

RED RYDER

Comics

52 pages
ALL COMICS!





↑ "LITTLE BEAVER GRINS AS MASTER FERRARA, FROM FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA, CLIMBS UP BEHIND ME ON THUNDER."

RED RYDER RANCH
PAGOSA SPRINGS, COLORADO



Howdy Folks:

YOU ALL KNOW LITTLE BEAVER'S PONY, PAPOOSE! WELL, SHE HAS THAT CUTE LITTLE BLACK AND WHITE STALLION COLT. HE'S OVER SIX MONTHS OLD AND I STILL HAVEN'T NAMED HIM. MAYBE SOME OF YOU FRIENDS CAN THINK OF A GOOD NAME. I'LL SURE APPRECIATE IT IF YOU DO.

ADIOS FOR NOW

FRED HARRMAN



← "TWO HORSE SKULLS STARE COLDLY INTO THE SNOWY NIGHT ON OUR CABIN PORCH."



↗ "LIGHTNING, OUR BURRO, TAGS AROUND WITH LITTLE BEAVER'S PONY, PAPOOSE, AND COLT."

PHOTOS by H.D. STANGER

RED RYDER

FRED HARMAN

THERE MUST BE TWO HUNDRED GOOD
HOSSES AND SADDLES TIED THAR
ON TH' STREET!

LET'S GET
BACK TO
TH' BOSS!

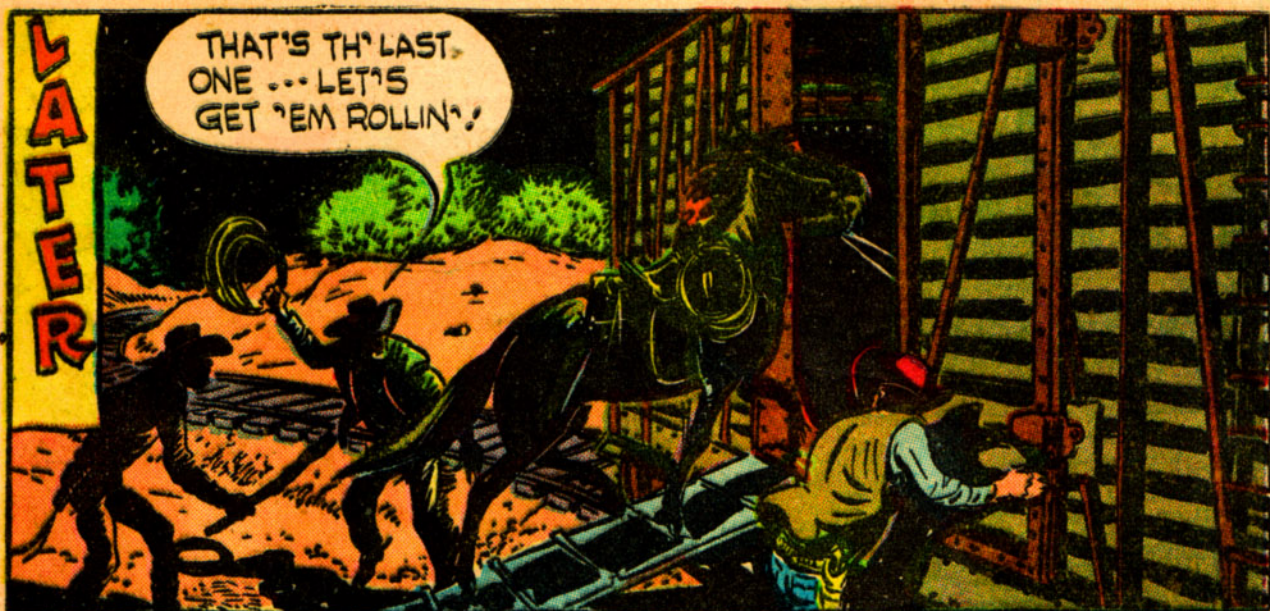
DANCE NIGHT IN RIMROCK!
HITCHRACKS ARE FULL AS COW-
BOYS RIDE IN FROM FAR AND
WIDE TO JOIN IN THE DOIN'S...

OKAY, BOYS...TH' CAR'S READY! I
WANT THIRTY HEAD O' GOOD HOSSES!
REMEMBER...NO SHOOTIN' AND
NO RACKET!

NOW GIT OUT AN'
SIZE 'EM UP...ONE
HOUR FROM NOW WE
WANTA BE LOADED!

LATER

THAT'S TH' LAST
ONE ... LET'S
GET 'EM ROLLIN'!



TOOT, TOOT!
I'M CASEY JONES
THE SECOND!

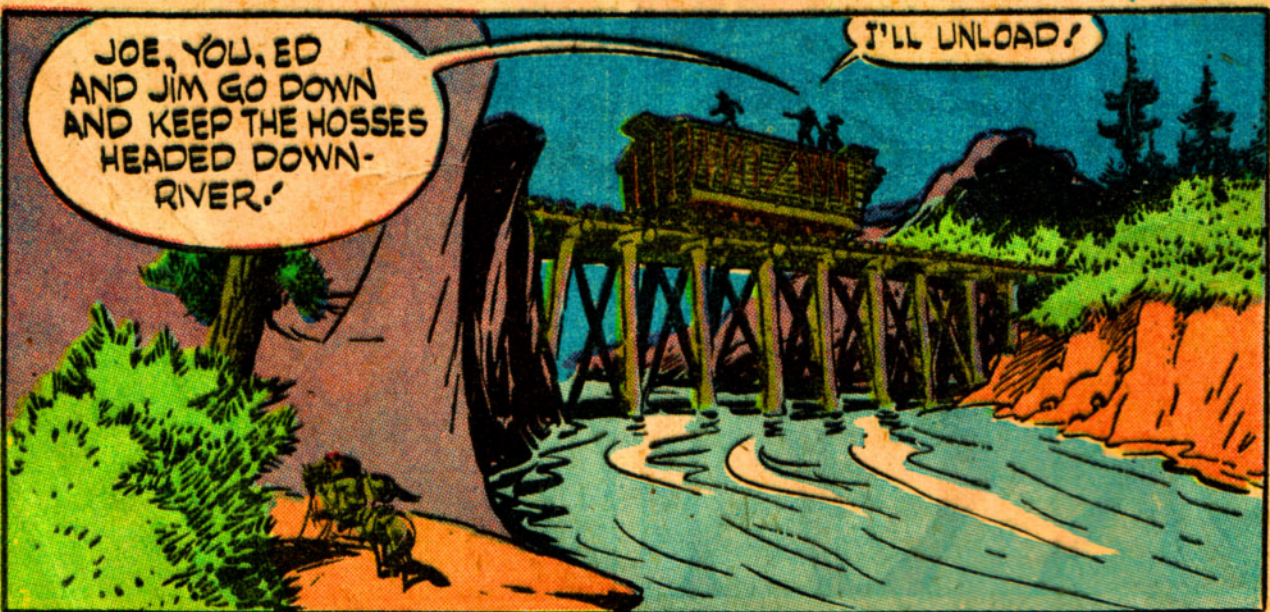


BETTER SLOW 'ER
DOWN, 'CASEY'...
'TAIN'T FAR T' TH'
RIVER!



JOE, YOU, ED
AND JIM GO DOWN
AND KEEP THE HOSSES
HEADED DOWN-
RIVER.

I'LL UNLOAD!



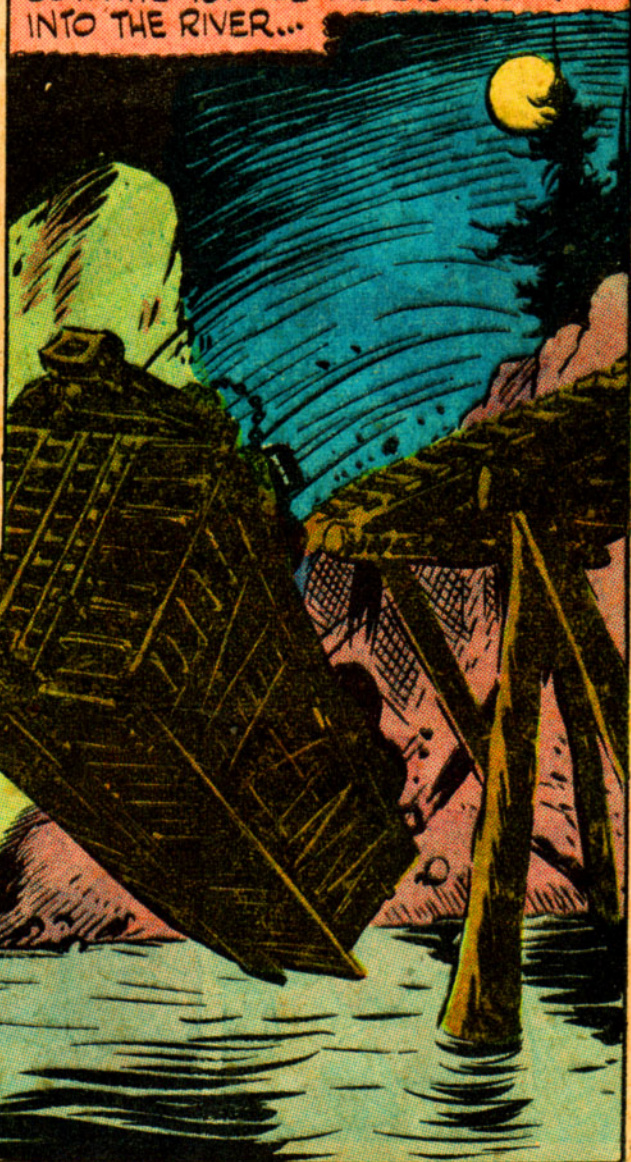
ONE BY ONE, THE STOLEN HORSES
ARE FORCED TO JUMP FROM THE
STOCK CAR ON THE TRESTLE INTO
THE RIVER ...



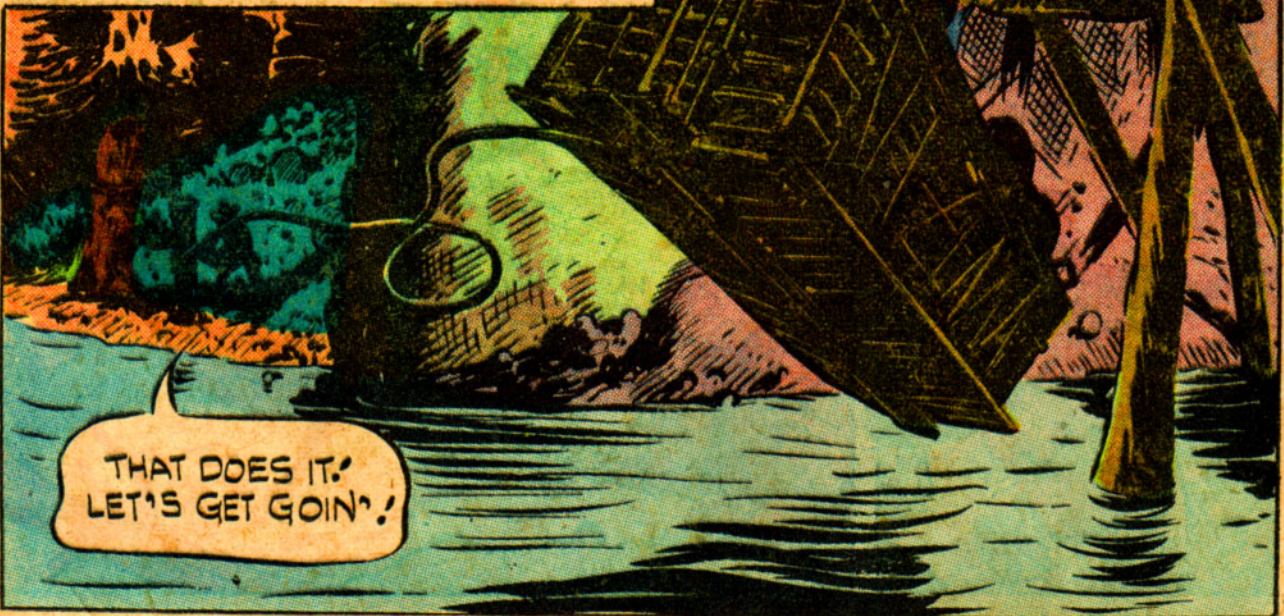
THAT WAS
QUICK ... NOW
T'GIT RID O'
THIS CAR!



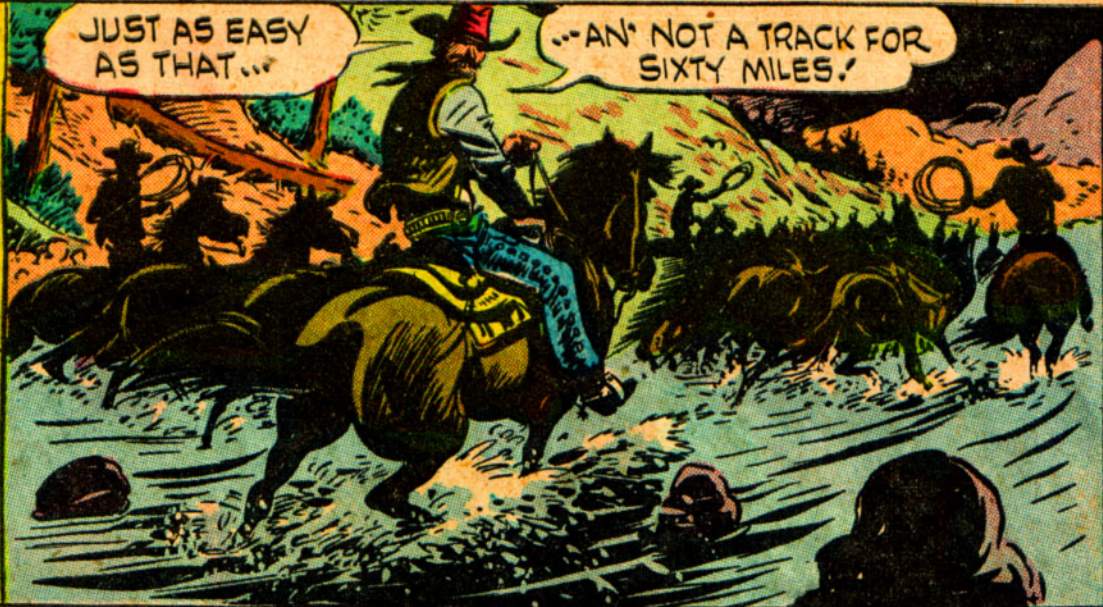
USING A 'WILDERNESS WINDLASS' THE
OUTLAWS TOPPLE THE STOCK CAR
INTO THE RIVER...



THAT DOES IT!
LET'S GET GOIN'!



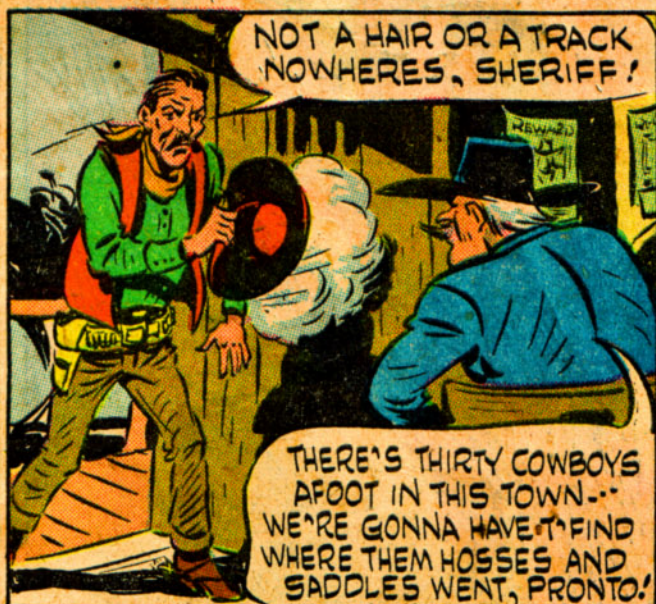
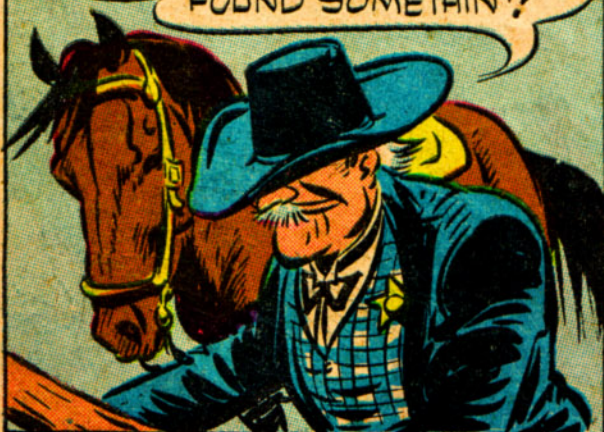
AFTER LEAVING THE DEEP HOLE UNDER THE RAILROAD TRESTLE, THE RIVER WIDENS OUT AND BECOMES SHALLOW



JUST AS EASY AS THAT...

...AN' NOT A TRACK FOR SIXTY MILES!

NEXT DAY... THIRTY HOSSES AN' SADDLES GONE AN' NOT A TRACK. RECKON I'M OUT ON A LIMB... UNLESS THET DEPUTY FOUND SOMETHIN'!



NOT A HAIR OR A TRACK NOWHERES, SHERIFF!

THERE'S THIRTY COWBOYS AFOOT IN THIS TOWN... WE'RE GONNA HAVE T'FIND WHERE THEM HOSSES AND SADDLES WENT, PRONTO!

I'LL TRY T'PICK UP A LEAD HERE, TONIGHT! YOU GRAB A FRESH HOSS AN' SEE IF YUH KIN GIT RED RYDER HERE BY MORNIN'!



C'MON, HOSS... RATTLE YOUR HOCKS ---



... THIS IS TH' SMARTEST MOVE WE'VE MADE!

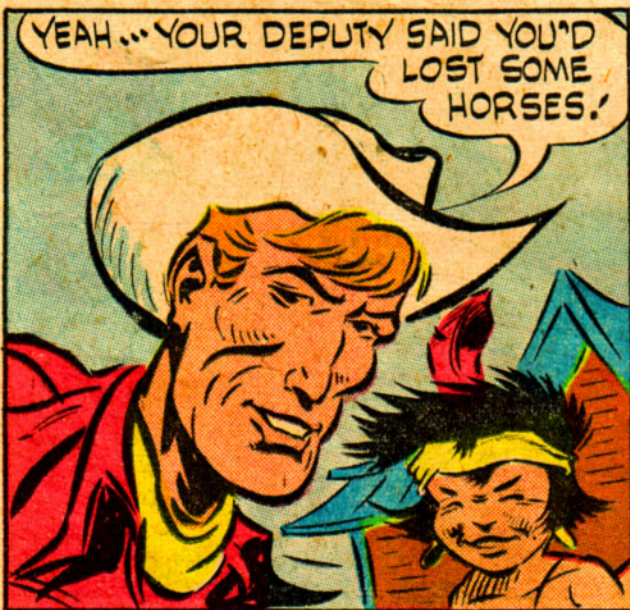
NEXT MORNING...

I GOT MORE TROUBLE THAN A
WOODPECKER IN TH' PETRY-FIED
FOREST!

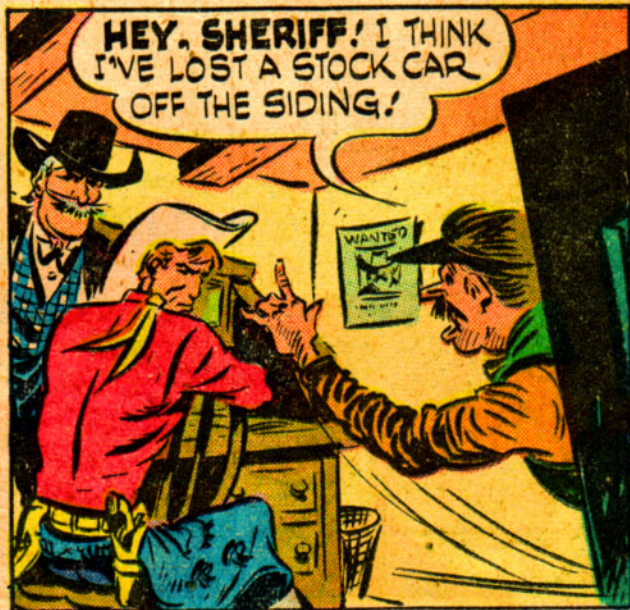
HOWDY, RED!
LIGHT AN'
AIR YER
LEATHER!



YEAH... YOUR DEPUTY SAID YOU'D
LOST SOME
HORSES!



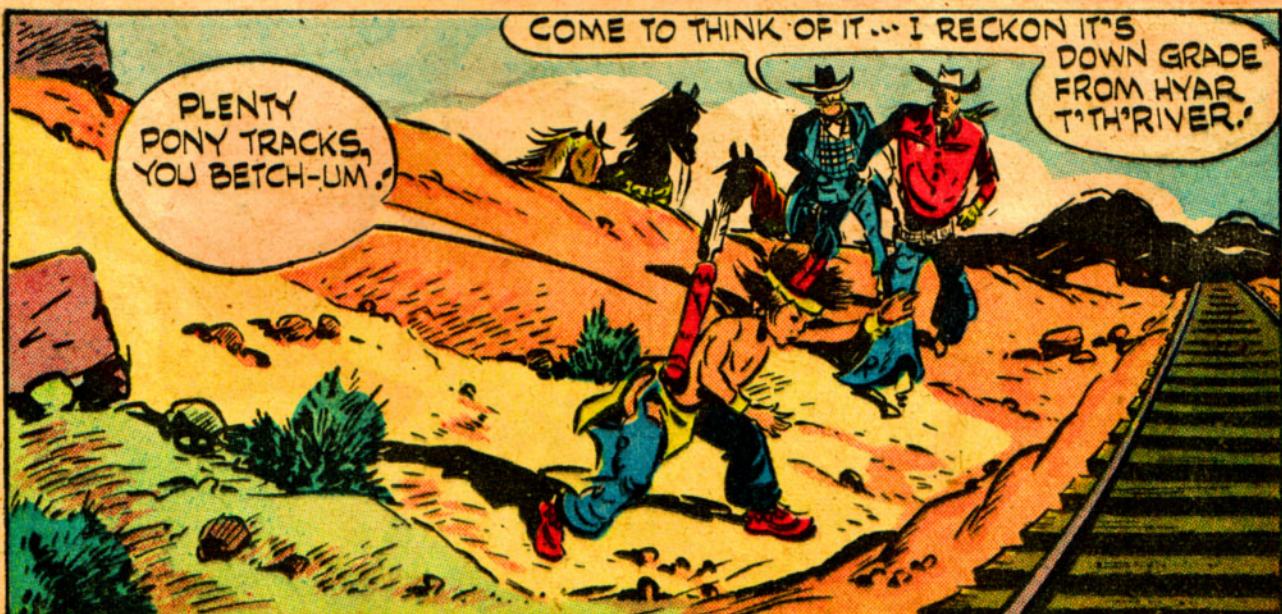
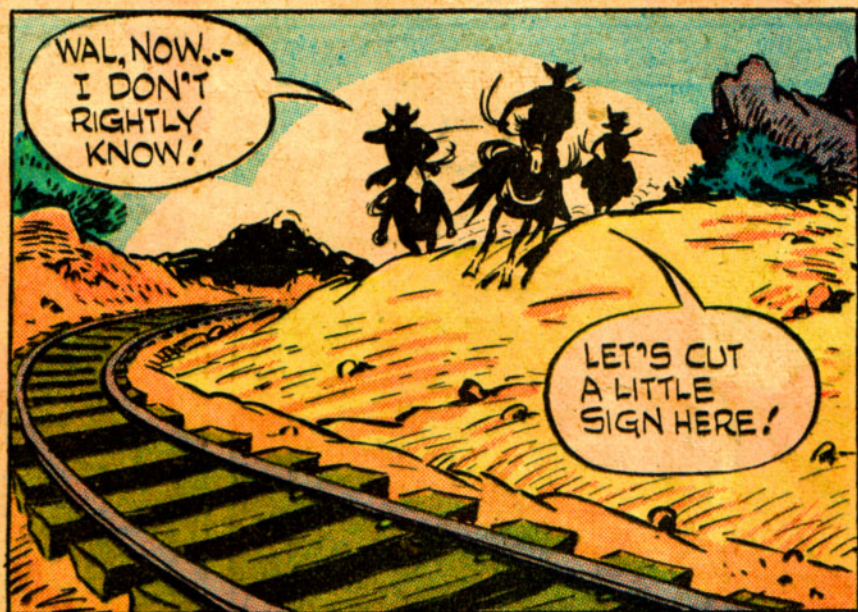
HEY, SHERIFF! I THINK
I'VE LOST A STOCK CAR
OFF THE SIDING!




YUH THINK YUH LOST A
CAR! I KNOW I'VE LOST
THUTTY HEAD O' HOSSES!
NOW GIT OUTA
HYAR!

HOLD ON,
SHERIFF?







HMM! LITTLE
BEAVER AND I
WILL SEE WHAT
WE CAN FIND AT
TH' RIVER!

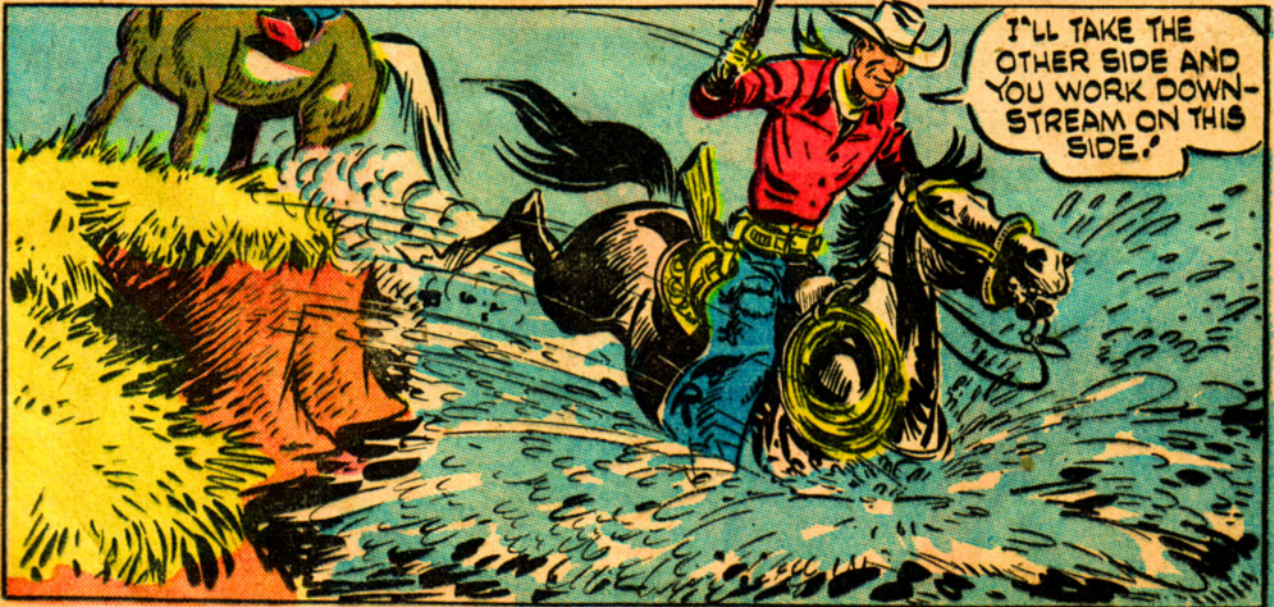


HERE COME
SMOKE-WAGON
NOW, RED RYDER!

WELL THAT LOST
CAR WASN'T ON THE
TRACK BETWEEN
HERE AND THE
RIVER, ANYWAY!

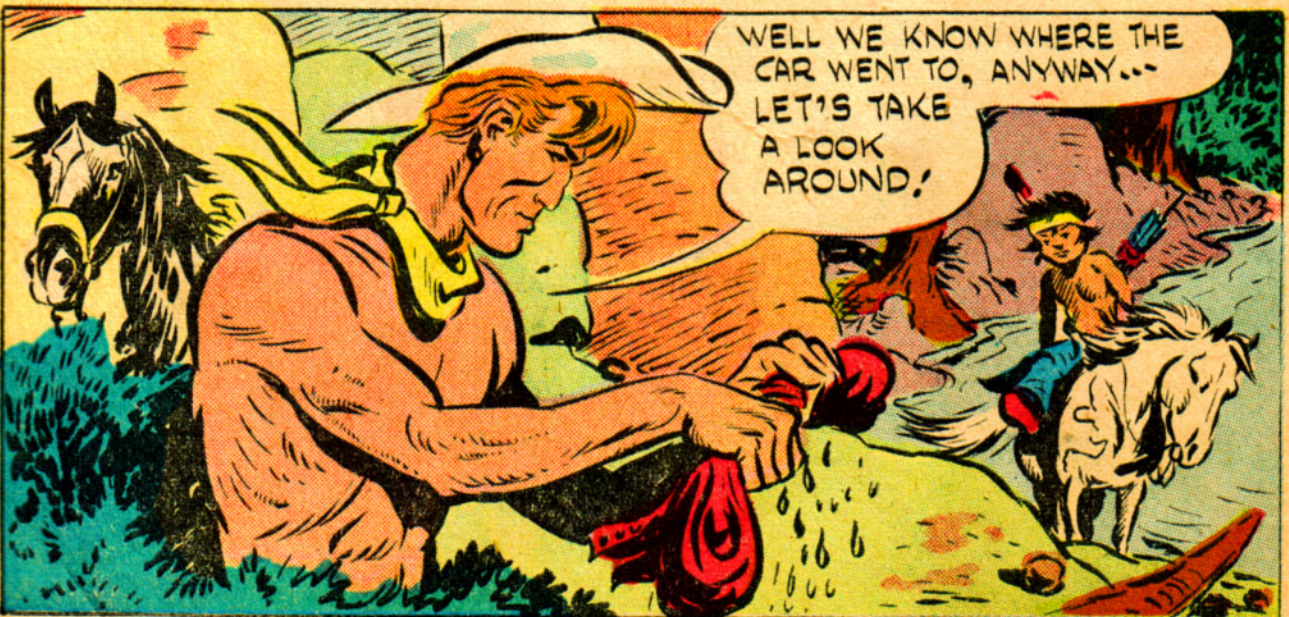
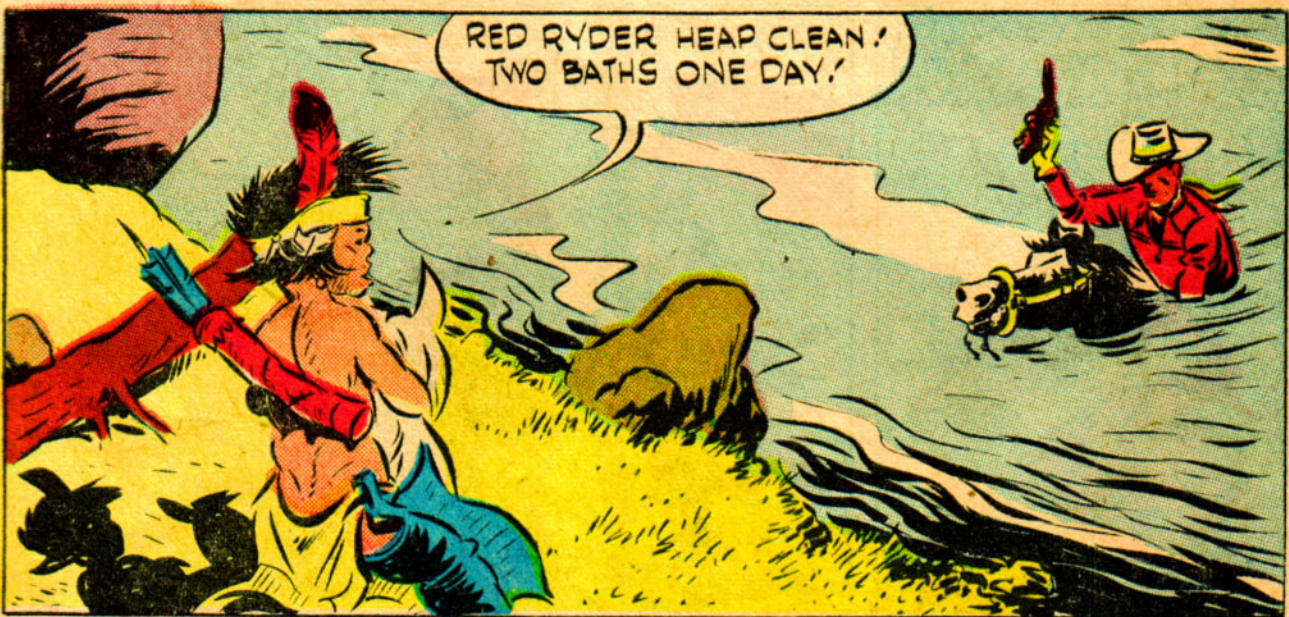


BUT I HAVE A GOOD
IDEA WHERE IT IS...
LET'S EASE DOWN
FOR A LOOK-SEE!



I'LL TAKE THE
OTHER SIDE AND
YOU WORK DOWN-
STREAM ON THIS
SIDE!





JUST AS I THOUGHT...
A HOMEMADE
WINDLASS!

TWO MEN USING IT WOULD
HAVE THE STRENGTH OF
MANY... ENOUGH TO TOPPLE
THAT EMPTY STOCK CAR
INTO THE RIVER!

PLENTY SMART
CROOK, YOU
BETCHUM!

WE'LL HAVE TO TRY
AND FIND WHERE
THEY LEFT THE
RIVER!

HOW FAR RIVER
GO, RED RYDER?

IT'S ABOUT FORTY
MILES DOWN TO
WHERE IT BOXES
UP!

MEANWHILE

JOE SHOULD GET IN TOUCH WITH SOME OF THE FOX'S GANG TODAY... BET HE'LL LAY DOWN PLENTY DINERO FER THESE HOSSES AND SADDLES.



I CLAIM THET WUZ TH' CLEANEST JOB O' HOSS RUSTLIN' THAT WUZ EVER PULLED OFF!

BETCHA TH' SHERIFF'S REALLY CHASIN' HIS TAIL!



JOE'S COMIN' IN NOW, SHOTGUN!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WHAT NEWS, JOE?

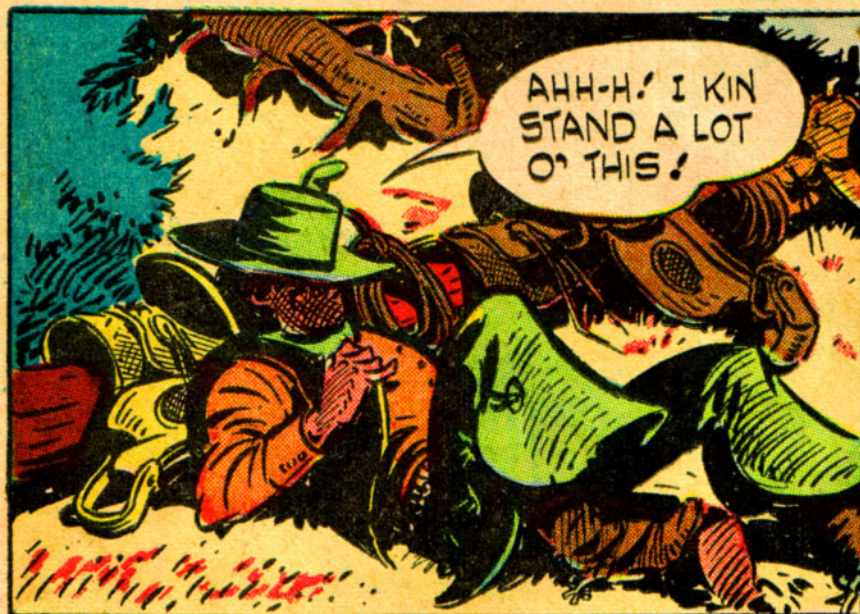
TH' FOX WILL BE HERE IN A DAY ER TWO!



GOOD 'NUFF! WE AIN'T LEFT
NO TRAIL -- ALL WE GOTTA DO
IS WAIT!



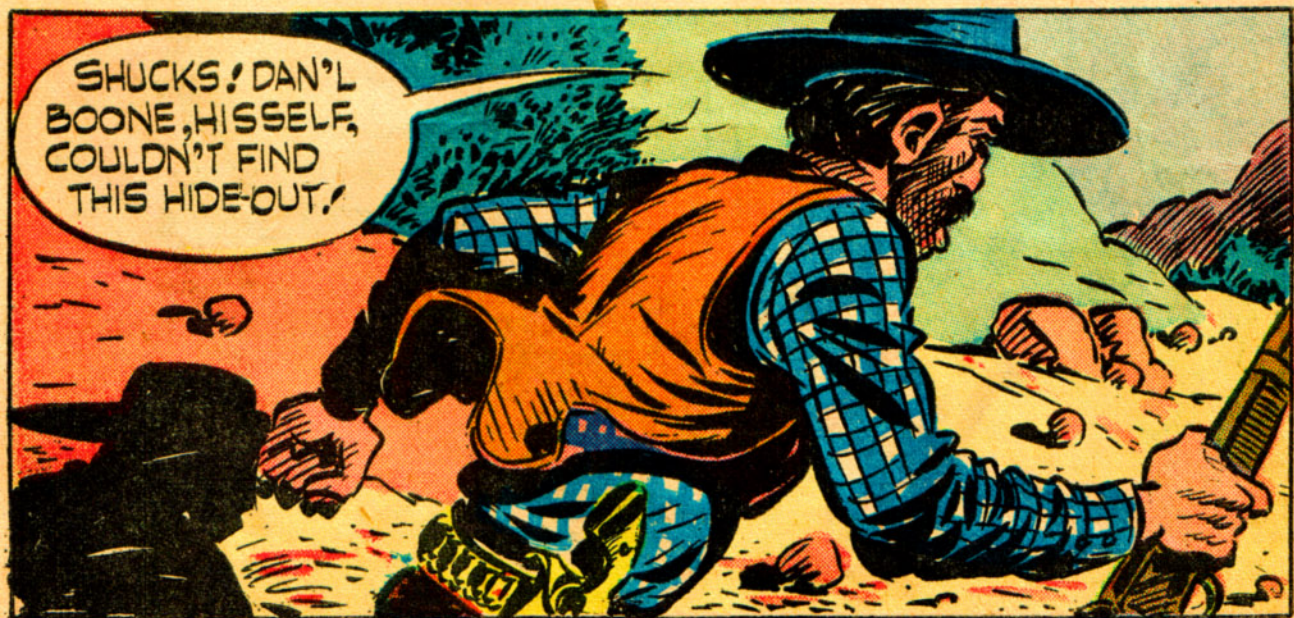
AHH-H! I KIN
STAND A LOT
O' THIS!

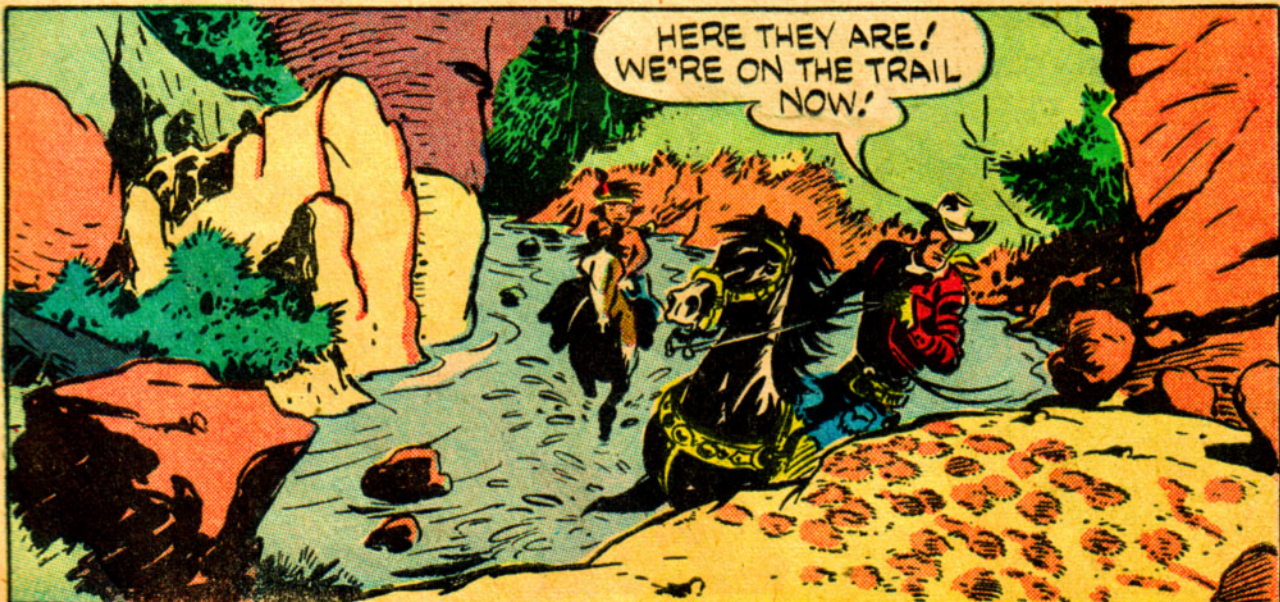
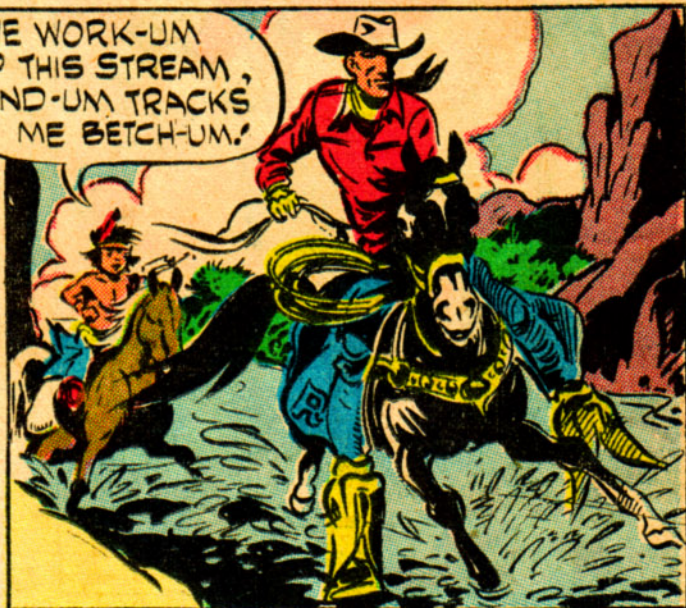
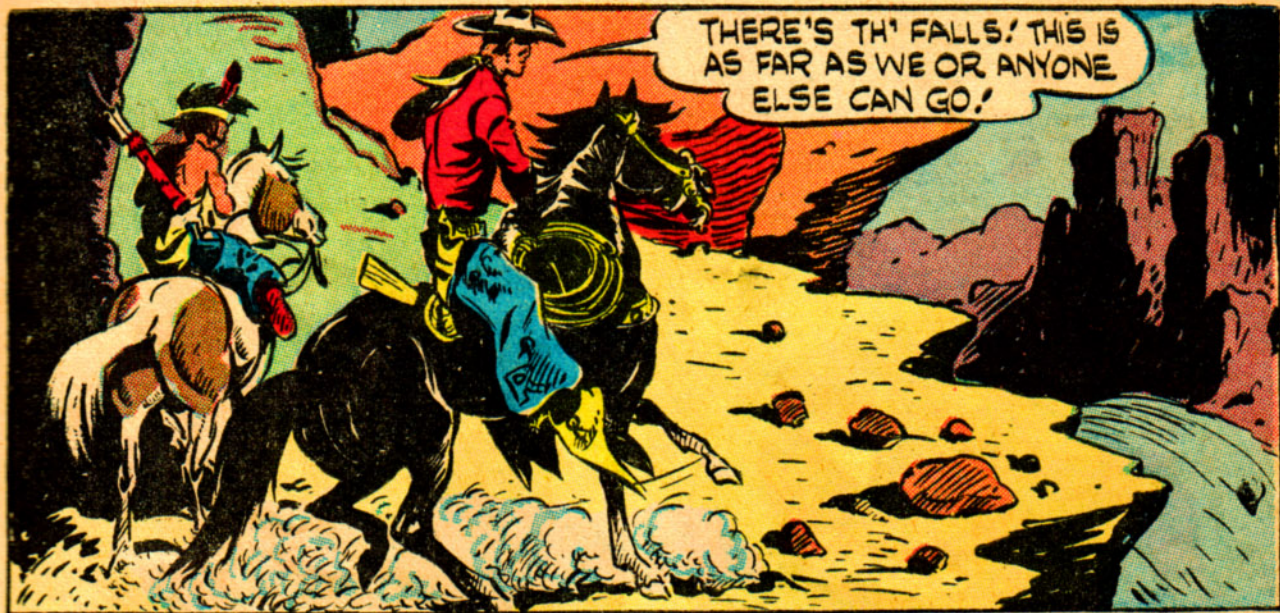


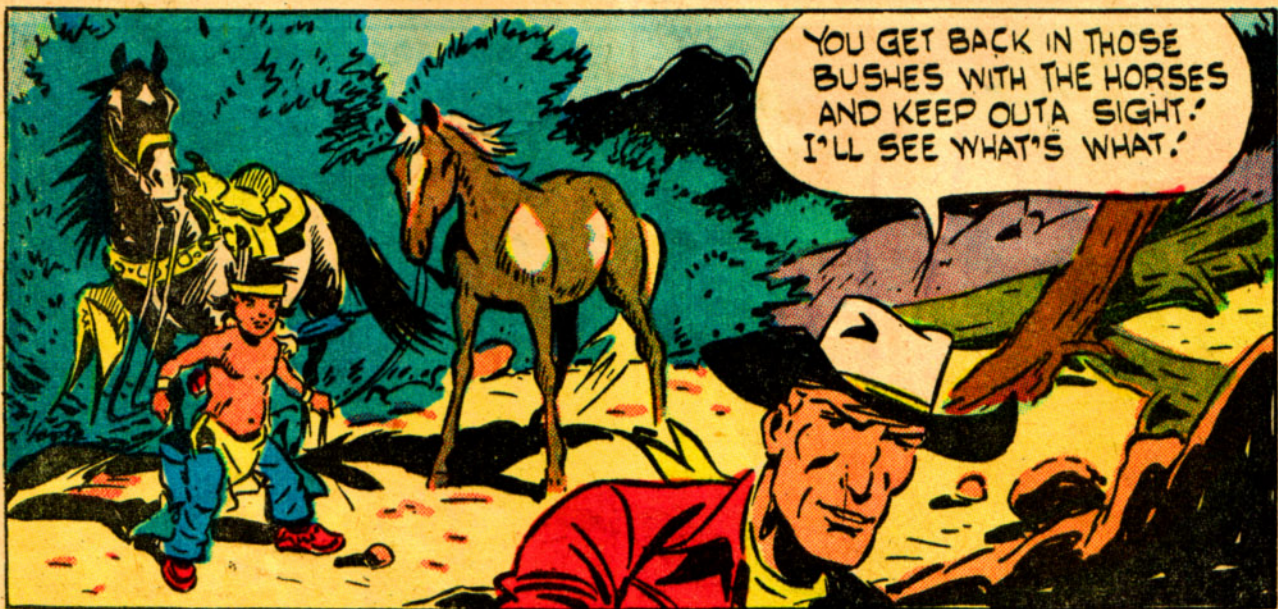
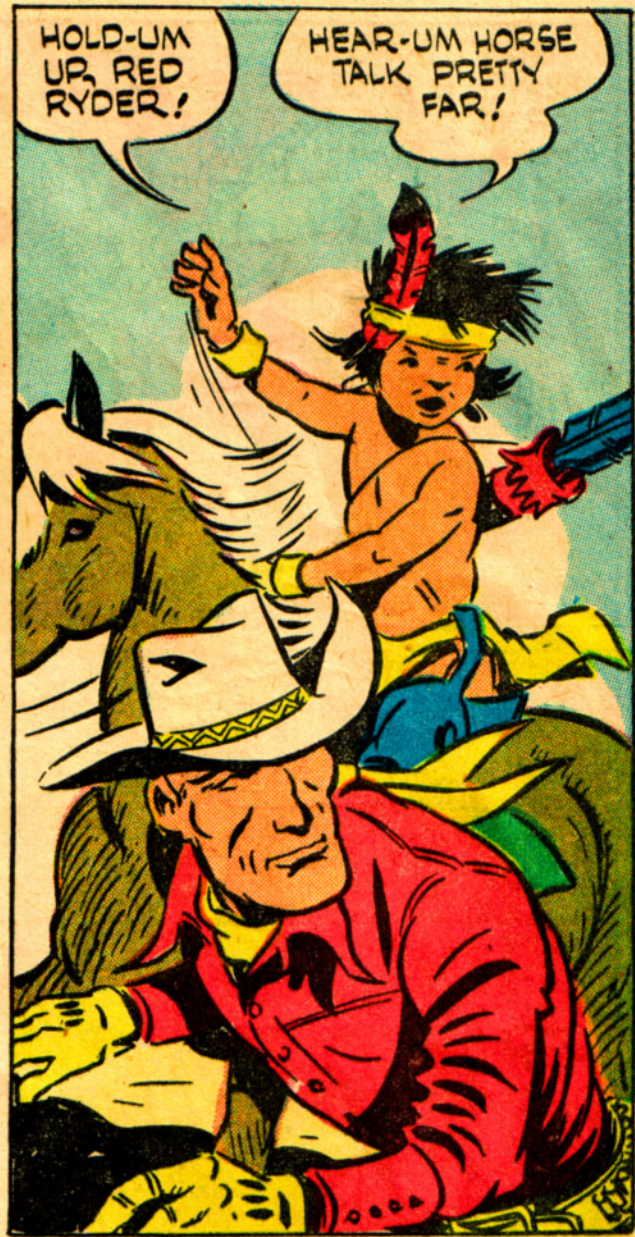
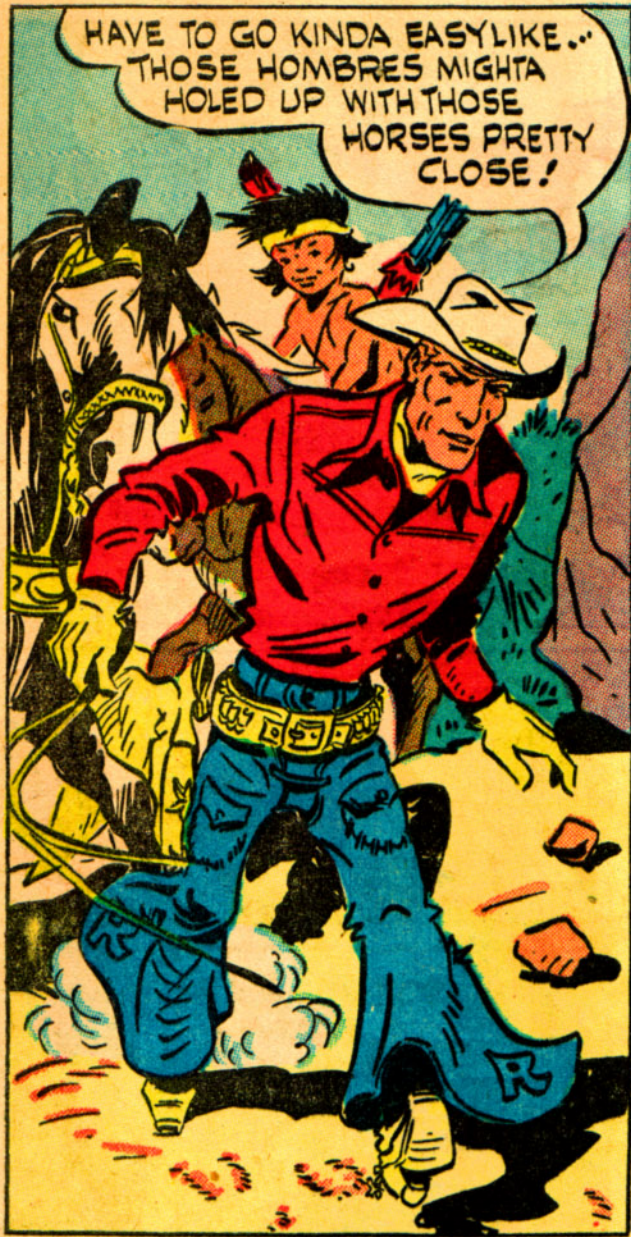
IT WON'T BE THAT
EASY... WE GOTTA
STAND GUARD!
SOMEBODY MIGHT
STUMBLE ONTO US!

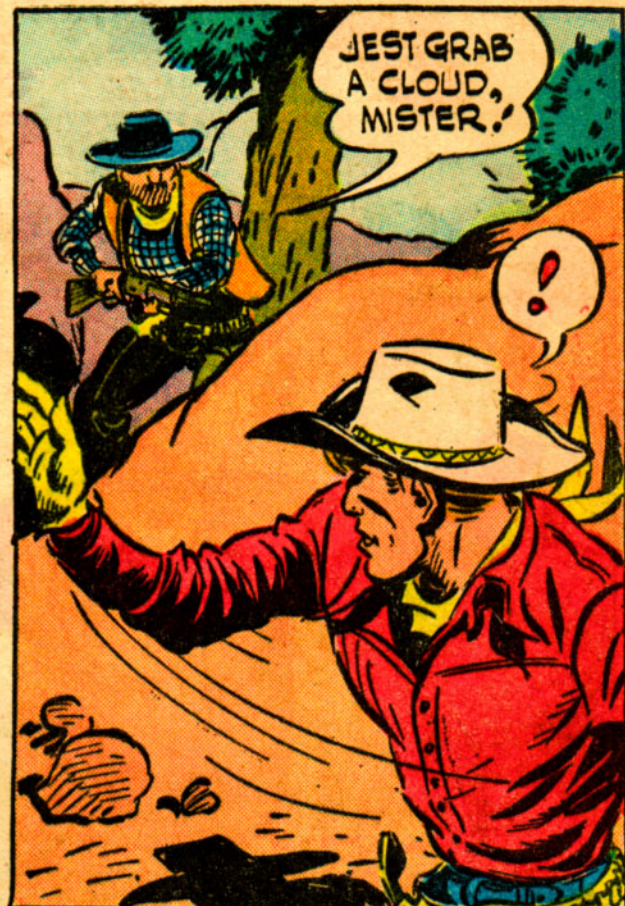


SHUCKS! DAN'L
BOONE, HISSELF,
COULDN'T FIND
THIS HIDE-OUT!

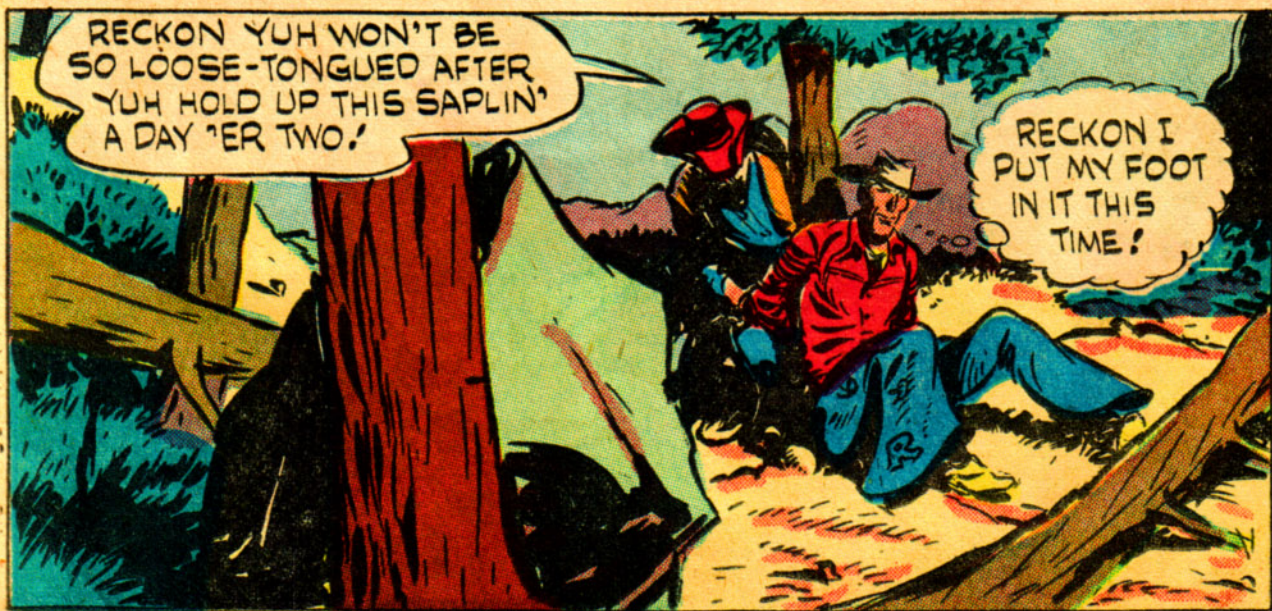


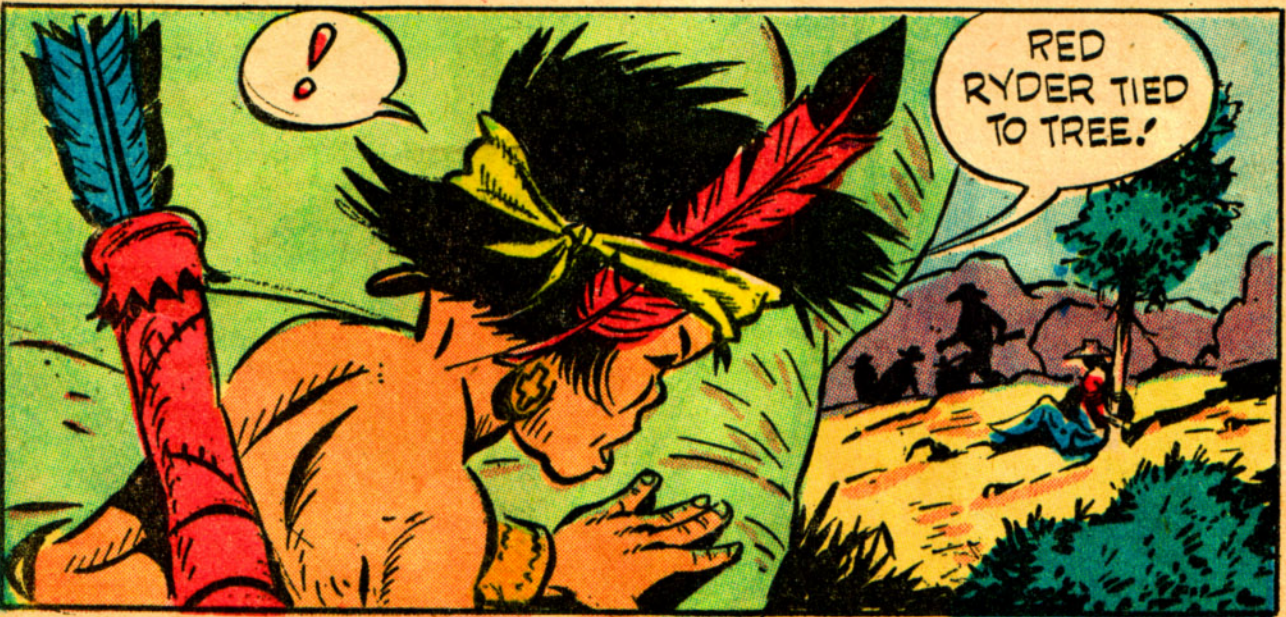
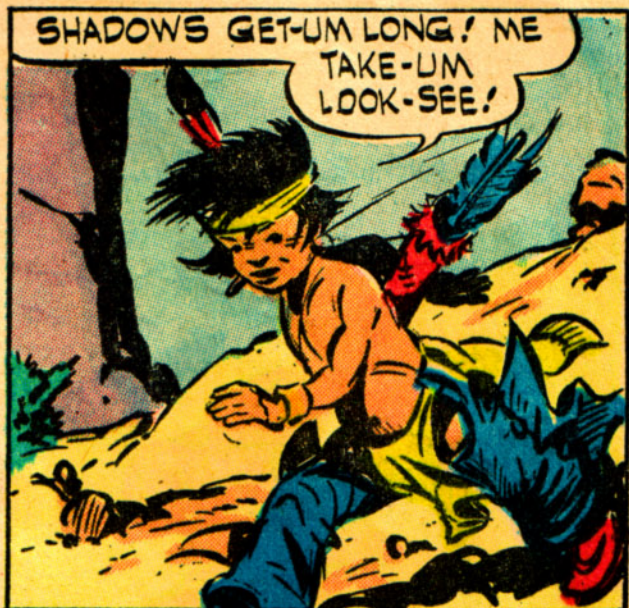
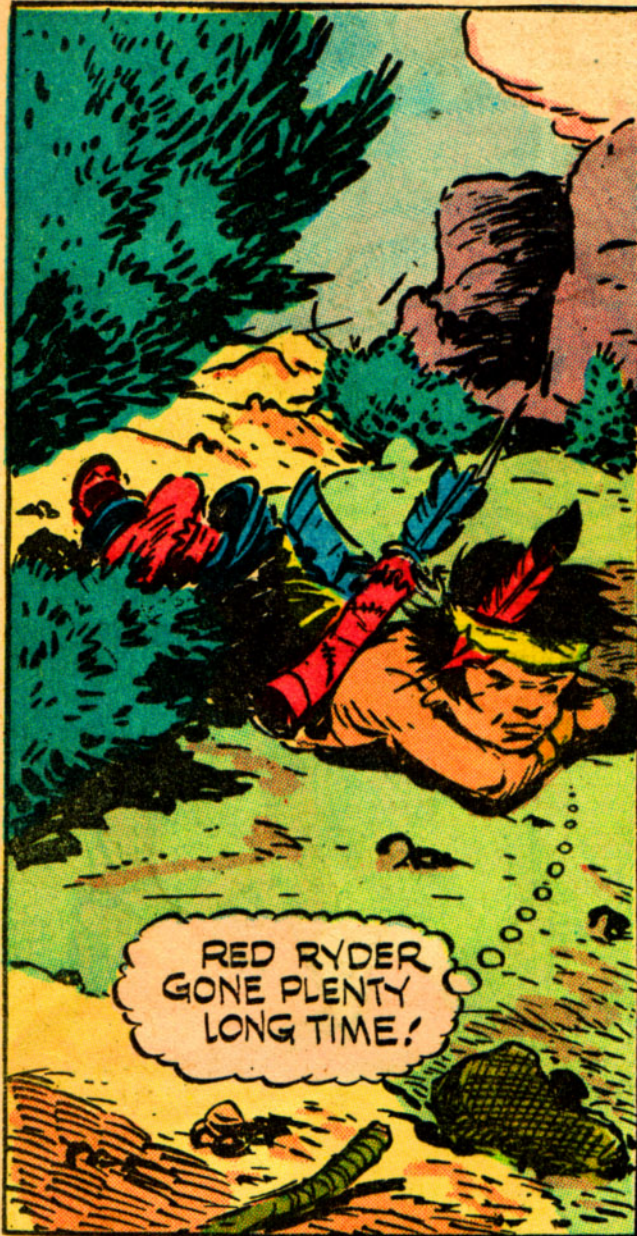








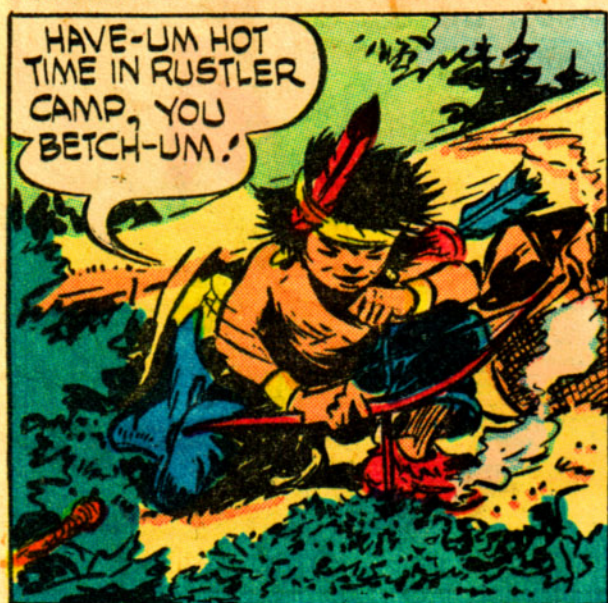






GOT-UM
USE HEAD
PLENTY GOOD
NOW!

IDEA



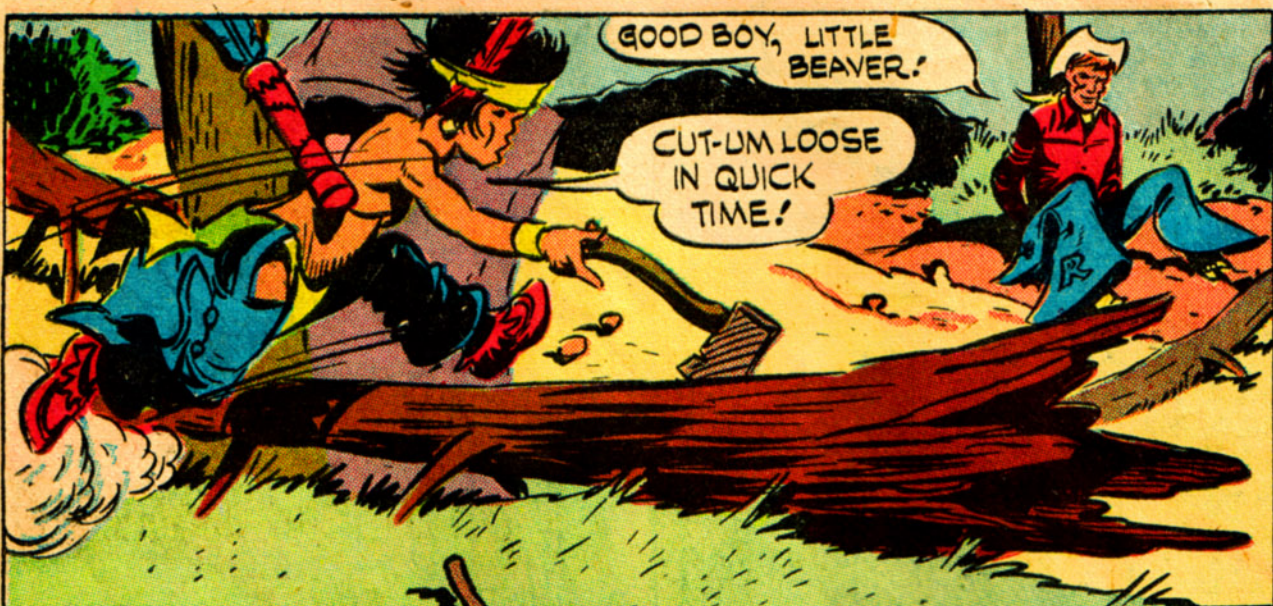
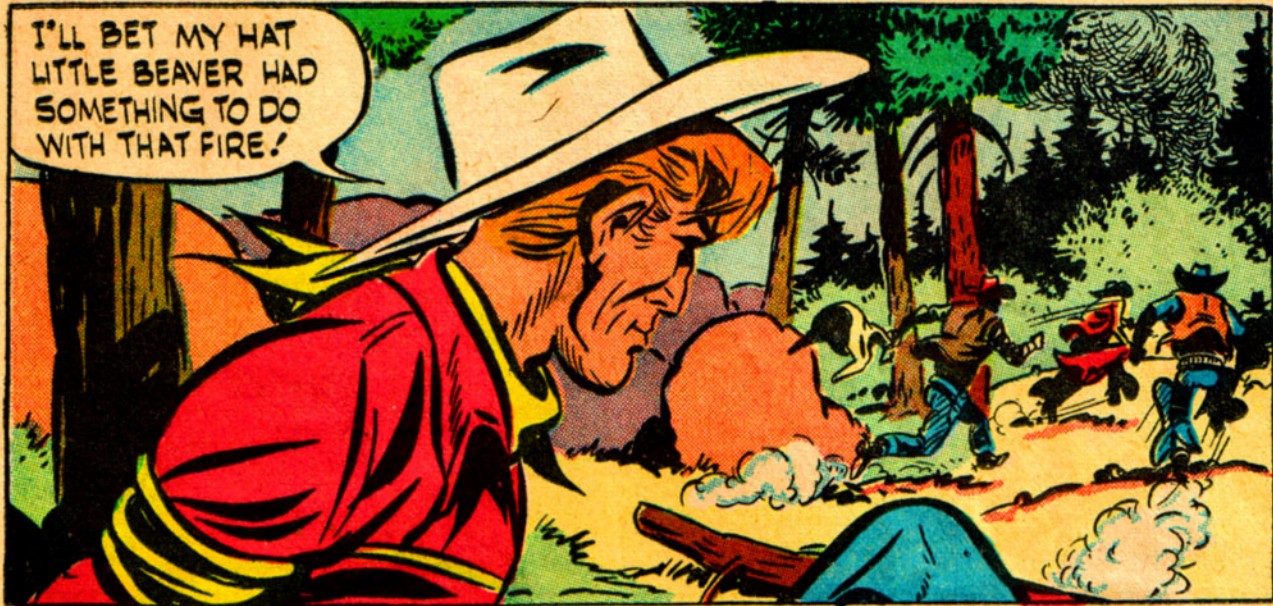
HAVE-UM HOT
TIME IN RUSTLER
CAMP, YOU
BETCH-UM!



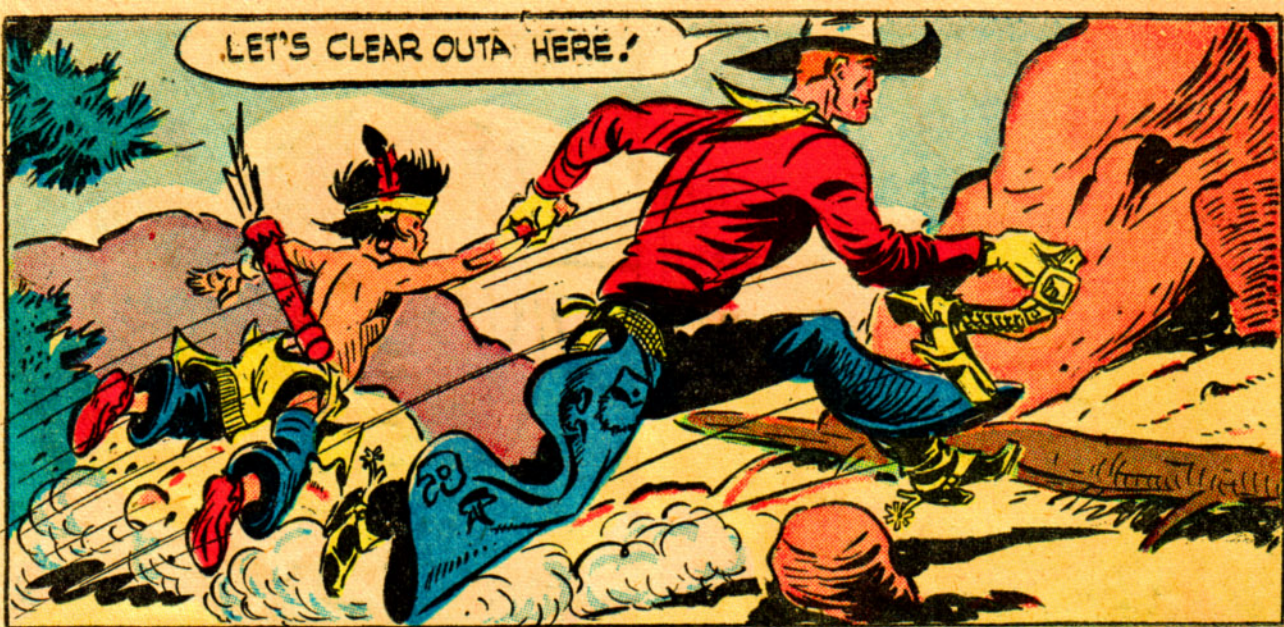
GRAB SADDLE
BLANKETS, BOYS!
IF THAT FIRE GETS
MUCH BIGGER,
IT'LL STAMPEDE
EVERY HOSS
HERE!



WHAT TH'...
HEY FELLERS,
LOOK! TH'
BRUSH IS
AFIRE!!



LET'S CLEAR OUTA HERE!




WE MAKE-UM
STAND HERE,
RED RYDER?



WE'RE GOING TO
SHOW THOSE YA-HOOS
THEY'RE NOT
SO SMART!






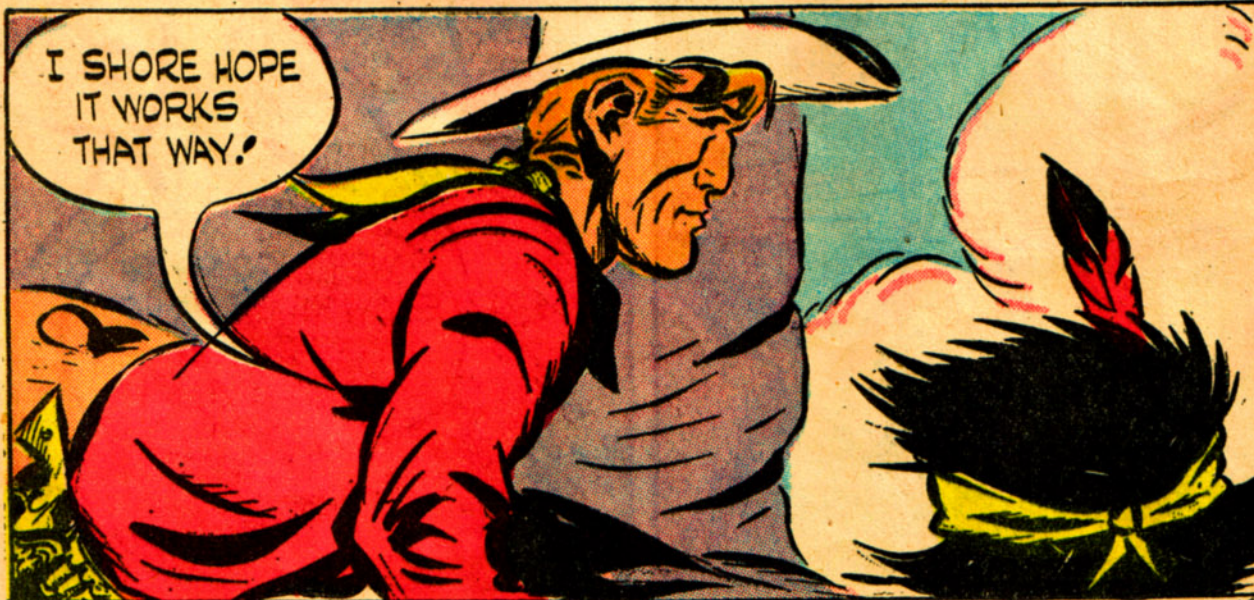
I LEARNED FROM THEIR TALK
THAT THERE'LL BE A FELLOW
HERE TO BUY THE HORSES, AND
THESE BOYS ARE ABOUT HALF
SPOOKED. HE'LL JUST TAKE 'EM
AWAY FROM 'EM!



WE'LL HOLE UP HERE AND
WAIT'LL THIS FOX HOMBRE
SHOWS UP AN THEN PUT
TH' BALL T'ROLLIN'!



START-UM FIGHT BETWEEN
'EM... KILL-UM TWO BIRDS,
ONE ROCK!



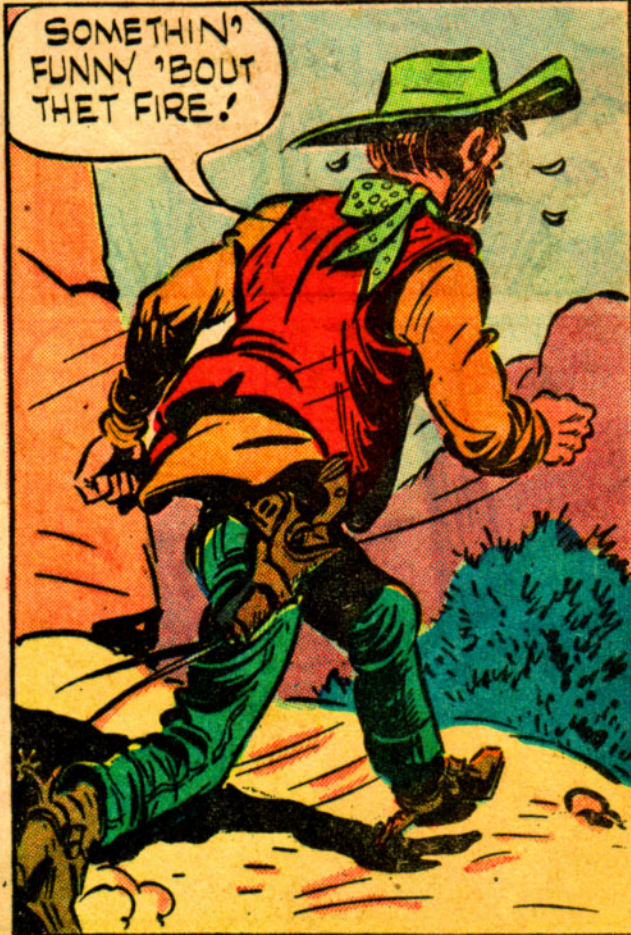
I SHORE HOPE
IT WORKS
THAT WAY!



WE CAN HANDLE'R NOW, JOE ...



YOU GO BACK AN' RIDE HERD ON TH' REDHAID!



SOMETHIN' FUNNY 'BOUT THET FIRE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

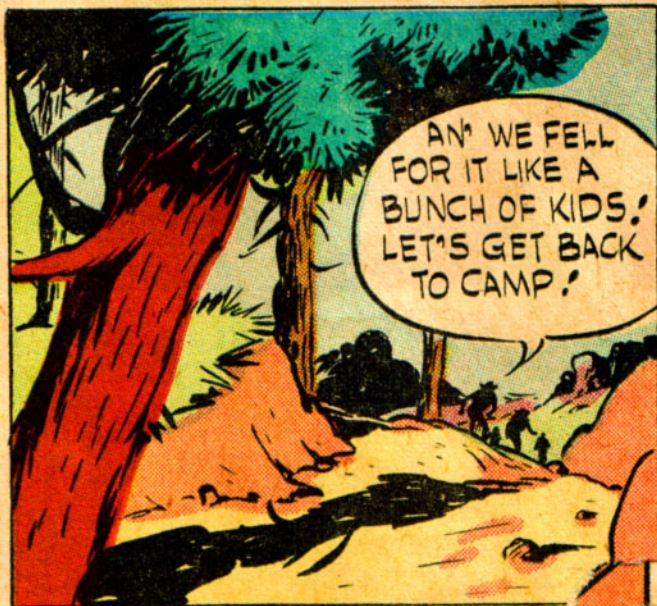
HE'S GONE!



SOMEBODY
SET THIS
FIRE!

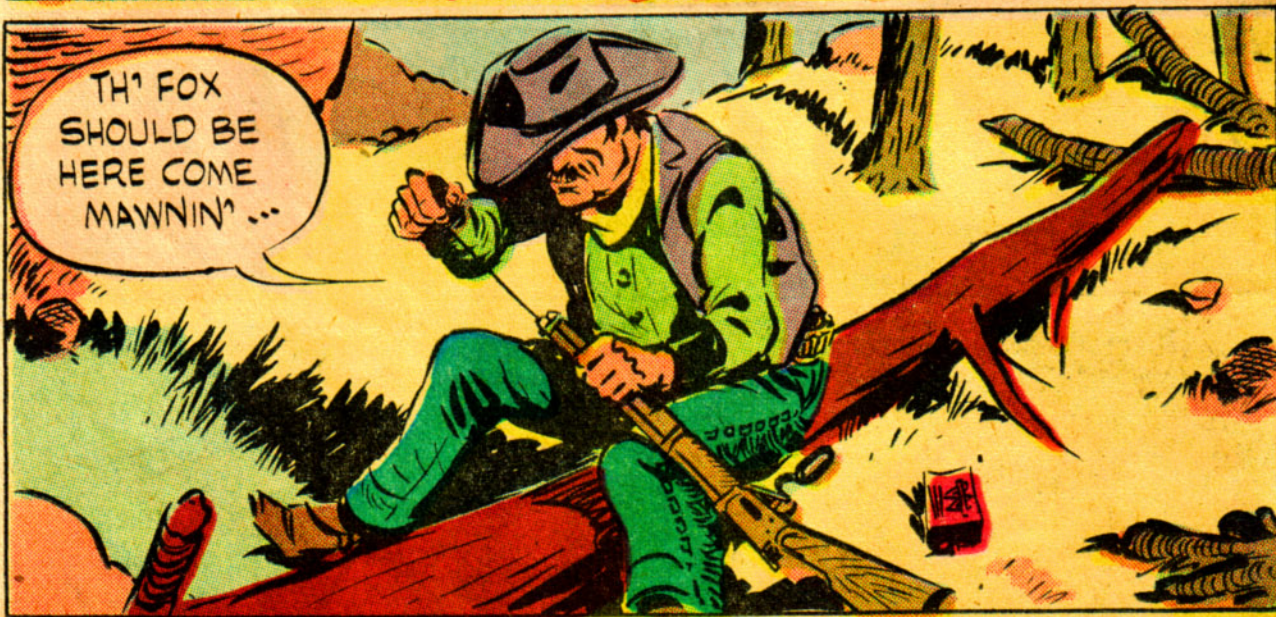
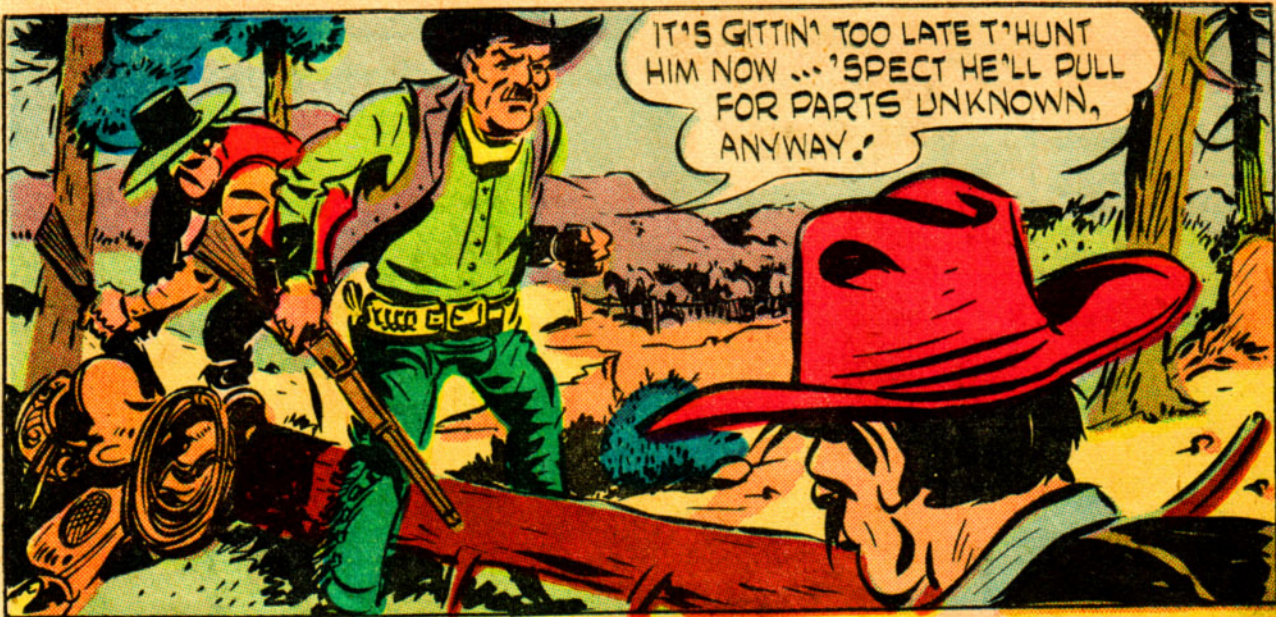


AN' WE FELL
FOR IT LIKE A
BUNCH OF KIDS!
LET'S GET BACK
TO CAMP!



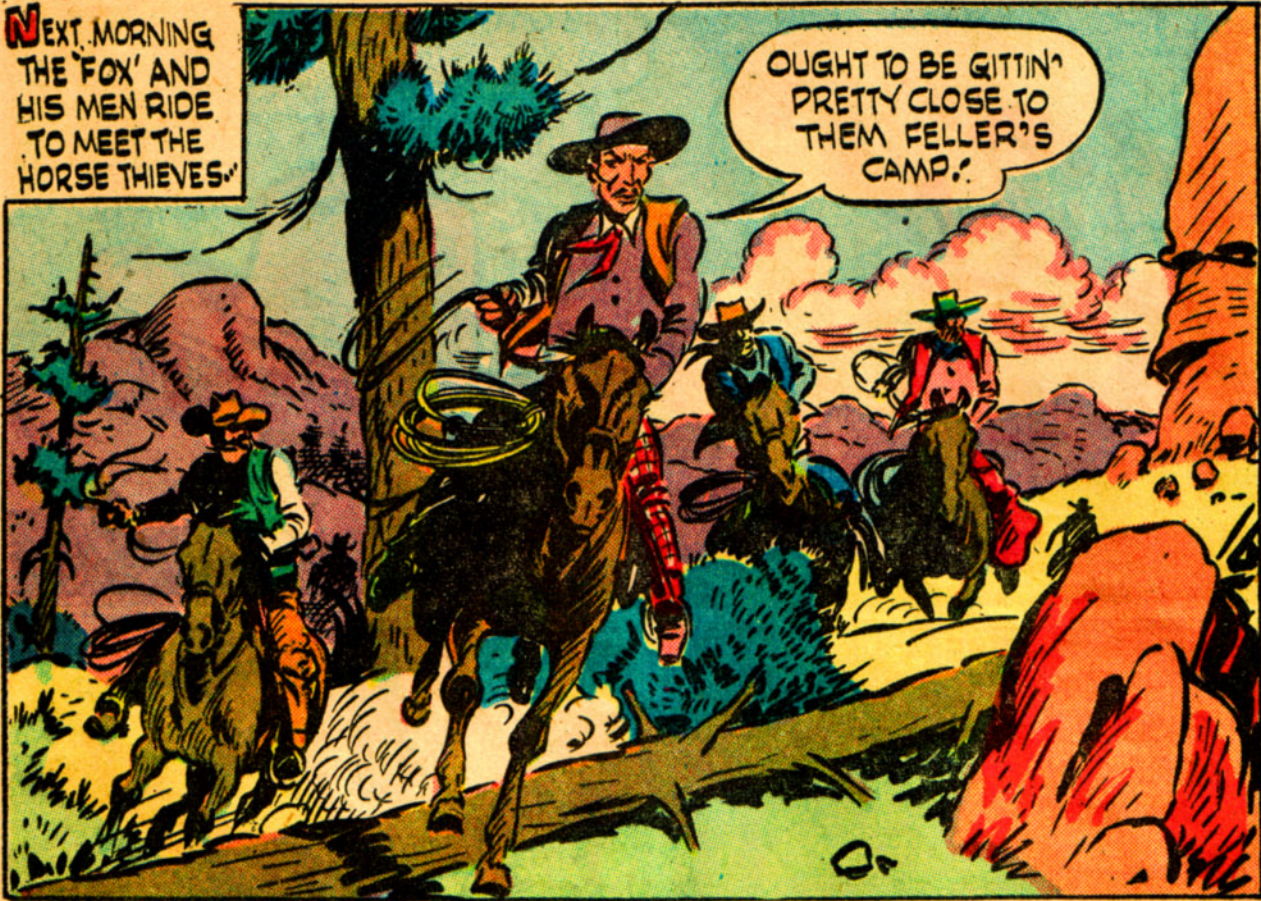
RECKON HE'S
GATHERED HIS
GUN - IT'S GONE!





NEXT MORNING
THE 'FOX' AND
HIS MEN RIDE
TO MEET THE
HORSE THIEVES."

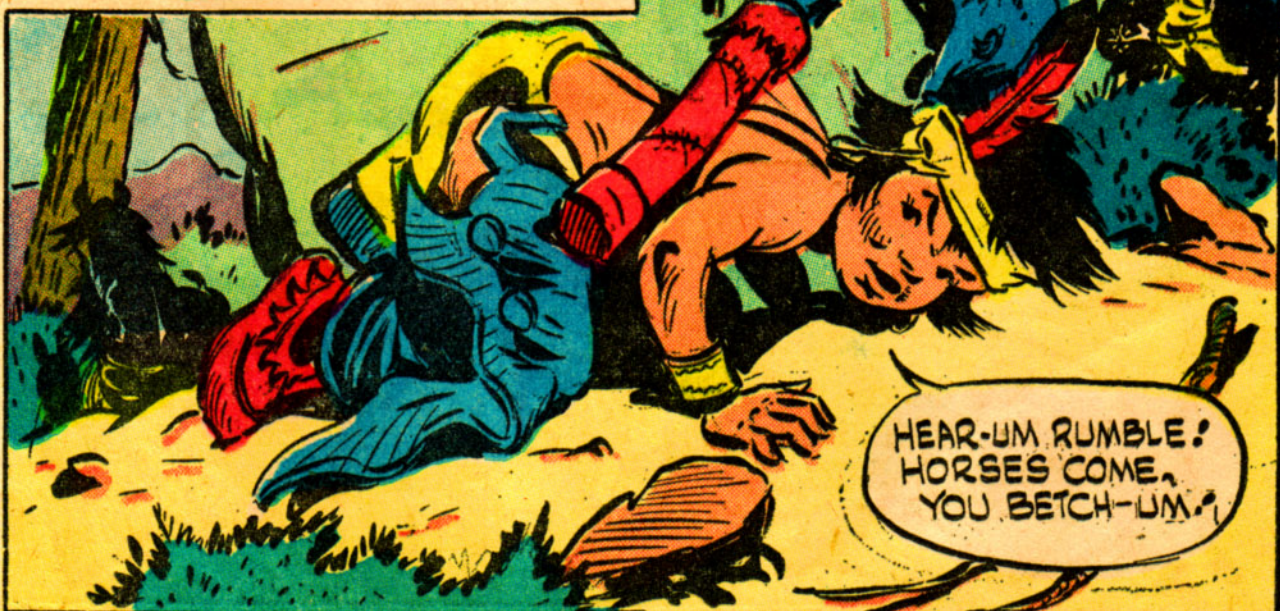
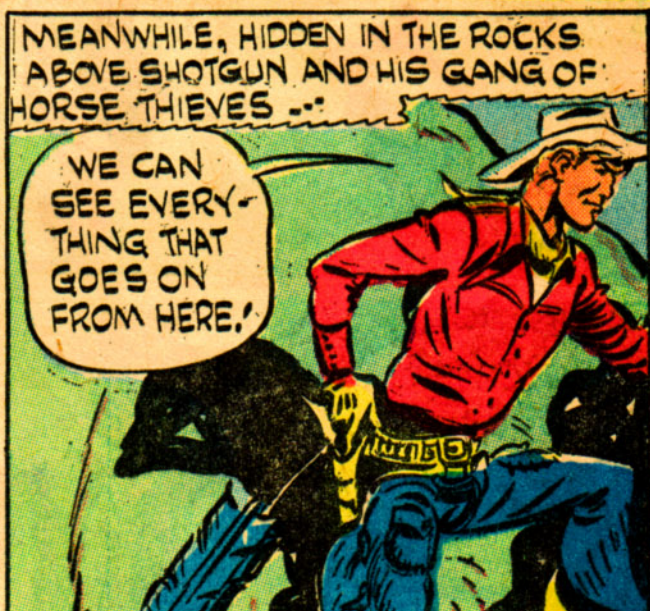
OULD TO BE GITTI'
PRETTY CLOSE TO
THEM FELLER'S
CAMP."

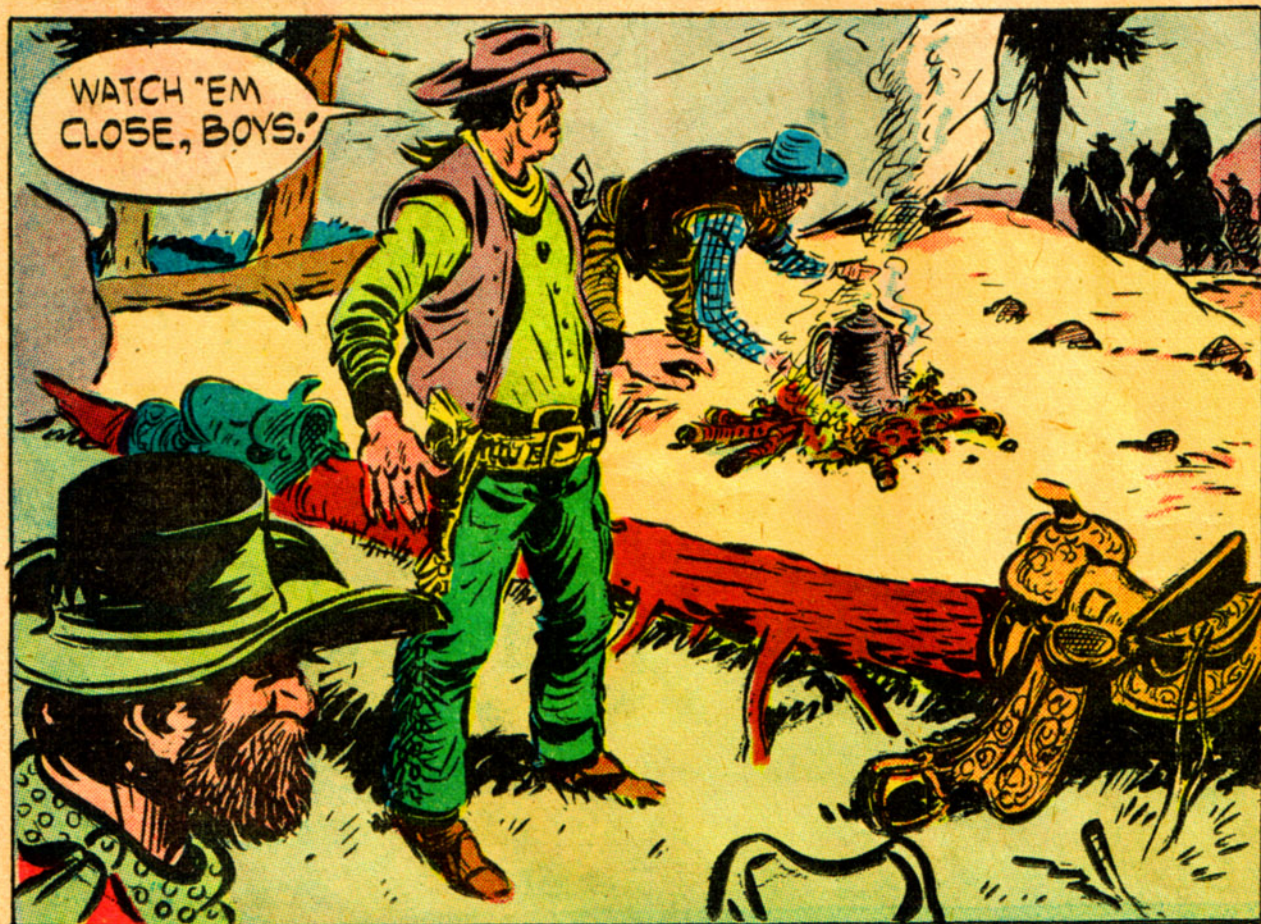


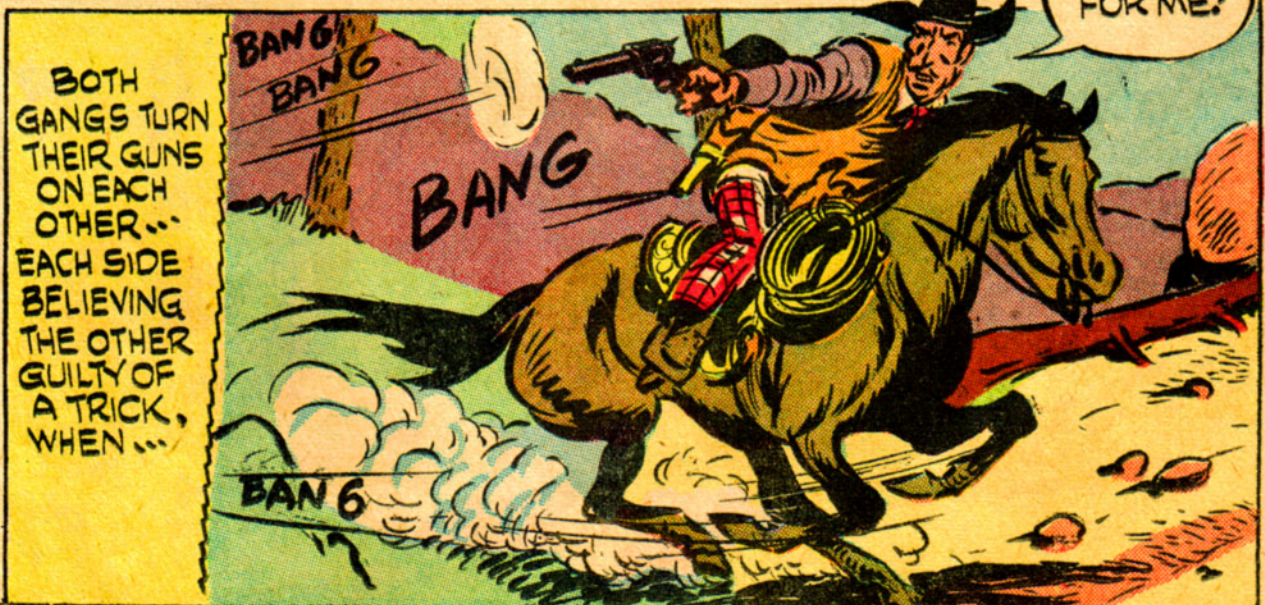
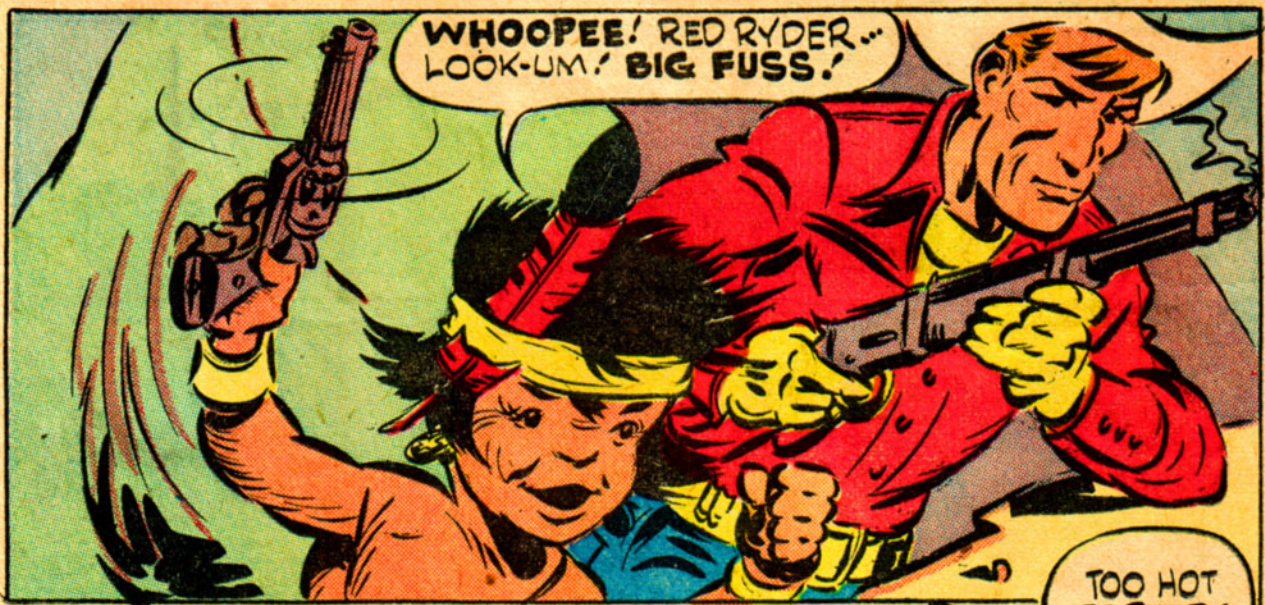
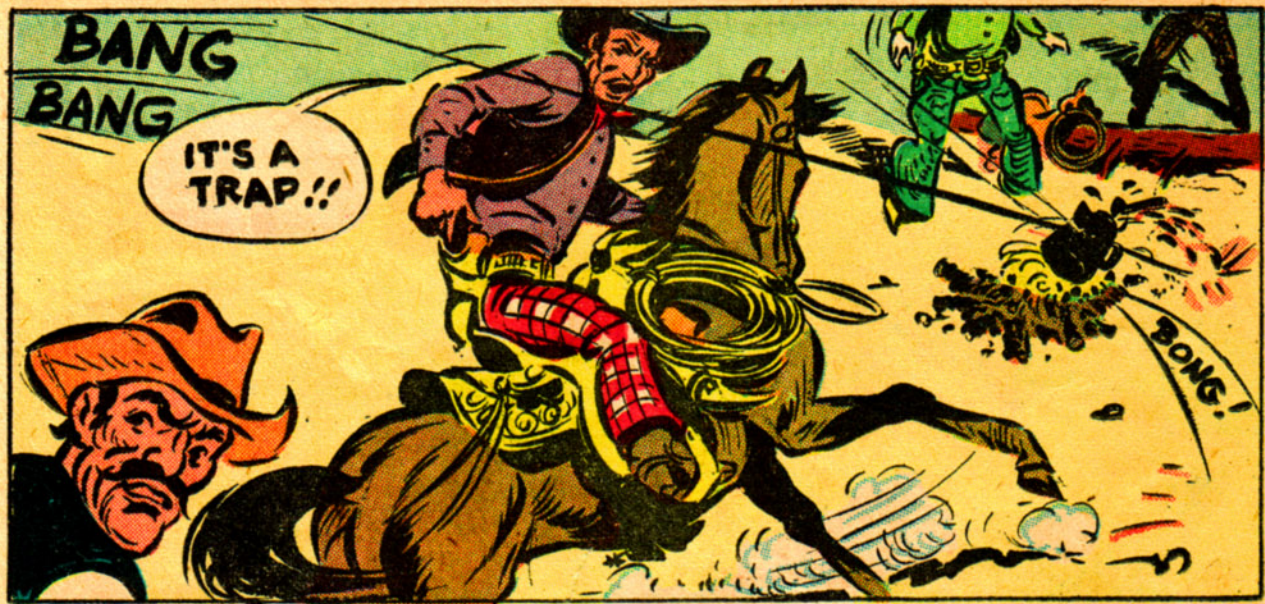
YOU BOYS
KEEP YORE EYES
PEELED. THIS COULD
BE A TRAP."



YUH AIN'T AIMIN'
T'PAY FOR THOSE
HOSSES AN' SADDLES,
AIR YUH ?

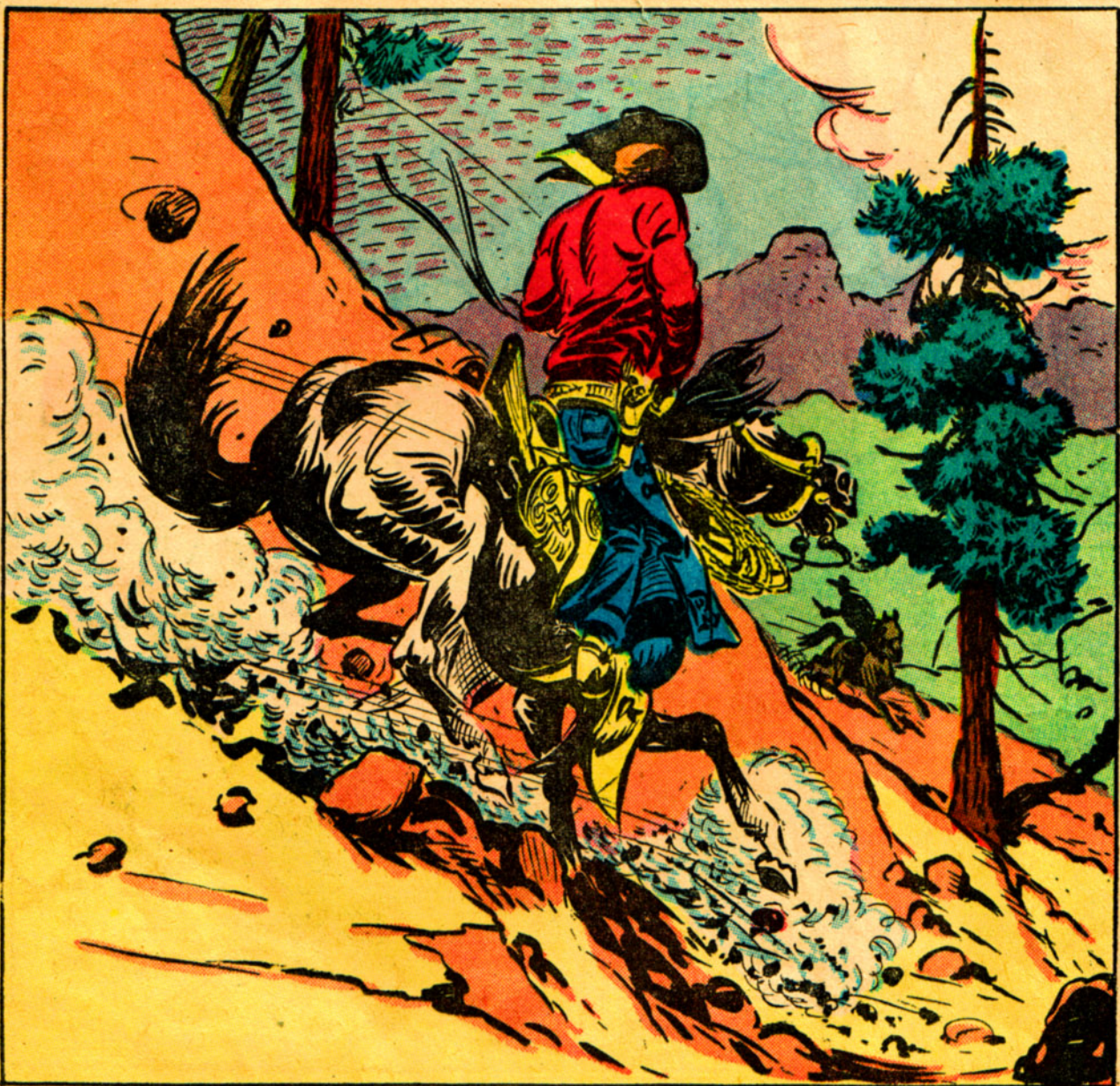
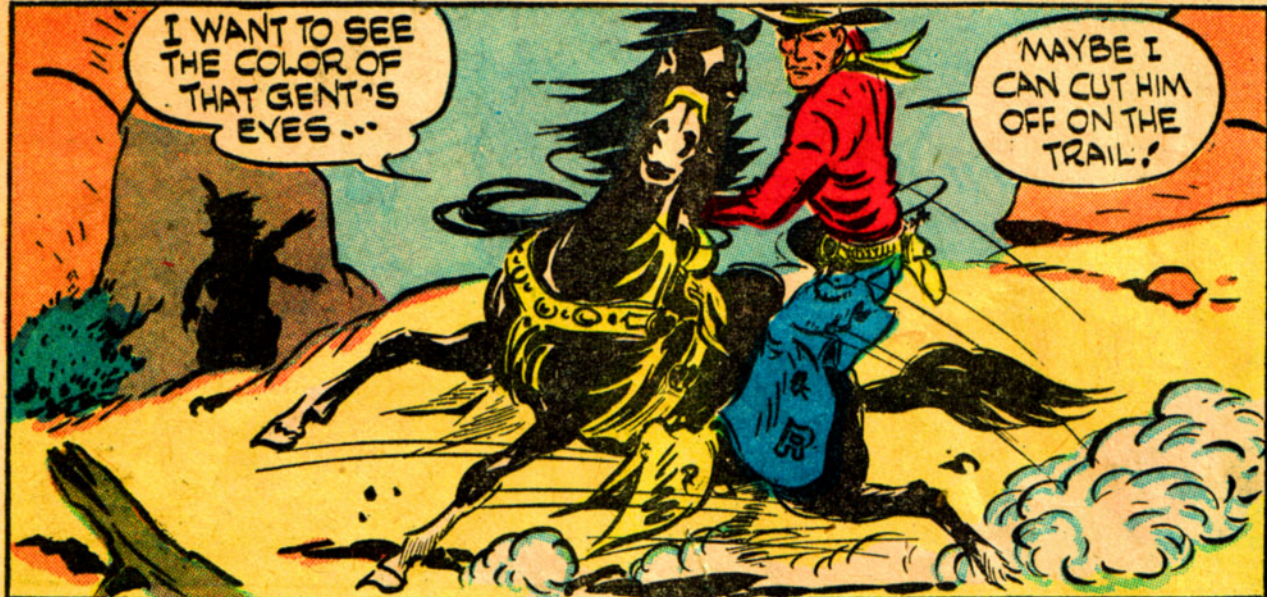


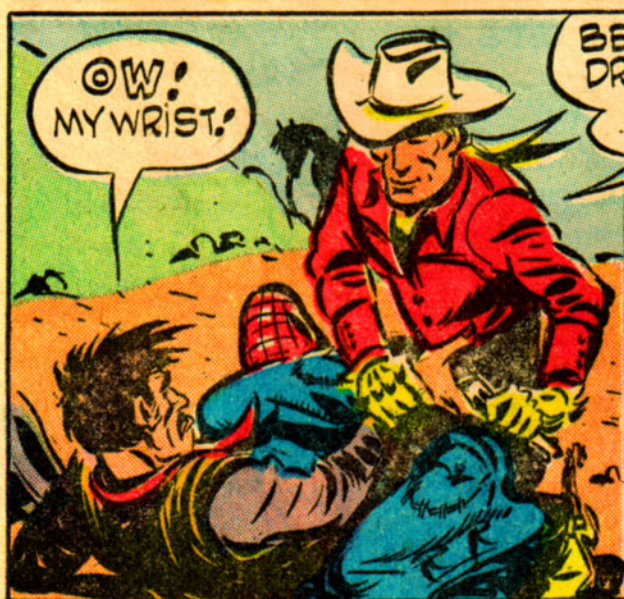




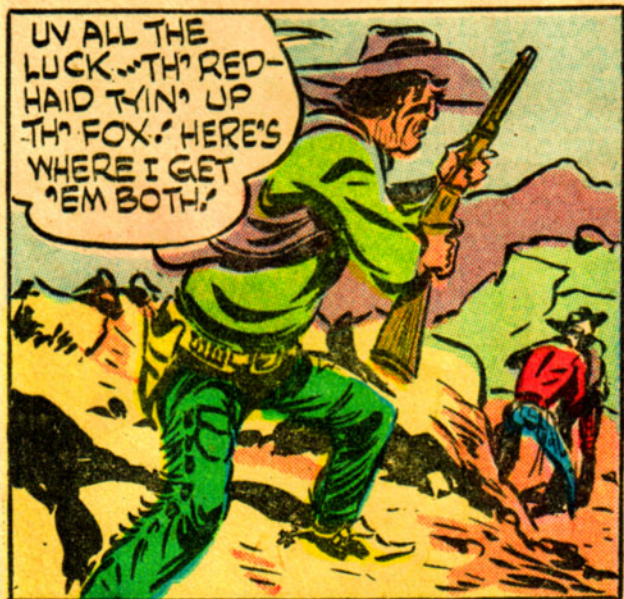
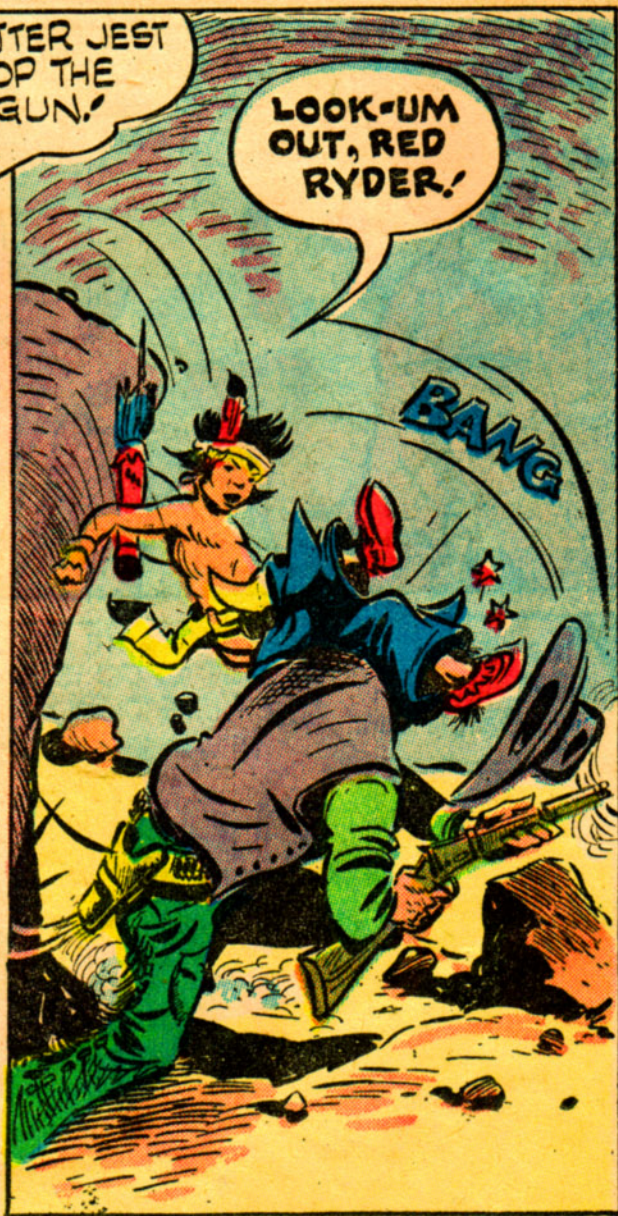
I WANT TO SEE
THE COLOR OF
THAT GENT'S
EYES ...

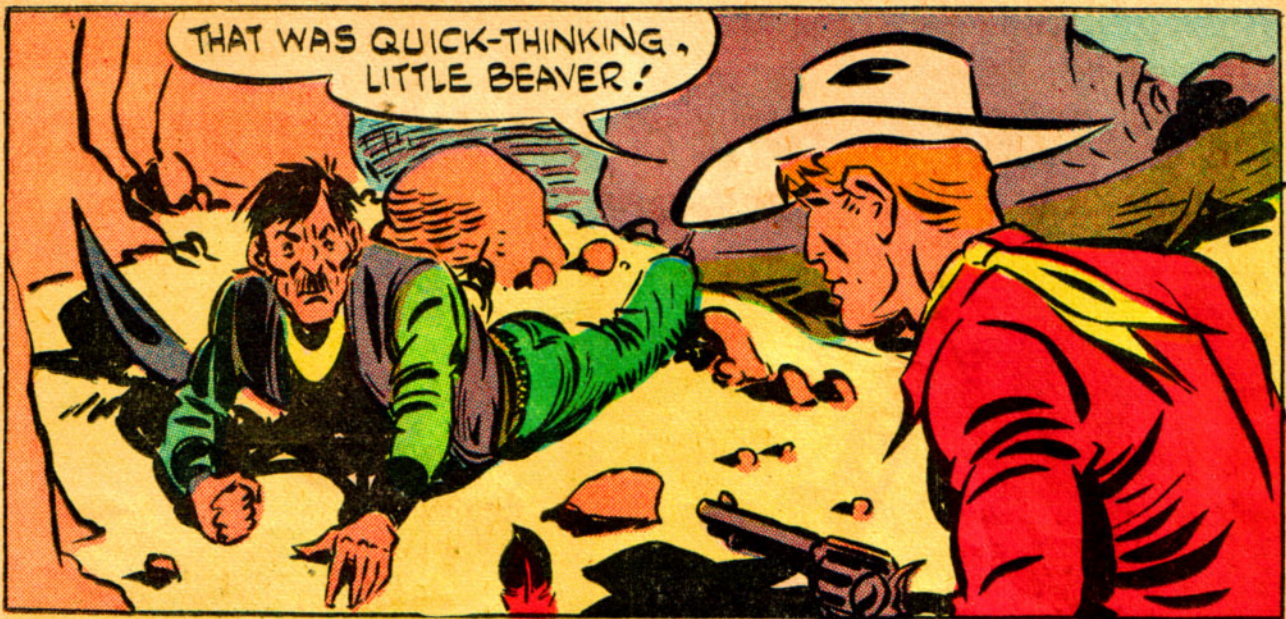
MAYBE I
CAN CUT HIM
OFF ON THE
TRAIL!






BETTER JEST
DROP THE
GUN!





THAT WAS QUICK-THINKING,
LITTLE BEAVER!

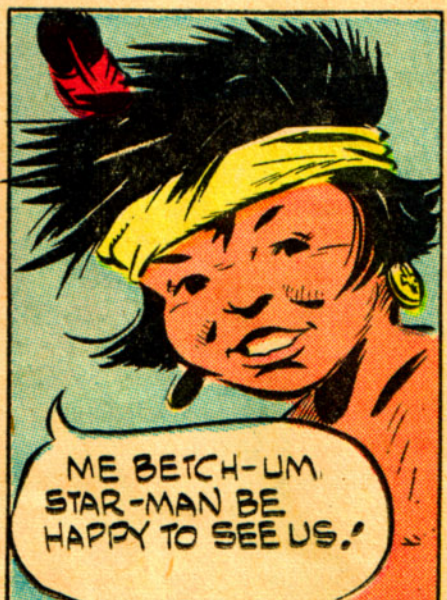


WELL, WE'VE GOT TH' TWO LEADERS! LET'S
GO BACK TO CAMP
AND SEE WHAT
WE CAN ROUND
UP.



MAKE-UM
HEAD MESS,
YOU BETCH-UM!

LOOKS LIKE ABOUT ALL WE
GOT TO DO IS SADDLE UP
THE STOLEN HORSES, GATHER
UP THE WOUNDED,
AND START BACK!



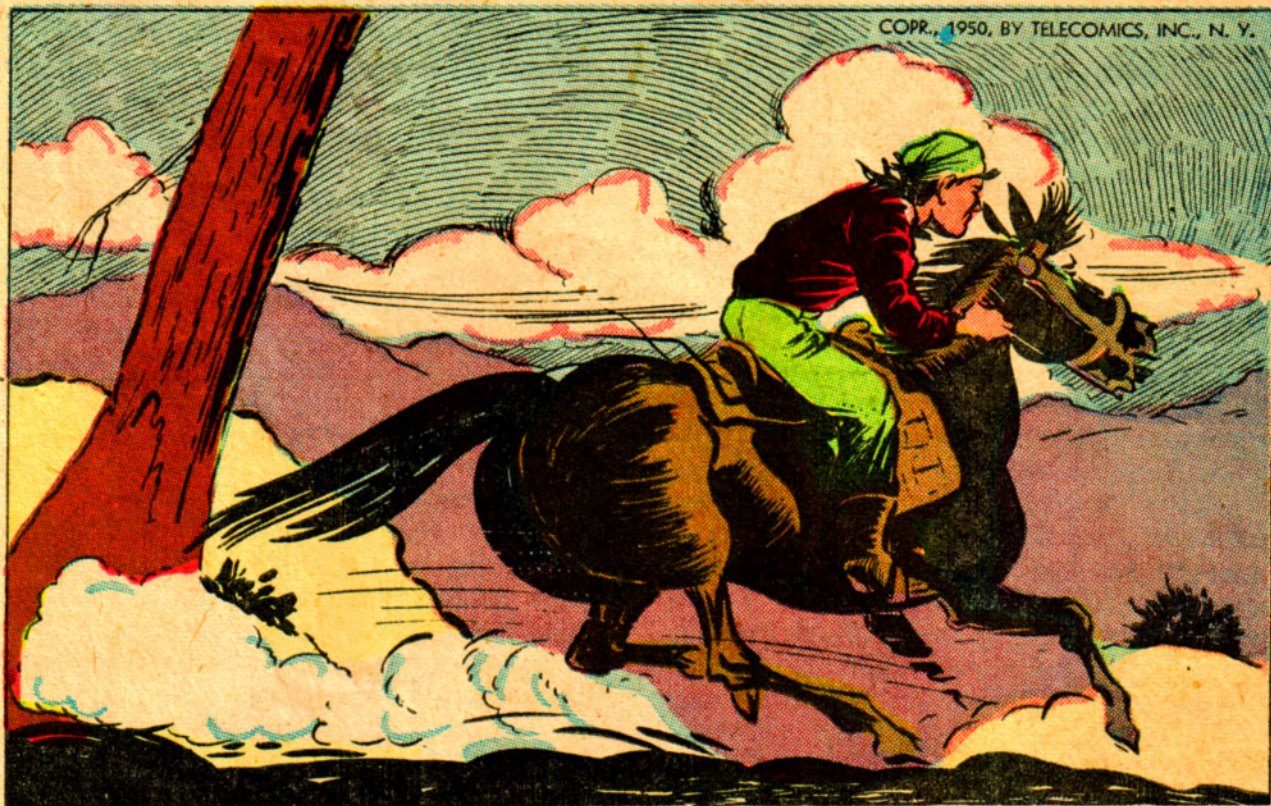
ME BETCH-UM,
STAR-MAN BE
HAPPY TO SEE US!

THE WEST THAT LIVES FOREVER

THE PONY EXPRESS

by **FRED HARMAN**

COPR., 1950, BY TELECOMICS, INC., N. Y.



I reckon you'll remember last time we were talkin' about gold an' silver and about all the folks who came rushin' west to get rich quick. Well, in '58 and the early '60's things were really hummin' Towns and cities sprang up overnight an' grew like wild weeds. To Denver and on through to Sacramento came the prospectors. Now these men who came out to make their fortunes had to send and receive mail, so an express stage line was formed. It carried the mail to Leavenworth, Kansas, and then it went on by rail. Then, in 1859, a man named Russell started to operate a horse express mail to carry letters to and from California by way of Leavenworth and St. Joseph, Missouri.

This was the beginning of the Pony Express . . . the most famous, daring, and dramatic express in history! Only one rider lost his life while performing his duty.

It's not known definitely who the

first rider was, but, regardless, it is Pony Bob Haslam who's remembered as makin' one of the greatest rides in the history of the west.

You all have read Mark Twain, and in his book called **ROUGHING IT**, he gives us a pretty fair picture of the pony express as he saw it. He says the rider was a little bit of a man, full of spirit and endurance. Through peaceful country and hostile Indian country he had to be ready to leap into the saddle and be off like the wind. He often rode as much as forty or fifty miles, by sunlight, moonlight, in pitch darkness . . . whichever his lot was. His horse was a splendid one—sleek and rippling with hard, smooth muscles; a horse born to be a racer and treated as such. To help give the rider speed, his outfit was thin and closely fitted. He wore a tight-fitting hat, and tucked his pants into his boot tops. Many riders carried arms . . . some didn't. Their horses were stripped of all

weight, too, and their saddles were as thin as wafers. To save time, the saddles remained on each horse at the relay stations. Now these relay stations were at first 20 to 25 miles apart, then later 10 to 20 miles apart. The riders would come crashin' up to the station where two men stood holding fast a fresh, impatient horse, and the transfer of the rider and mail bag was done so fast, that the rider was out of sight almost 'fore you could see 'im.

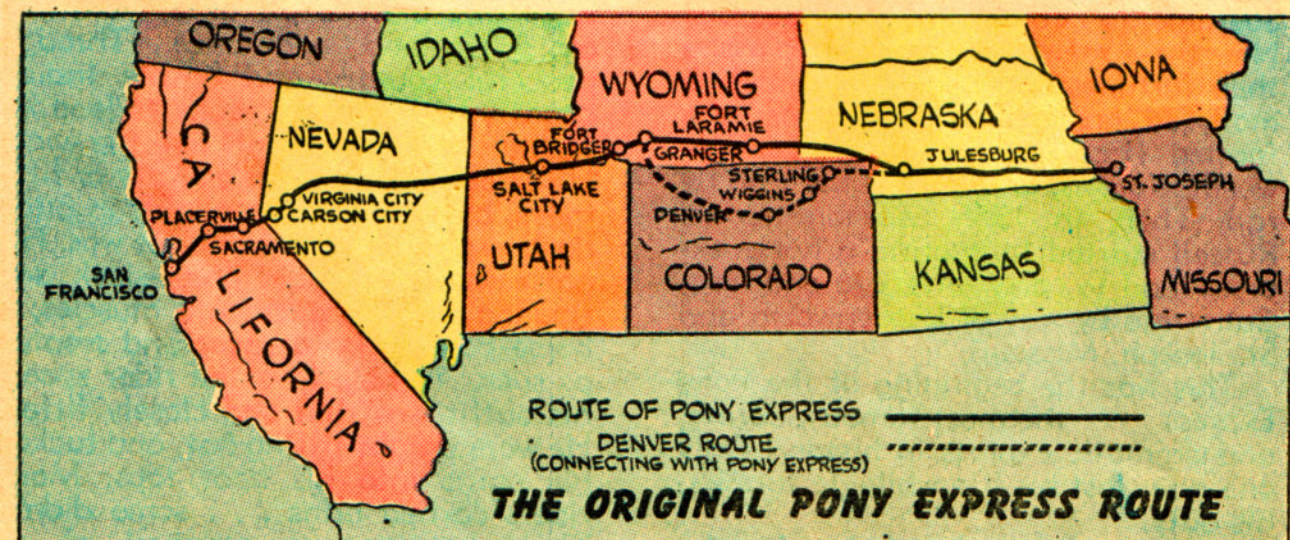
The saddlebag or MOCHILLA fitted snugly over the saddle horn and had four pockets; three were locked and opened only at military posts or Salt Lake City. The fourth pocket held the mail picked up along the route and a slip tellin' the arrivals and departures of each rider. At each station there was a key for this mail pocket. To save weight, letters sent by Pony Express were written on tissue paper, and to send a letter from St. Jo to Sacramento cost \$10 an ounce! There were about 80 pony riders in the saddle all the time, night and day, stretchin' from Missouri to California.

Now let's get back to Pony Bob Haslam. In the spring of 1860 the Piutes went on the warpath against the Pony Express relay stations which had been built across the lonely stretches of Nevada. Stations were burned, horses stolen, and relay crews killed. The Pony Express sought help from the Army and whole companies policed the route east of Carson City. It was durin' this siege that Pony Bob made his fam-

ous ride. When he pulled into Reed's Station on his eastern run there were no horses awaiting him . . . they had all been taken by the troops fighting the Indians. So Bob fed his mount and rode 15 miles farther to Bucklands, the end of his 75-mile run. When he got there, Johnny Richardson, the next rider, refused to set out for Carson Sink because of the Indian uprising, so the station head offered Bob \$50 to ride Johnny's route, and ten minutes later Pony Bob was headed down the trail.

Bob spent the night at Smith Creek and in the mornin', when the exhausted rider arrived from the east, he picked up the westbound bags and rode back over the trail he'd ridden the night before. The station at Cold Springs was a shambles; the keeper was dead; the horses had been taken by the Indians—so Pony Bob rode on through the night to Sand Springs. Here the head of the station offered him double the amount he had before, and Bob—after only an hour's rest—took off across the Sierras and back into Friday's Station, where his run had begun. Pony Bob had covered 380 miles through hostile Indian country with only a little over eleven hours rest!

Yessir, folks had many occasions to marvel at the feats of the Pony Express. Perhaps the ride which will always be remembered is the one which carried Lincoln's inaugural address to California—in seven days and seventeen hours! Yup, THAT'S ridin'!



LITTLE BEAVER

By FRED HARMAN

GOSHAMIGHTY, RED!...
I RECKON THAT
EXPLAINS IT!

... SAYS HERE IN THE
DURANGO HERALD
THAT THE CIRCUS IS COMIN'
TO TOWN!

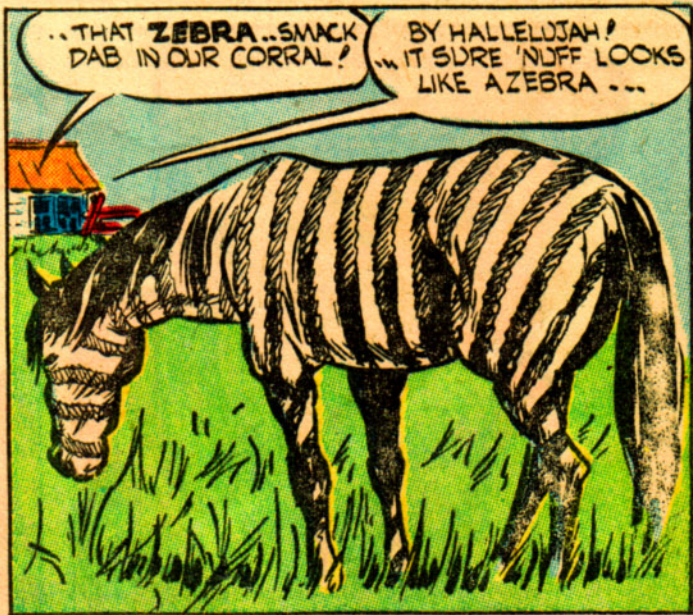


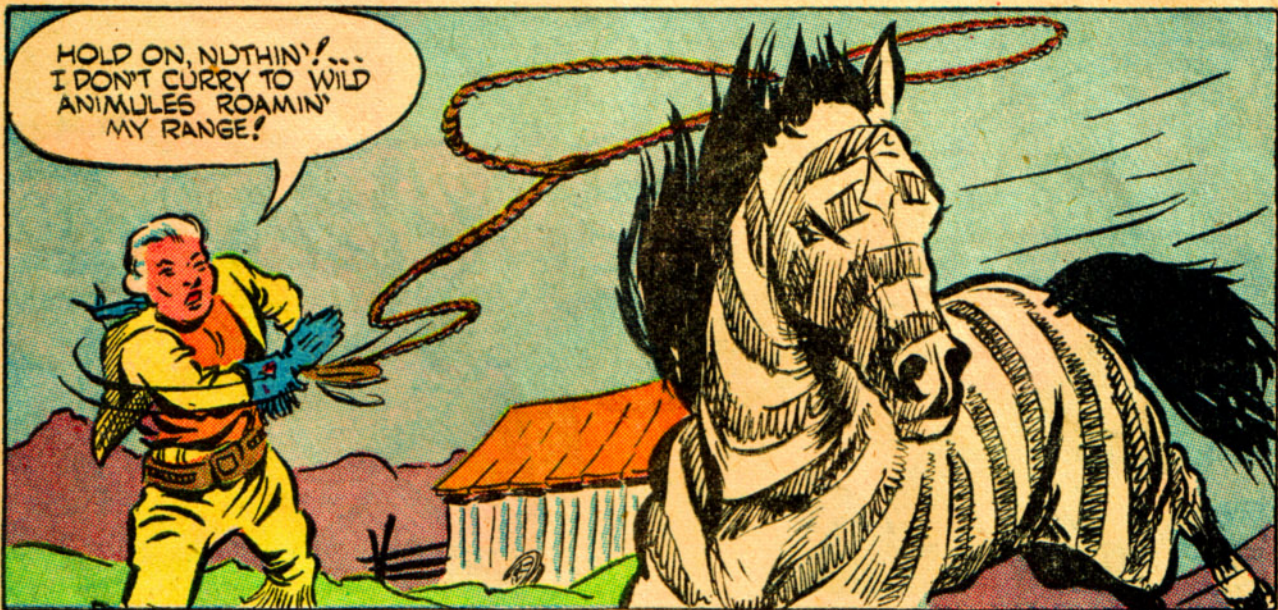
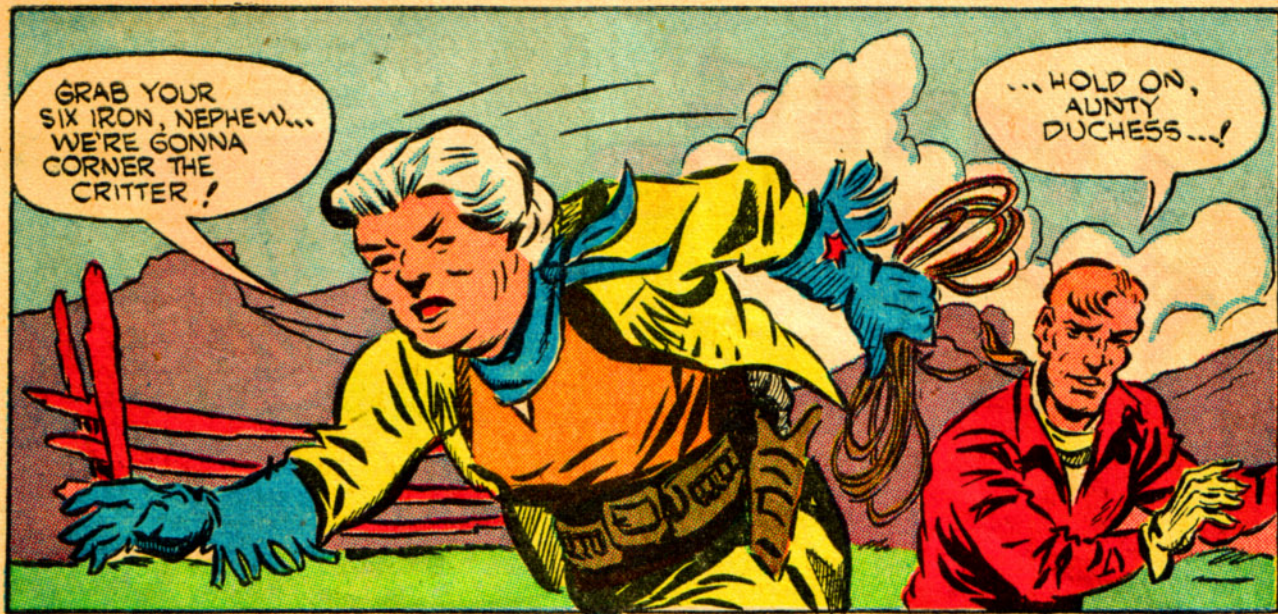
... EXPLAINS
WHAT,
DUCHESS?

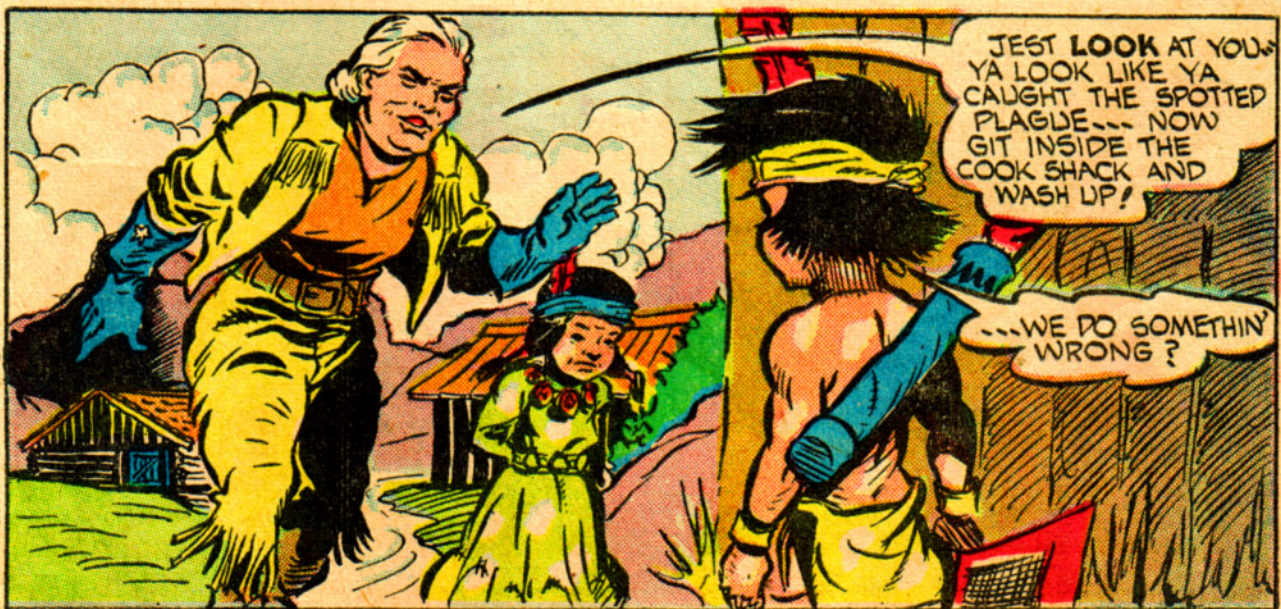
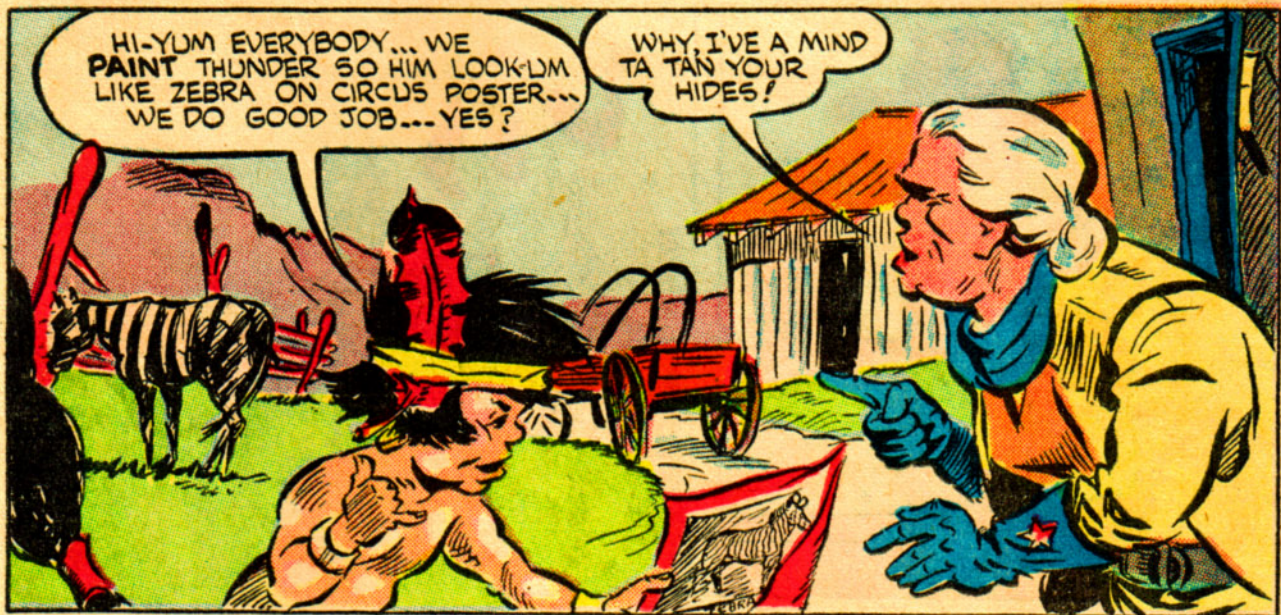


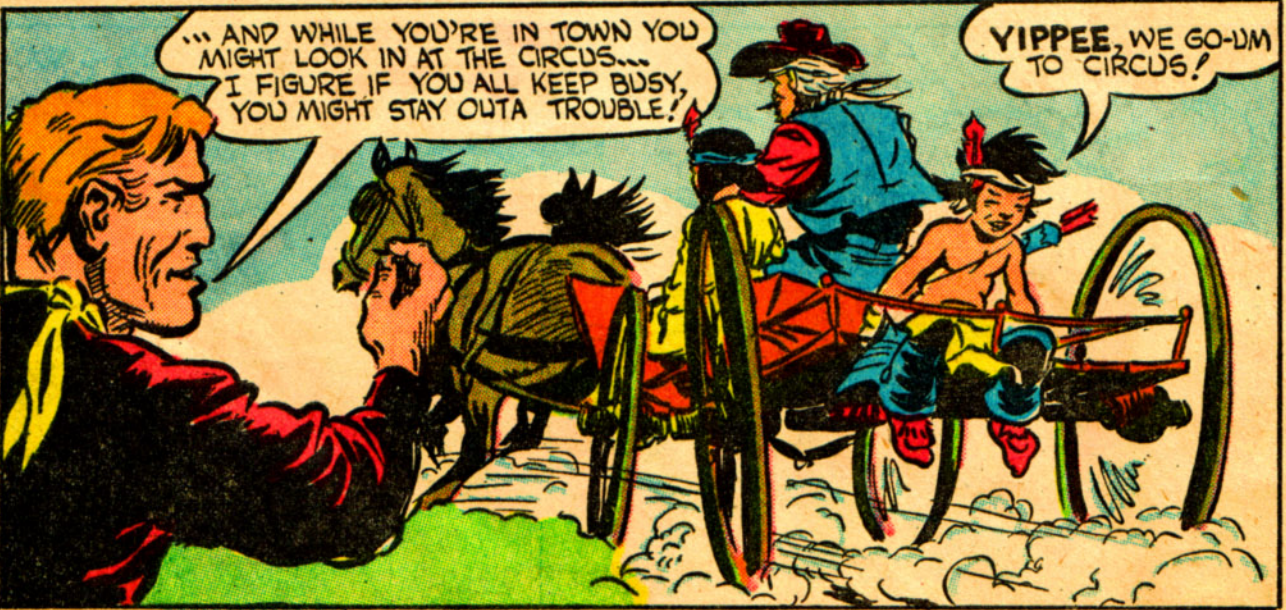
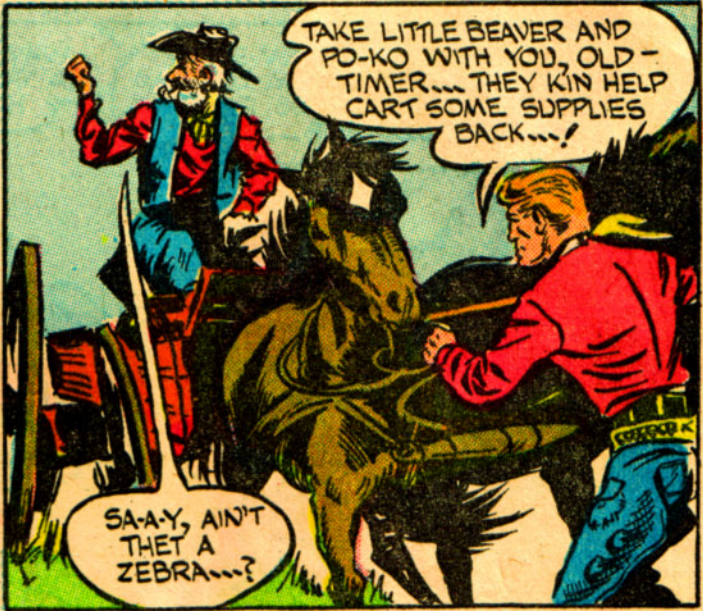
... THAT ZEBRA...SMACK
DAB IN OUR CORRAL!

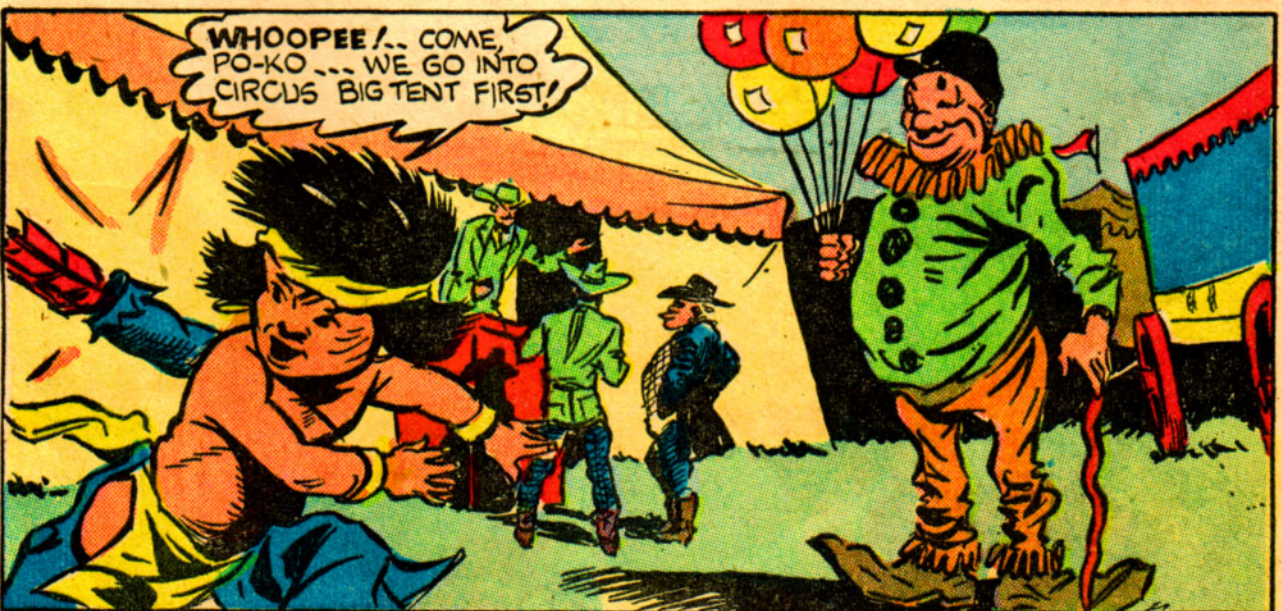
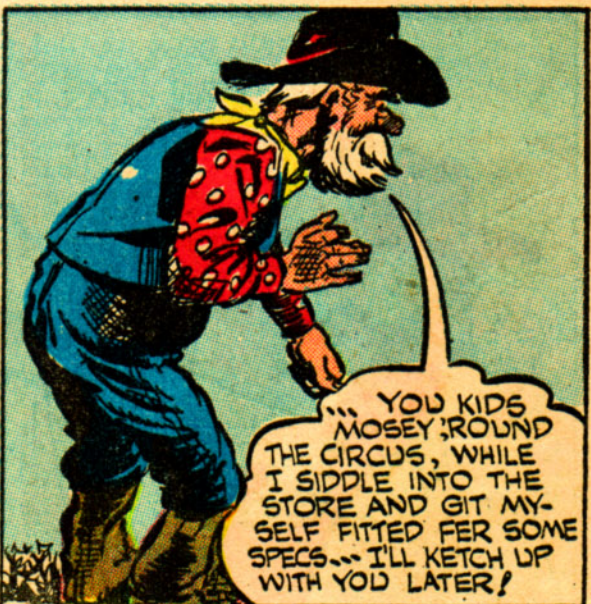
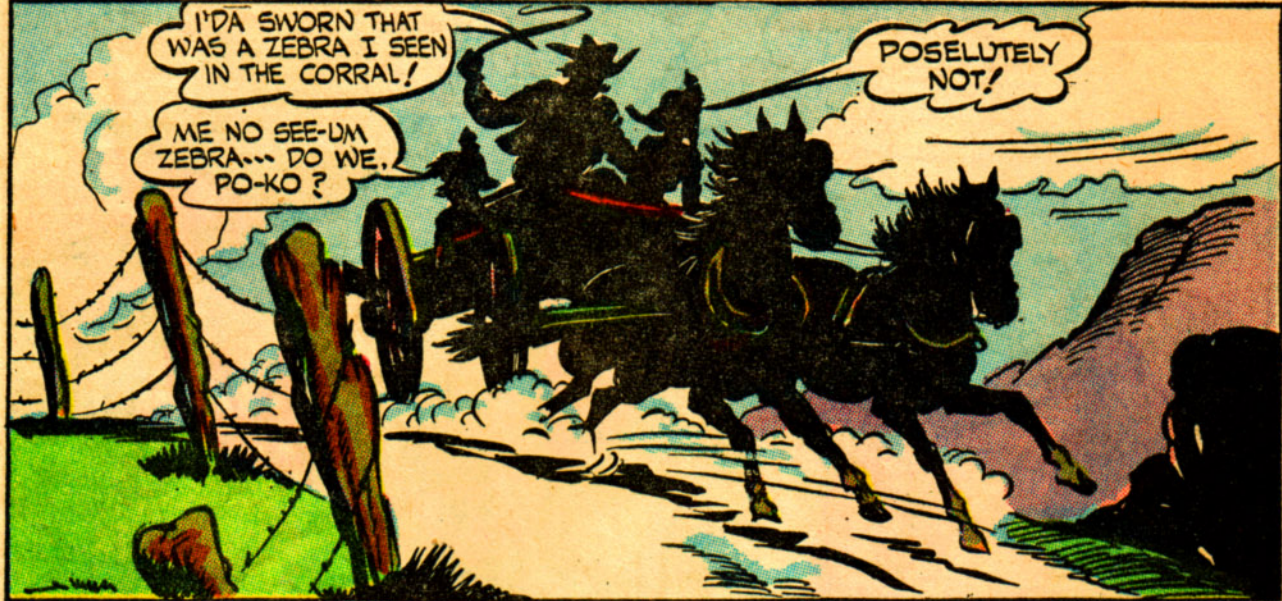
BY HALLELUJAH!
... IT SURE 'NUFF LOOKS
LIKE AZEBRA ...















... LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE TOWN IS TURNIN' OUT TO SEE THE CIRCUS, SHERIFF NEWT!

YEP! ...THAT'S WHAT'S GOT ME WORRIED!

HOW'S THAT, NEWT?



... THERE'S BEEN NUTHIN' BUT TROUBLE IN THE LAST FEW TOWNS THE CIRCUS PLAYED. SOME OF THE ACTORS HAVE BEEN MEETIN' WITH MIGHTY PECULIAR ACCIDENTS!

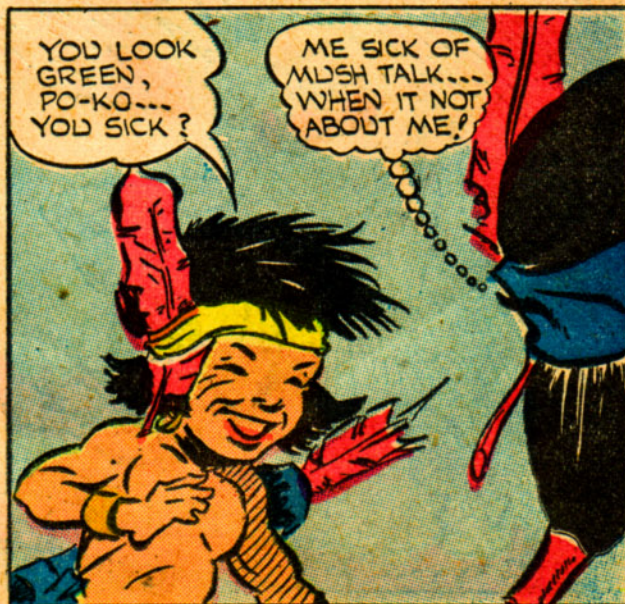
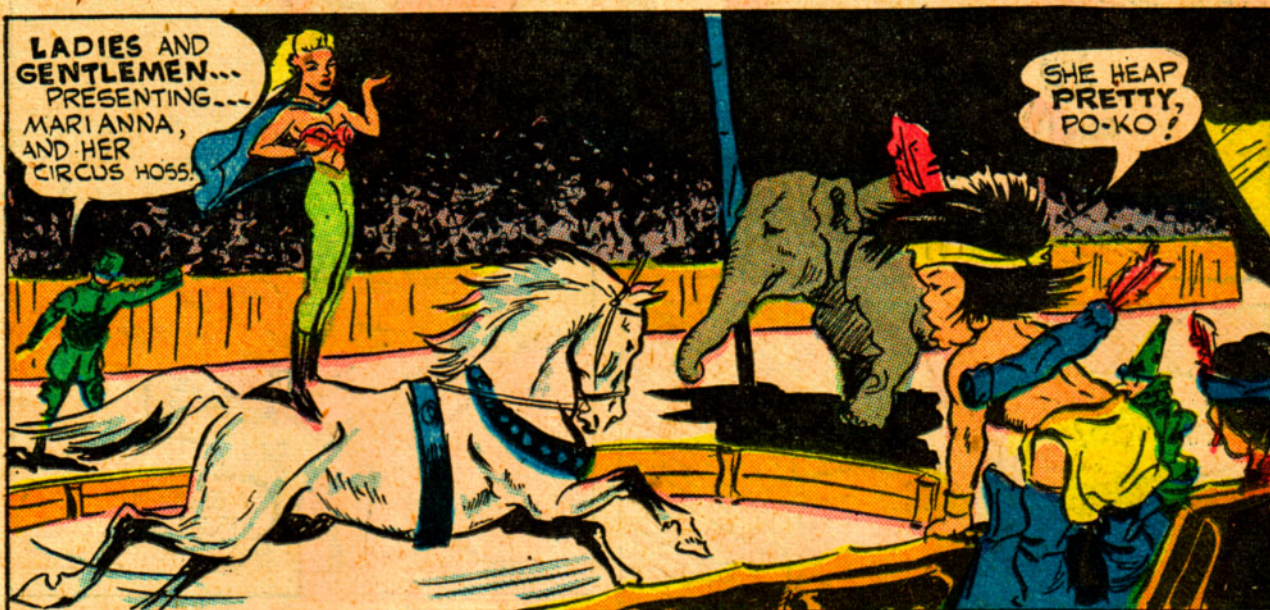
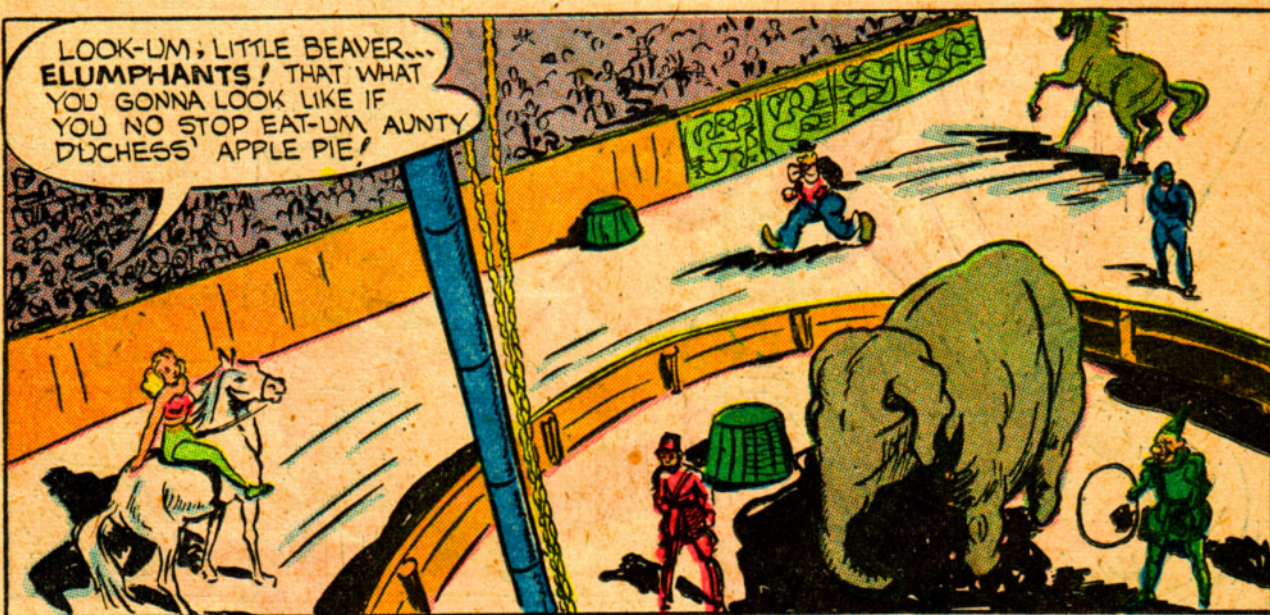


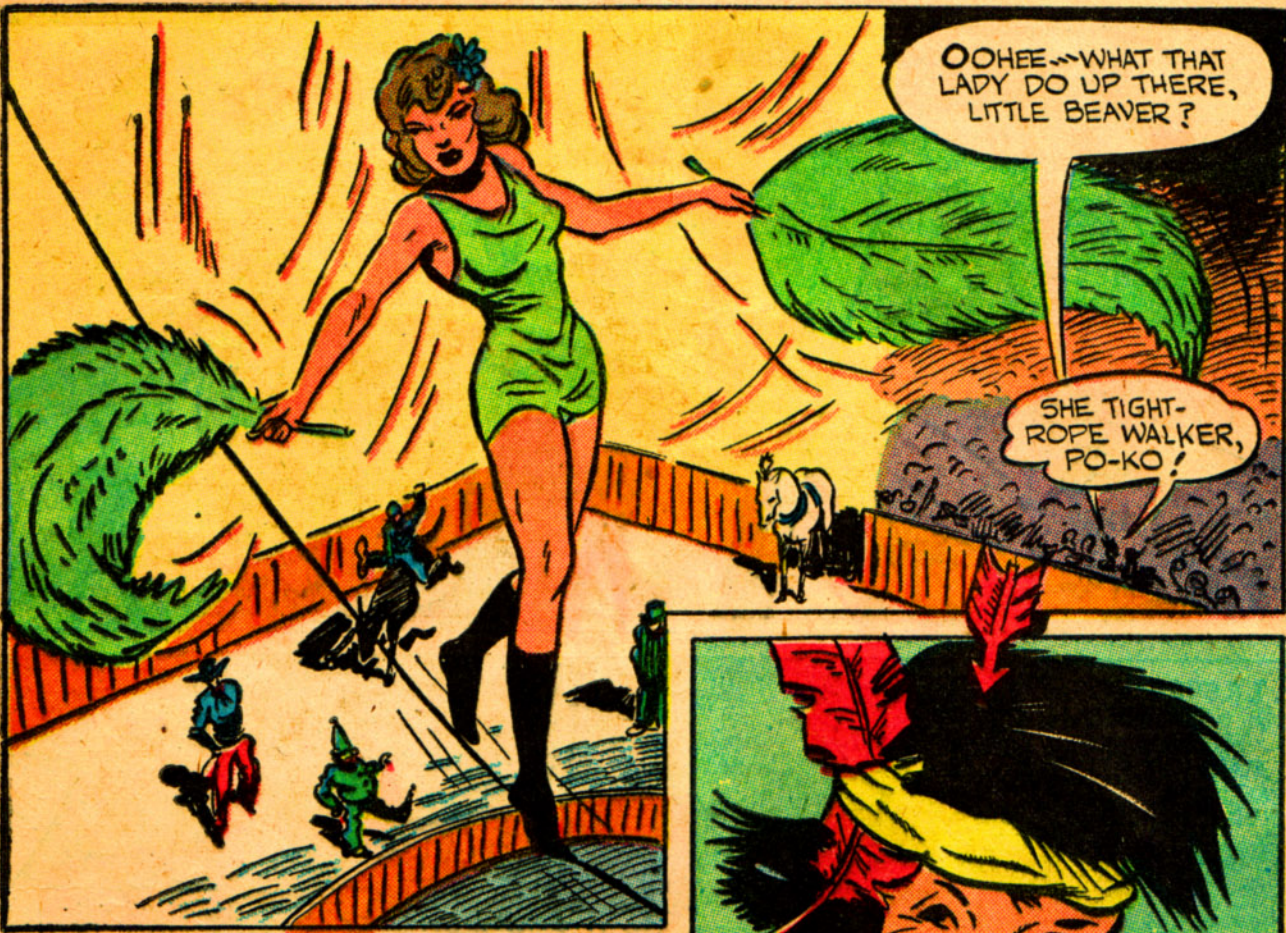
... WHAT'S MORE, GOSSIP HAS IT THAT SOME HOMBRE WITH A GRUDGE AGAINST CIRCUS PEOPLE IS AIMIN' TO KILL OFF A FEW PERFORMERS!



YOU MEAN THERE'S A KILLER LOOSE IN THAT TENT, SHERIFF?

YES!... BUT DON'T WORRY, 'CAUSE I STRAPPED ON BOTH MY GUNS... AND I AIN'T GONNA HESITATE USIN' 'EM IF I SEE SOMETHIN' OUTA THE ORDINARY!





OOHEE---WHAT THAT LADY DO UP THERE, LITTLE BEAVER?

SHE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER, PO-KO!



(SIGH)---ME COULD GO FOR GIRL LIKE THAT!



ME CAN DO THAT TOO!



COME DOWN, PO-KO!

YOU GONNA HURT
YOURSELF, PO-KO!

DOWN
IN
FRONT!

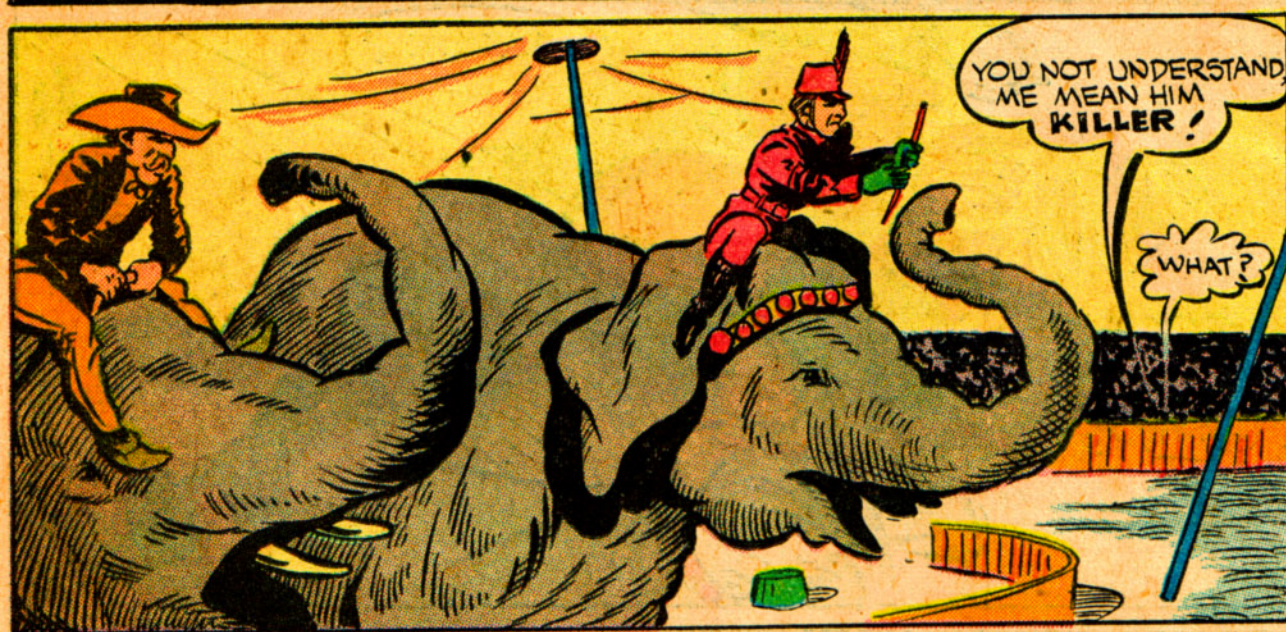
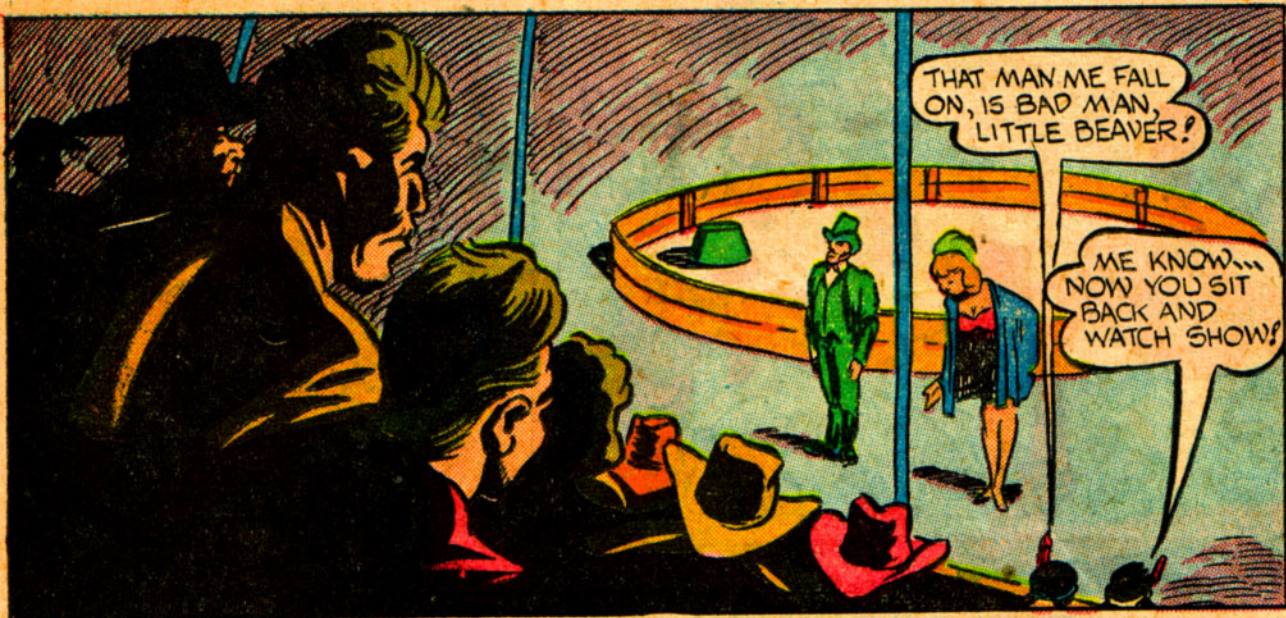
WHOOOPS

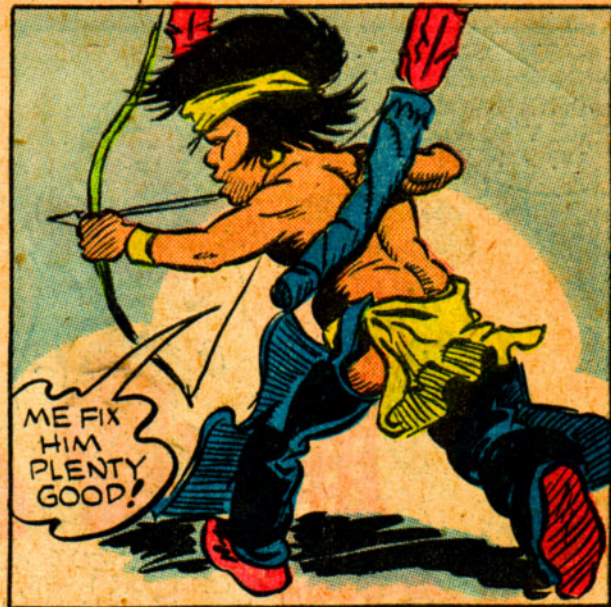
WHAT THE...?

HIM GOT GUN IN
BANDAGED HAND,
ME WONDER
WHY?

! * O!!...
I OUGHTA...

HOLD ON, MISTER!
THAT'S ONE BRAND
O' TALK WE DON'T
ADMIRE 'ROUND
HERE... THE KID
WAS JUST
PLAYIN' 'ROUND...
NOW LET HER
GO!

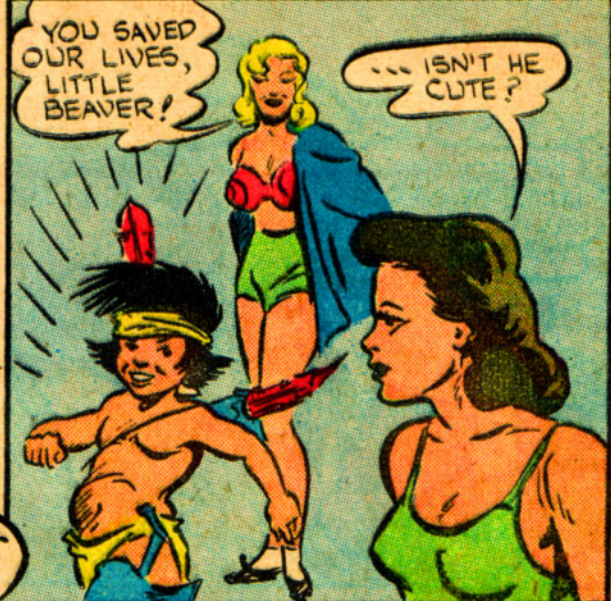






...I RECOGNIZE THIS MAN, SHERIFF!... HE ONCE WORKED WITH THIS OUTFIT, AND WHEN HE WAS FIRED, HE SWORE HE'D RUIN THE CIRCUS!

ALL RIGHT, YOU COYOTE... ON YOUR FEET, YOU'RE GOIN' TO JAIL!



YOU SAVED OUR LIVES, LITTLE BEAVER!

... ISN'T HE CUTE?



HERE COMES OLD-TIMER, PO-KO, AND LITTLE BEAVER, RIGHT ON TIME FOR CHOW?



YOU BETCH-UM, RED RYDER?

I HOPE YOU TWO KEPT OUT OF TROUBLE?



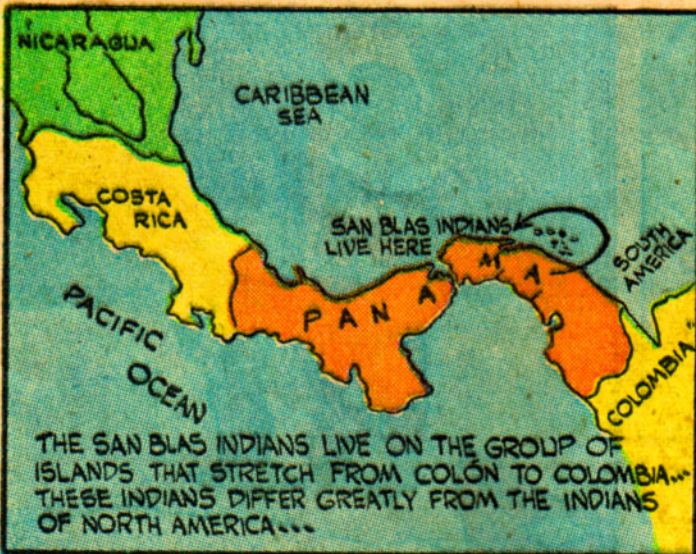
WHY THE SPECS OLD-TIMER?

WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS RED... WHEN I START SEEIN' ZEBRAS IN THE PAINTED VALLEY CORRAL... I FIGURE IT'S ABOUT TIME I WAS WEARIN' 'EM!

AHEM... CAREFUL WITH THEM DISHES, RED!

WIGWAM WAYS

SAN BLAS INDIANS



THIS IS A SAN BLAS INDIAN WOMAN... SHE HAS DARK SKIN AND DARK HAIR. THE LINE DRAWN DOWN THE CENTER OF HER NOSE IS TO GIVE THE ILLUSION OF LENGTH TO HER BROAD NOSE... HER HAIR IS COVERED WITH A COLORFUL SHAWL, AND AROUND HER NECK, ARE MANY BEAUTIFUL NECKLACES THAT HAVE BEEN HANDED DOWN FROM ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER...



THESE INDIAN HOMES HAVE THICKLY THATCHED ROOFS MADE OF PALM LEAVES. THE WALLS ARE MADE FROM BAMBOO POLES WHICH ARE LACED TOGETHER WITH VINE ROPE, AND THE FLOORS ARE JUST PLAIN EARTH. COCONUT HUSKS ARE FOUND HANGING ON THE WALLS OF THESE DWELLINGS... THEY ARE USED FOR FUEL...

THIS SAN BLAS INDIAN MAN IS CARVING A MEDICINE MAN OUT OF BALSA WOOD (BALSA WOOD IS PLENTIFUL ON THE ISLAND). IN THE BACKGROUND, LEANING AGAINST THE WALL OF A HUT, IS A FINISHED MEDICINE DOLL. THESE INDIANS ARE EXTREMELY UNFRIENDLY AND NO OUTSIDERS HAVE EVER WITNESSED THEIR CEREMONIES...



THESE INDIAN BOYS ARE FISHING IN A ROUND-BOTTOMED MAHOGANY CAYUCA... ONE WRONG MOVE WOULD CAPSIZE THE BOAT...



THE GIRL ON THE LEFT IS CALLED A "MOON CHILD" BY THE INDIANS OF HER TRIBE... SHE IS AN ALBINO... SHE HAS LIGHT HAIR AND EYES, AND FAIR SKIN... THE GLARING SUN HURTS HER EYES... SHE CAN SEE BEST AT NIGHTFALL... THUS THE NAME "MOON-CHILD"...

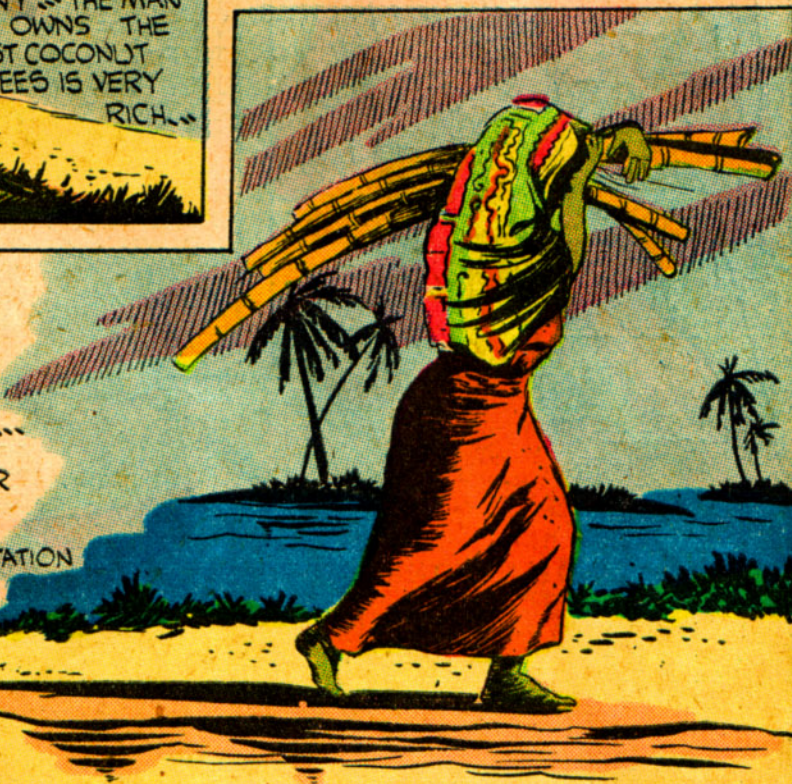


HERE IS A SAN BLAS INDIAN MOTHER WITH HER TWO CHILDREN... THE BOY CHILD (RIGHT) IS DRESSED IN A SHIRT... WHEN HE BECOMES TEN YEARS OLD, HE RECEIVES A LONG TAILED SHIRT AND HAT... LATER HE GETS A PAIR OF TROUSERS... FROM THEN ON, HE HAS TO MAKE HIS OWN CLOTHES...



MONEY GROWS ON TREES ON SAN BLAS ISLE... BECAUSE IN THIS LAND COCONUTS ARE USED THE SAME WAY WE USE NICKLES AND DIMES... FIVE COCONUTS ARE EQUAL TO ONE PENNY... THE MAN WHO OWNS THE MOST COCONUT TREES IS VERY RICH...

THE SAN BLAS INDIANS DO ALL THEIR TRADING AND WORK ON THE MAINLAND... BUT THEY LIVE ON THE SMALL ISLANDS SURROUNDING THE MAINLAND... HERE IS A SAN BLAS INDIAN GIRL CARRYING SOME SUGAR CANE STALKS TO HER HOME ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS... THE SUGAR CANE GREW ON A PLANTATION ON THE MAINLAND... ALTHOUGH THESE INDIANS AREN'T HOSTILE ALL STRANGERS MUST BE OFF THE ISLE BEFORE SUNDOWN.



RED RYDER RANCH NEWS

FROM **FRED HARMAN**

"THE FIRST SNOW OF THE SEASON, LAST AUGUST, WHITENS THE HIGH PEAKS... AS SEEN FROM MY STUDIO OVER-LOOKING THE RANCH".



"INSIDE OF MY STUDIO... AND IT FEELS MIGHTY COMFORTABLE DURING THESE COLD WINTER DAYS."



"MOST YOUNG FELLOWS LIKE TO HUNT. HERE, GENE LANING HOLDS A HAWK HE'S JUST BAGGED... IN TIME TO SAVE HIS CHICKEN DINNER."



WHOA UP!



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