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COMIC

SEPTEMBER

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RED RYDER

Comics



A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

EXCITING ADVENTURES

EVERY MONTH

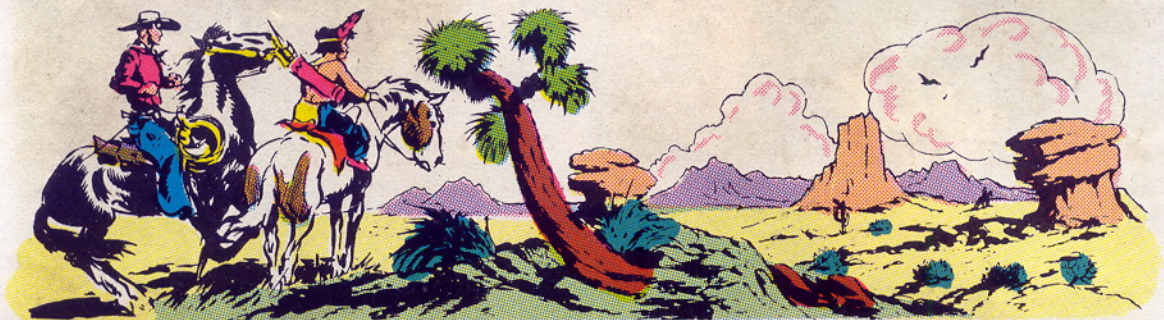
In

RED RYDER Comics

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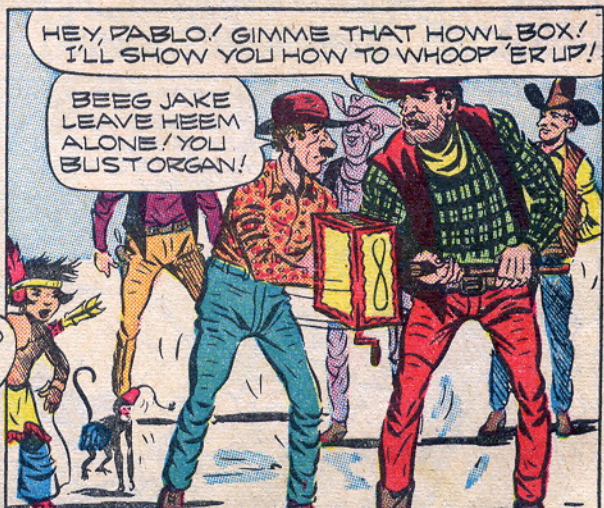
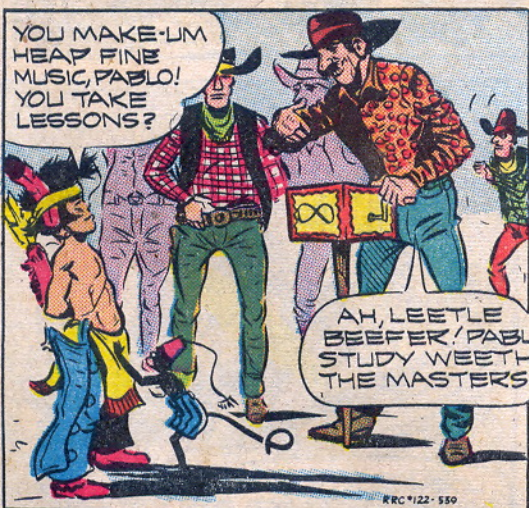
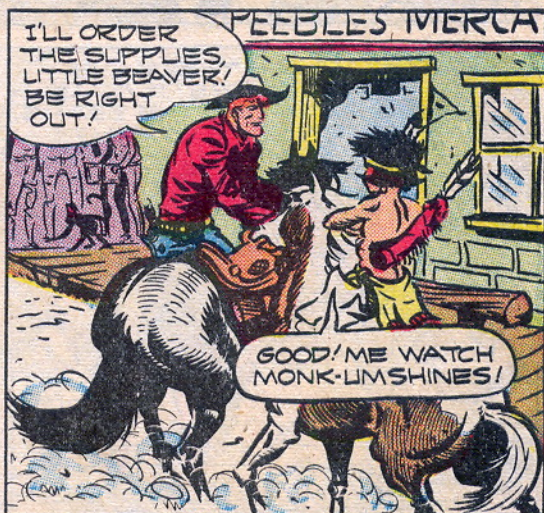
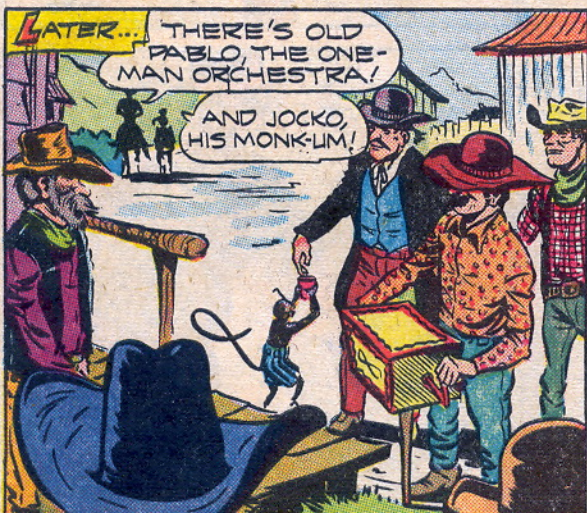
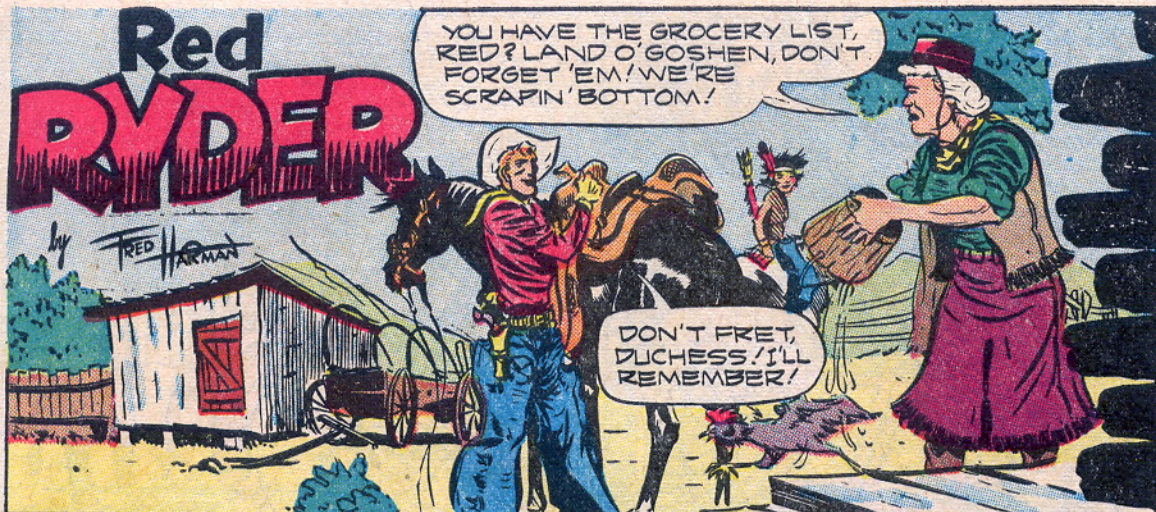
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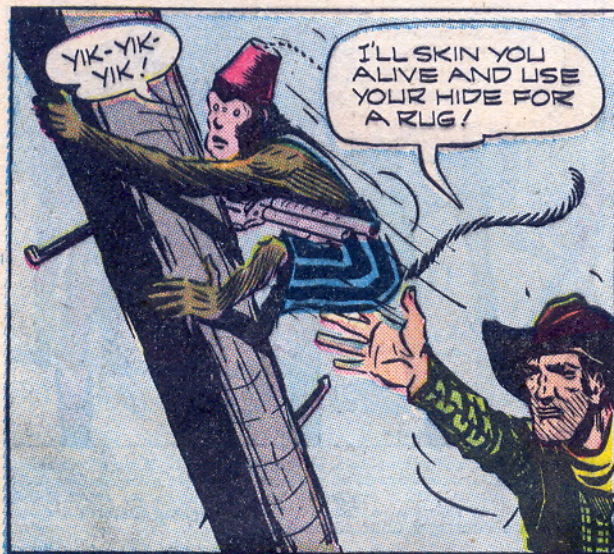
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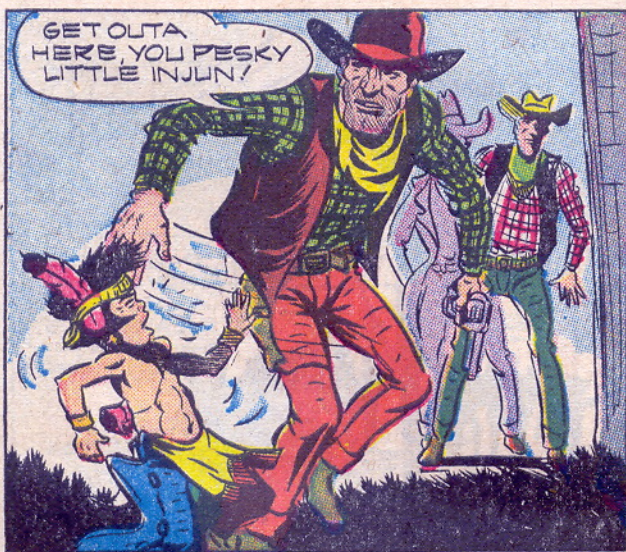
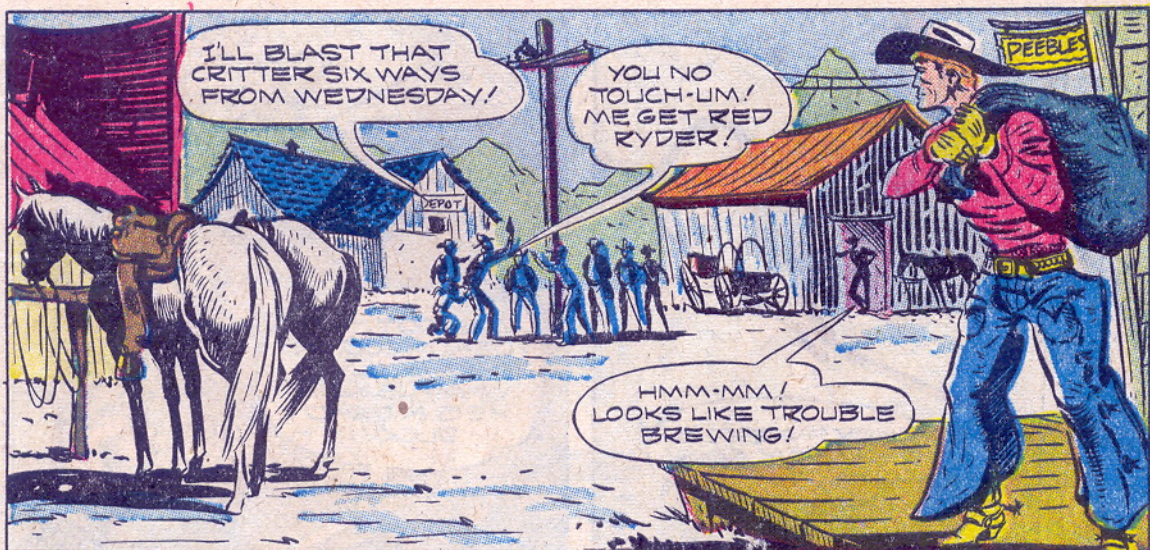
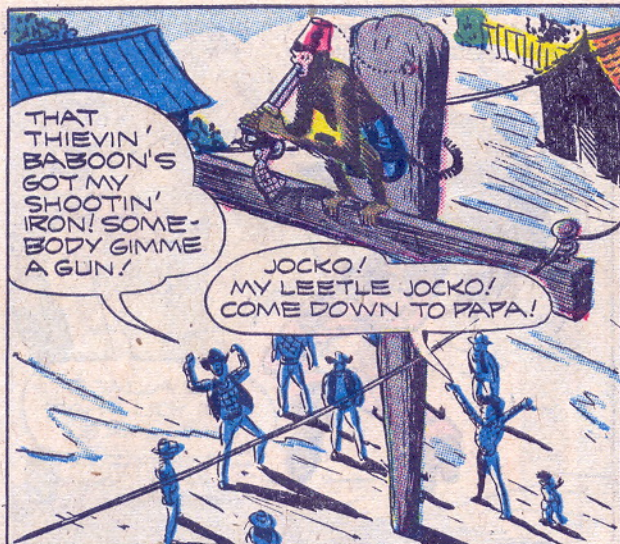
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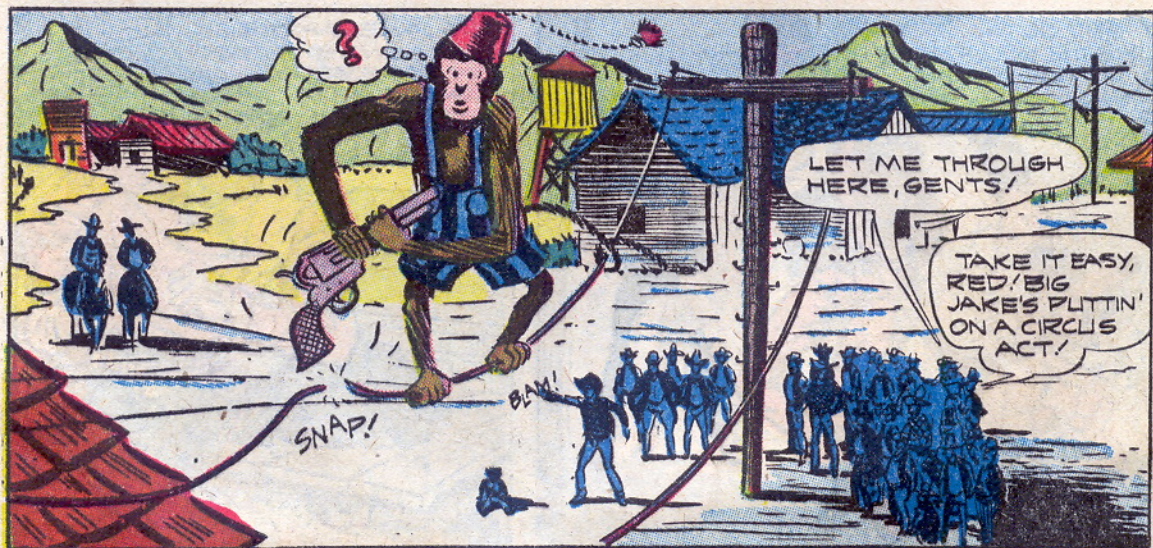
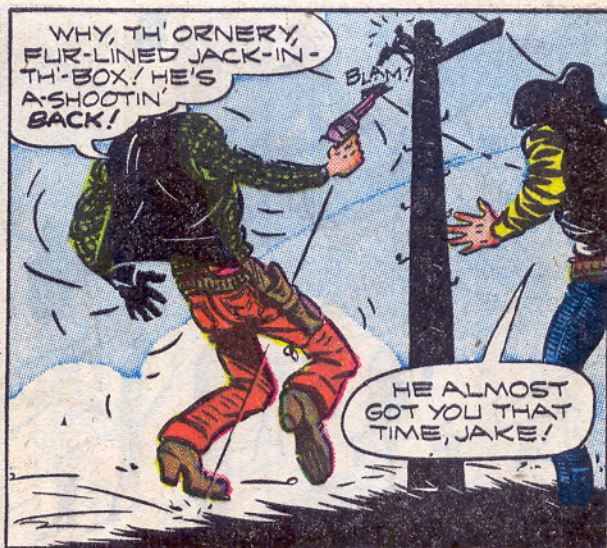
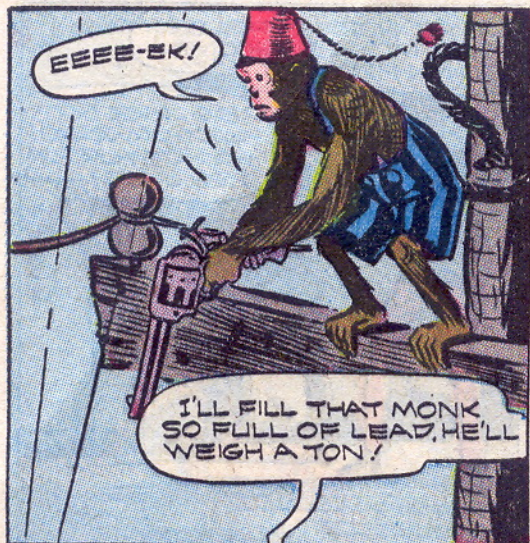
Red RYDER

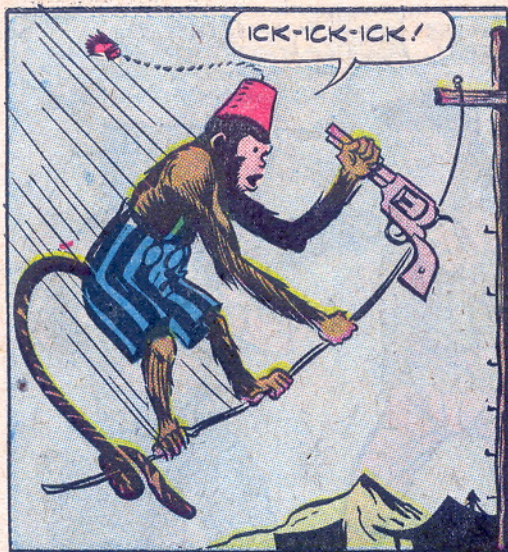
by TRED HARMAN



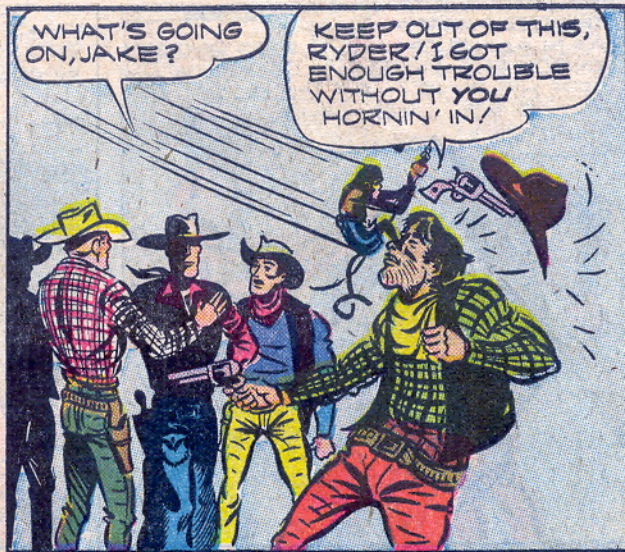








ICK-ICK-ICK!



WHAT'S GOING ON, JAKE?

KEEP OUT OF THIS, RYDER! I GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE WITHOUT YOU HORNIN' IN!



LEAVE JAKE BE, RED! DON'T TANGLE WITH THAT SIDEWINDER! HE'S POISON!

HE'D KNIFE YOU IN TH' BACK, RYDER, IF YOU BROKE UP HIS PLAY!



LAY OFF THE MONKEY BUSINESS, JAKE!

YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR IT, RYDER!

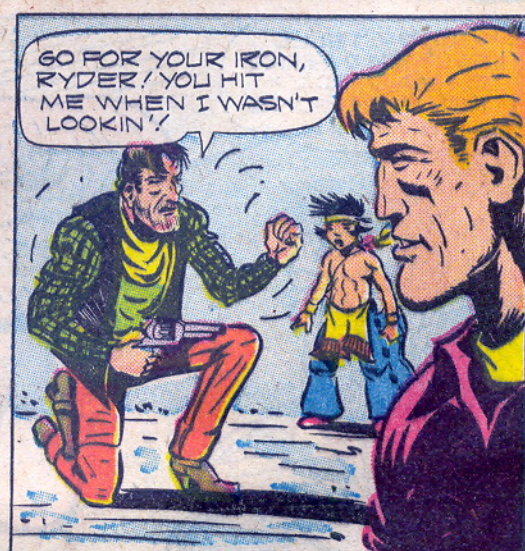
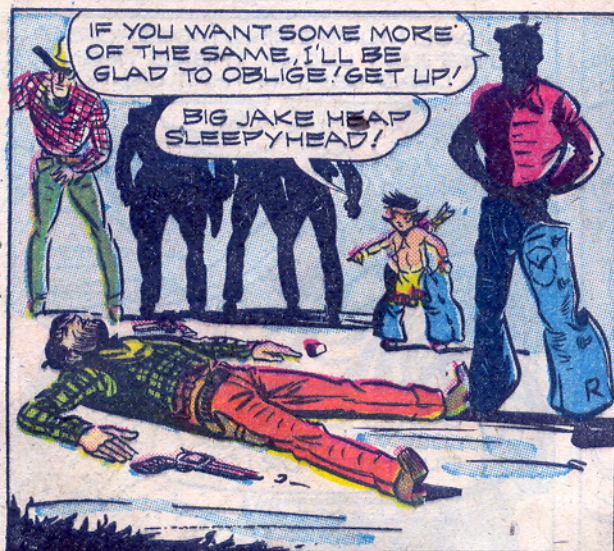
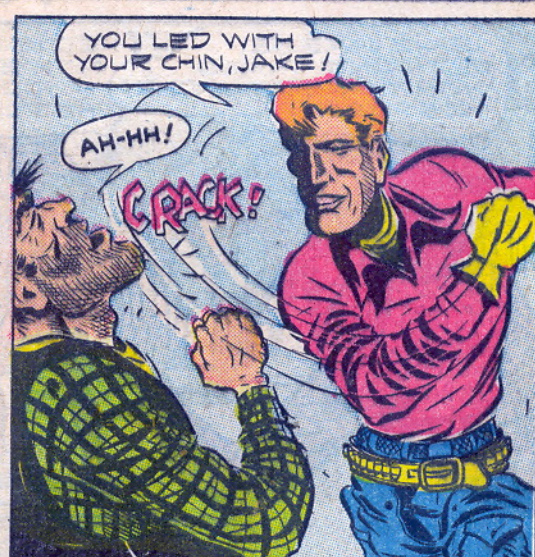
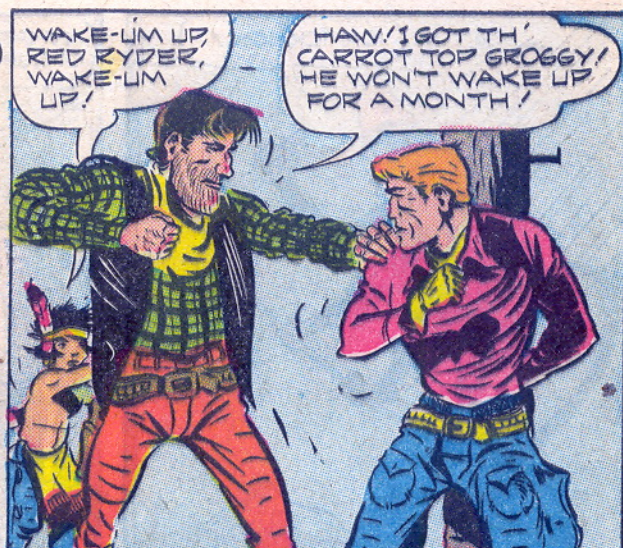
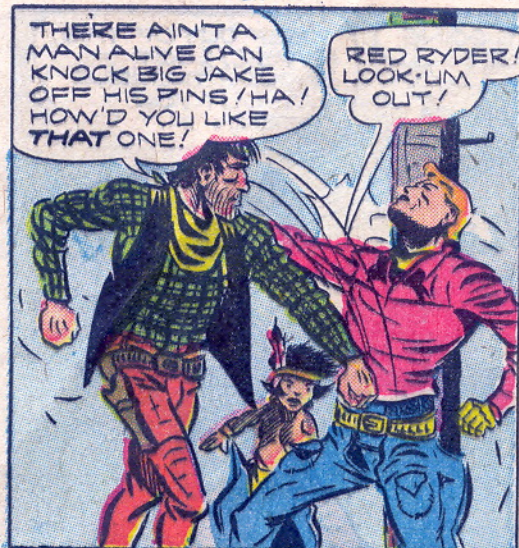


NOBODY TELLS BIG JAKE WHERE TO HEAD IN... HEY, THIS GUN'S EMPTY!



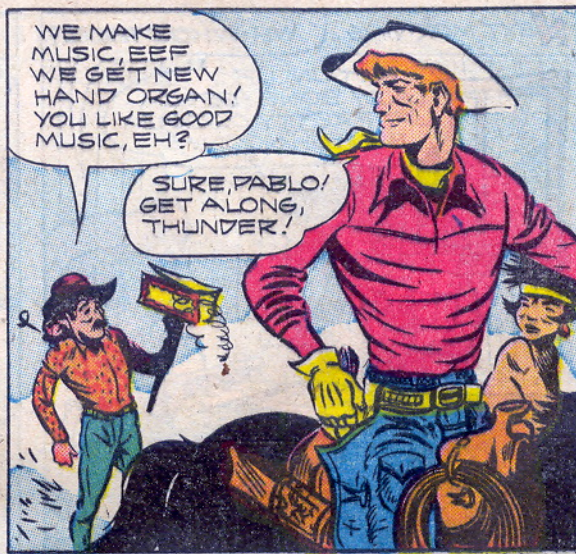
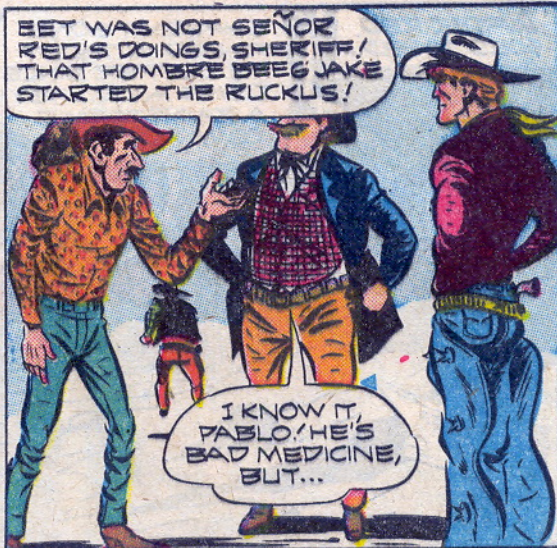
WHY, YOU MURDERING MOSSHORN! YOU'RE JUST LUCKY THERE WASN'T A LOAD LEFT IN THAT CANNON!

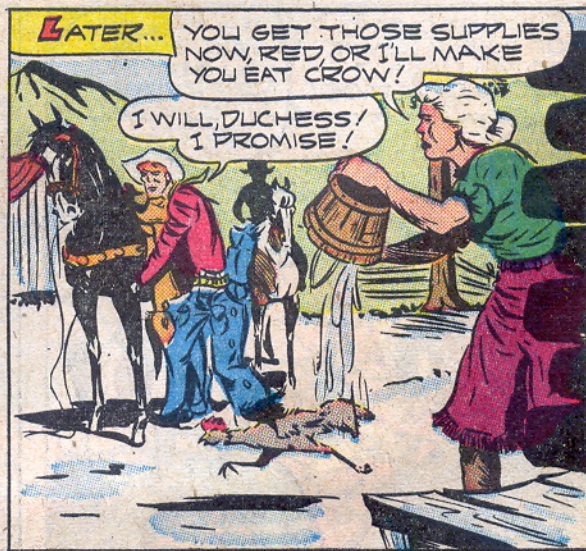
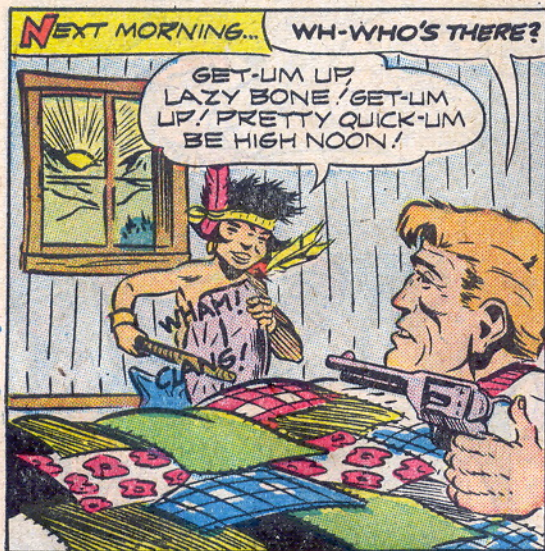
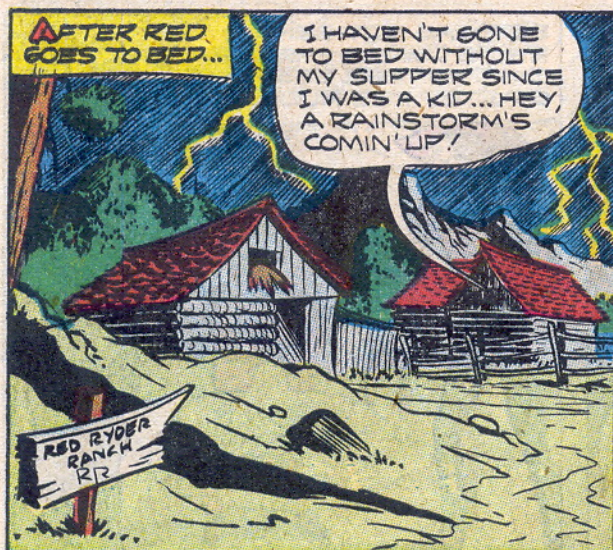
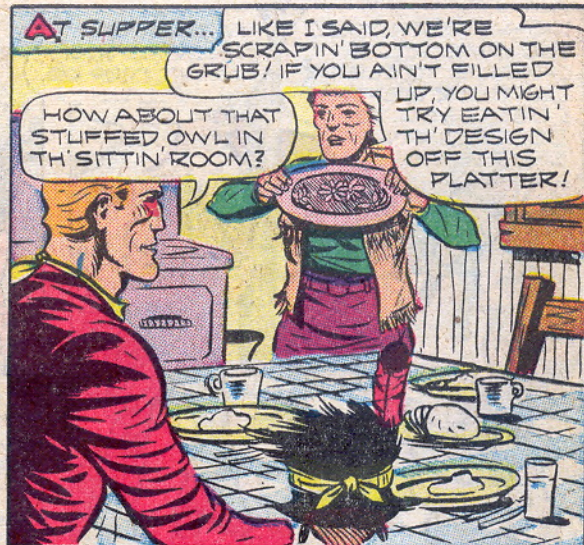
OOK!... YOU'RE THE LUCKY ONE, RYDER! BUT NOT FOR LONG!

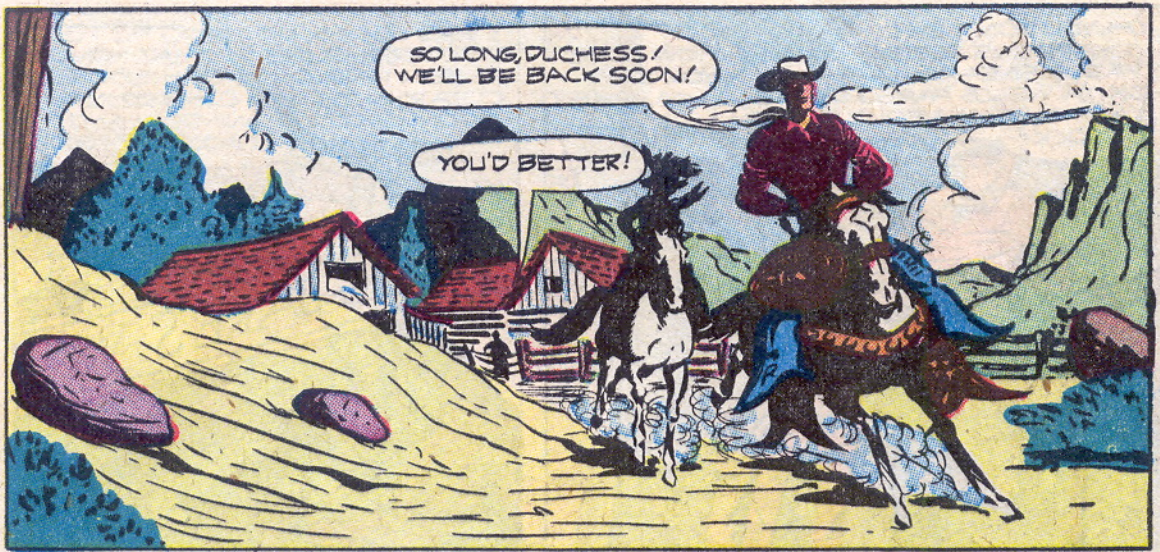




IF THAT'S
THE WAY YOU
WANT IT, JAKE,
I'LL ...

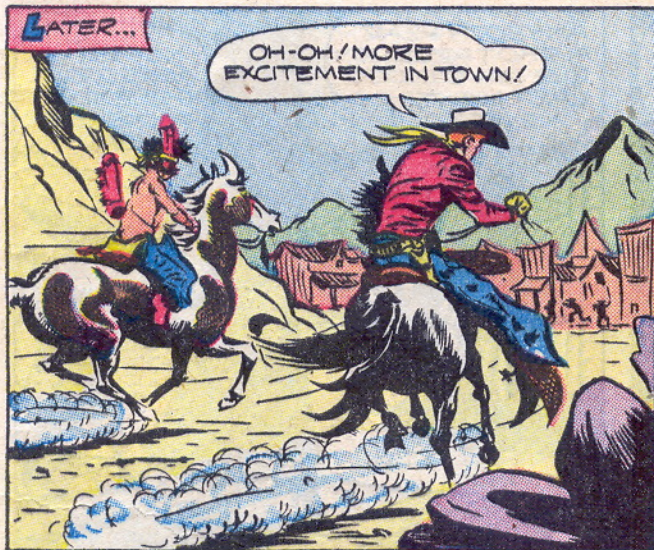






SO LONG, DUCHESS!
WE'LL BE BACK SOON!

YOU'D BETTER!



LATER...

OH-OH! MORE
EXCITEMENT IN TOWN!



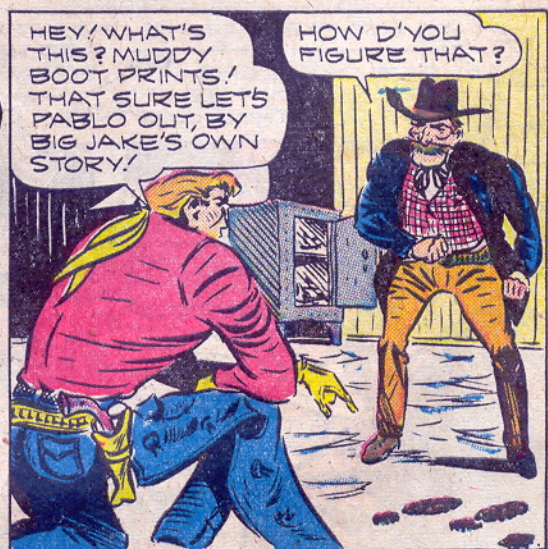
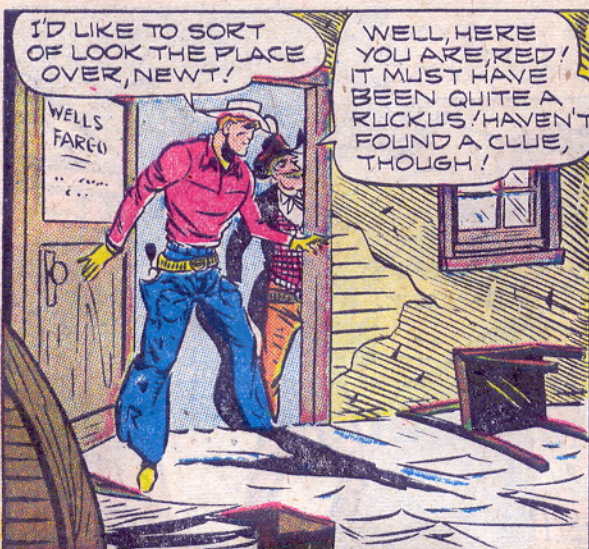
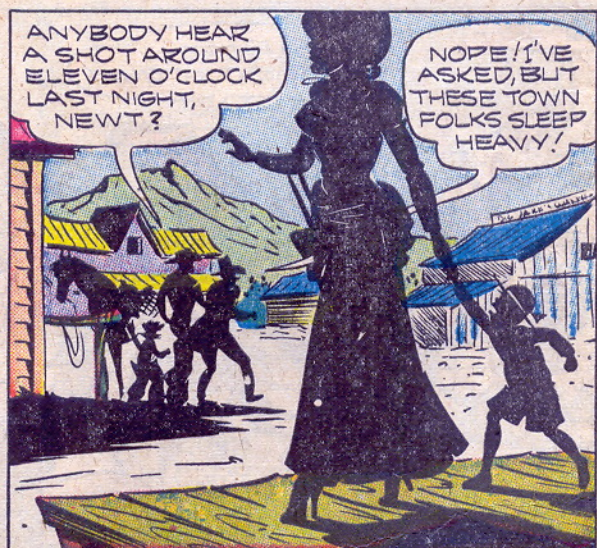
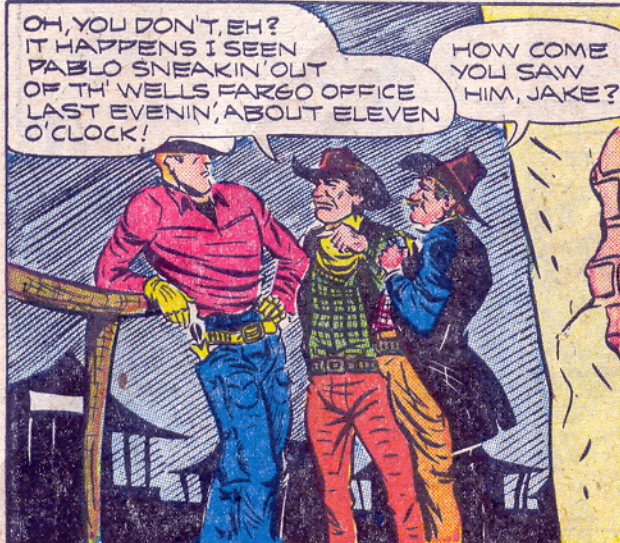
WHAT'S THE RUCKUS NOW, NEWT?
BIG JAKE SHOOT UP
THE TOWN?

SOME VARMINT
ROBBED THE WELLS
FARGO STATION LAST
NIGHT! THEY SHOT
AGENT PEABODY!



WE GOT PABLO IN JAIL! FOUND HIS MONKEY'S
RED HAT AT THE
SCENE O' THE CRIME!

PABLO? SHLICKS,
NEWT, I DON'T BELIEVE
HE'D DO A THING LIKE THAT!





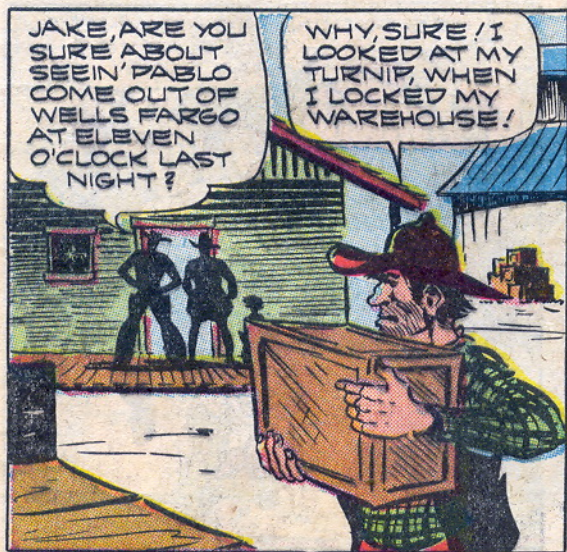
I GOT UP LAST NIGHT TO CLOSE THE WINDOW WHEN IT STARTED TO RAIN! IT WAS EXACTLY MIDNIGHT!

BIG JAKE SAID HE SAW PABLO LEAVE THIS PLACE AT ELEVEN!



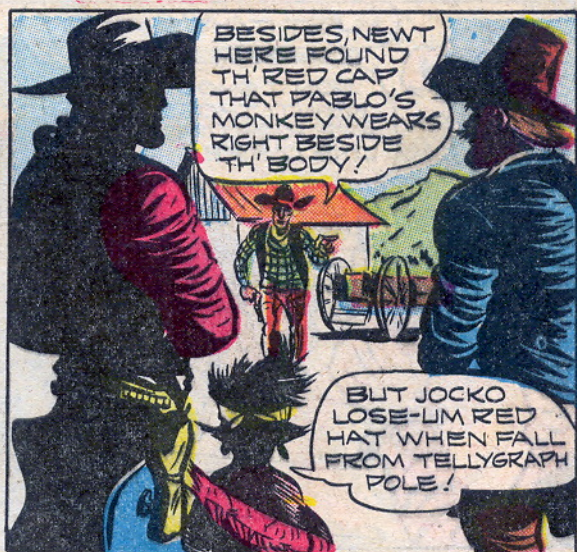
THAT WOULD PUT IT BEFORE THE RAIN STARTED! NO RAIN, NO MUD!

BY GRABS, RED! THEN PABLO DIDN'T MAKE THEM TRACKS! THAT MAKES SENSE TO ME!



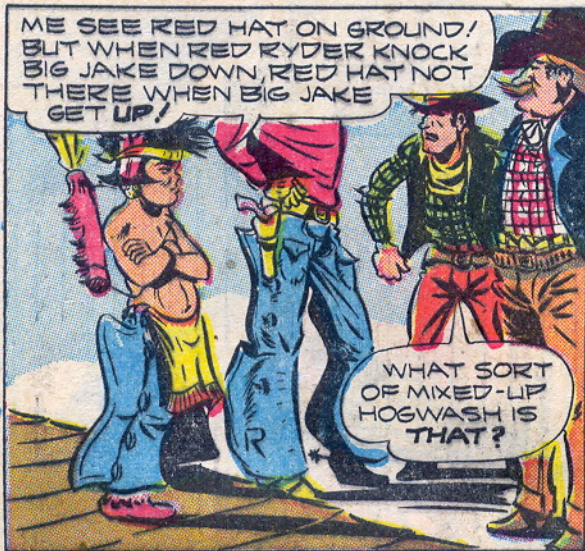
JAKE, ARE YOU SURE ABOUT SEEIN' PABLO COME OUT OF WELLS FARGO AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK LAST NIGHT?

WHY, SURE! I LOOKED AT MY TURNIP, WHEN I LOCKED MY WAREHOUSE!



BESIDES, NEWT HERE FOUND TH' RED CAP THAT PABLO'S MONKEY WEARS RIGHT BESIDE TH' BODY!

BUT JOCKO LOSE-UM RED HAT WHEN FALL FROM TELLYGRAPH POLE!



ME SEE RED HAT ON GROUND! BUT WHEN RED RYDER KNOCK BIG JAKE DOWN, RED HAT NOT THERE WHEN BIG JAKE GET UP!

WHAT SORT OF MIXED-UP HOGWASH IS THAT?



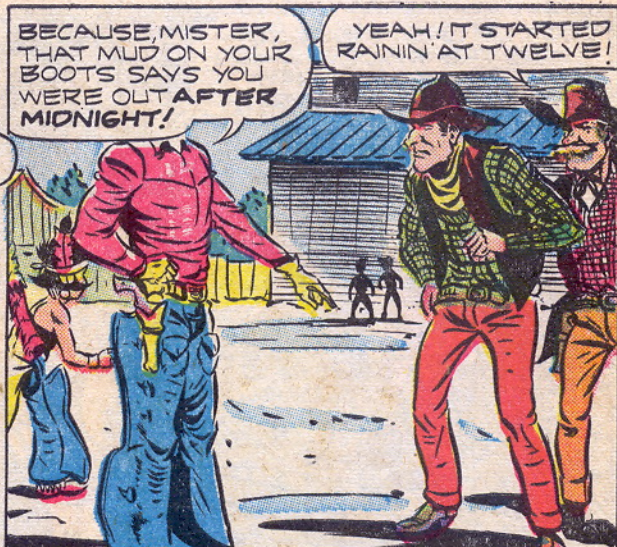
MAYBE BIG JAKE LEAVE JOCKO'S RED HAT IN WELLS FARGO TO PIN BAD JOB ON PABLO!

MAYBE SO! HOW ABOUT THAT, JAKE?



WHAT TIME DID YOU HIT THE SACK LAST NIGHT, JAKE?

ELEVEN TWENTY! SAY, WHY ARE YOU SO NOSY, RYDER?



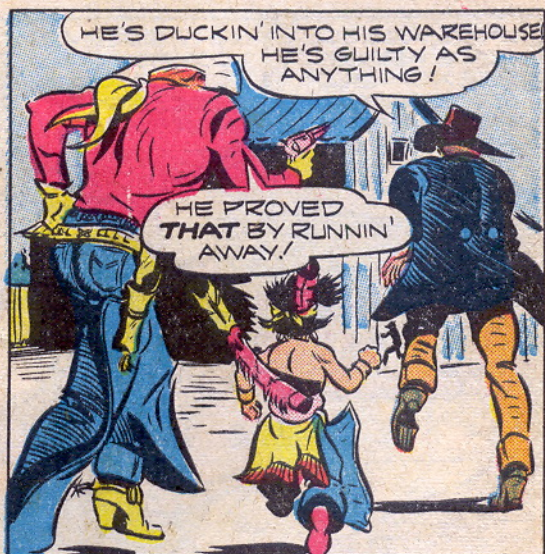
BECAUSE, MISTER, THAT MUD ON YOUR BOOTS SAYS YOU WERE OUT AFTER MIDNIGHT!

YEAH! IT STARTED RAININ' AT TWELVE!



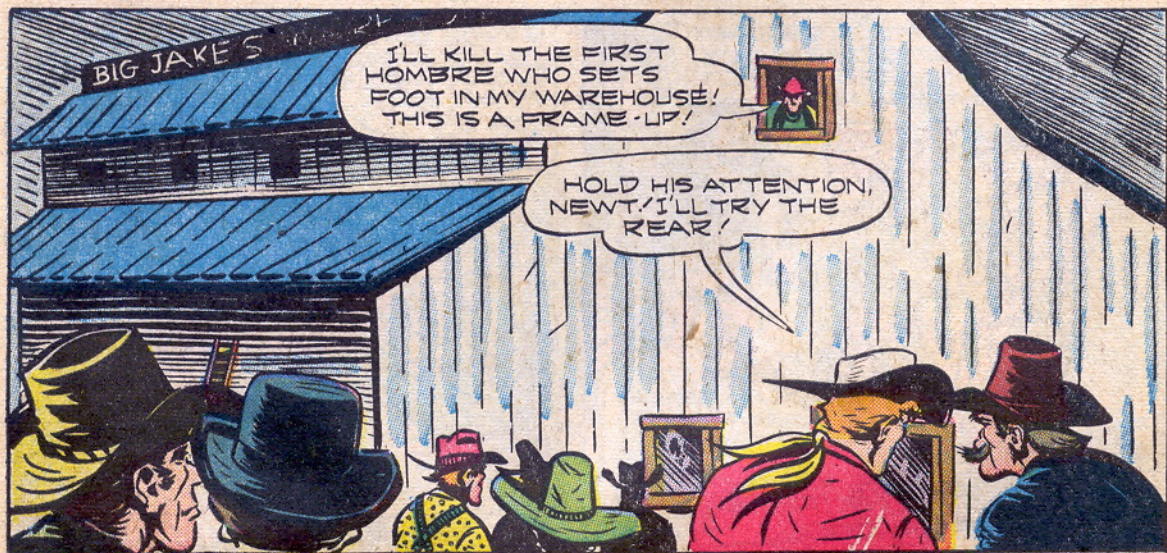
BLAST IT! HE'S GETTIN' AWAY!

DON'T SHOOT, NEWT! THOSE KIDS ARE RIGHT IN THE LINE O' FIRE!



HE'S DUCKIN' INTO HIS WAREHOUSE! HE'S GUILTY AS ANYTHING!

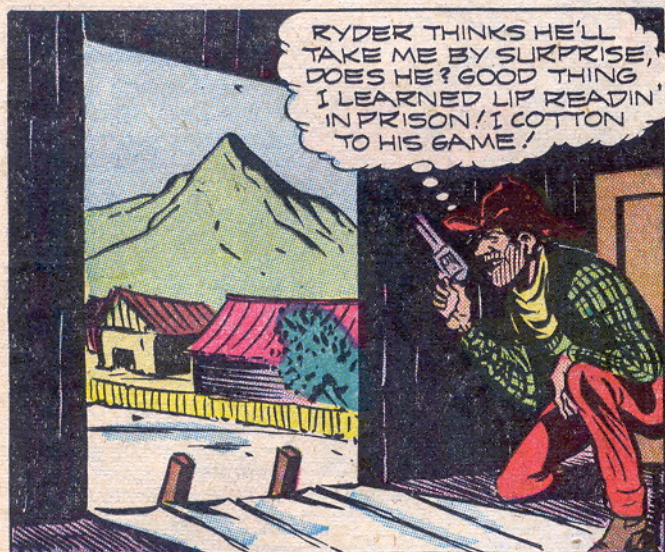
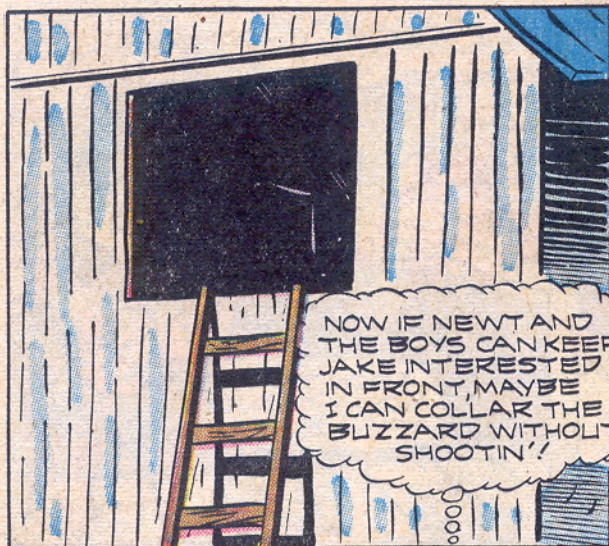
HE PROVED THAT BY RUNNIN' AWAY!

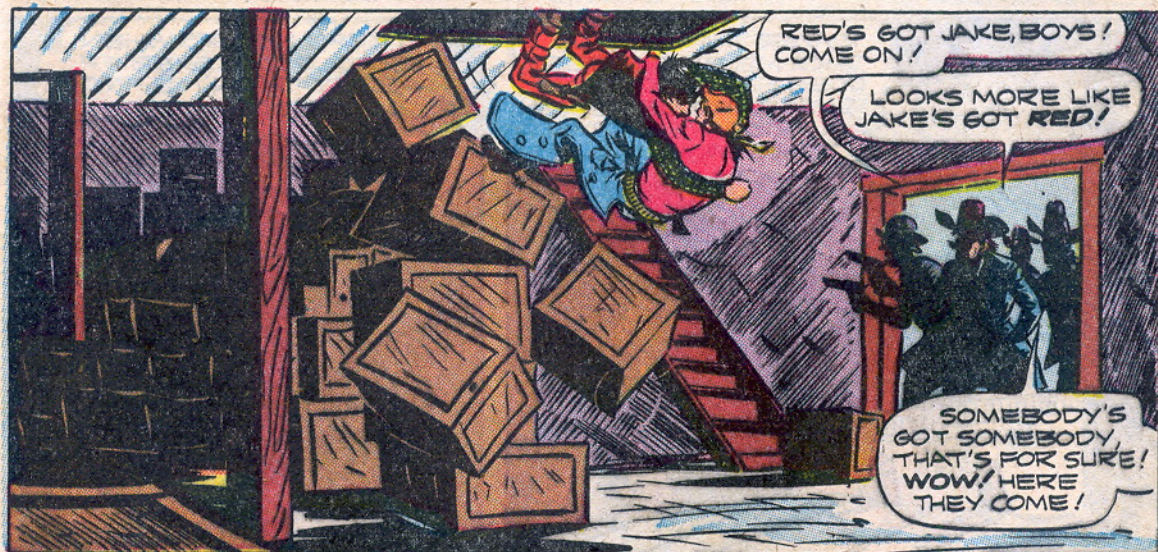
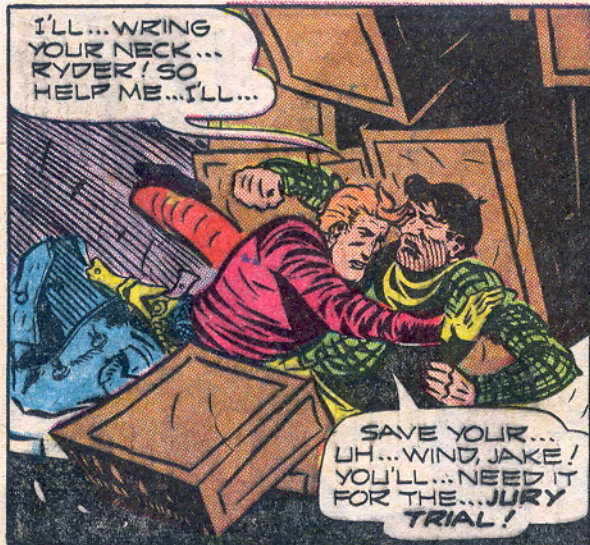


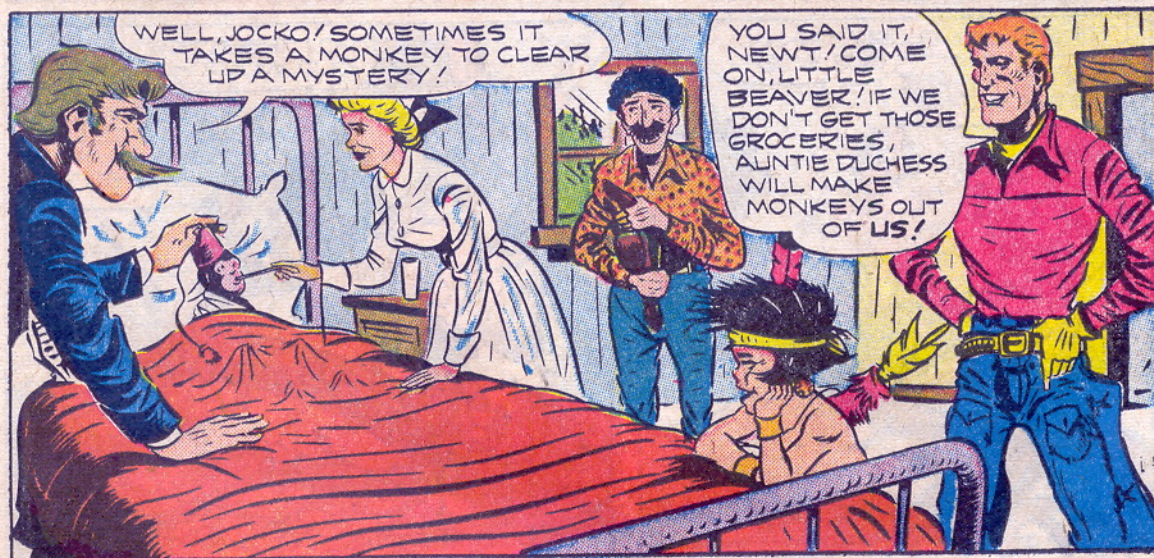
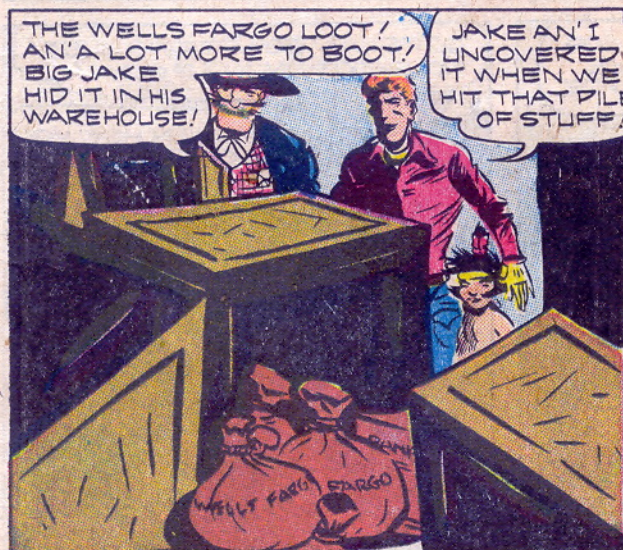
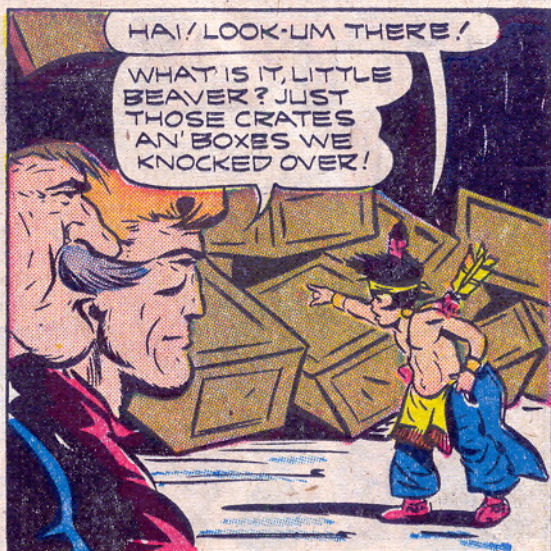
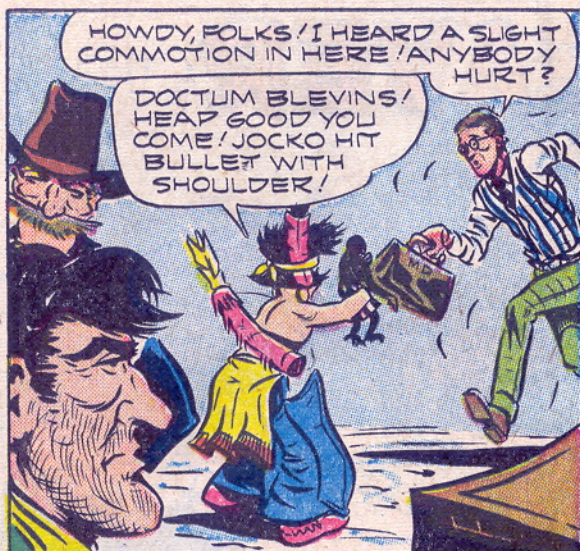
BIG JAKE'S

I'LL KILL THE FIRST HOMBRE WHO SETS FOOT IN MY WAREHOUSE! THIS IS A FRAME-UP!

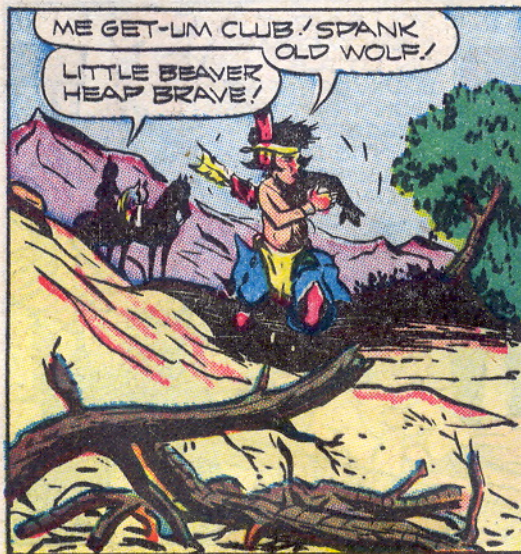
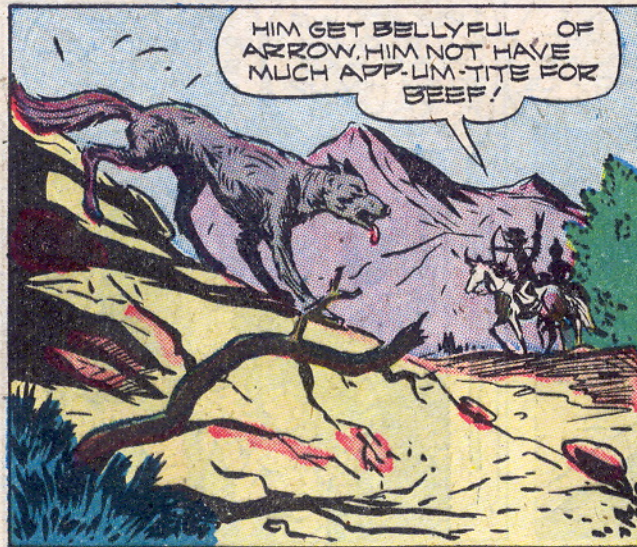
HOLD HIS ATTENTION, NEWT, I'LL TRY THE REAR!

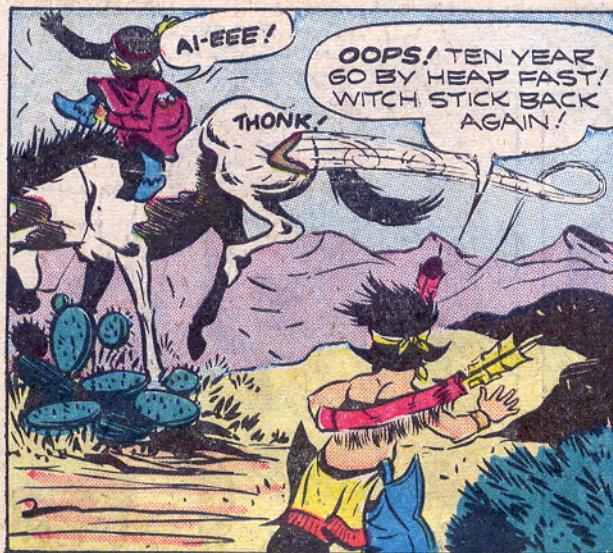
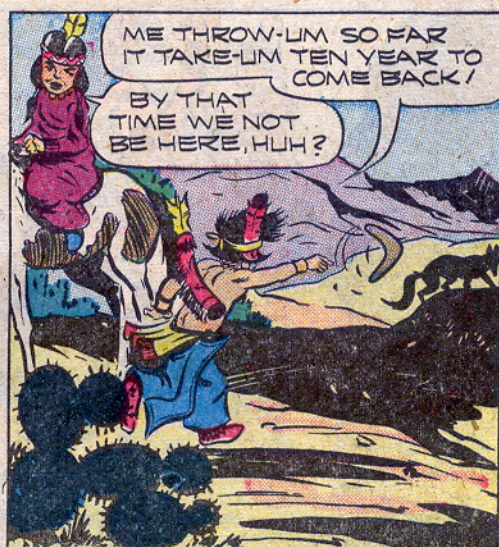
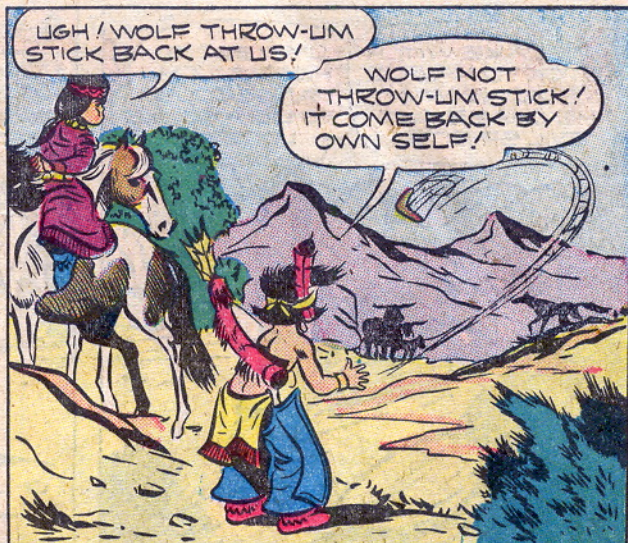


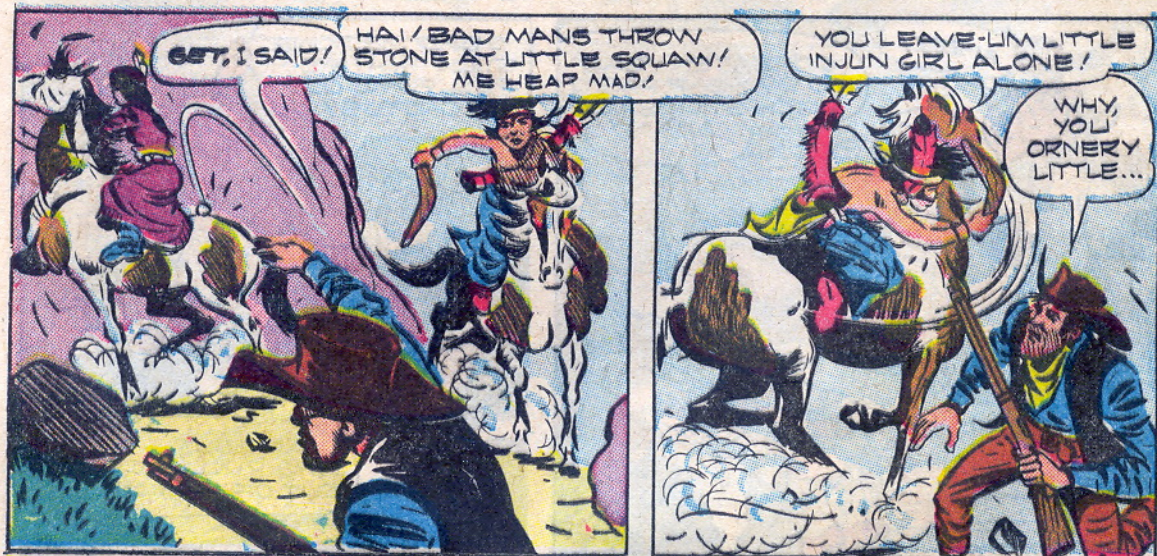
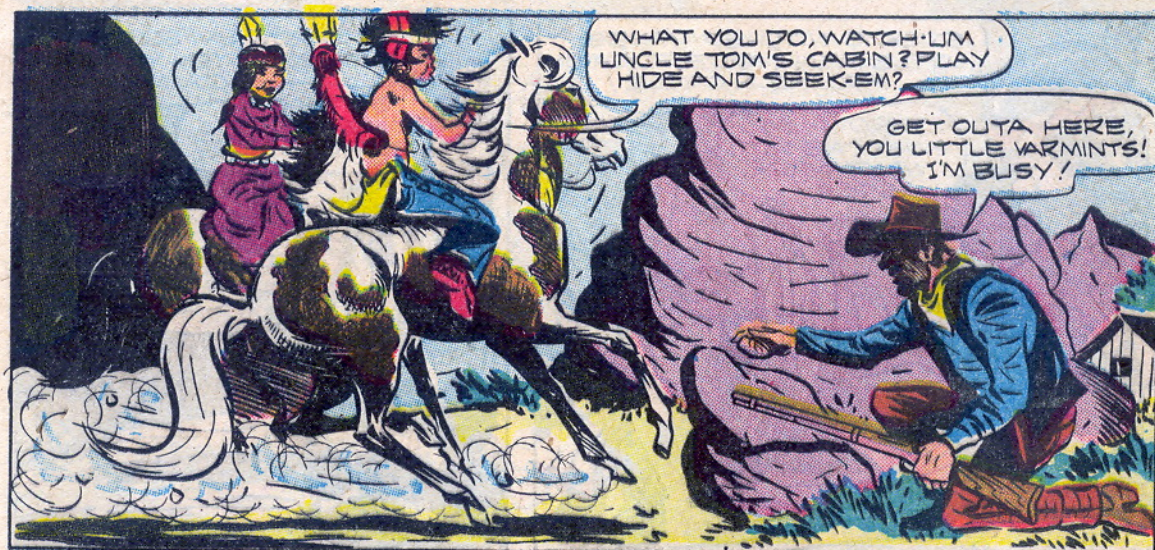
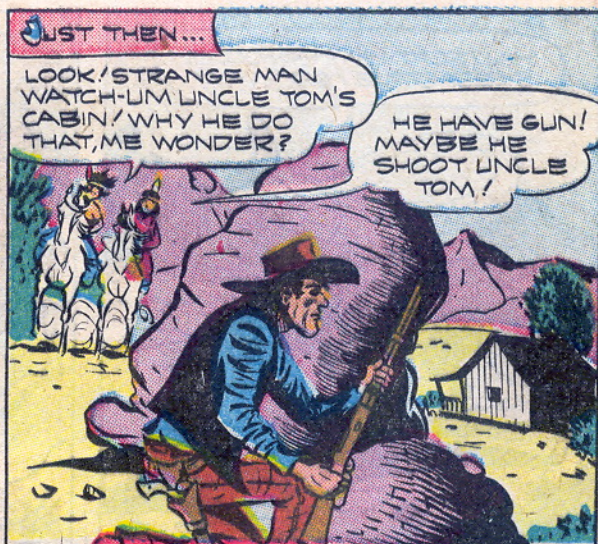


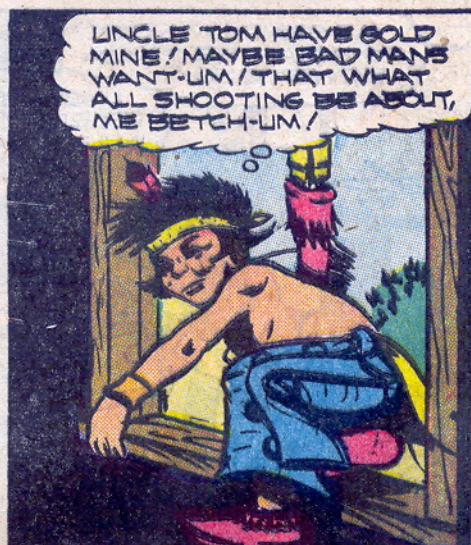
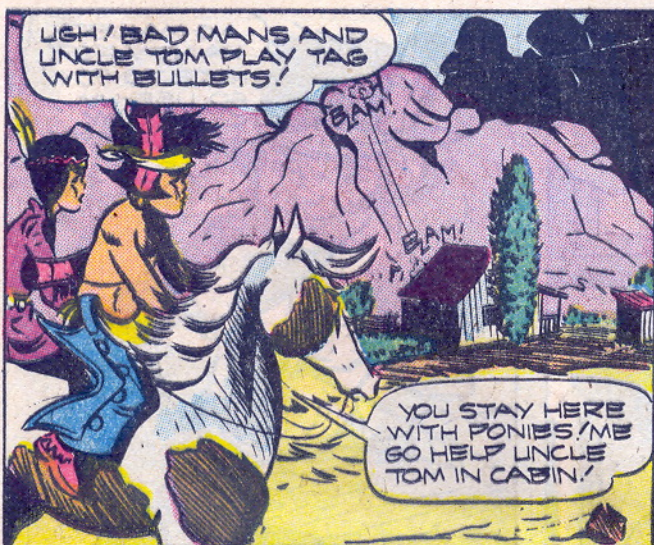
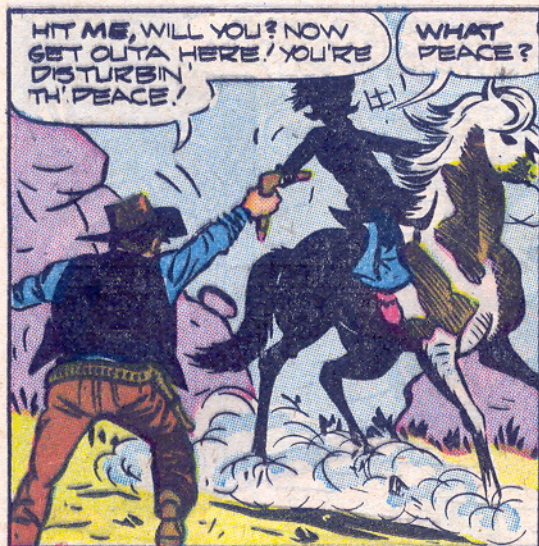


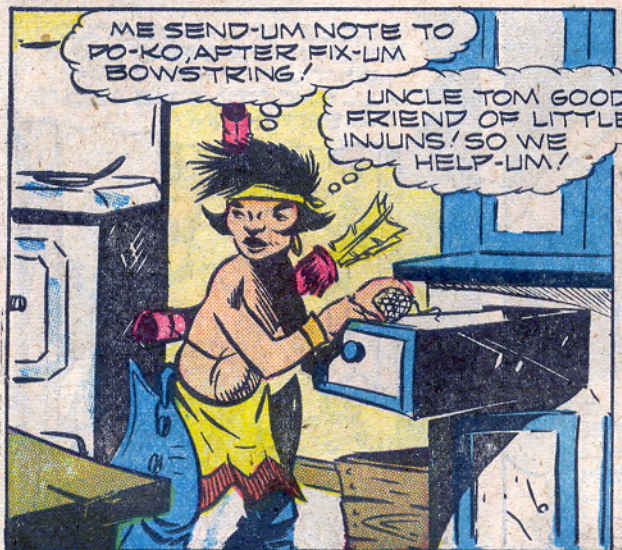
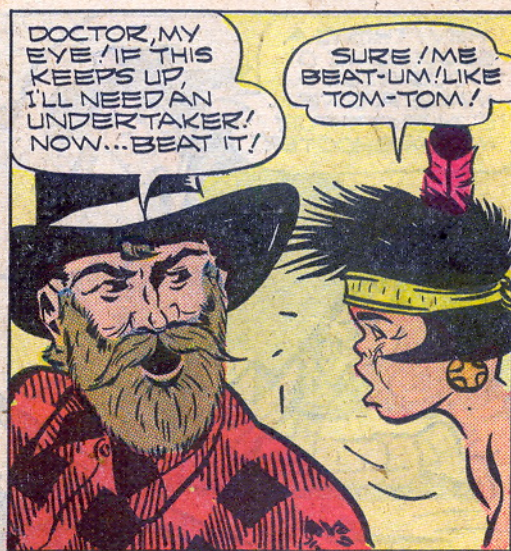
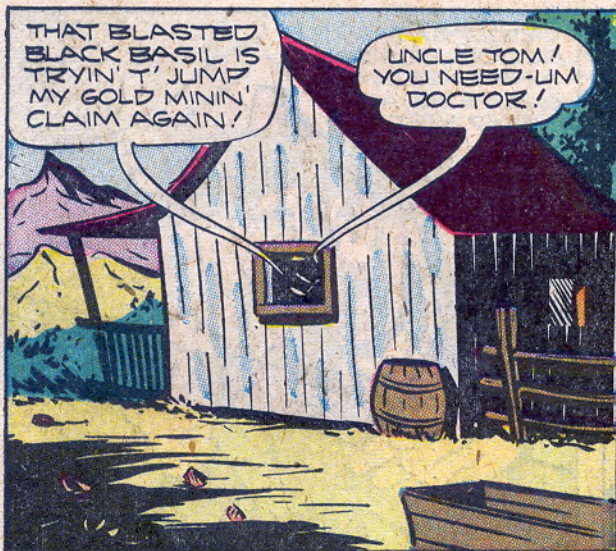
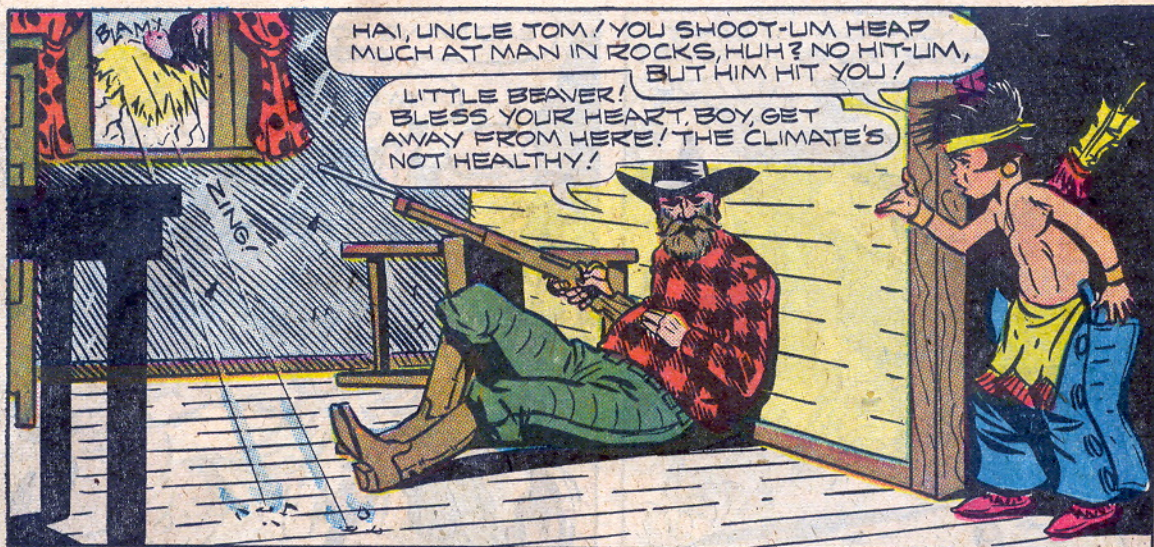
LITTLE BEAVER by Fred Harman

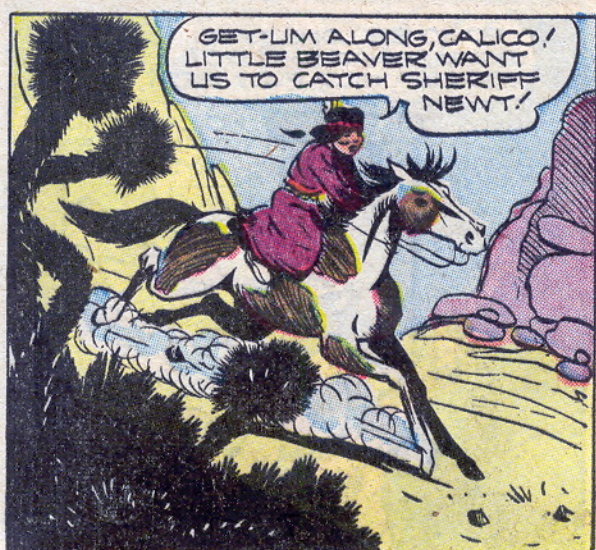
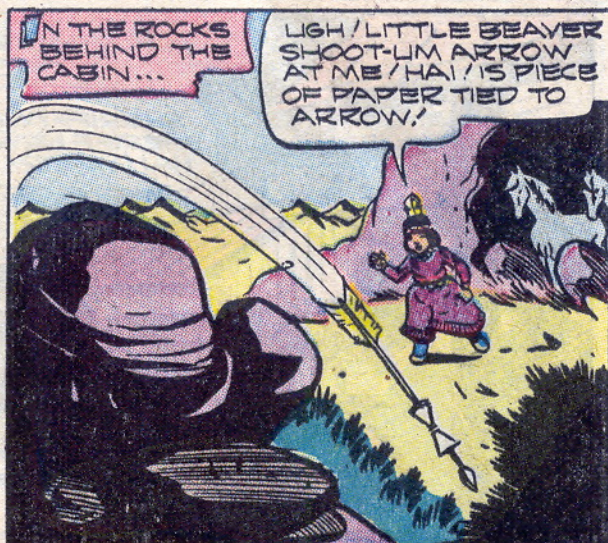
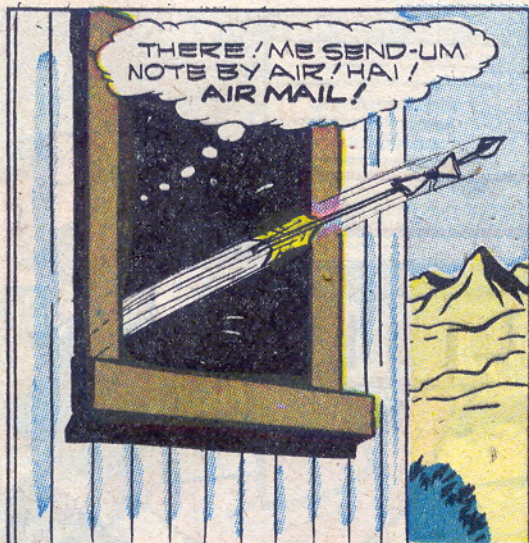


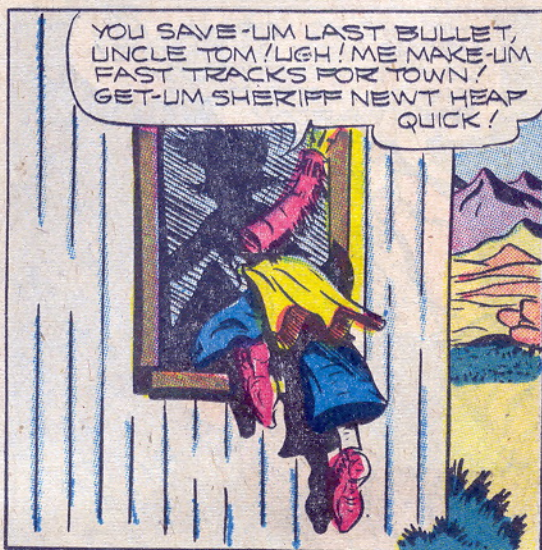
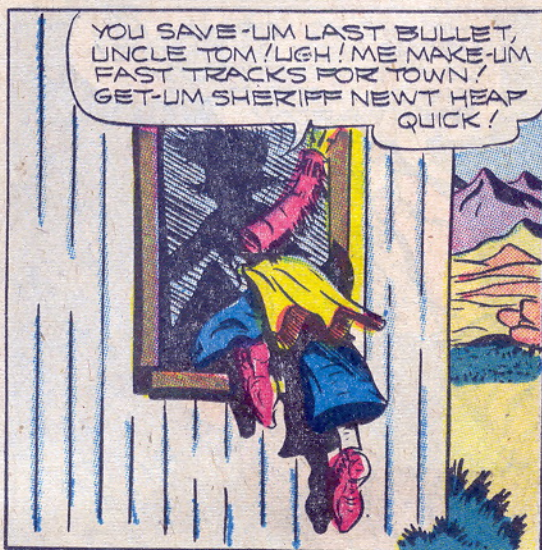
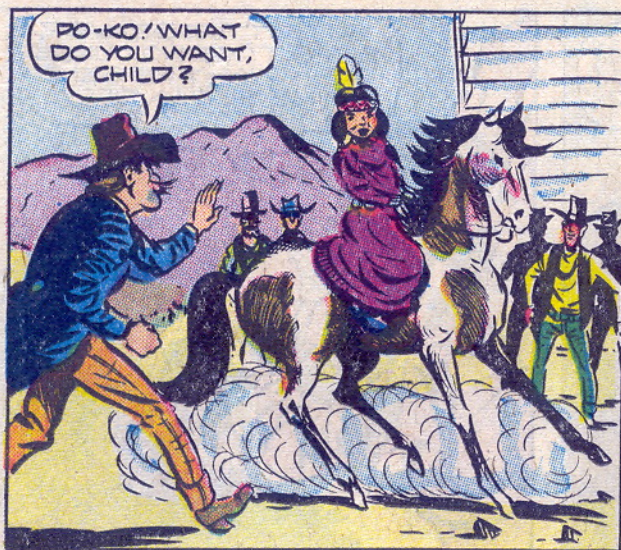
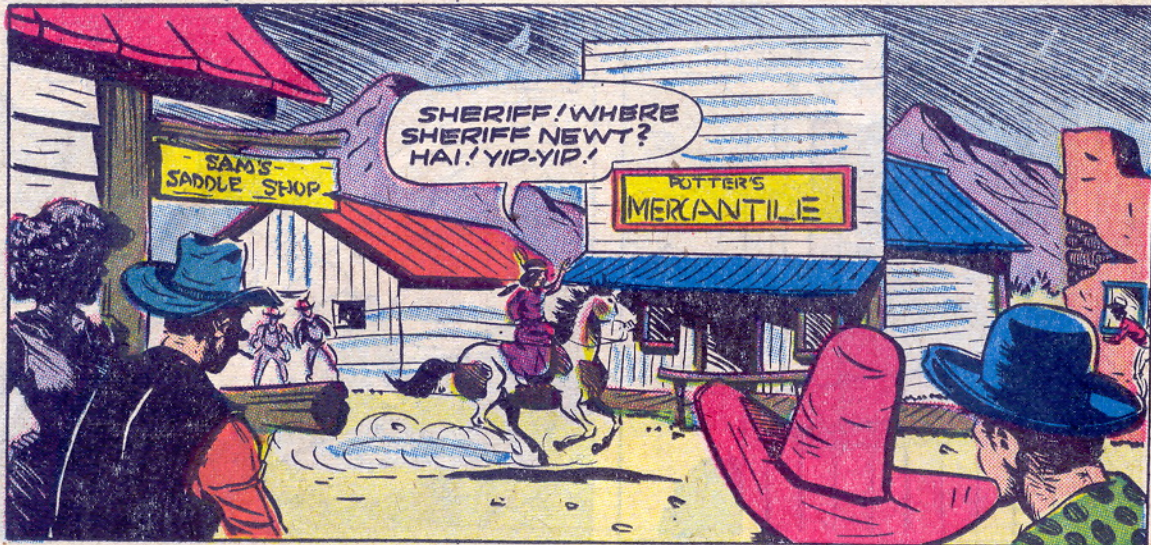


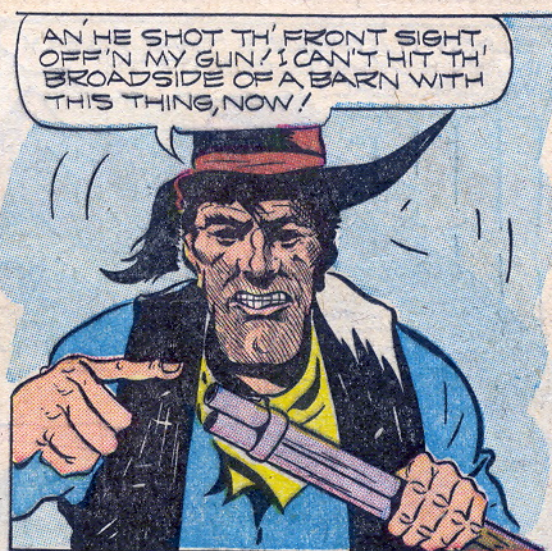
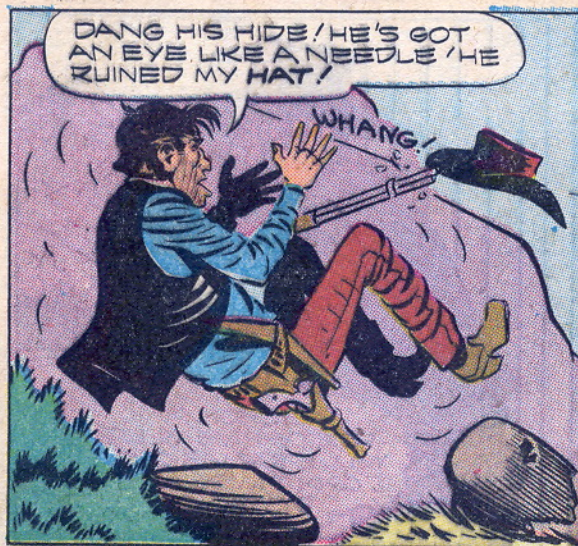
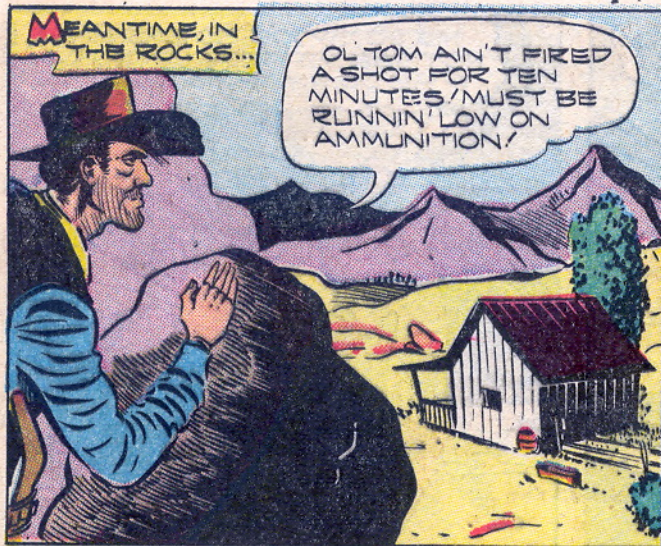


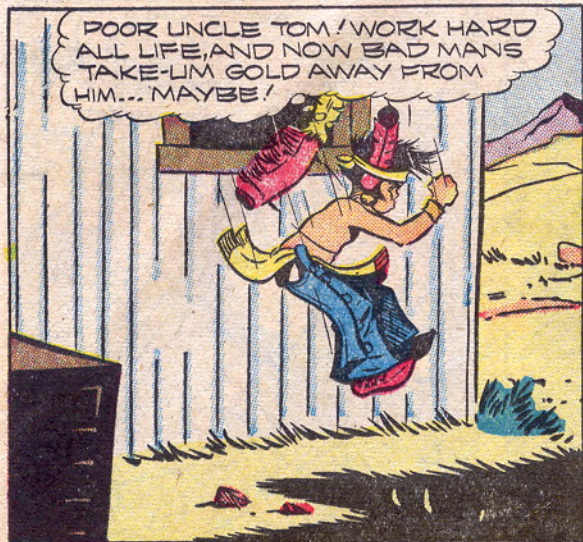




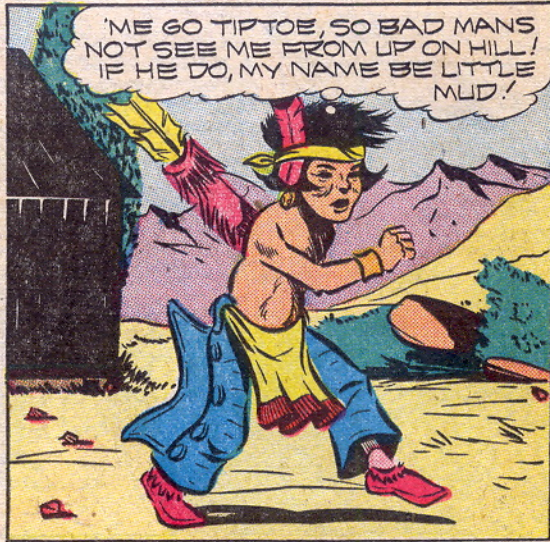








POOR UNCLE TOM! WORK HARD ALL LIFE, AND NOW BAD MANS TAKE-UM GOLD AWAY FROM HIM... MAYBE!



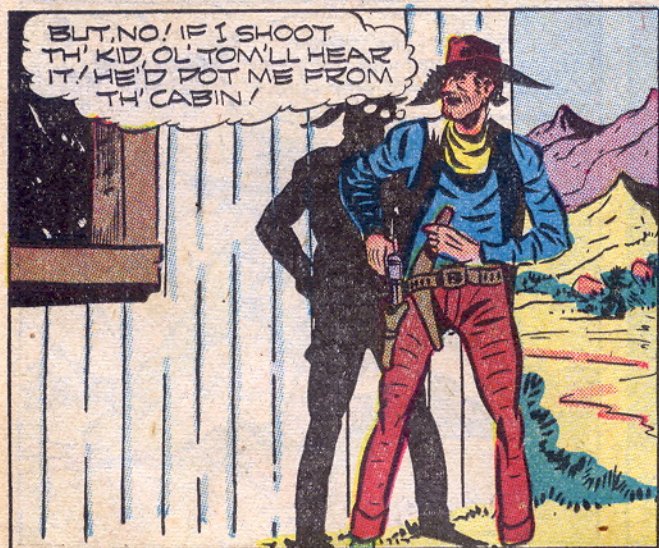
'ME GO TIPTOE, SO BAD MANS NOT SEE ME FROM UP ON HILL! IF HE DO, MY NAME BE LITTLE MUD!



BLAST IT! THERE'S THAT PESKY INJUN KID! HE'LL GUM UP TH' WHOLE DEAL!



RECKON A FORTY-FIVE SLUG WILL STOP HIS CLOCK! I CAN'T MISS AT THIS DISTANCE!



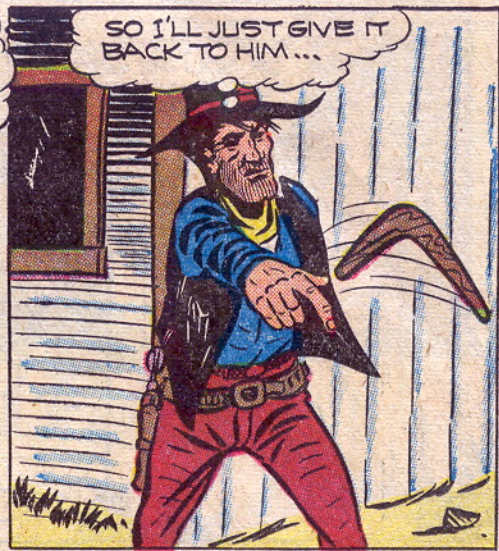
BUT, NO! IF I SHOOT TH' KID, OL' TOM'LL HEAR IT! HE'D POT ME FROM TH' CABIN!



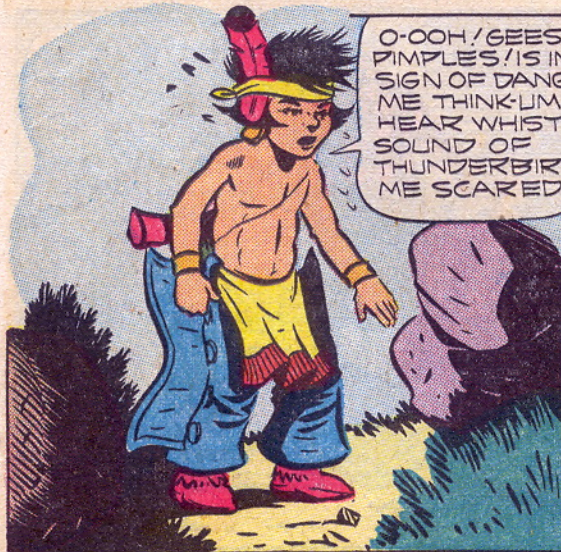
I LEARNED TO THROW A TOMAHAWK WHEN I WAS A KID BACK IN TH' INJUN NATIONS!



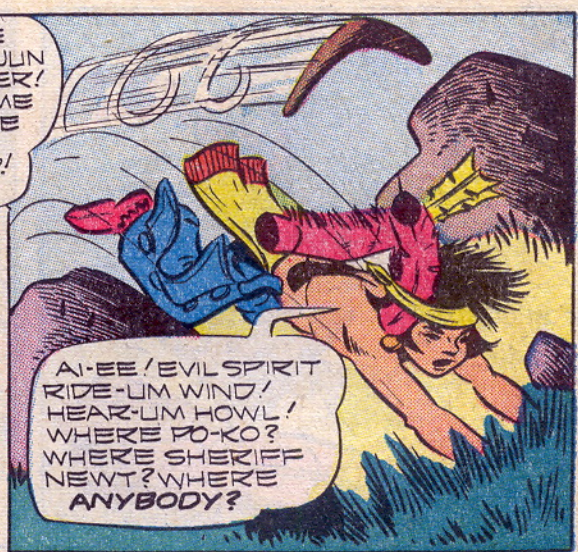
THIS HERE CLUB'LL
MAKE A GOOD
TOMAHAWK! I TOOK
IT AWAY FROM TH'
LITTLE INJUN...



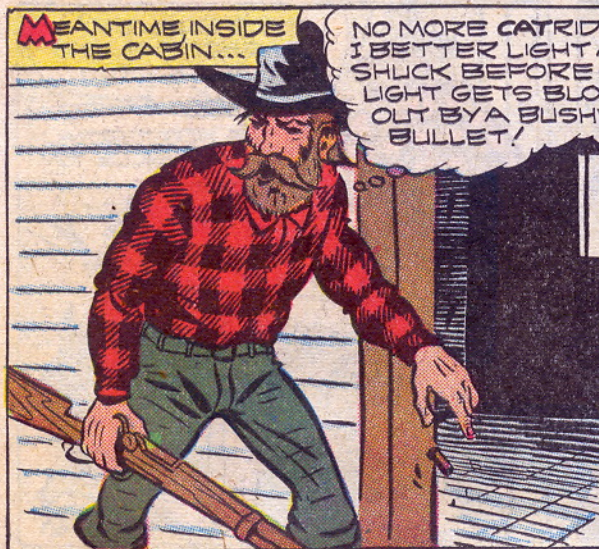
SO I'LL JUST GIVE IT
BACK TO HIM...



O-O-OH / GEESE
PIMPLES / IS INJUN
SIGN OF DANGER!
ME THINK-UM ME
HEAR WHISTLE
SOUND OF
THUNDERBIRD!
ME SCARED!

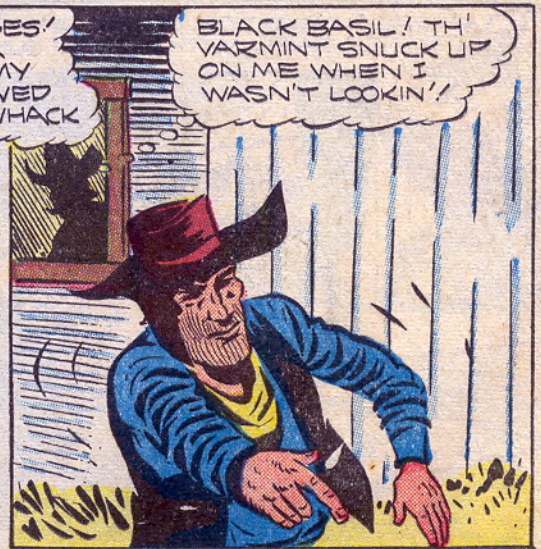


AI-EE / EVIL SPIRIT
RIDE-UM WIND!
HEAR-UM HOWL!
WHERE PO-KO?
WHERE SHERIFF
NEWT? WHERE
ANYBODY?

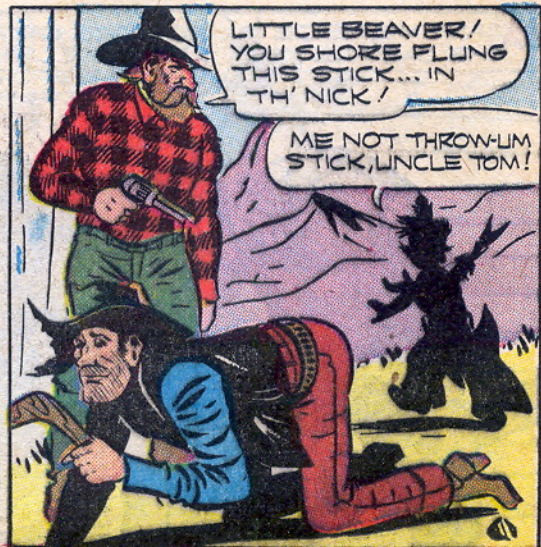
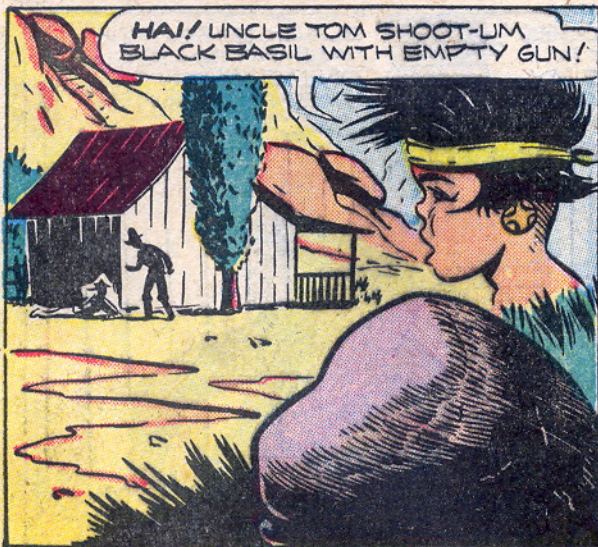
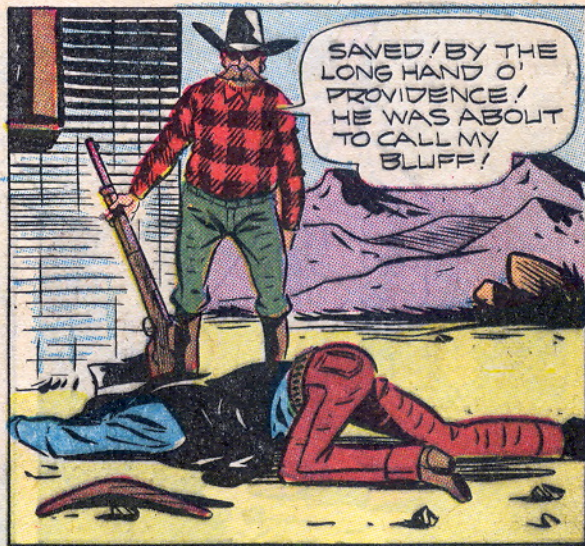
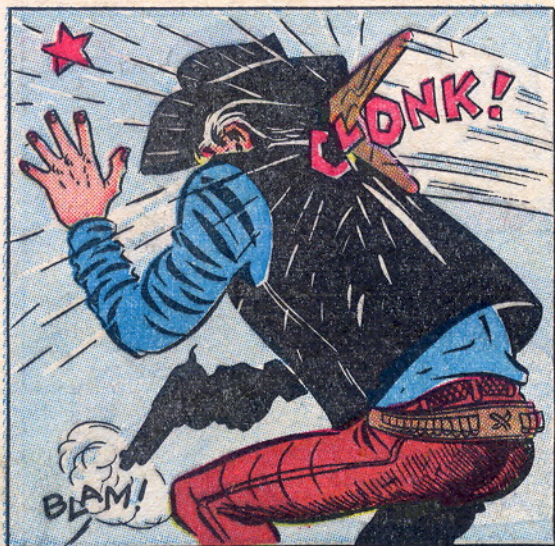
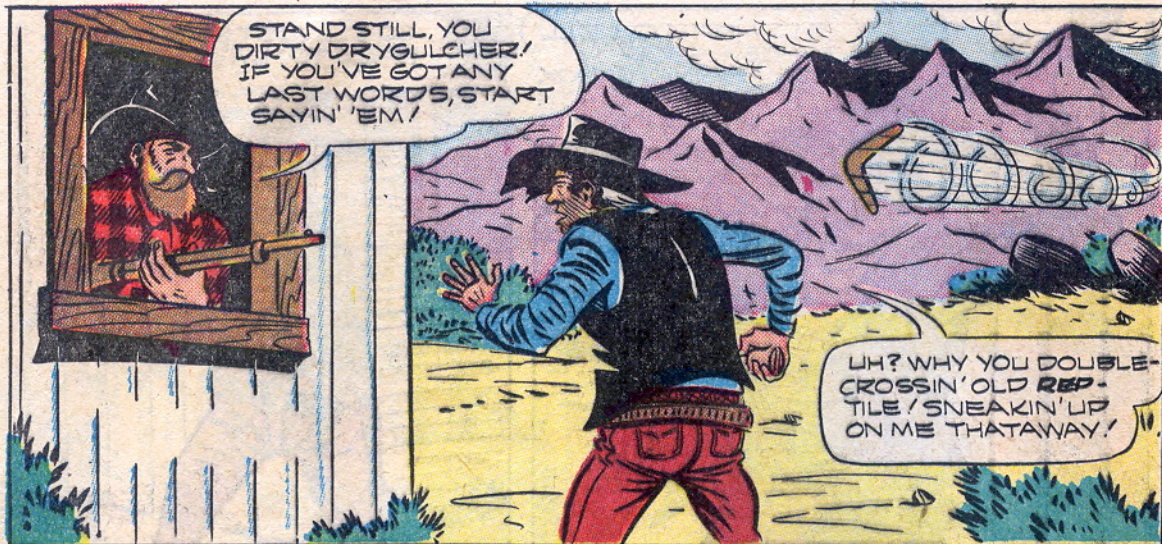


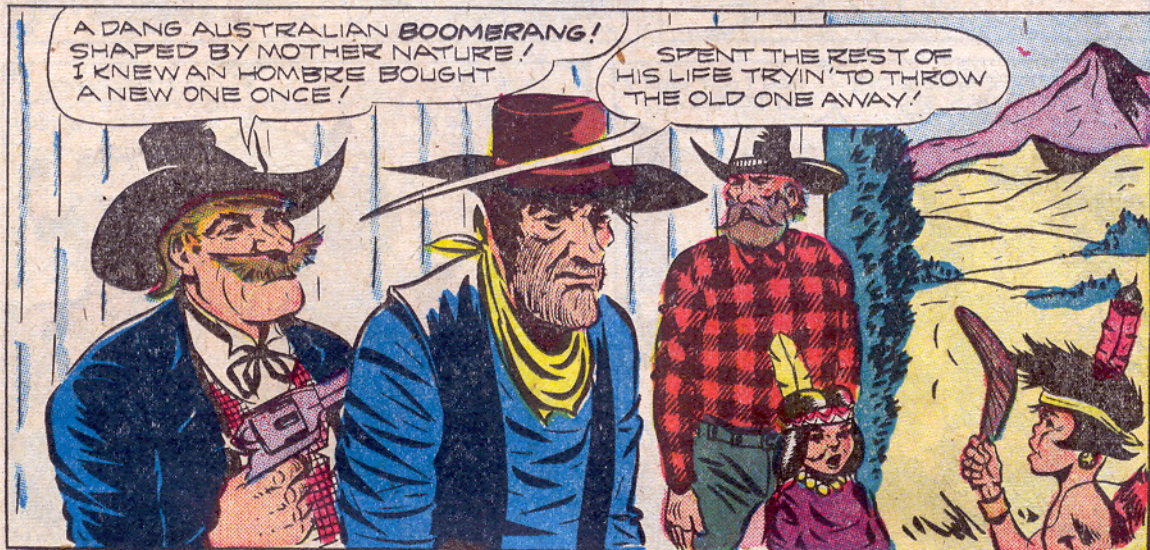
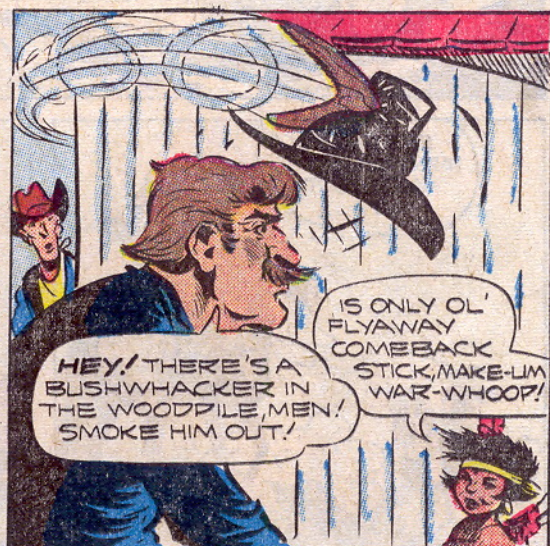
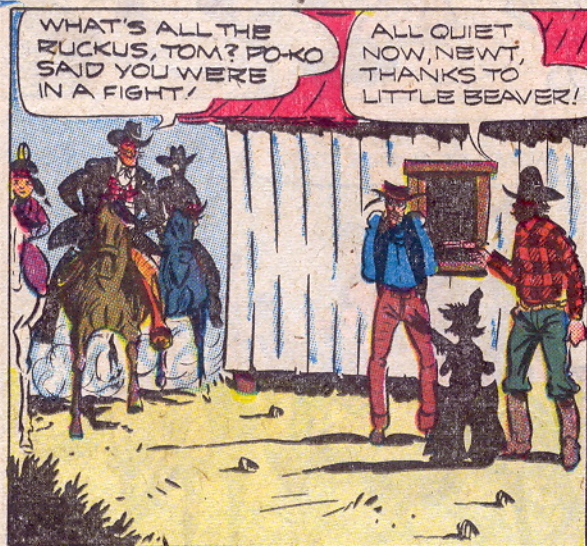
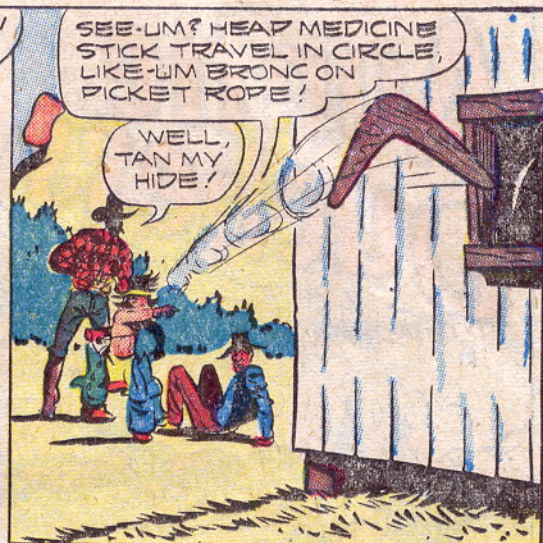
MEANTIME INSIDE
THE CABIN...

NO MORE CATRIDGES!
I BETTER LIGHT A
SHUCK BEFORE MY
LIGHT GETS BLOWED
OUT BY A BUSHWHACK
BULLET!



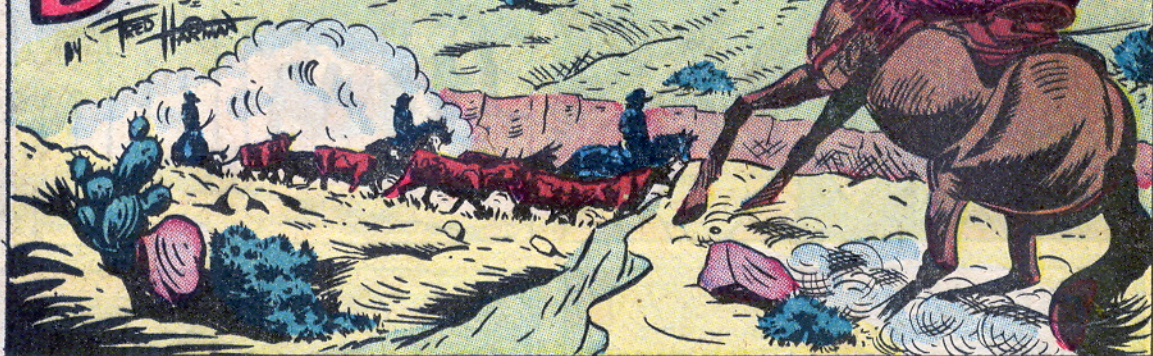
BLACK BASIL! TH'
VARMINT SNUCK UP
ON ME WHEN I
WASN'T LOOKIN'!





Auntie Duchess

LAND O' GOSHEN! I RODE
THREE DAYS TO FIND A LOST
HORSE, AND INSTEAD I FIND
THREE RUSTLERS STEALING
APACHE-OWNED CATTLE
...AN' ME WITH NO
GUN!



STOP SHOOTIN'!
DARN YOU...
YOU'VE GOT
ME!



IT'S THAT NOSY OLD
WOMAN FROM OVER TOWN!

NOSY OLD WOMAN,
EH?



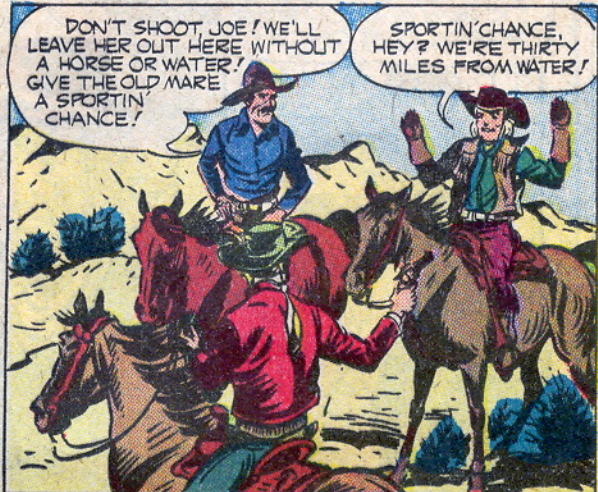
I'D BETTER MAKE SHORE
SHE DON'T TALK, EH,
SCARFACE?

DON'T GET HASTY,
YOU COVOTE!



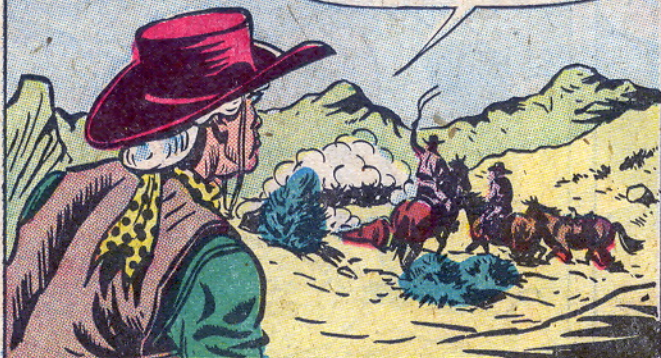
DON'T SHOOT, JOE! WE'LL
LEAVE HER OUT HERE WITHOUT
A HORSE OR WATER!
GIVE THE OLD MARE
A SPORTIN' CHANCE!

SPORTIN' CHANCE,
HEY? WE'RE THIRTY
MILES FROM WATER!

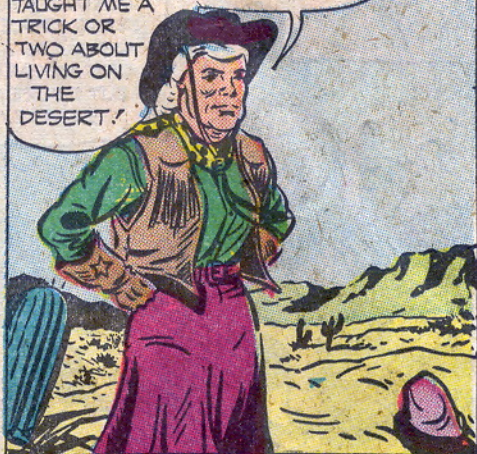


A LITTLE
WHILE LATER...

WHAT A MESS! THERE'S
ONLY ONE PEOPLE THAT CAN
LIVE OUT HERE! THE APACHES...
AND I'M NO APACHE!

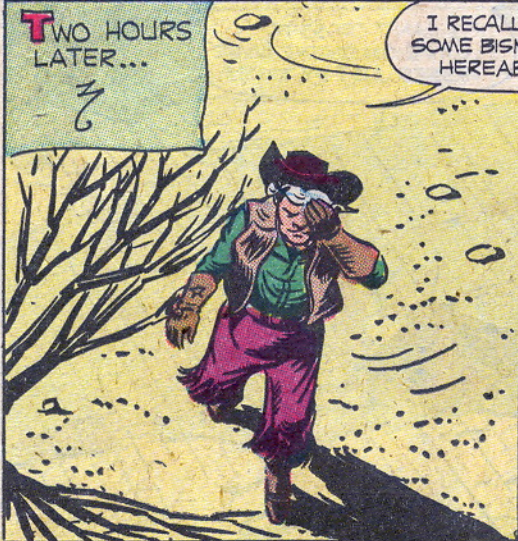


BUT I'M NOT LICKED YET!
OLD BLACK DEER, THE APACHE
THAT OWNS THOSE CATTLE,
TAUGHT ME A
TRICK OR
TWO ABOUT
LIVING ON
THE
DESERT!

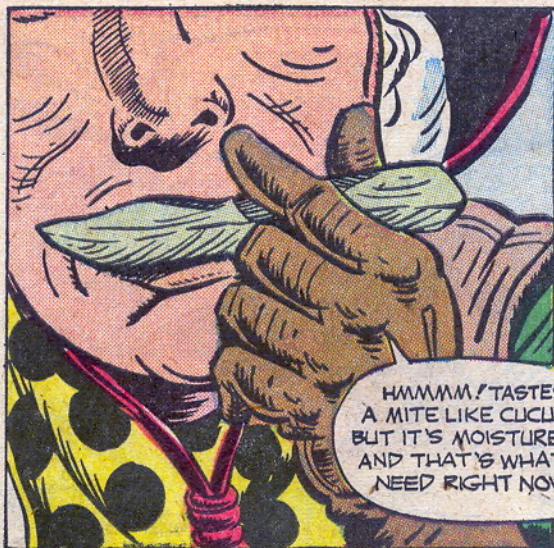


TWO HOURS
LATER...

I RECALL PASSIN'
SOME BISNAGA CACTUS
HEREABOUTS!



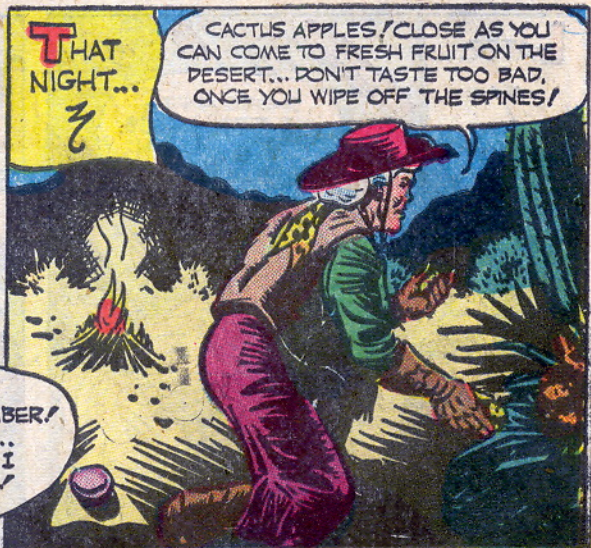
THIS AIN'T EXACTLY
GONNA BE A BIG DRINK,
BUT IT'LL KEEP ME
GOIN'!

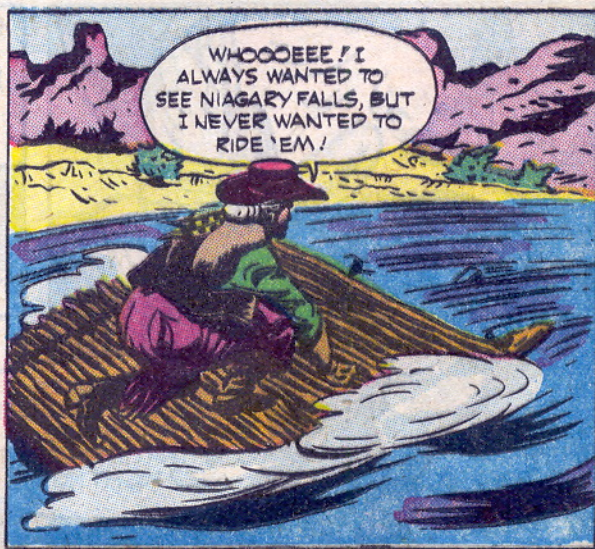
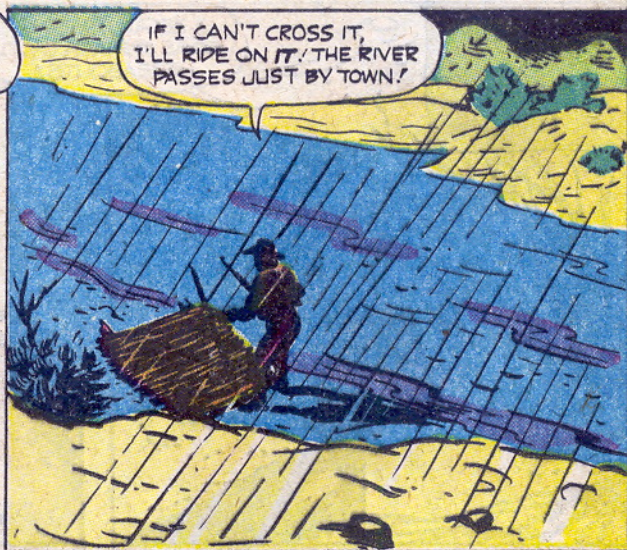
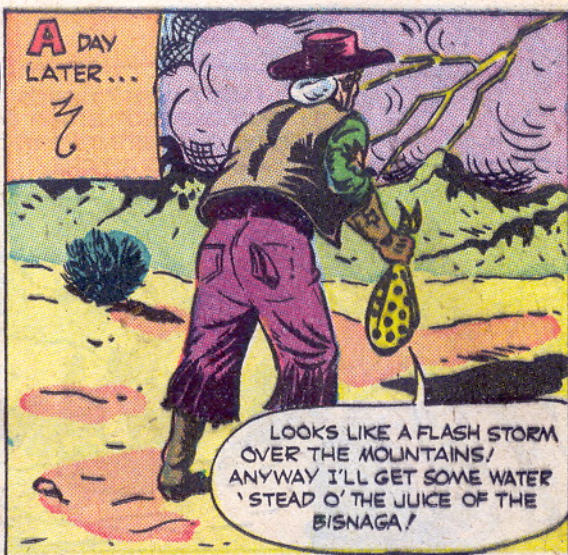
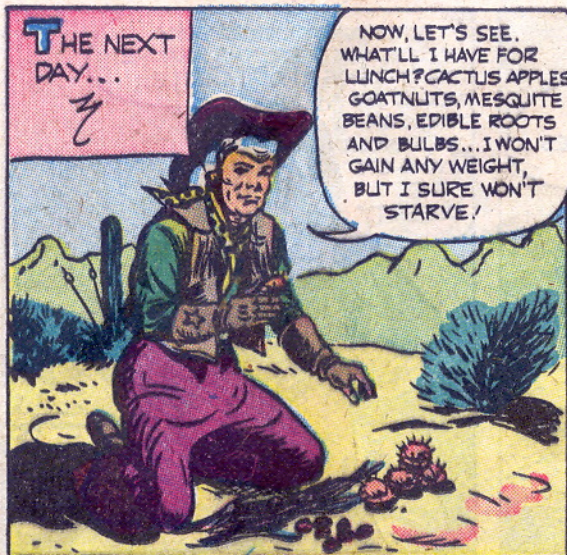


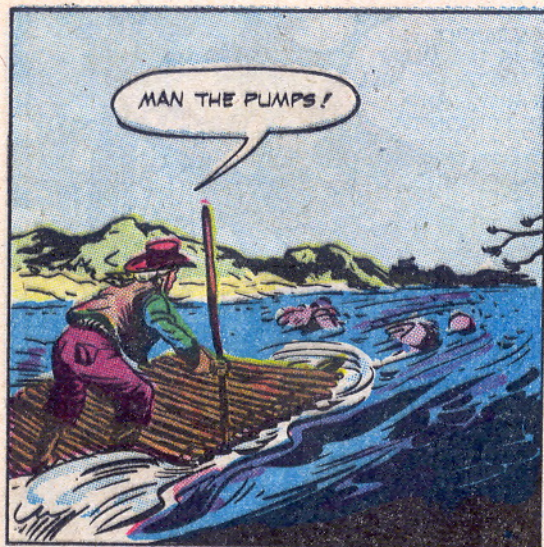
HMMMM! TASTES
A MITE LIKE CUCUMBER!
BUT IT'S MOISTURE...
AND THAT'S WHAT I
NEED RIGHT NOW!

THAT
NIGHT...

CACTUS APPLES! CLOSE AS YOU
CAN COME TO FRESH FRUIT ON THE
DESERT... DON'T TASTE TOO BAD,
ONCE YOU WIPE OFF THE SPINES!



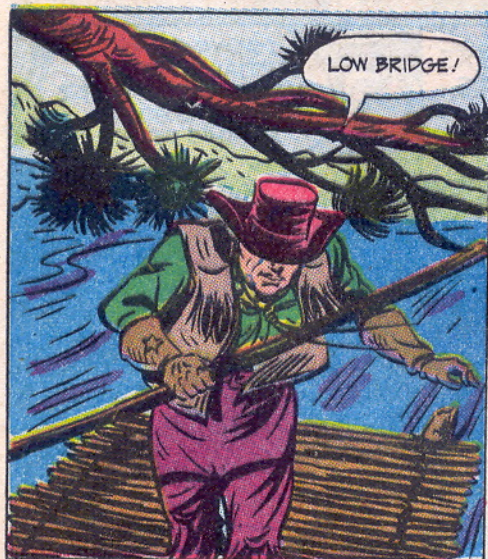




MAN THE PUMPS!



IF I DON'T GET FREE
'O THIS ROCK I'M LIABLE
TO REACH TOWN
WITHOUT MY
RAFT AND NO
WHOLE BONES!



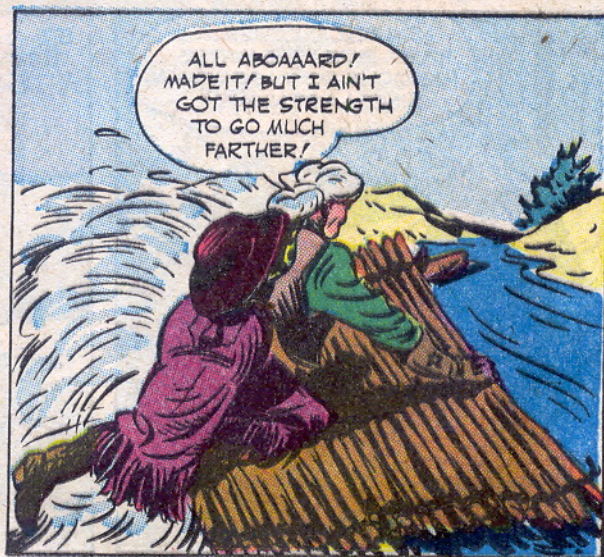
LOW BRIDGE!



YIIIIIIIIII!
WOMAN OVERBOARD!



GLUB! GLUB! THAT
RAFT AIN'T MUCH, BUT
IT'S BETTER THAN
TRAVELIN' THIS
WAY!



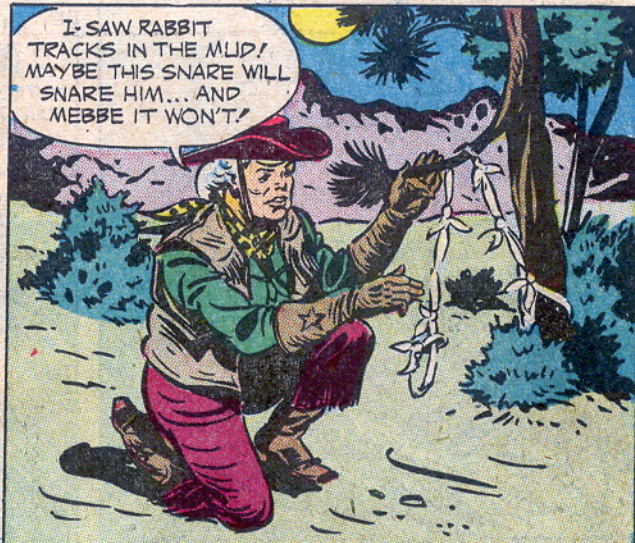
ALL ABOAAAARD!
MADE IT! BUT I AIN'T
GOT THE STRENGTH
TO GO MUCH
FARTHER!

THAT
NIGHT...

I MUST HAVE MADE
FIFTEEN MILES TODAY!
BUT IF I DON'T FIND ME
A BITE TO EAT SOON...IT'LL
BE MY LAST FIFTEEN
MILES!

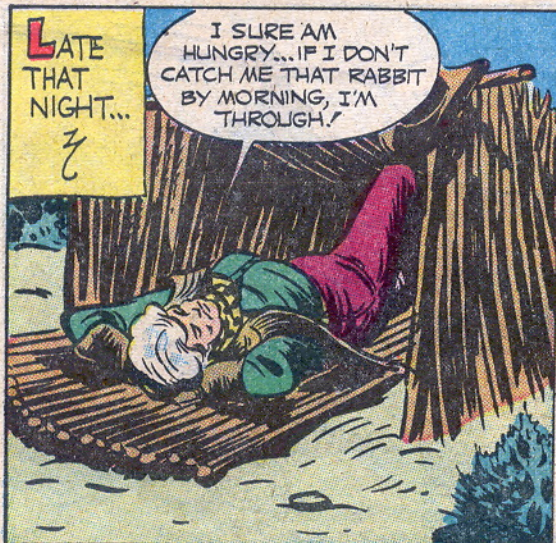


I SAW RABBIT
TRACKS IN THE MUD!
MAYBE THIS SNARE WILL
SNARE HIM... AND
MEBBE IT WON'T!



LATE
THAT
NIGHT...

I SURE AM
HUNGRY...IF I DON'T
CATCH ME THAT RABBIT
BY MORNING, I'M
THROUGH!



THE NEXT
MORNING...

I ALWAYS WAS
PARTIAL TO ROAST
RABBIT! BUT, IT NEVER
TASTED AS GOOD
AS THIS BEFORE!



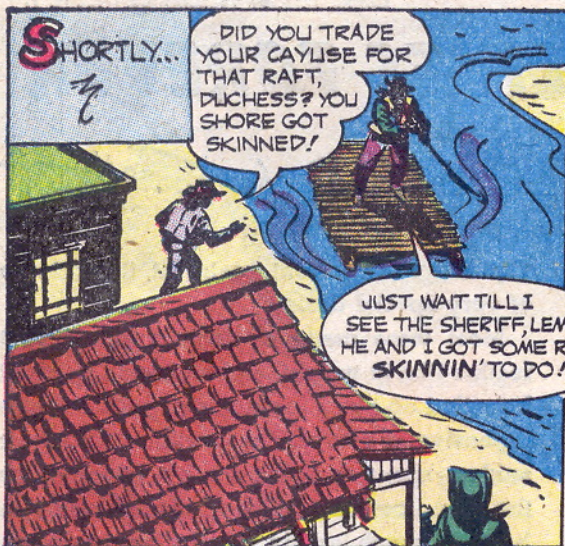
NOW FOR ANOTHER
RIVER RIDE! THE WATER
HAS GONE DOWN SOMEWHAT
SINCE LAST NIGHT!



THAT
AFTERNOON...

WELL, BLOW
ME DOWN!
I'M ONLY THREE
MILES FROM TOWN!
THAT'S RIMROCK
UPAHEAD!





SHORTLY...

DID YOU TRADE
YOUR CAYUSE FOR
THAT RAFT,
DUCHESS? YOU
SHORE GOT
SKINNED!

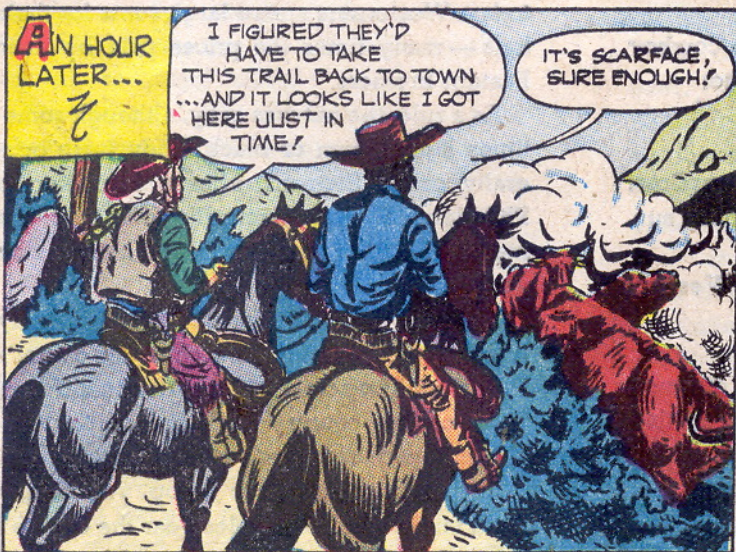
JUST WAIT TILL I
SEE THE SHERIFF, LEM!
HE AND I GOT SOME REAL
SKINNIN' TO DO!



A FEW
MINUTES
LATER...

SO THAT'S THE STORY, NEWT!
YOU GOT A HOSS AN' GUN FOR
ME? I AIM TO CATCH SOME
RUSTLERS!

SURE THING,
DUCHESS! THERE'S
A FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR
REWARD OUT FOR THEM
COYOTES!



AN HOUR
LATER...

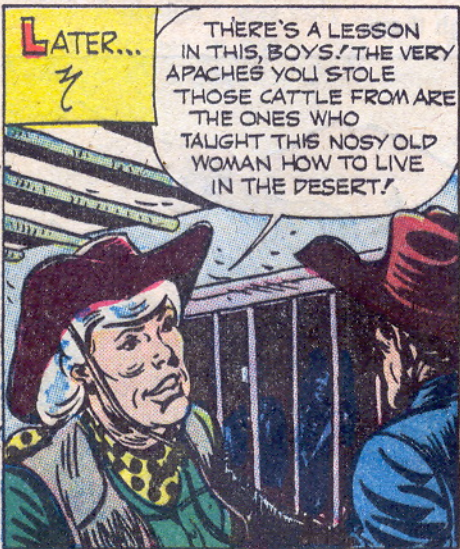
I FIGURED THEY'D
HAVE TO TAKE
THIS TRAIL BACK TO TOWN
...AND IT LOOKS LIKE I GOT
HERE JUST IN
TIME!

IT'S SCARFACE,
SURE ENOUGH!



END O' THE
TRAIL, YOU SKUNKS!

WHY, WHY WE LEFT
YOU TO DIE OUT IN
THE DESERT!



LATER...

THERE'S A LESSON
IN THIS, BOYS! THE VERY
APACHES YOU STOLE
THOSE CATTLE FROM ARE
THE ONES WHO
TAUGHT THIS NOSY OLD
WOMAN HOW TO LIVE
IN THE DESERT!



HERE'S THE REWARD
MONEY, DUCHESS! ENOUGH
FOR THAT TRIP TO NIAGARY
FALLS YOU ALWAYS
WANTED TO TAKE!

NEWT, I'VE SEEN
ENOUGH WATER FOR
A LONG TIME! I'M GOIN'
TO USE THIS MONEY TO
THROW A REAL FEAST
FOR OLD BLACK DEER,
MY APACHE TEACHER!

THE WEST THAT LIVES FOREVER

THE MOST FAMOUS HAT IN THE WORLD by FRED HARMAN

No man in this country, or any other, ever had so many uses for his hat as the real cowboy of the Old West.

In the north, south or east, the men might wear their hats for practical purposes — or even for style. But the original ten-gallon hat used by the western frontiersman was, without doubt, the most amazing headpiece ever designed. It was more than a hat; it was an item of equipment.

Among other things, the old-time cowboy used his somewhat spectacular hat to:

- (1) Make a soft pillow.
- (2) Fan campfires into flame.
- (3) Carry water for putting out campfires.
- (4) Shield his head from the burning sun.
- (5) Shade his eyes.
- (6) Form an umbrella against Western downpours.
- (7) Make a drinking cup.
- (8) Wave signals visible at a great distance.
- (9) Flourish at slow or wandering cattle.
- (10) Cover his ears against frostbite.

Naturally, for any hat to withstand such

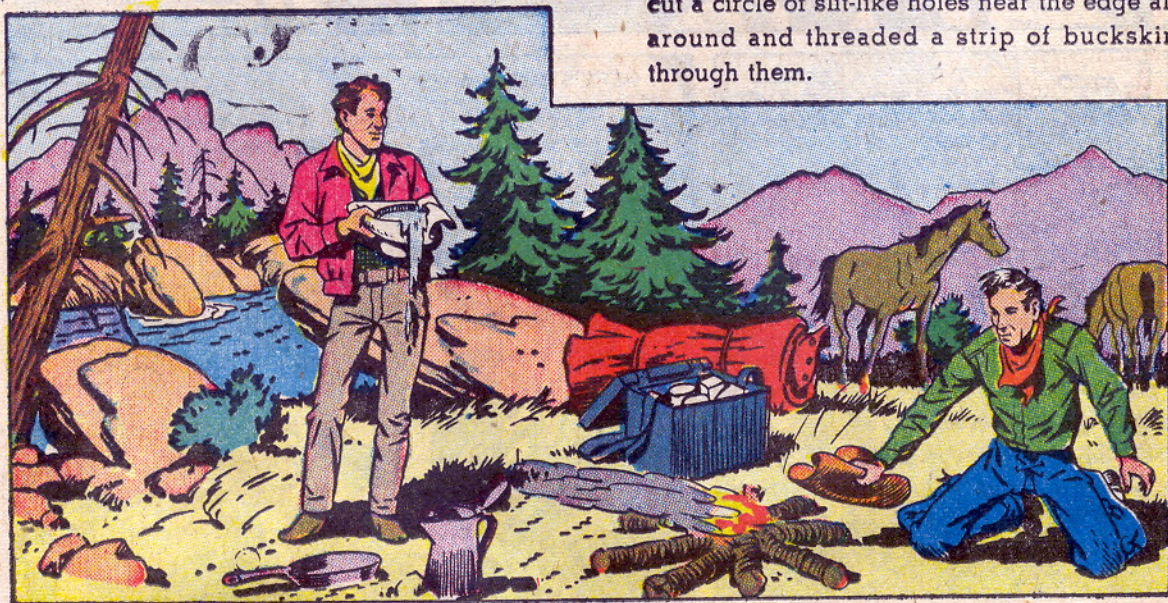
vigorous and constant treatment, it had to be of very special design.

Most were made of smooth felt, almost feather-like in weight, and so fine they could be rolled up like a neckerchief. Such felt was expensive, of course. The wealthiest Easterner seldom spent as much for his headgear as the proud cowboy, whose hat might set him back as much as six months' wages. Even today, Westerners spend large sums for their hats — many times the prices paid by their Eastern brothers.

As a rule, the hat was grey, although sometimes light brown or black. They were generally called Stetsons, after a hatmaker in Philadelphia who practically cornered the market for the best grades of hats in the early days.

The brim was unbelievably broad, usually wide enough to reach almost over the owner's shoulders. The actual width varied in different parts of the country and, in addition, depended upon the buyer's personal preference.

If your brim started to droop, you simply cut a circle of slit-like holes near the edge all around and threaded a strip of buckskin through them.





The crown, six or seven inches high, sometimes higher, provided a great variety of styles.

Originally, you could almost tell whether a stranger was from the Northwest or the Southwest, by the height of his hat's crown. Southerners left it high, northerners wore it low. (Today, the custom is so mixed up that the rule no longer holds.)

Punchers of the Southwest normally pinched in four little pleats near the top of the crown, making a tall, sharp peak. Northwest cowboys, on the other hand, usually pulled the crown down until it resembled what modern collegians like to call a "porkpie" hat.

Many brims were edged with silken braid or ribbon, always the same color as the hat itself.

Every legitimate cowboy hat carried a belt, or band, which was adjustable. It permitted changing the size of the hat. Equally important, it offered limitless possibilities for decoration. Although it was only one to no more than two inches in width, this little belt allowed even the most lowly cowhand to "put on the dog."

Most hat belts were made of leather, plain or stamped with designs. Many were studded with fancy nails, some with silver bits similar to Mexican ornaments, a few with gold. I've even read of showy hat belts studded with jewels. Other decorations included gold nuggets, rattlesnake rattles, small feathers, turquoise, and so forth.

Occasionally, they were made of snakeskin, or Indian beads. Rio Granders sometimes wove silver or gold wire into their hat bands.

You don't see many such decorations to-

day. And even rabid Western fans seem unaware that the original cowboy "prettied up" his hat band in this manner.

Another thing. Dude cowboys, movie cowboys and child cowboys almost invariably wear their imitation ten-gallon hats with a sort of thin strap dangling underneath the chin.

The real cowboy's "bonnet strings," however, consisted of two pieces of thong, one hanging from each side of the hat and tucked up inside when not in use. If the cowboy were "fogging" at full gallop, or riding in blustery weather, he tied the two strings together. And he placed that loop around the back of his head, at the base of his skull — not under his chin.

Knowing all these facts, perhaps you can understand why the old punchers had nothing but derision and disgust for the "piddly" little skinny-brimmed hats of Eastern city folks. To them, the Eastern hat was dandified, sissified, and downright hilarious.

For the original cowboy hat was a man's hat, worn by real men, for a purpose — many purposes — instead of for mere style.

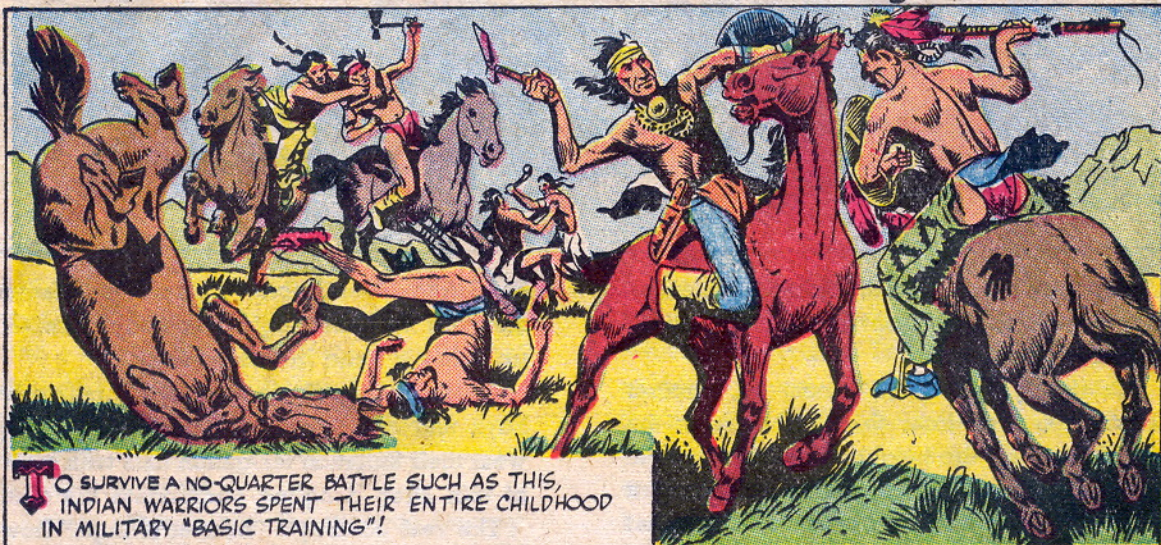
And, thanks to the influence of the movies, you could don a cowboy hat today (even an imitation) and walk down the main street of any city in the world and be recognized instantly as a "cowboy." The American cowboy hat has an international reputation. You might even say it's the most famous hat in all the world.

Typically, too, the cowboy had some crisp, slangy names for his headpiece — "war bonnet," for example, or "lid," and "hair case."

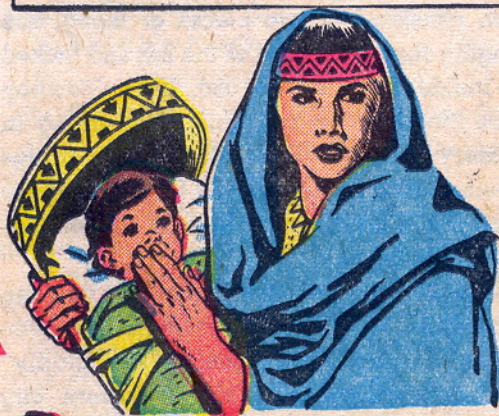
The one I've always liked best: "Conk Cover"!

WIGWAM WAYS

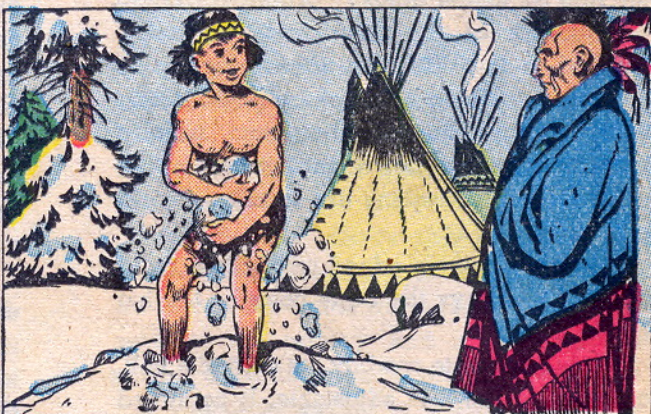
The World's
Toughest Soldiers



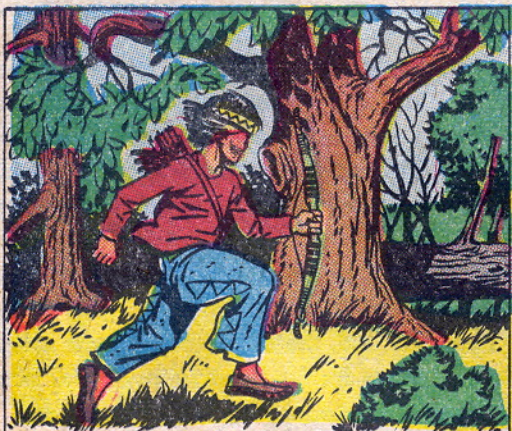
TO SURVIVE A NO-QUARTER BATTLE SUCH AS THIS, INDIAN WARRIORS SPENT THEIR ENTIRE CHILDHOOD IN MILITARY "BASIC TRAINING"!



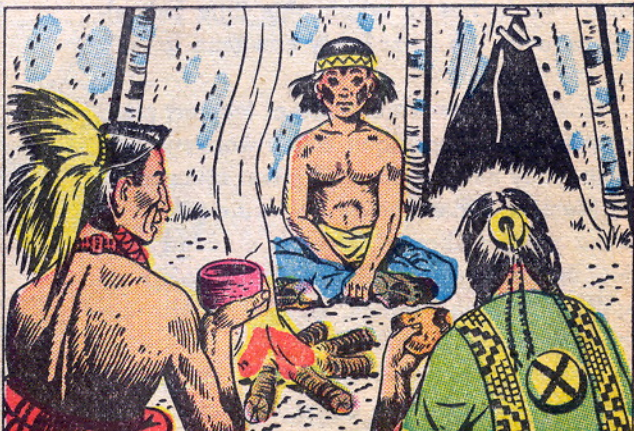
EVEN AS AN INFANT, THE INDIAN LEARNED TO BE QUIET AT THE APPROACH OF ENEMIES!



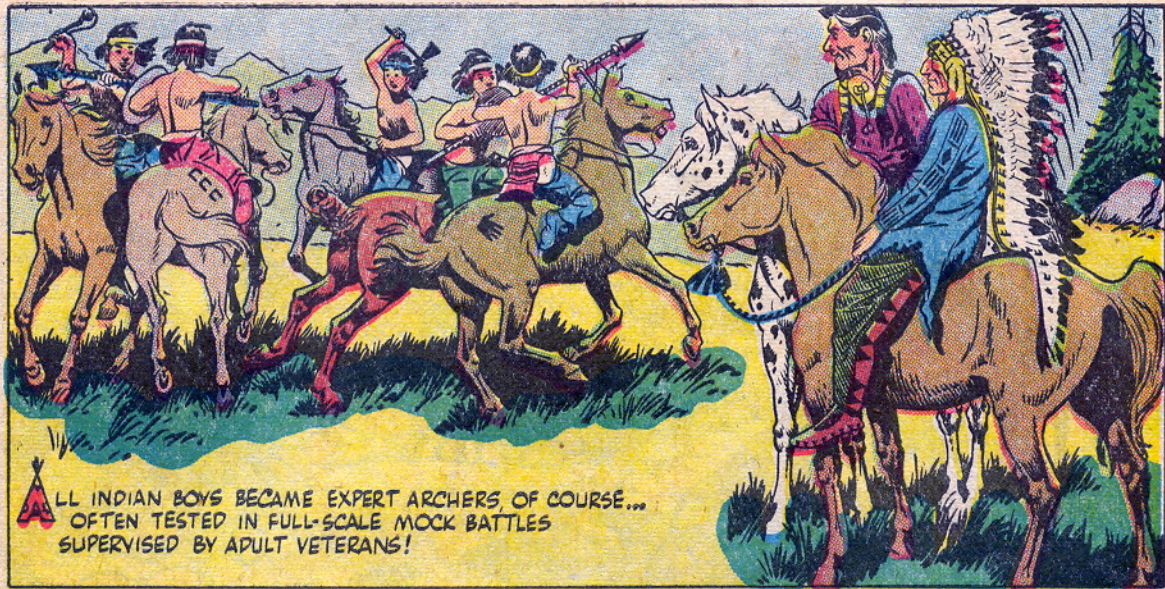
HIS YOUNG BODY WAS TOUGHENED BY ORDEALS LIKE THE EARLY-MORNING SNOW BATH!



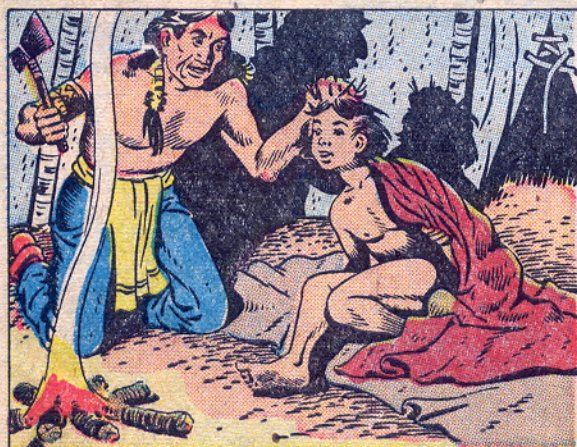
HE LEARNED TO RUN MILES THROUGH THE WILDERNESS WITHOUT PAUSING FOR REST...



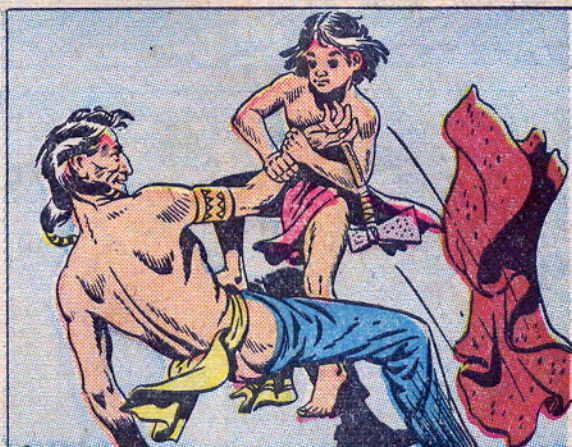
AND, WITH BLACKENED FACE, TO FAST FOR 24, EVEN 48, HOURS WITHOUT FOOD OR DRINK!



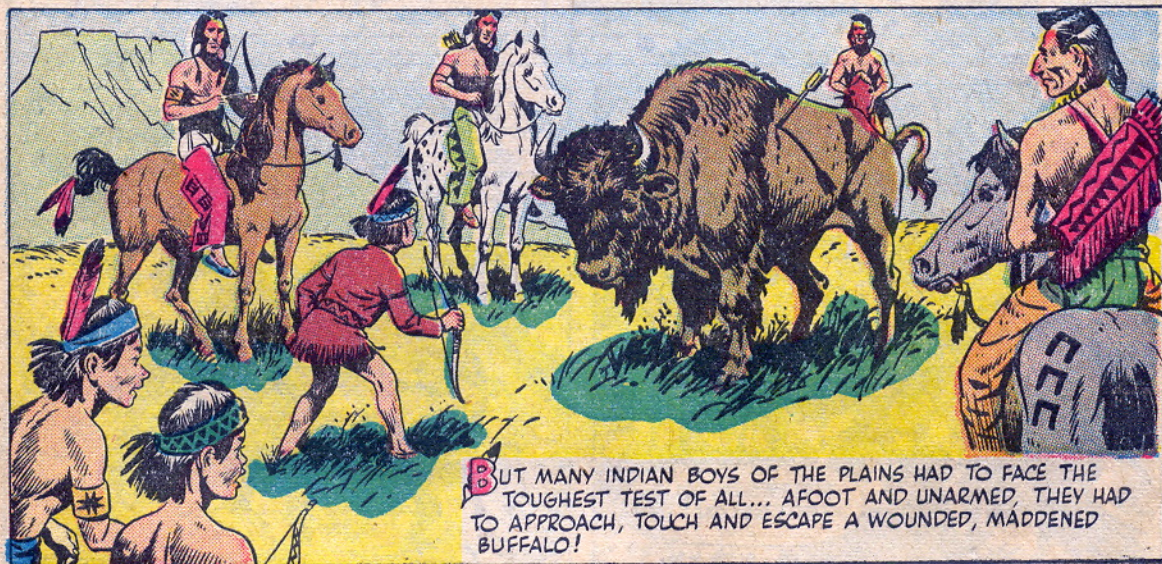
ALL INDIAN BOYS BECAME EXPERT ARCHERS, OF COURSE...
OFTEN TESTED IN FULL-SCALE MOCK BATTLES
SUPERVISED BY ADULT VETERANS!



SOME FATHERS AWAKENED THEIR SONS
SUDDENLY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...



TO MAKE INSTANT WAKEFULNESS A LIFE-
SAVING VIRTUE!



BUT MANY INDIAN BOYS OF THE PLAINS HAD TO FACE THE
TOUGHEST TEST OF ALL... AFOOT AND UNARMED, THEY HAD
TO APPROACH, TOUCH AND ESCAPE A WOUNDED, MADDENED
BUFFALO!

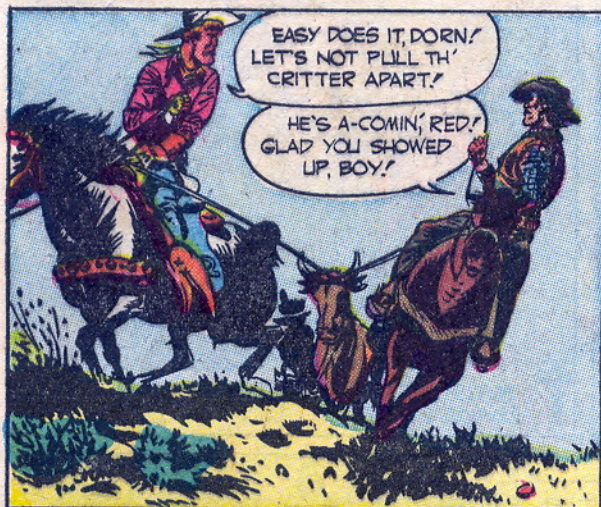
Red RYDER

BY
TED HARMAN



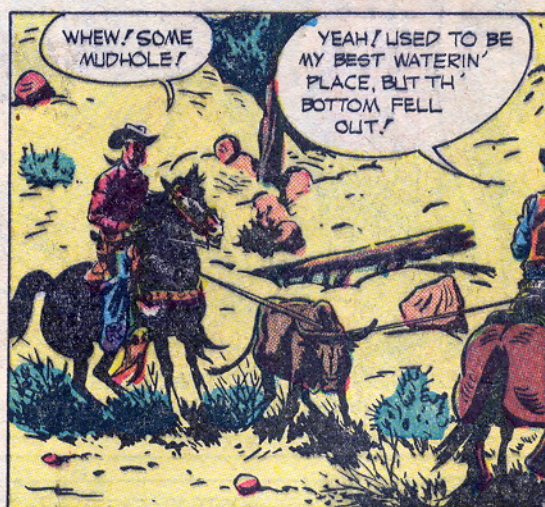
HEY... RYDER! LEND ME A HAND WITH THIS STEER, WILL YOU? HE'S STUCK IN THIS MUD TRAP!

KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE CUT ACROSS YOUR LAND, DORN! NOW I'VE GOT TO WORK!



EASY DOES IT, DORN! LET'S NOT PULL TH' CRITTER APART!

HE'S A-COMIN', RED! GLAD YOU SHOWED UP, BOY!



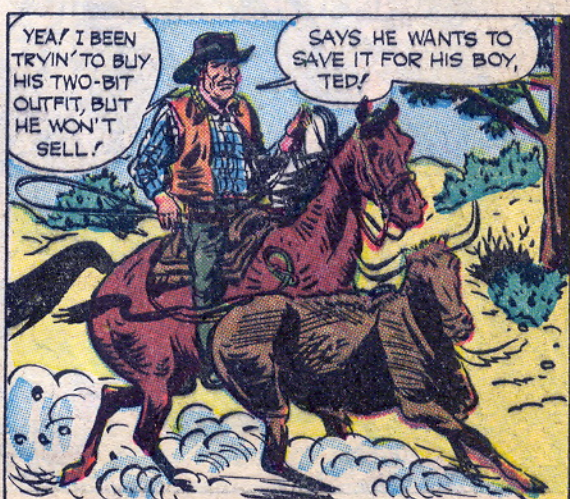
WHEW! SOME MUDHOLE!

YEAH! USED TO BE MY BEST WATERIN' PLACE, BUT TH' BOTTOM FELL OUT!



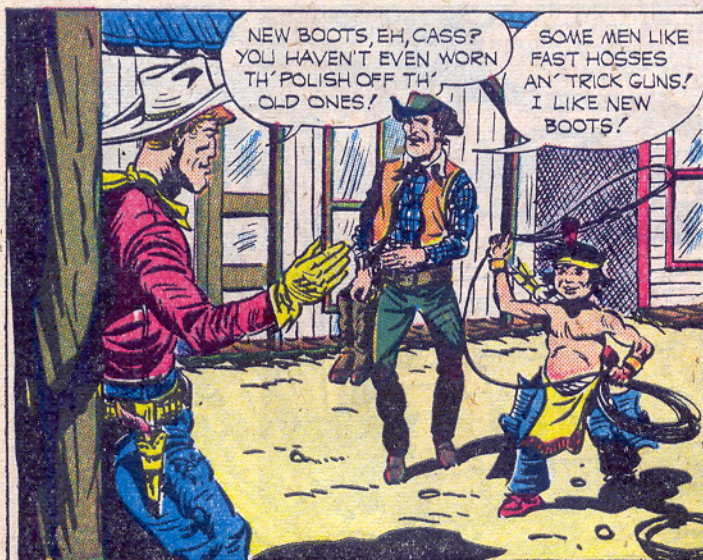
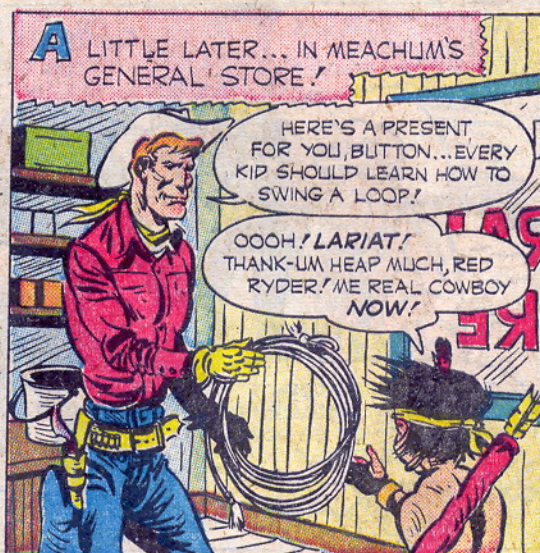
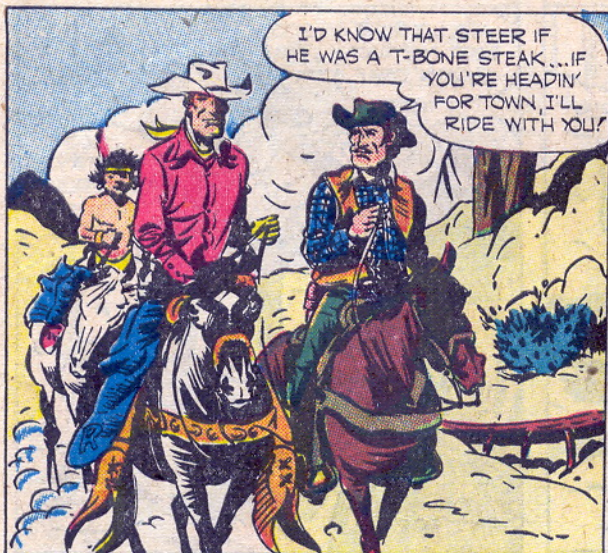
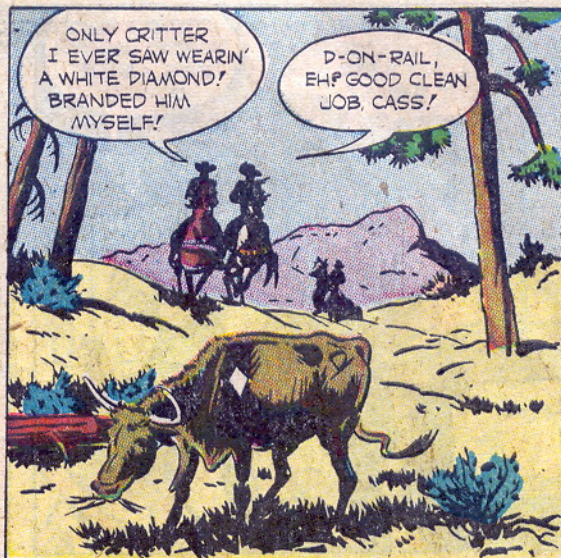
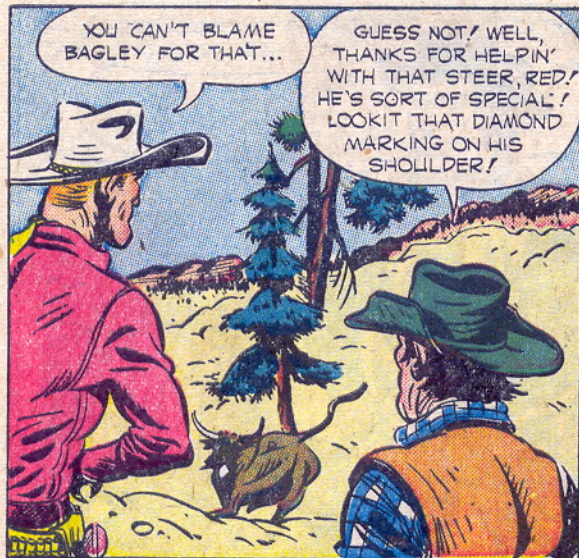
MY SPREAD'S GOIN' DRY! A FAULT IN TH' ROCK STRATA, I RECKON! WISH I HAD SETH BAGLEY'S WATER!

BAGLEY'S ON YOUR WEST LINE, ISN'T HE?



YEA! I BEEN TRYIN' TO BUY HIS TWO-BIT OUTFIT, BUT HE WON'T SELL!

SAYS HE WANTS TO SAVE IT FOR HIS BOY, TED!





AH! TED BAGLEY! AN
UP-AN'-COMIN' COWPOKE
SHOULDN'T WEAR WORN
OUT SHOES!

'FRAID I CAN'T
AFFORD NEW
ONES, MISTER
DORN!



I KNOW THAT, BOY! HERE
TRY THESE FOR SIZE!

GEE, MR. DORN... GEE!
HOW CAN I EVER PAY YOU
BACK, THOUGH?



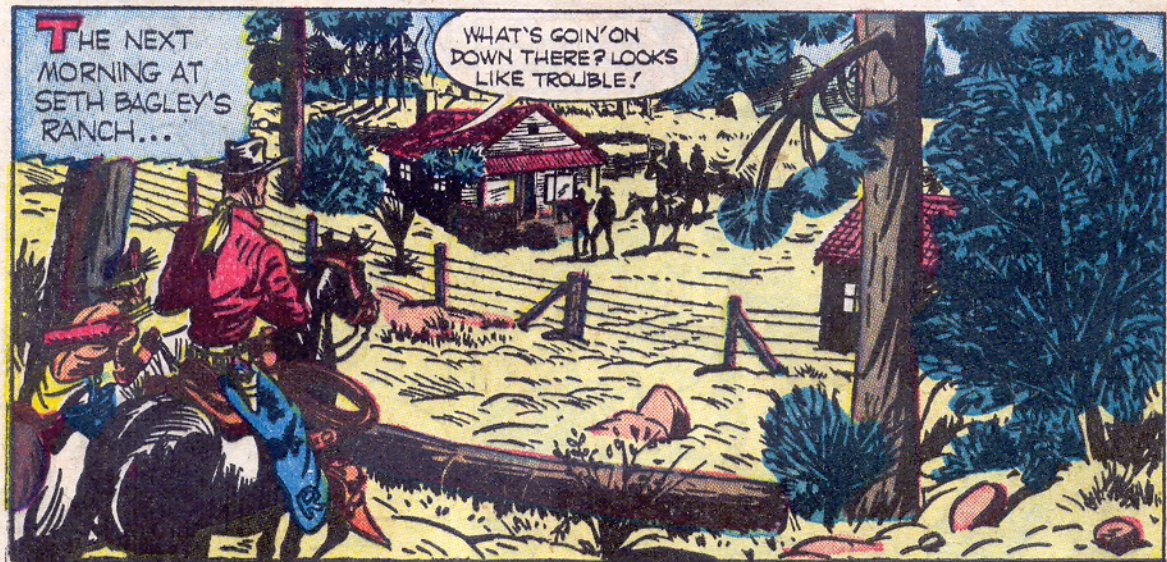
OH, I AIN'T WORRIED!
YOU'LL PAY ME BACK...
ONE WAY OR 'T OTHER!

I WONDER WHAT DORN'S
ANGLE IS, LITTLE BEAVER, NEVER
KNOWN HIM TO BE SO FREE AN'
EASY BEFORE!



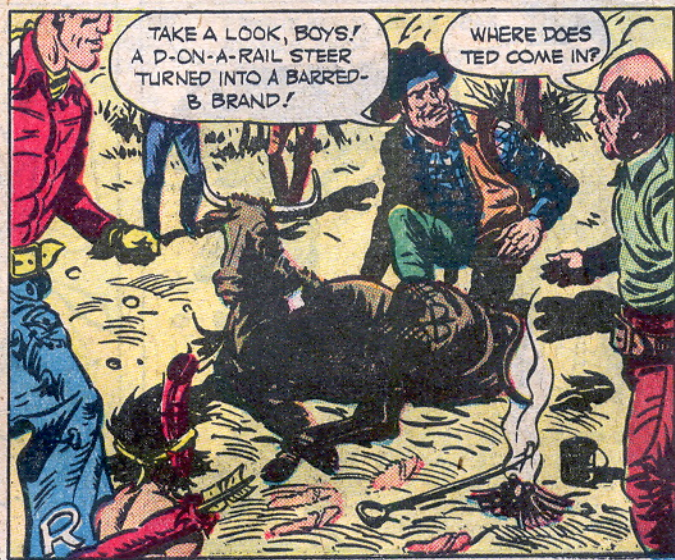
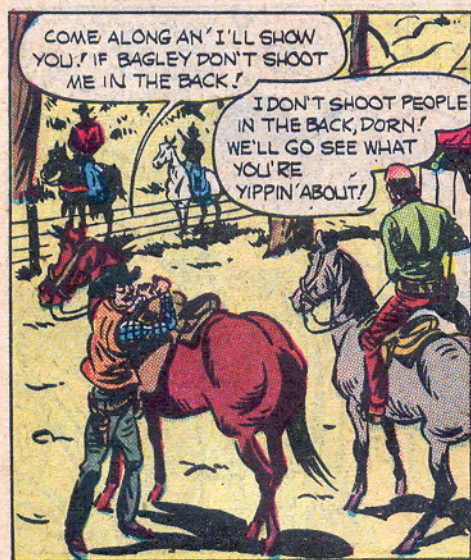
WELL, I DONE MY GOOD
DEED FOR TODAY... I'M
SHOVIN' OFF!

I GOT
TO STAY IN
TOWN, DORN!
SEE YOU
LATER!



THE NEXT
MORNING AT
SETH BAGLEY'S
RANCH...

WHAT'S GOIN' ON
DOWN THERE? LOOKS
LIKE TROUBLE!





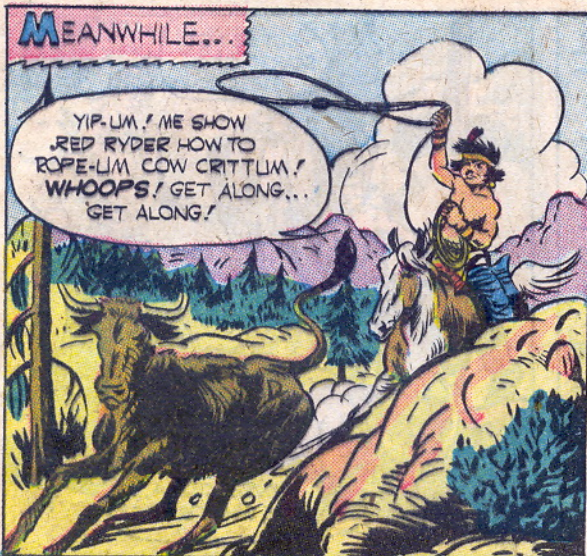


RIGHT AFTER THAT, I
WENT TO TOWN WITH RED...
AN' GAVE MY OLD BOOTS
TO YOUNG TED!

SO I COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN IN
THOSE BOOTS
WHEN TH' BRAND
WAS REHASHED!
YOUR BOY WAS
IN 'EM!

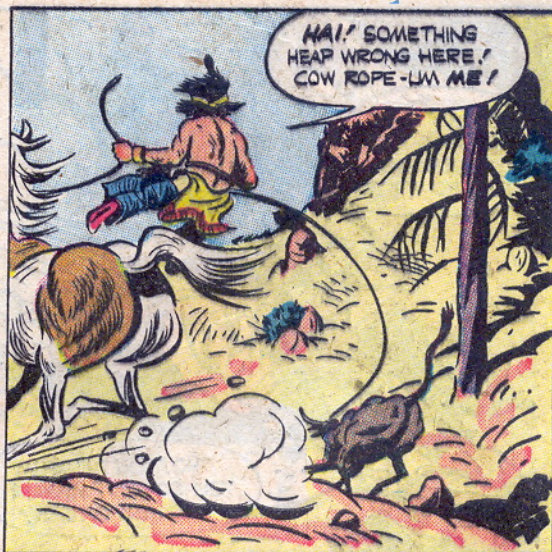


BUT I WON'T PRESS RUSTLIN'
CHARGES AGAINST TED... IF YOU'LL
SELL ME YOUR SPREAD, BAGLEY?
I NEED YOUR WATER! BUT THE PRICE
HAS DROPPED TO FIVE THOUSAND!

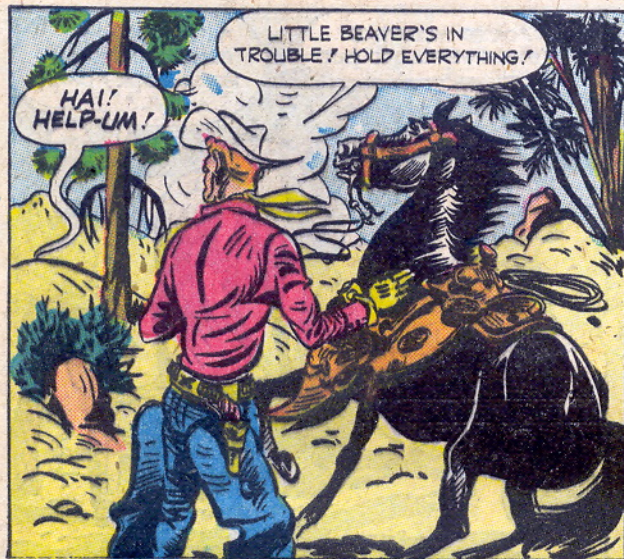


MEANWHILE...

YIP-UM! ME SHOW
RED RYDER HOW TO
ROPE-UM COW CRITTUM!
WHOOOPS! GET ALONG...
GET ALONG!

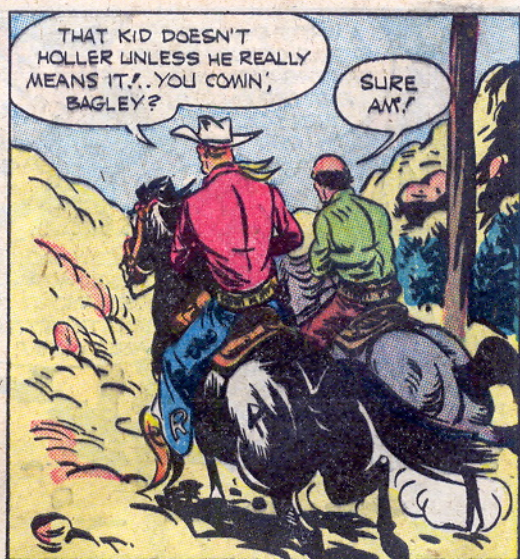


HAI! SOMETHING
HEAP WRONG HERE!
COW ROPE-UM ME!



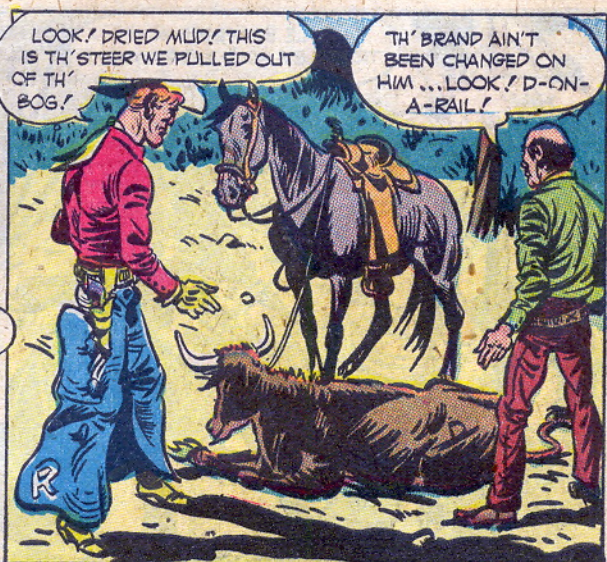
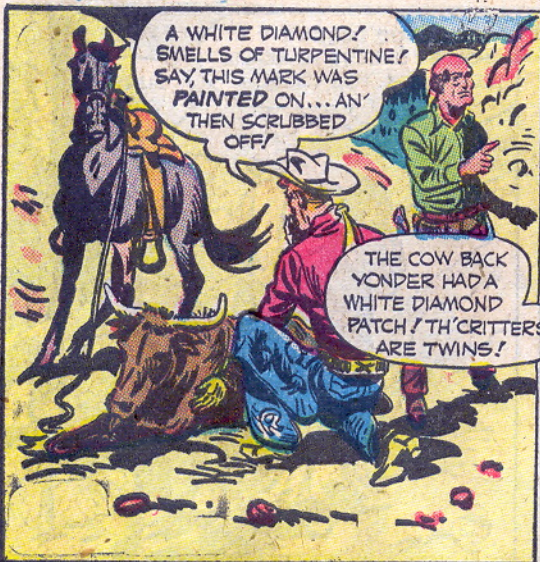
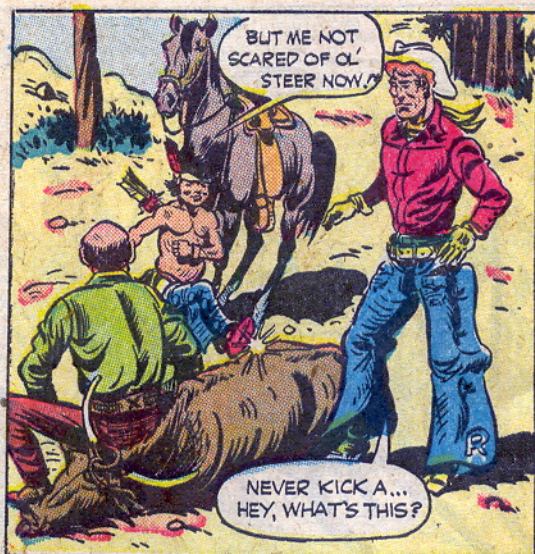
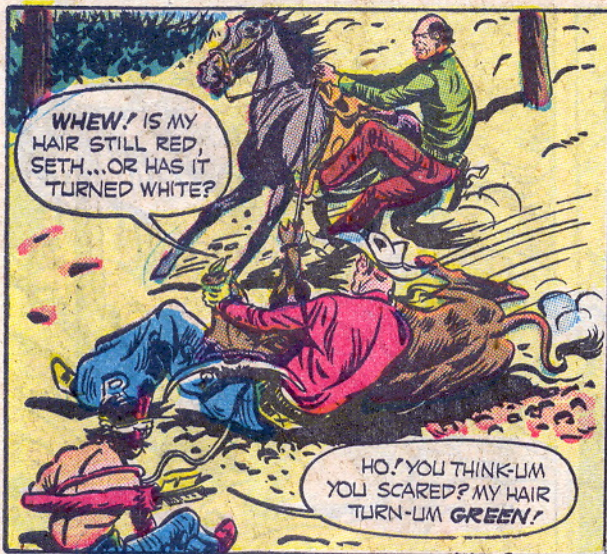
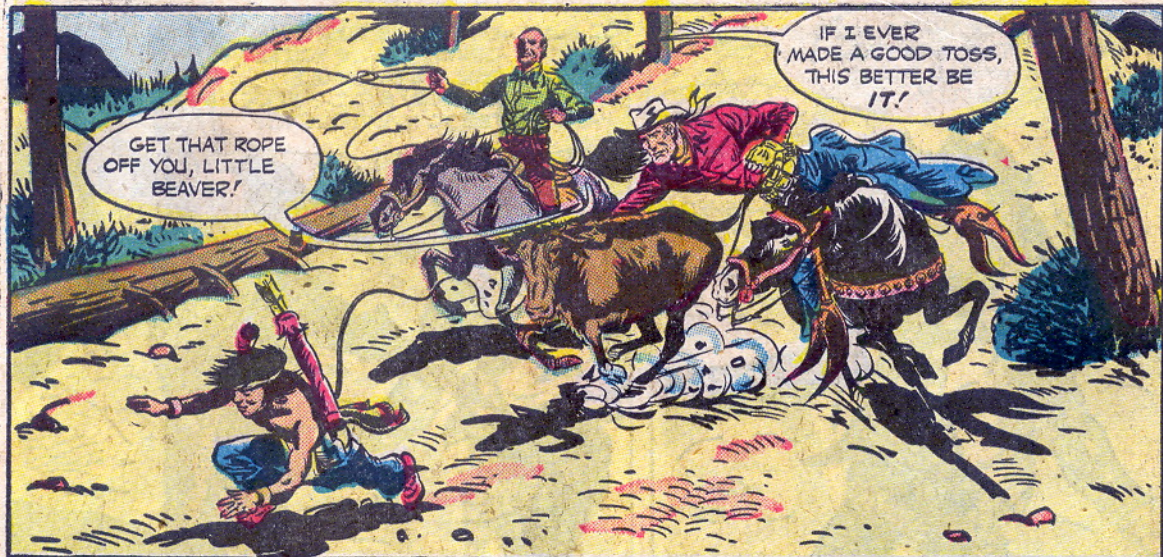
LITTLE BEAVER'S IN
TROUBLE! HOLD EVERYTHING!

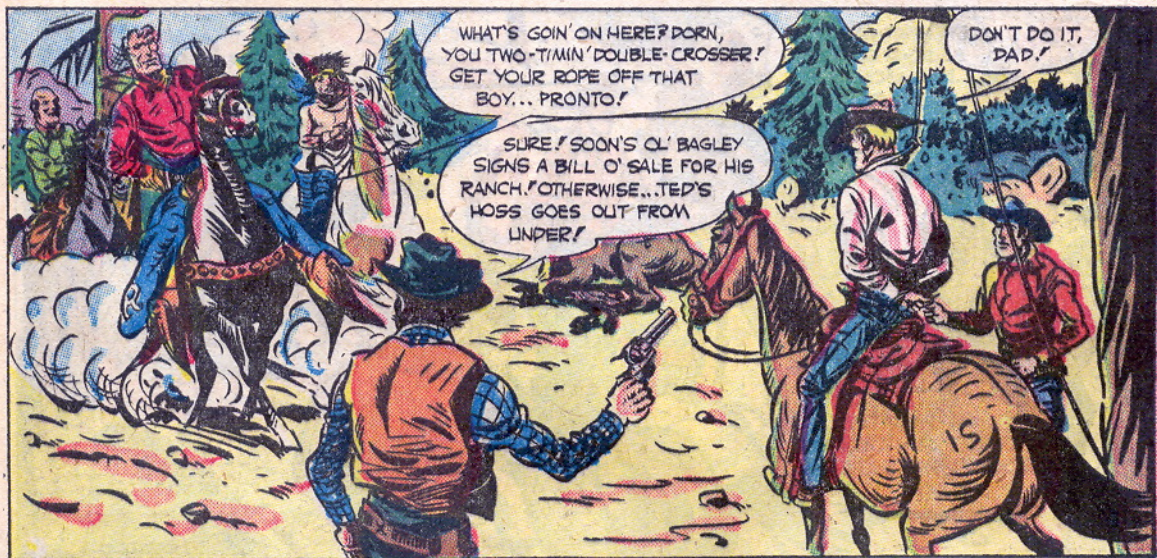
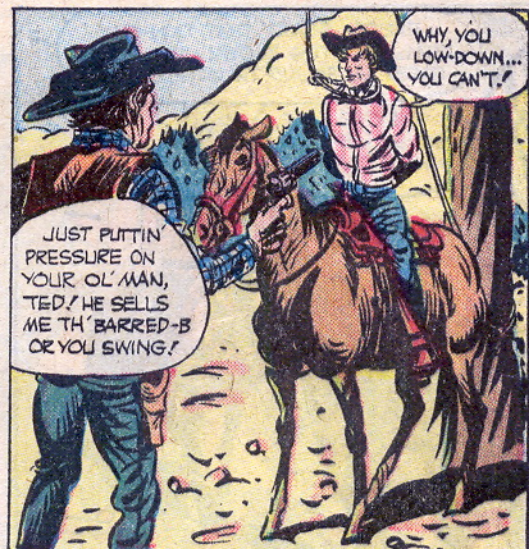
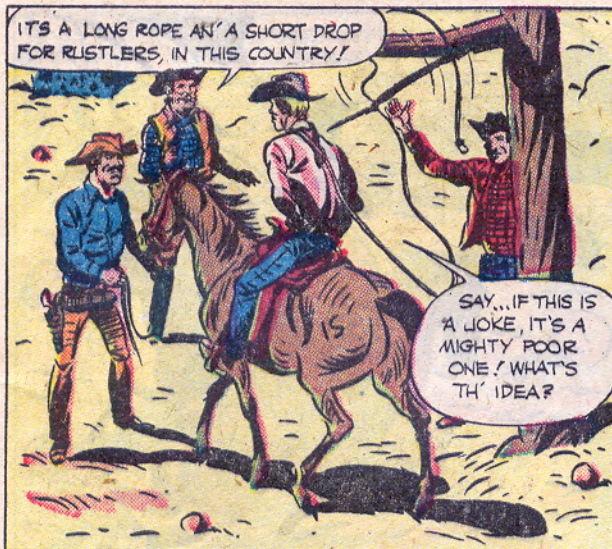
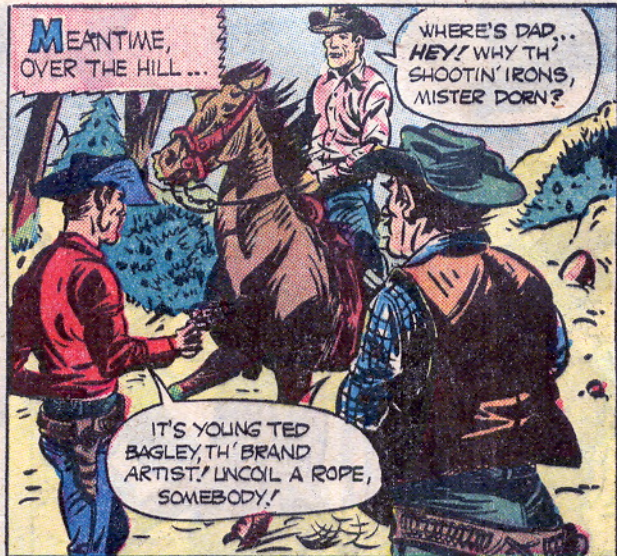
HAI!
HELP-UM!

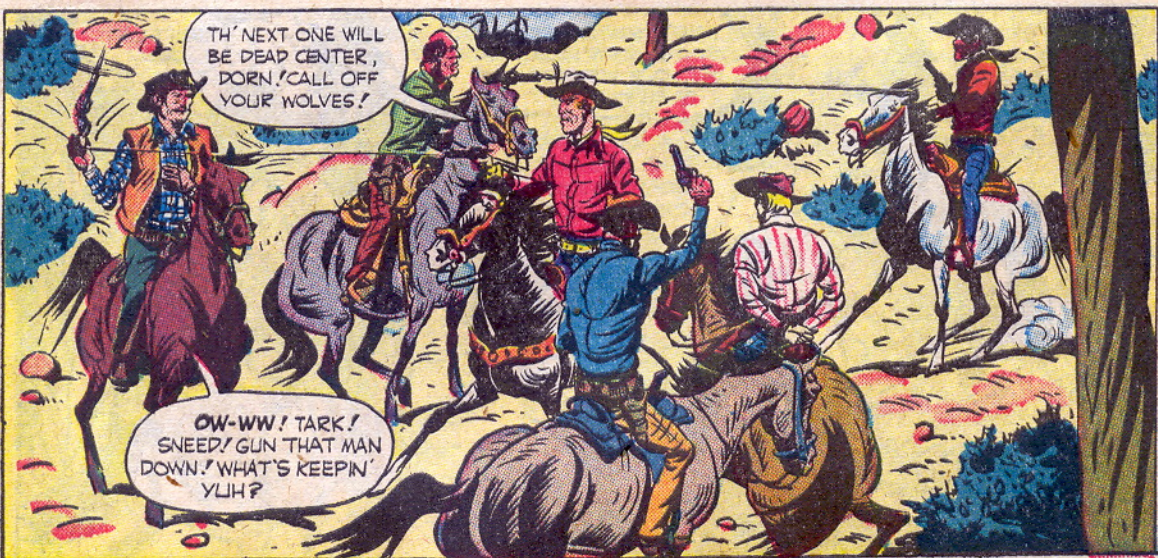
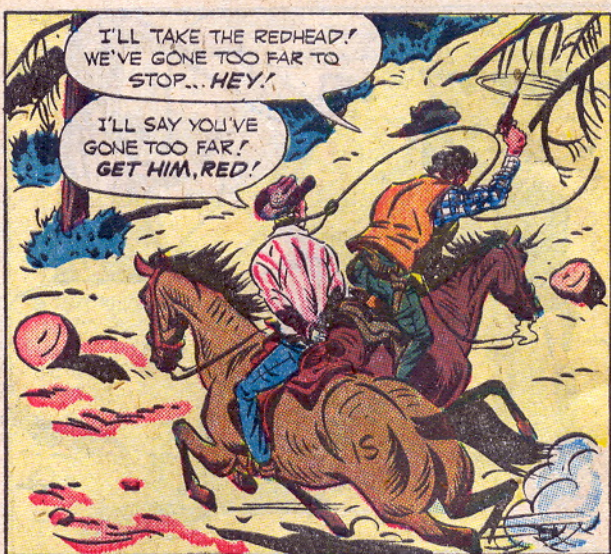
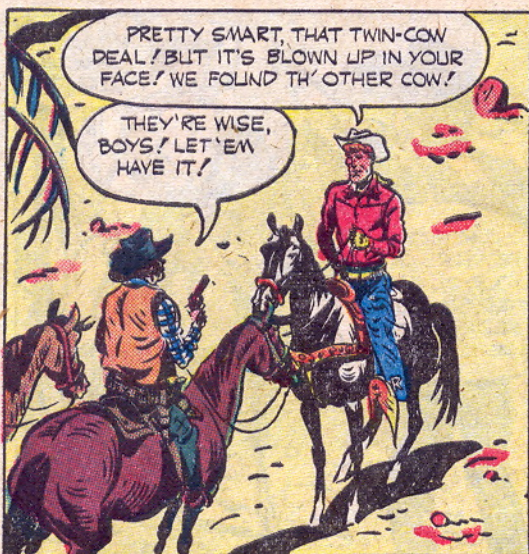
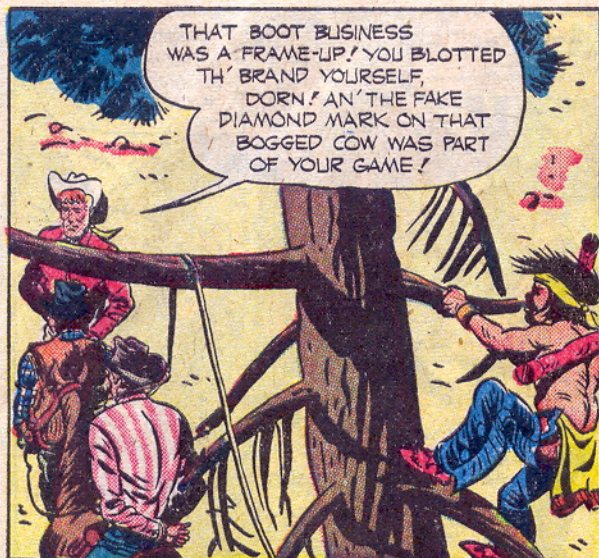


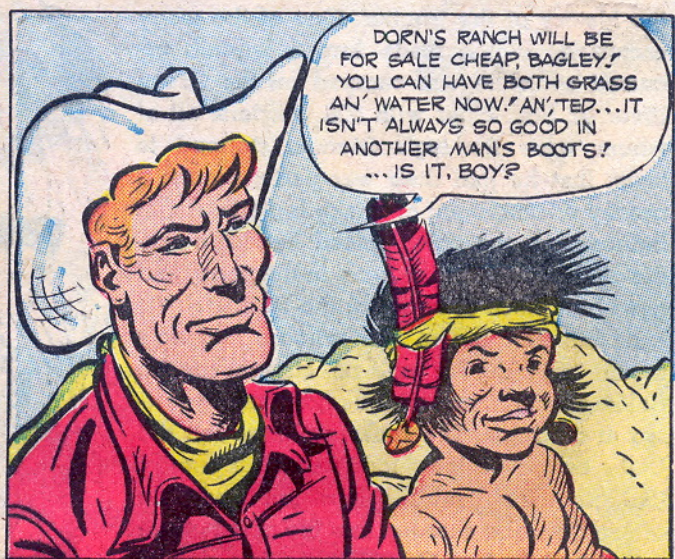
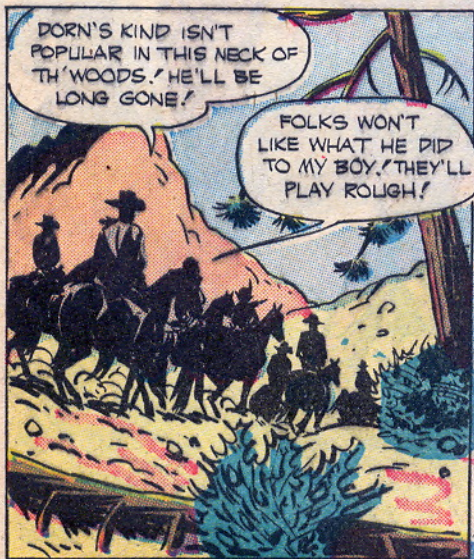
THAT KID DOESN'T
HOLLER UNLESS HE REALLY
MEANS IT... YOU COWIN',
BAGLEY?

SURE
ANY!









Peg-leg's Runaway Fight



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WESTERN PRINTING & LITHO. CO.

Peg-leg Smith was a Rocky Mountain man, fighter, adventurer, and one of the most colorful figures the early West ever knew. It was said that Peg-leg was "domesticated among the painted warriors of the buffalo grounds," and that they gave him the name "Terry-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone," which is Utah for "good friend."

Almost any of Peg-leg's unusual adventures would contribute an exciting chapter to the history of the frontier. One of the many escapades which made him a legend, occurred while he was camped on the Green River. A Utah chief with 600 warriors, all of whom were Peg-leg's friends, stopped to insist that he join their war party against a nearby encampment of Snake Indians. As an inducement, the chief placed Peg-leg's saddle on the finest Indian pony in the party, and gave him place of honor in the lead.

At the first Indian war whoop, Peg-leg's mount "took the bit" and ran straight for the Snake encampment, with its rider vainly sawing at the reins. The runaway horse left the Utahs behind with a sudden spurt of energy that only the uncontrollable mount is capable of exerting, and charged into the midst of the astonished Snakes. Grabbing the war club of

a Snake Chief, the frightened Peg-leg swung it with such ferocity that the Snakes became panic-stricken at the strange onslaught and almost immediately took to their heels.

From that eventful day on, the peg-legged Terry-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone was known among the plains Indians as the "bravest of the braves," a compliment that even the most daring Indian warrior would have difficulty in acquiring.



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"SPARK UP if you want to be a Catcher!"

SAID "YOGI" BERRA,

star catcher, New York Yankees

"YOGI" BERRA SHOWED ME
A CHAMPION CATCHER NEEDS
PLENTY OF SKILL --- BUT
SPARK IS REALLY
IMPORTANT TOO!



GET BETWEEN THE RUNNER
AND THE PLATE LIKE I
SHOWED YOU. YOU GOTTA
HAVE MORE **SPARK**,
TOO!



GET PROPER REST AND FOOD! BREAKFAST IS
IMPORTANT SO I CHOOSE ENERGY
FOODS LIKE WHEATIES. I COUNT
ON THEM FOR **SPARK**!

I SURE LIKE
WHEATIES!



NOW YOU'RE
SPARKIN'!

GOT HIM! WHEATIES
REALLY HELP ME
SPARK!



SPARK UP WITH **WHEATIES!**

"Breakfast of Champions"

THERE'S A WHOLE KERNEL
OF WHEAT IN EVERY
WHEATIES FLAKE



- ★ WHOLE WHEAT FOR GROWTH
- ★ WHOLE WHEAT FOR STAMINA
- ★ WHOLE WHEAT FOR RED BLOOD

