




THE WAGON TRAIN CANIT HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER? BUT THE CHIEF WAS $\tau$ RIGHTI IIM BY MY LONESOME. AND JUST ONE MAN'S , OOO
NOT ENOUGH TO NOT ENOUGHTO, HRAKKOO KRAKK


A SHORT TIME LATER...



TEX RITTER WESTERN



## TEX RITTER WESTERN



## TEX RITTER WESTERN




IF I HADN'T I WOLLDN/T BE TALKING TO YOU NOWI IT WAS TOO LATE TO CLEAR THE HERD, 59 I DUCKED INTO THIS W/ALLOW PLILLED WHITE FLASH DOWN AND BOTH OF US HUGGED THE GOTTOM.. WHILE THE STAMPEDE FASSED RKGAT OVER US!


TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN


WITH SIX GUN LIGHTNING JETTING EROM THE BUSINESS END OF THEIR BLAZINS COLTS, THE BADHATS TRY TO RUN THE


## TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



OIG RAPWELL DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCF TO GET AWAY - HE AND HIS SIDEKICK WERE SURE OF LIFE SENTENCESI IT MIGHT EVEN MEAN THE END OF RAPWELL'S WHOLE GANG IF HE TALKED: GNOTHER OWLHDOTER WAS NEAR... AND DEADC!



TEX RITTER HAD BEEN RIDING IN THE
STAGE-BIT WHITE FLASH WAS NEAR/


RAPWELL AND HIS TWO SIDEKICKS HAD HIDDEN THEIR TRACKS WELL BUT TEX FOLLOWED IT EASILY, MEANWHILE AT RAPWELL'S BASE A RIDER HAD ALREADY HIT TOWNI


THE TWO SHOTS CAME AT THAT NGTANT-, ONE HAMMERING RISHT AFTER THE OTHER! BOTH SHOTS COLNTED...


## TEX RITTER WESTERN

RAP WELL'S NOT MY OLO MAN' WHEN HE GETS BACK, IM LEAVIN'? I'M NO OUTLAW-NO MATTER HOW HARD HE'S TRIED TO MAKE ME ONE!


W


THE HARDCASES PRESENT WATCHED THE KKID THEY CALLED JUNIOR - HE WAS SMART AND TOUSH-AND GREASED LIGHTNING WITH A GUN:
YUH GONNA LET RITTER GET AWMAY WITH ITZ HE WINGED :IM FIRST -THEN SHOT HIM AGAIN!


TEX RITTER WESTERN


JUNIOR RAPWELL SWITCHED SIDES ONGE MORE-HE TOLD THE OTHERS THAT HE WAS TAKIMG ORDERS! THEY BELIEVED HMM!


TEX RITTER CUT THETRAILOF ANOTHER RIDER HURRYING AHEAD OF HIM? HE SLOWED DOWW .. THAT RIDER, THE SNIPER, COMPLICATED HIS JOB!


THE KID - THE OUTLAW'S PROTEBE-LED THE GANG STRAJGI FOR THE HILLS? THEY FOUND TEX'S TRAIL.. BUT NOT THE LAWMAN.



TEX RITTER WESTERN



Rudolph Friederich Kurz was a noted Swiss artist who came to this country more than a century ago. He kept a diary of his activities during the years 1846 to 1852, which he spent at the western trading posts of the great fur companies on the Mississippi and the Upper Missouri Rivers, from New Orleans to St. Louis and Fort Unioa.

He witnessed the great rush westward of the money crazed people after the discovery of gold in California. He acted in the capacity of a clerk, especially at Forts Berthold and Union. So he came into direct contact with the daily lives of the Indians, of the carefree traders and of the officers of these trading posts. Because he was an artist, he had developed the habit of seeing a lot of things, including even the small details. Listen to what he tells us:
"At evening we mounted our horses and bade our acquaincances heartfelt adieu. However, we were provided with the worst horses at the fort which did not hy any means guarantee my safety. Our double-barreled guns, heavily loaded, we laid across the saddle in front of us. We were well provided with powder and shot. Each of us carried a scalping knife which we stuck in our belts. My cloak together with a sack containing some changes of linen and a zinc drinking cup, all fastened to the back of the saddle, made up my total equipment.

Bellange carried our provisions, our coffee pot and a hlanket. So we rode actoss the prairie into the West. The first day we saw nothing but prairie chickens, blackhirds and in the evening several shy antelopes. Camping at night beside a spring, we tethered our horses to tufts of tall grass. Except for the howling of wolves and the chorus of mosquitoes, a deathlike silence reigned.

Before sunrise on Tuesday morning we saddied our horses and reassumed our journey always riding at a slow trot. About 8 o'clock 1 enjoged my firot prairie breakfast, cooked by a fire made of buffalo chips. Bellange forgot the
meat. So we had only biscuits and hot coffee. He consoled me by saying he had his gun and would keep us supplied with game. I allow myself to be easily comforted when I am enjoying myself. When on an adventure and in happy mood, I disregard hunger.

Constant danger from lurking enemies, the vast prairie bounded only by sky and sea, buffaloes and bears in prospect, fine health and tense anticipation - what could I desire? Every dark spot amid the green might be an Indian, a buffalo, an elk or a bear. Any bright spot might be a wolf, an antelope or a deer. My glances wandered everywhere. What my eyes could not distinguish, my telescope brought within my range of vision.

We started our first buffaloes that day. Bellange wished to be sure of having the Knife River behind us before the evening in order to get out of the Gros Ventres' district. So we had to cut across the Big Bend. Finally Bellange found the trail which our Indians had marked out with their tent poles. Traces of a wandering band of Indians are essentially different from similiar trails left in the wake of white travellers, for the reason that the former have no wagons.

The tracks of a wagon and team make one road. The travois forms three deep paths or furrows parrellel with one another. That is, a middle path along which the beasts of burden, whether horse or dog, travel. And two outer paths furrowed by the tip ends of the carrying poles. This trace we followed from the prairie down toward the river. Then for a time along the bank of the stream until we came again into a plain. We found skeleton twig huts over which the Herantsa had merely thrown hlankets, and abandoned fires. This was a trace somewhat too fresh for Bellange's comfort. He began to fear for his skin,

We left the trails, therefore, and turning from the river, we trotted off to a distant
prairie surrounded by a chain of hills. After a time my horse refused to trot any further, while Blanc, a well seasoned traveler, kept steadily bis even gait. So in order that Bellange and I might remain together while traversing the wide stretch of country that we had yee to cross, I was forced to urge my horse forward with a bazel rod. After we forded the river at noon, we dismounted, and lay down for a little while in the tall grass to stretch our legs and to allow our borses to recover breath.

Our midday meal consisted of half a biscuit. We were in the Herantsa's own huirting ground. We dared not fire a shot or even show ourselves too openly, for fear of attracting unnecessarily an attack from the so-called enemy. We might also be in more peril of the Sioux than the Herantsa.

After we proceeded across the plain in a direction that cut off the Big Bend, I culled Bellange's atention to a graceful caribuck (prong: horned antelope). It came trorting forward from a glade and peered curiously about, without getting the scent of us because we were traveling against the wind. Bellange, bidding me to be still, slipped off his horse. He took my double-barreled gun and aimed at the fat animal which had approached near enough to have been killed with an ordinary pistol.

When Bellange fired, the beast paid not the least atention to the rifle shot, but trotted gracefully about us. Still without gaining any warning from the wind. Bellange's second shot was aimed much too high. The buck, now alarmed, fled swiftly away with prodigious leaps and bounds. Bellange said, by way of excuse, that as a matter of course for hitting an object at that distance, the gun was too heavily loaded. I did not think it was necessary to inform such an excellent huntsman as he represented himself to be, that one can hit a mark whether distant or near with the same charge, depending if one takes high or low aim. As sportsman, he has rather lost in my good opinion.

In the evening we had to climb the hills near the Knife River. They were so steep and so often intersected by deep lying brooks that we were forced to lead our horses. From these heights, we had a magnificent fat reaching view of a range of hills beyond the Missouri, where the land swarmed with buffaloes. We reached at length the high woodlands that are usually found along the banks of the Missouri. We spotted a herd of white-tail deer who paid no attention to the approaching horses until they saw' quite near them the most dangerous of all snimals - man.

We selected a spot on the river bank for our camp, in order to have water and to get rid of the mosquitoes by means of the strong breeze that was almost continuously blowing toward
the stream. A mug of coffee and a cracker was all we had for our supper. In order to avoid attracting enemies, either by firelight or smoke, we extinguished our campfire. Bur we kept no watch. Wrapped in our blankets we slept peacefully with our saddles for pillows while our horses were grazing. We bad been in the saddle for 16 hours that day.

We found a piece of sole leather and a bow lying beside it - evidence that Indians had but lately passed this spot while we imagined they were behind us. We camped for breakfast on the White River. Afterwards, we crossed a steep rocky ridge of hills that would have given an enemy thousands of opportunities to catch us unawares in an attack. We saw cedar trees that had curned to stone - trunk and branches.

As we were descending these hills and came into the skirts of a forest, we found evidence that we were close upon bison. Our rifles, always loaded, were put in position under the left arm, so that we might bang at a buffalo the instant he allowed us a glimpse of him wichin range of our guns. At length we crught sight of several dark bumps in motion directly before us. But we were unable to bring our tired horses to a gallop. So the buffalo escaped. We could only make ourselves merry over the peculiar rolling gait of the galloping buffalo bulls. At every step we were crossing paths that bad been traced by those animals from the hills to the Missouri.

Entering a deep and narrow ravine that opened upon the plain, we noticed three buffalo steers quietly grazing about 200 feet ahead. We dismounted at once. I held the borses in the ravine, standing in che dried bed of a stream, while Bellange crept foward to shoot a buffalo. He took the most deliberate aim before firing. And the beasts were standing perfectly still! He pulled the trigger-and missed. Then he used his rifle and fired again. Another miss! He kept on firing and kept on missing. I began to get the impression that the buffalo were telling one anocher about the Missing Marksman.

Finally, apparently in disgust, the bison fled away. I wanted to say something but Bellange merely remarked that at this time of che year the buffalo were not fir for food. We remounted our horses, Then suddenly I turned pale.

What would happen if we had to fight for our lives against the enemy? Perhaps, I consoled myself, it would be better if this Missing Marksman joined the enemy instead of being on my side. Later I will tell you more about this wide country."

TWO COMPLETE ARMIES-THE BLUES AND THE GREYS!
 2 K lisi

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TEX RITTER WESTERN


ED LOONEY WAS A QUIET MAN... SOME THOUGHT HE WAS YELLOW! HE SADDLED UP AND WENT TO OLIVERLAKE'S BIG SPLIT R SPREAD...

## IM SORRY, ED, BUT I WON'T FIGHT RIMBOW OYER YOUR TROUBLES! THE MAN WON'T BOTHER ME!



RIMBOW WANTS THIS RANCH, ED: HE WANTS EVERYTHING YOU OWN.' I'M IN HIS WAY-THAT'S WHY HE CHASED


ED LOONEY CONFRONTED MONK RIMBOW LATERIN TOWN: RIMBOW HAD HIS GUNSTREAKS ALONG AS USUAL...



THE TOWN MARSHAL COULDN'T HELP.: HIS AUTHORITY ENDED AT THE TOWN LINE - IT WAS COUNTY BUSINESS: LOONEY WAS ON HIS OWN...


TEX RITTER WESTERN


ED LOONEY WAS GRADUALCY LOSING THE CALM LOOK - - A RED GLEAM FLICKEREDINHIS EYES AS HE FACED THE FOREMAN...


LOONEY HEADED HOME! THERE, HE DUG DEEP IN HIS WAR CHEST AND FOUND TWO COLTS: THEY WERE OILED. READY TO USE.
I TOOK A LOT. I SUR


## TEX RITTER WESTERN



ACE, THE HIRED GUNSTREAK, COULD'VE WARNED RMEOW AND THE OTHERS ... BUT HE WAS TOO ANXIOUS TO DEPART...


LOONEY RODE BACK INTO TOWN --RIMBOW WAS GET TING READY TO RIDE OUT TO THE SPLITR: HE AIMEDTO BUY IT =-AT HIS PRICE... I'LL GIVE LAKE A DOLLAR AN ACRE. HE゙L SELL! WHAT'S WRONG?

## TEX RITTER WESTERN

WHAT? YUH GOT TOO MUCH SUN, LOONEY ? HEY, THAT'S A GOOD NAME FOR YUH:

LOONEY! HA, HA!

THE MAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF ED LOONEY DIDN'T ANSWER: HE JUST WAITED...
HESSNUTS! TWO OF
YOTME,
YOSS: IT HIM OUT: SAW HIM
MOVE: BLAST BEFORE!
YUH:
HIS NAME



I TREDTODOTT WITHOUT THE GUNS, RMBOW. YUH WOULDN'T LET ME. NOW, I'M TELLIN' YLH--GT OUT, DON'T COME BACK!


## TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN


THE PRAIRIE RANGER DIDNT: SEE THE NOGALES KIP HE BARELY DUCKED IN TIME.


ISTA BUENO! THE GRINGO LAWMAN H S REACHED THE END OF THE TRAIL!



TEX RITTER WONIT


THE PRAIRIE RANGER WAS READY-HE'D TAKEN A CHANCE THAT THE OWLHOOTER


TEX RITTER WESTERN


OUTSIDE THE VILLAGC A RFFLE BOOMED, THE SLUG RIPPEP PAST TEX RITTER'S HEAD?



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TEX RITTER WESTERN


THE NOGALES KID WAS TRIED
-AND SENTENCED TO THEE


THE BORDER OUTL AW HAD
PROVIDED FOR ESCAPE IF HE WAS CAVOHT-HE'D PAD GUINMEN IN ADVANCE TO


THE MARSMAL WAS HAVING LATE SUPPER IN THE LOCAL OREASY SPCON WHEN HE HEARD THE ALARM...




AT THE TRLAL, IT WAS SHOWN THAT THE NOGALES KID WAS NOT A ROMANTIC ROBHN HOOD-HE GAVE LITTLE AND ALWAYS EXPECTED SERVICES IN RETURN!


## can <br> You

Join the fun! Everybody can wint Test your skill to qualify for a valuable prize. Just unseramble the names of four states and then mail us the answer. Everybody can win. Anyone can enter.

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2. NAILAUOSI
(Samous fon sugan)

## 3. SANOMENTI (*AMous for uxess)

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