

# TEX BITTER

WESTERN  
10¢



AN ACTION ADVENTURE  
"TWO-GUN JUSTICE"

# TEX RITTER WESTERN

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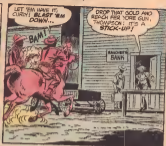
# TEX RITTER

## TWO-GUN JUSTICE!

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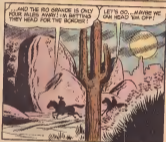
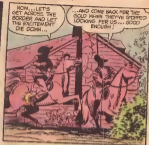
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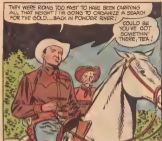
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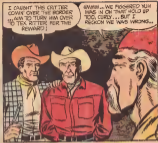
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, TWO RIDERS ENTER POWDER RIVER...



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WHAT THE...  
WELL!!



I CAUGHT THIS CRITTER  
COMIN' OVER THE BORDER  
GONN TO TURN HIM OVER  
TO TEX RITTER FOR THE  
REWARD!

SWISS... WE FIGURED HIM  
HUNG IN ON THAT HOLD UP  
TOO, CURDY... BUT I  
FIGGON HE WAS WRONG...



RITTER AIN'T COME YET... HE'LL BE ALONG  
TO WINK HE TO GO ON GUARD AT THE JAIL  
IN AN HOUR! WATLL I GET DRIBBED AND  
I'LL TAKE THAT WARTIN IN...

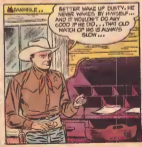


NICE GON', CURDY!  
AND WE GOT AN  
HOUR BEFORE RITTER  
GETS HERE!



TE AND GAO HIM, WHILE  
I RIP UP THE FLOOR AND  
GET THE GOLD...

HE AIN'T GON' TO  
GET OUTA THESE  
KNOTS IN A  
HURRY!



**STAMBLE...**

BETTER MAKE UP DUSTY, HE  
NEVER WINKS BY HIMSELF...  
AND IT WOULDN'T DO ANY  
GOOD IF HE DID... THAT OLD  
NATCH OF HIS IS ALWAYS  
SLOW...



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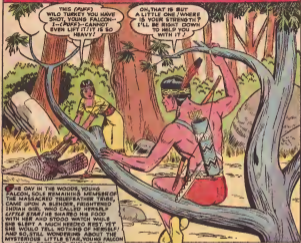


# TEX RITTER WESTERN



# YOUNG FALCON

Div. C  
**LITTLE STARS  
SECRET**



THIS (POFF)  
WILD TURKEY YOU HAVE  
SHOT, YOUNG FALCON—  
I (GASP)—CANNOT  
EVEN LIFT IT! IT IS SO  
HEAVY!

OH, THAT IS BUT  
A LITTLE ONE! WHERE  
IS YOUR STRENGTH?  
I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN  
TO HELP YOU  
WITH IT!

THE DAY IN THE WOODS, YOUNG FALCON, SOLE REMAINING MEMBER OF THE MASSACRED TELEFEATHER TRIBE, CAME UPON A BURNING, FRIGHTENED INDIAN GIRL, WHO CALLED HERSELF LITTLE STAR. HE SHARED HIS FOOD WITH HER AND STOOD WATCH WHILE SHE SLEPT A MUCH NEEDED REST. YET SHE WOULD TELL NOTHING OF HERSELF! AND SO, STILL WONDERING ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE STAR, YOUNG FALCON ZINGS FOOD FOR THEM BOTH.

WAIT— I SEE SMOKE! NO DOUBT IT'S  
CAMPFIRE SMOKE! THERE IS A  
TRIBAL CAMP NEAR HERE,  
LITTLE STAR!



LET US VISIT  
THEM AND—LITTLE  
STAR! STOP!  
WHERE ARE YOU  
GOING?



I MUST  
FLEE!

I MUST GET  
AWAY! FAR  
AWAY FROM  
HERE!



THAT GIRL— I  
MUST CATCH HER!  
I MUST FIND OUT  
WHAT STRANGE  
MYSTERY SURROUNDS  
HER! SHE SCARES  
SO EASILY!

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SWIFT AS THE BIRD WHOSE NAME HE BEARS, YOUNG FALCON QUICKLY OVERTAKES LITTLE STAR AND HALTS HER FLIGHT!



HOW CAN I HELP YOU, LITTLE STAR, IF YOU DO NOT TELL ME WHAT FEAR IS BRUINTING YOU? WHY DID YOU RUN WHEN I MENTIONED VISITING THAT CAMP?

ALL RIGHT, YOUNG FALCON... I WILL TELL YOU THAT CAMP IS THE CAMP OF MY TRIBE, BUT I HAVE BEEN BANISHED FOREVER FOR STEALING FROM THE TRIBE. I WILL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY!

ONE DAY IN THE WOODS, I FOUND A SUITCASE OF WHITE GIRL'S FANCY CLOTHING DROPPED NEARBY FROM A STAGECOACH! I TOOK IT BACK TO MY TENT...



WHAT PRETTY CLOTH... AND SUCH LOVELY COLORS! I WILL BE THE ENVY OF EVERY GIRL IN THE TRIBE!

THE NEXT DAY, TWO LARGE FOX-VELT BUNDLES WERE STOLEN FROM THE STOREHOUSE TEPES WHERE THEY WERE STORED BY THE HUNTERS OF OUR TRIBE!

THERE, CHIEF—TWO OF THE BUNDLE BUNDLES HAVE BEEN STOLEN!

ONE AMONG US IS A TRIFLE WHO PLACES PERSONAL GAIN OVER THE GOOD OF THE TRIBE! HE SHALL BE FOUND AND BANISHED FOREVER!



SO, WHEN THE SUITCASE OF PRETTY THINGS WAS FOUND IN MY TEPES, ALL BELIEVED THAT IT WAS I WHO STOLE THE TWO BUNDLES OF PELTS AND TRADED THEM FOR THE FANCY CLOTHES!

YOUR TEPES IS CLOSE TO THE STOREHOUSE TEPES, LITTLE STAR! WHILE THE TRIBE SLEPT YOU STOLE THE BUNDLES OF PELTS—IS THAT RIGHT?

NO, NO, I'M INNOCENT! BELIEVE ME, O CHIEF! I FOUND THIS SUITCASE!



BUT NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE ME, SO I WAS BANISHED FROM THE TRIBE!

GO FOREVER, DISGRACEFUL CHILD! YOU ARE NO LONGER PART OF THIS TRIBE!



COME, LITTLE STAR! I CAN PROVE TO YOUR CHIEF THAT YOU WERE INNOCENT. WE WILL DO IT NOW!

NO! YOUNG FALCON! NO! YOU CANNOT PROVE ME INNOCENT! PLEASE—I AM FRIGHTENED!



I KNOW WHAT THOSE PELTS BUNDLES ARE LIKE, LITTLE STAR. TRUST ME—I WILL RESTORE YOU TO YOUR PEOPLE!



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SOON BEFORE THE CHIEF OF LITTLE STAR'S TRIBE!



YOU ARE OF MUCH NERVE, YOUNG FALCON. YOU MAY HAVE YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE LITTLE STAR INNOCENT, BUT YOU'D BEST PROVE IT, OR YOU WILL PAY FOR QUESTIONING MY DECISION!



LITTLE STAR, THOSE ARE PELT BUNDLES LIKE THE ONES YOU ARE ACCUSED OF STEALING! PLEASE BRING TWO OF THEM TO ME!

YES, YOUNG FALCON.



BUT WHEN LITTLE STAR TRIES TO LIFT THE TWO HEAVY PELT BUNDLES...

I-I-CAN'T LIFT THEM!

OF COURSE NOT! THEY'RE MUCH TOO HEAVY FOR A MERE SLENDER STRIP OF A GIRL! SEE, O, CHIEF?



IN THE WOODS I SAW LITTLE STAR INABLE TO LIFT A SMALL WILD FOUL, AND WHEN I HEARD HER SING, I KNEW SHE COULD NOT HAVE STOLEN AND RESPECT THE PELT BUNDLES!

I MADE A HASTY DECISION, I SEE! BUT THANKS TO YOU, I NOW REALIZE MY THOUGHTLESS ERROR! YOU HAVE MY GRATITUDE AND RESPECT, YOUNG FALCON!



LITTLE STAR IS AGAIN ONE OF US!

OH, YOUNG FALCON-- I WILL ALWAYS BE INTERESTED TO YOU FOR THIS! I AM HAPPY AGAIN!



IT IS PLAIN THAT THE TRIP OF THE FEES IS NO STRIP OF A GIRL, BUT SOMEONE STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY THE TWO HEAVY BUNDLES SILENTLY OFF!

YOUNG FALCON, I ASK YOU TO BE MY GUEST HERE AMONG US AND UNCOVER THE REAL THIEF FOR ME!



IT COULD BE ANYONE IN THE TRIBE! THE TASK WILL BE LARGE!

I WILL STAY AND FIND THE GUILTY ONE! I WOULD LIKE TO UNCOVER THE GUILTY PERSON WHO COULDN'T HEARTEELY STOOD BY AND LET AN INNOCENT GIRL BE ACCUSED OF HIS CRIME!

WILL YOUNG FALCON BE ABLE TO UNCOVER THE REAL THIEF IN THE TRIBE? OR WILL THE GUILTY ONE GO AWAY WITH YOUNG FALCON FIRST? ONLY TIME WILL TELL!

# THE GHOSTS of the VIGILANTES



Judge John Droppin sighed as he slowly tilted his foot from the stool in front of him. Then he folded his two hands on his rather large moccasin.

"Shows you what easy living can do to a man. I have more than doubled my weight since the days when I rode the range. The doctor tells me I am getting the gout. Soak! What I need is some adventure and excitement again. You can't really understand how glad I am you come to me for help."

Heles Jordan's pretty head was tilted at the right angle. Her beautiful black hair was tied in a single knot. And she wore a leather skirt with Indian bead decorations on it.

"Dad said that if ever trouble were to develop I should write to you, and that you would contact the Vigilantes, and they would come to help me."

Woman Stewart, the judge's secretary, handed him a glass of water and a pill. His Honor swallowed the pill and then drank the liquid.

"Pills, pills, the curse of civilization," he complained. "Nothing like living out on the plains under the stars. Where were we? Oh, yes, the vigilantes. My dear, I have sad news for you. There were ten of us, including your beloved father, in those days. And I am the only one alive."

There was fear written on Heles Jordan's face as she trembled. Was her pillow to St. Louis for help going to be a failure? But the judge could read her face.

"We teach an oath to help each other should trouble arise. I alone am here to carry out that oath. It also included protection of each man's family. This upstart, Sam Spindel, must be taught a lesson. So, he thinks he can take over your ranch and run Saxon Falls as his own private city? Years ago we put tar and feathers on that type of fellow — and we even strung them up to the nearest tree. My secretary and

I will ride out with you and bring low and order to Saxon Falls. We'll see that you get your ranch back."

Heles Jordan looked at the tall young man who was standing near the judge's chair. These two against a killer like Sam Spindel and his gun-slinging gang? It would be a massacre.

"It isn't fair to ask you two to risk your life out in that wild section of the country," she protested. "We couldn't even enter the outskirts of Saxon Falls. Sam Spindel has sentries posted at the different roads. They tell you to either enter or go back."

Judge John Droppin simply motioned to the young lady to follow him. He left his vesting room and went into another room. Then he opened a door. He descended a few steps and soon was in his private shooting gallery.

"My secretary and I practice every day right here. I hold every medal for shooting in St. Louis. As for handling bad men, you must remember this. For twenty years I have sat on the bench, and all kinds of killers have come before me. I know what to do. Just trust me and all will work out well."

The stage for Saxon Falls had only three passengers in it. Mike Parsons, the driver, had tried to complain that they couldn't go to that city unless they had passes signed by Sam Spindel.

"I represent the United States Government," the judge had informed the driver, "and you will take me and my party to our destination."

Mike applied the brake to his stage and slowly brought it to a stop. Davey Younger and Davey Dorem were standing right on the side of the road with their rifles.

"Get out of that coach," ordered Davey Younger. "This is not a hold-up. We want to examine your papers."

The judge got out of the stagecoach first. He was followed by his secretary and Heles

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Jordan. Davey Younger couldn't help laughing as he noticed the cartridge belt around the judge's stomach.

"A two-gun man trying to come to our town. Mike, you just turn the stage around and take them back to where they came from."

Suddenly a lasso went around the two men, and they were dragged off their feet. Their rifles fell to the ground. Helen Jordan was startled.

"Who has come to help us?"

"Probably the Ghosts of the Vigilantes," replied the judge with a grin on his face. "And they will help us restore law and order."

An hour later the stage pulled up in front of Mrs. Hendrick's boarding house. Three passengers alighted. They were spotted, and immediately a man rushed over to the Big Drink Saloon. He had news for Sam Spindel.

"The coach just came with three passengers. That girl is here, and she's got two men with her. What happened? Davey and Danny must have had some kind of an accident."

Sam Spindel was slightly worried, but he didn't show it. He felt he could easily handle the situation.

"We'll invite them over here and settle the boys. Then one of you pick an argument with the two men. When the shooting is over, they'll be dead. I'll take care of that girl and teach her a lesson she'll never forget."

The swinging doors to the saloon jerked, and in walked the judge, followed by his secretary. He went right up to the owner.

"From the description I have been given, you must be Sam Spindel. My secretary will hand you a summons. The will of the late Frank Jordan is in probate court. His daughter is the legal heir. Since you seized the property, you have thus jettisoned the dignity of the court. You will return the property this moment."

Leo Kent saw that his best was in some kind of trouble. His hand went for his gun, and it came part way out of the holster. That was as far as it went. A shot in the arm crippled him. Someone from behind the swinging door had been watching everybody.

"Just the Ghosts of the Vigilantes here to help me," announced the judge. "Now back to our business. Do you or do you not return the ranch?"

Sam Spindel knew he had no stall for time. He would round up his boys, and then things would be different.

"You can take possession of the ranch at once," he replied. "I want to obey the laws. In fact, I will take the summons. Do you want to drive out to the ranch?"

"Too late now, reported the judge. "we will spend the night at Mrs. Hendrick's magnificent establishment. Then, in the morning, we will

all ride out to the ranch."

There was a slight smile playing on the lips of Sam Spindel. He figured they would never leave that place alive. He watched the two men go out of his saloon. Then he turned to the wounded Leo Kent.

"Get yourself fixed up by Doc. At nine tonight we will kill all of them. I changed my mind. That includes the girl."

Eight deadly armed killers, headed by Sam Spindel, were on different points of Main Street. They were watching a second-floor window. Joe Geiser raised his rifle and took careful aim at the shadow of a man behind the drawn windowshade. There was but one shot. Joe fell down crying in agony.

"I'm shall help me!"

From the roofs of two buildings lassos were thrown, and those of the men were dragged off their feet and up into the air. Then there came a deadly volley of buckshot from shot guns. They were aimed at the feet of the men. Not a man escaped, and soon their howling was pitiful. Only Sam Spindel was untouched. The door of Mrs. Hendrick's establishment opened. Out came the judge, followed by his secretary. They walked quietly and slowly up to a badly shaken Sam Spindel.

"You are untouched by my orders," the judge informed him. "You think you can fight the Ghosts of the Vigilantes? They wanted to kill all of you. You have exactly one hour to clear out of Saxon Falls, or I won't guarantee what will happen."

Two weeks later the stage was about to leave for the East run. It had but one passenger, His Honor Judge John Drapkin. Outside stood Helen Jordan, and next to her was the ex-secretary of the Judge.

"You returned the ranch to me; law and order to Saxon Falls; and I got a wonderful man for a husband. What more can a girl say except thanks to you and the Ghosts of the Vigilantes."

The stage left with its lone occupant. At the outskirts of the city it was stopped by a dozen tough mounted men. Jed Heller, the leader, rode up and spoke to the judge.

"We brought law and order. Wished we could have killed them rats, but we promised not to. Funny thing, Judge. Everyone of us is a killer. You gave us a jail sentence when we came before you, then made us promise somebody we would uphold the law if you ever sent for us. We kept that promise, every man of us. But how will you explain what happened in Saxon Falls?"

"Blame it on the Ghosts of the Vigilantes," said the judge laughing. And the stage continued on its trip to the East.

The End



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# WHITEY WHISKERS

THE TOOTHsome SPAGHETTI



JEEZE, BOSS, YUH SHOULDN'T KEEP ON SUFFERING FROM THAT TOOTHACHE ALL THE TIME! YUH OUGHT TO GO TO A DENTIST AND HAVE THAT BAD MOLAR EXTRACTED!

(GORDON) I'M ADMIRING TO MEET YA, WHITEY WHISKERS, BUT I'M AFRAID! GORDON'D BUT ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO WORK UP ENOUGH NERVE AND HAVE IT WRINKED OUT!



SHURE! YUH DON'T NEED ANY NERVE TO HAVE IT PULLED OUT, BOSS! BEFORE YUH KNOW IT, IT'S ALL OVER AND YUH WAIN'T ANY MORE PAIN!

(GORDON) YEAH, I KNOW, BUT LET'S STOP TALKING ABOUT IT NOW! I WANT TO GET MY MIND OFF IT!



IT'S PRETTY HARD TO FORGOT A TOOTHACHE!

I CAN DO IT! I'LL JUST THINK OF SOMETHING I LIKE-- LIKE SPAGHETTI WITH MEAT SAUCE! YUM, YUM!



DO YUH REALLY LIKE SPAGHETTI WITH MEAT SAUCE?

I SURE DO! IT'S MY FAVORITE! DENY I SURE WISH I COULD GET SOME FOR DINNER TONIGHT!



YO'RE IN LUCK! YUH HAPPEN TO BE LOOKING AT AN MENFIE WHO CAN COOK THE BEST LUTE OF SPAGHETTI IN THE WEST! COME OVER TO MY PLACE TONIGHT AND I'LL COOK A POTFULL FOR YUH!

SEE, THING, WHITEY WHISKERS! I'LL BE THERE!



**GULP!** HE HAD MY BIG MOUTH! I CAN'T STOP EATING! NOW WHAT? AM I GOING TO GET! I NEVER COOKED SPAGHETTI IN MY LIFE! I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO GO ABOUT IT! WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO DO MY BEST! I CAN'T DISAPPOINT THE BOSS OR I'LL GET FIRED!

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**8** BY THIS CONVERSATION HAS BEEN OMBERSHED BY THE OTHER HIRD HANDS ON THE BRANCH...

DO YEH HEAR THAT, BUCK? WE'VE GOT TO STOP WASTEY WHISKERS FROM GETTING IN SO GOOD WITH THE BOSS! WE DON'T WANT TO SEE HIM GETTING TO BE FOREMAN OR GET A RAISE!

YEAH, WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT SPAGHETTI SO THE BOSS WILL GET SORE AT WASTEY AND FIRE HIM!



YEAH, BUT SON---AH! I JUST GOT A TOMRORR IDEA I WE'LL SUBSTITUTE THESE MOPR! LADY, THIS EVENING WE'LL WASTEY WHISKERS IS COOKING HIS SPAGHETTI, WE'LL GO OVER AND---



**9** LATER THAT DAY IN WASTEY WHISKERS' KITCHEN...

ACCORDING TO THESE DIRECTIONS, IT'S NOT TOO HARD TO COOK THIS WYNA SPAGHETTI! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TUG IT IN A POT, BOIL IT AND THEN ADD SOME TOMATO SAUCE!



WELL, THE SPAGHETTI IS BOILING! I SUCKON I WHEN AS WELL TOMR IN THE TOMATO SAUCE NOW! I USED TO HAVE A JEM AROUND WYNA! AH, WYNA IT IS!



(GULP!) IT'S ALMOST EMPTY! THEM WON'T BE ENOUGH, AND IT'S TOO LATE TO GO TO TOWN AND GET SOME MORE!



I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING! I WYNA, I'LL ADD SOME OF THIS WYNA RED PAINT TO THE TOMATO SAUCE AND THROW IT IN!



THE COLOR IS ALMOST THE SAME AS THE SAUCE! MAYBE WHEN IT'S COOKED THE BOSS WON'T BE ABLE TO TASTE THE DIFFERENCE!



**10** AT THAT MOMENT...

HEY, WASTEY WHISKERS! COME OUT WYNA FOR A MINUTE!

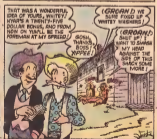
WYNA THAT SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF THE HIRD HANDS ON THE BRANCH!



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TEX RITTER WESTERN

# TEX RITTER

## FRAME UP!



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



# TEX RITTER WESTERN

THIS IS BAD! IF BEN'S CONVICTED OF MURDER, IT'LL RUIN ALL MY WORK TO BUILD A REPUTATION! IT'LL SHOOT THE WHOLE SET-UP I'VE GOT PLANNED! I'VE GOTTA THINK FAST...



YUH  
KILLED  
HIM!

YOU'RE MISTAKIN', BAK'ENDS! BEN WOULDN'T DO NOTHIN' LIKE THAT! THERE'S THE GUY FRED THOT SHOT!



LISTEN, MISTER, I'M NOT GOING TO HELP YOU FRAME ANYONE FOR MURDER...EVEN A WORTHLESS NO-GOOD LIKE GARNY!

OH...?



MAYBE THIS'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND!

SNAG THIS IS MY INTEREST...



...I'LL LEND A HAND, POP!

WHOP!



GULP!

WAFT!  
I'LL BACK UP YOUR STORY!



# TEX RITTER WESTERN





# TEX RITTER WESTERN



SPEAK ON THE WAY BACK TO POWDER RIVER...



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



JUST KEEP AWAY OUT OF SIGHT, CURTY...IN COME OVER AND HAVE A TALK WITH THAT BARTENDER!



...BUT...I'VE TOLD YOU THREE TIMES HOW IT HAPPENED, RITTER!

TELL ME AGAIN!



ER...WELL, THIS FELLOW WAS AT THE BAR, ORDERING A DRINK, WHEN GARNEY...ER... BEN AND HIS DAD...ER...I MEAN GARNEY...

AREN'T YOU A LITTLE COMBUSTIBLE? I'LL BE BACK WHEN YOU'VE MADE YOUR MIND UP!



WHEW...

HE'S DYING... NOW I'LL GET OUT OF THE WAY AND SEE WHAT HE DOES...



RITTER'S GONE...NOW'S MY CHANCE!



UN, UNH... JUST WHAT I THOUGHT HE'D DO! NOW LET'S SEE WHERE HE GOES...

# TEX RITTER WESTERN



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



AM GOING TO TAKE YOU APART, RITTER!



NOW'S MY CHANCE... GOT RITTER IN THE BACK...

THE OLD MAN'S GOING DOWN! BEY'S GUN...

WHOP!



DROP IT! FROM HERE ON, I'M THROUGH IN WITH THE RIGHT SIDE!



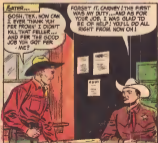
HE WAS GOING TO DRAW ON YOU, RANGER... HERE'S BEY'S GUN...

I SAW WHAT HAPPENED, BARTENDER!



I... I GUESS I'M UNDER ARREST PER HOUR'S 'EM, HUH?

GO BACK TO WORK! YOU WILL HAVE TO BE AT THE TRIAL... BUT I THINK YOU'VE LEARNED A LESSON TODAY! YOU WON'T RUN NOW, BECAUSE YOU KNOW THAT STANDING UP TO A BAD SITUATION AND TELLING THE TRUTH IS THE BEST WAY OUT!



Ritter...

GOSH, TEX, NOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU FOR PROOF I DON'T KILL THAT FELLAR... AND FOR THE GOOD JOB YOU GOT PER - ME?

FORGET IT, GADNEY! THE FIRST WAS MY DUTY... AND AS FOR YOUR JOB, I WAS GLAD TO BE OF HELP! YOU'LL DO ALL RIGHT FROM NOW ON!

# TEX RITTER WESTERN

THE  
COLT .38 CALIBER  
"DRAGON"



BUILT FOR THE  
U.S. ARMY IN THE  
1860'S, THIS GUN  
WAS ALSO KNOWN  
WIDELY AS THE  
"ARMY COLT"

## RIDING THE RANGE WITH TEX RITTER

HOWDY PAROS,

GALLOPING ACROSS THE CIRCLE-K SPREAD THE OTHER DAY, WHITE FLASH AND I HEARD THE SOUND OF AN AXE CLUNKING INTO WOOD. IN A LITTLE GROVE OF TREES WE SPOTTED A YOUNG 'UN, FIFTEEN, SIXTEEN YEARS OLD, I RECKON...SWINGING A BLADE WITH ALL

HIS STRENGTH

WE RODE UP FOR A LITTLE PALAVER AND I MENTIONED SEEING A WHOLE MOUNTAIN OF SPLIT LOGS PILED UP OUTSIDE THE CIRCLE-K RANCH HOUSE... WHY WAS HE WORKING SO HARD CHOPPING MORE WOOD? SHEEPSHLY, HE MUMBLED THAT HE WAS CUTTING DOWN THOSE FINE, STURDY TREES JUST FOR WANT OF ANYTHING ELSE TO DO!

THAT BROUGHT TO MY MIND AN INCIDENT OF FOUR OR FIVE YEARS AGO, AND I'D LIKE TO REPEAT TO YOU WHAT I TOLD THAT BOY.

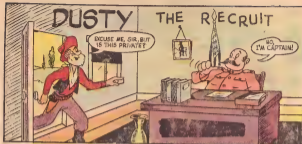
ON THE RANGE, IN THE MIDDLE OF A RAGING WINTER STORM, WHITE FLASH AND I HAD LOST OUR WAY IN THE FREEZING DARKNESS THE SKY WAS PITCH-BLACK AND ALL THE LAND-MARKS WERE BURIED UNDER A SHROUD OF SNOW AND ICE. IT LOOKED LIKE REAL TROUBLE UNLESS WE FOUND SHIFTER MIGHTY SOON...AND IN THAT STORM REFUGE SEEMED FURTHER AWAY THAN THE SAHARA DESERT NUMB WITH COLO AND BARELY ABLE TO FLOOD ALONG HALF-BLINDING, WE SUDDENLY SPICED A SMALL GROVE LIKE THE ONE THAT BOY WAS WORKING OVER WITH HIS AXE, WEDGING OURSELVES IN BETWEEN THE STOUT TREE TRUNKS, WHITE FLASH AND I WERE PROTECTED ALL NIGHT FROM THE RANGUES OF THAT DEADLY SLEET AND CO'LD I'D HATE TO THINK WHAT MIGHT'VE HAPPENED TO US IF SOMEONE HAD RECKLESSLY CHOPPED DOWN THE TREES THAT SAVED OUR LIVES...JUST FOR WANT OF ANYTHING ELSE TO DO!

BE SEEING YOU SOON...GOOD RIDING TILL WE MEET AGAIN

YOUR FARD,

*Tex Ritter*





# TEX RITTER WESTERN



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