

ACTION PACKED ADVENTURES

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# TEX RITTER

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

WESTERN

10¢

No 34



GORDON  
A. MACKAY

# TEX RITTER WESTERN

**SAGE-  
brush**

"JUMPING BEANS"



VISITING RANCHER HOLLIS!

IS THAT SO? HOW IS HE?



HE WAS ALL RIGHT!

WAS ALL RIGHT? WHAT DO YUH MEAN?



WAL, HE MADE SOME BEAN SOUP, BUT BY MISTAKE HE PUT IN MEXICAN JUMPING BEANS!

WHAT! HE PUT MEXICAN JUMPING BEANS IN THE SOUP?

GASP



YUP! THEN HE TASTED IT!

HOW DO HE LIKE IT?



I DON'T KNOW -- WHEN I LEFT HE WAS STILL UP ON THE CHANDELIER!



# TEX RITTER WESTERN

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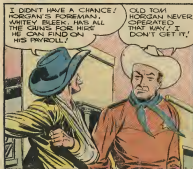
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*Alfred P. Fox* Executive Editor

# TEX RITTER

## "MASTER OF THE GUNS"

RUMORS WERE SPREADING THROUGHOUT THE PRAIRIE -- OLD TOM HORGAN'S CRISSCROSS OUTFIT WAS HEADED FOR TROUBLE, AND TEX RITTER, PRAIRIE RANGER, LEARNED THAT THE MOST DEADLY GUNMEN MONEY COULD BUY WERE BEING RECRUITED FOR THE BATTLE!



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



WHITE FLASH'S FLYING HOOPS MADE GOOD TIME -- BUT INSTEAD OF WAR IN GREEN CITY, HE FOUND A STRANGE QUIET -- NO ONE WAS IN SIGHT...

LOOKS LIKE THE TOWN IS DESERTED EXCEPT FOR THAT PLACE!



AS TEX RITTER ENTERS THE GOLD DOLLAR SALOON...

YOU MUST BE A STRANGER! WE ORDERED ALL THE TOWN PEOPLE TUH TRAY OFF THE STREETS WHEN WERE IN TOWN!

I DON'T TAKE ORDERS, WHITEY -- SOMETIMES I GIVE THEM, THOUGH!



HOLD IT, BOYS! THIS WISE GUY IS MY MEAT! WHO ARE YUH, STRANGER?

JUST A NOSEY DRIFTER, WHITEY! WHY?



WELL, KEEP DRIFTING, THE CRISSCROSS BRAND, DON'T WANT NO RUSTYIN' SADDLES TRAMPIN' IN THE VALLEY!

THAT ALL? HOW I'M SUPPOSED TO GET MY HORSE AND SLOPE, IS THAT IT?

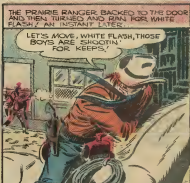
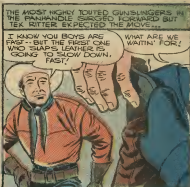


NOW YUH GOT...OOOP!

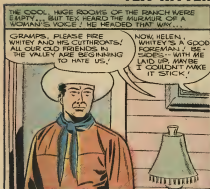
WELL, I'VE GOT NEWS, WHITEY, I'M STAYIN'!



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



# TEX RITTER WESTERN

TAKE 'M OUT TO THE BARN, OK? AS FOR YOU TWO--WE'VE QUIT FOOLIN' AROUND! DON'T LEAVE THIS ROOM OR INTERFERE WITH US! FOLKS IN TOWN KNOW I'M YOUR FOREMAN--I'LL SELL EVERY COW YUH GOT BEFORE I LEAVE HERE!



THE PRAIRIE RANGER WAS LED TO THE BARN!

GET IN THAT CHAIR! DON'T MOVE OR NOBODY'LL HAVE TO KEEP A GUARD ON YUH!



LOOKS BAD, DOESN'T IT, WHITE FLASH? DON'T WORRY, BOY, WE'LL MAKE OUT SOME WAY!



YOU'RE GONNA TALK, RITTER! WHO SENT YUH 2 SHOVE OFF, OK, I'LL HANDLE HIM!

NO ONE SENT ME, WHITEY-- BUT WHEN I DON'T REPORT BACK, OTHERS WILL COME TO FIND OUT WHY!



DON'T LIE TUH... UNGH!

GOOD BOY!



WATCH HIM, WHITE FLASH! IF YOU TRY TO MOVE, WHITEY, HE'LL MAKE YOU SORRY YOU DID!

YOU TAKE THIS ROUND, RITTER!

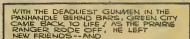
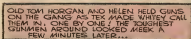


# TEX RITTER WESTERN





# TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

# TEX RITTER

IN

## TWO-GUN TOM AND THE OUTLAWS

THERE'S AN OLD TIMER LIKE TWO-GUN TOM IN ALMOST EVERY TOWN IN THE WEST. AN OLD MAN LIVING IN THE PAST RECOUNTING STORIES OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS. ONLY TEX RITTER SEEMED TO BELIEVE THE OLD BOY AT TIMES...

YESSIREE, WHEN I PULLED MY HOGLAIGS ON THEM CRITTERS, THEY DANCED TO MY TUNE. HEY, WATCH IT, SONNY THAT WAS CLOSE.

THAT'S IT, BLACKIE! MAKE 'EM DANCE!

WHOA BOYS! THAT'S ENOUGH.



DON'T HORN IN, RITTER! WE'RE ENJOYIN' THIS!

WHY DON'T YOU TRY MAKING **ME** DANCE, RED? LEAVE OLD TOM ALONE!

DON'T BOTHER 'BOUT ME, TEX! I'M JUST A GABBY OLD COOT!

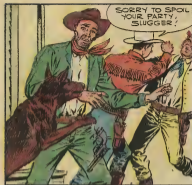


GO AHEAD, RED! GIVE IT TO HIM!

IT'S A PLEASURE!



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR PARTY, SLUGGER!



NEXT TIME, BE POLITE TO TOM-- EITHER FURY OR I WILL BE AROUND IF YOU FORGET!

DON'T RUB IT IN, RITTER! YOU'LL SEE ME AGAIN!



THEM 'FELLERS REMIND ME OF THE HOLE IN THE WALL BUNCH! BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON 'EM, TEX!

ALL RIGHT, TOM! MEAN-WHILE, STAY OUT OF GUN-FIGHTS, WILL YOU?

TEX THOUGHT TWO GUN TOM HAD FORGOTTEN THE INCIDENT-- MEAN-WHILE, HE HAD OTHER THINGS TO THINK OF...



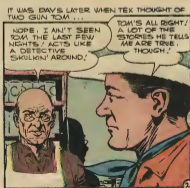
WHEW! THAT WAS A LONG TWO DAYS' TRAVEL! OH, HELLO, TOM!

JUST A MINUTE, TEX-- I WANTA TALK WITH YUH!



LISTEN, TEX! I WAS RIGHT! THEM CRITTERS ARE... HUH?

I'M SORRY, TOM, I'LL TALK LATER, RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO RUB DOWN WHITE FLASH, THEN DO SOME PAPER WORK!

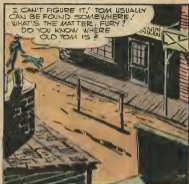


IT WAS DAYS LATER WHEN TEX THOUGHT OF TWO GUN TOM ...

NOPE, I AIN'T SEEN TOM THE LAST FEW NIGHTS! ACTS LIKE A DETECTIVE 'SKULKN' AROUND!

TOM'S ALL RIGHT! A LOT OF THE STORIES HE TELLS ME ARE TRUE, THOUGH!

# TEX RITTER WESTERN



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



THEY'RE THROUGH TO THE STEEL NOW-- WE'LL FOG OUTA HERE SOON WITH ALL THE CASH IN TOWN!

MAYBE, RED, BUT WE'LL GET YOU ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

THE OLD SAFE WAS TOUGH-- ANOTHER HOUR PASSED WHILE THE BANK ROBBERS WORKED-- THE STRAIN BEGINNING TO SHOW ON ALL OF US...



IT'S NOT SUCH A CINCH, EH, RED? MAYBE THEY'LL NEVER GET IT OPEN!

SHUT UP, I HAVE A GOOD NOTION TUH... HEY, KEEP THAT DOG QUIET!



IT'S OPEN, RED! NOW WE CAN DUST OUTA THIS DUST TOWN!

CLEAN IT OUT FAST, BLACKIE!

NO WONDER OLD BETSY WOULDN'T FIRE -- THE FIRIN' PIN IS RUSTY!



I'M ALL SET! WHAT ABOUT THEM TWO?

I'LL FIX THE RANGER! THE OTHER... BLAST THAT DOG!



HOLD IT! YOU'RE ALL UNDER...

SIDDOWN WHILE YOU'RE STILL HEALTHY, OLD MAN!



STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW! I'LL SHOOT!

SHUT THAT OLD COOT UP! HE'LL WAKE THE WHOLE TOWN!

THE PRAIRIE RANGER WAS GROGGY BUT HE STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET JUST IN TIME TO SEE...

# TEX RITTER WESTERN



RIDE 'EM DOWN!  
HE'LL RUN EVERY-  
THING!

I WARNED YUH,  
WHEN TWO GUN TOM  
GETS GOIN', EVERY-  
ONE RUNS FOR THE  
HILLS!



YEOW! HE  
GOT MY  
ARM!



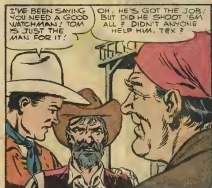
GET THOSE GUNS AWAY FROM  
THE GALOOT BEFORE HE  
DOES MORE DAMAGE!  
WE GIVE UP!

NICE  
SHOOTIN',  
TWO GUN!  
GOT 'EM  
ALL, EH?



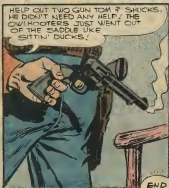
IT'S ABOUT TIME  
YOU GOT HERE,  
JOHN! TWO  
GUN TOM  
SAVED YOUR  
BANKROLL!

W-H HE DID?  
WELL, I'LL  
BE  
SWITCHED!



I'VE BEEN SAYING  
YOU NEED A GOOD  
WATCHMAN! TOM  
IS JUST THE  
MAN FOR IT!

OH, HE'S GOT THE JOB,  
BUT DID HE SHOOT 'EM  
ALL? DIDN'T ANYONE  
HELP HIM, TEX?



HELP OUT TWO GUN TOM? SHUCKS,  
HE DIDN'T NEED ANY HELP! THE  
GULHOOTERS JUST WENT OUT  
OF THE SADDLE LIKE  
SITTIN' DUCKS!

## RIDING THE RANGE WITH TEX RITTER



HOWDY FOLKS,

IT'S SURE GOOD TO REN UP ONCE AGAIN AT YOUR CORRAL. I JUST MET HANK SHELDON AS I WAS RIDING UP THE ROAD. I ASKED WHAT HE WAS DOING AND HE SAID, "I'VE GOT THE DAY OFF, TEX, AND I'M IN THE SHADE OF THE WAGON!" NOW YOU MIGHT WONDER HOW HE COULD BE IN THE SHADE OF THE WAGON WHEN HE WAS OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD TALKING TO ME. WELL, OUT HERE "IN THE SHADE OF THE WAGON" MEANS A PERSON WHO IS TAKING LIFE EASY.

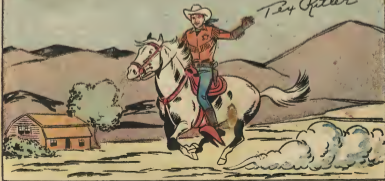
BUT HANK WASN'T THE ONLY HOMBRE I MET TODAY IN THE SHADE OF THE WAGON. IT'S BEEN SLACK TIME AT MOST OF THE RANCHES AND THE HANDS HAVE HAD IT PRETTY EASY. BUT AFTER I MET BILL TODD I GOT TO THINKING. BILL WAS MIGHTY BUSY READING WHEN I SAW HIM. BUT NOT JUST READING STORY BOOKS --- HE WAS READING UP ON CROP AND SOIL CONSERVATION.

HE WASN'T WASTING THE EXTRA TIME ON HIS HANDS IN THE SHADE OF THE WAGON. BILL WAS PREPARING HIMSELF FOR A BETTER JOB. SURE, EVERYONE'S GOT TO TAKE LIFE EASY AND RELAX NOW AND THEN --- BUT MOST FOLKS SPEND TOO MUCH TIME TAKING IT EASY. THERE ARE EIGHT HOURS IN A DAY FOR WORKING, EIGHT FOR SLEEPING, AND EIGHT MORE FOR YOURSELF. IT'S WHAT A MAN DOES WITH THOSE LAST EIGHT THAT MAKES HIM WHAT HE IS.

SAV, THE SHADOWS ARE GETTING LONGER, I'VE GOT TO BE HITTING THE TRAIL BACK TO THE RANCH NOW. AS ALWAYS, IT'S BEEN MIGHTY FINE SHOOTING THE BREEZE WITH YOU PARDS. I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU AGAIN REAL SOON. TILL THEN --- KEEP SMILING.

YOUR PARD,

*Tex Ritter*



## "WILD WEST VISIT"

Fort Henderson was located on the edge of the Buffalo country. It was named after General Howard Henderson who had fought with distinction in the War of 1812. A descendant of his, Major Frank McCarthy, was in charge of the fort. Things were peaceful and the soldiers assigned to duty enjoyed their work. Spotted Tail, who was chief of the Pawnees, kept his peace with the United States. Everybody was happy until that Thursday morning when a dispatch rider brought a message to the major. The commanding officer opened it and carefully read the contents. Then he reread it five times and spoke to Sergeant Mike Shank.

"Tell Chief Scout Henry Lassner to come here at once. He must be informed of what is going to happen."

The sergeant was a bit puzzled. Did that mean there was to be a campaign against Chief Leazy Legs? Or were the rustlers again bothering the new ranches that had been established to the south? He knew where to find the Chief Scout who had a small building assigned for his own use. Five minutes later the sergeant was telling his friend Henry that his presence was wanted by the major.

"Just when I am busy loading my own bullets," commented the scout. "He has to send for me."

"But Uncle Sam is willing to furnish you with all the bullets you need," reminded Sergeant Shank. "Why do you go to the trouble of re-loading all your shells?"

"Because I want a different weight of powder," replied the scout. "And in addition I like to mould my own lead into a different form. I'll finish this later. Wonder what the major wants?"

Major McCarthy handed the scout the message. Henry Lassner read it just once and then sat down.

"Can't be!" was his only comment.

"Orders are orders," replied the major. "And I need your help. You are a civilian employee of the War Department and hence I can't legally get you into this by a military order. But please help me. It could mean a promotion for myself, I want to retire from the army as a colonel."

"Since you put it that way," smiled the scout. "I'll help you. But how did this situation ever arise?"

"His Excellency, Prince Joachim Van Mertelberg, has been visiting the United States. He lunched with our president and while there expressed a desire to see something of the Wild West. General Moore was present. Hence this message. A special train will take the prince and his party to North Platte, Nebraska. You head the welcoming party. The prince wants to see some redskins in action, ride a stagecoach, and hunt buffalo. Special funds have been set aside by the State Department to cover the expenses. Now get into action."

Two hours later, Henry Lassner was riding his favorite horse, Bruno. He was headed for the village of Spotted Tail to enlist his help in the vast entertainment project. By hard riding he managed to arrive before sunset.

"Welcome my good friend," greeted the Indian Chief. "It has been many moons since you have visited us. We shall have a feast tonight. Roasted buffalo tongues will be served. Special sleeping quarters will be set aside for you. Let me not bother you now. You must be tired."

Quickly the scout explained the object of his visit and then asked if the chief would cooperate.

"Since money is to be paid we shall be glad to help. Money is a welcome commodity. With it we can purchase supplies to see us through the coming winter. Soon there will be no more buffalo on the plains."

"One suggestion to make," remarked Henry Lassner. "Your mission school English is perfect. How about putting on a show for the benefit of the prince? Just give him big Ugs."

"So it will be," said the chief sadly. "I spend twenty years of my life learning to speak your English perfectly. And now I don't even get a chance to show off for royalty. Someday when I write my autobiography I shall tell about this."

The next day Henry Lassner rode back to Fort Henderson. He had many other details to



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iron out in a short time. At the end of a week the special train arrived. A camp had been set up on Red Willow Creek in Hays County which was about fifty miles south of North Platte. Major McCarthy, Chief Scout Henry Lassner, Chief Spotted Tail and a troop of the Second Cavalry were on hand to greet his excellency. The prince was a tall man and wore a short black beard. His eyes were brown and friendly. Lieutenant Charles Hays had been assigned by the War Department as a sort of a special aide to show the prince the country. Introductions were quickly made. Then the long wagon train started towards the camp at Red Willow Creek.

Midway the lead wagon stopped. About five hundred mounted indians were approaching the wagon train. They were firing guns and shooting arrows into the air.

"Wonderful, wonderful," commented the prince. "I have read about redskins. They certainly can ride their horses."

Carefully Chief Scout Lassner observed every movement of the indian group. He noticed, as they approached, the costumes they were wearing. Lieutenant Hays was a bit nervous.

"Shouldn't we get into fighting formation? I do want to keep my scalp."

"This is a welcoming party," snapped Major McCarthy. "We just remain this way until they retire."

Finally the band of indians turned around and sped back across the plains. The welcoming party had been a top success and the prince was highly pleased.

"I want to hunt buffalo tomorrow," he said. "I have seen pictures of those creatures. Real name of a buffalo is bison."

The next day the weather was perfect. The prince appeared in a Wild West outfit made by New York's leading tailor. The buckskin trousers had fringes and the shirt was open at the neck. Around his hip the prince wore a white cartridge belt. He had been given a Sharp's buffalo gun. Soon he was on his horse. On one side of him was the scout and on the other the indian chief. A group of indians had been sent ahead to look for buffalo. They were successful. When the animals were within shooting range the prince dismounted. A very large buffalo charged and the prince fired once. The animal collapsed about five feet from the prince.

"The head will be a trophy for my castle in Schmalstein," he said. "I will never forget this. I have hunted lions and elephants. This is wonderful."

The next day there was a great celebration in the morning. In the afternoon everything was ready for the stagecoach thrill. The Holiday Stage Coach Company had loaned their best coach for the occasion. The ride started from the top of Danger Hill. The prince wore white gloves and held the reins. Next to him sat Henry Lassner. Spotted Tail was inside the coach with Lieutenant Hays.

"You must operate the broke when we go downhill," warned the scout. "Otherwise the coach will actually smash into the horses and we will all be killed."

Downhill went the coach driven by six of the finest horses. The prince was having the time of his life. The coach went from side to side.

"I'm getting dizzy," complained Spotted Tail. "One more turn and we go over the hill."

"How did I ever get into this?" complained the young Lieutenant. "I hope we get to the bottom in one piece."

The coach arrived in an upright condition. Everybody was happy. That evening there was another celebration. The next morning the prince returned to his special train which was waiting for him at North Platte.

"I had a wonderful time," he told them. "I shall never forget my visit to the Wild West."

Three months later, Major McCarthy now Colonel McCarthy sat at a table. Facing him was Spotted Tail and Henry Lassner.

"The prince has sent a wagon load of presents for us," said the Colonel. "Everybody is happy. The War Department thinks it was wonderful the way you staged everything."

"If I hear that word wonderful again," half shouted the scout, "I'll scalp myself. Nothing was wonderful. Everything went wrong. That was no welcoming party of Spotted Tails redskins. That was Chief Lazy Legs and a raiding party. They were frightened because we didn't shoot back. Thought we had a Gatling gun with us. I was supposed to shoot my revolver at a buffalo every time the prince fired. My gun jammed. He really killed that buffalo. As for the stagecoach, that was the limit. The brakes fell off. I died a thousand deaths during the prince's visit."

"Still wonderful," smiled the new colonel. "The prince was told that everything was staged. He'll never know what might have happened."

# TEX RITTER IN CATTLE BARON

DON'T FIGHT, TEX! THEY'RE FOLLOWING UNCLE EARL'S ORDERS! HE DOESN'T WANT STRANGERS ON OUR RANGE!

IT WAS A SOCIAL VISIT FOR THE PRAIRIE RANGER WHEN HE LOPED ACROSS THE RANGE TOWARD THE HUGE YOK RANCH--HIS OLD FRIEND, PETE BRIGGS, WAS ALWAYS A GOOD HOST, AND PETE'S DAUGHTER, NORA, DIDN'T MAKE THINGS UNPLEASANT, EITHER! BUT PETE WASN'T THERE, INSTEAD HE FOUND EARL BRIGGS RUNNING THINGS!



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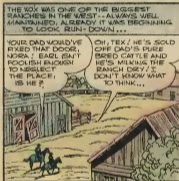
THE YOK--THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF LUSH GRASS--WAS FAMILIAR TO THE PRAIRIE RANGER; HE'D OFTEN VISITED THERE BEFORE--BUT HE NEVER HAD A RECEPTION LIKE THIS BEFORE...

IF THAT RAINY FIGURES HE CAN DRY-SULCH ME AND GET AWAY WITH IT, HE HAS ANOTHER GUESS COXIN'!

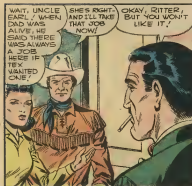
TEX! TEX RITTER! DON'T SHOOT ANYMORE!



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



WAIT, UNCLE EARL! WHEN DAD WAS ALIVE, HE SAID THERE WAS ALWAYS A JOB HERE IF TEX WANTED ONE!

SHE'S RIGHT, AND I'LL TAKE THAT JOB NOW!

OKAY, RITTER, BUT YOU WON'T LIKE IT!



ALL BUT ONE OF THE OLD HANDS WERE GONE EARL HAD BROUGHT IN HIS OWN CREW...

VINCE! I THOUGHT YOU'D BE COYOTE BAIT BY NOW! WHERE'S THE REST OF THE BOYS?

ALL GONE BUT ME... HEY, SINCE WHEN DID EARL START HIGH! HONEST MEN?



I HEARD THAT, VINCE! ONE MORE CRACK LIKE THAT AN' I'LL MUSS YOU UP AN' FIRE YUH!

THIS BIG-MOUTH IS THE FOREMAN, TEX!



KEEP YOUR PAWS OFF VINCE, EVANS, AND YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T FIRE HIM!

MAYBE, BUT I CAN MAKE HIM MISERABLE ENOUGH TO QUIT! YOU TOO!



NO ONE MAKES ME... I HOPED YOU'D TRY THAT, EVANS!



HEY, THE NEW HAND BELTED EVANS!

# TEX RITTER WESTERN



HOLD IT, BOYS... WE'LL GET THIS RANNEY SOME OTHER TIME!

YOU NAME IT, BULLY BOY! MAKE IT NOW IF YOU FEEL BRAVE ENOUGH!

TEX RITTER WENT TO WORK... AND DREW EVERY TOUGH JOB RANCH WORK HAS TO OFFER! HE AND OLD VINCE WERE GETTING THE "TREATMENT"...

WE DIG FENCE HOLES WHILE THE OTHERS ROUND UP A MARKET HERD! EARL IS TURNING A GOOD RANCH INTO A FAT BANKROLL!

VINCE, I WAS WONDERIN'-- DIDN'T YOU EVER MEET THIS EARL BEFORE? YOU WORKED FOR MR. BRIGGS FOR TWENTY YEARS!



SEEMED TIL ME I DO ONCE-- BUT WHEN I SAW EARL, I KNEW I WAS WRONG! WE DON'T LOOK LIKE THE FELLOW I REMEMBER!

MAYBE IT WASN'T YOU WHO WAS WRONG! GET THE HORSES... I WANT TO LOOK AROUND!



THE PRAIRIE DANGER AND THE OLD PUNCHER PROVIDED THE HUGE RANCH FOR A WEEK... THEN TEX GOT THE FIRST CLUE...

WELL, I'LL BE A HORNED TOAD! I DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE WORKIN' THIS CORNER OF THE RANCH!

WE'RE NOT! THAT LINE CABIN IS A HIDEOUT FOR SOME-ONE!



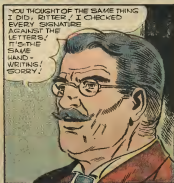
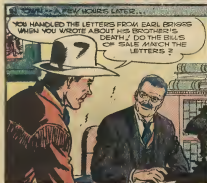
LATER... BACK AT THE MAIN HOUSE...

...SO THAT'S IT! YOU WON'T HAVE ANY CATTLE LEFT AFTER THIS UNCLE GET THROUGH! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS 'UNCLE' OF YOURS?!

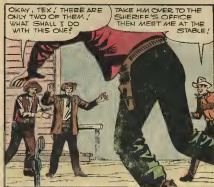
AS MUCH AS YOU DO-- NO MORE! PLEASE HELP ME, TEX!



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



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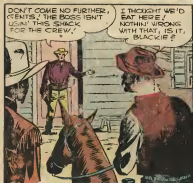
OKAY, TEX, THERE ARE ONLY TWO OF THEM. WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THIS ONE?

TAKE HIM OVER TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE THEN MEET ME AT THE STABLE!



WHAT DO WE DO NOW? THE WHOLE KOK CREW IS GUNNIN' FOR US!

I WANT TO PAY A SOCIAL CALL, VINCE. CHECK YOUR GUNS AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN. WE'RE GOING BACK TO THAT LONE SHACK!

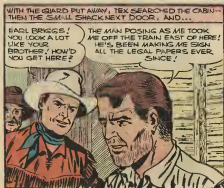


DON'T COME NO FURTHER, CENTS. THE BOSS ISN'T USIN' THIS SHACK FOR THE CREW!

I THOUGHT WE'D EAT HERE! NOthin' WRONG WITH THAT, IS IT, BLACKIE?



DROP THE GUN, MISTER. I'LL SHOOT FOR KEEPS NEXT TIME! GET HIS GUN, VINCE!



WITH THE GUARD PUT AWAY, TEX SEARCHED THE CABIN-- THEN THE SMALL SHACK NEXT DOOR, AND...

EARL BRIGGS! YOU LOOK A LOT LIKE YOUR BROTHER. HOW'D YOU GET HERE?

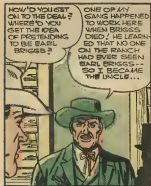
THE MAN POSING AS ME TOOK ME OFF THE TRAIN EAST OF HERE! HE'S BEEN MAKING ME SIGN ALL THE LEGAL PAPERS EVER SINCE!



SO NOW YOU KNOW, SADDLETRAMP-- IT DOESN'T MATTER, I'VE SOLD ALL THE BEER, AND NONE OF YOU WILL DO ANY TALKIN' WHEN I PULL OUT OF HERE!

THAT FIGURED, MISTER!

# TEX RITTER WESTERN



HOW'D YOU GET ON TO THE DEAL? WHERE'D YOU GET THE IDEA OF PRETENDING TO BE EARL BRIGGS?

ONE OF MY GANG HAPPENED TO WORK HERE WHEN BRIGGS DIED! HE LEARNED THAT NO ONE ON THE RANCH HAD EVER SEEN EARL BRIGGS-- SO I BECAME THE UNCLE...

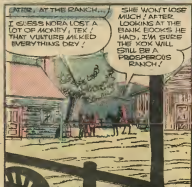


SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR PLANS, BUSTER!



I MET A LOT OF LOW DOWN CHEATS, MISTER-- BUT YOU'RE THE WORST!

JUST TWITCH A MUSCLE AND I'LL TWITCH A TRIGGER, YUH VAMMINT!



LATER, AT THE RANCH...

I GUESS NORA LOST A LOT OF MONEY, TEX! THAT VULTURE ALKED EVERYTHING DRY!

SHE WON'T LOSE MUCH! AFTER LOOKING AT THE BANK BOOKS HE HAD, I'M SURE THE VULTURE WILL STILL BE A PROSPEROUS RANCH!



THANKS, TEX-- YOU SAVED THE RANCH AND MY REAL UNCLE'S LIFE!

THAT'S A PRARIE RANGER'S JOB, NORA! ADIOS-- I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN!



# HILL BILLY

FAIR CONVERSATION!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

# TEX RITTER

STAMPEDE FOR LAND



**T**EN THOUSAND LAND-HUNGRY PIONEERS WERE LINING UP ON THE EDGE OF THE ROARING RIVER COUNTRY! AT NOON THE STARTING GUN WOULD SET OFF THE MAD STAMPEDE AS THE NEW TERRITORY WAS OPENED FOR SETTLEMENT, BUT BEFORE THE GUN WAS FIRED, THERE WAS A DANGER-CROWDED TRAIL FOR TEX RITTER TO RIDE WITH A FIGHT TO THE FINISH WAITING FOR HIM AT THE END OF THE STAMPEDE FOR LAND!

# TEX RITTER WESTERN

ONE AFTERNOON TEX RITTER AND HIS FAITHFUL DOG, FURY, MOVE DOWN THE TRAIL INTO BUFFALO GAP!

WHEW! THAT TOWN IS SURE PACKED WITH PEOPLE! I RECKON THEY'RE ALL HERE FOR THE LAND RUSH DAY AFTER TOMORROW!



COME ON, FURY! WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE THE LAND COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE! SINCE WE'RE ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT, I'LL JUST PUT THIS RANGER BADGE AWAY!



SOON SAY, THAT TINHORN IS ABOUT TO FLEECE THAT CONBOY WITH THE OLD SHELL GAME!

THAT'S RIGHT, CONBOY, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PICK OUT THE SHELL WITH THE PEA UNDER IT AND WIN YOURSELF SOME EASY MONEY!



I'VE GOT FIFTY DOLLARS THAT SAYS IT'S UNDER THE SHELL IN THE MIDDLE!

SAVE YOUR MONEY, MISTER! THIS GAME IS CROOKED!



MIND YORE BUSINESS, STRANGER!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! THERE'S NOTHING UNDER ANY OF THOSE SHELLS!



THIS HOMBRE PALMED THE PEA JUST AS HE WAS SWITCHING SHELLS! HERE, LOOK!

OWW!

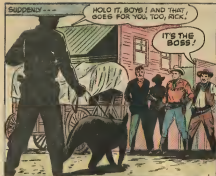


BUT THE WARMINT HAS FRIENDS IN THE CROWD, AND

COME ON, FURY! JOIN THE FUN!



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



SUPPDUY ---

HOLO IT, BOYS ! AND THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, RICK !

IT'S THE BOSS !



HOWOY, STRANGER ! GUS HAWKS'S THE NAME ! SORRY MY BOYS GANGED UP ON YOU !



THAT'S A MIGHTY FINE ANIMAL YOU'VE GOT THERE, STRANGER ! YOU WOULDN'T CARE TO MATCH HIM AGAINST MY DOGS, WOULD YOU ?

SORRY, HAWKS ! I DON'T LIKE DOG FIGHTS !



TOO BAD ! DEMON HASN'T HAD A GOOD SCRAP IN A COON'S AGE ! WELL, MAYBE I CAN CHANGE YOUR MIND SOME DAY ! SO LONG !

COME ON, FURY ! WE'VE GOT BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO !

**A** SHORT TIME LATER, AFTER TEX HAS REPORTED TO THE LAND COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, HE HEARS OF REAL TROUBLE BREWING !

THERE'S A PLOT AFOOT TO CORRAL THE BEST LAND AND WATER RIGHTS FOR A BIG SYNDICATE AS SOON AS THE ROARING RIVER TERRITORY IS OPENED UP, TEX !

BUT NO ONE IS ALLOWED INTO THE TERRITORY UNTIL THE STARTING GUN IS FIRED !



WE'VE HAD WORD THE SYNDICATE HAS A GANG HIDING OUT ILLEGALLY IN THE NEW TERRITORY ! MY MEN HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THEM FOR WEEKS WITHOUT RESULTS !



WHEN THE STARTING GUN IS FIRED THAT BUNCH WILL BE STAKING THEIR CLAIMS TO THE BEST LAND BEFORE THE FIRST SETTLERS ARE OVER THE LINE ! AFTER THEY'VE REGISTERED THEIR CLAIMS, THEY'LL TURN THE LAND OVER TO THE HEAD OF THE SYNDICATE --- GUS HAWKS !



HAWKS !

# TEX RITTER WESTERN

YES, GIG IS THE BIGGEST GAMBLER IN THESE PARTS! HE AND HIS LIEUTENANT, RICK! BUT THERE'S STILL TIME TO STOP THEM, IF ONLY WE COULD LOCATE THAT ILLEGAL HIDE-OUT!

SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LISTEN...

THE NEXT AFTERNOON ---

FIGHT! HIT HIM AGAIN!

SURE IS A FINE SCRAP GOING ON IN THE ALLEY, RICK!

WELL, THANKS FOR TELLING ME! NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN WATCHING A GOOD FIGHT!

RICK PUSHES THROUGH THE CROWD ---

HE PULLED A GUN! THE MAN'S BEEN SHOT!

HERE, HOWBEE, HOLD THIS GUN FOR ME!

WHO, ME? BUT--

RICK HEADS FOR THE STREET, BUT SUDDENLY, THE ALLEY IS FULL OF LAWYEN!

THIS MAN'S DEAD!

DROP THAT GUN, RICK! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

BUT I--- I DIDN'T DO IT! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!

MEANWHILE ---

THAT CLERK OF MINE HAD THAT SHOOTING ACT REHEARSED TO PERFECTION! YOUR PLAN FOOLED RICK CORBIN COMPLETELY!

THAT'S ONLY THE FIRST STEP, RICE! IT'S THE SECOND PART OF MY PLAN THAT'S MOST IMPORTANT!

THE SHERIFF'S GOING TO ALLOW RICK TO ESCAPE THIS EVENING! IF EVERYTHING WORKS OUT YOU SHOULD BE TRAILING HIM TO THE GANG'S SECRET HIDE-OUT BY SUNUP!

FINE! I'LL LEAVE FURY HERE IN YOUR CARE! HE HURT HIS SHOULDER IN THAT FIGHT WE HAD WITH HAWK'S MEN THIS MORNING!

LATE THAT NIGHT, A SHADOW SLIPS OUT OF THE SIDE DOOR OF THE JAIL LEFT OPEN BY ACCIDENT!

THERE HE GOES, RICE! HE CAN'T MISS THAT HORSE WE'VE GOT PLANTED IN THE BACK ALLEY!

YOU TAKE OVER NOW, TEX! BUT REMEMBER, THE STARTING GUN GOES OFF AT NOON TOMORROW!

COME ON, WHITE FLASH! KEEP HIM IN SIGHT!

# TEX RITTER WESTERN

**T**HROUGH THE LONG NIGHT, TEX DOGGEDLY FOLLOWS THE SHADY TRAIL OF THE FUGITIVE; AND AT LAST, IN THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN—



SAY, THAT HOMBRE'S DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!



HE WAS AT THIS BOULDER WHEN I...WAIT! THERE'S A TRAIL GOING BACK INTO THE BRUSH! COME ON, WHITE FLASH, I'VE GOT A HUNCH WE'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING!

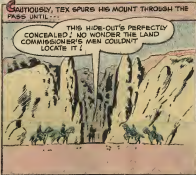


THERE'S A PASS THROUGH THAT CLIFF FACE! FROM THE MAIN TRAIL IT LOOKED LIKE A SOLID WALL OF ROCK!



**C**AUTIOUSLY, TEX SPURS HIS MOUNT THROUGH THE PASS UNTIL—

THIS HIDE-OUT'S PERFECTLY CONCEALED! NO WONDER THE LAND COMMISSIONER'S MEN COULDN'T LOCATE IT!



**S**UDDENLY—



I TOLD YOU YOU WERE BEING FOLLOWED, RICK! I SPOTTED THIS HOMBRE FROM THE LOOKOUT ROCK!

HEY, RICK! LOOK AT WHAT I JUST FOUND IN THIS HOMBRE'S POCKET!



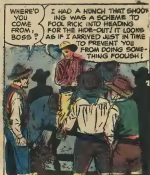
# TEX RITTER WESTERN



THIS COYOTE IS A PRAIRIE RANGER!



HERE COMES THE BOSS, RICK!



WHERE'D YOU COME FROM, BOSS?

I HAD A HUNCH THAT SHOOTING WAS A SCHEME TO FOOL RICK INTO HEADING FOR THE HIDE-OUT! IT LOOKS AS IF I ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO PREVENT YOU FROM DOING SOMETHING FOOLISH!



WITH THE COMMISSIONER'S MEN COMBING THE HILLS FOR US A GUN SHOT FROM THIS CANYON WOULD BE AN INVITATION TO THEM! AND JUST WHEN WE'RE ABOUT TO GRAB THAT LAND!



TAKE HIM TO THE SHACK! I'LL ATTEND TO HIM LATER!



SHORTLY AFTER WHEN TEX COMES TO---

WHILE MY MEN ARE BUSY CORRALING THAT LAND, I'LL LEAVE DEMON HERE TO GUARD YOU!



I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE AND STOP THOSE VARNANTS! BUT IF I MAKE A MOVE THAT DOG WILL...

GRRRR!



Suddenly

CRASH!

FURY!  
HE MUST HAVE TRAILED ME HERE!  
GOOD BOY!

# TEX RITTER WESTERN

TEX TOOK FULL ADVANTAGE OF THE DISTRACTION WHILE FURY HELD OFF DEMON!

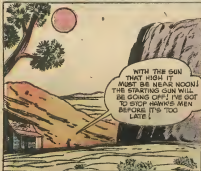


WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET, FURY! THERE'S STILL A JOB TO DO! I'LL TAKE THESE GUNDS!



SOON...

THIS HATCHET MAY COME IN HANDY, TOO!



WITH THE SUN THAT HIGH IT MUST BE NEAR NOON! THE STARTING GUN WILL BE GOING OFF! I'VE GOT TO STOP HAWK'S MEN BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

BUT THE FIRST THING TO DO IS TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE! LET'S HEAD FOR THE CANYON WALL, FURY!



MOMENTS LATER...

STAY DOWN AND KEEP OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL YOU HEAR MY SIGNAL, FURY!



RRRRF!

ONE SLIP WILL MEAN MY FINISH, BUT THERE'S NO OTHER WAY UP!



WHEW! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK I WOULDN'T MAKE IT! NO TIME TO LOSE! I'D BETTER HEAD FOR THE PASS!

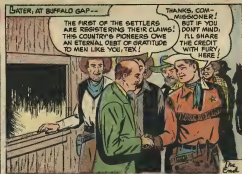
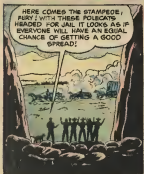
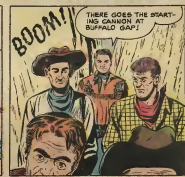




# TEX RITTER WESTERN



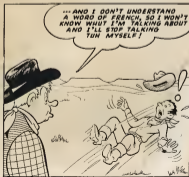
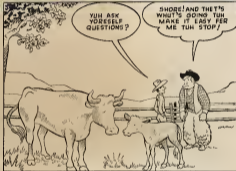
# TEX RITTER WESTERN



# TEX RITTER WESTERN

## MOLASSES MOUTH

ASK NO QUESTIONS!





**TEX RITTER WESTERN**