

A DELL COMIC  
A DELL COMIC  
A DELL COMIC  
A DELL COMIC

DELL

10¢

*Anna Lee*

AUGUST

# the Lone Ranger

52 pages • ALL COMICS





# INDIAN FIGHTERS....

COPYRIGHT, 1951, BY  
WESTERN PRINTING & LITHO. CO.

## DEFENDING THE SETTLEMENT



IT IS HARD TO IMAGINE HOW THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS AND WESTWARD BOUND WAGON TRAINS COULD HAVE SURVIVED WITHOUT THE CEASELESS VIGILANCE OF THE U.S. CAVALRY.

OFTEN GREATLY OUTNUMBERED, THE TOUGH, HARD-BITTEN, IRON-DISCIPLINED MEN AND OFFICERS PATROLLED DEEP INTO INDIAN COUNTRY TO TRACK DOWN AND PUNISH SOME BAND OF MARAUDING INDIAN WAR PARTIES.

THE CAVALRYMAN'S LIFE WAS A DREARY, MONOTONOUS LIFE EXCEPT WHEN THE TROOP WENT INTO ACTION AGAINST THE SIOUX, COMANCHE, APACHE AND OTHER WARLIKE TRIBES. SHORTLY AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, VETERANS OF BOTH SIDES FORMED VARIOUS TROOPS THAT HAVE GONE DOWN IN MILITARY HISTORY AS THE FINEST CAVALRY OF ITS KIND.

THEIR GLORY AND HEROIC EXPLOITS ARE STILL BEING TOLD IN BOOKS AND MOTION PICTURES.

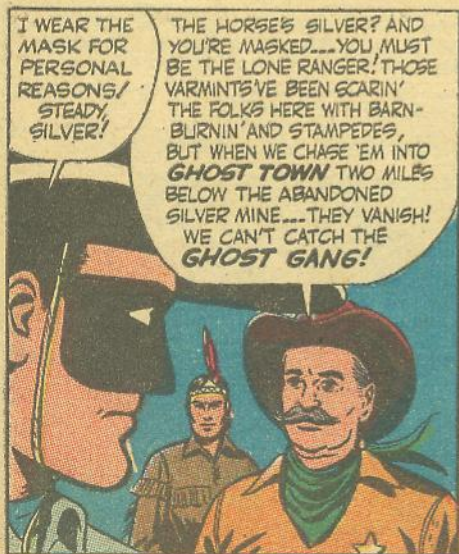
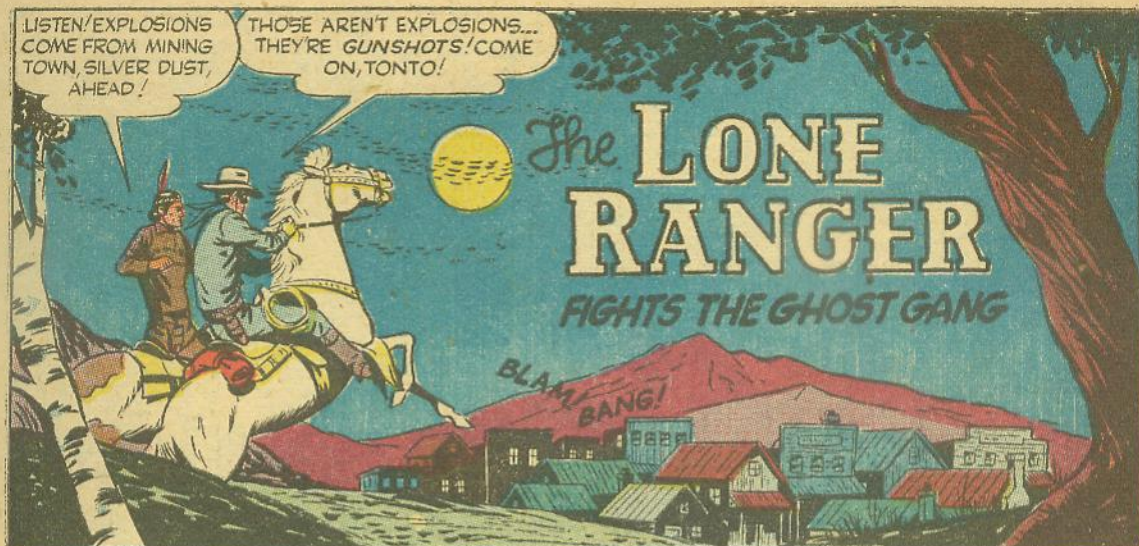
## THE CHARGE !



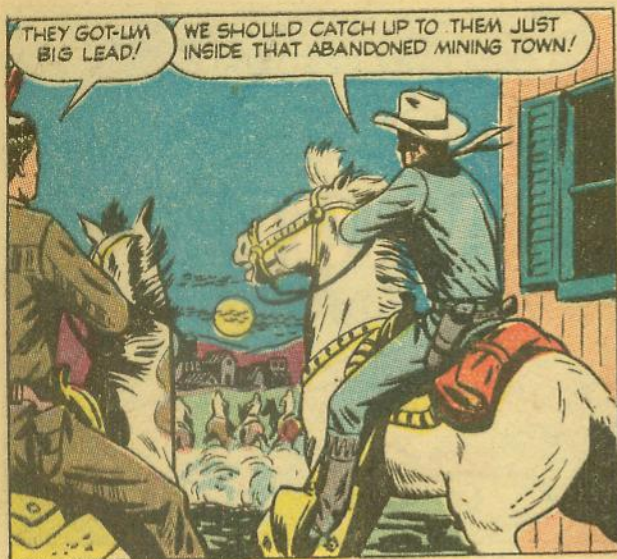
THE LONE RANGER, Vol. 1, No. 38, August, 1951. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Entered as second-class matter November 12, 1948 at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions in U.S.A., \$1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, \$2.00 per year; Canadian subscriptions \$1.20 per year. Copyright 1951, by The Lone Ranger, Inc. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

**CHANGES OF ADDRESS** should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.







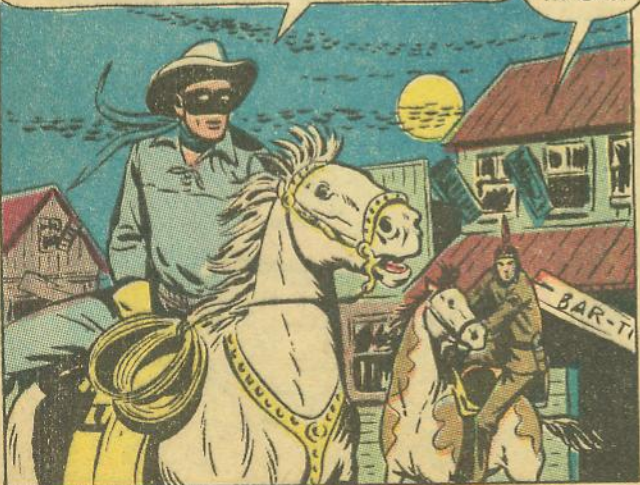


BUT AS THEY SWEEP AROUND THE CORNER ONTO MAIN STREET OF THE OLD GHOST TOWN...



THE SHERIFF WAS RIGHT! ONCE THAT GANG GET'S HERE, THEY DO VANISH! BUT WE'LL LOOK AROUND!

MAYBE WE FIND-UM TRACKS!



AS THEY START DOWN THE DESERTED STREET, A ROPE SLOWLY PULLS AT A BOARD, COVERING A SMALL, HIDDEN VENTILATING SHAFT...

ACCORDING TO THE SHERIFF WE SHOULDN'T FIND ANY TRACKS... 'GHOSTS' DON'T LEAVE FOOTPRINTS!

THINK ME SEE SOMETHING AHEAD!





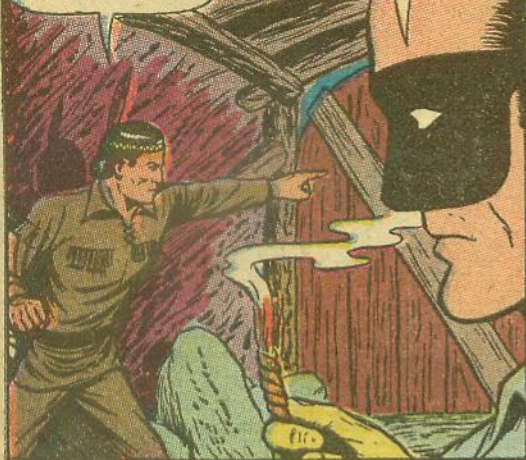




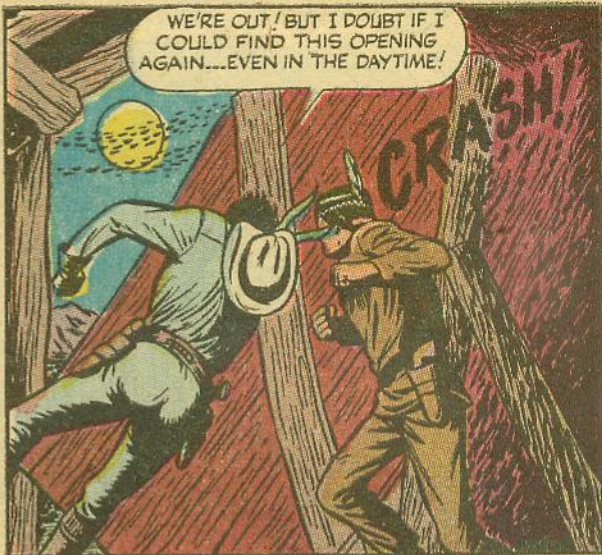
QUICKLY, THEY ADVANCE

MOON SHINE  
THROUGH CRACKS!

THAT MUST BE A  
BOARDED UP OPENING!  
WE'LL BREAK THROUGH!



WE'RE OUT! BUT I DOUBT IF I  
COULD FIND THIS OPENING  
AGAIN...EVEN IN THE DAYTIME!



FINDING THEIR HORSES, THE LONE  
RANGER AND TONTO RIDE BACK TO TOWN...

I WAS RIGHT, WASN'T I?  
YOU CHASED 'EM BUT  
ONCE YOU GOT INTO  
GHOST TOWN...THEY  
VANISHED!

YES, BUT SOMEONE  
LEFT SOME NEW  
ROPE IN A SHAFT  
DOWN THERE! HAS  
ANYONE BEEN WORKING  
THE MINE LATELY?



NOT FOR YEARS! LEM WATKINS OWNS MOST  
OF THAT MINN' LAND! HE'S AN OL' PROS-  
PECTOR, LIVES BY HIMSELF! HE JUST GAVE  
OVER HIS RIGHT TO THAT MINE TO MRS.  
KELLEM TO SQUARE HIS BILL AT HER  
GENERAL STORE!

SHERIFF, I'LL DO  
SOME PROSPECTING  
MYSELF IN THE  
MORNING AND LOOK  
UP LEM WATKINS!



THE NEXT MORNING, AS THEY SET OUT TO  
LOOK FOR THE PROSPECTOR...

THAT MUST  
BE CABIN!

SWING AROUND, TONTO!  
THERE'S GUNPLAY BACK  
IN SILVER DUST!

BANG!  
BANG!



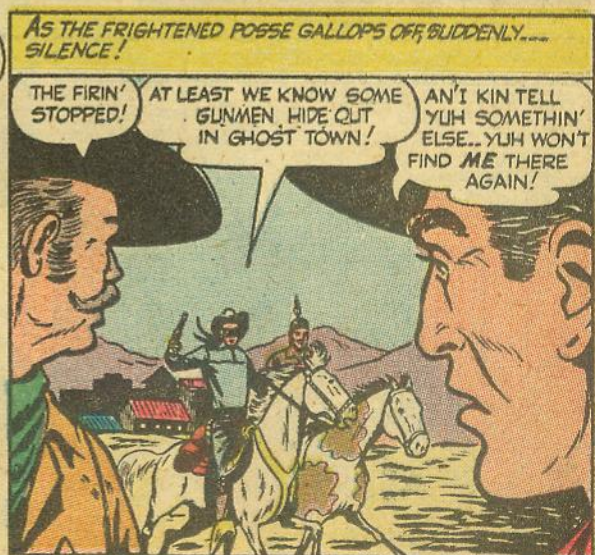
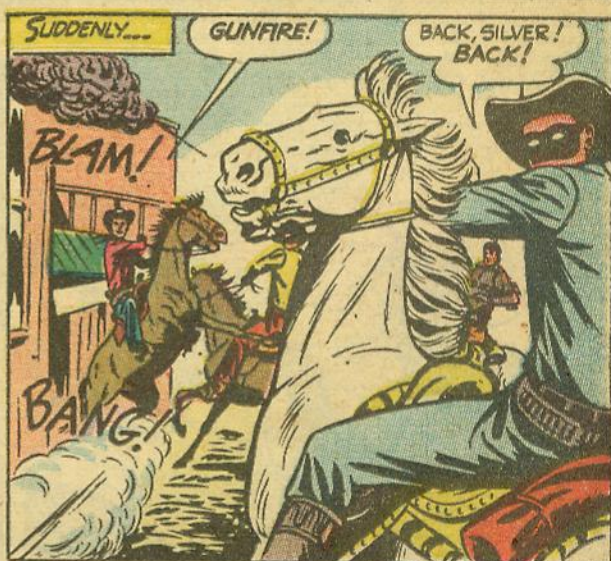
IN TOWN, THE GHOST GANG AGAIN STRIKES SWIFTLY...

MY BARN AN' MY WHOLE STOCK  
OF WINTER GRAIN...UP IN SMOKE!

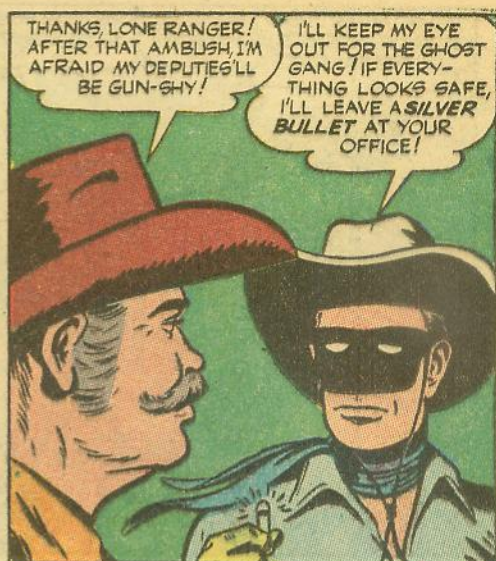
YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'RE STILL  
LIVIN'! GET DOWN...THEY'RE  
FIRIN'!



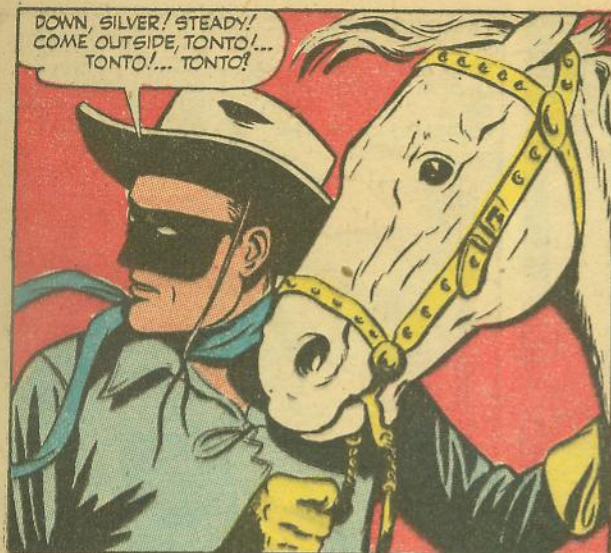












DOWN, SILVER! STEADY!  
COME OUTSIDE, TONTO!...  
TONTO!... TONTO!



AND INSIDE...

QUICK! HIS MASKED  
PAL'S COMIN' BACK!

UGH!



LET'S GET HIS  
PAL, TOO!

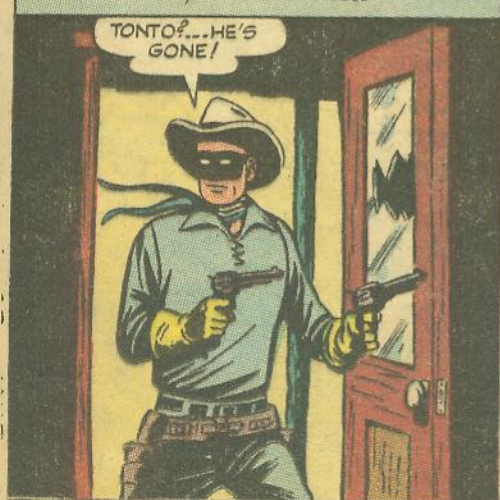
NO! I WANT THAT CRITTER NOSIN'  
AROUND HERE! HE WON'T FIND ANYTHIN'  
WHILE HE'S HERE. I'LL FIX MYSELF UP  
WITH A BLACK MASK LIKE HIS AND  
DROP OFF A SILVER BULLET AT THE  
SHERIFFS LIKE HE SAID HE WAS  
GOIN' TO DO!



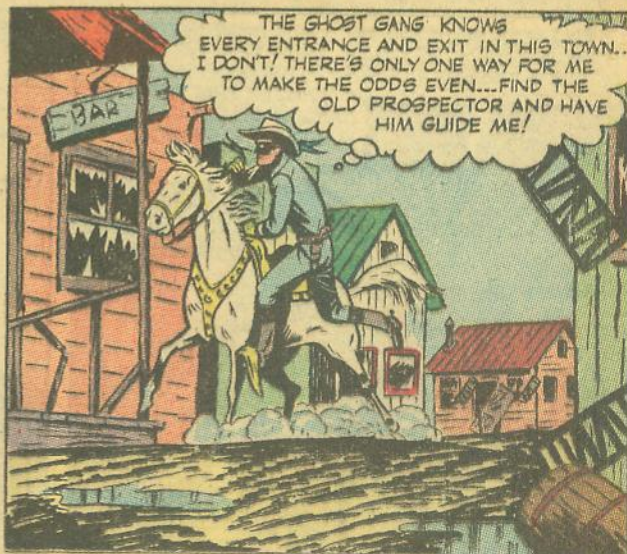
QUICK, HERE  
HE COMES!

MAKE SURE THE  
INJUN KEEPS QUIET!

AS THE TRAP DOOR SILENTLY CLOSES, THE LONE  
RANGER ENTERS, GUNS IN HAND...



TONTO?...HE'S  
GONE!



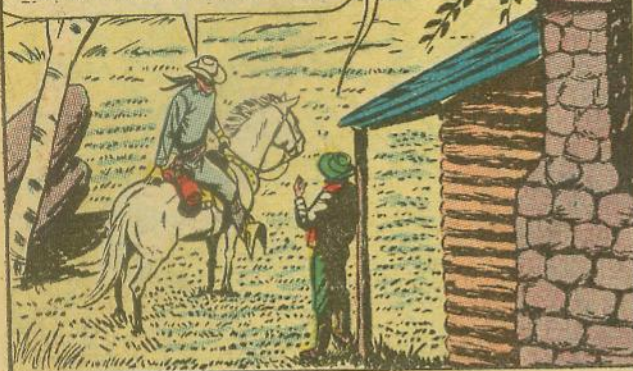
THE GHOST GANG KNOWS  
EVERY ENTRANCE AND EXIT IN THIS TOWN..  
I DON'T! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY FOR ME  
TO MAKE THE ODDS EVEN...FIND THE  
OLD PROSPECTOR AND HAVE  
HIM GUIDE ME!



SOON AFTER, AT LEM WATKINS' CABIN...

A MASKED MAN...BUT YOU MUST BE THE ONE WHO TRIED TRACKIN' DOWN THE GHOST GANG!

YOU CAN HELP ME RESCUE MY FRIEND AND CAPTURE THE GHOST GANG!



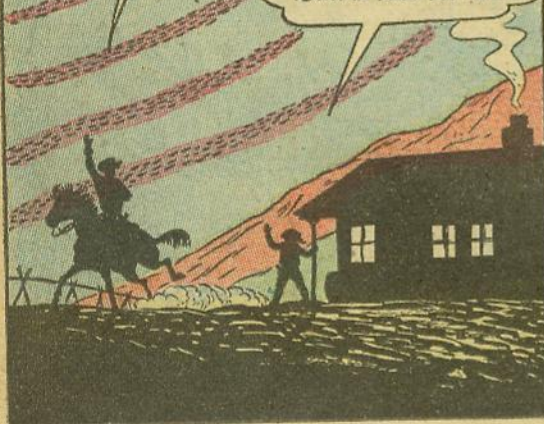
I NEED SOMEONE WHO CAN GUIDE ME THROUGH GHOST TOWN AND IF NECESSARY, UNDER IT! AS OWNER OF THE MINE BELOW GHOST TOWN, YOU KNOW THE LAYOUT!

I KNOW IT, BUT I AIN'T THUH OWNER NO MORE! HELD ONTUH THE DEED LONG AS I COULD, BUT LAST WEEK, I PAID OFF SALLY KELLEM WITH IT!



BUT YOU WILL GUIDE ME THROUGH IT SO I CAN FIND MY INDIAN FRIEND?

WAL, I AIN'T ONE TUH MESS 'ROUND WITH GHOSTS, BUT SEEIN' IT'S FER SOMEONE ON THE LAWS SIDE...OKAY! MEET YUH IN TOWN IN HALF AN HOUR!



MEANWHILE, IN SILVER DUST...

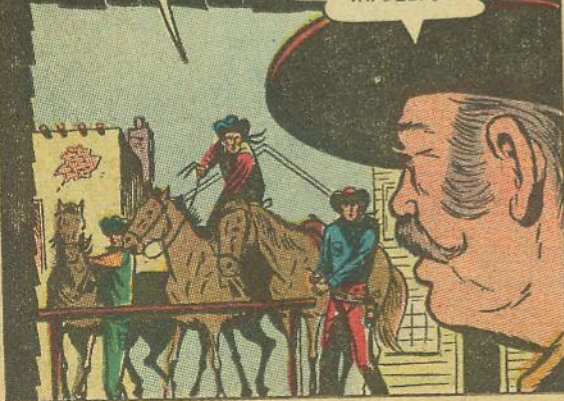
SHERIFF! A MASKED RIDER JUST TOSSED THIS SILVER BULLET INTO YOUR OFFICE!

THANKS, DEPUTY! MUST'VE BEEN THE LONE RANGER! MEANS THE COAST IS CLEAR! WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE PAYROLL BEIN' ROBBED!



THEN I RECKON THERE'S NO POINT IN ME AN' THE OTHER DEPUTIES HANGIN' 'ROUND?

NO, I WON'T NEED YOU! NOW THAT I'VE HAD WORD FROM THE LONE RANGER THAT THE GHOST GANG'S QUIET, I CAN HANDLE THE PAYROLL MYSELF!



THE DEPUTIES RIDE OFF, AND THE SHERIFF HEADS FOR THE STATION...

TRAIN JEST PULLED IN, SHERIFF! I RECKON THIS TIME THE MINERS'LL GET PAID OFF!

THAT'S WHAT I'M GOIN' TO SEE NOW...SHOOTIN'!





AS THE SHERIFF RUSHES TOWARD THE SHOOTING...

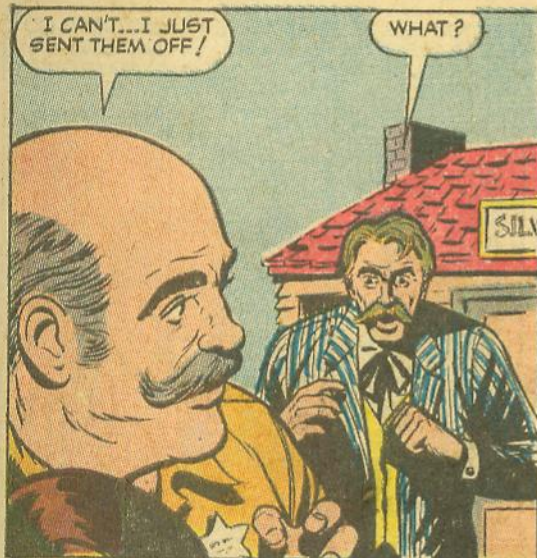
AN' THEY'RE GETTING AWAY  
WITH THE PAY ROLL!  
DON'T STAND THERE, SHERIFF!  
ORDER OUT YOUR  
DEPUTIES!

THE  
GHOST GANG!



I CAN'T...I JUST  
SENT THEM OFF!

WHAT?



THE LONE RANGER SAID IF HE  
LEFT A SILVER BULLET AT MY  
OFFICE IT'D BE A SIGN THAT  
THE GHOST GANG WOULDN'T  
STRIKE...HERE'S THE  
SILVER BULLET!

HOW DO YOU KNOW  
THAT MASKED HOMBRE  
IS THE LONE RANGER?  
I SAY HE'S IN WITH THE  
GHOST GANG, AND  
BECAUSE YOU TOOK  
HIS WORD, THEY GOT THE  
PAYROLL!



HERE COMES THE  
MASKED MAN  
NOW!

GET HIM!

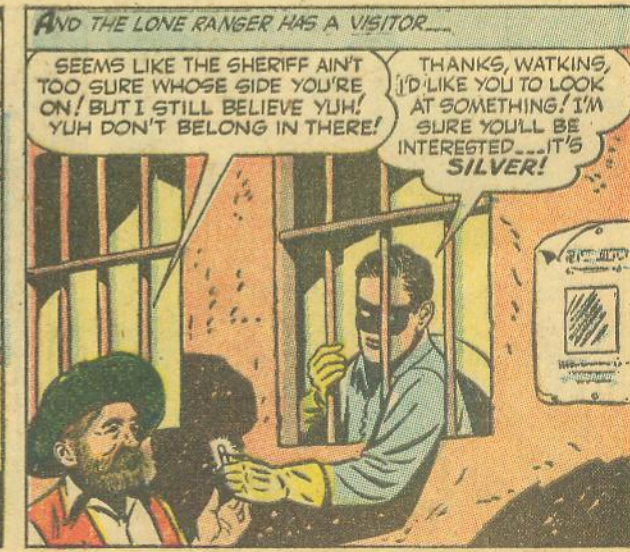


REACH!

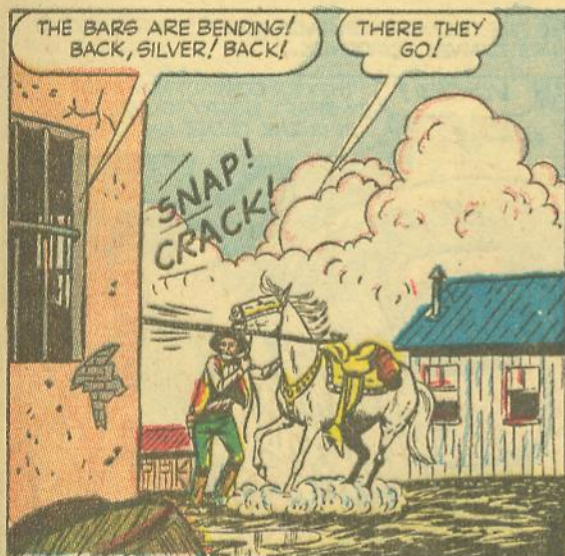
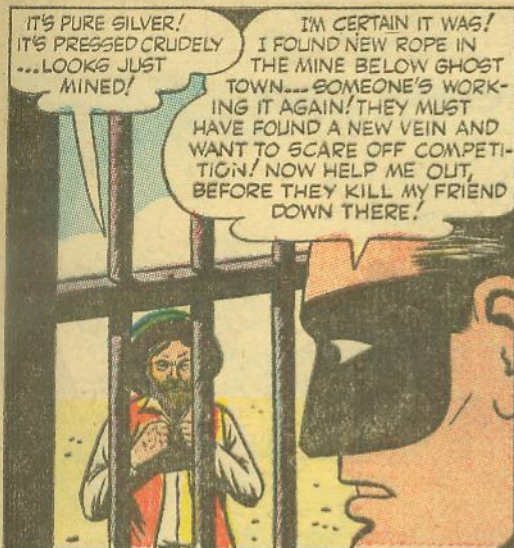
WHAT'S WRONG,  
SHERIFF?









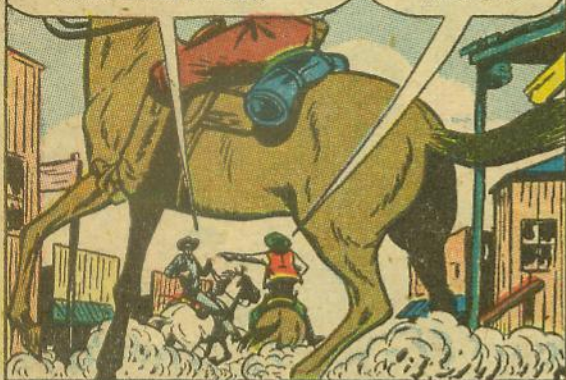




AS THEY HEAD INTO GHOST TOWN, THE POSSE, RECALLING THE AMBUSH, SWINGS AROUND...

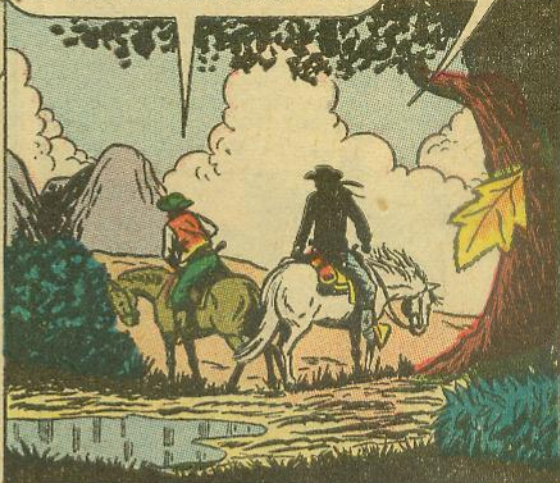
THE POSSE IS QUITTING! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IS THAT THE GHOST GANG DOESN'T START SHOOTING AT US AS WE RIDE DOWN MAIN STREET!

CUT LEFT, THERE'S AN OLD ENTRANCE TO THE MINE SHAFT A QUARTER OF A MILE OFF!



THIS WAS AN EMERGENCY EXIT! I DUG IT ONCE... LEADS INTO ALL THE SHAFTS UNDER GHOST TOWN!

ALL I SEE IS BUSHES!



NOW, LOOK! NEVER LIKED FOLKS NOSIN' 'ROUND ON MY PROPERTY!

THIS TIME, I'M CERTAIN YOU ARE GOING TO FIND PLENTY OF COMPANY INSIDE THE OLD MINE!



AS THE TWO MEN ADVANCE QUIETLY THROUGH THE MINE TUNNEL, SUDDENLY...

VOICES!

THEY'RE COMIN' FROM OVER BY SHAFT EIGHT! FOLLOW ME, WE KIN SNEAK CLOSE AN' LISTEN!



THINGS ARE GOIN' PERFECT! WE GOT THEM SILVER DUST PEOPLE TOO SCARED TO COME 'ROUND AND FIND THE NEW ORE LOAD WE STRUCK!

AN' THE MONEY WE ROBBED FROM THUH MINERS' PAYROLL WILL PAY FOR THE LAND RIGHTS TUH THUH WHOLE TOWN! JED'S IN TOWN WITH TWO OF THUH BOYS BUYIN' UP THUH DEEDS! SALLY KELLEEM HOLDS THE ACE... HER'S IS FOR SHAFT EIGHT, THUH PAY LODE!



SOON AS THE BOYS COME BACK WITH SALLY KELLEEM'S DEED, WE'LL CELEBRATE BY GETTIN' RID OF THUH INJUN!

TONTO'S SAFE FOR THE MOMENT! STAY HERE, LEM! I'VE GOT TO STOP SALLY KELLEEM FROM GELLING OUT!





MEANWHILE, IN FRONT OF SALLY KELLEM'S GENERAL STORE, THREE MEN ARE BARGAINING EARNESTLY...

WELL, LEM WATKINS GAVE ME THE DEED TO SHAFT EIGHT AND MOST OF THE OTHER PROPERTY THERE AS SECURITY AGAINST HIS DEBT, BUT I DON'T SEE WHY ANYONE'D WANT TO BUY THAT LUSELESS MINE!

OH, WE DON'T WANT THE MINE, MA'AM, WE'RE FIGURIN' ON RE-BUILDING GHOST TOWN, BUT WE COULDN'T DO THAT WITHOUT OWNIN' THE LAND **BELOW** AS WELL AS ABOVE!



I CAN'T SEE ANY HARM IN SELLING YOU THE MININ' RIGHTS! CAN'T EVEN GET A SOUL TO GO NEAR THERE WITH THAT GHOST GANG HAUNTING THE PLACE!

WELL, WE AIN'T AFRAID OF THE GHOST GANG, MA'AM! NOW JUST SUP-POSIN' YUH SIGN HERE AN I'LL HAND YUH THE TWO HUNDRED GREENBACKS!



**DON'T SIGN, MRS. KELLEM!** THAT MINE IS WORTH A FORTUNE!

THAT MASKED HOMBRE AGIN! DON'T LISTEN TUH THAT CRITTER!



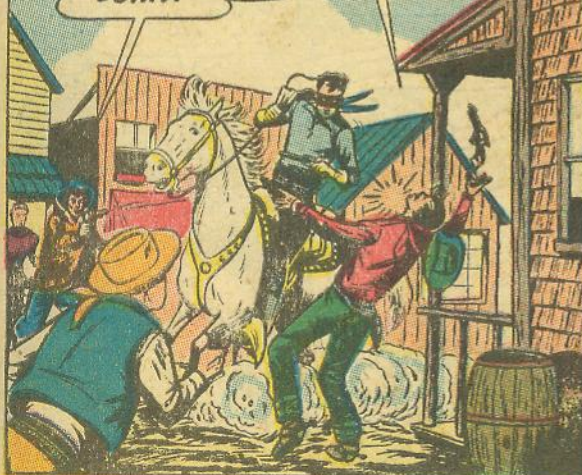
LISTEN TO HIM! A MASKED MAN TELLING ME WHAT TO DO!

IF YOU WON'T LISTEN, I'LL JUST TAKE THE DEED FOR SAFEKEEPING!



GET HIM, BOYS! THE SHERIFF WANTS HIM TOO! **BURN HIM DOWN!**

**AHEEE!**



BETTER FIND YOURSELF SOME NEW GUNMEN! ADIOS!

**MY HAND...** I'LL BRING YUH DOWN YET!





AS THE LONE RANGER SWINGS SILVER AROUND, A LASSO ARCHES THROUGH THE AIR...

GOT HIM! NOW GET OVER AND JUMP HIM!



THOSE CROOKS ARE PLAYING FOR KEEPS! I'VE GOT TO GET FREE FAST!



I'LL TEACH YUH TUH BURN THE BOSS' HAND!

FREE!



OOF!

NOW THE CORONER KIN UNMASK YUH!

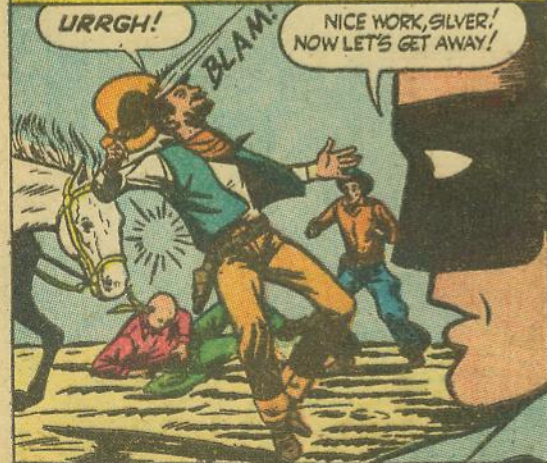


BUT AS THE GUNMAN TAKES AIM, THE GREAT WHITE STALLION BOLTS FORWARD, KNOCKING HIM FROM HIS FEET AS HE FIRES WILDLY...

URRGH!

BLAM!

NICE WORK, SILVER! NOW LET'S GET AWAY!



I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU LATER! TILL THEN, THE DEED TO SHAFT EIGHT IS SAFE!

IF YUH WANT TUH SEE THAT INJUN PAL OF YOURS ALIVE, FORK OVER THAT DEED RIGHT NOW!

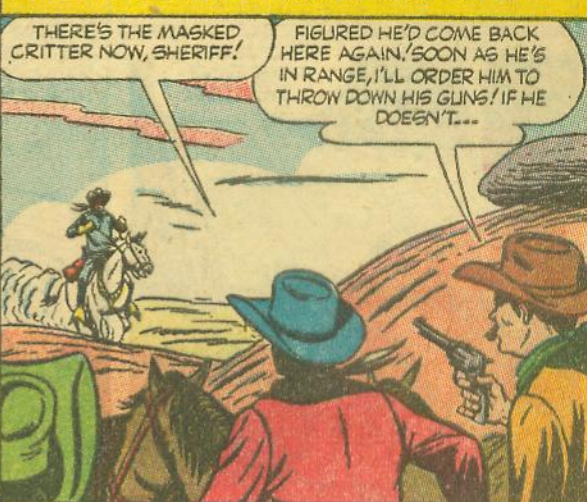






I HAVE TO BEAT THOSE OUTLAWS BACK TO THE MINE AND GET TONTO OUT OF THERE FAST!

AS THE LONE RANGER HEADS BACK FOR GHOST TOWN, A WELCOMING COMMITTEE PREPARES FOR HIS ARRIVAL...



THERE'S THE MASKED CRITTER NOW, SHERIFF!

FIGURED HE'D COME BACK HERE AGAIN. SOON AS HE'S IN RANGE, I'LL ORDER HIM TO THROW DOWN HIS GUNS! IF HE DOESN'T...



MASKED MAN, WE'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU! REACH! YOU'RE GOIN' BACK TO JAIL!

THEY WON'T LISTEN TO ME AND I HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN THINGS TO THEM! THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE...



HI-YO, SILVER!

HE'S BREAKING FOR IT! FIRE!

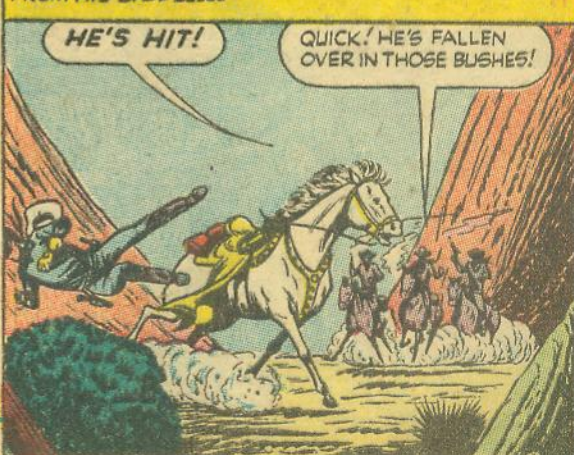
BLAM! BANG!



BRING HIM DOWN!

I HAVE TO MAKE THAT SECRET ENTRANCE!

BULLETS CUT BY HIM, BUT THE LONE RANGER RACES ON! SUDDENLY, AS SILVER THUNDERS BY THE BUSHES HIDING THE SECRET MINE ENTRANCE, THE LONE RANGER TOPPLES FROM HIS SADDLE...



HE'S HIT!

QUICK! HE'S FALLEN OVER IN THOSE BUSHES!



**BUT AS THE POSSE RACES UP...**

**GONE!** I'D OF SWORE HE VANISHED LIKE A GHOST! THAT PROVES HE'S ONE OF THE GHOST GANG CRITTERS!



**THE LONE RANGER, THANKS TO HIS CLEVER FALL, WAS RACING UNHARMED THROUGH THE MINE PASSAGE...**

THEIR LEADER JUST CAME BACK! HE'S FUMIN! SAYS YOU RAN OFF WITH THUH DEED AN' HE'S GONNA KILL TONTO FER REVENGE!

I THOUGHT I'D GET HERE FIRST, BUT THE SHERIFF DELAYED ME! NOW WE'RE GOING IN TO GET TONTO! COME ON!



OKAY, INJUN, WE'LL BE SENDIN' YOUR MASKED PAL ALONG TUH JOIN YUH SOON IN THE HAPPY HUNTIN' GROUND WHERE YORE---

**DROP YOUR GUN!**

**BLAZES! THE MASKED HOMBRE!**



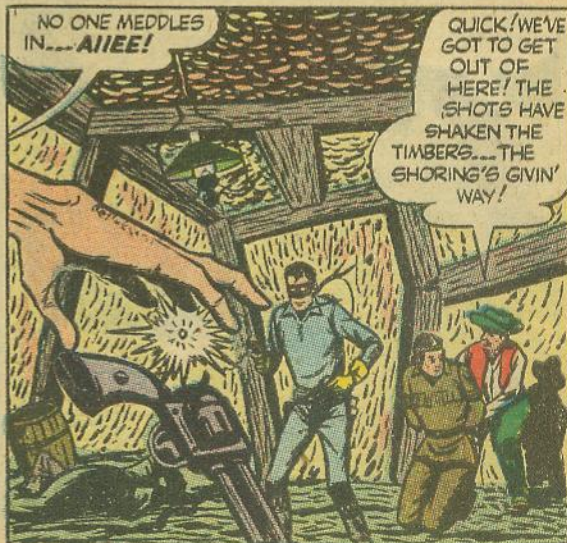
**CUT TONTO FREE!** I'LL HANDLE THE REST OF THEM!

**URGH!**



**NO ONE MIDDLES IN... AIIIEE!**

**QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! THE SHOTS HAVE SHAKEN THE TIMBERS... THE SHORING'S GVIN' WAY!**









QUICKLY, THE MINER CHECKS THE OTHER PASSAGENAYS.

CUT OFF! ONLY WAY OUT IS UP THAT THIRTY-FOOT SHAFT BUT THE SIDES WIDEN TOWARDS THE BOTTOM, SO WE CAN'T CLIMB OUT! NO LADDER 'ROUND AND NO ONE'LL HEAR US YELL!

WE HAVE THE GHOST GANG CAPTURED BUT WE'RE TRAPPED, TOO... UNLESS I CAN THROW UP THIS ROPE!



MAKING A RUNNING NOOSE, THE LONE RANGER WHIRLS THE LASSO AND THROWS IT SKYWARD...

THERE IT GOES!

AN' IF IT DON'T CATCH THAT POST UP THERE... HERE WE STAY!



THE ROPE SWEEPS UPWARD! THE NOOSE WIDENS AND FALLS...

MADE IT!



WE CLIMB UP!

THEN WE'LL SEE THE SHERIFF AND LET HIM COLLECT THE GHOST GANG IN THE SEALED-OFF SHAFT! THIS WILL BE THE FIRST TIME THE SHERIFF EVER MINED GHOSTS!



SOON AFTER, WHILE THE SHERIFF AND POSSE RIDE OFF FOR THE TRAPPED GANG, THE LONE RANGER MAKES A CALL AT MRS. KELLEN'S...

I SURE WANT TO THANK YOU FOR SAVING ME FROM SIGNING AWAY A FORTUNE! THAT GHOST GANG WAS CERTAINLY CLEVER USING THE OLD TOWN AS A HIDE-OUT AND TRYING TO SCARE US INTO SELLING WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS WORTHLESS LAND!

MIGHTY GLAD ONE HOMBRE WASN'T AFRAID OF CHASIN' GHOSTS! IF YUH EVER NEED MORE OF THEM SILVER BULLETS... LET ME KNOW!



HI-YO, SILVER AWAY!





# The LONE RANGER

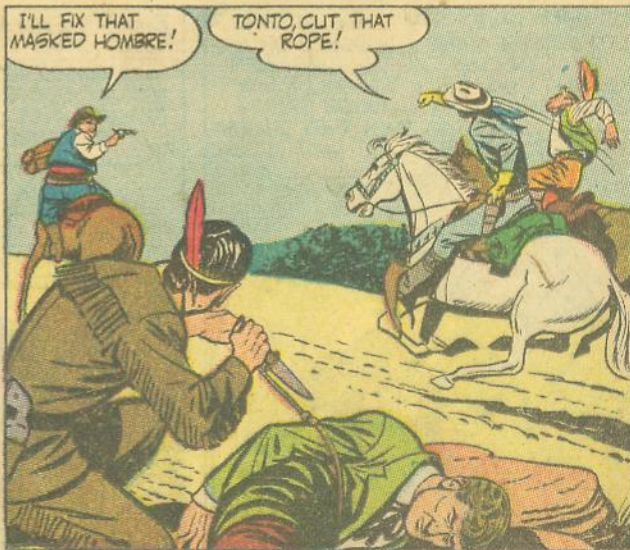
## HEADLINES IN LEAD

HELP!  
HELP!

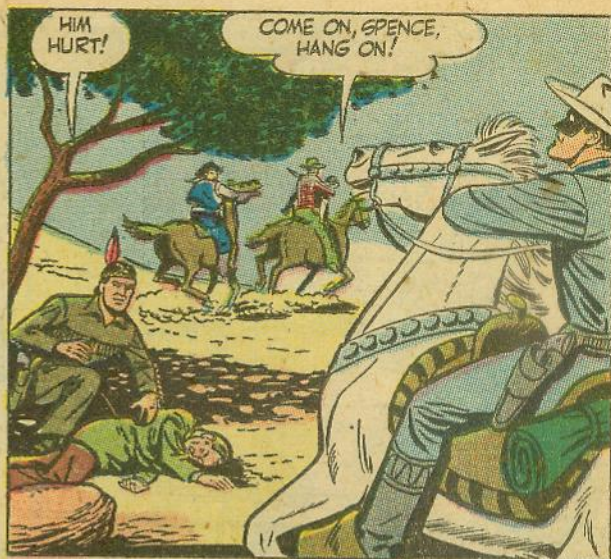
AS THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO PASS A SMALL RISE IN THE PRAIRIE-----

THE CALL CAME FROM OVER THAT RISE BEHIND US!  
LET'S GET THERE FAST, TONTO! COME ON, SILVER!

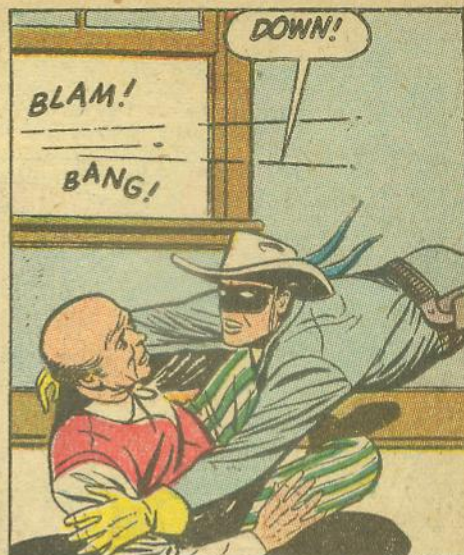
GET-UM UP, SCOUT!



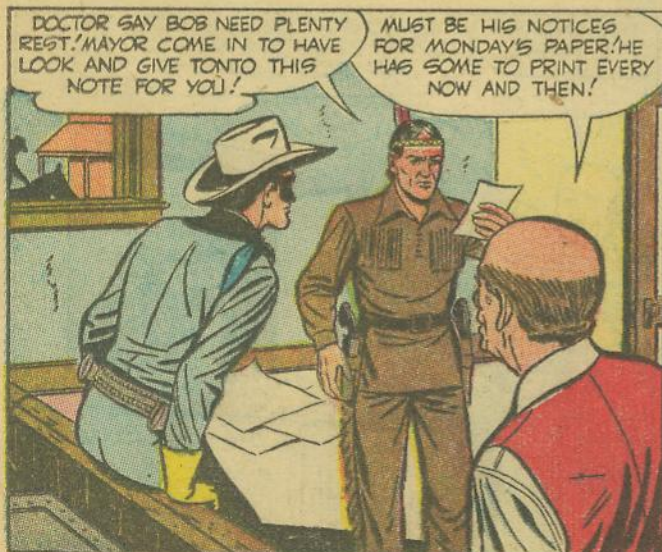
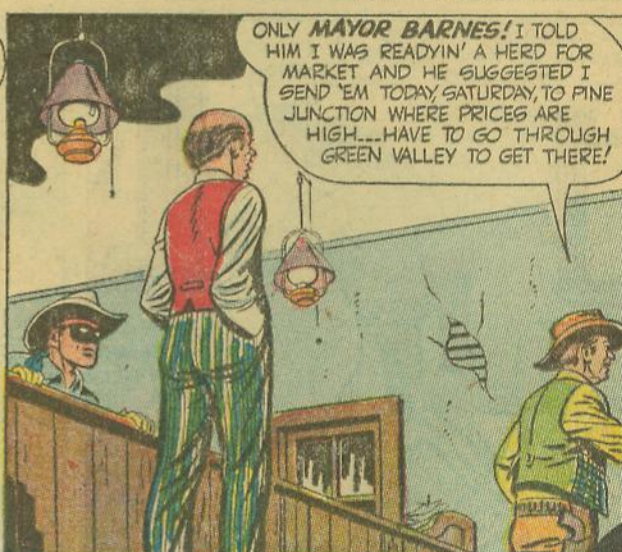
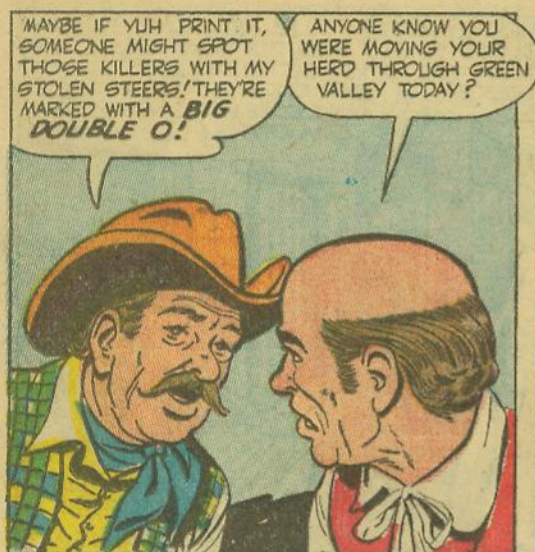
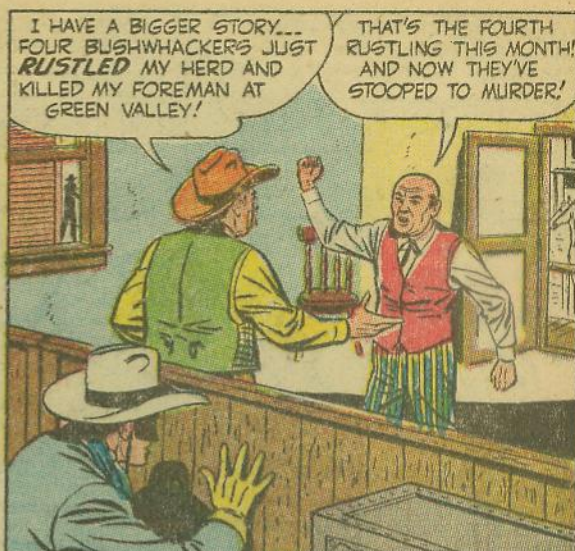




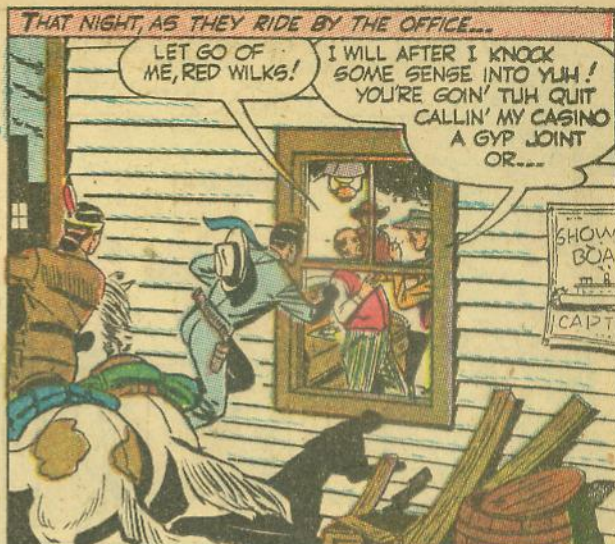




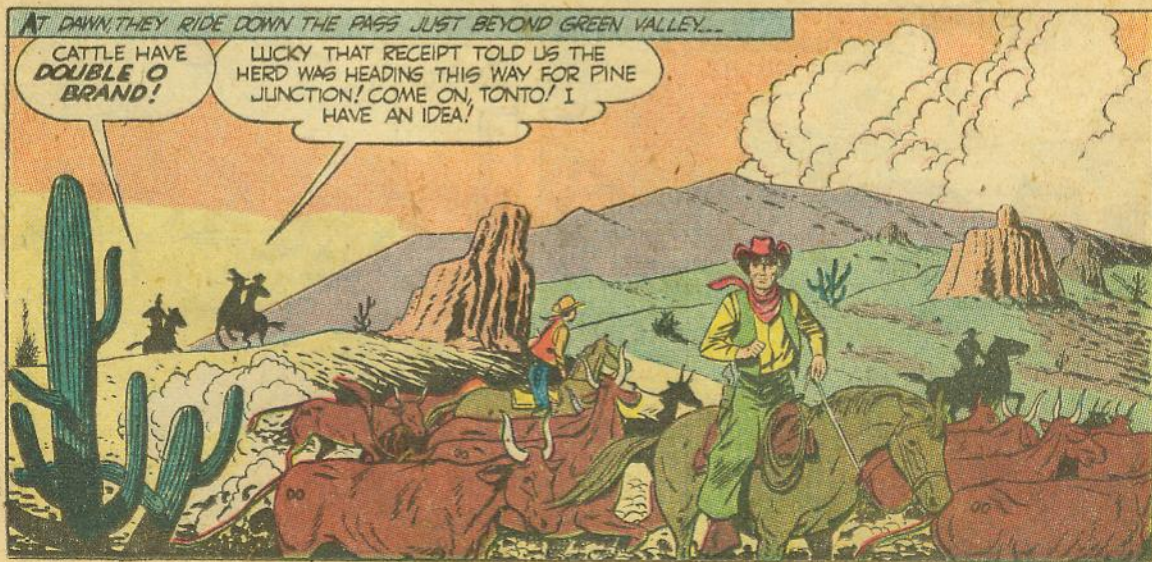
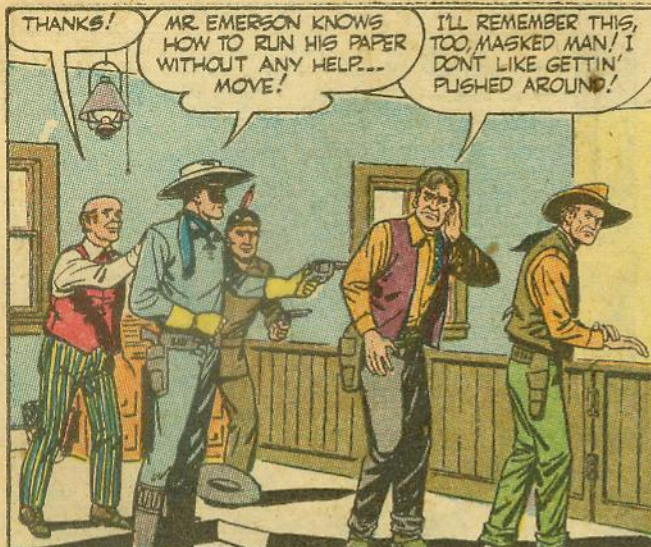




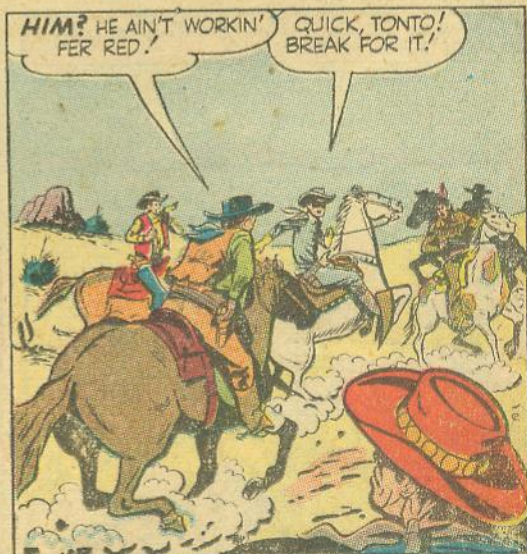
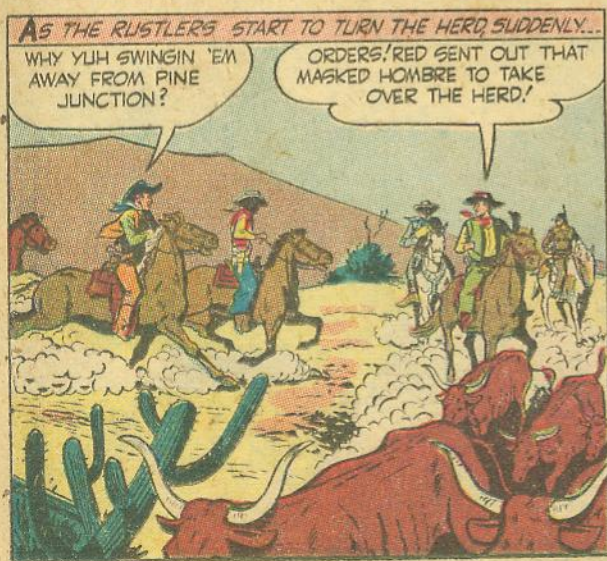
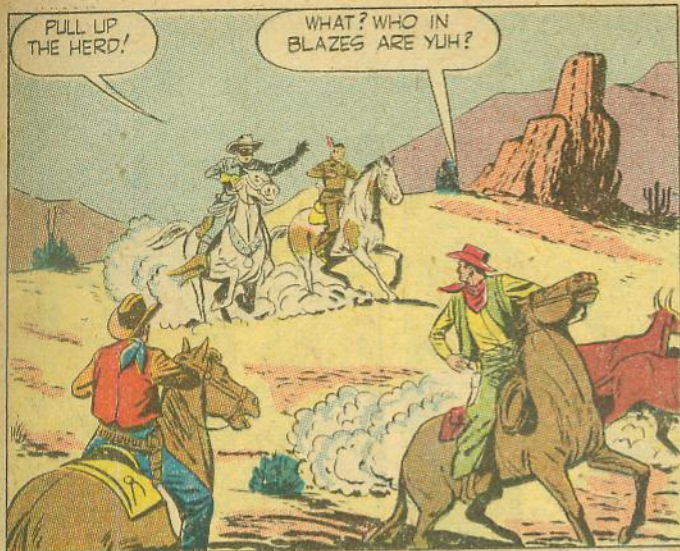




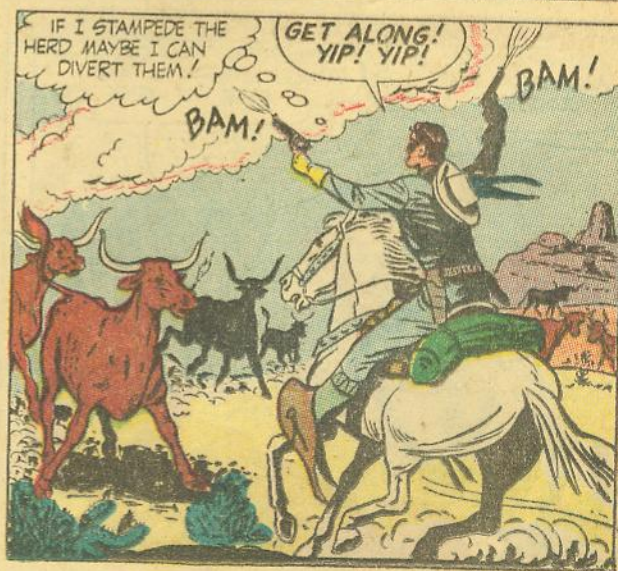
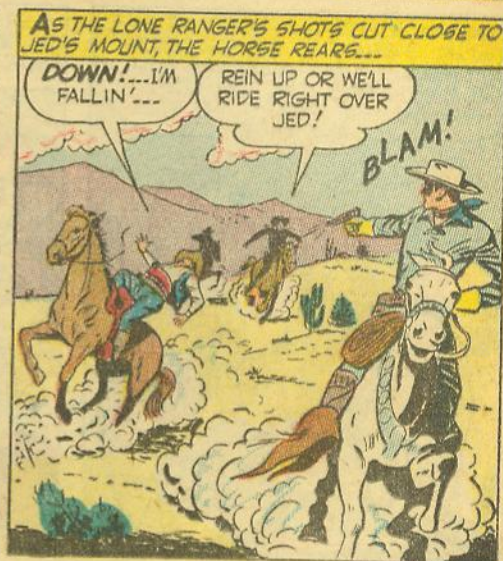














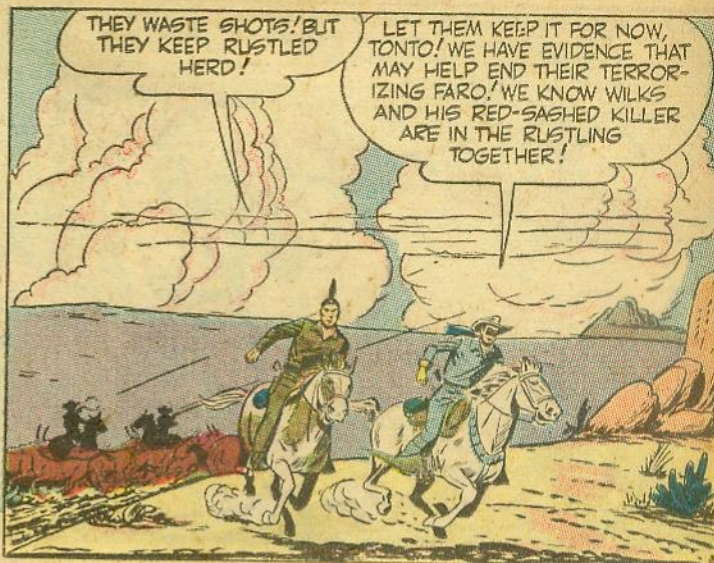






YOU COME IN TIME! MEN PLAN TO KILL ME!

LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!



THEY WASTE SHOTS! BUT THEY KEEP RUSTLED HERD!

LET THEM KEEP IT FOR NOW, TONTO! WE HAVE EVIDENCE THAT MAY HELP END THEIR TERRORIZING FARO! WE KNOW WILKS AND HIS RED-SASHED KILLER ARE IN THE RUSTLING TOGETHER!



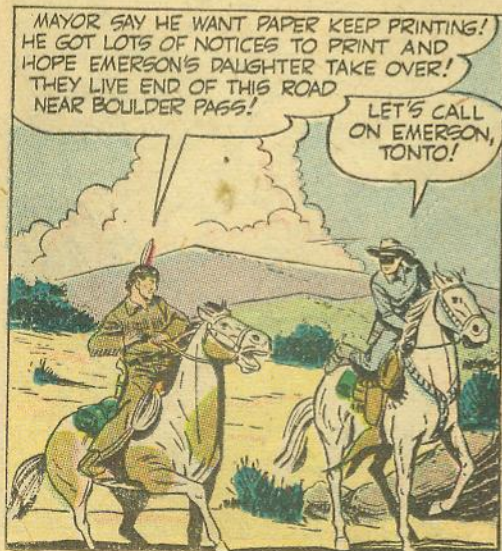
ONLY THE MAYOR KNEW WHERE THAT HERD WAS HEADING! IF HE ISN'T WORKING WITH RED, HOW DID THE GANG KNOW WHERE TO STRIKE? MAYBE THE EDITOR CAN HELP US!



SOON AFTER, THE LONE RANGER WAITS FOR TONTO TO RETURN WITH THE EDITOR, BUT HE RIDES BACK ALONE...

EMERSON NOT THERE! ME SEE-UM MAYOR BY OFFICE! HE PLENTY ANGRY! SAY EMERSON SHOT BAD AS HE STOOD BY WINDOW!

THIS TIME THE COWARDS SUCCEEDED!



MAYOR SAY HE WANT PAPER KEEP PRINTING! HE GOT LOTS OF NOTICES TO PRINT AND HOPE EMERSON'S DAUGHTER TAKE OVER! THEY LIVE END OF THIS ROAD NEAR BOULDER PASS!

LET'S CALL ON EMERSON, TONTO!

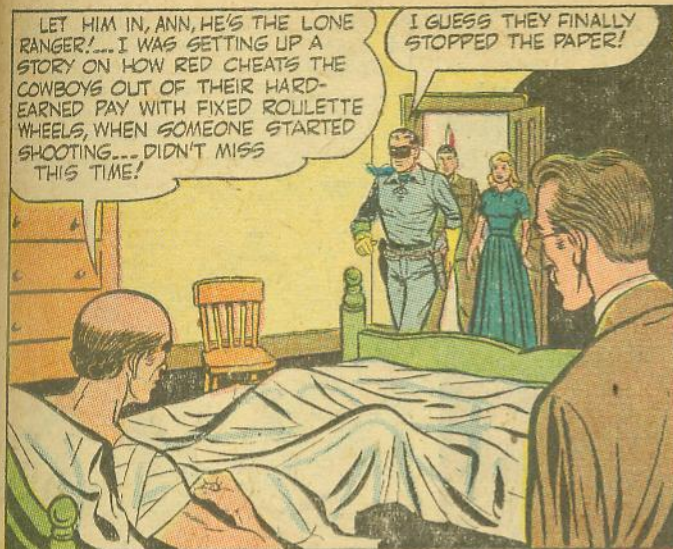


AT THE EMERSON HOME...

I'D LIKE TO SEE HOW MR. EMERSON IS?

OH! A MASKED MAN!





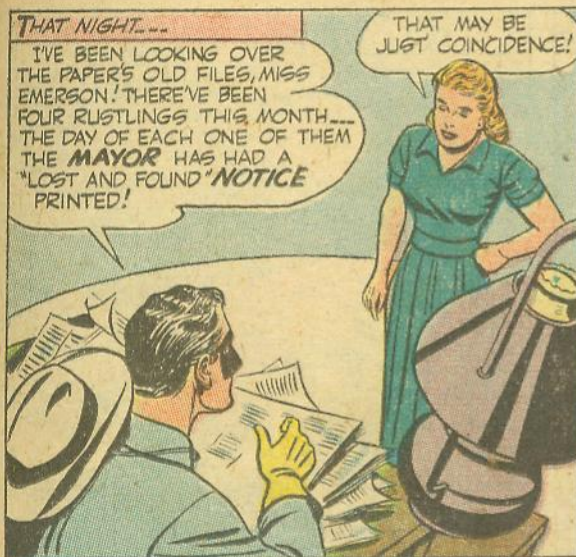
LET HIM IN, ANN, HE'S THE LONE RANGER!... I WAS SETTING UP A STORY ON HOW RED CHEATS THE COWBOYS OUT OF THEIR HARD-EARNED PAY WITH FIXED ROULETTE WHEELS, WHEN SOMEONE STARTED SHOOTING... DIDN'T MISS THIS TIME!

I GUESS THEY FINALLY STOPPED THE PAPER!



FATHER DOESN'T WANT TO STOP PRINTING THE PAPER! MR. FARNUM HERE, HAS AGREED TO WORK THE PRESSES AND I'LL TRY EDITING IT!

AND I'LL MAKE SURE IT COMES OUT ON SCHEDULE!



THAT NIGHT...

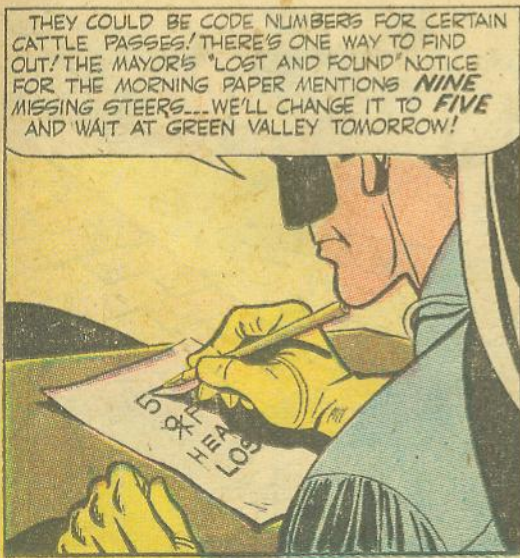
I'VE BEEN LOOKING OVER THE PAPER'S OLD FILES, MISS EMERSON! THERE'VE BEEN FOUR RUSTLINGS THIS MONTH... THE DAY OF EACH ONE OF THEM THE MAYOR HAS HAD A "LOST AND FOUND" NOTICE PRINTED!

THAT MAY BE JUST COINCIDENCE!

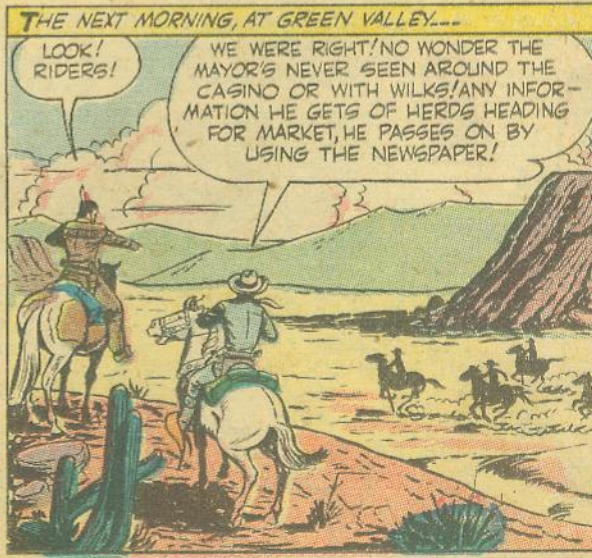


THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT AT FIRST! BUT YESTERDAY'S DOUBLE O HERD WAS RUSTLED AT GREEN VALLEY! YESTERDAY THE "LOST AND FOUND" NOTICE MENTIONED FIVE MISSING STEERS! LAST TIME FIVE STEERS WERE "MISSING" THERE WAS ANOTHER RUSTLING... AT GREEN VALLEY!

YOU THINK THE NUMBERS ARE A SECRET CODE?



THEY COULD BE CODE NUMBERS FOR CERTAIN CATTLE PASSES! THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! THE MAYOR'S "LOST AND FOUND" NOTICE FOR THE MORNING PAPER MENTIONS NINE MISSING STEERS... WE'LL CHANGE IT TO FIVE AND WAIT AT GREEN VALLEY TOMORROW!

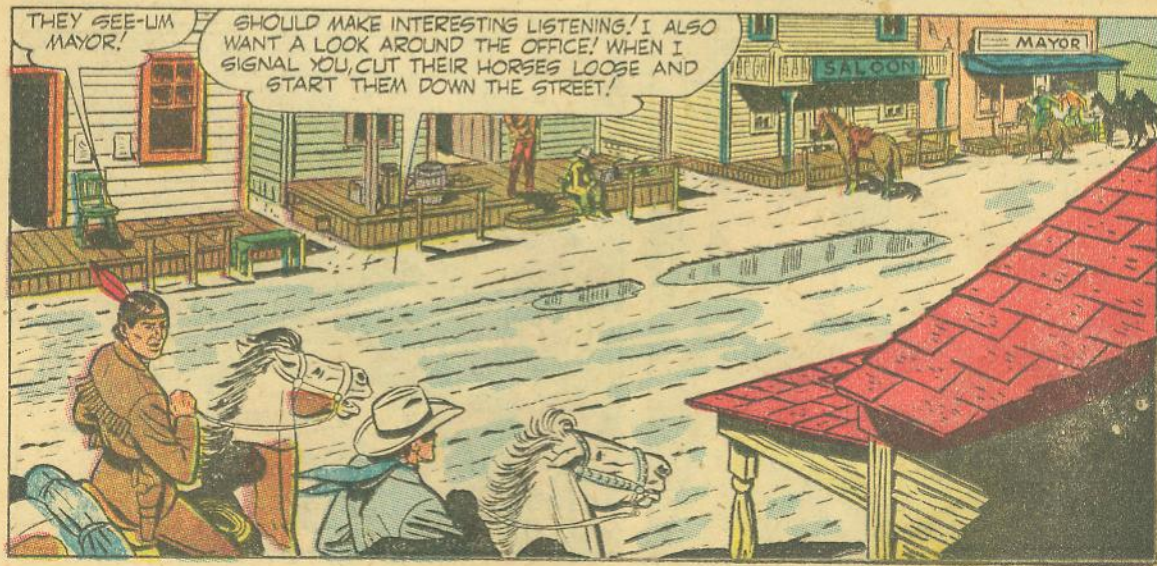
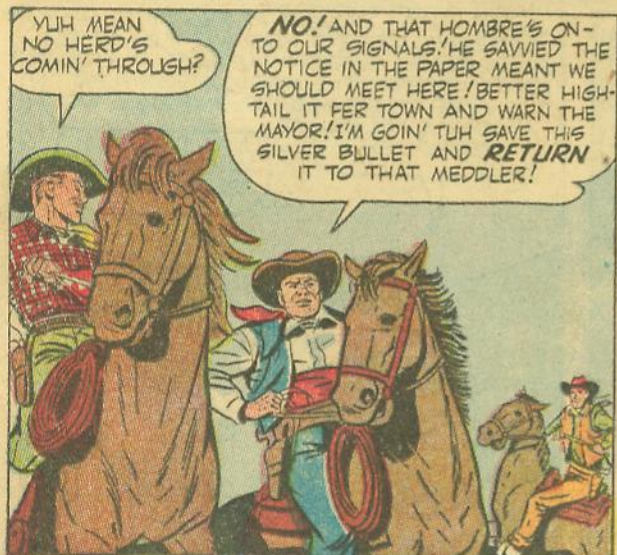


THE NEXT MORNING, AT GREEN VALLEY...

LOOK! RIDERS!

WE WERE RIGHT! NO WONDER THE MAYOR'S NEVER SEEN AROUND THE CASINO OR WITH WILKS! ANY INFORMATION HE GETS OF HERDS HEADING FOR MARKET, HE PASSES ON BY USING THE NEWSPAPER!

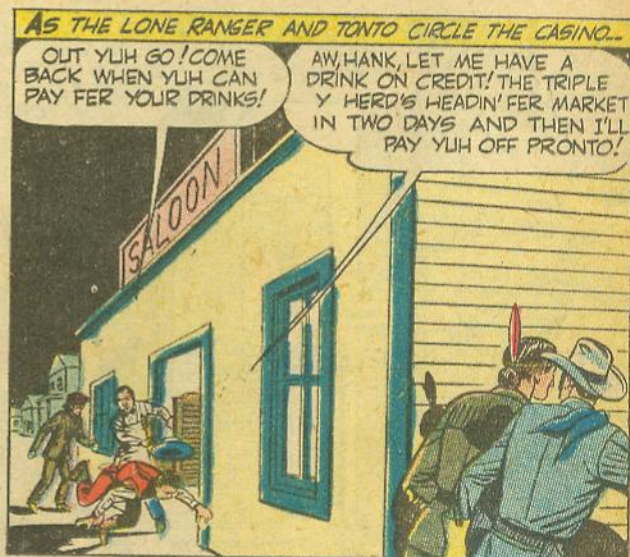
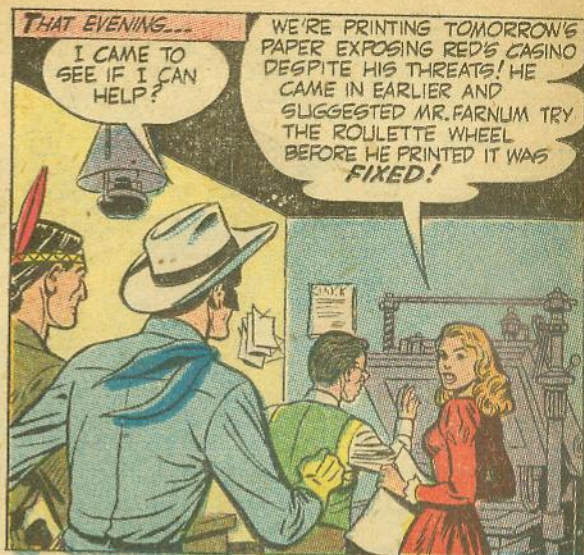




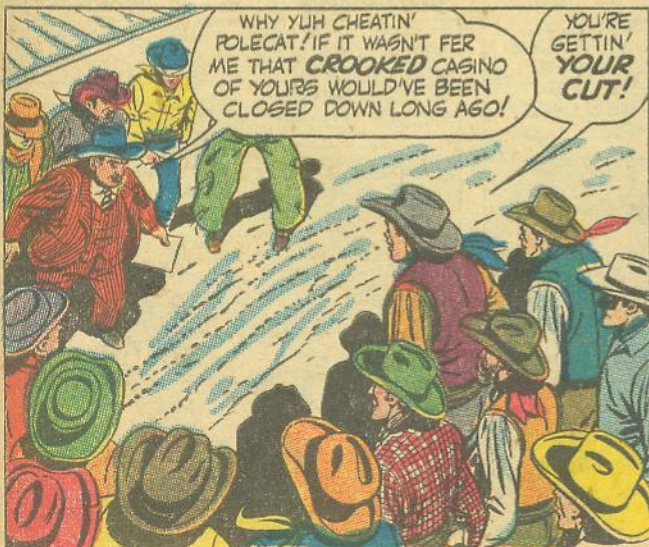
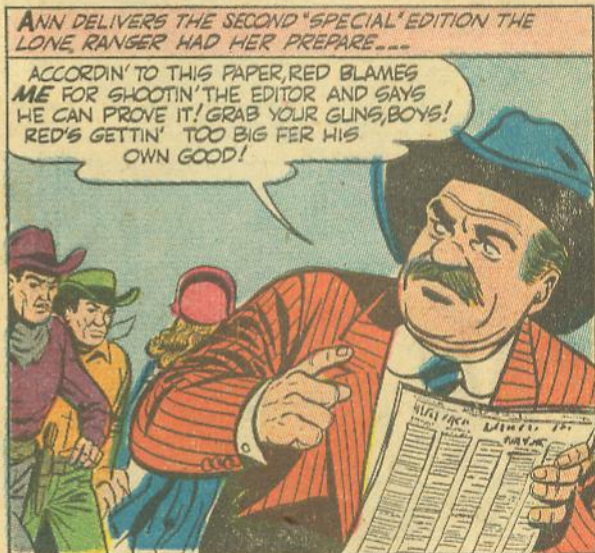
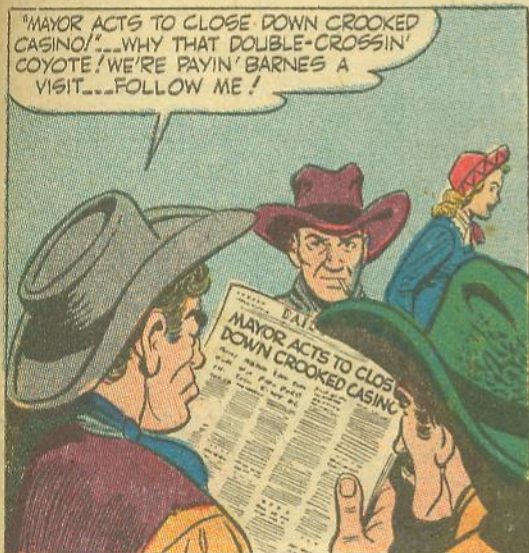




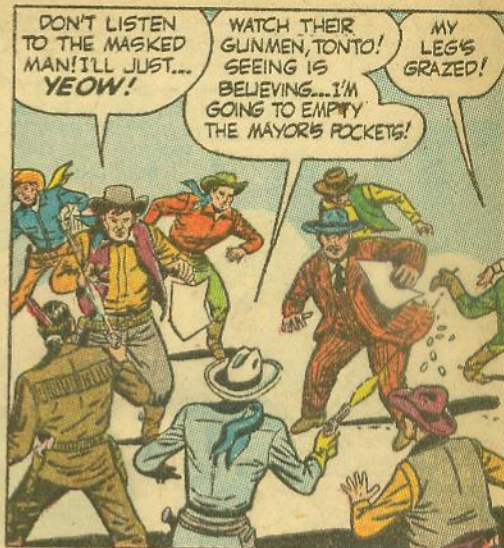




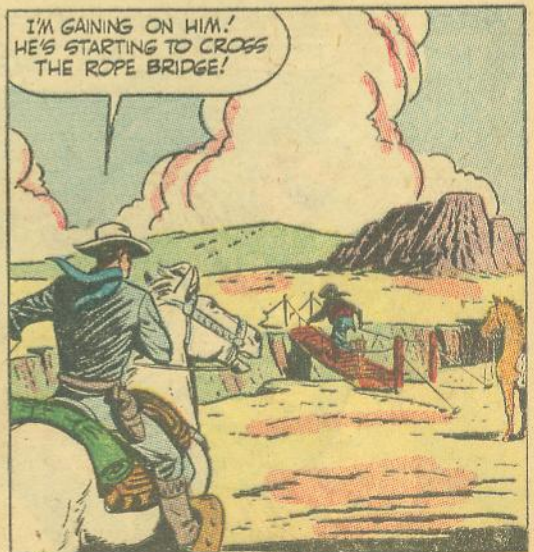
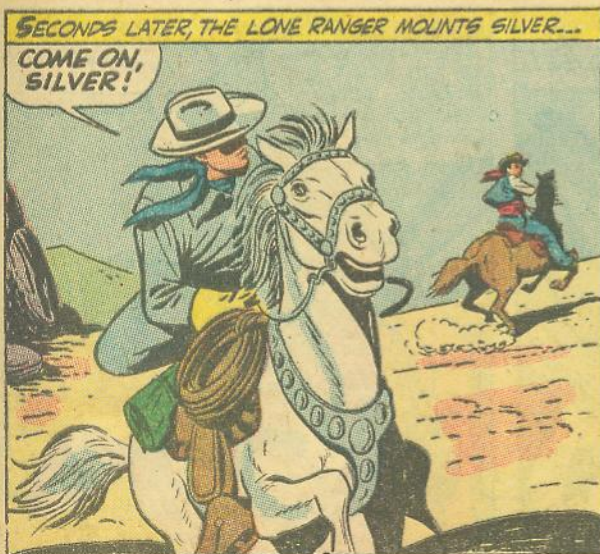
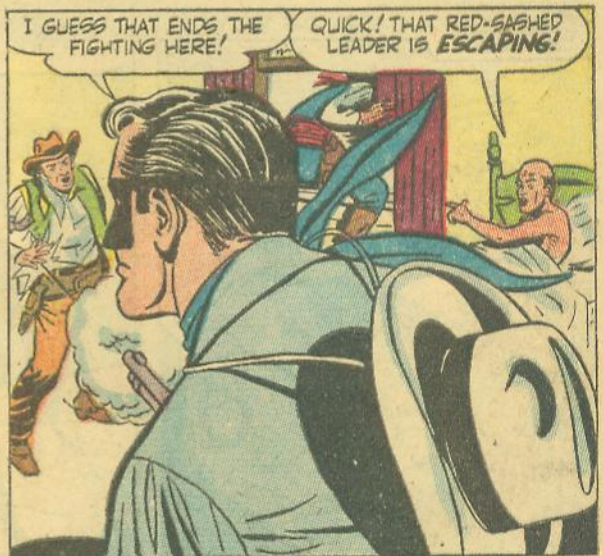
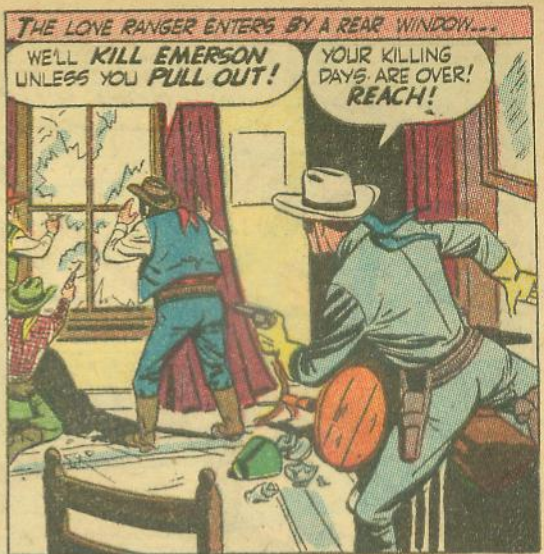
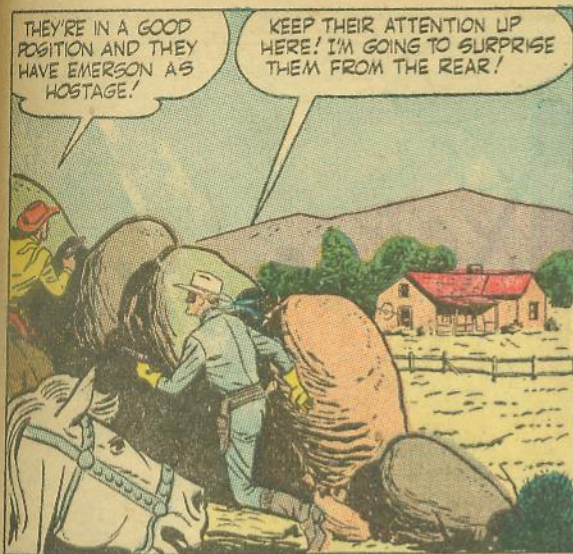






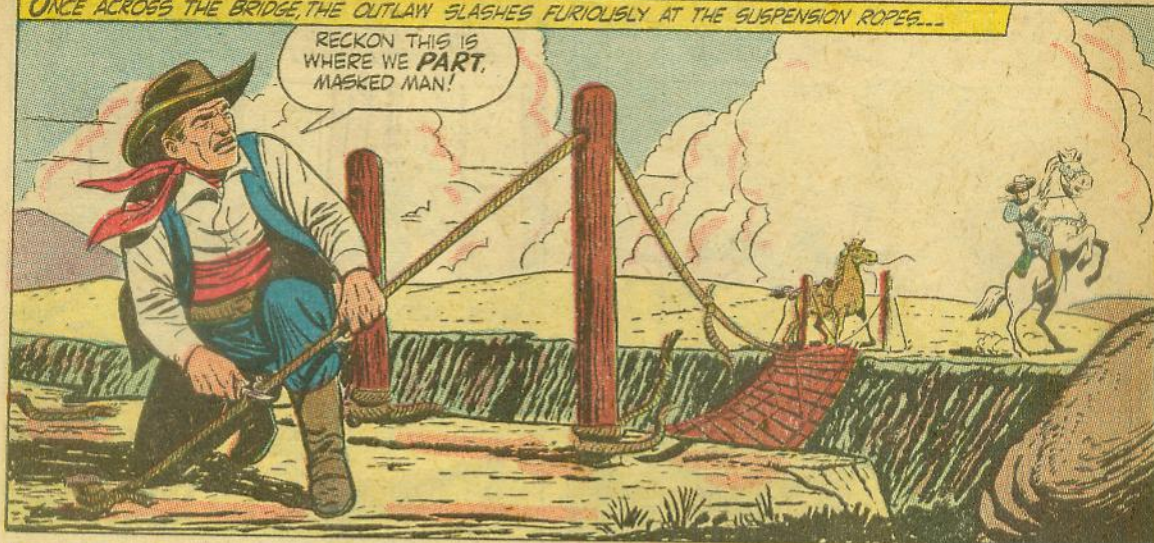








ONCE ACROSS THE BRIDGE, THE OUTLAW SLASHES FURIOUSLY AT THE SUSPENSION ROPES...



SILVER LEAPS ACROSS THE GAPING CREVICE...

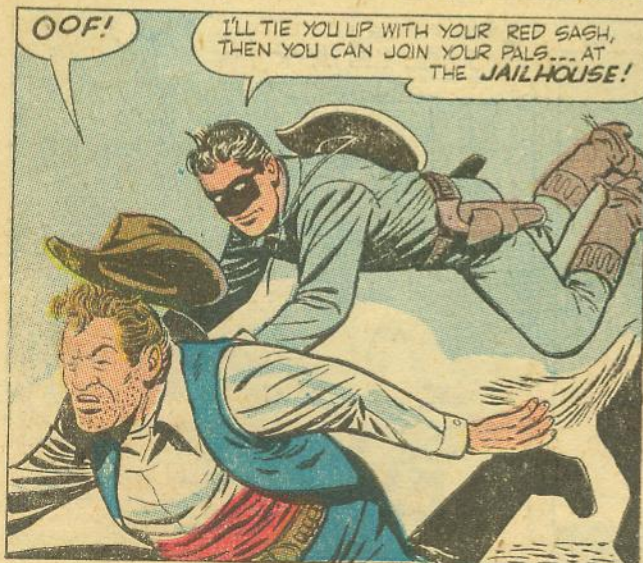


YOU SAID GOOD-BYE A BIT TOO SOON!



OOF!

I'LL TIE YOU UP WITH YOUR RED SASH, THEN YOU CAN JOIN YOUR PALS... AT THE JAILHOUSE!



LATER...

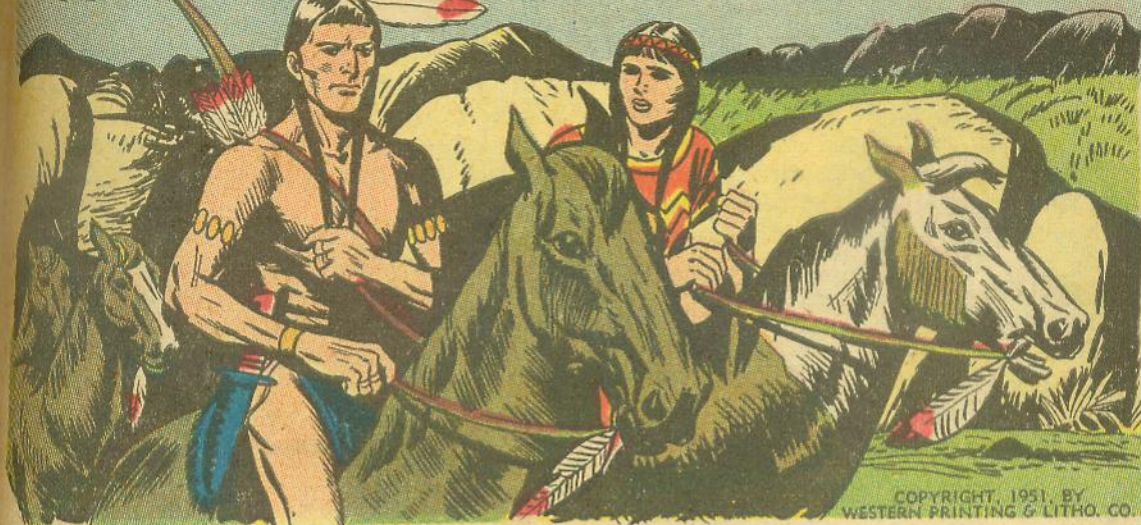
AREN'T YOU GOING TO WAIT FOR THE EXTRA... "LONE RANGER ENDS CRIME IN FARO"?

NO, MISS EMERSON! HI-YO, SILVER, AWAY-Y-Y!





# Wolf Brother's Partner



COPYRIGHT, 1951, BY  
WESTERN PRINTING & LITHO. CO.

Wolf Brother's side was still painful, under the snug bandage of buckskin that Prairie Rose had made for the healing wound. The jogging of his pony hurt—but Wolf Brother did not care, for his heart beat high with happiness. Out of the corner of his eye, he glanced at his promised bride.

Prairie Rose, daughter of an Arikara chief, rode her pinto with the ease of a warrior. She was keeping the three other captured Hidatsa ponies in line. She had finished mourning for her father, and other relatives, lately slain by Sioux raiders. She had no one now, but Wolf Brother—the Pawnee youth who had rescued her from the Hidatsas. Yet she was content. It was she who had insisted that they continue hunting until they had located the great buffalo herd. Then they would return to Wolf Brother's people.

"We shall find them tomorrow, I think," the girl's voice spoke, just behind him. "I have a feeling, too, that danger lies in our path."

"We will turn toward the setting sun, then," Wolf Brother replied. "Sometimes the Great Herd swings westward to fool the hunters."

They stopped near sunset beside a little, willow-bordered creek. The five ponies were allowed to drink. Then they were "hobbled," with anklets of tough rawhide joined by a short, braided

thong. Wolf Brother shot a rabbit—and Prairie Rose broiled it for their supper, over a tiny fire of dry wood that did not smoke. Smoke might betray their little camp to enemy eyes. As darkness fell, the two rolled up in their buffalo robes, with their weapons. They slept the light sleep of all wild things who are alive because they are ever alert.

Sometime before midnight, a pony's snort awakened Wolf Brother. Reaching out, silently, he touched the buffalo robe of Prairie Rose. She stirred—and he knew that she had heard it, too. As noiseless as a shadow, he strung his bow, and slung his quiver.

"Wait here!" he told the girl—and glided into the darkness.

Again he heard the snort of his Pawnee pony, and the nervous stepping of its free hind feet. He rounded a clump of willows, crouching low, to bring objects into relief against the lesser darkness of the sky. That showed them—a human figure bending in front of the horse—to cut the hobbles!

Wolf Brother's bowstring twanged. A yell of pain answered. The horse plunged. The smaller figure vanished. Then a flurry of hoofbeats and a defiant whoop told of the thief's escape.

All the horses but one had gone! Worse, their camp had been spotted. With daylight, Sioux, Cheyenne, or



Hidatsa raiders might be on their trail.

Wolf Brother and Prairie Rose mounted their single horse, picked out a star for direction, and started.

"Half a day's travel from here," Wolf Brother told the girl, "rises a small, rocky butte. It will hide us, and provide a high lookout for both buffaloes and enemies. Sometimes one can find rainwater caught in deep hollows in the rock itself. We should sight it by dawn."

The dawn came—first with a pale, tender light—then with a golden flood. It showed the rocky butte three miles away. It also showed to Wolf Brother's searching gaze a score of raiders, still tiny in the distance, on their back trail!

Wolf Brother thrust the pony's rein into his partner's hand, and leaped to the ground. It hurt his side, but he gave no sign of pain.

"Our horse is tired," he said. "If I run part way, he may live to reach the butte. . . . If he dies, we die too!"

Prairie Rose did not reply. But a mile farther, when pain slowed her warrior's pace, she jumped down—and motioned Wolf Brother onto the horse. Their pursuers were closer now.

For the last mile they both rode. Their pony died, pierced with Sioux arrows, fifty yards from the rock. But Wolf Brother and his partner reached protection, unhit. They climbed, a few yards at a time, pausing to shoot at

their baffled, howling foes. The girl's bow twanged as often, and with as deadly effect as did the boy's. At last the Sioux drew off, out of range.

"They will surround us," Wolf Brother stated calmly. "To leave us alive now would blacken their faces. Sooner or later their arrows will reach us. I could wish better things for you, Prairie Rose!"

Bravely her eyes met his.

"I could wish for only one thing better than to die with you, Wolf Brother," she said, "and that would be to live with you, always! I have asked the Great Spirit—"

Sioux war whoops drowned out her words. Sioux arrows clattered among the rocks where they stood. Then—abruptly—all was silent. All but a faint, far-off rumbling!

Quickly Wolf Brother stooped, laid his ear to the rock.

"Stampede!" he exclaimed, leaping up. "The Great Herd comes—like the rush of flood water down a canyon! It will flow around this rock—it will sweep over our enemies if they wait too long. . . ."

But the Sioux war party had not waited. They were out of sight before the first brown waves of the Great Herd washed the base of the butte. And on its highest point two tiny figures, like statues of bronze, lifted grateful arms to heaven—Wolf Brother and his partner, Prairie Rose!





# YOUNG HAWK

O-O-OH! YOUNG HAWK!  
HIGH CLOUD! OUR CANOE  
IS DRIFTING AWAY! THE  
RIVER HAS RISEN!



ON THE FOURTH MORNING AFTER LEAVING NATCHEZ,  
LITTLE BUCK AWAKES TO A STARTLING SIGHT...

COPYRIGHT, 1951, BY  
WESTERN PRINTING & LITHO. CO.

LAST NIGHT WE LEFT THE  
CANOE HIGH AND DRY ON  
THE SHORE!

AND YOU WONDERED WHY  
I WANTED TO TIE A LONG  
ROPE TO IT! YOU SEE,  
NOW!

BUT THERE  
WASN'T  
ANY RAIN!



NO RAIN HERE. BUT FAR UP  
THE RIVER THE CLOUDS  
POURED IT DOWN FOR MANY  
DAYS! SPRING AND FALL I HAVE  
SEEN IT HAPPEN FOR THREE  
SCORE YEARS!



NOW WE WILL PULL IN THAT  
OTHER LINE THAT I SET OUT  
LAST NIGHT--- AND BRING  
IN OUR BREAKFAST.

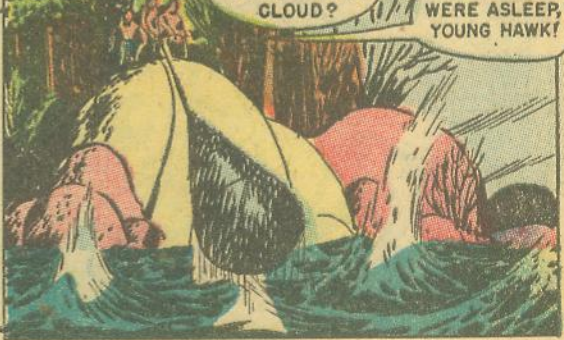
BREAKFAST?  
WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN, HIGH CLOUD?



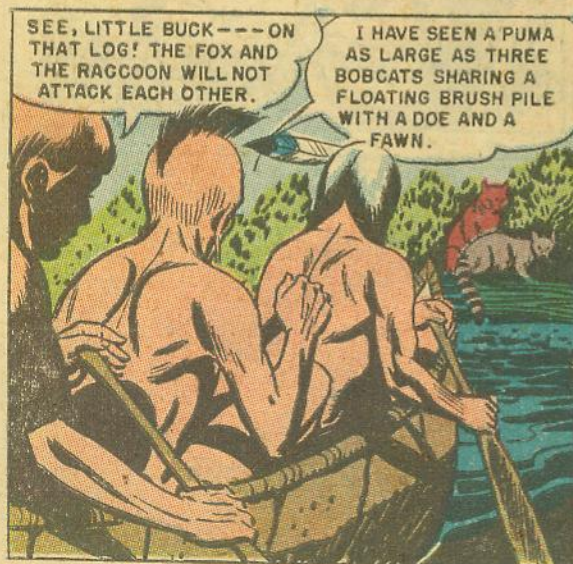
FISH! IT'S FULL  
OF FISH!

WHEN DID YOU SET  
THIS OUT, GRAND-  
FATHER HIGH  
CLOUD?

AFTER  
YOU AND  
LITTLE BUCK  
WERE ASLEEP,  
YOUNG HAWK!



















DAZED BY A BLOW ON THE HEAD, LITTLE BUCK HAS SWALLOWED WATER...







I'D HAVE DROWNED, BUT FOR YOU, YOUNG HAWK! WHAT MADE THE RIVER-BANK FALL INTO THE WATER?

THE FLOOD MUST HAVE EATEN A WAY UNDER IT! THAT'S WHAT HIGH CLOUD WAS AFRAID OF, WHEN HE MADE US PULL THE CANOE AWAY BACK ON LAND.



I WONDER---IF WE'LL EVER SEE HIGH CLOUD AGAIN? WE MUST BE VERY FAR DOWN THE RIVER NOW. IT'S GETTING DAYLIGHT!



SEE! WE HAVE COMPANY, LITTLE BUCK!

A BABY RABBIT! I HOPE THERE ISN'T A WILDCAT IN THE BRANCHES BEHIND US!



HSSSSSSS!

BUT SOMETHING WORSE THAN A WILDCAT POKES ITS WICKED HEAD OUT OF THE TREE ROOTS --- A COTTONMOUTH MOCCASIN...



EEEEK!

IN ITS EAGERNESS, THE MOCCASIN STRIKES SHORT... AND THE SPELL OF ITS EVIL EYES IS BROKEN...



THE SNAKE'S COMING AFTER HIM! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, YOUNG HAWK!

TAKE YOUR SHARP KNIFE OF RINGING STONE, AND CUT ME A BRANCH--- QUICKLY!













SEE! THE TREES ARE  
LIKE OLD WOMEN ---  
WITH LONG, GRAY  
HAIR!

ANOTHER WEEK BRINGS THE TRAVELERS DEEP  
INTO THE BAYOU COUNTRY... WHERE "SPANISH MOSS"  
HANGS FROM OVERARCHING TREES...



WE WILL GO ASHORE  
AND MAKE CAMP ---  
AND HUNT FOR  
FRESH MEAT.

GOOD! I'M TIRED  
OF FISH!



WE DON'T NEED TO PULL  
THE CANOE FAR UP ON  
THE BANK HERE?

NO! IN THE BAYOU IT  
IS SAFE --- UNLESS  
A CAYMAN OVERTURNS  
IT!



WHAT IS A  
"CAYMAN,"  
GRANDFATHER?

IT LOOKS LIKE A LOG IN WATER --  
BUT IT CAN BITE A MAN IN TWO!  
BE CAREFUL OF LOGS ---  
ON LAND OR AFLOAT!



TUMBLEWEED'S TREED  
SOMETHING! IT LOOKS  
LIKE A GIANT RAT!

YI-YIPYIP!  
YAK-YARK!



IT MAY BE GOOD TO EAT ---  
I'LL SHOOT IT ANYWAY!

TWANG!

WHILE HIGH CLOUD MAKES CAMP, THE BOYS  
SEPARATE TO HUNT... LITTLE BUCK  
FOLLOWING HIS PUP...





## SUBSCRIBE NOW—MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Please print your name clearly in lead pencil.

**READER:** Please use this side for **YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION**

**DELL PUBLISHING CO.** Dept. 8LR  
261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Send me **FREE** set of 5 **PICTURES** and Membership Certificate of **DELL COMICS CLUB**. Also enter my subscription to **THE LONE RANGER**.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

St. and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**CHECK ONE**

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

- ☐ 1 year for \$1.00  
☐ 2 years for 1.85  
☐ 3 years for 2.70

Canadian subscriptions ☐ \$1.20 for 1 year

Foreign Countries ☐ \$2.00 for 1 year

I am enclosing remittance for \$.....in full payment for my subscription.

**DONOR:** If you wish to send gift subscriptions, in addition to those provided on opposite side of form, please list on plain paper giving name, address, and age of recipient.

**DONOR:** Please use this side for **GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS**

**DELL PUBLISHING CO.** Dept. 8LR  
261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Send me **FREE** set of 5 **PICTURES** and Membership Certificate of **DELL COMICS CLUB**. Also enter my subscription to **THE LONE RANGER**.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

St. and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ 1 year \$1.00 ☐ 2 years \$1.85 ☐ 3 years \$2.70

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

St. and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ 1 year \$1.00 ☐ 2 years \$1.85 ☐ 3 years \$2.70

I am enclosing remittance for \$.....in full payment.

**ENCLOSE GIFT CARD TO READ FROM:**

Donor's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Relationship \_\_\_\_\_

**DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**



# FREE

## 5 BEAUTIFUL, BIG FULL COLOR PICTURES



## THE Lone Ranger...

• The thunder of galloping hoofs, a flash of white and the cry of "Hi Yo, Silver, away!" The LONE RANGER rides again! You will be held spellbound as he battles bandits, horse thieves, bank robbers, and murderers in his fight for justice. And his new adventures will be more thrilling, more hair-raising, more dangerous than ever. Tonto will be on hand too, to help his masked friend. And every month, Young Hawk brings you new stories about his people. 12 Big Issues—Over 600 Pages—\$1.00! . . . And with your subscription to the LONE RANGER, you will receive FREE these 5 wonderful new action pictures. Every photo is beautifully colored. Pictures are entirely different from any you have ever seen before. Ideal for framing and perfect for your scrapbook. Better subscribe to the LONE RANGER today!

Better hurry, folks. Subscribe today so you'll be sure of receiving all your FREE gifts!

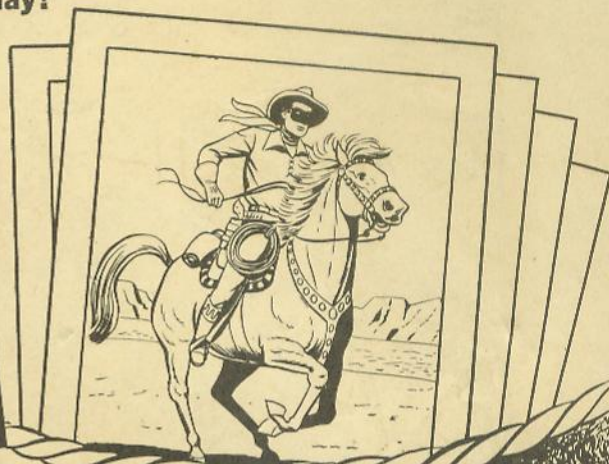


- Over 600 pages of adventure.
- LONE RANGER — SILVER — TONTO.
- Stories of Young Hawk.
- Only \$1.00 a year.
- 5 Sensational New Pictures.
- DELL Membership Certificate.
- Special Membership Card.

## NOW READY!

A Brand-New Series of Thrilling Action Shots of THE LONE RANGER and Silver.

Presented as a Gift to Every Reader of This Magazine with a Year's Subscription. Send for Your Set of These Wonderful Pictures Today!



## Also FREE MEMBERSHIP!

Join the DELL COMICS CLUB, and receive this grand certificate. It's FREE, and it is your ticket to the greatest comics show on earth. Comes in bright colors with pictures and signatures of all the DELL gang. Also exclusive membership card. Detach it and slip it right into your wallet.



# DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS...





"Wapiti" is a Shawnee Indian name for a large, elk-like animal which inhabited most of the northern United States. Hunters

paid little attention to deer and antelope when a large wapiti was around.

*Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.*