

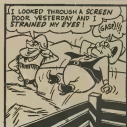
TEX RITTER

WESTERN 10¢



STAN CAMPBELL

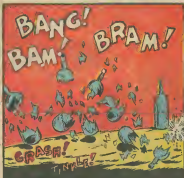
YOUR FAVORITE WESTERN STAR IN **action packed stories of the wild and wooly west!**



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

WHEN THE AIR CLEARS, NOTHING REMAINS ON THE ROCK BUT SHATTERED BITS OF GLASS ...



SIX OUT OF SIX...

THAT RITTER'S THE FASTEST GUN I'VE EVER SEEN!



NO DOUBT ABOUT WHO OWNS THIS, TEX! CONGRATULATIONS! THAT ENDS THE DAY'S EVENTS!



BETTER LUCK, NEXT TIME, PETE...

NEVER MIND NEXT TIME! I CHALLENGE YOU TO A CANOE RACE RIGHT NOW!



I'D LIKE TO RACE YOU, PETE, BUT NOT IN THIS CHOPPY WATER! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS...



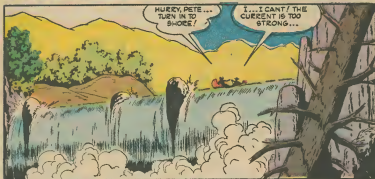
WE'LL TRY IT SOME OTHER TIME! I'LL SEE YOU TWO AT THE PICNIC TABLE!



TEX RITTER WESTERN



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TEX RITTER WESTERN

MEANWHILE... AT THE PICNIC...



SALLY AND PETE ARE GOING OVER THUNDER ROCK FALLS IN A CANOE! I SAW 'EM HEADED STRAIGHT FOR IT...



TEX... YOU CAN'T GO NEAR THOSE FALLS IN ANOTHER CANOE... AND GET AWAY FROM THEM AGAIN...
I'M NOT GOING TO USE A CANOE!



LET'S GO, WHITE FLASH! IF YOU EVER MOVED... DO IT NOW!



THERE THEY ARE... RIGHT AT THE BRINK...



THIS ROCK IS SLIPPERY, BUT I'VE GOT TO HOLD ON AS LONG AS I CAN!

PETE... MY ARMS ARE NUMB! I... I'M LOSING MY HOLD...

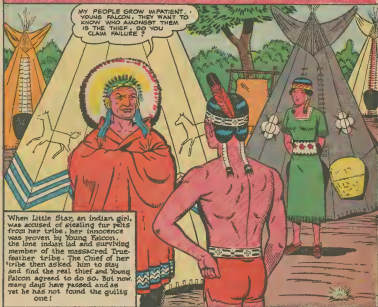


TEX RITTER WESTERN



YOUNG FALCON

UNMASKS
THE GUILTY



MY PEOPLE GROW IMPATIENT, YOUNG FALCON. THEY WANT TO KNOW WHO AMONGST THEM IS THE THIEF. DO YOU CLAIM FAILURE?

When Little Star, an Indian girl, was accused of stealing fur pelts from her tribe, her innocence was proven by Young Falcon, the lone Indian lad and surviving member of the massacred True-feather tribe. The Chief of her tribe then asked him to stay and find the real thief and Young Falcon agreed to do so. But now, many days have passed and as yet he has not found the guilty one!



NO, GREAT CHIEF! TELL YOUR PEOPLE THAT I AM READY CERTAIN WHO THE GUILTY ONE IS. I WILL REVEAL HIM BEFORE THE MOON IS FULL.

GOOD! THAT IS BUT ANOTHER DAY OR TWO. I WILL TELL THE GOOD PEOPLE OF OUR TRIBE YOUR WORDS.



WHEN THE CHIEF LEAVES, LITTLE STAR COMES FORWARD---

YESTERDAY YOU SAID THE GUILTY ONE HAD LEFT NOTHING TO MARK HIM! NOW YOU TELL THE CHIEF YOU KNOW WHO IT IS! WHAT CLUES HAVE YOU FOUND, YOUNG FALCON?

NONE, LITTLE STAR! THAT IS EXACTLY WHY I TOLD THE CHIEF WHAT I JUST DID. THE GUILTY ONE WILL HEAR IT.



YOU SEE, WHEN YOU CANNOT FIND THE FOX, THE WAY TO CATCH HIM IS TO MAKE HIM COME TO YOU! AND NOW, THE FOX WILL SHOW HIMSELF, TO TRY TO STOP ME BEFORE I REVEAL HIM; BUT I WILL BE WAITING FOR HIM!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

THAT NIGHT, IN HIS TEPEE, YOUNG FALCON, MAINTAINS A WATCHFUL VIGIL---

WHEN THE GUILTY ONE COMES BREAKING UP, I WILL SEE HIS SHADOW ON THE TEPEE. WE WILL FWO A WELCOME HE DOES NOT EXPECT!

THE INKY BLACK BLANKET OF LATE NIGHT FALLS! SUDDENLY....

HE COMES CRAWLING ON HIS STOMACH LIKE THE SNAKE THAT HE IS!

MY EYE WORKED PERFECTLY! HE HAS COME TO PREVENT ME FROM REVEALING HIM AND SO HE WILL REVEAL HIMSELF!



BUT WHEN YOUNG FALCON RUSHES FORTH TO SEIZE THE THIEF!

NOW, THIEF! YOU ARE--UUUUSH!

I AM HERE, SMART ONE! I SUSPECTED YOU WOULD BE WAITING TO TRAP ME!



PULLING MY HEADPIECE ALONG THE GROUND WITH A STRING WORKED JUST AS I PLANNED! TWO CAN PLAY AT GETTING TRAPS!



HOW TO CARRY HIM DEEP INTO THE WOODS AND FINISH HIM THERE! THEN IT WILL APPEAR HE HAD PLED IN THE NIGHT, UNABLE TO FULFILL HIS PROMISE OF REVEALING THE THIEF!



MINUTES LATER, IN THE WOODS, THE EVIL INDIAN THROWS THE UNCONSCIOUS FALCON TO THE GROUND!

(PUFF)(PUFF) HE IS HEAVY! I MUST REST AWHILE! SOON I SHALL END HIS LIFE!



TEX RITTEL WESTERN

BUT THE COOL FOREST GRASS,
WET WITH HEAVY DEW, SERVED TO
REVIVE YOUNG FALCON!

HE SITS CLOSE BESIDE ME; I
AM CERTAIN HE IS WELL ARMED.
I MUST STRIKE SWIFTLY AND
SUDDENLY! MAY THE LUCK OF THE
GOOD BE WITH ME!



WITH THE SPEED OF THE BIRD
WHOSE NAME HE BEARS, YOUNG
FALCON SPRINGS INTO ACTION!

UUUUUH!
SMACK!



I WILL CUT YOU
INTO PIECES
TOO SMALL FOR
EVEN THE
WOODYS TO
FIND!

REST YOUR
TONGUE, KNAVE!
YOU WILL NEED
IT TO TELL YOUR
PEOPLE OF ALL
YOUR MISDEEDS!



I'LL TELL NO ONE AND
NEITHER WILL YOU!
OOOOOPS---
NEEDED!

LITTLE DEEDS
ALWAYS FOLLOW
BIG TALK!



POW!

OOOOH!



THIS IS YOUR END, EVIL
ONE! I SHALL RETURN YOU
TO CAMP WHERE THE CHIEF
WILL METE OUT JUSTICE!

UUGH!

CRACK!



AFTER YOUNG FALCON HAS TURNED THE
GUILTY ONE OVER TO THE CHIEF, THE
MORNING SUN RISES ON A HAPPY SCENE...

YOU HAVE KEPT YOUR
PROMISE AND FOUND
THE GUILTY ONE, YOUNG
FALCON. I AM PROUD
OF YOU! WHY DO YOU
NOT STAY HERE WITH
US AND BE ONE OF
OUR TRIBAL BROTHERS?

PLEASE DO YOUNG
FALCON!

I WOULD BE
MOST HAPPY TO,
IT HAS BEEN A
LONG TIME
SINCE I'VE HAD
A HOME AND
CLOSE FRIENDS.



YOUNG
FALCON
HAS
FOUND A
NEW
HOME
AND
HONORABLE
FRIENDS!
BUT
A NEW
MENACE
ALSO
AWAITS
THE
HEROIC
LAD!
WATCH FOR
YOUNG
FALCON
IN A FUTURE
ISSUE OF
TEX RITTEL
WESTERN
ON SALE
ONLY 10¢

TEX RITTER WESTERN

RIDING THE RANGE



WITH

TEX RITTER

HOWDY PAROS,

WHITE FLASH AND I DROPPED IN AT A BIG RODEO THE OTHER DAY AND SAW A COLLECTION OF RIGHT FINE BRONC'BUSTERS AT WORK. ONE YOUNG FELLOW CAUGHT MY EYE. THE CALM BUT DEFIANT EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE, AND THE DETERMINED SET OF HIS SHOULGERS, REMINDED ME OF SOMETHING I'D SEEN ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO...

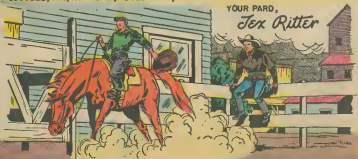
THE INCIDENT I RECALLED TOOK PLACE IN THE CORRAL AT THE SPRAWLING LAZY-J SPREAD. THREE TEEN-AGE BOYS WERE THERE, TAKING TURNS AT TRYING TO BREAK ONE OF THE RANCH'S MOST FIERY STALLIONS. TWO OF THE BOYS WERE TALL AND BRAWNY, THE THIRO HOMBRE WAS SHORT AND KIND OF SKINNY. AS I WATCHED, THE BOYS CLIMBED ABOARD THAT PASSEL OF FOUR-LEGGED DYNAMITE ONE AT A TIME...AND WERE TOSSED ON THEIR EARS! SEVERAL TIMES EACH ONE WENT DOWN IN A SHOWER OF DUST. THEN THE TWO TALL YOUNGSTERS BRUSHED THEMSELVES OFF AND LIMPEO AWAY TO THE BUNK HOUSE. THE THIN KID DIDN'T GIVE UP, THOUGH, DESPITE THE BEATING HE MUST'VE BEEN TAKING. AGAIN AND AGAIN HE PICKED HIMSELF UP OFF THE GROUND AND CLIMBED BACK ONTO THAT ORNERY STALLION. IT WAS OARK WHEN I RODE AWAY, AND THE LAO WAS STILL AS DETERMINED AS EVER TO STAY ON THAT ROARING, SNORTING ANIMAL.

TEN YEARS LATER THE THREE BOYS WERE STILL TOGETHER. THE TWO TALL, WELL-BUILT LADS WERE WORKING IN MINOR JOBS DOWN IN THE RING, AND THE SHORT, SKINNY FELLOW HAD BECOME THE STAR BRONC'BUSTER OF THE WHOLE SHOW!

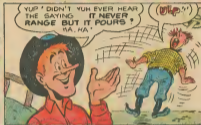
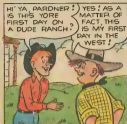
CERTAINLY PROVES THE TRUTH OF THE WORDS, "IFATFIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY, TRY AGAIN," DOESN'T IT?

YOUR PARD,

Tex Ritter



TEX RITTER WESTERN



THE BARGAIN

A RED ROAN Story



THE DAY OF the big race broke bright and clear. For miles around, farmers and cattlemen drove their buckboards over jolting roads to Fargo Flats. A month before, Rob Raeburn, a young rancher from Fargo, had entered his stallion, Red Roan, in the feature mile race against Mace Barley's fleet racing horse, Whitefoot.

From that day on, men spoke of little else but the coming race, in Fargo Flats.

In the corralls and barns, in the hotel and assay office, they speculated about Raeburn's chances. They all knew the story of how the young rancher had gone hunting for a grizzly that had been killing his steers and how he had been saved from death at the hands of the bear by the wild stallion that was known as Red Roan. They remembered, too, how the strawberry horse's foreleg had been ripped by the bear, and how Raeburn had taken him home and nursed him back to health.

Standing in front of a main street hitching post, several cowboys watched the crowd pour in.

"They say that big red hoss is a mighty fast cayuse," one of the cowmen said. "But he'll have to be to keep within snortin' distance o' Mace Barley's hoss!"

"Ain't it th' truth," a husky bystander agreed. "Why, Barley's Whitefoot has licked ev'ry other racin' hoss around these parts for th' last five years. Cain't nobody beat him!"

"Rob Raeburn must think his can," a third man spoke up. "Or he wouldn't have entered his hoss against him. Nobody else even bothered to put a hoss in the race. They know when they're outclassed. Why throw away an entry fee."

"But Rob Raeburn has a darn good reason for risking his entry fee," put in another puncher. "He's got a big mortgage on his spread and if he doesn't pay it off by the end of the week, he can pack up and leave. That grizzly put a big hole in his

stock and he can use the fat purse that's up for winning the race."

"Well, here's one waddie that'll be rooting him home. It's about time somebody knocked that bragging Barley down a few pegs. Let's get over to the track."

That was the way it stood. As hundreds of ranchers and their families crowded along the race course that had been laid out on a level stretch outside of town, Rob Raeburn stroked the trembling, velvety ear of his great mount.

Resting his head close to the big horse's ear, Raeburn spoke softly.

"I know you can do it, Red Roan! We'll take that bluffing Mace down a peg. And with the money we'll win, we'll be able to pay off the mortgage on the ranch and then some. I'm riding you and we'll win, boy! Just remember that!"

That was another reason the crowd had for doubting that the roan horse could beat Barley's big, white-legged chestnut. Since Raeburn was the only man whom Red Roan would permit to mount him, he was going to be his jockey. But Barley had picked one of his cowhands, a wry little man named Creel, to straddle his horse. The weight advantage was all in Barley's favor!

AS the two horses and their riders waited at the starting line, the crowd suddenly hushed. Raeburn bent over Red Roan's neck, speaking soothingly to him. Barley, smoking a big cigar, gave last minute instructions to Creel.

Then the judge stepped forward. He nodded at Rob Raeburn and his opponent and slowly raised his Colt revolver. "Now remember, I'll count three, an' then fire this. If either hoss starts ahead of the other, I'll call you both back—if it's before th' gun goes off!"

He stepped back, raising the gun.

"One! Two! Three!"

With a puff of white smoke, the noise

of the revolver shattered the prairie air.

Accustomed to racing, the big chestnut, Whitefoot, lunged into a fast start, speeding away. But Red Roan, startled by the sound, and the smell of gunpowder, bucked, unwilling to go forward. Holding his seat, Rob Raeburn spoke quietly and urgently.

"Steady, Red, steady! Let's ride—now!"

The big red horse sprang into action, hurtling forward with great, ground-covering strides. The crowd roared. Red Roan was thirty yards behind the other horse, but with Raeburn bent over his neck, he was coming up fast.

Looking back, little Creel grunted angrily, and dug sharp spurs into his mount's sides. Propelled by powerful, steel-springed legs, the chestnut increased his pace, until he was galloping with the speed of a deer. It was not for nothing that he had beaten every other horse in the territory! Whitefoot came of fine, Arabian racing stock. In any part of the country, on any race track, he would have been an outstanding entry.

BUT, head thrust forward, ears flattened back, long legs working like pistons, Red Roan would not be denied.

Slowly, yard by yard, he began to come up to the other horse. As they approached the tall pine tree that marked the turning point of the course, Creel realized that he was being overtaken from behind. With a sudden, unexpected move, as both horses were streaking around the turn, he yanked hard on Whitefoot's reins.

The startled chestnut pulled sharply to the side, his shoulder slamming into Red Roan.

The strawberry stallion stumbled, breaking stride. In that single, terrifying moment, Red Roan felt a stabbing pain shoot through his leg—the same leg that had been so badly wounded by the grizzly, and that had so recently healed.

Rob Raeburn felt the horse shudder and lurch beneath him—and he knew what the reason was.

"Is it the leg, boy?" He did not hit or spur the horse. He did not urge him forward.

"If it hurts too much, quit! But if you can, let's see if we can catch him!"

Certainly, Red Roan could not understand the words. But he caught something in the tone, knew that it was terribly important to the man who had healed his leg, that he keep going, that he catch the other horse.

Valiantly, though his leg throbbed

mightily, Red Roan sped into full stride again. It was as if he was out on the prairie again, wild and free, leading his herd. Was he not king of the wild horses? No tame mount could defeat him! His mighty hooves thundered and he came down the stretch like a meteor. The crowd roared, for as he stumbled it had seemed impossible for him ever to recover his stride at all.

But now he was scant yards away from Whitefoot. His scarlet hide glossy, and tail and mane floating in the air, he was soon abreast of him. As the finish line loomed up, he heaved ahead with a mighty effort that made him the winner, barely a head in front of the other horse. The crowd's roar swelled into a great acclaim for the most thrilling race, and the finest horse they had ever seen.

As Rob Raeburn stood by the trembling Red Roan caressing him, up walked Mace Barley. His face was a study in disappointment and perplexity. At last he spoke.

"You won fair an' square, Raeburn," he said. "I'm sorry my jockey jostled you!" Raeburn nodded and shook his hand hard.

"Thanks, Mace. It might have been an accident."

But Barley did not walk away. "Listen to me," he said. "I want that hoss of your's, for myself! I'll give you \$5,000 fer him!"

Rob Raeburn shook his head. "No!" "Well, I'll go \$7,500." He waited. "\$10,000!"

The young rancher smiled. "I reckon I better tell you the truth, Mace," he said. "When I found Red Roan—when he saved my life and got badly hurt doing it, I made a bargain with him. The bargain was that I'd take care of him till his leg was better, and that then I'd let him go free again!"

"Go free ag'in?" The big rancher shook his head unbelievably. "But you could take him East an' race him fer a pile o' greenbacks. He's worth a fortune!"

66 **I** KNOW." The young man's face grew suddenly serious. "But we've got a bargain, the two of us." He looked up at the great red horse, and his eyes softened. "He saved my life and my ranch. Tonight, I'm letting him go. Mebbe—mebbe some day, we'll see each other again."

THE END

TEX RITTER

WHEN SAM HOLLISTER, EX-KANSAS TRAIN ROBBER, WAS SHOT TO DEATH IN THE CATTLEMAN'S HOTEL UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES, DRAIRIE RANGER TEX RITTER WAS CONFRONTED WITH TWO CONFLICTING STORIES THAT TOOK HIM A HUNDRED MILES TO A ...

"SHOWDOWN In ABILENE"

NOTHING MUCH DOING AROUND HERE TONIGHT, TEX... NICE AND QUIET.

YES, AND THAT'S JUST THE WAY I LIKE IT! I'LL GO OVER AND CHECK THE LONGHORN CAFE AND CALL IT A NIGHT...

NO CREDIT

BY STEVE CAMPBELL



THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM... GIVE IT A GOOD WHIE! THIS TIME, CROUPIER!

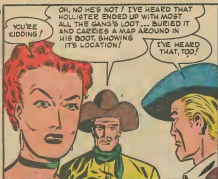
YES SIR, MR. HOLLISTER...



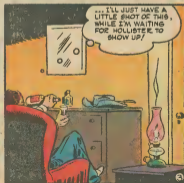
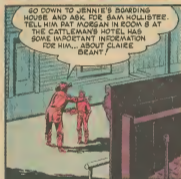
NINETEEN RED... I'M AFRAID YOU LOSE AGAIN, MR. HOLLISTER!



TEX RITTER WESTERN



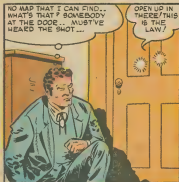
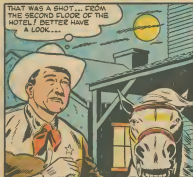
TEX RITTER WESTERN



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TEX RITTER WESTERN

HOLLISTER WAS AT THE GOLDEN SLIPPER TONIGHT, PLAYING ROULETTE. I'M THE CROUPIER THERE. BUSINESS WAS KIND OF DEAD SO WE QUIT EARLY AND CAME HEZE FOR A DRINK AND SOME TACK. COUPLE OF MINUTES AGO, YOUNG JIM BRANT BUSTED IN HERE AND SAID SOMETHING ABOUT HOLLISTER COMING OUT TO HIS PLACE, BOTHERING BRANT'S SISTER...



BRANT HAD HIS GUN IN HIS HAND. HOLLISTER TOLD HIM TO PUT IT AWAY AND BRANT SHOT HIM... THEN HE RAN OUT!

HAAAA... PRETTY SERIOUS, MORGAN. YOU'RE CHARGING BRANT WITH OUT-AND-OUT MURDER! YOU SEE OR HEAR ANY OF THIS, DAD?



NOPE... NOTHIN' BUT THE SHOT, THAT IS! HEARD THAT PLAIN AS DAY. THE WALLS IS MIGHTY THIN... BUT I DIDN'T HEAR NO ARGUMENT, OR NOBODY RUNNIN' AWAY AWAY AFTER THE SHOT...



UH-HUH... THANKS, DAD. WIND IF I HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR GUN, MORGAN...?

WHY... NO. NOT AT ALL! THIS IS THE ONLY GUN I'VE GOT. WOULDN'T HAVE THIS, BUT THE RULES AT THE GOLDEN SLIPPER SAY I HAVE TO CARRY ONE! ALL THAT MONEY OUT ON THE TABLES, YOU KNOW...



GO AHEAD AND SMELL THE BORE, RANGER! IT AJIN'T BEEN FIRED!

NOT AT HOLLISTER, AT ANY RATE! THIS DERRINGER IS THIRTY ONE CALIBER, AND HE WAS PLAINLY SHOT WITH A HEAVY PISTOL, PROBABLY A .44 OR .45...



I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU JUST WHAT HAPPENED! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE WAITIN' ON! BRANT'S PROBABLY ON HIS WAY OUT OF THE STATES RIGHT NOW!

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! I'M GOING OUT TO THE BRANT RANCH... RIGHT NOW! SEE THAT YOU'RE WHERE I CAN FIND YOU WHEN I GET BACK, MORGAN!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

TOWARD MIDNIGHT TEX RITTER ARRIVES AT THE RANCH, AND FINDS THE RANCHER APPROACHING FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION ...



IS THAT YOU, JIMMY?

YES, CLAIRE... HELLO, WE'VE GOT COMPANY RIDING INTO THE YARD, TOO!

EVENING, RANGER! WHAT BEINGS YOU CALLING AT THIS LATE HOUR?

KIND OF HARD FOR A LAW OFFICER TO REGULATE HIS WORKING HOURS SOMETIMES, JIM. MAY I SEE YOUR PISTOL FOR A MOMENT?



HMM... COLT .44... YOU'VE FIRED IT RECENTLY, JIMMY. IT SMELLS OF BURNED POWDER! MIND TELLING ME WHAT YOU WERE SHOOTING AT?

WHY, I WAS RIDING FENCE TODAY UP ON THE NORTH RANGE... I SHOT A COVOTE ON MY WAY HOME TONIGHT! I JUST GOT BACK... SAY, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, MR. RITTER?



SAM HOLLISTER WAS KILLED TONIGHT IN THE CATTLEMAN'S HOTEL, AND PAT MORGAN CLAIMS TO HAVE SEEN YOU DO IT! UNLESS YOU CAN PROVE YOU WERE RIDING FENCE ALL DAY, YOU'LL HAVE TO COME BACK TO TOWN WITH ME...

PUT UP YOUR HANDS, MR. RITTER! DON'T MOVE OR I'LL SHOOT! I MEAN WHAT I SAY!



I DIDN'T SHOOT ANYONE, RANGER, BUT I DON'T KNOW JUST YET HOW TO PROVE IT! ONE THING FOR SURE... I DON'T AIM TO SIT IN JAIL WHILE I'M FIGURING IT OUT...

YOU'RE BOTH MAKING A BAD MISTAKE! IF YOU'RE INNOCENT WE'LL SURELY FIND IT OUT, AND YOU'LL HAVE NO THING TO FEAR!



MOMENTS LATER, AS THE SOUND OF HOOF-BEATS FROM BRANT'S HORSE FADES...

ALL RIGHT, HE'S GONE! YOU CAN HAVE MY 'GUN' NOW, MR. RITTER!

HUMPH! A LIPSTICK CASE! PRETTY CLEVER, MISS BRANT... MAYBE JUST CLEVER ENOUGH TO PUT A NOOSE AROUND YOUR BROTHER'S NECK! INNOCENT PEOPLE DON'T USUALLY RUN FROM THE LAW!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

HE CAN'T PROVE HIS INNOCENCE IN YOUR JAIL, MR. RITTER! AND IF HE IS GUILTY OF SHOOTING THAT NO-GOOD DRIFTER, HOLLISTER, HE MUST HAVE HAD A GOOD REASON FOR DOING IT! EITHER WAY, I DON'T INTEND TO SEE HIM HANGED WITHOUT A CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! NOW I GUESS YOU'LL ARREST ME FOR HELPING HIM ESCAPE...



NO! AS A MATTER OF FACT, MISS BRANT, I INTENDED TO LET JIMMY ESCAPE ON THE WAY TO TOWN, ANYWAY! YOU SEE... I THINK MORGAN IS AS MUCH OF A SUSPECT AS JIM, MAYBE MORE! BUT BOTH OF THEM WILL HAVE TO BE ON THE LOOSE FOR ME TO PROVE WHICH ONE DID IT...



GUESS YOU DON'T, AND I'M SURE NOT GOING TO EXPLAIN IT TO YOU! YOU'RE INCLINED TO TAKE DRASTIC ACTION, MISS BRANT, AND I'M AFRAID IF I TOLD YOU WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, YOU'D FIGURE A WAY TO TAKE A HAND IN IT! DON'T WORRY... IF JIMMY'S INNOCENT, I'LL SOON KNOW IT!



LATE THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON FINDS TEX RITTER IN THE OFFICE OF 'WILD' BILL HICKOCK... MARSHAL OF ABILENE!

UH-HUH... AND AFTER YOU LEFT THE HOTEL, WHAT THEN? WENT OUT AFTER YOUNG BRANT, I GUESS...

NO... NOT RIGHT AWAY...



INSTEAD I WENT TO HOLLISTER'S ROOM TO CHECK A RUMOR ABOUT HIM. SEEMS HE WAS SUPPOSED TO CARRY A MAP TO SOME BURIED MONEY AROUND ON HIM. HE DIDN'T, BUT HE DID HAVE SUCH A MAP IN HIS ROOM... BEHIND THE GLASS IN HIS BUREAU MIRROR! I LEFT THE MAP WHERE IT COULD BE EASILY FOUND.



EITHER BRANT SHOT HOLLISTER IN A RUCKUS OVER CLAIRE, OR PAT MORGAN SHOT HIM FOR THAT MAP! IT'S GOT TO BE ONE OR THE OTHER! IF BRANT DID IT, HE'LL RUN FOR MEXICO AND TRY TO LOSE HIMSELF... BUT WE'LL EVENTUALLY GET HIM!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

IF MORGAN SHOT HIM, HE'LL CARRY HIS SEARCH TO HOLLISTER'S ROOM, SAME AS I DID... AND HE'LL FIND THE MAP! HIS NEXT MOVE WILL BE TO GO AFTER THE MONEY THAT MONEY IS HERE IN ABILENE... AND UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, SO'S PAT MORGAN!



IF YOU WANT THERE'S TWO GUNS HERE READY TO TAKE A HAND IN THIS...

THANKS, BUT I RECKON YOU'VE ENOUGH ON YOUR HANDS WITHOUT MY PROBLEMS! I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW I WAS IN TOWN... AND WHAT FOR!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, IN A BAR NOT FAR FROM THE JAIL...

THROUGH THE BACK ALLEYS OF ABILENE GOES THE KILLER, UNTIL, ON THE FAR SIDE OF TOWN...



GETTIN' LATE, RECKON THE TOWN'S QUIET ENOUGH NOW FOR ME TO GO AFTER IT!

...IT OUGHT TO BE RIGHT SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS ALLEY. THE GANG MADE THEIR LAST STAND RIGHT BEHIND THE STORE THERE...AND THAT'S WHERE THEY BURIED THE MONEY!

DOING A LITTLE DIGGING, MORGAN?

RITTER! SO YOU KNEW ALL ALONG?

A SUDDEN MOVEMENT OF THE HAND BRINGS MORGAN'S DERRINGER OUT OF A WRIST CLIP CONCEALED UP HIS COAT SLEEVE!

I WAS WAITING FOR THAT, MORGAN! THAT'S A FAVORITE TRICK OF YOU DERRINGER PACKERS!



HOLD IT, MORGAN... UGH!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME, RITTER!



TEX RITTER WESTERN



DENVER MUDD

AND

BUSHEY BARNES

HEH, HEH, THAR SHORE IS SOME GOOD PRACTICAL JOKES IN THIS BOOK, AH THINK AH'LL LIVE IN THINGS UP AROUND HYAR!

HOW TO BE A WIT
BY A. HALFWIT

REWARD
FOR
PRETTYBOY GUS

TAKE GOOD AIM!

OH BOY, HYAR'S UH WOW! AH'LL PULL IT ON BUSHEY!

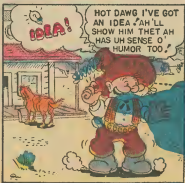
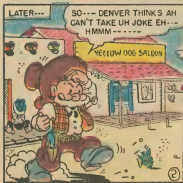
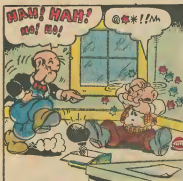
LATER -

HAH, FINISHED JUST IN TIME HYAR COMES BUSHEY NOW!

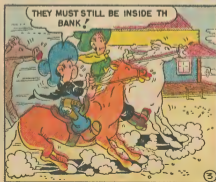
WHUT? YO MEAN YO IS GIVIN' ME A BOX O' CIGARS? AH ALWAYS THOUGHT YO WUS UH TIGHTWAD!?



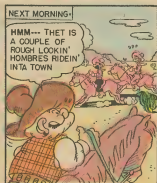
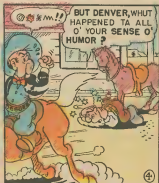
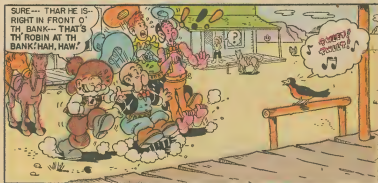
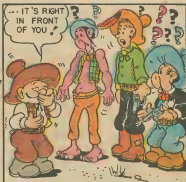
TEX RITTER WESTERN



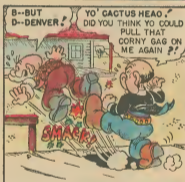
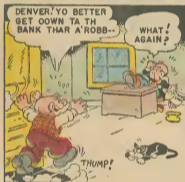
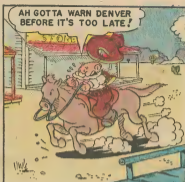
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