

CDC
TEX RITTER WESTERN
No. 22

A THUNDER PUBLICATION

TEX RITTER

WESTERN

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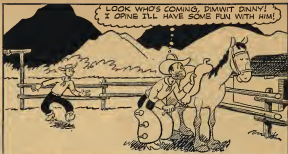


IN THIS
ACTION-PACKED
ISSUE:

"panic at
diamond B"

SKUNK
T-S-C-T-O-R

"BOTTLE
NECK"



HAVEN'T YUH HEARD 'BOUT THE TERRIBLE THING THAT HAPPENED AT THE BROWNS' HOUSE THIS MORNING?

NO! WHUT HAPPENED?



(SIGH) IT BREAKS MY HEART 'TO TALK 'BOUT IT! (SIGH) MRS. BROWN GAVE HER LITTLE BABY A BOTTLE TO PLAY WITH AND WHILE SHE WAS IN THE KITCHEN, IT FELL OUT OF THE CRADLE AND BROKE ITS NECK!





TEX RITTER WESTERN

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified as their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE • COWBOY WESTERN HEROES • CRIME AND JUSTICE • FUNNY ANIMALS
EPI for the great series • HAUNTED • HOT BOYS AND RACING CARS • THE FLESHING
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SWHYHEARTS • TEX RITTERS WESTERN • TRUE LIFE SECRETS • TV TRENDY THE THING

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

TEX RITTER

"PANIC AT THE DIAMOND B"

WHEN OLD BEN BARTLETT WAS MURDERED ON THE ROAD TO SADDLETOWN AND A HERD OF HIS PRIZE CATTLE WERE KILLED BY DRINKING FROM A MYSTERIOUSLY POISONED CREEK, TEX RITTER, THE FAMOUS PRAIRIE RANGER, HAD TO MOVE FAST TO CATCH UP WITH A HIGH SPEED KILLER!



THE STACCATO ROAR OF GUNFIRE SHATTERS THE SILENCE OF THE OPEN PLAINS, AS HORSE AND RIDER FALL BEFORE A HAIL OF LEAD!



LATER... SURE NICE OF THE BOSS TO GIVE US PUNCHERS A COUPLE OF DAYS IN TOWN EVERY FEW WEEKS... RECKON OLD BENS ABOUT THE NICEST GUY I'VE WORKED FOR... BAR NONE!

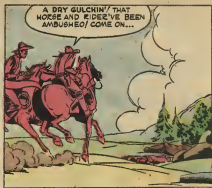


TEX RITTER WESTERN



SURE HOPE THE DALAVER ABOUT HIM BELLIN' OUT IS JUST HOGWASH... A ZANNY COULDN'T ASK FOR A BETTER ...

STOW THE CHATTER/ LOOK ... OVER YONDER!

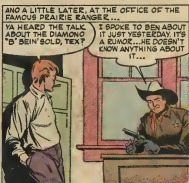


A DRY GULCHIN'! THAT HORSE AND RIDER'VE BEEN AMBUSHEO! COME ON...



IT'S THE BOSS ... BEN BARTLETT! SHOT TO DEATH/ WHAT SNAKE WOULD WANT TO KILL HIM ?

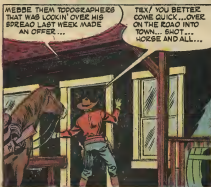
I'M GONNA HIGH TAIL IT TO PRAIRIE RANGER HEADQUARTERS/ THIS IS A JOB FOR TEX RITTER!



AND A LITTLE LATER, AT THE OFFICE OF THE FAMOUS PRAIRIE RANGER ...

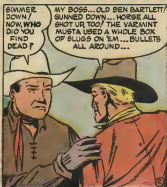
YA HEARD THE TALK ABOUT THE DIAMOND "B" BEIN' SOLD, TEX?

I SPOKE TO BEN ABOUT IT JUST YESTERDAY. IT'S A RUMOR ... HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT ...



MEBBE THEM TOPOGRAPHERS THAT WAS LOOKIN' OVER HIS SPREAD LAST WEEK MADE AN OFFER ...

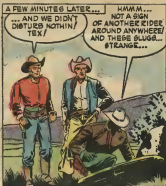
TEX/ YOU BETTER COME QUICK ... OVER ON THE ROAD INTO TOWN... SHOT ... HORSE AND ALL ...



SIMMER DOWN/ NOW, WHO DID YOU FIND DEAD?

MY BOSS ... OLD BEN BARTLETT/ GUNNED DOWN ... HORSE ALL SHOT UP, TOO! THE VARMINT MUSTA USED A WHOLE BOX OF SLUGS ON 'EM ... BULLETS ALL AROUND ...

TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

MAYBE IT WAS ROBBERY, MISS AMANDA ... BUT FOR BIGGER STAKES THAN THE CASH IN BEN'S POCKET/W THERE'S BEEN TALK LATELY OF BEN SELLING THE DIAMOND "B"... SOME-ONE MAY HAVE DECIDED TO HURRY IT ALONG...



MAYBE BEN DIDN'T WANT TO SELL AND SOMEONE PUT HIM OUT OF THE WAY SO AS TO WORK ON YOU TWO? HAVE EITHER OF YOU HAD ANY OFFERS?

WHY... YES! TWO, AS A MATTER OF FACT! BUT... NEITHER MAN WOULD...



SUPPOSE WE JUDGE THAT WHEN WE HAVE MOORE FACTS! NOW, WHO MADE YOU THE OFFERS... WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S SKIP HOLLOWAY'S PLANE, TEX! HE MADE ONE OF THE OFFERS!



I MET SKIP OVER IN BUCKKIN A MONTH AGO... KUNG A CROP DUSTING OUTFIT. HE'S... WELL... A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE!



UNCLE BEN AND AUNT LINDA LIKED SKIP THE FIRST TIME THEY MET HIM / HE HELPED THE TOPOGRAPHERS MAKE AN AERIAL SURVEY OF THE RANCH, AND HE OFFERED TO BUY THE PLACE... BUT IT WAS JUST A JOKE!

HE'S LANDING...

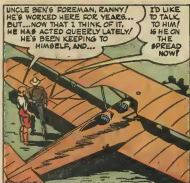
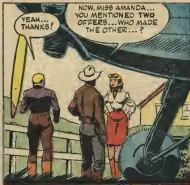


I'LL INTRODUCE YOU, TEX, AND YOU CAN JUDGE FOR YOURSELF IF HE'S CAPABLE OF THIS TERRIBLE THING!

YES, I WANT TO MEET HIM... AND I'VE A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS FOR YOU LATER!



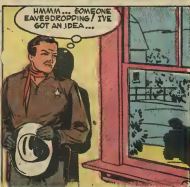
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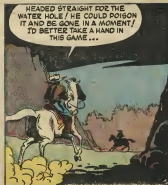
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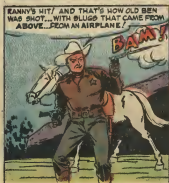
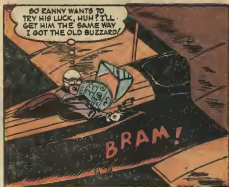
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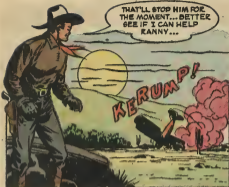
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THE LOUBY TIN STAR... I'LL PUT A SLUG IN BOTH OF 'EM AND TELL AMANDA I CAUGHT 'EM POISONING THE WATER! SHE'LL BELIEVE ME... LIKE SHE ALWAYS DOES...

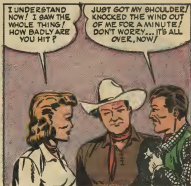


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THAT MURDEROUS CUR! OH, RANNY... WILL YOU EVER FORGIVE ME...?

FOR WHAT, AMANDA? SAVIN' BOTH OUR LIVES? I NEVER WAS SORE AT YOU... YOU JUST DIDN'T UNDERSTAND...



I UNDERSTAND NOW! I SAW THE WHOLE THING! HOW BADLY ARE YOU HIT?

JUST GOT MY SHOULDER! KNOCKED THE WIND OUT OF ME FOR A MINUTE! DON'T WORRY... IT'S ALL OVER, NOW!



EXCEPT FOR ONE THING! I KNOW RANNY SUSPECTED HOLLOWAY AND RODE OUT TO WATCH THE HERD ... BUT WHAT BROUGHT YOU OUT HERE, AMANDA?

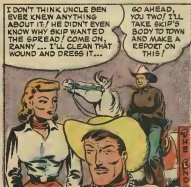
I SAW RANNY LEAVE, AND I WENT TO ASK SKIP TO WATCH HIM!



BUT SKIP WAS ALREADY GONE, AND AS I HEARD HIS PLANE START, I FOUND THIS PAPER ON HIS TABLE! HERE, TEX, READ IT...



SO THIS IS THE ANSWER TO IT ALL! THE TOPOGRAPHICAL OUTFIT FOUND TRACES OF A URANIUM DEPOSIT ON THIS PROPERTY!



I DON'T THINK UNCLE BEN EVER KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT IT! HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHY SKIP WANTED THE SPREAD! COME ON, RANNY ... I'LL CLEAN THAT WOUND AND DRESS IT...

GO AHEAD, YOU TWO! I'LL TAKE SKIP'S BODY TO DOWN AND MAKE A REPORT ON THIS!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

TEX RITTER

IN **VENGEANCE GUNS**



TEX RITTER WESTERN



THERE'S A STRONG BOX UNDER YORE SEAT, DRIVER... THROW IT DOWN! HURRY IT UP!



THERE IT IS! WHY... YORE DIEK MAYLON! I THOUGHT YOU WAS ...

YA THOUGHT I WAS STILL IN PRISON... WHERE YORE EVIDENCE PUT ME! WELL I BUSTED OUT! THIS MORNIN'!



AND FINDIN' YA ON THE OTHER END OF MY SIX-GUN IS JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN WANTIN' FER A LONG TIME!

WHY... YOU MURDERIN' SKUNK! I'LL...

ARGGH!



HAW! HAW! WAS YA FIGURIN' TO OUT-DRAW ME, WITH MY GUN IN MY HAND, MISTER?

GET OFF'N THESE HOBS, AND LET'S BLAST THIS BOX OPEN! HURRY UP... I WANTA GET TO THREE RIVERS AND NAIL THE ONE OTHER GUY THAT HAD A HAND IN SENDIN' ME UP... TEX RITTER!



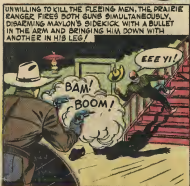
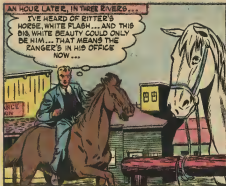
IN THEIR HASTE TO LOAD THEIR LOOT IN THEIR SADDLE BAGS AND ESCAPE, THE OUTLAWS FORGOT TO LOOK INSIDE THE STAGE COACH! AND AS THE SOUND OF HOOFBEATS FADE AWAY A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

THEY'VE GONE...



I'LL TURN 'EM ALL LOOSE BUT ONE, AND RIDE HIM BAREBACK! DON'T KNOW THIS COUNTRY TOO WELL, BUT I'VE GOT TO BEAT THEM INTO THREEFIVERS!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



RIDING THE RANGE

WITH
TEX RITTER

HOWDY PARDS:

IT'S PLUMB PLEASURABLE TO BE RIDIN' YOUR WAY AGAIN THIS MONTH. I SURE DO ENJOY THESE MONTHLY CHATS WITH YOU PARDS.

JUST WANTED TO TELL ALL YOU FELLAS ABOUT SOMETHIN' THAT I SAW THE OTHER DAY WHILE I WAS IN MESA CITY. MADE ME AWFUL MAD TOO. WELL SIR, IT GETS MIGHTY COLD HERE IN THESE PARTS AROUND THIS TIME OF YEAR. JUST AS I RODE INTO TOWN A POWERFUL WIND STARTED KICKIN' UP.

I GOT UP TO THE MAIN STREET WHEN I NOTICED SOMETHING FUNNY GOIN' ON UP THE STREET A PIECE. THE WIDOW BARNES HAD RUN OUT OF HER HOUSE WITHOUT HER BUCKSKIN ON. SHE WAS IN SUCH A HURRY TO GET OVER TO CURLY MASON'S GENERAL STORE IN TIME TO SEE THOSE NEW-FANGLED HATS THAT CURLY WAS SELLING, THAT SHE PLUMB FORGOT HOW COLD THE WEATHER WAS. THE WIDOW'S LIKE THAT YOU KNOW, JUST POWERFUL ABSENT-MINDED SOMETIMES.

THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW, LITTLE JIMMY BARNES POPS OUT OF HIS DAD'S STORE WITH A NEW BUCKSKIN SLUNG OVER HIS ARM. LITTLE JIMMY KNEW THAT THE WIDOW WOULD CATCH HER DEATH-OF-COLD DRESSED LIKE THAT, SO HE GAVE HER THE COAT.

THE MOMENT THAT HAPPENED A COUPLE OF THE YOUNG HOMBRES INSIDE THE STORE CAME OUT AND STARTED MAKIN' FUN OF LITTLE JIMMY, SAYING HE WAS JUST A BIG SISSY.

NOW FRIENDS I WANT TO TELL YOU THAT YOU'RE NO BISSY IF YOU SHOW SOMEONE SOME COURTESY OR DO A PERSON A GOOD FAVOR. REMEMBER FELLAS, IF YOU WANT PEOPLE TO RESPECT YOU AND DO YOU FAVORS YOU HAVE TO BE A COURTEOUS KIND OF PARD. IT'S JUST ANOTHER WAY OF LOOKING AT THE GOLDEN RULE, AND IT MEANS A LOT.

BUT IT'S TIME TO RIDE. TILL NEXT MONTH. HAPPY RIDIN'.



PLAINS PERIL

Deputy U. S. Marshal Kane Sims let his hands fall to the butts of his six-guns. Beneath him his horse was high-tailing it madly down the slope of the gulley. And on the other side, its hoofs pounding a loud drum-beat, cattle-rustler Lode Cairns' cayuse was slowing down as it went up the rise.

Sighting a gun on a bucking horse was useless, Sims knew. Good marksmanship depended on steady ground under a man, and there was no ground under Sims at all most of the time. His wrists snapped back as he fired.

The roar of the guns made his horse buck even more violently. Sims gently swore under his breath. He knew he had to get Lode Cairns this time or lose his star. On the loose for two months now, Cairns had led him a far-from-merry chase over most of the country. The cattle-rustling gang had been broken up and imprisoned when U.S. Marshall Kateson and his posse had surprised their raid on the big U-Bend spread. But Cairns, the leader, had escaped, and Kateson had assigned Sims the task of laying him by the heels.

Again Sims fired. Cairns was about over the top of the rise now. Once over he could easily disappear in the maze of giant boulders and scattered cottonwood trees that lay on the other side.

Suddenly Sims scored a hit. Cairns clapped a hand to his shoulder, and a wide patch of red appeared. Then his horse whinnied loudly and went down headlong. The Deputy Marshal smiled grimly. Apparently one of his wild shots had also struck the animal. Ahead of him he saw the cattle-rustler go flying arms-wide over the head of the stricken horse and then lie still on his back atop the rise.

With a violent effort Sims brought his own steed to a halt. Dismounting, he led it slowly up the rest of the rise. He breathed deeply in relief. The other horse was useless, of course, but he'd bring Cairns into Dogtown, where Marshal Kateson had arranged to meet him within the hour, even if he had to let the wounded Cairns ride his own cayuse.

Approaching Cairns, Sims holstered one of his guns. He could hear the heavy, gaspy breathing of the wounded man. But Cairns didn't move. Knocked colder than a flatfish,

the Deputy Marshal thought to himself.

One hand tight on his remaining gun he bent over the fallen rustler.

"Ugh!" The cry was forced from Sims' mouth as Cairns' heavily booted left foot shot up and then out like a cannon ball. The force of the blow caught the deputy in the stomach. He went down like a pale-axed bull, his gun spinning from his hand.

Cairns, rising lightning-like, caught it as it came down.

Slowly, the sight that had been jolted from his eyes came back to Sims. He saw the grinning outlaw standing over him, one hand holding a gun, the other staunching the flow of blood from his shoulder wound with the other. A glance at his other holster showed it was empty. At his side the gun lay useless, its cylinder open and empty of bullets.

"Gimme your gun-belt," Lode Cairns said.

Sims rose stiffly to his feet, unbuckled the gun-belt.

"Take the bullets out of it," Cairns ordered.

Sims did as he was told, his face reddening with shame. He'd been taken in by a trick older than the first plainsman, yet always newer, it seemed, than the youngest steer. He handed the bullets to Cairns, who thrust them into a packet.

"I'm not gonna kill ya," he said. His eyes wandered over to Sims' horse, then snapped back to the deputy.

The deputy's jaw fell open in surprise.

"You—you're lettin' me go?" he asked, incredulously.

"All that anybody's got on me is cattle-rustlin'," Cairns said. "That's a prison offense. But murder draws hangin' and Boat Hill Cemetery." He smirked. "I'm a careful man, I am." Again he smirked and pointed at his left boot. "Reckon I proved that."

Cairns swung suddenly towards Sims' horse. He hoisted himself up with a few twinges of pain.

"So lang, pal," he called mockingly back to the deputy. "Give my regards to Kateson—after he takes your star away, that is!"

Cairns lifted the hand holding the gun in a kind of salute.

Then he struck spurs to the deputy's cayuse and rode away.

TEX RITTER WESTERN

"Going north toward Dogtown," Sims muttered as he watched the cattle-rustler ride out of sight. He recognized the wisdom of the move. Back of Cairns was town after town where he was known, where countless posters saying "Wanted" hung out in plain view. He didn't dare go back that way—the trail over which Sims had chased him. But by skirting Dogtown and packing a little extra water he'd reach a fifty mile patch of waste-land called Death Desert. With just a little more water, he could cross it, vanish in the hills south of the great Pecos. And behind him, Sims knew he'd leave the story of how he'd buffaloed a U.S. Deputy Marshal for months. Sims surrendered tin star would be a monument to the deed.

The deputy sighed and started walking north. Dogtown was only a little while away in time. He'd have made it faster on a horse, but he didn't have one.

Crossing the boulder-strewn area, he reached the Dogtown road in half-an-hour. He did not expect to find Cairns' tracks. The outlaw would be too clever to get anywhere near the road or even the town itself.

Half-an-hour later he walked into the town. Conscious of the curious stares thrown his way by the townsfolk who had never before seen a man with a U.S. Deputy Marshal's star come into town minus his horse, he walked on to the Sheriff's office. Here, he knew, Marshal Kateson had his temporary circuit headquarters.

Kateson and Sheriff Stack were sitting round the Sheriff's desk when the deputy entered.

Silently, Sims took his deputy's tin-star off and laid it on the desk before Kateson.

"What's that for?" the deep-voiced Marshal demanded. He stared at Sims, and realization dawned in his eyes. "You lost Lode Cairns' trail?"

"Worse than that, Marshal!" Sims said tight-lipped. His face flushed, the deputy told the full details of what had happened. When he finished he looked Kateson in the eye. "That's why I'm handin' in my tin star!"

For a moment Kateson was silent. His face worked with anger.

"I don't understand it, Kane!" he began. "You wrote me from Wellsdale you'd got onto his trail there. You said you were sure you'd nab him before he got to Dogtown!" Fire flared in the Marshal's eyes, then faded. He sighed wearily. "All right, what's done is done. Take your star back, Kane. We're short-handed. I can still use you; there's a new assignment coming up."

Kane Sims paled. He knew what that meant. He was being kept on even though he'd lost the Marshal's trust — to fill in until another

man could be found to become Kateson's chief deputy. The instant a man was found he'd lose the coveted star. Slowly he shook his head.

"Only way I'll pin that star back on, Marshal, is after I bring Lode Cairns in!"

Kateson's eyebrows went up in angry surprise.

"How the devil you gonna' do that?" he growled. "You told me yourself Cairns headed for Death Desert!"

"You wouldn't know what direction he'd started off in," Sheriff Stack observed. "I agree with the Marshal, Sims. You're wasting your time! Better call it quits. Cairns isn't the only lobo who's escaped the law!"

"I'm gain' after him!" Sims voice was determined.

"All right!" Kateson grunted, "and you take my horse!" He watched Sims stride out. "And if you bring Lode Cairns in, I'll eat my ten gallon!"

It was near sun-down when Kateson again looked up from some paper work he'd been finishing. He glanced at his watch, then at Sheriff Stack who'd come in from watering his horse.

"Told you he couldn't do it!" Kateson said sourly. "If he couldn't do it by sundown, he couldn't do it at all!"

"Well, somebody's ridin' down Main Street, leadin' Lode Cairns on a horse!" Sheriff Stack announced with a smile.

An instant later, as Kateson's jaw dropped, Kane Sims appeared in the doorway, holding up a dazed, exhausted Lode Cairns.

"You — you brought him in!" Kateson mumbled, incredulously.

"Sure!" Kane Sims acknowledged with a wry grin. With Stack's help he deposited Lode Cairns on a cot in one of the cells. Then he came back and faced Kateson. "It wasn't hard, Marshal," he continued.

"Not hard?" Kateson demanded. "Why Death Desert's trackless!"

"That's what you and Sheriff Stack thought!" Sims said. "But I had a hunch it wasn't, after I'd thought it over a bit after I lost Cairns first. I just wanted a chance to try out my theory. Why it was easy gettin' on Lode Cairns' trail! All I had to do was ride out on Death Desert and keep my eye peeled for eagles and buzzards and other sky-scavengers. They know when a man's sick and weak from bleeding — like Lode was from my shot after he'd ridden a bit. So I just followed the sky-scavengers until I caught up with Cairns. Reckon I'll take that tin-star back now, Marshal, and by the way . . ."

Sims paused and grinned. "Soon as you pin it back on, there's a little matter of a ten-gallon hat you said you'd eat!"

The End

TEX RITTER WESTERN

SAGEBRUSH

(GROAN) LOOKS WHO'S COMING -- BORROWING BEN, THE WORST MOOCHER IN THESE HYAR PARTS.



'BEST FRIENDS'

MEBBE HE DIDN'T SEE ME! I'LL RUN INSIDE AND HIDE UNDER THE BED SO HE WON'T TRY TO BORROW ANYTHING MORE FROM ME!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT--

HOWDY SAGEBRUSH! I'M SHORE GLAD I FOUND YUH HOME!

(GROAN) ANOTHER SECOND, AND I WOULD HAVE MADE IT!



YUH GOTTA HELP ME, SAGEBRUSH! I NEED FIVE DOLLARS DESPERATELY!

NOTHING DOING, BEN! IN THROUGH LENDING YOU MONEY! YUH NEVER PAY IT BACK!



IS THAT THE WAY YUH TALK TUH THE **BEST FRIEND** YUH HAVE?

HUH? STOP THEY PALAVER! YO'RE NO REAL FRIEND OF MINE!

SHORE I AM! WHY, SAGEBRUSH, I'D GO THROUGH ANYTHING FER YUH!

GOOD! GO THROUGH THAT DOOR!



YUH'D GO THROUGH ANYTHING FER MR.?



SLIM PICKENS



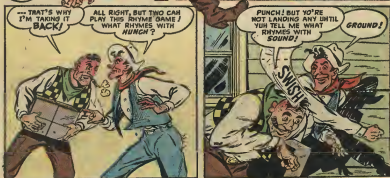
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TEX RITTER

AND THE BURIED DIAMONDS

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, TEX...? YUH LOOK SORT OF PUZZLED!

I AM! I JUST RECEIVED A SEGMENT OF A MAP IN THE MAIL, AND THERE'S NO NOTE TO EXPLAIN WHO SENT IT, OR WHY! IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

STAN CAMPBELL

TEX RITTER
JEANIE RANG

OF COURSE IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! IT COULDN'T, UNLESS TEX RITTER COULD TURN THE CLOCK BACK TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, AS WE ARE GOING TO DO RIGHT NOW...

LOOK, TEX! IT'S LARSON AND HIS PAL, BOLT! I THOUGHT YUH TOLD THEM NO-GOODS TO STAY OUTA TOWN!

HMM! I RECKON THEY DIDN'T THINK I MEANT BUSINESS! I'LL JUST CONVINCE 'EM THEY WERE WRONG!

HEY, RITTER... WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WE AINT DONE NOTHIN'!

I'M MAKING SURE YOU DONT GET A CHANCE TO! IF YOU ARENT ON YOUR HORSES AND ON YOU'E WAY IN JUST ONE MINUTE, YOU'LL BE BEHIND BARS!



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

LATER...

WE'VE BEEN ALL THROUGH HIS ROOM, AND AIN'T FOUND THE MAP!

IT'S GOTTA BE HERE SOME-PLACE, SO WE KEEP LOOKIN' TILL WE DO FIND IT!



BUT THE INTRUDERS HAVE AWAKENED TOM HARMON...

LUCKY I HID THE MAP UNDER MY PILLOW... I'D BETTER SEE IF I CAN GET OUT WITH IT WITHOUT THEM SEEING ME...



LARSON... LOOK! IT'S HARMON AND HE'S GOT THE MAP!

DON'T STAND THERE LIKE AN IDIOT... GET AFTER HIM!



I'VE GOT HALF THE MAP...

AND I'VE GOT THE OTHER HALF! LET'S GO...



HE GOT AWAY...

SO WHAT? HE'S HEADED TOWARD TOWN! BY THE TIME HE GETS HELP WE'LL HAVE THE DIAMONDS AND BE OUTA HERE! NOW LET'S PUT THE TWO HALVES TOGETHER...



THEY DON'T FIT!

WHEN WE TOOK IT OUTA HIS HAND WE MUST OF LEFT THE MIDDLE PART IN HIS HAND! WE GOTTA FIND HIM!



BUT BY THE TIME THE TWO OUTLAWS CAN FIND TOM HARMON...

HEY! THERE... COMIN' OUTA THE POST OFFICE!

LET'S GET HIM!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

JUST MAKE A SOUND
AND I'LL FILL YUH FULL
OF LEAD!

KEEP WALKIN'... IN
BETWEEN US AS IF WE
WAS ALL OALS!



FER THE LAST
TIME, HARMON...
WHEED' YUH HIDE
THE MIDDLE PART
OF THAT MAP?

I'LL
NEVER TELL
YUH...



A LITTLE MORE OF THIS
AND YOU'LL CHANGE YOKE
MIND... YUH WHEED!

UNGH!



FINALLY...

THE MIDDLE SECTION
OF THE MAP TO TEX
RITTER...

ALL RIGHT, I'LL TALK / BUT I'LL
DO YUH NO GOOD... I'VE MAILED

RITTER!
WELL... THAT'S
THAT, LARSON!



NOT SO FAST, WE'LL GET IT YET!
HE'S GONNA SIGN A LETTER
SAVIN' WE BOUGHT THE MAP
FROM HIM / I'LL HANDLE
RITTER!

TOO WEAK TO RESIST ANY
FURTHER, THE YOUNG MAN
SIGNS THE LETTER...

OKAY / NOW
I'LL PUT A SLUG
BETWEEN HIS
EYES!

HOLD YOKE FIRE!
IF WE TOSS HIM
OVER THE CLIFF
IT'LL LOOK LIKE
AN ACCIDENT!



GOOD IDEA /
GOODBYE, PUNK /
HAW, HAW...

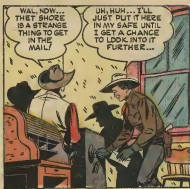


TEX RITTER WESTERN



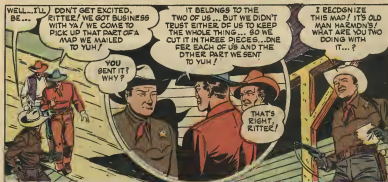
HEY...LOOK!
HE LANDED
IN A TREE...

SO WHAT? HE CAN'T CLIMB UP
AND THAT TREE'LL NEVER HOLD
HIS WEIGHT! IT'S PULLIN' LOOSE
ALREADY! COME ON...
WE GOTTA GET INTO
TOWN...



WAL, NOW...
THAT SHORE
IS A STRANGE
THING TO GET
IN THE
MAIL!

UH, HUH... I'LL
JUST PUT IT HERE
IN MY SAFE UNTIL
I GET A CHANCE
TO LOOK INTO IT
FURTHER...



WELL...I'LL
BE...

DON'T GET EXCITED,
RITTER! WE GOT BUSINESS
WITH YA / WE CAME TO
PICK UP THAT PART OF A
MAP WE MAILED
TO YUH /

YOU
SENT IT?
WHY?

IT BELONGS TO THE
TWO OF US ... BUT WE DIDN'T
TRUST EITHER OF US TO KEEP
THE WHOLE THING ... SO WE
CUT IT IN THREE PIECES...ONE
FER EACH OF US AND THE
OTHER PART WE SENT
TO YUH!

THAT'S
RIGHT,
RITTER!

I RECGNIZE
THIS MAP! IT'S OLD
MAN HARMON'S /
WHAT ARE YOU TWO
DOING WITH
IT... ?



THIS'LL
TELL YUH,
RITTER /
NDW YUH
CAN PUT UP
YORE
GUN!

UMMM... SO HARMON'S GRAND-
SDN SOLD YOU THE MAP / IN THAT
CASE IVE NO CHOICE BUT TO
GET THE MISSING PIECE FOR
YOU / WAIT RIGHT HERE!



SECONDS
LATER...

PERFECT!
OKAY BDLT...
LET'S GO!

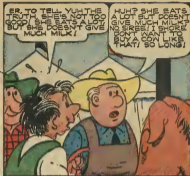
RIGHT!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN





COWBOY CAL is suspended!



WHAT'S THE
MATTER, PETE!
YUH LOOK
WORRIED!

I AM!



MY COUSIN GOT
ARRESTED BY
MISTAKE AND
HE HASN'T
A LAWYER!

YORE TROUBLES
ARE OVER! MY
BEST FRIEND IS
A LAWYER AND
HE'LL BE GLAD
TO HELP YUH!



IS HE A
GOOD LAWYER?

HE SURE IS!
WHY, IN HIS
LAST CASE HE
GOT HIS CLIENT
A SUSPENDED
SENTENCE ---



--- THEY HUNG HIM!



CHIEF GRAY MATTER

IS
ON
TIME!



HOW? ARE YOU
SONG SOME PLACE,
CHIEF?

YES, I HAVE
TO GO TO MY
GRANDFATHER'S
HOME!



WHAT
FOR?

HE DIED
AND LEFT
ME 200
CLOCKS!



WHAT? HE LEFT
YUH 200 CLOCKS?
SOME INHERITANCE.
HA, HA!

HA, HA,
WHAT ARE
YOU GOING
TO DO WITH
THEM?



I HAVEN'T DECIDED
YET! BUT THE
FIRST THING I
HAVE TO GO --



- IS WIND UP THE ESTATE!!

HE ALWAYS
HAS THE LAST
LAUGH ON US!
JIP!





So many
to my
friend
Tex Ritter