

DELL  
COMIC

The Flying A's

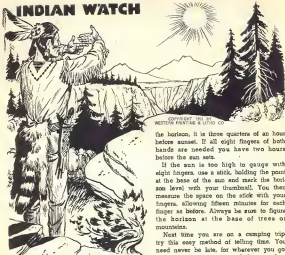
NOV-DEC 1964

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# RANGE RIDER



# INDIAN WATCH



Have you ever wondered how the Indian tells the time of day when he is on a wilderness trail and wishes to determine whether he can reach his village before sunset? He can accurately gauge the time within a few minutes, and he does not have to refer to a white man's watch; in fact, he doesn't even carry a watch.

Facing the afternoon sun, he extends his arms forward with the palms turned inward at right angles to the wrists, as illustrated in the drawing above. Then, with thumbs raised upward, he fills in the space between the base of the sun, and the horizon with the necessary number of fingers. Each finger counts as fifteen minutes.

Therefore, if only three fingers of one hand fill in the space between the base of

the horizon, it is three quarters of an hour before sunset. If all eight fingers of both hands are needed you have two hours before the sun sets.

If the sun is too high to gauge with eight fingers, use a stick, holding the point at the base of the sun and mark the horizon level with your thumb nail. You then measure the space on the stick with your fingers, allowing fifteen minutes for each finger as before. Always be sure to figure the horizon at the base of trees or mountains.

Next time you are on a camping trip, try this easy method of telling time. You need never be late, for wherever you go, you can always take your Indian watch.



# RANGE RIDER

and  
DICK  
WEST

**A TWISTED  
TRAIL**

LOOK, RANGE RIDER! EVERY  
WAGON? PIONEERS? AREN'T THEY?

YES, DICK! BUT RIGHT  
NOW I'M MORE INTERESTED  
IN THE TOWN OF SPOILED  
YONDER. WHERE BARBERS AND  
I WILL BOTH BE GLAD TO  
GET 'EM OF THESE  
BADDIES!



I'LL BREATHE SMOKE, TOO  
WHEN THAT GUN IN JOHN  
HALEY'S HANDS IS BEING  
ACTED FROM WITHIN—  
FOR TRUBLE!

WELL, WE  
CAN'T STOP  
LOOKING FOR  
IT... YET!



HHMM... THAT LOOKS  
LIKE THE PALE BARON  
DECEASED. BETTER  
WAGE GUESS, THOUGH!



YOU GUESS, BROTHER'S BEEN  
TURNING OFF THE BLOTT GANG TO  
THE GOLD SUFFRAGE NIGHT HAVE SENT  
THEIR WORD WE WERE BENDING THE ONE!



BUT YOU'VE GOT NO  
PROOF ANYBODY'S  
TIPPED THEM OFF!

IT'S THE ONLY  
WAY THEY COULD  
KNOW!



WE DREW A BLANK AT THE OTHER END! PLACING WE'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK HERE!

I HOPE SO... FOR JOHN'S SAKE! HE'S SUCH A SQUARE HONEST!

REDDING BANK



FROM THE HEFT O' THOSE SADDLEBAGS THERE'S NO MISTAKE! WHAT'S IN 'EM!

FRONTIER CAFE



POKE! KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED AND YOUR GUN READY! THE NEXT SIX FEET MAY PROVE A BITE UNHEALTHY!

REDDING BANK

I'M SET! LET'S GO!



THEY'RE HERE NOW! JUST GOIN' INTO 'THE BANK'!

THEN SUPPOSE WE ANGLE OVER THAT WAY! MUST BE REAL INTERESTING!



I'LL GO ON AHEAD! SEE HOW THE LAND LIES! IF THERE'S A CROWD INSIDE, WE'LL WAIT TILL IT THINS OUT!

FRONTIER CAFE



I'M SURE GRATEFUL TO YOU BOYS! IF THIS LOT HAD BEEN STOLEN, I'D HAVE HAD TO CLOSE MY DOORS (AS IT IS, I'VE HAD A TUGH TIME STAYING OFF A RUN!





AT THE RANGE ROBBY'S SUPPER ROVE  
RANDOLPHUM BREAKS LOOSE!













SHERIFF HATED TO DO THAT, SHERIFF! BUT I'VE GOT TO HELP THE RANGE RIDER RUN DOWN A COUPLE OF OUTLAWS!



SO THAT'S THE RANGE RIDER! THEN I'VE GOTTA' FIGHT WITH HIM ON THE JOB. THOSE OUTLAWS AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!



LOOKS LIKE THEY BEAT YOU THE SLIP RANGE RIDER! NO SIGN OF THEM UP AHEAD!

THERE'S PLENTY OF GRASS IF YOU READ THEIR SIGNS!



SEE THOSE DUST PUFFS, PICKS TWO RIDERS CAME THIS WAY EARLY AND ONLY MINUTES AGO!



BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW THEY WERE THE BANDITS?

ONLY LAMMER OR CRENSHAW WOULD USE THIS ROUTE IN THIS HEAT! THEY WERE BLOUNT AND HIS PAL ALL RIGHT, AND...



WHY? YOU KNOW WHO THEY WERE? JUST FROM THOSE HOOFPRINTS!

NEEDN'T! THE CASHIER IDENTIFIED THE LEADER! REMEMBER? HE CALLED "BLOUNT" JUST BEFORE HE WAS SHOT!





WHAT WAS THAT?

I DROPPED A BULLET! BUT I DON'T SEE IT! MUSTA ROLLED INTO A CRACK!



DON'T WASTE TIME LOOKING FOR IT! COME ON! MURDER YOUR HORSE! ONE WHINNY AND WE'LL REALLY BE IN TROUBLE!



NOW WHAT?

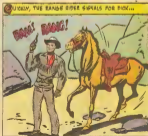
YOU LOOK FOR A CLUE AROUND THESE TREES! I'LL TAKE A LOOKUP IN THOSE Boulders!



UH-OH! SOMETHING SHINY OVER THERE! LOOKS LIKE METAL!



AN IMPURE BULLET COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THIS LONG! NOT EVEN DUSTY! PROBABLY DROPPED WHEN BLOUNT'S PAW BOUNDED!



LIVELY, THE BRASS RIDER SIGNALS FOR DICK...

BOOM! BOOM!





GYMMIE! AND FOOD!  
WONDER IF THEY'VE GOT  
ANY TO GRAB?

SUPPOSE WE FIND OUT?  
COWBOY! I'LL DO THE  
TALKING! YOU KEEP  
YOUR GUN READY!



HOWDY! WE'VE BEEN IN  
THE SADDLE SINCE DAWN!  
TEARING A PAIR OF SANDY!  
WEND IF WE SHARE YOUR  
FIRE... AND THAT S-SAND-  
SWELLING STEW?

YOU ARE WELCOME  
TO BOTH! WE DO NOT  
TURN AWAY WEARY  
WAYFARERS! I AM  
JOSEF BALESKI!



GLAD TO KNOW YOU!  
I'VE NED BL... BLAH!  
AHE! LOW WHITLEY..  
'WANT' FOR SHOOT!  
YOU SEEN CAMPING  
HERE LONG?

ONLY AN HOUR OR  
SO! WE ARE ON OUR  
WAY TO THE ROMANY  
ENCAMPMENT NEAR  
SAN ANTONIO!



AND WHO ARE  
YOU CHINITAY?

MY NAME IS LERNA!  
BUT DO NOT TOUCH ME!  
I AM PROMISED TO  
FRANC AND...



SO WHAT?  
I... YEAH!

I WARNED  
YOU!





YOU! GET CLOTHES LIKE MINE FOR ME AND MY PALE! IF YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY GARDNER, WE'VE GOT TO LOOK LIKE THEM!



GET THE WORD, JOCKEY, AND I WILL TEAR HIM APART WITH MY BARE HANDS!

NO, FRANK! THAT WOULD SIGN LEAHY'S DEATH WARRANT! BE PATIENT! SOME OTHER WAY WILL PRESENT ITSELF!



SHORTLY AFTER SUNUP NEXT MORNING...

SAMUEL BEEBE! DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND...

SURE HAVE! BUT THOSE TRACKS ARE TWELVE HOURS OLD! KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN! THEY MAY BE CARRIED HEARD!



SOON! LOOK WHO'S COMIN'! THOSE TWO JACKIES FROM...

I SEE THEM! KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT AND YOUR GUN IN LEAHY'S SICK! YOU'LL GET RID OF THEM FRONTO!



GOOD MORNING! WE'VE TRACKED A COUPLE OF GILLES TO THESE PARTS! HAVE YOU SEEN ANY STRANGERS?

YES! LAST NIGHT! TWO MEN! WE GAVE THEM FOOD, WATER AND FRESH HORSES... IN TRAIL OF COLORED! THEY SOPE ON TO THE NORTH!









GODDAM, SUGGIN'! AFTER FOLLOWING THIS TWISTED TRAIL, I'M TOO TIRED TO BELIEVE!

# THE *Flying* **RANGE RIDER** *with* DICK *the* *Trail* **WEST**



IT'S DICK AND THE RANGE RIDER SPUR TOWARD THE RIDGE...



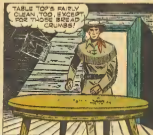
WIGHTY ODD-LOOKING JACK RABBITS!

A WIGHTY DEAD-LOOKING ONE YOU MEAN!











*ABOUT THIS TIME...*

SO SOON AS I WAS OUT OF  
BARSHOT, BOSS, I REALLY  
BURNED THE BRICKS!



FOR WHICH I OUGHT TO  
BURN YOU! WHY DIDN'T  
YOU BLAST THAT SUE OUT  
OF THEIR SADDLES WHILE  
YOU HAD THE CHANCE?

BECAUSE YOU TOLD  
ME NOT TO DO  
THINGS ON MY  
OWN HOOK?  
REMEMBER?

YES! BUT THE  
RANGE RIDER...  
CHUCK! IF HE  
TUMBLES TO OUR  
SETUP, WE'LL BE OUT  
OF BUSINESS IN  
A HURRY!

HANGS! IF I SEE HOW HE COULD GET  
WISE! THE WAY WE'RE SCATTERED  
ALL OVER THE MAP... ARIZONA... THIS  
RANCH... SPUD ROCK... AND LA MESA!



HE'S A MIGHTY SMART  
HORSE! AND I WON'T  
FEEL EASY UNTIL HE'S  
OUT OF THE WAY!

OKAY!  
YOU'RE THE  
BOSS!



HE'S SURE TO HEAD  
FOR SPUD ROCK WITH  
SIMPSON'S BODY!  
I'LL FIND HIM AN...

AND GET BACK  
BEFORE DARK!  
ANOTHER  
SHIPMENT'S  
COMING THROUGH!





HOLY SHAKES! THE BOYS  
ACROSS THE BORDER  
MUST BE WORKIN'  
DAY AN' NIGHT!

AND THEY'LL  
KEEP DOING IT  
AS LONG AS THE  
DEACON CAN  
DISPOSE OF THE  
STUFF! NOW  
MOVE!

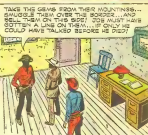


LATER, IN BOLD ROCK

I'M AS COMPUSED ABOUT THIS BREAD  
AND THE SHACK ANGLE AS YOU ARE,  
BOYS! BUT I'VE GOT A SLAYED  
GOOD IDEA WHY JOE WAS KILLED!



WE'VE BEEN WORKING WITH THE  
MEXICAN AUTHORITIES, TRYING TO  
ROUND UP A GANG OF JEWEL THIEVES!  
THEY BOB MEXICAN CHURCHES AND  
RICH HACIENDAS...

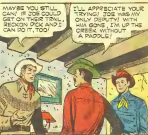


TAKE THE GEMS FROM THEIR MOUNTAINS...  
SMUGGLE THEM OVER THE BORDER...AND  
SELL THEM ON THIS SIDE? JOE MUST HAVE  
GOTTEN A LINE ON THEM...IF ONLY HE  
COULD HAVE TALKED BEFORE HE DIED!



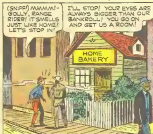
HAVEN'T YOU  
ANY IDEA  
WHAT HE  
MIGHT HAVE  
ROUND OUT?

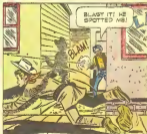
NO! HE LEFT HERE TWO  
DAYS AGO! SAID HE HAD  
A MUNCH! AND IF IT RANDED  
OUT, WE'D WIND UP THE  
CASE PRONTO!



MAYBE YOU STILL  
CAN! IF JOE COULD  
GET ON THEIR TAIL,  
BEGON PICK AND I  
CAN DO IT, TOO!

I'LL APPRECIATE YOUR  
TRYING! JOE WAS MY  
ONLY DEPUTY! WITH  
HWA GONE, I'M UP THE  
CREEK WITHOUT  
A PADDLE!











HE'S GONE!

LUCKY FOR HIM! ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES AN' I'D HAVE SUFFOCATED!



NONSENSE! NOW, TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, AND MAKE IT SHORT!

I WILL! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE BARN! BUT LET'S GO INTO THE SHOP! THEN IF ANYBODY COMES IN, I'LL PRETEND I'M BUYIN' SOMETHIN'!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

OF ALL THE STUPID TRICKS! TRYING TO ANGLE THE RANGE RIDER IN BROAD DAYLIGHT! SUPPOSE YOU'D SUCCEEDED? WED HAVE BEEN UP TO OUR EARS IN LAWREN!



IT WAS AL'S IDEA! HE--

I'M NOT INTERESTED! YOU TELL HIM TO LEAVE THE RANGE RIDER TO ME! AND NOT TO SEND ANY STONES IN TOMORROW'S DELIVERY!



OKAY! BUT AL ISN'T GON TO LIKE IT!

SO WHAT? HE CAN'T DEAL ME OUT OF THIS GAME! AT LEAST, NOT UNTIL HE FINDS SOMEBODY WHO BAKES THE KIND OF BREAD I DO!



I COULDN'T SWEAR THAT'S THE DRYSLOUCHER, BUT GREAT SCOTTY! IT'S CHUCK WILLIAMS! I SENT THAT HOWER'S BROTHER TO JAIL FIVE YEARS AGO!





NOW HOW DO HE KNOW I WANTED A HELP--- GREAT GUESS! RICCIARDITO PONENTE! EVEN I KNOW THAT MUCH SPANISH! THAT'S DICK WEST--- THE RANGE RIDER'S SOB-KID!



BEFORE YOU START ON THOSE PANS, RICCIARDITO, GET ME A FRESH TUB OF LARD FROM THE STOREROOM!



SI, SEÑOR! BUT THE STORE ROOM--- WHERE IS THAT?

OVER THERE! IT ISN'T LOCKED!

SI, SEÑOR!



GOOD!

CLUNK!



GOOD! HERE COMES CHUCK! WILL HE BE SURPRISED!



*15* NO MINUTES LATER.

YEAH! THAT'S THE WEST KID! WANT ME TO DUMP HIM IN THE WAGON?--

NO! I'LL KEEP HIM HERE AS BAIT FOR THE RANGE RIDER!



I DON'T SAVVY!

IT'S SIMPLE! WHEN WEST DOESN'T SHOW UP AFTER THE SHOP'S CLOSED FOR THE DAY, THE RANGE RIDER WILL COME LOOKING FOR HIM! AND WE'LL BE READY!



*AN HOUR BEFORE NOON*

LOOKS LIKE THE BAKERY'S CLOSED! BUT WHERE IN BLAZES IS DICK...? WHAT'S THIS?



THE SAME WHEEL TRACK WE FOUND AT THE DESERTED SHACK!



YOU FOOL! DO YOU WANT TO BEING THE WHOLE TOWN HERE? LET HIM GET INSIDE!



THIS HAS ALL THE EARMARKS OF A TRAP! BUT I'LL HAVE TO RISK IT!



*S*OETLY THE RANGE RIDER CALLS DICK'S NAME AND...

SOMEBODY'S IN THAT ROOM! MUST BE DICK! PROBABLY BOUND AND GAGGED!



TRY TO TAKE HIM WITHOUT SUNGLIN! THEN WE'LL SET THEM OUT TO MY PLACE AND FINISH THEM OFF!



GOSH, RANGE RIDER! HAVE I GOT NEWS! PERKINS AND CHUCK THOUGHT I WAS OUT COLD! THEY TALKED PLENTY!



THE JEWELS ARE SLIPPED TO AN HONKIE NAMED BRADFORD WHOSE DAIRY BUNCH IS RIGHT ON THE BORDER? HE SENDS THEM TO PERKINS IN MILK CAN TONS LIKE THIS!

I SUPPOSE CHUCK DRENED THE MILK WAGON?



RIGHT! PERKINS BAKES THE JEWELS IN LOAVES OF BREAD! NEXT DAY, CHUCK PICKS UP THIS BREAD AND, ON THE WAY BACK TO BRADFORD'S, LEAVES IT AT THE SHACK FOR THE 'FENCY' BOME SETUP, EH?



IT SURE IS! AND WE DON'T AIM TO LET ANYBODY SPOL IT! FEACH, GENTS!



OWW!

GET CHUCK, DICK! I'LL HANDLE THE OTHER TWO!



ALL NOW'S YOUR CHANCE! PLUS THEM!

NOTHING DONE! I'AM GETTING OUT OF HERE! IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL COME WITH ME!



WATCH OUT, BANGE RIDER!

