

A DELL COMIC  
**DELL**  
A DELL COMIC

AUGUST

10¢

# The Lone Ranger

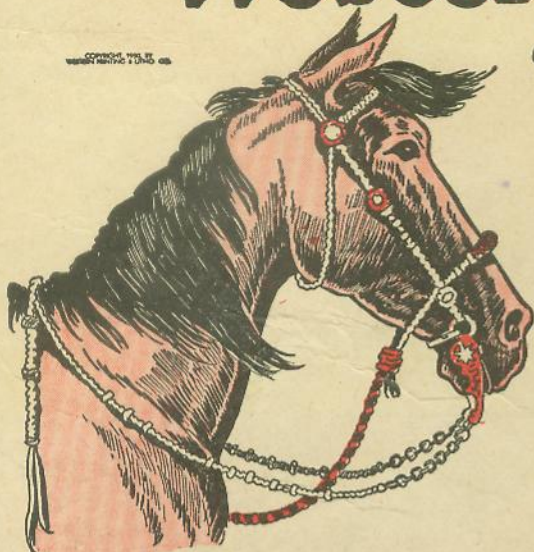
52 pages  
ALL COMICS!





# Western Bridles

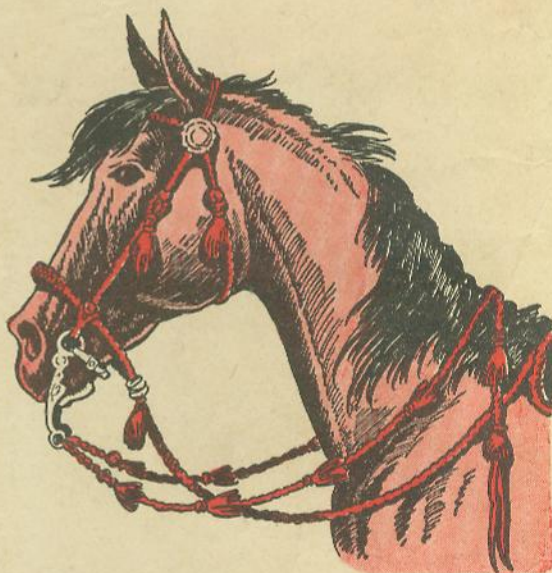
## *Braided* RAWHIDE



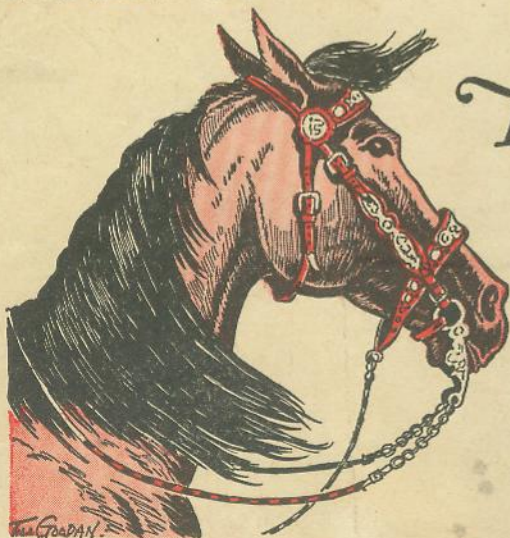
**T**HIS TYPE OF BRIDLE HAS BEEN POPULAR FOR MANY YEARS, ESPECIALLY IN CALIFORNIA AND OTHER SECTIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST. IT IS A NEAT OUTFIT, VERY STRONG, AND BRAIDED IN FOUR, SIX, OR EIGHT STRANDS. THE REINS HAVE NUMEROUS ORNAMENTAL BUTTONS AND ARE FINISHED AT THE END WITH A "ROMAL" OR QUIRT WHICH IS ATTACHED TO THE REINS. THE BIT SHOWN HERE IS THE FAMOUS SANTA BARBARA LOOSE-JAW, ONE OF THE BEST BITS EVER CREATED FOR A SADDLE HORSE.

## *Woven* HORSEHAIR

**V**ERY FANCY AND COLORFUL BUT NOT TOO PRACTICAL. MANY OF THESE BRIDLES WERE MADE BY CONVICTS IN THE PRISONS OF THE SOUTHWEST. THEY ARE USUALLY WOVEN OF BLACK, WHITE, AND BAY HAIR IN INTRICATE DESIGNS AND DECORATED WITH LONG HAIRED TASSELS AND HANDMADE SILVER ORNAMENTS. FEW COWBOYS USE AN OUTFIT OF THIS SORT AND THEY ARE ORDINARILY FOUND IN PARADE OUTFITS OR AS DECORATIONS IN TACK ROOMS.



## *The* SILVER MOUNTED



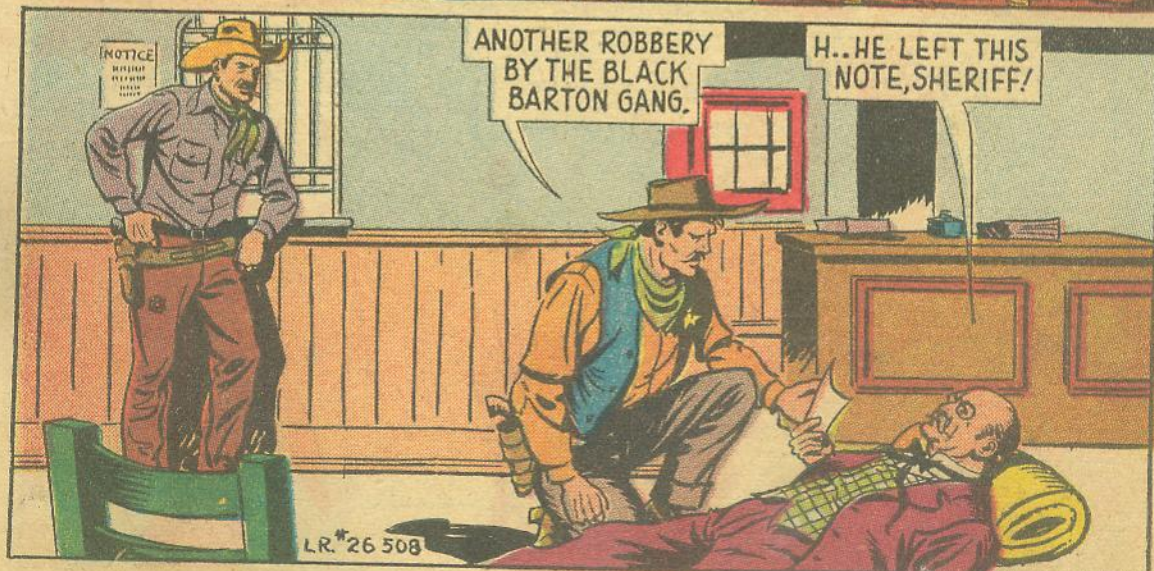
**S**TRICTLY HORSE SHOW, WILD WEST SHOW OR PARADE EQUIPMENT. THE AVERAGE WORKING COWBOY CANNOT AFFORD A BRIDLE OF THIS TYPE EVEN IF HE WANTS ONE. MOST OF THESE OUTFITS ARE COVERED WITH STERLING SILVER ORNAMENTS OR CONCHAS, AND MANY OF THEM ARE OVERLAID WITH GOLD OR INLAID WITH RUBIES, DIAMONDS OR OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. IT IS NOT UNUSUAL FOR A BRIDLE OF THIS SORT TO COST FOUR OR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. EQUIPMENT OF THIS TYPE DOES MUCH TOWARD DRESSING UP A FINE PARADE HORSE.



# The Lone Ranger

## and THE BLACK BARTON GANG

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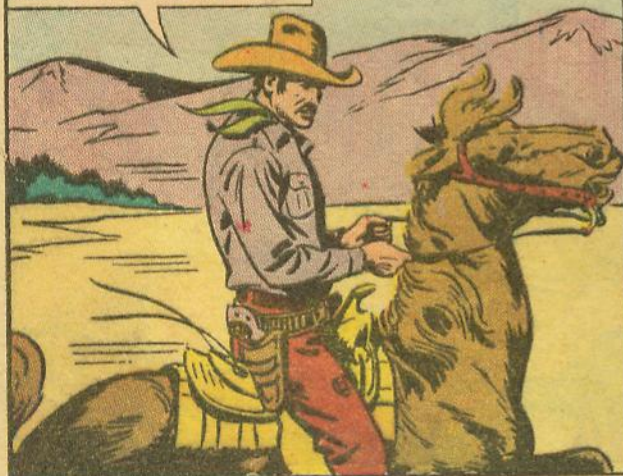


NO ONE DARES  
FOLLOW THE  
BLACK BARTON  
GANG!

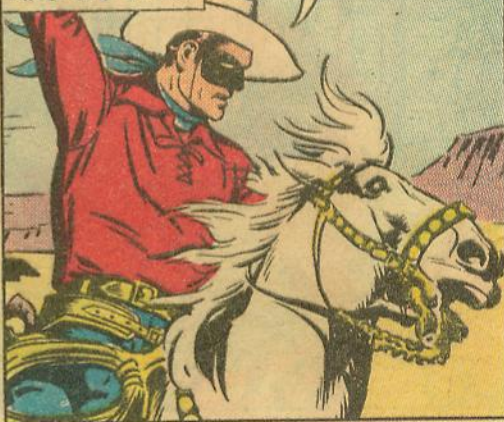
HIS DAYS ARE  
NUMBERED! THE  
LONE RANGER IS  
COMING TUH HELP  
FIGHT HIM.  
I'M MEETIN'  
HIM THIS  
EVENIN'!



THE LONE RANGER, EH? BLACK BARTON'LL BE  
GLAD TUH HEAR THAT.

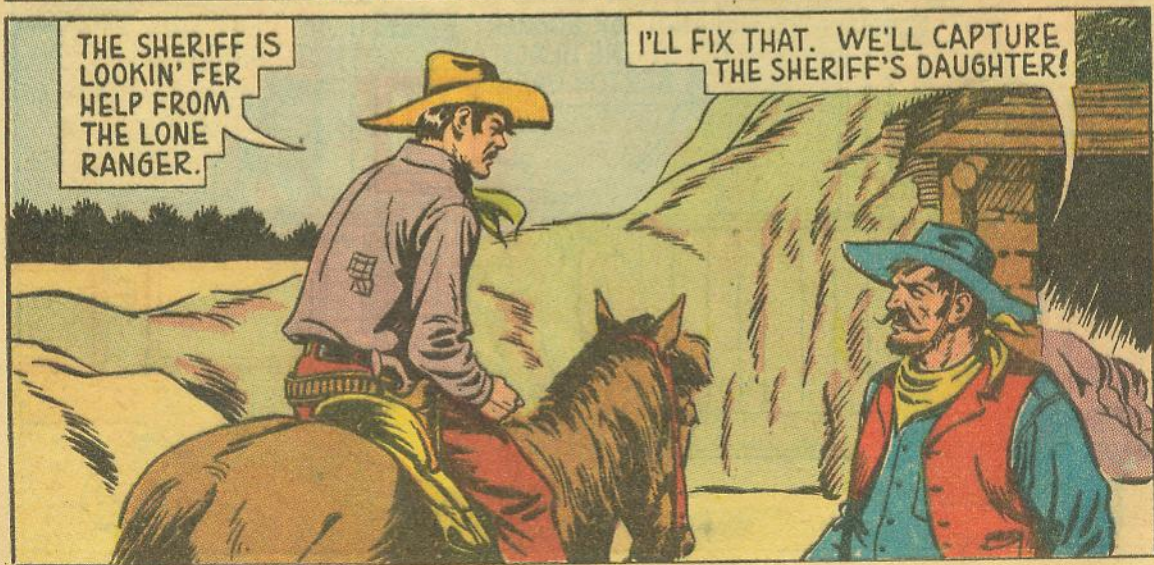


COME ON, SILVER! THEY  
NEED OUR HELP TO  
SMASH BLACK BARTON  
AND HIS GANG.



THE SHERIFF IS  
LOOKIN' FER  
HELP FROM  
THE LONE  
RANGER.

I'LL FIX THAT. WE'LL CAPTURE  
THE SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER!

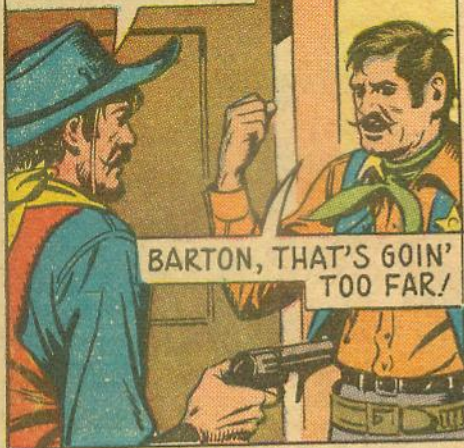








YUH NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT  
WHERE JANE IS. MY MEN  
ARE HOLDIN' HER.



BARTON, THAT'S GOIN'  
TOO FAR!

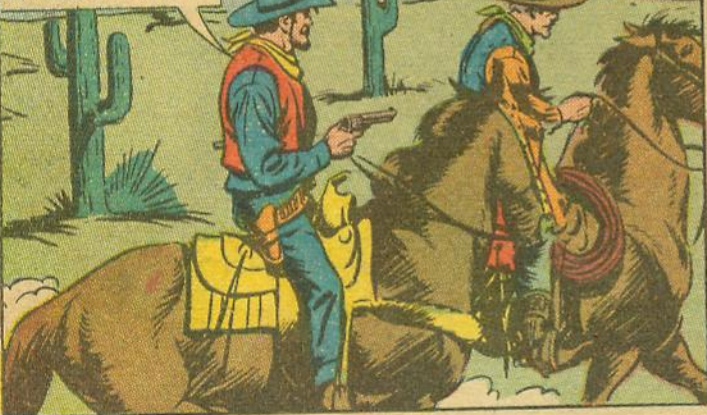
SHE'LL BE  
LET GO, AFTER  
YOU'VE KILLED  
THE LONE  
RANGER!



THE LONE RANGER!

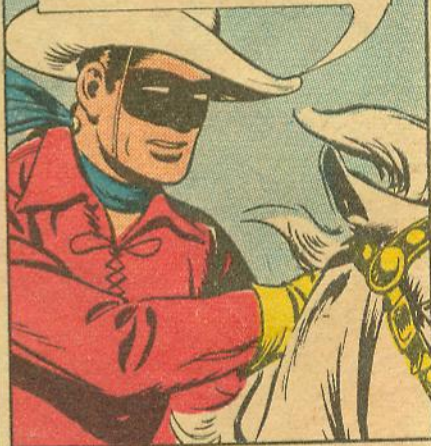


I KNOW YER COUNTIN' ON THE  
LONE RANGER TUH COME HERE!  
YER TUH RIDE ON ALONE AN'  
AMBUSH HIM!

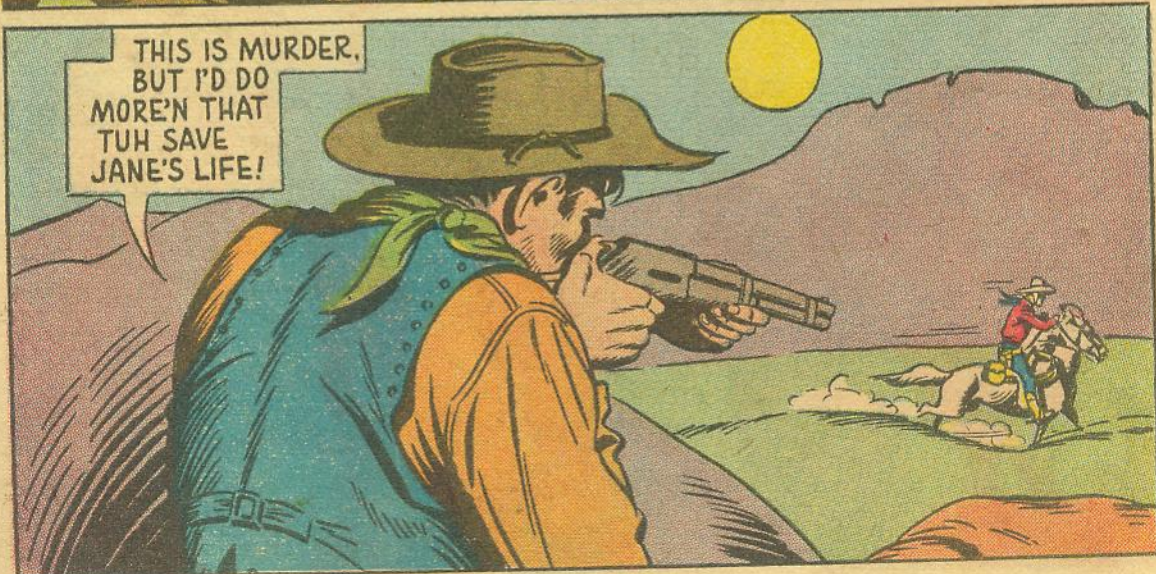


IT..IT'S  
MURDER!

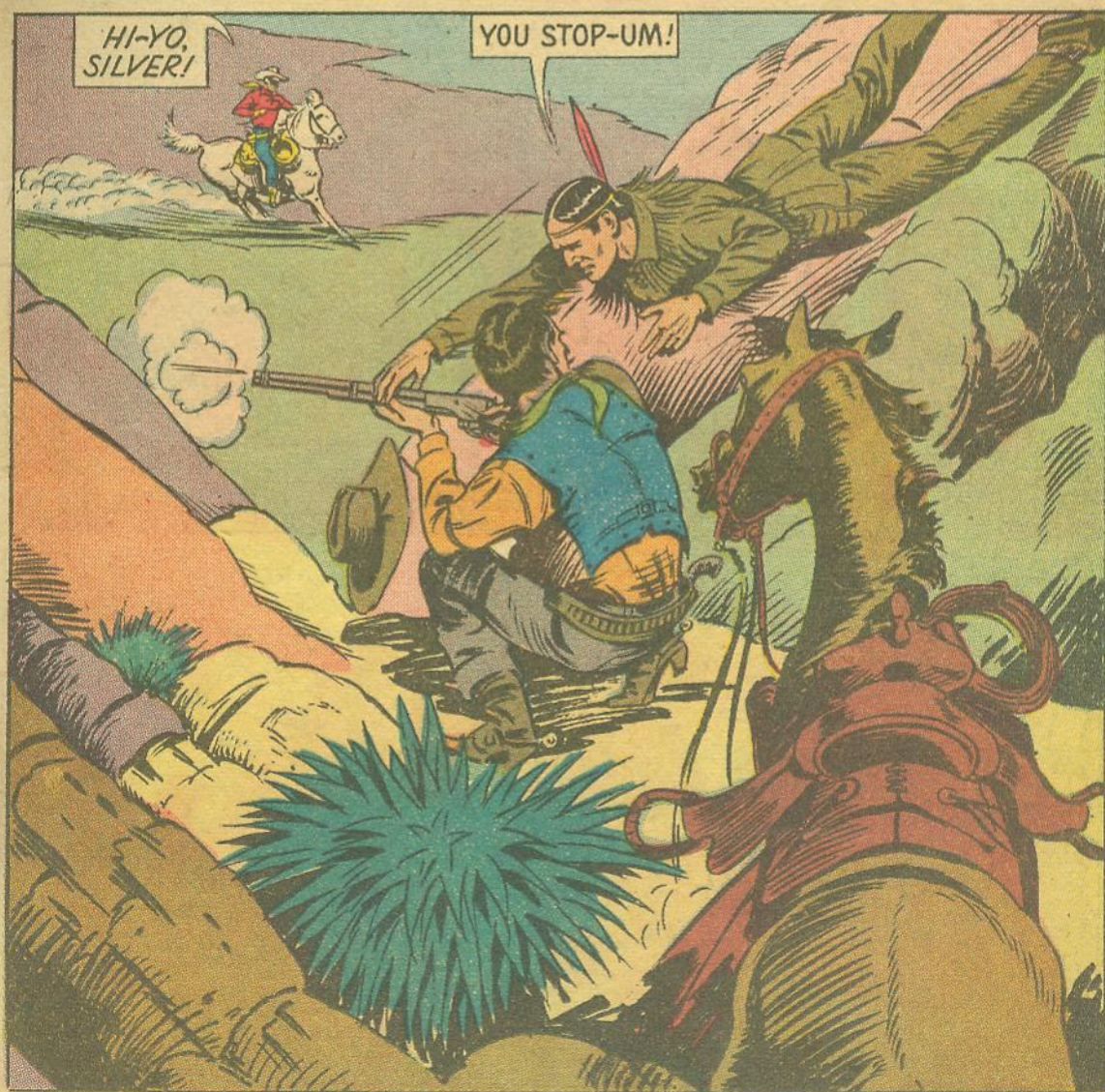
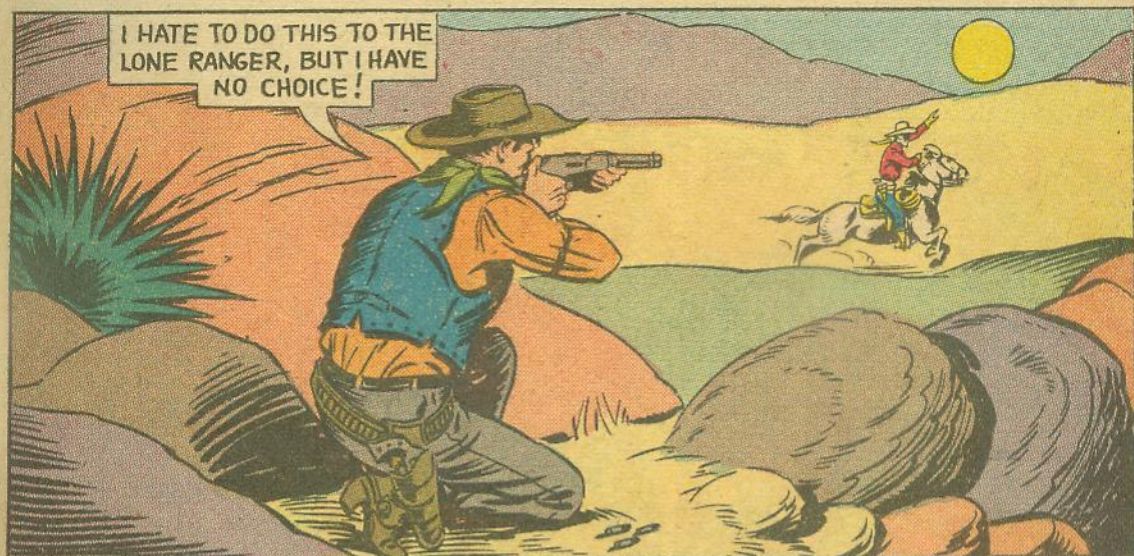
TONTO WILL BE WAITING  
FOR US IN TOWN, SILVER.  
WE'LL SOON BE THERE!



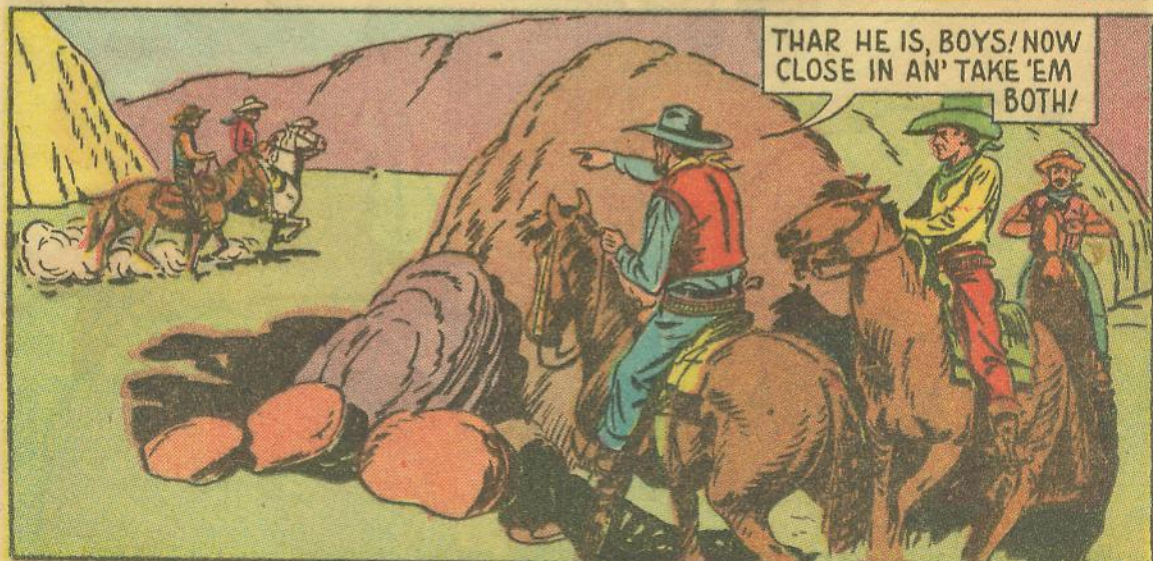
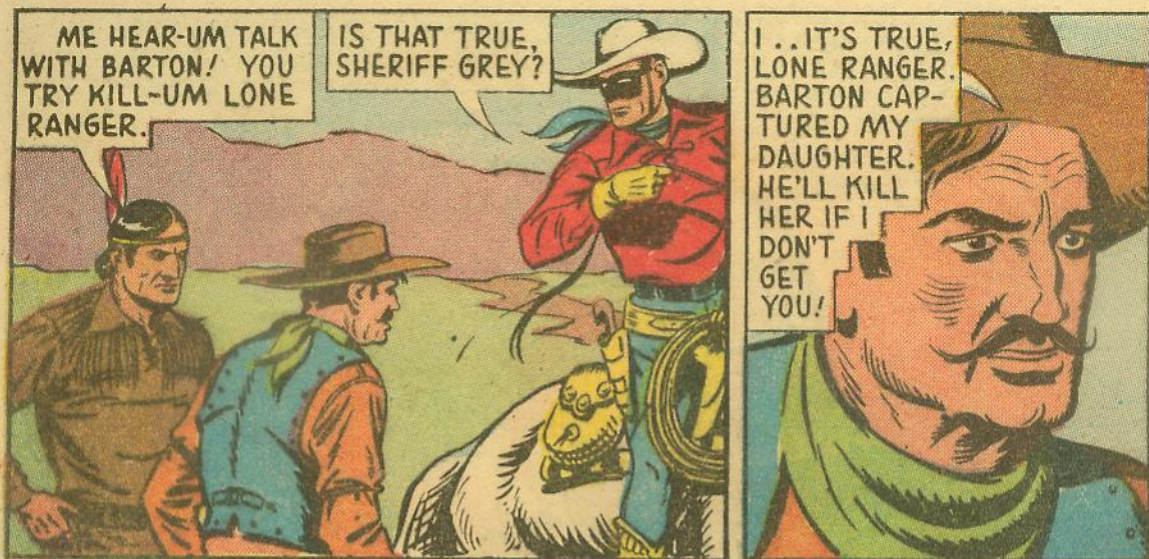
THIS IS MURDER.  
BUT I'D DO  
MORE'N THAT  
TUH SAVE  
JANE'S LIFE!















ROPE THE TWO OF 'EM!

GOOD WORK, SHERIFF! YUH  
LED HIM RIGHT TO US.



WHY ARE YUH  
ROPIN' ME?

WE'LL TAKE YOU, TOO, SHERIFF!  
I GOT IMPORTANT PLANS!



YUH ALLUS WONDERED WHERE MY HIDE OUT  
WAS, SHERIFF GREY! NOW YOU'LL SEE IT!





YOU BOYS WAIT BEHIND  
TUH MAKE SURE THEY AIN'T  
NO ONE FOLLOWIN' US.

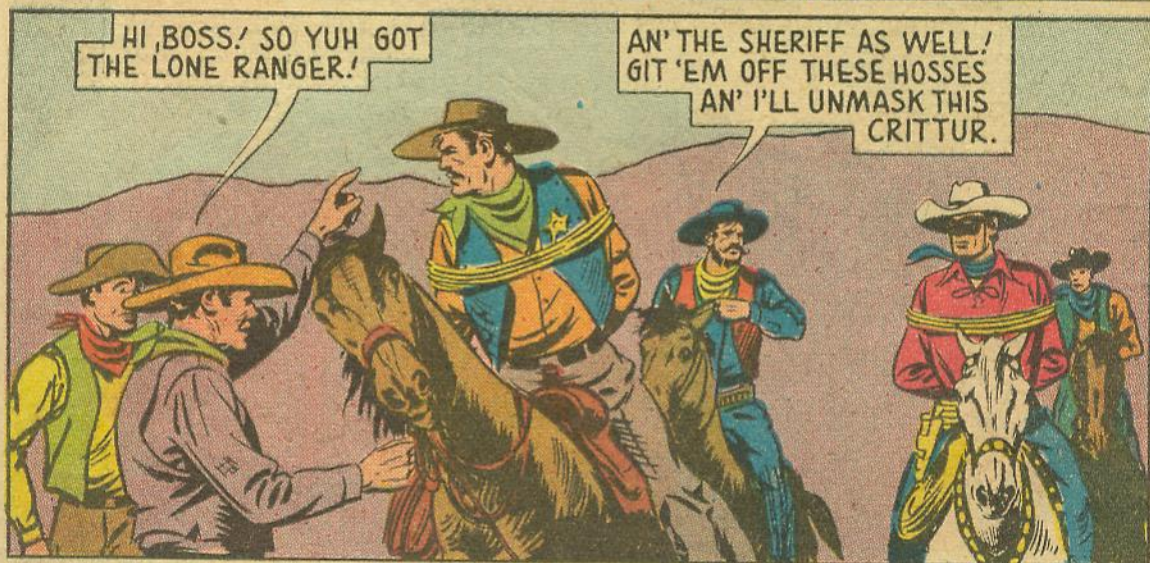
CAN'T NO ONE  
FOLLER US TUH  
THE HIDE-OUT, BUT  
WE'LL WATCH,  
ANYHOW!



SO YOU'VE BEEN  
WORKIN' FER BLACK  
BARTON ALL ALONG!

HYAR  
THEY  
COME!

WHY NOT? MEBBE YORE  
PAW WILL SOON BE  
TAKIN' HIS ORDERS, TOO!



HI, BOSS! SO YUH GOT  
THE LONE RANGER!

AN' THE SHERIFF AS WELL!  
GIT 'EM OFF THESE HOSSES  
AN' I'LL UNMASK THIS  
CRITTUR.



NOW TUH SEE WHAT  
THE LONE RANGER  
LOOKS  
LIKE!



THIS AIN'T THE LONE RANGER!  
IT'S THAT INJUN, TONTO!

I THOUGHT HIS FACE LOOKED  
PRETTY DARK UNDER THE  
MASK!



SO THAT'S BLACK BARTON'S  
HIDE-OUT. NOW TO  
WATCH FOR A  
CHANCE TO ACT!

WHEN  
TONTU WAS  
CAPTURED, HE LET  
SEEDS TRICKLE FROM  
A SMALL HOLE IN A SADDLE BAG.  
BIRDS MARK THE TRAIL THE OUTLAWS TOOK.

FROM NOW ON, SQUINT IS GOING TUH  
TAKE CHARGE OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!  
YOU WRITE THE AUTHORITY, TELLIN' YER  
DEP'TIES YUH BEEN CALLED OUT O' TOWN!

GOOD THING NO ONE  
IN TOWN KNOWS I  
WORK FOR YOU,  
BARTON.

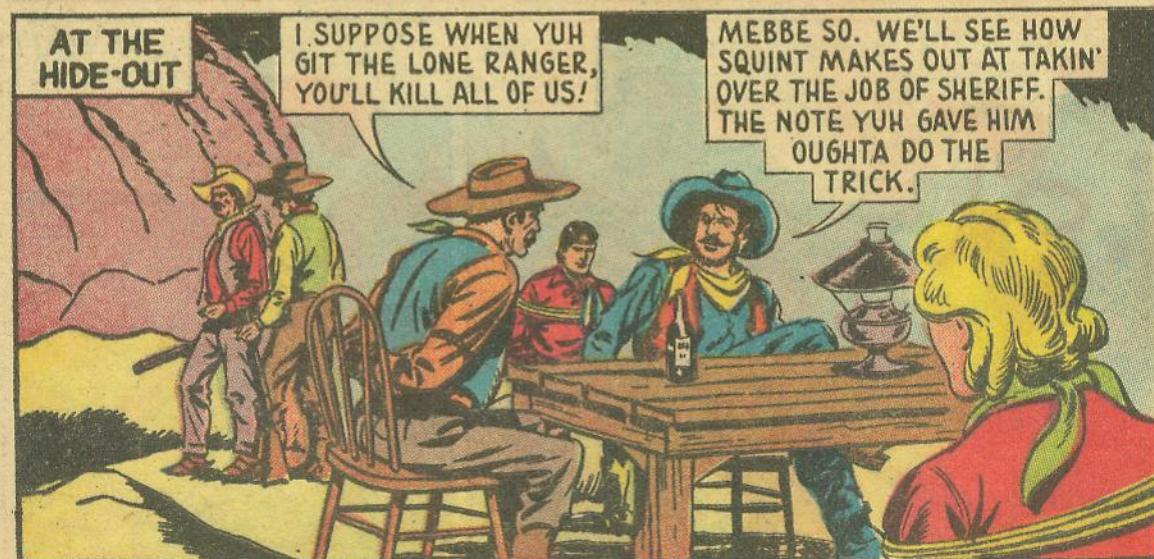
YOU TAKE CARE OF THE  
SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND  
I'LL SEE THAT YUH GIT  
INSTRUCTIONS!

COME ON, SCOUT!

THE REAL LONE  
RANGER!

I WANT YOU!





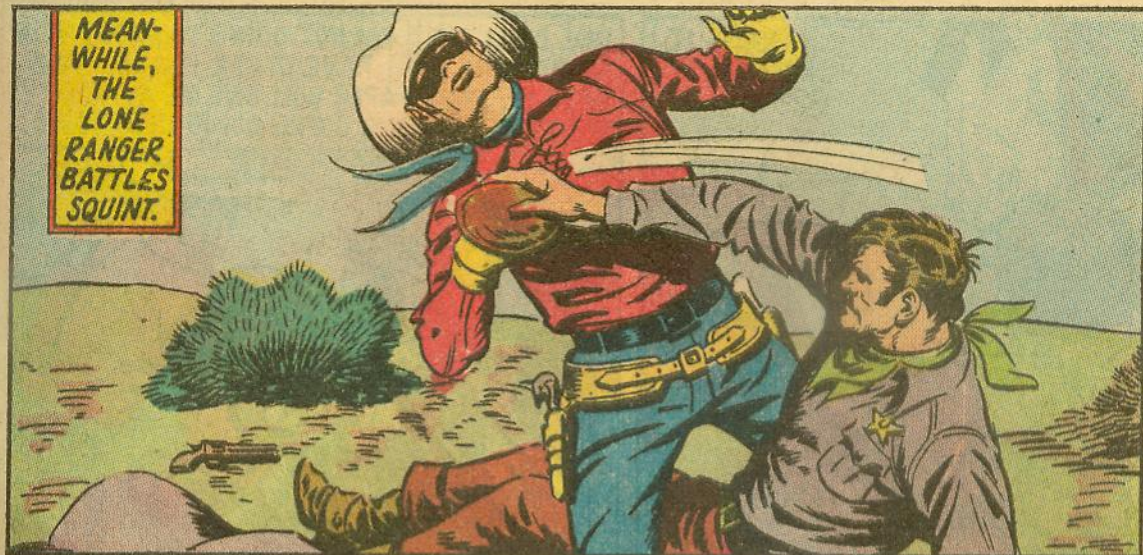
AT THE  
HIDE-OUT

I SUPPOSE WHEN YUH  
GIT THE LONE RANGER,  
YOU'LL KILL ALL OF US!

MEBBE SO. WE'LL SEE HOW  
SQUINT MAKES OUT AT TAKIN'  
OVER THE JOB OF SHERIFF.  
THE NOTE YUH GAVE HIM  
OUGHTA DO THE  
TRICK.



MEAN-  
WHILE,  
THE  
LONE  
RANGER  
BATTLES  
SQUINT.



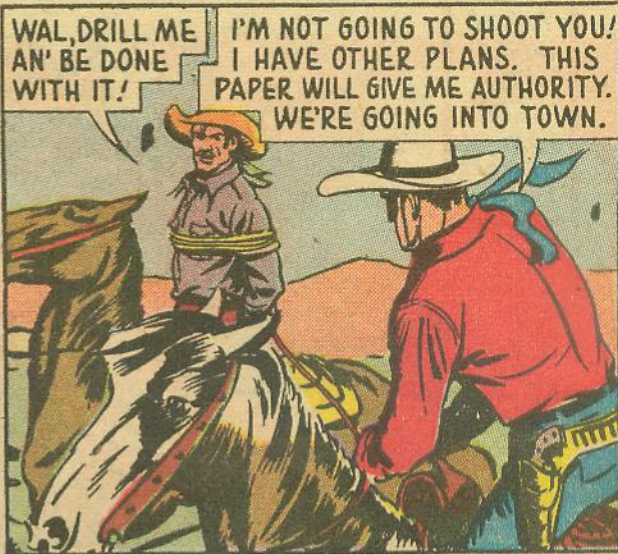
BLACK BARTON WANTS YOU  
AN' HE'LL GIT YUH..  
DEAD!





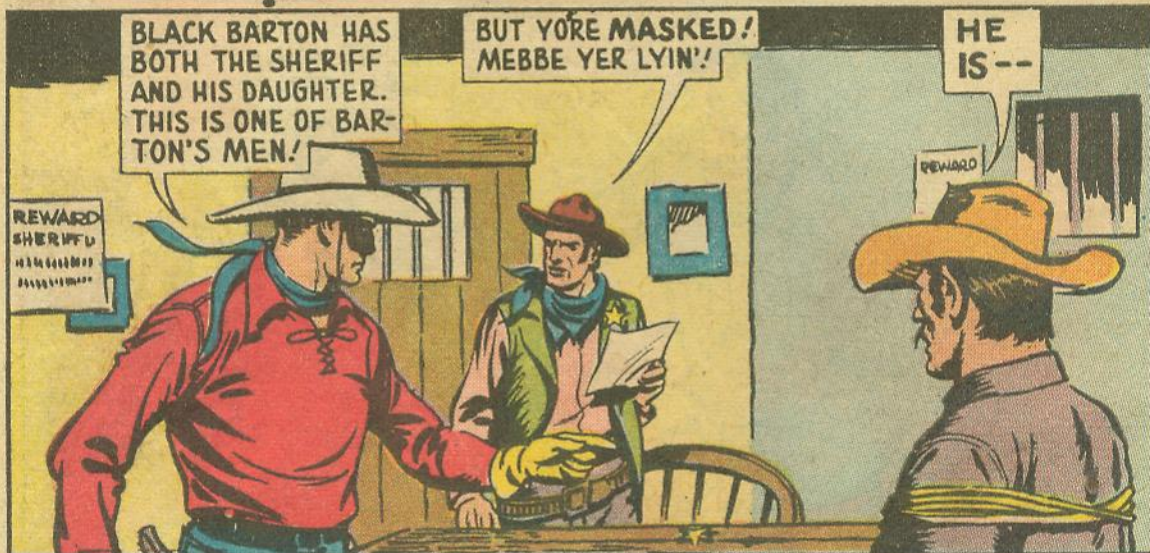


THAT'S IT,  
SCOUT!



WAL, DRILL ME  
AN' BE DONE  
WITH IT!

I'M NOT GOING TO SHOOT YOU!  
I HAVE OTHER PLANS. THIS  
PAPER WILL GIVE ME AUTHORITY.  
WE'RE GOING INTO TOWN.



BLACK BARTON HAS  
BOTH THE SHERIFF  
AND HIS DAUGHTER.  
THIS IS ONE OF BAR-  
TON'S MEN!

BUT YORE MASKED!  
MEBBE YER LYIN'!

HE  
IS--

REWARD  
SHERIFF  
HUNTER

REWARD



HE LIES, DEPT'Y!  
THROW HIM IN JAIL!  
THAT NOTE TELLS  
YUH I'M TUH TAKE  
CHARGE!

I'VE KNOWED SQUINT  
FER SOME TIME! I  
RECKON THAT YORE  
THE ONE TUH GIT  
JAILED!

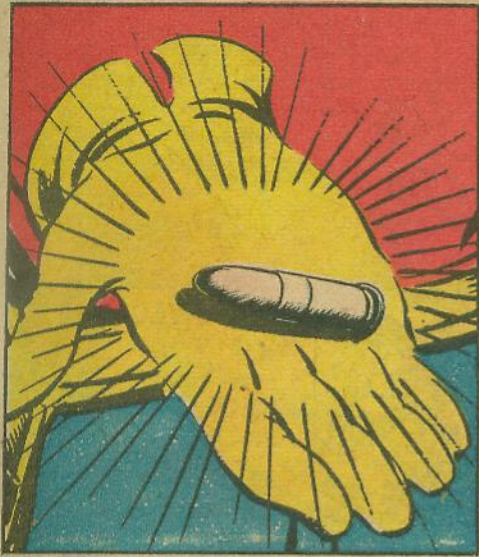


UNLESS YOU CAN PROVE  
YER NOT A CROOK,  
MISTER, IT'S JAIL  
FER YUH!

TAKE A LOOK  
AT THIS!

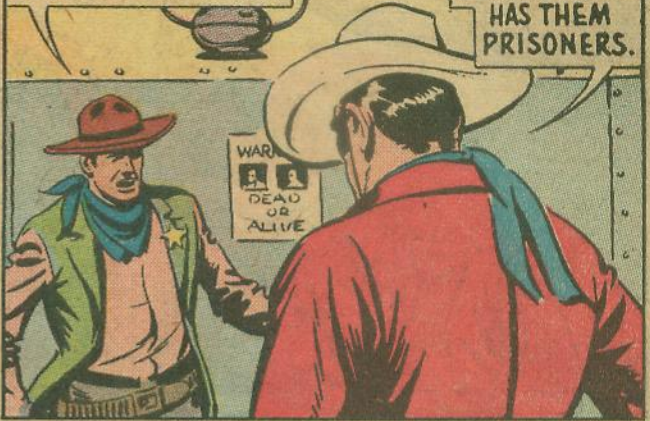
WANTED  
FOR  
MURDER





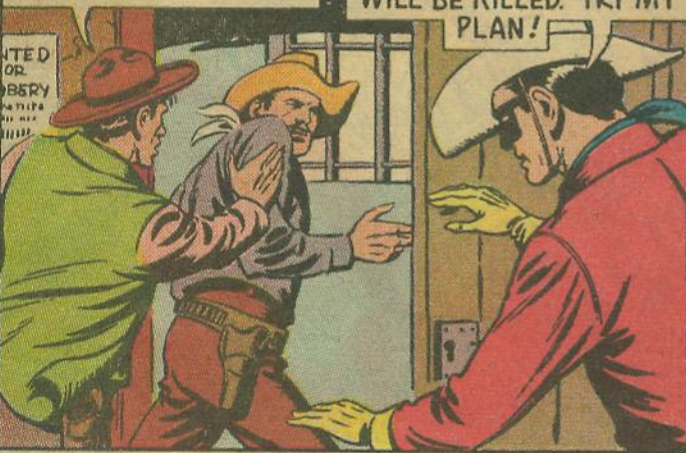
A SILVER BULLET! Y-YOU'RE THE LONE RANGER! SHERIFF GREY SAID YOU WAS COMIN' HERE! WHERE IS HE?

HE AND HIS DAUGHTER ARE IN A CAVE. BLACK BARTON HAS THEM PRISONERS.



WE'LL LOCK THIS CRITTUR UP, THEN FORM A POSSE. YOU'LL LEAD THE WAY!

WAIT! IF YOU ATTACK THAT CAVE, THE PRISONERS WILL BE KILLED. TRY MY PLAN!

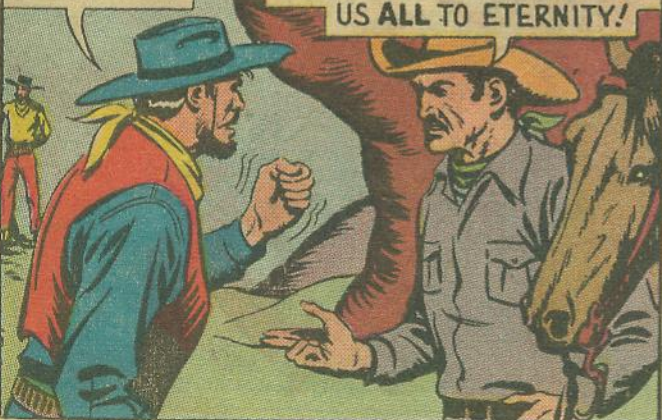


WE'RE GOING TO LET YOU GO, SQUINT. TAKE A FRESH HORSE AND TAKE A MESSAGE BACK TO BLACK BARTON!



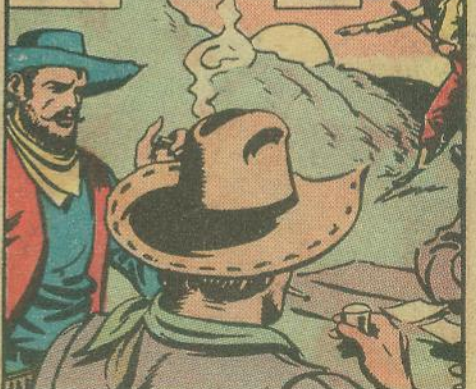
YUH BLAME FOOL! YUH LET THE LONE RANGER OUTWIT YUH!

I COULDN'T HELP IT, BARTON. HE SENT WORD THAT IF YUH DIDN'T LET THE PRISONERS GO BY SUNDOWN, HE'D BLOW US ALL TO ETERNITY!



WELL, IT'S SUNDOWN! NOW BE READY FER WHATEVER THAT MASKED MAN TRIES!

HYAR COMES SQUINT'S HOSS LOPIN' IN!







THAT'S HIS  
TRICK!

LEMME OUT!  
THAT POWDER'S  
DUE TUH BLOW!

HE KNEW  
MY  
HOSS  
WOULD COME  
BACK HERE!

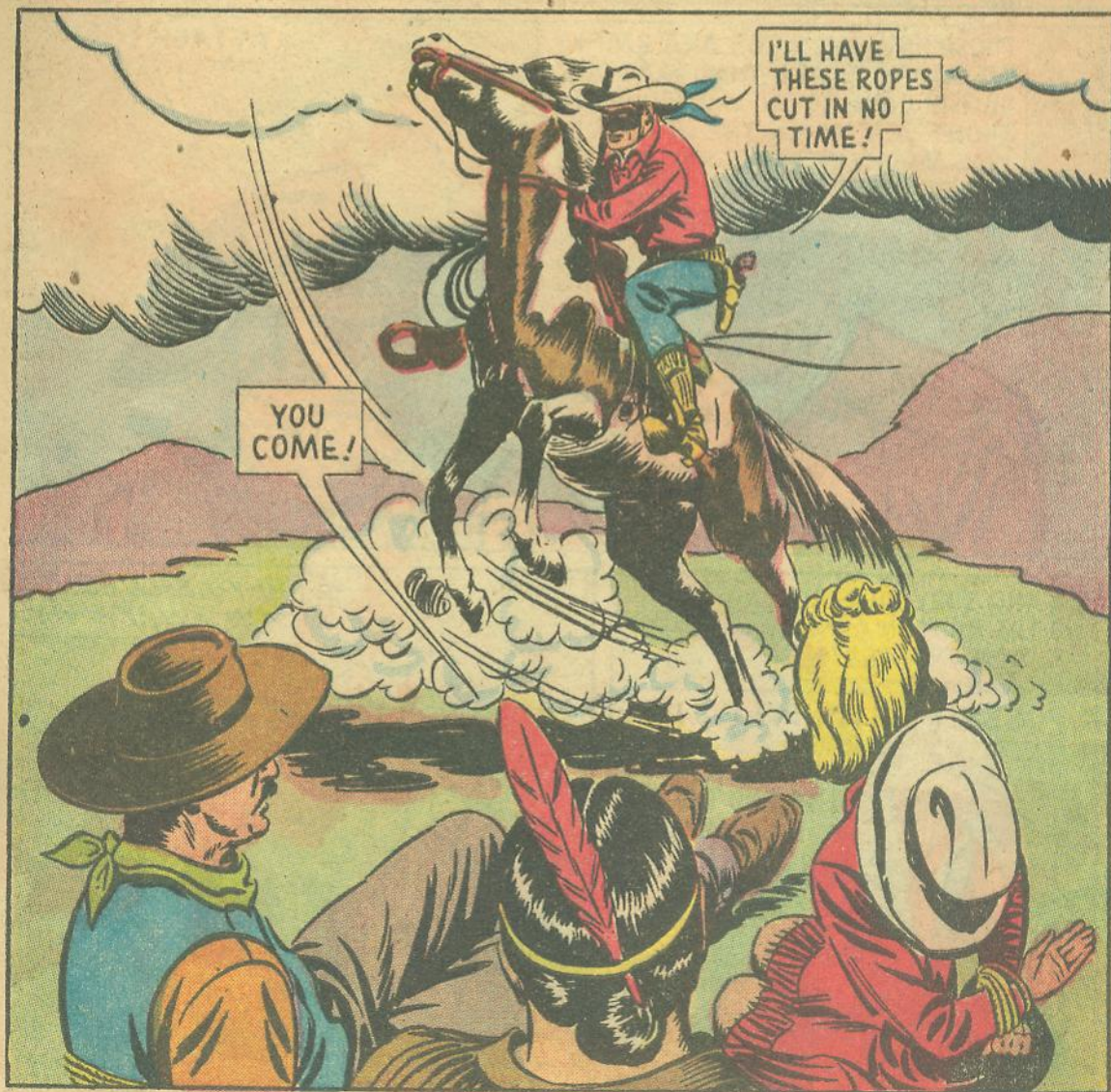
POWDER



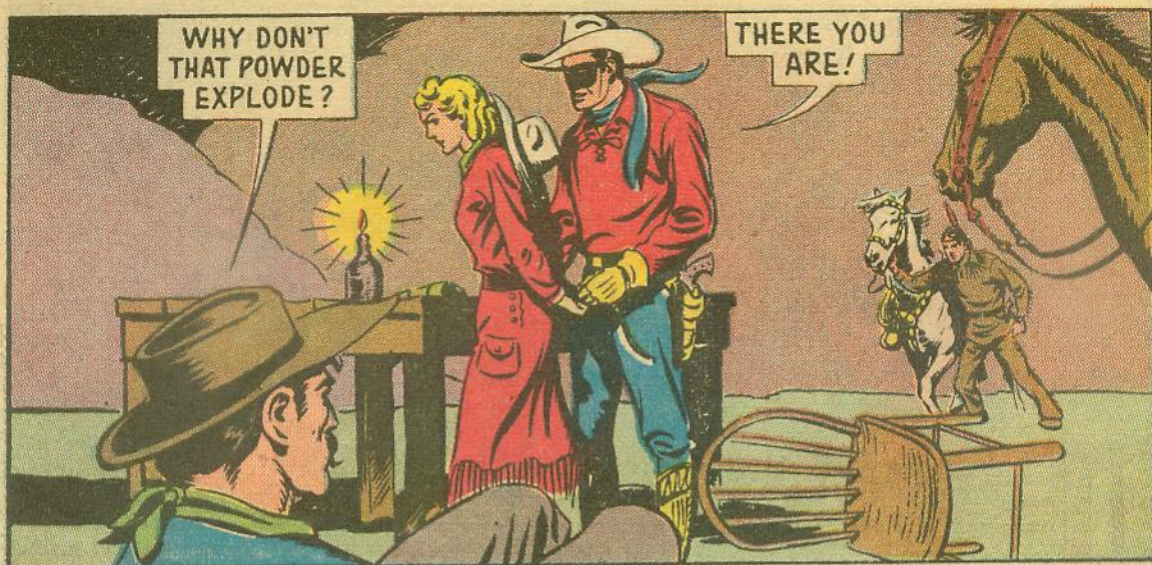
NEM'MINE THE PRISONERS!  
LEMME OUT!

WE'LL BE BLOWED TUH  
KINGDOM COME!











# The Lone Ranger

## OUTWITS KILLER DORN

JIM DIXON  
DIES,  
LEAVING  
HIS WIFE  
AND  
DAUGHTER  
PART  
OF A MAP.  
HIS  
BROTHER  
IN THE  
EAST HOLDS  
THE REST  
OF THE MAP  
SHOWING  
THE  
LOCATION  
OF A RICH  
GOLD CLAIM.

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MEANWHILE ON THE STAGE TRAIL ...

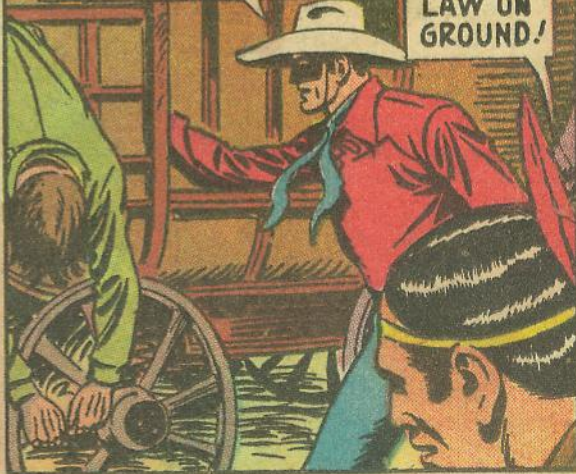


THAT MUCH GUN PLAY  
MEANS TROUBLE,  
TONGO!



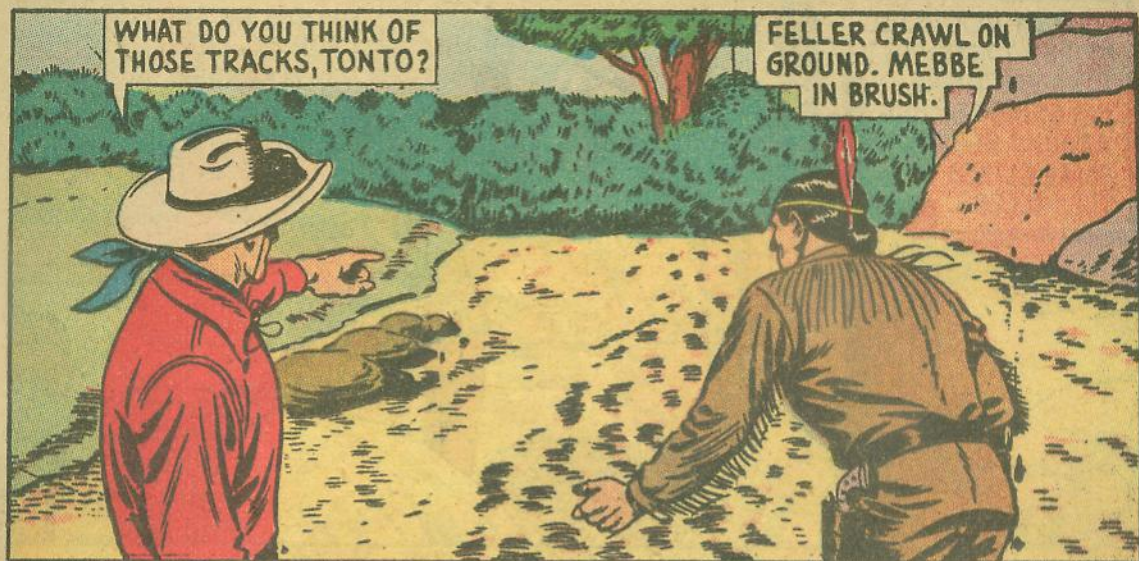
THAT COME FROM  
STAGE TRAIL! WE  
GO SEE-UM.

THERE WAS A PASSENGER!  
WHERE'S HE GONE?



LOOK-UM  
LIKE OUT-  
LAW ON  
GROUND!



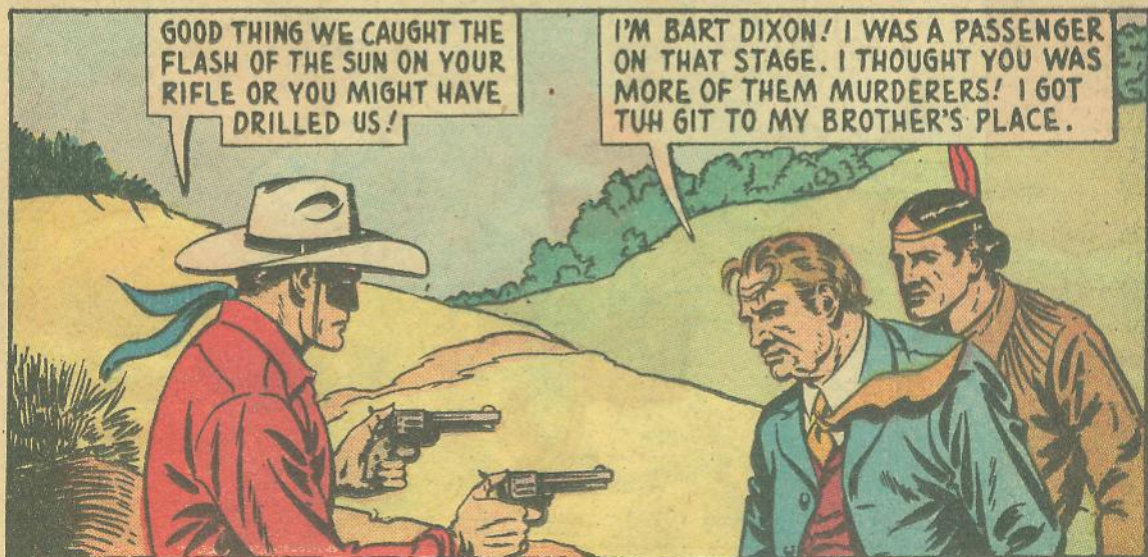


WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THOSE TRACKS, TONTO?

FELLER CRAWL ON GROUND. MEBBE IN BRUSH.



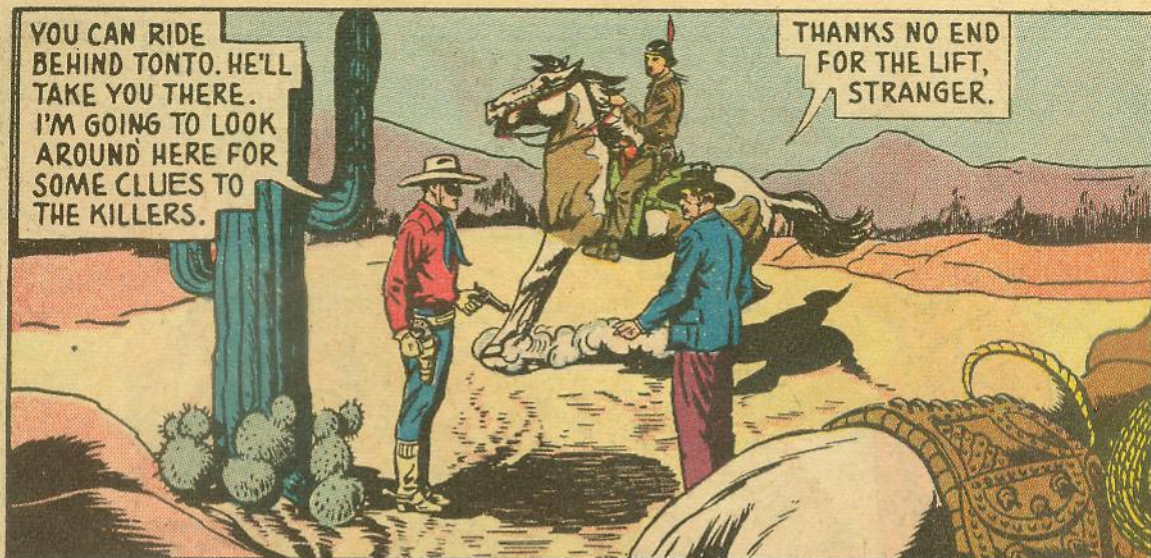
I CAN'T TAKE CHANCES! I'LL DRILL THE TWO OF'EM!



GOOD THING WE CAUGHT THE FLASH OF THE SUN ON YOUR RIFLE OR YOU MIGHT HAVE DRILLED US!

I'M BART DIXON! I WAS A PASSENGER ON THAT STAGE. I THOUGHT YOU WAS MORE OF THEM MURDERERS! I GOT TUH GIT TO MY BROTHER'S PLACE.





YOU CAN RIDE  
BEHIND TONTO. HE'LL  
TAKE YOU THERE.  
I'M GOING TO LOOK  
AROUND HERE FOR  
SOME CLUES TO  
THE KILLERS.

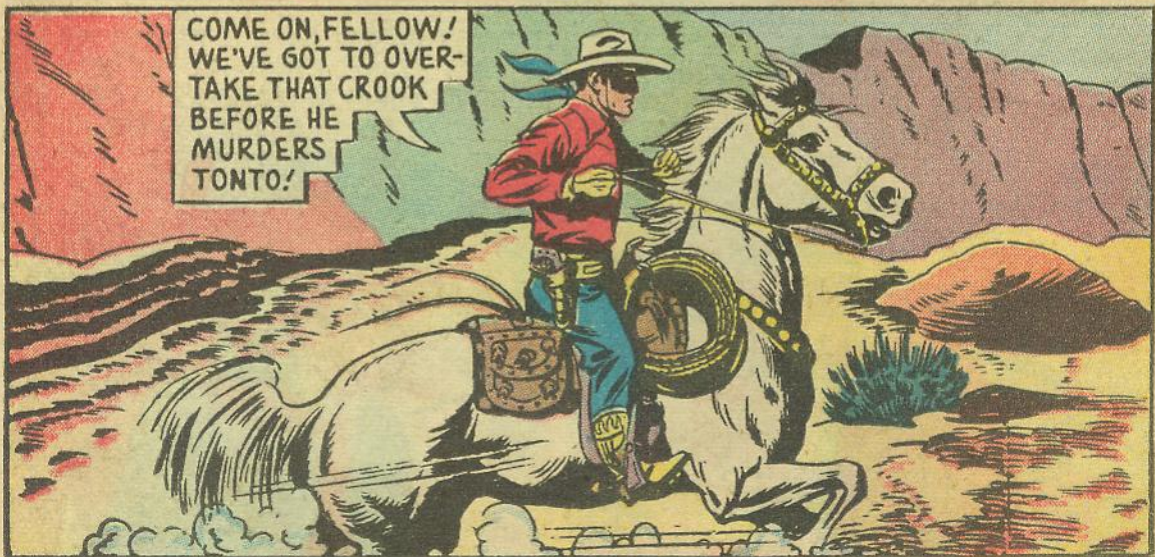
THANKS NO END  
FOR THE LIFT,  
STRANGER.



SILVER, OLD BOY, THERE WAS  
SOMETHING PECULIAR  
ABOUT THAT MAN.  
I WONDER WHERE  
WE'VE SEEN HIM  
BEFORE? WE'LL  
EXAMINE THIS  
HOLDUP SOME  
MORE.

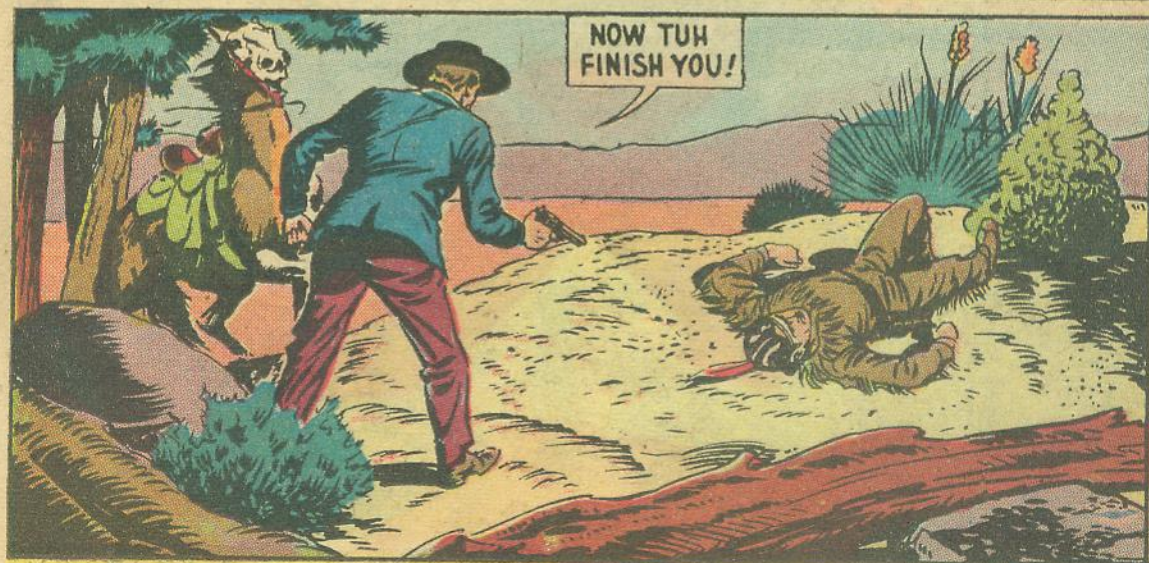


THIS MAN IS THE EASTERNER!  
THAT OTHER MAN WAS AN  
IMPOSTOR! I THOUGHT  
THERE WAS SOMETHING  
CURIOUS ABOUT HIM!

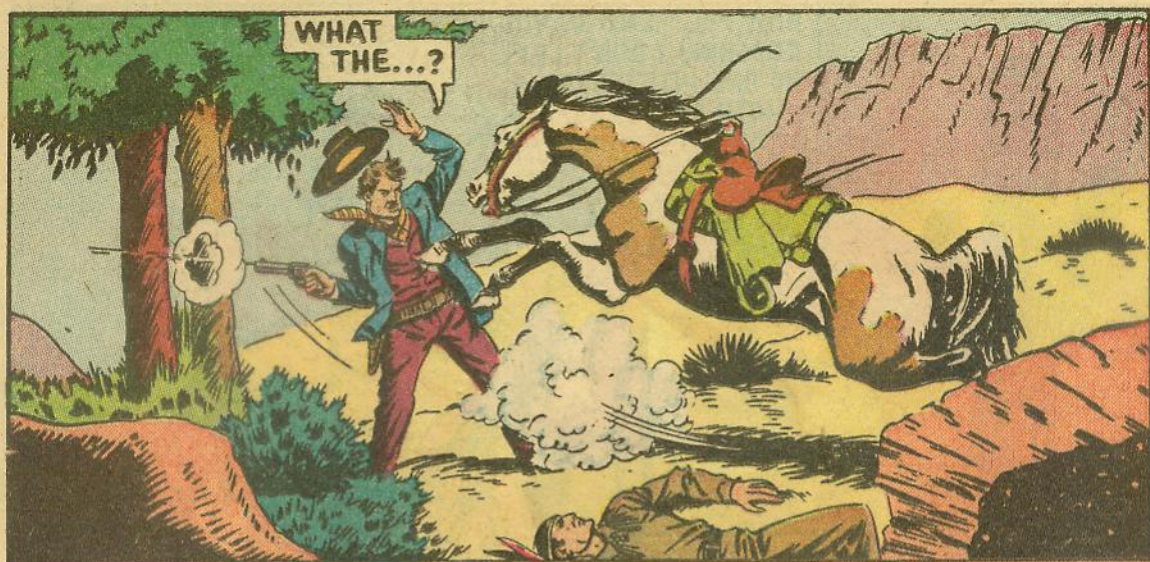


COME ON, FELLOW!  
WE'VE GOT TO OVER-  
TAKE THAT CROOK  
BEFORE HE  
MURDERS  
TONTO!













WHY HIM  
HIT-UM  
TONGO?

THAT WASN'T THE EASTERNER,  
TONGO! IT WAS KILLER DORN.  
SCOUT CHASED HIM AWAY.



YOU LET-UM HIM  
GET AWAY?

I WANTED TO HELP YOU, TONGO,  
BUT NOW WE'LL GO AFTER HIM  
AND SEE WHAT HIS GAME IS!



BART DIXON,  
WHATEVER  
HAS  
HAPPENED?

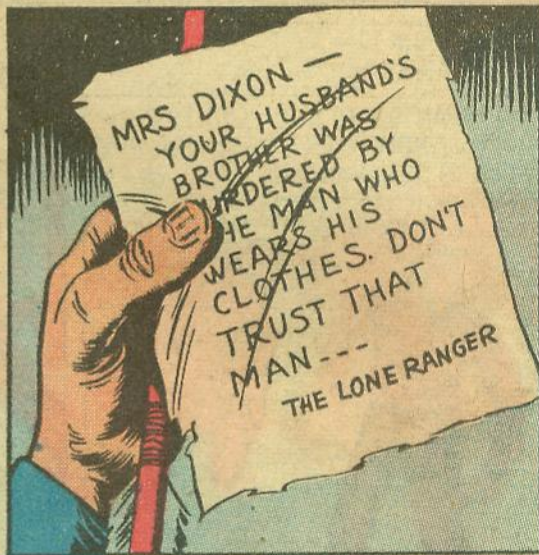
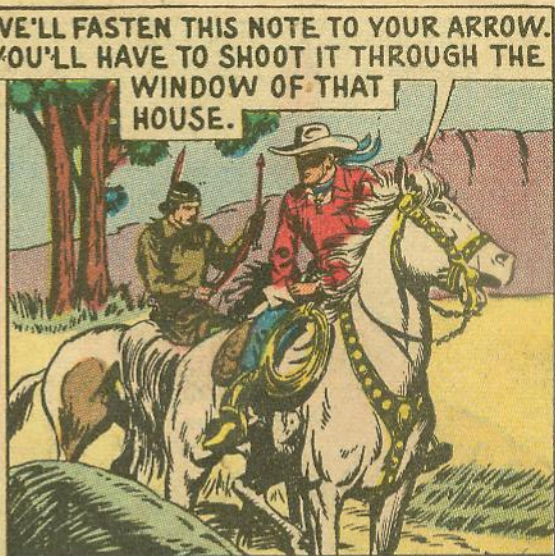
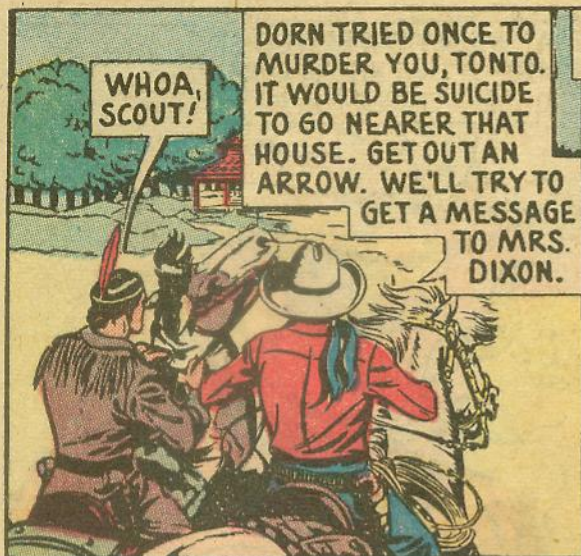
THE STAGE WAS ATTACKED AND  
I WAS CHASED HERE BY THE  
KILLERS. CALL ALL THE MEN IN!  
WE GOT TUH MEET'EM WITH GUNS!



BE READY NOW, BOYS, AN' WHEN THEY  
GIT CLOSER, SHOOT TUH KILL!  
THEM TWO  
HELD UP THE  
STAGE!



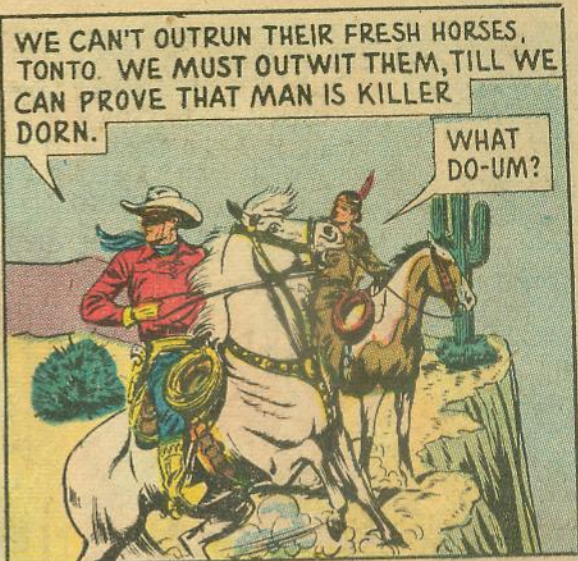








THEY CAN'T GIT AWAY, BOYS! CLOSE IN ON 'EM AN' SHOOT TO KILL!



WE CAN'T OUTRUN THEIR FRESH HORSES, TONTO. WE MUST OUTWIT THEM, TILL WE CAN PROVE THAT MAN IS KILLER DORN.

WHAT DO-UM?



ME SAVVY. WRAP HOOFS SO NOT LEAVE-UM TRACKS.

NOW OUR TRAIL SEEMS TO LEAD RIGHT OVER THE PRECIPICE.



WENT OVER THE EDGE BEFORE THEY COULD STOP THEIR HORSES!

LOOKS LIKE THEM TWO ARE DONE FER ALL RIGHT!

GIT BACK TO THE HOUSE! I GOT BUSINESS WITH THE WIMMIN FOLK.



BUT, UNCLE BART! WHY D'YOU WANT TO FIRE OUR HIRED MEN?

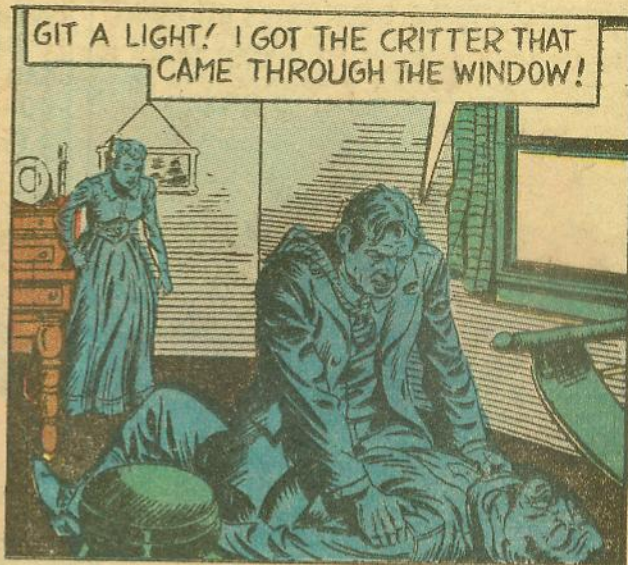
DON'T TRUST NONE OF 'EM, JEAN. IF I'M TUH RUN MY DEAD BROTHER'S AFFAIRS, I'LL HIRE THE MEN MYSELF. NOW, ABOUT THAT MAP.



THERE'S THE HALF YOUR BROTHER LEFT WITH ME.

GOOD. I GOT THE OTHER HALF RIGHT HERE.





GIT A LIGHT! I GOT THE CRITTER THAT  
CAME THROUGH THE WINDOW!



NOW WE'LL SEE WHO  
HE IS!



SHERIFF!  
WHERE'D  
YOU COME  
FROM?

DAD RAT IT! I WAS HEADIN'  
HERE TO ASK ABOUT THE  
STAGE HOLDUP. I HEARD  
THE SHOT, RUSHED IN AND  
YOU GRABBED ME!



THE MAP IS GONE! BOTH  
PARTS OF IT! AND THERE'S  
A BULLET IN IT'S PLACE!

A  
SILVER  
BULLET!



HI YO, SILVER! AWAY!



IT'S THIS MAP THAT DORN WAS AFTER!  
THAT'S WHY HE KILLED THE MAN FROM THE  
EAST WHO BROUGHT HALF  
OF IT HERE!

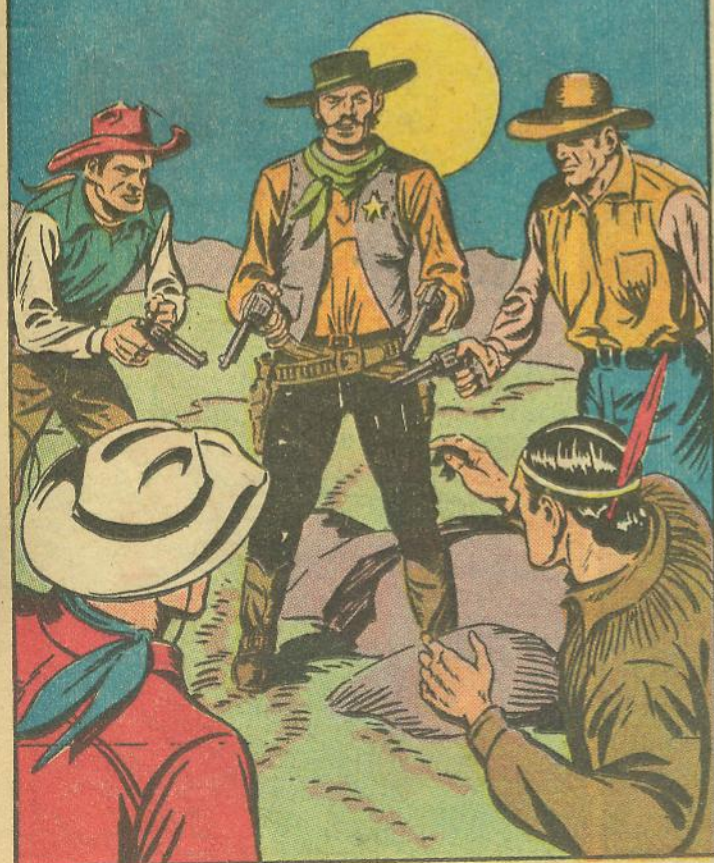


THE TROUBLE IS, TONTO, MRS. DIXON  
THINKS KILLER DORN IS HER  
DEAD HUSBAND'S BROTHER,  
AND THERE'S NO WAY  
WE CAN PROVE  
OTHERWISE!

LAW  
WANT-UM  
US!

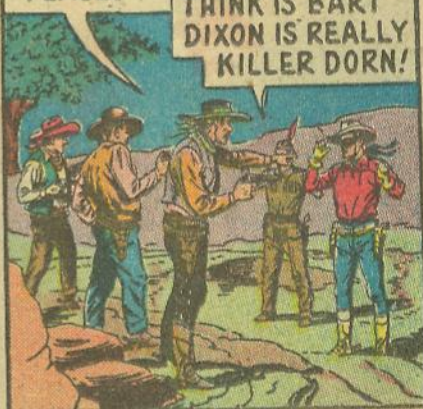


AND THE LAW HAS GOT YUH! YER WANTED  
FER STOPPIN' THE STAGE AN' MURDERIN'  
THE GUARD AN' DRIVER! MAKE  
ONE FAST MOVE AN' WE SHOOT!



I'M TAKIN'  
YUH BACK  
TUH DIXON'S  
PLACE.

I'LL GO TO DIXON'S  
QUIETLY, IF YOU  
WON'T UNMASK  
ME! THE MAN YOU  
THINK IS BART  
DIXON IS REALLY  
KILLER DORN!



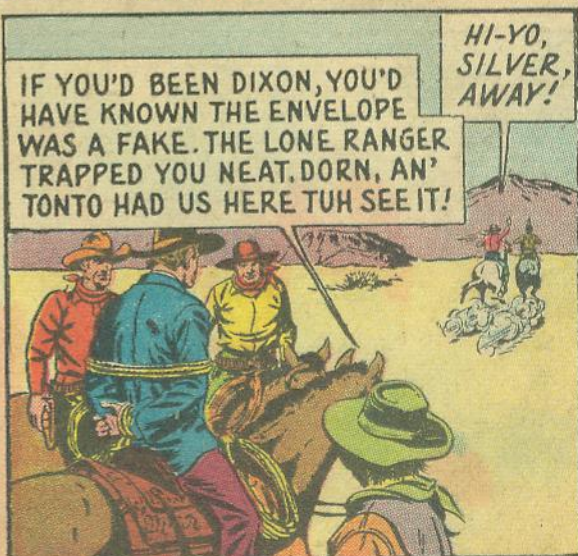
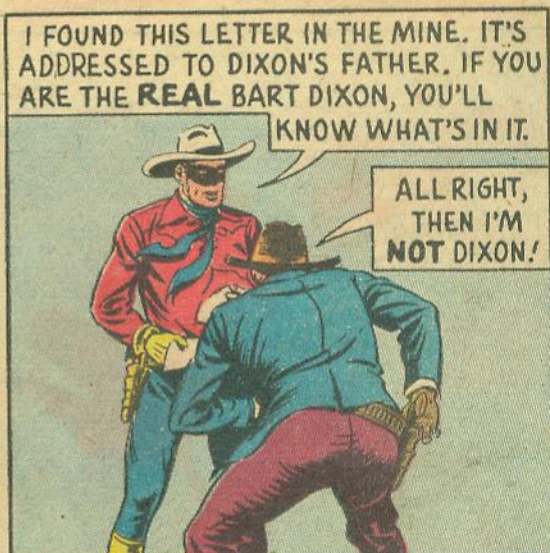
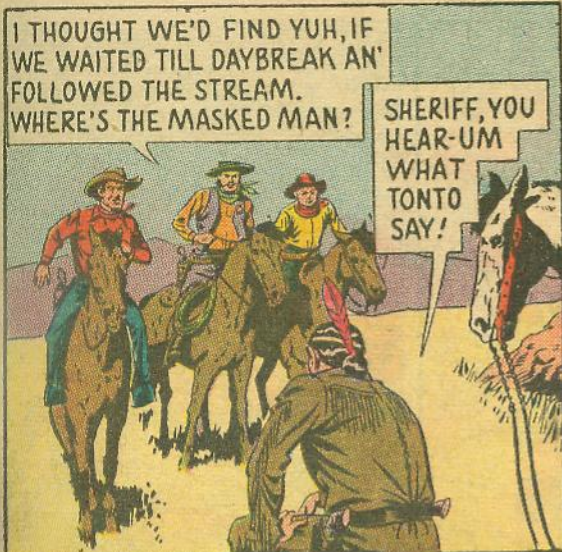
(WHISPER) I JUST  
WANT A CHANCE  
TO STUDY THIS  
MAP, TONTO. THE  
SHERIFF HASN'T  
SEARCHED US YET.











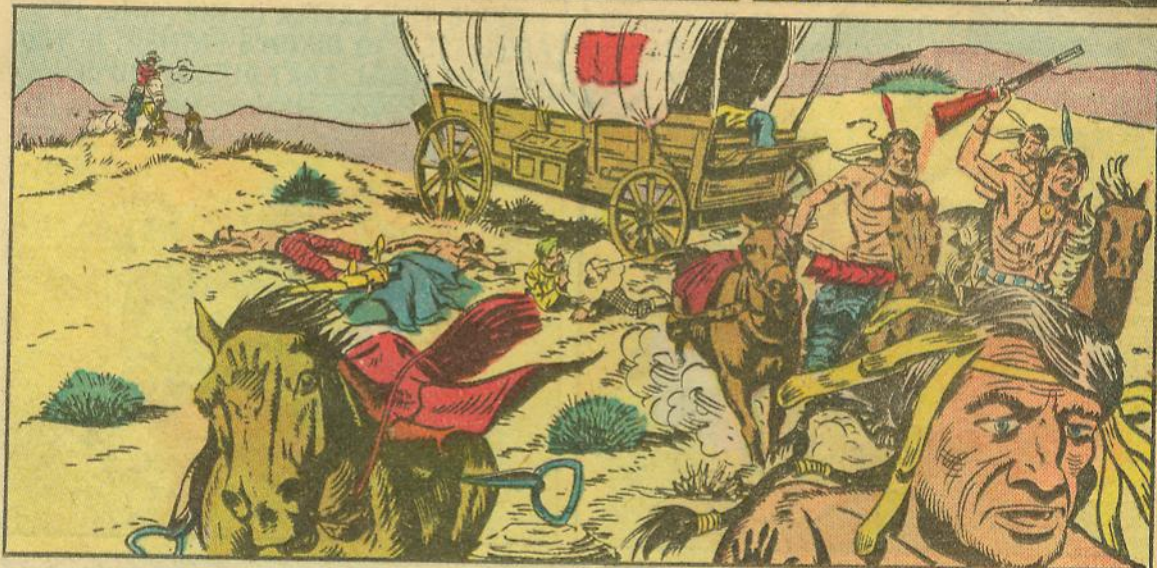


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THERE ARE INDIANS  
ON THE OVERLAND  
TRAIL.

MAKE 'EM ATTACK  
ON PIONEER.



M-MY WIFE AND ME ARE B-BOTH DONE  
FOR, STRANGER. BUT-BUT LISTEN CLOSE,  
B-BEHIND THE WAGON...

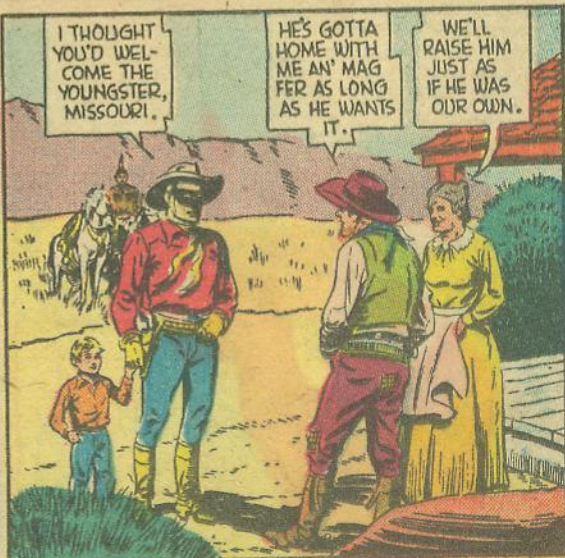
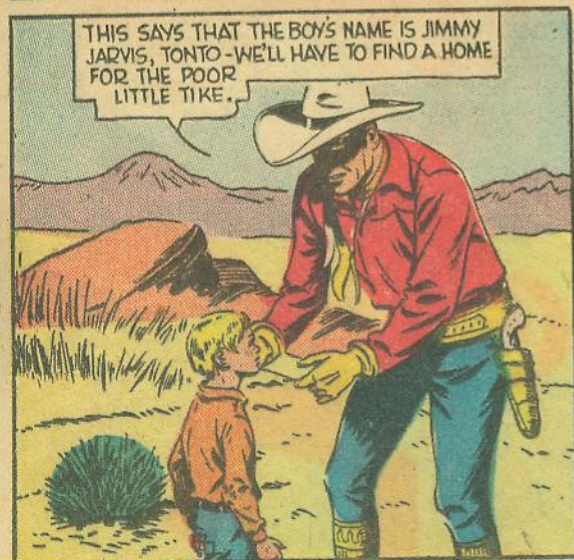
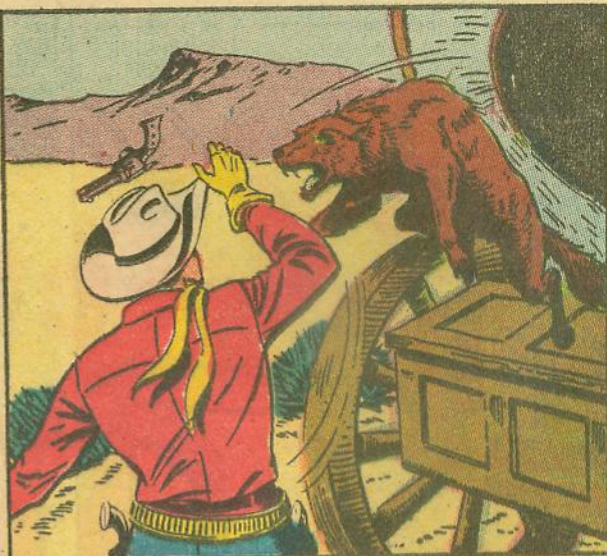


TELL ME, WHAT  
WERE YOU GOING  
TO SAY?

HIM NOT TALK  
NOW - HIM  
DEAD!









SIX MONTHS LATER, MILES AWAY FROM THE HOME OF MAG AND MISSOURI, TWO EASTERNERS ARE MAKING INQUIRIES

IT JEST HAPPENS I DO KNOW OF A YOUNG 'UN NAMED JIMMY JARVIS.

WE'LL PAY WELL FOR THE INFORMATION.

IF JIMMY HAD DIED, WE'D HAVE HAD A FORTUNE, BUT NOW THAT HE'S ALIVE....

HE WON'T BE ALIVE, BATES. WE'LL GO BACK EAST WITH PROOF THAT HE'S DEAD.

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE JIMMY FROM THOSE RANCHERS AND SEE THAT HE HAS AN 'ACCIDENT' BEFORE HE GETS BACK EAST.

IF WE DON'T, HE'LL GET HIS INHERITANCE AND WE WON'T GET A CENT.

ARE YOU SURE, TONTO, THAT IT WAS JIMMY JARVIS THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT?

THAT RIGHT, TONTO HEAR-UM NAME.

WE'LL HURRY TO MISSOURI AND MAG AND WARN THEM NOT TO LET THOSE MEN TAKE THE BOY!

UGH-WE GET-UM THERE BY DAY-BREAK.

MEANWHILE..

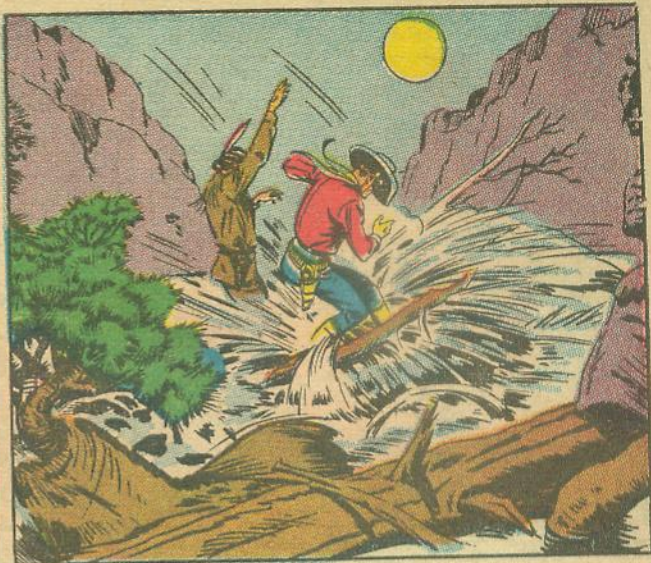
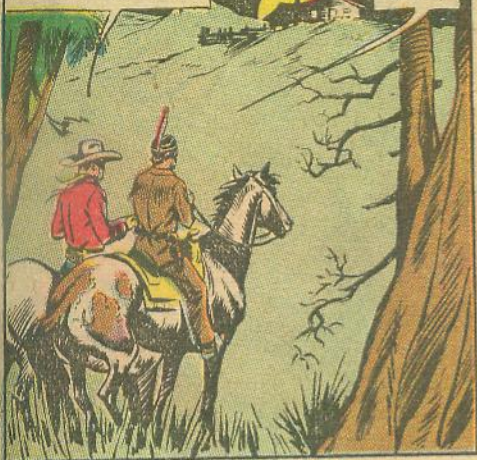
TIME FER BED NOW, JIMMY, AN' DON'T YOU WORRY NONE ABOUT THAT COUGAR THAT'S BEEN HANGIN' AROUND!

THAT PITFALL SHOULD GIT HIM- IT'S A-PLenty DEEP!



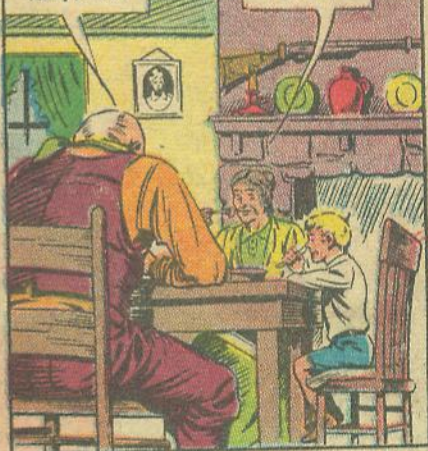
THERE'S THE RANCH-HOUSE, TONTO! WE'LL LEAVE THE HORSES HERE WHILE WE WAKEN MISSOURI! AND WARN HIM, SO HE CAN HIDE THE BOY!

UGH!



I DIDN'T HEAR THE COUGAR AROUND LAST NIGHT, DID YOU, MAG?

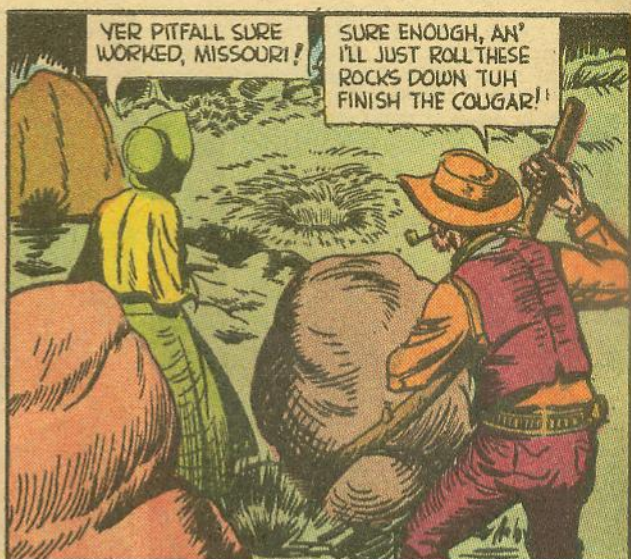
NOPE-I WONDER IF HE DROPPED INTOH VER PITFALL?



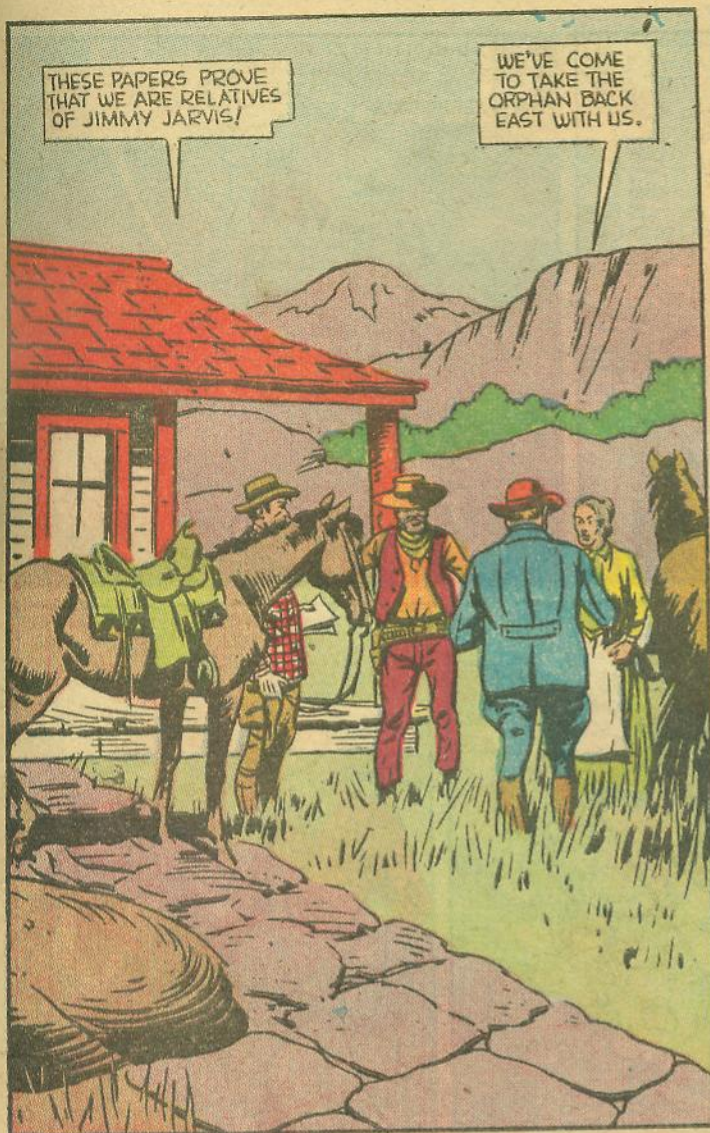
IF HE DID, HE'S THERE FER KEEPS - THAT WAS AN' OLD WELL I MADE THE TRAP OUT OF, AN IT'S PLENTY DEEP!



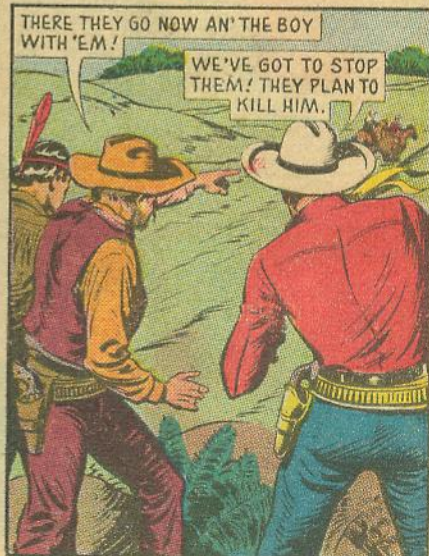
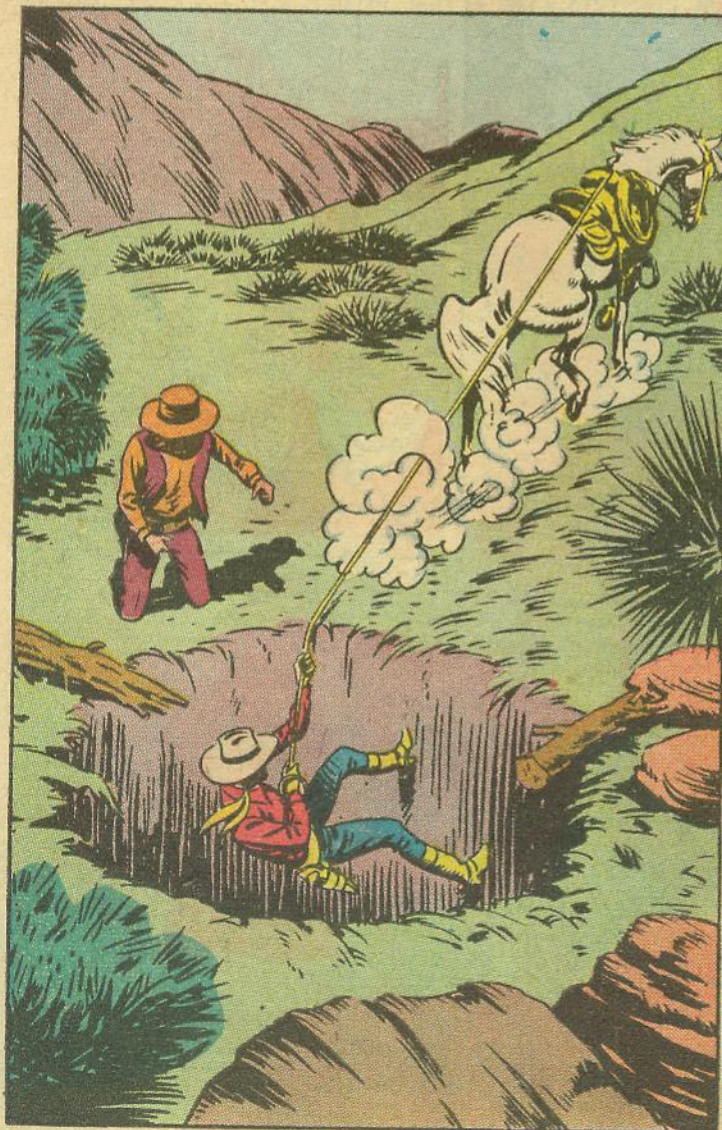
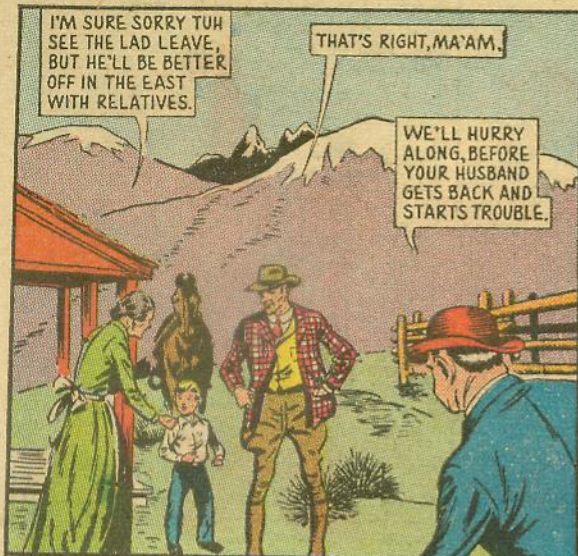




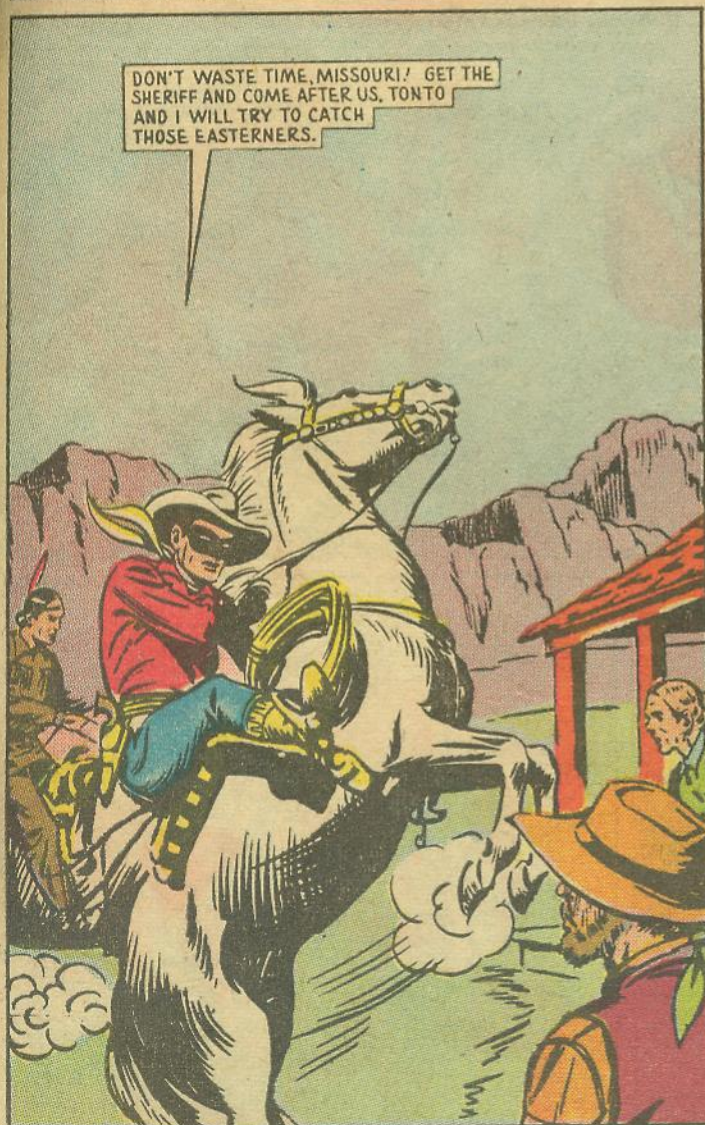




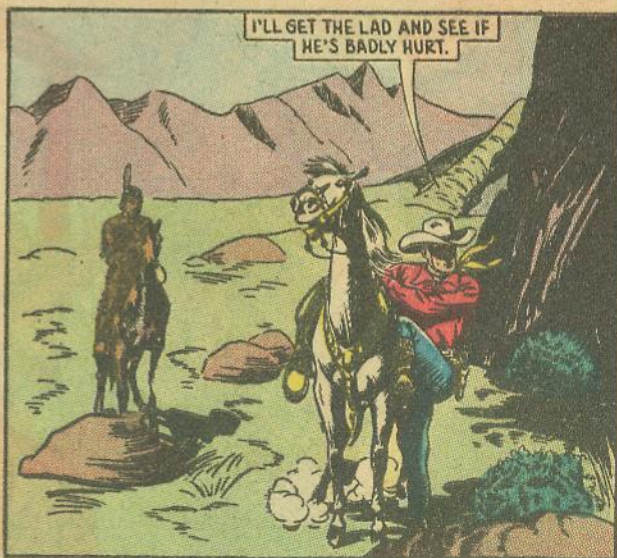
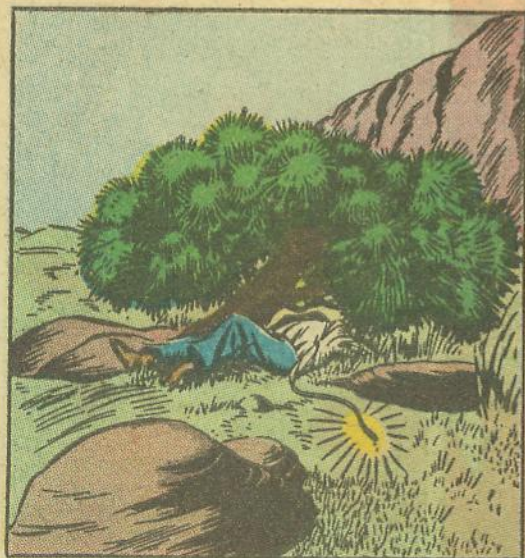




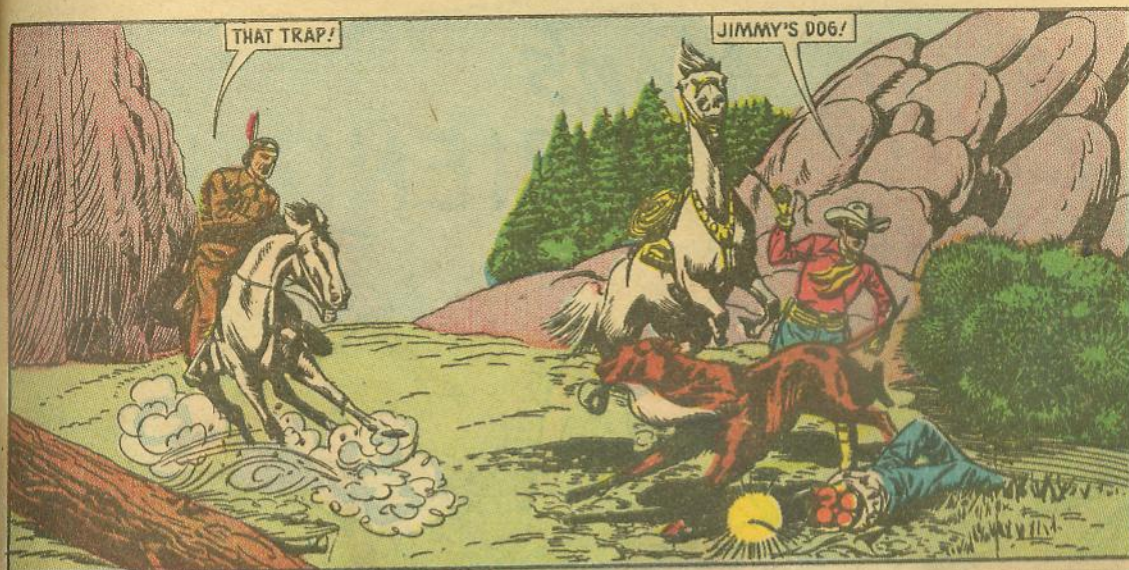






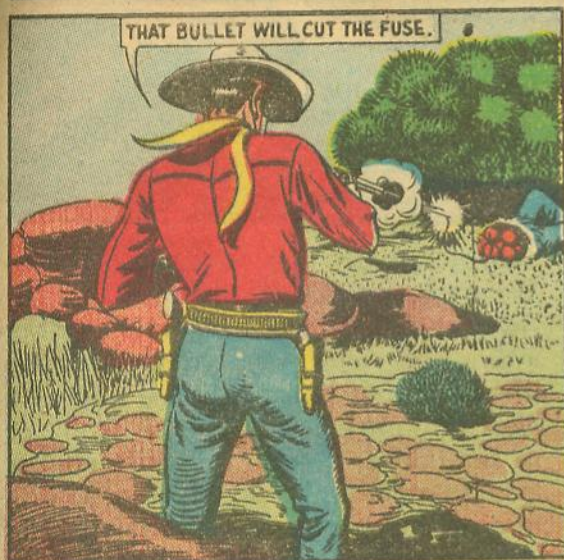




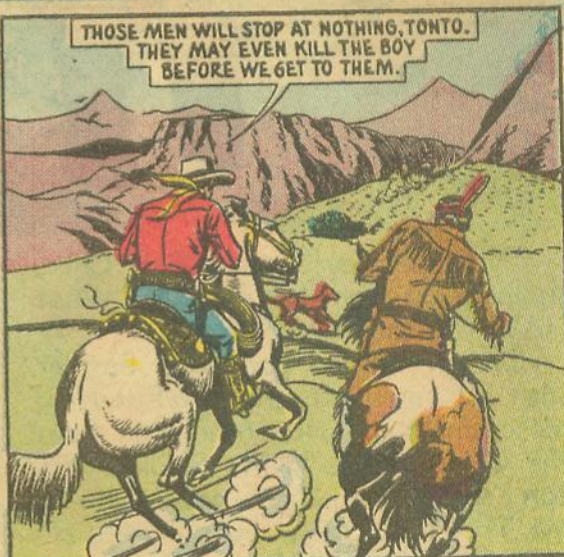


THAT TRAP!

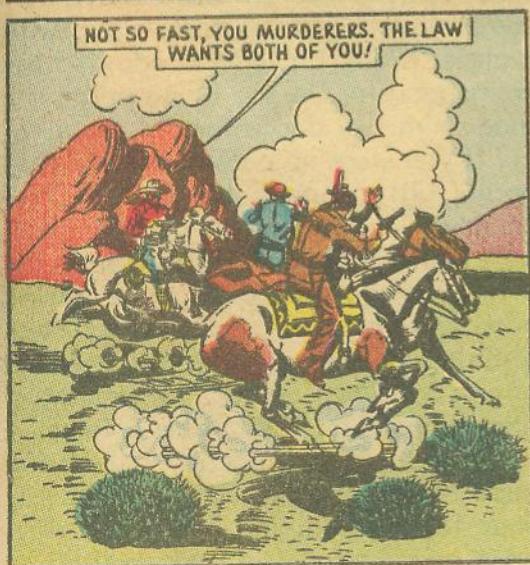
JIMMY'S DOG!



THAT BULLET WILL CUT THE FUSE.



THOSE MEN WILL STOP AT NOTHING, TONTO.  
THEY MAY EVEN KILL THE BOY  
BEFORE WE GET TO THEM.



NOT SO FAST, YOU MURDERERS. THE LAW  
WANTS BOTH OF YOU!

THESE PAPERS  
BATES HAD  
PROVE THAT  
JIMMY IS HEIR  
TO A FORTUNE.  
IF HE HAD DIED,  
IT WOULD HAVE  
GONE TO THESE  
CROOKED  
RELATIONS.

THEY'LL  
GET ALL  
THAT'S  
COMIN'  
TUH  
THEM,  
THANKS  
TUH YOU!

AN' BY  
DERN,  
JIMMY  
AIN'T  
AGON'  
TUH  
LEAVE  
US  
AGAIN!





# Little Man's FRIENDSHIP



"Antelope Boy!" cried Bah Chee, jumping up from her sewing. "What HAVE you got on your legs?"

"Boots," replied her small brother with an impudent grin. "White-Man moccasins that Little Man took from the Chief of the White Soldiers. He can't wear them, so he gave them to me. They make me walk funny—see?"

Walking spraddle-legged, in cavalry boots that came to his small hips, Antelope Boy did some first-class clowning. Bah Chee giggled in spite of herself—then called out in alarm as the child waded into the creek.

"Antelope Boy, come out of there. Don't you dare wet Little Man's White-Man moccasins—"

"Let him go," somebody chuckled behind her shoulder. "Those boots are no good..."

Bah Chee whirled to face the laughing boy, her eyes wide and startled. Standing there under the blossoming peach trees, they were a handsome pair. At sixteen, Little Man was already as tall and muscular as most

Navajos, with fine features. He had an easy, confident manner—a little TOO confident, since his bold stunt of riding off with a cavalry captain's thoroughbred horse and the captain's best uniform!

Bah Chee, though only fifteen, appeared more grown up. She moved with the swift ease of a young antelope. Her face had the strong, rare beauty that some Navajo girls possess, along with a clever brain. Little Man admired her tremendously. On the other hand, she made him feel uncomfortably young!

"If you steal up behind me like that again, Little Man," she scolded, "I—I'll never let you give me another gift."

"... like those gold buttons from the White Chief's shirt that you're sewing onto your blouse?" the boy retorted, grinning. "I like you when your eyes are angry, Bah Chee. Someday I shall make another raid on the White Soldiers—or perhaps on the Apaches—and bring back MANY horses. Then I will pay your father, Walking Man, the wife-price he asks for you, and we shall be



married."

Bah Chee turned away quickly.

"Little Man has many fine dreams," she remarked with a mocking smile. "But dreams are not horses."

Sudden, stormy anger darkened Little Man's eyes. With a grunt, he turned and strode to the great bay stallion that grazed at the edge of the orchard. Snatching the halter rope, he sprang onto the thoroughbred's back. Beside Bah Chee, he reined Tall Horse back on his haunches.

"I am going," he declared loudly. "And I will not come back without TWICE as many horses as Walking Man wants—just to show you that I can, Bah Chee!"

At the drumming of other hoofs, Tall Horse swung around. It was Buffalo Calf, Bah Chee's twin brother, on his grulla pony.

"I heard what you said," called the younger boy, "and I'm going with you, Little Man! When do we start?"

"Now!" Little Man shouted, kicking his heels against the bay's ribs. Tall Horse pawed the air—and shot away like an arrow.

"No! No!" cried Bah Chee, too late to be heard.

Bah Chee stood watching their wild gallop down the canyon. When at last a bend in the towering red rock walls hid the boys from view, she caught her breath in a little sob.

"The Apaches may ambush them," she murmured. "Or the White Soldiers' guns may shoot them down. Perhaps—perhaps they will never come back!"

Two weeks of scouting had brought the boys no luck. There'd been danger aplenty, and some excitement. Trying to duplicate his stunt of running off cavalry horses at night, Little Man had been nicked by a rifle bullet. The wound would leave a fine scar to show his friends—but it hadn't won him any horses.

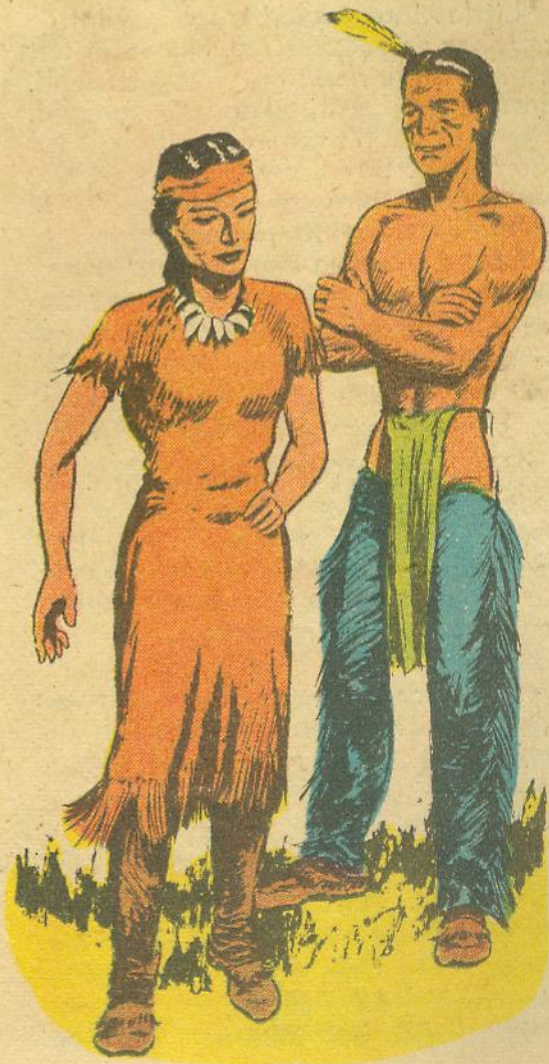
A week later an Apache war party had chased them for thirty miles.

They'd wanted Little Man's big stallion, and had let Buffalo Calf get away alone. But Tall Horse had outrun all pursuers.

Now he and the grulla pony were thin from too-long traveling. They should head for home, Little Man knew. But after the boast he'd made to Bah Chee, he couldn't give up.

"We will ride on south into Old Mexico," he told Buffalo Calf. "My 'medicine' tells me that we shall find horses there."

"That is Comanche country," Buffalo Calf remarked. "And the Comanches have slow and terrible ways of killing captives . . . But if we can get fresh horses to ride, we'll have a chance."







Little Man kicked his tall bay into a trot, heading southward. His heart felt warm with pride in his younger friend. Buffalo Calf was tired and discouraged. The boys hadn't eaten a full meal for three days. But Buffalo Calf's loyalty wouldn't let him complain. He would follow Little Man till he dropped!

Late that afternoon they struck the broad trail of a horse herd. By sundown they had followed it across the Mexican Border. Two hours after dark, they lay on their stomachs on a rough volcanic rock above the Comanches' campfire.

The horses—half a hundred of them—were held in a shallow bowl of the rocky landscape. Probably they had been stolen from Mexican ranchos. In any case, they were fair game, if there were any way to capture them. But that was a big "IF!"

"How many Comanches did you count?" Little Man whispered to his companion.

"Six," Buffalo Calf replied, "not counting the two who are guarding the horses. But I see only four around the fire right now."

"They may be out scouting around the camp," muttered Little Man nervously. "Wait here, Buffalo Calf, while I move our own horses to a safer place."

No prairie wolf could have moved

more silently than Little Man. And it was well that he did! Fifty or sixty yards still lay between him and the two horses when he heard his big bay snort. To Little Man's ears came muttered Comanche words—then a pounding of hoofs. **THEY HAD TAKEN AWAY TALL HORSE AND THE GRULLA PONY!**

This was bad enough. But now every Comanche that could be spared from the horse guard would be looking for two prowling Navajos—Buffalo Calf and himself!

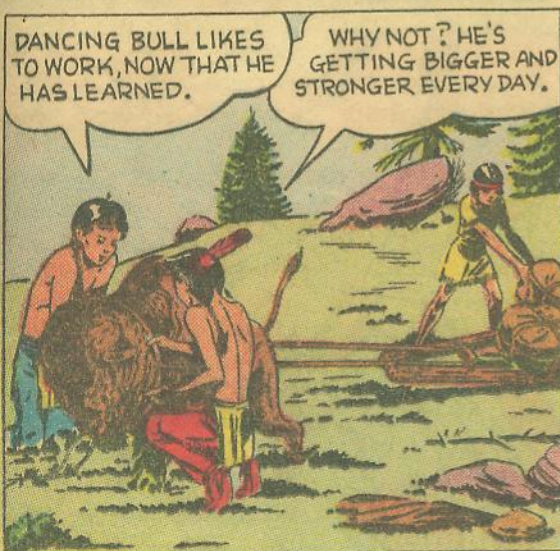
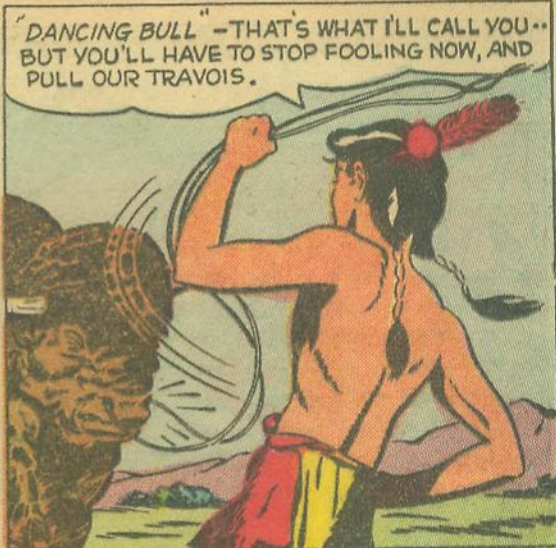
With his heart in his mouth Little Man hurried back. As he neared the spot where he had left the other boy, a cold fear crept up his spine. All at once he knew the truth—Buffalo Calf was not there. Buffalo Calf had been captured!

In that moment, Little Man wished he were dead. He felt crushed under a mountain of guilt. He felt the eyes of his whole tribe—especially the eyes of Bah Chee—accusing him: "You have led your friend to his death—your friend!"

A terrible sob rose in Little Man's throat. Then anger swept over him in a hot wave. "NO! NO!" he vowed to himself. "Buffalo Calf shall not die alone . . . I will take him away from the Comanches—or I will die with him!"



# YOUNG HAWK





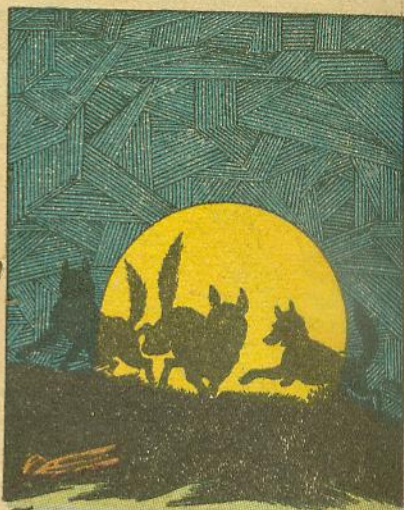
A THREE-  
POINTED  
WAR CLUB!

YES! I'LL NEED IT IF THE  
WOLVES ATTACK  
WHEN IT IS TOO DARK  
TO SHOOT A BOW.



THAT NIGHT, AT THE CAMPFIRE --

GOOD! THE FIRE HAS  
HARDENED AND SHARP-  
ENED ALL OF THE THREE  
POINTS... IT IS A WAR  
CLUB FIT FOR A CHIEF!



THAT NIGHT THE TRAILING WOLVES  
DO NOT HOWL.

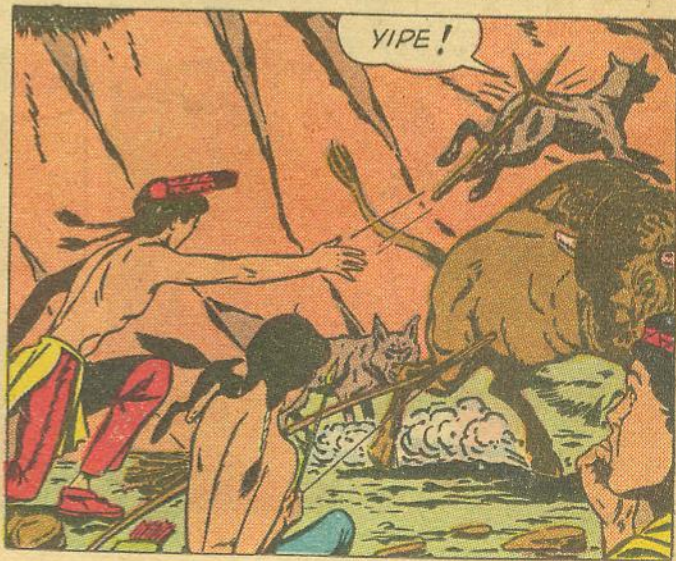
SILENT AS SHADOWS, THEY SURROUND THE TINY  
CAMP.



WOLVES! WAKE, LITTLE BUCK!



YIPE!





WITH A WILD WAR WHOOP, YOUNG HAWK LEADS TO HELP -- BUT THE CRIPPLED WOLF IS ALREADY DONE FOR.



THE OTHER WOLVES -- WILL THEY COME BACK?

NOT TONIGHT! THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH.



THE NEXT DAY --

THE GREAT RIVER! I KNOW WHERE WE ARE NOW -- WE'LL SOON BE HOME.



OUR VILLAGE IS ONLY ONE DAY'S MARCH BEYOND HERE.

BUT WE CAN'T CROSS UNTIL THE RIVER GOES DOWN. IT'S FLOODING NOW.



WHITE FAWN IS RIGHT! WE'LL CAMP HERE, AND I WILL HUNT FOR MEAT -- WHILE WE WAIT FOR THE FLOOD TO PASS.



THERE OUGHT TO BE RABBITS IN THIS BRUSH --



THERE'S OUR DINNER!





A PRAIRIE FIRE! THAT'S WHAT  
FRIGHTENED THOSE ANTELOPE!



THE WIND IS BLOWING THE  
FIRE STRAIGHT TOWARD US!



THE FIRE IS SWEEPING DOWN ON  
BOTH SIDES OF THE RIVER! WE'LL  
HAVE TO TAKE TO THE WATER TILL  
IT HAS PASSED.

BUT WE'LL  
DROWN —!



YOUNG HAWK, I SAW AN ISLAND  
IN THE RIVER, WHEN YOU WERE  
HUNTING — IT'S DOWNSTREAM —  
THAT WAY.

AN ISLAND?  
WE CAN  
SWIM TO IT!



FASTER! WE'RE  
ALMOST THERE!

BUT I CAN'T  
SWIM —



CATCH HOLD OF THE TRAVOIS AND YOU WON'T  
HAVE TO SWIM, WHITE FAWN! YOU TOO,  
LITTLE BUCK.



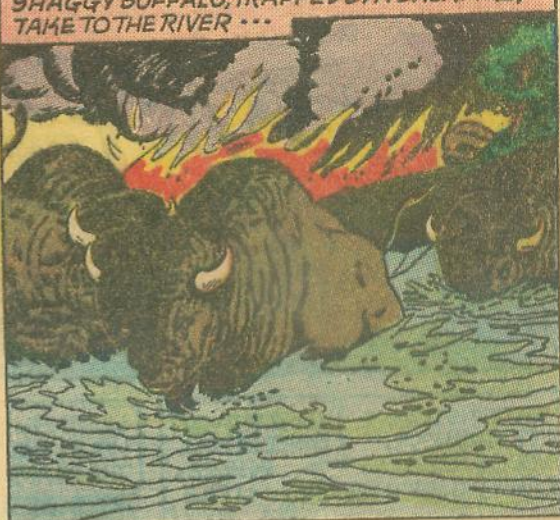


DANCING BULL IS A STRONG SWIMMER ... HE'LL TAKE US TO THE ISLAND.

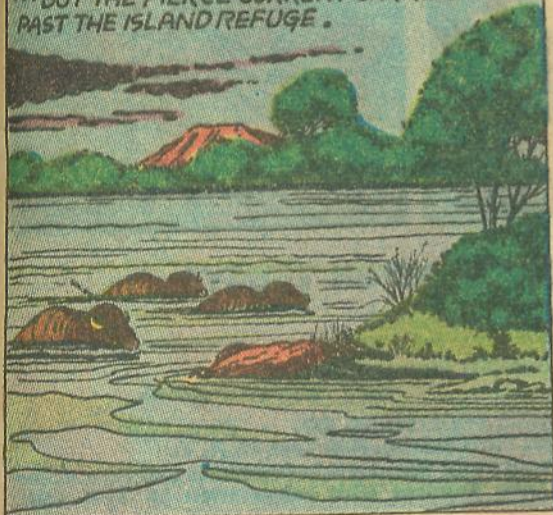
THE FIRE IS ON THE BANK! IT IS REACHING OUT ACROSS THE WATER!



SHAGGY BUFFALO, TRAPPED BY A BACKFIRE, TAKE TO THE RIVER ...



... BUT THE FIERCE CURRENT CARRIES THEM PAST THE ISLAND REFUGE.



GUIDED BY YOUNG HAWK, DANCING BULL MAKES THE UPSTREAM END.



ARE WE SAFE NOW, YOUNG HAWK? THE SMOKE AND HEAT ARE WORSE ...

THIS ISLAND IS TOO NEAR THE SHORE - BUT THERE IS SOMETHING WE CAN DO.



SEE! THERE'S A BEAR - AND TWO ANTELOPE - AND SOME COYOTES -- ALL ON OUR ISLAND!







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**Hi-ho, Silver, Away!**

We've got to be on our way . . . we must tell all our friends about those wonderful new gifts!



Read this  
exciting news  
**free** direct  
from the  
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Splendid membership emblem and attractive membership certificate **GIVEN AWAY** with every subscription to  
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Look! You, too, will get this baseball emblem—if you subscribe to **THE LONE RANGER**. It will have your own name on it in big raised letters. It's the smartest thing to wear on your shirt sleeve.

**for BOYS**



I think this red heart emblem is really a gorgeous idea. It's beautifully made of fine felt. You can sew it in a jiffy on your blouse, just the way I did it . . .

**for GIRLS**



**Now! It's DOUBLE fun to read the Lone Ranger regularly!**

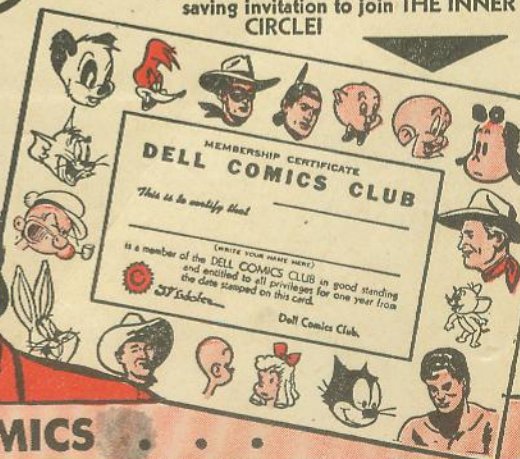
You will get your full share of breathtaking thrills when you join this fearless fighter for right and justice on his quick-moving adventure trips. You'll admire Silver, his fast horse, and Tonto, his Indian friend! They are a team that cannot lose . . . And you too cannot lose if you accept this invitation: Subscribe to **THE LONE RANGER** for one year and get 12 action-packed issues for just \$1.00. You also get **FREE**—your emblem and membership certificate.

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