

DELL
COMIC

MAY - JUNE

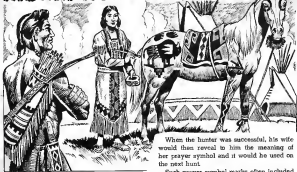
The Flying A's

10¢

RANGE RIDER



INDIAN HUNTING MARKS



The Plains Indian used painted symbols for his buffalo hunts just as he did when he went on the warpath. These were called hunting marks. They were different from the honor marks won in battle.

Usually the brave's pony was colorfully decorated for the hunt by the Indian's wife. This was done while he prepared his hunting equipment and took long sweet baths to destroy his man odor. Since the wife shared in the hunting honors won by her brave, she painted her own prayer symbol on his pony.

The prayer symbol painting was of great importance, since it was an appeal to the Great Spirit for fair hunting weather and a safe and successful return for the hunter.

If a brave met with mishap, or poor hunting luck, his wife's prayer symbol was blamed as ill-chosen, and it was never used again.

When the hunter was successful, his wife would then reveal to him the meaning of her prayer symbol and it would be used on the next hunt.

Such prayer symbol marks often included a painting of the sacred white buffalo. Also, stars of guidance were painted on the pony's front hooves, and his sight was sharpened with circles painted around his eyes. Arrows, symbolizing speed, decorated his legs, and he wore the painted tracks of the warrior's former kills.



BEAR TRACKS
(GOOD OMEN)



DEER TRACKS
(PLENTY GAME)



SACRED WHITE
BUFFALO FRAMED
BY SUN (PRAYER
FOR GOOD HUNTING)



STARS OF
GUIDANCE -
(TO GOOD
HUNTING)



The Flying A's

Range Rider

OR
THE FIREBRAND

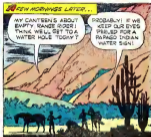
THE HERO OF
A SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA
TOWN...

ANY MAIL FOR
MR. RANGE RIDER?

NOT INDIVIDUALLY! BUT
YOURS INCLUDED IN
THIS ONE FROM
DON RIVERA!

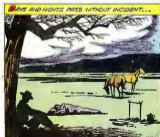
POST
OFFICE











THE RANGE RIDER AND BOB DESCEND
TOWARD THE SPRING PLATEAU...

WHAT IN
BLAZES!

DRY-GULCHERS ON
BOTH FLANKS! GET
DOWN! AND
MOVE!

BANG!

BOY! THIS IS
REALLY
RUNNING THE
GAUNTLET!

WE'RE OUT OF
RANGE! UP INTO
THE ROCKS
AFTER THEM!

WITH
PLEASURES!

AH! THE
BIG ONE
COMES!
I WILL
FIX HIM!

KRANG!

LACCO'S SHOT MISSES, BUT
LOOSENS A ROCK, AND...





OUT AS THE POISON DART
LEAVES THE BLOWGUN...



BICK TURNS...AND THE DART
GRAZES HIS CHEEK

WHAT THE
SAM HILL?



NEVER BEFORE HAS D'OU
BUSSID WITH THE BLOWGUN!
PERHAPS THE GODS DO NOT
WANT THAT ONE TO DIE!



BICK! WHAT'S
THE MATTER?

S-I DON'T...
OOOAH...!



HOLY HAT!
HE'S OUT
COOL!



I DON'T HEAR ANY
GUNSHOTS, BUT... THAT
SCRATCH! COULD IT...



THESE... ON THE GROUND! A
POISON
DART!





LUCKILY THIS DIDN'T REALLY
JAB DICK! BUT I'LL HAVE
TO WORK PLENTY FAST AT THAT



A LITTLE LATER...

GOSH, RANGE RIDER!
I'M SURE GLAD YOU
RECOGNIZED
THAT POISON!

I WASN'T
TOO SURE
OF IT!



BUT I FIGURED IT WAS EITHER CURARE
OR SNAKE VENOM! AND AS CURARE IS
BLACK...AND THIS WASN'T...
WELL...I USED VENOM
ANTIDOTE! AND IT
WORKED!

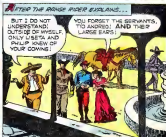
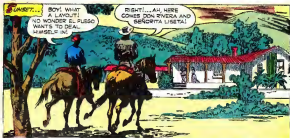


THANK GOODNESS!
I'M TOO YOUNG TO
DIE...! WHAT SAY
WE HEAD ON FOR
DON EVERETT'S?

OHAY...IF YOU
THINK YOU CAN
MAKE IT!



I'LL HAVE YOU
THE SOONER
WE'RE BACK IN
CIVILIZATION,
THE BETTER!





AND WHY SHOULD YOU? NONE OF THEM HAS BRAINS ENOUGH TO WORK WITH -- OH, I SEE WE HAVE VISITORS!

BT! SORRY RANGE RIDER AND SORRY DICK!... GENTLEMEN THIS IS PHILIP STODDARD, A DEAR FRIEND OF MY LATE NEPHEW. HE MAKES HIS HOME HERE! AND TAKES MANY DUTIES FROM MY Aching SHOULDERS!



GLAD TO KNOW YOU STODDARD!

SAME HERE, RANGE RIDER! I'VE BEEN CURIOUS TO SEE YOU TWO! I MUST SAY YOU DON'T LOOK TOO DANGEROUS!



DO NOT LET THEIR SMILES FOOL YOU, PHILIP! IN THEM, EL PUSO WILL MORE THAN MEET HIS MATCH!

THAT DEPENDS ON WHETHER THEY CAN USE THEIR HEADS AS WELL AS THEIR GLIMS. HE'S A VERY CLEVER MAN!



PHILIP! I HOPE YOU WILL BE DINING WITH US THIS EVENING?

SORRY! I TOLD RAJÓN GARCÍA I'D RIDE OVER FOR SOME FENCING! I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW AND HELP YOU PLAY HOST!



SORRY YOU WON'T BE AROUND TONIGHT, PHILIP! I WAS HOPING YOU COULD TELL US MORE ABOUT EL PUSO!

WHAT? OH... WELL, I'D BE GLAD TO, SOME OTHER TIME!





EL TURBO!

RIGHT! COME ON! WE DON'T WANT THESE VAGABONDS TO JUMP THE GUN!



REMEMBER, MANUEL! DON'T LET YOUR MEN MAKE A MOVE OR A SOUND UNTIL I GIVE THE SIGNAL!

DO NOT WORRY, SEÑOR! WE WILL WAIT!

THEY'RE GETTING RASHLY CLOSE, RANGE RIDER!

BUT NOT CLOSE ENOUGH! WE'LL WAIT TILL THEY'RE INSIDE THE WALL!



THE BANDITS THUNDER INTO THE BENCH YARD...

THE LEADER MUST BE EL TURBO!

PROBABLY!



AND SUDDENLY THE DEEP-SPLITTING GONCHER HAS WHOO-SPLITS THE AIR...

COME BLAZING, THE VAQUEROS STRIKE FROM HIDE...





GOOD! I'VE
GOT TO GET
THOSE VAGABONDS
MOVING!



HOLY HATS! LUCKY'LL HAVE TO
RUN LIKE THE WIND TO CATCH
UP WITH 'EM!





RANGE RIDER

BATTLE OF THE FREIGHT-LINES



One April morning in the high Sierras...







COMPANY!

AND ABOUT DONE
IN FROM THE
LOOKS OF HIM!



GOLLY, RANGE RIDER,
IS HE ...

HE'S ALIVE! BUT SUFFERING
FROM EXPOSURE AND COLD!
HEAT UP THE COFFEE!



A LITTLE LATER ...

I WAS OUT RIDING, HEADED
FOR BURNING WIDE WHEN
THE SNOW STACKE! I
THOUGHT I COULD MAKE IT ...



BUT A TRIP LINE KNOCKED ME OFF MY HORSE!
I WAS OUT COLD FOR A SPELL! RECKON MY
HORSE WENT RIGHT
ON TO THE
VILLAGE!



WHEN I CAME TO,
I STARTED
WALKING! SAW
THE CABIN!
AND HERE
I AM!

YOU'RE
LUCKY YOU
DIDN'T FREEZE
TO DEATH,
BUSTER!



BY THE WAY, MY NAME'S BATT
NORBY! I CAME UP HERE TO
TAKE OVER MY UNCLE TOM'S
FREIGHT LINE! HE DIED LAST
WEEK! LEFT IT TO ME! DO
YOU LIVE HERE ALL
YEAR ROUND?

NO! WE'RE ON VACATION! I'M
THE RANGE RIDER, AND THIS
IS MY SOB-KID, BOB! BEST! WE'RE
ON A FISHING
TRIP!



AW, GIVE IT, RANGE RIDER! YOU DIDN'T EXPECT SNOW, EITHER!

WHO DID... WELL, I'D BETTER GET GOING! THANKS FOR THE COFFEE AND...



WE'LL GET OUR HORSES AND GIVE YOU A LIFT TO TOWN!

THANKS! I WASN'T LOOKING FORWARD TO THE WALK!



Listen...

HOLD UP, RANGE RIDER! HERE'S UNCLE TOM'S HOUSE!

IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S INSIDE! THERE... AT THE WINDOW!



PROBABLY MRS. CODY, MY UNCLE'S HOUSEKEEPER! SHE SAID SHE'D WAIT UNTIL I GOT HERE!



MATT NOBODY! I'D ABOUT SHAM YOU UP!

NEVER DO THAT, MRS. CODY! I SEE YOU'RE READY TO LEAVE!



I'M CATCHING THE HEAT STAGE! IT'S TOO BAD WE COULDN'T KEEP YOUR UNCLE TOM'S FREIGHT LINE GOING TILL YOU GOT HERE! THE ORDER MADE THE LAST RUN YESTERDAY!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?





FIND SOMETHING, WATT?

A LETTER REMINDING THE HORRY FREIGHT LINE THE FRANCHISE RUNS OUT DAY AFTER TOMORROW! WE HAVE PRIORITY ON THE NEW ONE!



NOT THAT IT'LL DO ME ANY GOOD! THE AGREEMENT'S VOID IF TWO DING GO BY WITHOUT THE LINE MAKING THE RUN!

BUT ONLY ONE DAY AHEAD!



SO WHAT? I CAN'T RUN A FREIGHT LINE WITH OLD TOBY AND THAT BROKEN-DOWN WAGON!

DON'T GIVE UP YET! I'VE GOT A MUNCH SMALL'S PULLED A CASKY ONE!



PRESENTING THAT BILL AND BRASSING THE HORSES AND WAGGON'S JUST WHEN THE FRANCHISE IS RUNNING OUT! IT'S ALL TOO PIT!



I THINK I'LL DROP IN ON HIM AND PRETEND TO BE A CUSTOMER! HE MIGHT MAKE A SLIP! YOU THE WAY HERE!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

YOUR FREIGHT RATES ARE PRETTY HIGH, SMALL! THINK I'LL CHECK WITH THE HORRY GUYTT AND...

THERE HINT ANY MORE MORDY LING! NOT SINCE THIS MORNIN'! THE OLD MAN DIED AND...









AS THE WAGON GATHERS TERRIFIC SPEED...



THE RANGE RIDER SKILLFULLY SHIRTS DANGER...



SUDDENLY...





IT IS! WE CAN ONLY KEEP GOING IN A STRAIGHT LINE!



...THE ADVENTURER SHOULD CARRY ME DOWN TO THE DEPOT!



LITTLE LATER...

HI, THERE! HERE'S THE NOBRY RESIDENT!

FREIGHT DEPOT

WELL, I'LL BE DOGGED! THAT'S SOME CONTRAPTION! YOU THE NEW DRIVER?



YES! LET'S GET THIS MASON UNLOADED. THEN IF YOU'LL DIRECT ME TO THE LIVERY STABLE, I'LL HIRE A TEAM OF GRAY HORSES TO PULL ME BACK TO RUNNING WAG!



LATER... POT'S AND RANG FOR THE GENERAL STORE! THAT'S ALL THE RIGHT FOR RUNNING WAG TODAY!

THEN I'LL GET GOING PRONTO!



DON'T FORGET TO BRING NOBRY HIS FRANCHISE SLAS OUT TOMORROW! WE'D BETTER SHOW UP BRIGHT AND EARLY! GREY SHALL'S NIGHTY BAGER TO SLEEP IN!

OKAY!

AS THE BRASS BOSS HEARS THE HELPER'S
POINT TO RUNNING WINE...



HEY, THAT'S THE HONOR WHO
WAS IN SMALL'S OFFICE! ... UP,
YOU CRITTERS! I'VE GOTTA
GET TO THE DEPOT AN' FIND OUT
WHAT'S BEEN GOIN' ON!



LOOK AT RUNNING WINE...

SAID! AND THE MAN IN
THE BUCKSKIN! I
WONDER IF HE
COMPLETED THE RUN
FOR HORSY!



WELL, IF HE DO, HE WONT
MAKE IT TOMORROW!
THAT'S FOR SURE!



WANT NIGHT?...

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES,
DICK: IF YOU HEAR
ANYTHING - YELL!
OTHERWISE, I'LL BELIEVE
YOU AT MIDNIGHT!

ALL
RIGHT!



FIVE MINUTES LATER...

LUCKY WE GOT IT OUT BEFORE THE BARN CAUGHT FIRE, TOO! THE HORSES ARE GOING TO TELL ME WHO WIT YOU, DICK?

I WISH I KNEW... HEY! IT'S SHOWING AGAIN!

WELL, THAT'S THAT! BROODN I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO PUNCHING COWS!

NOT YET! I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO WORK ALL NIGHT TO PUT IT OVER!

NEXT MORNING...

GENERAL STORE

HORRY FREIGHT

SMALL'S

WITH CLOTHESLINE POLES FOR DRIVES!

THE RANGE BOSS IS A WONDER, DICK. ED NEVER HAD THOUGHT OF ASKING A FREIGHT SLED OUT OF BARN WOOD AND BARREL HOOPS!

NO DOUBT ABOUT THEN AGAIN THE RUN WITH THAT SLED, BOSS!

BUT THEY'LL HAVE TO TUNE THE ROAD WITH IT! WE'LL STOP THEM. IT DEWILS GRACE! SWINE THE FREIGHT AND BREAK UP THE SLED! THAT WILL FINISH HORRY PERMANENTLY!

WONDERS WHERE THE HONORS IN THE BUCKINGBINS IS?

AND CARES? GET THE HORSES! WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST!

ON THEIR WAY OUT OF TOWN, MATT AND DICK STOP TO PICK UP THE BRASS KEGS...



THEY CONTINUE TOWARD DEVIL'S BRIDGE...



