

RED RYDER

Comics

10¢ AUGUST

DALE B. LONG

DALE B. LONG

DALE B. LONG



Also
DALE B. LONG TELECOMICS

RED RYDER RANCH
PAGOSA SPRINGS, COLORADO



Howdy Folks:

I'VE HAD MANY LETTERS FROM YOU
FRIENDS SAYING HOW MUCH YOU LIKE
THESE RANCH PICTURES ~~~
I APPRECIATE YOUR INTEREST
AND WILL KEEP ON SENDING THEM ~~~

I'LL TAKE SOME MORE INDIAN
PICTURES AS SOON AS I HAVE
TIME TO GET AWAY FROM THE
RANCH ~~~

ADIOS FOR NOW ~

RED HARMAN



"MY LOG CABIN HOME
ON THE RED RYDER RANCH"

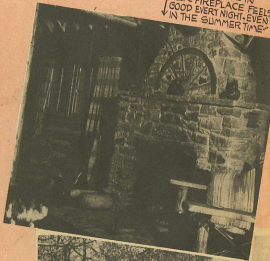
"A WARM FIRE IN
OUR FIREPLACE FEELS
GOOD EVERY NIGHT, EVEN
IN THE SUMMER TIME."



"WE'RE ROPING
TO VACCINATE
AND IT'S HARD
WORK WITH
FULL-GROWN
CATTLE"

"I'M ON ONE
OF MY
FAVORITE
HORSES"

"PACK BURROS
BRINGING
SUPPLIES
INTO A
SHEEP
CAMP"



JOHN LYMAN PHOTOS, PAGOSA SPRINGS, COLO.

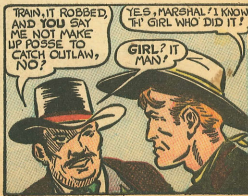
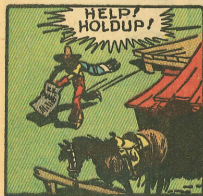
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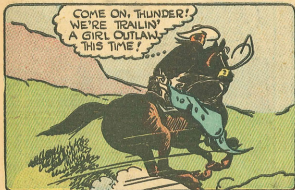
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RED RYDER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Copr. 1944, by N.E.A. Service, Inc.









HATE TO ROPE
A GIRL --



BUT SHE'LL SHOOT
IF SHE CAN!
NOW!



OH!



SORRY TO BE SO ROUGH, STELLA,
BUT TH' SHERIFF WANTS A
DATE WITH YOU!

NO!
NO!



YOU HAVE NO
AUTHORITY TO TAKE
ME BACK-- THIS
ISN'T RIMROCK COUNTY!



BUT WE'RE NOT GOIN'
TO RIMROCK-- WE'RE
HEADIN' FOR
EL CABESTRO--

AND IF THAT MAIL
CLERK HASN'T
DIED, YOU'LL BE
CHARGED WITH
ROBBERY ONLY!



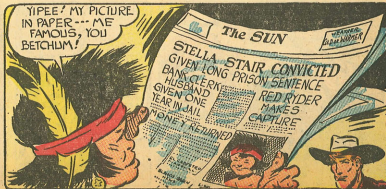
RED RYDER?
YOU HAVE CATCH
OUTLAW SENORITA,
NO? BUENO?

YES, MARSHAL---
AND THE
MONEY!



SHE LUCKY MAIL
CLERK NOT DIE!

THEN YOU'LL NOT
OBJECT IF I TAKE
HER TO RIMROCK
FOR TRIAL?



MEANWHILE

RUSTLE UP THAT GRUB,
MEN--WE AIN'T SAFE, YET!



AN' WE NEVER
WILL BE--LONG AS
FANCYPANTS LAYS
AROUN' SUNNIN'
OFF HIS SINS!



HOLD ON, BOYS! WE'RE
NEARIN' RIMROCK,
AND HERE'S A CAVE!



THIS WILL BE
YOUR HIDEOUT
WHILE I HOLD
DOWN OUR
INSURANCE
OFFICE!



INSURANCE
OFFICE?
ARE YOU PLUMB
LOCO, FANCYPANTS?

NO! WE'RE GOIN'
TO INSURE THE
RANCHERS' COWS
AGAINST
RUSTLERS!



BUT THAT
TAKES MONEY!

YOU'LL RUSTLE ENOUGH
COWS TO GIVE US A
STAKE WHILE I SPEND
A FEW DAYS IN RIMROCK
BUILDIN' AN HONEST
REP! SAWY?



RIMROCK!
PLENTY OF
COW
MONEY IN THIS
COUNTY!



JUST TH' PLACE
FOR MY NEW
BUSINESS--
I'LL CLEAN UP
AND--

BE OUTA TH' STATE
'FORE THEY CAN
DUST OFF TH'
DIRT!



HI, PARD? CAN
YOU TOSS ME
SOME INFORMATION?



SURE!

I'M
INSURING
RANCHERS
AGAINST
CATTLE
RUSTLERS!



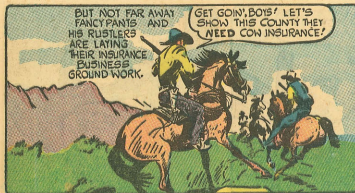
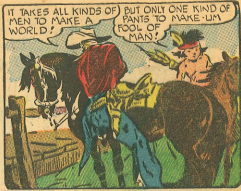
WE'VE GOT
INSURANCE,
MISTER--
A
SIX-GUN!

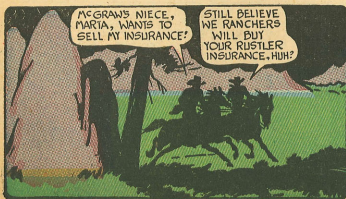
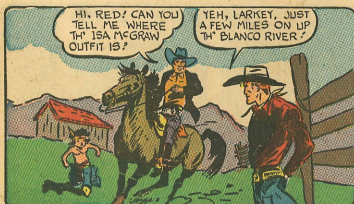
MY NAME'S
LARKET!

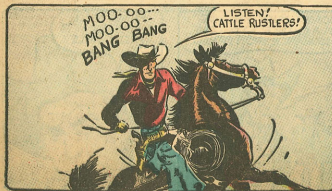
YOU MEAN YOU WON'T BUY
MY COW
INSURANCE?

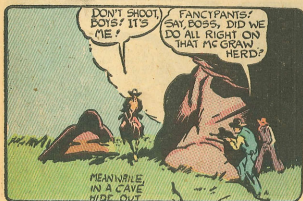


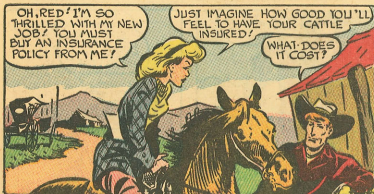
NO, STRANGER! WE
RANCHERS CAN GET
ALONG WITHOUT IT--













GOOD, BUT
FORGET
RYDER!



HE'LL BUY, BUT
TOO LATE TO
SAVE PART OF
HIS CATTLE!



SOMETHIN'
GO WRONG,
FANCYPANTS?

NOT YET, BUT IT'S
GOIN' TO --- FOR
RYDER!



HI, RED! CHANGED
YOUR MIND ABOUT
BUYIN' MY COW-THIEF
INSURANCE?

NO. LARKEY... FORGET IT!



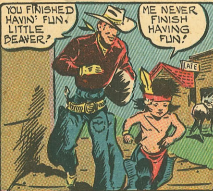
HOW 'BOUT A GAME
OF POOL? IF YOU
LOSE YOU'LL
BUY MY---

NOPE!
I NEVER
GAMBLE-
S'LONG,
LARKEY!



YOU FINISHED
HAVIN' FUN,
LITTLE
BEAVER?

ME NEVER
FINISH
HAVING
FUN!



BUT IT'S LATE AND
A LONG RIDE HOME!
KICK UP YOUR PONY!

YOU BETCHUM!



MEANWHILE,
LARKEY'S
RUSTLERS
HAVE STRUCK
AT RED'S
HERD!

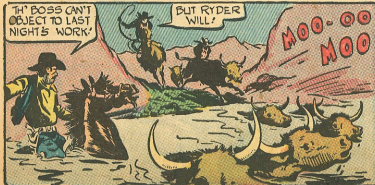
HAZE 'EM TOWARD
TH' RIVER---WE'LL
SWIM 'EM DOWN-
STREAM!



TH' BOSS CAN'T
OBJECT TO LAST
NIGHT'S WORK!

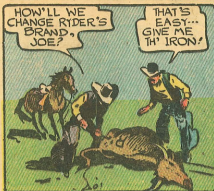
BUT RYDER
WILL!

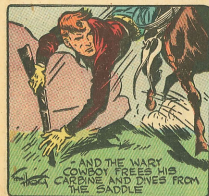
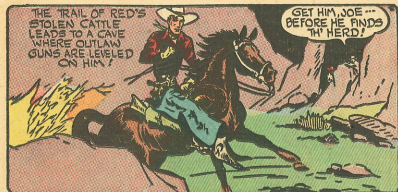
MOO-O-O
MOO



AND WHEN HE FAILS TO
FIND HIS COWS, MEBBE
HE'LL SMART UP AN'
BUY LARKEY'S
INSURANCE!



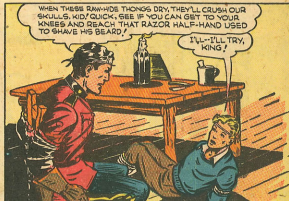
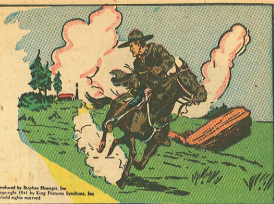


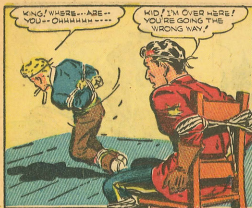




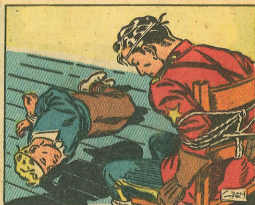
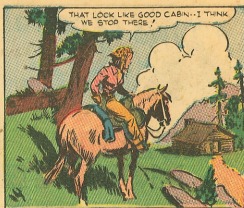
Zane Grey's KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

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SUDDENLY A MYSTERIOUS GIRL APPROACHES THE MURDERED HUNTER'S CABIN WHERE THE VLLANCUS HALF-HAND HAS TIED KING AND KID AND LEFT THEM TO DIE!



YOU MAY BE SKIPPER OF THIS BARGE, CAPTAIN, BUT I'M PETROL N.E.O., SEE? USED TO GIVING ORDERS, NOT TAKING THEM!



WE'RE NOT BUDGING AN INCH OFF THIS WHARF!



--AND AS FOR YOU, GULL, YOU'RE MY NEPHEW, BUT I WANT TO TELL YOU HERE AND NOW, I NEVER ONCE TRUSTED YOU!

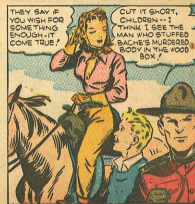
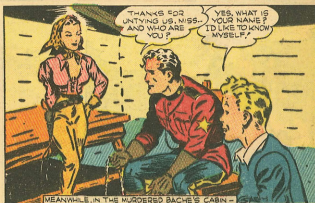


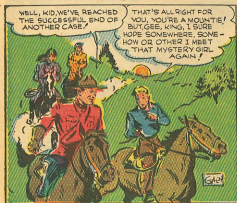
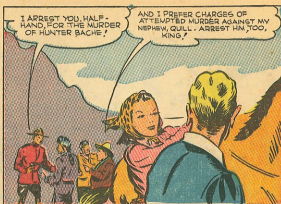
I'M NOT AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THE PROVINCIAL POLICE FOR NOTHING--IF THER THIS BOAT NOR ANY OF YOU ARE MAKING A MOVE FROM HERE UNTIL KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED REAPPEARS!



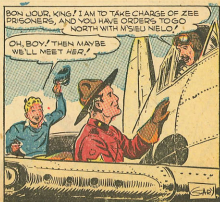
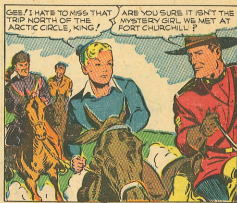
YOUNG BOY HE TIED UP! MOUNTIE POLICEMAN HE TIED UP! NO CAN TIE EACH OTHER UP! BUT ME, I WILL UNITE THEM BOTH!

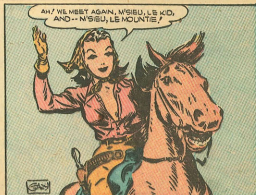
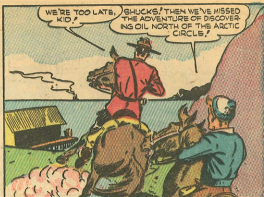






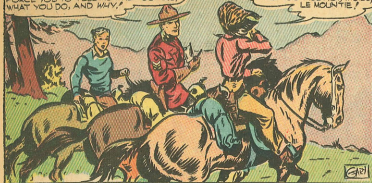
LEAVING NIELD'S EXPEDITION, KING AND KID BACK-TRACK WITH THEIR PRISONERS, NIELD'S NEPHEW AND HALF-HAND





FOLLOWING NIELO'S OIL-HUNTING EXPEDITION, KING AND KID ARE ACCOMPANIED BY A MYSTERY GIRL WHO REFUSES TO DIVULGE HER IDENTITY.

YOU KNOW, AS A MOUNTIE, I SHOULD FORCE YOU TO TELL ME WHO YOU ARE, WHAT YOU DO, AND WHY?



BUT YOU ARE A GENTLEMAN AND YOU WILL NOT, M'SIEU, LE MOUNTIE?

I KNOW THIS ARCTIC COUNTRY WELL AND WILL GUIDE YOU TO NIELLO'S CAMP. IS THAT NOT ENOUGH, FOR THE MOMENT, AT LEAST?



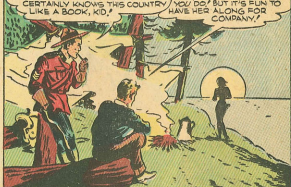
GUESS SO...YOU DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A GIRL CRIMINAL, IF I DO SAY SO, MYSELF?

AS WHO SHOULDN'T?



OUR MYSTERIOUS GIRL GUIDE CERTAINLY KNOWS THIS COUNTRY LIKE A BOOK, KID?

YES, ABOUT AS WELL AS YOU DO, BUT IT'S FUN TO HAVE HER ALONG FOR COMPANY?



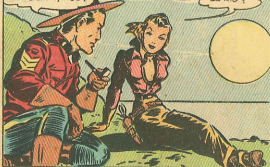
BUT I STILL WONDER WHO SHE IS AND WHY SHE CAME WITH US.

ME, TOO? I THINK I'LL TRY A LITTLE MOONLIGHT CROSS EXAMINATION!



DON'T YOU THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GAVE US SOME REASON FOR YOUR OFFER TO GUIDE US TO NIELLO'S ARCTIC CAMP, MISS?

NIGHT IT NOT BE THAT HAVE TAKEN A GREAT INTEREST IN N'SIEU, LE KID?

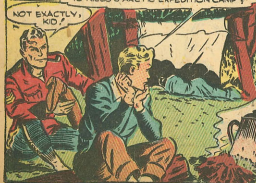


OR IN YOU, M'SIEU, LE MOUNTIE?



SHE'S ASLEEP? DID SHE TELL YOU WHY SHE'S GUIDING US TO NIELLO'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION CAMP?

NOT EXACTLY, KID?



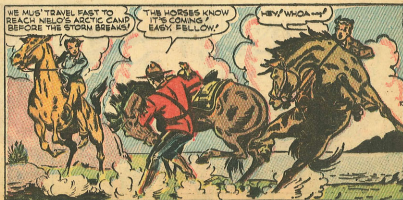
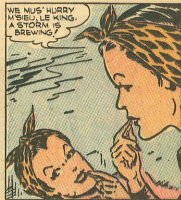
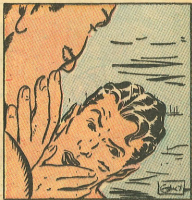
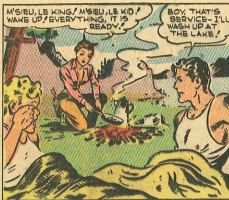
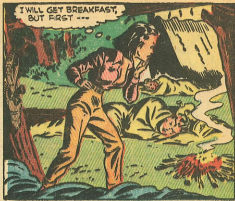
I NOTICED THAT SHE'S PAYING A LOT OF ATTENTION TO YOU, ISN'T SHE?

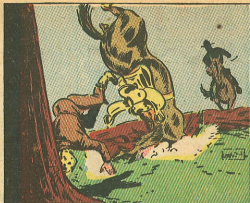
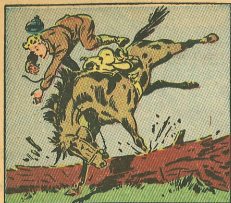
NONSENSE! GO TO SLEEP!



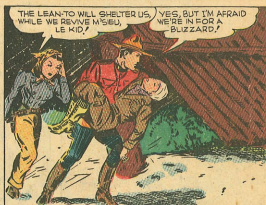
YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT SHE'S PRETTY, KID... G'NIGHT!

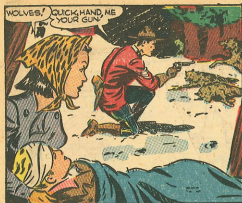






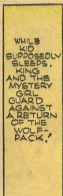
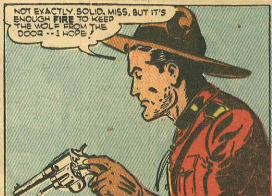
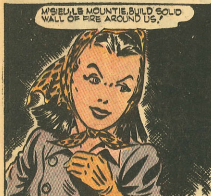
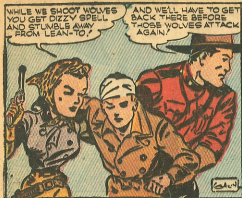
IN THE
GATHERING
STORM,
APPROACHING
BLIZZARD
PROPORTIONS,
KID'S
FRIGHTENED
HORSE
THROWS
HIM
HEAD LONG
AGAINST
A TREE!





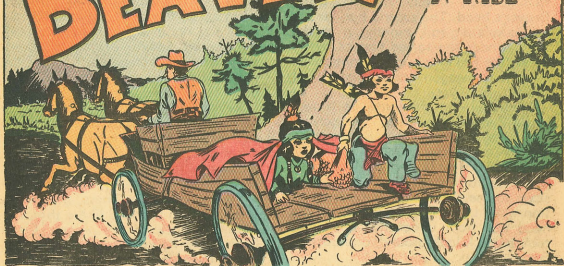
AS KING AND THE MYSTERY GIRL FEND OFF A PACK OF WOLVES IN THE BLINDING BLIZZARD, THE HALF-CONSCIOUS KID STRAYS FROM THE LEAN-TO





LITTLE BEAVER

STEALS A RIDE



With his spring wagon groaning under his three-months' load of trade goods, Dad Fairdeal drove up to the cow-town bank. He tied his horses at the hitching rail. Leaving them, he went inside, with a neighborly nod to a pair of strangers loafing outside.

Warm-hearted and unsuspicious, Dad never saw the meanness in their looks. He didn't catch the hungry glance that they sent after him. His old ears completely missed their muttered words.

But other eyes and ears were keener. Two Navaho kids, barely ten years old, one would judge, weren't missing a single play.

"He always draws a couple of thousand in silver when he leaves town, they tell me," the pock-marked stranger said under his breath.

"Yeh," replied the other, whose broken nose made him uglier. "The Injuns he trades with like hard money. And so do we, Buckshot! We'll be waitin' for him at the river, 'bout sundown. Come on!"

With another glance up and down the street, the tough-looking pair moved away.

"Po-ko, you hear-um?" gasped Little Beaver, peeking around the corner of the bank. "They plan rob-um Trader Fairdeal. How we going to stop-um? Ugh?"

"We tell-um Fairdeal when he come out of bank," the small girl suggested.

"Nah!" snorted her boy friend. "Him no believe-um us. Dad Fairdeal trust-um everybody—say no one rob-um him yet. We got-um job to save-um silver money, me think-um."

Leaning against the bank wall, his head on his hand, Little Beaver thought hard. Suddenly he straightened up.

"Okay!" he whispered, seizing Po-ko's hand. "We hide-um in wagon under tarpaulin!"

"Me savvy!" she replied, as they dashed toward the hitching rail. "You and me steal-um ride—keep-um out-laws from steal-um silver—IF WE CAN!"

Little Beaver jerked loose the hackamore ropes of their own mounts, and gave each pony a slap on the rump.

"They go-um home alone," he said. "Now jump-um quick in wagon before Trader Fairdeal come-um out!"

Carrying a thirty-pound bag of silver in each hand, Dad Fairdeal strode down the bank steps and over to the rail. With a heavy CLUNK he dropped the first bag behind the wagon seat, barely missing Little Beaver's head. The second bag landed on Po-ko's pig-tail, pinning it to the floor. Under the tarred canvas cover-sheet, the two kids huddled motionless—until the wagon had rattled out of town.

"Fairdeal no find-um us now," Little Beaver whispered "We got-um long ride to river. Me take-um good nap."

Twilight was falling as Dad Fairdeal's team trotted down the sandy slope to the river. The change of motion woke Little Beaver. He thrust his head out from under the tarpaulin, took a quick look around, and ducked back.

"Help-um me quick, Po-ko!" he exclaimed. "We throw-um out money-bags here . . . Ugh! Mighty heavy silver, you betchum!"

In the deep sand the two falling bags made no noise to speak of—and the two kids jumping out made less.

"We hide-um in bushes," said Little Beaver, lugging a thousand dollars in coins. "Outflows get-um surprise—find-um no money in wagon."

"Oh, look-um!" whispered Po-ko, peering through the dusk. "Two riders stop-um team. Me think-um we just in time."

A pair of coyotes could not have hidden their approach any better than the two Navaho kids did. But they had to go slow. By the time they reached the wagon, angry and astonished Dad Fairdeal was tied to a cottonwood trunk. The two hold-up men were laughing as they fastened their own horses' reins to the wagon's rear.

"If you git cold tonight, you can hug that old tree a little tighter, Pop," the man with the broken nose chuckled.

"We'll think of you every time we spend one o' them silver cartwheels," sneered Buckshot, the pock-marked man.

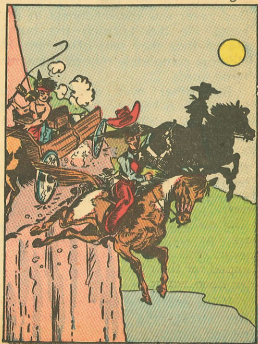
They stepped up to the driver's seat, and started. But only Dad saw the two small figures running after the wagon—close to the tailboard, between the led horses.

At the edge of the river ford the team splashed noisily. The sound covered any noise the kids made climbing aboard. Safe under the big tarp, they whispered together, while the wagon wallowed across to the other bank.

Beyond the ford the road took a steep grade, an almost straight climb to the top of the bluff. Below, the river narrowed and deepened. Another team, attempting to pass, would have been forced over a fifty-foot drop-off. In the growing darkness the river's growling rush sounded like a threat.

In the back of the wagon, Little Beaver and Po-ko eased the tailboard down. Then, as fast as they could, they slid out the bales and smaller boxes of trade goods. Last of all—when the wagon reached the flat top of the bluff—they slid out themselves.

Barely had they ducked into the bushes when there came a crash. A crate of pots and pans that Little Beaver had balanced over the tail gate





had hit the ground. Shouting, the outlaws pulled to a stop.

"The danged wagon is EMPTY!" yelled Broken Nose. "Every last thing musta spilled out, comin' uphill."

"The silver, too?" rasped Buckshot. "We gotta find that first."

"They got-um heap long hunt!" giggled Little Beaver in the darkness.

He waited till the men had passed out of hearing. Without hurrying, he tied the two led horses in a clump of aspens, off the road.

"Now, Po-ko," he said, returning to the wagon, "we make-um robbers step high, wide, and handsome . . . You betchum!" he added, turning the team around.

The pounding of hoofs, the rattle and bang of the empty wagon coming down at breakneck speed—not to mention Little Beaver's shrill, "Yip-pee!"—gave the outlaws plenty of warning. But there was nothing they could do. Furious, they waited with drawn guns. At the last moment they fired.

Bullets zipped past Little Beaver's ears. The next instant his wagonwheels fanned the outlaws' backs as they jumped for their lives. A fifty-foot fall into deep water is better than death under runaway hoofs and wheels.

Roped to the tree, Dad Fairdeal had heard the whole rumpus, but he still couldn't believe his ears. Maybe,

he thought, some crazy Indian buck driving another wagon had forced his stolen outfit into the river. But in that case there would have been a crash!

As the team of horses splashed out of the water on his side, Dad let out a yell for help. Even a celebrating Hopi would know enough to cut his ropes . . . And then the team stopped!

"You feel-um okay, Dad?" Little Beaver sang out, as he ran to release the old trader. "We got-um big job—pick-um up all your load out of road."

"We dump-um," added Po-ko. "Make-um outlaws go hunt-um silver in dark—tee, hee! But silver not on load."

"Not on the load?" whooped Fairdeal. "What in tarnation are you sayin'? I loaded them two bags o' coin myself—at the bank."

"And we UN-load um," Po-ko explained, as Little Beaver cut the ropes. "We hide-um silver in bushes before you get-um outlaws. Money safe, trade goods safe, wagon safe, outlaws safe—"

"Safe—them danged robbers?" the old man interrupted. "Where in tunket are they?"

"Mebbe three-four miles down river if they know-um how to swim," Little Beaver chuckled. "No got-um hosses. No got-um guns. Mebbeso lose-um boots. They heap plenty safe from US, you betchum!"

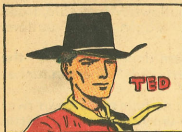


KIYOTEE KIDS



Copyright 1965 by
Stephen Savage, Inc.

SILVER HAS BEEN DISCOVERED!
SAGE CITY IS TRANSFORMED
FROM COWTOWN TO BOOMTOWN!



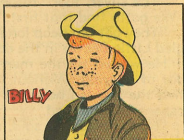
TED

... **A BORN COWBOY,** DOING A MAN'S WORK SINCE HIS FATHER WAS KILLED BY OUTLAWS, AND LEADER OF THE "KIYOTEE KIDS" YOUNG VIGILANTES DETERMINED TO STAMP OUT CRIME.



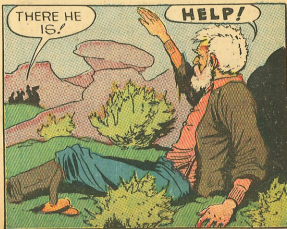
SANDY

... **SECOND IN COMMAND** OF THE YOUTHFUL ORGANIZATION, AND A CRACK SHOT.



BILLY

... **YOUNGEST OF THE THREE,** AND THIRD IN COMMAND, STRONG AND A FEROCIOUS FIGHTER WHEN AROUSED. BILLY AND SANDY WERE ADOPTED BY TED'S FATHER.

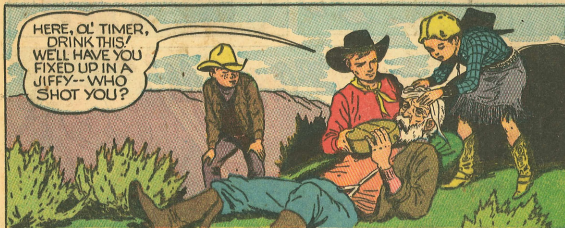




HE'S ALL SHOT UP!

WATER!

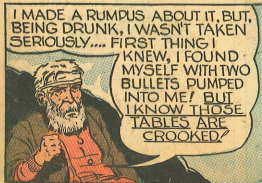
GIVE ME YOUR CANTEEN, BILLY! SANDY, YOU MAKE A BANDAGE FROM OUR HANDKER-CHIEFS, QUICK!



HERE, OL' TIMER, DRINK THIS! WE'LL HAVE YOU FIXED UP IN A JIFFY-- WHO SHOT YOU?



IT WAS THE SILVER STAR SALOON CROWD! I MADE A BIG STAKE, BUT LOST IT ALL GAMBLING ON ONE OF THEIR CROOKED ROULETTE TABLES!



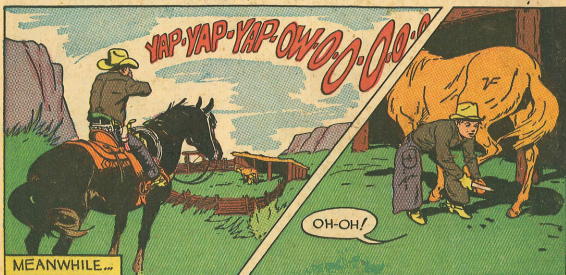
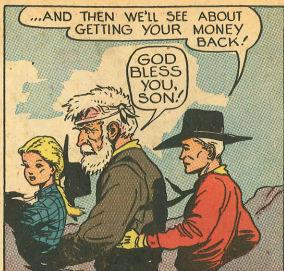
I MADE A RUMPUS ABOUT IT, BUT, BEING DRUNK, I WASN'T TAKEN SERIOUSLY.... FIRST THING I

KNEW, I FOUND MYSELF WITH TWO BULLETS PUMPED INTO ME! BUT I KNOW THOSE TABLES ARE CROOKED!



GET GOIN', BILLY! THAT'S THE PROOF WE NEED! CALL IN THE KIYOTEE KIDS!

RIGHT! GIT GOIN', HOSS!



FROM FAR AND NEAR
THE KIYOTEE KIDS
GATHER AND RIDE
THROUGH THE SECRET
PASS THROUGH
THE CANYON WALL
THAT LEADS TO
THEIR HEADQUARTERS.

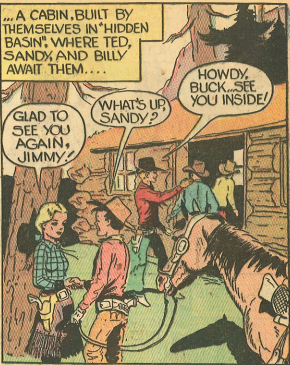


...A CABIN, BUILT BY
THEMSELVES IN "HIDDEN
BASIN", WHERE TED,
SANDY, AND BILLY
AWAIT THEM...

HOWDY,
BUCK...SEE
YOU INSIDE!

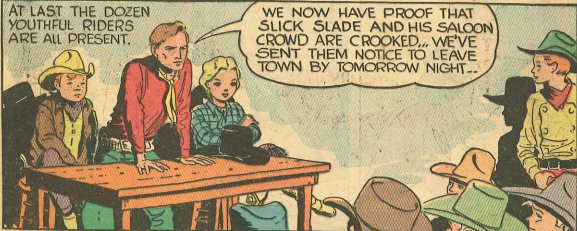
WHAT'S UP,
SANDY?

GLAD TO
SEE YOU
AGAIN,
JIMMY.

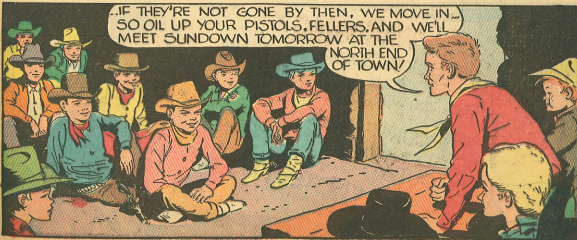


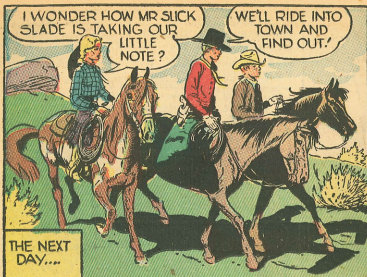
AT LAST THE DOZEN
YOUTHFUL RIDERS
ARE ALL PRESENT.

WE NOW HAVE PROOF THAT
SLICK SLADE AND HIS SALOON
CROWD ARE CROOKED... WE'VE
SENT THEM NOTICE TO LEAVE
TOWN BY TOMORROW NIGHT...



...IF THEY'RE NOT GONE BY THEN, WE MOVE IN...
SO OIL UP YOUR PISTOLS, FELLERS, AND WE'LL
MEET SUNDOWN TOMORROW AT THE
NORTH END
OF TOWN!





I WONDER HOW MR SLICK SLADE IS TAKING OUR LITTLE NOTE?

WE'LL RIDE INTO TOWN AND FIND OUT!

THE NEXT DAY...



I'LL MEET YOU TWO AT THE LIVERY STABLE IN HALF AN HOUR--I'M GOING OVER TO THE SILVER STAR AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND!

OKAY, TED, BUT BE CAREFUL!



BACK OF THE SILVER STAR...

WANT A GOOD LAUGH? I RECEIVED THIS LETTER THIS MORNING!

SLADE'S VOICE! I'LL LISTEN IN!



HAW, HAW, HAW!

SOMEONE'S PLAYIN' A JOKE ON YOU, BOSS!



WARNING!

TO: SLICK SLADE AND ALL THE CROOKED GAMBLERS OF THE SILVER STAR SALOON:

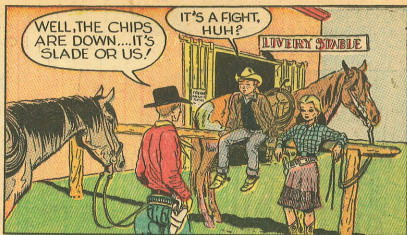
BE OUT OF TOWN BY SUNDOWN TOMORROW OR BE RUN OUT!!

THE KYOTEE KIDS

HAH! AND TONIGHT'S WHEN WE'RE MAKING OUR BIG HAUL!



THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!



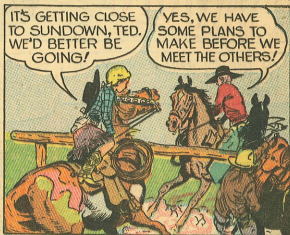
WELL, THE CHIPS ARE DOWN....IT'S SLADE OR US!

IT'S A FIGHT, HUH?



RIGHT! THERE'S GOING TO BE A BIG GAMBLING PARTY TONIGHT--EVERYONE WITH MONEY'LL BE THERE....

...AND SLADE'S EXPECTING TO CLEAN UP WITH HIS CROOKED TABLES!



IT'S GETTING CLOSE TO SUNDOWN, TED. WE'D BETTER BE GOING!

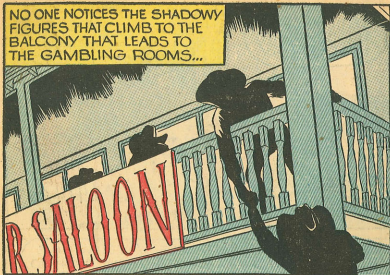
YES, WE HAVE SOME PLANS TO MAKE BEFORE WE MEET THE OTHERS!



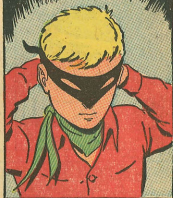
SUNDOWN, AND THE KIWOTEE KIDS SWING INTO ACTION....

WE'LL RIDE INTO TOWN, ONE AT A TIME...AFTER THAT EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT TO DO!

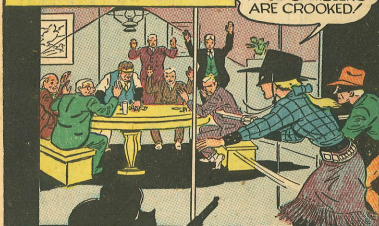
NO ONE NOTICES THE SHADOWY FIGURES THAT CLIMB TO THE BALCONY THAT LEADS TO THE GAMBLING ROOMS...



DEFT FINGERS ADJUST BLACK MASKS...



AT THE SIGNAL, SANDY AND HER GROUP BURST INTO THE CARD ROOM.....



GENTLEMEN, THE GAME IS OVER! THESE GAMBLERS ARE CROOKED!



WHAT IS THIS, KID....A JOKE?

REACH FOR THAT GUN AND YOU'LL FIND OUT!



WHY YOU--!



AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE....



SHERIFF, YOU'RE
WANTED AT THE SILVER
STAR, PRONTO!

WHILE THE REST OF THE KIYOTEE KIDS ARE TAKING CARE
OF THE GAMBLING ROOMS, TED CAPTURES SLADE....



YOU'RE GOING
TO GET INTO A
LOT OF TROUBLE
FOR THIS,
KID!

YOU WERE WARNED....
NOW YOU'LL TAKE
THE CONSEQUENCES!



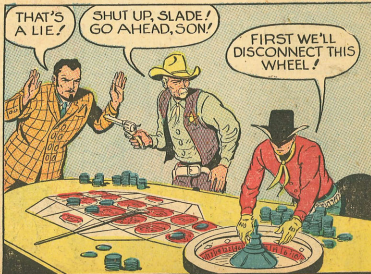
WHAT'S
GOIN' ON
HERE?

JUST
IN TIME,
SHERIFF!

CROOKED DEALERS IN
CARDS, DICE, FARO,
AND ROULETTE ARE
HERDED TOGETHER
IN THE ROULETTE ROOM...



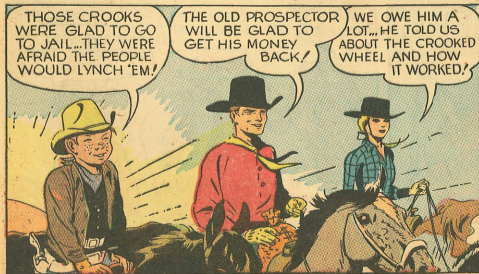
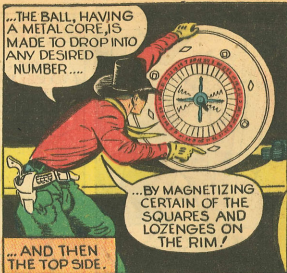
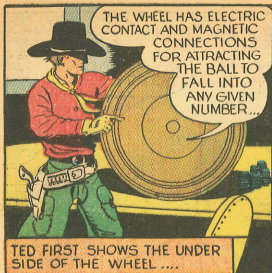
SHERIFF, I'M
GOING TO PROVE
TO YOU THAT
THESE GAMBLING
TABLES ARE CROOKED!



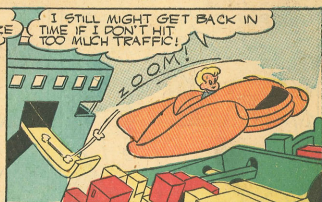
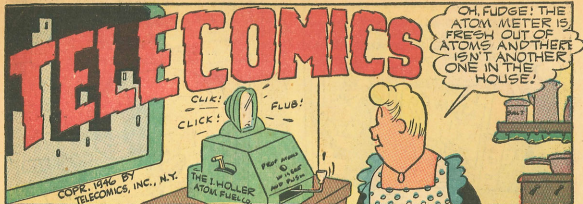
THAT'S
A LIE!

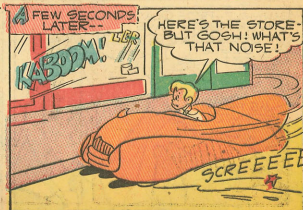
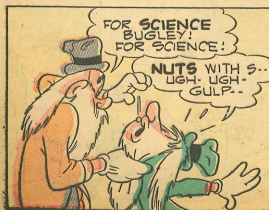
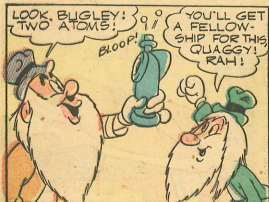
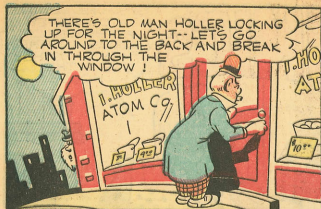
SHUT UP, SLADE!
GO AHEAD, SON!

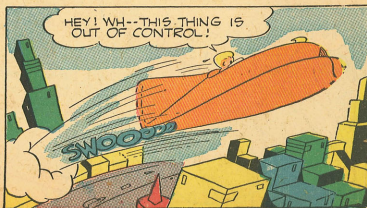
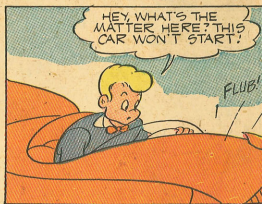
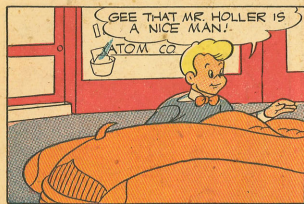
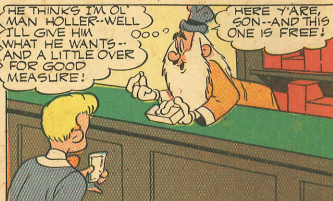
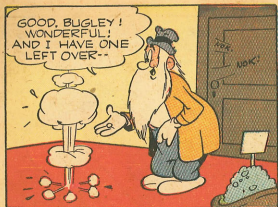
FIRST WE'LL
DISCONNECT THIS
WHEEL!

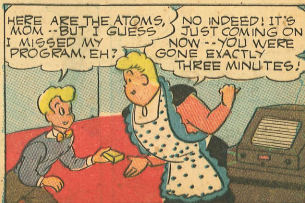
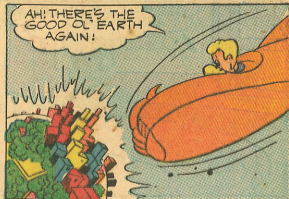
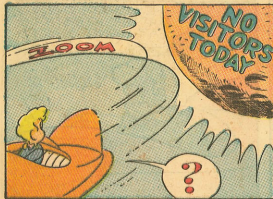
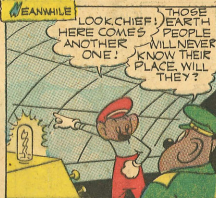
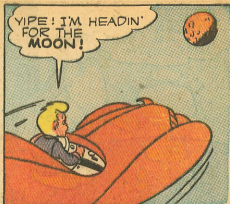
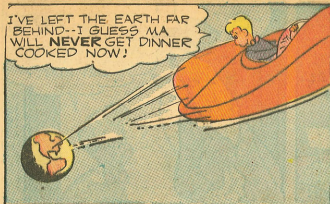


WATCH
FOR
THE
FUTURE
DEEDS
OF
THE
KIDNTEE
KIDS!







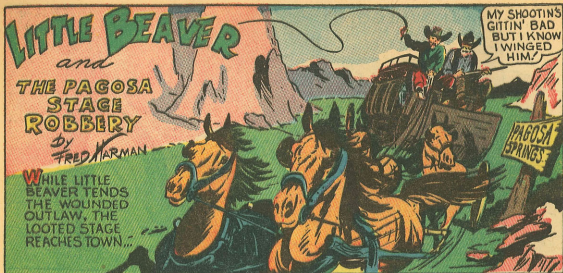


LITTLE BEAVER

and THE PAGOSA STAGE ROBBERY


by
FRED HARMAN

WHILE LITTLE
BEAVER TENDS
THE WOUNDED
OUTLAW, THE
LOOTED STAGE
REACHES TOWN...

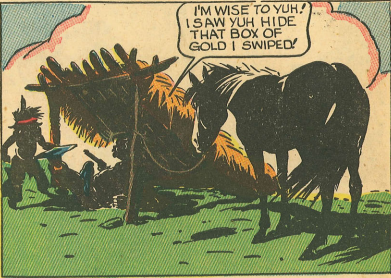




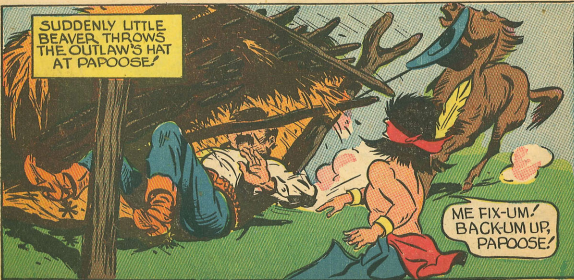
NOW ME GO
GETTUM MORE
GRUB, YOU BETCHUM!



NO YUH
DON'T, KID!



I'M WISE TO YUH!
I SAW YUH HIDE
THAT BOX OF
GOLD I SWIPED!



SUDDENLY LITTLE
BEAVER THROWS
THE OUTLAW'S HAT
AT PAPOOSE!

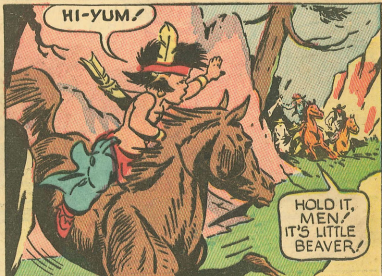
ME FIX-UM!
BACKUM UP,
PAPOOSE!



HIM KNOCKED OUT! NOW
USE-UM STRIPS OF BARK
TO TIE-UM UP BADMAN!

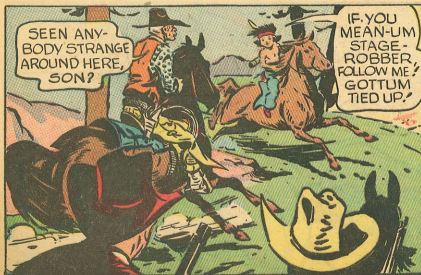


ME FETCHUM
SHERIFF,
PRONTO!



HI-YUM!

HOLD IT,
MEN!
IT'S LITTLE
BEAVER!

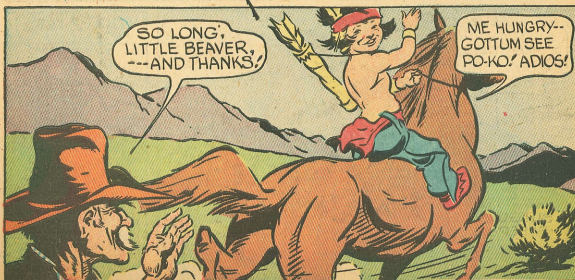
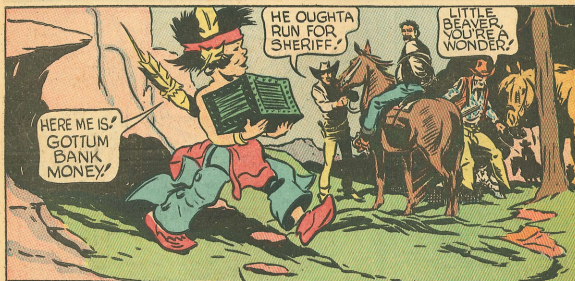


SEEN ANY-
BODY STRANGE
AROUND HERE,
SON?

IF YOU MEAN-UM
STAGE-
ROBBER,
FOLLOW ME!
GOTTUM
TIED UP!



WHAT? LET'S
GO, MEN!



LITTLE BEAVER

IN

GOAT TROUBLE



WHY YOU
PICK-UM
MANY
BERRIES,
POKO?

FOR MA-MA!
SHE MAKE-UM
PEMMICAN,
LITTLE BEAVER!



YUM! --- BETTER
EAT-UM JUST
LIKE THIS!

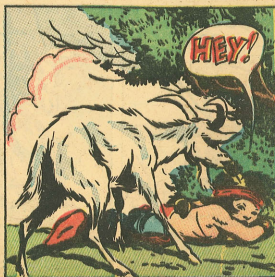


STOP!

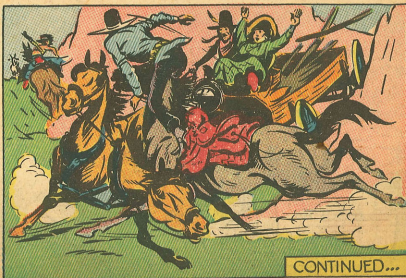
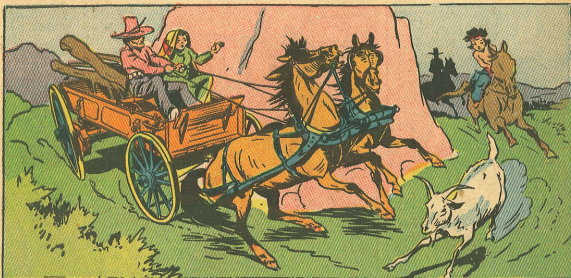
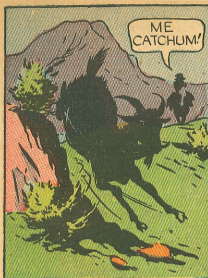
SINCE SQUAW
ALREADY MAD-ANGRY,
ME EAT-UM ALL
BERRIES!



GOOD FEED,
BUT GOT TO
SLEEP-UM
TILL TUMMY
FEEL BETTER!



HEY!



Cowboys *by* FRED HARMAN

ROUNDING UP CATTLE ON THE ROUGH MOUNTAIN RANGES MEANS HARD RIDING FOR THE MOUNTAIN COWBOY...

A RANGE-BORN CALF IS WILD AS A DEER AND WILL TEST THE SKILL OF ANY RIDER AND WELL TRAINED COWHORSE...

TO KEEP THE RUNNING ANIMAL IN SIGHT AND HEADED RIGHT, THE COWBOY MUST FIGHT HEAVY TIMBER, BRUSH, DEADFALLS, AND SHARP SNAGS THAT WILL TEAR FLESH AND RIP CLOTHES...

HEAVY LEATHER CHAPS, PROTECT THE COWBOYS LEGS WHILE HE SWAYS AND DUCKS LOW-HANGING LIMBS AND BRANCHES...

HORSES ARE ALL WELL SHOD FOR ROCKY TRAILS...

WILD BEES, YELLOWJACKETS, OFTEN SWARM UP AND STING A HORSE! IF THE HORSE BOLTS OR BUCKS IN THAT ROUGH COUNTRY, A COWBOY IS PLENTY BUSY UNTIL HE CAN CHECK THE HORSE ...



SLIRE... A COWBOY'S LIFE IS DANGEROUS, BUT HE DOESN'T THINK SO, AND WOULD BE SCARED AND AWKWARD IN TRAFFIC ON A BUSY CITY STREET...

LITTLE BEAVER *Laughs* by FRED



AIN'T GOT IT, KID BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO THIS CAN--- IT DONT LEAK!



ME PULLUM YOU OUT OF WELL!



UM-M...YOU TOO HEAVY!

