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JANUARY

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The Lone Ranger

52 pages
ALL COMICS!

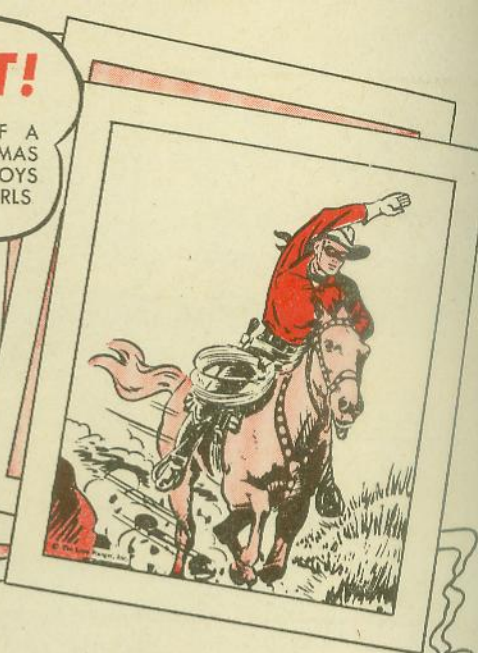


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AND GIRLS



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The Lone Ranger

AND BOSS BARTON OF GOPHER CITY

COPY, 1936, 1947, The Lone Ranger, Inc.
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THIS EDITION OF OUR PAPER
SHOULD INFORM THE PEOPLE
THAT BOSS BARTON HAS
GONE TOO FAR IN OUR TOWN!

DAD! LOOK!

LET'S SEE
THAT NEWSPAPER!

SMILEY, YOU WERE WARNED
NOT TO PRINT THINGS
THE BOSS DIDN'T LIKE!

I'M NOT TAKING
ORDERS FROM
BOSS BARTON!

GUESS AGAIN,
SMILEY,

THE BOSS DON'T LIKE
IT WHEN YOU COME
OUT IN PRINT AND
SAY HE'S A CROOK!

HE IS
A
CROOK,
AND
EVERY-
BODY
KNOWS
IT!

LR-19-501

THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF
YOUR LESSON!



YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN!



YOU BEASTS!

COME ON, BOYS!



YOU KNOW THE BOSS'S ORDERS.
WRECK THIS PLACE!

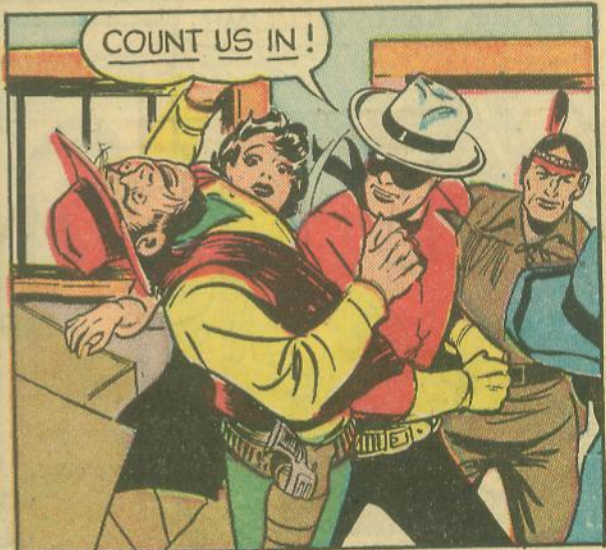


THIS IS JUST THE
BEGINNING.

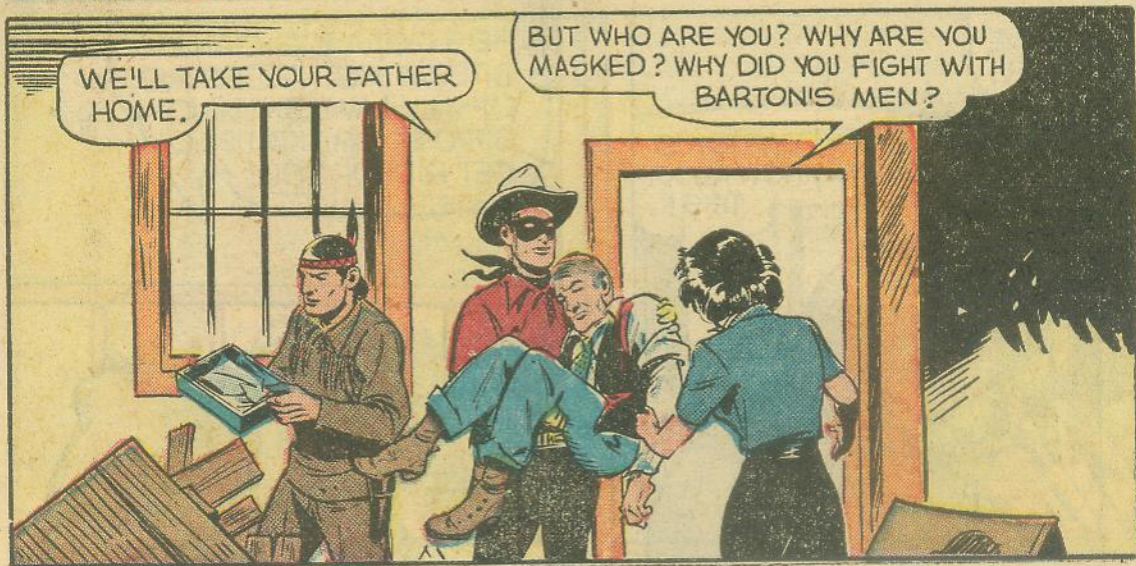


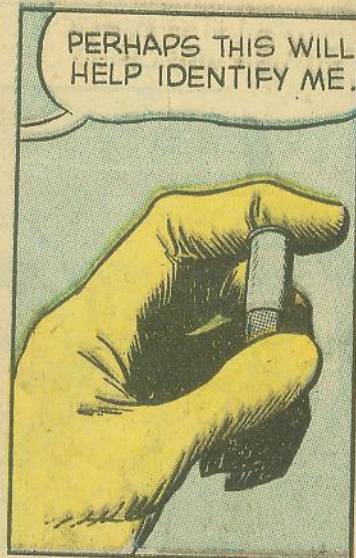
HELP! HELP! THEY'RE WRECKING
THIS PLACE!

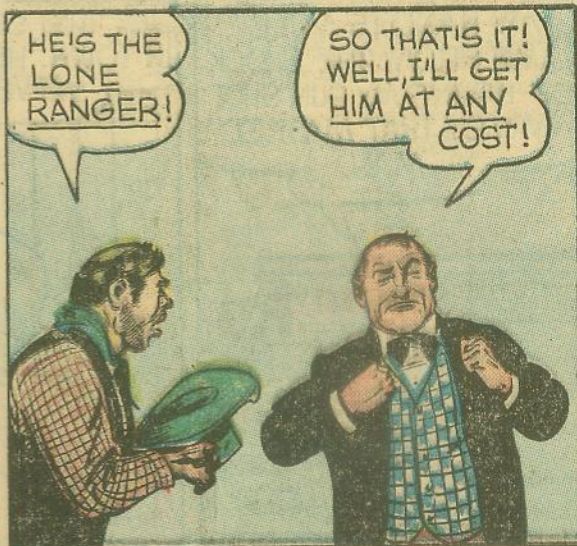


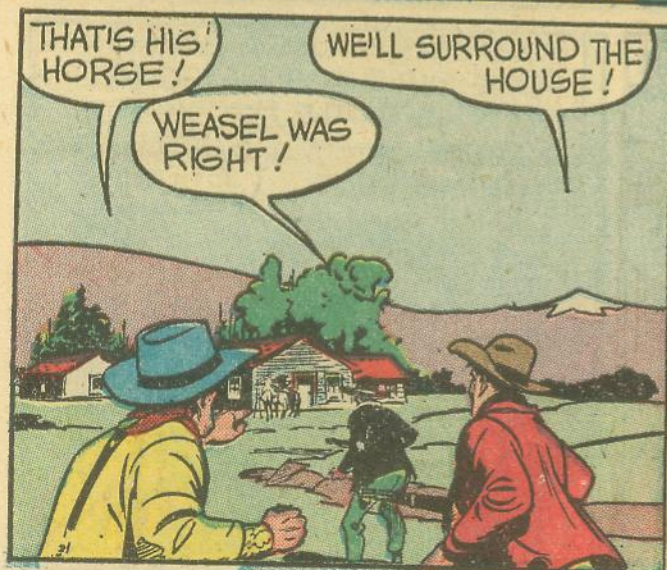
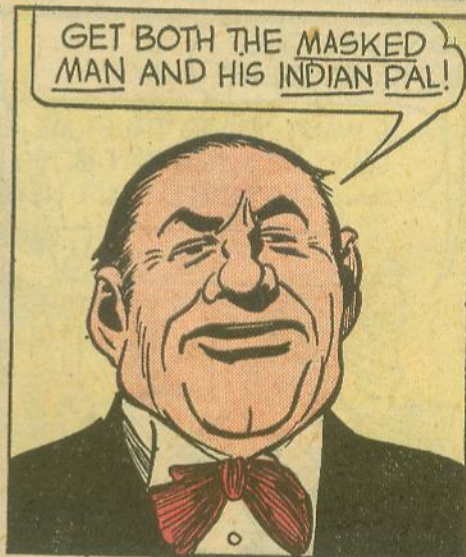














YOU'LL DO AS I SAY, SHERIFF POTTER,
OR YOU'LL NOT STAY
IN OFFICE!



B-BUT, MR.
BARTON --

I-I CAN'T SEND OUT
A POSSE WITH OR-
DERS TO SHOOT THE
LONE RANGER ON
SIGHT!

YOU
CAN
AND
YOU
WILL!



LOOKING FOR ME,
BARTON?



YES! YOU GOT AWAY FROM MY
MEN, BUT YOU'LL NOT GET
AWAY FROM ME!

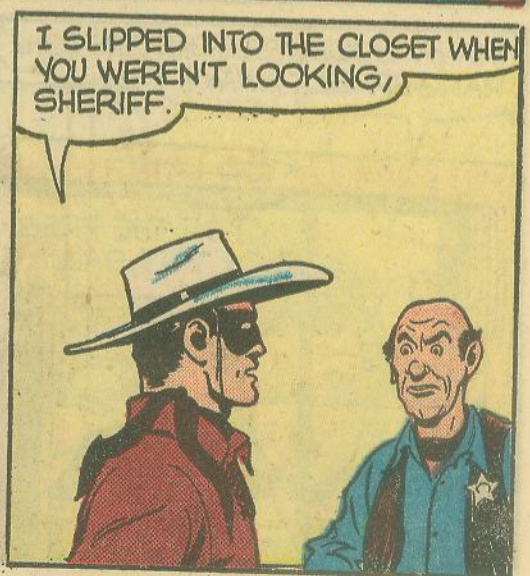


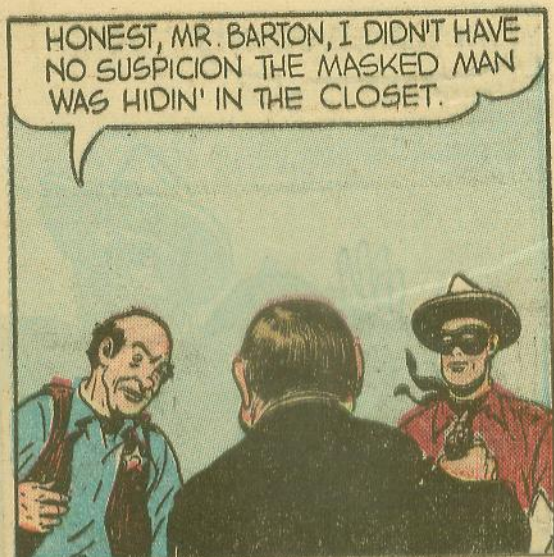
YOU'RE COVERED!

WH-WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?



I SLIPPED INTO THE CLOSET WHEN
YOU WEREN'T LOOKING,
SHERIFF.





MY TURN, BARTON!



OH-H-H! GREAT DAY, WHAT A SMASH!



THAT SHOULD DO IT, BARTON!



GIVE ME A HAND WITH HIM, TONTO!



BOSS BARTON'LL BLAME ME FER THIS!



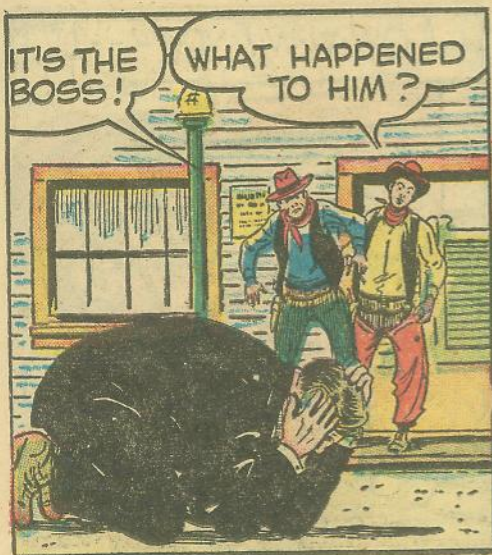
AND NOW, POTTER -

PLEASE MISTER! YOU DONE ENOUGH!



I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU, SHERIFF POTTER!







KEEP THOSE HOODLUMS OUT FOR A FEW MINUTES, TONTO. I'VE GOT TO TALK TO SHERIFF POTTER.

B-BUT, MISTER --



BARTON HAD YOU MADE SHERIFF OF THIS TOWN BECAUSE HE COULD MANAGE YOU. ARE YOU PROUD OF THAT, POTTER?

N-NO, BUT AT LEAST IT'S A JOB.



YOU HAVE AUTHORITY. YOU CAN BE A REAL SHERIFF, AND I'M GOING TO HELP YOU!



TELL ME, POTTER, DON'T YOU WANT TO BE A GOOD SHERIFF?

THE LAST THREE SHERIFFS WERE KILLED BECAUSE THEY HAD THAT IDEA.



I HATE MYSELF FOR LETTING BARTON DICTATE THINGS IN THIS TOWN.

GOOD! WE'LL CHANGE THAT. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW.



THAT'S THE STUFF! NOW WE'LL GET THAT DOOR DOWN!



GUARD THE REAR SO THE MASKED MAN CAN'T ESCAPE



HERE GOES THE DOOR. BE READY WITH YOUR GUNS!



JUST A MINUTE, BOYS. LISTEN TO ME!

STAND ASIDE, YOU OLD FOOL! WE WANT THAT MASKED MAN! HE'S AN OUTLAW!



YOU'RE WRONG, BARTON. I'M THE LAW. SHERIFF POTTER JUST DEPUTIZED ME!



WHO'S GOING TO COME AND GET ME?!



IS THAT TRUE, POTTER? DID YOU SWEAR THIS MASKED MAN IN AS A DEPUTY?

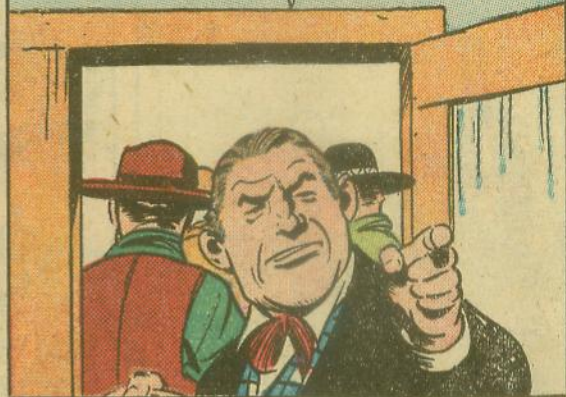
Y-YES, I DID, MR. BARTON.



AND WHILE I WEAR THIS
BADGE, I'LL BACK MY WORDS.
NOW, BREAK IT UP! GET
AWAY FROM HERE! ALL OF
YOU.



YOU WON'T GET AWAY
WITH THIS!



I'LL GET YOU, POTTER!

HE WILL, TOO.



YOU TALKED ME INTO
MAKING YOU A DEPUTY.
BUT BARTON WILL KILL
ME FOR DOING IT.

WE'LL
SEE
ABOUT
THAT.



YOU JUST DO AS I SAY.



YOU STAY THERE, TONTO, AND SEE
THAT NOTHING HAPPENS
TO POTTER.

WHERE
YOU
GOING?



I WANT INFORMATION. I'LL GET IT FROM JIM SMILEY.



COME ON, SILVER!



DAD, IT'S THE MASKED MAN AGAIN!

I THOUGHT BARTON WOULD HAVE HIM BEFORE THIS!



SALLY, LOOK! LOOK AT WHAT THE MASKED MAN'S WEARING!



THE BADGE OF A LAWMAN.



YES, IT'S TRUE, SMILEY. SHERIFF POTTER MADE ME A DEPUTY. NOW WE'RE READY TO ACT AGAINST BOSS BARTON.



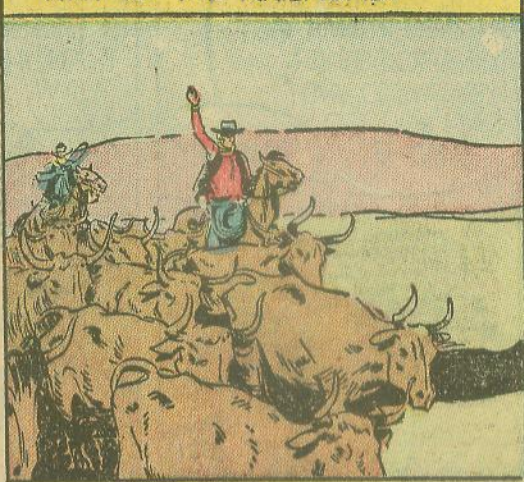
AND I WANT INFORMATION!



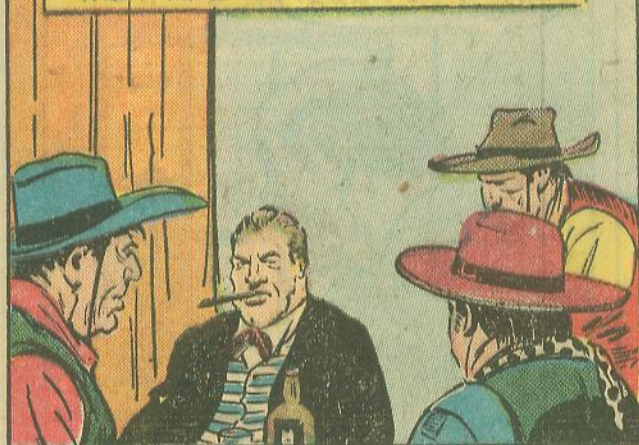
BARTON RUNS A CAFÉ, BUT THAT'S JUST A COVER-UP FOR HIS CATTLE RUSTLING. YOU SEE, THIS TOWN'S AN OVERNIGHT STOP --



--"FOR CATTLEMEN ON THE WAY TO THE RAILROAD.



"THEY SPEND THE EVENING IN BARTON'S CAFÉ. BARTON QUESTIONS THEM AND GETS FACTS -- --"



THEN, WHILE BARTON KEEPS THE COWMEN BUSY, HIS GANG RUSTLES THE CATTLE.



CAN YOU PROVE THAT BARTON IS THE LEADER OF THE CATTLE RUSTLERS?

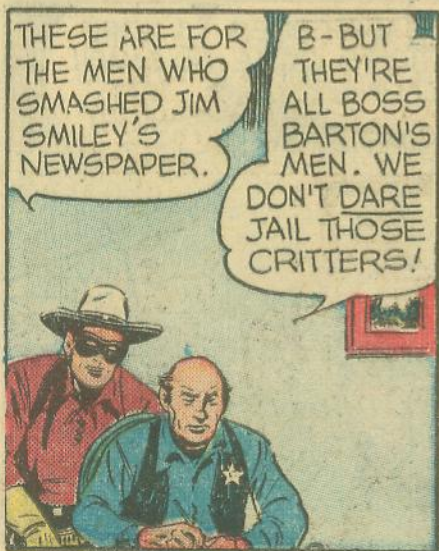


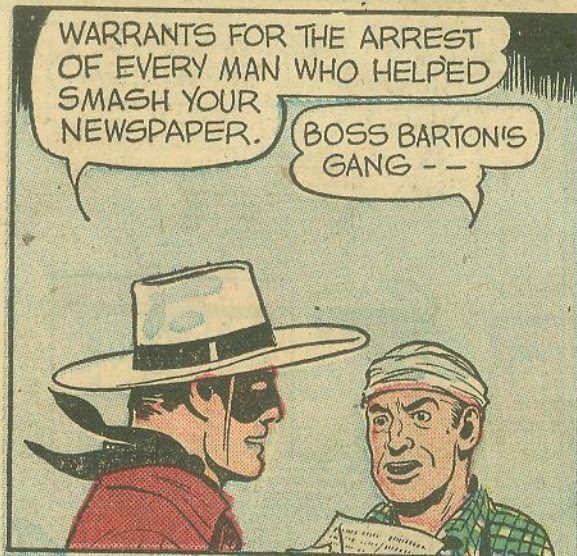
NO.

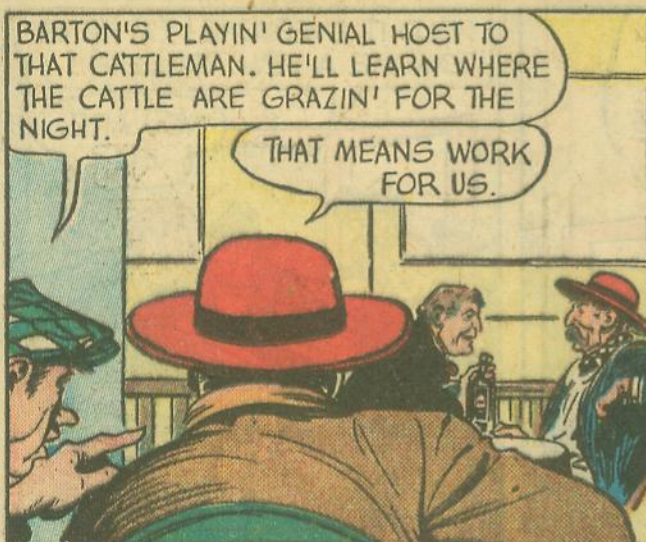
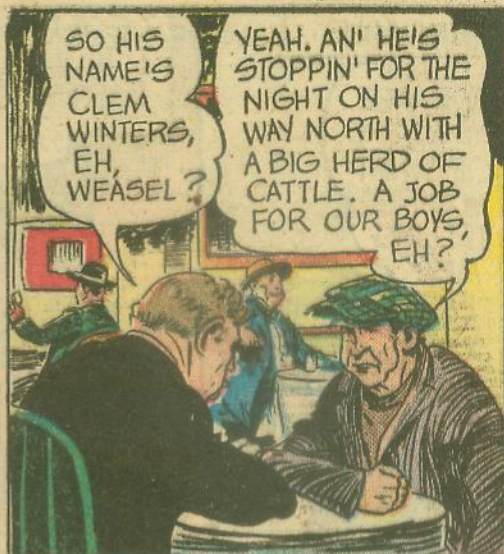
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THE STOLEN CATTLE ARE HIDDEN.

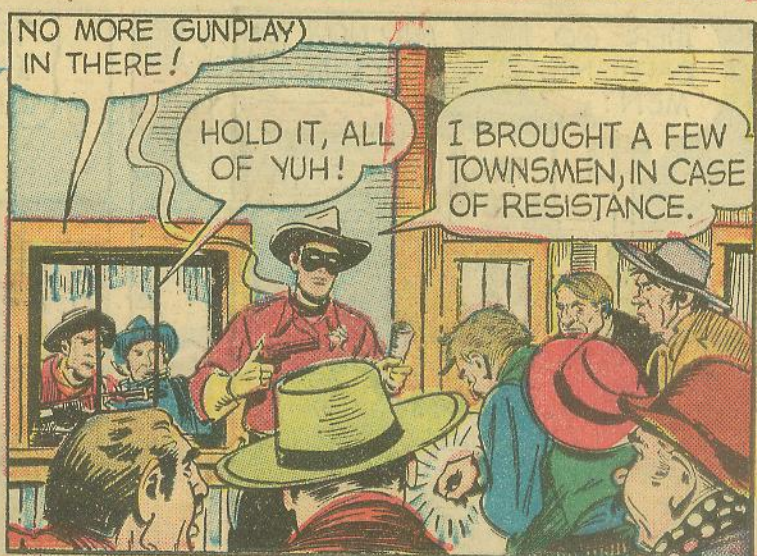
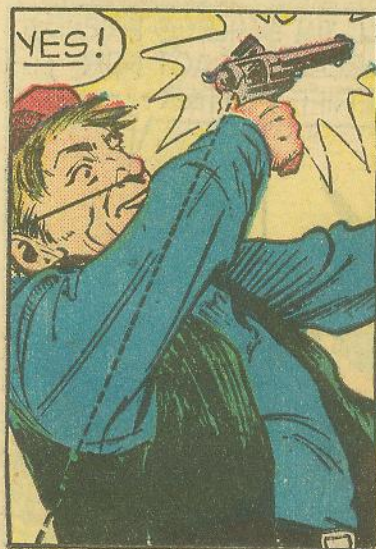
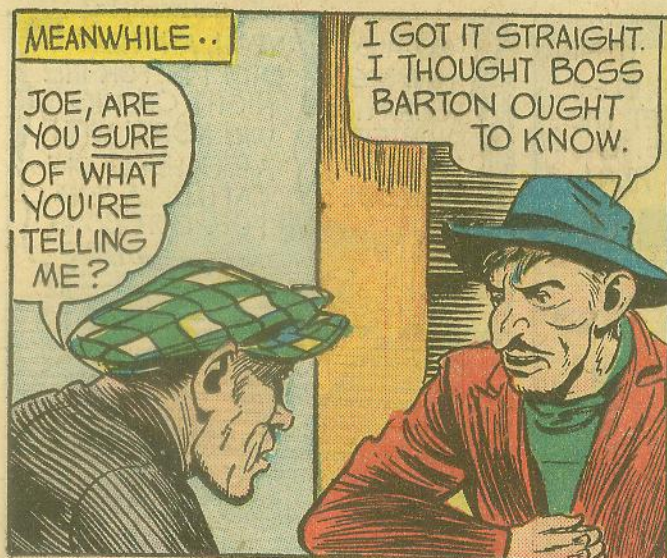












THE LAW WANTS YOU!



THE REST OF THESE MEN AREN'T HERE, BARTON. WHERE ARE THEY?



YOU TRY AND FIND 'EM!



YOU TINHORN! YOU AND THE SHERIFF THINK YOU'RE SMART, SERVING THOSE WARRANTS.



THEY SMASHED JIM SMILEY'S NEWSPAPER, BARTON. SOMEONE'S GOT TO PAY!



I HAVE A FEW WARRANTS LEFT.



WELL, YOU CAN FIND THOSE MEN WITHOUT MY HELP!



ALL RIGHT, BARTON. BUT ONE OF THESE IS FOR YOU!

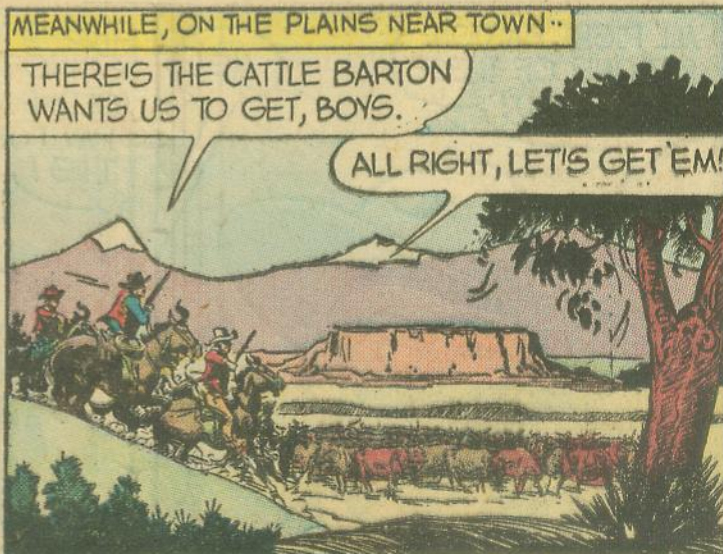
ME!?



THIS IS TOO MUCH. THIS IS GOING TOO FAR. YOU AND OLD POTTER WILL PAY FOR THIS!



MARCH!



CUT 'EM TO THE LEFT AN' RUN 'EM THROUGH THE PASS!

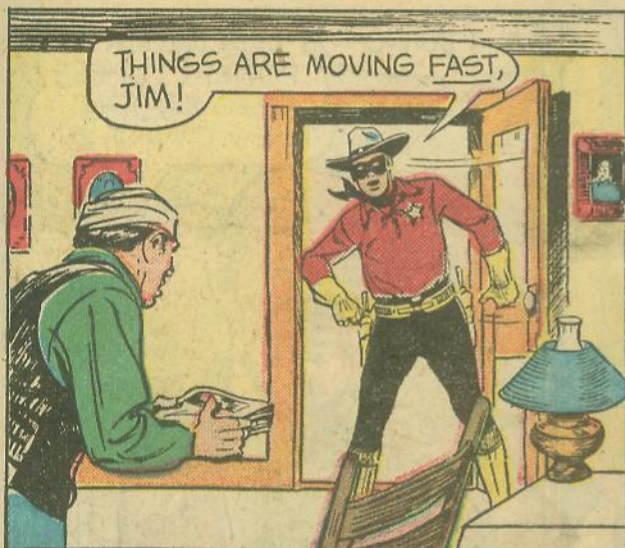


ME SEE IT FROM HILL. BARTON GANG DRIVE CATTLE OFF RANGE!



THANKS, TONTO. THAT'S WHAT I WAS WAITING TO HEAR!

THINGS ARE MOVING FAST, JIM!



BARTON'S MEN HAVE STOLEN MORE CATTLE!

DID DAD'S FRIENDS SHOW UP TO HELP YOU?

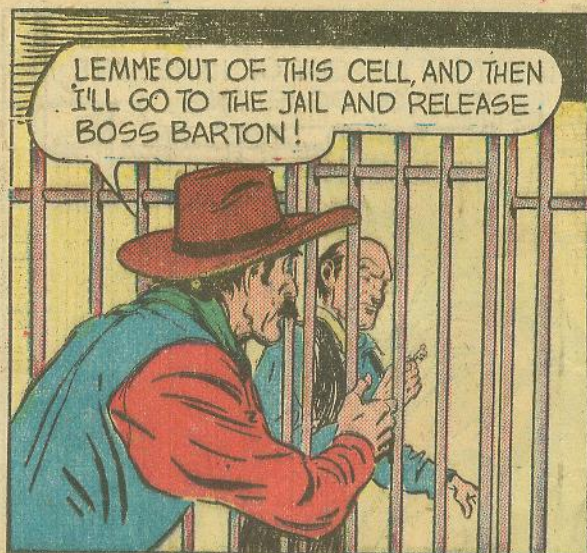
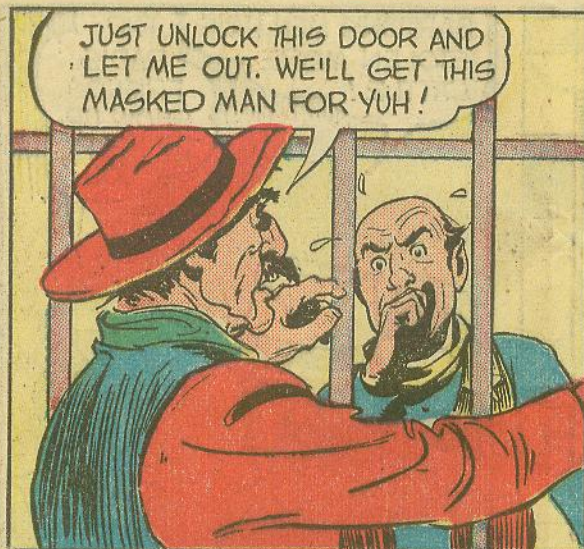


YES, AND WE SERVED THE SHERIFF'S WARRANTS. BARTON AND TWO OF HIS MEN ARE IN JAIL, AND BUTCH IS LOCKED IN THE CELL IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

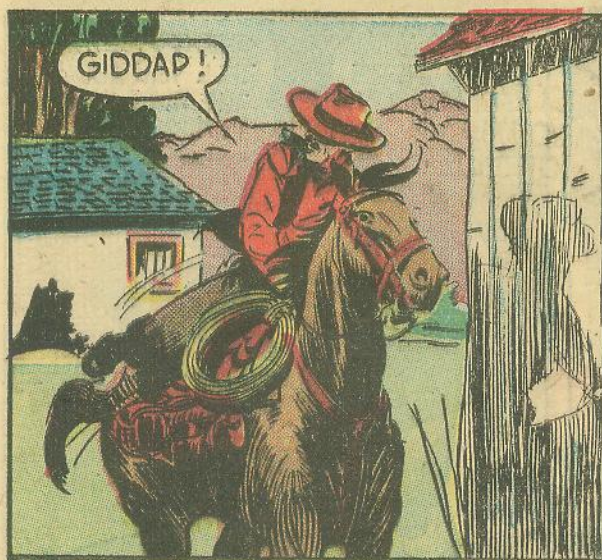
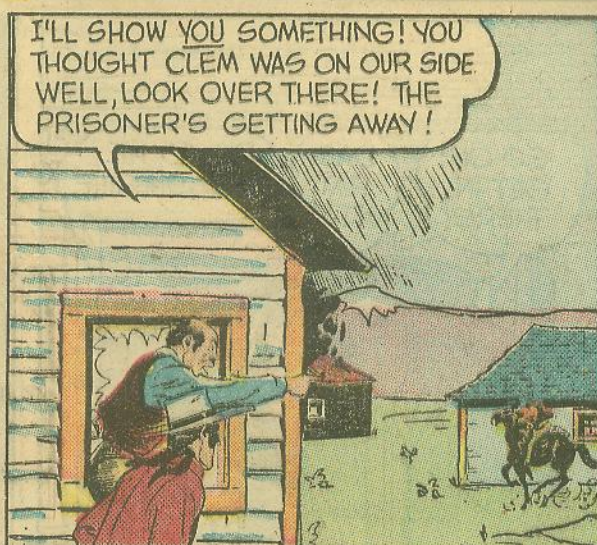
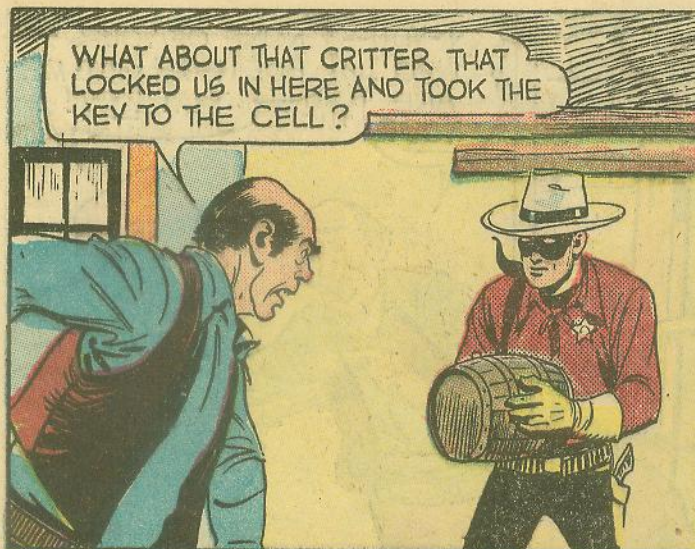


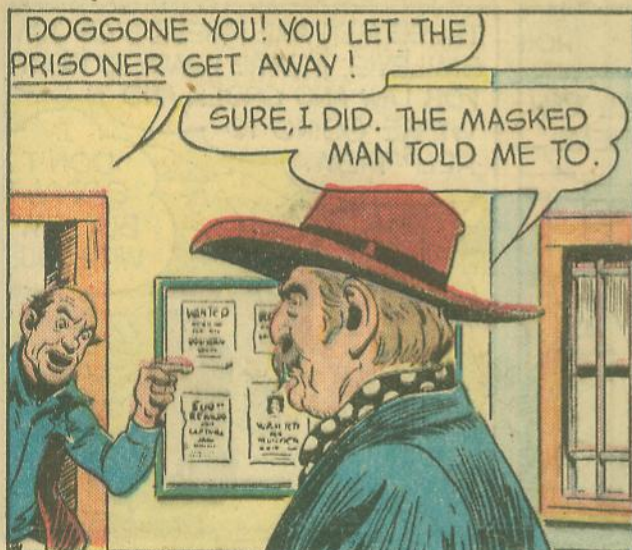
SHERIFF, YOU'LL REGRET IT IF YOU DON'T LET ME OUT OF HERE! LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING!











I TOLD HIM I WAS GRATEFUL FOR THE WAY BOSS BARTON TREATED ME, SO I WAS LETTING HIM FREE.



THEN I TOLD HIM TO JOIN BARTON AND THE BOYS HANDLING THE CATTLE.



YOU COME, QUICK!



MEN ALL READY TO START.

GOOD. COME ON, SHERIFF. WE'LL JOIN THEM.



THESE MEN ARE FRIENDS OF JIM SMILEY'S. THEY'RE READY TO FIGHT FOR LAW AND ORDER, AND WE'RE GOING TO HELP THEM.

I DON'T SAVVY, BUT I'M WITH YOU.

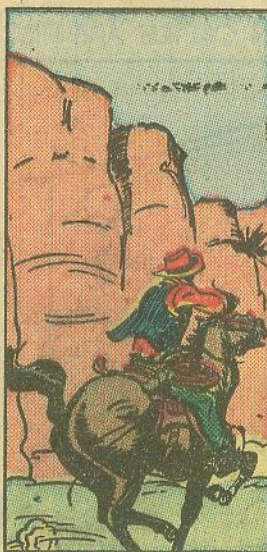


COME ON, SILVER!



BARTON'S GANG HAS A HIDING PLACE FOR STOLEN CATTLE. WE'VE GOT TO FIND IT.

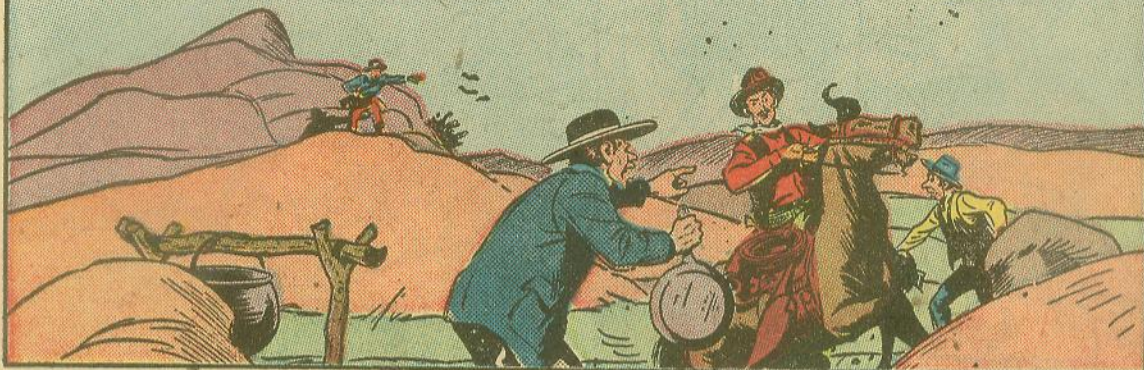




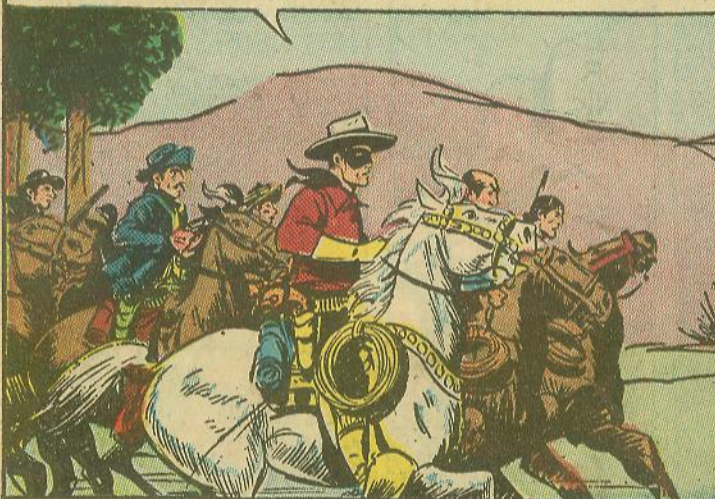
A LOT OF HORSEMEN ARE
COMIN'!!

BUTCH, YOU
JUGHEAD!
THEY FOLLOWED
YOU HERE!

THEN GET THE
BOYS TOGETHER.
WE'VE GOT TO
FIGHT!



THAT'S WHERE THE STOLEN CATTLE ARE HIDDEN!



THEY'VE SPOTTED US.
THEY'RE SHOOTING
AT US!

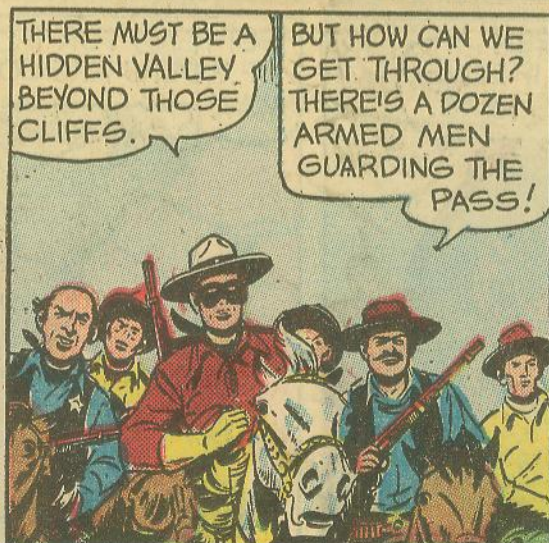


REIN UP!



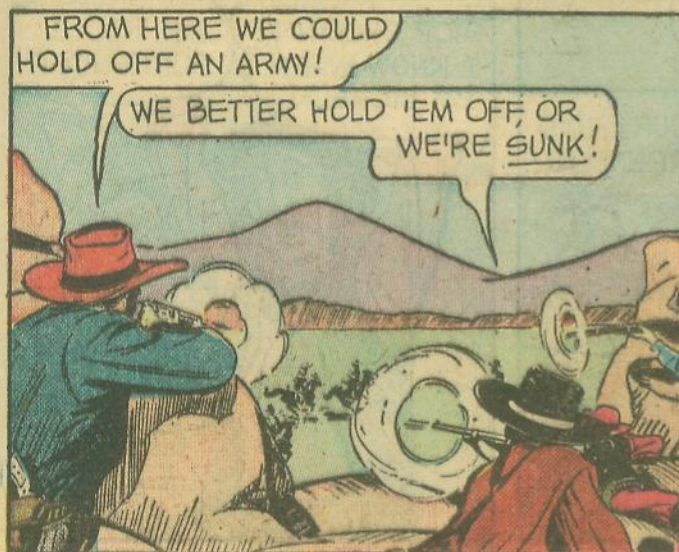
THERE MUST BE A
HIDDEN VALLEY
BEYOND THOSE
CLIFFS.

BUT HOW CAN WE
GET THROUGH?
THERE'S A DOZEN
ARMED MEN
GUARDING THE
PASS!



YOU MEN SPREAD
OUT AND
ADVANCE!





WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, OPEN FIRE WITH BOTH GUNS. THOSE CROOKS HAVE GOT TO THINK THERE'S MORE THAN TWO OF US HERE.

ME SAVVY.



WE'RE TRAPPED!

BANG!

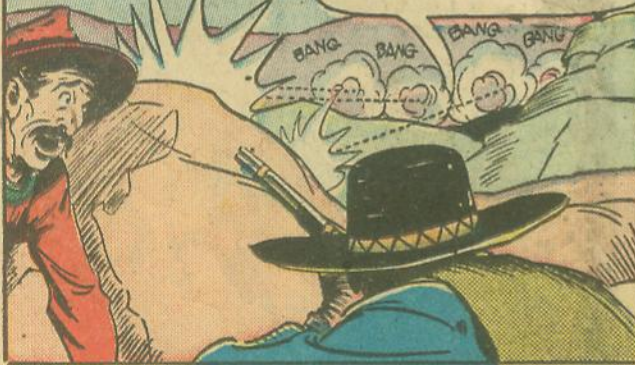
BANG!



WE GOT NO CHANCE! WE'LL BE WIPED OUT, FOR SURE!

THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS AND SURRENDER!

BANG BANG BANG BANG



STOP SHOOTIN'! I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED!

ME, TOO. I SURRENDER!

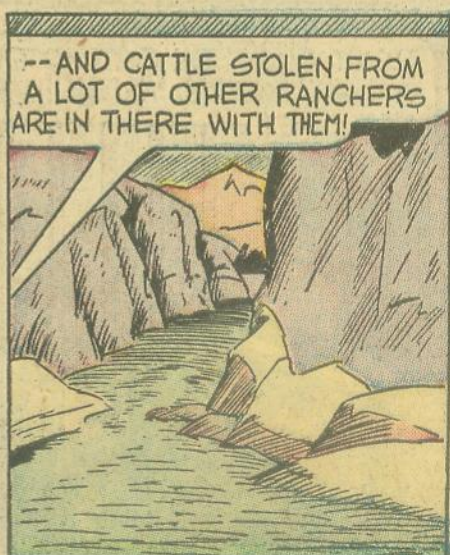
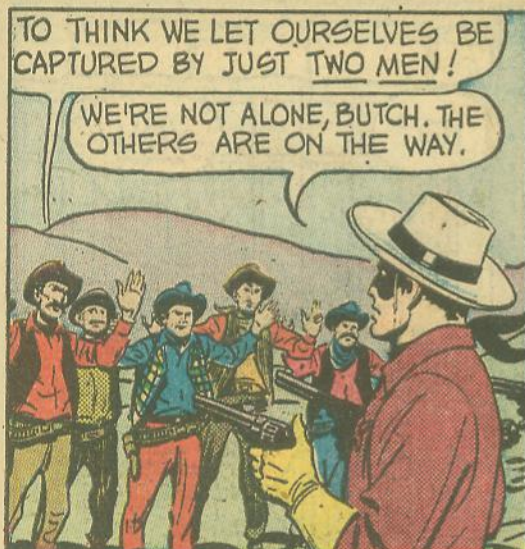
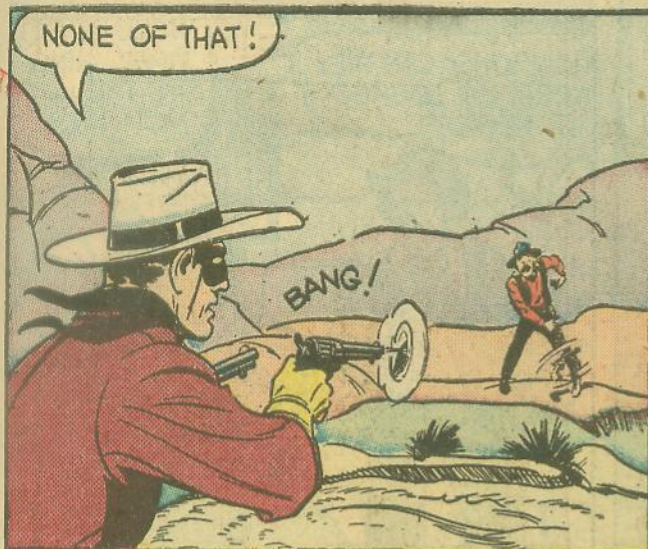


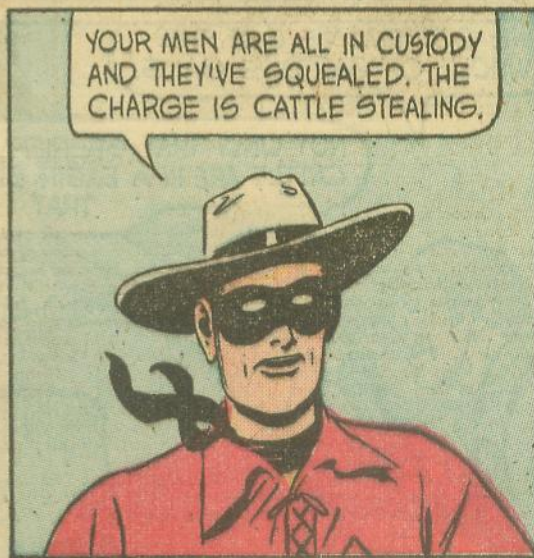
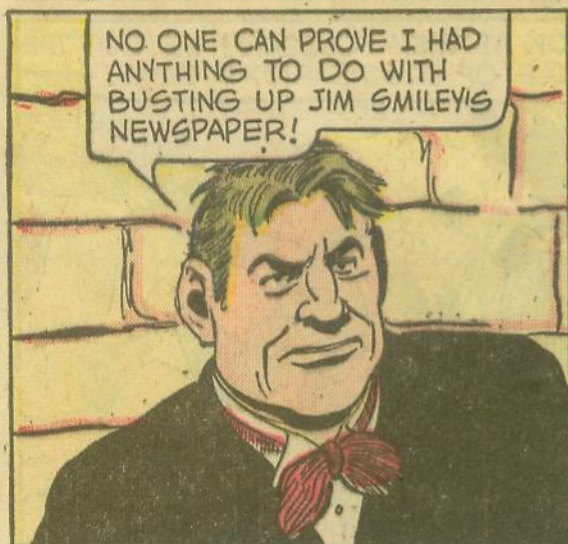
LET ME GET MY GUN! THERE'S ONLY TWO OF 'EM!



IF I'D KNOWN THERE WAS JUST TWO OF 'EM, I'D NEVER HAVE DROPPED THIS GUN!









YOU MEAN TO SAY
THE LONE RANGER
GOT ALL THE
BARTON GANG?

NOT ONLY THAT,
JIM-HE LOCATED
ALL THE CATTLE
THAT'S BEEN
STOLEN!



HE COUNTED ON
THEM STEALING
CLEM'S CATTLE
AND LEADING
HIM TO THE
HIDE-OUT.

WELL, HE'S
RECOVERED
ALL THE
STOLEN
CATTLE.
AND THAT'S
NOT ALL--



BARTON HAS TO PAY FOR
ALL THE DAMAGE TO YOUR
NEWSPAPER, BESIDES GOING
TO JAIL. ON TOP OF ALL
THAT --



HE GAVE ME A
CHANCE TO BE A
REAL SHERIFF!

HI-YO, SILVER!
AWAY-Y-Y!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 of The Lone Ranger published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1949, State of New York, County of New York, ss:

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of The Lone Ranger and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semi-weekly, or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

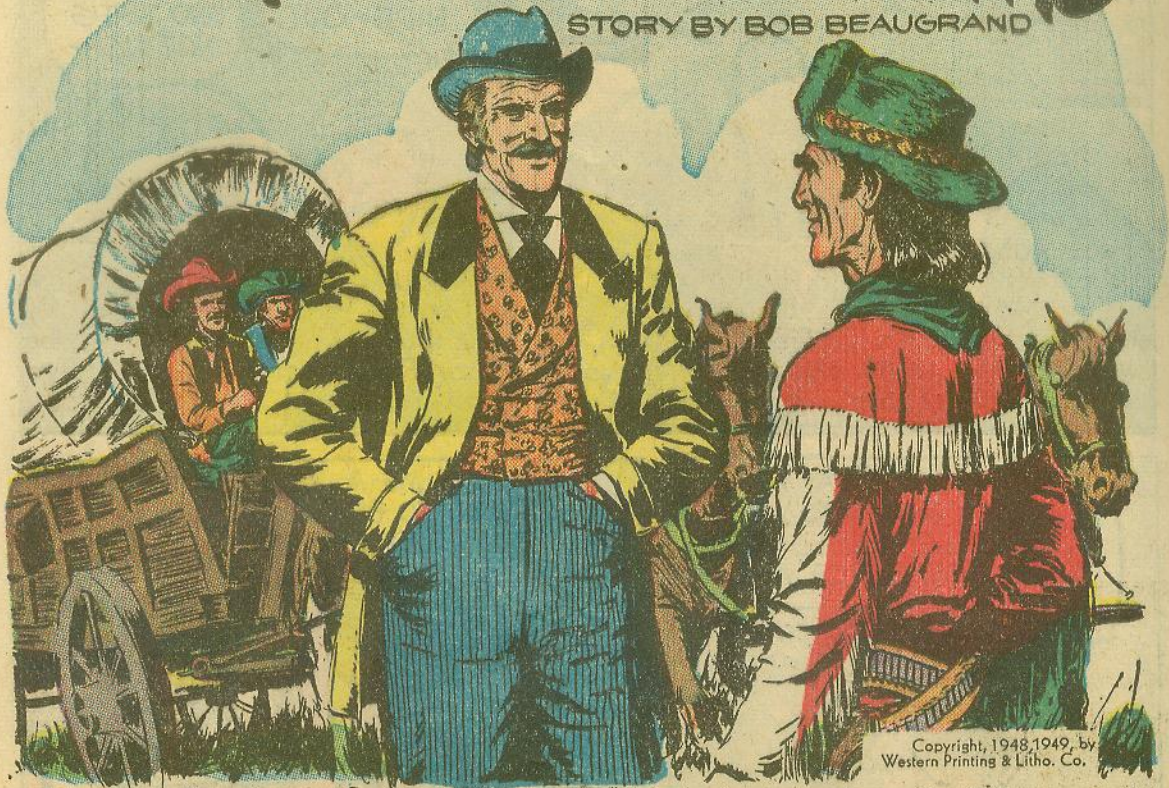
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1949
JEANNETTE SMITH (GREEN)

(SEAL)

(My Commission Expires March 30, 1950)

Rocky Mountain SAHIB

STORY BY BOB BEAUGRAND



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Through Fort Laramie, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, there passed a steady stream of distinguished visitors. They came in search of sport, adventure, gold—and they must have presented amusing and sometimes ludicrous pictures to the grizzled guides and hunters of the district. Of them all, none held a candle to Sir George Gore, a fabulously wealthy Irish peer, who appeared at the fort in 1854 with a company of fifty friends and servants.

Although Sir George looked every inch the dude, his choice of guides showed he was no fool. He promptly hired the famous Jim Bridger, and the two men soon became fast friends, despite the apparent differences between them. The whole party spent the winter at Laramie, during which time Bridger met the nobleman's retinue.

When spring came they set out for the Yellowstone—secretaries, cooks,

servants, hounds, and all. It was wild, rugged country, but Sir George was not the man to "go native." Dinner was served in grand style every night, complete with good wines. Bridger had the strange experience of listening to these men discuss Shakespeare around the fire.

Another habit that Sir George refused to give up was that of rising late. Seldom did he see what the sun looked like before noon. When he finally rose, he treated himself to a large and leisurely breakfast. That over, the noble sportsman would prepare for a day's hunting. He usually went out alone, or with only a few companions.

For all his evident laziness, the Irishman was no slouch as a hunter. Armed with some of the finest weapons then made for big game hunting, Sir George collected trophies by the cartload. These he proposed to ship to friends back home, presumably as evidence of

his prowess. The surprising number of forty grizzlies was included in his total bag.

While he accounted for great numbers of elk, antelope, and anything else that came before his sights, Sir George seemed to have a special passion for shooting buffalo. He did perhaps more than his share in reducing the herds of these great animals to their present sorry state, killing not less than 2500 of them.

The willful slaughter incensed the Indians, who looked upon the game as a source of food rather than sport. Finally their resentment boiled into action, and a band of Sioux swept down upon the camp and made off with many of Sir George's hard-won trophies of the hunt. Caught totally unprepared, the camp was left a shambles.

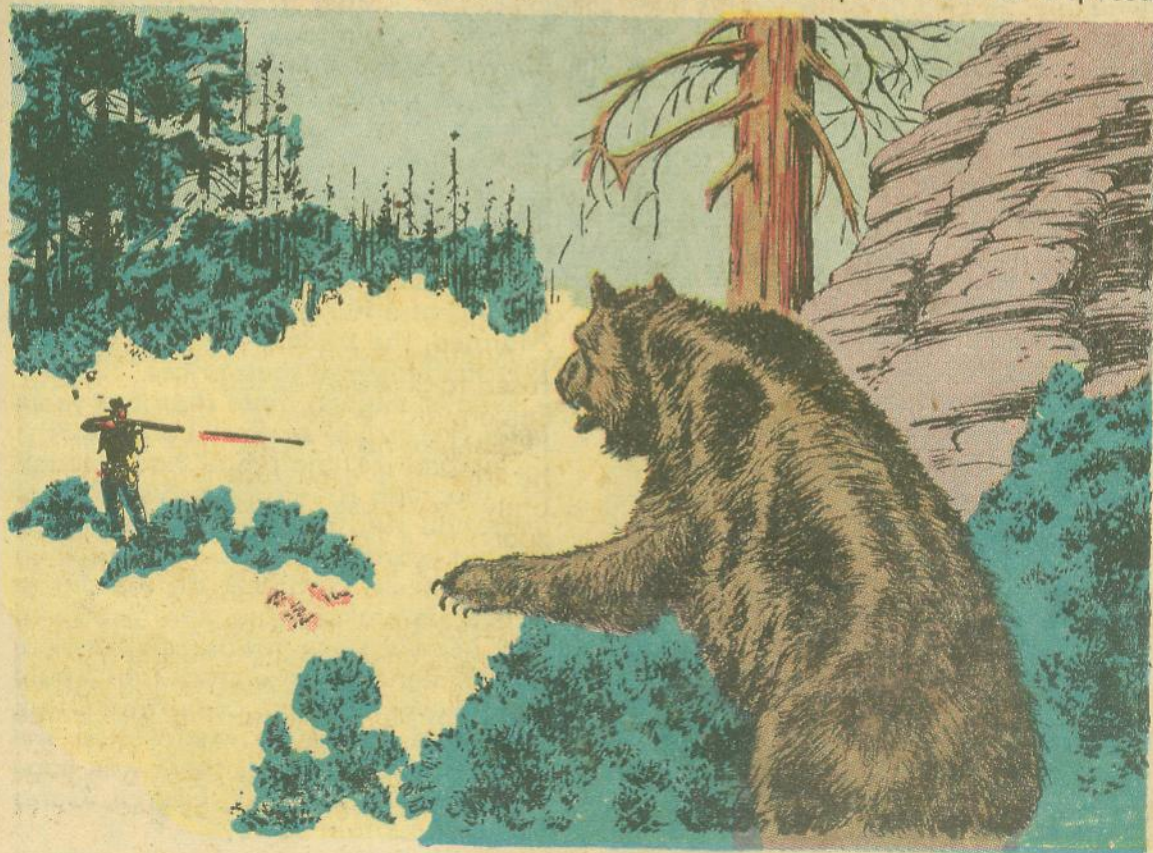
Sir George, being a nobleman, and Irish at that, refused to take what seemed to him such highhanded action lying down. He proposed to recruit a private army to wage war against the Sioux. Whether because of a lack of

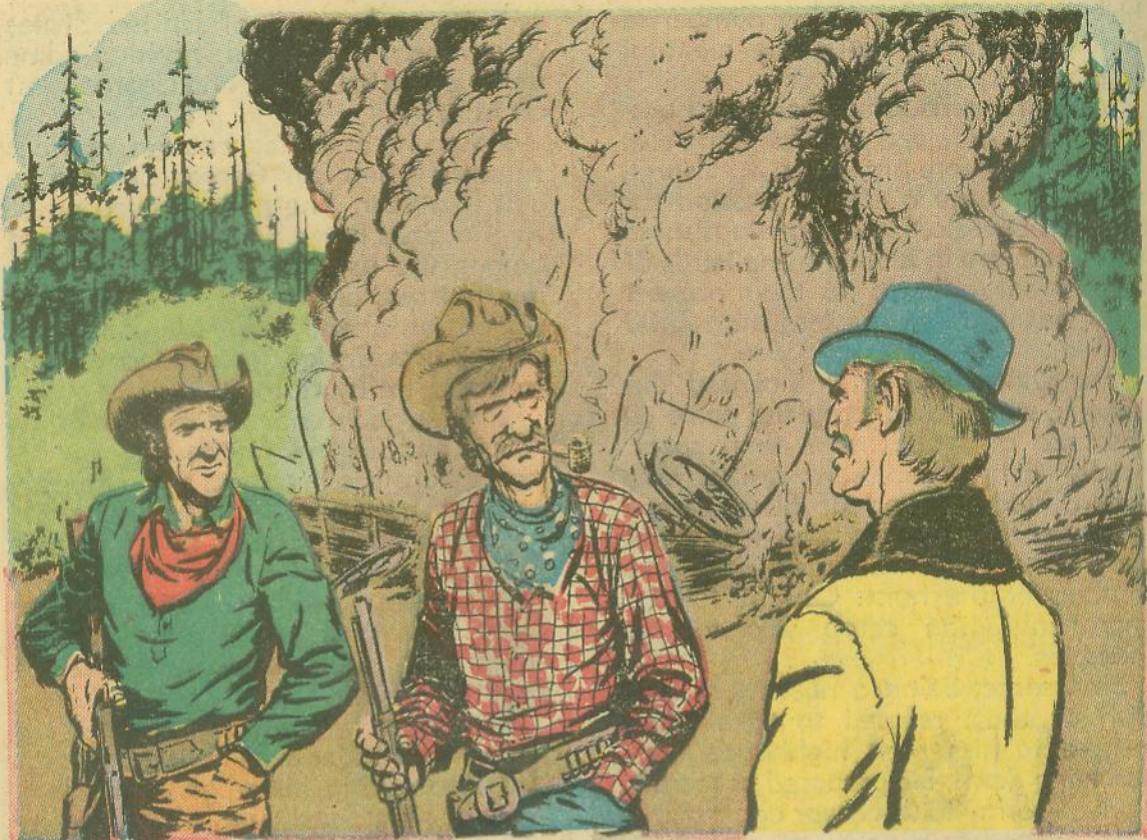
recruits or because of United States government opposition, nothing came of his ambitious plan, and George went on hunting.

When he collected enough trophies to satisfy him, Sir George decided to call it a year. The party moved on to the Rosebud River, where Gore camped among the Indians for a time, studying their way of living. Then he sent his wagons on ahead to Fort Union, while he and Jim Bridger proceeded to that trading post by flatboat.

Sir George intended to dispose of his horses and wagons at the fort, for his expedition was breaking up. The only possible buyer in the area was the American Fur Company, and its agent took advantage of his fortunate position. Sir George dickered with him for some time over the disposal of his equipment, then suddenly broke off negotiations.

Rightly or wrongly, Sir George believed the trader was trying to force him into selling his wagons and livestock at ridiculously low prices because of lack of competition. Not disposed





to haggle, Sir George collected his livestock, summoned all the Indians and trappers he could find, and proceeded to give it away.

With the livestock thus disposed of, Sir George turned his attention to the wagons. These he could not even give away, since there was little demand for them in that region. Rather than surrender them to the trader at what he considered an unfair price, Sir George had the carts and wagons all burned. Guards saw to it that nothing was salvaged.

With a greatly reduced company, Sir George then flatboated down the river to Fort Berthold, a remote outpost. As winter was setting in, he decided to stay there: Jim Bridger's services were no longer needed, so the two friends made their farewells. The Irish lord prepared to spend the winter in a crude, Indian-style earthen lodge.

Even in a place like Fort Berthold, the irrepressible Irishman could not simply rest. He found himself involved in local affairs. There were two traders at the fort who had long been feuding

over the native trade—not to the natives' advantage, however. The price of beef cattle had risen to an almost prohibitive level.

His sympathies aroused by the plight of the Indians, Sir George took a decisive hand in the matter. Going to one of the dealers, he all but bought the man out of beef cattle. Then he turned around and sold the cattle to the Indians at a fair price—and a big loss. Alarmed, the traders suddenly saw the light and lowered their prices.

Finally, slightly more than two years after his arrival at Fort Laramie, the incredible Irishman had had enough of "roughing it." Perhaps his stock of wine had run low—perhaps he felt a sudden yearning for a softer bed than his had been. Whatever the reason, he pulled up stakes when spring arrived and headed back toward civilization. He left behind him a story that would be told over countless campfires. Of all the titled foreigners who visited the great American West, there was none to compare with Sir George Gore, Rocky Mountain Sahib.

YOUNG HAWK

YOUNG HAWK WAS BRAVE! HE WOULD NOT BE CAUGHT BY US AGAIN!

HE HAS MADE HIS LAST FLIGHT... NONE BUT A TRUE BIRD COULD LEAP FROM HERE AND LIVE!

PERHAPS... AND PERHAPS NOT!

THAT LOWER BRANCH STILL QUIVERS! HE CAUGHT THAT AS HE FELL, WALKING BEAR!

BUT IT DID NOT BREAK HIS FALL, BLACK EAGLE! THERE IS A STRAIGHT DROP TO THE RIVER -- HIGHER THAN THE HIGHEST TREE!

WELL, THERE IS STILL YOUNG HAWK'S BROTHER, LITTLE BUCK -- HE'S HIDING SOMEWHERE NEAR BY -- AND I WANT HIS SCALP!

WE'LL LOOK FOR HIM, BLACK EAGLE!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE CAVE UNDER THE OVERHANG OF THE CLIFF.

WE'LL HIDE IN THE WOLF'S ENTRANCE, BEHIND THIS WALL OF STONES!

SHIUX!
NOT A SOUND
LITTLE BUCK!

IF THE SIOUX DO FIND
OUR CAVE, WE CAN FIGHT
THEM OFF HERE --
FOR A WHILE!

THE SIOUX
ARE LIKE
WOLVES --
THEY NEVER
GIVE UP A TRAIL!



NOT EVEN A RABBIT TRACK ESCAPES THE EYES
OF THE SIOUX HUNTERS AS THEY SEARCH THE
WOODS NEAR BY.



HAH! HERE'S A HOLE THOSE TWO BRATS
COULD CRAWL INTO -- LOOK,
WALKING BEAR!



THEY *COULD* HAVE CRAWLED IN HERE,
BLACK EAGLE -- BUT THEY DIDN'T! SEE ---
THERE ARE ONLY WOLF TRACKS -- A SHE
AND HER PUPS!



HAR-UGH!

I STILL SAY IT WOULD
PAY TO BUILD A FIRE
AND SMOKE THEM OUT!

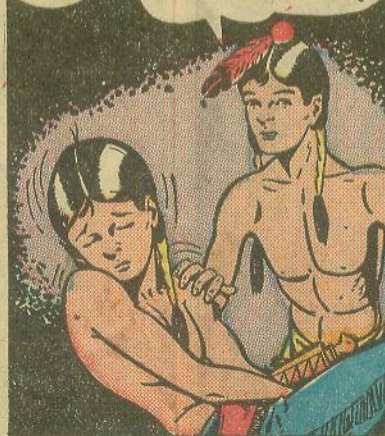
OOHHH!
THAT'S BLACK
EAGLE!

SHHH!



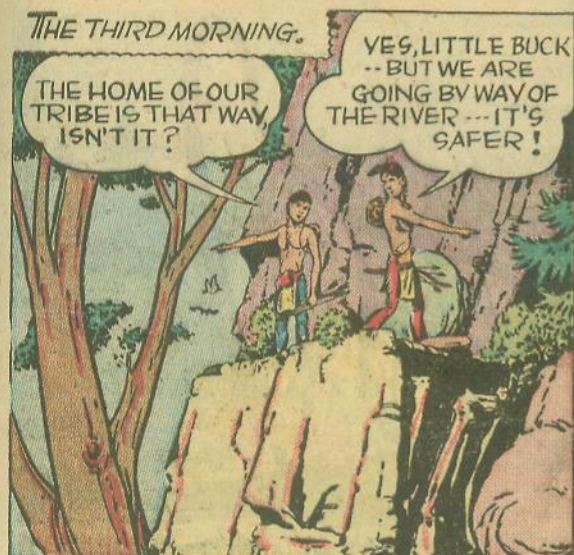
MANY HOURS
LATER

WAKE UP, LITTLE
BUCK! IT'S NIGHT
-- AND THE SIOUX
MUST BE GONE!



AWWW-HUM! COULD WE
COOK SOME DEER STEAK?
I'M STARVED!





KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN ! IF IT'S ONLY ONE
SIOUX, WE MAY BE ABLE TO TAKE HIM !



THEN--THE CANOE APPEARS, WITH ONE OCCUPANT.

WHITE FAWN !!
HEAD INTO THE
BANK---HERE!

IT'S WHITE FAWN.
ALL RIGHT--THE
LITTLE SIOUX GIRL!



OHHHH!



BUT THE CANOE VEERS SHARPLY AWAY

IT'S US, WHITE FAWN--
YOUNG HAWK AND
LITTLE BUCK!

YOU'RE NOT AFRAID
OF US, ARE YOU?



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE--SO FAR FROM
YOUR VILLAGE, AND ALONE?

I--I RAN
AWAY, YOUNG
HAWK!



EVERY DAY SINCE I SET YOU FREE FROM THE CAPTIVES' TENT, MY GRANDMOTHER HAS BEAT ME -- AND YESTERDAY, I GOT AWAY FROM HER --

YOU LOOK HALF SICK!



I -- I'M JUST TIRED -- AND HUNGRY --



OPEN YOUR PACK AND GIVE HER SOME OF OUR ROAST DEER MEAT, LITTLE BUCK!

YES -- THERE'S STRENGTH IN THAT!



WE WERE LOOKING FOR A LOG TO USE FOR A CANOE, WHITE FAWN.

WELL -- THE GREAT SPIRIT SENT YOU A CANOE, YOUNG HAWK.

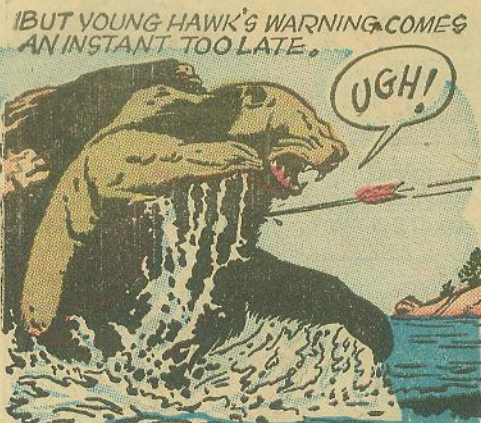
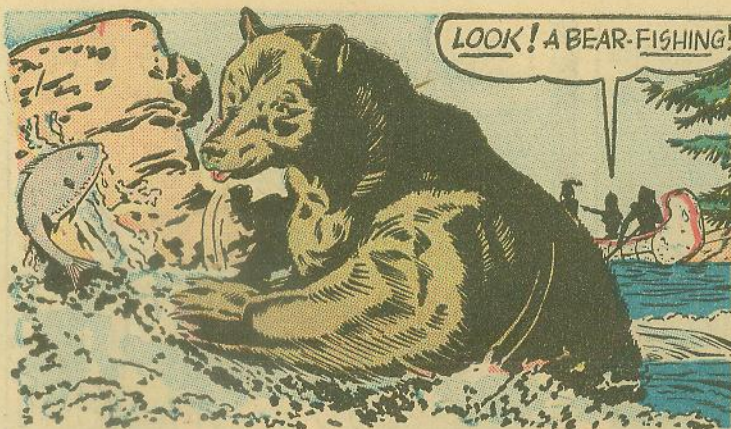


I FEEL MUCH BETTER NOW -- WE HAD BETTER GO ON -- IN CASE SOME OF MY PEOPLE TRY TO FOLLOW ME!



JUST LET ANYBODY TRY TO FOLLOW US NOW! LITTLE BUCK AND I ARE STRONG PADDLERS -- WE'LL TAKE YOU TO OUR TRIBE, AND NOBODY WILL EVER BEAT YOU AGAIN, WHITE FAWN!





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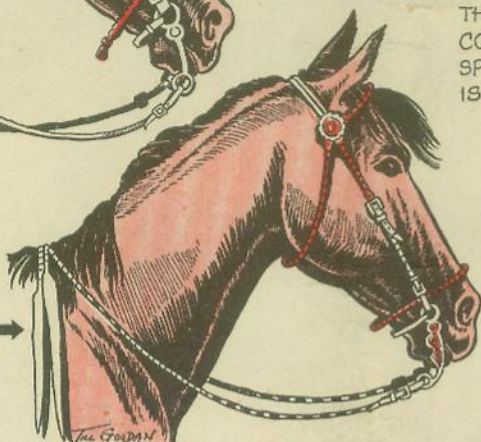
Western Bridles



The
**SPLIT
EAR**

THIS TYPE OF BRIDLE HEADSTALL IS FAVORED BY MANY RIDERS BECAUSE IT IS EASY TO PUT ON OR TAKE OFF THE HORSE. IT HAS NO BROWBAND OR THROATLATCH. THE EAR SPLIT IN THE CROWN IS USUALLY MADE TO FIT OVER THE HORSE'S RIGHT EAR, BUT SOME COWBOYS PREFER A DOUBLE EAR SPLIT. THE BIT SHOWN ON THIS BRIDLE IS A LIGHTWEIGHT GRAZING-TYPE.

The
**SMALL-
ROUND**



SADDLE MAKERS HAVE A SPECIAL TOOL USED FOR FORMING THIS TYPE OF BRIDLE. IT MAKES A VERY NEAT AND DRESSY OUTFIT. MANY OF THEM ARE TRIMMED WITH FERRULES OF STERLING SILVER, AND LARGE SILVER CONCHAS ARE USED ON EACH SIDE OF THE BROW BAND. THE REINS ARE ROUND, WITH A FLAT "POPPER" ON THE ENDS. THE BIT ON THE OUTFIT SHOWN HERE IS A CALIFORNIA STYLE.

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