

# TEX RITTER

A Fawcett Publication

## WESTERN

FEB.  
**10**  
NO. 9



*In this issue:*

A MILLION THRILLS AS  
THE GREATEST COWBOY  
OF THEM ALL LEAPS INTO

**"THE SPIDER'S WEB!"**



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MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX RITTER WESTERN

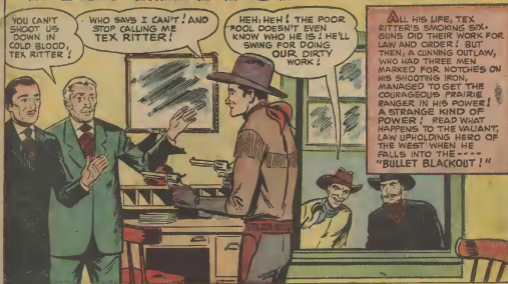
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. W. Fawcett, Jr., President*



# Tex Ritter

in **BULLET BLACKOUT**



YOU CAN'T SHOOT US DOWN IN COLD BLOOD, TEX RITTER!

WHO SAYS I CAN'T! AND STOP CALLING ME TEX RITTER!

HEH! HEH! THE POOR FOOL DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHO HE IS! HE'LL SWING FOR DOING OUR DIRTY WORK!

ALL HIS LIFE, TEX RITTER'S SMOKING SIX-GUNS DID THEIR WORK FOR LAW AND ORDER! BUT THEN, A CUNNING OUTLAW, WHO HAD THREE MEN MARKED FOR NOTCHES ON HIS SHOOTING IRON, MANAGED TO GET THE COURAGEOUS PRAIRIE RANGER IN HIS POWER! A STRANGE KIND OF POWER! READ WHAT HAPPENS TO THE VALIANT, LAW UPHOLDING HERO OF THE WEST WHEN HE FALLS INTO THE ---- "BULLET BLACKOUT!"

## ON THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF PRAIRIE RANGER...

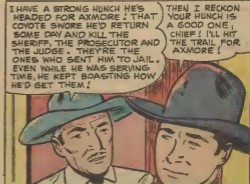


CLIMB INTO THAT SADDLE OF YOURS, TEX! YOU'RE HEADING FOR THE TOWN OF AXMORE. I JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT CATAMOUNT HARLAN HAS BROKEN JAIL AND HAS SCRRALED HIMSELF ANOTHER GANG OF OWLHOOTS!

WHY, AXMORE, CHIEF?

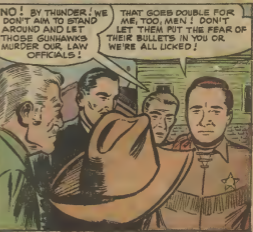
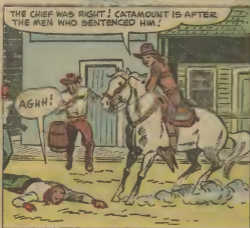


I HAVE A STRONG HUNCH HE'S HEADED FOR AXMORE! THAT COYOTE SWORE HE'D RETURN SOME DAY AND KILL THE SHERIFF, THE PROSECUTOR AND THE JUDGE. THEY'RE THE ONES WHO SENT HIM TO JAIL. EVEN WHILE HE WAS SERVING TIME, HE KEPT BOASTING HOW HE'D GET THEM!



THEN I RECKON YOUR HUNCH IS A GOOD ONE, CHIEF! I'LL HIT THE TRAIL FOR AXMORE!

TEX RITTER WESTERN





I'M NOT SCARED IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN, RANGER! SHERIFF COLLINS GAVE HIS LIFE TO UPHOLD LAW AND ORDER, AND I'M WILLING TO GIVE MINE. I'M JUDGE FRILLE.

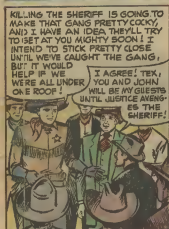
GLAD TO HAVE YOU HERE, TEX! I'M JOHN HOPPLE, THE PROSECUTOR! I RECKON THE JUDGE SAID IT ALL, MEN. THAT'S JUST HOW I FEEL!

RIGHT GLAD TO KNOW YOU, GENTS!



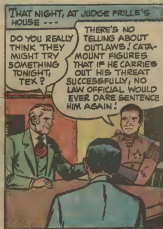
GENTLEMEN, A RATTLE-SNAKE LIKE CAT HARLAN WILL STRIKE IN THE DARK WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT! THIS TOWN NEEDS MEN LIKE YOU, AND NEEDS YOU ALIVE. SO I'M ASKING FOR YOUR COOPERATION.

WHATEVER YOU SUGGEST, TEX!



KILLING THE SHERIFF IS GOING TO MAKE THAT GANG PRETTY COCKY, AND I HAVE AN IDEA THEY'LL TRY TO ISBT AT YOU MIGHTY SOON! I INTEND TO STICK PRETTY CLOSE UNTIL WE'VE CAUGHT THE GANG, BUT IT WOULD HELP IF WE WERE ALL UNDER ONE ROOF!

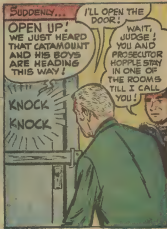
I AGREE! TEX, YOU AND JOHN WILL BE MY GUESTS UNTIL JUSTICE AVENGES THE SHERIFF!



THAT NIGHT, AT JUDGE FRILLE'S HOUSE ---

DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY MIGHT TRY SOMETHING TONIGHT, TEX?

THERE'S NO TELLING ABOUT OUTLAW'S! CATMOUNT FIGURES THAT IF HE CARRIES OUT HIS THREAT SUCCESSFULLY, NO LAW OFFICIAL WOULD EVER DARE SENTENCE HIM AGAIN!



SUDDENLY...

I'LL OPEN THE DOOR!

OPEN UP! WE JUST HEARD THAT CATMOUNT AND HIS BOYS ARE HEADING THIS WAY!

WAIT, JUDGE! YOU AND PROSECUTOR HOPPLE STAY IN ONE OF THE ROOMS TILL I CALL YOU!

KNOCK KNOCK



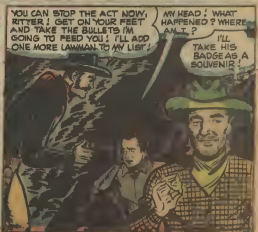
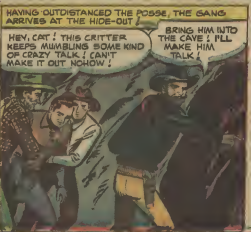
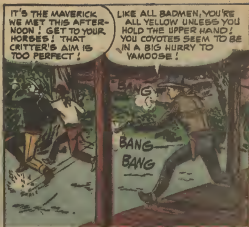
THIS IS LIKELY TO BE A TRAP! NO SENSE IN TAKING CHANCES!

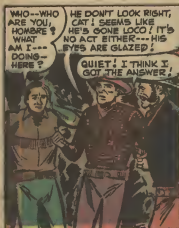


BLAST THEM, BOYS!

BANG!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

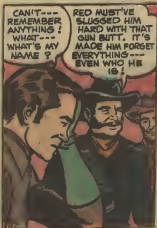




WHO--WHO ARE YOU, HOMBRE? WHAT AM I--- DOING-- HERE?

HE DON'T LOOK RIGHT, CAT! SEEMS LIKE HE'S GONE LOCO! IT'S NO ACT EITHER--- HIS EYES ARE GLAZED!

QUIET! I THINK I GOT THE ANSWER!



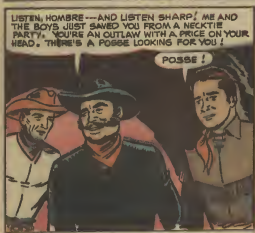
CAN'T--- REMEMBER ANYTHING! WHAT--- WHAT'S MY NAME?

RED MUST'VE SLUSS'D HIM HARD WITH THAT GUN BUTT. IT'S MADE HIM FORGET EVERYTHING--- EVEN WHO HE IS!



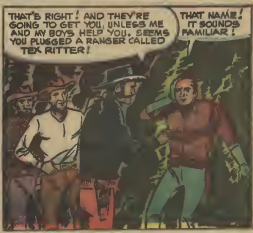
IT TAKES THE FUN OUT OF PLUGGING HIM IF HE DOESN'T KNOW WHY WE'RE DOING IT!

MAYBE PLUGGING HIM AIN'T THE ANSWER! I GOT A BETTER IDEA!



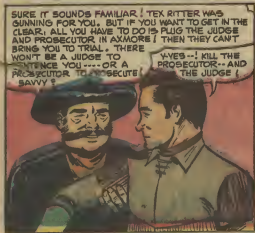
LISTEN, HOMBRE--- AND LISTEN SHARP! ME AND THE BOYS JUST SAVED YOU FROM A NECKTIE PARTY. YOU'RE AN OUTLAW WITH A PRICE ON YOUR HEAD. THERE'S A POSSE LOOKING FOR YOU!

POSSE!



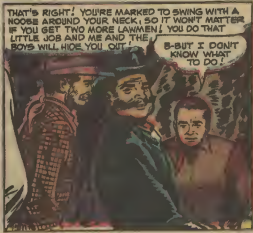
THAT'S RIGHT! AND THEY'RE GOING TO GET YOU, UNLESS ME AND MY BOYS HELP YOU. SEEMS YOU PLUGGED A RANGER CALLED TEX RITTER!

THAT NAME! IT SOUNDS FAMILIAR!



SURE IT SOUNDS FAMILIAR! TEX RITTER WAS GUNNING FOR YOU, BUT IF YOU WANT TO GET IN THE CLEAR, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PLUG THE JUDGE AND PROSECUTOR IN AXMORE! THEN THEY CAN'T BRING YOU TO TRIAL. THERE WON'T BE A JUDGE TO SENTENCE YOU--- OR A PROSECUTOR TO SECURE SAVVY?

Y-YES--! KILL THE PROSECUTOR-- AND THE JUDGE!



THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'RE MARKED TO SWING WITH A NOOSE AROUND YOUR NECK, SO IT WON'T MATTER IF YOU GET TWO MORE LAWMEN! YOU DO THAT LITTLE JOB AND ME AND THE BOYS WILL HIDE YOU OUT!

B-BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

YOU JUST LISTEN TO A PARD! STICK CLOSE TO THE SHADOWS UNTIL YOU COME TO THE JUDGE'S HOUSE. BUT IF ANYBODY STOPS YOU, YOU JUST MAKE BELIEVE YOU'RE TEX RITTER! YOU CAN PASS FOR RANGER TEX RITTER ANY TIME. YOU LOOK SO MUCH LIKE HIM!

SOUNDS EASY!

HAW! HAW!



HAW! HAW! THAT'S THE SLICKEST JOB I EVER DID SEE, CATAMOUNT! GETTING A LAWMAAN TO DO YOUR DIRTY WORK! HAW!

AND AFTER HE DOES, HE'LL SWING FOR IT! THEY'LL KNOW I MEAN BUSINESS AFTER THEY READ THE NOTE I TOLD THAT FOOL TO LEAVE ON THE BODIES!



MEANWHILE, THE BLACK CLOUD OF OBLIVION STILL ENCOMPASSES THE COURAGEOUS RANGER'S MIND!

MY HEAD! IT THROBS! FEELS SO STRANGE! IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER SOMETHING! BUT I MUST HURRY AND GET THE JUDGE AND THE PROSECUTOR LIKE THAT FELLOW TOLD ME!



THIS IS THE PLACE! STRANGE, SEEMS LIKE I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE! BUT EVERYTHING SEEMS SO CONFUSED!



TEX! I THOUGHT THOSE DEVILS HAD CAPTURED YOU! COME ON IN, BOY!



WHAT HAPPENED? DID CATAMOUNT AND HIS MEN GET AWAY?

I BETTER BE CAREFUL! THEY THINK I'M THAT RANGER I PROBABLY HAVEN'T HEARD THAT I KILLED HIM!



WHAT'S THE MATTER? SOMETHING WRONG? YOU DON'T LOOK WELL!

I'M ALL RIGHT!

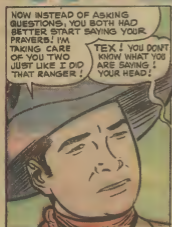


I'LL GET YOU A DRINK!

NO YOU DON'T! JUST STAY PUT AND DON'T MAKE A MOVE!







NO! IT'S A TRICK! I MUST HAVE TAKEN HIS STUFF AFTER I PLUGGED HIM!



SLOWLY, TEX'S FINGER DRAWS BACK THE TRIGGER! BUT AS HE SEES HIS IMAGE IN THE MIRROR IT STRIKES A RESPONSIVE CHORD, AND THE VEIL OF DARKNESS BEGINS TO DISSOLVE!



WH-WHAT AM I DOING HERE? WHY AM I POINTING A GUN AT YOU TWO?

YEX! THANK HEAVENS! YOU DO REMEMBER!

HE--HE'S COMING TO!

JUDGE PRILLE TELLS TEX ABOUT HIS RECENT ACTIONS.

.. AND YOU WERE ABOUT TO KILL US WHEN YOUR MIND CLEARED!

I REMEMBER EVERYTHING NOW! CATAMOUNT SENT ME TO DO THE JOB; THAT BLOW ON THE HEAD BROUGHT ON TEMPORARY AMNESIA!



HE ALMOST SUCCEEDED IN MAKING A KILLER OUT OF ME. I WAS TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK, WHEN I THINK HOW CLOSE I WAS TO IT... BUT THOSE COYOTES ARE DUE FOR A LITTLE SURPRISE.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



GET A POSSE TOGETHER AND TELL THEM TO MEET ME AT THE BEAR CAVE NEAR ECHO MOUNTAIN. THAT'S WHERE THEIR HIDE-OUT IS! I'M GOING BACK AND PAY CATAMOUNT HARLAN ANOTHER VISIT!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS..

HERE HE COMES, CAT!

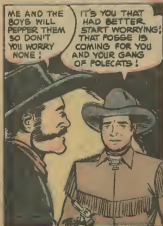
I DIDN'T FIGGER ON HIM GETTING AWAY!



HOW'D YOU MAKE OUT? DID YOU DO THE JOB?

I PLUGGED THEM, ALL RIGHT, BUT THERE'S A POSSE TRAILING ME!





ME AND THE BOYS WILL PEPPER THEM SO DON'T YOU WORRY NONE!

IT'S YOU THAT HAD BETTER START WORRYING! THAT POSSE IS COMING FOR YOU AND YOUR GANG OF POLECATS!



HE TRICKED US! GET HIM! UGH!!!

IF ANYBODY IS GOING TO GET ANYTHING, IT'S GOING TO BE YOU!



NO YOU DON'T, CATAMOUNT! LEAVE THAT GUN ALONE!

ASHH! MY ARM!

WE'RE LICKED! THAT RANGER'S A DEAD SHOT!

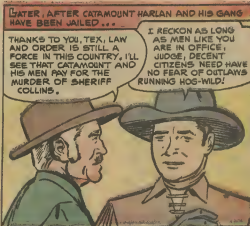
UGH! MY HAND!

BANG!



GET TO YOUR FEET, CATAMOUNT! THE POSSE IS HERE TO TAKE YOU TO JAIL!

ALL-- RIGHT, RANGER!





LATER, AFTER CATAMOUNT HARLAN AND HIS GANG HAVE BEEN JAILED...

THANKS TO YOU, TEX, LAW AND ORDER IS STILL A FORCE IN THIS COUNTRY, I'LL SEE THAT CATAMOUNT AND HIS MEN PAY FOR THE MURDER OF SHERIFF COLLINS.

I RECKON AS LONG AS MEN LIKE YOU ARE IN OFFICE, JUDGE, DECENT CITIZENS NEED HAVE NO FEAR OF OUTLAWS RUNNING HOG-WILD!

# QUIZ!

- ① LAKE GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, IS 3,095 FEET DEEP AT SOME POINTS.  TRUE \_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_
- ② JACK SHARKEY HELD THE HEAVYWEIGHT CROWN FOLLOWING MAX BAER AND BEFORE JOE LOUIS.  TRUE \_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_
- ③ IN 1882 A FOOTBALL TEAM ONLY HAD TO MAKE FIVE YARDS IN THREE DOWNS TO KEEP THE BALL.  TRUE \_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_

- ④ A PLANET IS CALLED A MORNING STAR WHEN IT IS ABOVE THE HORIZON AT SUNRISE.  TRUE \_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_
- ⑤ THE WORD CADDIE IN GOLF COMES FROM CADET.  TRUE \_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:  
 5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT—4 CORRECT, GOOD—  
 3 CORRECT, FAIR—2 CORRECT, POOR!

## ANSWERS:

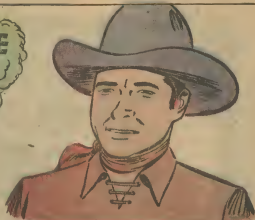
- ① TRUE. ② TRUE. ③ TRUE. ④ FALSE. ⑤ TRUE. ⑥ TRUE. ⑦ TRUE. ⑧ TRUE.

# RIDING THE RANGE

WITH

## TEX RITTER

121 SOUTH BEVERLY DRIVE  
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.



HOWDY, PARDS!

IF ANY OF YOU SAW A PILE OF WOOD STREWN ALL OVER BUTTERNUT ROAD, THAT'S WHAT COMES OF LOSING YOUR TEMPER. THAT WOOD WAS ONCE PART OF MIKE CASSI'S WAGON. YOU KNOW, PARTNERS, A MAN'S TEMPER IS A FUNNY THING. IT'S THE ONE THING THAT NOBODY *EVER* WANTS FROM A PERSON. IF YOU HAVE A BAD TEMPER, JUST KEEP IT TO YOURSELF, BECAUSE BELIEVE ME, NOBODY WANTS *ANY* PART OF IT. NOBODY LIKES AN HOMBRE WHO'S FOREVER LOSING HIS TEMPER--*NOT EVEN A MULE*---AND THAT'S WHERE MIKE CASSI COMES IN.

HE WAS DRIVING HIS WAGON ALONG BUTTERNUT ROAD THIS MORNING PULLED BY THAT BIG OLD MULE HE HAS, BUT THE MULE WASN'T GOING FAST ENOUGH TO SUIT MIKE. A FEW TIMES HE SNAPPED THE REINS, BUT STILL THE MULE PLODDED ALONG. NOW MIKE SHOULD'VE KNOWN IF HE'D KEPT HIS TEMPER AND COAXED THE MULE ALONG HE'D HAVE GOTTEN THE RESULTS HE WANTED. BUT IT WAS A HOT DAY AND SO MIKE, BEING THE TYPE OF PERSON THAT BECOMES IMPATIENT WHEN THINGS DO NOT HAPPEN WHEN AND HOW HE WANTS THEM, LOST HIS TEMPER. HE GAVE THE MULE A CRACK WITH THE END OF THE REINS YOU COULD HEAR HALF A MILE AWAY. WELL, FRIENDS, THE OLD MULE JUST STARTED KICKING WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AND IN TWO SHAKES OF A LAMB'S TAIL HE'D KICKED THAT WHOLE WAGON TO PIECES. AND TO TOP IT OFF, CONSTABLE COLLINGS GAVE MIKE A SUMMONS FOR LITTERING UP THE ROAD. SO YOU SEE, LOSING YOUR TEMPER DOESN'T HELP *ANY* SITUATION! THE NEXT TIME YOU FEEL YOURSELF GETTING HOT UNDER THE COLLAR, JUST REMEMBER MIKE'S EXPERIENCE. DON'T FORGET NOW--*KEEP YOUR TEMPER--NOBODY WANTS IT!*

RECKON I'LL BE HITTING THE TRAIL, PALS, BUT I'LL BE RIDING THIS WAY REAL SOON!

YOUR SADDLE COMPANION,

*Tex Ritter*



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**ROADMASTER**  
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Address

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# THE KID COMES BACK

By Westbrook Wilson



THE YOUNG MAN gazed out of the train window, a smile lighting up his round, good-natured face. Familiar sights were coming into view now. There were the neat buildings of the J-Bar. There were the sparkling waters of the Big Chief river, winding through flatland. And far in the distance, rising above the purple mountains, was the jagged, upthrust rock known as Wolf Tooth Peak.

"It looks kind of good after all these years," he told himself. Once again he took the penciled letter from his pocket, unfolded it, and read:

Dave Boy:

Please come home right away. There's terrible trouble and I need your help. Bessie sends her love.

Pop.

He refolded the note and chuckled. "I reckon that's the umteenth letter I got from Pop asking me to come back. He always says there's terrible trouble. Wonder what it can be this time? Maybe one of the hens has a toothache."

The train slowed and he picked up his big carpet bag and began walking down the aisle. "Anyway, it'll be good to see Pop and Bessie again—and the old place, too. Seems like I've been away a long time."

As he stepped onto the wooden station platform, the young man looked around. He didn't see his father anywhere, but he was rather startled when an attractive young woman rushed up to him and gave him a big hug. Then the light dawned. "Sis!" he exclaimed. "It's you! Why, you're a grown up woman and mighty pretty at that! Bessie, I confess. I hardly knew you!"

"I allow I have changed some," responded the girl. "I was only fourteen when you left home, Dave, and I'm nineteen now."

"Where's pop?" asked Dave.

"He's laid up with a broken leg," said Bessie. "Come on. Here's the buckboard and old Neil. We'd better hurry home. Pop is all-fired anxious to see you."

"Broken leg? Golly, I'm sorry. Is that the trouble he wrote about?"

"No, it's worse. Rustlers!"

"Well, that doesn't sound like anything new," drawled Dave. "I reckon there'll always be rustlers as long as there are cattle."

"Don't be so smug!" snapped Bessie. "It's worse than you think. A lot of the ranchers around here suspect that Pop is the head rustler!"

Pop Spangler sat in an easy chair, with his splinted leg propped and cushioned straight in front of him. He quickly dispensed with the greetings and salutations for a son who had been away five years and got down to the business at hand. "Rustlers have been very active. Hardly a ranch in these parts hasn't been raided. Dave, I want you to catch them!"

Dave looked startled. It was several seconds before he spoke. "Have they taken a lot of your cattle?"

"Not a head!" asserted Pop. "Not a single whiteface from us! And that's just what makes some of the other ranchers suspect that I'm in with the varmints. That and one other thing?"

"What other thing?"

"The tracks always show that the cattle are driven onto our land, across the bench on the north forty. The tracks disappear on the rocks, of course. And the cattle disappear, too—like into thin air."

"They probably . . ." Dave Spangler halted his speech as a tall, wiry man entered the room.

Pop looked up and said, "Oh, by the by, Dave, this is my foreman, Squint Skell. Squint, shake hands with my son, Dave. Dreamy Dave, we used to call him, because he spent all his time dreaming about far-off places."

Dave grinned amiably, and the tall foreman grunted, "Howdy!"

Pop said solemnly, "Dave, boy, after I'm dead and gone, you'll inherit this spread. There's only one promise I want from you and this is it. I want Squint to be foreman here just as long as he wants the job. He saved my life!"

The old man related the tale. He had been riding over the ranch's private bridge, crossing

Roaring Creek. A couple of planks were loose. The horse stumbled. Pop was pitched into the stream, breaking a leg. Without hesitation, Squint had dived in and caved the old man from drowning. There were tears of gratitude in Pop's eyes as he finished the tale.

Everybody had expected Dave to fly into action at once to stop the rustlers. Instead, he had merely yawned. "Well, they aren't bothering this spread. And, Pop, if you're not in league with them, nobody can ever find you guilty. So why the fuss?"

The next morning Dave wandered out into the chicken yard and spent a considerable time trying to teach a young rooster to sit on his shoulder and eat corn from his hand. Squint, who had been watching him for some time, finally came over and said, "Mr. Dave, I'm riding out to the north forty now. That's where the rustlers operate. Care to go along?"

"Thanks, Squint, some other time," grinned Dave. "Right now I'm trying to teach this rooster some tricks. Used to be pretty good at when I was a kid."

Squint mounted and rode away, shaking his head.

Sister Bessie emerged from the kitchen a moment later. "Dave, what are you doing?"

"Why, I'm trying to teach this rooster some tricks," he responded. "When I was a kid I used to dream of being an animal trainer in a circus. I used to . . ."

She cut in sharply. "But what about the rustlers?"

"Oh, I never tried to train any rustlers," said Dave.

Bessie turned impatiently and marched back to the house. "It's no use," she told herself. "He's still as dreamy as ever."

The young man who had come home after five years to revive the memories of his boyhood was not bothered any more that day. In the afternoon, he mounted a horse and rode north to an abandoned mine shaft on the ranch property. "Here is where we kids used to play pirates, like Tom Sawyer," he thought. He dismounted and headed for the old mine entrance, well screened by wild growth of scrub brush and scraggly trees.

Entering the old mine, he looked down, exclaimed, "Ah ha!" and lolled against a side wall. While he lolled, he examined his six-guns to make sure they were loaded and ready.

He had a long wait. After sunset, even the gray light of the cave-like shaft was turned to utter darkness. Then there was the slight silver of moonlight. Then, as he heard hoofbeats, he climbed to a ledge at the side of the shaft. Cattle came pouring into the shaft beneath him and he could hear shouts outside. He couldn't tell how many longhorns had passed beneath him, but there was a pause and he took a chance. He jumped down silently from his perch and made for the shaft entrance. He saw the dark figures of three mounted men. One was saying, "How about Pop's son? Do we have to worry about him?"

"Dreamy Dave? A pantywaist!" came the sneering reply. Dave recognized the voice of Squint Skell. Dave rocketed one shot into the air to announce his presence, then snapped, "Raise 'em, rustlers!" Two men raised their hands. Squint dropped his fingers toward his holsters. Dave fired and the foreman howled as a cearing bullet nipped his wrist.

**W**HEN the rustlers were securely tied up in the bunk house, under guard, Dave strolled in the ranch parlor. He drawled, "Pop, I knew it would be hard for you ever to suspect a man who saved your life. But I wondered why a good foreman would ever let the planks on the bridge get loose. I figured he let them get loose on purpose. That was to be sure you spilled into the water, so he could save you and win your trust. When you broke your leg, that made it even better."

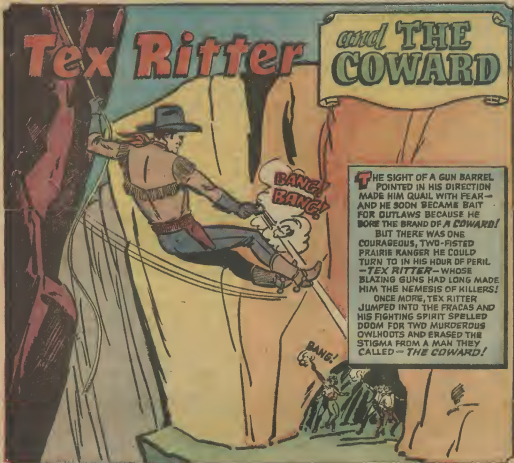
"I suspected him right away. And when I heard the rustlers were making their cattle disappear on our land, I thought of that old mine shaft. It runs for about half a mile underground. And there's a secret exit by the river bank. You know, when I was a dreamy kid, I dreamed that would be a good way to be a rustler—if I ever decided to be one!"

Bessie looked at her brother with admiration. "Dave," she said, "you're real dreamy!"

THE END

# Tex Ritter

# and THE COWARD



**T**HE SIGHT OF A GUN BARREL POINTED IN HIS DIRECTION MADE HIM QUAL WITH FEAR—AND HE SOON BECAME BAIT FOR OUTLAWS BECAUSE HE BORE THE BRAND OF A COWARD!

BUT THERE WAS ONE COURAGEOUS, TWO-PISTED PRAIRIE KANGER HE COULD TURN TO IN HIS HOUR OF PERIL—**TEX RITTER**—WHOSE BLAZING GUNS HAD LONG MADE HIM THE NEMESIS OF KILLERS!

ONCE MORE, TEX RITTER JUMPED INTO THE FRACAS AND HIS FIGHTING SPIRIT SPELLED DOOM FOR TWO MURDEROUS OWLHOOTS AND ERASED THE STIGMA FROM A MAN THEY CALLED—**THE COWARD!**

AT DURAND FLATS, TEX RITTER STOPS AT THE JAILHOUSE TO VISIT SHERIFF BLOCK!

THINGS HAVE BEEN MIGHTY PEACEFUL AROUND THESE PARTS, TEX! IT'S MIGHTY GOOD TO SAY THAT MY SHOOTING IRONS ARE GETTING KIND OF RUSTY!

THOSE TWO HOMBRES SEEM MIGHTY FAMILIAR TO ME! I'M CERTAIN I'VE TANGLED WITH THEM BEFORE!

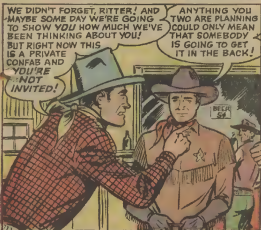
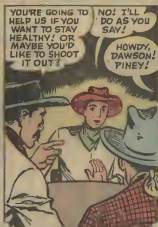
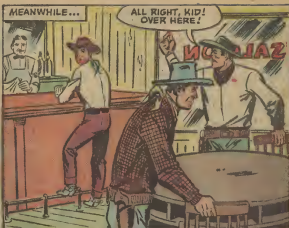


NOW I PLACE THEM! THEY'RE SHALE DAWSON AND PINEY MOSHER! I SENT THOSE TWO JASPERS TO JAIL A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO!

I'VE HEARD ABOUT THOSE MURDERERS, TEX! I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF THEIR DRIFTING INTO DURAND FLATS! I WANT TO KEEP THIS TOWN PEACEFUL LIKE!









FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS, THE BOY WAVERS, TRYING TO REACH A DECISION — AND THEN, AS IF READING THE MEANING IN THE SCOWLING LOOKS OF SHALE AND PINEY, HE SHAME-FACEDLY FOLLOWS THEM OUT!

HEH, HEH! THE KID KNOWS WHAT KIND OF COMPANY HE WANTS TO KEEP! WE'LL BE SEEING YOU, LAWMAN!



I DON'T GET IT. THAT KID RIDES FOR OLSON, OWNER OF THE CIRCLE O AND HE'S SWEET ON OLSON'S DAUGHTER. WHAT'S MORE, HE'S MORTALLY AFRAID OF GUNPLAY. FOLKS SAY HE'S YELLOW. WHAT COULD BE BEHIND HIS TEAM-UP WITH THOSE COYOTES?

THAT'S WHAT I AIM TO FIND OUT, SHERIFF. I'M RIDING TO THE CIRCLE O!



SOME HOURS LATER, IN THE CIRCLE O BUNKHOUSE...

I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU, JOHNNY. WHAT HAVE THOSE TWO JASPERS GOT ON YOU? IF YOU CONFIDE IN ME, I'LL HELP YOU!

NO! I CAN'T! THEY'D KILL ME!



TELL HIM, JOHNNY! FOR MY SAKE!

ALL RIGHT! I RECKON I'M NOTHING BUT A CRAWLING COWARD, JUST WHAT FOLKS CALL ME! SHALE AND PINEY FOUND OUT THAT I'M RIDING WITH NANCY'S FATHER AND SOME OF THE BOYS WHO ARE TAKING THE CATTLE TO MARKET. NANCY'S DAD WILL BE CARRYING QUITE A BIT OF MONEY AND THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE GOING AFTER.



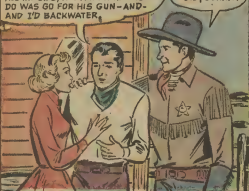
THEY THREATENED TO PLUG ME UNLESS I TOLD THEM THE TRAIL WE'RE TAKING BACK TO THE RANCH AND THE TIME WE EXPECT TO LEAVE. I WAS SCARED THEY'D KILL ME, SO I—I TOLD THEM.

SO THEY'RE AFTER THE CATTLE MONEY.



I—I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH ME, NANCY. I'M JUST A YELLOW-BACK COWARD. ALL MY LIFE, ALL A MAN HAD TO DO WAS GO FOR HIS GUN—AND—AND I'D BACKWATER.

IT TOOK NERVE TO TELL ME WHAT YOU DID, JOHNNY.



DON'T BERATE YOURSELF SO, JOHNNY. YOU CAN'T HELP BEING SHY OF GUNFIRE!

CAN — CAN YOU DO SOMETHING TO STOP THE COYOTES, TEX?

I'M NOT GOING TO RUN THEM DOWN UNTIL AFTER THEY TAKE THE MONEY! THEN I'D HAVE ENOUGH EVIDENCE ON THEM TO SEND THEM TO JAIL FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES!



YOU-YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO LET THEM TAKE THE MONEY?

IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE TO CATCH THEM WITH THE EVIDENCE! WE'LL PUT THE OTHER BOYS ON GUARD. BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ALONG. THEY'D GET SUSPICIOUS IF YOU WEREN'T WITH THEM!

I KNOW THEY'RE KILLERS, AND THEY WOULDN'T HESITATE TO PLUG YOU IF THEY EVEN SUSPECTED YOU HAD TALKED. IT'S UP TO YOU, JOHNNY, TO HELP ME. I'M CERTAIN NANCY'S DAD WILL AGREE TO MY PLAN!

ALL RIGHT, RANGER! I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!

DAYS LATER, TEX WAITS PATIENTLY FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE CIRCLE O COWHANDS!

HERE COMES OLSON WITH HIS MEN! THIS IS THE PLACE SHALE AND PINEY ARE SUPPOSED TO JUMP THEM!

THERE'S SHALE DAVENSON! I WONDER WHERE HE LEFT PINEY?

WAIT A MINUTE, JOHNNY! I WAS TOLD TO GIVE YOU THIS NOTE!

QUICKLY SHOVING THE NOTE AT JOHNNY, THE OUTLAW ROWELS HIS HORSE INTO A FAST GALLOP AND RIDES AWAY!

NO! NO!

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! SCUTTLE DUST, WHITE FLASH!

SHALE AND PINEY HAVE CHANGED THEIR PLANS! INSTEAD, THEY'RE HOLDING NANCY UNTIL I DELIVER THE MONEY!

TAKE IT EASY, LAD! DO YOU KNOW WHERE THEIR HIDE-OUT IS?

SURE I DO, BUT I'M NOT TELLING IT TO YOU! I WAS A FOOL TO LISTEN TO YOUR IDEAS. THOSE JASPER WERE ONE STEP AHEAD OF US ALL THE TIME. NOW NANCY IS—IS IN DANGER! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HER—?

LOSING YOUR HEAD ISN'T GOING TO HELP, JOHNNY! WE'LL WORK OUT SOMETHING!

I'M THROUGH LISTENING! REACH! ALL OF YOU! AND DISMOUNT! SO HELP ME, I'LL SHOOT UNLESS I GET THAT MONEY!

OLSON, GIVE HIM THE MONEY!

JOHNNY, WAIT FOR ME! TOGETHER WE COULD DO SOMETHING! YOU CAN'T MAKE A DEAL WITH THOSE OWLHOODS! THEY'LL TAKE THE MONEY AND THEN KILL YOU AND NANCY! THINK, SON! I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!



LET HIM GO, RITTER! MY DAUGHTER MEANS MORE TO ME THAN THAT MONEY!

NO, I'M TAILING HIM, MISTER OLSON! DON'T WORRY — I'LL BRING BOTH THOSE KIDS BACK! I'VE BEEN UP AGAINST SHALE AND PINEY BEFORE!



SKILLFULLY TAILING JOHNNY THROUGH A WILD AND HILLY COUNTRY, TEX MANAGES TO TRAIL HIM UNSEEN!

SO THAT'S WHERE THOSE COVOTES ARE HOLED UP! THERE'S NO OTHER WAY TO GET TO THAT CAVE BUT BY THAT LADDER! THAT WOULD MAKE ANYBODY A PERFECT TARGET FOR THEM!



BUT I CAN CREEP UP OPPOSITE THE CAVE AND LOOK IN, BOY. YOU STAY HERE. I MAY NEED THIS ROPE!



HERE'S THE MONEY, DAWSON! NOW RELEASE NANCY!

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE ORDERING? NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THE DINERO, WE'RE FINISHING YOU BOTH OFF!



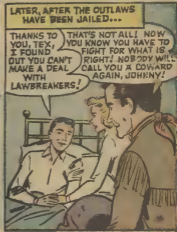
WHY, YOU MURDERING DOUBLE-CROSSING DEVILS! I'LL —

HE ACTUALLY WENT FOR HIS GUN —! THE LITTLE COWARD HAS TURNED HERO! HEH, HEH!



I'M GOING TO LASSO THAT JUTTING ROCK JUST ABOVE THE CAVE'S ENTRANCE AND SWING OVER!





**JOHNNY  
LUJACK**

Ace Quarterback  
Chicago Bears



What Sparks  
a Champion  
Sparks YOU!

and Champions  
choose Wheaties!

**IRON**

CUTAWAY VIEW  
OF WHEAT KERNEL

**ENERGY**

**VITAMINS**

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

Hitting the line—or hitting the books—you need lots of energy to see you through. Pour on the wheat-power. Eat lots of Wheaties like the champions do!

"Breakfast of Champions"

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills

WHEATIES ENERGY  
HELPS YOU CARRY THE  
BALL AT WHATEVER  
YOU DO!

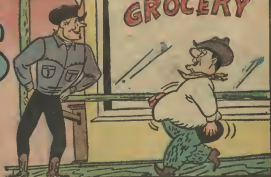


# PUDGY AND MUSCLES

HOLY MOLEY, PUDGY, EVERY TIME I LOOK AT YUH, YO'RE FATTER! YUH OUGHT TO STOP EATING SO MUCH!

OH NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT!

GROCERY



WELL, IF YUH DON'T WANT TO CUT DOWN ON YO'RE EATING, YUH SHOULD LEARN ABOUT EXERCISING! WHAT DO YUH DO WHEN YUH GET UP IN THE MORNING?

FIRST, I ROLL OUT OF BED!

GROCE



THEN WHAT?

I REACH TO THE FLOOR/ THEN I LIFT ONE LEG. THEN THE OTHER LEG. THEN I PULL!



WHAT KIND OF EXERCISE IS THAT?

THAT'S NO EXERCISE! THAT'S THE WAY I PUT MUH PANTS ON!

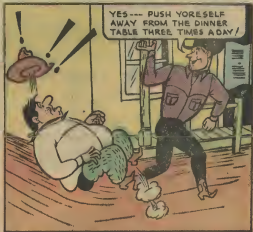
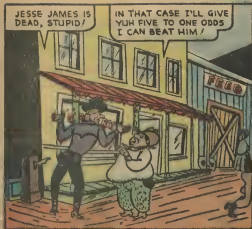


WELL, IF I WERE YUH, I'D START GETTING IN CONDITION! WHY, IF YUH SHOULD GET IN A FIGHT, YO'RE SO SOFT ANYBODY COULD LICK YUH!

IS THAT SO? I'LL BET YUH TWO TO ONE ODDS I COULD LICK JESSE JAMES!







# Tex Ritter *in* The SPIDER'S WEB

THIS IS YOUR FINISH, TEX RITTER!  
WITHIN A HALF HOUR OF BEING BITEN BY  
MY BLACK WIDOW SPIDERS, YOU'LL BE ANOTHER  
VICTIM OF THE SPIDER!

AGAIN AND AGAIN HE STRUGGLED UNTIL THE VERY  
MENTION OF HIS NAME BROUGHT TERROR INTO  
THE HEARTS OF MEN WHO FEARED THEY WOULD BE  
NEXT ON HIS DEATH TRAIL! BUT TEX RITTER, THE  
TWO-FISTED FIGHTING PRAIRIE RANGER  
DECIDED TO  
TAKE UP THE CHALLENGE  
OF THE DEADLY KILLER--  
**THE SPIDER!**



HOPING ALONG THE PRAIRIE, TEX PULLS UP SHORT AS  
A SCREAM OF AGONY PIERCES THE AIR!

AIEEEEE!

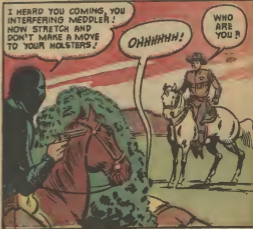
THAT SCREAM CAME FROM THAT CLUMP  
OF TREES, WHITE FLASH! LET'S GO, BOY!

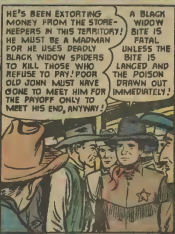
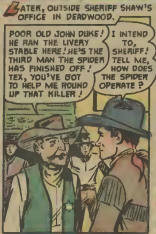
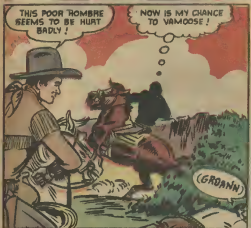
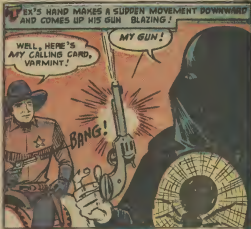


I HEARD YOU COMING, YOU  
INTERFERING MEDDLER!  
NOW STRETCH AND  
DON'T MAKE A MOVE  
TO YOUR HOLSTERS!

OHNNNNH!

WHO  
ARE  
YOU?





TEX RITTER WESTERN

DOG JUST TOLD US WHAT HAPPENED, SHERIFF! WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO ABOUT THIS KILLER? ANYONE OF US IS LIABLE TO BE THE NEXT VICTIM!

MEN, THIS IS RANGER RITTER! HE AND I HAVE DECIDED TO HOLD A MEETING TO TAKE SOME ACTION AGAINST THE SPIDER! WE WANT YOU ALL TO BE THERE!

SHERIFF JOE SHAW JAILHOUSE

I'M NOT ATTENDING! IF THE SPIDER GOT WIND OF US PLANNING SOME ACTION, HE'S CERTAIN TO TAKE REVENGE ON US! DON'T BE FOOLS, MEN!

NO, DOG CRULL! THE LAWMEH ARE RIGHT! WE EITHER STICK TOGETHER, OR HE'LL PICK US OFF ONE BY ONE!

I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU MEH ARE GOING TO WORK WITH US! WE'LL MEET THIS AFTERNOON AT THE TOWN HALL!

I'VE HEARD ABOUT RANGER TEX RITTER, AND IF ANYBODY IS A MATCH FOR THE SPIDER--HE IS!

WITH TEX RITTER AROUND, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR, DOG! YOU'VE ONLY BEEN HERE A SHORT TIME, SO YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT HIS REPUTATION FOR GETTING HIS MAN!

VERY WELL, DAKOTA! BUT I HOPE THIS TEX RITTER IS ALL THAT YOU SAY! BECAUSE THERE'S NOBODY DEADLIER THAN--THE SPIDER!

LATER THAT DAY AS THE MEETING GETS UNDER WAY....

MEN, I WANT YOU TO LET EITHER THE SHERIFF OR ME KNOW IMMEDIATELY IF THE SPIDER MAKES A DEMAND ON YOU! DON'T LOSE A SECOND IN CONTACTING US!

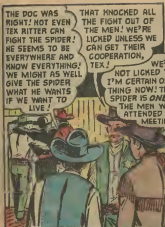
SUDDENLY!

AIEEEE! A BLACK WIDOW! I'M BIT!

THE DOG GOT IT!

EASY, DOG! WE'LL LANGE THE BITE AND DRAW THE POISON OUT!

NO! I'LL DO THAT MYSELF! GET ME BACK TO MY HOUSE!



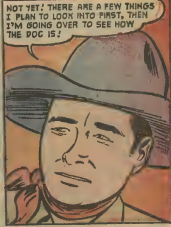
THE DOG WAS RIGHT! NOT EVEN TEX RITTER CAN FIGHT THE SPIDER! HE SEEMS TO BE EVERYWHERE AND KNOW EVERYTHING! WE MIGHT AS WELL GIVE THE SPIDER WHAT HE WANTS IF WE WANT TO LIVE!

THAT KNOCKED ALL THE FIGHT OUT OF THE MEN! WE'RE LICKED UNLESS WE CAN GET THEIR COOPERATION, TEX!

WE'RE NOT LICKED YET! I'M CERTAIN OF ONE THING NOW! THE SPIDER IS ONE OF THE MEN WHO ATTENDED THIS MEETING!



YOU'VE GOT A STRONG HUNCH, TEX! CARE TO REVEAL IT?



NOT YET! THERE ARE A FEW THINGS I PLAN TO LOOK INTO FIRST, THEN I'M GOING OVER TO SEE HOW THE DOG IS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER....

DOG! DOG! STRANGE! HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE HERE!

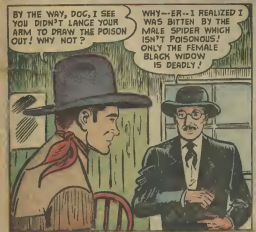


THERE YOU ARE, DOG! YOU SHOULDN'T BE WALKING AROUND WITH THAT BITE SO FRESH!

IT'S YOU! RITTER, AM I GLAD!

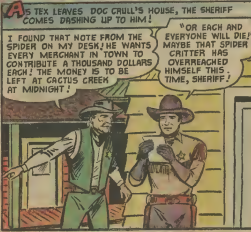


I--I HEARD A NOISE AND BECAME FRIGHTENED! I--I THOUGHT THE SPIDER WAS COMING TO FINISH THE JOB, SO I DUCKED OUTSIDE!



BY THE WAY, DOG, I SEE YOU DIDN'T LANCE YOUR ARM TO DRAW THE POISON OUT! WHY NOT?

WHY--ER--I REALIZED I WAS BITTEN BY THE MALE SPIDER WHICH ISN'T POISONOUS! ONLY THE FEMALE BLACK WIDOW IS DEADLY!

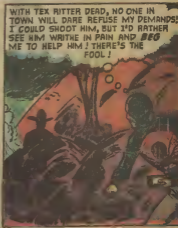
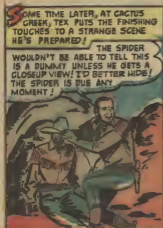
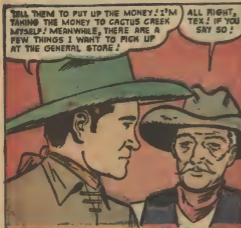


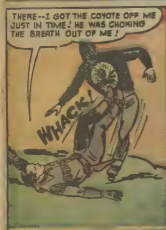
A S TEX LEAVES DOG CRULL'S HOUSE, THE SHERIFF COMES DASHING UP TO HIM!

I FOUND THAT NOTE FROM THE SPIDER ON MY DESK! HE WANTS EVERY MERCHANT IN TOWN TO CONTRIBUTE A THOUSAND DOLLARS EACH! THE MONEY IS TO BE LEFT AT CACTUS CREEK AT MIDNIGHT!

"OR EACH AND EVERYONE WILL DIE!" MAYBE THAT SPIDER CRITTER HAS OVERREACHED HIMSELF THIS TIME, SHERIFF!

TEX RITTER WESTERN







ALL RIGHT, SMART RANGER, SAY YOUR PRAYERS! I'M GOING TO WATCH YOU CRAWL TO ME FOR MERCY AS MY SPIDER PETS FINISH YOU OFF! HEH, HEH!



HA, HA! THE RANGER'S BLIND AS A BAT! ON YOUR FEET!

I'VE GOT TO TAKE MY CHANCE AND MAKE A BLIND SPRING AT HIM!



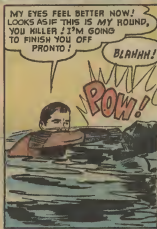
AS HIS VISION ALMOST ENTIRELY OBSCURED, TEX MAKES A LIGHTNING LEAP AT THE MADMAN!

AAGH!



I FIGURED MY LEAP WOULD LAND US BOTH INTO THE CREEK! THE WATER SHOULD WASH THE SAND OUT OF MY EYES!

SPLASH!



MY EYES FEEL BETTER NOW! LOOKS AS IF THIS IS MY ROUND, YOU KILLER! I'M GOING TO FINISH YOU OFF PRONTO!

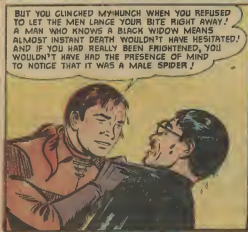
BLAHH!

POW!

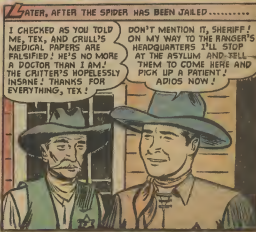


D RAGGING THE SPIDER TO SHORE, TEX SNATCHES OFF HIS HOOD TO REVEAL.....

DOG CRULL! I THOUGHT SO! YOUR OBJECTIONS TO OUR MEETING AROUSED MY SUSPICIONS!



BUT YOU CLINCHED MY HUNCH WHEN YOU REFUSED TO LET THE MEN LANCE YOUR BITE RIGHT AWAY! A MAN WHO KNOWS A BLACK WIDOW MEANS ALMOST INSTANT DEATH WOULDN'T HAVE HESITATED! AND IF YOU HAD REALLY BEEN FRIGHTENED, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE HAD THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO NOTICE THAT IT WAS A MALE SPIDER!



LATER, AFTER THE SPIDER HAS BEEN JAILED.....

I CHECKED AS YOU TOLD ME, TEX, AND GRULL'S MEDICAL PAPERS ARE FALSIFIED! HE'S NO MORE A DOCTOR THAN I AM! THE CRITTER'S HOPELESSLY INSANE! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, TEX!

DON'T MENTION IT, SHERIFF! ON MY WAY TO THE RANGER'S HEADQUARTERS I'LL STOP AT THE ASYLUM AND TELL THEM TO COME HERE AND PICK UP A PATIENT! ADIOS NOW!



# QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!  
 SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:  
 5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT — 4 CORRECT, GOOD —  
 3 CORRECT, FAIR — 2 CORRECT, POOR!

1 PLYMOUTH ROCK WAS DISCOVERED ON DEC. 21, 1620.

TRUE... FALSE...



4 A MILE IS EQUAL TO 1.61 KILOMETERS.

TRUE... FALSE...



2 WILLIAM R. KING WAS THE THIRTEENTH VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.

TRUE... FALSE...



3 MERCURY IS A PLANET.

TRUE... FALSE...



1 A CUBIC FOOT IS EQUAL TO 1728 CUBIC INCHES.

TRUE... FALSE...



# ANSWERS:

1 TRUE, 2 TRUE, 3 TRUE, 4 TRUE, 5 TRUE

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**OFFICE THE DAILY SCOOP**  
**EDITOR TUD**

I WANT A BIG STORY ABOUT DUBBLE BUBBLE FOR THIS ISSUE. THERE'S A PRIZE FOR THE BEST!

EVERYBODY'S INTERESTED IN FLEER'S. LET'S ALL TEST IT!

NOTICE SOMETHING DIFFERENT?

BLOWS BEST BUBBLES EVER!

THE FLAVOR LASTS LONGER!

YUM!

TURN IN YOUR REPORTS-WE'VE GOT TO GO TO PRESS!

HERE'S MINE!

WHAT'S THE PRIZE, PUD?

HERE'S THE FIRST COPY-HOT OFF THE PRESS-SIS WINS!

GOLLY! LOOK AT THE PRIZE - A WHOLE BOX OF DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!

**The DAILY SCOOP**  
**I FOLLOW FLEER'S FUNNIES!**

FLEER'S FLAVOR LASTS, AND LASTS!

DUBBLE BUBBLE BLOWS BIGGER BUBBLES!

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GET A  
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A JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP  
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Here's a new way to get Dad to buy you a Daisy Air Rifle for Christmas! Tell him to get you a junior membership in the famous National Rifle Association with your Christmas Daisy! Isn't that swell? Then you can take part in the national NRA junior program for air rifle owners . . . learn to shoot properly, safely under adult supervision . . . and earn official NRA medals, awards. Dad should like this new "Double Gift" idea!

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—Red Ryder

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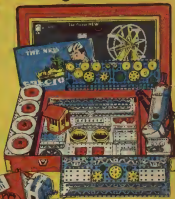
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