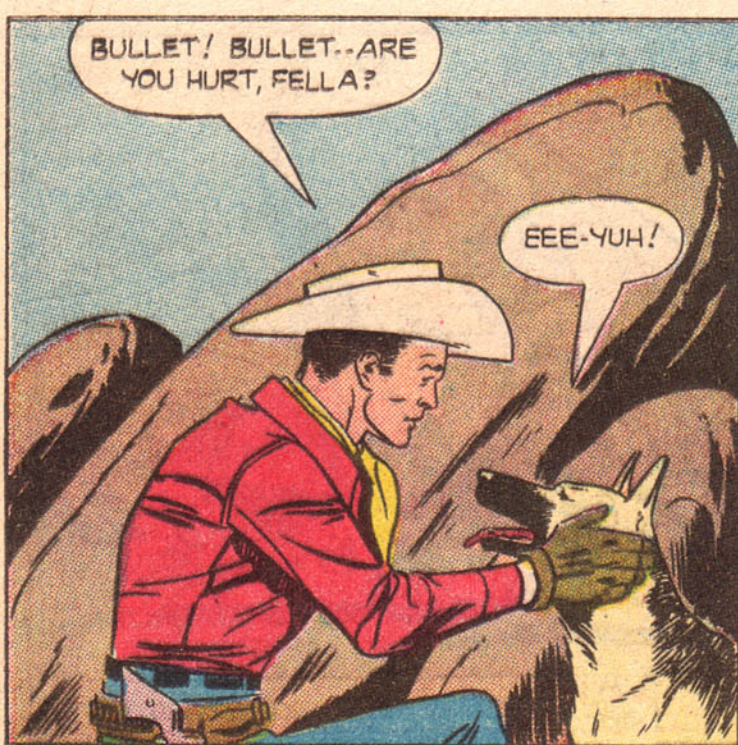
**T**HREE FAST SHOTS BLAZE FROM THE JEEP...

**BAM! BAM! BAM!**

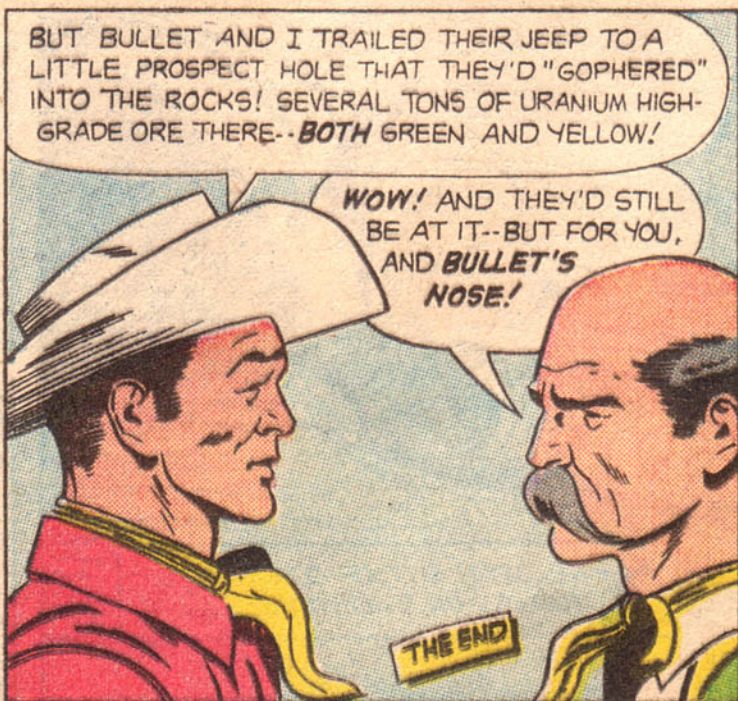
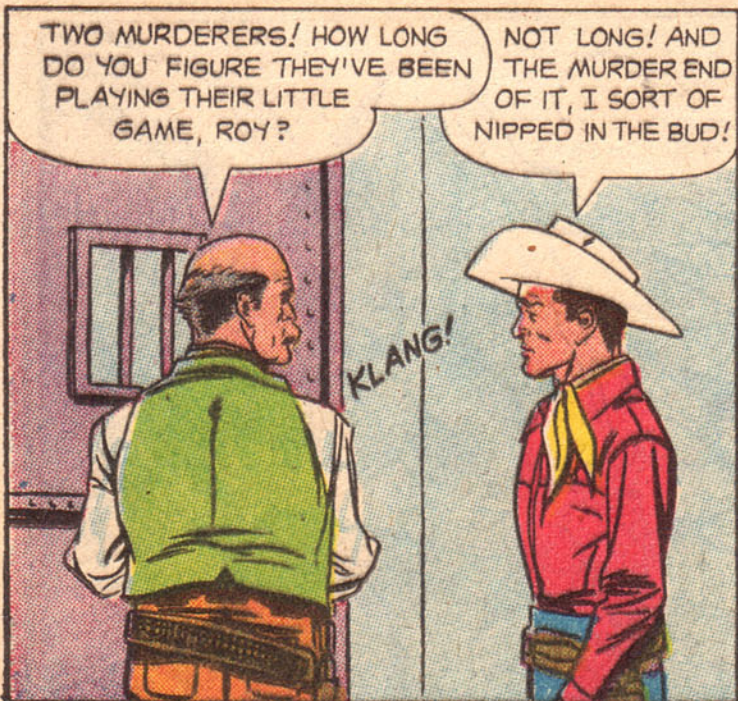
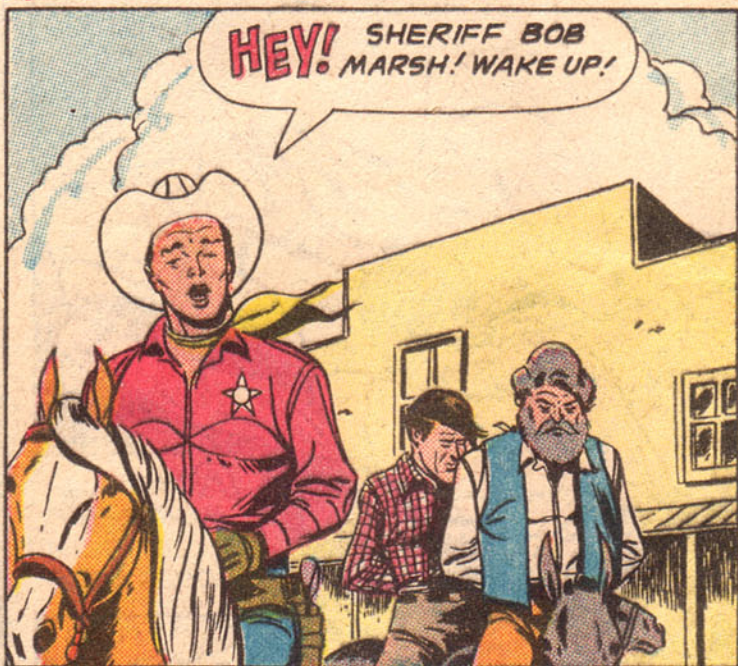








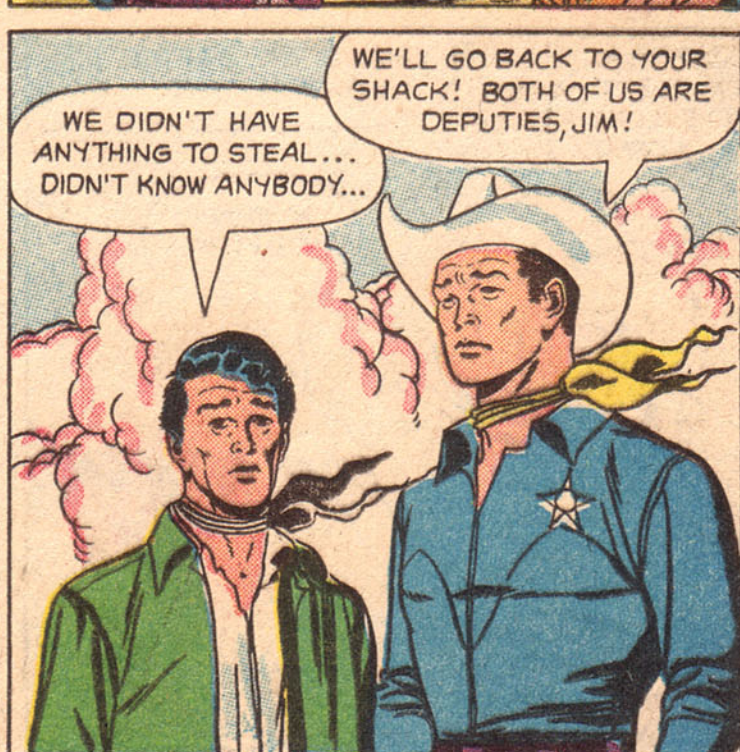
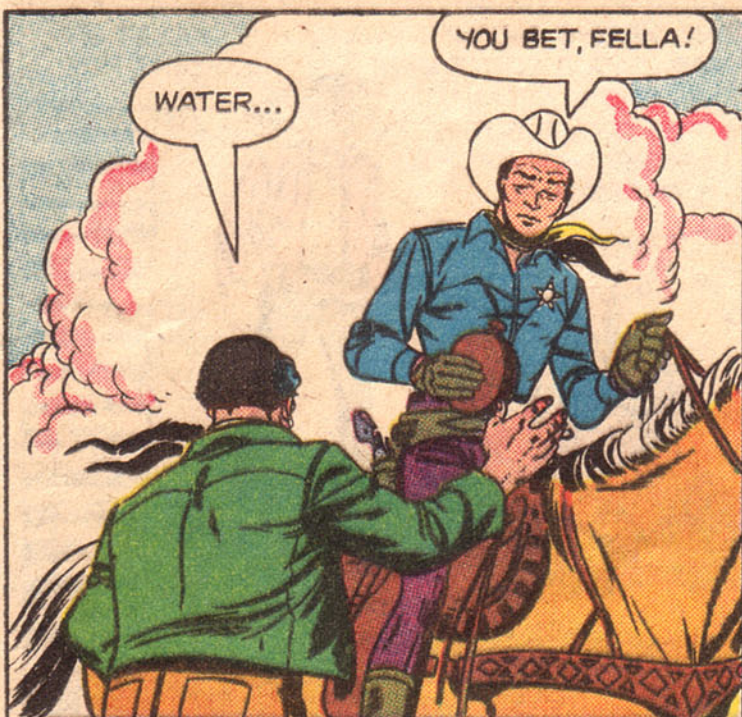
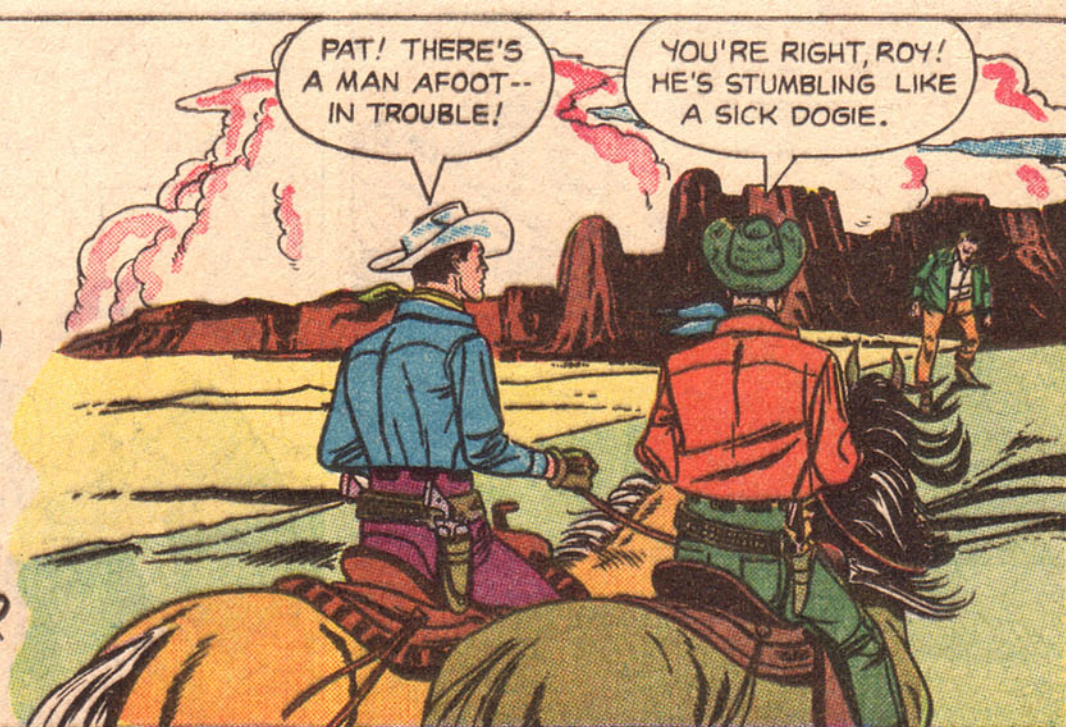
AS DAWN BREAKS OVER LONGHORN'S MAIN STREET...





# Roy Rogers

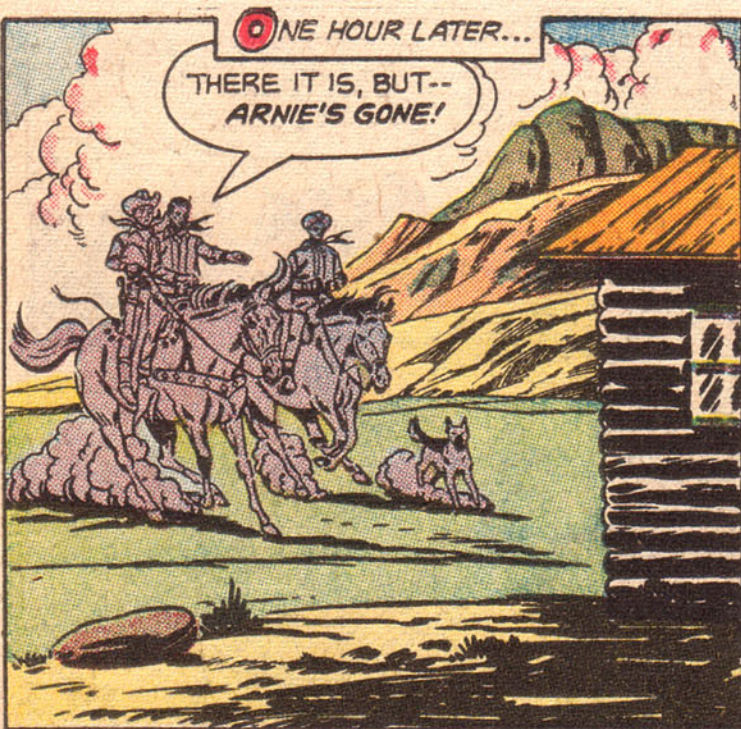
KING OF THE COWBOYS  
and the  
MISSING BROTHER





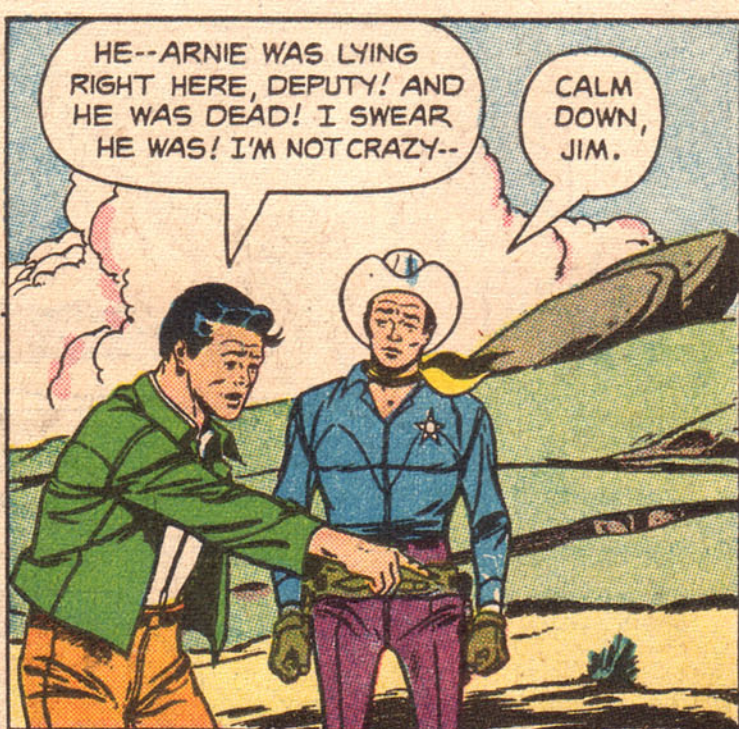
ONE HOUR LATER...

THERE IT IS, BUT--  
ARNIE'S GONE!



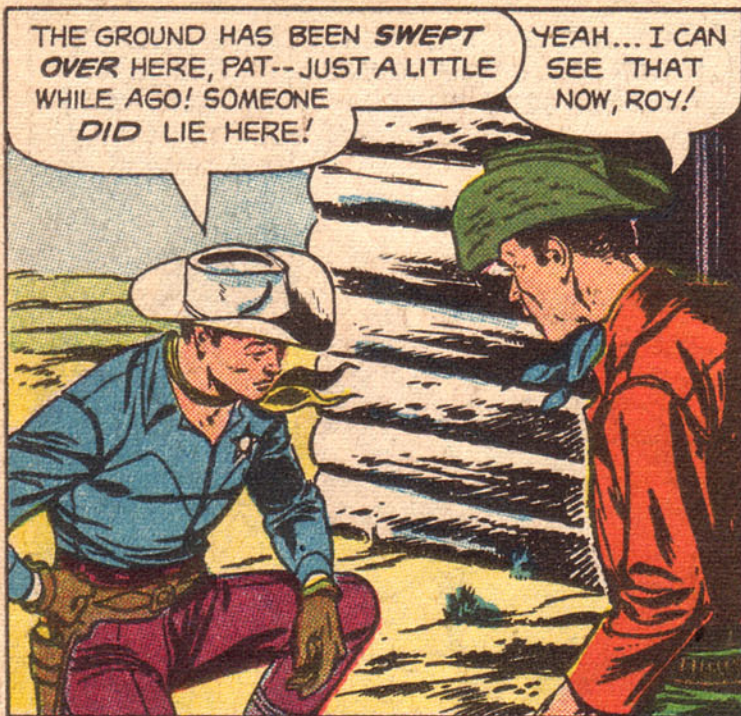
HE--ARNIE WAS LYING  
RIGHT HERE, DEPUTY! AND  
HE WAS DEAD! I SWEAR  
HE WAS! I'M NOT CRAZY--

CALM  
DOWN,  
JIM.



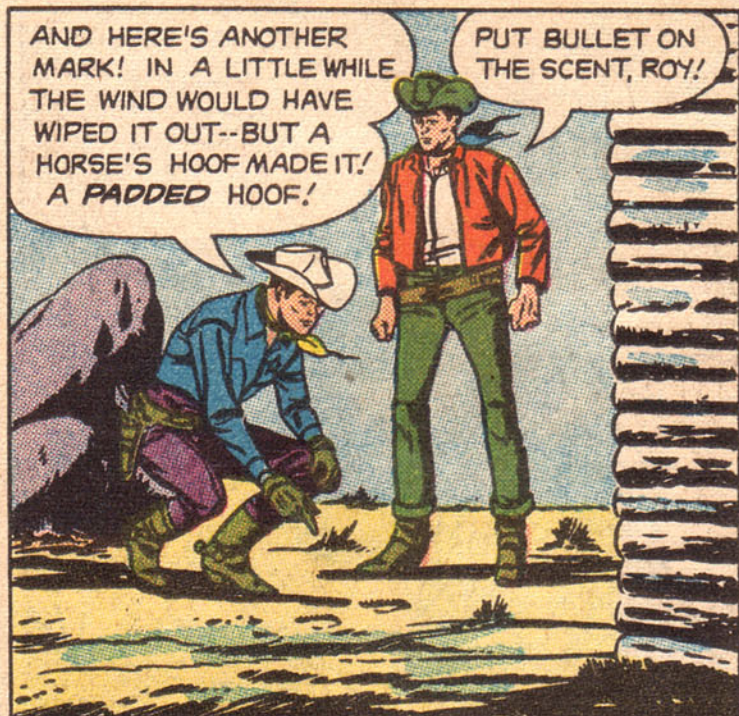
THE GROUND HAS BEEN **SWEPT**  
OVER HERE, PAT-- JUST A LITTLE  
WHILE AGO! SOMEONE  
**DID** LIE HERE!

YEAH... I CAN  
SEE THAT  
NOW, ROY!



AND HERE'S ANOTHER  
MARK! IN A LITTLE WHILE  
THE WIND WOULD HAVE  
WIPED IT OUT--BUT A  
HORSE'S HOOF MADE IT!  
A **PADD**ED HOOF!

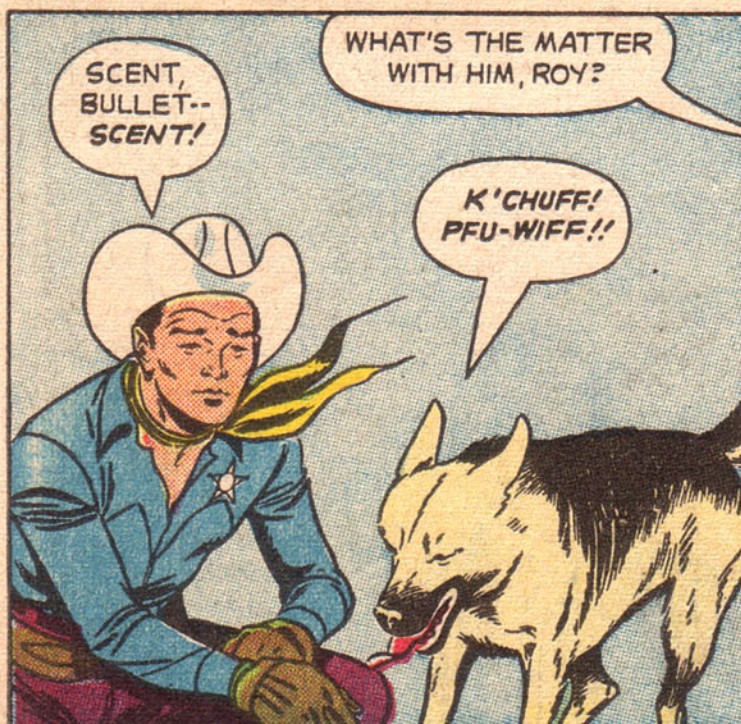
PUT BULLET ON  
THE SCENT, ROY!



SCENT,  
BULLET--  
SCENT!

WHAT'S THE MATTER  
WITH HIM, ROY?

K'CHUFF!  
PFU-WIFF!!



THERE'S A CHEMICAL AS WELL AS  
PADDING USED TO HIDE THAT HOOF-  
PRINT-- A CHEMICAL THAT HURTS BULLET'S  
NOSE! SOME RIDER LOADED YOUR BROTHER'S  
BODY, JIM--AND DESTROYED THE TRAIL SIGN!

BUT--WHY?





WHY? POSSIBLY BECAUSE NO MURDER CAN BE PROVED WITHOUT THE BODY, JIM! GET ME SOME PIECE OF YOUR BROTHER'S CLOTHING, JIM-- TO GIVE MY DOG THE SCENT!

SURE-- I'LL GET HIS HAT.

BUT IF HE COULDN'T FOLLOW THE KILLER, HOW CAN HE--

HE CAN FOLLOW YOUR BROTHER'S LATEST BACK-TRAIL, JIM! IT MIGHT HELP TO KNOW WHAT YOUR BROTHER WAS DOING **BEFORE** HE WAS MURDERED!

SNIFF ...UFF!

COME ON, PAT! **THAT** TRAIL IS FRESH!

EEE-YUH! YIP, YIP!

WHAT ARE YOU CHECKING YOUR SADDLE GUN FOR, ROY?

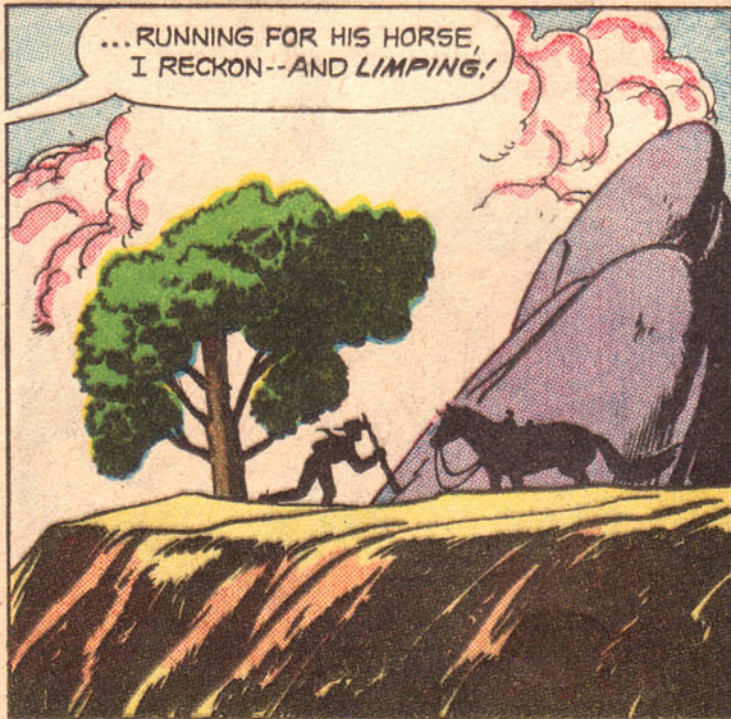
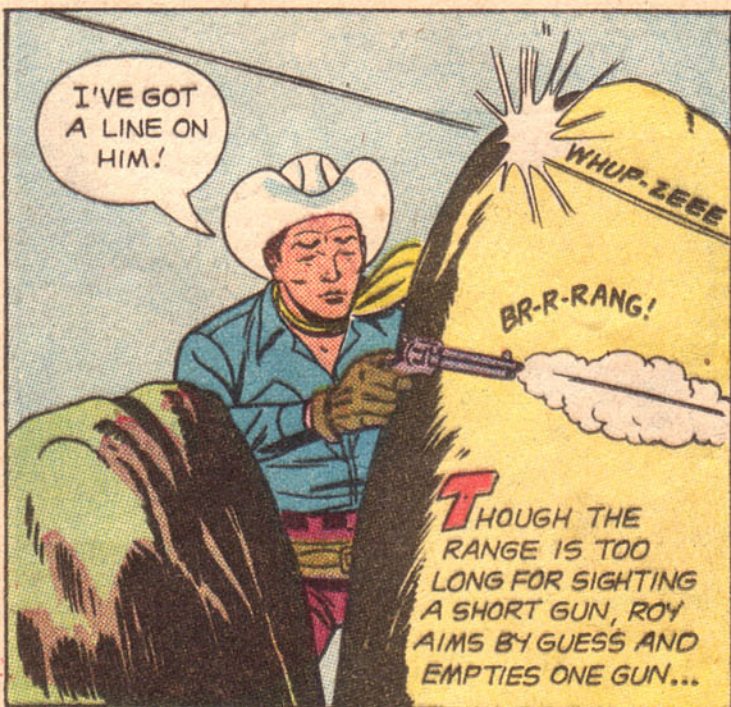
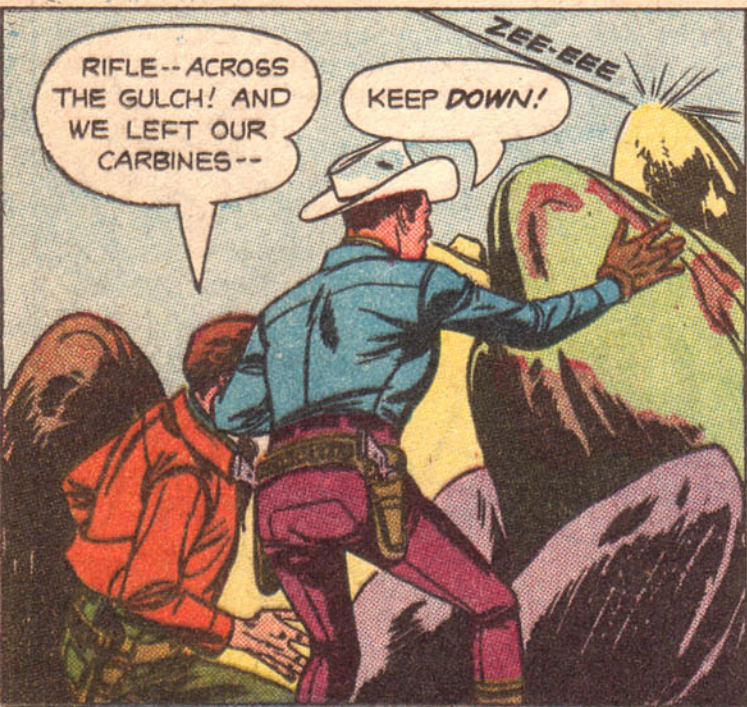
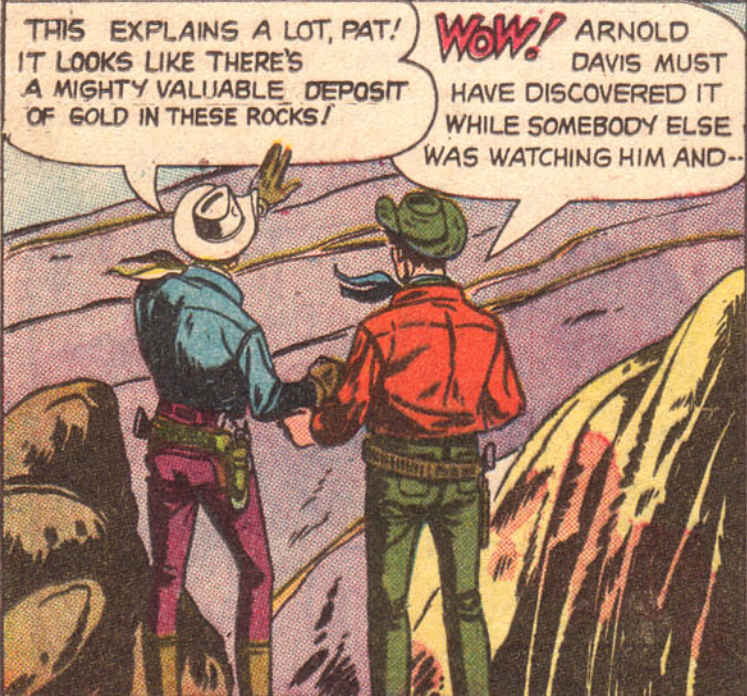
JUST A HUNCH! I HAVE A **FEELING** WE'RE BEING WATCHED, PAT!

HURRY, PAT! CAN'T USE THE HORSES HERE!

YIP, YIP, YOO-OO!

TRAIL'S END HERE...

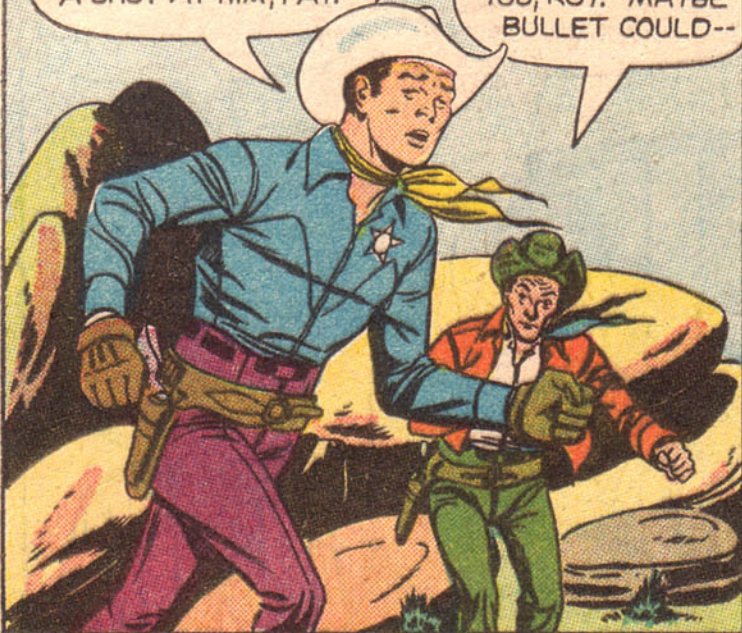






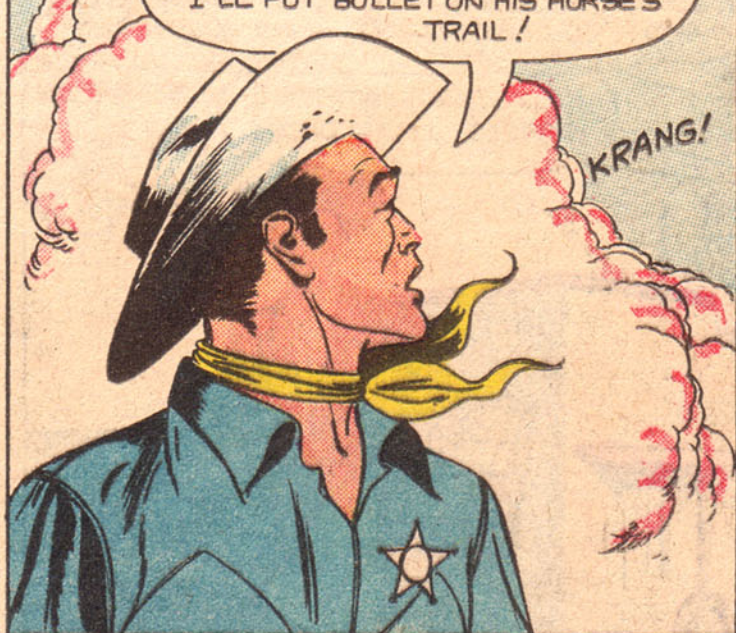
WE MIGHT **STILL** GET  
A SHOT AT HIM, PAT!

I'M RIGHT WITH  
YOU, ROY! MAYBE  
BULLET COULD--



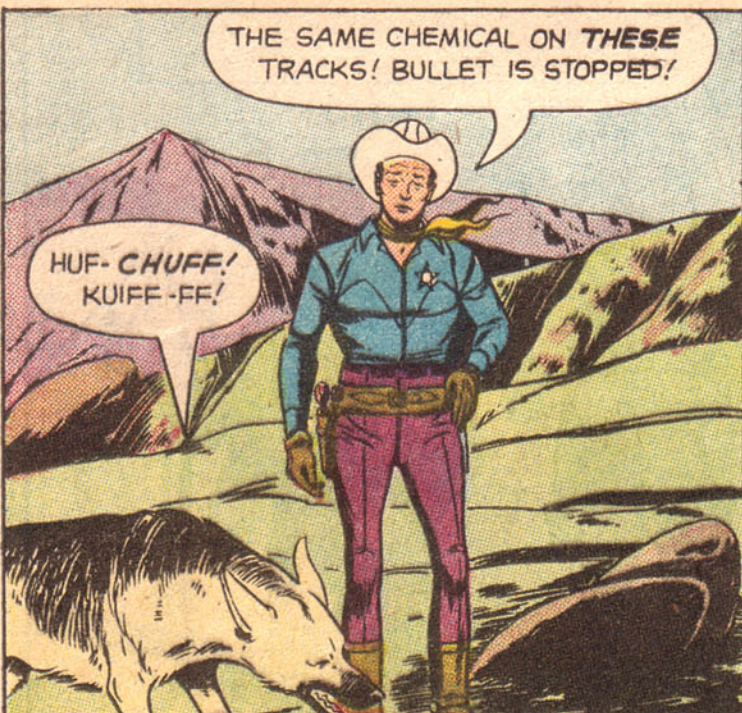
NO USE, PAT-- HE'S OUT OF RANGE!  
I'LL PUT BULLET ON HIS HORSE'S  
TRAIL!

KRANG!



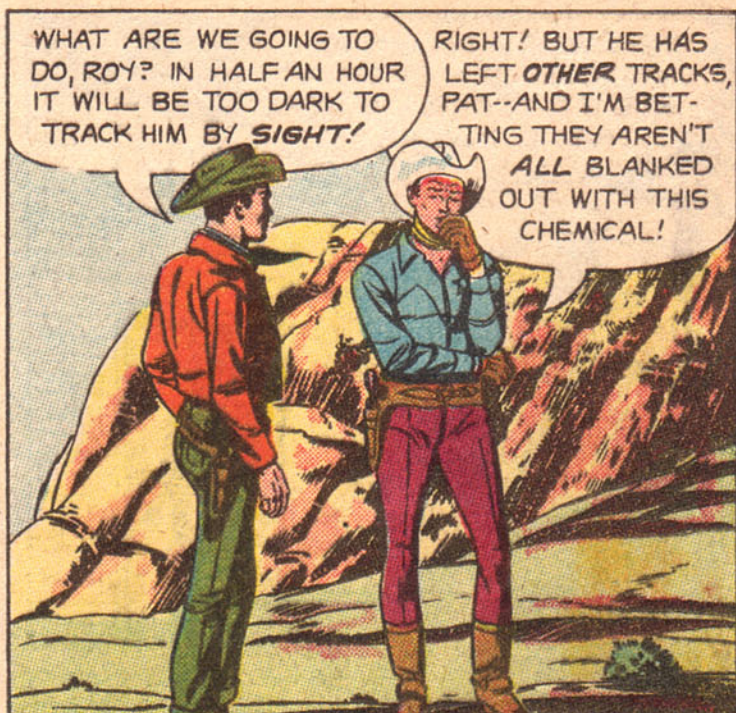
THE SAME CHEMICAL ON **THESE**  
TRACKS! BULLET IS STOPPED!

HUF-CHUFF!  
KUIFF-FF!



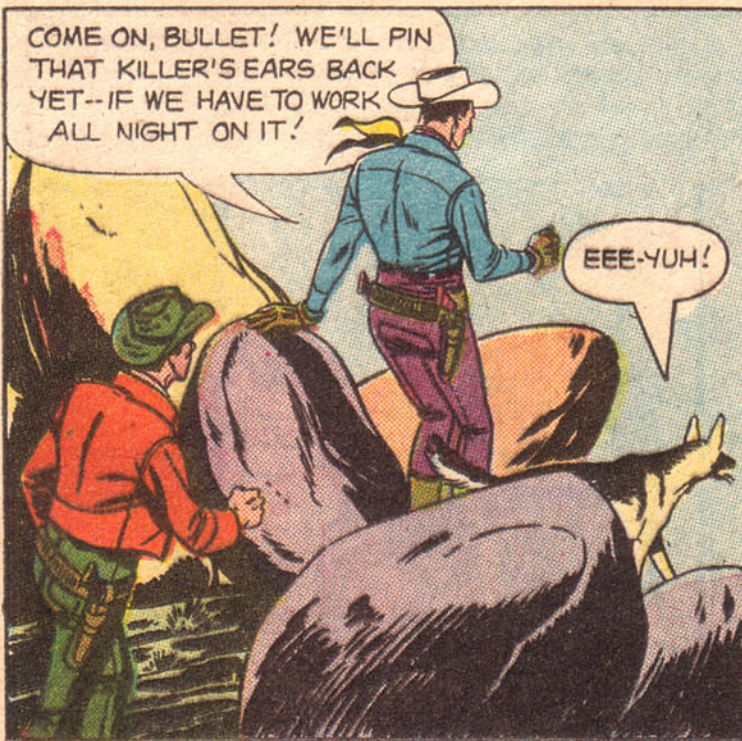
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO  
DO, ROY? IN HALF AN HOUR  
IT WILL BE TOO DARK TO  
TRACK HIM BY **SIGHT**!

RIGHT! BUT HE HAS  
LEFT **OTHER** TRACKS,  
PAT--AND I'M BET-  
TING THEY AREN'T  
**ALL** BLANKED  
OUT WITH THIS  
CHEMICAL!



COME ON, BULLET! WE'LL PIN  
THAT KILLER'S EARS BACK  
YET--IF WE HAVE TO WORK  
ALL NIGHT ON IT!

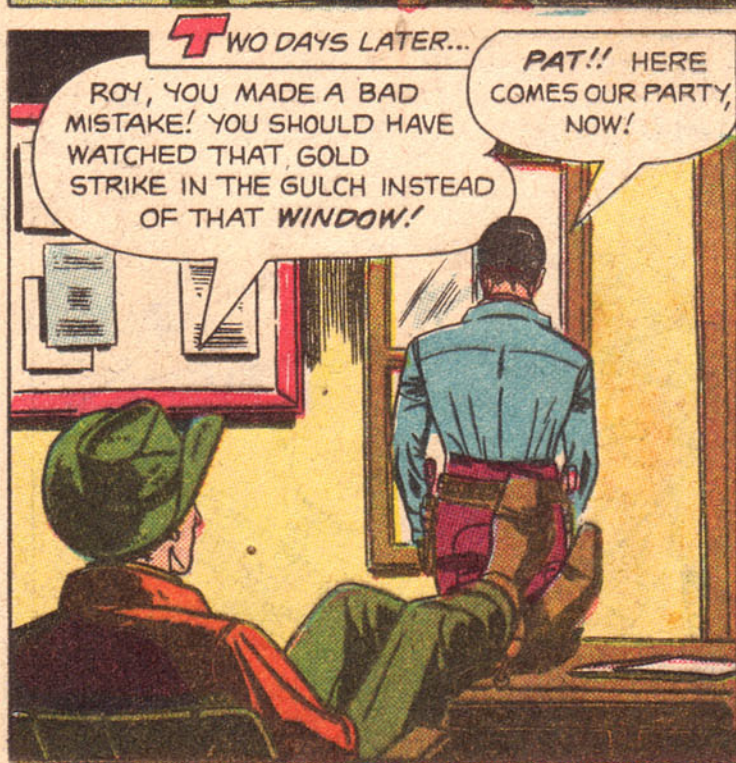
EEE-YUH!



**T**WO DAYS LATER...

ROY, YOU MADE A BAD  
MISTAKE! YOU SHOULD HAVE  
WATCHED THAT GOLD  
STRIKE IN THE GULCH INSTEAD  
OF THAT **WINDOW**!

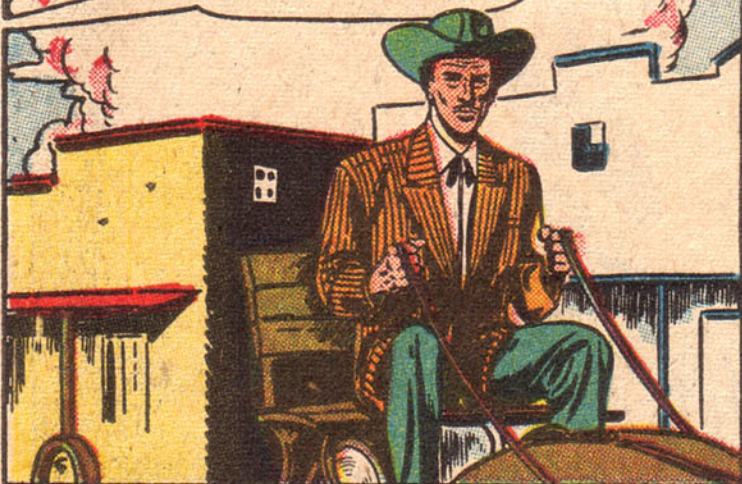
**PAT!!** HERE  
COMES OUR PARTY,  
NOW!





THAT'S MR. MIKE BELDEN, PAT-- WHO'S BUILT  
A GOPHER-HOLE MINE INTO THREE BIG OPERATIONS  
AND A COW OUTFIT-- ALL IN SIX MONTHS!

HUMPH! STRANGER, TOO!  
DRESSES LIKE A DUDE!

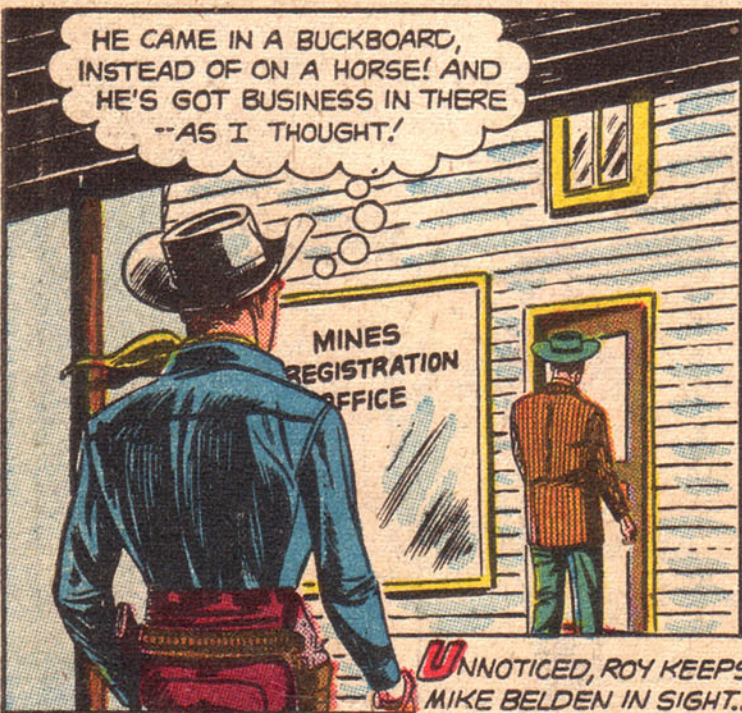


ON YOUR WAY, PAT!  
HOP INTO YOUR JEEP AND  
BRING JIM DAVIS!

OKAY, ROY! BUT  
I STILL THINK YOU'RE  
MAKING A FOOL PLAY!



HE CAME IN A BUCKBOARD,  
INSTEAD OF ON A HORSE! AND  
HE'S GOT BUSINESS IN THERE  
--AS I THOUGHT!

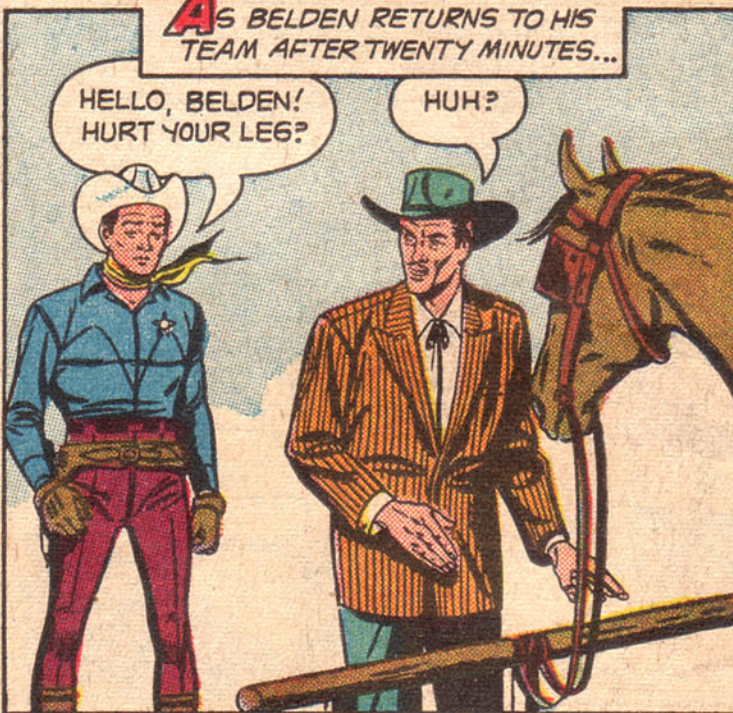


UNNOTICED, ROY KEEPS  
MIKE BELDEN IN SIGHT...

AS BELDEN RETURNS TO HIS  
TEAM AFTER TWENTY MINUTES...

HELLO, BELDEN!  
HURT YOUR LEG?

HUH?



WHAT MAKES  
YOU THINK I HURT  
MY LEG, ROGERS?

IT DOESN'T SHOW  
MUCH-- BUT I THOUGHT  
YOU LIMPED A LITTLE!



CAUGHT MY HEEL IN A CRACK  
AND TURNED MY ANKLE YESTER-  
DAY OVER AT THE  
YELLOW QUEEN MINE!

LOOK! THERE  
COMES JIM DAVIS--  
--WITH HIS  
BROTHER'S COFFIN!





MURDERED!

UH?

THE FUNERAL WILL BE SOON-- THIS AFTERNOON, I UNDERSTAND! ARE YOU STAYING FOR IT, BELDEN?

HUMPH! ANY REASON WHY I SHOULD, ROGERS?

I RECKON **EVERYBODY** IN TOWN WILL BE THERE, BELDEN! BETTER STAY!

URR-UMPH! I'LL THINK ABOUT IT!

HE'LL STAY-- OUT OF CURIOSITY... AND SO AS NOT TO BE CONSPICUOUS! I'LL FIND PAT AND BRIEF HIM FOR THE REST OF THE PLAY!

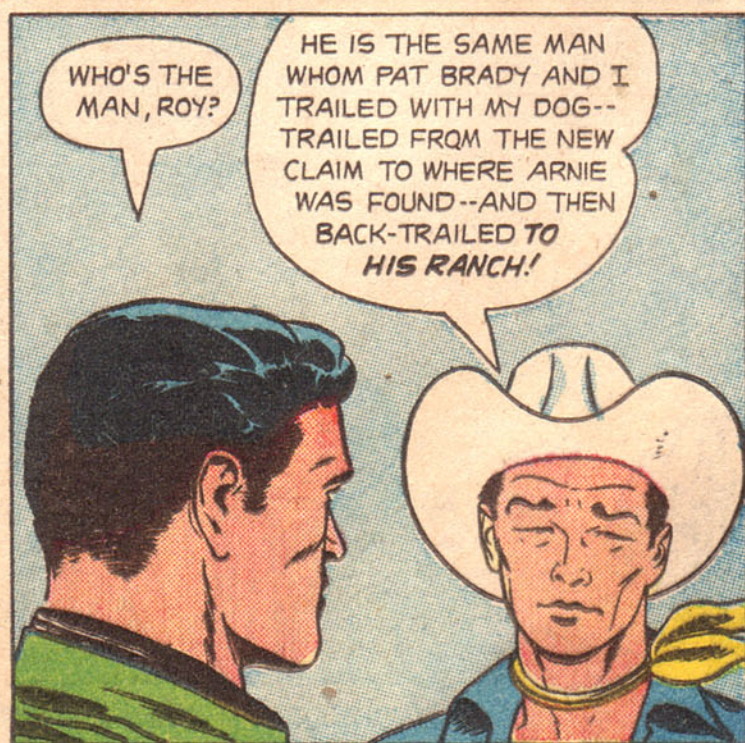
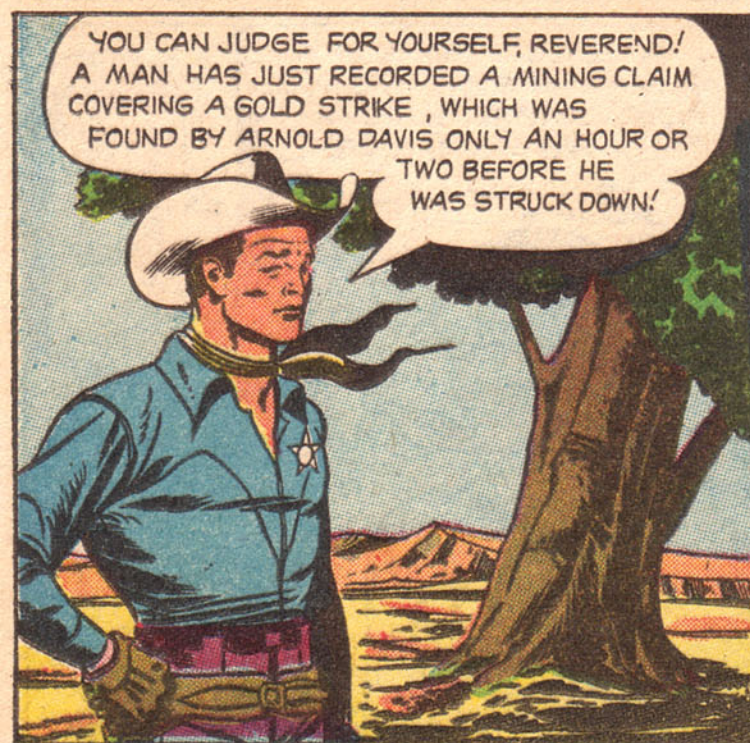
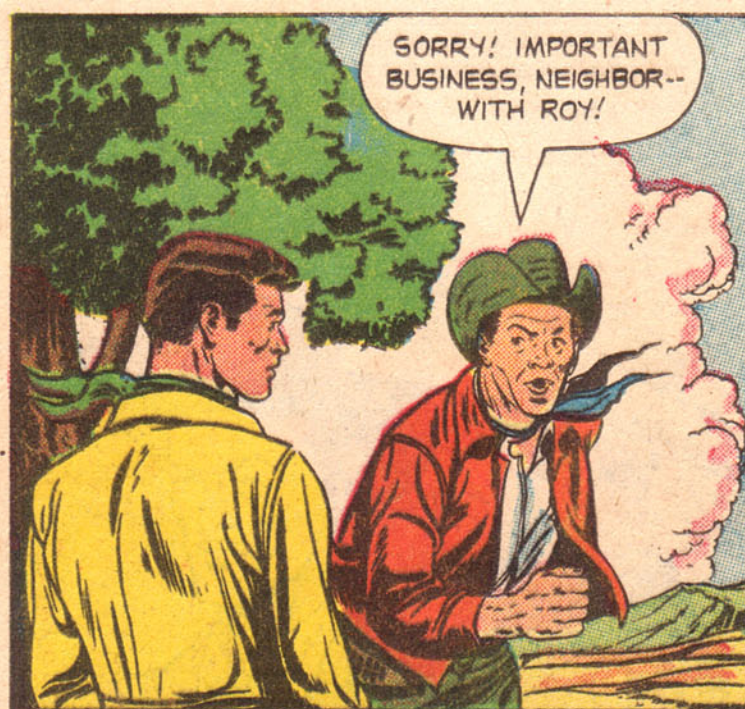
**T**WO HOURS LATER, IN THE LONGHORN CEMETERY...

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE, WE ARE IN DEATH...

BULLET HAS PICKED UP A FAMILIAR SCENT--AND HE'LL STICK TO IT! BUT I WISH PAT WOULD COME!

**I**N THE CROWD AT THE GRAVE'S SIDE, ROY NOTES MIKE BELDEN.







JUST A MINUTE, MIKE BELDEN! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

MIKE BELDEN?

NO, YOU DON'T, ROGERS! NOBODY'S STOPPING ME!

YEOW!

GOOD WORK, BULLET!

BANG!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR ASSAULT ON ARNIE DAVIS, WITH INTENT TO KILL!

EXCUSE ME-- BUT CAN WE PROCEED WITH THE BURIAL SERVICE NOW THAT YOU HAVE THE CRIMINAL?

I SAID -- "ASSAULT WITH *INTENT* TO KILL," REVEREND! ARNIE ISN'T IN THAT COFFIN! HE'S AT DOC KELLY'S...

YOU--  
YOU MEAN--?

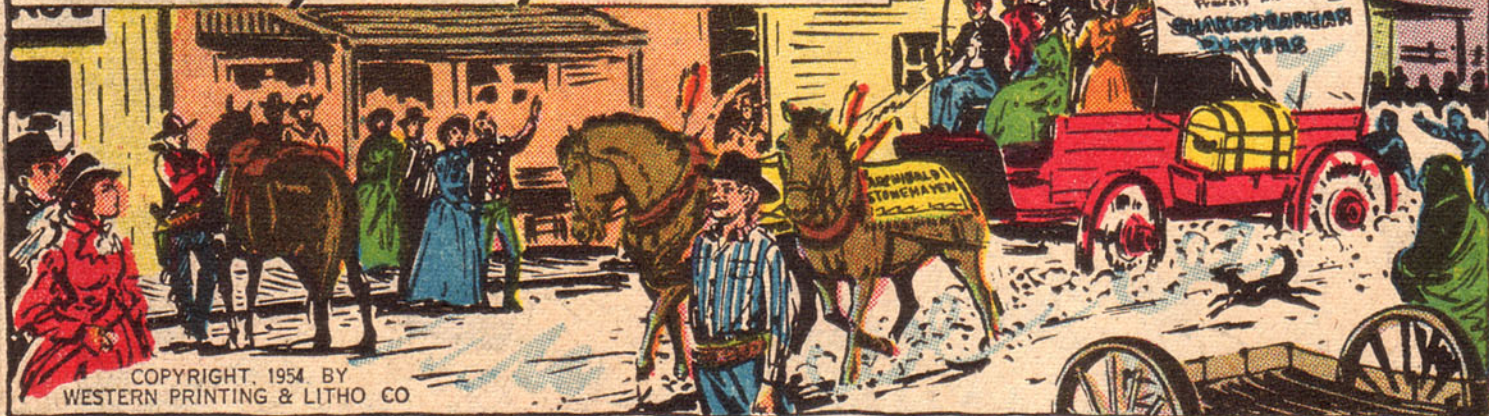
...RECOVERING FROM A FRACTURED SKULL AND NEAR DROWNING IN COLD CREEK, WHERE BELDEN DUMPED HIM WITH A ROCK TIED TO HIS MIDDLE! THE COLD WATER BROUGHT HIM TO IN TIME TO GET RID OF THE ROCK...AND BULLET FOUND HIM!

THE END



# BREED OF THE PIONEERS

## *Six-Gun Play-Actor*



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Doom City was preparing for a big event. Windows were being washed, saddles being polished; womenfolk were sewing dresses. An acting troupe was coming to the little Wyoming settlement—all the way from Detroit. Most people in Doom had never seen an actor, and grease paint (to them) was just something that warring Indians used.

Doom City was not a vacation paradise in the year 1848. There were frequent raids by Indians and a man was considered a real antique if he lived to be forty.

Into this community rode Archibald Stonehaven and his Shakespearean Players, one Sunday morning. The whole town, which numbered 103 people, was waiting to greet them. Archibald, complete in waistcoat, top hat, and silk trousers, drove the gaily-colored prairie schooner.

"Ah, lovers of the arts. I, Archibald Stonehaven, greet you. There will be ample seating accommodations for everyone at tonight's performance of Hamlet. You are all cordially invited—at a dollar and a half per person."

"Go on back to your mama, dude," said an unshaven cowboy, throwing a ball of mud at Archibald. Archibald ducked.

That night, Doom City witnessed its first stage play.

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew. Or that—"

Archibald's poetic lines were interrupted by a wet tomato that splattered against Elsinore Castle.

"We want our gold dust back!" roared a

big two-hundred pounder.

Archibald tried to continue. "How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world—"

But now the crowd began to get violent. They swarmed on the stage, threw pieces of lumber, and, very soon, created a free-for-all.

"Please, gentlemen, please. The show must go on," said Archibald.

"Why?" sneered one of the men, ripping a curtain with his spurs.

"I—I—well, it just must."

"Ostrich feathers," said one of the ruffians, pushing Archibald in the face. Scenery was smashed, costumes torn, as actors and spectators were engaged in the melee.

"I must protest, gentlemen," said Archibald, sternly. "There are ladies present."

A fist caught Archibald on the nose and tipped him on his back.

"All right, boys, let's go," said the mob's leader in a foghorn voice.

Archibald shook his spinning head and picked himself up. He weaved unsteadily into town and stopped at the general store.

"I wish an audience with the Chief of Police," he told the man behind the counter.

The clerk laughed, uncontrollably. "No police here, mister."

"This is not a matter for jest. Who is the law officer in this town?"

"None here, I tell you. We had a sheriff once." The storekeeper produced a badge, with a bullet hole in it. "He stayed alive two whole days."



Archibald grabbed the badge and pinned it to his shirt.

"Tyrants, show thy faces!"

"Huh?" said the clerk.

"Never mind, my good man. I am the new sheriff until I get back my theatrical possessions. Perhaps you can tell me who started that rude demonstration at my performance last night?"

The storekeeper tried to control his laughter. "Sure. The Wesley brothers. They got a ranch 'bout twenty minutes south o' here. But, don't tangle with those boys, dude. They're ornery."

"Good day, sir," said Archibald.

He passed the barber shop, where five town toughs were pitching half-dollars.

"Haw, haw, look at the new sheriff," roared one of the five.

Without a word, Archibald picked up a handful of dirt, blinded the man with dust, and grabbed his six-gun.

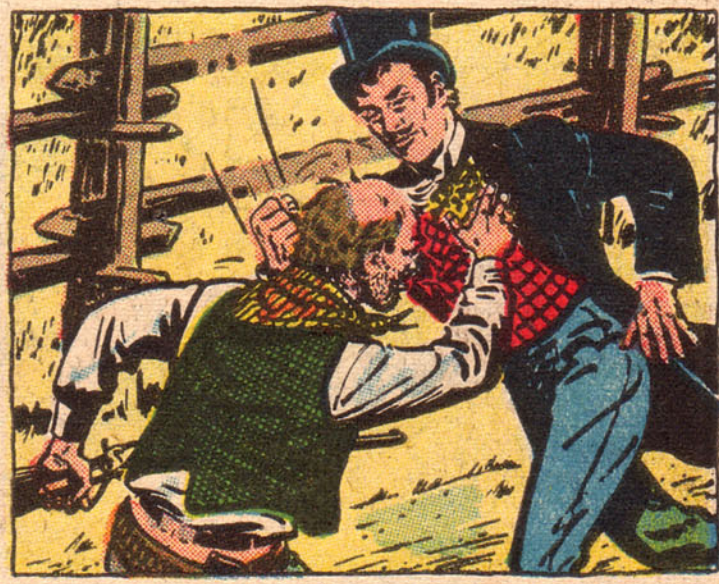
"You, sir, are under arrest."

One of the other men started to go for his gun, but Archibald's single shot nicked the man's finger.

"I warn you, gentlemen. I'm an excellent shot. Before embarking on an acting career, I was the best marksman at West Point."

After locking his prisoner up, Archibald rode out to the Wesley's ranch. There was a guard at the corral.

"Watta ya want?" growled Jim Wesley.



"Your face behind bars," said Archibald.

Wesley started a punch, but Archibald's open hand paralyzed Jim with one blow on the neck.

"They also teach Judo at West Point," he mumbled as he stepped over Jim Wesley's body.

There was a light in the ranch house. Archibald pushed the door open and faced the other Wesley brothers, three of the toughest men in the untamed west.

"You know," said Archibald, "you fellows weren't very polite, tonight."

"So what, dude?" said Cal Wesley, the oldest.

"So this," said Archibald, piercing one of the cards with a bullet. "I think a hundred dollars ought to cover the damage you did."

Cal went for his gun but was stopped by a bullet in his hand.

"I probably wouldn't kill all three of you, but I'll surely get one. Maybe two. Now, I ask you, is a puny one hundred dollars worth dying for?"

"Give him the money," said Cal, "and get me a doctor."

"Thank you, gentlemen," said Archibald, pocketing the money. "I hope you'll attend my farewell performance tomorrow. There will be sufficient deputies to preserve law and order."

The next night, Archibald Stonehaven did Hamlet without interruption and Doom City learned that its toughest men were not always its loudest talkers.





# CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

THERE OUGHT  
TO BE A LOT OF  
DEER DOWN IN  
THIS BUSHY DRAW,  
CHARLEY...

--- AND  
COUGAR AND  
BEAR AND  
BOBCAT, TOO,  
I RECKON,  
PETE!

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TELL YOU WHAT, PARDNER --- YOU  
EASE STRAIGHT DOWN OVER THE LEDGES  
HERE, AND I'LL GO AROUND TO THE HEAD  
OF THE DRAW! THAT WAY WE'LL  
STAND A BETTER CHANCE!

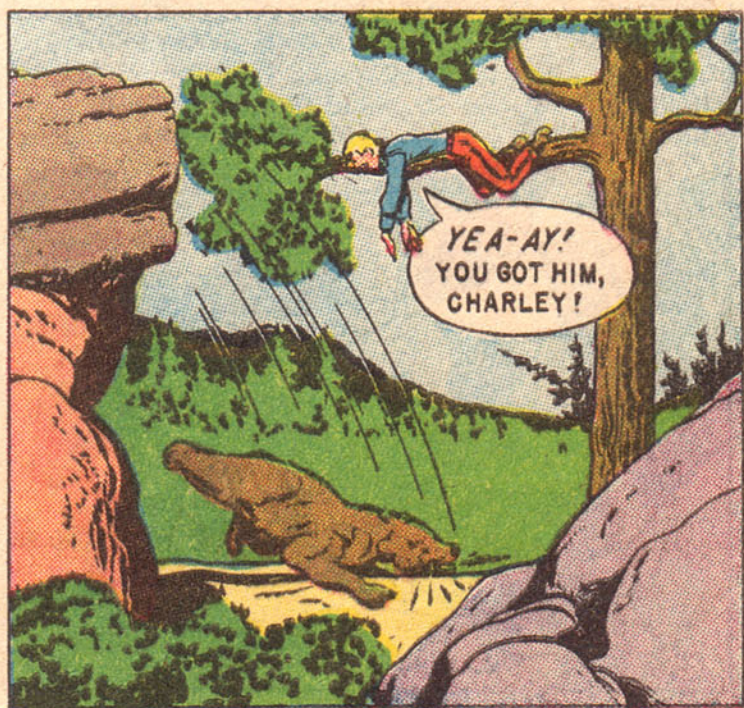
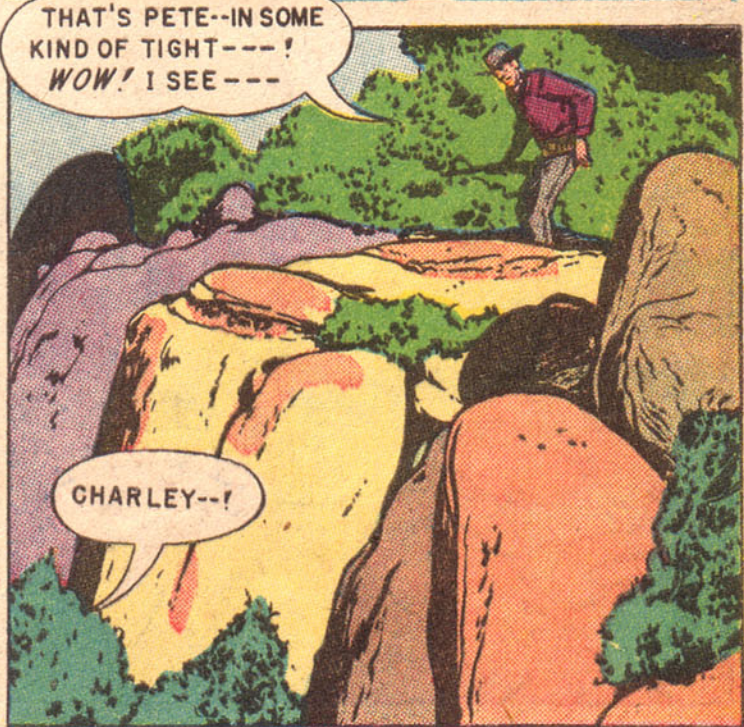
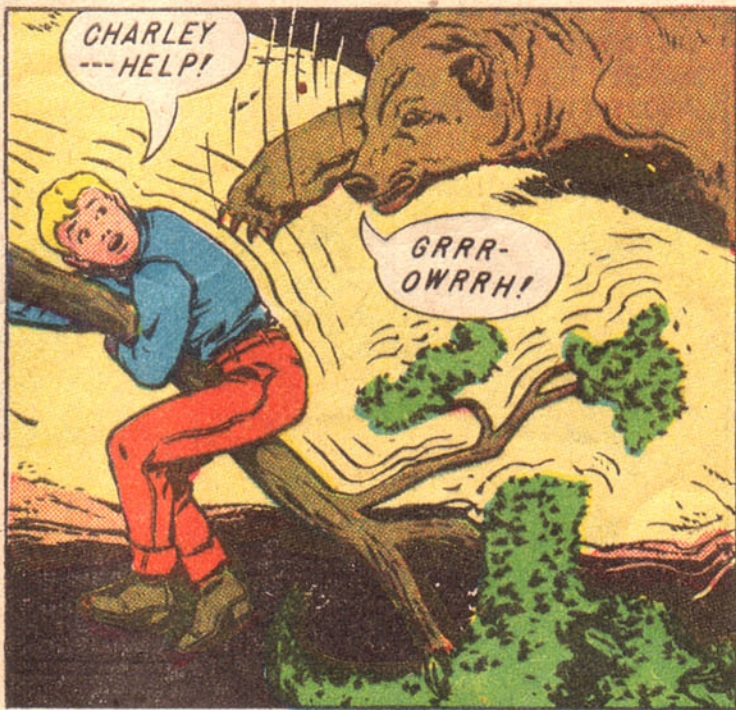
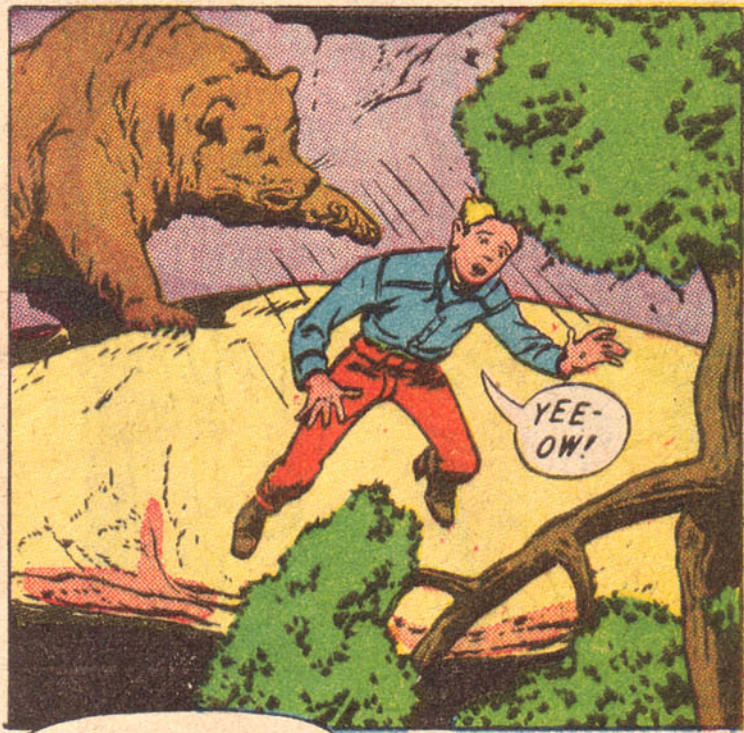
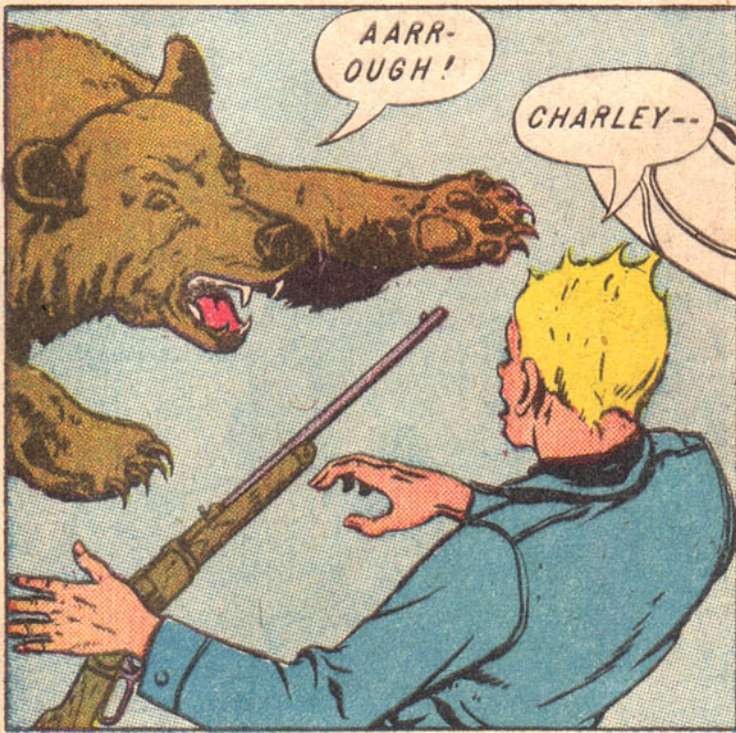
THE BEARS WILL BE FAT  
AND LAZY ABOUT NOW  
--- GETTING READY  
TO DEN UP.

IT'S NOT TOO FAR  
DOWN TO THE  
NEXT SHELF..  
I'LL JUMP!

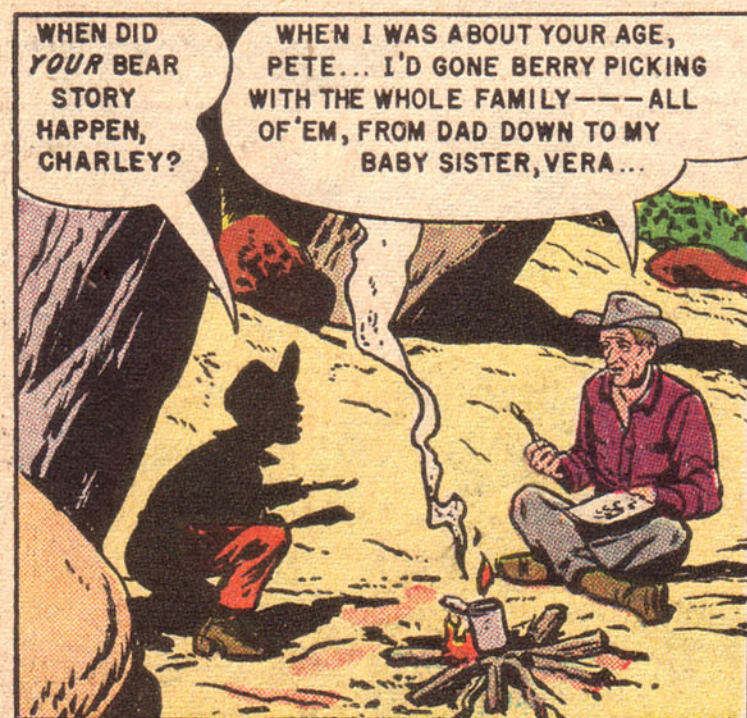
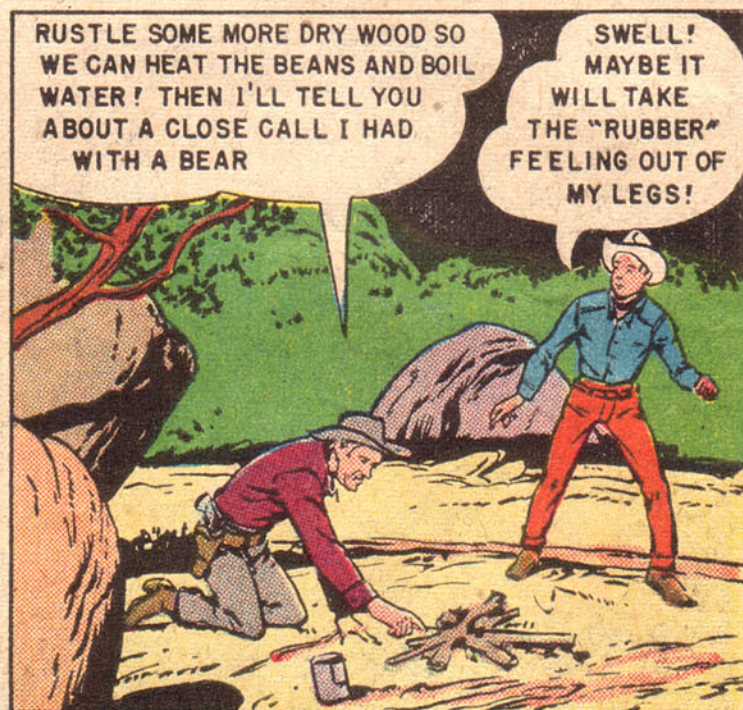
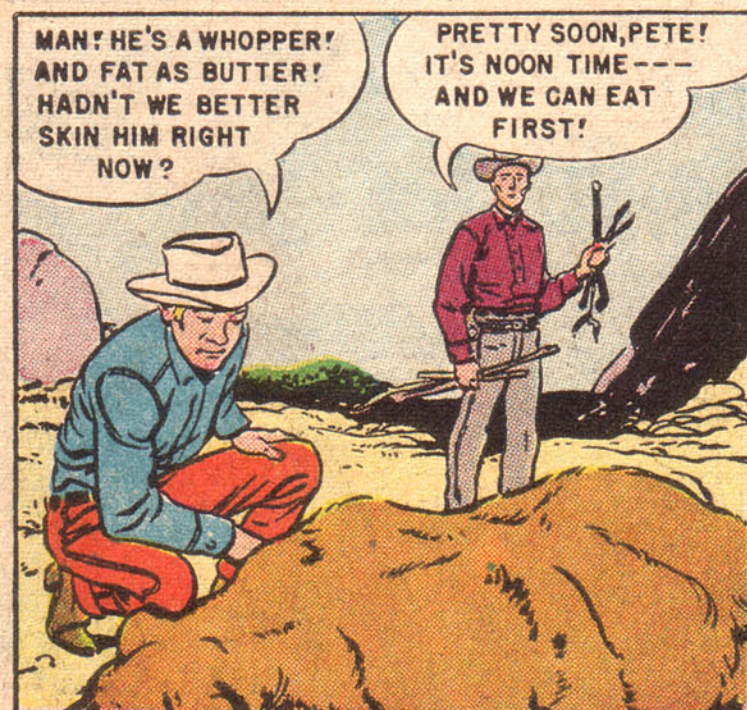
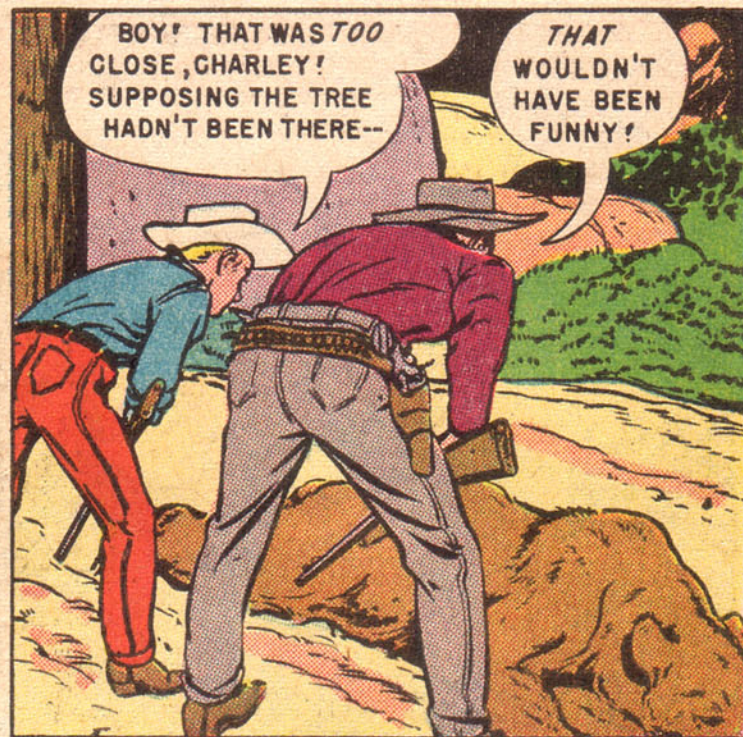
WOOF-  
WOOF!

YEOW!









" THE RASPBERRIES WERE THICK IN A BIG, OLD LUMBER SLASH! AND JUICY AND SWEET! WE MOVED FROM CLUMP TO CLUMP, FILLING OUR MOUTHS AND OUR PAILS.





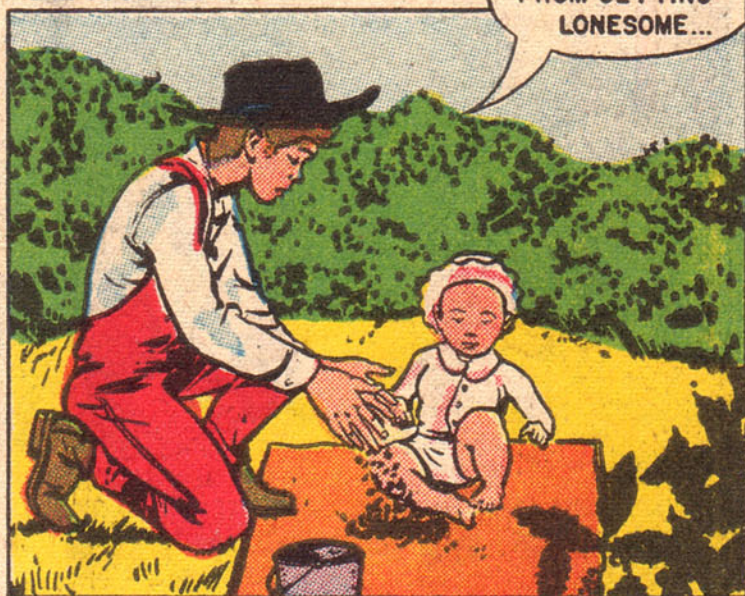
"MA TOLD ME TO WATCH THE YOUNG ONE SO SHE COULD PICK BERRIES INSTEAD OF TOTING VERA AROUND."

CHARLEY!  
I WANT YOU TO KEEP AN  
EYE ON BABY VERA .SHE'S  
ABOUT READY TO TAKE  
HER NAP, ANYWAY

ALL  
RIGHT,  
MA

" I HAD AN IDEA THAT WOULD GIVE ME  
A CHANCE TO MOVE AROUND, TOO ---  
LEAVING VERA ALL THE BERRIES  
SHE COULD EAT! "

HERE!  
THIS WILL  
KEEP YOU  
FROM GETTING  
LONESOME...



"NOT HEARING ANYTHING FROM THE YOUNGSTER,  
I WENT AHEAD PICKING FROM CLUMP TO CLUMP,  
FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY.

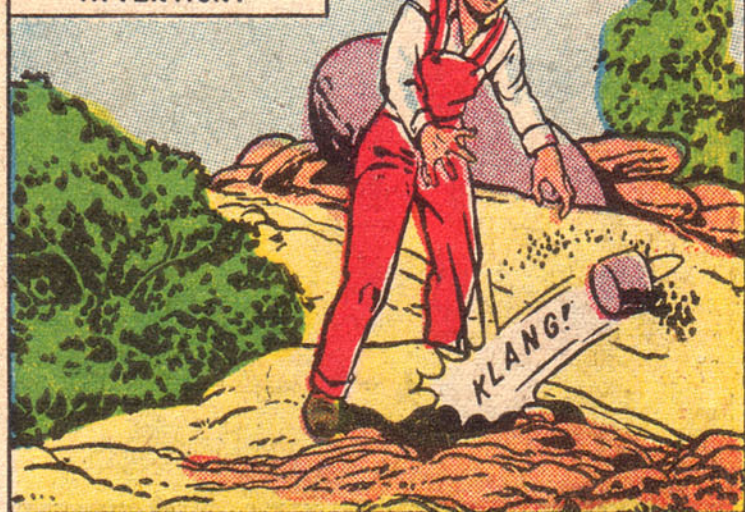
" I HAD JUST TURNED  
AROUND TO GO BACK  
TO THE BABY ---  
WHEN I FROZE IN MY  
TRACKS! A BIG SHE-  
BEAR WAS STANDING  
BETWEEN ME AND  
WHERE VERA WAS ---  
LOOKING AROUND.



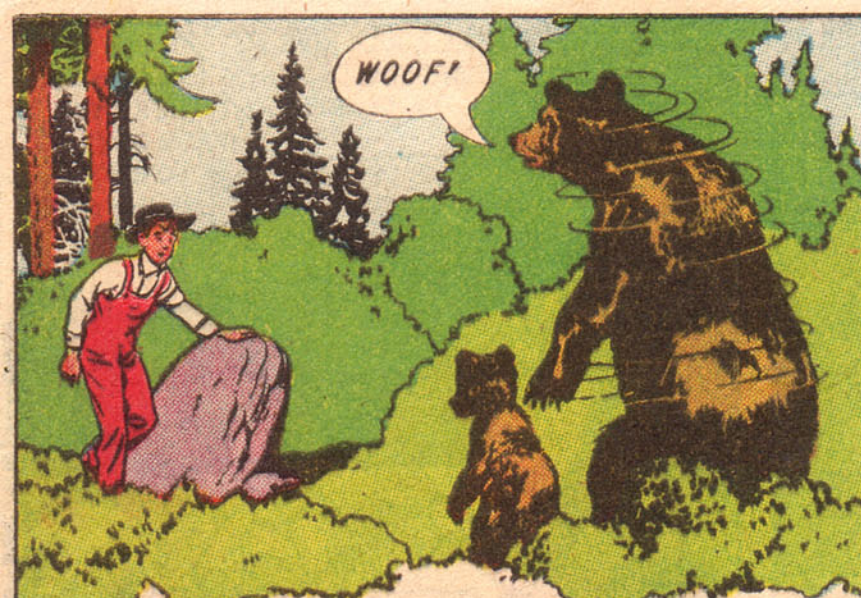
"THEN I HEARD HER GROWL --- AND SAW HER LOOK  
TOWARDS WHERE THE BABY HAD BEEN LEFT! SHE'D  
HEARD VERA --- OR SMELLED HER! AND A SHE-BEAR  
WITH CUBS WILL KILL ANYTHING  
THAT SMELLS LIKE DANGER  
TO HER CUB!"

GRRRR-  
...RRRR!

" I KNEW MY DAD WAS TOO FAR AWAY TO HELP --- AND  
HE HADN'T A GUN, ANYWAY! THERE WAS JUST ONE  
THING I COULD DO! I  
DROPPED MY PAIL ---  
TO CALL THE BEAR'S  
ATTENTION! "







WOOF!

"THAT DID THE TRICK! IN A SPLIT SECOND THE OLD BEAR HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE BABY SHE HAD HEARD OR SMELLED! SHE SPUN AROUND--- AND I BACKED UP!"



"I KEPT ON BACKING UP---ONE SLOW STEP AT A TIME---HOLDING MYSELF FROM THE JUMP-AND-RUN WHICH WOULD HAVE BROUGHT MRS. BEAR ONTO ME FAST!"

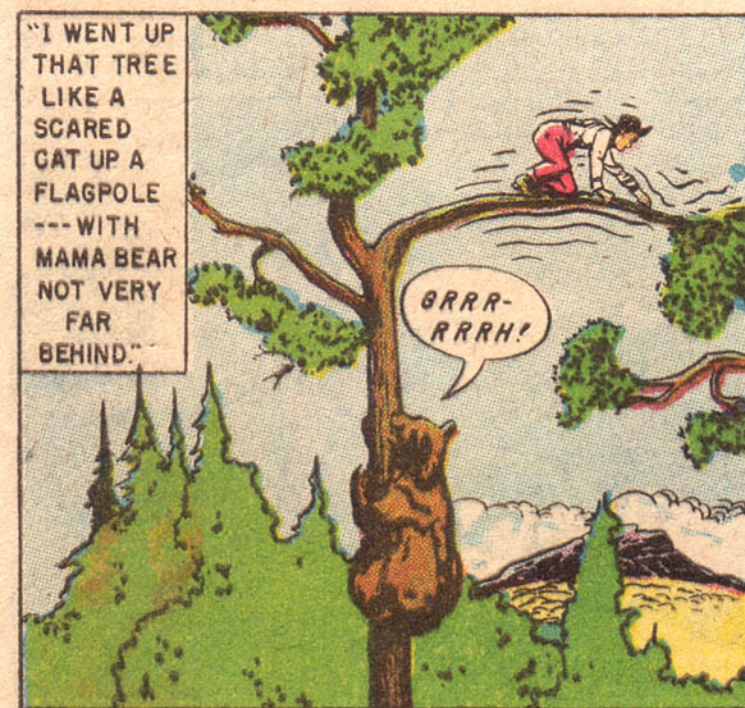


"I KNEW SHE WAS GOING TO CHARGE---AND I FIGURED I WAS A GONER---UNTIL I LOOKED UP AND SAW A TREE LIMB JUST ABOVE MY HEAD."



"I JUMPED AND SWUNG MYSELF UP, AS THE SHE-BEAR JUMPED!"

GAAAR-  
RRRH!



"I WENT UP THAT TREE LIKE A SCARED CAT UP A FLAGPOLE---WITH MAMA BEAR NOT VERY FAR BEHIND."

GRRR-  
RRRH!



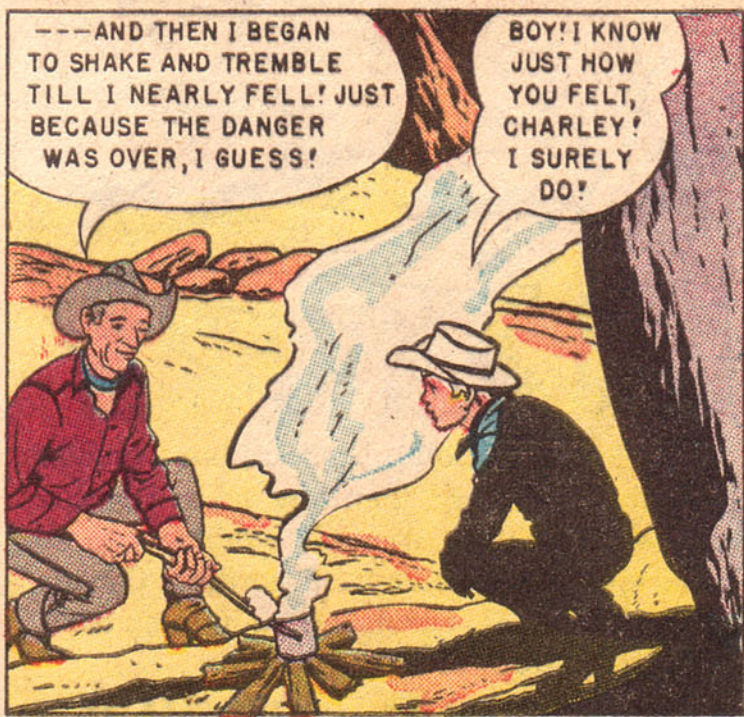
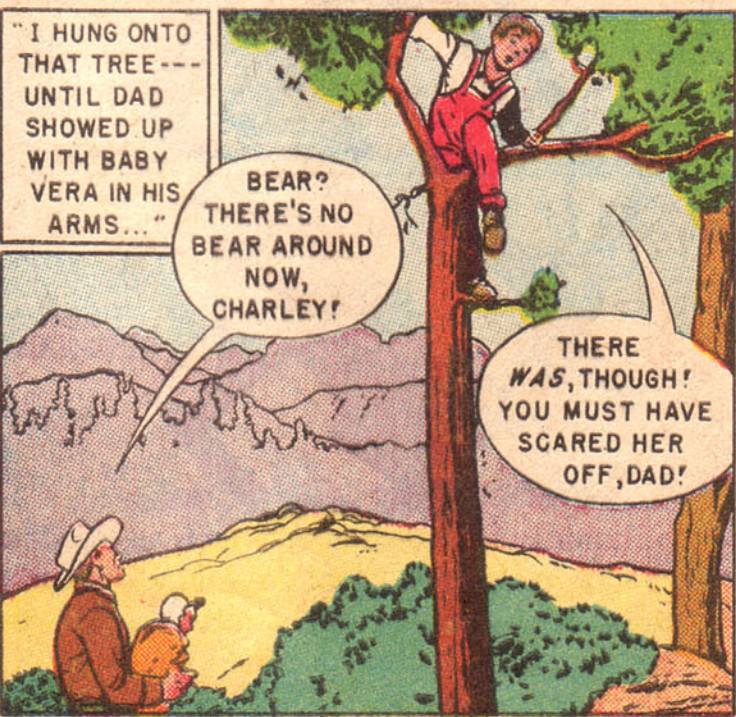
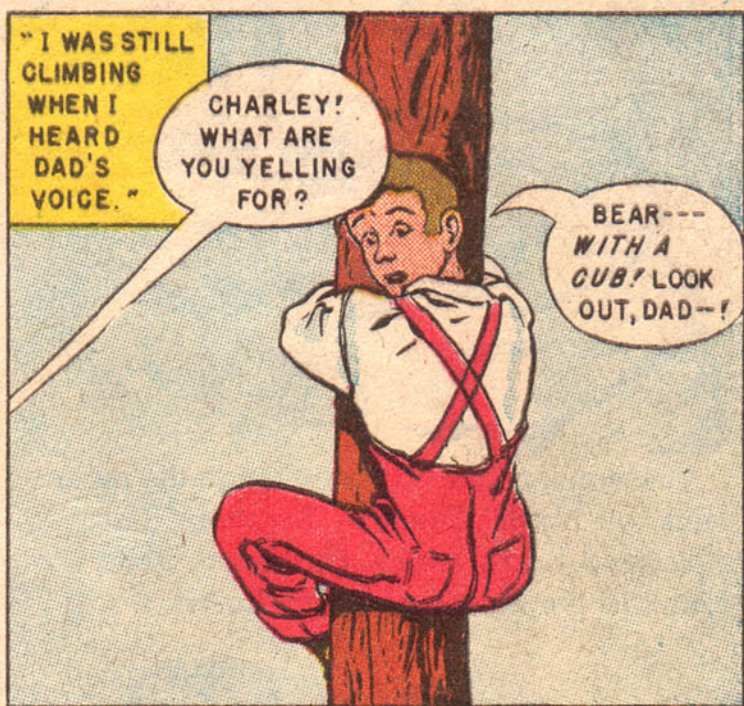
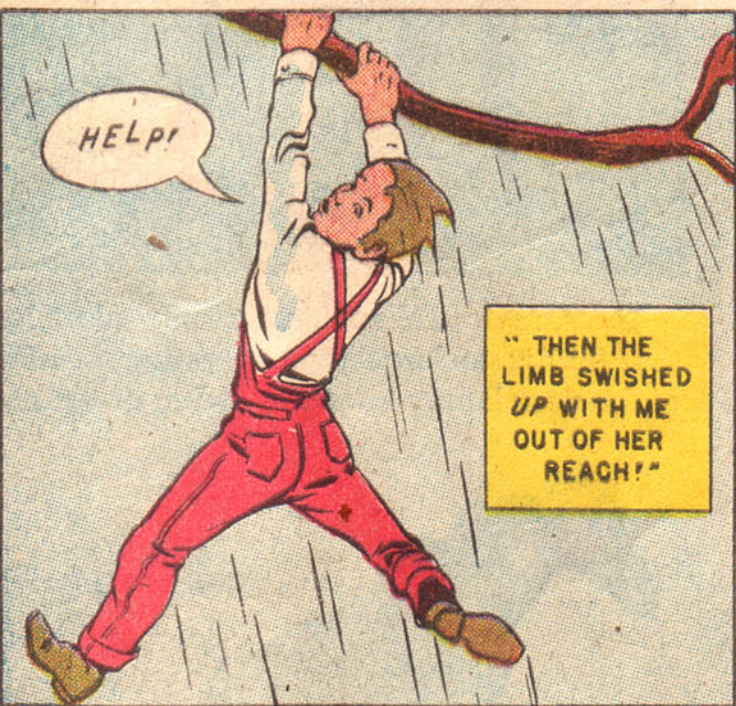
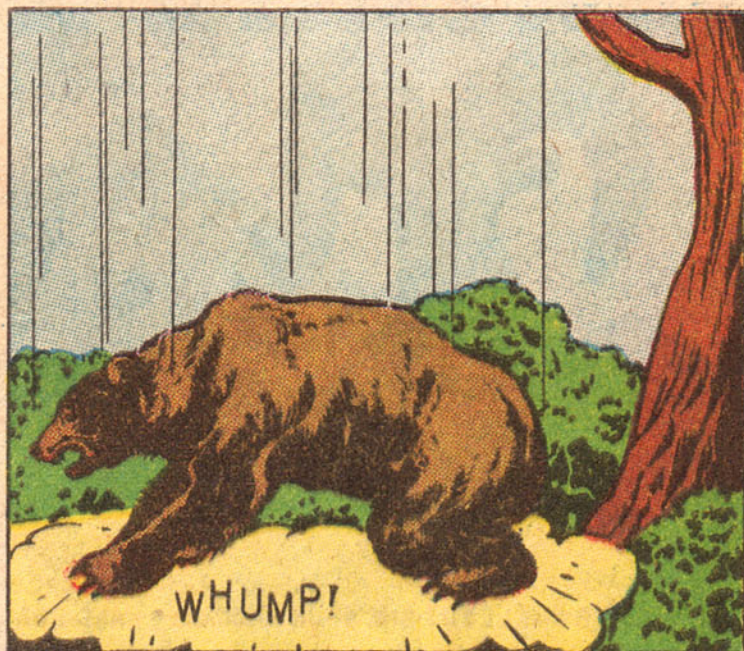
"I RAN OUT ON A LIMB AND JUMPED FOR ANOTHER TREE---AND THE YELL I HAD BEEN HOLDING IN CAME OUT LIKE A STEAM WHISTLE."

DAD!  
DA-A-AD!  
HELP!



"THIS LIMB WAS LONG AND SPRINGY, AND IT BENT DOWN WITH ME ALMOST TO THE GROUND."

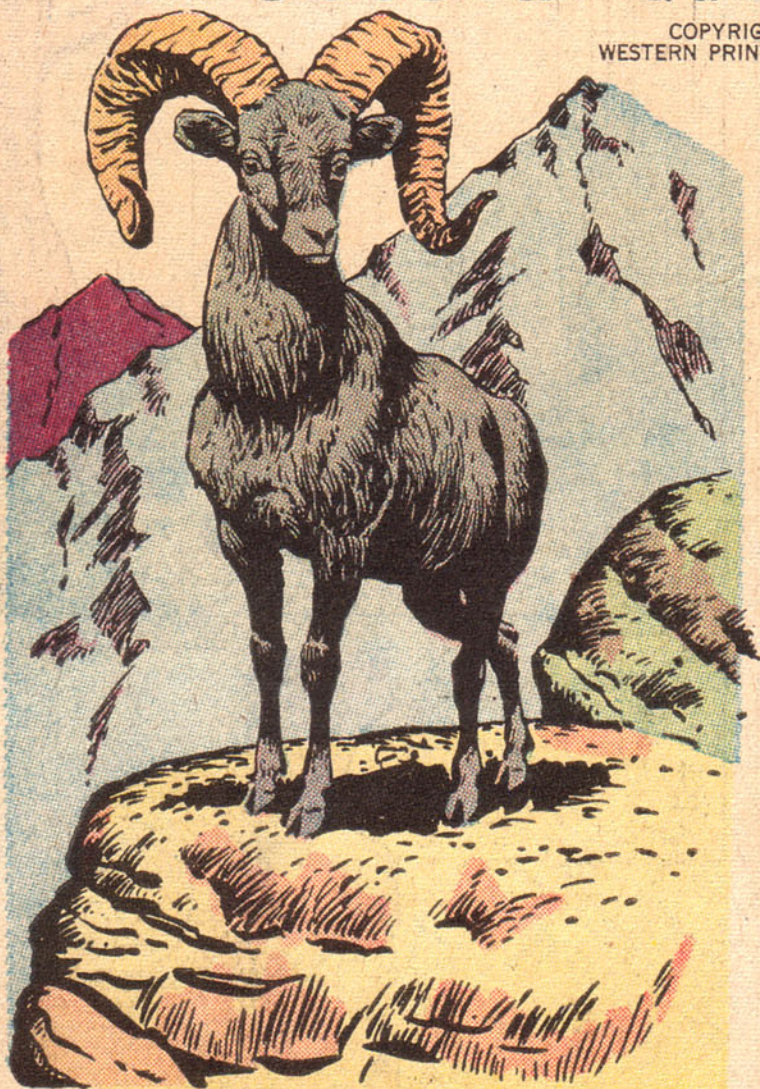
"---JUST AS MRS. BEAR HIT THE GROUND ON ALL FOUR FEET, ABOUT THREE YARDS AWAY."



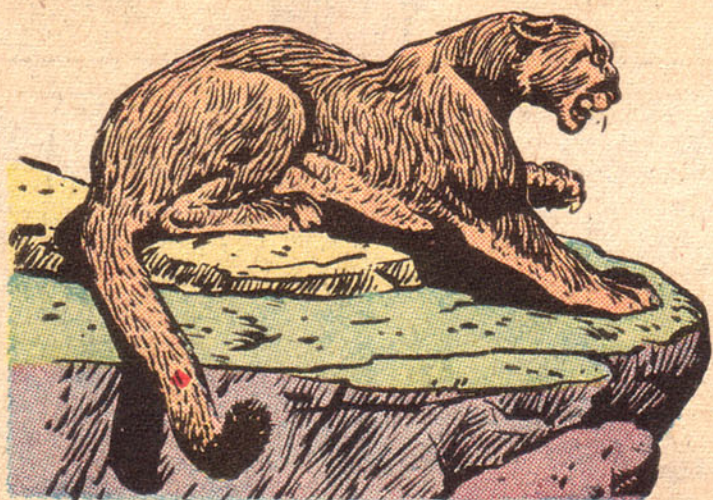


# Western Wildlife Facts

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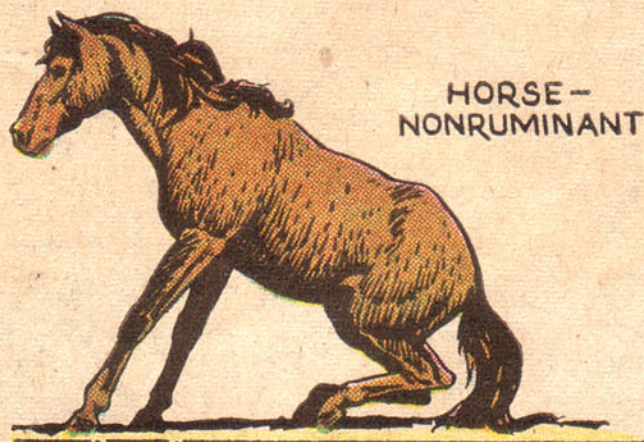
These majestic wild sheep range the mountains of North America, Southern Europe, Asia, and North Africa. Curiously, none are found in the Andes of South America.



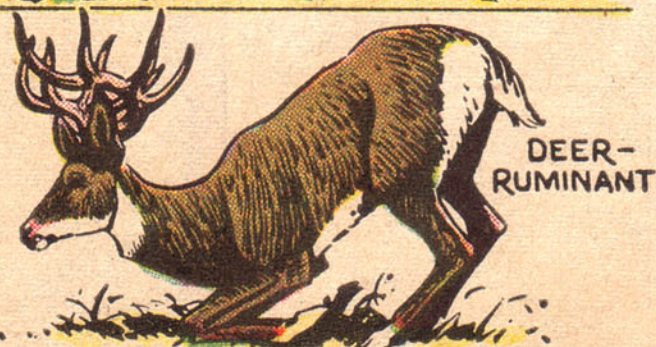
The Puma, or Cougar, is found in a greater geographical range than any other member of the cat family. Strangely adaptable to all climates, he is at home from Northern Canada to the Argentine, whether it be in mountains, deserts, or tropical swampland.



The American Wapiti, commonly miscalled the "Elk," is the largest round-horned member of the deer family known — living or extinct.



HORSE —  
NONRUMINANT



DEER —  
RUMINANT

Ruminants (cud-chewers) such as the deer, sheep, goats, and cows arise hind feet first, while other grass-eating quadrupeds, like the horse, get up fore feet first.

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