

14 DELL COMICS  
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# ZANE GREY'S

PICTURIZED EDITION

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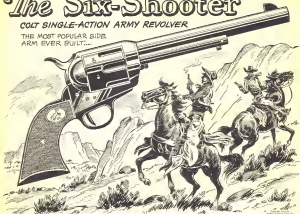
# The Ranger



# The "Six-Shooter"

COLT SINGLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER

THE MOST POPULAR SIDE  
ARM EVER BUILT....



**T**HE FRONTIER MODEL, PEACEMAKER, HOGLEG, SIX-GUN, OR SINGLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER WAS FIRST PLACED ON THE MARKET IN 1873 AND IS STILL BEING MANUFACTURED. FOR ALMOST SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS IT HAS BEEN THE FAVORITE WEAPON OF COWBOYS, FRONTIER MARSHALS, AND ALL THOSE MEN WHO LIVE IN REMOTE SECTIONS AND WANT A GUN THAT IS DURABLE, STURDY, AND FOOLPROOF. THIS

SIX-SHOOTER MAY BE HAD IN THREE DIFFERENT BARREL LENGTHS, 4", 5", OR 7 1/2". IT IS OBTAINABLE IN SEVERAL CALIBRES—32-20, 38 SPECIAL, 357 MAGNUM, 38-40, 44 SPECIAL, 44-40 AND 45 COLT. IT IS CLAIMED THAT MANY OLD-TIME PEACE OFFICERS AND GUNMEN FILED OFF THE TRIGGER OF THESE GUNS AND FANNED THE HAMMER, THEREBY

GIVING THEM AS MUCH SPEED AS IS ATTAINED IN MODERN DOUBLE-ACTION OR AUTOMATIC WEAPONS. THE HOLSTERS FOR THESE GUNS WERE MADE SO THEY TIPPED SLIGHTLY FORWARD AND WITH THE TRIGGER EXPOSED IN ORDER TO MAKE A QUICK DRAW POSSIBLE. FOR A LONG TIME CARBINES OR SADDLE RIFLES WERE AVAILABLE IN 32-20, 38-40 AND 44-40 CALIBRES, THEREBY MAKING IT NECESSARY TO CARRY ONLY ONE SIZE OF CARTRIDGES TO FIT BOTH SIX-SHOOTER AND RIFLE. DOUBLE-ACTION REVOLVERS WERE INTRODUCED IN THE 1870'S AND 80'S AND THE FIRST SWING-OUT CYLINDER REVOLVER WAS ADOPTED BY THE U.S. NAVY IN 1889. HISTORY STATES THAT "BILLIE THE KID," NOTORIOUS GUNMAN AND OUTLAW, CARRIED ONE OF THE FIRST DOUBLE-ACTION REVOLVERS, A 41 CALIBRE COLT.





BETWEEN TWO LIVES  
STANDS BUCK DUANE,  
THE REIGNED OUTLAW—  
BETWEEN THE DARK  
TRAIL OF THE HUNTER,  
CREATED KILLER—  
AND THE DANGEROUS  
ROAD TO HONOR AS  
A TEXAS RANGER.

BUCK DUANE, I WANT YOU  
TO FORGET THE GHOSTS OF  
PAST YEARS.... YOU'RE A  
RANGER, NOW—WITH THE  
BIGGEST JOB IN ALL TEXAS!

IT'S A JOB ALL RIGHT,  
CAPTAIN—BREAKING  
THE OUTLAW POWER  
IN THE BIG BEND

IT WILL BE ONE MAN AGAINST  
AN OUTLAW KINGDOM, DUANE!  
YOU'RE BEST FITTED TO LEARN  
ITS SECRETS— TO ARREST OR  
KILL ITS MYSTERIOUS CHIEF  
CHESELDINE— AFTER THAT,  
CALL FOR ME  
AND MY MEN.



I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT I'D  
NEVER KILL ANOTHER MAN,  
CAPTAIN, I'VE GOT ENOUGH  
BITTER MEMORIES... BUT I'LL  
DO WHAT'S GOT TO BE DONE  
AS A RANGER.

WIM CON DIOS, BUCK DUANE,  
AND REMEMBER—CHESELDINE  
IS THE KINGPIN.  
GET HIM AND  
YOU'LL HAVE  
THE LOT.

I reckon  
so, Captain  
Adios!



THE TROUBLE IS, BULLET....  
THAT NONE BUT A FEW ACE  
OUTLAWS PRETEND TO  
KNOW WHO THIS GENT  
CHESELDINE IS.



AND SO, MATCHING WITS AND NERVES WITH LAWLESS MEN, BUCK GUANE MOVES THROUGH THE RUSTLER STRONGHOLDS OF THE TEXAS HILLS.

“MAYBE YOU AINT ON THE DOGGE—MAYBE YOU’RE A SPY!”

“SUT YOURSELF, GENTS! ANYTIME YOU WANT TO START SOMETHING ...”



SOMETIMES OVERHEARING A GUARDED SPEECH...

“LOTS OF CATTLE ON THE MOVE THESE DAYS.”

“THAT MEANS CHESELDINE’S GOT PLANS FOR ‘EM.”



SOMETIMES CLEVERLY DRAWING OUT BITS OF INFORMATION FROM LESSER OUTLAWS,

“THEY SAY CHESELDINE’S CAMP IS IN A DEEP CULCHA, BACK OF MT. ORD— BUT I NEVER BEEN THERE...”



OR LISTENING TO THE TALK OF HONEST RANCHERS.

“YES, SUX! THERE’S NO DOUBT THAT FAIRDALE IS THE WORST OF ALL TOWNS IN THE BIG BEND.... IT MIGHT WELL BE CHESELDINE’S HANDOUT.”



ONE EVENING, AT THE LITTLE SETTLEMENT OF SANDERSON.....

“THERE’S COLONEL LONGSTRETH, THE MAYOR OF FAIRDALE, AND HIS DAUGHTER AND NIECE.”



INNKEEPER! SHOW THE LADIES  
TO YOUR BEST ROOM NOW.  
I'LL SEE YOU ABOUT NINE  
LATER.

YES, SIR, COLONEL  
LONGSTRETH! MY  
POOR INN IS  
GREATLY HONORED.



WHAM! THE MAYOR OF THE WORST  
TOWN IN TEXAS! HE DOESN'T LOOK  
THAT BAD, BUT I WONDER---COULD  
HE BE---  
CHESSLOINE?



AN HOUR LATER, IN THE INN'S SITTING ROOM.

I FEEL SO STRANGE,  
ALMOST FRIGHTENED  
IN THIS WILD  
COUNTRY,  
RAY ...

IT'S NEW TO ME, TOO,  
RUTH ... FATHER  
WOULDN'T LET ME  
COME WEST  
BEFORE.



I RECKON THOSE GIRLS HAVE SOME  
MORE SURPRISES COMING---BUT THE  
DARK HAired ONE, RAY LONGSTRETH  
LOOKS TO HAVE THE COURAGE TO  
MEET 'EM.



HANDS UP! ...  
AND HIGH!

AH-CHEEK!



ONE FLIMMY MOVE  
WILL BE YOUR  
LAST! NOW  
WHERE'S YOUR  
MONEY?

RIGHT HAND  
POCKET! ...  
DON'T SCARE  
THE LADIES.



"DON'T SCARE THE LADIES" NOW?  
MAYBE IT WOULD BE FUN TO  
GIVE 'EM A REAL SCARE---  
IF I HAD TIME---  
HAW, HAW!



SHELL OUT, GIRL! YOU'VE GOT SOME MONEY—OR JEWELS, I'LL BET!

TAKE YOUR HAND OFF HIS YOU—YOU—ANIMAL!

NO!  
NO!



GOOD! HE MISSED THE LITTLE GUN UNDER MY ARM... WHEN HE GETS OUT OF LINE WITH THE GIRL, I'LL GO FOR IT REGARDLESS!



FAINED—  
THE SCARY CAT!

WHAT IN THUNDER GOES BY HERE? HANDS OFF, YOU'WHELP!....

LIKE A STRIKING SNAKE, BUCK'S HAND WHIPS DOWN AND UP—TO FIRE!....



OH! IS HE DEAD?

NO—JUST CREASED HIS SKULL—STEADY, MISS LONGSTRETH!

CONFOUNDED OUTRAGE, THIS! BY GEORGE, I'LL HAVE SOMEONE'S SCALP!

MISS RUTH IS MORE FRIGHTENED THAN HURT, I RECKON, LONGSTRETH.



WHA-- WHAT HAPPENED?  
THAT SHOT....

WHAT HAPPENED? YOU  
FOOL-- A DIRTY HIGH-  
WIDMAN THAT YOU TOOK  
IN HELD UP THE PLACE!  
A FINE INKKEPPER

QUICKLY! DRAG HIM OUT OF SIGHT OF THE  
GIRLS! I'LL FOLLOW YOU,.... SEE THAT HE  
GETS HIS DESSERTS!

YES, SIR, COLONEL  
LONGSTRETH,  
SIR?

THANK YOU FOR  
COMING TO THE  
AID OF MY DAUGHTER  
AND NECE.

NOT AT ALL, SIR! THE  
MAN BOBBED ME,  
TOO.

TALK TO THE GIRLS FOR A  
MINUTE, WHILE I SEE ABOUT  
THAT FELLOW.....

YOU SAVED OUR LIVES! IF YOU  
HADN'T RISHED THAT SHOT, AND  
STUNNED HIM, THE BRUTE  
WOULD HAVE  
TURNED HIS  
GUN ON  
FATHER.

POSSIBLY....  
BUT I RECKON  
YOU'D HAVE  
DRABBED AND  
SPOILED HIS  
GUN, MESS SIR.

YOU'LL COME WITH US AS FAR  
AS BURDALE, WON'T YOU? I'D  
FEEL SO  
MUCH SAFER....

I'D PROBABLY  
KEEP YOUR STAGE  
IN SIGHT--EVEN  
WITHOUT BEING  
ASKED.

WELLHUP! BAY!  
RUTA! IT'S TIME  
YOU GIRLS WERE  
GETTING TO  
YOUR ROOM.

Y-YES,  
FATHER,  
WERE  
READY.



WHERE'S THE HOLDUP  
MAN, INNKEEPER?

HIM? OH, HE'S GONE....  
HE CAME TO AND LONG-  
STRETH TALKED TO HIM,  
THEN HE RODE OFF.



SO... LONGSTRETH TALKED WITH HIM!  
AND LET HIM GO! THAT'S THE  
QUEEREST DEAL YET....

AND, NEXT DAY, ALL THE WAY TO FAIRDALE,  
BUCK'S THOUGHT TURNS ON ONE QUESTION.....

I WONDER---COULD COLONEL  
LONGSTRETH HIMSELF BE THIS  
OUTLAW CHIEF, CHESEBONE?



HOURS LATER, AT THE END OF A  
HARD AND DUSTY RIDE.



I HOPE WE GET TO  
SEE HER AGAIN,  
EH, BULLET.



I HAVE A HUNCH THAT RAY  
LONGSTRETH IS GOING TO  
NEED FRIENDS.



I'LL GET A BITE  
TO EAT, AND....







EITHER SNECKER IS CRAZY--  
OR HE'S COUNTING ON  
LONGSTRETH'S PROTECTION.



IN WHICH CASE, IT'S TIME FOR A  
SHOWDOWN TO SEE ON WHICH SIDE  
OF THE LAW LONGSTRETH  
STANDS!



HE HEADED STRAIGHT TO  
THE MAIN RANCH BUILDING  
ABOUT!



IT'S A BIG PLACE! I MAY  
NEED HELP TO HUNT  
HIM DOWN...



OH! WHAT DOES  
THIS MEAN?

I'M SORRY, MISS LONGSTRETH--  
I'VE COME TO SEARCH YOUR  
HOUSE FOR BO SNECKER,  
A ROBBER.

NOBODY CAME IN HERE!  
YOU--YOU MUST HAVE  
ROBBERS ON THE  
BRAIN!

I'LL HANDLE  
THIS FELLOW,  
RAY!

I'M FLOYD LAWSON, MISS  
LONGSTRETH'S COUSIN...  
WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO  
BREAK INTO MRS. PARTY?  
GOT A WARRANT?

A TEXAS RANGER  
NEEDS NO WARRANT,  
LAWSON.



WILL YOU LET ME SEARCH  
YOUR HOUSE NOW, MISS  
LONGSTRETH? I'M SORRY  
ABOUT THE PARTY, BUT ...

IF YOU'RE A RANGER--  
WHY, OF COURSE, YOU  
CAN SEARCH..... FLOYD  
WILL HELP YOU.

ALL RIGHT, RANGER--  
LET'S GET OUT OF  
HERE AND SEARCH  
SO YOU CAN GET  
OUTA HERE!

THANKS, MISS!  
WE'LL NEED  
TO HURRY....



BO! BO SNECKER!  
HEY, BO!

DO YOU  
RECKON  
HE'S DEAR  
LAWSON?

HE'S NOT HERE!  
COME ON,  
RANGER....

AFTER I  
HAVE A  
LOOK IN  
THIS CLOSET

I THOUGHT SO!  
COME OUT OF  
THERE, BO.

HEY,  
LAWSON!



TAKE US TO MAYOR LONGSTRETH,  
NOW! I AM TO LAY GUARDS  
AND MAKE 'EM STICK!

LAWSON! WHAT'S THE  
IDEA OF LETTING  
THIS---

OHAY, RANGER--- I'LL TAKE YOU  
TO COLONEL LONGSTRETH....AND  
A LOT OF GOOD IT  
WILL DO YOU!

SHUT UP  
BO!



LAWSON! WHAT'S THIS  
ABOUT? CAN'T YOU  
SEE I'M BUSY?

TEXAS RANGERS  
DON'T LIKE TO WANT,  
LONGSTRETH.

FAIRDALE WANTS NO  
RANGERS! WE'RE A  
LAW-ABIDING TOWN---  
AS JUDGE OWENS, MERE,  
AND SHERIFF GORSCH  
WILL TELL YOU.

IF THEY DO, THEY  
LIE, LONGSTRETH!  
I'VE LETTERS FROM  
FAIRDALE CITIZENS,  
BEGGING FOR  
RANGER  
PROTECTION



AND I'M ARRESTING THIS MAN FOR ASSAULT  
AND ROBBERY OF LARAMIE'S RESTAURANT  
I'M A WITNESS---JUDGE OWENS CAN BOOK  
HIM HERE AND NOW--- AND THE SHERIFF  
CAN LOCK HIM UP...  
WITH YOUR PERMISSION,  
MAYOR LONGSTRETH!

SA-A-AY!  
YOU WANT...

SPEAK FOR YOUR-  
SELF, BO--- DID  
YOU ROB  
LARAMIE?

WELL, COURSE NOT, MYDOR!  
SOMEBODY I NEVER SEEN  
BEFORE COME IN AND SLUG-  
GED LARAMIE WHILE I WAS  
EATING. THEN THIS  
FOOL RANGER CHASED  
ME HERE!



IN THAT CASE, BO SNECKER, YOU'RE CLEARLY NOT GUILTY. THE RANGER HAS MADE A MISTAKE --- YOU AGREE, COLONEL LONGSTRETCH?

ABSOLUTELY, JUDGE! THE CASE IS OVERRIDDED.

LONGSTRETCH, YOU'VE SLOWED YOUR HAND! MY REPORT TO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL IN AUSTIN WILL QUOTE THIS MONKEY COURT WORD-FOR-WORD!



WHAT YOU'VE SAID EXPLAINS WHY FAIRDALE'S A NEST FOR RUSTLERS---WHY YOU'VE NEVER SENT A PRISONER TO DEL RIO---WHY NO HONEST CITIZEN APPEARS TO GET A BREAK IN YOUR SO-CALLED COURTS OF LAW.....

.....AND WHY CRIMINALS HEAD FOR REFUGE IN YOUR HOUSE!

HAW, HAW!



FROM NOW ON, THE GOVERNOR HIMSELF IS GOING TO KNOW THAT THE LAW OF FAIRDALE IS CHESELDAINE!

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID? COME BACK HERE, RANGER!

CHESELDAINE! WHERE'D WE GET THAT--- FROM LARAMIE?







OH, WHY WOULD ANYBODY KILL JIM? HE NEVER HARMED ANYBODY!

I RECKON IT'S MY FAULT, MA'AM...



I'M A TEXAS RANGER, MRS. LARAMIE. I ARRESTED BO SNECKER, WHO ROBBED YOUR HUSBAND TODAY-- AND BO'S OUTLAW FRIENDS HAVE GOT EVEN.

BUT WHY, WHY JIM?

THEY KILLED HIM JUST TO SCARE ANYBODY WHO MIGHT WANT TO ASK A RANGER'S HELP AGAINST THE LAWLESS CROWD THAT RUNS BARBORA-- OR ANYBODY WLD GIVE ME INFORMATION.

I'LL GO AND ASK YOUR NEIGHBORS TO COME IN AND HELP YOU NOW, MRS. LARAMIE.

IT'S-- NO USE, RANGER! IF A MAN'S MURDERED IN THIS TOWN, NO ONE DARES TO HELP HIS FAMILY.



NEVERTHELESS, BUCK TRIES...

JIM LARAMIE HAS JUST BEEN SHOT DEAD BY AN UNKNOWN GUNMAN. WILL YOU FOLKS GO OVER AND HELP HIS WIDOW?

HELP-- HIS WIDOW?



SORRY-- I DON'T WANT TO BE MURDERED, TOO!

ONE NEIGHBOR RESPONDS.

HELP MARTHA LARAMIE? SURE I WILL-- AND RIGHT NOW! I'M A WIDOW MYSELF, THANKS TO CRESLOWE'S FOLLYS-- AND I'VE GOT NOTHING MORE TO LOSE.



UNASSISTED, BUCK DINGS  
JIM LARANGE'S GRAYE....

...AND SAYS A PRAYER FOR  
THE DEAD MAN'S LITTLE FAMILY.

THEY HAVEN'T DARED TO  
AMBUSH ME YET, BULLET,  
BUT SOONER OR LATER  
THEY WILL, IF WE HANG  
AROUND TARDALE



BEFORE THAT HAPPENS I AIM TO FIND  
OUT JUST WHAT CONNECTION COLONEL  
LONGSTRETH HAS WITH OVERBLOWNE,  
AND THAT OROON LAWSON, TOO!

NIGHT FINDS BUCK HIDDEN AMONG THE SHRUB-  
BERY, CLOSE TO LONGSTRETH'S HOUSE.



THAT COWBOY RIDES LIKE  
HE WAS IMPORTANT  
BUSINESS.



WHO'S  
THAT?

ME--LAWSON? THEY'LL BE  
HERE IN A FEW MINUTES,  
LONGSTRETH

THEY HIT TOWN AN  
HOUR AGO--BLESSON  
KANE, JIM FLETCHER  
AND--

SHUT UP, YOU  
FOOL! NAMES  
ARE DANGEROUS--  
EVEN  
HERE!





"BLOSSOM KANE--JIM FLETCHER,"  
THOSE TWO ARE CLOSE TO ME  
CHESLOWNE.... AND FLETCHER  
KNOWS ME AS AN OUTLAW  
CALLED "DODGE."



IF I CAN LOCATE A  
WINDOW, OUT  
OF SIGHT....



THAT CRACK WILL GO--  
I CAN HEAR VOICES  
THROUGH IT NOW!



THERE'S LONGSTRETH--AND  
LAWSON! THEY BOTH  
LOOK MAD....



THERE'S ANOTHER BONE I  
HAVE TO PICK WITH YOU  
FLOYD--WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN BY GIVING ORDERS  
TO KILL LARAMIE, WITHOUT  
CONSULTING ME?



WHY? I DON'T  
HAVE TO CONSULT  
YOU ON EVERY-  
THING, JUST  
BECAUSE YOU'RE  
CHES---

THAT'S ENOUGH! I WARNED  
YOU ABOUT NAMING  
NAMES!

--MARB!



LONGSTRETH, I'D KILL YOU  
FOR THAT--EXCEPT  
FOR ONE THING.



HA, HA, HA! YOU'D NEVER DARE DRAW ON ME, FLOYD! YOU'RE A COWARD! A BAD MAN THAT I'VE BUILT UP BACKED AND PLANNED FOR--- BUT WHAT'S THIS "ONE THING" YOU MENTIONED?



IT'S YOUR DAUGHTER, RAY! I'VE FALLEN HARD FOR HER! I'M GOING TO HAVE HER, WHETHER SHE LIKES ME OR NOT RIGHT NOW!



THE DOG!

---AND I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU STAND IN MY WAY, LONGSTREET!

THE MEN ARE HERE, FLOYD! BETTER LET THEM IN BEFORE THEY THINK SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG.

BAM-  
BAM-  
BAM!



WHAT'S ALL THE YELLING ABOUT, LAWSON?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS--- COME IN!



GATHER AROUND THIS TABLE, MEN, AND TALK LOW!

OKAY, LONGSTREET!



THIS JOB HAS TO BE CAREFULLY PLANNED--- TO SUCCEED I'LL NEED ALL OUR TOP MEN TO MEET ME AT THE CAMP ON THE TWENTY-FIRST.



THE WELL--- IT'S CRUMBLING!









WHAT DO YOU MEAN, RAY?

I MEAN--- I KNOW THAT FATHER IS ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE LAW! AND IF I LET HIM AND HIS MEN KILL YOU I'D BE A PARTY TO IT



WHEN DID YOU LEARN ABOUT YOUR FATHER--- AND HOW MUCH?

IT WAS YESTERDAY, WHEN YOU FACED HIM DOWN IN THE PATIO, ABOUT BO SNECKER--- I WAS COMING TO THE DOORWAY WHEN I HEARD YOUR VOICES.



FATHER ACTED SO GUILTY--AND FLOYD LAWSON, TOO! AND AFTER YOU'D LEFT, THEY BEGAN PLANNING HOW TO GET RID OF YOU..... OH! SOME TERRIBLE CHANGE HAS COME OVER FATHER SINCE I SAW HIM LAST.



I DON'T KNOW YOU--NOT EVEN YOUR NAME--BUT I TRUST YOU, RANGER! FOR MY SAKE, PROMISE THAT YOU WON'T EVER KILL HIM EXCEPT TO SAVE YOUR LIFE!

I WON'T KILL HIM--FOR YOUR SAKE, MISS..... NOT EVEN TO SAVE MY LIFE!



BUT ONE OF THESE DAYS IT'LL BE MY DUTY AS A RANGER TO ARREST COLONEL LONGTOOTH, AS THE LEADER OF THIS STATE'S WORST OUTLAW GANG. GOOD-BYE, AND THANKS! AND THE NAME'S, BUCK DUANE.

BUCK DUANE? I WONDER--WHEN I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN-- AND WHERE?



THAT GIRL IS A THOROUGHBREED--AND SHE'LL NEED ALL HER COURAGE TO FACE WHAT'S AHEAD! TO LIKE TO HELP HER, BUT DON'T SEE HOW I CAN...

REACHING TOWN UNNOTICED,  
BUCK HEADS STRAIGHT FOR  
THE LIVERY STABLE.

WELL, BULLET, WE'VE  
GOT A LONG RIDE  
TONIGHT



WE'LL FOLLOW JIM  
FLETCHER BACK TO  
ORD, WHERE HE HANGS  
OUT. HE'LL BE ALONG  
THIS ROAD ANY  
MINUTE, I  
RECKON



THERE HE GOES! WE'LL  
WAIT TILL HE'S OUT  
OF SIGHT...



FLETCHER!  
JIM FLETCHER--  
WAIT!



HELLO, DODGE! GLAD  
TO SEE YOU---BUT  
WHAT'S ALL THE  
HURRY?

I'VE GOT ORDERS,  
FLETCHER--HAD  
TO OVERTAKE  
YOU ...



ORDERS FROM GIBSELDERE?  
SO YOU'RE ONE OF US NOW!  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

JUST FOR YOU TO  
PUT ME ON THE  
TRAIL TO THE  
CAMP BACK OF ORD.  
I CAN'T WASTE TIME  
LOOKING FOR IT



SURE! THE TRAIL STARTS  
HALF A MILE UP AHEAD.  
I'M GOING RIGHT BY IT



HERE IT IS--AND IF GOES THROUGH THAT NOTCH IN THE HILLS TO THE SHOULDER OF MT. DODD, IT'S A TOUGH TRAIL, BUT A QUICK ONE. THE EASIER WAY LIES WEST...

THIS IS THE ONE I WANT.



I'M AWIGHTY GLAD YOU MADE THE GRADE WITH CHESELDINE, DODGE! SEE YOU LATER---I WON'T BE AT THE CAMP THIS TRIP, THOUGH.

AWIGHTS LA WETS THEM? ORDERS ARE--TELL NO ONE YOU MET ME.



POOR JIM FLETCHER! THERE'S A LOT LIKE HIM--MEN GONE WRONG BUT NOT BAD..... AND ONE DAY THEY'LL FILL A CRIMINALS' GRAVE. I WAS ONE OF 'EM, NOT LONG AGO!



DARKNESS FINDS BUCK CAMPING IN A WILD MOUNTAIN GORGE.



AT DAWN HE TAKES THE TRAIL AFOOT.

THERE'S WATER AND GRASS IN THERE FOR YOU BULLET. I'LL BE BACK BEFORE LONG.



TWO HOURS LATER.....

I RECKON THIS IS THE ONCE. IT'LL BE ALL DOWN HILL TO CAMP.



THAT MUST BE IT AND WANT A SPOT FOR A HIDEOUT!



A TINY, GREEN, ROCK-WALLED GULCH--  
CHESELDINE'S MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT....



AS NIGHT SHROUDS THE VALLEY,  
BUCK MOVES TOWARDS THE CABIN.



SIX MEN RODE IN JUST  
BEFORE DARK. RECKON  
THEY'RE EATING  
SUPPER NOW.

I NEVER SAW YOU  
COME IN, KNELL--  
AND BOLDT NEVER  
SAID NOTHING....

WHAT'S EATING YOU,  
RANHANDLE? BLOSSOM  
AND ME RODE IN FROM  
RANHANDLE SPRINGS,  
WHERE POGGIN IS WITH  
SOME OF THE GANG...



... AIN'T THAT RIGHT, KNELL,  
LONGSTRETH?

KNELL,  
POGGIN,  
BLOSSOM,  
KANE, RANHANDLE  
SMITH, BOLDT AND  
LONGSTRETH--I KNOW  
THEM ALL BY SIGHT  
OR BY REPUTATION.



PASS THESE ORDERS AROUND,  
RANHANDLE. KNELL AND I  
ARE GOING INSIDE FOR  
A TALK.

OAHY,  
BOSS.



NOW FOR THE NEW JOB. AFTER YOU  
RETURN TO ORD, GIVE POGGIN THESE  
ORDERS, KNELL....





YOU AND ROBIN, BOLDT, PANHANDLE, FLETCHER, BUT NO ONE ELSE, ARE IN ON THIS ONE. AT TWO O'CLOCK ON THE 26th YOU'LL CLEAN OUT THE MEX VERDE BANK. IT'LL BE A DAYLIGHT JOB.

THAT MEANS, WE'LL RIDE FROM ORD ON THE 23rd RIGHT, LONGSTRETH?



---NOW YOU'VE GOT THE DETAILS, KANE? ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT?

YES! WHO'S THIS RANGER THAT'S BEEN WORKING AROUND FAIRDALE? WHAT'S HE LOOK LIKE?



HE'S A RANBY, POWERFUL MAN, WHITE HAIR! OVER HIS TEMPLES, HARD FACE, EYES LIKE KNIVES, RACKS HIS GUNS LOW DOWN. THAT PICTURE MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, KANE?

YES! I KNOW HIM-- BUT NOT AS A RANGER! HE'S THE TWO-SHOT, ACE-ON-SNADES, GUY-THROWER WHO KILLED BLAND, AND HOLLOWAY, AND MY BIRD, HARDON! HE'S---



NOT BUCK DUANE?

YES! BUCK DUANE'S HERE IN THE BID SEND AND ON OUR TRAIL, I'LL WAGER! BUT I'LL GET HIM-- OR DIE TRYING!

DON'T TRY IT, KANE! I CAN'T SPARE YOU! LET THE GANG CORNER DUANE AND BURN HIM DOWN-- THE ONLY SAFE WAY!

SOMEBODY COMING AROUND THE CORNER-- NO TIME TO DODGE HIM!





BY THE RED LIGHT OF DAWN, BUCK RETURNS TO SADDLE BULLET....



...AND RIDE AT BREAK-NECK PACE FOR THE RAILROAD STATION.....



I'LL WIRE CAPTAIN MACHELY FROM HERE....





READ THIS--THEN, SEND IT OUT AT ONCE! KEEP ALIVE, IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!

TO CAPTAIN MACNELLY, OF THE TEXAS RANGERS, RIGHT?



NOW, BULLET--BACK TO ORD, TO MEET KNELL AND POGGIN--AND MAYBE THE OTHERS.



ONLY KNELL KNOWS ME. ---HE'LL ORDM FIRST! IF I CAN WHITTLE DOWN THE GANG BY EVEN ONE MAN, MACNELLY WILL HAVE LESS TO DO.



THEY'LL BE IN THERE, PROBABLY



THERE'S FLETCHER, KNELL, AND POGGIN-- POGGIN'S THE ONE MOST LIKELY TO KILL ME-- BUT I'VE GOT TO RISK IT!



I TELL YOU, KNELL, OODGE CAN'T BE BUCK SWANE OR A RANGER! HE HAD ORDERS DIRECT FROM CHESELDAINE!

HE NEVER SAW CHESELDAINE! HE MADE A FOOL OF YOU, FLETCHER!

KNELL'S RIGHT, FLETCHER!



YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT ME?

DODGE!

BUCK DUANE!



KNEEL, YOU FOOL--!

UH-H!



YOU'RE---TUE---FOOL---SLITCHER---UH-H!



WAS KNEEL RIGHT ABOUT YOU, STRANGER?

DUANE'S MY NAME, POGGIN!  
I'LL GIVE YOU AN EVEN BREAK,  
IN CASE YOU WANT TO MAKE  
ANYTHING OF IT!



GET OUT OF HERE, YOU UH-H--  
OR YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL ME,  
TOO! I THOUGHT  
YOU WERE  
MY FRIEND!

OUTLAWS HAVE  
NO FRIENDS, JIM,  
BUT FOR YOUR  
SAKE...



...I'LL GO  
NOW!



FOUR DAYS BEFORE THE  
26th, BULLET! OUR  
NEXT ERRAND WILL BE  
IN PAIDALE!

FOR A NIGHT AND A DAY BUCK SLEEPS IN THE MESQUITE-- TWO MILES FROM LONGSTRETH'S HOUSE.

NEXT DAY--AS ANGRY VOICES RISE FROM LONGSTRETH'S PATIO.....

YOU'RE BOTH DONE, GENTLEMEN! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!  
WHO-- WHAT DO YOU--?

YOU'RE DRUNK, LAWSON! AND I WASH YOU-- OUT PESTERING ME WITH YOUR --ER--ATTENTIONS, OR I'M THROUGH WITH YOU! UNDERSTAND?

SO YOU THINK YOU'D DO ME, LONGSTRETH? DON'T FOOL YOURSELF, CHESEBROKE!



DON'T MOVE--NOT A MUSCLE-- NOT A FINGER, LAWSON! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

BLAST YOU, RANSER! I DON'T NEED A BREAK TO KILL --



YOU FOOL, LAWSON! I SAID YOU WERE DONE!

HOLD IT, LONGSTRETH! YOU'RE DEAD, TOO -- IF YOU TOUCH THAT GUN!  
AND WHAT IF I DON'T-- RANSER?



IF YOU GIVE UP, NOW, I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT, CHESEBROW! FOR YOUR DAUGHTER'S SAKE I'LL TRY TO GET YOU PARDONED, ON CONDITION YOU LEAVE THIS COUNTRY FOR GOOD! IF NOT-- DON'T TRY FOR THAT GUN!



ALL RIGHT, DUANE, I GIVE YOU-- MY WORD!



A BULLET WOULD BE MORE FITTING, IF IT WEREN'T FOR RAY!

STEADY! HERE COME THE GIRLS! GET UP AND TELL THEM!



IT'S-- COUSIN FLOYD!

FATHER IS HE--?

YES! RAY! HE DREW ON RANGER DUANE!



AND YOU, FATHER?

I'M UNDER ARREST! I'VE PLAYED A CROOKED GAME TOO LONG, CHILD! THIS-- HAD TO COME--!

THE MORNING OF THE 26<sup>th</sup> ON A TRAIN THAT HAS LEFT BRAGFORD HOURS AGO.....

WE'LL MEET YOUR RANGER CAPTAIN AT VAL VERDE, MR DUANE? HOW FAR IS IT FROM HERE?



PERHAPS TWENTY MILES, MISS LONGSTRETH-- DON'T WORRY! CAPTAIN MAGNELLY WILL LISTEN TO ME.



LOOK, LONGSTRETH! RECOGNIZE THOSE MEN? AT TWO O'CLOCK THEY'LL BE RIDING UP TO THE VAL VERDE BANK.....

... AND INTO A RANGER TRAP! THERE'S POSSIN, BOLDT, HANE, SMITH-- AND FLETCHER.....

ONLY KELL IS MISSING! MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON THEIR SOULS--AND ON MINE!



DUANE! I REALLY DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MAN!

CAPTAIN MACNEELY!



CAPTAIN-- THIS IS CHESELBINE! I WOULD LIKE TO DISCUSS HIS CAPTURE AND FUTURE, WITH YOU, IN PRIVATE, IF I MAY!

WELL, AS YOU WISH, DUANE!



THAT'S ALL OF THE STORY, CAPTAIN. LONGSTRETH HAS SIGNED OVER HIS RANCH, MONEY HERDS-- TO REIMBURSE THOSE HE ROBBED. HE ASKS ONLY PERMISSION TO LEAVE THE STATE--FOR GOOD!

I THINK IT CAN BE ARRANGED

OH-- THANK HEAVEN!



BUCK DUANE, I--WE CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH! WILL YOU DO ME ONE VERY GREAT FAVOR? JUST ONE MORE?

YES, IF I CAN, RAY!



THEN--DON'T EXPOSE YOURSELF IN THE CAPTURE--OR KILLING OF THOSE MEN WHO'LL BE COMING TO ROB THE WAL VERDE BANK! YOUR LIFE MEANS TOO MUCH TO ME--TO US--TO THE RANGE SERVICE! PROMISE ME, PLEASE!



MISS LONGSTRETH IS RIGHT, BUCK! YOU'VE REDEEMED YOUR OLD OUTLAW RECORD A DOZEN TIMES OVER! I'LL GIVE YOU NO ORDERS TODAY, BUT-- DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE, FOR HER SAKE!

THANKS, CAPTAIN-- BUT THAT-- I CAN NOT PROMISE!



IT'S ONE O'CLOCK, CAPTAIN! TIME TO GET YOUR MEN IN POSITION-- I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN, BRY-- GOD WILLING!



WHERE DO YOU AIM TO BE WHEN THE SNOW STARTS, BUCK?

INSIDE THE BANK FACING THE DOOR. IT WILL SAVE LIVES, MACHELLY--DANGER LIVES-- TO STOP THE GANG THERE!



BUT-- THAT'S SUICIDE! POSSIN ALONE IS A MATCH FOR YOU, BUCK-- UNLESS I MASS MY MEN BEHIND YOU!

NO! MORE THAN ONE MAN IN SIGHT WOULD BROOK THEM, AND SOME WOULD GET AWAY, OR REACH COVER.



KEEP YOUR BOYS HIDDEN, CAPTAIN. TELL I OPEN FIRE, I'LL GET OVER TO THE BANK NOW.





**RIGHT ON THE STROKE OF TWO O'CLOCK, CHESELDINE'S TOP SUMMEN ARRIVE.....**



**WITH FLETCHER LEFT TO HOLD THE HORSES, THE OUTLAWS CROSS THE EMPTY STREET....**



**IN THE NAME OF THE LAY, PDSGIN— I'M CALLING YOUR HAND!**



**BLAZES! BUCK DUANE!**



**SWIFTER THAN EYE CAN FOLLOW IS PDSGIN'S DRAW AND SHOT.....**



**HARD HIT, BUCK DUANE TRIGGER HIS ROARING GUNS.....**



...UNTIL THE SHOCK OF BULLETS BRINGS HIM DOWN, DOWN, INTO THE DARKNESS...



THREE DAYS LATER...

HELLO, DUANE! IT'S RAY AND MACHELY



BUCK, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

RAY--MACH-- DID POSSON--?

POSSON IS DEAD, AFTER KILLING TWO OF MY RANGERS... HE WAS A TIGER, SHOT TO PIECES YET OUT-LASTING THE OTHER THREE. FLETCHER ALONE ESCAPED.



I'LL LEAVE HIM WITH YOU, MISS LONGSTRETH. HE'LL RECOVER NOW, I'M SURE!

WE'VE GOT TO-- CAPTAIN-- FOR ME!



BUCK--YOU FACED THEM ALONE! BUT I'LL NEVER LET YOU BE ALONE AGAIN-- UNDERSTAND ME?

I RECKON SO, RAY-- BUT I'D BE NO GOOD TO YOU, ALL SHOT UP-- & CRIPPLE! I MAY NEVER BE ABLE TO WORK!



YOU'LL NOT BE LAYED UP LONG, MY DEAR-- THOUGH IF YOU WERE, I'D WANT YOU JUST THE SAME! THAT IS-- IF YOU COULD PUT UP WITH THE DAUGHTER OF CHERLOINE!

COULD I? MAYBE I'M STILL OUT OF MY HEAD, BUT SINCE I FIRST MET YOU--I'VE DREAMED THAT WE'D BE RIDING--



--RIDING THE SAME TRAIL TOGETHER, RAY--RIGHT DOWN TO THE LAST ROUND-UP!



# The 30-30 Carbine

WINCHESTER MODEL 94...

A FAVORITE SADDLE  
GUN FOR MORE THAN  
FIFTY YEARS...

THIS RIFLE HAS A  
20-INCH BARREL  
AND THE MAGAZINE  
HOLDS SIX SHELLS  
IN ADDITION TO ONE  
IN THE CHAMBER.



THE MAIN REASON FOR THE IMMENSE POPULARITY OF THE "THIRTY-THIRTY" IS THE FACT THAT IT IS A SHORT, LIGHT, HANDY RIFLE IT IS EASY TO CARRY ON A SADDLE, AND HAS RANGE AND SHOCKING POWER FAR BEYOND THE SIX-SHOOTER. ALMOST EVERY COWBOY, WESTERN SHERIFF, AND PEACE OFFICER, OWNS ONE OF THESE GUNS. IT IS CLAIMED THAT THE "THIRTY-THIRTY" HAS KILLED MORE GAME THAN ANY OTHER RIFLE USED ON THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT. IT IS A VERY ACCURATE ARM UP TO RANGES OF FROM TWO TO THREE HUNDRED YARDS AND IS ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR BRUSHY COUNTRY WHEN HUNTING-

DEER AND BLACK BEAR. IN THE HANDS OF AN EXPERT SHOT, IT CAN BE USED SUCCESSFULLY ON ELK, MOOSE, AND OTHER LARGE GAME. THERE SEEMS TO BE NO ACCEPTED METHOD OF HANGING THIS RIFLE ON A HORSE. THE COWBOY USUALLY CARRIES HIS SCABBARD ON THE NEAR SIDE WITH THE STOCK POINTING BACKWARDS, THE REASON FOR THIS BEING THAT IT IS OUT OF THE WAY IN CASE THE COWBOY HAS SOME ROPING TO DO...

IN ADDITION TO THE "THIRTY-THIRTY," THIS GAME RIFLE IS CHAMBERED FOR THE 25-25' AND 32 WINCHESTER SPECIAL, HOWEVER THE 30-30 IS THE MOST POPULAR SHELL, PROBABLY BECAUSE IT MAY BE OBTAINED ALMOST ANYWHERE. THIS CARTRIDGE HAS A VELOCITY OF 2200 FEET PER SECOND WHEN LOADED WITH A 170 GRAIN BULLET.





# The Stagecoach

**T**HE FASTEST METHOD OF TRAVEL IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WEST WAS BY STAGECOACH. THE LONGEST AND MOST FAMOUS OF THESE STAGE LINES WAS THE JOHN BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND MAIL WHICH WAS STARTED IN THE 1850'S. IT EXTENDED FROM ST. LOUIS AND MEMPHIS AT ITS EASTERN POINT TO SAN FRANCISCO IN THE WEST AND PASSED THROUGH NEARLY THREE THOUSAND MILES OF PRAIRIE, PLAINS, RANGED MOUNTAINS, AND DESOLATE DESERT COUNTRY. THE TRIP TOOK TWENTY-FIVE DAYS OF CONSTANT DAY AND NIGHT TRAVEL, STOPPING ABOUT EVERY TEN TO TWENTY MILES TO CHANGE HORSES. THESE HORSES WERE USUALLY PRETTY WILD AND WERE SELECTED SOLELY FOR THEIR SPEED AND STAMINA. FOUR-HORSE TEAMS WERE USED, EXCEPT IN MOUNTAIN COUNTRY, AND

THEN A SIX-HORSE HITCH WAS HOOKED UP. THESE COACHES WERE SLUNG ON HEAVY LEATHER SPRINGS

AND, WHEN FULLY LOADED, WOULD CARRY ABOUT NINE PASSENGERS IN ADDITION TO THE MAIL BAGS. PASSENGERS WERE ALLOWED ONLY FORTY POUNDS OF PERSONAL LUGGAGE. THE MAIL BAGS WERE CARRIED ON THE BACK OF THE COACH IN A HEAVY LEATHER "BOOT." DUE TO A GOVERNMENT CONTRACT THE MAIL ALWAYS CAME FIRST AND, WHEN IT WAS EXCEPTIONALLY HEAVY, PASSENGERS WERE OFTEN UNLOADED AND FORCED TO WAIT FOR



A LATER STAGE. INDIAN ATTACKS WERE A FREQUENT OCCURRENCE AND WHEN THIS HAPPENED, THE PASSENGERS ALWAYS JOINED IN THE FIGHT. LARGE CARGOES OF GOLD WERE OFTEN CARRIED FROM THE CALIFORNIA "DIGGINGS" AND GUN GUARDS RODE THE COACHES TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE HIGHWAYMEN AND BANDITS WHO WERE A CONSTANT MENACE. THE BUTTERFIELD LINE USED ABOUT FIFTEEN HUNDRED HEAD OF HORSES AND MULES AND EMPLOYED NEARLY EIGHT HUNDRED MEN—STAGE DRIVERS, GUN GUARDS, AND STATION KEEPERS. THE LINE WAS DISCONTINUED WHEN THE RAILROAD FINALLY CONNECTED THE EAST AND WEST.

