

DELL

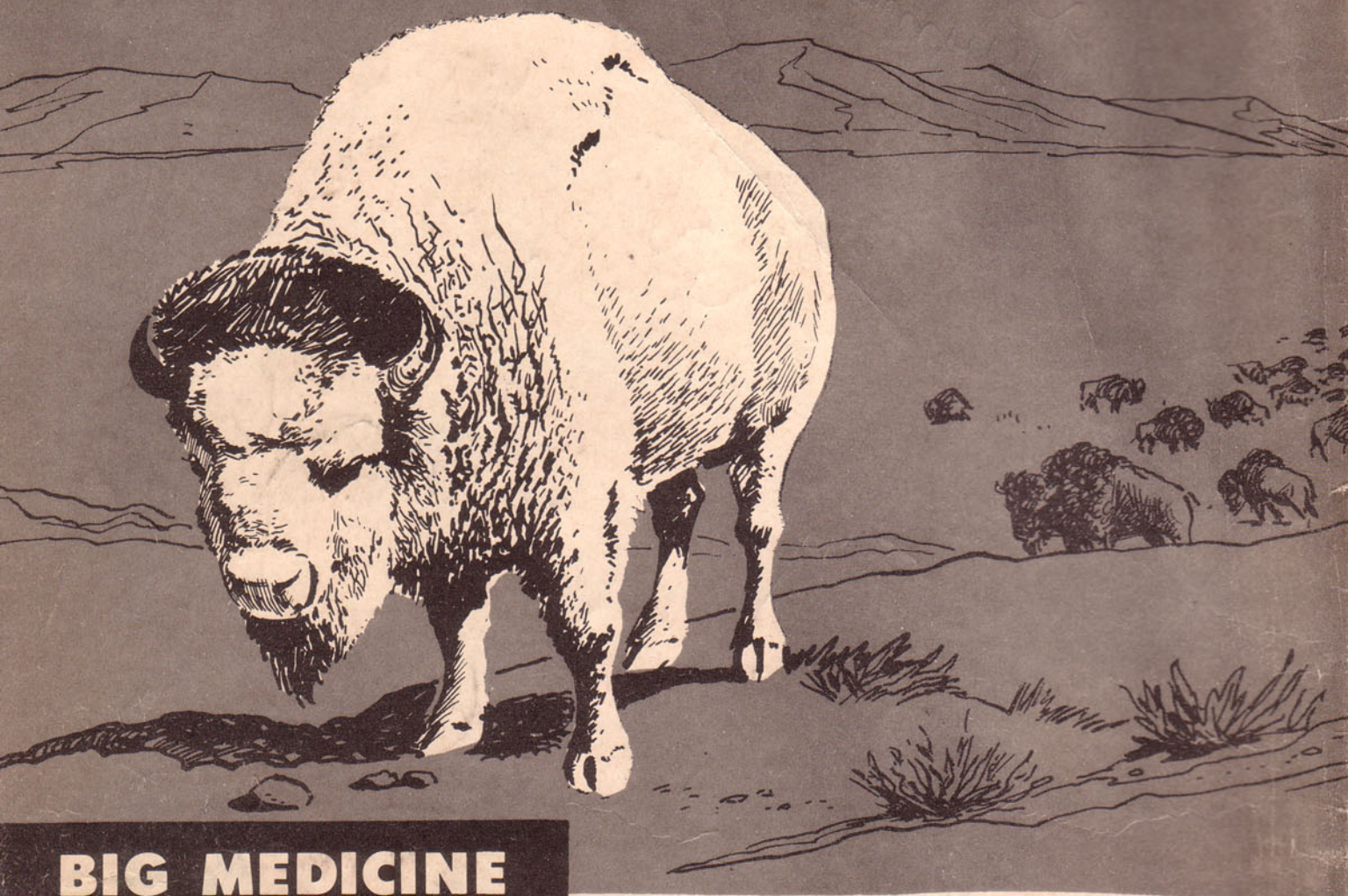
FEBRUARY

10¢

*Douglas  
Westman*  
**ROY ROGERS**  
*and* **TRIGGER**







## BIG MEDICINE

Nothing is more sacred to Plains Indians than a white buffalo. With good reason, red men from reservations all over the West journey yearly to Montana's Flathead Valley. Here, on the National Bison Refuge, roams a buffalo bull, who is the only one of his kind in the entire world.

White as driven snow, save for a brown skullcap, this old bull is as rare as a unicorn. There may never again be another like him, for only once in two million calvings is an albino buffalo born. Years ago, when a hundred million shaggy bison roamed the wide open spaces, Indians revered such a miracle of nature and would harm no herd in which one stood. Even wars were fought over a white buffalo hide, and warriors died proudly, fighting to keep the hide within the tribe.

"A white buffalo is so rare," old-time Indians said, "that even the Great Spirit is surprised to see one!"

Some tribes believed albinos came from an underworld, far away in the north beneath the earth's shell!

Of the untold millions of buffalo hides taken by hunters in the nineteenth century, only five were white. Ordinary hides seldom sold for more than two dollars apiece, but a white robe taken by "Prairie Dog Dave" in 1873 brought two thousand dollars.

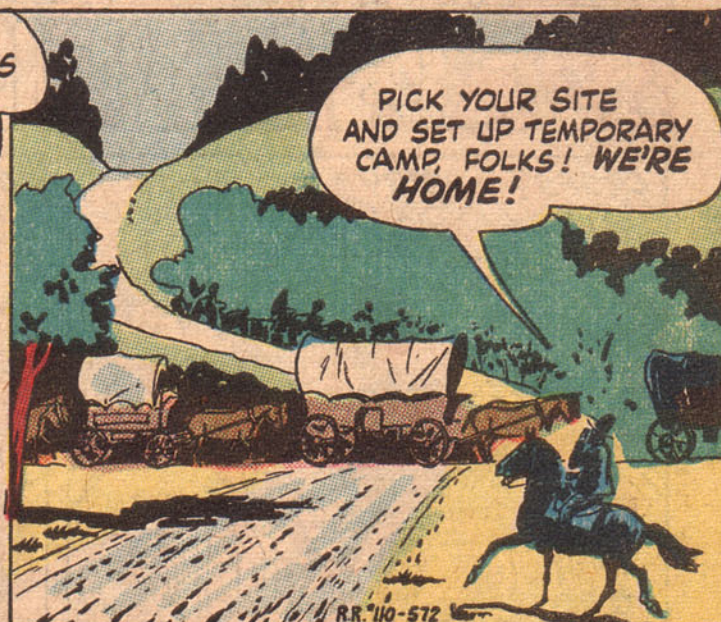
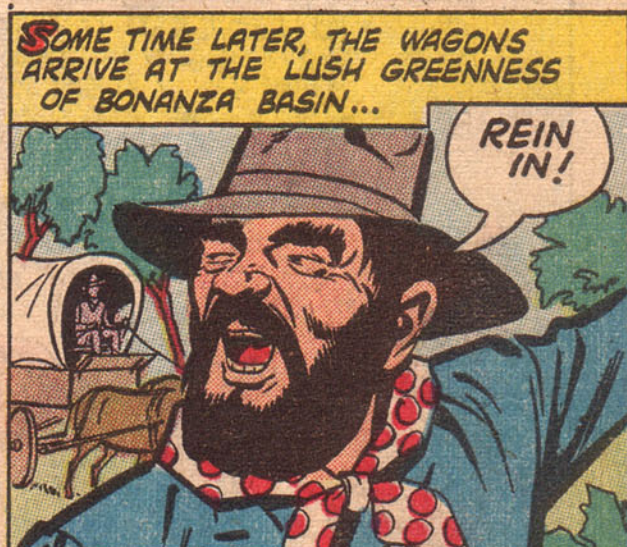
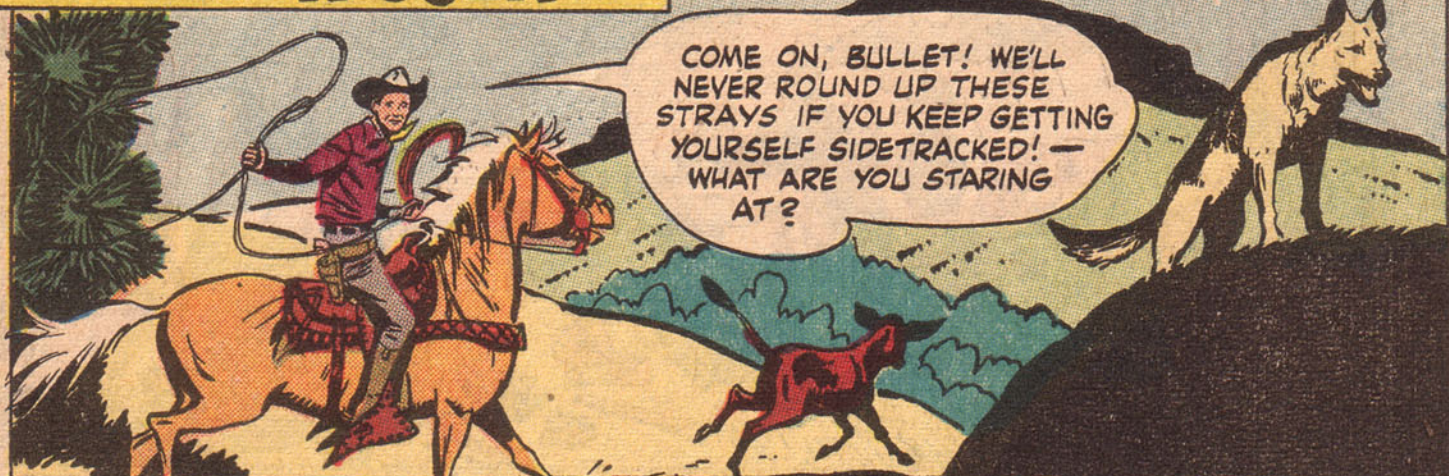
Small wonder it is that Montana's white buffalo is named "Big Medicine," and like the world's greatest treasures, is guarded day and night.



# ROY ROGERS

and **TRIGGER**

## "THE LAND GRABBERS"

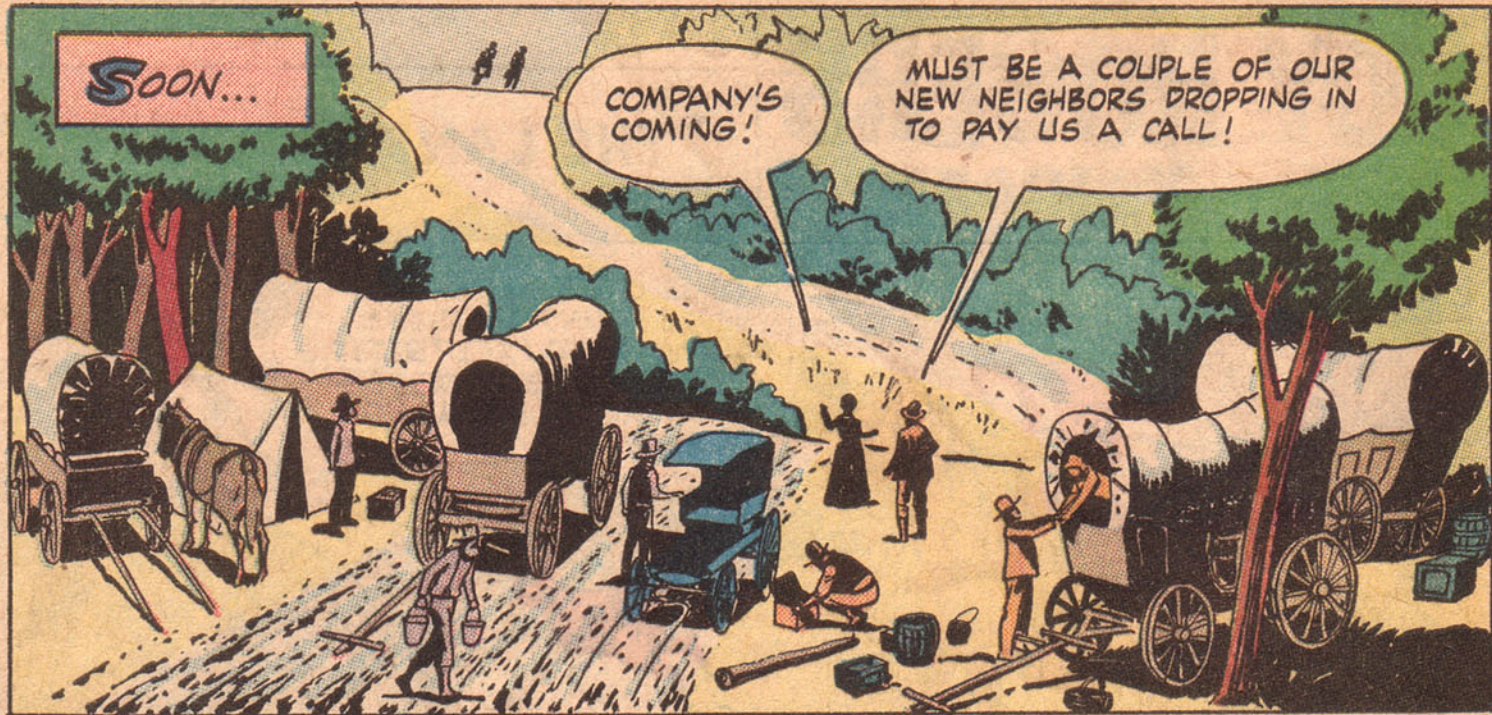


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**DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**

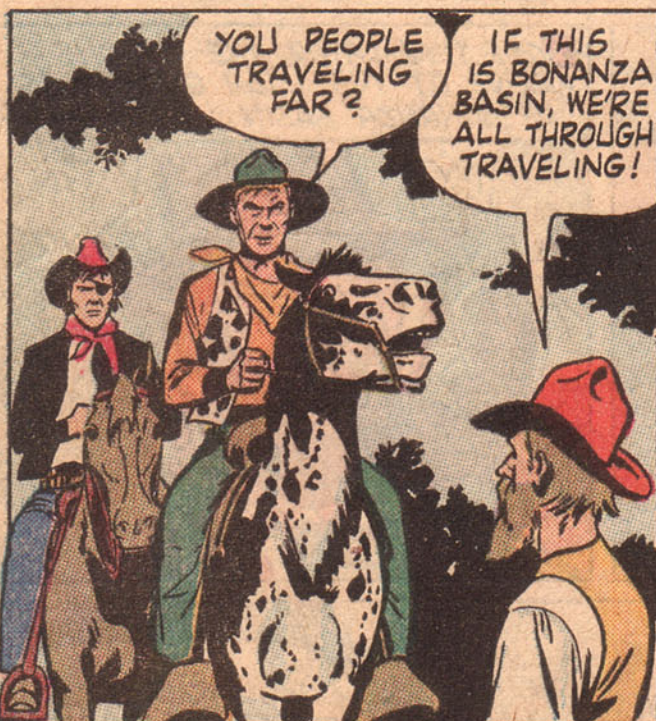




SOON...

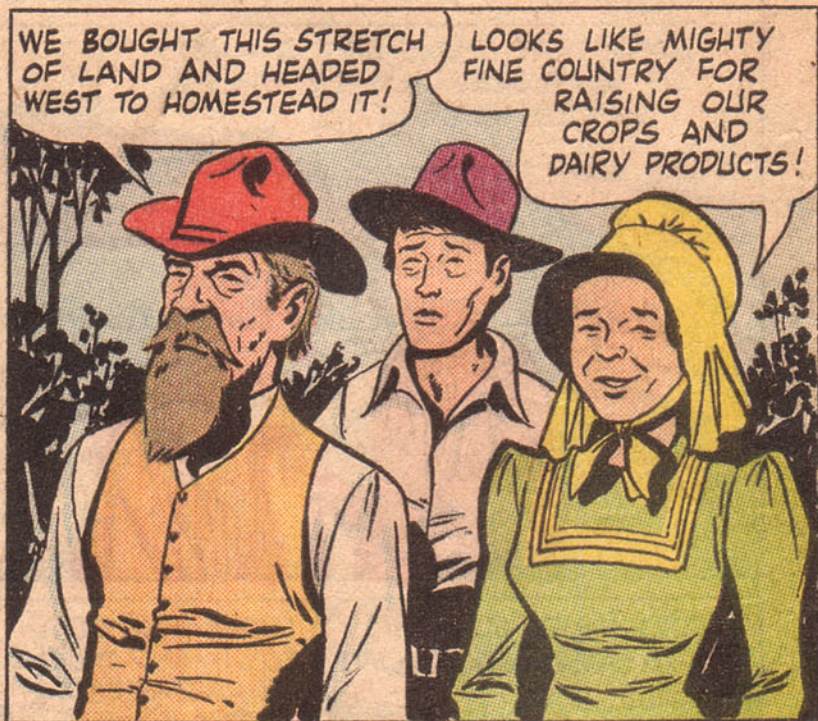
COMPANY'S  
COMING!

MUST BE A COUPLE OF OUR  
NEW NEIGHBORS DROPPING IN  
TO PAY US A CALL!



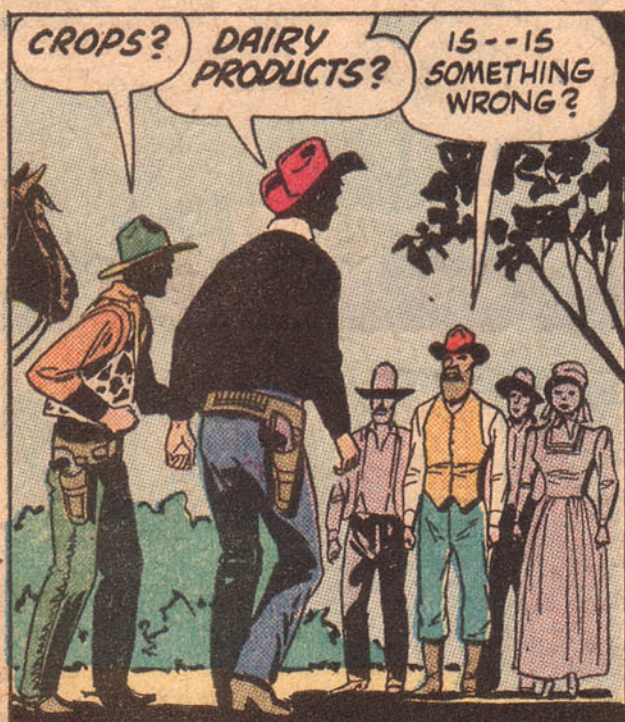
YOU PEOPLE  
TRAVELING  
FAR?

IF THIS  
IS BONANZA  
BASIN, WE'RE  
ALL THROUGH  
TRAVELING!



WE BOUGHT THIS STRETCH  
OF LAND AND HEADED  
WEST TO HOMESTEAD IT!

LOOKS LIKE MIGHTY  
FINE COUNTRY FOR  
RAISING OUR  
CROPS AND  
DAIRY PRODUCTS!



CROPS?

DAIRY  
PRODUCTS?

IS--IS  
SOMETHING  
WRONG?



BONANZA BASIN IS OPEN  
LIVESTOCK RANGE! AND IT'S  
THE ONLY CATTLE TRAIL OUT  
OF MINERAL CITY! YOU  
FARMERS AREN'T GOING  
TO RUIN IT BY RUNNING  
PLOWS OVER IT AND  
BLOCKING OUR  
HERDS WITH  
FENCES!

WE'RE NOT  
GOING TO HOG  
THE LAND! WE AIM  
TO GIVE ANYONE  
WHO WANTS IT FREE  
PASSAGE  
RIGHTS!



OUR AIM MIGHT BE BETTER! SO... UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE BURIED A LONG WAY FROM HOME, PACK YOUR GEAR AND CLEAR OUT!

WE HOLD A LEGAL BILL OF SALE ON THIS LAND! WHAT'S TO STOP US FROM BUILDING ON IT?

GUESS!

SUDDENLY...

BLAM!  
BLAM!

I'M ROY ROGERS! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE HERE?

NOTHING THAT A DOSE OF GUNFIRE COULDN'T CURE!

THESE TINHORN FARMERS CLAIM TO OWN THIS BASIN LAND! THEY WERE FIXING TO SET UP A PERMANENT SQUATTERS' COLONY ON IT!

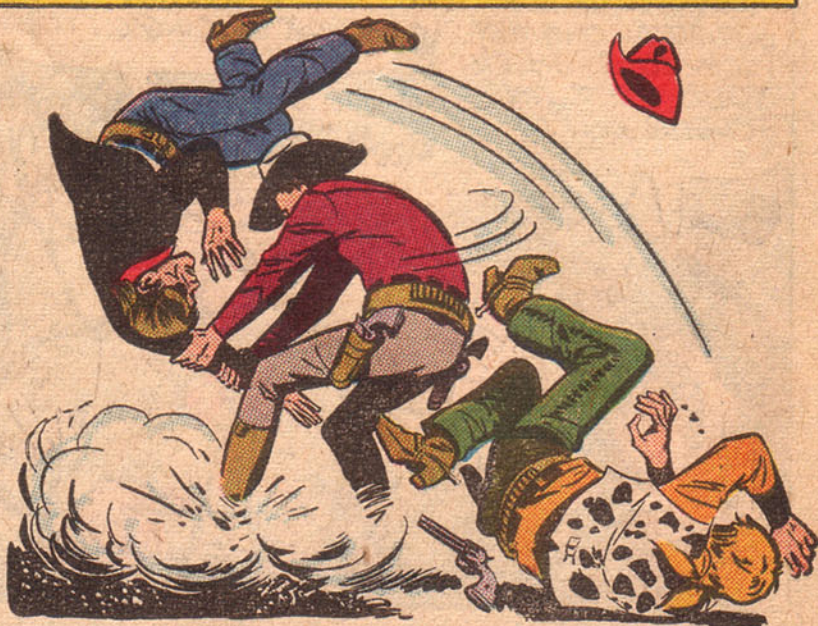
THEY'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE! THE LOCAL CATTLEMEN WON'T STAND FOR THIS!



THERE ARE SEVERAL THINGS  
THIS CATTLEMAN WON'T  
STAND FOR!

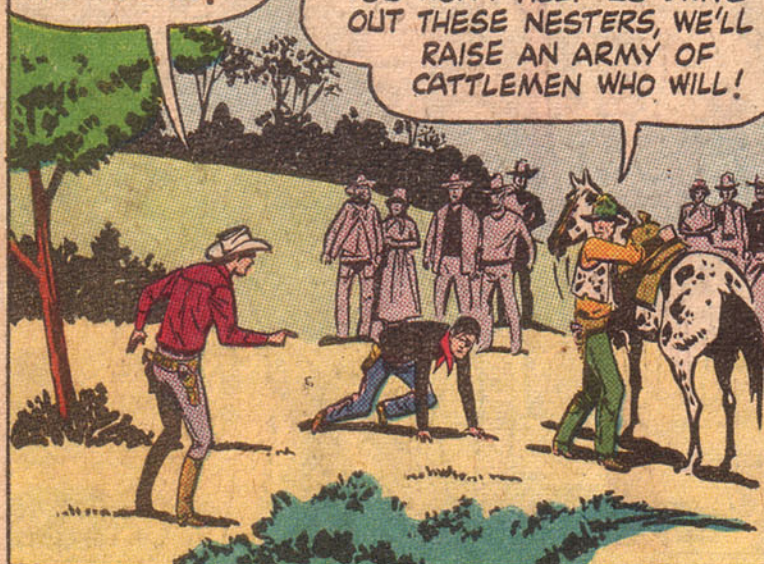
WHY, YOU  
UNTAMED  
PUP!

**B**UT DALY IS HELPLESS IN THE FACE OF ROY'S  
SPEED...



NOW, SUPPOSE  
YOU TWO HIT THE  
SADDLE -- AND  
KEEP RIDING!

WE'LL KEEP RIDING --  
TO EVERY RANCH IN THE  
MINERAL CITY AREA! IF  
YOU WON'T HELP US DRIVE  
OUT THESE NESTERS, WE'LL  
RAISE AN ARMY OF  
CATTLEMEN WHO WILL!



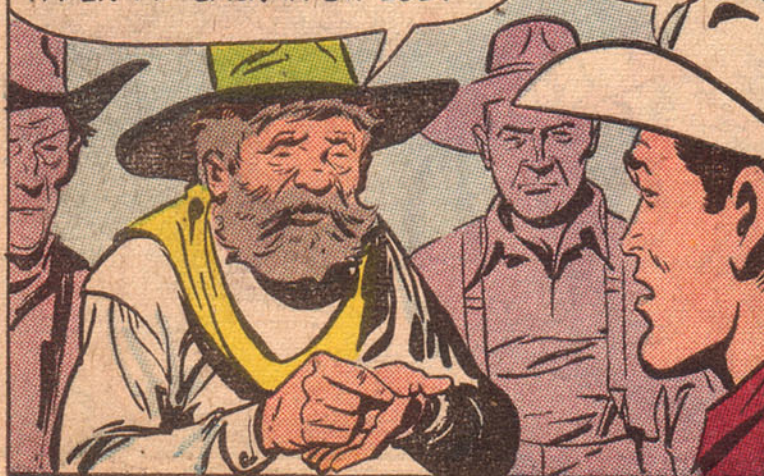
IT APPEARS WE'RE  
NOT WANTED HERE!  
MAYBE WE'D **BETTER**  
MOVE ON!

IF YOU HOLD A  
LEGAL CLAIM TO  
THIS LAND, YOU  
WON'T HAVE TO!



THAT'S THE TALK, SON! — WE  
POOLED \$30,000 OF OUR LIFE  
SAVINGS AND BOUGHT FIFTY  
THOUSAND OF THESE ACRES,  
SIGHT UNSEEN! GOT 'EM FROM  
BRACE BENTY. — HE RAN A NEWS-  
PAPER AD BACK IN ST. JOE!

H.M... NEVER  
HEARD OF  
HIM! MIND  
IF I SEE  
THAT  
DEED?



**M**EANWHILE...

SOME SPREAD'S MOVING  
THIS WAY WITH A  
CATTLE DRIVE!

JUST WHAT  
THE DOCTOR  
ORDERED!

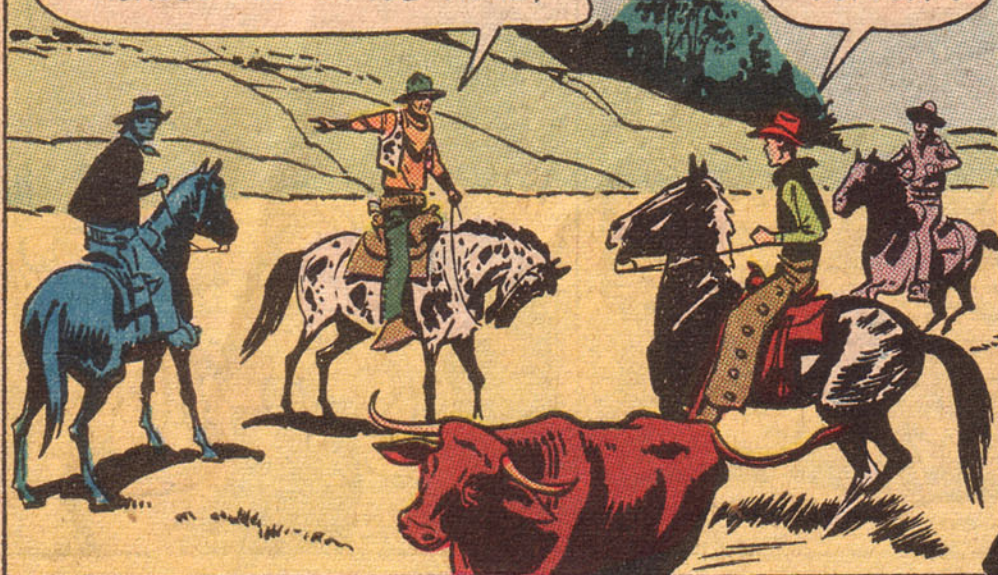




IF YOU'RE HEADING THROUGH BONANZA BASIN, YOU'RE IN FOR TROUBLE! THERE'S A PARTY OF SQUATTERS CAMPED SQUARE ACROSS THE CATTLE TRAIL!

WHAT'LL WE DO? WE'RE NOT LOOKING FOR GUNPLAY!

YOU DON'T NEED GUNPLAY! YOU HAVE CATTLE!

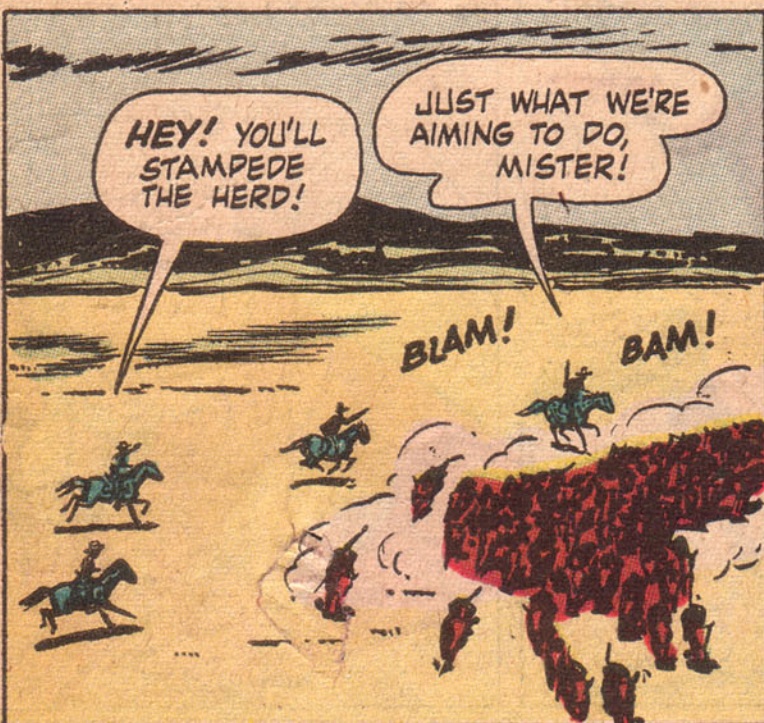


HEY! YOU'LL STAMPEDE THE HERD!

JUST WHAT WE'RE AIMING TO DO, MISTER!

BLAM!

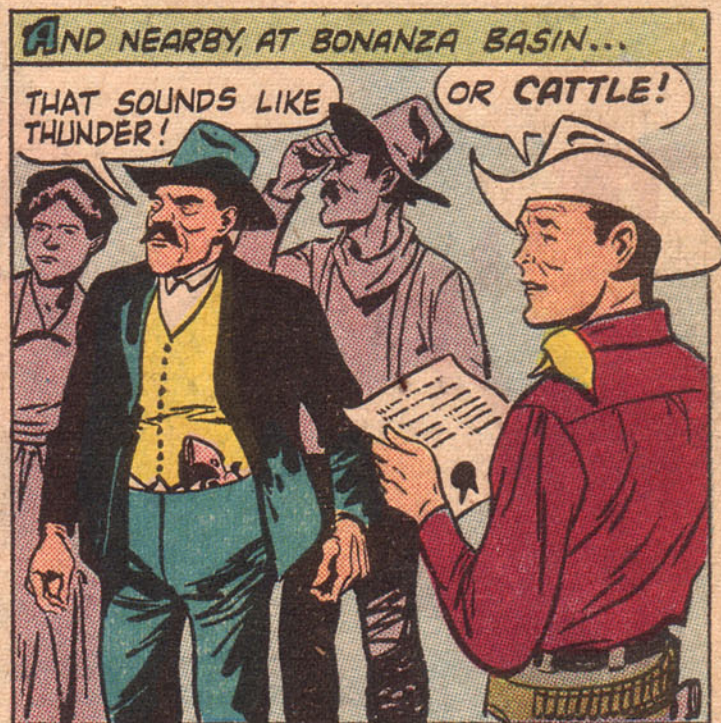
BAM!



AND NEARBY, AT BONANZA BASIN...

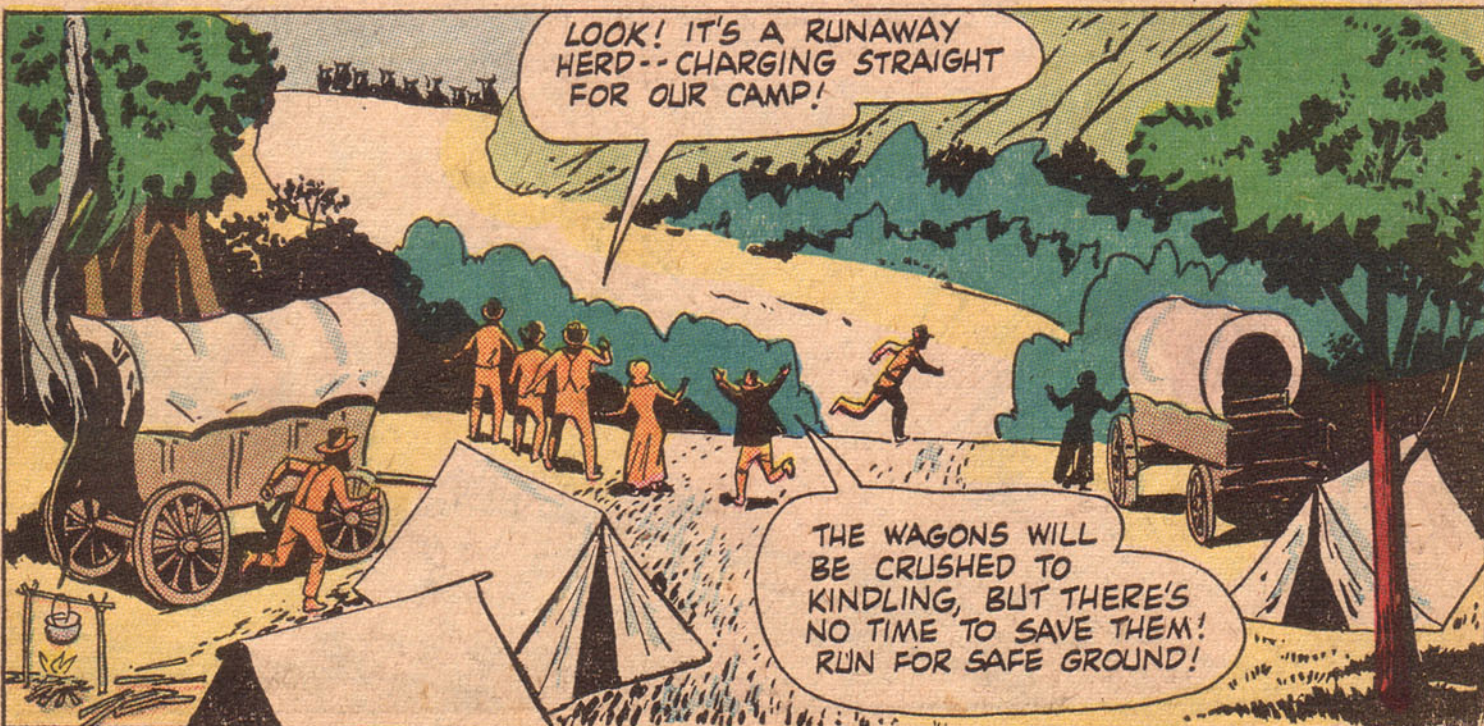
THAT SOUNDS LIKE THUNDER!

OR CATTLE!



LOOK! IT'S A RUNAWAY HERD--CHARGING STRAIGHT FOR OUR CAMP!

THE WAGONS WILL BE CRUSHED TO KINDLING, BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO SAVE THEM! RUN FOR SAFE GROUND!

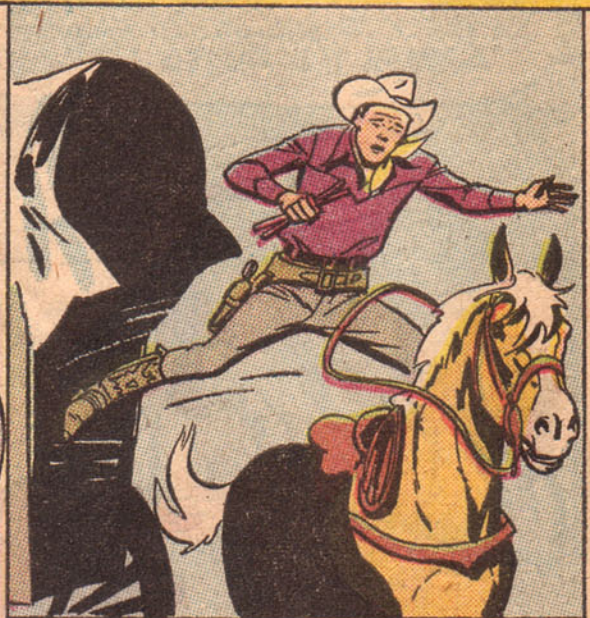
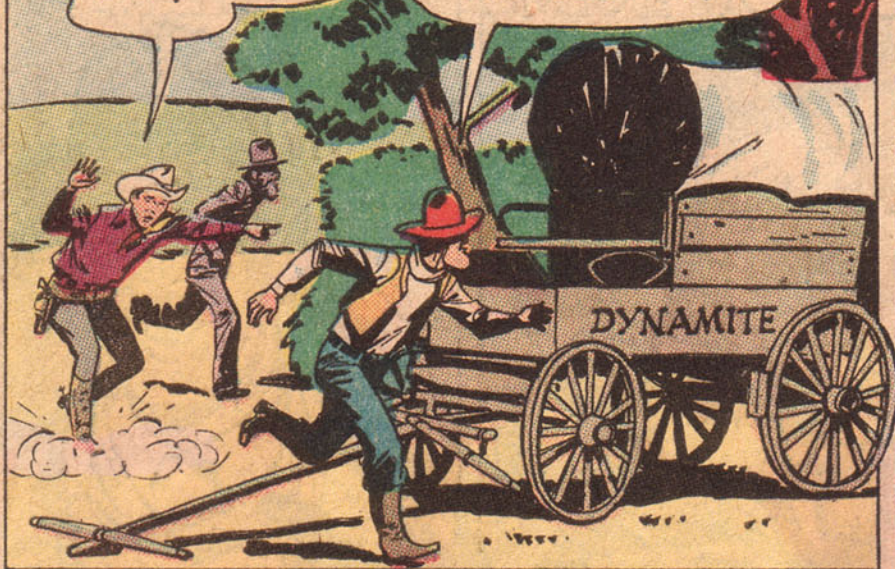




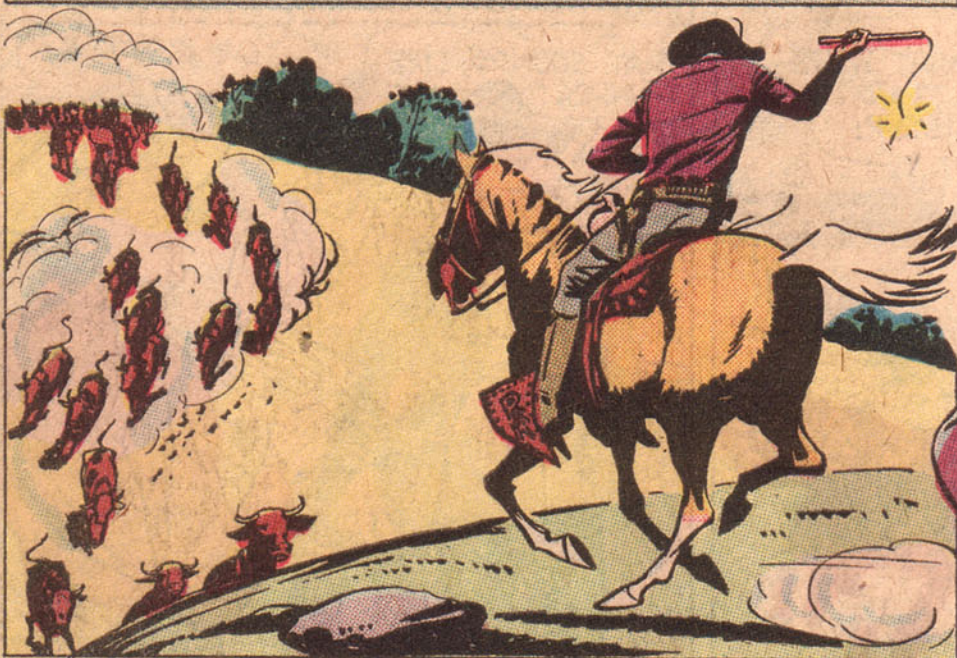
DO THESE LABELS  
MEAN WHAT THEY  
SAY?

SURE! WE USE EXPLOSIVES  
TO BLAST OUR TRAIL  
THROUGH SOME OF  
THIS COUNTRY!

**S**NATCHING A HANDFUL OF DYNAMITE  
STICKS, ROY LEAPS ONTO TRIGGER...



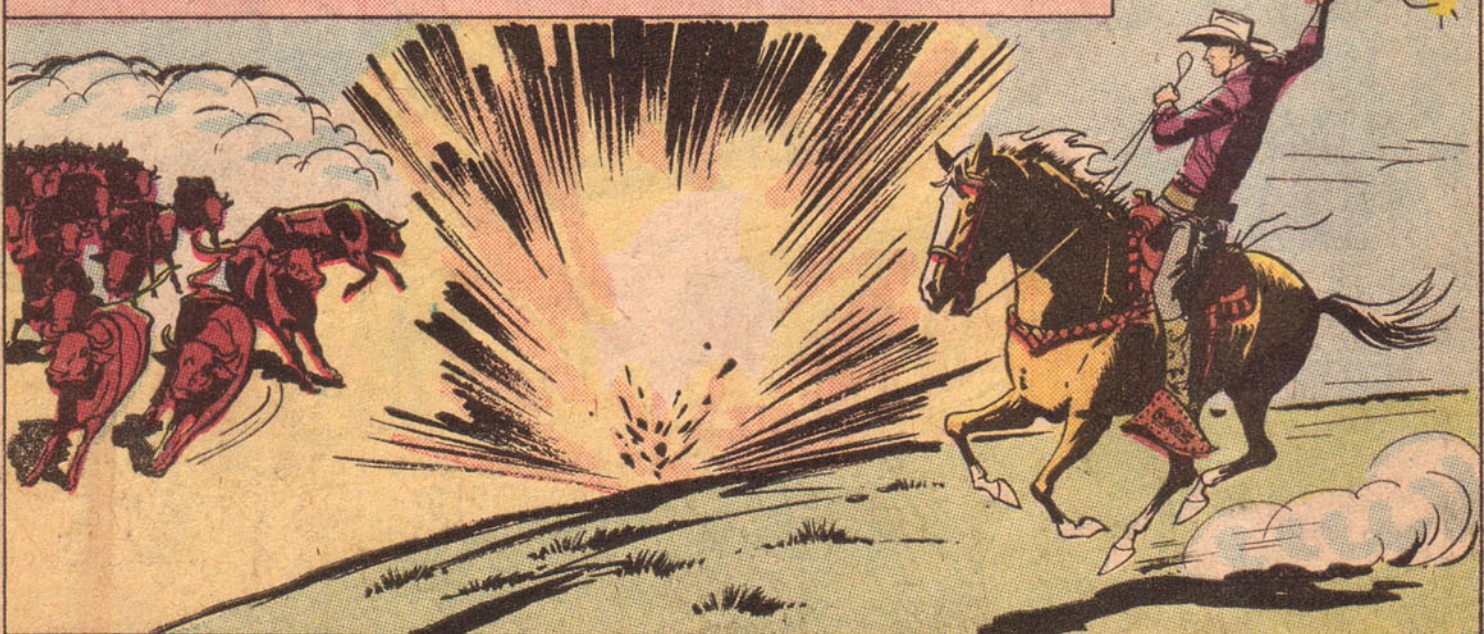
...AND SPURS STRAIGHT TOWARD THE ONCOMING HERD...



IF THIS DOESN'T STOP  
THEM, NOTHING WILL!

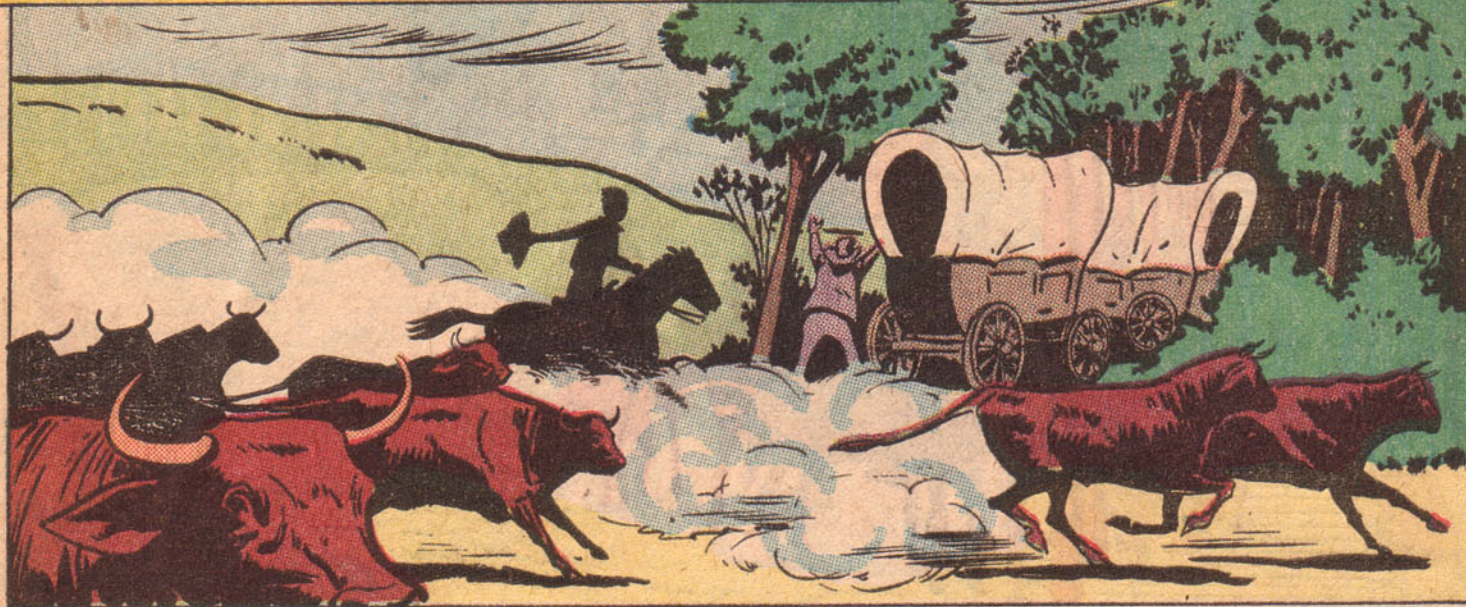


**A**T THE FIRST SOUNDS OF EXPLOSION, THE STARTLED LIVESTOCK  
COME TO A SHUDDERING HALT JUST SHORT OF THE WAGONS...





THEN, VEERING ABRUPTLY, THE BEWILDERED HERD RUSHES BLINDLY ACROSS THE RANGELAND...



THOSE TWO VISITORS YOU HAD DIDN'T WASTE MUCH TIME SHOWING THEIR HAND!

YOU MEAN THEY STAMPEDED THOSE CATTLE?

THAT WAS ONLY A SAMPLE! THEY'RE NOT THROUGH YET!

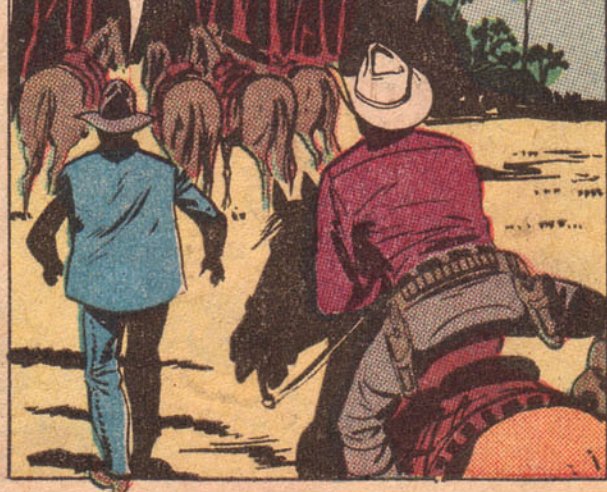
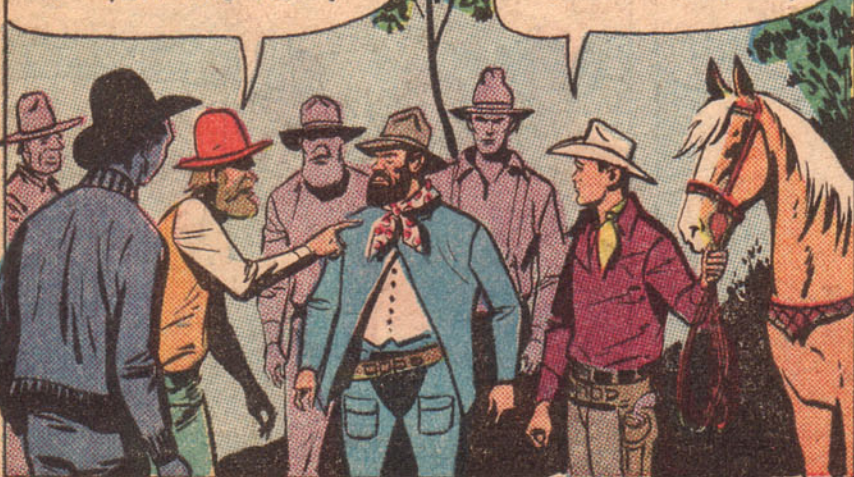
ROGERS IS RIGHT! WE'LL EITHER BE RUN OFF THIS LAND OR BE BURIED UNDER IT, SURE AS MY NAME IS LINK KIRBY! I VOTE THAT WE QUIT THIS CLAIM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

IT WAS YOU WHO ORGANIZED THIS WAGON PARTY AND TALKED US INTO PUTTING EVERY CENT WE OWNED INTO THIS PROPERTY! WE'RE NOT QUITTING NOW!

THEN YOU'D BETTER POST A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR GUARD AND STRING A FENCE AROUND YOUR CAMP BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE HAPPENS!

I'LL RIDE INTO MINERAL CITY AND ORDER WIRE AND FENCE POSTS!

I'LL KEEP YOU COMPANY, JUST IN CASE WE MEET UP WITH MORE TROUBLE!





**SULLEN, HOSTILE STARES FOLLOW ROY AND LINK KIRBY AS THEY RIDE INTO MINERAL CITY...**

THESE TOWNSPEOPLE DON'T SEEM VERY GLAD TO SEE US!

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! THEY'VE ALREADY HEARD OF YOUR CARAVAN BEING CAMPED IN BONANZA BASIN!

HOWDY, ROY! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

YOU MIGHT FILL AN ORDER FOR SOME WIRE AND FENCE POSTS TO BE SENT TO BONANZA BASIN!

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

SORRY, ROY! MITCH GUNNISON, HERE, JUST BOUGHT UP EVERY BIT OF THAT STUFF!

THEN WE'LL TRY SOMEPLACE ELSE!

AND YOU'LL GET THE SAME TREATMENT, ROGERS! YOU WON'T FIND **ANYONE** WHO'LL TRADE WITH CATTLE-STAMPEDING SQUATTERS!

THEN WE'LL FIND THE LAND OFFICE, GUNNISON! THERE'LL BE A RECORDED DEED PROVING THAT THOSE FAMILIES IN BONANZA BASIN AREN'T SQUATTERS!

WE'D LIKE TO SEE THE PROPERTY CLAIM YOU HAVE LISTED ON BONANZA BASIN, MR. STORM!

IT WAS DEEDED TO US BY BRACE BENTY!

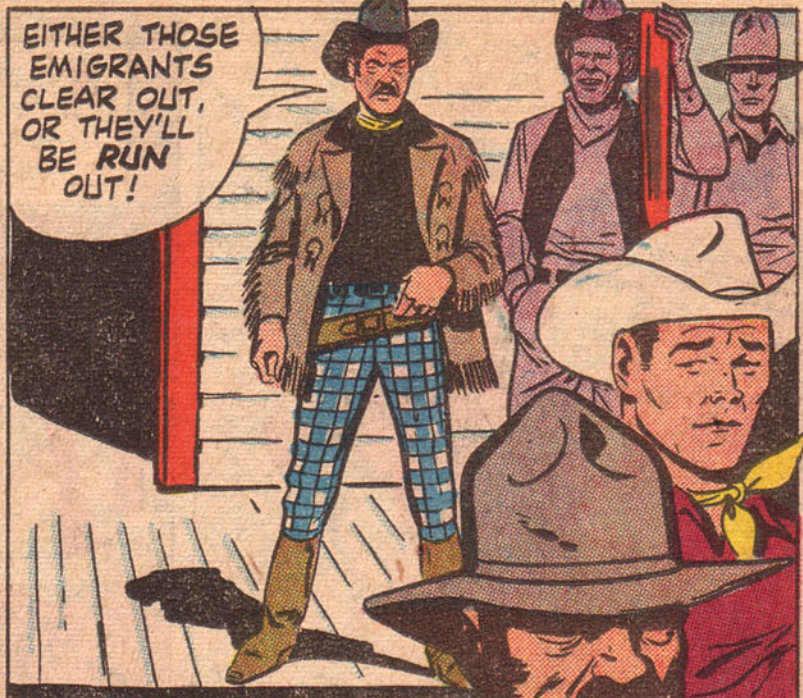
LAND OFFICE





THEN YOU'VE BEEN SWINDLED! THAT BASIN LAND IS GOVERNMENT RANGE! IT'S NOT OPEN TO FILING!

I GUESS THAT SETTLES IT!...

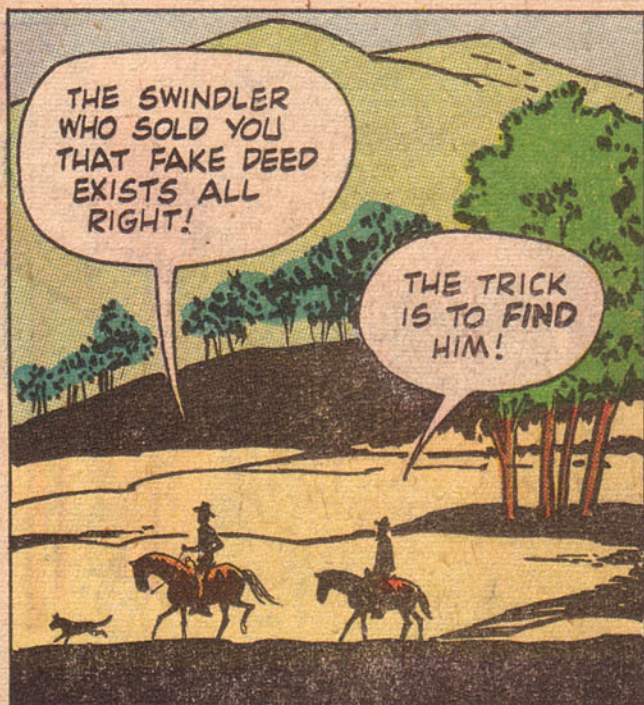


EITHER THOSE EMIGRANTS CLEAR OUT, OR THEY'LL BE RUN OUT!



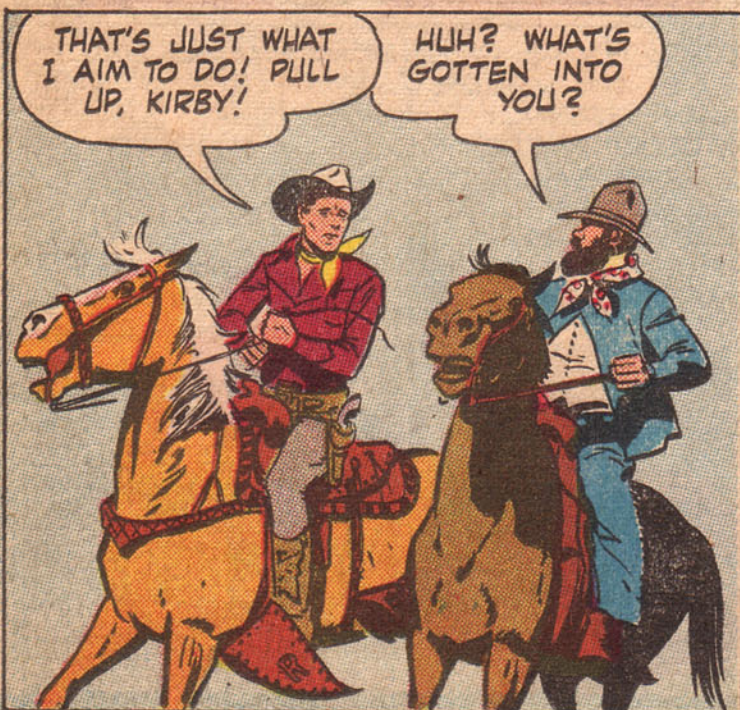
I HAVEN'T THE HEART TO TELL THOSE SETTLERS THE BAD NEWS!

NEITHER HAVE I! THEY'VE SOLD THEIR FARMS AND THEIR BUSINESSES TO BUY THAT PROPERTY-- FROM SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T EXIST!



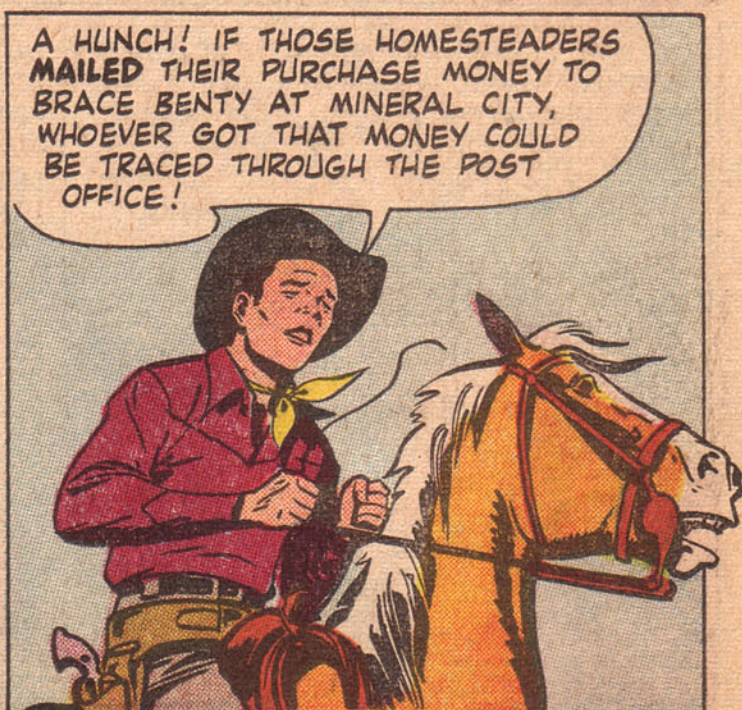
THE SWINDLER WHO SOLD YOU THAT FAKE DEED EXISTS ALL RIGHT!

THE TRICK IS TO FIND HIM!



THAT'S JUST WHAT I AIM TO DO! PULL UP, KIRBY!

HUH? WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?



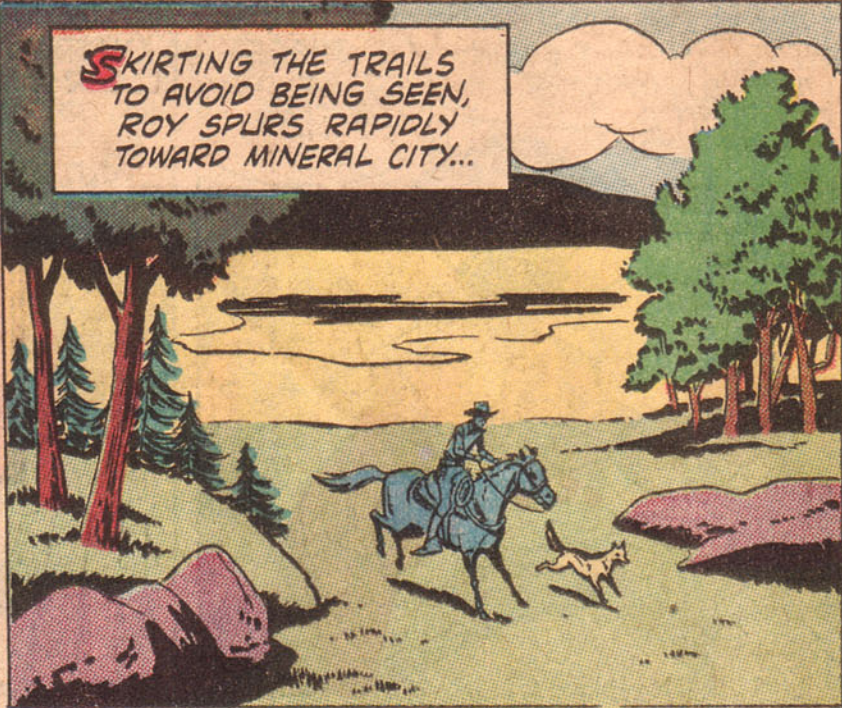
A HUNCH! IF THOSE HOMESTEADERS MAILED THEIR PURCHASE MONEY TO BRACE BENTY AT MINERAL CITY, WHOEVER GOT THAT MONEY COULD BE TRACED THROUGH THE POST OFFICE!



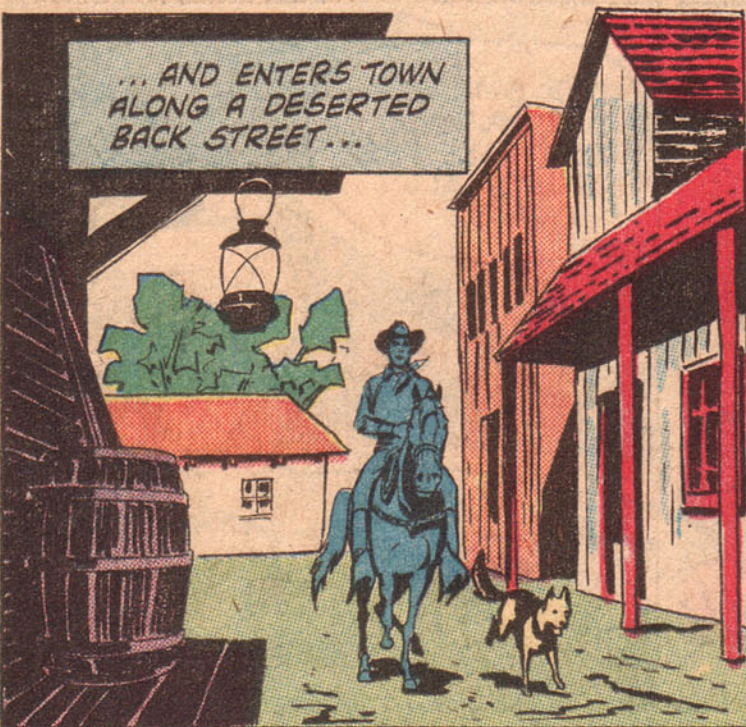
HEAD FOR CAMP AND SIT  
TIGHT UNTIL I SHOW UP!



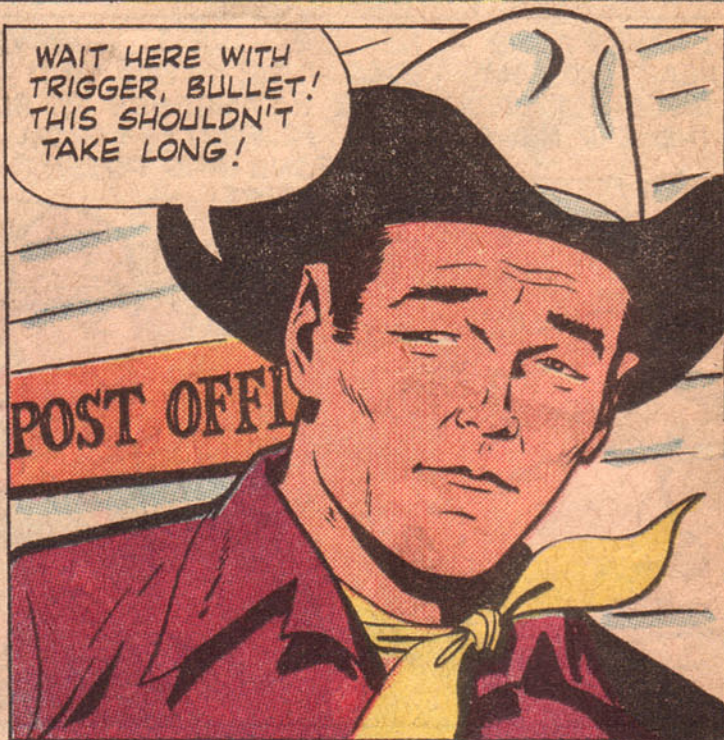
SKIRTING THE TRAILS  
TO AVOID BEING SEEN,  
ROY SPURS RAPIDLY  
TOWARD MINERAL CITY...



... AND ENTERS TOWN  
ALONG A DESERTED  
BACK STREET...



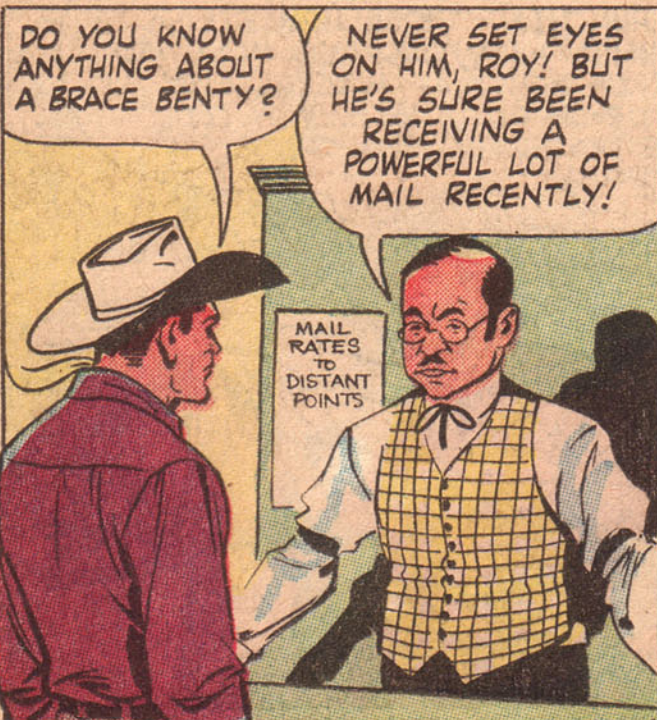
WAIT HERE WITH  
TRIGGER, BULLET!  
THIS SHOULDN'T  
TAKE LONG!



DO YOU KNOW  
ANYTHING ABOUT  
A BRACE BENTY?

NEVER SET EYES  
ON HIM, ROY! BUT  
HE'S SURE BEEN  
RECEIVING A  
POWERFUL LOT OF  
MAIL RECENTLY!

MAIL RATES  
TO  
DISTANT  
POINTS



IT COMES IN CARE OF GENERAL  
DELIVERY, AND SOMEONE ALWAYS  
APPEARS REGULARLY TO PICK IT  
UP! THERE'S ANOTHER SACK OF  
BRACE BENTY MAIL, RIGHT  
THERE, WAITING TO  
BE CLAIMED! SHOULD  
BE PICKED UP ANY  
TIME NOW!

LOOKS LIKE  
I'M ON THE RIGHT  
TRACK! THINK  
I'LL STICK  
AROUND!

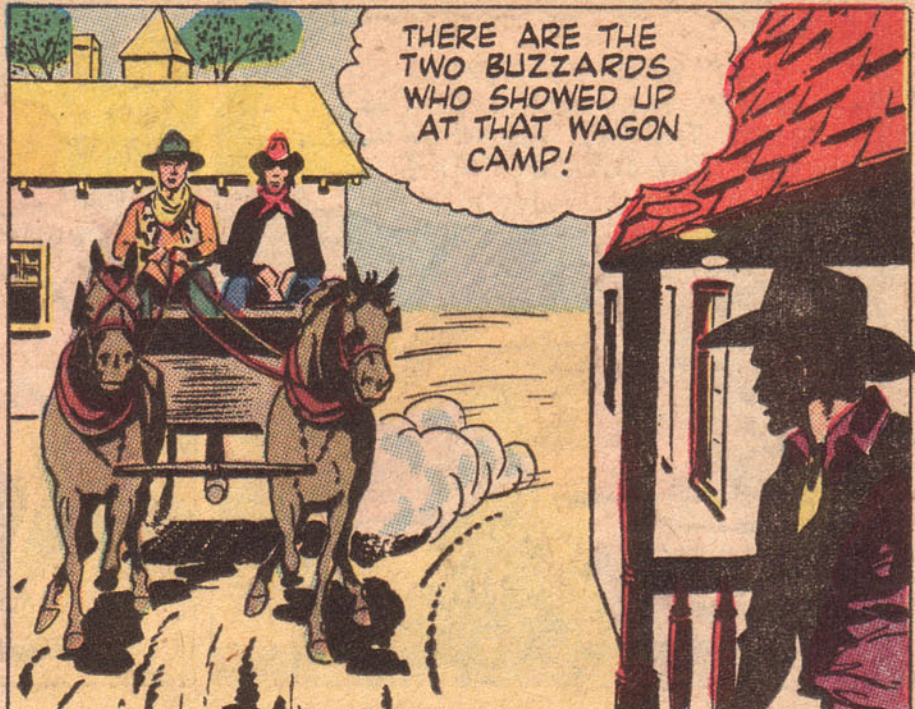




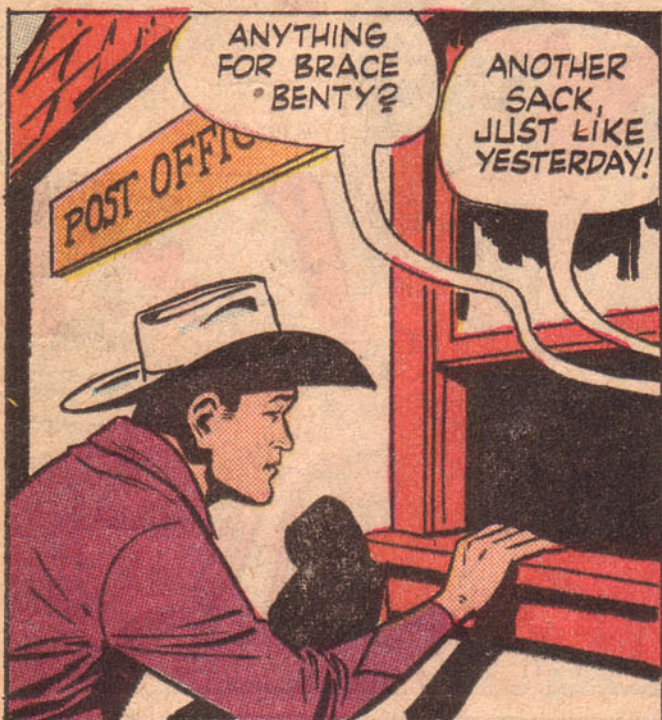


WHEN THAT SACK IS CALLED FOR, DON'T MENTION THAT ANYONE WAS ASKING ABOUT IT!

SURE, ROY!

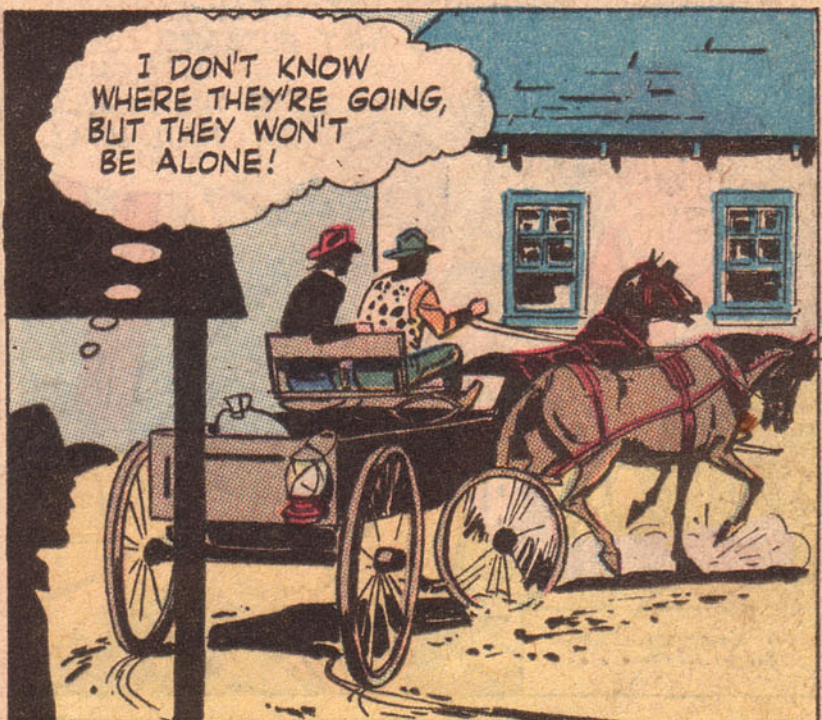


THERE ARE THE TWO BUZZARDS WHO SHOWED UP AT THAT WAGON CAMP!

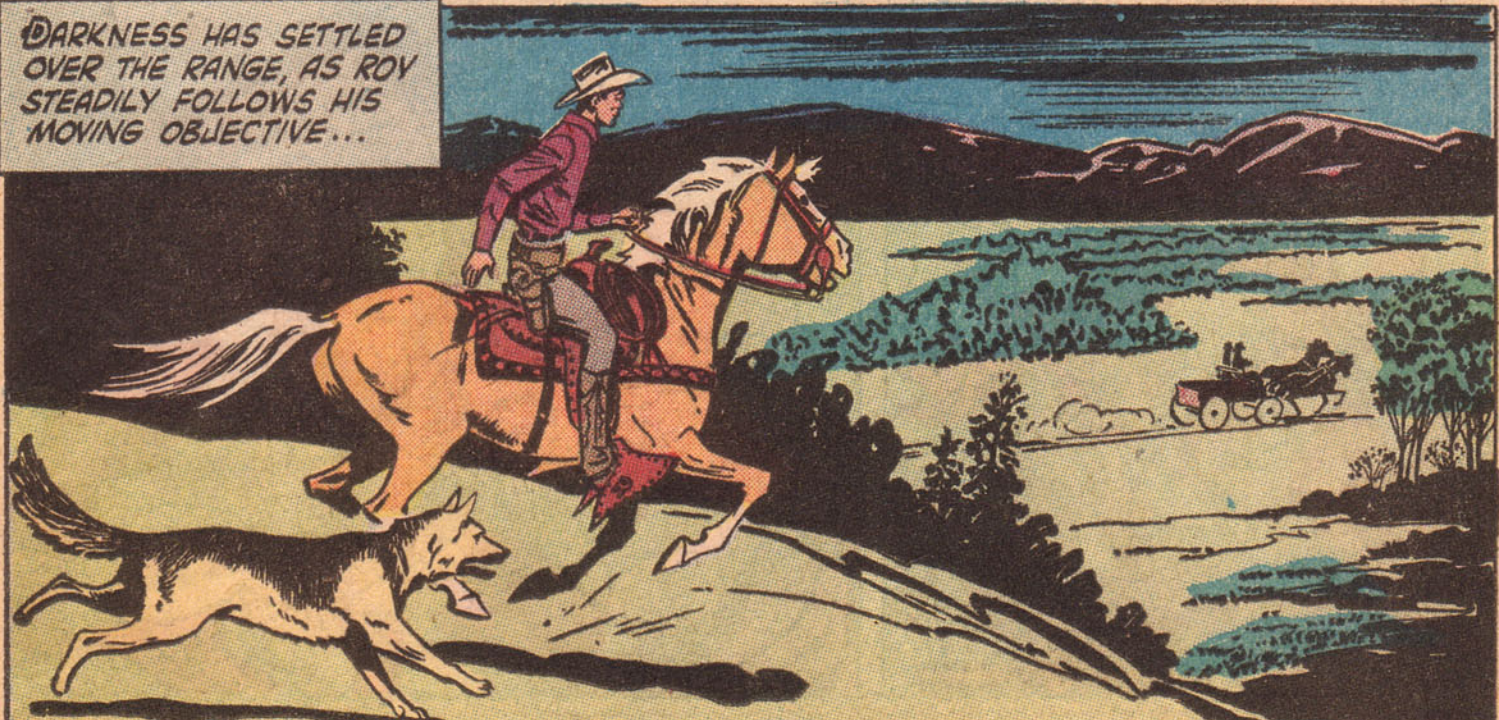


ANYTHING FOR BRACE BENTY?

ANOTHER SACK, JUST LIKE YESTERDAY!



I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY'RE GOING, BUT THEY WON'T BE ALONE!

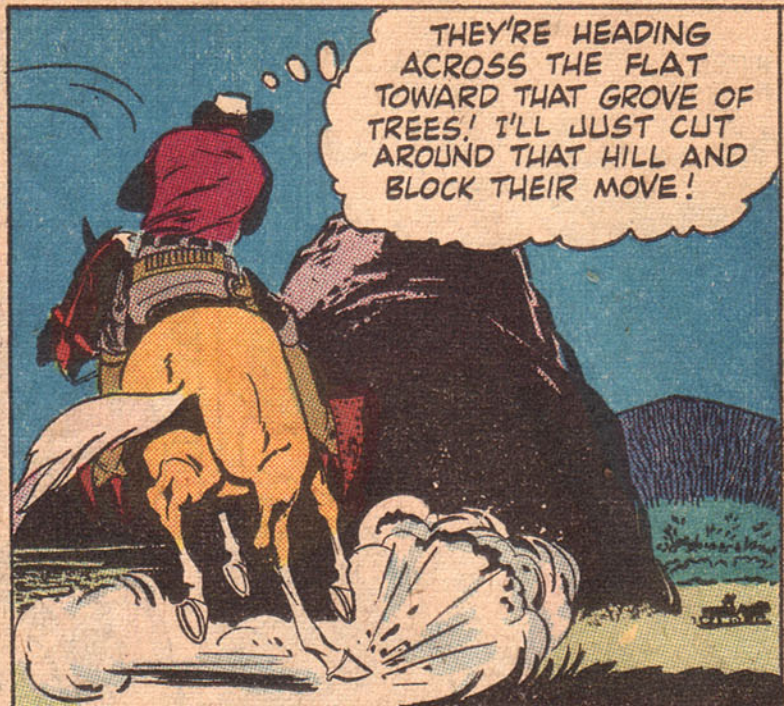


DARKNESS HAS SETTLED OVER THE RANGE, AS ROY STEADILY FOLLOWS HIS MOVING OBJECTIVE...





THAT WAGON'S PICKING UP SPEED! THEY ACT LIKE THEY KNOW THEY'RE BEING TAILED... BUT HOW COULD THEY?



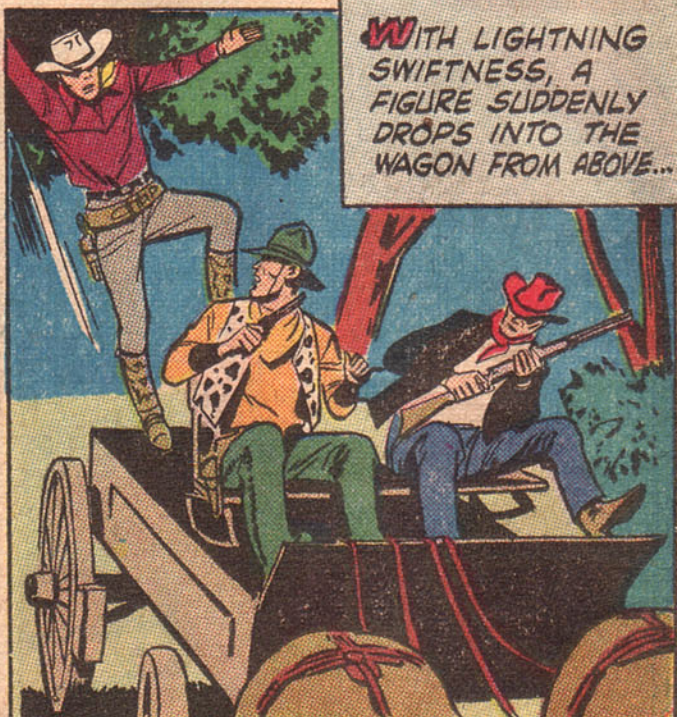
THEY'RE HEADING ACROSS THE FLAT TOWARD THAT GROVE OF TREES! I'LL JUST CUT AROUND THAT HILL AND BLOCK THEIR MOVE!



HEAR ANYTHING?

NOT YET! WE'LL LAY LOW TILL THAT BUZZARD COMES IN SIGHT! THEN WE'LL NAIL HIM!

LATER...

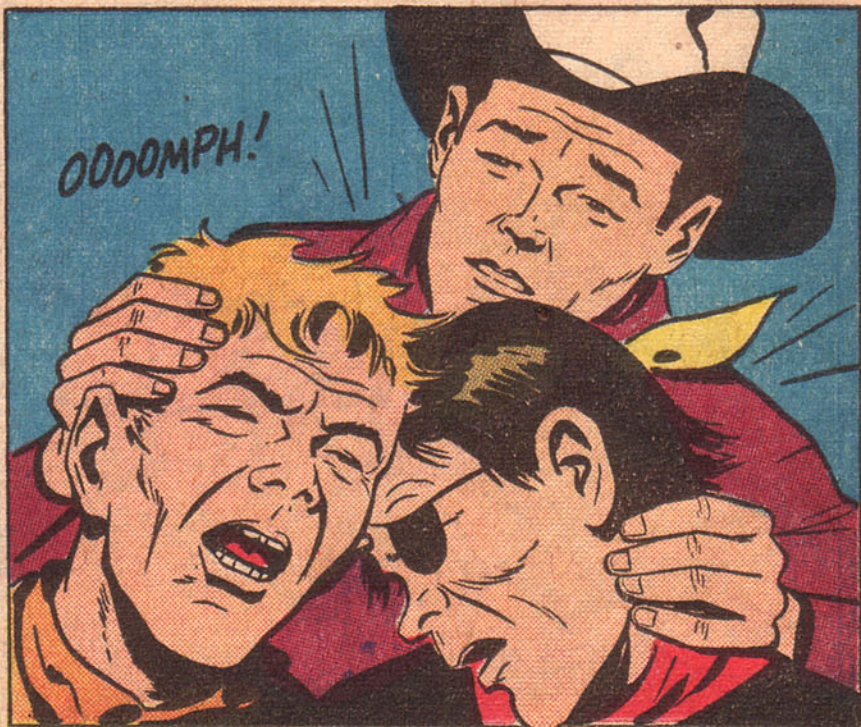


WITH LIGHTNING SWIFTNESS, A FIGURE SUDDENLY DROPS INTO THE WAGON FROM ABOVE...



CAN'T WE EVER GET RID OF YOU?

NOT THAT WAY!

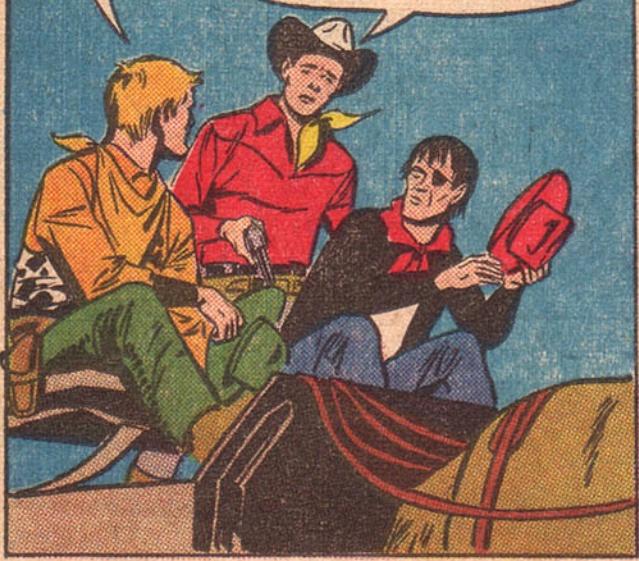


OOOOMP!

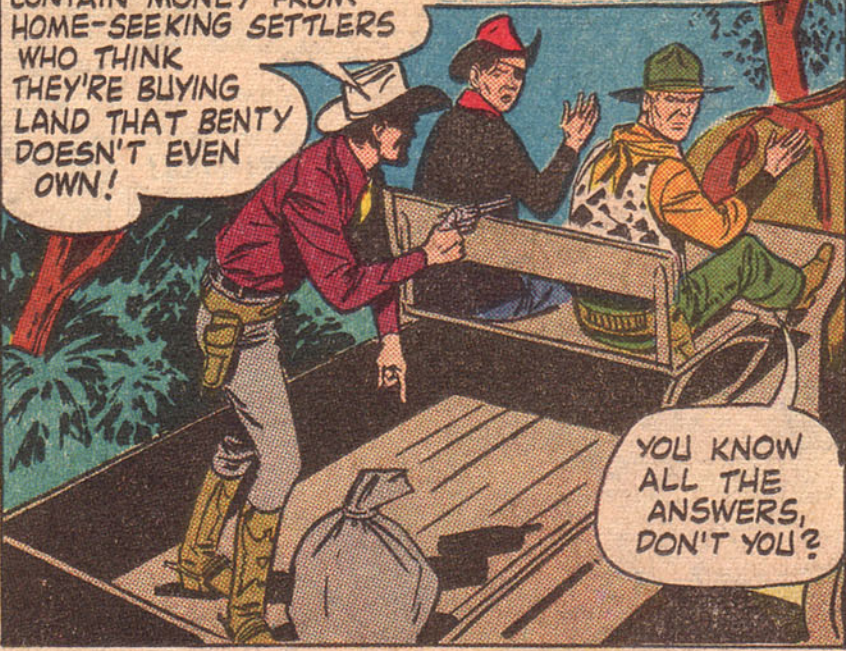


YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON US!

I'VE GOT **YOU**--AND A SACKFUL OF MAIL ADDRESSED TO BRACE BENTY!...



AND UNLESS I'M WRONG, THESE LETTERS ALL CONTAIN MONEY FROM HOME-SEEKING SETTLERS WHO THINK THEY'RE BUYING LAND THAT BENTY DOESN'T EVEN OWN!



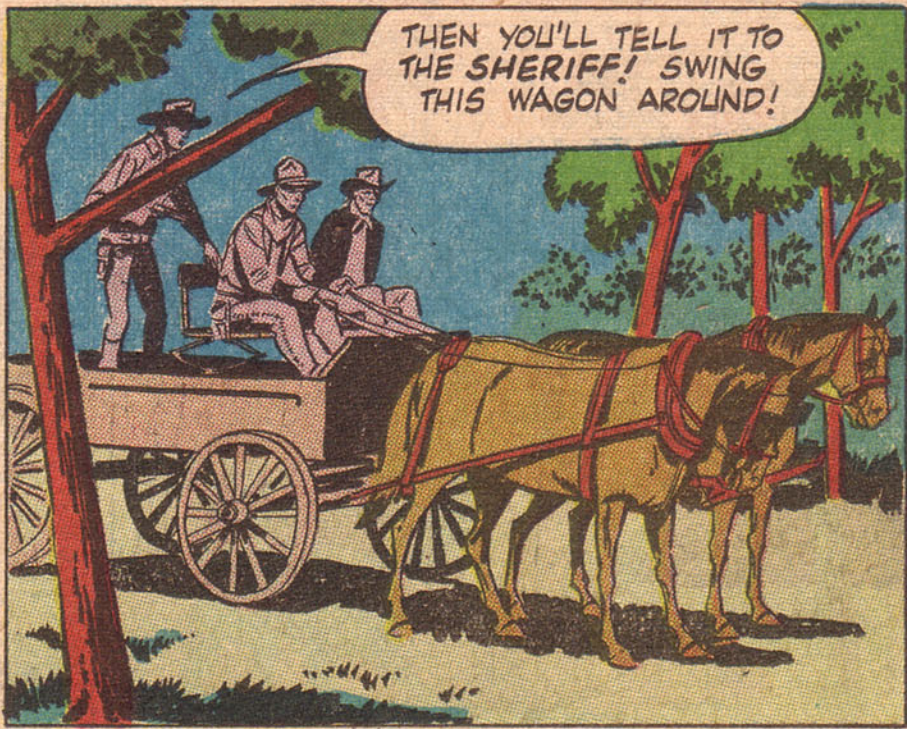
YOU KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS, DON'T YOU?

ALL BUT ONE! WHO IS BRACE BENTY?

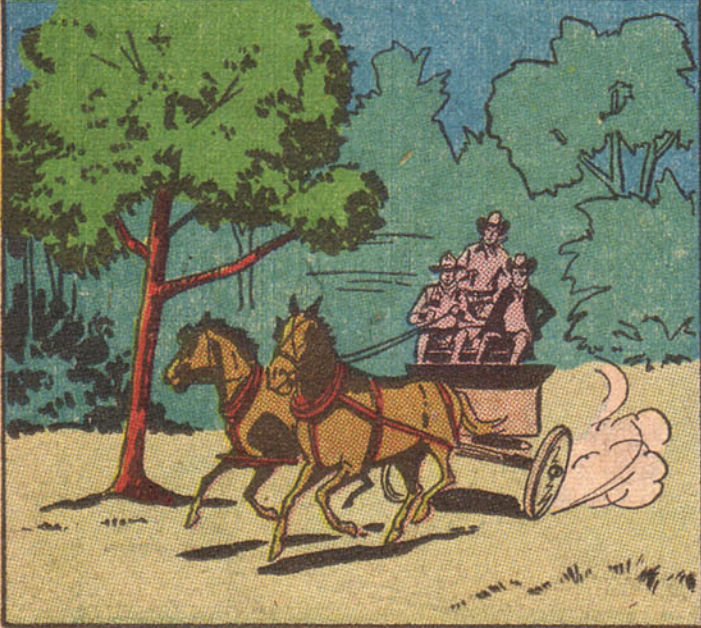
WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO TELL YOU!



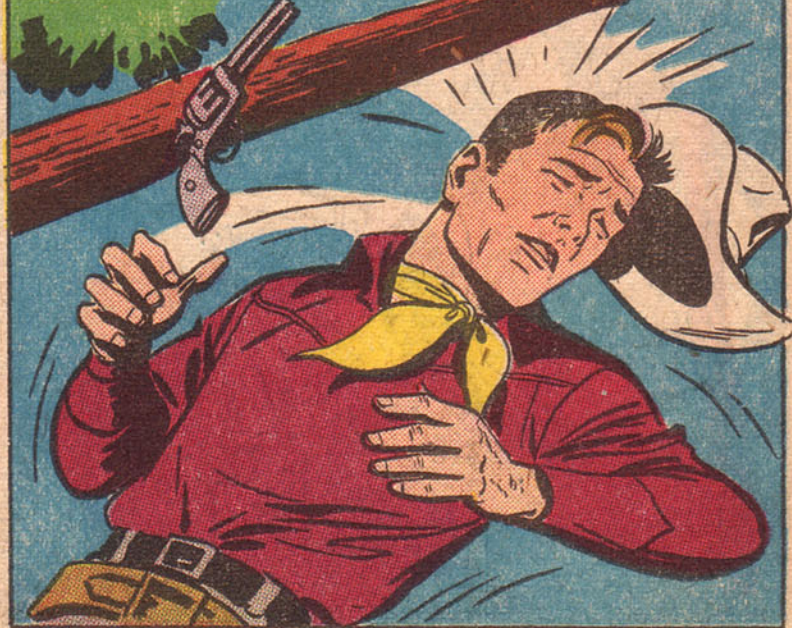
THEN YOU'LL TELL IT TO THE SHERIFF! SWING THIS WAGON AROUND!



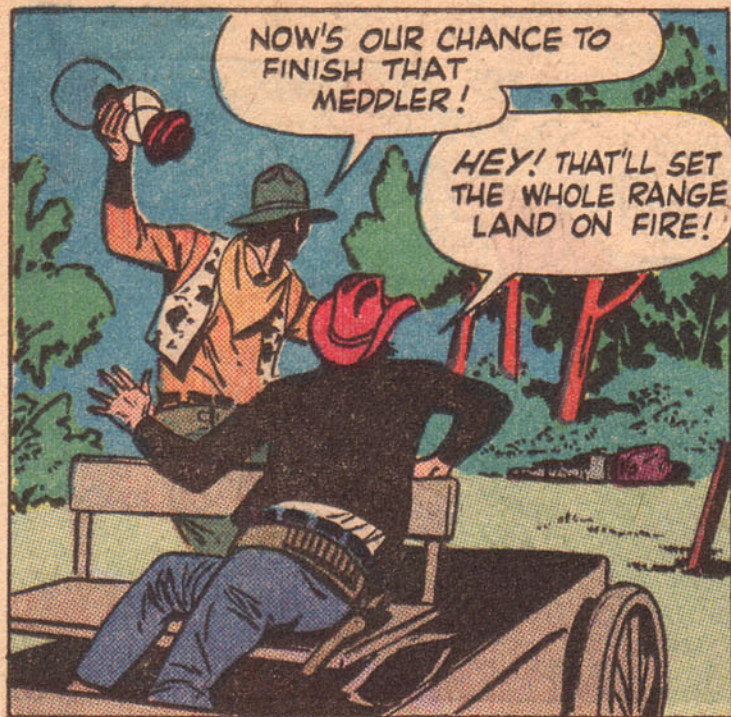
**LEACH** OBEYS AND SUDDENLY VEERS THE WAGON TOWARD A NEARBY TREE...



**ROY'S** HEAD STRIKES A TREE BRANCH WITH A STUNNING FORCE, SWEEPING HIM FROM THE WAGON...

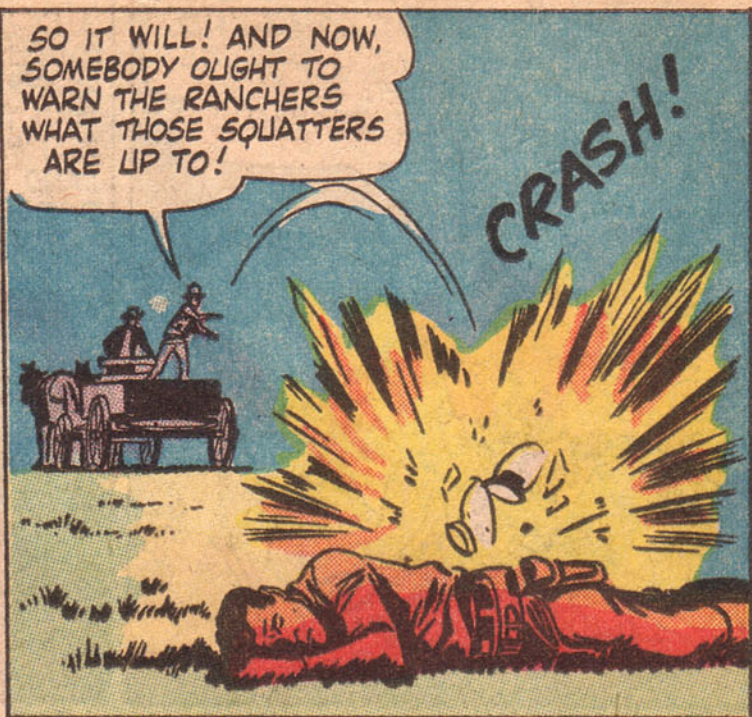






NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO  
FINISH THAT  
MEDDLER!

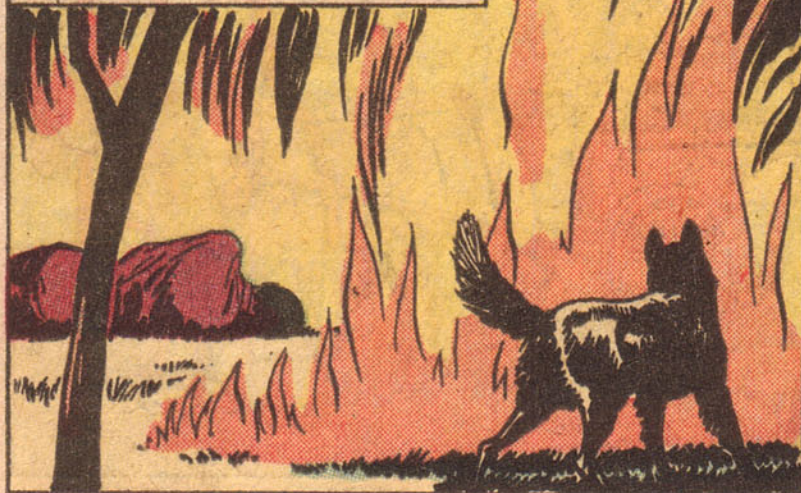
HEY! THAT'LL SET  
THE WHOLE RANGE  
LAND ON FIRE!



SO IT WILL! AND NOW,  
SOMEBODY OUGHT TO  
WARN THE RANCHERS  
WHAT THOSE SQUATTERS  
ARE UP TO!

CRASH!

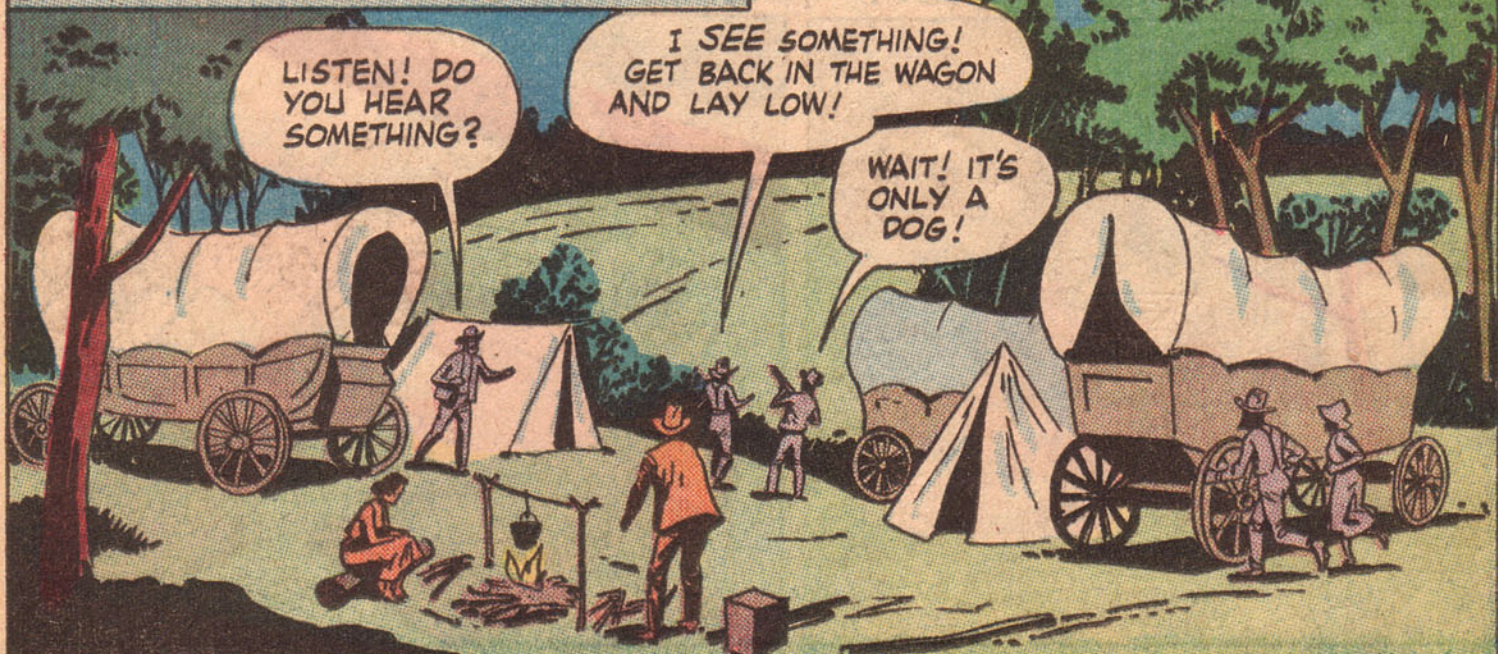
BULLET SHIES AWAY FROM  
THE CRACKLING FLAMES. A  
FICKLE LITTLE GUST OF WIND  
WILL BE ENOUGH TO BRING  
THEM DANGEROUSLY NEAR  
HIS UNCONSCIOUS MASTER...



SENSING THAT HELP IS NEEDED, THE DOG  
RACES DESPERATELY OFF INTO THE NIGHT...



AT THE BONANZA BASIN WAGON CAMP...



LISTEN! DO  
YOU HEAR  
SOMETHING?

I SEE SOMETHING!  
GET BACK IN THE WAGON  
AND LAY LOW!

WAIT! IT'S  
ONLY A  
DOG!



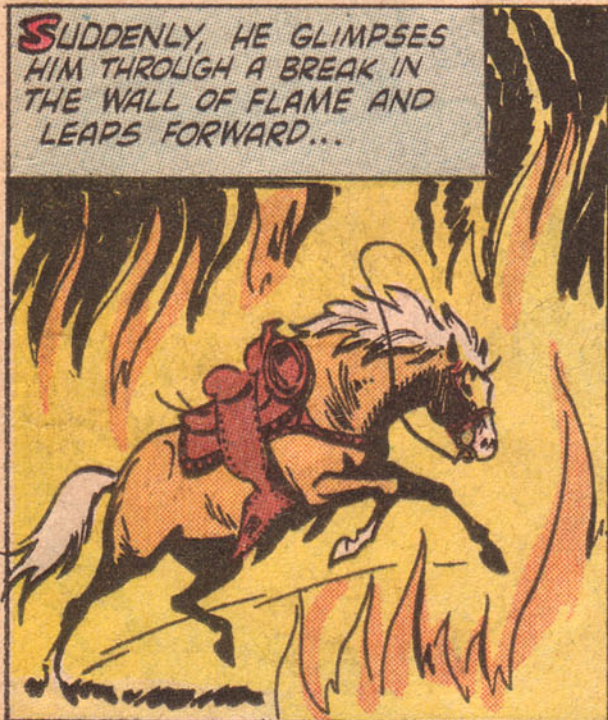
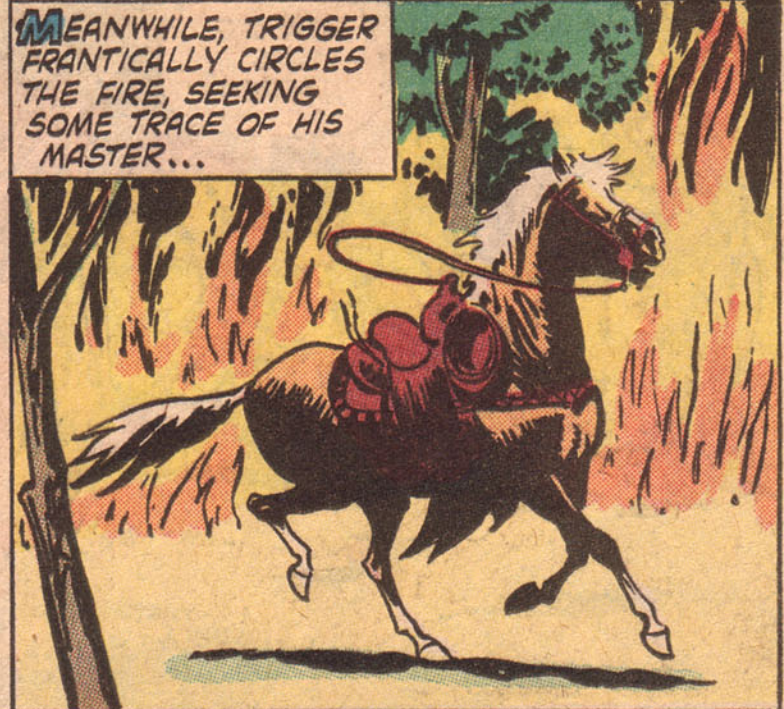


WHY, THAT LOOKS LIKE ROY'S HOUND!

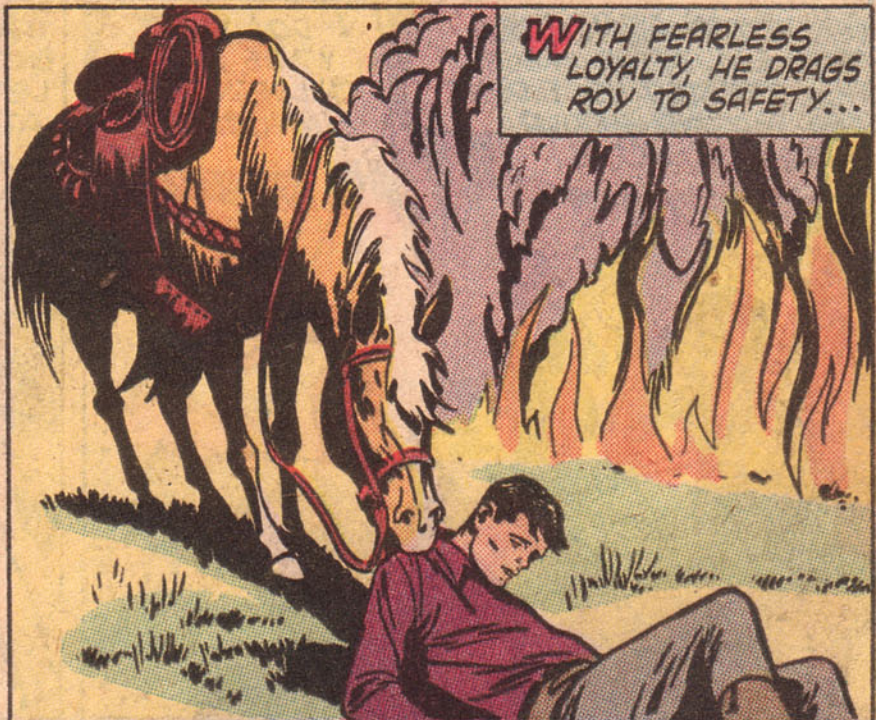
HANGED IF I DON'T THINK THAT DOG'S TRYING TO GET US TO FOLLOW HIM!

YARK!  
YARK!

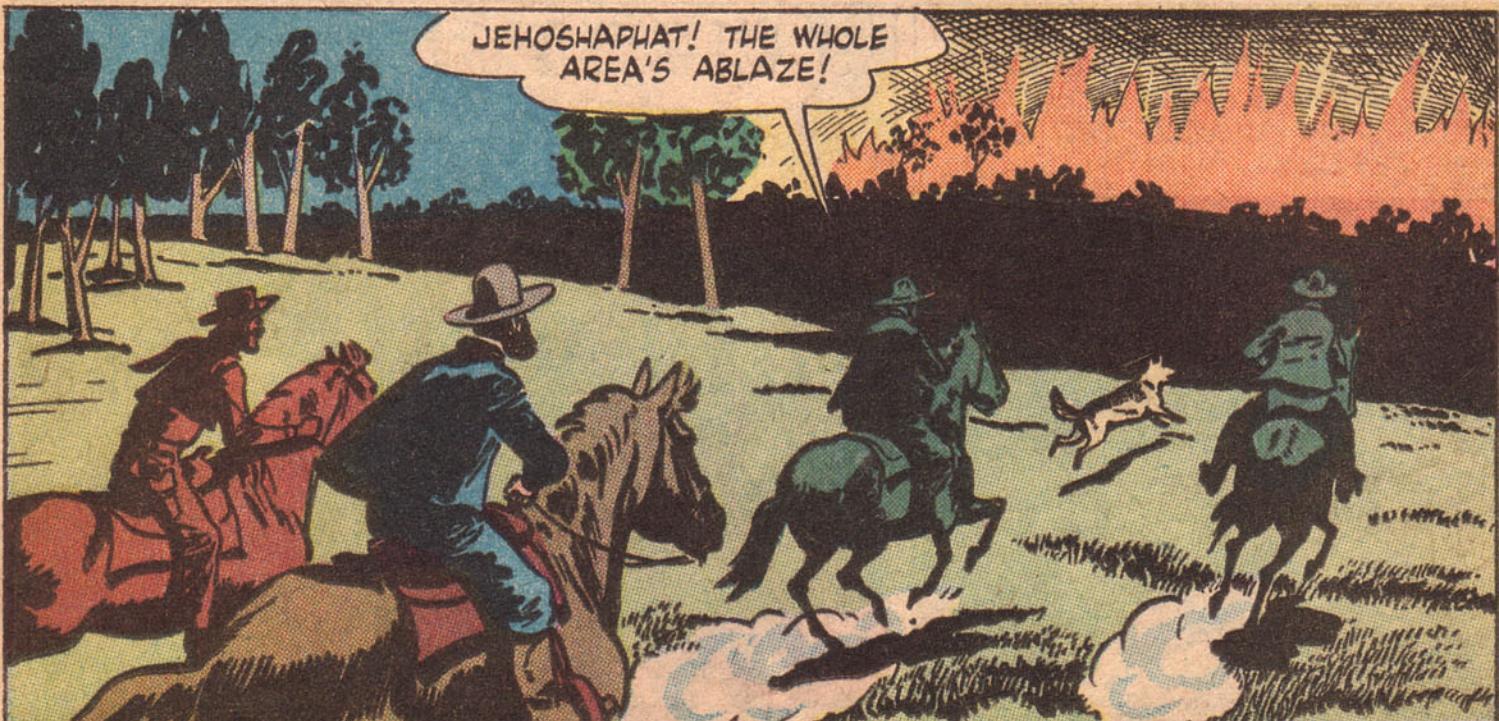
MEANWHILE, TRIGGER FRANTICALLY CIRCLES THE FIRE, SEEKING SOME TRACE OF HIS MASTER...



SUDDENLY, HE GLIMPSES HIM THROUGH A BREAK IN THE WALL OF FLAME AND LEAPS FORWARD...

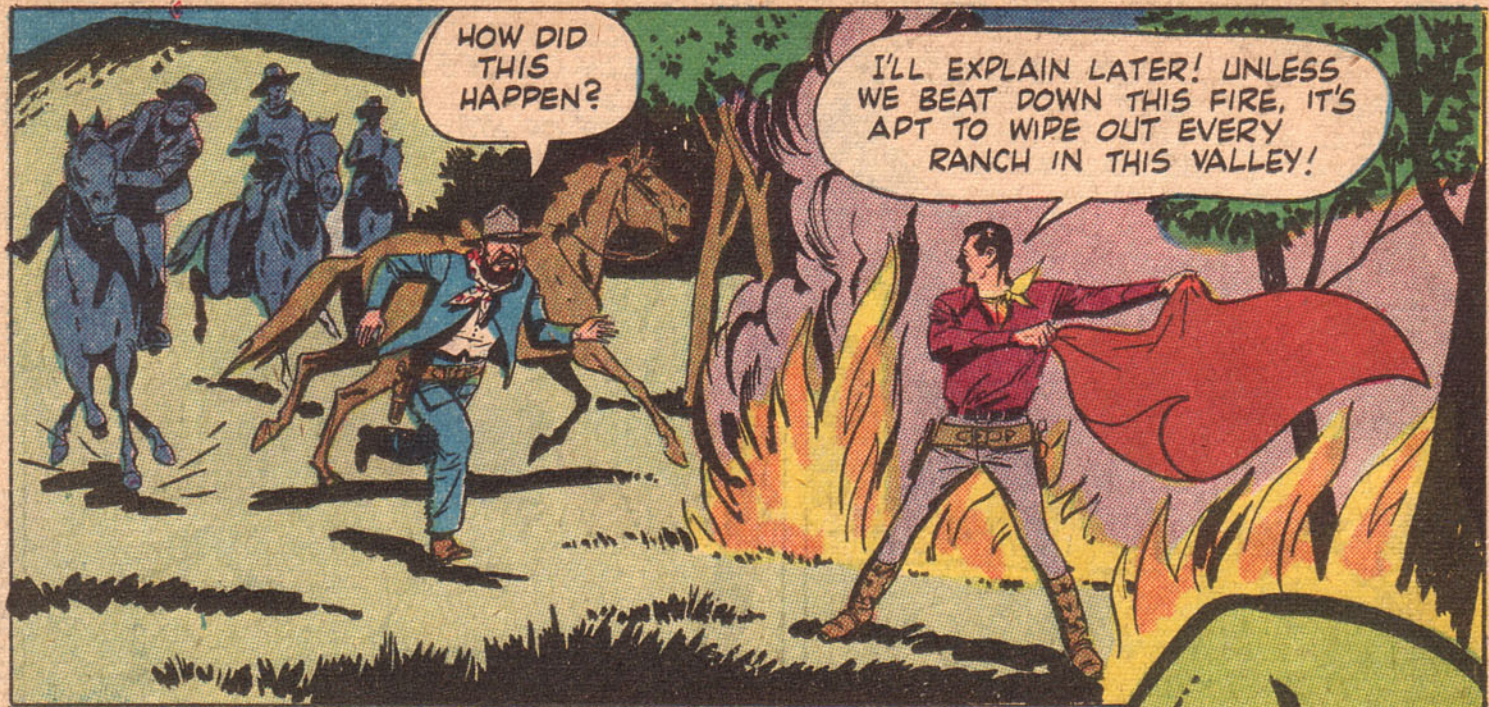


WITH FEARLESS LOYALTY, HE DRAGS ROY TO SAFETY...



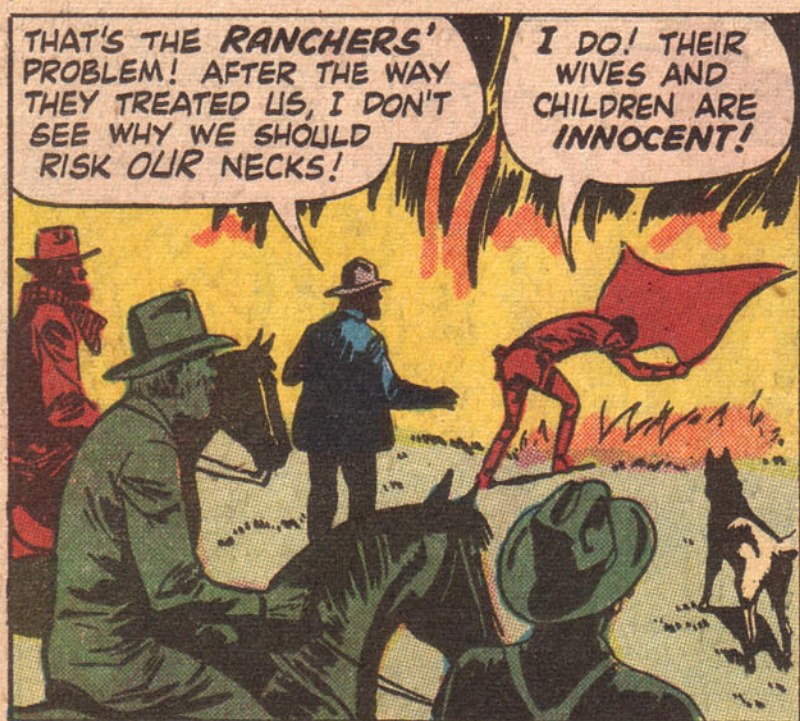
JEHOSHAPHAT! THE WHOLE AREA'S ABLAZE!





HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! UNLESS WE BEAT DOWN THIS FIRE, IT'S APT TO WIPE OUT EVERY RANCH IN THIS VALLEY!



THAT'S THE **RANCHERS'** PROBLEM! AFTER THE WAY THEY TREATED US, I DON'T SEE WHY WE SHOULD RISK OUR NECKS!

I DO! THEIR WIVES AND CHILDREN ARE **INNOCENT!**



THAT'S REASON ENOUGH FOR ME! LET'S GET AT IT!

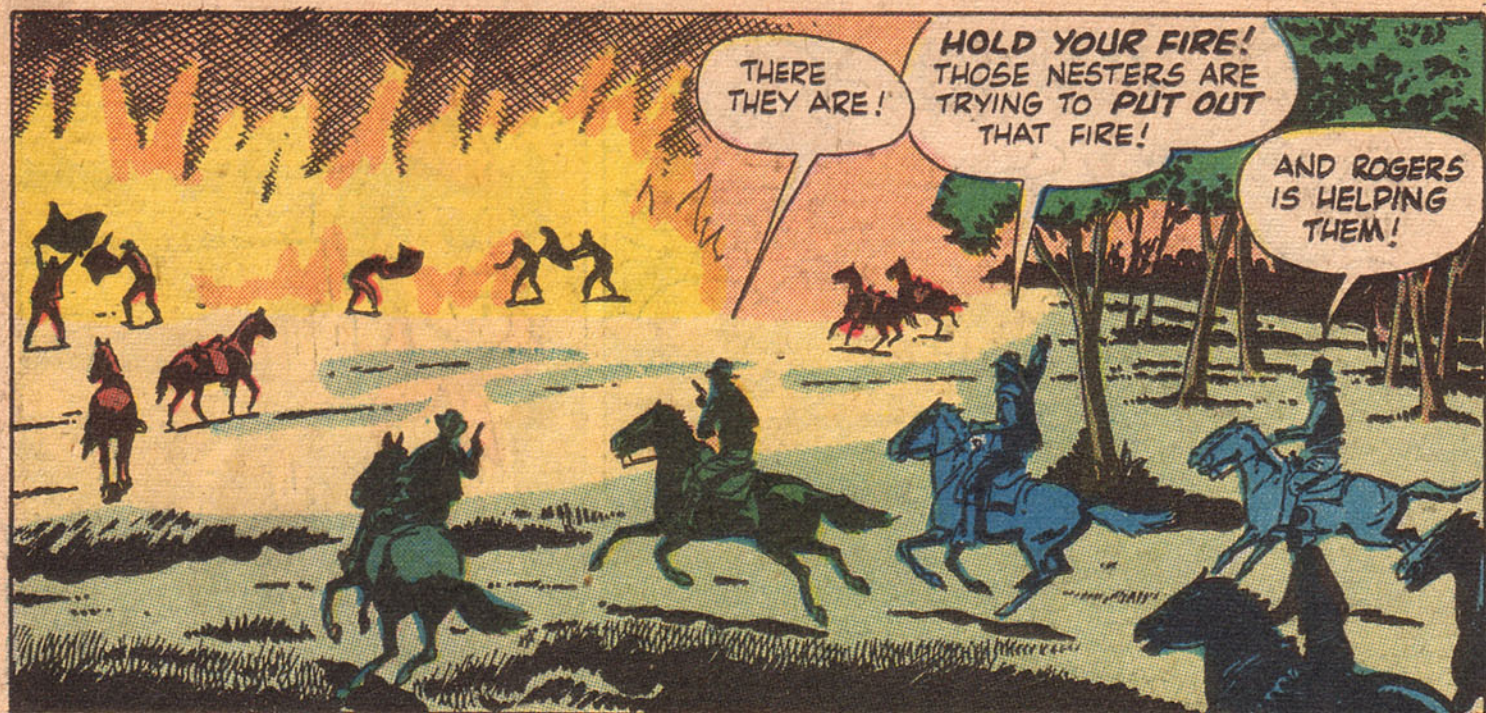


AND, AT THIS MOMENT, A PARTY OF RANCHERS, BRISTLING WITH GUNS, POUNDS CROSS-COUNTRY TOWARD AN OMINOUS RED GLOW IN THE SKY...



GET READY FOR THE SHOWDOWN! THIS TIME OUR **GUNS** WILL DO THE TALKING!





THERE THEY ARE!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! THOSE NESTERS ARE TRYING TO PUT OUT THAT FIRE!

AND ROGERS IS HELPING THEM!

A COUPLE OF SADDLE TRAMPS TOLD US YOU FOLKS STARTED THIS FIRE! LOOKS LIKE WE OWE YOU AN APOLOGY!

THAT CAN WAIT! THIS FIRE WON'T! LEND A HAND!



WE CAN STOP IT THIS SIDE OF THE CREEK, BEFORE SHE REACHES THE TWISTED-T!

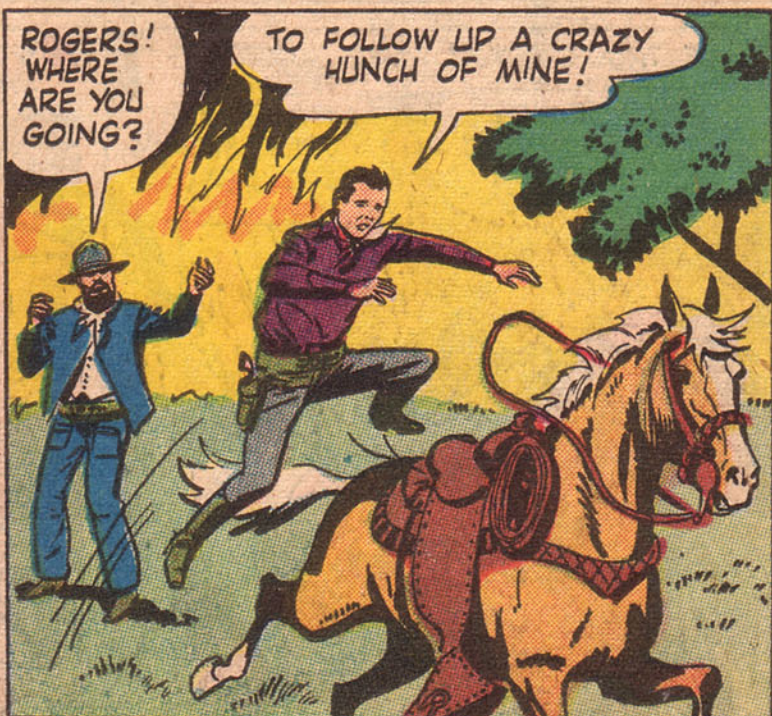
DID YOU SAY TWISTED-T?

SURE--THE OLD TWISTED-T MINE DIGGINGS! THEY'VE BEEN DESERTED FOR YEARS! EVERYONE KNOWS THAT!

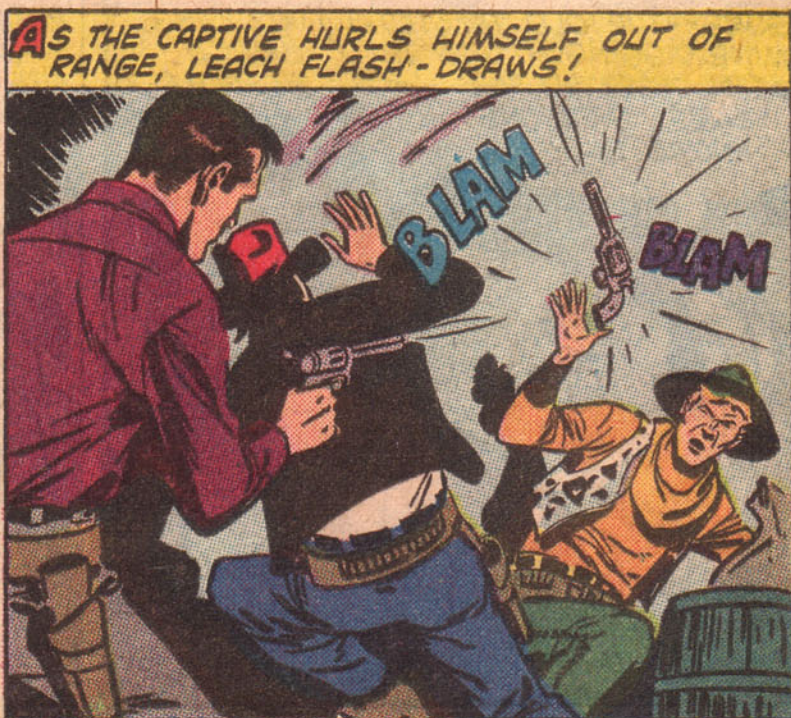
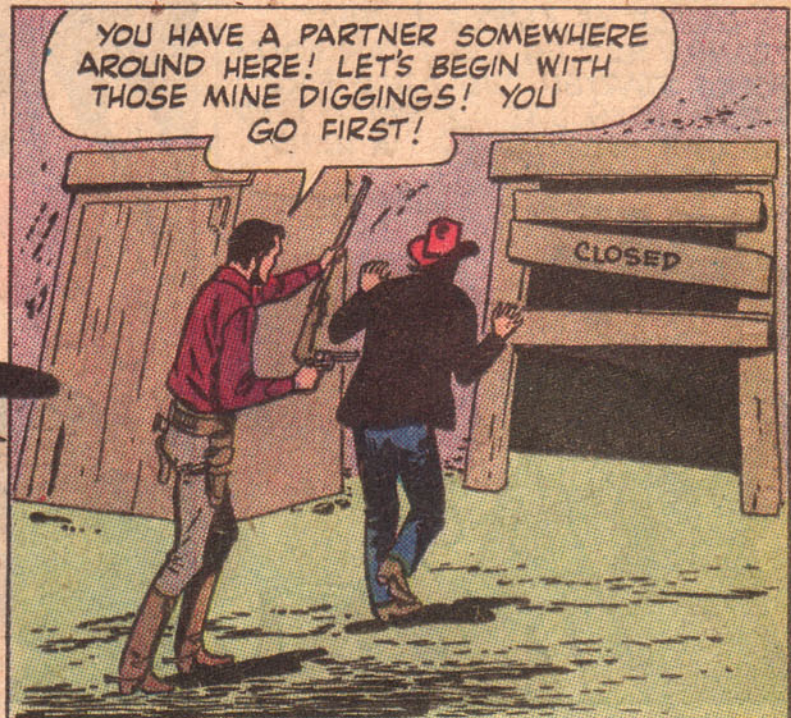
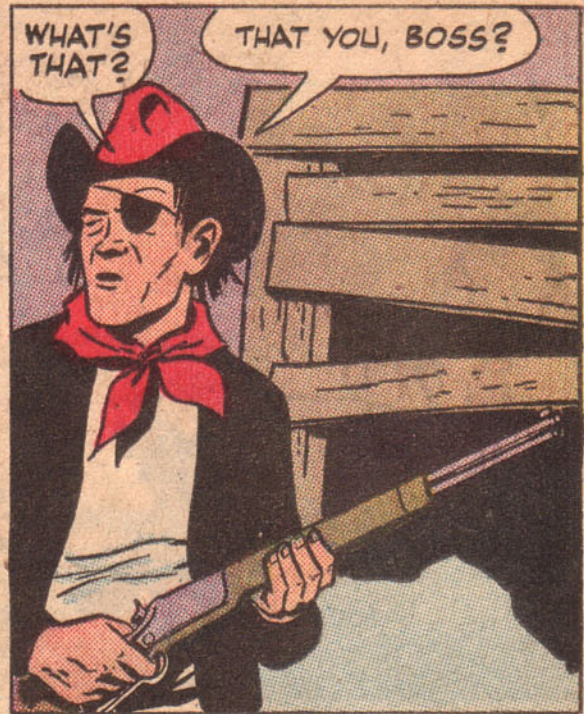
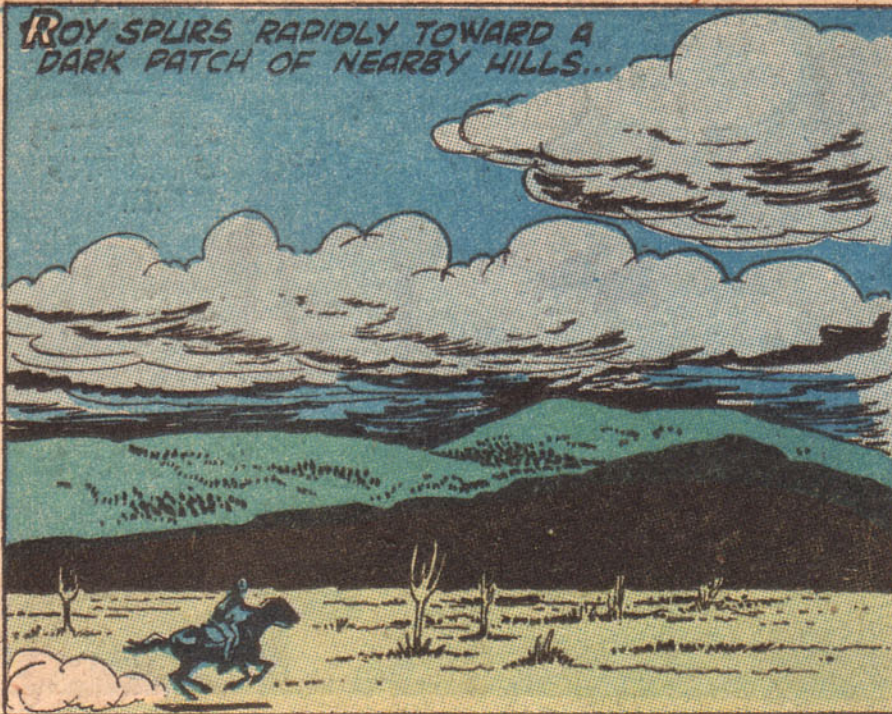
INCLUDING BRACE BENTY!

ROGERS! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO FOLLOW UP A CRAZY HUNCH OF MINE!

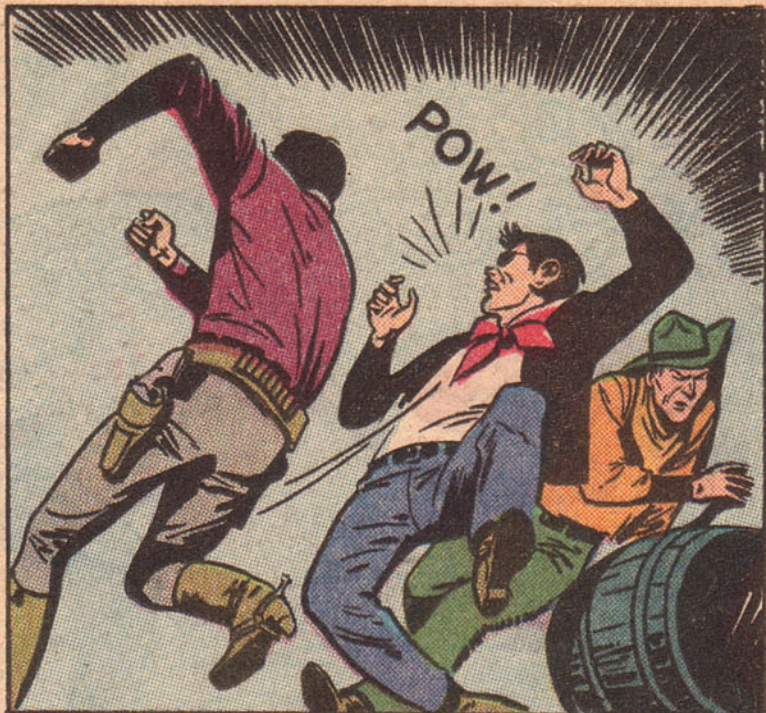
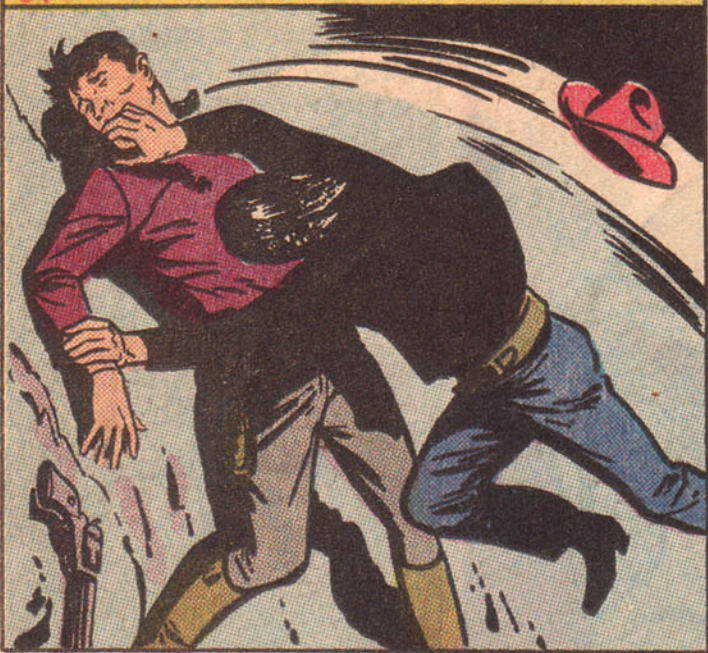








WITH A RUSH, DALY LUNGES AT ROY...



FOOTSTEPS COMING IN THE TUNNEL! THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



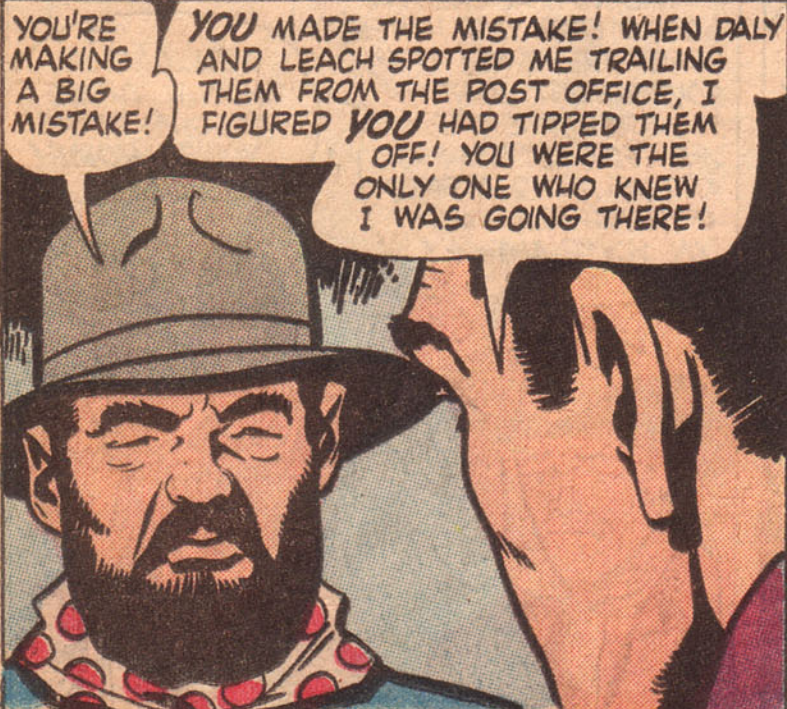
WH-WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

THE END OF THE ROAD, KIRBY-- OR SHOULD I CALL YOU BRACE BENTY? GET YOUR HANDS HIGH!



YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE!

YOU MADE THE MISTAKE! WHEN DALY AND LEACH SPOTTED ME TRAILING THEM FROM THE POST OFFICE, I FIGURED YOU HAD TIPPED THEM OFF! YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW I WAS GOING THERE!



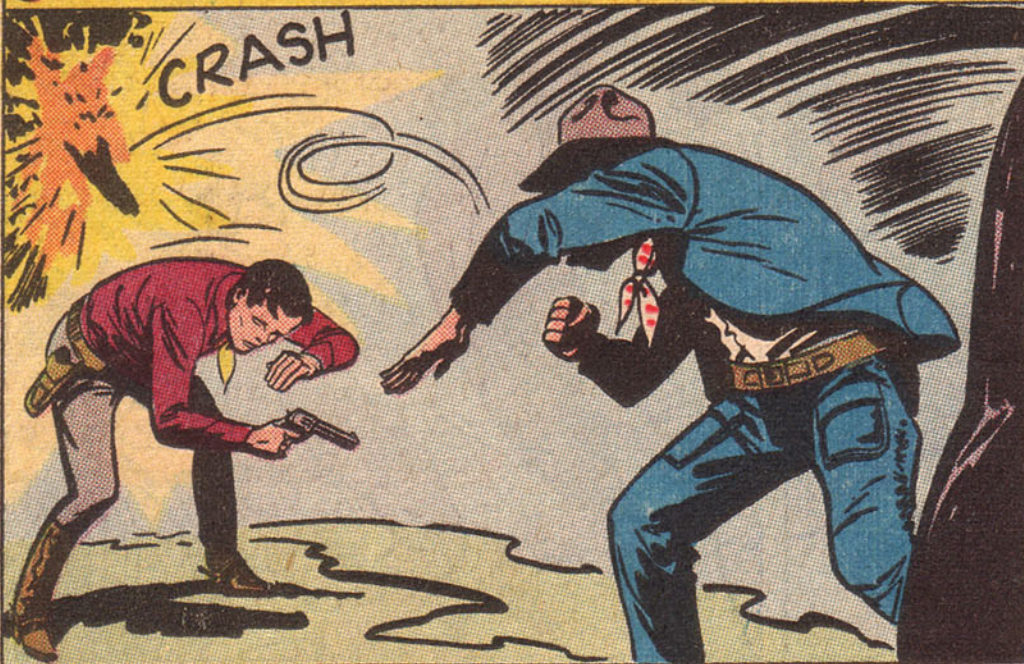
YOU BOYS TRIED REAL HARD TO RILE THE RANCHERS INTO RUNNING THOSE SETTLERS OUT OF BONANZA BASIN SO YOU COULD SELL THAT LAND OVER AGAIN -- BUT THE GAME IS FINISHED!

NOT QUITE!





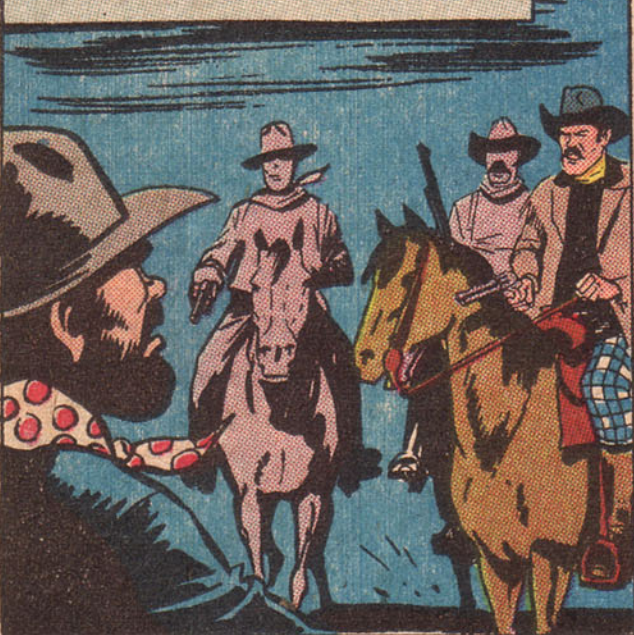
SAVAGELY, KIRBY FLINGS THE BLAZING FIREBRAND AT ROY...



USING THE SUDDEN DARKNESS AS A COVER, KIRBY RACES AWAY THROUGH THE TUNNEL...



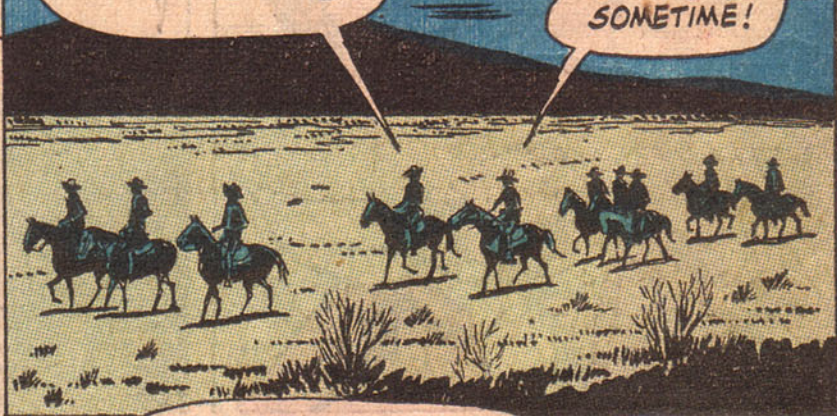
... AND STRAIGHT INTO A BARRICADE OF GUN MUZZLES...



LATER...

WE WERE DOLISING THE LAST OF THAT FIRE WHEN WE SPOTTED KIRBY LEAVING AND FOLLOWED HIM! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW HE'D SHOW UP AT THE MINE?

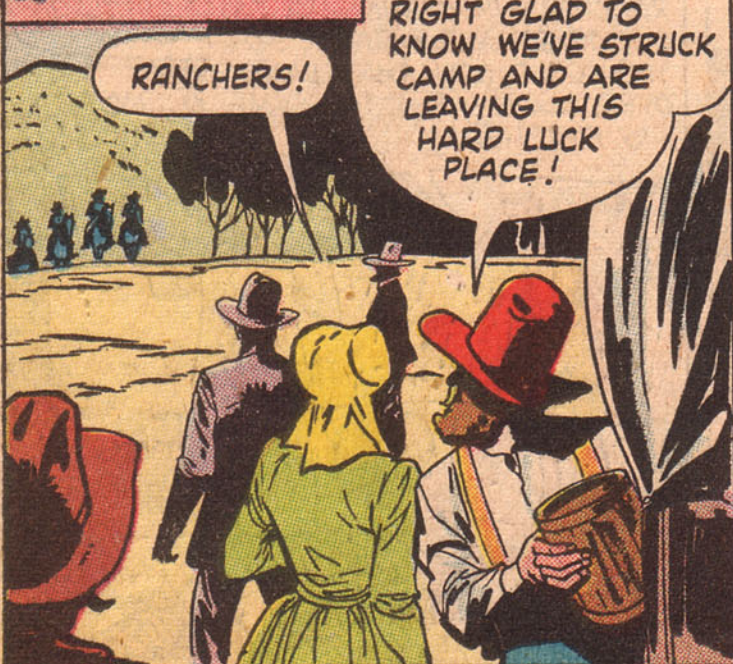
YOU TOLD ME WHEN YOU MENTIONED THE TWISTED-T! IT JUST SORT OF RANG A BELL--TWISTED-T... BENT-T... BENTY! I GUESSED OUR MAN WOULD SHOW UP THERE SOMETIME!



NEXT MORNING...

RANCHERS!

THEY SHOULD BE RIGHT GLAD TO KNOW WE'VE STRUCK CAMP AND ARE LEAVING THIS HARD LUCK PLACE!



HOWDY, FOLKS!... LOOKS LIKE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE NEWS! THE GOVERNMENT JUST DECLARED THIS AREA OPEN FOR SETTLEMENT, AND WE FILED A DEED ON BONANZA BASIN IN YOUR NAME!

YOU CAN UNLOAD THOSE WAGONS, FOLKS! YOU'RE HOME!







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The Abilene Kid rubbed his eyes to ease the strain of peering through the juniper and wind-twisted cedar of the high mountain slope. Blinking, he raised his bared head cautiously, level with the edge of the shallow wash in which he crouched.

He saw no movement, heard nothing except the steady breeze and the persistent, irritating buzz of deer-flies around his head. With a conscious effort, he relaxed the grip of his right hand on the cocked Colt .45. Tension mounted in him.

The Kid had known it was risky robbing the bank at Piñon Flat, although it differed little from a dozen other bank jobs he had pulled this year. The difference was Frank Bascom, Sheriff, whose office was at Piñon Flat. The Abilene Kid had heard of Bascom, all right... Bascom, who never backed down, never forgot a face, or quit a crook's trail. Bascom had seemed like a challenge to the Kid, a chance to show his daring. But still he played it cautiously.

Before he had hit Piñon Flat and its cracker-box bank, he had planned just how to elude pursuit by a dozen outlaw tricks... riding the creek, blotting tracks by driving loose range stock before him, backtracking, twisting... until he could reach this high mountain meadow with its cold spring water and his cache of food and blankets.

He had figured that all he had to do was to hole up here until pursuit cooled off. Everything had worked out perfectly... the bank loot safe in camp, his horse picketed out of sight... he had even started to dig a hole for a cooking fire, when a flicker of movement down the mountain had jerked him out of his contentment.

He had caught one brief glimpse of Frank Bascom leading a horse between stunted cedars. Apparently, that shrewdly blotted trail had not stopped the sheriff, or even delayed him much. The Abilene Kid had panicked,

momentarily, and dived into the shallow wash.

He wished fervently that he had been cool-headed enough to get his rifle from the saddle-boot while he had time, and to find a better ambush than this little gully, but he dared not risk a move now. There had been that one glimpse, not more than an hour ago... since then, nothing! Not a sound. Not a motion.

Suddenly, over the sound of the breeze, and very close, he thought he heard a snapping twig... behind him! He whirled, dislodging a small cascade of gravel, and peered over the uphill side of his little trench. Nothing moved. The Kid thought, "All I need is one clear shot at him! If I can just stampede him into shooting too soon or moving, anything to show just where he is!"

Then, he remembered an old, old trick, which should fool nobody. But sometimes, the simplest trick worked, just because a man thought you would be too smart to use it!

Still peering through the low brush, he shifted the Colt to his left hand, and moved his right over the eroded earth until it found a large, smooth stone. He cocked his arm, ready to lob the stone past the place where he thought the twig had snapped. He counted on the sound of its fall to trick Bascom into a betraying move, into concentrating attention on the wrong place.

Before he could toss the stone, there was a sudden crash of brush behind him. With a grunt of triumph, he whirled and charged over the edge of the gully toward the sound. The old fool had gotten careless and given away his position!

Kid Abilene had smashed his way twenty feet through the brush before the doubt struck him. He stopped, crouched, rigid. Behind him, Bascom said, dryly, "Drop the iron 'fore you turn around, son! Never thought anybody'd fall for that old trick of chuckin' a rock past where they're hidin'!"



# TRIGGER *in*

ONE MORNING, AS CHICO AND HIS GRANDFATHER RIDE ACROSS THE ROY ROGERS RANCH...

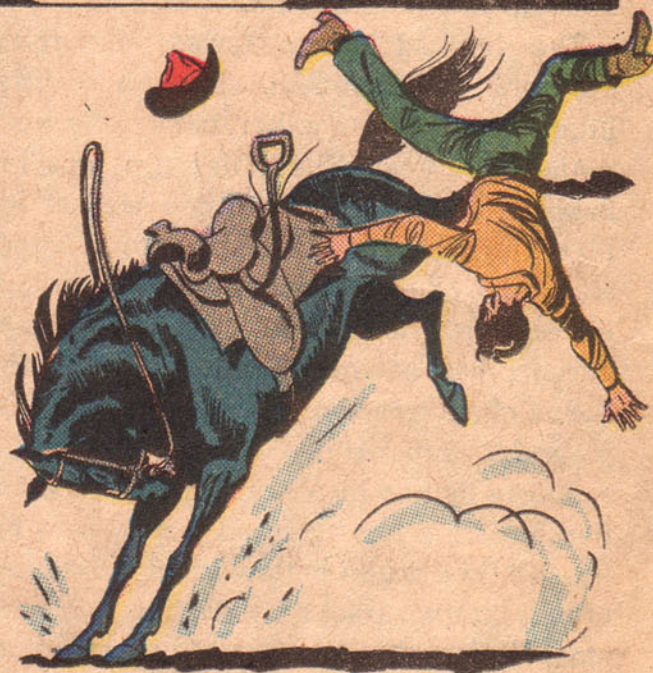
## RIDE THE WILD STALLION

WHERE DO WE RIDE TODAY, GRANDFATHER?

FOR THE MOMENT, TO THE CORRAL WHERE THEY ARE BREAKING THE LAST OF THE WILD HORSES THAT SEÑOR ROY HAS CAPTURED!

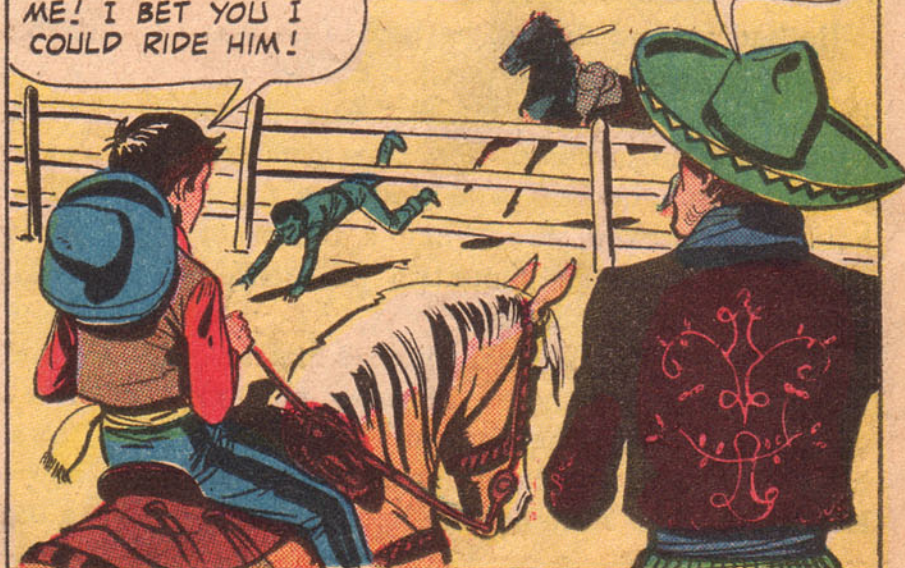
LOOK AT THE WAY THE BLACK HORSE BUCKS!

I DO NOT THINK THAT RIDER WILL STAY ON VERY LONG!



THAT BLACK HORSE DOES NOT LOOK SO TOUGH TO ME! I BET YOU I COULD RIDE HIM!

HO! YOU?



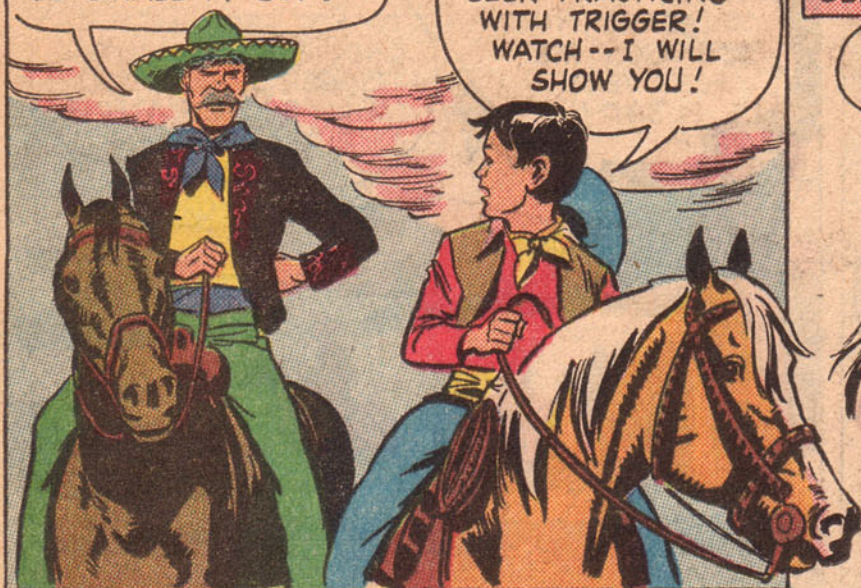


THAT IS QUITE A LARGE  
BOAST, COMING FROM  
SO SMALL A BOY!

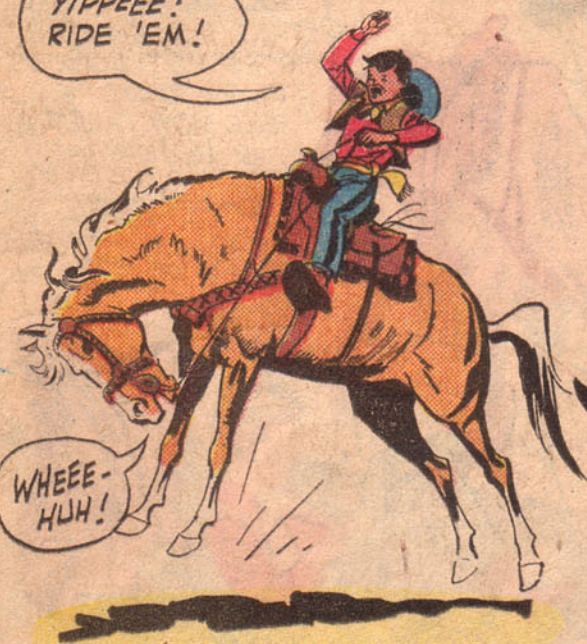
IT IS NOT A  
BOAST! I HAVE  
BEEN PRACTICING  
WITH TRIGGER!  
WATCH--I WILL  
SHOW YOU!

CHICO SPURS TRIGGER INTO SOME  
GENTLE, HALF-HEARTED BUCKING THAT  
SEEMS LIKE THE REAL THING TO THE BOY...

HA, TRIGGER!  
HA!



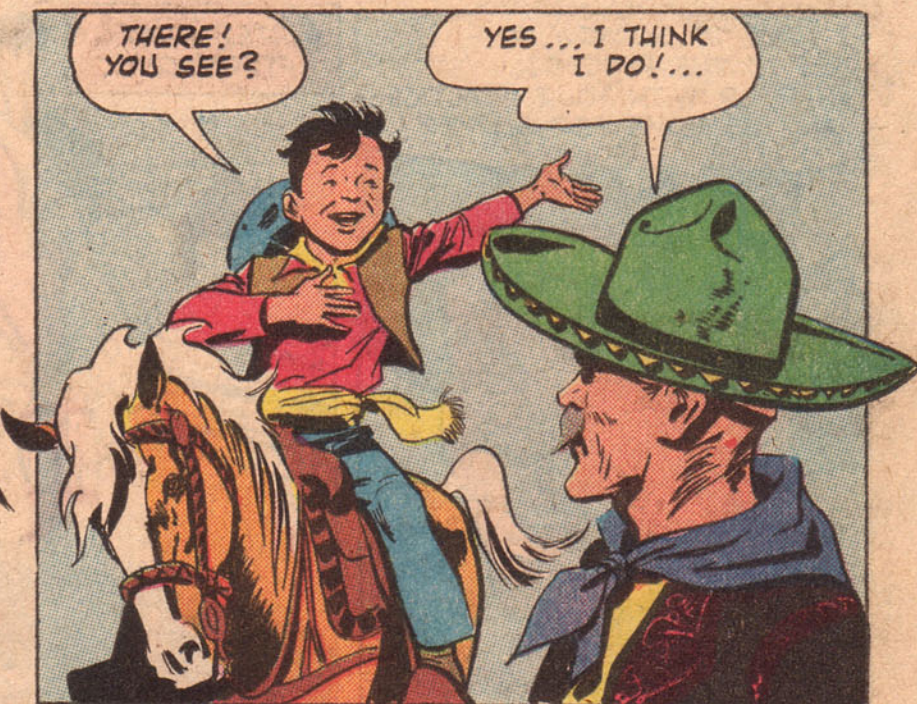
YIPPEEE!  
RIDE 'EM!



WHEEE-  
HUH!

THERE!  
YOU SEE?

YES... I THINK  
I DO!...

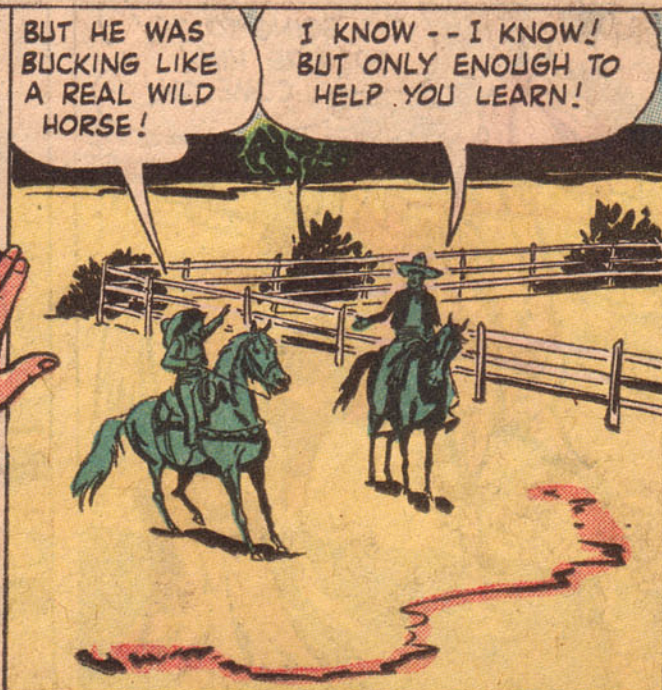


IT WAS  
NOTHING!

YOU ARE RIGHT -- IT WAS  
NOTHING! TRIGGER WAS NOT  
REALLY TRYING  
TO THROW YOU!

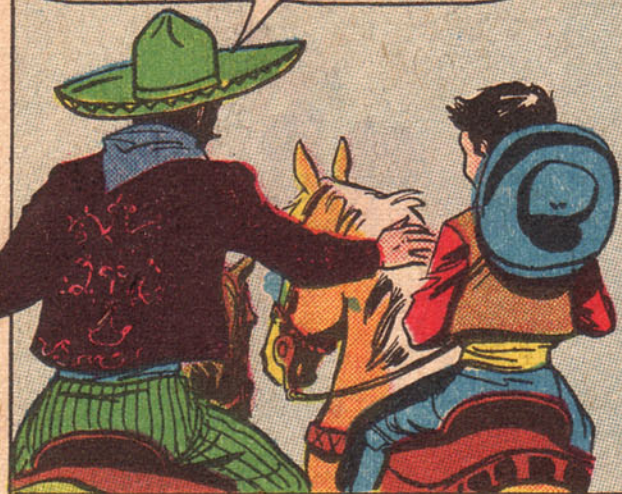
BUT HE WAS  
BUCKING LIKE  
A REAL WILD  
HORSE!

I KNOW -- I KNOW!  
BUT ONLY ENOUGH TO  
HELP YOU LEARN!



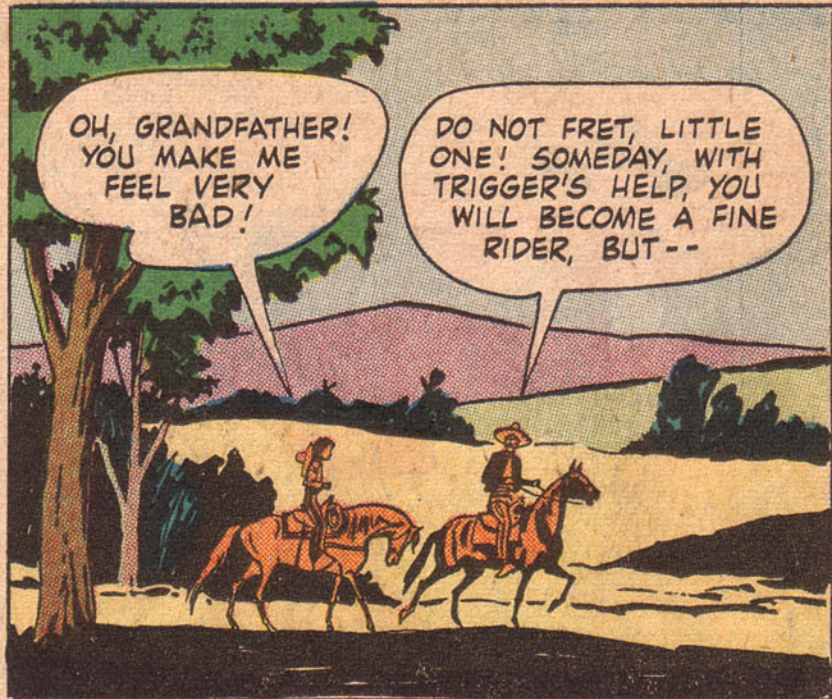


REMEMBER -- HE IS A VERY INTELLIGENT HORSE! HE CAN TELL BY YOUR WEIGHT AND YOUR BALANCE JUST HOW FAR HE SHOULD GO -- AND NO FURTHER!



OH, GRANDFATHER! YOU MAKE ME FEEL VERY BAD!

DO NOT FRET, LITTLE ONE! SOMEDAY, WITH TRIGGER'S HELP, YOU WILL BECOME A FINE RIDER, BUT --

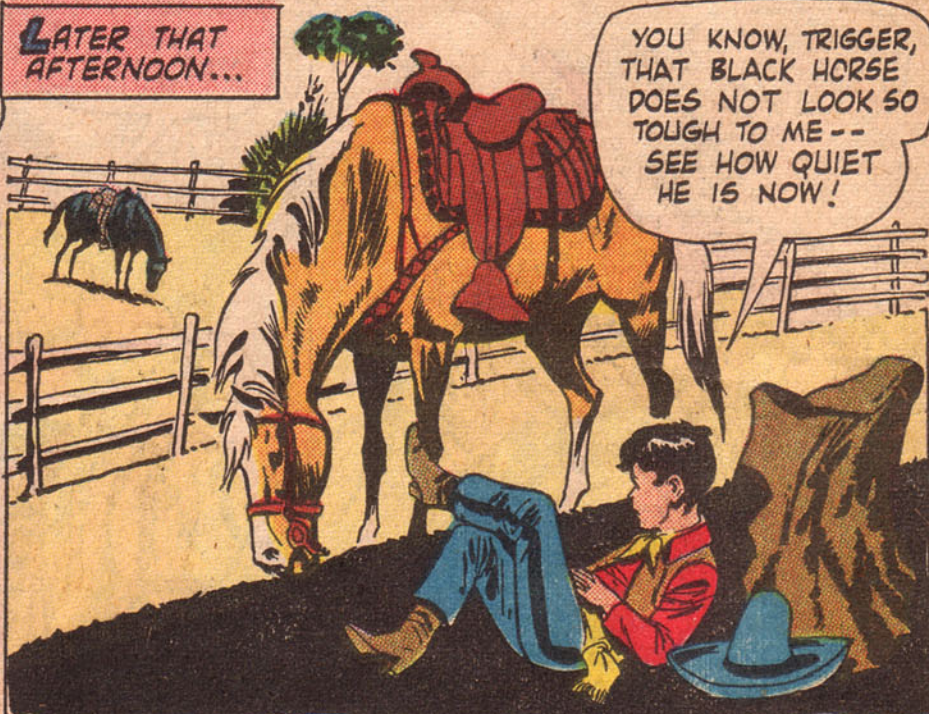


I HAVE TO GO NOW, TO SEE TO THE FENCES! KEEP UP WITH YOUR PRACTICE -- AND BE HOME FOR SUPPER!

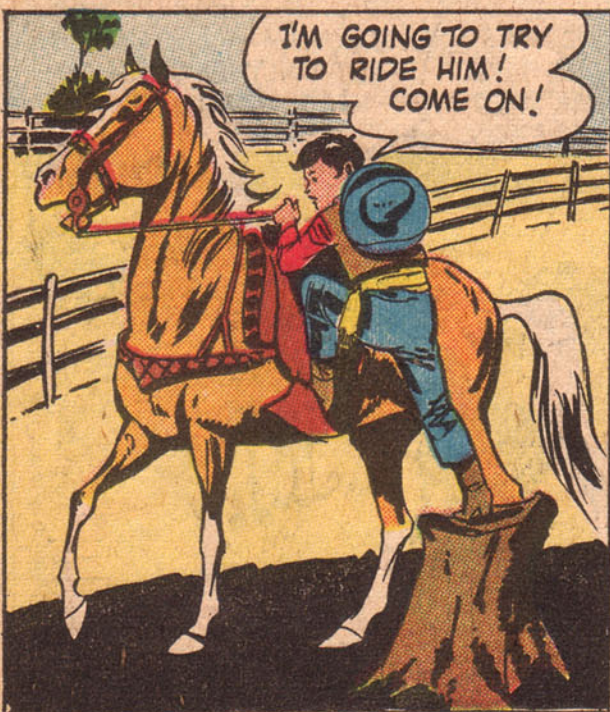


LATER THAT AFTERNOON...

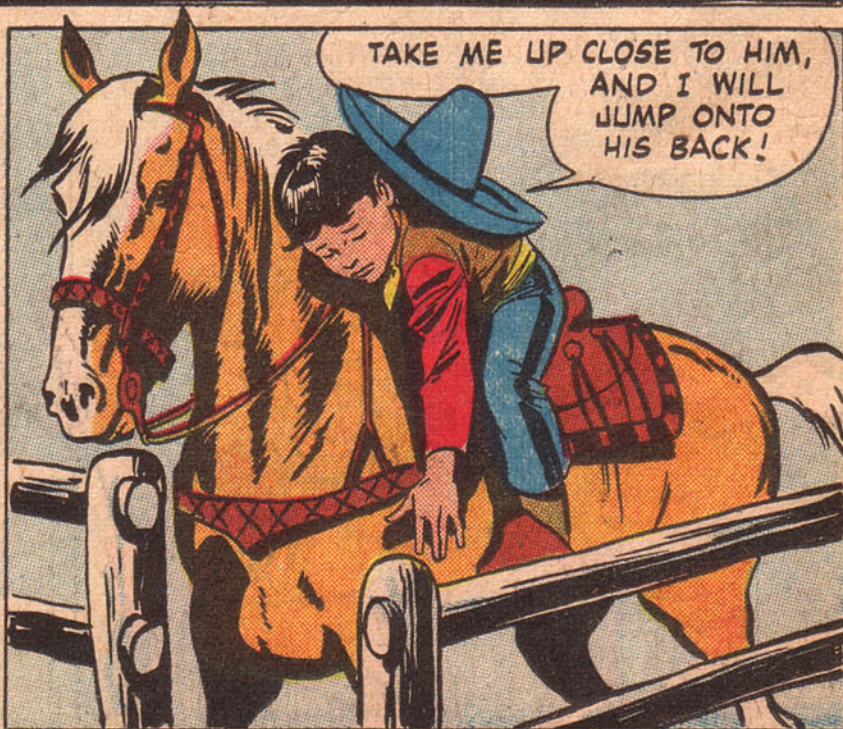
YOU KNOW, TRIGGER, THAT BLACK HORSE DOES NOT LOOK SO TOUGH TO ME -- SEE HOW QUIET HE IS NOW!



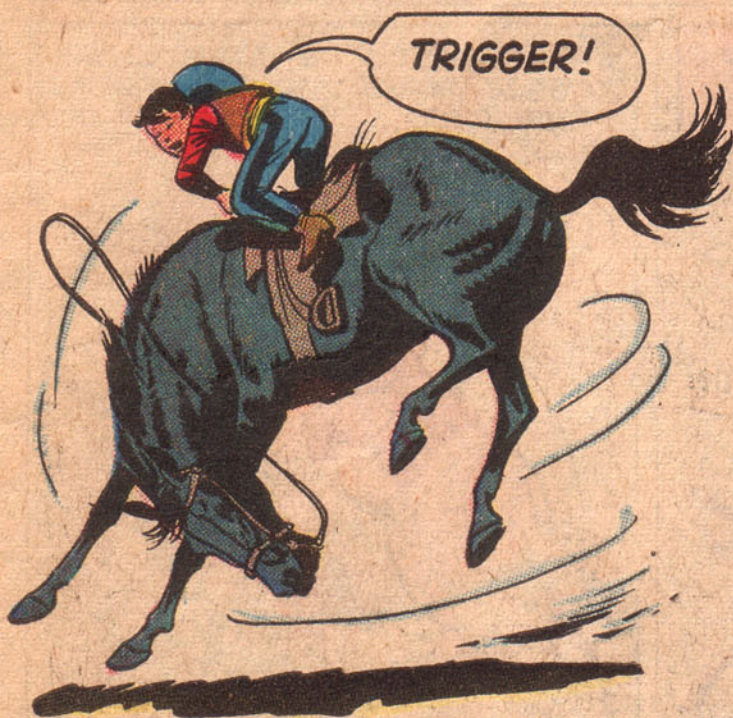
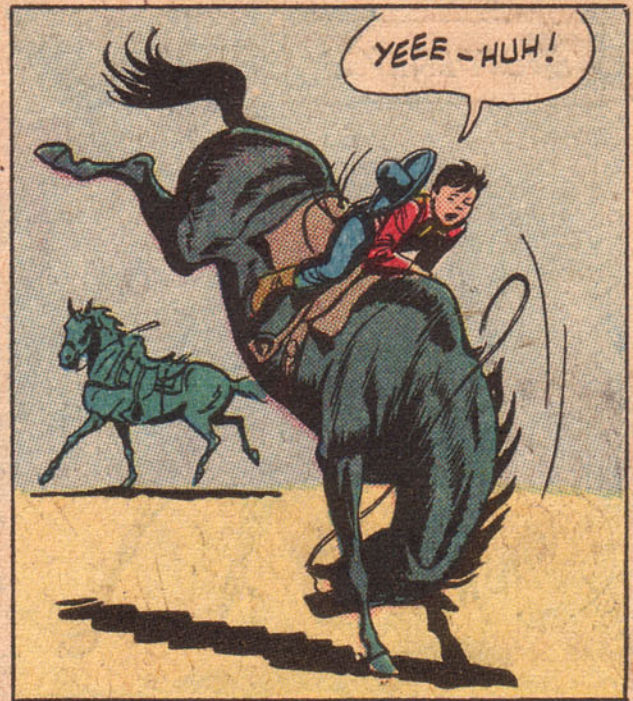
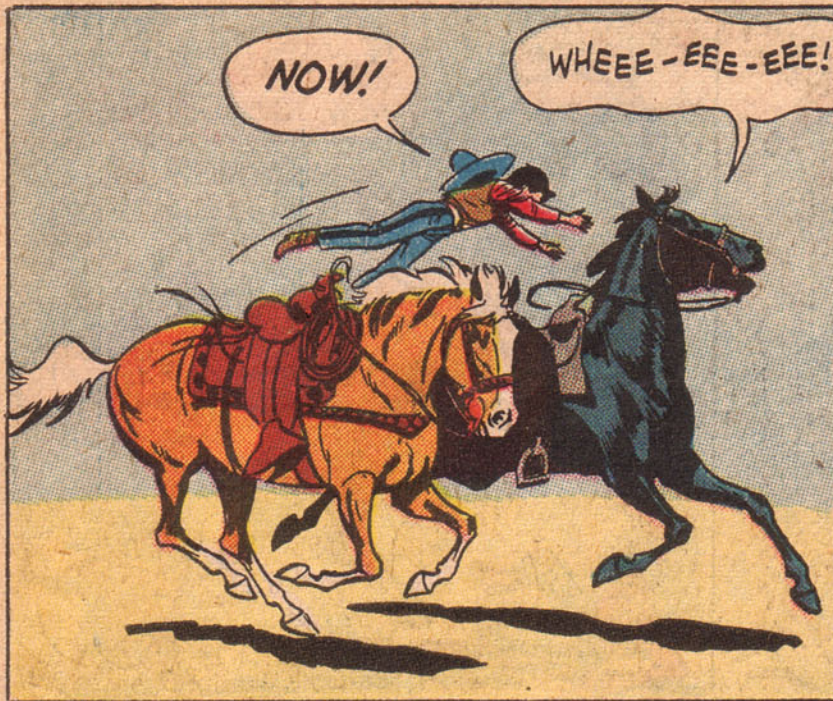
I'M GOING TO TRY TO RIDE HIM! COME ON!



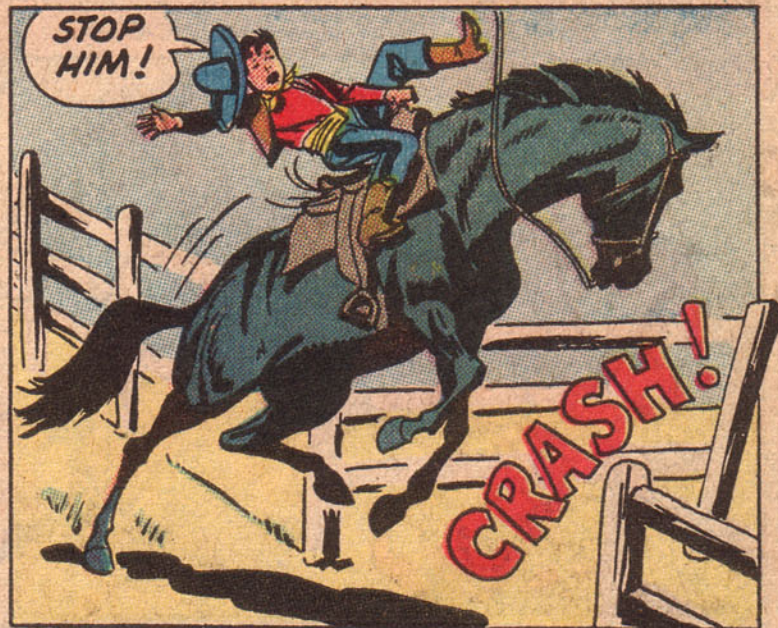
TAKE ME UP CLOSE TO HIM, AND I WILL JUMP ONTO HIS BACK!



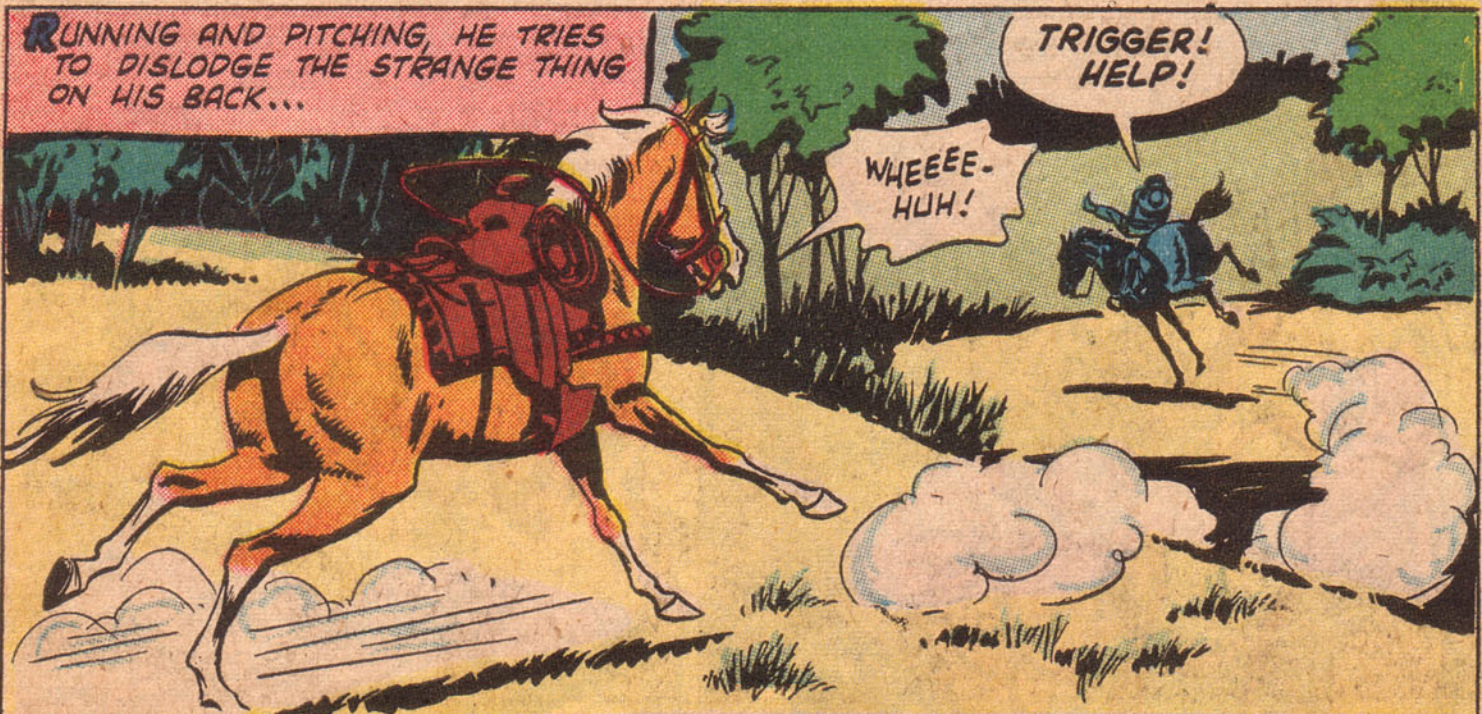




**B**UT SUDDENLY THE WILD HORSE CRASHES INTO THE UNFASTENED GATE...

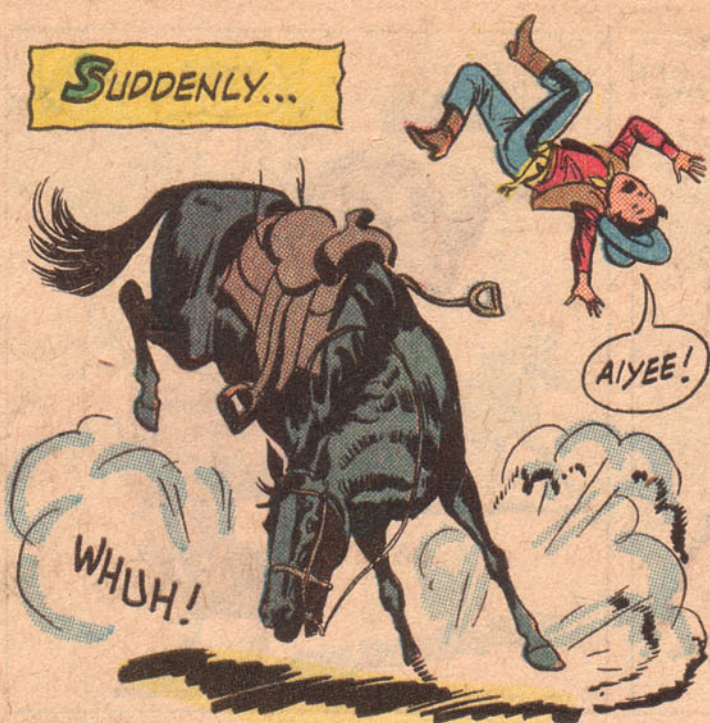


**R**UNNING AND PITCHING, HE TRIES TO DISLodge THE STRANGE THING ON HIS BACK...

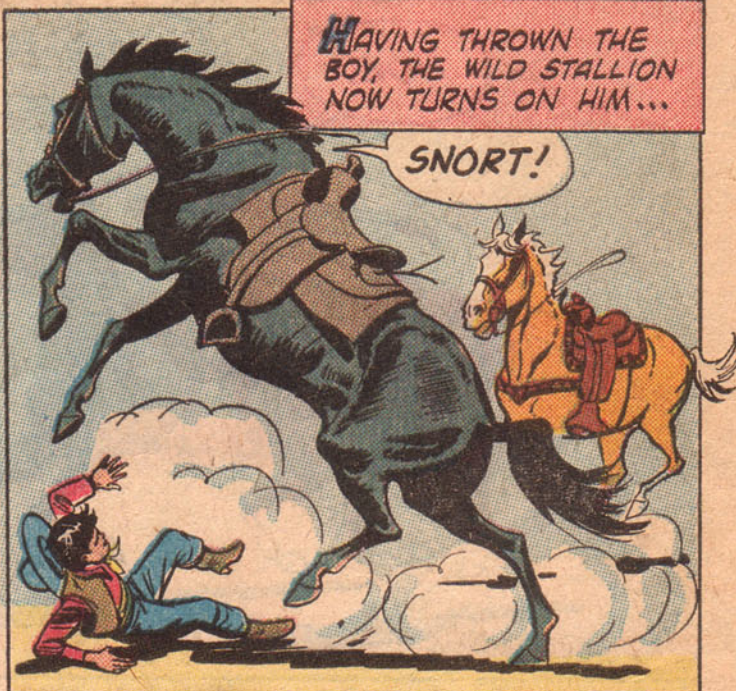




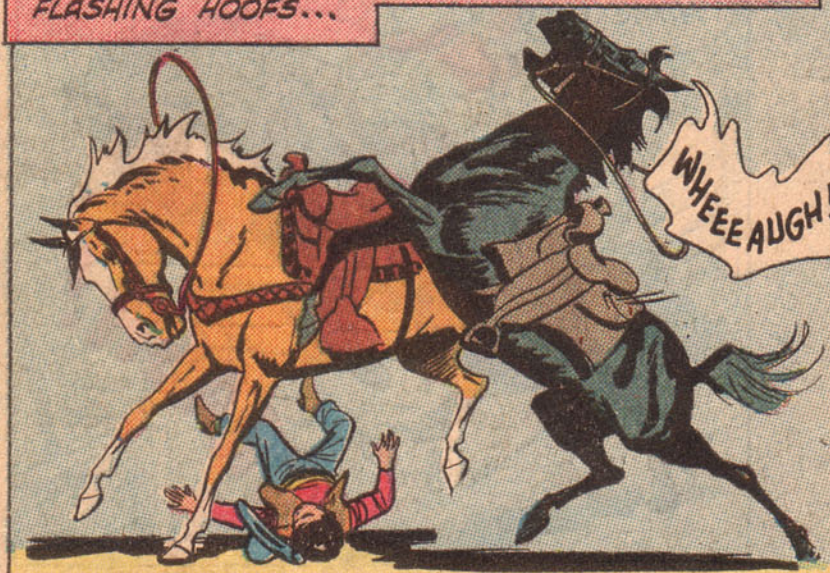
**SUDDENLY...**



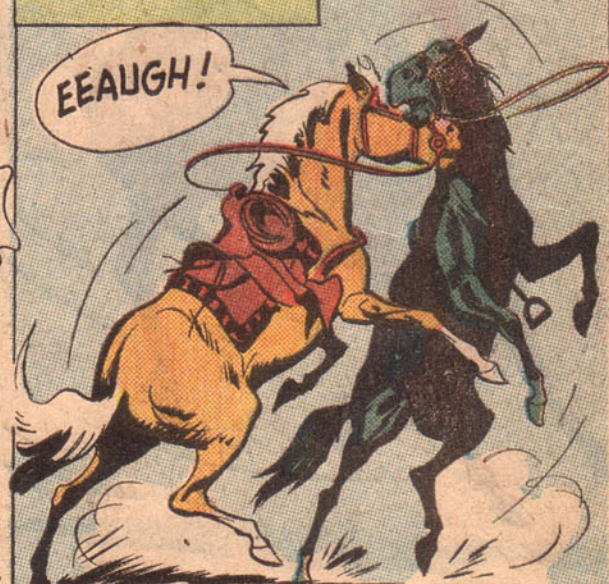
**HAVING THROWN THE BOY, THE WILD STALLION NOW TURNS ON HIM...**



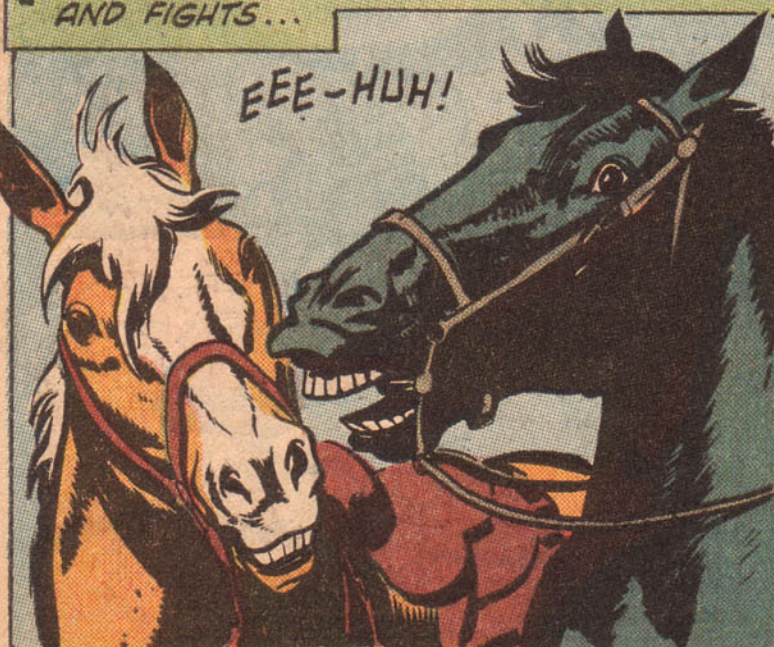
**... BUT TRIGGER MAKES A LIGHTNING MOVE, JUMPING ASTRADDE CHICO AND ABSORBING A CRASHING BLOW FROM THOSE VICIOUS FLASHING HOOFES...**



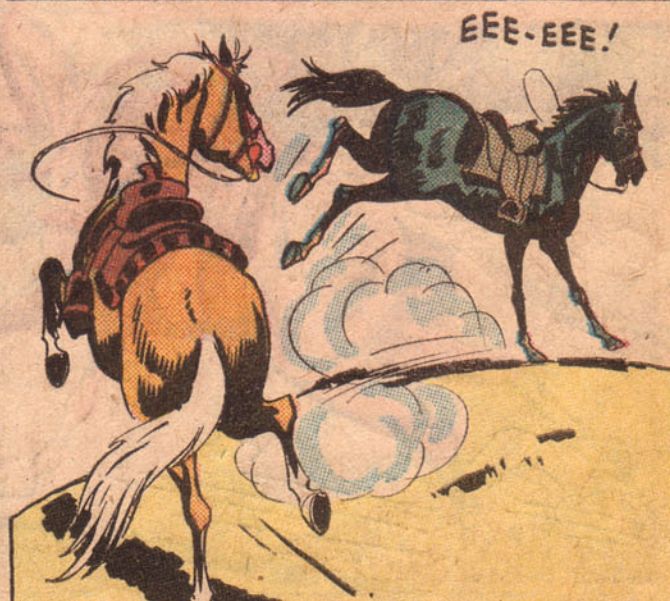
**THEN, CHARGING THE BLACK OUTLAW, TRIGGER DRAWS THE FIGHT AWAY FROM CHICO...**



**FOR A MOMENT, THE WILD HORSE STANDS AND FIGHTS...**



**BUT UNDER THE STING OF TRIGGER'S NIPPING TEETH, HE FLEES...**

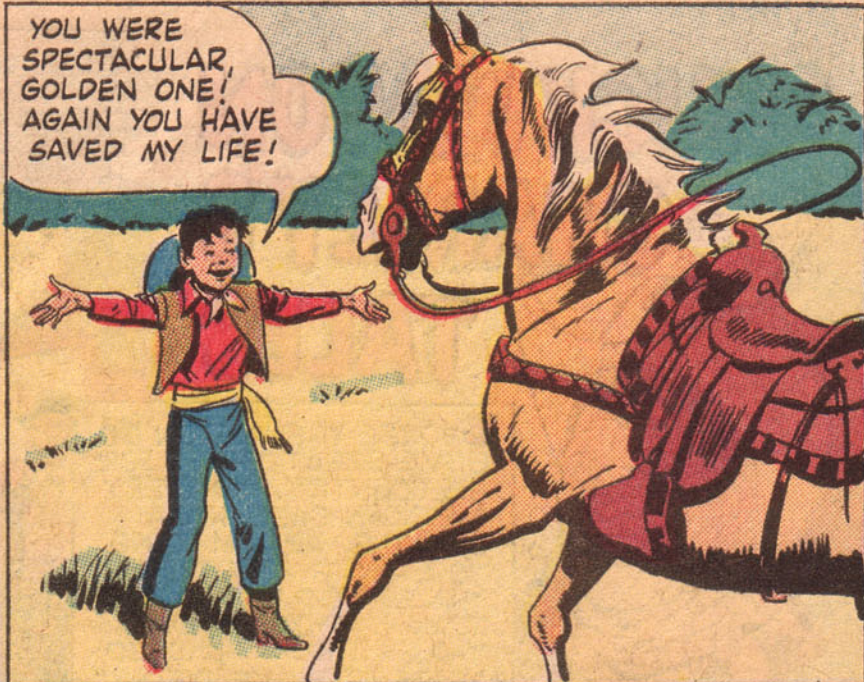




SOON...

THAT'S ENOUGH,  
TRIGGER! LET  
HIM GO!

YOU WERE  
SPECTACULAR,  
GOLDEN ONE!  
AGAIN YOU HAVE  
SAVED MY LIFE!

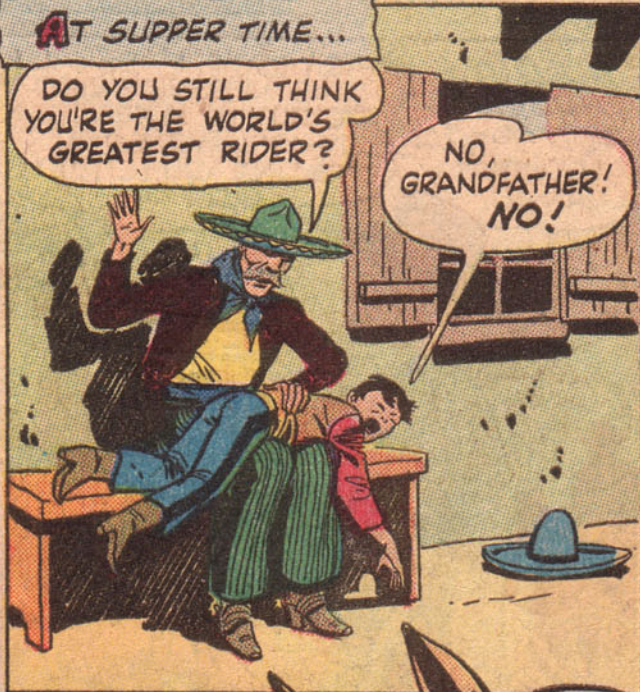
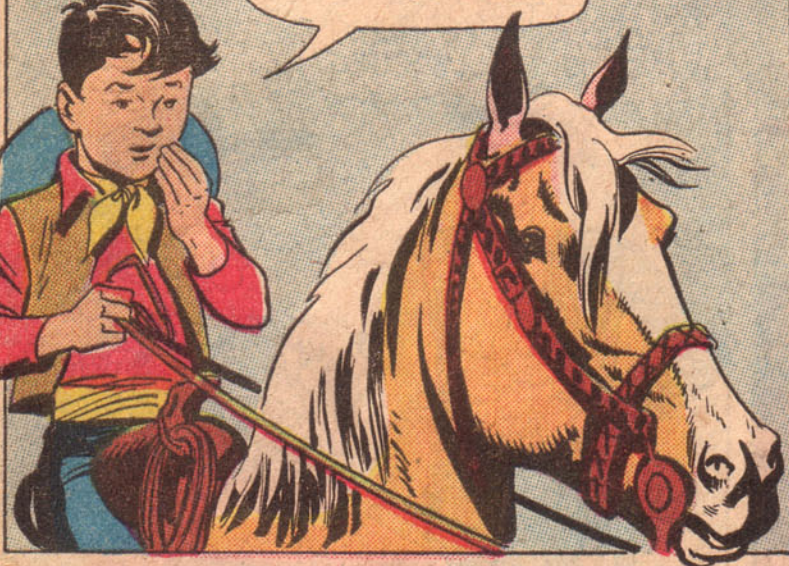


BUT WHAT WILL GRANDFATHER  
SAY WHEN HE LEARNS I HAVE  
LET THE WILD  
HORSE ESCAPE!...

AT SUPPER TIME...

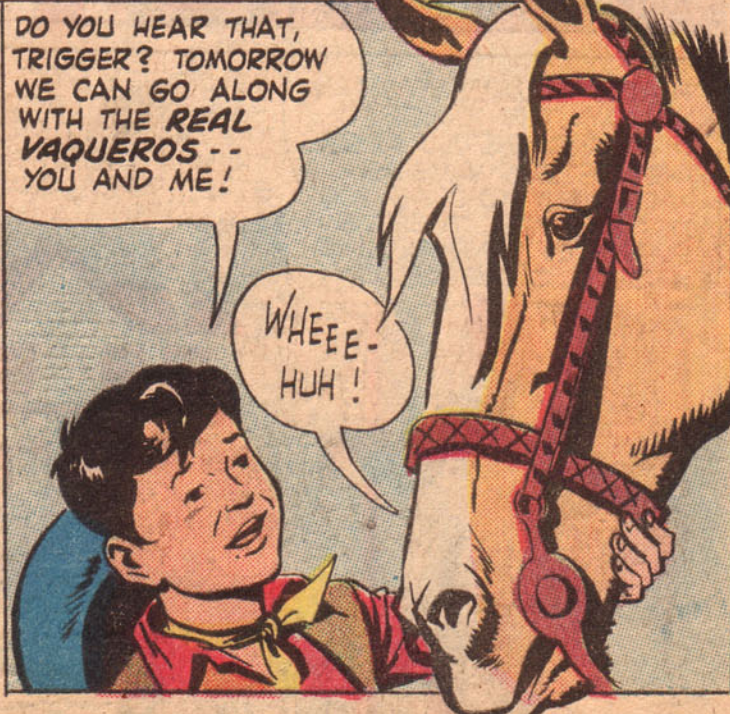
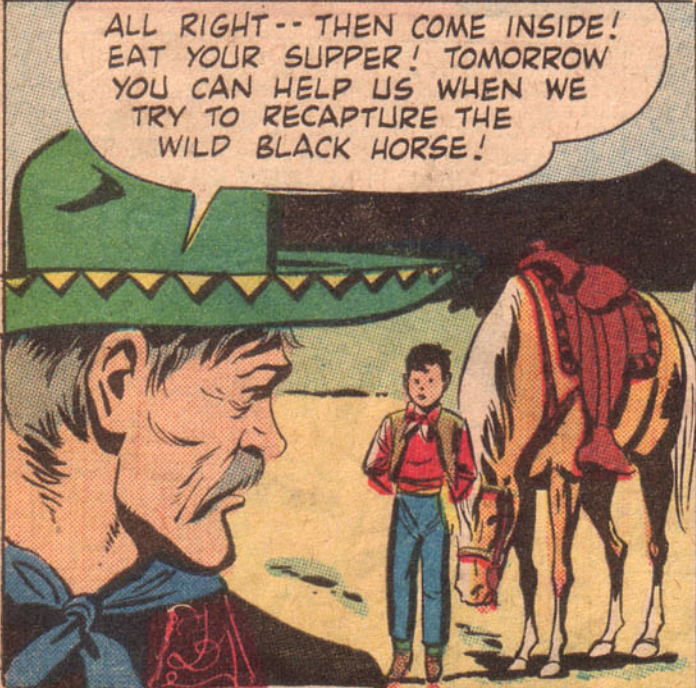
DO YOU STILL THINK  
YOU'RE THE WORLD'S  
GREATEST RIDER?

NO,  
GRANDFATHER!  
NO!



ALL RIGHT -- THEN COME INSIDE!  
EAT YOUR SUPPER! TOMORROW  
YOU CAN HELP US WHEN WE  
TRY TO RECAPTURE THE  
WILD BLACK HORSE!

DO YOU HEAR THAT,  
TRIGGER? TOMORROW  
WE CAN GO ALONG  
WITH THE **REAL**  
**Vaqueros** --  
YOU AND ME!





# CHUCK WAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

"IT ALL STARTED WHEN CASEY HUBER, A CATTLEMAN WHO THOUGHT HE OWNED THE WHOLE COUNTRY TRIED TO SCARE OUT SOME NESTERS! HOWEVER, A CERTAIN MARSHAL JOHN BRYANT HAD OTHER IDEAS..."

THIS IS JUST A SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU NESTERS WILL GET IF YOU DON'T PACK YOUR GEAR AND GET OFF MY LAND!

"GEORGE WASHINGTON DID SOME GREAT THINGS FOR HIS COUNTRY, AND EVERY AMERICAN OWES HIM A LOT. THE YARN I'M GOING TO SPIN IS ABOUT SOMETHING HE DID FOR A LITTLE TOWN IN WYOMING, EVEN THOUGH IT WAS A HUNDRED YEARS AFTER HE DIED..."

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HOLD IT, HUBER! YOU TWO... LET THAT MAN GO!

NOW LOOK, MARSHAL! THIS NESTER TRIED TO PUT UP A FENCE ON MY LAND! SO I'M TELLING YOU NOT TO BUTT IN!

NOW LOOK, YOURSELF! FIRST OF ALL I DON'T LIKE YOUR WAY OF SETTLING THIS! AND SECOND, NONE OF THAT RANGE IS REALLY YOURS!

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED... AND MY STEERS WERE GRAZING THAT LAND LONG BEFORE THE NESTERS GOT HERE!

THAT STILL DOESN'T MEAN YOU OWN THE RANGE! THIS LAND IS STILL FREE—THE NESTERS HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT TO IT AS YOU DO! BESIDES, THERE'S PLENTY OF LAND AROUND HERE FOR EVERYBODY!

WELL, THEY STILL DON'T HAVE ANY TITLE TO IT—THE LAW CAN'T PROTECT THEM IF THEIR FENCES START TO DISAPPEAR!

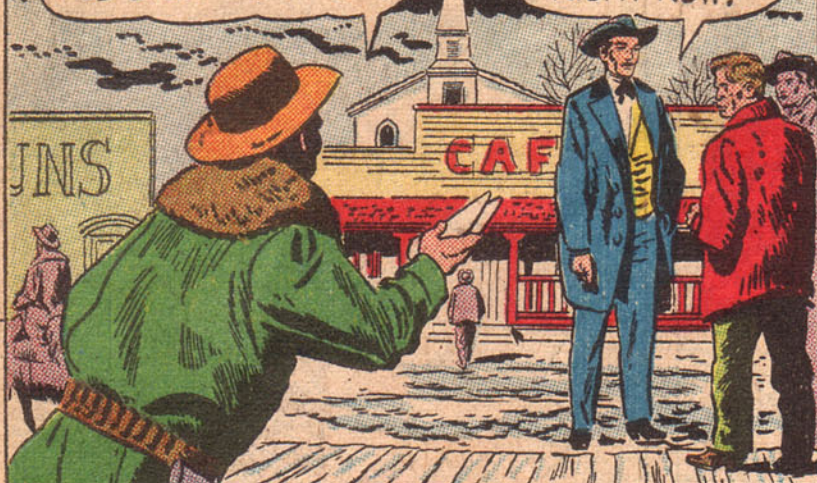
THAT MAY BE TRUE RIGHT NOW! BUT I'VE WRITTEN TO WASHINGTON, D.C. FOR A SOLUTION TO THIS WHOLE PROBLEM! WHATEVER THEIR DECISION, IT'LL BE LAW!



AT THIS MOMENT, DEPUTY TIM COLE APPEARS...

MARSHAL! TWO LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!

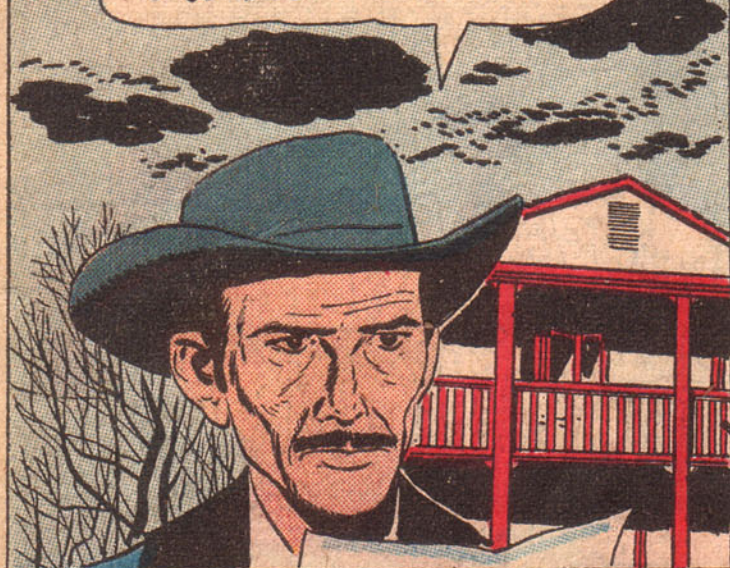
MAYBE WE'LL GET THE ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEM RIGHT NOW!



HMM! SEEMS AS IF THERE'S ALREADY BEEN A MEETING ON OUR LAND TITLE DIFFICULTY!



AND IN ACCORDANCE WITH A GOVERNMENT RULING REGARDING LAND GRANTS, THEY WANT ME TO CONDUCT A LAND RACE!

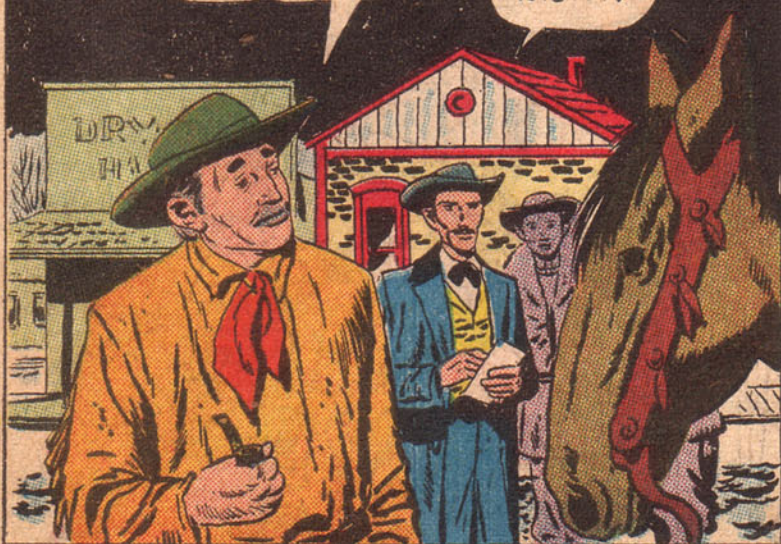


WE'RE TO HOLD THE RACE A WEEK FROM THE DATE OF THIS LETTER—EACH PARTICIPANT MAY CLAIM THIRTY ACRES! SO, HUBER, WE'LL SEE WHOSE LAND IS WHOSE—UNDER THE LAW!



IF I FIGURE THE DATES RIGHT, THE RACE'LL BE FEBRUARY 22! RIGHT?

RIGHT!



I'LL BE BACK ON THE 22ND, BRYANT! AND DON'T THINK I'M NOT PLANNING TO WIN!

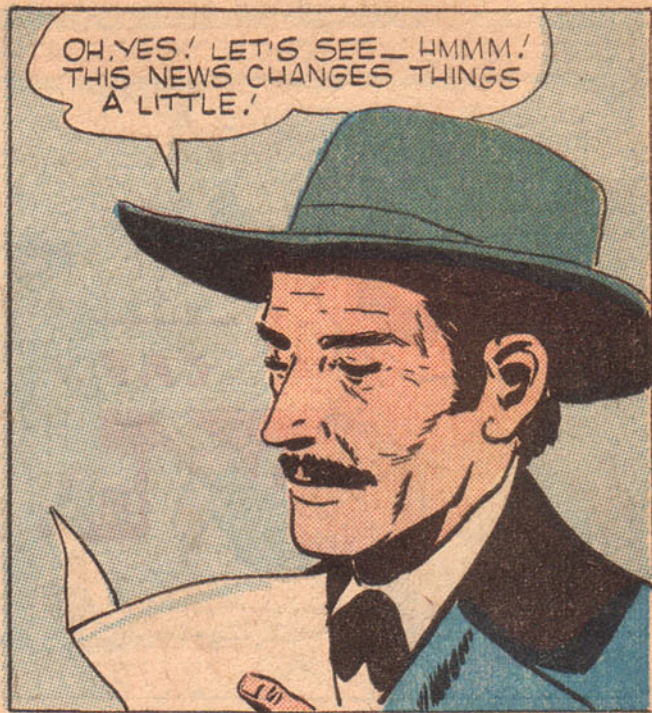




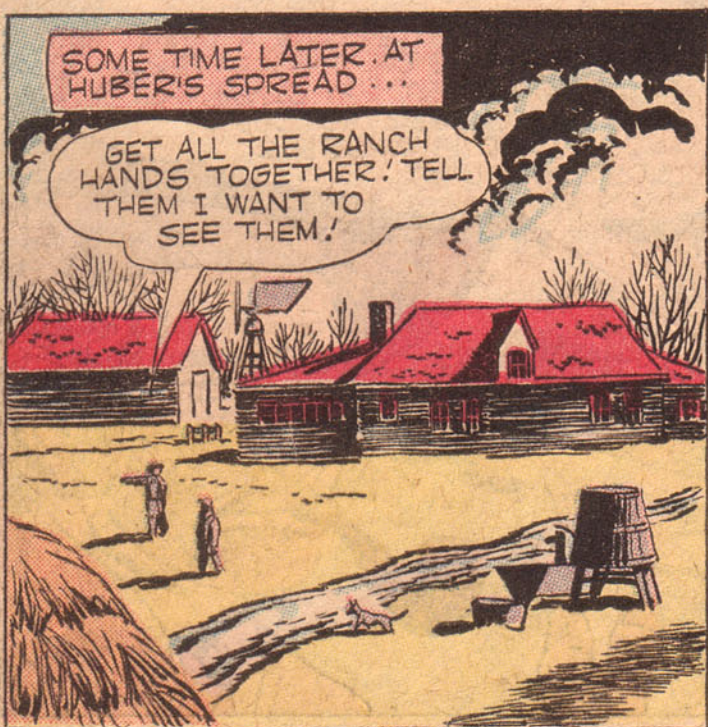


THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME!  
BUT JUST SEE THAT YOU  
DON'T BREAK ANY LAWS  
WHILE DOING IT!

MARSHAL!  
YOU FORGOT  
THE OTHER  
LETTER!



OH, YES! LET'S SEE... HMMM!  
THIS NEWS CHANGES THINGS  
A LITTLE!



SOME TIME LATER, AT  
HUBER'S SPREAD...

GET ALL THE RANCH  
HANDS TOGETHER! TELL  
THEM I WANT TO  
SEE THEM!

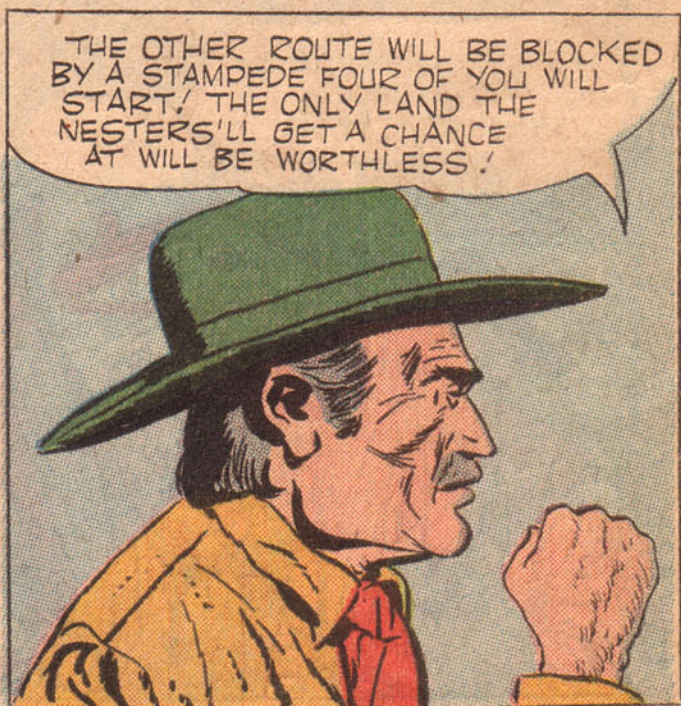


AND SHORTLY...

HERE'S THE PLAN! HALF OF  
YOU WILL RIDE WITH ME IN THE  
RACE AND STAKE CLAIM TO EVERY  
THING IN THE UPPER BEND...



THREE OF YOU WILL BE AT CLINT ROCK!  
BLOCK THE PASS WITH A SLIDE, SO  
NONE OF THE NESTERS CAN GET  
THROUGH TO STAKE IN THE  
GREEN COUNTRY!



THE OTHER ROUTE WILL BE BLOCKED  
BY A STAMPEDE FOUR OF YOU WILL  
START! THE ONLY LAND THE  
NESTERS'LL GET A CHANCE  
AT WILL BE WORTHLESS!



ON THE MORNING OF THE 22ND, HUBER AND SOME OF HIS MEN RIDE INTO TOWN...

AFTER TODAY OUR TROUBLES WILL BE OVER! WE'LL OWN ALL THE LAND AROUND... BY LAW!



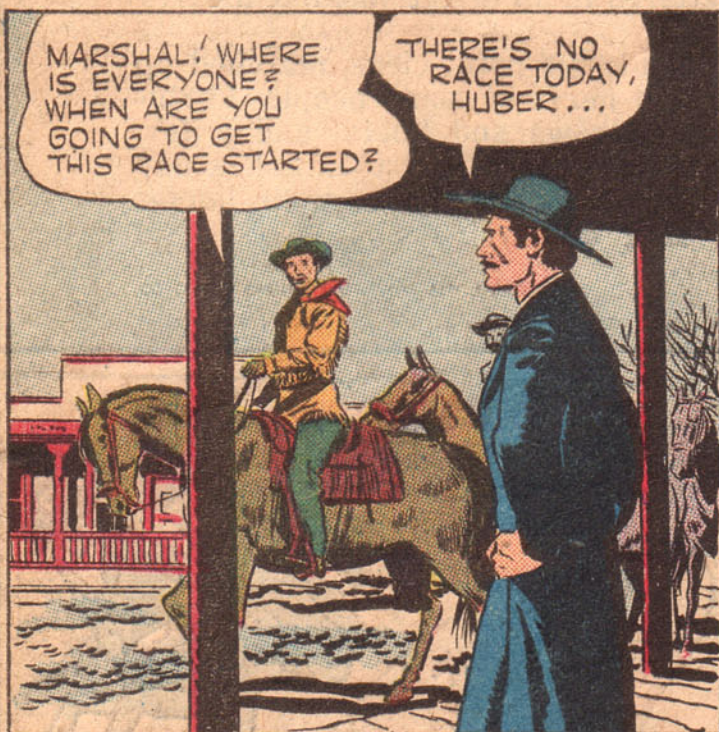
SAY, HUBER! ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE GOT THE DATE RIGHT? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING THAT LOOKS LIKE A NESTER OR A LAND RACE!

TODAY'S THE 22ND, ISN'T IT?—THERE'S THE MARSHAL NOW! I'LL ASK HIM WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



MARSHAL! WHERE IS EVERYONE? WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET THIS RACE STARTED?

THERE'S NO RACE TODAY, HUBER...



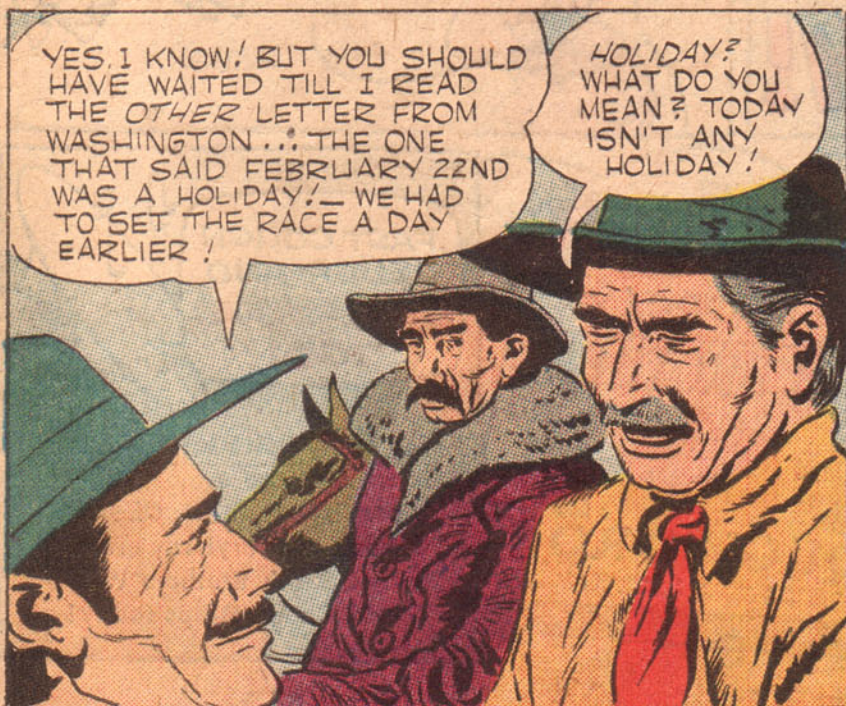
...YOU'RE TOO LATE!—THE RACE WAS HELD YESTERDAY!

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL? YOU SAID IT WAS GOING TO BE ON THE 22ND! THAT'S TODAY!

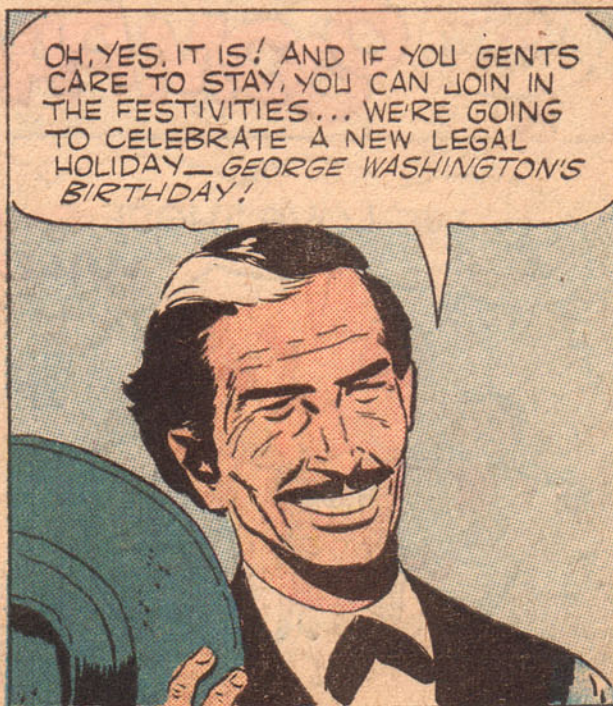


YES, I KNOW! BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE WAITED TILL I READ THE OTHER LETTER FROM WASHINGTON... THE ONE THAT SAID FEBRUARY 22ND WAS A HOLIDAY!—WE HAD TO SET THE RACE A DAY EARLIER!

HOLIDAY? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? TODAY ISN'T ANY HOLIDAY!



OH, YES, IT IS! AND IF YOU GENTS CARE TO STAY, YOU CAN JOIN IN THE FESTIVITIES... WE'RE GOING TO CELEBRATE A NEW LEGAL HOLIDAY—GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY!





# THE BULL THAT STOPPED AN ARMY

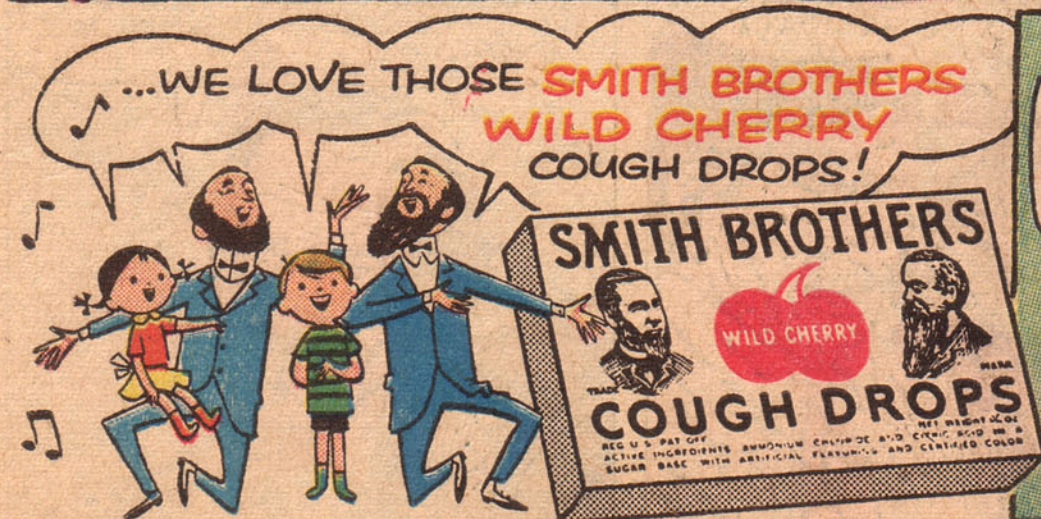
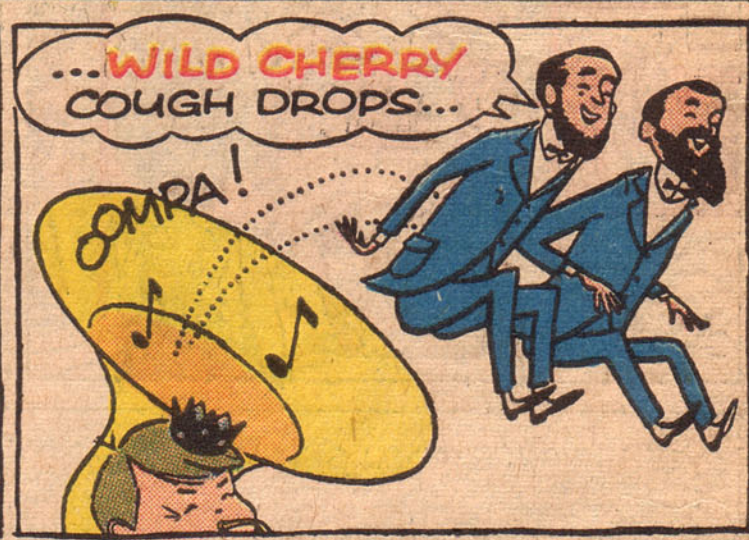
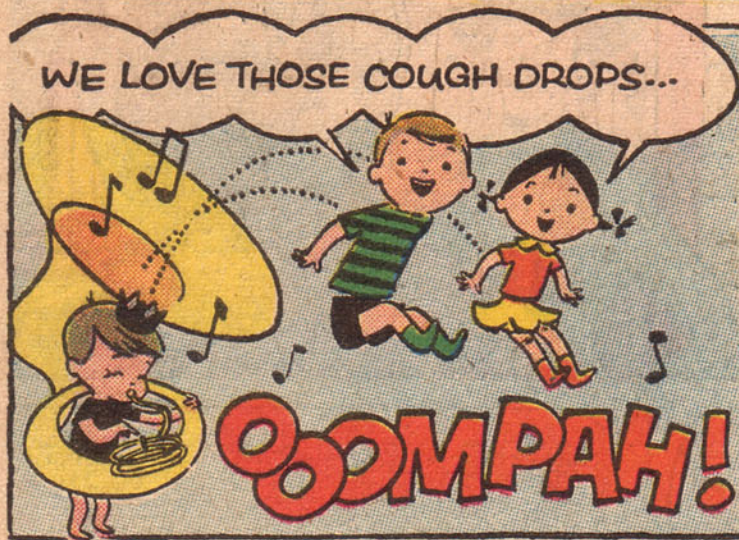
General Zachary Taylor had earned well his nickname of "Old Rough and Ready!" His troops were rough and ready, too, as they proved on May 18, 1846 when they occupied Matamoras, Mexico after defeating five times their number of hard-fighting Mexican regulars. But a longhorn bull was even tougher!

That grouchy old mossyhorn stood on a hill watching Taylor's troops march toward the Rio Grande. Who were these upstarts who presumed to march down *his* valley? Nobody had asked *his* permission! The more he thought it over, the madder he got. His little eyes glowed like red stop lights. His hoofs tore the ground. His horns slashed at the mesquite.

With an echoing bellow, he rolled his rosy tail skyward and charged down the hill. Before the troops knew what had struck them, he thundered down their lines. Bucking horses, stampeding artillery teams, careening freight wagons, and yelling soldiers scattered in all directions, like a covey of quail before a shotgun blast.

The belligerent old longhorn, having made his point clear, marched up the valley, muttering to himself about the nerve of some people. Fortunately, there were only bruises, skinned elbows and knees, and a few smashed wheels in his wake, but no real damage. Still, it took half a day for three whole regiments to collect their scrambled gear, their horses and their peace of mind, and resume their march!

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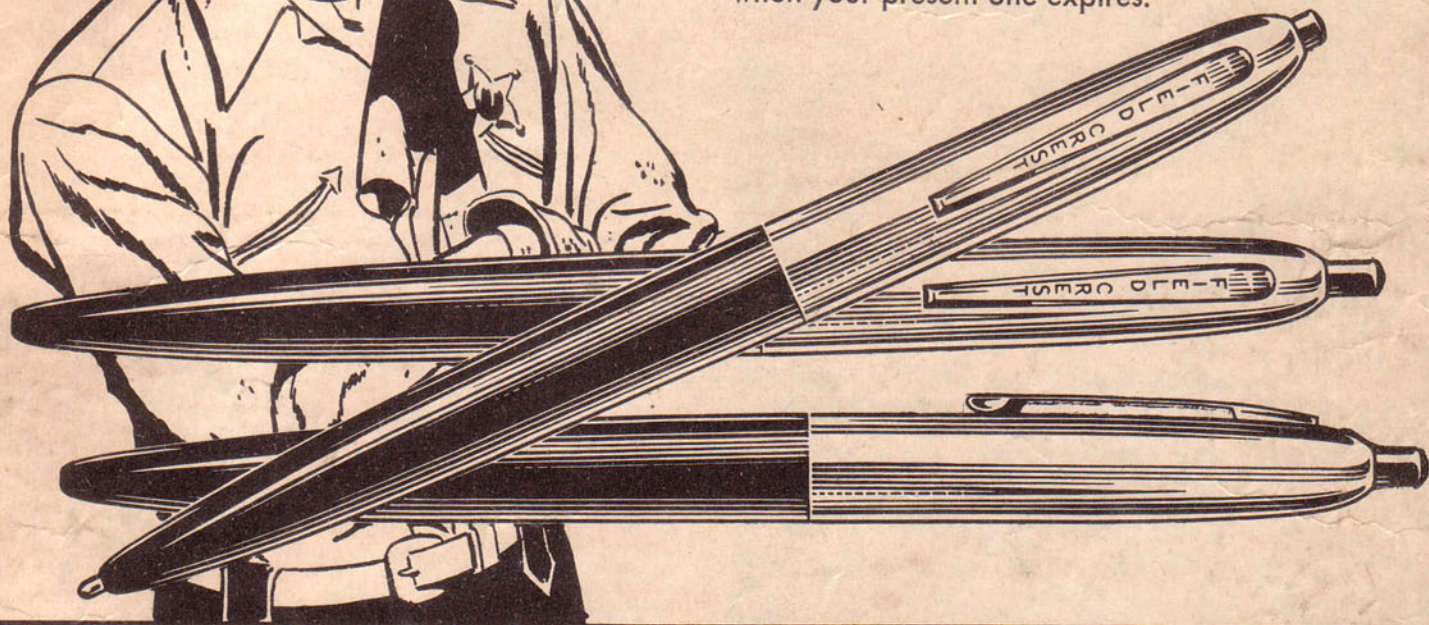


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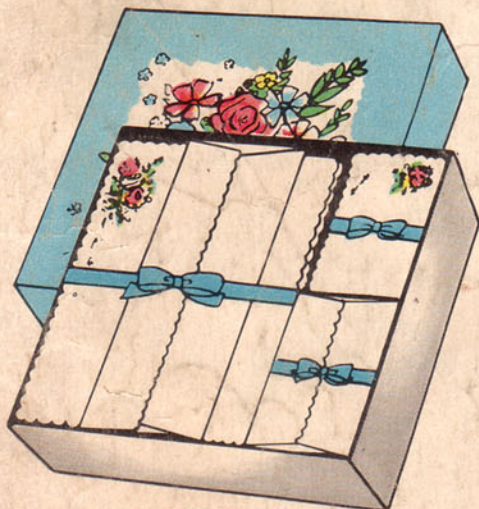
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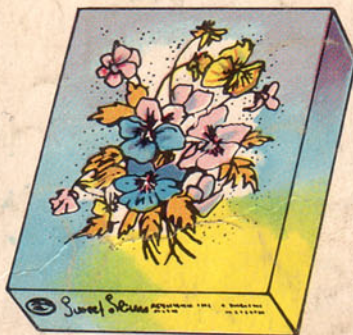
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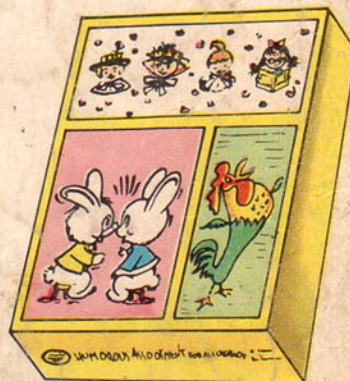
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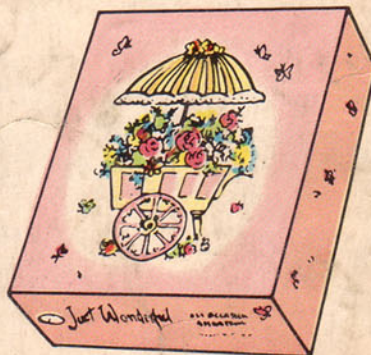
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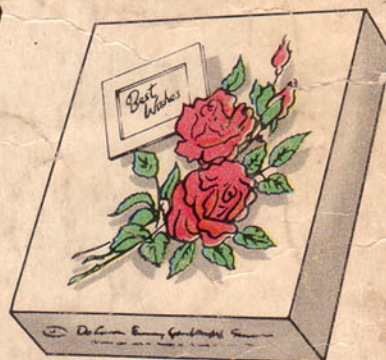
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