

TEX RITTER

A Fawcett Publication

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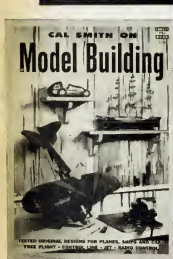


IN THIS ISSUE:
**PRAIRIE
INFERNO!**



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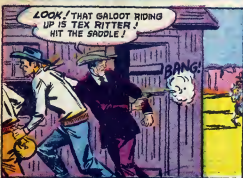
Tex Ritter and THE HOPI MYSTERY

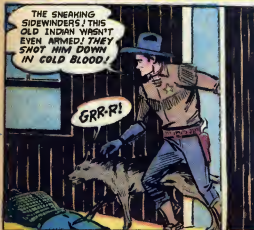
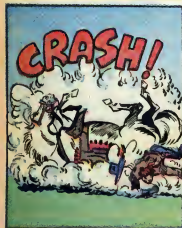
COME ON, FURY! LET'S SEE WHAT THAT GUN RUCKUS IS ABOUT!

AS TEX RITTER, PRAIRIE RANGER, APPROACHES A BRUSHWOOD INDIAN HUT....



BANG!
BANG! BANG!



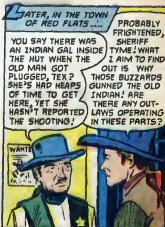




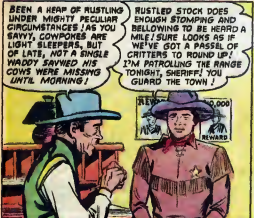
ROLLING TUMBLEWEEDS!
A GIRL!



WAIT UP, FURY! LET HER GO!
SHE'S SCARED WITHIN AN INCH OF HER LIFE!

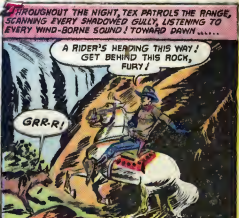


LATER, IN THE TOWN OF RED FLATS ...
PROBABLY FRIGHTENED, SHERIFF TYME! WHAT I AIM TO FIND OUT IS WHY THOSE BUZZARDS GUNNED THE OLD INDIAN! ARE THERE ANY OUT-LAWS OPERATING IN THESE PARTS?
YOU SAY THERE WAS AN INDIAN GAL INSIDE THE HUT WHEN THE OLD MAN GOT PLUGGED, TEX? SHE'S HAD HEAPS OF TIME TO GET HERE, YET SHE HASN'T REPORTED THE SHOOTING!



BEEN A HEAP OF RUSTLING UNDER MIGHTY PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES! AS YOU SAY, COWPOKES ARE LIGHT SLEEPERS, BUT OF LATE, NOT A SINGLE WADDY SAWYED HIS COWS WERE MISSING UNTIL MORNING!

RUSTLED STOCK DOES ENOUGH STOMPING AND BELLOWING TO BE HEARD A MILE! SURE LOOKS AS IF WE'VE GOT A PASSLE OF CRITTERS TO ROUND UP! I'M PATROLLING THE RANGE TONIGHT, SHERIFF! YOU GUARD THE TOWN!



THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, TEX PATROLS THE RANGE, SCANNING EVERY SHADOWED GULLY, LISTENING TO EVERY WIND-BORNE SOUND! TOWARD DAWN ...

A RIDER'S HEADING THIS WAY!
GET BEHIND THIS ROCK, FURY!



GREAT GUNS! IT'S THE INDIAN GIRL!



OH!
EASY, GIRL! DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! LOOK AT WHAT I HOLD IN THE PALM OF MY HAND!



RANGER BADGE!
YOU RANGER?
THAT'S RIGHT! TEX RITTER'S THE HANDLE! I KNOW YOU HID BEHIND THAT BASKET TO SAVE YOUR LIFE, BUT WHAT MADE YOU RUSH OFF, INSTEAD OF HURRYING TO THE SHERIFF?

WHITE STAR DO NOT KNOW WHY GRANDFATHER WAS KILLED, BUT HEARD OUTLAWS SAY THEY GO SEARCH FOR MY UNCLE! HE ALSO MEDICINE MAN! WHITE STAR WARN HIM, THEN TRAILED BANDITS TO STONY HOLLOW! LEARNED THEY READY TO RUSTLE BIG HAVERFORD HERD!

I FIGURED THEY WERE RUSTLERS, AFTER THEIR LEADER USED THAT ELECTRIC GOW PROD!



AS WHITE STAR LEADS TEX TO THE HAVERFORD RANGE.....

WHAT IT IS, TEX?

REIN IN, WHITE STAR! SOMETHING'S GOING ON UP YONDER!



SOMEONE'S MAKING OFF WITH THE HAVERFORD HERD! STAY HERE WITH FURY, WHITE STAR!

YAHOOO! GET ROLLING LITTLE DOGIES!



THEY'RE RUSTLERS, ALL RIGHT! AND THE HAVERFORD WADDIES ARE ASLEEP! THAT RIPSNOTING RUCKUS DIDN'T EVEN BUDGE THEM!



AS TEX GALLOPS AFTER THE RUSTLERS.....

MUST FOLLOW TEX! HE MIGHT NEED HELP!



SOMETIME LATER.....

NEVER RUSTLED HERDS AS EASY AS THESE LAST FEW JOBS! SHOOTING DOWN THAT INDIAN MEDICINE MAN SURE PAID OFF, EH?



THERE'S ANOTHER
PAYOFF COMING,
YOU BUZZARD—
FROM THE LAW!

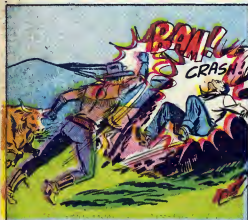


JUMPING
JUNIPER!
IT'S TEX
RITTER!



UFF!

POW!



S UDDENLY AN ENRAGED STEER CHARGES AT TEX!

WHEN THAT TINBADGE THREW ME I MUST'VE DROPPED MY GUN, BUT THIS ROCK WILL DO!

YOU SHOULD HAVE LEARNED
TO STAY AWAY FROM ME,
TEX RITTER! NOTHING
STOPS ME!



AS THE OUTLAW, STITCH, FINDS
AND REACHES FOR HIS GUN...



BLACK-HEARTED COWARDS!
YOU KILLED MY GRANDFATHER,
BUT YOU WILL NOT KILL
TEX!

I'LL GRAB
HER, STITCH!

LET'S TAKE HER
TO THE HIDE-OUT,
STITCH, UNTIL HER
UNCLE DECIDES TO
COME ACROSS WITH
WHAT WE WANT! AS
FOR THE RANGER, WHY
NOT LET THE STEERS DO
A JOB
ON HIM?



GOOD IDEA!
WE'LL WAIT
UNTIL SOME
OF THE BOYS
RIDE UP,
AND THEN
GO TO
WORK!



A WHILE TEX DISENTANGLES HIMSELF FROM THE ROPES, FURY DRIVES THE STEER AWAY FROM THE PRECIPITIOUS EDGE!



A MOMENT LATER....

PUP--IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS WHEN I SAVVY I'LL NEVER OWN ANOTHER DOG BUT YOU! A WADDY CAN HAVE A HEAP OF FRIENDS, BUT HIS HORSE AND DOG ARE HIS TRAIL PARDS!



AFTER TEX FINDS WHITE FLASH....

NOW I SAVVY WHY WHITE STAR'S GRANDFATHER WAS SHOT, AND WHY THE GANG'S AFTER HER UGLES! MEDICINE MEN USE A CACTUS DRUG CALLED PEYOTE! A HANDFUL OF PEYOTE THROWN INTO THE COWPOKES' CHOW DRUGGED THEM IMMEDIATELY! AND THEY'D STAY ASLEEP WHILE THE HERD WAS RUSTLED! LET'S GO, FURY, WE'RE HEADING BACK TO WHITE STAR'S HUT!



AFTER A HARD RIDE....

I FOUND THIS GIRL'S JACKET INSIDE! WHITE STAR MENTIONED TRAILING THE COYOTES TO THEIR HIDE-OUT IN STONY HOLLOW! SNIFF, BOY! IF THEY'VE TAKEN HER THERE, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO PICK UP HER SCENT!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON....

IT'S A GHOST! IT CAN'T BE!

I'M ALIVE AND HICKING, BUZZARD, AND SO I CAME BACK TO FINISH THIS RUCKUS!



YOU'RE LINED UP FOR EITHER THE SHERIFF OR BOOT HILL-- WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?



WITHOUT WASTING WORDS, STITCH, I WANT YOU AND YOUR PACK OF SNAKES TO KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT THAT MURDERED MEDICINE MAN!



LATER, WITH THE RUSTLERS IN JAIL....

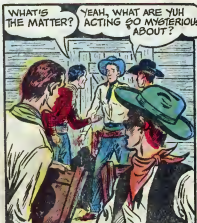
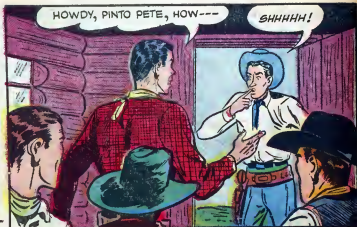
SO THAT IS WHY STITCH KILLED MY GRANDFATHER / ONLY INDIAN MEDICINE MEN KNOW WHERE FIND PEYOTE! AFTER GANG STOLE MY GRANDFATHER'S SUPPLY, THEY SHOT HIM TO KEEP PLANS SECRET!

IF YOU HADN'T TRAILED THE VARMINTS TO THEIR HIDE-OUT AND TOLD ME ABOUT IT, WHITE STAR, I NEVER WOULD'VE KNOWN WHERE TO FIND THEM! I'VE GOT AN IDEA YOUR GRANDFATHER'S PLUMS PROUD OF YOU!



Pinto Pete

Top Secret!



Turns Terrific Clout into Out!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

JUST LOOK AT SANDY NOT EVEN CLOSE TO THAT FLY

WE'LL NEVER WIN TOMORROW'S GAME WITH THAT KIND OF BASEBALL

GOOPS!

SORRY JIM, I JUST DON'T HAVE ANY SPEED LEFT

BETTER WEAR YOUR "P-F'S" TOMORROW. YOU'LL NEED ALL YOUR SPEED EVERY INNING TO HELP US WIN

PRACTICING FOR THE BIG GAME...

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF

THE NORMAL FOOT...DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.

DAY OF "THE BIG GAME," WE WERE LEADING 4-3 IN THE LAST HALF OF THE 9TH WITH 2 OUT AND RUNNERS ON SECOND AND THIRD...WHEN...

WHAT A WALLOP! LOOKS LIKE A SURE TRIPLE!

BUT LOOK AT THAT CENTER-FIELDER!

GOT IT! GOOD THING I WAS WEARING MY "P-F'S"

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION®

GREAT CATCH, SANDY. YOUR SPEED SAVED THE OLD BALL GAME!

AND "P-F'S" HELPED ME PLAY AT MY BEST RIGHT THROUGH THE GAME

TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

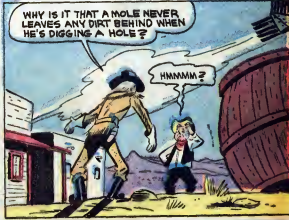
- ...LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN
- ...INCREASE ENDURANCE
- ...YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER

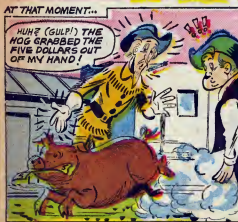


INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY B.F. Goodrich and Hood Rubber Company

buffalo bull AND "THE HARDY HOG!"









GET IT BACK FROM HIM? ARE YUH LOCO? IT'S NOT SAFE TO GO WITHIN TEN FEET OF HIM! HE'S THE TOUGHEST, MEANEST CRITTER THIS SIDE OF THE ROCKIES!

ULP! HE IS?



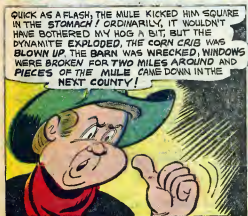
AND HOW! I'LL TELL YUH HOW TOUGH HE IS! LAST WEEK HE FOUND A CASE OF DYNAMITE AND ATE A DOZEN STICKS OF IT!

JEEPERS!



HE WANDERED ON UP TO MY BARN AND JUST FOR PURE CARNERNESS BIT MY BEST MULE!

HE DID?



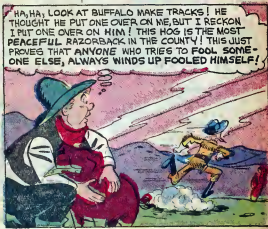
QUICK AS A FLASH, THE MULE KICKED HIM SQUARE IN THE STOMACH! ORDINARILY, IT WOULDN'T HAVE BOTHERED MY HOG A BIT, BUT THE DYNAMITE EXPLODED, THE CORN CRIB WAS BLOWN UP, THE BARN WAS WRECKED, WINDOWS WERE BROKEN FOR TWO MILES AROUND AND PIECES OF THE MULE CAME DOWN IN THE NEXT COUNTY!



BELIEVE YUH ME, FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS I HAD A MIGHTY SICK HOG ON MY HANDS!



(GULP!) IF THAT HOG IS SO TOUGH, I DON'T AIM TO START UP WITH HIM NO HOW! KEEP THE FIVE DOLLARS, GULLABLE! I'M VAMOOSING!



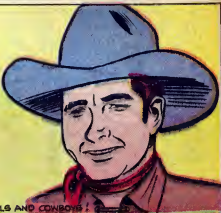
HA, HA, LOOK AT BUFFALO MAKE TRACKS! HE THOUGHT HE PUT ONE OVER ON ME, BUT I RECKON I PUT ONE OVER ON HIM! THIS HOG IS THE MOST PEACEFUL RAZORBACK IN THE COUNTY! THIS JUST PROVES THAT ANYONE WHO TRIES TO FOOL SOMEONE ELSE, ALWAYS WINDS UP FOOLED HIMSELF!

RIDING THE RANGE

WITH

TEX RITTER

455 NORTH RODEO DRIVE
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA



HOWDY, COWGIRLS AND COWBOYS!

I RECKON THERE'S NO NEED FOR ME TO SAY IT'S MIGHTY GOOD SEEING ALL OF YOU AGAIN! THE SHADOWS ON THE PRAIRIE WERE JUST STARTING TO GROW LONG AS I RODE THIS WAY! YOU KNOW, FRIENDS, YOU CAN TELL WHEN THE DAY'S STARTING TO END IF YOU JUST WATCH THE SHADOW OF A PRAIRIE CACTUS LENGTHEN! THAT'S HOW MANY A COWHAND KNOWS WHEN IT'S TIME TO GATHER IN THE HERD FOR THE NIGHT! IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE LITTLE THINGS EVERY OLD-TIMER IN THE WEST HAS LEARNED OVER THE YEARS!

I REMEMBER A TENDERFOOT WHO CAME WEST ONCE, YOUNG AND FULL OF THINKING HE KNEW IT ALL! OLDER FOLKS? WHY, THEY KNEW NOTHING WORTH LISTENING TO, THAT WAS HIS IDEA! THEN ONE TIME IN THE HILLS HE LEARNED DIFFERENTLY! THE OLDER COWHANDS HAD TRIED TO TELL HIM THAT A LOT OF LOOSE DIRT WAS OFTEN A SIGN OF LANDSLIDE COUNTRY! BUT HE DIDN'T LISTEN UNTIL HE WAS NEARLY DONE IN BY A SUDDEN SLIDE.

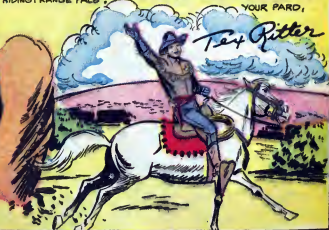
THEN THAT TENDERFOOT BEGAN TO LISTEN TO WHAT OLDER HANDS HAD TO SAY! HE'D LEARNED THEY WEREN'T JUST TALKING TO SOUND OFF!

SURE, WE ALL KNOW SOME YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPERS WHO FIGURE THEY KNOW IT ALL AND THERE'S NO CAUSE TO HEED WHAT OLDER AND WISER FOLKS SAY! BUT I SAY THAT'S NOT BEING A SMART HAND ON ANY RANGE, DON'T YOU?

WELL, I RECKON IT'S TIME TO HIT THE TRAIL FOR HOME! BUT I'LL BE AROUND AGAIN BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, SO GOOD RIDING, RANGE PALS!

YOUR PARD,

Tex Ritter



MAJOR MARS
AMERICA'S #1 SPACE SOLDIER
MISSION TO VENUS

YOU MUST COPY THE VENUSIANS' INVASION PLANS FROM THEIR MICROFILM!

I UNDERSTAND... COPY IT, BUT NOT STEAL IT!

PROFESSOR I'VE DESIGNED THIS RING ESPECIALLY FOR THIS MISSION!

YOU'LL HAVE IT IN AN HOUR!

ROCKET 24 TO EARTH—IT'LL BE LANDING ON VENUS IN 15 MINUTES

ONE SHORT BLAST AND YOU'LL SLEEP AN HOUR!

SECRET FILM FILM

HERE'S THE FILM! MAKE A COPY WITH MY ROCKET RING AND THE SUN'S RAYS... THEN BACK TO EARTH!

CONGRATULATIONS MAJOR... YOU'VE SAVED US FROM INVASION!

THANKS TO MY ROCKET RING THE VENUSIANS DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT PLANS I COPIED

GET ONE OF THESE ROCKET RINGS FOR YOUR VERY OWN!

Major Mars' own ROCKET RING

PRINTS PHOTOS WITH SUN'S RAYS
INCLUDES 4 NEGATIVES—12 PRINTING PAPERS

6 OTHER EXCITING FEATURES!

- JET SIGNAL WHISTLE • SECRET CHAMBER
- MAGNIFYING GLASS • DETACHABLE KEY CHAIN
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10c AND 1 BAG



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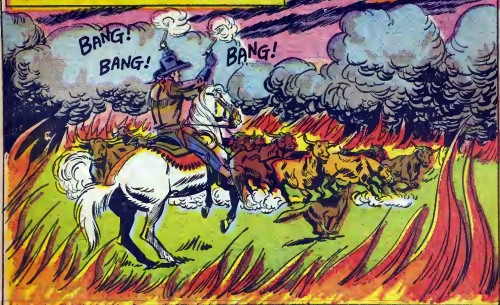
MAIL
TODAY

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Tex Ritter

PRAIRIE INFERNO

A GAIN AND AGAIN THE MYSTERIOUS GRASS FIRES SPREAD HAVOC AMONG THE RANGERS' VALUABLE FEEDING GROUNDS GIVE WAY BEFORE ROARING FIRES THAT SENT BAWLING, STAMPEDING CATTLE TO THEIR DOOM AND WROTE FINISH TO ONE RANCH AFTER ANOTHER! BUT TEX RITTER, UNDERCOVER PRAIRIE RANGER, DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, EVEN THOUGH HE WAS CHALLENGING SINGLE-HANDEDLY OVERWHELMING ODDS WITH JUST HIS SAVVY AND SIX-GUNS!



B LACK NIGHT BLANKETS THE PRAIRIE ACCOMPANIED BY A COLD, HARD DRIVING WIND AS TEX PREPARES TO BED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT!

WE'VE HAD A LONG HARD RIDE TODAY, FURY, SO LET'S GET SOME SHUT-EYE!

WOOF!

B UT SEVERAL HOURS LATER, FURY'S INSISTENT BARKING ROUSES TEX FROM A DEEP SLEEP!

RRRROOW!
BOW
WOW!

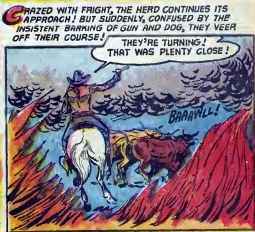
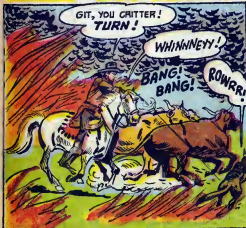
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, BOY?

A PRAIRIE FIRE!

RRRROW!
WOOF!



A TEX SADDLES WHITE FLASH, THE RUMBLING GROUND HERALDS A NEW PERIL!





EASY, BOYS! TAKE YOUR HANDS AWAY FROM YOUR HOLSTERS! I'M JUST AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER! TEX RITTER IS MY HANDLE AND THAT FIRE CAUGHT UP WITH ME WHILE I WAS SLEEPING!

YOU'RE TEX RITTER, THE PRAIRIE RANGER?



RECKON YOU'RE NOT THE VARMINT WE'RE TRAILING! WISH YOU'D RIDDEN THIS WAY SOONER, RANGER! MAYBE YOU MIGHT HAVE PREVENTED THIS! THAT FIRE MEANS THE END OF MY FEEDING GROUND! I WAS HOPING IT WOULDN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

YOU MEAN THESE FIRES HAVE BEEN A REGULAR THING AROUND THESE PARTS?



IT'S BEEN A PRAIRIE INFERNO FOR QUITE A SPELL! HALF A DOZEN RANCHERS HAVE HAD THEIR FEEDING GROUNDS BURNED OUT FROM UNDER THEM!

HERE COMES GUS BRADLEY AND SOME OF HIS BOYS FROM THE BAR T!



HOWDY, DESMOND! SOME OF MY BOYS SPOTTED THE FIRE AND FIGURED THAT YOU WERE HIT! ANYTHING WE CAN DO?

NO, GUS! LOOKS AS IF I'M FINISHED! WHAT'S LEFT OF MY HERD WILL HAVE TO BE DRIVEN TO MARKET! I'LL HAVE TO SELL AT WHATEVER PRICE I CAN GET!



IT'S A TOUGH BREAK! SEEMS AS IF ONLY THE CATTLE BUYER IS MAKING MONEY IN THESE PARTS OF LATE! WHO'S THE STRANGER?

SHAKE HANDS WITH TEX RITTER, PRAIRIE RANGER! TEX, THIS HERE IS GUS BRADLEY! SO FAR HE'S ONE OF THE RANCHERS WHO HASN'T BEEN RUINED!



I GUESS WE'VE ALL HEARD OF YOU, RITTER! GOT ANY IDEAS WHO IS SETTING FIRE TO THE FEEDING GROUNDS?

NOT YET! BUT I RECKON I'LL STICK AROUND AND TRY TO FIND OUT!



GUS, WHAT IF I PAID YOU FOR GRAZING MY HERD ON YOUR FEEDING RANGE! IF I FATTEN THEM UP BEFORE SELLING, I'D GET A BETTER PRICE AT ROUNDUP TIME AND IT WOULD HELP ME PULL THROUGH THIS YEAR!

SORRY, DESMOND, BUT I'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH RANGE LAND FOR MY OWN HERD!



THEN I RECKON I'D BETTER SELL OUT! BUT THAT WILL FINISH ME!

I DON'T THINK SO, DESMOND!



THERE'S A LOT OF VIRGIN GRAZING LAND IN THE MOUNTAIN VALLEY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT RANGE! WHY DON'T YOU DRIVE YOUR HERD OVER IT! THEY COULD FATTEN UP THERE AND YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO GET RID OF THEM AT JUST ANY PRICE!



ARE YOU CRAZY, RITTER? DRIVING A HERD ACROSS THAT MOUNTAIN THROUGH THE SNOW? WHY, MOST OF THEM WOULD NEVER MAKE IT! BESIDES IT WOULD BE SUICIDE FOR THE COWHANDS IF A BLIZZARD SHOULD STRIKE!

MAYBE--



---AND MAYBE NOT! NO ONE HAS EVER ATTEMPTED IT BEFORE, I RECKON, BUT THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE OF PULLING THROUGH! AND I'D BE GLAD TO HELP OUT!

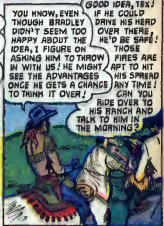
I'LL TAKE THE GAMBLE, TEX!



WILL YOU MEN RIDE WITH RITTER?

WE'RE WITH YOU, DESMOND!

YOU'RE A FOOL DESMOND, TO LET RITTER TALK YOU INTO IT, BUT IT'S YOUR HARD LUCK AND THE FOOLS YOU HIRE AS COWHANDS! ADIOS!



YOU KNOW, EVEN THOUGH BRADLEY DIDN'T SEEM TOO HAPPY ABOUT THE IDEA, I FIGURE ON ASKING HIM TO THROW IN WITH US! HE MIGHT SEE THE ADVANTAGES ONCE HE GETS A CHANGE TO THINK IT OVER!

GOOD IDEA, TEX! IF HE COULD DRIVE HIS HERD OVER THERE, HE'D BE SAFE!

THOSE FIRES ARE IN WITH US! HE MIGHT BE APT TO HIT HIS SPREAD ANY TIME!

CAN YOU RIDE OVER TO HIS RANCH AND TALK TO HIM IN THE MORNING?

NEXT MORNING, AS TEX REACHES THE BRADLEY SPREAD....



IT'S MIGHTY STRANGE THAT BRADLEY'S COWBOYS AREN'T KIDING HIS RANGE TO WATCH FOR THE CRITTERS WHO HAVE BEEN SETTING THOSE FIRES! AFTER WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING, YOU'D THINK HE'D PROTECT HIS PROPERTY!



SEEMS AS IF HE HAS COMPANY! MAYBE I'M JUST NATURALLY SUSPICIOUS, BUT I HANKER FOR A FEW ANSWERS TO SOME THINGS! GUESS I'LL MOSEY AROUND A SPELL!

AS TEX MAKES HIS WAY UP TO THE RANCH HOUSE, THE MENTION OF HIS NAME ATTRACTS HIS ATTENTION TO AN OPENED WINDOW!



THAT RITTER! IT WAS ALL SET BEFORE HE POKED HIS NOSE INTO THIS! HE'S TALKED DESMOND INTO DRIVING HIS HERD OVER THE MOUNTAIN AND IF HE MAKES IT, WE'RE LICKED!

OUR RACKET IS MUCH TOO PROFITABLE TO LET A RANGER SPOIL IT, GUS! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

I WANT TO BUY DESMOND'S STOCK AT THE PRICE WE PAID THE OTHERS!

YOU'LL GET YOUR CATTLE AND I'LL GET DESMOND'S SPREAD! BY BREAKING HIM, HE'D HAVE TO SELL, AND I'D BE THE BIGGEST CATTLEMAN IN THESE PARTS!

IF I KNOW YOU, BRADLEY, YOU'VE ALREADY THOUGHT OF A WAY TO STOP THEM!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BOTT! MY IDEA IS TO HAVE MY BOYS BUSHWHACK THEM AS SOON AS THEY REACH HAIRPIN PASS! WE'LL TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE AND THEY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

SO BRADLEY AND A CATTLE BUYER ARE IN CAHOOTS TO RUIN THE RANCHERS! I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!

BACK AT DESMOND'S RANCH TEX RELATES WHAT HE OVERHEARD!

THEN BRADLEY IS THE VARMINT WHO'S BEEN SETTING THE PRAIRIE FIRES! **THE SNEAKING POLEGAT!**

LEAVE YOUR GUN WHERE IT IS, DESMOND!

SHOOTING IT OUT ISN'T THE WAY TO DO IT! WE HAVE TO CATCH THEM IN THE ACT BEFORE WE CAN BRING CHARGES AGAINST THEM!

WHAT DO YOU RECKON ON DOING THEN, TEX?

THEY'RE FIXING TO BUSHWHACK US WHEN WE HIT HAIRPIN PASS! I THINK WE CAN GIVE THEM A LITTLE SURPRISE OF OUR OWN! OUR FIRST STEP IS TO ROUND UP THE OTHER RANCHERS AND THEIR COWHANDS AND HAVE THEM THROW IN WITH US!

YOU'RE TAKING YOUR LIFE INTO YOUR HANDS, TEX! AFTER ALL, IT'S MY FIGHT!

AS A RANGER, IT'S MY FIGHT AS WELL AS YOURS! TELL YOUR BOYS WE'RE HITTING THE TRAIL IN THE MORNING, AND MAKE SURE BRADLEY HEARS ABOUT IT, TOO!

THE FOLLOWING DAY THE HERD IS DRIVEN, RESTED AND WATERED! FINALLY THEY REACH THE NARROW, TREACHEROUS HAIRPIN PASS!

NO SIGNS OF ANYONE HAVING RIDDEN AHEAD OF US! MAYBE THEY CHANGED THEIR MIND ABOUT STOPPING US, TEX!

I WOULDN'T BANK ON THAT, DESMOND! IT'S SNOWING HARD ENOUGH TO COVER THEIR TRACKS ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!

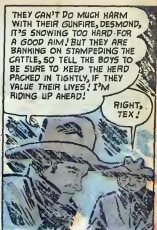


JUST THEN....
BANG!
BANG!



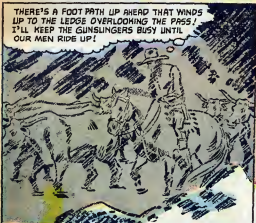
KEEP THE DOGGIES CLOSE TO THE TRAIL, BOYS! DON'T LET THEM GET TOO CLOSE TO THE EDGE!

GIT!
GIT
LITTLE DOGGIES!



THEY CAN'T DO MUCH HARM WITH THEIR GUNFIRE, DESMOND, IT'S SNOWING TOO HARD FOR A GOOD AIM! BUT THEY ARE BANKING ON STAMPEDEING THE CATTLE, SO TELL THE BOYS TO BE SURE TO KEEP THE HEAD PACKED IN TIGHTLY, IF THEY VALUE THEIR LIVES! I'M RIDING UP AHEAD!

RIGHT, TEX!



THERE'S A FOOT PATH UP AHEAD THAT WINDS UP TO THE LEDGE OVERLOOKING THE PASS! I'LL KEEP THE GUNSLINGERS BUSY UNTIL OUR MEN RIDE UP!



THESE ROCKS ARE MIGHTY SLIPPERY, EH, WHITE FLASH? GOOD THING I PUT THOSE SPECIAL SHOES ON YOU LAST NIGHT!



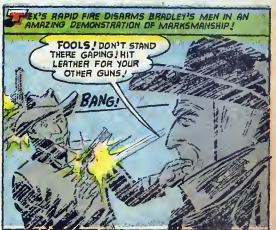
REACHING THE LEDGE WHERE BRADLEY AND HIS MEN ARE STATIONED....

MY GUN! WHO SHOT IT OUT OF MY HAND?

BANG! BANG!

IF YOU'LL LOOK THIS WAY, YOU'LL FIND OUT!

BANG!



TEX'S RAPID FIRE DISARMS BRADLEY'S MEN IN AN AMAZING DEMONSTRATION OF MARKSMANSHIP!

FOOLS! DON'T STAND THERE GAPING! HIT LEATHER FOR YOUR OTHER GUNS!

BANG!



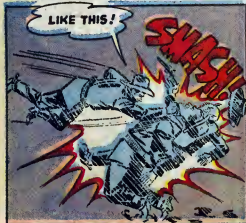
WHAT KIND OF YELLOWBACKS DO YOU HIRE, BRADLEY? THE WHOLE BUNCH IS SCARED OF ONE MAN! SHOOT THAT HOMBRE CLEAN THROUGH! WE CAN'T LET ONE RANGER SPOIL OUR PLANS!

BANG! BANG!



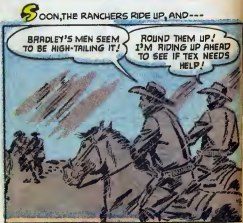
I'LL ENJOY THIS RUCKUS A MITE MORE WITH THE PERSONAL TOUCH RATHER THAN WITH A GUN!

BANG! BANG!



LIKE THIS!

SMASH!



SOON, THE RANCHERS RIDE UP, AND---

BRADLEY'S MEN SEEM TO BE HIGH-TAILING IT!

ROUND THEM UP! I'M RIDING UP AHEAD TO SEE IF TEX NEEDS HELP!



NOPE! DOESN'T SEEM AS IF THE RANGER NEEDS ANYBODY'S HELP! HE'S CLEANING UP MIGHTY WELL!

POW!



TAKE THESE TWO AND THE REST OF THE POLEGATS TO THE SHERIFF! I'M RIDING ON TO HELP GET THE HEED THROUGH TO THE FEEDING GROUND!

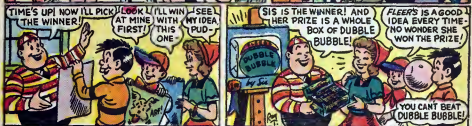
YOU BET, RANGER!



TEX REJOINS THE TRAIL HEADERS AND AFTER A BITTER DAY OF FIGHTING THE COLD AND THE TREACHEROUS PASSES ...

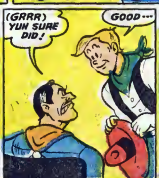
THERE IT IS, DESMOND! ALL FOR YOU, TEX, THE FEEDING GROUND YOU NEED!

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, TEX, WE COULDN'T HAVE DDNE IT! I WANT YOU TO KNOW THE RANCHERS IN THIS TERRITORY WILL NEVER FORGE YOUR HELP!



CACTUS BRAIN

MOVIE MARKER



"HORSES! HORSES!"



By Clement Good



THE grim-faced men gathered in the Monarch Grain and Feed store were very restless. Old Buckthorn grumbled, "Where's J. T.? You reckon he skipped town?"

"And where's Freckles?" asked another. "He's the one that called this meeting. He's supposed to be our spokesman."

"Hold your horses!" exclaimed the third, a solemn, middle-aged man who seemed less nervous than the rest. "We're all here early. It's ten minutes yet before the meeting's supposed to commence. I'm not so sure about J. T., but Freckles will be here, you can bet your bottom dollar."

"They both had better be here," growled Buckthorn, fingering his Colt. "And if we don't get straight answers, I'm all for some gunplay!"

"Well, now, I don't reckon we ought to be hasty," said somebody else. "That Freckles, he's as honest as a new-minted dollar. Only thing with him is he's so much of a cutup . . . don't know that he's serious minded enough to pay much heed to money matters."

The solemn, middle aged man looked at his big pocket watch and drawled, "Well, they've both still got nine minutes, so let's keep our shirts on."

It was certainly true that Freckles O'Grady was a cutup. At the moment the men were so solemnly discussing him, he was the center of a group of laughing children. One of the children pleaded, "Come on, Mr. Freckles. Do your imitation of a coyote howl!"

"No, no! You promised me you'd make like a man drinking soda pop!"

"Hey, wait a minute!" laughed the tall, grinning man. "One at a time. Okay, here goes with the soda pop."

Freckles clamped his lips together, then opened them suddenly so that they made a loud "pop!"

One child nudged another and whispered,

"That's taking out the cork."

Then Freckles flapped his index finger against his cheek so that he produced a gurgling noise, like fluid running out of a bottle.

All the children laughed and some tried to duplicate the imitation. A little girl handed a stalk of celery to the man and said, "Mr. Freckles, mama gave me this. Make like a trapper walking through the crusted snow on snowshoes!"

Freckles bit off a piece of the celery and soon there was a crunch-crunch sound exactly like somebody walking over crusted snow. "Do a steamboat whistle!" "Crow like a rooster!" "Make like a timber wolf!" The requests flew thick and fast.

"Hey, wait a minute!" shouted Freckles, good-naturedly. "I've got a brand new imitation for you sprouts. Wait'll you hear this!" He took a couple of small wooden bowls from his pockets. At the same time he happened to glance at the clock.

"Holy smoke, pals!" he exclaimed. "It's later than I thought. We'll have to save this new imitation. I've got to get to a meeting. So long!"

In the meeting room the impatient Buckthorn looked at his watch. "Thirty seconds and they'll both be late," he grumbled. The words had barely got out when the door opened and J. T. Schwindler stepped in, smooth and oily as always.

"Ah, gents," smiled J. T. "I see you are all here. All, that is, except Freckles."

"I'm here, too!" came a voice behind him. "Had to sprint all the way, but I made it!"

"Important business hold you up, Freckles?" growled Buckthorn.

"As a matter of fact, yes," grinned Freckles. "I was teaching some youngsters how to imitate a steamboat."

Some of the men laughed at Freckles' good humor. Buckthorn grunted his disapproval.

"Tain't no time for idle cavorting. We've got serious business to discuss. And I got a six-shooter here that says somebody better get serious pretty doggone quick."

Freckles' grin left him as he declared, "I hope we can settle this without any trouble. To get to the point right quick, we want an accounting, Mr. Schwindler. All of us bought stock in the Great Chance Silver Mine more than six months ago and so far none of us has made a plug nickel out of it! What's the reason?"

"Well, now, gents, we mustn't get impatient," said J. T. "Things like this take time. Frankly, when I sold stock to you all, I thought we'd make a strike before now. I expect the Great Chance will start producing any minute."

"Why have you got guards all around the mine and the office?" snarled Buckthorn. "None of US can get near the place!"

"Got to have guards," declared J. T. "Suppose we do hit plenty of ore? Don't want owlhoots walking in to steal it from us, do we?"

After about a half-hour of palaver, the conference broke up. It was agreed that Freckles should ride out to the mine office with J. T., inspect the books, and report back to the other stockholders. J. T. and Freckles were in the office now. J. T. unlocked a desk drawer and pulled out a heavy book. "Here's the ledger," he said, "but before you look at it, let me tell you this. You work with me and you've got a chance to make a nice piece of change."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you and me will split fifty-fifty on the profits. This mine has been producing silver like crazy! I've sneaked the ore away in the dead of night! But there's no need to tell all the other stockholders that. You tell 'em the books are in order and they should be patient a couple more weeks. By that time we'll have our load and you and I can skip town. Those fools trust you. But I know you're a happy-go-lucky character who would rather play than work, and here's your chance."

Fire flashed from Freckles' eyes. He drew back his right fist and slammed it hard against

J. T.'s nose, knocking the man backward over his chair. "Fool!" exclaimed Schwindler, as Freckles felt the jab of hard steel in the small of his back. "Take his guns, Turk, and keep him covered," said Schwindler. "I forgot to mention to you, Freckles, that the alternative to my attractive proposition was *death!*"

The gun hand at his back relaxed for a split second. Freckles whirled and slammed the heavy ledger against blue-jawed Turk. With one bound he was through the window and he ran for his horse. "Go get him!" cried Schwindler. "Take the rifle! Gun him down!"

The rifle cracked, Freckles fell from his horse and sprawled in the trail dust. "Go after him, Turk. Be sure you finish him off!" ordered J. T.

Obediently, Turk moved forward. As he dipped into a gully, the body of his victim was hidden from view. Then he heard the sound: "Cloppety-cloppety-clop-clop!"

"Horses!" exclaimed Turk. He whirled. He raced back and yelled at Schwindler, "Somebody coming! Maybe the sheriff! Let's get outta here! I'm not taking chances on a murder charge!"

They fled, but they didn't get far. Lawmen from all surrounding towns were alerted by telegraph and soon both men were in custody. After taking statements from them, the sheriff approached Freckles and said, "They've confessed all. There's only one thing I don't understand. Turk says he got scared from finishing you off when he heard horsemen approaching. But you came back to town all by your lonesome."

FRECKLES, wearing a bandage on his slightly wounded shoulder, grinned. "I was those horsemen!" The bewildered sheriff watched him remove two wooden bowls from his pocket. Freckles began beating the inverted bowls against the ground, "Cloppety-cloppety-clop."

"New imitation I made up for the kids," he said, smiling.

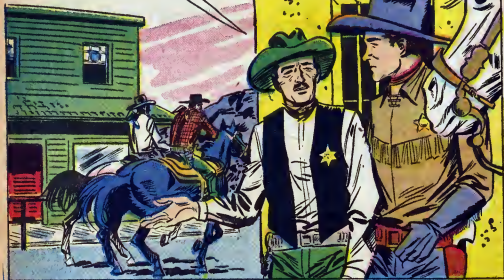
TEX RITTER WESTERN

Tex Ritter

in the
**MYSTERY
OF ECHO
CAVE!**

THERE GO TWO MORE
OF THE BADMEN I WAS
TELLING YOU ABOUT, TEX!
THAT LEAVES ONLY ONE,
SHIFTY MORAN, LEFT AT
THE TOLEDO HOTEL!

LET'S SEE IF I GOT THE FACTS STRAIGHT, SHERIFF!
YOU SAY THAT A FEW DAYS AGO SIX OF THE MOST
NOTORIOUS BANDITS IN THE WEST ARRIVED IN TOLEDO
OUT OF NOWHERE AND ALL CHECKED INTO THE
LOCAL HOTEL!



THAT'S RIGHT, TEX!
THEY ARRIVED
SEPARATELY AND
ALTHOUGH I'VE
KEPT MY EYE
ON THEM CON-
TINUALLY, THEY
NOT ONLY DIDN'T
DO ANYTHING OUT
OF THE WAY, BUT
THEY HAVEN'T EVEN
TALKED TO EACH
OTHER!

SINCE ALL THE
OUTLAWS YOU
DESCRIBED TO
ME ARE KNOWN
AS **LONE WOLVES**,
IT'S POSSIBLE
THEY DON'T
KNOW EACH
OTHER!

I THOUGHT OF THAT, TOO,
TEX, BUT THEN HOW COME
ALL, BUT ONE OF THEM
STARTS HEADING FOR THE
HILLS AT THE SAME TIME? I
HAVE A FEELING THEY'RE UP
TO SOMETHING AND THAT'S
WHY I SENT FOR A PRAIRIE
RANGER!

THE WAY I FIGURE IT IS THAT THIS
PARADE OUT OF TOLEDO MIGHT BE
JUST A TRICK TO MAKE ME FOLLOW
THEM, LEAVING THE TOWN WIDE OPEN
FOR SOME OTHER BANDITS WHO MAY
BE WORKING WITH THEM TO PULL
SOME JOB RIGHT
HERE! BUT WITH
YOU FOLLOWING
THEM, I CAN
STAY RIGHT
HERE AND
BE ON
GUARD!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE
GOOD THINKING
TO ME, SHERIFF!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

BEFORE I LEAVE, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A CHAT WITH SHIFTY MORAN WHO YOU SAY IS STILL AT THE HOTEL!

WHATEVER YOU THINK, BEST, TEX! YOU HAVEN'T EARNED THE REPUTATION AS THE SMARTEST PRAIRIE RANGER FOR NOTHING!

KICK UP DUST, WHITE FLASH! LET'S GO, FURY!

BE CAREFUL, TEX! ALL THOSE MEN ARE KILLERS!

AT THE HOTEL ---

THAT'S RIGHT, MORAN IS STILL IN HIS ROOM! IF HE HAD COME DOWN, HE WOULD HAVE PICKED UP THE NOTE IN HIS BOX!

COULD I SEE THAT NOTE, CASWELL?

A NOTE'S A PRIVATE THING AND EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE A PRAIRIE RANGER, I COULDN'T TAKE THE CHANCE OF LETTING YUH OPEN IT UNLESS YUH HAVE A WARRANT!

I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, CASWELL, BUT CAN YOU TELL ME IF ANY OF YOUR OTHER GUESTS GOT SIMILAR NOTES?

I CAN TELL YUH THAT, TEX! I SORT THE MAIL AND SIX OF THEM ALL GOT THE SAME TYPE NOTES!

ARE YOU SURE?

POSITIVE! ALL SIX NOTES HAD NO STAMPS ON THEM WHICH MEANS SOMEONE HAD TO LEAVE THEM HERE DURING THE NIGHT!

IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE WE CAN DO FER YUH, TEX?

YES! WHEN SHIFTY COMES DOWN JUST GIVE HIM THE NOTE AND DON'T MENTION ANYTHING ABOUT MY ASKING YOU ALL THE QUESTIONS!

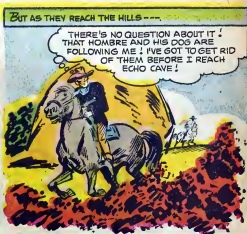
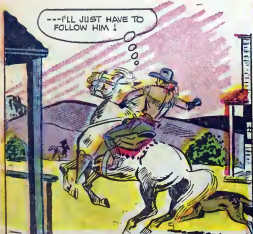
HERE HE COMES NOW!

GOOD MORNING, MR. MORAN! HYAR'S A NOTE FER YUH!

THANKS!

IT'S ABOUT TIME THIS CAME!

THAT NOTE DIDN'T COME AS ANY SURPRISE! HE LOOKS AS IF HE EXPECTED IT! SINCE I CAN'T FORCE IT FROM HIM WITHOUT A WARRANT--



When I sent for you and ordered you to check into the Toledo Hotel, I promised to cut you in on the biggest haul of your life! Well, the time has come! You and the five others I have selected for this job will meet at Echo Cave today at ten o'clock a.m. for further instructions. The Voice!

WHO IS THE VOICE?

I DON'T KNOW! I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM! THE ONLY CONTACT I'VE HAD WITH HIM UP TILL NOW IS BY MAIL!



IN THAT CASE, THERE'S A CHANCE HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE, EITHER, SO I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR PLACE AT ECHO CAVE! IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN FIGURE TO FIND OUT WHO THE VOICE IS, AND WHAT HE'S UP TO! YOU'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH HERE WITH FURY TO GUARD YOU!

THIS IS MIGHTY INTERESTING!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT ECHO CAVE---

WHAT DO YUH WANT?

RELAX! I GOT A NOTE FROM THE VOICE TO SHOW UP HYAR! WHO IS HE, ANYWAY?

WE KNOW AS MUCH AS YUH DO, PARTNER, AND THAT'S NOTHING!



SUDDENLY---

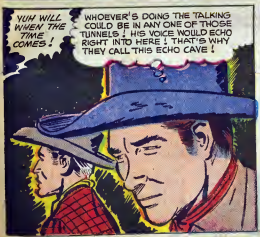
ATTENTION! THIS IS THE VOICE TALKING!

I HEAR YUH, BUT I CAN'T SEE YUH!

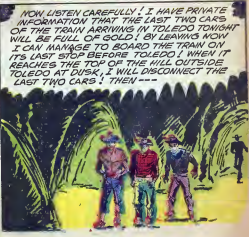


YUH WILL WHEN THE TIME COMES!

WHOEVER'S DOING THE TALKING COULD BE IN ANY ONE OF THOSE TUNNELS! HIS VOICE WOULD ECHO RIGHT INTO HERE! THAT'S WHY THEY CALL THIS ECHO CAVE!



NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY! I HAVE PRIVATE INFORMATION THAT THE LAST TWO CARS OF THE TRAIN ARRIVING IN TOLEDO TONIGHT WILL BE FULL OF GOLD! BY LEAVING NOW I CAN MANAGE TO BOARD THE TRAIN ON IT'S LAST STOP BEFORE TOLEDO! WHEN IT REACHES THE TOP OF THE HILL OUTSIDE TOLEDO AT DUSK, I WILL DISCONNECT THE LAST TWO CARS! THEN---



--- I EXPECT YUH TO BE THERE WITH WAGONS TO PICK UP THE GOLD! BY THE TIME ANYONE ON THE TRAIN REALIZES WHAT HAS HAPPENED, WE'LL HAVE ESCAPED WITH THE GOLD!

IF IT'S GOING TO BE SO EASY, WHY ARE YOU QUITTING US IN ON THE DEAL?

BECAUSE STEALING THE GOLD AND GETTING IT OUT OF THE COUNTRY SAFELY ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS! ONCE THEY FIND OUT THE GOLD HAS BEEN MISH-JACKED, EVERY LANDDOG IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE ON OUR TRAIL! THAT'S WHY I SENT FER THE SIX TOWHEEST GUNMEN TO HELP ME GET IT ACROSS THE BORDER! ARE YUH WITH ME?

WE SURE ARE!

GOOD! NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE THING YUH GOT TO DO BEFORE WE CAN START THE JOB! THERE'S ONE AMBONS YUH WHO ISN'T THE HOMBRE I SENT FER! IN FACT, HE'S A PRAIRIE RANGER! IF YUH SEARCH EACH OTHER, YUH SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE FINDING THE GUILTY PARTY! KILL HIM WHEN YUH FIND HIM!

LET'S ALL START EMPTYING OUR POCKETS!

I CAN'T EMPTY MY POCKETS---NOT WITH MY PRAIRIE BADGE IN ONE OF THEM! MY ONLY CHANCE OF GETTING OUT OF HERE ALIVE IS TO SHOOT OUT THE LIGHT!

CRASH

BANG

JUST AS I THOUGHT! THEY EXPECTED ME TO DASH INTO THAT TUNNEL BECAUSE I WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF IT!

WELL, I'LL TRY THIS ONE FOR LUCK!

BACK? YES, BUT BAD LUCK!

REACH FER THE SKY, RITTER!

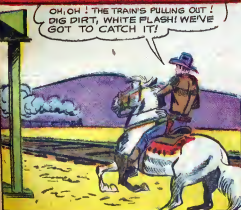
CASWELL! THEN YOU'RE THE VOICE!

CORRECT, RITTER! WHILE YUH WERE FOLLOWING SHIFTY, I FOLLOWED YUH!

THAT EXPLAINS HOW YOU KNEW I TOOK HIS PLACE! BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS SCHEME OF YOURS!

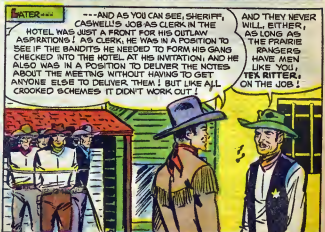
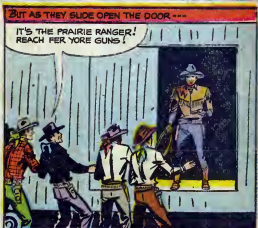
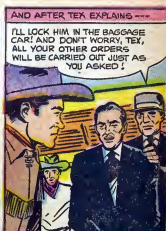


BUT AS TEX REACHES THE DEPOT...



WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED, WHITE FLASH CLOSES THE GAP!





ROUND THE CLOCK...ROUND THE WORLD AID

✚ BY YOUR AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS ✚

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY FOR WOUNDED VETERANS!

FIRST AID TRAINING CENTERS!

RESCUE AID IN NATIONAL DISASTERS!

BLOOD FOR U.S. CASUALTIES IN KOREA!

NEW BACK PRESSURE-ARM LIFT METHOD OF ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION

• The victim is placed face down in a prone position with arms overhead and bent at the elbows, one hand upon the other, and the head turned to one side so that the cheek rests on the hands.

The rescuer, on one or both knees at the victim's head, places his hands on the victim's back, with thumbs just touching and the heels of the hands just below a line running between the victim's armpits.

The rescuer rocks forward slowly, elbows straight, until his arms are almost vertical—exerting steady pressure upon the back.

Next, the rescuer rocks slowly and slides his hands to the victim's arms, just above the elbows, which are raised until resistance is felt at the victim's shoulders—then, the arms are dropped. This completes a full cycle, which is repeated 12 times a minute.



(ADOPTED BY THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS—
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257 AIR RIFLES GIVEN

PLUS 4 FREE TRIPS TO MY RED RYDER RANCH!

-Red Ryder

LAST CHANCE TO ENTER BIG DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST

YOUR TARGETS, ENTRY BLANK MUST BE MAILED BY MIDNIGHT MAY 29th

You don't even have to own a Daisy to win one of the 4 Free Trips to Red Ryder's Ranch or one of the 257 air rifles, trophy cups and medals—to be given as prizes in the thrilling DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST starting March 15, 1952, ending May 29, 1952. Just borrow a Daisy from a friend! Prizes to be awarded on the combined basis of best targets and aptest completions of Contest Sentence. There'll be TWO separate Divisions! NRA MEMBER'S DIVISION: shooters in this group will win the most VALUABLE PRIZES such as the 4 Red Ryder Ranch Trips, 100 Daisy

Defenders, 50 Daisy Pump Guns, 50 Daisy Red Ryder Carbines, Trophy Cups, Medals *provided that they are paid-up Junior Members of NRA for 1952 OR if they send in APPLICATION FORM and 50-cent membership Fee WITH their Contest Targets before midnight, May 29, 1952!* NON-NRA DIVISION: If you don't join NRA, you can shoot to win one of the 3 Daisy Defenders or one of the 50 Daisy Air Rifles (No. 155). Get ALL CONTEST FACTS NOW! Ask your Daisy Dealer—or mail coupon for FREE CONTEST KIT—and start shootin' to WIN!

LAST CALL!
Hurry!
FREE CONTEST KIT
at your DAISY DEALER
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NOW!

NEW!



DAISY DEFENDER REPEATER
WIN one! The first forced-feed 50 shot lever-action Daisy in 30 years! Combination Peep-and-Open Rear Sight with Elevation, Windage adjusters! Secret "pocket" in butt. Adjustable Carrying-Shooting sling. Amazingly realistic molded stock, fore-arm.

NO. 141 VALUE \$8 EACH

100 GIVEN



DAISY PUMP GUN
WIN one! Take-down model. "Gold-engraved" jacket. A 50 shot forced-feed pump action repeater with hard wooden stock, fore-end.

NO. 25 VALUE \$8 EACH

50 GIVEN



RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE
WIN one! Daisy's famous 1000-shot repeater that looks, feels, handles like real Western saddle gun. Realistic molded stock, fore-arm.

NO. 114 VALUE \$5.75 EACH

50 GIVEN



DAISY GRAVITY-FED REPEATER
WIN one! A 1000 shot repeater. Wooden stock. Metal blued.

NO. 81 VALUE \$4.95 EACH

50 GIVEN



Prices higher in Boston, West, Canada and subject to change without notice. Do not send rifle directions from Dealer.

TO: **RED RYDER**, Care of
DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. A-122, Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.
I enclose unused 3c stamp
to help pay mailing cost. **RUSH
FREE DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST KIT!**



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