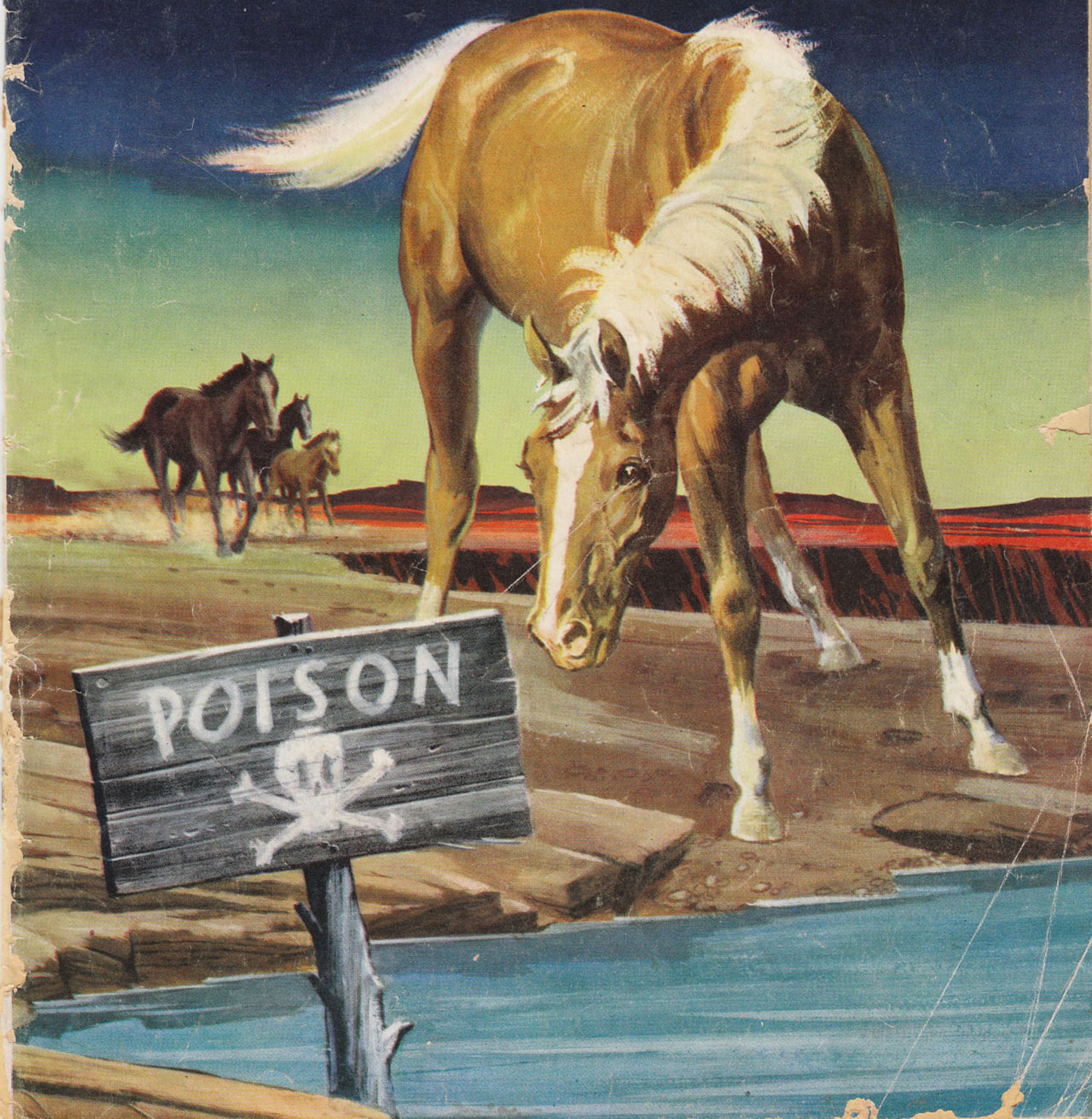


DELL
COMIC

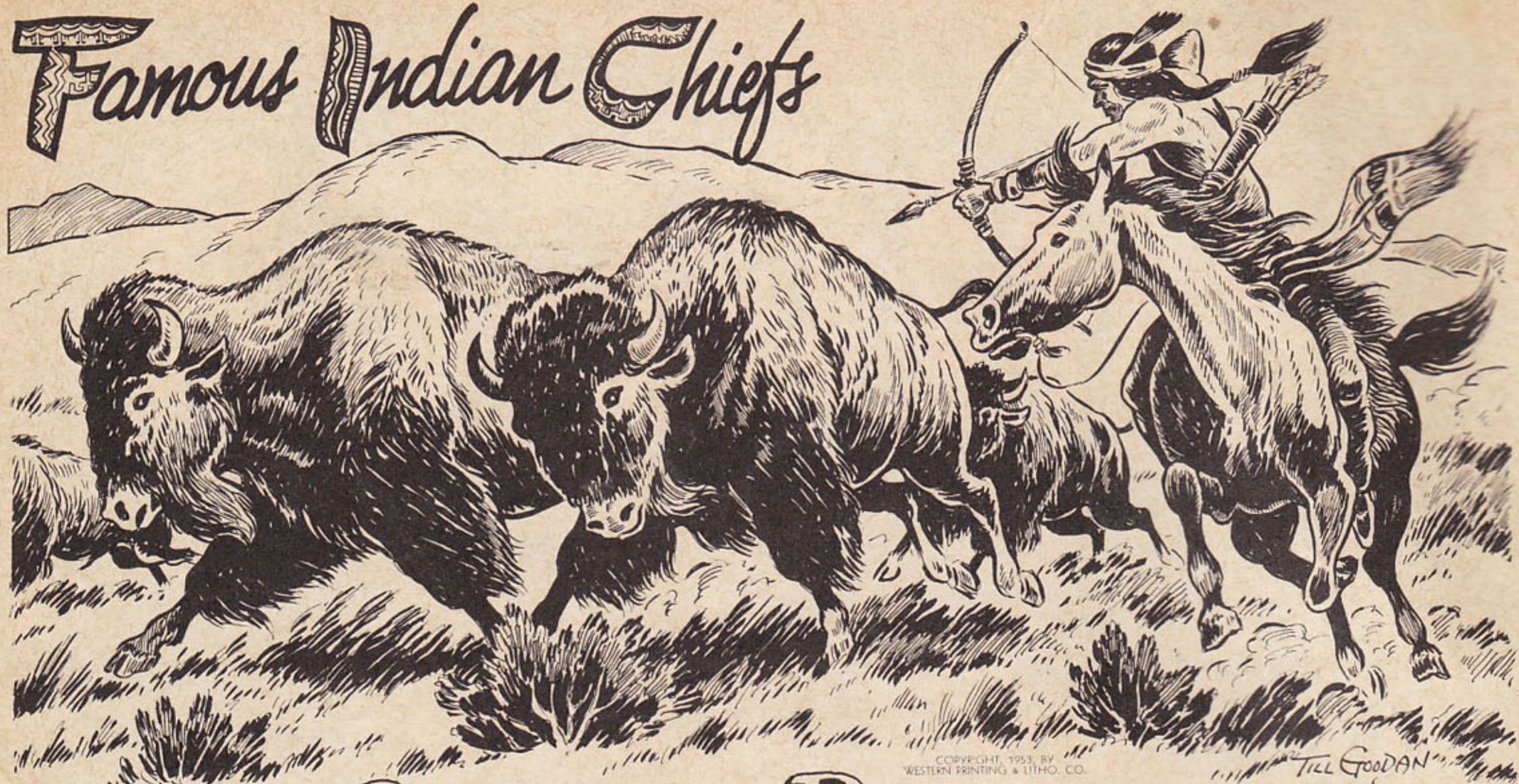
JUNE-AUGUST

10¢

Roy Rogers TRIGGER



Famous Indian Chiefs



QUANAH PARKER NOTED CHIEF OF THE COMMANCHES

QUANAH WAS THE SON OF CYNTHIA ANN PARKER, A CAPTURED WHITE GIRL, AND A COMMANCHE CHIEF. HE RESOLVED TO DRIVE ALL OF THE SETTLERS OFF THE STAKED PLAINS OF TEXAS. THEY WERE KILLING THE BUFFALO JUST FOR THEIR HIDES AND DEPRIVING THE RED MEN OF THEIR MEAT SUPPLY. THE INDIANS USED BUFFALO HIDES FOR SHELTERS AND THE MEAT TO SUSTAIN THEM THROUGH THE LONG AND BITTER WINTERS. IN 1874, QUANAH REALIZED THAT THE INDIANS WERE FACED WITH A SERIOUS DECISION -- THEY MUST DRIVE ALL THE INVADERS OFF THE SOUTHERN PLAINS, OR MOVE TO THE RESERVATIONS AND LIVE LIKE WHITE MEN. QUANAH CHOSE TO FIGHT. THE FIRST BATTLE WAS THE ADOBE WALLS ATTACK. THE INDIANS SUFFERED A SEVERE DEFEAT. MANY OF QUANAH'S WARRIORS

WERE KILLED AND WOUNDED. THE CHIEF REALIZED THAT THE FATE OF THE SOUTHERN PLAINS INDIANS WAS SEALED. HIS SCOUTS REPORTED THAT GREAT COLUMNS OF SOLDIERS UNDER THE COMMAND OF GENERAL NELSON MILES AND COLONEL RANALD

MACKENZIE WERE MARCHING FROM FORT SILL, CAMP SUPPLY, FORT GRIFFIN, AND FORT UNION. QUANAH WAS WOUNDED. HE HAD A BULLET IN HIS SHOULDER AND WAS FORCED TO GIVE UP. HE SURRENDERED TO THE WHITE MEN AND MOVED TO THE RESERVATION. HE NOW CALLED HIMSELF QUANAH PARKER AND BECAME A SUCCESSFUL RANCHER AND A SHREWD BUSINESSMAN. MANY YEARS LATER, HE WENT TO WASHINGTON AND RODE IN PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S INAUGURAL PARADE. CHIEF QUANAH WAS ONE OF THE GREATEST OF THE PLAINS INDIANS.

THE SIGN OF PEACE

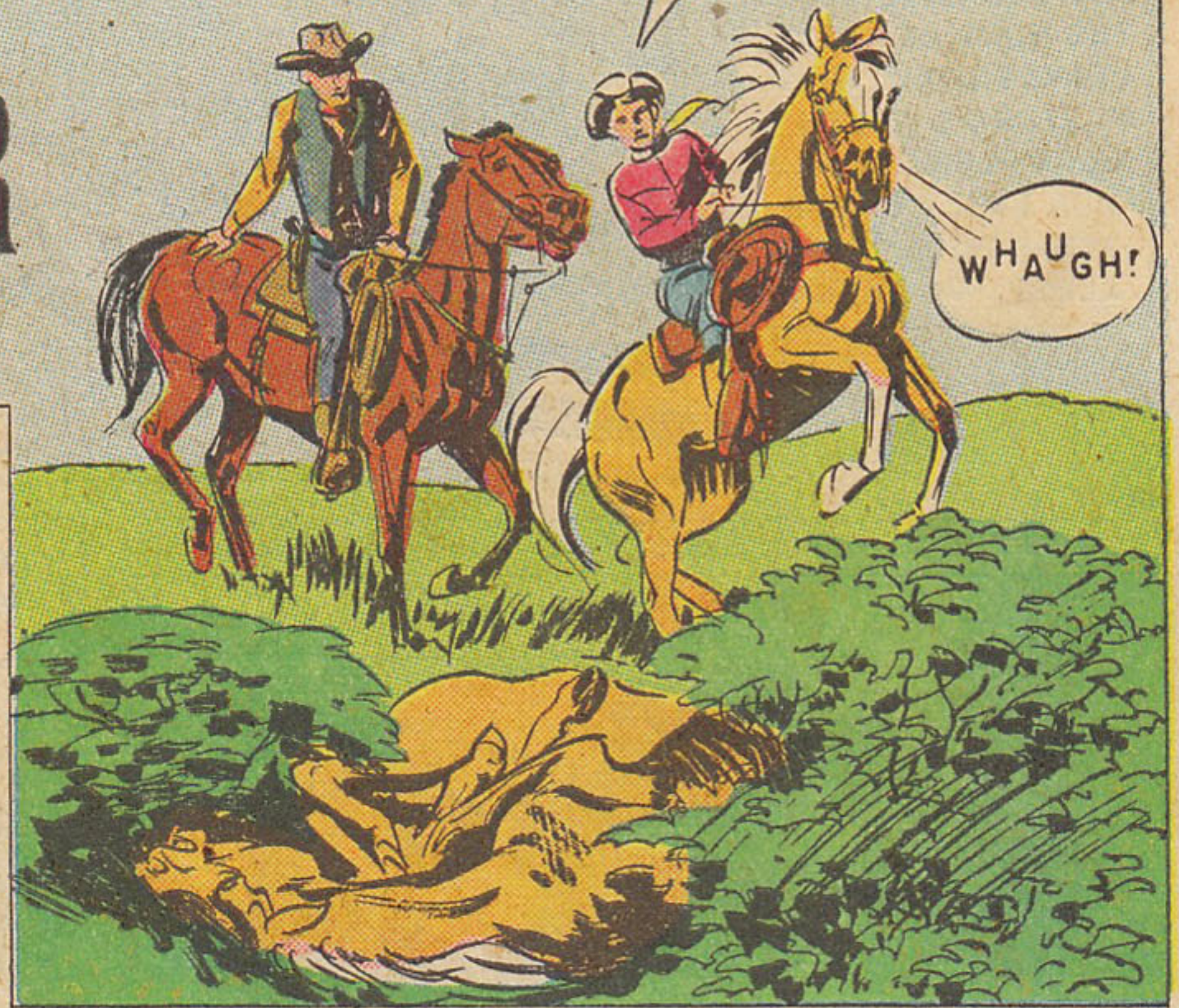


DAVEY IS SHOWING UNCLE MIKE'S FRIEND, GEORGE WEST, AROUND THE RANCH WHEN SUDDENLY---

TRIGGER

FIGHTS FOR TWO

MISTER WEST! IT'S LADY, TRIGGER'S FAVORITE PALOMINO MARE---AND HER COLT! THEY'VE BEEN KILLED---

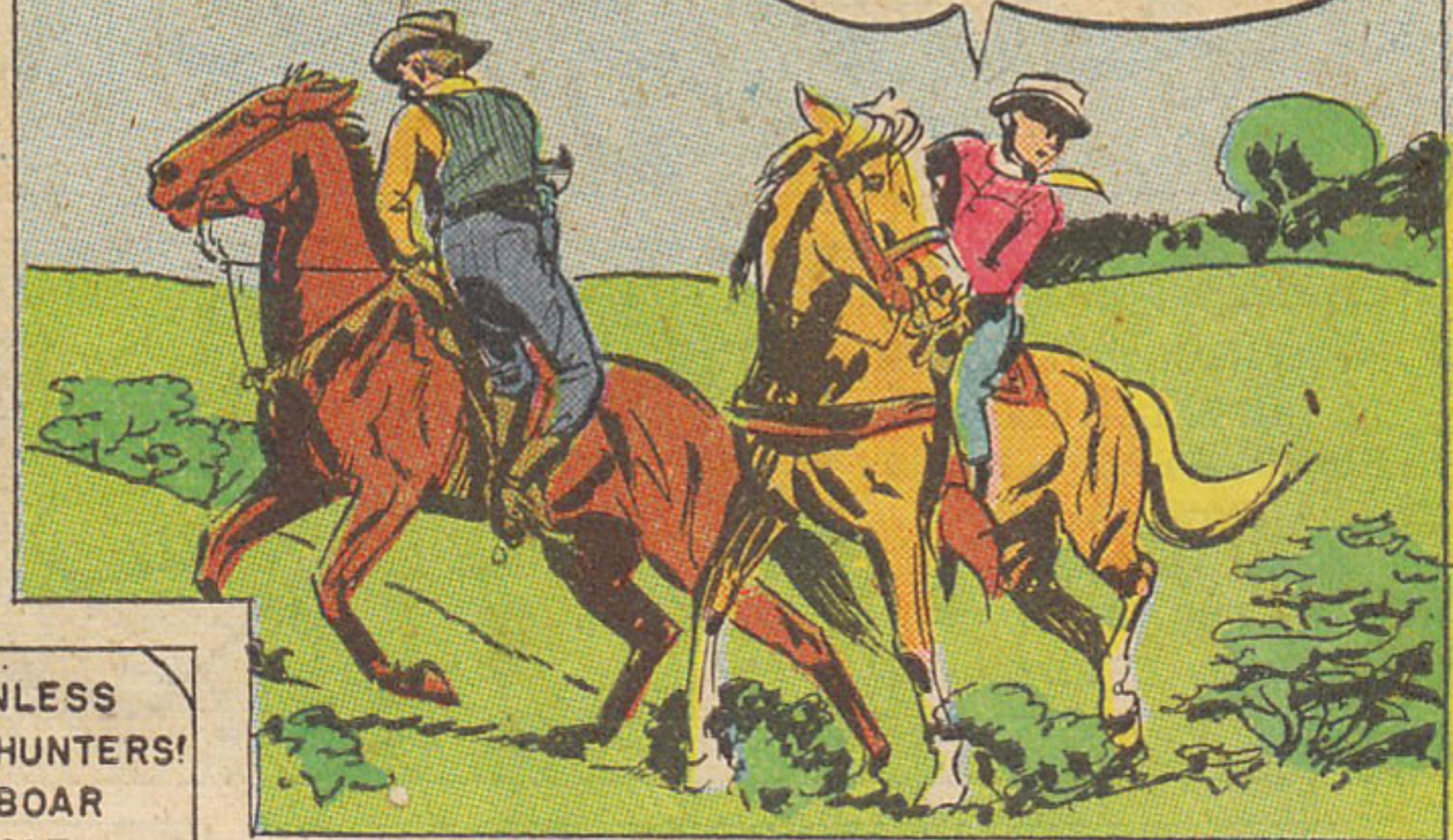


KILLED AND PARTLY EATEN, DAVEY! BY WILD BOARS! HOOOF MARKS ALL AROUND! I KNEW THOSE WILD HOGS WERE INCREASING--- BUT THIS BUSINESS GOES TOO FAR!



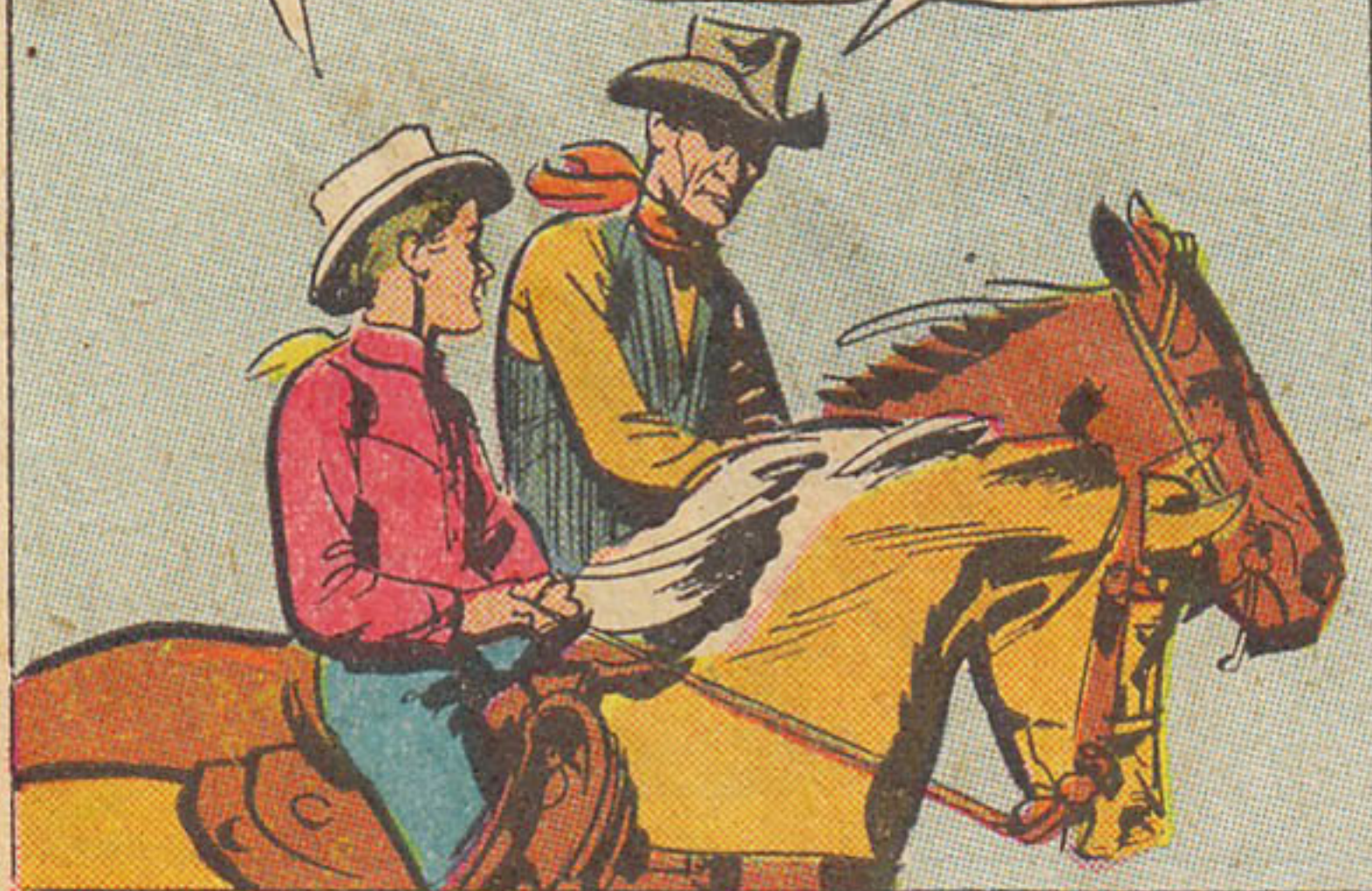
WE'LL HEAD FOR HOME AND ORGANIZE A HOG HUNT! NOW!

COME ON, TRIGGER! IF YOU HAD BEEN HERE, THOSE BOARS WOULDN'T HAVE KILLED LADY! BUT WE'LL GET THEM---



I NEVER HEARD OF WILD HOGS ATTACKING HORSES, MISTER WEST!

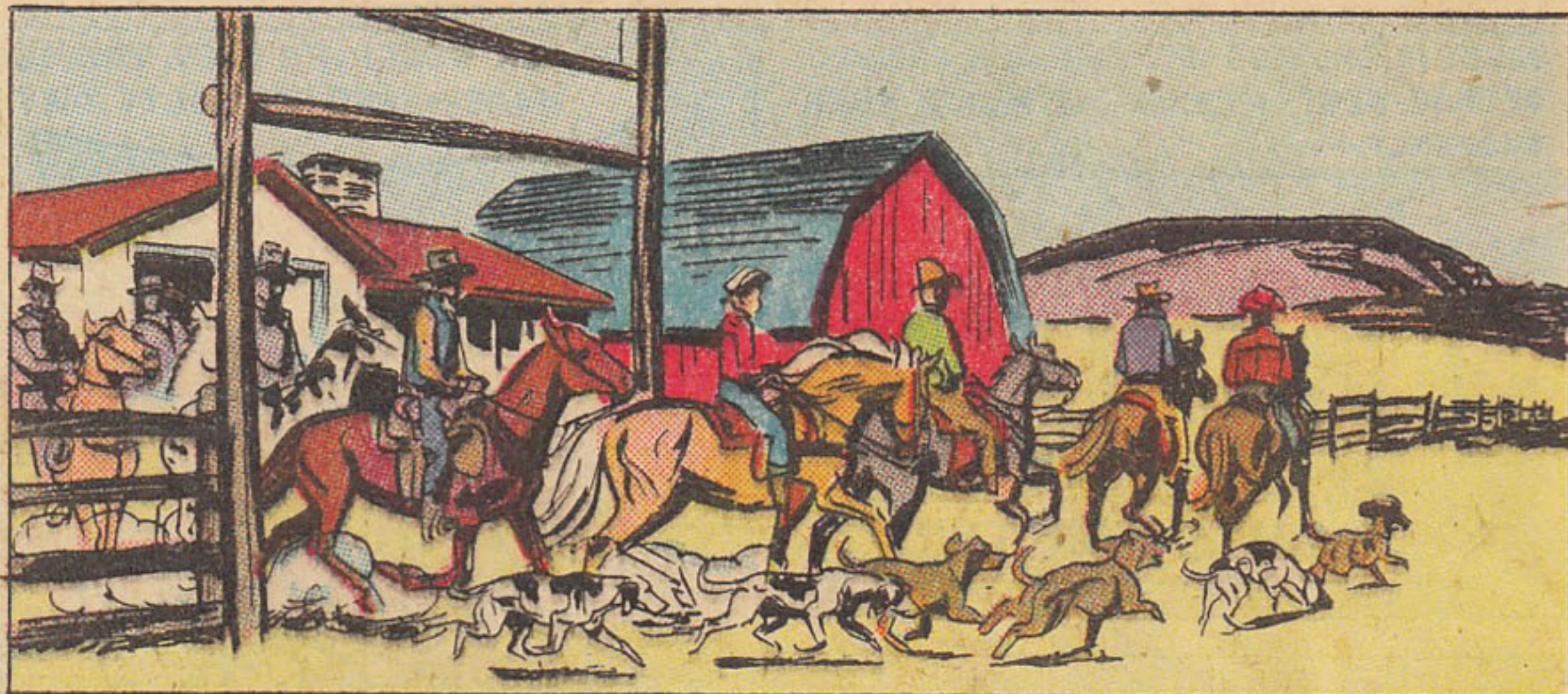
THEY DON'T, OFTEN---UNLESS THEY'RE CORNERED BY HUNTERS! BUT SOME HUNGRY OLD BOAR WENT AFTER LADY'S COLT--- AND KILLED THE MARE WHEN SHE TRIED TO DEFEND IT!



WE'LL CALL IN SOME NEIGHBORS, AND BILL RANEY, THE BOUNTY-HUNTER, WITH HIS DOGS WE MAY LOSE SOME DOGS, AND EVEN HORSES ON THIS HUNT---BECAUSE A WILD BOAR IS AS DANGEROUS AS A GRIZZLY! BUT THEY'VE GOT TO BE WIPED OUT!



TWO MORNINGS LATER,
THE HUNTING PARTY
LEAVES UNCLE MIKE
HANFORD'S RANCH..
MUCH PLEADING HAS
WON DAVEY BURKE
PERMISSION TO GO
ALONG---ON TRIGGER.



ABOUT NOON, THE HOUNDS STRIKE A HOT SCENT...

THEY'RE ON IT, BOYS!



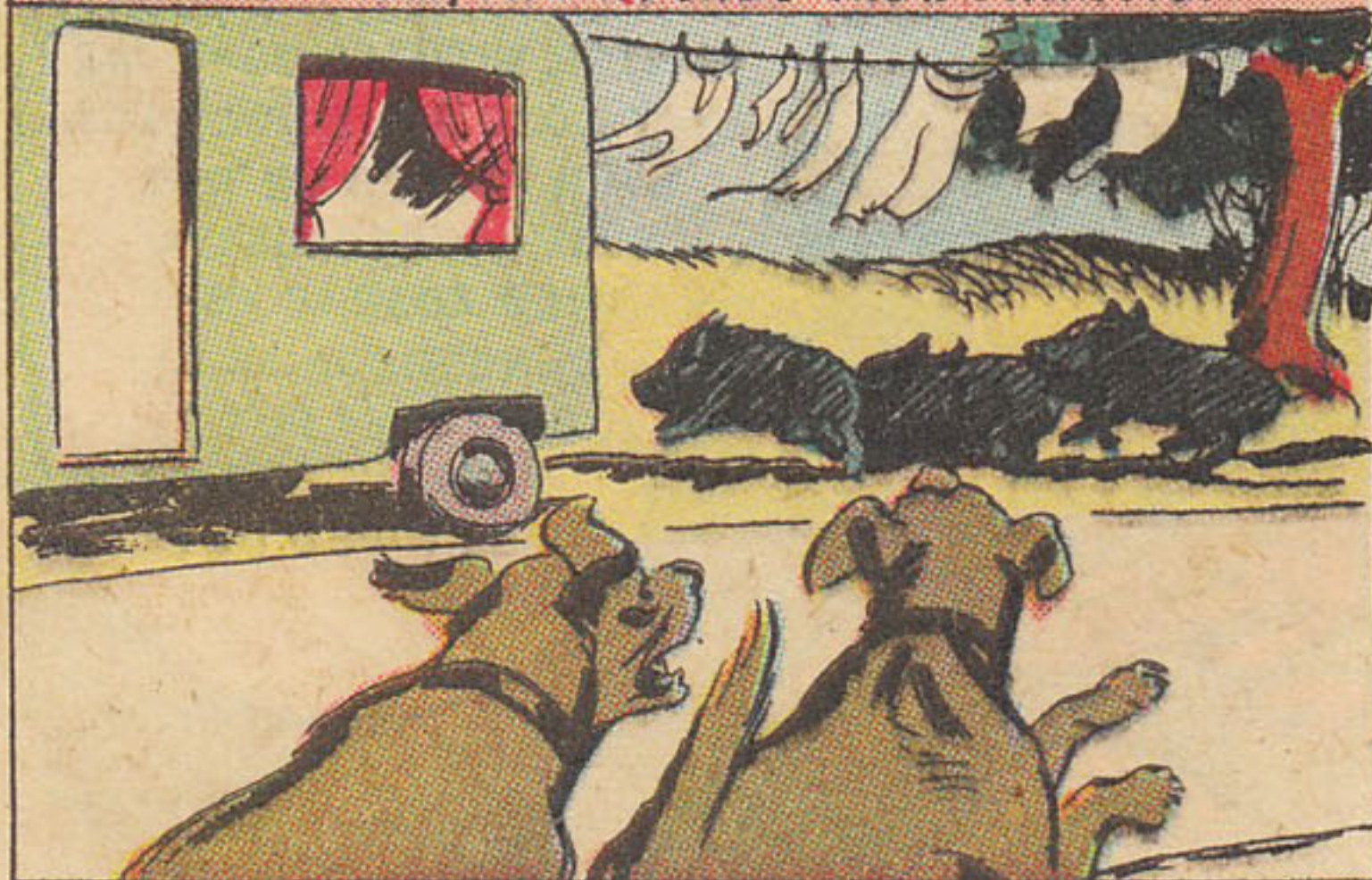
STAY CLOSE TO ME, DAVEY! IF THOSE HOGS
MAKE A FIGHT OF IT, THERE'LL BE
FAST WORK SOON!



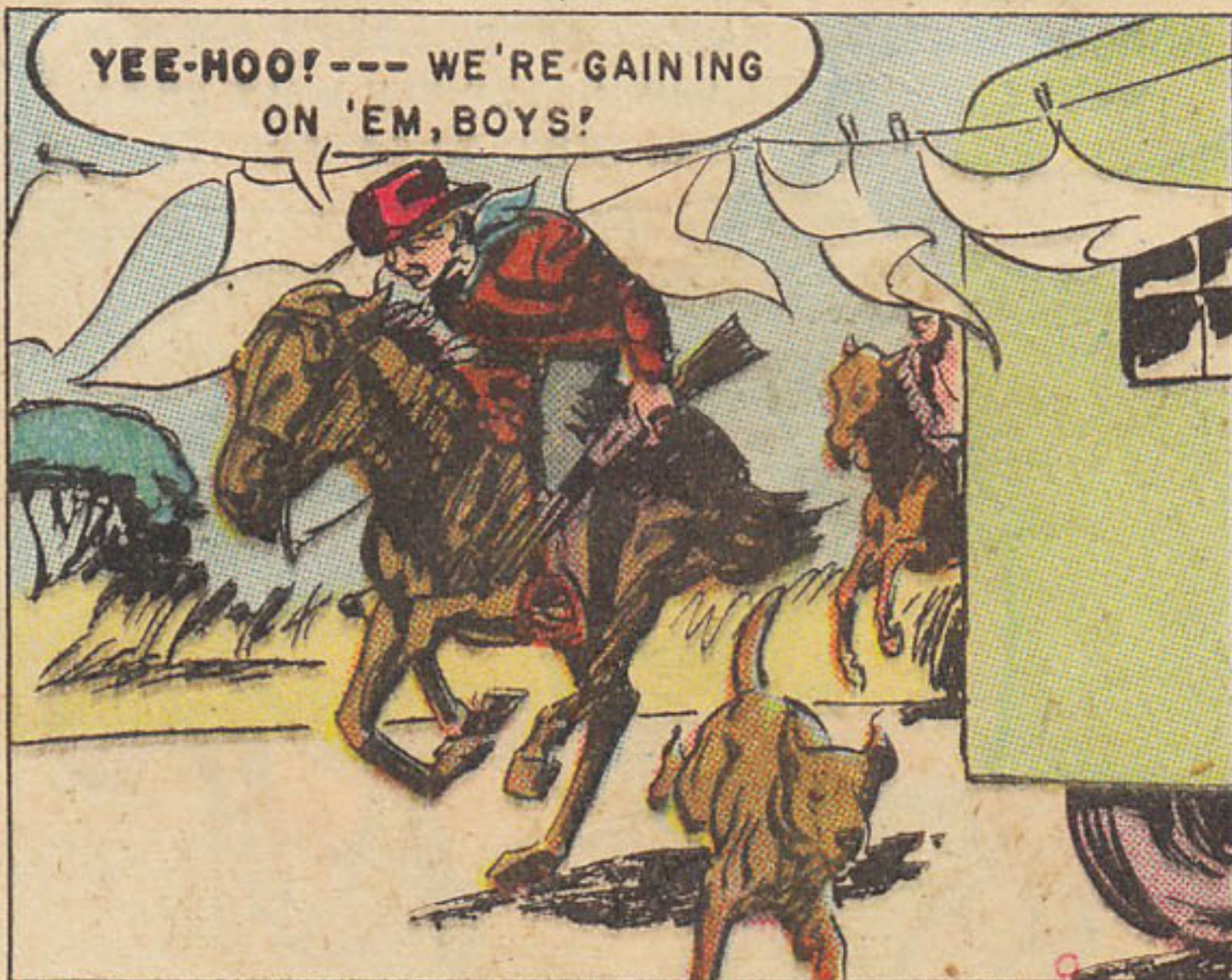
BUT THE THREE BOARS
IN THE BRUSH MAKE A
RUN INSTEAD--- ALONG
A NARROW, BRUSH-
GROWN ARROYO---
WITH THE SPEED OF
SO MANY DEER!



WHERE THE ARROYO ENDS, THEY CROSS A PAVED
ROAD--- NEAR A PARKED HOUSE TRAILER ---
SIGHTING THEM, THE HOUNDS GROW FRANTIC.

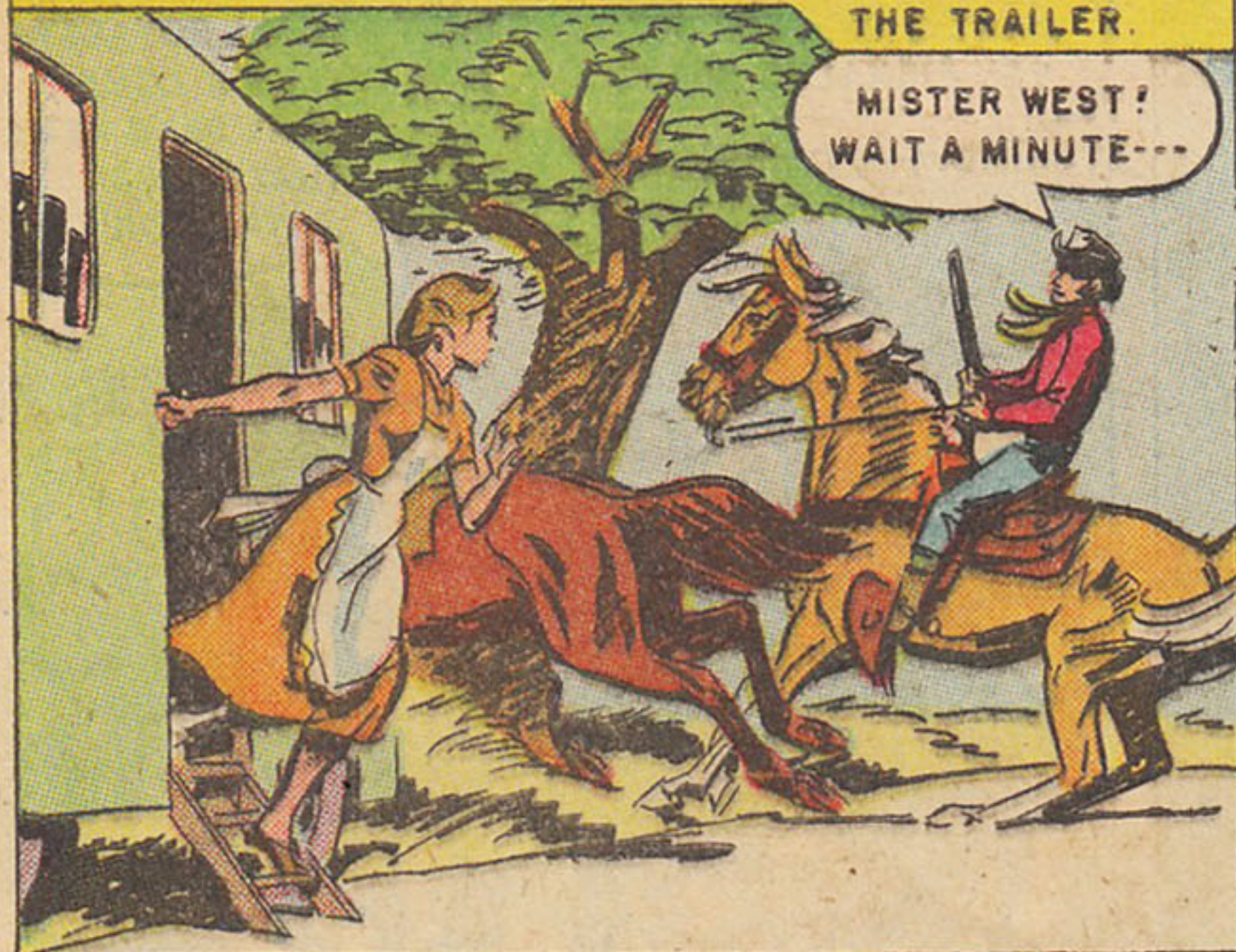


YEE-HOO! --- WE'RE GAINING
ON 'EM, BOYS!



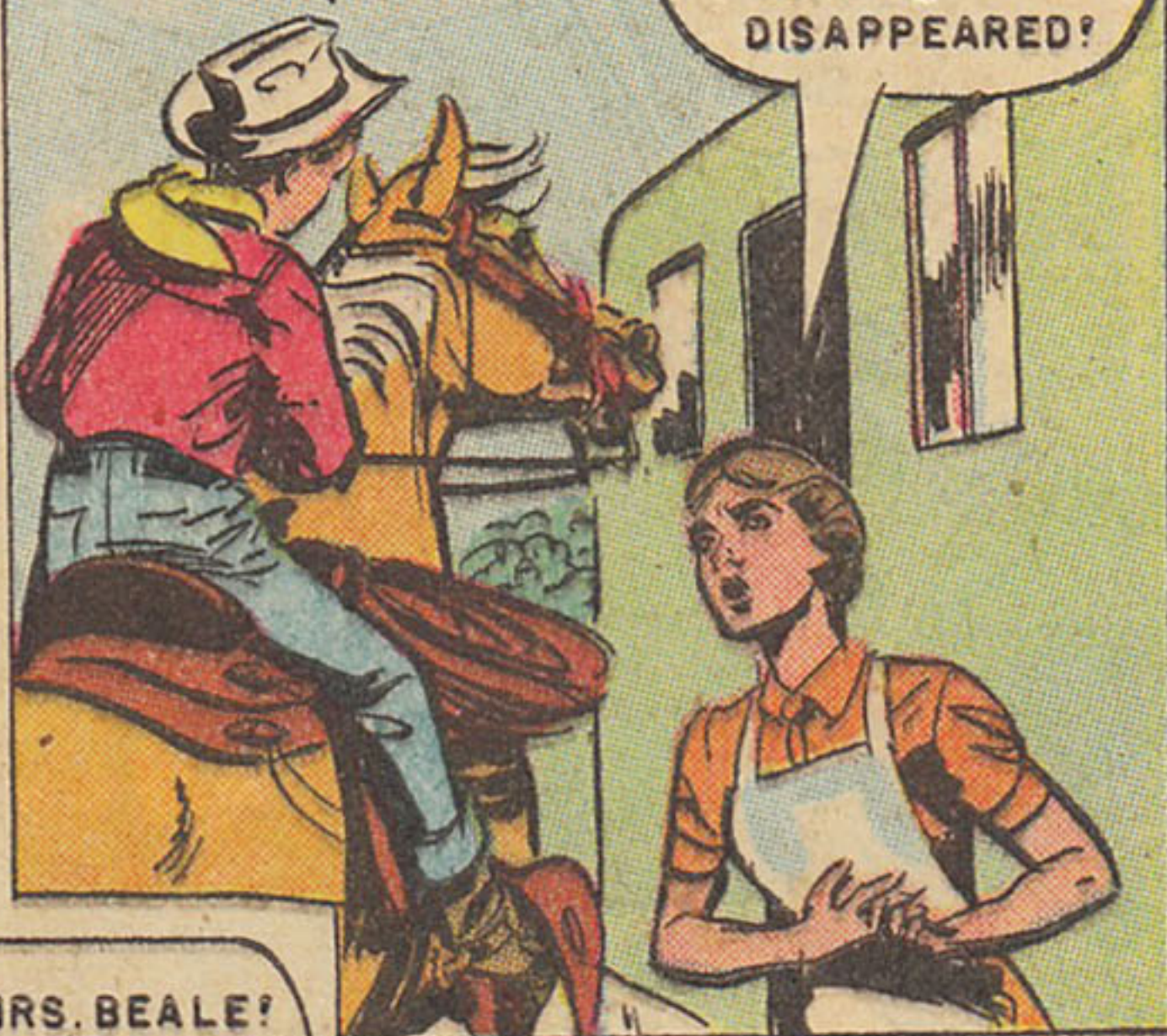
BUT ONLY DAVEY BURKE SEES THE WOMAN RUN OUT OF THE TRAILER.

MISTER WEST?
WAIT A MINUTE---



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE,
MA'AM? YOU WERE
CALLING TO US--?

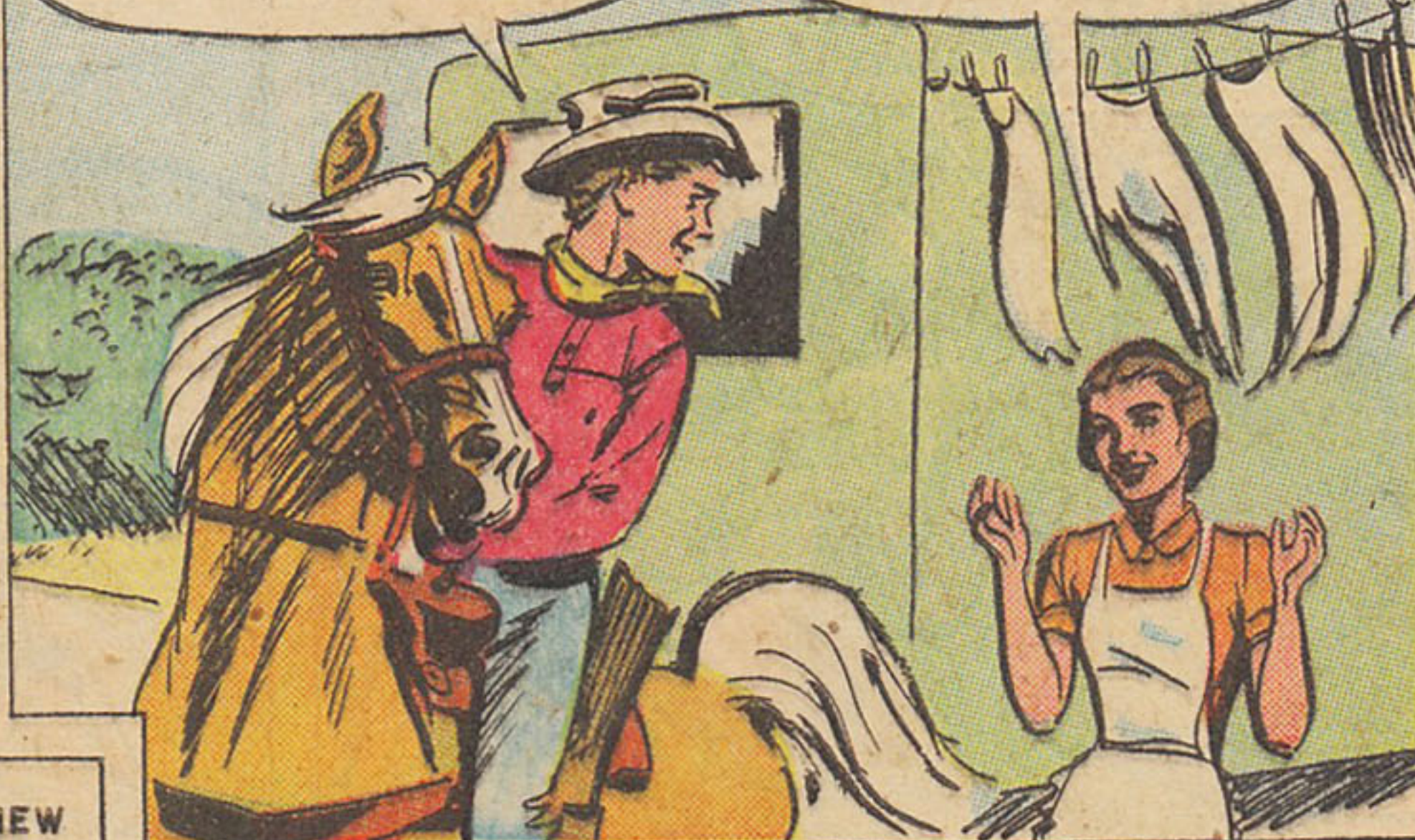
YES! IT'S MY
LONNIE ---
MY LITTLE
BOY! HE'S
GONE ---
DISAPPEARED!



HE'S ONLY FIVE--- AND HEAVEN
KNOWS WHAT MAY HAVE HAPPENED
TO HIM! HE'S BEEN GONE SINCE
BREAKFAST --- WITH HIS NEW TOY
RIFLE! MR BEALE, MY HUSBAND,
TOOK THE CAR EARLIER, TO
LOOK FOR WORK ---

DON'T WORRY, MRS. BEALE!
I'LL GET MISTER WEST AND
THE OTHER MEN TO LOOK
FOR YOUR LONNIE! THEY
WILL FIND HIM FOR YOU!

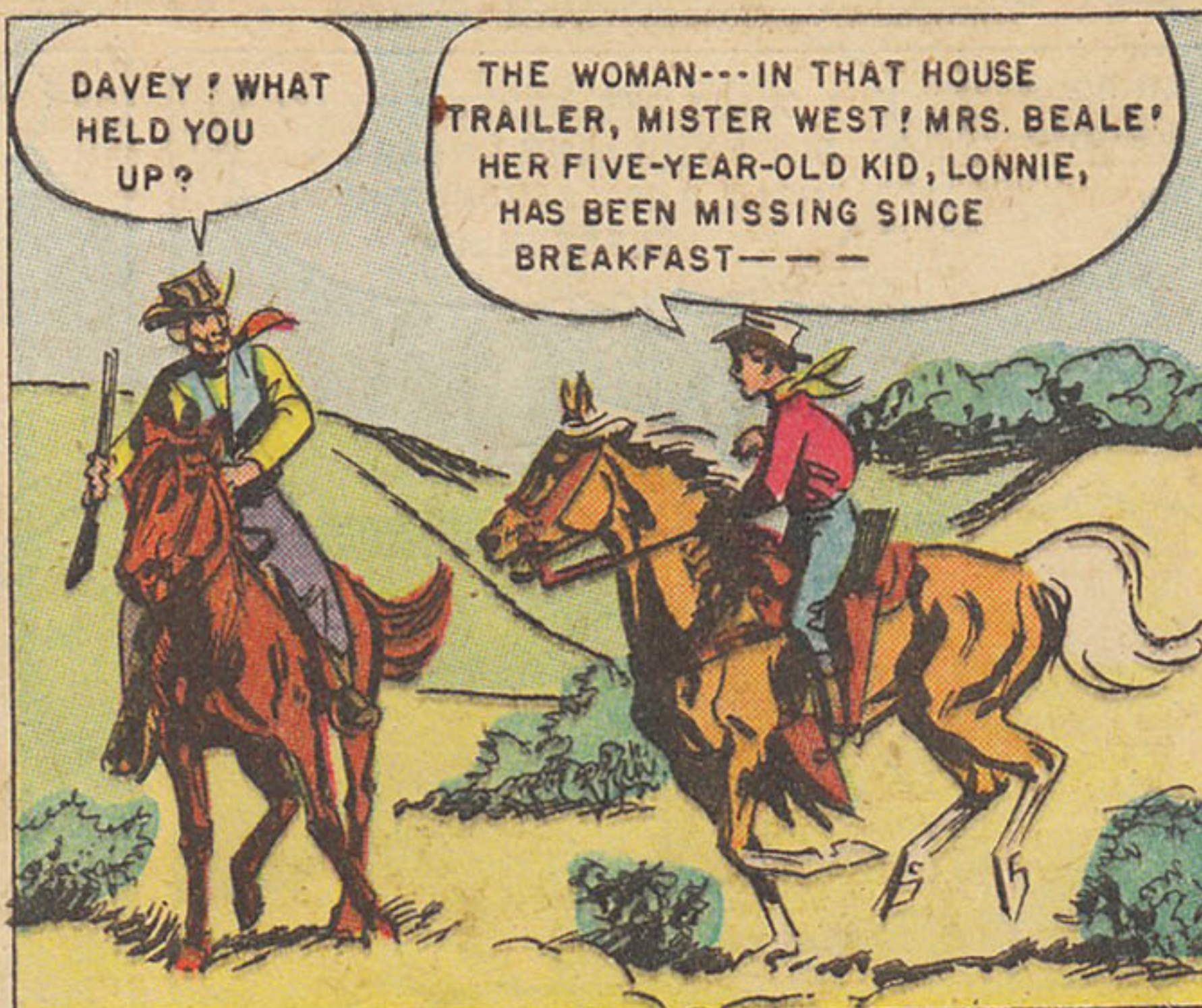
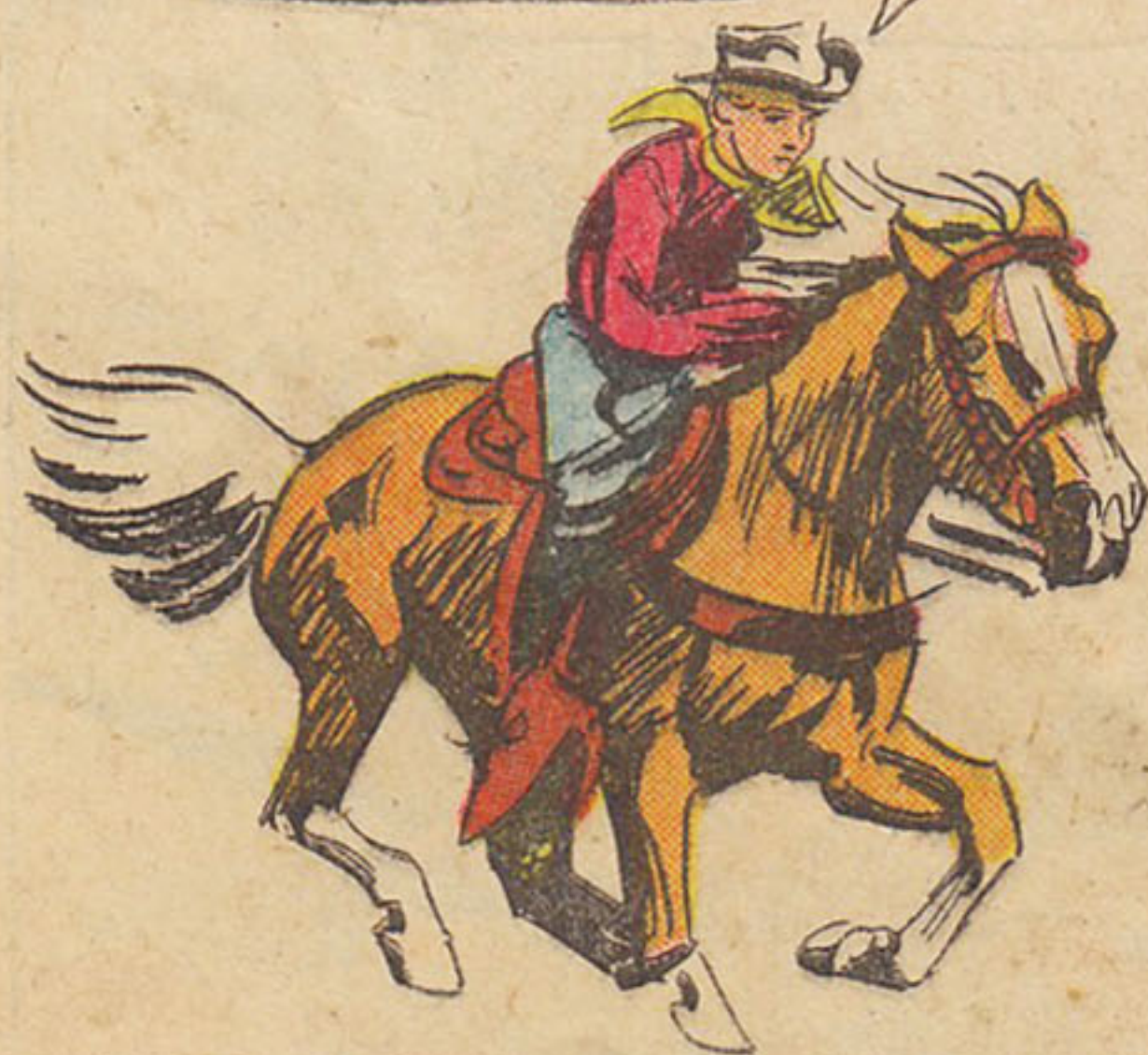
OH! GOD BLESS YOU! I
WAS ALMOST CRAZY
WITH WORRY---

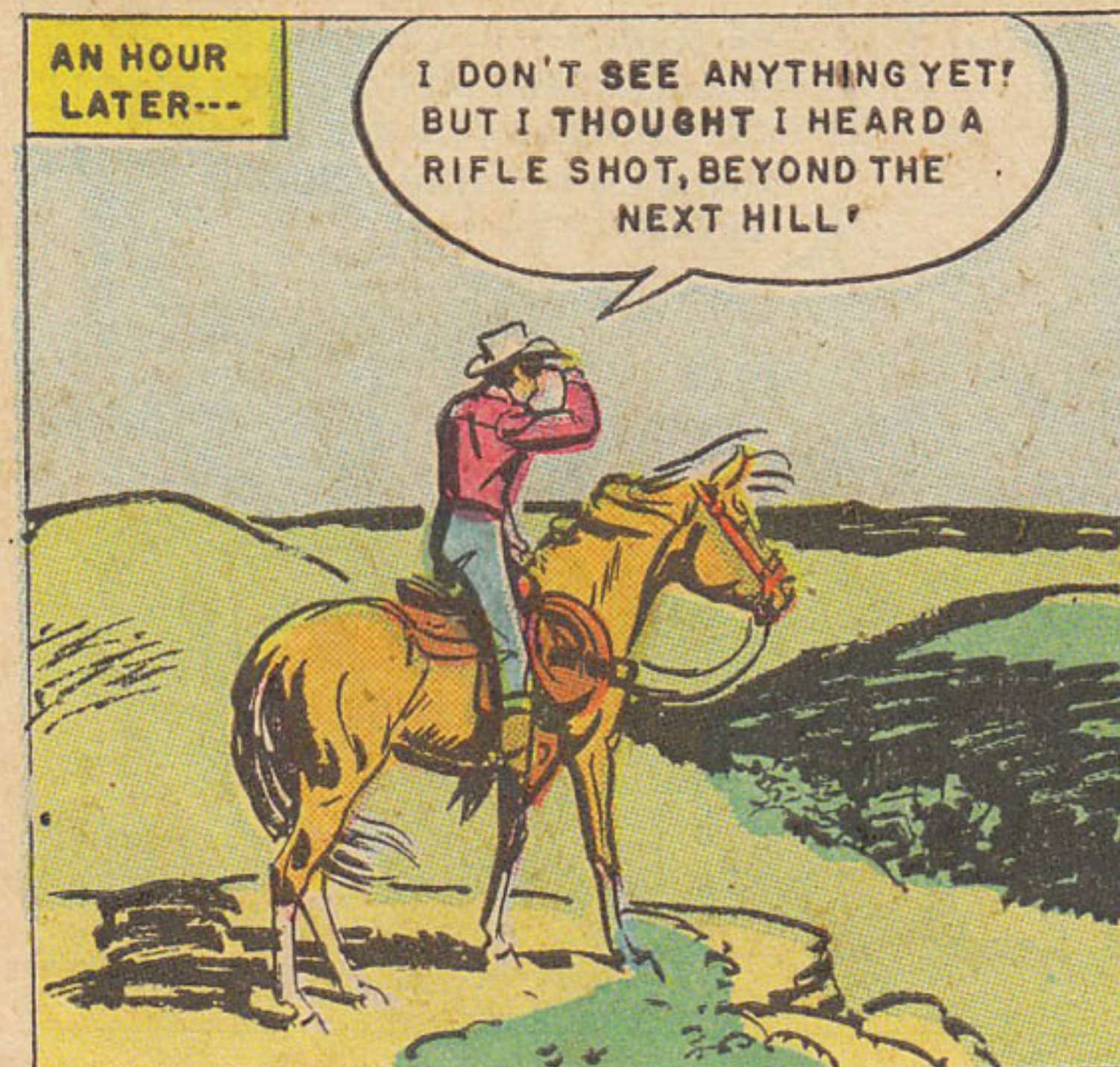
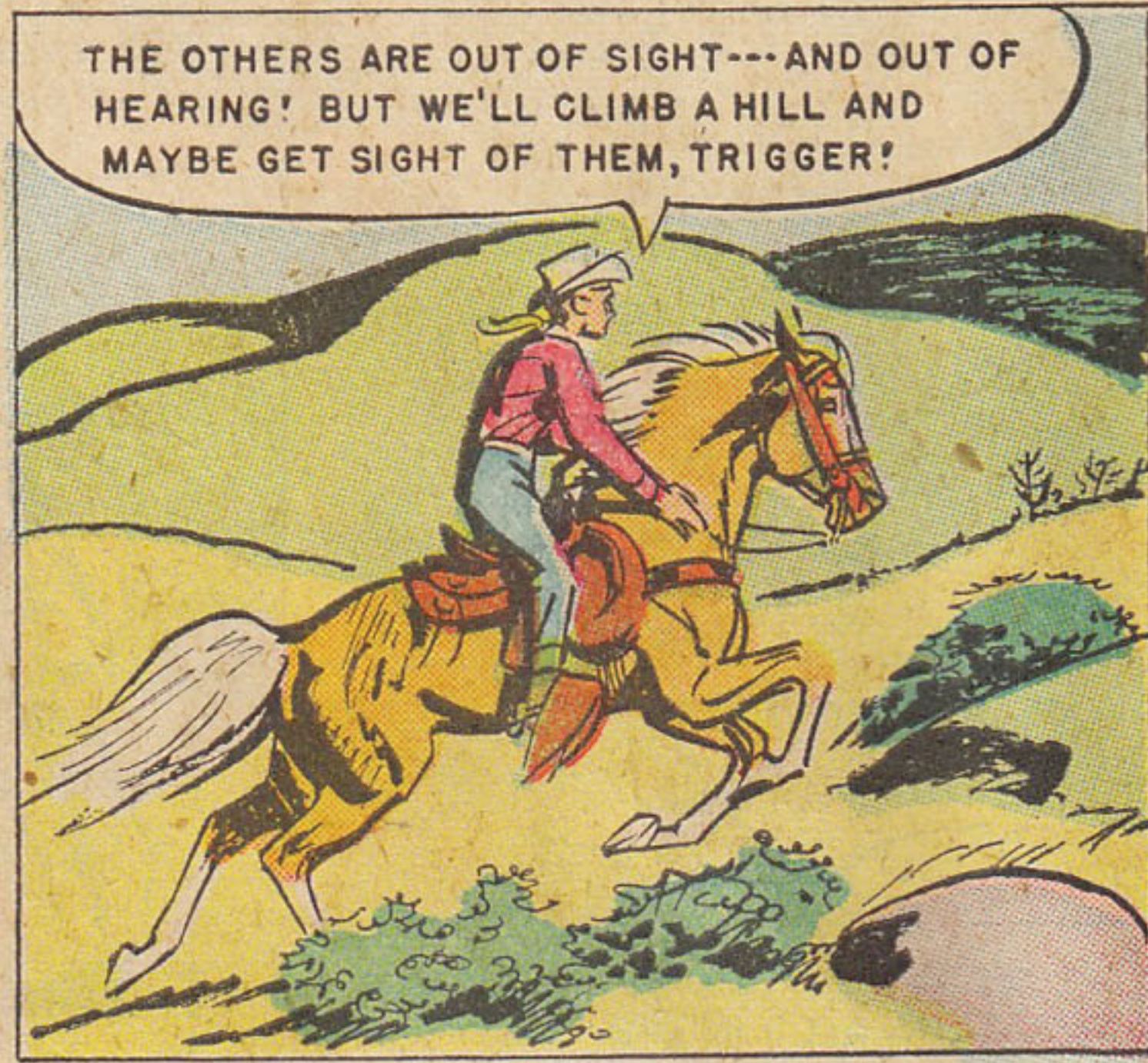
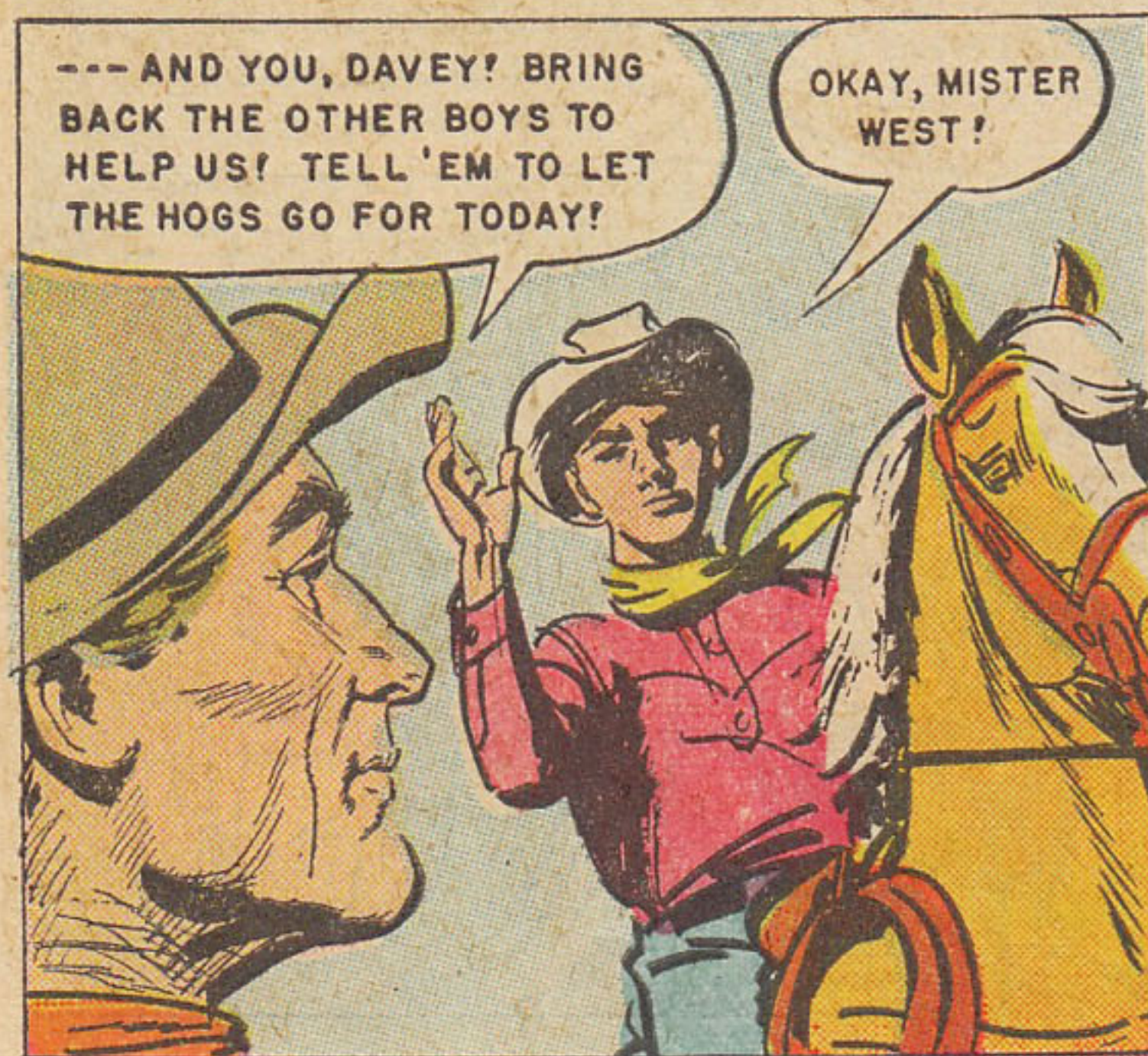
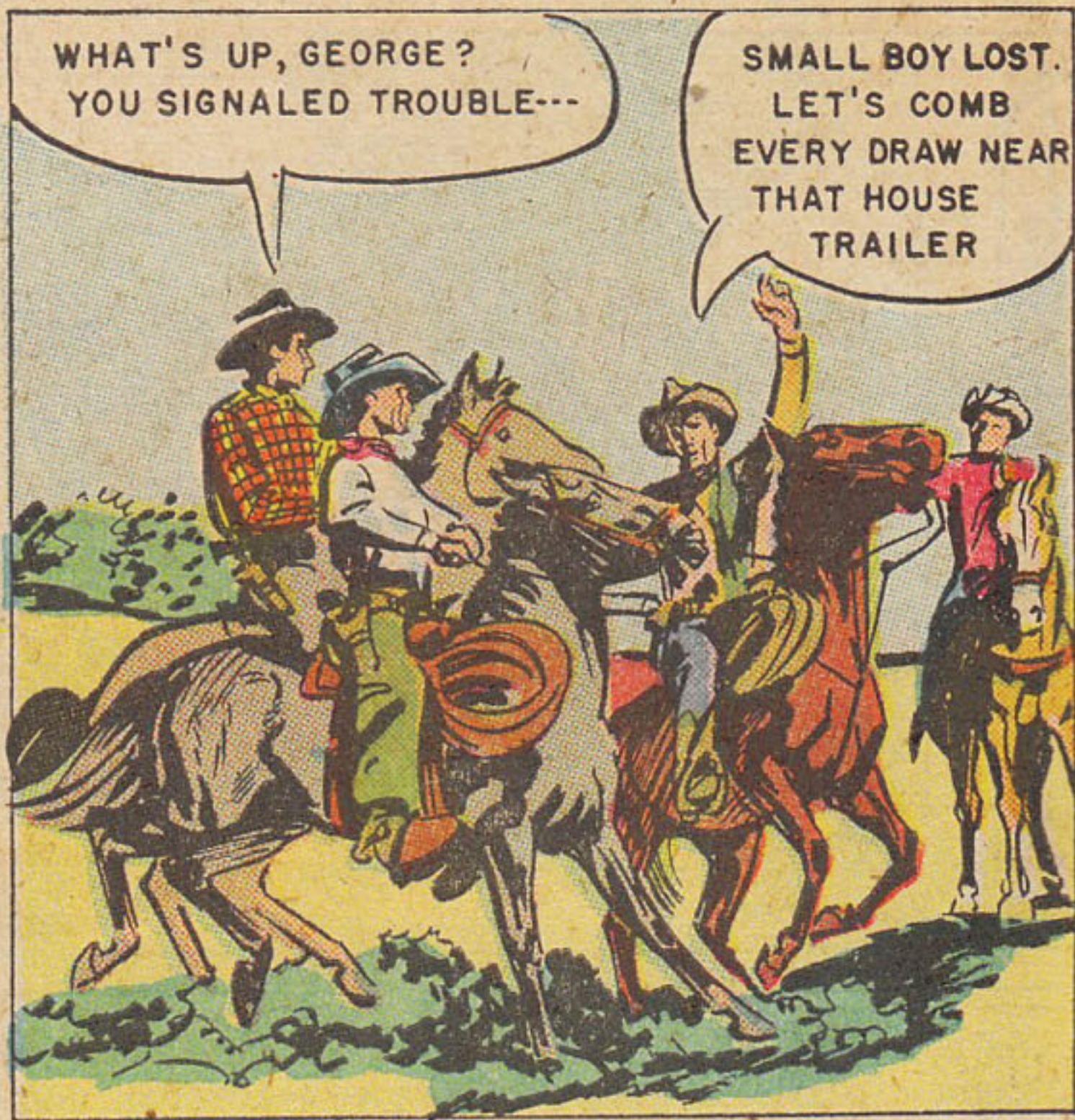


SHE WOULD BE WORRIED--- IF SHE KNEW
ABOUT THE WILD BOARS! THEY'D ATTACK
A LITTLE KID AS SOON AS THEY WOULD
A COLT! HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE ---

DAVEY? WHAT
HELD YOU
UP?

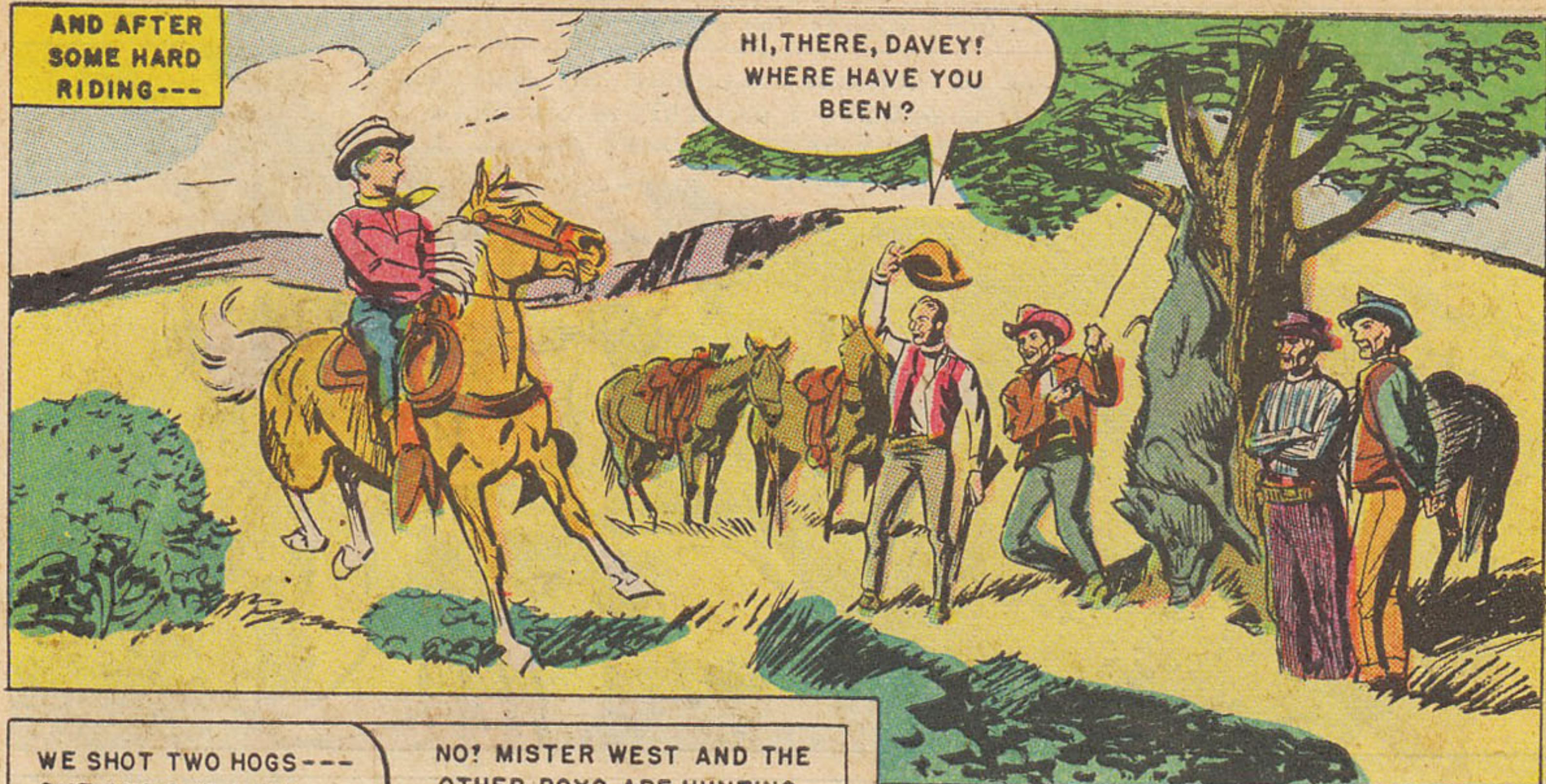
THE WOMAN--- IN THAT HOUSE
TRAILER, MISTER WEST! MRS. BEALE!
HER FIVE-YEAR-OLD KID, LONNIE,
HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE
BREAKFAST ---





AND AFTER
SOME HARD
RIDING---

HI, THERE, DAVEY!
WHERE HAVE YOU
BEEN?



WE SHOT TWO HOGS---
BUT ONE GOT AWAY,
WOUNDED! DID YOU
AND MISTER WEST---

NO! MISTER WEST AND THE
OTHER BOYS ARE HUNTING
FOR A LITTLE KID THAT'S
LOST---AND HE WANTS YOU
ALL TO COME A-RUNNING!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND LONNIE
BEALE BEFORE THE WILD
HOGS DO!

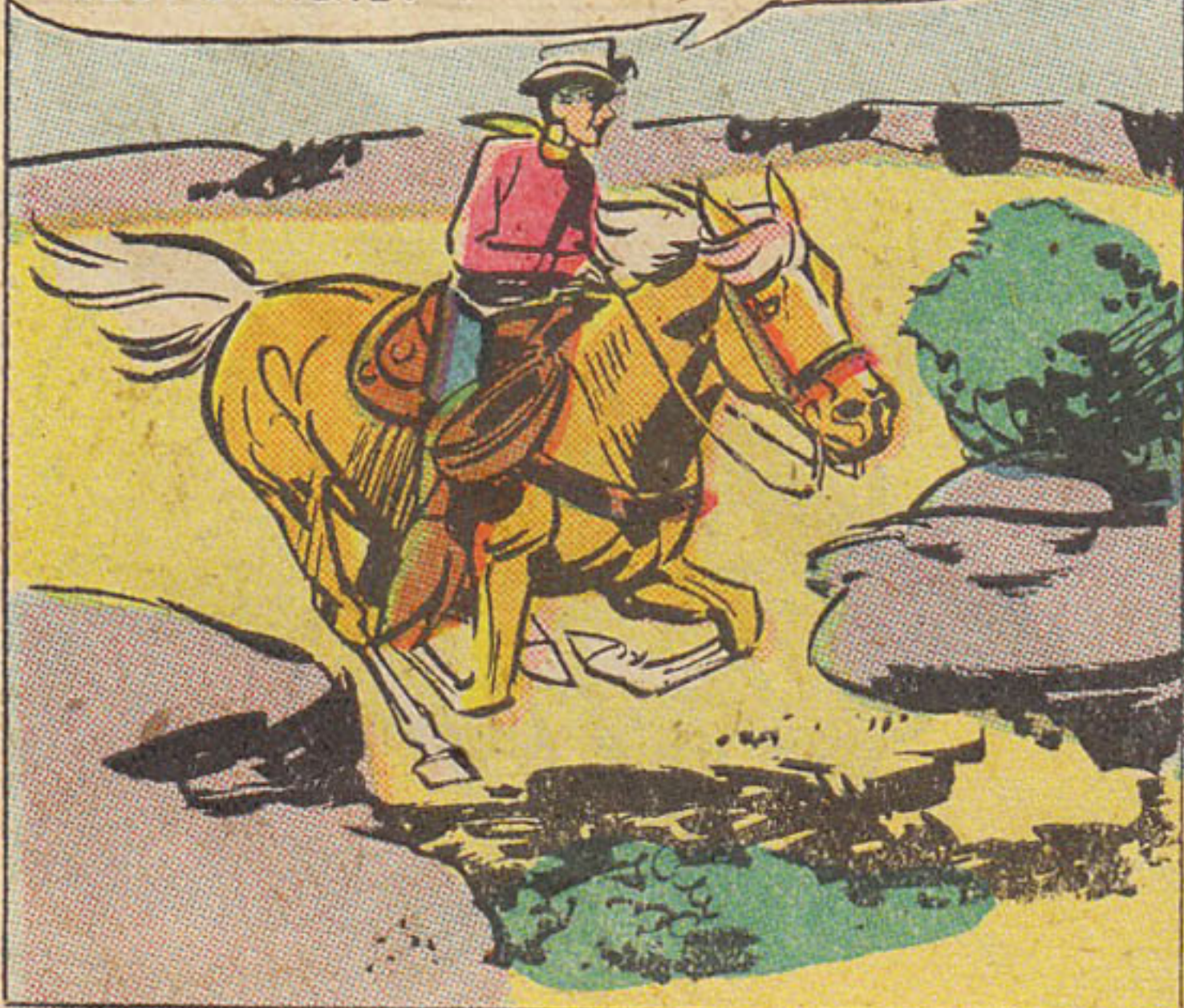


THEY'RE HUNTING THE
DRAWS NEAR THE ROAD
---WHERE THAT
TRAILER IS PARKED!

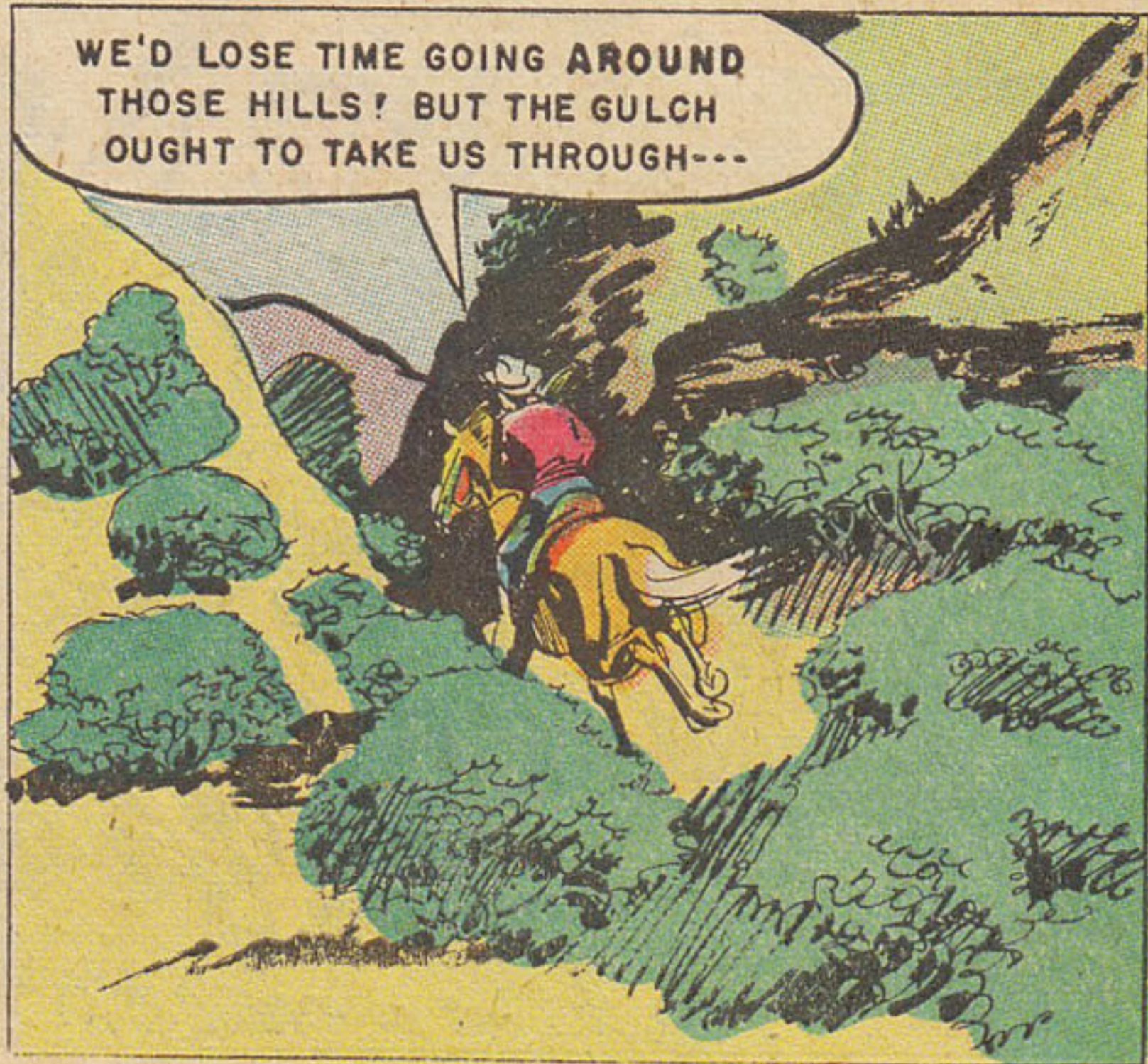
OKAY, DAVEY!
TELL GEORGE
WEST WE'RE
COMING! BUT
WE CAN'T KEEP
UP WITH
TRIGGER!



WE'LL TAKE A SHORT-CUT, TRIGGER! THE
HOUSE TRAILER OUGHT TO BE JUST ABOUT
WEST OF HERE.



WE'D LOSE TIME GOING AROUND
THOSE HILLS! BUT THE GULCH
OUGHT TO TAKE US THROUGH---



INTENT ON THE TRAIL AHEAD, DAVEY DOES NOT SEE THE LITTLE BOY'S YELLOW HEAD AMONG THE BUSHES.

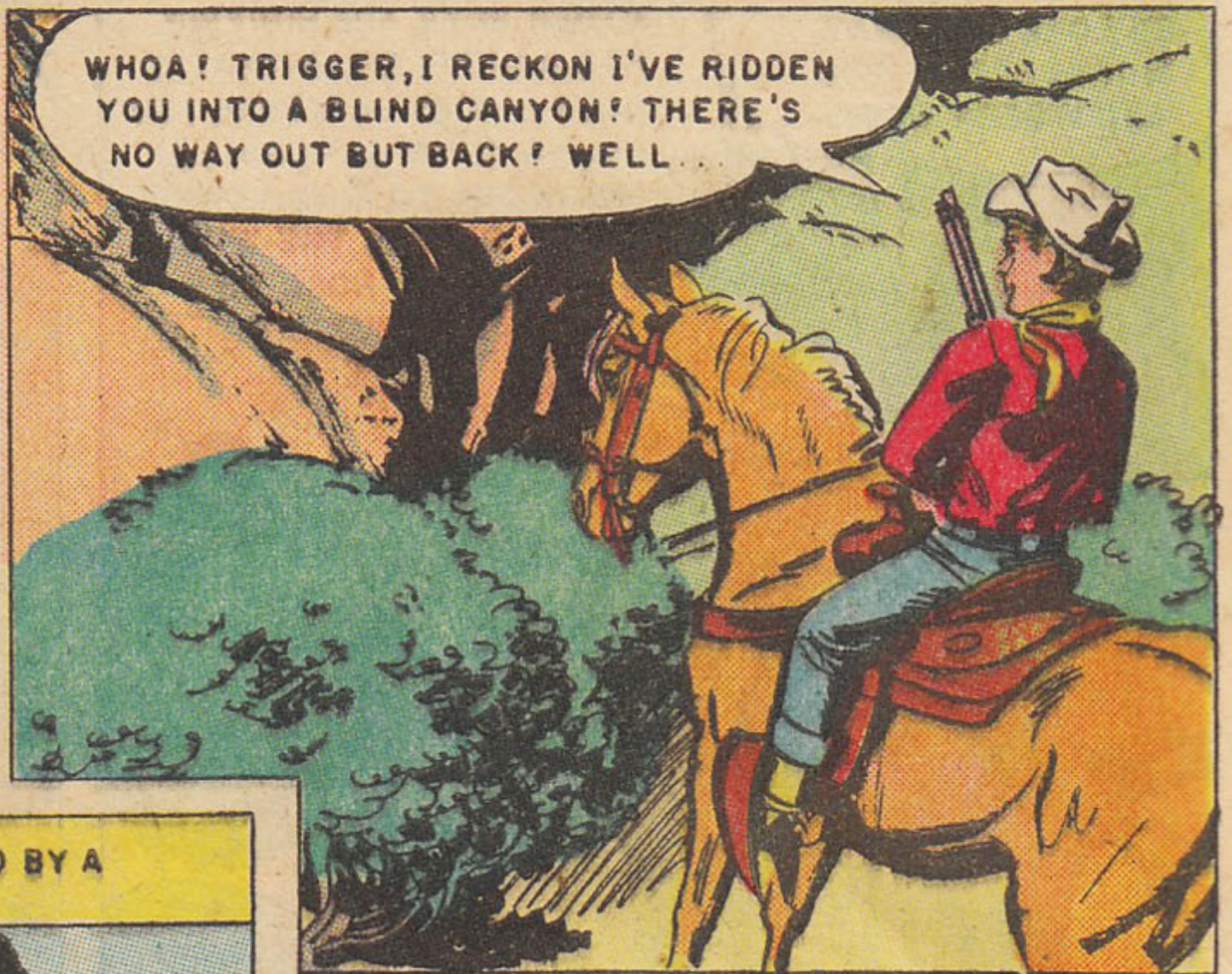
WE'LL MAKE BETTER TIME FOLLOWING THIS GAME TRAIL, TRIGGER... IF LONNIE BEALE WANDERED INTO A GULCH LIKE THIS, HE WOULD BE LOST! I HOPE WE FIND HIM BEFORE DARK...



NO ONE IS GOING TO FIND ME---
UNTIL I'VE SHOT A BIG,
BLACK BEAR?

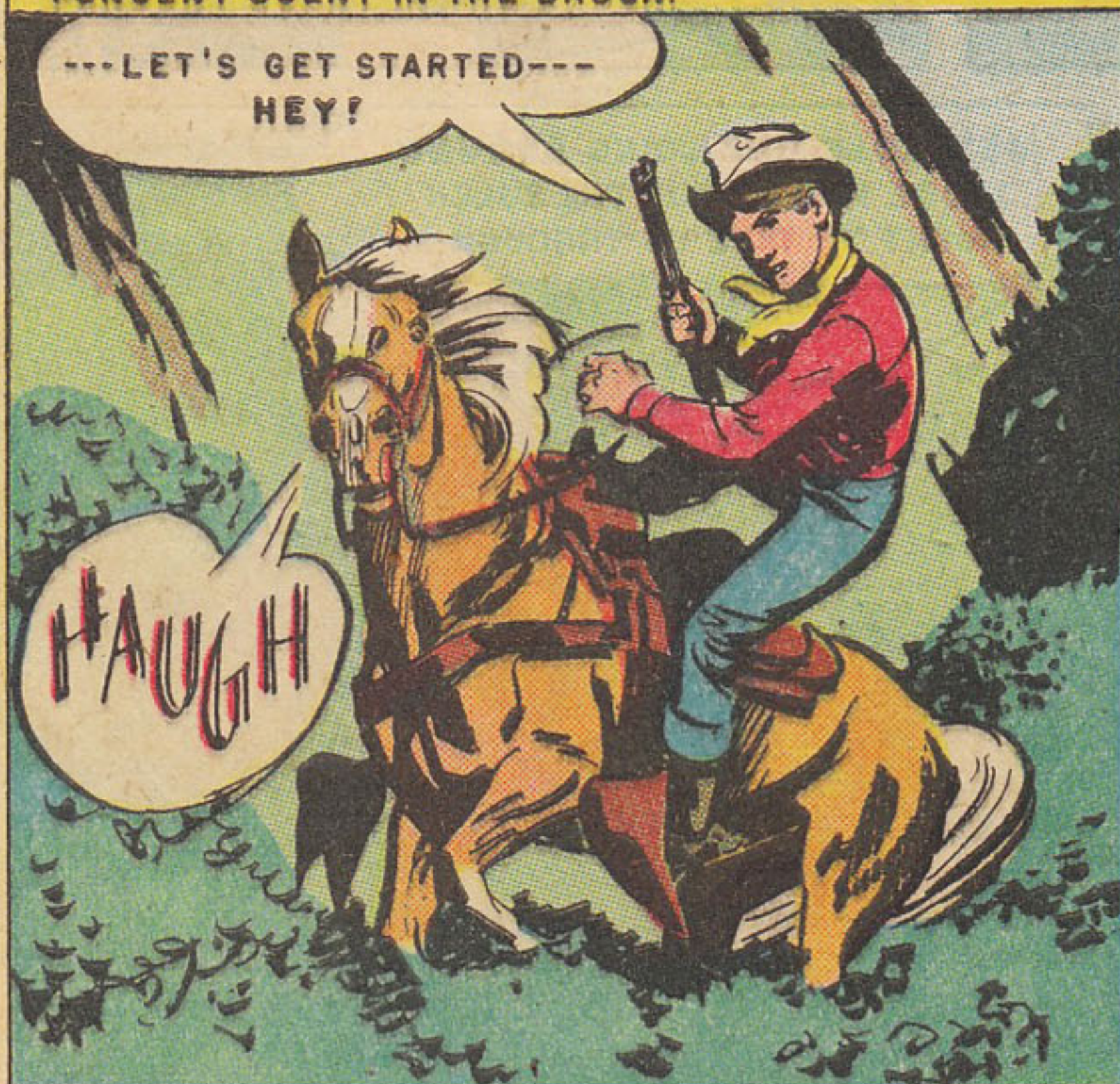


WHOA! TRIGGER, I RECKON I'VE RIDDEN
YOU INTO A BLIND CANYON! THERE'S
NO WAY OUT BUT BACK! WELL...



WITHOUT WARNING, TRIGGER SHIES, WARNED BY A
PUNGENT SCENT IN THE BRUSH.

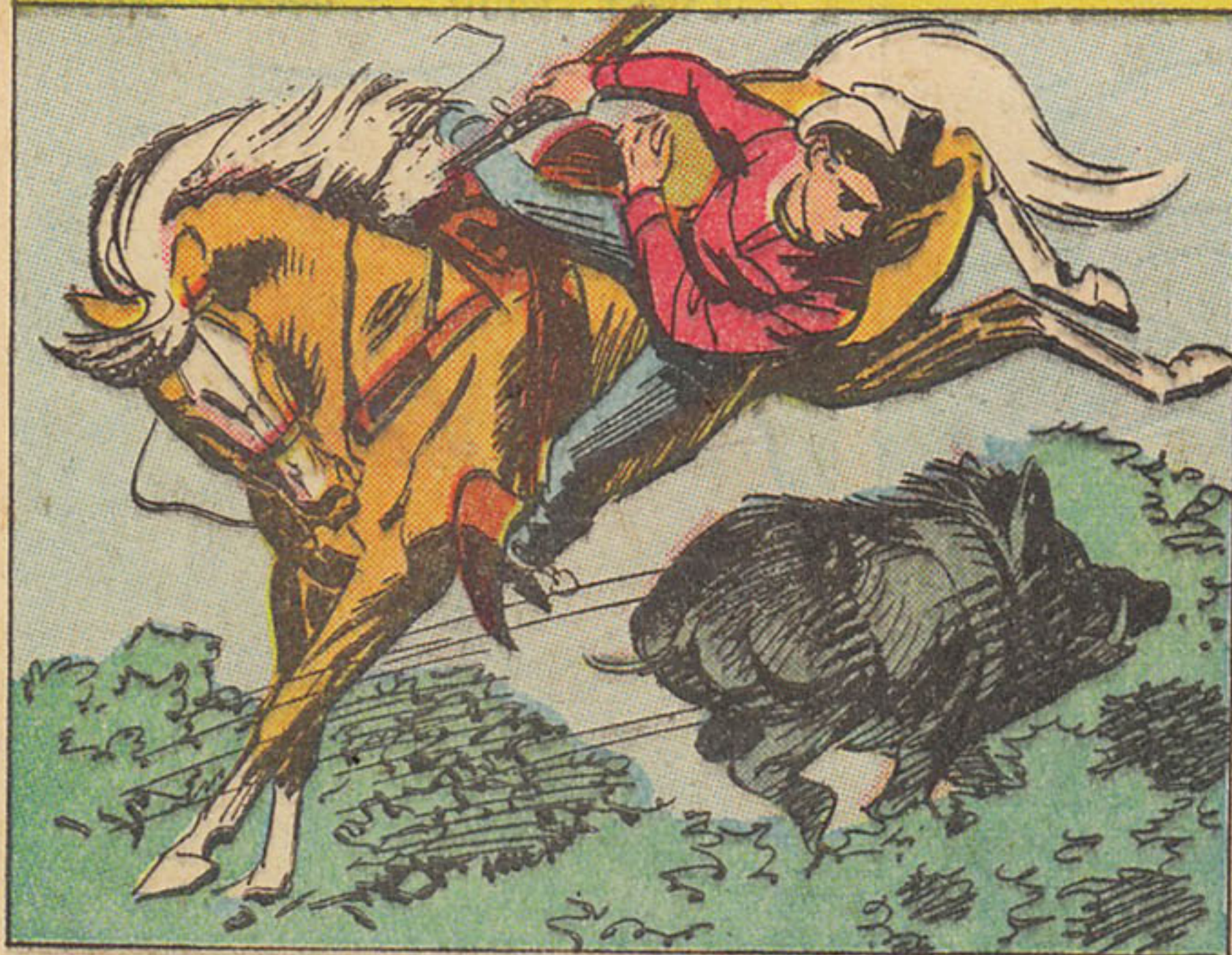
---LET'S GET STARTED---
HEY!



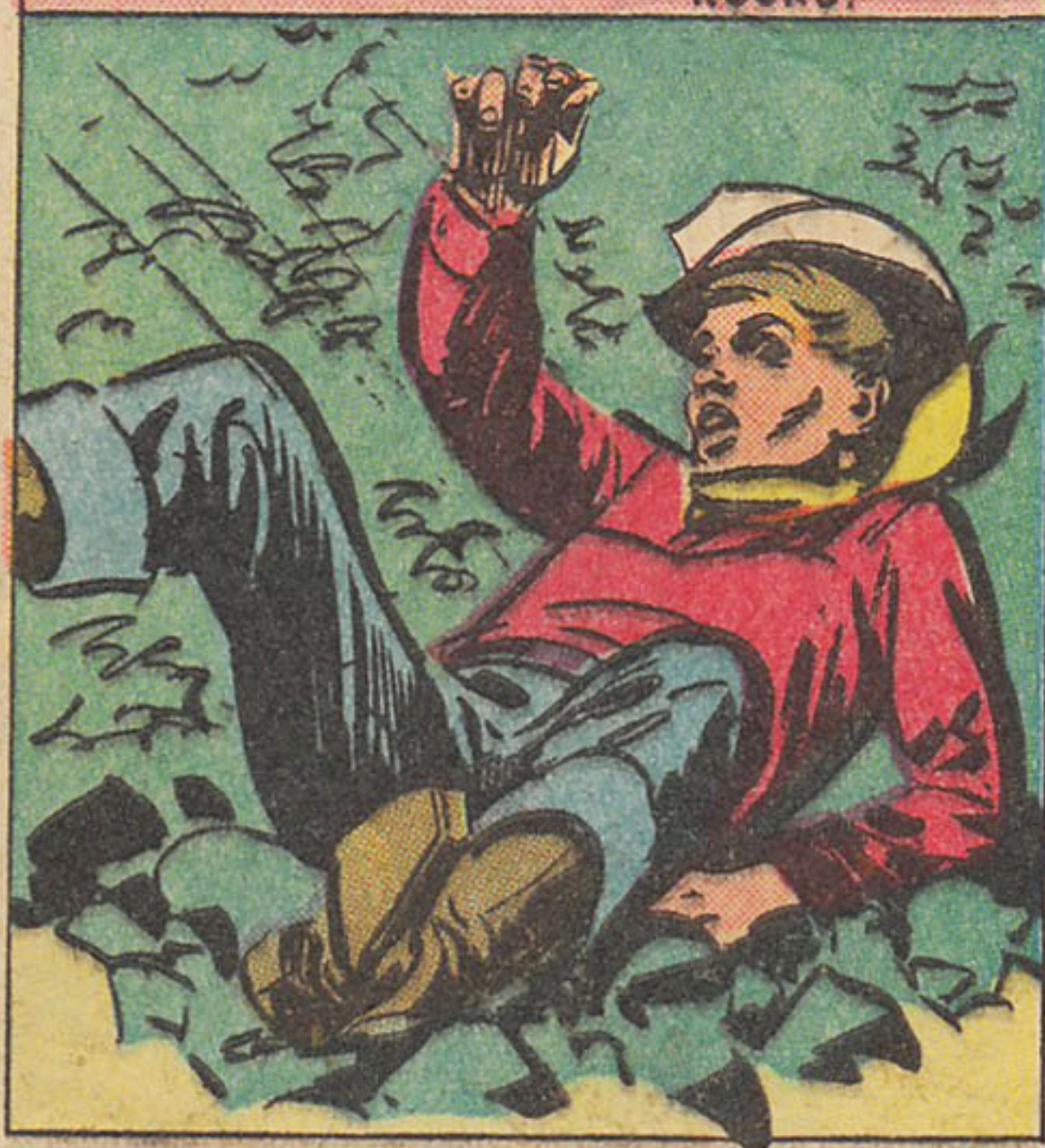
AND THERE IN THE THICKET, SEEING THAT HE
IS DISCOVERED, AN ANGRY, BULLET-NICKED
BOAR DECIDES ---



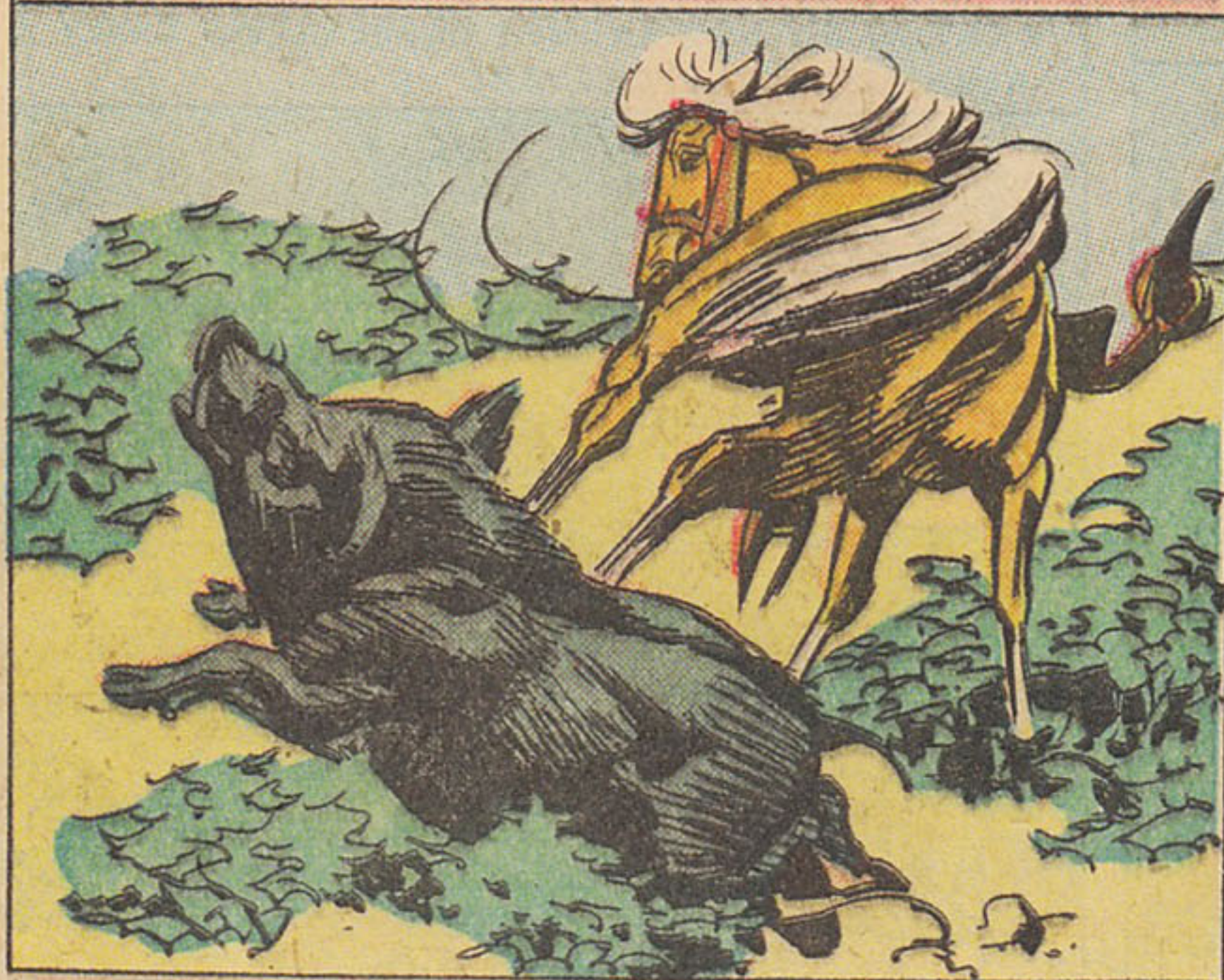
--- TO CHARGE! ONLY TRIGGER'S MIGHTY LEAP SAVES HIM, FROM THE SLASHING TUSKS.



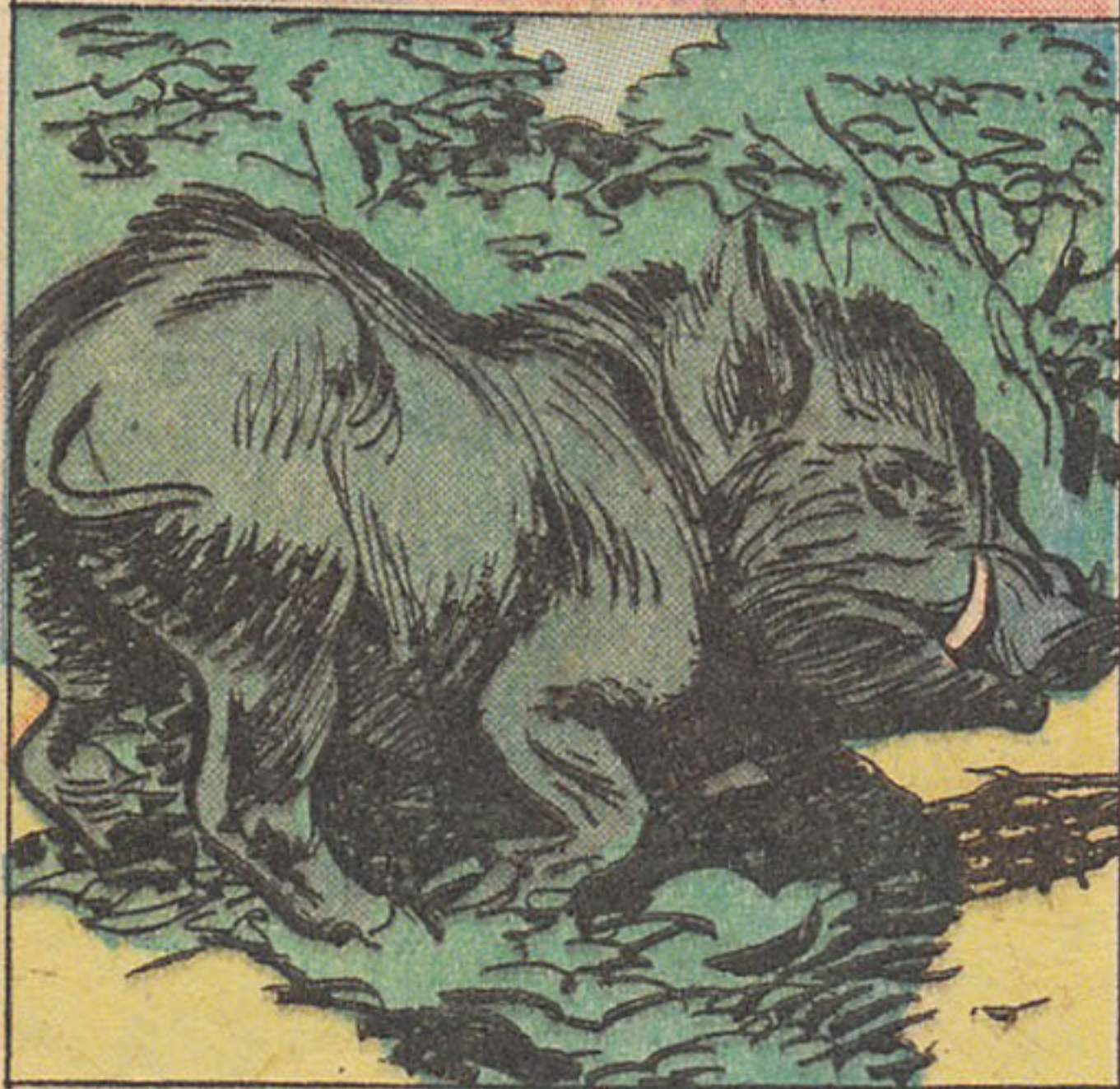
BUT DAVEY, UNSEATED, LANDS ON SOME ROCKS.



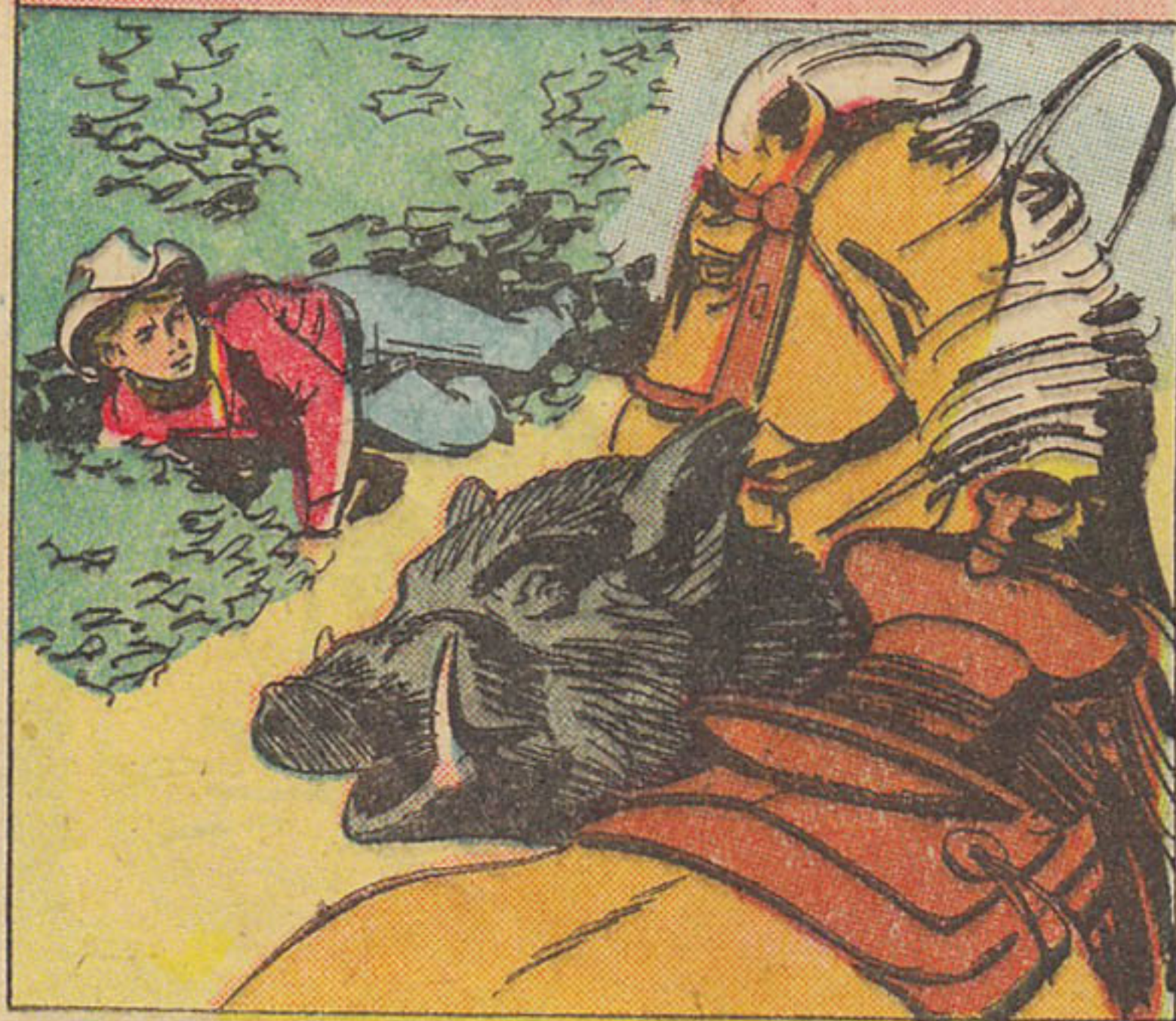
TRIGGER'S IRON SHOD HEELS LAND LIKE TRIP-HAMMERS...



--- BUT WITH A SAVAGE GRUNT THE HOG SCRAMBLES TO ITS FEET...



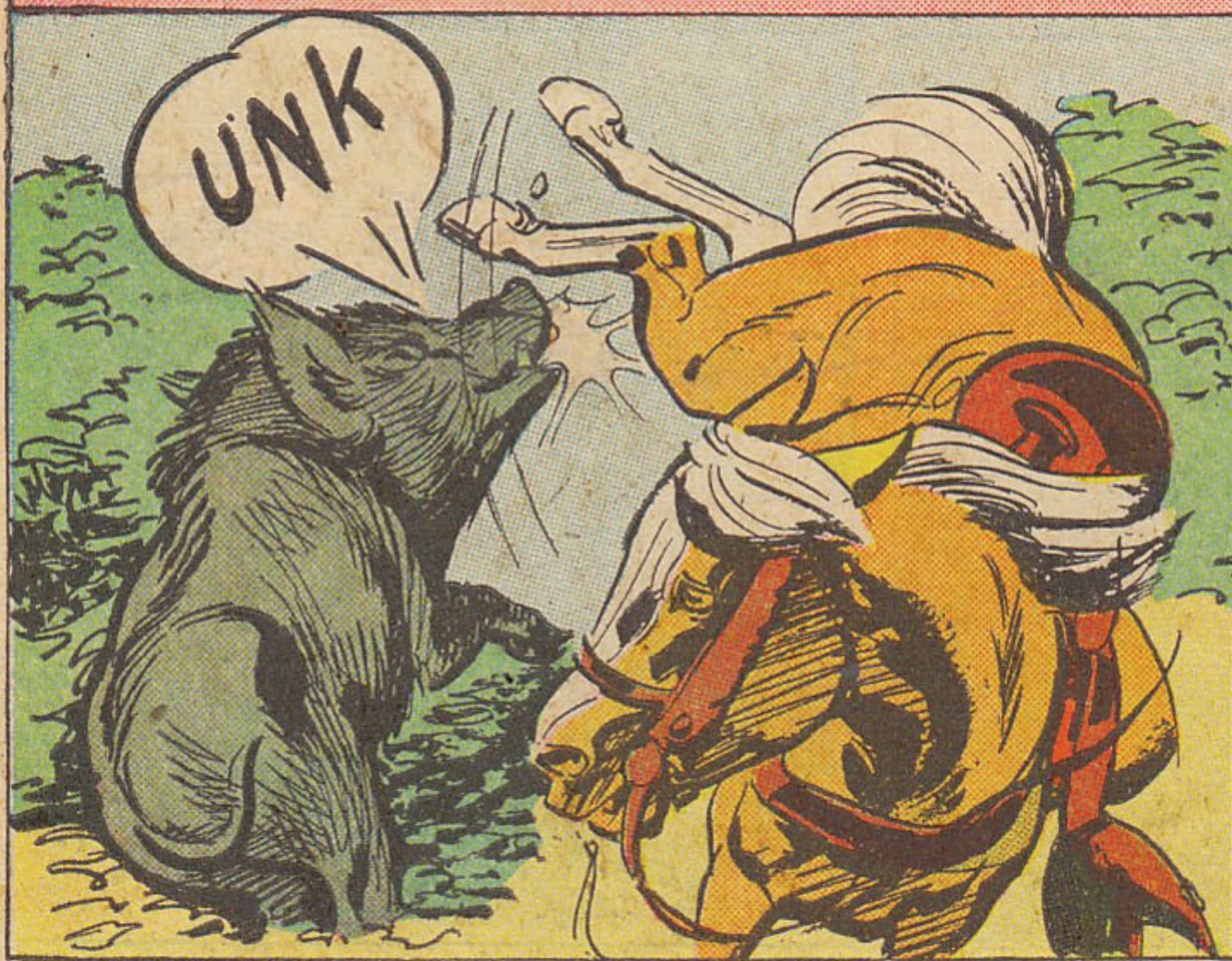
--- AND THIS TIME THE RAZOR-SHARP TUSK JUST MISSES TRIGGER'S SHOULDER.



MY LEG'S---BROKEN! BUT I'VE GOT TO--- REACH THE RIFLE---OR THAT BOAR WILL GORE TRIGGER!



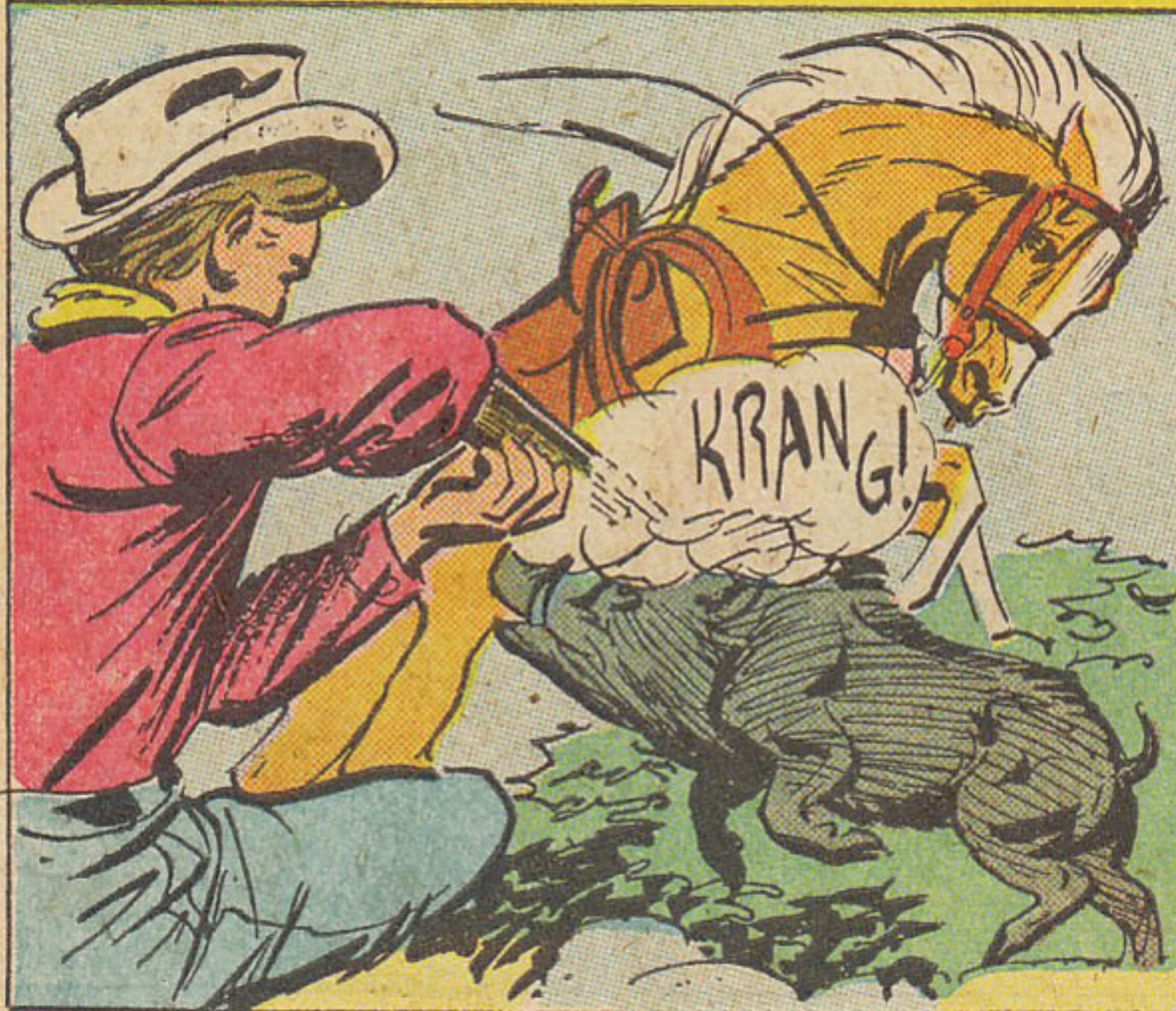
ONE TUSK SNAPS AS TRIGGER'S HEEL HITS IT.



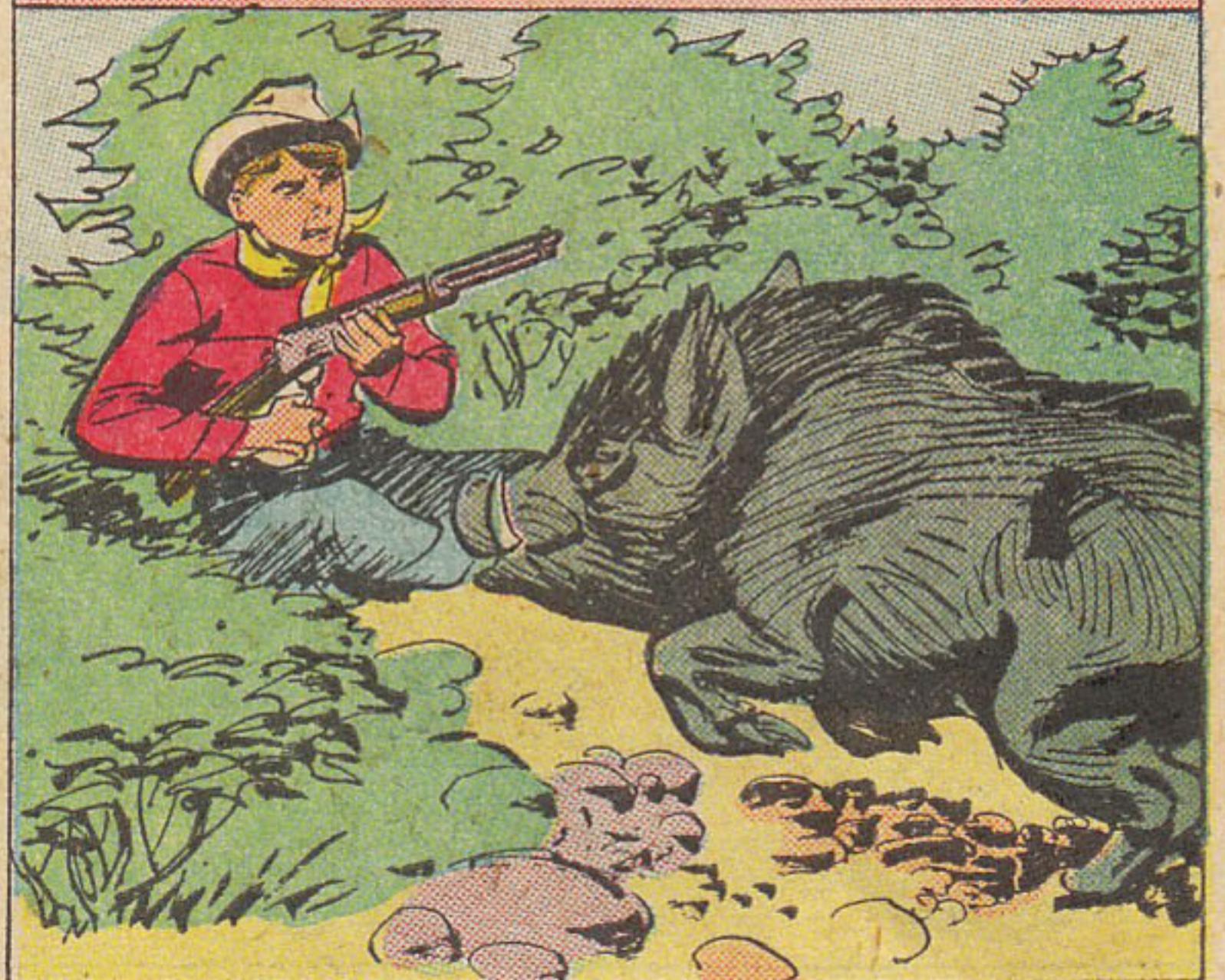
I'VE--- GOT IT! KEEP HIM OFF ANOTHER SECOND, TRIGGER!



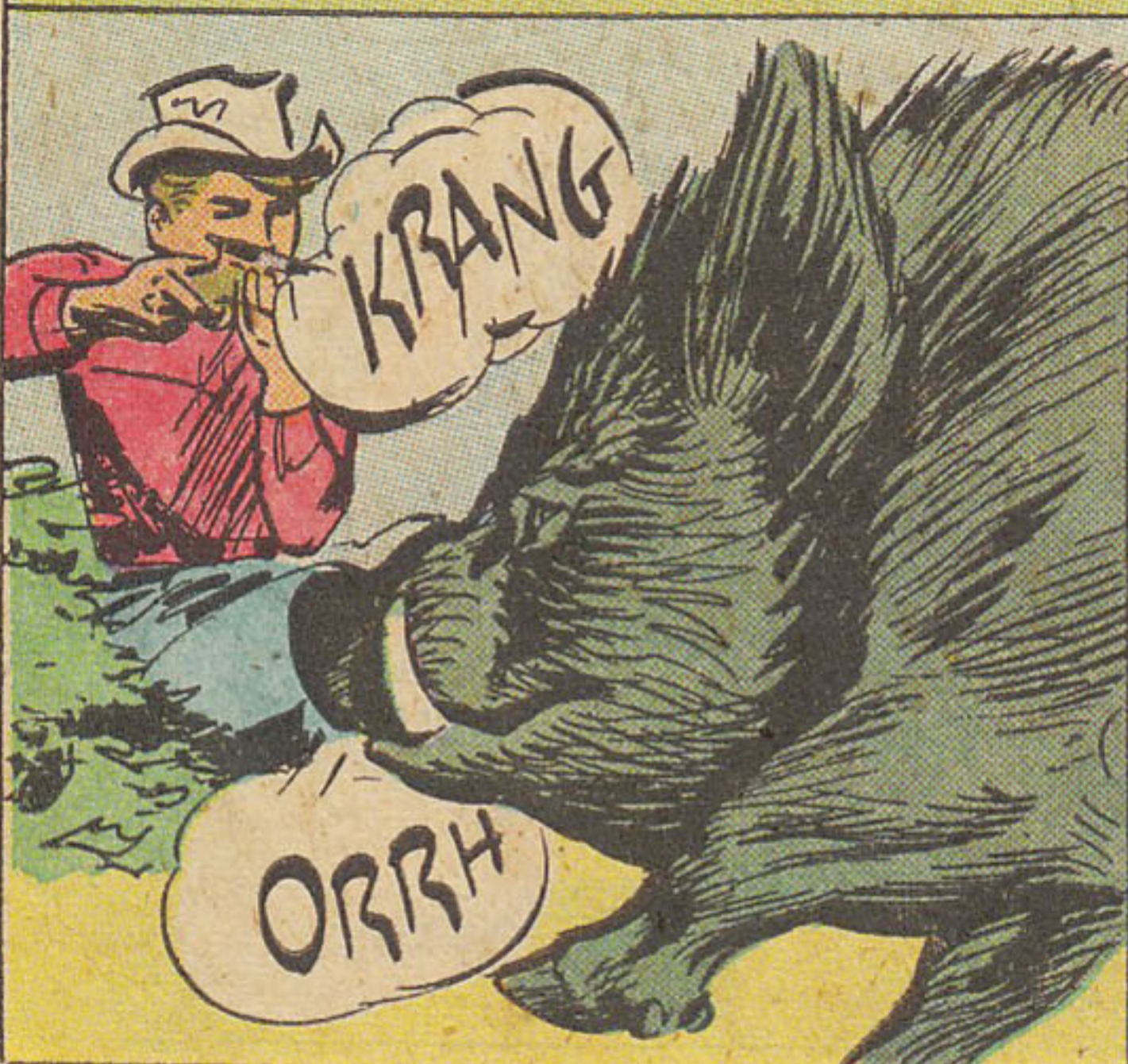
JUST AS THE BOAR LEAPS IN FOR A BELLY-THRUST --- DAVE FIRES!



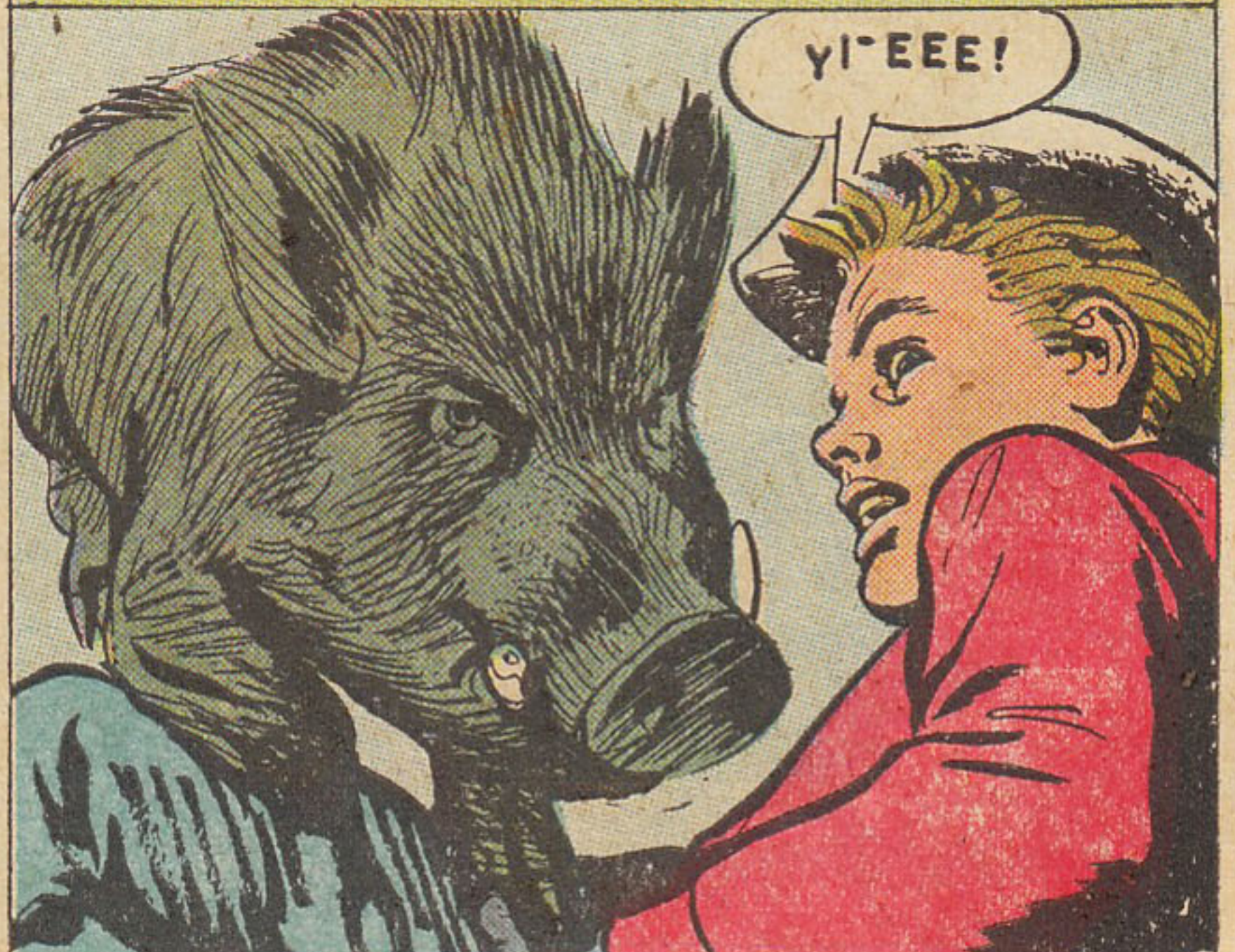
HARD HIT BUT NOT CRIPPLED, THE HOG TURNS LIKE A CAT, AT HIS NEW ENEMY! DESPERATELY DAVEY WORKS HIS RIFLE'S LEVER!

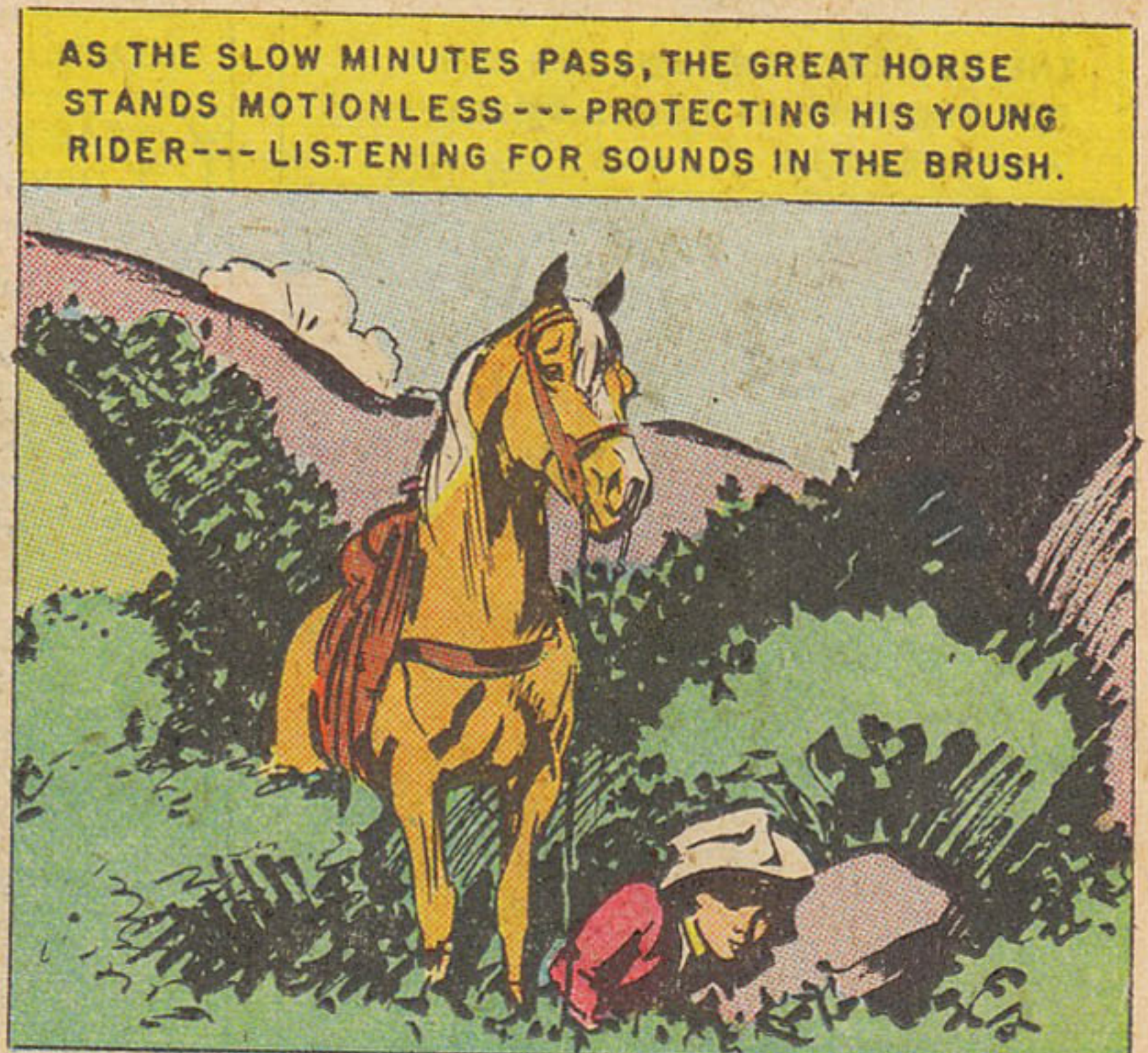
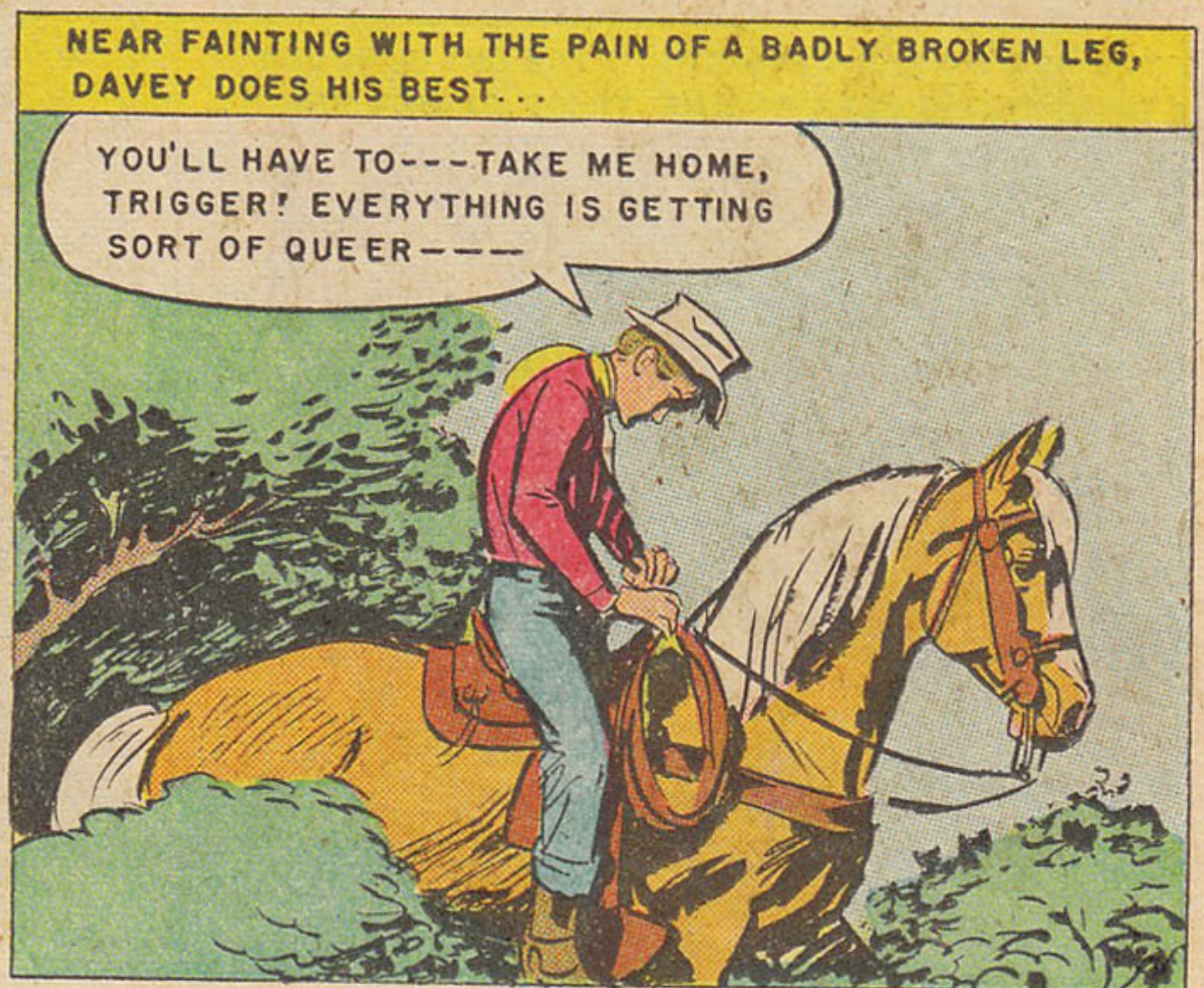
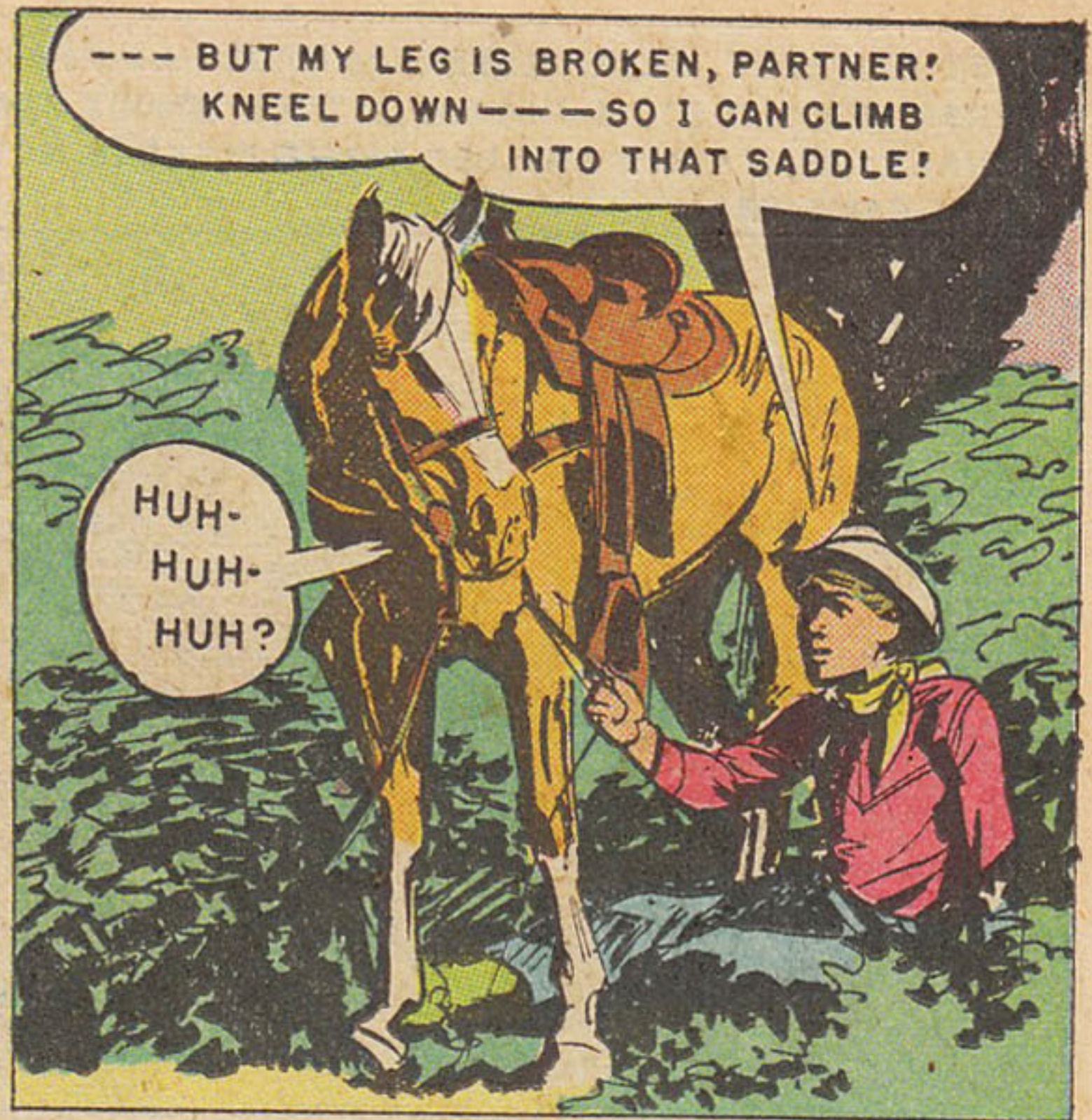
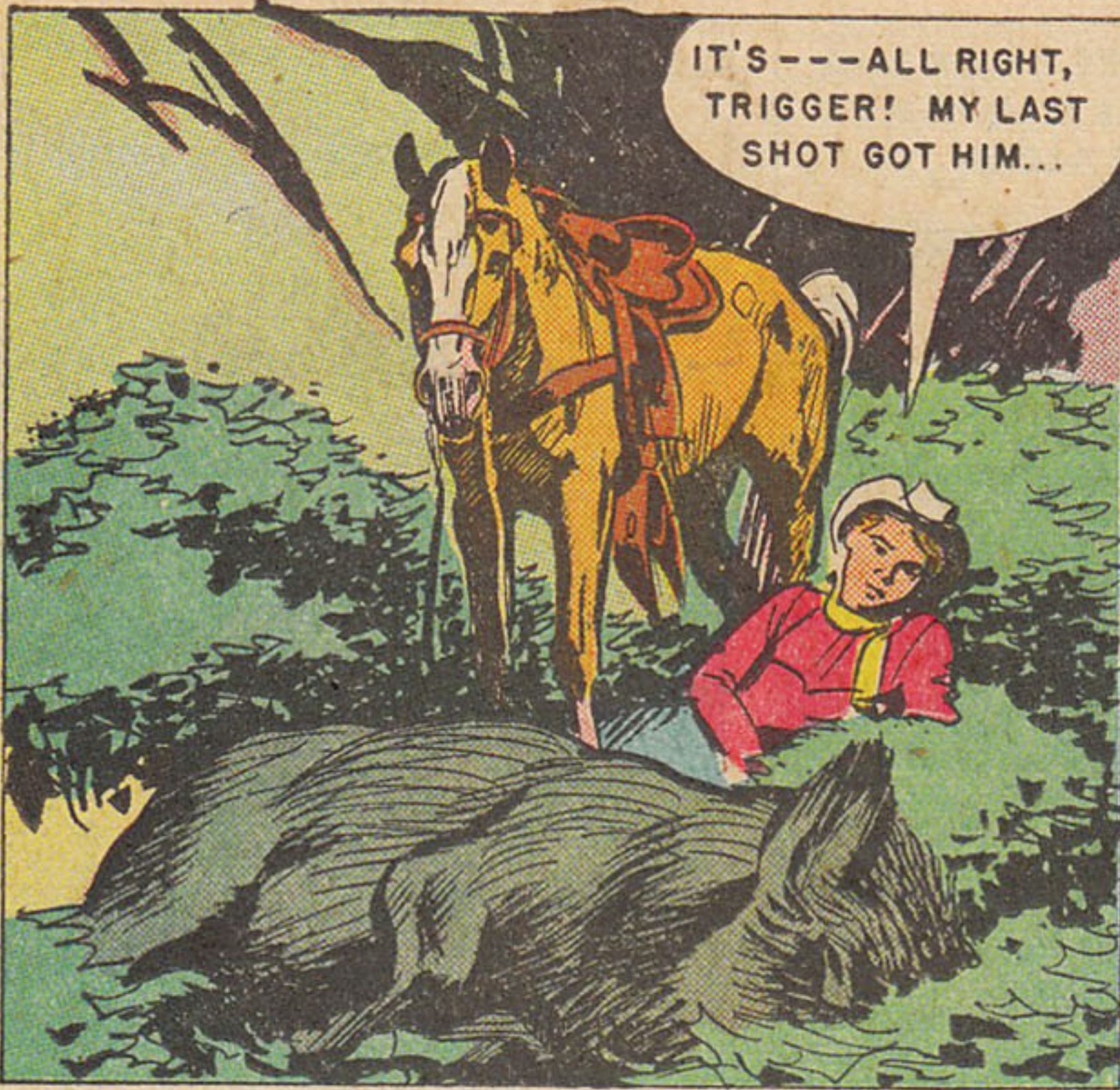


AGAIN DAVE'S BULLET STRIKES--- BUT DOES NOT STOP THE SAVAGE HOG.

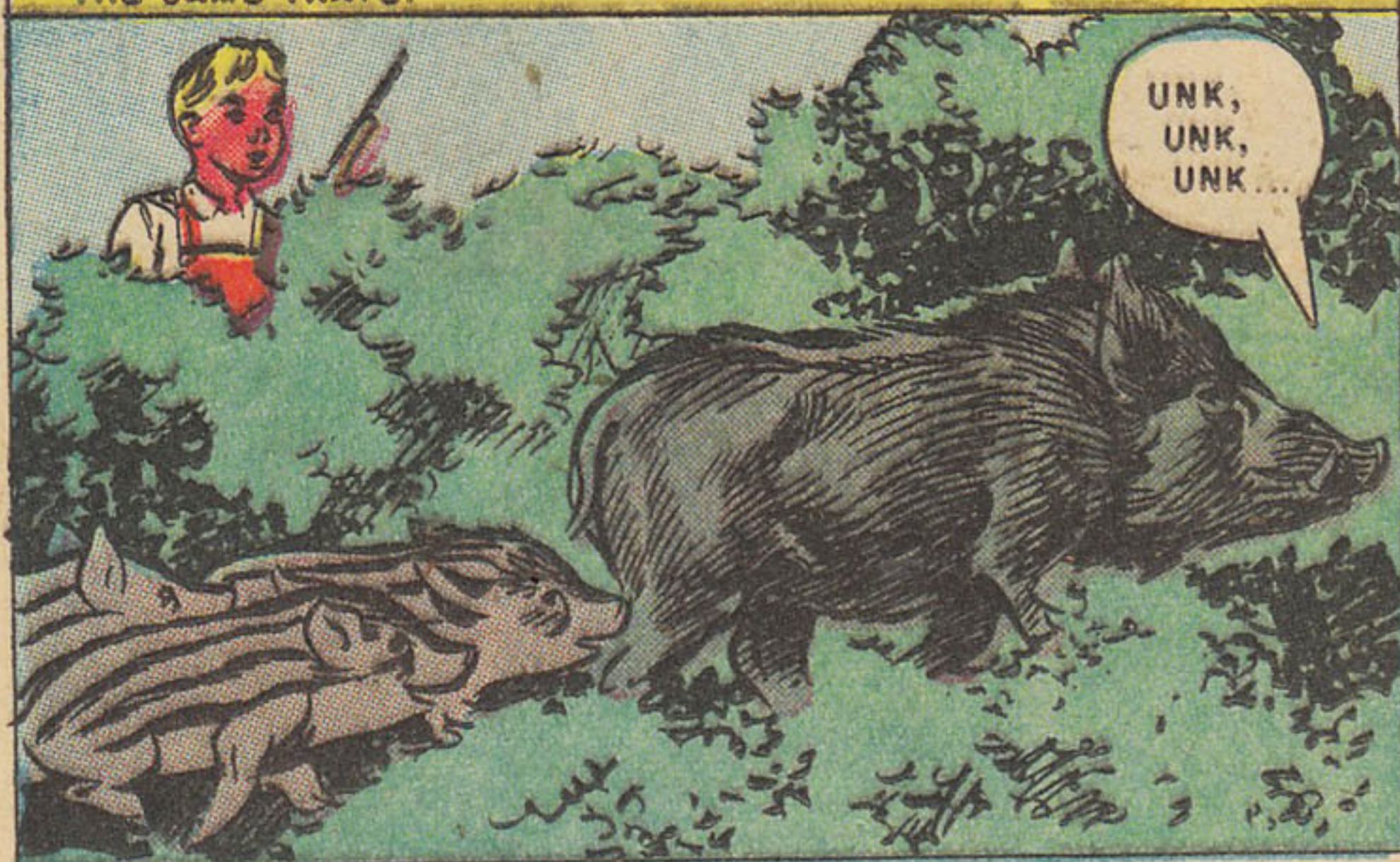


DYING, THE BRUTE BLUNDERS PAST HIM, KNOCKING HIM ASIDE.





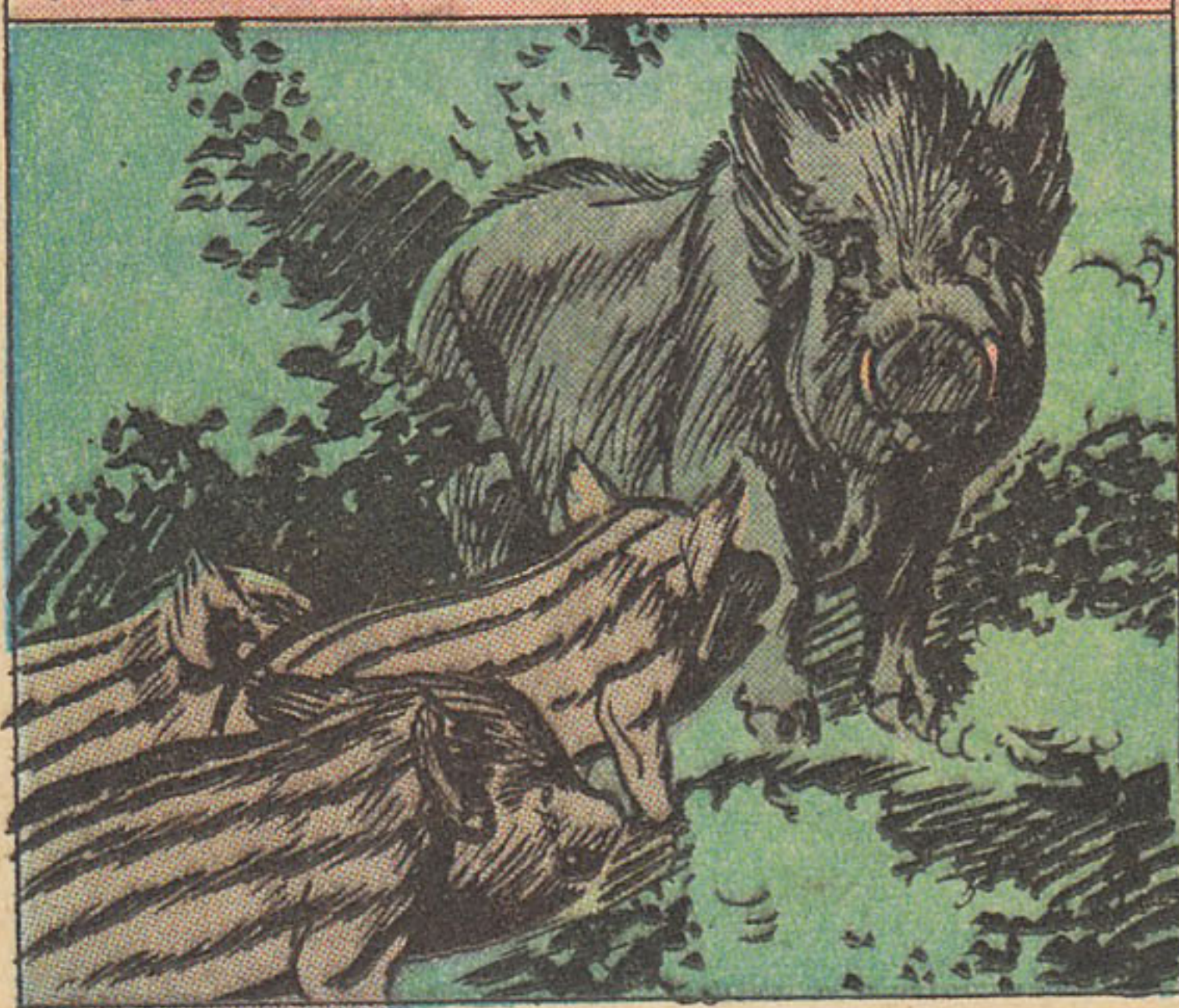
NOT FAR AWAY, A LOW, MATERNAL GRUNTING REACHES OTHER EARS THAN TRIGGER'S! IN SILENCE, LITTLE LONNIE BEALE WATCHES A SHAGGY, BLACK SOW AND HER THREE PIGLETS MOVE ALONG THE GAME TRAIL.



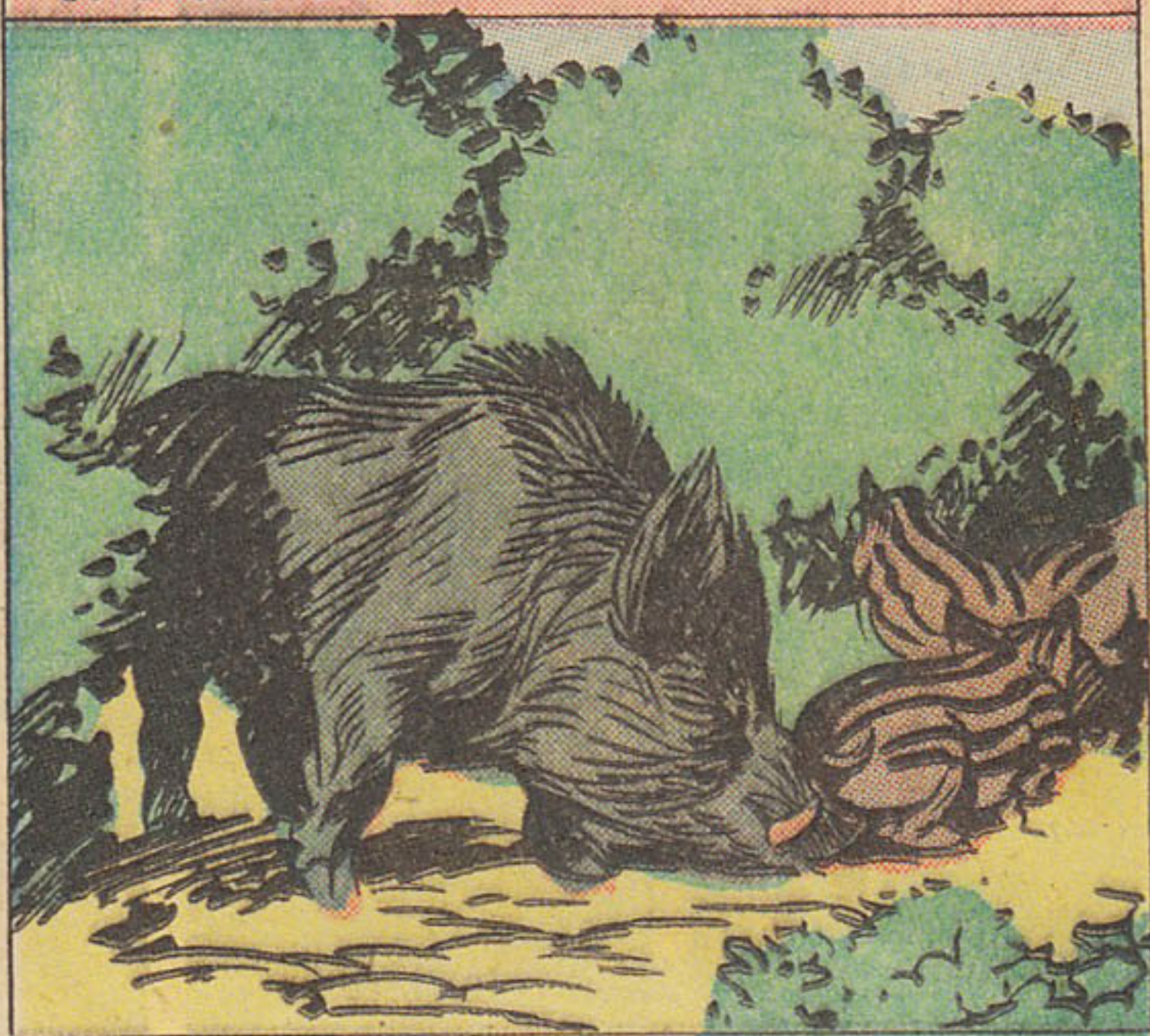
THAT'S SOME KIND OF BEAR! ANYHOW, IT'S BIG AND BLACK... AND I'M GOING TO SHOOT HIM!



THE SOW'S KEEN EARS CATCH THE SMALL SOUND OF LONNIE'S FEET ON THE TRAIL BEHIND HER.



QUICKLY SHE HUSTLES HER YOUNG OUT OF SIGHT...



THE HUMAN SCENT ANGERS HER! BUT THE THREAT LOOKS SMALL... AND SHE LETS IT PASS.



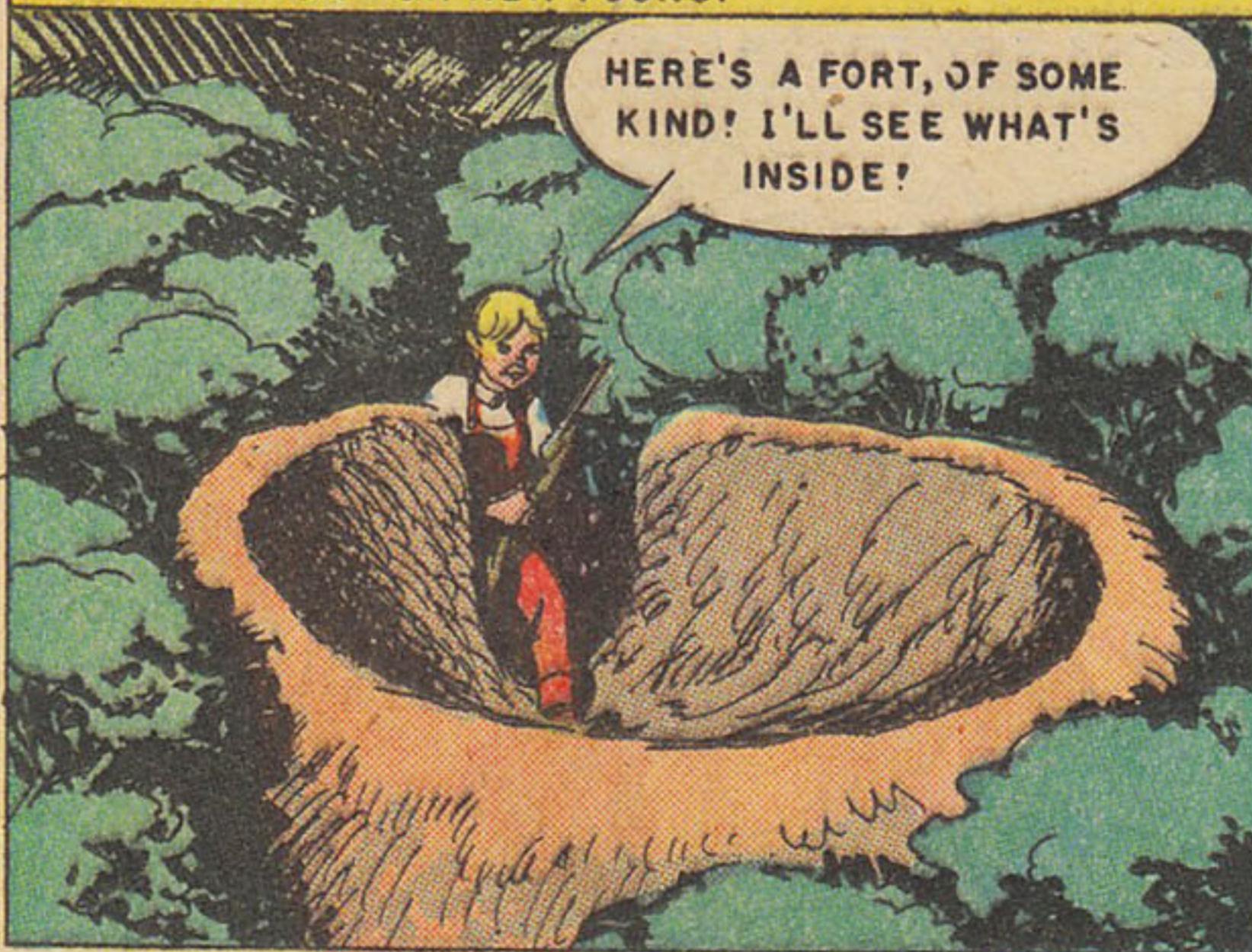
A SMALL SIDE TRAIL ATTRACTS THE YOUNG HUNTER.

BEAR WENT THIS WAY--- I THINK! I'M GOING TO KILL HIM--- FIRST SHOT!





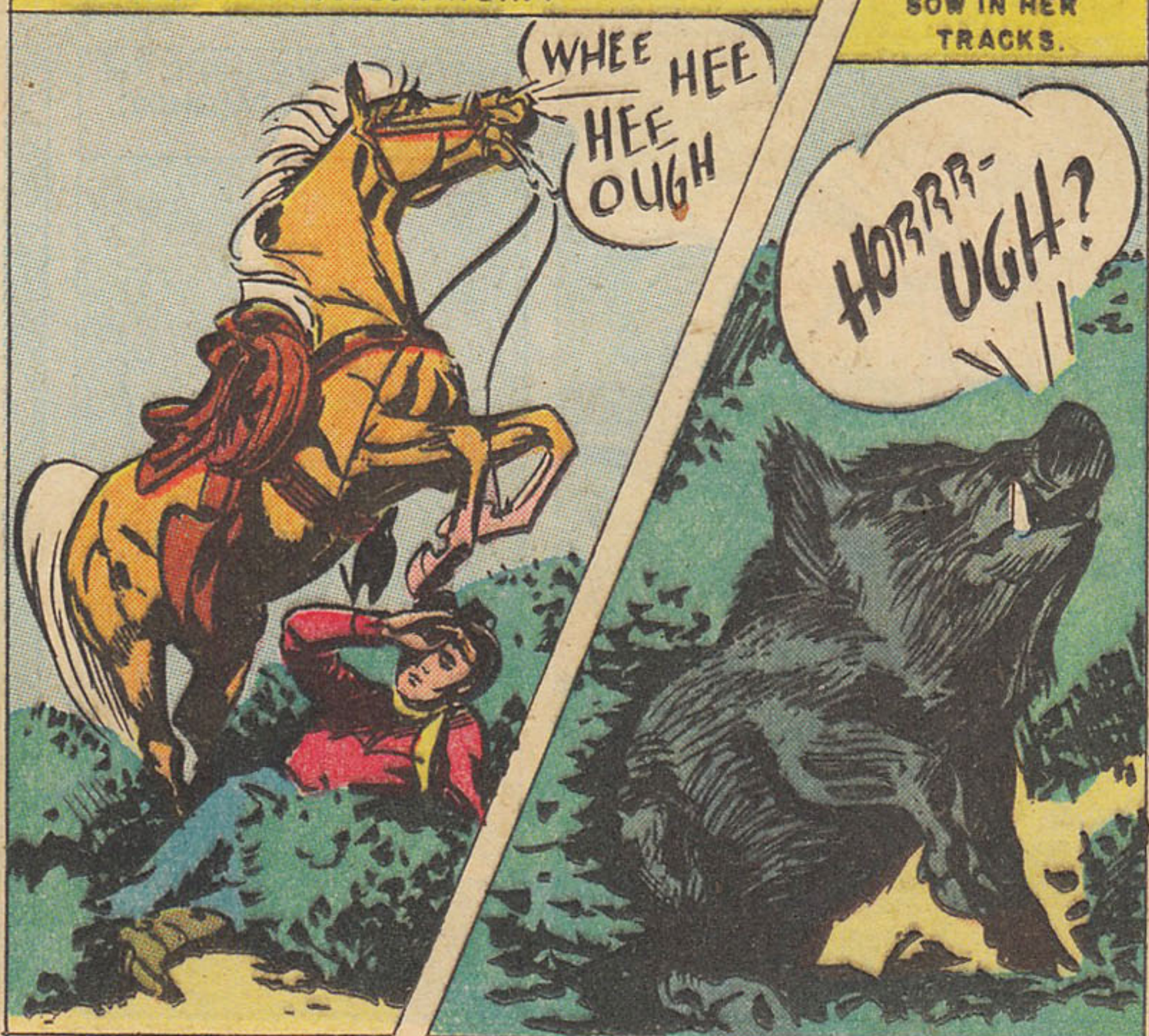
THE LITTLE SIDE TRAIL ENDS AT A LOW MUD WALL, ROOTED UP BY THE WILD SOW'S SNOUT AS A PROTECTION FOR HER YOUNG.



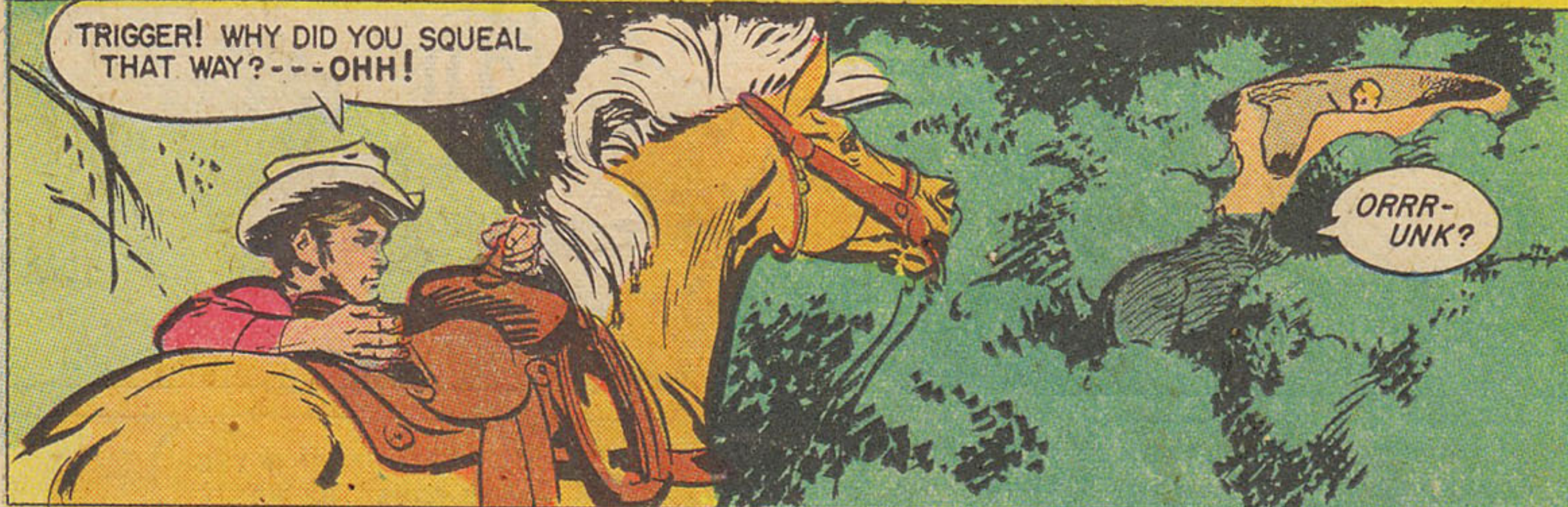
BUT THE OLD SOW IS WELL AWARE OF THE SMALL INTRUDER--- AND IS DETERMINED TO EVICT HIM. HER PIGLETS ARE SAFELY HIDDEN IN THE THICKET--- AND THE WIND BRINGS HER NO SCENT OF TRIGGER OR DAVEY.

THE SOW'S SCENT REACHES TRIGGER, HOWEVER! AND HIS SHRILL CHALLENGE ECHOES THROUGH THE GULCH! IT ROUSES DAVEY...

--- AND HALTS THE OLD SOW IN HER TRACKS.



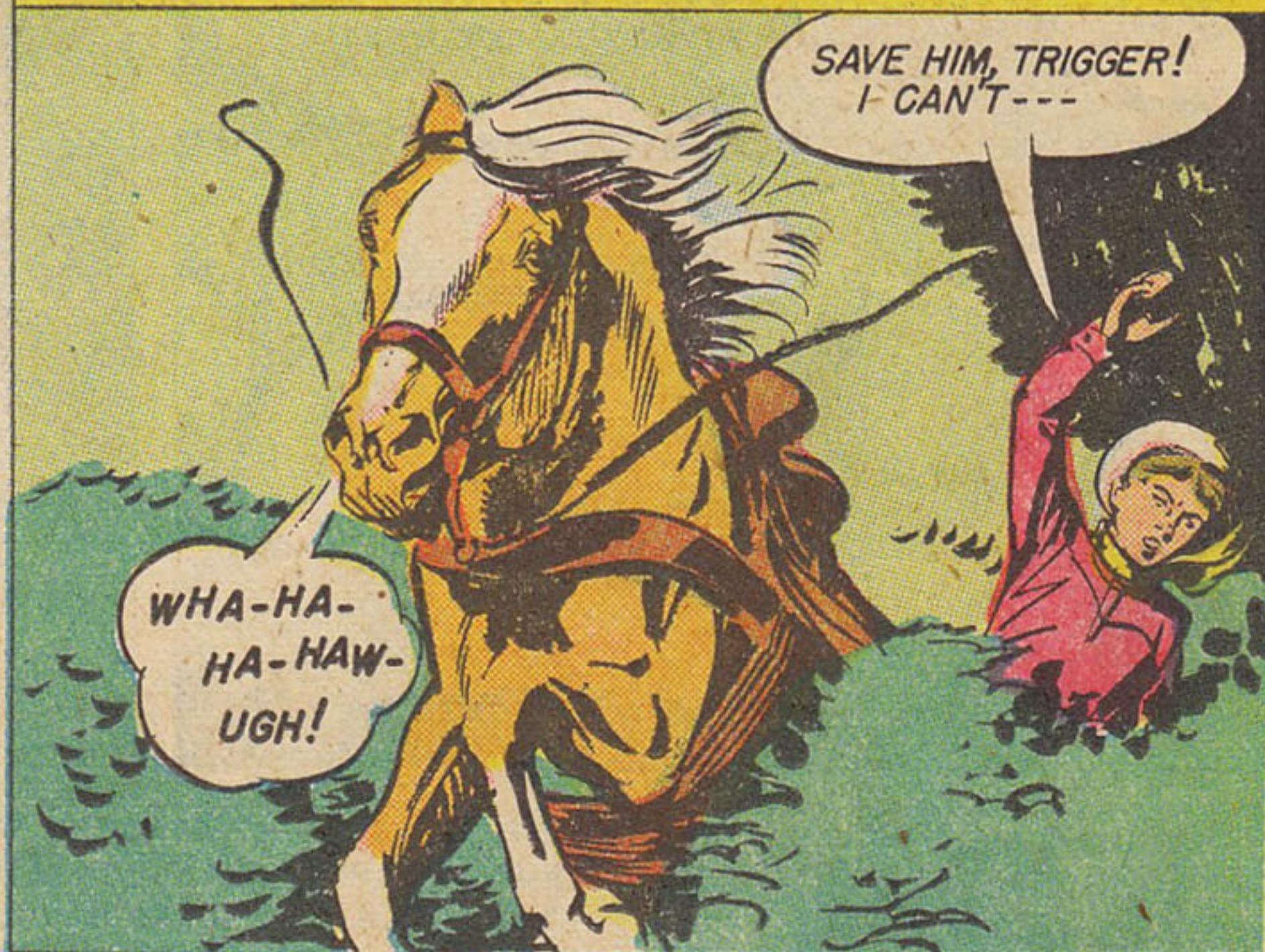
ABOVE THE BUSH TOPS DAVEY CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF THE SOW---AND THE MUD "CORRAL."



TRIGGER! IT'S LONNIE BEALE!
AND THAT WILD BOAR IS
AFTER HIM!



TRUMPETING HIS FURY, TRIGGER LEAPS TO THE ATTACK.



THE SOW LANCES AT HIM LIKE A
DRIVEN SPEAR! HE SWERVES---BUT
A KNIFE-LIKE TUSK SLICES THROUGH
HIS SADDLE GIRTH, GRAZING HIS
BELLY.



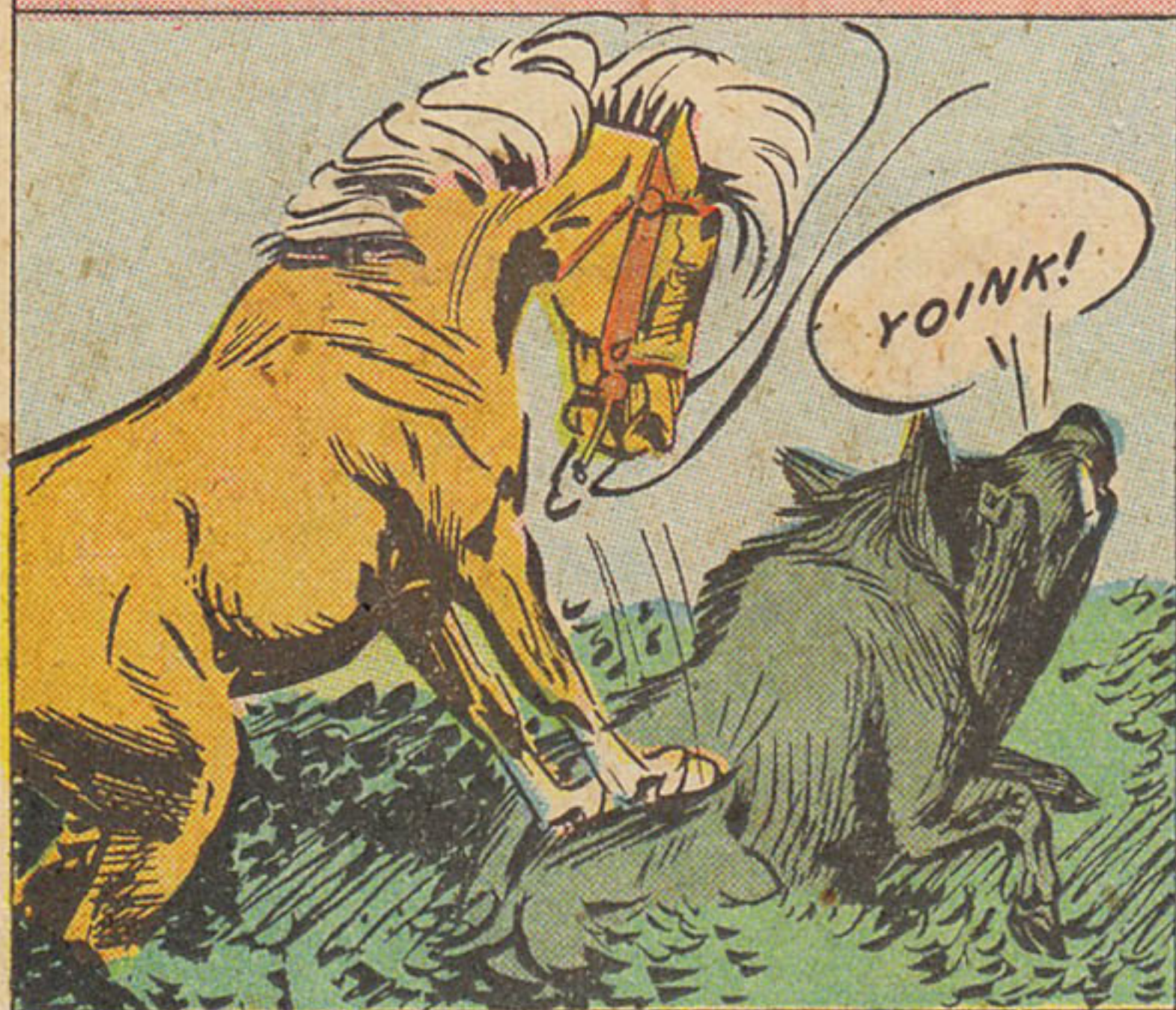
THE SADDLE GOES INTO THE
BRUSH, AS THE PALOMINO
WHIRLS---



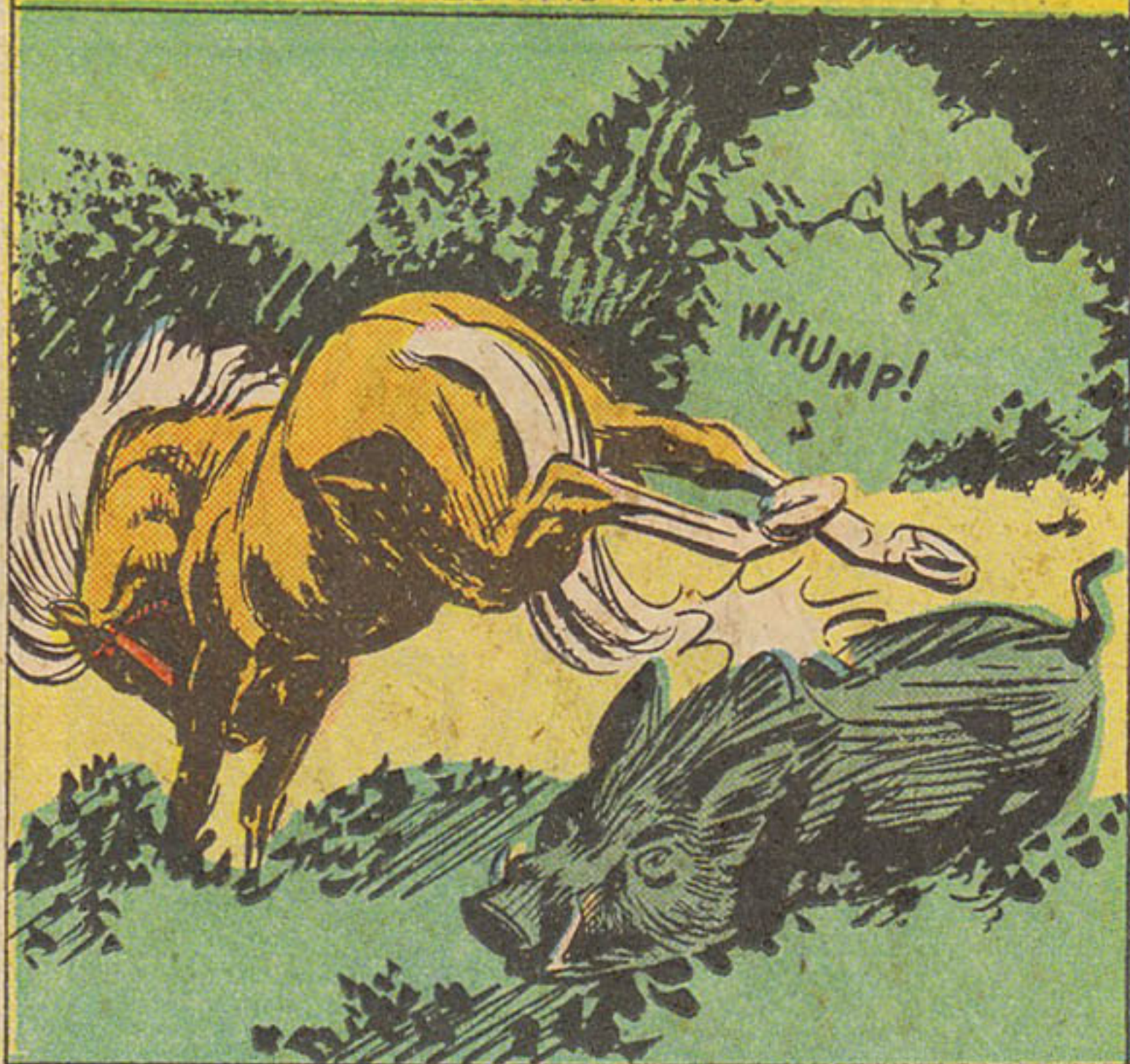
---TO MEET ANOTHER LUNGE
WITH SLASHING FOREHOOF.



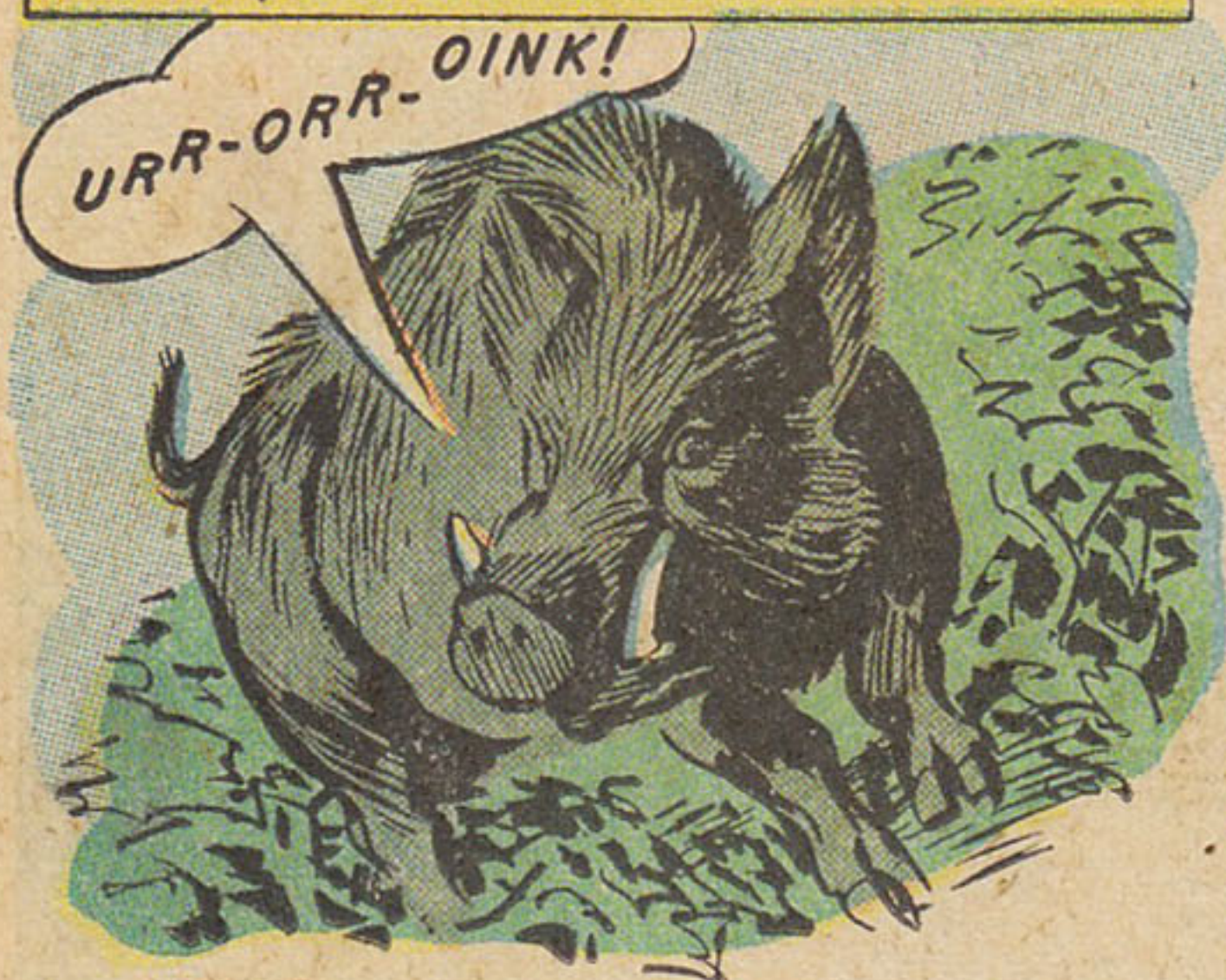
AGAIN THE LIGHTNING FOREHOOFS STRIKE, BEFORE THE SOW CAN TURN! THE BLOW ON THE HEAD HAS DAZED HER.



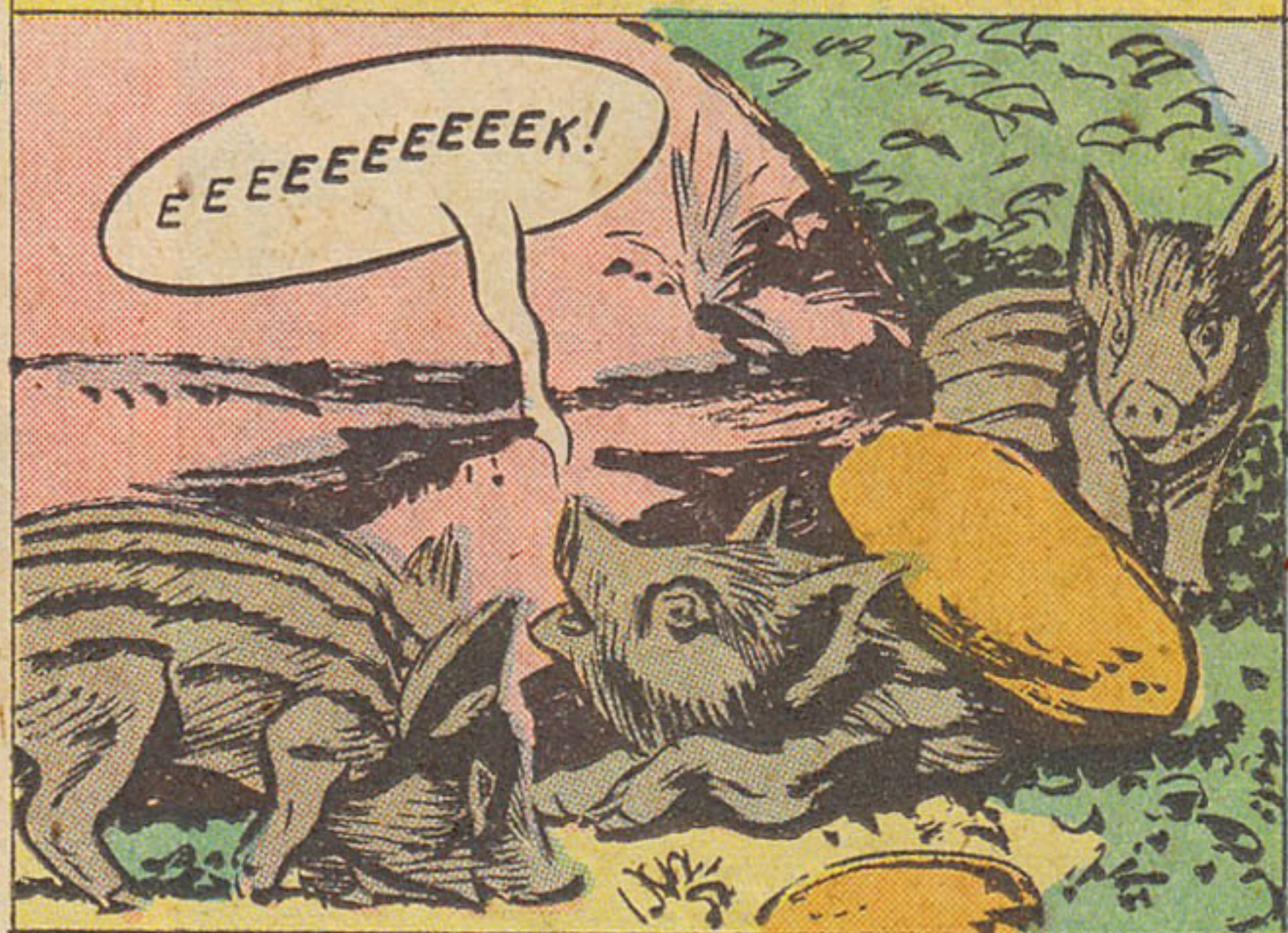
AND NOW HE WHIRLS AND KICKS.



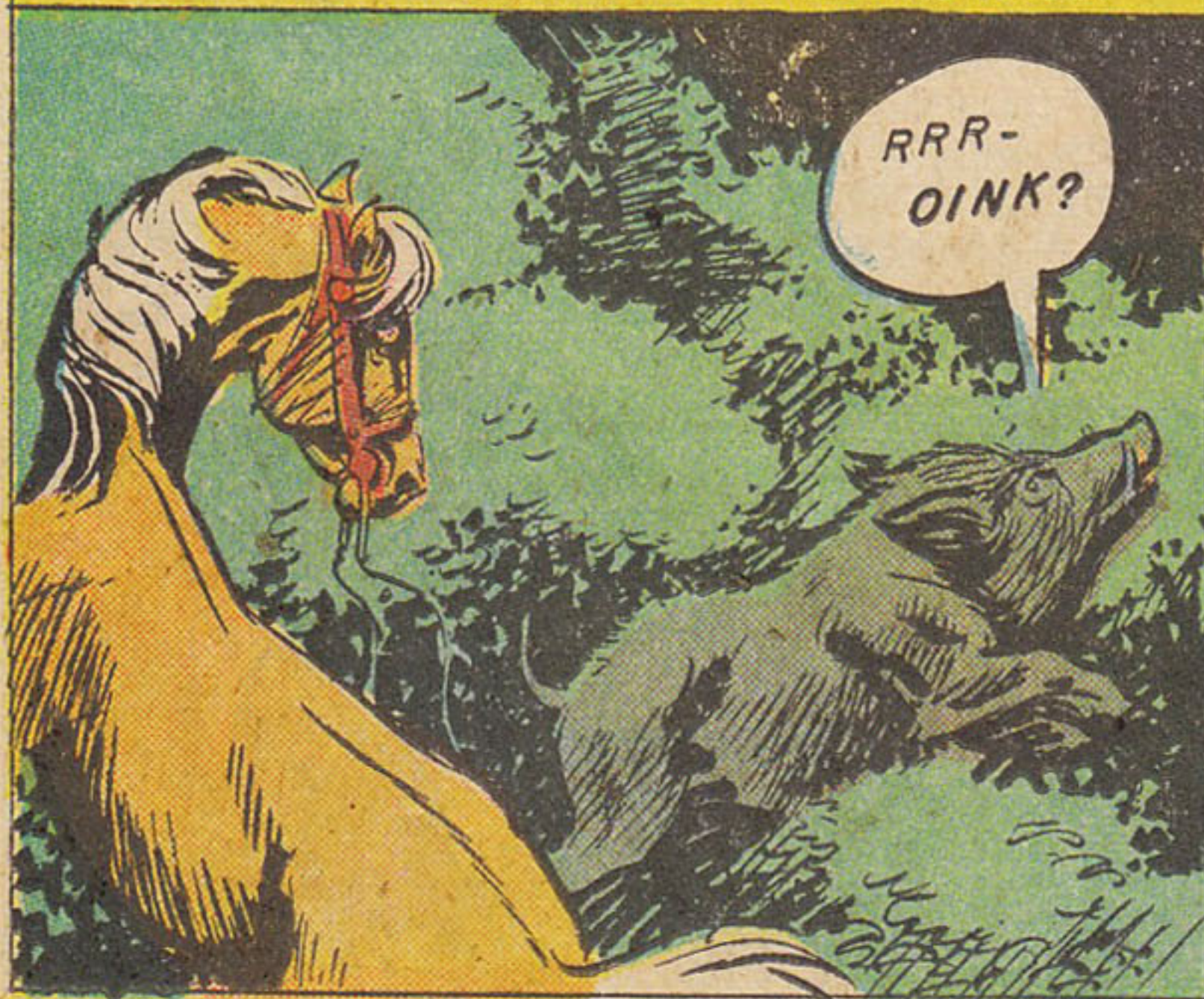
BUT A WILD BOAR IS AS TOUGH AS A GRIZZLY BEAR OF TWICE ITS WEIGHT! ROARING, THE SOW RETURNS FOR MORE.



BUT NOW COMES THE ONE INTERRUPTION THAT COULD CHANGE HER MIND: A ROOTING PIGLET SQUEALS IN FRIGHT, AS A ROCK ROLLS ONTO HIM.

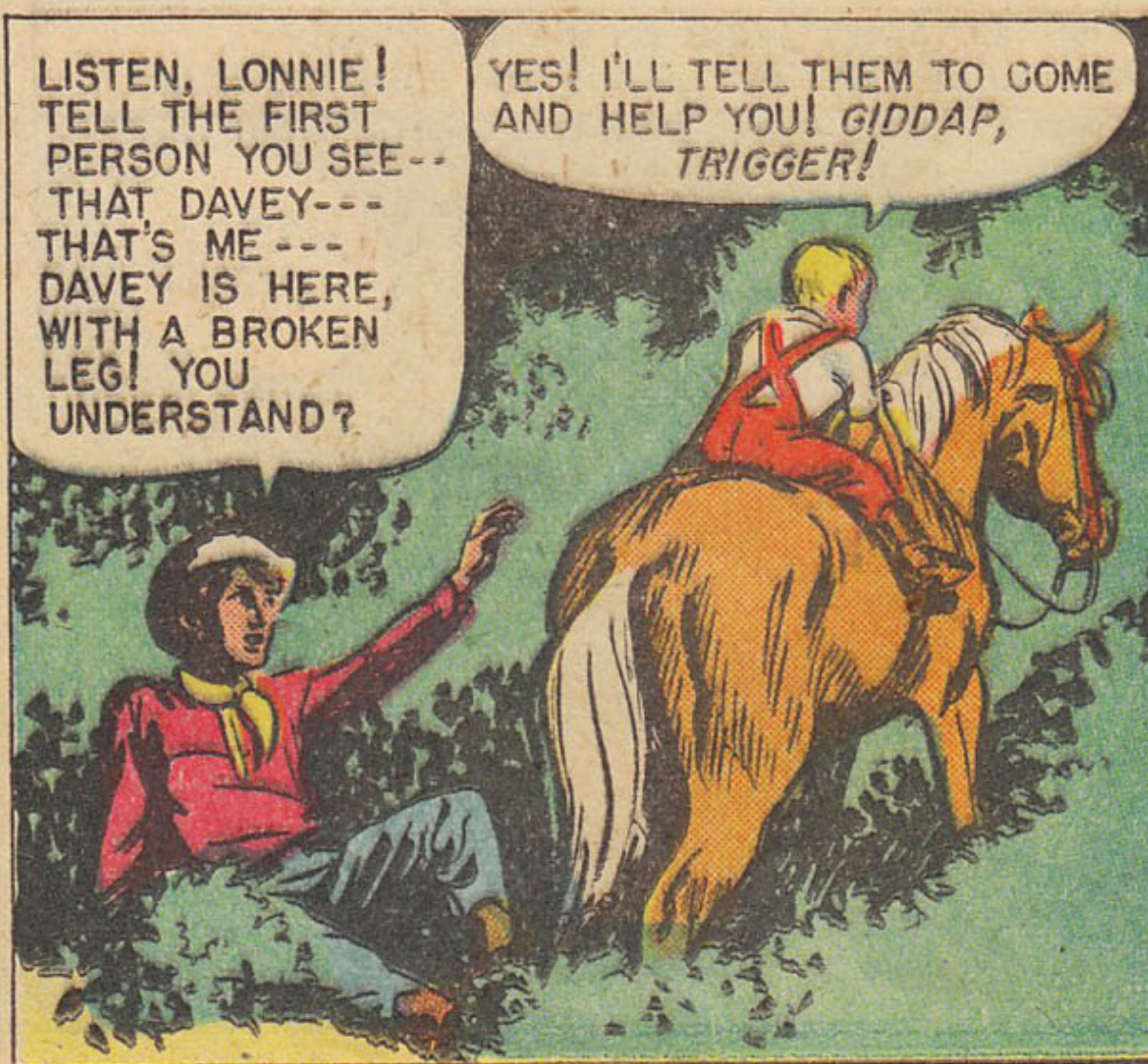
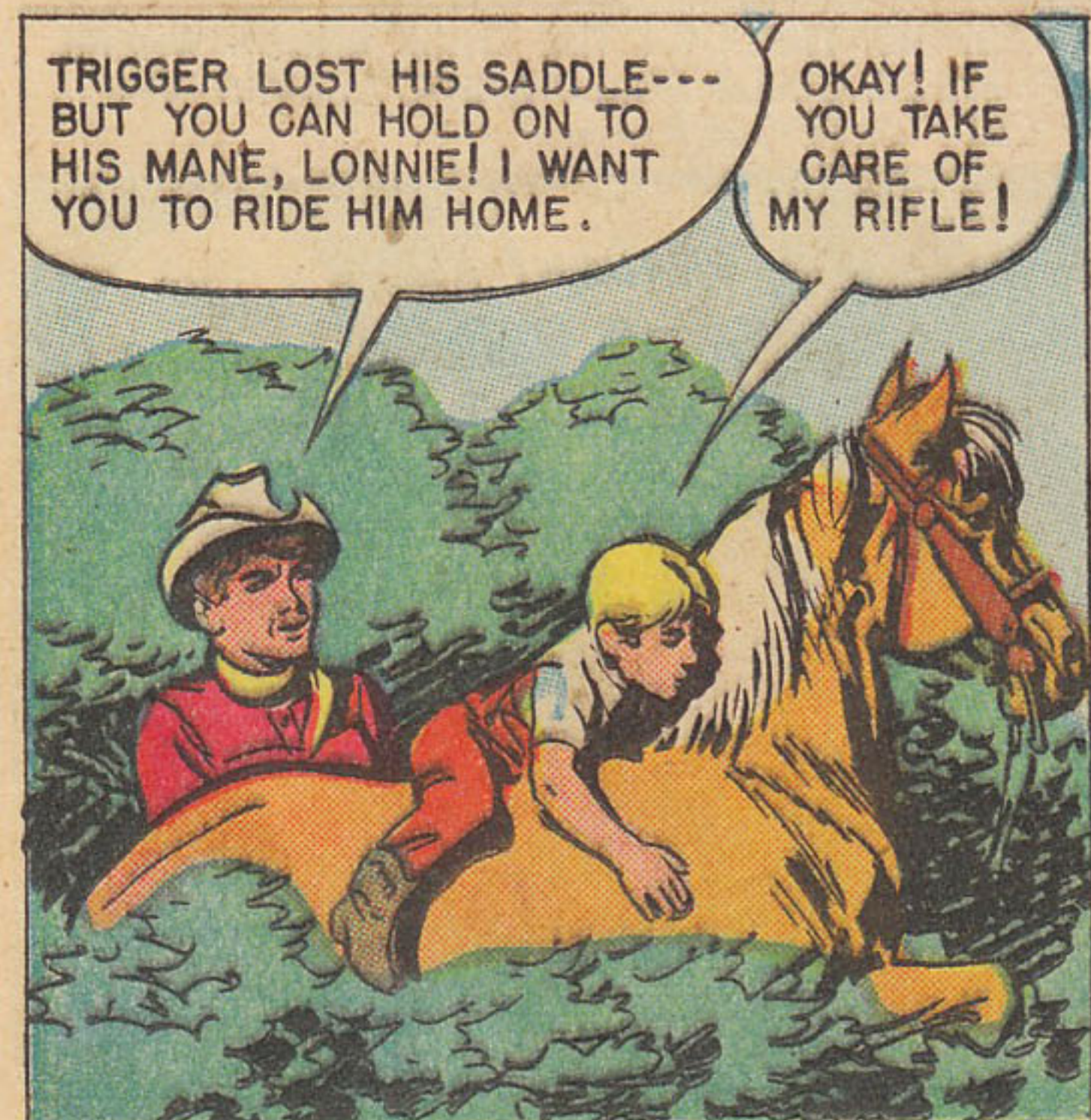
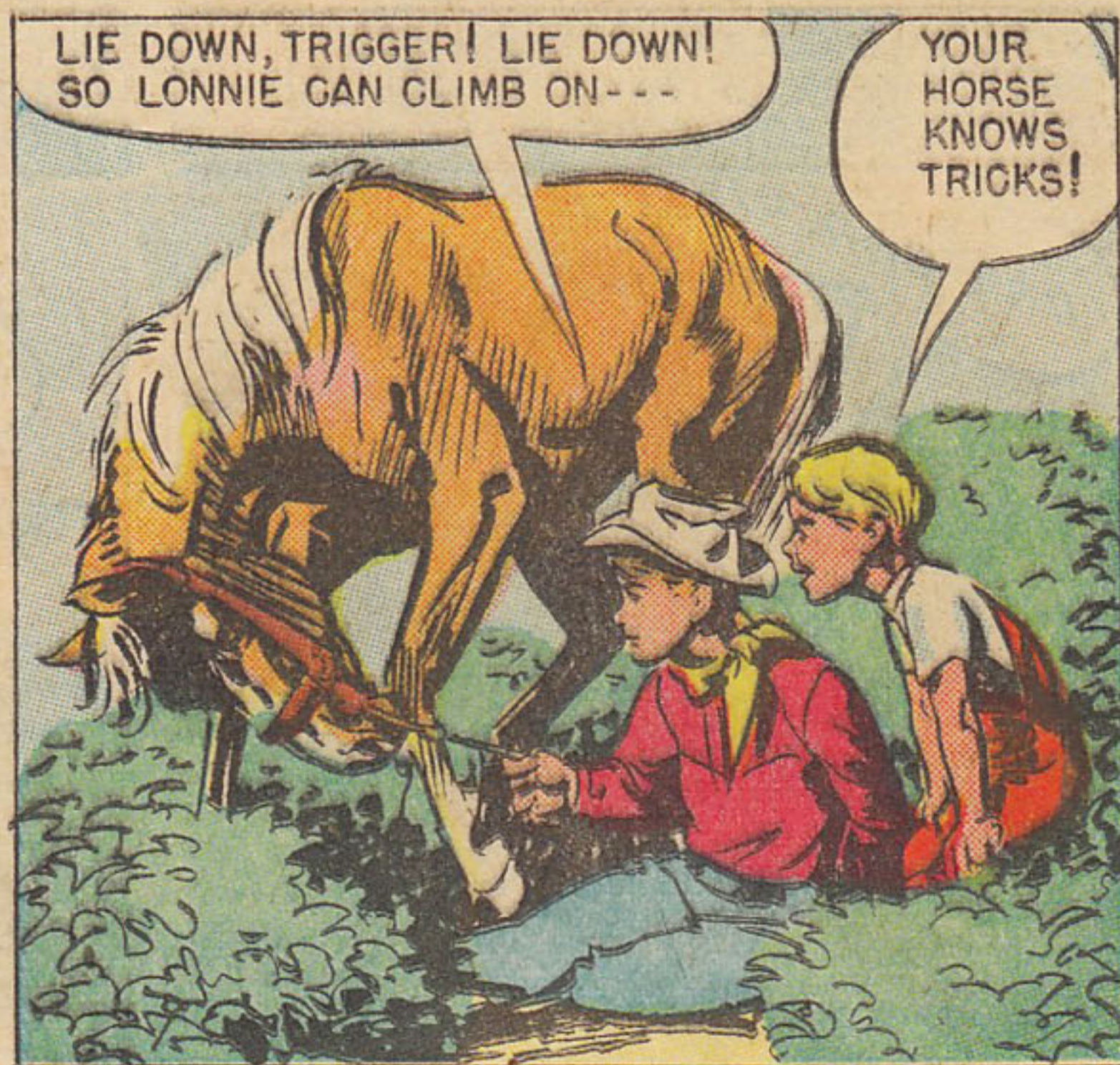
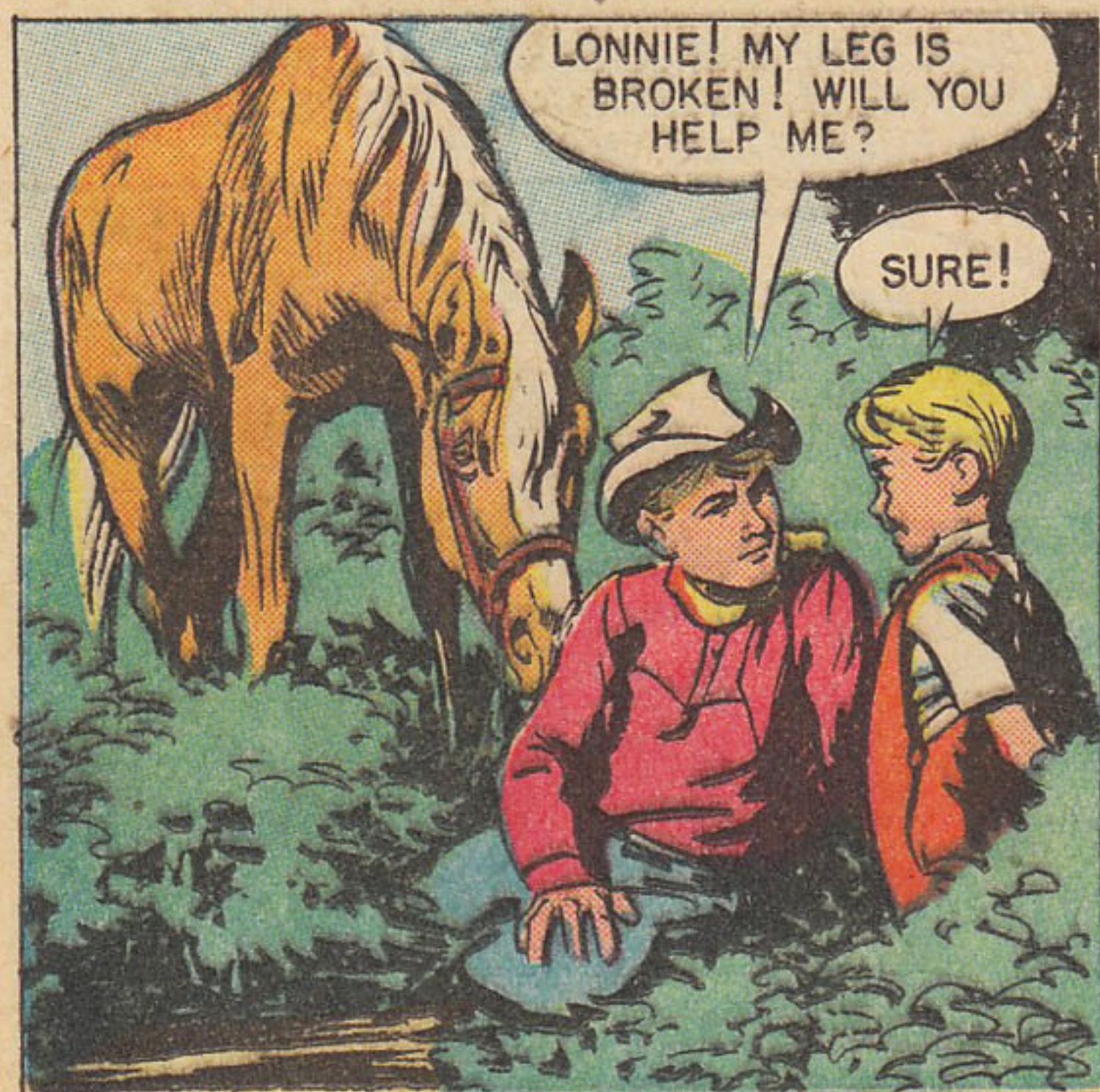
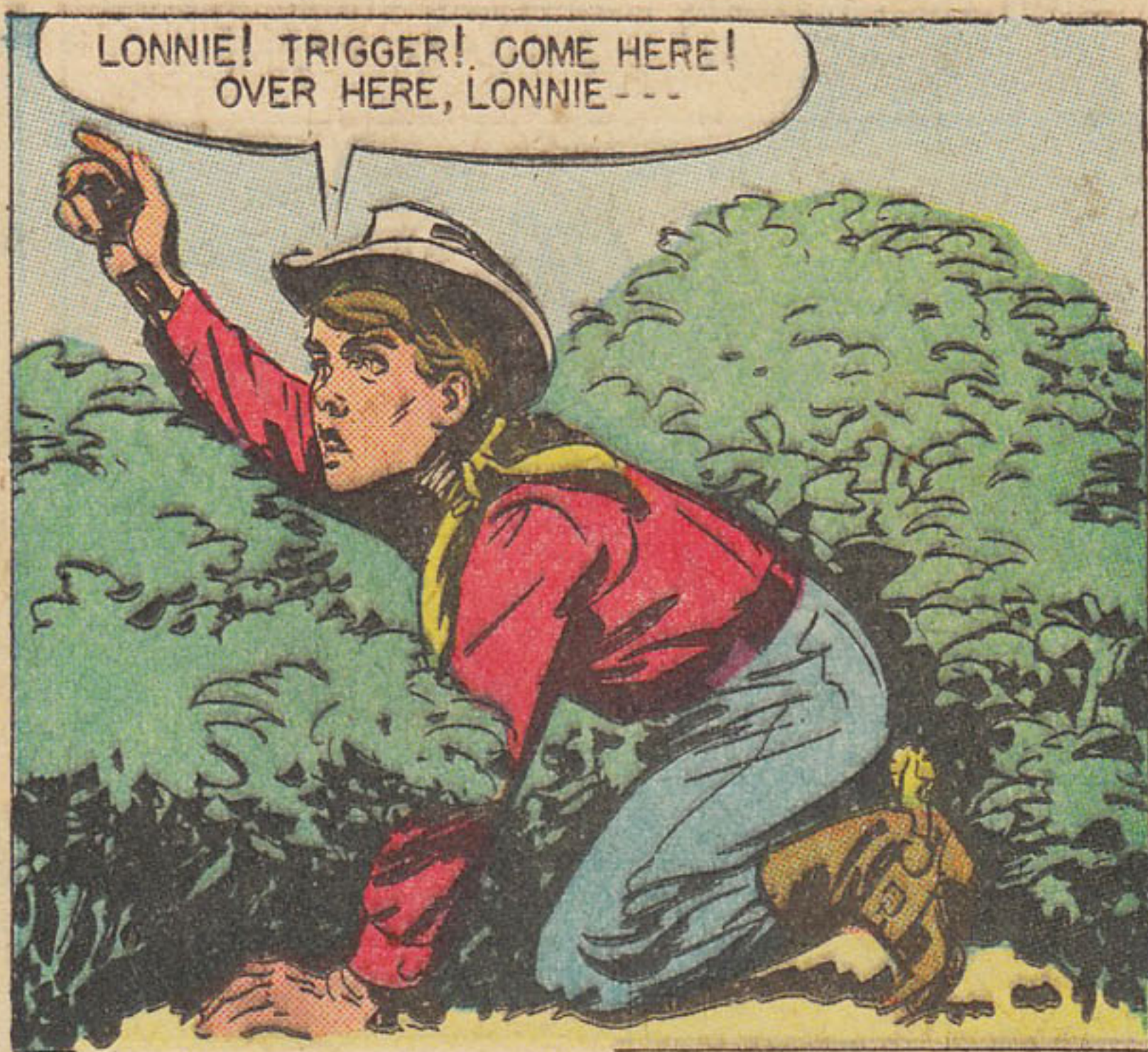


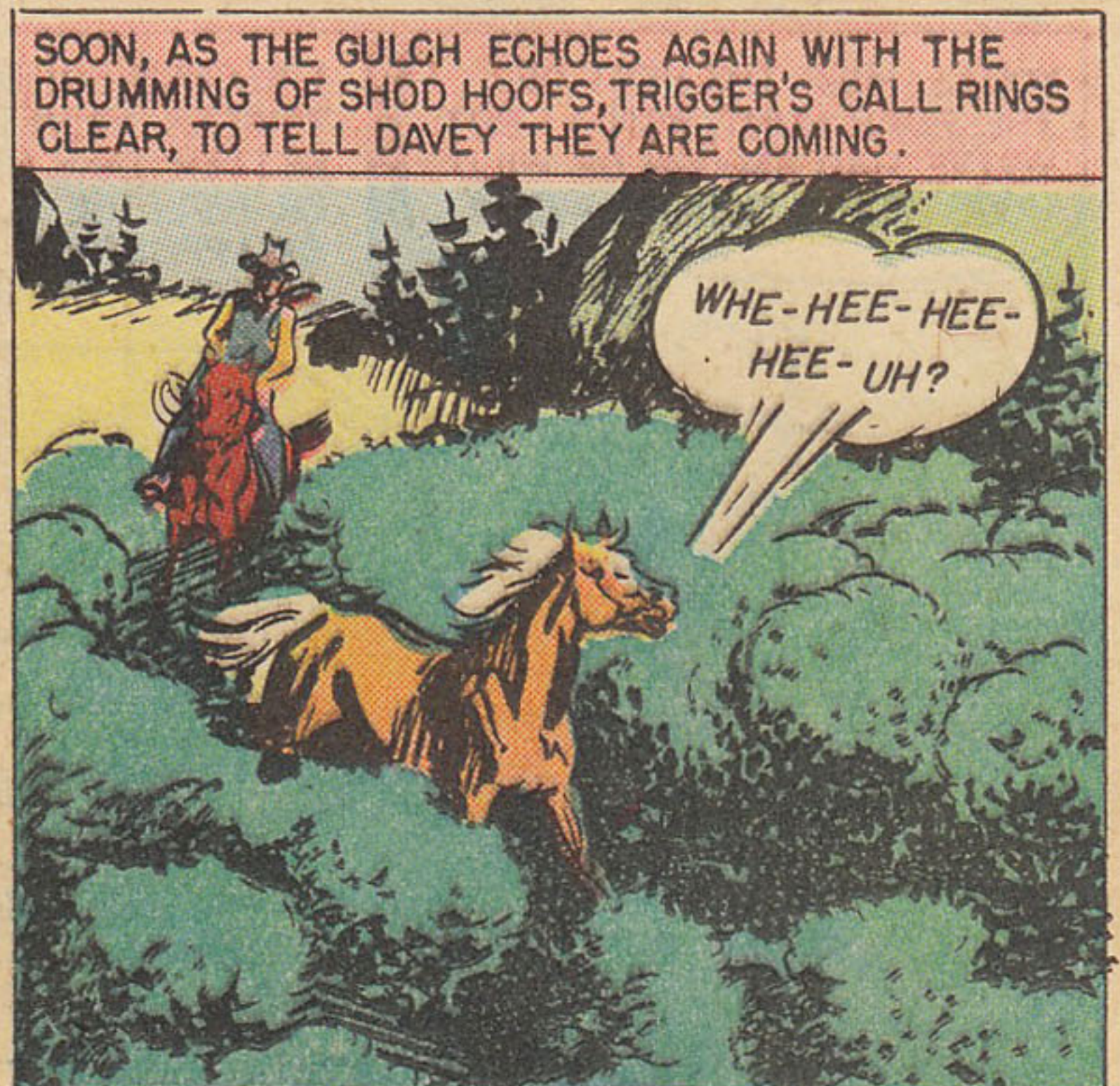
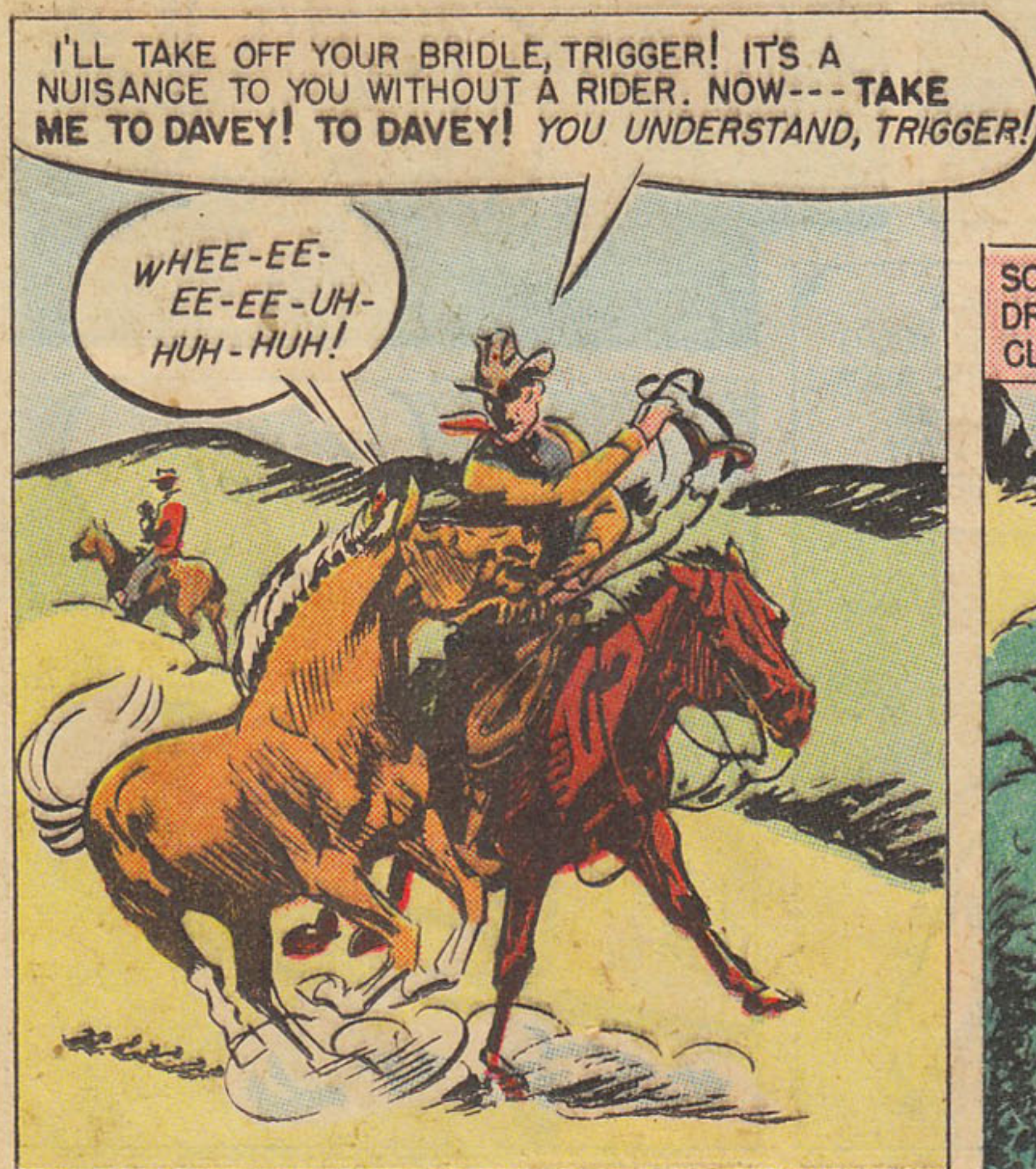
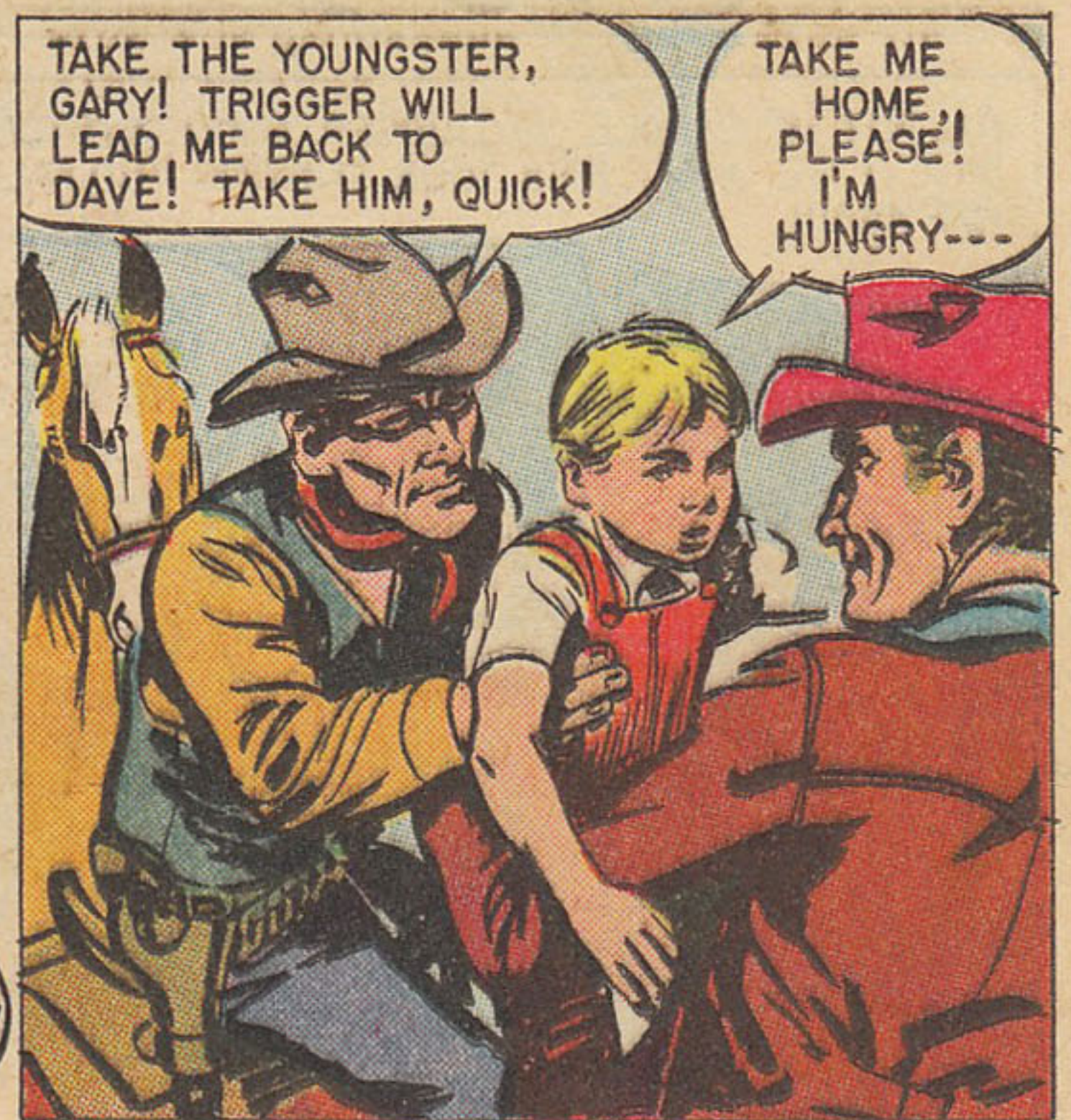
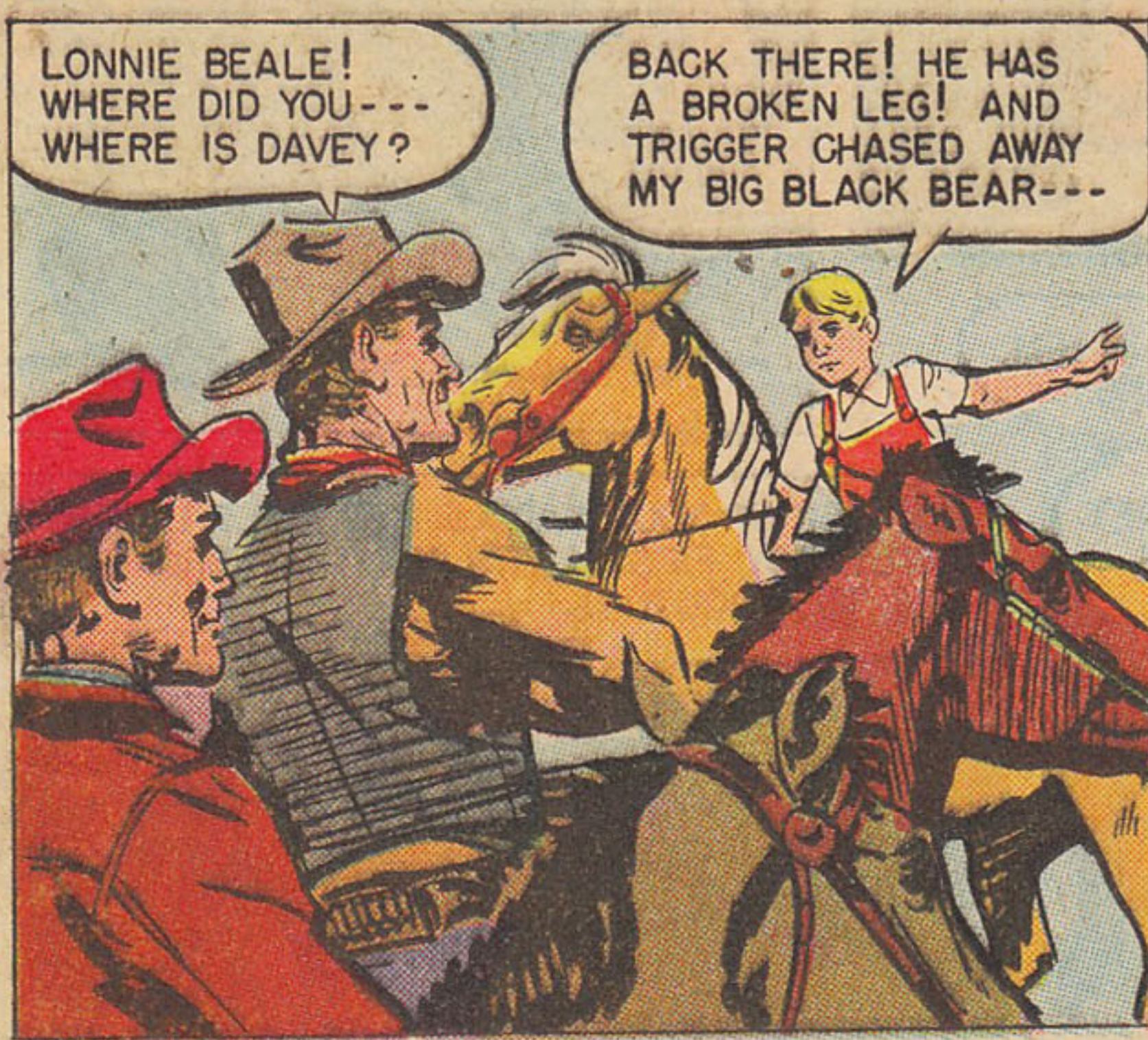
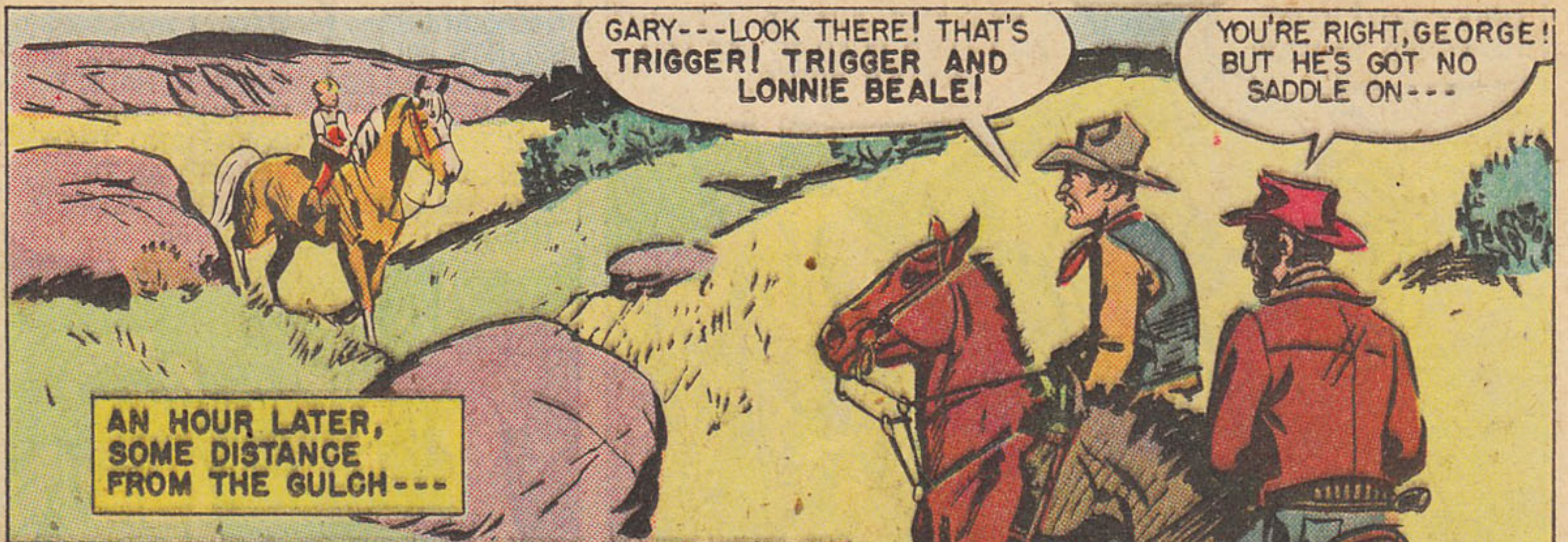
THE OLD SOW TURNS AS IF ON A PIVOT--- MOTHERLY FEAR REPLACING HER FIGHTING RAGE.



CRASHING THROUGH THE THICK BRUSH WHERE NO HORSE COULD FOLLOW, SHE LEAVES THE FIELD TO TRIGGER---

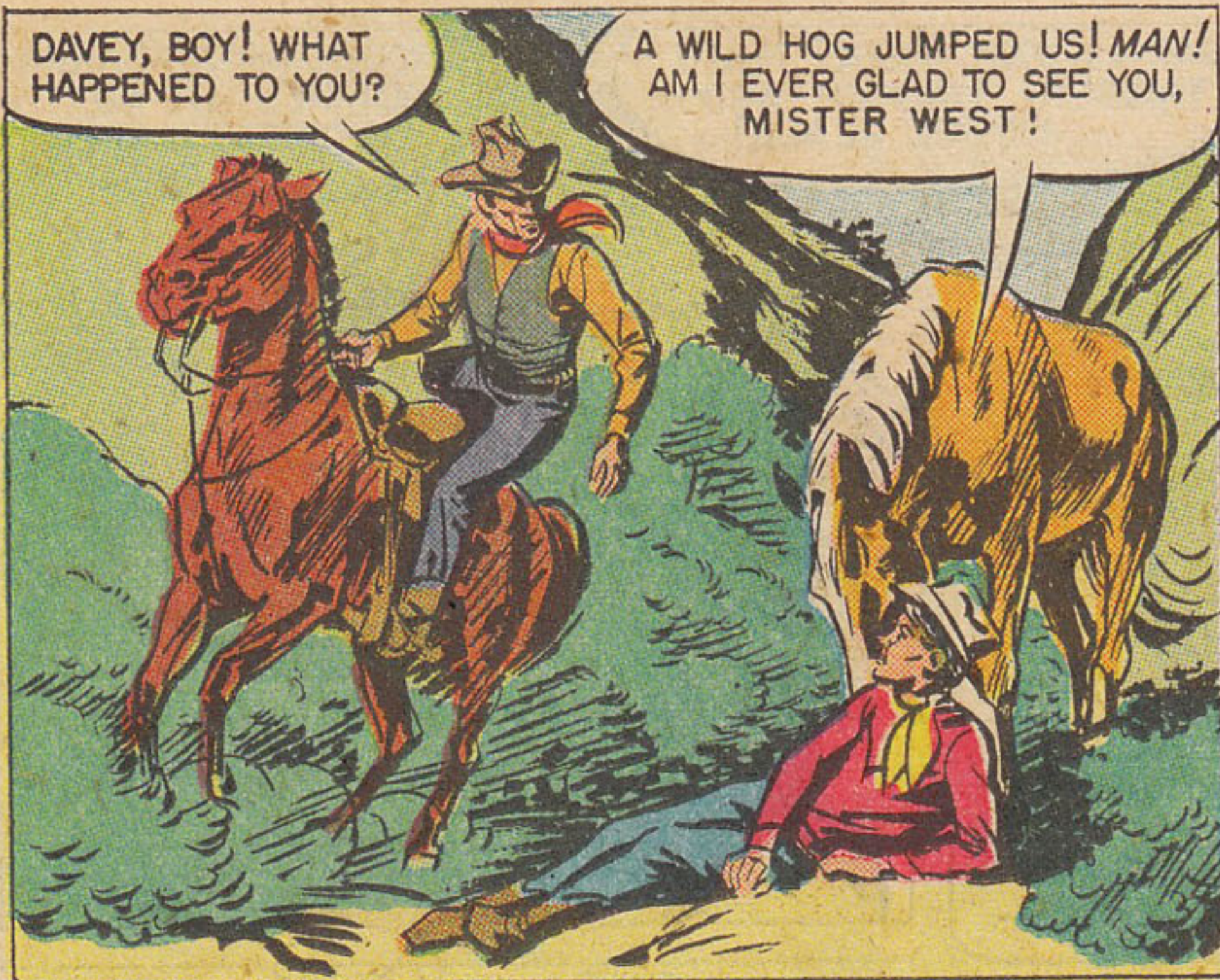






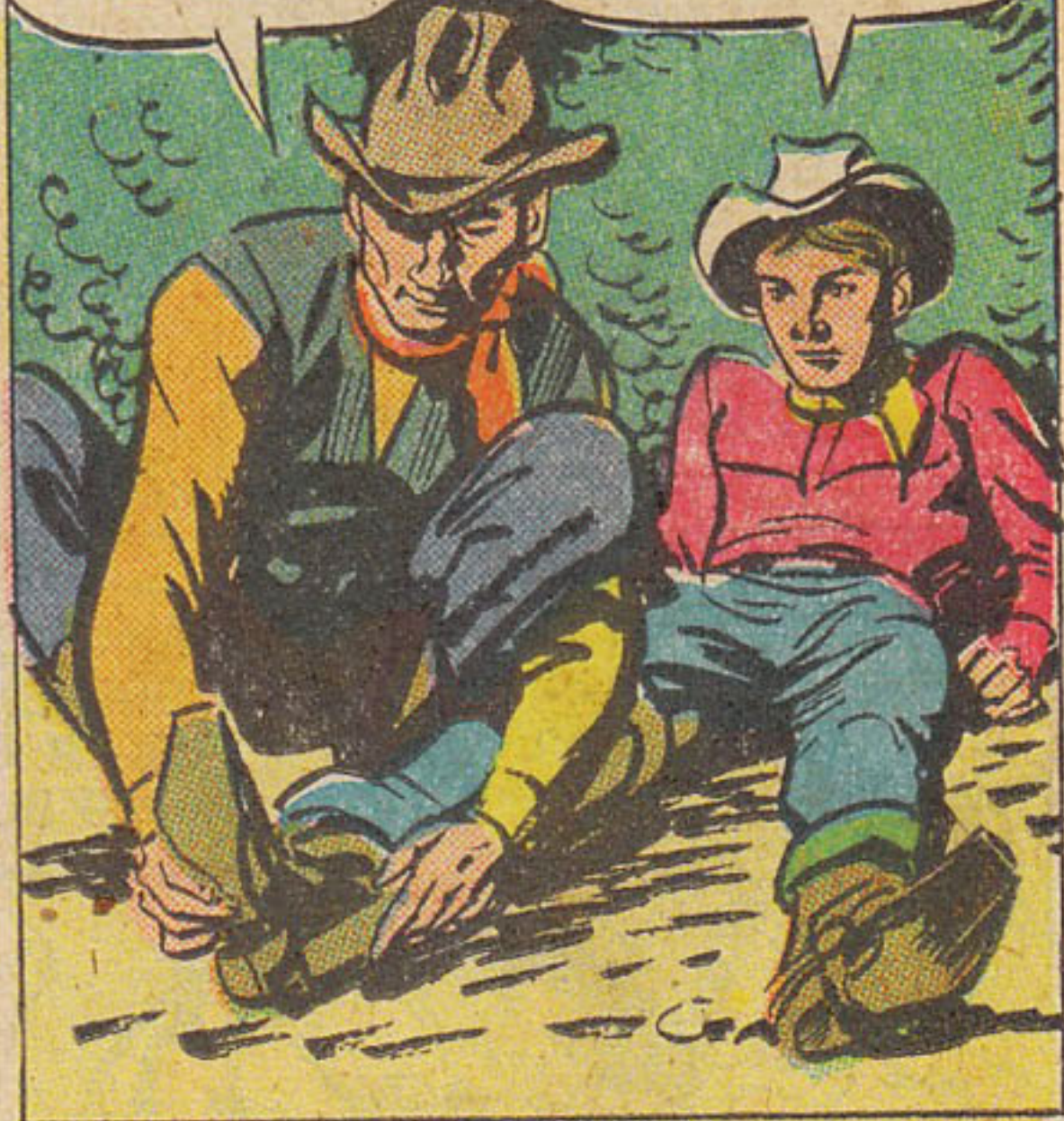
DAVEY, BOY! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

A WILD HOG JUMPED US! MAN! AM I EVER GLAD TO SEE YOU, MISTER WEST!



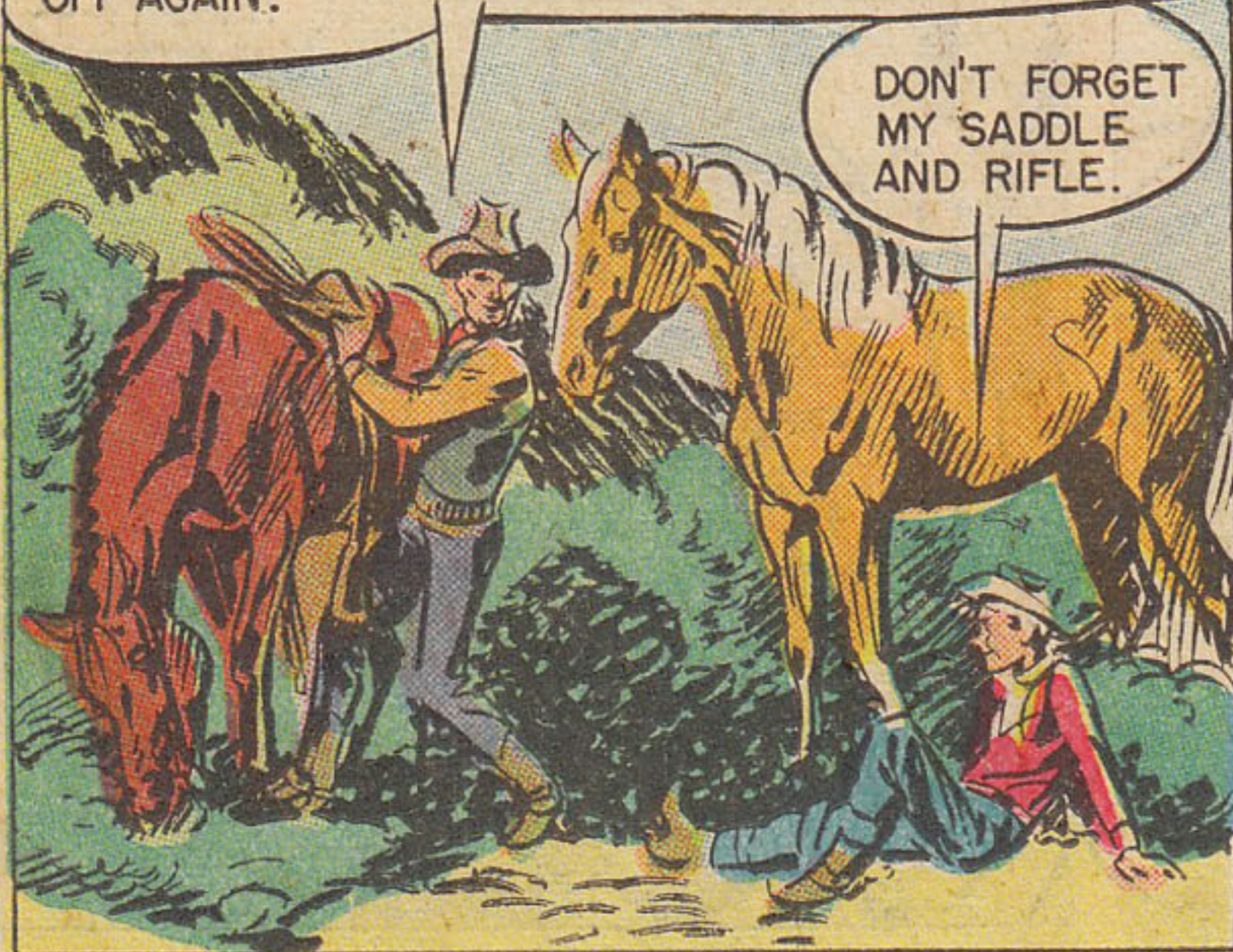
THESE ROUGH SPLINTS WILL HOLD YOUR LEG TILL WE GET YOU TO A DOCTOR, DAVEY! NOW, TELL ME THE REST...

WELL, I WOULDN'T BE ALIVE NOW, IF TRIGGER HADN'T FOUGHT THAT BOAR! AND THEN THERE WAS THE ONE THAT JUMPED LONNIE...

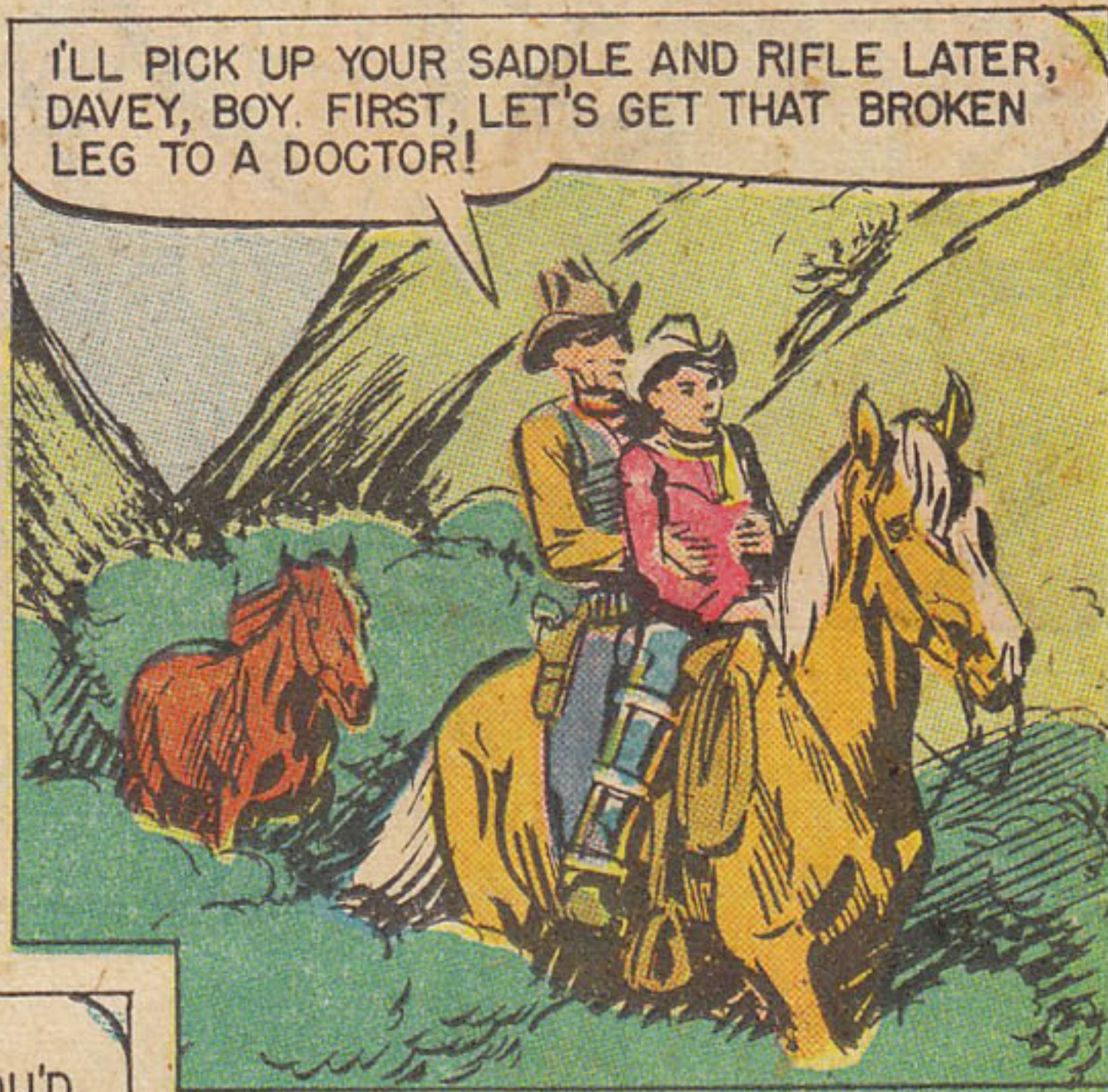


I'LL PUT MY SADDLE ON TRIGGER, AND HOLD YOU ON HIM, DAVEY! WE WON'T RISK YOUR FAINTING AND FALLING OFF AGAIN.

DON'T FORGET MY SADDLE AND RIFLE.

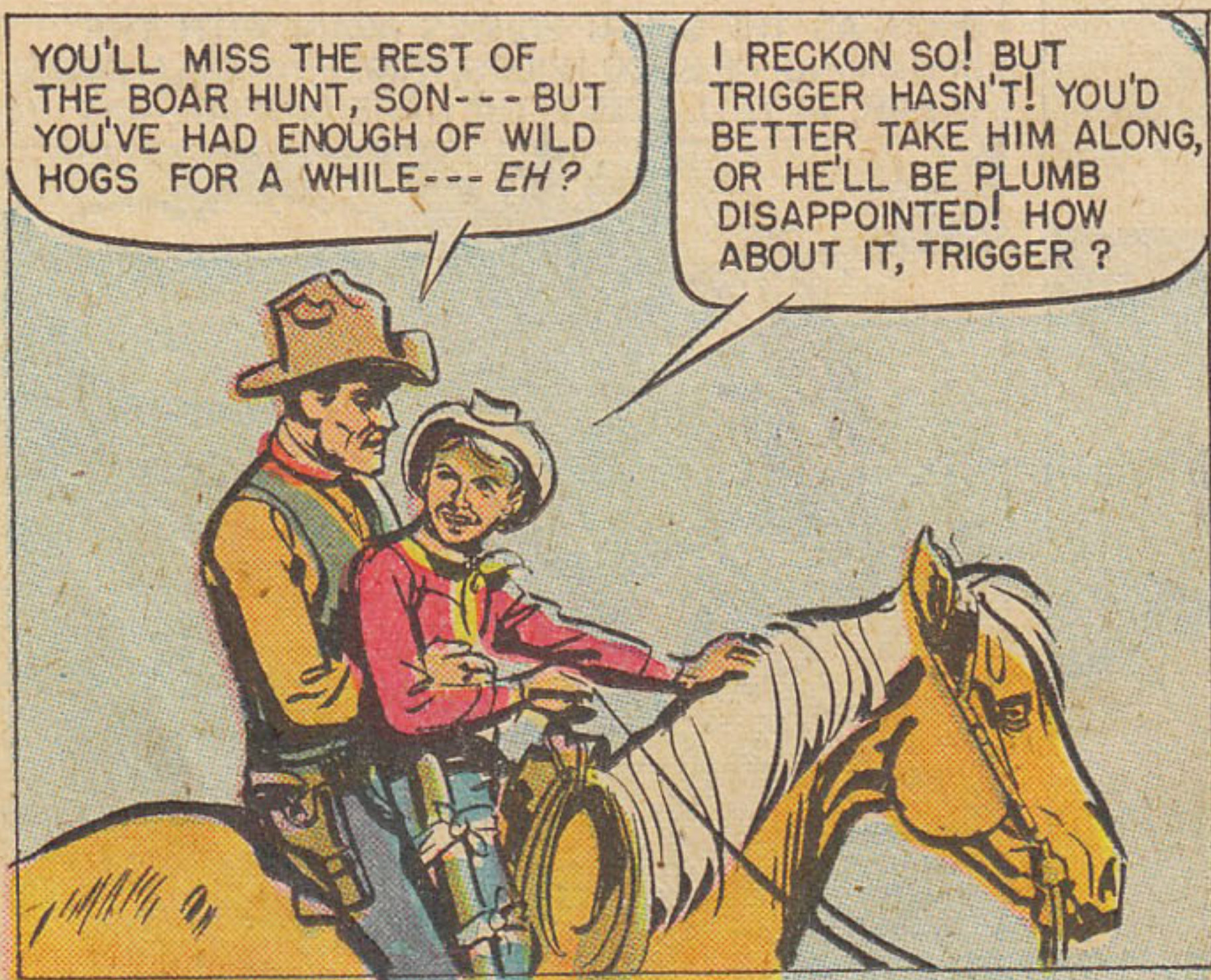


I'LL PICK UP YOUR SADDLE AND RIFLE LATER, DAVEY, BOY. FIRST, LET'S GET THAT BROKEN LEG TO A DOCTOR!



YOU'LL MISS THE REST OF THE BOAR HUNT, SON--- BUT YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH OF WILD HOGS FOR A WHILE--- EH?

I RECKON SO! BUT TRIGGER HASN'T! YOU'D BETTER TAKE HIM ALONG, OR HE'LL BE PLUMB DISAPPOINTED! HOW ABOUT IT, TRIGGER?



HUH-HUH-HO, HO, HO!

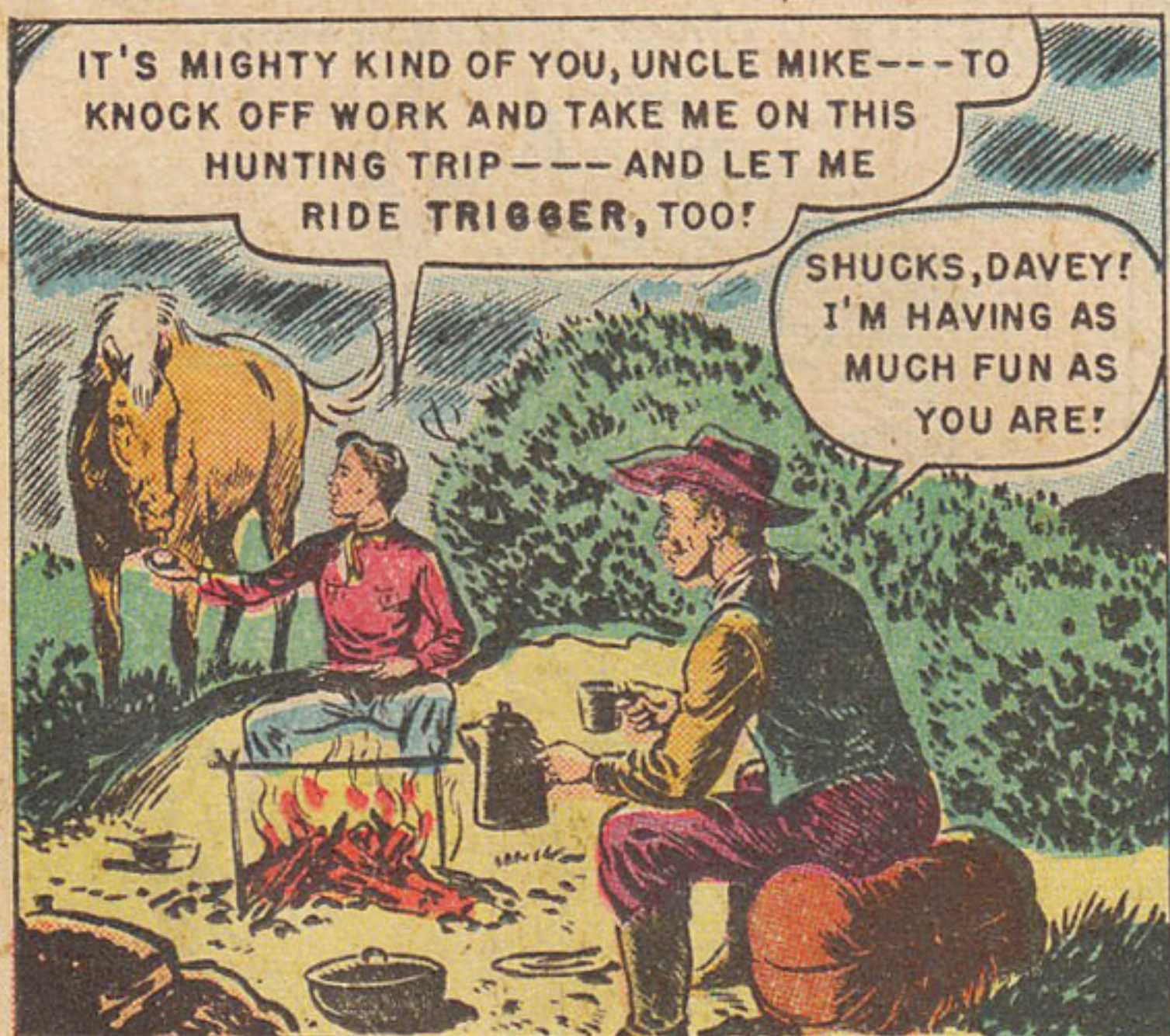


TRIGGER

AND THE
RIVER'S SECRET

OKAY,
UNCLE
MIKE!

WE'LL CAMP HERE, BY SILVER
SPRING, TONIGHT, DAVEY--- AND START
FOR THE MOUNTAINS AT SUNUP!
SUIT YOU?



IT'S MIGHTY KIND OF YOU, UNCLE MIKE--- TO
KNOCK OFF WORK AND TAKE ME ON THIS
HUNTING TRIP--- AND LET ME
RIDE **TRIGGER**, TOO!

SHUCKS, DAVEY!
I'M HAVING AS
MUCH FUN AS
YOU ARE!

I DON'T FEEL MORE THAN FOURTEEN-YEARS-
OLD MYSELF--- WHEN I GET OUT IN THE HILLS,
WITH A WINCHESTER CARBINE AND A GOOD
HORSE UNDER MY KNEES! I HAVE A HUNCH
WE'LL SEE DEER TOMORROW, TOO!

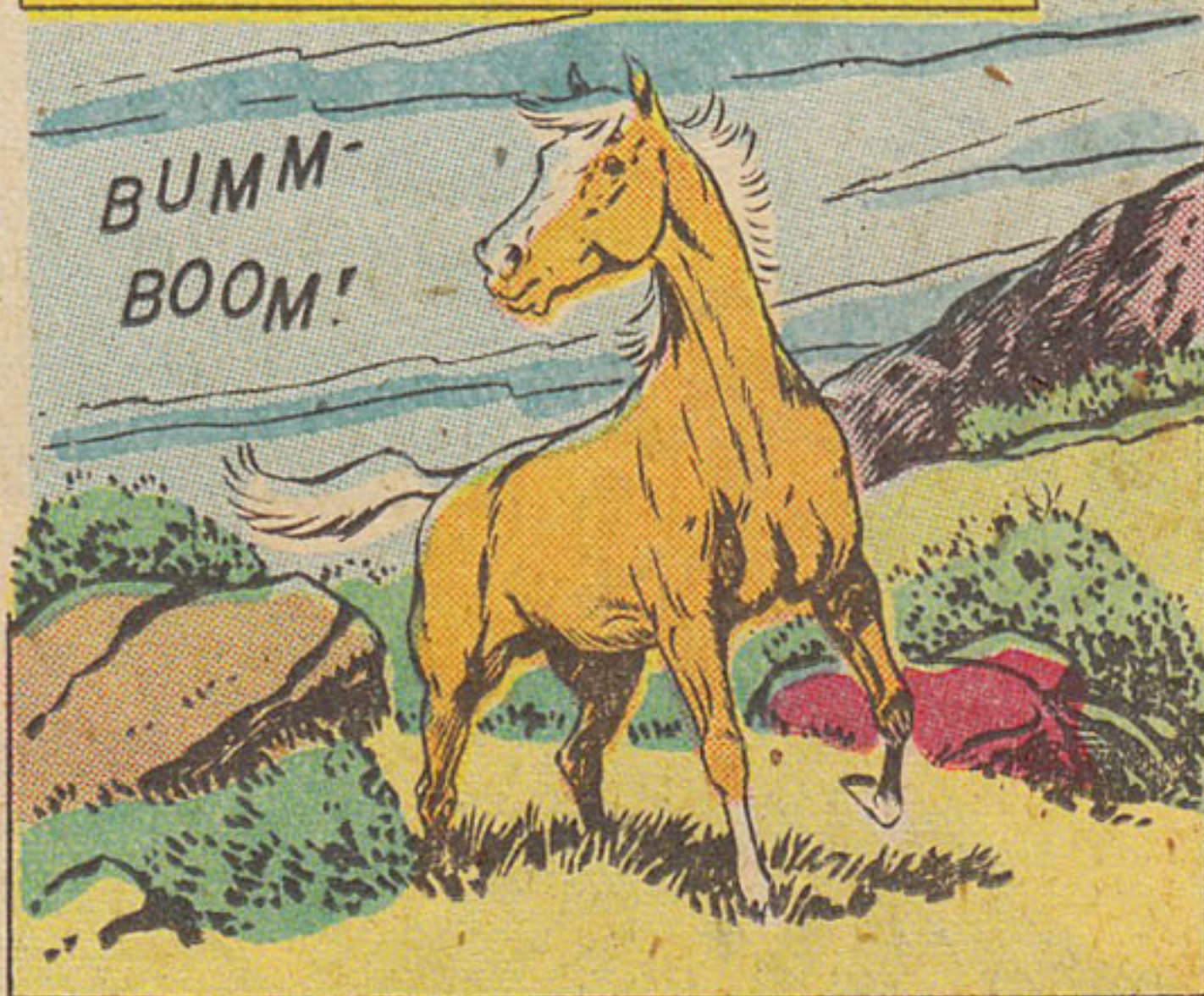


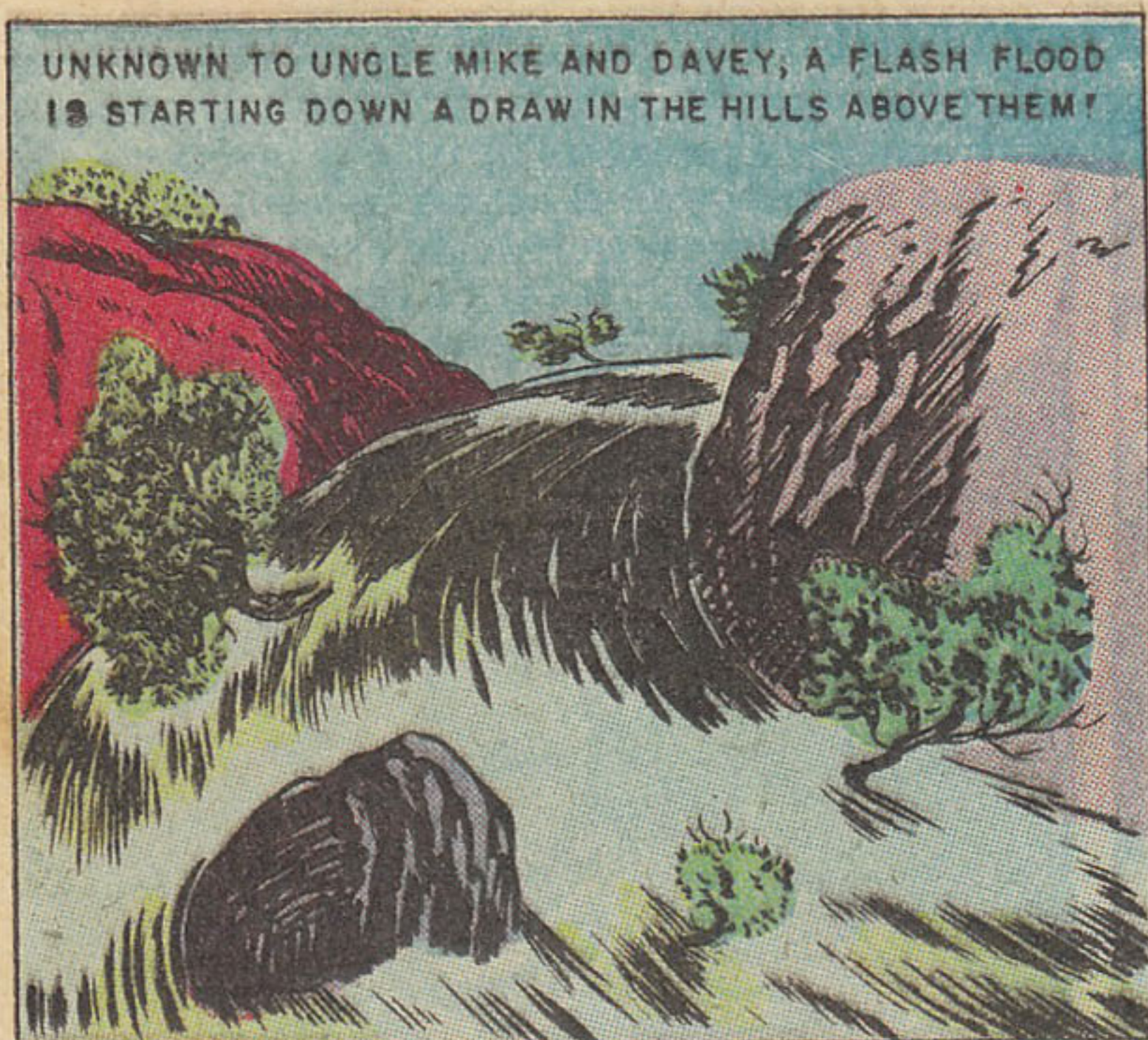
YOU HOBbled YOUR
HORSE SO HE WOULDN'T
STRAY DIDN'T YOU
BRING ANY HOBbLES
FOR **TRIGGER**, UNCLE
MIKE?

FOR **TRIGGER**?
WHY, I'D AS SOON
PUT HOBbLES ON
YOU, DAVEY! HE
WON'T STRAY!
GO TO SLEEP,
PARTNER!

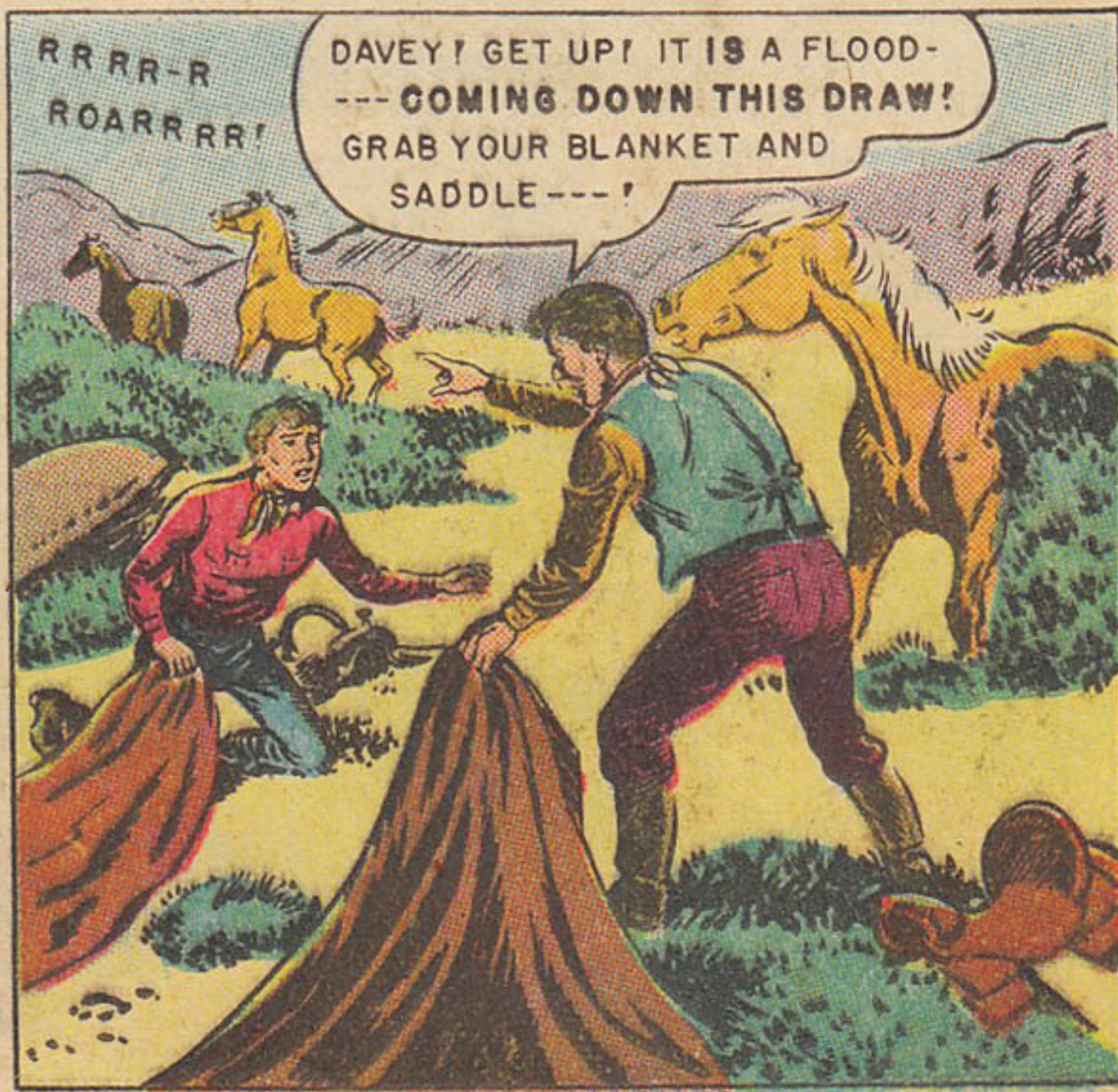


ABOUT MIDNIGHT A SOUND LIKE A DISTANT
THUNDERCLAP BRINGS **TRIGGER**'S HEAD UP,
HIS EARS POINTING TOWARD THE HILLS.





AS YET, IT IS MILES AWAY, BUT GROWING RAPIDLY LOUDER TO TRIGGER'S KEEN HEARING.





RRRR-
ROARRR!
HERE IT COMES! NO
TIME TO GRAB
ANYTHING MORE!
RUN, DAVEY!

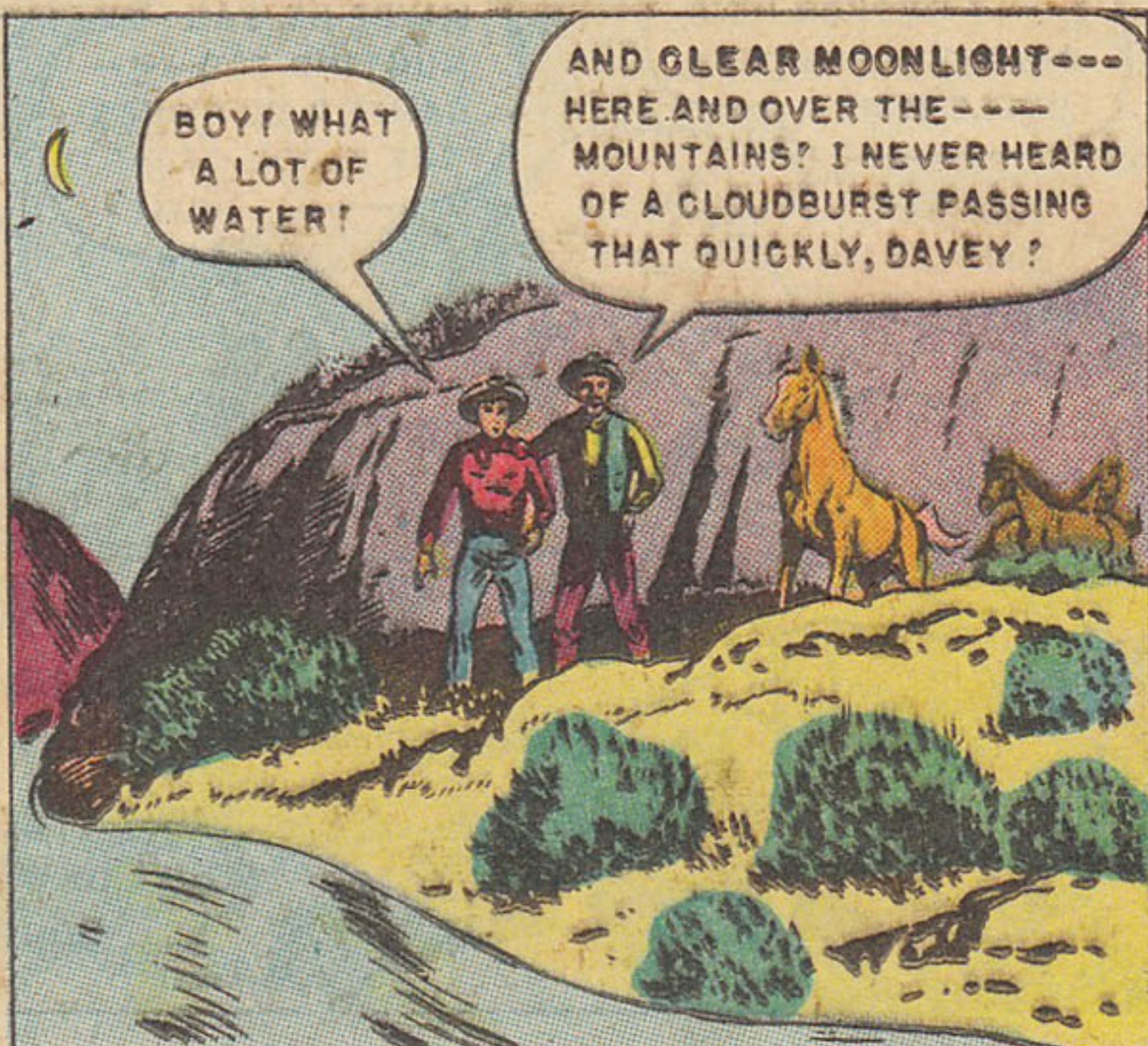


WE MADE IT!
HOW DID YOU
KNOW, UNCLE
MIKE--?

TRIGGER WOKE
ME---PULLED
MY BLANKET
OFF!



TRIGGER SEEMS TO THINK WE'RE SAFE
ENOUGH HERE--- SO I RECKON THE
FLOOD WON'T RISE ANY HIGHER



BOY! WHAT
A LOT OF
WATER!

AND GLEAR MOONLIGHT---
HERE AND OVER THE---
MOUNTAINS? I NEVER HEARD
OF A CLOUDBURST PASSING
THAT QUICKLY, DAVEY?



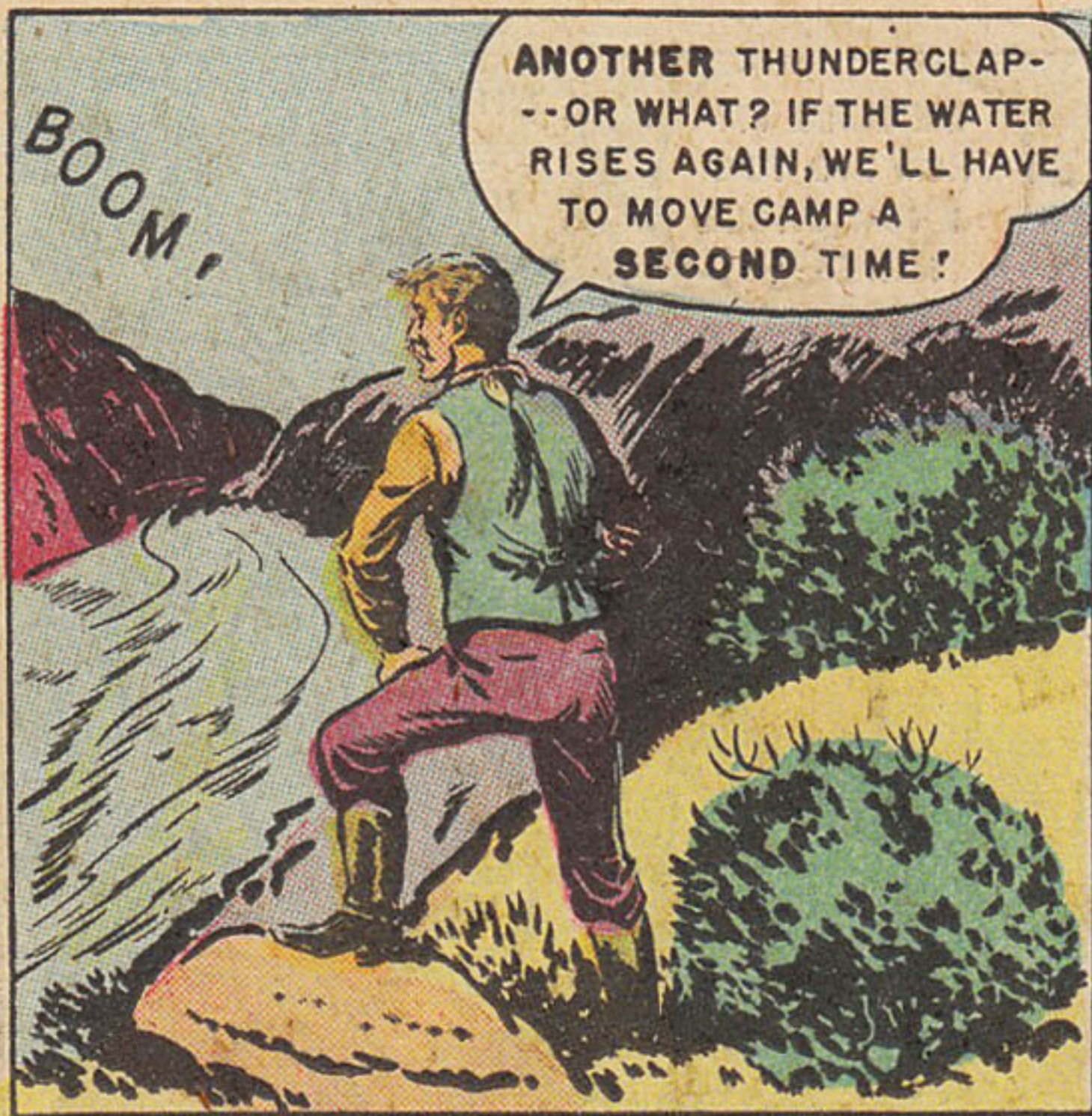
WELL---THERE'S NO USE LOSING ALL OUR
SLEEP OVER IT! WE'VE STILL GOT TO MAKE
AN EARLY START TOMORROW...



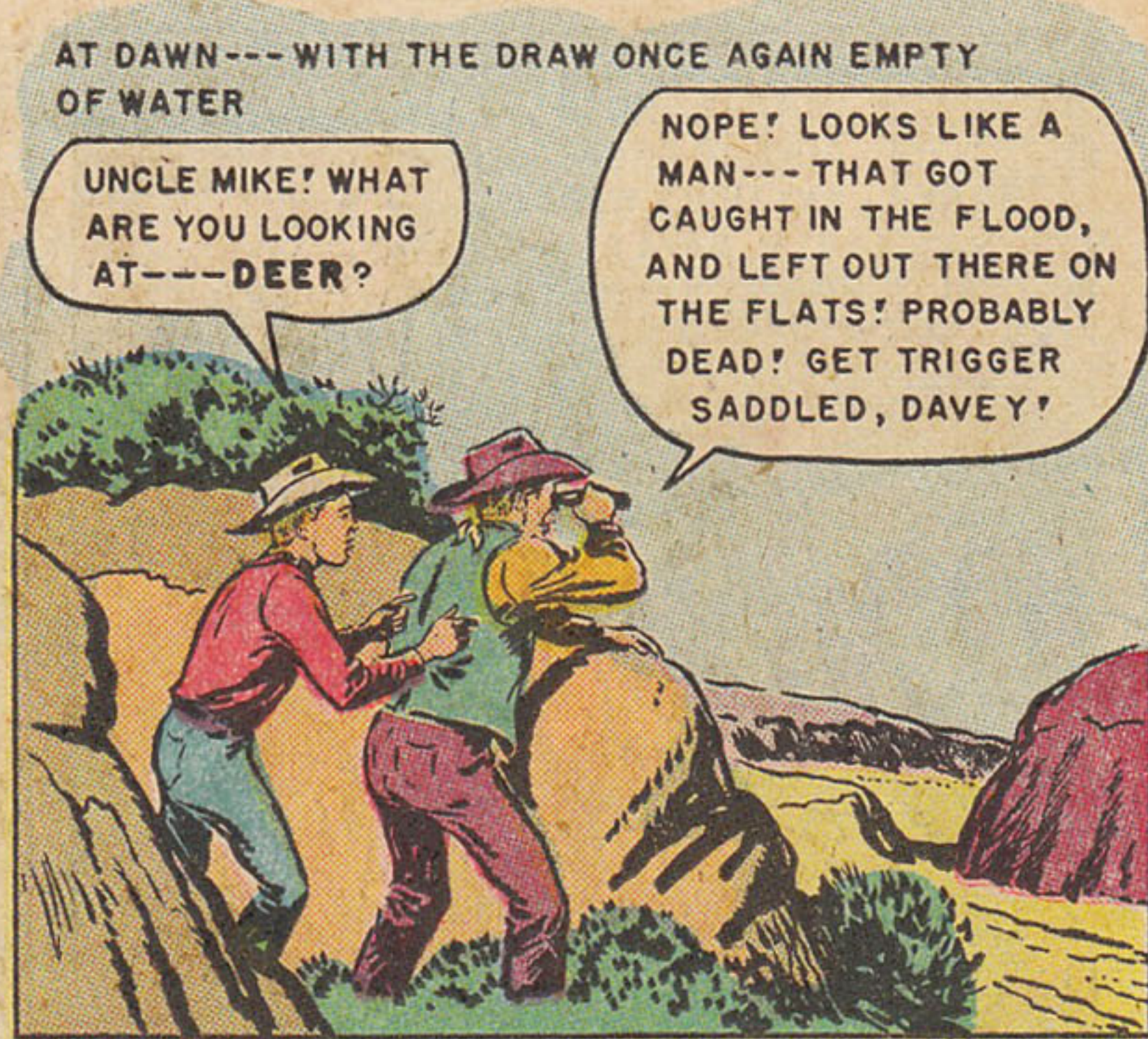
BUT SLEEP DOES NOT COME TO UNGLE MIKE!
AN HOUR LATER---

THAT DRAW IS STILL RUNNING,
HALF FULL OF WATER? CAN'T
FIGURE IT---UNLESS AN
EARTHQUAKE MADE THE
SAN TOMAS RIVER
CHANGE COURSE...

zzzz-zzz
zzzz!



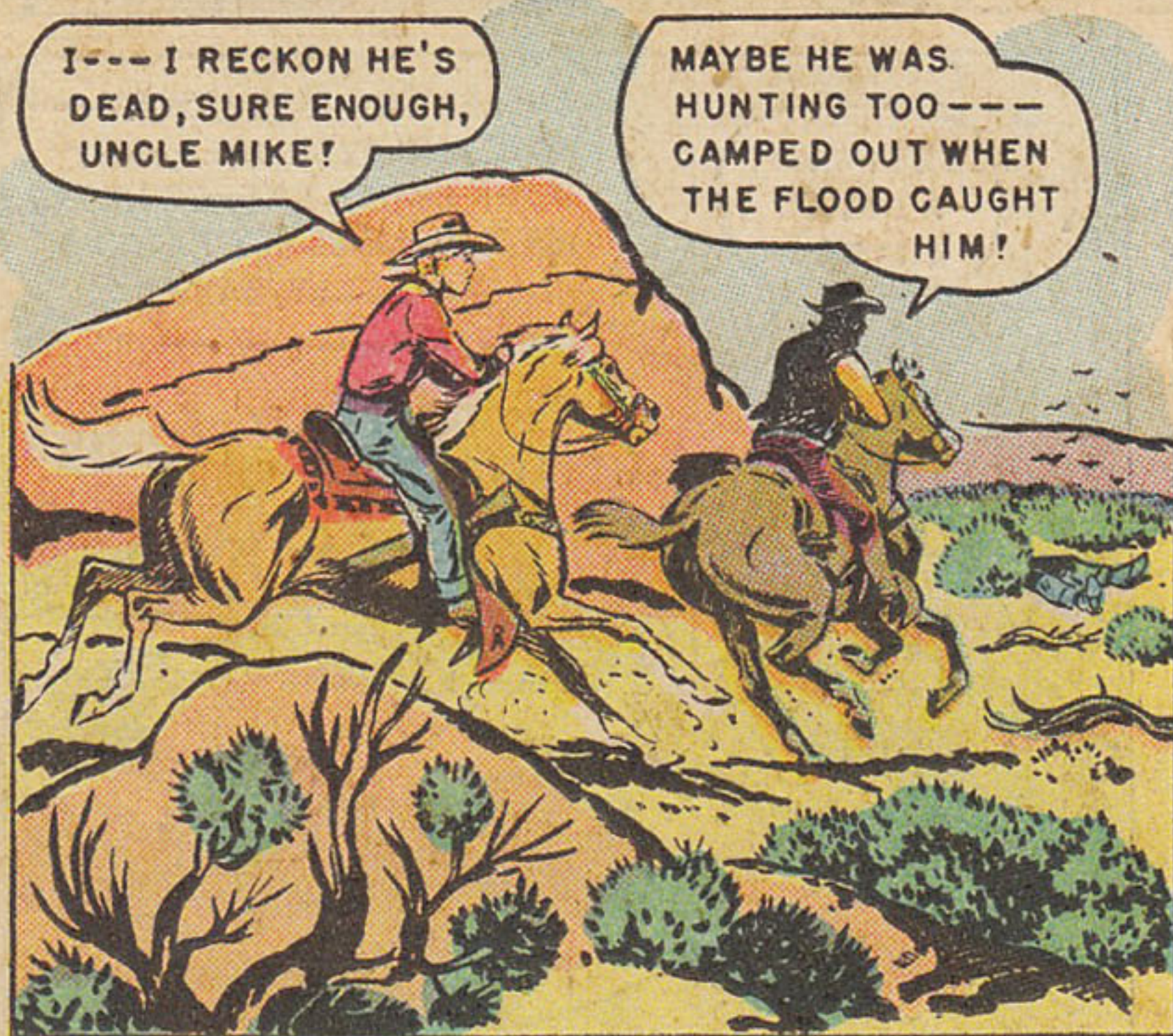
ANOTHER THUNDERCLAP--OR WHAT? IF THE WATER RISES AGAIN, WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE CAMP A SECOND TIME!



AT DAWN--- WITH THE DRAW ONCE AGAIN EMPTY OF WATER

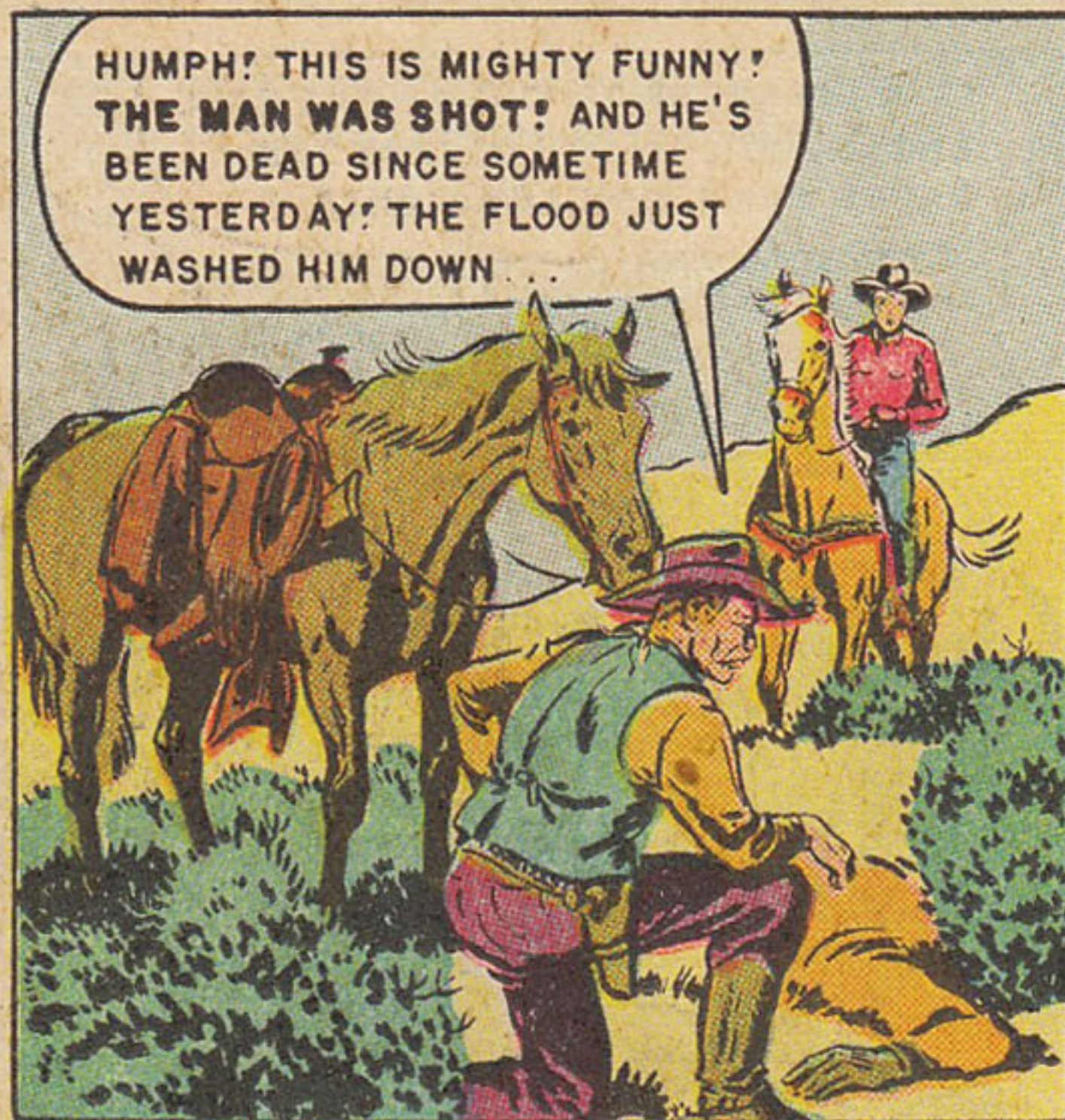
UNCLE MIKE! WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT---DEER?

NOPE! LOOKS LIKE A MAN--- THAT GOT CAUGHT IN THE FLOOD, AND LEFT OUT THERE ON THE FLATS! PROBABLY DEAD! GET TRIGGER SADDLED, DAVEY!



I--- I RECKON HE'S DEAD, SURE ENOUGH, UNCLE MIKE!

MAYBE HE WAS HUNTING TOO--- CAMPED OUT WHEN THE FLOOD CAUGHT HIM!

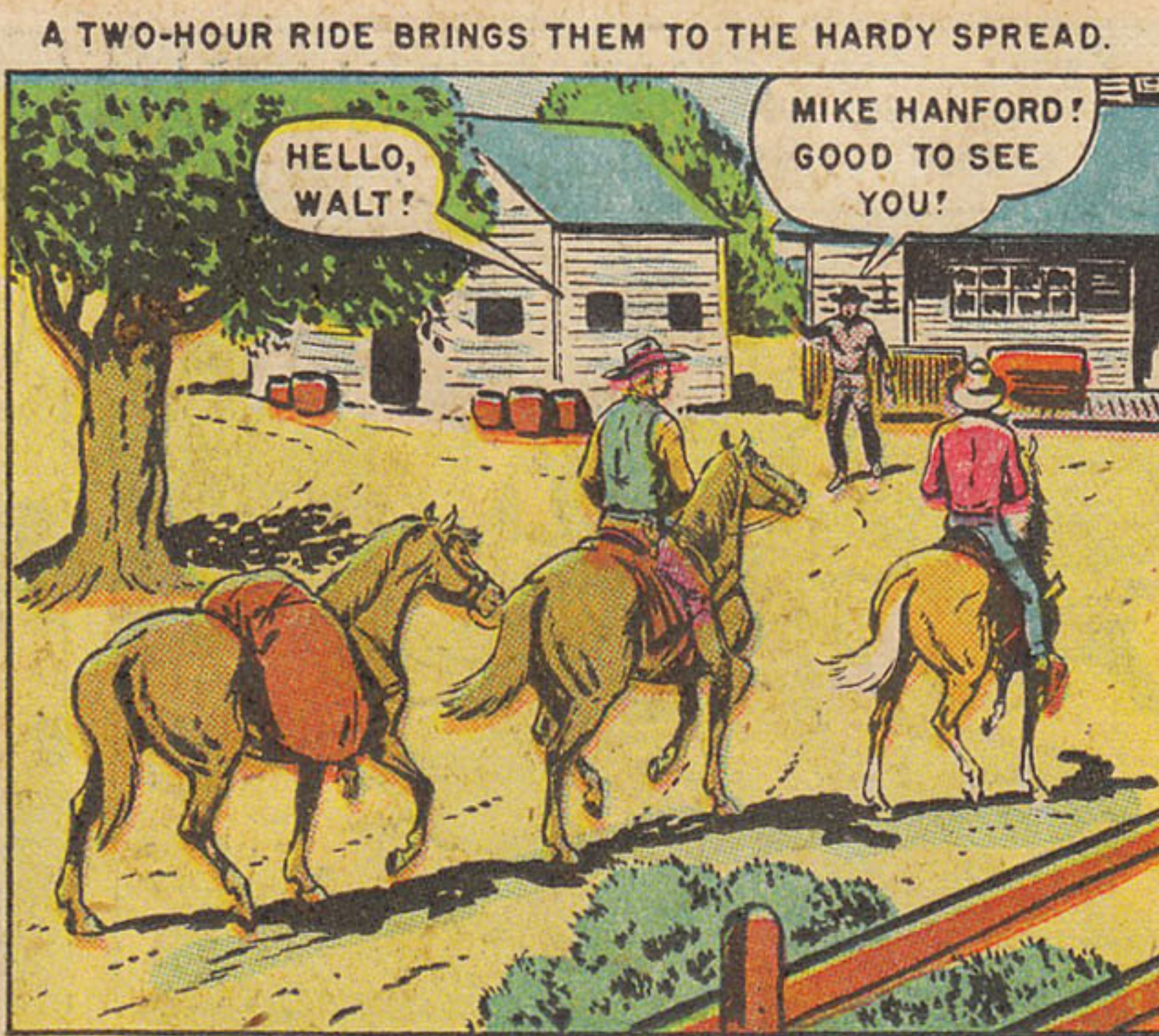


HUMPH! THIS IS MIGHTY FUNNY! THE MAN WAS SHOT! AND HE'S BEEN DEAD SINCE SOMETIME YESTERDAY! THE FLOOD JUST WASHED HIM DOWN...



WHAT HAD WE BETTER DO, UNCLE MIKE? I MEAN--- ABOUT HIM?

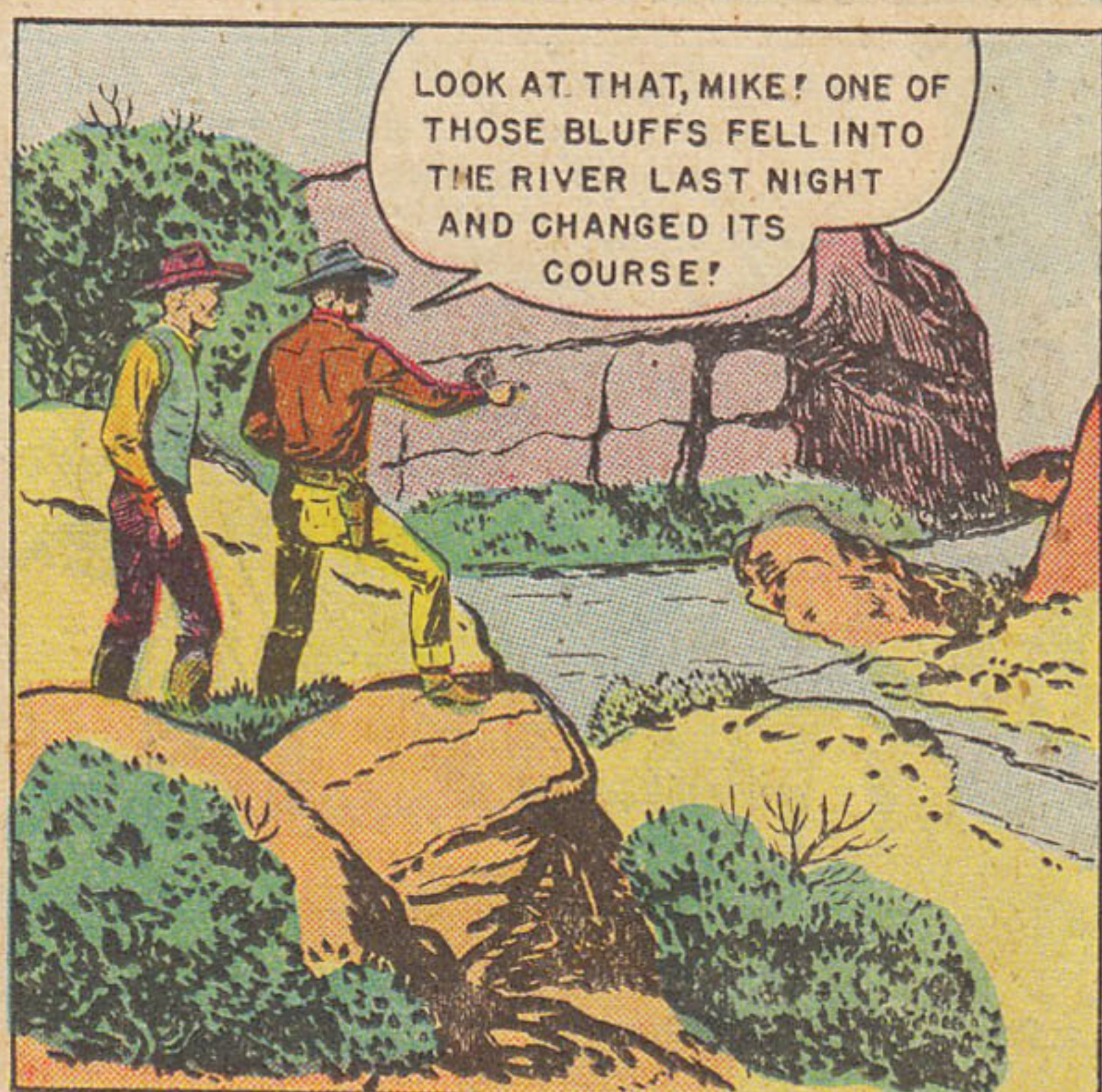
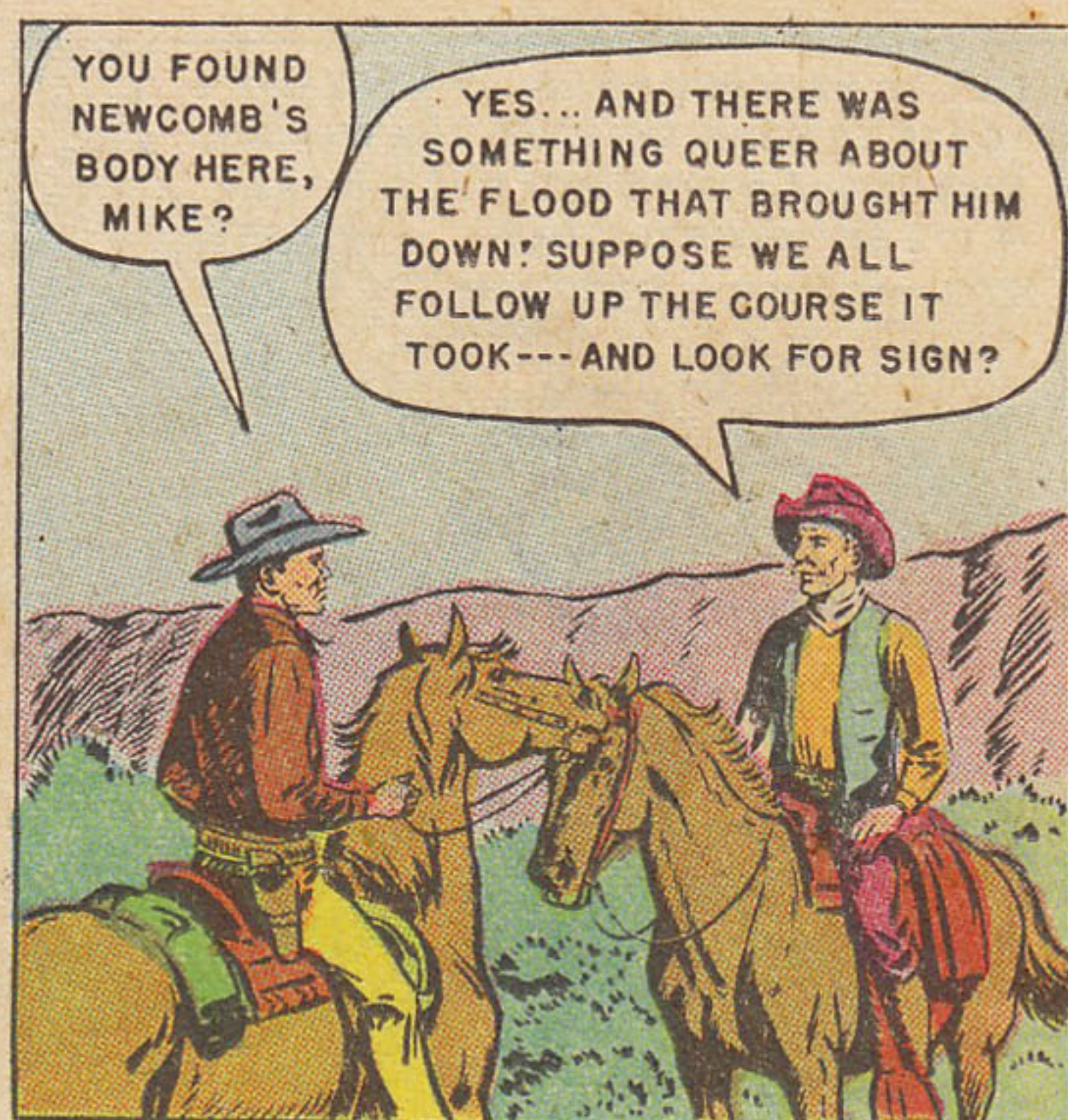
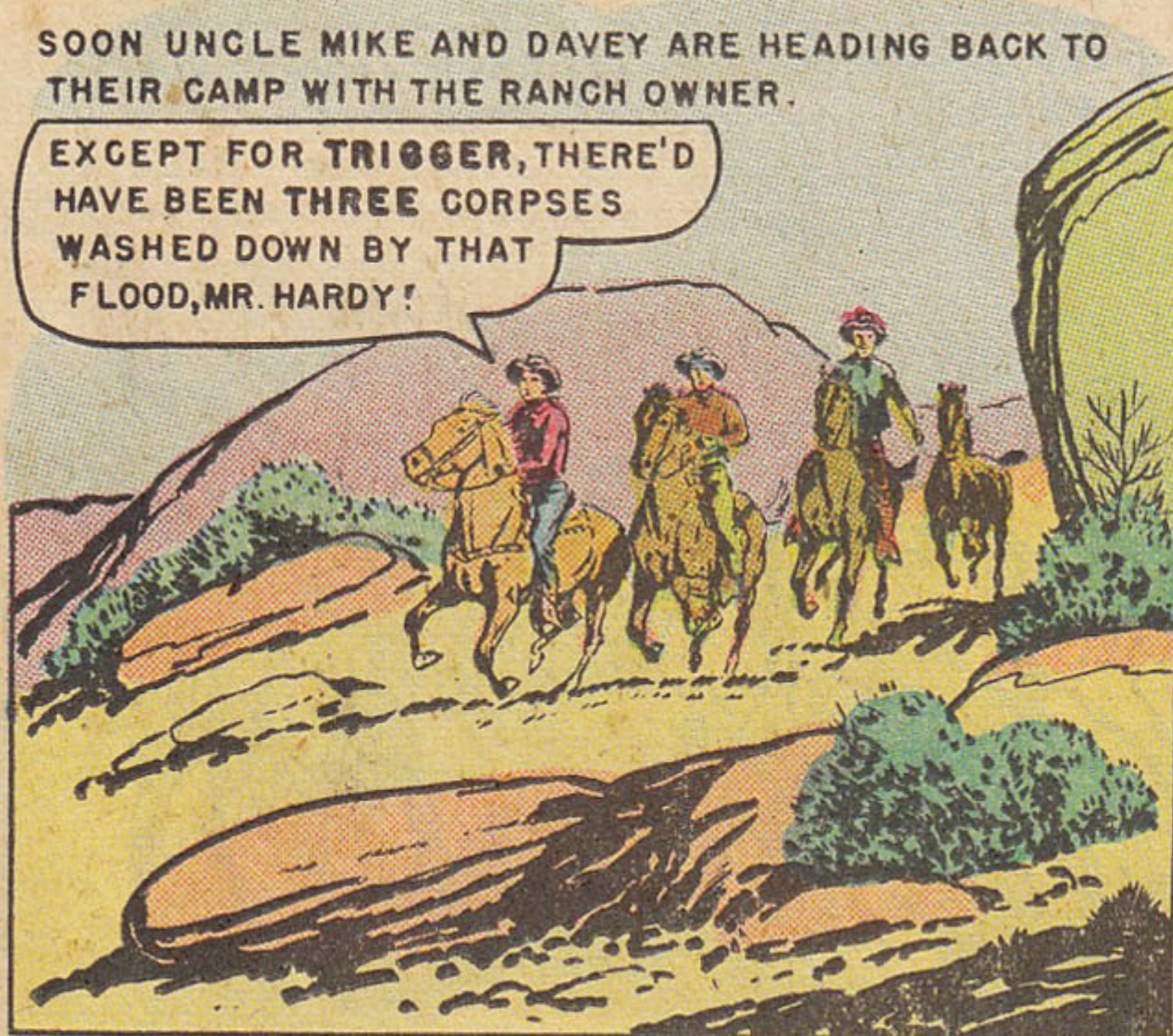
GET THE PACK HORSE, DAVEY! WE WILL LOAD THE POOR FELLOW ON, AND TAKE HIM TO WALT HARDY'S HOUSE! THAT'S THE NEAREST RANCH.

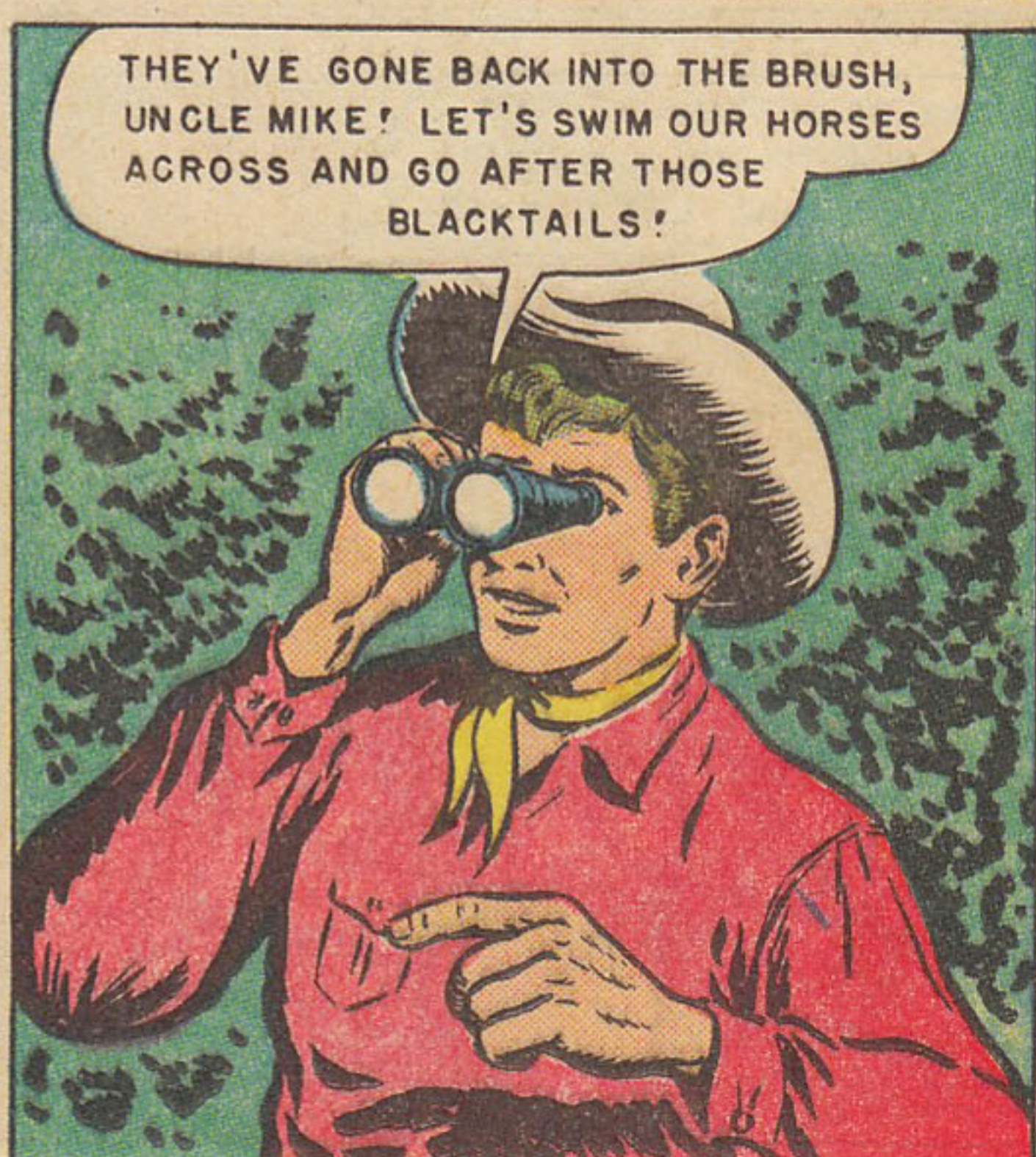
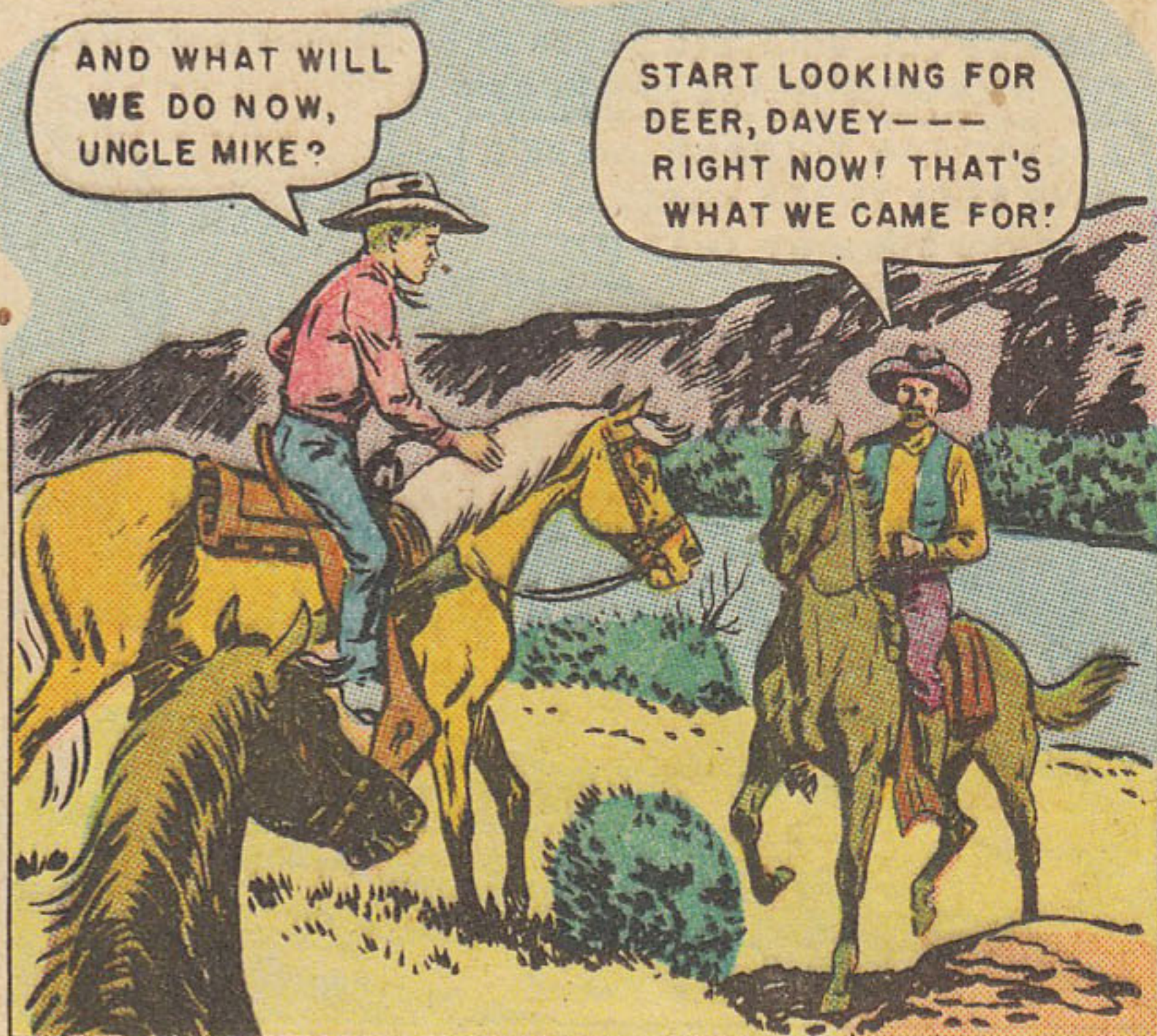
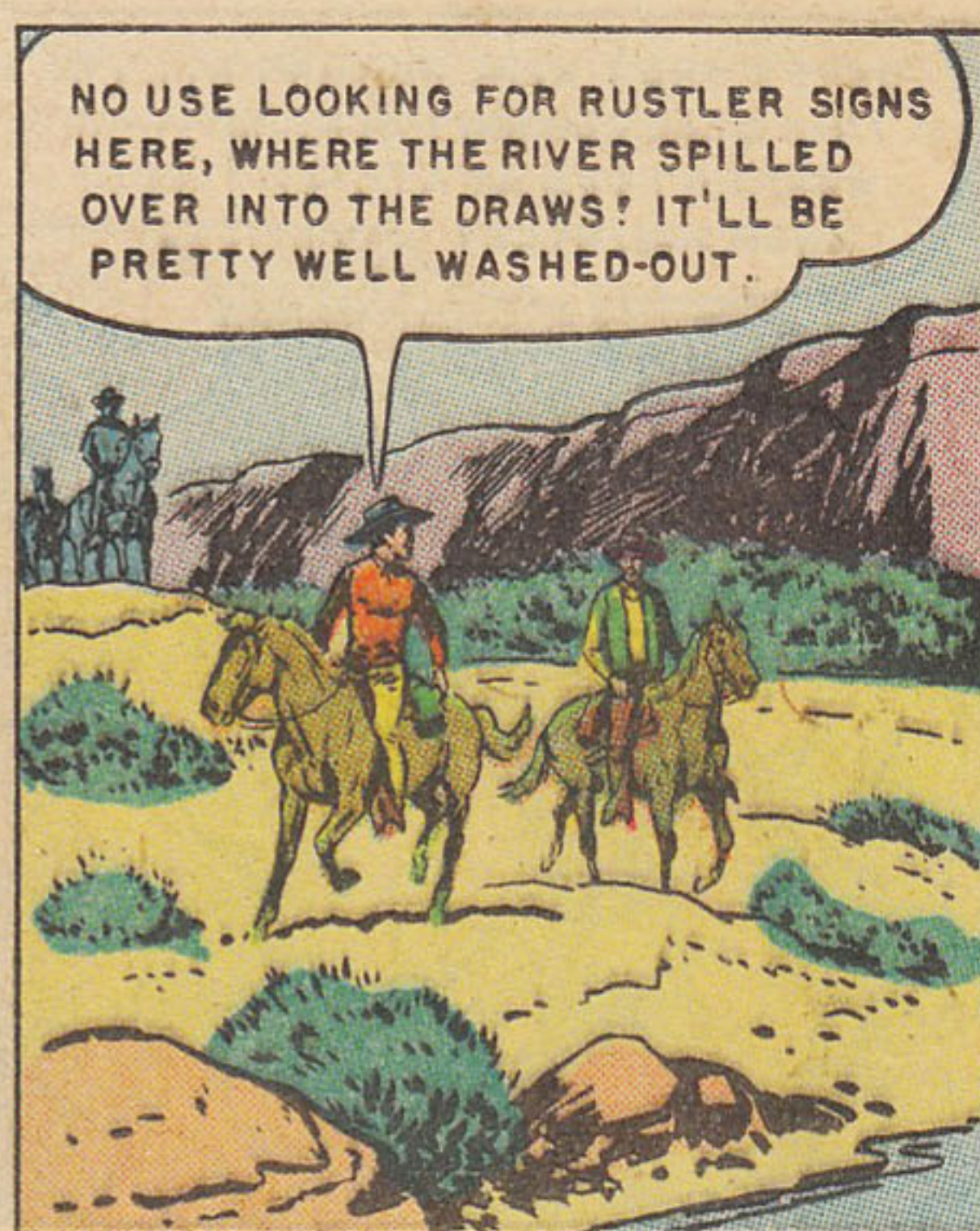
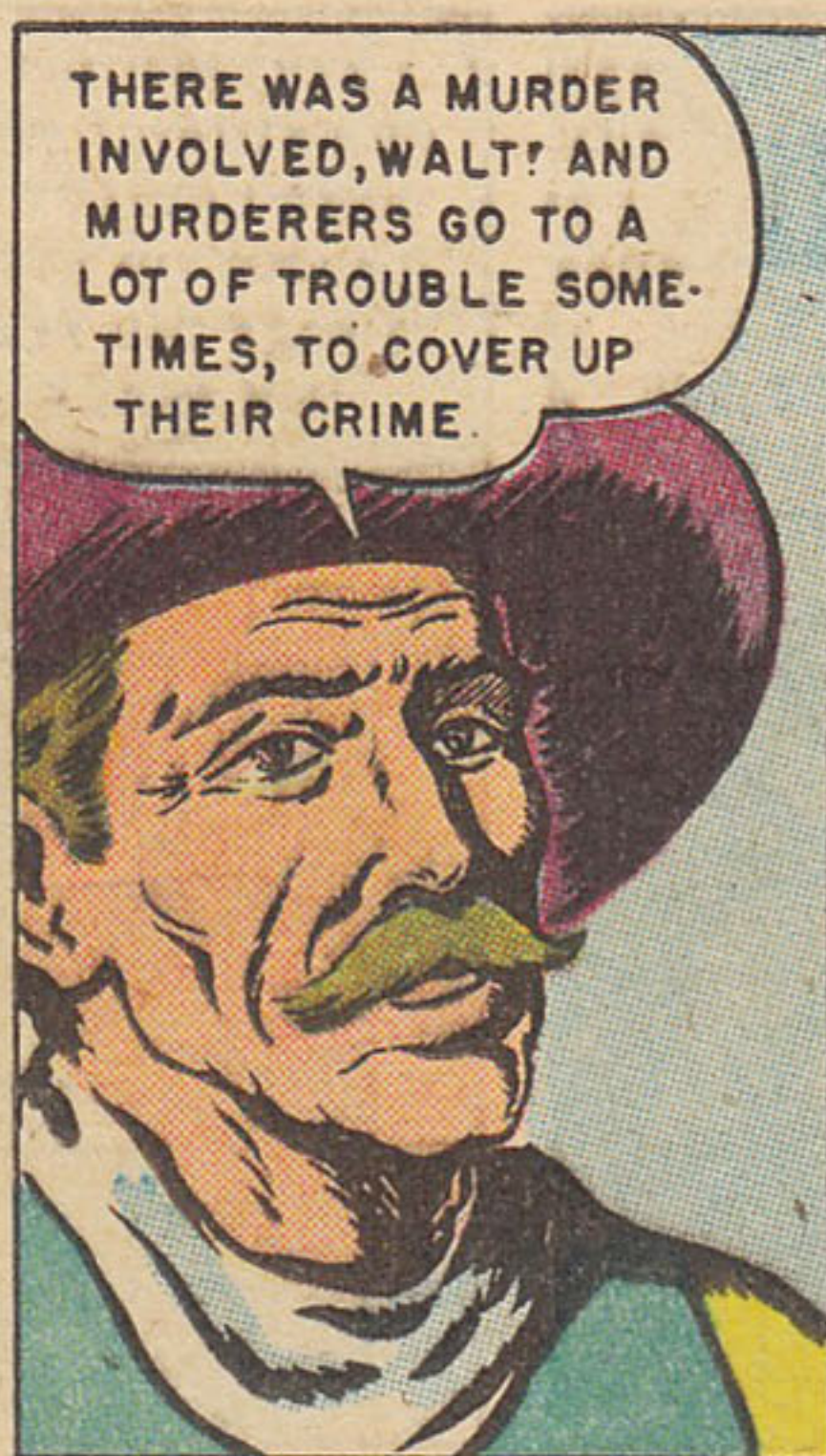
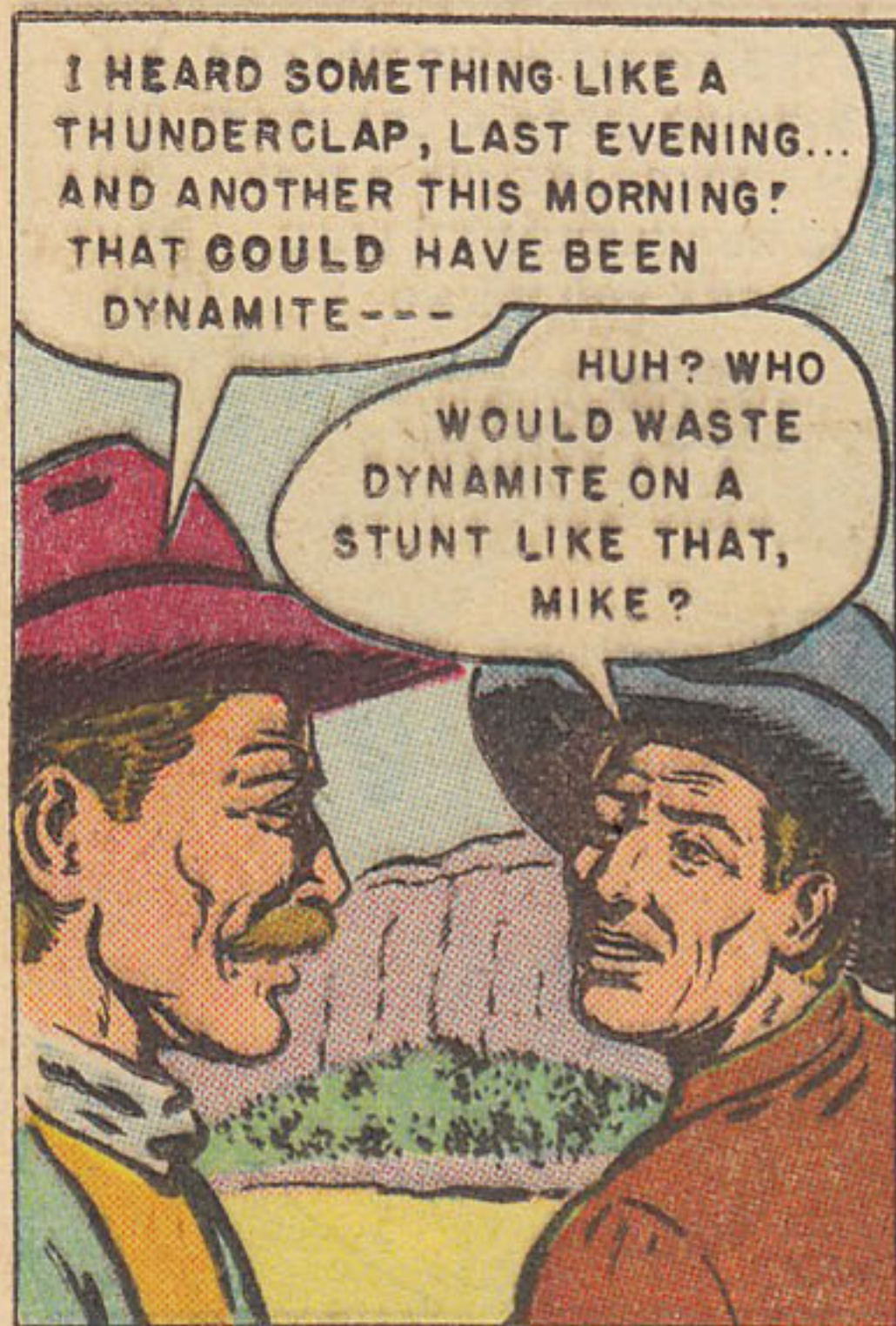


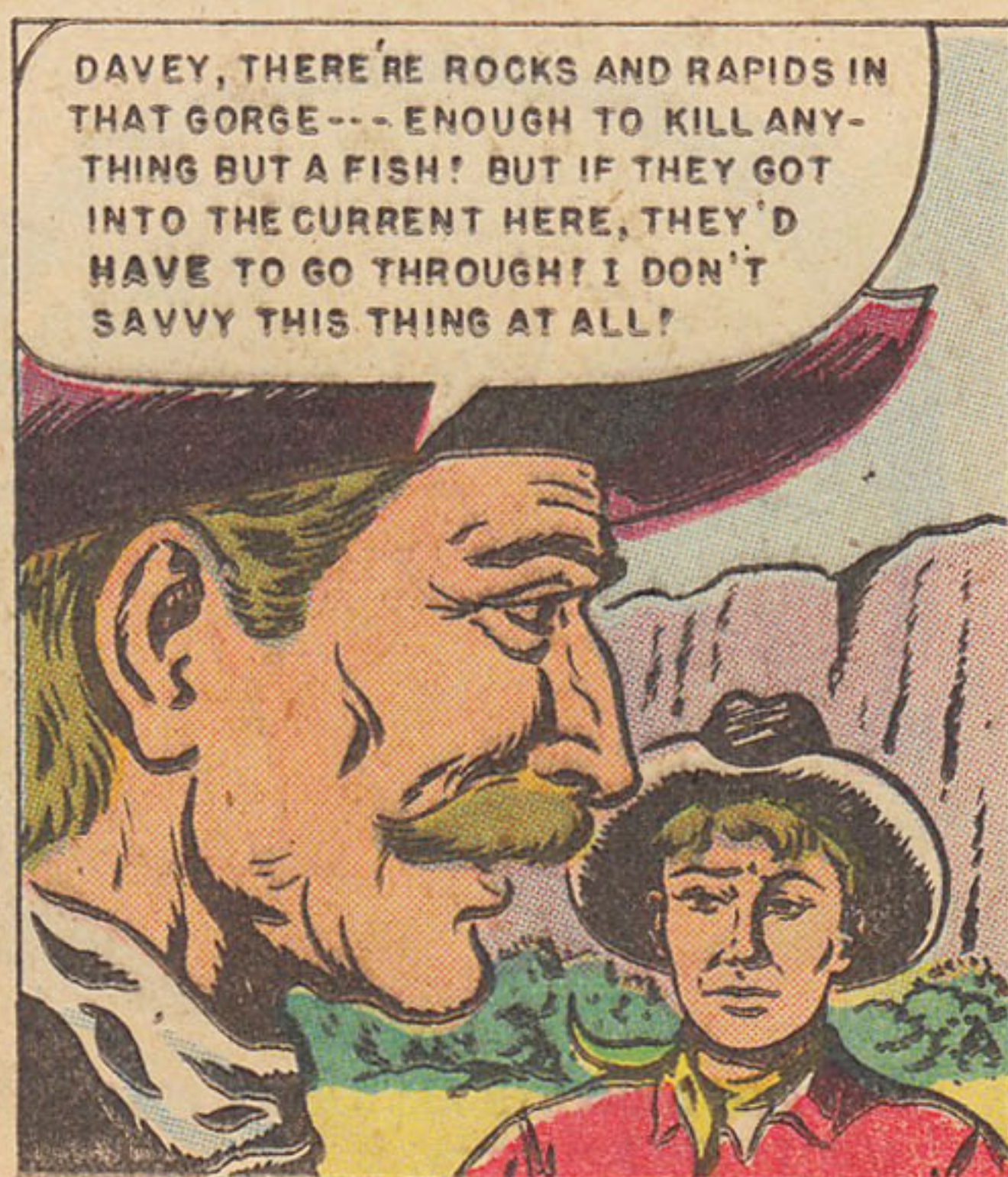
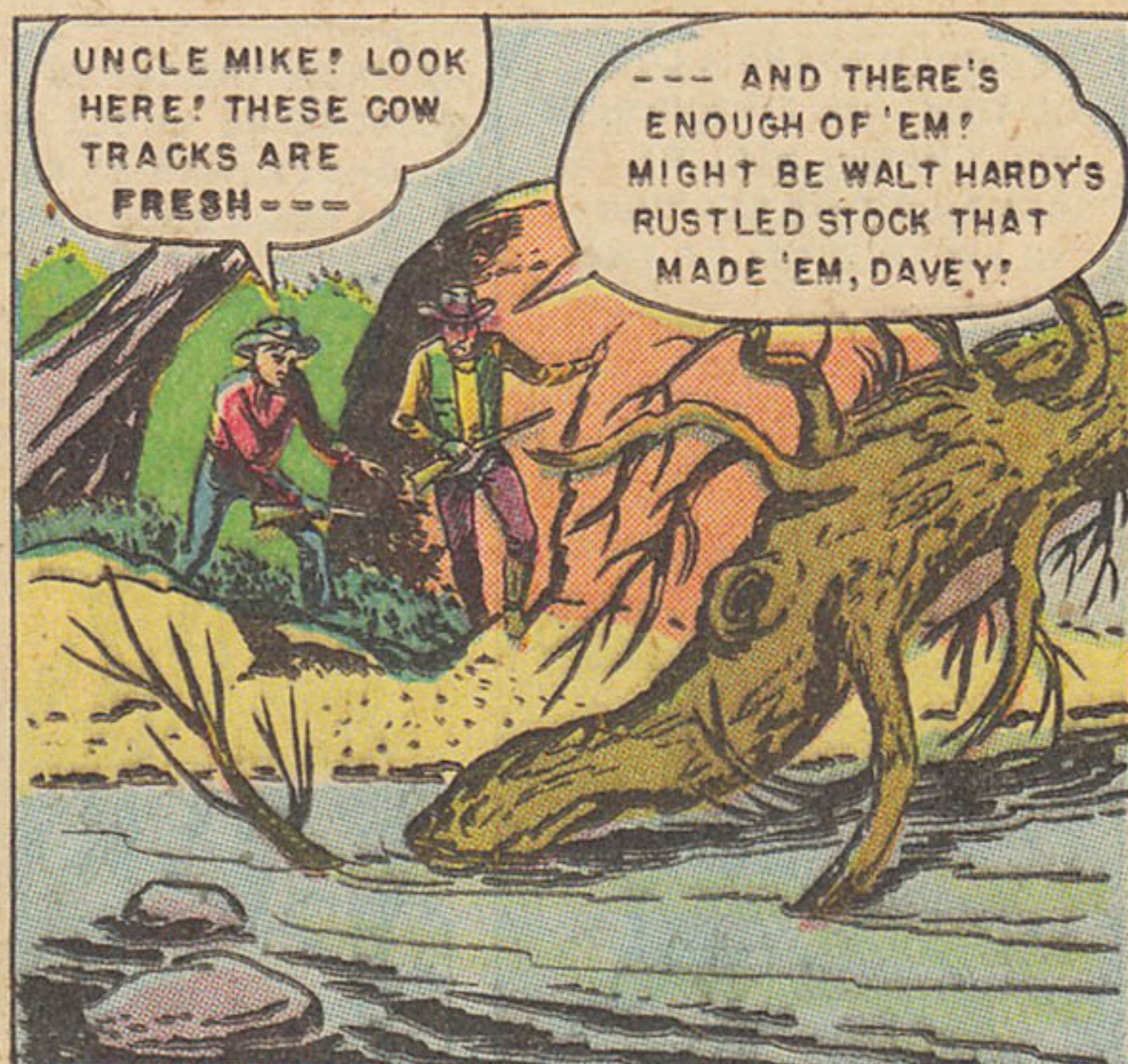
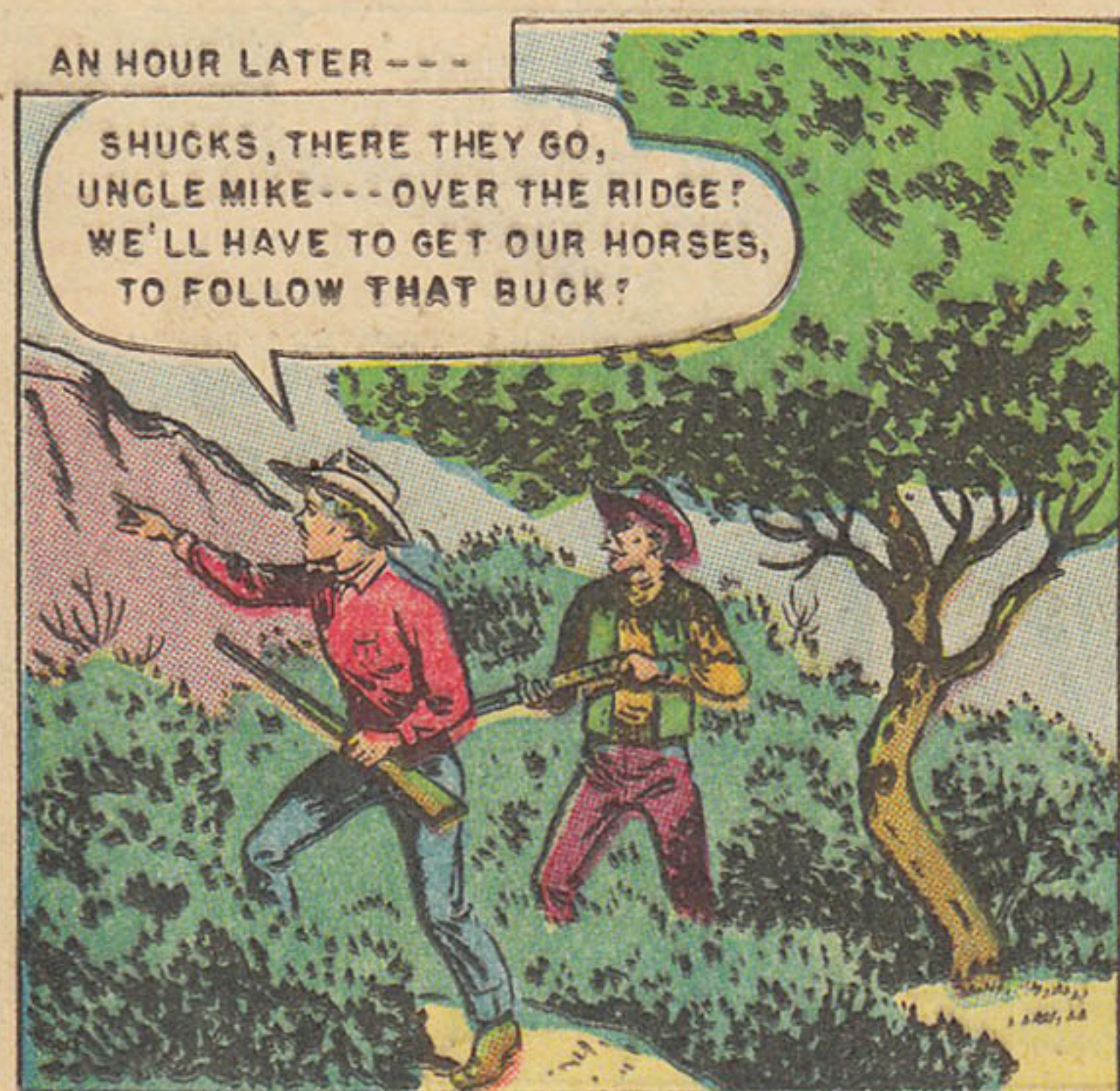
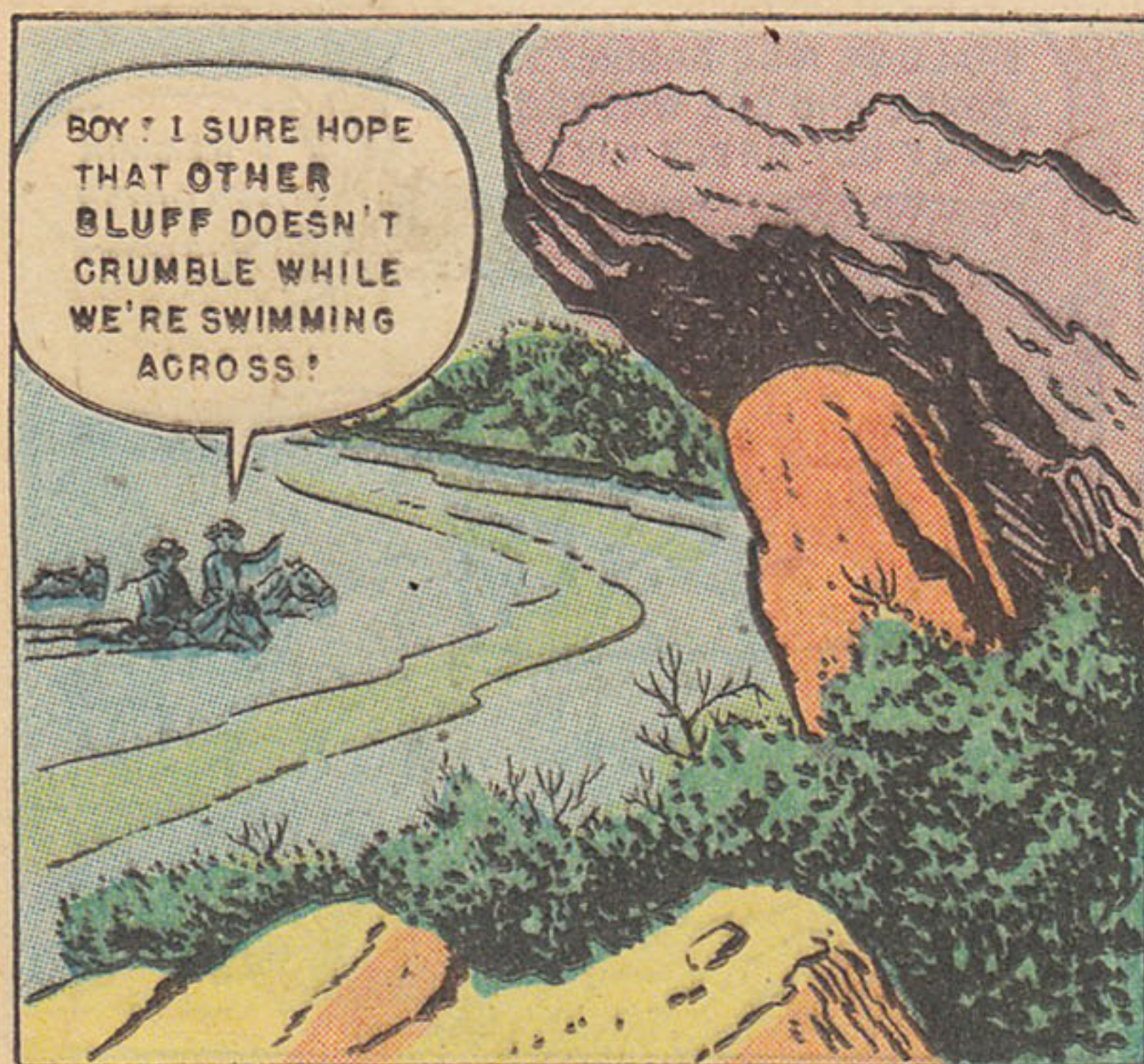
A TWO-HOUR RIDE BRINGS THEM TO THE HARDY SPREAD.

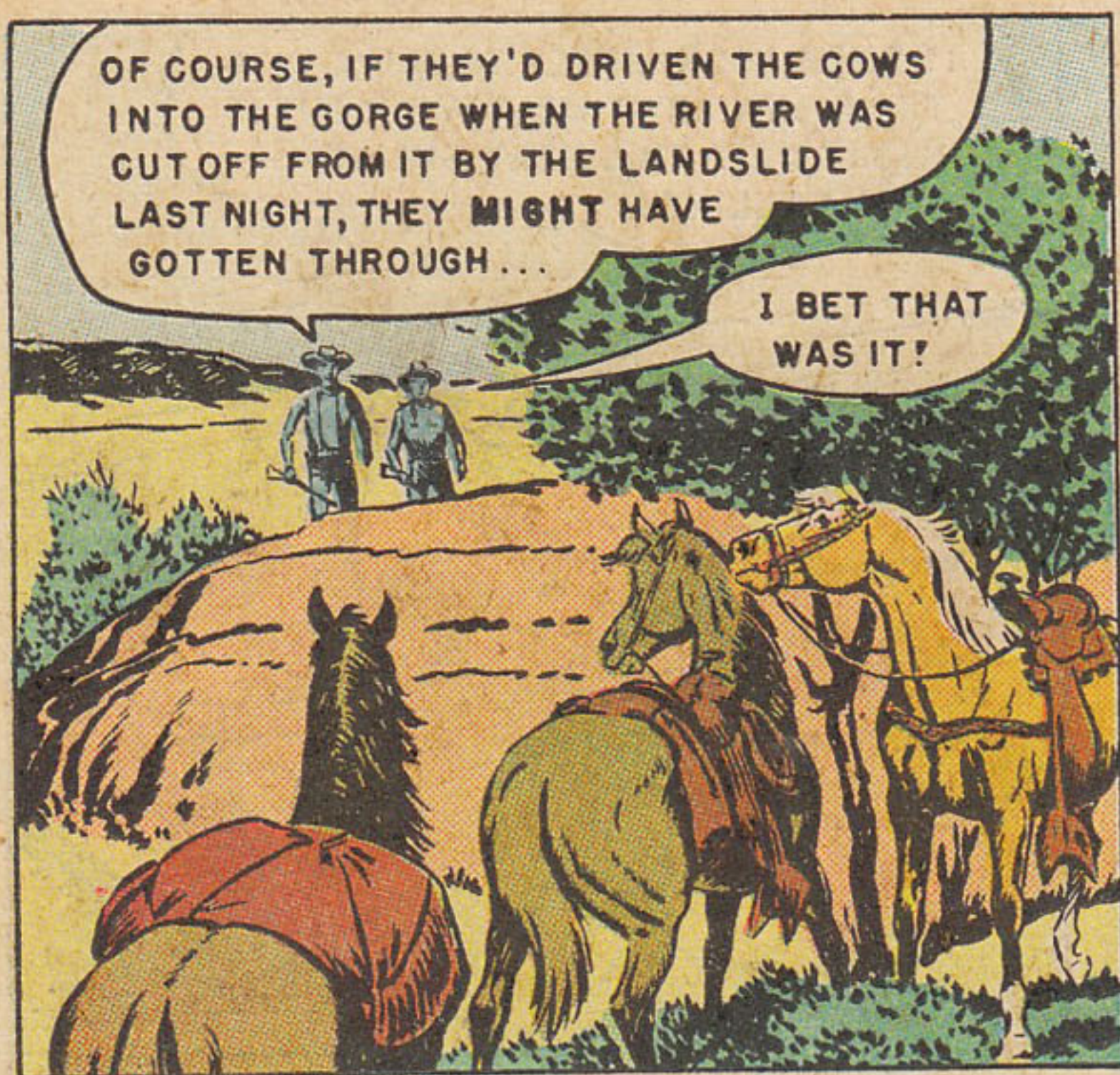
HELLO, WALT!

MIKE HANFORD! GOOD TO SEE YOU!



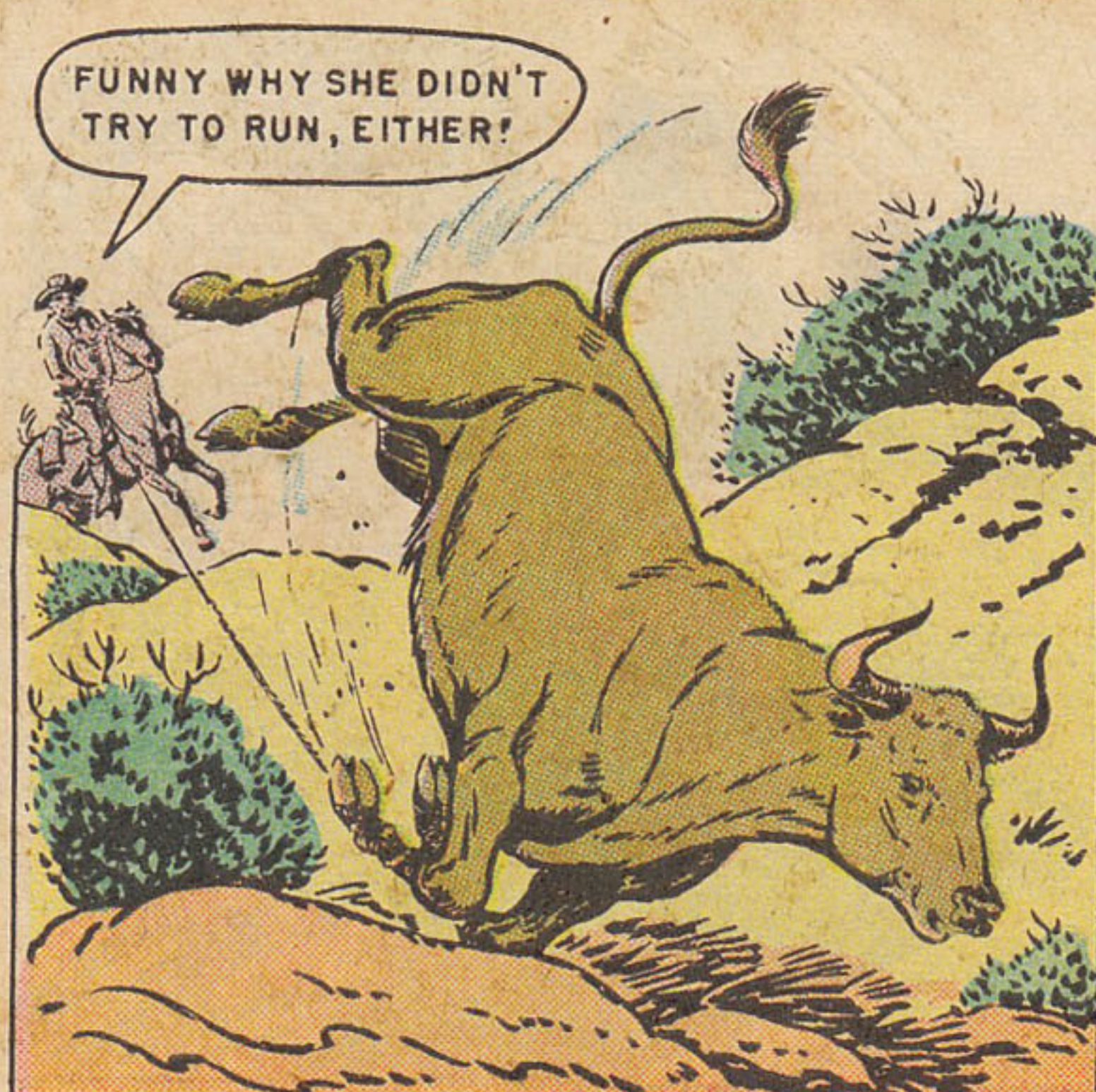
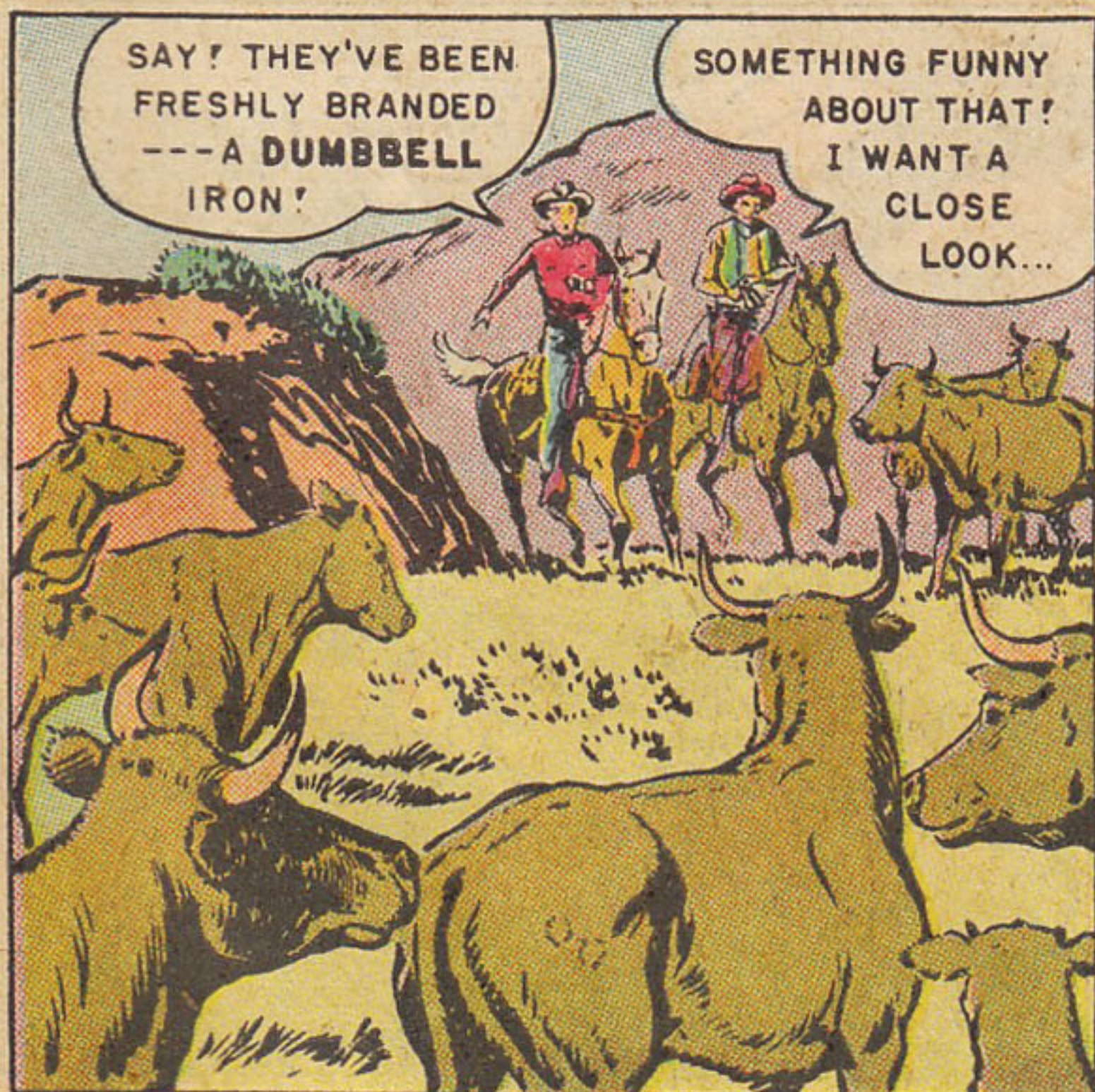
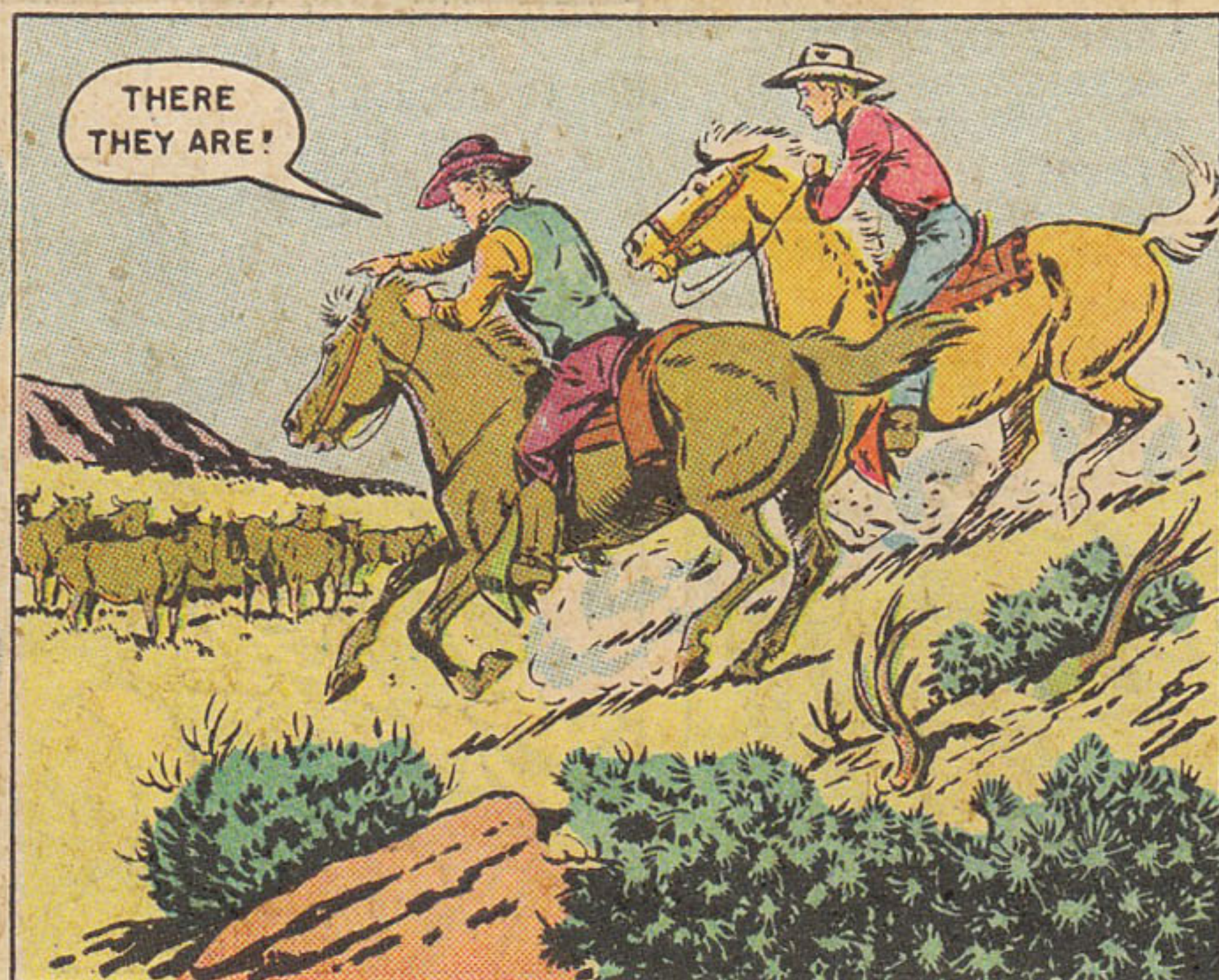
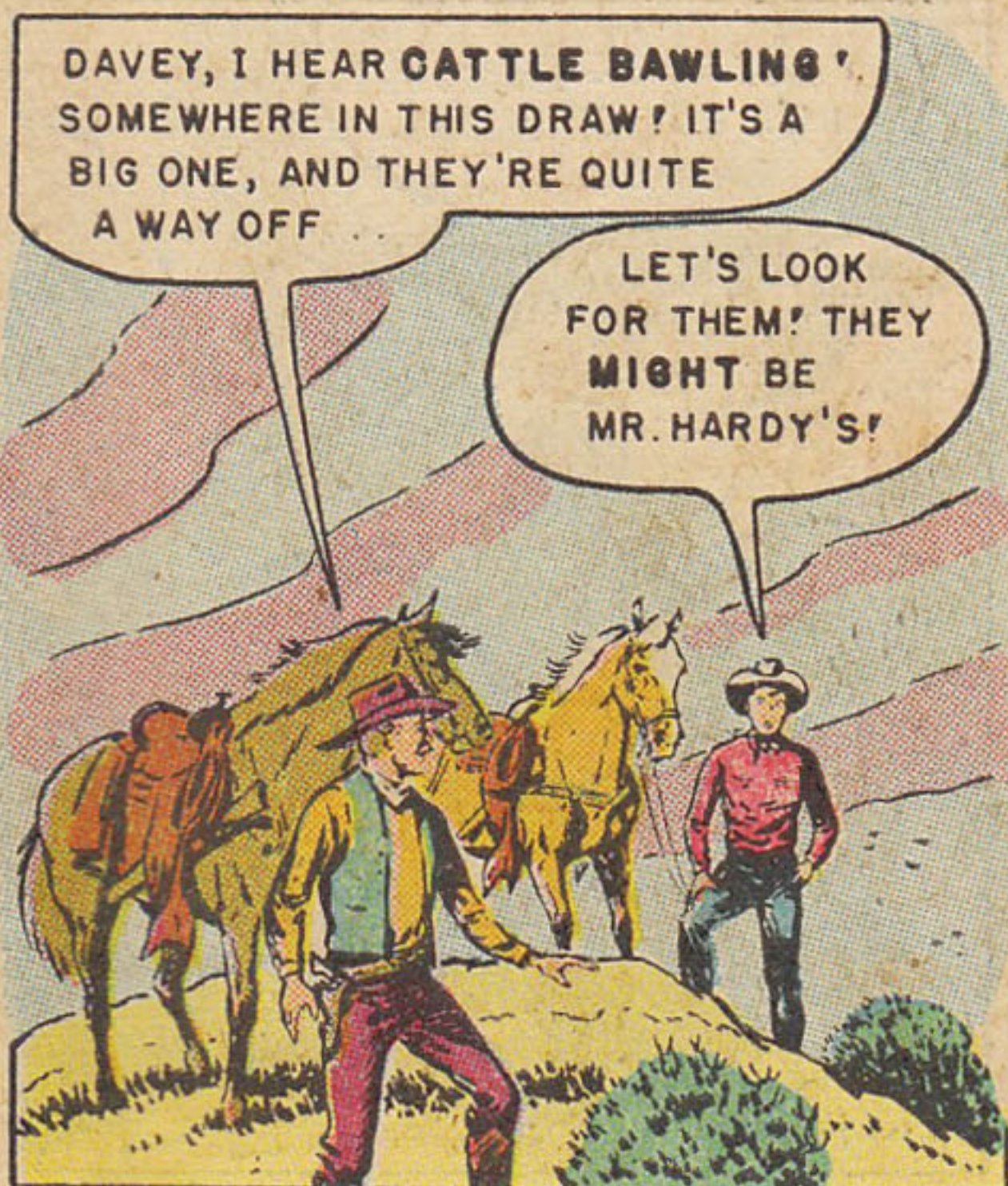
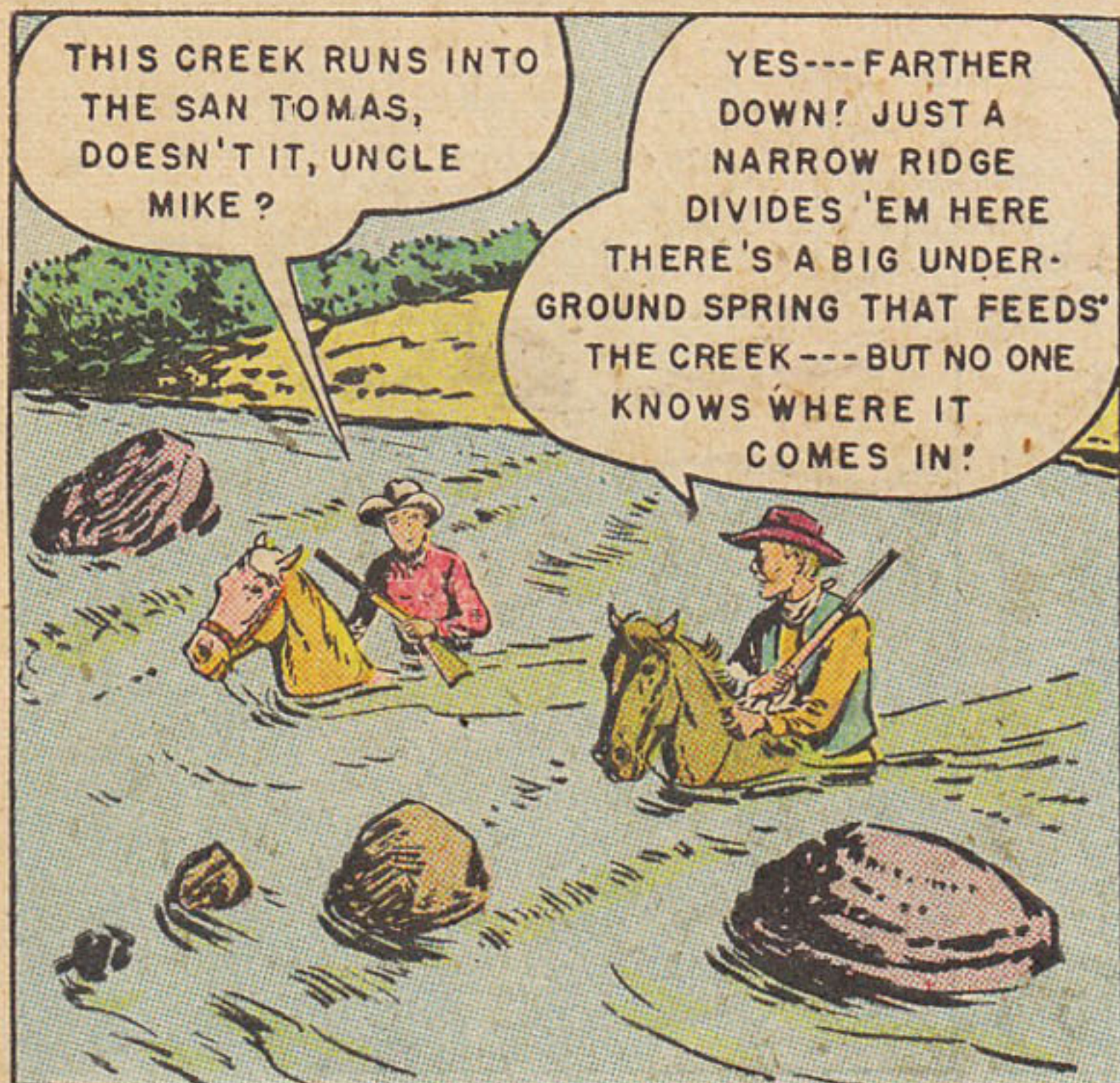






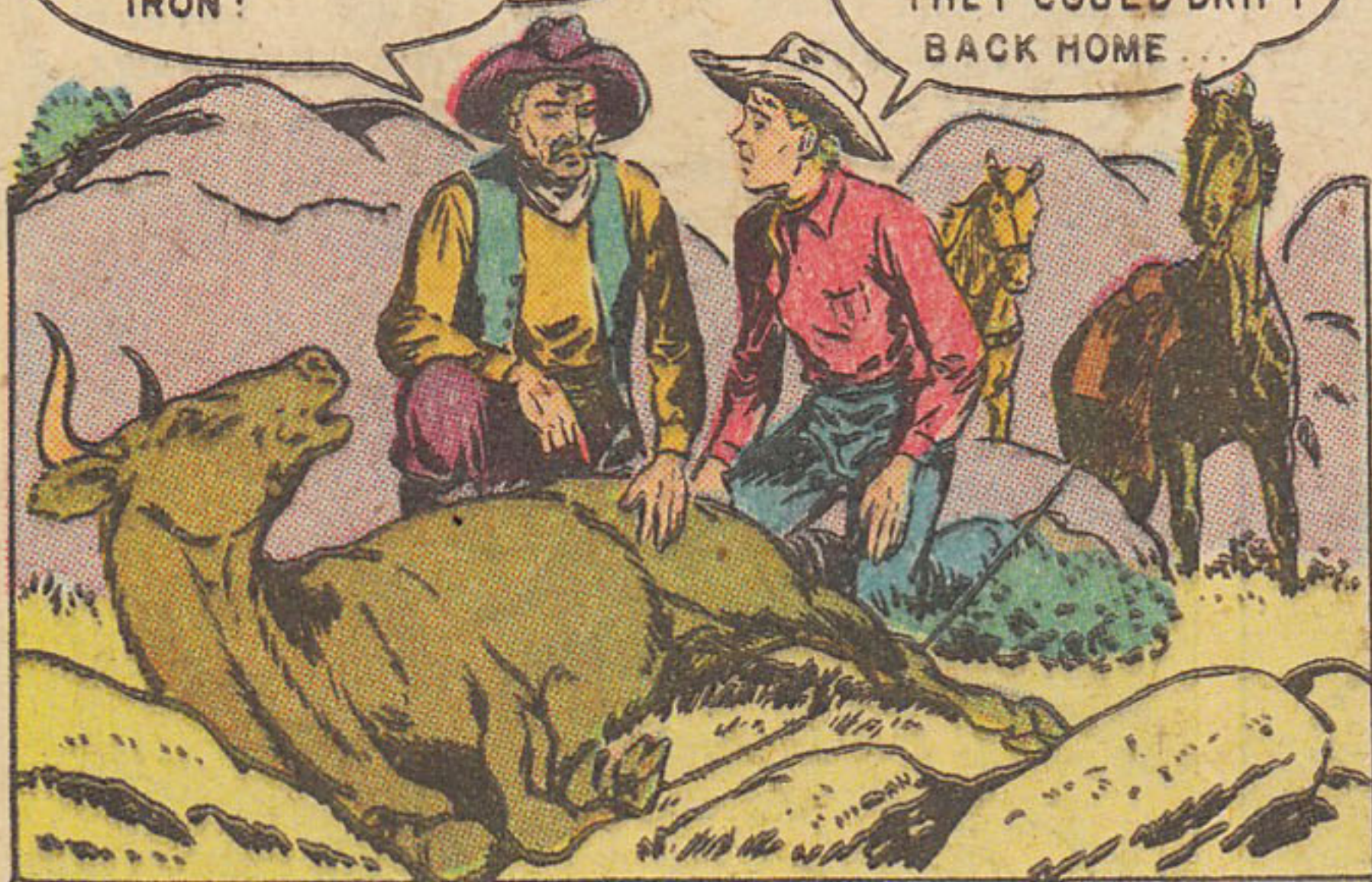
FOR A FEW MOMENTS ALL THREE DEER ARE IN SIGHT! THEN---





RUSTLER WORK, ALL RIGHT?
WALT HARDY'S WALKING H HAS
BEEN BLOTTED AND MADE
OVER INTO A DUMBBELL
IRON!

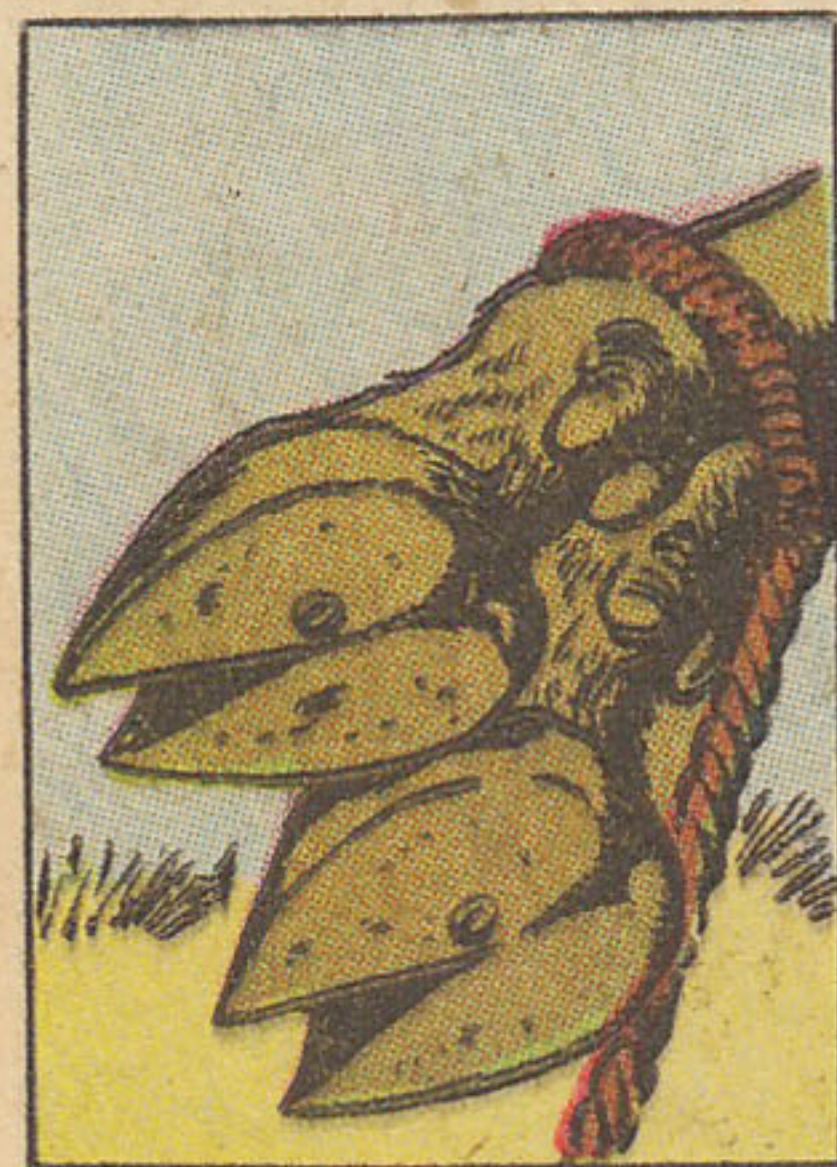
BUT WHY--- IF
THEY'RE STOLEN---
WASN'T SOMEBODY
GUARDING THEM?
THEY COULD DRIFT
BACK HOME



NO, THEY COULDN'T DRIFT! NOT WITH
A SHORT SCREW DRIVEN INTO BOTH
FORE HOOF! ITS POINT IS NEAR
ENOUGH TO THE "QUICK" TO MAKE
'EM TENDER! LOOK, DAVEY!



A SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE
"HOBBLE", THE SCREWS
COULD BE QUICKLY
REMOVED.



RIFLE BULLET?
DUCK, DAVEY!
THE ROCKS---

Z-ZUP!



I SEE THE CUSS---BUT
HE'S OUT OF PISTOL
RANGE...

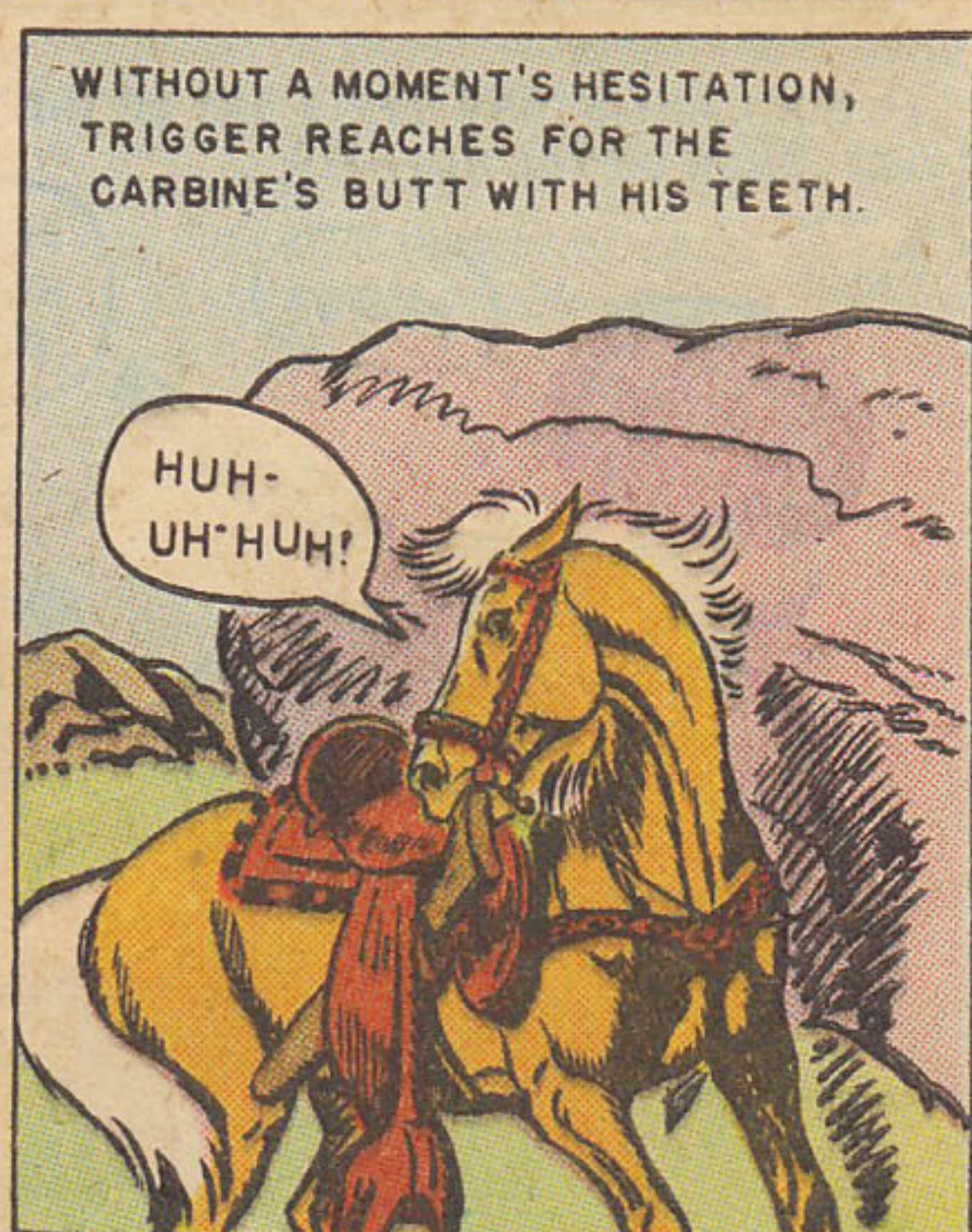
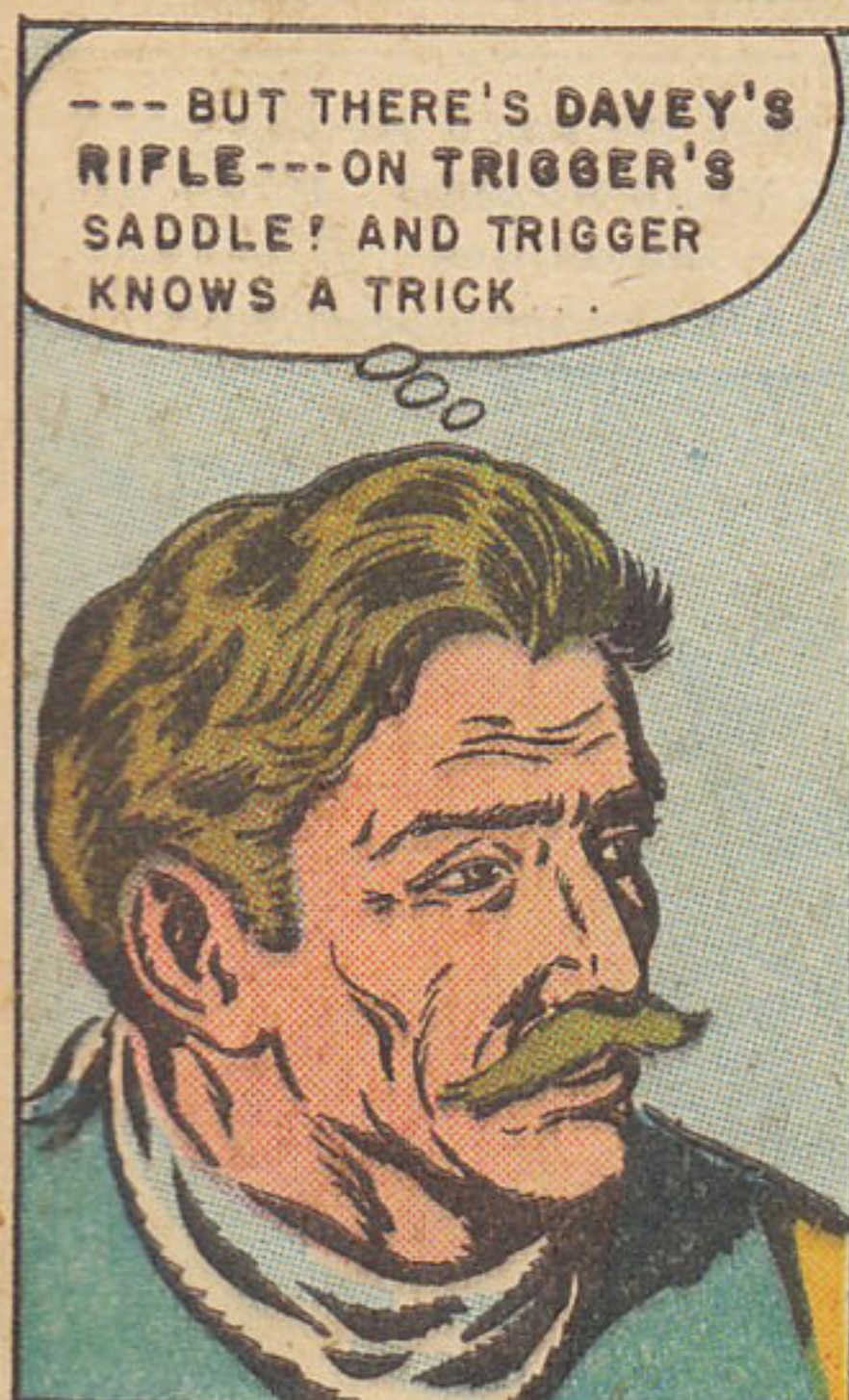
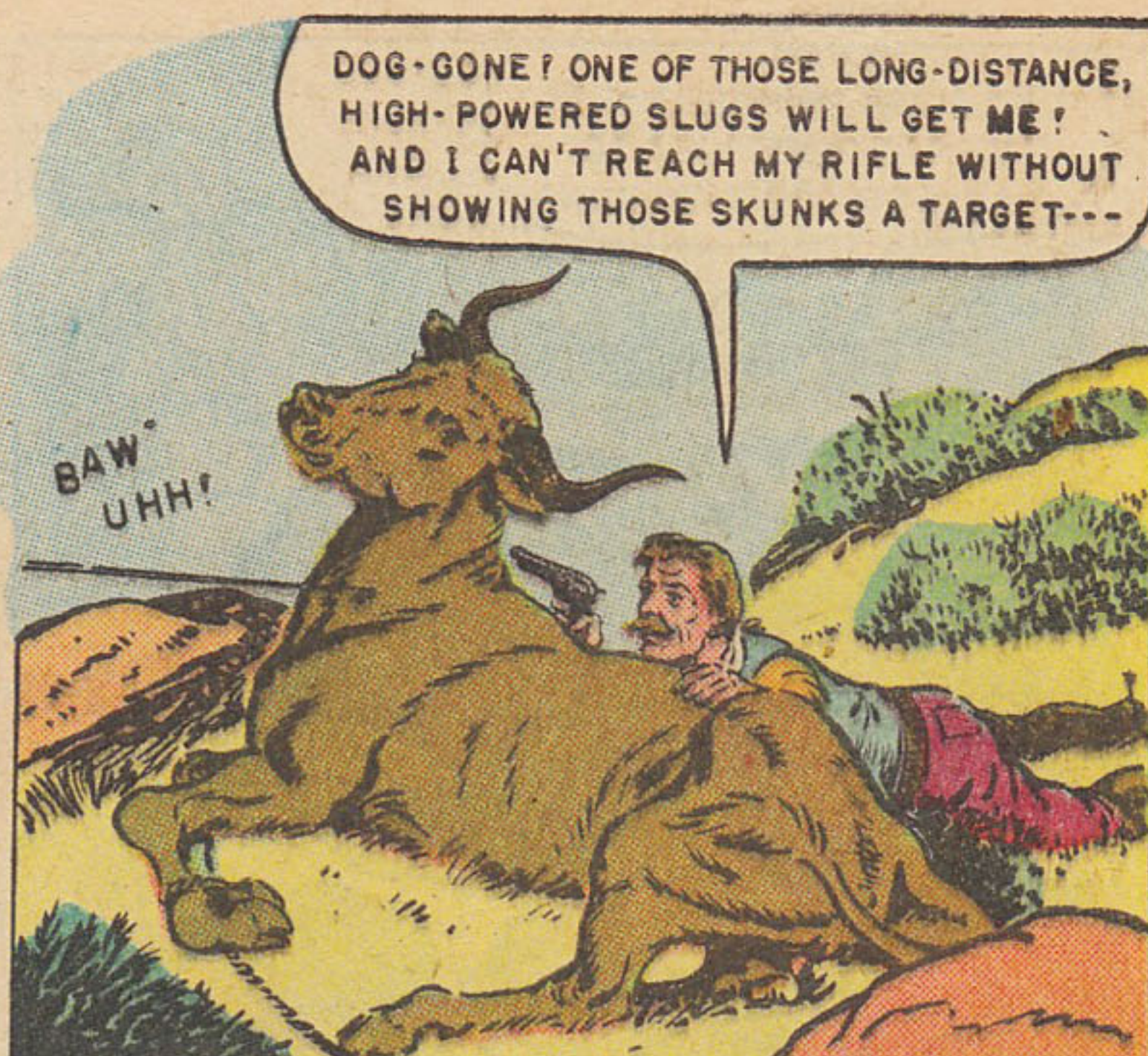
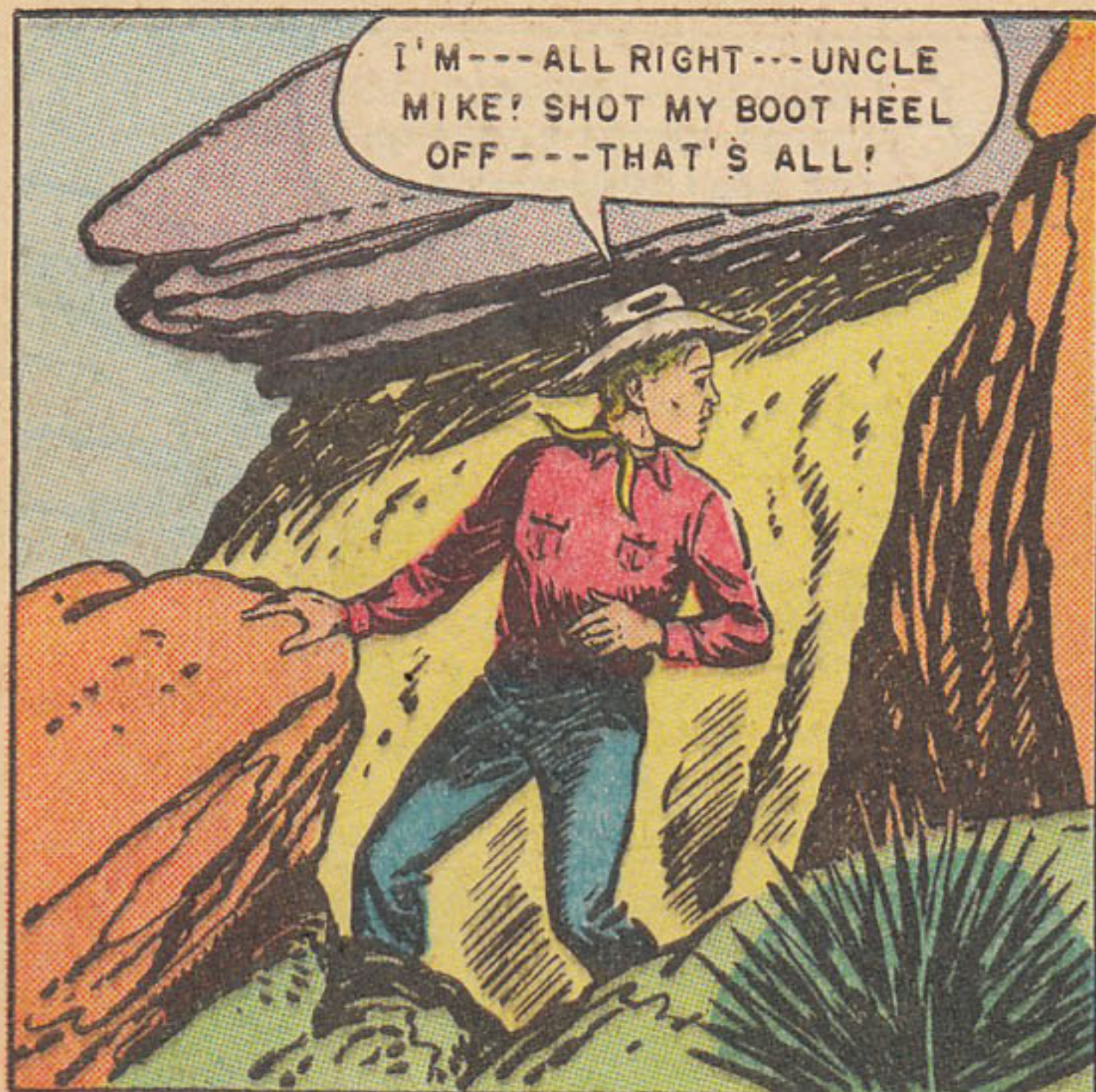


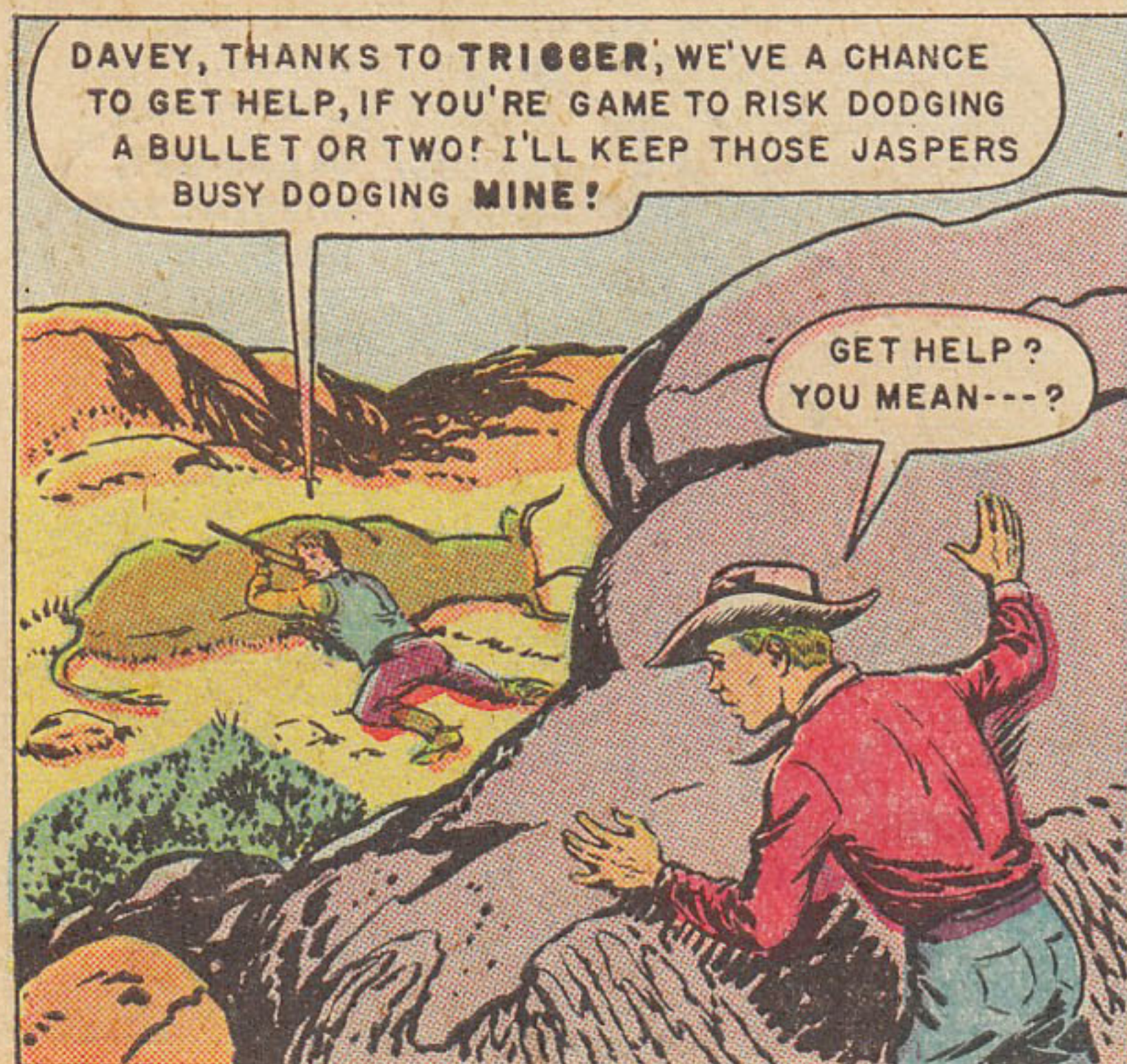
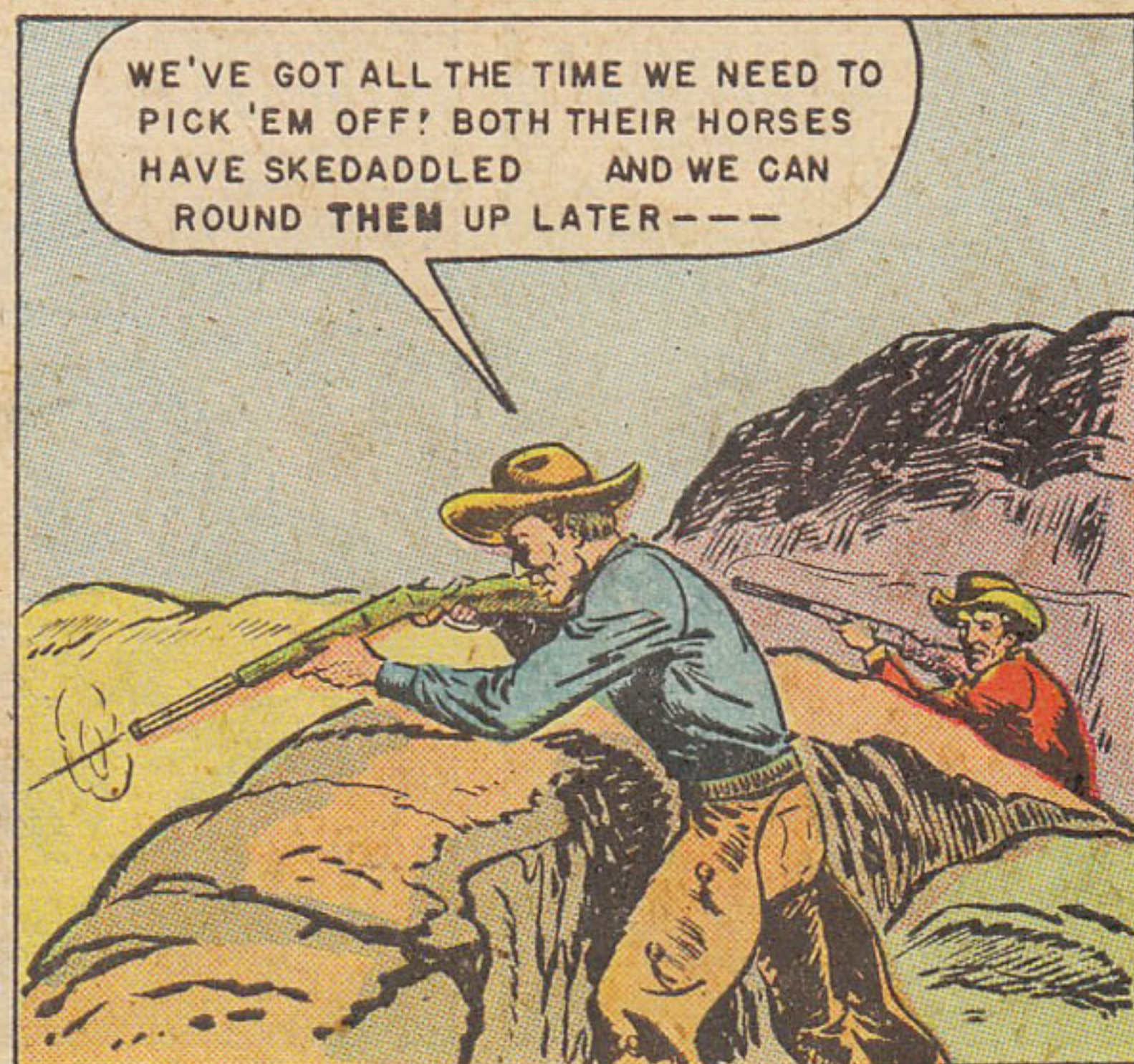
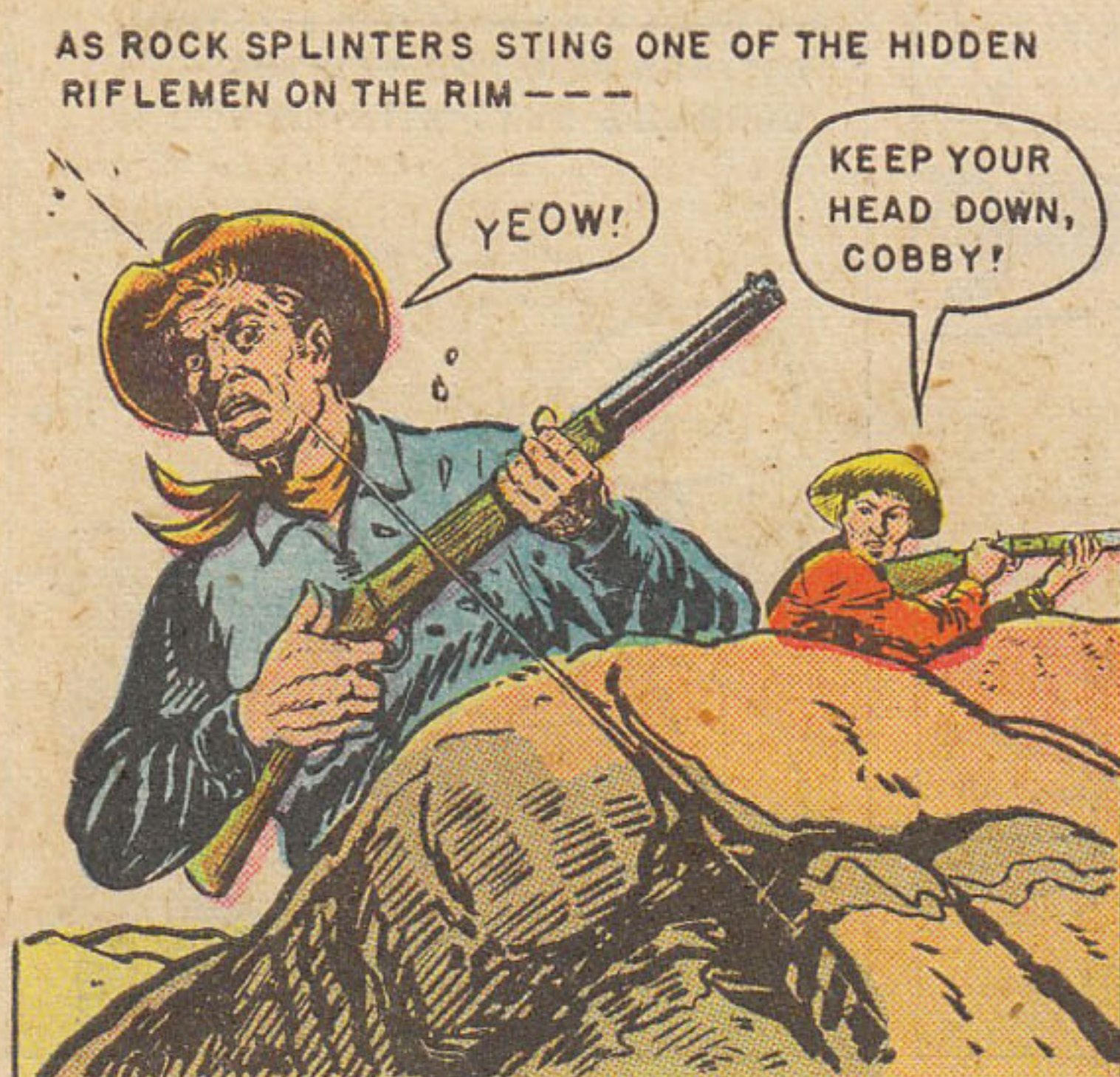
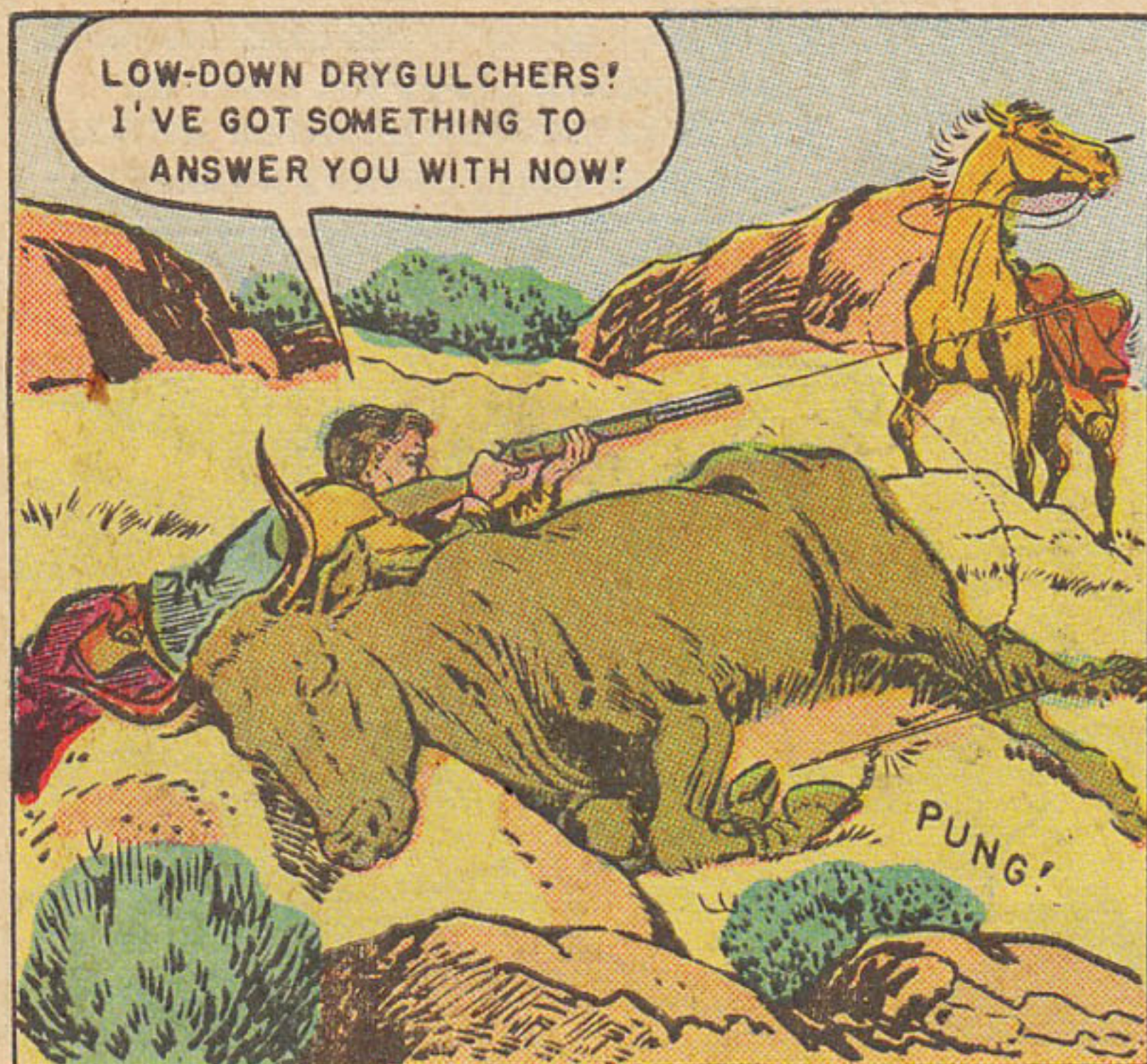
YOW-



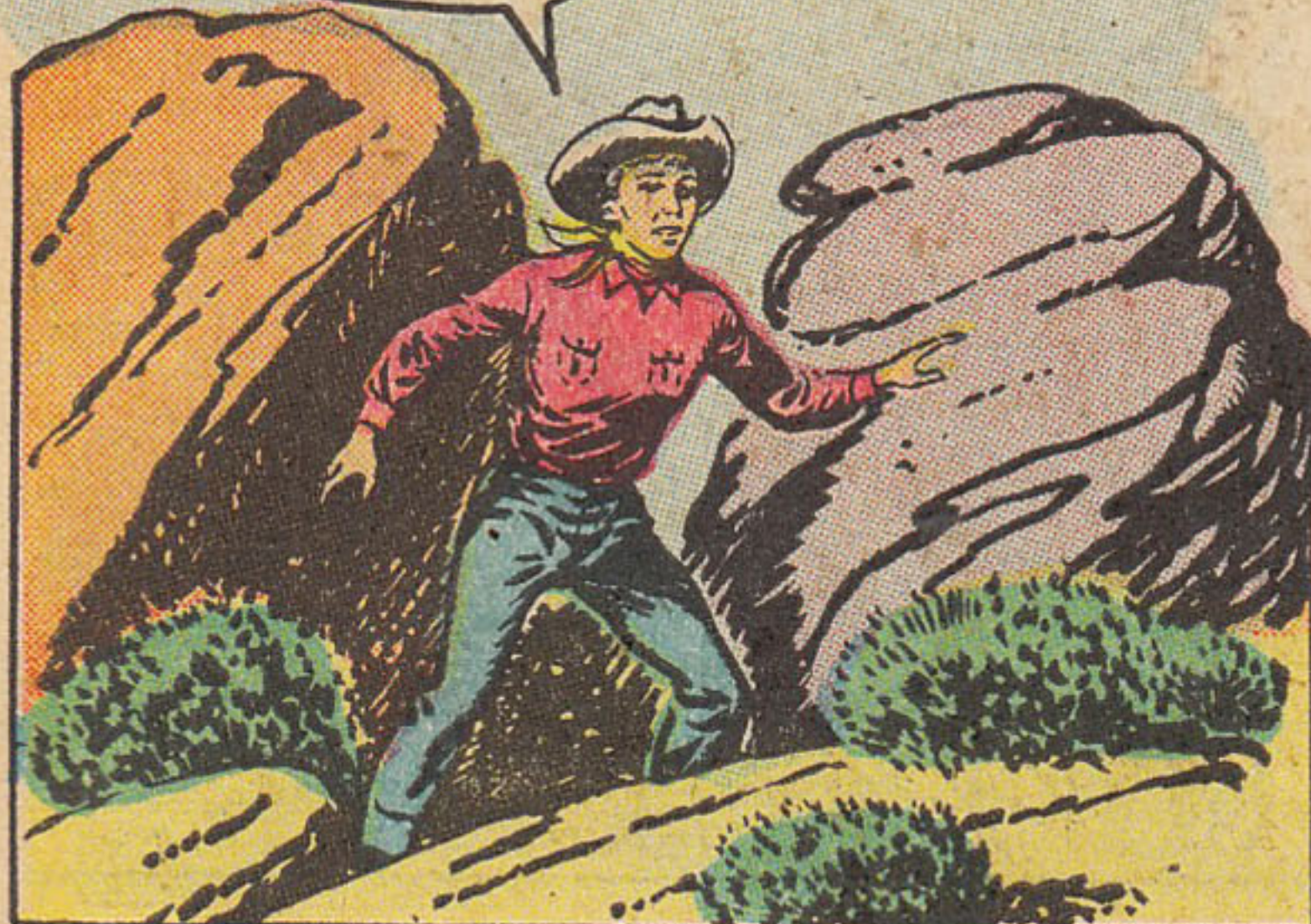
DAVEY, BOY?
ARE YOU---



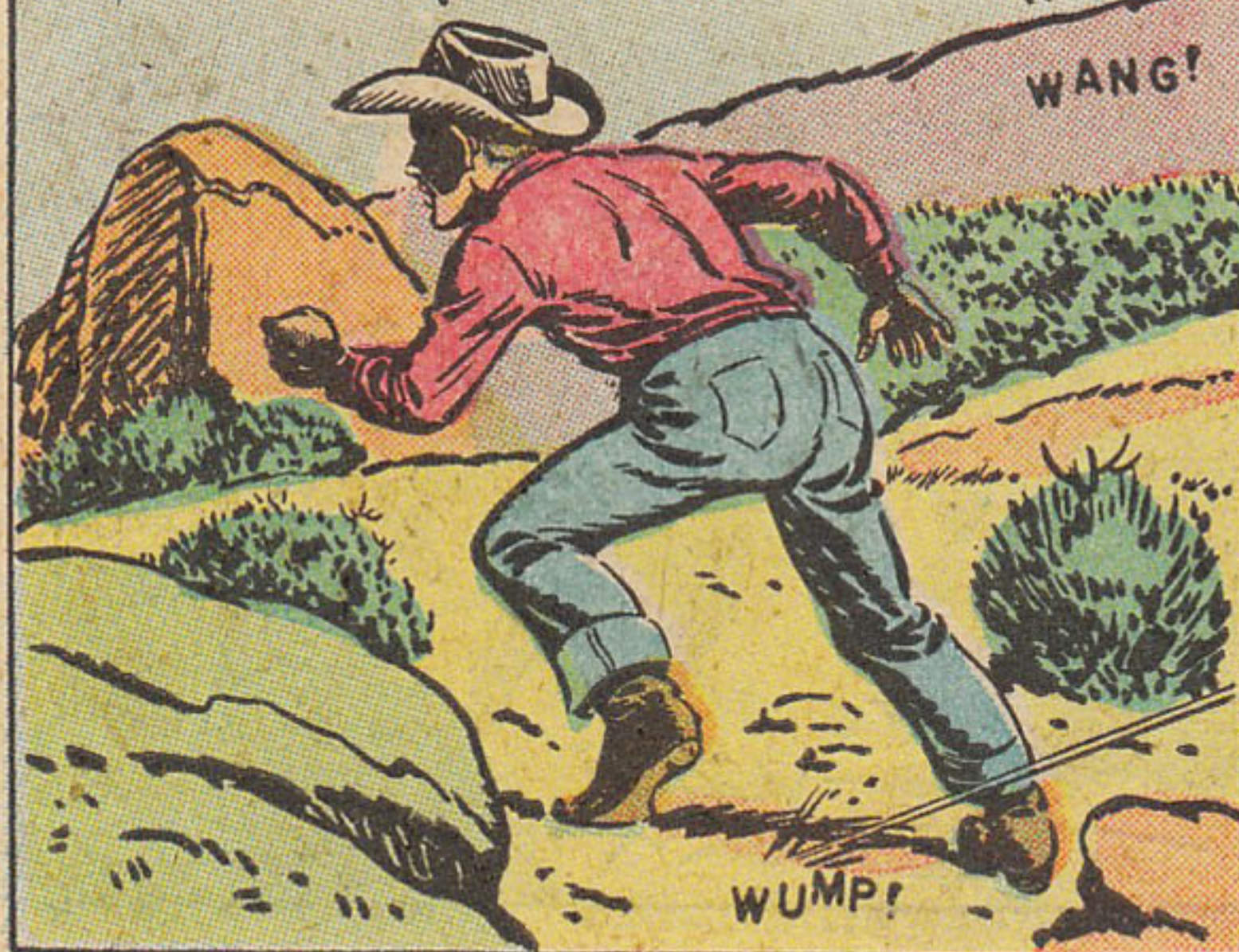




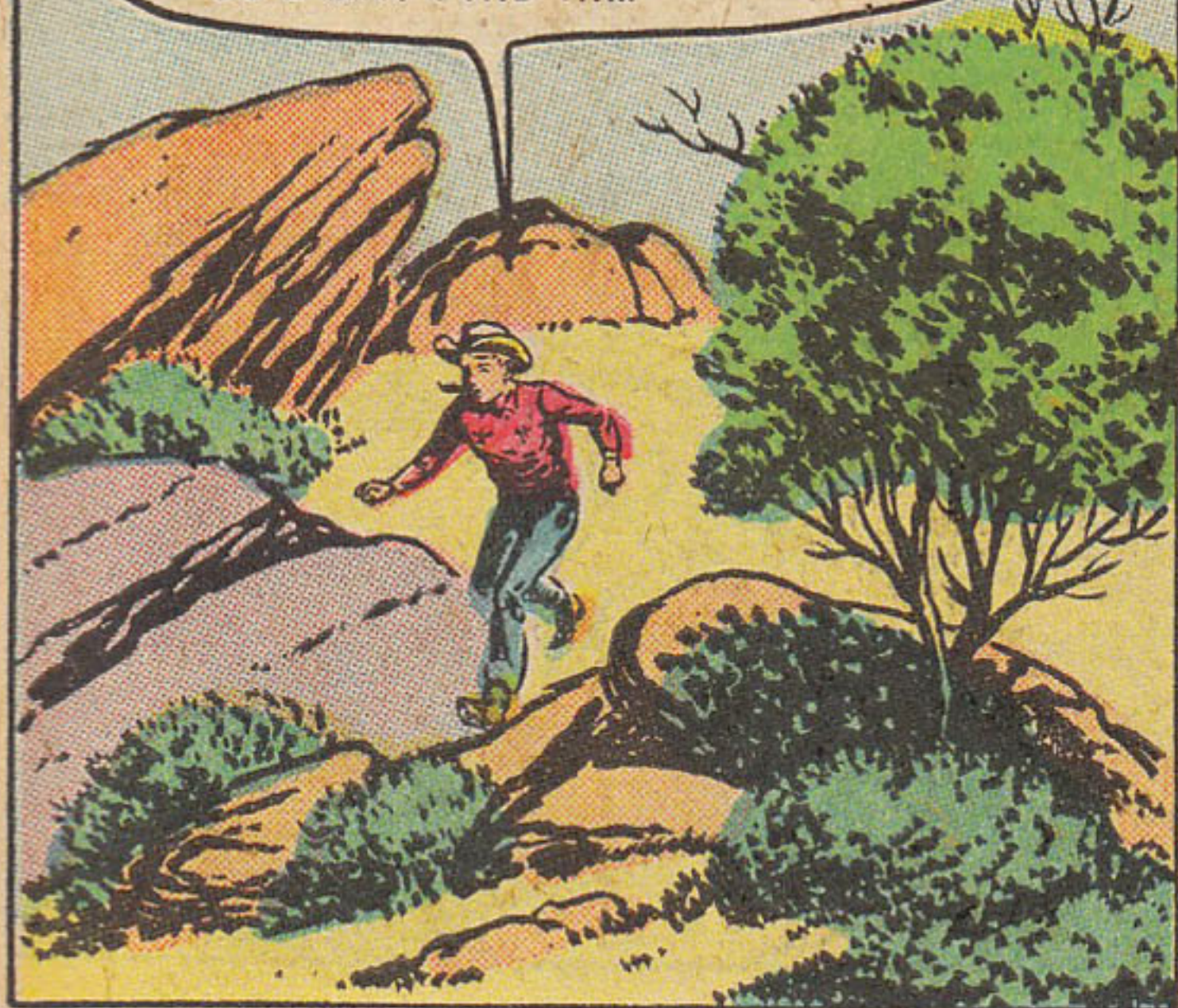
ALL RIGHT, UNCLE MIKE! I'LL MAKE IT! AND WHEN I DO---THEY WON'T GAIN ANYTHING BY TRYING TO KILL YOU! SO MAYBE THEY'LL JUST FADE



UNCLE MIKE IS---SURE--- SPOILING THAT JIGGER'S AIM!



I'M ALMOST---OUT OF RANGE---NOW! TRIGGER HEADED FOR THE CREEK, SO I MAY FIND HIM ---



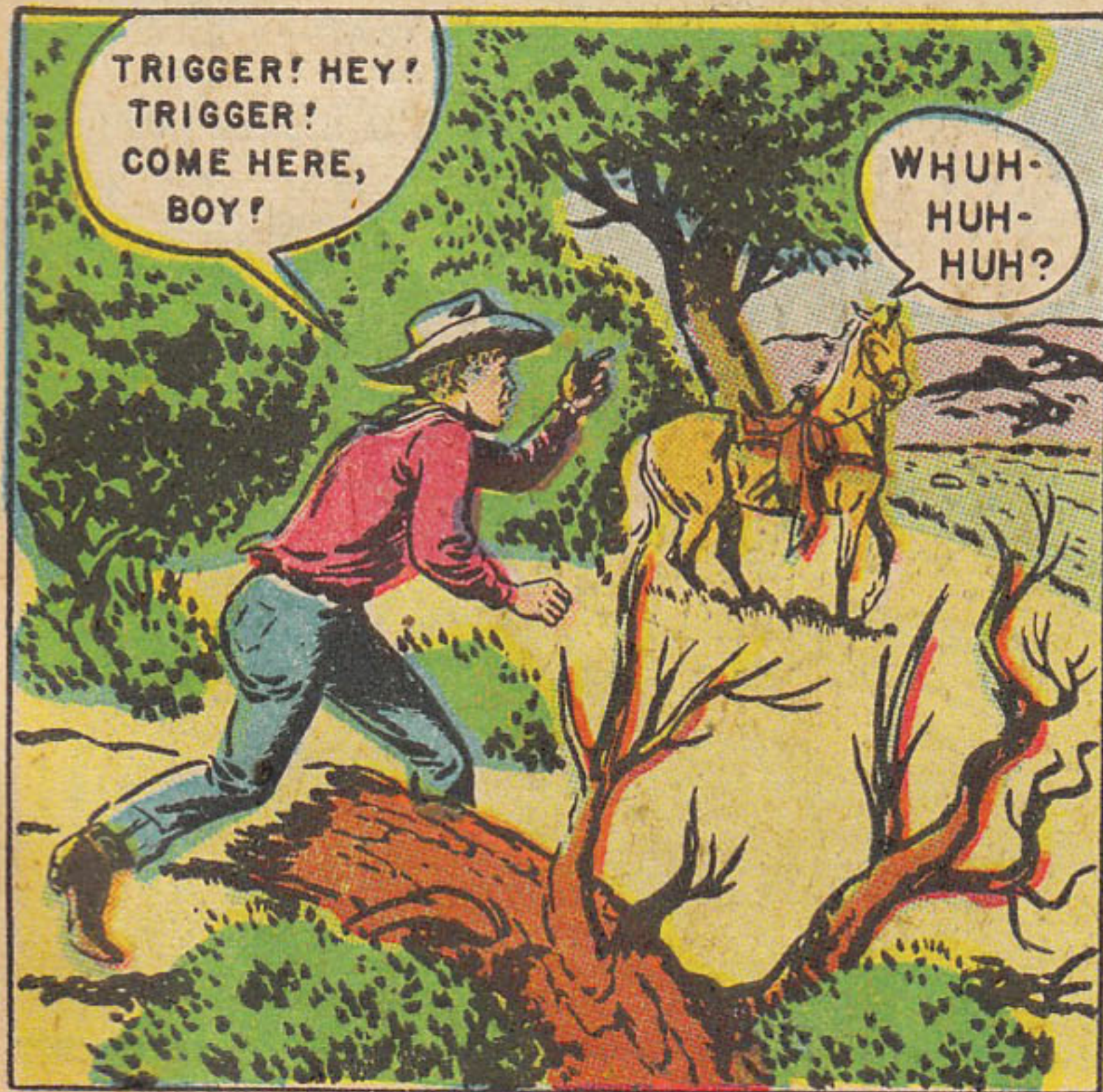
COBBY, YOU FORK YOUR HORSE AND CUT AROUND TO HEAD THAT KID OFF! HE JUST MIGHT BE ABLE TO CATCH THE PALOMINO--- OR EVEN GET HOME AFOOT...

HE WON'T! I'LL SEE TO THAT, BUCK!



TRIGGER! HEY! TRIGGER! COME HERE, BOY!

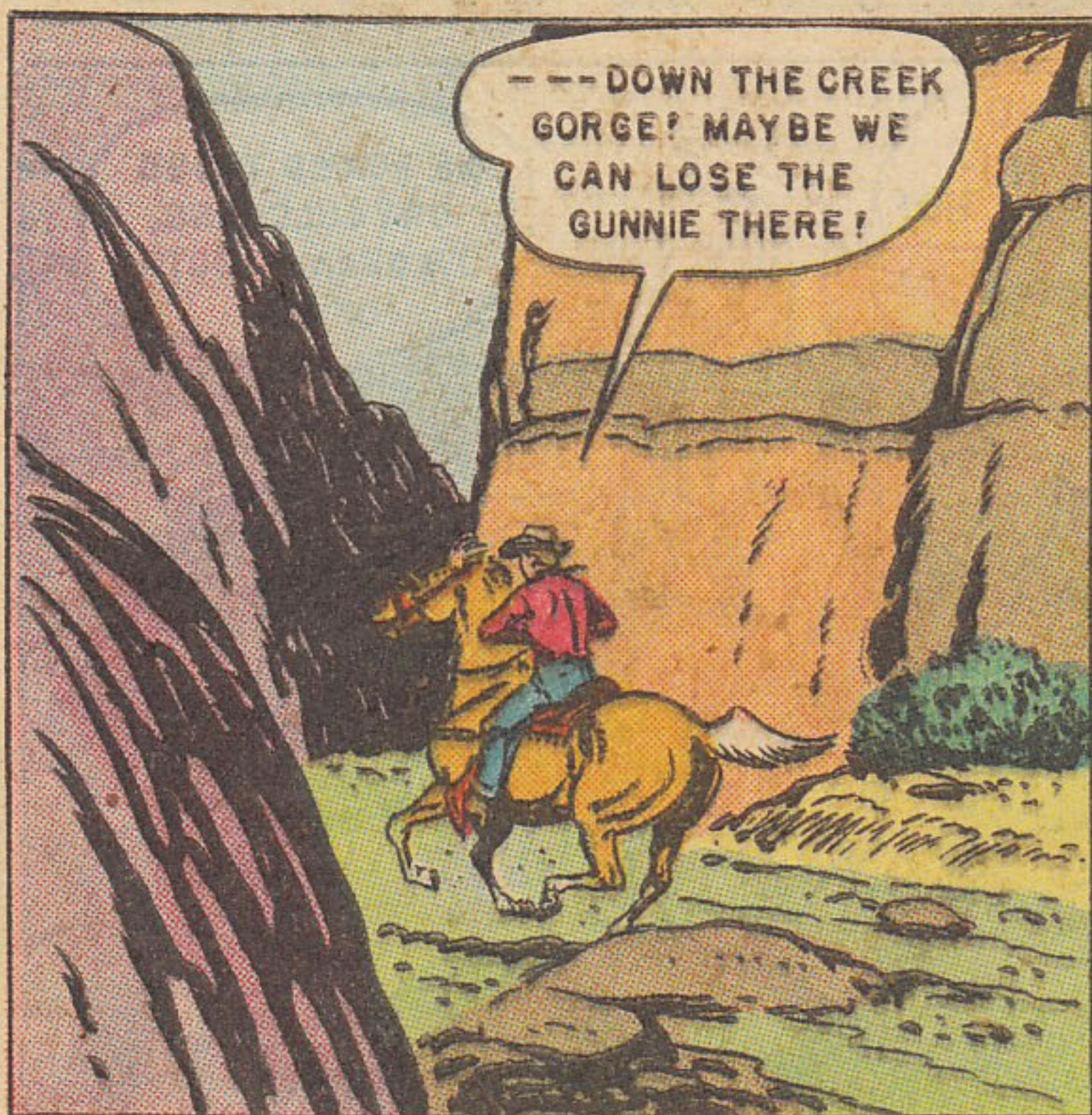
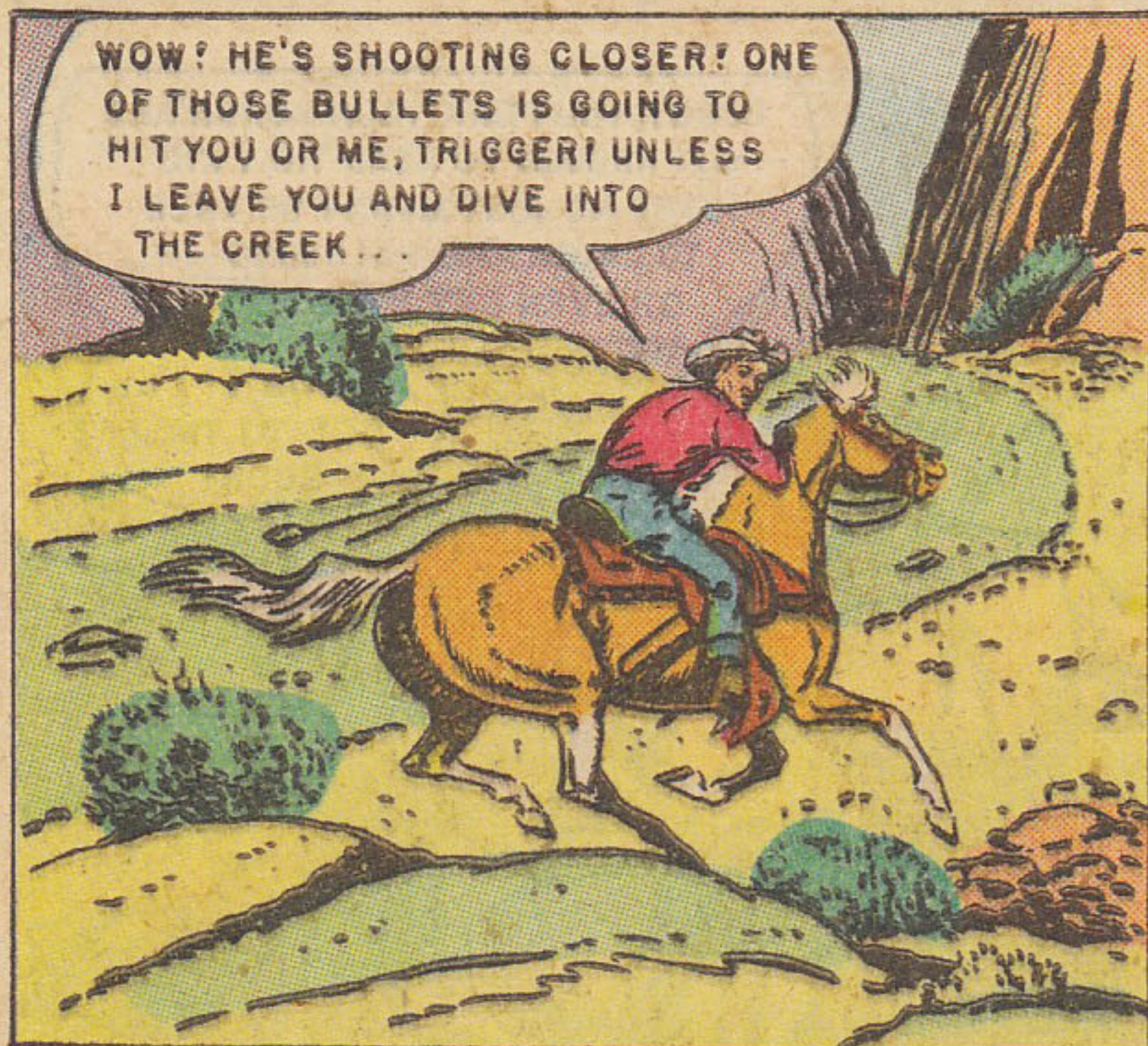
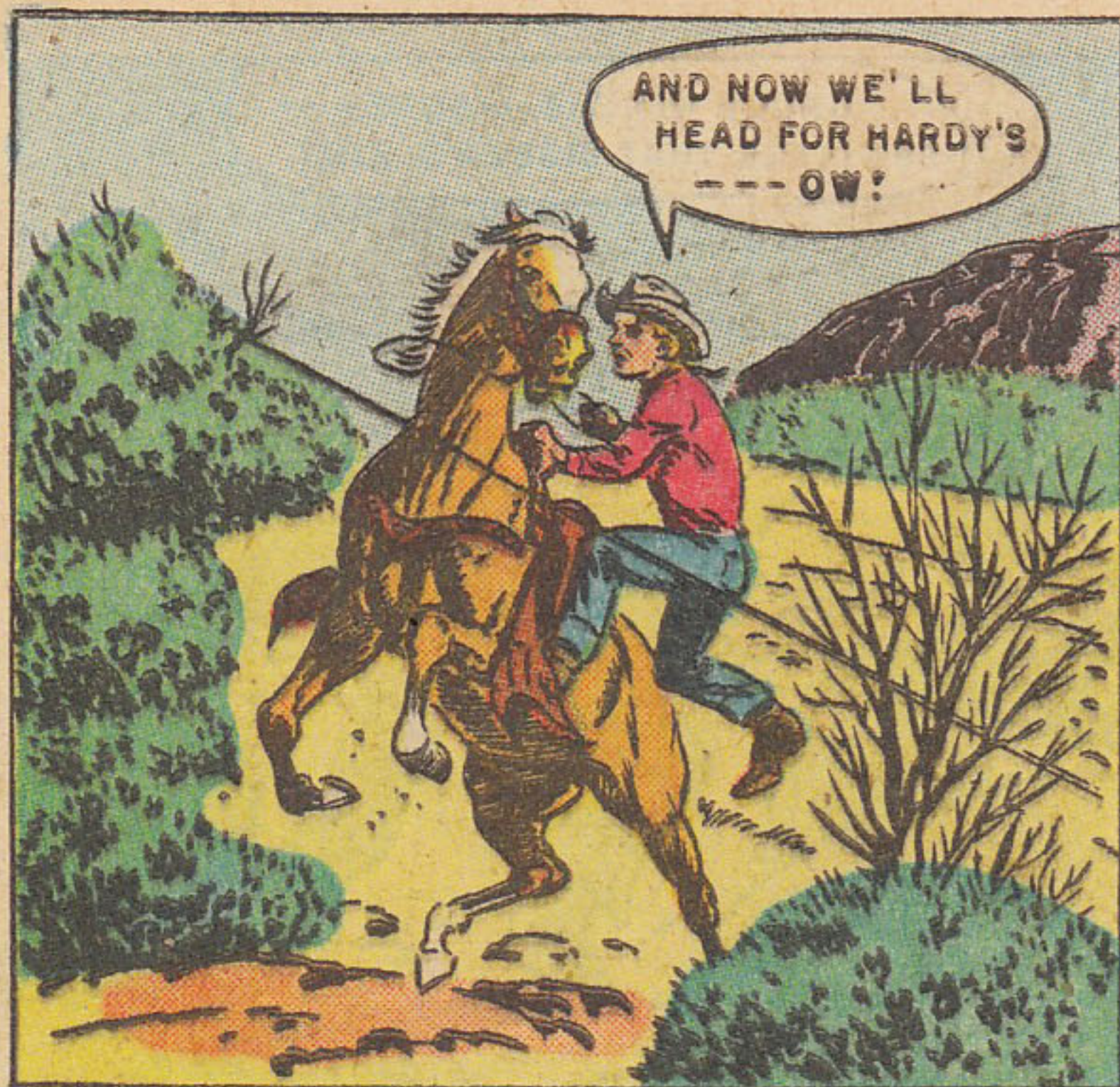
WHUH-HUH-HUH?

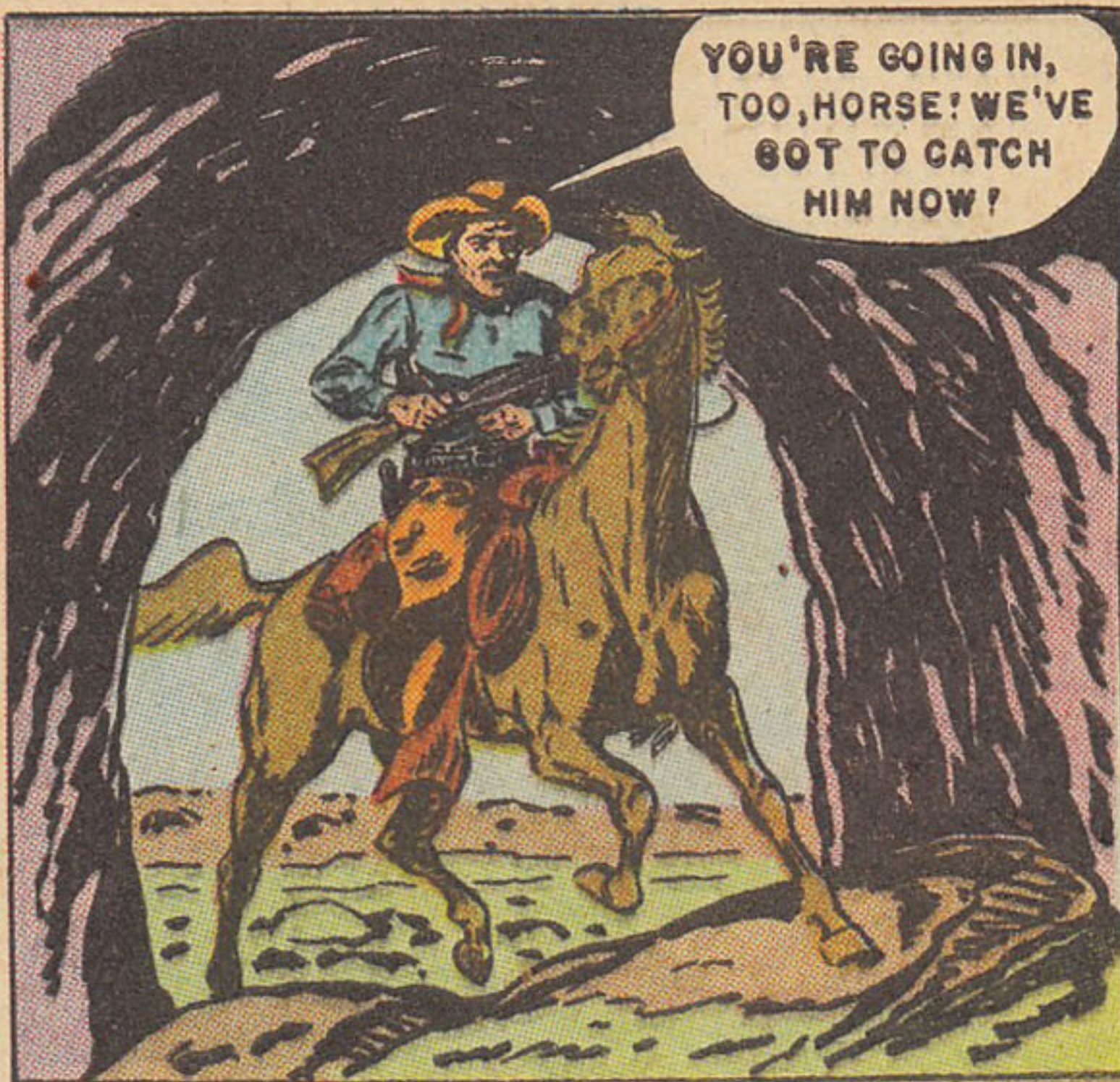
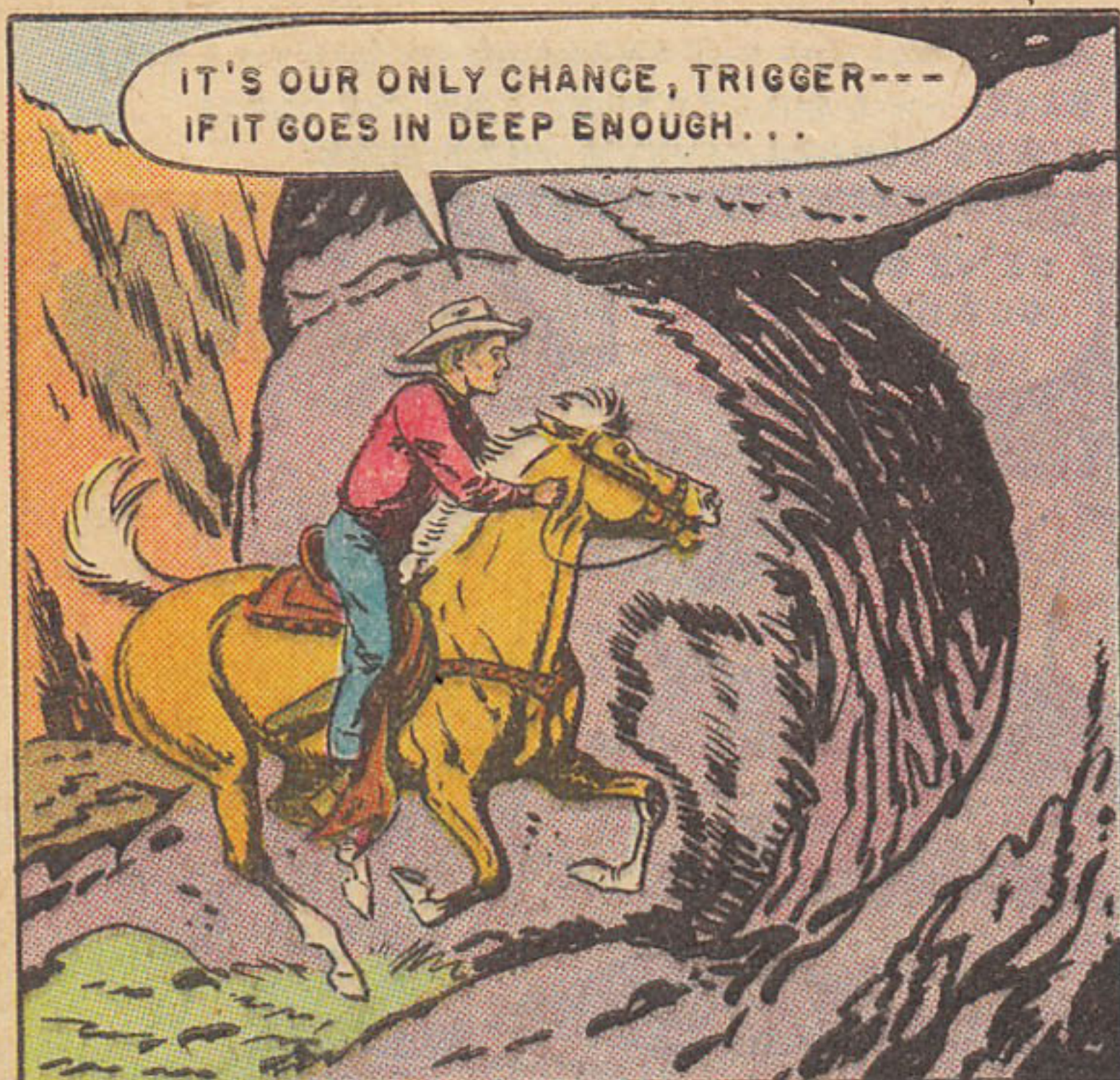


HO-HO-HO!

WE FOXED THOSE DRYGULCHERS, TRIGGER---BOTH OF US!

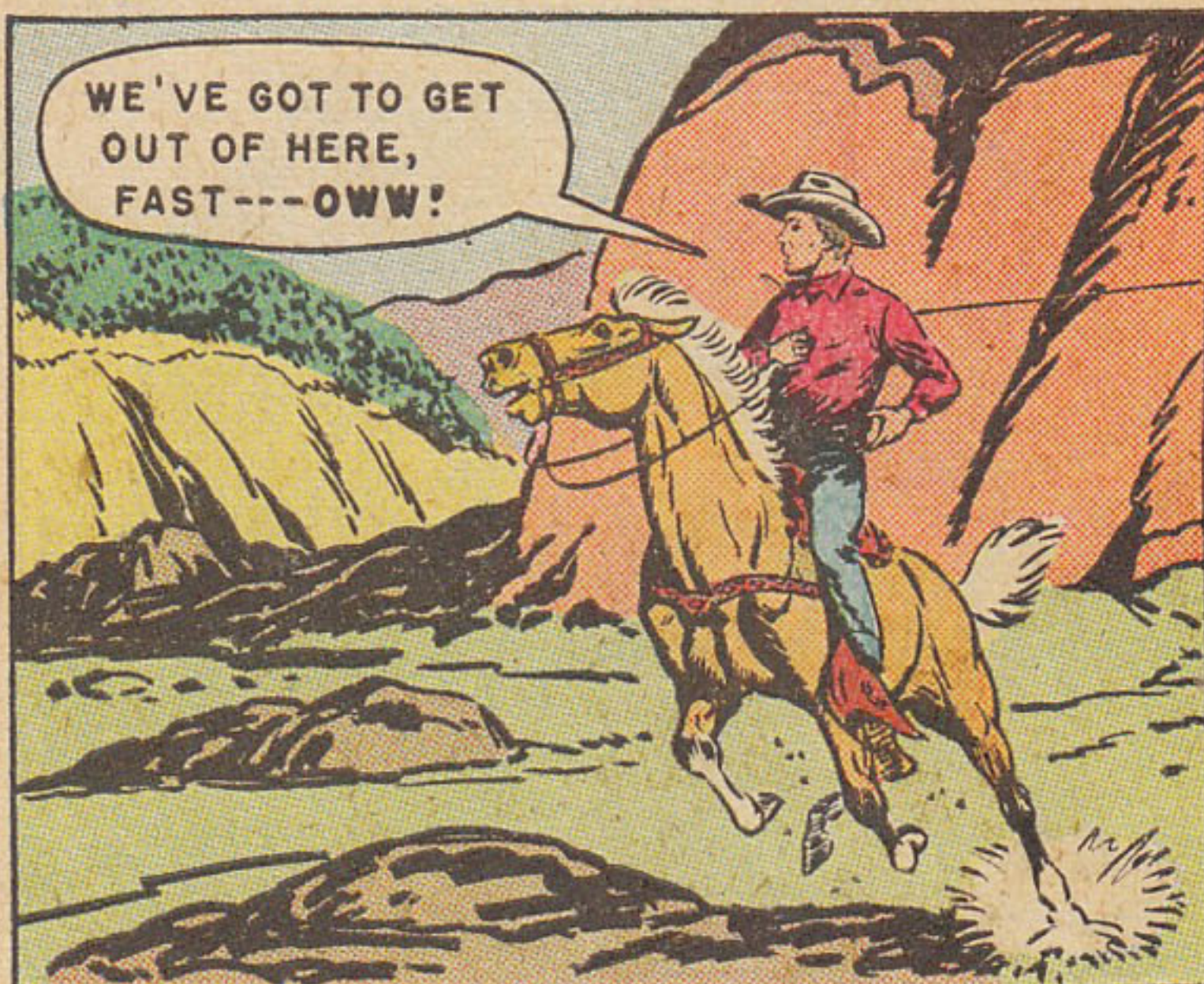




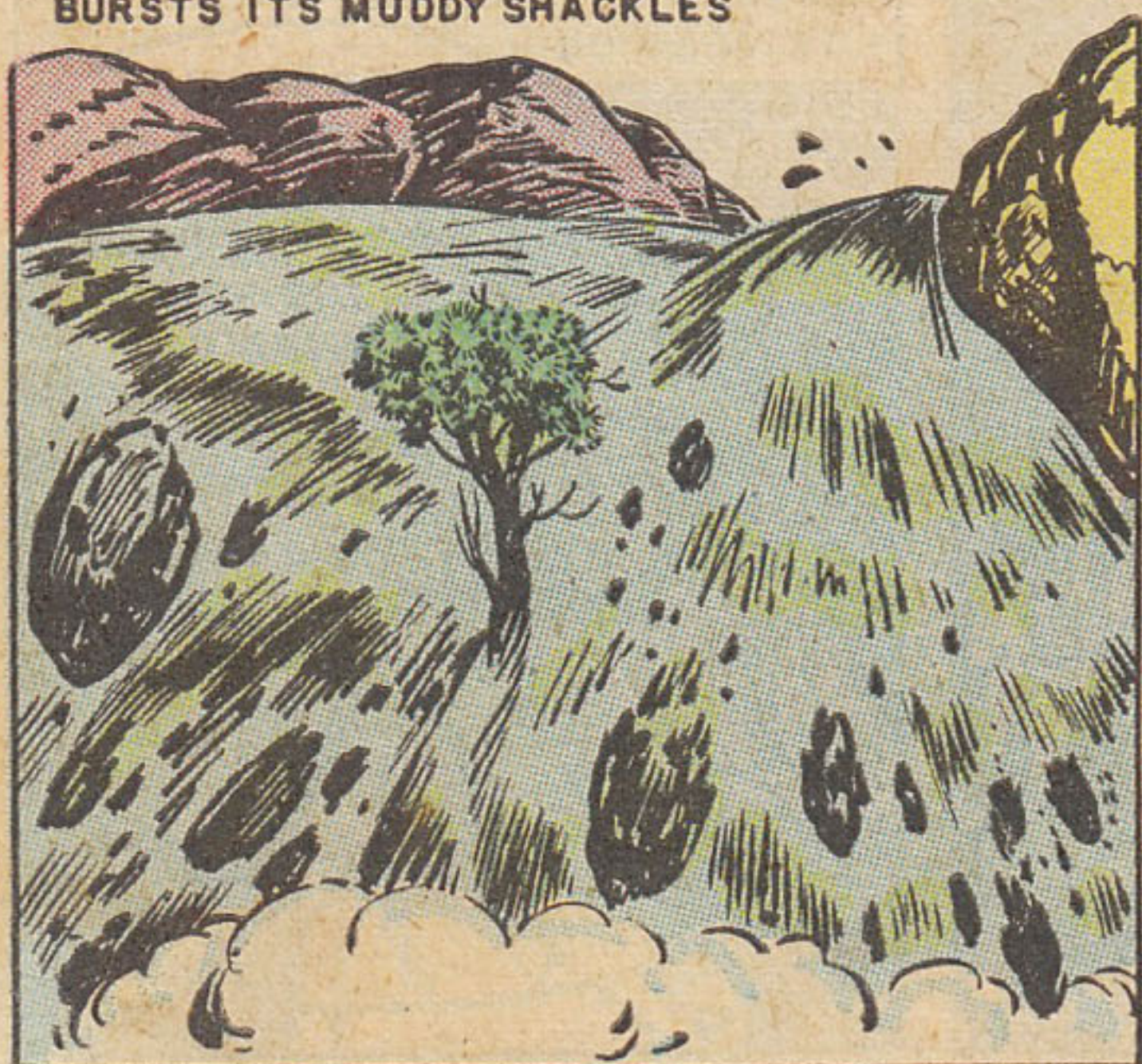




AS THE WALL OF THE GORGE GIVES WAY TO A STEEP BANK--- A BULLET FROM DOWN THE GORGE BURNS ACROSS DAVEY'S SHOULDERS



WITH A SULLEN ROAR, THE DAMMED-UP RIVER BURSTS ITS MUDDY SHACKLES



THE RUSTLER IS SWEEPED DOWN THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND TUNNEL WHICH THE WATER SOON WILL FILL!

