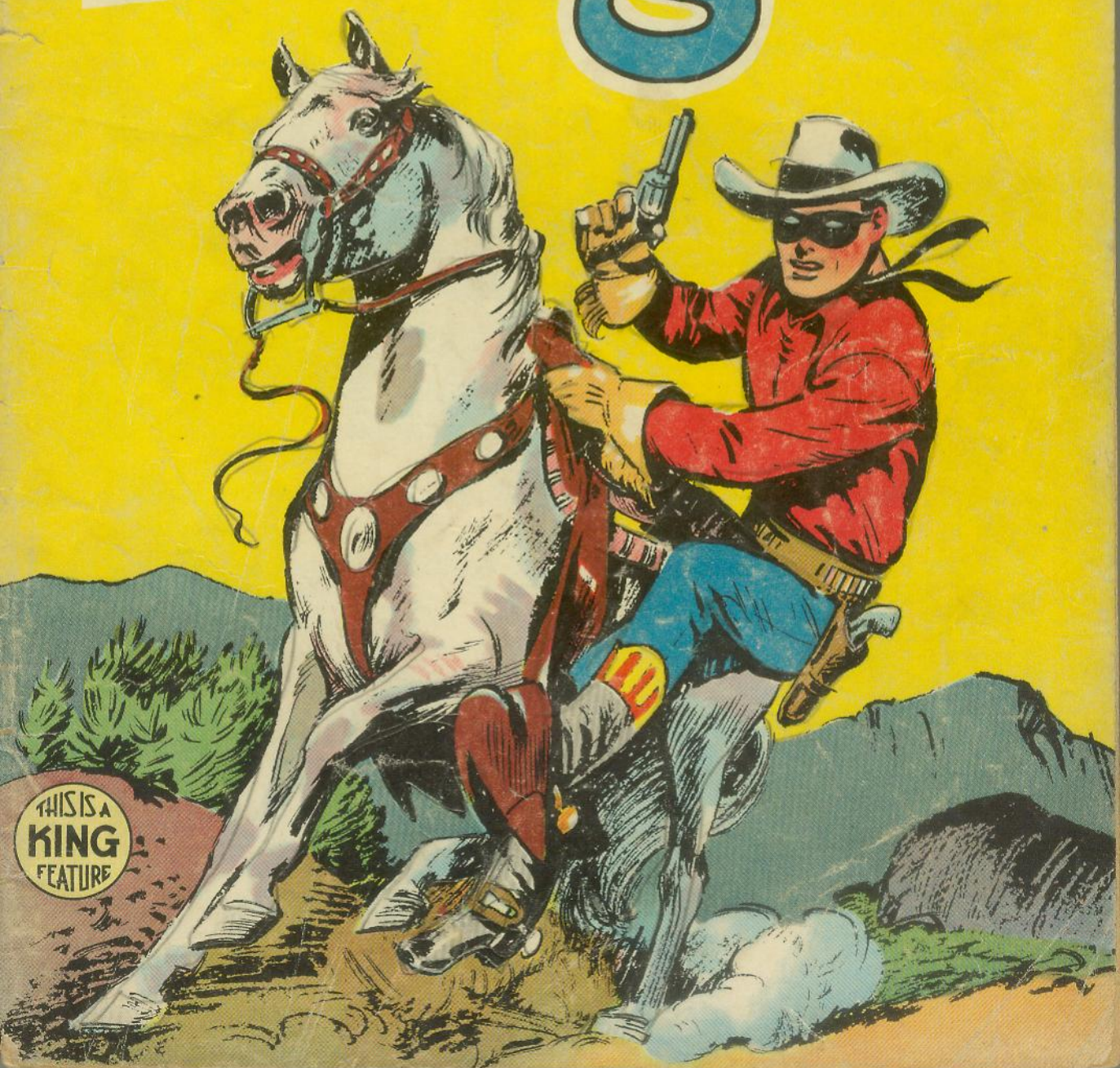


A DELL COMIC •  
**DELL**  
A DELL COMIC •

JUNE

10¢

# The Lone Ranger



THIS IS A  
KING  
FEATURE



# DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

Follow the adventures of your favorite characters each month. They are tops in wholesome entertainment.

A subscription to this magazine also makes an excellent birthday present.

If your subscription is a birthday gift, fill out the special information on coupon and a personal birthday card will be mailed by us announcing the gift with best wishes from the donor.

1 year —12 issues—\$1.00

2 years—24 issues—\$1.75

3 years—36 issues—\$2.50

If yours is a regular subscription and not a birthday gift, fill out left side of coupon and leave right side blank.



**SUBSCRIBE NOW**

to

**THE LONE RANGER**

MAIL TO: DELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Dept. 6 LR

SEND LONE RANGER TO:

Name

Age

Street and Number

City

State

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

CHECK ONE ☐ \$1.00—1 Year ☐ \$1.75—2 Years ☐ \$2.50—3 Years

FILL OUT THIS SIDE IF YOURS IS A BIRTHDAY SUBSCRIPTION

GIFT CARD TO READ FROM:

Donor's Name

Address

Relationship

If you wish to send more than one subscription use plain paper giving above information

THE LONE RANGER, Vol. 1, No. 12, June, 1949. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Second-class entry applied for at the Post Office, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions in U.S.A., \$1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, \$2.00 per year; no Canadian subscriptions accepted. Copyright, 1945, 1949, by The Lone Ranger, Inc. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.



# The Lone Ranger

## AND THE BANK HOLD-UP

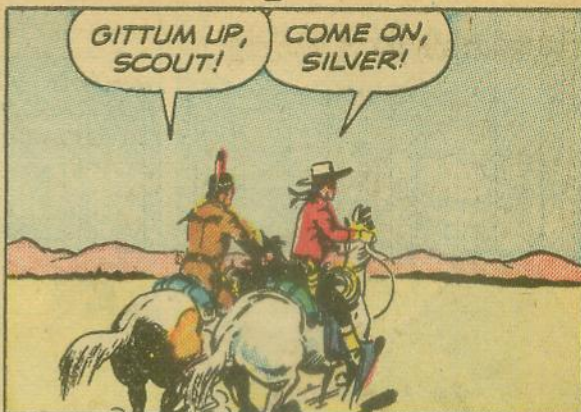
Copyright © 1951, The Lone Ranger, Inc.  
Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.











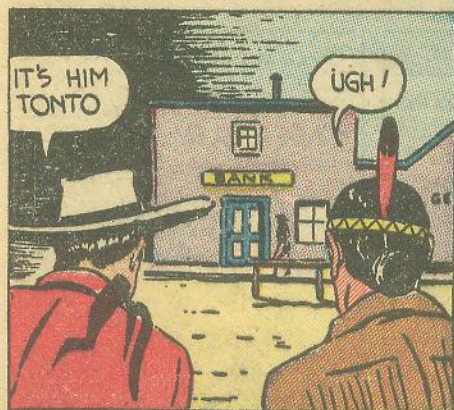
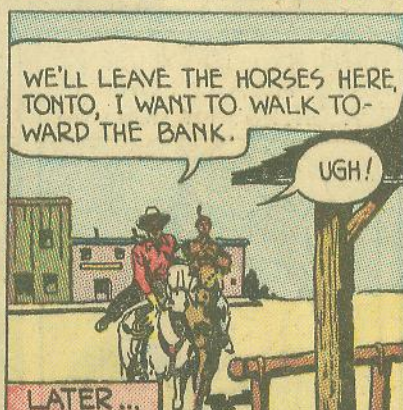




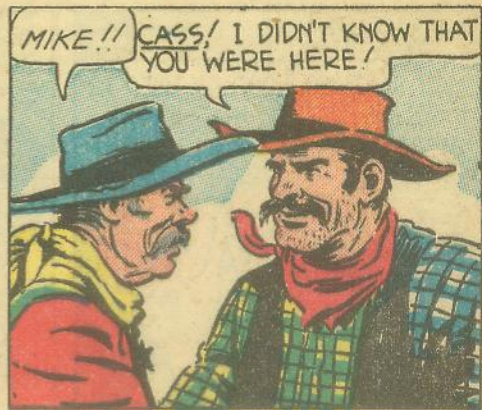
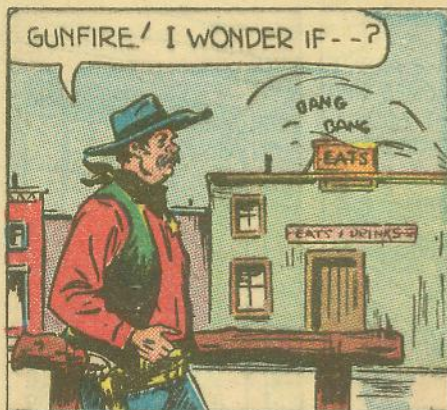




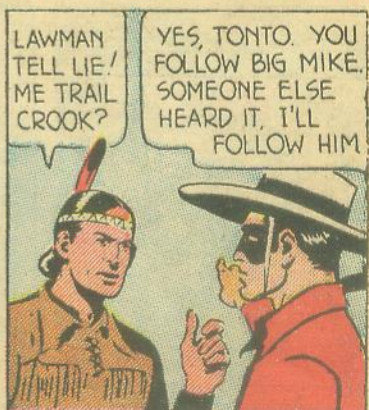
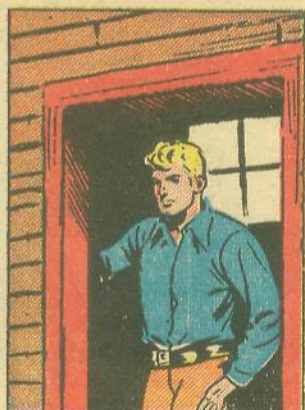




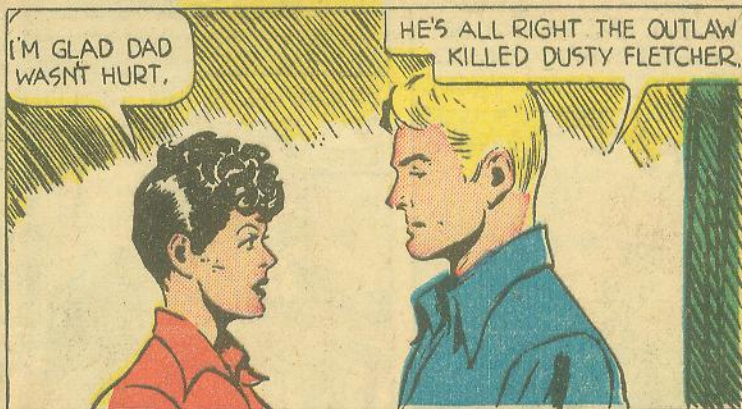
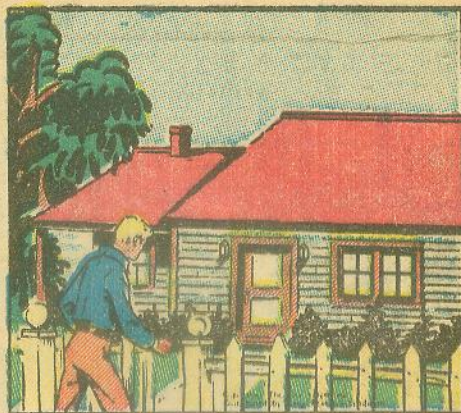
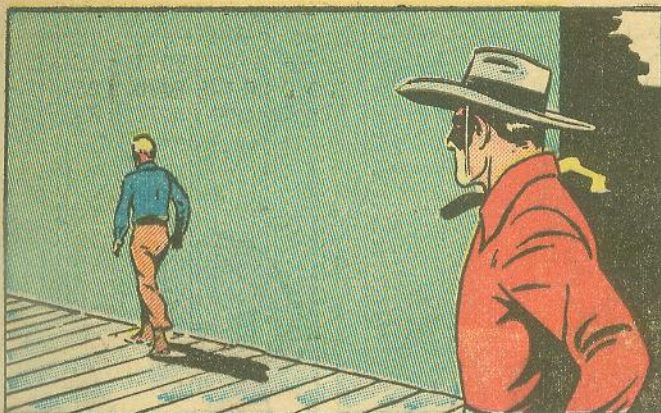








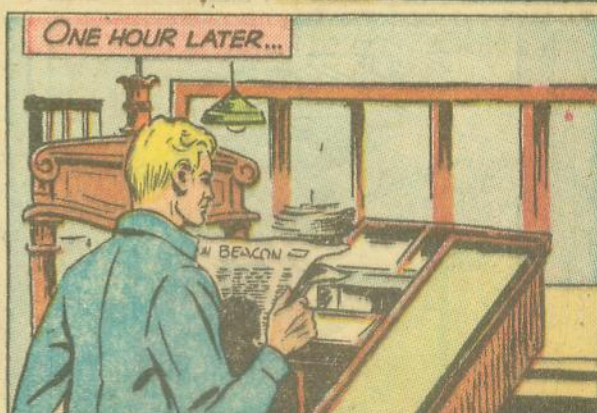




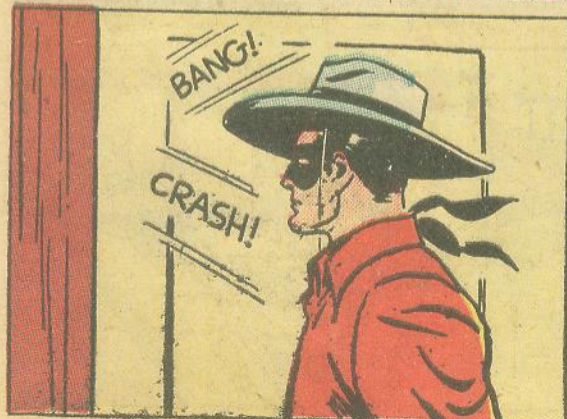
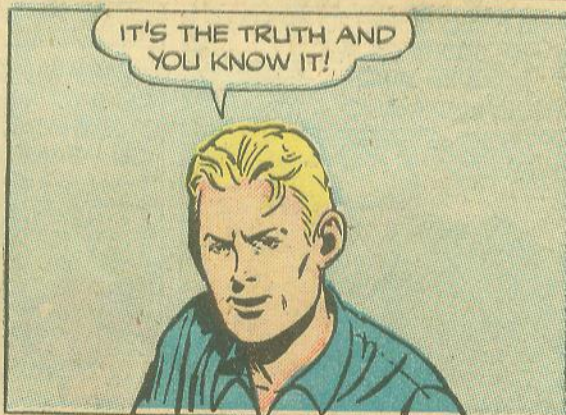
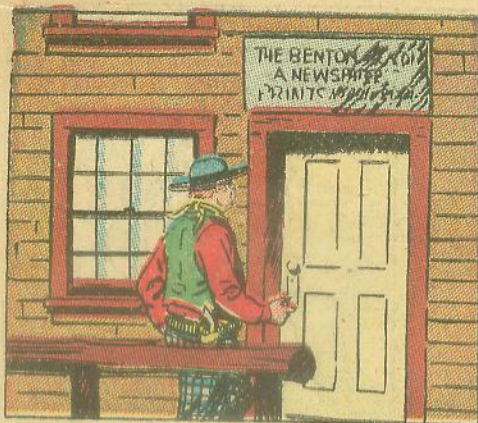




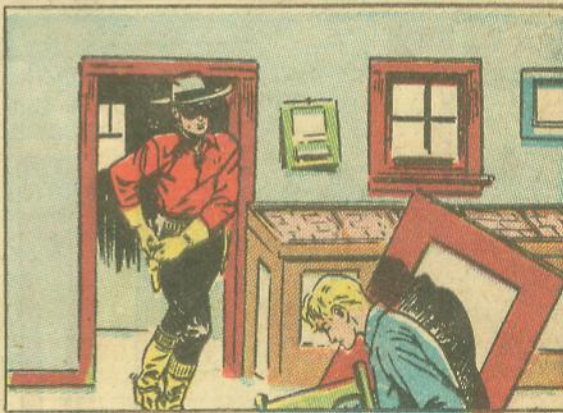
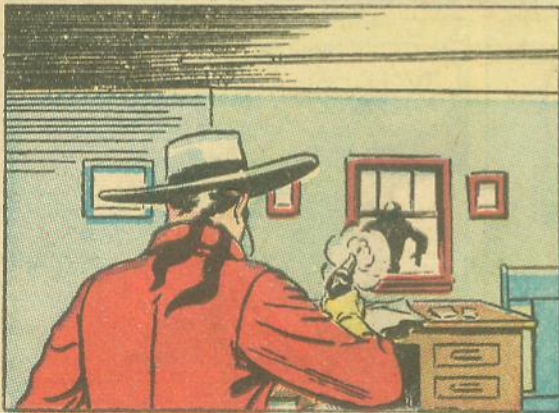
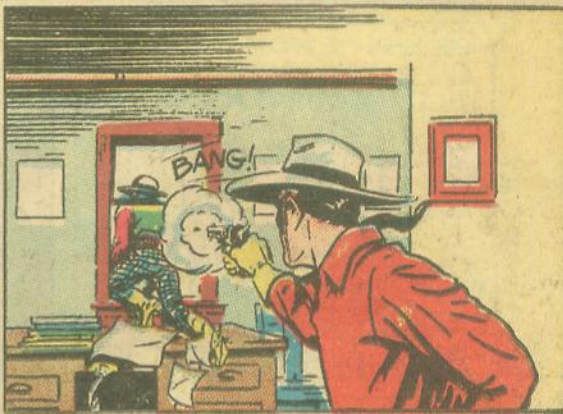
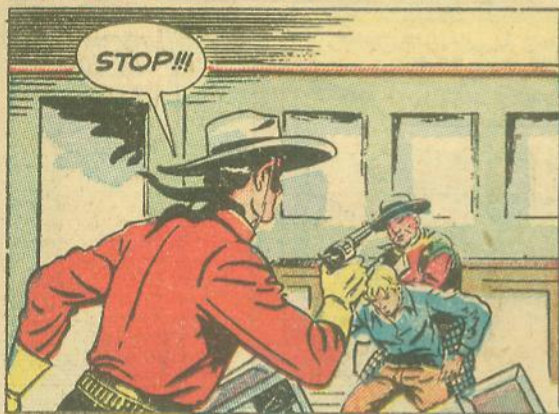




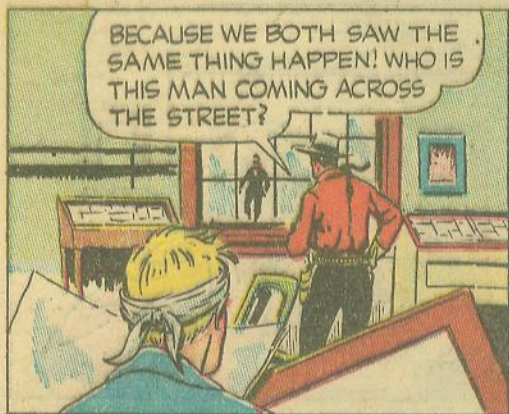
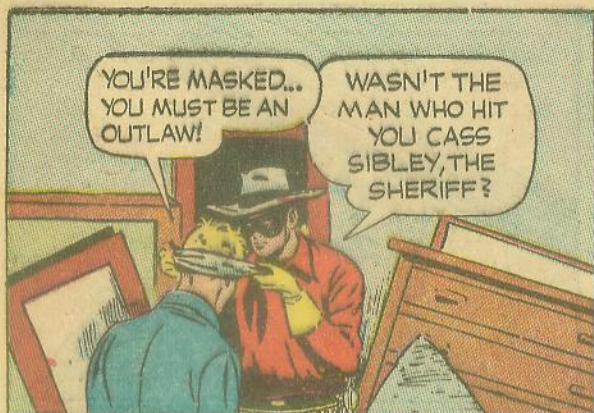




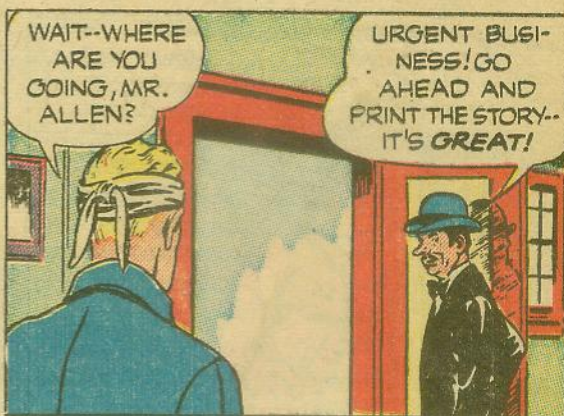




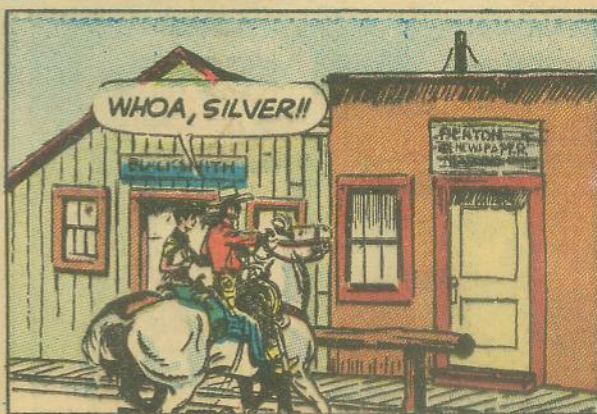








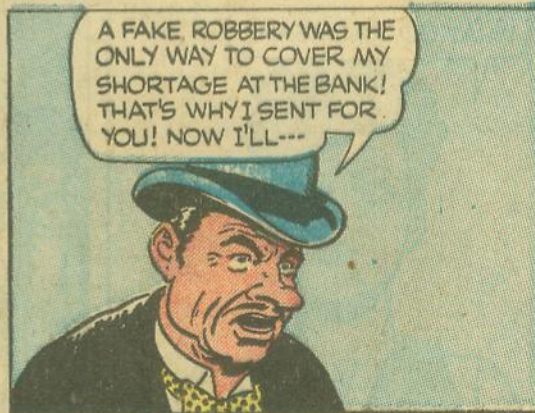
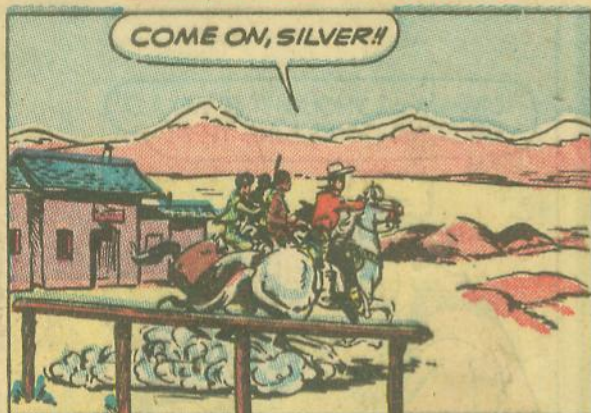








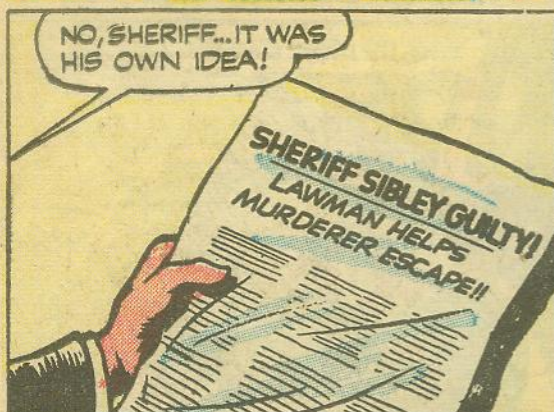








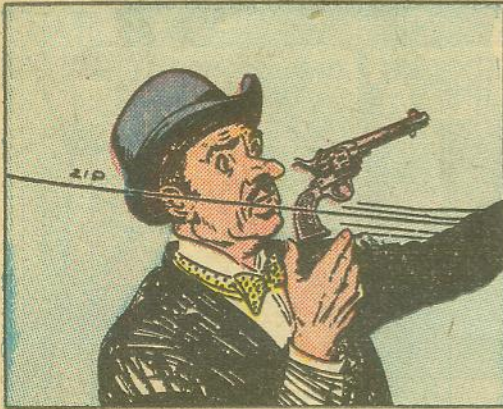




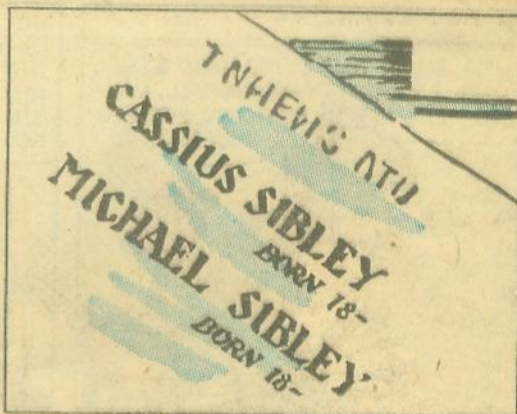












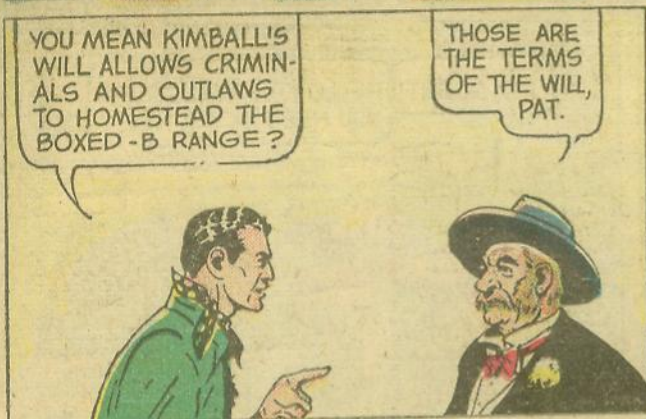


# The Lone Ranger

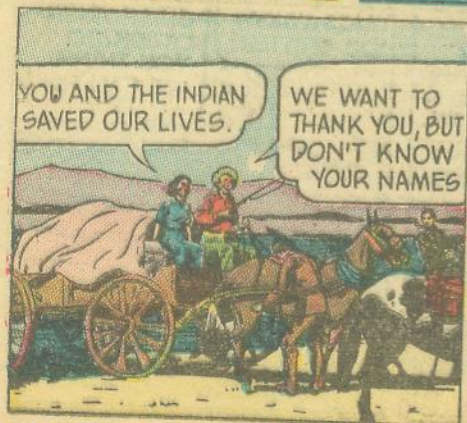
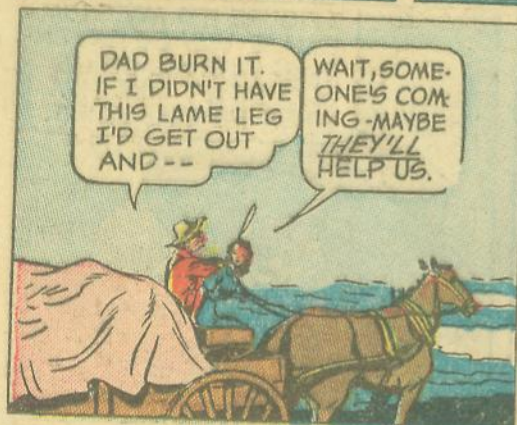
## AND THE LAND GRAB SCHEME













HMM- THOSE HOM-  
BRES LOOK MORE  
LIKE GUN-SLINGERS  
THAN HOME-  
STEADERS.

YEAH, BUT  
KIMBALL'S WILL  
MAKES NO  
DIFFERENCE.



MEANWHILE....

I'M THE  
SHERIFF.

WE'RE HERE FOR  
THE LAND RUSH.  
WE'RE HOME-  
STEADERS.



NOT ONE OF YOU HOMBRES  
IS A *REAL* HOMESTEADER,  
AND YOU KNOW IT.



SIMMER DOWN, LAW DOG. WE ALL  
GOT LETTERS FROM A LAWYER  
NAMED TATE. HE SAYS ALL WE  
NEED TO FILE CLAIMS IS A CRIM-  
INAL RECORD!



I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO  
ACCEPT THEM. IF KIMBALL  
WANTED TO DRIVE THE  
HONEST RANGERS OUT,  
HE SURE PICKED A FAST  
WAY TO DO IT!



THERE'S THE SHERIFF'S  
OFFICE, MA'AM. IS THERE  
ANY OTHER WAY WE CAN  
HELP?



NO, DAN. GRAMP AND I  
ARE VERY GRATEFUL  
FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE,  
BUT- I THINK WE CAN  
TAKE CARE OF  
OURSELVES.



SHE ACTS FUNNY. AND LOOK AT  
THE MEN AROUND THE SHERIFF'S  
OFFICE! LIKE THOSE WE SAW  
LAST NIGHT. LET'S  
GO OVER, TONTO.



UGH.

ALL RIGHT,  
WHERE'S  
YOUR CRIM-  
INAL RECORDS!

BARTON,  
STATE  
PEN.

SCAR  
CONNOR  
FIVE  
YEARS.  
MAN-  
SLAUGHTER.



WELL, SHERIFF. HAVE  
THEY PROVED  
THEMSELVES  
CRIMINALS?

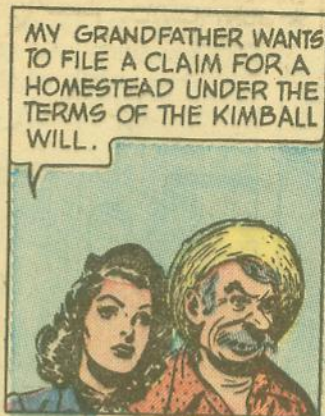
SURE. ROBBERS,  
THIEVES, MUR-  
DERERS. THIS  
IS THE WORST  
DEAL I EVER  
HAD!



I KNOW IT, BUT KIMBALL'S  
WILL SAID EVERY PERSON  
WHO WANTS TO FILE A  
CLAIM *MUST* HAVE A  
CRIMINAL RECORD.











NOW WAIT, SHERIFF. WE DIDN'T MEAN TO --



GOLLY. HE'S PULLING A GUN, TONTO.

THAT BAD.



OH!!!

THAT'S STOPPIN' 'IM, TONTO.



DAN, HE'S A LAWMAN. TONTO SHOULDN'T HAVE HIT HIM SO HARD.

HE WAS AWFUL MAD. WE HAD TO STOP HIM.



ALL GRAMP AND I WANTED WAS TO REGISTER OUR NAMES, SO WE COULD FILE CLAIM TO SOME NEW LAND THAT'S BEING OPENED TO HOMESTEADERS.



IS THAT WHAT THOSE OTHER MEN ARE HERE FOR?

I GUESS SO. ACCORDING TO A WILL, ONLY EX-CRIMINALS CAN HOMESTEAD THE LAND



YOU MEAN, YOU--?

NO, DAN--NOT GINNY--IT'S ME!



HOMESTEADS JUST FOR OUTLAWS? NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING.

GRAMP ISN'T REALLY AN OUTLAW, BUT HE HAS BEEN IN PRISON.



LOOK, DAN. LAWMAN WAKE UP. MAYBE BETTER WE GO.

YEAH, I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT



WE'LL SEE YOU LATER, GINNY.

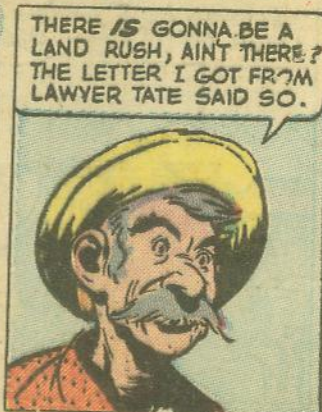
GITT'UM UP, SCOUT



WHAT'S WRONG, DAN?

GOLLY-- I'VE SURE GOT A LOT TO TELL YOU.







WHOA, SILVER! THIS USED TO BE PART OF THE BOXED-B RANGE WE'LL LOOK AROUND.



MEANWHILE...

THEN IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR US TO MAKE THE RUN?



OF COURSE, BUT IN COMPETITION WITH A LOT OF CROOKS.

ABOUT TWO HUNDRED CROOKS HAVE SET UP A SQUATTER CAMP THERE AT THE EDGE OF TOWN. THEY'RE MAKING THE RUN, TOO.



WHAT'S THE SCORE, TRIP? WHEN DO WE START CLAIMIN' THE LAND AND WHERE IS IT?



WAIT, HERE COMES LAWYER TATE. HE'LL TELL US.



YOU CAN MAKE CAMP HERE TILL THE RACE STARTS.



THANKS A LOT, SHERIFF.

THOSE ARE NATURAL SPRINGS, THE ONLY WATER ON THE RANGE. THAT MUST BE THE ANSWER.



MEANWHILE, ON BOXED-B RANGE.

COME ON, SILVER.



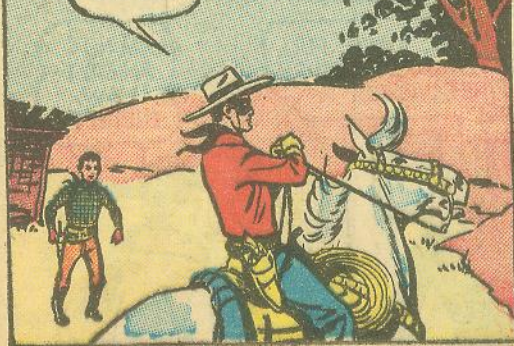
LISTEN, TATE, WE DIDN'T RIDE HERE TO - - -



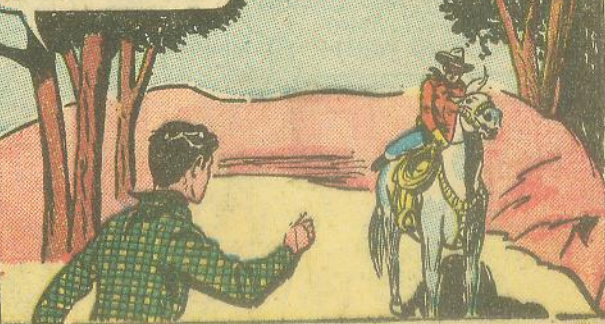
WHERE CAN WE TALK IN PRIVATE?

IN THE SHACK.

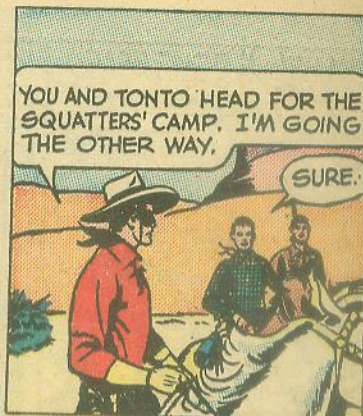
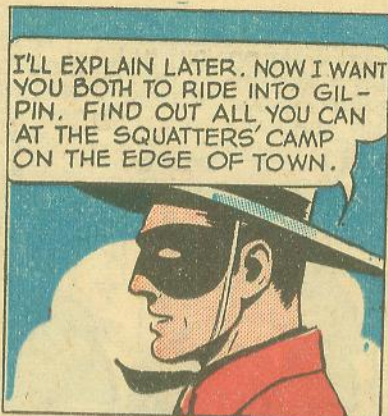
WHOA, WHOA, SILVER!



GOLLY, YOU'VE SURE BEEN A LONG TIME. IS ANYTHING WRONG?















LAWYER TATE MIGHT HAVE SOME SPECIAL FRIENDS AMONG THOSE CROOKS AND THEY MIGHT REACH BIG SPRINGS FIRST.

BUT HOW'D YOU FIGURE THIS OUT?



NEVER MIND THAT. HAVE YOU ANY FRIENDS WHO COULD BEAT THEM TO IT?

ONLY GINNY AND HER GRAND-FATHER. AND THEY'LL LIKELY GET LOST IN THE RUSH.



NOT IF THEY FOLLOW AN INDIAN WHO KNOWS ALL THE BACK TRAILS.

INDIAN? WHO ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?



THE SAME INDIAN WHO PUNCHED YOU IN THE JAW, SHERIFF. I'LL SEE YOU LATER, ADIOS.



DID YOU AND TONTO DISCOVER ANYTHING AT THE SQUATTERS' CAMP, DAN?

I THINK SO. AT LEAST WE OVER-HEARD A LOT OF THINGS.

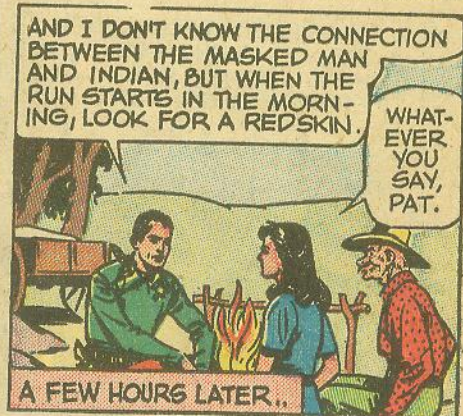


GOOD.

TWO OF THOSE CROOKS WERE TALKING TO A MR. TATE. HE HAD A MAP SHOWING WHERE BIG SPRINGS IS LOCATED.



I THOUGHT SO. NOW WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THAT THE SHERIFF'S FRIENDS BEAT THEM.



AND I DON'T KNOW THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE MASKED MAN AND INDIAN, BUT WHEN THE RUN STARTS IN THE MORN-ING, LOOK FOR A REDSKIN.

WHAT-EVER YOU SAY, PAT.

A FEW HOURS LATER..



ARE YOU READY, GINNY? I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER TO GIVE THE SIGNAL.

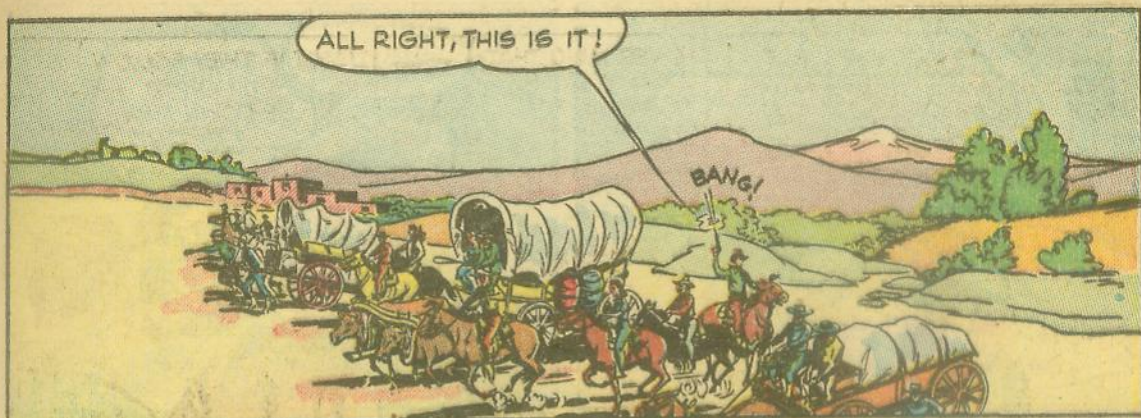
SURE, LET 'ER RIP.



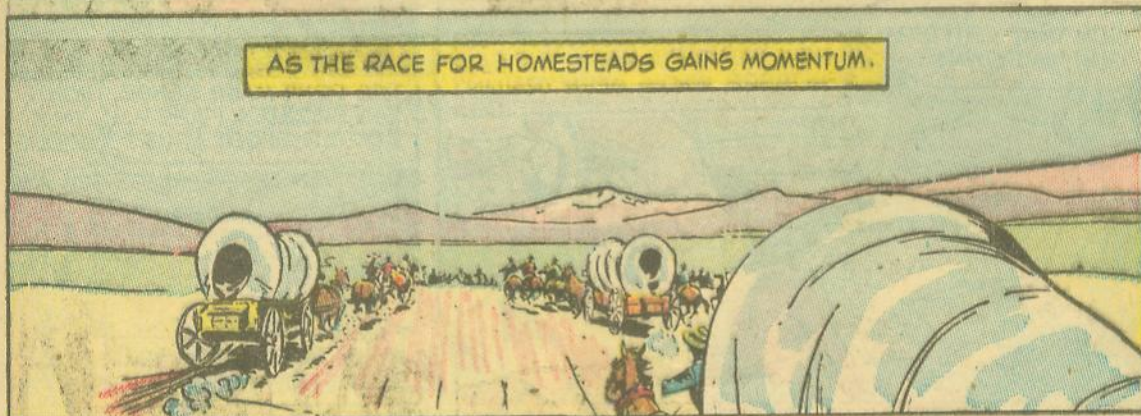
WHAT ABOUT THE MASKED MAN AND INDIAN?

THEY DIDN'T SHOW UP, GUESS IT WAS ALL A FAKE.





AS THE RACE FOR HOMESTEADS GAINS MOMENTUM.



DAN! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

FOLLOW US! WE'RE HEAD-ING FOR BIG SPRINGS.



COME ON! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO LINE OUT FOR BIG SPRINGS!

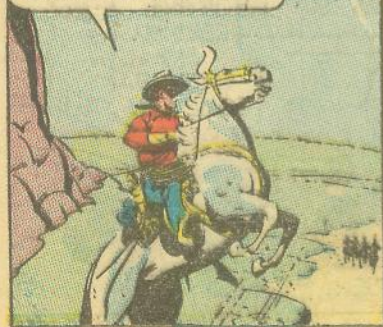


HEY, TRIP, LOOK THERE. SOMEBODY'S TRAILIN' US!

NAW - YOU'RE LOCO!

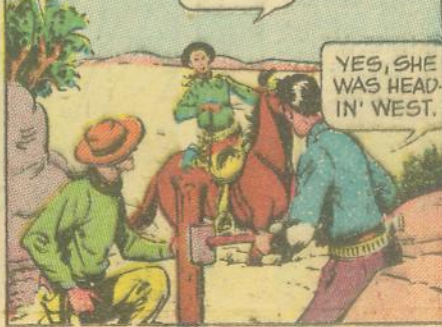


THEY'VE GOT TO BE SLOWED DOWN - AND THAT'S OUR JOB. COME ON, SILVER!



HI, SHERIFF.

HAVE YOU SEEN A YOUNG GIRL PASS HERE?



YES, SHE WAS HEAD- IN' WEST.

THANKS. COME ON, BOY. GIDDAP?



















WE CAN PULL HIM DOWN. WHOA, STEADY, BOY-- STEADY!



HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?

THOSE MEN FROM THE SQUATTERS' CAMP! THEY'RE AT BIG SPRINGS.



HOW'D YOU GET AHEAD OF US?

NEVER MIND THAT--

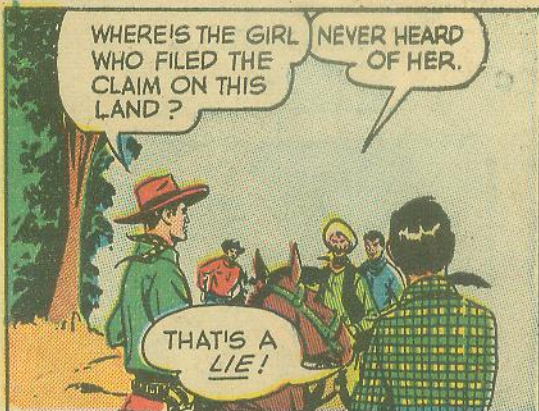
TRIP, LOOK WHAT'S COMIN'-THE LAW!



LOOK-IT'S THOSE MEN FROM THE SQUATTERS' CAMP!

WHERE'S GINNY?

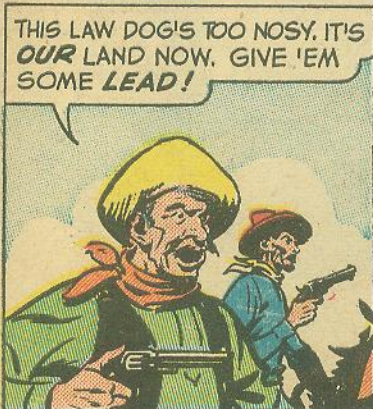
THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!



WHERE'S THE GIRL WHO FILED THE CLAIM ON THIS LAND?

NEVER HEARD OF HER.

THAT'S A LIE!



THIS LAW DOG'S TOO NOSY. IT'S OUR LAND NOW. GIVE 'EM SOME LEAD!



THERE- THOSE ARE THE MEN -- THEY'RE SHOOTING AT PAT AND GRAMP!

WHOA! STAY HERE, GINNY!



OH-H- HOLD YER FIRE, SHERIFF. WE'RE THROUGH!



AND DON'T FORGET LAWYER TATE. HE STARTED THIS SCHEME.

I'LL GET HIM ALL RIGHT, BUT WAIT A MINUTE-I--



NO USE ASKIN' HIM TO WAIT. HE'S THE LONE RANGER!

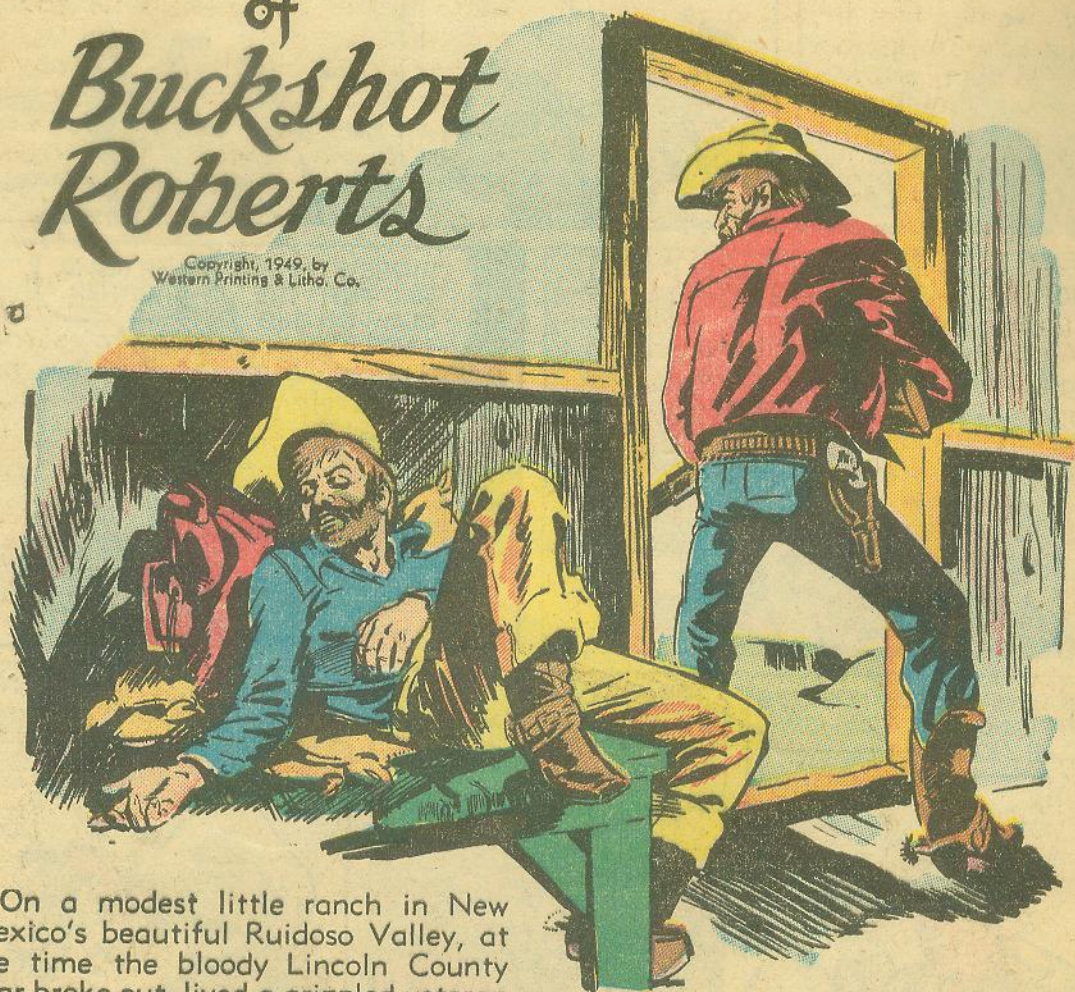
HI-YO, SILVER, AWAY--



# The PASSING of Buckshot Roberts

Copyright, 1949, by  
Western Printing & Litho. Co.

story by  
Carl Smith



On a modest little ranch in New Mexico's beautiful Ruidoso Valley, at the time the bloody Lincoln County War broke out, lived a grizzled veteran of earlier frontier days known as Buckshot Roberts. The cattlemen's feud flared into full-scale fighting all around, but he said he'd seen enough gunplay in his day, and stayed out of it.

Ex-Ranger, former Indian-fighter, he had one arm so loaded with buckshot he couldn't raise a rifle to his shoulder. People said, "Buckshot's got so much lead in his carcass he dassen't swim his horse—they'd both sink like a rock."

But one of the hired gunmen roaming the Valley wouldn't stand for Buckshot's neutrality. Billy the Kid, chief

lead-slinger for one of the warring factions, publicly announced his intention to kill Roberts.

Roberts was no coward, but when word of Billy the Kid's threat reached him, he stuck to his contention that he'd had enough fighting to last him the rest of his life. Buckshot prepared to leave the Valley until the war was over.

But when he heard that a friend, wounded in a skirmish, had taken refuge at Blazer's Mill, Buckshot changed his mind. He saddled his horse, stuck a Winchester in the scabbard and a



six-shooter in his belt, and lit out for the mill.

Roberts arrived at the mill just ahead of Billy the Kid. As he dismounted, a drum of hoofs in the distance warned him that a large group of riders was approaching. Buckshot stood in the doorway of the mill awaiting them, rifle at his side.

As they rode up, he recognized Billy the Kid, Dirty Steve, and others of Billy's gang—13 in all. One of them had gotten himself deputized—easy enough, considering conditions in the county—and the gang claimed to be a "posse."

When the "deputy" called upon him to give himself up and surrender his weapons, Roberts laughed at him. He knew he'd be "killed while trying to escape" if he should surrender. So the gang rushed him as he stood in the door.

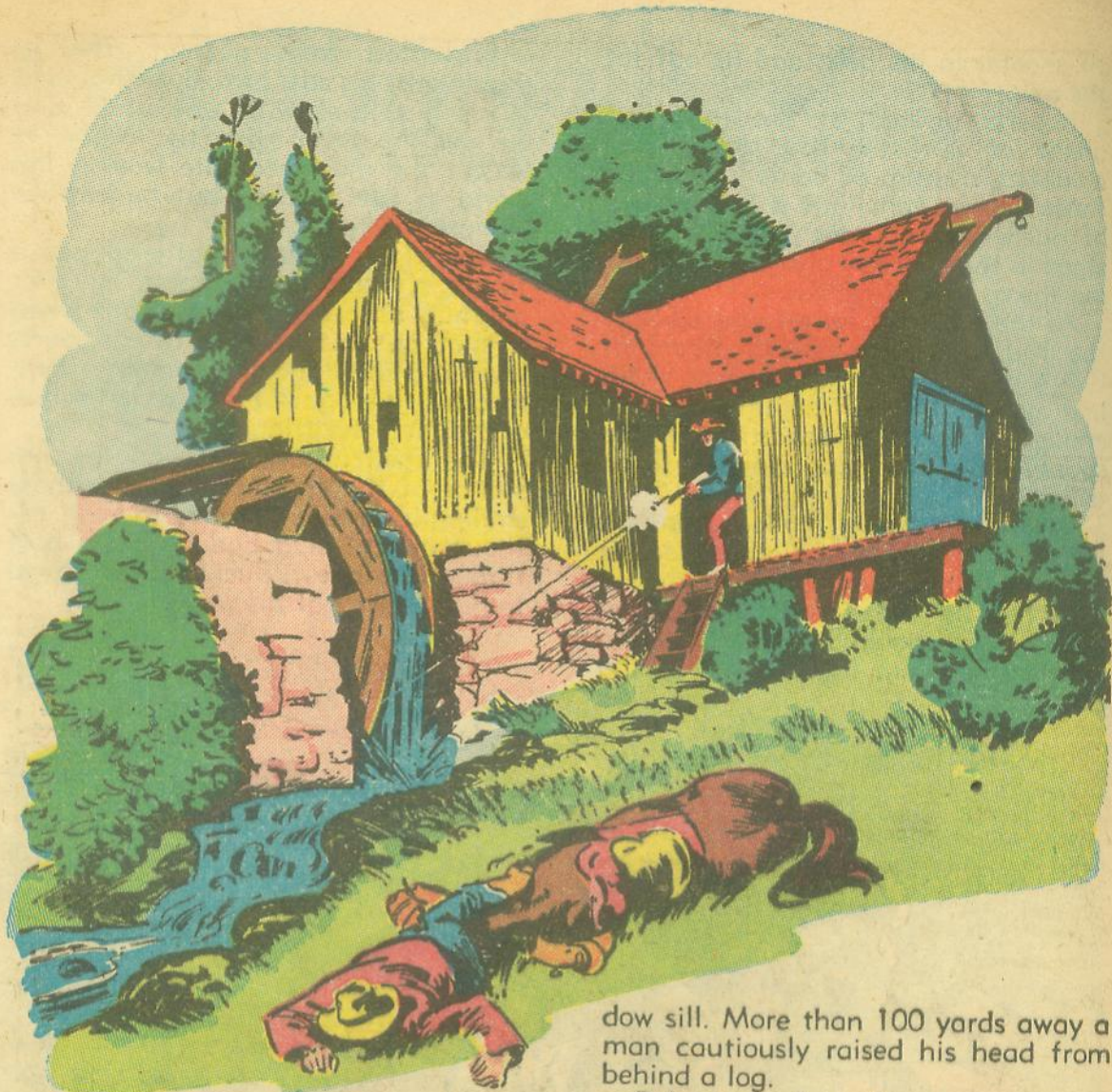
Prevented from getting rifle to shoulder by his stiff arm, Buckshot held it at hip level with one hand and worked the lever with the other. It wasn't the most accurate way in the world to fire a rifle—but he had 13 targets before him.

One of his bullets neatly clipped a finger off one of the gang. Another gunman narrowly missed death when a shot cut his belt in two. Roberts levered a shell into the chamber, jammed his rifle against Billy's stomach—and pulled the trigger.

The shell missed fire—another instance of the charmed life which the smiling little killer seemed to bear. Although a .44 slug had drilled a hole through his chest, Buckshot continued to pump away at his gun.







He gave the murderous bunch more than they could take. At last they withdrew, dragging two wounded men with them. Staggering into the mill, Buckshot barred the door. He had saved his wounded friend, but the fight was not over.

The desperadoes, carefully taking well-protected positions, surrounded the mill. Buckshot found an old buffalo gun and a supply of ammunition in a corner. Although he was badly wounded, he dragged a mattress to a low window.

With no chance to take care of his wounds, Roberts lay bleeding on the mattress. He poked the muzzle of the powerful old buffalo gun over the win-

dow sill. More than 100 yards away a man cautiously raised his head from behind a log.

Roberts had to shoot at a target about the size of a man's hand. It was a snap shot, since he had to expose himself to fire. He was painfully wounded, and the gun was an unfamiliar one. Still, Buckshot drilled his man cleanly between the eyes.

It was the last shot fired in that battle of the Lincoln County War. Showing the white feather, the Kid and his gang crawled away, mounted, and vanished. However, it was also the last shot Buckshot Roberts ever fired. By the time some of his friends arrived he was beyond their aid. In 36 hours his life ebbed away, leaving in its place another legend of our frontier—another story of the indomitable courage of the men who made the Old West.



# Young Hawk

**B**EFORE THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN YOUNG HAWK AND HIS PEOPLE  
 ROAMED THE GREAT WESTERN PLAINS. THEY MADE THEIR OWN WEAPONS, THEIR TOOLS,  
 AND THEIR CLOTHING EVERY DAY THEY FOUGHT SAVAGE NATURE FACE TO FACE  
 FOR THE RIGHT TO LIVE. THIS STORY TELLS HOW YOUNG HAWK WON HIS BATTLES.

Copyright, 1960, by  
 Western Publishing Co., Inc.

ESCAPING FROM  
 A PRAIRIE FIRE,  
 YOUNG HAWK  
 AND LITTLE BUCK  
 HAVE BEEN  
 CARRIED FAR  
 DOWN THE CANYON  
 OF A FLOODED  
 RIVER INTO A  
 TERRITORY THAT  
 IS NEW TO THEM.  
 THEY HAVE BEEN  
 MAKING THE BEST  
 OF THEIR STAY IN  
 THIS NEW REGION.  
 YOUNG HAWK HAS  
 CAUGHT A HORSE,  
 AND IS ABOUT TO  
 GO OUT TO HUNT FOR  
 A PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

I'LL BE BACK BEFORE DARK, LITTLE BUCK....  
 DON'T LIGHT A FIRE WHILE I'M GONE --  
 THE SMOKE MIGHT BE  
 SEEN BY ENEMY  
 HUNTERS!

OKAY, YOUNG  
 HAWK! I'LL KEEP  
 TUMBLEWEED WITH  
 ME FOR COMPANY.



MAKING ARROWHEADS  
 WITH ONLY ONE  
 GOOD HAND IS  
 SLOW WORK.....I  
 WISH YOUNG  
 HAWK WOULD  
 COME BACK  
 IT'S AFTERNOON  
 ALREADY, AND I'M  
 SO HUNGRY



A FIRE JUST BIG  
 ENOUGH TO COOK  
 THIS PORCUPINE  
 LEG WON'T BE  
 SEEN -- WILL IT,  
 TUMBLEWEED?

WOWFF!



OOH! I MUST HAVE  
 PUT A WET STICK  
 IN WITH THE  
 OTHERS -- THAT  
 SMOKE IS  
 AWFUL!



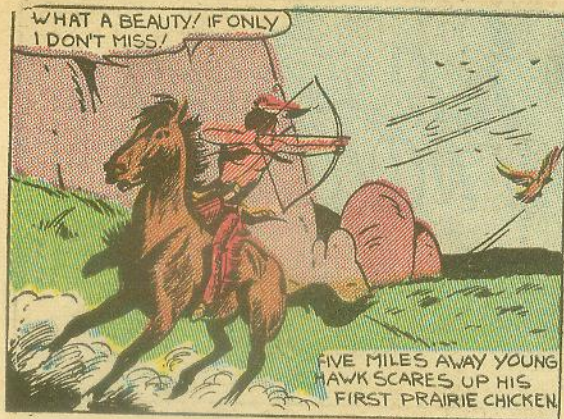
UGH! SMOKE  
 FROM WET WOOD!  
 NO SIOUX WOULD  
 BE THAT  
 CARELESS!

WE'LL GO LOOK-SEE!  
 MAYBE WE TAKE CARELESS  
 ONE'S SCALP!



ON THE CANYON'S  
 RIM, TWO SIOUX  
 HUNTERS SPY  
 THE SMOKE  
 OF LITTLE  
 BUCK'S CAMP  
 FIRE.





WHAT A BEAUTY! IF ONLY I DON'T MISS!

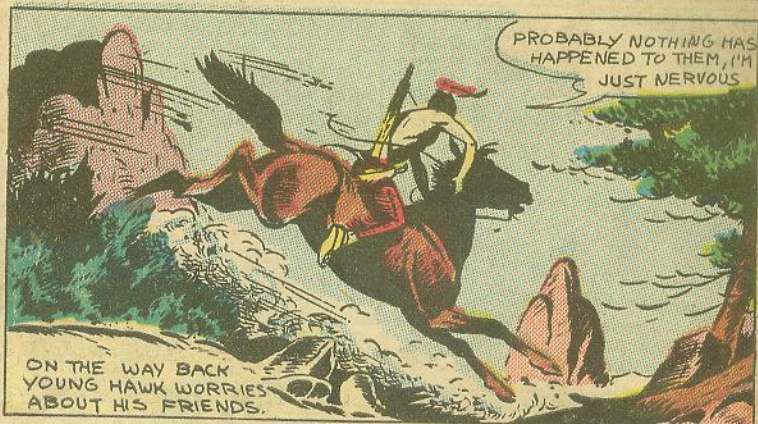
FIVE MILES AWAY YOUNG HAWK SCARES UP HIS FIRST PRAIRIE CHICKEN.



HERE'S ENOUGH FEATHERS FOR TWENTY ARROWS-- AND A CHICKEN DINNER BESIDES!

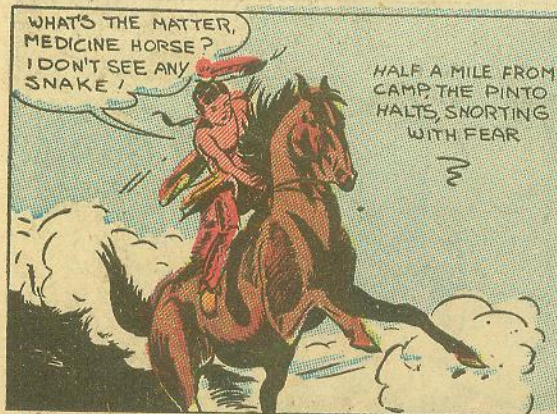


WE'LL HURRY BACK TO LITTLE BUCK NOW, MEDICINE HORSE..... HE AND TUMBLEWEED AREN'T OLD ENOUGH TO BE LEFT ALONE!



PROBABLY NOTHING HAS HAPPENED TO THEM, I'M JUST NERVOUS

ON THE WAY BACK YOUNG HAWK WORRIES ABOUT HIS FRIENDS.

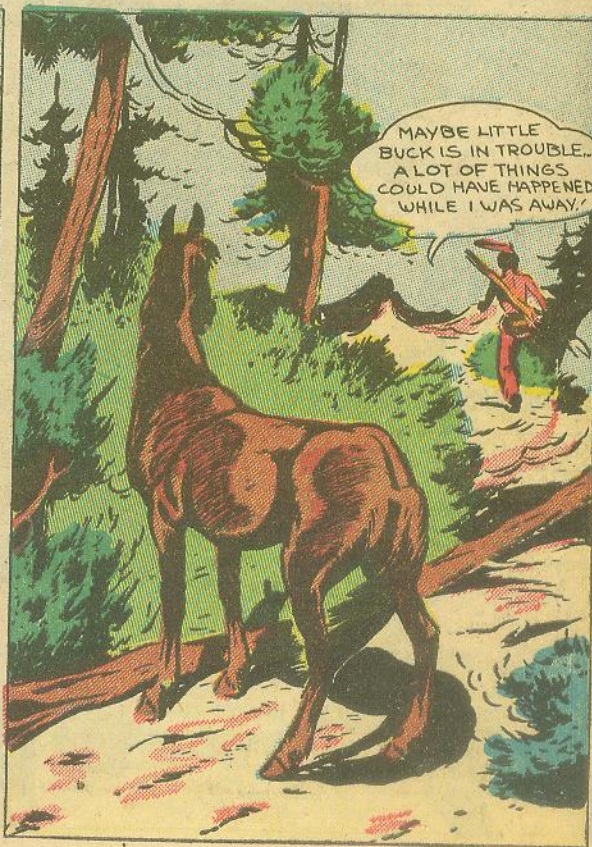


WHAT'S THE MATTER, MEDICINE HORSE? I DON'T SEE ANY SNAKE!

HALF A MILE FROM CAMP THE PINTO HALTS, SNORTING WITH FEAR



HE MUST HAVE SMELLED A BEAR, OR COUGAR DOWN THE RAVINE -- I'D BETTER GO AHEAD ON FOOT AND SEE WHAT'S THE MATTER.

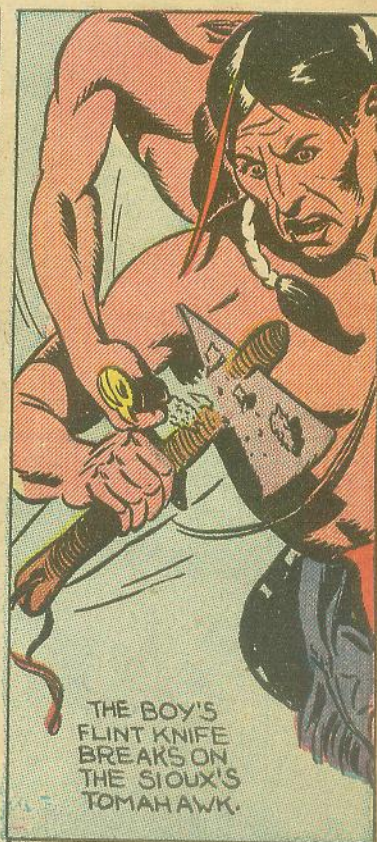


MAYBE LITTLE BUCK IS IN TROUBLE... A LOT OF THINGS COULD HAVE HAPPENED WHILE I WAS AWAY!

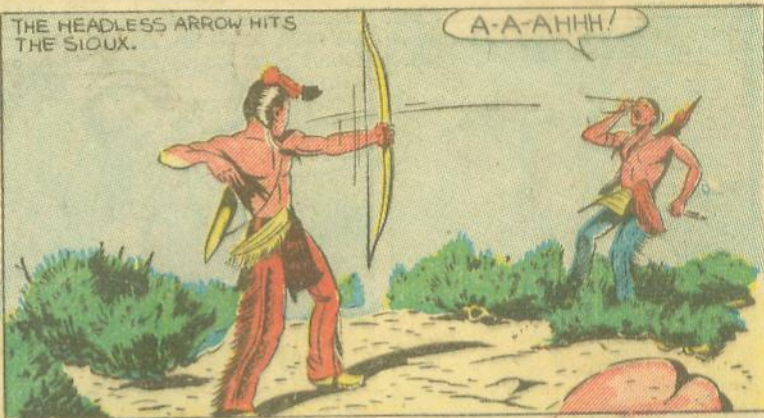




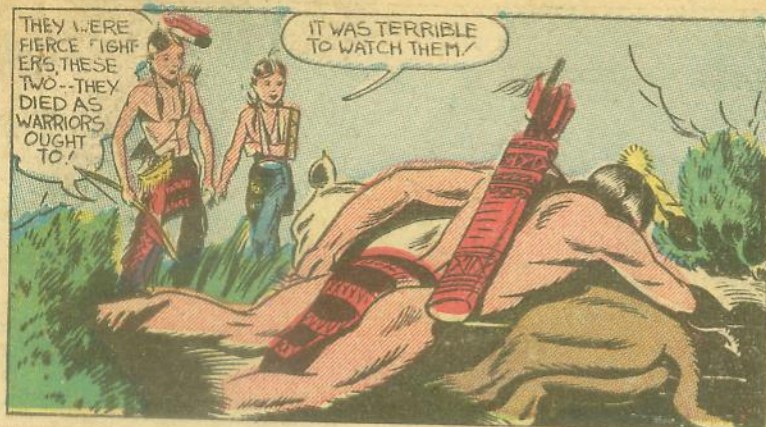












THEY WERE  
FIERCE FIGHT-  
ERS, THESE  
TWO--THEY  
DIED AS  
WARRIORS  
OUGHT  
TO!

IT WAS TERRIBLE  
TO WATCH THEM!

SEE, YOUNG HAWK, A KNIFE OF  
RINGING STONE! I'VE HEARD  
OL' EAGLE BEAK TELL ABOUT  
KNIVES LIKE THIS!

YES, THEY COME  
FROM THE FAR  
SOUTH--FROM THE  
MEN WITH THE  
YELLOW HAIR

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LIVES  
THE BOYS SEE A STEEL KNIFE TRAD-  
ED FROM THE SPANIARDS IN MEXICO.



CALMLY YOUNG HAWK TAKES POSSES-  
SION OF HIS ENEMIES WEAPONS.

HERE ARE  
ALL THE ARROWS  
WE CAN USE--  
SHARP AND  
FEATHERED.



WE HAVE TWO STEEL KNIVES AND TWO  
QUIVERS OF ARROWS--  
AND MEDICINE  
HORSE.....WE'RE  
**RICH, YOUNG  
HAWK.**

BUT WE STILL HAVE  
TO FIND OUR PEOPLE  
..... LET'S START  
NOW BEFORE  
ANYTHING MORE  
HAPPENS!



MEDICINE HORSE IS STRONG  
ENOUGH TO CARRY US BOTH  
EASILY!

HE'LL BE ABLE TO SMELL  
ANY WOLVES OR COUGARS  
THAT CROSS OUR TRAIL  
TOO!



WE'LL HEAD WEST  
UNTIL WE COME TO  
THE BLUE MOUNTAINS--  
THAT'S WHERE OUR  
PEOPLE WERE  
GOING WHEN WE  
LOST THEM.

I GUESS THEY  
THINK WE'RE LOST  
FOR GOOD, YOUNG  
HAWK!



THE BEAUTY OF SOUTHWESTERN INDIAN CRAFTSMANSHIP IS QUITE AMAZING SINCE NO MECHANICAL AIDS ARE EMPLOYED.



IN PIERCING A PIECE OF TURQUOIS, THIS NAVAHO USES A PRIMITIVE HAND DRILL WITH WONDERFUL PRECISION.

THE PUEBLOS DO NOT USE POTTER'S WHEELS. TO MAKE A VESSEL, THE BASE IS HAND MOULDED. SUCCESSIVE CLAY COILS ARE THEN BUILT ON. THE WHOLE POT IS GIVEN FINAL SHAPING WITH A GOURD SPOON. NEXT, THE POT IS SUN-DRIED AND DECORATED.







Chief Keokuk,  
Head Chief of Fox-Sacs