

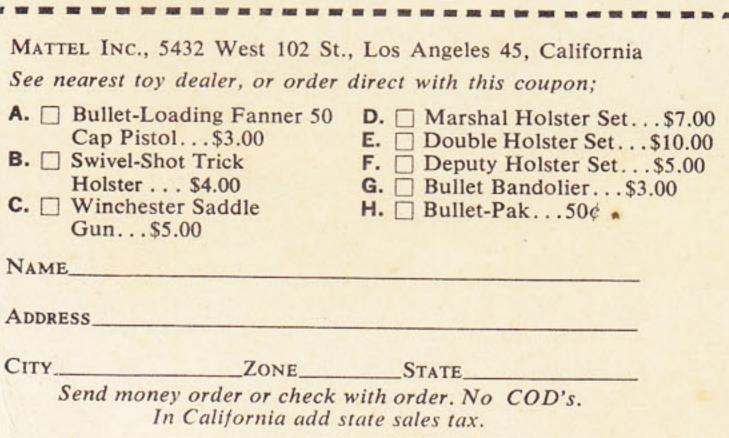
the Lone Kanger

Forced into a "Gunfight"...

against a kid

who couldn't be beat!





BULLET BANDOLIER

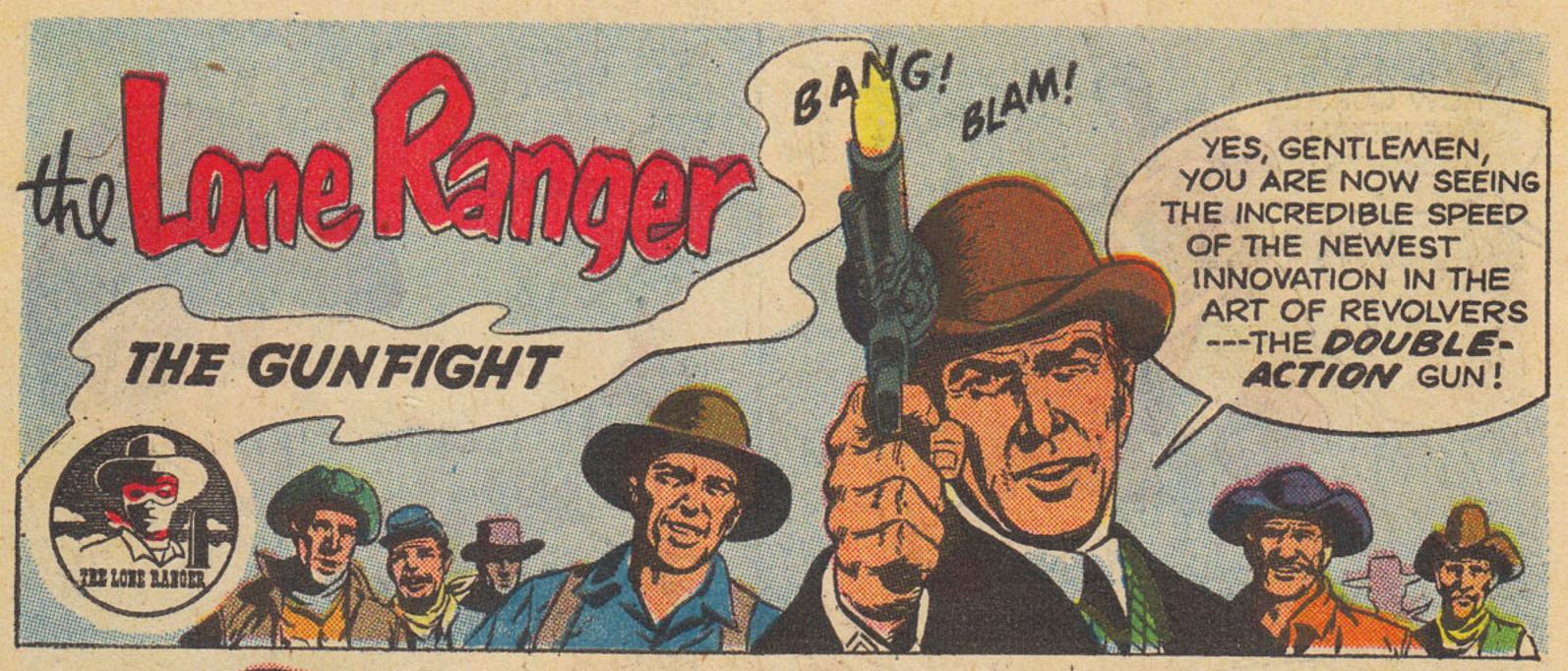
Wear it over your shoulder ... holds 32 all-metal play bullets which fit all Mattel guns. Companion for Winchester** Saddle Gun, Bullet Loading Fanner* 50, all Mattel holster sets. \$3.00

*T.M. Reg.

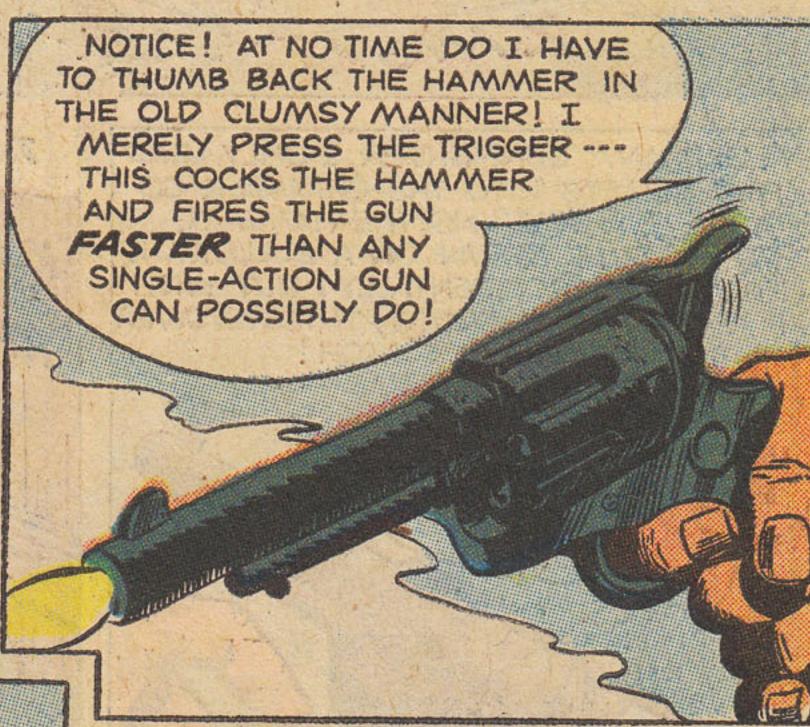
BULLET-PAK

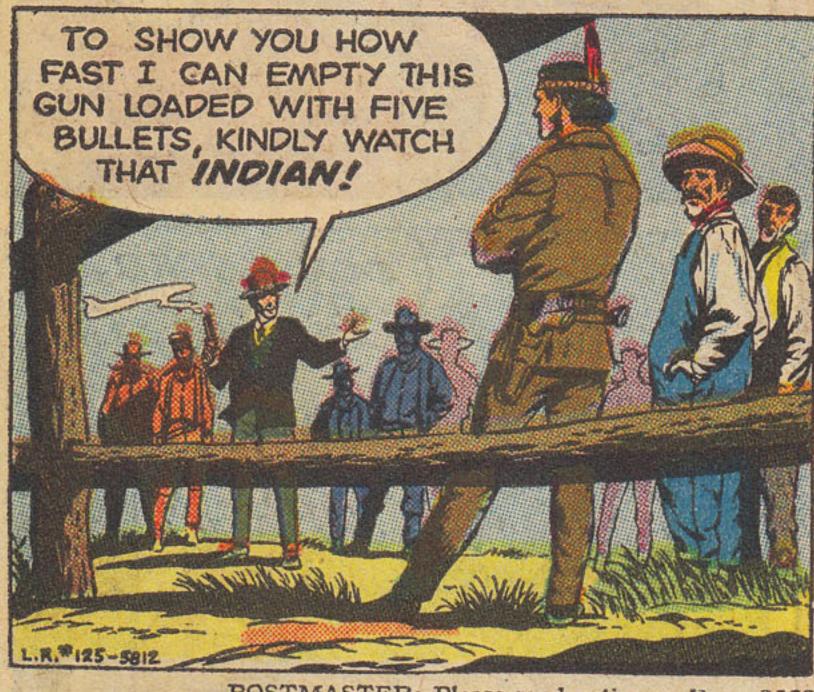
8 all-metal play bullets that fit all Mattel guns shown here. 50¢

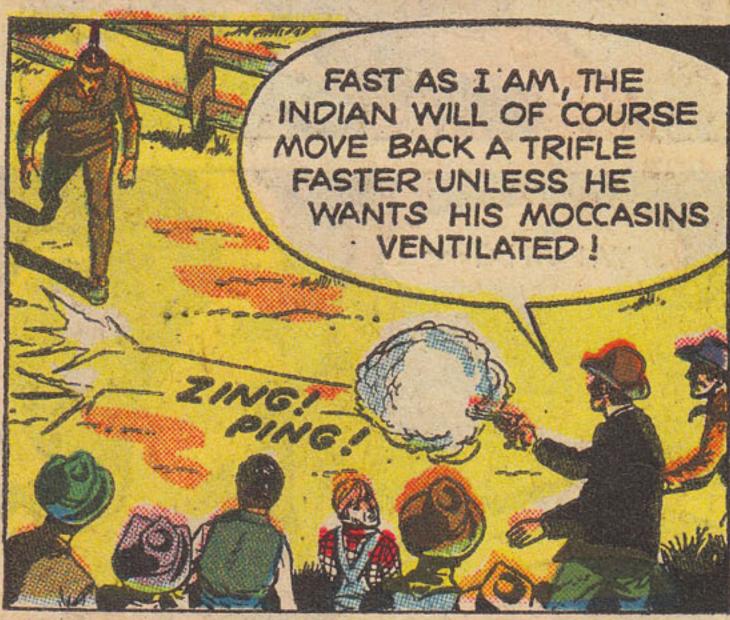










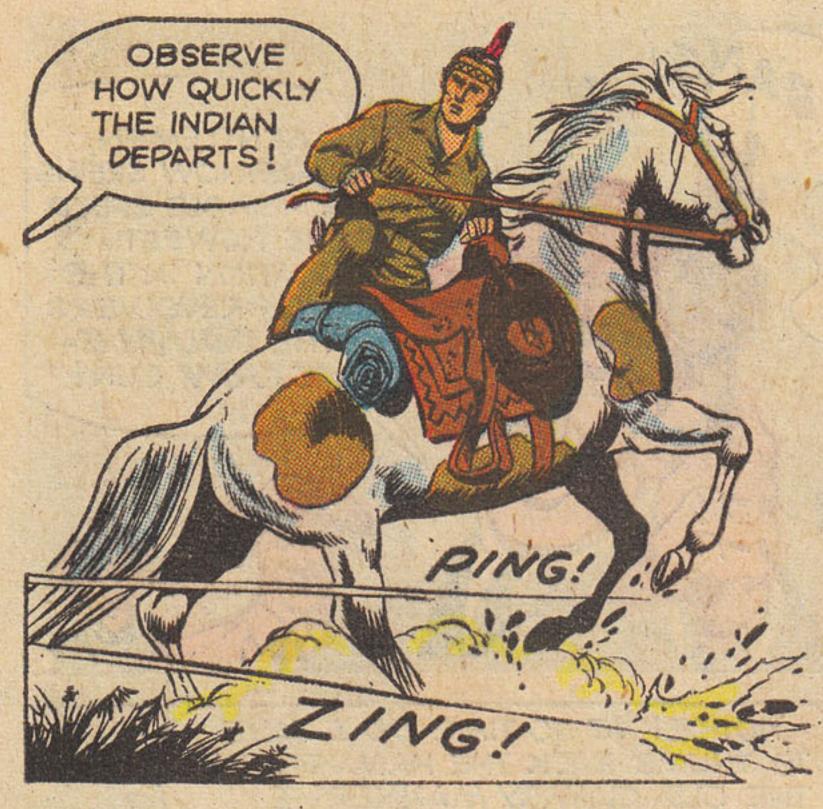


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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





LIKE ANY GUNFIGHTER, I ONLY LOAD
FIVE BULLETS INTO THE CHAMBER SO
WHILE I'M WALKING, THE HAMMER
CAN'T COME DOWN ON A BULLET AND
HIT MY LEG ACCIDENTALLY! BUT WITH
FIVE LIGHTNING SHOTS, THIS REVOLVER
PACKS A DEADLY PUNCH!
AND IT CAN BE YOURS—
FOR A MERE TWENTY
DOLLARS! NOW,
WHO'LL BE FIRST
TO BUY?

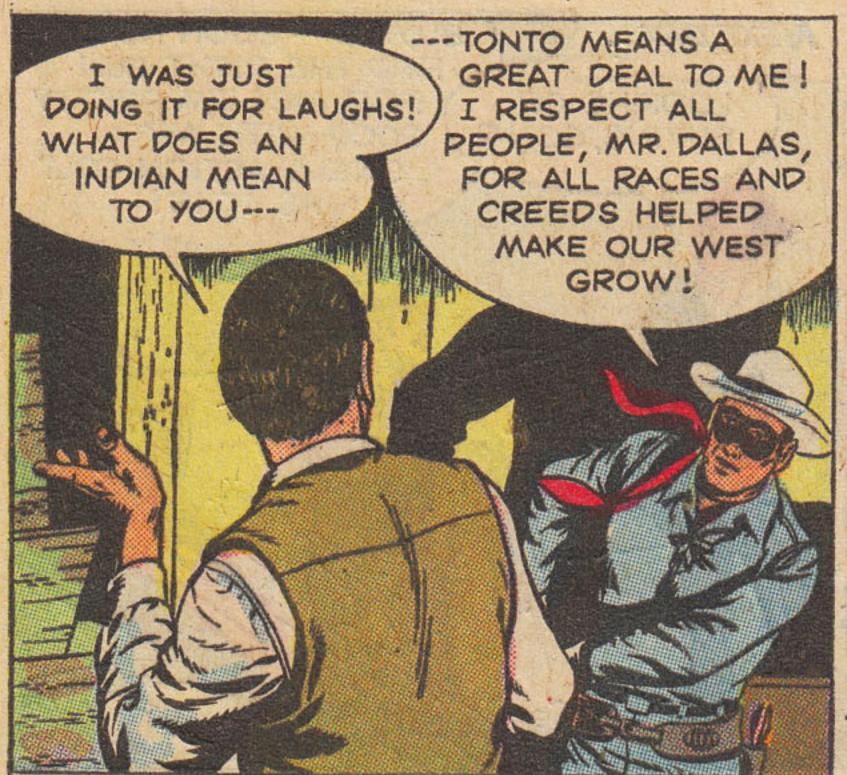


















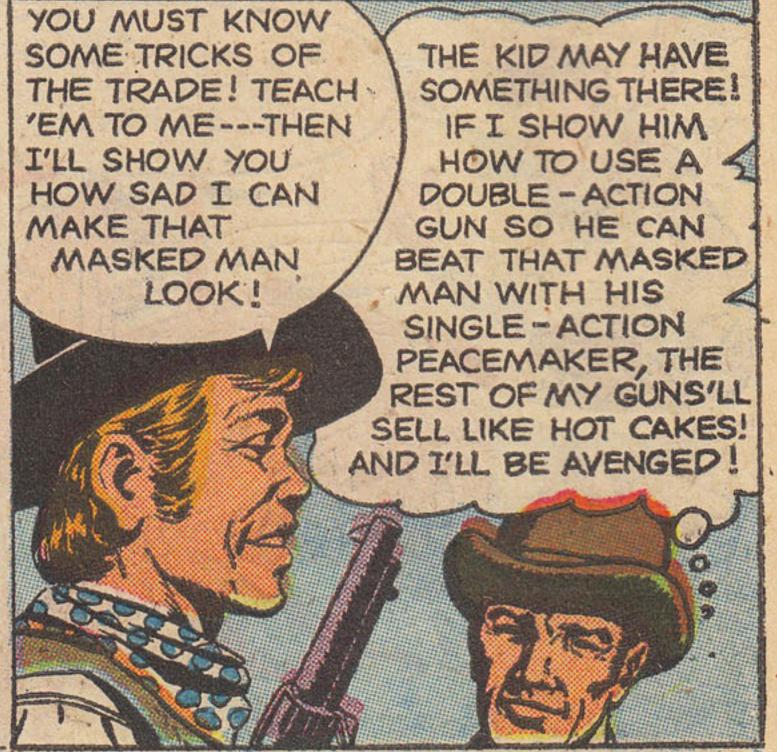


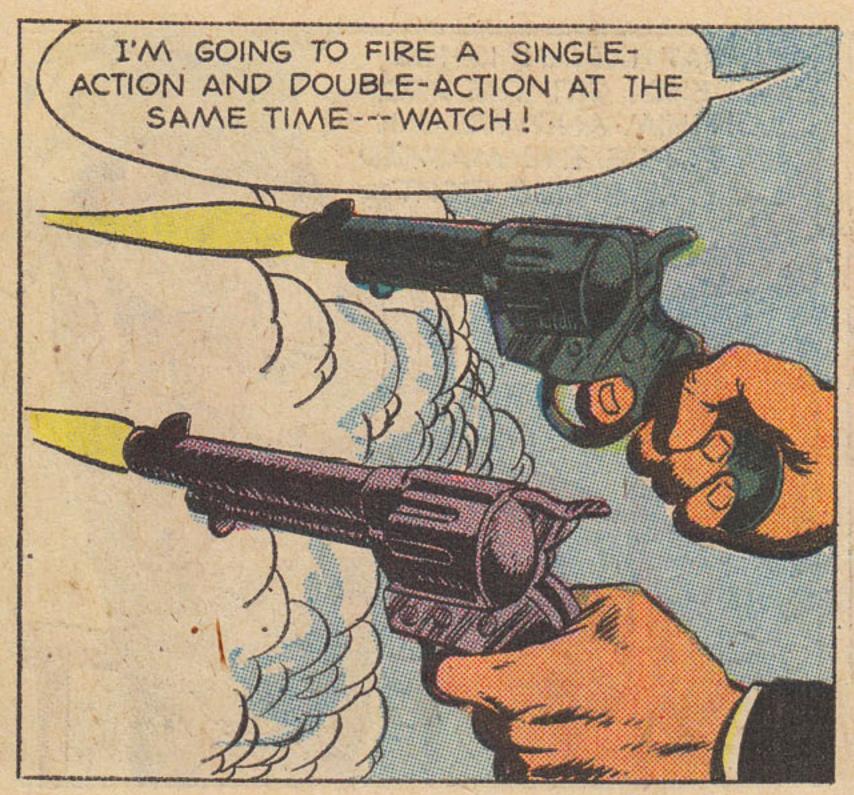










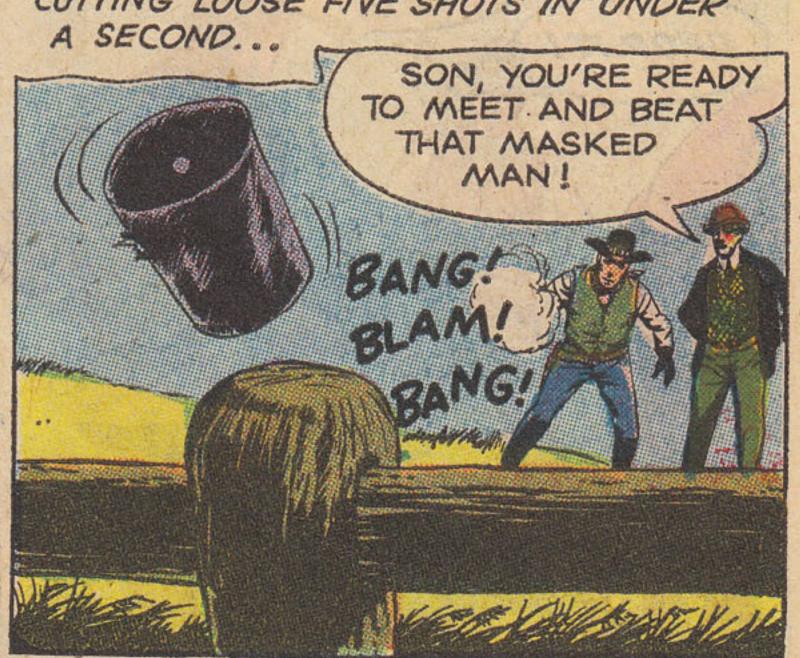




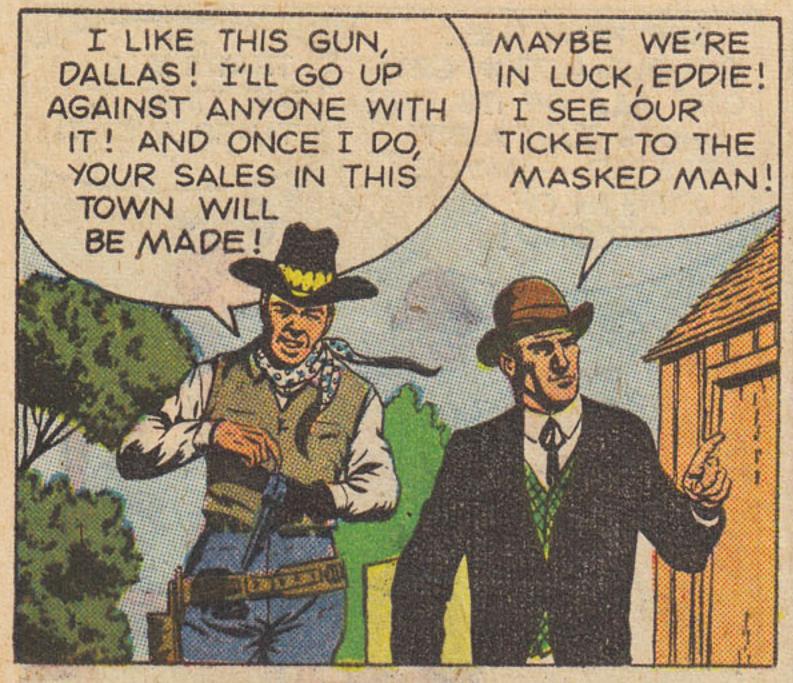






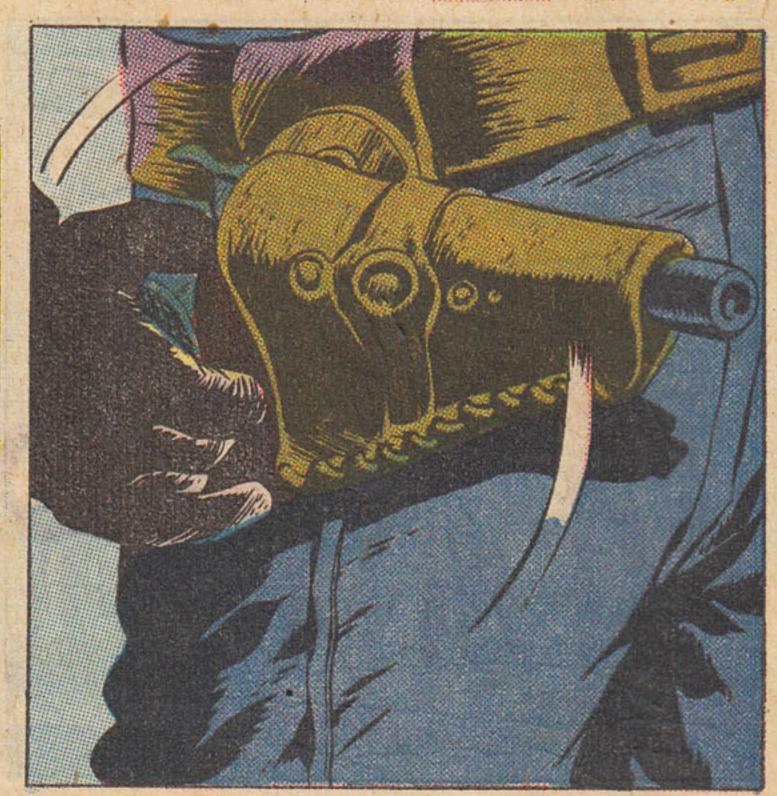


FOR THREE DAYS, EDDIE PRACTICES WITH THE DOUBLE-ACTION REVOLVER, CUTTING LOOSE FIVE SHOTS IN UNDER





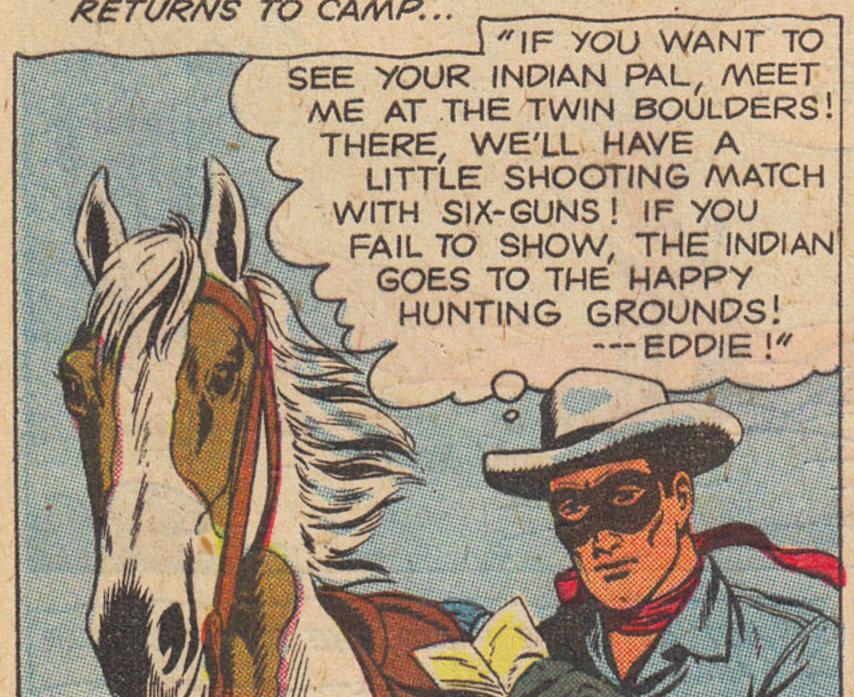




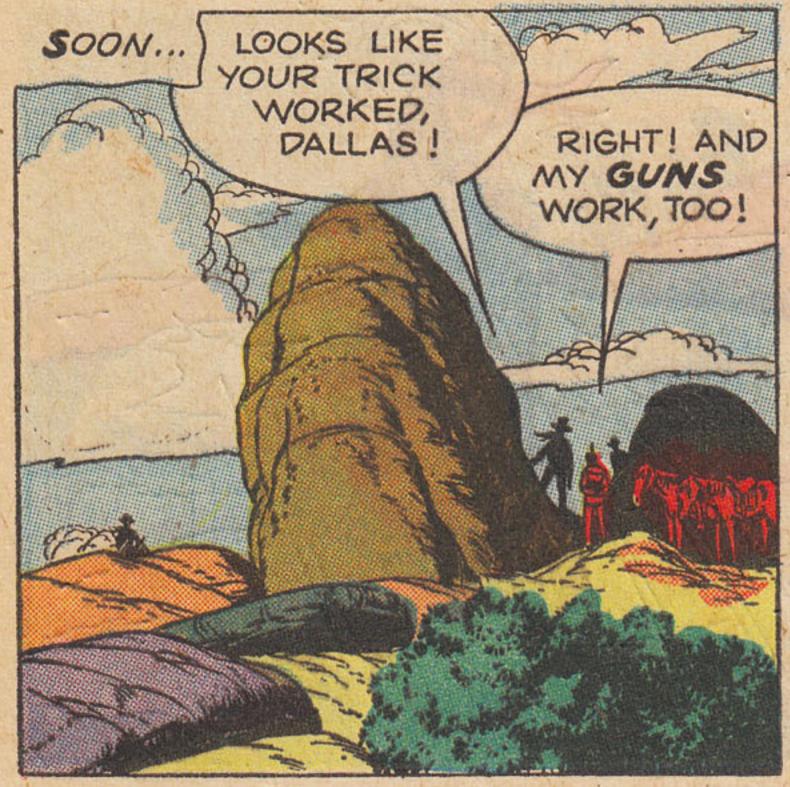


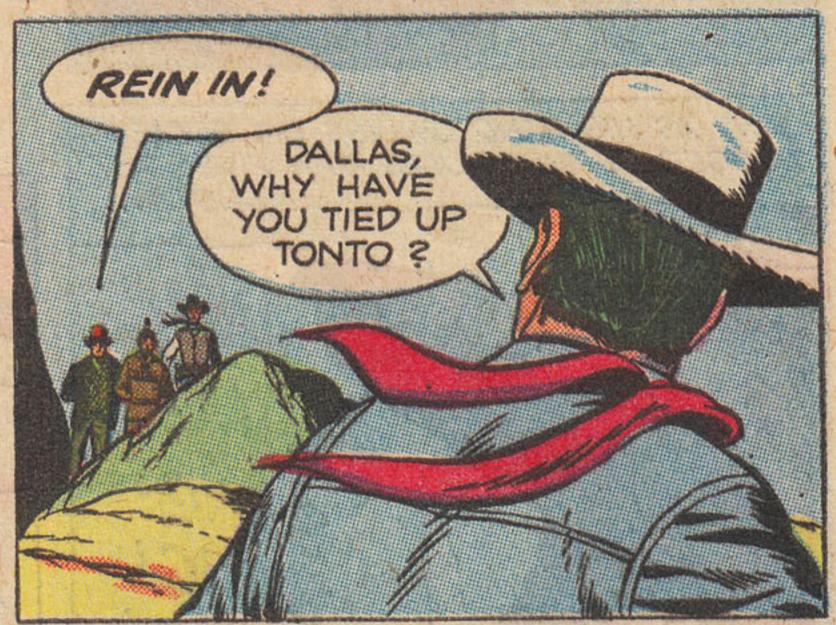


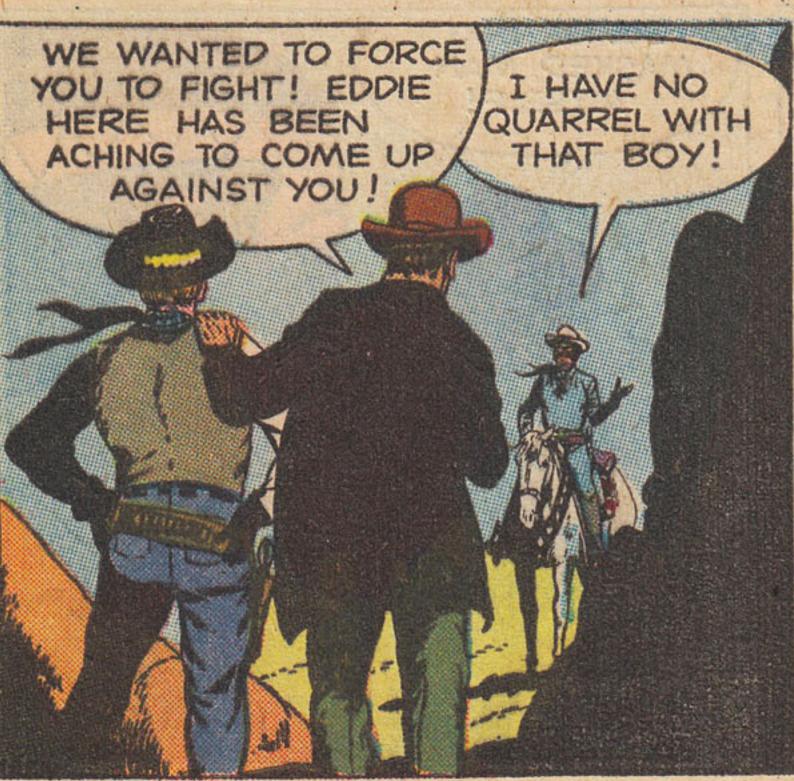
SENDING SCOUT OFF RIDERLESS, HE QUICKLY RETURNS TO CAMP ...

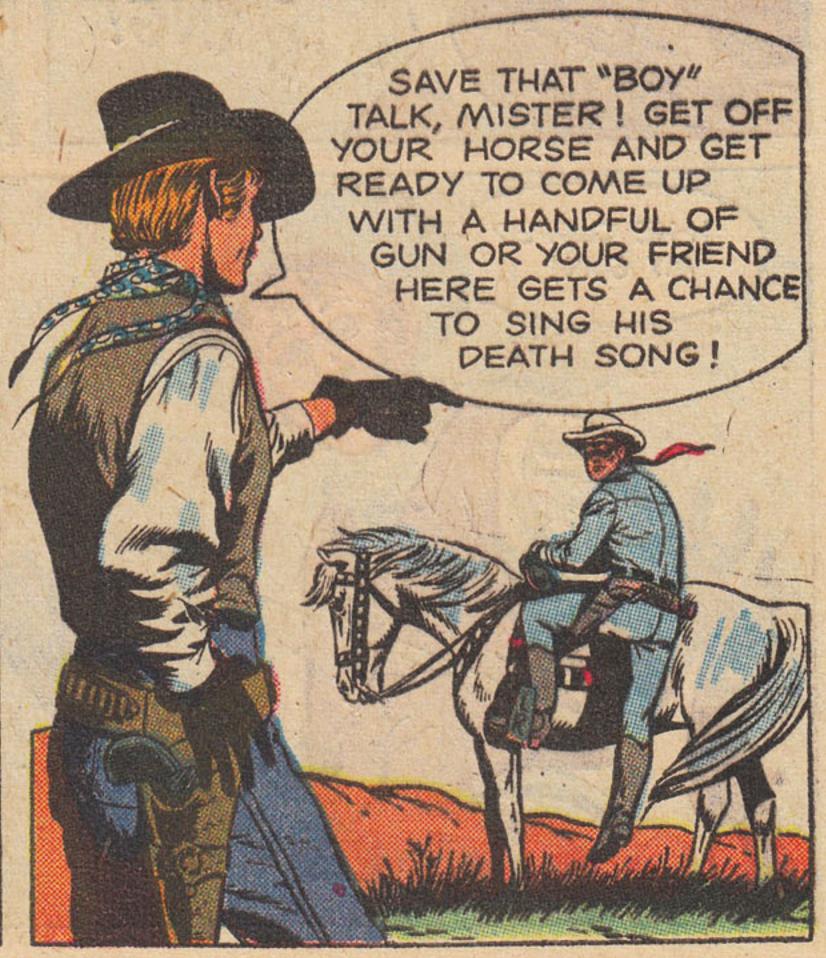


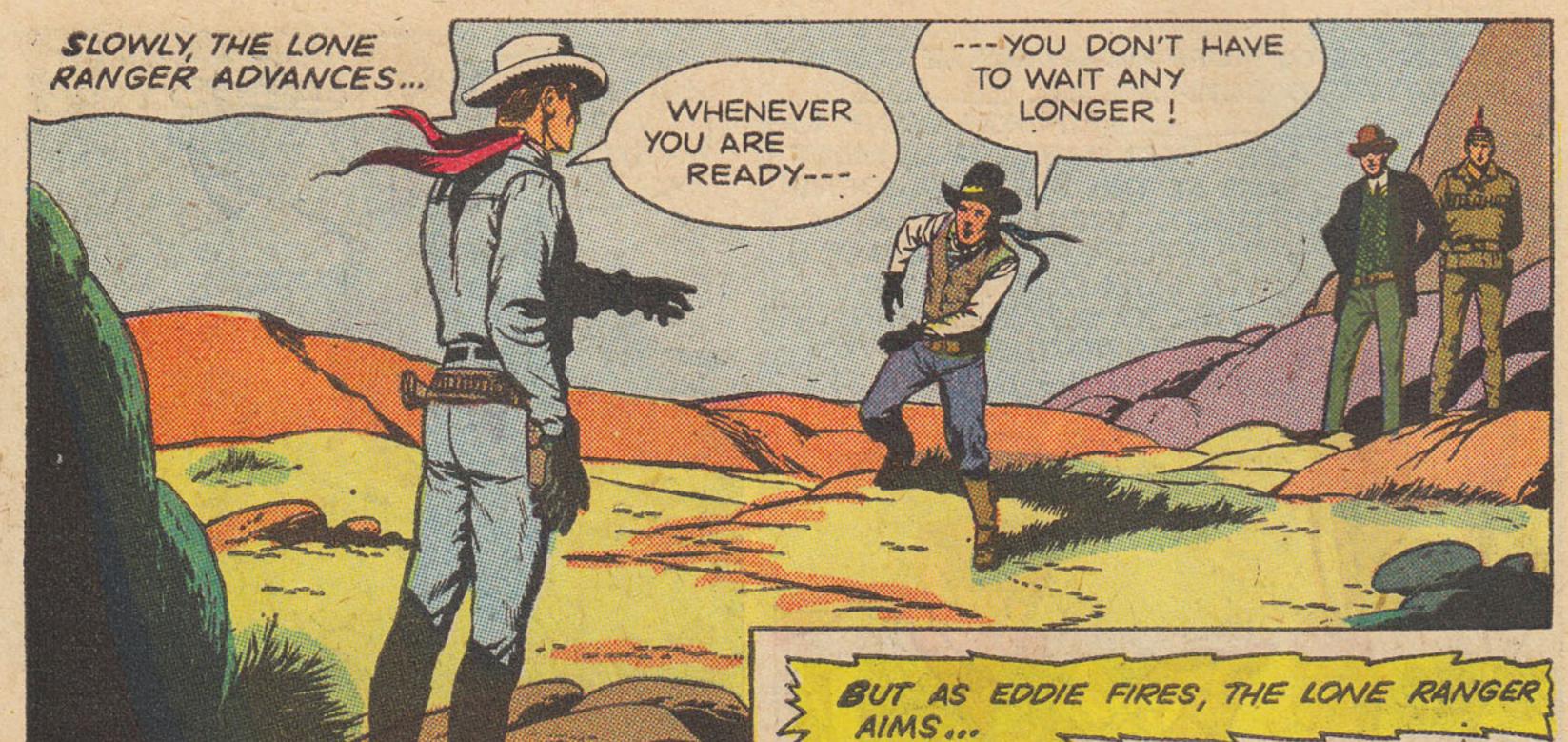


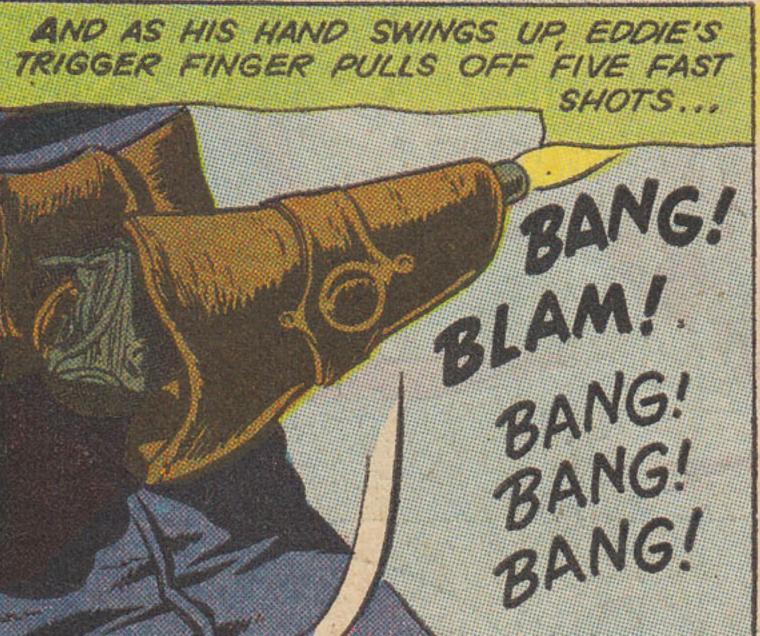


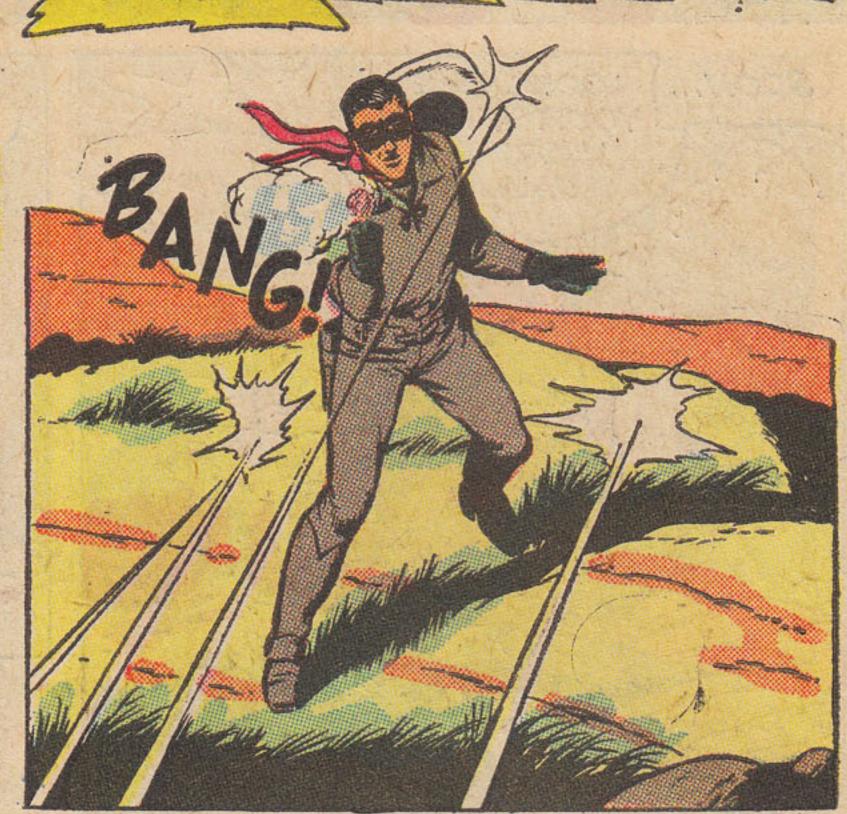














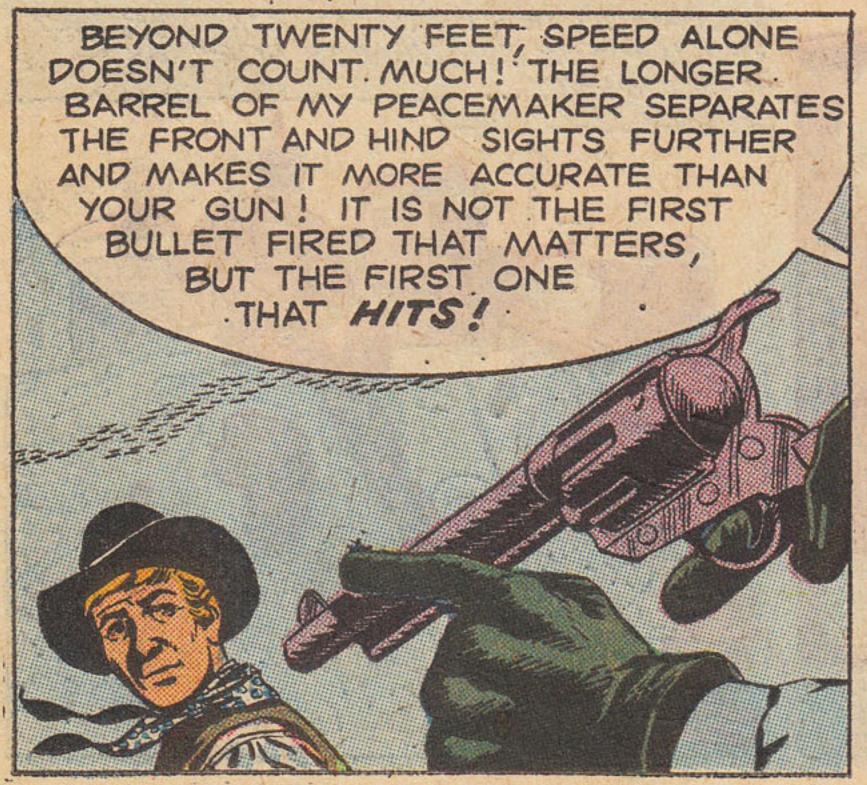




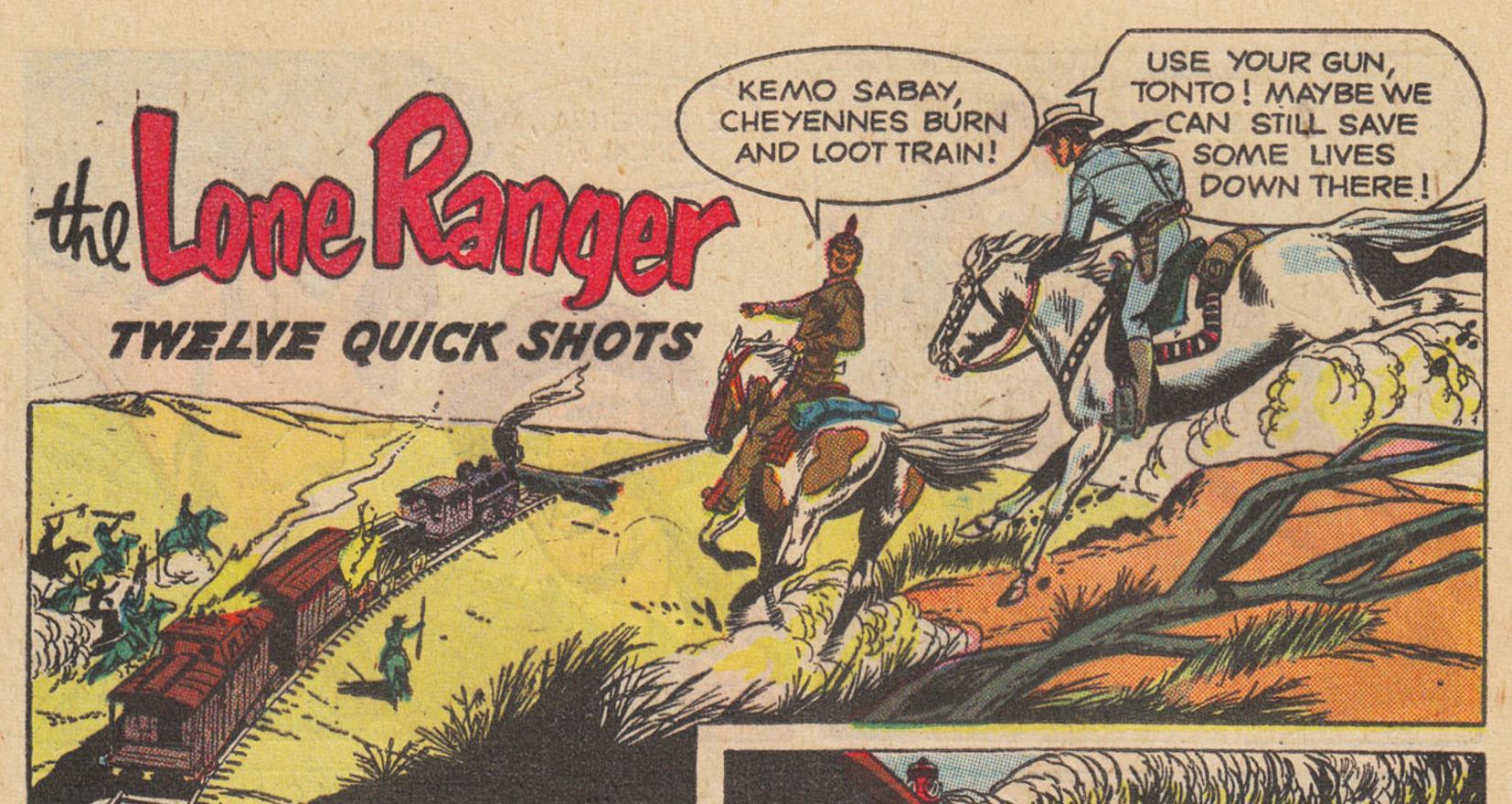


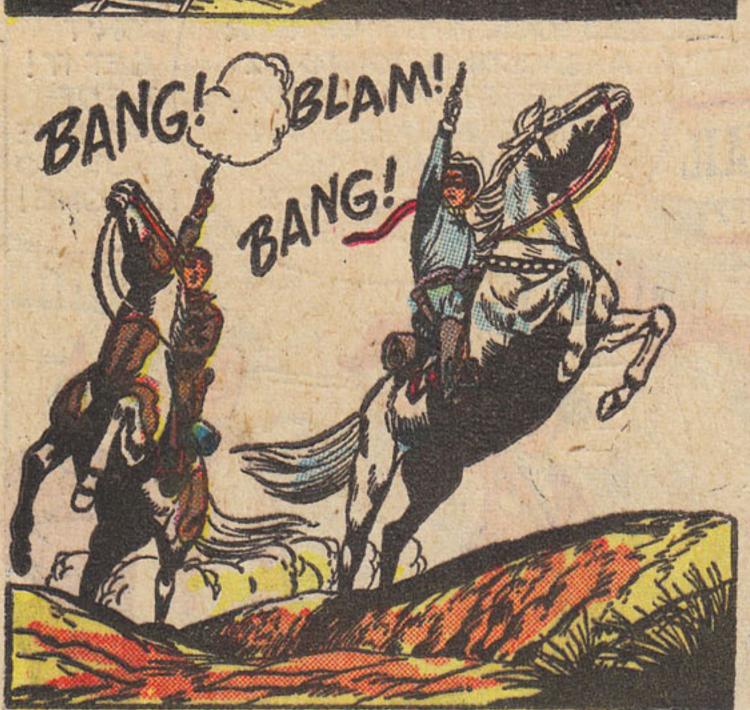






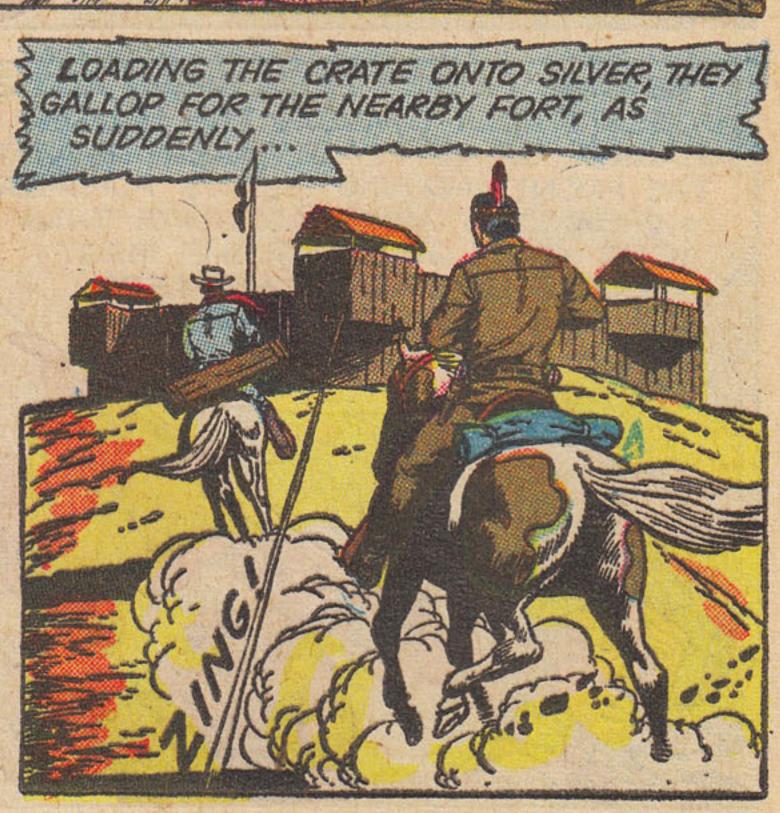




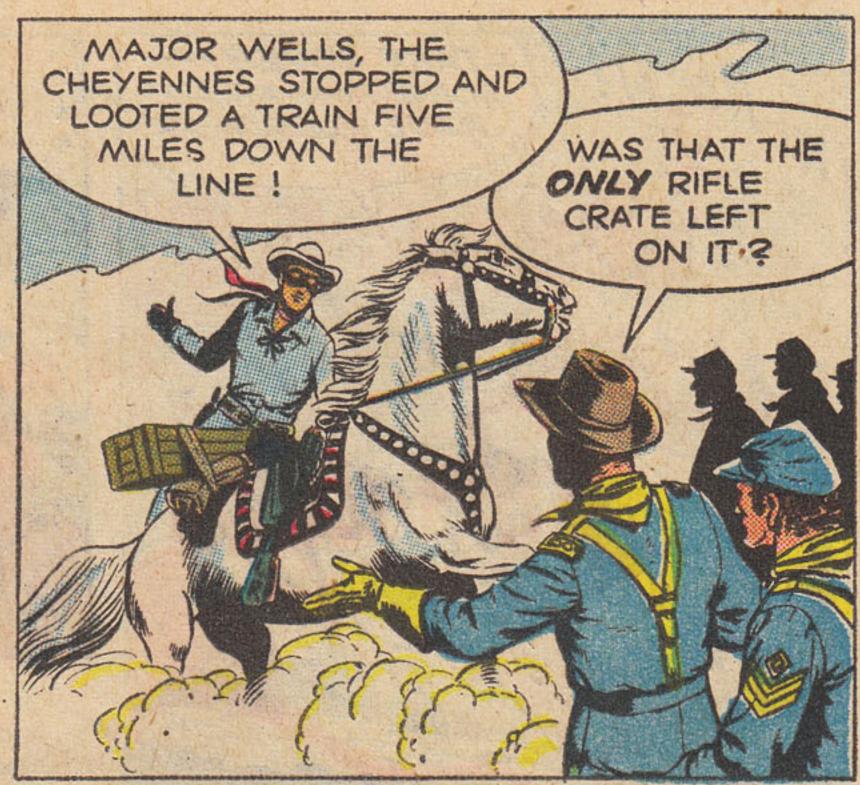


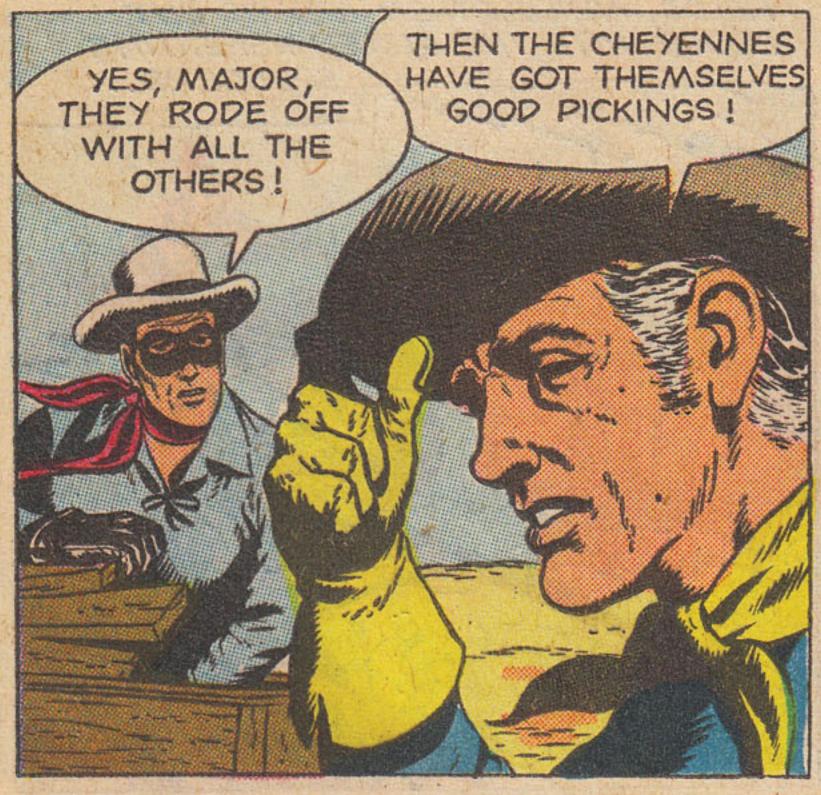










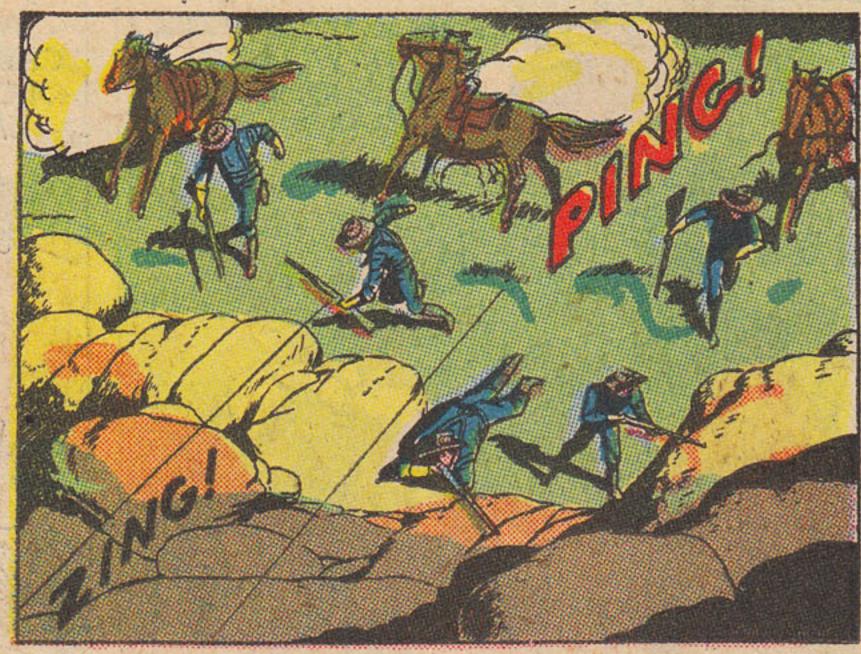






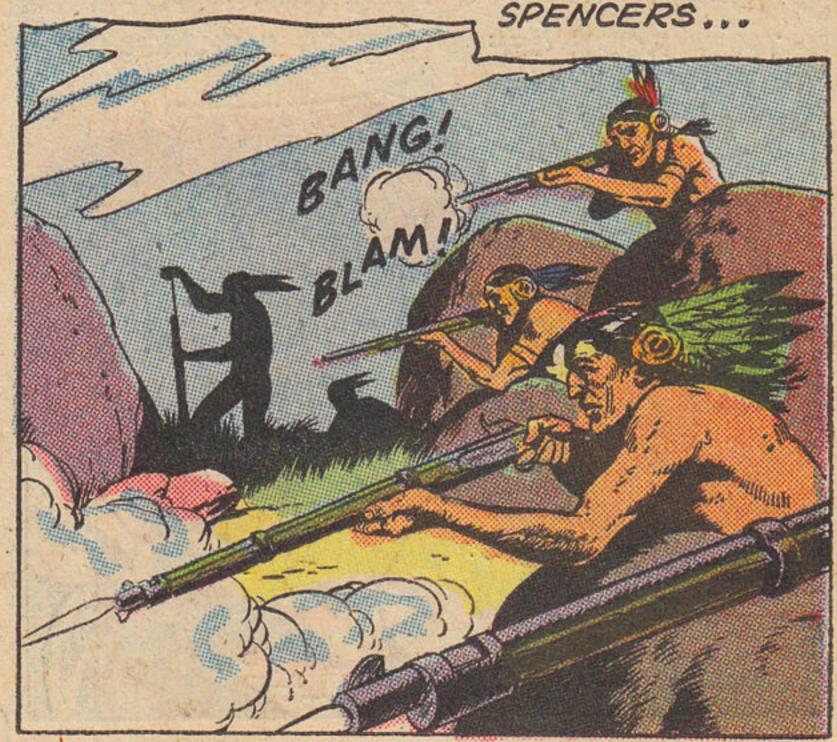


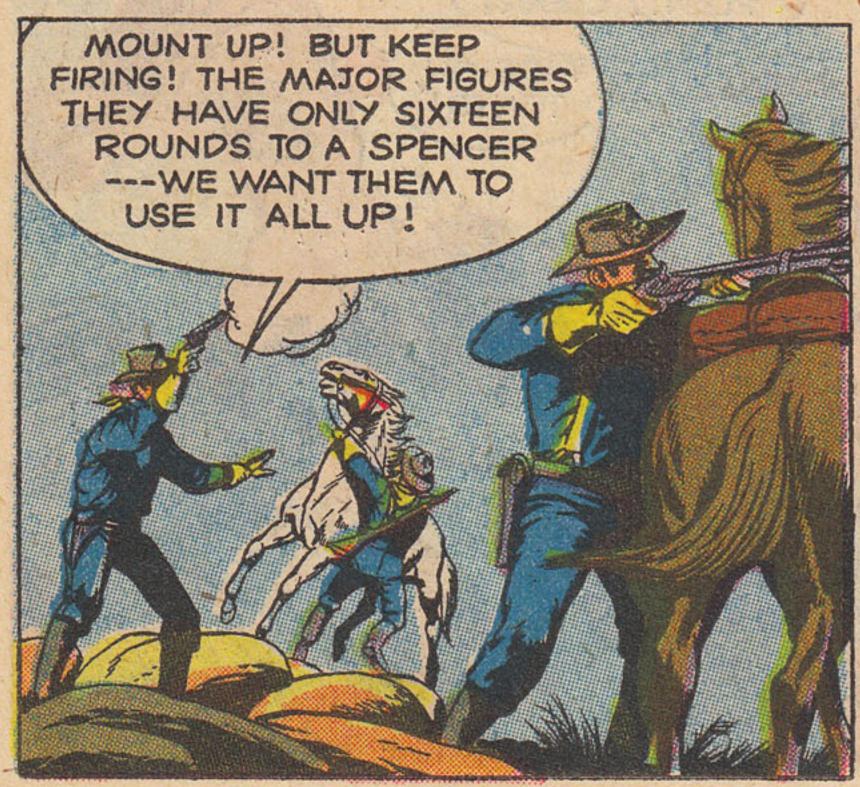




DOWN THE SLOPE THE CHEYENNES
FIRE, SOME STOPPING AFTER EVERY
BULLET TO RELOAD THEIR OLD SPRINGFIELDS, WHILE OTHER BRAYES CUT
LOOSE WITH THE STOLEN REPEATING
SPENCERS





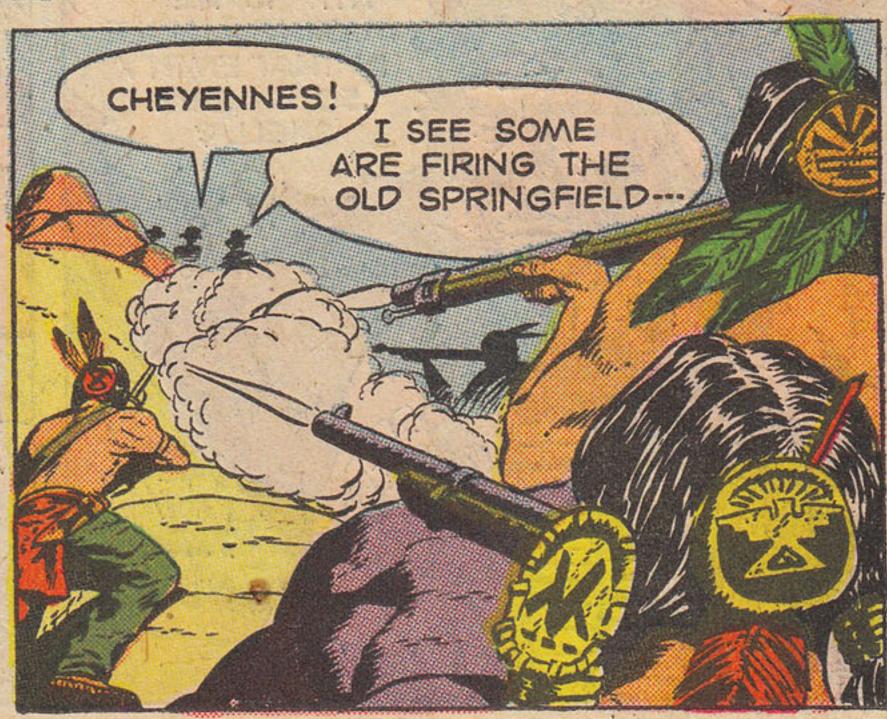














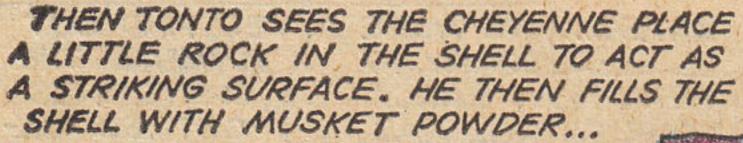


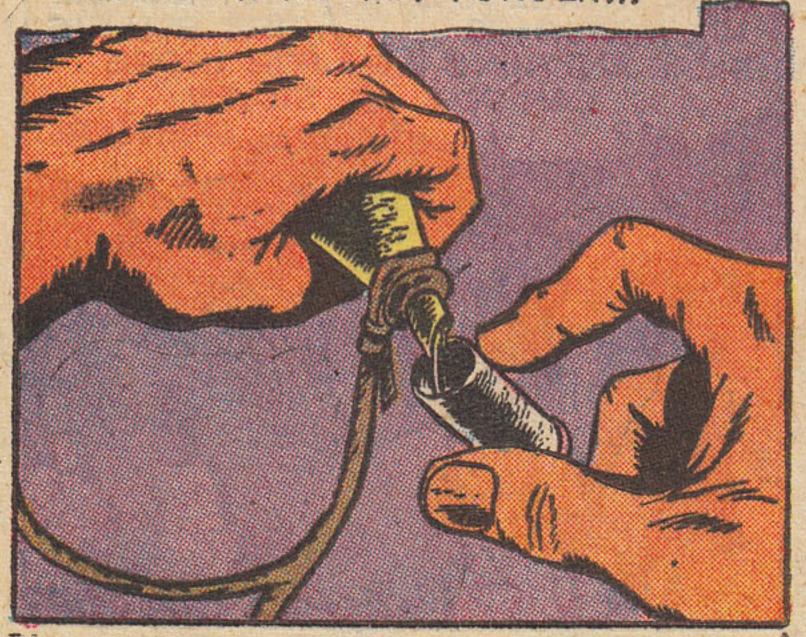
























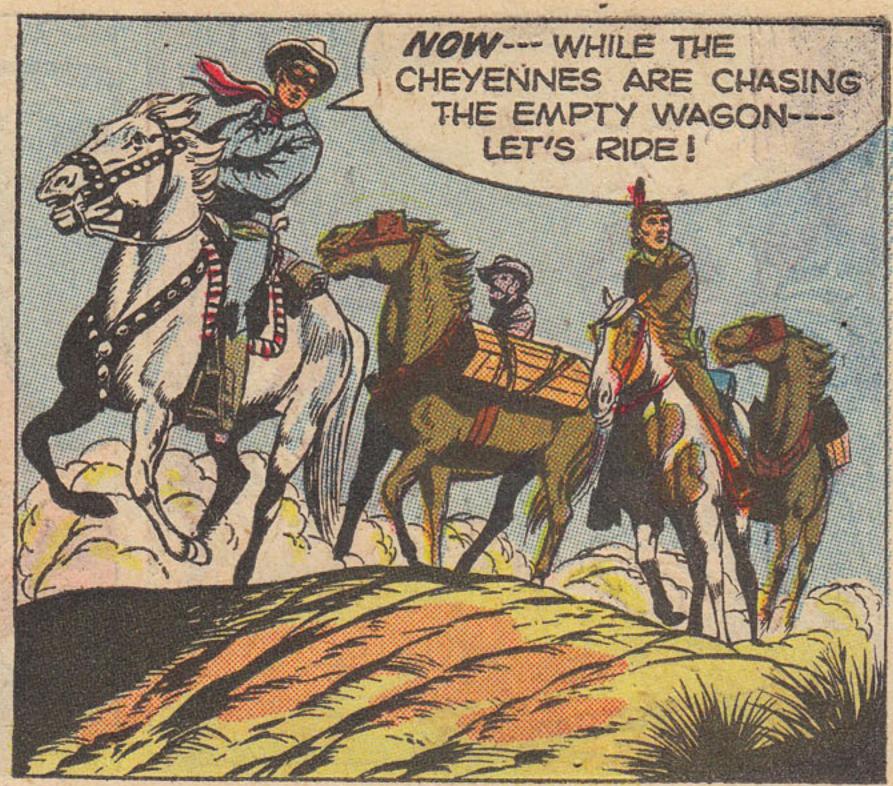






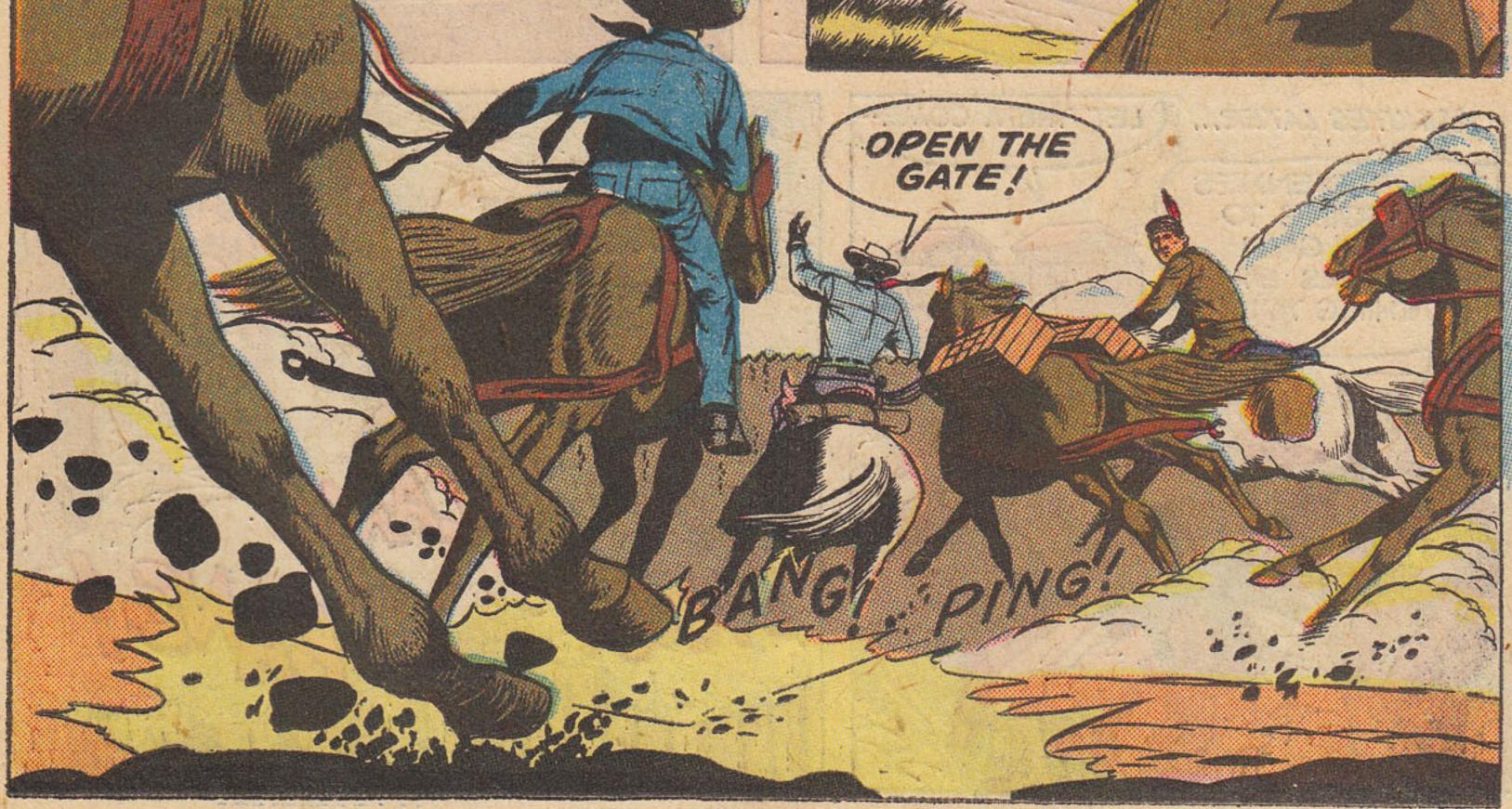


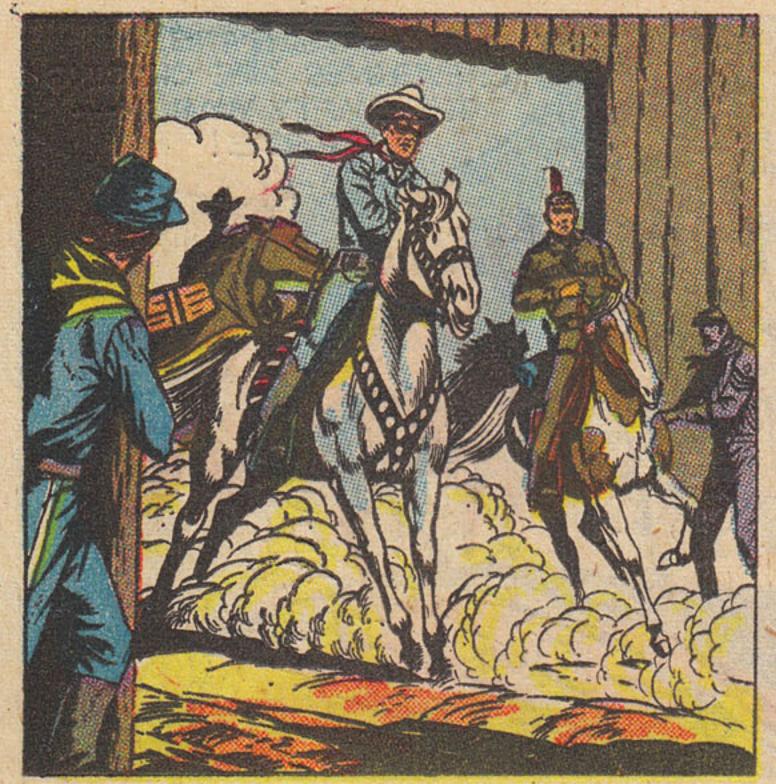












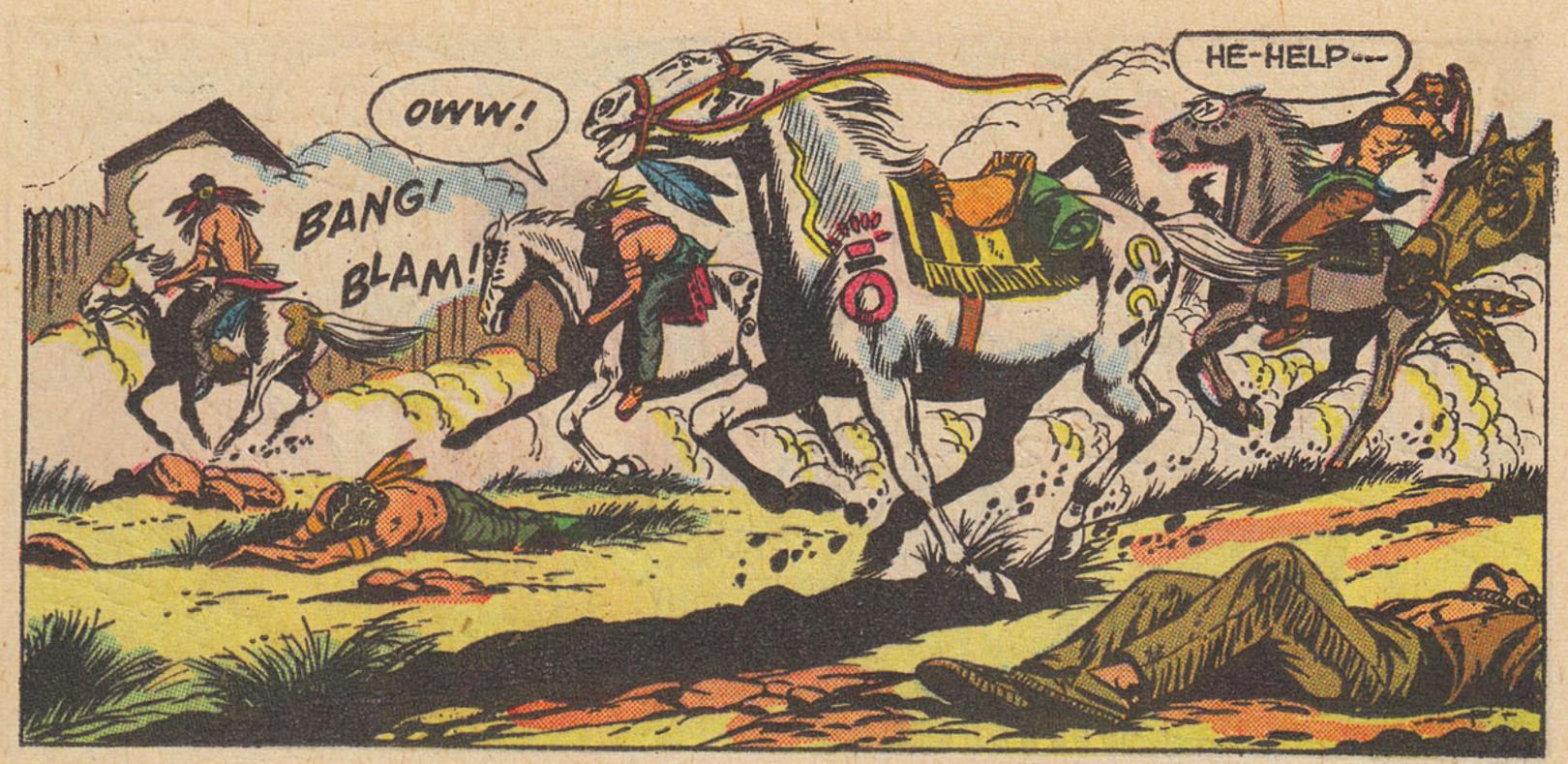


















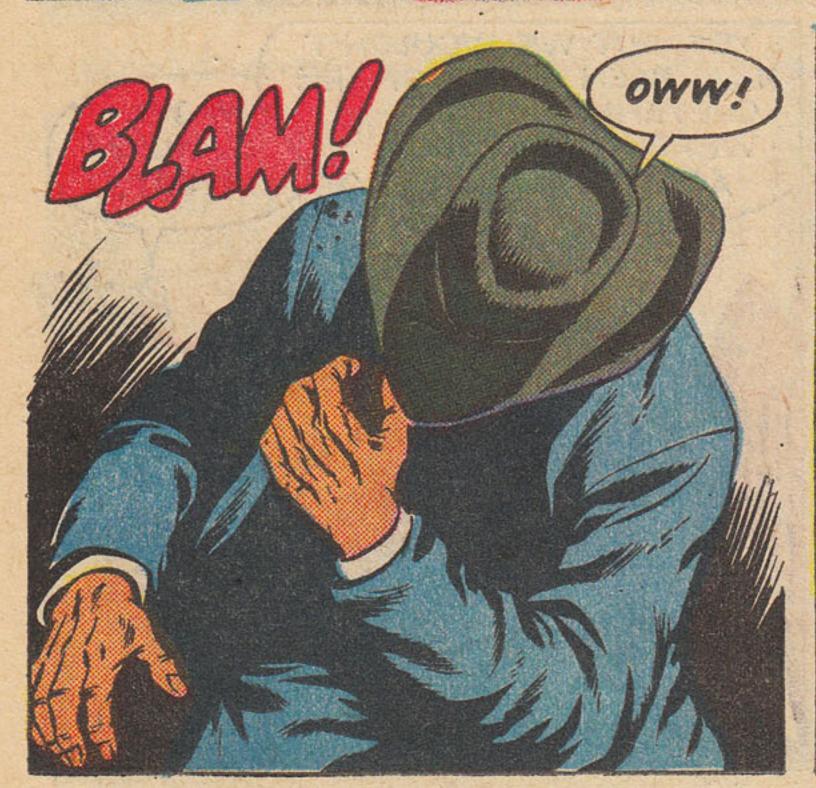












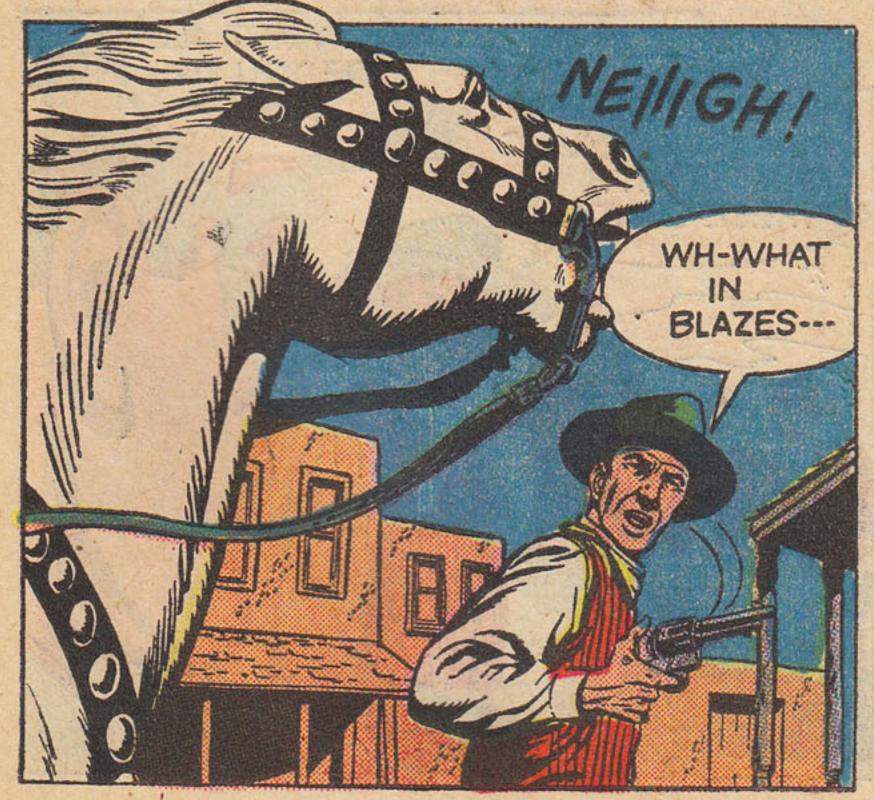


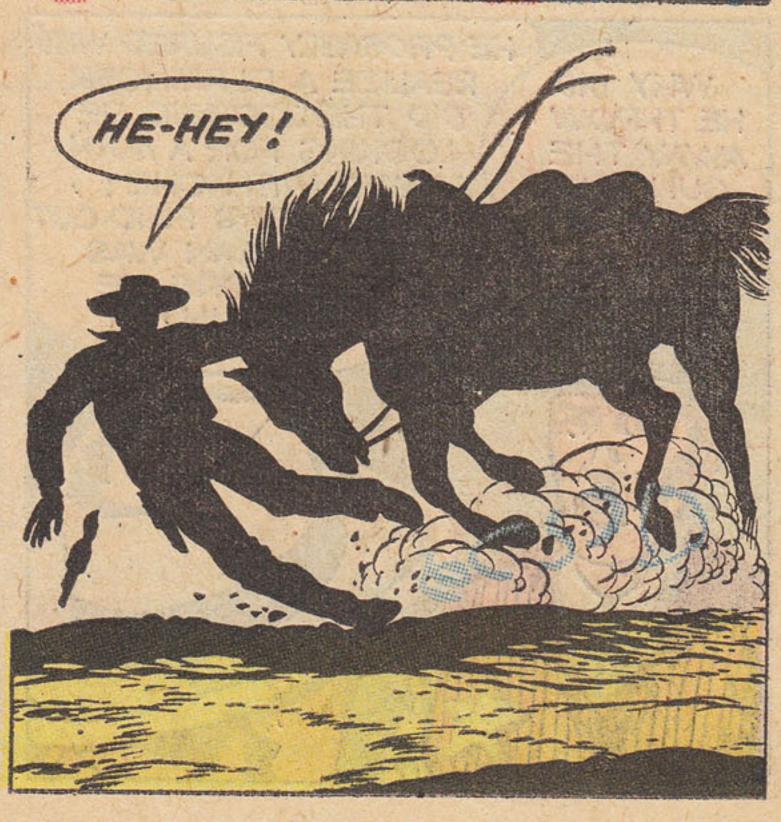










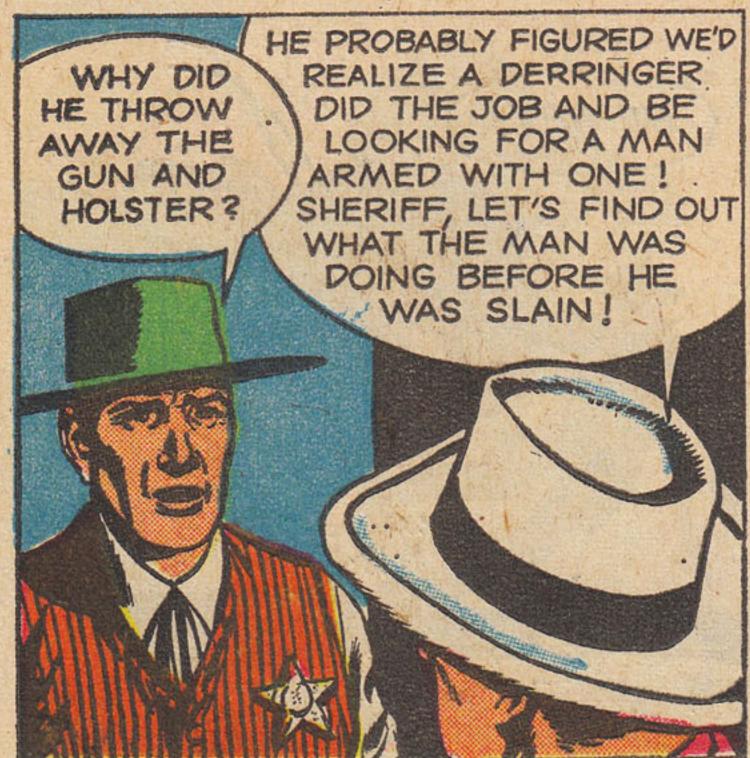














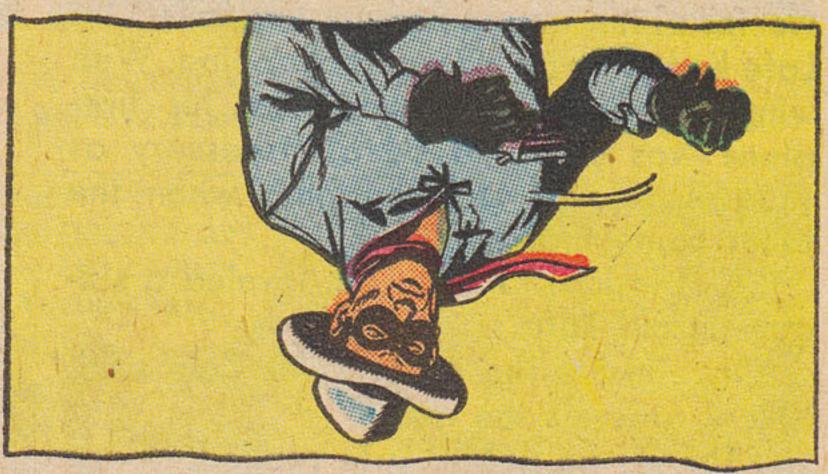








FOR SOLUTION, TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN ...



SINCE THE WRIST HOLSTER WAS FOR THE RIGHT WRIST ONLY, IT MEANT THE LONE NAW AND LIFE HIS LEFT HAND. WHEN THE LONE RANGER HAD TO DRAW AND RANGER HAD THE MONE WAS LEFT-HANDED!



"There's a killer in those hills," the sheriff told old Lafe Flannery. "You'd better come along with us for your own protection."

Lafe stood in the door of his cabin and shook his head at the sheriff and posse. "Nobody's going to bother me. I've got no gold—"

"You know that. But does the Killer? Yours is the only shack in 60 miles. If we don't take him first, he's bound to show up here," the sheriff warned.

Lafe chuckled. "I don't kill easy, sheriff. You'll be riding back this way. If the Killer shows up, I'll save him for you."

The posse moved on—into the trackless wastes of the frozen Redemption Hills. Old Lafe kept on with his wood chopping. With winter closing down, wood for his fire-place was going to be as necessary as food. Lafe was still chopping when the Killer came that night.

"Get inside!" Killer Cain leveled a sixgun on old Lafe.

Once inside the cabin Killer Cain said, "Now, where's the gold?"

"There's no gold," Lafe replied. "I just hunt and trap."

Killer Cain snarled, "It's going to be cold enough to freeze fire tonight. You're going out there in it without a coat. You can come back in when you remember where the gold is."

Lafe had no choice. Outside he stomped around in the night cold, his teeth chattering and his old ribs feeling like a cage of icicles over his heart. He knew he could never last the night. An owl hooted from the big pine tree next to the cabin. Lafe climbed the tree and crawled out on the long branch. He might last a little longer close to his cabin chimney that puffed out its warm smoke . . .

When the sheriff's posse rode back the next morning they found old Lafe chopping wood again. "We didn't see hide nor hair of the Killer," the sheriff said. "But I see you're still alive, old timer."

"I am," Lafe told him. "Your killer is inside—tied up."

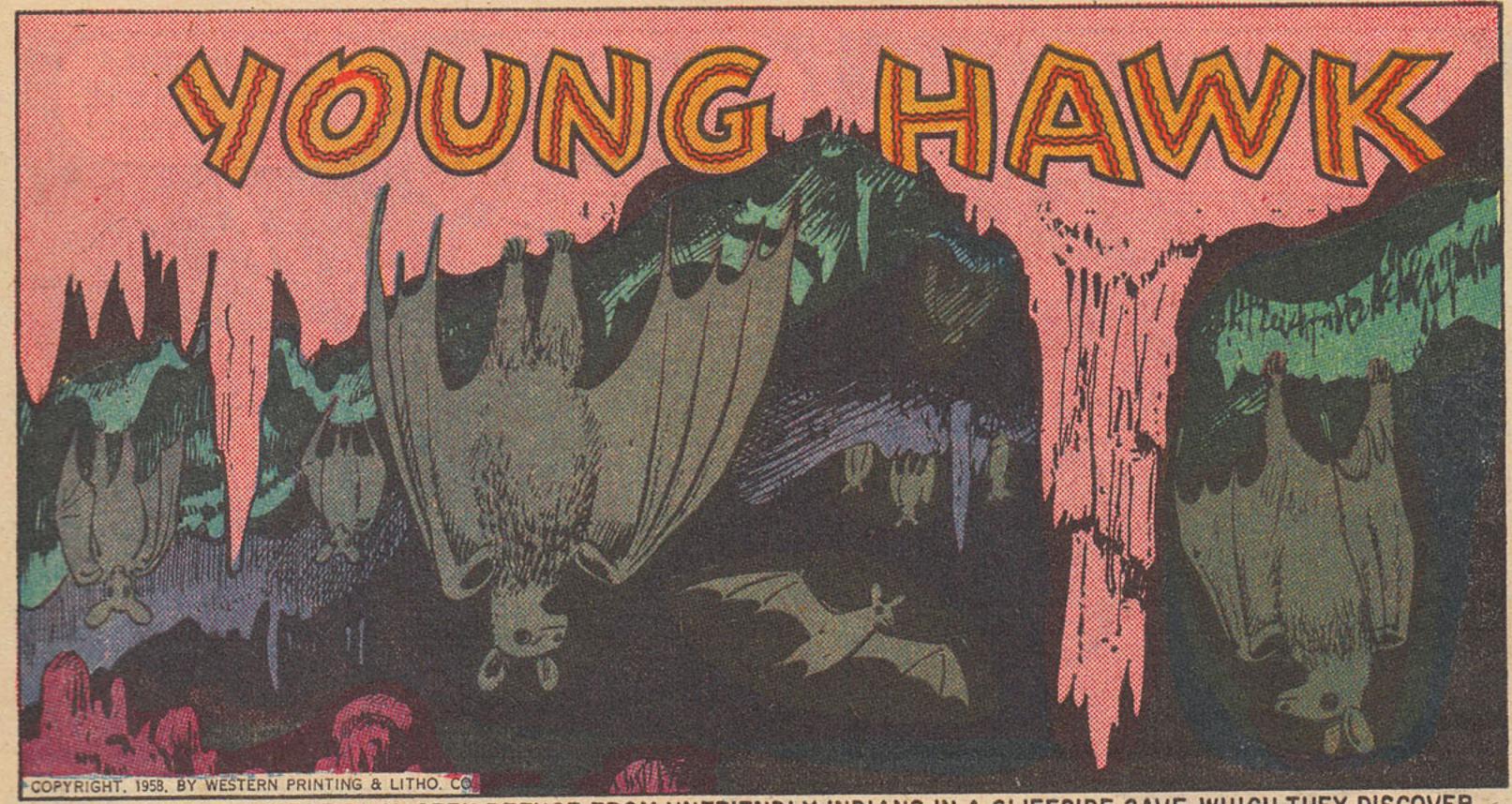
They stared at Lafe.

"He was plumb tuckered out when he hove in here last night," Lafe explained. "So tired I knew he'd sleep sound. He thought I had gold like you said, and he put me out in the cold to die. But shucks, all I had to do was stuff a few pine branches down the chimney and stop it up enough so some fire-gas backed up in the cabin. It put him unconscious, breathing it while he was sleeping—then I went in and tied him up."

"Now I've heard everything," the sher-

iff said admiringly.

"Shucks," old Lafe said. "I told you I'd save him for you."



YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK SEEK REFUGE FROM UNFRIENDLY INDIANS IN A CLIFFSIDE CAVE, WHICH THEY DISCOVER IS ACTUALLY A LARGE CAVERN. IN THE DIMNESS OF THE LIMESTONE CAVERN, ONLY THE BATS KNOW THAT SUNSET IS APPROACHING IN THE WORLD OUTSIDE.

YOUNG HAWK SLEEPS SOUNDLY--- BUT LITTLE BUCK, OPPRES-SED BY THE CAVERN'S MUSTY AIR HAS A NIGHTMARE.



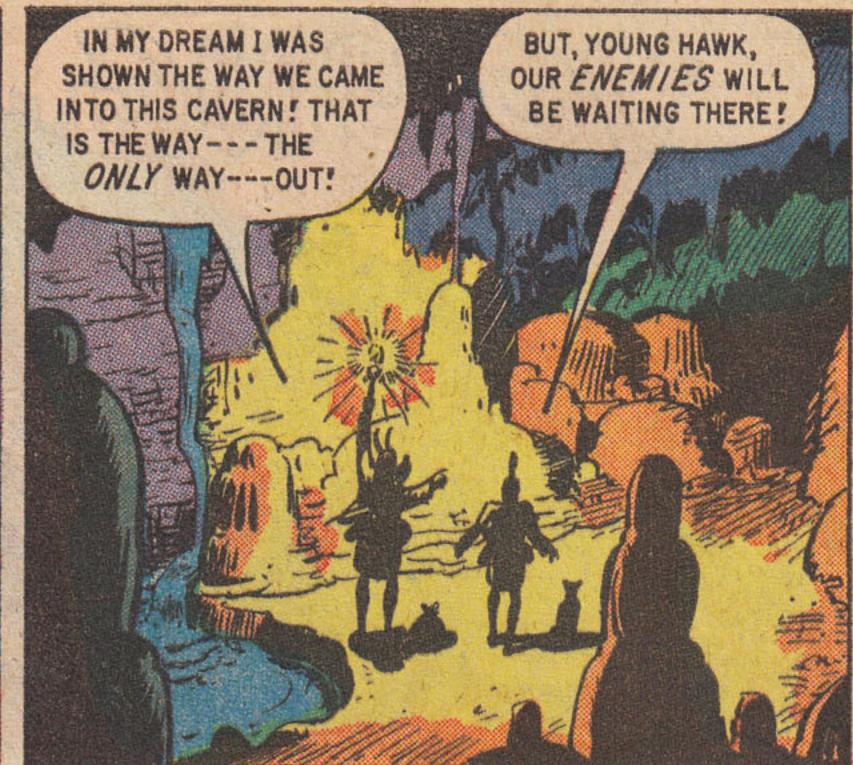




OPENING THE CLAMSHELL WHERE HE HAS KEPT A HOT COAL ALIVE WHILE HE SLEPT, LITTLE BUCK BLOWS IT TO A GLOWING RED.



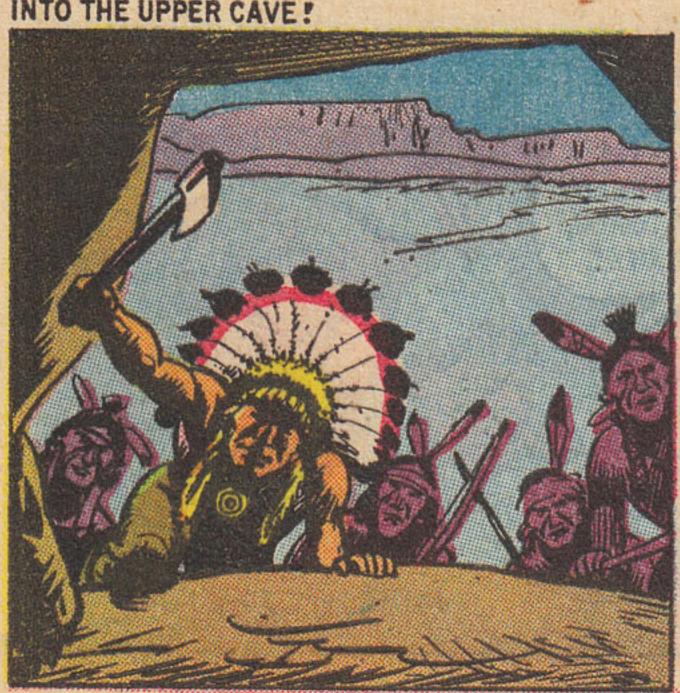








AT THAT MOMENT FIERCE WARRIORS ARE PEERING INTO THE UPPER CAVE!



AND WITH A SILENT RUSH, THEY ENTER!







SUDDENLY A CLOUD OF BATS, BOUND FOR THE OUT-SIDE ON THEIR EVENING FLIGHT, SWEEPS PAST TOWARD THE UPPER CAVE! AND TUMBLEWEED HOWLS IN TERROR!

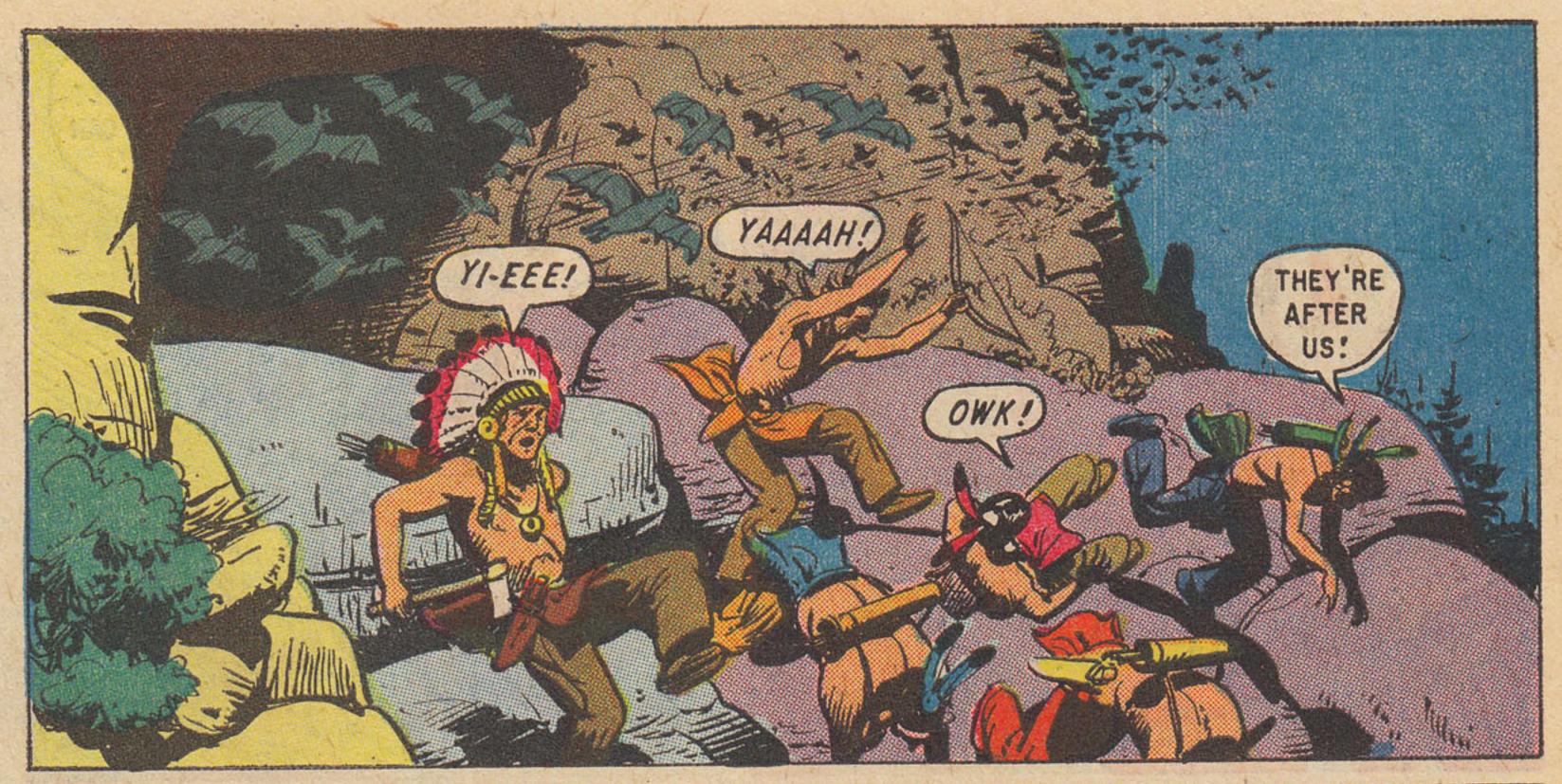


ECHOED AND RE-ECHOED, THE LITTLE DOG'S HOWLS ARE TERRIFYING IN THE CAVERN'S BLACKNESS!



. AND THE ROARING FLIGHT OF BATS TURNS FRIGHT INTO BLIND PANIC!





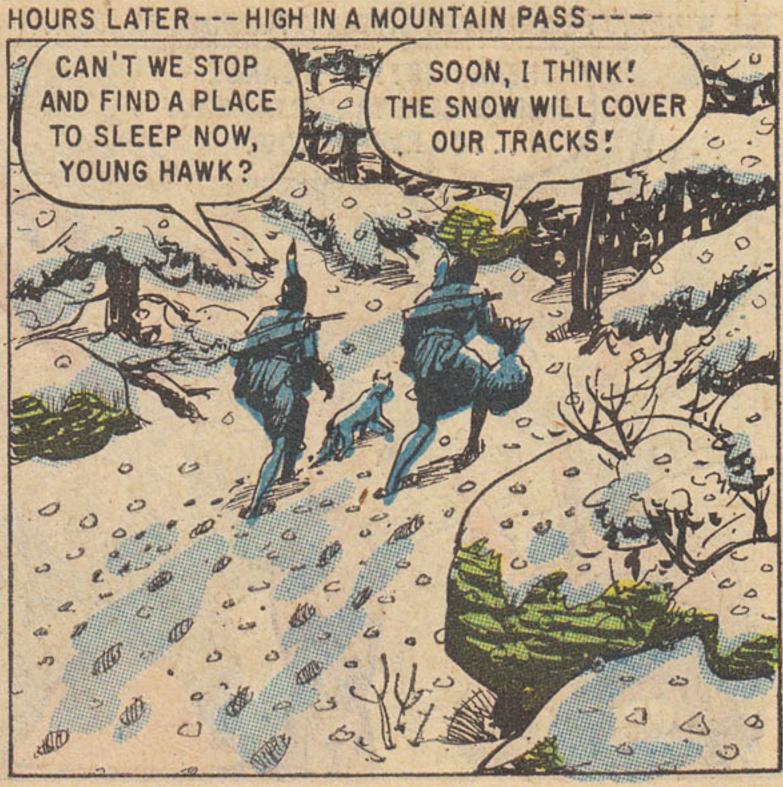








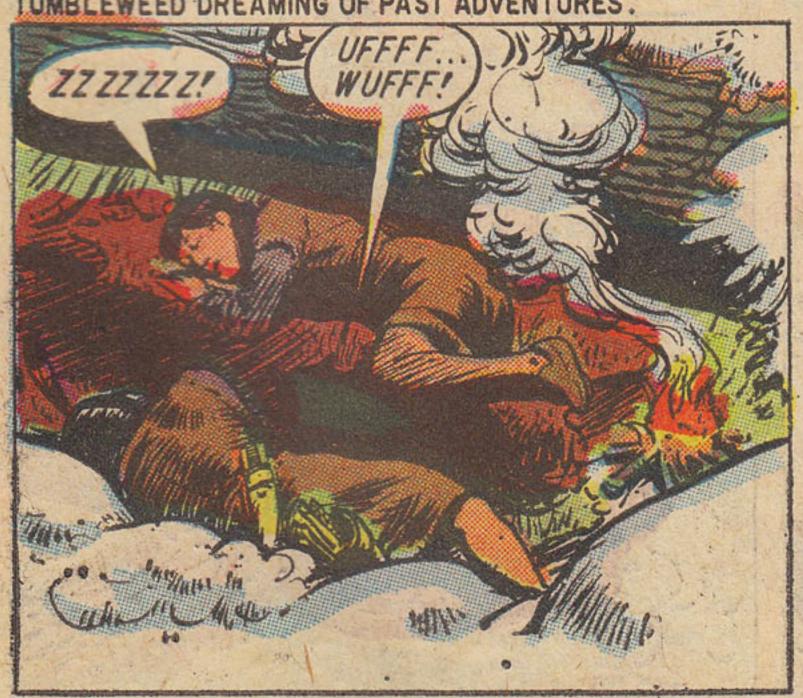






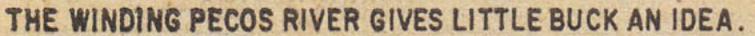


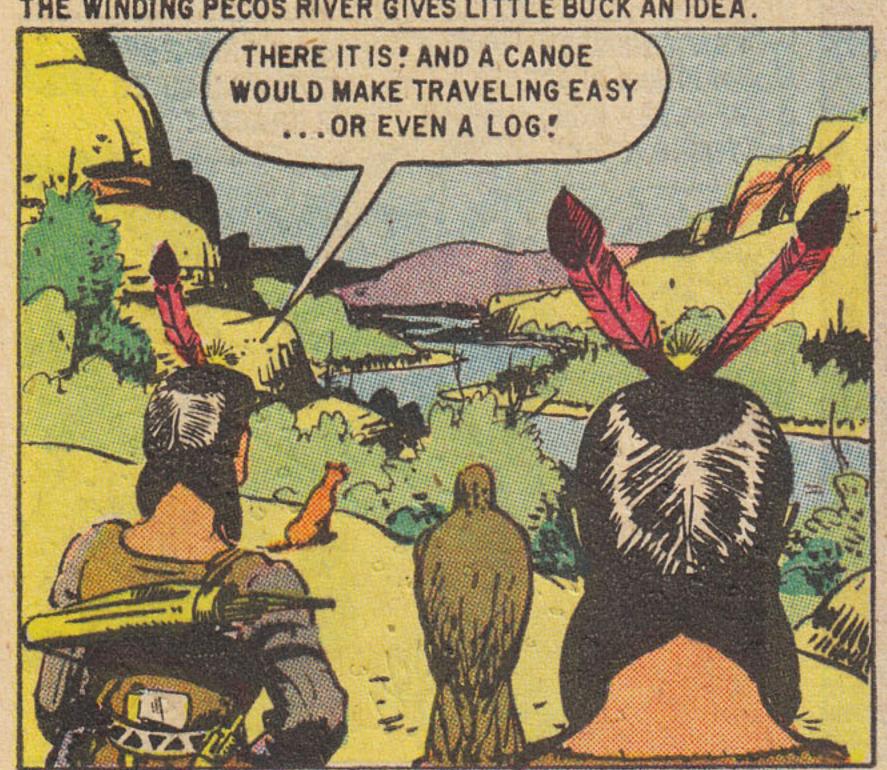
SOON BOTH THE BOYS AND THEIR DOG ARE SOON ASLEEP,
TUMBLEWEED DREAMING OF PAST ADVENTURES.

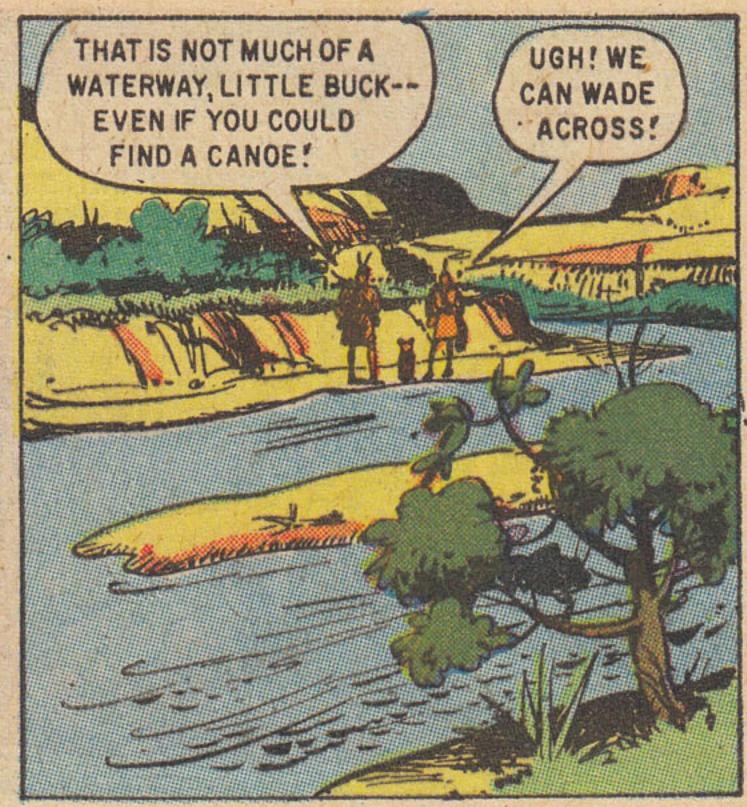


AT NOON THE NEXT DAY--- ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS---















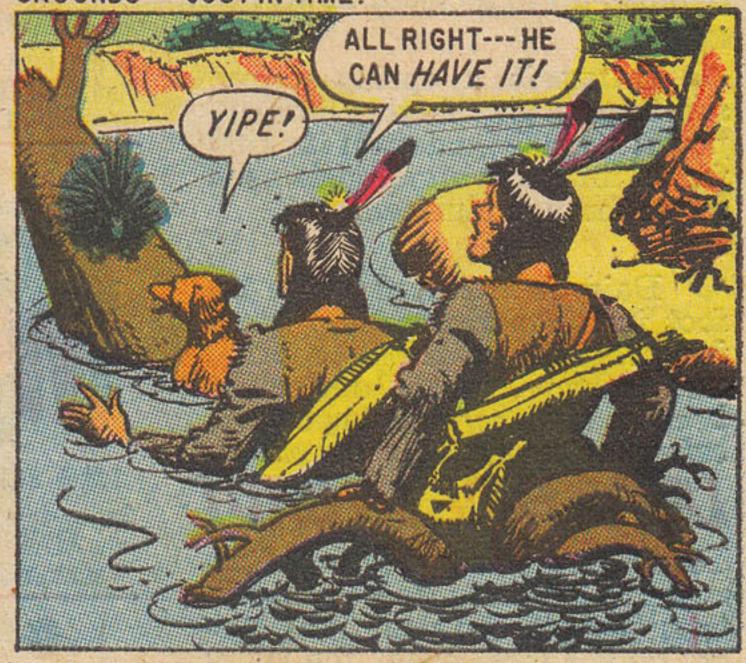


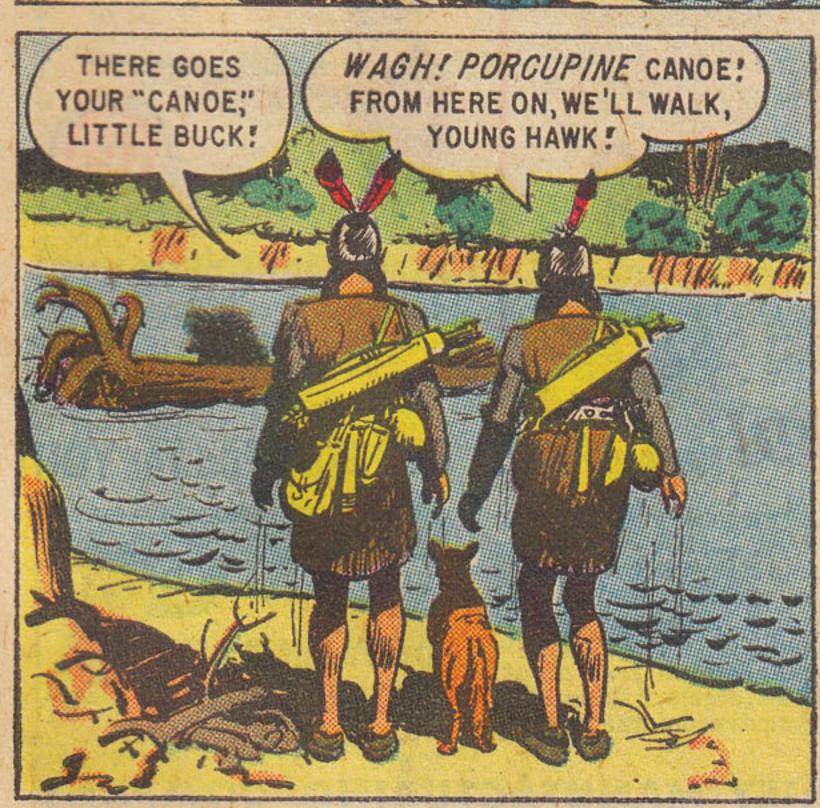






AROUND THE BEND THE LOG'S WEIGHTED END GROUNDS --- JUST IN TIME!

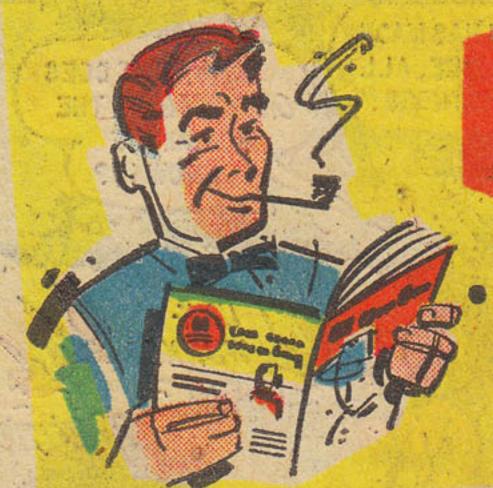






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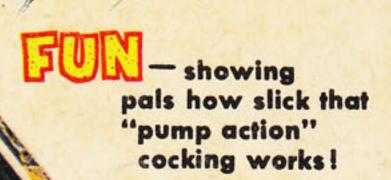
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