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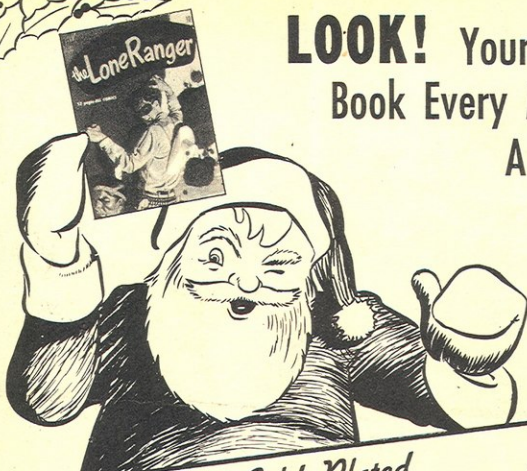
DECEMBER

the Lone Ranger



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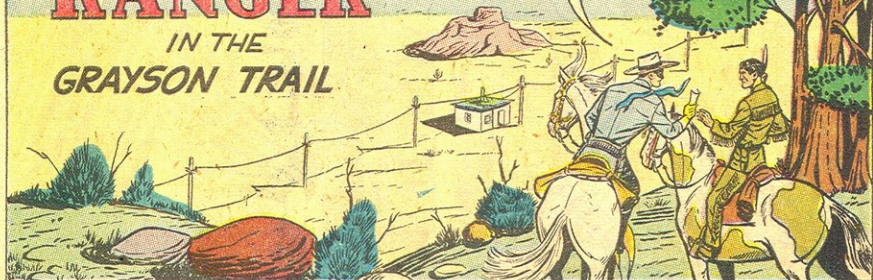
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The LONE RANGER

IN THE GRAYSON TRAIL

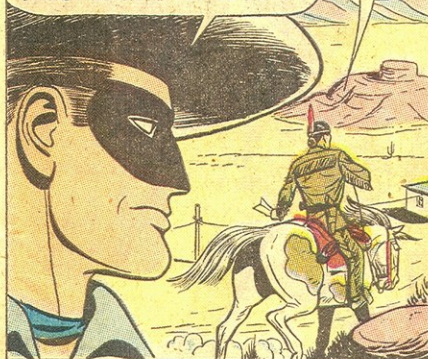
TONTO, MARSHAL WILD BILL HOLLY IS IN SANTA FE CHASING THE SCAR GRAYSON GANG, BUT THEY'VE DOUBLED BACK AND ARE NEAR BATESVILLE! TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR, HE'LL WIRE IT TO WILD BILL!

UGH! TONTO TAKE-UM!



WE'D ONLY LOSE TIME IF I WENT IN WITH MY MASK AND TIME IS VITAL! THE GRAYSON TERRORISTS MUST BE STOPPED!

GET-UM UP, SCOUT!



ME HAVE-UM MESSAGE TO SEND! HERE!

I'LL GET IT RIGHT OFF!

OPERATOR, I'VE GOT NEWS THAT'S GOT TO GET TO BATESVILLE PRONTO!



TONTO HERE FIRST!

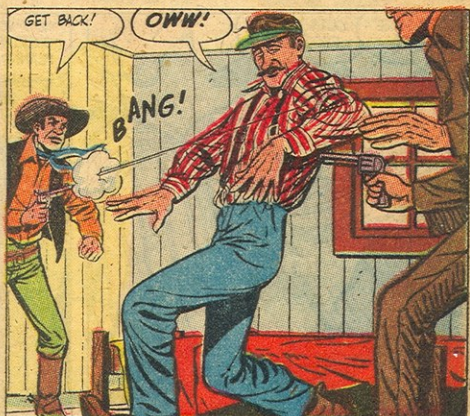
OUTA MY WAY, REDSKIN!

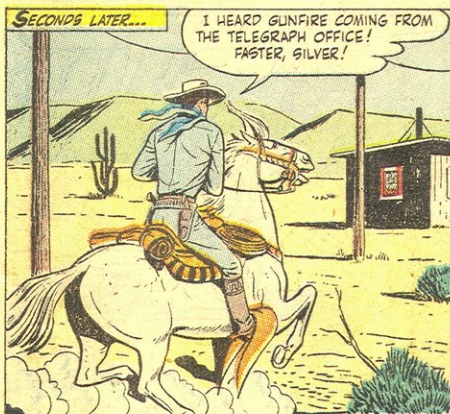
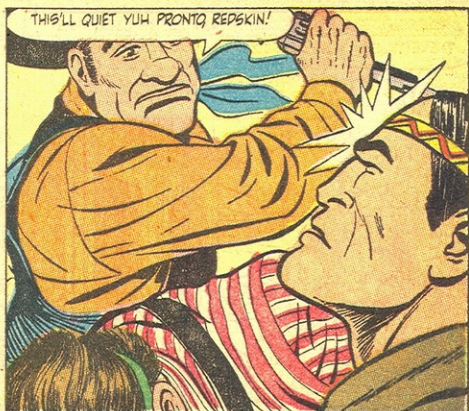


L.R. 42-512

NOW YOU'RE ACTIN' SMART! MISTER, I WANT TO ALERT SHERIFF COLLIER IN BATESVILLE! THE GRAYSON GANG IS PLANNIN' TO ESCAPE ACROSS THE BORDER BY LAST CHANCE HILLS!



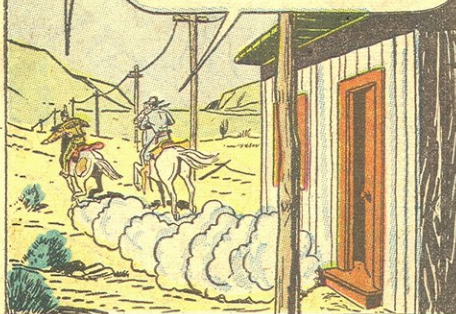




DRESSING THE OPERATOR'S HOUND, THEY MOUNT QUICKLY...

THERE TRAIL!

WE'LL FOLLOW HIM, TONTO! THAT MESSAGE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SENT BY ONE OF GRAYSON'S MEN TO GET THE SHERIFF AND ALL ABLE-BODIED MEN AWAY FROM TOWN!



THAT HIM!

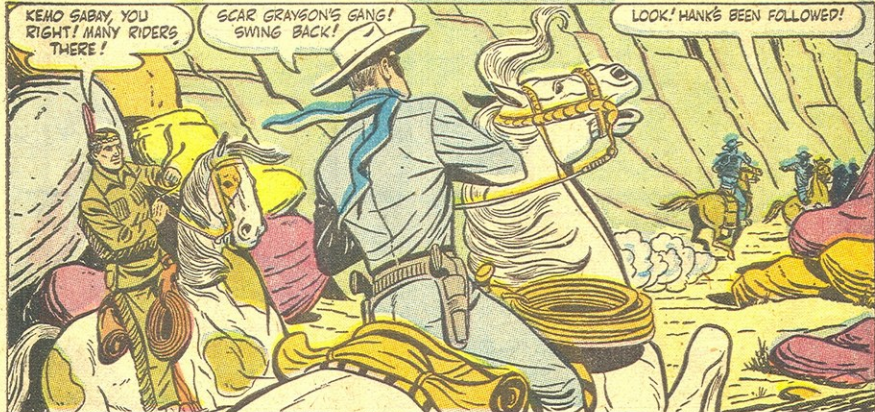
IF I'M RIGHT, HE SHOULD BE JOINING THE REST OF THE GANG! THEN THEY CAN STRIKE AT BATESVILLE KNOWING IT'S UNDEFENDED!



KEHO SABAY, YOU RIGHT! MANY RIDERS THERE!

SCAR GRAYSON'S GANG! SWING BACK!

LOOK! HANK'S BEEN FOLLOWED!



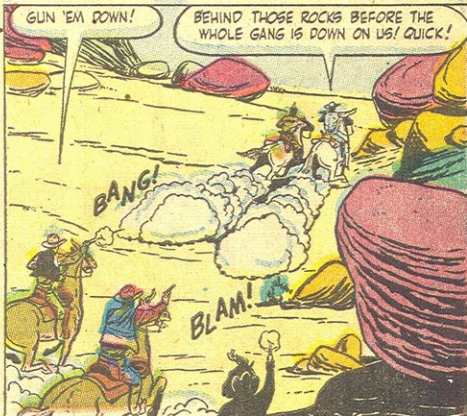
HALT! STOP OR WE'LL STOP YUH DEAD IN YOUR TRACKS!

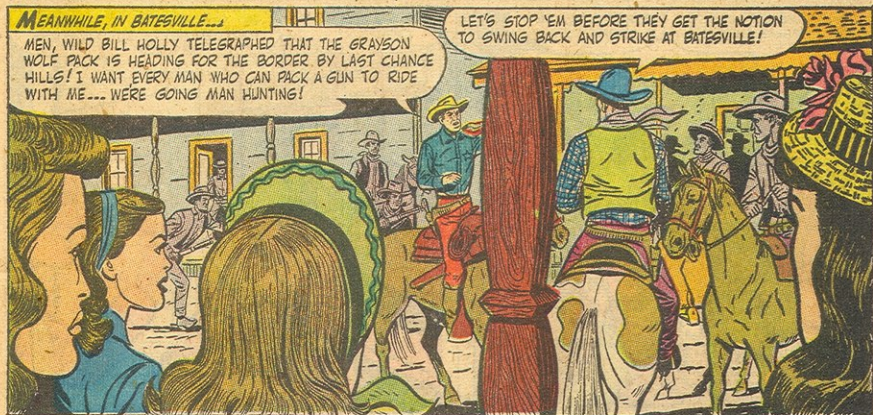
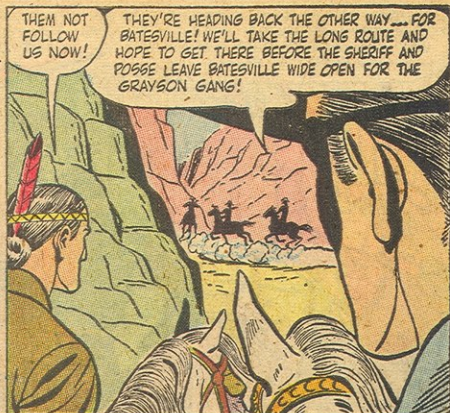
RIDE, TONTO! RIDE!

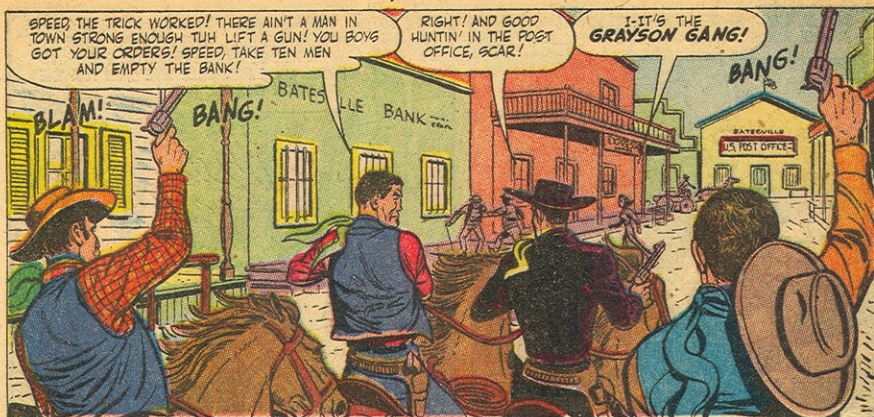


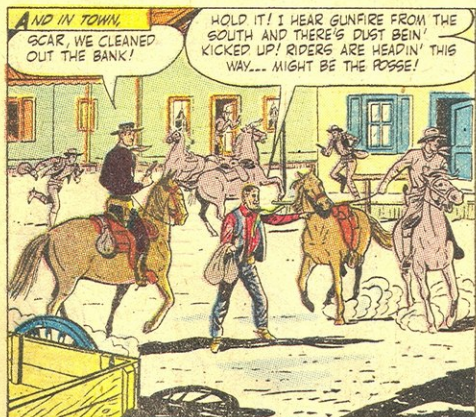
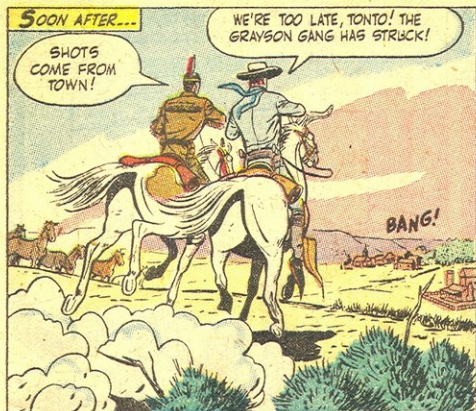
GUN 'EM DOWN!

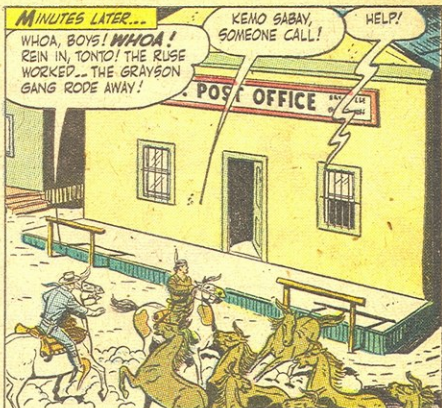
BEHIND THOSE ROCKS BEFORE THE WHOLE GANG IS DOWN ON US! QUICK!











SOON AFTER...

OUTLAWS! TRAIL CROSS
HARD GROUND NOW! TONTO
NO SEE-LIM TRACKS!

WE'LL SPLIT UP, TONTO!
YOU RIDE TOWARDS
THUNDER MOUNTAIN, I'LL
HEAD EAST!



IF YOU FIND THEIR TRAIL, SEND
UP SMOKE SIGNALS!

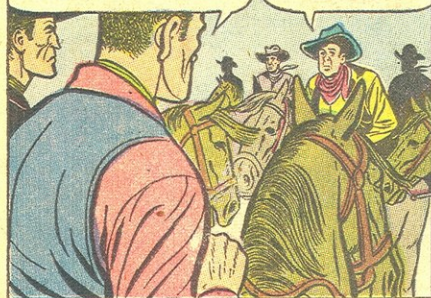
HE SAVVV!



A FEW MILES FURTHER ON, SCAR GRAYSON SIGNALS A HALT...

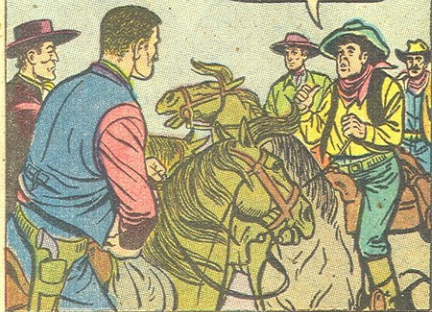
HERE'S WHERE WE PART COMPANY
BEFORE THE SHERIFF GETS ON OUR
TRAIL! WE'LL PAIR OFF AND MEET BY
THE SOUTH SIDE OF THUNDER
MOUNTAIN IN THE MORNIN'!

WHAT ABOUT SPLIT-
TIN' SOME OF THAT
MONEY YUH GOT
SLUNG ACROSS YOUR
SADDLE NOW, SCAR?



THE LOOT STAYS WITH ME
AN' SPEED! WE'LL DEAL IT
OUT IN THE MORNIN'!

BUT SUPPOSIN' THE LAW
CATCHES YUH BEFORE
MORNIN'... THEY'D GET IT ALL!
WE GOT TIME NOW... LET'S
HAVE OUR SHARE!



I AIN'T WORRYIN' ABOUT
ANYTHIN' HAPPENIN'
TUH ME!

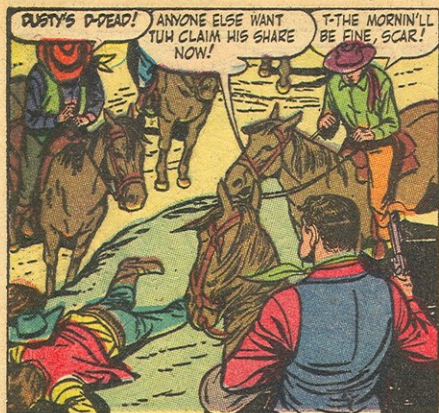
BUT HOW DO WE KNOW
WE'LL FIND YUH BY
THUNDER MOUNTAIN
TOMORROW?



ACCUSE ME OF DOUBLE-CROSSIN' MY OWN
MEN!... OKAY, DUSTY! HERE'S YOUR
SHARE RIGHT NOW!

BUT ALL I...
YEOW!







THAT NIGHT, AT A PASS BEYOND THUNDER MOUNTAIN...

IT'S NO USE, SCAR! I'M WORN OUT WORKIN' OVER THIS CRITTER... HE AIN'T TALKIN'!

I'M READY TUH HIT THE BED ROLL, TOO! GAS HIM AND LEAVE HIM TIED TO THE TREE!



IT'LL BE PLENTY COLD HERE, AWAY FROM THE FIRE!

BY MORNIN', HE'LL BE HALF FROZEN AND MORE WILLIN' TUH TALK! IF HE DOESN'T... THE BUZZARDS'LL FIND HIM WITH A BULLET THROUGH HIM!



SCAR, YUH TOLD THE GANG WE'D MEET BY THE SOUTH SIDE OF THUNDER MOUNTAIN, BUT THIS PASS IS FAR TO THE WEST!

AND WE'RE MOVIN' OFF EARLY! WE'VE HIDDEN THE LOOT AND WE'LL PULL OUT BEFORE THE BOYS COME NOSIN' AROUND FOR THEIR SHARE!



YUH MEAN, IT'S JUST YOU AN' ME, SCAR?

RIGHT! BUT DON'T GET NO NOTIONS THAT IT MIGHT END UP BEIN' ALL **YOURS**... I'M A LIGHT SLEEPER!



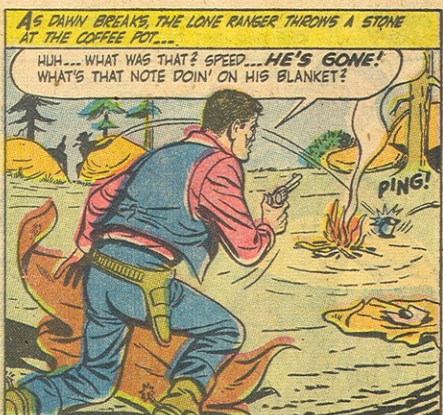
LATER, THAT NIGHT...

TONTO MANAGED TO GET SCOUT TO WALK ON SOFT GROUND AND BRUSH AGAINST TREES, BUT I CAN'T FOLLOW THE TRAIL IN THE DARK, THE MOON'S GOING DOWN! **A FIRE!**

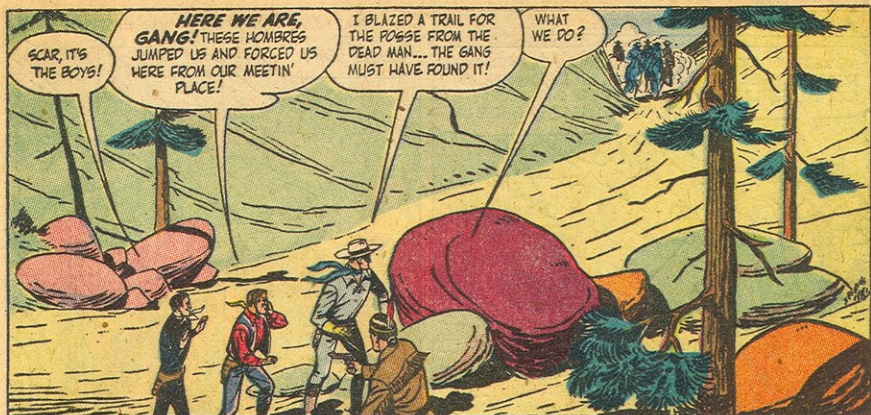


TONTO!







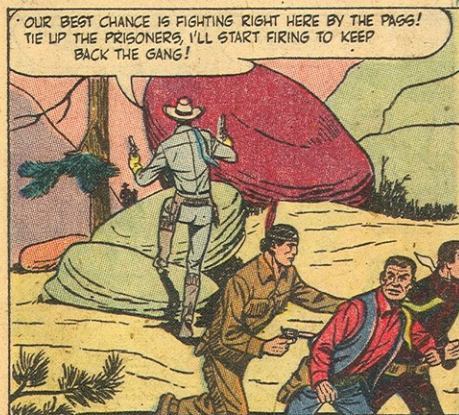


SCAR, IT'S
THE BOYS!

HERE WE ARE,
GANG! THESE HOMBRES
JUMPED US AND FORCED US
HERE FROM OUR MEETIN'
PLACE!

I BLAZED A TRAIL FOR
THE POSSE FROM THE
DEAD MAN... THE GANG
MUST HAVE FOUND IT!

WHAT
WE DO?



OUR BEST CHANCE IS FIGHTING RIGHT HERE BY THE PASS!
TIE UP THE PRISONERS, I'LL START FIRING TO KEEP
BACK THE GANG!



YUH WON'T GET OUTA HERE
ALIVE, MISTER! BUT I'LL MAKE A
DEAL WITH YUH... TELL THE GANG
YUH FOUND US ON THE SOUTH SIDE
OF THUNDER MOUNTAIN, LIKE I SAID
AND WE'LL LET YUH RIDE OFF!

I DON'T MAKE
DEALS WITH OUT-
LAWS! TAKE CARE
OF THEM, TONTO!



RUSH HIM!
...YEOW!

ANYONE ELSE IN A HURRY?



KEMO SABAY,
THEM TOO MANY
FOR US!

WE MUST KEEP THEM PINNED BACK! OUR
ONLY CHANCE IS THAT THE POSSE FOUND
THE TRAIL I BLAZED AND IS HEADING
THIS WAY! TILL THEY GET HERE, WE HAVE TO
HOLD OFF THE GANG!

AN HOUR LATER, THE BATTLE RAGES...

WE KEEP 'EM BACK, BUT NOW TONTO HAVE ONLY FOUR BULLETS LEFT!

WE'VE USED THE TWO PRISONERS' AMMUNITION, BUT I'M RUNNING LOW, TOO! MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT, THEY'RE GETTING UP TO CHARGE US!

BANG!

BLAM!

PING!

THEY CAN'T HAVE MUCH LEAD LEFT...
RUSH 'EM!

HERE THEY COME!

BUT SUDDENLY...

HEY! WHAT IN BLAZES?

BEHIND US...IT'S THE POSSE!

THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

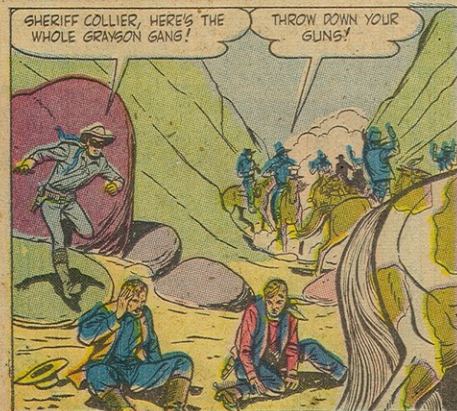
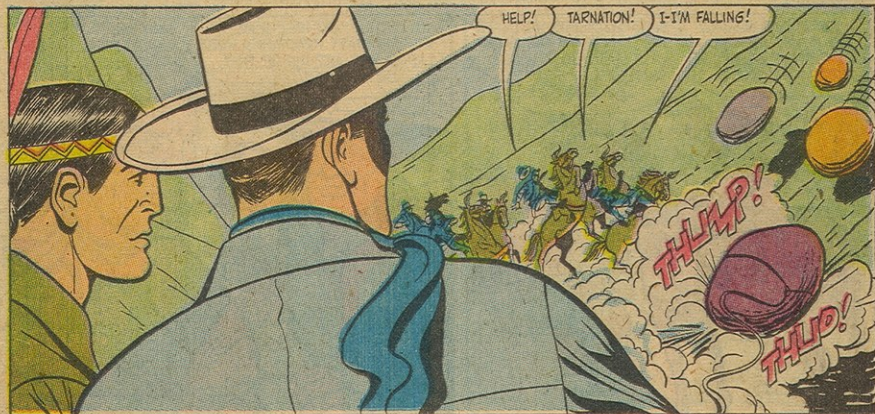
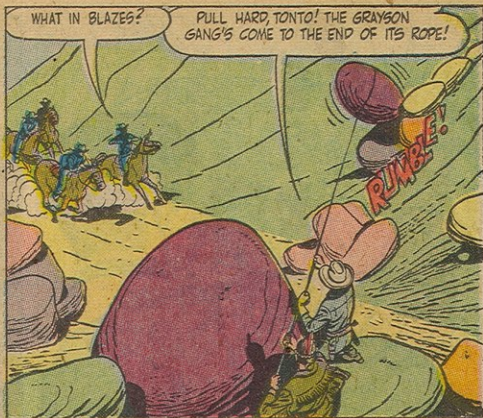
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUTA HERE...
RIDE FOR THAT PASS! SOME OF US'LL GET THROUGH!

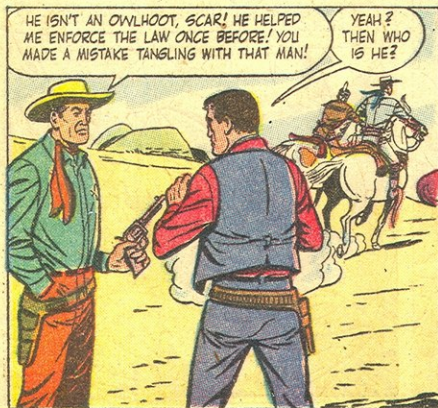
COME ON, THOSE BULLETS ARE CUTTIN' CLOSE!

WHAT YOU DO?

I'M GOING TO KEEP THE GRAYSON GANG FROM GETTING THROUGH THE PASS!

ZING!





GERONIMO

GERONIMO'S GREAT ABILITY AS A GUERRILLA FIGHTER AND RAIDER STARTED IN 1883, WHEN HE BEGAN LEADING A BAND OF FIERCE APACHES IN SONORA PROVINCE, MEXICO...

"THE RESTLESS ONE"

GERONIMO HAD FLED AN AMERICAN RESERVATION BECAUSE HE BELIEVED THE AMERICANS HAD VIOLATED THEIR TREATIES. SOON HE RAIDED AMERICAN TERRITORY.



AMERICAN CAVALRY, USING FRIENDLY APACHE SCOUTS, SURPRISED THE RENEGADES AND GERONIMO SURRENDERED.

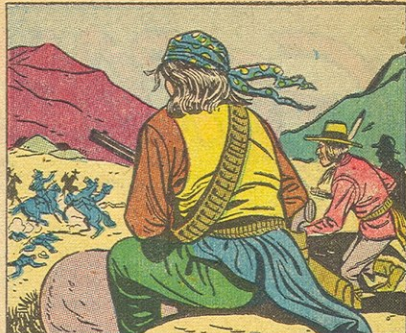


PEACE REIGNED FOR TWO YEARS, AND THEN...

GERONIMO AND OTHER LEADERS FLED AGAIN TO MEXICO WITH THE AMERICAN CAVALRY AND APACHE SCOUTS IN QUICK PURSUIT!

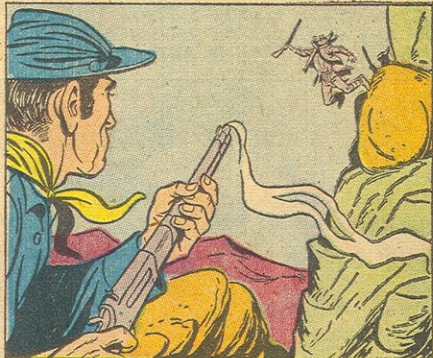
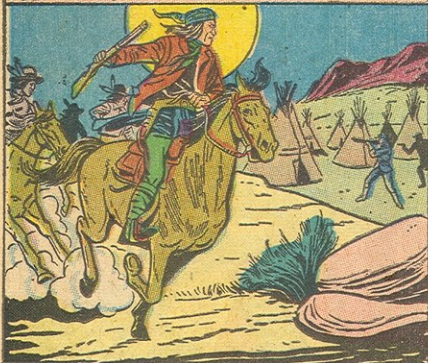


THIS CAMPAIGN ALMOST ENDED IN DISASTER. MEXICAN SOLDIERS ATTACKED THE LOYAL APACHE SCOUTS, KILLING THE AMERICAN OFFICER IN CHARGE.



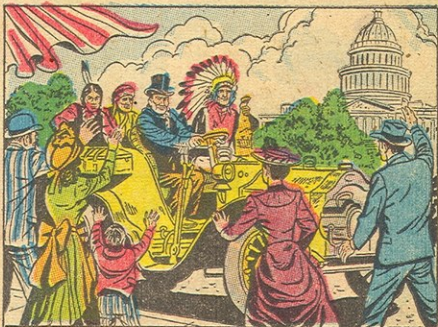
BEFORE THEIR MISTAKE WAS DISCOVERED, FIFTEEN MEXICANS AND MANY LOYAL SCOUTS WERE KILLED. GERONIMO, CAMPED NEARBY, SAT AND LAUGHED.

DURING THE NIGHT OF THE VERY DAY ON WHICH HE FINALLY SURRENDERED, GERONIMO FLED TO HIS MOUNTAIN FORTRESS.



A REGULAR CAMPAIGN WAS ORGANIZED. GERONIMO FOUGHT WELL, AS ALWAYS, RAIDING RANCHES FOR HORSES AND AMMUNITION.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT HAD HAD ENOUGH. GERONIMO AND HIS BAND WERE EXILED TO FLORIDA. THE TREATY-BREAKER LIVED UNDER CONSTANT GUARD AND THE ARIZONA PLAINS WERE SAFE AGAIN.



SURPRISINGLY, GERONIMO LIVED IN PEACE. HE EVEN LEARNED TO DRIVE AN AUTOMOBILE AND APPEARED AT THE INAUGURATION OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS PRESIDENT!

LITTLE HUNTER and the COUGAR'S CUB...



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At two-and-a-half years, Little Hunter had learned to run. That fact was the pride of his Pawnee father, young Wolf Brother—and the despair of his mother, Prairie Rose. To keep him in sight, they tied Little Hunter to a teepee pole with a twelve foot length of rawhide thong. It worked very well, for a few hours. Then Broken Ear, the old family dog, took pity on the struggling youngster—and bit the thong in two!

Little Hunter never stopped to thank his liberator. He headed for new territory at a toddling, high-stepping trot that took him quickly to the river bank. Broken Ear watched the youngster slide safely to the water's edge, then turned away to doze in the sun, as old dogs love to do. No one else had seen the boy run away.

For a while, the rippling river's edge interested Little Hunter. There was a log of driftwood which nosed the muddy bank, and made lovely ripples. The ripples always ran away from Little Hunter's grasp. He followed them out onto the log. He didn't know when the slight shift of weight made the log drift out into the stream.

Little Hunter wasn't scared. The cradle-like motion of the log pleased him. After a while, he lay down on its sun-warmed smoothness, grasped a small, upthrust stub, and took a nap.

A chill breeze and long, blue shadows were reaching out across the water when the youngster awoke. The log had partly grounded—this time, where tall willow-brush shaded the bank. Suddenly, Little Hunter felt very much alone, and hungry. He decided to go home.

With no faintest idea how far he had come from the little village of Pawnee lodges, the boy pushed his way through the willows. Beyond them a stand of trees covered the rich bottom land. Their roots made rough going for tiny legs. Little Hunter did not complain, but he grew weary. When a broken ledge of rock halted him definitely, he sat down to think things over.

It was the faint mewling of a cougar's newborn cub that led him into the den, beneath the ledge. The den's warmth, and the mewling sounds guided him where it was too dark to see. He touched soft fur—and chuckled.

"Puppy! Puppy!"

Two miles away, Kota the she-cougar had feasted full on her new kill—a young mule-deer. Her appetite was satisfied, but the anxious yearnings of mother-love were not. She had lost one of her two cubs, at birth. The other one, doubly precious, must not be left alone any longer. Silently, she glided back to her den, through the darkening forest aisles.

At the den's mouth, the scent of Little Hunter raised the hair on Kota's neck. Her ears went flat. Her long, cruel fangs parted in a soundless snarl. Had an enemy taken her little one?

She plunged into the warm, dark cave—then halted, bewildered by the strangely mingled scents. There was no smell of fear or of death. But the scents of her own and a human "cub" were impossible to separate.

Feeling his mother's presence, the baby cougar mewled. Kota nosed him, licked him with a gentle tongue, touched another soft baby skin. After a moment, she lay down, cuddling both sleepy youngsters. In a way, it was like having her lost cub back again. Kota began to purr a low, contented lullaby.

Back at the Pawnee village people were swarming like bees. Everybody was searching for Little Hunter. Prairie Rose was sure that the Crow tribesmen had kidnaped him—but her husband Wolf Brother and the other Pawnee braves had found no enemy sign. It was growing dark when Wolf Brother's glance met the questioning gaze of his old dog, Broken Ear. An inspiration struck him.

"Find Little Hunter!" he commanded.

Broken Ear knew it was time for the child to come home. He led the way to the river bank. His nose followed the trail of tiny feet. And there, at the water's edge, Wolf Brother read the whole story in the soft mud: Little Hunter had drifted downstream on a log!

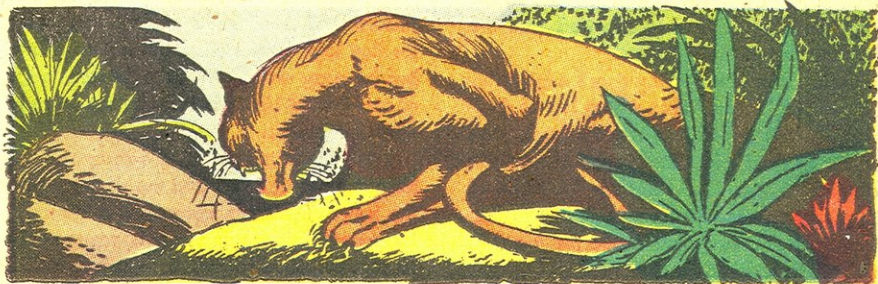
It was already too dark to search far that night. Wolf Brother took his tearful wife back to the empty house at midnight. Until dawn he tried to comfort her. Then, with the first grey light, he and the best Pawnee trackers were on the trail again.

Five miles downstream they found the log—and near it the print of Little Hunter's feet in the mud. Their trained eyes followed his toddling course through the forest. They spotted the den under the broken ledge. Grimly, Wolf Brother gazed at the prints of cougar pads that identified the den's owner. In his heart he felt that the most he could bring back to Prairie Rose would be a few pitiful remains.

Despair, too, was in the wild heart of Kota the Cougar, as she gazed on the group of her human enemies gathered at her den. She had just returned from breakfast to find—this! She snarled as a Pawnee whoop split the air.

It was Wolf Brother's shout of joy! Little Hunter was safe—crawling out of the den toward the sound of familiar voices.

Raging silently, Kota watched them go away. Then quickly, fearfully, she approached her den. Her snarl gave way to puzzlement—puzzlement to hope. She called, and a faint, beloved mewling answered her. By some miracle beyond her knowledge, Man, the Killer, had left her cub unharmed!



YOUNG HAWK



THAT IS STRANGE! I THOUGHT I LEFT HIGH CLOUD AND LITTLE BUCK HERE WITH THE DUGOUT! BUT PERHAPS I STRUCK THE RIVER TOO FAR UPSTREAM.

EXPLORING THE LOWER REACHES OF THE RIO GRANDE, YOUNG HAWK AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS HAVE STOPPED TO HUNT AND TO SEARCH FOR FRESH WATER.

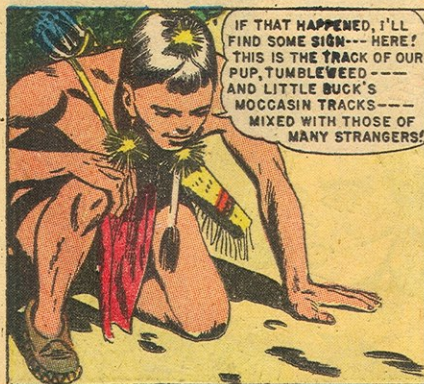
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NO! HERE'S THE VERY ROOT WHERE WE TIED THE CANOE! IT'S GONE!



HIGH CLOUD AND LITTLE BUCK WOULD NOT HAVE LEFT IF THEY COULD HAVE HELPED IT--- KNOWING THAT I WAS RETURNING HERE. PERHAPS THEY WERE ATTACKED!



IF THAT HAPPENED, I'LL FIND SOME SIGN--- HERE! THIS IS THE TRACK OF OUR PUP, TUMBLEWEED --- AND LITTLE BUCK'S MOCCASIN TRACKS --- MIXED WITH THOSE OF MANY STRANGERS!



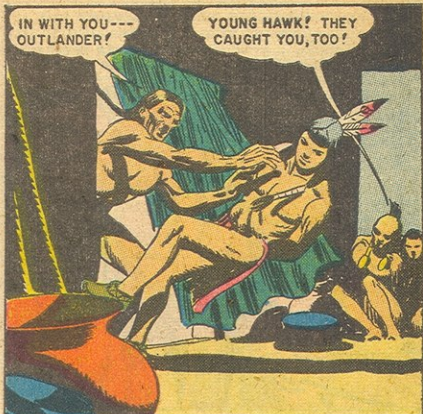
THEY'VE BEEN CAPTURED! AND THEY HAVE TAKEN THE CANOE UPSTREAM! IT MAY BE A LONG CHASE!

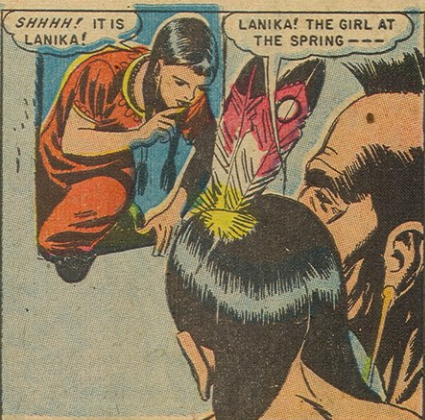


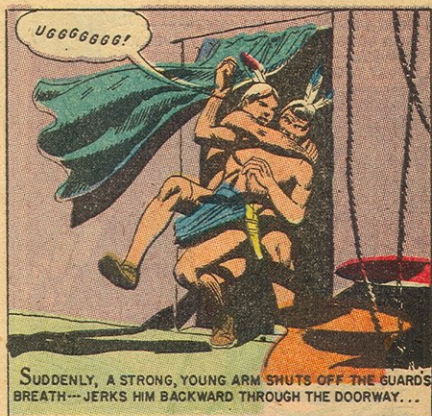
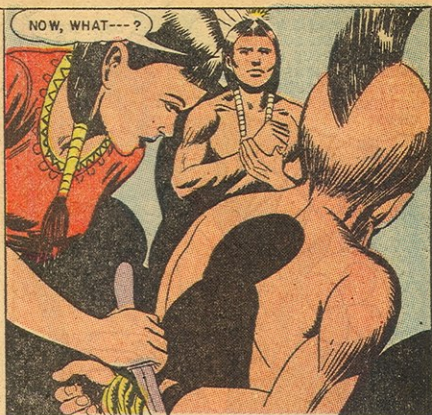
















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INDIAN THUNDER

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Ceremonial dances, imploring their various gods for rain, played an important part in the lives of the western tribes of Indians. In these dances, the Indians made their own thunder by whirling a "thunder-stick" in the air.

An Indian "thunder-stick," which makes a handsome wall furnishing, can be made in a few minutes from an ordinary lath.

Cut the lath about 18 inches long, smooth both sides with sandpaper, and bevel the upper edges. Drill a string hole in the top center. Measure a length of fishing cord from one's heart to the tips of the right fingers, and tie through the string hole.

A wooden handle may be attached to the string, if desired; and the "thunder-stick" can be decorated.

When the "thunder-stick" is whirled above the head, the storm winds moan.

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The jack rabbit is divided into many types but they all have long ears and are much larger than their cottontail cousins. On the west-

ern plains, they provide food for larger, meat-eating animals just as the cottontail does.

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