



CONTENTS

Outstanding Novelles and Short Stories, Complete In This Issue

GUNS PAY OFF	Robert Moore Williams	8
<i>The mine was supposed to be no good, but the owners were killed, one by one.</i>		
BULLET BARRIERS	Cliff Walters	32
<i>Jeff Gardner's brother was an owlhoot, but he wouldn't let it wreck him.</i>		
HOT-LEAD HARVEST	Humphrey Jones	50
<i>The feud between the cattlemen and sodbusters was tough on the young folks.</i>		
RENEGADE'S GIRL	Clark Gray	68
<i>He cured the girl of snakebite, and then saved her from something worse.</i>		
GALLOWS BAIT	Ralph Sedgwick Douglas	78
<i>Bud was carrying a lot of money, and there had been a wave of hold-ups.</i>		
BAD BLOOD	John McCune	88
<i>Mangrum and Doll made history when they tangled with the "Black Pikes."</i>		
FOOD FOR SIX-GUNS	Clive Criswell	98
<i>Even on the range, every man has his weakness. In this case, it was food.</i>		
THE MONSTER OF THE CANYON	Henry Crain	120
<i>The solution of this horrible menace was mysterious and terrifying.</i>		
HOW THE WEST GOT THOSE BREECHES	George Dunn	123
<i>A true account of how lewis came to be the popular garment they are.</i>		

A Department Where We and Our Readers Meet

THE RAMROD'S CORNER	Idaho Jack	6
<i>A chatty section where we talk over lots of things about the West.</i>		

Sixteen Pages of Sensational Western Comics

FIGHTING BOB DALE "The Owlhoot Trail"	Bill Zeller	42
<i>When a disgruntled cowhand gets tough with a gal, Dale goes after him.</i>		
LARIAT LUCY "Looping a Killer"	R. Morton	60
<i>This gal's expert roping comes in handy in a desperate situation.</i>		

Cover Painting by JOSEPH SZOKOLI

ADOLPHE BARREAUX, Editor

FRANK ARMER, Publisher

FIGHTING WESTERN is published monthly by Trojan Magazines, Inc., 126 East 46th Street, New York 17, N. Y., under the name of Trojan Magazines, Inc. Entered as second-class matter, January 24, 1948, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the name of Trojan Magazines, Inc. Single copy 25¢. Manuscripts should be typed on one side of the page, double-spaced, with a margin of one inch. Manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and are submitted at the author's risk. Member, Speed Typing. For advertising rates, address Combined Publishers' Representatives, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

LARIAT LUCY

"LOOPING A KILLER"

by R. Morton

AT SHERIFF LANG'S HOME LUCY FINDS A PIECE OF PAPER.

DAD FORGOT TO TAKE KILLER BERT'S CONFESSION TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE--- I'D BETTER TAKE IT TO HIM.

WHILE, OUTSIDE THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, BERT'S GUN-MOLL, RUBY, LISTENS -----

I CAN'T INDICT BERT FOR MURDER WITHOUT CONFESSION, SHERIFF. --- HIS GIRL MAINTAINS THAT OLD BRANDER, THE HERMIT, GOT KILLED IN A FIGHT THAT STARTED WHEN SHE STOPPED AT HIS DOOR FOR A DRINK OF WATER AND HE INSULTED HER!

I MUST HAVE LEFT THE CONFESSION AT THE JAIL. --- JIM, WILL YOU GO AND GET IT FOR ME? --- HERE ARE THE KEYS.

--- AND FOLLOWS JIM TO THE JAIL.

THAT'S FUNNY! I CAN'T FIND IT ANYWHERE!

PARDON ME MISTER! CAN I SPEAK TO YOU --- OOPS! THERE GOES MY PURSE!

I'LL GET IT!

THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER ----



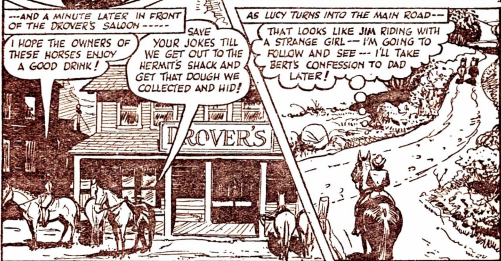
---YOU'LL GET IT---
RIGHT IN THE
NECK!

AND
NOW FOR
THOSE KEYS!



QUICKLY RUBY FREES BERT ---
HERE'S HIS GUN, BERT---I'LL
GET THE ONE I SAW IN THE
SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

LET'S
GET GOIN'!
I'LL TAKE HIS
HAT AND COAT
TOO---MIGHT
HELP ME GET
OUT OF TOWN!



---AND A MINUTE LATER IN FRONT
OF THE DROVER'S SALOON---

I HOPE THE OWNERS OF
THESE HORSES ENJOY
A GOOD DRINK!

SAVE
YOUR JOKES TILL
WE GET OUT TO THE
HERMIT'S SHACK AND
GET THAT DOUGH WE
COLLECTED AND HID!

AS LUCY TURNS INTO THE MAIN ROAD---

THAT LOOKS LIKE JIM RIDING WITH
A STRANGE GIRL --- I'M GOING TO
FOLLOW AND SEE --- I'LL TAKE
BERT'S CONFESSION TO DAD
LATER!



---BERT AND RUBY ROUND THE BEND.

THERE'S SOMEBODY RIDIN' WELL-BENT
AFTER US --- WE'D BETTER TURN UP
INTO THOSE COTTONWOODS!



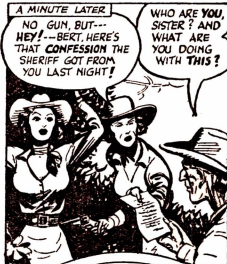
NEXT MINUTE

THEY'VE GONE INTO THOSE
WOODS --- I'M GOING TO SHOW
JIM HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH
THIS AND BE ENGAGED TO ME!



SUDDENLY
ALL RIGHT, MISTER---
END OF THE TRAIL!

MY GOSH!
IT'S A GAL!---
BETTER SEARCH
HER, RUBY!



A MINUTE LATER
NO GUN, BUT---
HEY!---BERT, HERE'S
THAT **CONFESSION** THE
SHERIFF GOT FROM
YOU LAST NIGHT!

WHO ARE YOU,
SISTER? AND
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
WITH **THIS**?



SHERIFF LANG
IS MY DAD---
AND YOU'D
BETTER LET
ME GO!

HERES WHAT
WE THINK OF
SHERIFF'S FOLKS!
LET'S SHOOT HER,
BERT, AND BE
GETTIN' ON!

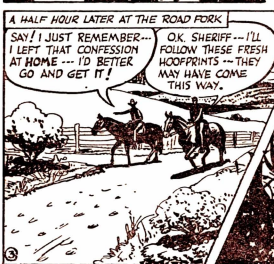
NOT TILL WE
GET OVER THE
STATE LINE, RUBY.
SHE'S OUR BEST
INSURANCE THAT
THEY WON'T
SHOOT!



SHERIFF LANG GETS IMPATIENT
AND GOES TO THE JAIL ...

YOU SAY IT WAS BERT'S GAL?---
WELL, THEY'RE **BOTH** GONE NOW.
WE'LL HAVE TO GET THEM BEFORE
THEY GET TO THE STATE LINE!

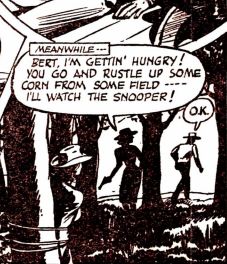
LET'S
GO!



A HALF HOUR LATER AT THE ROAD FORK

SAY! I JUST REMEMBER---
I LEFT THAT **CONFESSION**
AT HOME --- I'D BETTER
GO AND GET IT!

O.K. SHERIFF--- I'LL
FOLLOW THESE FRESH
HOOFPRINTS --- THEY
MAY HAVE COME
THIS WAY.



MEANWHILE---
BERT, I'M GETTIN' HUNGRY!
YOU GO AND RUSTLE UP SOME
CORN FROM SOME FIELD ----
I'LL WATCH THE SNOOPER!

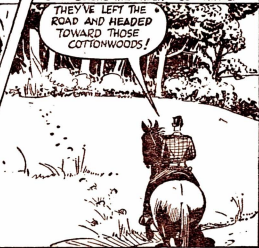
O.K.

AS BERT SKULKS THROUGH THE CORNFIELD ---



---JIM FOLLOWS THE FRESH HOOFPRINTS.

THEY'VE LEFT THE ROAD AND HEADED TOWARD THOSE COTTONWOODS!



HERE COMES THAT HOMBRE I LEFT "OUT COLD" IN THE JAIL --- THIS TIME I'LL FINISH HIM!

YOU'D BETTER NOT SHOOT IT OUT WITH J -- HE'S THE HANDIEST MAN WITH SHOOTIN' IRONS IN THESE PARTS!



THANKS FOR THE TIP, SISTER. NOW HE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT THROUGH YOU TO GET ME!



NO HE WONT!

OUCH!

BANG!

YOUR TURN TO GO "OUT COLD" NOW, RUBY!





AS JIM GETS UP, RUBY, REVIVED BY THE SHOOTING, GRABS HER GUN AND JUMPS INTO THE BUSHES--



--AND THE NEXT INSTANT--



WITH TWO GUNS TO OUR ONE, WE'D BETTER TAKE COVER! OURSELVES!

BERT AND RUBY FIND THEIR HORSES.



LET'S VAMOOSE OUT OF HERE -- BUT FRONTO!

A MINUTE LATER JIM AND LUCY RACE AFTER THEM.



HEARING THE SHOOTING, SHERIFF LANG TURNS BACK.

JIM MUST HAVE FOUND THOSE VARMINTS! HE WILL BE NEEDING HELP!

THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE HERMIT'S CABIN --- WE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM!

LET'S CUT OVER THE BACK TRAIL --- IT'S STEEP BUT SHORTER!



20 MINUTES LATER

WELL, WE GOT HERE BEFORE THEM!

YES, AND HERE THEY COME!

HERE'S WHERE I BURIED THE OLD GUY'S DOUGH --- GET OUT AND SCOUT THAT ROAD AND LET ME KNOW AS SOON AS THEY GET IN SIGHT!

O.K. BERT!



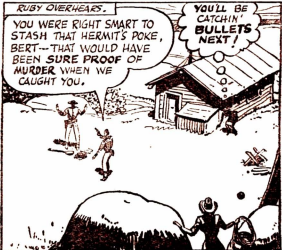
I'M IN SIGHT RIGHT NOW MISTER --- REACH!



RUBY OVERHEARS.

YOU WERE RIGHT SMART TO STASH THAT HERMIT'S POKE, BERT --- THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN SURE PROOF OF MURDER WHEN WE CAUGHT YOU.

YOU'LL BE CATCHIN' BULLETS NEXT!



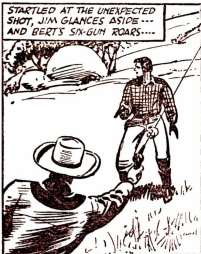
AS RUBY RAISES HER GUN----



QUICKLY--- LUCY GOES INTO ACTION.



STARTLED AT THE UNEXPECTED SHOT, JIM GLANCES ASIDE --- AND BERT'S SIX-GUN ROARS----



AND MISSES---JUST AS SHERIFF LANG RIDES UP.



HE'LL LIVE --- AT LEAST TILL THEY BOTH STAND TRIAL FOR MURDER! AND, WITH THAT HERMIT'S POKE FOR A MOTIVE, IT'S A SURE CONVICTION!



IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR ROPE, RUBY WOULD HAVE GOTTEN ME!

NO GAL'S GOING TO GET YOU, HONEY, --- EXCEPT ME!

