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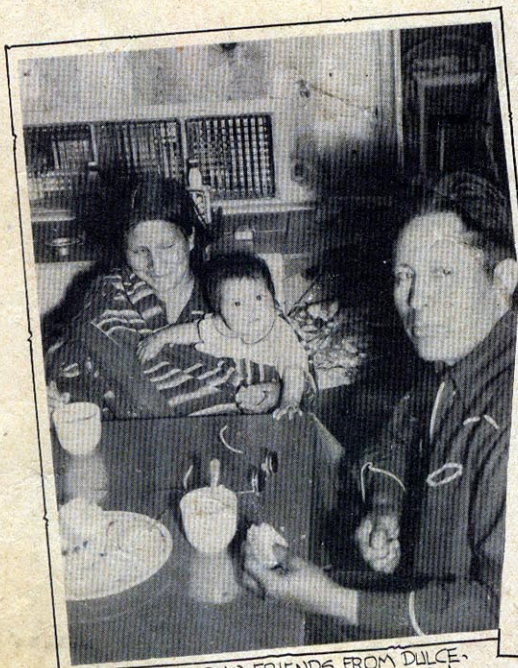
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P. 5

RED RYDER

Comics





"MY APACHE INDIAN FRIENDS FROM DULCE, NEW MEXICO, DROP BY THE RANCH FOR A VISIT OVER A CUP OF COFFEE AND COOKIES."

RED RYDER RANCH PAGOSA SPRINGS, COLORADO

FRED HARMAN



Howdy Cokes:

LAST YEAR, DAVID RUSSO AND BERT CASPARI, SELECTED BY THE BOYS CLUBS OF AMERICA FOR THE "BOY OF THE YEAR" AWARDS, SPENT TWO WEEKS ON THE RANCH WITH ME.

THIS YEAR, RICHARD VALZONIS WON THE "BOY OF THE YEAR" HONORS AND THE RED RYDER AWARD OF A TRIP TO THE RANCH. I'LL SOON HAVE PICTURES OF HIS ADVENTURES OUT HERE.

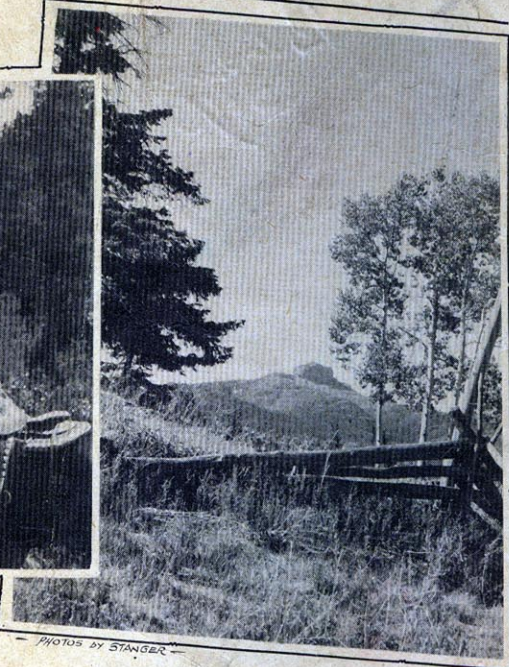
THESE BOYS SEE COWBOYS AND INDIANS FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND I'LL BET THEY GO HOME WITH SOME BIG STORIES.

ADIOS,

FRED HARMAN



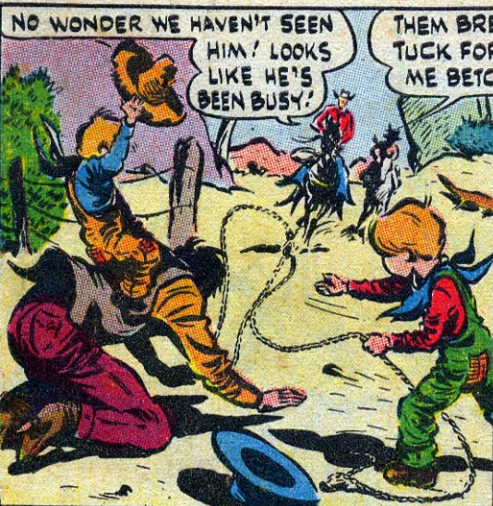
"HERE, I'M PLANNING A PACK TRIP FOR BERT CASPARI AND DAVID RUSSO." TURN TO INSIDE BACK COVER AND SEE THE BOYS IN THE SADDLE, PACKED UP AND READY TO GO."



PHOTOS BY STANGER

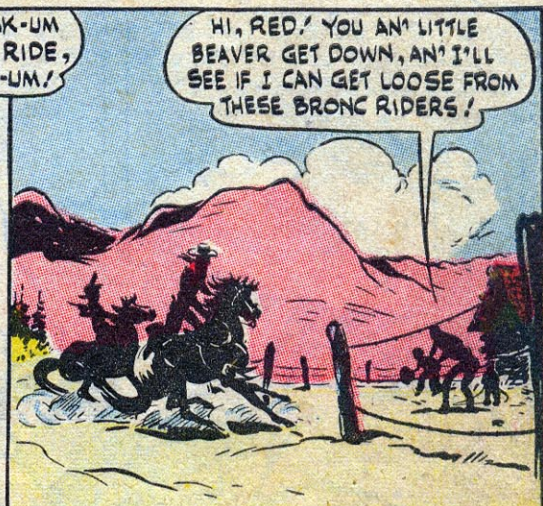


WE'LL STOP BY AND SAY HELLO TO TUCK... HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN QUITE A WHILE!



NO WONDER WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM! LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN BUSY!

THEM BREAK-UM TUCK FOR RIDE, ME BETCH-UM!

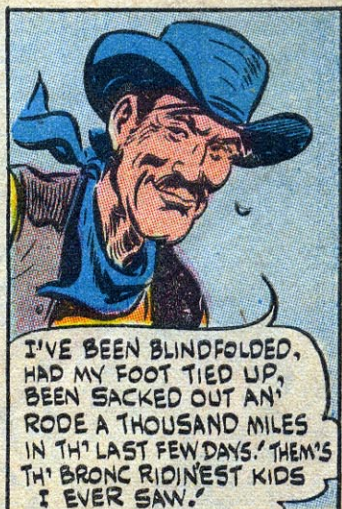


HI, RED! YOU AN' LITTLE BEAVER GET DOWN, AN' I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET LOOSE FROM THESE BRONC RIDERS!

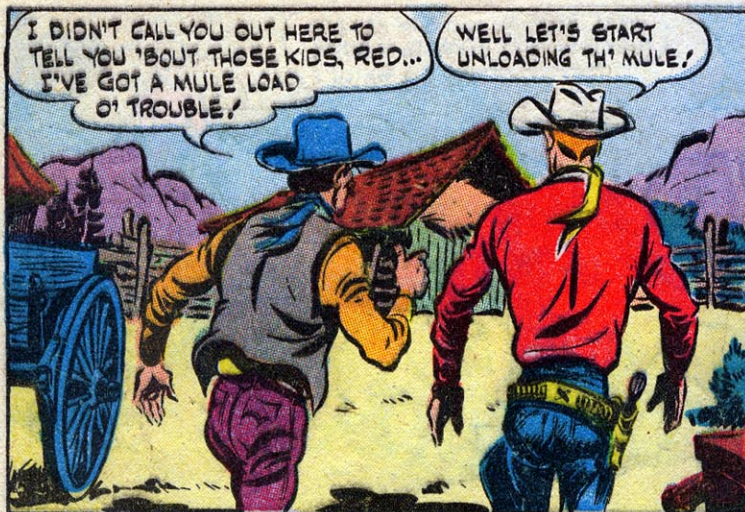


THIS IS TH' FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN ANYTHING EXCEPT TH' YARD FENCE RUNNING AROUND YOUR HOUSE!

YEP! THAT'S RIGHT, RED! THEY'RE MY SISTER'S KIDS! LET'S AMBLE DOWN TO TH' BARN WHERE WE CAN TALK!



I'VE BEEN BLINDFOLDED, HAD MY FOOT TIED UP, BEEN SACKED OUT AN' RODE A THOUSAND MILES IN TH' LAST FEW DAYS! THEM'S TH' BRONC RIDIN'EST KIDS I EVER SAW!

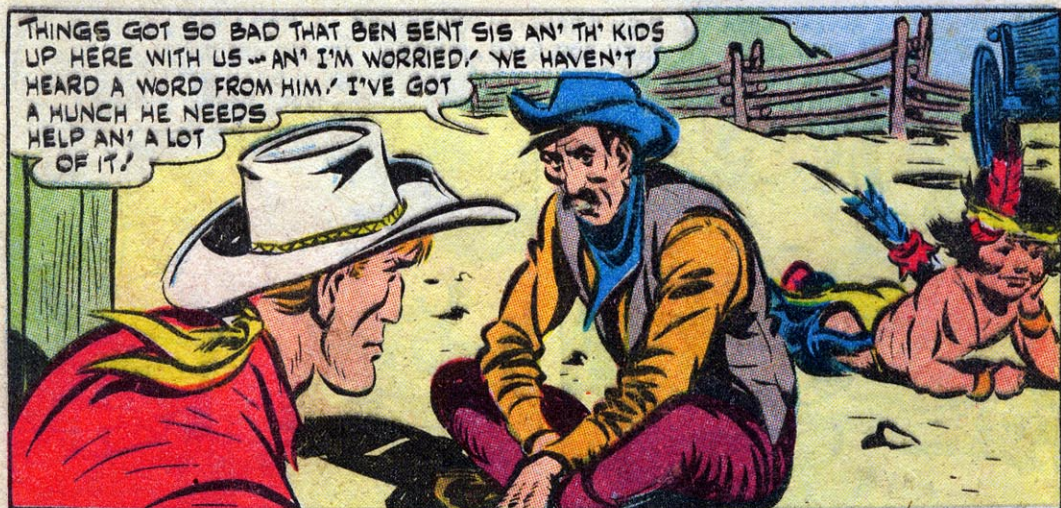


I DIDN'T CALL YOU OUT HERE TO TELL YOU 'BOUT THOSE KIDS, RED... I'VE GOT A MULE LOAD O' TROUBLE!

WELL LET'S START UNLOADING TH' MULE!



THERE'S A COUPLE O' JASPER'S TRYIN' TO SQUEEZE SIS AN' HER HUSBAND OFF THEIR RANCH DOWN IN ARIZONA AN' I RECKON THEY'VE 'BOUT GOT IT DONE!



THINGS GOT SO BAD THAT BEN SENT SIS AN' TH' KIDS UP HERE WITH US -- AN' I'M WORRIED! 'WE HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD FROM HIM! I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE NEEDS HELP AN' A LOT OF IT!



I KNOW I'M NO MATCH FOR THEM GUN SLINGERS DOWN IN THAT NECK OF TH' WOODS, BUT I RECKON YOU COULD PULL THEIR HORNS IN FOR 'EM.

WELL, TUCK, I DON'T KNOW... THAT ALL DEPENDS...



...BUT TELL ME MORE ABOUT IT, WHEN AN HONEST RANCHER AND HIS FAMILY ARE BEING SHOVED AROUND, SOMETHING NEEDS DOING.

I THOUGHT YOU'D SEE IT THAT WAY, RED!



COLORAD-UM UP
HERE, ARIZON-UM
DOWN HERE... RED
RYDER AND LITTLE
BEAVER GO DOWN
HERE PRONTO, ME
BETCH-UM!



NOW LET ME GO OVER THIS
AND SEE IF I'VE GOT IT RIGHT...
YOUR SISTER'S HUSBAND IS
BEN GREEN AND THEIR RANCH
IS AT LIMEROCK, ARIZONA!

THAT'S
RIGHT,
RED!

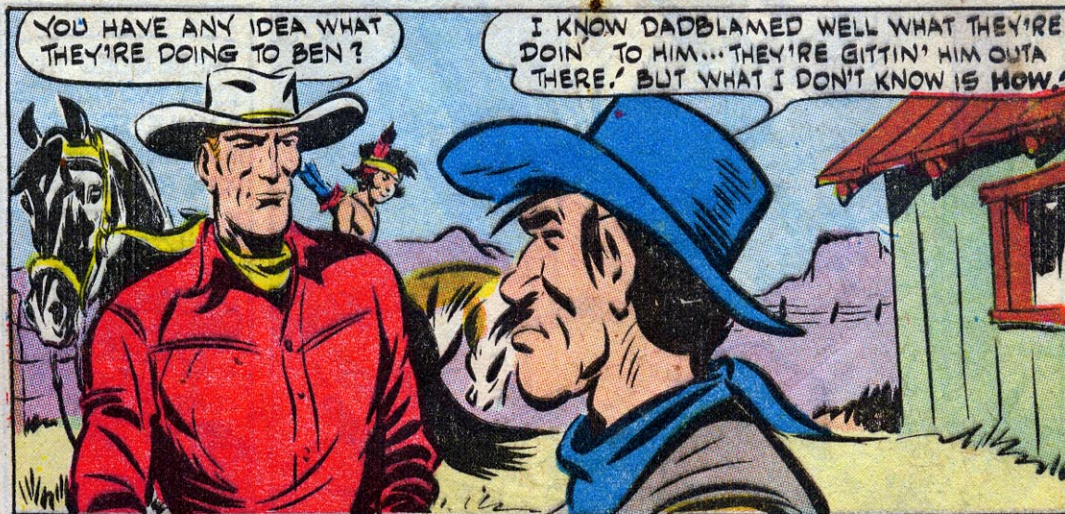


AND THERE'RE TWO OF THOSE
WOLVES AFTER HIS HIDE,
BOTH OF THEM HAVE RANCHES
THAT JOIN HIM... ROCK HARDY
ON ONE SIDE
AN' BUZZ SLATE
ON TH' OTHER!



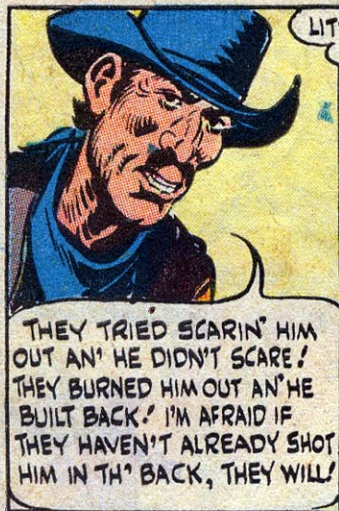
THAT'S RIGHT, RED, AN' IF ANY BODY EVER
LIVED UP TO THAT SAYIN'
"BETWEEN A ROCK AN'
A HARD PLACE" IT'S
BEN!

HM-M!

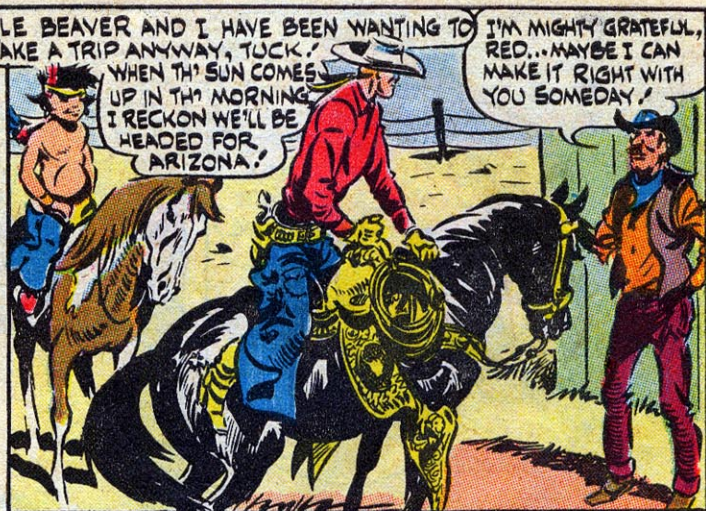


YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT
THEY'RE DOING TO BEN?

I KNOW DADBLAMED WELL WHAT THEY'RE
DOIN' TO HIM... THEY'RE GITLIN' HIM OUTA
THERE, BUT WHAT I DON'T KNOW IS HOW!



THEY TRIED SCARIN' HIM
OUT AN' HE DIDN'T SCARE!
THEY BURNED HIM OUT AN' HE
BUILT BACK! I'M AFRAID IF
THEY HAVEN'T ALREADY SHOT
HIM IN TH' BACK, THEY WILL!



LITTLE BEAVER AND I HAVE BEEN WANTING TO
TAKE A TRIP ANYWAY, TUCK.
WHEN TH' SUN COMES
UP IN TH' MORNING
I RECKON WE'LL BE
HEADED FOR ARIZONA!

I'M MIGHTY GRATEFUL,
RED...MAYBE I CAN
MAKE IT RIGHT WITH
YOU SOMEDAY!

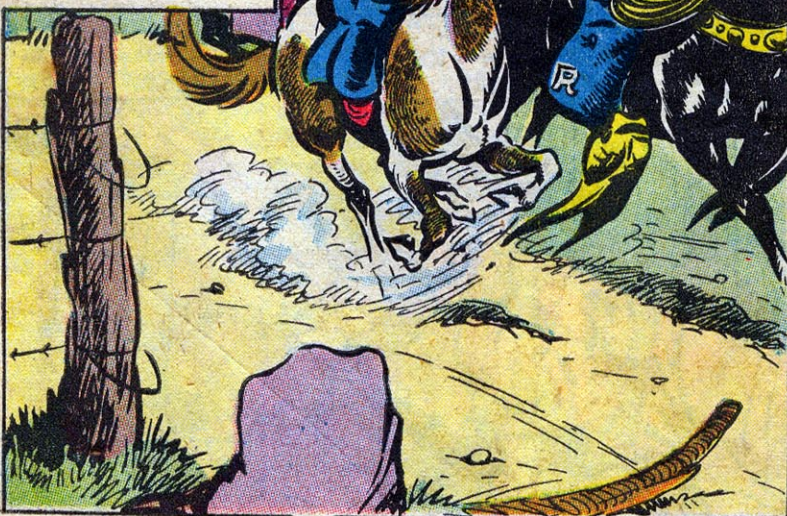


IF WE CAN DO YOUR
BROTHER-IN-LAW ANY
GOOD, THAT WILL BE
PLENTY PAY FOR
US, TUCK!



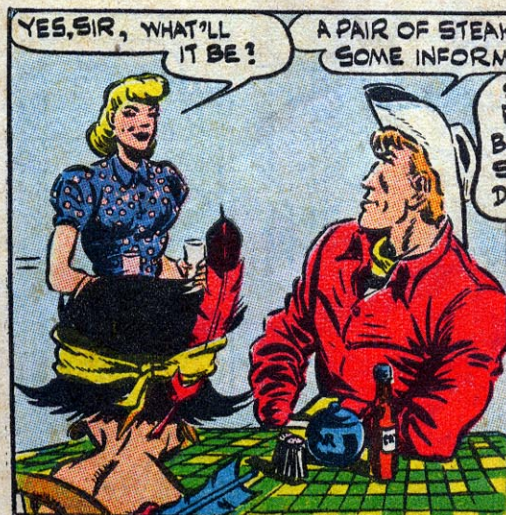
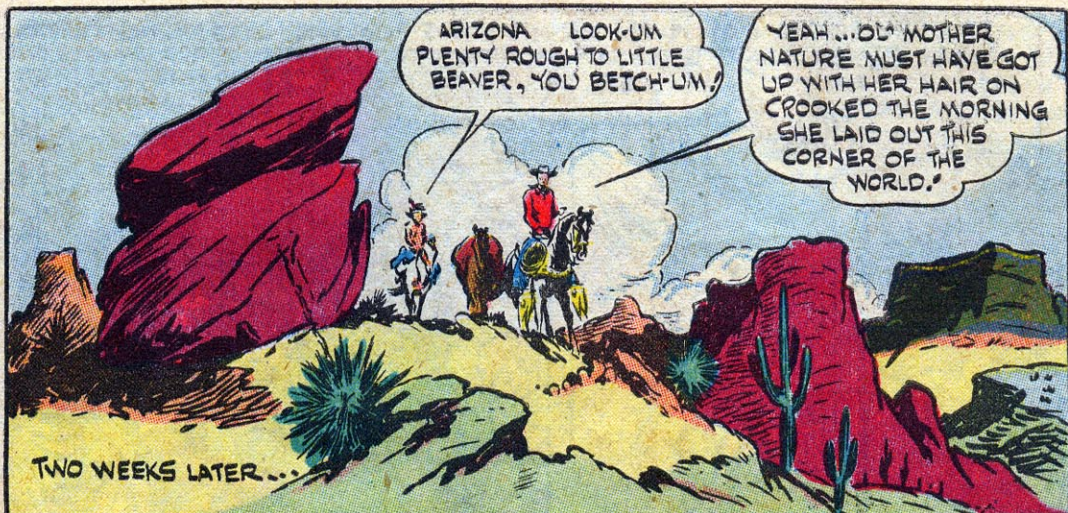
ADIOS, TUCK! WE'LL BE SEEING YOU!

GOOD LUCK,
RED, AN' BE
CAREFUL!



THERE GOES TH'
BEST TWO FRIENDS
A MAN EVER HAD...
IF ANYTHING CAN BE
DONE FOR BEN, THEY'LL
DO IT!







YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT HOW WE WANT TH' STEAKS ... NOW WHERE CAN WE FIND BEN GREEN?

HUH? BEN GREEN? WHY, WHY ... ER, HE ...



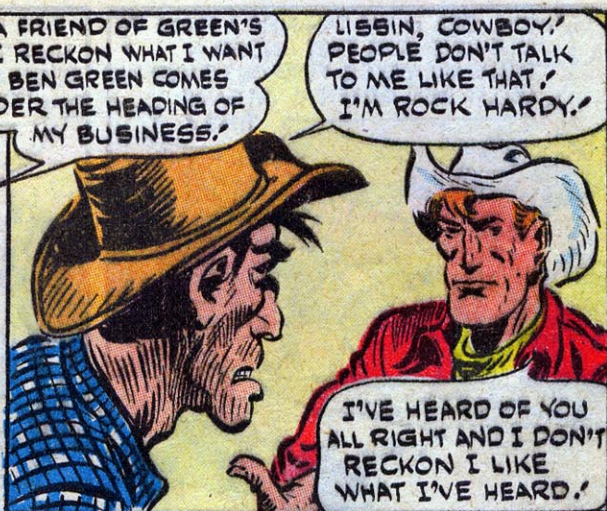
TAKE OFF, BESSIE! I'LL GIVE THIS FELLER HIS INFORMATION!

Y-Y-YESSIR, MISTER HARDY!



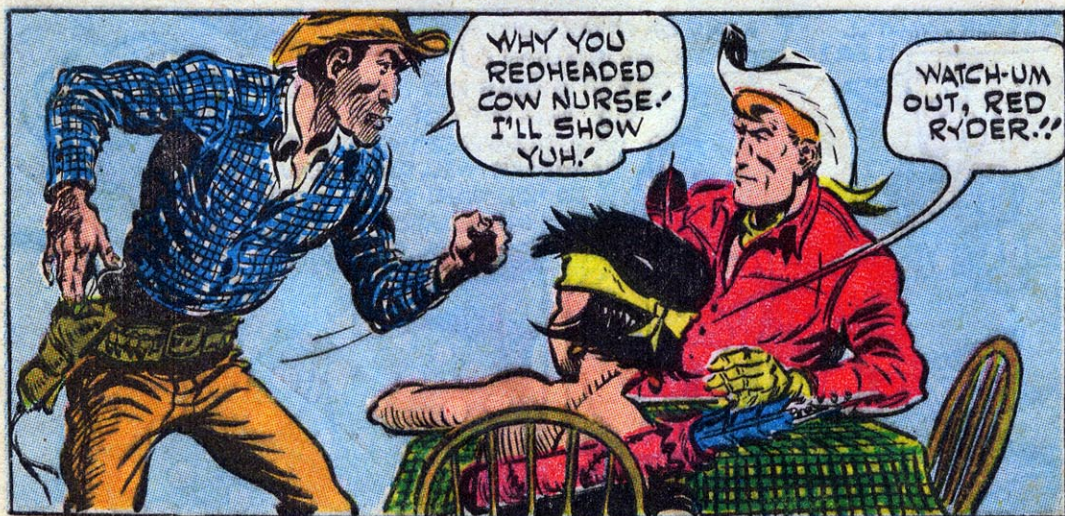
NOW THEN, FELLER, JUST WHO ARE YOU AN' WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH BEN GREEN?

I'M A FRIEND OF GREEN'S AN' I RECKON WHAT I WANT WITH BEN GREEN COMES UNDER THE HEADING OF MY BUSINESS.



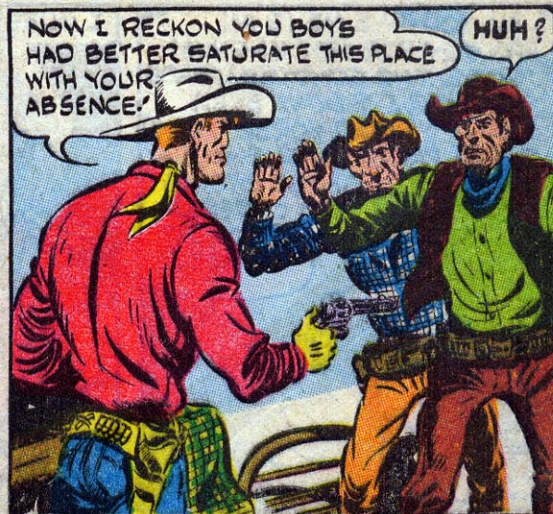
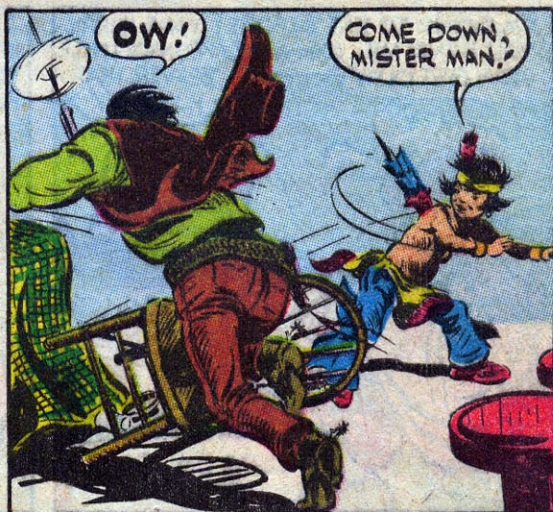
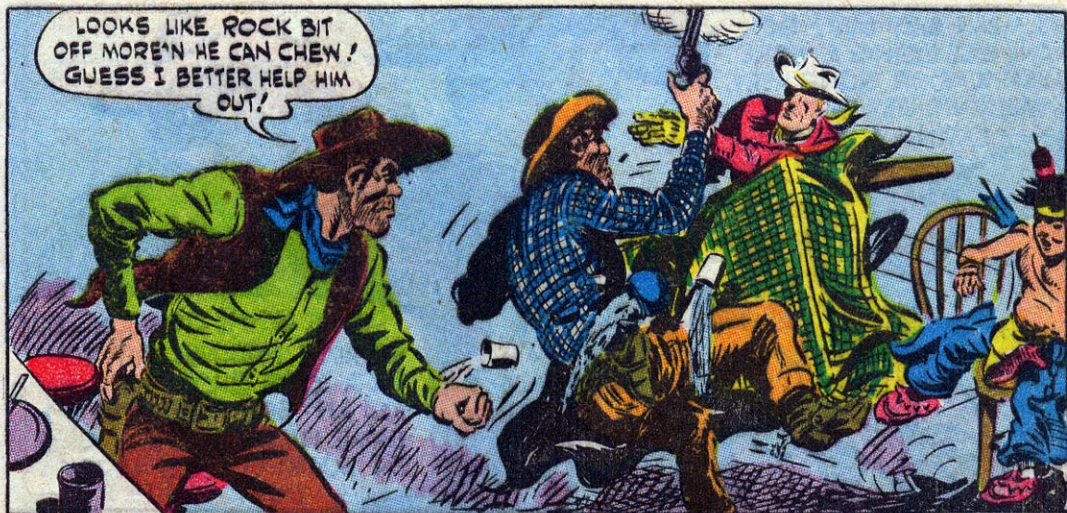
LISSIN, COWBOY! PEOPLE DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT, I'M ROCK HARDY.

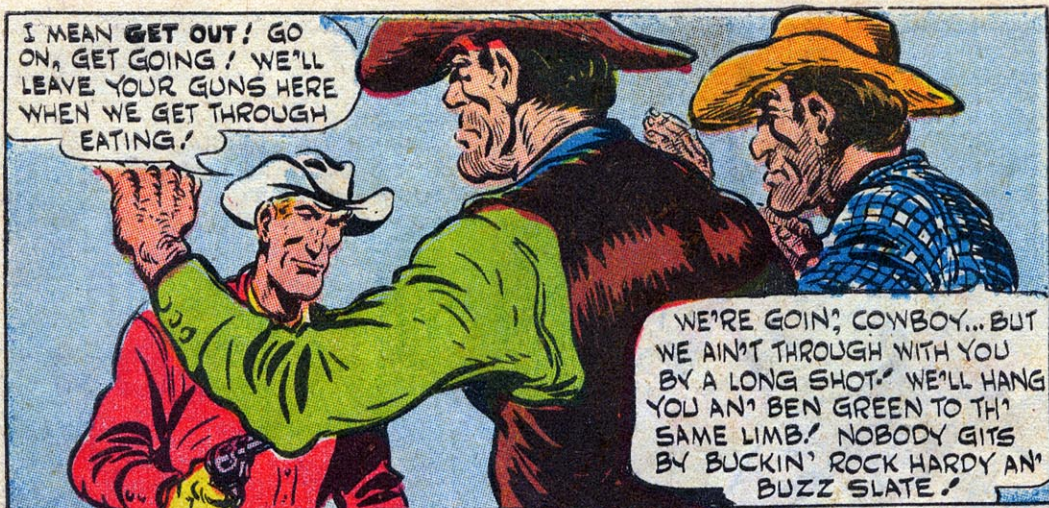
I'VE HEARD OF YOU ALL RIGHT AND I DON'T RECKON I LIKE WHAT I'VE HEARD.



WHY YOU REDHEADED COW NURSE, I'LL SHOW YUH.

WATCH-UM OUT, RED RYDER.!!





I MEAN GET OUT! GO ON, GET GOING! WE'LL LEAVE YOUR GUNS HERE WHEN WE GET THROUGH EATING!

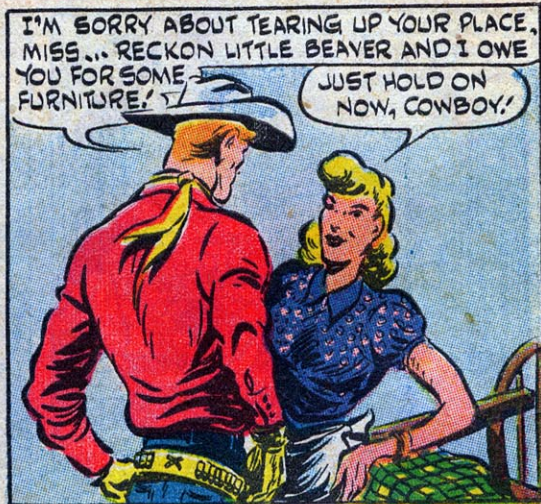
WE'RE GOIN', COWBOY... BUT WE AIN'T THROUGH WITH YOU BY A LONG SHOT! WE'LL HANG YOU AN' BEN GREEN TO TH' SAME LIMB! NOBODY GITS BY BUCKIN' ROCK HARDY AN' BUZZ SLATE!



I'M GOING TO EAT BEFORE YOU HANG ME, ANYWAY! NOW GET OUT!

MAKE HURRY PRONTO! LITTLE BEAVER HEAD HUNGRY!

COME ON, ROCK, LET'S GO!



I'M SORRY ABOUT TEARING UP YOUR PLACE, MISS... RECKON LITTLE BEAVER AND I OWE YOU FOR SOME FURNITURE!

JUST HOLD ON NOW, COWBOY!

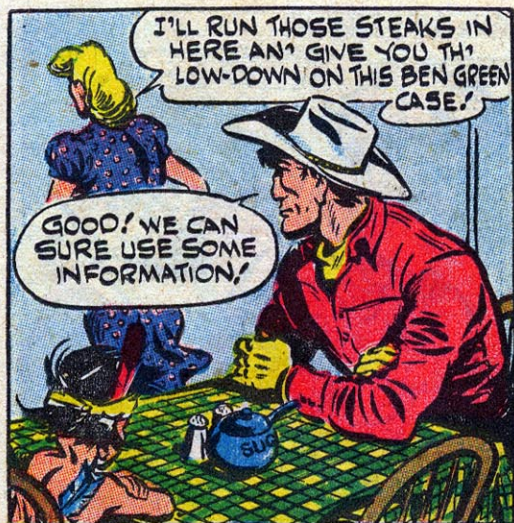


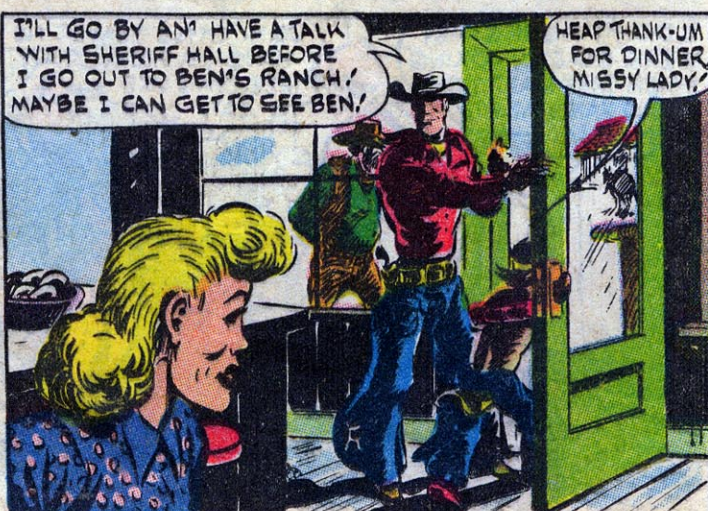
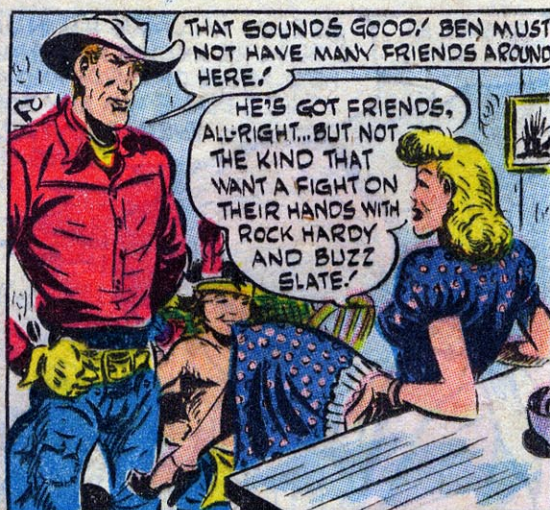
ALL YOU OWE ME IS AN APOLOGY FOR NOT BASHIN' THOSE TWO COYOTES' HEADS TOGETHER! THEY'VE BEEN RIDIN' TH' LEAD HORSE 'ROUND THESE PARTS LONG ENOUGH! THOSE STEAKS YOU ORDERED ARE ON TH' HOUSE!

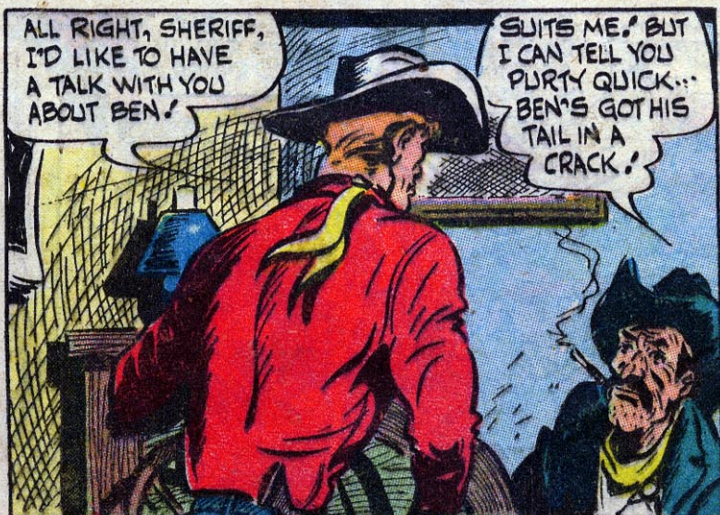
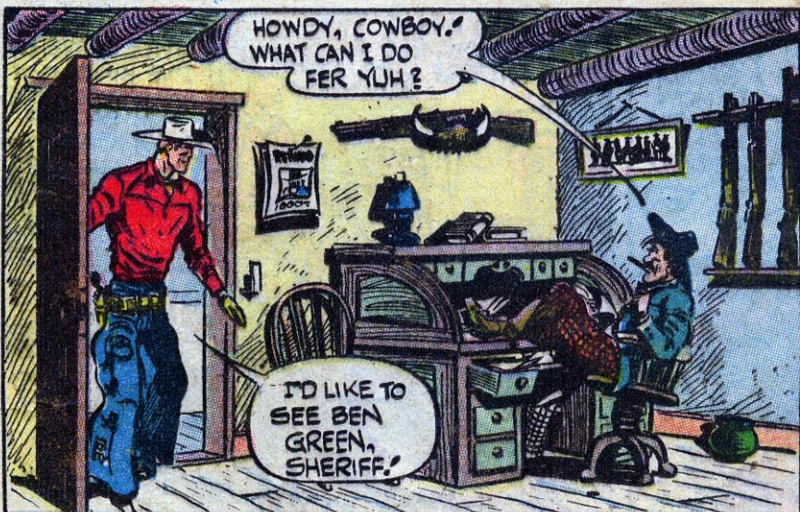
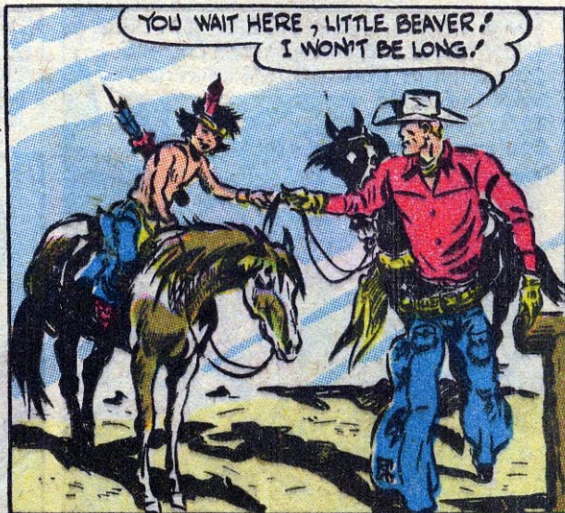
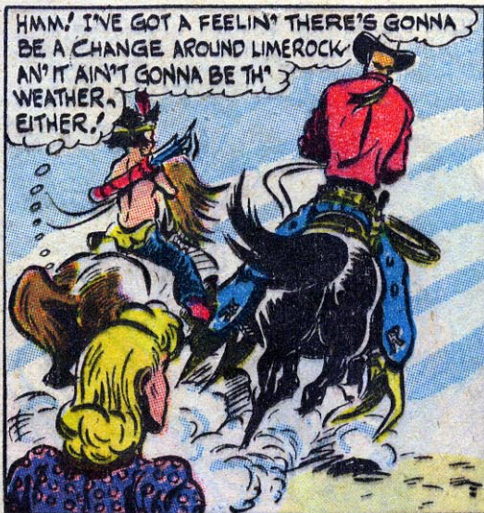


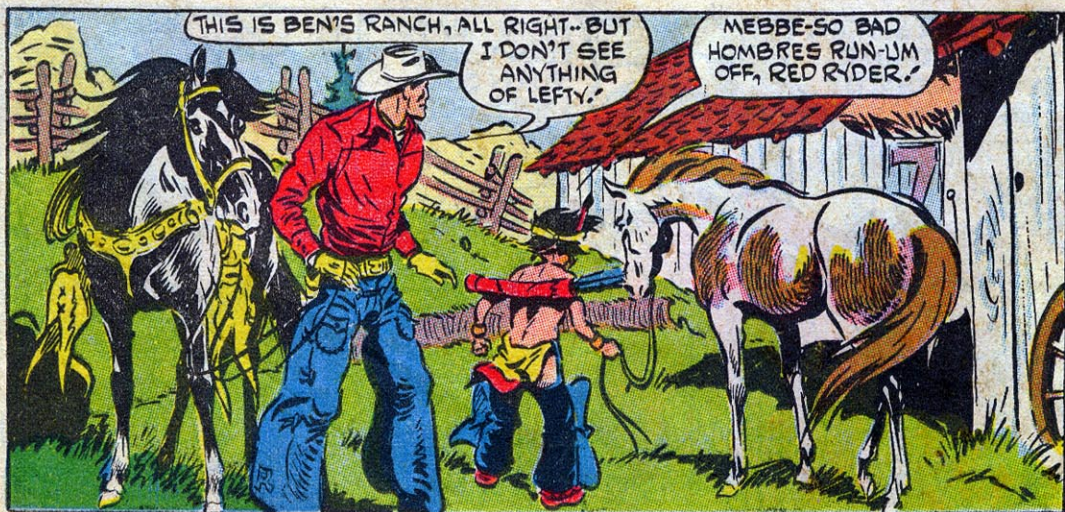
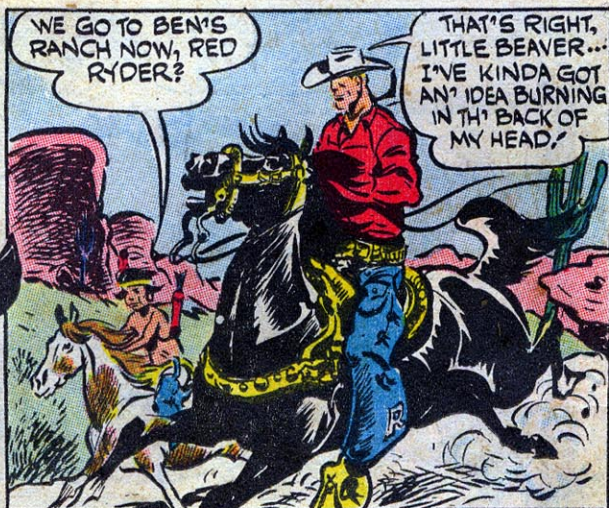
I GUESS YOU'RE PRETTY WELL ACQUAINTED HERE!

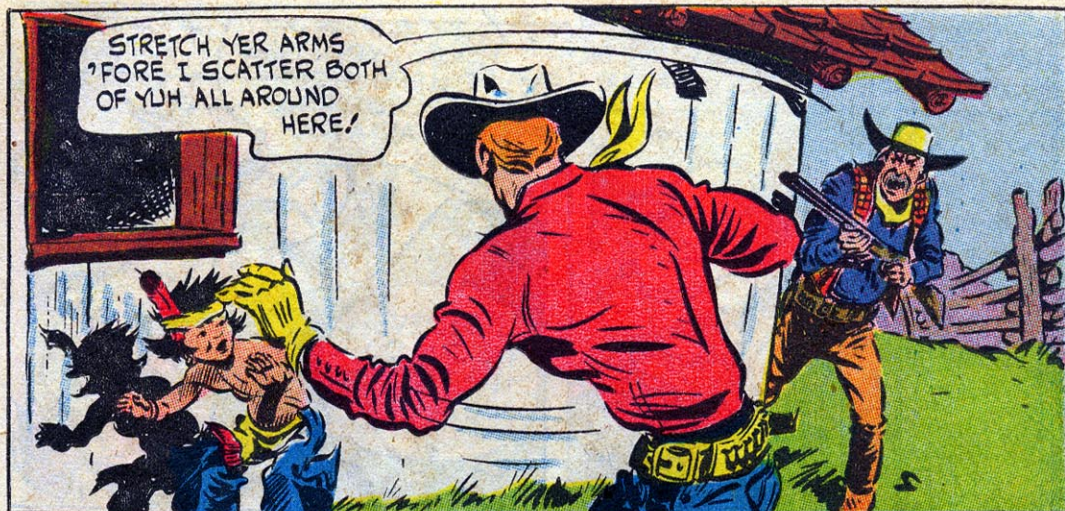
SURE AM, COWBOY! WHY, I KNOW MOST OF TH' LIZZAROS BY THEIR FIRST NAMES!











I AIN'T GOT MANY YEARS UV LIFE LEFT, BUT I'D GIVE HALF UV IT TO TIE A KNOT IN THEM FELLER'S TAILS AN' GIT BEN OUTA THAT FLEA-TRAP CALABOOSE!

BUT SLIPPIN' TH' SKIDS UNDER THEM FELLERS IS QUITE A CHORE FER TWO MEN AN' A BOY!

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT!

I BELIEVE WE CAN DO IT... I'VE GOT A PLAN!

IF WE CAN GET THEM CLAWING AT EACH OTHER, I THINK WE CAN GET A BREAK.

SHORE, SHORE! BUT HOW YUH GONNA DO THAT? THEM FELLERS IS THICKER THAN FLEAS ON A PUP!

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE WOULD HAPPEN IF HARDY FOUND A COUPLE OF HIS YEARLINGS WITH SLATE'S BRAND ON THEM... YOU KNOW A CROOK DOESN'T LIKE TO BE GYPPED!

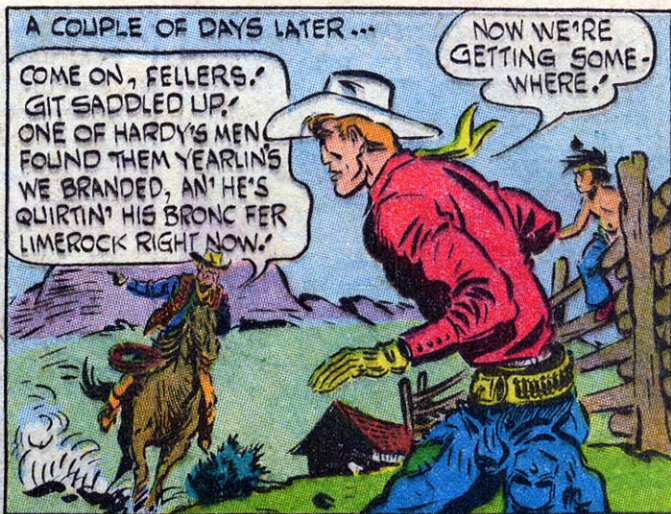
WAL, NOW, I RECKON BUSINESS MIGHT PICK UP AT THAT. I THINK I SEE WHAT YOU'RE DRIVIN' AT!

THAT'S NOT A VERY NICE THING TO DO... BUT YOU KNOW THE OLD SAYING... "WHEN IN ROME, DO AS THE ROMANS DO."

I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT ROMANS... BUT I KNOW WHEN YER WITH TH' COVOTES YUH GOTTA HOWL LIKE 'EM!



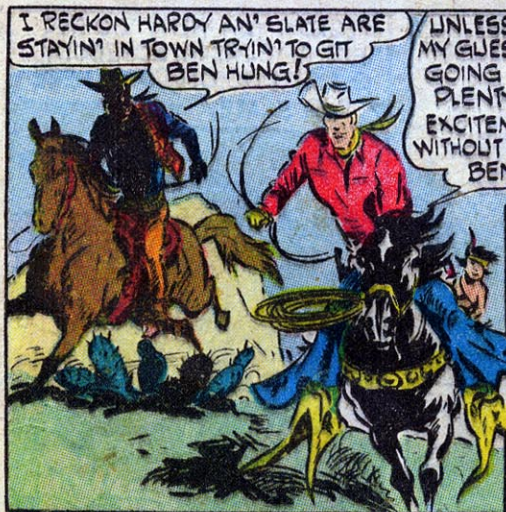
YOU FELLERS JIST WAIT'LL I
SADDLE UP AN' WE'LL GIT TO
WORKIN' ON THEM
SKUNKS!



A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER ...

COME ON, FELLERS!
GIT SADDLED UP!
ONE OF HARDY'S MEN
FOUND THEM YEARLIN'S
WE BRANDED, AN' HE'S
QUIRTIN' HIS BRONC FER
LIMEROCK RIGHT NOW!

NOW WE'RE
GETTING SOME-
WHERE!



I RECKON HARDY AN' SLATE ARE
STAYIN' IN TOWN TRYIN' TO GIT
BEN HUNG!

UNLESS I MISS
MY GUESS, THEY'RE
GOING TO HAVE
PLENTY OF
EXCITEMENT
WITHOUT HANGING
BEN!

MEANWHILE, IN LIMEROCK ...

WHAT'S ALL TH' RUSH, JAKE?
TH' HANGIN' WON'T COME OFF
FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS YET!



I AIN'T SO SURE
ABOUT THAT, BOSS..
I GOT **NEWS**
FER YUH!



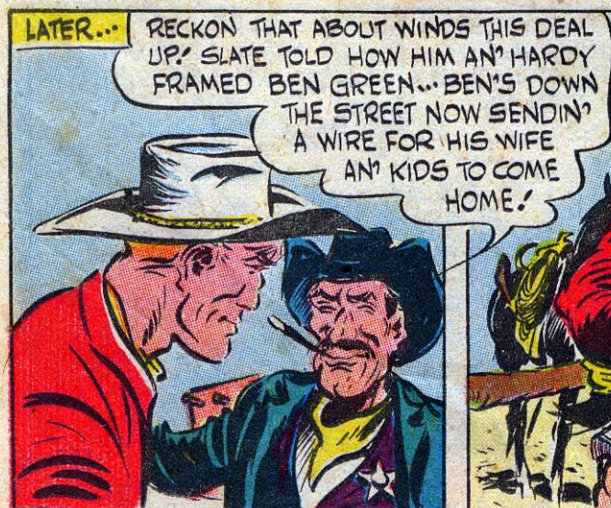
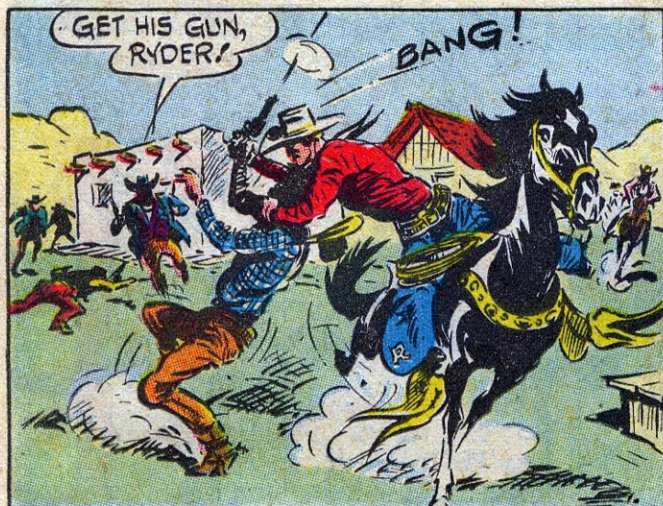
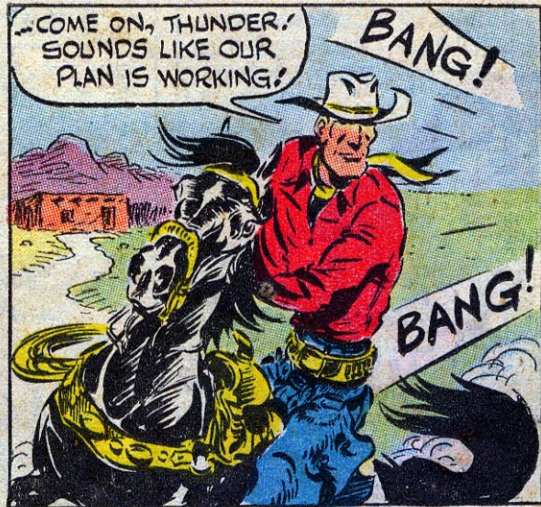
THAT'S TH' WAY IT LOOKS
T' ME, BOSS! WHILE YOU'RE
BUSY GITTIN' RID OF GREEN,
SLATE'S STEALIN' YUH
BLIND!

SO, HE AIN'T SATISFIED
WITH GITTIN' HALF OF
GREEN'S SPREAD... HE'S
GOT TO STEAL MY
YEARLIN'S!



HE'S DOWN TH' STREET
NOW... COME ON!
WE'LL SETTLE HIS
HASH RIGHT
QUICK!

SUITS ME!
TH' SOONER
TH' BETTER!



THE WEST THAT LIVES FOREVER

THE LEGEND OF THE THUNDERHEADS by 



If, on a bright summer day, you have ever seen a great white cloud on the horizon or over the distant mountains and wondered what made it tower higher in the sky than all the other clouds, there is an ancient Indian Legend to explain it.

According to the legend the 'Thunderhead,' as it is called, is the spirit of a young Indian warrior mounted on a great white stallion, riding the vast rangeland of the sky in search of a beautiful Indian maiden who had promised to wait for him to return from a long and dangerous hunt.

It all happened, long, long ago, when the Indians lived by hunting wild game. They had no horses on which to hunt the swift running deer and the far ranging herds of buffalo. In the beginning there had been no horses at all in the West, but the Spanish Conquerors of Mexico and Peru had brought a few with them.

Some escaped and became as wild and untamed as the deer and the buffalo.

Only the old horses were ever captured alive and they were too slow to ride in the hunt. But on the hunting grounds of the Navajos there was one herd of wild horses led by a great white stallion. He was as swift as a deer and as powerful as the mightiest buffalo. Around the campfires of the bravest and fleetest hunters of the Navajos, there was always talk and boasting of how easy it would be to catch and kill all the wild game the tribe could eat, if only one of them could capture, tame and ride the great white horse who was as swift as the wind itself.

Now, among the hunters was a young brave called Oota, the-swift-one, who could run for days without stopping and had been known to chase an antelope until it dropped from exhaustion. Oota had long thought of trying to capture

the great white stallion for he had noticed that while a wild horse could easily outrun a man for a short distance it could not travel as far without food or rest. Oota was also in love with the beautiful daughter of the chief of the tribe and wanted her for his mate. But the Chief, knowing of Oota's ambition to capture the great white stallion told the young brave he could not have his daughter for his Squaw until he had caught and tamed the white stallion to ride in the hunt for game.

Oota made his plans carefully. He trained himself to run faster and farther, days on end, carrying only a little food and water. One day when he was ready and had fashioned a strong rope which he wound around his waist, he bade farewell to the Chief's daughter and promised not to return without the white stallion, and she in turn promised to wait for him.

Far out on the grassy plains Oota found the herd of wild horses led by the white stallion and the long, long chase began. Led by the white stallion the herd fled before the young Indian runner. Day and night he followed them at a dog trot, never giving the horses a chance to stop and graze or even drink from the streams they crossed or the water holes they passed. Through the blazing heat of day and the chill of night the chase went on and on. The mares and colts and older horses scattered and dropped out of the herd one by one until only the white stallion and the young Indian remained in the race to the finish for one or the other.



Closer and closer Oota came to the white stallion but never quite close enough to use the rope he carried around his waist. His food and water were gone and both he and the white stallion were running on strength and will alone.

During the long chase the stallion had moved ever Westward toward the high mountains whose peaks reached up into the clouds and there the chase finally ended in Oota's capture of the great white stallion. Both were so exhausted there was no final struggle. Oota merely slipped the rope around the neck of the weary horse and led him back down the mountain to food and water and then by gentleness and kindness won the respect and trust of the white steed until at last they rode back to the Indian village.

But there Oota's triumph was shattered by news that in his absence a band of savage warriors from the mountains of the west had raided the village and carried the chief's daughter away with them. Heartbroken, Oota and the white stallion rode Westward seeking his lost love among the peaks of the mountains and beyond the horizon of the great plains.

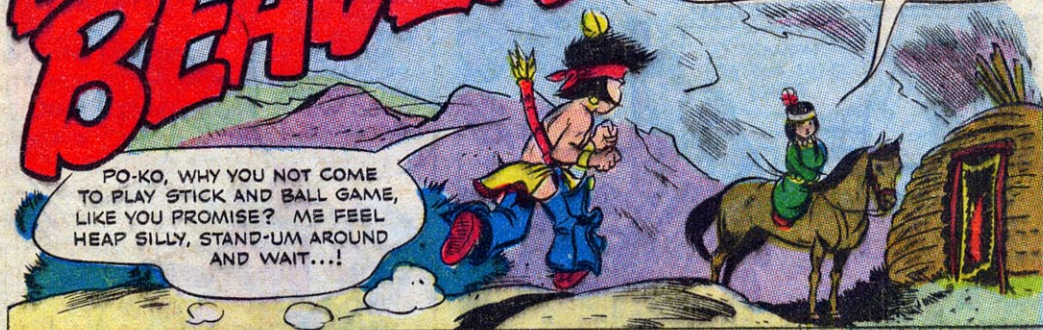
So now, whenever a towering white thunderhead appears far away over the mountains or the plains, there are some Indians who say it is Oota-the-Swift and the great white stallion rearing skyward in search of the long lost Indian Maiden and the thunder that often follows is the sound of the wild horse and its tireless rider racing across the wind-swept sky.

Of course, those of you who have started to have science courses in school probably know the real scientific explanation for those beautiful, towering clouds we call thunderheads. Actually, they are caused by strong updrafts of warm, moist air, usually on the sunny side of mountains, that rises into the cooler air of the high altitudes and condenses into white, billowy clouds and are sometimes called 'Thermal Chimneys'. Even in the Indian Schools the children are taught this explanation, but the old legend persists.

LITTLE BEAVER

HMPH! LIKE ALL BRAVES, YOU THINK SQUAW GOT NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN COME RUNNING WHEN YOU YELL! ME GOT MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS THAN PLAY-UM GAME!

PO-KO, WHY YOU NOT COME TO PLAY STICK AND BALL GAME, LIKE YOU PROMISE? ME FEEL HEAP SILLY, STAND-UM AROUND AND WAIT...!



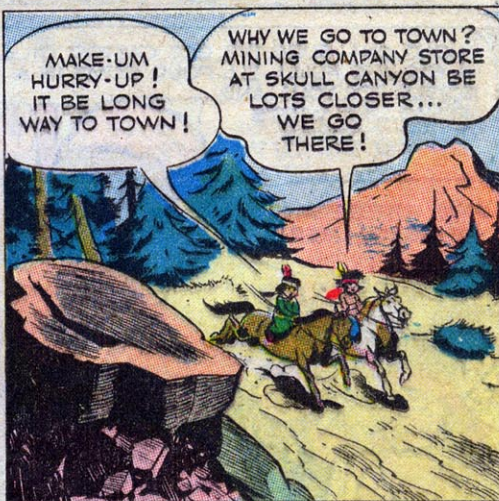
MY NEPHEW, BIG ELK, EAT-UM TOO MANY CORN CAKES AND GET HEAP BIG STOMACH-ACHE! ME RIDE NOW TO BRING-UM CASTOR OIL FOR HIM!

UGH! ME GLAD YOU GET-UM FOR BIG ELK, NOT FOR ME! WAIT-UM MINUTE... ME RIDE WITH YOU!



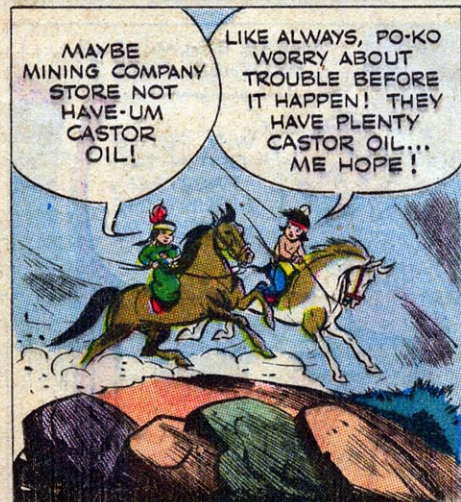
MAKE-UM HURRY-UP! IT BE LONG WAY TO TOWN!

WHY WE GO TO TOWN? MINING COMPANY STORE AT SKULL CANYON BE 'LOTS CLOSER... WE GO THERE!



MAYBE MINING COMPANY STORE NOT HAVE-UM CASTOR OIL!

LIKE ALWAYS, PO-KO WORRY ABOUT TROUBLE BEFORE IT HAPPEN! THEY HAVE PLENTY CASTOR OIL... ME HOPE!

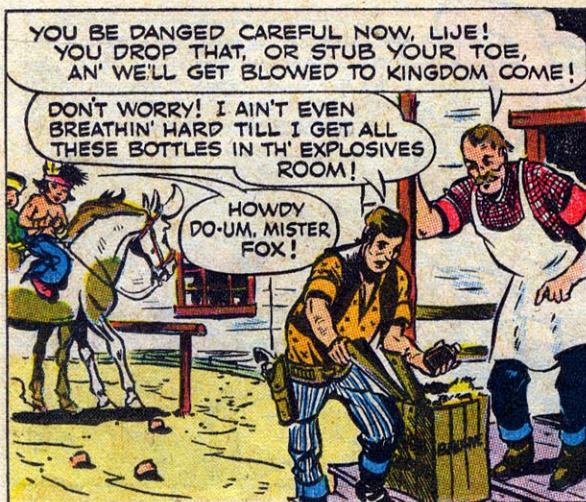


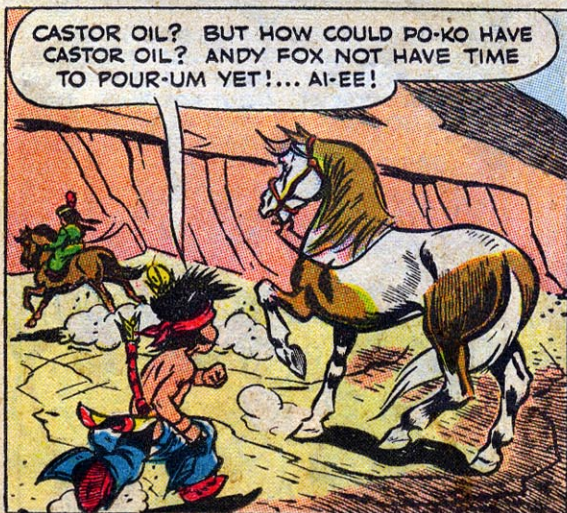
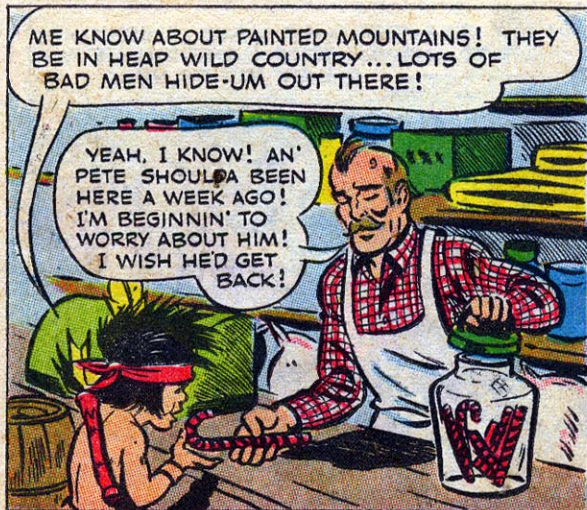
LATER...

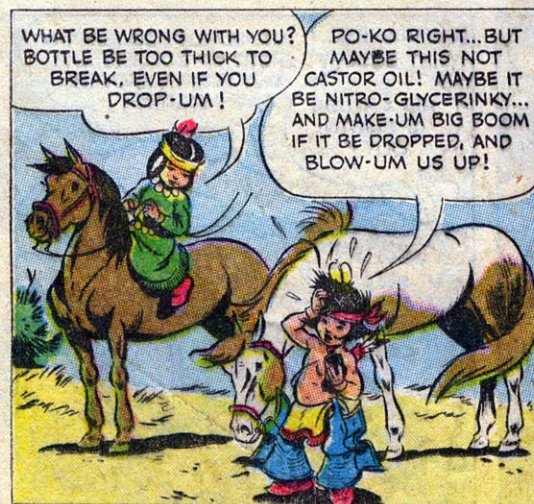
THERE BE-UM STORE! AND ME SEE ANDY FOX, THE MANAGER!

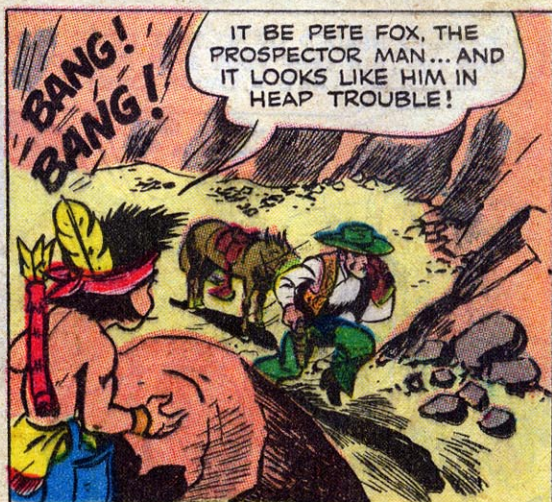
WHAT HIM AND OTHER MAN BE DO-UM?

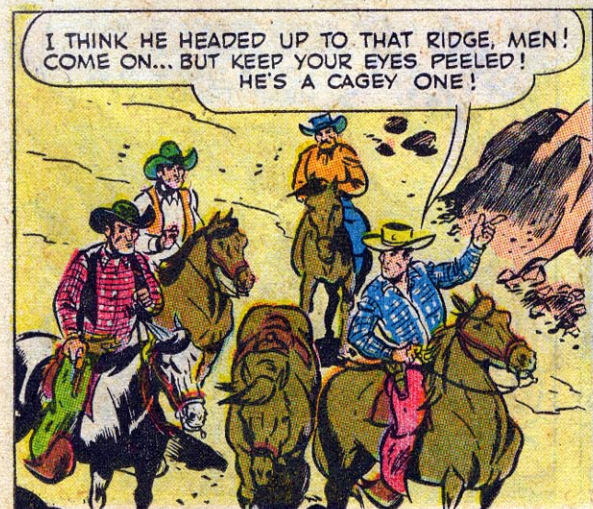
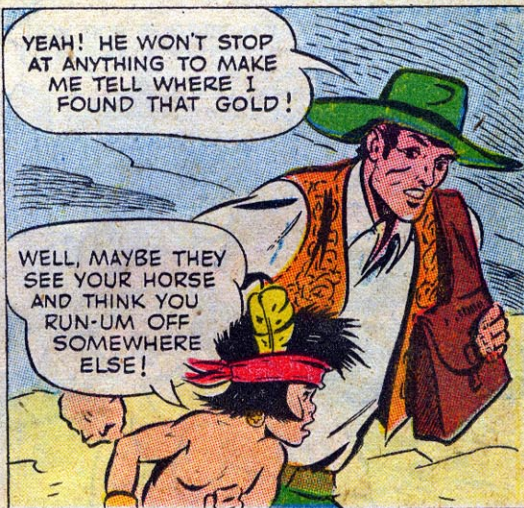
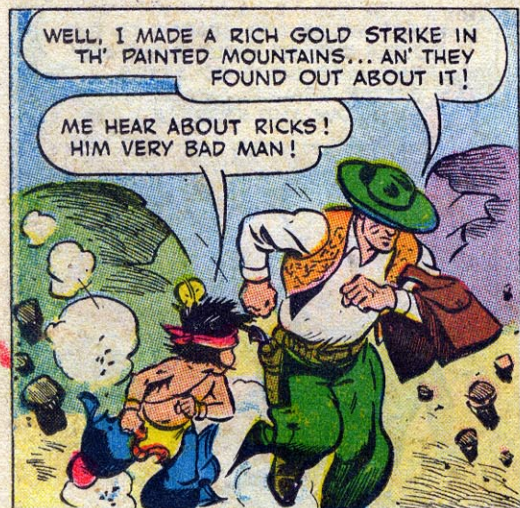
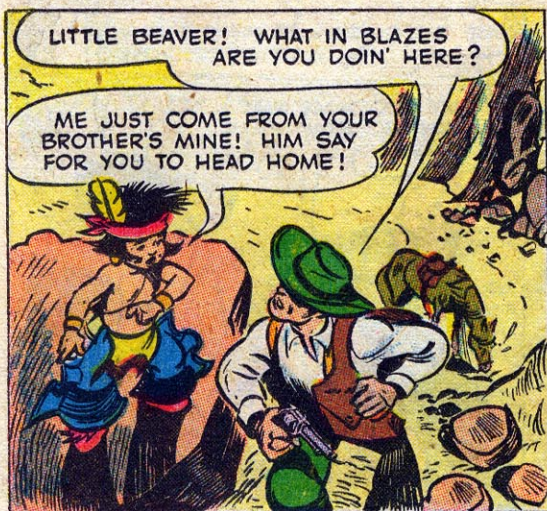


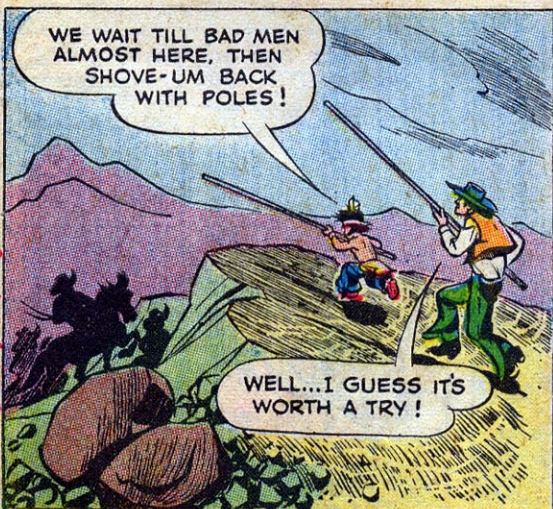
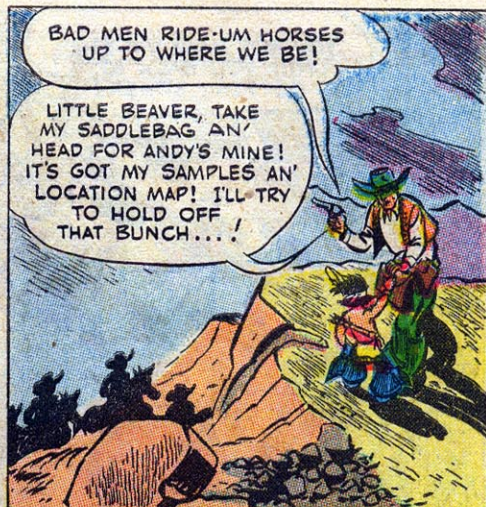


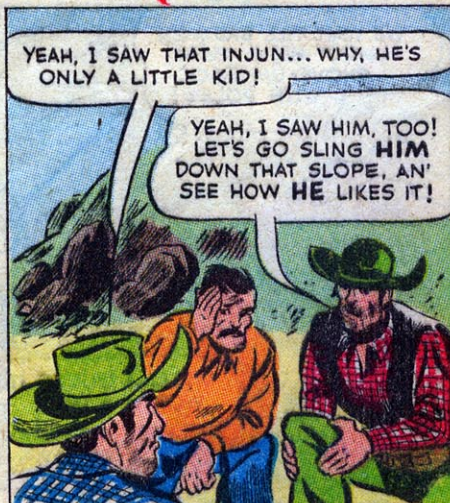
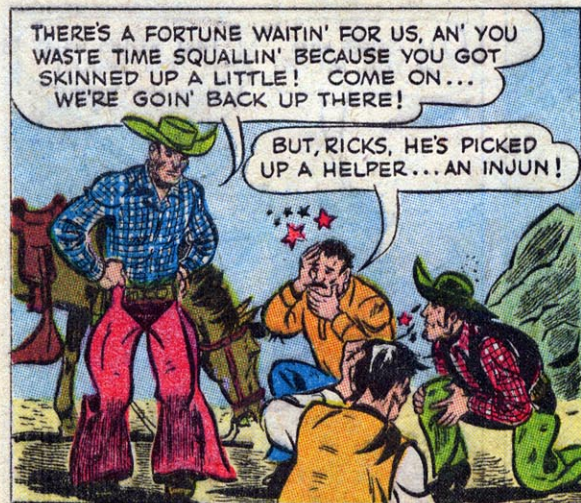
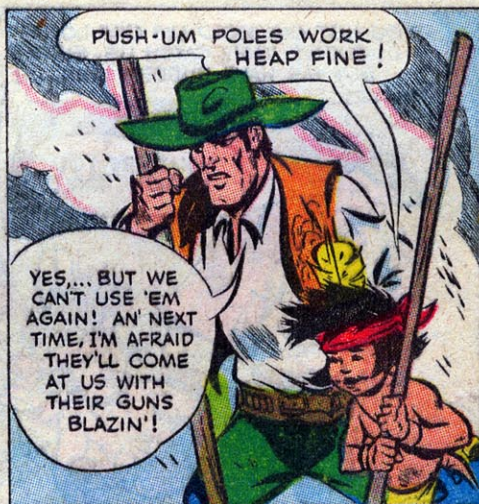








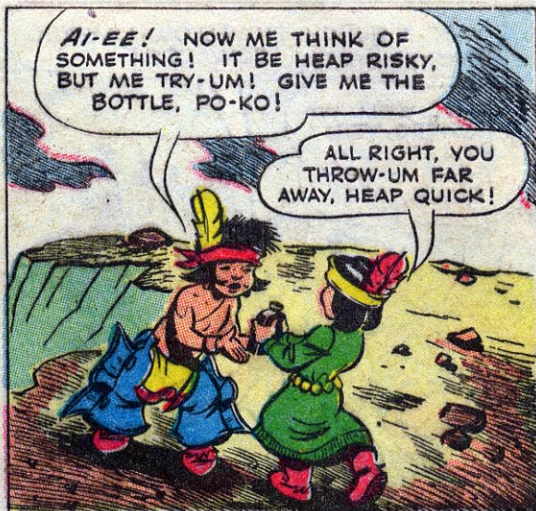






ALWAYS BEFORE, WHEN THERE BE TROUBLE, ME THINK OF SOME WAY OUT! BUT THIS TIME IT LOOK LIKE WE GET CAUGHT!

YOU BE CAUGHT, RIGHT NOW! AND ME TELL-UM YOU PLENTY FOR LEAVE-UM ME WITH BOTTLE..!



AI-EE! NOW ME THINK OF SOMETHING! IT BE HEAP RISKY, BUT ME TRY-UM! GIVE ME THE BOTTLE, PO-KO!

ALL RIGHT, YOU THROW-UM FAR AWAY, HEAP QUICK!



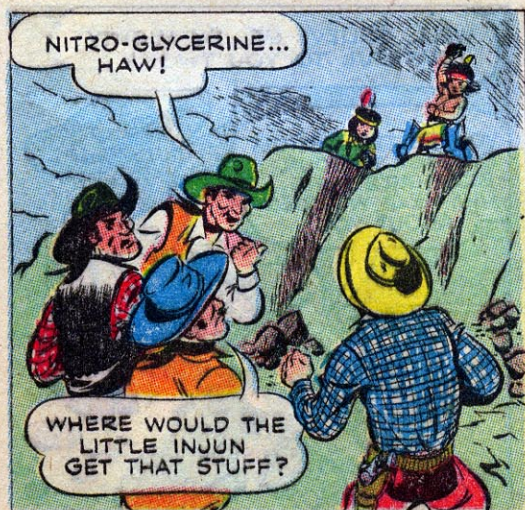
SPREAD OUT, NOW, AN' GET UP THERE BEFORE THEY CAN PULL ANY MORE TRICKS!

HEY! THERE'S THAT LITTLE INJUN KID! AN'... WHAT'S THAT HE'S GOT?



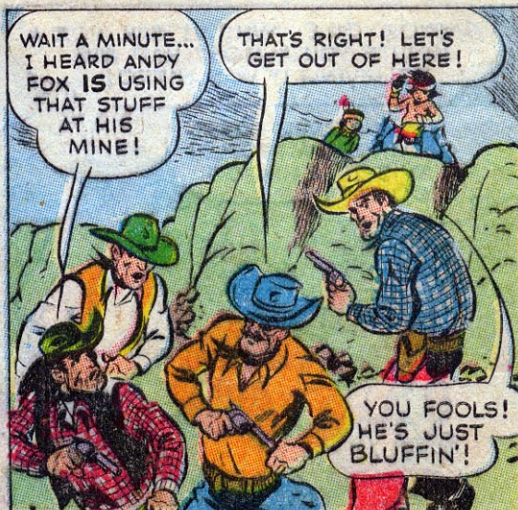
ALL RIGHT, YOU PESKY LITTLE BRAT... WE'RE GONNA SKIN TH' HIDE RIGHT OFF OF YOU!

THIS BOTTLE BE FULL OF NITRO-GLYCERINKY! YOU GO AWAY FAST, OR ME BLOW YOU UP!



NITRO-GLYCERINE... HAW!

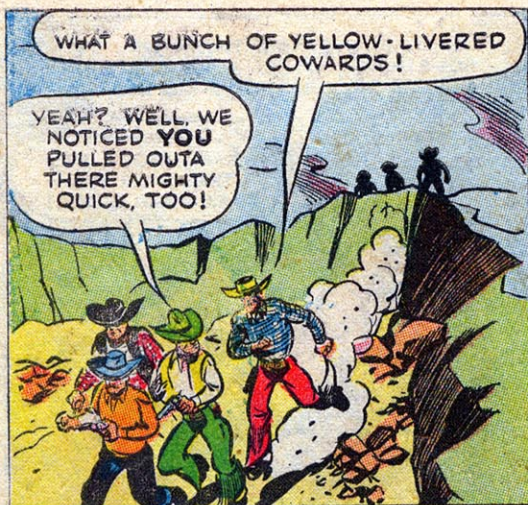
WHERE WOULD THE LITTLE INJUN GET THAT STUFF?



WAIT A MINUTE... I HEARD ANDY FOX IS USING THAT STUFF AT HIS MINE!

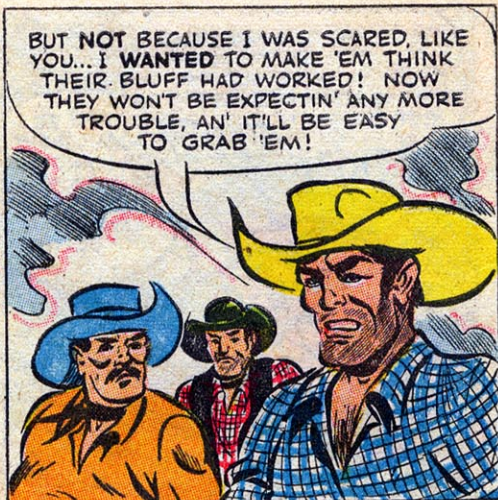
THAT'S RIGHT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

YOU FOOLS! HE'S JUST BLUFFIN'!



WHAT A BUNCH OF YELLOW-LIVERED COWARDS!

YEAH? WELL, WE NOTICED YOU PULLED OUT THERE MIGHTY QUICK, TOO!



BUT NOT BECAUSE I WAS SCARED, LIKE YOU... I WANTED TO MAKE 'EM THINK THEIR BLUFF HAD WORKED! NOW THEY WON'T BE EXPECTIN' ANY MORE TROUBLE, AN' IT'LL BE EASY TO GRAB 'EM!



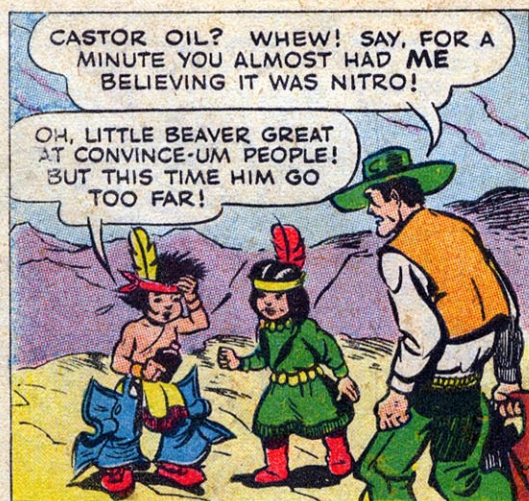
LITTLE BEAVER! DO YOU REALLY HAVE NITRO-GLYCERINE IN THAT...?

HMM! ME THINK THIS TIME ME BETTER REALLY TASTE-UM AND FIND OUT FOR SURE!



UGH! EE-YAI! WHOOSH!

SO! IT BE CASTOR OIL AFTER ALL! ME CAN TELL BY LOOK ON YOUR FACE!



CASTOR OIL? WHEW! SAY, FOR A MINUTE YOU ALMOST HAD ME BELIEVING IT WAS NITRO!

OH, LITTLE BEAVER GREAT AT CONVINCE-UM PEOPLE! BUT THIS TIME HIM GO TOO FAR!



WELL, BELIEVE ME, I'M MIGHTY GRATEFUL TO YOU TWO..!

YOU BETTER GET-UM ON BACK TO YOUR BROTHER'S MINE... HIM HEAP WORRIED ABOUT YOU!



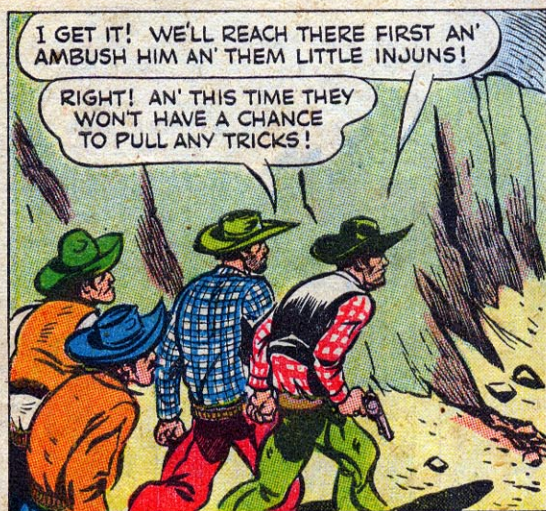
ME GO WITH YOU AS FAR AS THE DEVIL'S CUP...THEN WE FIND OUR PONIES AND RIDE TO OWN VILLAGE! AND LITTLE BEAVER...YOU STAY BEHIND, WHERE YOU NO CAN GET IN MORE TROUBLE!

SURE, PO-KO!



IF WE KEEP FOLLOWIN' THIS CANYON, WE'LL COME OUT IN TH' DEVIL'S CUP, RICKS!

YEAH...AN' TH' TRAIL PETE FOX HAS TO FOLLOW GOES RIGHT AROUND THE RIM OF TH' DEVIL'S CUP!



I GET IT! WE'LL REACH THERE FIRST AN' AMBUSH HIM AN' THEM LITTLE INJUNS!

RIGHT! AN' THIS TIME THEY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO PULL ANY TRICKS!



GOSH, IT SURE IS A STEEP CLIMB!

STOP GABBIN' AN' GET A MOVE ON! THEY'RE ALMOST DUE THERE NOW!

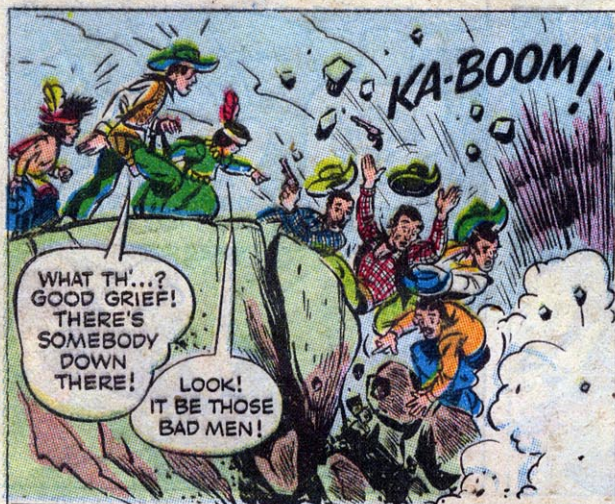


WE'RE PRACTICALLY TO TH' DEVIL'S CUP NOW, PO-KO! DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE PUNISHED LITTLE BEAVER ENOUGH BY MAKIN' HIM STAY BACK THERE?

WELL...MAYBE IN ANOTHER MINUTE, ME TELL HIM HE CAN JOIN US!



ME NOT WANT TO SAY-UM UNTIL WE BE OUT OF TROUBLE FOR SURE... BUT THIS **NOT** TASTE AT ALL LIKE CASTOR OIL... NOT SMELL-UM LIKE IT, EITHER! IT MUST BE NITRO-GLYCERINKY!



WIGWAM WAYS

**OSCEOLA,
CHIEF OF THE
SEMINOLES...**



"GENERAL THOMPSON WAS SENT BY PRESIDENT JACKSON TO OBTAIN AN AGREEMENT FROM THE SEMINOLES TO CEDE THEIR LAND TO THE U.S. AND MOVE THEIR TRIBE ELSEWHERE... OSCEOLA REFUSED."



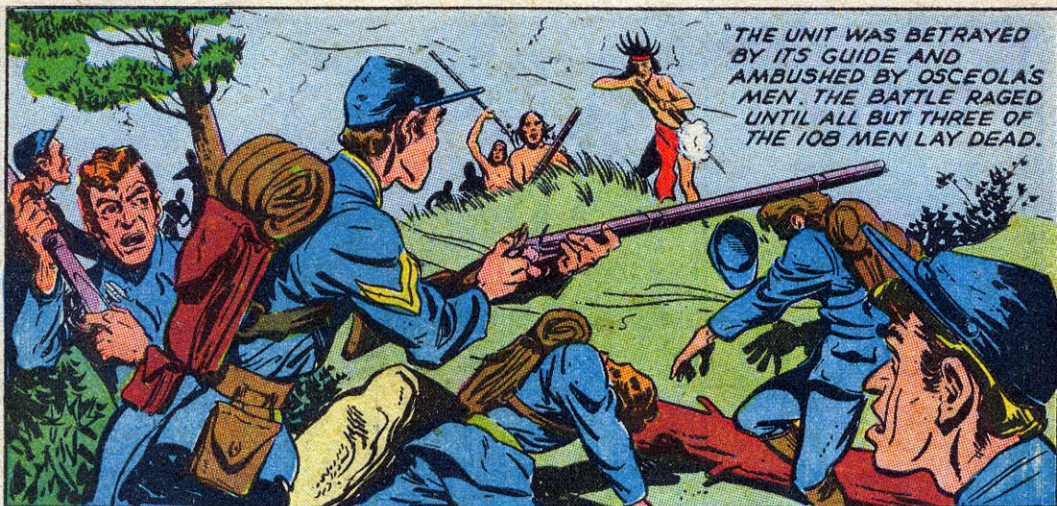
"THOMPSON THREW THE SEMINOLE CHIEF INTO IRONS AND OSCEOLA, HUMILIATED AT THIS TURN OF EVENTS, SWORE REVENGE ON THE GENERAL."



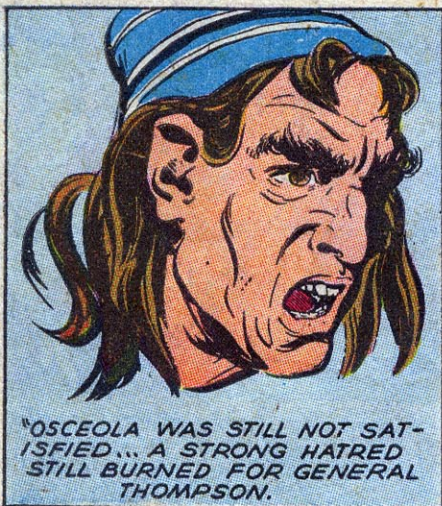
"AFTER SIGNING THE AGREEMENT, OSCEOLA WAS RELEASED. ALL WAS NOT WELL THOUGH AS THE CHIEF LED HIS TRIBE IN A SERIES OF RAIDS AND MURDERS."



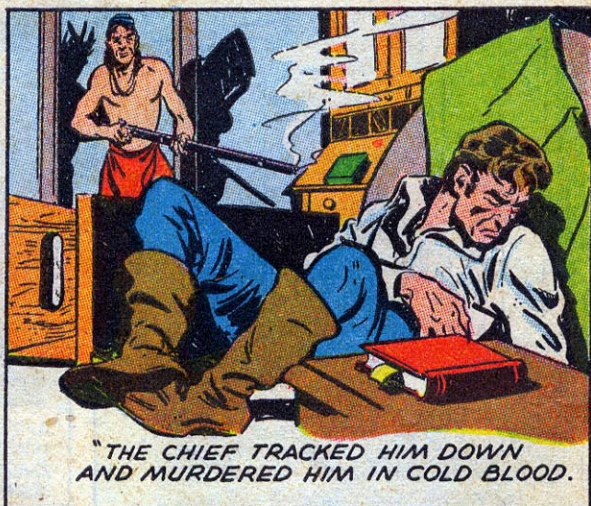
"THESE FORAYS LED THE ARMY TO ORGANIZE A BATTALION OF 108 MEN AND DISPATCH THEM TO SUBDUDE THE SEMINOLES."



"THE UNIT WAS BETRAYED BY ITS GUIDE AND AMBUSHED BY OSCEOLA'S MEN. THE BATTLE RAGED UNTIL ALL BUT THREE OF THE 108 MEN LAY DEAD.



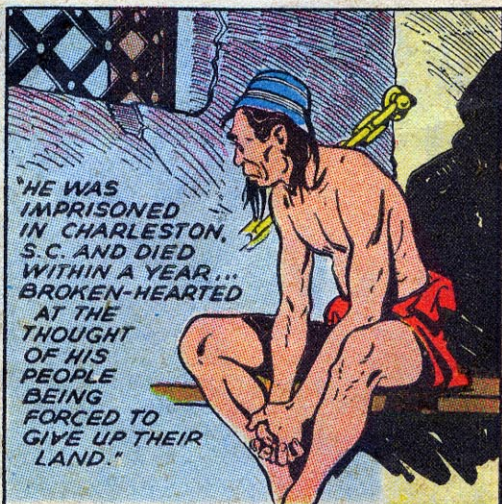
"OSCEOLA WAS STILL NOT SATISFIED... A STRONG HATRED STILL BURNED FOR GENERAL THOMPSON.



"THE CHIEF TRACKED HIM DOWN AND MURDERED HIM IN COLD BLOOD.



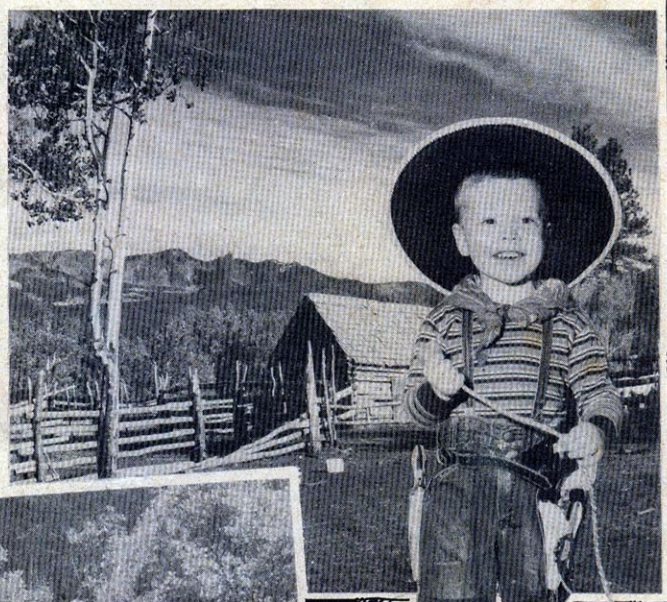
"UNDER THE CLOAK OF A FLAG OF TRUCE, THE U.S. ARMY FINALLY CAPTURED THE GREAT OSCEOLA.



"HE WAS IMPRISONED IN CHARLESTON, S.C. AND DIED WITHIN A YEAR... BROKEN-HEARTED AT THE THOUGHT OF HIS PEOPLE BEING FORCED TO GIVE UP THEIR LAND."

NEWS FROM THE RED RYDER RANCH

BY
RED HARMAN

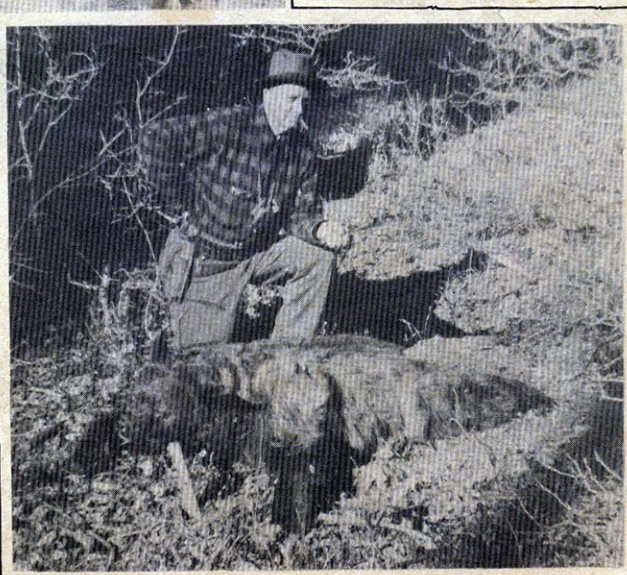


"JAMIE MCKERROW LIVES IN NEW YORK, BUT HE LIKES TO PLAY COWBOY, WITH MY CORRAL FOR A BACKGROUND."



"LONNIE LANTZ GUIDES DAVID RUSSO AND BERT CASPARI, OF THE BOYS CLUBS OF AMERICA, ON A PACK TRIP ABOVE THE RANCH INTO THE HIGH MOUNTAINS. BENNY STEPHENS IS THE REAR WRANGLER."

"MY FRIEND RALPH SMITH, AND A BROWN BEAR THAT HE BAGGED LAST FALL. WE LIVE IN BIG GAME COUNTRY."



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