

TEX BITTER

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WESTERN

WHY THE HELL
WON'T YOU GO
DITCHING?



TEX RITTER WESTERN 29

The following outstanding magazines are weekly illustrated in their stories by the works of CHARLTON PUBLICATION

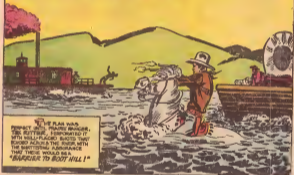


ATOMIC MOUSE * BADGE OF JUSTICE * BLUE BEETLE * COWBOY LOVE * COWBOY WEST.
 DYN * DANGER and ADVENTURE * FUNNY ANIMALS—BERT MAILMAN * GARY HAYES *
 HOT RODS and RACING CARS * LASH LARUE * MONTE HALL * MY LITTLE MERCH * BOOBY
 LANE * SEVEN HEROES * SOLDIER and MARINE * SPACE ADVENTURES—BOBBY JONES.
 SPACE RANGER * THIRTEEN * TEX RITTER * THE 4 SUPER * THE LIFE SECRETS *
 TV THRU—DON WINSLOW of the NAVY * WIN-A-PRIZE * ZOO FUNNEL NYOLA, JUNGLE GIRL.

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

Alfred P. Fajen Executive Editor

Tex Ritter in BARRIER TO BOOT HILL



THE PLAN WAS PERFECT UNTIL PAULIE RANGER, TEX RITTER, FORKED IT WITH WILD-PLAID SADDLES THAT BOOBY ACCIDENLY THE RIVER WITH THE BRITISH INSURANCE THAT THESE WOULD BE A "BARRIER TO BOOT HILL!"

TEX RITTER SUSPENS A SCENE AT THE SUBSEQUENT OF PAULIE RIVER.

LOOKS AS IF A BOOMB IS COMING ON DOWN THERE, WHITE FLASH! LET'S RATTLE DOWN AND HAVE A LOOK!



IF YOU MEN ARE PLANNING ON TAKING THIS WAGON TRAIL TO THE OTHER SIDE OF PAULIE RIVER, I'D ADVISE YOU TO GET STARTED BEFORE IT GETS DARK! PAULIE RIVER IS PRETTY TREACHEROUS!



WE KNOW ALL ABOUT PAULIE RIVER, STEAM-BOAT! WHO ARE YOU?

TEX RITTER IS MY HANDLE! PAULIE RANGER! WHAT NEEDS TO BE THE TROUBLE?



TEX RITTER! I RECOGNIZE ME ALL HANDS OF YOU! MAYBE YOU CAN HELP US!







MOVING AT A FEVERISH PACE, THE WAGON MEN COMPLETE THE RAFT JUST AS THE SUN'S FIRST RAYS HERALD A NEW DAY!



THESE ARE IT --- ALL READY TO SAIL!

GET THAT FIRST WAGON DOWN HERE - WE'RE GOING OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE.

THAT'S GOING THE FIRST WAGON! THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE IT LINK!

PULL UP THE ANCHORS! WE'LL SHOW THEM!



LOOK! THE FERRY IS COMING RIGHT FOR US!

THEY'RE GOING TO RUN US!



DON'T WASTE YOUR AMMUNITION! WE CAN'T STOP THEM THAT WAY!



MARK! THIS WATER POLE WILL DO THE TRICK!



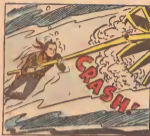
IT'S UP TO US, WHITE FLASH! LET'S GO, BOY!

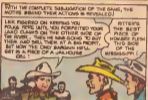


AFTER I LEAVE THE SADDLE, BOY, STAY NEARBY!



THIS POLE IS GOING TO HELP ME POOL UP THE PROPELLER!





RIDING THE RANGE WITH TEX RITTER



HOWDY, PAUL!
NOW'S EVERYTHING OVER AT YOUR RANGE? FROM THE BRAND LETTERS I'VE RECEIVED FROM YOU, I'D SAY EVERYTHING WAS JUST FINE AND THAT'S THE WAY IT OUGHT TO BE. I LIKE TO SEE FOLKS HAPPY IN HAPPY SURROUNDINGS AND THAT PUTS ME IN MIND OF THE BIG HOUSING SETTLEMENT RANGE OVER AT TOM FALLS.

THERE'S A STRETCH OF LAND WHERE NEWCOMERS TO THE TERRITORY SET UP TEMPORARY HOUSING. ALL THEY HAVE BUILT THEIR OWN HOME. MOST FOLKS TAKE CARE OF THE LAND AND THEIR HOUSE. BUT ONCE IN A WHILE A GROUP OF FOLKS WILL ARRIVE THAT HAVE THE PLACE LOOKING LIKE A PIG-PEN IN SHORT ORDER. THEY DON'T TAKE CARE OF THE LAND, THEY MUTILATE THE TREES, THEY THROW REFUSE ANYWHERE, THEY CHOP DOWN YOUNG, GROWING TREES AND BUSHES AND IN ALL DO A LOT OF DAMAGE.

SOUNDS FINE-LEAVE, DOESN'T IT? SURE, WE'VE ALL SEEN PEOPLE WHO DO THE SAME THINGS IN THE PARKS OR PLAYGROUNDS AND STREETS. THEY TRAMPLE THE FLOWERS, TOSS PAPERS AND LITTER ALL OVER THE PLACE. THEY HAVEN'T LEARNED THAT IF YOU WANT A PARK OR PLAYGROUND OR ANY OTHER PLACE THAT IS FOR PUBLIC USE TO STAY NICE, EVERYBODY'S GOT TO RESPECT IT AND TREAT IT AS IF IT BELONGED TO THEM.

2. BUT IF YOU HAD WORKED HARD IN THE GARDEN, YOU WOULDN'T LIKE IT IF SOMEONE CAME ALONG AND WALKED ALL OVER IT, NO? NO ONE WOULD LIKE IT! BUT BEHOLD IN MIND THAT SINCE YOU DO USE THE PARKS, THE PLAYGROUNDS, THE STREETS AND ALL PUBLIC PLACES, IT BELONGS JUST AS MUCH TO YOU AS IF YOU PERSONALLY HAD BOUGHT IT. SO REMEMBER, GUYS THAT PASSAGE TO THROW SOMETHING ON THE STREET OR IN ANY OF THE PUBLIC PLACES YOU VISIT, AND TELL OTHERS ABOUT THIS, TOO!

WELL, SADDLE-UP, I'LL HAVE TO BE GOING ON, SO UNTIL NEXT TIME, GOOD-BYE!

YOUR RANGE SUDOY,

Tex Ritter



DUSTY in

"WOLF PACK"



HELLO THERE, DUSTY! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

I JUST CAME FROM THE LAWYER'S OFFICE! HE SHOWED ME MY LATE UNCLE'S WILL!

DID HE LEAVE ANYTHING WHEN HE DIED?

YEAH — A WHOLE LOT!

IN THAT CASE, IT SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THE LAWYER LONG TO HAND US HIS SHARE!

IT DOESN'T. THAT'S WHY I'VE GOT TIME TO GO RENTING NOW!





WOULDN'T YUH BE COLD HUNTING IN JUST A SHIRT?

I'VE ALSO GOT A SWEATER!



THAT SWEATER'S MIGHTY DIRTY!

I KNOW! IT'S REALLY MY COUSIN FLETCHY JOE'S SWEATER / HE SAID THE SWEATER WAS EXACTLY ALIKE!



WHAT DO YUH MEAN?

THEY BOTH SWEAT FROM HUNTING!



WELL, IF YO'RE GOING HUNTING, YEH SHOULD TAKE SOME FOOD ALONG! HERE ARE SOME COOKIES!

NO THANKS! I TOOK YORE COOKIES ALONG THE LAST TIME I WENT HUNTING!



WELL, WHAT WAS WRONG WITH THAT?

AFTER I TRIED TO BITE INTO ONE, I DECIDED I WAS BETTER OFF EATING THE AMMUNITION AND SHOOTING THE COOKIES!



ARE YUH TRYING TO SAY I DON'T KNOW HOW TO MAKE COOKIES?

I RECKON SO, BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO BE ANGRY ABOUT! AFTER ALL, YUH CAN MAKE AMMUNITION AND HOW MANY PEOPLE CAN DO THAT?



WHAT ARE YEH AVANG TO HUNT PER?

I'D LEE TO HUNT PER RUFFALGES, BUT I RECKON I'LL END UP CHASING CATS AGAIN!





HOLD ON, BUSTY! I JUST GOT AN IDEA!
IF YOU'RE GOING HUNTING, WHY DON'T
YEH TRY TO SHOOT DOWN THAT WOLF
PACK THAT'S BEEN ATTACKING
ALL THE CATTLE IN THESE KWAN
PARTS?

ME OO
AFTER A
WOLF PACK?
ARE YEH
LOCO?



JUST THINK, BUSTY,
IF YEH SHOT THEM DOWN,
YEH'D BE A HERO!

A HERO?



CERTAINLY! WHY ALL THE FOLKS
AROUND KWAN WOULD GIVE
YEH GIFTS!

GIFTS?



THAT'S RIGHT! THEY'D GIVE YEH SUITS
YEH COULD WEAR, FOOD YEH COULD
EAT AND FLOWERS
YEH COULD
SMELL!

HOLD ON! YEH
CAN'T SMELL FLOWERS
THROUGH A BOX!



BUT THE FLOWERS
WOULDN'T BE
IN A BOX!

NO, BUT IF
I MIGHT WITH
THE WOLF PACK,
I WOULD BE!



I RECKON I CAN DO
WITHOUT THIS HERO
STUFF!

YEH STRIKE ME
AS A COWARD!



A COWARD WOULDN'T STRIKE YEH!
I'M JUST USING MY HEAD!
SO LONG!



"QUIZ KIDOO!"

THAT'S YOURD SIMPKINS!
HE'S JEST BACK FROM
COLLEGE AND HE OWNS
HE KNOWS MORE THAN
ANYBODY ELSE!



I BECKON I'LL DO OVER
AND TAKE HIM DOWN A FEW
OR TWO!



HEY, SIMPKINS, COULD
YUH HELP ME OUT
WITH SOME
INFORMATION?

SURE SAGEBRUSH!



ASK ME ANYTHING
YUH WANT! I
KNOW EVERYTHING!

ARE YUH SURE
YUH CAN ANSWER
MUH QUESTION?



OF COURSE!
I'M POSITIVE!
WHAT IS IT?

WELL, IF IT
TAKES ONE
QUART TO
FILL A MILK
BOTTLE --



-- HOW MANY QUARTS DOES IT TAKE TO
PHIL - A - DELPHIAT HA, HA, LET'S SEE
YUH ANSWER THAT ONE, WISE GUY!

(GULP!)



Tex Ritter

in SADDLE CONQUEST

AS TEX RITTER RIDES INTO
HARD ROCK TOWN ---

WHAT SA I SAO ON THIS FINE
SADDLE, I CARR THE PROPERTY OF
CALABASH, THE NOTORIOUS BANK
ROBBER WHO GOT HIMSELF HANGED
FOR HIS TROUBLE LAST WEEK!

COUNTY AUCTION!
DEAD PRISONER'S
UNCLAIMED PROPERTY

WELL, WHITE PLUMB!
THAT SADDLE LOOKS
AWFULLY FAMILIAR!

I BID
FIFTY
DOLLARS!

I BID
SIXTY!

I BID
SEVENTY
DOLLARS!

I BID
ONE
HUNDRED
DOLLARS!

HOLD ON
THERE,
SHERIFF!
THAT
SADDLE IS
MINE!

WHAT'S
THAT,
TEX?

THAT SADDLE WAS STOLEN
FROM ME BY CALABASH,
AFTER HE ESCAPED
FROM THE BIG JAIL!
BUT WHEN I TURNED
HIM OVER TO YOU LAST
WEEK, HE WASN'T USING
IT. WHERE DID YOU
FIND IT?

WE SAO IT
CAME WITH
THE BLACK-
SMITH WHO
TURNED IT IN
AFTER
CALABASH
WAS HANGED!

SO THAT'S
WHERE IT
DISAPPEARED
TO? HERE'S
THE PROOF
IT'S MINE! MY
NAME IS SA-
BOSSO ON THE
SADDLE SKIRT!





BECKN' I'LL JUST KEEP THIS HANDLE
OF YOURS AS A REMINDER OF THE
MOMENT I KILLED YOU, THE BITTER,
MILK-! HEAR SOME BURNIN'
AROUND HIM, BOYS!



YOU BUCKIN' BOY! YOU'LL NEVER
GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL
GET YOU BY IT'S THE LAST
THING I DO!

NA, NA! THE
LAST THING YOU'LL
DO IS SIZZLE IN
A FEW MINUTES!



THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR YOU,
RANGER! ADIOS AND A PLEASANT
JOURNEY!



HA, HA! I HOPE BOOT
HILL IS A WIFE COOLER,
LAWMAN! YOU LOOK
MIGHTY HOT HIM!



WHITE FLASH!
PULL!



THE GREAT GOLLIONS' MIGHTY MUSCLES STRAIN
AT THE TASK, PULLY HAVIN' THAT HIS JOB IS TO
PROTECT THE STAKE BEFORE HIS MASTER IS IN-
CURRED BY THE BUSH FIRE!

THAT'S IT, PARD! BACK,
BACK!



GOOD BOY, WHITE FLASH!
YOU DID IT!



THAT'S IT, WHITE FLASH! CHURN THESE ROPES OFF! I'VE GOT A HEAP OF WORK AHEAD OF ME!



FORGERSY, THE BATTLE'S TO EXTINGUISH THE BRUSH FIRE THAT THREATENS TO SPREAD!

GOOD THING THE WATER HOLE IS JUST A FEW FEET AWAY OR WE'D HAVE A FEARSY FIRE!



MOMENTS LATER, THE BATTLE WOUNDS...

I CAN STILL HEAR THEIR HOOFBEATS! THEY'RE IN A POWERFUL HURRY!



LUCKY SADDLING WHITE FLASH! THE SCOUTS AFTER THEM.

SCUTTLE DUST, WHITE FLASH! WE'VE GOT A PADDLE OF COUCHES TO ROUND UP!



SOMEWHAT LATER, AFTER SEVERAL MILES OF HARD RIDING, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF AN INDIAN VILLAGE --

THERE'S THE INDIAN VILLAGE AND THE TOTEM POLE JUST LIKE THE MAP SHOWS; SHING DOWN AND UNCOIL THAT RUSSE HE'S BROUGHT ALONG!



FEW MOMENTS LATER...

LET'S GO! RIDE IN AND GET THE JUMP ON THE SCOUNDRELS AND THEN GO TO WORK ON THE TOTEM POLE!

THAT WAS A WASTY SUCKING JOB OF YOU! JUST MAKE SURE I'LL POOL ANYBODY!



RAIDERS! UP WITH YOUR PANTS!



I HAVE TWENTY MORE MEN OUT THERE IN THE DARK SURROUNDING THE VILLAGE! THEIR GUNS ARE READY TO PULL YOU WITH LEAD, SO DON'T TRY ANYTHING!

WHAT WOULD YOU WANT?





NEW SECONDS LATER...

LIT US TRACE THE TRAIL AFTER THE SACRED! THERE ARE NOW MOUNTAINS US FROM THE DARKNESS!

THAT WAS A SACRIT! PALEFACE TELL THEM! THEIR ARMS OTHERS WAITING TO KILL US!



A RIDER COMES!



DOWN! WE ARE SURROUNDED BY SACRED WAITING TO KILL US!









DREAD DISEASE



YOUNG Doc Jefferson was bone-weary and he slept hard, so hard that he didn't hear the thundering hoofs thudding closer through the black night. Doc had put in a very busy day. Besides all his regular calls and patients he had done the extra work of patching up a half-dozen badly perforated men who had been lucky enough to escape from Curly Steele's gang with their lives.

It had been one of the biggest gun battles ever known in this lawless outpost of civilization where gun battles were common. A deputy sheriff and two posemen had been killed and four of Curly Steele's outlaws had bitten the dust. But Curly himself had, as always, escaped.

Even in his deep sleep, Doc couldn't get away from the thunder of the guns. He tossed restlessly on the bed. Then he heaved the banging again and he sat up. Someone was knocking on the solid oak door and shouting, "Hey, Doc! Wake up! Wake up!"

Rubbing his eyes, Doc rose from his bed and moved to the window. He could see the shadowy figure of a man at the front door. "What is it?" asked the physician.

The man looked up. "Hurry, Doc. Been an accident. Fellow got hurt bad. Hurry! I've got a horse here for you!"

"Be with you pronto!" responded Jefferson. In seconds he was dressed and riding beside the other into the inky darkness that stretched out of town, toward the foothills, toward the black mountain peaks. There were questions Doc wanted to ask but he well knew the futility of trying to carry on a conversation across a pair of galloping stallions. He shrugged. His curiosity would be satisfied soon enough.

The other man led. They'd been in the saddle nearly half an hour when the leader cut sharp-

ly left into a narrow trail through a dense woods. Soon Doc Jefferson could make out a yellow light shining through the trees up ahead. A cabin loomed up in a tiny clearing. "This is it," said the man.

He dismounted and the doctor did likewise. As Jefferson's feet touched the ground, the other man was beside and behind him, snatching Doc Jefferson's gun from its holster.

"Hey! What's the idea?" Doc exclaimed.

"Just taking no chances," drawled the other. "Step inside, Doc."

Doc Jefferson recognized him at once. There was no other man in all these parts with yellow, wavy hair like that. That was certainly Curly Steele stretched out on the cot, his chest crudely bandaged and splotted with red. There were three other men in the room, mean-eyed, watchful, alert.

Curly seemed pale and weak, but there was no weakness in his voice as he snarled, "Doc, there's a bullet in me. You better take it out, nice and easy. And you'd better not let me die, because my boys have got instructions just what to do with you in that case."

Doc Jefferson seemed unruffled by this bristling speech. He carried his satchel toward the wounded man, saying, "Lie back and be quiet. Your chances of recovery are better if you don't exert yourself with a lot of palaver."

The candles threw a poor light, the cot made an infernal operating table. But Doc Jefferson went right to work with skill and precision, probing for the lead slug, removing it, patching and bandaging the patient. He was used to working under the crude conditions of the frontier.

"Will be live, Doc?" asked one of the men.

"Yes, he'll live unless this develops into a bad case of *hemipus laeynaus*," responded the

doctor, while placing his instruments back in his satchel.

"Don't go throwing them fancy Latin words at me," growled Curly Steele. "Tell me what that means in plain talk."

"Well, I'll put it another way. It's something fatal that often happens to a man built like you, especially after a gunshot wound."

Curly frowned at the medical man. He snarled. "You're just scalling, Doc. There's no such disease as that. You're just scalling because you know we can't let you go away from here alive."

"You mean that after I come here to save your life you plan to kill me?"

"That's it, Doc! Take him away, boys. Take him to the edge of the cliff and shoot him through the head. As a special favor, make it quick and painless."

Two of the men moved beside the doctor and without a word he marched to the door on firm steps. They were at the edge of the clearing when one of them commented, "You don't seem scared, Doc."

"You don't either," responded the physician faintly.

"Why should we be scared? It's you that's going to get shot."

"Sure," responded Doc Jefferson. "But that's quick and almost painless. On the other hand you fellows . . ." He left the sentence unfinished as if the fate of the outlaws was simply too horrible to put into words.

The exerts stopped abruptly. One of them squeezed Doc's arm, hard, as he whispered, "Hey! That hempus larynxus disease you said Curly might get. Is it catching?"

"If you want my professional diagnosis," said the doctor, solemnly, "I'd say there's an excellent chance that you two will die of it. And your association with Curly Steele would definitely be a contributory factor."

"Doc!" exclaimed one of the two, his voice quavering. "Isn't there something you can give us to prevent this here disease?"

"Sure. Can you, Doc? We ain't got any hard

feelings against you, understand. We're only killing you because it's the boss's orders. Can't you give us some cure?" asked the other.

The doctor paused. He kept his voice low. "No doctor can guarantee a cure," he said.

"But at least I can give you boys something to relieve your pain. Incidentally, it works better if taken immediately after exposure, so right after you shoot me, you should . . ."

"Right now!" exclaimed one of the men. "Give us the medicine right now!"

Doc Jefferson complied. Each of his exerts was given a pill in a cup of water. Almost at once both became drowsy, and they sagged to the ground before either could cry out. Doc found the horse that had brought him, led it quietly down the trail a good hundred yards from the cabin, then mounted and headed for town.

Next day during visiting hours, Doc Jefferson had an unscheduled patient. He was Sheriff Williams, and if the sheriff didn't look sick, he at least looked worried. He entered the private office and said, "Doc, I'm not feeling exactly well. I hate to bother you, knowing what a rough night you had. By the way, we went out and found that cabin just where you said it was, and we got Curly Steele and the men that were with him. They're all safe in jail and you'll get the reward."

"That's good," smiled Doc Jefferson. "But what's wrong with you, sheriff?"

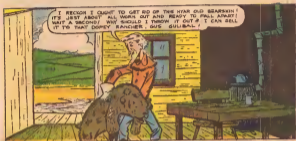
"**W**ELL," said the sheriff, "I don't exactly feel sick or anything, but I've been exposed to those owlblosses and I think I'm coming down with a case of hempus larynxus."

Doc Jefferson laughed. "I don't think you have to worry, sheriff: I believe you are immune to the disease. Only murderers are likely to catch it. I made up that 'Latin' phrase, 'hempus larynxus.' It means hemp on the larynx—in other words, a killer is very likely to die from a rope around his throat!"

THE END

BUFFALO BULL

"THE BRILLIANT BEAR!"



THAT WONDERS! SO DAVIS, I'LL TELL HIM THIS OLD SKIN IS VERY VALUABLE AND HE'LL WIND UP BEGGING ME TO SELL IT TO HIM FOR FIFTY DOLLARS! HA, HA, I'LL REALLY PUT THE DIME OVER ON HIM!



SHORTLY AFTER...

HOORAY, BUFFALO BULL! WHAT'S THAT YOUR CARRYING?

MY MOST PRIZED POSSESSION, RANCHER GULBALL!



WELL THAT OLD BEARSKIN IS YOUR MOST PRIZED POSSESSION?

THAT'S RIGHT! I WOULDN'T PART WITH IT FOR ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD!



ARE YOU LOOP? YUH WOULDN'T PART WITH AN OLD MANEY, WORN OUT BEARSKIN FOR ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD?

SEE HEAR, YUH CAN'T TALK ABOUT MY BEST FRIEND THAT WAY!





WHT? THE BEARKIN IS YORE BEST FRIEND!

WAL, NOT EXACTLY! I BEAN THE BEAR! I WAS HIS BEST FRIEND! THE BEAN IS A REMEMBRANCE OF HIM!



YUVE GOT HE BEWILDERED, BUFFALO BILL! ARE YUH TRYING TO TELL ME A BEAR WAS YORE BEST FRIEND?

THAT'S RIGHT! HE WAS THE MOST AMAZING BEAR THAT EVER LIVED!



THAT'S WHY HIS SKIN IS SO VALUABLE! IT'S WORTH THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS! (SIGH) I'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO SELL IT CHEAPLY BECAUSE I'M IN NEED OF MONEY!



IF IT'S SO VALUABLE AND YUH NEED MONEY, I'LL GIVE YUH A HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR IT!

I KNOW I COULD GET HIM TO BUY IT! HA, HA! WHAT A DOPE!



(SIGH) IT'S A TERRIBLE SACRIFICE ON MY PART, BUT ALL RIGHT, IT'S A DEAL!

WHT? JUST WHAT WAS SO AMAZING 'BOUT THIS HVAR, BEAR?



ER, EVERYTHING 'BOUT HIM! EVEN THE WAY I MET UP WITH HIM!

IS THAT SO? WEL, TELL ME ALL 'BOUT HIM!



SURE! YOU KNOW WHAT A FANOUS SHOT I AM! I'M THE GREATEST SHOOTER IN THE WEST!

ER, LET'S NOT STOP TO ARGUE THAT POINT!

THERE'S NOTHING TO ARGUE 'BOUT! EVERYBODY KNOWS I'M THE BEST SHOT THAT'S EVER CARRIED A RIFLE! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TAKE AIM... AND THAT'S ALL, BROTHER!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! (?) ON ABOUT THE BEAR!

WELL, ONE DAY I WENT HUNTING IN THE WOODS AND I SPOTTED THIS BEAR MAGNIFICENT BEAR IN THE DISTANCE! I RAISED MY RIFLE TO SHOOT IT AND AS I DID...



...THE BEAR LIFTED ONE OF HIS PAWES AND CALLED TO ME!

WHAT! THE BEAR CALLED OUT TO YUH?

YUP! HE ASKED ME IF I WAS BUFOLO BILL AND WHEN I ANSWERED THAT I WAS, HE SAID "YUH DON'T HAVE TO BOTHER SHOOTING! IF YOVRE AIMING AT ME, I'M AS GOOD AS SHOT SO SAVE YOVRE BULLET!"

WASP!



YUH HEAR THE BEAR SURRENDERED TO YUH?

THAT'S RIGHT! HE KNEW HE DIDNT HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST A WARRIOR LIKE ME AND HE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO ADMIT IT!

WHAT DID YUH DO?

I FELT SO GOOD AT THE COMPLIMENT THAT I DECIDED NOT TO HURT HIM BUT TO TAKE HIM HOME WITH ME AS A COMPANION!

WHAT! A COMPANION... A BEAR?

THAT'S RIGHT! AND WHAT A COMPANION HE TURNED OUT TO BE! HE WAS EVEN SMARTER THAN I THOUGHT! HE WAS BRILLIANT!



I TAUGHT HIM TO SMOKE A PIPE AND READ THE PAPERS AND DO THE WORK AROUND THE HOUSE! WHEREVER I WENT, HE WENT! HE GOT JUST AS HUMAN AS ANYONE!



BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

EVERYBODY SAID THE SAME THING! AS I TOLD YUH HE GOT VERY HUMAN AND ONE TIME WHEN I WENT HUNTING HE WENT WITH ME!



WELL, A GREAT BIG BEAR JUMPED OUT OF THE BRUSH BEHIND US AND WHEN MY BEAR SAW HIM, HE WAS SO HUMAN-LIKE HE GOT SCARED TO DEATH AND DIED RIGHT THERE FROM FRIGHT!



(GRAN) DO YUH EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT PHONY STORY, YUH BEAR-FACED LIAR!



I'LL TEACH YUH TO TRY AND FOOL ME INTO GIVING YUH A LOT OF MONEY FOR A WORTHLESS OLD SKIN, YUH FAKER!



LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YUH!



(GRAN) EVERY TIME I TRY TO PUT ONE OVER ON SOMEONE, I GET THE WORST OF IT! ME AND MY BIG IDEAS GIVE ME A BIG PAIN!



TEX RITTER

AND THE SILVER HORSESHOE



HEY TEX...
WELL UP A MINUTE /
YOU HEARD ABOUT
THE HORSESHOE
RITCHIN' CONTEST
OVER AT TWIN
PINES...?

SURE / WHO
HARNT? THEY'RE
OFFERIN A DAMNED
STUDD HORSESHOE
TO THE WINNER...

THAT'S JUST THE POINT TEX... THAT
HORSESHOE IS SUPPOSED TO BE WORTH
A COUPLE OF THOUSAND! IT'D BE JUST
WHAT I NEED TO PUT MY RANCH BACK
ON IT'S FEET...

HMM... GUESS IT
WOULD AT THAT / YOU
HAVEN'T DONE YOU
WELL OUT THERE,
TOM.



IT AIN'T THAT I HAVEN'T TRIED.
TEX / SINCE MARY AND ME GOT
MARRIED I'VE WORKED HARD...
BUT I GUESS I'VE GOT A LOT TO
LEARN ABOUT RUNNIN A RANCH
YET. I THINK I'VE GOT A CHANCE
AT THAT CONTEST, THOUGHT
ARE YOU GOIN, TEX?

WOULDN'T MIND
IT! BUT NOT
AS A
CONTESTANT.
I WOULDN'T
STAND A
CHANCE AGAINST
YOU
EXPERTS!



BEING THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AT TWIN PINES...

THERE IT IS, TEX... AIN'T IT A BEAUTY?

SURE IS, TOM! I UNDERSTAND THE BUSINESSMEN OF TWIN PINES PUT UP OVER THREE THOUSAND FOR IT? GOLD SILVER WITH EIGHT LARGE DIAMONDS!



MORRISON, THE JEWELER WHO MADE IT SOLD THE DIAMONDS TO THE TOWN WHOLESALER SO ACTUALLY IT'S VALUE IS HIGHER THAN THE MONEY THEY HAVE INVESTED IN IT...

LADIES AND GENTS... YOUR ATTENTION! CONTESTANTS WILL PITCH IN THE FOLLOWING ORDER...



TWO HOURS LATER...

WHEN... THIS IS GETTIN' TO BE HARD WORK, TEX!

STAY WITH IT, TOM! IT'S NARROWED DOWN TO YOU AND BULL BENSON! YOU'VE A GOOD CHANCE TO WIN!



A PERFECT SCORE!

NICE GOIN', TOM!

UP AND AT 'EM, BULL!

ONE MORE PITCH AND BULL'S GOT A PERFECT SCORE, TOO...

WELL, THEY'LL HAVE TO PITCH AGAIN, ONE OF 'EM WILL BLOW UP PRETTY SOON!



CLANG!

THAT DID IT! YOUR DAVE WINS IT!







THE MARKED MAN STEPS BACKWARD AND DRAWS ON THE APPARENTLY UNARMED BANDIT!



THIS'LL WAKE THE WHOLE TOWN... BUT YA LEAVE ME NO CHOICE, KITTER!



NOT SO FAST, THERE!

YOW! YA HAD A GUN UNDER YOUR PILLOW!

CERTAINLY! YOU THINK IT'D GO SOUND ASLEEP WITH THAT THING SITTING RIGHT BESIDE ME? NOW TAKE OFF THAT MASK... BENSON!



WHAT THE... I THOUGHT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING TRYING TO STEAL THE HORSESHOE, MORRISON?

ALL RIGHT, YOU'VEH KITTER! I HAD TO STEAL IT BACK BEFORE...



...YOU DISCOVERED THAT TO TAKEN THE TOWNSPOPLE'S MONEY AND PUT BINGSTONES INSTEAD OF DIAMONDS IN THAT THING? AND, NATURALLY I COULDN'T BUY IT BACK FROM TOM DAVIS BECAUSE...



YOU'D BE BRING TOM THE MONEY YOU'D ALREADY STOLEN! NO PROFIT IN THAT, HUH, MORRISON? ALL RIGHT... LET'S GO!

I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER TO TRY TO TALK IT AWAY FROM YOU, KITTER!



LOONIE LES
SENTIMENTAL GUY!



HOWDY, HIRSE, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YUH!



HUH? YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR ME, LOONIE LES?

THAT'S RIGHT! I WANT YUH TO LEND ME FIVE DOLLARS!



(UHP)??

NOTHING DOWN!

YUH CAN'T MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO TUCK ME DOWN!



I SURE AM! WHY SHOULD I LEND YUH FIVE DOLLARS?

FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS!



HUH? FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS?

THAT'S RIGHT...



... I'VE GOT A DATE WITH MY GAL FRIEND!

(GASP)??

