

ACTION PACKED ADVENTURES

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TEX RITTER

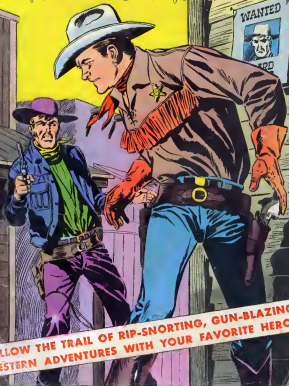
NO. 37

Robert Brown

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

WESTERN

10¢



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THE RIVERS

Published bi-monthly by Charles G. Gable Group, Executive office and office of publication, Charles G. Gable Group, 52 West 46th Street, New York 36, New York. Telephone: 667-1100. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. Postmaster: Please send no money orders or cash payments. All orders to Charles G. Gable Group, 52 West 46th Street, New York 36, New York.

Volume 3, Number 10

SEPTEMBER 1957

Printed in U.S.A.

TEX RITTER WESTERN

APPROVED

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Alfred P. Fox Executive Editor

TEX RITTER

IN THE

WRONG MAN

HE'D BEEN PUSHED HARD... AND NOW HE WAS FALLING FAST WITH NOTHING BUT EMPTY AIR BE TWEEN HIM AND THE CHASSEL FLOOR! IT WERE LOGGED LIKE TEX RITTER. "WASNT LONG FOR THIS WORLD!"



WHENVER TEX RITTER, POLICE RANGER, RODE INTO A TOWN AND STARTED B-SPEAKING WEDGE SWIFT SCUMMER ON HIM, HONEST FOLKS ALWAYS GOT DIGN TO DRIVING... AND BACKS GOT TO FEELING RIGHT-UNCOMFORTABLE.



"COME A TINI' VOICE, COME A TINI' HEAR."

SO THIS - HERE NIGHT AT RED ROCK, WHEN THE TALL STRANGER STARTED TO SERMON AT THE WEDDIN' BACH DANCE.



"COME ALONG BOYS AND GIRLS, AND LISTEN TO MY TALE. I'LL TELL YOU OF MY TROUBLES ON THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL!"

TEX RITTER WESTERN



POSSIBLY
OF THE
BOSS
HERE
FRONT!



I TELL YUH, BOSS,
THAT'S HIM!

HMM... COULD BE. I'VE
HEARD TELL THAT TEX
RITTER WAS HEADIN'
THIS WAY.



AND WE'RE NOT THE ONES TO SIT ON OUR
TAILS TILL COTTON TRACES A HIND TO STOP
WAGON MUSIC AND BERRY HARBIN! US
IN! NOW LISTEN HARD, MEN...



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SOMEBODY'S SHOOT-
ING OUT THE
LIGHTS!

BLAM!

BAM!



THUD! DUNNNH!



THAT HIM,
BOSS?

WRY! WE'LL LOAD HIM UP INTO THAT
WAGON! YOU STAY BACK HERE
FOR A SHORT SPELL AND MAKE
SURE HOBSON HITCHES IT
AFFER US!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



WHAT'RE WE BOTHERS'Y TO TAKE HIM UP TO THE HIGGERT FOR? WHY DON'T WE JUST...

BECAUSE FIRST I WANTA ASK HIM WHAT PLANS THE CHIEF MARSHAL HAS FOR THIS TERRITORY!



AT THAT MOMENT, HEADING IN TO RED ROCK FROM THE SOUTH...

OH, A TEN-DOLLAR ROBE AND A FORTY DOLLAR SHODS. AN I'M GOIN' TO BRINGIN' TEXAS CATTLE...



WHATEV' BRINY-BODY GO IN, GO UP ABOUT SKEWAC'S?

A STRANGER WAS PLANNIN' TO GET UP AT OUR DANCE... ONE JUST LIKE YOURS, ALL OF A SODDEN. THE LIGHTS WERE SHOT OUT, AND THE NEXT THING WE KNOW, HE'D BEEN DEAS-SED OFF!



WH-OH... I HAVE A GOOD NOTION OF WHAT HAPPENED, SOME LOCAL SAGHATS MISROCK THAT GUTHERIST FOR ME!



CHANCES ARE THEY TOOK HIM TO THEIR HIGBERT, AND CHANCES ARE THEY'LL TURN REAL COUNTRY ONCE THEY FIND OUT HE'S NOT TEX RITTER!

AFTER TELLING THE SHERIFF WHO HE WAS, TEX STARTED OUT AFTER THOSE SAGHATS BY HIS LONE-SOME...



LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE HEADED FOR THE PROTEBUS!

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TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

AFTER AN HOUR'S RIDING ... ALL OF IT UPHELL...

CLEAR SADDLE, RITTER? THIS HERE'S THE PLACE FOR YOUR 'ACCIDENT'!



ACCIDENT? WHAT...

LOOK DOWN WHILE YOU'RE FALLING, RITTER, AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT I HAVE IN MIND!



HE'D BEEN FISHED HARD--AND NOW HE WAS FALLING FAST...



CAN YOU SEE HIM DOWN THERE?

IT'S TOO DARK!



CAN'T SEE A THING!

WHEN? LUCKY THAT THERE TRANK, STOPPED MY FALL, HAVE TO GET UP FAST NOW ... AND NOT TOO CLOSE TO WHERE THEY'RE STANDING!



LOOK! THAT'S HIM ON THE LEDGE!

SOMEONE TRIGGERED MEN! RITTER HAS NO GUNS!



TEX RITTER WESTERN



END

TEX RITTER WESTERN

TEX RITTER ^{vs.} POOR PABLO'S MINE

WHEN PABLO TALKED ABOUT THE FABULOUS MINE NEAR LADSONE, THE MINE WHERE HE WORKED AS A BOY, PEOPLE LIKE BRAM HAWKINS LAUGHED. BUT YOUNG JIM CLAMSON DIDN'T... POOR AS THE YOUNG TOWNER WAS, HE STARED THE OLD MAN WHENEVER HE COULD, BUT WHEN PABLO STRUCK IT RICH, IT WAS HAWKINS WHO GOT TO THE CLAIM OFFICE FIRST... WITH TEX RITTER, PABLO'S DANGER, RIGHT BEHIND HIM...



BRAM'S CLAIM OFFICE

HOW DID YOU GET THAT HORSE?

NO, YER DON'T, HAWKINS! YOU'RE NOT GETTIN' PABLO'S MINE THAT EASY!

OLD PABLO WAS LAUGHED AT AROUND LADSONE! HIS STORY OF THE ANCIENT MINE WAS NEVER BELIEVED...



I HEAR PABLO THINKS HE FOUND HIS MINE AT LAST!

YES, POOR DEVIL! I GUESSTATED HIM AGAIN-- IT TOOK AN LAST DOLLAR!



SO YER FOUND THE MINE, EH, PABLO? THAT'S A JOKE!

THE MINE IS WHERE I REMEMBER HEARD THE RED BUTTE AT THE RIVER! BUT WHEN PABLO, HE WAS AWAY, THE ENGINEERS MOVED THE RIVER! NOW I HAVE FOUND SET!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

YOU KNOW, PABLO MAY BE BRIGIT
THE SAND RIVER WAS ACQUIRED
WITH THE NEW DAM WAS
BUILT! AND THERE
AS A BIRD BUTTE
NEAR THE OLD
RIVER BED!

I'M AFRAID
NOT, TEX!
OLD PABLO
JUST GOT
TOO MUCH
SUN, I
RECKON!



HE'S BEEN PROVED BEFORE
PABLO WAS THOUGHT OF AGAIN...
HE'S BEEN WANDERED
AND FOUND PABLO WASN'T
WALKING BEHIND HIM THIS TIME!



I FIND
SILVER!
BUT MAN
HT BE
WORTH
CLUB
AND
STAY!

DON'T TALK NOW,
PABLO! JIM, GET
DOC CUNTER!
I'LL CARRY HIM TO
YOUR PLACE!



LATER...
GO TO SLEEP, PABLO!
YOU'RE IN PRETTY BAD
SHAPE FOR THIS!



TEX, HE DID FIND SILVER!
I FOUND TRACES OF IT
IN A SAND, THAT WAS
UNDER PABLO ON THE
BURRO!

WELL, YOU'VE
GOT NO
PROOF
THAT
HIMSELF
BEAT THE
OLD MAN
MY!

I DON'T NEED
PROOF -- I'M
NOT IN COURT!



I'LL BRING A CONFESSION OUT OF YOU,
PABLO FOR HIS SILVER!

KEEP
BACK,
CLASSEN!



TEX RITTER WESTERN



THE PROMISE BANGERS NOW! HE HAD TO MOVE FAST! IF PABLO REALLY HAD SILVER, BANGERS WOULD TRY TO CLAIM THE HIDE FIRST...



HE FOUND SILVER, ALL RIGHT! I'LL... WHAT'S WRONG, FRY? WE GOT COMPANY?



THAT HONKIE THROWS LEAD FAST AND STRAIGHT! AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE HE'S HIDING!



GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

CASH OR PREMIUMS

EXTRA! EXTRA!

If you mail coupon at once we'll send you exciting new "GIVEN!" Free of charge MAIL COUPON BELOW

WE GIVE YOU

JIM and BETTY SOLVE THE "FLYING SAUCER" MYSTERY!

LOOK BETTY!

I'LL BET IT'S A FLYING SAUCER!

LET'S GET OUR TELESCOPE AND BINOCULARS AND SEE!

HEY! THAT LOOKS LIKE AN EARTH SATELLITE!

I CAN SEE IT CLEARLY

FLASH! SCIENTISTS HAVE JUST LAUNCHED THE FIRST EARTH SATELLITE. ANYONE SPOTTING IT PLEASE CALL US AT ONCE!

GOOD MORNING, BETTY AND JIM! YOU ARE THE FIRST TO SPOT OUR NEW OBSERVATION SATELLITE!

GOSE! HERE ARE BETTY AND JIM'S PICTURES IN TODAY'S PAPER!

NOW DID YOU KIDS EVER GET A RADIO, A TELESCOPE AND BINOCULARS?

IT WAS EASY, KIDS - WE EARNED THEM, AND LOTS MORE SMALL PREMIUMS, SELLING DANITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE TO OUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS!

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Fill in name and address. Send this coupon to Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. CC-111, Piquette, Pa. Don't forget to fill in the number of WILSON CLOVERINE Brand SALVE you want to buy. It will be 25¢ a box (with postage) or 50¢ each (with postage) unless you specify a different quantity. Please mention our exciting new "GIVEN!" picture and send 10¢ to get your \$100 "GIVEN!"

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TEX RITTER WESTERN



YOU CAN FIND 'EM, FURY? GET HIM! HE WON'T BE MATCHIN' YOU!



FURY SPED LIKE A SHADOW UP THE SLOPE, CIRCLING AROUND BEHIND THE BANDIT...



I GOT THAT BITTER JACKET RIGHT WHERE I ... IT'S THAT 'BLASPHEM' DOG!



WISHED! HE'S STILL COMIN'...

BAM!
BAM!



I GOTTA GET AWAY... AAAAAH!



WITH A BIGHTY LEAP FURY CAUGHT THE OUTLAW BY HIS TROUSER CUFF... ALTHOUGH SAFE, THE SHOCK HAD BEEN TOO MUCH.

THE SASSY WISHED OUT FURY... GOOD BOY YOU SAVED HIS WORTHLESS HIDE! COME ON BOY WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE COUNTY SEAT! I HAVE A PUNER HAWKINS WILL BE THERE TOO!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

THE PRISONER BANGERS DOOR WHITE FLASH ACROSS COUNTRY, AND GOT TO TOWN JUST IN TIME ...

EW HERE FIRST! NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW... RITTER!



THIS AWEFUL NIGHT WON'T WORK EITHER, HANKINS! GET HIM, FURY!



YOU FEEL FREE, TEX! O' PABLO, HE IS HERE TO HELP!

CALL THIS CRITTER OFF! I GIVE UP!



GO IN AND REGISTER YOUR CLAIM. PABLO! THIS THIEF'S CLAIM JUMPER IS GOIN' TO JAIL!

OH, SURE! ME AND REGISTER CLASSON WERE BE' ROCH NOW!



NICE WORK, FURY! YOU HAVE CAPTURED THAT BENCH FOR ME!



RIDING THE RANGE
WITH
TEX RITTER



HOWDY FALLS.

IT'S SURE GOOD TO BE SHITIN' BY THE FIRE WITH YOU AGAIN. FOR A TWE THIS AFTERNOON, I THROUGH MY FERRISIDE DAYS WERE OVER, THAT MOUNTAIN LION WAD OSTIT' PLUMS AFFECTIONATE IN THAT TREE AND THERE WADNT ANY PLACE TO GO BUT UP AND I USED UP ALL THE UP THERE WAD.

I HEARD MOUNTAIN LIONS WERE BVD SCAREDY-CATS AND THAT'S WHAT STARTED THE TROUBLE. I WAS WADEN' BY THE SPRING WHEN I HEARD A KIND OF UNSAPPROPRIATE PLEER AND THERE STOOD KITTY CLAWIN' AT MY CHIN BELT WIND ON A BUSH. I THREW A ROCK, TELLED SCAT, AND WAVED MY HAT. A FELLER TOLD ME THAT WOODEN FIRE SCARED' LIONS.

NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS PLUM' UP A LITTLE TREE WITH THE MOUNTAIN LION YERIN' TO CREW MY OYSTERS WITH ME IN 'EM. I FINALLY STOPPED UP WHERE THE BRANCHES WERE LIKE TOOTHPICKS THEY WERE SO SMALL AND THERE WAD KITTY RIGHT BELOW ME. SHE BEADED UP TO MEET ME BUT HER CLAWS WAD HER PAW LOOK LIKE A GARDEN RAKE. I TRIED TO GO HIGHER AND THE BRANCH BROKE.

I HIT KITTY, HER BRANCH BROKE, AND ME BOTH HIT THE GROUND. I WAS ON TOP AND THE CAT SAID HELP I AND PRESSED OUT. I TOOK ONE LOOK AT THE LION AND STROLLED AWAY FOR MY CANS AT TOP SPEED. THAT WAS TEN MILES BACK AND I JUST GAIT STROLLIN' AND I WAS RELAXIN' A WHILE WOOD ON THIS STORY IS. WELL, LET THE OTHER FELLER TELLER SCARE LIONS HIS WAY, IT'S EASER ON THE WATCHES TO LEAVE 'M ALONE.

YOUR PAL

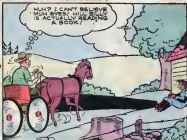
Tex Ritter



TEX RITTER WESTERN



BIG READER!





GREEDY GOLD

Ever hear the roar of a maddened wounded buffalo bull? It is loud and spine piercing. However the inhabitants of Cedar Rock claim it is gentle in comparison. In comparison with what? The roar of Jed Matters when he became angry. Jed Matters ran the one and only general store in town. The cowboys from the nearby ranches would come day after pay day to get spurs, a new saddle, or the latest modern rifle on the market. His daughter, Celia, would help behind the counter.

"Can't tell whether it's the way she smiles or the merchandise they have that builds up the business," commented Sheriff James McGuirk. "Just the opposite of her father. Soft spoken and gentle."

It was now ten in the morning. Suddenly all of Main Street heard the voice of Jed Matters explode.

"Get out of my store, you worthless fool dreamer! Get out before I lose my temper! You can't get a penny's worth of supplies here unless you put cold cash or gold dust on my counter."

The words were addressed to a wrinkled, white bearded old man. He was dressed in a tattered shirt and a pair of faded army pants. He acted as though he hadn't heard the yelling.

"I'll find the lost mine this time," he pleaded. "Stake me to grub and other supplies and you can have half interest in the mine. Think of all that gold."

Celia came from the back of the store where she had been preparing lunch. Her father's booming voice was enough to almost make the walls vibrate. She walked up to the old man and gently took his hand.

"That's the way father is," she half apologized. "Maybe it is time you gave up the dream, Joe Harding, and stay in town. You could get some work to do."

"Why should any man have to stop hoping? Go ahead. Give him all the supplies he wants. I'll pay the bill."

To emphasize that he meant what he said, the stranger took a large roll of bills from his pocket. He threw several bills of large denomination on the counter.

"Order up, dreamer," he smiled. "Go and find that lost mine of yours. Go search for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

Joe Harding looked directly at the stranger's face. Then he turned his glance to the money on the counter.

"I have never taken charity in my life," he explained. "When I needed supplies I worked. Maybe my bones are getting a bit tired. Only way I will take this money is in a business deal. You get half interest in the mine. I will sign such a paper, and you can come with me when I go look for it."

"When are you going to leave?" asked the stranger.

"Thursday morning," replied Joe Harding. "You'll need a horse for yourself and an extra pack horse for supplies."

"Get it all for me," replied the stranger as he handed extra money to the old man. "I'm staying at the Wilkins Hotel. My name is Sydney Rutledge. See you Thursday morning."

The man who was definitely from the East, judging by his clothing and manner of speech, turned and left the general store. Celia had wanted to say something to him. By the next day the entire town knew the story. In the afternoon the sheriff and Celia paid a visit to the hotel. Sydney Rutledge was seated in a comfortable chair on the porch. His face was turned to the sun and his eyes were half closed.

"Sorry to disturb you," said the sheriff. "My name is James McGuirk, sheriff of this town. Miss Celia told me what happened and I must make some things clear to you."

The young man smiled. His eyes met those of the charming young lady and she started to blush.

"Where Joe Harding goes looking for his lost mine is Apache land," continued the sheriff.

"Chief Geronimo wants nobody in his territory. People have gone out and never returned. The redskins respect a man whom they think is what we would call a bit touched in the head. I'm not saying that anything is wrong with Joe Harding. He just has given up thirty years of his life looking for that lost mine. He's a familiar sight to the redskins. You go with him and there's a good chance you might lose your scalp. Out here we generally mind our business, but in this case I must ask some questions. Why did you come here? What do you do? Why should you give money to Joe Harding?"

The young man didn't reply at once. There was the temptation to tell the man of the law to mind his own business. The presence of the young lady changed his mind. He might as well answer.

"I came here for my health. Doctor's orders. Told me best place was the West and its sunshine. So I travel around and do a lot of resting. Feel much better. What do I do? I write poetry. Lots of it, and it sells too. I have plenty of money. If money could give happiness, then why should I refuse a little to Joe Harding? How could I see a man's dream smashed? Maybe you won't understand what I now say. This old man's real happiness is in the search, the dream, the anticipation of it all. If he found it, what could he do? So let him search. I'll go with him and enjoy the fresh air. They tell me he's a good cook."

The sheriff looked at Celia. She could sense at once that the man of the law was unable to reply. It required a woman to say something.

"I think I understand. You are the most wonderful man I have ever met. I only hope you are well rewarded for this good deed."

She left with the sheriff. The young man closed only one eye and faced the sun. The other opened eye watched the young lady as she went back to her general store.

Thursday morning the entire town turned out to wave a farewell to the two prospectors. They had heard the story and it had somehow touched their hearts. For a lot of extra gift supplies had been added to the store the old man was taking with him. Even Celia had made her father relent.

"An extra rifle and several boxes of cartridges. They may need them."

She was on hand as they left and she found herself saying something to the young man she had never anticipated.

"Please be careful and come back well."

"I will, for you," was the answer.

For six days they travelled across the burning desert sands. Sydney Rutledge rested and wrote. He had an idea for a long poem, and he called it: Greedy Gold in Spanish, Goloso Oro.

"Eyes of injuns are watching us," warned the old prospector.

"I know," smiled the young man. "They are probably trying to figure out why I set up this chair and rest each day. They will probably pay us a visit."

On the eighth day, Chief Geronimo and a dozen of his braves came into camp. He talked with Joe Harding first who explained the situation to him. The old prospector then prepared food for his guests. Neither he nor the young man showed the slightest bit of fear.

"I understand the white man's tongue very well," said an expressionless chief. "English and Spanish. You have written a story about gold. Tell it to me and I will tell it later to my braves in our tongue."

Around the camp fire they sat. Chief Geronimo listened as the poet unfolded his poem. It began with the days of the Conquistadors, and with a man's search for gold. How often greed got the better of man. The tragedy of it all. For real gold was in the happiness, health, and good deeds of a person.

In a lifetime of fighting, Chief Geronimo had met many people, and in the years to come, he was still to meet many more. But a poet was something different. A man who was searching for happiness, health, and willing to do good deeds. This was something different.

"My braves will go with you and watch you," he said. "But there is no lost mine in the hills. The gold my people have comes from Mexico. I understand something now. The old man will be happy looking. So let him look."

They spent the next two weeks in the hills. Geronimo sent his men to meet them with additional supplies. Joe Harding was happy.

"Next year we come back again, partner?" he asked.

"We will, was the reply.

"I will find that gold someday," warned Joe Harding.

"I have found mine now," smiled Sydney Rutledge.

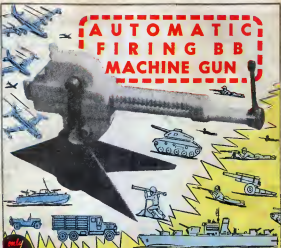
They returned to town. The sheriff and Celia rode out to meet them on the road.

"Chief Geronimo sent a small package for Joe Harding," explained the sheriff. "I know what's in it. A solid bar of gold which comes from the lost mine in Mexico."

Sydney Rutledge was holding the left side of his horse in his right hand — his left hand clasped that of Celia. His head was up high. He had found more than health. He had found perfect gold, true happiness, and the most wonderful girl.

THE END

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TEX RITTER WESTERN

in *DRYGULCH TRAIL*

TEX RITTER

THE FRENCH DANGER WAS DOING A FRESH TOWN... AND HE KNEW THAT CERT HADEN MIGHT BE AROUND THE NEXT BIRD SIGHTING... HIS BIRD TRAINED ON TEX RITTER'S BRIDGE... BUT TEX ISSUED WHITE FLAG INTO A DEAD RUN WHEN HE HEARD THE SHOT UP AHEAD...

"POOR GUY! HADEN PROBABLY SHOT HIM WITHOUT WARNING! I'LL GET HIM IF... HEY, I'D BETTER HUNT COVER! THERE'S TWO OF THEM!"



TEX WAS SHOT HADEN WAS BRINGING ONE GUN... BUT THE IDENTITY OF THE OTHER MAN REVEALED HIM? PULLED OR NOT, HE RETURNED THEIR FIRE...



"MISDEED! BUT I SHOT CHIPPED SOME BLOOD DROPT IN HIS EYES!"

"I'LL LEAVE THE OTHER ONE'S HEAD DOWN FOR A MINUTE, TOO! AND A WHITE IS ALL I NEED!"



TEX RITTER WESTERN

BOTH
SPYING
THOUGHT
THEY
HAD
BITTER
RIDDEN
DOWN...
SO
THE
NEXT
MOVE
CAME
AS
A
SIL-
HOUSE...



LATER, IN GILA BEND...



HAGEN SPOTTED HIM THEN TOO,
AND DARTED TOWARD THE
DOOR...



DROP THE
GUN, HAGEN!
YOU'RE
UNDER
ARREST!

I'LL GET YOU
FIRST, BITTER!



HOLD IT, BOTH OF YOU!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST
FOR MURDER,
MISTER!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

HERE'S YOUR MURDERER, SHERIFF! HE'S WANTED IN TEXAS ON THE SAME CHARGE I AM. TEX RITTER, PRISON RANGER!

SLOW DOWN, MISTER! I WANT YOU, NOT HIM!



THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF! I SAID HIM SHOOT THAT MAN OUT ON THE TRAIL!

I DIDN'T SEE THE SHOOTING, BUT I'VE GOT YOU, GIDDY RITTER! YOU'VE EVEN GOT THE SADDLE-BAGS HERE!



THE PRISON RANGER HAD THE EVIDENCE WAS AGAINST HIM, HE WENT TO JAIL WITH A PROTEST...

OH, I KNOW IT LOOKS BAD-- BUT DO ME A FAVOR, KEEP AN EYE ON HAGEN!

I DON'T BELIEVE YOUR LEG, RITTER, BUT I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM ANYHOW, I NEED HIM AS A WITNESS AGAINST YOU!



WHAT A FLY! WHILE I'M HERE, HAGEN CAN RIDE ON! HE'LL TRY TO GET A BANKROLL, BEST THOUGH, I HOPE HE DOES TRY...



DON'T LEAVE ME, WHITE FLASH! YOU'RE THE ONLY HOPE I HAVE FOR GETTING OUT OF HERE! I WANT TO TIME IT RIGHT THOUGH...



WHILE TEX WATCHED, THE TOWN QUIETED DOWN. HE SAW THE SHERIFF RIDE OFF, PROMISED TO BAT AT HOME-- AND HE SAW HAGEN ALREADY AT WORK ON HIS NEXT JOB...

HAGEN'S GOIN' TO ROB THE BANK! HE'S DESPERATE-- HE'S GOT TO GET ENOUGH MONEY TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

HAGEN
CARRIED
THE
BANK
TROUGH-
BY!
HE'D
ALREADY
LEARNED
THAT
THE
ONE
MATCH-
MAN
JIB
AND
HAD A
HORN-
CAP
AT
THE
BENCH...



HE'S INSIDE! I'VE GOT TO GET MOVIN'!
HAGEN WON'T TAKE LONG TO GET INSIDE
THAT VAULT! WHITE FLASH,
HERE, FELLA!



SNAP!



I LOVE YOU, BOY, BUT MOVE AROUND
SO I CAN REACH THAT LARIAT!
THAT'S IT, WHITE FLASH!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

THE
CROWD-
ING
SAY-ORIED
CLAY THAT
THE BARRS
WERE
SET IN
LOOKED
SOUD--
BET
WHITE
FLASH
WAS
A
POWER-
FUL
HORSE...



NICE WORK, BOY! NOW,
STAND BY WHILE I SEE
WHAT HAGEN'S UP TO!



TEX HOPED TO GET INSIDE
THE BANK BEFORE HAGEN
FINISHED. BUT...



YOU'RE ALL
THROUGH,
HAGEN! DROP
THAT
SACK!

YOU'RE THE
ONE WHO'S
CASHIN' IN,
RITTER! YOU
HAVEN'T EVEN
GOT A GUN!

WISHED! BUT I'M
NOT LEAVIN' TIL I
MAKE SURE!



WHERE DID
HE... RITTER!

YOU'RE A
SINGLE! HAGEN! AND
YOU BUNGLED
FOR THE LAST
TIME!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

TEX SHEPT
THE
GUN
ASIDE
AND
DROD
HAGEN /
THEN
A
SCOOCH-
ING
BULLET
STOPPED
THE
FIGHT...



DON'T TRY TO
ESCAPE, RITTER!
THE NEXT ONE
WILL BE PUMPS
CENTER!

I'LL EXPLAIN,
SHERIFF. AS
SOON AS HAGEN
IS IN JAIL!

BUT HAGEN KNEW HE'D
LOST AGAIN! HE
GRABBED HIS HORSE AND ...



WHERE'S HE
GOIN' ? HAGEN'S
GOIN' ON
RITTER?

HE JUST ROBBED
YOUR BANK! I'M GOIN'
AFTER HIM!

GET ME CLOSE TO HIM,
WHITE FLASH--I'LL DO
THE REST. GUN OR
NO GUN!



YOU BEEN IN MY HAIR
FOR A... UGH!

HE ROBBED
THE BANK ALL
RIGHT! WHAT'S
THE STORY,
RITTER?

JUST THE ONE I TOLD
YOU, HAGEN'S WANT-
ED FOR MURDER--I
CAME AFTER HIM,
AND I'M TAKIN' HIM
BACK!

THE
LOCAL
CHARGES
WERE
SUSPEND-
ED
PENDING
THE
BARBER
ONES! AND
THE
PRIDE
RANGER
HAP
HIS
PRISON-
ER...

SORRY I MADE
THINGS WORSE
FOR YOU,
TEX. NEXT
TIME I'LL
KNOW
BETTER!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT,
SHERIFF! AND DON'T
FORGET, REINFORCE
THE ARCADE AROUND
THE BANK! THE NEXT
MAN WHO BREAKS
OUT MAY BE A
CRIMINAL!



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



WHAT KIND OF CATTLE DO YUH LIKE BEST?

THE WHITE ONES ARE THE EASIEST TO FIND, BUT I RECKON THE BLACK ONES ARE THE EASIEST TO HIDE!



WELL, IF YUH TOOK THE BLACK ONES, HOW COME YUH GOT CAUGHT?

I DIDN'T TAKE THE BLACK ONES! I TOOK THE SPOTTED ONES AND I WAS SPOTTED AS I WAS TAKING THEM!



WELL, IT SERVED YUH RIGHT FOR STEALING!

I RECKON SO! THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS IN FRONT OF THE LEARNED JUDGE!



WHY DO YUH CALL HIM LEARNED?

BECAUSE HE REELED OFF SOME MIGHTY LONG SENTENCES! ONE FELLOW STOLE A CHUCK WAGON AND GOT TEN YEARS! ANOTHER HORNERS ROBBED A STAGECOACH AND GOT TWENTY YEARS! AND ONE CRITTER WHO SHOT HIS BOWS GOT TEN DAYS IN THE JAILHOUSE!



YUH DON'T CALL TEN DAYS A TOUGH SENTENCE FOR KILLING A MAN?

I DO, BECAUSE AT THE END OF THAT TIME THEY'RE GOING TO HANG HIM!



YUH KNOW, YUH LOOK A LITTLE TALLER THAN WHEN I SEEN YUH LAST!

THAT'S BECAUSE THE SHERIFF LET ME OUT THIS MORNING!



DID HE TREAT YUH WELL?

HE WAS THE MOST SOCIABLE HORNERS I EVER MET!

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TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



A CAMEL'S NECK?

YEA! IT GOES SUCH A LONG TIME WITHOUT WATER!



WELL, THE COWBOY WHO WAS LOOKING FOR YUH WAS TEXAS TOM!

TEXAS TOM? WHY, HE HAS NO MORE USE FOR HIS THAN A SNAKE HAS FOR HIS TAILS!



HOW COME? I ALWAYS THOUGHT YUH TWO WERE BUDDIES!

WE WERE UNTIL I SOLD HIM THIS MUTT FOR A WATCH DOG!



YUH CERTAINLY WERE FULL OF IDEAS!

YEAH, AND THIS DOG WAS CERTAINLY FULL OF FLEAS! BUT THE VERY NIGHT I SOLD HIM TO TEXAS, SOME OUTLAWS BROKE INTO HIS RANCH AND THE BIG MUTT SLEPT THROUGH IT ALL!



I RECKON THE NEXT DAY YUH WENT BACK TO TEXAS TOM AND OFFERED HIM HIS MONEY BACK THAT HE PAID FOR THIS DOG!

I DID NOT! I CALLED ON HIM TO SELL HIM A LITTLE WATCH DOG!



NOW WHY SHOULD HE HAVE WANTED TO BUY A LITTLE WATCH DOG?

SO IN CASE THE OUTLAWS CAME AROUND AGAIN, HE COULD WAKE 'UP THE BIG ONE! NOW LET'S GO, DOBBIE!



FOR A MOMENT I WAS AFRAID TO TURN THIS DOG OVER TO YUH CONSIDERING YOUR REPUTATION, BUT I SEE HE KNOWS WHO TO WATCH OUT FOR! GOODBYE, BRITZLY BURE, AND GOOD RIDDANCE!

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