

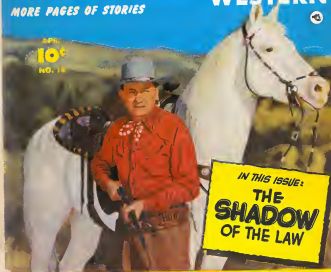
TEX RITTER

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

MORE PAGES OF STORIES

WESTERN

APRIL
10¢
NO. 14



YOU WON'T GET AWAY AS EASY AS YOU DID BEFORE, THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO GET AN EVILLY BRED OR A CHARGE OF ATTEMPTED MURDER!



WASNT SOMETHING HAPPENING TO THE BRONCO? IT SEEMED TO BE THE SAME OLD LOOK!





HORSE FOR SALE

By Walter Farmer



THE TWO MEN lay flat on their stomachs at the edge of the cliff, watching the swiftly moving cloud of dust on the plain below them.

"Mighty fine horse, that one!" granted Vee Scar, whose name came from the vivid mark of a sabre wound on his left cheek. "If I owned that horse I'd win me a million dollars at the races, I would! Wish I had that horse."

"Then I reckon you'll have it, Vee Scar," chuckled his companion. There isn't anything you ever wanted that you didn't get. Reckon you'll be obliged if I help you out." He sighted his rifle on the sider below them.

Vee Scar cracked the gun roughly to the side and snarled, "Don't shoot, Moussey, you fool! That redskin is Little Talon, the son of Chief Flying Eagle! Besides, he's going pretty fast. You might miss him and hot the horse!"

"But how'll we get the horse!" asked Moussey.

"We'll buy him," responded Vee Scar.

"Buy him?" exclaimed Moussey.

"Sure," said Vee Scar. "We'll buy him with those greenbacks we printed—the counterfeit money!"

"That money?" exclaimed Moussey, frowning. "But we've never been able to pass any of that money!"

"Use your head, Moussey," chuckled Vee Scar. "We never could pass the money on a white man, but Indians are dumb. We could fool them easy. And that's just what we'll do. We'll buy that strawberry roan for a bundle of phony wampum!"

Little Talon, a straight-backed, bronzed-skinned young man, raced his strawberry roan toward across the flat, unaware that the eyes of the two badmen were focused on him.

"You are a fine horse, Papposey," he whispered into the ear of the roan. "You are faster than the Great Wind. You and I will be com-

panions forever!"

But when Little Talon arrived in the camp of his people, the horse of his father, Chief Flying Eagle, there was bad news awaiting him. "My son, my prince," said the old Chief. "I have arranged to sell your fast horse, which you call Papposey, to a pale face. He is our friend, Sheriff Biglaw."

"We have many horses," said Little Talon. "Could we not sell him another?"

"No, son," responded the chief. "Your horse is the fastest in all the land, and the sheriff wants him. With your horse he will be able to overtake all the wicked palefaces who make trouble for both white and red men in this great west. You should feel honored."

"Yes, father," said Little Talon.

"Besides," continued the Chief, "he will pay us a fair price for the horse, and with this money I shall realize my great dream—to send you east to a paleface school where you may learn to make writing. You are lucky, my son."

"Yes, father," said Little Talon. He could not cry; a brave does not weep. He could not protest; even a prince doesn't argue with the chief. But Little Talon's heart was heavy as he moved to his tepees.

A short time later, Vee Scar and Moussey arrived in the Indian village. After saluting the chief with proper ceremony, Vee Scar said, "We have come to buy that roan pony, Chief. We've got our saddlebags stuffed with wampum."

"Oh, My friend, Sheriff Biglaw, has sent you here?"

"Sheriff Biglaw? Huh? Oh, yeh, yeh! He sent us. The sheriff sent us to buy the horse."

"If you are from the sheriff then it is all right. I will sell. For I know that the sheriff will put the horse to much good use and it will never fall into the hands of outlaws."

(Continued on inside back cover.)

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READING

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as they cover by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

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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 SHADOW OF THE LAW!**

SINCE YOU TWO MEN, KING
AND OLD, WORK FOR THE
RANCHER BILL GALEY, IT
SHOULD BE A SINCH FOR
YOU TO RUSTLE HIS HORSES!
IF YOU LISTEN TO ME, IT WILL
BE REALLY WORTH YOUR
WHILE!



CURTIS REFUSED TO GO ALOONG
ON THE RUSTLING JOB WITH US!
NOW WHAT, DAD?

THEY'RE
ONLY ONE
THING WE CAN
DO----GET
RID OF HIM!

DOLL AVENUES OF ESCAPE CUT OFF, SOB CURTIS
IS FORCED TO FLEE UP THE NARROW MOUNTAIN
TRAIL!

WE'RE CLOSING IN ON HIM, DAD!
GET YOUR SHOOTING IRON READY!



BOOM!

IT LOOKS AS IF HE
HIT HIM! NOW WHAT
CAN HE HIDE HIS
BODY?

IT WON'T BE
NECESSARY
TO HIDE IT---





I CAN FEEL THIS BRANCH STRAINING UNDER THIS UNNATURAL BURDEN! OUR COMBINED WEIGHTS MUST BE TOO MUCH FOR IT! I'VE GOT TO REACH THAT HORSE BEFORE IT REALLY CRACKS OFF!



JUST JUST AS THE PRANTE BANGER HEARS THE IMPROBABLE CRACKS ---



IT LOOKS AS IF ALL THIS WAS FOR NOTHING UNLESS MY BOARDING-HOUSE STARCH ---



--- IS GOOD FOR MORE THAN BOARDING FOR JUST MEAT AND FORTNIGHT! I GOT HIM! NOW TO YANK AT THE ROPE AND HOPE THAT WHITE FLASH WASN'T FORGOTTEN THE SIGNAL!



NO WONDER THIS HORSE ROSE RIGHT OVER THE CLIFF! HE DIDN'T HEAR WHAT HE WAS DOING! HE'S BEEN SHOT!



BUT HE'S STILL BREATHING! I reckon I'D BETTER GET HIM TO A DOCTOR, pronto!



WADSWORTH, AT TODD FLINT'S RANCH ---

OKAY, FLINT, WE RUSTLED THE HORSES LIKE YUH ASKED! NOW PAY US OFF SO WE CAN BERT IT!

I'LL PAY YUH WHEN I SELL THOSE HORSES!



WHAT DO YUH MEAN, YUH'LL PAY US WHEN YUH SELL THEM? YUH DIDN'T MENTION THAT BEFORE! HE CAN'T PAID THAT LONG! WE NEED THE MONEY NOW!

I'M SORRY, BUT IF YUH DON'T LIKE THE WAY I OPERATE, YUH CAN TAKE THOSE HORSES AND BERT IT!





YOU KNOW WE CAN'T DO THAT! BY NOW OUR BOSS, BILL DALEY, MUST HAVE NOTICED THAT THE HORSES ARE GONE, AND HE MUST HAVE REPORTED IT TO THE SHERIFF!

IF WE'RE SEEN WITH THEM, WE'LL END UP IN THE HOOSEGOW!

THAT'S YOUR MERRY! I'LL TAKE THE HORSES ONLY IF YOU'RE WILLING TO ACCEPT PENALTIES WHEN I SELL THEM!

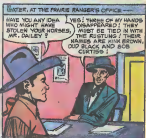


I RECKON WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE!

BUT WHAT CAN WE DO UNTIL THEN? HE SURELY CAN'T GO BACK TO DALEY'S RANCH! HE MUST SUSPECT US BY NOW!



THE DEAD CURTISS MAY BE OUR WAY OUT! COME ON!



ENTER, AT THE PRISON RANGERS' OFFICE.—

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHO MIGHT HAVE STOLEN YOUR HORSES, MR. DALEY?

YES! THREE OF MY HORSES DISAPPEARED! THEY MUST BE TIED IN WITH THE RESTING! THEIR MARKS ARE RIM BROWN, DOD BLACK AND BOB CURTISS!



BOB CURTISS? ACCORDING TO THE PAPERS I FOUND IN HIS POCKET, THAT'S THE NAME OF THE JASPER I JUST LEFT AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE!

LEAD ME TO HIM! I'LL MAKE THAT BUT TELL ME WHAT HE DID WITH MY HORSES!



YOU'D BETTER RELAX, DALEY! CURTISS IS IN A COMA! WHETHER HE EVER TALKS AGAIN IS IN THE HANDS OF THE DOCTOR NOW! DOC GREEN SAID HE'D LET ME KNOW THE MOMENT HE CAME TO—THAT IS IF HE DOES COME TO!

WELL, I WANT TO BE THERE THEN, TOO!



OKAY! IF CURTISS COMES TO I'LL CALL YOU FRONTON! IN THE MEANTIME, I THINK THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO IS GO HOME AND GET SOME REST!







['GASP!'] IT'S THE
POUNDER RANGER!
HE MUST HAVE BEEN
INSIDE WHEN WE SHOT
CURTIS! I THOUGHT
YOU SAID THE PLACE
WAS EMPTY!

I NEVER
SAID
ANYTHING!
I THOUGHT
YOU SAID
IT WAS
EMPTY!



WHAT YOU TWO THOUGHT RE-
SORE MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.
THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS
WHETHER YOU WANT TO GO
TO THE GALLONS WITH A
CLEAR CONSCIENCE OR NOT!
IF YOU DO YOU'LL TELL ME
WHAT YOU DID WITH THE HOR-
SES!

WE'LL TALK! THERE'S NO
REASON TO LET FLUNT
GET AWAY WITH THOSE
HORSES; HE DIDN'T
EVEN TRY US!



WATER...
WHAT'S THE
MEANING
OF THIS?

STOP POSTPONING,
FLUNT! I NOT ONLY
SAW DAILEY'S
REBRANDED HOR-
SES OUTSIDE...



BUT YOUR TWO PART-
NERS REBRANDED ON
YOU! NOW LET'S GET
GOING!



WATER...---

SINCE YOU WON'T ACCEPT
A REWARD FOR GETTING
MY HORSES BACK, I'LL SEND
THE MONEY TO POOR CURTIS'
MOTHER! WITH HIM DEAD
SHE MIGHT HAVE NEED
OF IT!

I THINK
THAT'S A
VERY GOOD
IDEA,
DAILEY,
AND YOU
CAN ADD
THIS TO IT!

✓ BIGGER!
✓ BETTER!
✓ DIFFERENT!

THE **WHIZ**

OF ALL COMICS!

LARRY NAYLOR
ADVENTURES

LANCE CRONIN
VIA ACTION

A GOLFAN
WAG STORY

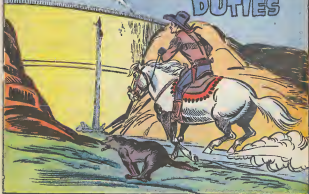
DOCTOR DEATH
NO LIES STORY

10¢ ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

Tex Ritter

(GASP!) THE DAM'S CRACKING!
EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE IN ITS
PATH WILL BE DROWNED!

in BLIND MAN'S DUTIES



WE'VE GOT TO GET TO SOME HIGH POINT OR WE'LL
BE SWEEP AWAY BY THE DOWNPOUR! THERE MUST
BE SOME WAY TO ALARM THE RANCHERS CLOSE
BY FROM THE TOP OF THE DAM!



BUT AS THE FRAGILE RANCHER GETS CLOSER TO
THE TOP OF THE DAM...

(GASP!) A DYNAMITE PLOUNDER! IT LOOKS
AS IF THAT CRACK IN THE DAM WASH'N'T
ANY ACCIDENT!





I RECKON I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE THIS!



NO ACCIDENT IS RIGHT! THERE'S PLUNTS OF TONS OF DYNAMITE WILL LEFT HERE! BUT WHAT'S THAT I HEAR?

HEY, WHAT ARE YUH DOING OUT THERE? LET'S PICK UP THE STUFF AND BEAT IT BEFORE ANY-ONE SPOTS US!



DO YUH HEAR ME? C'MON, LET'S GET GOING!

WHO ARE YUH TALKING TO, KAGWOOD? I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



(GULP!) IF YUH'RE HONK, DEVON, THEN WHO'S OUT ON THE DAM?



IT'S A PRAIRIE RANGER AND IF HE GETS A GOOD LOOK AT US, WE'RE DONE FOR!

THOSE MUST BE THE HORNBILLS WHO BLEW UP THE DAM! I'D BETTER RUSH IF I DON'T WANT TO LOSE THEM!



WELL, HE'S NOT GOING TO LIVE TO GET A GOOD LOOK AT US!



KNOCKED GROGGY BY THE EXPLOSION, THE HELPLESS PRAIRIE RANGER IS CARRIED OVER THE EDGE OF THE BLOWN-UP DAM BY THE TORRENT OF WATER!

THE EXPLOSION DIDN'T KILL ME, BUT THIS DROP CERTAINLY WILL!

TEX RITTER MANAGES TO SURVIVE THE FALL, BUT...

MY EYES! A PIECE OF ROCK LANDED RIGHT ACROSS THEM! I CAN'T SEE A THING; EVEN IF I COULD SWIM AGAINST THE CURRENT, I WOULDN'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO HEAD!



BUT TEX'S FAITHFUL DOG, FURY, HADN'T TAKEN HIS EYES OFF HIS MASTER FOR A SINGLE SECOND!



FURY! GOOD BOY! YOU HEAD ME TOWARDS SHORE AND I'LL DO MY BEST TO MAKE IT!



CONSIDERING THE FORCES OF THE MAN-MADE CURRENT THE FRANKIE SANDER REALLY MAKES IT TO SHORE!



NOW YOU'VE GOT TO GET ME TO THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE, FURY! YOU KNOW THE WAY! UNTIL I CAN SEE AGAIN, YOU'VE GOT TO BE MY EYES!



LATER, AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE

FOR THE TENTH TIME, TEX, IS TELLING YOU I DO WASH THE TOWN ABOUT THE CRACK IN THE DAM AND EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL! NOW IF I'M GOING TO EXAMINE YOUR EYES, YOU'VE GOT TO RELAX!

OKAY, DOC!



LATER--

I KNOW YOU CAN TAKE IT, TEX, SO I'M GOING TO GIVE IT TO YOU STRAIGHT. I'M NOT SURE, BUT THE WAY THINGS LOOK TO ME YOU'LL NEVER SEE AGAIN! YOUR OPTIC NERVES HAVE BEEN PARALYZED!

(GULP)



I'M NOT AN EYE SPECIALIST, THOUGH, AND I COULD BE WRONG SO I'M GOING TO SEND FOR THE FAMOUS EYE SURGEON, DR. HARRIS! MEANWHILE, YOU'D BETTER GET INTO BED AND REST!

THERE'S NO TIME FOR REST! I'VE GOT TO FIND THOSE WARRIORS WHO BLEW UP THE DAM!



BUT WHAT CAN YUH DO? YUH WORESSELE SAID YUH ODN'T SEE THEIR FACES! AND EVEN IF YUH DID, IN YOUR CONDITION, YUH COULDN'T RECOGNIZE THEM!

THAT'S TRUE, DOC, BUT I DID HEAR ONE OF THEM SPEAK AND THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MY EARS! IF I HEARD HIM AGAIN I'D BE ABLE TO PICK HIM OUT OF A THOUSAND!

NOW, FURY, LEAD ME TO THE FAVOR'S OFFICE [I AM TO FIND OUT IF HE KNOWS WHY ANYONE WOULD WANT TO DO SUCH A THING AS TO BLOW UP THE DAM]

MEANWHILE, IN THE BANK'S OFFICE ---

YUH SENT FOR ME, BANKER?

MRS. DAWSON! ALL THE RANCHERS WHOM YUH WERE KIND ENOUGH TO LEND MONEY FOR THE DAM! SO THAT THEY COULD BUILD THE DAM, ARE HERE! THEY'D LIKE TO TALK TO YUH!

OH, BUT KINDNESS HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH MY LENDING THEM THE MONEY FOR THE DAM! I DON'T FORGET THEY AGREED TO PAY BACK MY MONEY WITH A GOOD RATE OF INTEREST OR THEY'D FORGET THEIR RANCHES!

NO ONE'S FORGETTING ANYTHING, CLIFF, BUT AS YUH KNOW THE DAM WAS JUST CRACKED UP AND NOW NONE OF US ARE IN A POSITION TO PAY BACK THE LOAN! WE NEED AN EXTENSION ON IT!

I'M SORRY, BUT THAT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION! YUH AGREED TO MY BACK, MY LOAN BY THE END OF THIS WEEK, AND UNLESS I HEY IT I AM TO FROWN AND TAKE OVER MORE RANCHES!

[GASP] IF THAT'S THE WAY YUH WANT IT---I RECKON WE'RE LUCKED!

SHORTLY AFTER ---

ARE YUH SURE OF THAT DAM WAS BLOWN UP, TEX?

AS SURE OF IT AS I AM SURE I CAN SEE NOW!

WELL, THE ONLY ONE WHO WOULD HAVE ANYTHING TO GAIN BY THAT WOULD BE CLIFF DAWSON! WITH THE DAM DESTROYED THE RANCHERS CAN'T PAY OFF THE NOTE THEY OWE HIM AND BY THE END OF THE WEEK HE'LL OWN EVERY GOOD SPOT OF LAND IN TOWN, AND HE'LL BE GETTING THEM AT LESS THAN HALF THEIR WORTH!

AND WHAT'S MORE, IT WOULDN'T COST TOO MUCH TO SET THE DAM FIXED UP SO WE'LL HAVE THOSE RANCHES AND THE RIVERS TO KEEP THEM IN GOOD CONDITION, TOO! BUT EVEN IF IT WAS DIVISION, HOW COULD YEH RECOGNIZE HIM IN YOUR CONDITION?

AS I TOLD THE DOCTOR, I'D RECOGNIZE HIS VOICE! YOU LEAD ME OVER THERE, MAYOR, AND START A CONVERSATION WITH HIM ABOUT ANYTHING JUST AS LONG AS I CAN HEAR HIM TALK!

SHORTLY AFTER, AT CLIFF DANSON'S RANCH ---

I'M SORRY, MAYOR, BUT I JUST CAN'T EXTEND THAT NOTE ANY LONGER! I'M ALSO SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR ACCIDENT, TEX! I HOPE YEH GET BETTER SOON!

WELL, TEX!

IT WASN'T HIM!

LOOK, DEVON, I JUST MADE A MISTAKE!

HOLD IT, MAYOR! WHO SAID THAT?

IT'S RAGWOOD, ONE OF CLIFF DANSON'S Hired HANDS; WHY?

THAT'S THE HORSE I HEARD UP AT THE DAM!

IF YOU'RE RIGHT, TEX, THIS TIES IN! CLIFF COULD HAVE GOTTEN HIS Hired HANDS TO DO THE DIRTY WORK FOR HIM! THIS IS YOUR TYPE OF WORK, TEX, SO YEH'LL HAVE TO TELL ME WHAT OUR NEXT MOVE IS!

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEM IN FOR QUESTIONING!

BUT AT THE SAME TIME ---

LOOK, RAGWOOD, IT'S TEX RITTER! I'M SURE HE ESCAPED FROM THAT EXPLOSION TRY! IF HE SAW US? IF HE HADN'T SEEN US HE WOULDN'T BE HERE! WE GOTTA ACT FAST!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, IF HE SAW US? IF HE HADN'T SEEN US HE WOULDN'T BE HERE! WE GOTTA ACT FAST!

AND BEFORE THE MAYOR CAN MAKE A MOVE ---

OKAY, YEH TWO, REACH FOR THE SKY! I'VE GOT YEH COVERED!

KEEP THEM COVERED, DEVON! I'LL GO FOR THE ROSS!



I RECKON THEIR ACTIONS PROVE YUH WERE RIGHT, TEX! THEY MUST BE THE ONES WHO BLEW UP THE DAM!

THAT INFORMATION HAIN'T GOING TO DO YUH ANY GOOD WHEN THE BOSS GETS FINISHED WITH YUH!



WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S THE MOST WONDERFUL DOG OF YOURS, TEX! HE JUST HACKED DOWN RIGHT AT YORE FOOT!



I CAN'T SEE YUH, BUT I CAN FEEL YOU!



AND NOW YEH'RE GOING TO FEEL THIS!



OHAY, YEH TWO, IF YUH KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YUH YUH'LL JUST PUT YORE HANDS UP!

YUH'LL FIND HANDGOLDS IN YER BACK POCKET, HANOR! GAWD YOU GET THEM ON THIS TROO, YUH'LL HAVE NO MORE TROUBLE WITH THEM!

ONE WEEK LATER ---

I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS FOR YUH BANGBERRIES! THE JURY HAD ONE FINDING CLIFF DAWSON AND HIS MEN GUILTY, BUT THEY ALSO SAID THAT SINCE CLIFF HAD LENT YUH THE MONEY TO BUILD THE DAM, HE ACCIDENTLY DESTROYED HIS OWN PROPERTY SO YEH DOU'NT OWE HIM ANYTHING ANY MORE! NOW ALL YEH HAVE TO DO IS FIX UP THE DAM AND YEH'LL BE IN A BETTER POSITION THAN YEH EVER WERE BEFORE!



BUT I ALSO HAVE SOME BAD NEWS---



--- THAT IS BAD NEWS FOR THE BANGBERRIES IN THESE PARTS! THE FANGUS EYE SURGEON DR. HARRIS JUST FINISHED EXAMINING TEX RITTER AND---

DR. HARRIS WAS RIGHT! YER OPTIC NERVES WERE PARTLY DEAD BUT IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A NEW WAY TO FIX THAT! AND SO I'LL HAVE YUH SEEING AS GOOD AS NEW IN NO TIME!



NEER AS I HEAR I CAN COUNT ON FURY I KNOW THIS WILL MAKE HIM JUST AS HAPPY AS IT MAKES ME!

LOONIE LES

APTLY NAMED!



RIDING THE RANGE
WITH
TEX RITTER

483 NORTH RODEO DRIVE
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA



HONDY FOLKS,

NOT LONG AGO WE SPOKE ABOUT SOME OF THE COLORFUL EXPRESSIONS USED BY THE COMMAND AND RANGE RIDERS OF THE WEST! THERE'S ONE TERM I REMEMBER MYSELF KNOWS BUT FEW FOLKS KNOW HOW IT GOT STARTED! I'M TALKING ABOUT THE WORD "TENDERFOOT"! NOW WE ALL KNOW THAT'S THE WESTERNER'S EXPRESSION FOR ANYBODY WHO'S NOT USED TO THE ROUGH AND BUCKY WAYS OF THE WEST! ACTUALLY, THE WORD FIRST APPLIED NOT TO PEOPLE BUT TO CATTLE!

IN THE OLD WEST THE BIG CATTLE DRIVERS TOOK THOUSANDS OF HEAD OF CATTLE DOWN THE GRISHOLM TRAIL--THROUGH TEXAS, OKLAHOMA, AND KANSAS! THOSE MIGHTY TRIPS WERE THE PAY OFF THE LONGHORN BREEDERS BUT THE HERDERS DIDN'T CARE BECAUSE THEN THE STEERS SOLD FOR SO MUCH PER HEAD! BUT THE CATTLE BREEDERS RODE THE LONGHORNS, TORMENTED BY THE ABUSIVE TRIP WERE TOUGH AS LEATHER AND BROUGHT COMPLAINTS FROM BACK EAST! THEN, THEY BEGAN BUYING CATTLE NOT BY THE HEAD BUT BY THE POUND! THE BREEDERS THEN REQUESTED THE TRIP, TOUGH LONGHORNS DIDN'T WEIGH ENOUGH TO CARRY THEM! THEY IMPORTED A BREED OF SHORT-BORNED, HEAVY AND FAT CATTLE TO IMPROVE THEIR STOCKS. MOST OF THEM WERE HIRSHFORDS, BROUGHT UP ON SOFT, GREEN MEADOWS,

UNLOADED ON THE HARD, ROCKY GROUND OF THE WEST AND DROVE TO WOODS RANCHES FAR FROM THE TERRAIN. THAT'S WHEN THE WORD "TENDERFOOT" STARTED. FROM THEN ON IT'S BEEN APPLIED TO ANYONE, PARTICULARLY FROM BACK EAST, WHO ISN'T USED TO THE WILD WEST. SO THE NEXT TIME YOU GO HIKING OR CAMPING, PARTNERS, DON'T YOU BRING A "TENDERFOOT" BY NOT BRINGING YOUR HIKING BOOTS OR CAMPING EQUIPMENT. WHEN YOU "SET THE TRAIL" FOR A FEW DAYS OF ROUGHING IT, REMEMBER THAT MOST OF US, LIKE THOSE CATTLE THE WESTERNER IMPORTED, ARE NOT USED TO THE RISKS OF OUTDOOR LIFE. THAT'S WHY THE GUNNIT PERSON PREPARES PROPERLY FOR HIS TRIP-- PROPER SHOES, SOCKS, CLOTHING, BEDDING AND RAINWEAR. YES, PARTNERS, THE WORD "TENDERFOOT" CAN BE PLUNTY REAL IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL!

BUT NOW I MUST BE TRAVELING ON! TILL NEXT MONTH, FRIENDS, KEEP SMILING AND GOOD LUCK!

YOUR FURD,

Tex Ritter



Tex Ritter

THE UNHAPPY MEDIUM!

WHO SENT FOR ME OUT OF THE PAST?



I DID! I AM YOUR WIFE, HELEN! WHEN YOU DIED, JOE, I SOLD THE RANCH BUT NOW I'M WORRIED ABOUT HOW TO REDEEM THE MONEY!



THE MEDIUM, MADAME LASOFFE, IS CLEVER! I SUGGEST YOU BRING HER THE MONEY AND LET HER BLESS IT FOR YOU!



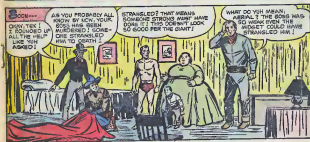
AND I SUGGEST, MRS. MORGAN, THAT YOU PUT IT IN THE BANK!

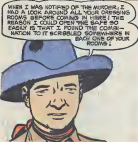
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?



I'M GOING TO PROVE ONCE AND FOR ALL MADAME LASOFFE THAT YOU'RE A FRODY!











...THIS HALF OF THE PAYROLL MONEY IS YOURS IF YEH PRETEND TO BE SHABLE TO DO SO!

AND WHAT IF I SHOULD SAY NO?



THEN I RECKON YD HAVN TO MAKE SURE YEH WOULDN'T LIVE TO HOLD A SHANCE!

TAKE IT EASY! I WAS ONLY JOKING!



OF COURSE I'LL TAKE THE MONEY!

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!



EXP AS THE WASHED KILLER HANGS OVER PART OF THE LOOK--

POW



I FIGURED THE GUILTY PARTY WOULD GET HERSE EARY TO TRY TO BRIBE THE MADMEN NOT TO CONDUCT A SHANCE! AND SINCE I KNOW I COULDN'T TRUST MADAME LADYTYPE, I TOOK HER PLACE! NOW THAT I'VE REMOVED MY MASK, IT'S YOUR TURN TO DO THE SAME!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! AERIAL! IT WAS CLEVER OF YOU TO WRITE THE COMBINATION TO THE SAFE ON ALL THE DRESSING ROOM WALLS AFTER YOU'D CHOKED IT OUT OF YOUR BOSS! BUT YOU WERE JUST A LITTLE BIT TOO ANXIOUS TO PIN THE MURDER ON SOMEONE ELSE!



AND AT MIDNIGHT---

THE GUILTY PARTY'S DEED OUGHT SO YOU CAN ALL GO BACK AND RELAX! THIS ONE IS FINISHED!

BUFFALO BULL

"A HONEY OF A TASK!"

(GULP, GULP!)

JIMMY, JUST SWELL THE HONEY COMING FROM THAT BEEHIVE! THERE'S NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN HONEY, AND I'M IN LUCK! THERE AREN'T ANY BEES AROUND! BURN'S HONOR I GET SOME DELICIOUS HONEY FOR NOTHING!



BUT AS BUFFALO BULL REACHES INTO THE BEEHIVE FOR THE HONEY COME...



GULP!
THAT'S A WHOLE SWARM OF BEES FLYING RIGHT FOR ME!



GULP!
I DON'T THINK YOUR HONEY WOULD BE I DON'T EVEN TOUCH IT! (GULP!)
I CAN SEE THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO CONVINCE THEM! THEY DON'T BELIEVE ME!



WAAAAH! HELP!
OUCH! STOMACH!

AFTER THE MASSACRE IS OVER...



(GROAN) I MUST HAVE BEEN STUNG A MILLION TIMES! GROSS! I'VE GOT MORE BUMPS ON MY FACE THAN A LUMPY MATTRESS!



HONOR COME THE FELLOWS! THEY KNOW I'M CRAZY ABOUT HONEY AND WHEN THEY SEE ME, THEY'LL FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED! THEY'LL RAZE THE LIFE OUT OF ME! IT'LL BE WORSE THAN THE STINGING!



I WANE TO THINK OF SOMETHING, PRONTO! WHIT! I KNOW! I'LL MAKE UP ONE OF MY FAMOUS WINE AND POOL THEM!



BELLO, BUFFALO BILL... HUH? JESSE, LOOK AT HIS FACE, FELLOW!

HA, HA! HE MUST HAVE BEEN TRYING TO STEAL THE HONEY FROM A BEEHIVE!

YEAH, BUT HE SHOULD DIDN'T GET AWAY WITH IT! HA! HA!

WHELP!



YEAH SOMEBODY ARE JUST DAWDING YOUR IGNORANCE BY LAUGHING! I'VE BEEN THE VICTIM OF A TERRIBLE PLOT AGAINST MY LIFE!

HON?

WHAT?

!



WHAT KIND OF LIE ARE YUH SPOUTING NOW, BUFFALO BILL?

YOH! WHO'S THIS BALKNEY ABOUT A PLOT AGAINST YORE LIFE?

IT'S NO BALKNEY! MY ENEMIES TRIED TO KILL ME! ONLY THE GREATEST PRESENCE OF MY MIND SAVED ME!



GOSH, BUFFALO BILL, TELL US ABOUT IT!

EVERYBODY KNOWS I LOVE HONEY AND THAT'S WHY MY ENEMIES TRIED TO KILL ME!



NEAR NOW COULD THEY TRY TO KILL YUH WITH HONEY'S?

THEY FOUND OUT I DRINK A WHOLE QUART OF HONEY EVERY MORNING WHEN I GET UP!



DURING THE NIGHT, MY ENEMIES SNEAKED INTO MY HOUSE AND FORSCHED THE HONEY! WHEN I GOT UP THE MORNING, I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT IT, AND I DRANK IT ALL!

WELL? YUH DRINK A WHOLE QUART OF FORSCHED-HONEY?

YUH, TER!

YES! I DIDN'T FEEL ANYTHING AT FIRST, BUT WHEN I WENT OUT TO THE HILLS TO HUNT, I STARTED TO DOUBLE UP WITH PAIN! THEN I REMEMBERED THAT THE HONEY HAD TASTED PECULIAR, AND I FIGURED OUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED! BUT I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING! I FELL TO THE GROUND WITH AGONIZING PAIN! I WAS DRUG FROM THE POISON!



JUST THEN I FORGOT A WORD FROM THE BRUSH! IT WAS A BEAR... HE HAD SMELLED THE HONEY I HAD EATEN! HE BARED HIS TEETH AND LUNGED TOWARD ME! IT WAS A MISCORIGHT BETWEEN TWO FIRES! IT WAS JUST A QUESTION OF WHICH WOULD KILL ME FIRST... THE POISON OR THE BEAR!



GOOH! WHAT HAPPENED, BUFFALO BULL?

JUST THEN I HAPPENED TO SPOT A BEEHIVE ABOUT A HUNDRED PACE AWAY! QUICK AS A FLUSH, I FIGURED THIS STILL MIGHT BE A WAY OUT FOR ME!



I PICKED UP A ROCK AND BREATHED ON IT SO IT WOULD SMELL OF HONEY! THEN WITH THE LAST BIT OF MY STRENGTH, AND JUST AS THE BEAR WAS ABOUT TO POUNCE ON ME, I THREW IT AT THE BEES!



IT WAS A BALLS-EYE! I KNOCKED OVER THE HIVE AND THE BEES SWARMED OUT! THE HONEY SHELL ON THE ROCK AROUSED THEIR APPETITES AND THEY STARTED TO FLY IN THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH IT CAME!



AS THE BEES FLEW CLOSER THEY SMELLED THE HONEY COMING FROM ME JUST AS THE BEAR WAS ABOUT TO BARK HIS TEETH INTO ME!



THE BEES WANTED THAT HONEY IN ME, SO THEY STUNG THE BEES SOMETHING AWFUL AND DROVE HIM OFF SO THEY COULD GET AT ME!



THE STRONG BEES RAN OFF SCREAMING, AND THEN THE BEES GOT TO WORK ON ME TO GET THE HONEY I HAD WITHIN!



YEA! THAT WAS WHAT I WANTED! IT WAS THE ONLY TIME IN MY LIFE I WANTED TO GET STUNG! THOSE BEES DRAINED EVERY DROP OF THE POISONED HONEY OUT OF ME! I WAS STUNG SOMETHING AWFUL, BUT MY LIFE WAS SAVED!



BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BEES THAT DRANK THE POISONED HONEY?



OH, THE POISON DROVE THEM WILD AND AS THEY FLOW ROUND LOOK-LIKE, MY FRIENDS WHO TRIED TO KILL ME CAME RIDING UP TO SEE IF I WAS DEAD!



THE BEES STUNG THEM AND THEY DIED FROM THEIR OWN POISON!



GARR! THAT'S TOO MUCH!

YOU GINT TELL US A LIS LIKE THAT AND GET HARM WITH IT!

GARR! WE'LL TEACH YOU TO MAKE POOLS OF US!



GROAN! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER FOR ME TO BE LAUGHED AT THAN TO GET THIS BEATING! THIS IS THE SECOND TIME TODAY THAT I'VE BEEN STUNG!



LOONIE LES
 "INSIDE AND OUTSIDE MAN!"

HEH? WHAT ARE YOU DOING AROUND HERE, LOONIE LES?

I'VE COME BACK TO WORK, BOSS!

YOU DON'T WORK FOR ME ANY LONGER! DIDN'T YOU READ THE LETTER I SENT YOU SOME DAYS AGO?

YES, SIR! INSIDE AND OUTSIDE!

HUH? INSIDE AND OUTSIDE?

YEP! ON THE INSIDE OF THE LETTER IT SAID, "YOU ARE FIRED!"

BUT ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE LETTER IT SAID, "RETURN IN FIVE DAYS!"

...SO HEAR I AM!

(GASP)!!!

Pinto Pete

Boxer de Sarsel

HOWDY, PINTO PETE! WHO'S THE LETTER FROM?

MY COUSIN CHUCK!

YOUR COUSIN CHUCK! HE WENT WEST TO MAKE HIS FORTUNE!

YOUR COUSIN CHUCK! I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN A LONG TIME! WHAT IS HE?

IS THAT SO? HOW IS HE DOING?

OH, JUST FINE! HE'S A PRIZE FIGHTER IN A CANDY FACTORY!

HUH? HE'S A PRIZE FIGHTER IN A CANDY FACTORY?

THAT'S RIGHT...

...HE BOXES CHOCOLATES!

(GASP)!!!

Tex Ritter

IN THE DEATH ON THE RAILS

THAT TRAIN SHOULDN'T BE HEADIN' FOR THE BEND AT ITS PRESENT SPEED! IF THE ENGINEER DOESN'T SLOW IT DOWN THERE'LL BE A WRECK FOR SURE! MAYBE I'D BETTER RIDE DOWN AND SEE IF WE CAN SIGNAL THE ENGINEER, WHITE FLASH!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CAB—

I'LL MAKE YUH SLOW DOWN, CLERT, IF I HAVO TO BEAT YUH TO DO IT!

I'M THE ENGINEER OF THIS HYAC TRAIN, HAYS! YUH JUST ATTEND TO YORE JOB FEEDING THE FURNACE!



YUH HAVO NO RIGHT TO DRINK WHILE YO'RE ON THE JOB! IF YUH DON'T SLOW DOWN THIS TRAIN BEFORE WE REACH THE BEND, WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

SLOW IT DOWN? I AM TO SPEED IT UP!



IF YUH DONT LIKE IT, JUMP OFF!
BUT I CAN TELL YUH ONE THING,
YU'RE NEVER GOING TO MAKE
ME SLOW THIS TRAIN DOWN!



MEANWHILE...

THAT ENGINEER CAN'T HELP
BUT SEE THIS WHITE HAND-
KERCHIEF AND REALIZE
THAT SOMETHING'S
WRONG!



YUP! HE WENT BY ME AS IF I DONT
EXIST! IN FACT, I EVEN THINK THE
TRAIN IS PICKING UP SPEED!



WATRS SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO
THE ENGINEER! I RECKON I'D BETTER
HAVE A LOOK!



HEY WHAT'S
GOING ON?
WHILE YOU TWO
ARE BATTLING,
THIS WHOLE
TRAIN IS HEAD-
ING FOR A
WRECK!



I'M TRYING TO
GET THIS
WUNATIC TO
SLOW DOWN
THIS TRAIN
BUT HE WON'T
LISTEN TO
ME!

WELL, IF
HE WON'T
SLOW IF
DOWN,
I WILL!



I WARN YUH AUNTER
IF YUH PUT ONE
FINGER ON THAT
BRAKE I'LL SPLIT
YU'RE HEAD OPEN!

YOU JUST HOLD
ON TO HIM, I'LL
ATTEND TO THE
REST!



OKAY!



I'VE NEVER HANDLED ONE OF THESE THINGS BEFORE! YOU'D BETTER TELL ME WHICH IS THE BRAKE!

OUT OF MY WAY, HAYS!



COME BACK HYAR, CLINT-- GOR!



WATCH OUT!



SWISH!



I'VE GOT THE ENGINEER UNDER CONTROL!

AND I'VE GOT THE TRAIN UNDER CONTROL!



LATER, AT THE RAILROAD OFFICE---

--AND SO IN VIEW OF ALL THE CHARGES AGAINST YUH, DRINKING WHILE ON THE JOB, DELIBERATELY EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT, AND REFUSING TO LISTEN TO REASON, WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO LET YUH GO! YUH'RE FIRED, CLINT-- WHAT! AND--



--AT TEX BITTER'S RECOMMENDATION, JOE HAYS, YUH ARE GETTING THE JOB OF REGULAR ENGINEER! HE SAYS YUH BROUGHT THE TRAIN INTO TOWN LIKE AN EXPERT!

ME THE ENGINEER? GOLLY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! THIS IS MY FINEST DREAM COMING TRUE!



THE NEXT DAY--

GOLLY IT SURE WAS NICE OF ALL YUH WONDERFUL PEOPLE TO COME DOWN TO WISH ME LUCK ON MY FIRST TRIP AS A FULL-FLEDGED ENGINEER!

IT'S THE LEAST YOUR FRIENDS COULD DO!



THIS IS THE BIGGEST DAY IN HAYS' LIFE! I THINK WE OUGHT TO GIVE HIM A SURPRISE PARTY WHEN HE GETS BACK FROM HIS FIRST COMPLETE RUN!

ARRANGING THE DETAILS FOR THE PARTY WILL BE SIMPLE SINCE ALL HIS FRIENDS ARE HYAR!



WE'VE ALL HYAR EXCEPT HIS CLOSEST FRIEND -- DISPATCHER BERT MACK AT THE JUNCTION DEPOT? WE'LL HAVE TO CONTACT HIM!

I'LL BE GLAD TO DO THAT! I HAVE TO BE OUT IN THOSE PARTS WHEN I DO MY ROUNDS LATE THIS AFTERNOON!



THAT AFTERNOON, AT THE JUNCTION DEPOT DISPATCH OFFICE---

HAYS SHOULD BE ON HIS WAY BACK BY NOW IF HE'S BRINGING THAT TRAIN IN ON TIME!

IT'S ON TIME ALL EIGHT, BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HYAR? I THOUGHT YOU ORDERED YUH TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE RAILROAD WHEN THEY FIRED YUH!



THEY DID, BERT, BUT I HAD ONE JOB TO FINISH BEFORE I LEFT FOR GOOD!



AND THAT'S MAKING SURE THAT HAYS DOESN'T LIVE TO ENJOY EVEN ONE COMPLETE ROUND TRIP!

KONK



HAYS IS HEADING EAST NOW, BUT AT THE TIME HE PASSES HYAR THERE'S ALSO A TRAIN PASSING GOING WEST! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PULL THE SWITCH AND THEY'LL BOTH BE ON THE SAME TRACK! HA, HA!



ACCORDING TO THAT CLOCK I STILL HAVE A FEW MINUTES BEFORE EITHER TRAIN SHOWS UP! THAT'LL JUST GIVE ME ENOUGH TIME TO GO INTO THE NEXT ROOM AND SEE IF I CAN FIND SOME CORD TO TIE BERT UP WITH!



AT THE SAME TIME...

WHEW!
THE SWITCHMAN HAS MADE A MISTAKE!
HE'S PUT THE EASTBOUND AND WEST-
BOUND TRAINS ON THE SAME TRACK! I'VE
GOT TO PULL THE EMERGENCY BRAKE!



IT'S TOO LATE! WE'RE
GOING TO CRASH!

MEANWHILE...

THERE'S ONLY
ONE
POSSIBLE
CHANCE...



...AND THIS IS IT! WHY DIDN'T
I THINK OF THIS BEFORE!



I'M BEGINNING TO DUBBE
IT! IF ONLY ---



---IT'S NOT TOO
LATE!



TEX'S EFFORT WASN'T BEEN IN VAIN!

I INTENDED GOING BACK TO FINISH OFF THOSE
TWO IN THE DISPATCH OFFICE BUT ONE OF THEM
MUST HAVE GOTTEN FREE AND MANAGED
TO PULL THE SWITCH, SO I DECIDED TO
JUST BETTER WHOOSH!





Horse For Sale

(Continued from inside front cover)

"Never!" asserted Vee Scar, hiding a wicked smile. "Now bring that money over here, Mousey, and hand it to the sheriff's friend, the great chief!"

While Mousey dipped into the saddlebags for the counterfeit money, the chief turned to his son, Little Talon, and ordered, "Bring your horse here, my son, that we may complete the deal."

"He has run away, father," said the boy. "See! There he is yonder, racing toward the hills."

The chief looked and saw the cloud of dust set up by the galloping pony. He stared sternly at his son. "It is true that he is running and that he is away, so you have not lied to me. Nevertheless, you have tried a trick. You know your pony will come back to you if you whistle. Now whistle!"

Reluctantly the Indian boy obeyed. He pressed his lips and sent a high, piercing whistle out across the plains. Far away the roan halted, picked up his ears, then turned and began galloping back toward the Indian village.

As Vee Scar rode away on the roan, the chief held a stack of bills up for Little Talon to see. "My son, I know your heart is heavy for that pony was your favorite. But with this money you will be able to get a fine education and become a smart and great man. You will be a leader of the people. Then you will realize that your father acted wisely."

While he was speaking, Sheriff Biglaw came up. "P—dy, Chief," he said. "I've come to buy that horse."

"But I have already sold it to your representative."

"My representative? Who in thunderation is that?"

"The man you sent to buy the horse. Behold! He has paid us much money."

"Money? Let me take a good look at that money. Why fury an' blazes! This money is as phony as a wax apple. Chief, you've been swindled. Quick, which way did this horn-swagger go?"

The Indian chief pointed off to the south-west. But even as the sheriff spurred his horse to give chase, the chief said sadly, "To pursue him is useless, Sheriff. For no horse in all the west can run as fast as that roan!"

"No doubt you're right, but I'd hate myself for not trying," said the lawman, urging his horse into a full gallop. He could see dust ahead, where Vee Scar rode the roan. Suddenly he saw the roan turn and head toward him. The sheriff was puzzled. It seemed almost as if Vee Scar had decided to head back and fight it out.

Then he realized that horse and rider were having a battle. Vee Scar wanted to go one way, the strong roan had decided to go another. Sheriff Biglaw got close enough to let fly with a warning shot over Vee Scar's head. The latter stopped off the roan and yelled, "Hold your fire. I give up!"

Vee Scar was jailed at once and Mousey was tracked down a day later.

Sheriff Biglaw visited the Indian village and said, "Chief, I think I've figured out a way you can keep the horse and still have money to send the boy to college. You see, there'll be quite a big reward for these counterfeiting hombres and let us all yours."

THE pleased look on Little Talon's face was like the bursting of sunrise.

"Only one thing I don't understand," continued the lawman, scratching his head. "How came that horse decided to turn around and come back all of a sudden when the owlhoot was making his getaway?"

"Oh, that's easy to explain," said Little Talon. "I whistled. Papoosey always comes to me when I whistle!"

THE END

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