



Action Packed Big Adventures

TEX RITTER WESTERN

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COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

WESTERN

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢

No. 33

GIORDANO
MASERA

TEX RITTER WESTERN



Tex Ritter AND THE

**BULLET
TRAIL**



DURING HIS HOURS AS A PRAIRIE RANGER, TEX STOPS AT RED RIVER TO TALK TO THE SHERIFF.

"I'VE HEARD SOME PRETTY TALL STORIES ABOUT THAT DOG OF YOURS, TEX; CAN HE REALLY DO EVERYTHING THEY SAY HE CAN?"

"WELL, HE'S A MIGHTY HANDY PARTNER TO HAVE AROUND WHEN THERE'S ANY TROUBLE, SHERIFF! WE'VE BEEN IN A LOT OF TIGHT SCRAPES TOGETHER!"



JUST THEN —

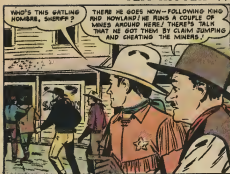
"WE'RE RICH— RICH!"

"HOW THAT WE STAKED OUR CLAIM, IT CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION! LET'S HAVE A DRINK!"

"THAT'S KING AND HOWLAND— TWO PARTNERS THAT JUST FOUND A SILVER MINE WHERE THEY SAY THE SILVER IS ALMOST ON THE SURFACE! I RECKON THAT'LL PUT IDEAS INTO GATLING'S HEAD!"



TEX RITTER WESTERN



WHO'S THIS GATLING HOMBRE, SHERIFF?

THERE HE GOES NOW—FOLLOWING KING AND HOWLAND! HE RUNS A COUPLE OF MINES AROUND HERE! THERE'S TALK THAT HE GOT THEM BY CLAIM JUMPING AND CHEATING THE MINERS!



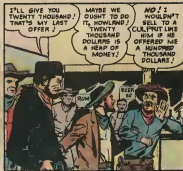
HE'S A MIGHTY MEAN HOMBRE! I HAVEN'T ANYTHING ON HIM YET, BUT I SURE WOULD LIKE TO RUN HIM OUT OF THESE PARTS!

I RECKON I'LL GO IN HERE AND HAVE MYSELF A LOOK!



I'M OFFERING YOU TEN THOUSAND FOR THAT CLAIM OF YOURS! THAT'S MORE MONEY THAN YOU MEN EVER DREAMED OF HAVING!

NOTHING DOING, GATLING! WE'LL HAVE THAT MUCH AND MORE IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS OF MINING! THAT CLAIM OF OURS WILL MAKE THOSE MINES OF YOURS LOOK SICK!



I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY THOUSAND! THAT'S MY LAST OFFER!

MAYBE WE OUGHT TO DO IT, HOWLAND! TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IS A HEAP OF MONEY!

NO! I WOULDN'T SELL TO A CULPRIT LIKE HIM IF HE OFFERED ME A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!



WHO YOU CALLING A CULPRIT? EAT THOSE WORDS—AND FAST!

TAKE YOUR PINS OFF ME, GATLING!



YOU HEARD WHAT MR. GATLING SAID! APOLOGIZE—AND PRONTO!

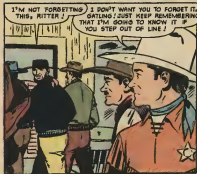


I WON'T APOLOGIZE!

I GAVE YOU YOUR CHANCE!

PUT UP THAT GUN, HOMBRE!

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I'M SURPRISED THEY
DIPN'T FINISH YOU
OFF, TOO!

THEY'RE JUST KEEPING ME
ALIVE TO GET ME TO SIGN
OVER THE CLAIM TO THEM
LEGAL-LIKE! IT'S ALL MINE
NOW THAT HOWLAND IS DEAD!
BUT I AIN'T GOING TO DO IT!
AS SOON AS I SIGN,
THEY'D KILL ME!
I KNOW IT!



THEY'LL BE COMING BACK FOR ME!
YOU GOT TO HELP ME,
RANGER!

I RECKON THE FIRST
THING WE OUGHT TO DO
IS TRY TO GET OUT OF HERE!
OWLING AND HIS MEN ARE
IN THERE! I CAN HEAR
THEM TALKING!



BUT FURY'S SHARP TEETH HAVE BEEN
BUSY ON THE ROPES HOLDING HIM
PRISONER AND...

LOOK! YOUR DOG
BIT THROUGH
THE ROPES!

GOOD BOY, FURY!
COME HERE--
QUICK!



I'M ALL RIGHT, FURY! GET
AT THESE ROPES! BITE
THROUGH THE ROPES,
BOY!



GET HIM
TO HERRY!
THEY'LL BE
HERE ANY
MINUTE!

FASTER,
BOY--
FASTER!



I'M FREE! AS SOON AS I GET THESE ROPES
OFF MY FEET, I'LL GET TO YOU, HIND!

I CAN
STILL
HEAR
THEM
TALKING!



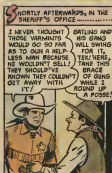
THEY'RE COMING
THIS WAY!
LISTEN!

THEY TOOK MY SIX-GUNS--
SO I RECKON WE'LL HAVE
TO FIGHT OUR WAY OUT!
WE'LL TAKE THEM
BY SURPRISE!

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TEX RITTER WESTERN



IT LOOKS AS IF HE WAS DRAGGED HERE TO BE HIDDEN! NOW WHY WOULD KING DO THAT... UNLESS...!

YOU THINK GATLING GOT TO HIM AND TOSSED THE BODY IN THERE, TEX?



MAYBE YES--AND MAYBE NO! HMMMM--THIS KIND OF EXPLAINS A LOT OF THINGS!



I RECKON THERE'S NOTHING TOO LOW FOR A BUSHWHACKER TO STOOP TO! COME ON, BOYS! WE'RE GOING TO GET THAT GAND OF DRYBULCHERS AND GET THEM FAST!

AND I'M GOING TO GET ME A MURDERER!



BUT WHEN THE POSSE REACHES THE CAVE.....

GONE! THEY'RE ALL GONE! THE VARMINTS CLEARED OUT! NO SIGN OF KING EITHER!

I FIGURE IF THEY'RE NOT HERE--THE ONLY OTHER PLACE THAT MIGHT INTEREST THEM IS THAT NEW SILVER MINE KING AND HOWLAND PUT IN A CLAIM FOR!



BUT HOW IN TARNATION ARE WE GOING TO FIND THAT? IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO GIVE OUT THE LOCATION OF A CLAIM!

I RECKON FURY CAN FIND THE TRAIL FOR US! COME ON, BOY--FIND IT!



HE'S PICKED IT UP! LOOK, THERE'S THE TRAIL LEADING OFF THERE!



FURY SUDDENLY STOPS SHORT WITH A WARNING GROWL AND...

HOLD IT, BOYS! I RECKON WE'VE FOUND THE MINE! IT MUST BE BEHIND THAT HILL UP AHEAD!

BANG!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

SCATTER, BOYS! SPREAD OUT AND SURROUND THEM!



WE CAN'T GET A DECENT SHOT AT THEM WHILE THEY'RE HIDING BEHIND THOSE ROCKS, SHERIFF--AND WE CAN'T STAY OUT HERE; THEY CAN SEE US--BUT WE CAN'T SEE THEM! I'M GOING TO RUSH THEM TO DRAW THEIR FIRE! THEN YOU AND THE BOYS CAN CLOSE IN!

ALL RIGHT, TEX! BUT WATCH YOURSELF!



HERE HE COMES!

A... MY HAND!

HE SHOT AWAY MY GUN!



PUT UP YOUR GUNS, YOU VARMINTS--



D-DON'T SHOOT!

WE QUIT!



IT'S A GOOD THING YOU SHOWED UP, SHERIFF! HE WAS GOING TO ...

DON'T WORRY, KING! THAT WHOLE GANG WILL GO TO TRIAL FOR KIDNAPPING AND MURDER! YOUR PARTNER WILL BE AVENGED BY THE LAW!

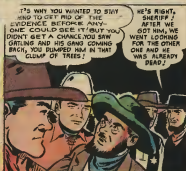


WAIT A MINUTE, SHERIFF! ME AND MY BOYS TRIED TO GET THAT MAN, AND WE EVEN KIDNAPPED KING TO GET HIM TO SIGN IT OVER--BUT WE DIDN'T KILL HOWLAND!

HE'S RIGHT, SHERIFF!



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BRONKO BETSY

BRUSHOFF!



"Colonel John Raven in Honey Horse"

Hank Delby placed his big hammer next to his anvil. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and then removed his leather apron. He had been busy all week making nails and fixing gun barrels. But he always had time for his famous visitor. The man outside the blacksmith's small shop was tall. From his moccasined feet to his tight fitting leather cap, he was six feet three inches. He was all muscle and weighed a little more than two hundred and thirty pounds. The sun and wind had tanned his skin. On his leather coat was the emblem which Colonel John Raven was famous on the frontier of growing America. The blackbird which had come to symbolize the man who was opening the wilderness and making it possible for people to move Westward in safety.

"Colonel," complained the blacksmith, "Back in New England folks said I could make the best horseshoes. But all I have been doing since I came to this settlement is making nails, fixing gun barrels, repairing metal plows, and making hammers. Now don't get me wrong. Business is good out here. But I would like to be able to sell some horseshoes."

"In order to sell horseshoes we must have horses," finished the famous man of the frontier. "From time to time, Chief Po-Cho-Ni-Kita has sold us some of his precious horses. Actually we need about fifty more horses. Then you would be busy making your horseshoes. I have some news for you. I plan to go on an expedition and the purpose is to capture some of the wild horses that they say are on the other side of the mountain range."

Approaching the two men was Charles Collins, often known as Chubby Collins. He was the best friend and companion of the Colonel. He was much shorter than his friend with a tendency to be round. But appearances they say are deceitful. For he was agile and quick, and his eyes keen when sighting his rifle.

"General Henderson has given his consent to the expedition," he announced. "He wants to see you at the fort and discuss the matter with you."

The two friends walked side by side to Fort Wellington. They went of once to the General's quarters. The commanding officer wanted some more information about the expedition.

"I have heard many conflicting statements about wild horses. Exactly what can you tell me?" he asked.

"We know that De Soto took many horses with him to Florida in 1539 and also on his expedition to the Middle West in 1544. Coronado also had horses. Later there was a steady stream of horses. The Indians learned about these animals. Apaches, Utes, Navahoes and Comanches ran off horses and mules from ranches in Mexico. We do know that the Blackfeet had many horses when they met some of our men. But where did the bands of wild horses originate? They must have been horses that once belonged either to the Indians or the white men. However the horses would be killed by wild animals unless they were in some protected place. Hence I figure that on the other side of the mountain range there must be a place free from wild animals for these horses to survive."

"Wonderful and simple," admitted General Henderson. "It should be easy to get those horses. Especially since you will have no problem concerning wild animals."

"Well," asked Colonel John Raven with a slight smile on his face, "if we have no wild animals, then what do we use for food?"

The General saw the point of once. He knew that of the most each man could carry about a week's supply of food on his back in addition to other necessities.

"Now if we only had the kind of food that could be carried on your back to last about three weeks, then the problem would be solved," he finally admitted.

"There is such a food," interrupted Charles Collins. "The Indians call it Pemican. They make it different ways. It consists sometimes of dried buffalo meat and berries. Sometimes they even add cornmeal. The Indian Chief promised to give us some of this food. Brave One and

two other redskins will go with us. They will be given some of the horses in return for the food."

"May you have success on this expedition," said the General. "You two can draw from Sergeant Malloy any supplies you need. You might as well take him with you. He is most unhappy when you two are in search of adventure and he has to remain behind."

Chief Pa-Cha-Ni-Kita accompanied the small group to the base of the mountain range.

"With my own eyes I have seen these horses," he told the Colonel. "Brave One also saw them. There is a stream of water and there may be fish. Take your metal fish hooks with you. But how will you capture the horses? They can go much faster than the swiftest man."

"There are various ways to capture the horses," replied the Colonel. "I shall use common sense and decide which is the best way when I get there."

The ascent up the mountain range was slow. From time to time Colonel John Raven would pick up some stones and make a definite trail marker. This puzzled Sergeant Malloy.

"Seems to my mind there is only one easy way to come down the mountain. Just point your feet downward and travel in that direction. Why go to all this trouble of picking up the stones?"

"Because," explained the Colonel, "the path that may be good for our feet may be dangerous for the horses. The stone markers will guide us when we return."

"Seems to me you are counting your horses before you have captured them," half scolded Chubby Collins. "When I was a boy my mother always warned me not to count my chickens before the eggs hatched. Why don't you do the same?"

"If we were going after chickens it would be a good idea," joked the Colonel. "Let's not worry about the matter until we get down on the other side."

The trip up was without any difficulty and the men rested on the summit. The famous man of the frontier had brought with him a spy-glass. He placed it to his right eye and looked down into the valley below.

"The horses are there!" he shouted. "I can see a big band of them."

Brave One and the other two Indians looked through the spyglass. They were amazed to see the animals that they knew were still far away. Brave One asked one question.

"If you can see the animals with this glass why can't you send the glass for them and bring them up here?"

"I wish it could be done," replied Sergeant

Malloy.

They reached the bottom of the mountain range and then looked around. The horses had sensed the presence of strangers and banded together. They ran away to opposite sections of the mountain range which closed in the small valley on all sides.

"If we chase the horses they will run away from us," said Chubby Collins. "I know I will get tired first."

"They actually catch horses that way in Mexico," said the Colonel. "It is known as walking down horses. Day after day a man actually walks after a horse. Wild horses prefer to remain in the same vicinity. A horse will get tired and stop running away if you can keep it up. But I have a better idea. I am going to let the horses catch us. We set up camp. Eat our food and wait."

For the next five days the three white men and three redskins had a perfect vacation. Their one problem was their dwindling food supply. They tried fishing the small stream but found to their dismay there were no fish there. A flight of wild geese furnished them with food. The far-seeing Colonel had taken buckshot with him. They roasted the birds and enjoyed the feast. On the morning of the sixth day the Colonel walked away from camp by himself. They saw him in the distance. They also saw a horse approach him. The horse came closer and closer. He followed the Colonel. And the rest of the horses followed their leader.

"My eyes see it and I don't believe it," said Chubby Collins. "He got the horses to catch him."

"The Raven is a great man," admitted Brave One. "He must have some kind of special power to catch horses that way."

The horses were taken up the mountain and then down. There was great rejoicing in the settlement and at the fort when the animals arrived. Brave One and the other Indians took some of the horses back with them. But Hank Delby was the happiest man as he started to make horseshoes.

"They tell me you are calling your horse Honey," he remarked to the Colonel. "Why such a name?"

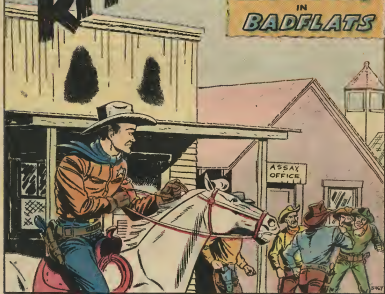
"Because that is how I caught him," admitted the famous man of the frontier. "I had a small jar of honey with me. I spilled some on the ground and made a thin trail of honey to where I was standing. The horse liked it. He licked my hand and we were friends. But keep it a secret at present. It is good for the settlement that the redskins feel I have a special ability to catch horses."

THE END

TEX RITTER

NO, SURE -- FOLKS HEREABOUTS WILL NEVER FORGET THE TIME **TEX RITTER** TOOK A HAND IN OUR ELECTION RUCKUS... TEX TRIED HIS NIGHTEST, BUT THERE WERE PLUMS POWERFUL FORCES RANGED AGAINST HIM... AND THOSE FORCES WERE IN ON THIS, THE

LAST VOTE IN BADFLATS



YOUNG DON KILLDARE, OUR ASSAY CLERK, WAS THE ONLY ONE OF US WITH ENOUGH GUMPTION TO RUN AGAINST BULL BARTON...

OFFICE

YOU ALL KNOW WHY BARTON WANTS TO BE SHERIFF! SO HE CAN TAKE OVER THE WHOLE TOWN, LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL!

VOTE FOR
DON
KILLDARE

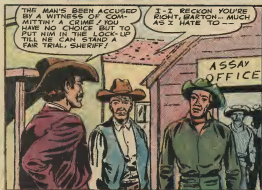
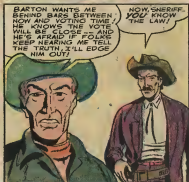
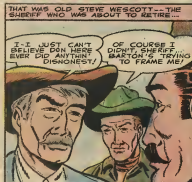


THERE WERE ONLY FOURTEEN HOURS LEFT TILL VOTING TIME WHEN BARTON MADE HIS MOVE...

GO AHEAD, PETE -- WALK RIGHT OVER AND SPEAK YOUR PIECE!



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

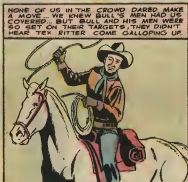


I ALWAYS KNEW THAT RED HOT TEMPER OF YOURS WOULD GET YOU INTO DEEP TROUBLE SOME DAY, KILLDARE... EVER HEAR OF A MAN RESISTIN' ARREST? EVER HEAR OF A MAN BEIN' SHOT DOWN WHILE RESISTIN' ARREST?



Y-YOU CAN'T... DON'T TRIGGER ON HIM, BULL! HE'S STANDIN' THAR BAREHANDED!

HE'S RESISTIN' ARREST-- AIN'T HE?



NONE OF US IN THE CROWD DARED MAKE A MOVE... WE KNEW BULL'S MEN HAD US COVERED... BUT BULL AND HIS MEN WERE SO SET ON THEIR TARGETS, THEY DIDN'T HEAR TEX RITTER COME GALLOPING UP.

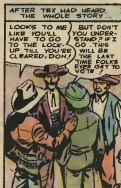


TILL TOO LATE...

HEY!



STAND FAST, FRIENDS... WOULDN'T WANT TO CLEAR LEATHER AGAINST YOU... NOW SPEAK UP! WHAT'S THIS RUCKUS ALL ABOUT?

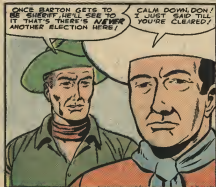


AFTER TEX HAD HEARD THE WHOLE STORY...

LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO GO UP TILL YOU'RE CLEARED, DON!

BUT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? IF I GO THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME FOLKS EYE OUT TO VOTE!

TEX RITTER WESTERN



ONCE BARTON GETS TO BE SHERIFF, HE'LL SEE TO IT THAT'S THERE'S NEVER ANOTHER ELECTION HERE!

CALM DOWN, DON! I JUST SAID TILL YOU'RE CLEARED!



NO REASON, IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, WHY YOU CAN'T BE CLEARED PRONTO, NOW WHERE'S THAT OLD PROSPECTOR WHO DID THE ACCUSING!

QUICK... TELL BULL THAT TEX RITTER AIMS TO TALK TO OLD PETE!



LATER ...

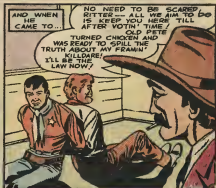
I'LL BE OUT AFTER A WHILE, WHITE FLASH... THIS IS OLD PETE'S CABIN!



HMMM... FROM THE LOOKS OF THIS PLACE, SOMEBODY HAD A HARD TIME DRAGGING OLD PETE AWAY BEFORE I COULD GET TO HIM!



TEX NEVER SAW WHAT HIT HIM -- BUT THAT FLOOR SURE CAME RUSHING UP TOWARD HIS FACE MIGHTY FAST ...



AND WHEN HE CAME TO...

NO NEED TO BE SCARED, RITTER -- ALL WE AIM TO DO IS KEEP YOU HERE TILL AFTER VOTIN' TIME! OLD PETE

TURNED CHICKEN AND WAS READY TO SPILL THE TRUTH ABOUT MY FRANK! KILLDARE! I'LL BE THE LAW NOW!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

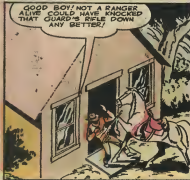
A FULL HOUR PASSED THERE WAS ONLY ONE GUARD NOW... THE REST OF BARTON'S GANG WERE GETTING SOME SHUT-EYE - SUDDEN-LIKE, TEX BEGAN TO WHISTLE



AND WHITE FLASH, HIS MOUNT, WHO'D BEEN MOSEYING ABOUT SEARCHING FOR HIM, HEARD THAT TROUBLE - MEANING WHISTLE, AND CAME GALLOPING



GOOD BOY! NOT A RANGER ALIVE COULD HAVE KNOCKED THAT GUARD'S RIFLE DOWN ANY BETTER!



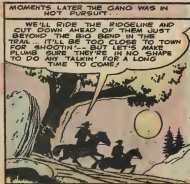
WHAT DO YOU SAY, PETE? YOU READY TO RIDE INTO TOWN WITH ME TO TELL FOLKS THE TRUTH ABOUT BARTON?

BE GLAD TO, TEX! I'M STILL KICKIN' MYSELF FOR LETTIN' THAT SIDE-WINDER TALK ME INTO HELPIN' HIM FRAME KILLDARE!



MOMENTS LATER THE GANG WAS IN HOT PURSUIT...

WE'LL RIDE THE RIDGELINE AND CUT DOWN AHEAD OF THEM JUST BEYOND THE BIG BEND IN THE TRAIL... IT'LL BE TOO CLOSE TO TOWN FOR SHOOTIN'-- BUT LET'S MAKE PLUMB SURE THEY'RE IN NO SHAPE TO DO ANY TALKIN' FOR A LONG TIME TO COME!

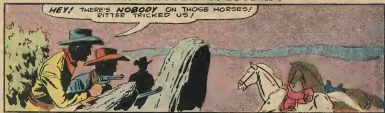


WE BEAT 'EM HERE --- CLEAR THOSE SADDLES, MEN-- AND BE READY TO DRAG THEM DOWN FROM THEIRS!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

HEY! THERE'S **NOBODY** ON THOSE HORSES!
RITTER TRICKED US!



NOW THOSE TWO HORSES ARE STAMPEDIN' OUR MOUNTS! WE'RE STRANDED!



LATER, BACK ON THE TRAIL

GOOD WORK, WHITE FLASH! WE'RE PLUMB LUCKY YOU SPOTTED THOSE WARMINTS RIDIN' BY UP ON THE RIDGELINE, AND FIGURED THEY'D BE WAITIN' FOR US AROUND THE BEND! AND WE'RE EVEN LUCKIER THAT MOUNT OF YOURS CAN FOLLOW ORDERS BETTER THAN MOST TWO LEGGED CRITTERS AROUND!



LET'S HIT LEATHER, PETE! WE STILL HAVE A JOB TO DO IN TOWN!

WE SURE HAVE, AND I'VE GOT MY SPEECH ALL PRE-PAID!



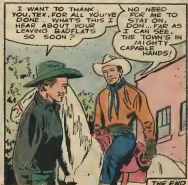
WHEN FOLKS HEREABOUTS HEARD THE TRUTH FROM OLD PETE, THEY KNEW FOR SURE WHICH WAY TO MARK THEIR BALLOTS.

THE WINNER -- AND NEW SHERIFF -- DON KILLDARE!



I WANT TO THANK YOU, TEX, FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE. WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOUR LEAVING BADFLAT'S SO SOON?

NO NEED FOR ME TO STAY ON, DON... FAR AS I CAN SEE, THE TOWN'S IN MIGHTY CAPABLE HANDS!



THE END

TEX RITTER

IN
HIRED VICTIM

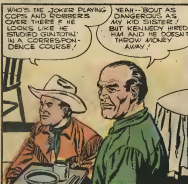
THE DORRIS RANGER KNEW BIG GEORGE KENNEDY WAS A GREEDY, GRASPING LAND PRITE -- BUT TILL KENNEDY HIRED A BRAGGING GUNSLINGER TO CHALLENGE HIM, HE HADN'T KNOWN HOW FAR HE'D GO!



HERE'S THE GUNSLICK I TOLD YUH ABOUT KENNEDY? HE'S THE McCOY!

THINK YOU CAN TAKE RITTER? HE'S ALMOST AS FAST AS YOU!

ANY TIME, ANY TIME! JUST SAY THE WORD!



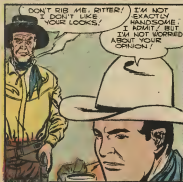
WHO'S THE JOKER PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS OVER THERE? HE LOOKS LIKE HE STUDIED GUNTOU! IN A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE!

YEAH--BOUT AS DANGEROUS AS MY KID SISTER! BUT KENNEDY HIRED HIM AND HE DOESN'T THROW MONEY AWAY!



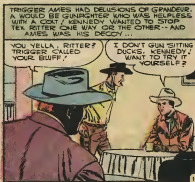
YOUR NAME RITTER? I'M TRIGGER AMES! EVER HEAR OF ME?

CAN'T RE-MEMBER THE NAME! WHY? YOU FAMOUS OR SOMETHING?



DON'T RIB ME, RITTER! I DON'T LIKE YOUR LOOKS!

I'M NOT EXACTLY HANDSOME. I ADMIT! BUT I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT YOUR OPINION!

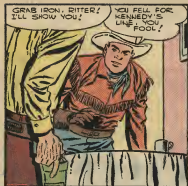


TRIGGER AMES HAD DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR. A WOULD BE GUNFIGHTER WHO WAS HELPLESS WITH A COAT. KENNEDY WANTED TO STOP TEX RITTER ONE WAY OR THE OTHER--AND AMES WAS HIS DECAY...

YOU YELLA, RITTER? TRIGGER CALLED YOUR BLUFF!

I DON'T GUN SITTING DUCKS, KENNEDY! WANT TO TRY IT YOURSELF?

TEX RITTER WESTERN



GRAB IRON, RITTER!
I'LL SHOW YOU!

YOU FELL FOR
KENNEDY'S
LIE, YOU
FOOL!



THEY BOXED YOU IN,
AMES. BUT I'M NOT
GOING TO CHANGE
IT FOR A WOODEN
BOX!

WE GOT 'M,
KENNEDY! GET
'M IN A CROSS-
FIRE!

TEX RITTER HADN'T TAKEN HIS EYES OFF BUCK MOORE, KENNEDY'S TOP GUNMAN! HE STEPPED AWAY FROM AMES AND WENT INTO HIS DRAW...



YOU THOUGHT YOU
COULD INTERF...
AAAHNNH.

I KNEW I'D
STOP YOUR LAND
STEALING,
KENNEDY!



GET A
DOCTOR!
I'M
LIBLE
TO
BLEED
TO
DEATH!

YOU'VE GOT A FLESH WOUND.
THAT'S ALL! AMES, GET
THE SHERIFF.

THE MEN WERE INDICTED... BUT TRIGGER
AMES WAS RELEASED...

GEE, YOU'RE
FAST, TEX!
HOW ABOUT
TEACHING ME
HOW TO DO
THAT?

DON'T BOTHER
TRYIN' / JUST GET
A JOB AND FOR-
GET ABOUT A FAST
DRAW, TRIGGER!
AND DON'T EVER
LET A MAN LIKE
KENNEDY USE
YOU AGAIN!

END.

HILL BILLY

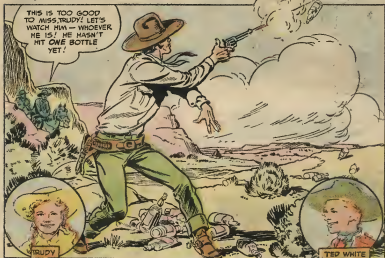
IS GUARANTEED!



TEX RITTER WESTERN

TED WHITE and TRUDY in TERROR OF THE CANYON

THE "GRINGO KID" WAS A NAME TO MAKE EVERYBODY IN MESQUITE SHUDDER! YET, WHEN HE WAS FINALLY CAPTURED TED WHITE AND TRUDY COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT HE WAS THE TERROR OF THE CANYON!



A FEW BOTTLES LATER...



INCHES AWAY FROM TRUDY'S FEET...



TEX RITTER WESTERN

BUT AS THE SNAKE WAS ABOUT TO STRIKE...

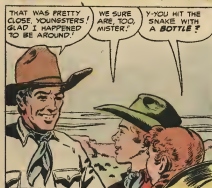


OVER HERE, TRUZY - QUICK!

SECONDS LATER...

OH, TED, IT - IT WAS HORRIBLE! WHAT HAPPENED? I THOUGHT I SAW A BOTTLE...

YOU DID! THE STRANGER MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SHOOT BUT THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH HIS AIM!



THAT WAS PRETTY CLOSE, YOUNGSTERS! GLAD I HAPPENED TO BE AROUND!

WE SURE ARE, TOO, MISTER.

Y-YOU HIT THE SNAKE WITH A BOTTLE?

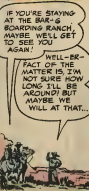


YEP! AND IT'S THE FIRST ONE I'VE BROKEN TODAY!



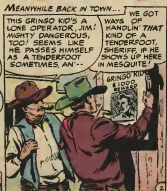
I'D SURE LIKE TO THANK YOU, MISTER - IF I KNEW YOUR NAME! I'M TED WHITE - AND THIS IS TRUZY DAWSON.

JUST CALL ME STEVE, YOUNGSTERS. STEVE - ER - CABOT....!



IF YOU'RE STAYING AT THE BAR-G BOARDING RANCH, MAYBE WE'LL GET TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

WELL-ER-FACT OF THE MATTER IS, I'M NOT SURE HOW LONG I'LL BE AROUND! BUT MAYBE WE WILL AT THAT...



MEANWHILE BACK IN TOWN...

THIS GRINGO KID'S A LONE OPERATOR, JIM! MIGHTY DANGEROUS, TOO! SEEMS LIKE HE PASSES HIMSELF AS A TENDERFOOT SOMETIMES, AN--

WE GOT WAYS OF HANDLIN' THAT KIND OF A TENDERFOOT, SHERIFF, IF HE SHOWS UP HERE IN MESQUITE!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

THAT NIGHT...

I CAN'T HELP IT, TED! NO MATTER WHAT THE REWARD PICTURE LOOKS LIKE, THAT NICE MISTER STEVE CAN'T BE THE GRINGO KID!

WE STILL WON'T SAY ANYTHING 'TIL WE'RE SURE, TRUDY. BUT YOU HEARD WHAT GRAMPS SAID ABOUT HIS PRETENDING TO BE A TENDERFOOT...

ALL RIGHT! WE'LL RIDE OUT TO THE BAR-G RANCH TOMORROW AND FIND OUT FOR OURSELVES!



THE NEXT MORNING...

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, TRUDY! I SURE WOULDN'T LIKE IT IF MISTER STEVE WAS AN OUTLAW!

STOP SAYING THAT, TED! OUTLAWS DON'T SAVE LIVES — AND HE SAVED MINE!



BUT BACK IN TOWN...



WE WERE ROBBED CLEANER'N A WHISTLE, SHERIFF! THE CATTLE COMPANY'S PAYROLL, TOO! IT WAS THE GRINGO KID FER SURE! 'BOUT TEN MILES OUTSIDE O' TOWN!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

WHILE OUT AT THE BAR-G RANCH...



WHY NO CHILDREN --
MR CABOT LEFT
BEFORE SUNUP THIS
MORNING ' SAID HE
MIGHT BE GONE
ALL DAY...

A LITTLE LATER...



MAYBE HE WENT
INTO TOWN, TED!
WE NEVER THOUGHT
OF LOOKING
THERE!

LET'S GO
SEE!

AND AS THEY RODE INTO TOWN.



THAT'S WHO HELD US UP,
SHERIFF! I'D KNOW 'IM IN
A MILLION YEARS.

WHAT'S
GONG ON
TED?

ONE WAY TO FIND
OUT! C'MON...



PAYROLL HOLDUP,
TRUDY!

TRUDY! HERE
COMES MISTER
STEVE NOW!

JIM - GO
SADDLE UP!



WHY, THE NERVE
OF HIM! HE'S
SHAVED OFF HIS
MOUSTACHE, BUT
THAT'S THE
MAN!

TH' FANCY OUTFIT
DON'T FOOL ME
NONE, SHERIFF!
THAT'S HIM!
THAT'S THE
GRINGO KID!

TEX RITTER WESTERN

A LITTLE LATER, WHEN THINGS HAD QUIETED DOWN...

IT'S NO USE, YOUNGSTERS! I'VE TOLD YOUR GRANDFATHER OVER AND OVER ' I- I'M FROM THE EAST! I'M OUT HERE FOR MY HEALTH!

BUT IF YOU'D SAY WHERE YOU WERE THIS MORNING, MISTER STEVE!

I HAVE, TRUDY! I- I WENT FOR A RIDE! BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT! NOBODY SAW ME! THERE'S NOBODY TO BACK UP MY WORD!

OUTSIDE THE JAIL...

... BUT WILL I GET MY RINGS BACK, SHERIFF?

HE'S GOT NO LOOT ON HIM NOW, LADY, BUT HE'LL BE STANDIN' TRIAL! MAYBE HE'LL TALK THEN!

I KNOW IT LOOKS LIKE HIM, GRAMPS! BUT HE'D NEVER HAVE SCARED THAT SNAKE AWAY!

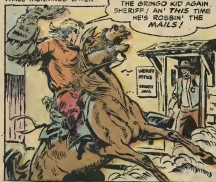
EVEN BANDITS CAN BE NICE TO LITTLE GIRLS. TRUDY! IT'S OUT OF MY HANDS NOW HE'S BEEN IDENTIFIED! THE LAW WILL HAVE TO TAKE ITS COURSE!

THREE MORNINGS LATER

THE BRINGO KID AGAIN, SHERIFF! AN' THIS TIME HE'S ROBBIN' THE MAIIS!

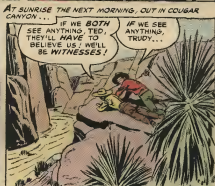
IS THAT THE MAN WHO ROBBED YOU, BEN?

I'LL BE JIGGERED, SHERIFF! HOW'D YOU GIT T'ARREST HIM SO SOON?



TEX RITTER WESTERN

AFTER TED AND TRUDY HAD HEARD THE NEWS...



TEX RITTER WESTERN

BREATHLESS SECONDS LATER ...



HI-YI! GET MOVIN'!

I'M GONNA BE MORE THAN A WITNESS, TRUDY!

I'M COMING WITH YOU!

BUT THE NEXT MOMENT ...



DON'T MOVE, GRINGO! AND DROP THAT GUN!

TRUDY - DON'T RUN AHEAD!

THE MONEY'LL BE EVIDENCE!



LET'S HEAR THE SOUND OF YOUR BULLETS NOW, MY LITTLE CUCARACHA!

TED!



HANG ON, TRUDY! I CAN STILL OUTFRIDE HIM!

BUT SUDDENLY, AS GRINGO SWERVED OUT INTO OPEN COUNTRY ...



AS FOR YOU, LITTLE WILDCAT-- UGH!

A MINUTE LATER ...



GRAMPS!

STEVE HEARD YOU TALKING ABOUT COUGAR CANYON, TRUDY! HE GUESSED WHAT YOU WERE UP TO! I'M GLAD WE WERE SENSIBLE ENOUGH TO LET HIM OUT SO HE COULD LEAD US TO YOU!

I-I'M NOT MUCH GOOD WITH A GUN - SO I BROUGHT THESE!



TED AND I KNEW YOU COULD NEVER ROB ANYBODY, MISTER STEVE!

THE REWARD MONEY'S YOURS, CABOT - ALONG WITH MY APOLOGUES, BUT I HAD TO BE SURE!

THANKS, SHERIFF - BUT THE MONEY GOES TO TED AND TRUDY! IT'S REWARD ENOUGH FOR ME JUST KNOWING I'M NOT THE GRINGO KID!

The End

RIDING THE RANGE WITH TEX RITTER



HOWDY FOLKS :

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO REINING-UP FOR A SPELL WITH YOU GOOD FRIENDS AGAIN. YOU KNOW THAT "LOOKING FORWARD" IS A PHRASE I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT MIGHTY HIGHLY OF. IT'S GOT A GOOD SOUND TO IT, A RIGHT SOUND! I REALIZED THAT AGAIN WHEN I SAW LEN FOSTER AND HIS FAMILY LEAVING THEIR LAND TO GO BACK EAST.

YOU SEE, THEIR LAND'S NOT MUCH GOOD NOW. THE TOPSOIL IS BAD AND THERE'S NO STRENGTH TO WHAT'S BENEATH IT. AND, STRANGELY ENOUGH, FRANK HOWARD'S PLACE ONLY A MILE UP THE ROAD IS DOING FINE. BUT IT'S NOT REALLY STRANGE, WHEN THE FOSTERS STARTED FARMING THEIR LAND THEY DIDN'T BOTHER TO DO ANY OF THAT "LOOKING FORWARD" I MENTIONED BEFORE. LEN PLANTED SEED AS FAST AS HE COULD, SOWED CROP AFTER CROP WITHOUT EVER GIVING THE LAND A CHANCE TO REST AND REPLENISH ITSELF. WHEN HE HAD A CHANCE TO SELL SOME TIMBER, HE CUT DOWN MOST OF HIS GOOD SHADE TREES, AND SO IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG BEFORE HIS SOIL AND THEN HIS CROPS WENT BAD. CAME A LONG, DRY SPELL AND HIS CROPS WITHERED WITHOUT THE SHADE FROM THE TREES LEN HAD CUT DOWN. HIS SOIL GREW WEAKER AND WEAKER TILL HE JUST COULDN'T RAISE A GOOD CROP!

ALL THIS HAPPENED BECAUSE THE FOSTERS NEVER LOOKED FORWARD TO THE FUTURE. THEY JUST THOUGHT ABOUT HOW MUCH THEY COULD MAKE AT THE MOMENT. MIGHTY SHORT-SIGHTED, I CALL IT, AND THEY ARE PAYING THE PRICE NOW.

THAT'S WHY I SAY THAT THE WORDS "LOOKING FORWARD" HAVE A GOOD SOUND---A RIGHT SOUND! AND THAT'S WHY, THOUGH I HATE TO ADSEY ON NOW, I'M GOING TO ENJOY LOOKING FORWARD TO OUR MEETING UP HERE AGAIN!

YOUR FARD,

Tex Ritter



TEX RITTER WESTERN



TEX RITTER WESTERN

