

TEX RITTER

A Fawcett Publication

WESTERN



APRIL

10¢

NO. 4



In this issue:

**THE JAWS
OF
TERROR**

**PINTO
PETE**
"BEAMING
BOY"

HUH? WHAT ARE
YUH DOING, DIMWIT?

I JEST WASHED
THE FLOOR, PINTO
PETE, AND I'M
TRYING TO DRY
IT!

(GASP)
WHAT
A DOPE!
HE'S
PUFFING
ON THE FLOOR
TO DRY IT!

I KNOW A BETTER
WAY FER YUH
TO DRY THE
FLOOR!

YUH
DO!
HOW?

PUFF!
PUFF!

TAKE YORE
WHEELBARROW!

HUH? MUH
WHEELBARROW?

YUP! FILL THE WHEELBARROW
UP WITH SUNSHINE AND
BRING IT INSIDE THE SHACK
-- THE SUNBEAMS WILL
DRY YORE FLOOR FAST!

(GULP!)
!!!
...

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A **COMIC MAGAZINE!**

DIRECTLY FROM TELEVISION!

**CAPTAIN
VIDEO**

10¢ ON NEWSSTANDS ACROSS THE NATION 10¢

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

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LeRUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
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ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

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

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



When three killers break out of jail with murder in their hearts and blazing six-guns in their hands, it takes all Tex Ritter's fighting savvy to spike their guns and corral the owlhooters who had him marked for sudden death!

ALONG WITH TWO OTHER CONVICTS, NOTCH HYMER, NOTORIOUS KILLER, SHOOTS HIS WAY OUT OF PRISON IN THE FAR WEST!

BE CAREFUL! THAT POLECAT JUMPED TWO OF THE GUARDS AND GOT THEIR GUNS!

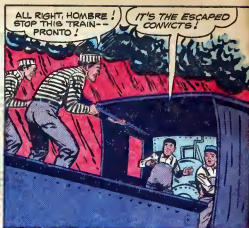
KEEP GOING, BOYS! NO LAWMAN IS EVER GOING TO PUT ME BEHIND BARS AGAIN!

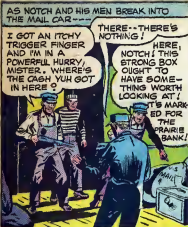


LATER, MANY MILES FROM THE PRISON---

HERE SHE COMES! I FIGURED THE TRAIN WOULD BE GOING PRETTY SLOW ALONG HERE! GET READY TO JUMP!







AS NOTCH AND HIS MEN BREAK INTO THE MAIL CAR---

I GOT AN ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER AND I'M IN A POWERFUL HURRY, MISTER. WHERE'S THE CASH YUH GOT IN HERE?

THERE--THERE'S NOTHING!

HERE, NOTCH! THIS STRONG BOX OUGHT TO HAVE SOMETHING WORTH LOOKING AT!

IT'S MARKED FOR THE PRAIRIE BANK!



WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT---

SURE WE CAN---



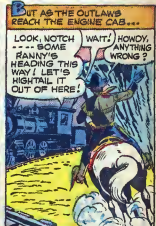
--AND YOU'LL TAKE THIS IN EXCHANGE!

LOOK! GOLD BULLION! WE GOT US A WINDFALL!

BANG!



LET'S GET THIS TRAIN ROLLING OUT OF HERE!



BUT AS THE OUTLAWS REACH THE ENGINE CAB...

LOOK, NOTCH --- SOME FANNY'S HEADING THIS WAY! LET'S HIGHTAIL IT OUT OF HERE!

WAIT! HOWDY, ANYTHING WRONG?

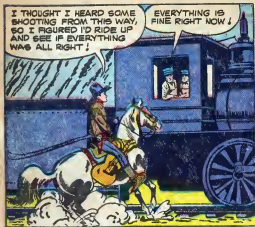


I KNOW THAT VARMINT! HE'S TEX RITTER!

TEX RITTER! HE'S ONE LAWMAN I DON'T AIM TO TANGLE WITH! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, NOTCH? PULL THAT THROTTLE!

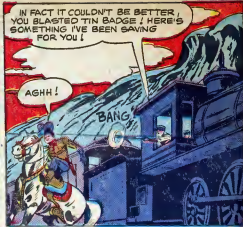


NOT UNTIL I SETTLE WITH THAT HOMBRE! HE'S THE CRITTER WHO SENT ME TO JAIL, AND I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME TO GET EVEN! I RECKON THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY!



I THOUGHT I HEARD SOME SHOOTING FROM THIS WAY, SO I FIGURED I'D RIDE UP AND SEE IF EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT!

EVERYTHING IS FINE RIGHT NOW!



IN FACT IT COULDN'T BE BETTER, YOU BLASTED TIN BADGE! HERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN SAVING FOR YOU!

AGHH!

BANG!



I THINK YOU ONLY CREEPED HIM, NOTCH!

SO WHAT? THIS TRAIN WILL MAKE MINCE MEAT OUT OF HIM! GET OUT OF MY WAY! I'M STARTING THIS TRAIN UP!



NOTCH LUNGES FOR THE THROTTLE, AND A BLAST OF STEAM REVIVES TEX AS THE WHEELS SLOWLY BEGIN TO CHURN---

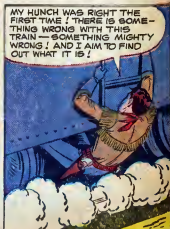
THOSE WHEELS! I'M ON THE TRACK!



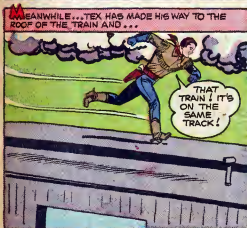
I'VE GOT TO GRAB HOLD OF SOMETHING!



WELL---THEY STILL HAVE ME FOR A PASSENGER!



MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT THE FIRST TIME! THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS TRAIN—SOMETHING MIGHTY WRONG! AND I AIM TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!



AS THE EXCITED CREW OF THE OTHER TRAIN DEMANDS AN EXPLANATION...

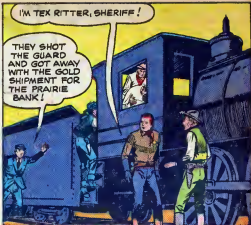
... AND AFTER THEY SHOT THE ENGINEER AND FIRE-MEN, THEY JUMPED OFF, FIGURING WE WOULD CRASH ! I RECKON THEY GAVE ME UP FOR DEAD!

IT MUST'VE BEEN NOTCH HYMER AND THOSE TWO OWL-HOOTS WHO BROKE OUT OF THE PRISON THIS MORNING ! YOU LOOK MIGHTY FAMILIAR, STRANGER ! I'M JED DAWSON, SHERIFF OF PRAIRIE !



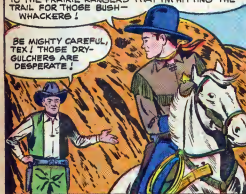
I'M TEX RITTER, SHERIFF !

THEY SHOT THE GUARD AND GOT AWAY WITH THE GOLD SHIPMENT FOR THE PRAIRIE BANK !



I RECKON THIS IS MY JOB, SHERIFF ! NOTCH HYMER AND I HAVE TANGLED BEFORE ! PASS THE WORD TO THE PRAIRIE RANGERS THAT I'M HITTING THE TRAIL FOR THOSE BUSH-WHACKERS !

BE MIGHTY CAREFUL, TEX ! THOSE DRY-GULCHERS ARE DESPERATE !



MANY HOURS LATER ...

THEIR TRAIL SHOWS THEY STOPPED HERE TO REST FOR A WHILE ! LOOKS AS IF THEY AIM TO HIDE OUT IN SOME BACK-WOODS TERRITORY ! KEEP GOING WHITE FLAG ! THEY'RE NOT TOO FAR AHEAD OF US !



BOON-- THAT'S BIG JIM TAYLOR'S PLACE ! IT'S MIGHTY FUNNY THAT THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM ! HE WOULDN'T BE OFF LOOKING TO HIS TRAPS YET ! LET'S HAVE A LOOK !



JIM !



THEY'RE HERE ! TEX ! THEY'RE IN THE-- DON'T BOTHER LOOKING RANGER ! WE'RE RIGHT HERE WITH A SIX-GUN AIMED AT YOUR BACK !





I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT AWAY FROM THOSE TRAIN WHEELS---BUT THIS TIME I AM TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T GIVE US ANY MORE TROUBLE!



I RECKON YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT A BIT LONGER!

AIEEEE! HE SHOT THE GUN RIGHT OUT OF MY HAND!



I GOT HW, NOTCH!

LOOK OUT, TEX!

GRACK!



GO ON--PUT A BULLET INTO HIM AND LET'S LAM OUT OF HERE!

THAT WOULD BE TOO EASY! TAKE HIM AND THAT BIG HOMBRE DOWN TO THAT ABANDONED QUARRY WE PASSED COMING THIS WAY!



MINUTES LATER---

THERE'S A TWO-HUNDRED-FOOT DROP TO THE BOTTOM OF THAT QUARRY, RITTER! YOU AND YOUR PAL ARE GONERS NOW!



PUSH HIM OVER, BOYS!

HERE HE GOES!

DON'T--!



HEH! HEH! HE'S SWEATING ALL RIGHT! TOO BAD WE CAN'T STAY AND SEE THE FUN!

THE HORSES ARE SADDLED, NOTCH! A POSSE MAY BE HEADING THIS WAY! LET'S GO!

STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE, TEX FIGHTS FOR A GRIP TO STOP THE IMMEDIATE PLUNGE THAT MEANS DEATH FOR HIM AND BIG JIM...

CAN'T -- DIG -- IN! TOO -- MANY ROCKS --!

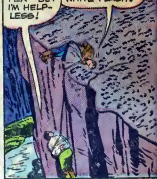


THAT ROCK! IF I COULD GET MY FEET AROUND IT!



I'D CUT MYSELF LOOSE IF I COULD, TEX -- BUT I'M HELPLESS!

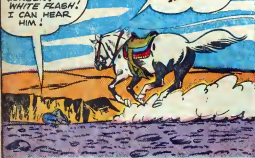
WE'RE NOT DEAD YET, JIM! HANG ON! I'M GOING TO WHISTLE FOR WHITE FLASH!



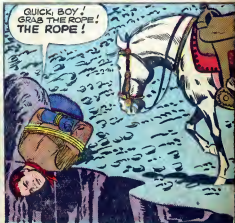
AS TEX'S WHISTLE ECHOES ACROSS THE QUARRY, HIS FEET SLOWLY LOSE THEIR GRIP UNDER THE OVERWHELMING WEIGHT.....

C-CAN'T HOLD -- ON -- MUCH LONGER! -- WHITE FLASH! I CAN HEAR HIM!

WHINNEY!



QUICK, BOY! GRAB THE ROPE! THE ROPE!



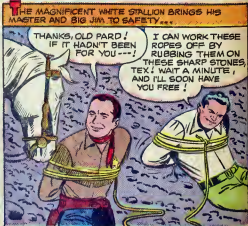
A LITTLE MORE, WHITE FLASH! A LITTLE MORE!

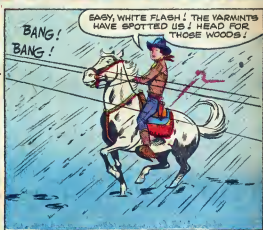
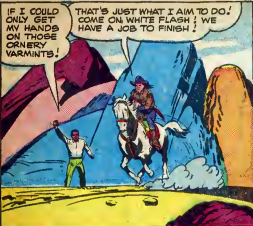


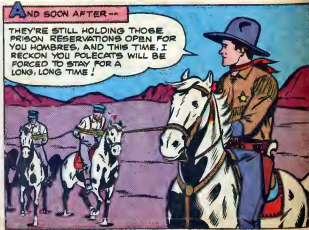
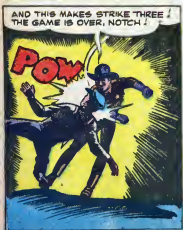
THE MAGNIFICENT WHITE STALLION BRINGS HIS MASTER AND BIG JIM TO SAFETY...

THANKS, OLD PARD! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU --!

I CAN WORK THESE ROPES OFF BY RUBBING THEM ON THESE SHARP STONES, TEX! WAIT A MINUTE, AND I'LL SOON HAVE YOU FREE!







THE RED BANDANA

By Bill Alexander



THE crowd in front of the Grand Hotel pressed forward excitedly, listening eagerly to the story Charles Baker, the Sage City Overland agent was telling. The men were silent except for an occasional cough or grunt as someone tried to move out of the blistering sun. Not more than five minutes before the stage had pulled into town with Baker as a passenger—bringing with him the exciting news.

"The stage was held up by a single masked robber . . . coming in from Deadwood," the short, nervous agent was saying excitedly.

Cliff Davis, Sage City's young sheriff, stood next to Baker, his brow wrinkled as he pondered every word the agent said.

". . . and as I was saying . . ." Baker went on, enjoying the role of story teller, "this bandit stopped the stage and made us all jump to the ground. Then he reached up and pulled down a brown leather bag of mine. He didn't waste a minute. Just took the bag and rode off!"

The agent paused to wipe the sweat from his face, then continued in his high thin voice. "The funniest thing about it all is that I was bringing two bags to Sage City—a brown one and this here red bag. The brown one had some gold-dust samples, not worth more than a hundred dollars. The bandit made off with that one, but this red bag holds more than fifty thousand dollars! It's the payroll for the railroad and that hombre never knew I had it! Beat that one!"

The assembled cowhands, prospectors and road workers let up a roar of laughter as Baker finished his story. Especially the railroad workers let up a roar of laughter as wages hadn't been stolen. But there was one unsmiling face in the crowd, the face of Sheriff Davis.

"I'd like to ask you a few questions" Cliff Davis said as the mob started to scatter, "Let's go into the hotel, Mr. Baker."

Still chuckling and perspiring, Baker followed the lean figure of the sheriff into the sparsely furnished lobby. The Overland agent placed the money bag on the counter and asked for his key. The young sheriff waited for Baker to look over his mail. He then drew him to one side.

"I know you must be tired from the trip, Mr. Baker," he said as the two men walked over to an empty corner out of hearing distance. "But there are a couple of things I'd like to know, if you don't mind."

"Certainly, Sheriff," Baker answered, still smiling. "Anything to oblige."

"You don't usually bring in the payroll, do you?"

"No, I don't, Sheriff," Baker answered haltingly. "As a rule it's sent up with a regular employee of the bank in Deadwood. They finished laying the rails around there ahead of schedule. And seeing that I was coming this way I thought it would save a few days if I brought it myself."

"Who knew you were bringing the money?"

"Why . . ." Baker paused, a little nervous, "why I guess the manager of the Deadwood Bank, and John Phillips, the representative of the railroad here in Sage City . . . and I guess, his assistant Folner. That's all. You don't think . . ."

A frown crossed Davis' face. "Yes, Mr. Baker, I do," he spoke quietly. "Whoever held up the stage took that bag of gold dust by mistake. But it was someone who knew about the payroll and aimed to steal it. By luck he took the wrong bag."

"I'm sure you must be joking, Sheriff," Baker replied, the color gone from his face.

"I'm not joking, and I'd advise you to take every precaution while you have that money. Your life might even be in danger. In fact, I think I ought to ride out to the railroad office with you when you take out the money!"

"Nonsense," the agent laughed as he picked up the bag and made for the stairs. "You're letting your imagination get the best of you, Sheriff. I'll take the money out later after I clean up a bit."

Riding hard the young sheriff reached the small camp of railroad shacks in less than an hour. Approaching the main office, he urged his horse over to the foreman and asked where he could find Phillips. Just then a middle-aged man came out.

"My name's Folner, is there anything I can do for you?" he offered. "Mr. Phillips won't be back till later."

Cliff Davis' trained eye sized up the assist-

and representative. Short and neatly dressed — an Easterner. His hand was soft as Cliff shook it. He was an amiable sort, the kind most city people would call good company.

"Yes, there is," Cliff said. "The Overland stage was held up this morning and your payroll was almost stolen. I'd like a statement from you on what you know about Baker, the fellow who brought the money in."

"Oh! I hadn't heard about the robbery," Folner answered, lifting his eyebrow questioningly. "Well, I guess an inch is as good as a mile as long as the money is safe. When would you like my statement?"

"Now's as good a time as any," the sheriff pointed to a stack of orange paper on the foreman's desk. "You can use one of those yellow sheets there."

"Do you mean these orange supply forms?" Folner queried.

"The light must be bad," Cliff apologized. "I thought they were yellow. Sure, they'll do."

On his way back to town, the young sheriff took Folner's statement from his pocket, gave a chuckle, and tore it into bits. "That puts him in the clear," he said. "Now to see Baker at the hotel, then Phillips."

Cliff Davis pushed back his hat and once again knocked loudly on Baker's door. The hard sound of his fist against the old oak door broke the stillness of the deserted hotel hallway. There was no answer. He tried the door; it was unlocked. Pushing it in he stood frozen at the entrance — startled at what he saw. Baker was laying across the bed, a deep gash in the back of his head! Looking around, he saw the red bag was missing! Whoever robbed the stage didn't make a mistake the second time!

Rushing downstairs, the sheriff shouted to the clerk to send for the doctor, then made for his horse. "I should have stayed with him until he took the money out to the railroad people," he thought as he saddled up his horse. "But I had no proof that the robbery was an inside job. Only a hunch — and the hunch proved right!"

Cliff Davis was already waiting in the railroad office when Phillips arrived. The representative was not surprised at seeing the sheriff.

"I suppose you're here about Mr. Baker?" Phillips asked, lighting up a cigar. "Just heard the news. A terrible thing. I can't hold the men if they don't get paid. What can I do, Sheriff?"

"You can help me find the robber, Phillips," the sheriff answered, pulling a bandana from his hip pocket.

"I'll help any way I can," the large man agreed nervously, his small eyes staring at the sheriff. He was a big man, the direct opposite of his assistant Folner.

"I found this here red bandana next to Baker at the hotel before I came out," Cliff lied. "Have you ever seen it before?"

Phillips relaxed, loosened his tie. "No," he said slowly.

"Do you like this red bandana?"

"What difference does it make whether I like bandanas or not!" the railroad man snapped. "I thought it was your job as sheriff to find out who robbed Baker?"

"I am, Phillips. Just answer my question. Do you like this red bandana?"

"All right!" the railroad man shouted. "I think it's a very pretty red bandana. What other foolish questions do you want answered?"

"Just one more. Where did you hide the money?"

"What do you mean?" Phillips cried, edging toward his top desk drawer. "I don't know what you're talking about!"

Cliff drew his gun. The movement halted the frightened representative.

"You're color blind, Phillips," the sheriff charged, choosing his words carefully. "You agreed this bandana was red, but it isn't. It's brown! Anybody could have seen it was brown — except maybe someone who was color blind . . . maybe the man who stole a brown bag instead of a red one! Confess, Phillips! You went back to Baker's room after the right bag when you discovered your mistake."

Phillips sprang at the sheriff. Caught off-guard the sheriff went down and Phillips on top of him—a sprawling mass of arms and legs. Dazed from the impact Cliff Davis struggled to gain a hold on the bulky agent. His gun crashed to the floor. He felt Phillips' hard fist crash into his jaw as he went reeling backwards. The railroad man plunged for the gun. Jumping up and covering the sheriff, he stood glowering.

"Stand up, so I can kill you, Davis!"

JUST as the agent's finger was closing on the trigger, a train whistle blew. Phillips' head jerked in the direction of the sound. In that moment Cliff Davis swung with all the power of his muscular frame. His fist connected with Phillips' jaw; the impact sent the agent back against the desk. Before he had a chance to regain his balance the young sheriff hit him again. Phillips went down.

Cliff recovered his gun, but there was no need to use it. Phillips was unconscious.

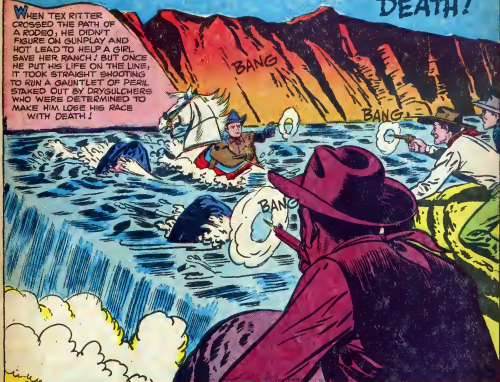
"Thanks," Cliff Davis called to the train whistle in a tired voice. "Phillips' many years as a railroad man made him jump to your call. I never thought I'd trap a lawbreaker by a color—and owe my life to a sound!"

THE END

Tex Ritter

IN THE RACE
AGAINST
DEATH!

WHEN TEX RITTER
CROSSED THE PATH OF
A RODEO, HE DIDN'T
FIGURE ON GUNPLAY AND
HOT LEAD TO HELP A GIRL
SAVE HER RANCH! BUT ONCE
HE PUT HIS LIFE ON THE LINE,
IT TOOK STRAIGHT SHOOTING
TO RUN A GAUNTLET OF PERIL
STAKED OUT BY DRYGULCHERS
WHO WERE DETERMINED TO
MAKE HIM LOSE HIS RACE
WITH DEATH!



THE TOWN OF JASPER IS ASTIR WITH ACTIVITY AS
PRAIRIE RANGER TEX RITTER RIDES IN --

I RECKON WE OUGHT TO TAKE IN THIS RODEO
THAT OPENS TOMORROW, WHITE FLASH! I
HEAR TELL THAT THE MARATHON RACE FOR
HORSES IS SOMETHING TO SEE!

RODEO! CASH PRIZES! FIVE
THOUSAND DOLLARS TO WINNER OF
FIFTY-MILE MARATHON RACE!



SAY-- THAT'S CHARLEY RUSSEL'S GIRL, GAIL!
THE LAST TIME I SAW HER, SHE WAS IN PISTOLS!
I'LL SAY HELLO AND SEE HOW SHE'S GETTING
ON SINCE CHARLEY PASSED AWAY!



WHY, OF COURSE I REMEMBER YOU, TEX! ARE YOU STAYING FOR THE ROODEO?

I WAS FIGURING ON IT, GAIL. BUT I'D JUST AS SOON NOT LET FOLKS KNOW WHO I AM! GOING TO ENTER YOUR HORSE IN THE RACE?

I SURE AM! LIGHTNING WON IT LAST YEAR AND WE SURE ARE HOPING HE CAN DO IT AGAIN! YOU SEE, IT'S MORE THAN JUST A RACE TO US THIS YEAR! WE JUST HAVE TO WIN OR I'LL LOOSE MY RANCH!

WHY?

IF YOU'LL RIDE OUT TO THE RANCH WITH ME AND STAY AS MY GUEST, I'LL BE GLAD TO TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY!

I'LL BE GLAD TO ACCEPT YOUR INVITATION, GAIL!

LATER THAT NIGHT --- SINCE DADDY DIED, THE RANCH HAS BEEN LOSING MONEY! SOME RUSTLERS HAVE TAKEN QUITE A BIT OF MY STOCK! LINK HODGE WHO OWNS THE SPREAD NEXT TO US HAS BEEN AFTER ME TO SELL! HE'S ALWAYS WANTED OUR PLACE! BUT I REFUSED!

SO HE GOT THE BANK TO CALL IN THE LOAN OF FIVE THOUSAND I OWE THEM! MY ONLY CHANCE OF GETTING IT IS WINNING THE MARATHON RACE. LIGHTNING STANDS A GOOD CHANCE OF REPEAT-ING HIS OWN HORSE, TINTO, HOPING TO STOP ME!

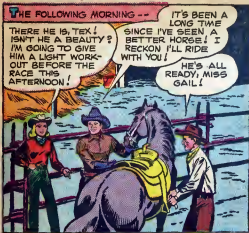
IT'S A TOUGH RACE, GAIL! FIFTY MILES OF THE TOUGHEST OBSTACLES TO OVERCOME! BUT I'M ROOTING FOR YOU!

MEANWHILE, AT LINK HODGE'S SPREAD --

THAT RACE IS HER LAST HOPE! BUT I WANT THAT SPREAD OF HER'S -- AND WHAT I WANT, I GET! SHE DON'T SUSPECT YOU! CAIN, SO IT'S YOUR JOB TO SEE THAT LIGHTNING DOESN'T RUN TOMORROW! MY HORSE CAN WIN IN A BREEZE IF HE'S OUT OF IT!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS! I AIM TO GIVE LIGHTNING A SPECIAL KIND OF SHOE -- NG TOMORROW!

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO! BUT HE MUSTN'T RUN TOMORROW IN THE MARATHON!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING --

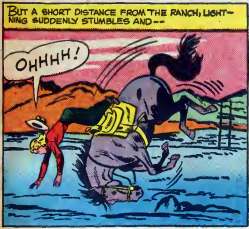
THERE HE IS, TEX! ISN'T HE A BEAUTY? I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM A LIGHT WORK-OUT BEFORE THE RACE THIS AFTERNOON!

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE SEEN A BETTER HORSE! I RECKON I'LL RIDE WITH YOU!

HE'S ALL READY, MISS GAIL!



COME ON, WHITE FLASH! YOU CAN KEEP LIGHTNING COMPANY!



BUT A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE RANCH, LIGHTNING SUDDENLY STUMBLES AND --

OHHHH!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES! -- BUT LOOK AT LIGHTNING! HE -- HE'S PULLED UP LAME!



IT'S HIS FOOT! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RUN THIS AFTERNOON!

LET ME SEE IT!



JUST WHAT I THOUGHT! SOMEBODY BUT CAIN DID IT HIMSELF! HE'S BEEN TAKING CARE OF LIGHTNING!

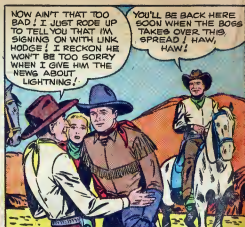


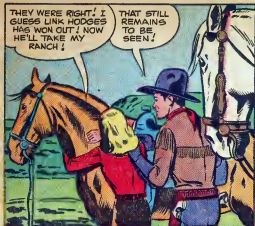
AT THAT MOMENT...

LOOK! THERE'S CAIN NOW -- RIDING THIS WAY!

I RECKON THE WARMINT RODE OUT TO SEE IF HE DID A GOOD JOB OF CRIPPLING THE HORSE! I WANT TO HAVE A LITTLE POW-WOW WITH THAT HOMBRE. I THINK THIS WAS A DELIBERATE JOB.

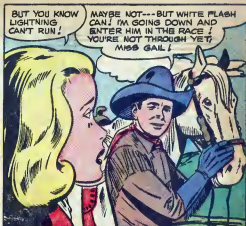
BUT WHY?





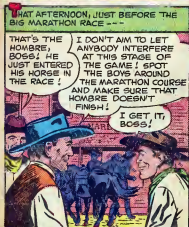
THEY WERE RIGHT! I GUESS LINK HODGES HAS WON OUT! NOW HE'LL TAKE MY RANCH!

THAT STILL REMAINS TO BE SEEN!



BUT YOU KNOW LIGHTNING CAN'T RUN!

MAYBE NOT---BUT WHITE FLASH CAN! I'M GOING DOWN AND ENTER HIM IN THE RACE! YOU'RE NOT THROUGH YET, MISS GAIL!

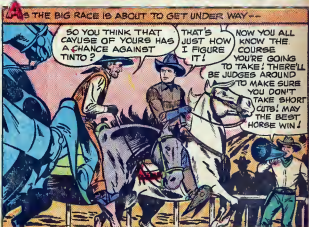


THAT AFTERNOON, JUST BEFORE THE BIG MARATHON RACE---

THAT'S THE HOMBRE, BOSS! HE JUST ENTERED HIS HORSE IN THE RACE!

I DON'T AIM TO LET ANYBODY INTERFERE AT THIS STAGE OF THE GAME! SPOT THE BOYS AROUND THE MARATHON COURSE AND MAKE SURE THAT HOMBRE DOESN'T FINISH!

I GET IT, BOSS!

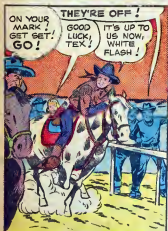


AS THE BIG RACE IS ABOUT TO GET UNDER WAY---

SO YOU THINK THAT CAYUSE OF YOURS HAS A CHANCE AGAINST TINTO?

THAT'S JUST HOW I FIGURE IT!

NOW YOU ALL KNOW THE COURSE YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE! THERE'LL BE JUDGES AROUND TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T TAKE SHORT CUTS. MAY THE BEST HORSE WIN!



ON YOUR MARK, GET SET! GO!

THEY'RE OFF!

GOOD LUCK, TEX!

IT'S UP TO US NOW, WHITE FLASH!



SOON---

BLAST HIM! THAT NAG OF HIS IS FASTER THAN I FIGURED!



HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME, BOYS! DO YOUR STUFF!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS! WE GOT SOMETHING SPECIAL PLANNED FOR HIM!

MINUTES LATER, AS TEX AND WHITE FLASH THUNDER THROUGH A NARROW PASS...

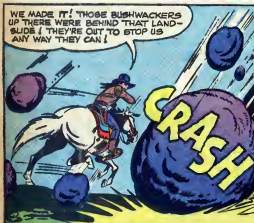
HERE HE COMES!
LET HER GO!



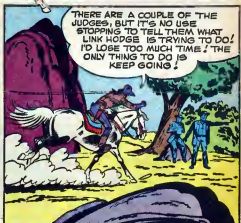
THEY'RE
HEADING
RIGHT
FOR US!



FASTER, WHITE FLASH!
FASTER! WE'VE GOT
TO GET CLEAR!



WE MADE IT! THOSE BUSHWACKERS
UP THERE WERE BEHIND THAT LAND-
SLIDE! THEY'RE OUT TO STOP US
ANY WAY THEY CAN!



THERE ARE A COUPLE OF THE
JUDGES, BUT IT'S NO USE
STOPPING TO TELL THEM WHAT
LINK HODGE IS TRYING TO DO!
I'D LOSE TOO MUCH TIME! THE
ONLY THING TO DO IS
KEEP GOING!



ON AND ON GOES THE GRUPELLING RACE, AND AT
THE HALF-WAY MARK....

THOSE FOOLS LET THAT
HOMBRE GET THROUGH
THE PASS! YOU GOT
TO STOP HIM
HERE!

WE'RE GOING TO FIRE
THESE HERE WOODS! HE
HAS TO GO THROUGH
THEM TO STAY IN
THE RACE!



AS TEX REACHES THE WOODS---

WHOOAAA, BOY! THOSE COYOTES
FIRED THE WOODS!



BUT WE'RE NOT GOING TO LET THAT STOP US! COME ON, WHITE FLASH! WE'RE GOING THROUGH!



FEARLESSLY, TEX AND WHITE FLASH PLUNGE INTO THE BLAZING INFERNO...

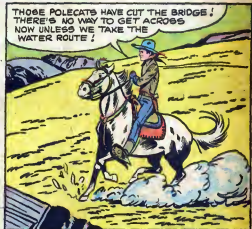


WE'RE IN THE CLEAR, WHITE FLASH! LOOK! THERE'S THAT DRY-GULCHING RAT GOING ACROSS THE BRIDGE NOW!



HURRY UP, YOU FOOLS! HE'S ALMOST UP TO THE BRIDGE!

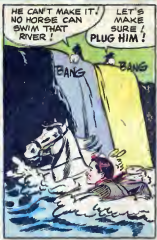
HE'LL NEVER GET ACROSS IT, BOSS! YOU JUST KEEP GOING FOR THAT FINISH LINE!



THOSE POLECATS HAVE CUT THE BRIDGE! THERE'S NO WAY TO GET ACROSS NOW UNLESS WE TAKE THE WATER ROUTE!



IF WE HAVE TO TAKE IT --- WE'LL TAKE IT!



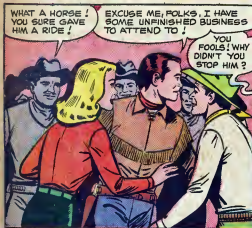
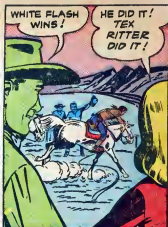
HE CAN'T MAKE IT! NO HORSE CAN SWIM THAT RIVER!

LET'S MAKE SURE! PLUG HIM!



COME ON, PARD! JUST A LITTLE MORE!

BANG BANG



RIDING THE RANGE

WITH
TEX RITTER

121 SOUTH BEVERLY DRIVE,
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA



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 HAVE TO MOBEY ON NOW, I'M GOING TO ENJOY LOOKING FORWARD TO OUR MEETING UP HERE AGAIN !

YOUR PARD,

Tex Ritter



BUFFALO BULL

"THE TWISTED TALE!"

THE WAY YUH TELL TWISTED YARNS, YUH MUST HAVE A TWISTED BRAIN, SO WE'LL GIVE YUH A TWISTED SHAPE TO MATCH!

Y-i-i-i-i-i !!!



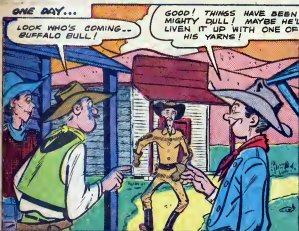
ONE DAY...

LOOK WHO'S COMING...
BUFFALO BULL!

GOOD! THINGS HAVE BEEN
MIGHTY DULL! MAYBE HE'LL
LIVEN IT UP WITH ONE OF
HIS YARNS!

HOWDY, BUFFALO
BULL!

HOWDY,
FELLERS!





MUH? HOW COME YORE TALKING OUT OF THE SIDE OF YORE MOUTH?

WESPERS, WE NEVER SAW YUM TALK THAT WAY!

THAT'S RIGHT!



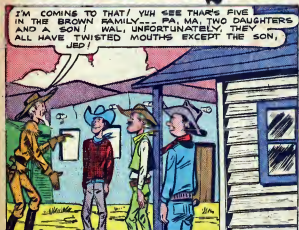
WUZ I TALKING OUT OF THE SIDE OF MUH MOUTH? I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT! IT'S ON ACCOUNT OF THE BROWN FAMILY!

WHAT! ON ACCOUNT OF THE BROWN FAMILY?

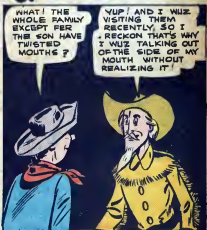


THAT'S RIGHT! BUT I RECKON I BETTER EXPLAIN! YUH HOMBRES DON'T KNOW THIS BROWN FAMILY! THEY'RE FROM A DIFFERENT TOWN!

BUT WHAT HAVE THEY GOT TO DO WITH YORE TALKING OUT OF THE SIDE OF YORE MOUTH?



I'M COMING TO THAT! YUH SEE THAR'S FIVE IN THE BROWN FAMILY--- PA, MA, TWO DAUGHTERS AND A SON! WAL, UNFORTUNATELY, THEY ALL HAVE TWISTED MOUTHS EXCEPT THE SON, JED!



WHAT! THE WHOLE FAMILY EXCEPT FER THE SON HAVE TWISTED MOUTHS?

YUP! AND I WUZ VISITING THEM RECENTLY, SO I RECKON THAT'S WHY I WUZ TALKING OUT OF THE SIDE OF MY MOUTH WITHOUT REALIZING IT!



BUT LET ME TELL YUH A MIGHTY INTERESTING STORY 'BOUT THE BROWNS!

I KNEW BUFFALO BULL WOULD HAVE A YARN FER US!



AS I WUZ TELLING YUH, THE ONLY ONE IN THE FAMILY WHOSE MOUTH ISN'T TWISTED IS THE SON, JED, AND WHEN HE GOT TO BE A YOUNG MAN, HE WUZ SENT TO COLLEGE!

COLLEGE, EH?

YUP! WAL, I WUZ VISITING THEM RECENTLY WHEN JED GRADUATED AND CAME HOME! THE REST OF THE BROWNS WERE SO EXCITED, THEY KEPT ASKING JED A MILLION QUESTIONS 'BOUT COLLEGE AND ALL HE LARNED! I JUST SAT THAR AND LISTENED!



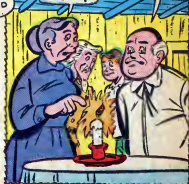
WAL, IT GOT VERY LATE AND IT SOON WUZ TIME TO TURN IN FER THE NIGHT! THAR WUZ A LIGHT IN THE ROOM AND MA BROWN TURNED TO PA BROWN---



"SHE WANTED HIM TO PUT IT OUT..."

FATHER, WILL YUH BLOW OUT THE LIGHT?

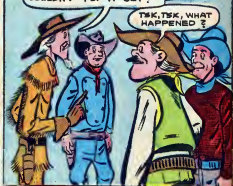
YES, I WILL!



"SO PA BROWN BLEW, BUT HIS MOUTH WUZ TWISTED UPWARDS ..."



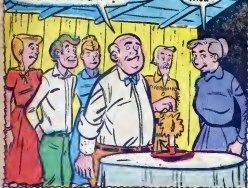
YUH SEE, PA BROWN'S MOUTH WUZ TWISTED OUT OF SHAPE IN AN UPWARDS WAY AND HE KEPT BLOWING ABOVE THE LIGHT! NATURALLY, HE COULDN'T PUT IT OUT!



"WAL, PA THEN TURNED TO MA ..."

MOTHER, WILL YUH BLOW OUT THE LIGHT?

YES, I WILL!



"MA BLEW, BUT HER PORE MOUTH WUZ TWISTED DOWNWARD ..."

TSK, TSK, SHE CAN'T BLOW OUT THE LIGHT EITHER! HER PORE MOUTH IS MAKING HER BLOW BENEATH IT!



"WAL, MA BROWN TURNED TO THE OLDEST DAUGHTER..."



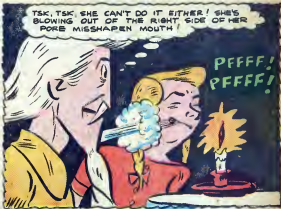
"WHEN JENNIE FAILED, SHE TURNED TO HER YOUNGER SISTER, MOLLIE..."



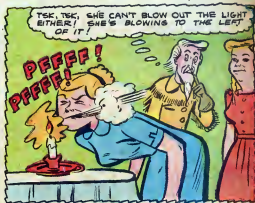
"JENNIE THEN TURNED TO JED, THE COLLEGE FELLER, WHOSE MOUTH WUZ NORMAL..."



"JENNIE BLEW, BUT HER MOUTH WUZ TWISTED TO THE RIGHT..."



"BUT MOLLIE'S MOUTH WUZ TWISTED TO THE LEFT..."



JED'S MOUTH WUZ STRAIGHT SO HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE BLOWING OUT THE LIGHT! WAL, THE REST OF THE BROWNS WERE OVERJOYED THAT JED HAD SUCCEEDED AND DO YUH KNOW WHAT THEY SAID?



THEY SAID, "WHAT A WONDERFUL THING IT IS TO HAVE LARNING!"



Tex Ritter

and the JAWS OF TERROR!



Tex Ritter's reputation for a fast draw and hammering fists has made many an owlhoot pause before tangling with him! But when Tex encountered the gaping jaws and slashing claws of a new kind of killer, he found it necessary to call on two faithful pals to ward off the threat of death---his dog, Fury, and his horse, White Flash!

AT THE CHIEF PRAIRIE RANGER'S OFFICE....

TEX, SOMEONE HAS BEEN ROBBING THE LINES OF ALL THE TRAPPERS IN THE HILLS! THEY'RE GETTING MIGHTY DESPERATE, AND WE HAVE TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

I'LL MOSEY UP THAT WAY AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND, CHIEF! I'LL TAKE FURY ALONG ON THIS TRIP!

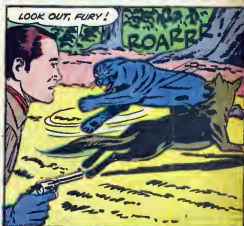


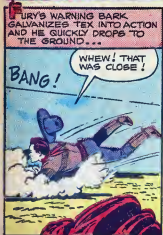
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AS TEX REACHES THE TRAPPING AREA...

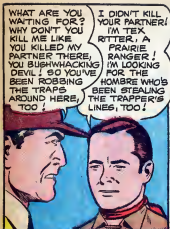
WHAT IS IT, FURY?

GRRR!









WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? WHY DON'T YOU KILL ME LIKE YOU KILLED MY PARTNER THERE, YOU BUSHWHACKING DEVIL! SO YOU'VE BEEN ROBBING THE TRAPS AROUND HERE, TOO!

I DIDN'T KILL YOUR PARTNER! I'M TEX RITTER, A PRAIRIE RANGER! I'M LOOKING FOR THE HOMBRE WHO'S BEEN STEALING THE TRAPPER'S LINES, TOO!



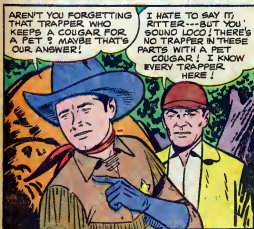
TEX RITTER! BUT I THOUGHT!

I GUESS YOU JUMPED TO CONCLUSIONS WHEN YOU SAW ME NEAR YOUR DEAD PARTNER, BUT NO BULLET KILLED HIM!



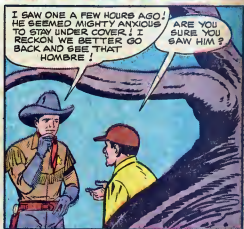
I'D GUESS THAT A COUGAR BEING DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS? LOOK-- IT EVEN TOOK THE CATCH WE HAD IN THE TRAP! I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

BUT WHAT WOULD A COUGAR BE DOING THIS FAR DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS? LOOK-- IT EVEN TOOK THE CATCH WE HAD IN THE TRAP! I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



AREN'T YOU FORGETTING THAT TRAPPER WHO KEEPS A COUGAR FOR A PET? MAYBE THAT'S OUR ANSWER!

I HATE TO SAY IT, RITTER---BUT YOU' SOUND LOCO! THERE'S NO TRAPPER IN THESE PARTS WITH A PET COUGAR! I KNOW EVERY TRAPPER HERE!



I SAW ONE A FEW HOURS AGO! HE SEEMED MIGHTY ANXIOUS TO STAY UNDER COVER! I RECKON WE BETTER GO BACK AND SEE THAT HOMBRE!

ARE YOU SURE YOU SAW HIM?



I'LL PROVE IT! COME ON, FURY---FIND THAT TRAIL BACK TO THE COUGAR AND THAT CABIN!

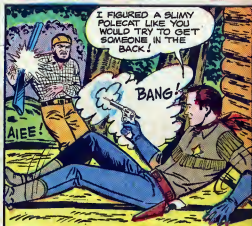
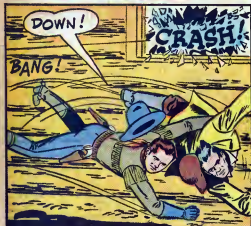
I'M COMING ALONG IF YOU DON'T MIND!



FURY PICKS UP THE TRAIL AND BEFORE LONG...

THERE IT IS! SHHHH--GO EASY! WE'LL TAKE A LOOK INSIDE!

I'LL BE HORNSWOGGLED! I NEVER DID KNOW THAT ANYBODY LIVED UP THIS WAY---AND I KNOW THESE WOODS LIKE MY OWN RIGHT HAND!





THEY'RE GIVING! JUST A LITTLE MORE!



NOW YOU GOT HIM, LEO! RIP INTO HIM!

MAYBE WHITE FLASH CAN DO SOMETHING!

TWEE!



TEX'S DESPERATE WHISTLE FOR HELP IS HEARD BY THE MIGHTY STALLION, AND HE COMES DASHING TOWARD THE HELPLESS FURY....

WHINNEY!

ROARR!

CRACK!



WOOF! GRRR!

WHINNEY!

BLAST YOU! I'LL FINISH YOU OFF MYSELF!

AYPPEE!
YIPE!



NO YOU DON'T!

BOP!

BANG



BAM! WHAM!

SOCK



LATER---

I RECKON YOU TRAPPERS WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ANYMORE ABOUT HAVING YOUR LINES STOLEN! I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU TO SEE THAT THE RIGHTFUL OWNERS GET THEIR PELTS! THIS HOMBRE HAS A DATE WITH THE SHERIFF!

THANKS, TEX! WE WON'T EVER FORGET WHAT YOU DID FOR US!



LOONIE LES

FISHY FIGURES!



SAY, BARTON, HOW 'BOUT HIRING ME AS THE CLERK FER YOURE GENERAL STORE?

HUH? YUH/ DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, LOONIE LES/ YUH'D GET THE MONEY ALL MIXED UP/ YUH DONT KNOW HOW TO FIGURE!



WHO SAYS I DONT! I'M RIGHT GOOD AT FIGURES! NO ONE'S BETTER AT ARITHMETIC THAN ME!

NO? THEN TELL ME, IF YUH CAUGHT A MACKEREL THAT WEIGHED FOUR POUNDS AND SOLD IT FER TWENTY CENTS A POUND, HOW MUCH WOULD YUH GET?



OH, THAT'S A HARD ONE! BUT GIVE ME TIME/ I'LL FIGGER IT OUT!

GO AHEAD/ I'D LIKE TO SEE YUH!



JEEPERS, THAT'S REAL TOUGH! WOULD YUH REPEAT THAT PROBLEM ONCE MORE!

SHORE! IF YUH CAUGHT A MACKEREL THAT...



WAIT A MINUTE! DID YUH SAY MACKEREL?

YEP!



NO WONDER I COULDN'T GET THE ANSWER..... HYAR I'VE BEEN FIGGERING ON SALMON ALL THE TIME!

GASP!!!





TEX RITTER

**COWBOY HERO
OF THE FIGHTING
FRONTIER**

