

ACTION PACKED ADVENTURES

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TEX BITTER

WESTERN

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



TEX BITTER WESTERN

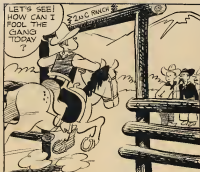
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SAGE-BRUSH!

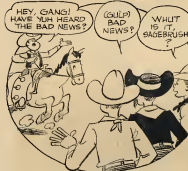
"COLD BLOODED"



LET'S SEE!
HOW CAN I
FOOL THE
GANG
TODAY?



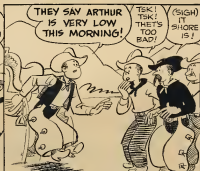
(BRRR) IT'S KIND OF
COLD THIS MORN-
ING! SAY, THAT
GIVES ME AN
IDEA! YIPPEE!



HEY, GANG!
HAVE YUH HEARD
THE BAD NEWS?

(GULP)
BAD
NEWS?

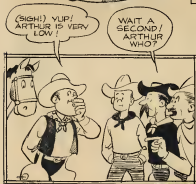
WHAT
IS IT,
SAGEBRUSH?



THEY SAY ARTHUR
IS VERY LOW
THIS MORNING!

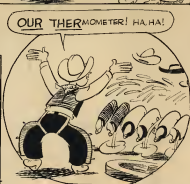
TSK!
TSK!
THAT'S
TOO
BAD!

(SIGH)
IT
SHORE
IS!



(SIGH!) YUP!
ARTHUR IS VERY
LOW!

WAIT A
SECOND!
ARTHUR
WHO?



OUR THERMOMETER! HA, HA!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

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Alfred P. Fitch Executive Editor

TEX RITTER

The GOLD HOARD



TEX RITTER WESTERN

HOWDY, SHERIFF! WONDER IF YOU'LL DO ME A FAVOR AND TAKE FURY! WANT TO FIND A GOOD HOME FOR HIM?

SURE, TEX! WHAT'S UP? YOU GOIN' AWAY?



YES, THIS IS GOOD-BYE! I'M HEADIN' EAST TO SETTLE DOWN JUST AS SOON AS I GET WHAT'S IN THIS BAG ASSAYED!

MAN, YOU SOUND LIKE YUH STRUCK IT RICH!



THERE IT IS! GOT IT FOR THAT SCRUB LAND I OWNED, NOT WORTH A THING IN MY OPINION, BUT THE BUYER'S A PROSPECTOR WHO HIT GOLD NEARBY AND HE THINKS HE'LL HIT MORE ON MY LAND!

SAY, YOU'D BETTER NOT ADVERTISE IT... YUH BETTER CLOSE UP THE SADDLE BAG...



YOU'RE RIGHT, BEN! WELL, I'LL BE GETTIN' ON! HATE TO LEAVE FURY, BUT HE WOULDN'T BE HAPPY WHERE I'M GOIN'!

I THINK YUH OUGHT TUN HAVE A GUARD GO ALONG OVER THE TRAIL, TEX! ARE YOU GOIN' BY STAGE?

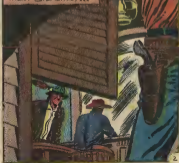


NO, I'M RIDING WHITE FLASH AN' I WON'T NEED A GUARD! THEY'D NEVER KEEP UP WITH MY HORSE, ANYWAY!

DON'T SAY I DIDN'T OFFER! THERE'S BEEN A MIGHTY LOT OF STICK-UPS AROUND HERE LATELY!



AS TEX AND SHERIFF TURNER LEAVE, A MAN RISES FROM A TABLE AND WATCHES THEM STEALTHY...



TEX RITTER WESTERN

THE MAN SLINKS CAREFULLY ALONG THE PORCH. HIS EYES CONSTANTLY ON TEX...



REACHING HIS OWN HORSE, THE MAN HIGH-TAILS IT OUT OF TOWN...



THE MAN RIDES THE FLATLANDS UNTIL HE REACHES A CLUMP OF BOULDERS...

JOE, TEX RITTER'S RIDING ALONE TO THREE FORKS CARRYIN' A FORTUNE IN NUGGETS...

RITTER, EH? BOY, IT LOOKS LIKE WE CAN SQUARE A LOT OF ACCOUNTS WITH THAT HOMBRE!



SOON AS I HAVE WHITE FLASH'S SHOES CHECKED, I'LL BE ON MY WAY!

WATCH OUT FOR JOE FISHER'S GANG! SORRY YOU WON'T TAKE MY OFFER!



AND SOON...

SO LONG, BEN! TAKE CARE OF FURY!

YOU BET! GOOD LUCK!



COME ON, WHITE FLASH--GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT! GOT TO MAKE TIME, BOY!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

WE'RE DOIN' OKAY, BOY!
NOT NOON YET AN' WE'RE
FAST THE TIMBERLINE!



WHOA, BOY! WHAT
DO YOU HEAR?



BEST WE TAKE IT CAUTIOUS,
BOY, TILL WE SEE
WHAT'S UP!



SUDDENLY...

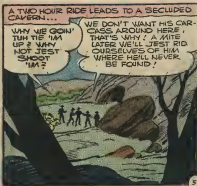
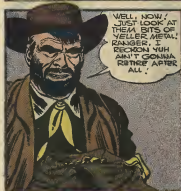
NOW THEY'VE SHOWED
THEIR HAND, WHOEVER
THEY ARE!



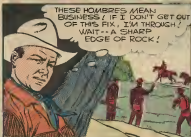
SO FAR IT'S ONLY THREE
OR FOUR TO ONE! I
OUGHT TO GET OUT OF
THIS WITHOUT TOO
MUCH TROUBLE!



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



I'VE GOT THE DROP ON ALL OF YOU NOW! KEEP YOUR HANDS UP!

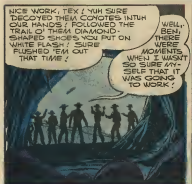


RITTER AINT SO SMART! HE COULDN'T TAKE US ALL INTUH TOWN SINGLE-HANDED-WE'RE TOO MANY! SOON AS IT GETS DARK, WE'LL TAKE OVER!



BUT SUDDENLY ...

JOE, LOOK! THE SHERIFF, WITH A POSSE!



NICE WORK, TEX! YUH SURE DECOYED THEM CONOTES INTUH OUR HANDS; FOLLOWED THE TRAIL O' THEM DIAMOND-SHAPED SHOES YOU PUT ON WHITE FLASH! SURE FLUSHED 'EM OUT THAT TIME!

WELL, BEN, THERE WERE MOMENTS WHEN I WASNT SO SURE MYSELF THAT IT WAS GOING TO WORK!

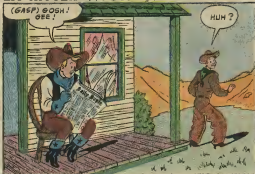


ONE THING YUH'LL NEVER GIT OUTA ME OR THE MEN IS THE LOCATION OF THE GOLD, RITTER!

HAVE IT YOUR WAY, FISHER! RECKON THE MOST VALUABLE THING 'D BE THE LOSS OF THE SADDLE BAG! THAT GOLD WAS IRON PYRITE, BETTER KNOWIN' AS FOOL'S GOLD! A RIGHT PROPER NAME, TOO, IN THIS CASE!

END

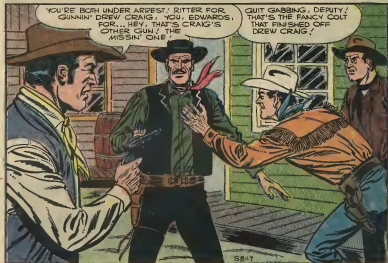
TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER

The PEARL
in
handled
45

THE BLUE GRASS BASIN WAS THE RICHEST RANGE IN THE FOOTHILLS -- AND TEX RITTER, THE PRAIRIE RANGER, KNEW THAT ONE MAN, DREW CRAIG, WAS HOGGING THE RANGE, USING GUNSHARPS UNDER THE ORDERS OF FOREMAN DICK EDWARDS! TEX RODE INTO TOWN TO LOOK THINGS OVER -- BUT BEFORE THE FIRST NIGHT PASSED, HE FOUND HIMSELF BRANDED AN OUTLAW AND HAD TO RIDE FOR HIS LIFE...

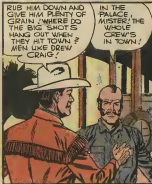


YOU'RE BOTH UNDER ARREST! RITTER FOR GUNNIN' DREW CRAIG, YOU, EDWARDS, FOR... HEY, THAT'S CRAIG'S OTHER GUN! THE MISSIN' ONE!

QUIT GABBING, DEPUTY! THAT'S THE FANCY COIT THAT FINISHED OFF DREW CRAIG!

58-7

RUMORS DRIFTED OUT OF THE BASIN OF VIOLENCE AND TERROR... NOTHING DEFINITE BUT ENOUGH TO BRING THE PRAIRIE RANGER IN TO CHECK ON THINGS...



RUB HIM DOWN AND GIVE HIM PLENTY OF GRAIN! WHERE DO THE BIG SHOTS HANG OUT WHEN THEY HIT TOWN? MEN LIKE DREW CRAIG!

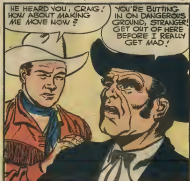
IN THE PALACE, MISTER! THE WHOLE CREW'S IN TOWN!



YOU HAD YOUR LAST WARNING, ANDERS! MY MEN WILL TEAR YOUR PLACE DOWN IF YOU DON'T MOVE!

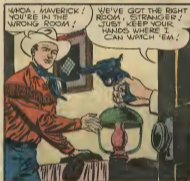
THAT MUST BE CRAIG! HE'S FANCY BUT HE LOOKS DANGEROUS!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

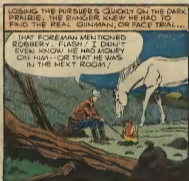
AFTER A LONG DAY IN THE SADDLE, THE BED FELT GOOD... TEX WAS ASLEEP A MOMENT AFTER HIS HEAD HIT THE PILLOW! IT WAS HOURS LATER WHEN A MUFFLED NOISE NEXT DOOR WOKE HIM...



THE PRAIRIE RANGER KNEW HE WAS IN A TIGHT SPOT! POSSESSION OF THE GUN WAS ENOUGH FOR ANY COWBOY IN TOWN JURY...



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

THE DEAD RANCHER'S CREW WAS JUST GETTING UP WHEN TEX RODE UP ...

WHERE'S DICE EDWARDS?
HE BACK FROM TOWN
YET?

THINK
SO!
HIS BRONC
IS IN THE
CORRAL!
TRY THE
KITCHEN!



YOU!
I
THOUGHT
YOU'D
BE
OUT
OF
THE
COUNTRY
BY
NOW!

THAT WOULD BE
NICE FOR YOU,
WOULDN'T IT!
THEN EVERYONE
WOULD BE SURE
I ROBBED
AND GUNNED
CRAIG!



YOU'RE COMING
BACK TO
TOWN,
EDWARDS,
YOU GOT
SOME
EXPLAINING
TO DO!

IT WON'T
WORK,
MISTER!
YOU'LL NEVER
GET ME
OFF THE
RANCH!



NICE GOIN',
MEL!

I GOT SUSPICIOUS
WHEN HE ASKED
FOR YUH AN'
FOLLOWED HIM
IN!



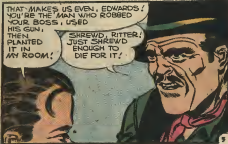
WHAT A HEAD-
ACHE! WHO...

YOU WERE STARTIN' TO FIGURE
THINGS OUT, EH, RITTER? I
KNOW WHO YOU
ARE NOW-- I
SEARCHED
YUH!



THAT MAKES US EVEN, EDWARDS!
YOU'RE THE MAN WHO ROBBED
YOUR BOSS, USED
HIS GUN,
THEN
PLANTED
IT IN
MY ROOM!

SHREWD, RITTER!
JUST SHREWD
ENOUGH TO
DIE FOR IT!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

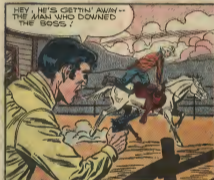


I WAS BLEEDING CRAIG A LONG TIME -- HE GOT WISED YESTERDAY! SO WHEN YOU CAME ALONG, YOU WERE READY MADE TO TAKE THE BLAME!



TEX RITTER KNEW HE HAD TO MOVE FAST...

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR PLANS, BUT I'VE GOT PLANS OF MY OWN!



HEY, HE'S GETTIN' AWAY -- THE MAN WHO DOWNED THE BOSS!



GET THE HORSES! WE'LL RUN 'EM DOWN!

A HALF DOZEN PUNCHERS, LED BY DICE EDWARDS, WERE IN PURSUIT A MOMENT LATER, BUT WHITE FLASH WAS WELL FED AND RARIN' TO GO...

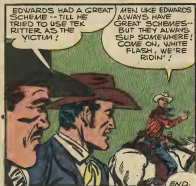


JUST SLOW DOWN, WHITE FLASH! WE DON'T WANT TO GET TOO FAR AHEAD! IF WE CAN GET 'EM TO TOWN, I'LL CLEAR THIS ALL UP!



I HOPE THIS WORKS -- IF IT DOESN'T, I'LL BE IN TROUBLE SURE ENOUGH!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



The Siege of Sommersville

Historians take the view that Chief Sequi-to-tori, of the Comanches was a very brilliant man. We know a lot about this redskin because of his meetings with Colonel Dodge. However, it seems to me that the chief was a practical man who could look ahead into the future and make a sensible decision. If this makes a person brilliant, I won't argue about it.

As a young brave, Sequi-to-tori surprised his father, then the chief of the tribe. Isaaconne had held a meeting at which the redskins were discussing a horse raid upon the Osage. Braves were volunteering for this task. It was considered a sign of manhood and bravery to go on one of these raiding parties. Young Sequi-to-tori spoke what was on his mind.

"We ride many miles to Osage village. We steal horses. Maybe a lot of horses. Maybe a few come of us get wounded or killed. We return with horses. Time passes. The Osage raid us. They get back their horses. Maybe some of our horses. Some of them get wounded or killed. This goes on year after year. Who gains?"

There was an uproar in the Indian village. The word "coward" was hurled at the young man who dared to speak in this manner. He refused to go on the horse raiding expedition and take part in what the white man called, "stealing." But he held steadfast to his view. He went to the Osage village and explained his attitude. The net result was a treaty between the two tribes in which they agreed to be at peace and refrain from horse raiding expeditions.

His view towards the white man was simple and to the point. They say he talked about sand and seashells with this comment:

"Much sand. Little seashells. More sand than seashells. We are the seashells. White man, is the sand. We are outnumbered. We join them."

So Sequi-to-tori and many of his braves became scouts for the army. Then came the war between the states. Sequi-to-tori and his braves retired to their reservation which was about a hundred miles from the city of Sommersville.

Sommersville had been founded by John Som-

mers, a miner who hit silver in the nearby hills. The majority of the population was naturally miners. There were businessmen who sold mining supplies, and in the outlying district were a few farmers who made a good living selling fresh products to hungry working men.

It was in 1864 that Sommersville underwent its famous siege. Jack Walsh was sheriff at the time and he and some of his friends were discussing events.

"Not a supply wagon has come through in the last month," remarked Jed Harper, owner of the Last Chance Saloon. "I might as well close up for the duration of the war."

"What is Sequi-to-tori going to do?" asked Arthur H. Saunders, owner of the Sommersville Hotel, the one and only brick building in the city. "If he ever goes on the warpath, then we will have real trouble on our hands. His braves have rifles and revolvers. They could spread death and destruction."

"The answer to that we should know soon," replied Sheriff Jack Walsh. "I hear they sent Major Lewis to visit him. Mrs. Lewis expects her husband here in about two weeks. Suppose we wait until then. We might as well keep cool and calm. After all, the hotel is made out of bricks and could withstand a siege."

But the next morning the town got a shock. Tom Lonigan, his wife and two children, appeared at the sheriff's office with their story. Their cabin had been burned to the ground and their livestock run off. They had travelled about seventy miles on foot, living on berries, dried corn, and some game that Tom had shot.

"Sequi-to-tori is on the warpath!" shouted Jed Harper. "We have to save our womenfolk and children. Throw up the barricades."

Something akin to panic struck the town. For the first few hours of the day they could imagine redskins on horses raiding the town. Then a council of war was held, presided over by the sheriff.

"Whatever differences we may have among

ourselves," he told the assembled group, "must now give way to our common problem. We have to defend ourselves against an attack, should it come."

Old Hiram Arb had fought in the Mexican War. As the man who was supposed to have military experience, he was put in charge of the barricades.

"We cut down the trees at the southern end of the town," he suggested. "Make a breastwork. We can fight from behind it with safety."

"I'll set up emergency headquarters in the hotel," interrupted Doctor Jonas Pell, the town's only physician. "I'll need about a dozen nurses. They can start at once and make bandages."

The Widow Perkins volunteered to be in charge of the nurses. All children were to be taken at once to the hotel.

"Best place for the kids will be in the dining room," said the owner. "We'll move the chairs and tables out here if necessary for inclose fighting."

Suddenly somebody remembered the farmers in the outlying district. Bill Thompson said he would ride out and warn them. So that matter was in good hands, since Bill Thompson had once been a pony express rider. The next matter was that of arms. The town had a gunsmith, Dave Sutton.

"Most of you men have dragoon Colts," he told the group. "We have enough percussion caps and lead to make balls. We are somewhat short of powder. I estimate that we have enough powder for about one hundred charges per man. So you better go home and dig up all the spare powder you have."

Dave Sutton had the only Henry rim-fire caliber .44 repeating rifle in the town and about three hundred cartridges for it. This gun was his pride and joy. On it, the trigger guard lever cocks and hammer, ejects the empty shell and inserts the new cartridge from a tubular magazine beneath the barrel which held 15 rim-fire cartridges.

By evening the town felt it was ready for a siege. A system of sentry relays had been worked out. The midnight relay was in charge of a young man, Herbert Shrippen. Maybe it was his imagination, or maybe it was a shadow he saw. He fired three times and soon the entire town was behind the barricades pouring out a deadly fire from rifles and revolvers. But when no return fire became apparent they held their fire.

"Something's wrong," suggested the sheriff,

A volunteer party went out. Their verdict was

that either the attackers had retreated or perhaps they had never been there at all. In the morning the town got another scare. A beautiful brown stallion came up to the barricades, and was taken into town. Across his saddle were two holsters, each with a dragoon colt pistol intact. The engraving on each read: "To Major Theodore Lewis from his brother, Howard Lewis."

The conclusion was simple. The Major had been a victim of the redskins. They broke the news to his wife.

"I'm going out after him," she announced. "Don't try to stop me." Old Hiram Arb mounted his horse and soon the two had vanished from sight.

"We'll never see them again," moaned the Widow Perkins. "You should have stopped her."

"Couldn't be done," explained the sheriff. "We would have had to hold her prisoner. She had a determined mind."

By nightfall the town gave up hope for the missing two. The sentry relays went on duty. When the sun rose they got a surprise of their lives — Major Lewis and his wife on one horse and Old Hiram Arb on the other horse.

"My husband's horse stumbled and threw him," explained Mrs. Lewis. "His head hit a rock and he was unconscious. Good thing we went out after him. He has news for all of you."

All the brave defenders of Sommersville assembled to hear the tidings.

"The war is over," announced the Major. "The war is over."

"But what about Chief Sequi-to-tori and his braves?" asked one of the men.

"Well, what about them?" snapped back the Major.

"Soon the bewildered town learned that the Indians had never left the reservation. Seems he and his tribe were drawing good gold for doing nothing which was important during that period of time.

"What about Tom Lonigan," somebody remembered. "His house was burned down. Who did it?"

Later an investigation showed a candle had fallen down and burned the house. Naturally, the livestock fled at the blaze. When Chief Sequi-to-tori was informed of what had happened, he passed a sensible remark: "Shows you we can all be scared by rumors."

TEX RITTER WESTERN

WAGONWHEELS

COMPLAINTS GALORE!

HYAR'S YORE BOWL
OF SOUP AND BREAD,
WAGONWHEELS!

CHUCK'S
GRUB
HOUSE

IT'S ABOUT
TIME! YUH
CERTAINLY TOOK
A LONG TIME
BRINGING IT
HYAR, CHUCK!

HUH? GOSH,
I'M SORRY!

YUH SHOULD BE!
(CRUNCH)

DOGGONE IT, THIS BREAD
IS NO GOOD!

HUH? NO
GOOD? WHAT'S
WRONG
WITH IT?

NEVER MIND!
(ZUP, ZUP, ZUP)

HEY, CHUCK, THE SOUP WAS NO GOOD
EITHER! I FINISHED
IT, BUT IT WAS
TERRIBLE!

GOSH, YUH'VE
COMPLAINED ABOUT
EVERYTHING!

YEAH! NOW IT'S YORE TURN
TUN COMPLAIN --- I HAVEN'T
ANY MONEY TUN PRY
FER THE GRUB!

TEX RITTER ¹⁹ WILD RIVER CANYON

THE HOOK DANVERS GANG HAD STRUCK AGAIN--THIS TIME LEAVING A BADLY HURT SHOTGUN GUARD AT THE LOOTED STAGECOACH AND GETTING THOUSANDS IN GOLD BULLION! IT WAS A COLD TRAIL WHEN TEX RITTER HIT THE SADDLE BUT HE CAUGHT THEM IN WILD RIVER CANYON!



THIS GUY'S A BEARCAT! COME ON VIN, GET HIM!

YOU MAY GET ME BUT I'LL HANG A FEW ON YOU FIRST!

IT WAS TWENTY FOUR HOURS AFTER THE HOLD UP WHEN TEX ENTERED THE CASE!

WATCH THAT DANVER BUNCH! HOOK IS TRICKY!

I HEARD ABOUT HIM, JUDGE! I'LL DO THE BEST I CAN!



WHOA, WHITE FLAG! WE CHANGE TRAILS HERE! LOOKS LIKE DANVER'S HEADED FOR THE BADLANDS!



TEX RITTER WESTERN



DANVER'S HID HIS TRAIL ALL THE WAY-- BUT HE'S NOT FAR AHEAD NOW! IT'S MY GUESS HE'S HOLDIN' UP SOMEWHERE IN WILD RIVER CANYON!

IT WAS A GOOD GUESS-- ALMOST TOO GOOD!



GET 'EM UP, HOMBRE! WE BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU!

EASE OFF ON THAT TRIGGER! I'M PEACEFUL! WHERE'S HOOK DANVERS?



YOU FOLLOWED AN EASY TRAIL, MARSHAL! LIKE WHAT YOU FOUND?

I FIGURED ON AN AMBUSH, DANVERS! BUT WHERE CAN YOU GO FROM HERE IF YOU CAN'T CROSS THE WILD RIVER! AND NO ONE CAN GO DOWN IT!



THAT'S RIGHT! NO ONE BUT YOU! AFTER WE GET RID OF YOU, WE'LL JUST HEAD WEST!

YOU'VE GOT A CONVINCING ARGUMENT THERE, DANVERS!



NO ONE EVER LIVED THROUGH THE WILD RIVER CANYON, AND YOU WON'T EITHER-- IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

NOT FROM WHERE I SIT, IT WON'T!



ON A CRUDE LOG RAFT, TEX WAS LAUNCHED ON HIS WILD RIDE---

ENJOY YOURSELF, LAW-MAN! WISH I COULD STAY AND WATCH!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



THIS DEVIL'S TRYIN' TO GET LOOSE HOOK! GIMME A HAND!

FOLLOW ME, WHITE FLASH! I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO GET THAT BUNCH!

TEX COULD FEEL THE RAFT COMING APART! BUT THE SURGING SPRAY GAVE HIM HIS ONLY CHANCE --



THEY SURE NAMED THIS RIVER RIGHT! IT'S GETTING WILDER AND WILDER! THE KAWHIDE'S STRETCHING IN THE WATER-- IF I LAST LONG ENOUGH!



THIS THING'LL BREAK UP ON THE ROCKS! I HAVE TO GET ASHORE FAST OR I WILL TOO!

TEX FOUGHT THE BOILING WATERS, BUT AT LAST HE MADE IT TO THE NARROW BEACH!



NEE'GH!

DRY LAND SURE FEELS GOOD! WHITE FLASH! WAIT THERE, BOY!



GOT TO MAKE IT! I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE, BOY!



HE MADE IT OUT OF THE CANYON, BOSS! LET'S FINISH HIM OFF!

WE'RE NOT RUNNING THIS TIME, WHITE FLASH! GO, BOY!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



DANVERS' NEARLY GOT THE SAME FATE HE HAD PLANNED FOR TEX! BUT THE PRAIRIE MARSHAL SAVED HIM JUST IN TIME! THEN---



RIDING THE RANGE WITH TEX RITTER



HOWDY FOLKS!

THE OTHER DAY I HEARD A BOY SAY HE WAS QUITTING SCHOOL BECAUSE HE WAS TIRED OF STUDYING AND WANTED TO BECOME A REALLY GOOD COWBOY--AS IF IT DOESN'T TAKE A HEAP OF STUDYING TO BECOME A GOOD COWPUNCHER!

FIRST OF ALL, THERE'S LEARNING HOW TO RIDE AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR BRONC. WHEN A COWBOY'S OUT ON THE RANGE HE HAS TO BE HIS OWN VETERINARY. AS FOR THE CATTLE--HE HAS TO KNOW HOW TO TELL A PROMISING YEARLING FROM A POOR ONE, HOW TO ROPE AND TIE AN GRINERY DOGS AND A HOST OF OTHER THINGS.

OUT ON THE VAST PRAIRIE A COWBOY IS REALLY ON HIS OWN. HE HAS TO LEARN TO FIND DIRECTIONS BY THE STARS AND OTHER SIGNS OF NATURE. BELIEVE ME, PARD, IT TAKES A LOT OF STUDYING TO LEARN WHAT MOTHER NATURE HAS TO SAY. SHE IS ONE OF THE BEST FRIENDS A COWHAND EVER HAD.

A GOOD COWBOY NEVER STOPS STUDYING--LOOK INTO ANY BUNKHOUSE FOR PROOF OF THAT. THAT'S WHY I LAUGH WHEN I HEAR SOMEBODY TALK ABOUT DOING SOMETHING THAT REQUIRES NO STUDYING. EVERYTHING WORTH DOING REQUIRES PLENTY OF WORK, STUDY AND SAVVY. ANY RANNY WHO SAYS DIFFERENTLY IS PLUMB LOCO!

WELL, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO BED WHITE FLASH DOWN FOR THE NIGHT NOW, BUT I'LL BE RIDING YOUR WAY AGAIN NEXT TIME. UNTIL THEN, SHARPEN UP YOUR PENCIL AND DROP ME A LINE. THERE'S NOTHING MORE PLEASURABLE THAN HEARING FROM GOOD FRIENDS.

YOUR PARD,

Tex Ritter



WHITEY WHISKERS

and "THE BIG FISH"



SAY, FELLERS, I JEST GOT A TERRING IDEA! INSTEAD OF HANGING AROUND HYAR HUNGRY AND NOT DOING ANYTHING, LET'S GO FISHING! WE CAN CATCH SOME TROUT OR BASS AND HAVE IT FER SUPPER!

AW, WHO ARE YUH TRYING TO KID, WHITEY WHISKERS! WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO FISH AND NEITHER DO YUH!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE'D JEST BE WASTING OUR TIME!

AND GETTING HUNGRIER FROM THE EFFORT, TOO!



WHO SAYS I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FISH? WHY, I'M THE BEST FISHERMAN IN THESE HYAR PARTS!

STOP THE HOT AIR, YUH OLD WIND-BAG, MY HAT'S STARTING TO BLOW OFF!



WINDBAG, EH? I'LL SHOW YUH! COME WITH ME AND I'LL CATCH ENOUGH FISH FER DINNER FER ALL OF US AND YUH WON'T HAVE TO DO A THING!

OH YEAH? OKAY, THAT'S A DEAL!



G'NOW, LET'S CALL WHITEY WHISKERS! BLUFF!

ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO! BUT YUH'D BETTER CATCH THOSE FISH, WHITEY—OR ELSE!

(GULP)



SHORTLY AFTER—

THIS IS A GOOD SPOT! THAR'S PLENTY OF TROUT HYAR! AND BIG ONES TOO!

THAR'D BETTER BE! YUH'VE WALKED US FIVE MILES TO GET HYAR AND WE'RE HUNGRIER THAN EVER!



DON'T WORRY! YUH HOMBRES TAKE A NAP AND I'LL CATCH ALL THE FISH MYSELF!

OKAY!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

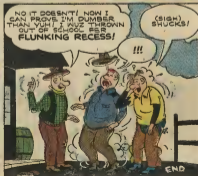
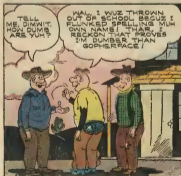


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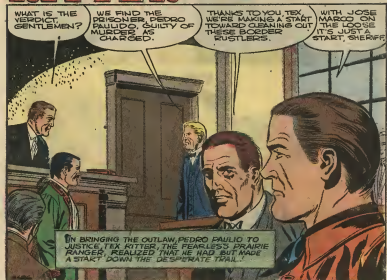
GOPHER FACE

THE WINNER!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

TEX RITTER *in* DESPERATE Trail



WHAT IS THE VERDICT, GENTLEMEN?

WE FIND THE PRISONER, PEDRO PAULIDO, GUILTY OF MURDER AS CHARGED.

THANKS TO YOU, TEX, WE'RE MAKING A START TOWARD CLEANING OUT THESE BORDER RUSTLERS.

WITH JOSE MARCO ON THE LOOSE IT'S JUST A START, SHERIFF.

ON BRINGING THE OUTLAW, PEDRO PAULIDO TO JUSTICE, TEX RITTER, THE FEARLESS PRAIRIE RANGER, REALIZED THAT HE HAD BUT MADE A STAKT DOWN THE DESPERATE TRAIL.



PEDRO PAULIDO, I SENTENCE YOU TO HANG.....



BUT THAT NIGHT JOSE MARCO, LEADER OF THE DESPERADOS, LED HIS BAND IN A DARING RESCUE ...

HA! THAT FOR THE GREENGO JAIL!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

THE DESPERATE BAND RODE HARD AND SOON WERE CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE INTO COUNTRY WHERE UNITED STATES LAW COULD NOT REACH THEM...



IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE JOSE MARCO AND HIS BAND STRUCK AGAIN BY RUSTLING A HUGE HERD OF CATTLE ACROSS THE BORDER.



AS NEWS OF NEW AND MORE TERRIBLE RAIDS AND RUSTLINGS FROM ACROSS THE BORDER REACHED THE SHERIFF, HE CONFERRED AGAIN WITH TEX...



FOR SOME WEEKS IN THE PLACES BELOW THE BORDER WHERE MEN CONGREGATED THERE APPEARED A SINGING TROUBADOUR WITH A DOG...



TEX RITTER WESTERN

TEX AT LAST FOUND HIS MAN, STRUMMING HIS GUITAR HE MOVED CLOSER TO THE DESPERADO...



I KNOW OF SOME THING OF INTEREST, IF SENOR MARCO WILL SEE ME ALONE!

EH? THEES EES NO TEEK, OR ... ELSE!

OUTSIDE...

I'M WANTED IN THE STATES, MARCO, THEY WANT ME BADLY, BUT... BEFORE I CAME HERE I LEARNED ABOUT A CORRAL OF FINE SPIRITED HORSES.

SO YOU WANT SOME ACTION?

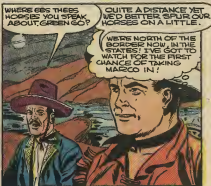


THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...



SEE, GREENGO THERE ARE MANY MEN, EH? WOULD NOT BE WISE TO TRY A TEEK, EH?

A TRICK'S THE LAST THING I'M THINKING ABOUT MARCO YOU'LL UNDER STAND...



WHERE EES THEES HOOPS YOU SPEAK ABOUT, GREENGO?

QUITE A DISTANCE YET WED BETTER SPUR OUR HORSES ON A LITTLE.

WERE NORTH OF THE BORDER NOW, IN THE STATES! I'VE GOT TO WATCH FOR THE FIRST CHANCE OF TAKING MARCO IN!

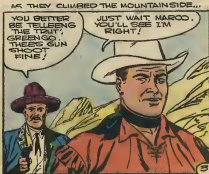
AT DAWN...



THERE IS A TRICK, GREENGO! WE RIDE ALL NIGHT, WHERE ARE THEES HORSES?

WE'VE GOT TO GO AROUND THAT MOUNTAIN, BUT IF YOU WANT TO SEE THEM, COME LET THE MEN WAIT HERE.

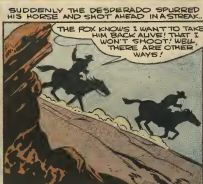
AS THEY CLIMBED THE MOUNTAIN SIDE...



YOU BETTER BE TELLING THE TRUT, GREENGO, THEES GUN SHOOT FINE!

JUST WAIT, MARCO, YOU'LL SEE I'M RIGHT!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



PLUMP PRISCILLA

FAT CHANCE!



