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MAGAZINE

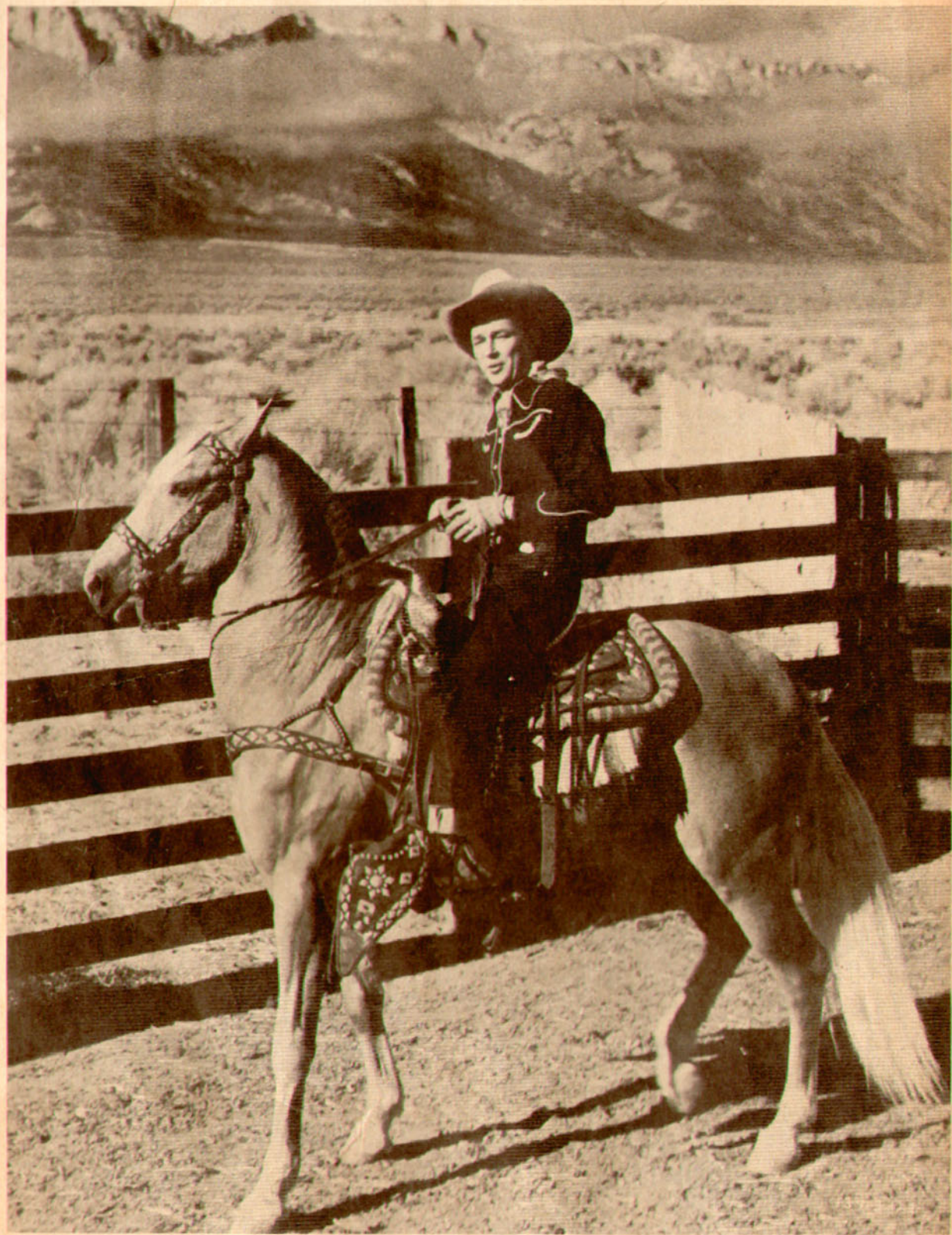
No. 144

# Roy Rogers

## COMICS







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# ROY ROGERS

## ON THE APACHE TRAIL

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

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

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

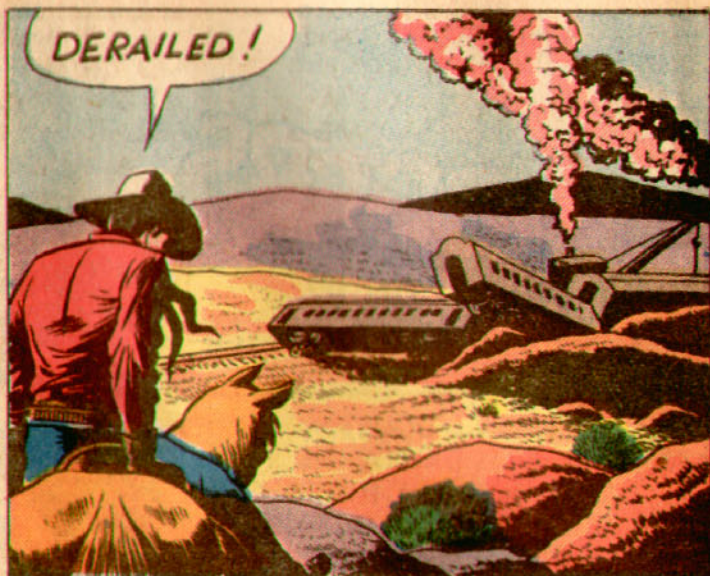
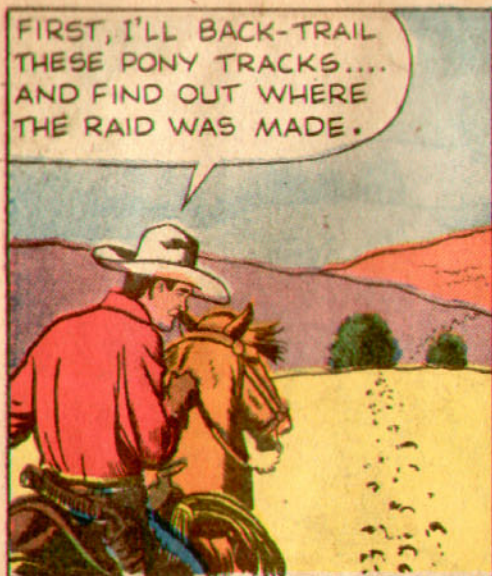
SHOT WITH A SIX GUN! AND WITH SOME WHITE MAN'S SHOES ON HIS FEET! HIS BODY IS STILL WARM.... AND WHAT'S THIS?

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

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







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



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

HUMPH!  
COOL  
CUSTOMER!  
WELL.....



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





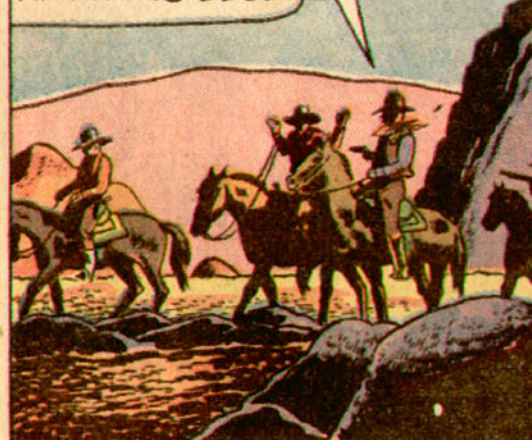
NO APACHE COULD HAVE PLANNED ALL THAT... AND THERE'S A SAYING: "A KILLER ALWAYS COMES BACK TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME"! THAT MAKES YOU....



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

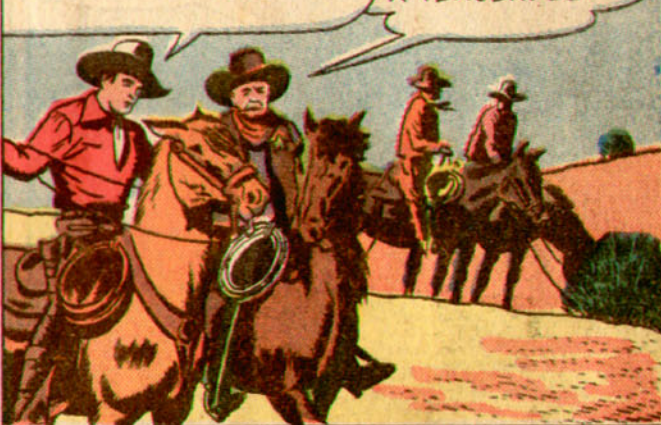


I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO PROVE YOUR WORDS, HOMBRE.... BUT DON'T TRY ANYTHING ELSE.



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

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



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



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

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





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



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



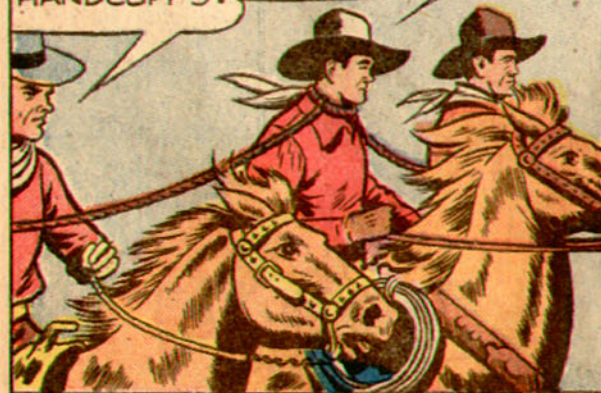
AND TAKE GENERAL CRAIG'S WATCH ALONG, TOO... I DON'T CARE TO RISK LOSING IT. WHERE ARE YOU RIDING, SHERIFF?



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



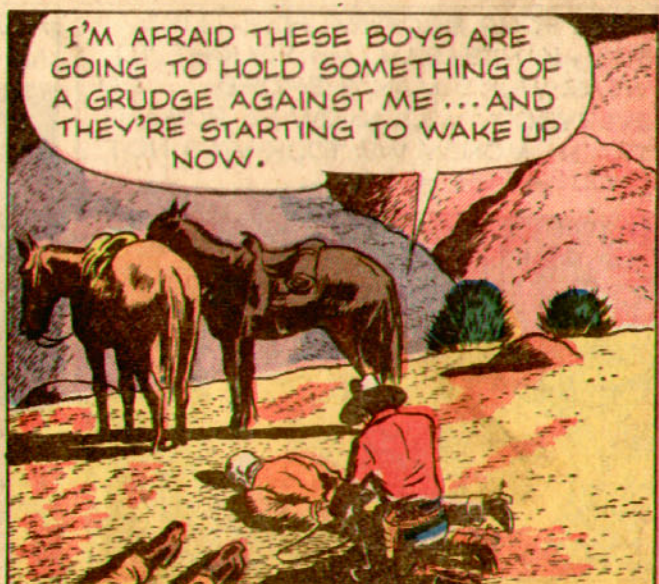
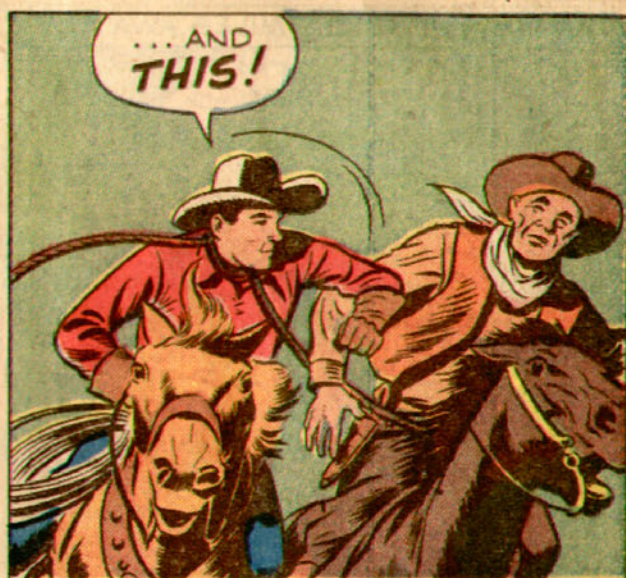
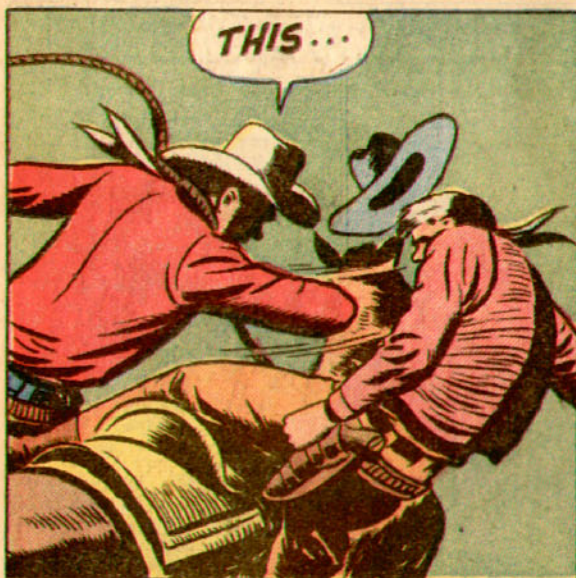
YOU CAN BE MIGHTY GLAD SHERIFF TARN IS A KIND-HEARTED MAN, STRANGER ... A LOOP ON YOUR NECK IS EASIER TO WEAR THAN HANDCUFFS. UH-HUH?



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









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



O-O-UNH!  
WHUH.....  
HIT M' HEAD?

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



AAAARGH!  
WE'LL SEE  
YOU HUNG  
YET!

MEANTIME, TWENTY MILES AWAY....

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



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



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

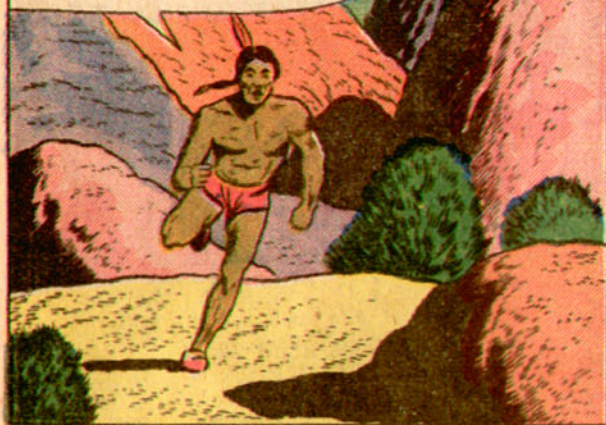


A SUDDEN WHISTLE SOUNDS.... AND  
AN APACHE SCOUT COMES RUNNING.





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

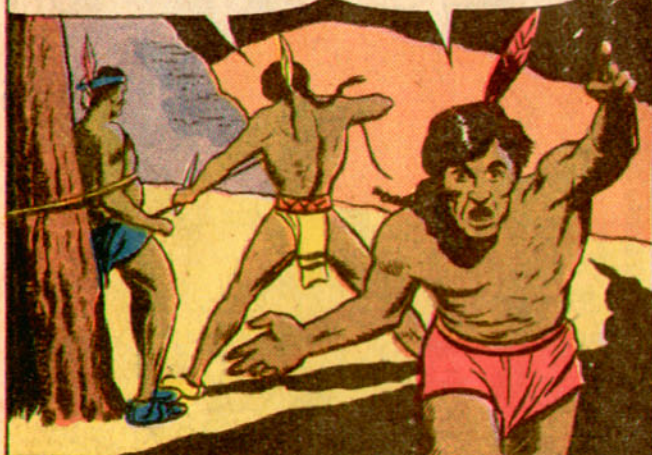


LISTEN, EMPTY HEADS! IF YOU  
RUN YOU WILL DIE..... LIKE  
COYOTES! CUT ME LOOSE AND I  
WILL TRAP THE WHITE MEN  
FOR YOU.



JOE TWO-SCALP  
SPEAKS WITH A  
STRAIGHT TONGUE.

HE HAS STRONG  
MEDICINE! WE  
NEED HIM.



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



ONE OF YOU STAY  
BACK WITH THE HOSSES.



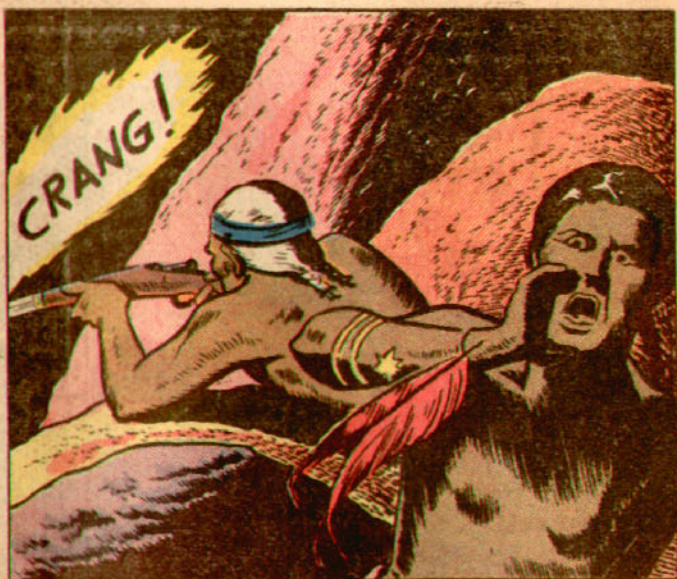
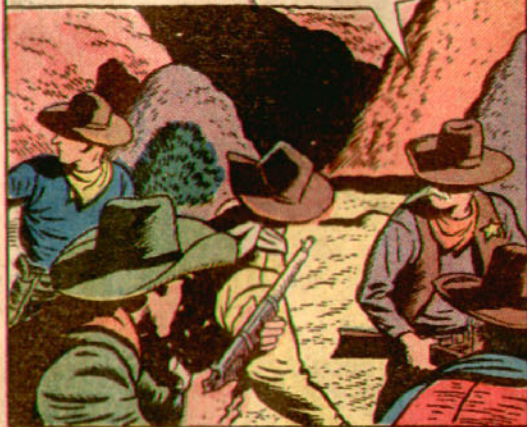
THEY MUST HAVE  
LEFT THIS STUFF IN  
A HURRY WHEN  
THEY SAW US  
COMING, SHERIFF.

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

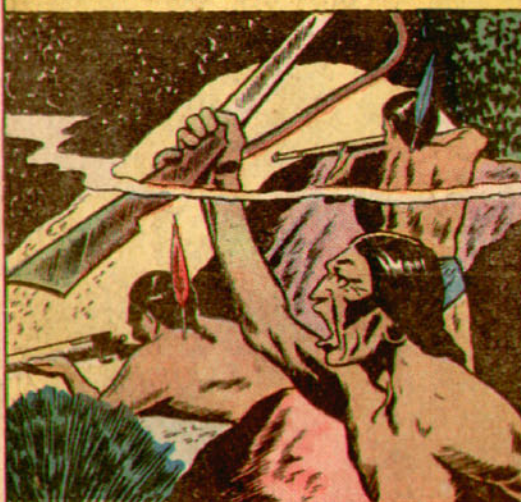




BETTER KEEP YOUR EYES  
PEELED, BOYS! THERE'S  
NO CRITTER ON EARTH SO  
TRICKY AS AN APACH....



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



TAKE COVER....  
BEFORE WE'RE  
ALL KILLED!



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

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



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





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



.... AND AGAIN THE HIDDEN  
RIFLES SPEAK!



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



MEANWHILE .....

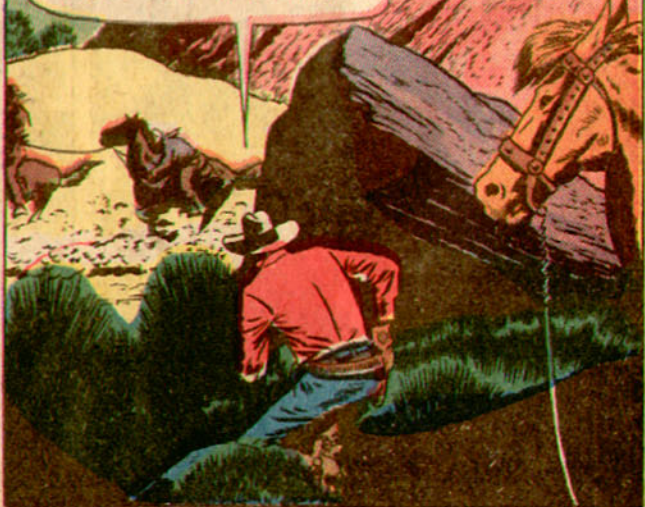
GUNFIRE.... OVER  
IN THOSE HILLS!



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

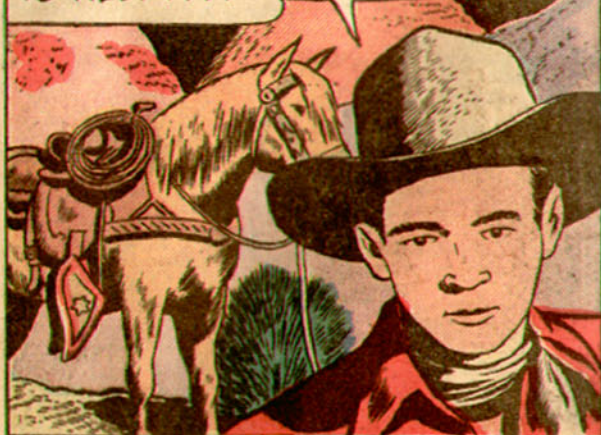


THE SHERIFF! HE'S HARD HIT  
AND ON THE RUN.

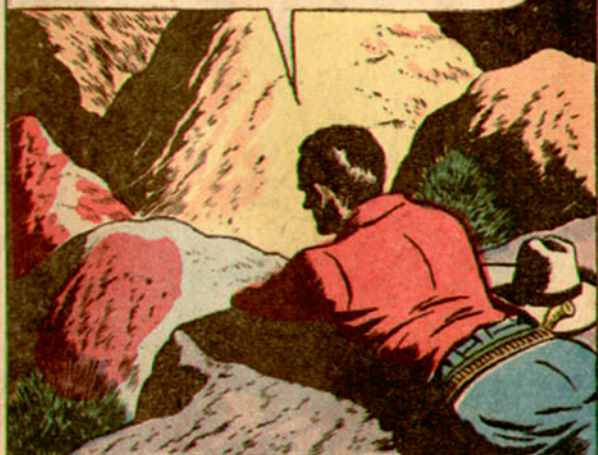




THE LAW LOST OUT THIS TIME,  
TRIGGER .... BUT MAYBE THERE'S  
SOMETHING WE CAN DO  
TO HELP.....



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



WE DIG IT UP AFTER  
WHITE MEN  
FORGET. BETTER WE  
NEVER DIG  
UP WHITE MAN  
CLOTHES....THE LAW  
NEVER FORGETS!



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



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



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





♪ WHEN THE MOON HANGS LOW TO THE DESERT,  
AND THE COYOTES WHIMPER AND WAIL,  
I'LL BE RIDING ALONE TO A PLACE I'VE KNOWN  
ON THE OLD APACHE TRAIL..... ♪ ♪ ♪



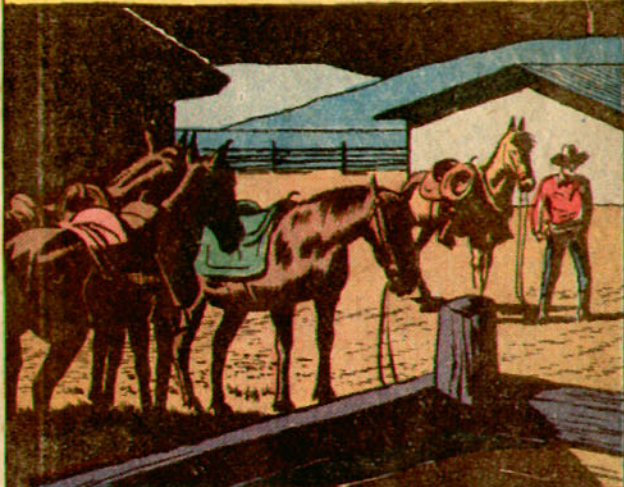
JUST BEFORE DAWN, ROY REACHES  
THE DIAMOND C



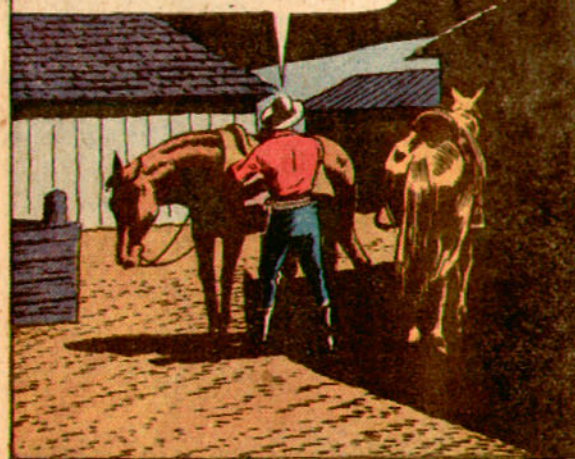
I SMELL FRESH HORSE SWEAT!.....  
THERE HE IS IN THE CORRAL.....



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



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

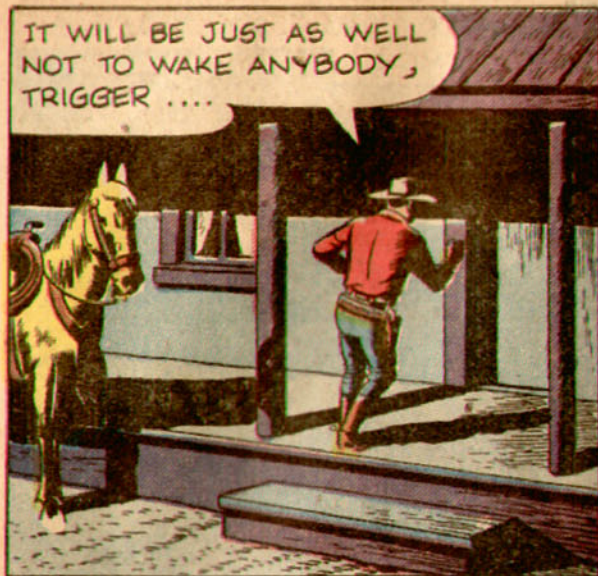


IT **COULD** BE THAT ONE OF THOSE  
APACHES RODE IN AHEAD OF ME!  
OF COURSE HE'D BE JUST ANOTHER  
HARD-WORKING RANCH HAND  
TOMORROW...





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



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

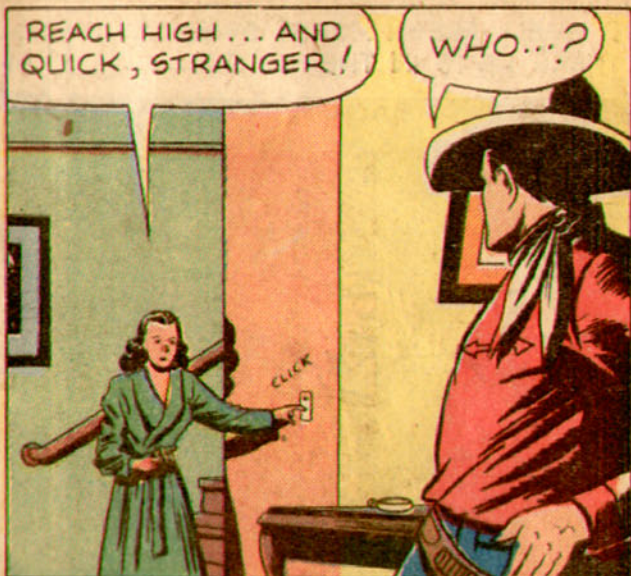


I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS TIMEPIECE  
ON THE GENERAL'S LIVING  
ROOM TABLE AND....



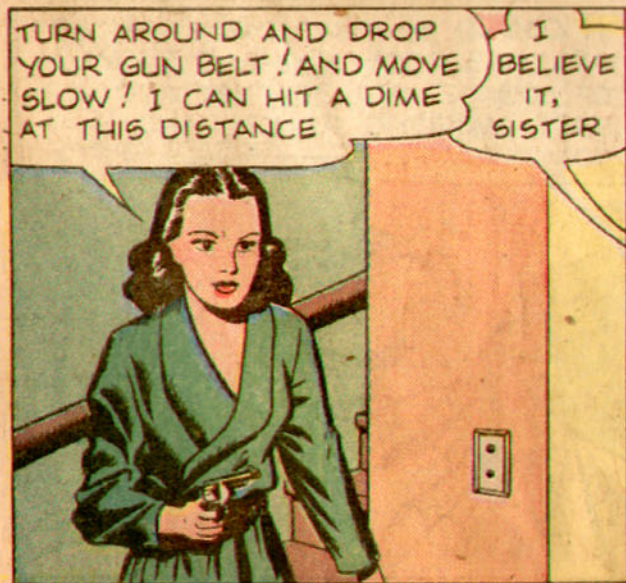
REACH HIGH... AND  
QUICK, STRANGER!

WHO...?



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

I BELIEVE  
IT,  
SISTER



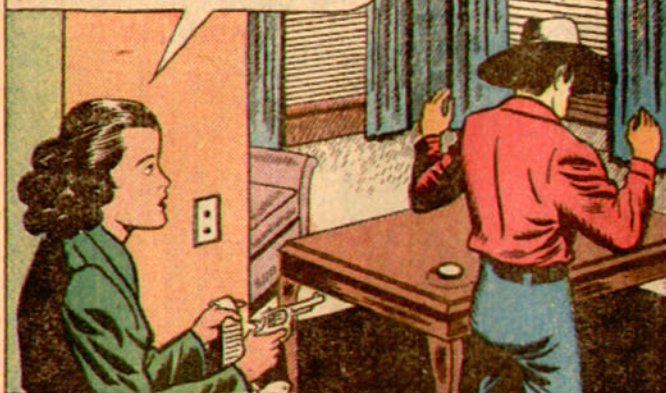
BEATRICE! WHO ARE YOU  
TALKING TO DOWN THERE?  
WHAT'S UP?





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

AHEM!....

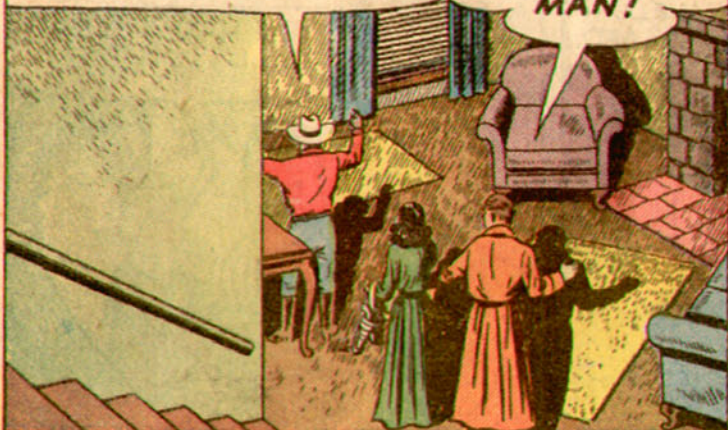


**MY WATCH?** I LOST MY WATCH TO THOSE DEV'ILISH APACHES THAT WRECKED THE TRAIN. WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



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

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



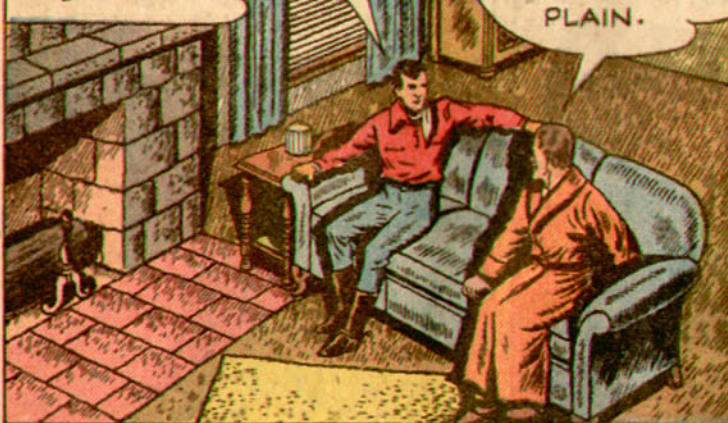
ROY ROGERS! WHERE UNDER HEAVEN DID YOU DROP FROM? AND WHAT'S THIS ABOUT THE APACHES... CONFOUND 'EM!

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



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

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



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





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



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

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



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

...BETTER KNOWN AS BEE!

I'M MIGHTY WELL PLEASED...



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

YOU HAD A CLOSE CALL, COWBOY!



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

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



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





AT DAYBREAK, ROY REPORTS TO FOREMAN CHET DOWNEY

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

OKAY, ROGERS! YOU CAN WASH UP FOR BREAKFAST.



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



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

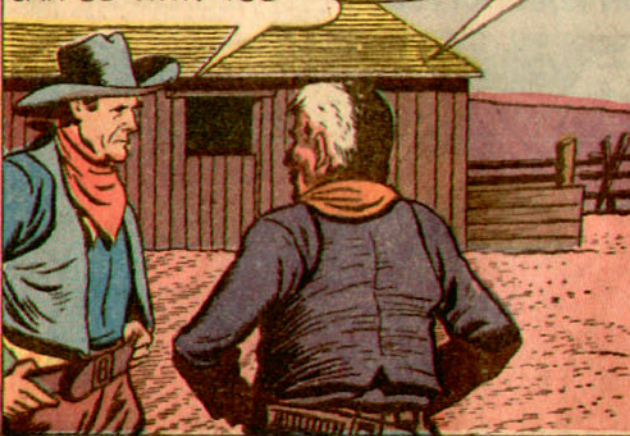


THIS NEW HAND FOLLOWED ME IN LAST NIGHT... HE LOOKED AT MY HORSE AND SADDLE! I MUST WATCH HIM CLOSE.

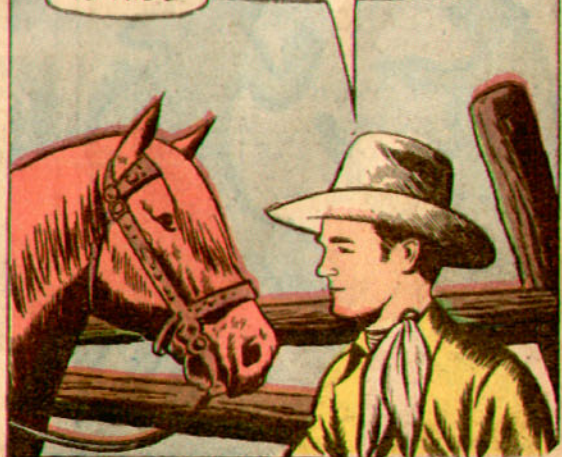


JOE, YOU'D BETTER RIDE OVER TOWARDS ANTELOPE SINKS, AND LOOK FOR THOSE TWO-YEAR-OLD STEERS... ROGERS CAN GO WITH YOU.

OKEH!



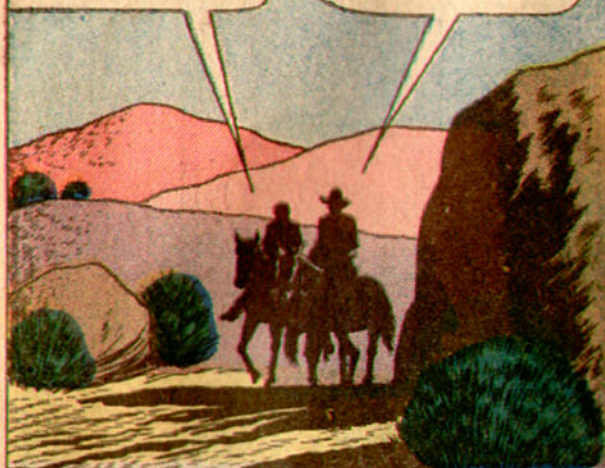
YOU TAKE IT EASY TODAY, TRIGGER!..... I'M ROPING MYSELF A DIAMOND C HORSE TO RIDE





YOU RODE PRETTY  
FAR LAST NIGHT,  
ROGERS?

UH-HUH ... FAR  
ENOUGH TO GET  
HERE, JOE.



YOU FOLLOWED ME HOME  
MIGHTY CLOSE ... AND  
FELT MY SADDLE!  
MEBBE YOU'RE  
LOOKING FOR  
SOMEBODY?

MAYBE!  
THAT  
WOULDN'T  
WORRY YOU, WOULD  
IT, JOE TWO-SCALP?



DUMB FOOLS ALWAYS WORRY  
ME ... ALWAYS LIABLE TO MAKE  
A BAD MISTAKE .... THEN  
SOMEBODY GETS HURT!



YOU WOULDN'T BE  
**THREATENING**  
ME BY ANY CHANCE,  
WOULD YOU, JOE?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN  
.... THREATEN? I  
GOT AN ITCHY NECK.



YI!



MY NECK WOULD BE ITCHY, TOO ... WITH  
ANYTHING THAT **SHARP** UNDER MY SHIRT  
... ER -- BETTER HAND OVER YOUR SHARE  
OF THE MONEY FROM THAT  
TRAIN ROBBERY, JOE.

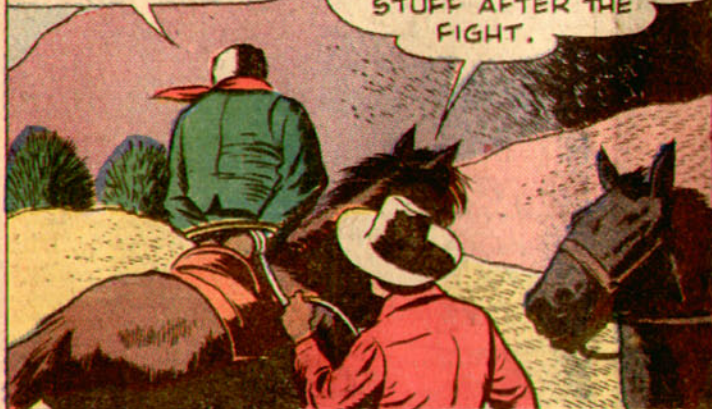
YOU CRAZY  
FOOL!





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

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

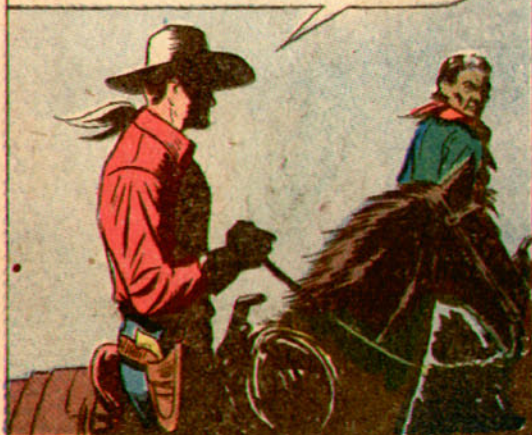


THERE WERE MEN KILLED WHEN  
YOU BLEW UP THE EXPRESS CAR!  
YOUR ONE CHANCE TO DODGE  
HANGING IS TO NAME THE REST  
OF YOUR APACHE GANG.

I DON'T HEAR  
YOU !



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



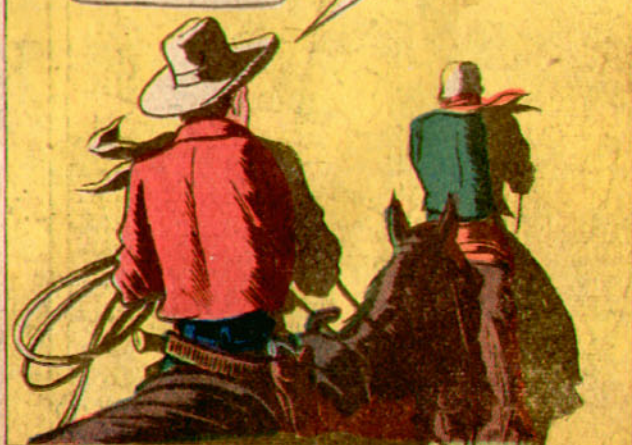
THERE'S ONE OF THEM  
.... BOGGED DOWN !



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



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





NOT SAFE TO GO  
FARTHER.

OKAY... I CAN  
ROPE HIM FROM  
HERE.



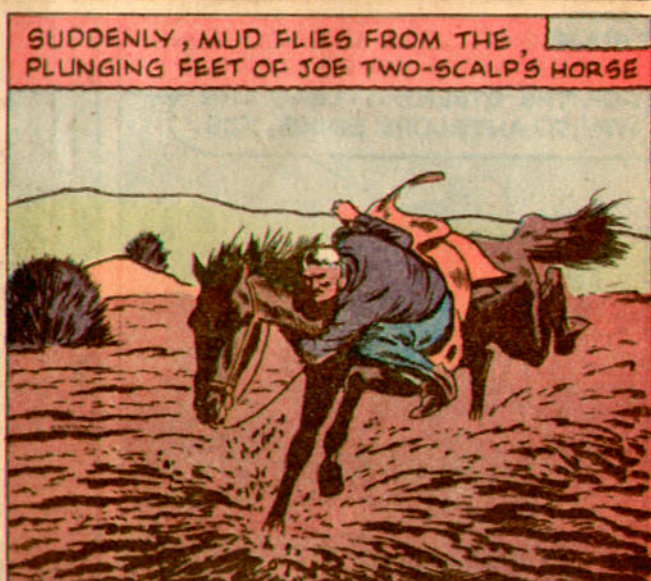
AT SEVENTY FEET, ROY'S LOOP FALLS  
TRUE.



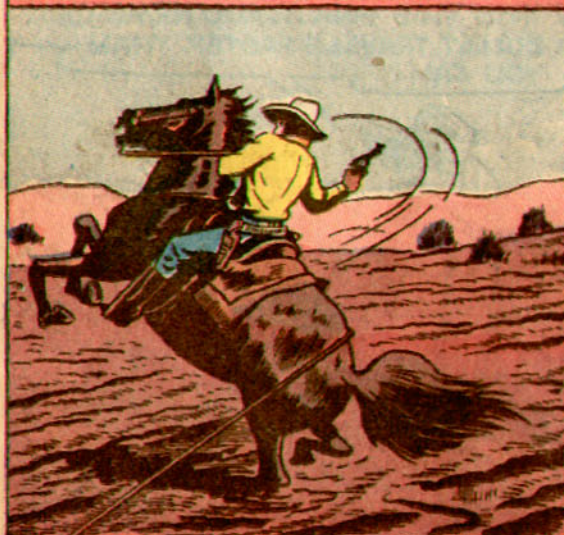
COME UP, BOY...  
**PULL!**



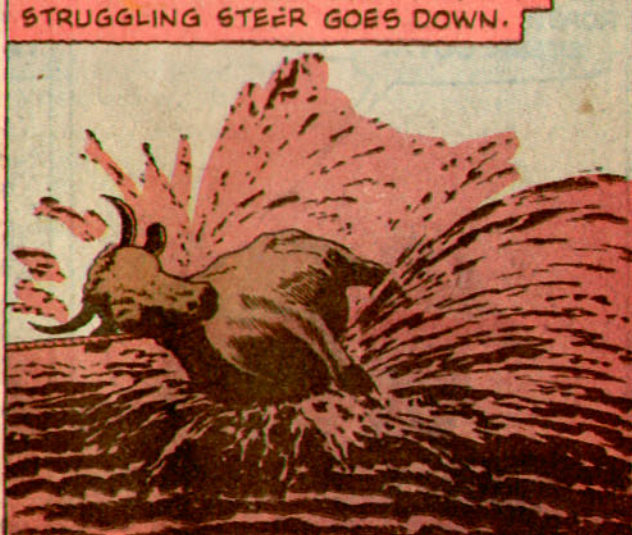
SUDDENLY, MUD FLIES FROM THE  
PLUNGING FEET OF JOE TWO-SCALP'S HORSE



ROY REINS ABOUT, SIX GUN READY...

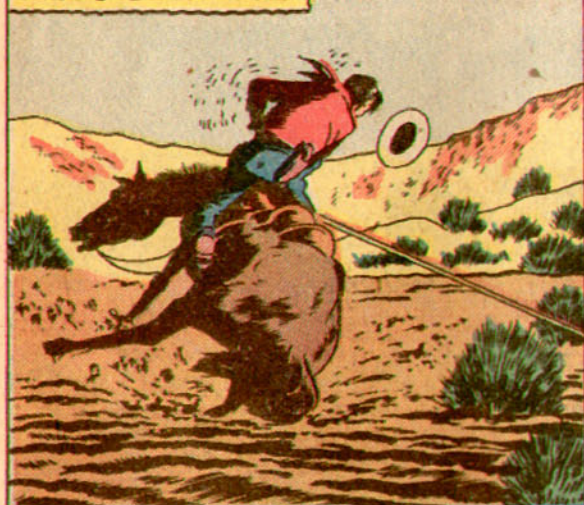


... AND AT THE SAME INSTANT, THE  
STRUGGLING STEER GOES DOWN.

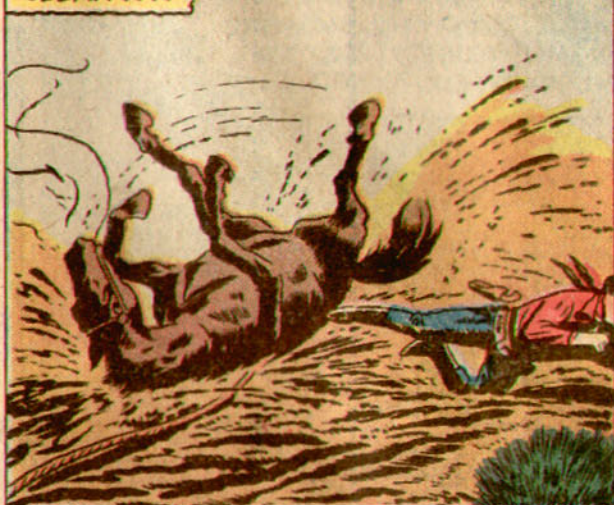




JERKED OFF BALANCE, ROY'S HORSE  
FALLS BACKWARD

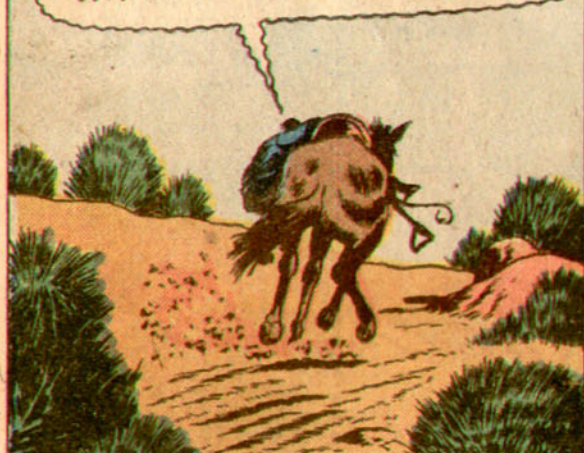


WITH CAT LIKE QUICKNESS, ROY LANDS  
CLEAR ....

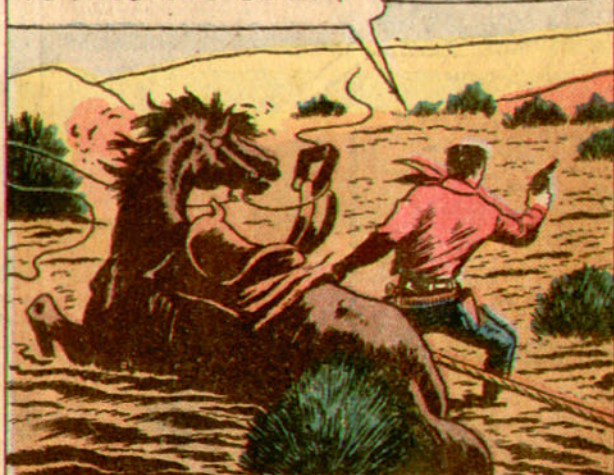


... AS JOE'S MOCKING WAR-WHOOP  
RINGS OUT.

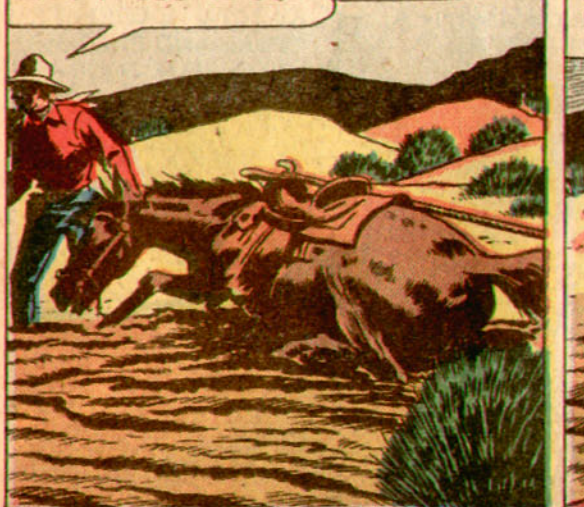
WAH! WA-WA-WA-WA-WAH!



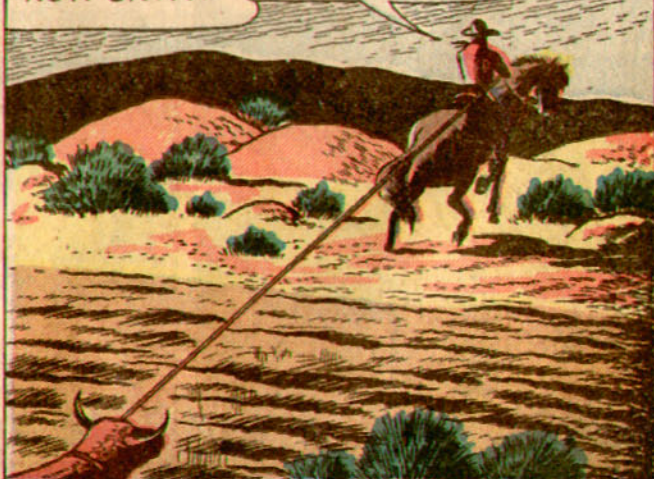
IF I SHOT HIS HORSE, HE'D STILL BE  
ABLE TO SNEAK AWAY! CHALK ONE UP  
FOR JOE TWO-SCALP!



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



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

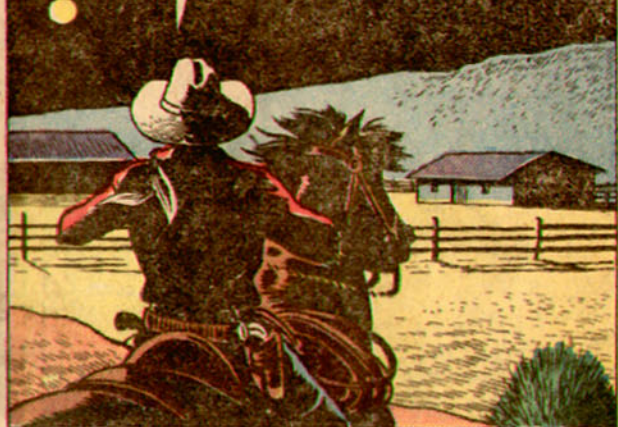




MATTER OF FACT... I'D HAVE A MIGHTY SLIM CASE AGAINST HIM IN COURT.... MY WORD AGAINST JOE'S, AND I'M ALREADY SUSPECTED.



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



THE NEXT MORNING ....

YOU CALLED ME, GENERAL?



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

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



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



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

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





IMPORTANT NOTICE WITH  
THE LETTERS, YOU SAY, JOE?  
WHAT'S IT ABOUT?

OPEN IT UP  
AND SEE....



I HAVE A HUNCH, TRIGGER, THAT  
JOE TWO-SCALP'S SHOWING UP  
MEANS MIGHTY BAD  
NEWS FOR US.



WHEEEEW! ROY... COME TAKE  
A LOOK AT THIS.



PRETTY GOOD SKETCH!  
WHO'S THE ARTIST?

SHERIFF TARN...  
HE'S GOT A KNACK  
FOR DRAWING, AND  
A GREAT MEMORY  
FOR FACES.



ER... STEP INTO THE  
HOUSE A MINUTE,  
WILL YOU, ROY?

ALL RIGHT...



THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW  
JOE TWO-SCALP SMILE... AND I  
DON'T LIKE IT!





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

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

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

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

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

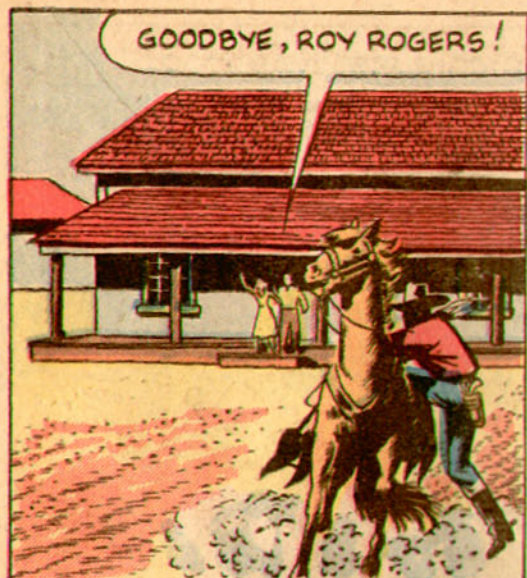
YOU... YOU RECOGNIZED HIM?

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

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

YES... AND YOU DO THE SAME!





GOODBYE, ROY ROGERS!

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

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

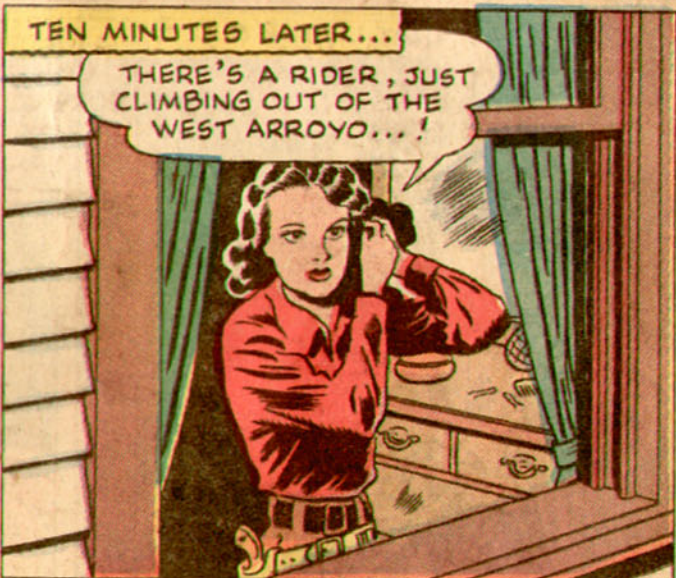


I DON'T DOUBT WHAT ROY TOLD US... BUT ASIDE FROM THAT THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO EVIDENCE AGAINST THAT HALF-BREED... IN THE EYES OF THE LAW, ROY HIMSELF IS THE CRIMINAL, CONFOUND IT!

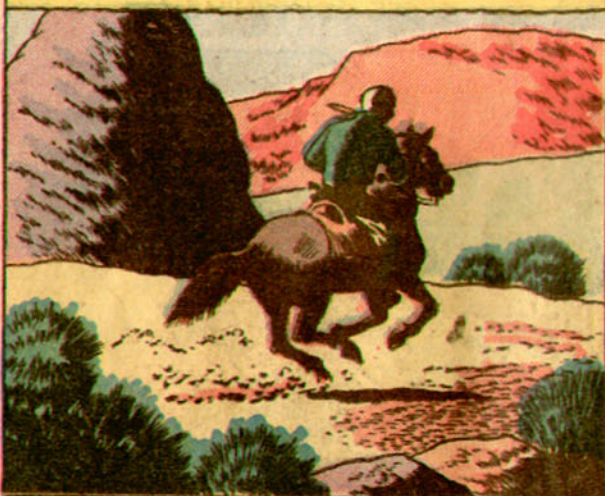


TEN MINUTES LATER...

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



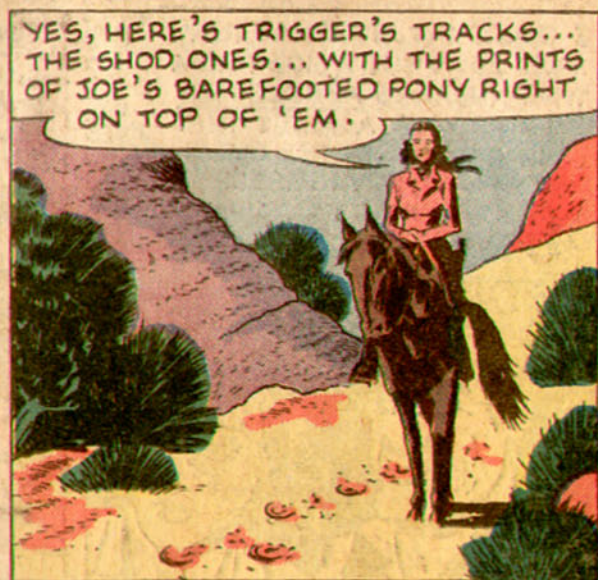
"AND IT'S JOE TWO-SCALP... HEADING THE SAME WAY THAT ROY WENT!"



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

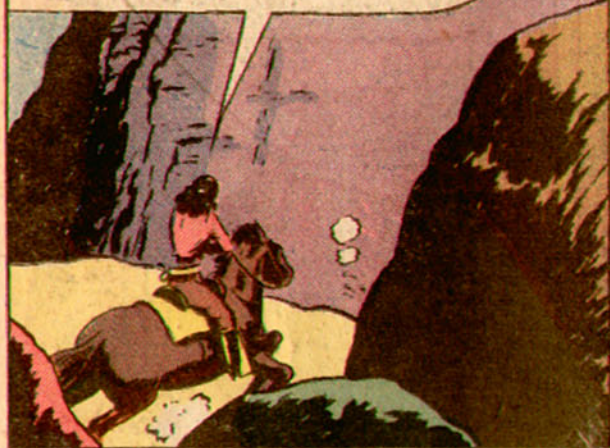




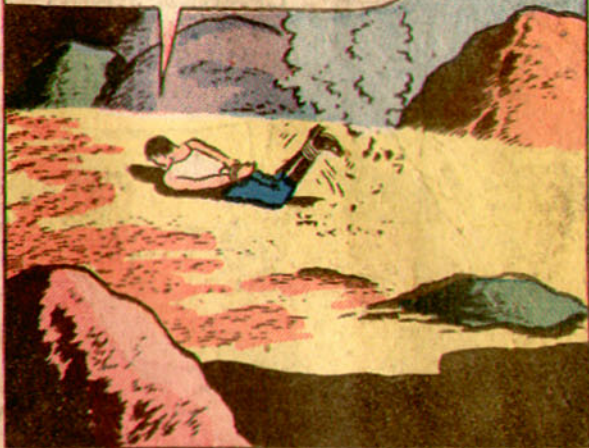




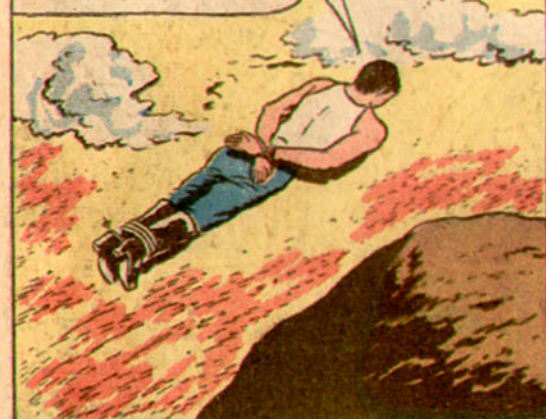
THERE'S JUST A WISP  
OF DUST RISING OVER  
THERE, IN THAT GULLY...



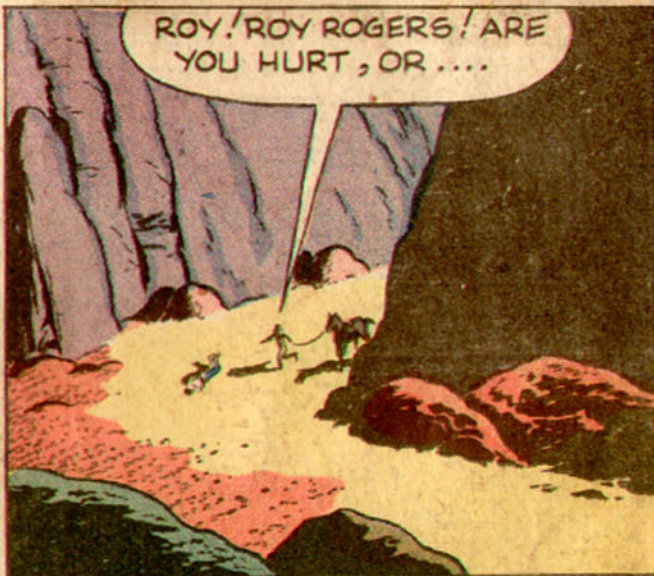
(UGH!) HAH! THESE ROPES  
ARE LOOSENING.. (UGH!) JUST  
A TRIFLE... (UGH!)



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

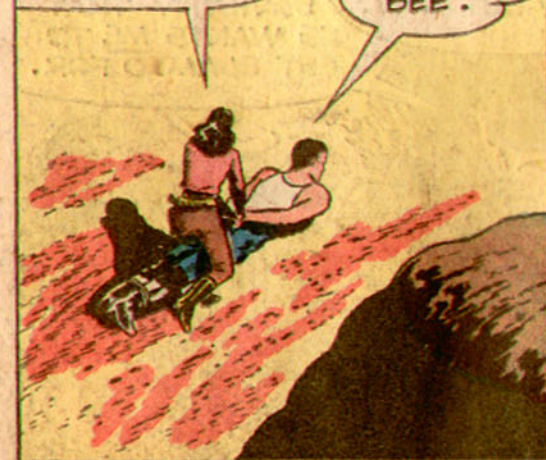


ROY! ROY ROGERS! ARE  
YOU HURT, OR ....



THESE KNOTS ARE  
TOO TIGHT! OH,  
DEAR....!

JACKKNIFE  
IN MY HIP  
POCKET,  
BEE.

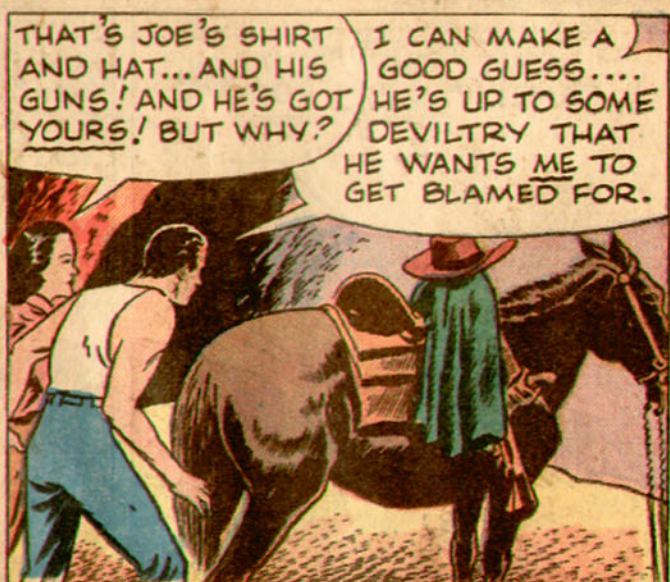
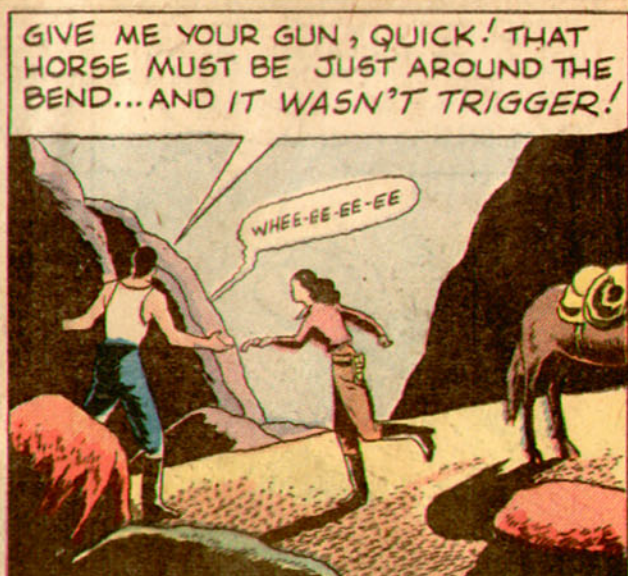


HOW LONG HAVE  
YOU BEEN HERE,  
ROY? IT WAS  
JOE WHO TIED  
YOU, OF  
COURSE?

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









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



BUT I'M NOT  
WAITING  
FOR THAT.

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

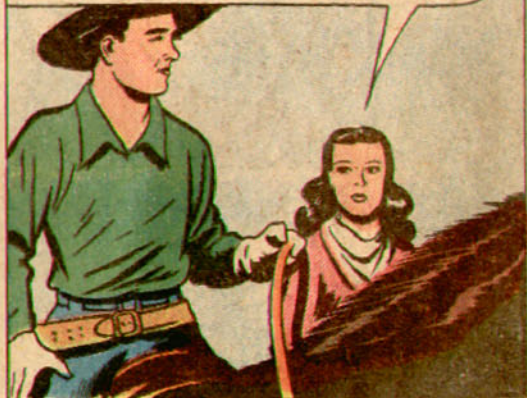


**RIGHT!** AND YOU'RE  
GOING BACK TO THE  
RANCH TO GET YOUR  
UNCLE BUDD AND HIS  
RIDERS READY FOR  
TROUBLE ...

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

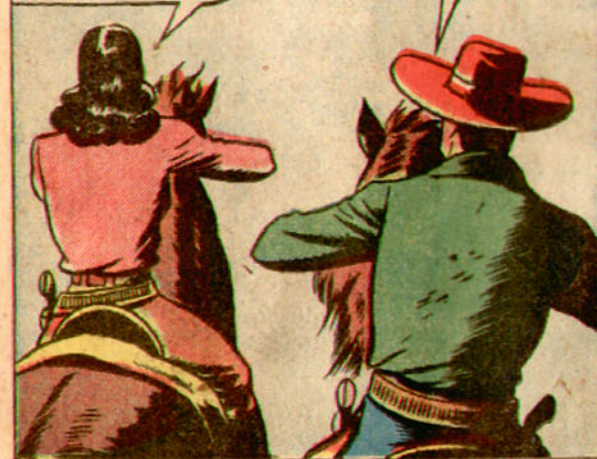


WE'RE RIDING TOGETHER ON  
JOE TWO-SCALP'S TRAIL, ROY  
ROGERS. WHEN IT COMES TO  
SWAPPING LEAD, I CAN SHOOT  
BETTER THAN MOST MEN.



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

HHMMMM!



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

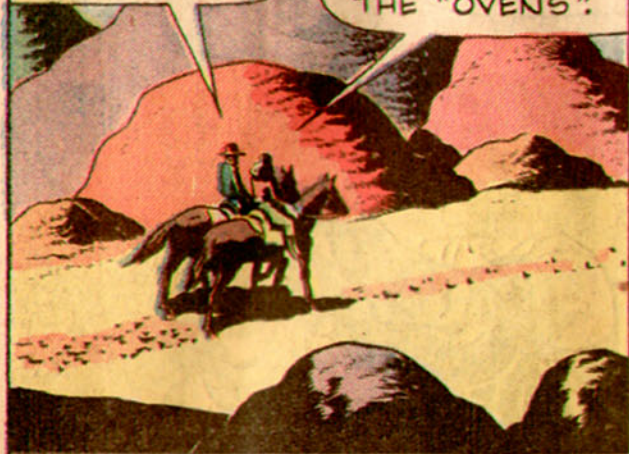
THAT'S  
SO.





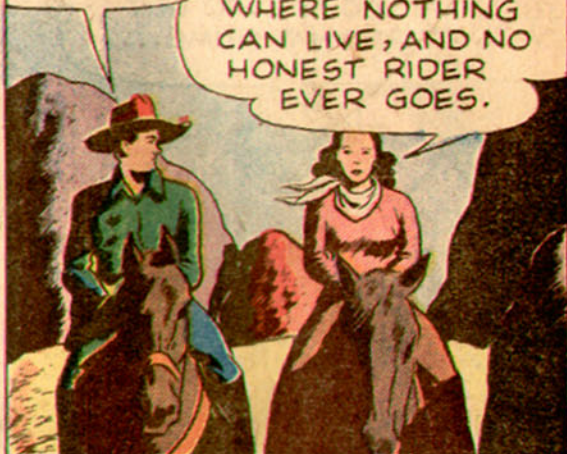
TRIGGER'S SHOE MARKS  
MAKE TRACKING A  
LOT EASIER.

I THINK  
HE'S  
HEADING FOR  
THE "OVENS".



WHAT ARE  
THE  
"OVENS"?

JUST A NETWORK  
OF ROCKY SUN-  
BAKED CANYONS  
WHERE NOTHING  
CAN LIVE, AND NO  
HONEST RIDER  
EVER GOES.

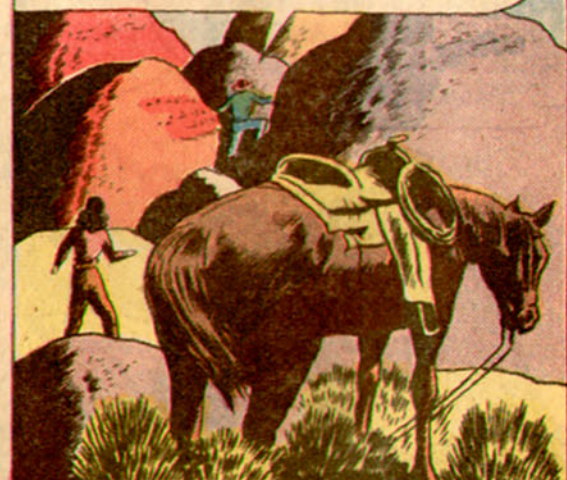


HERE'S THE FIRST OF  
THEM...HOT ENOUGH  
FOR YOU, ROY?

PLENTY! AND  
I RECKON  
WE'RE "WARM"  
ON JOE'S TRAIL,  
TOO.



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

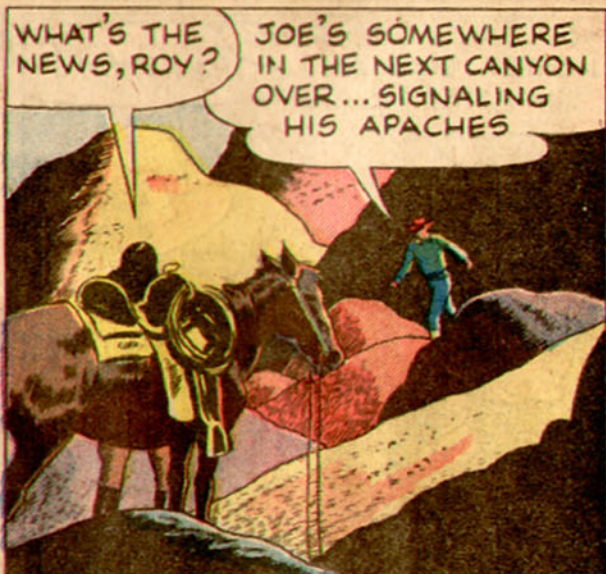


SMOKE...PUFFS...THE  
APACHE SIGNAL CODE!



WHAT'S THE  
NEWS, ROY?

JOE'S SOMEWHERE  
IN THE NEXT CANYON  
OVER... SIGNALING  
HIS APACHES





IN THE NEXT CANYON....

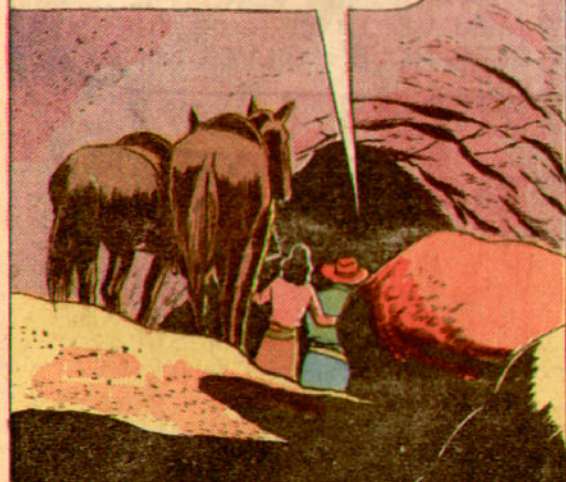
KEEP YOUR GUN LOOSE,  
BEE...WHILE WE LOOK FOR  
A PLACE TO HIDE THE  
HORSES.



THIS LOOKS LIKE  
A LIKELY SPOT. BEHIND THOSE  
BIG ROCKS?

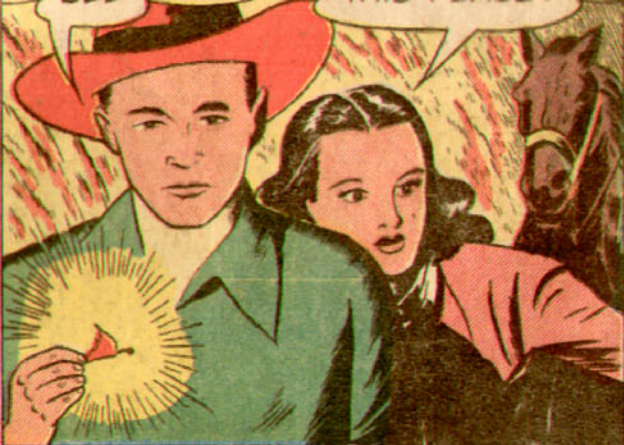


SAY! IF THAT CAVE GOES  
IN DEEP ENOUGH.....



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

I WONDER IF  
THE APACHES  
KNOW ABOUT  
THIS PLACE?



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

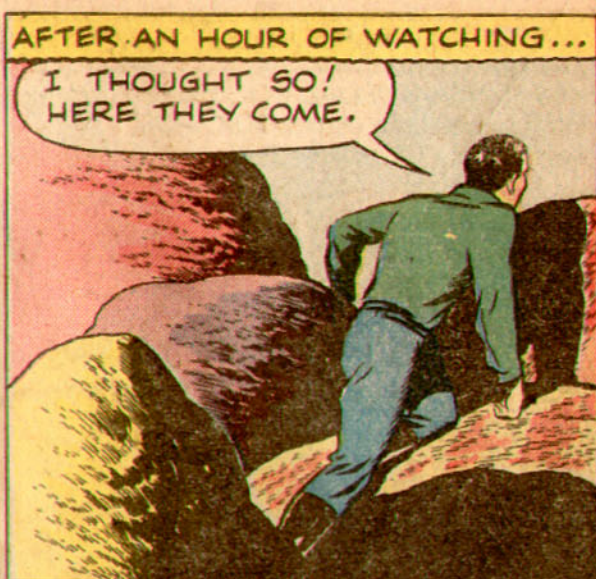
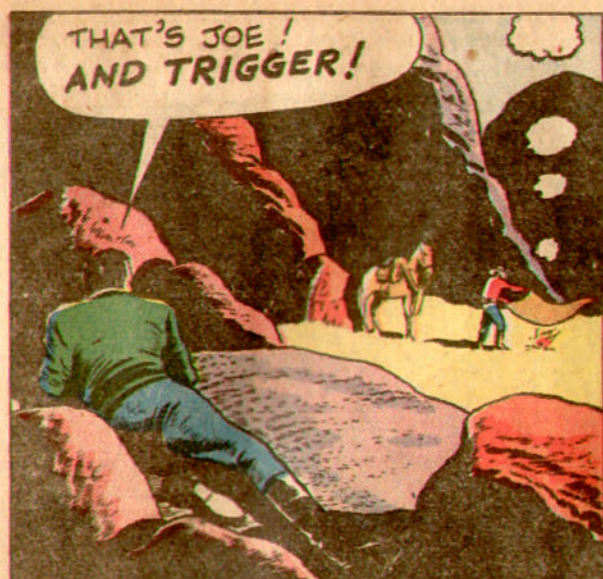
OKAY, COWBOY...  
BUT DON'T BE  
GONE TOO LONG,  
OR I'LL START  
LOOKING FOR  
YOU.



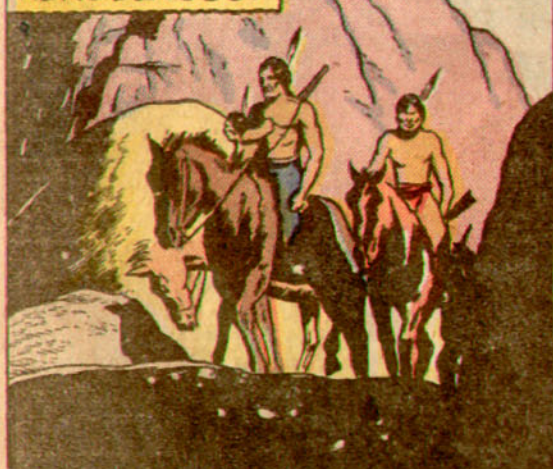
JOE IS ABOUT HALF A MILE  
DOWN THE CANYON, I  
THINK...I'LL BE ABLE TO  
SPOT HIM EASILY IF HE'S  
STILL SIGNALING.







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



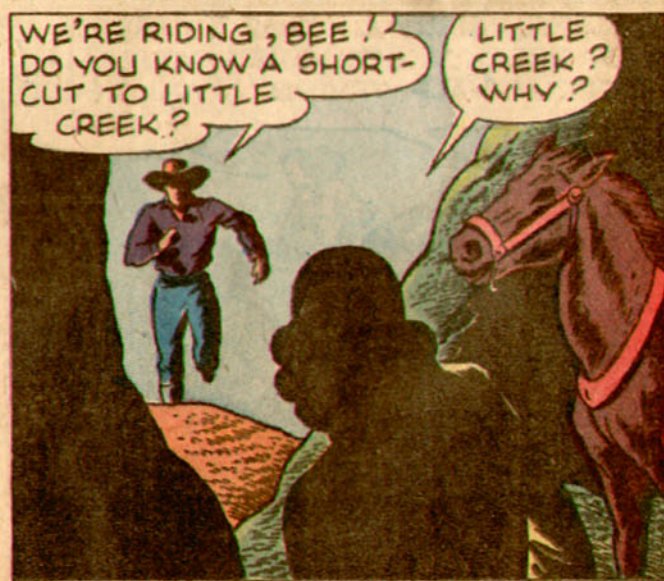
HEAR ME, APACHE BRAVES! YOU KNOW THE STAGE COACH THAT BRINGS PAY-MONEY FOR THE WHITE MEN WHO WORK IN THE MANY-DEEP-HOLES SILVER MINE?



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



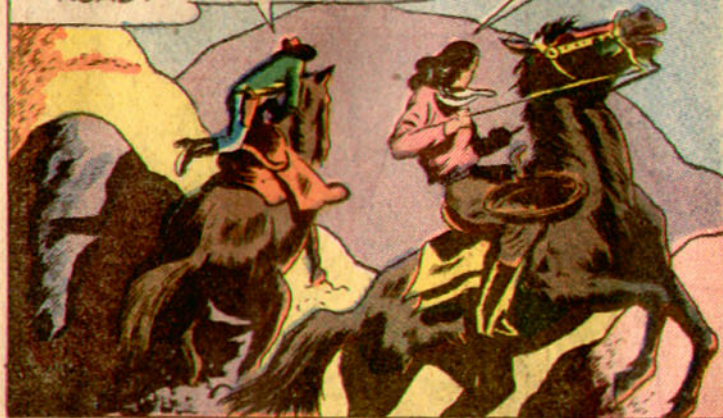






JOE TWO-SCALP AND HIS  
RENEGADES ARE WAYLAYING  
THE PAY ROLL STAGE WHERE  
THE CREEK CROSSES THE  
ROAD.

AND WE'RE  
SUPPOSED  
TO STOP  
THEM?



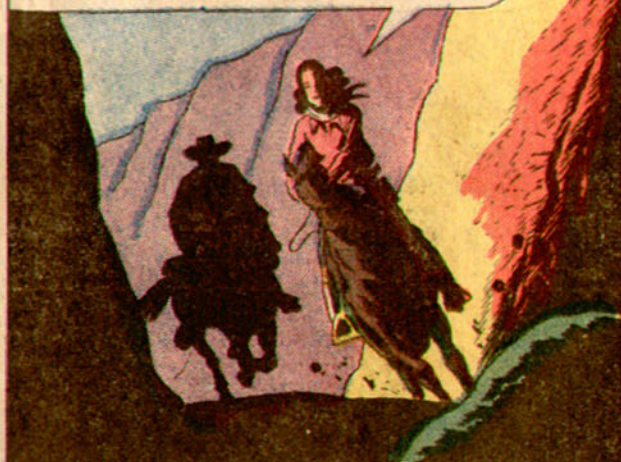
I'M HOPING TO STOP AND IF  
THE STAGE AND YOU CAN'T,  
TURN IT  
BACK...  
AND IF  
YOU CAN'T,  
THEN  
WHAT?



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

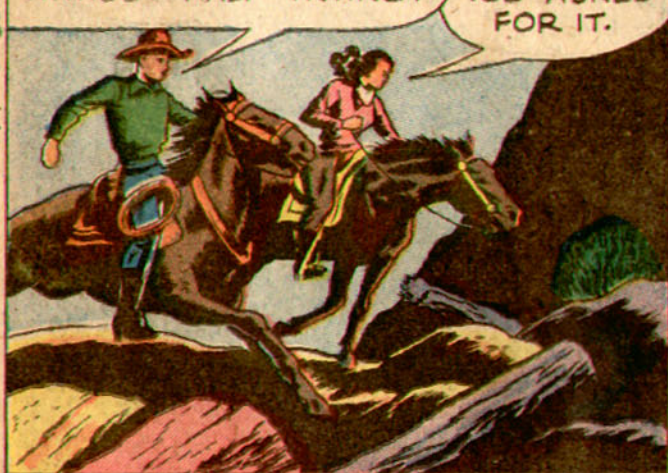


ALL RIGHT, COWBOY... I'M WITH  
YOU! THERE IS A SHORT CUT  
AND IT'S PLENTY RUGGED.



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

CAREFUL  
YOURSELF!  
YOU ASKED  
FOR IT.



HEY! WATCH OUT....

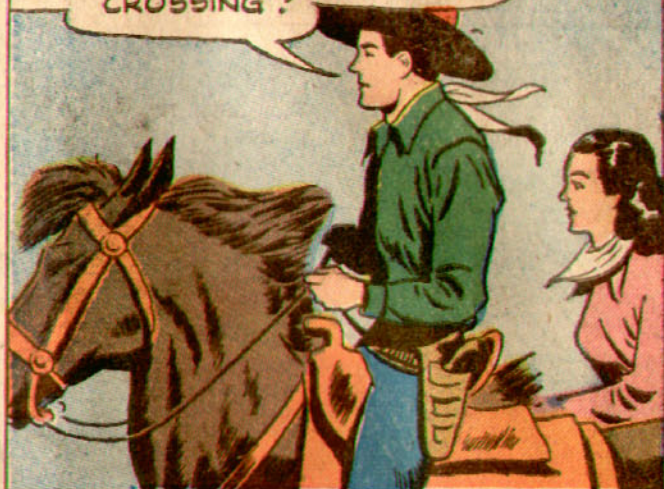




ONLY A CUT KNEE.....  
BUT WE'LL GO SLOWER  
TILL WE REACH BETTER  
GOING.



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

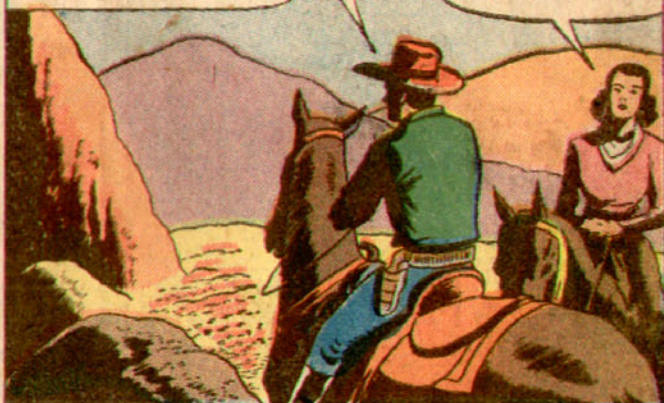


THREE MILES SOUTH...IN THE  
NOTCH BETWEEN THOSE TWO  
HILLS. YOU'LL STRIKE THE  
ROAD A LITTLE BEFORE YOU  
REACH THE CREEK.



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

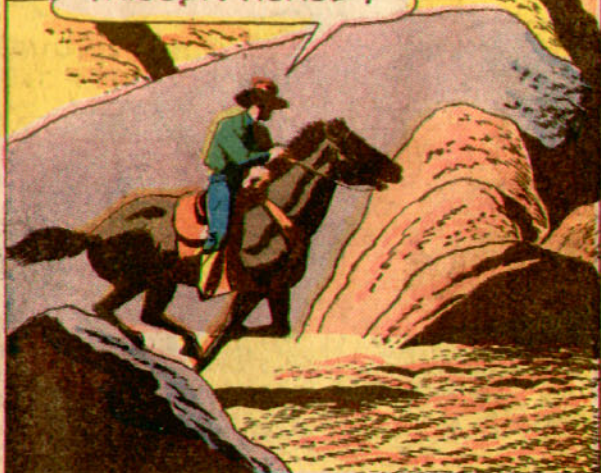
AND  
YOU, ROY...?



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



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

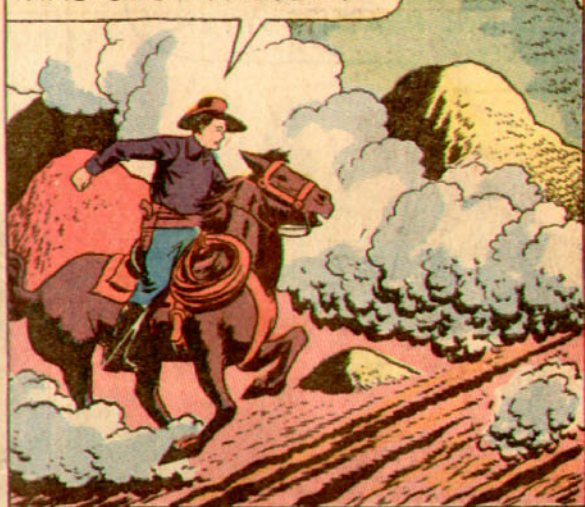




THE PANTING PONY ANSWERS WITH MORE SPEED... BUT THE MARKS OF EXHAUSTION SHOW PLAINLY.



THE ROAD! AND THE STAGE HAS JUST PASSED!



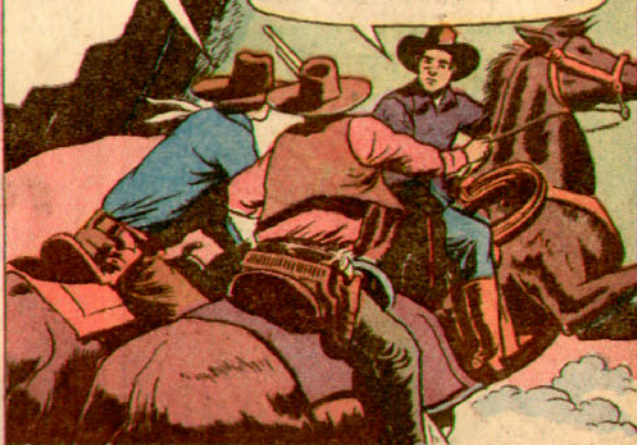
ROY'S PONY OVERTAKES THE REAR GUARDS.



HI! PULL UP! STOP THE STAGE BEFORE IT GETS TO THE CREEK!

WHAT'S WRONG?

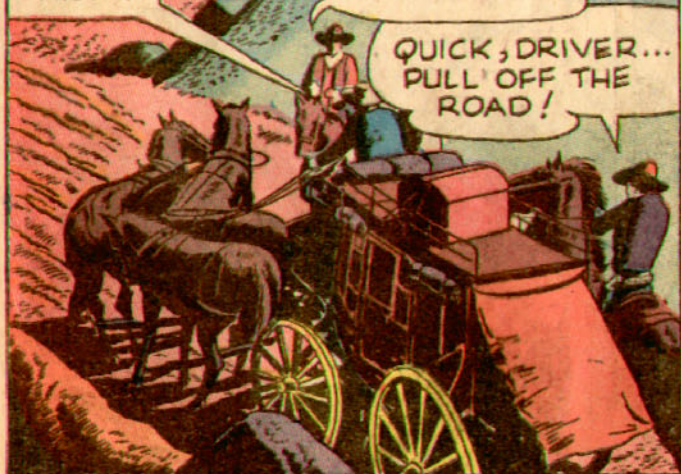
APACHES... PLANNING TO AMBUSH YOU AT THE CREEK! GOT TO STOP YOU HERE!



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

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

QUICK, DRIVER... PULL OFF THE ROAD!



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

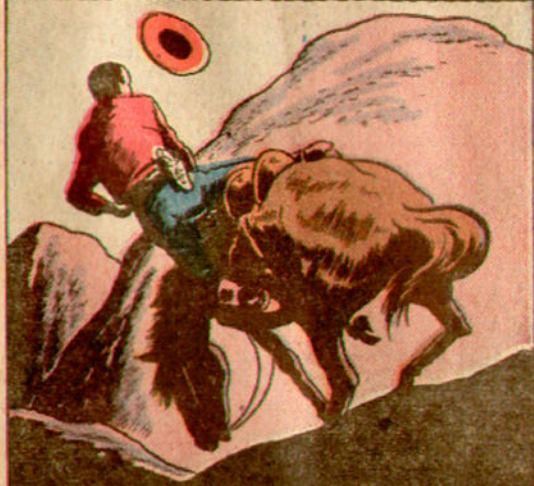




FROM UP THE ROAD COMES A BURST OF SHOTS AND WILD WAR-WHOOPS.

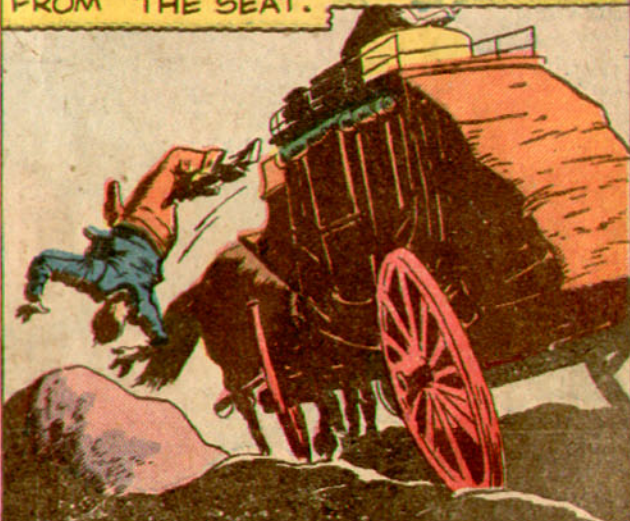
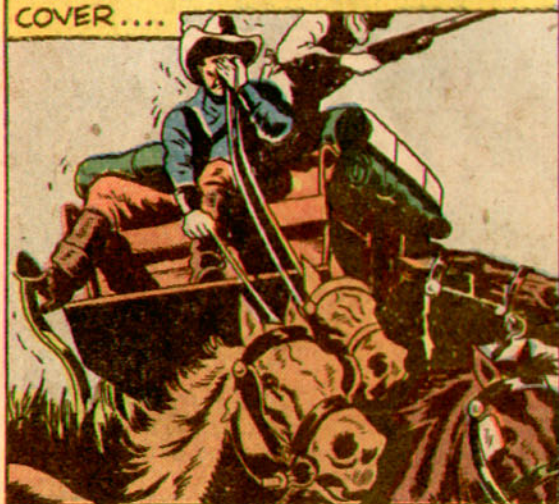
ROY'S HORSE GOES DOWN...  
WITH A BULLET IN ITS HEAD.

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



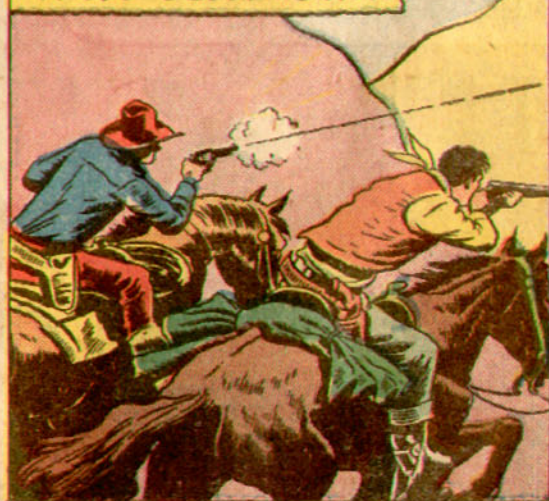
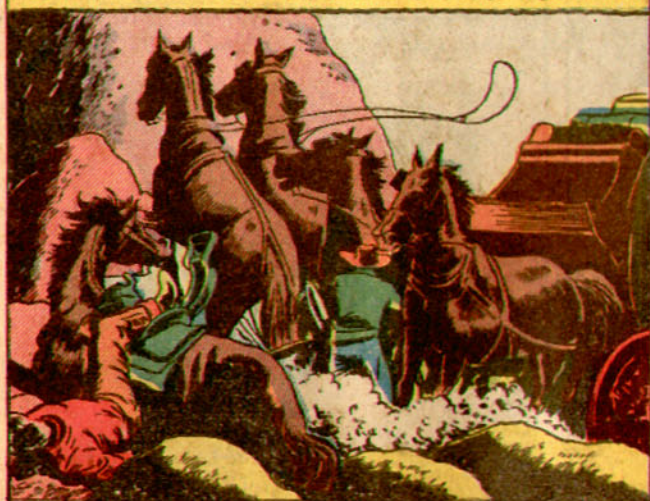
WOUNDED IN THE HEAD, THE  
DRIVER GUIDES HIS TEAM TO  
COVER....

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



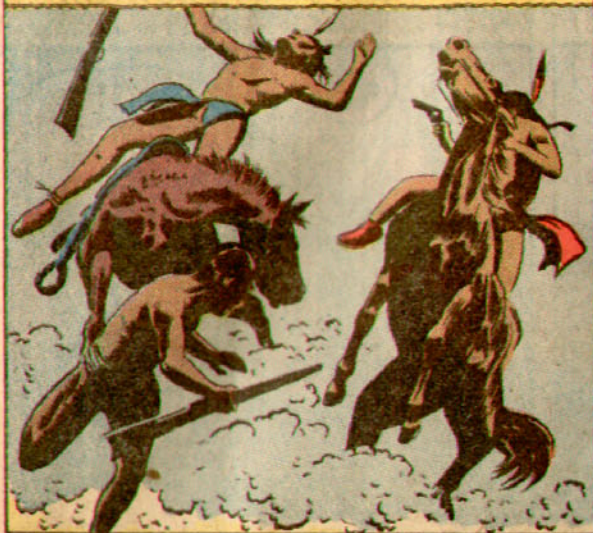
SLASHING THROUGH THE TRACES,  
ROY FREES THE FRANTIC STAGE TEAM...

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

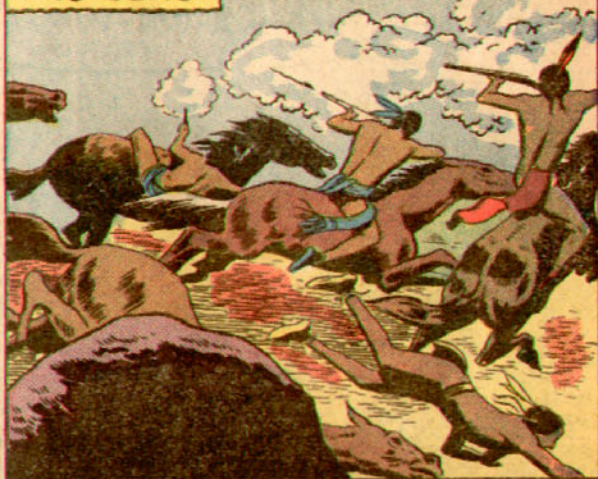




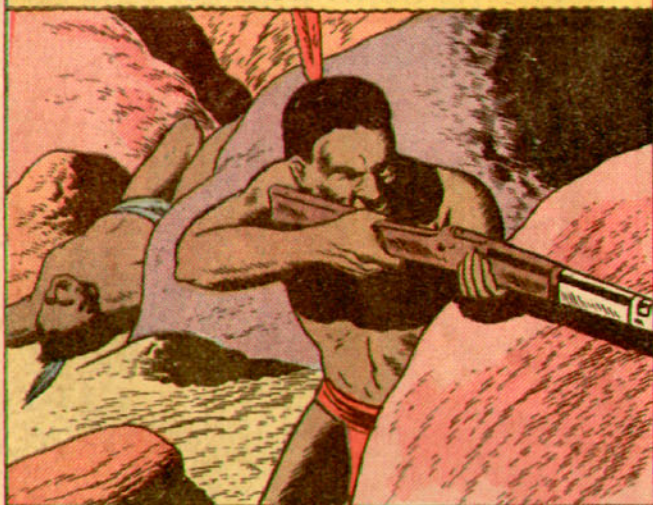
... SLOW UP THE APACHES' RUSH.



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



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



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

THAT'S WHAT **THEY** THINK...



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



EEYOW! OWWW...





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

A-A-A-AH!

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



AND ONE OF THE STAGE GUARDS FALLS WITH A GROAN.

UNNNH!

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

THERE'S THREE OF US LEFT... AND WE'RE SURE GOING TO TRY, FRIEND!

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

BURY IT?

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





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



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



YOU'RE RIGHT...!

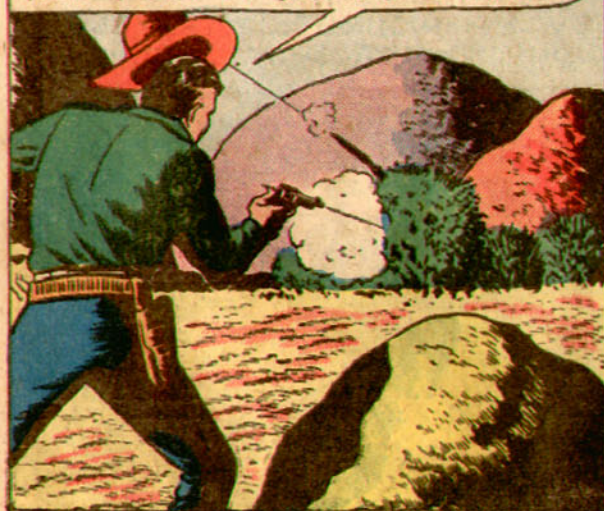
COME ON!



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



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



I CAN USE THAT RIFLE....







WE'LL FIGHT IT OUT  
HERE, BOYS...TILL THE  
DIAMOND C BUNCH  
COMES...

...OR UNTIL  
THE INJUNS  
GIT US!

THIS HERE'S  
A GOOD  
PLACE.



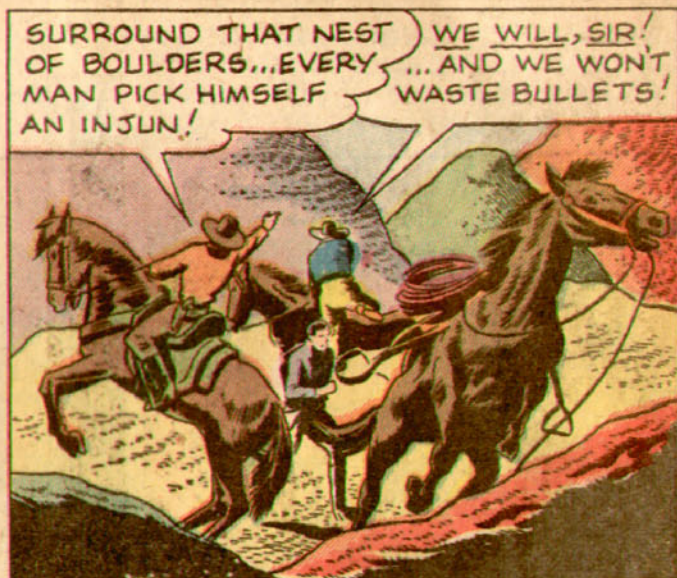
AND ONLY FIVE MILES AWAY...

FASTER, MEN! KILL YOUR  
HORSES IF YOU HAVE TO...  
BUT RIDE!



RIFLE FIRE AHEAD,  
GENERAL! AND THERE'S  
THE STAGE!

SOME  
OF 'EM  
ARE ALIVE...  
THANK HEAVEN!



SURROUND THAT NEST  
OF BOULDERS...EVERY  
MAN PICK HIMSELF  
AN INJUN!

WE WILL, SIR!  
...AND WE WON'T  
WASTE BULLETS!



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

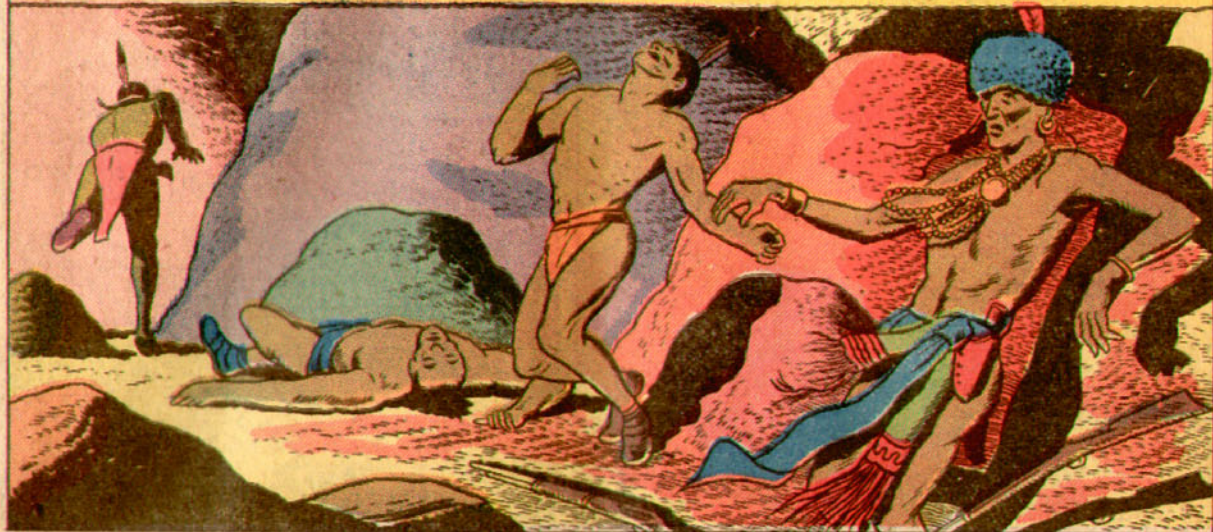


GET TO COVER AND  
CRAWL UP ON THE  
SKUNKS.

YEAH!  
THEY'RE  
SNAKY, BUT  
THEY'RE BUM SHOTS.



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



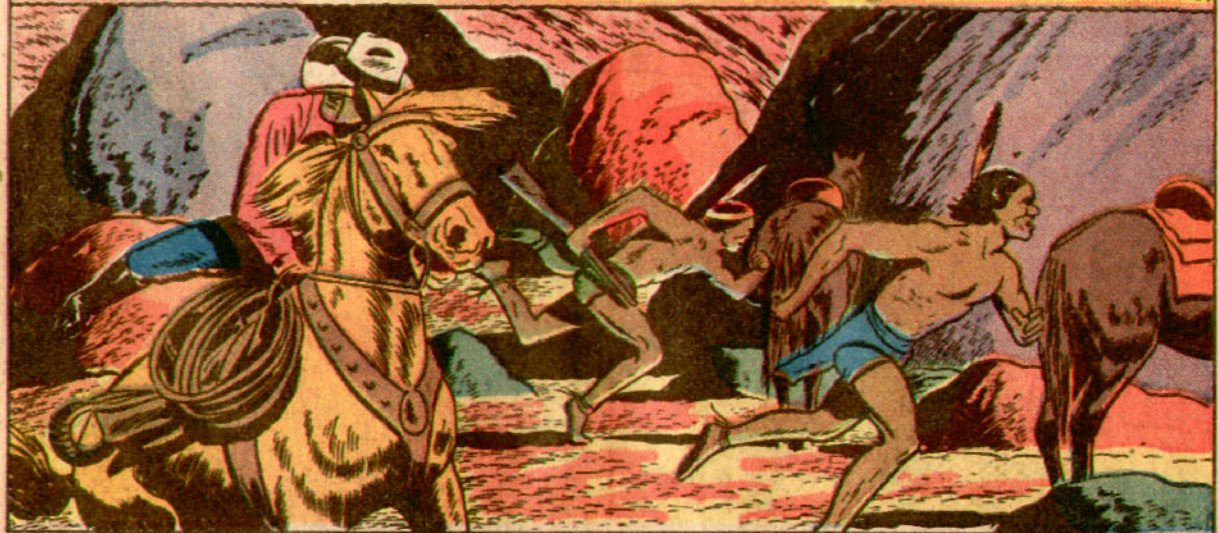
DOGGONE! I OUGHT NOT TO HAVE CAUGHT A FRESH PONY AT THE RANCH ... THE FIGHT WILL BE OVER 'FORE I EVER GET THERE.



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

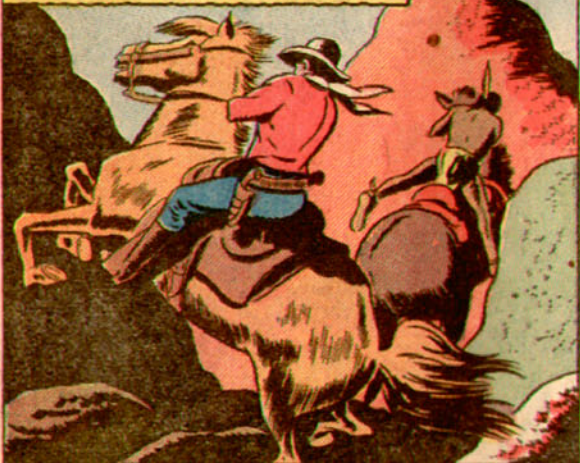


SUDDENLY THE REMAINING INDIANS BREAK AND RUN FOR THEIR HORSES.





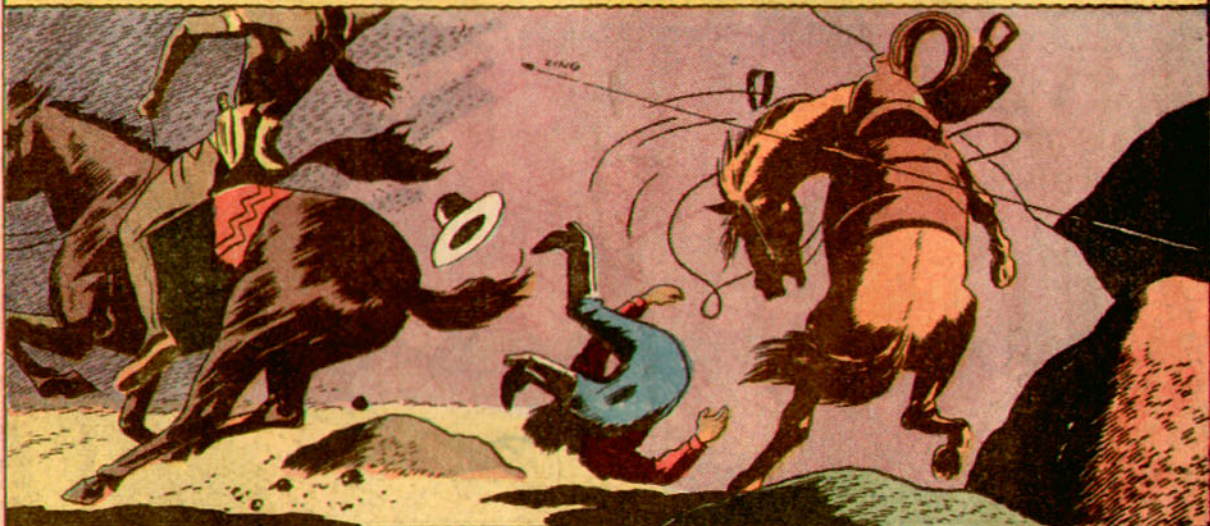
BUT TRIGGER, MADDENED BY THE SMELLS OF BLOOD AND GUNSMOKE, IS IN A FIGHTING MOOD.



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



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

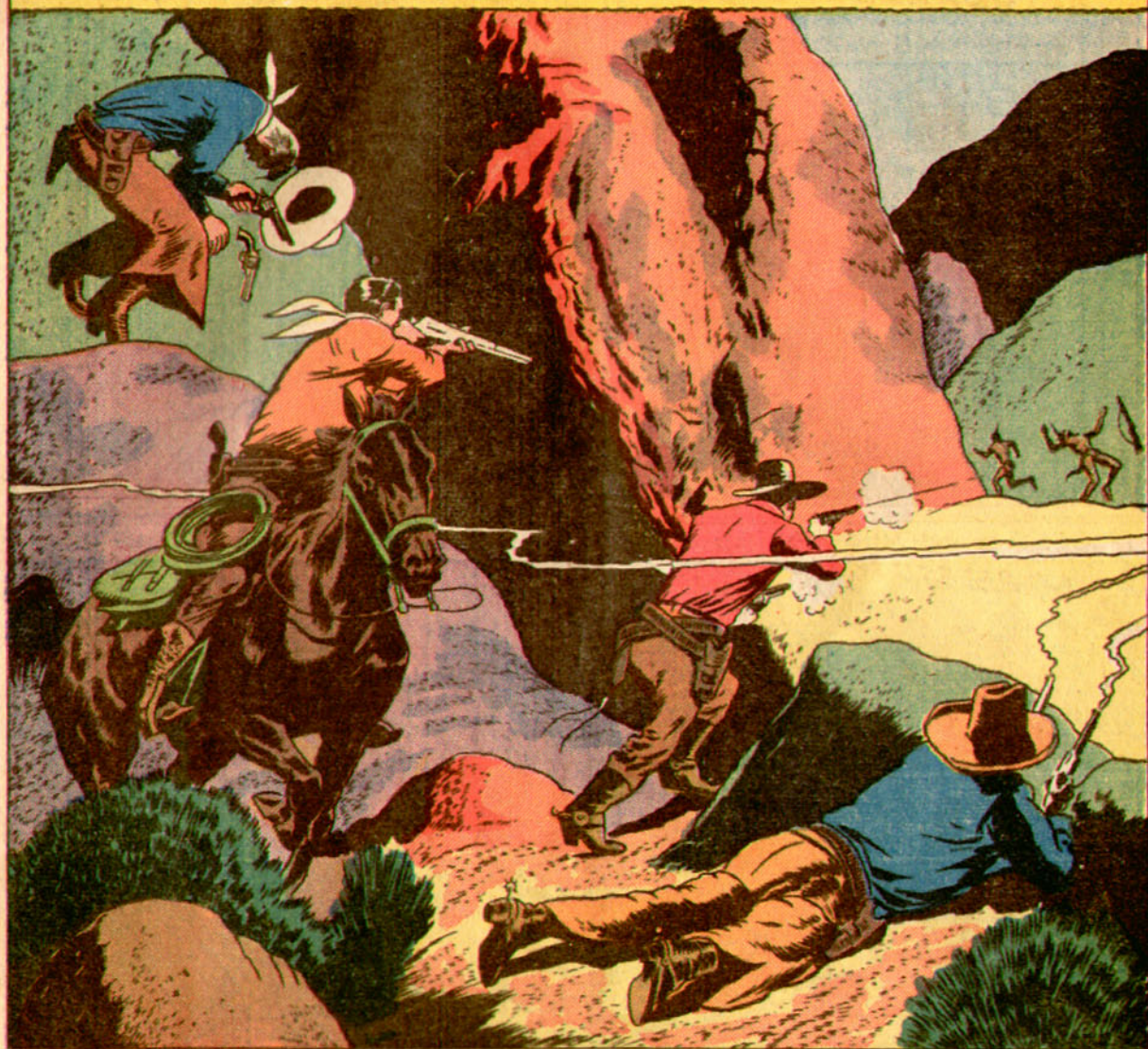


AND, LIKE A SNAKE, THE APACHE, DRESSED IN ROY'S CLOTHES, MELTS OUT OF SIGHT.

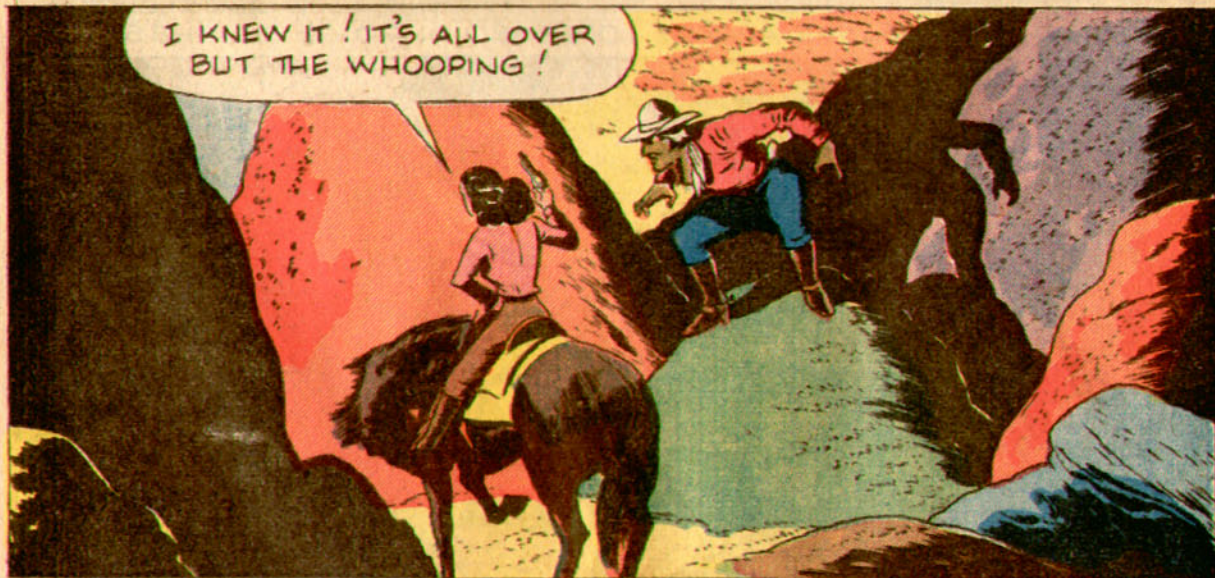




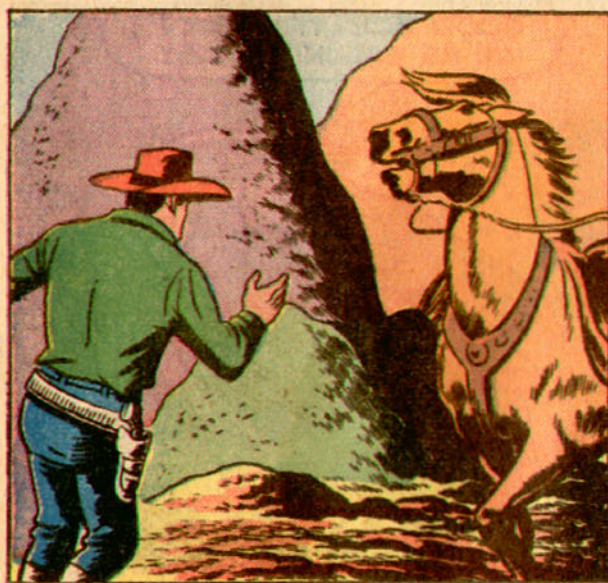
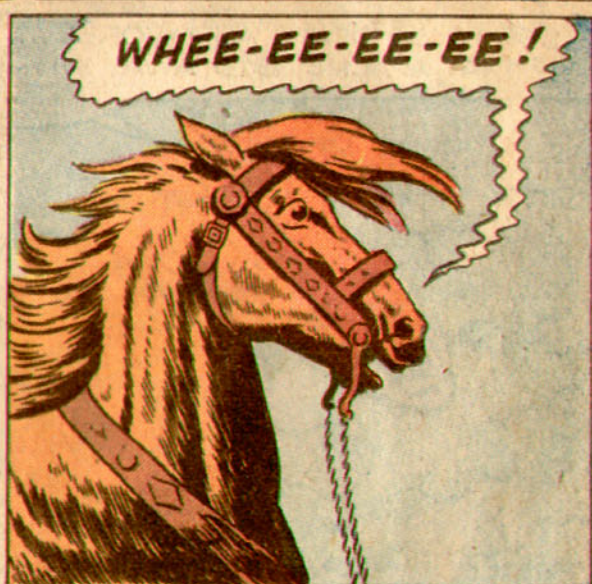
COWBOY BULLETS THIN THE SMALL BUNCH OF ESCAPING KILLERS.



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

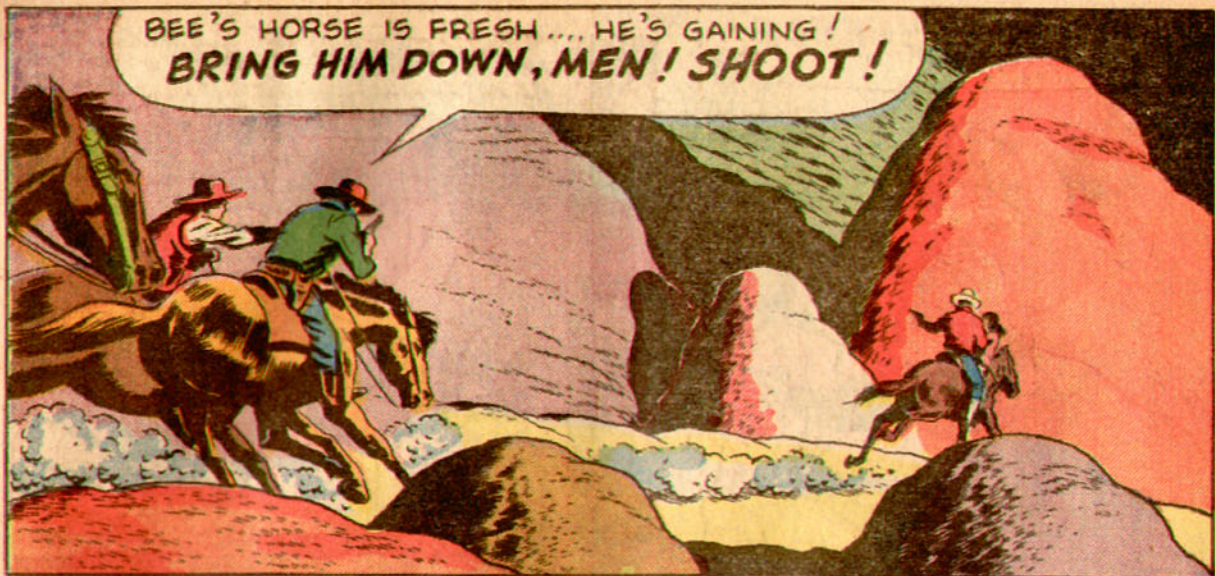








BEE'S HORSE IS FRESH .... HE'S GAINING!  
**BRING HIM DOWN, MEN! SHOOT!**



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



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

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



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



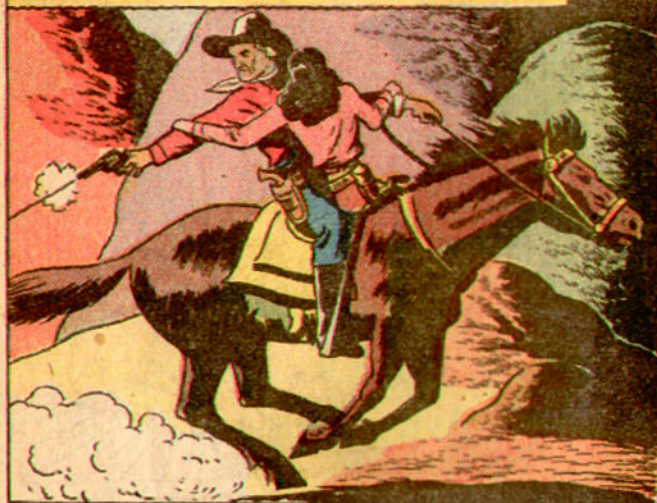
ALL RIGHT...  
AND HEAVEN  
HELP YOU, BOY!

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





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

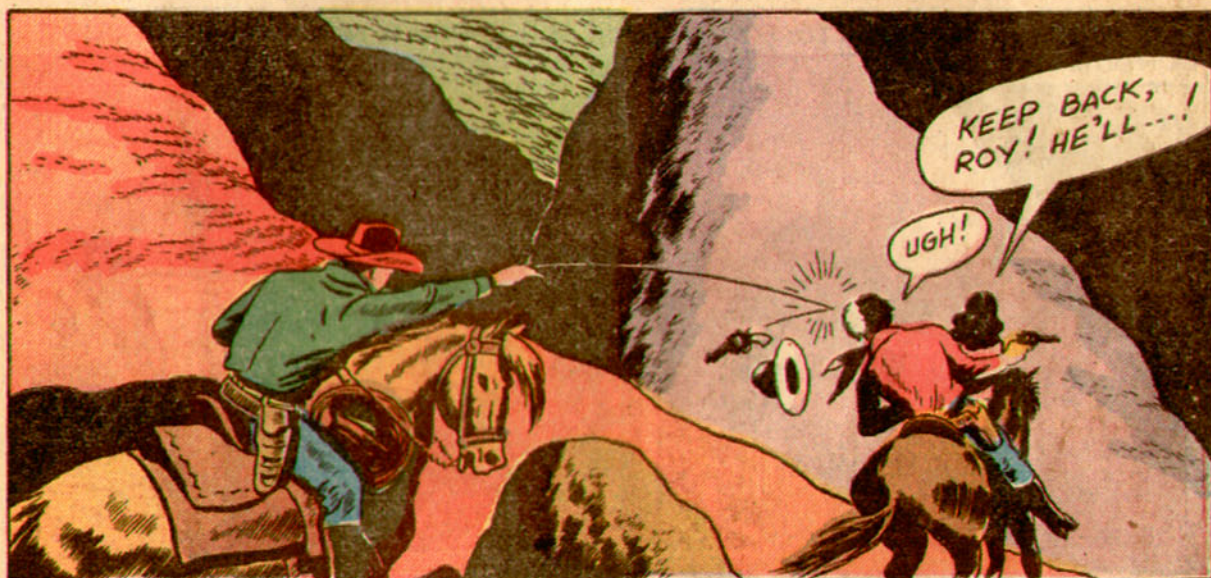


EASY, TRIGGER... HIS SECOND  
GUN IS HALF EMPTY! NOT  
TOO CLOSE!



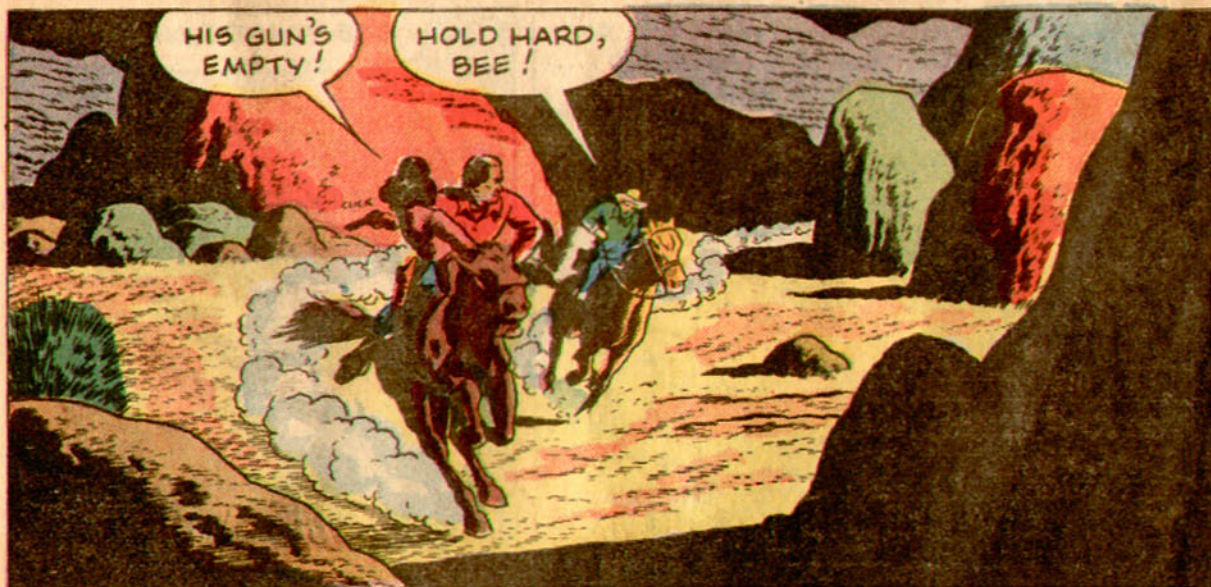
KEEP BACK,  
ROY! HE'LL....!

UGH!



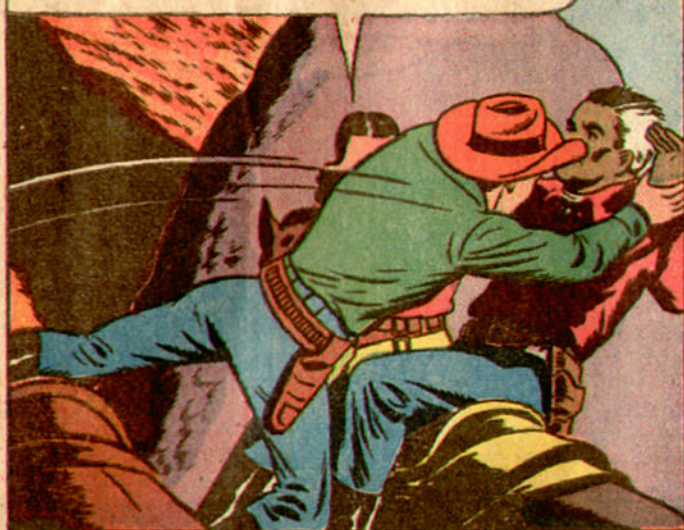
HIS GUN'S  
EMPTY!

HOLD HARD,  
BEE!

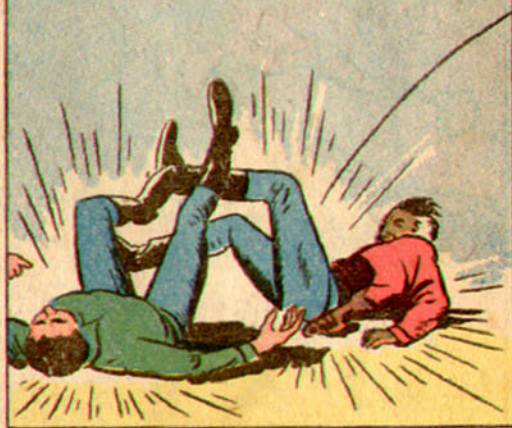




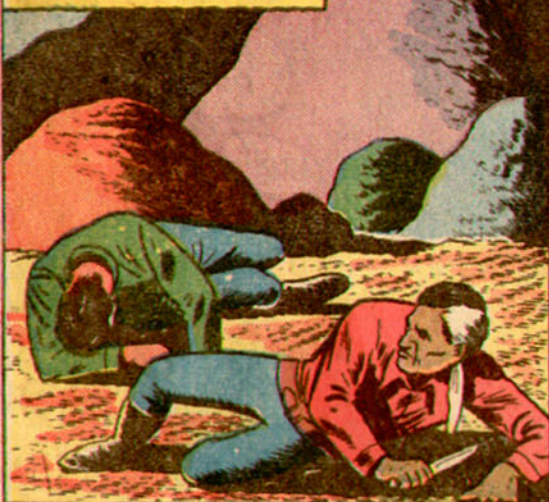
OHH! THEY'LL BOTH BE KILLED...!



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



HALF STUNNED, ROY FIGHTS FOR CONSCIOUSNESS...



.... AND THROWS HIMSELF ASIDE JUST IN TIME.

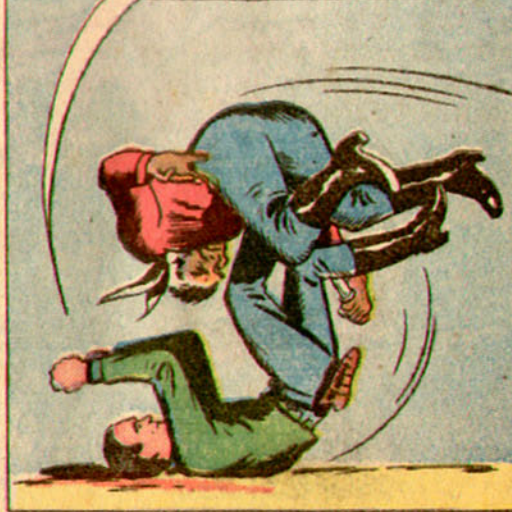


NOW, ROGERS, YOU DIE... BEFORE JOE TWO-SCALP!

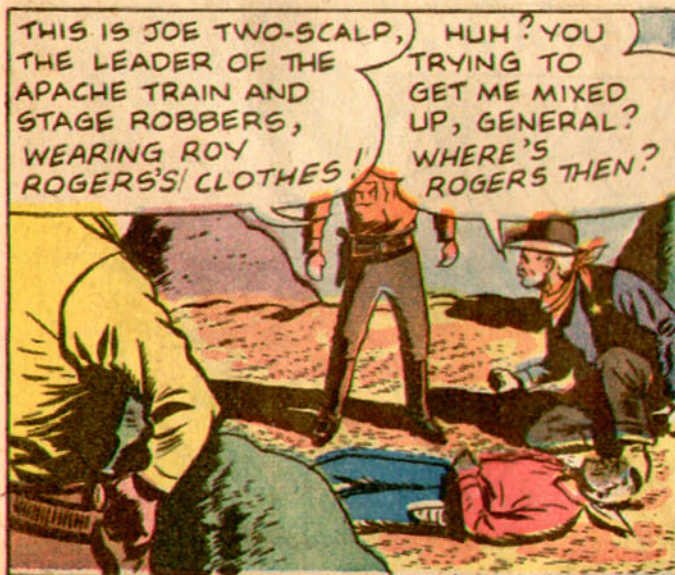
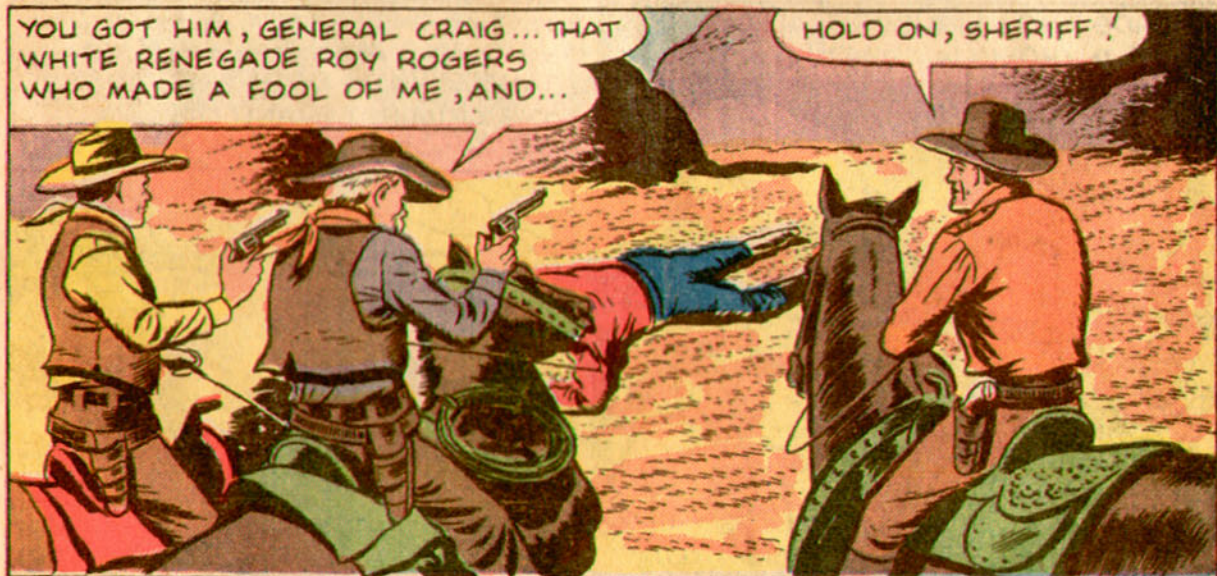
MAYBE... AND MAYBE NOT... YOU DON'T KNOW ALL THE TRICKS, JOE.



SEE WHAT I MEAN?





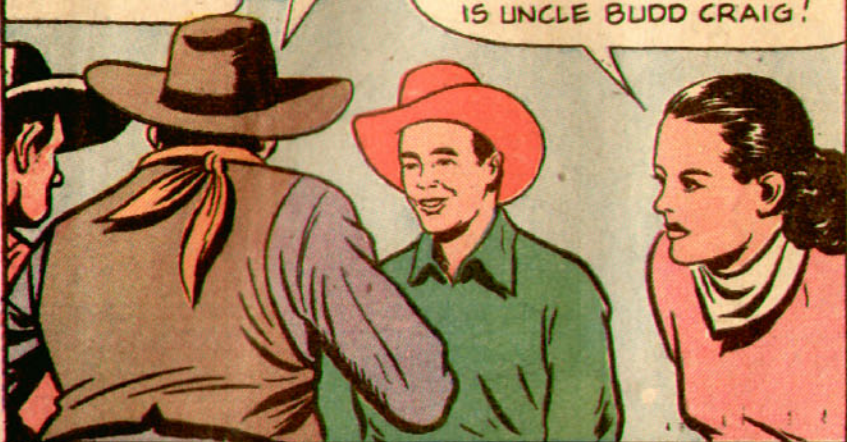




HUMPH! I OUGHT TO ARREST YOU ANYWAY, ROGERS, FOR MAKING A FOOL OF THE-LAW.

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

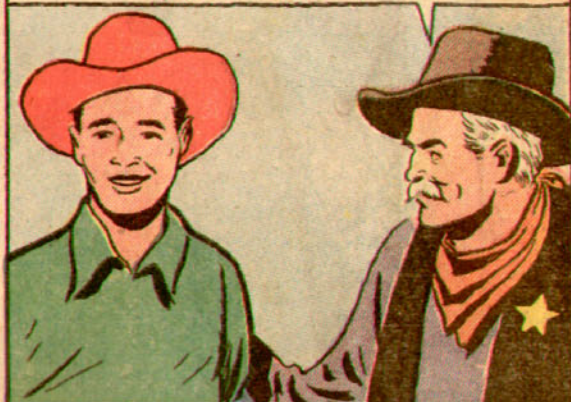
WE-ELL... IN THAT CASE I RECKON THE LAW WILL HAVE TO BACK DOWN A LITTLE.



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



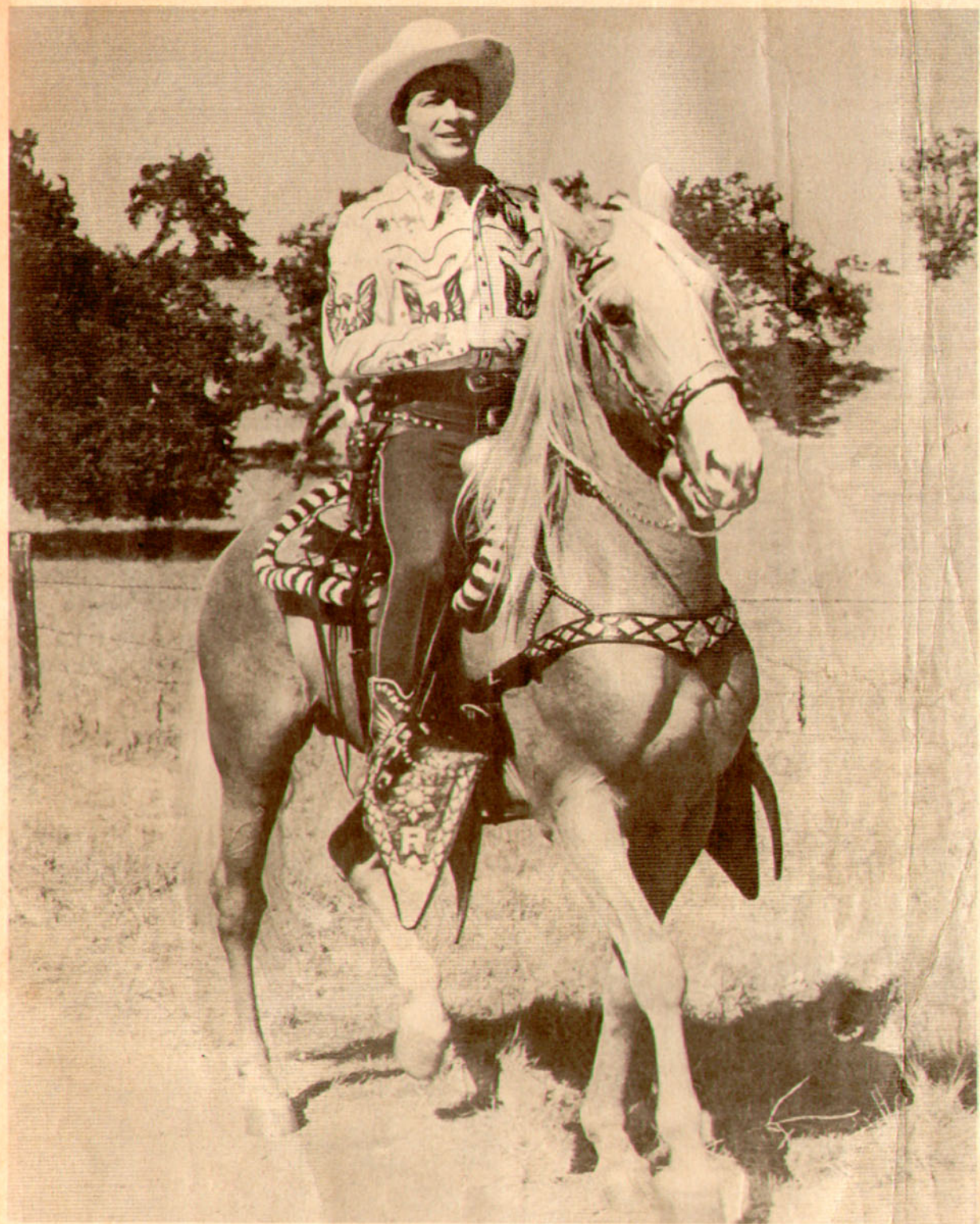
....THE ONLY GENT I EVER KNEW WHO WAS **MAN ENOUGH** TO TANGLE WITH BOTH THE LAW AND THE CRIMINALS AND COME OUT ON TOP... **MISTER ROY ROGERS!**



**ROY ROGERS! YEA-A-A-A-Y!**







*Roy Rogers*



