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DECEMBER

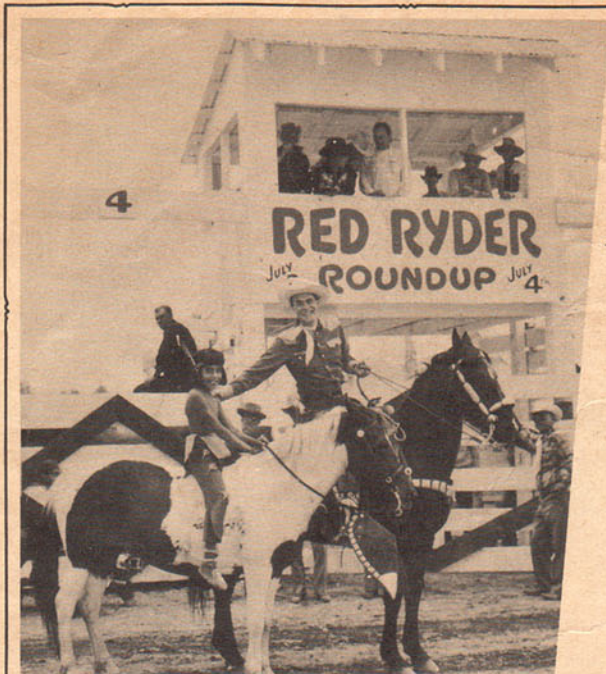
RED RYDER

Comics



52 pages —
ALL COMICS!

FRED HARMAN



"LITTLE BEAVER AND I BY THE CHUTES UNDER THE JUDGES' STAND."



photos by LOREN G. SNOOK

RED RYDER RANCH PAGOSA SPRINGS, COLORADO

Howdy Folks:

OUR NEW AND BIG RED RYDER ROUNDUP OUT HERE WAS A SUCCESS AND A REAL WESTERN RODEO. FOLKS FROM ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES CAME TO SEE. OUR NEW RODEO GROUNDS SURROUNDED BY THE HIGH SAN JUAN MOUNTAIN RANGE"

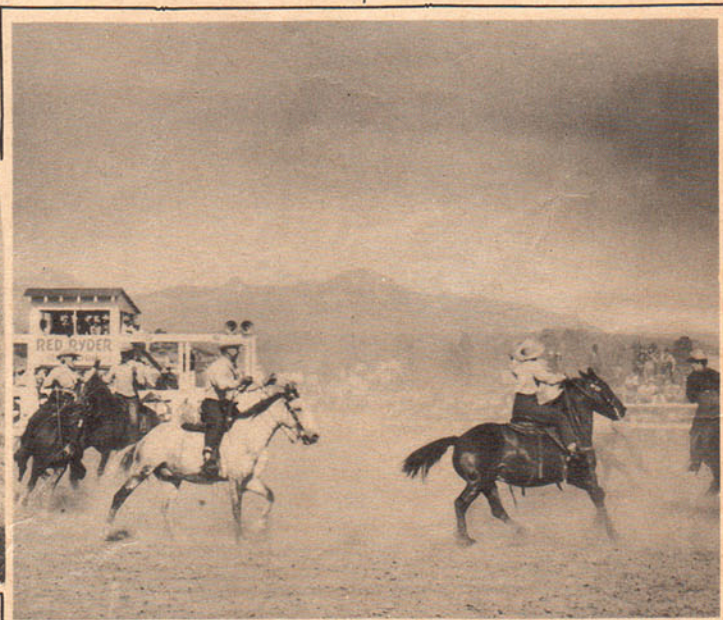
THE LOCAL RANCHERS, COWBOYS, AND TOWNFOLKS "CHIPPED IN" TO MAKE THIS SHOW POSSIBLE" THAT'S THE WAY WE DO THINGS OUT WEST HERE."

SO LONG FOR NOW

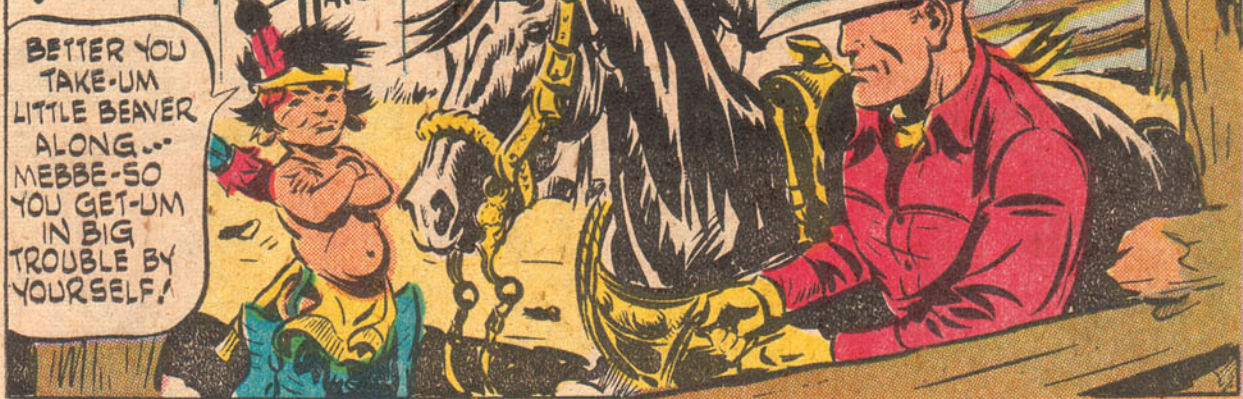
MORE RODEO PHOTOS
ON INSIDE BACK COVER.

"THE INDIANS WERE HERE TO SHOW US THEIR COLORFUL DANCES." THIS IS A CHIEF FRIEND OF MINE."

"ONE OF THE EVENTS WAS THE COWGIRL AND COWBOY SQUARE DANCE ON HORSEBACK."



RED RYDER

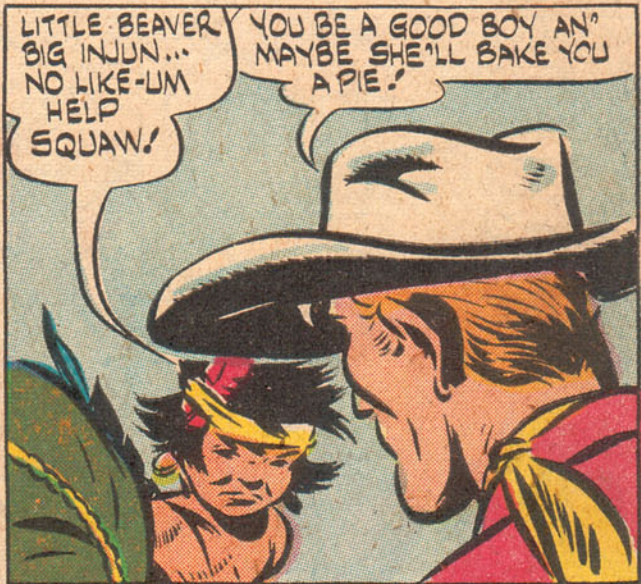


I DON'T THINK SO, LITTLE BEAVER!

BETTER YOU TAKE-UM LITTLE BEAVER ALONG... MEBBE-SO YOU GET-UM IN BIG TROUBLE BY YOURSELF!



YOU STAY AND HELP THE DUCHESS AROUND HERE... IF I CAN BUY THOSE STEERS, I'LL SEND FOR YOU AND TH' DUCHESS TO HELP ME TRAIL THEM IN!



LITTLE BEAVER BIG INJUN... NO LIKE-UM HELP SQUAW!

YOU BE A GOOD BOY AN? MAYBE SHE'LL BAKE YOU A PIE.



UGH! MEBBE-SO BETTER HELP-UM SQUAW, YOU BETCH-UM!



I FIGGERED THAT PIE WOULD CHANGE YOUR TUNE!

HERE'S YOUR DINERO, RED...
DON'T GIT LOST FROM
IT!



AN' IF THEM STEERS AIN'T
GOOD ONES, YOU JUST KEEP
A-SETTIN' ON YER MONEY
AN' LEAVE
'EM ALONE!

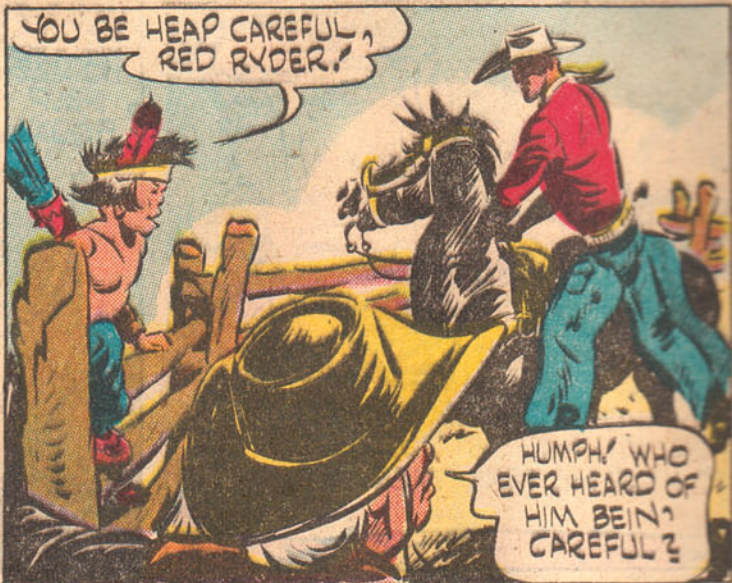


NO SENSE THROWIN' YORE
MONEY AWAY ON A
BUNCH OF OL' STEER
HIDES!

I HEAR
YOU
TALKIN'!



YOU BE HEAP CAREFUL,
RED RYDER!

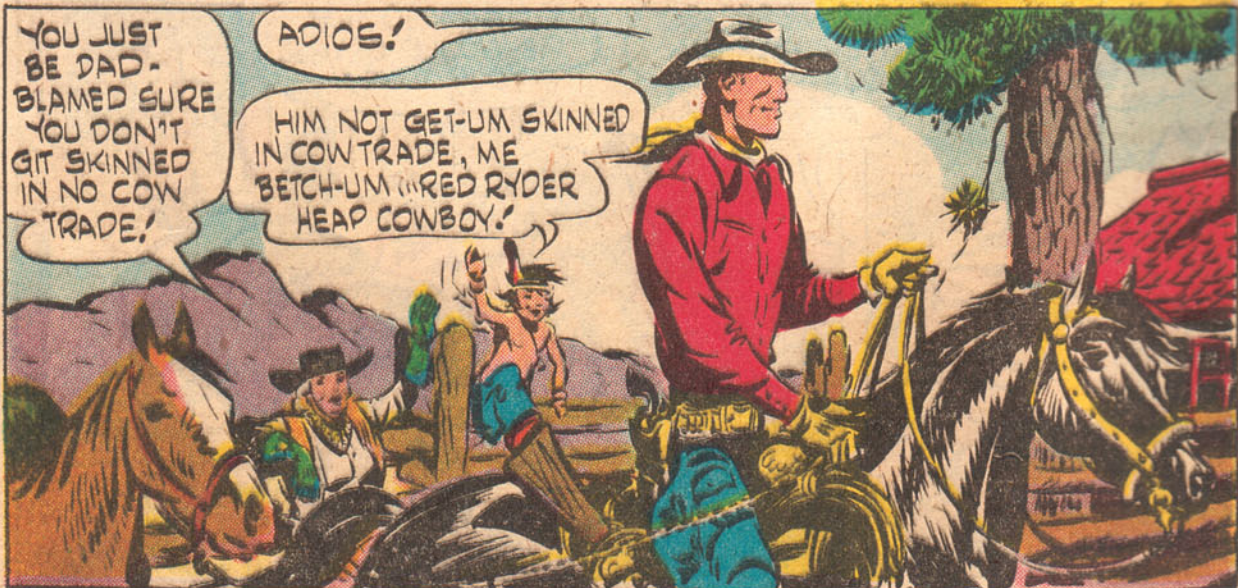


HUMPH! WHO
EVER HEARD OF
HIM BEIN'
CAREFUL?

YOU JUST
BE DAD-
BLAMED SURE
YOU DON'T
GIT SKINNED
IN NO COW
TRADE!

ADIOS!

HIM NOT GET-UM SKINNED
IN COW TRADE, ME
BETCH-UM 'RED RYDER
HEAP COWBOY!

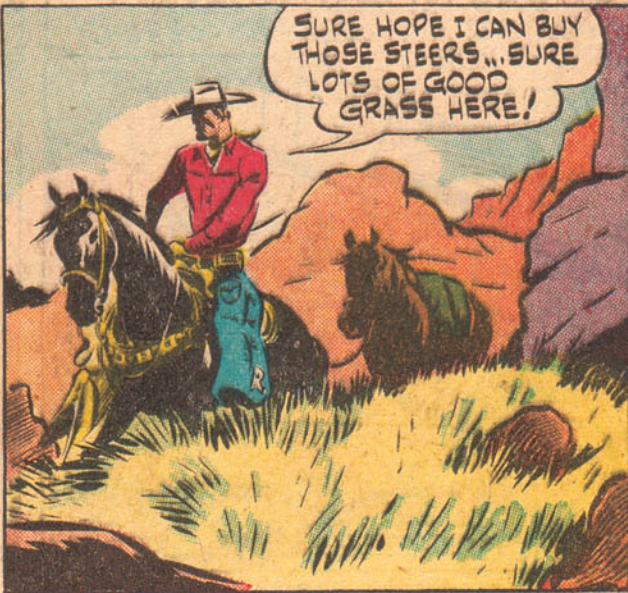


NOW YOU STAY OUTA MY WAY, YUH LITTLE SCOUNDREL, WHILE I BUILD A FIRE!

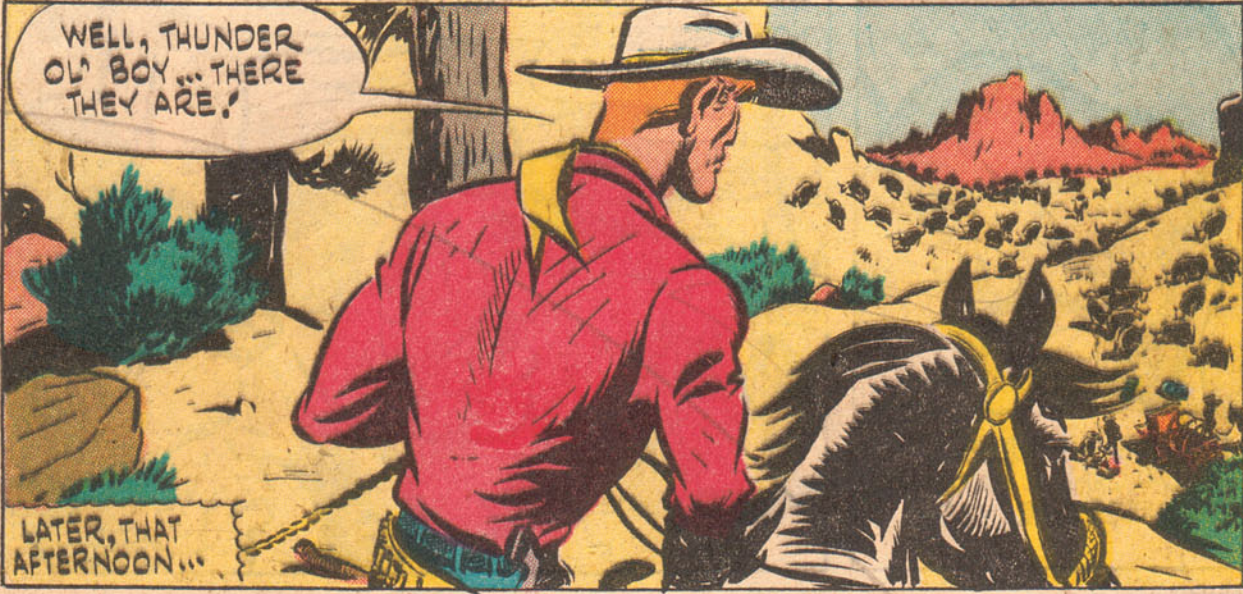
AUNTIE DUCHESS GROWL SAME LIKE PANTHER-CAT BUT GOT-UM HEART BIG LIKE SADDLE BLANKET!



SURE HOPE I CAN BUY THOSE STEERS...SURE LOTS OF GOOD GRASS HERE!



WELL, THUNDER OL' BOY...THERE THEY ARE!



LATER, THAT AFTERNOON...

RECKON WE'LL GO DOWN AN' GIVE 'EM TH' ONCE-OVER!



LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER SUCKER COMIN' BOSS!

YEAH...RECKON THAT'S TH' BIRD FROM BLANCO BASIN!



YOU BOYS LET ME DO TH' TALKIN'...
WE'LL GET HIM LOOSE FROM HIS MONEY
B'FORE MORNIN'!



THIS'LL BE TH' THIRD TIME
YOU'VE SOLD THESE SAME CATTLE!
YOU SURE ARE PULLIN' TH' WOOL
OVER THESE PUNKIN ROLLERS' EYES!

CARLOS GOTTA SCARESOME THEES TIME, SEÑOR
CHAMP, GONNA MAKE BEEG MEESTAKE!

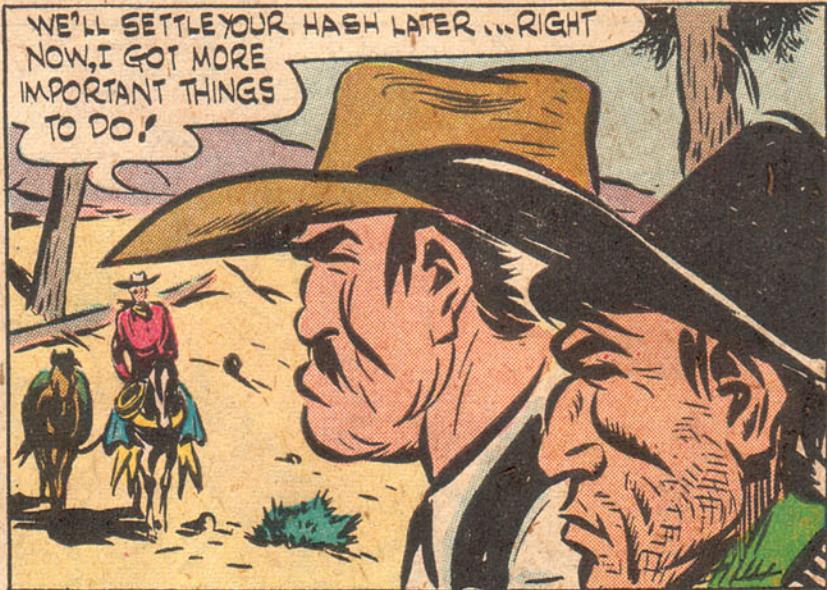


LISSEN, MEX, I'M
RAMRODDIN' THIS OUTFIT...
YOU'RE TH' HOSS-WRANGLER
AN' DON'T FERGIT IT ER
I'LL PART YOUR HAIR
WITH A GUN
BARREL!

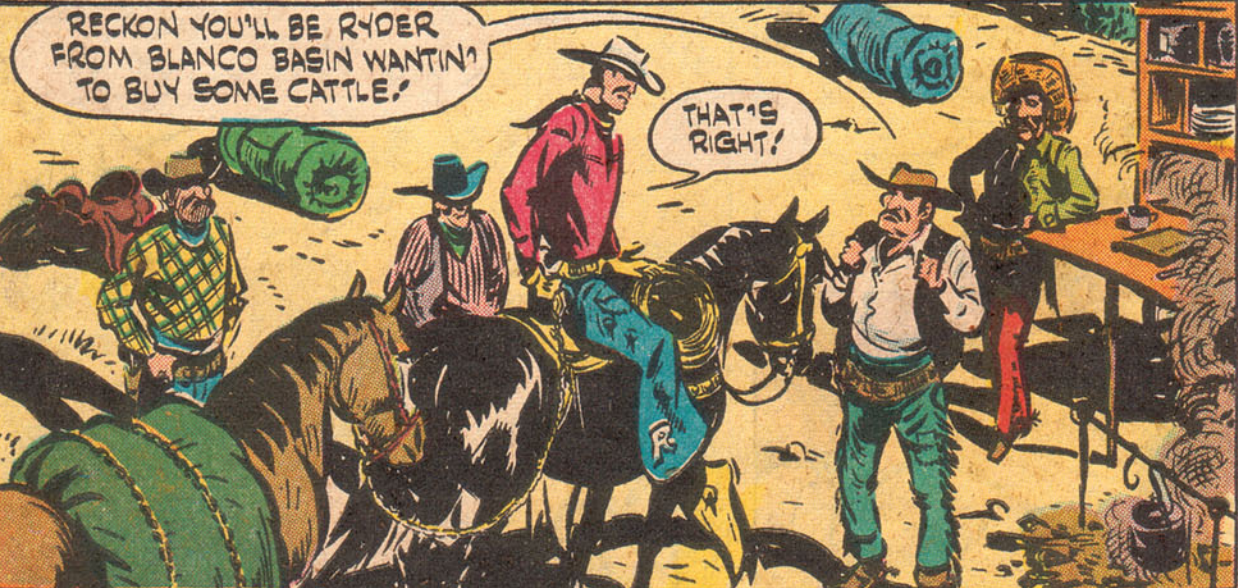


PERHAPS THEN EES WHEN
SEÑOR CHAMP MAKE THE
BIG MEESTAKE, YES!

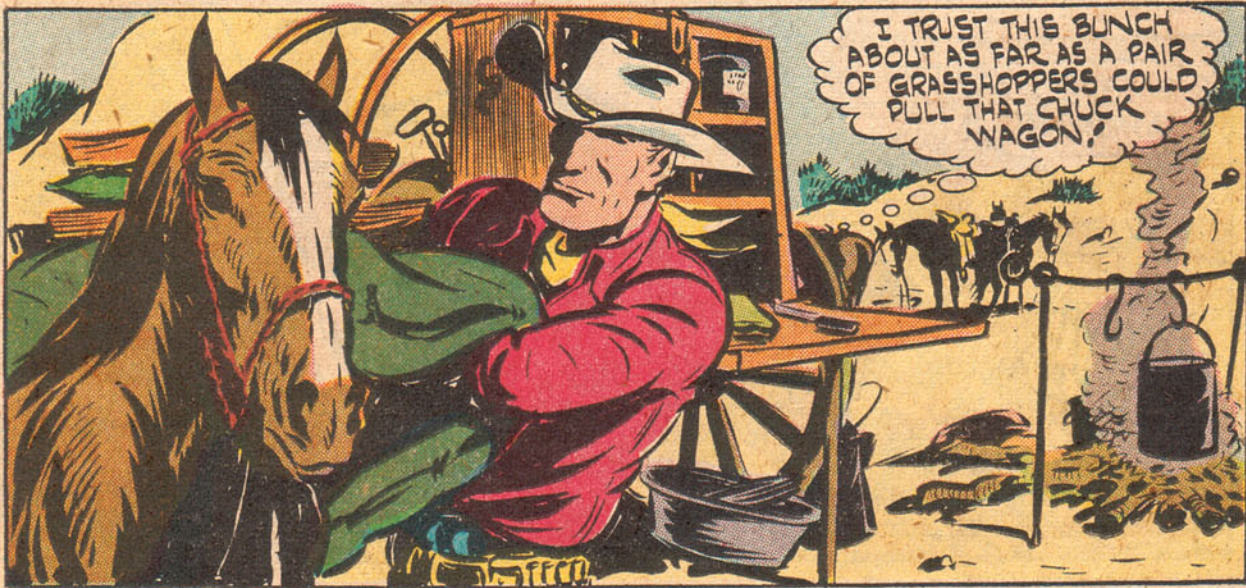
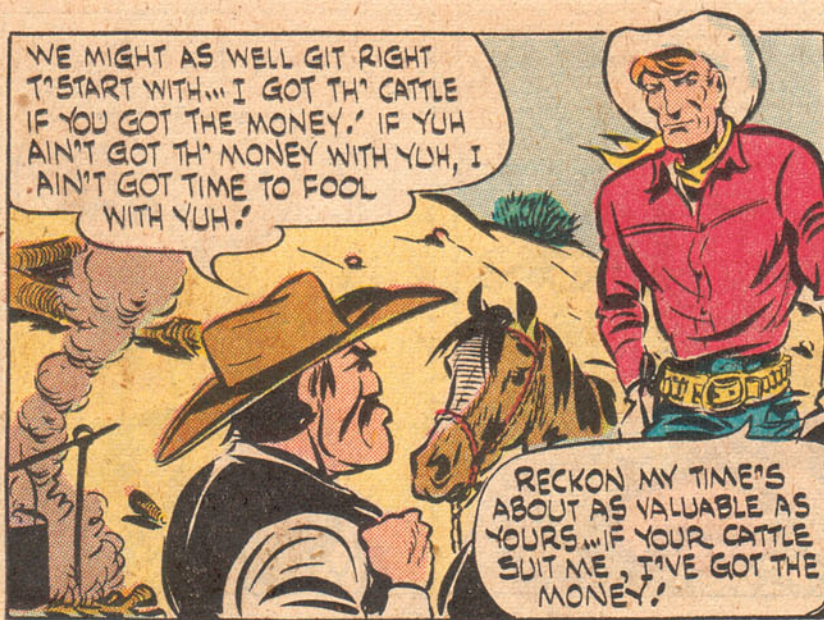
WE'LL SETTLE YOUR HASH LATER ...RIGHT
NOW, I GOT MORE
IMPORTANT THINGS
TO DO!



RECKON YOU'LL BE RYDER
FROM BLANCO BASIN WANTIN'
TO BUY SOME CATTLE!



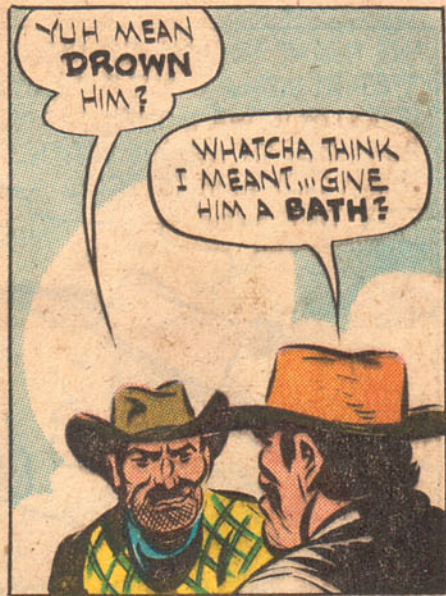
THAT'S
RIGHT!





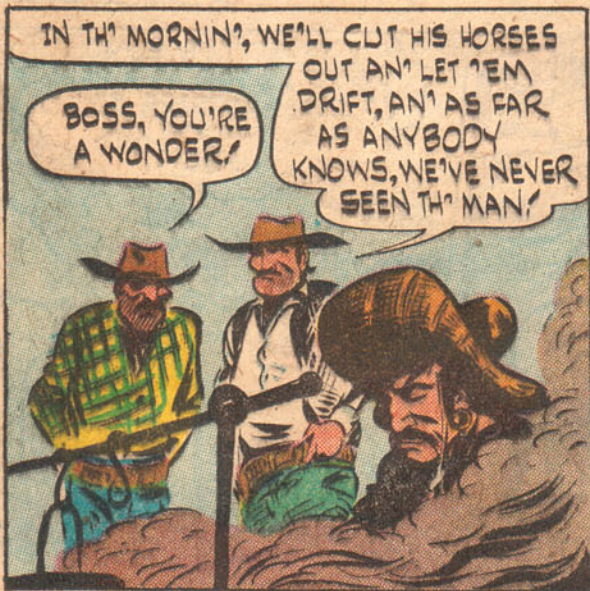
NOW, HERE'S TH' PLAY, BOYS...
I'LL LET HIM BUY THESE
STEERS
CHEAP...

"I'LL GIT HIS MONEY B'FORE
BEDTIME, THEN YOU AN'
CARLOS ROPE HIM, BED
AN' ALL, AN' TAKE HIM TO
TH' RIVER!"



YUH MEAN
DROWN
HIM?

WHATCHA THINK
I MEANT, "GIVE
HIM A **BATH**?"



IN TH' MORNIN', WE'LL CUT HIS HORSES

OUT AN' LET 'EM
DRIFT, AN' AS FAR
AS ANYBODY
KNOWS, WE'VE NEVER
SEEN TH' MAN!

BOSS, YOU'RE
A WONDER!



WELL, MY
MA DIDN'T
RAISE NO
IDIOTS!



WAIT TH' LEETLE BEET, SEÑOR CHAMP...
CARLOS WRANGLE THE HORSES
AN' HELP COOKA TH' GROB...



"BOT YOU WANTA THE
FIRE-HEADED MAN IN
THE REEVER, YOU
PUT HIM, **NOT CARLOS!**"



AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT! YOU'D PROBABLY GIT MIXED UP AN' HE'D DROWN YOU INSTEAD, ANYWAY!

MAYBE!



GO ON AN' GIT TH' HOSSES TOGETHER... I GOT TOO BIG A DEAL ON TO BE FUSSIN' WITH YOU!



WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO ABOUT CARLOS, CHAMP?

I'LL TAKE HIM DOWN A PEG OR TWO SOON'S I GIT RID O' RYDER... HE'S GITTIN' TOO BIG FER HIS BRITCHES!

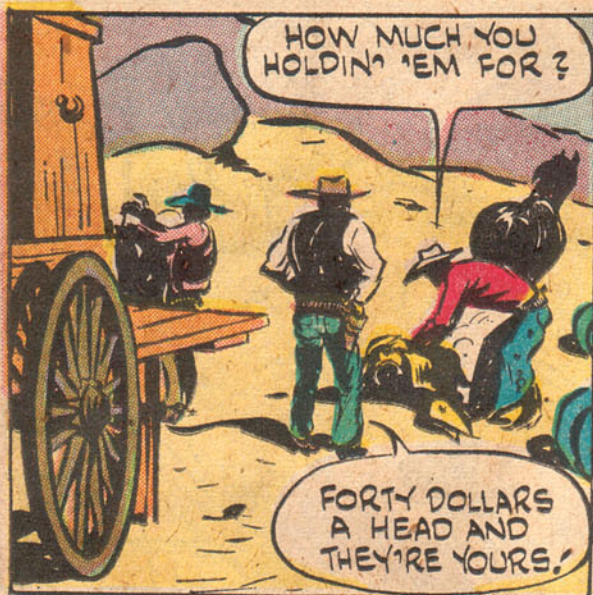


BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON THIS RYDER... HE DON'T LOOK LIKE NO PUNKIN' ROLLER TO ME!

SHUCKS! I'LL TAKE HIM LIKE TH' REST O' 'EM!



WELL, YOU BETTER GIT YORE TRADIN' CLOTHES ON... HERE HE COMES!



MEANWHILE, AT THE DUCHESS' RANCH...

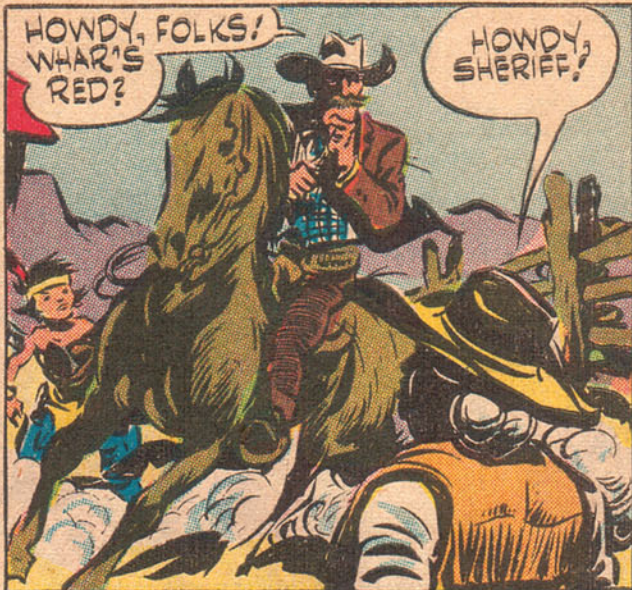
COMES SOMEBODY
MAKE-UM LONG,
DEEP TRACKS!

SHORE BURNIN'
TH' BREEZE,
ALL RIGHT!



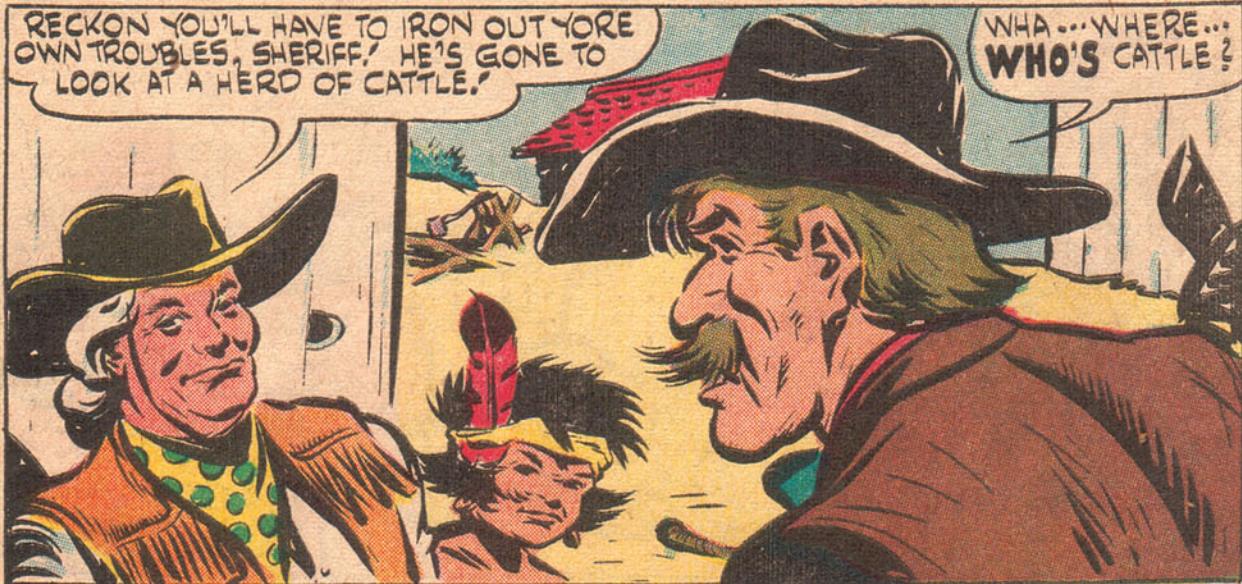
HOWDY, FOLKS!
WHAR'S
RED?

HOWDY,
SHERIFF?



RECKON YOU'LL HAVE TO IRON OUT YORE
OWN TROUBLES, SHERIFF! HE'S GONE TO
LOOK AT A HERD OF CATTLE!

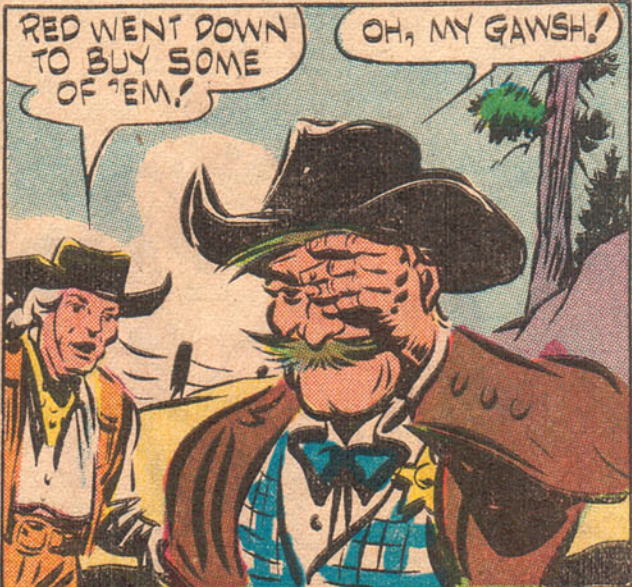
WHA...WHERE...
WHO'S CATTLE?



SOME FELLERS TRAILED A BUNCH
IN FROM DOWN SOUTH...THEY'RE
HOLDIN' 'EM 'BOUT A DAY'S RIDE
DOWN TH' RIVER!

RED WENT DOWN
TO BUY SOME
OF 'EM!

OH, MY GAWSH!





WHAT'S AILIN' YOU ANYHOW?
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU
BEEN DRINKIN' OUT OF
A SAND WASH!

THIS AIN'T NO JOKE!
RUSTLE ME A FRESH
HOSS...RED'S HEADED
FOR BIG TROUBLE!

TROUBLE'S
HIS MIDDLE
NAME, BUT
WHAT'RE
YOU
TALKIN'
ABOUT?

I'VE GOT A HALF-DEAD
MAN IN TOWN WHO
WENT TO BUY THAT
SAME BUNCH OF
CATTLE!

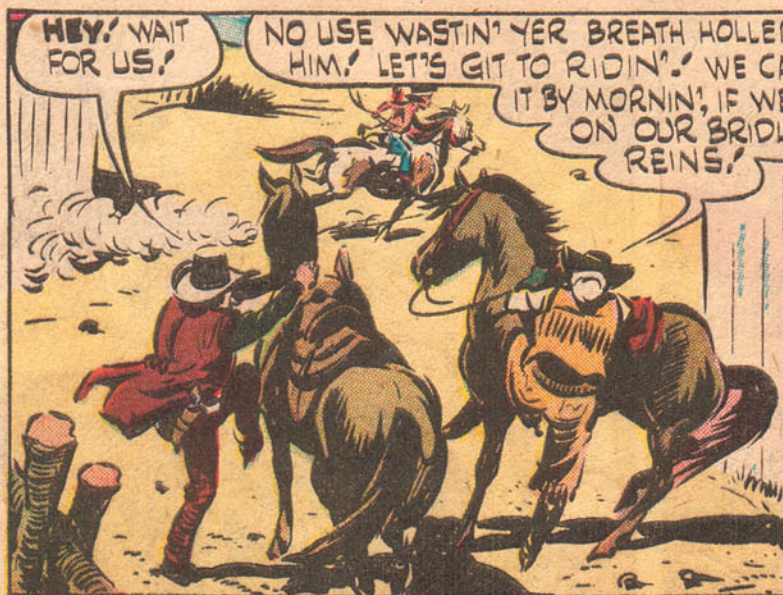
TELL-UM
LITTLE
BEAVER
MORE,
HEAP
HURRY!!



THEM FELLERS TOOK HIS MONEY AN'
DUMPED HIM IN AN OLD MINE SHAFT
AN' LEFT HIM
FOR DEAD!

I'LL GIT
SOME
HOSSSES!

LITTLE BEAVER
GO TO WARN
RED RYDER!

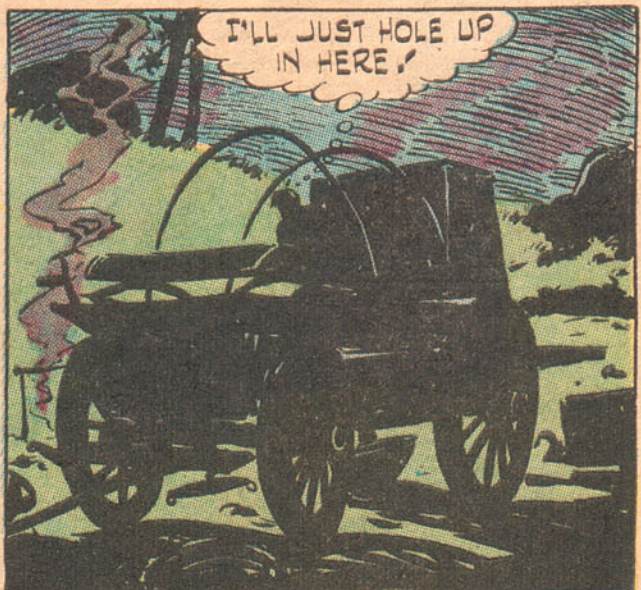
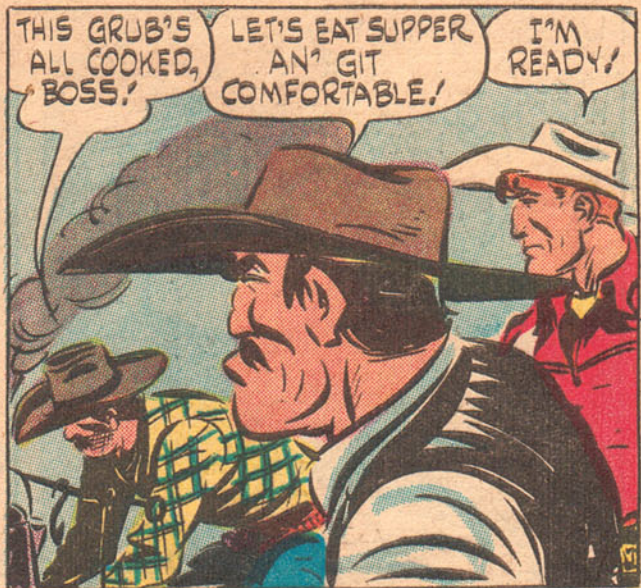
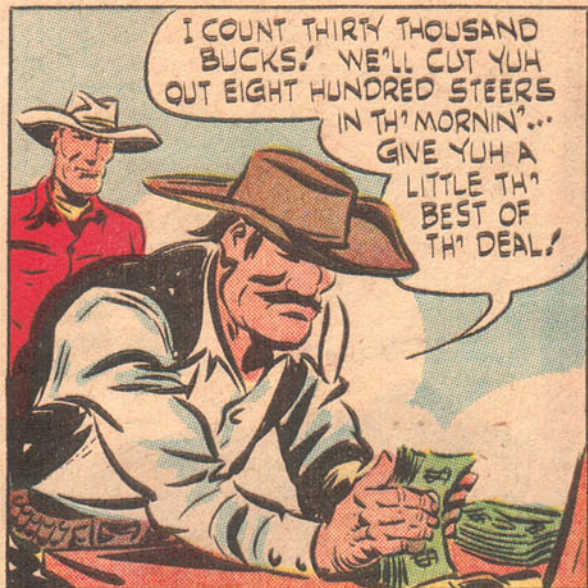


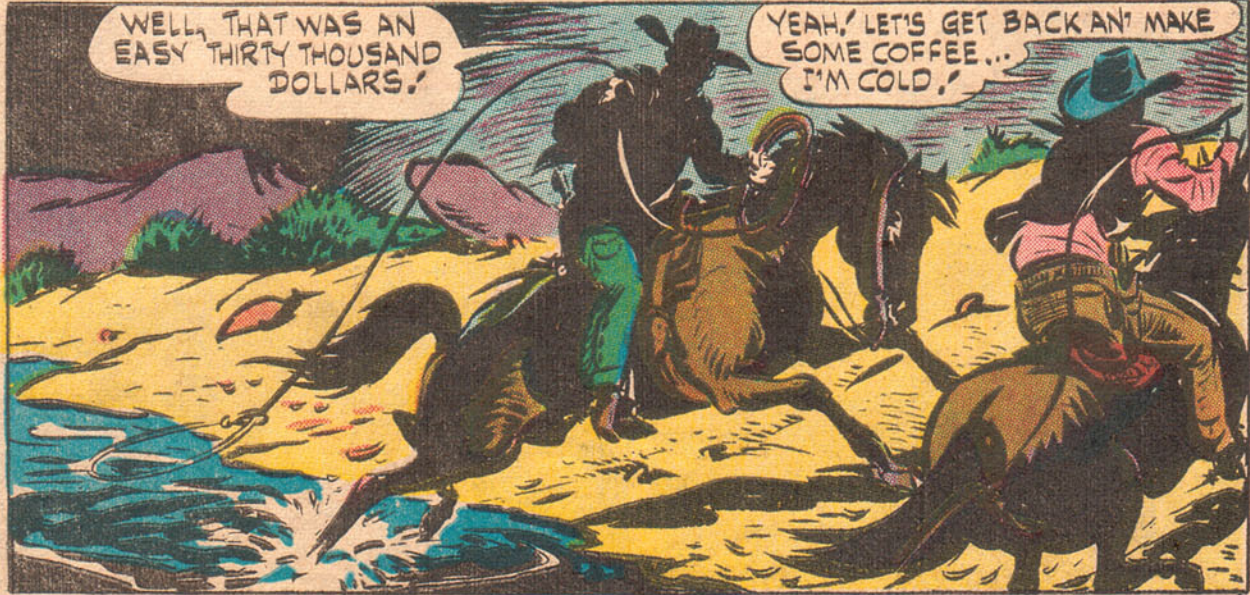
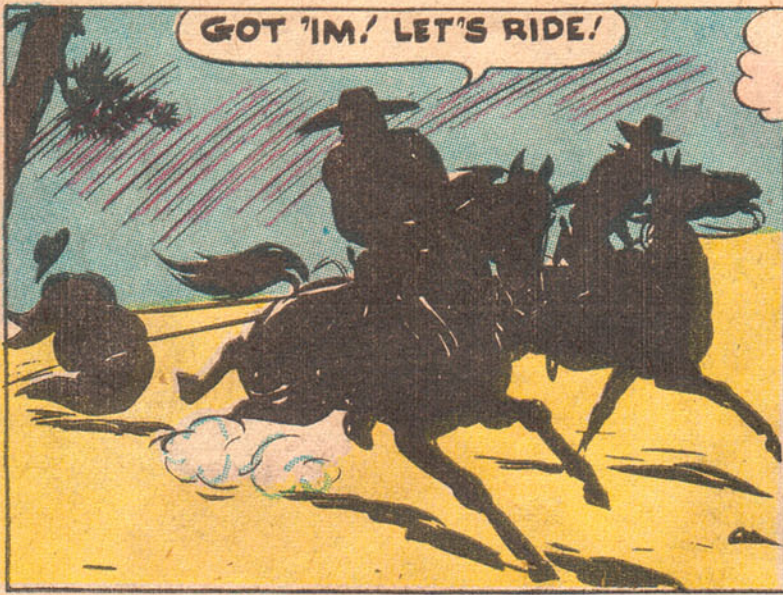
HEY! WAIT
FOR US!

NO USE WASTIN' YER BREATH HOLLERIN' AT
HIM! LET'S GIT TO RIDIN'! WE CAN MAKE
IT BY MORNIN', IF WE SHOVE
ON OUR BRIDLE
REINS!

LITTLE BEAVER
NOT GOT-UM TIME
TO WAIT! GIT-UM
UP, PAPOOSE!









RECKON WE MIGHT AS WELL!
NO USE GOIN' BACK TO BED,
BE DAYLIGHT 'FORE LONG!

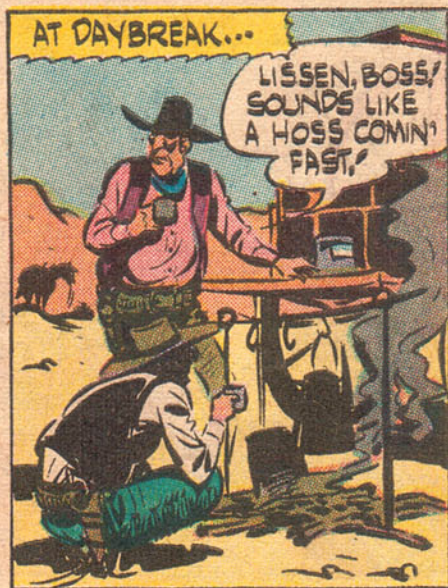


COME ON, YOU FELLERS,
AN' GIT ALIVE ...TH'
REDHEAD'S GONE DOWN
THE RIVER!



(YAWN!) SHORE
DON'T TAKE
LONG TO
STAY ALL
NIGHT
AROUND
HERE!

COME ON! IT'LL BE DAYLIGHT BY TH'
TIME YUH GIT SOME COFFEE IN YUH.
I WANT YUH T'RUSTLE ME UP ANOTHER
COW-BUYER TODAY... THIS IS A PRETTY
GOOD RACKET!



AT DAYBREAK...

LISSEN, BOSS!
SOUNDS LIKE
A HOSS COMIN'
FAST!

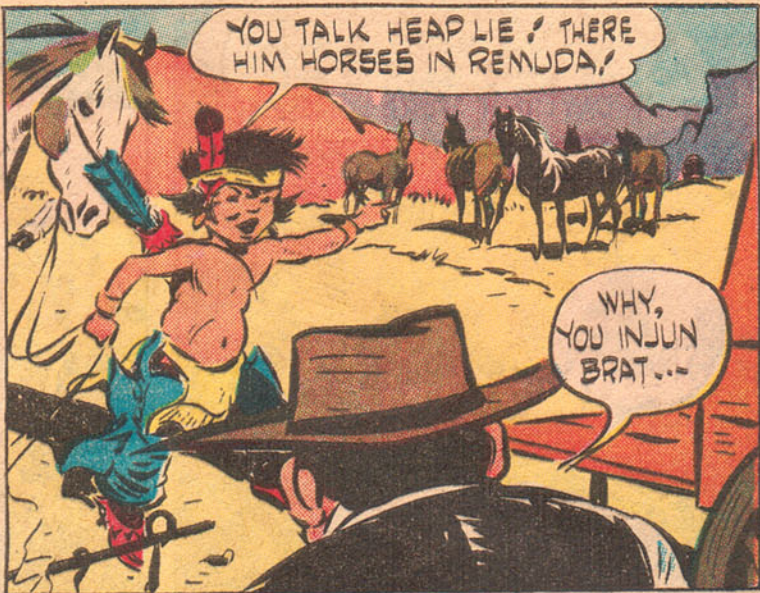


HOLD UP, KID!
WHAT'S ALL
TH' RUSH?

WHERE RED
RYDER?



NEVER SAW
OR HEARD
OF NO SUCH
FELLER!



ALL RIGHT, RYDER... GIT OFFA TH' BOSS OR I'M GONNA
BUST TH' KID'S
ARM!



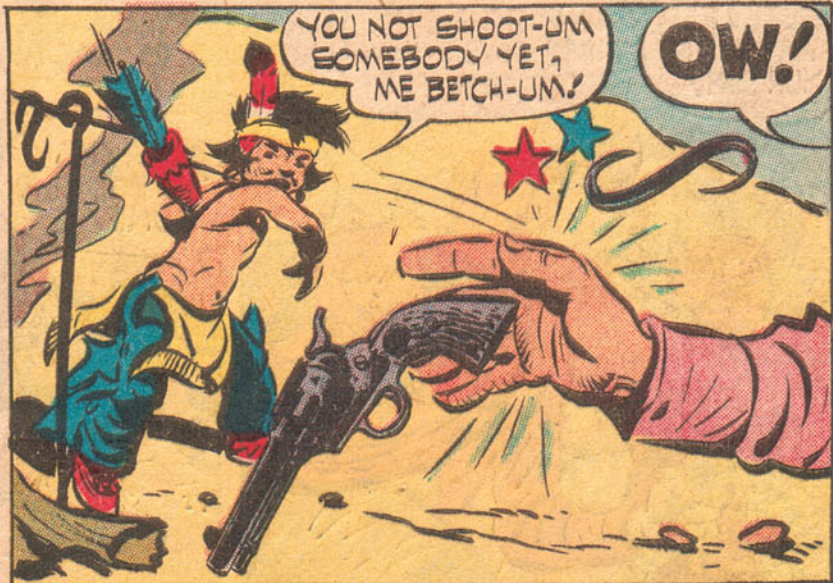
EEF YOU WEEESH, FIGHT WEETH THE
BEEG ONE, YES ... BOT WEETH
THE LEETLE ONE, NO!



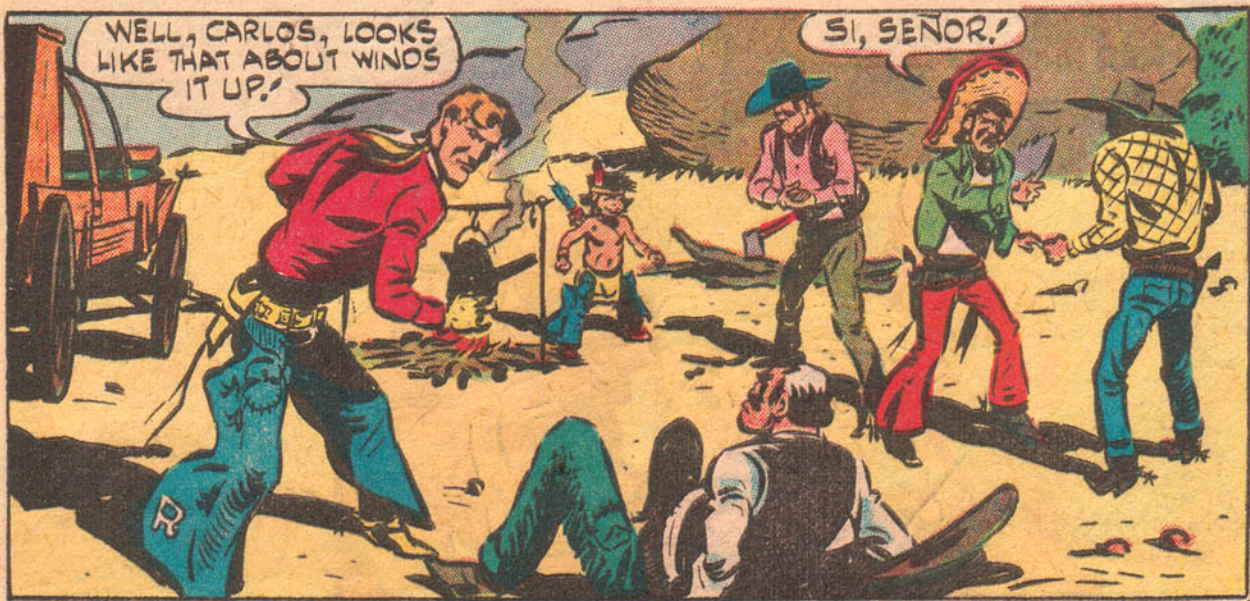
YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR
THIS TIME, MISTER
CARLOS!



YOU NOT SHOOT-UM
SOMEBODY YET,
ME BETCH-UM!



WELL, CARLOS, LOOKS
LIKE THAT ABOUT WINDS
IT UP!





LOOKS LIKE I'M TOO LATE FOR TH' FLOOR SHOW!

DAD-BURN, BUT I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU IN ONE PIECE!



RECKON I'M JUST IN TIME TO COLLECT THESE POLECATS!

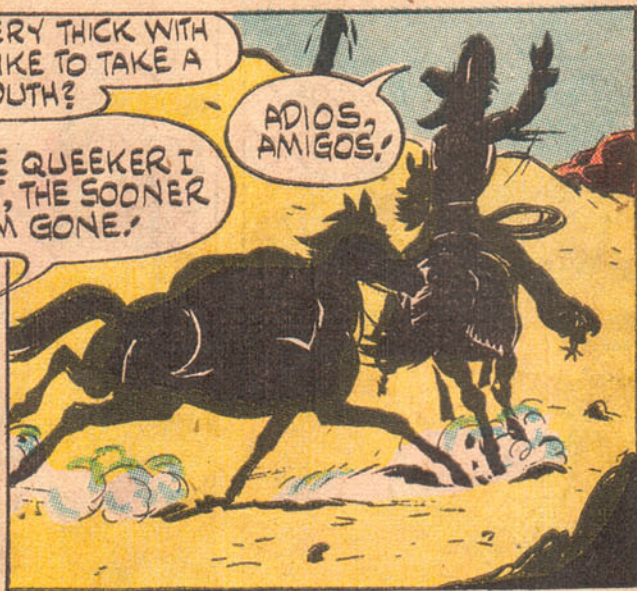
YOU'RE SURE WELCOME TO THOSE THREE, SHERIFF... BUT I WANT TO START CARLOS ON A TRIP SOUTH!



SURE, RED, ANYTHING YUH SAY!

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU WERE VERY THICK WITH THESE BOYS... HOW'D YOU LIKE TO TAKE A FAST RIDE SOUTH?

THE QUEEKER I START, THE SOONER I AM GONE!



ADIOS, AMIGOS!



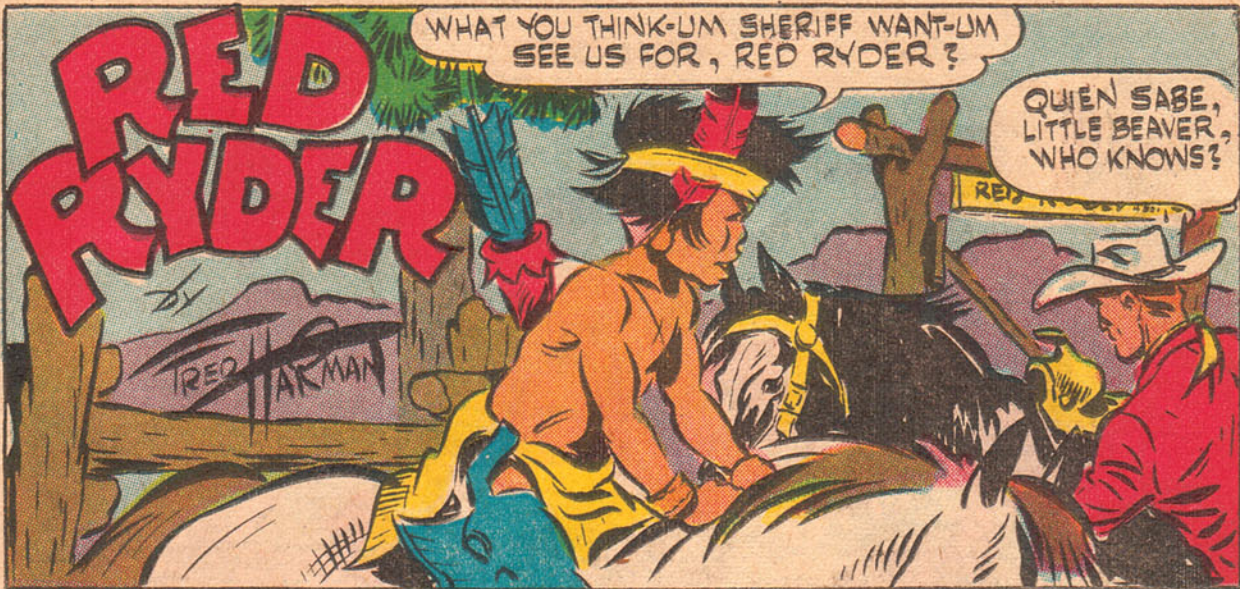
HIM **GOOD** BAD MAN, RED RYDER!

THAT'S RIGHT, LITTLE BEAVER! RECKON THERE'S A LITTLE GOOD IN ALL BAD MEN AN' A LITTLE BAD IN ALL GOOD MEN!

RED RYDER

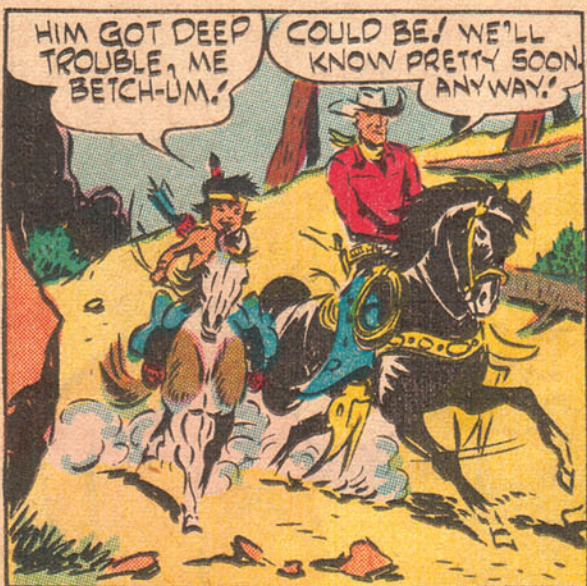
WHAT YOU THINK-UM SHERIFF WANT-UM SEE US FOR, RED RYDER?

QUEN SABE, LITTLE BEAVER, WHO KNOWS?



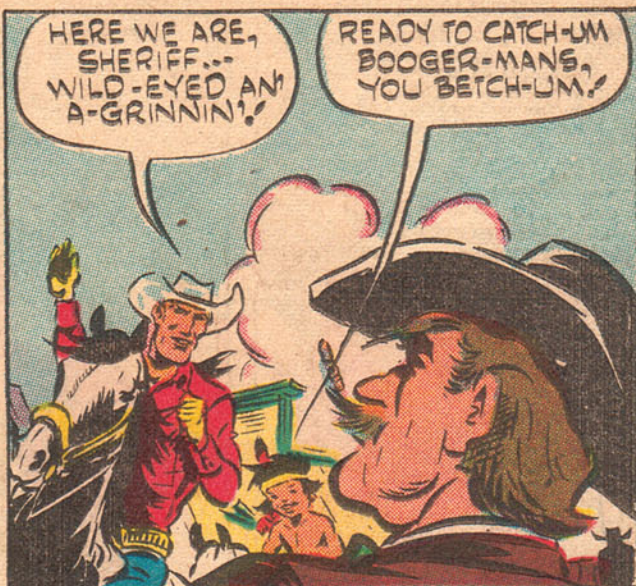
HIM GOT DEEP TROUBLE, ME BETCH-UM.

COULD BE! WE'LL KNOW PRETTY SOON ANYWAY.



HERE WE ARE, SHERIFF... WILD-EYED AN' A-GRINNIN'!

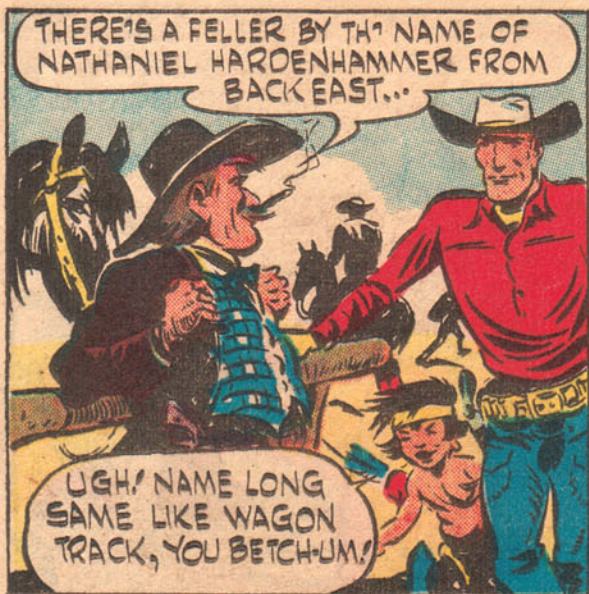
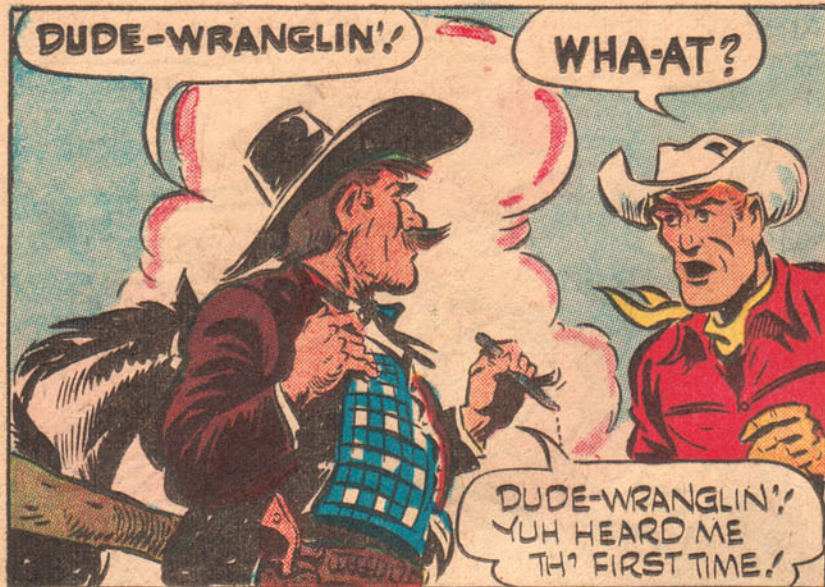
READY TO CATCH-UM BOOGER-MANS, YOU BETCH-UM.

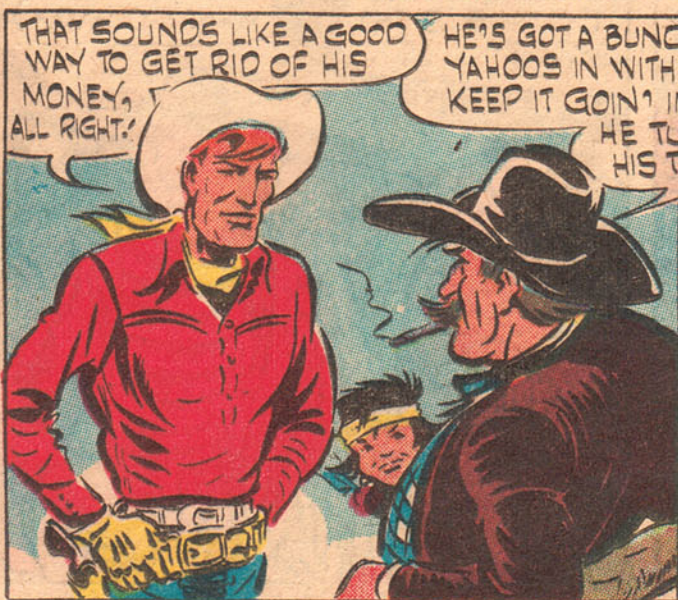
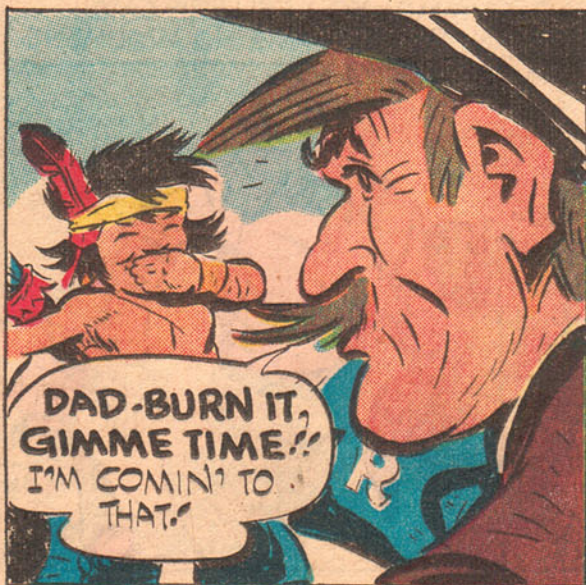


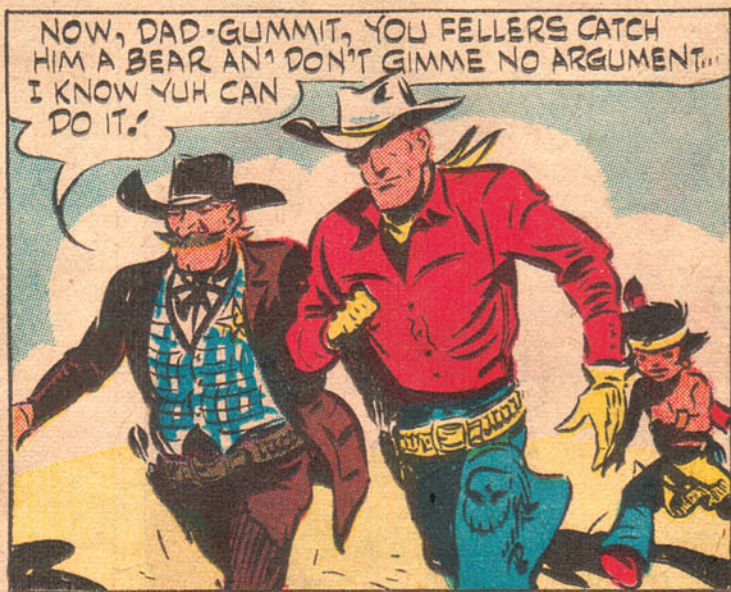
YUH'LL BE WILD-EYED, BUT I DON'T THINK YUH'LL BE GRINNIN' SO BIG WHEN I TELL YUH WHAT I'VE BIT OFF FER YUH T'CHEW.

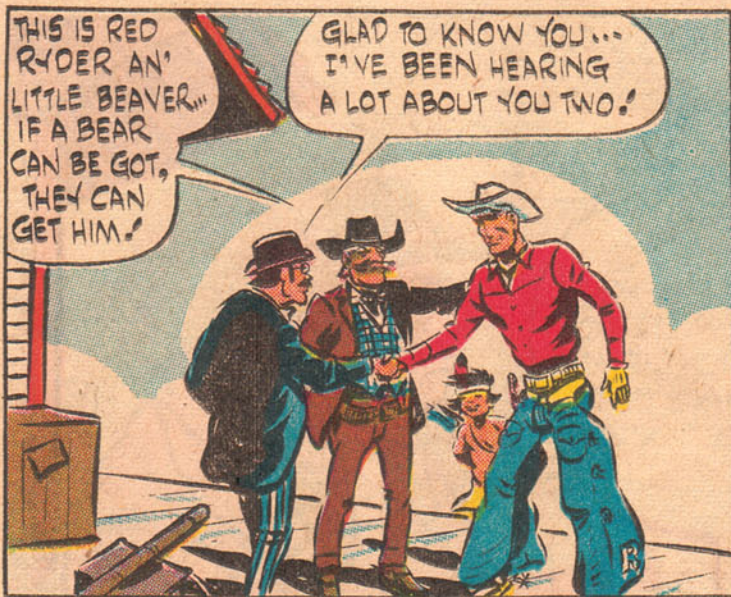
GO AHEAD WITH YOUR TALE OF WOE, SHERIFF. JUST WHAT IS THIS LITTLE CHORE YOU'VE GOT LINED OUT FOR US?

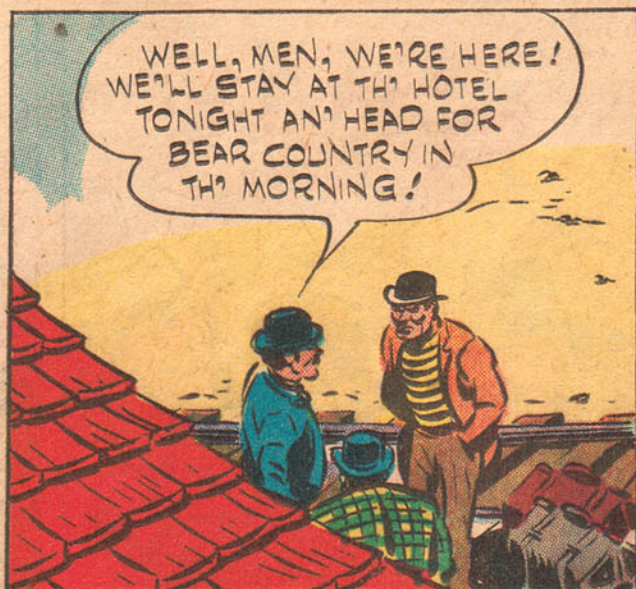














THAT COWBOY AND INDIAN BOY WILL BE OUR GUIDES!

OH BOY! SERVANTS, EH?



HEY, KID! COME OVER HERE! OR CAN'T YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?

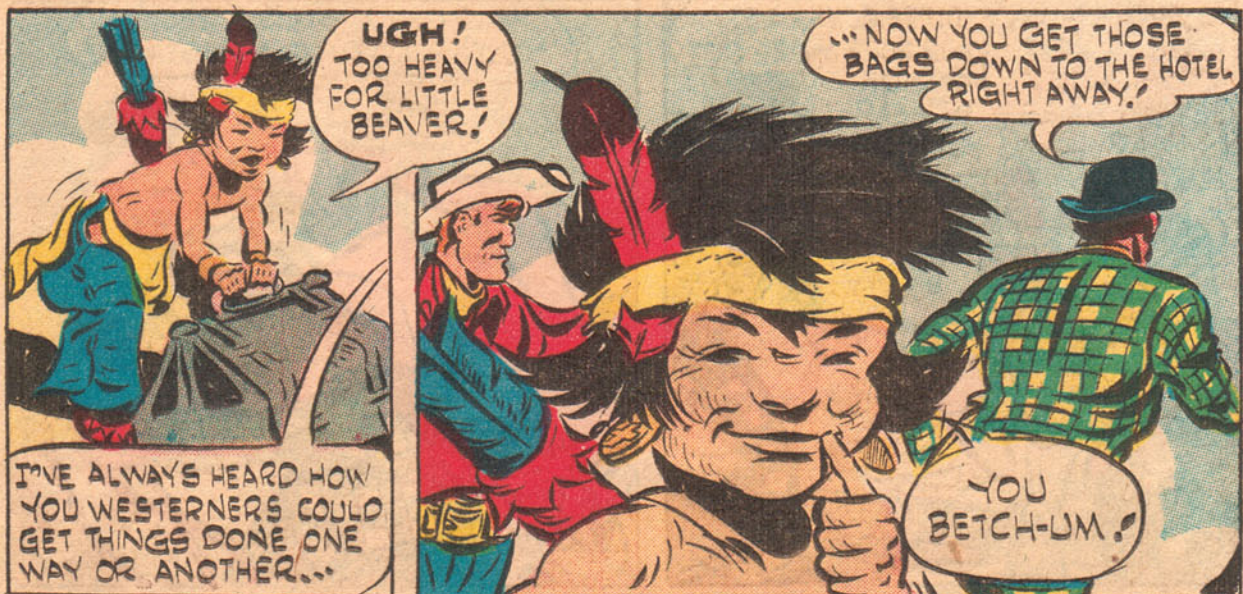


LITTLE BEAVER SPEAK-UM ENGLISH MORE BETTER THAN YOU SPEAK-UM INDIAN, ME BETCH-UM, WHAT YOU WANT?

BRING MY BAGS DOWN TO THE HOTEL... I'LL BE WAITING FOR THEM!

NOW, PUNCHY...

I'LL LET LITTLE BEAVER HANDLE THIS!



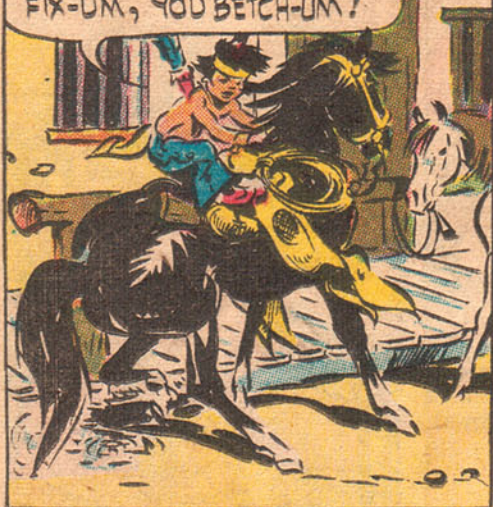
UGH! TOO HEAVY FOR LITTLE BEAVER!

...NOW YOU GET THOSE BAGS DOWN TO THE HOTEL RIGHT AWAY!

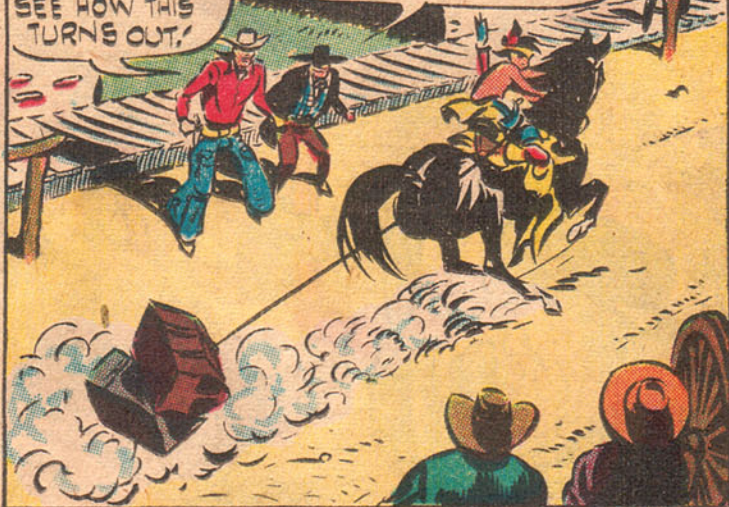
I'VE ALWAYS HEARD HOW YOU WESTERNERS COULD GET THINGS DONE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER...

YOU BETCH-UM!

BIG MANS HEAD SMART ALECK
WITH LITTLE BEAVER! ME
FIX-UM, YOU BETCH-UM!



RECKON WE'D
BETTER GO AN'
SEE HOW THIS
TURNS OUT!



HAW, HAW! HE'S GITTIN'
'EM THERE, ALL RIGHT!

HO, HO! LOOK, RUNCHY... HERE COMES
YOUR LUGGAGE!

HOLY SMOKE! MY NEW
BAGS! WAIT'LL I GET MY
HANDS ON THAT
KID!



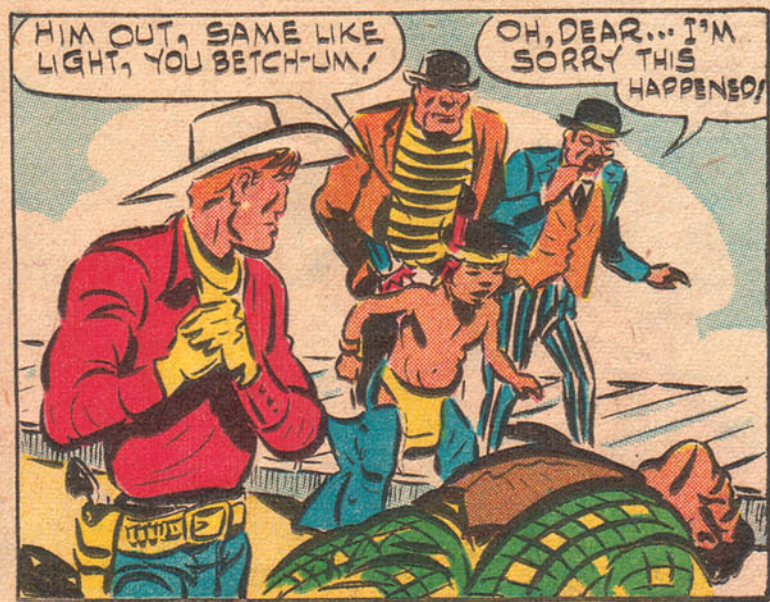
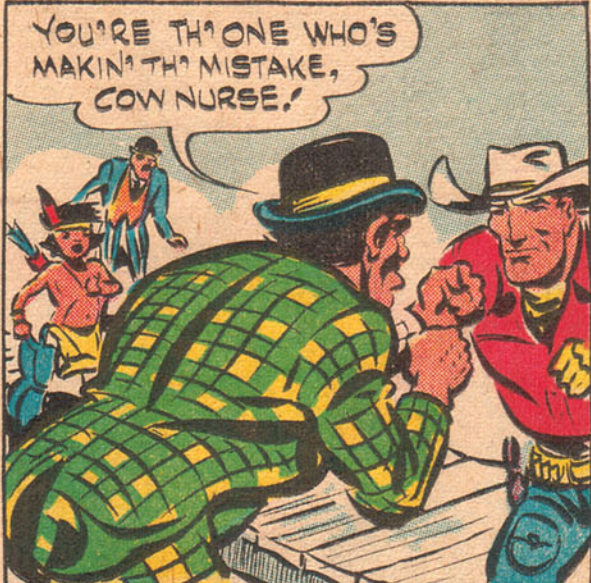
YOU WANT-UM
BAGS IN HEAP
HURRY, YOU
GET-UM BAGS
IN HEAP
HURRY!

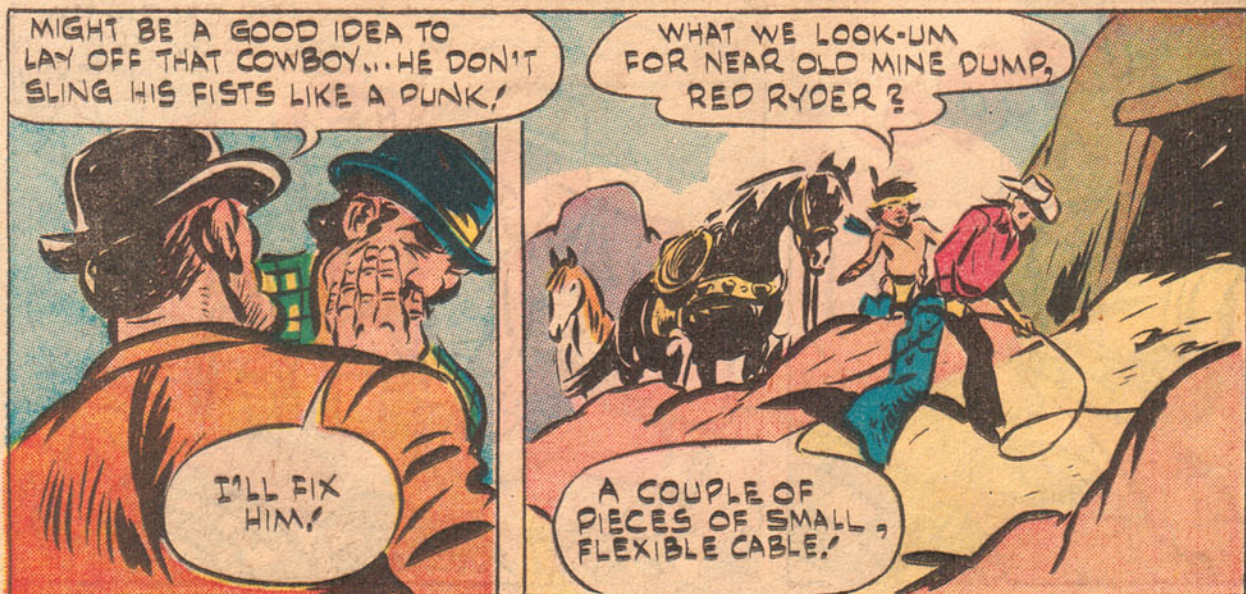
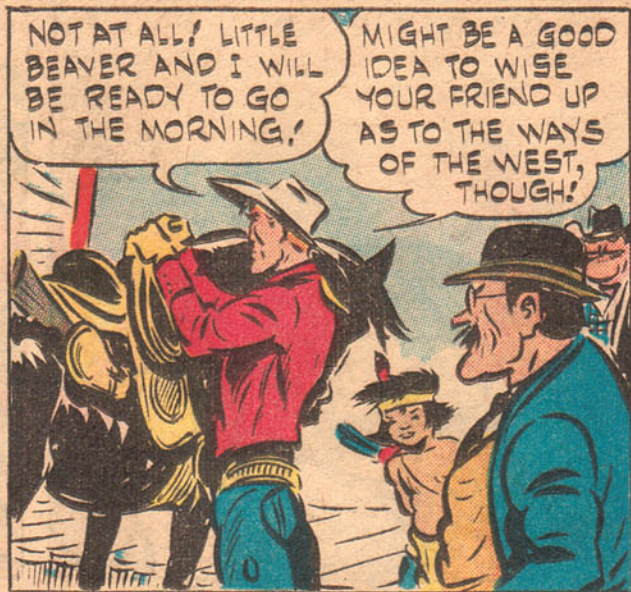
YOU'RE GONNA GET
THIS ROPE WORE OUT
ON YUH
IN "HEAP
HURRY, TOO!



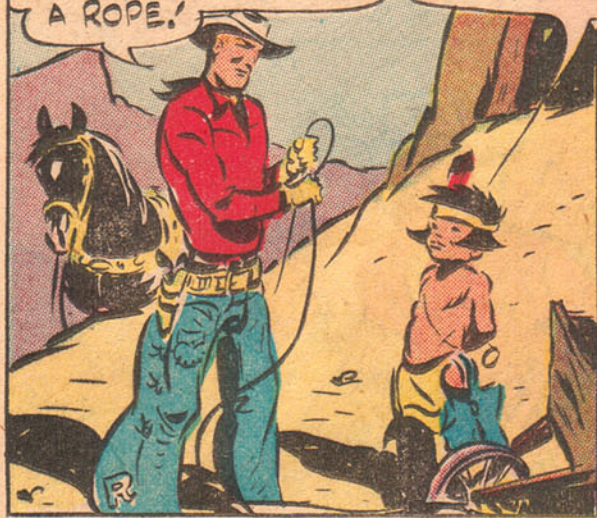
HOLD ON, MISTER! RECKON
YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE!







THIS SHOULD DO TH' TRICK!
NO USE TRYIN' TO USE
A ROPE!



BEAR EAT-UM
ROPE, ME BETCH-UM!

RECKON
WE'RE
READY!

BETTER WE
MAKE-UM MORE
WATCH-OUT FOR
PUNCHY THAN
BEAR!



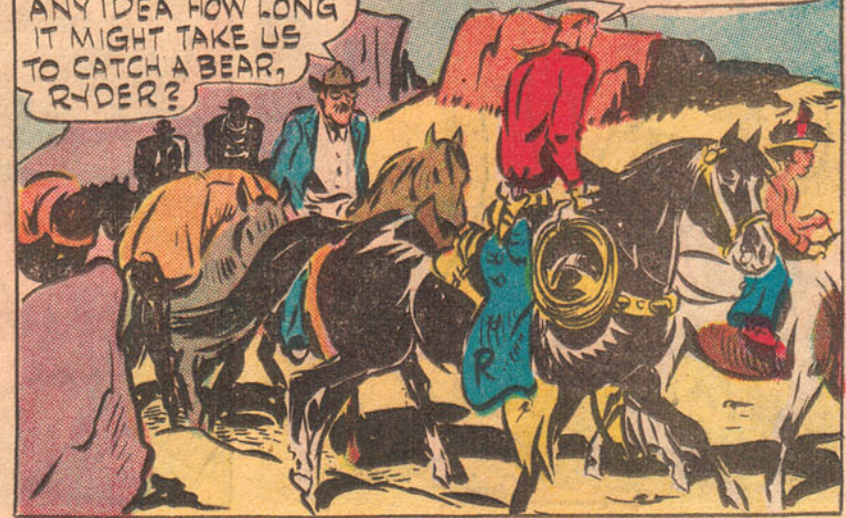
COULD BE! WE'LL
DO THAT STARTING IN
THE MORNING,
ANYWAY!



NEXT MORNING...

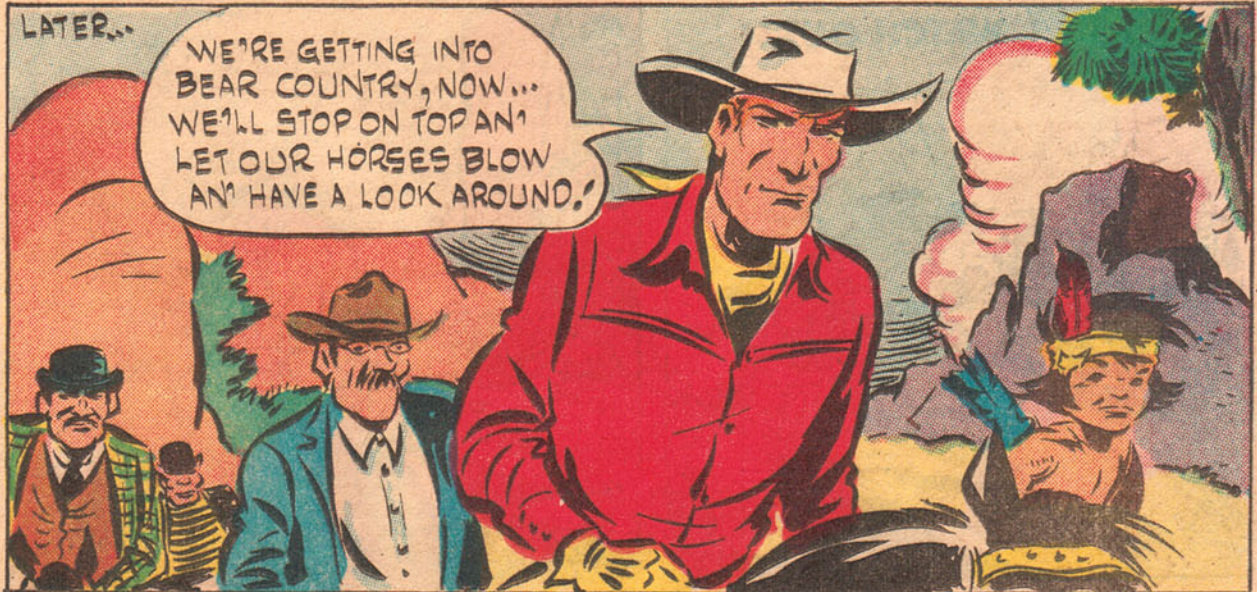
ANY IDEA HOW LONG
IT MIGHT TAKE US
TO CATCH A BEAR,
RYDER?

MAYBE A DAY, MAYBE A WEEK,
MAYBE NEVER!

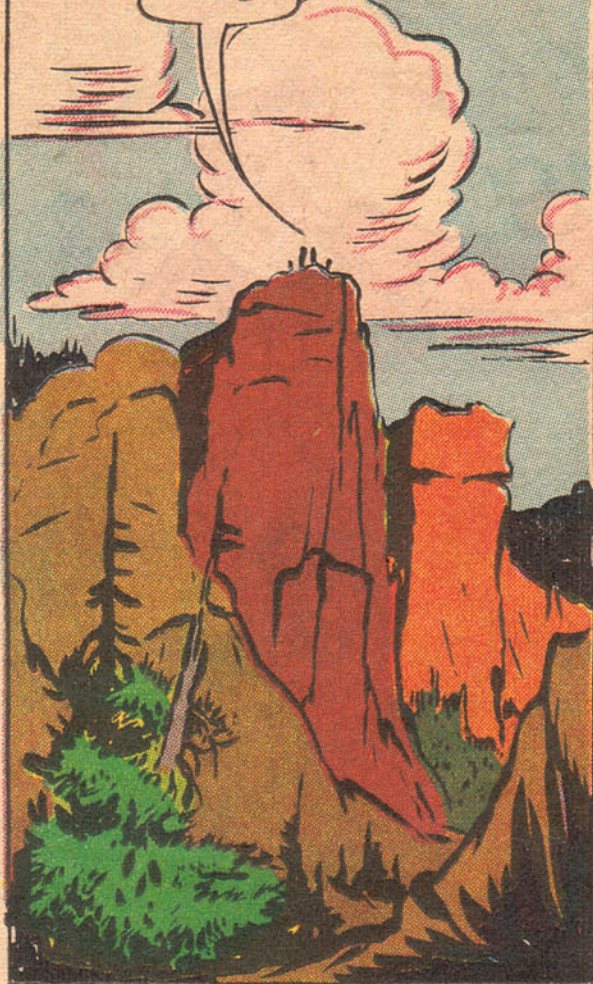


LATER...

WE'RE GETTING INTO
BEAR COUNTRY, NOW...
WE'LL STOP ON TOP AN'
LET OUR HORSES BLOW
AN' HAVE A LOOK AROUND!



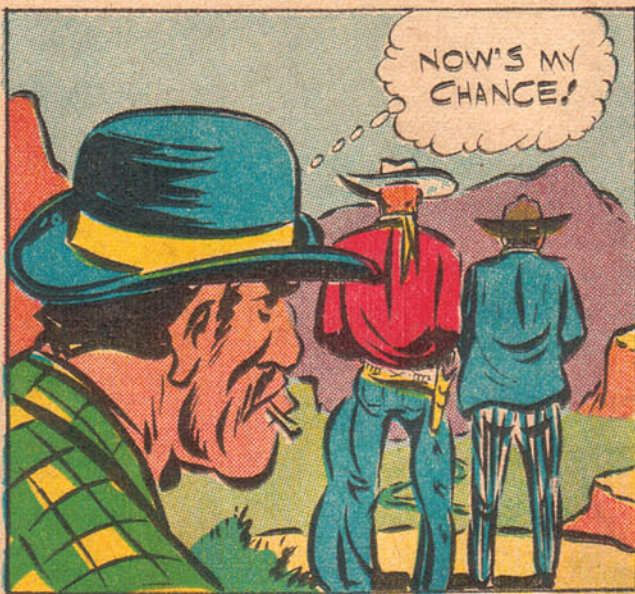
WATCH YOUR
STEP...IF A MAN
SLIPPED HERE,
HE'D FALL THE
REST OF HIS
LIFE!



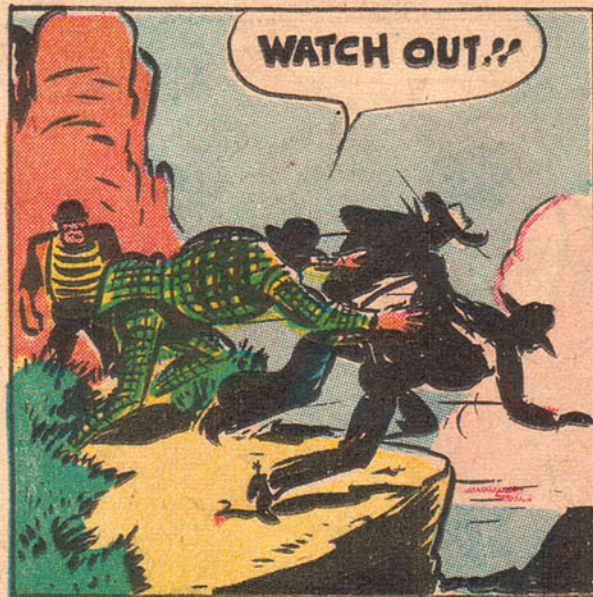
WE'LL CAMP OVER
IN THERE...LOTS OF
BEAR IN THAT COUNTRY!



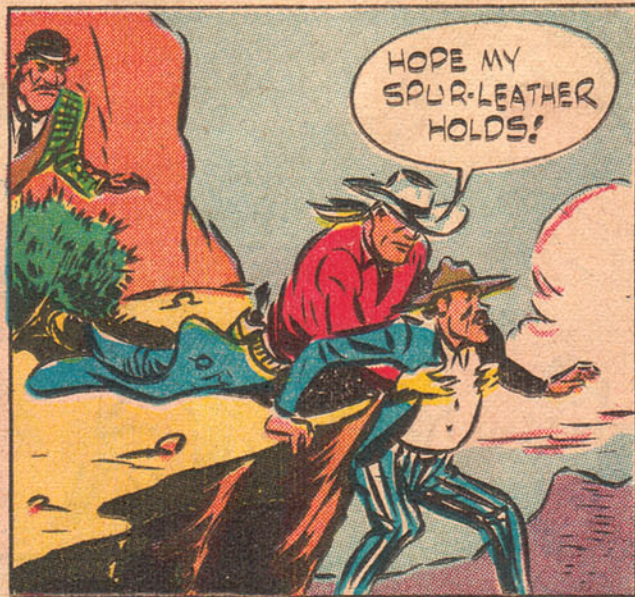
NOW'S MY
CHANCE!

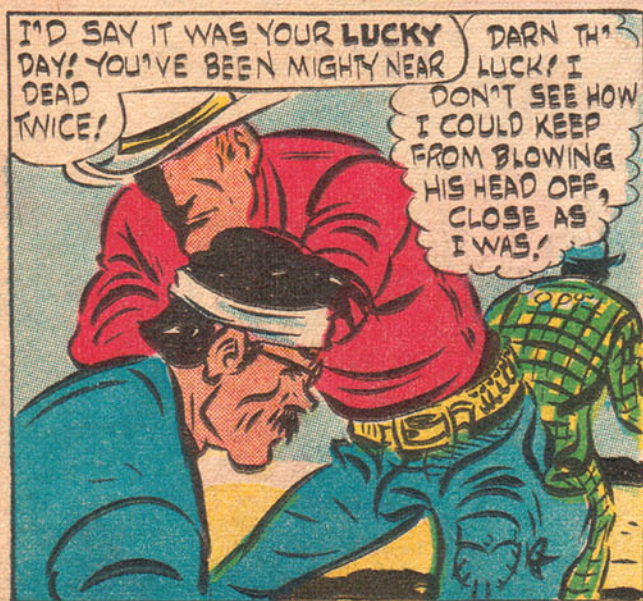
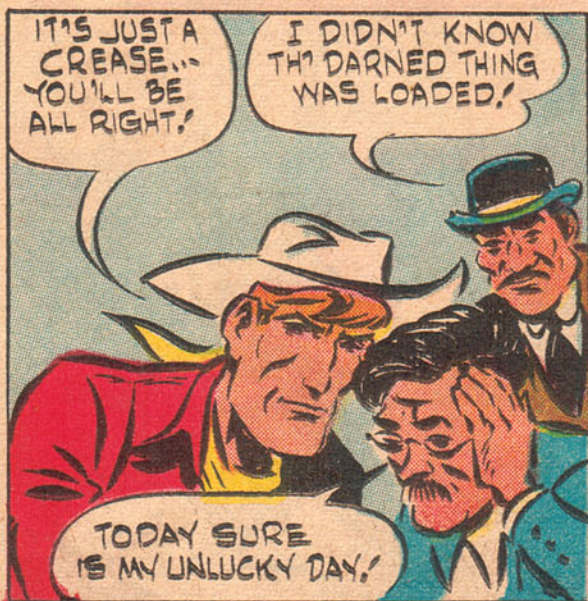
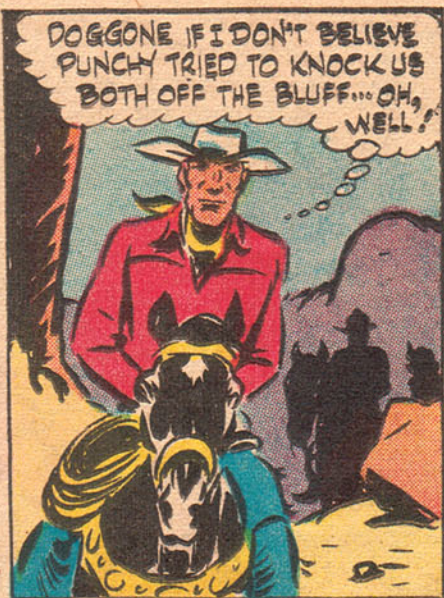
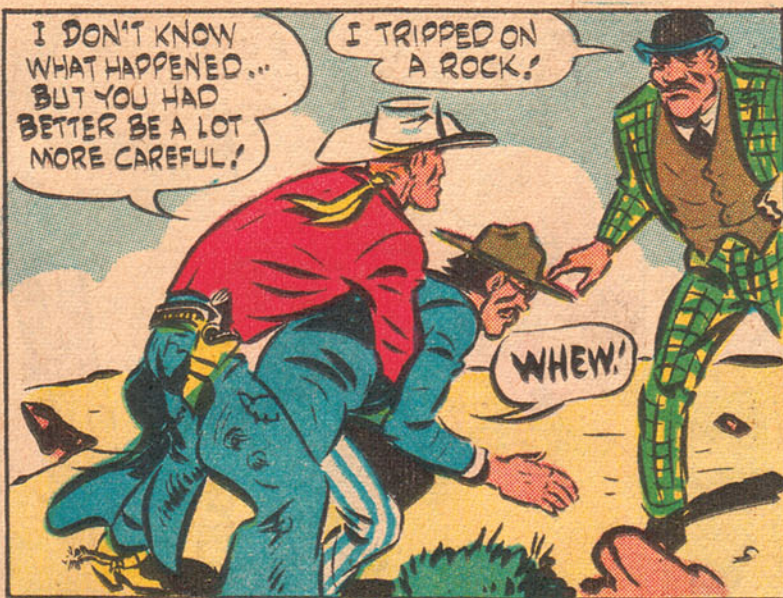


WATCH OUT!!



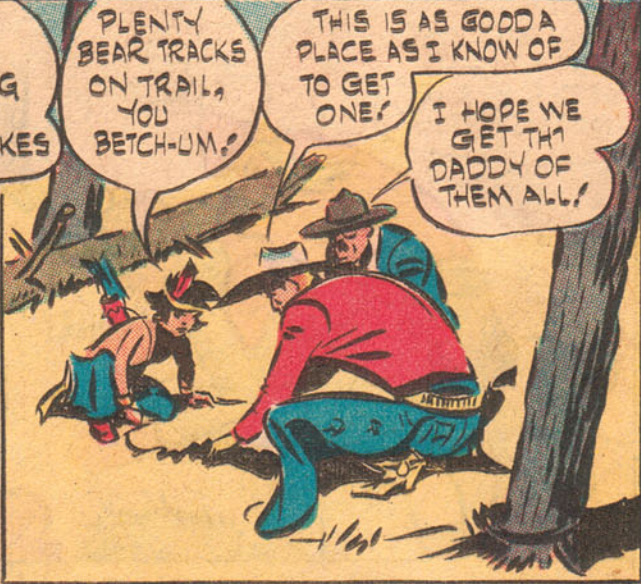
HOPE MY
SPUR-LEATHER
HOLDS!







LITTLE BEAVER AND I ARE GOING TO SET A SNARE...YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG BEFORE ANOTHER ACCIDENT OVERTAKES YOU!



PLENTY BEAR TRACKS ON TRAIL, YOU BETCH-UM!

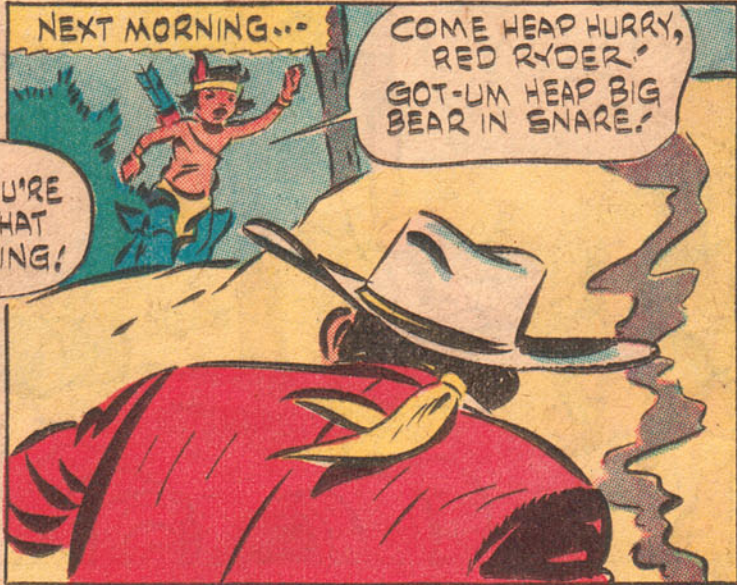
THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS I KNOW OF TO GET ONE!

I HOPE WE GET THE DADDY OF THEM ALL!



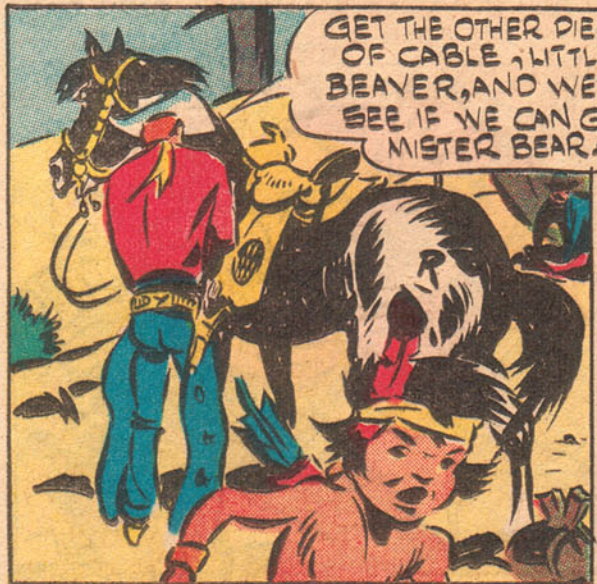
WE MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO CAMP AND WAIT...YOU'D BETTER WATCH YOUR PARDNERS...TOO MANY ACCIDENTS ON THIS TRIP.

HM...MM! YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT AND NO FOOLING!

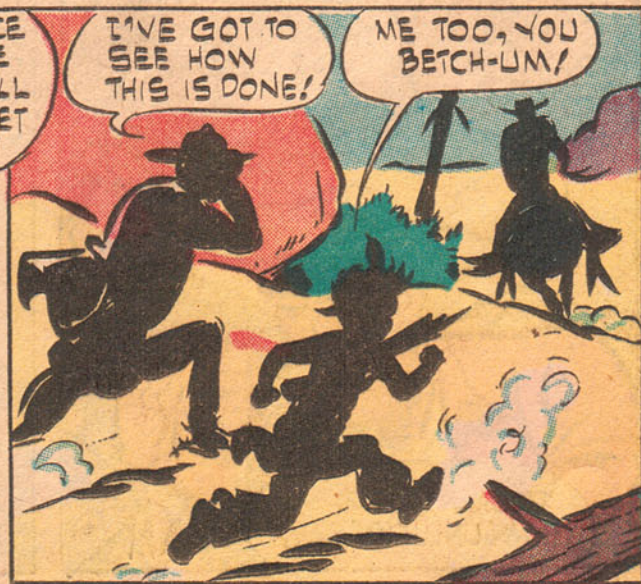


NEXT MORNING...

COME HEAP HURRY, RED RYDER! GOT-UM HEAP BIG BEAR IN SNARE!

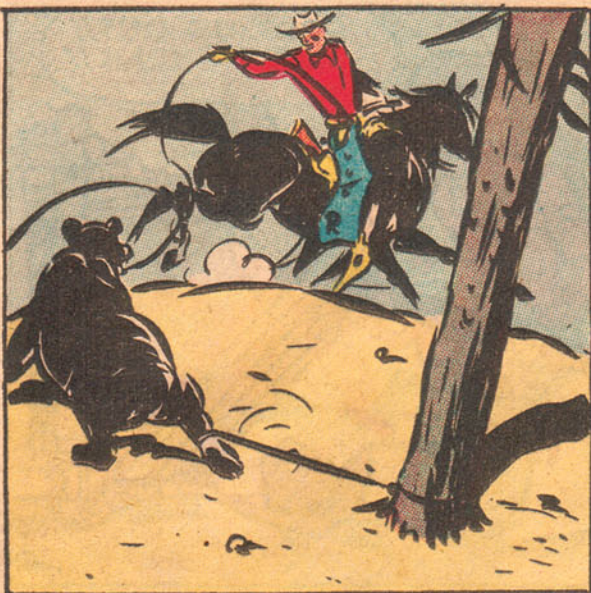


GET THE OTHER PIECE OF CABLE, LITTLE BEAVER, AND WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN GET MISTER BEAR!



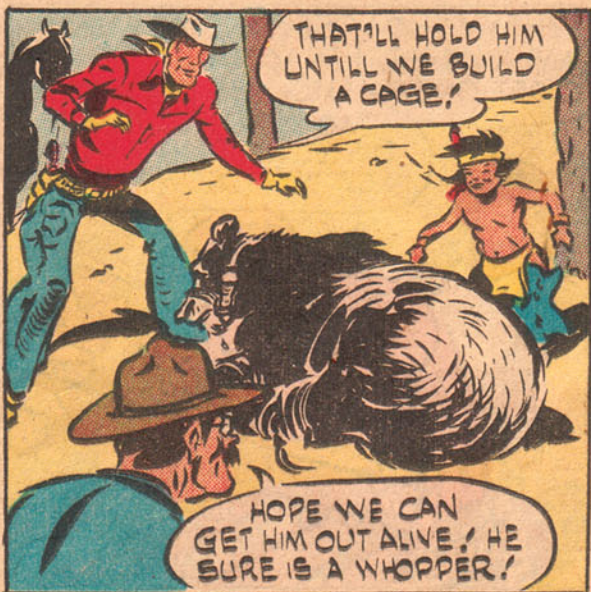
I'VE GOT TO SEE HOW THIS IS DONE!

ME TOO, YOU BETCH-UM!



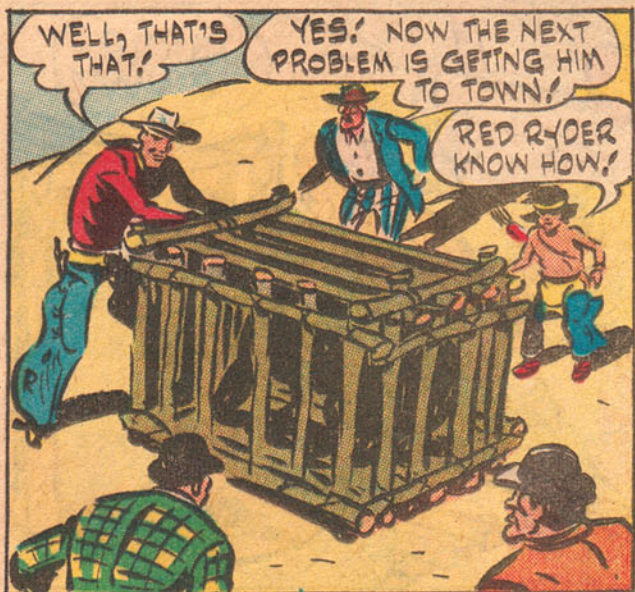
GET ME A GREEN LIMB
TO TIE IN HIS MOUTH,
LITTLE BEAVER!

YOU BETCH-UM!



THAT'LL HOLD HIM
UNTILL WE BUILD
A CAGE!

HOPE WE CAN
GET HIM OUT ALIVE! HE
SURE IS A WHOPPER!



WELL, THAT'S
THAT!

YES! NOW THE NEXT
PROBLEM IS GETTING HIM
TO TOWN!

RED RYDER
KNOW HOW!



THAT WON'T BE SO
HARD TO DO...LET'S GET
BUSY AND HUNT UP A
COUPLE OF GOOD, STRONG
SAPPLINGS!



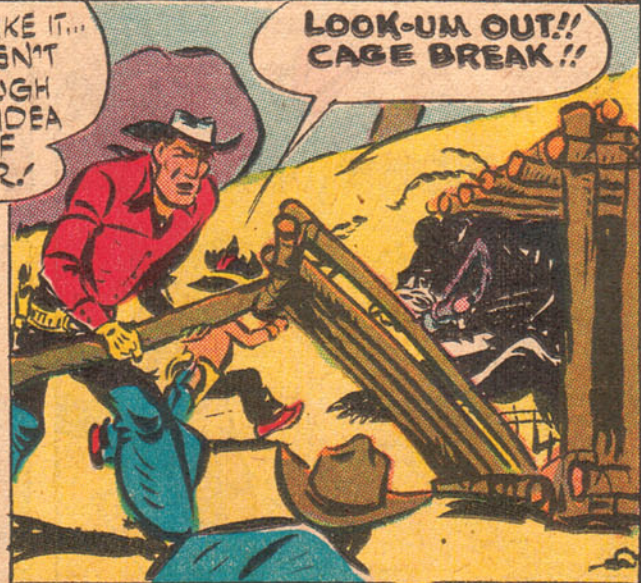
YOU KEEP
WATCH FOR
THOSE GUYS
WHILE I WORK
TH' LATCH OF
THIS CAGE!

I DON'T
LIKE
TH' IDEA!

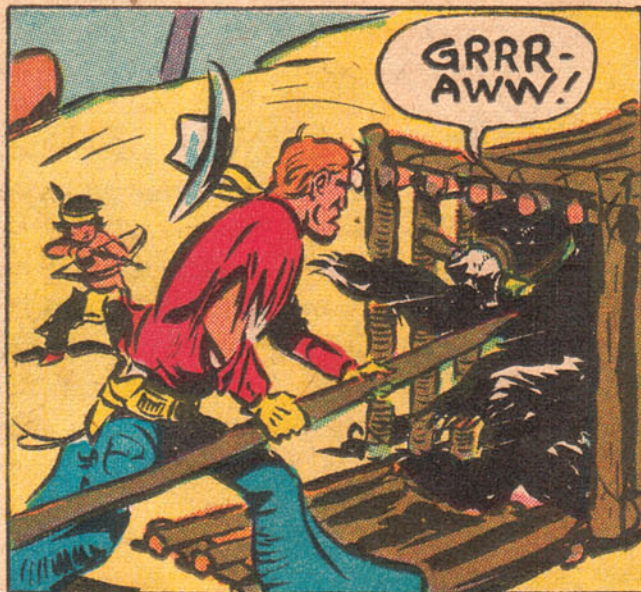


THIS'LL BE THE
END OF TH' COWBOY
AND HARDENHAMMER!

I STILL DON'T LIKE IT...
AN' IF THIS DOESN'T
WORK, I'M THROUGH
WITH TH' WHOLE IDEA
OF GETTIN' RID OF
HARDENHAMMER!



LOOK-UM OUT!!
CAGE BREAK!!

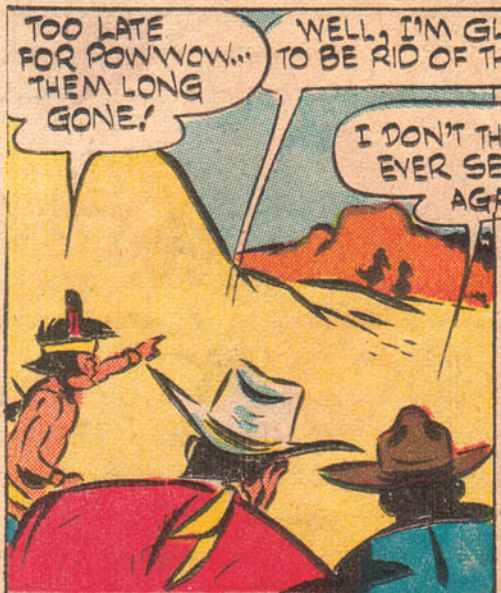


GRRR-
AWW!



WHEW! THAT
WAS ANOTHER
CLOSE ONE!

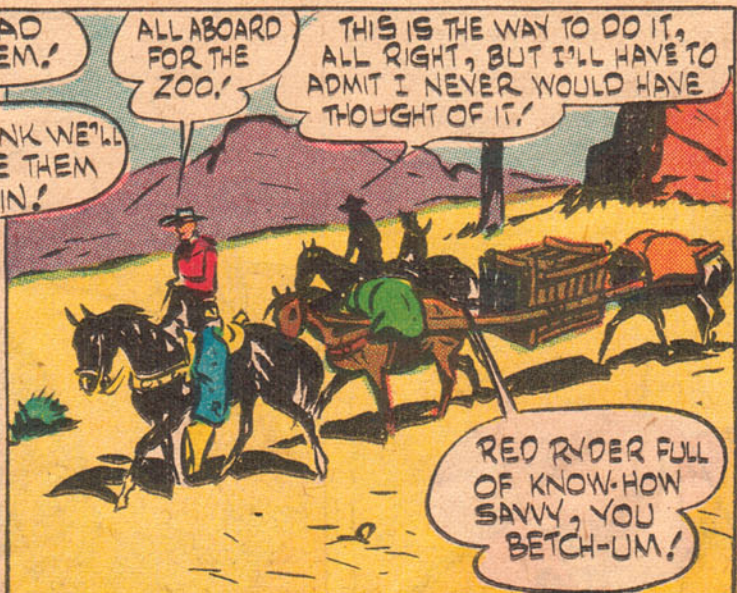
YES, AND THIS WASN'T
AN ACCIDENT! THE
LATCH WAS CUT ALMOST IN
TWO WITH A POCKETKNIFE!
I'M GOING TO HAVE A POW-
WOW WITH PUNCHY AND MICK!



TOO LATE
FOR POWWOW...
THEM LONG
GONE!

WELL, I'M GLAD
TO BE RID OF THEM!

I DON'T THINK WE'LL
EVER SEE THEM
AGAIN!



ALL ABOARD
FOR THE
ZOO!

THIS IS THE WAY TO DO IT,
ALL RIGHT, BUT I'LL HAVE TO
ADMIT I NEVER WOULD HAVE
THOUGHT OF IT!

RED RYDER FULL
OF KNOW-HOW
SAWY, YOU
BETCH-UM!

THE WEST THAT LIVES FOREVER

BOULDER, CITY OF STONE



Out at Boulder, Colorado, where the University of our state is, a clear mountain stream comes leapin' down a near-by canyon and winds in and out through thousands of acres of mountain parks. Above the foothills you can catch glimpses of the snowy Continental Divide, near the top of which is the famous Arapaho Glacier—largest in the Rockies. From here, Boulder gets its water supply and to this fair city, thousands of students from all over the country come to summer schools each year.

It was Captain Thomas Aikens who, with a party of Argonauts moving 'up from the South Platte River in the fall of '58, peered westward through his telescope and saw mountains which he said "looked right for gold, and the valleys looked rich for grazing." So the Captain took a small party from the main wagon train and settled on the site which is Boulder. Now some Arapaho Indians were encamped nearby and

Chief Left Hand came to Captain Aikens one day and asked if he remembered when the stars fell. Aikens thought a minute and said he believed it was in 1832. The Chief said, "That is right; it was that year white men first came." Then Left Hand pointed toward Donati's comet in the sky and asked, "Do you know what that star with the tail means? The tail points back to when the stars fell as thick as the tears of our women shall fall when you come to drive us away."

After making this statement, Left Hand commanded the whites to leave within three days. When they didn't, he came alone to their camp one morning and told of a dream he'd had: he'd seen, he said, Boulder Creek flooded; the water had engulfed all the Indians but the whites had been saved. And so the whites stayed on and the Indians remained near them for two years or so. Strangely enough, they didn't cause much trouble... only occasionally they'd come creepin' into camp and with the end of their ramrods, would hook a few bacon slices from the prospectors' frying pans!

During the winter of 1858-59, the settlers worked hard—building log cabins, hunting and fishing, and laying out the new town. There was so much game in these parts that some of the fellers could shoot elk right from their cabin doors! When the town was formed at the end of '59, they called it Boulder City because of the large number of huge stones thereabouts.

Three brothers soon came to live in Boulder City and began to plow their

land the day after they arrived. They sowed a whole acre of turnips and when these had grown to about the size of a half dollar, a feller walked into their cabin one day and said, "Boys, did you ever see it rain grasshoppers?" The men jumped up from the table where they'd been havin' chow, and ran outside. Sure enough, the grasshoppers would strike against the end of the cabin and fall a foot deep on the ground! They were all over the place. Suddenly, there just weren't any more turnips. . . . and so the first crop ever planted in Boulder County was devoured by a "rain" of grasshoppers. But our hardy pioneers didn't let that bother 'em, and soon the same three brothers came up with a fine crop of wheat; others with vegetables. Log houses with doors and roofs of pine splints went up fast. . . and 'tis said there wasn't a "foot of sawed lumber, nor a square of glass, nor a pound of nails in the town!" With no stores available, goods were sold from wagons.

In 1860, two men arrived from New England with their wives, who were twin sisters. They built a big double log house and sold groceries and mining supplies in the front part, and the back part became a hotel. The two sisters ran the hotel and cut willows and made brooms for sweeping the dirt floor. They loved to watch the antelope come down to the creek to drink, and served meals to folks on two boards they had brought from New England. When it rained through the splint roof, they just covered up their household goods with horse blankets.

In that same year, the first school-house in Colorado was built, a post office opened, and the first frame house went up. But life was hard back in those days, and lots o' folks got discouraged when their hopes for gold didn't pan out.



Those hardier souls who stuck it out sometimes had to live for months on nothin' but parched corn. Then around 1864, some Indian uprisings threw the city into a panic. But somehow or other, folks like to remember back to the old mining days, so each year they celebrate 'em at the Pay Dirt Powwow where they have rock-drilling contests, burro races, miners' dances and such.

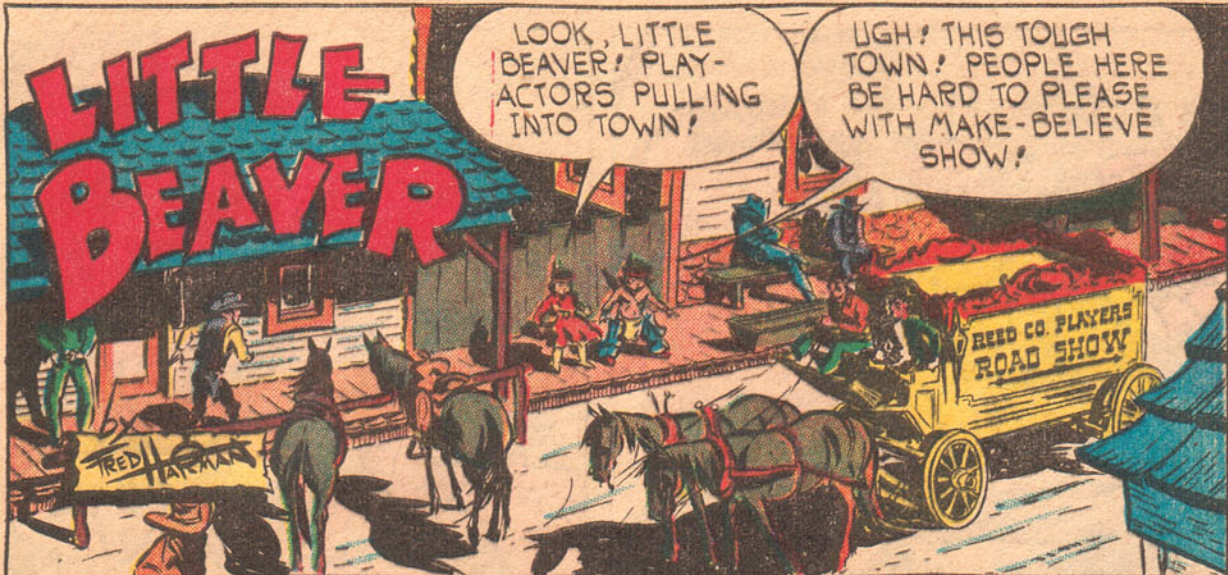
And so another town, built by the sweat and toil of brave, strong men, grew to be the beautiful city it is today. The University of Colorado, whose first class (which numbered seven!) was graduated in 1883, draws many visitors each year. Folks like to wander about the grounds, looking at the sprawled, ivy-covered buildings and watching the white water lilies float on University Lake. During the last war, the University was chosen as a special training center for the United States Navy. It also provided a Reserve Officers' Training Corps, teachers and students for the study of the Japanese language, and a school for radio technicians.

Yessir, we're proud of this city of the stones, and what she has become.

LITTLE BEAVER

LOOK, LITTLE BEAVER! PLAY-ACTORS PULLING INTO TOWN!

UGH! THIS TOUGH TOWN! PEOPLE HERE BE HARD TO PLEASE WITH MAKE-BELIEVE SHOW!



LATER

TONIGHT'S PERFORMANCE
"HAMLET"

LOOK LIKE BIG
TURNOUT FOR
SHOW, LITTLE
BEAVER!

ME SURE WOULD
LIKE TO SEE
MAKE-BELIEVE
PLAY!

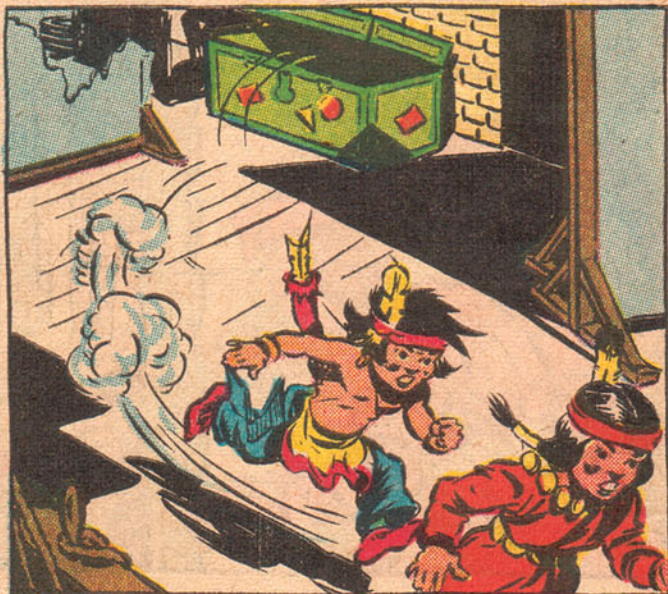
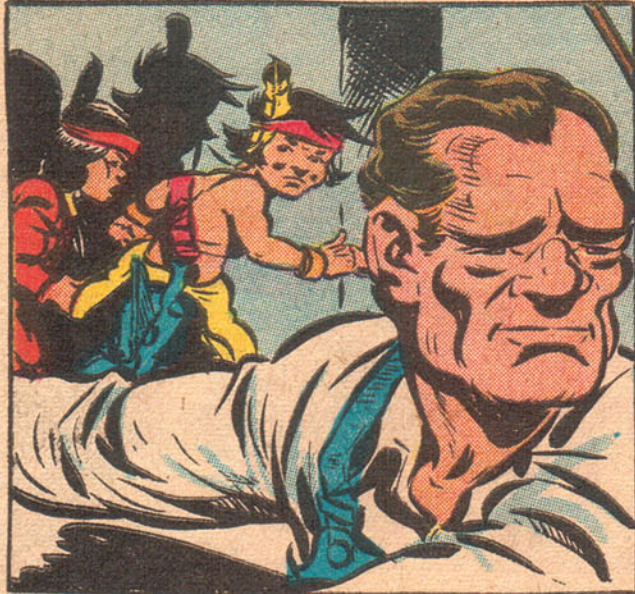
ALL RIGHT THEN,
FOLLOW ME!

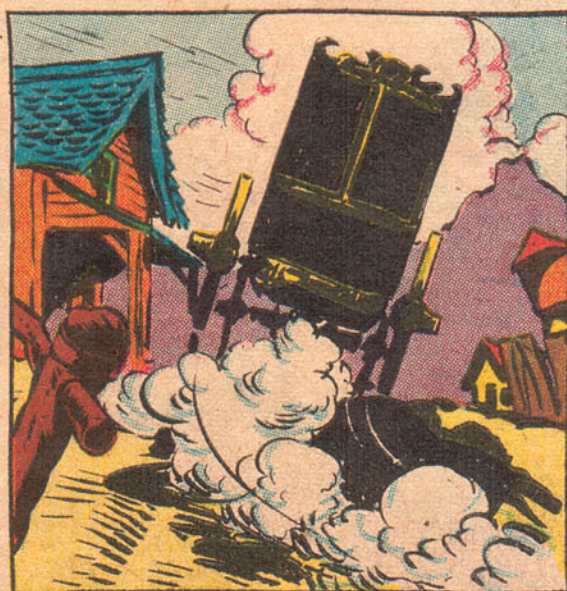
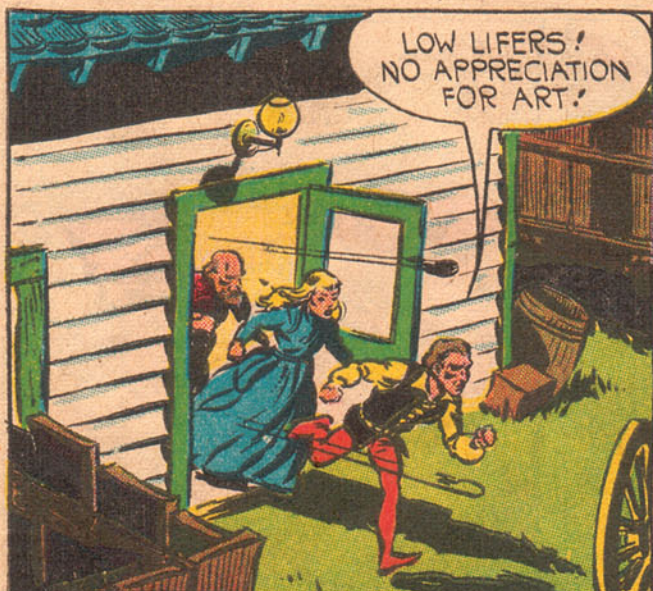


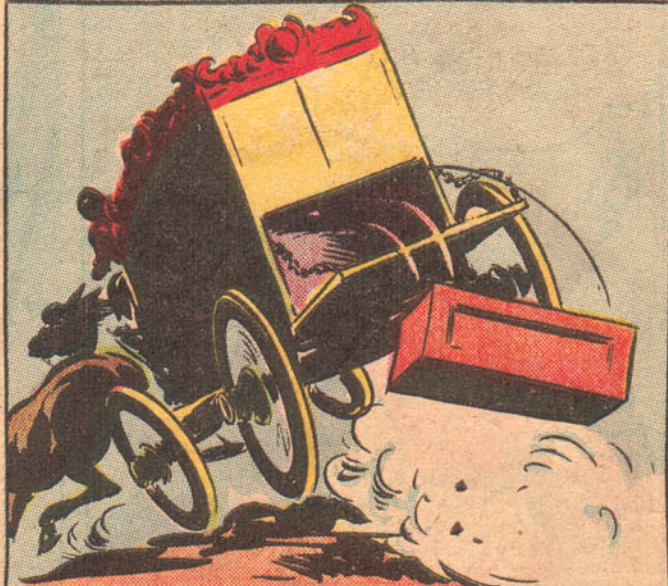
WE HAVE NO MONEY TO
GET IN FRONT DOOR... SO
WE GO TO BACK DOOR!

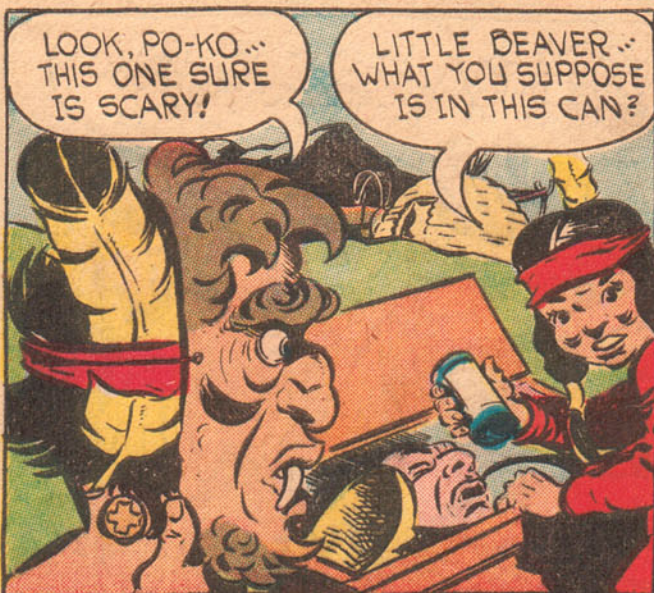
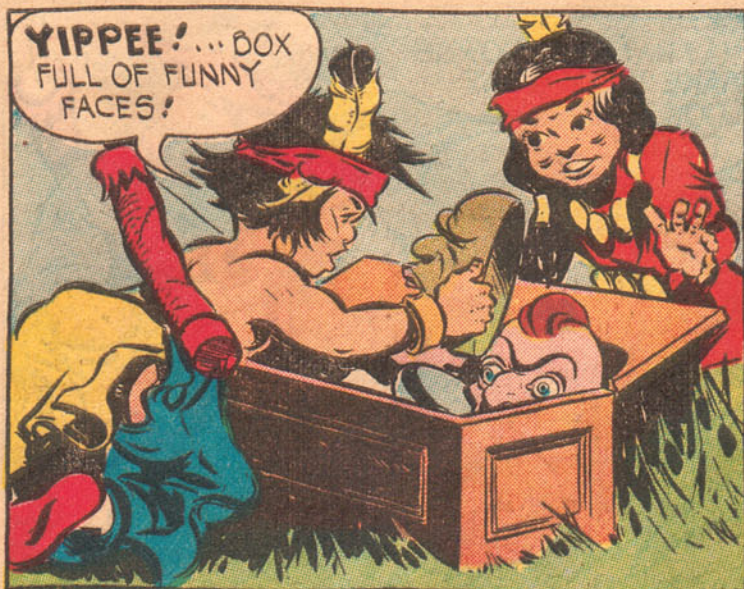
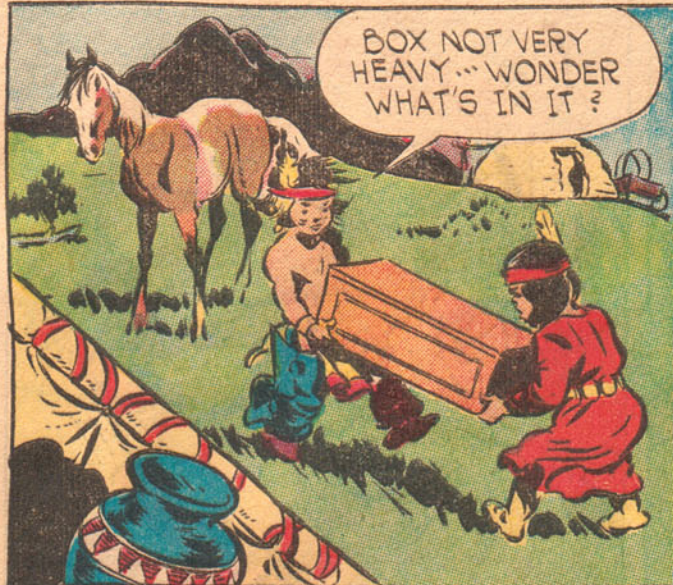
COME ON,
PO-KO... COAST
CLEAR!

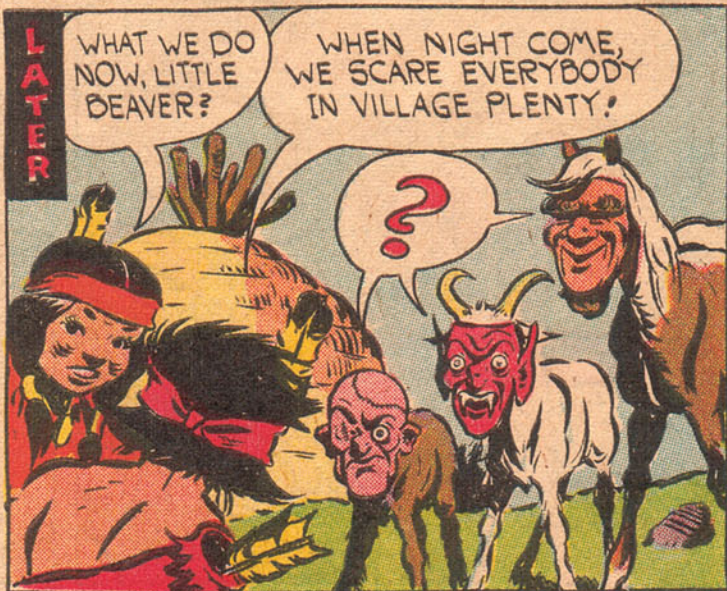


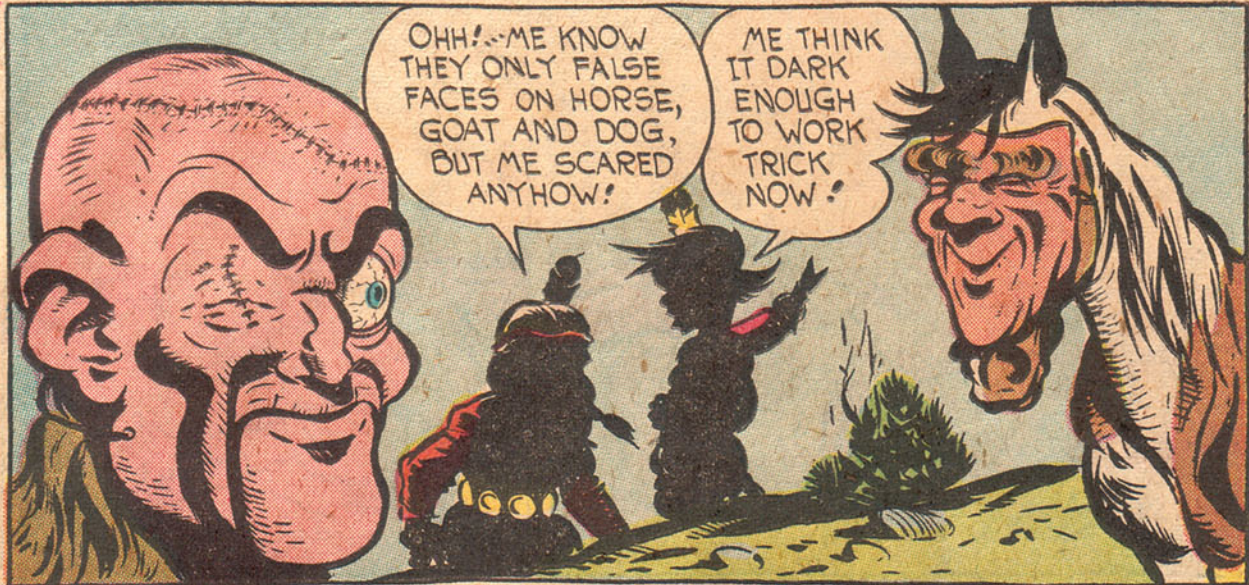


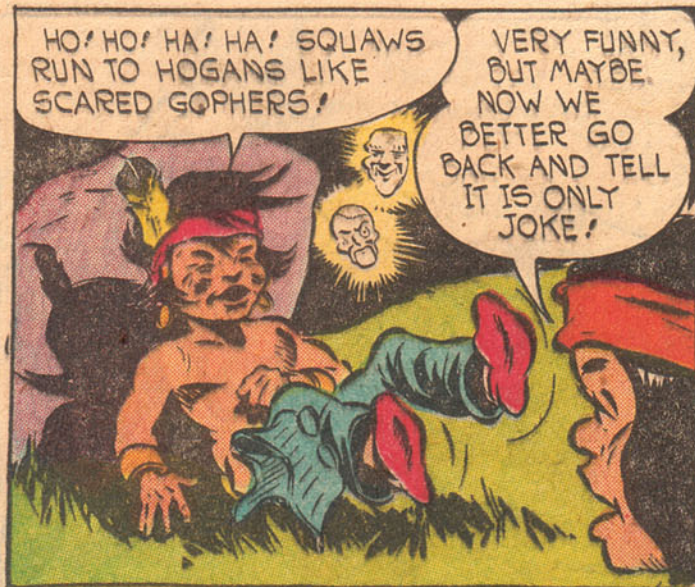


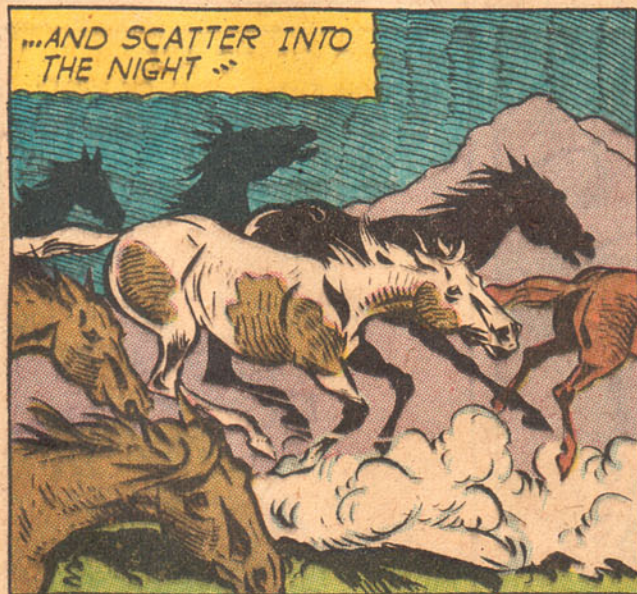
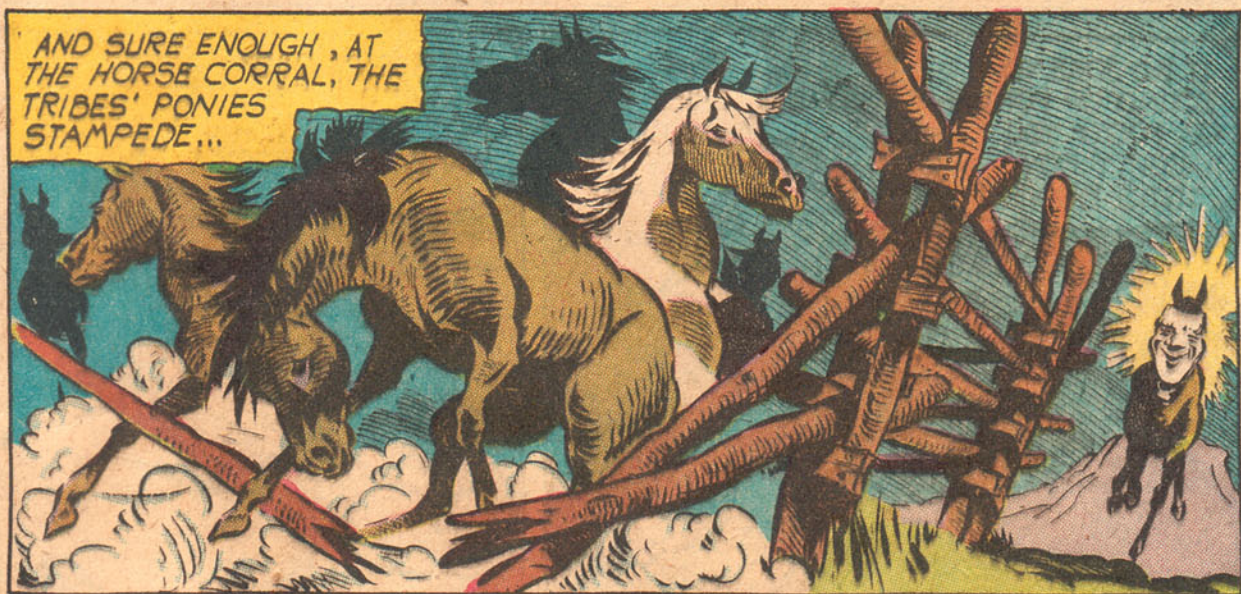




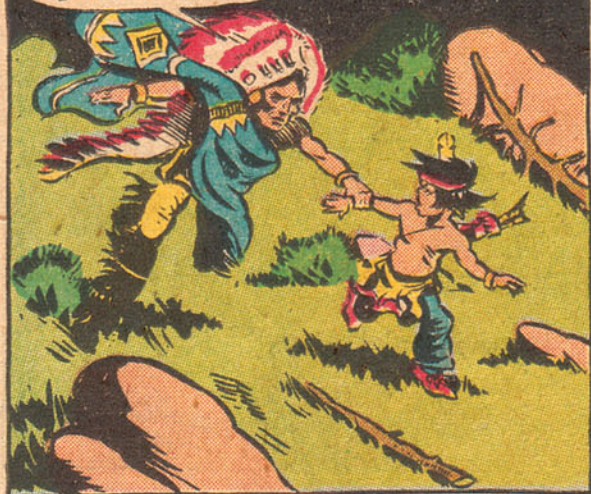








NO, LITTLE BEAVER,
YOU WAIT!



IT ONLY
FUNNY JOKE,
CHIEF BIG
HAND!



IT NO JOKE TO
ROUND UP PONIES ...
ON FOOT! YOU
NAUGHTY BOY,
LITTLE BEAVER!



OW!
CHIEF BIG
HAND GOT
MORE THAN
NAME!

ME SORRY, CHIEF
BIG HAND ... ME
NOT MEAN TO
MAKE YOU ANGRY!

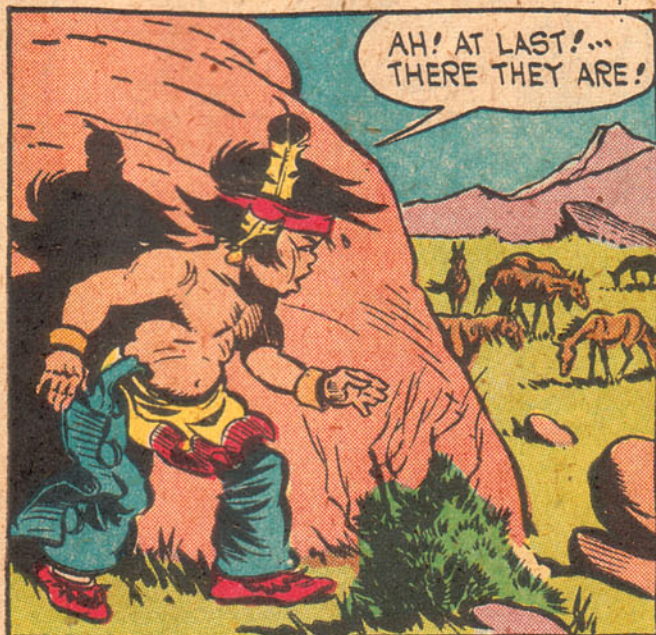
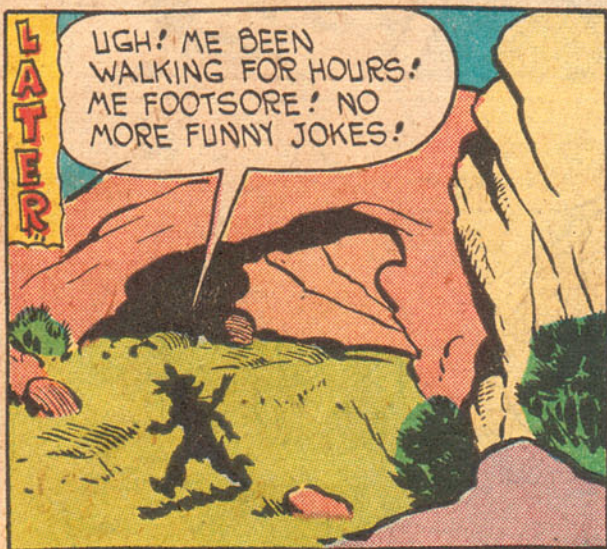
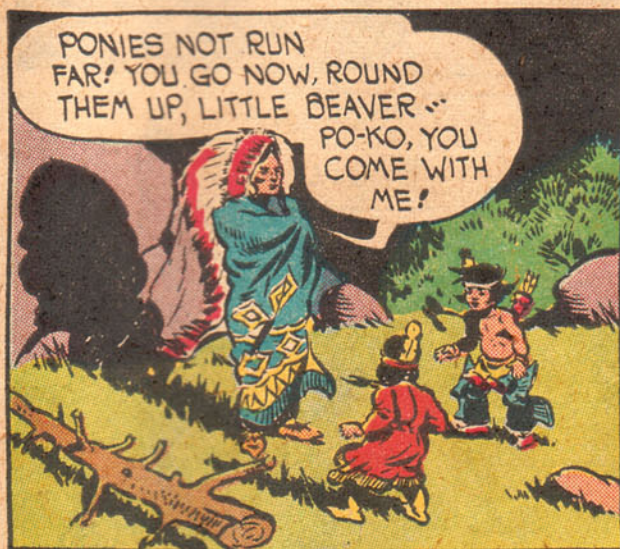


JOKE MAKE SQUAWS
UPSET COOK POTS,
CHIEF ...



SUPPER RUINED AND
MOST SQUAWS TOO SCARED
TO COME OUT OF HOGANS ...
WHAT WE DO?







STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912; AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) of Red Ryder Comics published monthly at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for October 1, 1950.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, K. K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Editor, Oskar Lebeck, Croton, N. Y.; Managing editor, Oskar Lebeck, Croton, N. Y.; Business manager, F. J. Leyerle, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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(Signed) F. J. LEYERLE
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15 day of September, 1950

(Seal)

PERCY F. JORDAN

(My Commission Expires March 30, 1951)

MISSING PAGE

MISSING PAGE

RED RYDER RANCH NEWS

HERE ARE MORE PHOTOS TAKEN AT
OUR RED RYDER ROUNDUP, FOLKS.

FRED HATCHMAN

"ONE OF MY LITTLE GIRL FRIENDS
HOPS UP IN THE SADDLE WITH ME
ON THUNDER"



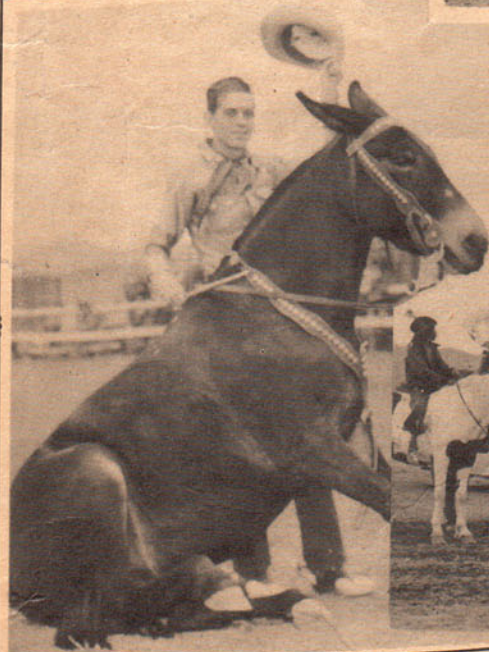
"THIS COWBOY HAS A BUSY
TIME ON THIS WILD
BUCKING HORSE."



"WHAT GOOD IS A RODEO
WITHOUT A TRICK MULE?
HERE, COWBOY BALLARD
SHOWS OFF HIS PET."

photos by LOREN G. SNOOK

"OUR FRIENDS, THE SHERIFF'S MOUNTED POSSE
FROM DURANGO, COLO., COME UP TO ADD
COLOR TO OUR RODEO."

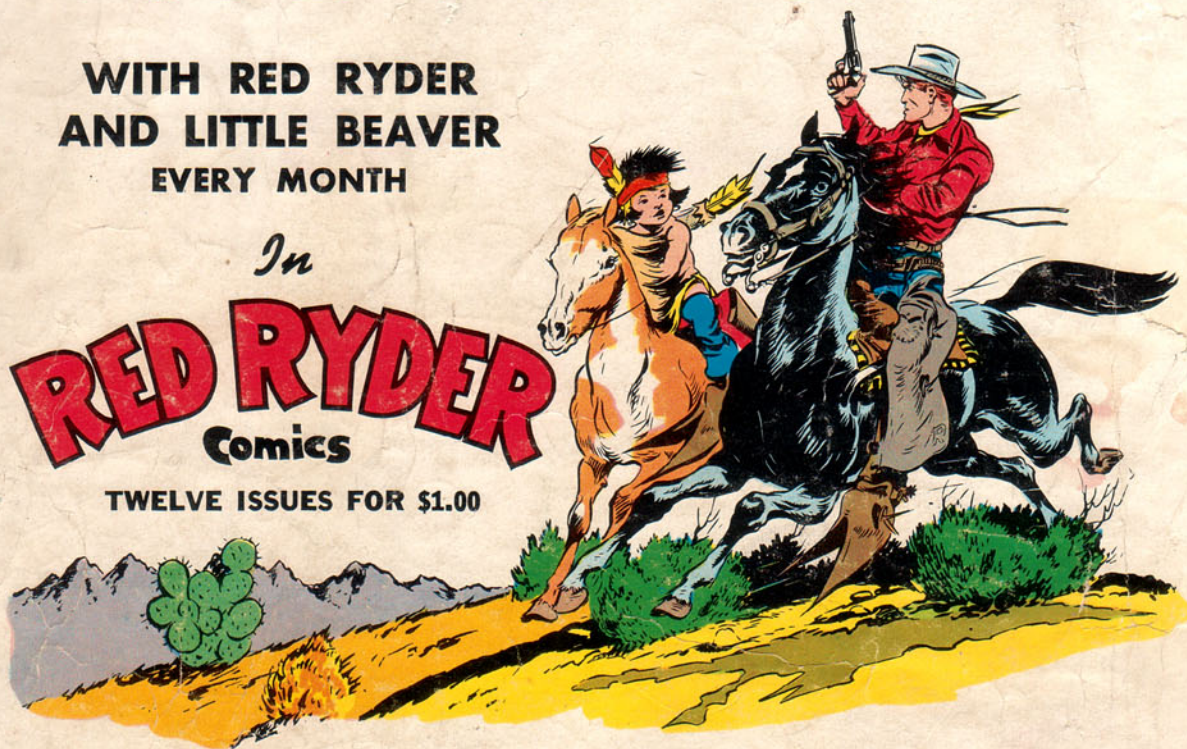


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