

TEX RITTER

A Fawcett Publication

WESTERN

FEB.
10¢
NO. 3



Phil Davis

IN THIS
ACTION-PACKED
ISSUE:
**BLAZING
SIX-GUNS**





The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LEVUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
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KOD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

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

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President





WE GOT IT ALL, RED!
LET'S RIDE!

WAIT A MINUTE!
I FEEL LIKE A
LITTLE FUN!

WHY DON'T SOME OF
YOU CHICKEN-LIVERED
COWBOYS DRAW AGAINST
ME! I'M TAKING AWAY
EVERY NICKEL THIS
HERE TOWN HAS!

NOBODY IS
GOING TO
DRAW AGAINST
YOU, RED! THERE
AIN'T A MAN IN
THE WEST WHO
CAN BEAT YOU AT
THE DRAW! LET'S
CLEAR OUT!



AS RED RELUCTANTLY MOUNTS HIS HORSE,
HE SPOTS THE SHERIFF FEARLESSLY
WALKING TOWARD HIM.....

THERE GOES
THE SHERIFF!
BUT HE AIN'T
GOT A CHANCE!

WELL, WELL! I FINALLY
FOUND ME A LAWYMAN TO
GET SOME TARGET PRACTICE
ON! IS THAT OLD COOT THE
BEST THEY
COULD ROUND UP?



YOU AND YOUR
OWLHOOTERS ARE
UNDER ARREST FOR
ROBBING THE BANK,
RED HARLAN!
PUT UP YOUR
GUNS!

HA, HA, HA!



YOU GOT TO USE YOUR SHOOTING
IRON TO TAKE RED HARLAN IN,
SHERIFF! HAW! HAW!
HAW! HAW!



GET A
DOCTOR!
THE SHERIFF'S
HURT BAD!

WE'RE A
BUNCH OF
YELLOW-
BELLIES
FOR LETTING
THAT POLECAT
GET AWAY! BUT
WHAT CHANCE
WOULD ANYBODY
HAVE AGAINST
RED?



JUST THEN, TEX RITTER, THE
FIGHTING PRIMA RANGER,
LOPES INTO TOWN.....

RECKON WE DO HEAR SOME
SHOOTING, FURY! LET'S
GO!





TEX DISMOUNTS AS THE WOUNDED SHERIFF IS BROUGHT INTO HIS OFFICE...

WAIT A MINUTE, STRANGER! WHO MIGHT YOU BE?

I'M TEX RITTER, OF THE PRAIRIE RANGERS!

TEX RITTER! SEND HIM IN, BOYS! HE'LL DO MORE GOOD THAN ANY DOCTOR!



YOU'RE A MITE TOO LATE, RANGER! RED HARLAN AND HIS GANG CLEANED OUT THE BANK! THEY TOOK THE LIFE SAVINGS FROM EVERY MAN AND WOMAN IN TOWN!

YOU'VE OUTGUNNED FLENTY OF THOSE BUSH-WHACKERS IN YOUR TIME, SHERIFF! NOW COME HE GOT THE DROP ON YOU?



RECKON I'M GETTING TOO OLD FOR MY JOB! IT NEEDS A MAN LIKE YOU TO COPE WITH A POLECAT LIKE RED!

YOU'D BETTER REST NOW, SHERIFF! TALKING ISN'T HELPING YOU ANY!



THE FACT THAT WE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE THE NERVE TO TRY AND STOP THAT SOBMAKES US ASHAMED! ONLY THE SHERIFF HAD THE GUTS TO STAND UP AGAINST HIS GUNS!

A MAN WOULD HAVE TO BE MIGHTY FAST WITH A GUN TO COME OUT ON TOP AGAINST THAT KILLER!



NO USE WASTING TEARS ON THAT VARMINT, MAM! I KNOW YOU LOST YOUR LIFE SAVINGS, BUT I AIM TO GET IT BACK!

IT ISN'T THE MONEY! - SOB - IT'S MY BOY JODY!



MY BOY JODY HAD GONE B-D! I SAW HIM RIDING WITH RED HARLAN! AND HE'S ONLY NINETEEN YEARS OLD! - SOB!

WHY DID HE JOIN RED HARLAN'S GANG, MAM?



HE IS CONVINCED THE SHERIFF KILLED HIS FATHER! JODY HAD BEEN VERY BITTER SINCE AND IS FIGHTING AGAINST ALL LAW AND ORDER! BUT HE'S A GOOD BOY! I KNOW IT!

IT SEEMS LIKE SOME-BODY HAS TO STRAIGHTEN HIM OUT - AND FAST! DID THE BOY EVER DROP A HINT AS TO WHERE THE GANG HIDES OUT?



I HEARD HIM SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THE HILLS BACK OF BLUE MESA!

DON'T WORRY, MAM! I AIM TO BRING BACK THE MONEY THEY STOLE AND YOUR BOY!





YOU'RE A PRETTY COOL CUSTOMER TO RIDE INTO MY GUNS THAT WAY!

WOULD YOU WANT TO PLUS A RANGE TRAMP? WHAT MAKES YOU SO ALL FIRED TOUGH?



NEVER MIND THAT! JUST REACH! I'M TAKING YOU TO THE BOSS!

IF HE'LL STAKE ME SOME GRUB, I GURE WOULD LIKE TO MEET HIM! BUT I RECKON I'LL LEAVE MY DOG AND HORSE HERE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER....

MY SHOOTING DIDN'T SCARE HIM! HE ROPE RIGHT INTO MY GUNS! SO I FIGURED YOU'D BETTER LOOK HIM OVER!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT HIM TO THE HIDE-OUT, YOU YOUNG FOOL! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH A SADDLE BUM! I NEED GUNFIGHTERS—NOT SINGERS!

SO I FINALLY MEET UP WITH RED HARLAN! I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING SO I CAN STAY!



I'M MIGHTY GOOP WITH A SIX-GUN MYSELF, HARLAN! I HEARD TELL OF YOU, AND I'D LIKE TO JOIN UP!

SO YOU'RE PRETTY GOOP AT SLAPPING LEATHER, EN? HEY, CACTUS!

YEAH, BOSS!



THIS HOMBRE CLAIMS TO BE RIGHT HANDY WITH SHOOTING IRONS! TRY HIM OUT!

SURE THING! IF HE AIN'T AS GOOD AS HE SAYS WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM REMEMBERING THE HIDE-OUT!

THEY'RE GOING TO KILL HIM!

A S CACTUS DRAWS, TEX MAKES A LIGHTNING MOVE FOR HIS SIX-GUN...



DRAW! EEEEEOW!



DID YOU SEE THAT? CACTUS DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM! HA, HA!

I RECKON HE SHOWED YOU, CACTUS! YOU MUST BE SLIPPING IF YOU CAN'T OUTDRAW A SINGING SADDLE TRAMP!

I'LL BREAK HIM IN TWO!





RAT NIGHT.

RECKON I'LL GET ME SOME SHUT-EYE!

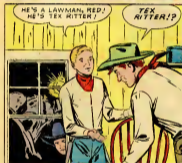
SOMETHING ROLLED OUT OF TRACY'S POCKET - AND IT LOOKS LIKE A BADGE!



A PRAIRIE RANGER'S BADGE. TEX RITTER'S NAME IS WRITTEN ON IT! SO HE'S A LAWMAN! THE SAME BRED THAT MURDERED MY FATHER!



LOOKS AS IF HE'S SNEAKING AWAY AFTER MAKING SURE I WAS ASLEEP! GOOD THING I PRETENDED I WAS SLEEPING! I'LL SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!



HE'S A LAWMAN, RED! HE'S TEX RITTER!

TEX RITTER!?



AND YOU BROUGHT HIM INTO CAMP!

I DIDN'T KNOW, RED!



HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY WITH THIS! I HATE HIS KIND!

IF YOU DON'T TAKE CARE OF HIM - I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!



EASY, SON! KEEP YOUR PAWS FREE OF THAT GUN, RED!

THE RANGER!



HAND OVER THAT MONEY YOU TOOK FROM THE TWIN FORKS BANK, KARLAN!



SUDDENLY...
GO AHEAD AND SHOOT! YOU'LL PLUG THE KID FIRST!

I MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED THAT MOVE FROM A YELLOW COYOTE LIKE YOU!

BANK!



THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO BAG A BUSHWHACKER!

WHAM!



GET HIM, CACTUS! OOOOF!

POW!



GOT HIM!

CONK!

HE'S A CURSED LAWMAN! AND I LET HIM INTO THE GANG! I MUST BE SLIPPING!

WHY DID YOU PUT ME UP AS A TARGET FOR HIS GUNS, RED? I DIDN'T LIKE THAT!



MAYBE YOU'LL LIKE THIS BETTER! I'M TIRED OF PLAYING GAMES WITH A TENDERFOOT!

CONK!



WHEN TEX AND JOEY COME TO...

BEFORE I FINISH YOU TWO OFF FOR GOOD, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, KID! I PLUGGED YOUR OLD MAN - NOT THE SHERIFF! HE WAS A DEPUTY WHO WAS GETTING TOO CLOSE TO MY TRAIL!

YOU KILLED MY FATHER! IF I COULD ONLY GET MY HANDS ON YOU!



I'VE BEEN A FOOL, TEX... A LOCO MAVERICK!

I AIN'T TAKING ANY MORE CHANCES WITH THIS HIDE-OUT! GET THE DYNAMITE! WE'LL BLOW UP THE PLACE AND THOSE TWO WITH IT!

GOOD IDEA, BOSS!



TEX INTERCEPTS THE STAGECOACH BEFORE IT REACHES INDIAN PASS WHERE RED HARLAN'S GANG AWAITS IT...

YOU BOYS STAY HERE WITH THE GOLD SHIPMENT! JODY AND I WILL TAKE IT THROUGH INDIAN PASS; WE'LL BE READY FOR THE VARMINTS!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, RANGER!



GET READY, JODY! THE PASS IS JUST AHEAD!

I'M READY FOR THE VARMINTS! THEY'RE GOING TO GET A HOT RECEPTION!



HERE THEY COME! POUR IT INTO THEM!



IT'S TEX RITTER! WE'VE BEEN TRAPPED!

AND NOW YOU AND I CAN SETTLE UP!



YOU'RE STILL CARRYING SOME BANK MONEY I WANT!

AIEEEE!



BAM!



I RECKON THEY'RE STILL WONDERING WHAT HIT THEM, TEX! DID YOU FIND THE MONEY?

YES! NOW WE'LL TAKE THESE VARMINTS INTO TOWN AND PUT THEM IN JAIL!



AFTER RED HARLAN AND HIS GANG HAVE BEEN PLACED IN JAIL AND THE STOLEN BANK MONEY RETURNED.....

I RECKON NOT, MA! TEX OPENED MY EYES FOR ME! I'M NOT FORGETTING IT, EITHER! SOME DAY I HOPE TO BE HALF THE MAN TEX RITTER IS!

WELL, I GOT TO MOSBY ALONG NOW! I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT JODY ANYMORE, MAM!



RIDING THE RANGE
WITH
TEX RITTER

9172 SUNSET BOULEVARD,
HOLLYWOOD 45, CALIFORNIA



HOWDY FOLKS!

THE OTHER DAY I HEARD A BOY SAY HE WAS QUITTING SCHOOL BECAUSE HE WAS TIRED OF STUDYING AND WANTED TO BECOME A REALLY GOOD COWBOY--AS IF IT DOESN'T TAKE A HEAP OF STUDYING TO BECOME A GOOD COWPUNCHER!

FIRST OF ALL, THERE'S LEARNING HOW TO RIDE AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR BRONG. WHEN A COWBOY'S OUT ON THE RANGE HE HAS TO BE HIS OWN VETERINARY, AS FOR THE CATTLE--HE HAS TO KNOW HOW TO TELL A PROMISING YEARLING FROM A POOR ONE, HOW TO ROPE AND TIE AN ORNERY DOGIE AND A HOST OF OTHER THINGS.

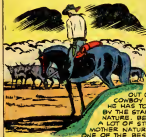
OUT ON THE VAST PRAIRIE A COWBOY IS REALLY ON HIS OWN. HE HAS TO LEARN TO FIND DIRECTIONS BY THE STARS AND OTHER SIGNS OF NATURE. BELIEVE ME, PARD, IT TAKES A LOT OF STUDYING TO LEARN WHAT NATURE HAS TO SAY. SHE IS ONE OF THE BEST FRIENDS A COWMAND EVER HAD.

A GOOD COWBOY NEVER STOPS STUDYING---JUST LOOK INTO ANY BUNKHOUSE FOR PROOF OF THAT. THAT'S WHY I LAUGH WHEN I HEAR SOMEBODY TALK ABOUT DOING SOMETHING THAT REQUIRES NO STUDYING. EVERYTHING WORTH DOING REQUIRES PLENTY OF WORK, STUDY AND SVAVV. ANY RANNY WHO SAYS DIFFERENTLY IE PLUMS LOCO!

WELL, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO BED WHITE FLAEN DOWN FOR THE NIGHT NOW, BUT I'LL BE RIDING YOUR WAY AGAIN NEXT MONTH. UNTIL THEN, SHARPEN UP YOUR PENCIL AND DROP ME A LINE. THERE'S NOTHING MORE PLEASURABLE THAN HEARING FROM GOOD FRIENDS.

YOUR PARD,

Tex Ritter



BUFFALO BULL

"THE GREAT EXAGGERATER!"







HA, HA, THAT'S TERRIFIC!

HA, HA, AND YUH THOUGHT YUH WERE GOING TO OOT OO BUFFALO BULL, SICK!

I RECKON BUFFALO BULL IS TORN!



LISTEN, BUFFALO BULL, YO'RE JEST THE HONNER WHO CAN DO A BIG FAVOR FER ME!

I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP YUH IF I CAN, LAD! WHAT'S ON YERE MIND?



I'D LIKE YUH TO GO TO MY GALS' HOUSE WITH ME! YUH SEE, I WANT TO MAKE A BIG HIT WITH HER FOLKS AND I'D LIKE TO IMPRESS THEM!

YUH WANT TO IMPRESS THEM?



YEP! SO WHATEVER THEY ASK ME AND I TELL THEM, I WANT YUH TO EXAGGERATE! YOV'S GREAT AT PUTTING IT ON THICK, SO I KNOW YUH CAN DO A GOOD JOB!

YUH SAID IT, LAD! DON'T WORRY, I'LL EXAGGERATE EVERYTHING! I'LL REALLY MAKE IT DOUBLE AND THEN SOME!



SHORTLY LATER...

ER, ER, I WANT YUH ALL TUKNOW I'M POWERFUL FOND OF DAISSYBELLE!

FOND? LISTEN, FOLKS...



... HE'S PLUMB GOOD BOUT HER!

I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON BUFFALO BULL TO HELP ME OUT!



MY BOY, ARE YUH SHORE YUH CAN GIVE MY DAUGHTER THE LUXURIES SHE'S ACCUSTOMED TO HAVIN'?

ER, I'M PRETTY SHORE I CAN!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A COMIC MAGAZINE!
DIRECTLY FROM TELEVISION!

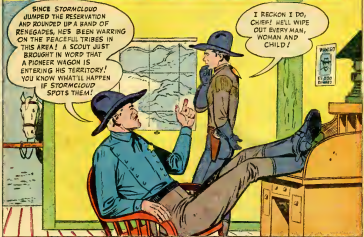


CAPTAIN VIDEO

10¢ SOON TO APPEAR ON NEWSSTANDS ACROSS THE NATION 10¢

Tex Ritter

and THE RENEGADE ROUNDUP



SINCE STORMCLOUD JUMPED THE RESERVATION AND ROUNDED UP A BAND OF RENEGADES, HE'S BEEN WARRING ON THE PEACEFUL TRIBES IN THIS AREA! A SCOUT JUST BROUGHT IN WORD THAT A PIONEER WAGON IS ENTERING HIS TERRITORY! YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF STORMCLOUD SPOTS THEM!

I RECKON I DO, CHIEF! WE'LL WIPE OUT EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD!



RIGHT, TEX! AND THIS IS WHERE YOU ENTER THE PICTURE! THE FOOLS WHO ARE RUNNING THAT WAGON TRAIN BYPASSED FORT CAMILL, WHERE THEY COULD HAVE BEEN WARNED!

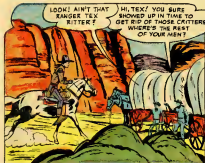
YOU WANT ME TO INTERCEPT THAT WAGON TRAIN AND TURN THEM BACK TO THE FORT. IS THAT IT, CHIEF?



RIGHT! STORMCLOUD DOESN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD 'MERCY,' AND IF HE SPOTS THEM WITHOUT AN ARMY ESCORT----

I'D BETTER HIT THE TRAIL! LOOKS AS IF THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!





LOOK! AIN'T THAT RANGER TEX RITTER?

HI, TEX! YOU SURE SHOWED UP IN TIME TO GET RID OF THOSE CRITTERS! WHERE'S THE REST OF YOUR MEN?



I'M ALL THERE IS!

I'LL BE JIGGERED! YOU SAVED ALL OUR NECKS BY YOURSELF! WE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH AMMUNITION LEFT!



I RECKON YOU SAVED OUR LIVES, RANGER! WE'RE MIGHTY GRATEFUL TO YOU!

BEING GRATEFUL ISN'T ENOUGH! YOU PULLED THOSE INNOCENT WOMEN AND CHILDREN INTO STORMCLOUD'S TERRITORY! WHY DID YOU COME THIS WAY WITHOUT AN ARMY ESCORT?



BLAMING HERE TALKED US INTO IT! WE SAID WE'D HAVE NO TROUBLE FROM THE INJUNS AND I RECKON WE WAS ALL MIGHTY IMPATIENT TO REACH THE SETTLEMENT!

SURE, I SUGGESTED IT! I HAD THE INJUNS ON THE RUN BEFORE YOU SHOWED UP WITH YOUR TRUCKS!

MAYBE SO, BUT MY ORDERS ARE TO TAKE THE WAGON TRAIN BACK TO FORT CAMEL!



MAYBE YOU'RE TAKING THE OTHERS, RANGER -- BUT NOT ME! THOSE INJUNS WON'T BE BACK, AND I GOT A WAGON LOAD OF UTENSILS THAT THE SETTLEMENT IS WAITING FOR!

THERE'S GOND TO BE NO EXCEPTIONS! BLAMING! EVERYBODY GOES BACK!



NO TINDORN LAWMAN IS GIVING ME ORDERS! I SAY I'M GOING ON ALONE!



AND I'M SAYING IT AGAIN... EVERYBODY GOES BACK!



WE WON'T PALAVER ABOUT IT ANYMORE, BLAMING! CLIMB ON TO YOUR WAGON AND HEAD IT BACK TOWARD THE FORT!

DID YOU SEE THAT DRAW! FASTEST THING I EVER SAW!

Hours later, at Fort Dakiti...

I reckon I had to use a little persuasion to get Blanding to change course -- but it was for his own good!

YOU CAN'T KEEP US HERE, CAPTAIN! IT'S THE ARMY'S JOB TO PROTECT US. IF YOU WON'T GIVE ME AN ESCORT TO THE SETTLEMENT, I AIM TO GO MYSELF!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SPARE ANY MEN NOW, BLANDING! I HAVE ONLY A SKELETON FORCE HERE AT THE FORT! THE REST ARE OUT HUNTING FOR STORMCLOUD!



BLANDING RUBS ME THE WRONG WAY! WHY SHOULD A MAN RISK HIS LIFE JUST FOR A LOAD OF UTENSILS?

WHAT WORRIES ME, CAPTAIN, ARE STORMCLOUD'S MODERN GUNS! SOMEBODY IS SMUGGLING THEM TO HIM AND I SURE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHO!

IF STORMCLOUD KNEW HOW FEW SOLDIERS WERE AT THE FORT, HE'D BE IN ON US IN NO TIME! IT WORRIES ME TO KNOW THAT I HAVE ONLY A FEW MEN ON HAND HERE!

IT'S SURE LUCKY HE DOESN'T KNOW! RECKON I'LL TURN IN, CAPTAIN! I'VE A LONG RIDE BACK TO THE RANGERS' OFFICE TOMORROW!

Late that night...

IT'S BLANDING! HE'S SNEAKING OUT!



WHY SHOULD THAT NOMBRE RISK HIS NECK TO RIDE OUT OF THE FORT IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT? WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW HIM, WHITE FLASH!



Later, Tex peeks in White Flash behind some shrubbery as Blanding stops his wagon and lets out a long, low whistle!

EASY, BOY! THAT NOMBRE IS SIGNALING TO SOMEBODY!

TWEEEEE-- TWEEEE!



IT'S STORMCLOUD AND HIS BAND!



DID YOU BRING GUNST

I SURE DID! COME ON BACK HERE!



THAT'S THE LAST BATCH I OWE YOU! I RECKON I CAN GET OUT OF THE "UTENSIL BUSINESS" NOW! HEH! HEH!

GUNS VERY GOOD! I MUCH PLEASED!

I GOT SOME MIGHTY IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR YOU! THERE'S ONLY A HANDFUL OF SOLDIERS AT THE FORT NOW! WITH THOSE GUNS YOU COULD TAKE THE FORT AND GET MORE GUNS!

YOU REAL FEARED OF STORMCLOUD, BLANDING!

I BROUGHT YOU THE GUNS! NOW I WANT TO GET PAID!

I PAY YOU RIGHT NOW!



YOU DIRTY... AGGHHH!



YAHOOOO! EEEYAHHH!

SO IT WAS BLANDING WHO WAS RUNNING GUNS TO THEM! WELL, THE POLECAT GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM!



TOMORROW WE ATTACK WHITE FORT AND KILL WHITE DEVILS!

DEATH TO ALL ENEMIES!

YAHOOOOO! YAHOOOOO!

Tex has overheard Stormcloud's plan of action!

IF THOSE DEVILS STORM THE FORT,
THE SOLDIERS THERE WILL NEVER
BE ABLE TO HOLD THEM OFF!
I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING—
PRONTO!



IF I CAN CAPTURE
STORMCLOUD, THERE'S
A CHANCE TO
STOP THEM!



OH, OH! STORMCLOUD
HAS A GUARD
OUTSIDE OF HIS
TENT! WELL, IT'S
NOW OR NEVER!



NOBODY HEARD ME—
I HOPE!



AG-GHHH!

THIS IS JUST
TO MAKE
SURE!





DIG DIRT,
WHITE
FLASH!

Later, Tex rides into the camp of the Kiotas...

STOP! OR
ARROW GIVES
SUDDEN
DEATH!

TAKE ME TO YOUR CHIEF!
I BRING YOUR ENEMY,
STORMCLOUD! I AM
PRAIRIE RANGER
TEX RITTER!



Shortly afterwards...

THERE HE IS, CHIEF! THE
MURDEROUS VARMINT WAS
ABOUT TO INVADE YOUR TRIBE
AND KAL YOUR PEOPLE!

HE BAD INDIAN!
MAKE TROUBLE
FOR ALL TRIBES!



I NEED YOUR HELP, CHIEF OF THE KIOTAS! STORMCLOUD'S RENEGADES ARE ABOUT TO INVADE THE WHITE ARMY POST! IT IS TOO LATE TO GET OUR WARRIORS FOR HELP, BUT YOUR BRAVES CAN HELP ME CAPTURE STORMCLOUD'S MEN!

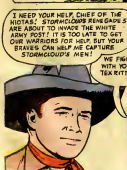
WE'RE GOING TO KEEP YOU UP FRONT, STORMCLOUD, WHERE THOSE COYOTES OF YOURS CAN GET A GOOD LOOK AT YOU!

FORWARD,
MY BRAVES!
DEATH TO THE
EVIL
ONES!

THERE THEY ARE, CHIEF! I'LL LEAD THE CHARGE! IF THEY SEE STORMCLOUD A PRISONER, IT MIGHT HOOK THE FIGHT OUT OF THEM!

WE FOLLOW YOU! THE WARRIORS OF THE KIOTAS DO NOT KNOW FEAR!

WE FIGHT WITH YOU, TEX RITTER!



As the blood-curdling war whoop of the Kiotas rends the air, Tex charges the renegade Indians!



BANG! BANG!

THEY HAVE CAPTURED CHIEF STORMCLOUD! ALL IS LOST!



WE SURRENDER! DO NOT KILL US!

WE'LL LET LAW AND ORDER TAKE CARE OF YOU! DROP THOSE GUNS!



WE'LL TAKE THEM TO THE ARMY FORT, CHIEF!



Hours later, as word of the approaching Indians reaches the fort...

HE'S GOT STORMCLOUD AND HIS MEN PRISONERS!

THAT'S THE KIOTA TRIBE WITH HIM! FOR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO BE ATTACKED!



Later...

A LOT OF PEOPLE OWE THEIR LIVES TO YOU, TEX! I'LL SEE THAT WASHINGTON HEARS ABOUT THIS!

I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT THE AID OF THE KIOTAS! NOW THAT WE HAVE STORMCLOUD AND HIS RENEGADES IN JAIL, I RECKON THERE OUGHT TO BE A LONG SPELL OF PEACE AROUND THESE PARTS!



THE BLACK GLOVE

By Al Parker

THE prairie was black and silent as only the prairie can be in the dead of night. Mack Gaines stirred restlessly in his sleep. It seemed to him that the sound of faraway voices had shattered the stillness. The faint din had now become a distinct undertone of alarmed shouts. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes and raised the shutter. A pale, amber glow illuminated the purple sky about two miles north of Mace Town. Even as he watched it, the amber glow deepened to a livid scarlet. It was a fire! And a big one!

"Gene!" the square-shouldered rancher shouted. "Where are you, boy! Looks to me like the Bar CW is burning to cinders!" He flung open the door of the next room. The bed inside was unruflled, unslipped upon. He muttered something beneath his breath, and lines of deep concern creased his brow. "Every time something happens around here, that boy disappears! I don't like it."

But there was no time for puzzles. Every available hand would be needed to fight the inferno. Swiftly, Mack Gaines mounted a sleekly muscled stallion and spurred the powerful animal across the range in the direction of the bleeding sky.

Soon after, he pulled up at the end of a human chain of ranchers who were frantically passing water buckets to douse the ferociously blazing holocaust.

"Where's Gene?" someone asked Mack as he joined the sweating group.

"Must be somewhere in the line," grunted the big rancher, the effort of the lie visible in his lean, resolute face.

Steadily, without pause or rest, they fought the flames. Three, four hours went by, until at last, the grayed dawn appeared.

"I—it's no use," the short, stocky man who had stood first in line and flung bucket after bucket of water into the insatiable maw of yellow death as though his life depended on it, faced the others. "There's nothing left to save." He mopped his heat-scalded brow painfully, and the others knew he was concealing tears behind the begrimed kerchief.

They all looked on helplessly, as their neighboring rancher stumbled away, broken in spirit. One of them spoke, and his words echoed the better thoughts of them all: "A

man struggles to build himself a spread. Then something like this comes along!"

"If it were just an accident," interjected another, "it wouldn't be as hard to take! But when we're forced to stand by and see five ranches go up in smoke in the past three months, at the slimy hands of a scavenger."

Mack Gaines stepped forward and confronted the last one who had spoken. "How do you know this wasn't just an accident, Cassaway?"

"Because we found another accursed black glove in front of the ranch house when the blaze started!" With that, the man produced a black leather riding glove for all of the others to see. "The Black Glove and his gang always leave one."

"What'll we do, Mack?" One man framed the question for them all. "We can't go on fighting something we can't even see! This vulture who calls himself the Black Glove is never even within reach of our gunights. He moves like the wind and strikes where we're unprepared. I—it's as though he were one of us and knew our every plan!"

"I say we'd do better to pay him the price he asks in those notes of his, and save the rest of our ranches!" This came from another man, a big, florid giant of a man who now commanded the attention of all the rest. "Me for one, I don't aim to stand by and be cleaned out of everything I own in the world!"

One concurred and then another and another. They had been under considerable strain these past months, organizing vigilance groups for night protection of the land in Mace Valley, and now constant failure had weakened their former determination.

Gaines listened to them for several minutes, and when he spoke, his ears were doubled at his sides, and his eyes were narrowed slits of fury. "No! It won't work! All you'll ever accomplish by paying him off, is to encourage him to squeeze you tighter and tighter until he owns everything in the Valley. What I have is mine, and I'll defend it while there's a breath left in my body!"

They parted on that note. Mack Gaines had swayed them again. This was the third time they almost surrendered all hope, all opposition to the insidious threat of the Black Glove and his gang. But as the troubled rancher mounted and headed back to his place, one

question repeated itself over and over again in his tortured brain.

"Where was Gene? Why was he gone each time another ranch burned down?"

No man was closer to his son than Mack Gaines. They spent each day working shoulder to shoulder, to make the Bar Double K the finest ranch in the state. Gene had been a good son. That is, until several months ago. Then the boy started carousing with a wild lot, staying out late and getting mixed up in some shooting scrapes. He had tried to speak to the boy, but he was too hurt, too sick at heart at what he considered his own failings.

Back at the ranch, Mack hitched up his mount and walked disconsolately into the house.

"Hi, Dad!" The tall, handsomely smiling youth greeted him almost too casually.

"Heard about the Bar CW burning down, tough break."

Mack made no retort but slumped wearily in his chair. Gene shrugged his shoulders, and returned his attention to the guns he'd been cleaning before his father had entered. The older man frowned at that and laid his hand directly across Gene's weapons. Their eyes met.

"Where were you, boy? Tell me that?" his voice in cold fury. "You dismiss the fire with a shrug of your shoulders! Don't you know it's every man's responsibility in these parts to take up the fight of his neighbor? From now on, I don't want you—"

The younger man's face paled. "Now, wait a minute, Dad. I'm no kid you can spank any more. I'm of age to make up my own mind and do as I see fit!"

Mack Gaines slapped his son's face. It was the first time in his life he had ever raised his hand at the boy. He regretted it before the blow landed. Before he could find the words to say he was sorry, Gene Gaines whirled upon his heel and strode from the house.

The rancher seemed to age ten years as he walked up the stairs. He paused before the open door of Gene's room. It was just a sentimental gesture on the part of the older man. Then something on the bed sheet caught his eye. Charred cinders! Clothing the boy had hurriedly cast off were hung there, full of the soot and flying ash of a fire! Mack Gaines felt then as though a branding iron had been thrust against his heart. He rifled the pockets of the jacket and felt a folded sheet of paper inside. With trembling fingers he smoothed out the wrinkles and read:

"After Hamwell's ranch, the next night it will be . . . GAINES' PLACE!" And the insignia at the bottom of the paper was a crudely drawn black glove.

Mack dizzied at the realization. Though he

loved his son more than his own life, Gaines knew there was no alternative for a man who'd fought on the line of justice and law all his life. Gene had to pay for his wrongs! He had to be stopped from further destruction!

He stumbled uncertainly to the staircase, drew his hand across his eyes as though to clear them, and started down. The house seemed to be moving beneath his feet, and he tumbled down the stairs. At the bottom, he lay, bruised and unconscious.

The hours passed. Twice, Mack Gaines had come to, tried to raise himself to his feet, only to collapse again in a spasm of pain. His leg was badly broken.

Then there came the thunder of hoofs. Several riders approached the house and dismounted. Mack Gaines was awakened by the jostling of the door, and the sound of a voice: "Well, Gene—this will be the end of your place! But you won't be sorry. Any man who rides with the Black Glove—will be rich beyond his dreams!"

His own son was at the door, ready and willing to destroy the place where he was born and raised! Mack Gaines reached down to his holster as the door opened, but there his hand stopped. He could never draw a gun against his own flesh and blood.

A shot shattered the quiet. It seemed to be the signal for the wild, deadly battle that ensued. Men screamed with pain and toppled from their saddles as vengeful bullets found their mark. With extraordinary effort, Mack Gaines pulled himself to the window. But it was over as abruptly as it had begun.

Now the door was flung open, and tall and fearless in the threshold, stood Gene Gaines. "Dad!" He ran to his father and helped him to a chair. The older man looked away so as not to meet the eyes of his son.

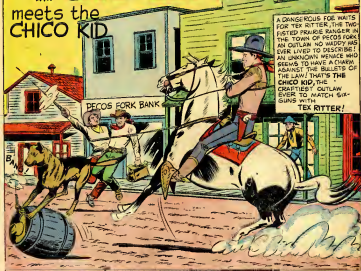
"Mack Gaines!" another figure entered, and in the dim light, the rancher caught the reflection of a star! "I want to shake your hand," the sheriff said. "Any man who raises a son like yours deserves congratulations!"

It was then the story came out, Gene had gone out of his way to make himself the reputation of a wild, irresponsible saddle dummy. In this way he was able to fall in with the notorious Black Glove gang. Since the outlaw could be found out no other way—Gene decided to play it this way. And he did it with the sanction of the sheriff—as an acting deputy! The culprit was Castle, the rancher who tried to make the others surrender the fight!

He was in pain, but the look on Mack Gaines' face showed he never felt better in his life.

Tex Ritter

meets the
CHICO KID



A DANGEROUS Foe WAITS FOR TEX RITTER, THE TWO-FISTED PRIDE RANGER IN THE TOWN OF PECOS FORK. AN OUTLAW NO WADY HAS EVER LIVED TO DESCRIBE! AN UNKNOWN MENACE WHO SEEMS TO HAVE A CHARM AGAINST THE BULLETS OF THE LAW! THAT'S THE CHICO KID, THE CRAPIEST OUTLAW EVER TO MATCH SIX-GUNS WITH
TEX RITTER!

ONE AFTERNOON AS TEX RITTER RIDES ACROSS THE WESTERN RANGE...

THE CHIEF ASKED ME TO SEE WHAT'S BREWING IN PECOS FORK! THE SHERIFF HAS BEEN WOUNDED AND THE TOWN'S BEEN TERRORIZED BY A GANG LED BY SOMEONE CALLED THE CHICO KID!



WHAT PUZZLES ME IS THE TELEGRAM THAT CAME JUST BEFORE I LEFT RANGER HEADQUARTERS! ACCORDING TO G. WILLIAMS OF THE PECOS FORK BANK, THE TOWN IS COMPLETELY QUIET AND NO HELP IS NEEDED!



SO ON AFTERWARD IN PECOS FORK...

HERE'S OUR FIRST STOP, FURY! LET'S HAVE A PALAVER WITH G. WILLIAMS... AND SEE WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON IN THIS TOWN!



HONDY, MISS! I'M TEX RITTER OF THE PRAIRIE RANGERS! I'D BE PLUMS OBLIGED FOR A CHANCE TO TALK TO THE WADDY WHO SENT ME THIS TELEGRAM!

THE WADDY HAPPENS TO BE ME! MY NAME'S GINGER WILLIAMS... AND I'M IN CHARGE OF THE BANK DURING MY FATHER'S ILLNESS!



I'VE BEEN WONDERING ABOUT YOUR MESSAGE, GINGER! ACCORDING TO WHAT WE'VE HEARD AT RANGER HEADQUARTERS THE CHICO KID AND HIS GANG HAVE KEPT PECOS FORK PRACTICALLY IN A STATE OF SIEGE!



IT LOOKS AS IF THE GANG HAS PULLED ITS LAST JOB! THREE OF THE CHICO KID'S ACCOMPLICES ARE IN JAIL... AFTER HAVING BEEN CAPTURED BY A RANCHER!

mighty strange that three of the toughest hounds in Texas would let themselves be rounded up by a single waddy! But what about the chico kid himself, Ginger?



I CAN'T TELL YOU A THING ABOUT HIM, TEX! NO ONE'S LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO EVEN DESCRIBE THE CHICO KID AFTER RUNNING INTO HIM!



SUDDENLY... MISTER, CAN YOU GIVE ME A HAND OVER AT THE JAIL? THOSE THREE CAPTURED OUTLAWS ARE TRYING TO SMASH THEIR WAY OUT!



IT'S A GOOD THING YOU'RE HERE, TEX! SONNY, WILL YOU SLAM THAT DOOR SHUT?



A MOMENT LATER... I WANT TO WARN YOU BUZZARDS NOT TO BREAK OUT OF JAIL!

DON'T YOU RECKON THE CHICO KID WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT?





I SURE WILL!
REACH!



GREAT HORNED
TOADS! YOU'RE
THE CHICO
KID!

LOOKS AS
IF MY TRICK
WORKED, EH?
BY LETTING MY
HADDIES BE
CAPTURED, I'VE
KEPT THE RANGERS
FROM SENDING A
POSSE TO TOWN!
NOW WE CAN
RANSACK THE
BANK!



DON'T MOVE, RITTER! I'VE HEARD
TAKE DOWN THOSE
KEYS, GAL AND
UNLOCK THE
CELL DOOR!

I'VE HEARD
YOU CAN'T BE
LICKED IN A
GUN FIGHT!
SUPPOSE YOU GIVE
ME A FAIR CHANCE TO
DRAW AND
PROVE IT?

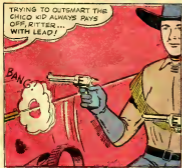


STOP STALLING!
UNBUCKLE YOUR GUN
BELT-- LET IT DROP--
AND MOBBY OVER
TO THAT CELL!

SINCE THIS LITTLE
WEASEL IS SO PROUD OF
HIS TRICK... IT'S TIME TO
TROT OUT ONE I LEARNED
FROM THE COMANCHES!

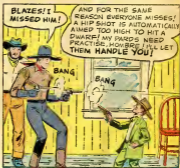


WITH SPLIT-SECOND THINKING, TEX CATCHES
THE FALLING GUN BELT
ON HIS FOOT AND
KICKS IT BACK UP!



TRYING TO OUTSMART THE
CHICO KID ALWAYS PAYS
OFF, RITTER...
WITH LEAD!

BANG



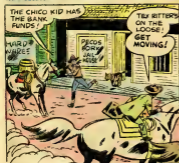
BLAZES! I
MISSED HIM!

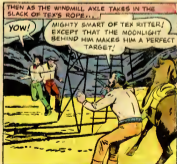
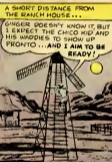
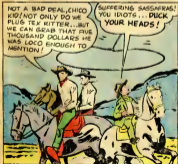
AND FOR THE SAME
REASON EVERYONE MISSES!
A HIP SHOT IS AUTOMATICALLY
AIMED TOO HIGH TO HIT A
DWARF! MY PARD'S NEED
PRACTICE, HOWEVER I'LL LET
THEM HANDLE YOU!

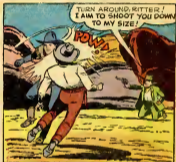
BANG

BANG









PINTO PETE ... SAYS A MOUTHFUL



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 2, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1917, OF THE LITTLE WESTERN published weekly at Greenvale, Conn., for October 1, 1933

State of Connecticut)
County of Fairfield) ss.

I, being one a Minority Public and for the said and being advised personally appeared Gordon Fawcett, who, being unto duly sworn, deposes in law, sworn and says that he is the Executive Director of THE LITTLE WESTERN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc. of said paper for the year shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 2, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1917, contained in sections 1103, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form to-wit:

1 That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager and Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenvale, Conn., Daniel B. J. Higgins, Executive, P. F. Manning Editor, Ralph Deigh, Postman Manager, N. Y., Business Manager, Gordon Fawcett, Greenvale, Conn.

2 That the owner is (if owned by a corporation, its name and address, together with the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock, if not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual owner, must be given; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenvale, Conn.; J. B. Fawcett, J. B. Fawcett, Onea Marine Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.; Roger Fawcett, Greenvale, Conn.; V. B. Fawcett, Greenvale, Conn.; M. B. Fawcett, Norwalk, Conn.; H. A. Fawcett, Greenvale, Conn.; Joseph Kent Fawcett, Greenvale, Conn.; M. F. Fawcett, Greenvale, Conn.; W. B. Fawcett, Trust Greenvale, Conn.; M. B. Bacon, Greenvale, Cal.; George Lester, Greenvale, Cal.; W. F. Mrs. Marie Barbara, Cal.; Mrs. Mrs. Elizabeth, Seattle, Wash.; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenvale, Conn.

3 That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, if any, must give name, title or office.

4 That the two principal officers above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, shall also give the list of stockholders and

security holders as they appear upon the books of the company and also, in cases where the stockholders or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustee or as any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation, for whom such trustee is acting, in given, also that the said two principal officers state in substance whether they have any knowledge and belief as to the transactions and conditions under which stockholders and security holders do and appear upon the books of the company as trustee, bond stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this without bias or prejudice or believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities there as so stated by him.

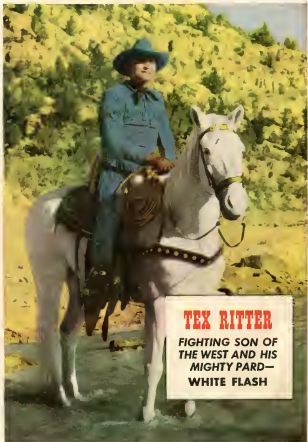
5 That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date above shown is . . . This information is required from daily publications only.

GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and Subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1933.

(Seal) WILLIAM H. BOWLER,
Notary Public

(My commission expires April 1, 1935.)



TEX RITTER

**FIGHTING SON OF
THE WEST AND HIS
MIGHTY PARD—
WHITE FLASH**