

TEX RITTER

A Fawcett Publication

WESTERN



JUNE

10¢

NO. 5



Rammed with action! "BULLET TRAIL!"

Pinto Pete





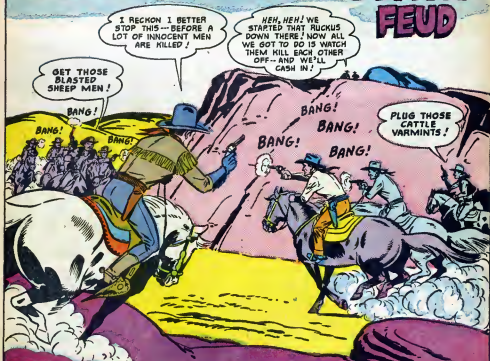
The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
 WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
 CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
 ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC • BOB COLE
 MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX RITTER WESTERN

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

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

Tex Ritter in The DEATH FEUD



I RECKON I BETTER STOP THIS--BEFORE A LOT OF INNOCENT MEN ARE KILLED!

HEH, HEH! WE STARTED THAT RUCKUS DOWN THERE! NOW ALL WE GOT TO DO IS WATCH THEM KILL EACH OTHER OFF--AND WE'LL CASH IN!

GET THOSE BLASTED SHEEP MEN!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

PLUG THOSE CATTLE VARMINTS!

The cattle men versus the sheep men! Two opposing factions with itchy trigger fingers asking no quarter and giving none! And into the midst of this battling maelstrom rode **TEX RITTER**--seeking to save lives and bring peace out of a deadly range war! But a greedy Killer knows no bounds when seeking tarnished wealth--and Tex had to use his fast-shooting six-guns plus all his savvy to bring to an end -- **THE DEATH FEUD!**

TEX IS CALLED IN BY THE CHIEF PRAIRIE RANGER.

THERE'S A LOT OF TROUBLE BREWING AROUND PECOS GULCH, TEX! THE SHEEP MEN AND CATTLE MEN ARE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS AND IT THREATENS TO ERUPT INTO A BLOODY RANGE WAR!

WHAT STARTED THE RUCKUS?

I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW! BUT IF THERE'S ANYBODY WHO CAN STOP IT--IT'S YOU! I'M LEAVING THE WHOLE BUSINESS IN YOUR HANDS! WILL YOU TAKE IT ON, TEX?

OF COURSE, CHIEF! I'LL SADDLE WHITE FLASH AND GET GOING FOR PECOS GULCH PRONTO!

HOURS LATER, AS TEX APPROACHES PECOS GULCH.....

SHOTS-- AND THEY'RE COMING FROM BEYOND THAT HILL! COME ON, WHITE FLASH! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

BANG! BANG!

LOOMS LIKE AN AMBUSH--AND THOSE DRYGULCHERS HAVE THE COWBOYS OUTNUMBERED! I RECKON I OUGHT TO TAKE A HAND IN THIS FRACAS!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

AIEE.. MY HAND! WHERE'D THAT HOMBRE COME FROM?

BANG! BANG!

HIGHTAIL OUT OF HERE! THAT VARMINT SHOTS TOO STRAIGHT AND FAST FOR US!

YIPPEEE! POUR IT INTO THEM!

BANG! BANG!

HOW COME THOSE COYOTES TRIED TO BUSHWHACK YOU BOYS?

THEY'RE SOME OF DRAKE'S BOYS! HE'S A NEW SHEEP HERDER IN THESE PARTS! I RECKON HE AND THE OTHER SHEP MEN ARE TRYING TO RUIN THE CATTLE RANCHES BY TRYING TO KEEP OUR STEERS FROM THE MARKET!

I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOME SORT OF AGREEMENT IN THESE PARTS DIVIDING THE GRAZING LAND FOR SHEEP AND CATTLE!

THERE WAS-- BUT THE SHEEP MEN BROKE IT! IF THEY WANT A RANGE WAR, I RECKON WE CAN ACCOMMODATE THEM! NOTHING IS GOING TO STOP US FROM TAKING OUR STEERS TO MARKET!



HOW ABOUT THE SHERIFF? WHAT IS HE DOING ABOUT ALL THIS?

SHERIFF DENHISON IS A GOOD NOMBRE, BUT HE'S AN OLD MAH NOW-- AND NO MATCH FOR DRAKE AND HIS OWLHOOTS! MUCH OBLIGED FOR HELPING OUT, STRANGER-- WE GOT TO ROUND UP OUR CATTLE NOW!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AS TEX ARRIVES AT SHERIFF DENHISON'S OFFICE.....

DENHISON, I DEMAND YOU ROUND UP THOSE ORNERY CATTLE MEN WHO ARE SHOOTING AT MY BOYS AND KILLING THE SHEEP! ONE OF THEM JUST WINGED ONE OF MY BOYS!

THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO THIS, DRAKE, AND BEFORE I MAKE ANY ARRESTS, I WANT TO HEAR WHAT THE CATTLE MEN HAVE TO SAY!



IF I DON'T GET ACTION, I INTEND TO PUT UP ONE OF THE SHEEP MEN TO RUN AGAINST YOU IN THE ELECTION, AND I GOT PLENTY OF VOTES TO PUT HIM IN OFFICE!

I'M HERE TO SEE FAIR PLAY AND I DON'T LIKE YOUR THREATS! NOW GIT-- I'LL DO WHAT I THINK IS RIGHT!



AS DRAKE AND HIS MEN LEAVE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, TEX INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

I'M MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE YOU IN THESE PARTS, RITTER! I SURE CAN USE SOME HELP!

DRAKE LOOKS LIKE A MEAN CUSS! BUT I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU DIDN'T LET HIM BULLY YOU!



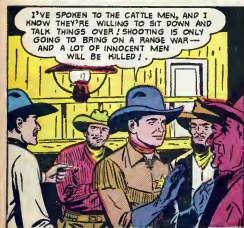
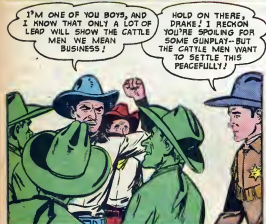
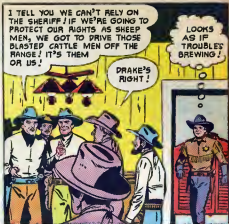
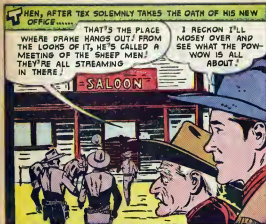
I'M PRETTY OLD NOW AND NOT AS FAST ON THE DRAW AS I USED TO BE! DRAKE FIGURES I'LL BACKWATER BEFORE HIS TRIGGER-HAPPY GUMMEN! BUT WITH YOU HERE, WE'LL SHOW THEM! WHAT DO YOU FIGURE ON DOING FIRST?

I DON'T WANT TO LET ON THAT I'M A PRAIRIE RANGER JUST YET! SUPPOSE YOU SWEAR ME IN AS YOUR DEPUTY!



I WOULDN'T WANT A BETTER DEPUTY THAN TEX RITTER! HOW RAISE YOUR RIGHT HAND, AND I'LL SWEAR YOU IN!





IF YOU STICK AROUND HERE BY THE TIME I COUNT THREE, YOU'LL STAY PERMANENTLY IN... BOOT HILL!



BUT WITH THE SPEED OF A DIVING HAWK, TEX GOES FOR HIS SIX-GUN.....



DID YOU SEE THAT? HE SHOT IT RIGHT OUT OF BLACKIE'S HAND!

NOW LISTEN TO ME! ALL I'M ASKING IS FOR A FAIR CHANCE TO BRING THE SHEEP MEN AND CATTLE MEN TOGETHER! IT'S TO THE BENEFIT OF EVERYBODY TO HAVE PEACE! SOME COXOTES PROFIT FROM KILLING --- BUT NOT A GOOD CITIZEN!



THE DEPUTY IS RIGHT, BOYS! IF THIS CAN BE SETTLED BY TALKING IT OVER, I'M FOR IT! LET'S GIVE IT A TRY!

BEN HARLEY IS RIGHT! LET'S SEE WHAT THE DEPUTY CAN DO FIRST!

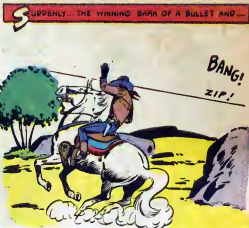
I'M GOING TO RIDE OUT AND TALK TO THE CATTLE MEN! WE'LL CALL A JOINT MEETING AND IRON EVERYTHING OUT!

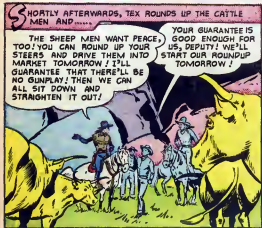


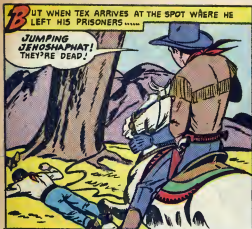
THE MORE I HEAR, THE MORE I THINK THAT ONLY DRAKE AND HIS OWLHOOTS WANT THIS RANGE WAR!

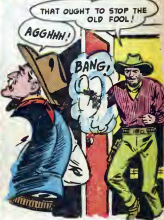
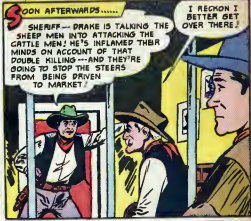
GOOD LUCK, TEX!

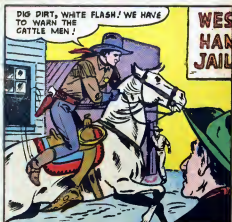
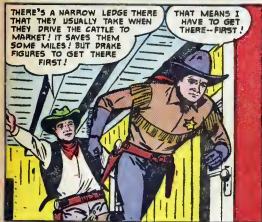
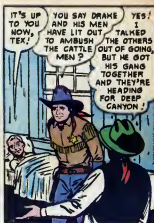


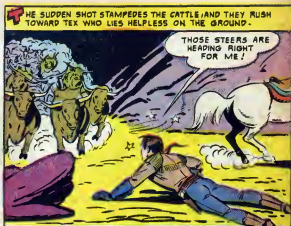














LISTEN! DRAKE AND HIS DRY-GULCHING RATS HAVE SPRUNG THEIR AMBUSH! THEY'VE GOT THE COWBOYS TRAPPED ON THAT LEDGE!

BANG!
BANG!

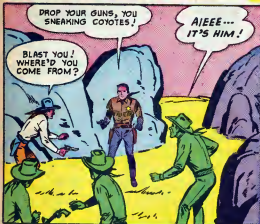


COME ON, WHITE FLASH! WE CAN GIRCLE AROUND AND COME UP BEHIND DRAKE AND HIS GANG! WE'RE TAKING A HAND IN THIS FIGHT!



THERE THEY ARE! THE POLECATS HAVEN'T SPOTTED US YET!

BANG!
BANG!



DROP YOUR GUNS, YOU SNEAKING COYOTES!

AIEEE... IT'S HIM!

BLAST YOU! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?



HE'S GOT THE NINE LIVES OF A CAT, BUT I'M-AIEEEE!

I'M NOT TELLING YOU AGAIN--DROP YOUR GUNS!

BANG!



I RECKON IT'S YOU THAT'S GOING TO BE DROPPING THE GUN! DON'T MOVE--OR I'LL LET DAYLIGHT THROUGH YOU!

GOOD BOY, BLACKIE!



TWICE MY BOYS MISSED PLUGGING YOU--BUT THIS TIME I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE BY DOING IT MYSELF!

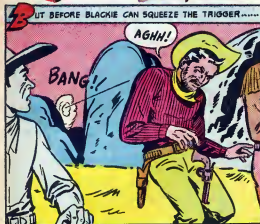
I FIGURED YOU WERE THE VARMINT WHO SENT THOSE TWO BUSHWHACKERS AFTER ME!

WHEN YOU MADE THOSE FOOLS SPILL THAT I SENT THEM, I KILLED THEM! I HAD FOLLOWED THEM TO SEE IF THEY DID A GOOD JOB! IT WAS EASY TO PIN THE BLAME ON YOU!

IT'S EASY TO SEE THAT YOU'RE THE POLEGAT BEHIND THE FEUD!

A MAN LIKE ME CAN'T BE SATISFIED RUNNING A HERD OF SHEEP; I AIM TO DRIVE THE CATTLE MEN OUT OF HERE---AND THEN BUY THEIR LAND DIRT CHEAP!

BUT YOU AIN'T GOING TO LIVE TO TALK ABOUT IT! PLUG HIM, BLACKIE!





EMPTY VICTORY

By Al Packer

HE 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

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 waddle 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.

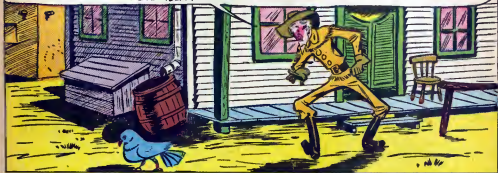
AL PEARSON had no reply left in him. Slowly, he turned and began to walk into the storm. Then he felt a heavy hand on his pain-wracked shoulder, and looked to see Stretch King grinning at him.

"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

BUFFALO BULL in "HIS FLYING IMAGINATION"

WHOPPING WALRUSSES, MUH STOMACH IS SO EMPTY I COULD ALMOST SWALLOW ONE OF MUH OWN TALL STORIES! LET ME THINK --- HOW CAN I BAMBOOZLE SOME GULLIBLE GALLOOT INTO GIVING ME ENOUGH MONEY FOR SOME VITTLES? SAY, THAT THAR PIGEON GIVES ME AN IDEA!



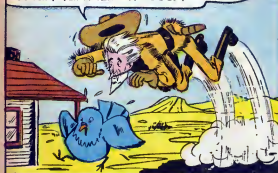
COME HYAR, LITTLE PIGEON! COME HYAR! I'VE GOT SOME BREAD CRUMBS FER YUH --- MUH? (GULP!) HE'S RUNNING OFF!



COME BACK, YUH PESKY BIRDBRAIN! I DON'T AIM TO EAT YUH!

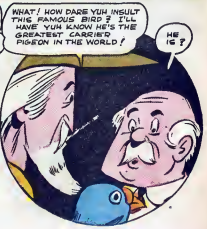
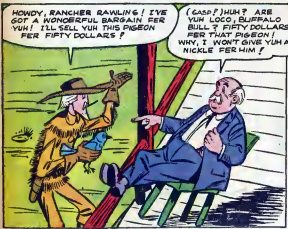
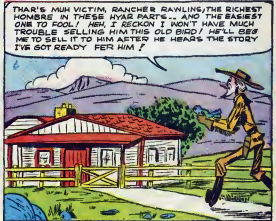
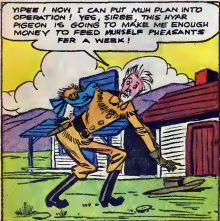


STUBBORN, EH! WAL, YUH DON'T OPINE YUH CAN GET AWAY FROM THE GREAT BUFFALO BULL, DO YUH? YUH HAVEN'T A CHANCE!



'GOT YUH! MUH --- (GULP!) OOOOF!







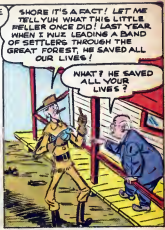
OF COURSE! TSK, TSK, YUH OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YORESELF FER NOT RECOGNIZING HIM!

JEEPERS, BUFFALO BULL, I'M SORRY!



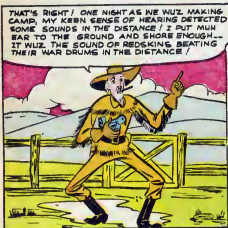
YUH SHOULD BE! WHY, THERE NEVER WUZ ANOTHER BIRD IN HISTORY WHO WUZ MORE DEVOTED TO DUTY OR MORE DETERMINED TO CARRY OUT AN ASSIGNMENT!

GOSH, IS THAT A FACT?

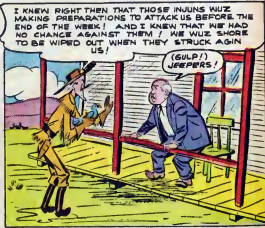


SHORE IT'S A FACT! LET ME TELL YUH WHAT THIS LITTLE FELLER ONCE DID! LAST YEAR WHEN I WUZ LEADING A BAND OF SETTLERS THROUGH THE GREAT FOREST, HE SAVED ALL OUR LIVES!

WHAT? HE SAVED ALL YOUR LIVES?



THAT'S RIGHT! ONE NIGHT AS WE WUZ MAKING CAMP, MY KEEN SENSE OF HEARING DETECTED SOME SOUNDS IN THE DISTANCE! I PUT MUH EAR TO THE GROUND AND SHORE ENOUGH... IT WUZ THE SOUND OF REDSKINS BEATING THEIR WAR DRUMS IN THE DISTANCE!

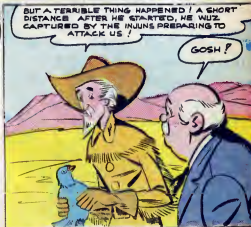


I KNEW RIGHT THEN THAT THOSE INJUNS WUZ MAKING PREPARATIONS TO ATTACK US BEFORE THE END OF THE WEEK! AND I KNEW THAT WE HAD NO CHANCE AGAINST THEM! WE WUZ SHORE TO BE WIPED OUT WHEN THEY STRUCK AGIN US!

(GULP!) JEEPERS!

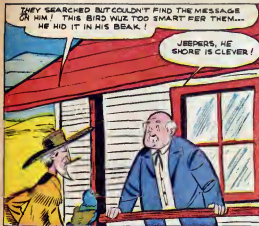


WE HAD ONLY ONE CHANCE! THAT WUZ TO SEND A MESSAGE WITH THIS HYAR BIRD TO THE STATE MILITIA'S HEADQUARTERS THREE HUNDRED MILES AWAY! OFF HE FLEW WITH ALL OF OUR HOPES ON THOSE LITTLE WINGS OF HIS!



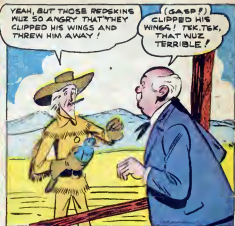
BUT A TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED! A SHORT DISTANCE AFTER HE STARTED, HE WUZ CAPTURED BY THE INJUNS PREPARING TO ATTACK US!

GOSH!



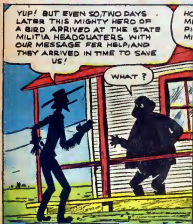
THEY SEARCHED BUT COULDN'T FIND THE MESSAGE ON HIM! THIS BIRD WUZ TOO SMART FER THEM... HE HID IT IN HIS BEAK!

JEEPERS, HE SHORE IS CLEVER!



YEAH, BUT THOSE REDSKINS WUZ SO ANGRY THAT THEY CLIPPED HIS WINGS AND THREW HIM AWAY!

(GASP!) CLIPPED HIS WINGS! TEK, TEK, THAT WUZ TERRIBLE!



YUP! BUT EVEN SO, TWO DAYS LATER THIS MIGHTY HERO OF A BIRD ARRIVED AT THE STATE MILITIA HEADQUARTERS WITH OUR MESSAGE FER HELP, AND THEY ARRIVED IN TIME TO SAVE US!

WHAT?

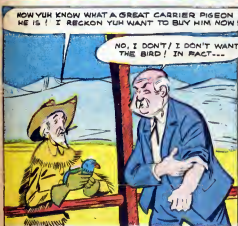
HOLD ON, BUFFALO BULL! DO YUH MEAN TO TELL ME THIS HYAR PIGEON FLEW THREE HUNDRED MILES WITH CLIPPED WINGS?

FLEW NOTHING...



... HE WALKED!

GASP!



NOW YUH KNOW WHAT A GREAT CARRIER PIGEON HE IS! I RECKON YUH WANT TO BUY HIM NOW!

NO, I DON'T! I DON'T WANT THE BIRD! IN FACT...



... I'LL GIVE YUH THE BIRD! NOW BEAT IT AND DON'T BOTHER ME!

Yiiiiii!

(GROAN!) WOES IS ME! MUH HOPES HAVE GONE UP IN AIR! (GROAN!)

RIDING THE RANGE

WITH

TEX RITTER

121 SOUTH BEVERLY DRIVE,
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA



HOWDY FOLKS,

IT'S SURE GOOD TO REIN UP ONCE AGAIN AT YOUR CORRAL. I JUST MET HANK SHELDON AS I WAS RIDING UP THE ROAD. I ASKED WHAT HE WAS DOING AND HE SAID, "I'VE GOT THE DAY OFF, TEX, AND I'M IN THE SHADE OF THE WAGON!" NOW YOU MIGHT WONDER HOW HE COULD BE IN THE SHADE OF THE WAGON WHEN HE WAS OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD TALKING TO ME, WELL, OUT HERE "IN THE SHADE OF THE WAGON" MEANS A PERSON WHO IS TAKING LIFE EASY.

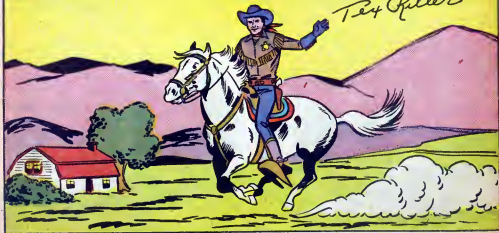
BUT HANK WASN'T THE ONLY HOMBRE I MET TODAY IN THE SHADE OF THE WAGON. IT'S BEEN SLACK TIME AT MOST OF THE RANCHES AND THE HANDS HAVE HAD IT PRETTY EASY. BUT AFTER I MET BILL TODD I GOT TO THINKING. BILL WAS MIGHTY BUSY READING WHEN I SAW HIM. BUT NOT JUST READING STORY BOOKS ---- HE WAS READING UP ON CROP AND SOIL CONSERVATION.

HE WASN'T WASTING THE EXTRA TIME ON HIS HANDS IN THE SHADE OF THE WAGON. BILL WAS PREPARING HIMSELF FOR A BETTER JOB. SURE, EVERYONE'S GOT TO TAKE LIFE EASY AND RELAX NOW AND THEN ---- BUT MOST FOLKS SPEND TOO MUCH TIME TAKING IT EASY. THERE ARE EIGHT HOURS IN A DAY FOR WORKING, EIGHT FOR SLEEPING, AND EIGHT MORE FOR YOURSELF. IT'S WHAT A MAN DOES WITH THOSE LAST EIGHT THAT MAKES HIM WHAT HE IS.

SAY, THE SHADOWS ARE GETTING LONGER! I'VE GOT TO BE HITTING THE TRAIL BACK TO THE RANCH NOW. AS ALWAYS, IT'S BEEN MIGHTY FINE SHOOTING THE BREEZE WITH YOU PARDS. I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU AGAIN REAL SOON. TILL THEN --- KEEP SMILING.

YOUR PARD,

Tex Ritter



Tex Ritter AND THE

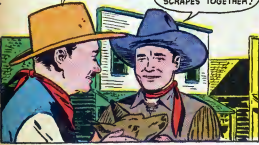
BULLET TRAIL



DURING HIS ROUNDS 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!

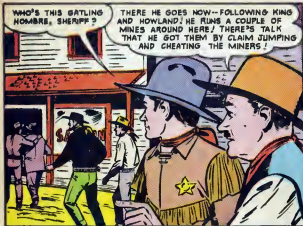


JUST THEN.....

WE'RE RICH--- RICH!

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!





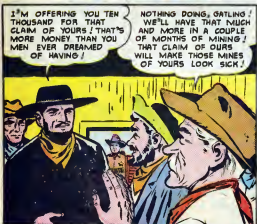
WHO'S THIS BATLING HOMBRE, SHERIFF?

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!



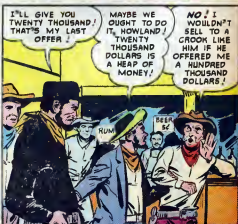
HE'S A MIGHTY MEAN HOMBRE! I HAVEN'T ANYTHING ON HIM YET, BUT I SURE WOULD LIKE TO RUN HIM OUT OF THESE PARTS!

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 CROOK LIKE HIM IF HE OFFERED ME A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!



WHO YOU CALLING A CROOK, YOU DIRTY DESERT RAT? EAT THOSE WORDS-- AND FAST!

TAKE YOUR PAWS OFF ME, GATLING!



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



I WON'T APOLOGIZE! HE IS A CROOK! AND A GUN-TOTING KILLER AIN'T GOING TO MAKE ME CHANGE MY MIND!

I GAVE YOU YOUR CHANCE!

PUT UP THAT GUN, HOMBRE!



Nobody tells me what to do!



Maybe this will change your mind.



Blast him, Mingo!

Nobody does that to me and lives to talk about it!



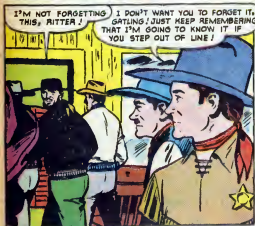
Did you see that? He shot Mingo's gun right out of his hand!



Who asked you to put your nose into my business? Who are you?

Maybe it's time you found out, Gatling! He's Tex Ritter, the Prairie Ranger!

And law and order is my business! Now get your men and high-tail it out of here!



I'm not forgetting this, Ritter!

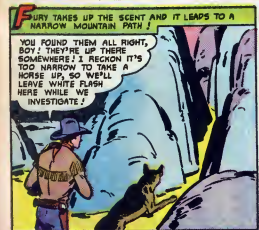
I don't want you to forget it, Gatling! Just keep remembering that I'm going to know it if you step out of line!

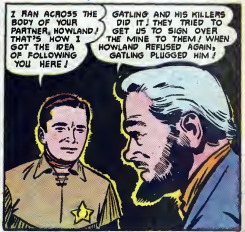
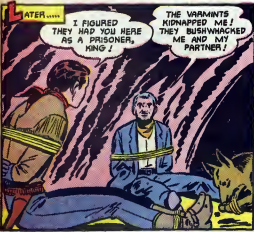


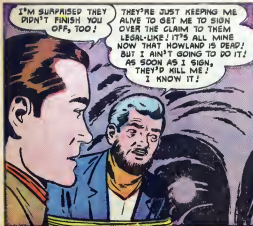
I'm much obliged to you for taking my part, Ritter! I figure Mingo would have drilled me if it hadn't been for you!

Come on! Let's clear out of here and get back to the mine!

I'll be leaving these parts in a few hours, Howland, but if you need any help with Gatling—the Sheriff will be glad to give it!







I'M SURPRISED THEY DIDN'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! GATING 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 HURRY! 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, KING!

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!



OOF!

STOP THEM!

WHAM!



WE DON'T AIM TO BE STOPPED NOW, YOU MANGY COYOTES!

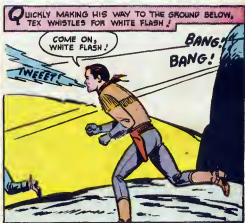
POW!



RUN FOR IT, KING!

WHANG!

AGHH!



QUICKLY MAKING HIS WAY TO THE GROUND BELOW, TEX WHISTLES FOR WHITE FLASH!

COME ON, WHITE FLASH!

BANG!
BANG!



DIG DIRT, WHITE FLASH!

BANG!



WE MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY, TEX!

BUT WE'LL NEED A POSSE TO ROUND UP THAT GANG! THEY TOOK MY SIX-GUNS, AND I RECKON I CAN'T DO MUCH WITHOUT THEM! COME ON-- WE'LL HEAD FOR RED RIVER AND SEE THE SHERIFF!



WHAT'S THE MATTER?

LOOK -- OVER THERE! IT -- IT'S MY PARD, HOWLAND!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.....

I NEVER THOUGHT THOSE VARMINTS WOULD GO SO FAR AS TO GUN A HELPLESS MAN BECAUSE HE WOULDN'T SELL! THEY SHOULD'VE KNOWN THEY COULDN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER!

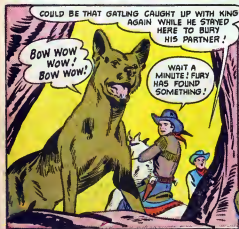
GATLING AND HIS GANG WILL SWING FOR IT, TEX! HERE, TAKE THIS BRACE OF GUNS WHILE I ROUND UP A POSSE!



SOON A GRIM-FACED BAND OF MEN RALLIES AROUND TEX AND THE SHERIFF.



BUT WHEN TEX ARRIVES AT THE SPOT WHERE HE LEFT KING.....



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 GANG OF PYSULCHERS 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, BOYS--FIND IT!



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



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

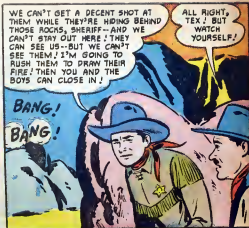
HOLD IT, BOYS! I RECKON WE'VE FOUND THE MINE! IT MUST BE BEHIND THAT HILL UP AHEAD!





SCATTER, BOYS! SPREAD OUT AND SURROUND THEM!

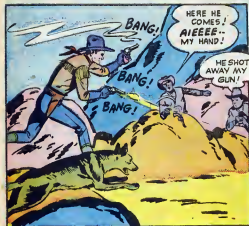
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



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!

BANG!
BANG!



BANG!

HERE HE COMES!
AIEEEE--
MY HAND!

HE SHOT
AWAY MY
GUN!

BANG!
BANG!



UGHHH!

PUT UP YOUR GUNS, YOU
VARMINTS--OR WE'LL LET
DAYLIGHT THROUGH YOU!

POW!



D-DON'T
SHOOT!

WE
QUIT!



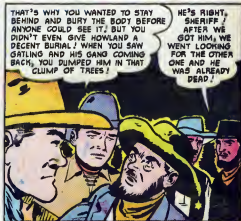
IT'S A GOOD
THING YOU
SHOWED UP,
SHERIFF. HE
WAS GOING
TO KILL ME,
TOO!

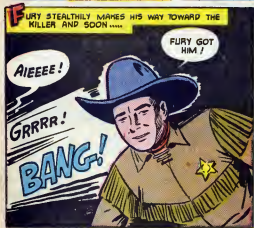
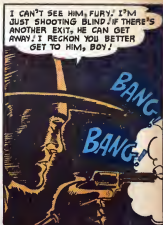
DON'T WORRY,
KING! THAT WHOLE
GANG WILL GO
TO TRIAL FOR
KIDNAPPING AND
MURDER! YOUR
PARTNER WILL BE
AVENGED BY
THE LAW!



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

HE'S
RIGHT,
SHERIFF!





LOONIE LES

DESSERT DOPE!



TEX RITTER *the cowboy cavalier.*
AND HIS MIGHTY PARD WHITE FLASH



