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## TEX RITTER WESTERN

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 PUHCATON WY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORTY, AND FOUND TO HAWI MET THE MGGH STANDAROS OF MCIUUTY AND
 ERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDEVENT WTH MSPLCT TO CODECOMPLIANCE A COMIC MAGAZEE IEAUNG ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSUKANCE OF GOCO SEADINS AND FICTORLAL MATTEL


SIX GUN EDITOR

Pat Maulli turn tum CLAREVILEE, A PEACEFUL COW TOWN BEFORE THE COPPER SIRIKE, GREW FROM A YILLAGE TO A CITY OVERNIGHT: LABORERS AND MINERS POURED IN. GAMBLERS AND OLTLAWS ROLOWED: OLDER HANDS WANTED THE CITY TO BE LAW ABIDING .. WHILE LEW ACKERS AND HIS CLAREVILE CLARION LED THE OPPOSITION WHO AIMED TO GET THE CITY BY THE THROAT: AN ELECTION WAS DUE... AND TEX RITTER'S COLTS CAST THE WINNING BALLOT:'


## TEX RITTER WESTERN

IT WAS A SOCIAL GALL THAT THE PRAIRI RANGER MAD IN MIND WHEN HE HEAPED FOR
CLAREVILLE HE HAD OLD FRENDS THERE...


NOW, I'LL GINE YOU A HAND. DRIVER: YOU MUST HAVEA HEAVY LOAD.'

SURE HANE: IT'S A PRINTIN PRESS LEW ACKERS IS SHIPPIN FROM ABLENE, BEATS ME WHY ACKERS WOULD SWITCH FROM GAMBLIN TO NEWSPAPERS:


AFTER GETTING WAGON ROLLING AGAlN. TEX
HEADED FOR
TOWN? ME WAS AMAZED AT THE MCTINITY THERE ...


## TEX RITTER WESTERN



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DRAW THIS GIRL'S HEAD
5 incheshigh. Use pencil. Drawings for November 1957 conlest must be received by November 30. None returned. Wiancr notified. Amateurs onfy. Our stadenta not eligible. Mnil your drawitg todey!

USE 1 COUPON
THEN PASS THIS PAGE ON TO A FRIEND


## TEX RITTER WESTERN



THE
ESTABLISH-
硈
RANCHERS ANO
BUSINESS MEN
WELCOMED THE Bo0m: BUT THEY WANTED LAW AND ORDER, NOT A
LAWLESS BOOM TOWN ...


THE
CLARION'S FIRST 15SuE ATTACKED THE BANK. THE MERCHANTS, AND THE RANCHERS! AND THE TOWN MARSHAL, JEFF CRAIG:

I RECKON THE BOYS WON' FEAR CRAIG AFTER THEY READ THIS:



TEX RITTER WESTERN




LATEER IN A HOTEL ROOK...


THE NEXT DAF, IN ABILENE, KANSAS ...
WHO? ACKERS? I WISH I COULD GET MY HANDS ON HMM! HE OWES US PLENTY:

TEX RITTER WESTERN

> MN QAREVILLE ONCE MORE, REX RTTER FOUNE ACKER GANG IN COMPLETE CONTROL...


I'LL KEEP THE PRESS


## TEX RITTER WESTERN



THEXT 1SSUE OF THE
CHREVILLEKON CARRIED THE ELECTION NEWS? ACKERS' GANG was OUT...LAW AND ORDER RULED: AND TEX RITTER, Sx GUN RESIGNED:


## TEX RITTER WESTERN



## STAGED RAID


B.ACKIE W튼 AND CINCH HARDING WORKED FAST: THE DAY THEY HELD UP TH픈 HARDIGAt STAGE WAS NO
EXCEPTION...


VHE TWO HOLD - UP MEN
WOKKED SMOOTHLY? EVEN TEX RITTER COULDN'T DRAW ON THE PAIR WHEN THEY HELD HIM UP THE FRRST TIME! BUT HE HAD AN ACE N THE HOLETHE SECOND TR1P:

## TEX RITTER WESTERN



THAT'S THE THIRD HOLD-UP THIS MONTH : BLACKIE WELLS AND CINCH HARDING CINCH HARDING
ARE QNERDOING THINGS?

LET ME DRIVE FOR A FEW DAYS? MAMBE THEV'LL COME AFTER $\rightarrow$ M品 $\rightarrow$$\rightarrow M, M$ M



## TEX RITTER WESTERN

TEX TOOK THE STABE QuT THNㅡㄹ NEXT DAY! THERE WERE NO PASSEN. GERDS BUT A SHIPMENT OF GOLD HAD TO BE TAKEN THROUGH..

THE MPORTANT THING THS TकIP IS TO DELVER GOLD, GETTIN' THE TWO OUTLAWS CAN WAIT ANOTHER DAY:



DON'T SHOOT! THE STRONG. BOX IS INSIDE: TAKE IT


THEY TOOK THE STRONGBOX, AND RODE AWAY, AND TEX WAS WHISTLING FOR HIS HORSE, WHITE FLASH...



TEX RITTER WESTERN
BLACKIE WELLS AND CINCH HARDING WERE Blazinc MAD? BuT TEX RITTER'S draing
AND
his
ACCURATE GUNS KEPT THEM AT BAY...



TEX RITTER WESTERN



## "WE WANT WATER"

The man standing in the open field looked almost motionless. His eyes were fixed upon the cloudless blue sky overhead. All around him were the parched ears of corn that the settlers had. tried to grow. Colonel John Raven sighed.
"Not a cloud in sight. I don't know what we'll do if we go without rain another week."

From his moccasined feet to his tight fitting leather cap, he was six feet three inches. He was all muscle and weighed a little more than two hundred and thirty pounds. The sun and wind had tanned his skin. On his leather coat was the emblem by which Colonel John Raven was famous on the frontier of a growing America. The blackbird which had come to symbolize the man who was opening the wilderness and making it possible for people to move Westward in sufety.
"Two more wells went dry this morning." said his best friend and companion, Charles Collins, often known as Chubby Collins. He was much shorter than the Colonel and tended to be somewhat rounder. But appearances they say are deceiving. For he was agile and quick and his eyes were keen when sigdting his rifle.
"We might as well walk back to the settlement," suggested the Colonel. "If wishes could give us water, we would have had a flood by yesterday. This much I know. If we have a dry spell this year we can have the same next year. Unless we can figure out some way to have water, the settlement won't last very long. The people will get discouraged. Some will want to go back East and others will soon talk of trying to cross the mountain range."

The two men slowly retracted their steps to the settlement. Outside of his log cabin, William Dexter was busy making bullets for his rifle. A kettle hung over a fire which was heating lead. He would dip a long ladle into the lend and then pour the moulten lead into a mould. As the Colonel approached he continued workiong.

[^0]field. We will have to figure on hunting for our food supply providing we can find enough deer, elk, and bear to furnish our larder."
"It may be hard to do hunting at this time of the year," pointed out the Colonel. "The animals are in constant search of water. They will head to the south and west. Lester Bodwin spotted a herd of wild turkey yesterday. I think by the end of the week we will start hunting together."

Sergeant McMullins approsched the two friends. He drew them aside and gave them a mestage.
"General Henderson wants to see you at once. Rations are getting low at the fort."

Within the hour the two friends were seated on chairs in the General's quarters. The commanding officer was deeply worried.
"Chief Ta-mo-tahni came to see me yesterday morning to remind me of a promise I made. Namely, that the Great White Father at Washington would always help them when trouble came. Now he wants me to redeem that promise."
"Are they in danger of an attack from Chief Big Legs?" asked Chubby Collons with anxiety in his voice.
"No," explained the General. "Their problem is exactly the same as ours. They are running short of food. All they want from me is enough rations to feed the tribe for about three weeks. The Chief has sent some of his warriors over the mountain range to hunt for buffalo. He has agreed to give us part of the meat providing they are successful. But what do we do in the meantime?"

There was quiet in the Geineral's quarters as he finshed speaking. A promise had to be kept. But how? Just to break the silence. Chubby Collins sald something.
"What was it I remembered about easting bread upon water? You get more bread. Or throwing in the net and setting fish?"
"That's the answer," shouted the Colonel. "I nood five wagons and about a dozen soldiers. We
are going over the old trail. Give us emergency rations for three days and send word to the Chief we will keep our promise. We'll take Sergeant McMullins with us because I'rn certain be won't want to miss this bit of adventure."

At sunrise the wagons with the soldiers left the fort. Not a word had been said about their destination. For three days they travelled along the old trail, and then came to a spot that looked like a big tub of mud.
"If I were a kid," said Chubby Collins, "I would take off my shoes and wade in the mud."
"That's exactly what you and the soldiers are going to do." laughed thi Colonel.

Are you certain you haven't been affected by the heat, sir $7^{\prime \prime}$ asked Sergeant McMullins who couldn't make any sense out of what the Colonel had just said. But a minute later he regretted having permitted those words to pass his lips. For it did make a lot of good sense as Colonel Raven continued speaking.
"This place is known as Qua-ma-ki Lake which in english means lake full of fish. Just now there isn't any lake, but where are the fish? They are hidden in the mud. So let's start digging and fill up those wagons. As soon as we have finished, Chubby Collins will leave for the indian village with a message."

The soldiers worked with a will and soon the wagons were full of food. Private Ben Higgins came to a sound conclusion as he looked at the wagons about to make the return journey to the settlement.
"I guess we will have to live on fish until we get to the fort, and for some time after that. I'll probably feel like a stuffed fish."

When the party returned to the settlement, Chief Ta-mo-tahni and about forty of his braves were there. They had dug pits into the ground. Fish were immediately given to the settlers. The indians started slow fires and the puzzled whites watched them.
"What are they going to do with all that fish?" asked William Dexter. "I can't figure it out."
"They are going to smoke the fish." explained the Colonel. "It is the indian way of preserving it. They will take half for their trouble and give us the balance. That will tide us over for some time until we can get our hunting organized. They were not very successful in their search for buffalo,"

The prospect of famine had been narrowly averted. In a month army supplies would arrive from Phladelphia, but the Colonel was still un-
satisfied. He went several times to visit Chief Ta-mo-tahni. The two discussed the problems caused by the lack of water.
"The indians are thinking of moving their village to another site," reported the Colonel to General Henderson. "I want to call a meeting of all the settlers and outline a plan to them."

Two days later all the settlers were assembled in the fort. The Colonel spoke briefly.
"If I can show you a plan to have water all year long, are you willing to share half of it with the indians? If so, this must be put into a written agreement."

The men talked about it for half an hour and then voted one hundred per cent for a plan to give them water. The next day they all went to the top of Mok-ta Mountain.
"Below us is a valley," explained the Colonel. "Normally three streams bypass it. We can divert the water into the valley. All we have to do is close the narrow gap with logs and stones. We will thus make a combination reservoir and dam. The summer rains will also be stored there. It will take about a week of hard work to close the gap and the indians will help us because they too will benefit." ${ }^{\text {" }}$

The records show that this project was very successful. It kept the settlement going and helped to cement better relationships between the whites and the indians. General Henderson was very much satisfied, but he also was curious. So one day he sent for his most valuable man and asked a question.
"Why did you insist that the indians get half of the water?"

There was a big smile on the Colonel's face. The reservoir was now almost three quarters full of water.
"You will admit, General, that the plan bas been very successful," he replied.
"That I do," responded the General. "But you still haven't answered my queation. I assume you did it because you are a very fair man."
"That's probably the best explanation," replied Colonel Raven. "On that last trip to the indian village I was very discouraged. I watched an indian boy make a little mud pie with stones and sticks. He filled it with some precious water. Then he broke down one side and the water escaped. That gave me the idea for the reservoir we built. And since it was inspired by an indian, I felt they should be rewarded."

THE END

## TEX RITTER WESTERN



## in SAWMEN CAN'T QUIT



WITH LWCKY BRIGGS IN JAIL AND THE REST OF THE GANO IN HIDING. TEX RITTER PULL. ED A NEW ONE OUT OF HIS OD BAG OF TRICKS: HE TLRNED IN HIS BADGE AND BECAME FAIR GAME FOR THE MANY OUTLAWS WHO HAD REASON TO ANOID HLM WHEN HE REDRESENTED THE LAW,

TEX RITTER WESTERN


ThEy DIDN'T'GET'TEX: YFARS OF WEARING A BADEE MAD GIVEN HIAA A SIXTH SENSE...





TEX RITTER WESTERN


RIDE TOTOWN, SNAKE: TELLTHE RANGER CHEF TUH FREE LUCKY: IF MY BROTHER ANNT BACK IN TWO


SO THIS IS WHERE YUH'VE BEEN HIDING! I LOOKED FOR VUH A LONG TIME, KENO!

> YEAH ~AND I HAD TUH COME FIND YOU: I WOULD'VE BEEN A FOOL TUH DOIT WHALE YUH WORE A BADGE?

## rEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN


TEX DIDN'T WAIT THE THE HE DOVE FOR KENO BRIGGS...


## TEX RITTER WESTERN



GHE ONE DUSTY STREET IN MUSTANG FLAIS WAS EMPTY ... GAT FANER'S GANG WAS IN TOWN WHEN THE STAGE SQUEAKED INAND THE QUIET STRANGER GOT OFF THE TOWN WATCHED FROM BEHIND SHADES? THEY KNEW FAVER'S GANG WOULDN'T LET HM ARRINE UNCKALLENGED!


## TEX RITTER <br> WESTERN



I PID HAVE, BTERS, BUT NOT ANY MORE:
WHY DONT YOH GOTO
THE HOTEL, CLEAN UP, THEN LOOK


## TEX RITTER_WESTERN



YOU'RE NOT WEARIN ${ }^{4}$ A GUN STRANGER, BUT THAT WON'T HELP YUH 2 GET OUT OF TOWN OR ILL FIX YuH GOOD.


SAM BYERS LOOKFD MISERABLEAS ME WPACKED HB BAG IN HIS ROOM: HE TOOK TWO OILY COLTS AND METHODICALVY CLEAN\#D THEM f THEN HE STRAPPED THEM ON...

SETH DANES HEARD THE ORDER--HE AND THF OTHERS SAN SAM BVITRS WALK ANWT WITHOUT ANY MORE ARGUING ...
BETTER LEAVE, BYERS! FANER'S IM SQUATTING ON THE ONIH RANCH AROUND HERE LIP FOR SALE: I HAD HOPES BUTi= JUST GO. BVERS!

## TEX RITTER WESTERN



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## TEX RITTER WESTERN

## GET FANER, BYERS! DONT WORRY ABOUT THE OTHERS:






## TEX RITTER WESTERN

## COORTIE B BUSCRM



IM GETTIN' MAD! I TOLD YUH TMESE WHY YUH FEEDIN' BEANS COULD THEM BEANS
THH CLARENCE? KUL A BULL! I'M, GONNA PRONEIT!


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[^1]
gIRLS TRAVAL CASt



[^0]:    "Good afternoon, Colonel Raven," greeted the eettler. "I surmise you took a walk to the woin

[^1]:    CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. $325 J$,
    115 Fost 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.
    Dear Charlea Athas: Here'a the Kind of
    Body 1 want:
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