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A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

OCT. NO. 19

# TEX RITTER

## WESTERN

*MORE STORY PAGES*  
*Featuring YOUR COWBOY*  
*HERO OF*  
*THE*  
*SILVER SCREEN!*



IF YUH TRY TO  
RIDE THROUGH US,  
WE'RE GOING TO SEE  
RED---AND THE RED  
IS GOING TO BE YORE  
BLOOD!

WHOA!  
WHOA!

BAH



# MIDNIGHT GUNMAN

By Clement Good



**"MY BOY**, if you intend to live long in this here territory, you'll sure have to start toting some firearms. Now I've got an old horse pistol I can let you have and . . ."

The young doctor interrupted. "No, I don't intend to carry a gun. My job is to heal people, not to hurt them!"

A grunt came from the older doctor. "I'm not saying you should hurt anybody. But you've got to protect yourself. If you carry a pistol only for show, it'll keep a heap of cowardly coyotes from jumping you."

The older man wiped a crumb from his goatee, then called, "Marthy, bring in some more sandwiches. The young doc's had a long trip and he's right hungry!"

The two men were having a snack in old Doc Trimble's office. Doc Trimble had met young Dr. Feller less than an hour before, when the latter arrived from the east on the High Noon stage.

Doc Trimble was delighted to welcome the young man, fresh out of medical school and internship, as a partner. The town of Bent Arrow had grown so fast there was entirely too much practise for one physician. Besides, Doc Trimble had reached an age where the long hours and hard work made his old bones ache.

Martha Jones, the smiling, middle-aged housekeeper, came in with a big tray of sandwiches and the two men fell to eating them in silence for awhile.

Finally the older man broke the silence. "I think you and me can get along fine, my boy. I like your medical school record and I like your clean-cut appearance. Yessir, just as I wrote to you, there's great opportunity here for a young man. Bent Arrow will be a great city one day and you're in on the ground floor so to speak. Now I don't aim to be bossy and I wouldn't tell you to do anything that's against your heart and conscience. But I do urge you to carry a gun if only to protect

your valuables."

"What valuables?" snorted Feller. "I'm wearing all the clothes I own, I've got no jewelry, and I used up all my money to pay my stage fare out here!"

Doc Trimble stroked his white whiskers. "You must at least have a watch. A doc needs a watch 'most as much as he needs a medical kit."

"Oh, sure, I've got a watch," grinned Feller, reaching into his vest pocket. "And it's real valuable—to me. That's because it was handed down to me from my father. But I don't think it would be worth much in a pawn shop. Take a look at it."

He handed the timepiece over to Doc Trimble. "Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed the latter. "This is the biggest watch I ever saw. Does she keep good time?"

"Yes, that's one thing I'll say for it. Never gains or loses a second."

Doc Trimble examined the watch silently for a moment, looked at the inscription on the back, and listened. Finally he exclaimed, "By George, this watch doesn't tick—she thumps. Sounds like there might be a midget inside beating a small bass drum."

Chuckling, young Feller responded, "That describes it all right. Don't reckon even a holdup man would want a watch like that!"

"Don't be too sure about that," growled the older physician. "Some of the bad hombres hereabouts would steal anything down to and including a bent horseshoe nail."

But Dr. Feller was stubborn. He had made up his mind that he wouldn't carry a weapon, no matter how wild the frontier town of Bent Arrow turned out to be. He was young and inexperienced. He had the mistaken notion that no man would be mean enough to rob a poor, hard-working doctor.

For several weeks young Feller made his rounds gunless and unmolested. As people  
(Continued on inside back cover)



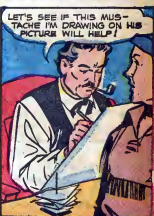
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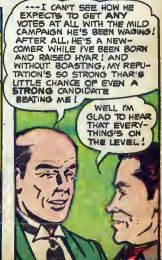
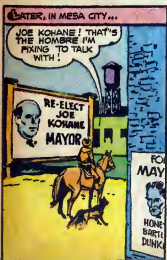
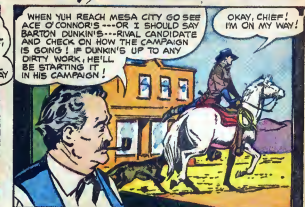
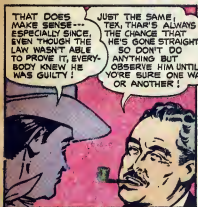
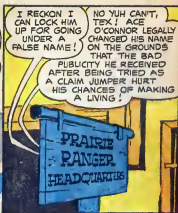
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President*

# Tex Ritter in The Ballot Box Riddle





BUT WHILE YOU'RE HYAR, TEX, YUH MIGHT INVESTIGATE ONE THING! IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS SOME TOUGH-LOOKING CHARACTERS HAVE DRIFTED INTO TOWN! THE SHERIFF'S KEEPING AN EYE ON THEM, BUT SINCE THEY'RE BEHAVIN' THEMSELVES THAT'S NOTHING HE CAN DO! NEVER-THELESS, I DON'T LIKE THEM BEING HYAR!

DID YOU EVER SEE ANY OF THESE HOMBRES WITH YOUR RIVAL, DUNKIN?

**OFFICE OF THE MAYOR**

NEVER! THEY HANG OUT JUST BY THEMSELVES AT OUR LOCAL SALOON!

I'LL LOOK IN BEFORE I LEAVE, MAYOR!



AT THE LOCAL SALOON ...

IF THOSE HOMBRES PLAYING CARDS ARE THE ONES MAYOR KOHANE MEANS, I RECOGNIZE THEM---THEY WERE WORKING WITH ACE O'CONNOR WHEN HE WAS ACCUSED OF CLAIM JUMPING!

BUT SINCE THEY'VE NEVER BEEN SEEN WITH O'CONNOR---OR I SHOULD SAY DUNKIN, THEY MAY BE HERE ON THEIR OWN---WAITING TO SEE IF HE'S ELECTED SO THAT THEY CAN CASH IN ON HIS PAST!

YES, SIR?

ER---DO YOU SERVE MEALS HERE?

WE SURE DO! HAVE A SEAT AT THAT TABLE AND THE WATER WILL SERVE YUH!

BUT AS TEX ORDERS ...

PSST---DO YUH RECOGNIZE THAT HOMBRE WHO JUST CAME IN?

I SURE DO---IT'S THE PRAIRIE RANGER, TEX RITTER! I RECKON I'D BETTER GO WARN THE BOSS!

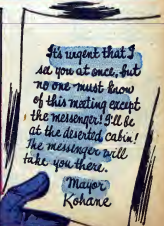
MEANWHILE, AT BARTON DUNKIN'S CAMPAIGN QUARTERS ...

I HOPE NO ONE NOTICED YUH TALKING TO THEM! I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO CONNECT THEM WITH US!

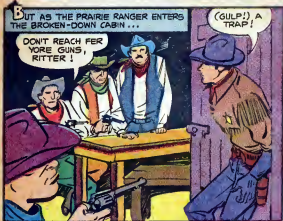
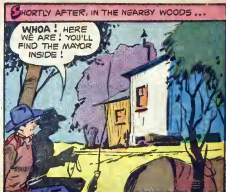
SAY, DUNKIN, I SEE YORE OLD GANG MOVED IN! NOTICED THEM DOWN AT THE SALOON!

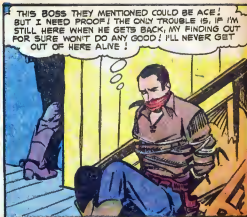
**VOTE FOR DUNKIN**

TEX RITTER WESTERN











TEX RITTER WESTERN

IT'S A LONG WALK BACK TO TOWN, BUT I RECKON WE DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE! ON THE DOUBLE, FURY!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE CABIN ...

(GULP!) HE'S GONE! HE MUST BE ON HIS WAY TO TOWN RIGHT NOW! IF HE CATCHES UP WITH ANY OF MY MEN, THOSE YELLOW CRITTERS MIGHT SQUEAL ABOUT MY PART IN THIS BUSINESS!

RELAX, DUNKIN! YORE MEN SAID HE DIDN'T HAVE A HORSE! IT'LL TAKE RITTER A LONG TIME TO REACH TOWN! I CAN MAKE SURE IN THE MEANTIME, YORE MEN WON'T SQUEAL!

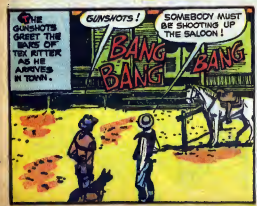


LATER, AT THE SALOON ...

WHAT'S THIS --- A HOLDUP?



NOW DUNKIN DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT ANY OF HIS OLD HENCHMEN SQUEALING!



THE GUNSHOTS GREET THE BARS OF TEX RITTER AS HE ARRIVES IN TOWN.

GUNSHOTS!

SOMEBODY MUST BE SHOOTING UP THE SALOON!



MY NAME'S TEX RITTER! I'M A PRAIRIE RANGER! BUT I HAVEN'T GOT MY GUNS! WILL YOU LEND ME YOURS?

TEX RITTER? SURE HYAR! IT IS!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



**BAWHILE...**

(GULP!) RITTER'S HYAR ALREADY! HE MUST HAVE RUN ALL THE WAY! I DON'T DARE LET HIM FIND ME HYAR---THE ONLY ONE ALIVE AND WITH A SMOKING SIX-SHOOTER! WHAT'LL I DO?



I GOT IT! FIRST I'LL GET RID OF THIS GUN---



---AND THEN HIDE BEHIND THIS TABLE!



THAT TABLE'S MOVING!

YOU---BEHIND THAT TABLE! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP OR YOU'LL ANSWER TO THIS SIX-SHOOTER!



DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT ---OH, IT'S YOU, TEX RITTER! THANK HEAVENS! I THOUGHT THE KILLER HAD COME BACK!

WHAT KILLER?



SOME WILD-LOOKING HOMBRE RUSHED IN HJAR AND STARTED SHOOTING! LUCKY HE DIDN'T SEE ME DIVE BEHIND THIS TABLE OR I'D BE DEAD LIKE EVERYONE ELSE IN HYAR!

WHERE DID THIS HOMBRE GO?



I DON'T KNOW! I WAS TOO BUSY KEEPING OUT OF SIGHT! IF YUH DIDN'T SEE HIM LEAVING WHEN YUH CAME IN, HE MUST HAVE GONE OUT THE BACK!

I RECKON I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK!



HE MUST HAVE GONE THROUGH THAT BACK DOOR THAR!

THAT WOULD BE POSSIBLE EXCEPT FOR ONE THING! BUT I'D BETTER NOT SAY ANYTHING UNTIL I DO A LITTLE MORE CHECKING!



I'D BETTER REPORT THIS TO THE SHERIFF!



BUT AS TEX RETURNS TO THE FRONT OF THE SALOON ...

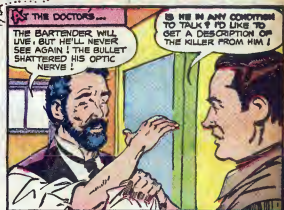
WHAT'S THAT?

GROAN



IT'S THE BARTENDER! HE'S UNCONSCIOUS BUT HE'S STILL ALIVE! I'D BETTER GET HIM TO A DOCTOR!

YHAR, I'LL HELP YUH!



THE DOCTORS ...

THE BARTENDER WILL LIVE, BUT HE'LL NEVER SEE AGAIN! THE BULLET SHATTERED HIS OPTIC NERVE!

IS HE IN ANY CONDITION TO TALK? I'D LIKE TO GET A DESCRIPTION OF THE KILLER FROM HIM!



IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S IN A COMA AND THAR'S NO TELLING HOW LONG IT'LL BE BEFORE HE COMES OUT OF IT!

WHEN HE DOES, CONTACT ME AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, DOCTOR!



THE SHERIFF MIGHT WANT YOU AS A WITNESS! IF SO, WILL HE KNOW WHERE TO FIND YOU?

HE WILL! JUST TELL HIM THAT IT WAS COB COLBY!

THINGS AREN'T WORKING OUT AS I PLANNED! I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT I'LL HAVE TO TELL THE BOSS THE FACTS!



AND SOON ...

YUH SHORE BUNGLED THINGS UP! WHEN THAT BARTENDER COMES TO, HE'LL DESCRIBE YUH AND EVERYONE KNOWS YO'RE MY CAMPION MANAGER! THEY'LL TIE US IN THIS TOGETHER! AND WE'LL HANG TOGETHER, TOO---UNLESS WE CAN MAKE SURE THAT BARTENDER NEVER OPENS HIS YAP!

I THOUGHT OF THAT, TOO, DUNKIN--- BUT HOW?



I'VE GOT AN IDEA--- BUT THIS TIME I'LL DO THE WORK MYSELF SO NOTHING WILL GO WRONG!

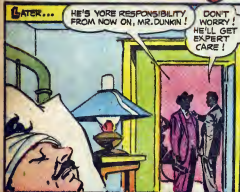
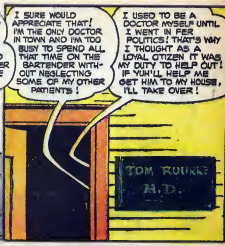
AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE...

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. DUNKIN! THE BARTENDER WILL NEED CONSTANT CARE FROM NOW UNTIL HE LEARNS HOW TO ADJUST HIMSELF TO HIS BLINNESS!

UNLESS YOU'RE GOING TO DO ALL THIS WORK YOURSELF, I'D LIKE TO VOLUNTEER FOR THE JOB!

I SURE WOULD APPRECIATE THAT! I'M THE ONLY DOCTOR IN TOWN AND I'M TOO BUSY TO SPEND ALL THAT TIME ON THE BARTENDER WITHOUT NEGLECTING SOME OF MY OTHER PATIENTS!

I USED TO BE A DOCTOR MYSELF UNTIL I WENT IN FOR POLITICS! THAT'S WHY I THOUGHT AS A LOYAL CITIZEN IT WAS MY DUTY TO HELP OUT! IF YOU'LL HELP ME GET HIM TO MY HOUSE, I'LL TAKE OVER!



HE'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY FROM NOW ON, MR. DUNKIN!

DON'T WORRY! HE'LL GET EXPERT CARE!



I DON'T GET IT, DUNKIN! WHAT GOOD'S IT GOING TO DO BRINGING THE BARTENDER HERE? IF YOU KILL HIM NOW, THEY'LL SURELY SUSPECT YOU!

USE YOUR HEAD, COLBY! HE'S BLIND! HE COULD WANDER AWAY AND FALL OVER A CLIFF!



BUT BY THE TIME HE'S STRONG ENOUGH TO WALK, HE COULD HAVE DOZENS OF VISITORS AND PLENTY OF TIME TO DO ALL THE TALKING HE WANTS TO!

YES, BUT I AIM TO THROW HIM OVER THE CLIFF PRONTO!

BUT WHAT IF ANYONE COMES LOOKING FOR HIM?

THAT'S NOT LIKELY! THIS BARTENDER LIVES ALL BY HIMSELF AND AS FAR AS I KNOW HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS! AND IF SOMEONE SHOULD COME LOOKING FOR HIM, WE CAN SAY THE DOCTOR LEFT STRICT ORDERS THAT HE'S TOO SICK TO HAVE VISITORS!



NOW LET'S GET HIM INTO THE BUCKBOARD SO I CAN GET THE JOB OVER WITH! IN A FEW WEEKS, WE'LL ANNOUNCE THAT THE BARTENDER JUST HAD A TRAGIC ACCIDENT!

OKAY, DUNKIN! IT SOUNDS GOOD! MEANWHILE, I'LL TRY TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO SWITCH THE BALLOT BOXES NOW THAT YOUR MEN ARE DEAD!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

**MEANWHILE, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...**

I'M SORRY, TEX, BUT I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING IN THE RECORDS ON COB COLBY! ARE YUH SURE HE KILLED THOSE PEOPLE IN THE SALOON!

I'M NOT POSITIVE, BUT I'M PRETTY SURE! THE BACK ROOM WAS FULL OF SAWDUST! IF ANYONE HAD ESCAPED THROUGH THERE, HE WOULD HAVE HAD TO LEAVE FOOTPRINTS! BUT THERE WEREN'T ANY!

WELL, COLBY DOESN'T HAVE A CRIMINAL RECORD!

THAT DOESN'T PROVE HE'S NOT A KILLER! IT ONLY PROVES HE'S NEVER BEEN CAUGHT! I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL THAT BARTENDER CAN GIVE ME A DESCRIPTION OF THE MURDERER!

**BUT BACK AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE...**

---BUT DOCTOR, DUNKIN NEVER PRACTISED MEDICINE! BEFORE HE CAME HERE HE WAS ACCUSED OF BEING A CLAIM JUMPER!

(GULP!) BUT HE SAID HE WAS A DOCTOR AND I HAD NO REASON TO DOUBT HIM!

LET'S GO, WHITE FLASH!

**SHORTLY AFTER, AT DUNKIN'S HOUSE...**

(GULP!) IT'S TEX RITTER! WHAT'S HE DOING HYAR?

COLBY! I'M SURPRISED TO FIND YOU HERE!

YUH SHOULDN'T BE! I'M DUNKIN'S CAMPAIGN MANAGER!

DUNKIN'S CAMPAIGN MANAGER! THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO ADD UP! FIRST DUNKIN'S HENCHMEN KID-NAPPED ME AND THEN WHEN I ESCAPED THEY WERE KILLED BEFORE THEY COULD SQUEAL ON HIM! AND WHO'S THE ONLY LIVING WITNESS? ---COLBY! BUT THIS IS STILL ONLY A HUNCH! I'LL NEED PROOF!

HE'S NOT HYAR! IS THAR ANYTHING I CAN DO FER YUH?

WHERE'S DUNKIN?

HE'S SLEEPING NOW AND THE DOCTOR LEFT ORDERS THAT NO ONE CAN SEE HIM!

WHERE IS THE PATIENT?

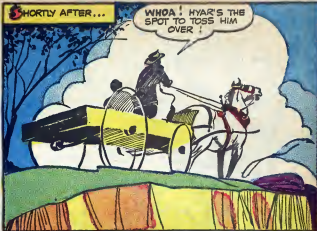








HE SEEMS TO HAVE PICKED UP THE SCENT! I'D BETTER TIE COLBY UP SO HE CAN'T ESCAPE!



SHORTLY AFTER...

WHOA! HYAR'S THE SPOT TO TOSS HIM OVER!



BUT JUST THEN...



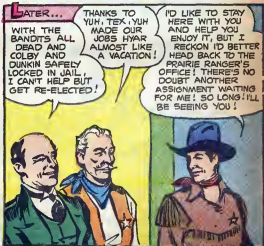
GOOD WORK, FURY! THAT BARTENDER OWES HIS LIFE TO YOU!

(GULP!) TEX RITTER



THAT'S RIGHT, ACE O'CONNOR, OR IF YOU PREFER, BARTON DUNKIN! THIS TIME I CAUGHT YOU IN THE ACT OF ATTEMPTED MURDER! NO JURY WILL FREE YOU NOW.

OKAY, RITTER! I RECKON YUH WIN THIS TIME!



LATER...

WITH THE BANDITS ALL DEAD AND COLBY AND DUNKIN SAFELY LOCKED IN JAIL, I CAN'T HELP BUT GET RE-ELECTED!

THANKS TO YUH, TEX, YUH MADE OUR JOBS HYAR ALMOST LIKE A VACATION!

I'D LIKE TO STAY HERE WITH YOU AND HELP YOU ENJOY IT, BUT I RECKON I'D BETTER HEAD BACK TO THE PRAIRIE RANGER'S OFFICE! THERE'S NO DOUBT ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT WAITING FOR ME! SO LONG! I'LL BE SEEING YOU!

# RIDING THE RANGE

WITH  
**TEX RITTER**

121 SOUTH BEVERLY DRIVE  
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.



HOWDY, FOLKS,

I RECKON ALL OF YOU HAVE SEEN A BUCKING BRONCO--- EITHER THE REAL THING OR A PICTURE OF ONE. BUT HOW MANY OF YOU KNOW *WHY* A BRONCO BUCKS THE WAY HE DOES. IS IT BECAUSE HE'S PLUMB MEAN? OR BECAUSE HE DOESN'T LIKE A RIDER ON HIS BACK?

NO-- A BRONCO BUCKS BECAUSE OF HIS ANCESTRY. YOU SEE, PARTNERS, A WILD HORSE IN THE OLD WEST WAS REALLY ON HIS OWN. BESIDES THE HARDSHIPS OF NATURE, THERE WERE THE ANIMAL ENEMIES--- COYOTES WHO LIKED TO ATTACK THE YOUNG HORSES, BIG TIMBER WOLVES AND GRIZZLY BEARS, AND PERHAPS WORST OF ALL, THE SLEEK, MOUNTAIN LION.

NOW, A HORSE FOUGHT OFF SOME OF THESE ENEMIES WITH FLYING HOOPS AND RIPPING TEETH, FOR BELIEVE YOU ME, FRIENDS, A HORSE CAN BITE PLENTY HARD. BUT WHEN A MOUNTAIN LION LEAPT FROM A HIGH ROCK AND LANDED ON A HORSE'S BACK, THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING HE COULD DO--- BUCK AND BUCK HARD! THIS GOES BACK THOUSANDS OF YEARS WHEN WILD HORSES ALL OVER THE WORLD WERE BEING ATTACKED BY JUNGLE CATS THAT EVEN ROAMED WHAT IS EUROPE TODAY. A HORSE HAD TO KNOW HOW TO BUCK TO SURVIVE! AND THAT HERITAGE WAS BROUGHT DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS TO THE WESTERN COW-PONY. THAT'S WHY, EVEN TODAY, WHEN SOMETHING LANDS ON A WILD HORSE'S BACK, LIKE A RIDER, HE GOES PLUMB WILD IN AN EFFORT TO GET IT OFF!

OF COURSE, AFTER HE FINDS HE CAN'T THROW THE RIDER, AND REALIZES THAT IT'S NOT SOME MOUNTAIN LION TRYING TO KILL HIM, HE QUIETS DOWN AND BECOMES WHAT THE COWPUNCHER CALLS "BROKEN"! THE SAME THING APPLIES TO THE STEERS AND BUFFALOS THAT ARE SUCH FIERCE BUCKERS! THEY, TOO, FACED THE SAME ENEMIES THE HORSE DID!

SO YOU SEE, FRIENDS, THERE'S A REASON FOR EVERYTHING. THAT GOES FOR HUMANS, TOO. IF YOU KNOW OF SOMEONE WHO ACTS STRANGE, OR MAYBE SEEMS UNFRIENDLY, DON'T JUST WRITE HIM OFF, BUT TRY TO LEARN THE REASON FOR HIS BEHAVIOR. THAT MIGHT EXPLAIN A LOT.

BUT NOW IT'S TIME TO RIDE ON! TILL NEXT TIME, PARTNERS-- GOOD RIDING!

YOUR PARD,

*Tex Ritter*



# BUFFALO BULL

IN "THE LIGHT THAT DIDN'T FAIL!"



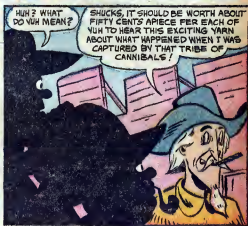
HOWDY, BUFFALO BULL!  
WE HAVEN'T SEEN YUH IN  
A LONG TIME! WHAR HAVE  
YUH BEEN?

IN THE WILDS  
OF AFRICA!  
I WAS HUNTING AND  
IT ALMOST COST ME  
MY LIFE!



JEEPERS! TELL  
US ABOUT IT!

SURE, I'LL BE GLAD TO...  
IF YUH'LL ALL CHIP IN AND  
BUY ME A GOOD DINNER!



HUH? WHAT  
DO YUH MEAN?

SHUCKS, IT SHOULD BE WORTH ABOUT  
FIFTY CENTS APIECE PER EACH OF  
YUH TO HEAR THIS EXCITING YARN  
ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I WAS  
CAPTURED BY THAT TRIBE OF  
CANNIBALS!



IT'S ALL RIGHT  
WITH ME! I'LL  
CHIP IN MY  
SHARE!

SO WILL I!  
I'M ANXIOUS  
TO FINDOUT  
WHAT  
HAPPENED!

ME,  
TOO!



HA, HA, WITH A GIFT OF GAB LIKE  
MINE I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY  
ABOUT WORKING! I CAN ALWAYS  
GET CHUMPS LIKE THESE  
CRITTERS FOR MY MEALS!



ALL RIGHT, FELLOWS, IT'S A DEAL!  
NOW LET'S GET OVER TO THE  
RESTAURANT! WHILE WE'RE  
WALKING THAR, I'LL TELL YUH  
MY TALE!



HE SAID: "SHOW ME SOMETHING I HAVE NEVER SEEN BEFORE AND I WILL SPARE YOUR LIFE..."

\* I REACHED INTO MY POCKET AND TOOK OUT MY CIGARETTE LIGHTER..."



DID I HEAR YUH STRAIGHT, CHIEF? IF I SHOW YUH SOMETHING YUH NEVER SAW BEFORE, YUH'LL SPARE MY LIFE?—

THAT'S RIGHT!



THIS CIGARETTE LIGHTER... IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

"AS I FLICKED THE WHEEL, THE FLINT SPARKED THE WICK..."



WHAT HAPPENED?

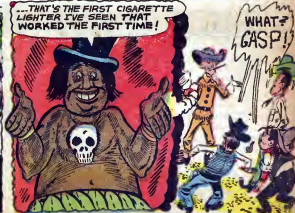
YUH SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE CHIEF'S FACE WHEN I LIT THE CIGARETTE LIGHTER! HE WAS AMAZED!

\* MY HEART ROSE AS I HEARD HIS WORDS...



YOU CAN GO FREELY...

...THAT'S THE FIRST CIGARETTE LIGHTER I'VE SEEN THAT WORKED THE FIRST TIME!



WHAT? GASP!





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# BOBBY'S BULL'S-EYE



AND IF I CATCH YOU SHOOTING THAT GUN IN THE STREET AGAIN, I'LL TAKE IT AWAY FROM YOU!

YES, SIR!



GEE WHIZ, TOM, MY FATHER GAVE ME THIS SWELL AIR GUN FOR MY BIRTHDAY, AND NOW I CAN'T HAVE ANY FUN WITH IT!

YOU CAN, BUT IT'S WRONG TO SHOOT YOUR GUN IN THE STREETS! WHY DON'T YOU JOIN OUR JUNIOR AIR RIFLE CLUB?

A FEW MONTHS AGO A WHOLE GANG OF US GOT AIR GUNS, BUT WE HAD THE SAME PROBLEM AS YOU, SO WE STARTED A CLUB WITH A CONSTITUTION AND OFFICERS AND EVERYTHING!

THEN WE SET UP OUR OWN TARGET RANGE AND GOT A COUPLE OF DADS TO ACT AS INSTRUCTORS FOR US!

BEFORE LONG WE HAD ALL LEARNED TO SHOOT AND THEN WE STARTED REAL COMPETITIVE MATCHES WITH PRIZES AND ALL! IT WAS LOTS OF FUN!



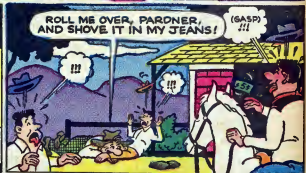
SAY, THAT SOUNDS REAL GREAT, TOM! I'D LIKE TO JOIN!



WHY DON'T YOU GET IN ON THE FUN, TOO, KIDS? START A JUNIOR AIR RIFLE CLUB IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD! FOR FULL FREE DETAILS, WRITE TO:  
**JUNIOR SAFETY INSTITUTE, SUITE 1000-A  
 230 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE,  
 CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS!**

# HAMMER-HEAD-

THE WINNER!



# WHIZ BANKS

## A BIG FISH!



# Tex Ritter in THE EVIL EYE IN ROOM 13



HERE'S THE LAST OF THE HALLOWAY GANG, CHIEF! I CAUGHT HIM IN THE HILLS TRYING TO ESCAPE OVER THE BORDER!

GOOD WORK, TEX! YUH CAUGHT THE WHOLE ROTTEN BAND OF OUT-LAWS BY YORESELF!

YUH LOOK KIND OF WORN OUT, TEX! TAKE A FEW DAYS OFF AND RELAX!

THANKS, CHIEF! I AM A LITTLE TIRED!

I RECKON A FEW NIGHTS' SLEEP IN A SOFT BED INSTEAD OF OUT ON THE PRAIRIE WILL DO ME A LOT OF GOOD! I'LL GO CHECK IN AT THE HOTEL!

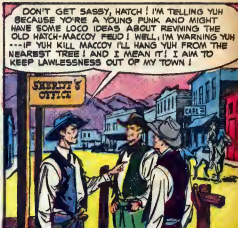


MEANWHILE, IN THE NEXT TOWN, ELBOW CREEK....



LISTEN, HATCH, JIM MACCOY BLEW INTO ELBOW CREEK TODAY ALL THE WAY FROM CALIFORNIA TO SELL HIS FAMILY'S LAST BIT OF PROPERTY HYAR.

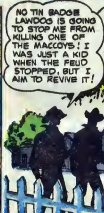
IF YOU'RE HANDING OUT INFORMATION, SHERIFF, YOU'RE KIND OF SLOW! I KNOW THAT ALREADY!



DON'T GET SASSY, HATCH! I'M TELLING YUH BECAUSE YOU'RE A YOUNG PUNK AND MIGHT HAVE SOME LOCO IDEAS ABOUT REVIVING THE OLD HATCH-MACCOY FEUD! WELL, I'M WARNING YUH ---IF YUH KILL MACCOY I'LL HANG YUH FROM THE NEAREST TREE! AND I MEAN IT! I AIM TO KEEP LAWLESSNESS OUT OF MY TOWN!



CUT IT OUT, SHERIFF! YOU'RE BREAKING MY HEART! C'MON, MATT, I'M GETTING BORED! LET'S MOSEY ALONG!



NO TIN BADGE LAWDOGS IS GOING TO STOP ME FROM KILLING ONE OF THE MACCOYS! I WAS JUST A KID WHEN THE FEUD STOPPED, BUT I AIM TO REVIVE IT!



BUT WHAT ABOUT THE SHERIFF? HE SAID HE'D STRING YUH UP IF YUH SHOT MACCOY!



HE'S SHERIFF ONLY IN ELBOW CREEK! HE CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO ME IF MACCOY IS SHOT IN ANOTHER TOWN. WELL, MACCOY HAS TO RIDE OVER TO RED CHECKER GULCH TO CATCH THE TRAIN THAR TO THE COAST! I AIM TO TRAIL AND SHOOT HIM ONCE WE'RE OUT OF THE TOWN'S LIMITS!

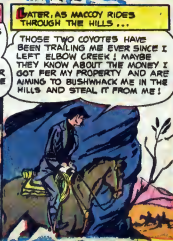
I'LL GO WITH YUH, GLASS-EYE!



MEANWHILE, IN THE LOCAL LAWYER'S OFFICE...

HYAR'S THE MONEY FOR THE PROPERTY, MACCOY!

THANKS! WELL, THAR'S NO USE STICKING AROUND THIS TOWN ANY LONGER! I'M GOING TO RIDE OVER TO RED CHECKER GULCH AND CATCH THE FIRST TRAIN BACK TO CALIFORNIA!

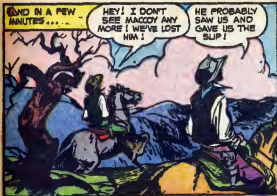


LATER, AS MACCOY RIDES THROUGH THE HILLS...

THOSE TWO COYOTES HAVE BEEN TRAILING ME EVER SINCE I LEFT ELBOW CREEK! MAYBE THEY KNOW ABOUT THE MONEY I GOT FOR MY PROPERTY AND ARE AIMING TO BUSHWHACK ME IN THE HILLS AND STEAL IT FROM ME!



I COULD BE WRONG, BUT I DON'T AIM TO TAKE ANY CHANCES! I'M GOING TO SHAKE THEM! I KNOW SECRET TRAILS AROUND HYAR FROM WHEN I WAS A KID THAT THEY PROBABLY NEVER HEARD OF!



**LAND IN A FEW MINUTES...**

HEY! I DON'T SEE MACCOY ANY MORE! WE'VE LOST HIM!

HE PROBABLY SAW US AND GAVE US THE SLIP!



IT DON'T MATTER! I DON'T HAVE TO KILL HIM HYAR IN THE HILLS! I CAN DO IT IN RED CHECKER GULCH JUST AS WELL! I'LL DRILL HIM BEFORE HE GETS ON THE TRAIN!



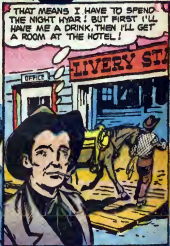
**EATER THAT DAY...**

WELL, I GAVE THOSE MAVERICKS THE SLIP! SHUCKS, THEY PROBABLY WEREN'T EVEN FOLLOWING ME! ANYWAY, HYAR'S THE DEPOT!

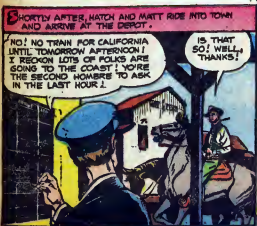


WHEN'S THE NEXT TRAIN LEAVE FOR THE COAST?

TOMORROW AFTERNOON AT 2:10!



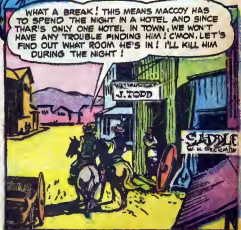
THAT MEANS I HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT HYAR! BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE ME A DRINK, THEN I'LL GET A ROOM AT THE HOTEL!



**3** SHORTLY AFTER, HATCH AND MATT RIDE INTO TOWN AND ARRIVE AT THE DEPOT.

NO! NO TRAIN FOR CALIFORNIA UNTIL TOMORROW AFTERNOON! I RECKON LOTS OF FOLKS ARE GOING TO THE COAST! YO'RE THE SECOND HOMBRE TO ASK IN THE LAST HOUR!

IS THAT SO! WELL, THANKS!



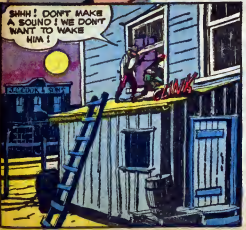
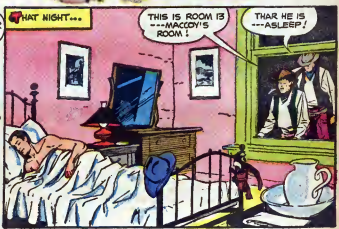
WHAT A BREAK! THIS MEANS MACCOY HAS TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN A HOTEL AND SINCE THAR'S ONLY ONE HOTEL IN TOWN, WE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE FINDING HIM! C'WON, LET'S FIND OUT WHAT ROOM HE'S IN! I'LL KILL HIM DURING THE NIGHT!







TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

I'M GOING TO WRITE A NEW CHAPTER IN THE HATCH-MACCOY FEUD IN BLOOD--- MACCOY'S BLOOD!



DIE, YUH DOG OF A MACCOY!



POOR TEX! IS HE TO DIE, AN INNOCENT VICTIM, AT THE HANDS OF THIS BLOODTHIRSTY KILLER?

BUT THE PRAIRIE RANGER'S EARS HAVE BEEN TRAINED TO PICK UP THE SLIGHTEST SOUND AND AS THE KNIFE PLUNGES DOWN HE AWAKES.



WHAT---

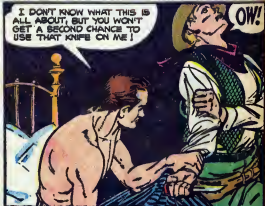
WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, TEX MOVES OUT OF DANGER.

(GULP!) I MISSED! HE ROLLED ASIDE!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, BUT YOU WON'T GET A SECOND CHANCE TO USE THAT KNIFE ON ME!

OW!



DROP THAT KNIFE!

OH, OH! MACCOY IS GETTING THE BEST OF HATCH!



NOW, LET'S SEE HOW TOUGH YOU ARE WITHOUT THAT KNIFE!

OOOOH, YOU'RE BREAKING MY ARM!



I'VE GOT TO HELP HATCH! IT'S SO DARK MACCOY HASN'T SEEN ME!

CONK



(GROAN!) GOOD WORK, MATT! I DIDN'T THINK THAT BREAKING MACCOY WAS SO TOUGH!



NOW I'LL FINISH THE JOB!



HEY! THIS ISN'T MACCOY!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE MUST BE IN THE WRONG ROOM!



NO, THIS IS ROOM 13! MACCOY MUST HAVE SWITCHED HIS ROOM FOR SOME REASON ---OH, OH! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!



MR. RITTER! MR. RITTER! WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE?

SHHH! IT'S THE ROOM CLERK! HE MUST HAVE HEARD THE SCUFFLE! C'MON! GET OUT OF HYAR PRONTO BEFORE HE OPENS THE DOOR WITH HIS PASS KEY!



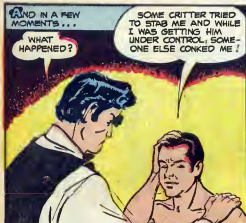
WHILE THE CLERK IS TRYING TO REVIVE THAT HOMBRE, WE CAN SLIP AROUND THE FRONT AND CHECK THE REGISTER BOOK. ONCE WE SEE WHAT ROOM MACCOY IS IN NOW, WE'LL GET HIM FOR SURE!



I'D BETTER OPEN THE DOOR AND SEE WHAT HAPPENED IN THAR!



OH, OH! RITTER'S BEEN KNOCKED OUT! I HOPE I CAN BRING HIM AROUND!



AND IN A FEW MOMENTS...

WHAT HAPPENED?

SOME CRITTER TRIED TO STAB ME AND WHILE I WAS GETTING HIM UNDER CONTROL, SOMEONE ELSE KONKED ME!



DID YUH SEE WHO THEY WERE?

WELL, IT WAS PRETTY DARK AND IT HAPPENED SO FAST I DIDN'T SEE THE SECOND VARMINT AT ALL! BUT I DID SEE THE FIRST ONE'S FACE AND IT LOOKED AS IF HE HAD A GLASS EYE!



A GLASS EYE! HMMM! HE MUST BE A STRANGER IN TOWN! NOBODY AROUND HYAR HAS A GLASS EYE! WHAT DO YUH RECKON THEY WERE UP TO --- ROBBERY?

I SUPPOSE SO---NO! MY MONEY AND MY WATCH ARE STILL ON THE NIGHT TABLE! HMMM! THAT'S PECULIAR! I WONDER---

---IF THIS HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT HOMBRE NOT WANTING THIS ROOM!

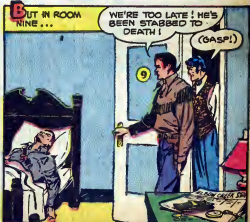
YUH MEAN MR. MACCOY?

YES! MAYBE HE KNEW THEY WERE AFTER HIM AND WAS ANXIOUS TO GET OUT OF THIS ROOM, FEARING THAT THEY WOULD TRY TO GET AT HIM DURING THE NIGHT!

IF THAT'S THE CASE, MACCOY SURE PLAYED A DIRTY TRICK ON YOU!



MAYBE I'M JUST JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS AND THIS ATTACK ON ME HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH MACCOY, BUT I AIM TO FIND OUT! YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG WITH ME TO MY FIRST ROOM, NUMBER NINE!

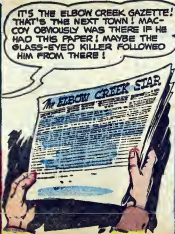
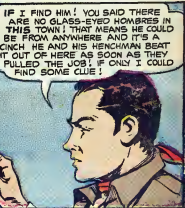
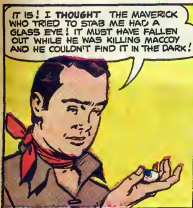


BUT IN ROOM NINE...

WE'RE TOO LATE! HE'S BEEN STABBED TO DEATH!

(GASP!)

TEX RITTER WESTERN





TEX RITTER WESTERN

**D**AWN HAS ALREADY BROKEN WHEN TEX ARRIVES ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ELBOW CREEK, AND THE FIRST MAN HE SEES ...

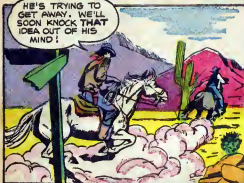
AN HOMBRE WITH A PATCH OVER HIS EYE! I'LL BET HE'S THE ONE I'M LOOKING FOR!



AFTER HIM, WHITE FLASH!



HE'S TRYING TO GET AWAY. WE'LL SOON KNOCK THAT IDEA OUT OF HIS MIND!



GOOD BOY! WE'RE CLOSE ENOUGH TO ROPE HIM!



T-T-TAKE M-MY MONEY, BUT DON'T SHOOT ME!

TAKE YOUR MONEY? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



AREN'T YUH A CROOK?

NO, I'M A PRAIRIE RANGER! AND DON'T TRY TO PLAY INNOCENT, IT WON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE! LIFT THAT EYE PATCH!

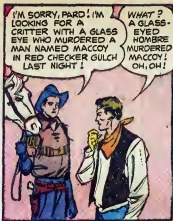






LIFT MY EYE-PATCH? SURE! BUT I DON'T SAVVY WHY YO'RE INTERESTED IN THE SHINER I GOT IN THAT FIGHT LAST NIGHT!

(GULP!) THE PATCH ONLY COVERS A BLACK EYE!



I'M SORRY, PARD! I'M LOOKING FOR A CRITTER WITH A GLASS EYE WHO MURDERED A MAN NAMED MACCOY IN RED CHECKER GULCH LAST NIGHT!

WHAT? A GLASS-EYED HOMBRE MURDERED MACCOY! OH, OH!



YOU SOUND AS IF YOU KNOW SOMETHING! WHAT IS IT?

WELL, I AIN'T ONE TO TELL TALES OUT OF SCHOOL---



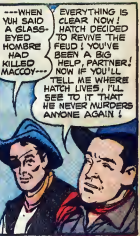
LISTEN, THIS ISN'T SCHOOL! THIS IS A SERIOUS AFFAIR! A MAN HAS BEEN MURDERED! IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING, IT'S YOUR DUTY AS A GOOD CITIZEN TO REVEAL IT!

I RECKON YO'RE RIGHT! THAR IS A GLASS-EYED HOMBRE IN THIS TOWN! HIS HANDLE IS AD HATCH!



YOU KNOW HIM?

YES! MANY YEARS AGO HIS FAMILY AND THE MACCOYS HAD BEEN CARRYING ON A BLOODY FEUD! IT STOPPED ONLY WHEN THE MACCOYS MOVED AWAY! BUT JIM MACCOY CAME TO TOWN YESTERDAY TO SELL A PIECE OF PROPERTY! WELL---



---WHEN YUH SAID A GLASS-EYED HOMBRE HAD KILLED MACCOY---

EVERYTHING IS CLEAR NOW! HATCH DECIDED TO REVIVE THE FEUD! YOU'VE BEEN A BIG HELP, PARTNER! NOW IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHERE HATCH LIVES, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT HE NEVER MURDERS ANYONE AGAIN!



SHORTLY AFTER ...

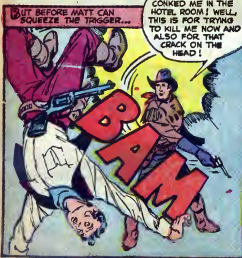
WHAT DO YUH WANT?

I HAVE SOMETHING YOU LOST!



LOST?

YES--YOUR GLASS EYE!



## Midnight Gunman

*(Continued from inside front cover)*

learned to trust him, he was able to take more and more of the burden from old Doc Trimble. Then the latter became bedridden with a severe attack of rheumatism and the youth found out how a pioneer doctor really has to work.

He was trying to catch a few winks of much needed sleep one night when, around midnight, the message came that he was desperately needed out at the Bar-T Ranch. The sheriff had been critically wounded in a gunfight with rustlers. Feller dressed hurriedly, grabbed his medical kit, and hurried in the dark to the shed out back where he kept his horse. He went to unlock the door and found it already open. It was then he felt the gun prodding his back.

A gravelly voice said, "Don't yell out, Doc. Just step back inside the shed. It's too bad you had to come along now. I won't shoot you unless I have to!"

In the shed he was relieved of his kit. His hands were tied behind him. Then, after closing the door, the stickup man lit a lantern. Feller recognized the gunman as a loafer called "Slippery" whom he had seen hanging around outside the town cafes.

Slippery chuckled, "You recognize me, don't you, Doc? It's no matter. I'll be across the border before you get a chance to tell anybody about this."

"What do you want?" asked the physician. "I've got no money."

"It's your horse I need most," said Slippery. "Knowing you never carry a gun, I figured this would be the easiest horse in town to steal. Now, just for luck, I'll take along your bag of tools and—well, well, I can use this, too!" The last remark came as he took Feller's watch and slipped it into his own vest pocket.

"You can't take the horse or the kit," exclaimed the doctor desperately. "I've got an emergency call to make. The sheriff is critically wounded and . . ."

"Well, now, ain't that just too bad?" Slippery gave a nasty laugh. "If I take the horse, my old friend the sheriff is liable to kick off.

Ain't that just too bad!"

"He'll live longer than you will," asserted Feller.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Slippery, sharply. "You think I'll hang or something? I'll be safe and sound across the border."

"You won't hang. You'll drop dead," said the young doctor, flatly. "You're a sick man, Slippery. I can tell it by your complexion and your eyes. I've been observing you for days. You've got a very bad heart. I'll bet you get out of breath when you run upstairs."

"That's so," admitted Slippery, sounding worried. "Hey, are you tryin' to scare me?"

"This excitement is very bad for you," continued the doctor. "You may drop dead when you try to mount that horse."

"Say, you can't bluff me. I . . ."

"Quiet! Listen! Why I can hear your heart beating way over here!"

Thump-thump-thump-thump!

Slippery turned white as a sheet. "Doc! Don't let me die! Do something!"

"Digitalis is the thing for the heart," responded the physician. "But I can't do anything for you. My hands are tied."

With shaking fingers, Slippery undid the knots that bound the doctor's wrists. Then the doc administered—not digitalis—but a knock-out blow to Slippery's chin. He took time to tie up the man in the shed before he rode out to save the sheriff.

**D**OC TRIMBLE was sitting up, beaming at his young partner. "I'm glad you decided to carry a gun, young Feller," he said, "but you've got such a smart brain I'm not sure you need it. But tell me, has Slippery really got a cardiac condition?"

"Well, he has a bad heart—that is to say, an evil heart. But what scared him wasn't his ticker at all—it was my watch that he had stolen going thump-thump-thump in his vest pocket!"

THE END

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