

TEX RITTER WESTERN

Action Packed New Adventures

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# TEX RITTER

No. 32

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

## WESTERN

10¢



# OLD SLICK



OH, OH, WHY COMES JENKIN! HE'S A BIG NOSYBODY!

LET'S FACE IT!



HOWDY, OLD SLICK! WHO'S THE LETTER FROM?

MY BROTHER!



WHAT'S HE GOT TO SAY?

HE WRITES THAT HE JUST GOT A WONDERFUL JOB AT A WATCH FACTORY!



HUH? HE GOT A WONDERFUL JOB AT A WATCH FACTORY! WHAT DOES HE DO?

HE JUST STANDS AROUND---



---AND MAKES FACES!

UHP!!



Chief GRAY MATTER

CLOCK WISE!



HUM? ARE YUH GOING SOMEPLACE, CHIEF GRAY MATTER?

YES, I HAVE TO GO TO, PICK UP MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK!



I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK!

I DON'T, IT'S MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK!



OH, YOUR GRANDFATHER HAS A GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK!

MY GRANDFATHER HAS A CLOCK, BUT IT'S NOT A GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK, IT'S MUCH BIGGER THAN THAT!



WELL, IF IT'S YOUR GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK, WHY DO YOU HAVE TO PICK IT UP!

BECAUSE IT FELL DOWN!



SO WHAT? CAN'T HE PICK IT UP HIMSELF?

NO! YOU SEE IT FELL ON HIM!

# Tex Ritter

## and THE RENEGADE ROUNDUP

SINCE STORMCLOUD JUMPED THE RESERVATION AND ROUNDED UP A BAND OF RENEGADES, HE'S BEEN WARRING ON THE PEACEFUL TRIBES IN THIS AREA! A SCOUT JUST BROUGHT IN WORD THAT A PIONEER WAGON IS ENTERING HIS TERRITORY! YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF STORMCLOUD SPOTS THEM!

I BECKON I DO, CHIEF! HE'LL WIPE OUT EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD!

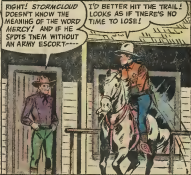


RIGHT, TEX! AND THIS IS WHERE YOU ENTER THE PICTURE! THE FOOLS WHO ARE RUNNING THAT WAGON TRAIN BYPASSED FORT CAHILL, WHERE THEY COULD HAVE BEEN WARNED!

YOU WANT ME TO INTERCEPT THAT WAGON TRAIN AND TURN THEM BACK TO THE FORT. IS THAT IT, CHIEF?

RIGHT! STORMCLOUD DOESN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD MERCY! AND IF HE SPOTS THEM WITHOUT AN ARMY ESCORT—

I'D BETTER HIT THE TRAIL! LOOKS AS IF THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!



# TEX RITTER WESTERN

After a long ride across the prairie to intercept the wagon train...

**GUNSHOTS!** AND THEY'RE COMING FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL!  
WHOA, WHITE FLASH!  
I WANT TO INCH UP THERE AND HAVE A LOOK!

**BANG!  
BANG!**

IT'S THE WAGON TRAIN! AND STORMCLOUD AND HIS RENEGADE BAND ARE ATTACKING!



I WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE OF HELPING THEM IF I WENT DOWN THERE MYSELF! BUT MAYBE, IF I FIRE FROM THIS RIDGE, I CAN BLUFF STORMCLOUD INTO THINKING THERE'S A COMPANY OF MEN WHO HAVE CUT HIM OFF!



**BANG!  
BANG!**

IT COMES FROM HILL!



Tex inches along the hill as he keeps firing down at the Indians...



**BANG!  
BANG!** SEE, CHIEF STORMCLOUD! WHITE ARMY HAS US BLOCKED IN! FIRE COMES FROM MANY ON HILL!

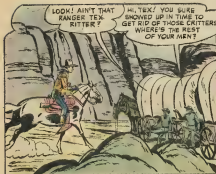
HAVE THE WARRIORS FOLLOW ME! WE SHALL ESCAPE TOWARD OTHER DIRECTION! OUR TIME WILL COME ANOTHER DAY!



MY TRICK WORKED!  
THERE THEY GO!



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



LOOK! AIN'T THAT RANGER TEX RITTER?

HI, TEX! YOU SURE SHOWED UP IN TIME TO GET RID OF THOSE CRITTERS! WHERE'S THE REST OF YOUR MEN?



I'M ALL THERE IS!

I'LL BE JIGGERED! YOU SAVED ALL OUR NECKS BY YOURSELF! WE DON'T HAVE MUCH AMMUNITION LEFT!



I RECKON YOU SAVED OUR LIVES, RANGER! WE'RE MIGHTY GRATEFUL TO YOU!

BEING GRATEFUL ISN'T ENOUGH! YOU PULLED THOSE INNOCENT WOMEN AND CHILDREN INTO STORMCLOUD'S TERRITORY! WHY DID YOU COME THIS WAY WITHOUT AN ARMY ESCORT?



BLANDING HERE TALKED US INTO IT! HE SAID WE'D HAVE NO TROUBLE FROM THE INJUNS AND I RECKON I WAS ALL MIGHTY IMPATIENT TO REACH THE SETTLEMENT!

SURE, I SUGGESTED IT! WE HAD THE INJUNS ON THE RUN BEFORE YOU SHOWED UP WITH YOUR TRICKS!

MAYBE SO, BUT MY ORDERS ARE TO TAKE THE WAGON TRAIN BACK TO FORT GAVILL!



MAYBE YOU'RE TAKING THE OTHERS, RANGER--BUT NOT ME! THOSE INJUNS WON'T BE BACK, AND I GOT A WAGON LOAD OF UTENSILS THAT THE SETTLEMENT IS WAITING FOR!

THERE'S GONNA BE NO EXCEPTIONS! EVERYBODY GOES BACK!



NO TINDORN LAWMAN IS OWING ME ORDERS! I SAY I'M GOING ON ALONE!



AND I'M SAYING IT AGAIN-- EVERYBODY GOES BACK!



WE WON'T PALAVER ABOUT IT ANYMORE, BLANDING! CLIMB ON TO YOUR WAGON AND HEAD IT BACK TOWARD THE FORT!

DID YOU SEE THAT DRAW? FASTEST THING I EVER SAW!

# TEX RITTER WESTERN

*Hours later, at Fort Cahill...*

I RECKON I HAD TO USE A LITTLE PERSUASION TO GET BLANDING TO CHANGE COURSE— BUT IT WAS FOR HIS OWN GOOD!

YOU CAN'T KEEP US HERE, CAPTAIN! IT'S THE ARMY'S JOB TO PROTECT US. IF YOU WON'T GIVE ME AN ESCORT TO THE SETTLEMENT, I AIM TO GO MYSELF!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SPARE ANY MEN NOW, BLANDING! I HAVE ONLY A SKELETON FORCE HERE AT THE FORT! THE REST ARE OUT HUNTING FOR STORMCLOUD!

BLANDING RUBS ME THE WRONG WAY! WHY SHOULD A MAN RISK HIS LIFE JUST FOR A LOAD OF UTENSILS?

WHAT WORRIES ME, CAPTAIN, ARE STORMCLOUD'S MODERN GUNS! SOMEBODY IS SMUGGLING THEM TO HIM AND I SURE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHO!

IF STORMCLOUD KNEW HOW FEW SOLDIERS WERE AT THE FORT, HE'D BE IN ON US IN NO TIME! IT WORRIES ME TO KNOW THAT I HAVE ONLY A FEW MEN ON HAND HERE!

IT'S SURE LUCKY HE DOESN'T KNOW! RECKON I'LL TURN IN, CAPTAIN! I'VE A LONG RIDE BACK TO THE RANGERS' OFFICE TOMORROW!

*Late that night...*

IT'S BLANDING! HE'S SNEAKING OUT!

WHY SHOULD THAT HOMBRE RISK HIS NECK TO RIDE OUT OF THE FORT IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT? WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW HIM, WHITE FLASH!

*Later, Tex reins in White Flash behind some shrubbery as Blanding stops his wagon and lets out a long, low whistle!*

EASY, BOY! THAT HOMBRE IS SIGNALING TO SOMEBODY!

TWEEEEE— TWEEEE!

# TEX RITTER WESTERN



# TEX RITTER WESTERN

Tex has overheard Stormcloud's plan of action!

IF THOSE DEVILS STORM THE PORT,  
THE SOLDIERS THERE WILL NEVER  
BE ABLE TO HOLD THEM OFF!  
I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING—  
**PRONTO!**



IF I CAN CAPTURE  
STORMCLOUD, THERE'S  
A CHANCE TO  
STOP THEM!



-OH, OH! STORMCLOUD  
HAS A GUARD  
OUTSIDE OF HIS  
TENT! WELL, IT'S  
NOW OR NEVER!



NOBODY HEARD ME--  
I HOPE!

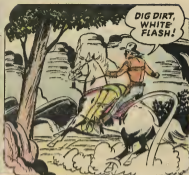


THIS IS JUST  
TO MAKE  
SURE!





# TEX RITTER WESTERN



Later, Tex rides into the camp of the Kiotas...

STOP! OR  
ARROW GIVES  
SUDDEN  
D-- -!

TAKE ME TO YOUR CHIEF!  
I BRING YOUR ENEMY,  
STORMCLOUD! I AM  
PRAIRIE RANGER  
TEX RITTER!



Shortly afterwards...

THERE HE IS, CHIEF! THE  
MURDEROUS VARMINT WAS  
ABOUT TO INVADE YOUR TRIBE  
AND GET YOUR PEOPLE!

HE BAD INDIAN!  
MAKE TROUBLE  
FOR ALL TRIBES!



I NEED YOUR HELP, CHIEF OF THE  
KIOTAS! STORMCLOUD'S RENEGADES  
ARE ABOUT TO INVADE THE WHITE  
ARMY POST! IT IS TOO LATE TO GET  
OUR WARRIORS FOR HELP, BUT YOUR  
BRAVES CAN HELP ME CAPTURE  
STORMCLOUD'S MEN!

WE FIGHT  
WITH YOU,  
TEX RITTER!

WE'RE GOING TO KEEP  
YOU UP FRONT, STORM-  
CLOUD, WHERE THOSE  
COVOTES OF YOURS  
CAN GET A GOOD  
LOOK AT YOU!

FORWARD,  
MY BRAVES!

TO THE  
EVIL  
ONES!

THERE THEY  
ARE, CHIEF!  
I'LL LEAD THE  
CHARGE! IF  
THEY SEE STORM-  
CLOUD A PRISONER,  
IT MIGHT KNOCK  
THE FIGHT OUT  
OF THEM!

WE FOLLOW  
YOU! THE  
WARRIORS OF  
THE KIOTAS  
DO NOT  
KNOW  
FEAR!



# TEX RITTER WESTERN

As the ever increasing war whoop of the Kiotas rends the air, Tex charges the renegade Indians!

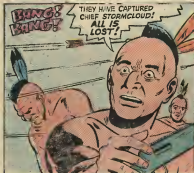


BANG! BANG! CHARGE!

YAAOOO!

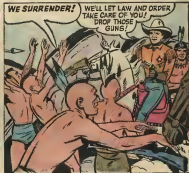
BANG!  
BANG!

THEY HAVE CAPTURED  
CHIEF STORMCLOUD!  
ALL IS LOST!



WE SURRENDER!

WE'LL LET LAW AND ORDER  
TAKE CARE OF YOU!  
DROP THOSE  
GUNS!



WE'LL TAKE THEM  
TO THE ARMY  
FORT, CHIEF!



Hours later, as word of the approaching Indians reaches the fort...

HE'S GOT  
STORMCLOUD  
AND HIS MEN  
PRISONERS!

THAT'S THE KIOTA  
TRIBE WITH HIM!  
FOR A MINUTE,  
I THOUGHT WE WERE  
GOING TO BE  
ATTACKED!



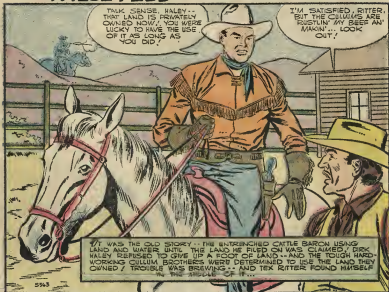
Later...

I COULDN'T HAVE  
DONE IT WITHOUT  
THE AID OF THE  
KIOTAS! NOW  
THAT WE HAVE  
STORMCLOUD  
AND HIS  
RENEGADES IN  
JAIL, I RECKON  
THERE OUGHT TO  
BE A LONG SPELL  
OF PEACE AROUND  
THESE PARTS!



# TEX RITTER

IN FALSE FEUD



TALK SENSE, HALEY -- THAT LAND IS PRIVATELY OWNED NOW! YOU WERE LUCKY TO HAVE THE USE OF IT AS LONG AS YOU DID!

I'M SATISFIED, RITTER. BUT THE CULLUMS ARE RUSTLIN' MY BEEF AN' MAKIN' ... LOOK OUT!

IT WAS THE OLD STORY -- THE ENTRENCHED CATTLE BARON USING LAND AND WATER UNTIL THE LAND HE FILED ON WAS CLAIMED. DIRK HALEY REFUSED TO GIVE UP A FOOT OF LAND -- AND THE TOUGH HARD-WORKING CULLUM BROTHERS WERE DETERMINED TO USE THE LAND THEY OWNED / TROUBLE WAS BREWING -- AND TEX RITTER FOUND HIMSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF IT...

YOU CAN'T GET 'IM! THE FENCE IS IN THE WAY!

WHITE FLASH CAN MAKE IT, CAN'T YOU, BOY?



THE WHITE STALLION, ENCOURAGED BY TEX, SOARED OVER THE BARRICADE ...



GOOD BOY! BUT I THINK IT WAS WASTED! THE BUSHWHACKER IS IN THE TIMBER!

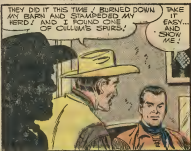
# TEX RITTER WESTERN



LET 'EM GET AWAY, DID YOU? I'M SATISFIED NOW THAT THE CULLUMS ARE TRVIN' TO GET ME OUT OF THEIR WAY?

NO! I KNOW THE CULLUM BROTHERS THEY'RE HONEST, AND THEY'RE BOTH BETTER SHOTS THAN THAT!

A WEEK PASSED. TEX WAS SHOWN A DEAD STEER FROM HALEY'S OK BRAND, ON THE CULLUM RANGE, THEN HALEY RAGED INTO TOWN DEMANDING THE CULLUMS' ARREST ONCE MORE...



THEY DID IT THIS TIME / BURNED DOWN MY BARN AND STAMPEDED MY HERD / AND I FOUND ONE OF CULLUM'S SPURS!

TAKE IT EASY... AND SHOW ME!

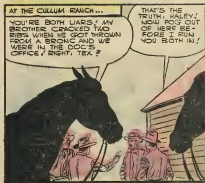


IT'S BOB CULLUM'S ALL RIGHT, WHERE DID YOU SAY YOU FOUND IT? WHEN?



I SEEN CULLUM STAMPEDE THE COWS, THEN FIRE THE BARN / ABOUT ELEVEN LAST NIGHT!

WE WANT ACTION / BOTH BROTHERS BELONG IN PRISON!



AT THE CULLUM RANCH...

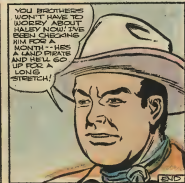
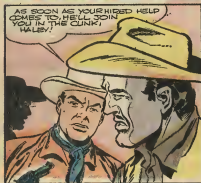
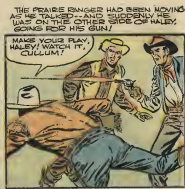
YOU'RE BOTH LIARS, MY BROTHER CRACKED TWO RIBS WHEN HE GOT THROWN FROM A BRONC AND WE WERE IN THE DOC'S OFFICE, RIGHT, TEX?

THAT'S THE TRUTH, HALEY, NOW POG OUT OF HERE BEFORE I RUN YOU BOTH IN!



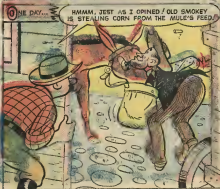
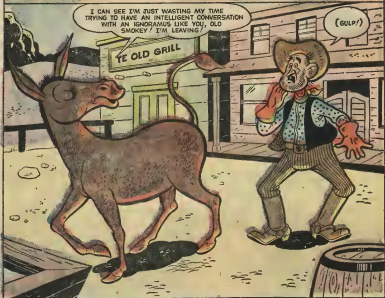
WE AIN'T FOGGIN', RITTER, THEM CULLUMS BEEN GETTIN' IN OUR HAIR / THEY'RE LEAVIN' -- ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

# TEX RITTER WESTERN

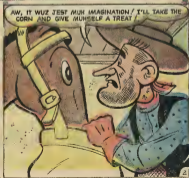
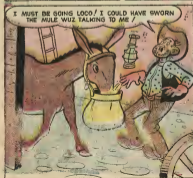


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# OLD SMOKEY and "The Talking Mule"



# TEX RITTER WESTERN

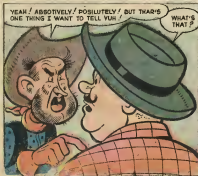
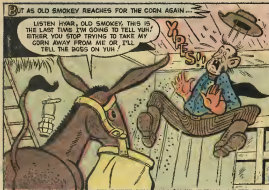


# TEX RITTER WESTERN





# TEX RITTER WESTERN



## RIDING THE RANGE WITH TEX RITTER



HOWDY FOLKS,

I MET UP WITH A MIGHTY WORTH-WHILE GENT THE OTHER DAY. AS I APPROACHED HIM, HIS EYES WENT TO MY GUNS, THEN TRAVELED OVER MY RIG AND FINALLY SETTLED ON MY FACE. WITH A RIGHT FRIENDLY SMILE HE SAID, "SWING DOWN FROM YOUR SADDLE, TEX, AND HAVE SOME GRUB WITH ME."

LATER ON, OVER A PLATE OF STEAMING BEANS, CRISP BACON AND COFFEE STRONG ENOUGH TO FLOAT A .45 CALIBER BULLET, I ASKED HIM HOW COME HE KNEW ME, ESPECIALLY SINCE I DIDN'T RECOLLECT MEETING HIM. "YO'RE PLUMB RIGHT, TEX," HE GRINNED. "YOU NEVER MET ME, BUT I MET YOU....IN A MOVIE I SAW A WHILE BACK IN FRISCO, AND I'M NOT THE KIND TO FORGET A FACE. REMEMBERING FACES USED TO BE PART OF MY BUSINESS BACK IN THE OLD DAYS!"

IT TURNED OUT THE OLD-TIMER WAS A FORMER LAWMAN WHO HAD BRUSHED HOLSTERS WITH SOME OF THE WORST BADMEN OF THE FIGHTING OLD FRONTIER. AS I LOOKED AT HIM AND HEARD THE TWO-FISTED TALES HE TOLD, I FELT MIGHTY PROUD TO KNOW HIM. HE HAD THE CLEAN-LIVING, FEARLESS KIND OF LOOK A MAN GETS WHO HAS ALWAYS FOUGHT FOR LAW AND ORDER. THE KIND OF LOOK WE SHOULD ALL TRY FOR. PARDS--- THE LOOK OF A REAL SQUARE-SHOOTER WHO NEVER TOOK THE EASY WAY OUT WHEN IT WAS A MATTER OF JUSTICE!

WELL, PARDS, IT'S TIME FOR SOME SHUT-EYE NOW, SO ADIOS TILL THE NEXT TIME WE MEET.

YOUR PARD,

*Tex Ritter*



# EMPTY VICTORY

By Al Packer

**H**E HAD only himself to blame. No one else had caused him to lose his job. It was what he deserved for thinking himself too smart an hombre to do an honest day's work. Little wonder then that Al Pearson sat in the otherwise deserted bunkhouse thinking very unkindly of himself.

Jobs were difficult for a waddie to get this time of year, and good jobs such as he had had at the Circle-O were impossible. There was no chance of getting it back, either. Stretch King had made that as clear as a mountain stream when he had caught Al loafing again this morning. Yes, he was through. He might just as well get his gear together and clear out before the boys came in from the range. It was bad enough to know that you had cost yourself a good berth without having the other waddies rub it in. A trip to the cookhouse for a quick snack, and he'd be off for other pastures before the gang came riding in.

The cookhouse was deserted, though, and it was only then he realized it must be Cookie's day off. It was just as well that it was. It meant that he could fix himself some grub, without having to listen to any ribbing from the cook. No one had much respect for a hand who dogged it on a job. Al didn't blame them. He didn't have much respect for himself at that moment.

Then as though to match his mood, the skies that had been overcast all day began to rain. Al's practiced eye soon told him that this was no ordinary rain storm that was bearing down on the Circle-O. No, sir, it was a real whipper, meaner than a riled Longhorn. No chance now of ducking the other fellows. Anything, even listening to their ragging him, would be preferable to heading out in such mean weather.

The rage of the storm had reached a terrible fury now. Rain and wind lashed viciously at the ranch, and Al thanked his lucky stars he was indoors as he saw huge bolts of lightning stab across the pastures. He reckoned the boys wouldn't feel up to much horseplay after having been out in that for a couple of hours!

Say, wait! It would be a lot more than a couple of hours that they'd be stuck out on the range. All night most likely. This was an electrical storm, and there was nothing frightened the herds as much. Al had helped round up too many panicky cattle, driven frantic by the thunder and lightning, not to know what the other boys must be going through!

They'd be longing for some nice hot java long about now. Yep, each and every one of them, the foreman included. The storm played no favorites. Stretch King would be just as wet, cold and hungry as the lowliest puncher. Suddenly, Al spawned an idea. If Stretch King were longing for some coffee and hot food, wouldn't he be beholden to the hombre that brought him some? Wouldn't he be glad to let bygones be bygones if that certain good Samaritan happened to be Al Pearson? Wouldn't he be pleased to show his gratitude by re-hiring Al? . . . If Al Pearson promised never to loaf on a job again?

Darn tooting, King would be glad to take him back. Well, sir, Al was going to see that he got the chance. He knew where the chuck wagon was kept, and he knew at what section of the pasture the boys would be. What was he waiting for then? Nothing. He was already placing a pair of very sullen mules between the shafts of the chuck wagon. Moments later, he was cracking the bull whip and ordering his reluctant charges out into the storm.

"Gee-ap, you long-eared critters," he yelled jubilantly into the teeth of the gale. "We're getting Mr. King some grub and me another chance at a job!"

It was certainly no easy chore he had assigned himself. Had the stakes not been so high, Al Pearson would never have ventured from his nice, warm cookhouse into the fury that lashed about him. The storm was really raging now, as though determined to keep him from his goal of pleasing King. The mules, too, had a dubious attitude about the journey, and were casting puzzled glances at this crazy cowpoke who yelled unwanted encouragement at them.

The rain had a stinging quality as it beat

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fiercely at his face. It was good that Al Pearson had been born to the range and drove by instinct, for it was no longer possible to see. His eyes closed beneath the liquid pellets Nature hurled at them, but even had they not, they would have been useless to him. The storm had gained a fresh ally now in the fast gathering darkness, and, as though anxious to prove its worth, it quickly obliterated all familiar landmarks.

Then disaster struck!

Al felt the chuck wagon give a sickening lurch, and suddenly he was falling blindly through space. He fell to the ground with a sickening thud and oblivion claimed him. It was impossible, though, to long remain unconscious in that lashing, biting rain. Its sting beat awareness back into his reeling brain, and he staggered erect on legs that seemed made of water. Wiping mud from his eyes with an even muddier hand, he began to search for the cause of his accident.

It wasn't difficult to find, but it would be difficult to remedy under such conditions. Obviously, he wasn't the only one who had cut corners on the Circle-O. That lowdown cook had neglected the chuck wagon wheels so that they were in complete disrepair. It was miraculous that he had even come this far, with them in such horrible shape. Two courses were open to him. He could abandon the chuck wagon and retreat to the ranch, or—he could make temporary repairs on the wheels.

He bent to the distasteful task. Almost as though it felt cheated of victory by his determination, the wind tore at him. It shrieked violent threats; battered him and chilled him. Still Al worked on grimly. Finally, he straightened up and leaned exhausted against the chuck wagon. The job was finished.

He crawled painfully up into the seat and yipped at the mules. But nothing stirred. Then as his glance strained through the storm he screamed in consternation. The mules were gone! The ornery beasts had seen their chance while he was busy with the wheels. It hadn't taken these wisest of beasts long to devise an escape. The gnawed harness attested to that.

It was no use to look for them now. In this storm they'd be found only if they so chose. In all likelihood, they were now back home, hee-hawing over the foolish waddie they had

outsmarted. That's where he'd be, too, if he had any sense. Well, he didn't! And he didn't have any job, either! He had to get that chuck wagon up to regain his old one.

There was only one way to bring the wagon up to the boys, and Al groaned at the prospect. Groaned, yes, but still he walked between the shafts and gripped them in his hands. He sucked down a great gulp of air and began to pull. He struggled mightily, exerting every iota of strength he could muster.

Nothing happened. That is: nothing happened for the first few minutes. Then slowly, the wagon began to inch forward. Al's muscles twisted in anguish, entreating him to abandon this madness, but gamely he stuck to his labor. Slowly the inches of progress changed to feet, the feet to yards, and Al trudged on into the storm. Now he laughed at it and defied it to do its worst. Nothing could keep him now from bringing up the chuck wagon.

They still talk out in that section of the weary figure who came stumbling out of the rainswept night, pulling a chuck wagon behind him. The punchers at first gaped in astonishment. Then as the vastness of his deed dawned upon him, they began to cheer. But the battered Al Pearson looked neither left nor right until he had brought the wagon to a halt before the foreman, Stretch King.

"Mr. King," he gasped painfully. "I'm not one for boasting, but I'll wager a month's wages there's not another puncher in the country who could have brought that chuck wagon through tonight!"

"Yep, and I'll bet there's not another one dumb enough to fetch an empty wagon either," King said, drawing back the wagon's cover to reveal its barren interior.

AL PEARSON had no reply left in him. Slowly, he turned and began to walk into the storm. Then he felt a heavy hand on his pain-wracked shoulder, and looked to see Stretch King grinning at him.

"Well, maybe you didn't bring us any grub like you intended, Al," King said. "But you sure as shooting did a hard day's work. Now that you've tried it once, let's see you stick to it. Get rolling, boy! You're back on the payroll!"

THE END

# TEX RITTER

#10,000  
IN REWARD FOR  
TEX RITTER

THERE'S  
TEX RITTER--  
GET 'IM! REVEN-  
BER THE RE-  
WARD!

GIVE UP,  
RITTER--  
EVERY GUN  
IN TOWN IS  
ON VUH!

WHAT IN BLAZES...?  
WHAT DID YUH  
TELL 'EM,  
BULL?

THE TRAIL NORTH WAS LONG AND  
TWISTING -- AHEAD OF HIM AN  
OUTLAW PUSHED FOR THE BOR-  
DER -- AND TEX RITTER KEPT  
CLOSE BESIDE, KNOWING BULL  
LANIER WOULD CRACK SOONER  
OR LATER! THEN, IN A SMALL  
WYOMING COW TOWN, HE SAW  
THE TIERED ROAN HORSE  
LANIER HAD BEEN RIDING...

THE PRAIRIE RANGER KNEW IT WAS USELESS  
TO FIGHT -- HE SLID FROM THE SADDLE,  
KEEPING HIS HANDS AWAY FROM HIS GUNS.

ARE YOU CRAZY,  
SHERIFF? THIS HONDER  
IS WANTED FOR  
HORSE STEALIN  
IN COLORADO!

I'M NOT CRAZY,  
RITTER/LANIER  
BROUGHT THE 'WANTED'  
DOGGERS IN ACCORDIN'  
TO THE DOGGERS YOUR  
A SUCK MAN WITH A  
GUN!

LANIER IS  
THE OUT-  
LAW, SHERIFF!  
BUT I RECK-  
ON YOU WON'T  
BELIEVE  
ME!

THAT'S GOOD RECKON-  
'IN', RITTER! TOO BAD  
I CAN'T HANG AROUND  
FOR THE TRIAL! BUT I'VE  
GOT BUSINESS UP  
NORTH!

# TEX RITTER WESTERN

WHY DON'T YOU SEND A WIRE SOUTH ON LANIER, SHERIFF? YOU CAN FIND OUT ABOUT ME AT THE SAME TIME!

THE NEAREST TELEGRAPH OFFICE IS FORTY MILES AWAY-- I'LL SEND IT OUT ON THE STAGE DAY AFTER TOMORROW!



THE FAMOUS PRAIRIE RANGER WAS TIRED AND SADDLE WEARY -- BUT NOT TOO TIRED TO TALK WHEN BULL LANIER DRIFTED IN!

SO THE GREAT TEX RITTER TURNS OUT TO BE A JAILBIRD! TOO BAD THEY HAVEN'T HEARD YOUR REPUTATION THIS FAR NORTH!

LAUGH WHILE YOU HAVE THE CHANCE, BULL! WHO'D YOU HAVE THE WANTED POSTERS MADE UP?



I GOT A QUICK JOB DONE IN COLORADO! PRETTY NEAT, EH? BY THE TIME THE SHERIFF GETS HIS WIRE I'LL BE A LONG WAY FROM HERE! AND YOU'LL BE JAIL SCRE!



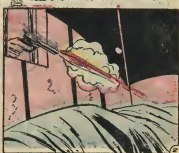
LANIER HAD HIS LAUGH -- BUT HE FIND FOR IT A MOMENT LATER!



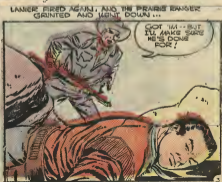
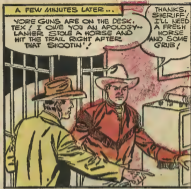
THAT'LL HELP ME SLEEP BETTER! I CAN WAIT TILL THE SHERIFF GETS AN ANSWER TO THE TELEGRAM! THEN I'LL TAKE CARE OF BULL LANIER!



BUT LANIER HAD NO IDEA OF WAITING FOR RITTER TO TAKE HIS TRAIL ONCE MORE! IT WAS AFTER MIDNIGHT WHEN THE COB SUDDENLY LIT WITH GUNPLASH!



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



THOUGH HEAVIER AND TALLER, BULL LANIER TOOK A TERRIFIC BEATING, THEN HE WAS WILLING TO GO BACK PEACEABLY...



THE SHERIFF GRINNED WHEN THE PAIR HIT TOWN... HE LOCKED BULL UP WHILE TEX ATE AND GOT READY FOR A SLEEP IN A REAL BED... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS...





TEX RITTER WESTERN

# THE TEXAS RANGERS



① THIS GREAT LAW AND ORDER FORCE BEGAN ABOUT 1830 AS SETTLERS STREAMED IN FROM THE SOUTH AND POURED INTO TEXAS. SMALL BANDS OF MEN ORGANIZED THEMSELVES TO DEFEND THEIR WAGONS AND VILLAGES.

② THESE BUCKSKIN RIDERS CALLED THEMSELVES RANGERS. THEIR MAIN ENEMY AT THAT TIME WAS THE INDIAN, WHO KILLED THE SETTLERS, AND RAIDED HIS STOCK.

③ IN 1835 WHEN TEXAS PROCLAIMED ITS INDEPENDENCE FROM MEXICO, SAM HOUSTON APPOINTED THE TEXAS RANGERS TO PATROL THE REPUBLIC'S FRONTIER AGAINST THE COMANCHE AND MEXICAN RANCHERO WHO WAS TRYING TO WIN BACK HIS LAND.



④ THESE HARDY, HARD RIDING SOLDIERS OF LAW AND ORDER HAD NO EQUAL AS HORSE MEN AND LAW MEN. THEIR DEEDS OF BRAVERY CAN NOT BE MATCHED BY ANY FIGHTING FORCE OF ITS SIZE.

⑤ THE RANGERS WERE NOT TRAINED LIKE SOLDIERS, YOU COULD RECOGNIZE THESE MEN BY TWO THINGS, THEIR BROAD BRIMMED WHITE STETSON AND THEIR LIGHTNING DRAW OF SIX-SHOOTERS WHEN EVER THE TIME AROSE TO USE THEM.

⑥ DURING THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR, TEDDY ROOSEVELT, RECRUITED HIS FAMOUS 'ROUGH RIDERS' FROM THE RANKS OF THE TEXAS RANGERS.

MADE BY



# TEX RITTER WESTERN

# LOCO LEW

## "Some Shooting"

HUH? LOOK AT THOSE TARGETS! I RECKON SOMEBODY AROUND HYAR HAS BEEN DOIN' A POWERFUL LOT OF SHOOTIN'!



GOSH! WHAT SHOOTIN'! EVERYONE IS A PERFECT BULL'S-EYE!



SAY, DO YOU KNOW WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THESE BULL'S-EYES?



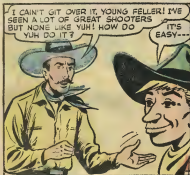
SHORE... ME!

YUH? WHY, THIS IS THE GREATEST MARKSMANSHIP I'VE EVER SEEN! YOU'RE GREAT!

THANKS!



I CAN'T GIT OVER IT, YOUNG FELLER! I'VE SEEN A LOT OF GREAT SHOOTERS BUT NONE LIKE YUH! HOW DO YUH DO IT?



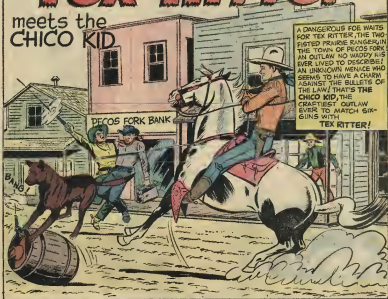
IT'S EASY---

--- I SHOOT FIRST AND DRAW THE TARGETS AFTERWARD!



# Tex Ritter

meets the  
CHICO KID



A DANGEROUS Foe WAITS FOR TEX RITTER, THE TWO-FISTED PRAIRIE RANGER IN THE TOWN OF PECOS FORK, AN OUTLAW NO WADDY HAS EVER LIVED TO DESCRIBE! AN UNKNOWN MENACE WHO SEEMS TO HAVE A CHARM AGAINST THE BULLETS OF THE LAW! THAT'S THE CHICO KID, THE CRAFTIEST OUTLAW EVER TO MATCH SIX-GUNS WITH  
**TEX RITTER!**

ONE AFTERNOON AS TEX RITTER RIDES ACROSS THE WESTERN RANGE...

THE CHIEF ASKED ME TO SEE WHAT'S BEHIND THIS BREWING IN PECOS FORK! THE SHERIFF HAS BEEN WOUNDED AND THE TOWN'S BEEN TERRORIZED BY A GANG LED BY SOMEONE CALLED THE CHICO KID!



WHAT PUZZLES ME IS THE TELEGRAM THAT CAME JUST BEFORE I LEFT RANGER HEADQUARTERS! ACCORDING TO G. WILLIAMS OF THE PECOS FORK BANK, THE TOWN IS COMPLETELY QUIET AND NO HELP IS NEEDED!



# TEX RITTER WESTERN

SOON AFTERWARD IN PECOS FORK...

HERE'S OUR FIRST STOP, FURY! LET'S HAVE A PALAVER WITH G. WILLIAMS... AND SEE WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON IN THIS TOWN!



HOWDY, MISS I'M TEX RITTER OF THE PRAIRIE RANGERS! I'D BE PLUMB OBLIGED FOR A CHANCE TO TALK TO THE WADDY WHO SENT ME THIS TELEGRAM!

THE WADDY HAPPENS TO BE ME! MY NAME'S GINGER WILLIAMS... AND I'M IN CHARGE OF THE BANK PURING MY FATHER'S ILLNESS!



I'VE BEEN WONDERING ABOUT YOUR MESSAGE, GINGER! ACCORDING TO WHAT WE'VE HEARD AT RANGER HEADQUARTERS THE CHICO KID AND HIS GANG HAVE KEPT PECOS FORK PRACTICALLY IN A STATE OF SIEGE!

THEY DID, TEX... UP TO THREE DAYS AGO!



IT LOOKS AS IF THE GANG HAS PULLED ITS LAST JOB / THREE OF THE CHICO KID'S ACCOMPLICES ARE IN JAIL... AFTER HAVING BEEN CAPTURED BY A RANCHER!

MIGHTY STRANGE THAT THREE OF THE TOUGHEST HOMBRES IN TEXAS WOULD LET THEMSELVES BE ROUNDED UP BY A SINGLE WADDY! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CHICO KID HIMSELF, GINGER?



I CAN'T TELL YOU A THING ABOUT HIM, TEX!



SUDDENLY...

MISTER, CAN YOU GIVE ME A HAND OVER AT THE JAIL? THOSE THREE CAPTURED OUTLAWS ARE TRYING TO SMASH THEIR WAY OUT!

THANKS, YOUNGSTER! GINGER, WE'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!



IT'S A GOOD THING YOU'RE HERE, TEX! SONNY, WILL YOU SLAM THAT DOOR SHUT?

YOU BET, MAM!



A MOMENT LATER...

I WANT TO WARN YOU BUZZARDS NOT TO BREAK OUT OF JAIL!

DON'T YOU RECKON THE CHICO KID WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT?



# TEX RITTER WESTERN

I SURE WILL!  
REACH!



GREAT HORNED  
TOADS! YOU'RE  
THE CHICO  
KID!



LOOKS AS  
IF MY TRICK  
WORKED, EH?  
BY LETTING MY  
WADDIES BE  
CAPTURED, I'VE  
KEPT THE RANGERS  
FROM SENDING A  
POSSE TO TOWN!  
NOW WE CAN  
RANSACK THE  
BANK!

DON'T MOVE, RITTER! I'VE HEARD  
TAKE DOWN THOSE KEYS, GAL AND  
UNLOCK THE CELL POOR!  
YOU CAN'T BE  
LICKED IN A  
GUN FIGHT!  
SUPPOSE YOU GIVE  
ME A FAIR CHANCE TO  
DRAW AND  
PROVE IT?



STOP STALLING!  
UNBUCKLE YOUR GUN  
BELT.. LET IT DROP..  
AND MOSBY OVER  
TO THAT CELL!



SINCE THIS LITTLE  
WEASEL IS SO PROUD OF  
HIS TRICK... IT'S TIME TO  
TROT OUT ONE I LEARNED  
FROM THE COMANCHES!



WITH SPLIT-SECOND TIMING, TEX CATCHES  
THE FALLING SUN BELT  
ON HIS FOOT AND  
KICKS IT BACK UP!



TRYING TO OUTSMART THE  
CHICO KID ALWAYS PAYS  
OFF, RITTER...  
WITH LEAD!



I  
MISSED HIM!

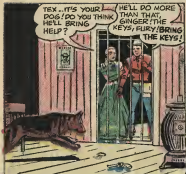


AND FOR THE SAME  
REASON EVERYONE MISSES!  
A HIP SHOT IS AUTOMATICALLY  
AIMED TOO HIGH TO HIT A  
DWARF! MY PARDS NEED  
PRACTICE, HOWEVER, I'LL LET  
THEM HANDLE YOU!

# TEX RITTER WESTERN



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX...IT'S YOUR DOG! DO YOU THINK HE'LL BRING HELP?

HE'LL DO MORE THAN THAT, GINGER! THE KEYS, FURY! BRING THE KEYS!



GOOD BOY!

NOW TO WHISTLE FOR WHITE FLASH!

PHWEEET!



THE CHICO KID HAS THE BANK FUNDS!

TEX RITTER'S ON THE LOOSE! GET MOVING!



I PROMISED YOU TROUBLE, BIG PETE... AND I'M AN HOMBRE WHO KEEPS HIS WORD!



I KNOCK YOU INTO THE MIDDLE OF NEXT WEEK!

THAT'S A LONG TIME TO WAIT, PARDNER, AND I'M PLUMB IMPATIENT!



SLOW DOWN, BIG PETE!

GINGER, I AIM TO FIND THE CHICO KID MYSELF... AND SAVE THE RANGERS THEIR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD! IF YOUR FATHER CAN PUT ME UP FOR THE NIGHT OUT AT YOUR RANCH, I'LL GET AFTER THE GANG TOMORROW... BECAUSE BIG PETE'S GOING TO TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THEM!



I CAN TELL YOU ONE THING, HOMBRE... IT'S BAD MEDICINE TO PLANT YOUR FOOT ON DANGUNG REINS!

# TEX RITTER WESTERN



OH, TEX!



DON'T FRET YOURSELF, GINGER! AFTER ALL... HE'S JUST AN ACCOMPLICE!

I SUPPOSE THERE'S NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT COME OUT TO OUR RANCH!

BANG!



THAT NIGHT AT THE WILLIAMS RANCH...

ALL I WANT IS MY HORSE AND MY DOG AND MY GUNS, AND A PLACE ON THE RANGE WHERE THE LONELY GOYOTE BURNS...

THAT'S A PRETTY TUNE, TEX... TO LISTEN TO UNDER A FULL MOON!



THANKS FOR REMINDING ME, GINGER! THERE'S JUST LIGHT ENOUGH FOR A CHORE I'VE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF!

WELL!



A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE RANCH HOUSE...

GINGER DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT I EXPECT THE CHICO KID AND HIS WADDIES TO SHOW UP PRONTO... AND I AIM TO BE READY!



HERE THEY COME! I KNEW I'D BE ABLE TO LURE THEM HERE... AFTER MENTIONING I WAS CARRYING AN IMAGINARY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO PETE, AND THEN LETTING HIM ESCAPE!



NOT A BAD DEAL, CHICO KID! NOT ONLY DO WE GET TEX RITTER... BUT WE CAN GRAB THAT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS HE WAS LOCO ENOUGH TO MENTION!

SUPPERING SASSAFRAS! YOU IDIOTS... DUCK YOUR HEADS!



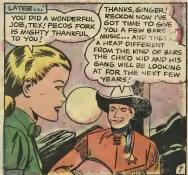
THEN AS THE WINDMILL AXLE TAKES IN THE SLACK OF TEX'S ROPE...

YOW!

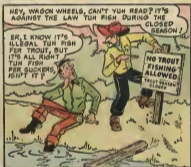
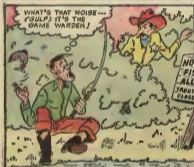
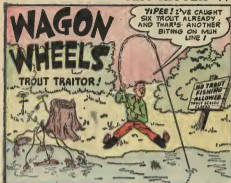
MIGHTY SMART OF TEX RITTER! EXCEPT THAT THE MOONLIGHT BEHIND HIM MAKES HIM A PERFECT TARGET!



# TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN



# HALFWIT HACK TOES THE MARK!



