

TEX RITTER WESTERN

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

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COMICS
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No 31

TEX RITTER

WESTERN

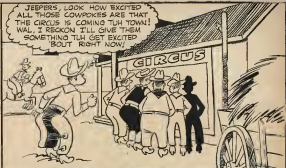
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STAN
CAMPBELL

SAGE- BRUSH

'WELL TIMED'



ATOMIC MOUSE • BADGE OF JUSTICE • BLUE BEETLE • COWBOY LOVE • COWBOY WEST
 (EN) • DANGER and ADVENTURE • FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MAULMAN • GABBY PATES •
 HOT RODS and RACING CARS • LASH LAURE • MONTE HALE • MY LITTLE MARGE • ROCKY
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 SPACE RANGERS • SWEETHEARTS • TEX RITTER • THE • DISPERSE • TRUE LIFE SECRETS •
 TV TALK—DON WINSLOW of the NAVY • WIN A PRIZE • ZOO FUNNEL, NYORA, JUNGLE 6th.

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

Alfred P. Fajen Executive Editor

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

Tex Ritter

and THE

VANISHING VARMINTS

When trouble sounds across the Western hills, **TEX RITTER**, the Prairie Ranger, takes after it! But this time he travels a strange path through the sentimental words of an old song to find the answer to the **VANISHING VARMINTS!**



Tex Ritter, the Prairie Ranger, is called into Ranger Headquarters one day, and ---

I'VE A REPORT HERE, TEX, OF A SMALL TOWN THAT'S TOO NEW TO HAVE ITS OWN SHERIFF. YET! SEEMS THEY'VE BEEN HAVING TROUBLE WITH A BAND OF VARMINTS WHO STRIKE AND THEN DISAPPEAR!

I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO, CHIEF!

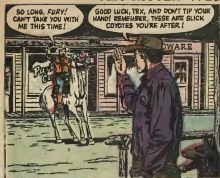


RIGHT! GO THERE AND SCOUT AROUND! SEE WHAT YOU CAN LEARN! KEEP YOUR IDENTITY SECRET! I'LL HELP YOU IN GETTING A LINE ON THE VARMINTS!

I'LL TAKE MY GUITAR AND GO AS A TRAVELING TROUBADOUR WHO PLAYS AT DANCES! THAT OUGHT TO KEEP THEM OFF-GUARD!



TEX RITTER WESTERN



SO LONG, FURY!
CAN'T TAKE YOU WITH
ME THIS TIME!

GOOD LUCK, TEX, AND DON'T TIP YOUR
HAND! REMEMBER, THESE ARE SLICK
COYOTES YOU'RE AFTER!



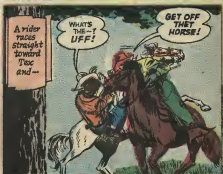
Hours later...

WE OUGHT TO BE GETTING
NEAR THIS TOWN SOON,
WHITE FLASH! AND WE
CAN BOTH USE A GOOD
NIGHT'S REST!



Suddenly!
WHOA, THERE,
BOY!

WHA--?
GET HIM!
QUICK!



A rider
races
straight
toward
Tex
and--

WHAT'S
THE--?
UFF!

GET OFF
THEY
HORSE!



SNEAK UP ON US, WILL YOU!
WE'LL SHOW YOU!

ATTA BOY,
HACK!

OW!



Eragated by the surprise attack,
Tex swings into action!

I SURE DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS
ALL ABOUT, BUT I'M NOT AIMING TO
STAND HERE AND LET YOU
DRYBULCHERS TOSS PUNCHES
AT ME!

STOP THE--
!!----!



But from behind--

THAT'LL HOLD HIM A
MINUTE! GET THE
MONEY AND LET'S
VAMOOSE!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

Tex quickly clears his head and —
THEY'RE GONE! BUT WHERE?...
I WAS DIZZY FOR ONLY A FEW
MOMENTS! THEY'VE
JUST VANISHED!



THERE'S NOT A THING AROUND NOW
BUT THESE ROCKS AND THAT OLD
BENT PINE TREE! I CAN'T EVEN
HEAR THEIR HORSES
GALLOPING AWAY!



BUT I DIDN'T IMAGINE THEM! THEY
WERE HERE! THEIR TRACKS ARE
IN THE GROUND! THIS GROUND UP
HERE IS COVERED WITH A WHITE
CLAY MIXTURE! I'LL SURE
REMEMBER THIS SPOT!



Just then —

WHOA, THERE! THERE'S
ONE OF THEM! GRAB
HIM!!



NOW
WHAT?

DON'T DENY IT!
YOU'RE ONE OF THE
HOMBRES WHO
ROBBED MY BANK,
ONE OF THE
DISAPPEARING
JASPEERS WE'VE
BEEN HUNTING!

NO!
I TELL
YOU—I'M
NOT!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIS
PALAVER! I TANGLED
WITH ONE OF THEM AND
THAT BRUISE ON HIS HEAD
PROVES HE'S THE ONE!
LET'S GIVE HIM A
NECKTIE PARTY!



WAIT! GIVE THE MAN
A CHANCE TO SPEAK HIS
PIECE, TREMAINE!

THANK YOU, MISS!
I'M NOT ONE OF THOSE
GALDOOTS! I CAME UPON
THEM, THEY JUMPED ME
AND GAVE ME THIS BRUISE
ON MY HEAD! I'M JUST
A ROAMING GUITAR
PLAYER!



LOOK!
HERE'S
MY GUITAR!

SURE ENOUGH! MAYBE
HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH,
DAD!

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO THINK,
CAROL! LET'S HEAR
HIM SING AND PLAY THAT
GUITAR IF HE CLAIMS TO
BE A TRAVELING
TROUBADOUR!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

Tex quickly takes up his guitar, and in a few minutes...



— THAT'S THE STORY OF THE CHISHOLM TRAIL!

WELL, HE SINGS AND PLAYS RIGHT SMARTLY! RECKON HE'S A TRAVELING TROUBADOUR, 'ALL RIGHT!

I GAY, STRING HIM UP AND TAKE NO CHANCES, MR. REED?

NONSENSE, TREMAINE! YOU KNOW NONE OF THOSE BANDITS HAD A GUITAR STRAPPED TO HIS SADDLE! WE FOLLOWED THEM CLOSE FOR A SPELL AND I'D HAVE NOTICED IT!

THANKS, MISS! TEX IS MY NAME — JUST TEX! THAT'S ALL FOLKS EVER CALL ME!



I'D LIKE TO STAY AND HELP YOU FWD THOSE YARMINTS! I OWE THEM A THING OR TWO FOR JUMPING ME!

YOU? WE NEED GOOD RIFLEMEN FOR THAT, NOT GUITAR PLAYERS!

YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY, TEX! WE'LL NEED A GOOD GUITARIST AND SINGER NEXT WEEKEND FOR THE TOWN DANCE!

AND I CAN ALWAYS USE ANOTHER CONHAND!

THEN IT'S ALL SETTLED! LET'S HEAD BACK, AND I'LL SHOW YOU THE RANCH!

THIS IS PERFECT! IT'LL GIVE ME A GOOD CHANCE TO SEE IF I CAN FIND OUT HOW THOSE COYOTES VANISHED SO QUICKLY!



MY DAD'S BANK WAS ONLY THE LATEST OF A SERIES OF ROBBERIES THOSE BANDITS HAVE COMMITTED! AS A NEW COMMUNITY, WE'RE AT THE MERCY OF SUCH LAWLESSNESS!



IT SURE IS A SHAME! AND ALL THE FOLKS OF THIS POSSE ARE RANCHERS AND GOOD CITIZENS OF THE TOWN — INCLUDING THAT TREMAINE HOMBRE WHO WAS SO ANXIOUS TO STRETCH ME!

YES — EVEN TREMAINE! HE'S A LITTLE HOT-HEADED, I GUESS! HE WORKS IN TOWN AT THE POST OFFICE AND THESE ROBBERIES HAVE HIM PLENTY ANGRY!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

But soon, Tex reaches the Reed ranch bunkhouse, and—

DAD WILL TELL YOU YOUR DUTIES TOMORROW, TEX, AND I'LL SEE YOU ABOUT THE TOWN DANCE IN A FEW DAYS! THERE'S A SPECIAL SONG I WANT YOU TO SING!

SURE THING, CAROL—AND THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!



A few nights later, as Tex walks through town—

SO FAR, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND A SINGLE LEAD ON THOSE DRY GULCHERS!



SUDDENLY TWO SHOTS RING OUT!

THE GENERAL STORE—AND IT'S THOSE SIDEWINDERS!



NOT SO FAST, YOU DERNERY BROOMTAILS!

LOOK OUT—
I-1-1!



MOUNT UP! I'LL TAKE THE WIND OUT OF THIS CAVUSE!

I—



NOW, LET'S GIT!

COME ON, WHITE FLASH! WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY AGAIN!

GIDDAP, THERE!



WE'LL STAY RIGHT ON THEIR HEELS!

LET'S GO!

HOWELL'S
HARDWARE



TEX RITTER WESTERN

Into the hills, Tex chases after the fleeing bandits



KEEP AFTER THEM, WHITE FLASH! THEY JUST WENT AROUND THAT BEND IN THE TRAIL!



But an instant later, when Tex rounds the bend...

HOLD IT, BOY! THEY'VE DISAPPEARED! VANISHED COMPLETELY!



AND THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE I MET THEM, WHERE THEY SLUGGED ME AND VANISHED JUST AS SUDDENLY! THERE'S THAT OLD, BENT PINE!



AND THE WHITE CLAY OF THE EARTH AROUND HERE! THIS IS THE SAME SPOT, ALL RIGHT! I SURE DON'T FIGURE THIS AT ALL!



THEY REACH THIS SPOT AND SUDDENLY VANISH! I MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO THE RANCH AND TRY TO PUZZLE THIS OUT THERE! I'VE GOT TO GET AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS SOMEHOW!



A few days' later, at the ranch house--

YOU SENT WORD YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, CAROL?

YES, TEX! THE DANCE IS ONLY A FEW DAYS OFF AND I'D LIKE YOU TO LEARN AND SING A SPECIAL SONG! IT HAS A SENTIMENTAL MEANING TO ME AND I'VE WANTED TO HEAR IT AGAIN FOR YEARS!



IT'S IN AN OLD TRUNK IN THE ATTIC! IT'S A SONG MY GRAND-DAD USED TO SING TO MY GRAND-MOTHER! HE PLAYED THE GUITAR, TOO!

I'LL BE GLAD TO DIG THE MUSIC OUT OF THAT TRUNK AND LEARN IT!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

THE SONG HAS A STORY BEHIND IT, YOU SEE! IT MEANT SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL TO MY GRANDPARENTS! GRANDMOTHER'S FOLKS TRIED TO STOP HER FROM MARRYING GRANDDAD!



THEY EVEN POSTED GUARDS TO STOP GRANDDAD WHEN HE CAME TO SEE GRANDMOTHER! BUT IT NEVER WORKED! THAT OLD SONG HAD A PRIVATE CODE IN IT AND GRANDMOTHER ALWAYS KNEW WHERE TO MEET GRANDDAD WHEN HE'D SEND HER THE WORDS, OR SING IT TO HER FROM A DISTANCE!



HERE'S THE ATTIC -- AND THERE'S THE OLD TRUNK! THINK YOU CAN FIND IT, TEX?

AFTER A WONDERFUL STORY LIKE THAT, I SURE WILL FIND IT!



Later that day in the bunkhouse, Tex looks over the music --

HMMMM! THIS IS AN OLD FOLK MELODY, BUT THE OLD BOY SANG SPECIAL WORDS TO IT, ALL RIGHT! NEVER HEARD THEM BEFORE! WELL, LET'S TRY IT OUT!



♪♪ THOUGH OTHERS STAND TO KEEP US APART, WHERE THE GROUND IS WHITE, WE'LL MEET, AGAIN, BY THE OLD BENT PINE WHEN THE MOON STRIKES TEN, THROUGH THE TUNNEL IN THE HILLS I'LL RIDE, TILL I'M STANDING BY YOUR SIDE... ♪♪



HOLD EVERYTHING! THOSE WORDS SURE DO MEAN SOMETHING SPECIAL! "BY THE OLD BENT PINE -- WHERE THE GROUND IS WHITE -- THROUGH THE TUNNEL IN THE HILLS" --!



THOSE WORDS SHOW THE OLD BOY KNEW OF SOME SECRET TUNNEL IN THE HILLS WHICH OPENS AT THAT SPOT WHERE THE OLD BENT PINE STANDS AND THE EARTH IS THAT WHITE CLAY MIXTURE!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

THAT'S NOW HE'D MEET CAROL'S GRAND-MOTHER WITHOUT BEING CAUGHT! UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THESE ORNERY VARMINTS HAVE DISCOVERED THAT OLD TUNNEL! I'LL JUST HAVE A BETTER LOOK AT THAT SPOT WHERE THEY VANISH!



Later that night, in the hills behind the bent pine ---

I'LL HICK AND PRESS EVERY SQUARE INCH OF THESE ROCKS TILL I FIND THAT TUNNEL ENTRANCE! IT'S GOT TO BE AROUND HERE, SOMEPLACE!

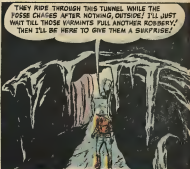


A half-hour later, as Tex kicks the side of one rock, suddenly ---

THAT'S IT!
I'VE FOUND
IT!



THEY RIDE THROUGH THIS TUNNEL WHILE THE POSSE CHARGES AFTER NOTHING, OUTSIDE! I'LL JUST WAIT TILL THOSE VARMINTS PULL ANOTHER ROBBERY! THEN I'LL BE HERE TO GIVE THEM A SURPRISE!



Tex doesn't have long to wait, for the next night in town ---

THOSE BANDIT'S HAVE STRUCK AGAIN! THE HOTEL, THIS TIME! JUST A MINUTE AGO! YOU CAN STILL CATCH UP WITH THE POSSE, MAYBE!

WHAT--?
THANKS, PARTNER!



THEY WON'T TAKE A DIRECT ROUTE TO THE TUNNEL WITH THE POSSE ON THEIR HEELS! THEY'LL NEED TO GAIN A LITTLE DISTANCE THROUGH THE HILLS, AND THAT'LL GIVE ME TIME TO REACH THE TUNNEL BEFORE THEY DO!



Later, as the outlaws reach the secret tunnel ---

HERE THEY COME!
BUT THIS TIME
I'LL DO THE
SURPRISING!



TEX RITTER WESTERN



SURPRISE, YOU POLECATS!
DROP THOSE SHOOTING IRONS--
FAST!

**IT'S THAT GUITAR
WHA--!! PLAYER!**



**THAT'S RIGHT--
REACH FOR THE
SKY! WELL--IF
IT ISN'T
TREMAINE!**

**YEP--IT'S
ME!**



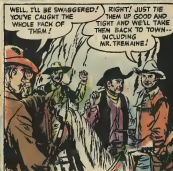
**NOW I SEE WHY YOU WERE SO
ANXIOUS TO TAG ME AS ONE OF
THESE VARMINTS! YOU FIGURED
CATCHING ONE OF THEM
MIGHT APPEASE THE
POSSE, MIGHT EVEN
MAKE THE NEXT
ROBBERY EASIER!**

**PRETTY
SMART,
AREN'T YOU,
GUITAR
PLAYER?**



**PRAIRIE RANGER, TO YOU, TREMAINE!
BUT HERE COMES THE POSSE!
HO, THERE--OVER HERE!**

**P-PRAIRIE
RANGER!!**



**WELL, I'LL BE SWAGGERED!
YOU'VE CAUGHT THE
WHOLE PACK OF
THEM!**

**RIGHT! JUST TIE
THEM UP GOOD AND
TIGHT AND WE'LL TAKE
THEM BACK TO TOWN--
INCLUDING
MR. TREMAINE!**



**YOU'RE NOT
BRINGING
ME IN!**



**HE'S GETTING
AWAY! BRING
HIM DOWN!**

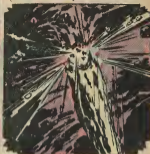
**I'VE ALREADY GOT HIS GUN
AWAY FROM HIM! I CAN'T SHOOT
AN UNARMED MAN--EVEN ONE
LIKE HIM! BUT MAYBE
I CAN STOP HIM!**

TEX RITTER WESTERN

THOSE ODD FORMS ON THE ROOF OF THE CAVE — THEY'RE CALLED STALACTITES! IF I CAN JUST KNOCK ONE OFF, I'LL HAVE HIM! I'LL AIM JUST A BIT AHEAD OF HIM!



Taking careful aim — Tex's six-gun reverberates through the tunnel and —



Later, after Tex tells the story of the old tunnel —

... AND SO, AFTER FINDING THE TUNNEL, THEY DECIDED TO MAKE GOOD USE OF IT! TREMAINE'S JOB IN THE POST OFFICE GAVE HIM A GOOD CHANCE TO SEE WHO WERE LIKELY LOOKING PROSPECTS FOR ROBBERY!

THE TOWN WILL NEVER FORGET YOU FOR THIS, RANGER! THE FIRST THING WE'RE GOING TO DO IS GET US A REAL SHERIFF OF OUR OWN!



AND ALL THIS TIME WE THOUGHT YOU WERE ONLY A SINGING TROUBADOUR!

YES, AND I SUPPOSE SINGING AND PLAYING AT THE TOWN DANCE IS ALL OVER WITH NOW!

NOTHING DOING! I'LL BE THERE WITH MY GUITAR! DON'T YOU WORRY!



And so, a few nights later —

THANK YOU SO MUCH, TEX! YOU SANG GRANDDAD'S OLD SONG BEAUTIFULLY!

TEX CAN SING AS WELL AS HE CAN CATCH VARMINTS!

IT'S A GRAND SONG! ONCE IT BROUGHT HAPPINESS TO TWO PEOPLE AND NOW IT'S DONE THE SAME FOR A WHOLE TOWN! I'VE GOT TO MOVE ON NOW, BUT I'LL REMEMBER IT ALWAYS!



RIDING THE RANGE
WITH
TEX RITTER



Howdy Folks,

It's mighty nice to be riding your way once again. It's always plumb pleasurable to pass the time of day with good friends.

I've just returned from a week in the hills with some hard-riding cowboys on a wild horse roundup. After we reached the Timberline Range, where we knew a large herd of wild horses roamed, we sort of split up, and I went on to scout ahead.

It wasn't long before I saw a magnificent white stallion on a ledge. A few minutes later, he was joined by a beautiful light tan horse. Properly speaking, a tan horse is called a Palomino, but most

Westerners call them buckskins. I followed the two horses down into a small valley and there I saw a whole herd of wild mustangs.

There were some more white horses and buckskins, a lot of fine black stallions, dapple-grays, brown mares and a sprinkling of strawberry roans. The young colts played together and frisked about while the others grazed or trotted along side by side. As I watched them, I couldn't help thinking how they didn't refuse to play together because they were different colors, or because some had long straight manes and others curly ones. No, they got along like real amigos, and after we finally rounded the herd into a corral, that thought stuck with me.

I'm going to keep remembering it, too -- and I reckon you all will do the same. We two-legged critters can learn a powerful lot, even from a herd of wild horses, about getting along together!



Well, I'll be moseying along now, partners -- but I'll be reining-up this way again real soon.

Your pard,

Tex Ritter



TEX RITTER WESTERN

BUFFALO BULL

"THE BRILLIANT GOAT!"



ONE FINE DAY...

I WOULD WISH I HAD A GOOD CIGAR! BUT I'M SO BROKE, I HAVEN'T ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY EVEN A BAD ONE! HAL, I REMEMBER... HUH? WHAT LUCK, THAT'S A CIGAR BUTT ON THE GROUND!



THIS IS MUM LUCKY DAY! YES SIRE, THAT'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD BUTT!



TEX RITTER WESTERN



BOAN!
I GOT A BUTT...
BUT THE WRONG
KIND!



HUH? HE'S EATING THE CIGAR BUTT!
HEY, CUT IT OUT! STOP! THAT'S MINE!



BOAN!
IT'S TOO LATE! HE
SWALLOWED IT ALREADY!



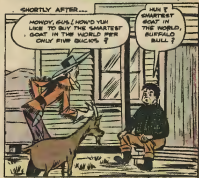
GRRR! JUST YUH BUTT ME AND
THEN YUH CHEW UP MUIH CIGAR
BUTT! I OUGHT TO TWIST YOUR
NECK, YUH OBNERY NO-GOOD,
MANSY OLD GOAT!



HUH! I JUST GOT AN
IDEA! I KNOW HOW I
CAN MAKE SOME MONEY
FROM THIS OLD BASCAL!



C'MON, YUH FOUL SWELLING OLD BUZZARD!
I'M GOING TO SELL YUH TO MRS GULLIBLE,
THE RANCHER! I'LL TELL HIM YOU'RE THE
GOAT THAT EVER LIVED!



SHORTLY AFTER...

MOWDY, GUS! HOW'D YUH
LIKE TO BUY THE SMARTEST
GOAT IN THE WORLD FOR
ONLY FIVE DUCKS?

HUH? SMARTEST
GOAT IN THE
WORLD,
BUFFALO
BULL?

TEX RITTER WESTERN



THAT'S RIGHT!
HE'S
BRILLIANT!

HMMPH, HE
LOOKS JUST
LIKE AN
ORDINARY DUMB
GOAT
TO ME!



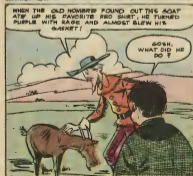
ORDINARY? DUMB? YOU SHOULDN'T
SAY THAT IF YOU KNEW HOW
SMART HE IS! I'LL TELL
YOU WHAT HE ONCE DID AND
YOU'LL SEE HOW BRILLIANT
HE IS!



HE ONCE BELONGED TO A MEAN
OLD HOMBRE WHO HAD A
FAVORITE RED SHIRT! ONE
DAY HIS WIFE WASHED THAT
SHIRT AND HUNG IT UP TO DRY!

*WHILE IT WAS HANGING ON THE CLOTHING LINE,
THE GOAT SAW IT---

*THE GOAT WAS FEELING A LITTLE HUNGRY
SO HE ATE THE SHIRT---



WHEN THE OLD HOMBRE FOUND OUT THE GOAT
ATE UP HIS FAVORITE RED SHIRT, HE TURNED
PURPLE WITH RAGE AND ALMOST BLEW HIS
GASKET!

GOSH,
WHAT DID HE
DO?



HE DRAGGED HIM DOWN
TO THE RAILROAD
TRACKS!

HEN?
THE RAILROAD
TRACKS?

YUP! AND HE TIED HIM TO THE TRACKS...



TSK, TSK, HE TIED THE POOR GOAT TO THE RAILROAD TRACKS?

YUP! SO THAT THE NEXT TRAIN COMING BY WOULD RUN OVER HIM AND KILL HIM!

TSK, TSK, THAT WUZ TERRIBLE!

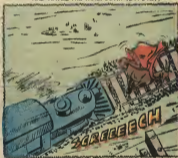
YUN SAID IT! THE GOAT WUZ IN AN AWFUL PREDICAMENT! BUT I TOLD YUN HE WUZ BRILLIANT!



WHEN THE GOAT SAW THE TRAIN BEARING DOWN ON HIM...



HE COUSHED UP THE RED SHIRT HE HAD EATEN AND WAVED THE TRAIN DOWN TO A STOP




THE GOAT COUSHED UP THE RED SHIRT AND WAVED THE TRAIN DOWN WITH IT! HA, HA! THAT'S THE BEST YARN I'VE HEARD IN A LONG TIME!

HA, HA, I DON'T BELIEVE THE GOAT'S SO SMART, BUT YUN SHORE ARE! MYN'S A CIGAR FER GIVING ME A GOOD LAUGH!

A CIGAR! YIPES! I OWE IT TO YUN, GOAT OLD CHUM! YUN'LL NEVER GET MY GOAT AGAIN! YIPESSE!





ROARING RIVER

By Westbrook Wilson

RAIN came, drenching torrents of rain. Kansas Walker was soaked to the skin. Water showered from his hat and made the brim soggy. His big horse, Black Devil, glistened as the water covered his broad back. In the distance, above the black mountains, lightning darted crazily through the sky, and from far off came the muffled rumble of thunder.

Instead of cursing the downpour, Kansas was singing. It was kind of a crazy-worded, off-tune song, but it was singing because it came from the gladness in the heart. Kansas was glad of the big rain. Water! What a precious thing! In previous drives he had pushed longhorns through biting, stinging, choking dust. He had known how terrible it was to try to move cattle when the grass had become parched and dry, when water holes were scarce. In such drouth, it was possible to lose cattle by the hundreds. And so he was grateful for the rain. He sang on.

Another man rode up beside Kansas. The pair looked strikingly alike, except that the newcomer was a little younger, there was still a bit of baby in his face. And, whereas Kansas' strong, handsome countenance bore a look of serene thanksgiving, the newcomer appeared worried. He voiced his worry: "Hear that roaring up ahead?"

"Yeh, Herbie, I hear it," replied Kansas. "Reckon the old Missegoola River is on a rampage."

"It's flooded, that's what it is!" asserted Herbie, a note of desperation in his voice. "We'll never be able to get five thousand head of cattle across it."

"Don't cross your creeks till you come to them, brother," suggested Kansas. "Let's you and me ride on ahead and have a look at the old Missegoola."

He spurred Black Devil and cut wide to the side of the moving mass of cattle. Herbie followed. Soon they were a quarter mile ahead of the herd and standing on the bank of the rain-swollen river. "It's a flood!" cried Herbie. "It's awful!"

"It ain't exactly ideal," admitted Kansas, "but

it'll get worse afore it gets better."

"You're not aiming to try to cross?" There was alarm in Herbie's voice.

"We've got to if we can," responded Kansas, flatly. "Come on, we'll see how bad it is." He urged Black Devil forward, into the swirling, foaming stream. The horse walked in, pushing through the strong current. Man and horse sank lower and lower into the water until they reached the deep midchannel where both bobbed out of sight for a second. When they popped up again, Kansas had slipped from the saddle and was holding the pommel, swimming beside the horse. "No use," he thought, "to give the old boy unnecessary burden in this mess." As soon as the steed had regained his footing and was mounting the sloping bank on the other side, Kansas mounted again. He sat for a moment, looking at the roaring river, noting the rainfall, calculating. Then he and Black Devil made the return trip.

He looked quizzically at Herbie but said nothing about the latter's failure to follow him. "We can make it," he declared. "Just gotta keep them longhorns headed right. They won't have too much swimming."

"Wouldn't it be safer to wait?" suggested Herbie.

"Wait?" exclaimed Kansas. "Why our only chance to get these critters to market is to-cross now. Come on."

He rode toward the approaching herd, quickly gave instructions to his drovers. Herbie followed, looking sick. Kansas circled the cattle and rode alongside the chuck wagon, driven by Cookie. "Cookie," he said, "we can get the critters across all right, without losing more than maybe a few head. What I'm worried about is this here wagon. That river's too deep to ford. We'll have to float her across, and I just hope she don't turn turtle."

"If she turns turtle you won't have to worry none," responded Cookie, puffing his inverted pipe. "A turtle wouldn't have no trouble getting across any river!" Cookie laughed heartily. As usual, he was the only one who enjoyed his jokes, but he didn't mind.

The wagon was halted. Kansas ordered Cookie and Herbie to lash logs to the wheels of the wagon to serve as pontoons. The other men were already in the stream, howling and whipping at the milling longhorns, keeping the leaders headed straight. Despite their bawling protests, the cattle plunged forward across the flooded stream, and the leaders already were clambering up the opposite bank. Kansas had time for a glance of satisfaction at his men's work. "We'll get 'em to market on time!" he grunted.

Cookie's wagon was now ready. "Get going, Cookie," ordered Kansas. "Me and Herbie will side you to see that our grub doesn't go to the fishes." Creaking and sliding, the wagon rolled forward toward the stream. "Come on, Herbie," said Kansas.

"I'm not going! You can't make me! It's suicide!" cried Herbie. There was a touch of hysteria in his voice.

Anger flashed in Kansas' gray eyes as he whipped a Colt from its waterproof holster. He leveled it at the younger man and said, "I'm trail boss. You do what I say!"

"No, no, I won't! I'm scared to death of water!" Herbie's voice was screaming. The lashing rain mingled with tears on his cheeks.

"Then I'll shoot you down like a yellow-livered coyote!" snapped Kansas. But he hesitated. He didn't shoot. "I can't shoot my own brother," he breathed at last. "But that's for this time. From now on, you're no brother of mine. Just keep out of my sight! That's a warning!"

He turned his horse away. Already the chuck wagon was heading for the deep, midstream channel as Black Devil plunged in. The wagon team was swimming. The swift current caught the wagon and tipped it sharply. It was tipping, careening, ready to flop over and be dashed to pieces. Kansas leaped from Black Devil and clutched one of the wagon wheels on the high side. His weight served as ballast, righting the wagon. The wagon team had now got a foot-

hold and was tugging up the inclined bank. But the sudden twist of the current, the lurching of the wagon, loosened Kansas Walker's grip on the slippery wheel. He fell, the iron tire struck his head, and he sank, unconscious, into the foaming cauldron.

Cookie, driving the wagon, had his hands full with the struggling team. He had no way of knowing about the tragedy behind him. None of the drovers saw it, either, for they were busy urging the longhorns forward.

Only Herbie Walker saw what had happened to his brother. His eyes were filled with fear. His hands shook. But with only a second's hesitation, he spurred his horse forward, into the raging torrent. He aimed for downstream, past the wagon, his eyes searching desperately in the foaming flood. At first, he saw nothing, then, five feet way, his brother's head cut the surface, a red streak above the eyes where the iron wagon tire had struck. Herbie slipped his feet from the stirrups, planted them on the saddle, and made a crouching dive toward the bobbing head.

"I e-can't swim," he was saying, "but maybe I can save him, somehow."

He clutched at his brother's collar, then managed to cry out, "Help!"

Cookie heard. He leaped from the wagon seat. Soon a lariat loop was flashing toward the two figures being swept downstream. Herbie grabbed it with his free hand, and Cookie pulled the two of them ashore.

COOKIE had just finished bandaging Kansas Walker's wound when the latter opened his eyes. There was astonishment in them as he looked up to see Herbie. "The kid saved your life, Kansas," said Cookie. "And you should remember this. If a man goes ahead and does the right thing when he's scared half to death, then he's the bravest man of all!"

Kansas seemed to understand. He reached up, grasped Herbie's hand, and said, "Brother!"

THE END

THE COWBOY SADDLE

THE MEXICAN "VAQUERO" WAS THE FIRST "COWBOY"... AND HIS SADDLE AND OTHER EQUIPMENT HAVE BEEN FOLLOWED BY THE AMERICAN COWBOYS.

MEXICAN SADDLE, DADDY OF THE COWBOY'S SADDLE.

MODERN AMERICAN SADDLE DESIGN.



HEAVY HAND TOOLED EFFECTS



OLDER AMERICAN SADDLE TYPE



OLD STYLE "BOX" STIRRUP



OLD STYLE "FORKS" WERE NARROW.

THEY GRADUALLY BECAME WIDER, FOR GREATER COMFORT.

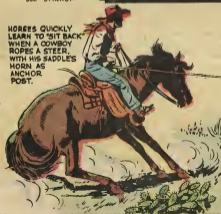
WIDE FORKS OF A "BRONK" RIDER'S SADDLE HELP HIM KEEP HIS SEAT.

"TAPADEROS"

WERE ORIGINALLY DESIGNED TO PROTECT THE FEET IN BRUSHY COUNTRY, BUT ARE ALSO USED FOR DECORATIVE EFFECTS, SPECIALLY IN THE MOVIES. MANY SHOW HIGH EXAMPLES OF THE TOOLED-LEATHER WORKER'S ART.



HORSES QUICKLY LEARN TO "SIT BACK" WHEN A COWBOY ROPES A STEER, WITH HIS SADDLE'S HORN AS ANCHOR POST.



A COWBOY'S SADDLE MAY BE PLAIN OR FANCY-IT IS ALWAYS MADE BY EXPERT WORKMEN, FROM BEST OF MATERIALS. IT MUST BE STRONG AND DURABLE, AND IS EXPECTED TO LAST FOR MANY YEARS.

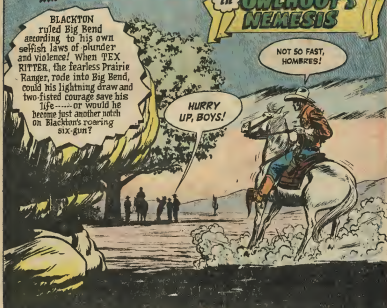
Tex Ritter

in **OWLHOOF'S NEMESIS**

BLACKTON ruled Big Bend according to his own selfish laws of plunder and violence! When **TEX RITTER**, the fearless Prairie Ranger, rode into Big Bend, could his lightning draw and two-fisted courage save his life-----or would he become just another notch on Blackton's roaring six-gun?

NOT SO FAST, HOMBRES!

HURRY UP, BOYS!



Tex has been sent to investigate the disappearance of Curley Walker, Sheriff of Big Bend. And as he rides into the town...

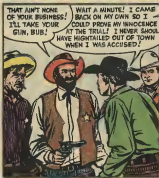
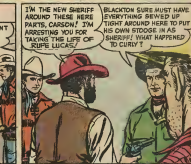
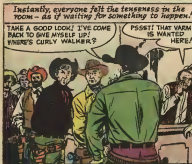
IT SURE SEEMS LIKE A QUIET PLACE, EN, WHITE FLASH? TOO QUIET, IF YOU ASK ME!



THIS BLACKTON SEEMS TO OWN JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING IN TOWN! RECKON WE'LL TRY THE SALOON AND SEE IF ANYBODY SAW CURLY LATELY!



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

WAIT A MINUTE!
THE LAW SAYS
EVERY MAN IS
ENTITLED TO A
FAIR TRIAL!

KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT
OF THIS, STRANGER
OR THERE'LL BE A
DOUBLE
PARTY!

WELL - I'M CALLING THE PARTY
**OFF! GET BACK,
CARSON!**

RIGHT!

WHY, YOU -!

OWW!



I--I AN'T GOIN'
FOR MY GUN, MISTER!

I'M TEX RITTER--AND
I STILL SAY THE MAN IS
ENTITLED TO A FAIR
TRIAL!

**THE
PRAIRIE
RANGER!**



NOW THAT I'VE
INTRODUCED
MYSELF, I'LL
TAKE CARSON
WITH ME UNTIL
I GET SOME
QUESTIONS
ANSWERED!

YOU WON'T GET
AWAY WITH THIS!
YOU'RE HELPING A
BUSHWHACKER
BEAT THE LAW!



I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT
WHO MADE **YOU** THE LAW!
GET ON YOUR HORSE,
CARSON!

I'LL BE WAITING
FOR YOU!



THOSE VARMINTS WILL
BE COMING AFTER US,
PRONTO! MAKE TRACKS,
WHITE FLASH!

WE'LL HEAD FOR MY
RANCH! IT'S ONLY A
FEW MILES NORTH
OF HERE!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

Shortly afterwards...

I RECKON IT LOOKS PRETTY RUN-DOWN NOW, BUT IT ONCE WAS THE BEST-LOOKING SPREAD AROUND—UNTIL BLACKTON GOT IDEAS ABOUT OWNING IT!

WHO IS THIS BLACKTON HOMBRE? SEEMS AS IF HE'S CALLING THE TOWN ON A LOT OF THINGS AROUND HERE!

HE JUST ABOUT OWNS THE TOWN! ANY RANCHER WHO WON'T PLAY BALL WITH HIM GENERALLY WINDS UP WITH A BULLET IN HIS BACK! THAT'S HOW THEY KILLED MY FATHER!

BUT WHY IS HE SO DETERMINED TO GET THIS OUTFIT?

WE HAVE WATER RIGHTS WHICH BLACKTON IS AFTER! DAD WAS RALLYING THE RANCH OWNERS AGAINST HIM—AND—AND I GUESS THAT'S WHY HE GOT IT! WHEN I HEARD ABOUT IT, I DECIDED TO COME BACK AND FIGHT!

I RECKON YOU'RE GOING TO NEED HELP! LISTEN! SOMEONE'S COMING!

THEY'RE NOT TAKING ME ALIVE—

JIM! I—I HEARD YOU WERE BACK!

JEAN!

OH, JIM— I KNEW YOU DIDN'T HILL RUFE LUCAS! WHY DID YOU RUN AWAY? I MISSED YOU SO!

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, JEAN— MIGHTY GOOD!

AHEM!

JEAN, THIS HERE IS TEX RITTER— THE PRAIRIE RANGER! JEAN IS BLACKTON'S STEP-DAUGHTER— BUT THEY DON'T HAVE MUCH IN COMMON!

TEX RITTER! WHY—I'VE HEARD A LOT OF GOOD THINGS ABOUT YOU! I SURE AM GLAD YOU'VE COME TO THESE PARTS!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

IS BLACKTON STILL TREATING YOU AS MEAN AS EVER, JEAN?

IT DOESN'T MATTER, JIM, AS LONG AS YOU'RE BACK!

HERE COMES THAT POSSE WE BEEN EXPECTING! IT APPEARS THAT BLACKTON IS LEADING IT!



With their hands tensed over their gun butts, Tex Ritter and Jim Carson step outside...

GET AWAY FROM THAT MAN, JEAN!

BEFORE YOU GO BRANDING HIM A CRIMINAL, BLACKTON--HE'S ENTITLED TO HIS TRIAL!



SO YOU'RE THE PRAIRIE RANGER WHO'S BEEN INTERFERING WITH LAW AND ORDER AROUND HERE!

I ONLY INTERFERED TO SAVE THIS MAN'S LIFE! A MAN'S INNOCENT UNTIL HE'S PROVEN GUILTY!

ALL RIGHT, RANGER--WE'LL GIVE HIM HIS TRIAL!

MAYBE THE SHERIFF WAS A MITE NOT-HEADED!

AND WHEN I SAY TRIAL, I MEAN A FAIR TRIAL!



I COULDN'T GET A FAIR TRIAL FROM THOSE COVOTES!

WE'LL GIVE YOU A FAIR TRIAL, CARSON! NOW, YOU BETTER COME PEACEABLY, OR MY BOYS WILL DRILL YOU HERE AND NOW!



IF YOU'RE SO EAGER TO GET PROMISE TO TRIAL, WHY HAVEN'T YOU PICKED UP THE JASPER WHO MURDERED MY FATHER? WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS PEARL-HANDLED GUN? FIND THAT AND YOU'VE GOT YOUR MAN!

WE'LL GET THE CRITTER WHO PLOGGED YOUR FATHER, TOO! BUT RIGHT NOW--WE WANT YOU!

GO ALONG WITH THEM, CARSON! IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR!

ALL RIGHT, TEX-- IF YOU SAY SO!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

As the posse gallops off toward town with the prisoner...

THAT PEARL-JAWED GUN THAT JIM MENTIONED! I BELIEVE I SAW MY STEP-FATHER WITH ONE! DO YOU SUPPOSE--?

ARE YOU **SURE?** THAT GUN IS SOMETHING I SURE WOULD LIKE TO SEE!



BLACKTON HAS ALWAYS BEEN A GUN FANCIER-- BUT THERE ISN'T A CHANCE THAT HE WOULD SHOW IT TO YOU!

DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU COULD GET ME INTO THE RANCH AND SHOW ME WHERE HE KEEPS IT? I COULD BE THERE ABOUT TEN O'CLOCK TONIGHT!



That night, at Blackton's ranch...

HE WENT INTO TOWN A FEW HOURS AGO AND ISN'T BACK YET!

GOOD! THAT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO MOSEY AROUND FOR THAT GUN!



HE KEEPS IT INSIDE OF THAT DESK, BUT IT'S LOCKED!

ANYTHING THAT'S BEEN LOCKED CAN BE OPENED!



A Bowie knife soon forces the lock and...

IT'S GOT THE CARSON BRAND ON IT! THIS IS THE GUN THAT JIM MENTIONED, ALL RIGHT! BLACKTON KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT THAT MURDER!

HE'S COMING-- HE'S COMING! AND HE HAS THE SHERIFF WITH HIM! WHAT WILL WE DO?



NO CHANCE TO GET OUT WITHOUT BEING SEEN! WE'D BETTER STAY BEHIND THIS CURTAIN!

HE'LL KILL US IF HE FINDS OUT!



THE BOYS ARE GOING TO PULL CARSON OUT OF JAIL TONIGHT AND SERVE HIM! WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES ON A TRIAL, EHT

NOT AFTER YOU PLUGGED REFE YOURSELF! TOO BAD WE HAD TO GET RID OF A GOOD MAN, BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT TO GET RID OF THAT CARSON KID!

AFTER WE GET RID OF HIM, WE CAN PIN HIS OLD MAN'S MURDER ON HIM, TOO! I RECKON YOU GOT YOURSELF A PRIZE GUN BY PLUGGING THE OLD COOT!

QUIET! DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING-- BEHIND THOSE CURTAINS?

OH!!



TEX RITTER WESTERN



Blackton's revelation had brought a gasp from the girl...

I KNEW I HEARD SOMETHING! COME OUT OF THERE, RITTER! I HAVE THE DROP ON YOU!

YOU---- YOU SHOT JIM'S FATHER--! A'D YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE HIM LYNCHED FOR WHAT YOU DID!



I'LL ATTEND TO YOU LATER! SURE I GOT HIM, BUT NOBODY ELSE IS EVER GOING TO KNOW ABOUT IT! I'M SENDING YOU TWO TO BOOT HILL!

I CAN GUESS WHAT HAPPENED TO CURLY WALKER, TOO!



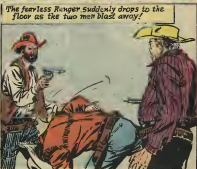
CURLY WOULDN'T COOPERATE WITH ME -- THAT'S WHY I PUT MY OWN MAN IN OFFICE!

THAT DOESN'T MAKE HIM A SHERIFF! HE'S AN IMPOSTER!



I WOULDN'T BE GETTING RILED ABOUT ME BEING A REAL SHERIFF OR NOT, RITTER! IT AIN'T GOING TO MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO YOU SOON!

THE SIDE-WINDER'S FIGURE ON SHOOTING ME IN THE BACK! I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING -- AND PRONTO!



The fearless Ranger suddenly drops to the floor as the two men blast away!



I RECHON THEY WERE A MITE CARELESS!

I----!!



I'LL FIX-- I-I----!

IT'S YOUR TURN TO BE A TARGET NOW--FOR THIS!

POW!



STOP! THAT'S ENOUGH! STOP! I-I QUIT!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



THEY'RE GOING TO LYNCH JIM FOR WHAT HE DID! WHAT'LL WE DO, TEX?

GET YOUR HORSE! WE'LL HAVE TO RIDE LIKE BLAZES BACK TO TOWN AND TRY TO STOP THEM! THIS BUSHWHACKER IS COMING WITH US! I'LL TIE HIM TO THE SADDLE OF HIS HORSE!

Minutes later...



FASTER, WHITE FLASH! WE HAVE TO GET THERE IN TIME!



As Tex nears town...

THOSE TORCHES! — THAT'S THE LYNCH MOB! WE'RE GOING TO BE TOO LATE— UNLESS—



The hangman slips Jim's horse — the rope pulls taut — and at that instant—

WHAT THE—?



IT'S TEX RITTER!

I'M OKAY, TEX, BUT ANOTHER SECOND—

STAY PUT, YOU MAVERICKS! BLACKTON HAS SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!

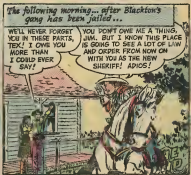


After Blackton reluctantly confesses, the mob fades away, leaving only a few ranchers to congratulate Tex...

OH, JIM! — YOU'RE SAFE!

THANKS TO TEX RITTER!

BLACKTON AND HIS GANG ARE FINISHED HERE! WE'RE GETTING TOGETHER A POSSE TO ROUND UP THE REST OF HIS CRITTERS!



The following morning... after Blackton's gang has been jailed...

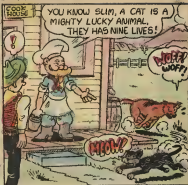
WE'LL NEVER FORGET YOU IN THESE PARTS, TEX! I OWE YOU MORE THAN I COULD EVER SAY!

YOU DON'T OWE ME A THING, JIM. BUT I KNOW THIS PLACE IS GOING TO SEE A LOT OF LAW AND ORDER FROM NOW ON WITH YOU AS THE NEW SHERIFF! ADIOS!

CHUCKWAGON GUS



Cliff
HARDMAN



COOK
HOUSE

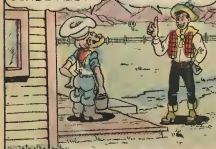
YOU KNOW SLIM, A CAT IS A MIGHTY LUCKY ANIMAL, THEY HAS NINE LIVES!

WOOF!
WOOF!

HOW!

... AH RECKON THEY IS ABOUT TH' LUCKEST CRITTERS THERE IS!

WRONG GUS, AH KNOWS SOMETHIN' THAT'S JUST AS LUCKY!



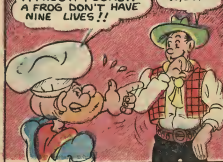
OKAY, SMARTY! WHUT IS IT?

A FROG!



A FROG?? POOHEY! A FROG DON'T HAVE NINE LIVES!!

NO, BUT....



...THEY CAN CROAK AN' STILL HAVE A LOTTA JUMP LEFT IN UM'!

GAH!!!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

OLD SMOKEY ---THE BIG HELP!

PHEW I'M SHORE THIRSTY!
I RECHON I'LL GO INSIDE
AND GET A GLASS OF
SARGAPARILLA!



I HATE TO GO INSIDE ' THAT BARTENDER,
KILLER KOLE, IS THE MEANEST AND
TOUGHEST HOMBRE IN THESE PARTS!
BUT I'VE GOT TO QUENCH MUH
THRIST!



I JEST WON'T BOTHER WITH KILLER, THAT'S
ALL! I'LL DRINK UP MUH SASS AND
GO!



GIVE ME A FIVE CENT GLASS
OF SASS, KILLER!

OKAY, OLD
SMOKEY!



HYAR YUH ARE ' THANKS! THAT'S THE
MONEY!



TEX RITTER WESTERN



GURGLE

AH, THAT 'SHORE HIT THE SPOT!

MUH? I GAVE MILLER TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, BUT HE DIDN'T GIVE ME MUH CHANGE!

ER, ER, DIDN'T YUH FORGET SOMETHING, MILLER?

MUH? DIDN'T I FORGET SOMETHING? YE-UM....

... I FORGOT MORE THAN YUH EVER KNEW, YUH OLD GOAT!

(GULP)

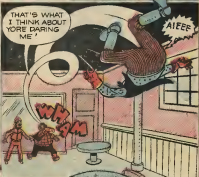
ER, I MEAN I GAVE YUH TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, AND YUH FORGOT TO GIVE ME MUH CHANGE!

YO'RE LOCO! YUH GAVE ME A NICKEL!

NO! I GAVE YUH A QUARTER!

(GRRR) SO YO'RE CALLING ME A LIAR, EH!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

HIGHWHEELING

AN EPIC OF AN EMPIRE



Building An Empire

CIVILIZATION FOLLOWED THE RAILROAD IN VARIOUS WAYS. THE UPWARD OF NIGHT LIFE ON THE FRONTIERS WAS SO GREAT THAT COMMITTEES WERE FORMED TO RID IT OF THE EVIL AND SHADY CHARACTERS AROUND



Rollin' Thru The Desert

SIXTY TO SEVENTY YEARS AGO TRAINS ON THEIR FIRST DESERT RUNS HAULED EXTRA WATER FOR THEIR BOILERS IN TANKS DIRECTLY BEHIND THE TENDER. NOWADAYS LOCOMOTIVES STILL HAUL WATER TANKS ON LONG RUNS WHERE WATER IS UNAVAILABLE OR IS CHEMICALLY UNPURE



The Golden Age Of The West

THE ERA OF THE CATTLE TRAILS COMMENCED WITH THE COMING OF THE RAILROAD. THE COWBOY DROVE HIS CATTLE TO WHERE THE BUYERS AND THE TRAIN READY FOR SHIPMENT, WERE WAITING

YESTERDAY'S WEST

DURING THE MEXICAN WAR, GENERAL LANE SAVED THE DAY WITH A CIGAR.

IN 1852-3, SALT SOLD FOR \$100 AN OUNCE IN THE MINING CAMP OF YREKA, CALIFORNIA.

I WANT THREE OUNCES OF SALT, MIGHTY SCARCE AROUND HERE.

YOU MUST HAVE A DOCTOR'S CERTIFICATE FOR IT.



QUICK THINKING ON PART OF THE GENERAL IS TURNING THE TIDE IN OUR FAVOR.

AS SOON AS YOU ARE READY, I WILL FIRE EACH CANNON.



HOW THE BUFFALO HUNTER OUTSIDE HAYS CITY SHOWED OWNERSHIP OF THE BUFFALO HE KILLED.

MY HAT ON THE BUFFALO'S BODY WILL SHOW IT'S MY KILL LATER I WILL COME BACK.



ONE WAY OF TREATING A BAD MAN IN THE WEST.

THIS WILL TEACH HIM TO BE A LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN.

I'LL BE GOOD! I'LL BE GOOD!



HOW JUMP-OF-JOY CREEK GOT ITS NAME.

THE INDIANS ARE CHASING ME. WHAT SHALL I DO?

JUMP OFF, JO! JUMP OFF, JO!



THE GRAND DUKE ALEKS ONCE CAME FROM RUSSIA TO HUNT BUFFALO IN THE WEST.

IF I WORE ANY UNIFORM A LAWYER, THIS IS HOW I WOULD LOOK. I MUST KILL AT LEAST ONE BUFFALO.



WITH BALLS OF DRY GRASS AND PITCH, THE INDIANS WOULD MAKE SIGNAL FIRES.

TIME IS NOW TO ATTACK THE MEN IN THE CAMP.

WE WILL TELL OUR BROTHERS WE ARE READY.



SOME OF THE WESTERN WOMEN GAMBLERS WERE NOTED FOR THEIR CHARITY.

THERE ARE TWO SICK MINERS IN TOWN, CERTAINLY AND FLAT BROKE. LET'S HELP THEM. I'LL START WITH A HUNDRED!

GHE CERTAINLY HAS A HEART OF GOLD!

I'LL PUT FIFTY IN!



THE END

