

CDC
TEX RITTER WESTERN
NO. 23
10

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

TEX RITTER

WESTERN

10¢



STAN
CAMPBELL

ACTION!
DANGER!

HORSEMAN HORACE



**NEIGH
NEIGH!**

HEY, BILLY!
COME HYAR!
COME HYAR!

???

STA

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, HORACE!
WHAT ARE YUH
SO EXOTED
'BOUT?

I JEST
TAUGHT
MUH HOSS
HOW TO
TALK!

HUH? YUH TAUGHT
YORE HOSS HOW
TO TALK!

THAT'S
RIGHT!

I CAN'T HEAR
HIM SAYING
ANYTHING!

I KNEW YUH WOULDN'T
BE ABLE TO HEAR
HIM!

IF YORE HOSS CAN
TALK, WHY CAN'T
I HEAR HIM?

BECAUZ---

---HE TALKS HORSE
(HORSE)!

!!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

The following outstanding magazines we have identified as their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE • CIPWIRY WESTERN HEROES • CHINE AND JUSTICE • FUNNY ANIMALS
KIT OF THE FIVE FIVES • HAUNTERS • HIT BRIG AND SAVING CARS • THE DENNIS
LASH LASH WESTERN • HUCKY LASH WESTERN • RACKET SQUAD • SIX GUN HEROES
ROMANTIC STORY • SUPER-NATION SPACE ADVENTURES • STRANGE HAPPENING STORIES
WRECKRACKER • TEX RITTER WESTERN • TRUE LIFE PICTURES • TV TEENS • THE TRING

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

TEX RITTER

AND THE

DEADLY BONANZA



MEN HAVE FOUGHT AND DIED IN SEARCH OF GOLD... KNOWING THAT POSSESSION OF IT WOULD BRING WEALTH, SECURITY AND POWER! BUT THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD CAN ALSO BRING DESPAIR, DESTRUCTION, AND DEATH... AS TEX RITTER, FAMOUS PRAIRIE RANGER, DISCOVERS AS HE SEES GREED TAKE POSSESSION OF MAN!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

BY GUM... I KNEW IF I STUCK TO IT LONG ENOUGH, I'D DISCOVER GOLD!

MMMM... DIAMOND LIL AND GOLDY KNEW WHAT THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT, WHEN THEY SAID TO FOLLOW OLD SNAP HERE...



I RECKON I'D BETTER GET RIGHT DOWN TO POWDER RIVER AND FILE A CLAIM!

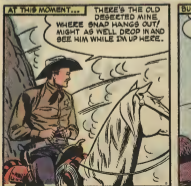
YUH AIN'T FILIN' ANY CLAIM IF I CAN HELP IT...



NOW I'LL DRAG SNAP UP TO THE CLIFF AND TOSS HIM OVER!



WHEN THEY FIND HIS BODY DOWN IN THE VALLEY, IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT! MEANTIME I'LL BE FILIN' A CLAIM TO HIS GOLD STRIKE!



AT THIS MOMENT...

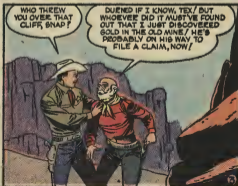
THERE'S THE OLD DESERTED MINE WHERE SNAP HANGS OUT! MIGHT AS WELL DROP IN AND SEE HIM WHILE I'M UP HERE.



BUT AS TEX ROUNDS A SHOULDER OF ROCK...

WHAT THE ... SOMEBODY'S BEING THROWN OVER THE CLIFF!

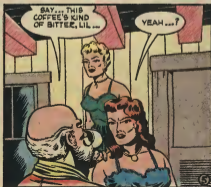
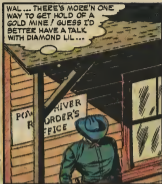
TEX RITTER WESTERN



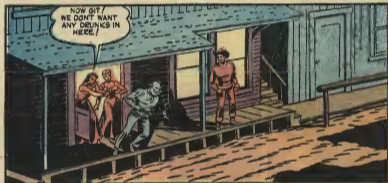
TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

LATER, AT THE PRAIRIE RANGER'S OFFICE ...

BUT TEX... YUH'VE WRITTEN A NOTE TO ONE-EYE AND ONE TO LIL, AND BOTH SAY THE SAME THING! I DONT GET IT!

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN, SNAP! JUST DELIVER THESE NOTES RIGHT AWAY AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME ...

Dear One Eye:

There aint no reason to drink the mine 3 says what do you say we kill Goldy and split the mine in half? If you agree, meet me in front of my house at midnight!

Diamond Lil.

Dear Lil:

There aint no reason to drink the mine 3 says what do you say we kill Goldy and split the mine in half? If you agree, meet me in front of my house at midnight!

One Eye

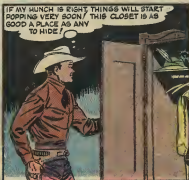
AT ELEVEN THIRTY A DARK FIGURE CLIMBS UP THE SIDE OF A BOARDING HOUSE... TOWARD GOLDY'S OPEN WINDOW ...



SLEEPING SOUNDLY! GOOD!



IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT THINGS WILL START POPPING VERY SOON! THIS CLOSET IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO HIDE!



MEANWHILE, AT DIAMOND LIL'S HOUSE ...

I GOT YOUR MESSAGE, LIL, AND I'M ALL FER IT! KILLIN' GOLDY WILL LEAVE THE SPLIT JUST BETWEEN US TWO!

YEAH... BUT IT WAS YOUR IDEA, ONE-EYE!

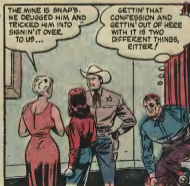


MY IDEA? I DONT GET IT, BUT IF YUH WANT TO GIVE ME CREDIT FER IT, IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME! THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO GET RID OF GOLDY!

YOU'RE RIGHT, ONE-EYE! LET'S GO...



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



YOUNG FALCON

and THE VICTORIOUS MASQUERADE



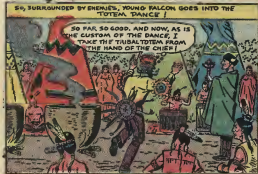
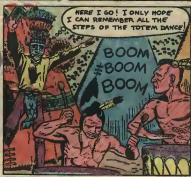
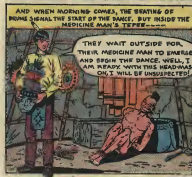
EVER SINCE THE MASSACRE OF THE TRUEFEATHER TRIBE, YOUNG FALCON, SON OF THE OLD CHIEF, HAS PLAGUED THE SLAYERS OF HIS PEOPLE. YOUNG FALCON HAS VOWED TO GAIN THE TRIBAL TOTEM, HIS RIGHFUL EMBLEM AND CLAIM TO FOUND A NEW TRIBE. AT DUSK, AT THE CAMP OF THE EVIL RENEGADES---



AND AS DUSK DEEPENS, THE RENEGADE MEDICINE MAN READIES HIS COSTUME FOR THE DANCE---



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



CATCH HIM!
TIS YOUNG FALCON,
THE OLD CHIEF'S
SON!

THE MEDICINE MAN!
HE HAS ESCAPED HIS BONDS!
MY MASQUERADE IS OVER!



AFTER HIM!

YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME!
THE TOTEM IS MINE NOW---
AS IT SHOULD BE, FOR
I'M ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER!



HERE IS YOUR
HEAD-MASK BACK!

WHACK



I'LL OVERTURN SOME OF
THESE KETTLES ON MY
WAY OUT!

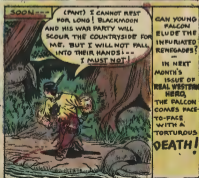


THE OVERTURNED KETTLES
POUR ONTO THE FIRES, SEND-
ING CLOUDS OF SMOKE SRYNNED
THAT ACTS AS A SMOKE-SCREEN!
YOUNG FALCON DARTS TO FREEDOM!

THE WIND SPREADS THE
SMOKE! THEY CANNOT SEE
WHICH WAY I FLEE! BY THE
TIME THE SMOKE FADES I
WILL BE IN THE WOODS!



AT LAST--- THE
TRIBAL TOTEM OF MY
PEOPLE IS MINE!



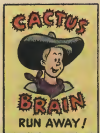
SOON---

(PANT) I CANNOT REST
FOR LONG! BLACKMOON
AND HIS WAR PARTY WILL
SCOUR THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR
ME, BUT I WILL NOT FALL
INTO THEIR HANDS!---
I MUST NOT!

CAN YOUNG
FALCON
ELUDE THE
INFURIATED
RENEGADES?

IN NEXT
MONTH'S
ISSUE OF
REAL WESTERN
HERO,
THE FALCON
COMES FACE-
TO-FACE
WITH A
TORTUROUS
DEATH!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



RIDING THE RANGE



WITH

TEX RITTER

HOWDY FOLKS,

THIS IS YOUR PRAIRIE RANGER, TEX RITTER, WITH WHITE FLASH! A GOOD COWHAND SEES THAT HIS HORSE IS WELL-GROOMED AND PROPERLY CARED FOR. EVERY COWBOY TAKES MIGHTY GOOD CARE OF HIS HORSES AND DOGS. THEY'RE HELPERS AND PALS TO HIM AND HE TREATS THEM WITH KINDNESS. HE SEES THAT THEY GET PLENTY OF FRESH WATER, GOOD FOOD AND PROPER GROOMING! IF A MAN HAS AN ANIMAL, HE OUGHT TO TAKE CARE OF IT AND TREAT IT THE WAY HE'D WANT TO BE TREATED HIMSELF!

THE OTHER DAY I WAS WATCHING SOME COWPOKES CORRAL-RIDING. ONE OF THEM WAS THE BIGGEST BRAGGART AND SHOW-OFF I EVER SAW. HE WAS SAYING HE COULD RIDE ANY HORSE THAT WAS ALIVE! WHEN THEY BROUGHT OUT A BRONG, THE COWHAND CLIMBED ON AND AS SOON AS HE HIT THE SADDLE, THAT BROOMTAIL OID SOME BUCKING THAT LANDED THE BLOWHARD ON HIS EAR. I CAN STILL HEAR THE LAUGHS THE OTHERS GAVE HIM. A REAL CHAMPION NEVER BRAGS! HE LEAVES THAT TO THE TENDERFOOT.

ONE THING MOST GOWHANDS KNOW ABOUT IS NEIGHBORLINESS. IF A RANCHER IS SHORT-HANDED AT ROUNDUP TIME, HIS NEIGHBORS ARE GLAD TO HELP HIM OUT. AND WHEN A MAN'S BARN CATCHES FIRE, HE CAN COUNT ON ALL THE FOLKS AROUND TO HELP PUT IT OUT. ON OR OFF THE RANCH, A GOOD COWHAND LENDS A HELPING HAND!

YOUR PARO,

Tex Ritter



GRIZZLY KILLER

A RED ROAN Adventure



RED ROAN was uneasy. As he stood, half-hidden in the thick foliage of the mountainside, his ears pricked forward, and his luminous dark eyes probed the valley below. From time to time, he heard distant shouts, and once he heard the sharp sound of a rifle shot.

Men were combing the valley floor, men who carried guns, and moved forward with deadly purpose.

It was not for himself or his herd that the men were hunting, the great strawberry stallion knew. Instead, they were combing the forest recesses for a giant killer grizzly, a great brown bear that had been attacking their herds and flocks. Red Roan knew the bear well. He was a huge, scarred veteran of many a fight. Unable now to catch his prey in the forest, the grizzly had turned to stealthy, sudden raids on the cattle and sheep of the ranchers.

It was for this that they were pursuing the bear, determined to find and kill him. Red Roan had heard them coming, early in the morning. Immediately, he had led his mares and young colts to a distant spot, high on the mountainside, to graze while the hunt went on. Then he had returned to the valley to see what was happening.

As he watched, Red Roan detected two men, walking slowly and warily up a trail toward him. They were still several hundred yards away. He watched them carefully.

"No sign of the grizzly yet," young Rob Raeburn said. He wiped his forehead with a crimson bandanna and put his rifle down. "Shore is hot, eh, dad?"

His father nodded, eyes probing the thick undergrowth ahead.

"Hot isn't the word," the older man said. "Reckon that grizzly, in his fur coat, is finding it pretty uncomfortable, too!"

Rob Raeburn grinned. He picked his rifle up. "If I spot him, I'll make him twice as uncomfortable," he said. "Killin' twelve of our best calves in a single night. An'

not to eat them—just to kill them!" He pointed up through the underbrush. "Dad, suppose you cut through that section. I'll go off at an angle. Keep your ears open for rifle shots. I'll do the same!"

His father nodded, and the two men separated.

Red Roan watched, as the thinner, younger man headed up toward him. It was of this that he was worried. For this reason he had stood on guard. If these hunters—and there were many of them in the woods today—were to see any of his mares through the screen of underbrush, they might mistake them for the bear. One large dark form looked much like another, and once the trigger was pressed, it was too late to call the bullet back.

So Red Roan watched, his scarlet form barely discernible against the shifting backdrop of leaves and slender branches.

The man was coming toward him. Gradually the man began to walk along a more level trail. The strawberry stallion was relieved. That path would not take the hunter to where the herd was hidden. Suddenly, Red Roan stiffened, and his dark nostrils quivered! There was a musky, strange odor in the air—an odor that spoke of violence and cunning and danger!

It was the scent of the great brown bear—the killer grizzly! He was somewhere upwind of both the horse and the searching man.

RAPIDLY, Red Roan's keen eyes probed the thicket. At first he could make nothing out. There was a huge, motionless shape . . . but no, that was a boulder. And a dark, bent form . . . but that was a fallen tree. Then he saw it—a shambling, giant monster that lurched through the forest, tiny red eyes glinting angrily. The horse stood motionless, not a movement betraying his position. This was between the man and the beast. Whatever happened, Red Roan and the herd would be safe!

Slowly, and with a silence remarkable for

a creature of his bulk, the huge grizzly moved through the forest. His purpose was clear now. He was stalking the hunter, gradually coming closer and closer to him. Now he was only twenty yards away, and now only fifteen. Soon he would be near enough to lunge forward, to clutch the man in a mighty, savage embrace!

Red Roan watched intently. It was not his business, he knew. But he felt strangely moved, perhaps by the ghost of some ancestor, loyal to a human master, as he watched the bear come closer and closer to the unsuspecting man.

Now the bear was only five yards away. Lowering his head, great claws ripping the earth savagely, he lunged forward.

AT that moment, Red Roan, not knowing why he did it, whinned shrilly, his warning cutting through the underbrush, like some siren. "Neigghhhh!" he cried. And again he whinnied, loud and clear.

In the underbrush, Rob Raeburn heard the sound of the whinny, and whirled around.

"The grizzly!"

Reflex-driven, he swiftly brought his rifle up, finger clutching at the trigger. But, before he could aim and shoot, the great bear was upon him a mighty musk-smelling form, that slashed with long, steel-sharp claws. The rifle was hurled from Rob's nerveless hands, and he was thrown heavily to the ground! He tumbled over as he fell, knowing full well that the bear would relentlessly pursue him! It would be useless. He could not escape.

But even as he rolled over the ground, Rob Raeburn saw another form enter his range of vision. It was Red Roan—who had neighed a sudden warning—and then sped down through the underbrush.

Rearing high in the air, the mighty stallion launched trigger-quick blows at the bear with his front hooves. The attack caught the bear by surprise. Furiously, he whirled about, slashing at this new opponent. But Red Roan gracefully swerved away from the grizzly's attack.

Gasping, Rob Raeburn crouched on the ground. His gun was lying by a tree stump, scant feet from the battling forest creatures. If he could reach it . . . Stealthily, he bent forward, and began to crawl toward the rifle.

Again the roan stallion plunged toward the bear. His hooves tore great chunks of fur from the grunting monster!

But now the bear had recovered from his surprise. Shrewd in the ways of warfare, he drew back for a moment, tiny eyes searching for his opponent. Then, seeing him, he snarled angrily, and hurtled forward. He feinted with his right paw. Then, as Red Roan flung himself to the left, he struck out again. This time with a savage, scythe-like blow that burned deep into the horse's foreleg!

Suddenly helpless, the stallion fell to the ground, his leg doubled beneath him. Now the killer grizzly moved forward . . . ready to finish his opponent off. He reared high on his hind legs, then came forward, claws seeking a vital spot. But, before he could deliver the finishing wound—

"BAM!" A rifle shot shattered the forest. The grizzly grunted and staggered slightly. He swung about. There was the man, kneeling on the ground, aiming his rifle at him.

Ponderously, the brown bear moved toward him. Again the rifle spoke. And again. The grizzly lurched forward, almost collapsing now. Once more the rifle spoke. This time, his life blood pouring from four wounds, the bear fell . . . dead!

Rob Raeburn stood up, and moved a hand across his forehead.

He walked up and stood beside the great stallion. Red Roan lay there, his huge dark eyes looking up, his side heaving in and out. The man bent, and examined the horse's leg carefully. He probed the depth of the wound, and ran his hand up and down the leg. When he stood up, his face broke into a smile.

"Mister," he said, "your leg isn't broke—just some muscles have been ripped. We're taking you down to our ranch. We'll take care of you till that leg's strong enough to walk on. Then we'll let you go again!"

HIS hand reached out and stroked the stallion's glossy trembling side.

"I reckon," he said, "tradin' a life for a life is a fair swap any time!"

THE END

DUSTY • IN • MEET THE MEAT HOUND

DUSTY'S BUTCHER SHOP
 THE BEST MEAT IN THE WEST,
 AND ALL POINTS NORTH, EAST AND SOUTH

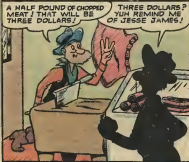
SO YOU'RE THE CRITTER WHO'S OPENING UP THIS HYAM NEW BUTCHER SHOP, DUSTY! WELL, I RECKON I'M GOING TO BE YOUR FIRST CUSTOMER!

A CUSTOMER ALREADY! IF I WAS SUPERSTITIOUS, I RECKON I'D SAY THAT WAS A LUCKY SIGN!



NOW WHAT WOULD YUH LIKE, FRANK?

I'D LIKE A NICE THICK STEAK, BUT I CAN'T AFFORD IT, SO I'LL HAVE A HALF POUND OF CHOPPED MEAT!



A HALF POUND OF CHOPPED MEAT! THAT WILL BE THREE DOLLARS!

THREE DOLLARS? YUH REMIND ME OF JESSE JAMES!



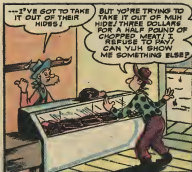
HOW DARE YUH ASSOCIATE ME WITH THAT BANDIT? I DON'T LOOK ANYTHING LIKE HIM!

YUH DON'T LOOK LIKE HIM, BUT YUH SURE WORK LIKE HIM!



LOOK, IT'S NOT MUH FALLT MUH MEAT'S SO EXPENSIVE! MUH COWS EAT THE BEST GRASS AND THEY LIVE IN THE BEST BARNS! SO WHEN THEY DIE---

TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



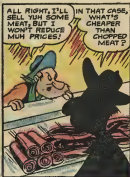
OH, IT'S YUH AGAIN! I SHOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED YUH BY THAT NOSE!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MUH NOSE? I'M VERY PROUD OF IT!



IF IT WAS FULL OF NICKLES, I'D BE PROUD OF IT, TOO! I'D BE THE RICHEST HONBRE IN TOWN!

YUH CAN INSULT ME ALL YUH LIKE, BUT I'M NOT LEAVING HYAR UNTIL I GET SOME MEAT!



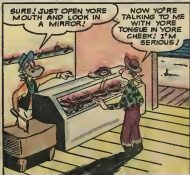
ALL RIGHT, I'LL SELL YUH SOME MEAT, BUT I WON'T REDUCE MUH PRICES!

IN THAT CASE, WHAT'S CHEAPER THAN CHOPPED MEAT?



TONGUE!

CAN I SEE IT?



SURE! JUST OPEN YORE MOUTH AND LOOK IN A MIRROR!

NOW YO'RE TALKING TO ME WITH YORE TONGUE IN YORE CHEEK! I'M SERIOUS!



WELL, IF YO'RE SERIOUS, LET'S SEE YORE MONEY FIRST!

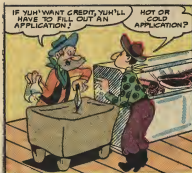
BUT I THOUGHT YUH WOULD OPEN UP A TRUST FLUND FER ME HYAR!



THIS IS A BUTCHER SHOP, NOT A BANK! WHAT DO YUH MEAN TRUST FUND?

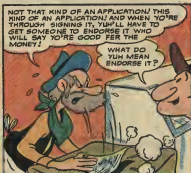
I FIGURED YUH WOULD TRUST ME FER THE FUNDS!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



IF YUH WANT CREDIT, YUH'LL HAVE TO FILL OUT AN APPLICATION!

HOT OR COLD APPLICATION?



NOT THAT KIND OF AN APPLICATION! THIS KIND OF AN APPLICATION! AND WHEN YO'RE THROUGH SIGNING IT, YUH'LL HAVE TO GET SOMEONE TO ENDORSE IT WHO WILL SAY YO'RE GOOD FER THE MONEY!

WHAT DO YUH MEAN ENDORSE IT?



WRITE ON YO'RE BACK!

WRITE ON MUH BACK? WHAT DO YUH THINK I AM, A BLACKBOARD?



PEOPLE USUALLY GIVE ME CREDIT FER HAVING SOME BRAINS, SO---



--- AFTER THINKING THINGS OVER, I RECKON I'M TOO SMART TO GIVE YUH CREDIT!

BUT IF YUH WON'T GIVE ME CREDIT, HOW WILL I EAT?



DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! YUH'LL EAT LIKE YUH ALWAYS ATE--- WITH YO'RE MOUTH! WHAT YUH WANT TO WORRY ABOUT IS WHAT YUH'LL EAT---



--- BECAUSE YUH'LL CERTAINLY GET NO CREDIT FROM ME! THIS IS GOODBYE!

I RECKON YUH JUST CAN'T GET THE BEST OF DUSTY!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

TEX RITTER

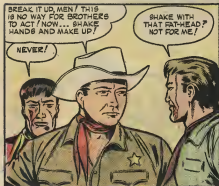
IN THE INHERITANCE



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



BREAK IT UP, MEN! THIS IS NO WAY FOR BROTHERS TO ACT! NOW... SHAKE HANDS AND MAKE UP!

SHAKE WITH THAT FAT-HEAD? NOT FOR ME!

NEVER!



ALL OF TEX'S ARGUMENTS ARE IN VAIN... ..WELL, IF YOU AREN'T WILLING TO BE PARTNERS, WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH YOUR RANCH?

WE'LL DIVIDE IT IN HALF!

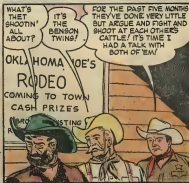
THAT'S OKAY WITH ME!



NOW, THIS IS THE DIVIDING LINE...

REMEMBER, TOO... IF ANY OF YOUR CATTLE CROSS THE LINE, I'LL SHOOT 'EM!

THAT GOES FOR YOURS, TOO!



WHAT'S THE SHOOTIN' ALL ABOUT?

IT'S THE BENSON TWINS!

FOR THE PAST FIVE MONTHS THEY'VE DONE VERY LITTLE BUT ARGUE AND FIGHT AND SHOOT AT EACH OTHER'S CATTLE! IT'S TIME I HAD A TALK WITH BOTH OF 'EM!

OKLAHOMA JOE'S
RODEO
COMING TO TOWN
CASH PRIZES

PROTESTING
R



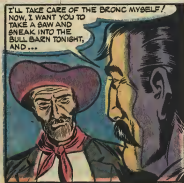
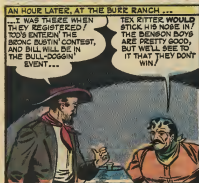
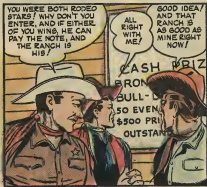
I TELL YUH, TEX... HE'S BEEN MOVIN' THE LINE!

THAT'S A LIE! YOU MADE THE LINE, TEX! COME ON OUT AND LOOK AT IT!

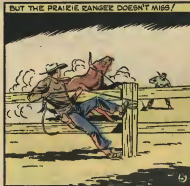
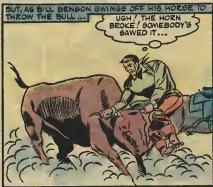


YOU FELLOWS ARE JUST WASTING YOUR TIME... YOU'VE BEEN SO BUSY FIGHTING THESE PAST MONTHS THAT YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN YOUR DEBT TO BART COY! IN FIFTEEN DAYS THE RANCH WILL BE HIS!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

BACK AT THE STALLS ...

I DON'T CARE WHAT HE SAYS, TEX! I HAD NOTHIN' TO DO WITH IT! I DON'T HAVE TO RESORT TO TRICKS TO WIN!

NO FIGHTS HERE, BOYS! I'LL TRY TO FIND OUT WHO WAS BEHIND IT!



THE BRONCO BUSTIN' EVENT! THE FIRST RIDER'S TON BENSON!



LET'S GO, TOD! GET READY TO MOUNT UP!

GENEY LOOKIN' CRITTER ...



UNNOTICED BY THE COWBOYS, NEAR THE BRONCO CHUTES ...

THIS BURR UNDER THE SADDLE WILL DO THE TRICK, ALL RIGHT!



TOD'S WEIGHT PREGGES THE BURR INTO THE BRONCO, DRIVING HIM WILD WITH PAIN!

HEY ... THIS BABY IS REALLY WILD!



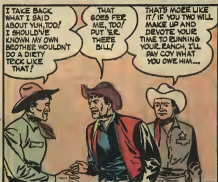
TEX RITTER WESTERN



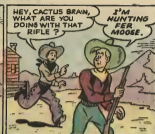
TEX RITTER WESTERN

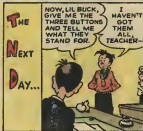
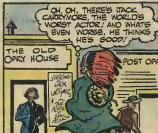


TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

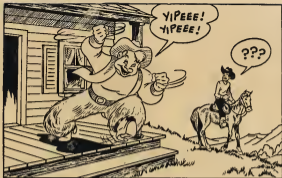




MOLASSES MOUTH



HAS
FLATTERED BRAINS!



TEX RITTER OUT FOR A GALLOP WITH WHITE FLASH

