

# TEX BITTER

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## WESTERN

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# TEX RITTER WESTERN



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ATOMIC HOUSE • BARGE OF ASSAULT • BLUE BEETLE • COWBOY LOVE • COWBOY WEST  
 (IN • DANGER AND ADVENTURE) • (LUMPY) ANIMAL • JUSTY MALLORY • BARRY HAYES •  
 BOB ROSS and KNIGHTS GARD • LARRY LARUE • MOVIE HALL • MY LITTLE HORSE • ROCKY  
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 SPACE LANGUAGE • TWEETBART • (IN 1974) • THE 2,000 • THE UNUSUAL (1) •  
 TV TALK • LISA WINDLOW of the NAVY • WINKA PACE • 100 FUNNY MELODIA, JUNIOR GAR.

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## TEX RITTER <sup>28</sup> IN "BLACK GOLD"



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



DID YOU SEE HIS FACE, BENSON?

HE WORE A CLOTH OVER IT... BUT I KNOW IT WAS BARROW! WHO ELSE WOULD HAVE A REASON? I VS GOT NO ENEMIES...



WELL, I'LL GO OUT AND SEE WHAT HE SAYS. I'D LIKE YOU TO COME ALONG.

I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!



LATER, AT ED BARROW'S RANCH... IT'S A DIRTY LIE, TEX! SURE... I WAS SORE ABOUT THE WATER HOLE... BUT I DON'T BURN HIM OUT FOR IT!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT HIM TO DO, RANGER... ADMIT IT?



I SWELLED PLENTY OF KEROSENE AFTER THE FIRE, AND I'M BETTIN' IF YOU LOOK IN HIS BARN, YOU'LL FIND THE CAN!

COME ON, BARROW... WE'LL ALL TAKE A LOOK IN THE BARN!



WHAT'D I TELL YOU? LOOK!



ALMOST EMPTY! WHAT ABOUT IT, BARROW?

BELIEVE ME, TEX, I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT CAN BEFORE!

WE'D BE FOOLS TO BELIEVE THAT!

## TEX RITTER WESTERN



# TEX RITTER WESTERN

FUNNY HOW BENSON WENT RIGHT TO THAT KERDENE CAN... NOW I WONDER...

...MAYBE I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS THING A LITTLE FARTHER...



AN HOUR LATER TEX TOPS A RISE AND LOOKS DOWN ON BENSON'S BURNED RANCH...

HHW... PART OF THE HOUSE IS BURNED... BUT THE DAMAGE ISN'T NEARLY AS GREAT AS HE LED ME TO BELIEVE...



GUESS I'LL SNOOP AROUND THE BARN A LITTLE, WAIT HERE, WHITE FLASH!



NO DAMAGE HERE AT ALL. WONDER WHERE THAT DOOR IN THE BACK GOES TO...



WHAT THE... BENSON'S FURNITURE! JUST ABOUT ENOUGH TO FILL THE PART OF HIS HOUSE DESTROYED BY FIRE! BENSON MUST HAVE...



...STARTED THE FIRE MYSELF? YEP, YOU GUESSED IT, RANGER! GOOD THING I KEPT AN EYE ON YOU AND FOLLOWED YOU OUT HERE TONIGHT!

WHY'D YOU DO IT, BENSON?



# TEX RITTER WESTERN

OIL RITTER! I'LL BE A RICH MAN, SOON'S I GET A HOLD OF BARRON'S LAND AND BRING IN THE OIL UNDER BOTH OUR SPREADS!



IF YOU KNEW OF THE OIL UNDER THAT LAND, WHY DIDN'T YOU BUY IT LAST SUMMER?



SIMPLE... WHAT MONEY I HAVE, I NEED TO DRILL WITH! I TALKED BARRON INTO BUYING UP THE PLACE, THEN I SHUT OFF HIS WATER...

...THINKING HE'D SELL IT TO YOU, CHEAP! BUT HE DIDN'T WANT TO SELL....

I SEE YOU GOT IT FIGURED OUT!



HE FOUND OUT ABOUT THE OIL, TOO! WELL, THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO GIVE YOU WHAT SNOOPERS GET...



BUT AS BENSON RAISES HIS PISTOL AND STEPS FORWARD HIS FOOT GOES THROUGH A ROTTEN FLOOR BOARD, AND...



BANG!

...THE PRAIRIE RANGER'S HANDS FLASH DOWN TO HIS OWN MATCHED COLTS!

THE OLD BARN SHUDDERS TO THE ROAR OF HEAVY CALIBRE REVOLVERS...



BANG!  
AM!  
AM!

ALL RIGHT BENSON... ON YOUR FEET! YOU'RE ONLY HIT IN THE SHOULDER! YOU WON'T DRILL FOR ANY OIL WHERE YOU'RE GOING!



THE END

# Tex Ritter

# in The FRAME-UP

"MURDERER!"

THESE WERE THE WORDS THAT SEEMED  
DUSTPAINED TO GREAT TEX RITTER AS HE  
RODE INTO TEN HALE CITY! THE CHARGES OF  
UNWITTINGNESS WERE STACED HEAVILY  
AGAINST HIM, AND IT APPEARED THERE WAS  
NO ESCAPE! BUT TEX DECIDED TO PLAY A  
DESPERATE HAND AGAINST THE SPECTRE OF  
DEATH TO THWART **THE FRAME-UP!**

PUT THE ROPE  
ON HIM!



AS TEX AVOYS THE RANGE  
NORTHWARD TEN HALE CITY...

THAT HORSE  
HAS BEEN SHOT!



BASS, FELLER! I HAVE A  
FIRST-AD HIT HERE!  
I'LL TEND TO YOUR  
WOUND AND THEN  
RID YOU TO A  
SAYBOWS!



IT--IT'S  
TOO LATE  
--GASP!  
THREE BUSH  
WAGGERS!  
STOLE MY LIFE  
SAVINGS-- TWENTY  
THOUSAND  
DOLLARS--  
(GASP)

COME--TO  
--BUY A  
RANCH--  
(GROW)

HE'S--  
HE'S DONE!



TEX RITTER WEST!



HE MUST'VE FELL'D IT  
OFF ONE OF THE BUSHWACKERS  
DURING THE FIGHT! BECAUSE  
I'LL RIDE INTO TOWN AND  
REPORT THIS TO THE  
SHERIFF!



AS HE RIDES AWAY...



SOMEONE  
HANKERS TO SEND  
ME TO BOOT HILL!





TEX RITTER WESTERN



HE'S--  
DEAD!

THE UNDERCOVER PRIME RANGER  
KNOWS THE TERRAIN FOR THE KILLER,  
BUT...

NO SIGNS OF THE KILLER  
ANYWHERE! THIS PLACE SEEMS  
TO BE A SHOOTING GALLERY!  
MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK  
AND SEARCH THAT HOMBRE  
FOR SOME IDENTIFICATION!



STRID WHERE YOU  
ARE, MISTER! DON'T  
WANT ANY SLEIGH  
MOVES!

THE  
SHERIFF!



LOOK! THAT'S  
CLINT MORGAN!  
HE'S DEAD!

I WAS SEARCHING HIM FOR  
IDENTIFICATION PAPERS, SHERIFF!  
SOMEONE DRILLED HIM WHILE WE  
WERE TUSSLING ON THE GROUND!  
I WAS HANDBIND TO HAVE HIM  
TELL ME WHY HE TRIED TO  
GUN ME!



TEX RELATED THE STORY.

I DON'T COTTON TO  
YOUR STORY,  
STRANGER! YOU WERE  
GETTING READY TO UNDOBE!  
HE'S YOUR MURDERER,  
SHERIFF!

THEN I WAS  
GOING TO RIDE  
RTO TOWN AND  
REPORT THE  
KILLINGS!



IT LOOKS BAD FOR YOU, STRANGER!  
WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING IN THESE  
PARLS?

TEX RITTER  
IS MY HANKLE!  
PRIME RANGER!  
I HAVE THE  
PAPERS TO  
PROVE IT!



HE'S TEX RITTER ALL RIGHT!  
RECKON YOU'D BETTER LEAD US  
TO THE OTHER HOMBRE WHO  
WAS SHOT, RANGER!

I'LL GET MY  
HORSE AND TAKE  
YOU THERE!



SOON AFTERWARDS...

WHY--IT--IT'S  
PETE MILLER!

WHAT DO YOU  
KNOW ABOUT  
HIM?

TEX RITTER WESTERN



THE posse spreads out to cover the area and Tex is assigned to cover the mountain trail.



**SUDDEN HAIL OF BULLETS  
RAINS DOWN AND BULLETS  
FIND THEIR MARK IN THE OWMOOT'S  
BACK!**



**HIS VEST! THERE'S A BUTTON  
MISSING FROM IT AND THE  
OTHERS MATCH THE ONE I  
FOUND IN MILLER'S HAND!**



**WHO DOUBLE-CROSSED...  
OOFFN!**



**WHEN TEX REMAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...**



**GET TO YOUR  
FEET, RITTER!**

**I TOLD YOU, SHERIFF, THE  
RANGERS' PAPERS AND  
BADGE WERE STOLEN AND  
STOLEN! HE'S JUST A SLICK  
OWMOOT! HE KILLED CLINT  
AND NOW WALTERS, WHO  
RECENTLY WERE HIS  
FRIENDS!**



**FARROW, I DON'T LIKE  
YOUR ACCUSATIONS  
AND I'VE A GOOD  
MIND TO BEAT  
YOU—**

**HOLD IT, HOMER! /  
THE GUN YOU WERE  
CARRYING WAS THE  
ONE THAT KILLED  
WALTERS! /  
I'M TAKING  
YOU IN!**

**THE NEXT  
STORY  
WE'LL ONE  
YOU, SHERIFF,  
IS THAT SOMEONE  
SWITCHED GUNS  
ON HIM!**

**BECAUSE HE MUST REMAIN FREE IF HE IS TO  
BRING THE REAL MURDERER TO JUSTICE, TEX  
MAKES A LONG JUMP FOR FREEDOM!**



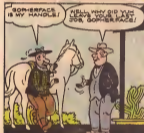
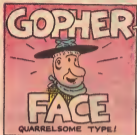
**DON'T STAND THERE  
LIKE A DUNNIE, SHERIFF!  
SHOOT HIM DOWN!**



**THAT LOOKS LIKE FARROW  
BEHIND ME! LET'S HEAD FOR THE  
DERR-LEND GRAYTON UP NEAR, BOY,  
AND GET READY FOR OUR  
FRIEND!**

TEX RITTER WESTERN





**RIDING THE RANGE**  
WITH  
**TEX RITTER**

121 SOUTH BEVERLY DRIVE  
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.



WOOFY, PARD!

IF ANY OF YOU SAW A PILE OF WOOD STRENGTH ALL OVER BETTERBET NORD, THAT'S WHAT COMES OF LOSING YOUR TEMPER. THAT WOOD WAS ONCE PART OF MIKE CROSS'S WAGON. YOU KNOW, PARTNERS, A MAN'S TEMPER IS A FUNKY THING. IT'S THE ONE THING THAT NOBODY EVER WANTS FROM A PERSON. IF YOU HAVE A BAD TEMPER, JUST KEEP IT TO YOURSELF, BECAUSE BELIEVE ME, NOBODY WANTS ANY PART OF IT. NOBODY LIVES AN HOUR'S WID'S FOREVER LOSING HIS TEMPER—NOT EVEN A MULE—AND THAT'S WHERE NINE CASES COMES IN.

HE WAS PLOWING HIS WAGON ALONG BETTERBET NORD THIS MORN- ING KILLED BY THAT BIG OLD MALE HE HAD, BUT THE MALE WASN'T SOING PART ENOUGH TO SUIT MIKE. A FEW TIMES HE SHARPED THE REINS, BUT STILL THE MALE FLOODED ALONG. NOW MIKE SHOULD'VE KNOWN IF HE'D KEPT HIS TEMPER AND CORDED THE MALE ALONG HE'D HAVE GOTTER THE RESULTS HE WANTED. BUT IT WAS A HOT DRY AND SO NERE, BEHIND THE TYPE OF PERSON THAT BECOMES IMPATIENT WHEN THINGS DO NOT HAPPEN WHEN AND HOW HE WANTS THEM. LOST HIS TEMPER, HE GAVE THE MALE A CRACK WITH THE END OF THE REINS. YOU COULD HEAR HALF A MILE AWAY, WELL, FRIENDS, THE OLD MALE JUST STARTED NICKING WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AND IN TWO SHAKES OF A LAMB'S TAIL HE'D NICKED THAT WHOLE WAGON TO PIECES. AND TO TOP IT OFF, CONSTABLE COLLINS GAVE MIKE A JUVANONIN FOR LITTERING UP THE ROAD. SO YOU SEE, LOSING YOUR TEMPER DONSH'T HELP ANY SITUATION. THE NEXT TIME YOU FEEL YOURSELF ON THE POINT NOT UNDER THE COLLAR, JUST REMEMBER MIKE'S EXPERIENCE. DON'T FORGET NOW—KEEP YOUR TEMPER—WOOFY WANTS IT.

RECORD I'LL BE HITTING THE TRAIL, PALS, BUT I'LL BE RIDING THIS WAY REAL SOON!

YOUR SADDLE COMPANION,

*Tex Ritter*





# THE KID COMES BACK <sup>19</sup>

By Westbrook Wilson



THE YOUNG MAN gazed out of the train window, a smile lighting up his round, good-natured face. Familiar sights were coming into view now. There were the neat buildings of the J-Bar. There were the sparkling waters of the Big Chief river, winding through flatland. And far in the distance, rising above the purple mountains, was the jagged, upthrust rock known as Wolf Tooth Peak.

"It looks kind of good after all these years," he told himself. Once again he took the penciled letter from his pocket, unfolded it, and read:

Dave Boy:

Please come home right away. There's terrible trouble and I need your help.

Bessie sends her love.

Pop.

He refolded the note and chuckled. "I reckon that's the umteenth letter I got from Pop asking me to come back. He always says there's terrible trouble. Wonder what it can be this time? Maybe one of the hens has a toothache."

The train slowed and he picked up his big carpet bag and began walking down the aisle. "Anyway, it'll be good to see Pop and Bessie again—and the old place, too. Seems like I've been away a long time."

As he stepped onto the wooden station platform, the young man looked around. He didn't see his father anywhere, but he was rather startled when an attractive young woman rushed up to him and gave him a big hug. Then the light dawned. "Sis!" he exclaimed. "It's you! Why, you're a grown up woman and mighty pretty at that! Bessie, I confess, I hardly knew you!"

"I allow I have changed some," responded the girl. "I was only fourteen when you left home, Dave, and I'm nineteen now."

"Where's pop?" asked Dave.

"He's laid up with a broken leg," said Bessie. "Come on. Here's the buckboard and old Nell. We'd better hurry home. Pop is all-fired anxious to see you."

"Broken leg? Golly, I'm sorry. Is that the trouble he wrote about?"

"No, it's worse. Rustlers!"

"Well, that doesn't sound like anything new," drawled Dave. "I reckon there'll always be rustlers as long as there are cattle."

"Don't be so smug!" snapped Bessie. "It's worse than you think. A lot of the ranchers around here suspect that Pop is the head rustler!"

Pop Spangler sat in an easy chair, with his splinted leg propped and cushioned straight in front of him. He quickly dispensed with the greetings and salutations for a son who had been away five years and got down to the business at hand. "Rustlers have been very active. Hardly a ranch in these parts hasn't been raided. Dave, I want you to catch them!"

Dave looked startled. It was several seconds before he spoke. "Have they taken a lot of your cattle?"

"Not a head!" asserted Pop. "Not a single whiteface from us! And that's just what makes some of the other ranchers suspect that I'm in with the varmints. That and one other thing!"

"What other thing?"

"The tracks always show that the cattle are driven onto our land, across the bench on the north fork. The tracks disappear on the rocks, of course. And the cattle disappear, too—like into thin air."

"They probably . . ." Dave Spangler halted his speech as a tall, wiry man entered the room.

Pop looked up and said, "Oh, by the by, Dave, this is my foreman, Squint Skell. Squint, shake hands with my son, Dave. Deary Dave, we used to call him, because he spent all his time dreaming about far-off places."

Dave grinned amiably, and the tall foreman grunted, "Howdy?"

Pop said solemnly, "Dave, boy, after I'm dead and gone, you'll inherit this spread. There's only one promise I want from you and this is it. I want Squint to be foreman here just as long as he wants the job. He saved my life!"

The old man related the tale. He had been riding over the ranch's private bridge, crossing

Rearing Creek. A couple of planks were loose. The horse stumbled. Pop was pitched into the stream, breaking a leg. Without hesitation, Squint had dived in and saved the old man from drowning. There were tears of gratitude in Pop's eyes as he finished the tale.

Everybody had expected Dave to fly into action at once to stop the rustlers. Instead, he had merely yawned. "Well, they aren't bothering this spread. And, Pop, if you're not in league with them, nobody can ever find you guilty. So why the fuss?"

The next morning Dave wandered out into the chicken yard and spent a considerable time trying to teach a young rooster to sit on his shoulder and eat corn from his hand. Squint, who had been watching him for some time, finally came over and said, "Mr. Dave, I'm riding out to the north forty now. That's where the rustlers operate. Care to go along?"

"Thanks, Squint, some other time," grinned Dave. "Right now I'm trying to teach this rooster some tricks. Used to be pretty good at when I was a kid."

Squint mounted and rode away, shaking his head.

Sister Bessie emerged from the kitchen a moment later. "Dave, what are you doing?"

"Why, I'm trying to teach this rooster some tricks," he responded. "When I was a kid I used to dream of being an animal trainer in a circus. I used to . . ."

She cut in sharply. "But what about the rustlers?"

"Oh, I never tried to train any rustlers," said Dave.

Bessie turned impatiently and marched back to the house. "It's no use," she told herself. "He's still as dreamy as ever."

The young man who had come home after five years to revive the memories of his boyhood was not bothered any more that day. In the afternoon, he mounted a horse and rode north to an abandoned mine shaft on the ranch property. "Here is where we kids used to play pirates, like Tom Sawyer," he thought. He dismounted and headed for the old mine entrance, well screened by wild growth of scrub brush and scraggly trees.

Entering the old mine, he looked down, exclaimed, "Ab ha!" and lolled against a side wall. While he lolled, he examined his six-guns to make sure they were loaded and ready.

He had a long wait. After sunset, even the gray light of the cave-like shaft was turned to utter darkness. Then there was the slight silver of moonlight. Then, as he heard hoofbeats, he climbed to a ledge at the side of the shaft. Cattle came pouring into the shaft beneath him and he could hear shouts outside. He couldn't tell how many longhorns had passed beneath him, but there was a pause and he took a chance. He jumped down silently from his perch and made for the shaft entrance. He saw the dark figures of three mounted men. One was saying, "How about Pop's son? Do we have to worry about him?"

"Dreamy Dave? A pantywaist!" came the sneering reply. Dave recognized the voice of Squint Skell. Dave rocketed one shot into the air to announce his presence, then snapped, "Raise 'em, rustlers!" Two men raised their hands. Squint dropped his fingers toward his holster. Dave fired and the foreman howled as a searing bullet nipped his wrist.

**W**HEN the rustlers were securely tied up in the bunk house, under guard, Dave strolled in the ranch parlor. He drew, "Pop, I knew it would be hard for you ever to suspect a man who saved your life. But I wondered why a good foreman would ever let the planks on the bridge get loose. I figured he let them get loose on purpose. That was to be sure you spilled into the water, so he could save you and win your trust. When you broke your leg, that made it even better.

"I suspected him right away. And when I heard the rustlers were making their cattle disappear on our land, I thought of that old mine shaft. It runs for about half a mile underground. And there's a secret exit by the river bank. You know, when I was a dreamy kid, I dreamed that would be a good way to be a rustler—if I ever decided to be one!"

Bessie looked at her brother with admiration. "Dave," she said, "you're real dreamy!"

THE END



TEX RITTER WESTERN



# TEX RITTER WESTERN

THE JOB WENT OFF CLEAN AS A HOUND'S TOOTH! THESE ROCKS ARE WORTH A FORTUNE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BURT BUT I STILL WISH YOU HADNT SHOT HIM! SAY... DO YOU HEAR A HORSE COMIN ACROSS THAT ROCK FLAT WE JUST CAME OVER?



HOLD YOUR HORSE QUIET... YOU'RE RIGHT! I'LL CLIMB THIS TREE AND SEE IF I CAN SPOT HIM...

DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY COULD BE ON OUR TRAIL ALREADY?



"THEY SURE ARE! UNLESS YA BOY BLIND, THAT'S TEX RITTER!"

COME ON DOWN HERE! I JUST GOT AN IDEA...



SEE THEM TWO CRITTERS FISHIN DOWN THE RIVER? WELL I GOT AN IDEA HOW WE CAN THROW RITTER OFF THE TRAIL!

THEN LET'S DONT JUST STAND AROUND! RITTER AINT FAR BEHIND!



HEY YOU... PULL THAT LINE OUT HERE! PUT THIS CAGE ON THE HOOK AND KEEP IT UNDER FOR A WHILE!

AND KEEP YOUR MOUTHS SHUT AND LET US DO THE TALKIN! WE BEEN HERE ALL DAY... UNDERSTAND?



NUTS TO YOU MUSTER! THERE'S SOMETHIN' CROOKED HERE!

ATTA BOY! THROW HIM IN BURT! WE'VE GOT NO TIME TO WASTE!



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



GET HIM OUT...  
QUICK! KELL  
DROWN!

SHUT UP! PICK UP THAT POLE  
AND SIT DOWN, OR YOU'LL BE FISH  
BAIT TOO! WHEN TEX RITTER  
SHOWS UP YOU'RE GONNA  
TELL HIM...



...ER, YES, SIR...  
TWO OR 'EM / RIDIN'  
HARD... TOWARD RED  
MOUNTAIN...

THANKS /  
LET'S GO.  
WHITE FLASH...  
WERE ON THE  
RIGHT TRAIL!



NOW WE'LL GO WITH THIS  
HOMER AND HIDE OUT AT  
HIS PLACE TILL DARK!  
GET THEM DIAMONDS  
UP BURT...

RIGHT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS THE PRAIRIE  
RANGER ROUNDS A BEND IN THE RIVER...

WHOA, BOY / WHAT'S  
THAT IN THE WATER...  
WHY IT'S...



THAT GASH ON HIS HEAD MEANS  
HE DIDN'T JUST FALL IN AND DROWN!  
WONDER IF HE HAS ANYTHING IN  
HIS POCKETS TO TELL WHO  
HE WAS...



HMM... FRED BROWN /  
LIVES UP BY RED MOUNTAIN!  
LOOKS LIKE RED MOUNTAIN'S A  
POPULAR PLACE TODAY...

... MAYBE TOO MUCH  
SO / WONDER IF  
THERE'S ANY  
CONNECTION ?

# TEX RITTER WESTERN



# TEX RITTER WESTERN

AND WHEN JUDEON TELLS HIS STORY...



...AND THEY BROUGHT ME HERE AND TIED ME UP! THEY'RE WAITIN' FOR DARK...

UH-HUH... COME DARK, THEY'LL LIGHT OUT FOR MEXICO, LIKEY, AND THEY WON'T LEAVE US BEHIND... ALIVE!

YOU'RE RIGHT TEX! THAT BURT'S A KILLER!

WHAT'S THAT SHINING IN THE CORNER BEHIND YOU, JUDEON?



A BOTTLE... WHY...?

NICK IT OVER HERE! A BROKEN BOTTLE IS AS GOOD AS A KNIFE!



PUTTING PRESSURE ON THE BOTTLE, TEX BREAKS OFF THE NECK...

NOW IF THEY JUST DON'T HEAR IT BREAK...

THERE!

AND, HOLDING IT BETWEEN HIS HEELS, BEGINS SAWING AT HIS BONDS!



THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING IN THE OTHER ROOM, BURT...

YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS, BARGON! THOSE BIRDS CAN'T GET LOOSE...



... BUT IT'S GETTIN' DARK ENOUGH TO LEAVE, ANYWAY. PACK UP THE GRUB AND THE DIAMONDS. I'LL SEE WHAT THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM'LL HAVE...

YEAH... I GUESS YOU'LL ENJOY DOIN' THAT, BURT!

# TEX RITTER WESTERN



# SAM *the* SHERIFF

in  
THE  
HARD  
LUCK  
STORY!

LOOK WHO'S  
WALKING THIS WAY.  
BAD BART BARTON'S  
BROTHER, BRAD? I  
WONDER IF BART IS  
IN JAIL IN SOME  
OTHER TOWN, I  
HAVEN'T SEEN HIM  
IN SOME TIME!

I'M GOING TO ASK  
HIS BROTHER, BRAD, A  
FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT  
BART AND FIND OUT  
IF BART IS IN JAIL!  
IT'S ALL PART OF  
MY SHERIFF'S JOB!

HEY, SHERIFF, I WANT  
TO HAVE A TALK  
WITH YUN!

WHAT'S ON YOUR  
MIND, SHERIFF?

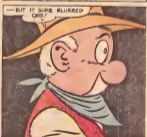
WHAT EVER BECAUSE  
OF THAT SHRETTLESS  
NO-GOOD BROTHER  
OF YOURS?

NON LISTEN,  
SHERIFF, THAT'S  
NO WAY TO TALK  
ABOUT A PERSONABLE  
BOWME LIKE MY  
BROTHER!

AND YOUR  
BROTHER IS  
PERSONABLE?

YES! YUN HAVE TO  
ADMIT HE WAS  
TAKING WAYS!

# TEX RITTER WESTERN





# TEX RITTER WESTERN



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



# Tex Ritter

# and THE COWARD



THE SIGHT OF A GUN BARREL POINTED IN HIS DIRECTION MADE HIM QUAIL WITH FEAR— AND HE SOON BECAME BAIT FOR OUTLAW'S BECAUSE HE BORE THE BRAND OF A COWARD!

BUT THERE WAS ONE COURAGEOUS, TWO-FISTED PRISON RANGER HE COULD TURN TO IN HIS HOUR OF PERIL— TEX RITTER— WHOSE SLAZING GUNS HAD LONG MADE HIM THE HEROES OF HILLSIDE!

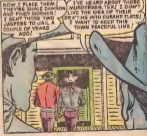
ONCE MORE, TEX RITTER JUMPED INTO THE FRAYS AND HIS FIGHTING SPIRIT SPILLED DOOM FOR TWO WRETCHED OUTLAW'S AND ERASED THE STIGMA FROM A MAN THEY CALLED— THE COWARD!

IN DURANG PLATS, TEX RITTER STOPS AT THE SALOON TO VISIT SHERIFF BUCK!



THINGS HAVE BEEN MIGHTY PEACEFUL AROUND THESE PARTS, TEX! IT'S MIGHTY GOOD TO SAY THAT MY SHOOTING IRONS ARE GETTING KIND OF RUSTY!

THOSE TWO HORRORS SEEM MIGHTY FAMILIAR TO ME! I'M CERTAIN I'VE TANGLED WITH THEM BEFORE!



NOW I PLACE THEM! THEY'RE SHAVE DAWSON AND FINNY MORMEN! I SENT THOSE TWO WAGGERS TO JAIL A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO!

I'VE HEARD ABOUT THOSE MURDERERS, TEX! I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF THEIR DRIFTING INTO DURANG PLATS! I WANT TO KEEP THIS TOWN PEACEFUL LIKE!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS, THE BOY HAWKERS, TRYING TO REACH A DECISION—AND THEM AS IF BEATING THE HEMAS IN THE SCOWLING LOOKS OF SHALE AND PINKEY, HE SHAVE-FACEDLY FOLLOWS THEM OUT.

HEH, HEH! THE KID KNOWS WHAT KIND OF COMPANY HE WANTS TO KEEP! I'LL BE BEHIND YOU, LAWMAN!



I DON'T GET IT, THAT KID RIDES FOR OLSON, OWNER OF THE CIRCLE O AND HE'S SWEET ON OLSON'S DAUGHTER. WHAT'S MORE, HE'S MORTALLY AFRAID OF GUNFIRE. FOLKS SAY HE'S YELLOW. WHAT COULD BE BEHIND HIS TEAM-UP WITH THOSE COYOTES?

THAT'S WHAT I AIM TO FIND OUT, SHERIFF. I'M RIDING TO THE CIRCLE O!



SOME HOURS LATER, IN THE CIRCLE O BUNKHOUSE...

I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU, JOHNNY. WHAT HAVE THOSE TWO LAWREES GOT ON YOU? IF YOU CONFIDE IN ME, I'LL HELP YOU!

NO! I CAN'T! THEY'D KILL ME!

TELL HIM, JOHNNY! FOR MY SAKE! JUST WHAT FOLKS CALL ME! SHALE AND PINKEY FOUND OUT THAT I'M RIDING WITH NANCY'S FATHER AND SOME OF THE BOYS WHO ARE TAKING THE CATTLE TO MARKET. NANCY'S DAD WILL BE PAYING US A BUNCH OF MONEY AND THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE GOING AFTER.

ALL RIGHT, I RECKON I'M NOTHING BUT A CRAWLING COWARD, BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT. I'LL GO AND TALK TO THEM AND TRY TO GET THEM TO LET ME GO. I'LL TELL THEM...

THEY THREATENED TO FLOG ME UNLESS I TOLD THEM THE TRAIL WE'RE TAKING BACK TO THE RANCH AND THE TIME WE EXPECT TO LEAVE. I WAS SCARED THEY'D KILL ME, SO I TOLD THEM.

SO THEY'RE AFTER THE CATTLE MONEY.



I-I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH MR. NANCY. I'M JUST A YELLOW-BACK COWARD. ALL MY LIFE, ALL A MAN HAS TO DO WAS GO FOR HIS GUN—AND—AND I'D BACKWATER.

IF YOU MEANS TO TELL ME WHAT YOU DID, JOHNNY.

DON'T BEGARS YOURSELF SO, JOHNNY. YOU CAN'T HELP BEING SLY OF GUMFIRE!

CAN - CAN YOU DO SOMETHING TO STOP THE COYOTES, TEX?

I'M NOT GOING TO RUN THEM DOWN UNTIL AFTER THE YR TAKE THE MONEY! THEN I'D HAVE ENOUGH EVIDENCE ON THEM TO SEND THEM TO JAIL FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

YOU-YOU HEAR YOU'RE GOING TO LET THEM TAKE THE MONEY?

IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE TO CATCH THEM WITH THE EVIDENCE! WE'LL PUT THE OTHER BOYS ON HORSE, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ALONE. THEY'D GET SUSPICIOUS IF YOU WEREN'T WITH THEM!

I KNOW THEY'RE MILLERS, AND THEY WOULDN'T HESITATE TO FLIP YOU IF THEY EVEN SUSPECTED YOU HAD TALKED. IT'S UP TO YOU, JOHNNY, TO HELP ME. I'M CERTAIN NANCY'S DAP WILL AGREE TO MY PLAN!

ALL RIGHT, RANGER! I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!

FIVE LATER, TEX WAITS PATIENTLY FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE CIRCLED D COMMANDS!

HERE COMES OLSON WITH HIS MEN! THIS IS THE PLACE SHALL AND THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO JUMP THEM!

THERE'S SNALE DAWSON! I WONDER WHERE HE LEFT PINEY!

WAIT A MINUTE, JOHNNY! I WAS TOLD TO BRING YOU THIS NOTE!

QUICKLY SHOWING THE NOTE AT JOHNNY, THE OUTLAW ROWELS HIS HORSE INTO A FAST GALLOP AND RIDES AWAY!

NO! NO!

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! SOUTLE BLET, WHITE FLASH!

SNALE AND PINEY HAVE CHANGED THEIR PLANS! INSTEAD, THEY'RE HOLDING NANCY UNTIL S OLIVER THE MONEY!

TAKE IT EASY, LAD! DO YOU KNOW WHERE THESE KIDS-OUT IS?

SURE I DO, BUT I'M NOT TELLING IT TO YOU! I WAS A FOOL TO LISTEN TO YOUR IDEAS—THOSE JACKETS WERE ONE STEP AHEAD OF US ALL THE TIME. NOW NANCY IS—IS IN DANGER! (ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HER)

LOSING YOUR HEAD WENT GOING TO HELP, JOHNNY! WE'LL WORK OUT SOMETHING!

I'M THROUGH LISTENING! ABACK! ALL OF YOU! AND DISAPPOINT! SO HELP! ALL I'LL SMODD UNLESS I GET THAT MONEY!

OLSON, GIVE HIM THE MONEY!





