

A DELL COMIC •
DELL
• A DELL COMIC •

MAY

10¢

the Lone Ranger

52 pages — ALL COMICS!





The Cowboy's SADDLE

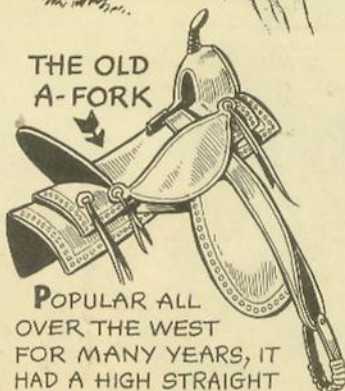
FOR THE PAST HUNDRED YEARS, THE BASIC DESIGN OF THE COWBOY'S SADDLE HAS REMAINED UNCHANGED. IT HAS BEEN REFINED AND IMPROVED SO THAT IT WOULD BE MORE COMFORTABLE FOR BOTH HORSE AND RIDER, BUT IT STILL HAS THE SAME OLD HORN, CANTLE SEAT, AND STIRRUPS. IT IS ONE OF THE COWBOY'S MOST USEFUL PIECES OF EQUIPMENT.

**MEXICAN SADDLE
OF 100 YEARS AGO**



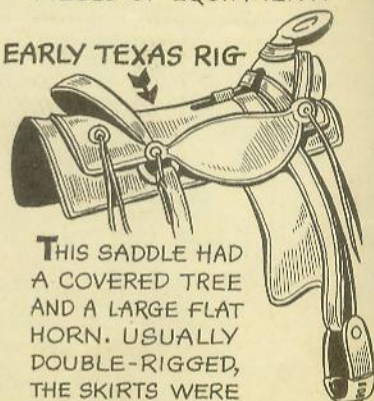
TREE WAS MADE OF HARDWOOD WITH NO COVERING, WITH EXTRA LARGE HORN, AND RIGGING SET FAR FORWARD. STIRRUPS WERE CRUDELY CARVED FROM A BLOCK OF WOOD.

**THE OLD
A-FORK**



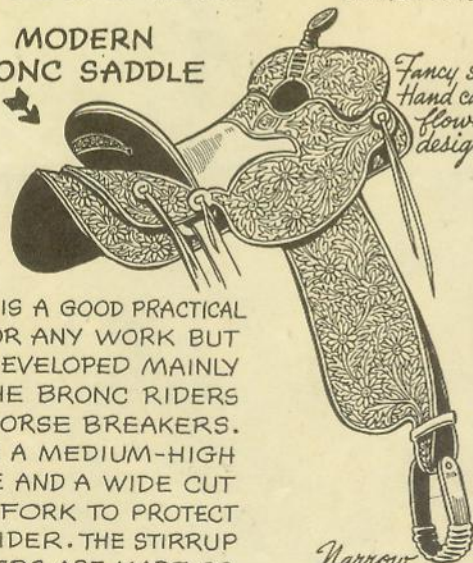
POPULAR ALL OVER THE WEST FOR MANY YEARS, IT HAD A HIGH STRAIGHT CANTLE. THE HORN WAS SMALL AND SLOPING.

EARLY TEXAS RIG



THIS SADDLE HAD A COVERED TREE AND A LARGE FLAT HORN. USUALLY DOUBLE-RIGGED, THE SKIRTS WERE LARGE AND SQUARE.

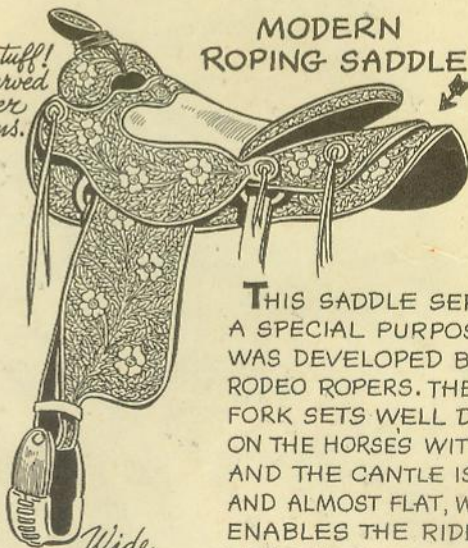
**MODERN
BRONC SADDLE**



THIS IS A GOOD PRACTICAL RIG FOR ANY WORK BUT WAS DEVELOPED MAINLY FOR THE BRONC RIDERS AND HORSE BREAKERS. IT HAS A MEDIUM-HIGH CANTLE AND A WIDE CUT UNDERFORK TO PROTECT THE RIDER. THE STIRRUP LEATHERS ARE MADE SO THEY SWING FAR FORWARD.

*Fancy stuff!
Hand carved
flower
designs.*

**MODERN
ROPING SADDLE**



THIS SADDLE SERVES A SPECIAL PURPOSE. IT WAS DEVELOPED BY THE RODEO ROPERS. THE LOW FORK SETS WELL DOWN ON THE HORSE'S WITHERS AND THE CANTLE IS LOW AND ALMOST FLAT, WHICH ENABLES THE RIDER TO DISMOUNT QUICKLY WHEN ROPING AGAINST TIME.

*Narrow
ox-bow
stirrups.*

*Wide
heavy
stirrups.*

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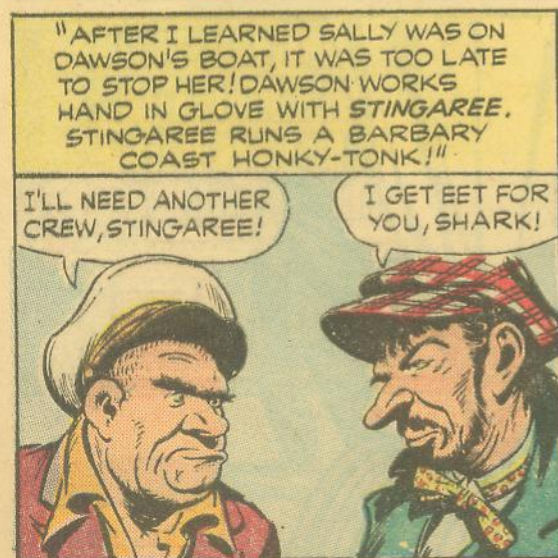
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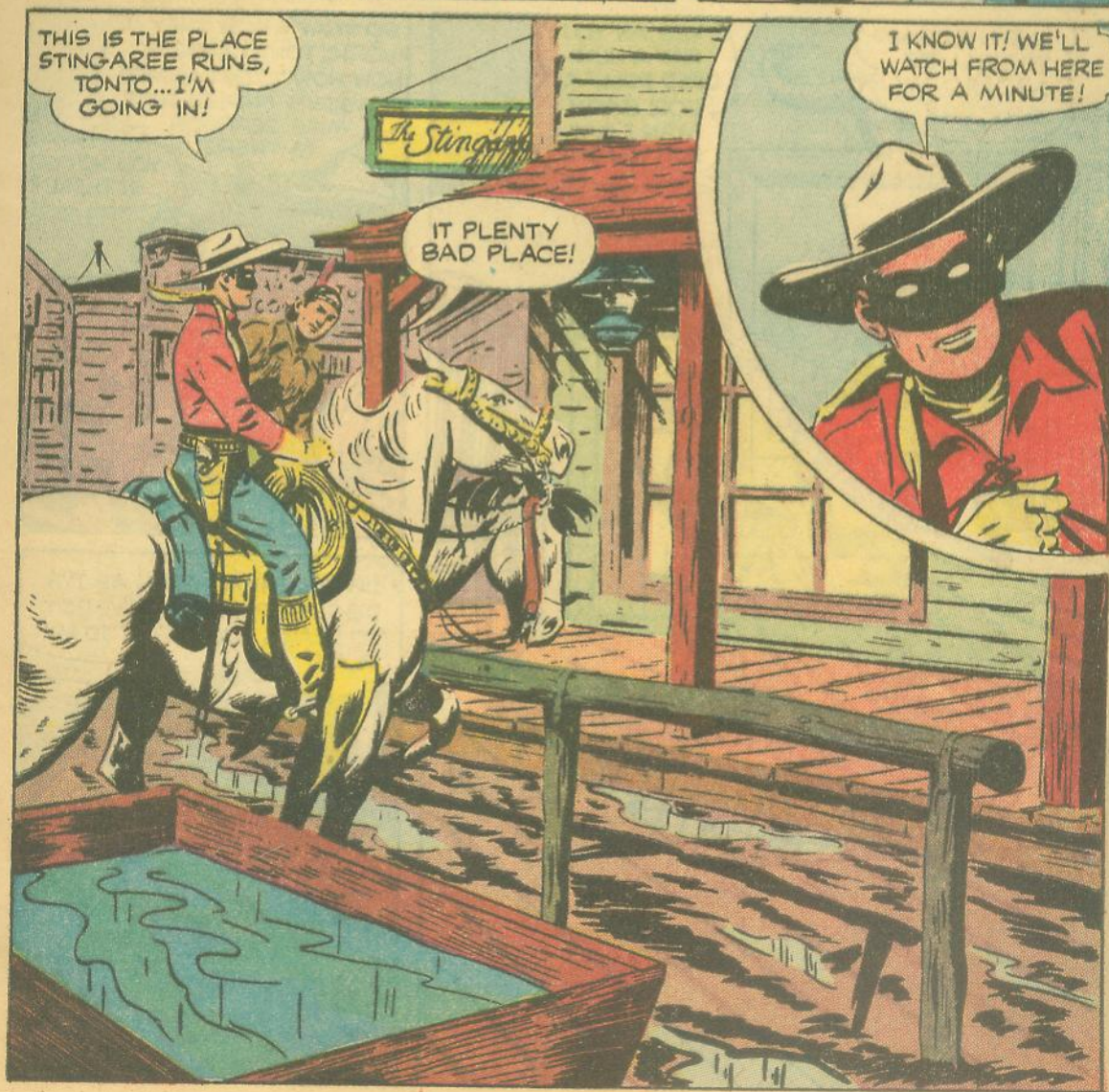
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L.R. # 35-515



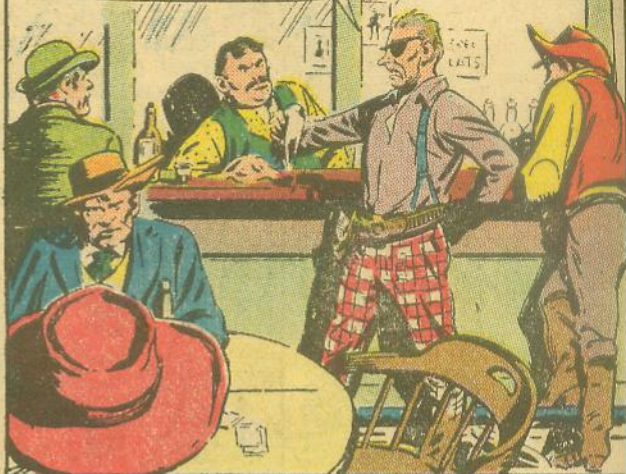


I'LL NEED ABOUT
TWENTY MEN FER MY
CREW, STING-AREE...
SEE THAT THEY'RE
SHANGHAIED!

EET EES BEING
TAKEN CARE
OF, SHARK!
YOU LOOK AT
ZAT FELLER
WIT' EYE
PATCH!



BARKEEP!! YUH DRUGGED
MY DRINK! IT'S GITTIN' ME!



WHEN HE COMES
TO, HE'LL BE
ABOARD MY
SHIP, EH?

YES, AN' YOU
PAY A HUN-
DRED DOLLAR
FOR EACH
MAN I GAT
FOR YOU, EH?



SO THAT'S HOW THEY
WORK! TONTO, I KNOW
NOW HOW TO GET ABOARD
DAWSON'S SHIP! I'M SURE
MISS GEARSON
IS THERE!

YOU NOT GO
IN THERE?

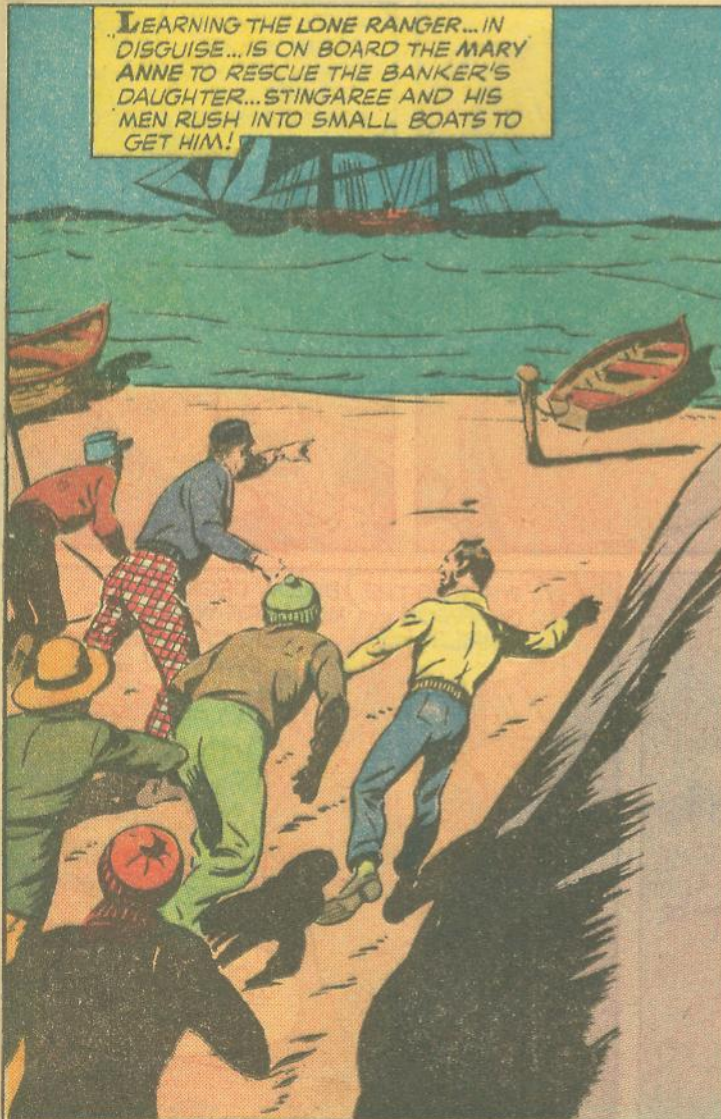


I'M GOING IN AS SOON AS I'M
DISGUISED, TONTO! YOU'VE GOT
TO LEARN YOUR PART TO MY
PLAN!



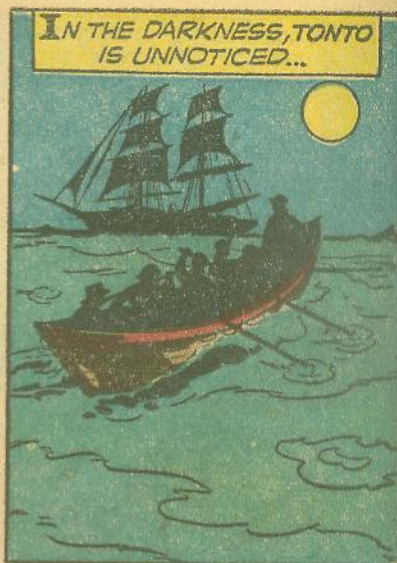








ME GO,
TOO!



IN THE DARKNESS, TONTO
IS UNNOTICED...



AHOY, THE MARY
ANNE! WE'RE
COMIN' ABOARD
TO GET THE
LONE RANGER!

AYE, AYE,
CAPTAIN!
I'LL LOWER
THE
LADDER!!



WE'LL GET THE LUBBER!
WE'LL SWING HIM FROM
THE YARDARM!



WHERE'S THE
GEARSON
GIRL?

BELOW DECK! TWO
MEN ARE WATCHING
HER, CAPTAIN
DAWSON!

YOU SURE THE
LONE RANGER
GOT HERE?!



WHILE STINGAREE'S MEN SEARCH
THE DECK FOR THE LONE RANGER...



THE LONE RANGER AND
TONTO PREPARE TO GO
BELOW!



THIS OLD HAT WILL
HAVE TO DO TILL
WE GET TO SHORE,
TONTO!

MASK
ALL YOU
NEED!

MISS GEARSON IS SOMEWHERE ON
BOARD! MAYBE WE CAN FIND HER
WHILE SHARK AND STINGAREE
LOOK FOR US ON DECK!



SOMEONE
COME DOWN!

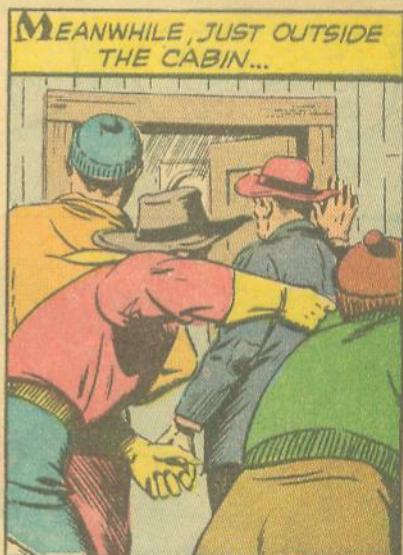
WE'LL DUCK
IN HERE!!



I'LL ASK THE GUARDS
IF THEY SEEN ANYTHING
O' THE LONE
RANGER!

GOOD
IDEA,
SHARK!









AS SOON AS SHARK IS TIED, WE'LL GAG ALL THREE OF THEM, TONTO!

I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM SWING FROM THE YARDARM...THE BARNACLES!



HOW DID YOU DO IT?

TONTO WAS DISGUISED AS ONE OF SHARK'S FRIENDS, AND IN THE DARKNESS HE WAS NOT RECOGNIZED!



THOSE CROOK NOT GET AWAY!

WHY NOT KILL THEM? THEY'VE GOT IT COMING!!

THEY'VE GOT A WORSE PUNISHMENT COMING!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

STAY CLOSE TO US...YOU'LL SEE!!

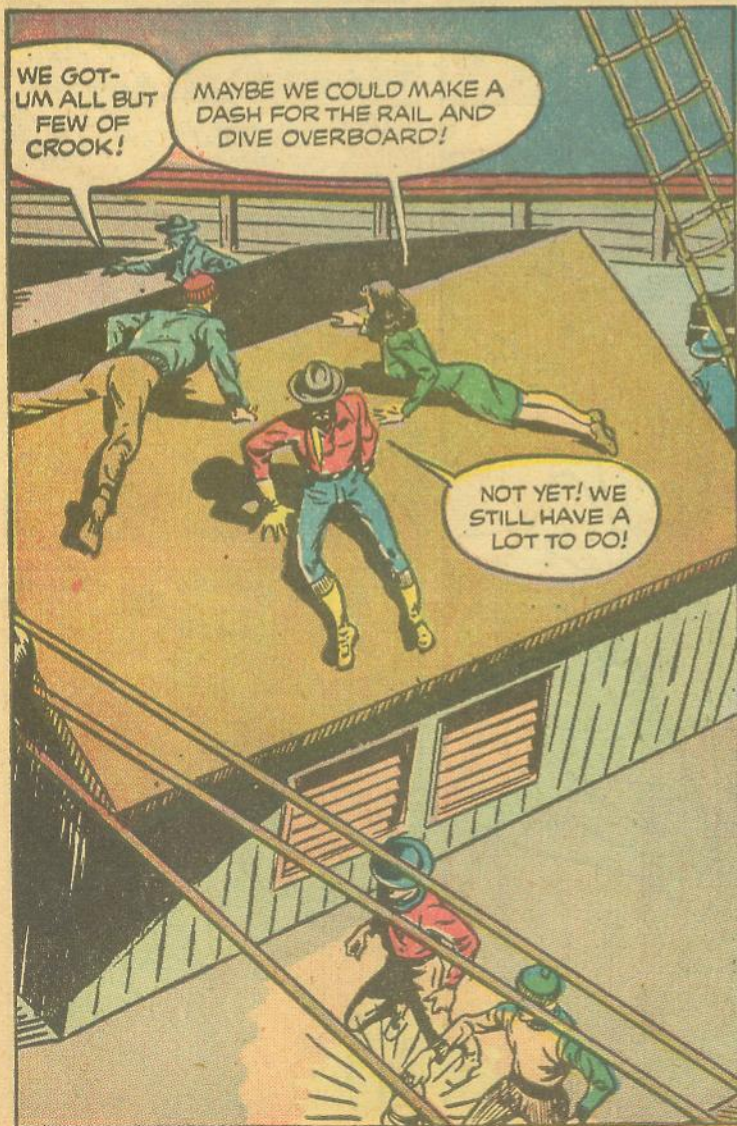


SALLY, OUR FIRST JOB IS TO GET YOU OFF THIS BOAT AND BACK TO YOUR FATHER! NEXT IS TO SMASH SHARK DAWSON'S GANG! OUR THIRD IS TO RESCUE THE POOR MEN WHO HAVE BEEN SHANGHAIED!

ANY ONE OF THOSE IS A LARGE ASSIGNMENT!









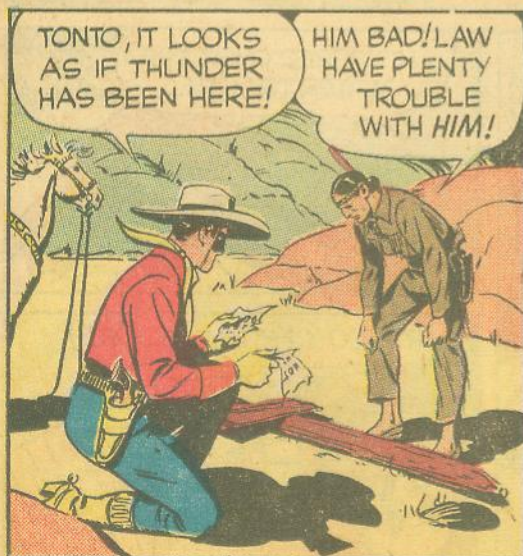


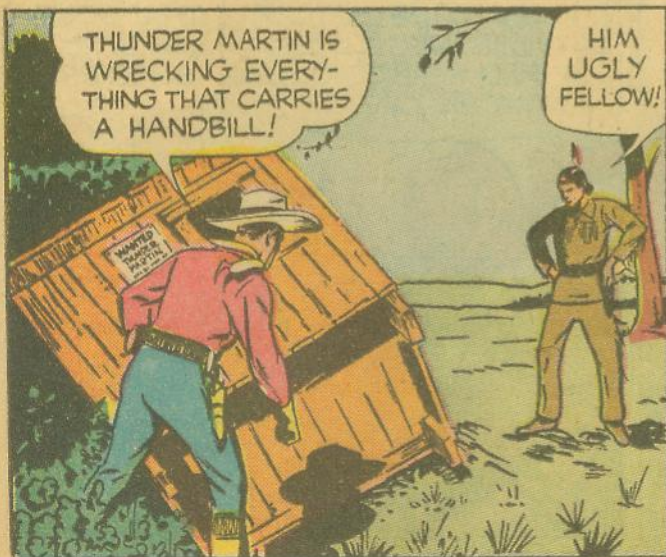




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YOU'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH, MARTIN!

WHY, YOU--



DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY, SHERIFF! IT SHOULD HOLD HIM FOR THIRTY DAYS!

BAH! HE'LL BE WORSE THAN EVER WHEN HE GETS OUT! I WANT HIM FOR MURDER!!



JUST KEEP GOING TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

I'LL BUST YUH IN TWO FER THIS!



WE'LL SEE!

LOOK HERE! WHO ARE YOU?



I'M JUST A MAN WITH THE IDEA THAT THUNDER MARTIN SHOULD BE OUT OF CIRCULATION!



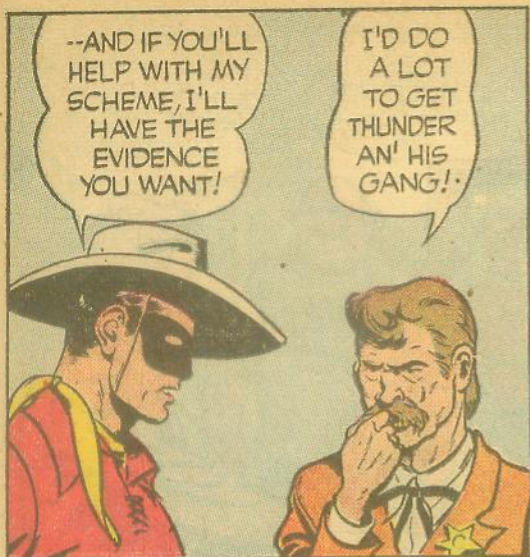
AND NOW, SHERIFF! I'LL TELL YOU WHY!



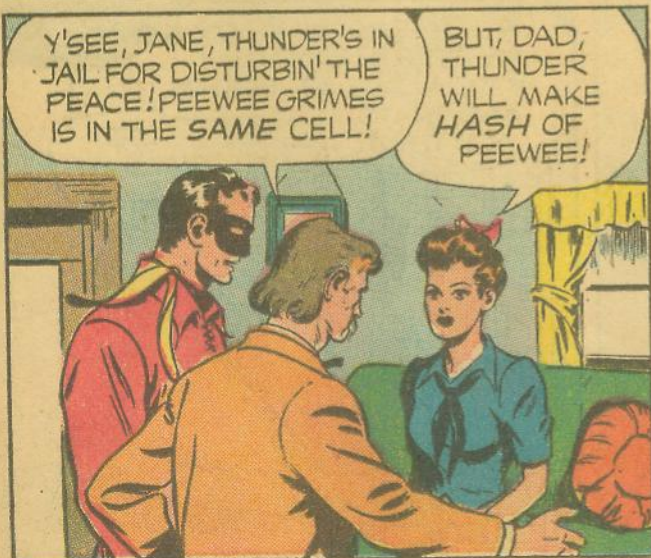
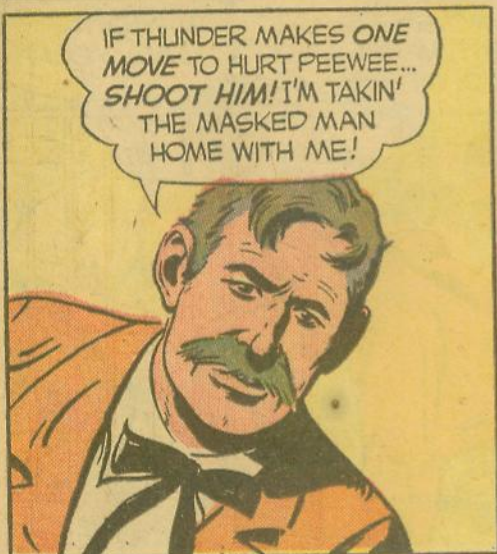
LEMME OUT O' HERE, OR I'LL TEAR UP THIS TOWN!

HE'LL DO IT, TOO!

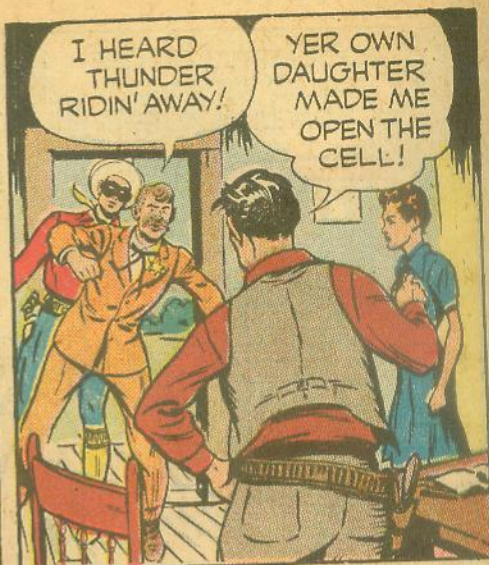
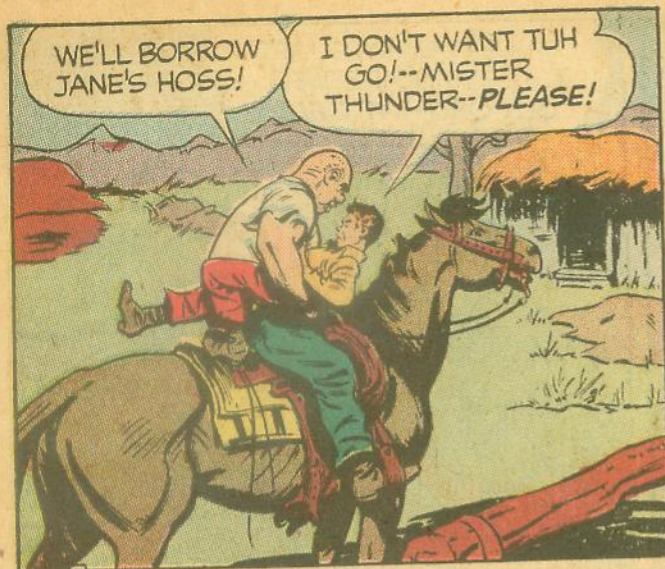
COME OUTSIDE, SHERIFF!

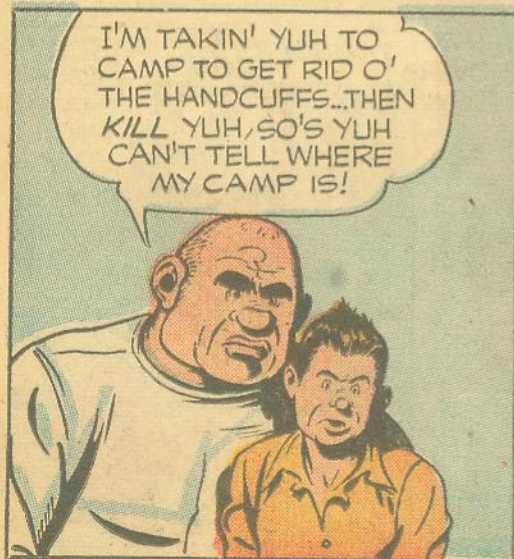
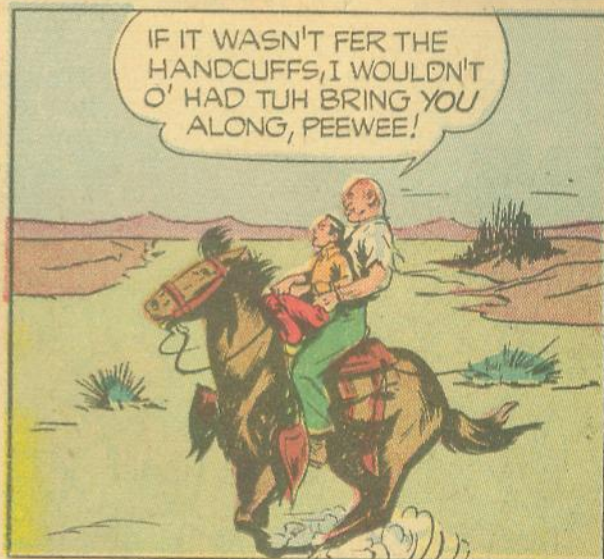


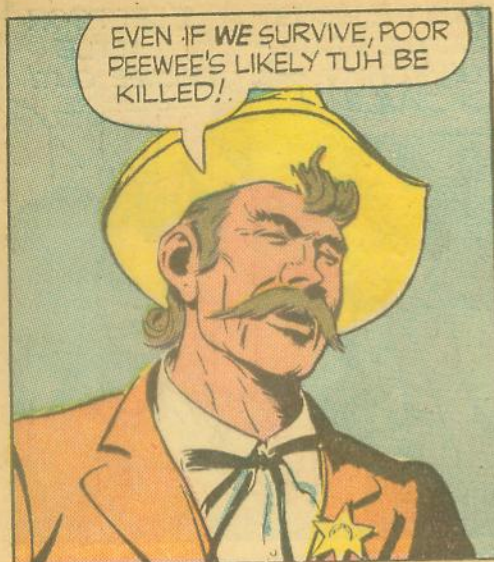














BUT HE KNOWS OUR HIDE-OUT NOW!

CAN'T HELP IT! CUT HIM LOOSE... THEN WE'LL TAKE CARE O' HIM!



HURRY AN' GIT ME LOOSE FROM PEEWEE!

I DOUBT IF THIS FILE WILL CUT THAT STEEL!



NEMMINÉ FILIN' 'EM OFF... I'LL USE THIS!



THIS IS THE HORSE THEY RODE... BUT WHERE ARE THEY?

THUNDER'S HIDE-OUT MUST BE NEAR BY!

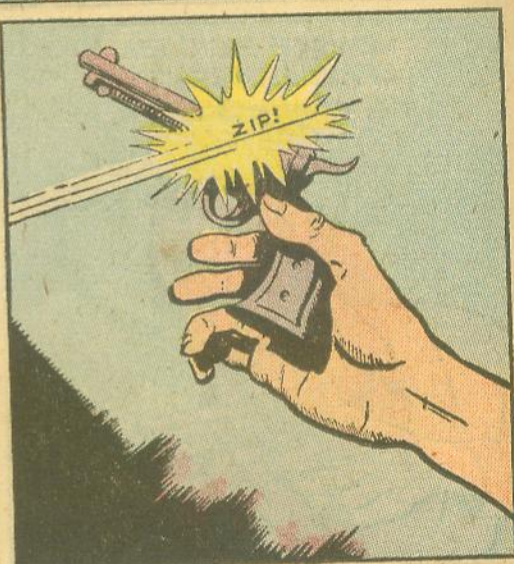


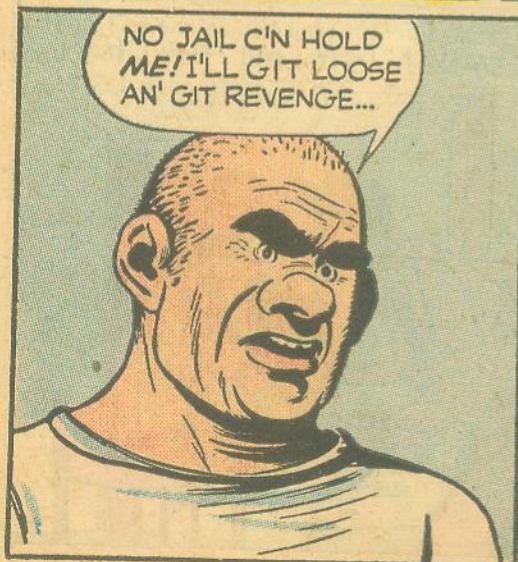
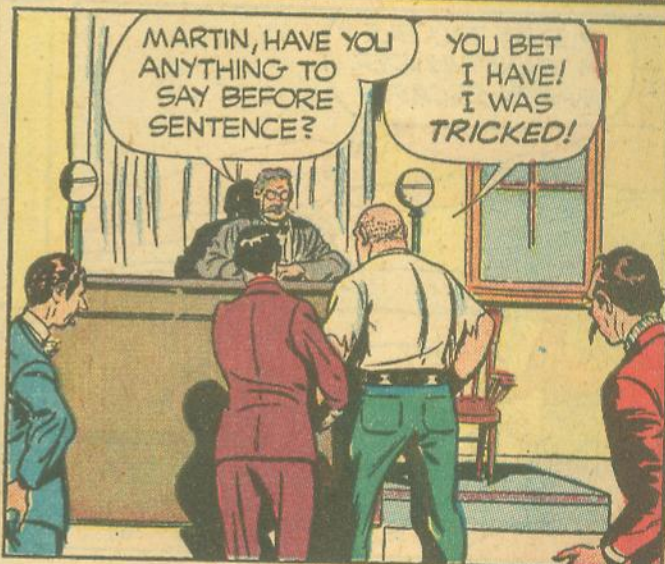
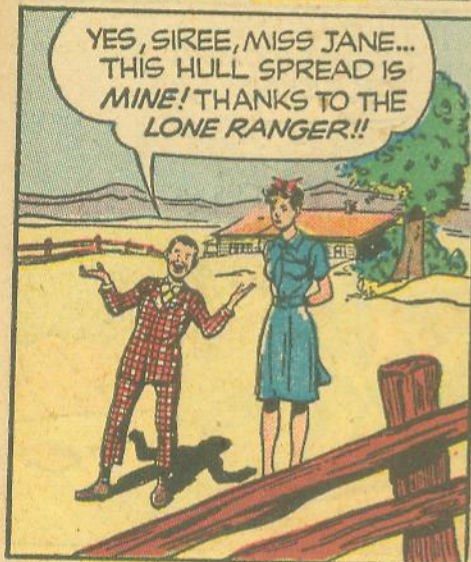
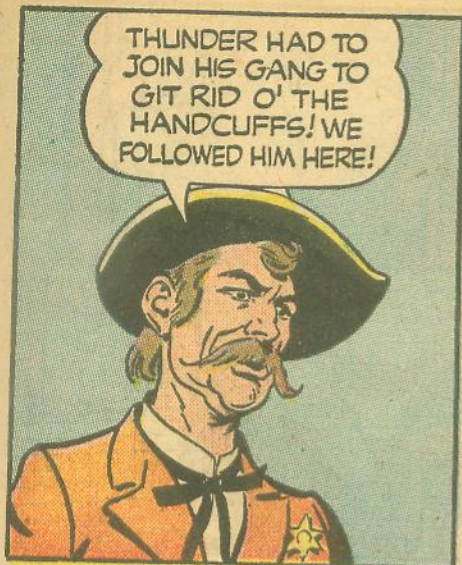
THUNDER'LL NEVER LET PEEWEE LIVE TO TELL WHERE THE HIDE-OUT IS!

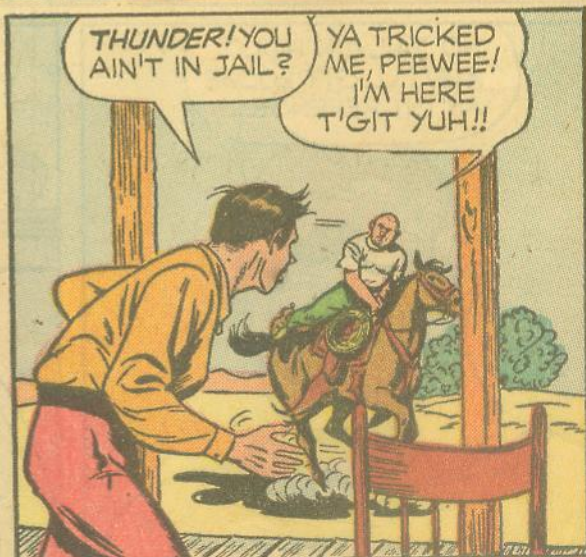
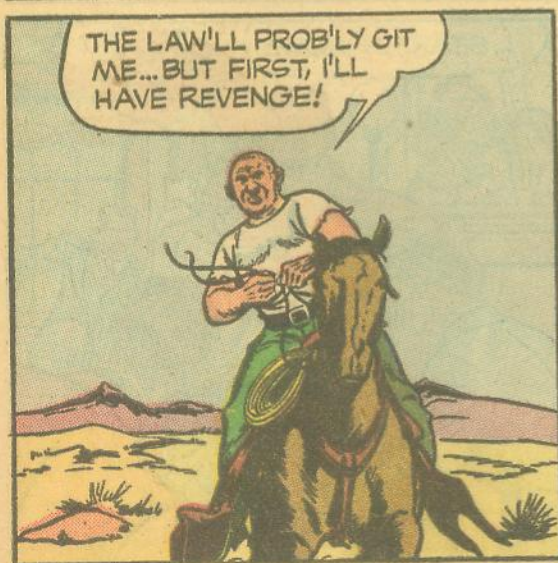
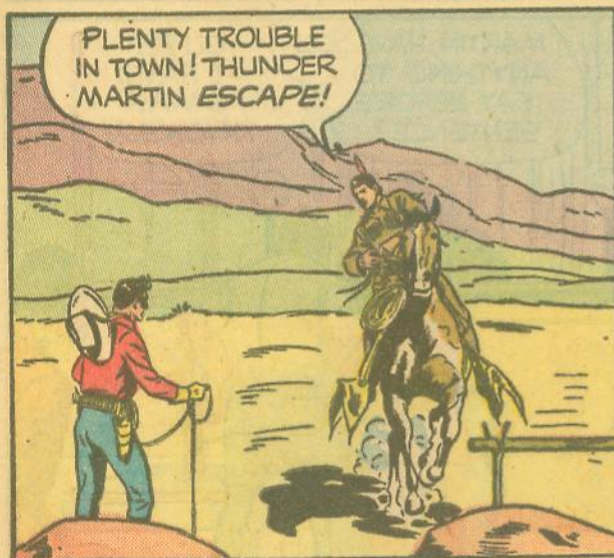
BUT THUNDER HAD TO GO THERE TO GET RID OF THE HANDCUFFS!

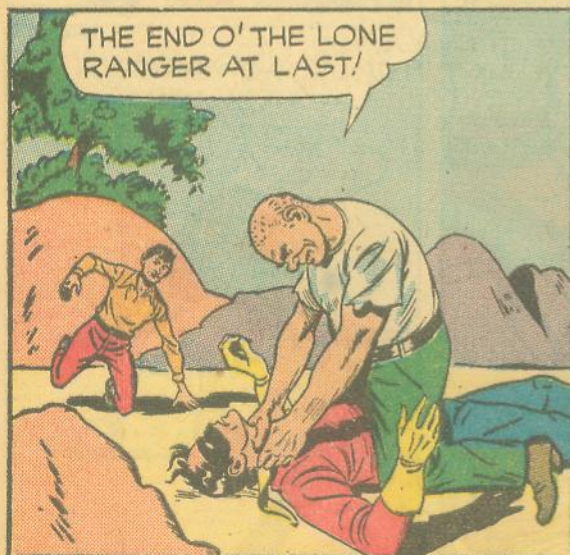


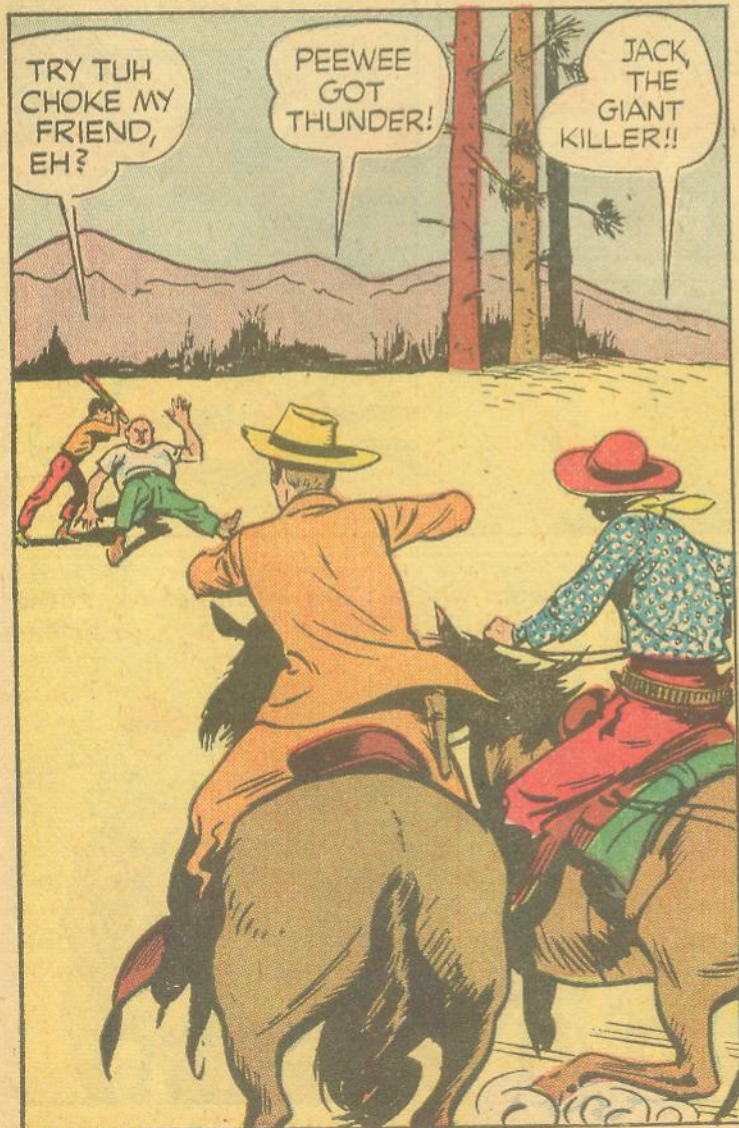
THAT OUGHTA DO IT!



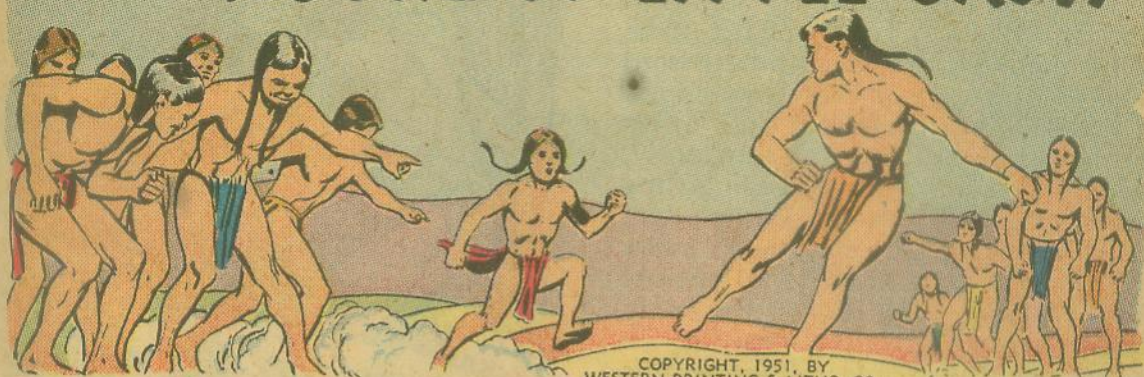








THE RESCUE OF LITTLE CROW



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Little Crow's bony elbows jerked back and forth across his ribs. His knobby knees pumped like pistons. His breath was whistling through his teeth—but he was gaining—overtaking the fat bully, Moose Mouth, who had told him to stay out of the race. He couldn't win—but he'd show up Moose Mouth, who was always making fun of him! In another second—

He was almost abreast, when the bigger boy thrust out an arm. Caught in the chest, Little Crow staggered, off balance. That put him behind. Gritting his teeth, he ran harder than ever. His knobby knees pumped higher... faster.

Two little boys on the sidelines jeered. One of them had a grapevine tied to a stick. He threw it into Little Crow's path.

Little Crow went face down in the dust, fighting the entangling vine. He was still fighting it blindly, when the teen age crowd rounded the goal post and came tearing back. Hard, bare heels knocked the smaller boy flat again. Mocking laughter filled his ears:

"Little Crow has got no nest... Little Crow is just a pest!"

The Indian words didn't sound that way, but they meant the same. They hit harder than the calloused heels of his tormentors. They knocked more than the wind out of the small boy lying in the dust. For some minutes he simply lay there. Then, slowly, he crawled to the shelter of the nearest bushes.

"Little Crow—little pest... Go and

find yourself a nest. Ya-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

Lunging to his feet, the boy started running through the woods—aimlessly, desperately, anywhere to get beyond hearing of that jeering laughter. Half blinded by tears, he failed to see the fallen tree ahead, or the tall warrior who sat upon it. He pitched headlong over it, and lay there, shaken with sobs.

His first hint of the tall warrior's presence was the touch of strong hands lifting him. He tried to squirm out of them, fearing a blow or a painful twist. Then, somehow, he found himself sitting beside the big man on the log.

"I heard what the boys back there were shouting," said a deep musical voice. "Why do they call you 'Little Crow Without a Nest'?"

"Because—" Little Crow found himself replying, "because I have no wigwam where I am welcome! My father was killed, many moons ago... Broken Axe has married my mother, and he makes me sleep outside. And the other boys make fun of me—because I have nobody to take my part."

"I see," said the deep voiced warrior. "Look at me, Little Crow."

Telling his trouble had steadied the boy somewhat. And the strong, handsome face that he gazed up into steadied him much more. But it took a little time for the warrior's words to sink in.

"From now on," the tall stranger said, "you will have me to stand up for you. My name is Walking Tree. I shall be happy to have a Little Crow perch

on my shoulder—even though I can offer him no 'nest'!"

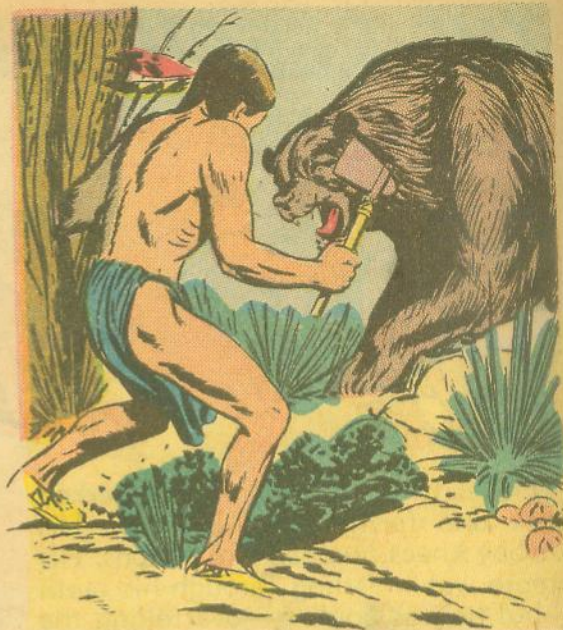
The small boy caught his breath in wonder. "Walking Tree" was the name of the great Shawnee chief, whose word was law in a score of Western villages. It was said that he seldom slept in his own wigwam, but traveled constantly, visiting lesser chiefs, keeping the tribes at peace with the White Men. "Walking Tree" was a name to make the wildest young braves pay attention! And Walking Tree had promised to stand up for HIM!

So it was that the young tormentors of Little Crow saw him riding into their village on the shoulder of the Great Chief. They ran to tell the news.

That was the beginning of a long and wonderful friendship; for in their journeys from tribe to tribe, Walking Tree taught Little Crow what the son of a chief should know. He learned to make his own bows and arrows, chipping the heads from flint on obsidian. He learned to kill a running deer at fifty paces—to stand for hours without moving a muscle—to run uphill and down for ten miles. More important still, he learned to trust himself.

His great friend, Walking Tree saw to that.

"Look danger in the eye," he told the boy, "and one day you will prove yourself a man."



The test came when Little Crow was fourteen. Hard muscles had filled out his frame. He could drive an arrow clean through a buck deer. If anything, he was too confident.

Coming back to camp one evening with a string of fish, he saw the bear that had put his friend up a tree. It was a female with a cub, and she had caught the Chief with no weapon but his knife.

Silently he laid down his fish and laid an arrow on his bowstring. Its "TWANG!" was echoed by a roar of pain. Then, like a black thunderbolt the old bear charged him. There was no time to find a tree.

"Your axe!" the Chief shouted as he leaped to the ground. "Strike when she rises!"

The huge, black form of fury rose to her haunches, reaching for Little Crow. He knew he was looking Death in the eye. With his bow's tip he feinted—then swung the stone axe, straight down on that awful head!

An instant later he was looking down at a dead bear, limp and shapeless. And Walking Tree's hand was pressing his shoulder.

"Now you are a man, my son!" the Chief was saying.

"Because of what you taught me, my Chief!" replied Little Crow.



YOUNG HAWK

YOUNG HAWK! LOOK! IS THIS THE GREAT SALT WATER?

IT LOOKS MORE LIKE ANOTHER BIG RIVER, LITTLE BUCK!

AFTER LOSING THEIR CANOE TO AN ENRAGED SHE-BEAR, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK FIND THEMSELVES DRIFTING INTO THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI...

Jon Small

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YI--YI!

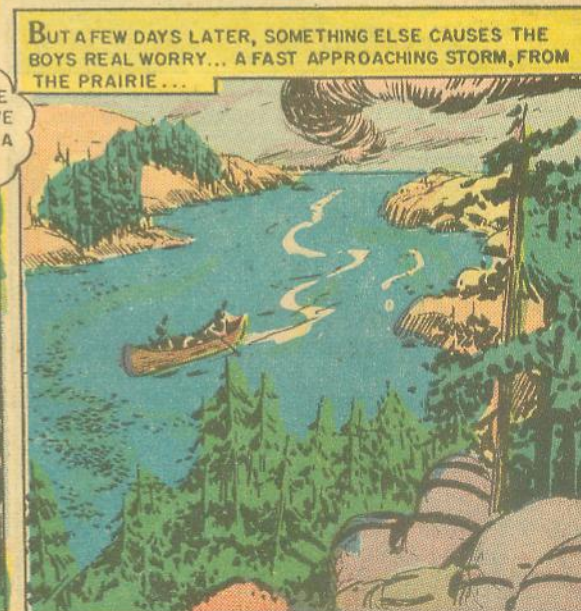
GRAB TUMBLEWEED! --- WOW! WHAT HAVE WE GOT INTO, YOUNG HAWK?

THE TWO RIVERS ARE "FIGHTING" EACH OTHER--- AND WE GOT CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE! HANG ON, LITTLE BUCK!

THE BIG RIVER WON! IT'S QUIET NOW!

AND THERE'S A QUEER KIND OF CANOE--- WITH SOMEBODY--- SICK OR DEAD!

HI--- WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



RUMBLE-UMBLE-UMBLE-BUMBLE!



A COPPERY LIGHT FLOODS THE PRAIRIE... ABOVE IT, A QUEER-SHAPED CLOUD IS FULL OF LIGHTNING, GROWING SWIFTLY NEARER, BLACKER...

AND BELOW IT MOVES A LIVING CARPET, OVERLAIN WITH DUST--- A BUFFALO STAMPEDE, HEADING FOR THE RIVER...



TORNADO!
HEAD FOR SHORE!

OOOOHH! WE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT!



WE HAVE A CHANCE! THE
TWISTER MAY SLOW UP---OR
BREAK WHEN IT HITS THE RIVER!
IF WE MAKE SHORE, WE CAN
HIDE UNDER THE BANK,
PERHAPS!



ALL AT ONCE THE HOWLING, FUNNEL-SHAPED "CLOUD" IS
ABOVE THE FRANTIC HERD! ITS LOWER END LENGTHENS--
DIPS DOWN LIKE A STRIKING SNAKE...

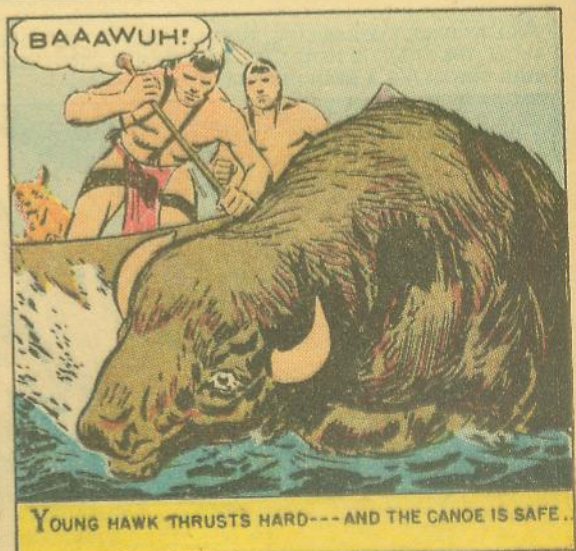
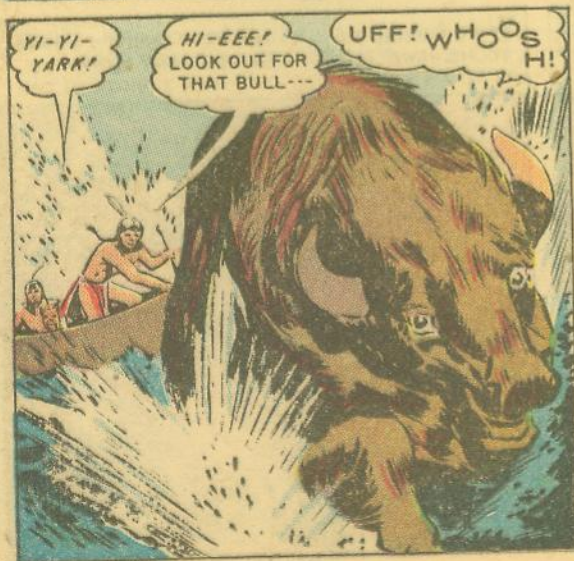


WITH A MIGHTY SUCTION, IT SCOOPS UP A NUMBER
OF THE HALF TON BEASTS AS IF THEY WERE
FEATHER-LIGHT...





BUT ABRUPTLY THE MONSTROUS FUNNEL PAUSES---LIFTS ITSELF HIGHER... GROWS RAGGED AT THE BASE...



AN HOUR LATER, THE RIVER ROLLS ALONG UNDER A CLOUDLESS SKY --- AND MEMORY OF THE TWISTER'S FURY IS LIKE RECALLING A BAD DREAM...



DAY FOLLOWS LAZY DAY... FOR FOOD, ALL THAT IS NEEDED IS A BAITED HOOK DROPPED OVER THE SIDE...



GOT HIM --- A BIG ONE!

SO DID I! LOOK, LITTLE BUCK!

YARP!
YARP!



SAND ON THE FLOOR MAKES A FINE PLACE TO BUILD A COOK FIRE! WE COULDN'T DO THIS IN OUR BIRCHBARK CANOE!

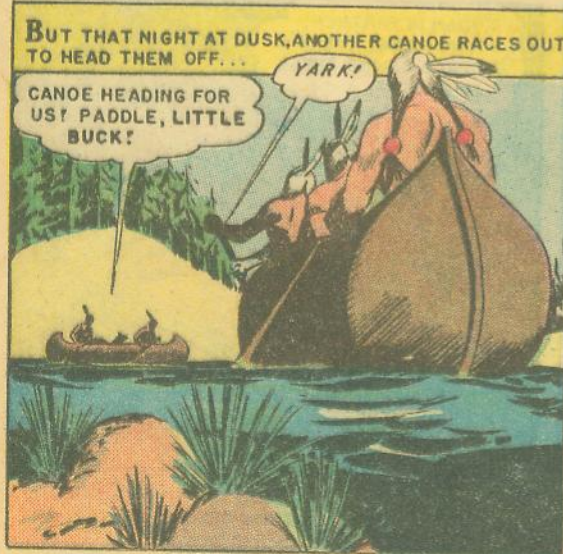
IT'S A LOT SAFER THAN GOING ASHORE EVERY TIME TO EAT --- AND MAYBE GETTING CAUGHT BY UNFRIENDLY HUNTERS!



BUT THAT NIGHT AT DUSK, ANOTHER CANOE RACES OUT TO HEAD THEM OFF...

CANOE HEADING FOR US! PADDLE, LITTLE BUCK!

YARK!



THEY'RE GAINING ON US, YOUNG HAWK! WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT THEM OFF!

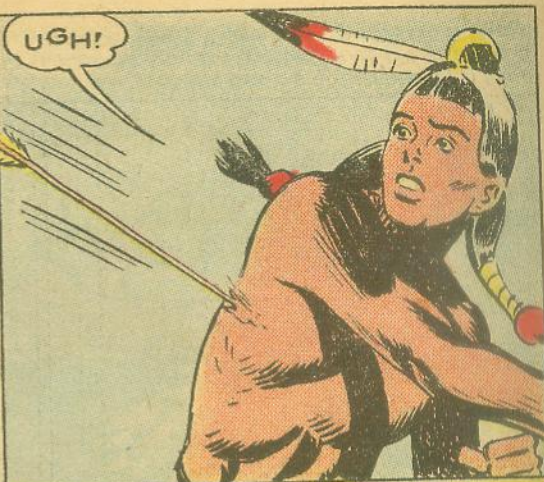
NOT YET! THERE'S A BANK OF FOG LYING ALONG THE FARTHER BANK --- WE CAN LOSE THEM THERE!



SEEING THE BOYS ARE LIKELY TO ESCAPE, THE CHICK-
ASAW IN THE FRONT OF THE CANOE DRAWS HIS BOW...



UGH!



THE ARROW GLANCES THROUGH THE SKIN AND FLESH
ABOVE YOUNG HAWK'S RIBS...

WE MADE IT, LITTLE
BUCK--- THIS FAR!



... THEN THE BOYS ENTER THE FOG BANK--- WITH
YOUNG HAWK NEVER MISSING A STROKE DESPITE HIS WOUND.

YOUNG HAWK! YOU'RE
WOUNDED---

SHHHH! THEY'LL
FOLLOW BY SOUND, TOO!
I'M ALL RIGHT!



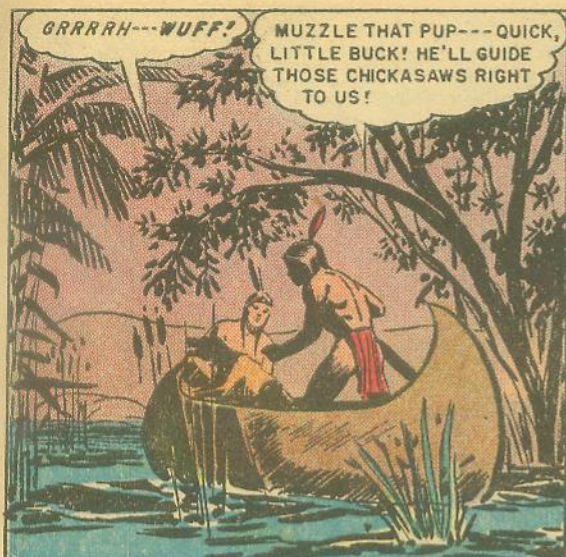
ZIG-ZAGGING, YOUNG HAWK HEADS IN GENERAL UPSTREAM,
AND CLOSER TO THE OPPOSITE SHORE! THE MIST BLANKETS
THE FAINT SOUND OF THE CANOE'S RIPPLING WAKE



PUSH IN FARTHER,
YOUNG HAWK! THERE'S
A SPACE BEHIND THESE
BUSHES!



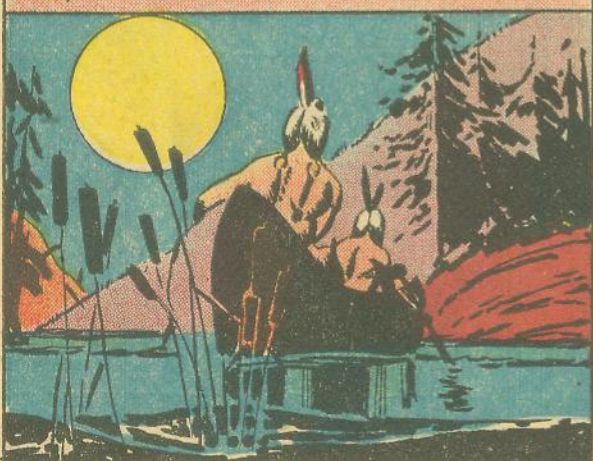
UNEXPECTEDLY, THEY REACH THE RIVER'S BANK---
OVERGROWN WITH VINES AND BRUSH...

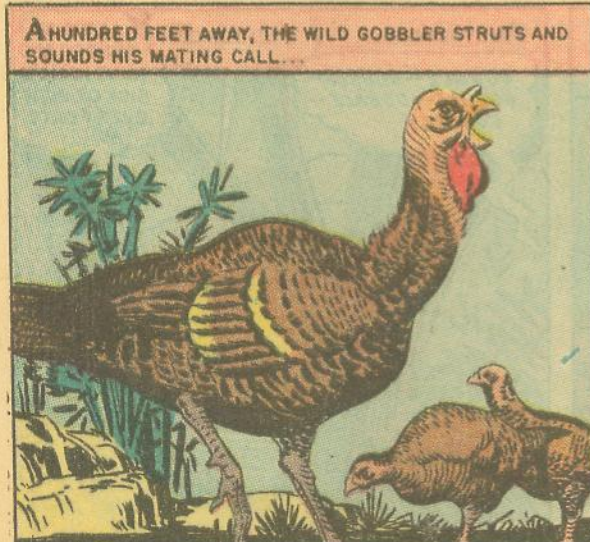
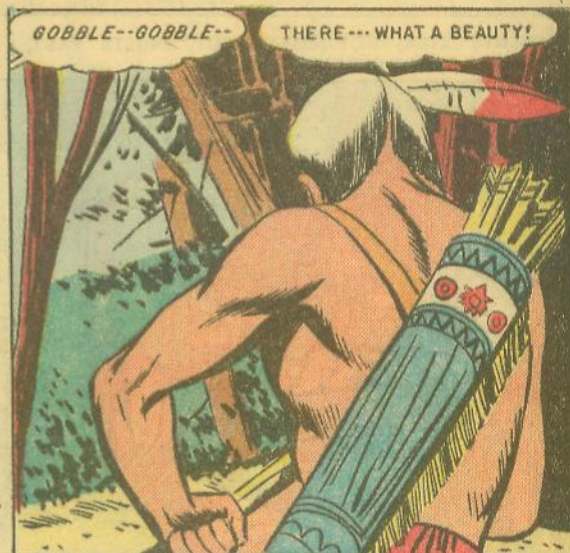
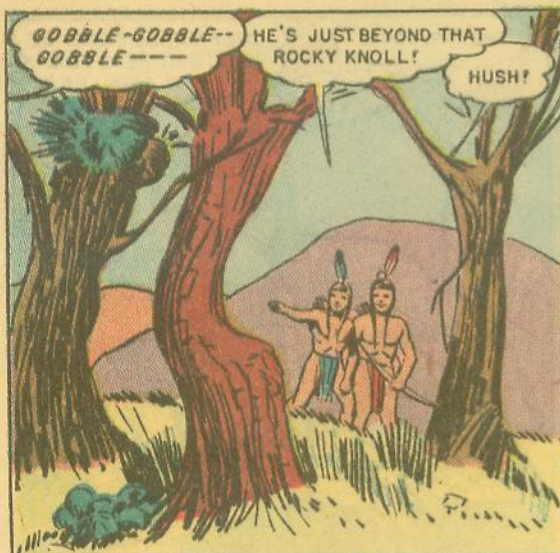


MOMENTS LATER, THE ENEMY DUGOUT "GHOSTS" PAST, AS SILENT AS THE SHROUDING MIST...



AS DARKNESS FALLS, THE BOYS LEAVE THEIR LEAFY REFUGE... PADDLING SILENTLY IN THE SHADOW OF THE BANK, THEY CREEP DOWNSTREAM...



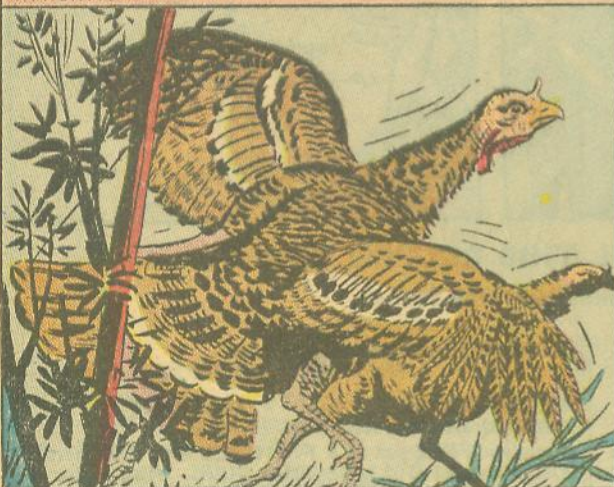




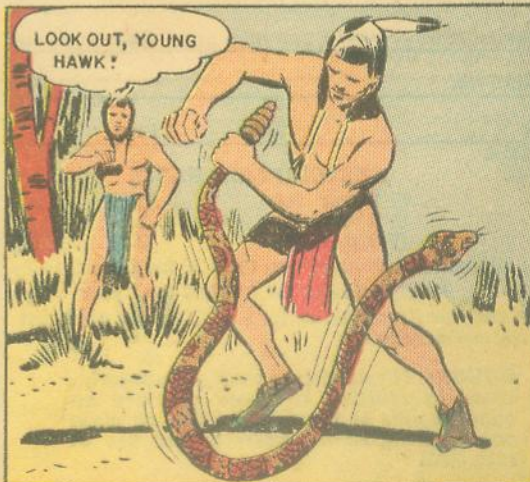
A SUDDEN, DRY WHIRRING STRIKES YOUNG HAWK'S EAR...HE TURNS HIS HEAD...A DEADLY RATTLESNAKE IS POISED FOR A KILL!



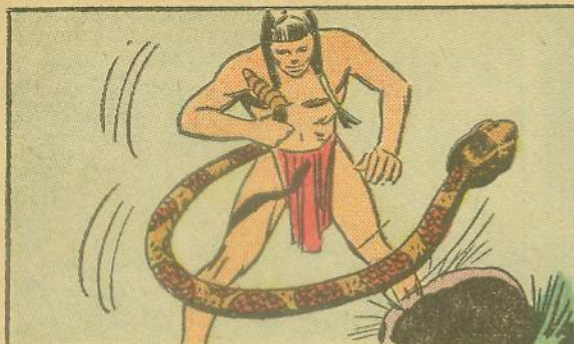
AT THE SOUND OF HUMAN VOICES, THE WILD TURKEYS VANISH...



WITH A LIGHTNING MOVEMENT THE REPTILE STRIKES...



AND ALMOST AS SWIFTLY, YOUNG HAWK GRASPS ITS TAIL...



WITH A WHIPPING MOTION, HE SNAPS THE VIPER'S NECK ...



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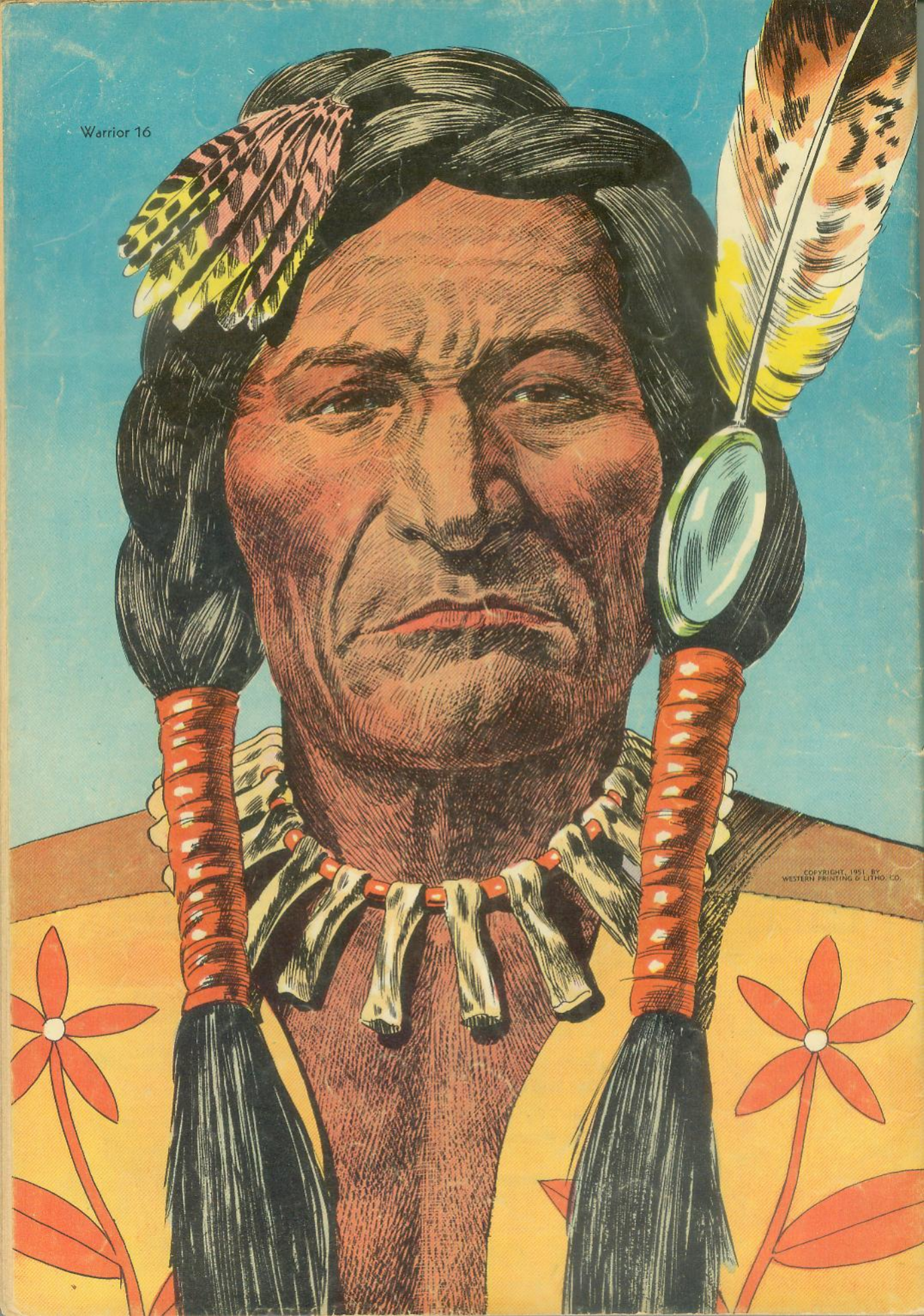
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