

TEX RITTER



A Fawcett Publication

WESTERN

AUG.

10¢

NO. 6

SIX-GUNS ROAR JUSTICE
AT GUNHAWKS WHEN
THEY PLAN TO
MAKE THE WEST'S
HARD-HITTING HERO...

**KILLER
BAIT!**



"Johnny's Bright Idea"

FOR FATHER'S DAY JUNE-17

I'VE GOT IT, SIS!
WE'LL CHIP IN AND BUY
DAD A SUBSCRIPTION
TO A MAGAZINE HE'LL
REALLY LIKE!

...SWELL IDEA,
JOHNNY! AND
I'LL BET IT'S

TRUE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE,
AND IT'S ONLY \$3
FOR ONE YEAR!



FATHER'S
DAY IS
JUNE 17

TRUE, The Man's Magazine—Dept FD
Fawcett Building
Greenwich, Conn.

YES, send TRUE, The Man's Magazine,
as my gift, to

Mr. _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Check if renewal

My gift card
should read, from _____

1 year \$3.00

In U. S. and Possessions

For Canada and Pan-America, add \$1

For other foreign countries, add \$2

I am enclosing \$.....in full payment

My full name is.....

HURRY UP KIDDIES!

Have Mom help you fill out this helpful coupon today so that Dad will receive TRUE, The Man's Magazine as a gift from you. What a surprise for Dad when he gets the magazine that men all over America read every month... all about adventure, sports, hobbies, hunting, etc.

Just before Father's Day, we will send Dad a handsome gift announcement card, bearing your name as the sender.

Fill out (print) the coupon in dark pencil and mail it today!



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 NERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • CASSY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE MALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC • BOB COLT
MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX RITTER WESTERN

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

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

Tex Ritter in THE DEATH RANCH

THE STRANGE RANCH SET OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PRAIRIE RESEMBLED A MEDIEVAL CASTLE... AND INSIDE A SINISTER SCHEME WAS BEING UNFOLDED!

TEX RITTER, TWO-FISTED, FIGHTING PRAIRIE RANGER, DECIDED TO DEAL HIMSELF A HAND INTO THE SITUATION! ONLY TEX'S LIGHTNING TRIGGER-FINGER AND SAVVY WERE ABLE TO NULLIFY THE DEATH CARDS THAT HAD BEEN DEALT WHEN HE PAID A VISIT TO "THE DEATH RANCH!"



RETURNING FROM A MEETING OF THE PRAIRIE RANGERS, TEX IS ENROUTE TO PICK UP WHITE FLASH AND FURY WHEN...

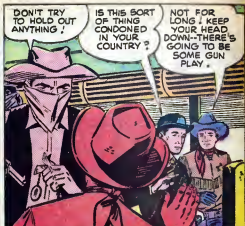
I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT WOULD YOU MIND IF I OCCUPIED THE SEAT NEXT TO YOU? THE TRAIN SEEMS A BIT CROWDED, EH WHAT?

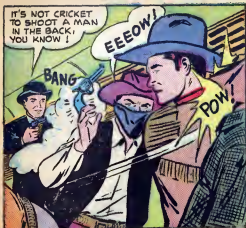
SIT RIGHT DOWN, PARD!

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, REGINALD WORTHINGHAM. YOUR AMERICA IS SIMPLY INSPIRING!

GLAD YOU LIKE OUR COUNTRY! MY HANDLE'S TEX RITTER!







IT'S NOT CRICKET TO SHOOT A MAN IN THE BACK, YOU KNOW!

EEEOW!

BANG

POW!



ALL RIGHT, YOU MAVERICKS! START MARCHING! I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO THE SHERIFF OF THIS TOWN! WE HAVE TO HURRY--THE TRAIN IS DUE TO START SOON!



HE BANDITS SAFELY IN THE HANDS OF THE LOCAL LAWMEN, TEX RETURNS TO THE TRAIN.

THANKS, PARD! THAT POLECAT WOULD HAVE SHOT ME IN THE BACK IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU! WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO SHOOT LIKE THAT?

HUNTING IN JOLLY ENGLAND, YOU KNOW! BUT YOU HAVE MY ADMIRATION! YOU CERTAINLY ROUTED THOSE CULPRITS IN NO TIME AT ALL!



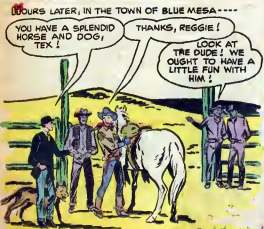
WHERE ARE YOU HEADED FOR, REGGIE?

I'M A SOLICITOR WITH THE ENGLISH LAW FIRM OF POPPINGHAM AND WORTHING. I'M HERE TO SEEK OUT LORD WELTHAM, WHO SETTLED IN SULPHUR VALLEY FOR HIS HEALTH SOME TWO YEARS AGO!



M'LORD HAS INHERITED A GOODLY SUM OF MONEY, AND I NEED HIS SIGNATURE ON SOME DOCUMENTS. BUT FRANKLY I DON'T KNOW HOW TO BEGIN TO FIND HIM IN SULPHUR VALLEY!

I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU FIND LORD WELTHAM. I'M STOPPING OFF AT BLUE MESA, JUST A FEW MILES FROM SULPHUR VALLEY!



HOURS LATER, IN THE TOWN OF BLUE MESA----

YOU HAVE A SPLENDID HORSE AND DOG, TEX!

THANKS, REGGIE!

LOOK AT THE DUDE! WE OUGHT TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN WITH HIM!



CAN YOU RENT MY FRIEND REGGIE A HORSE, JAKE?

CAN HE RIDE, TEX?

ANYBODY COULD RIDE OLD THUNDER, JAKE! I'LL GET HIM FER YUH!

THUNDER WILL BUCK
THAT TENDERFOOT INTO
THE NEXT COUNTY!
HA! HA!

WAIT A MINUTE!
THAT'S AN
ORNERY OUTLAW
HORSE IF I EVER
SAW ONE!



THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT,
TEX! A HORSE WITH A BIT
OF SPIRIT IS TO MY LIKING!
I THINK HE'LL DO!

THIS IS GOING
TO BE GOOD!



THE HORSE IS RELEASED AND IMMEDIATELY
GOES INTO WILD GYRATIONS IN AN EFFORT
TO UNSEAT REGGIE!

RIDE HIM,
REGGIE!
YAHOO!

THUNDERATION! THAT
STORE CLOTHES
DUMMY CAN RIDE!



'HE--HE'S RIDING
THUNDER TO A
STANDSTILL!

THERE'S NO NEED TO CARRY
ON SO, YOU BUGHTER! I'M
YOUR MASTER, AND YOU HAD
BETTER RECOGNIZE THAT
FACT!

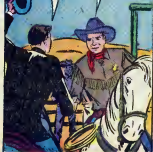


YOU SURE
UNSPRITED HIM,
REGGIE!
WHERE
DID YOU
LEARN TO
RIDE LIKE
THAT?

STEEPLECHASE,
YOU KNOW!
WONDERFUL
TRAINING FOR
THIS SORT OF THING!
SHALL WE EMBARK
ON OUR MISSION,
TEX?

TOODLE-OOO,
YOU CHAPS!
THANKS
FOR YOUR
COOPERATION!

HA, HA!
YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT, REGGIE.
SHAKE!



YOU AND
I ARE
GOING TO
GET ALONG
FINE!

I'M QUITE SURE WE
WILL. HAVING TEX
RITTER AS A
FRIEND GIVES ME
A BIT OF CONFIDENCE I WAS
FORMERLY
LACKING.



A SHORT TIME LATER---

THE WELTHAM RANCH YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS ABOUT FIVE MILES NORTH OF HERE! WE SHOULD BE THERE SOON!

I'VE NEVER MET LORD WELTHAM! I IMAGINE HE'LL BE GLAD HE'LL BE SOME WORD ABOUT HOME!

SOON---

WHY, THE WELTHAM RANCH IS A CASTLE!

I IMAGINE THAT M'LORD HAD IT BUILT AS A REMINDER OF HIS HOME IN MERRY ENGLAND! TOPPING IDEA, I THINK!

JUST THEN---

ALL RIGHT, YUH JASPERS! YO'RE ON PRIVATE PROPERTY! GET GOING-- AND PRONTO!

I BEG YOUR PARDON--- BUT I HAVE BUSINESS WITH LORD WELTHAM. PUT DOWN THOSE FIRE-ARMS!

YOU HEARD HIM! NOW STOP WAVING THAT HARDWARE AND TELL LORD WELTHAM HE HAS A VISITOR FROM ENGLAND!

MAYBE YUH BETTER GET THE BOSS!

I'M LORD WELTHAM! SAY YO'RE PECE AND FAST!

WELL---YOU CERTAINLY HAVE ACCLIMATED YOURSELF, M'LORD! ONE WOULD NEVER KNOW YOU LEFT ENGLAND A MERE TWO YEARS AGO!

SKIP THE FANCY TALK! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I BRING GLAD TIDINGS, LORD WELTHAM. AS SOLICITOR OF POPPINGHAM AND WORTHING, I'D LIKE TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU HAVE COME INTO AN ADDITIONAL INHERITANCE WORTH SOME FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS!

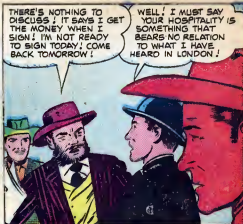
OF COURSE THERE'S THE FORMALITY OF SIGNING A FEW PAPERS BEFORE THE MONEY CAN BE TURNED OVER. MAY WE ADJOURN TO YOUR STUDY?

PAPERS, EH? LET'S SEE THEM!



FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS IS RIGHT; THAT'S ABOUT TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN AMERICAN MONEY!

A GOODLY SUM IT IS! MAY WE COME IN AND DISCUSS THE MATTER?



THERE'S NOTHING TO DISCUSS! IT SAYS I GET THE MONEY WHEN I SIGN! I'M NOT READY TO SIGN TODAY; COME BACK TOMORROW!

WELL! I MUST SAY YOUR HOSPITALITY IS SOMETHING THAT BEARS NO RELATION TO WHAT I HAVE HEARD IN LONDON!



YOU SAID WHAT YOU HAD TO SAY..... NOW VAMOOSE! COME BACK TOMORROW!

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! YOU HEARD HIM! HIGHTAIL OUT OF HERE!



BELIEVE ME, TEX, THAT BOOR IS NOT INDICATIVE OF THE BREEDING OF OUR GENTLEMEN BACK HOME. THE MAN WAS DOWN-RIGHT OFFENSIVE.

HE SEEMED ANXIOUS TO KEEP US AT A DISTANCE. WHAT'S MORE HE CERTAINLY ACQUIRED A WESTERN ACCENT FAST!



IN BLUE MESA TOWN ---

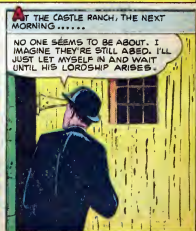
FRANKLY, I WAS COUNTING ON AN INVITATION FROM LORD WELTHAM TO STAY ON HERE FOR AWHILE. I'M INTRIGUED BY THE COUNTRY AND I WOULD LIKE TO STAY. NOW MY PLANS ARE BADLY MIXED UP!

YOU MEAN YOU'D LIKE TO LIVE HERE?



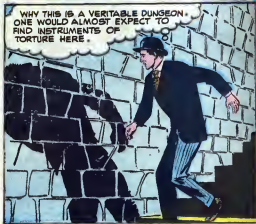
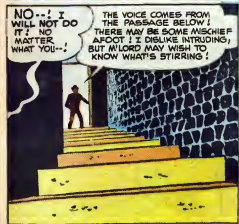
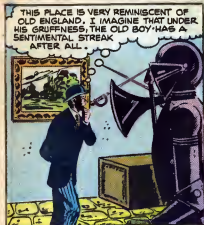
THE LIFE OUT HERE APPEALS TO ME, IN FACT, I'D LIKE TO BUY A--- WHAT YOU CALL A SPREAD! WOULD YOU HELP ME SELECT IT?

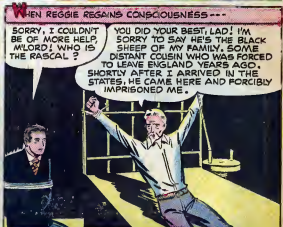
I'LL BE GLAD TO, REGGIE. WE'LL STOP AT THE HOTEL WHILE WE'RE HERE!

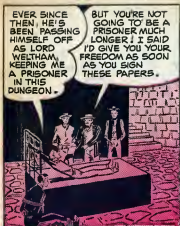


AT THE CASTLE RANCH, THE NEXT MORNING.....

NO ONE SEEMS TO BE ABOUT. I IMAGINE THEY'RE STILL ASBED. I'LL JUST LET MYSELF IN AND WAIT UNTIL HIS LORDSHIP ARISES.

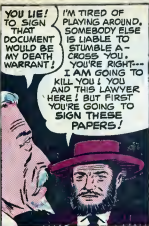






EVER SINCE THEN, HE'S BEEN PASSING HIMSELF OFF AS LORD WELTHAM, KEEPING ME A PRISONER IN THIS DUNGEON.

BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE A PRISONER MUCH LONGER! I SAID I'D GIVE YOU YOUR FREEDOM AS SOON AS YOU SIGN THESE PAPERS.



YOU LIE! TO SIGN THAT DOCUMENT WOULD BE MY DEATH WARRANT!

I'M TIRED OF PLAYING AROUND, SOMEBODY ELSE IS LIABLE TO STUMBLE A-CROSS YOU, YOU'RE RIGHT--- I AM GOING TO KILL YOU! YOU AND THIS LAWYER HERE! BUT FIRST YOU'RE GOING TO SIGN THESE PAPERS!



NEVER!

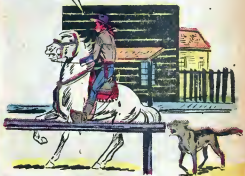
YOU WILL!

SOMETIME LATER, AT THE HOTEL IN TOWN...

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HAPPENED TO OUR ENGLISH FRIEND, FURY? HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE A LONG TIME AGO.



I RECKON I'LL RIDE OUT TO THE RANCH AND SEE WHAT'S KEEPING HIM!



WHEN TEX ARRIVES AT THE CASTLE---

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'M LOOKING FOR THAT YOUNG LAWYER WHO JUST ARRIVED FROM ENGLAND; HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OUT HERE TODAY---



WELL---HE WAS HERE AND LEFT! HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT STARTING BACK TO ENGLAND RIGHT AWAY. NOW VAMOOSE!

I'LL RIDE WITH THE HOMBRE AND MAKE SURE HE GOES, BOSS!



GRRR!



THAT PIN HE'S WEARING!
IT'S REGGIE'S! I SAW HIM
WITH IT!



NOW KEEP
GOING---AND
DON'T COME
BACK!

MAYBE FURY HAS A GOOD
REASON NOT TO LIKE
THOSE COYOTES!



THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY WRONG BACK
THERE, AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS.
YOU STAY HERE, WHITE FLASH. FURY AND I
ARE GOING TO DOUBLE BACK THERE.



EASY BOY---WE DON'T WANT THEM
TO SEE US! FIND REGGIE---!
THAT'S IT--! REGGIE IS THE ONE
WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

SNIFF,
SNIFF!



I THOUGHT I HEARD SOME-
THING---! BLAST YOU!



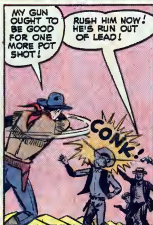
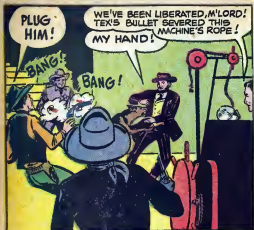
YOU WON'T HEAR ANY-
THING AFTER THIS---

POW!



WAIT A MINUTE, FURY! I HAVE
SOMETHING FOR YOU TO
WORK ON.







IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO, I'LL SHOOT YOU TO PIECES.

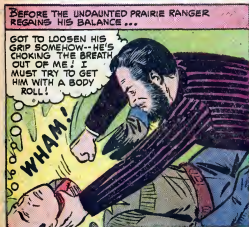
IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO, I'LL SEE YOU IN JAIL!



THERE! SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE THAT, YOU CREAM PUFF COWPOKE!

OFFH!

WHACK!



BEFORE THE UNDAUNTED PRAIRIE RANGER REGAINS HIS BALANCE ...

GOT TO LOOSEN HIS GRIP SOMEHOW--HE'S CHOKING THE BREATH OUT OF ME! I MUST TRY TO GET HIM WITH A BODY ROLL!



WHY, YOU COVOTE--- UFFH!

HOW'S THAT FOR A GRIP, YOU HARDCASE?



THIS SHOULD PUT THE FIRE OUT OF YOU!

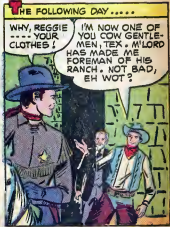
POW!



GET THAT DOG CRITTER AWAY FROM US!

WE QUIT! WE QUIT!

GOOD BOY, FURY! THIS BUNCH IS READY FOR DELIVERY TO THE SHERIFF!



THE FOLLOWING DAY.....

WHY, REGGIE --- YOUR COW CLOTHES!

I'M NOW ONE OF YOU COW GENTLEMEN, TEX. M'LORD HAS MADE ME FOREMAN OF HIS RANCH. NOT BAD, EH WOT?

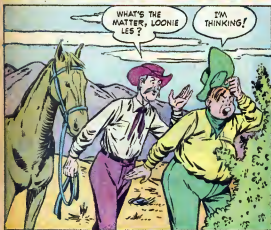
**LOONIE LES
GOOSEBERRY GOOF!**



HUH? THAT LOOKS LIKE LOONIE LES
STANDING OVER THAR NEAR THOSE
GOOSEBERRY BUSHES!



JEEPERS, LOOK AT LOONIE
LES! HE SHORE LOOKS
BEWILDERED AND UPSET!



WHAT'S THE
MATTER, LOONIE
LES?

I'M
THINKING!



YO'RE THINKING!
WHAT ABOUT?

DO GOOSEBERRIES
HAVE LEGS?



OF COURSE NOT! EVERYBODY
KNOWS THAT GOOSEBERRIES
DON'T HAVE LEGS!

(GULP!)
THEN....



...I THINK I'VE EATEN
A CATERPILLER!

NOW! PRIZE

PLASTIC

PICTURE

RINGS



16 Different Pictures!

6 Bright Colors!



ONE RING IN EVERY BOX OF Kellogg's RAISIN BRAN

No Waiting - No Box Tops!

Wear 'em!
Collect 'em!
Swap 'em!

WHAT YOU GET! Open a box of Kellogg's Raisin Bran and get your prize! A bright-colored genuine plastic ring with a picture on top! Pictures of airplanes, cowboys, Indians, sport stars, movie stars! These prize picture rings fit any finger! Most important, you get this double-treat: plump honeycomb raisins, with Kellogg's nourishing golden-crisp flakes!

Surprise—entirely new series of prizes coming soon!

Kellogg's RAISIN BRAN

CEREAL WITH FRUIT

Tex Ritter

and the KILLER BAIT

AS A PRAIRIE RANGER, TEX RITTER HAS JEOPARDIZED HIS LIFE MORE THAN ONCE WHEN TANGLING WITH OWLHOOT GANGS. BUT WHEN HE HIT THE TRAIL AFTER THE DEADLIEST KILLER IN THE WEST, TEX HAD TO PUT HIMSELF BEYOND THE LAW AND RELY ON HIS SMOKING GUNS AND RAW COURAGE TO FEND OFF THE SPECTRE OF DEATH THAT STALKED HIS PATH!



AT THE CHIEF PRAIRIE RANGERS' OFFICE ...

AS SOON AS THE BLACK MASK GOT OUT OF JAIL, HE FORMED A NEW GANG AND THEY'VE BEEN TERRORIZING THESE PARTS EVER SINCE! I SENT SOME OF THE RANGERS AFTER HIM---AND THEY WERE FOUND DEAD! YOU'RE MY LAST HOPE, TEX!

HAVE YOU ANY SUGGESTIONS?



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET CLOSE TO THE BLACK MASK-- AND THAT'S TO JOIN HIS GANG! HE'S OUT IN THE BADLANDS SOMEPLACE!

JOIN THE BLACK MASK?





HOURS LATER, AS NIGHT BLANKETS THE BADLANDS ---THE HIDE-OUT OF EVERY KILLER AND OUTLAW SOUGHT BY THE LAW....

I RECKON I BETTER KEEP MY SIX-GUNS READY! THEY SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER!



SMOKE! THAT MEANS SOMEONE HAS CAMPED DOWN THERE IN THAT ROCK GULLY! I RECKON I'LL JOIN HIM! MAYBE THE GALOOT KNOWS SOMETHING!



AS TEX CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES THE CAMP---

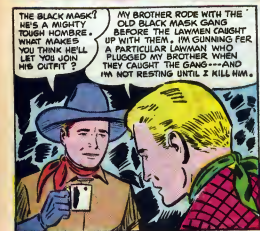


GREAT JUMPING HORN- SPOON! A RATTLER!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THAT RATTLER, AND MY AIM BETTER BE GOOD!







ARE--ARE YOU SURE HE'S THE HOMBRE WHO DID THE KILLING ?

THE BLACK MASK TOLD ME WHEN I WENT TO VISIT HIM WHILE HE WAS IN JAIL ! THIS RITTER VARNANT NOT ONLY GUNNED MY BROTHER, BUT SHOT HIM IN THE BACK !



WHAT DID YUH SAY YORE MONIKER WAS ?

I DIDN'T ! I'M JUST A STRANGER TO THESE PARTS LOOKING TO JOIN UP WITH SOME OUTFIT . DO YOU SUPPOSE THE BLACK MASK COULD USE ANOTHER HAND ?



ANYBODY WHO CAN HANDLE A GUN LIKE YUH WOULD COME IN RIGHT HANDY ! I SUPPOSE THE LAW IS AFTER YUH, TOO ?

THAT'S WHY I LIKE TO CALL MYSELF STRANGER --- SEE ?



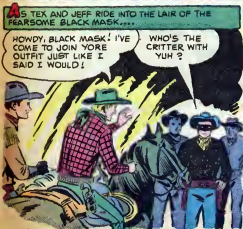
I GUESS STRANGER IS AS GOOD A HANDLE AS ANY. LET'S TURN IN. WE'LL MAKE THE BLACK MASK'S HANGOUT TOMORROW !



EARLY NEXT MORNING-----

WE'RE RIGHT CLOSE TO THE HIDE-OUT NOW ! BETTER LET ME DO THE TALKING !

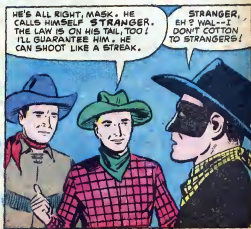
WHATEVER YOU SAY, JEFF.



AS TEX AND JEFF RIDE INTO THE LAIR OF THE FEARSOME BLACK MASK....

HOWDY, BLACK MASK ! I'VE COME TO JOIN YORE OUTFIT JUST LIKE I SAID I WOULD !

WHO'S THE CRITTER WITH YUH ?



HE'S ALL RIGHT, MASK . HE CALLS HIMSELF STRANGER . THE LAW IS ON HIS TAIL, TOO ! I'LL GUARANTEE HIM . HE CAN SHOOT LIKE A STREAK .

STRANGER, EH ? WAL--I DON'T COTTON TO STRANGERS !



I TELL YUH HE'S ALL RIGHT! HE SAVED MY LIFE!

IF HE'S GOING TO JOIN US, HE'LL HAVE TO PROVE HIMSELF!



SUITS ME, BLACK MASK. WHAT'S THE SET-UP?

I ALWAYS ASK A NEW HOMBRE TO HOLD UP THE STAGE! IF HE PASSES THAT TEST--HE'S READY FOR BIGGER THINGS!

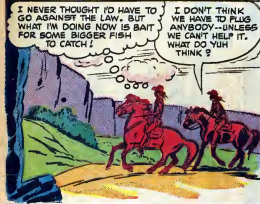


THE STAGE IT IS!

I'LL RIDE WITH HIM--IF IT'S OKAY WITH YUH, BLACK MASK!

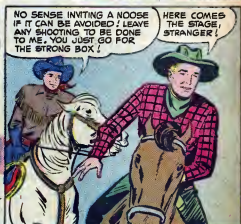
ALL RIGHT, THE STAGE IS DUE IN TWO HOURS TO PASS EAGLE JUNCTION. I FIGGER THAT'S THE BEST PLACE TO STOP IT!

LATER THAT DAY, AT EAGLE JUNCTION ---



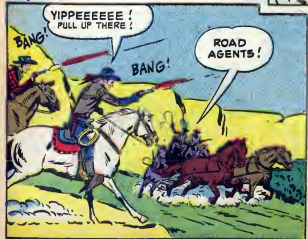
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO GO AGAINST THE LAW. BUT WHAT I'M DOING NOW IS BAIT FOR SOME BIGGER FISH TO CATCH!

I DON'T THINK WE HAVE TO PUG ANYBODY--UNLESS WE CAN'T HELP IT. WHAT DO YUH THINK?



NO SENSE INVITING A NOOSE IF IT CAN BE AVOIDED! LEAVE ANY SHOOTING TO BE DONE TO ME, YOU JUST GO FOR THE STRONG BOX!

HERE COMES THE STAGE, STRANGER!

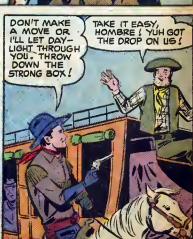


YIPPEEEEEEE! PULL UP THERE!

BANG!

BANG!

ROAD AGENTS!



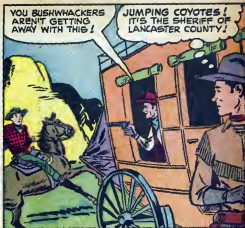
DON'T MAKE A MOVE OR I'LL LET DAY-LIGHT THROUGH YOU. THROW DOWN THE STRONG BOX!

TAKE IT EASY, HOMBRE! YUH GOT THE DROP ON US!



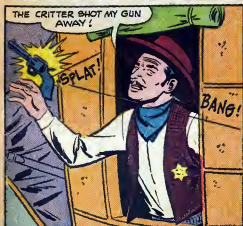
I HAVE THE STRONG BOX! LET'S HIGH-TAIL OUT OF HERE!

WAIT'LL I SEE WHAT THE STAGE IS CARRYING!



YOU BUSHWHACKERS AREN'T GETTING AWAY WITH THIS!

JUMPING COYOTES! IT'S THE SHERIFF OF LANCASTER COUNTY!



THE CRITTER SHOT MY GUN AWAY!

SPLAT!

BANG!



TEX RITTER!
YOU ---!



JUST KEEP JAWING AND I WON'T MISS YOU WITH MY NEXT SHOT! GET GOING, JEFF!



WE DIDN'T HAVE TROUBLE PULLING THAT JOB!

THAT LAWMAN SEEMED TO KNOW YUH, STRANGER! WHAT WAS IT HE CALLED YUH?



HE DIDN'T CALL ME ANYTHING! HE WAS YELLING TO SOMEBODY IN THE STAGE TO HELP HIM.

JEFF IS STRANGELY SILENT AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE HIDE-OUT.

THERE'S THE LOOT FROM THE STAGE, BLACK MASK! DOES THAT LET US IN?

I RECKON SO! BUT WHAT YUH GOT TODAY IS CHICKEN FEED! WE'RE GOING AFTER SOMETHING BIG!



THE GOVERNMENT IS SENDING A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF GOLD BULLION TO THIS TERRITORY BY A HEAVILY-GUARDED TRAIN. AND I'VE FIGURED OUT HOW WE CAN GET IT!



WHEN THE TRAIN REACHES THE HIGH VIADUCT ACROSS DEVIL'S CANYON WE'LL BLOW IT UP! THAT'LL SEND THE TRAIN CRASHING A HUNDRED FEET! AFTER IT LANDS, WE CAN GO DOWN AND GET THE MONEY.



BUT A LOT OF INNOCENT PEOPLE WILL BE KILLED! THERE WON'T BE A PERSON ALIVE ON THAT TRAIN AFTER IT FALLS.



I'M AFTER THE MONEY -- NOT TO SAVE LIVES!

I--I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, BLACK MASK!

THAT TRAIN IS SCHEDULED TO CROSS THE VIADUCT AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, BUT WE'RE GOING TO BE THERE A LITTLE AHEAD OF TIME TO PLANT SOME DYNAMITE!



COME ON, WHITE FLASH! WE HAVE TO INTERCEPT THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER IF WE'RE GOING TO SAVE THAT TRAIN!

WHERE'S STRANGER GOING? I RECKON I'LL FOLLOW HIM.



A WHILE LATER---

WHOA! HOLD UP THERE!



MY SUSPICION WAS PLENTY RIGHT! I BETTER GET BACK TO THE BLACK MASK AND TELL HIM WHAT I'VE LEARNED!



THERE'S ONE MORE THING, TOO. I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING BECAUSE I THOUGHT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN HEARING THINGS. BUT WHEN WE ROBBED THE STAGE TODAY, A SHERIFF RIDING WITH IT CALLED STRANGER BY A NAME I DIDN'T CATCH!

HERE HE COMES NOW, BOSS.



TEX QUICKLY OUTLINES THE PLANS OF BLACK MASK!

TELL THE SHERIFF TO HAVE THE POSSE AT THE VIADUCT! GIVE HIM THIS NOTE OF INSTRUCTIONS!

YUH BET, TEX! SHOOTING IS TOO GOOD FER A MURDERING COYOTE LIKE THAT!



SOON AFTER, BACK AT THE HIDE-OUT ----

WHEN I MET UP WITH HIM, I DIDN'T FIGURE HIM FOR A LAWMAN, BUT HE HANDED THE PONY RIDER A NOTE.

I HADN'T A HUNCH WE COULDN'T TRUST HIM! HE PROBABLY SENT WORD TO THE SHERIFF TELLING HIM WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO!



REACH FER THE SKY, YUH DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT!

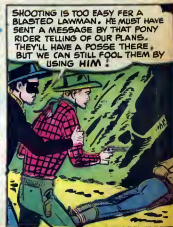
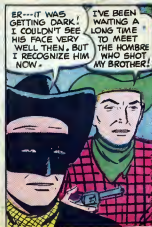
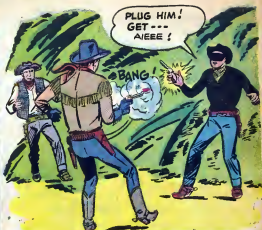
WHAT'S THIS? SOME KIND OF JOKE?



YEAH --- BUT THE JOKE'S ON YUH! SEARCH HIM, LUD!

THEY SUSPECT SOMETHING. I'VE GOT TO MAKE MY MOVE --- AND FAST!





AS TEX REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS ----

THE POSSE WILL EXPECT US AT THE VIADUCT. BUT WE'LL RIDE UP A FEW MILES AND MEET THE TRAIN. BY TYING RITTER TO THE TRACKS, WE CAN MAKE SURE THE TRAIN WILL STOP---AND THEN WE RAID IT!

BUT I WANT TO SHOOT THE CRITTER!

TAKE IT EASY, KID. ONCE WE GET THAT MILLION IN GOLD, I'LL LET YUH TAKE CARE OF HIM PERSONALLY!

ALL RIGHT, WHATEVER YUH SAY.



THE FOLLOWING DAY---

LEAVE HIM THERE! THE ENGINEERS CAN'T HELP BUT SEE HIM! NOW DUCK BACK IN THAT BRUSH AND GET READY TO START SHOOTING WHEN THAT TRAIN STOPS!

LISTEN! I CAN HEAR THE TRAIN COMING!

I HAVE TO GET---FREE---! I MUST!

STRAINING EVERY POWERFUL MUSCLE, TEX STRUGGLES DESPERATELY!

THE ROPES ARE GIVING! BUT THE TRAIN---IT'S ALMOST UPON ME!



LOOK! SOMEBODY IS TIED TO THE TRACKS! STOP THE TRAIN!

GREAT SCOTT!

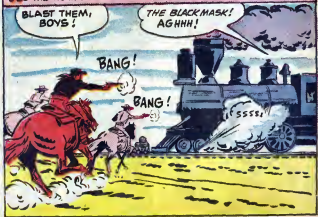
AS THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A JARRING STOP---

BLAST THEM, BOYS!

THE BLACK MASK! AGHHH!

BANG!

BANG!



THE MURDEROUS AMBUSH CATCHES THE TRAIN CREW BY SURPRISE!



GET IN THAT CAR AND GET THE GOLD!



A--- LITTLE ---MORE ---AND THESE ROPES---WILL BE---OFF!

WE GOT THE GOLD!

THERE'S ONE MORE JOB WE HAVE TO DO!



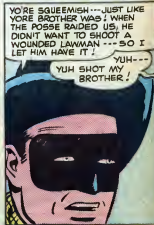
ALL RIGHT, JEFF! WE DON'T NEED HIM ANY MORE! NOW YUH CAN PLUG HIM!

NOW--?



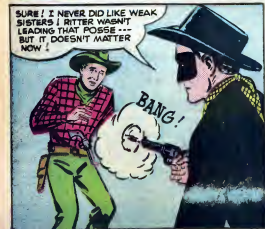
WHAT ARE YUH WAITING FOR?

I-I NEVER SHOT A HELPLESS MAN BEFORE-- AND I WON'T DO IT NOW. UNTIE HIM AND GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO DEFEND HIMSELF PROPERLY!

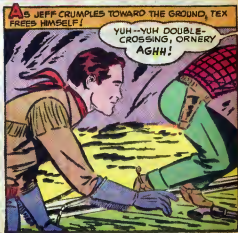


YO'RE SQUEEMISH---JUST LIKE YO'RE BROTHER WAS! WHEN THE POSSE RAIDED US, HE DIDN'T WANT TO SHOOT A WOUNDED LAWMAN---SO I LET HIM HAVE IT!

YUH--- YUH SHOT MY BROTHER!



SURE! I NEVER DID LIKE WEAK SISTERS! RITTER WASN'T LEADING THAT POSSE--- BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW!



AS JEFF CRUMPLES TOWARD THE GROUND, TEX FREES HIMSELF!

YUH--YUH DOUBLE-CROSSING, ORNERY AGHH!



THE BITE OF TOOTHLESS TRIGGER

By John Martin



TOOTHLESS TRIGGER eased his cayuses up to the tether at the railroad station and tied up both horses. Then the locomotive came round the bend and Larry Tarn got off the train. As the train chugged out of the little western town, Toothless stepped up to Larry. "Guess you must be Larry Tarn," he concluded.

Larry smiled. He watched the old cow walloper's toothless gums gently massaging a plug of tobacco.

"Guess you're Toothless," Larry said, offering his hand. He tied his suitcase to the back of the saddle and lit into the seat with astonishing ease. On the way out of town toward the ranch he'd inherited from his father, Larry noticed Toothless watching him ride.

"You'll do for a waddy who's been East three years," Toothless said finally as they trotted along. "Leastwise, so far as riding's concerned." He narrowed his sidewise glance. "You handy with a gun?"

"Why? Been having trouble out at the Circle K?"

"Trouble a-plenty," Toothless said grimly. "Only nobody's clapped lights on it yet, outside of your neighbor, Cass Hardie. There's a masked gang riding the range, burning down ranch buildings, mostly at night."

"They trying to run everybody out of the county?"

"Somebody's figuring on scaring everyone out, then buying in the ranches cheap!" Toothless replied. "They've hit mostly everybody now 'cept Cass's spread and yours." Just then Toothless' cayuse topped the last rise and Toothless abruptly stopped chewing tobacco.

"Thunderation!" he exclaimed. "Look! The outfit's burning down!"

A sudden billowing plume of black smoke shot skyward as Larry Tarn got a full and startling view of his ranch house going up in flames.

"Come on, Larry!" Toothless yelled, roweling his horse down into the valley.

A blistering wave of heat met them as they galloped up to the blazing inferno. The ranch house itself was still pretty much intact, although one of the walls had gone and the flames were licking toward the roof.

Toothless, old-timer though he was, jumped from his cayuse just as Larry yelled and pointed.

"Toothless, look! Up the valley! Here comes a whole outfit! Maybe they're the rats who did it!"

Toothless paused, shot one quick glance in

the indicated direction, and shook his head.

"No. That's Cass Hardie and his boys," he said. "I'm going in, Larry!"

Larry made a move to stop him, but the old cowpuncher was nimbler than he thought. Toothless left a section of his shirt hanging in Larry's hand as he disappeared into the flames.

Larry dashed up to the front door, but a terrible blast of heat drove him back. Suddenly, Toothless reappeared. He was breathing heavily and was covered with soot. He held a white paper in his hand.

"Toothless!" Larry raged. "Why the devil did you risk your life that way?"

Toothless grinned and was about to thrust the white paper into Larry's hands when he paused suddenly. Then he jammed it into the back pocket of his jeans.

"Never mind," he said. "I'll explain later. Here comes Cass."

Minutes later, Cass Hardie and a full dozen of his men thundered into the ranch house yard. Cass got off his horse, shook Larry's hand and scratched his head. Then he lit a cigar meditatively.

"They're after you, son. No doubt about that," he said. "Wish we could have given you a better welcome! I reckon I'm next on the list."

"Hasn't anybody laid eyes on them?" Larry asked.

"We haven't been up this way for two days, Larry," Cass replied. "Just dropped in to see you take over. But I've seen the gang. They're a slippery bunch. Usually work only at night."

"So, Toothless tells me." Larry looked around for the old puncher, but he had suddenly disappeared.

"Toothless!" Larry called out.

"Guess he went into the bunkhouse!" Cass said.

"He couldn't have!" Larry insisted.

"There he is!" exclaimed one of Cass Hardie's bunkhouse boys, pointing. Six hundred feet away, leading his horse by the bridle, was Toothless sneaking away quietly. Suddenly he looked up and saw everyone was looking his way. With a quick, nervous leap the old man was on his cayuse and heading over the south rise.

"Now, why'd he do that?" Larry asked. "Just

when I needed someone around here for tonight!"

"Crazy old coot," grumbled Cass Hardie. "I reckon you can put up for the night in the bunkhouse, Larry," he said. "Then tomorrow you can get an outfit for the place in town. That is, if you still aim to work this spread!"

"I'm not quitting," Larry replied hotly. "Dad built this up, before he died, by not being a quitter and nobody's going to say his son couldn't take some hard luck!"

"You're welcome," Cass commented. "Come on, boys. We'd better get back to my spread before that masked gang burns it down like this one." He turned to Larry. "If you need any help, Larry, you call on me!"

"Thanks, Mr. Hardie," Larry said. He watched the others mount and gallop off. Then he untied his suitcase, put his horse in the corral and went into the bunkhouse. There was a stove there, a water pump and some canned goods, enough to make supper. Wondering glumly why Toothless had decided to run away, Larry put away a substantial meal. Just before sundown he inspected the corral and fed and watered his horse. The moon had risen, illuminating the valley before he got back. A gun belt with two six guns in it hung on the wall and Larry packed it beneath his pillow as he went to sleep. But he didn't sleep long.

About midnight a fusillade of shots awakened him. Springing from his bunk, Larry peered through the windows. Circling the bunkhouse on horses was a yelling, shouting masked gang. They flung burning brands on the roof and fired shots into the air.

Larry kicked the door open and came out shooting. There was an instant of silence as the circling horses shuddered to a stop. Then a loud blast of gunfire from an outer circle toppled some of the masked men from their saddles. The rest broke in panic, trying to flee.

In the light of the burning bunkhouse, Larry saw another circle of riders take shape suddenly out of nowhere. Six-guns blazed again and one more of the masked riders dropped. The rest raised their hands in surrender, dismounting.

"Toothless!" Larry cried when he saw the old man, grim on his horse, advancing forward at the head of a posse. Behind him rode the Sheriff. They drove the masked gang before them.

The leader of the gang gave way, but didn't drop his guns. Toothless dropped from his saddle as did the Sheriff and booted the leader toward Larry.

"Keep those arms up, you sidewinder!"

Toothless growled to the masked leader. The Sheriff and the posse quickly secured the others. Toothless reached for the bandit's guns, but suddenly the badman's arms dropped, his fists striking the old man squarely on the head. Toothless slipped to the ground.

"Get him, Larry!" he whispered hoarsely.

Larry leaped forward, guns flashing from his holsters as the masked man brought his own up, spitting flame and thunder. Two sharp cracks sounded above the roar of the six-guns and both guns flew from the bandit's hands.

"Good shooting, son," the Sheriff said to Larry. He helped Toothless up from the ground. The old man faced the bandit leader, snarling.

"Rip his mask off, Larry," he grated. "It's Cass Hardie!"

Larry took one step forward, tore the black mask from the bandit's face—and revealed the angry, red face of his neighbor!

Hardie glowered.

"You've got nothing on us," he growled. "We were just welcoming Larry to his spread Western-style!"

"Oh, yeah?" Toothless asked, one eye cocked. He took a white paper from his pocket and gave it to Larry, now that Hardie was bound tightly.

"This is the deed to the ranch, Larry," Toothless said. "I had to get it out of the house before it burned down. Cass wanted to find it, but he couldn't, so he burned the house down. The dirty rock toad's behind all the other burnings in the valley, too!"

"How did you know it was Cass?" Larry asked, puzzled.

For answer, Toothless reached out and pulled a fistful of big black cigars from Cass Hardie's pocket. Then, from one of his own pockets he produced a cigar stub, with a cigar band still on it.

"They've both got Cass Hardie's name on the band," Toothless said, and grinned. "Cass said he and his men hadn't been around the ranch house that day, but I found one of his cigar butts on the floor when I went in after the deed. And I knew it hadn't been there when I left for town to pick you up, Larry. So I just quietly lit out for the Sheriff. I figured they'd come back tonight, trying to scare you off!"

TOOHLESS put another wad of chewing tobacco into his toothless mouth.

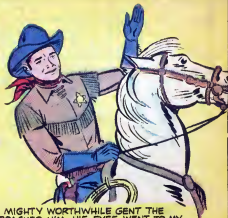
"I'm pretty old," he said proudly, "but I reckon I've still got some bite left in me!"

THE END

RIDING THE RANGE

WITH
TEX RITTER

121 SOUTH BEVERLY DRIVE
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.



HOWDY FOLKS,

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

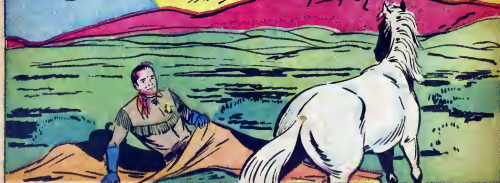
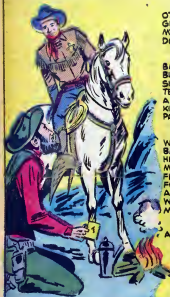
LATER ON, OVER A PLATE OF STEAMING BEANS, CRISP BACON AND COFFEE STRONG ENOUGH TO FLOAT A .45 CALIBER BULLET, I ASKED HIM HOW COME HE KNEW ME, ESPECIALLY SINCE I DIDN'T RECOLLECT MEETING HIM. "YO'RE PLUMB RIGHT, TEX," HE GRINNED. "YOU NEVER MET ME, BUT I MET YOU... IN A MOVIE I SAW A WHILE BACK IN FRISCO,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

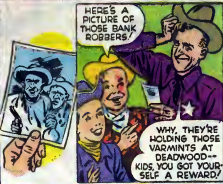
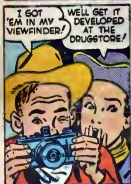
IT TURNED OUT THE OLD TIMER WAS A FORMER LAWMAN WHO HAD BRUSHED HOLSTERS WITH SOME OF THE WORST BADMEN OF THE FIGHTING OLD FRONTIER. AS I LOOKED AT HIM AND HEARD THE TWO-RESTED TALES HE TOLD, I FELT MIGHTY PROUD TO KNOW HIM. HE HAD THE CLEAN-LIVING, FEARLESS KIND OF LOOK A MAN GETS WHO HAS ALWAYS FOUGHT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

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

YOUR PARD,

Tex Ritter





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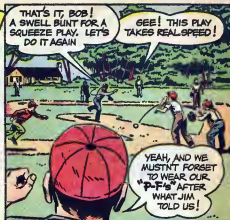
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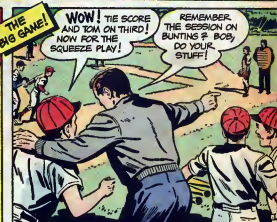


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Exciting News! NOW—for the FIRST time in history—any Daisy owner can join in the JUNIOR PROGRAM of NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION of AMERICA. This puts you and your Daisy in "The Big League!" **Exciting News!** NOW you can shoot to win beautiful, official NRA Medals, Lapel Buttons, Brassards. **Exciting News!** NOW you can have MORE FUN than ever before, indoors and out, with year around target shooting under ADULT SUPERVISION. **Boys and Girls!** NOW you can learn to shoot SAFELY . . . STRAIGHT . . . and BECOME a CHAMPION AIR RIFLE SHOT. Your parents or guardian will welcome this EXCITING NEWS! Ask them to read this page NOW. SEND COUPON, with 10¢ coin and unused 3¢ stamp, for brand new DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN BOOK! It explains the NRA junior program for air rifle shooters, tells how to become an NRA Junior Member and gives special information for parents, guardians, organizations.

DAISY 2-WAY TARGET OUTFIT with Convertible PUMP GUN

No. 325 Outfit is tops for target shooting! Convertible Pump Gun shoots steel size or safe, new Jumbo Cork Balls, SET COILS; PUMP GUN with COKE BALL BARREL; 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; BELL RINGING TARGET; TARGET CARDS; 350 BULLS EYE BBS; 10 JUMBO 50 CALIBRE COAK BALLS; 5 KNOCKDOWN INDOOR TARGETS; GUN & SCOPE MANUAL. ENTIRE OUTFIT: \$10.95. Or get No. 25 Pump Gun only . . . the King of All Air Rifles! It's a 50-shot force-feed repeater, lake-down model. Metal parts gun-blue with beautiful "gold"-engraved jacket. Pump Gun alone, \$7.50.



The National Rifle Association of America is a non-profit, non-sectarian organization of over half a million shooters. It is the oldest national sportsmen's association in the United States. For 80 years NRA has conducted America's civilian program of instruction in the safe and proper handling of firearms. It has trained 2 1/2 million boys and girls in marksmanship.

Now, since the Junior Program has been extended, air rifle owners can participate in this time-tested training program.

DAISY'S GUN-N-SCOPE TARGET OUTFIT

Contains RED RYDER CARBINE, 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; BELL RINGING TARGET; TARGET CARDS; GENEROUS SUPPLY BULLS EYE SHOT; SHOOTING MANUAL & SCOPE DOPE. No. 311, COMPLETE OUTFIT, \$7.95. Or buy RED RYDER CARBINE (No. 111) ALONE for only \$5.50!

No. 311
COMPLETE
OUTFIT
\$7.95

No. 111
GUN ALONE
\$5.50



No. 25
GUN
ALONE
\$7.50

No. 325
COMPLETE
OUTFIT
\$10.95

Do Not Order Direct From Daisy — SEE YOUR DEALER. Prices subject to change without notice and higher in Rockies, West, Canada.

ORGANIZATIONS: Sponsor a junior group! Service and fraternal clubs, churches, rod and gun clubs, municipal recreation and police departments, supervised junior clubs, veterans, others—send coupon!

Parents! Give your children a chance to shoot and learn safety first skill. Do Supervisor of a Junior Club, age of 3 to 10 Youngsters. Send request!

MAIL COUPON NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. A-121, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.
I enclose dime (10¢ coin) plus unused 3¢ stamp. Please rush postpaid DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN BOOK describing NRA junior program for air rifle shooters, NRA membership benefits plus special information for parents, adults and organizations on Supervising and Sponsoring junior air rifle shooters.

NAME _____
Sr. & No. _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

DAISY

Air Rifles

No. 111
DAISY'S
RED
RYDER
CARBINE
\$5.50

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. A-121, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U.S.A.

