

CDC
TEX RITTER WESTERN
No. 71

TEX RITTER

WESTERN
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TEX RITTER WESTERN

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

ATOMIC HOUSE • COWBOY WESTERN HEROES • CRIME AND JUSTICE • FUNNY ANIMALS • THE Big Guy (and more) • MAGNETO • HOT RODS AND SPEEDY CARS • TOOT TOWNIES • LASH LAUGH MYSTERY • ROCKY LANE MYSTERY • SACRED IDENTITY • SIX-GUN HEROES • SCIENTIFIC STORY • SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES • STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES • INVESTIGATORS • TEX RITTER WESTERN • TRUE LIFE SECRETS • TV TRENDS • THE THUNDER • HOT LIPS MARCH

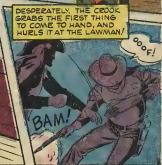
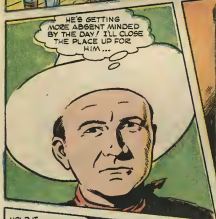
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.



TEX RITTER WESTERN



BUT, AS THE PRAIRIE RANGER HEADS FOR HOME, A FEW MINUTES LATER...



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THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM!

BUT THE KETTLE STRUCK ONLY A GLANCING BLOW, AND AS THE BURGLAR MOVES IN FRONT OF A WINDOW...

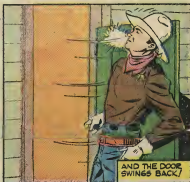


NOT SO FAST, YOU!

UOHH!



TEX RITTER'S SECOND BLOW KNOCKS THE MAN THROUGH THE SWINGING DOOR TO THE BACK ROOMS...



AND THE DOOR SWINGS BACK!



BY THE TIME THE RANGER REGAINS HIS FEET AND RUSHES INTO THE OUTER ROOM...

GONE!

WELL... AT LEAST HE DIDN'T GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING!



THE NEXT MORNING...

I MUST'VE LEFT THE LATCH OFF LAST NIGHT OR HE'D HAVE HAD TO BREAK IN! I'M SORRY IT CAUSED YOU SO MUCH TROUBLE, TEX!

OKAY, CLEM! BETTER BE A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL TO LOCK UP GOOD FROM NOW ON, THOUGH...

TEX RITTER WESTERN

HEY, TEX... I JUST FINISHED READIN' FIVE MORE BOOKS ON HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE! WILL YA MAKE ME A DEPUTY NOW... ?

AH... FIRST TIME I'VE GOT AN OPENING, BENNY. I'LL LET YOU KNOW ...

BUT, YA ALWAYS TELL ME THE SAME THING, TEX!



WHAT ELSE CAN I TELL HIM? IF I TOLD HIM HE WAS JUST TOO DULL TO BE AN OFFICER, IT WOULD ONLY HURT HIS FEELINGS...

RITTER'S STILL GVIN' YA THE RUN-AROUND, HUH? CAN'T YA SEE HE'S JUST KIDDIN' YA ? HE'LL NEVER MAKE YA A DEPUTY!

GEE...AND I WANT TO BE A LAWMAN MORE THAN ANYTHING!



WELL, IF YA DO AS I SAY, I THINK I KNOW A WAY YA CAN MAKE HIM APPOINT YA A DEPUTY, WHETHER HE WANTS TO OR NOT!

YEAH? HOW CAN I DO THAT?



TONIGHT, WHEN IT GETS DARK, WE'LL GO INTO THE SILVER SMITH'S SHOP AND... AH... BORROW ALL HIS SILVER STOCK! WE'LL HIDE IT IN THE HILLS WHERE RITTER CAN'T FIND IT...



... THEN YOU TELL HIM YA FIGGERED OUT HOW TO FIND IT AND TAKE HIM TO IT! THE SMITH'LL GET HIS SILVER BACK, AND THE TOWN WILL THINK YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD DETECTIVE, RITTER'LL HAVE TO LISTEN TO YA!

BUT WHAT IF SOMEBODY CATCHES US TRYIN' TO BREAK INTO THE SILVER-SMITH'S SHOP?



TEX RITTER WESTERN

YOU'RE A FRIEND OF CLEM'S! YA GO IN AND GET A DRINK OF WATER, AND LEAVE THE BACK DOOR OPEN JUST BEFORE HE CLOSES UP! CHANCES ARE, HE'LL OVER-LOOK IT WHEN HE GOES HOME ...



LATE THAT NIGHT, IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE SILVER-SMITH'S STORE...



WITH THE BACK DOOR OPEN, IT WAS A CINCH! NOW WE'LL RIDE OUT INTO THE HILLS AND HIDE IT!

ONE HOUR LATER, AND SEVERAL MILES OUTSIDE OF TOWN ...

THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SPOT! THAT CROOKED TREE'LL MAKE IT EASY TO COME BACK AND FIND IT ...



A FEW DAYS LATER...

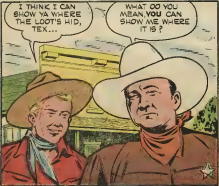
I'M SORRY, CLEM... I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER AND CAN'T FIND A TRACE... BUT I'LL KEEP TRYING!

GUESS IT'S ABOUT TIME TO PROVE TO TEX WHAT A GOOD DETECTIVE I AM ...



I THINK I CAN SHOW YA WHERE THE LOOT'S HID, TEX...

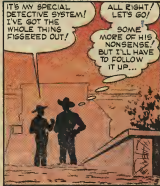
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU CAN SHOW ME WHERE IT IS?



IT'S MY SPECIAL DETECTIVE SYSTEM! I'VE GOT THE WHOLE THING FIGGERED OUT!

ALL RIGHT! LET'S GO!

SOME MORE OF HIS NONSENSE! BUT I'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW IT UP ...



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SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE SITE OF THE CROOKED TREE ...



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I'M SURE IT WASN'T BURIED THIS DEEP!

ALL RIGHT, BENNY... I GUESS YOU MADE A MISTAKE ABOUT THE SILVER BEING HERE! LET'S GO ...

BUT IT WASN'T A MISTAKE! I BURIED IT HERE MYSELF...



WHAT'S THAT? YOU BURIED IT?

ER... ER... I MEAN... AH...

LISTEN BENNY... IF YOU'RE CONCEALING INFORMATION, YOU'LL WORK IN THE JAIL... ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE BARS!

I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM, TEX! I'LL ... I'LL TELL YA!



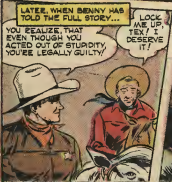
LATER, WHEN BENNY HAS TOLD THE FULL STORY...

YOU REALIZE, THAT EVEN THOUGH YOU ACTED OUT OF STURDITY, YOU'RE LEGALLY GUILTY!

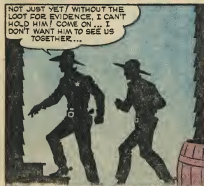
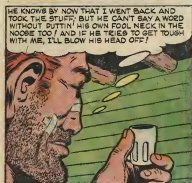
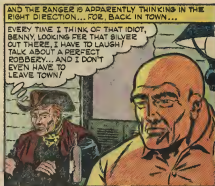
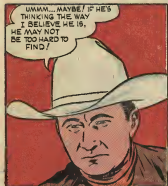
LOCK ME UP, TEX! I DESERVE IT!

WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT AFTER WE FIND PAT CAELTON AND THE LOOT!

BUT... HE'S PROBABLY RUN OFF WITH IT BY NOW! WE'LL NEVER FIND HIM...



TEX RITTER WESTERN



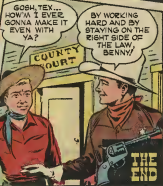
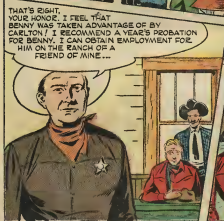
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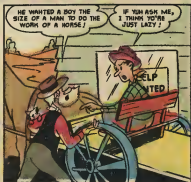


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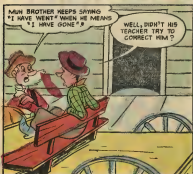
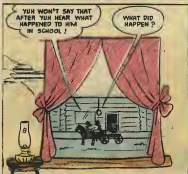
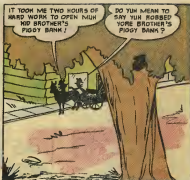


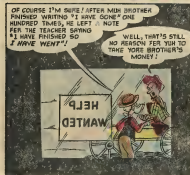
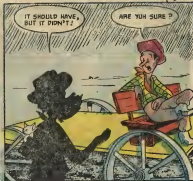
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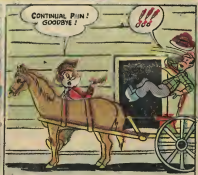
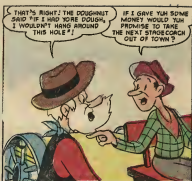
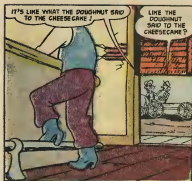


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The Prince Albert Kid

in

"SECURITY FOR THE STAGECOACH"

Carlton City was a rapidly growing western town. Frame houses were rising among the soddies. And in the commercial district there were brick buildings already under construction. There were sidewalks of plank or heel tamped clay. They ran underneath the inevitable wooden awnings, which stretched from the false fronts of stores and saloons. Past was linked to past at the curb line by hitching rails. At the moment, everything looked peaceful on the surface at Carlton City. But underneath there was trouble. And Dan Vose, representative of the Midland Insurance Company, expressed his views in no uncertain tone of voice.

"The stage holdups must stop. My company is losing a lot of money as a result of the insurance agreement we made with the Carlton City Coach Company. Surely you should be able to give better protection against these road agents. I hate to say what is in people's minds. But you can listen to them complain. They know that somebody is giving a tip-off to this gang about what goes on each stage."

Sheriff Carl Mindedal was in his early fifties. He had been a lawman for most of his life. He clenched his fists and managed to control his temper. It wasn't a pleasant situation to be under suspicion.

"We sent six extra armed guards with the last coach. It wasn't held up. Also, we didn't learn, until it reached Hightown Falls, that it didn't carry a valuable shipment. If people talk, you just can't stop their tongues from wagging. But there is one man in the West who can help, and I sent him a letter explaining the problem. He never refuses a plea for help. Suppose we go over to the stage company right now and speak to James Harel. About this time, my friend should be there."

The man riding the horse wore a Prince Albert. His pearl-handled guns had seen a lot of shooting. He stepped in front of the stage coach office and dismounted from his horse. The animal was a beautiful creature, with

spirited eyes, expanded nostrils, well-made limbs and a black, glossy skin. Proudly she had carried her owner through all kinds of adventures. No need to tell the good people, and the not-so-good people of Carlton City, who their latest guest was. One look at him and you knew his identity. He entered the office, and the clerk, Paul Kustin, recognized him.

"They are waiting inside for you, sir," he said. "Hope you had a pleasant ride here through the Indian territory."

The Prince Albert Kid smiled at the greeting and acknowledged it with a few words.

"Chief Long Knee rode with me up to the outskirts of the town and then returned to his people."

Inside the private office were the sheriff, the insurance man, James Harel, the owner of the line, and now the Prince Albert Kid joined them.

"Glad you could come to help us," thanked the sheriff with pride in his voice. "This gang has been riding high, and now it's about time they learned a lesson from you."

The Prince Albert Kid quickly and efficiently studied the men before him. Somewhere and somehow there was a leak about what each coach carried. And by some mysterious means it got to the stage agents hiding in the hill country.

"In one hour, according to your schedule, the stage outside is to leave on its regular run," began the Prince Albert Kid. "I am going to try something. Mr. Harel, you will have three guards on that stage. After he gets his orders from you, I will tell you the next step."

At two-thirty to the minute, Mr. Harel went outside and handed a sealed envelope to Lou Minkers, the driver. Then he handed him a canvas package. Mr. Harel returned to the office and faced the Prince Albert Kid.

"What next?"

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In reply the famous man of the West simply withdrew a six-shooter from his right holster and addressed the other three men.

"We all remain here for two days. We will sleep and eat here. None of us will leave. I want to learn just what will happen to that stage. Will the rood agents know the route it takes? Will they know the contents of the package you gave them?"

The insurance man opened his mouth in protest against such high-handed procedure.

"You can't keep me here. I'll protest to the law."

The sheriff laughed loudly at that last threat and gave a sensible answer.

"If the law doesn't object, mister, then you got nothing to say. Seems to me that the Prince Albert Kid is figuring a way to give security to the stagecoach. So here we stay—to sleep and eat."

Two days later a returning stagecoach brought the good news. There had been no holdup of the leaving coach. It had arrived safely at its destination. The Prince Albert Kid left the men puzzled and road to the outskirts of the town. There he met his good friend, Chief Long Kneé, who gave him some valuable information. Then he returned to the sheriff's office and found the lawman alone.

"I now know how they get their information," he told the sheriff. "And I even know their leader. I am going to leave town. I think they will hold up the next coach when it leaves this Friday."

On Friday morning, Bill Hesper, owner of the Big Drink Saloon and Gambling Establishment, entered the stage company office and handed a package to the clerk, Paul Kustin.

"There's seventy-thousand dollars in here in big bills. I am sending it to my bank in St. Louis. They buy government bonds for me. I want this insured."

The clerk made out the required receipt. He gave one part to Bill Hesper and kept the other part in his record book. Then he entered the private office of James Horel and told him about the package.

"It will go out on this stage. I'll send three guards with the driver. Hope everything will be fine on this run."

The stagecoach was about twenty miles from town when it was stopped by the sheriff who was riding next to the Prince Albert Kid.

"This stage is going to be wrecked and your men killed," he informed them. "The guards

will get off right now, and we'll put dummies in their place. The Prince Albert Kid is going to drive the stage himself. If you fellows want fighting and action, then just follow me."

The stagecoach was rounding Wimper's Bend, and from a hill it was carefully observed by Mark Juvers who spoke to two of his gang.

"There — she's a-comin'. Right on time. Let those rocks fall down and wreck it."

There was a slight rumble of earth, and a miniature avalanche headed for the stagecoach. The Prince Albert Kid jumped down to the boot of the stagecoach and kicked a pin. Then he jumped on the nearest horse. The animals were free and dashed off to the side. Two minutes later the stagecoach was a complete wreck. Six armed men surrounded the stagecoach. Their leader immediately went for the valuable box. He shot off the lock and took out a package.

"We got the money, boys. Now to our horses."

But they never made it. For a second avalanche started, and as the men tried to run to safety, they were tropped by the earth, rocks and debris. None were killed, but all were injured to some extent.

Chief Long Kneé and many of his braves surrounded the trapped outlaws. Soon they were joined by the Prince Albert Kid. And then an hour later the sheriff and the men with him appeared on the scene.

"I want it understood clearly," said the famous man of the West, "that all reward money will go to Chief Long Kneé and his braves. They discovered how this gang operated and helped me capture them. Now, back to town and we'll get the brains of this outfit."

A startled clerk found himself facing a gun in the sheriff's hand.

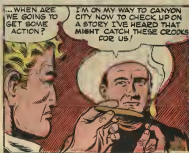
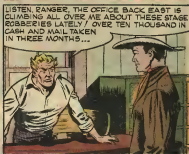
"You are under arrest for planning the robberies of the stages on this line," said Sheriff Carl Mindedol. "Pretty clever of you, sending up smoke signals from the stove to your men in the hills. You sent those signals up last time and told them not to hold up the stage. This time you told them it carried a fortune in bills."

"Well, seventy-thousand dollars was worth the risk," snarled the crooked clerk.

"But not in Confederate money," snapped back a laughing Prince Albert Kid who had brought security to the stagecoach.

The End

TEX RITTER



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AS THE PRAIRIE RANGER RIDES OUT OF SIGHT...

HE "THINKS HE'S FOUND A WAY TO GET THEM"! HUMPH! I'LL BET HE HASN'T AN IDEA OF WHAT TO DO NEXT... HERE COMES THE TEN O'CLOCK STAGE NOW...

HELLO, JEB! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT UP THERE...?

ONE OF THEM NEW-FANGLED "COMBINATION" SAFES, MR. VANCE! IT'S EMPTY, THOUGH, AND THE COMBINATION IS WRITTEN ON THE DOOR! IT'S GOIN' TO THE GENERAL STORE AT BENSON'S FERRY...

EMPTY, HUH? BUT IT LOOKS LIKE A RICH HAIL FOR A HIGHWAYMAN! UMMM... I THINK THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA, JEB! YOU WAIT HERE A MINUTE...

WHATEVER YOU SAY, MR. VANCE!

A MOMENT LATER...

ARE YOU COMFORTABLE, MR. VANCE?

COMFORTABLE? MY BACK'S BREAKIN' IN HERE! BUT WHEN THOSE CROOKS OPEN THIS SAFE AND LOOK DOWN THE BARRELS OF THESE COLTS IT'LL BE WORTH IT!

NICKEL PLATE

OKAY, MR. VANCE... WERE OFF!

CLINK!

GIDDAP!

SORRY I COULDN'T BE OF MORE HELP, TEX!

MEANWHILE, AT CANYON CITY...

GUESS THE ONLY WAY I'LL GET THESE BOYS IS TO SET UP A PHONY GOLD SHIPMENT, AND FIND A WAY TO RIDE WITH IT WITHOUT THEIR KNOWING IT...

SHERIFF OFFICE

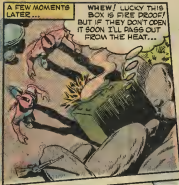
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A FEW MOMENTS LATER ...

WHEW! LUCKY THIS BOX IS FIRE PROOF! BUT IF THEY DON'T OPEN IT SOON I'LL PASS OUT FROM THE HEAT...



UGH! NO GOOD! BOX NO BURN! WE PUSH OVER CLIFF! BREAK OPEN ON ROCKS BELOW!

GOOD!



LITTLE BIT MORE ...

PUSH HARD!

GULD! I'M A GONER NOW FOR SURE!



WHAT...?

UGH! WHITE MAN! GRAB-UM RIFLE! SHOOT-UM ...



HOLD IT STEADY, WHITE FLASH! IF VANCE GOES OVER THAT CLIFF, HE'S A DEAD MAN!

ARRRRGH!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

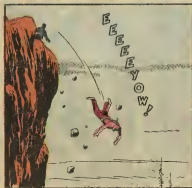
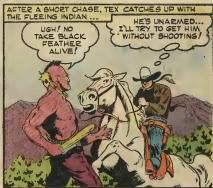


MISSED HIM! GO AFTER HIM LATER! PULL IT AWAY FROM THAT CLIFF, BOY...

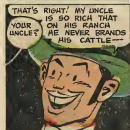
THAT'S EIGHT! EASY, NOW!



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GOLDEN ARROW

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES MARK THE OPENING OF CENTERVILLE'S NEW DAM...

I TAKE PLEASURE IN INTRODUCIN' THE BUILDER OF OUR NEW DAM-- DAVE BLANE!

AW, SHUCKS, MAYOR, I WAS JUST LOOKIN' AHEAD A LITTLE. GOT A RANCH OF MY OWN THAT BIG STONE FENCE OF A DAM IS GOIN' TO BENEFIT!

IT'S THE BIGGEST DAM IN THE STATE, LUCY!

YES, THIS IS A PROUD DAY FOR CENTERVILLE!

The GREAT DAM DISASTER!

A HUGE DAM BLOWS UP AND FLOODS A VALLEY FULL OF RANCHERS! WHO DID THIS FIENDISH THING? GOLDEN ARROW, THE WEST'S TRUE CHAMPION OF JUSTICE, POINTS HIS UNERRING BOW AT THE GUILTY MAN! SEE IF YOU CAN DISCOVER BEFORE GOLDEN ARROW WHO HE IS!!



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BUT RANCHER BARTON, OF ALL THE VALLEY'S PEOPLE, DOES NOT CHOOSE TO BE PRESENT!

YO'RE A TRYIN' MAN TER LIVE WITH, JOE BARTON! 'TAINT RIGHT YUH SHOULD BE RESTIN' YO'RE CALLUSES WHEN THE NEW DAM'S BEIN' DEDIKATED!

OUCH, BETSY! IT HURTS ME TER MOVE! MY LUMBAGO IS TROUBLIN' ME AGAIN!



WHAT'S MORE, BETSY -- THAT DAM'S NOTHIN' TO CROW ABOUT! IT'S SO BIG IT AIN'T SAFE -- AN' IT'S GONNA MEAN HIGHER WATER TAKES FER US POOR FOLKS!



BUT GOLDEN ARROW AGREES WITH MAJOR WILSON!

CENTERVILLE IS GROWING UP, WHITE WIND! BLANE'S DAM IS A MILESTONE ON THE ROAD TO PROGRESS!



WHA -- ? SOMEBODY'S BLASTING UP THERE! --THOUGHT CONSTRUCTION HAD STOPPED!



BOOM!



THE FLOODGATE'S BEEN DYNAMITED! SCRATCH GRAVEL, WHITE WIND! WE MUST WARN THE RANCHERS!



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HURRY, FOLKS! CORRAL YOUR VALUABLES, AND HEAD FOR HIGH GROUND! HURRY! --OR YOU'LL ALL BE DROWNED!

THAT EXPLOSION! -- THE VALLEY WILL BE FLOODED!

LOOK! YOU CAN SEE IT FROM HERE!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER -- A RAGING TORRENT DESCENDS UPON THE TOWN! DID GOLDEN ARROW'S WARNING COME TOO LATE?



DAM'S BEEN DYNAMITED! GET OUT OF THE VALLEY!

LAND SAKES! THE DAM!

MARTHA! WHERE DID YER PUT MY SMOKIN' TOBACCO?



THE FLOOD REACHES ITS PEAK!...

LOOKS LIKE WE MIGHT HAVE RAIN!

GIVE ME A HAND, YER BLASTED VARMINTS!

GIVE TH' POOR MAN A HAND, HENRY!



A FINE KETTLE OF FISH! IF YOU HADN'T BEEN RESTIN' YORE CALLUSES, WE'D A-BEEN IN TOWN WHEN THE WATERS CAME!

'SPECT THE TOWN'S UNDER WATER, BETSY! I AINT SO DUMB!



LOOKS LIKE NOBODY GOT DROWNED!

YEP! THE MAYOR'S HERE --AND BLANE--

AND THE VILLAGE HALF-WIT!

HEE-HEE HEE!





HEE-HEE-HEE! I GOT HERE FUST! JOE BARTON TOLD ME TER GIT OUTTA TOWN 'FORE DAM GO BOOM! HEE-HEE!



SAY THAT AGAIN, WILLIE!

LET ME GO! -- I SAID JOE BARTON TOLD ME TER GIT!

DON'T HURT HIM, DAVE BLA NE! THE PORE BOY JUST AIN'T BRIGHT!

A HANGING POSSE IS SWIFTLY FORMED!



FLOOD'S EBBIN' FAST! LOOKS LIKE GOOD HANGIN' WEATHER!

YEAH! -- FER THAT LAZY COVOTE BARTON!!

WE'LL GET THE SHERIFF-AND MAKE THIS LEGAL!

THE RANCHERS STOP TO PICK UP THE SHERIFF...



WE'LL BE NEEDIN' YOU, SHERIFF!

ALL RIGH, BOYS! CELLAR'S FLOODED -- BUT I AIN'T MISSED A HANGIN' NIGH ON FORTY YEARS!



THEY DESCEND INTO THE VALLEY, WITH SULLEN RAGE!...

WHO YUH GONNA HANG, MR. BLANE?

JOE BARTON, SHERIFF! WITLESS WILLIE SAYS HE DYNAMITED CUR DAM!



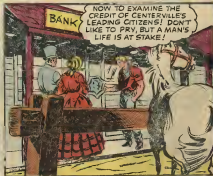
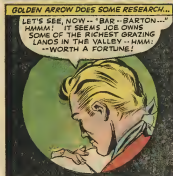
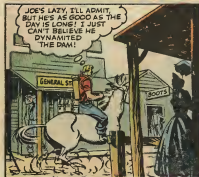
THE WATER SHORE EBBED FAST! KINDA LIKE SUNNIN' MYSELF UP HERE!

JOE! COME DOWN! THERE'S A POSSE A-HEADIN' THIS WAY!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

HIS INVESTIGATION COMPLETED, GOLDEN ARROW
MAKES A STRANGE CALL....

IS YOUR SON AT HOME,
MR. CATTICAW?

HE JEST NOW CAME
IN, GOLDEN ARROW--
WILLIE! OH,
WILLIE!



DID YA CALL
ME, PA? ...
WHA -- ???



BADLY FRIGHTENED, WITLESS WILLIE FLEES!...

I'LL JUST SHOOT OVER
HIS HEAD -- HATE TO
SCARE HIM, BUT I
MUST SAVE JOE!

OOH!
OOHH!



FINALLY... A WELL PLACED SHOT....



GOLDEN ARROW IS
YOUR FRIEND, WILLIE!
WHO PAID YOU TO
LIE ABOUT
JOE BARTON?

HEE-HEE! MISTER BLANE -- HE
GIVE WILLIE BIG ROUND
PENNY! HEE-HEE!
WILLIE LIKE INJUN
GAMES, GOLDEN
ARROW!



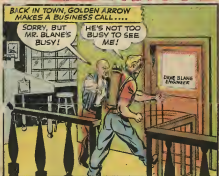
GOODBYE, WILLIE!
WE'LL PLAY INJUN
AGAIN, SOMETIME!



BACK IN TOWN, GOLDEN ARROW
MAKES A BUSINESS CALL....

SORRY, BUT
MR. BLANE'S
BUSY!

HE'S NOT TOO
BUSY TO SEE
ME!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

GOLDEN ARROW MAKES A STARTLING ACCUSATION!...

I'VE BEEN INVESTIGATING YOU! --YOU'RE ALMOST BANKRUPT -- AND THE BANK WON'T LEND YOU A RED CENT ON YOUR ALKALI-ROTTED GRAZING LANDS. YOU FIGURED YOU COULD BUY UP JOE BARTON'S RICH LANDS CHEAP -- IF YOU RUINED HIM!



YOU THOUGHT THE FLOOD WOULD DAMAGE JOE'S PROPERTY! YOU BLEW UP YOUR OWN DAM! YOU BRIBED WILLIE TO BABBLE A LIE! YOU TRIED TO GET JOE HUNG!



THAT'S A LIE! I WAS RIGHT HERE IN TOWN WHEN THE BLAST CAME!

YOU HAD AN ACCOMPLICE! I'LL GET HIM LATER!



YOU WON'T GET NOBODY, MISTER!

OH, BUT I WILL! IT TAKES A HEAP OF MARKSMANSHIP TO NOTCH UP A VEST PISTOL!



UGH!

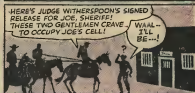


AND HERE'S THE OTHER BARREL!

BOSS, WE GOTTA GET OUTTA TOWN! GOLDEN ARROW'S GONNA ---- ?? HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON -- ??

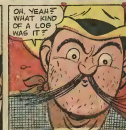


TEX RITTER WESTERN



ANOTHER THRILLING **GOLDEN ARROW** ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



MOLASSES MOUTH



SOME AD!



MOLASSES MOUTH



THE BUILD-UP!

