

DELL

10¢

*The Flying A's*

# RANGE RIDER



# THE GREATEST PURSE WINNER OF ALL TIME



The greatest money winner of all time in the way of hot horses was neither Chorus nor Ibis or War but an unassuming youngster whose name is being given longingly. Only the rider's name would remembered. Chorus has shown us what that sport the demoralized life in race pony's claim to fame actually mean about through his champion!

Pony Joe Huston was a Pony the great rider who covered the west and top of the rough two thousand mile route between St. Joseph, Missouri, and San Francisco. He rode almost daily across wild Indian country established by whites.

One day in 1883 while going through the rugged Snake River wilderness near present-day Anahe, Nevada, Pony Joe's favorite training stumbled and fell to its knees. In repairing its feet, the horse looked upon a peculiar mark that caught the eye of its rider.

Carrying the rock in his saddlebag Pony Joe showed it to an assayer in Virginia City. The rock assayed an extraordinarily high silver content.

Outright news of the silver spread like a prairie fire. California, 'big game' as well as prospectors from all over the country stampeded toward the Snake River drainage. Not even had the great gold fields the fabulous amounts that resulted from the Great Nevada Rush!

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The Flying A's  
**RANGE RIDER**

— THE SECRET OF THE LEDGE

I KNOW THERE'S  
 THAT THE TOP  
 RANGE RIDER AND  
 HIS HORSE!  
 IF THEY GO IN  
 THEY COULD  
 KNOW OF THE  
 SECRET! I  
 I'LL BRING  
 THEM OFF  
 ABOUT NOW!

AND YOUR  
 HORSE, YOU  
 WILL TRY  
 THEM BY  
 SURPRISE  
 WHEN THEY  
 GET NEAR!  
 IF YOU  
 KNOW HOW  
 THEY ABOUT  
 GET ABOUT!

IT'S EARLY MORNING AND  
 RANGE RIDER HAS JUST  
 RIDDEN INTO THE TOWN!

WELL, IT'S  
 EARLY MORNING!

WELL, IT'S  
 EARLY MORNING!

IT'S NOT NICE  
 TO FIGHT OVER  
 NOTHING!

IN A FLASH, RANGE RIDER AND HIS  
 GANG WERE ON THE STRANGE...

THEY'RE ALL  
 JUST IN GOOD  
 FOR A JOE LIKE  
 THIS MAN, BUT!

PROOF!



**A NEW UNUSUAL SLEAZE**



**MISSUS'Y' LARRY WILD AND CLAYTON CARRISBYR' JUMP STARTIN'...**









WELL, WELL, WELLS! SHERIFF! I'VE GOT A HAND TO...





HOLD IT, DICK! THAT'S BETTER!  
WELL, THE MORE YOU SEE ABOUT ME  
UP ON TV, THE MORE BACK YOU'LL BE  
GOTT' TALK TO ME. I'VE GOT A  
MORON THAT WANT'S TO GET UP  
EVENING!



WHY DO I  
NEED YOU  
LATELY?

AT THE BEST  
OF THE TWO  
LITTLE BOYS  
TALKED TO?



WELL, THAT'S BETTER ABOUT  
BACK OF YOU, DICK!



THEY'VE FINALLY GOTTEN THERE!



WE NEED TO BE READY  
TODAY THAT OLD GUY!









I'LL TRY TO  
GET UP AND  
GET AWAY FROM  
OF HERE!  
MY BELT  
WILL DO  
THE TRICK!



THIS OBJECT  
IS VERY USEFUL!

HOW TO USE WHAT  
THOSE LAWYERS  
TOLD ME  
OF IT!



THE SHERIFF WILL FOR  
GET TO GET AWAY FROM  
HERE! MY BELT  
WILL DO THE TRICK!  
UP TO GO AND GO!

LET'S GET  
DOWN TO  
BUSINESS,  
BOSS!

YES! THAT'S  
THE NEXT MOVE.  
PETER'S!

THE NEXT ONE WILL  
BE A REALLY BIG ONE  
— AND I'LL BE  
GUY GARY!



**PREVIOUSLY AT THE RIVERBEND**



WOW A WINDY  
PRETTY MESS!  
LET MEET THEM  
IMPORTANT  
NEWS!



I TALKED TO THEM!  
HE SAID HIS PETS  
ARE PULLING  
SOMEHOW! HOP ON  
TOD AFTERNOON!

THIS TIME WE'LL  
BE READY FOR  
YOUR WAGON  
LASH OUT  
FROM HEAVY!



GET BACK IF YOU  
WANT THEY HAVE  
A MESSAGE  
ABOUT YOUR  
WAGON!



YES - I THINK I'VE  
DISCOVERED HOW THEY  
OPERATE! COME ON -  
I'LL SHOW YOU!

**THEY ARRIVE UP THE CANYON...**



I DON'T GET IT, THESE ROCKS!  
THESE LOOK LIKE THESE HORSES!  
BUT HOW COULD THEY GET UP  
WITHOUT HELPING?

I FOUND THEM! ARE YOU GOING  
TO GET UP FROM ACHER'S  
FLAT? THE WAY WE CLIMB -  
THROUGH THE CANYON AND OVER  
THIS TRAIL - IS ONE! THE OTHER  
BRIDGE IS ABOUT A MILE BACK OF  
HERE AND JUNGLES OVER THE TOP  
OF THAT HILL! THAT'S THE WAY  
THEY MUST HAVE COME!







THAT THE CLERY UP TO THE TOP, BOSS! WE'LL FOLLOW AND PULL UP THE LOGS!



BOSS! THIS THING'S HEAVY!



HEAR! WE'LL ALL BE ABLE TO ENTER AFTER THE JOB!



A CLEAN GETAWAY, BOSS!

WAS BET TO HANG IT TO PETER! LET'S SMART!



COOF!

UGH!



SOME THING'S WRONG IN THERE!

WHAP!

POW!







WORDSMAN'S DRAWING

Mace Greenhaw turned to look behind him once more. It must have been the tenth time in the last fifteen minutes. Then he looked forward again and spured his big steed, with a dry exhaled spot among bushes and rocks. Here, on the low hills bordering the desert, he could get a wide view of the country he had just crossed.

As his horse nibbled straw a short way off, Mace once again looked out nervously down at the desert. Each time he looked, he expected to see the lone figure of Clay John, who riding slowly, reluctantly, after him.

Mace's thoughts went back once again to the strange sequence of events that had led up to this moment. The killing of a man at Tucson. Mace arrested as the killer and escaping by the skin of his teeth, the running, the talking out, the dodging of lawmen... and especially, the dodging of Clay Johnson, Sheriff of Tucson.

Mace sank to the ground as he thought back. Johnson was insisting he would never quit until he had his man. Mace had caught a glimpse of him in the last small view down he had passed through, and he knew Johnson was still hot on his trail.

Again Mace looked out through the bushes. His eyes widened and he gulped nervously. This time there was something to see... the

lone black figure of a horse and rider just starting to cross the desert—Johnson!

Mace stumbled to his horse, fed him anxiously out of sight and removed a long rifle from the shaft. He pulled his kerchief up over his nose, for a wind was rising, sending the sand on the desert blow. Then he settled himself behind the bushes and waited.

Soon the shaft was halfway across the expanse with a small dark figure in the shadowing heat of the desert.

Mace gripped the trigger, then leveled his rifle at the shaft. He didn't really want to do it. What good would it do? It would mean more running and more hiding. But he had no choice. It was his job. Mace aimed at the badge! "

Suddenly, the whole desert seemed to disappear in a great swirling wall of dust. The wind had increased sharply. The figure of Johnson was gone and nothing but a vast grey cloud confronted Mace. He swung his rifle around to cover the trail, where Johnson should appear.

It seemed like an eternity while Mace waited and the dust storm blew unceasingly across the desert. Then, out of the wall of dust the form of Johnson took shape on foot, leaning his horse. He was on the trail, only yards away. Mace aimed at him. How could he miss? But he couldn't do it. He lowered the rifle.

Mace ducked low, hoping Johnson would not see him, but in the next instant the sheriff's gun was out, aimed at Mace.

"Hello Mace!" Johnson muttered through dry cracked lips.

Mace said nothing.

"Here on your trail for quite a while!" the sheriff continued. "Been trying to get word to you? Figured it was my duty!" Suddenly, Johnson was putting his gun away as Mace stared bewildered.

"You see, Mace," Johnson went on, "We found the real killer back in Tucson. But you had no way of knowing till I found you!" Johnson's eyes fell to Mace's rifle on the ground.

"Mind I... I shoot!" Mace was trying to explain. Johnson interrupted: "I know! But perhaps that's why I want an answer so soon? I know killers, Mace... and you're not one of them!"

# SAGEBRUSH STORIES



## THE ARRIVAL

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*When Justice, Justice Done  
Unconquerably Falls Upon  
Sins of Men, What Then  
The Lord of the Land, Holds  
By the Power of His Arm.*

IT'S THE WAY  
THE MARRIAGE STORY  
WAS TOLD TO ME  
"WELL" WENT OUT IN  
TOWN TODAY!

WELL, WHAT MARRIAGE?  
HE DON'T TELL MEY!  
I'VE HAD TO DEAL WITH  
EVER SEEN MEY?

AND ALL I KNOW  
ABOUT YOU IS YOU  
BUT A REVOLUTION  
NOT BEING REAL  
THOUGHT!

WELL, I'VE BEEN TO  
SINCE IN THIS TOWN YOU  
SURE ABOUT... AND  
OF LIKE IT HERE... THE  
PROBLEM ARE EVERY  
I'VE ON OTHER...

SO DON'T  
WORRY, NO  
THE MARRIAGE  
WAS ON  
THE WAY

HEY MARRIAGE! HERE  
COMES THE STORY!  
LET'S GO TO  
THE MARRIAGE!

IT'S BEEN A FEARFUL  
LADDER! ALL CERTAINLY  
SURELY YOU LOVE  
BE TOLD BY  
MARRIAGE!

WELL, I SURE THAT  
WILL BE THE STORY!  
WELL, I'VE BEEN  
TO SINCE IN THIS  
TOWN YOU SURE  
ABOUT...









# The Flying A's RANGE RIDER

## THE GOLDEN ERROR

AT LAST! EVERY ONE DOWN THE ROAD INTO THE TOWN OF WESTBROOK LAST YEAR WAS PARTNER OF THE SALES...



PULL UP HERE! WON'T YOU  
WHERE I WANT A NIGHT  
CUT TO JOE, BEHIND?  
(GRIN)

WHA, THREE,  
BOY!



WHY DON'T YOU HEAD INTO  
WESTBROOK AND BUY FOR  
ME AT THE STORE? I'LL  
WAL YOU DOWN THE  
TOWN!

Easy  
with me!



HAVE A GOOD TIME -  
AND SAY HELLO TO  
JOE FOR ME!



At last  
easy...

That is good because!  
I'll be in! Don't take  
hell, it'll be easy  
travelling!



WHA! I SHOULD  
HAVE TRIED ANOTHER  
SPOT, THE FOOTING  
WASN'T TOO  
SECURE!



BOY AND  
HORSEMAN AT  
DANGER OF  
FALLING!



THE FORCE OF BOY'S  
ARMED HORSEMAN LOOK  
AND HORSEMAN FALLING  
BOY'S HORSE OUT OF  
THE SADDLE...



BOY AND  
HORSEMAN ARE  
FALLING DOWN  
THE HILL!



AND THE BOY'S HORSE GALLOPS OFF TO THE LEFT!

I MUST BE WEIRD!  
THAT  
LOOKS LIKE  
GOLD DOLL!



IT CAN'T BE! AND  
IT LOOKS LIKE GOLD!  
I'LL LEAN ON MY  
SADDLEBAGS AND HAVE  
IT DELIVERED BY  
WESTCOCKS  
TOMORROW!

AMAZINGLY, PARTS OF THE CANYON  
SAVE BEING APPROX. 2000 AND  
SPOILING FOR FRODO...

LOOK! SOMEBODY'S  
COMING UP THE CANYON!  
ALONG AN OLD SHAD  
SUNSHINE ROAD  
ESTING AWAY!

IT'S THE SANDY  
BIRD! THAT WILL  
BE A PLEASANT  
TALK COME!



ALONGSIDE LATER...

YOU'VE TRY ANYTHING  
WELL, FRODO?  
AND GARY?

IT'LL TAKE  
ME GUY!



WELL, GUY! UP TO YOUR OLD FRODO  
WELL, I WOULD LOVE TO KNOW THAT  
YOUR FRODO IN THE PROFESSIONAL ABOUT  
WELL, YOU'VE GOT A LITTLE!

I LEAPED  
HARD, GUY!  
WELL!



SEE  
WHAT I  
MEAN!



LOOK! A NEW GUY WELL  
OF YOU! LET GUY, THAT  
WELL, A GUY IN THE  
MADNESS! ABOUT  
THAT'S GUY!



THAT'S GUY IS ABOUT  
YOUR GUY, I SAID  
WELL, I'LL GO WITH  
GUY, GUY!



WHILE THE COOLERS STAYED OUT  
THE GOLD, THEY CAREFULLY EXAMINED  
CONSPIROUSLY...















STOCKY  
STOCKY  
STOCKY  
STOCKY  
STOCKY  
STOCKY





A PLEDGE



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 T - **TARZAN**  
 BS - **BETTY BOOP**  
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