

A DELL  
MAGAZINE  
10¢  
NO. 177

# Roy Rogers

COMICS







A unit from "On the Old Spanish Trail" unintentionally invaded the home grounds of a family of owls when the cast and crew were filming on location near Kernville, California. Roy Rogers is shown introducing himself to one of the temporarily dispossessed birds.

**ROY ROGERS COMICS, No. 177—PUBLISHED BY DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.**

149 Madison Ave., New York, 16, N. Y.  
Copyright, 1947, by Roy Rogers. Printed in U. S. A.



# Roy Rogers

and the  
WOLVES  
of the  
LITTLE MOAB

CUANDO SALI  
DE LA HABANA...

GROONING AN  
OLD SPANISH  
TUNE, ROY  
FOLLOWS A  
FAMILIAR TRAIL.

I KNEW PIKE LORRIMER  
YEARS AGO. RECKON WE'LL  
PAY HIM A CALL, TRIGGER.

AY, AY!  
QUE VENGA  
CONMIGO  
CHINITA...

ADONDE  
VIVO YO!

KEEP YOUR HANDS IN  
SIGHT, PANCHO!  
I'M ARRESTING YOU--

TO  
LITTLE MOAB  
FERRY  
LORRIMER  
RANCH

HUH? YOU'RE NOT THE  
GENT I THOUGHT...

BILL PRIME, YOU OLD  
BRUSH-POPPER! HOW'VE  
YOU BEEN SINCE THE LAST  
TIME WE CROSSED THE RIVER  
TOGETHER?

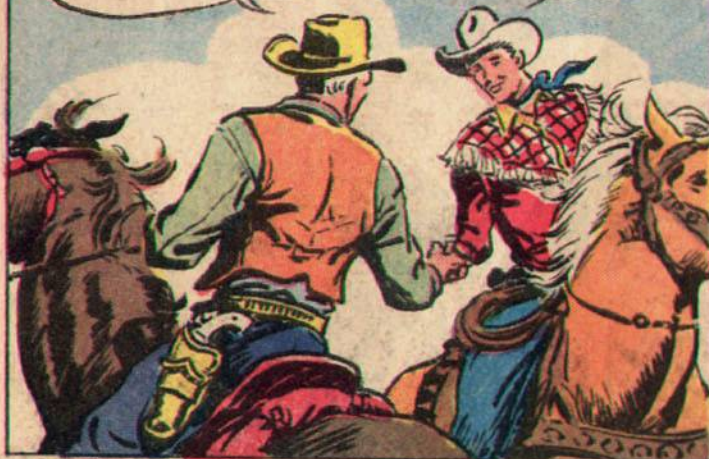
ROY ROGERS!  
YOU RIDIN' FOOL,  
HOW'S YOURSELF?



I SURE THOUGHT YOU WERE  
PANCHO GOYLE, SINGING  
HIS FAVORITE SONG,  
LA PALOMA.

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT  
YOU, BILL...  
WHO'S PANCHO GOYLE?

PANCHO WAS PIKE LORRIMER'S  
FOREMAN UNTIL TWO DAYS AGO.  
HE'S DISAPPEARED---ALONG WITH  
7,500 DOLLARS CASH BELONGING  
TO PIKE AND HIS PARTNER.



HERE-- LET ME HELP YOU WITH  
THAT BOAT, BILL.



I'D HAVE THOUGHT PIKE LORRIMER  
WAS TOO INDEPENDENT TO EVER  
TAKE A PARTNER.  
WHO IS HE, BILL?

NEWCOMER, NAME  
OF BELTON PRICE...  
HE BOUGHT THE  
KYLE RANCH  
ACROSS THE  
RIVER.



PIKE WAS CRIPPLED  
LAST YEAR BY A HOSS...  
HE COULDN'T RUN HIS  
RANCH FROM A WHEEL-  
CHAIR.

I SEE... AND HIS  
KIDS, TRUDY AND  
GENE AREN'T  
OLD ENOUGH...

YOU RIDING OVER TO  
SEE PIKE, TOO, BILL?

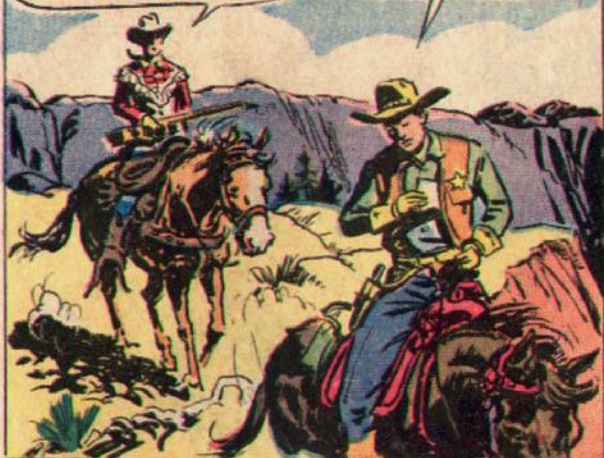
SURE AM, ROY...  
GOT TO ASK HIM  
SOME QUESTIONS  
ABOUT THIS ABSCONDIN'  
FOREMAN OF HIS.





IT SEEMS QUEER THAT PIKE LORRIMER COULD BE SO MISTAKEN IN A MAN HE TRUSTED.

YEAH... I RECKON THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN APPEARS.



PIKE WAS SO MAD HE HAD THIS REWARD NOTICE PRINTED IN A HURRY.

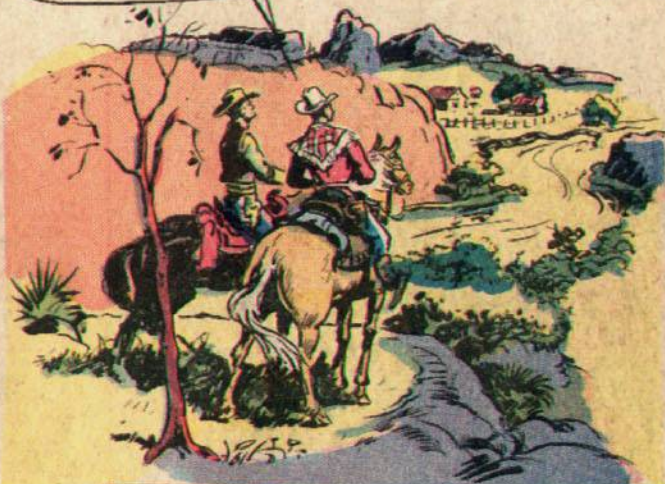
"\$500 REWARD FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE CAPTURE OF **PANCHO COYLE...**" HUMPH / COYLE IS PROBABLY ACROSS THE BORDER NOW.



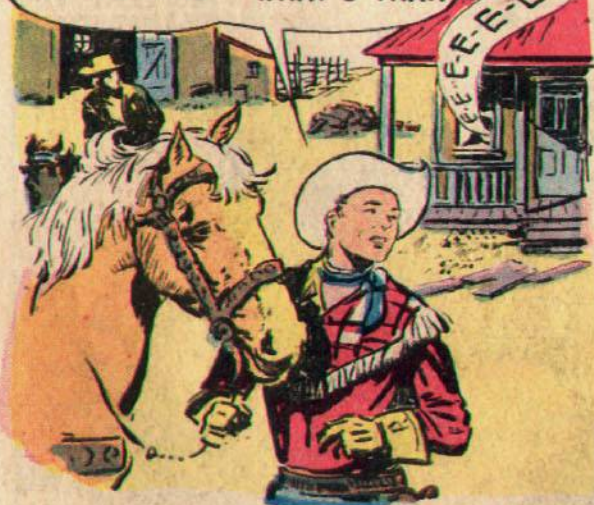
MAYBE NOT, ROY. YOU SEE PANCHO WAS SWEET ON TRUDY LORRIMER. PIKE WOULD HATE THAT, SINCE THE BOY IS HALF SPANISH. HE ACTS SCARED THAT PANCHO IS STILL HANGING AROUND.



WELL, HERE WE ARE, BILL.



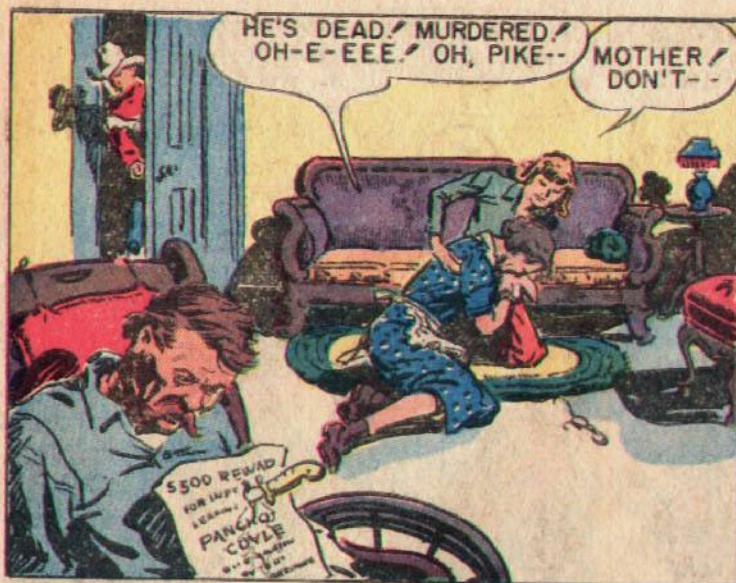
MAYBE WE CAN GET PIKE TO TELL US WHAT'S REALLY ON HIS MIND-- WHAT'S THAT?



THAT WAS A WOMAN'S SCREAM-- TRUDY OR MRS. LORRIMER...







HE'S DEAD! MURDERED!  
OH-E-EEE! OH, PIKE--

MOTHER!  
DON'T--

KNIFED --  
THROUGH THE  
HEART!

AND THAT  
PAPER IS--  
A REWARD  
NOTICE!



LET ME HELP YOU,  
MRS. LORRIMER!  
I'M ROY ROGERS, YOUR OLD  
FRIEND... REMEMBER?

ROY--I REMEMBER  
TOO!

WE JUST FOUND DAD  
--LIKE THAT, ROY!  
I'LL TAKE MOTHER  
TO HER ROOM...

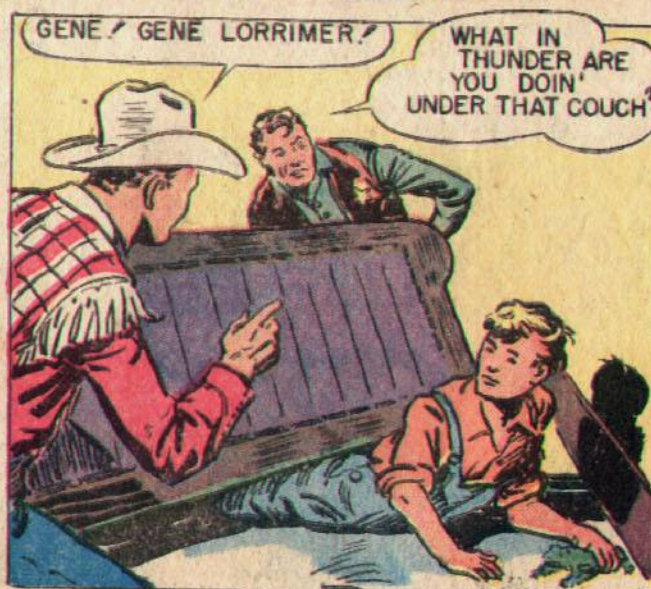
GOOD GIRL, TRUDY.  
SHERIFF PRIME  
AND I WILL BE  
HERE.



Y-YES.



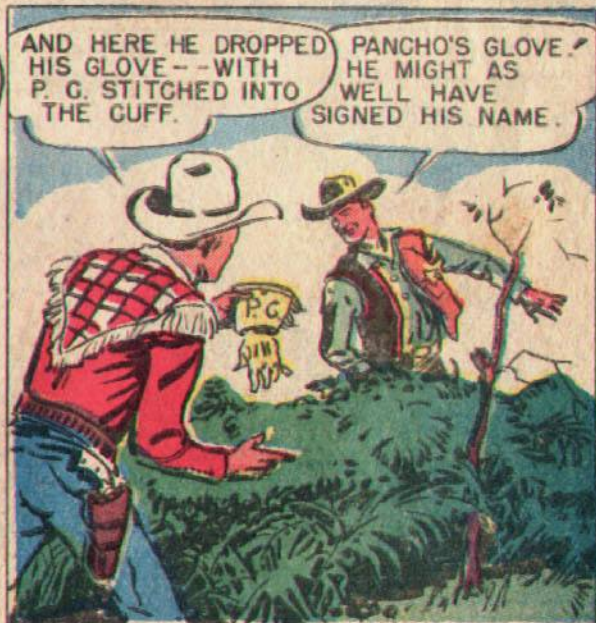
WHAT-- ANOTHER?



GENE! GENE LORRIMER!

WHAT IN  
THUNDER ARE  
YOU DOIN'  
UNDER THAT COUCH?







HELLO, SHERIFF. ANY TRACE OF PANTHO COYLE YET?

YEAH, MORE THAN WE'D LOOKED FOR, PRICE.

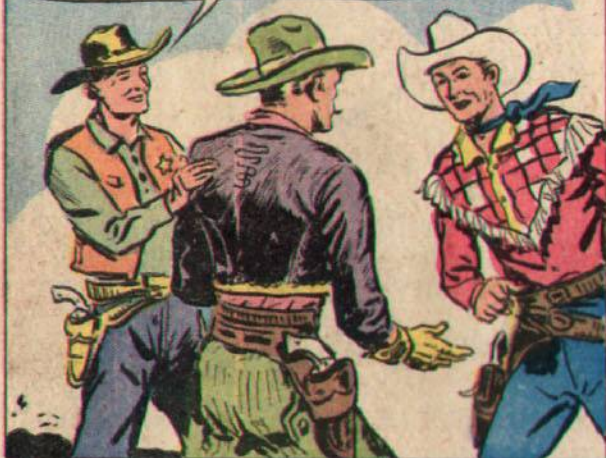


PIKE LORRIMER IS SITTING DEAD IN HIS WHEEL CHAIR-- MURDERED. AND THE EVIDENCE ALL POINTS LIKE A SIGNBOARD TO PANTHO COYLE.

PIKE -- MURDERED! I WAS AFRAID OF SOMETHING LIKE THIS!



ROY, THIS IS MR. BELTON PRICE, PIKE'S PARTNER... PRICE, MEET ROY ROGERS, A MUY CABALLERO FRIEND OF MINE AND PIKE'S.



PIKE LORRIMER NEVER MADE MISTAKES, IN PICKING HIS FRIENDS.

NOT MANY MISTAKES, I RECKON, PRICE.



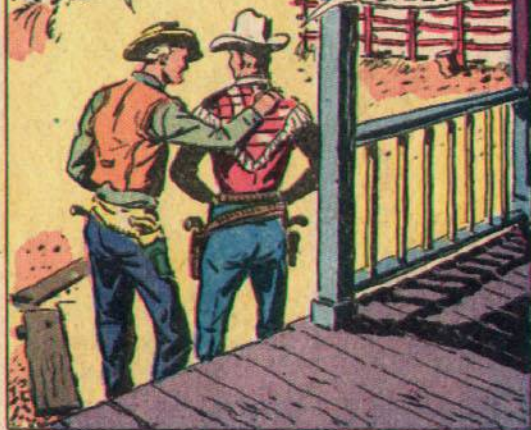
I'LL GO IN AND SPEAK TO THE WOMEN FOLKS... SEE YOU LATER, SHERIFF.

OKAY, PRICE.



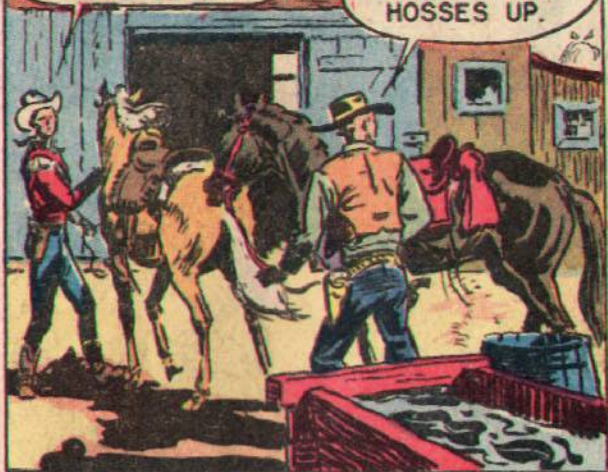
YOU AND BELT PRICE DIDN'T COTTON TO EACH OTHER, ROY. WHY?

INSTINCT, PROBABLY, IT HAPPENS THAT WAY SOMETIMES, BILL.





WHAT'S YOUR NEXT MOVE, I'M CALLING A BILL--SEEING WE HAVEN'T TURNED UP ANY MORE CLUES!  
--JUST AS SOON AS WE PUT OUR HOSSES UP.



I AIM TO FIND OUT IF THERE'S A MOTIVE FOR PIKE'S MURDER FIRST. IF PANTHO COYLE HAS GONE HAWG-WILD AND CRAZY, EVERYBODY ON THIS RANCH IS IN DANGER.



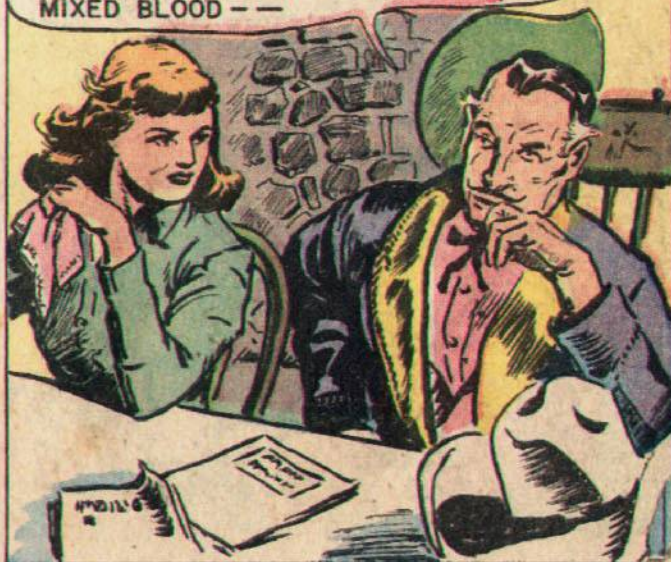
...SO THERE'S THE EVIDENCE WE HAVE UP TO NOW, AND IT ALL POINTS CIRCUMSTANTIALLY, TO PANTHO COYLE...



...EVEN THIS REWARD NOTICE PINNED TO PIKE'S BREAST. BUT HERE'S THE QUESTION:-- WHAT WOULD MAKE A QUIET, HONEST BOY LIKE PANTHO TURN KILLER AND THIEF?



I THINK I CAN ANSWER THAT, SHERIFF. PIKE LORRIMER CONFIDED TO ME THAT HE HAD TO WARN COYLE AWAY FROM HIS DAUGHTER. NO DOUBT COYLE'S HOT, MIXED BLOOD --



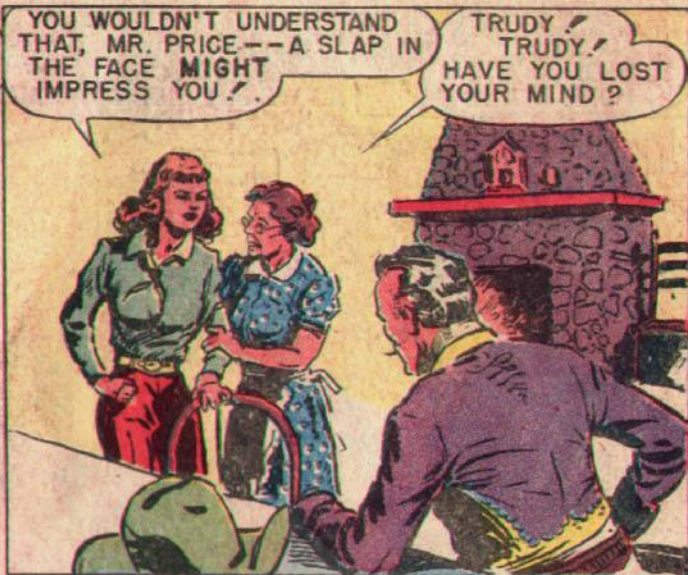


THAT'S A LIE!  
PANCHO COYLE WAS ALWAYS A  
GENTLEMAN! THE SLIGHTEST HINT  
THAT HE HAD EMBARRASSED  
A FRIEND WOULD BE ENOUGH  
FOR HIM.



YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND  
THAT, MR. PRICE--A SLAP IN  
THE FACE MIGHT  
IMPRESS YOU!

TRUDY!  
TRUDY!  
HAVE YOU LOST  
YOUR MIND?



NO, MOTHER! BUT ANYBODY WHO REALLY  
KNEW PANCHO COYLE AND THINKS THAT  
HE COULD BE GUILTY IS A FOOL OR  
A LIAR.

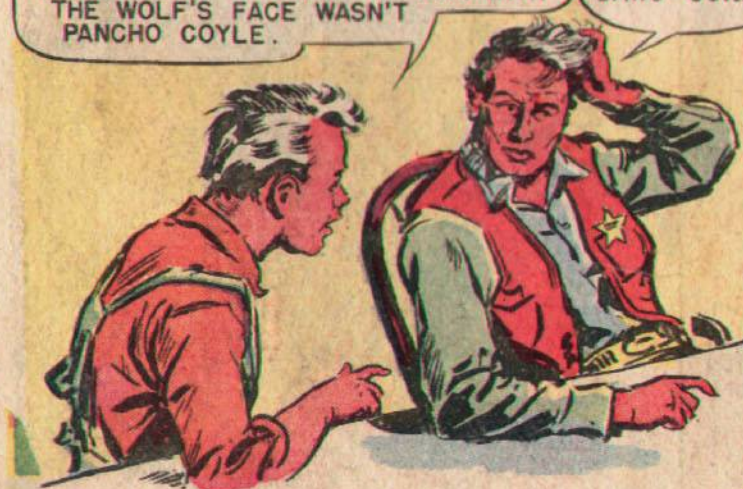


GENE! WHAT DO YOU  
THINK ABOUT IT?



ME? I WAS JUST TELLING ROY ROGERS--  
I THINK SOMEBODY ELSE STOLE THE  
MONEY...AND I KNOW THE MAN WITH  
THE WOLF'S FACE WASN'T  
PANCHO COYLE.

WELL I'LL BE  
DAWG-GONED!



WITH YOUR PERMISSION,  
SHERIFF, I'LL RIDE ALONG.  
NOW... REGARDING PANCHO  
COYLE'S CHARACTER IT SEEMS  
WE'RE IN THE MINORITY--  
PIKE LORRIMER AND I!





GENE, WHEN YOU GROW UP,  
DON'T EVER BE SHERIFF!  
A PEACE OFFICER CAN'T  
TRUST HIS OWN IDEAS.



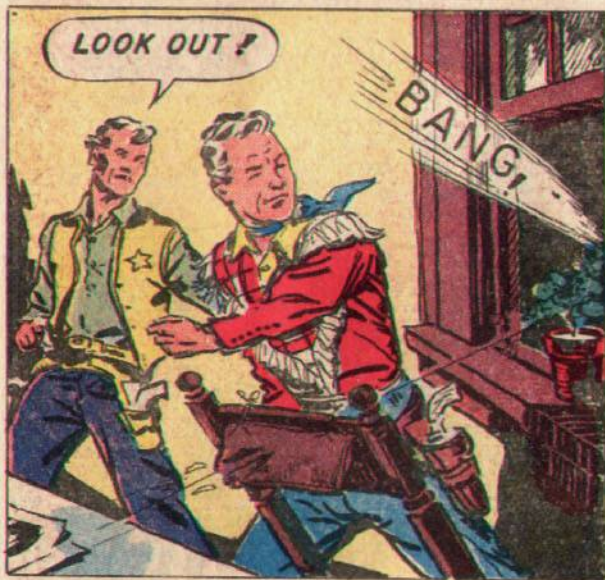
WHAT I CAN'T SAVVY AT  
ALL--IS, WHO WOULD GAIN  
BY PIKE LORRIMER'S  
DEATH?

HOW ABOUT  
HIS PARTNER,  
BELTON PRICE?

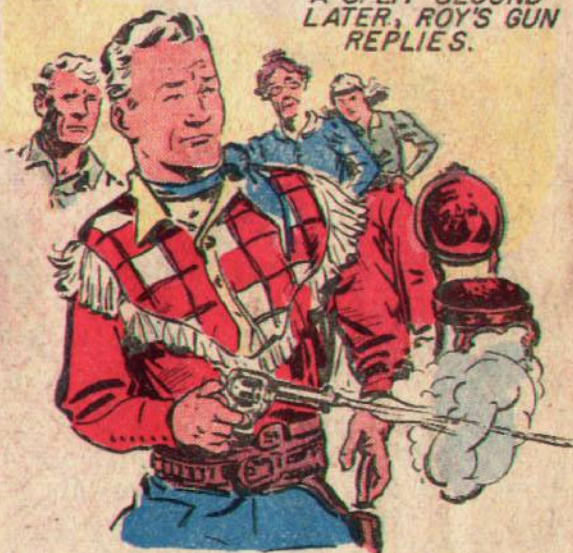


LOOK OUT!

BANG!



A SPLIT SECOND  
LATER, ROY'S GUN  
REPLIES.



COME ON, BILL! WE  
MAY CATCH HIM.

YEH--YOU  
MEAN CATCH  
HOT LEAD, TOO!



HE'S CLEARED OUT,  
ROY.

YES--THERE  
GOES HIS HORSE!  
HEAR HIM?





HERE'S ABOUT WHERE THAT BUSHWHACKER STOOD... HE MUST HAVE FELT THE WIND OF YOUR BULLETS.

I RECKON SO-- LOOK AT THIS!



A WOLF-- MASK! THAT PROVES PIKE'S MURDERER IS PLUMP, HYDROPHOBIA CRAZY.

HOW, BILL?



HOW? BECAUSE WHY IN NATION WOULD HE TRY TO KILL YOU?

THAT DEPENDS ON WHO HE IS, BILL... I AIM TO STICK AROUND UNTIL WE KNOW!



FOLKS, THERE'S NOTHING MORE I CAN DO HERE TONIGHT-- BUT I'LL SURE FEEL A LOT BETTER, LEAVING ROY ROGERS TO WATCH OUT FOR YOU.

WE'LL FEEL A LOT BETTER, TOO, SHERIFF HE WAS PIKE'S FRIEND.



TWO DAYS LATER, PIKE LORRIMER IS LAID TO REST IN A CHURCHYARD AT MOAB FORKS . . .



APART FROM THE FAMILY STANDS BELTON PRICE--AND EVERY COWBOY OF THE PARTNERS' TWO RANCHES.

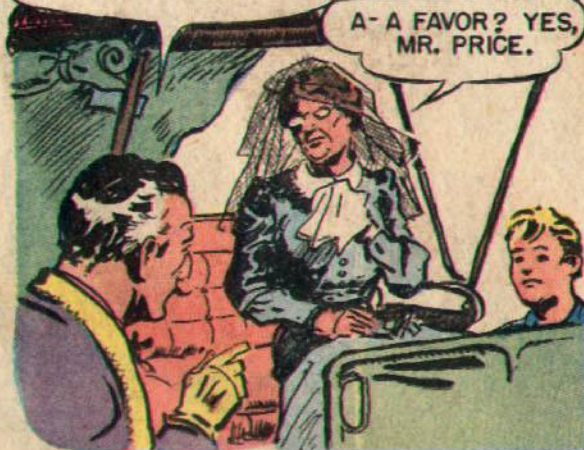


LAWYER CATLET IS LEAVING TOWN FOR A FEW DAYS-- IF WE COULD ALL GO TO HIS OFFICE NOW, FOR THE READING OF PIKE LORRIMER'S WILL--

AHEM!  
I THINK THAT WOULD BE MOST ADVISABLE.



MRS. LORRIMER PLEASE COUNT ON ME NOW FOR ANY HELP WITHIN MY POWER--BUT MAY I ASK ONE FAVOR?



A-A FAVOR? YES, MR. PRICE.

SO THAT IS HOW MATTERS STAND--UPON PIKE LORRIMER'S DEATH, THE PARTNERSHIP IS DISSOLVED---BELTON PRICE IS BEQUEATHED ONE-THIRD OF ALL UNBRANDED LIVESTOCK --



IT'S OUTRAGEOUS! ALL OF THE LORRIMER CATTLE ARE UNBRANDED --THAT WAS A WHIM OF FATHER'S, SINCE THE RIVER MAKES AN ISLAND OF OUR RANCH...AND ONE-THIRD --!



PLEASE, MISS LORRIMER! IT DOES SEEM A LARGE AMOUNT TO LEAVE TO A PARTNER--BUT BELTON PRICE MADE A SIMILAR WILL...IF HE HAD DIED FIRST, YOUR FATHER WOULD HAVE BENEFITED.



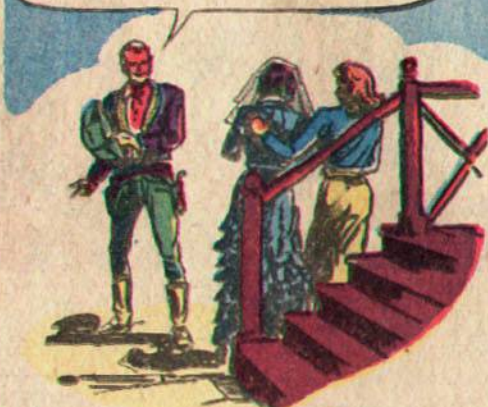


THIS HAS BEEN HARD ON YOU AND TRUDY, MRS. LORRIMER--BUT I FELT THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW....

YES, MR. PRICE, OF COURSE.



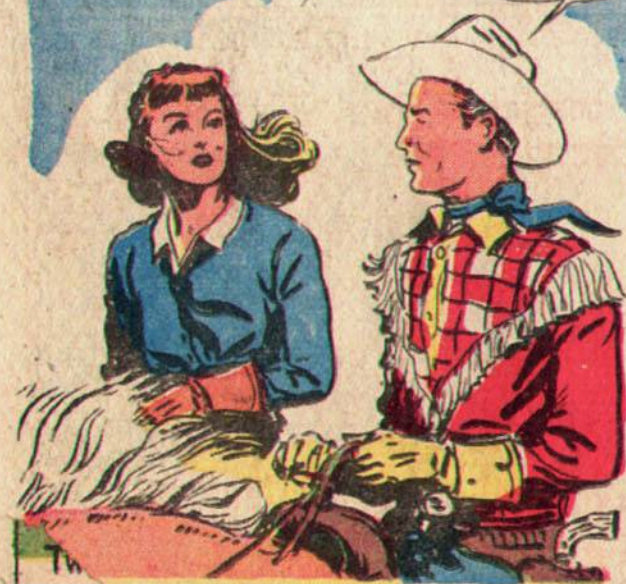
ABOUT A THIRD OF PIKE'S HERD IS ON MY SIDE OF THE RIVER RIGHT NOW... WITH PANGHO COYLE UNCAUGHT AND LIABLE TO TURN RUSTLER, I AIM TO START BRANDING THEM TOMORROW.



LEAVING THEIR RANCH HANDS IN TOWN, THE LORRIMERS AND ROY START HOMEWARD.

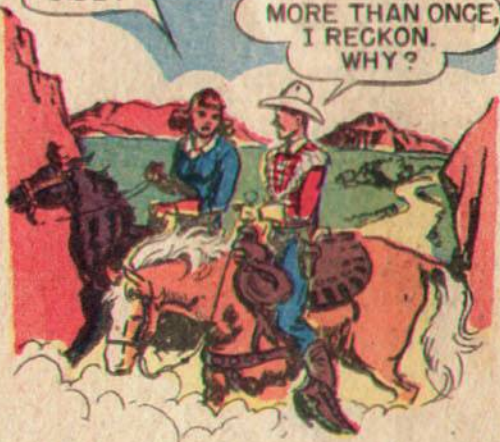
BECAUSE THAT'S THE WAY I FEEL... WITH EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED--AND NOW, DAD'S WILL! IT ISN'T LIKE HIM.

WHAT? YOU MEAN IT COULD BE A FAKE, TRUDY?

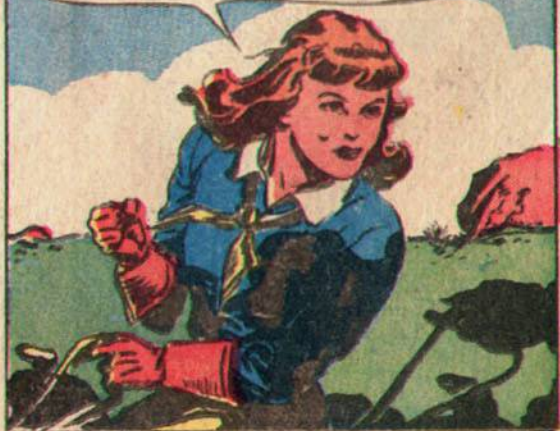


ROY, DID YOU EVER FIND YOURSELF IN THE DARK, WITH DANGERS YOU COULDN'T SEE CLOSING IN ON EVERY SIDE?

MORE THAN ONCE, I RECKON. WHY?



NO...BUT SINCE DAD WAS CRIPPLED, HE'S DEPENDED TOO MUCH ON THE JUDGMENT OF OTHER MEN--ESPECIALLY HIS PARTNER...I THINK BELTON PRICE IS BEHIND MORE THAN DAD'S WILL!







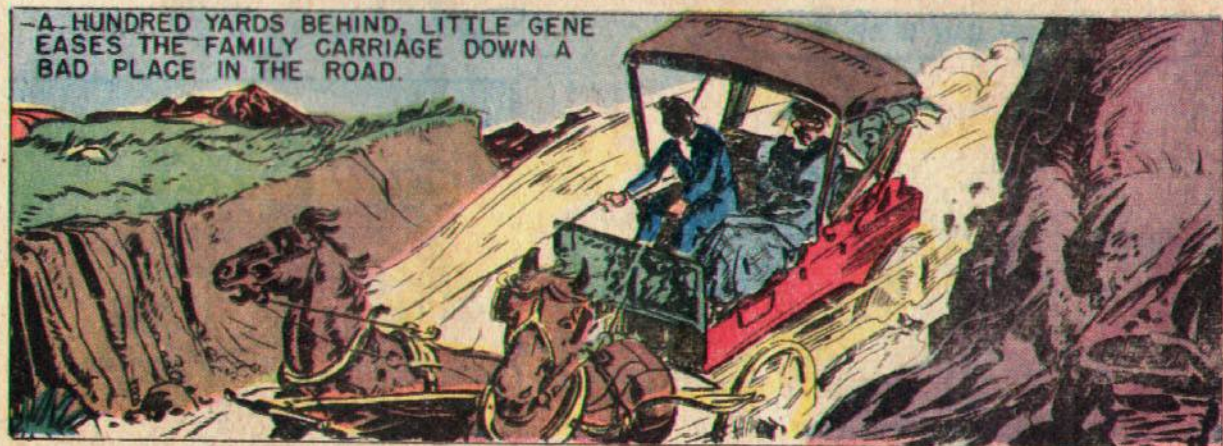
ROY! HEAR THAT?  
A LOBO-WOLF  
HOWLING IN  
DAYLIGHT!

ANYHOW, THAT  
WAS A REAL  
ONE.

YES-- BUT IT'S  
LIKE AN OMEN.  
I'M SCARED, ROY!  
WHAT HAPPENED TO  
PANCHO--AND TO  
MY DAD--MAY BE  
PLANNED FOR THE  
REST OF US!

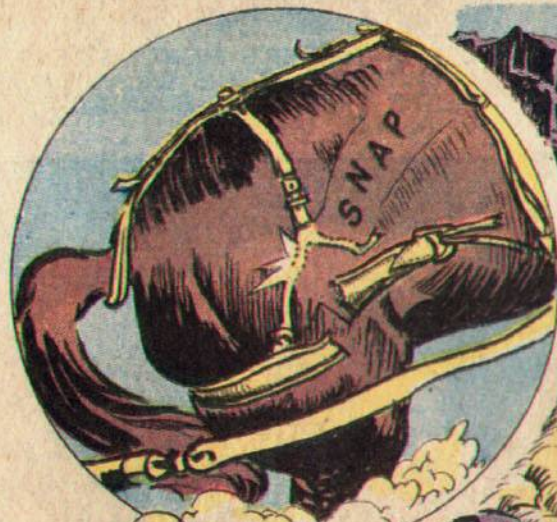


-A HUNDRED YARDS BEHIND, LITTLE GENE  
EASES THE FAMILY CARRIAGE DOWN A  
BAD PLACE IN THE ROAD.



WHOA! WHOA-BACK--

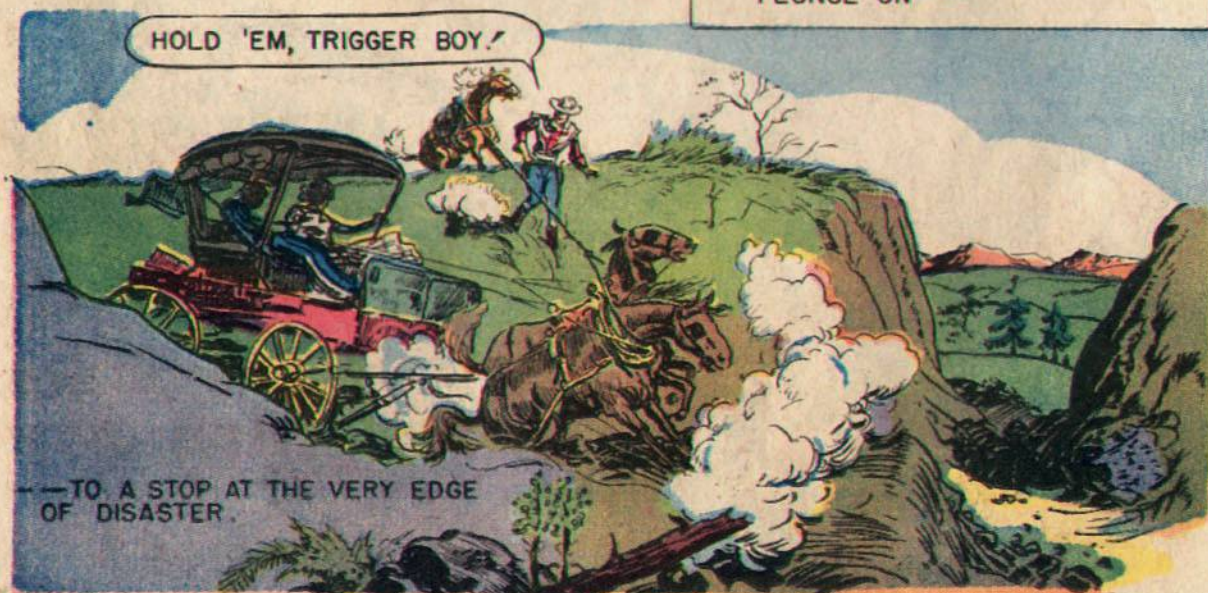
GENE!  
GENE!  
WHAT IS  
IT--?



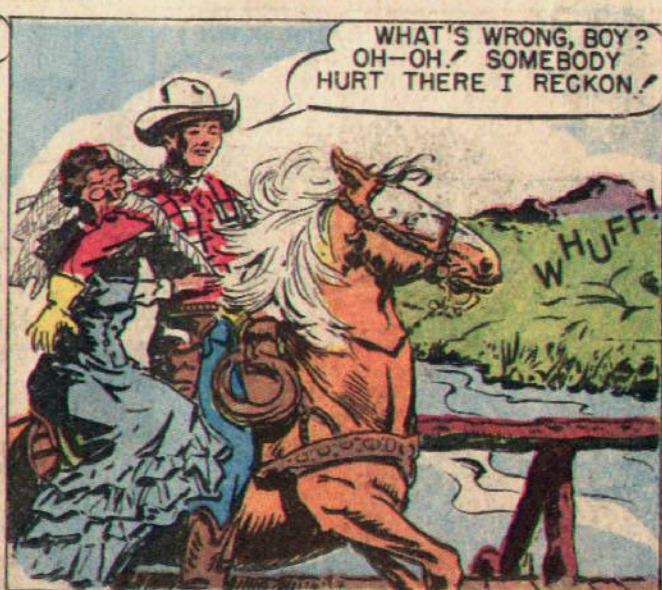
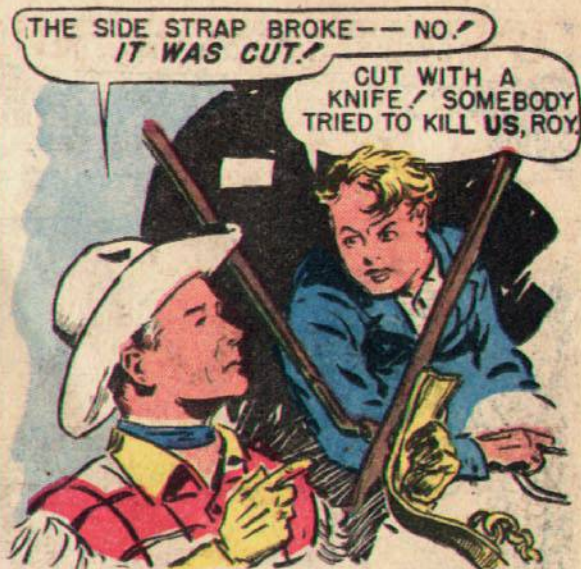
ALMOST AT THE BOTTOM,  
A SIDE STRAP  
BREAKS  
THEN ANOTHER!



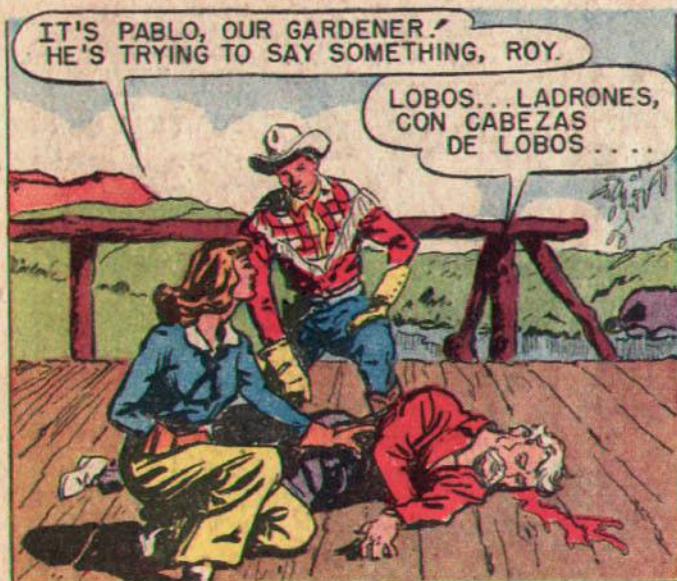






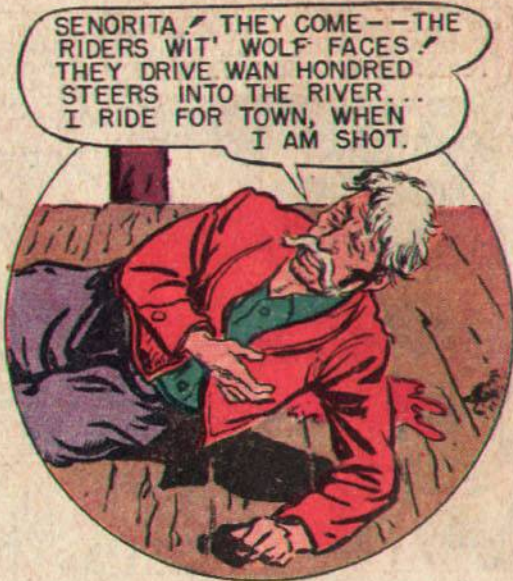






IT'S PABLO, OUR GARDENER.  
HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING, ROY.

LOBOS... LADRONES,  
CON CABEZAS  
DE LOBOS....

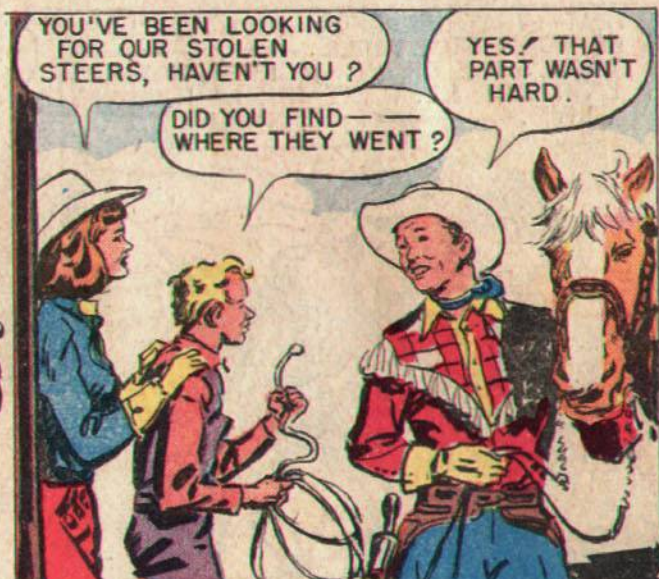


SEÑORITA! THEY COME--THE  
RIDERS WIT' WOLF-FACES!  
THEY DRIVE WAN HUNDRED  
STEERS INTO THE RIVER...  
I RIDE FOR TOWN, WHEN  
I AM SHOT.

THE NEXT DAY.



ROY! WE  
MISSED YOU  
THIS MORNING.



YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING  
FOR OUR STOLEN  
STEERS, HAVEN'T YOU?

YES! THAT  
PART WASN'T  
HARD.

DID YOU FIND--  
WHERE THEY WENT?

THE RUSTLERS HAD SWUM DOWN  
RIVER WITH THE STEERS--  
TO A DRINKING PLACE ON  
PRICE'S SIDE. YOU CAN'T PROVE  
IT BECAUSE HIS CATTLE HAVE  
BEEN THERE SINCE...

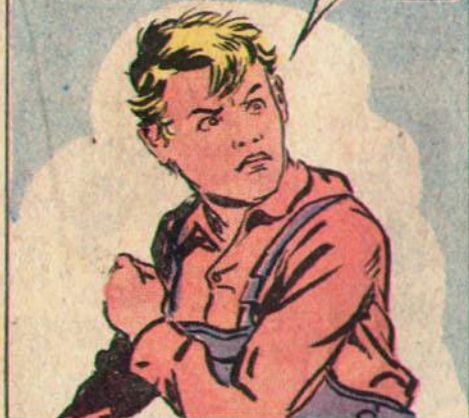


...BUT THERE'S NO OTHER PLACE  
A HUNDRED STEERS COULD  
HAVE CLIMBED OUT AND  
LEFT NO SIGN.

I KNEW IT!  
OH, BELTON PRICE  
ALWAYS COVERS  
HIS TRACKS--BUT  
HE'S IN CAHOOTS  
WITH THE WOLVES  
OF THE LITTLE MOAB.



AND, DAWGGONE IT! HE'S TAKEN MY PET STEERS, BUCK AND JUMBO WITH THAT BUNCH— AND HE'S **BRANDING 'EM TODAY.**



ROY! CAN'T WE RIDE OVER THERE WITH ALL OUR COWBOYS AND **MAKE HIM GIVE OUR STOCK BACK?**

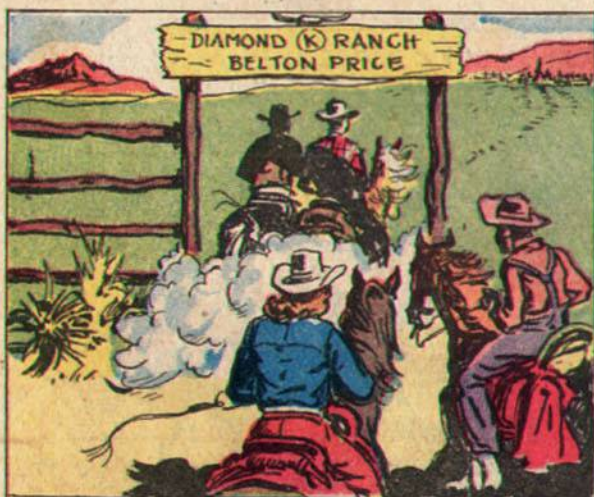
WE COULD—AND START A CATTLE WAR, GENE! BUT IT WOULDN'T PROVE US RIGHT... NOT ONE OF THOSE STEERS IS **BRANDED!**



ROY! I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING— GENE HAND-RAISED JUMBO AND BUCK FROM CALVES... THEY OBEY "GEE" AND "HAW" AND ANSWER TO THEIR NAMES—



I SEE— GENE CAN IDENTIFY THEM, BRAND OR NO BRAND— WITH THE SHERIFF WATCHING TO MAKE IT LEGAL... THIS LOOKS LIKE THE START OF A **WOLF HUNT, FOLKS!**



HOURS LATER A GRIM AND WORRIED SHERIFF FOLLOWS ROY THROUGH PRICE'S GATE.

THERE'S NO RISK, BILL— IF LITTLE GENE CAN'T SPOT HIS PET STEERS.

YEAH—BUT I'M WORRIED THAT HE WILL! IF PRICE IS GUILTY, THERE'LL BE GUNPLAY, ROY. AND DANGER TO THOSE KIDS!





THEY'RE IN DANGER ANYWAY,  
BILL.



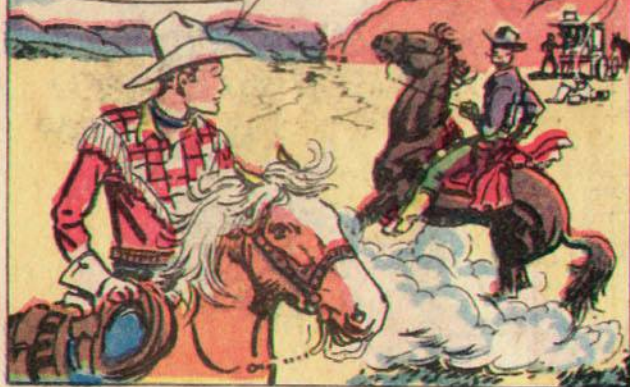
HELLO, SHERIFF. WHAT'S  
NEW IN THE  
MAN HUNT?

IT'S A CATTLE HUNT  
TODAY, PRICE.  
ROGERS WILL TELL  
YOU.



RUSTLERS WEARING WOLF-MASKS  
RAN OFF A HUNDRED LORRIMER  
STEERS WHILE WE WERE AT  
THE FUNERAL... WE'VE  
TRAILED 'EM ONTO YOUR  
LAND, PRICE.

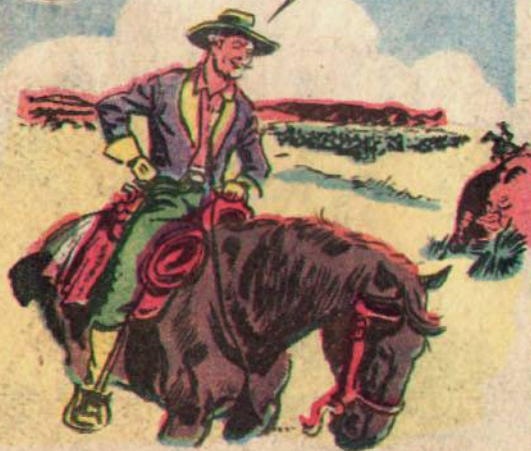
YOU'VE  
WHAT?



NO OFFENSE MEANT!  
MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO  
HELP US PICK UP  
THEIR TRAIL AGAIN...  
AND MAKE SURE ALL  
YOUR STOCK IS SAFE!



WHY--SURE! IF YOU PUT IT THAT  
WAY, ROGERS. I'LL PICK A COUPLE  
OF GOOD MEN TO GO ALONG WITH  
US.



TRUDY! ROY! THERE THEY ARE!  
THERE'S BUCK AND JUMBO!

CALL THEM, GENE!











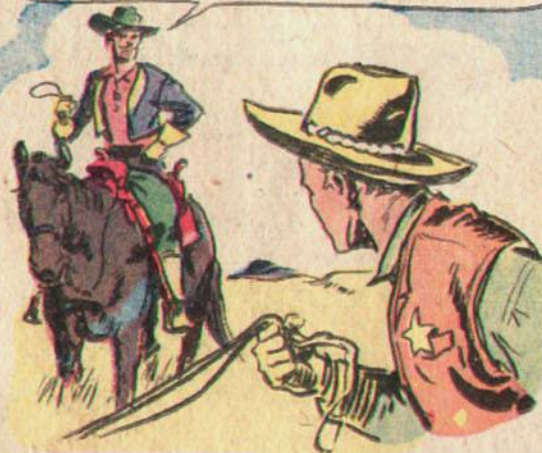
WITH A LIGHTNING DRAW, BELTON PRICE FIRES—TWICE!



THAT CONVICTS YOU TWICE OVER, PRICE!

WHY? AND OF WHAT?

TWO FRESH-BRANDED STEERS, ON THE PROD, STARTED FOR LITTLE GENE LORRIMER—THEN TURNED ON US. I SHOT 'EM JUST IN TIME, SHERIFF!



MY MEN WILL BACK ME UP, I RECKON—THEY SAW IT ALL.



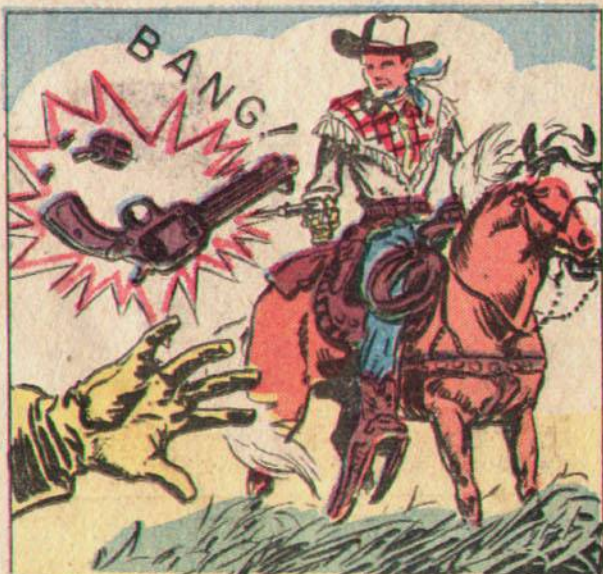
YOU'RE A LIAR, BELTON PRICE—AND A COW THIEF!

HAH!



YOU KILLED MY PET STEERS, YOU OLD DEVIL! AND YOU KILLED MY DAD! I HEARD YOU SAY "HAH!" LIKE THAT, BEHIND YOUR OLD WOLF-MASK!





PRICE, IF YOU'RE CRAVING TO HIT SOMEBODY, I'LL TAKE YOU ON— BAREHANDED... NOW!

NOT NOW, ROGERS— BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'VE BOUGHT INTO A GAME YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO FINISH!



GET ON WITH THAT BRANDING, BOYS! AND WE'LL SWAP LEAD WITH ANYONE WHO TRIES TO STOP US.

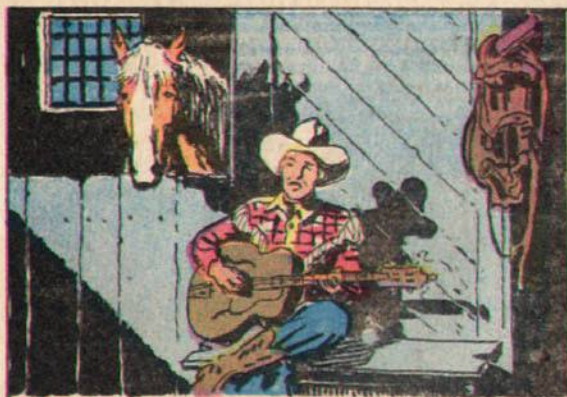


I RECKON THAT'S THAT, ROY. THERE'S NOTHING MUCH WE CAN DO...

EXCEPT TO WAIT FOR A BREAK, BILL. I HAVE A HUNCH THAT THE WOLVES OF THE LITTLE MOAB HAVE JUST RUN OUT OF LUCK.







THAT NIGHT, UNABLE TO SLEEP, ROY SEEKS THE COMPANIONSHIP OF HIS HORSE AND HIS GUITAR.



HELLO, ROY! I'VE BEEN AWAKE, TOO--THINKING.

GENE!

SO YOU'VE BEEN THINKING. WHAT'S MOSTLY ON YOUR MIND, PARTNER?

WONDERING WHETHER PANCHO COYLE IS ALIVE OR--OR MURDERED, LIKE MY DAD. AND THINKING HOW WE COULD FIND OUT.

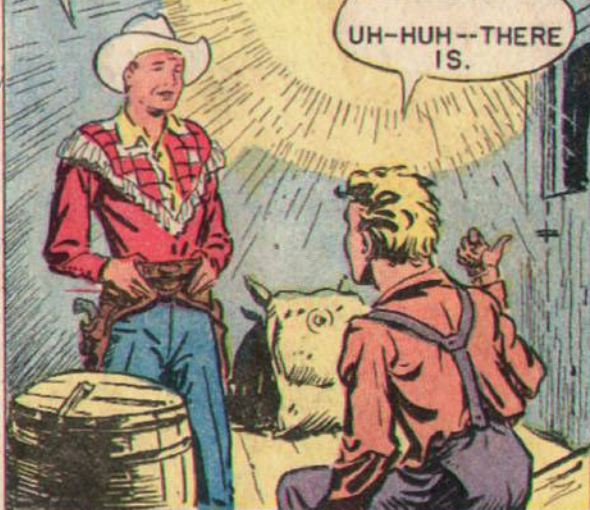


THERE'S A LITTLE, OLD MINE, THREE MILES BACK OF BELTON PRICE'S RANCH HOUSE THAT PABLO SHOWED ME ONCE... MOST FOLKS DON'T KNOW IT'S THERE.



I'VE BEEN WONDERING THAT, TOO--JUST SUPPOSE THAT PANCHO SHOULD BE ALIVE, IS THERE ANY PLACE NEARBY WHERE HE COULD BE HIDING?

UH-HUH--THERE IS.

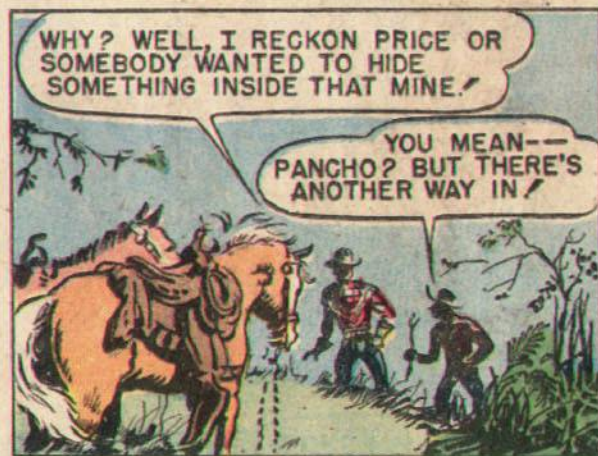
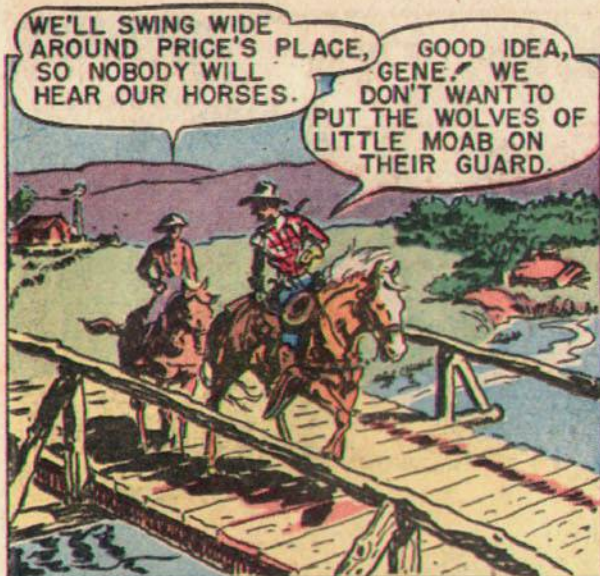


GENE, IF I SADDLE TRIGGER, AND A HORSE FOR YOU, CAN YOU TAKE ME THERE TONIGHT?

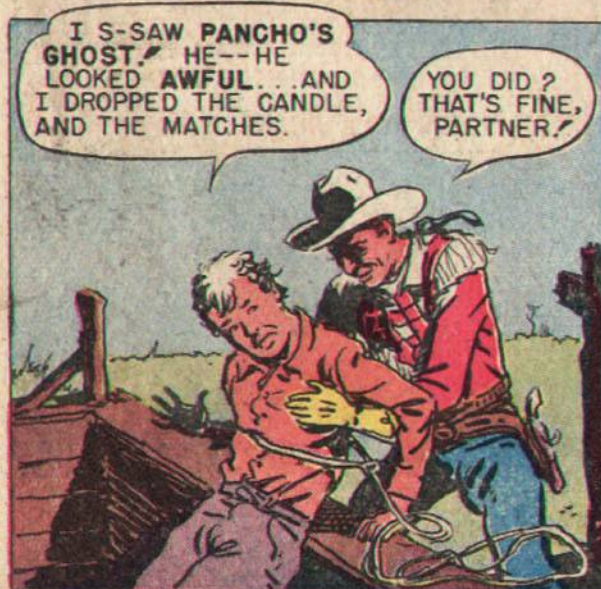
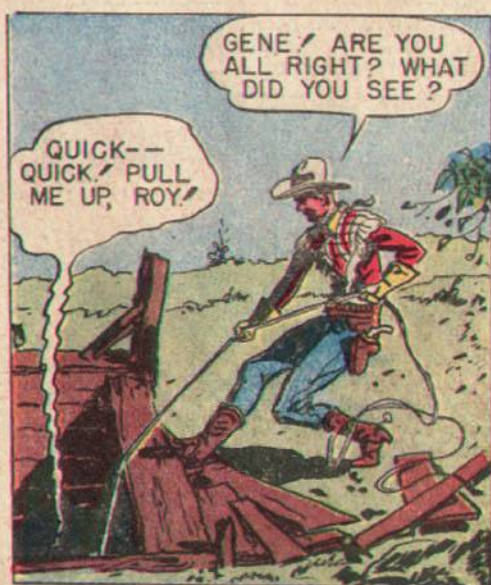
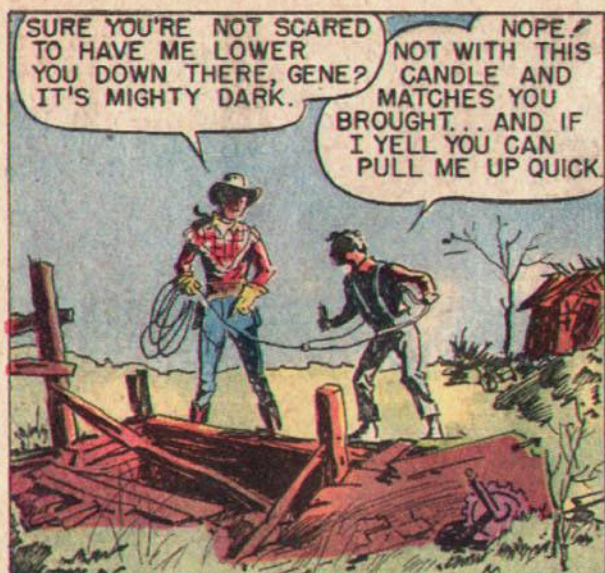


SURE.













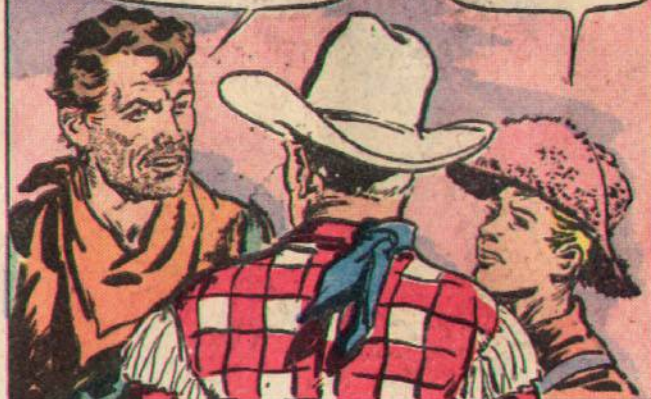


THE DAY I'M SUPPOSED TO HAVE SWIPED THAT MONEY AND CLEARED OUT, I WAS RIDING WITH BELTON PRICE NOT FAR FROM HERE. THAT'S THE LAST I KNEW --



--UNTIL I WOKE UP, DOWN IN THAT OLD MINE, WITH A CUT SCALP AND A THUMPING HEADACHE. PISTOL-WHIPPED, FROM BEHIND!

PRICE TRIED TO KILL YOU -- LIKE DAD!



NO, GENE, HE DIDN'T! THERE WAS A JUG OF WATER AND SOME CANNED GRUB BESIDE ME WHEN I CAME TO... I CAN'T FIGURE WHY.



YOUR BOOTS LEFT TRACKS OUTSIDE PIKE LORRIMER'S WINDOW, COYLE... IF YOU SHOULD BE TURNED LOOSE WEARING THEM, AND KNOWING NOTHING OF WHAT'S HAPPENED --



-- I'D BE CAUGHT AND SHOT FOR A KILLER-WOLF! YEAH! THAT'S THE ANSWER, ROGERS.



LISTEN, PANCHO! I HEAR VOICES-- AND A LOT OF COWS BAWLING...

YUP! SO DO I, GENE!





THEY'RE HEADING THIS WAY.  
WE'LL GET OUT OF SIGHT HERE,  
PANCHO.

OKAY, ROY.



ROY, THAT'S  
BELTON PRICE.  
I KNOW HIS VOICE--

YOU'RE RIGHT,  
AND HE'S MOVING  
ABOUT 300  
WHITEFACES.



THEY'RE ALL LORRIMER'S  
STOCK-- AND SOME OF  
'EM ARE LICKING  
FRESH BRANDS.

COULD YOU  
PROVE THAT  
THEY ARE  
LORRIMER CATTLE,  
PANCHO?



YES, I WAS AFRAID  
PIKE LORRIMER'S NOTION  
TO RAISE UNBRANDED  
STOCK WOULD MAKE  
TROUBLE-- SO I MARKED  
THEM MYSELF.

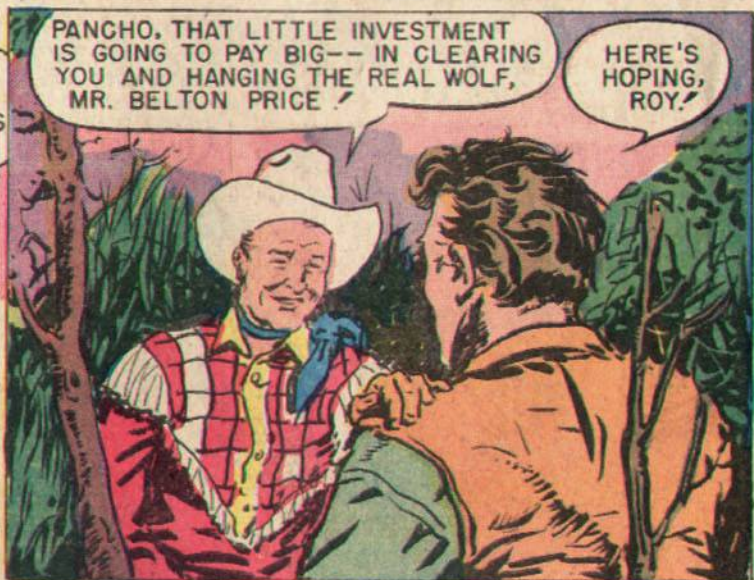
HOW?



FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS  
I'VE SLIPPED A SILVER DIME  
UNDER THE SHOULDER SKIN OF  
EVERY CALF BORN ON LORRIMER  
ISLAND--WHEN NOBODY ELSE WAS  
LOOKING. IT'S COST ME A LITTLE,  
BUT--

PANCHO, THAT LITTLE INVESTMENT  
IS GOING TO PAY BIG-- IN CLEARING  
YOU AND HANGING THE REAL WOLF,  
MR. BELTON PRICE.

HERE'S  
HOPING,  
ROY.





ROY, PANCHO, THERE'S ANOTHER BUNCH OF COWS COMING FROM THE DRINKING PLACE... AND I HEARD A WOLF HOWL.

FROM THE RIVER?

ROY, DO YOU RECKON THERE WAS ANOTHER WOLF RAID ON LORRIMER ISLAND?

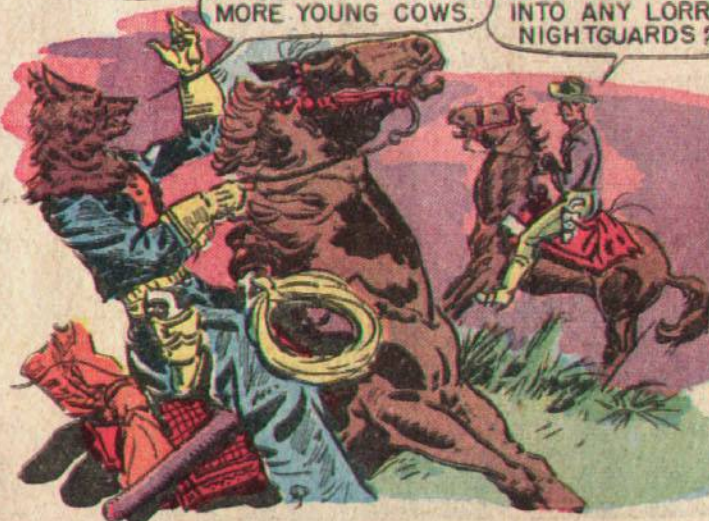
COULD BE, PANCHO... THERE AREN'T ENOUGH LORRIMER HANDS TO NIGHTGUARD ALL THE STOCK.

IT WAS A RAID, ALL RIGHT. I CAN SEE MOONLIGHT ON WET COWHIDES... AND ONE RIDER'S HEADING THIS WAY ON THE JUMP.

OW-OO-OO.

WE GOT 'EM. PRICE-- A HUNDRED MORE YOUNG COWS.

GOOD. DID YOU RUN INTO ANY LORRIMER NIGHTGUARDS?



YEH... TWO OF 'EM. WE POKED OUR GUNS INTO THEIR RIBS, WHILE THEY GAWKED AT OUR WOLF MASKS... WE LEFT 'EM TIED UP, TO SPREAD THE STORY.

NICE WORK, BURR. NOW, TAKE ALL THE STOCK TO THE RAILROAD AND LOAD 'EM ON THE CARS WAITING THERE... IT'S ARRANGED FOR THE BUYER TO PAY YOU CASH...





HE'LL THINK YOU'RE PANTHO  
COYLE, ACTING IN GOOD FAITH  
AS FOREMAN OF THIS SPREAD  
AND THE LORRIMERS'-- SAVVY?

YEAH--



-- HE'LL THINK SO UNTIL HE READS IN  
THE PAPERS THAT PANTHO COYLE HAS  
TURNED RUSTLER AND SPLIT  
THAT MONEY WITH HIS  
WOLVES. HAW, HAW, HAW.



WITH 300 OF MY OWN BRAND  
RUSTLED BY THE "WOLVES",  
NOT EVEN SHERIFF PRIME  
WILL ACCUSE ME OF  
WORKING WITH 'EM.



AND WHEN I TURN PANTHO  
LOOSE TO WANDER INTO  
THE HANGMAN'S ROPE--

HAH, HAH, HAH--



ULK-!

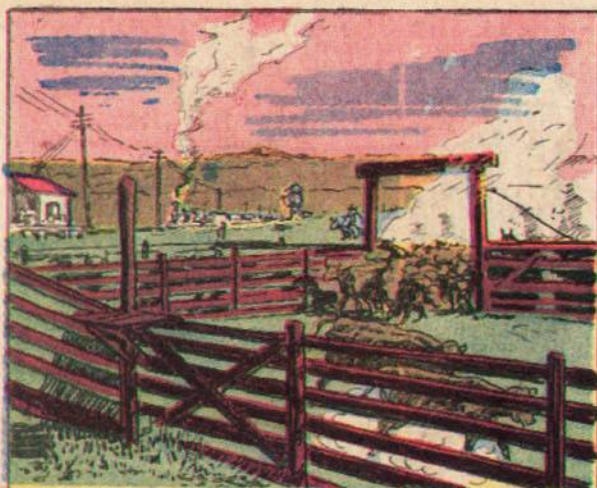


I RECKON YOU LAUGHED OUT OF TURN  
THAT TIME, PRICE. PANTHO COYLE,  
HERE, IS JUST LONGING TO HAVE  
A LITTLE TALK WITH YOU.

AND HOW.







IN THE DIM DAWN LIGHT, RUSTLED CATTLE ARE CROWDING INTO PENS AT THE NORTH MOAB SIDING.

MORNING, MR. OAKES! YOU'RE BUYING 200 STEERS AND THE SAME OF YOUNG COWS, BY OUR TALLY... WANT TO CHECK IT?

I RECKON NOT, GENTS-- THE LORRIMER REPUTATION IS A GUARANTEE.



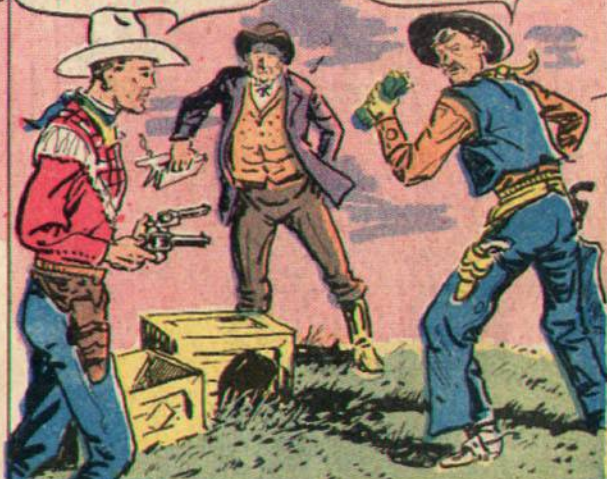
YOU'RE LORRIMER'S FOREMAN, PANTO COYLE?

YEAH--I'LL TAKE THE CASH FOR HIM AND HIS PARTNER, PRICE...



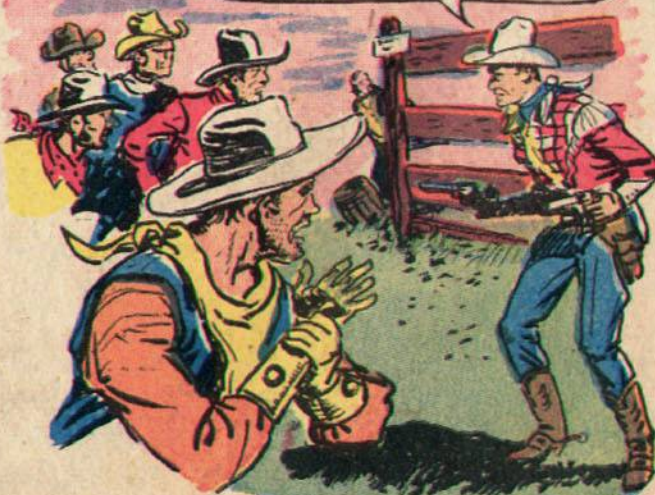
HAND THAT MONEY BACK, BURR-- AND DON'T TOUCH YOUR GUN!

ROGERS! YOU SNOOPIN' CATTLE DICK--



ROY'S GUNSHOT BLASTS A QUARTER-SECOND AHEAD OF BURR'S.

DROP THOSE SMOKE-POLES, GENTS-- THIS IS THE LAW!



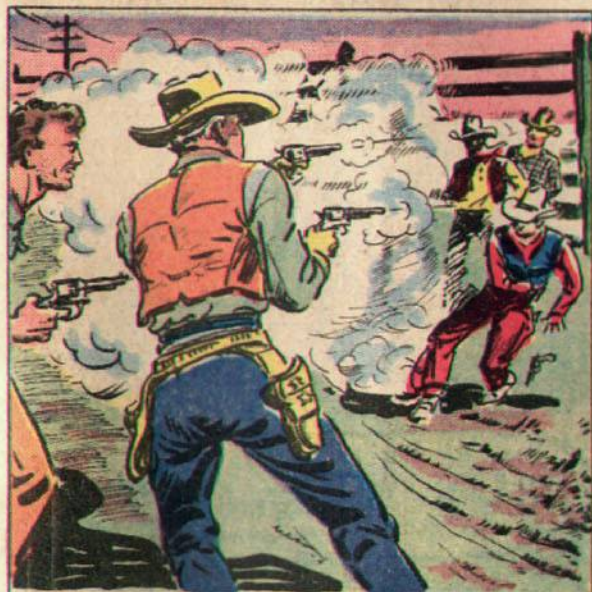




BLAST THE LAW-- WE'RE SHOOTIN' IT OUT!



WRONG, BURR-- THE LAW WANTS YOU ALIVE!



WHIRLING AROUND TO FACE SHERIFF PRIME AND PANTHO THE WOLVES OF LITTLE MOAB START SWAPPING LEAD.



I RECKON THAT'S THE THE END OF THE PACK, ROY... THEY'LL JOIN BELTON PRICE IN JAIL-- WHAT'S LEFT OF 'EM.

GOOD SHOOTING, BILL! ARE YOU OR PANTHO HIT?

ONLY MY EAR GOT NICKED--FOR STICKING OUT TOO FAR! BUT THE LAW CAN CHALK UP TWO DEAD WOLVES, BY THE LOOKS OF THEM.



YOU CAN COME OUT AND TAKE BACK YOUR MONEY, MR. OAKES. I HAPPEN TO BE THE REAL PANTHO COYLE-- AND SO FAR AS I KNOW WE'RE NOT SELLING ANY CATTLE TODAY.



THERE'S NO WAY FOR ME OR THE LORRIMERS TO THANK YOU, ROY... THE SAME GOES FOR PANCHITO. BUT BEFORE WE CAN CALL THE JOB FINISHED, THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE--

WHAT'S THAT, BILL?

I'M GOING TO HAVE PANCHITO OPERATE ON ONE OF THOSE LORRIMER STEERS AND PRODUCE HIS MARKER DIME.

THERE'S THE DIME, SHERIFF. NEVER HURT THE CRITTER A BIT.

SURE 'NOUGH. THAT'S THAT, PANCHITO.

AND HERE COMES THE LORRIMER OUTFIT.

PANCHITO. PANCHITO. ARE YOU-REAL?

YOU'RE TOO GOOD TO BE REAL, TRUDY.

NOT SO YOU'D NOTICE IT. NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU-- SO FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, PANCHITO MIO.

AND SO FAR AS TRIGGER AND I ARE CONCERNED, THERE'S A LONG TRAIL AHEAD, BILL... SO LONG.

GOING NOW, ROY? WE'RE GOING TO MISS YOU PLENTY-- TILL WE SEE YOU AGAIN. HASTA LUEGO, AMIGO.

"HASTA LUEGO. DOWN THE LONG TRAIL, SOMETIME AND SOMEWHERE WE'LL MEET WITHOUT FAIL."





In the time-honored tradition of cowboys, Roy Rogers takes good care of his firearms. Away from the cameras filming his latest picture, "On the Old Spanish Trail," Roy is shown giving a thorough cleaning job to one of his hunting rifles.



