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The Lone Ranger



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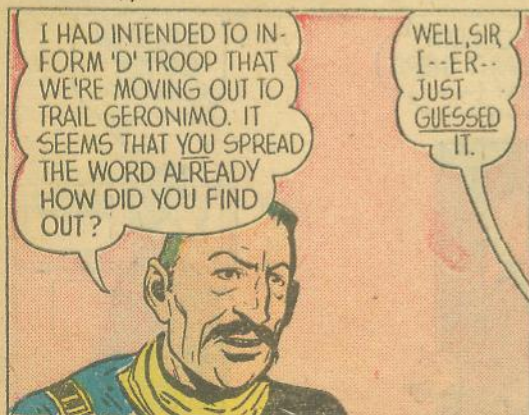
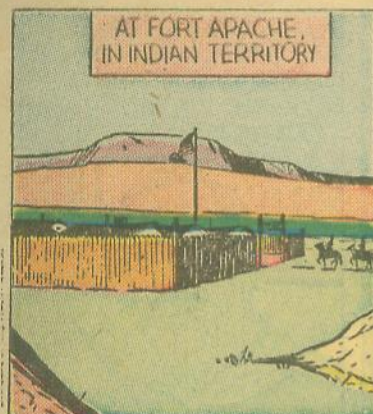
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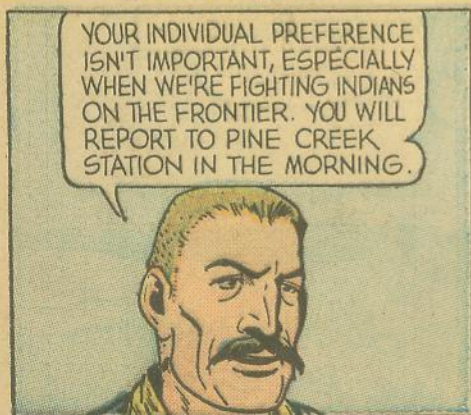
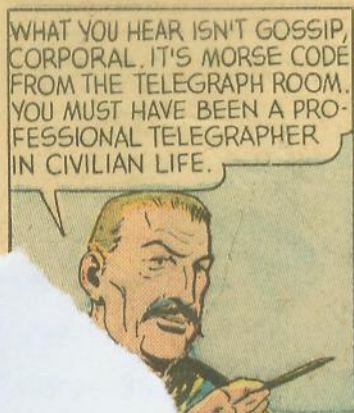
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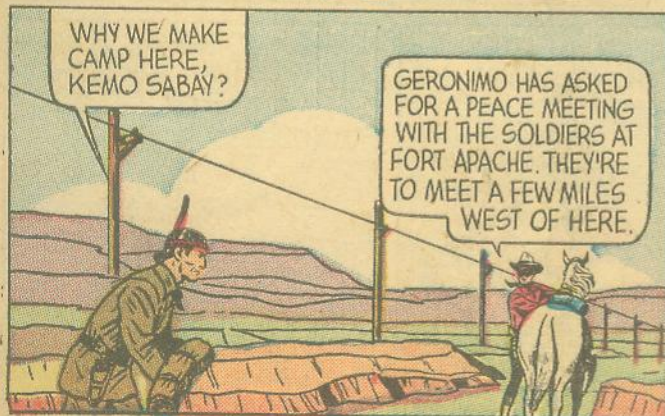
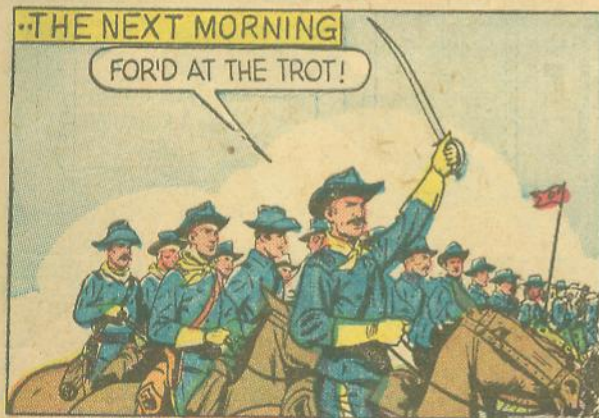
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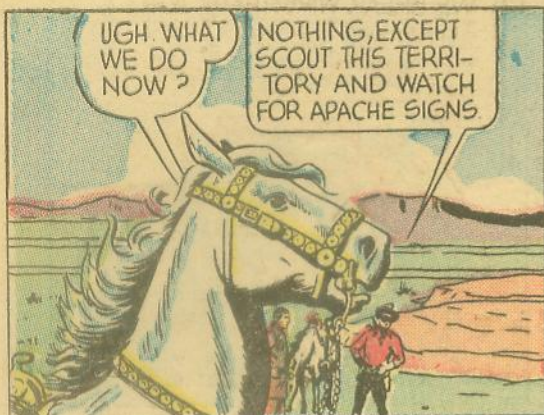
AND GERONIMO'S RAIDING PARTY



L.R. 16-4919







UGH. WHAT WE DO NOW?

NOTHING, EXCEPT SCOUT THIS TERRITORY AND WATCH FOR APACHE SIGNS



MEANWHILE, EX-TROOPER STEVE DUNCAN HEADS FOR PINE CREEK.

GIDDAP!



KEMO SABAY, LOOK!

YES, TONTO.



IT'S A CAVALRY TROOP FROM FORT APACHE. EVIDENTLY THEY'RE HEADING FOR DRY MEADOW, FOR THE PEACE MEETING WITH GERONIMO.



MEANWHILE, AT DRY MEADOW

THE WHITE SOLDIERS CAN BE EASILY TRAPPED. BUT FIRST WE MUST KNOW THEIR STRENGTH. LET SCOUTS OBSERVE THEM.



WE MUST ALSO BE SURE THAT THE TELEGRAPH WIRE IS CUT. YOU GAVE THOSE ORDERS?

UGH. ME TELL BRAVES. THEY DO IT.



THERE'S TIME BEFORE SUNDOWN, TONTO. WE'LL RIDE WEST AND COVER THAT CAVALRY TROOP'S BACK TRAIL.



COME ON, SILVER.

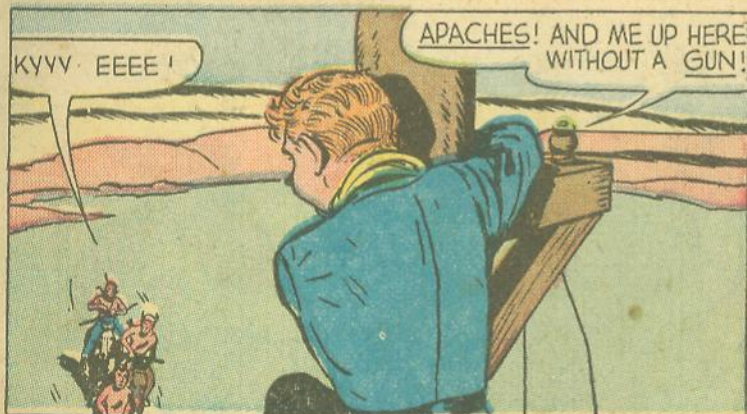
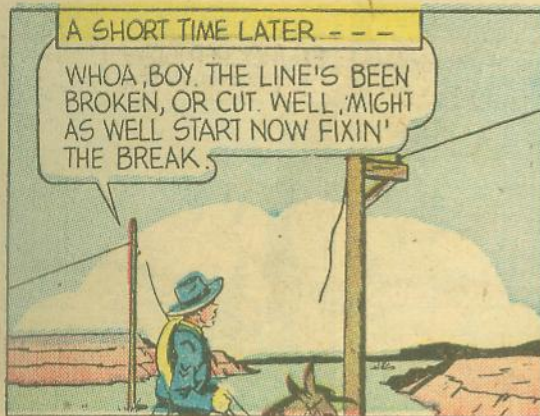
GITTUM-UP, SCOUT.



GERONIMO SAY WE CUT WIRE-THAT-TALKS.

UGH

MEANWHILE..

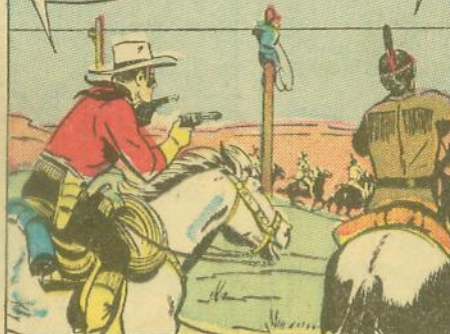


SIX OF 'EM! I HAVEN'T GOT A PRAYER TO GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE!

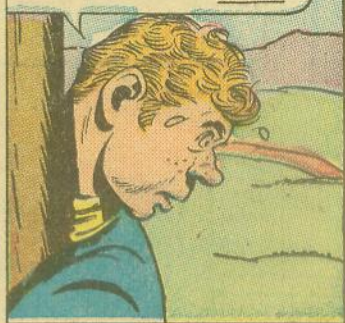


COME ON, SILVER!

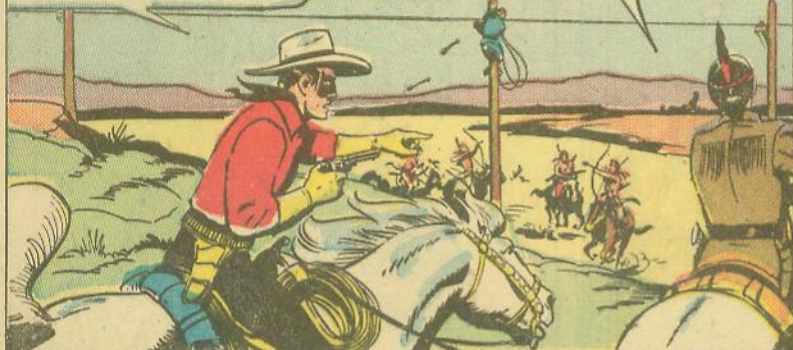
GITTUM UP, SCOUT!



WHAT THE -- *MORE INJUNS!* NO, ONE MUST BE AN OUTLAW, HE'S WEARIN' A MASK!



CUT OVER THAT WAY, TONTO! CLOSE IN FROM THE OTHER SIDE.



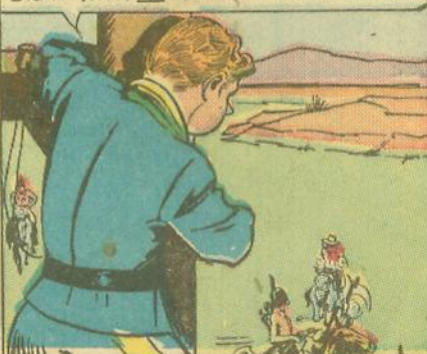
UGH! GITTUM UP, SCOUT!



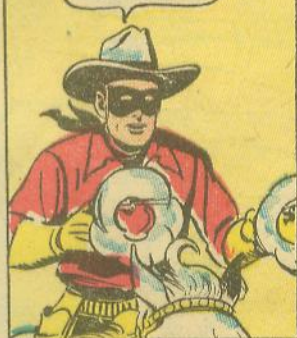
WHITE DEVIL IN MASK! KILL HIM!



WELL, I'LL BE - A MASKED OUTLAW SIDIN' WITH ME AGAINST THE REDSKINS.



NOW, TONTO - CLOSE IN!



UGH! ME DO IT!



BANG!

THAT'S ENOUGH. THEY'RE RIDING AWAY. WHOA, SILVER.

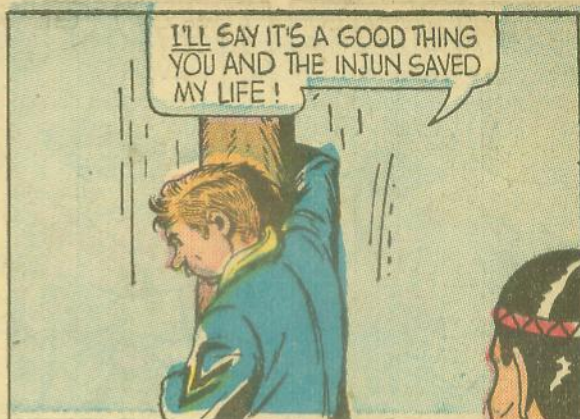


HO, SCOUT!



APACHE TURN TAIL
PLENTY FAST

YES, IT'S A GOOD
THING WE RODE
THIS TRAIL.



I'LL SAY IT'S A GOOD THING
YOU AND THE INJUN SAVED
MY LIFE!



I'M GLAD WE COULD HELP,
CORPORAL. YOU'RE AN
ARMY SIGNAL CORPS
MAN, AREN'T YOU?

YEAH
AND EVEN
IF YOU
ARE AN
OWLHOOF-



I'M NOT AN OUT-
LAW. NEITHER
IS TONTO.

I DON'T CARE
WHAT YOU
ARE. I'M BE
HOLDEN TO
YOU FOREVER



I HAD JUST SPLICED THE
WIRE WHEN THOSE IN-
JUNS SPOTTED ME

AT LEAST THE
LINE IS
THROUGH
AGAIN. WHICH
WAY ARE YOU
HEADING?



OVER TO PINE
CREEK, WORSE
LUCK!

WHAT'S
THE
TROUBLE?



AW, I WAS A REGULAR 'YELLOW-
LEG' AT THE FORT, TILL THIS
AFTERNOON. THEN CAPTAIN
BECKER TRANSFERRED ME
TO THE SIGNAL CORPS



WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THAT?

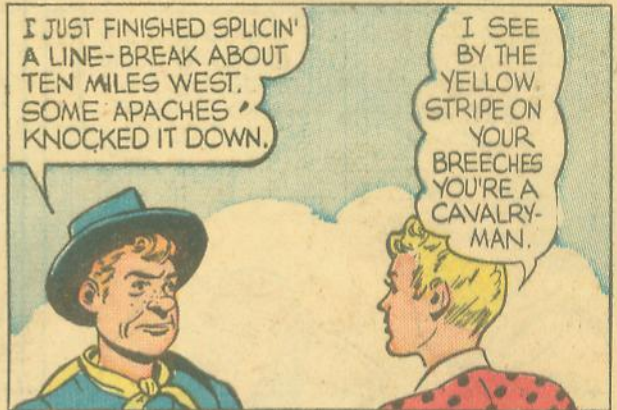
MISTER, IF YOU'D
BEEN POUNDIN'
BRASS AS LONG AS
I HAVE, YOU WOULDN'T
SAY THAT.



I WANT TO THANK YOU
AGAIN FOR RIDIN'
HERD ON THOSE
APACHES YOU
SAVED MY LIFE

FORGET IT.
WHAT'S YOUR
NAME, COR-
PORAL?











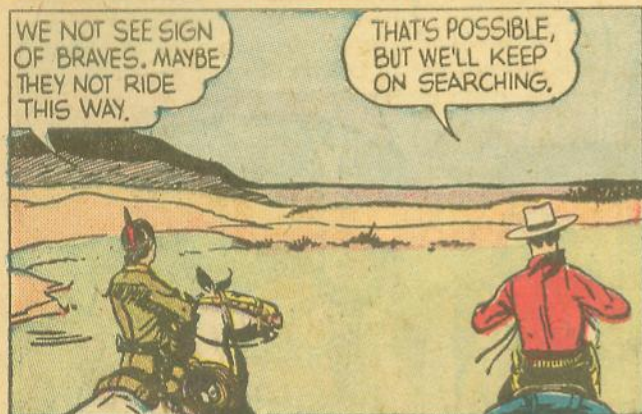
MAYBE BEST
WE TRAIL
APACHES.

THAT'S WHAT WE'LL
DO, TO BE ON THE
SAFE SIDE.
COME ON,
SILVER!



IS YOUR WHOLE TRIBE
ASSEMBLED HERE,
GERONIMO?

ALL
BRAVES
ARE HERE.
I SWEAR
IT.



WE NOT SEE SIGN
OF BRAVES. MAYBE
THEY NOT RIDE
THIS WAY.

THAT'S POSSIBLE,
BUT WE'LL KEEP
ON SEARCHING.



WHERE YOU THINK-UM,
SOLDIER WHO FIX
WIRE-THAT-TALK
IS NOW?

YOU
MEAN
CORPORAL
DUNCAN?
HE'S PROB-
ABLY AT PINE
CREEK BY
THIS TIME.



DON'T WORRY, MISS
LAURA. I WON'T
MENTION YOUR
BROTHER'S ILL-
NESS

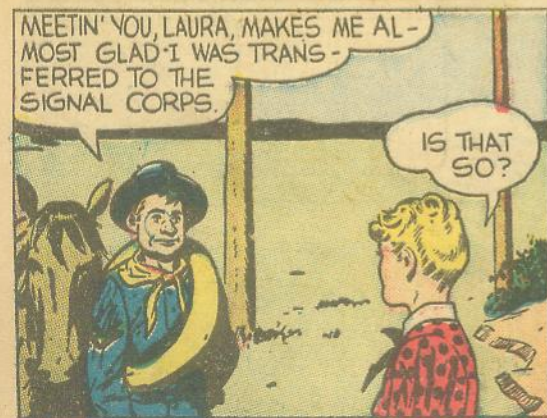
THANKS.
FRANK AND
I WILL APPRE-
CIATE IT, STEVE-
ER, I MEAN
CORPORAL.

MEANWHILE,



FORGET THAT
CORPORAL STUFF.
I'D RATHER
HAVE YOU CALL
ME 'STEVE'.

ALL RIGHT.
ANYTHING
TO OBLIGE
A SOLDIER.



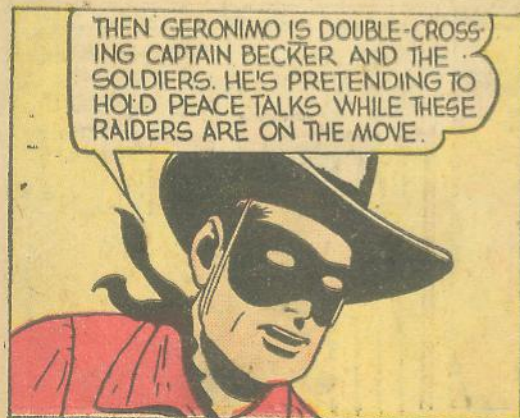
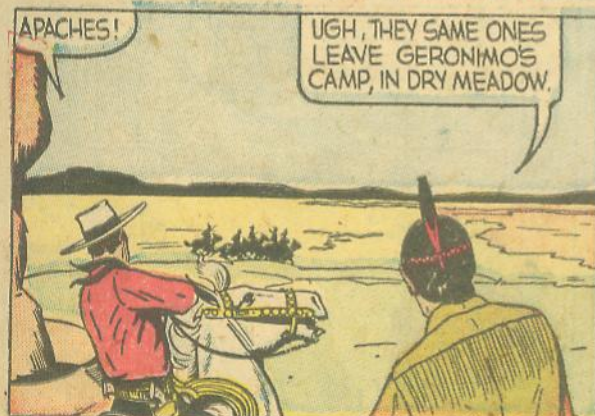
MEETIN' YOU, LAURA, MAKES ME AL-
MOST GLAD I WAS TRANS-
FERRED TO THE
SIGNAL CORPS.

IS THAT
SO?



YEAH, AND WHEN I
TAKE OVER THE
STATION AT PINE
CREEK, WE CAN
TALK OVER THE
WIRE.

WHY, STEVE,
I DIDN'T
THINK YOU
LIKED THE
SIGNAL
CORPS.





THEY'VE TURNED SOUTH, TONTO. THAT MEANS THEY'RE HEADING FOR STONE BLUFF, ONE OF THE ARMY'S TELEGRAPH STATIONS.

WHERE DID THE CORPORAL GO, LAURA?

YOU MEAN STEVE DUNCAN? HE RODE ON TO PINE CREEK. HE'S THE NEW OPERATOR THERE.



MEANWHILE...



I HOPE HE DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT--

HE WON'T, FRANK. WHY SHOULD HE REPORT SERGEANT PRESCOTT ILL AT STONE BLUFF, IF YOUR SISTER HANDLES THE KEY?



THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, TONTO. THEY ARE HEADING FOR STONE BLUFF.

UGH.



WE'LL TAKE THIS CUTOFF. WE MAY GET THERE AHEAD OF THEM. THERE SHOULD BE AN OPERATOR ON DUTY AT STONE BLUFF. HE CAN SEND A WARNING TO THE FORT.



FRANK, I'M SURE OUR SECRET IS SAFE WITH STEVE DUNCAN. YOU'LL BE WELL SOON, ANYWAY, THEN OUR WORRIES WILL BE OVER.

I HOPE SO.

MEANWHILE...

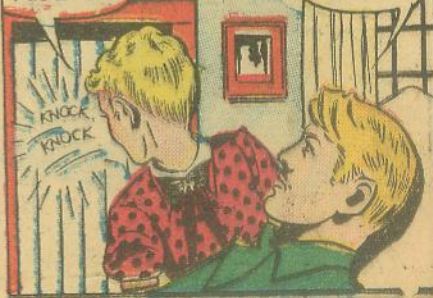
GROUND-HITCH THE HORSES BEHIND THE STATION, TONTO. I'LL WARN THE SIGNAL MAN HERE THAT APACHES ARE ON THE WAY. HURRY!

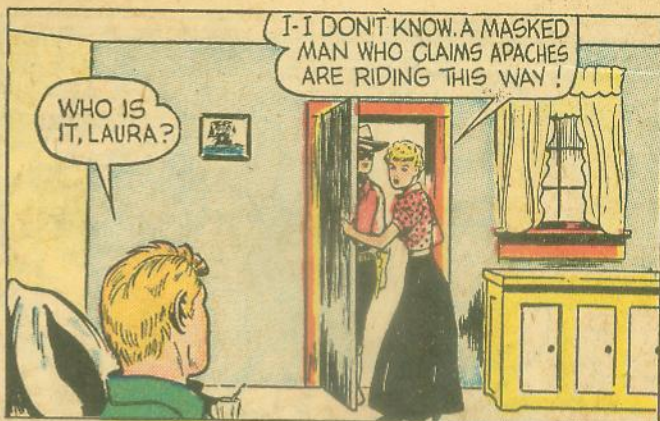
UGH!



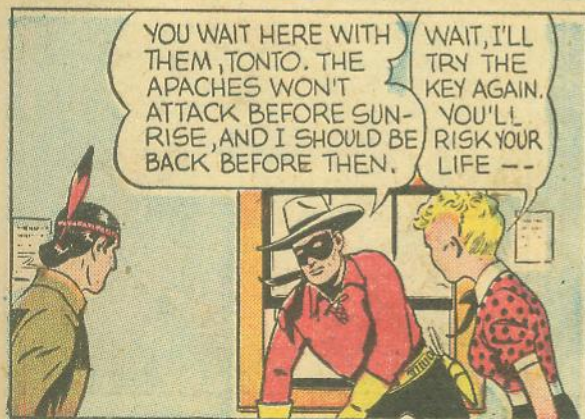
WHO CAN IT BE, FRANK? I DIDN'T HEAR ANYONE RIDE UP.

MAYBE THE CORPORAL IS PAYING US A RETURN VISIT.













BACK OF US! THEY MUST'VE SNEAKED AROUND AND --

NO, THAT NOT APACHE. ME KNOW SIGNAL.

OH, THANK HEAVEN! IT'S THE MASKED MAN AND DOCTOR MASON AND STEVE!

THE APACHES ARE MOVING IN. WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

HERE THEY COME! LET THEM GET CLOSE, AND MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT!

COME ON, YOU RED DEVILS!

THEY'RE FIRING FLAMING ARROWS INTO THE ROOF! OHHH --

THERE GOES ONE OF YOUR BATTERIES, LAURA!

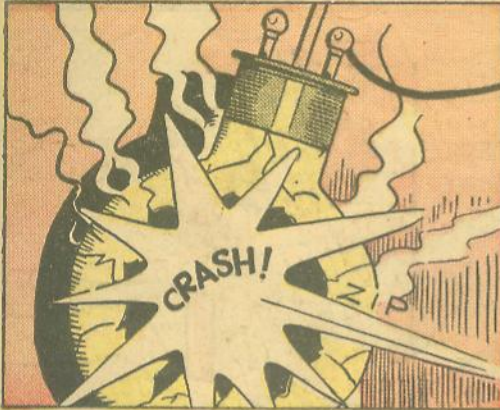
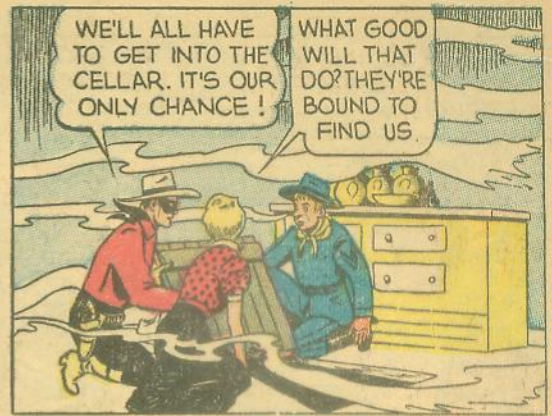
THE LINE IS USELESS ANYWAY. IT'S CUT ON BOTH SIDES.

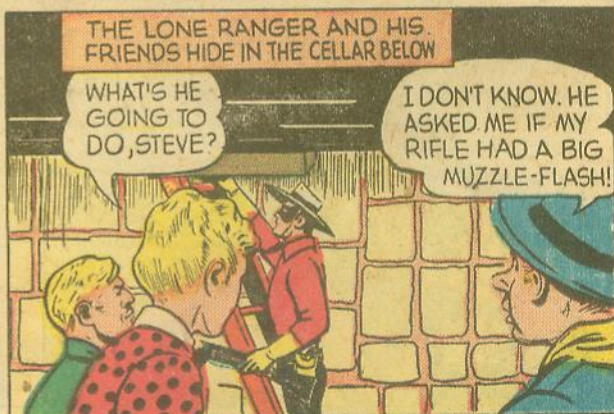
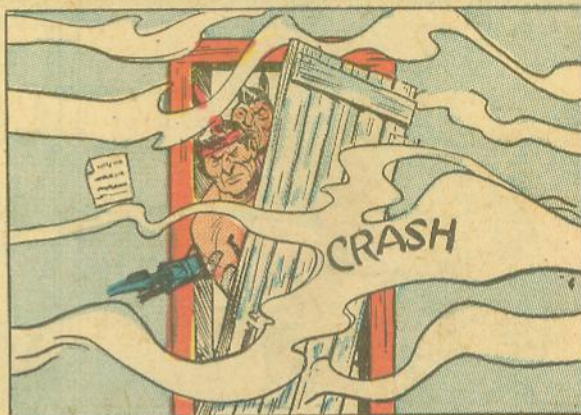
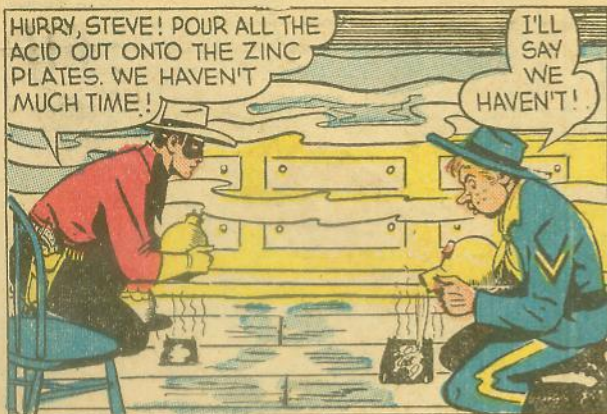
CRASH

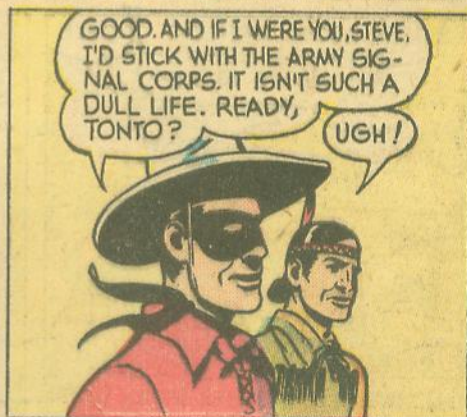
THEY'VE FIRED THE ROOF!

THIS TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR -- IS THERE A CELLAR UNDER HERE?

YES, BUT WE'LL BE ROASTED ALIVE.



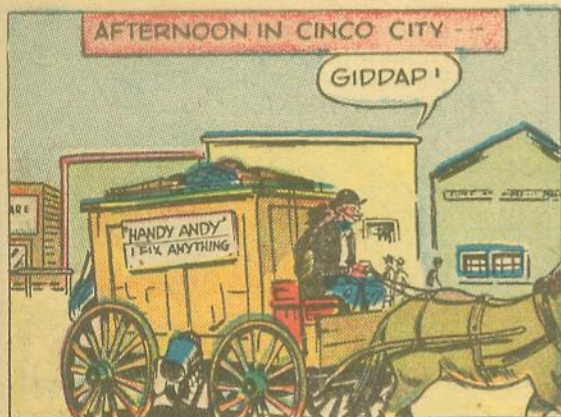


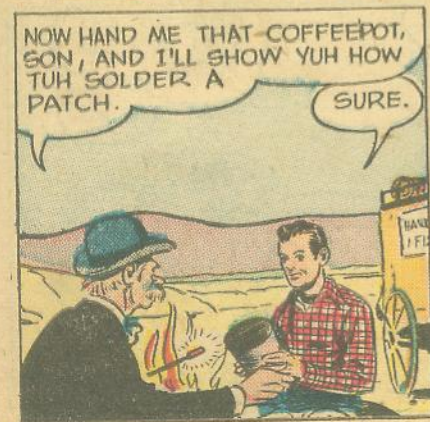
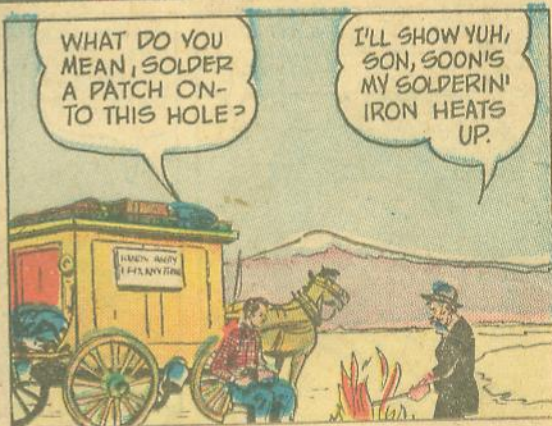
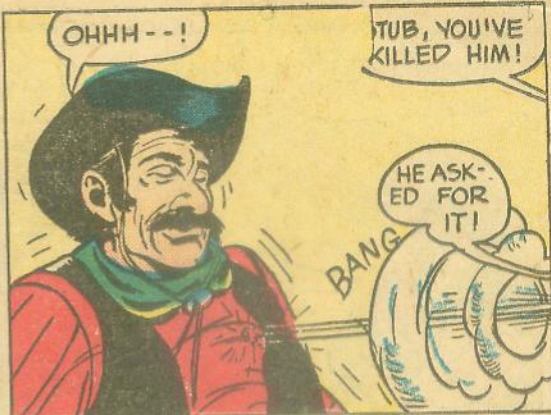


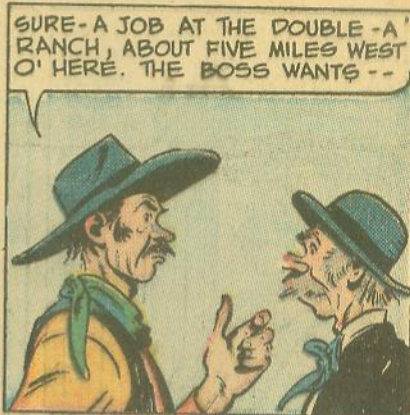
The Lone Ranger

AND THE RESCUE OF HANDY ANDY

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HOW'LL WE GET 'EM TO THE RANCH?

I'LL THROW THE TINKER INTO HIS WAGON. MAKE THE KID DO THE DRIVIN'.



YOU CAN'T FORCE ME TO---

WANT TO ARGUE ABOUT IT, SHORTY?



NOT WITH A LOADED GUN I ---
ALL RIGHT, I'LL DRIVE.

NOW YOU'RE GETTIN' SMART.



I'LL DRIVE THE WAGON, IF I CAN HITCH MY HORSE ON BEHIND.

JUST KEEP IN LINE. STUB'LL LEAD THE WAY. FOLLOW HIM. I'LL RIDE BEHIND YUH!



IT'S ALMOST SUNDOWN, TONTO. DAN SHOULD'VE BEEN BACK BY NOW.

UGH!



MAYBE TAKE 'IM LONG TIME TO FIND FIX-IT FELLER.

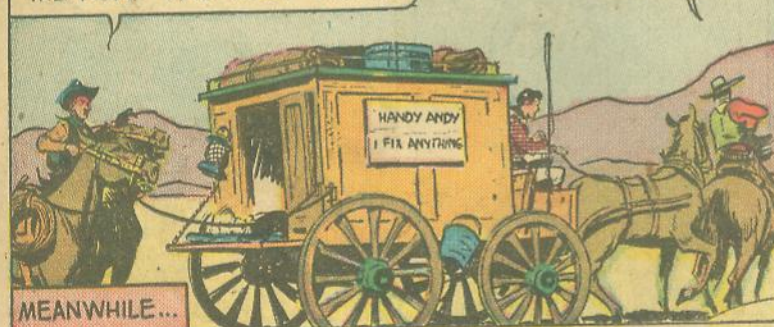


IF YUH WANTA STAY HEALTHY, KID, YOU'LL KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD AND KEEP DRIVIN'.

COME ON - LET'S LINE OUT FER HOME.

REIN UP, KID!

HEY, WHAT'S THIS?



YOU ASK FOR A HANDY MAN, BOSS, SO WE BROUGHT ONE, WAGON AND ALL.

YOU MEAN THAT KID? I NEED A MAN, NOT A SPROUT.

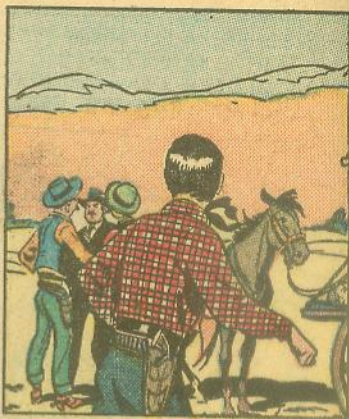
NAW - THE TINKER'S INSIDE THE WAGON. THE KID MUST BE HIS HELPER. THEY'LL WORK ALL RIGHT, WE'LL MAKE 'EM WORK!



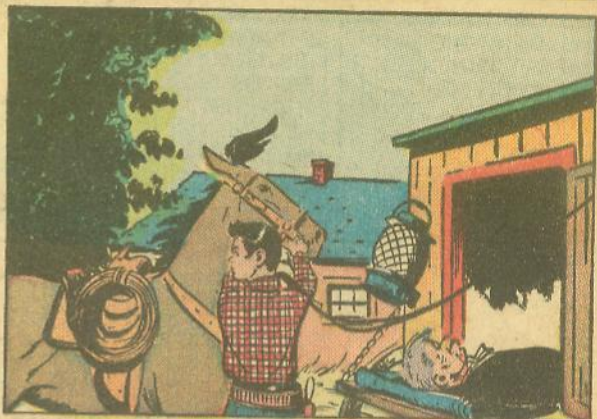


YUH MEAN YUH HAD TUH HIT THIS TINSMITH ON THE HEAD TUH MAKE HIM TAKE THE JOB?

ONLY WAY WE COULD GET THE OLD COOT TO COME WITH US.



HEY! WHAT'S THAT KID TRYIN' TO DO?



THE KID'S TRYIN' TO GET AWAY!

STOP HIM!



IT'S UP TO YOU, VICTOR -AND I SURE HOPE YOU MAKE IT!



ALL RIGHT, VICTOR! GO ON, BOY!



I'M NOT GOIN' TO--

STOP HIS VAPPIN'!

YEAH!



FIGURED YOU'D VAMOOSSE, EH?

YOU CAN'T KEEP ME HERE!

OH, YEAH?



GOLLY, THIS IS THE BIGGEST BARN I'VE EVER SEEN. IT MUST EXTEND BACK INTO THE MOUNTAIN.

THAT'S RIGHT. I OUGHT TO KNOW. I'M THE ONE WHO BUILT IT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ANDY? HOW COULD YOU HAVE BUILT THIS BARN?

THE "DOUBLE-A" USED TO BE MINE THE BRAND STANDS FOR "ANDY ANDREWS."

BUT HOW?

I HOMESTEADED THIS RANGE, PUT UP THE BUILDINGS, STOCKED IT WITH GOOD CATTLE. THEN, TEN YEARS AGO, I HIRED A DOUBLE-CROSSIN' FOREMAN NAMED RUCK MASON!

HE FRAMED A CROOKED RUSTLIN' CHARGE. I WAS SENT TO PRISON, THEN HE FORGED A BILL OF SALE AND STOLE THE PLACE FROM MY WIFE. SHE DIED.

I LEARNED THE TINSMITH TRADE IN PRISON. SINCE I GOT OUT I'VE JUST BEEN DRIFTIN'. NO-BODY RECOGNIZES ME, NOT EVEN RUCK MASON. THAT WAS HIM WE SAW OUTSIDE!

GOLLY!

GEE, ANDY, DO YOU THINK THOSE GUN-MEN RECOGNIZED YOU?

THEY NABBED ME BY ACCIDENT!

WHAT USE HAVE THEY GOT FOR A TINSMITH?

I DUNNO. FROM THE LOOKS O' THIS BARN, WITH ALL THOSE STALLS, MASON MUST BE DEALIN' IN STOLEN HORSES.



SH-H-H- SOMEBODY COMING!

IT'S THAT FELLOW THEY CALL "CURLY." HE'S GOT A CLUB AND--

YEAH. WE'D BETTER PLAY UNCONSCIOUS!

HEY, YOU TWO, LOOK ALIVE! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!



GET UP! YOU'RE HERE TUH WORK, NOT TO SLEEP!



WHY, YOU DIRTY--

OHHH--

HANDY ANDY I FIX ANY

I'LL SHOW YOU YOU CAN'T--



A SMART-TALKIN' BUTTUN WHO WANTS TO FIGHT, EH?



WE'D BETTER DO AS HE SAYS, DAN!



THAT'S BETTER. GRAB THEM FIXIN' TOOLS OF YOURS AND I'LL SHOW YUH WHAT TO DO!



SEE THAT WATER TANK? IT LEAKS WE WANT IT FIXED-- PRONTO!



A TANK THAT SIZE SHOULD BE IN THE CORRAL, NOT IN A BARN.

NEVER MIND WHERE IT IS. IF YOU AND THE KID WANT TO STAY HEALTHY, *FIX IT!*



GET BUSY. THE BOSS WILL CHECK ON YOU.



BOSS, EH? I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT DOUBLE-CROSSIN'--

WHAT'D YOU SAY?

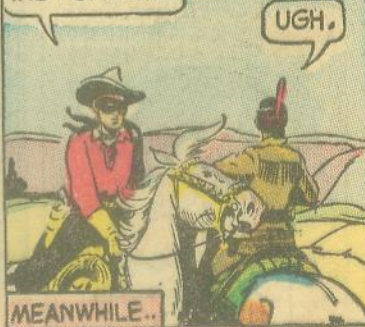


NOTHIN'. WE MIGHT AS WELL GET TO WORK, DAN.



SURE. THE DOOR WILL BE LOCKED, SO DON'T TRY SNEAKIN' AWAY!

SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO DAN. WE'LL START SEARCHING FOR HIM.



UGH.

MEANWHILE..

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, ANDY?

START SOLDERIN' THE BUSTED SEAM IN THIS TANK, I GUESS THAT'S ALL WE CAN DO.



KEMO SABAY!



WHAT'S WRONG?

HEAR HOOFBEATS COME PLENTY FAST. THAT DAN'S HORSE, ME KNOW!



HO! HO, VICTOR!

IT'S DAN'S HORSE, ALL RIGHT, BUT THE SADDLE'S EMPTY!



VICTOR COME HOME WITH EMPTY SADDLE. WHAT YOU THINK HAPPEN TO DAN?

I DON'T KNOW. THERE'S NO SIGN OF BLOOD - BUT HE MAY BE LYING ON THE TRAIL SOMEWHERE, INJURED.

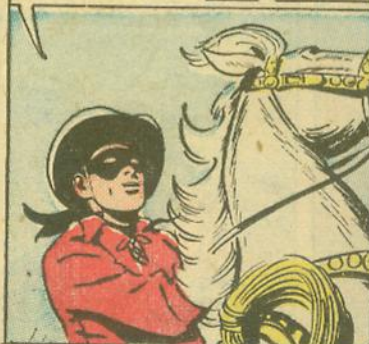


ME FOLLOW BACK TRAIL?

OF COURSE, TONTO. WE'LL START AT ONCE. AND I DON'T MIND SAYING I'M WORRIED.



I HAVE A HUNCH DAN HAS RUN INTO TROUBLE. REAL TROUBLE.



HOW ARE YOU GOING TO SOLDER THAT BROKEN PLACE, ANDY?

I'LL HAVE TO WORK FROM THE INSIDE. I'VE JUST FIGURED THE REASON FOR THIS BIG-TANK!



WHY?

HE MUST BE RUNNING STOLEN CATTLE OR HORSES. CAN'T RISK THAT STOCK BEIN' OUTSIDE.



GOLLY - I'LL BET YOU'RE RIGHT.

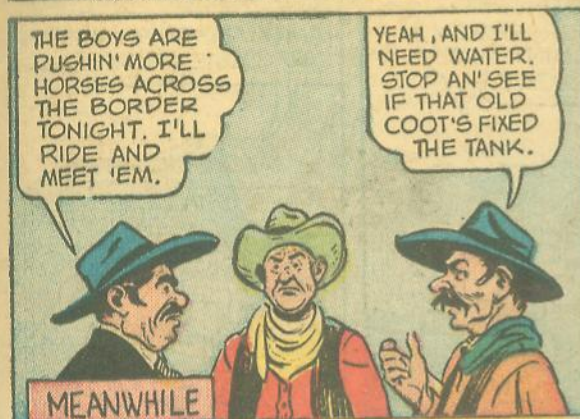
I'M SURE SORRY I GOT YOU INTO THIS MESS, SON. I'M A- FRAID WE DON'T STAND MUCH OF A CHANCE OF GETTING OUT.



YES, WE DO - I'VE SENT MY HORSE FOR HELP.

SENT YOUR HORSE? DAN, YOU'RE PLUM LOCO.





WAIT A MINUTE, DAN. SOME-
BODY'S COMIN' -- WATCH
OUT!



PROP THESE DOORS OPEN, STUB.
THE BOYS'LL BE HEADIN' A HERD O'
HORSES IN HERE SOON.



YEAH.

NOW - WHERE'S
THE HANDY MAN
AND HIS KID
HELPER?

THERE'S THE
OLD GENT.
THE KID MUST
BE HERE, TOO



I THOUGHT THIS OLD COOT
WAS FIXIN' THIS TANK.
WE'VE GOT TO HAVE
WATER FOR A HUNDRED
HEAD OF HORSES HERE
TONIGHT.

CURLY
TOLD
'IM TO..



WATER FOR STOLEN
HORSES. AINT THAT
RIGHT, RUCK?



ANDY ANDREWS! WHERE'D
YOU COME FROM?



THE PRISON YOU
ERAMED ME INTO!

WHY -- YOU
LOCO OLD
BUZZARD --
I'LL --!



GO FOR YOUR GUN, RUCK.
MASON, AND I'LL LAY
THIS IRON ACROSS
THAT UGLY MUG O'
YOURS!

STUB!
GRAB
'IM,
STUB!



I'VE GOT
'IM.

YUH DIRTY
SNEAKIN' --

GOOD!



GOLLY, IF I WANT TO HELP
ANDY, I'VE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE.



THE OLD GOAT'S
LOCO - BUT DON'T
HIT HIM. HE'S GOT
TO FIX THAT
TANK!

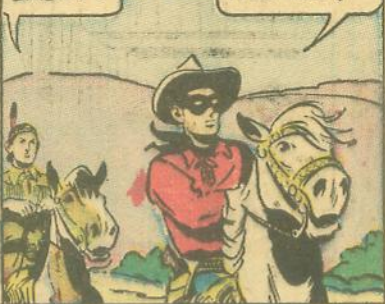
YEAH. YOU GO
AHEAD, RUCK.
I'LL SEE THAT
HE DOES THE
JOB!



GOLLY, I'VE GOT TO BRING HELP SOMEWAY. I SURE WISH THE LONE RANGER WAS HERE.



HO, SCOUT. WHAT MATTER, KEMO SABAY?



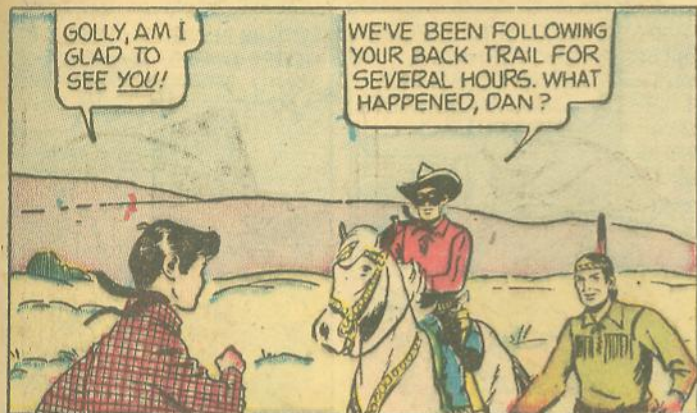
THERE'S SOMEONE ON THE TRAIL AHEAD. WALKING THIS WAY!

IT'S DAN!



GOLLY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR BACK TRAIL FOR SEVERAL HOURS. WHAT HAPPENED, DAN?



THE TINSMITH, "HANDY ANDY" HE FIXED THE COFFEE POT FOR ME. THEN TWO COW-PUNCHERS RODE UP. THEY HIT ANDY OVER THE HEAD AND MADE ME DRIVE HIS WAGON TO THE DOUBLE-A RANCH.



YOU SAY THOSE MEN ARE HOLDING ANDY IN A BARN AT THE DOUBLE-A RANCH?

I THINK THEY'LL KILL ANDY. WHEN "RUCK" MASON COMES BACK WITH THE STOLEN HORSES.



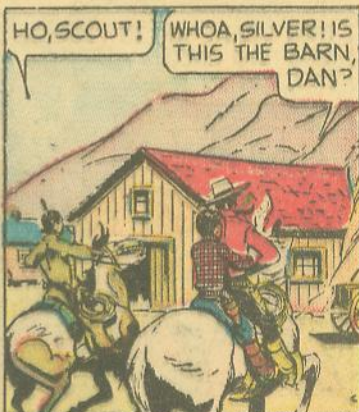
AND WHAT'S MORE, I'LL BET---

HERE, RIDE DOUBLE WITH ME. YOU CAN FINISH THE STORY ON THE WAY TO THE RANCH.



HO, SCOUT!

WHOA, SILVER! IS THIS THE BARN, DAN?



ARE WE GOING IN?

YES, BUT I WANT YOU TO GO FIRST, AND REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU.



THERE--THE BLASTED THING IS FIXED. IT'S A SHAME THAT HONEST WORK IS HELPIN' YOU AND THAT THIEVIN' RUCK MASON.



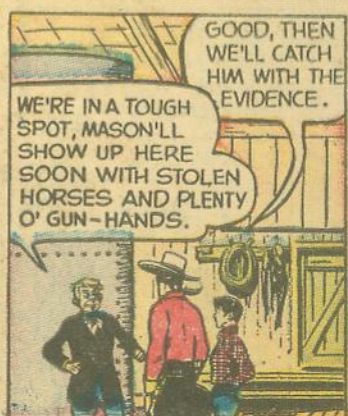
LISTEN, YUH OLD BUZZARD, I'M GONNA--

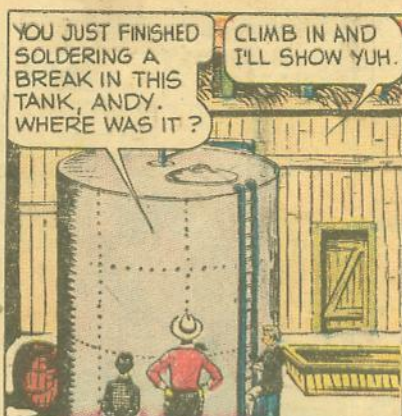
HELLO, ANDY!

DAN!

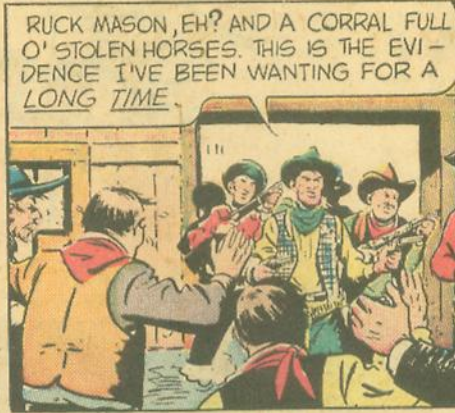
WHAT THE-- THE KID WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?





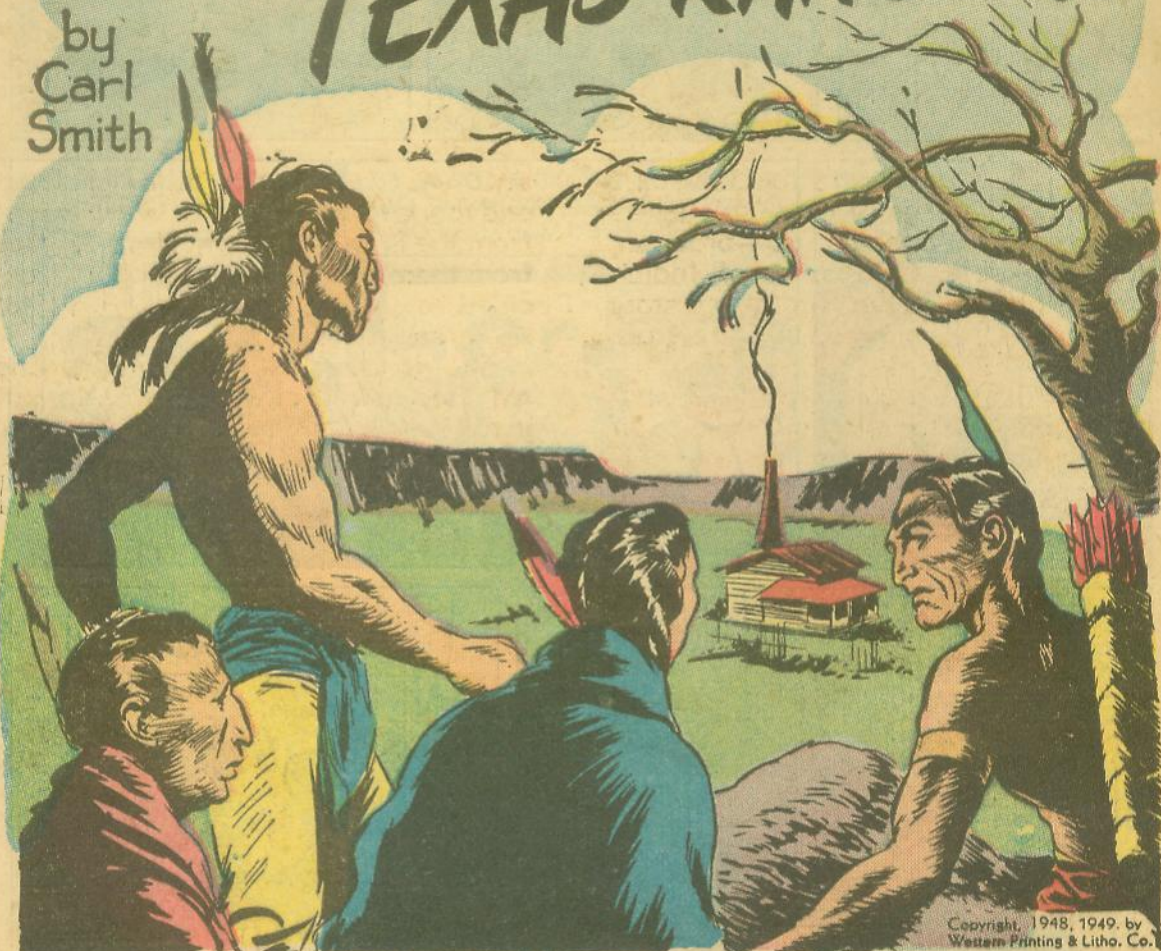






LOST LAKES of the TEXAS RANGERS

by
Carl
Smith



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By 1880, cattlemen were fighting for range along the eastern border of the Panhandle's Llano Estacado — the Staked Plains. Out of the vast and largely unknown stretches of plain and desert that separated frontier Texas from the settlements of New Mexico, came raiding Comanches to kill and steal—and disappear without trace into the west.

In the autumn of 1879, Captain G. W. Arrington brought the first Rangers to the Panhandle. Confederate soldier and guerrilla fighter, cowboy, soldier of fortune in Mexico and South Amer-

ica, Captain Arrington was a man of iron if there ever was one.

The tough cattlemen would have hunted down the Comanche bands with their own posses—if they'd known where to look. But the raiders simply disappeared, their tracks leading into a desert where it seemed that neither man nor animal could live.

Legend told of "lost lakes" in the forbidding, unexplored desert. Men had perished in the search for them, but Arrington determined to find them, since they were the only possible explanation of the disappearing Co

manche raiders.

From buffalo hides, Arrington fashioned slings that would carry a ten-gallon keg of water on either side of a pack mule. Leaving reserve supplies behind, at the Yellow House caves on the desert's edge, he set out with a force of ten men.

For two days the Rangers rode through a sea of sand. Desert mirages were the only break in the terrible monotony, and like voyagers on the sea, they traveled by compass. At last Arrington and his men rode toward a "mirage" that did not recede.

They had found the fabulous Lost Lake. At the edge of a dry salt lake's basin, water bubbled up—brackish, but drinkable. Cold ashes of Indian campfires were there, and also a story for those who could read Indian picture writing.

Stuck in the ground was the desert-whitened shoulder blade of some enormous, departed buffalo. The flat sur-

face carried a message in the picture language of the Indians—a message painted in the brilliant war pigments of the Comanches.

Arrington studied it: Camp among the trees... Indian moving into camp with baggage... tracks of shod horses following him. White man's horses! The meaning was clear to Arrington. The Comanches had fled the Rangers, and left this message behind to warn their fellow redskins so they would not allow themselves to be caught by the Rangers.

Indian pony tracks led off to the southwest. Arrington followed them and found four small lakes twenty miles from the first. But the Indians had gone from there, too. The Ranger captain decided to set an ambush and wait for their return.

The Rangers hid themselves among the sand hills near the first lake, posting a twenty-four-hour watch. The Comanches usually raided at night, by the



light of a full moon, and Arrington waited more than two weeks for the moon to come full

A full moon waxed and waned. The Rangers remained hidden, creeping out only at night for water. Antelope could be seen, but they were not to be hunted for fear of warning off the wary Comanches, and the Rangers lived off their dwindling rations.

On half rations—then on quarter rations, the men grimly tightened their belts and waited. When Arrington finally ordered them to saddle for the ride back, they were gaunt with hunger. Then a norther howled down across the Panhandle.

Snow came with the norther. Before the day was out, it lay a foot deep. Numb with cold and weak with hunger, they struggled eastward. Once, when one of the horses collapsed, the frozen

rider had to be lifted off and tied to a mule.

Day and night they staggered eastward, all but exhausted. Clouds obscured the stars except for one, low on the horizon, that guided them. Early morning brought them to the Yellow House caves, and a saddle frame was cut up for fuel.

A week later they were chasing rustlers a hundred miles to the south, the expedition to Lost Lakes entered in their records as part of the day's work. In the desert forty days, lying in hiding most of that time, they had ridden more than 800 miles. The Comanches, their secret discovered, gave less trouble thereafter. And today, in the New Mexico desert, a water hole bearing the name of Ranger Lake remains as a monument to the hardy Frontier Battalion of Rangers.

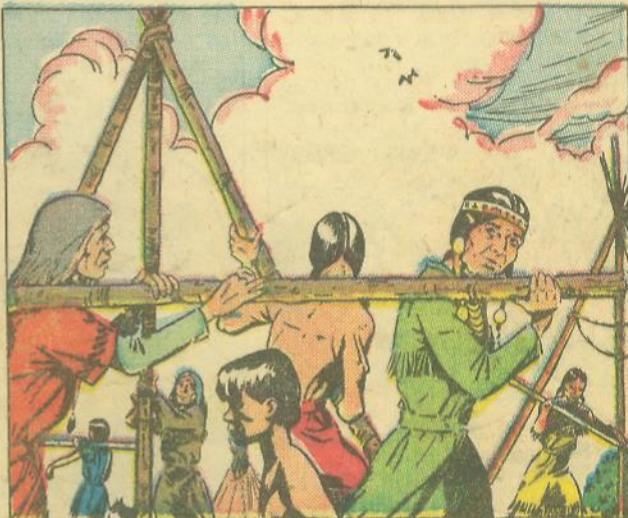


YOUNG HAWK

THE HUNT IS OVER -- THE GREAT SPIRIT HAS GIVEN US MUCH MEAT -- NOW WE RETURN TO OUR OWN COUNTRY, MY PEOPLE --

BREAK CAMP!

ONE MORNING THE CHIEF OF YOUNG HAWK'S TRIBE GIVES THE SIGNAL TO --



IN A FEW SECONDS THE TEPEES ARE EMPTIED. IN SECONDS MORE THE TEPEES ARE STRUCK



ONE MINUTE AFTER THE CHIEF'S SIGNAL, THE DOG-TRAVOIS ARE ALL LOADED -- READY TO GO!

TUMBLEWEED THINKS HE IS A WARRIOR'S DOG -- AND OUGHT NOT TO WORK -- LOOK AT HIM, YOUNG HAWK!

HE'LL LEARN -- THAT A DOG IS A DOG, ON MOVING DAY!



GUARDED, FLANK AND REAR,
BY WATCHFUL WARRIORS, THE
LONG LINE OF SQUAWS AND
TRAVOIS HEADS TOWARD THE
RISING SUN.

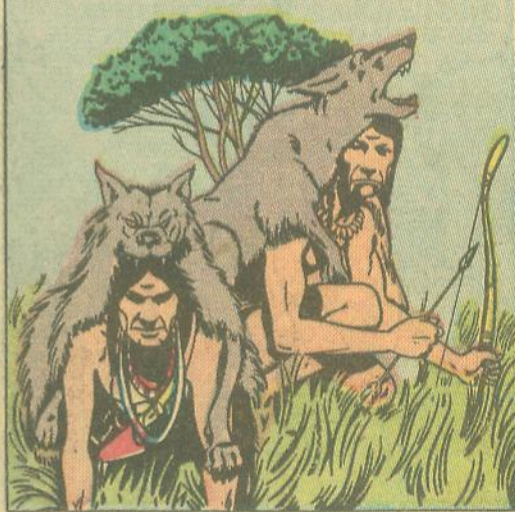




MADE CURIOUS BY THE "WOLVES" STRANGE ANTICS, THE FOOLISH ANTELOPE APPROACH -- FORGETTING DANGER.



ONE OF THE WAITING SIOUX PICKS UP HIS BOW.



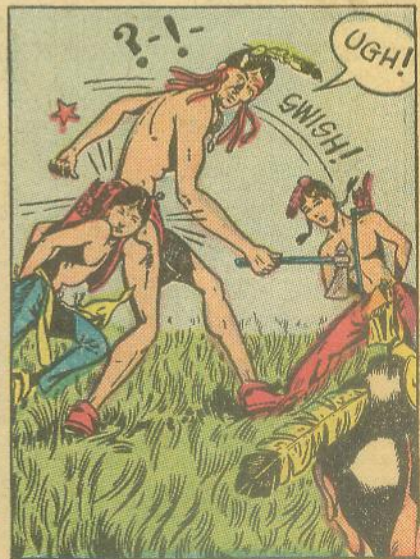
SUDDENLY ARROWS WHIZZ INTO THE FRIGHTENED GROUP.

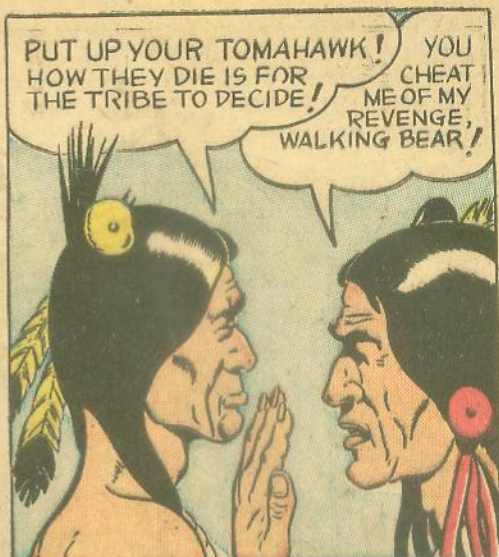


THOSE WOLVES -- ARE SIOUX WARRIORS!

OF COURSE! LIE QUIET, LITTLE BUCK -- UNTIL WE CAN CRAWL AWAY!







BUT WALKING BEAR'S REASONING WINS. LOADED WITH ANTELOPE MEAT, THE BOYS ARE TAKEN ALONG.



REACHING THE SIOUX VILLAGE LATE THAT AFTERNOON, THE BOYS GET THE USUAL PRISONERS' WELCOME.

ONLY ONE FACE IN THE SIOUX MOB SHOWS
PITY FOR THE STRANGER BOY



IT'S GETTING DARK,
YOUNG HAWK! SOON
THEY WILL COME FOR
US--HEAR THEM YELL!

YES--THE OLDER
PRISONERS ARE
RUNNING THE GANT-
LET! AFTER THAT
THEY WILL BE TIED
TO STAKES!



BY THE LIGHT OF BLAZING BONFIRES THE CRUEL
SPORT OF THE GANTLET PROCEEDS.



THEY'VE -- COME
FOR US, YOUNG
HAWK!

SHHH!
IT IS I, WHITE
FAWN--I HEARD
FROM WALKING
BEAR THAT YOU
ARE VERY BRAVE!



I DO NOT WANT TO SEE YOU DIE -- SO I AM
SETTING YOU FREE WHILE THE OTHERS ARE
BUSY WATCHING THE GANTLET!

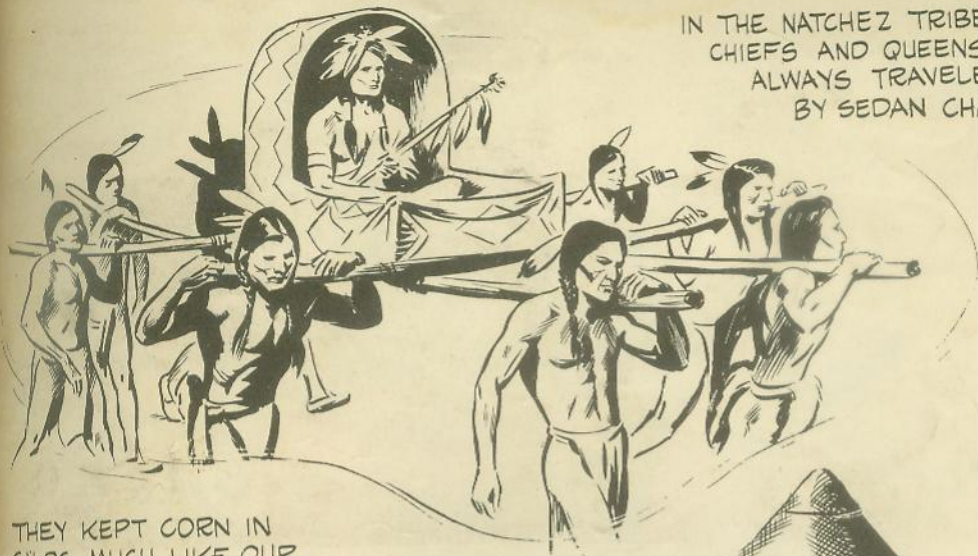
IF WE ESCAPE,
WE'LL NEVER
FORGET YOU,
WHITE FAWN!



TAKE THE KNIFE,
YOUNG HAWK!
IT IS YOUR OWN!

MY KNIFE OF "RINGING
STONE!" - GOOD-BYE,
WHITE FAWN--AND MAY
THE GREAT SPIRIT
PROTECT YOU
ALWAYS!





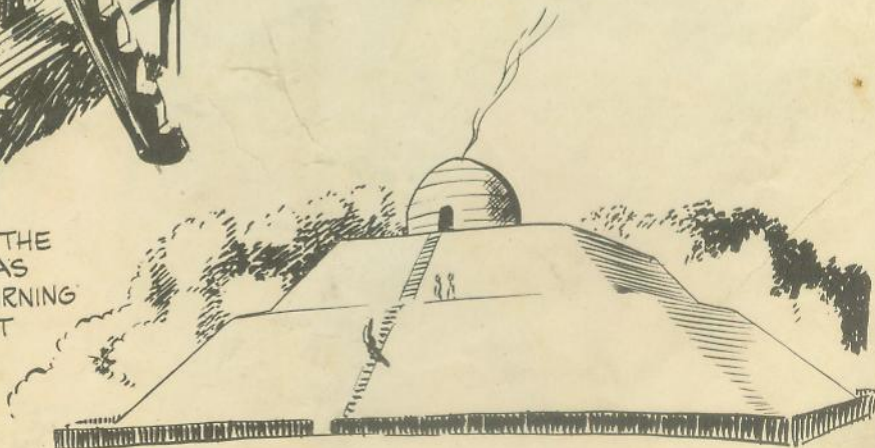
IN THE NATCHEZ TRIBE,
CHIEFS AND QUEENS
ALWAYS TRAVELED
BY SEDAN CHAIR.

THEY KEPT CORN IN
SILOS MUCH LIKE OUR
OWN MODERN ONES.
THE CONICAL ROOF WAS
MADE OF HEAVY MATTING
WITH A LOOSE FLAP FOR
DUMPING OR REMOVING
GRAIN.



THE DWELLINGS LIKEWISE
HAD CONICAL MAT ROOFS
AND CLAY WALLS.

SUN WORSHIP WAS THE
RELIGION. A FIRE WAS
KEPT CONSTANTLY BURNING
IN THE TEMPLE BUILT
ON AN ARTIFICIAL
RECTANGULAR
MOUND.





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A Pawnee Chief