

RED RYDER

COMICS

JAN. - FEB.

10¢

No. 23



also

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED
ALLEY OOP * CAPT. EASY
FRECKLES * FIGHTING YANKS

HEARTY

WILL YOU PLEASE WRAP THAT AS A GIFT?

SURELY!

HIYA, HOIKY! CHRISTMAS SHOPPIN', I BETCHA!

Reg. U S Pat Off.
Copr 1940, by N.E.A. Service, Inc.

THAT'S RIGHT, NOODLES-- AND I'M ALL THROUGH NOW!

YER SMARTER THAN ME, I GUESS-- I BEEN SHOPPIN' ALL OVER TRYIN' TO SPEND TWO BITS ON ELOISE! I'M GITTIN' DESPRIT!

WHY DON'TCHA BUY HER SOME PERFUME?

AW, THAT'S KINDA SISSY FER A GUY TO GIVE TO A GOIL, AIN'T IT? BESIDES, I DON'T KNOW HER FAVRITE FLAVOR!

HOW ABOUT A HANDKER- CHIEF? THEY HAVE NICE ONES FOR A QUARTER.

A WASTE OF DOUGH, HOIKY-- I NEVER KNOWED HER TO HAVE A COLD!

NIFTY, HUH, HOIKY? AND ME WITH TWO BITS!

CANDY'S ALWAYS NICE!

YEAH-- I THOUGHT OF THAT, BUT I KNOW ME! I'D EAT IT BEFORE CHRISTMAS!

SODA

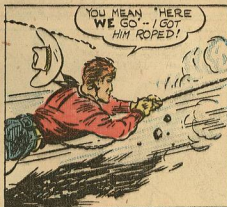
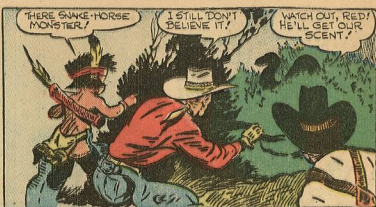
I'M EXHAUSTED FROM LOOKIN' CHUM! COME ON, I'LL BUY US A SODA!

WHILE YOU'RE LICKIN' UP MY TREAT, HOIKY TRY HARD TO THINK OF SOMETHIN' I KIN BUY ELOISE FER A NICKEL!

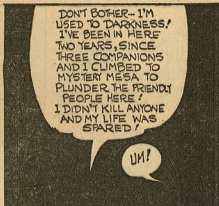
RED RYDER

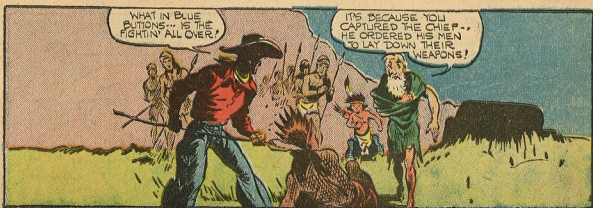
by FRED HARMAN

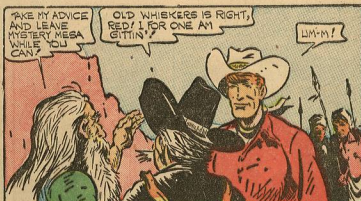


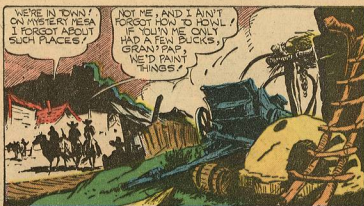
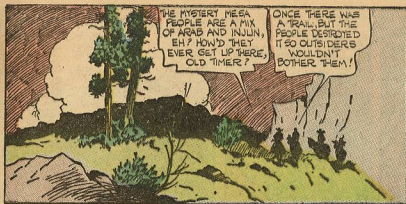




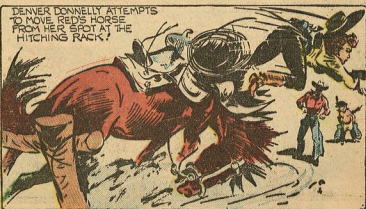
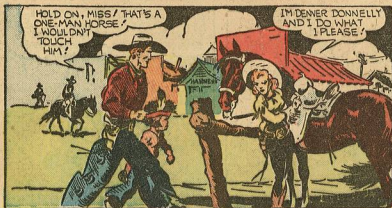


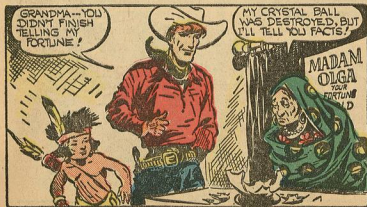
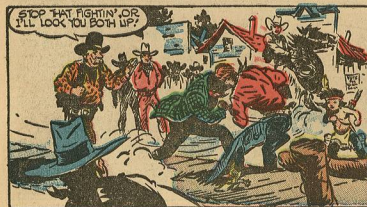
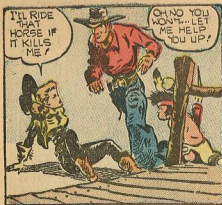












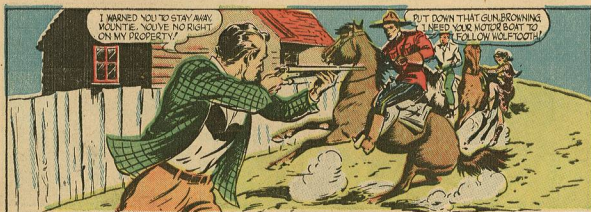
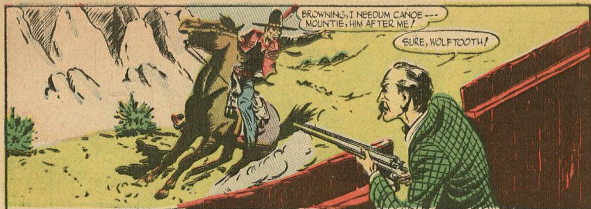
Zane Grey's KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

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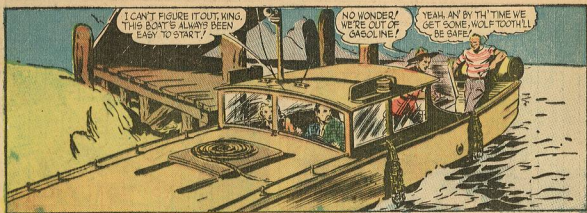


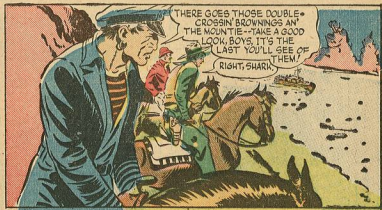
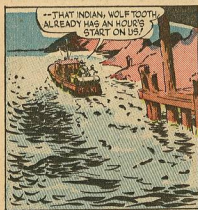
WHILE ARRESTING PEARL-SMUGGLING SHARK'S HENCHMAN WOLF-TOOTH, KING FINDS HIMSELF HAMPERED AND WOLF-TOOTH GETS AWAY...















BOOTS

DOGGONE! ONE THING THESE DAYS HAVE TAUGHT US IS TO ENJOY THE SIMPLE THINGS OF LIFE, WITH NO TRIMMINGS

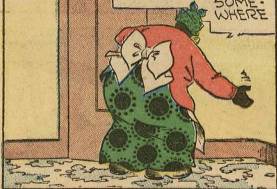


AND THAT'S FOR ME! CIVILIZATION IS OKAY... BUT AFTER ALL, IT HASN'T DONE SO MUCH FOR LOVE AND ROMANCE... AND STUFF



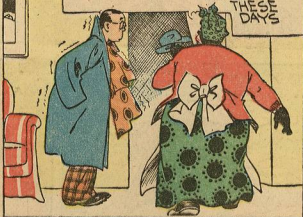
IS BOOTS HOME, OPAL?

NO, BUT COME IN! SHE'LL BE BACK ANY MINUTE! SHE'S JUST OUT AND AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD SOMEWHERE



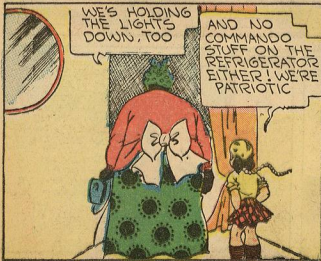
BR-RR

THE HOUSE AM ON THE CHILLY SIDE BUT WE'S GOTTA BE CHINCHY WITH THE HEAT THESE DAYS



WE'S HOLDING THE LIGHTS DOWN, TOO

AND NO COMMANDO STUFF ON THE REFRIGERATOR EITHER! WE'RE PATRIOTIC



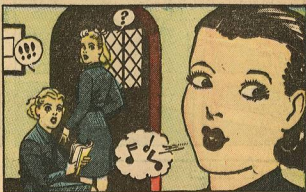
THAT HITLER SURE IS A WICKED MAN



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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CAPTAIN EASY

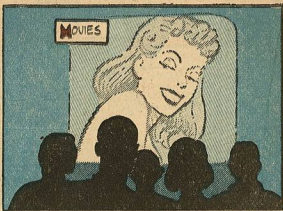
BY ROY CRANE



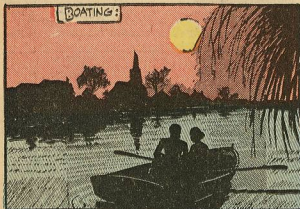
PICNICS:



MOVIES



BOATING:



AT THE END OF EASY'S THREE-DAY LEAVE, PENNY HAS ALL BUT FORGOTTEN THE FELLOW WHO WAS SHOT DOWN OVER DUNKIRK



WHY SO BLUE, PENNY?

THIS IS THE LAST DAY OF YOUR LEAVE... YOU'LL PROBABLY BE SENT AWAY



I'LL BE BACK, SUGAR

IT'S NICE OF YOU TO SAY THAT, BUT I... I KNOW THE KIND OF WORK YOU DO. IT... IT'S SO DANGEROUS



MAYBE I OUGHT TO LOOK UP A RABBIT'S FOOT, FOR LUCK

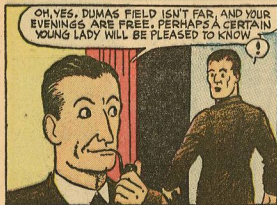
DON'T SAY THAT! OH, WHY DID YOU SAY THAT?

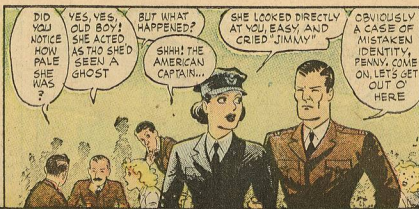


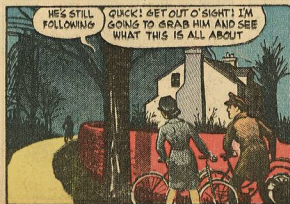
WELL, WHY NOT? WHAT'S WRONG?

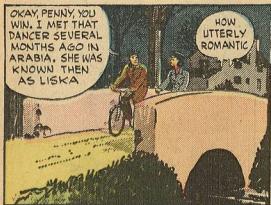
NOTHING, ONLY... ONLY BOB, WHOM I WAS TO MARRY, SAID THOSE VERY WORDS JUST BEFORE DUNKIRK... I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN



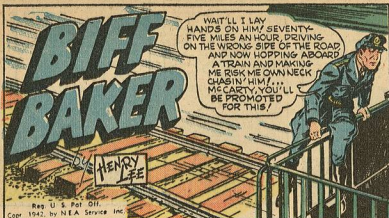












WAIT'LL I LAY
HANDS ON HIM! SEVENTY-
FIVE MILES AN HOUR, DRIVING
ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD
AND NOW HOPPING ABOARD
A TRAIN AND MAKING
ME RISK ME OWN NECK
CHASIN' HIM!...
MC CARTY, YOU'LL
BE PROMOTED
FOR THIS!



I'M GLAD THERE
WASN'T ANY COP
AROUND WHILE I
WAS CHASING THIS
TRAIN... I PROBABLY
BROKE ENOUGH
LAWS TO GET LIFE!



...AND THERE HE SITS,
THE MAN I'M AFTER
...THE MAN WHO'S
BEEN SABOTAGING
THE U.S. ARMY AND
WHO TIED ME TO A
TREE AND LEFT
ME TO DIE...
CAREFUL
THOUGH...
HE'S NOT
ALONE!



HEH-HEH! I CHUCKLE EVERY
TIME I THINK OF HOW I OUT-
WITTED THAT YOUNG FOOL
WHO DISCOVERED ME AND
MY FALCON AND OUR
SCHEME FOR KILLING
THE ARMY PIGEONS!

HELLO!



YOU!



DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE
ME SO SOON... IF EVER...
DID YOU?

I-I NEVER SAW YOU
BEFORE IN MY LIFE!



HEY,
YOU!



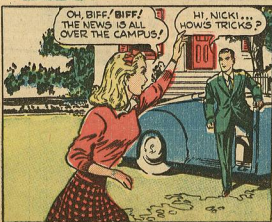
OH, HELLO, OFFICER!
AM I GLAD TO SEE
A POLICEMAN!

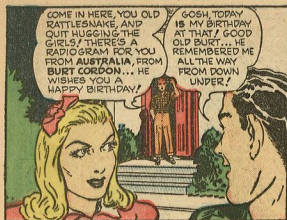
NOT HALF AS GLAD AS I
AM TO SEE YOU, BUDDY!
THIS IS A PINCH, AND I'M
THROWING THE WHOLE
BOOK AT YOU!



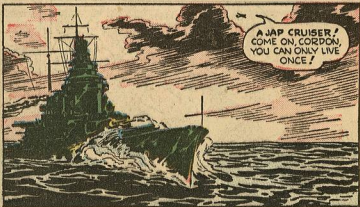
BUT THIS MAN, OFFICER...
THE POLICE ARE AFTER HIM
RIGHT NOW! HE'S A--

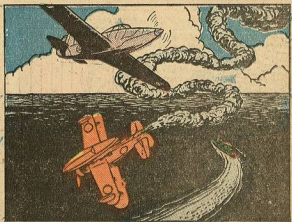
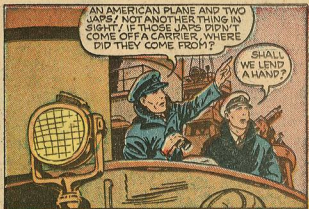
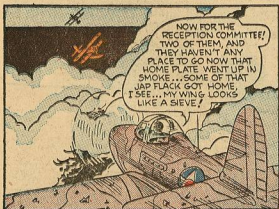
HE'S CRAZY,
OFFICER! I
NEVER SAW
HIM BEFORE
...TAKE HIM
AWAY!



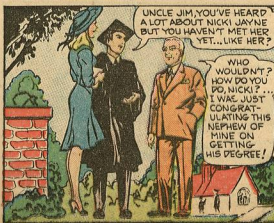


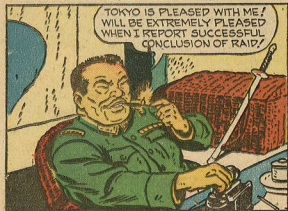
AT THAT MOMENT, ON A TINY ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC THEATER OF WAR, CAPTAIN BURT CORDON IS TAKING OFF ON A RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT.





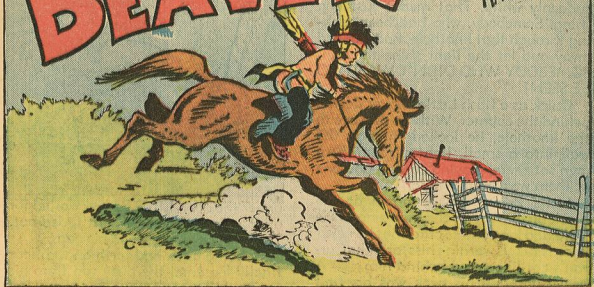






LITTLE BEAVER

by
FRED
HARMAN



"Hi-yah, Red Ryder!" Little Beaver called. "Long time no see you—where you been?"

"Hunting outlaws," the big cowboy answered, as he swung down from his panting horse. "Got a job for you, Little Beaver—and for your girl-friend Po-ko, too. A job that's got me stumped."

The Indian boy's eyes grew round with surprise.

"Me think-um NO job ever get Red Ryder stumped," he said. "What cook-um?"

Red Ryder squatted on his heels outside the Navaho hogan.

"It's this way," he told the two wondering kids. "There were five tough hoss thieves in Smut Waldon's gang when the sheriff and I went after 'em. We got four of 'em in the county jail now, but Smut himself is still holed up somewhere in Hangtown. If you and Po-ko snoop around there you might locate him quick, savvy?"

"You betchum!" the Navaho boy nodded. "If YOU hunt-um around Hangtown you never find-um outlaw. But nobody notice Injun kids. Come on, Po-ko! We get-um hosses. Start now."

"You'll recognize Smut by a black

birthmark on his nose," Red Ryder called after them. "The sheriff and I will be waiting for you tonight at Cottonwood Springs."

Late that afternoon a couple of Indian youngsters rode unnoticed into Hangtown on their barebacked ponies. At the hitching rail outside Curran's General Store, they tied their mounts.

"We go in, buy-um sack of flour. Then we take look-see," Little Beaver whispered. "Curran got-um bar and card rooms other side of wall. Mebbeso we hear-um talk about Smut Waldon."

"Little Beaver heap smart," replied Po-ko with a sidelong glance. "Mebbeso you buy-um me pretty necklace. Me got-um plenty flour at home."

There were a number of bright bead necklaces on Mike Curran's notion counter. Po-ko took so long deciding which one she wanted that the scowling storekeeper went to wait on some other customers. And the minute his back was turned the kids' sharp, black eyes got busy.

Behind the counter only rough pine boards separated the store from the card rooms. Farther along, behind the same wall, was the bar. From there

Little Beaver could hear the mutter of men's voices. If only there were a crack where he could listen.

As his glance swept over the partition, a black knothole in a board turned suddenly white. That meant just one thing. Somebody, who had been looking through that knothole, had stepped away and let the light shine through **SOMEBODY WHO DIDN'T WANT TO BE SEEN!**

Quick as a flash Little Beaver darted behind the counter. With his own eye to the knothole, he looked through the wall into a small, lighted room. Two men sat there, playing cards—and one of them was Smut Waldon!

Little Beaver looked again at the black birthmark on the man's nose. He looked so long and so hard that he never heard Po-ko's warning hiss, or Mike Curran's cat-like tread behind him. A heavy hand on his neck was his first warning.

Another tough-looking customer, he saw, was holding Po-ko by the wrist. "What'll we do with 'em, Mike?" the newcomer asked. "They know too much for their own health. I could take 'em out in the canyon and cut their throats."

Mike Curran shook his head. "Not yet," he said. "Our friend may be leavin' town tomorrow, anyway. We'll lock these kids up in the spare grain room at the livery stable for tonight—hawg-tied and gagged."

The grain room was windowless, hot, and dark except for a tiny crack of light



under the door. Little Beaver waited for a long time after that light faded out. Then he went to work on his gag.

Rubbing back and forth on the floor finally loosened the dirty rag from his mouth. His second move was to pull Po-ko's gag off with his teeth. His next was to give a shrill, peculiar whistle.

"Why you do that?" the little girl gasped.

"You find out in two minutes," Little Beaver assured her. "Keep quiet now and wait."

Out in the black cave of the livery stable, Little Beaver's pony, Cloud Tail, had caught the signal. His teeth were busy picking at the knot of his tie-rope. In less than two minutes he was free.

A second whistle guided him to the grain room. Again his teeth came into play, cleverly lifting the wooden latch pin.

"Now, Cloud Tail," murmured the Navaho boy. "You untie-um my hands, pronto-quick, the way I teach-um Smut Waldon and Mike Curran plenty smart, but you and me heap smarter, you betchum."

An hour later, Red Ryder stepped out of the shadows at Cottonwood Springs.

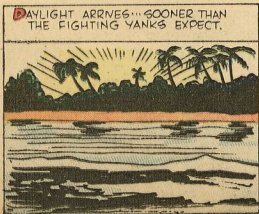
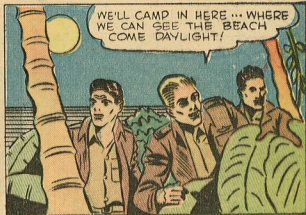
"Fork your hoss and loosen your shooting iron, sheriff," he said. "I hear two Injun ponies coming on the jump. Little Beaver and Po-ko have located Smut Waldon for us tonight—I CAN TELL BY THE WAY THEY RIDE!"

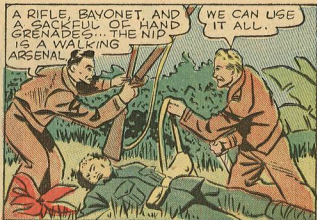


The FIGHTING YANKS

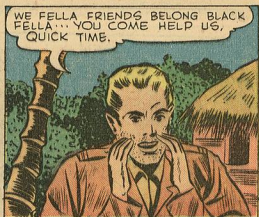


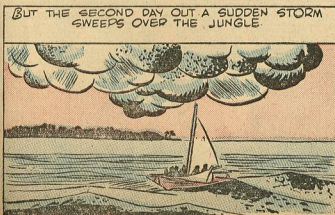
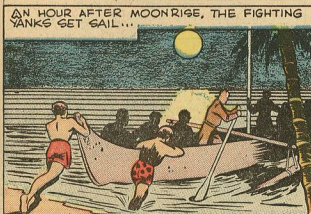
NIGHT SHROUDS THE JUNGLE AND THE FIGHTING YANKS.



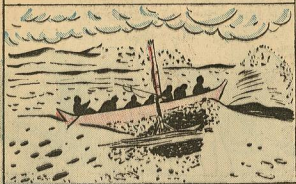








DRIVEN FAR OUT TO SEA. THE PROA
DRIFTS, WITHOUT MAST OR SAIL.

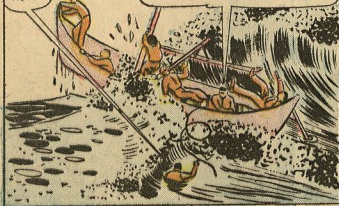


A HUGE COMBER BREAKS ABOARD



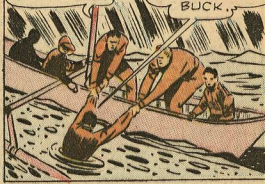
HELP

SNORKY! GRAB TH' LINE!

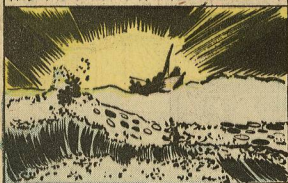


CHEER UP, SNORKY!
ALL'S WELL THAT
ENDS WELL.

YEH... BUT WE
LOST ALL OUR
FOOD AN' WATER,
BUCK.



BY MORNING THE STORM IS OVER-
AND THE PROA IS A WATERLOGGED HULK.



WE'VE BEEN IN TIGHTER
PLACES THAN THIS, YAN.
WE CAN RIG A SAIL OF
SORTS WITH
OUR
CLOTHES.

AND WE CAN
PRAY FOR
RAIN TO DRINK.
SIR. — WAIT! I
SEE SOMETHING.

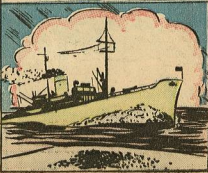


THERE! A U.S. W/
HEADING TH
WAY!

SHE'S SEEN US.



TO THE CASTAWAYS THE
SEAPLANE TENDER "LANCE"
HAS THE BEAUTY OF A
DREAM... OR A MIRAGE.



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULA-
TION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF
August 31, 1911, and March 3, 1907, in Red Ryder Comics published
bi-monthly by Fawcett Publications, N. Y., for October 1, 1942. Date of New
York filing, 11/1/42.

Private use, a matter public in and for the State and society at large, personally appeared F. J. Arevalo, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager at the Red Ryder Casino and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the abovesaid publication for the date shown on the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1915, published in section 1113, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the

* That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, K. K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Editor, Otto Lohrey, Cramo, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Otto Lohrey, Cramo, N. Y.; Business Manager, F. J. Lyle, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

* That the printer is: K. K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

* That the circulation figures for 1960 were:

P. H. Walbridge, Ramona, Wisconsin; F. J. Lyle, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
R. S. Gifford, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

4. That the term *beneficiaries, mortgagees, and other security holders*, meaning or including a part, year or more of total amount of bonds, mortgagees or other securities etc. Note

upon the facts, at the company as true as in any other business relation, the name of the person or corporation, her whose such name is being, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embodying at least a full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under

which shareholders and creditors hold, who do not appear upon the books of the company as owners, hold such and securities to a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affidavit has no effect to believe that any other person, partnership, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the property of the company.

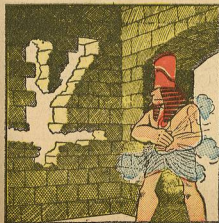
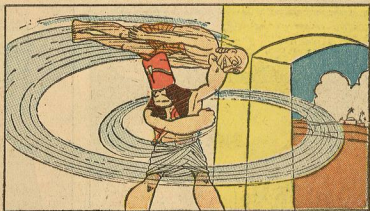
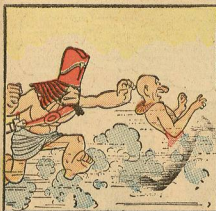
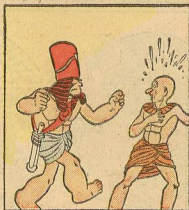
(Signed) J. J. L. J. J. J.
Business Manager

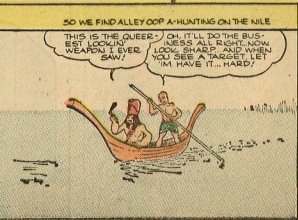
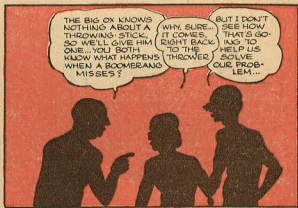
Approved and forwarded to him on the eight day of September, 1944
 (Signed) *John C. ...* *John C. ...*

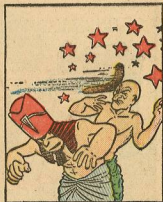
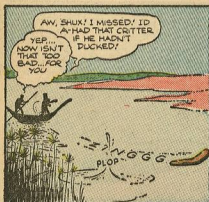
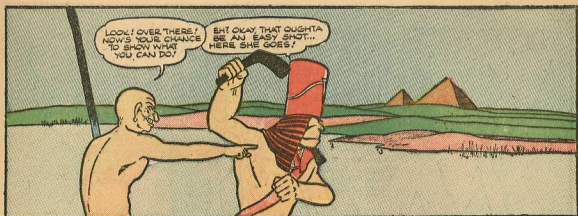
THE ATTENTION LAVISHED BY CLEOPATRA ON OOP, WHOM THE EGYPTIAN QUEEN BELIEVES TO BE A HIGH-RANKING PRIEST, IS RESENTED BY HER COURT NOBLES

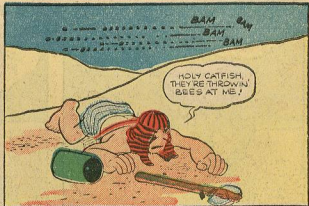
ALLEY OOP!

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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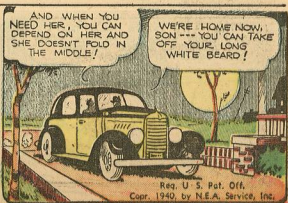
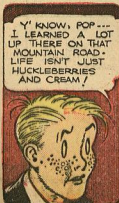
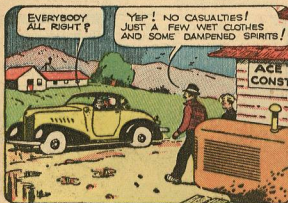




FRECKLES

and his

FRIENDS





---THEN SUDDENLY YOU REALIZE THAT EVERYTHING ISN'T JUST TINSLE. THE DECORATIONS WEAR OFF QUICKLY AND DISCLOSE WHAT THEY ARE REALLY COVERING!

???



IT'S LIKE STIR-RING THE SURFACE OF A POOL WITH A STICK, AND FINDING OUT WHAT'S REALLY DOWN THERE!



ALL THE SURFACE THINGS DISAPPEAR IN THE RIPPLES. BUT IF THE POOL IS CRYSTAL CLEAR, YOU KNOW IT'S BEAUTIFUL ALL THE TIME!

!!!



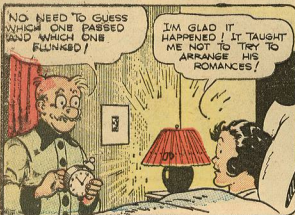
WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? HE TALKS LIKE A BOOK!

HE'S ALL RIGHT. HE'S IN **LOVE**! HE'LL LIE AWAKE ALL NIGHT AND STARE AT THE CEILING AND HAVE HIS WHOLE LIFE PLANNED BY MORNING!



THAT SON OF OURS IS GOING AROUND TALKING LIKE A DISILLUSIONED POET!

THAT MOUNTAIN TRIP GAVE HIM A CHANCE TO COMPARE TWO GIRLS, JUNE AND SYLVIA!



NO NEED TO GUESS WHICH ONE PASSED AND WHICH ONE FLUNKED!

I'M GLAD IT HAPPENED! IT TAUGHT ME NOT TO TRY TO ARRANGE HIS ROMANCES!

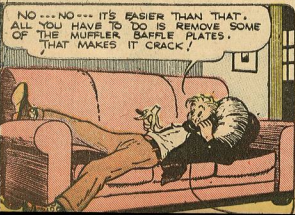


HIS JUDGMENT IS PRETTY SOUND AND HE HAS A FINE SENSE OF VALUES. BEING A MOTHER, I NATURALLY HOPE TO FIND SOMEONE WORTHY OF MY SON!



-BUT WITH A GIRL LIKE JUNE IN THE PICTURE, MY JOB IS TO TRY TO MAKE MY SON THE ONE TO BE WORTHY!

GOSH, HE'S EVEN GOT **YOU** DOING IT NOW!



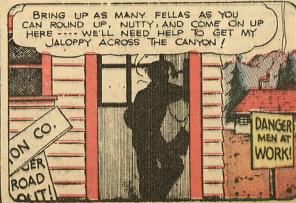
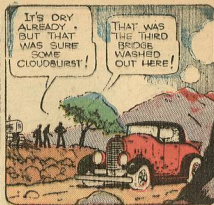
NO --- NO --- IT'S EASIER THAN THAT. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS REMOVE SOME OF THE MUFFLER BAFFLE PLATES. THAT MAKES IT CRACK!

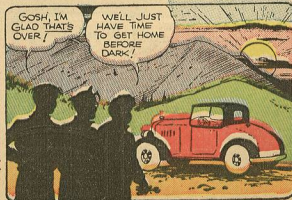
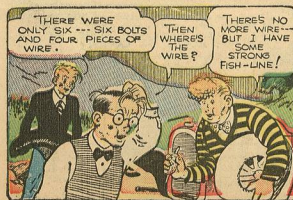
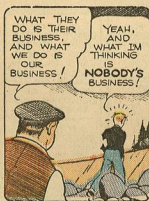
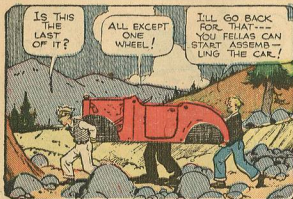
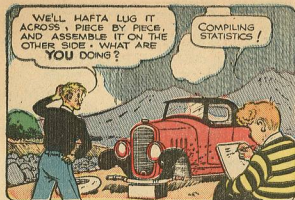


DON'T OPEN IT AROUND TOWN, THOUGH! THE COPS WILL SHAKE ORDINANCE 45-A IN YOUR FACE AND HALL YOU INTO THE KUNK!

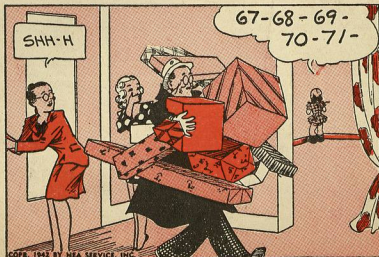
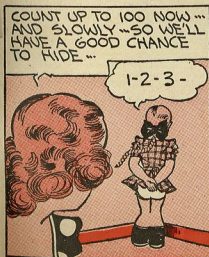
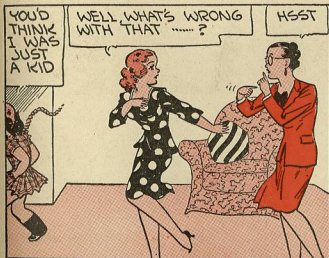


ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? HE GOES TO BED WITH THE BURDENS OF THE WORLD ON HIS SHOULDERS AND WAKES UP UNWORRIED AND CAREFREE!





BOOTS



merry Christmas — Boots

WANTON

