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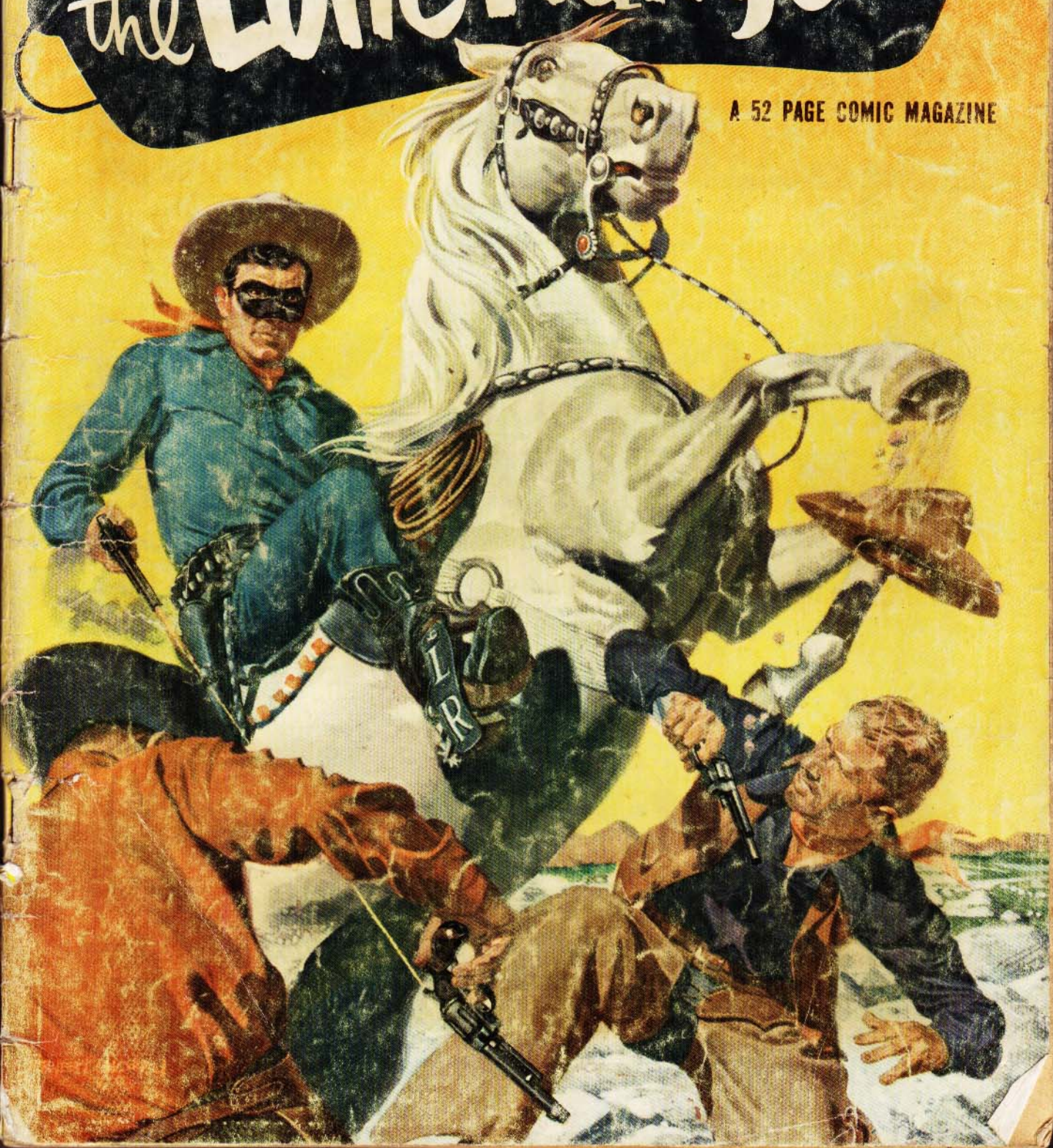
10¢

A DELL COMIC

NOVEMBER

the Lone Ranger

A 52 PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE



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THE LONE RANGER, Vol. 1, No. 53, November, 1952. 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. **Dell Subscription Service:** 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y. Copyright 1952, by The Lone Ranger, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

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The LONE RANGER

Terror Trail

JUST NORTH OF THE MEXICAN BORDER LIES THE MURADO VALLEY, SPANISH FOR THE "VALLEY OF DEATH" AND IN THAT DARK-NAMED VALLEY, TERROR STRIKES...

THEY'RE AFTER MY CATTLE! GET 'EM, BOYS!

NO, SEÑOR! BACK! THEY ARE TOO MANY!



MOVE!

GET!



THEY'RE NOT GOIN' TO RUN OFF MY CATTLE! IF YOU MEN ARE TOO SCARED TO FIGHT--- I'M NOT!

DIOS! WHO IS NOT AFRAID? **DON DIABLO** LEADS THOSE HOMBRES! FLEE!



"DON DIABLO"---WHY IN SPANISH THAT MEANS **SIR SATAN!** BUT THE **DEVIL** ISN'T LEADING THOSE OUTLAWS! IT'S A MAN!

NO, SEÑOR! NO! IT IS THE DEVIL HIMSELF! LOOK!



BURN! LOOT! KILL!



FOR A MONTH, RANCH AFTER RANCH IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH FALLS PREY TO THE
SUDDEN VIOLENCE OF DON DIABLO....



MY RANCH IS BURNIN'! GET
WATER AND FOLLOW ME!

NO! **FLEE!**--- YOU
CANNOT SAVE THE BARN!
SAVE YOUR LIFE! **DON
DIABLO RIDES!**

SOON AFTER, NORTH OF THE TROUBLED VALLEY,
TONTO ALLOPS TO THE LONE RANGER'S CAMP...

KEMO SABAY, ME MEET INDIAN
RUNNER! HIM HAVE NOTE FOR
YOU! IT FROM YOUR OLD
FRIEND, THE PADRE!

HIS MISSION IS A
LONG WAY FROM
HERE, TONTO! THE
MESSAGE MUST BE
IMPORTANT!



TONTO, THE PADRE HAS HEARD RUMORS OF
AN OUTLAW CALLED DON DIABLO RAIDING THE
MURADO VALLEY SOUTH OF HERE! HE WANTS
US TO LOOK INTO CONDITIONS THERE!
---WE'LL BREAK CAMP AND RIDE AT ONCE!



DON DIABLO MEANS SIR SATAN, TONTO! IF SUCH
AN OUTLAW REALLY EXISTS, WE MUST HAVE
CREATED A **TRAIL OF TERROR**
TO HAVE EARNED THAT NAME!
--- **COME ON, SILVER!**

GET-UM UP
SCOUT!



TWO DAYS LATER, IN THE BORDER TOWN OF
ROSARIO BY THE MURADO VALLEY....

HERE ARE YOUR
SUPPLIES,
INDIAN!

UGH! ME HEAR TALK
OF FELLER NAMED
DON DIABLO!
YOU SAVVY?

D-DON DIABLO!
--- NEVER
HEARD OF HIM!
Y-YOU'D BETTER
FORGET THAT
NAME!





WHY YOU SCARED
WHEN TONTO SAY
NAME "DON DIABLO"
IF HIM NOT REAL?

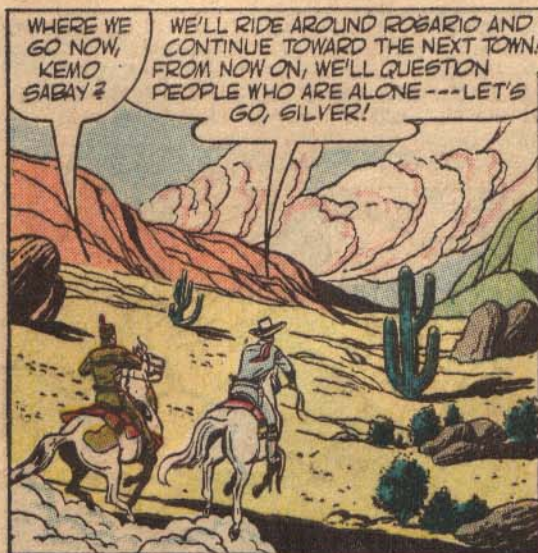
I-I WAS NOT SCARED, INDIAN!
--- I JUST SAID I NEVER
HEARD OF HIM! ADIOS!



SOON AFTER---

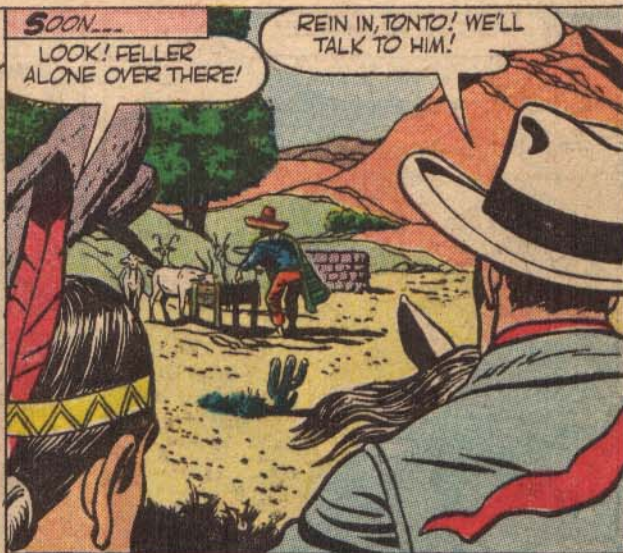
ME NOT FIND ANYONE
IN ROSARIO WHO
TALK ABOUT DON
DIABLO! THEY PLENTY
SCARED OF NAME!

THAT MEANS THERE IS
SOMETHING TO THE
RUMORS THE PADRE
HEARD! APPARENTLY,
THE FOLKS OF MURADO
VALLEY ARE SO AFRAID
OF DON DIABLO THEY
DARE NOT SPEAK HIS
NAME IN PUBLIC!



WHERE WE
GO NOW,
KEMO
SABAY?

WE'LL RIDE AROUND ROSARIO AND
CONTINUE TOWARD THE NEXT TOWN!
FROM NOW ON, WE'LL QUESTION
PEOPLE WHO ARE ALONE --- LET'S
GO, SILVER!



SOON---

LOOK! FELLER
ALONE OVER THERE!

REIN IN, TONTO! WE'LL
TALK TO HIM!



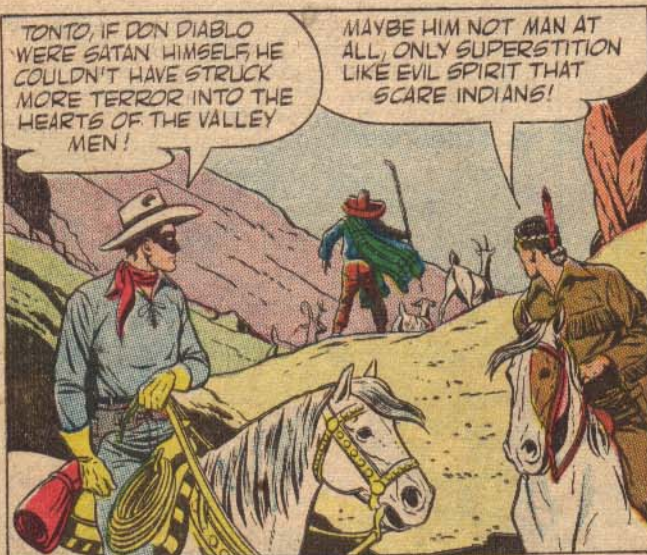
BUENOS
DIAS,
AMIGO!

BUENOS DIAS, SEÑOR! I SEE YOU HIDE
YOUR FACE, SEÑOR! BUT THE MASK DOES
NOT FRIGHTEN ME! I AM TOO OLD TO
FEAR DEATH AND TOO POOR TO FEAR
BANDIDOS!



WE'RE NOT BANDITS! WE'RE
STRANGERS IN A STRANGE
LAND AND SINCE YOU SEEM
BRAVE, PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL
US IF YOU'VE HEARD OF A MAN
CALLED **DON DIABLO**!

FOR DIOS! DO
NOT SPEAK
THAT NAME! ---
I-I HAVE NEVER
SEEN YOU! I
HAVE NOT HEARD
YOU! VAMOS,
CHIVOS! VAMOS!



TONTO, IF DON DIABLO WERE SATAN HIMSELF, HE COULDN'T HAVE STRUCK MORE TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE VALLEY MEN!

MAYBE HIM NOT MAN AT ALL, ONLY SUPERSTITION LIKE EVIL SPIRIT THAT SCARE INDIANS!



SOON...

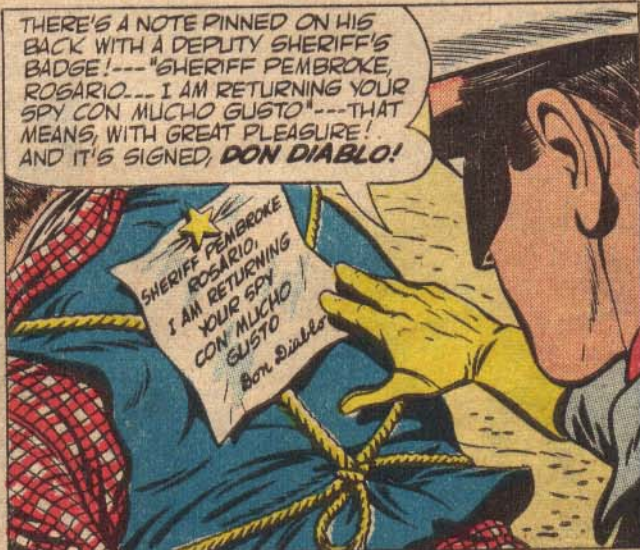
TONTO, THAT RIDER IS COMING THIS WAY! MAYBE WE CAN LEARN SOMETHING FROM HIM!

SOMETHING WRONG WITH-UM! LOOK HOW HIM RIDE BENT OVER!



HIM TIED TO SADDLE!

HE'S DEAD!



THERE'S A NOTE PINNED ON HIS BACK WITH A DEPUTY SHERIFF'S BADGE!--- "SHERIFF PEMBROKE, ROSARIO... I AM RETURNING YOUR SPY CON MUCHO GUSTO"---THAT MEANS, WITH GREAT PLEASURE! AND IT'S SIGNED, **DON DIABLO!**



THEN DON DIABLO FELLER PLENTY REAL! HIM FIGURE HORGE GO HOME WITH DEAD MAN AND NOTE!

THAT MUST BE RIGHT, TONTO! HE WANTED TO SHOW HIS CONTEMPT FOR LAW!---THAT'S STRANGE, THE DEPUTY'S HAT SEEMS PULLED DOWN TIGHTLY ON HIS HEAD!



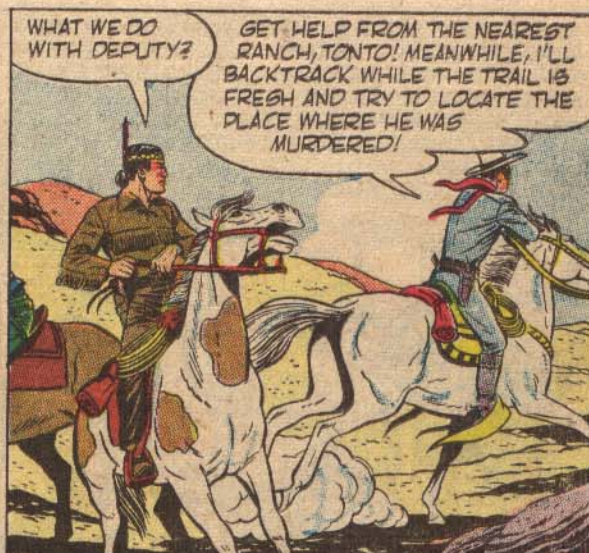
AS THE LONE RANGER REMOVES THE HAT, AN OBJECT SUDDENLY FALLS INTO HIS HAND...

LOOK, TONTO! THE ROWEL OF A CHIHUAHUA SPUR!--- THE DEPUTY WAS TRYING TO HIDE IT! IT MAY BE CONNECTED WITH HIS MURDER!



ME NEVER
SEE AMERICAN
WEAR CHIHUAHUA
SPUR!

SOME MEXICAN VAQUEROS
USE THEM WHEN RIDING
VICIOUS HORSES, BUT UNDER
ORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES,
THE WEARER BETRAYS HIM-
SELF AS BEING **CRUEL!**---
THAT SEEMS TO FIT THE
DESCRIPTION OF
DON DIABLO!



WHAT WE DO
WITH DEPUTY?

GET HELP FROM THE NEAREST
RANCH, TONTO! MEANWHILE, I'LL
BACKTRACK WHILE THE TRAIL IS
FRESH AND TRY TO LOCATE THE
PLACE WHERE HE WAS
MURDERED!

LATER, TONTO REJOINS THE LONE RANGER...



TRAIL HEAD
INTO
VALLEY!

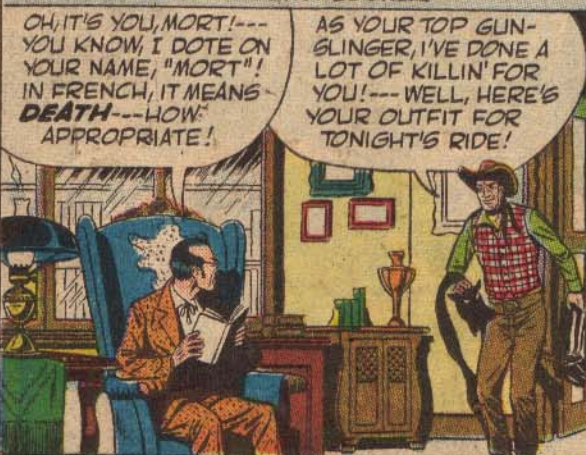
YES, BUT WE CAN'T FOLLOW
IT FARTHER! THERE'LL BE NO
MOON TONIGHT! WE'LL MAKE
CAMP NEAR-BY!



NOW WE SAVVY
DON DIABLO
FELLER IS
REAL!

YES, TONTO, BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW
WHERE HE IS NOW SO WE CAN STOP
HIM BEFORE HE STRIKES AGAIN!

SEVERAL MILES BEYOND, IN THE LARGEST RANCH
IN MURADO VALLEY, CARLOS SHELBY, THE WEALTH-
IEST RANCHER IN THE TERRITORY, LOOKS UP
FROM HIS POETRY BOOK...



OH, IT'S YOU, MORT!---
YOU KNOW, I DOTE ON
YOUR NAME, "MORT"! IN
FRENCH, IT MEANS
DEATH---HOW
APPROPRIATE!

AS YOUR TOP GUN-
SLINGER, I'VE DONE A
LOT OF KILLIN' FOR
YOU!---WELL, HERE'S
YOUR OUTFIT FOR
TONIGHT'S RIDE!



CAPE---MASK---BOOTS!
MORT! ONE OF MY
CHIHUAHUA ROWELS
IS **MISSING!**

I-IT MUST HAVE COME
OFF WHEN WE RACED
CROSS-COUNTRY AFTER
THE RAID LAST NIGHT! IT
DOESN'T REALLY MATTER,
IT'S THE REST OF THE
COSTUME THAT MARKS
YOU AS **DON DIABLO!**

YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT, MY DEAR FELLOW! AND AFTER A FEW MORE MONTHS AS DON DIABLO, I'LL HAVE SCARED ALL THE POOR FOOLS FROM THE VALLEY AND BOUGHT UP THEIR RANCHES CHEAPLY! I'LL OWN THE MURADO! IT ONCE BELONGED TO A SPANISH CONQUISTADOR ANCESTOR OF MINE! HE WON IT WITH SWORD AND FIRE!--- I'M FOLLOWING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS!



I SAY QUIT NOW! THAT DEPUTY WAS WATCHIN' THE HACIENDA WITH FIELD GLASSES WHEN I PLUGGED HIM! HE MIGHT'VE BEEN INVESTIGATIN'!

RIDICULOUS! HO! POLLI IS ALWAYS CURIOUS ABOUT THE WAY IT'S BETTERS LIVE! THAT'S ALL IT WAS!--- GET THE MEN! WE HAVE A GOOD RIDE AHEAD OF US TONIGHT!



WHERE TO, BOSS?

TO THE HERMANOSO RANCH! LAST TIME I GAVE A FIESTA HERE, I WATCHED HIS DAUGHTER ROSITA DANCE! AS BYRON SAID, "SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY LIKE THE NIGHT..." BUT THIS NIGHT, SHE WILL RIDE OFF WITH ME!



SOON AFTER, AT THE HERMANOSO RANCH...

MANUEL, I DRINK TO MY FUTURE SON-IN-LAW! TO THE GOOD RANCHERO WHO TAKES MY DAUGHTER FOR HIS WIFE!

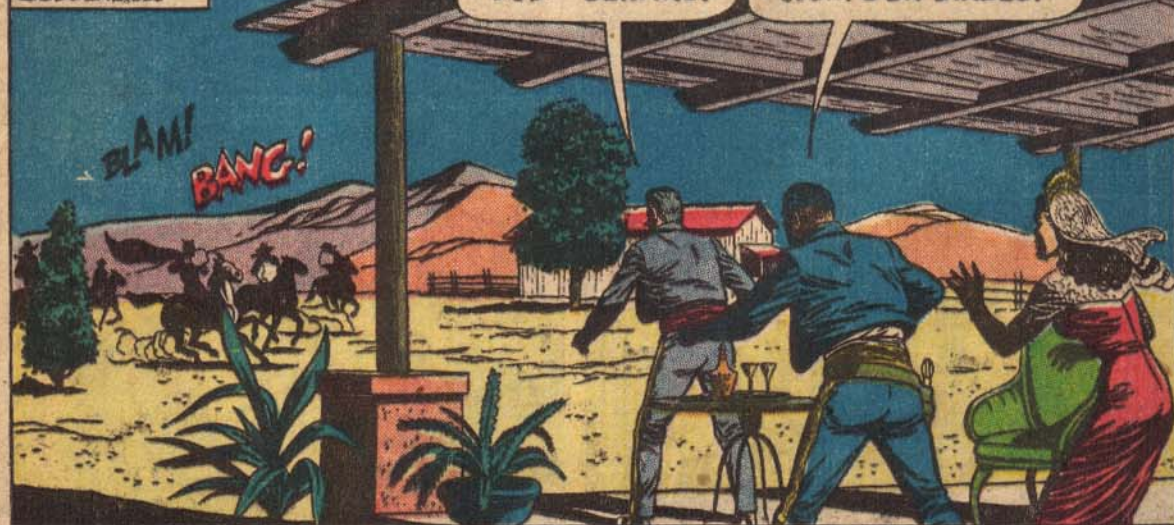
GRACIAS! I AM A MOST FORTUNATE MAN TONIGHT! ROSITA IS BETROTHED TO ME!

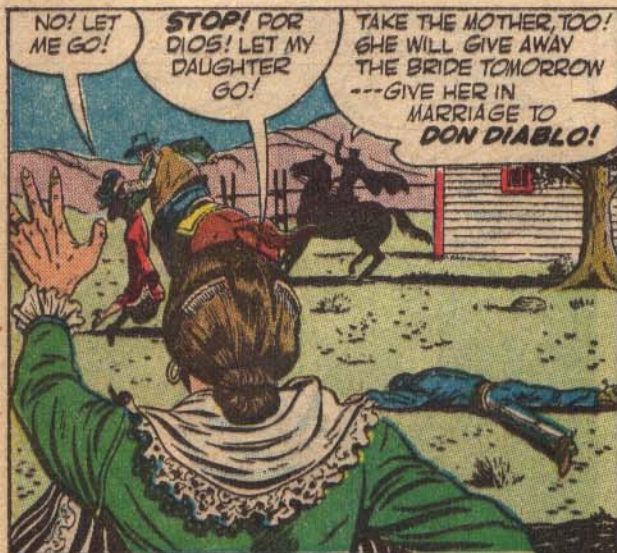


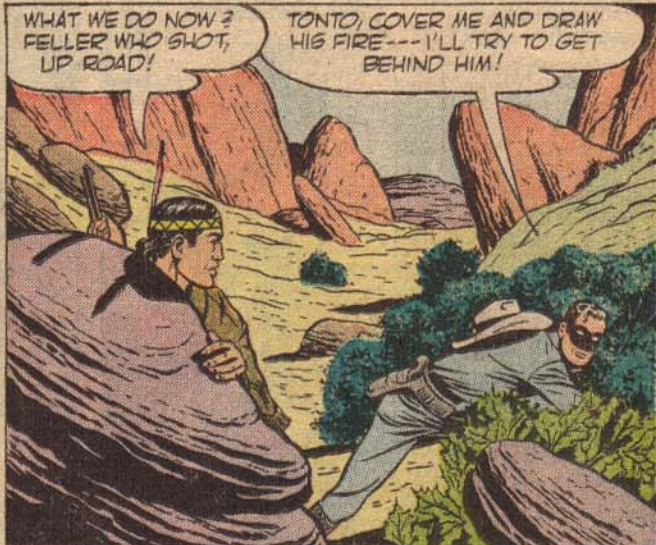
SUDDENLY...

DIOS!---GUNFIRE!

LOOK! DON DIABLO!







AS TONTO DRESSES HIS WOUND, MANUEL TELLS OF THE RAID---

YESTERDAY MORNING, A DEPUTY SHERIFF VISIT MY RANCH AND SAY HE TRY TO FIND DON DIABLO! HE ASK IF I KNOW ANYONE WHO WEAR CHIHUAHUA SPUR! I SAY I NEVER SEE ANYONE WEAR THESE, BUT SOME OF THE HORSES OF SENOR SHELBY ARE SCARRED AND MAYBE CHIHUAHUA SPUR DO IT! DEPUTY HE GO TO INVESTIGATE --- HE FOUND SUCH A SPUR AFTER DON DIABLO RAID! THIS MORNING, I GO TO FIND DEPUTY!

HE'S DEAD, MANUEL!

MANUEL, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN RIDE TO ROSARIO? I'D LIKE YOU TO TELL THE SHERIFF THERE WHAT YOU KNOW AND GIVE HIM THIS SILVER BULLET! THEN LET HIM MEET ME WITH A POSSE BY THE SHELBY RANCH!

SI, SI! IT IS A FOUR-HOUR RIDE, BUT IF THIS HELP BRING BACK ROSITA TO ME---I GO!



YOU TRY TO FIND MY ROSITA, SI?

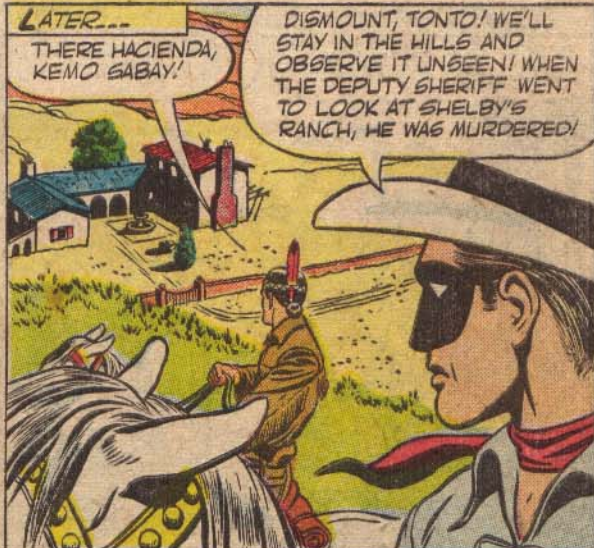
YES, MANUEL! --- COME ON, TONTO! WE'RE GOING TO SCOUT SHELBY'S HACIENDA!



LATER---

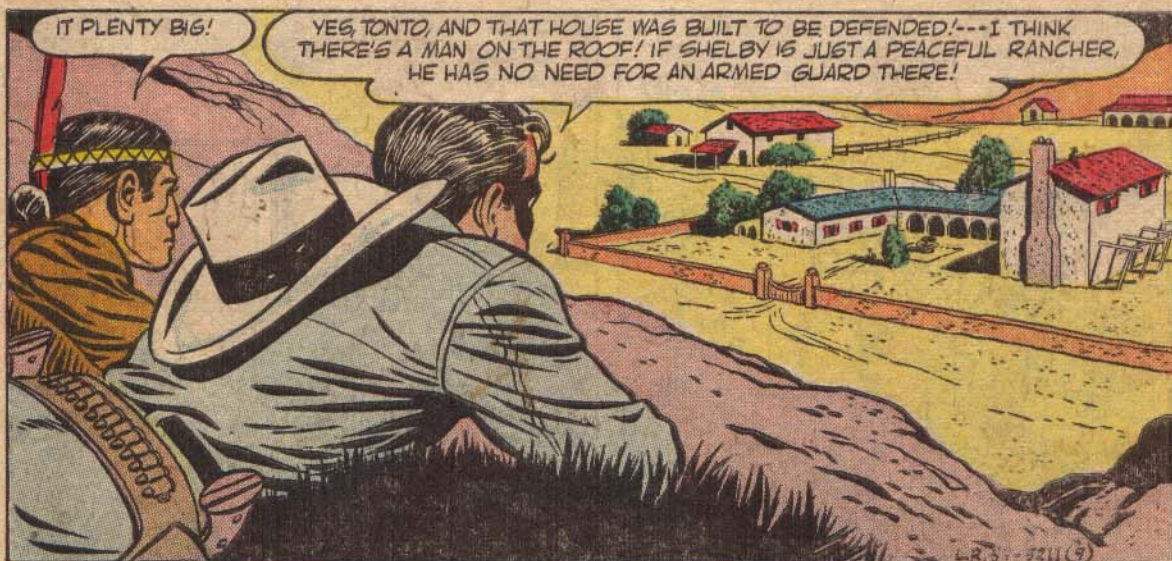
THERE HACIENDA, KEMO SABAY!

DISMOUNT, TONTO! WE'LL STAY IN THE HILLS AND OBSERVE IT UNSEEN! WHEN THE DEPUTY SHERIFF WENT TO LOOK AT SHELBY'S RANCH, HE WAS MURDERED!



IT PLENTY BIG!

YES, TONTO, AND THAT HOUSE WAS BUILT TO BE DEFENDED! --- I THINK THERE'S A MAN ON THE ROOF! IF SHELBY IS JUST A PEACEFUL RANCHER, HE HAS NO NEED FOR AN ARMED GUARD THERE!



TONTO, THE MAN **IS** ARMED!---THE DEPUTY WAS KILLED NEAR THIS RANCH! THE CHIHUAHUA SPUR HE HAD WAS OWNED BY DON DIABLO OR A RIDER OF HIS! SHELBY HAS HORSES SCARRED BY JUST SUCH A ROWEL! TONIGHT, WE'LL TRY TO ENTER THE HACIENDA AND CHECK FURTHER ON SHELBY! THERE'S A HATCH ON THE ROOF!



MEANWHILE, AT THE HACIENDA---



IN YOU GO!

PERRO! LET GO OF ME!

STAY OUTSIDE THE DOOR, MORT!

YOU---YOU ARE SEÑOR SHELBY! B-BUT THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! DON DIABLO AND HIS BANDIDOS CARRIED OFF MY MOTHER AND ME, BUT I AM HERE IN **YOUR** HACIENDA---

---WHERE YOU DANCED AT MY LAST FIESTA AND I NOTICED YOU!



D-DON DIABLO'S CAPE AND MASK! --DIOS! NOW I SEE ALL! **YOU ARE DON DIABLO!**

YES, MY DEAR GIRL! AND NOW YOU KNOW THE TRUTH, YOU ALSO REALIZE YOU CAN NEVER LEAVE HERE **ALIVE!** ---GO BE PLEASANT AND SMILE! YOU WILL BE SAVED TONIGHT--- WHEN YOU **MARRY ME!**

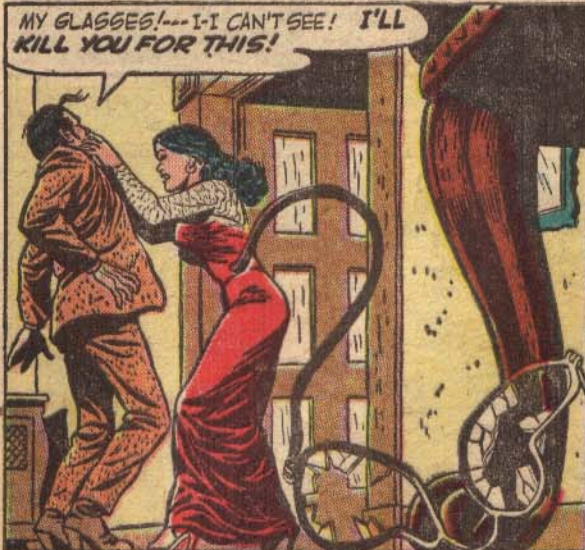


WITH SUDDEN FURY, THE CAPTIVE ROSITA STRIKES---

NEVER! NEVER!

OWWW!





MY GLASSES!--- I-I CAN'T SEE! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!



I'VE GOT HER, BOSS!

LOCK HER UP! KEEP HER LOCKED UP TILL I GET NEW GLASSES! I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER LATER!



CALIBAN! CALIBAN!

SI, SEÑOR!



RIDE TO ROSARIO, CALIBAN! I WANT NEW GLASSES MADE FOR ME AT ONCE! AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

SI, SEÑOR!



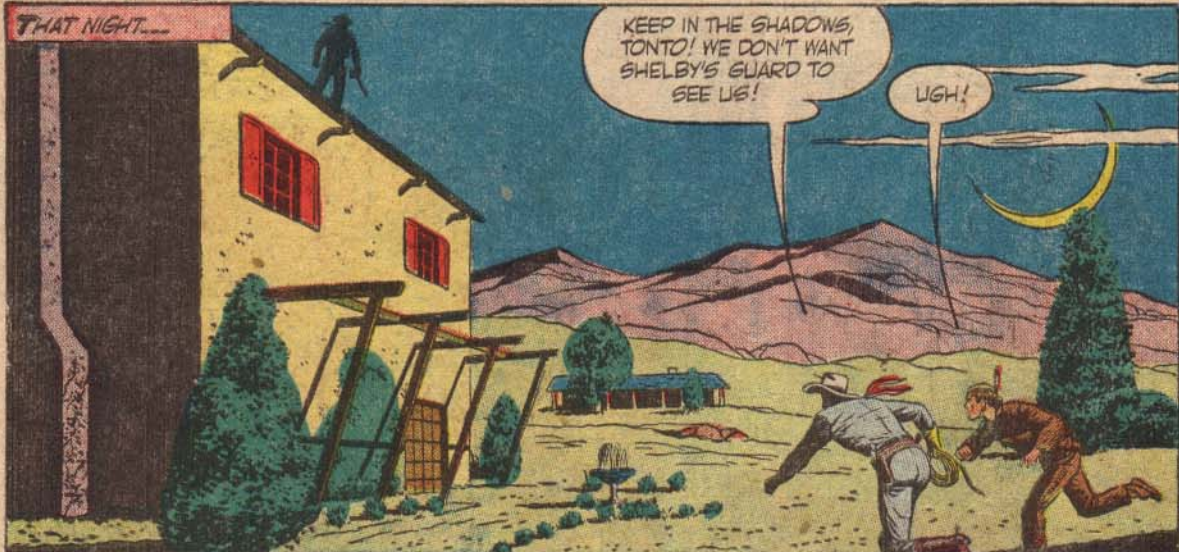
THE VIXEN'S LOCKED UP WITH HER MOTHER, BOSS! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO NOW?

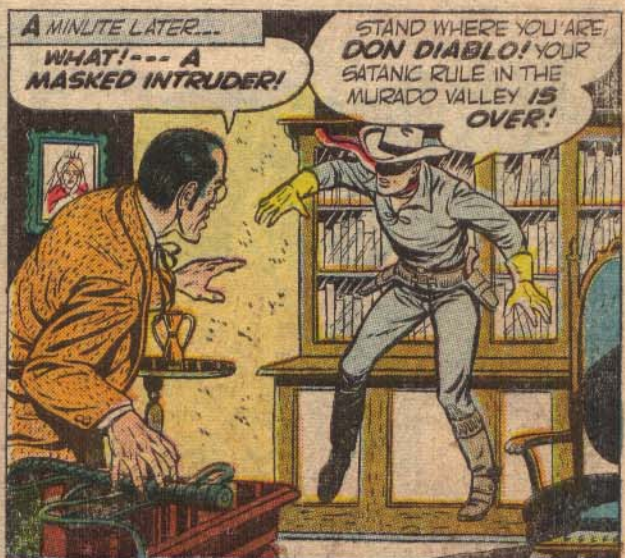
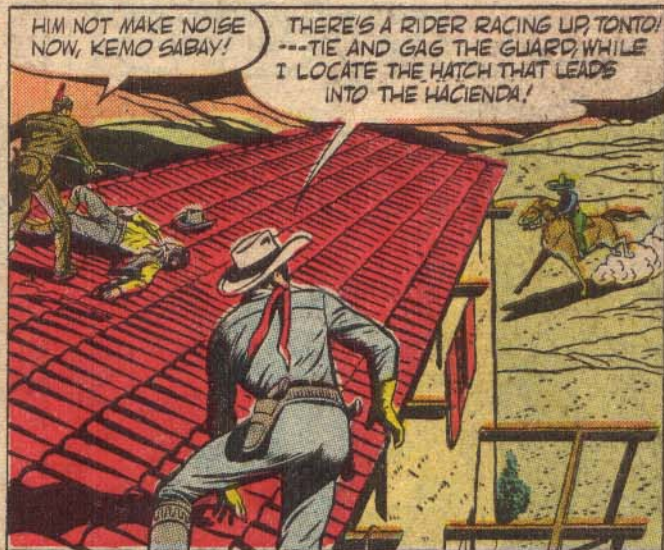
I WANTED TO RIDE OUT ON THE RANGE AND WATCH MY MEN BRAND THE STOLEN CATTLE, BUT IT'S GENSELESS WITHOUT MY GLASSES!--- MORT, TAKE DOWN THE VOLUME OF "MILTON'S POETRY AND READ TO ME!



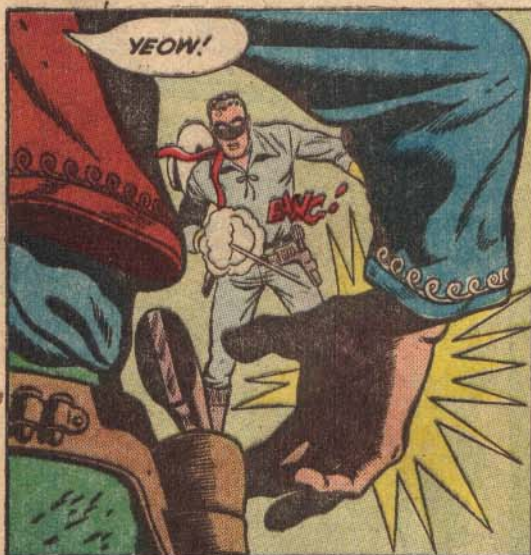
"HIM WHO THE ALMIGHTY POWERS HURLED HEADLONG AND FLAMING FROM ETHEREAL HEIGHTS WITH HIDEOUS RUIN AND COMBUSTION DOWN TO BOTTOMLESS PERDITION---"

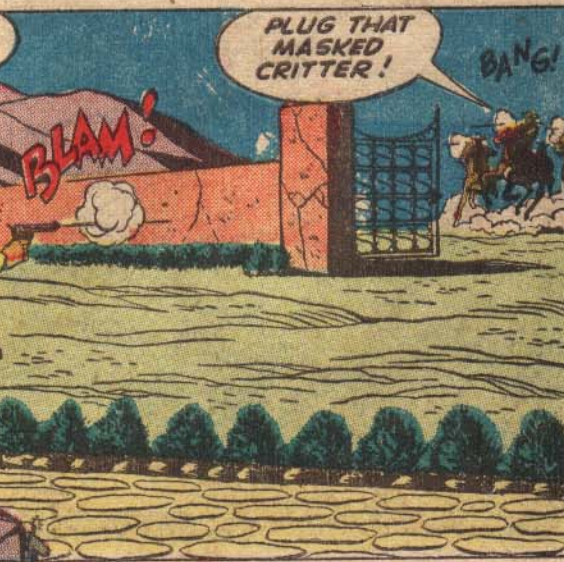
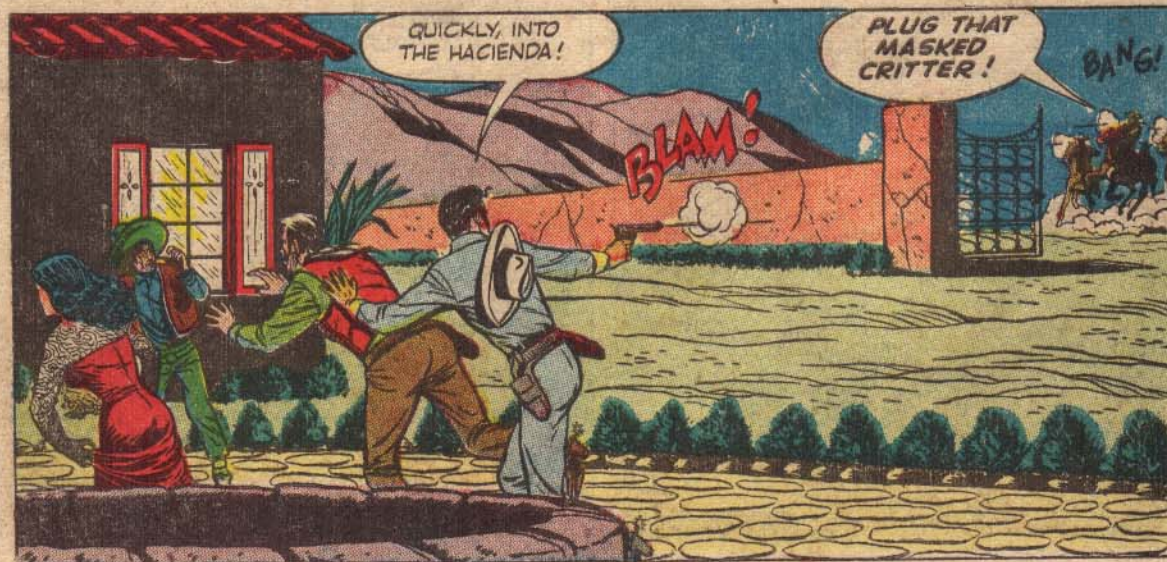
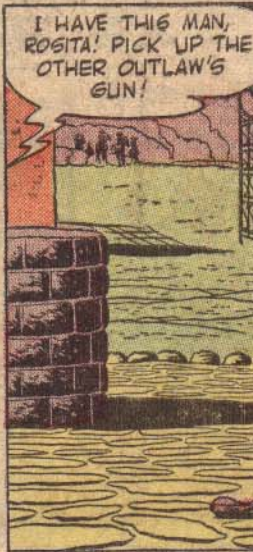
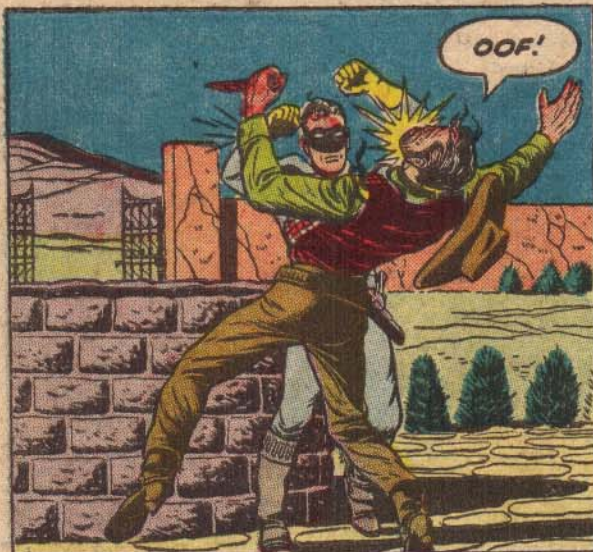
WHAT A CHARMING PICTURE OF SATAN'S DEPARTURE FROM HEAVEN! READ ON MORT--- DON DIABLO LISTENS!











BANG!

TONTU, BARRICADE THE DOOR!
ROBITA, TIE UP THE TWO
PRISONERS WHILE WE TRY
TO HOLD OFF SHELBY'S
MEN!

AS THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO DESPERATELY TRY TO KEEP OFF THE OUTLAWS...
JUST A LITTLE MORE RUBBING ON THIS SHARP SPUR AND I'LL BE ABLE TO GIVE THAT MASKED MAN A DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE!

A cartoon illustration depicting a scene of torture. A man in an orange robe, wearing glasses and tied with ropes, is kneeling on the ground. He is using a sharp spur to rub the back of a person lying face down. In the background, another person is bent over a table, and a broken vase lies on the floor. The scene is set in a room with a blue curtain and a wooden table.

SEÑOR, THE SHOTS COME FROM ALL OVER!
DIOS! WE NEVER
KEEP THOSE DEVILS
AWAY NOW!

ZING!

PING!

COVER THE REAR WINDOW, TONTO! I'LL
GUARD THE FRONT! BUT WE **CAN'T**
HOLD THEM OFF MUCH LONGER!



THEN SUDDENLY...

KEMO SABAY, FELLERS
ALL RUN OFF PLENTY
FAST! WHAT WRONG?

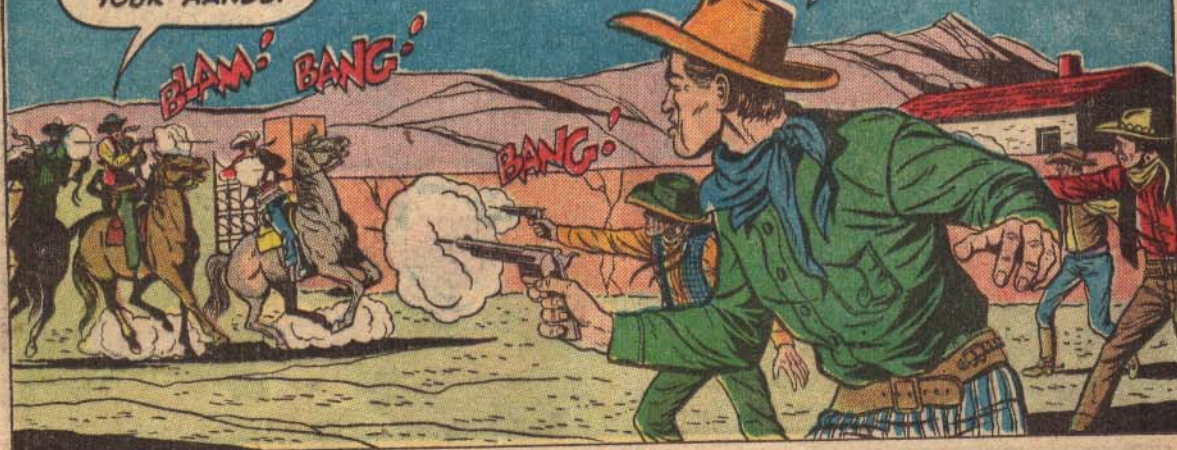
HELP IS HERE!
THE POSSE IS
RIDING IN!



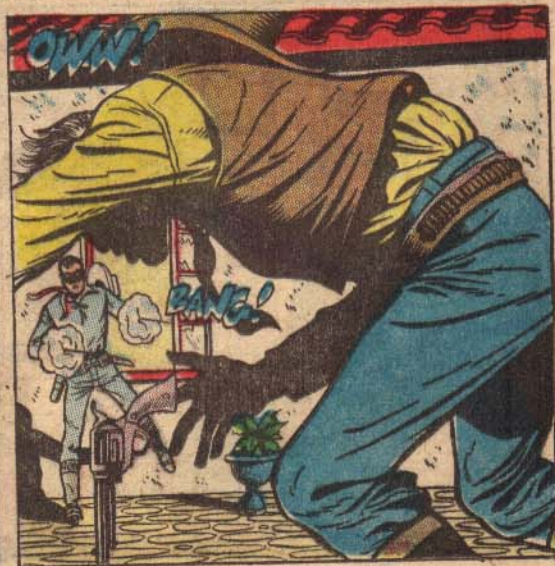
AND OUTSIDE...

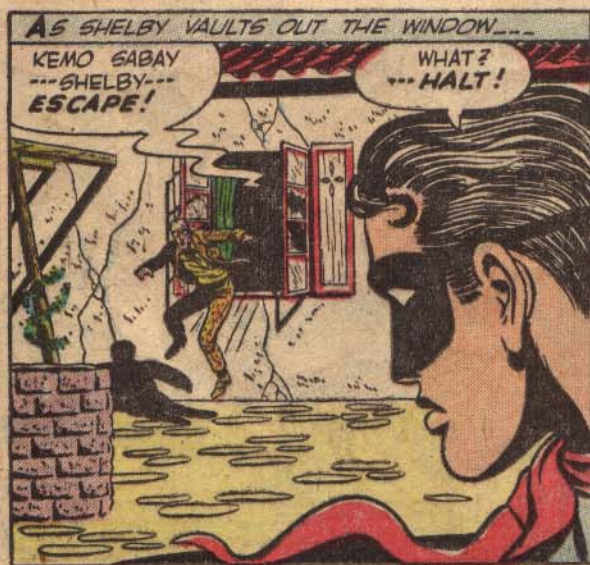
THROW UP
YOUR HANDS!

IF THAT POSSE GETS US, WE'LL ALL
HAVE OUR NECK'S STRETCHED!
GUN 'EM DOWN!



TONTO, GUARD THE PRISONERS! I'M GOING
OUTSIDE TO HELP THE POSSE!





AS THE WIRY TERRORIST TWISTS AND TURNS, THE TWO MEN STRUGGLE BY THE ANCIENT WELL---

YOU WON'T NEED THAT MASK ANY MORE! THAT WELL BOTTOM WILL HIDE YOUR IDENTITY FOR ETERNITY!

NO, SHELBY! I'M NOT GOING IN!



SUDDENLY THE STONE BORDER OF THE WELL CRUMBLES---

MASKED MAN, YOU'RE GOING IN RIGHT NOW!



WITH A DESPERATE EFFORT, THE LONE RANGER FREES HIMSELF AND WHIRLS, AS SHELBY LOSES HIS BALANCE---

HELP!

SHELBY!



SECONDS LATER---

DIOG! HE MUST BE DEAD! THAT WELL IS DEEP AS PERDITION!

YES, MANUEL, DON DIABLO HAS GONE BACK TO WHERE WE CAME FROM!



SOON---

MANUEL, IT IS GOOD TO KNOW YOU ARE SAFE!---BUT WHO IS THAT MASKED MAN WHO SAVED NOT ONLY US, BUT ALL MURADO VALLEY FROM THAT POWER-MAD DEVIL SHELBY?---

WHEN I GAVE THE SHERIFF THE SILVER BULLET, HE WHISPERED HIS NAME--- HE IS THE LONE RANGER!

HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!



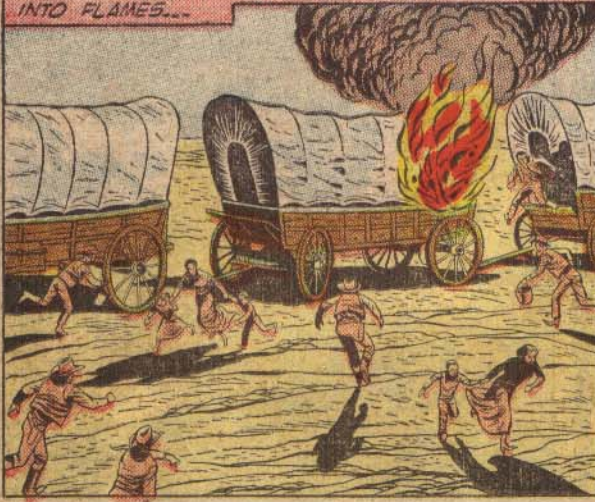
The LONE RANGER

The Wagon Train

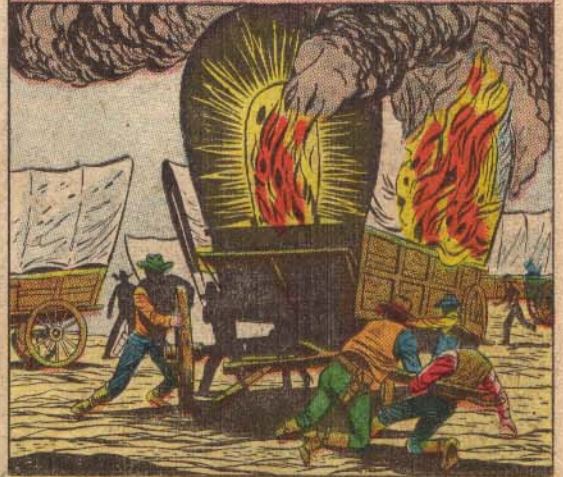
FROM KANSAS CITY, A WAGON TRAIN STRIKES WEST ACROSS THE PLAINS! FIVE SOLDIERS RIDE ESCORT ON THREE WAGONS OF RIFLES DESTINED FOR THEIR FORT! AT THE JOURNEY'S START, ALL SEEMS QUIET---OMINOUSLY PEACEFUL!



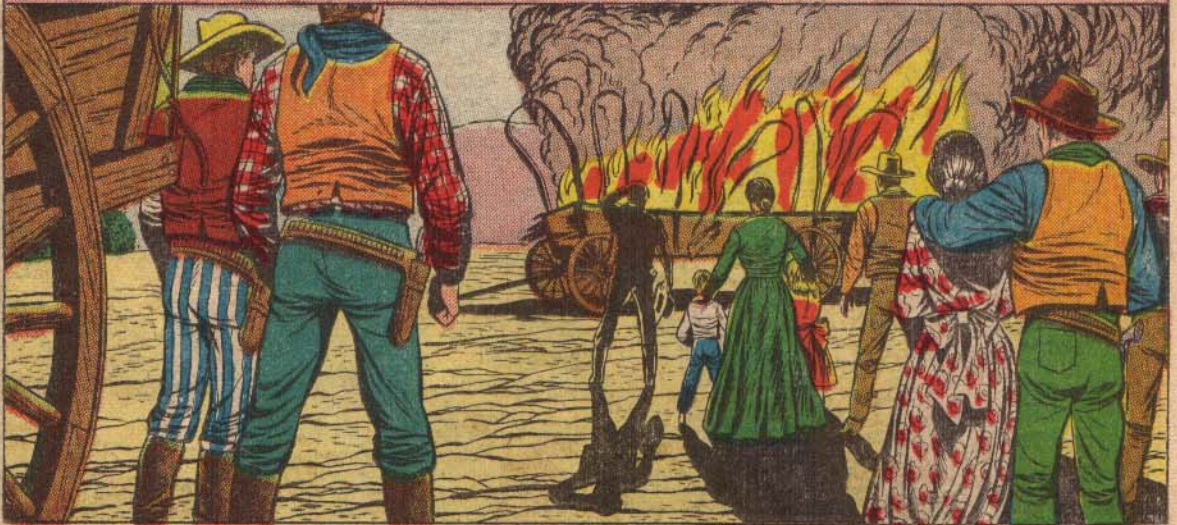
AS THEY CAMP A DAY AWAY FROM THE ARKANSAS RIVER, SUDDENLY ONE OF THE WAGONS BURSTS INTO FLAMES...



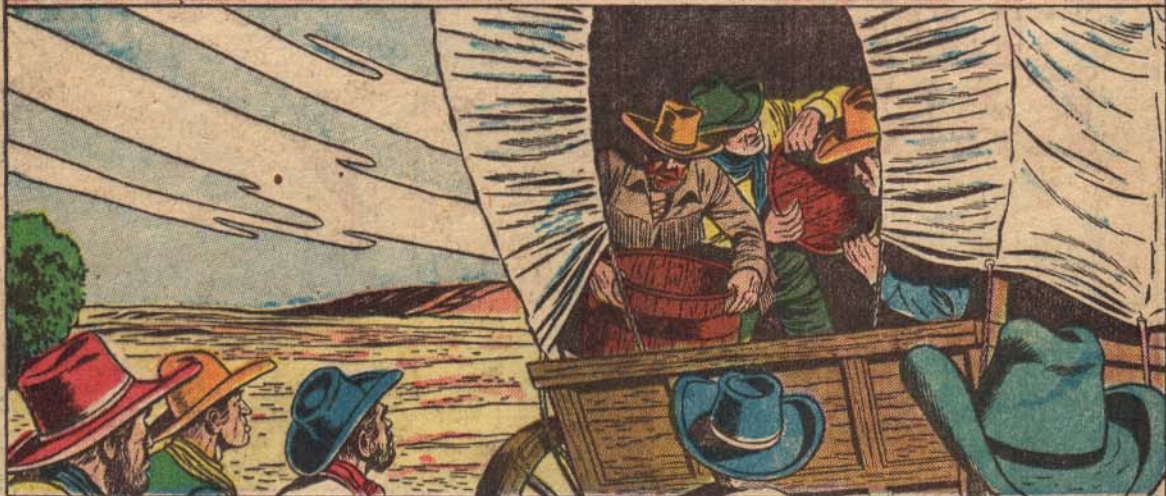
DESPERATELY, THE MEN TRY TO PUSH THE BURNING WAGON AWAY BEFORE ITS FLAMES SPREADS TO THE OTHERS...



BUT THEY CAN'T SAVE THE WAGON, NOW A BLAZING INFERNO CLAIMED BY A MYSTERIOUS DISASTER!



THE NEXT DAY, AS THEY PUSH ACROSS THE DRY, HOT PRAIRIE, TROUBLE STRIKES AGAIN! THE WATER BARRELS, FILLED BEFORE LEAVING CAMP IN THE MORNING, ARE STRANGELY DRY--BUT NO LEAK CAN BE FOUND---



FRIGHTENED MEN AND WOMEN MURMUR ABOUT TURNING BACK, BUT THE WAGON MASTER SELBY SPEAKS TO THEM---

WE'RE GOIN' ON **WESTWARD!** WITH LUCK, WE'LL REACH THE ARKANSAS BY LATE NOON! THE ARMY PROMISED TWO GOOD SCOUTS WOULD MEET US THERE AND GUIDE US THROUGH INDIAN TERRITORY! THEY'LL FIND US WATER-- WE'RE GOIN' ON!



AS THEY FORD THE ARKANSAS, A WAGON'S TONGUE SUDDENLY AND WITHOUT EXPLANATION COMES LOOSE---



AS THE STRONG CURRENT SWEEPS THE FLOATING WAGON DOWNRIVER, RIDERS VAINLY PURSUE---



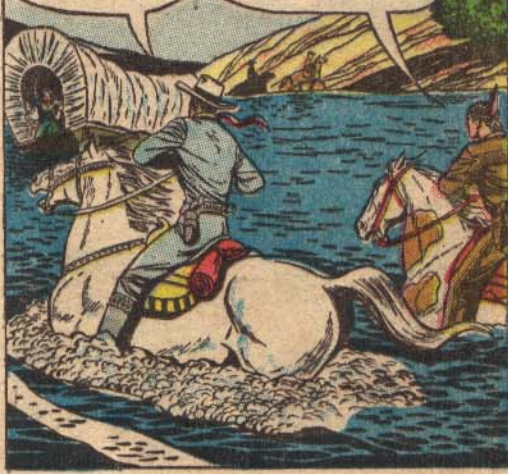
IT'S NO USE, CORPORAL!
THE WATER'S SLOWIN'
UP OUR HORSES!

THERE ARE TWO RIDERS ON SHORE!
THOSE HOMBRES MAY STOP THE
WAGON YET!



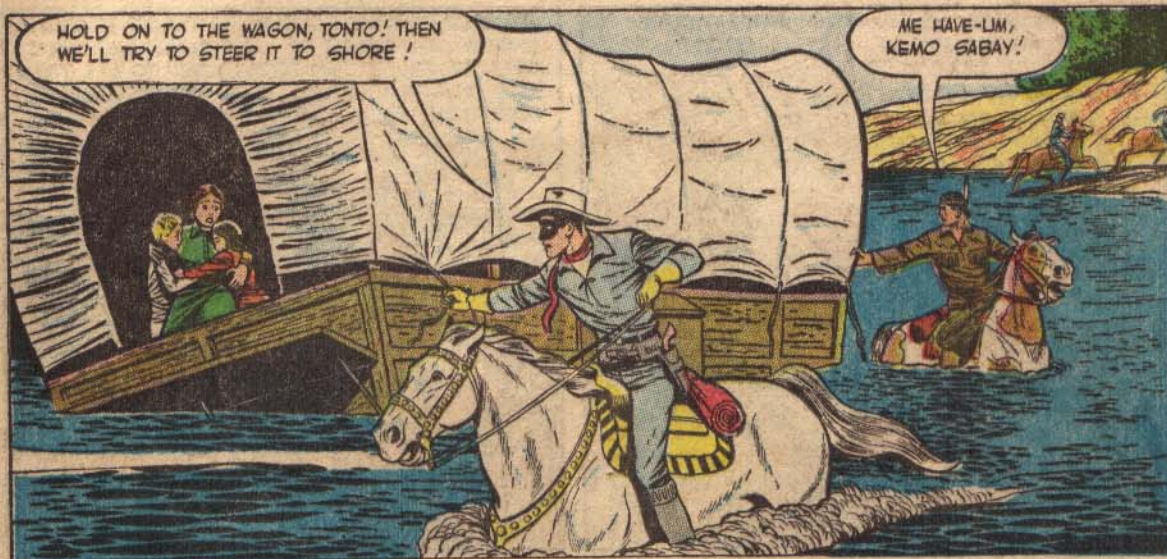
FASTER, SILVER!
LET'S GO, BIG
FELLOW!

RIVER CARRY WAGON
PLENTY QUICK! GET-UM
UP, SCOUT!



HOLD ON TO THE WAGON, TONTO!
WE'LL TRY TO STEER IT TO SHORE!

ME HAVE-UM,
KEMO SABAY!



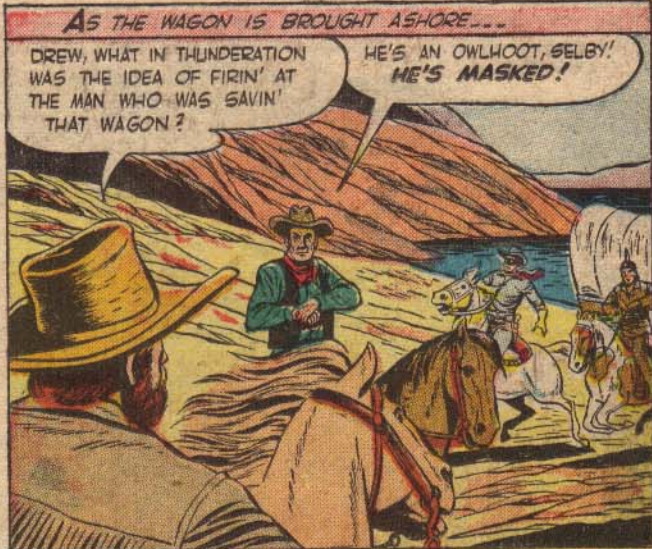
THIS WAY, TONTO!



BANG!

KEMO SABAY!
FELLER SHOOT!





NEXT DAY, AS THE WAGON TRAIN STARTS DOWNHILL FOR CAMP...



I CAN'T STOP THIS WAGON! WATCH OUT!



QUICK, TONTO! ROPE THE REAR WHEELS!

THAT'S PLENTY LONG THROW! ---GET-UM UP, SCOUT!

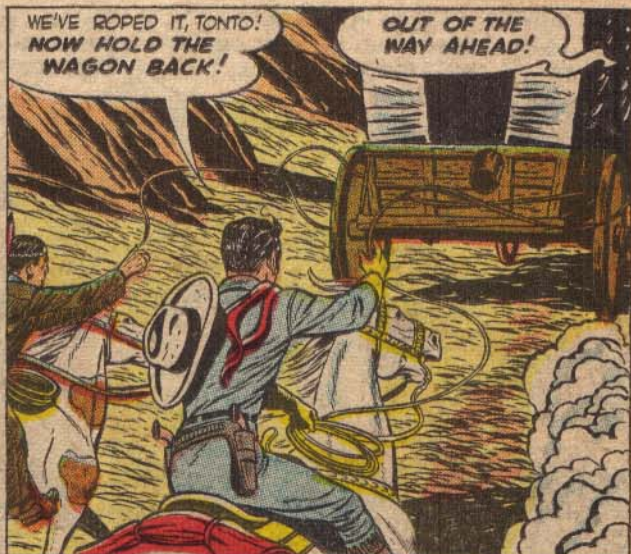
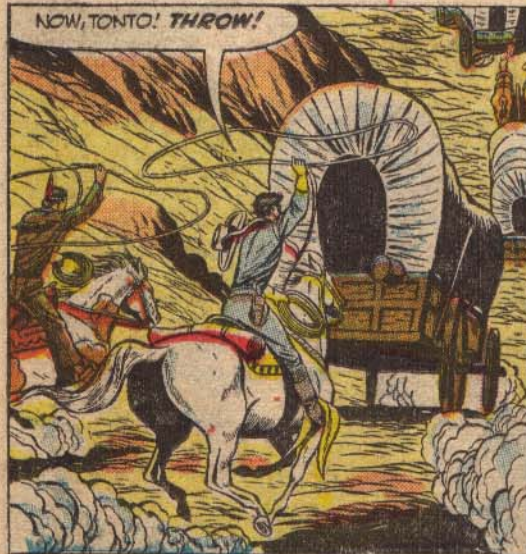
CLEAR THE WAY!

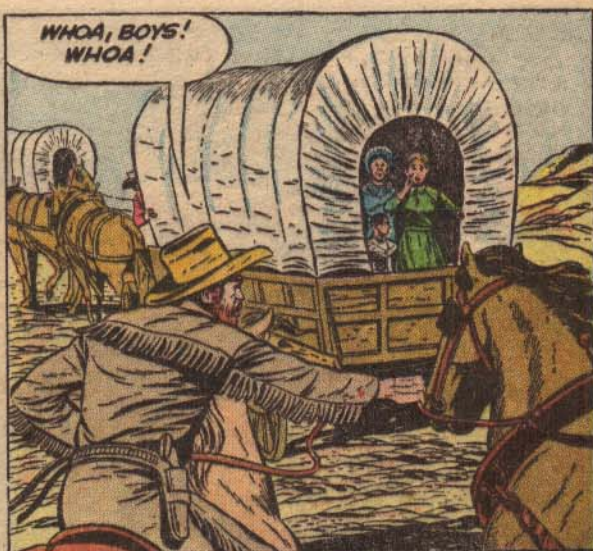


NOW, TONTO! THROW!

WE'VE ROPED IT, TONTO! NOW HOLD THE WAGON BACK!

OUT OF THE WAY AHEAD!





TH-THANKS! A FEW MORE YARDS AN' THIS HERE WAGON'D HAVE BEEN IN SPLINTERS AND A LOT OF FOLKS MIGHT HAVE BEEN CRUSHED TO DEATH!



THAT NIGHT...

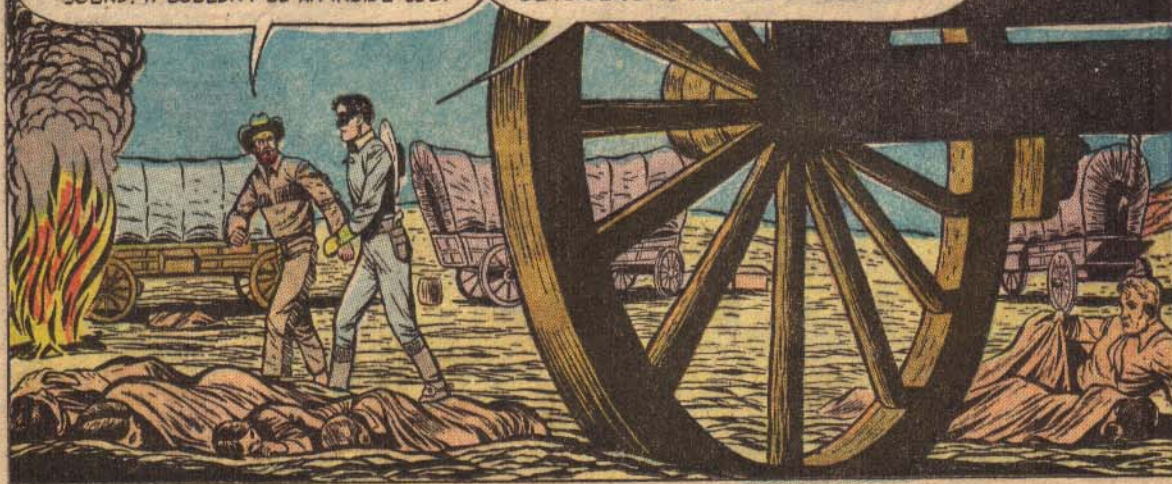
YOU KNOW, I KEEP ASKIN' MYSELF FOR SOME EXPLANATION FOR ALL THESE "ACCIDENTS"; THEY SEEM TO BE HAPPENIN' TOO OFTEN FOR MERE CHANCE!

IF THEY AREN'T ACCIDENTS, THEN SOMEONE IN THIS WAGON TRAIN IS DELIBERATELY TRYING TO SABOTAGE IT!



WHO'D WANT TO DO THAT? THEY ALL ARE ANXIOUS TO MAKE THE WEST SAFE AN' SOUND! IT COULDN'T BE AN INSIDE JOB!

WE'RE IN INDIAN TERRITORY NOW, SELBY, THERE MAY BE ENOUGH TROUBLE FROM **OUTSIDERS** TO KEEP US ON OUR GUARD!



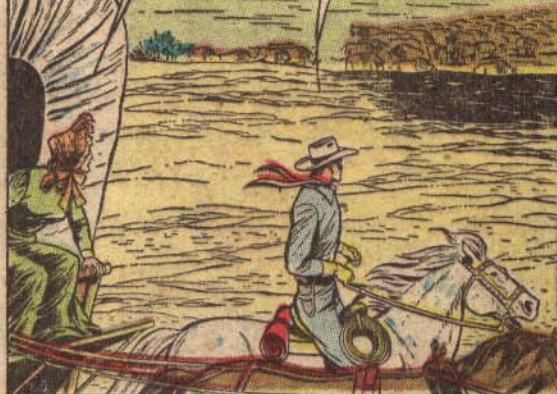
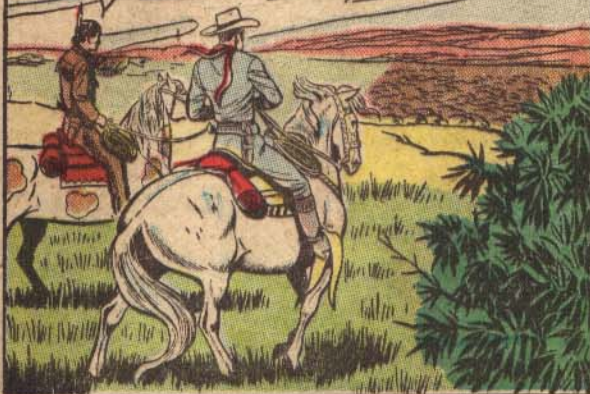
NEXT MORNING---

KEMO SABAY,
BUFFALO GRAZING
THERE! IT BE
PLENTY BIG HERD!

THEY'RE FAR ENOUGH OFF TO
LET US CROSS SAFELY!

TH-THAT HERD MAKES
ME FEEL UNEASY!

AS LONG AS THEY'RE
NOT DISTURBED THEY'LL
NOT BOTHER US!

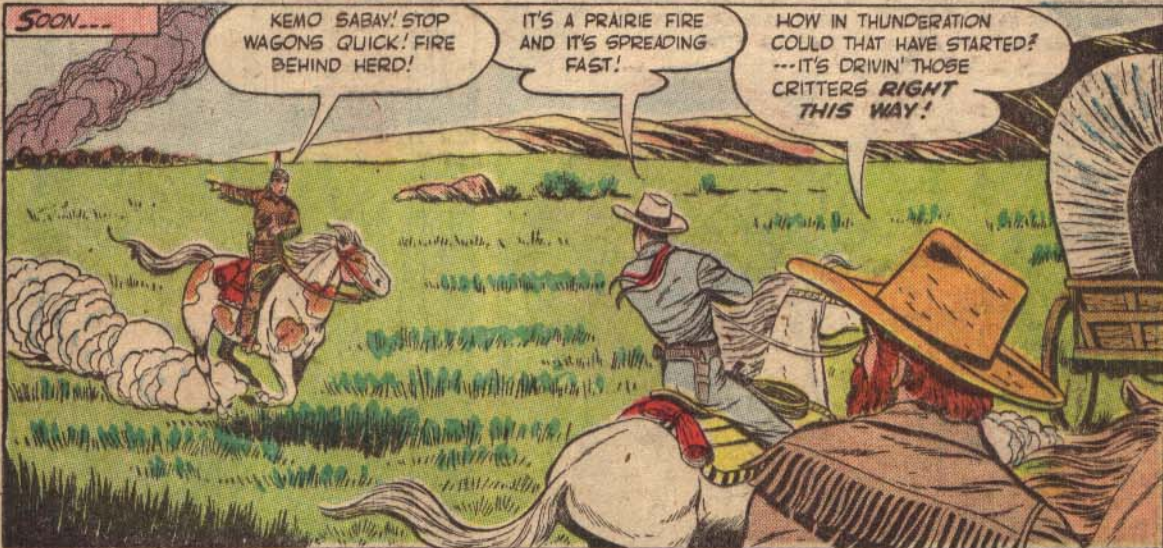


SOON---

KEMO SABAY! STOP
WAGONS QUICK! FIRE
BEHIND HERD!

IT'S A PRAIRIE FIRE
AND IT'S SPREADING
FAST!

HOW IN THUNDERATION
COULD THAT HAVE STARTED?
---IT'S DRIVIN' THOSE
CRITTERS **RIGHT**
THIS WAY!



CAN WE TURN
THE WAGONS
BACK?

NO TIME
FOR THAT!



MEN, USE YOUR
RIFLES! FIRE OVER
THE HERD TO TURN
'EM AWAY!

GUNFIRE IS NOT GOING TO
STOP THEM!---HAND ME THAT
COAL OIL! WE HAVE JUST **ONE**
CHANCE TO TURN THAT HERD!



I'LL SPREAD THE OIL AROUND HERE,
TONTO! LIGHT IT!



IT WON'T WORK! THAT HERD'LL BE
DOWN ON US IN A MINUTE!

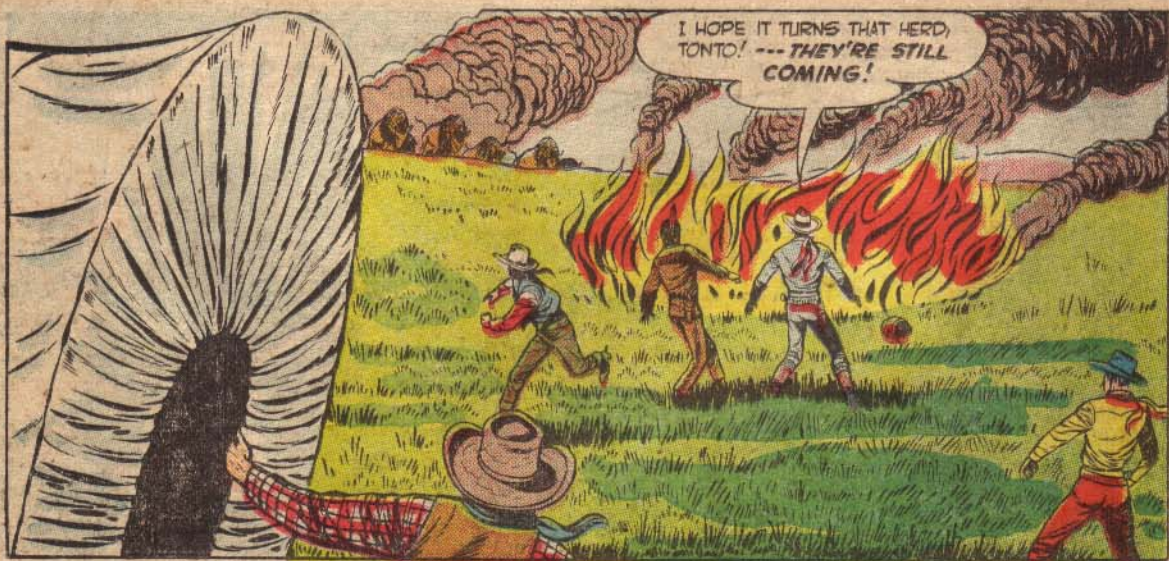


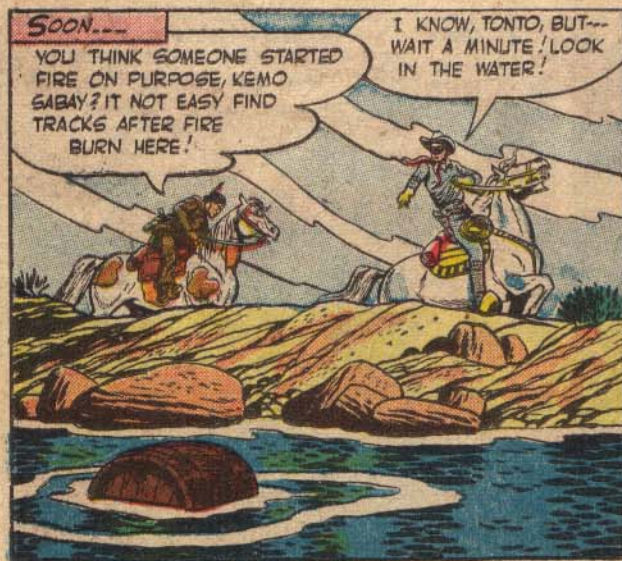
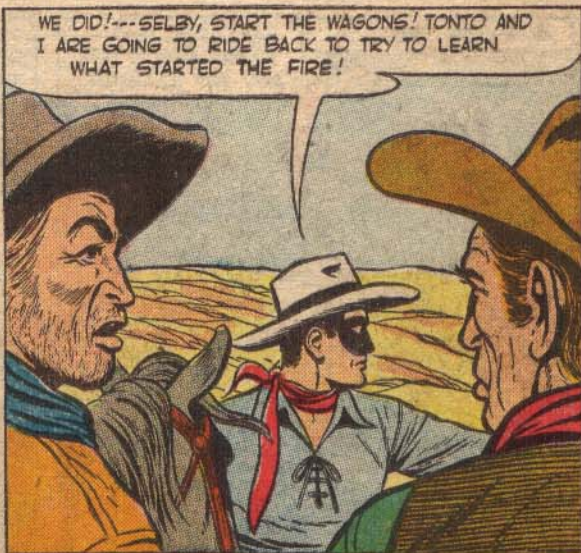
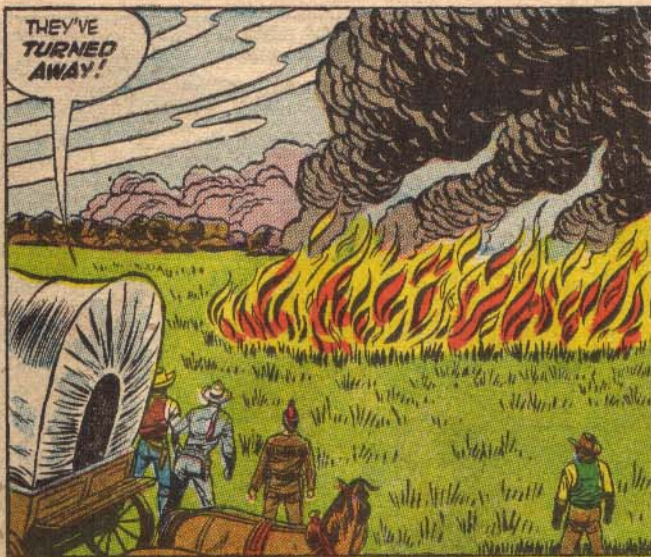
HERD COME FAST,
KEMO SABAY!

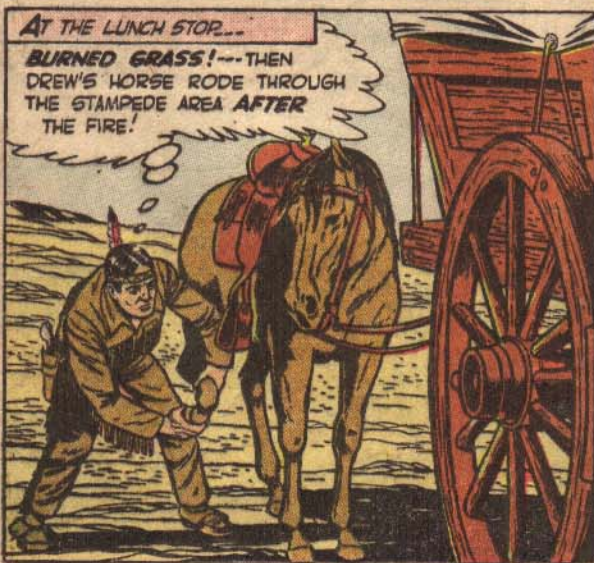
LIGHT THE OIL-SOAKED
GRASS, TONTO!

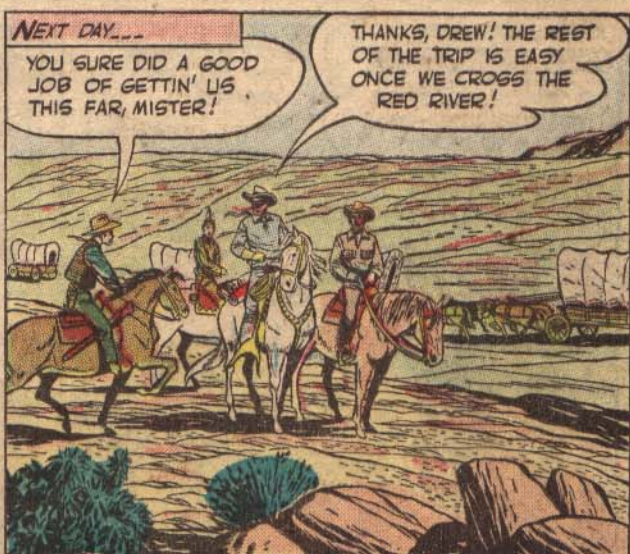
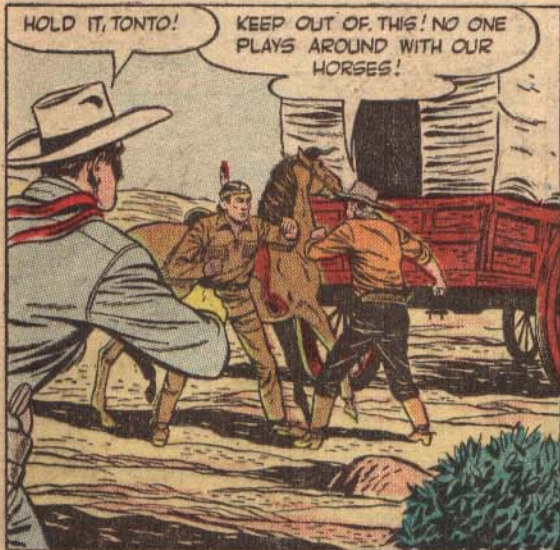


I HOPE IT TURNS THAT HERD,
TONTO! --- THEY'RE STILL
COMING!









LATER...

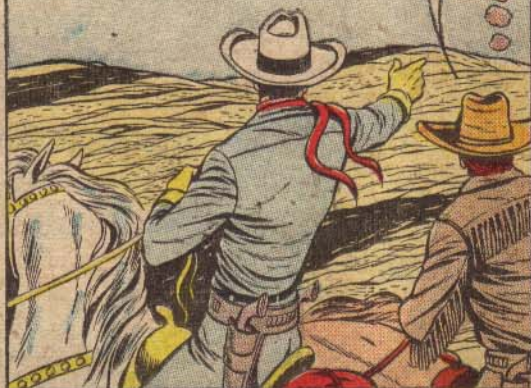
SELBY: WE'RE GOING TO TRY CROSSING THE RIVER HERE!

HERE? BUT YOU TOLD DREW AND DUSTY WE'D CROSS IN THE MORNIN' BY THE BIG BEND! WHY THE SUDDEN CHANGE?



SEE THOSE PUFFS OF SMOKE---

---INDIAN SMOKE SIGNALS! B-BUT WHAT ARE THEY SAYING!



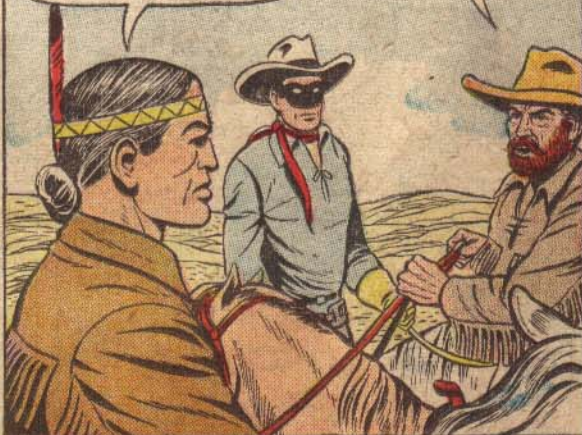
KEMO SABAY! DREW AND OTHER FELLER NOT RIDE TO BIG BEND! THEY GO TO TOP OF HILL DOWN RIVER! THEY MAKE SMOKE SIGNALS TO INDIANS!

I THOUGHT THEY WERE UP TO SOMETHING! WHAT DID THEY SIGNAL?



SMOKE TALK TELL INDIANS WAGONS CROSS RIVER BY BIG BEND IN MORNIN'! TELL-UM ATTACK!

WHY THE DIRTY TRAITORS!

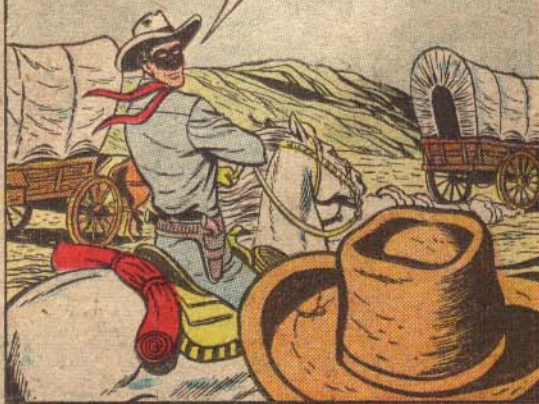


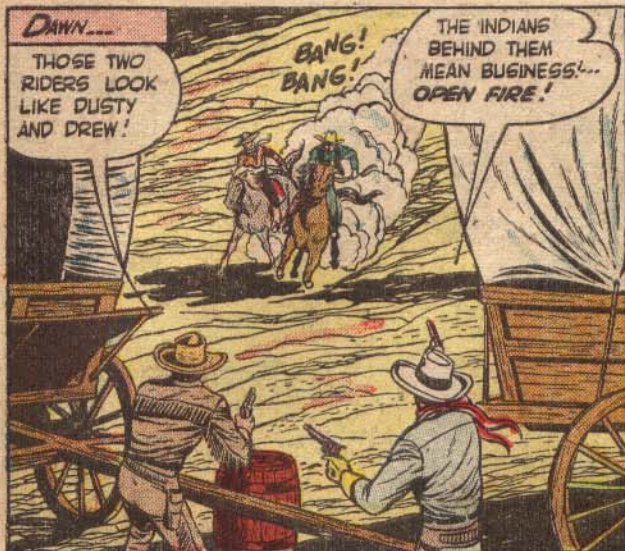
I'VE SUSPECTED THEM OF CAUSING THE TROUBLE WE'VE HAD, SELBY!

BUT I DON'T SAVVY THEIR GAME!



WE MAY FIND THE THE ANSWER TO THAT LATER!--- TONTO WILL RIDE FOR THE TROOPS AT FORT SHERMAN! WE'LL CROSS THE RED RIVER HERE! WE'LL PREPARE THE WAGONS FOR THE INDIAN ATTACK IN THE MORNIN'!





SOON THE PRAIRIE RUMBLES WITH WAR WHOOPS AND GUNFIRE...

HERE THEY COME! MAKE EACH
SHOT 'COUNT!

WHOOOP!
WHOOOP!



THE LONE RANGER RACES FROM WAGON TO WAGON,
ENCOURAGING THE DEFENDERS...

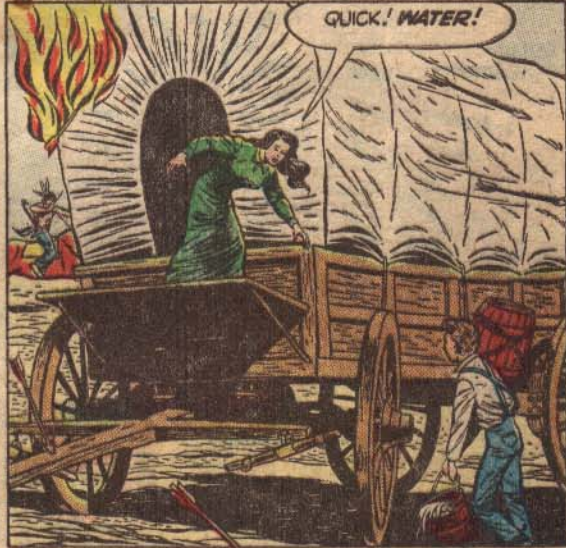
KEEP FIRING, MEN! EVERY
SECOND WE HOLD THEM
BACK IS IN OUR FAVOR!

GOT THE DIRTY
SAVAGE!

BANG!
BLAM!



QUICK! WATER!



LATER...

AMMUNITION'S RUNNIN' LOW! WE
CAN'T STAND 'EM OFF MUCH LONGER!



YOU'LL NOT HAVE TO---LOOK!
TONTA BROUGHT THE MEN
FROM FORT SHERMAN!

THE
TROOPS!
---YIPPEE!





AFTER THE INDIANS SURRENDER....

CHIEF, IF YOU WANT ANY CONSIDERATION FROM THE MILITARY AT YOUR TRIAL, YOU'D BETTER TALK!

ME TALK PLENTY!---DREW AND DUSTY TRY STOP WAGONS! THEY SAY IF THEY FAIL AND WAGONS REACH RED RIVER, WE ATTACK-UM AND TAKE GUNS YOU CARRY AS REWARD!



BUT HOW WOULD THEY BENEFIT FROM THAT?

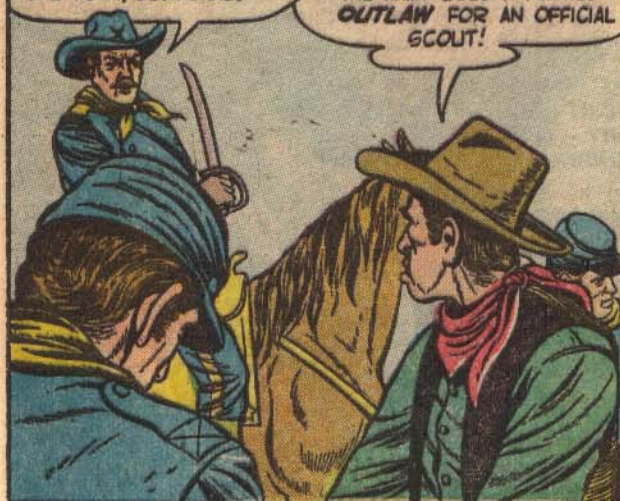
I THINK I CAN ANSWER THAT! WE NEED THOSE RIFLES TO ARM THE LOCAL MILITIA TO HELP US CAPTURE A NOTORIOUS BORDER GANG! DREW AND DUSTY MUST BE AGENTS FOR THE GANG, PAID TO STOP THIS SHIPMENT!

THAT RIGHT!



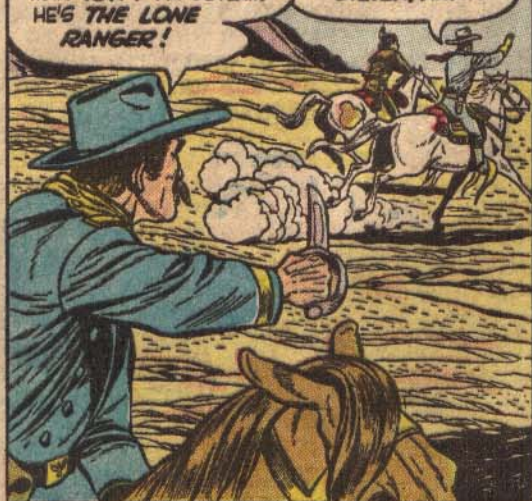
MARCH THE PRISONERS TO THE FORT, CORPORAL!

I STILL DON'T SAVVY WHY THE ARMY USES A MASKED OUTLAW FOR AN OFFICIAL SCOUT!



DREW, THAT MASKED MAN *ISN'T* AN OUTLAW! HE'S THE LONE RANGER!


HI-YO, SILVER, AWAY!



WONDERS OF THE WEST

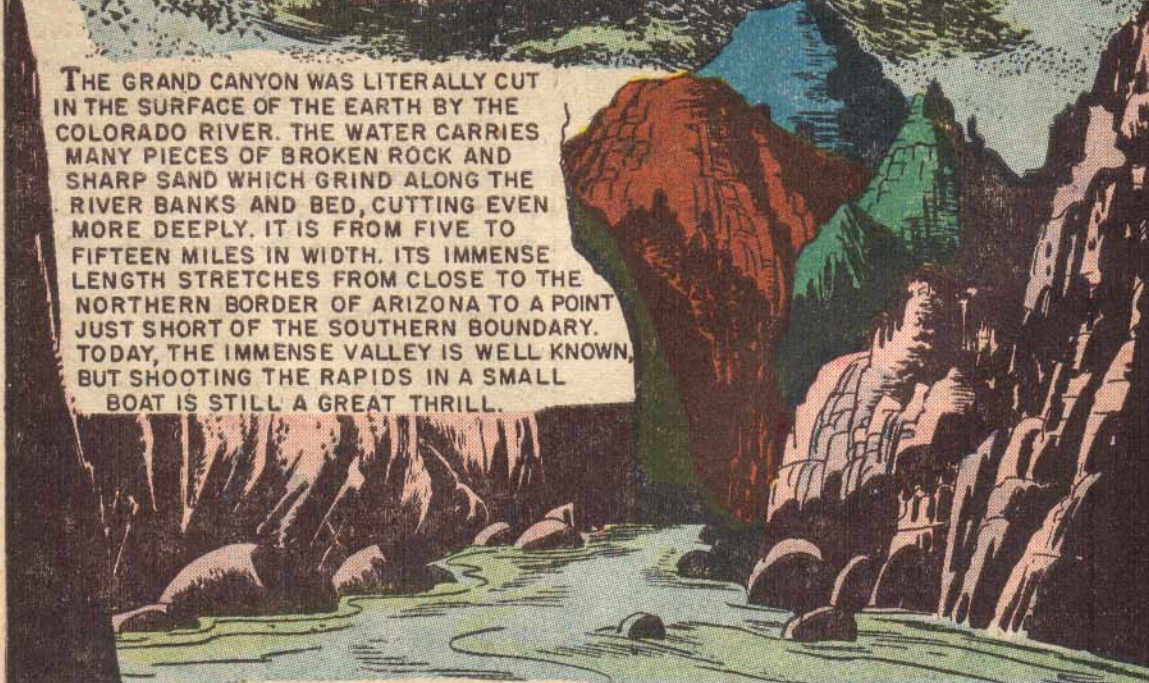
The **GRAND CANYON**

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ALMOST THE FIRST THOUGHT IN THE MINDS OF THE EARLY EXPLORERS WHO DISCOVERED THE GRAND CANYON WAS: HOW CAN WE EXPLORE IT? THE SIMPLEST ANSWER WAS TO RIDE THE COLORADO RIVER THROUGH THE CANYON IN A BOAT. BUT THE COLORADO IS A VIOLENT RIVER, CURVING AND TWISTING OVER NUMEROUS ROCKS, RAPIDS AND SHOALS.

MAJOR JOHN W. POWELL ACCOMPLISHED THE FIRST TRIP IN 1869. HIS SCIENTIFIC DESCRIPTION PUT AN END TO THE LEGEND THAT THE MIGHTY COLORADO, WHICH CUT THE CANYON SO DEEPLY IN THE EARTH, RAN UNDERGROUND FOR PART OF ITS COURSE.



THE GRAND CANYON WAS LITERALLY CUT IN THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH BY THE COLORADO RIVER. THE WATER CARRIES MANY PIECES OF BROKEN ROCK AND SHARP SAND WHICH GRIND ALONG THE RIVER BANKS AND BED, CUTTING EVEN MORE DEEPLY. IT IS FROM FIVE TO FIFTEEN MILES IN WIDTH. ITS IMMENSE LENGTH STRETCHES FROM CLOSE TO THE NORTHERN BORDER OF ARIZONA TO A POINT JUST SHORT OF THE SOUTHERN BOUNDARY. TODAY, THE IMMENSE VALLEY IS WELL KNOWN, BUT SHOOTING THE RAPIDS IN A SMALL BOAT IS STILL A GREAT THRILL.

THE HIDE OF THE BULL



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The dust of the Great Hunt still tainted the prairie air, as Little Lance and his cousin, Badger Foot, skirted the edge of the slaughtering ground. They were only two of the half hundred Sioux youths assigned to the job of locating wounded or dead buffalo that the squaws had missed. Like all the others, they talked and dreamed of the day when they would join the grown men—when they would ride among the plunging bulls and cows, risking death from curved, sharp horns, driving in the arrows at close range!

But, first, they must prove their hunting skill as boys.

The hunt was over, for the day. The warriors—except two who had died under the thundering hoofs of the herd—were resting in their lodges. The squaws had finished skinning and cutting up and dragging away all the meat that they had found.

But they always missed some—a wounded cow that had stumbled into a brush-choked gully and died there—or a young bull, crippled but far from dead, and hiding in a motte of thick willows.

These strays must be found by the boys of the tribe—before the lean, gray buffalo wolves should find them and spoil the meat. And whoever found a carcass must stand guard beside it all night—against all comers! Sometimes a fierce grizzly bear was the finder, and then the boy guardian of the

meat was lucky if he escaped!

The red rays of sunset flooded the grassy plain, as Little Lance and Badger Foot neared the end of the "beat" assigned to them. It glinted on the water of the Great River, half a mile away.

"See!" exclaimed Badger Foot, the younger of the two. "The water is red like blood! That is a bad sign!"

"Bad only for the buffalo!" Little Lance laughed. "The river is much higher than it has been for years. That is how our hunters trapped the herd so easily on a neck of land! Come! We shall have time to look through that motte of willows before we turn back!"

With their bows strung and their nerves as taut as their bowstrings, the two boys pushed into the willow tangle. It was dangerous work—for a wounded buffalo can hide like a wolf—and charge from nowhere, like a thunderbolt.

Badger Foot had only the slightest warning—the snapping of one willow stem against another. He turned—in time to jump aside from the shaggy bulk that lunged at him, bellowing. It was a close shave! As the bull's flank brushed past him, Badger Foot whipped an arrow to his string and let fly.

The bull bellowed again—and whirled. Then another bowstring twanged—the bow of Little Lance—and the buffalo grunted. But he did not pause. He smashed straight to-

wards Badger Foot—as if the willows were straw! The boy could almost feel those wicked horns ripping him—those knife-sharp hoofs slashing—

And then, before he knew it, the danger was past!

Old wounds and new had ended the bull's fierce charge—and his life with it! Little Lance leaped upon the great carcass, to drive his knife deep.

It was long after dark and both boys were bone-weary, when the last of the big hide came free.

Heedless of marauding wolves or other enemies, the boys fell asleep. They heard nothing of the sounds of lapping, swirling water, as the river's rise flooded the flat prairie land about them. Not until the cool wetness of it touched their skins did they wake up.

And then it was dawn! Around them stretched an endless, boundless lake, with distant trees standing out of it. The land was gone!

Mud clutched their ankles when they tried to wade. The water lapped higher, and higher.

"We cannot swim across that great water," Little Lance stated, gritting his teeth to keep back his tears. "We shall die here, and when the water goes away the coyotes will—"



"Wah!" exclaimed Badger Foot fiercely. "No coyote shall eat ME! We can make a big basket of the bull's hide. And keep dry in it! I once saw my mother's basket float away on the river. . . . Come! Get to work! We haven't much time!"

Working feverishly, the boys cut long, tough willow stems. They spliced and bent these into a big circle, using strips of raw-hide. Then they bound the edges of the bull's hide to the willow-rim, standing waist-deep in water to do it.

When they had finished, Badger Foot climbed onto his cousin's shoulders, and jumped into the bull-hide boat. It held him! It still floated high! Badger Foot helped Little Lance over the rim. They were safe! Gradually the rising flood lifted them free of the willows, and they drifted on the shoreless, muddy sea.

On the second day, hungry, but proudly happy, they touched dry land. They had already been sighted, by relatives and friends, who had given them up for lost. Wonderingly the crowd handled and studied the strange "basket" in which two lives had been preserved upon the flood. Now the Sioux had been shown—by two half-grown boys—how to cross rivers dry-shod.

IN THE HIDE OF THE BULL!



YOUNG HAWK

LARK! DESERT LARK---
WAKE UP! YOUNG HAWK
HAS GONE!

YOUNG HAWK---GONE?
YOU'RE DREAMING,
LITTLE BUCK!



ESCAPING OVER THE FUNERAL RANGE FROM A PARTY OF HOSTILE INDIANS, YOUNG HAWK AND HIS FRIENDS
FIND THEMSELVES IN THE PARCHED WASTE OF A DEEP, NARROW VALLEY.

I GUESS HE WENT TO HUNT
FOR WATER! WE HAVEN'T
HAD A DROP TO DRINK
SINCE YESTERDAY...

BUT---IF HE DOESN'T
FIND ANY--- HE MAY
NEVER COME BACK
TO US!



YARK!
YARK!

YARK---
YARK---
YARK!

IT'S YOUNG HAWK, NOW!
TUMBLEWEED HAS
HEARD HIM!



OH,
YOUNG
HAWK!
I WAS
AFRAID...

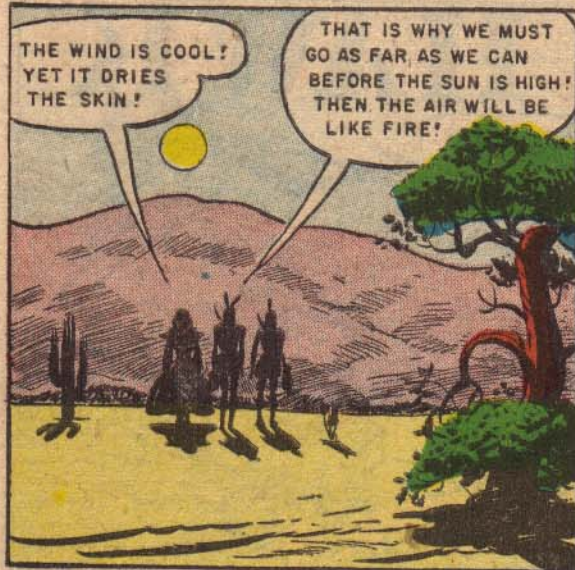
--- THAT I WOULDN'T COME
BACK? I WOULD HAVE---WATER
OR NO WATER, LARK OF THE
DESERT! AND HERE'S A DRINK
FOR YOU!



IT'S
HOT
WATER!

NOT SO HOT AS IT WAS WHEN I
DIPPED IT UP! THERE'S A HOT
SPRING---A FEW MILES ACROSS
THE VALLEY--- WE'LL START
FOR IT NOW.







THIS WILL GIVE US STRENGTH TO CROSS THE VALLEY TODAY!

I AM GLAD IT IS NOT SUMMER, YOUNG HAWK. THEN THIS PLACE WOULD BE TRULY A VALLEY OF DEATH!

(AND "DEATH VALLEY" IT WAS TO BE NAMED, HUNDREDS OF YEARS AFTERWARDS, BY WHITE-SKINNED PIONEERS...)



MY FEET ARE BURNING, YOUNG HAWK!

MY THROAT IS ON FIRE! AND MY WATER BAG IS EMPTY!

BY MIDAFTERNOON THE SUN'S HEAT TURNS THE VALLEY INTO AN OVEN.



TAKE A SIP FROM MINE, LITTLE BUCK! YOUR STRENGTH WILL HOLD OUT--- AND SO WILL LARK'S



HAH! IT IS COOL HERE! DO YOU THINK WE'LL FIND WATER?

HIGHER UP--- BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN RIDGE, I THINK.

THAT EVENING THEY REACH A SHADOWED DRAW, AT THE FOOT OF THE ROCKY PANAMINTS.



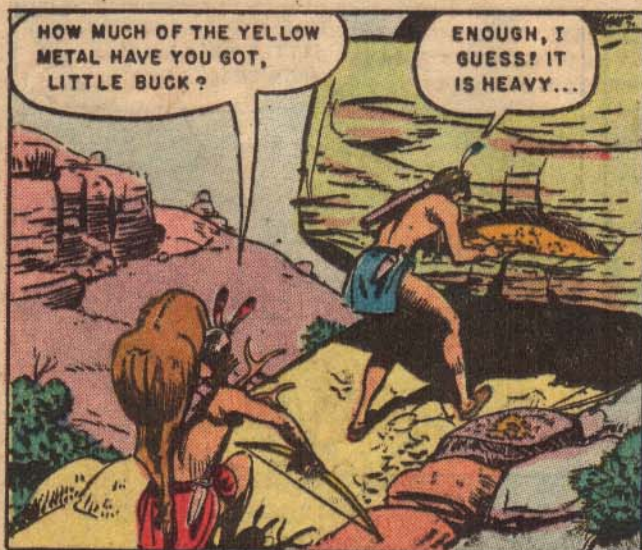
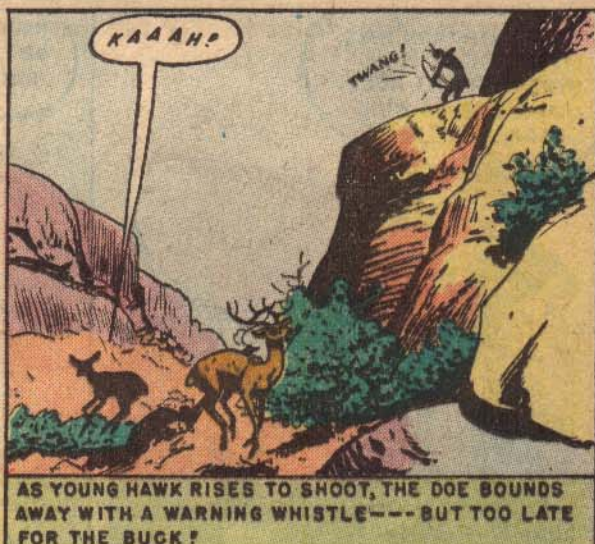
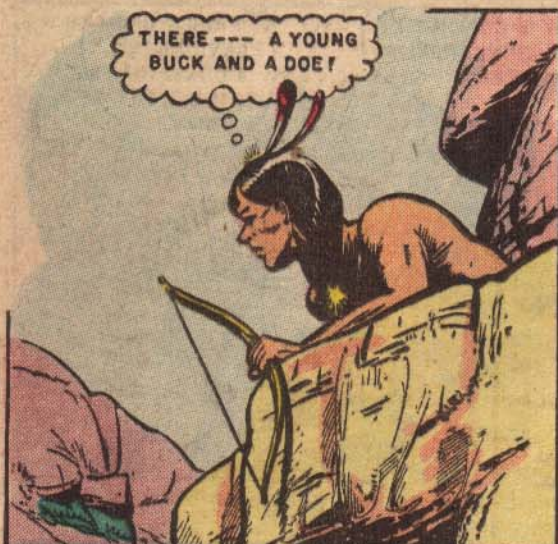
WATER! WATER--- SEE, LITTLE BUCK!

AND AGAIN, TUMBLEWEED DISCOVERS A PRECIOUS SPRING--- THOUGH IT IS ONLY A TRICKLE.



THIS IS DEER COUNTRY, LITTLE BUCK! WATCH FOR TRACKS!

THE NEXT MORNING THE BOYS CLIMB THE RIDGE, HUNTING FOR MEAT.



WILL WE EVER GET OUT OF THESE BARE, HOT MOUNTAINS, YOUNG HAWK?

WE WILL GO NORTH FOR A WHILE! THEN, WHEN WE FIND BETTER COUNTRY WE WILL STRIKE WEST---TO THE GREAT SALT WATER.



I AM TIRED OF ALL THIS TRAVEL AND THIS THIRSTY DESERT! WHY CAN'T WE FIND A PLACE TO SETTLE DOWN?



I CAN'T BLAME DESERT LARK FOR WANTING TO SETTLE DOWN---GIRLS ARE LIKE THAT, YOUNG HAWK.

THEY ARE BORN HOMEMAKERS, LITTLE BUCK?



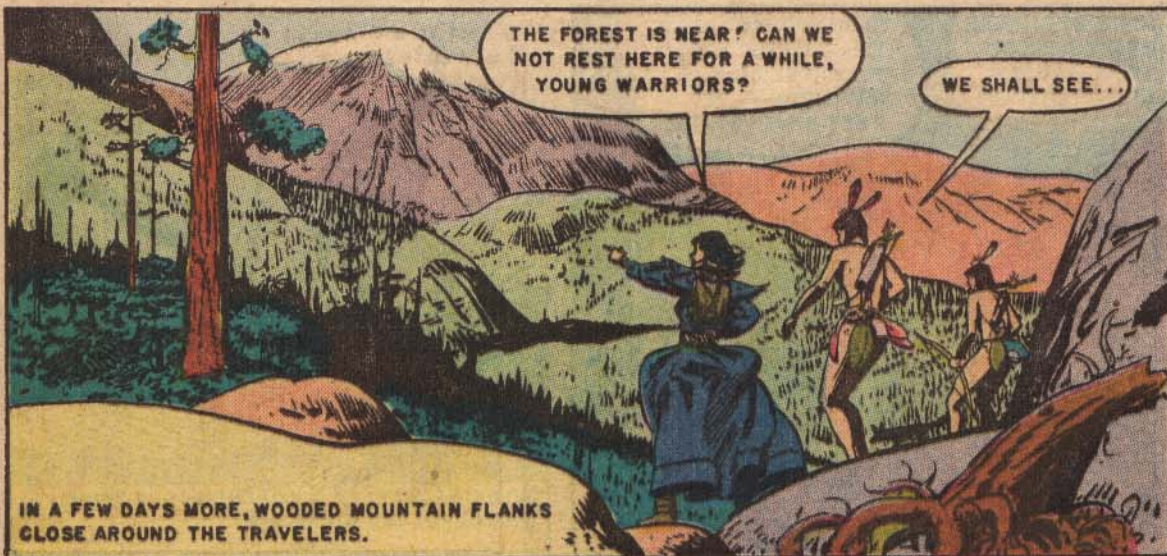
FROM NOW ON THE GOING IS RUGGED, BUT WATER AND FOOD ARE NOT A SERIOUS PROBLEM. NORTHWARD LOOM THE SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS.

DESERT LARK IS BRAVE AND GOOD--- BUT THERE IS NO NEED FOR HER TO FOLLOW US ALWAYS! PERHAPS WE SHALL FIND A FRIENDLY TRIBE WHO WILL TREAT HER WELL...

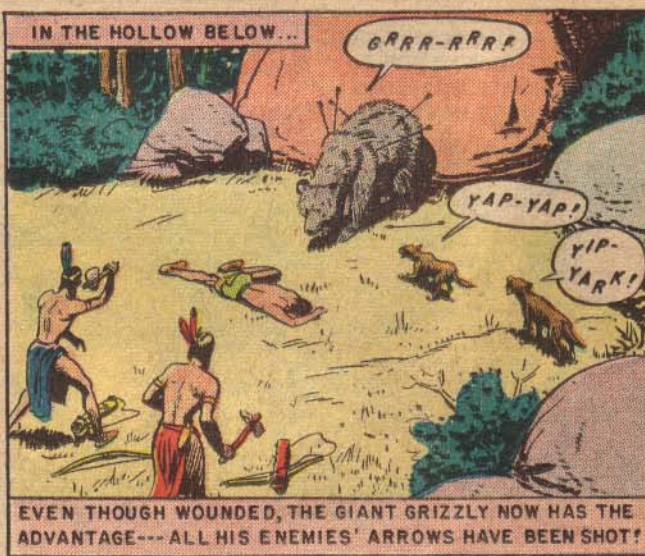


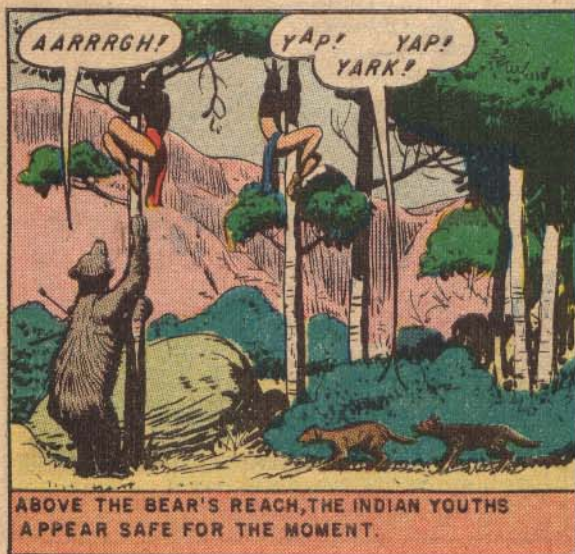
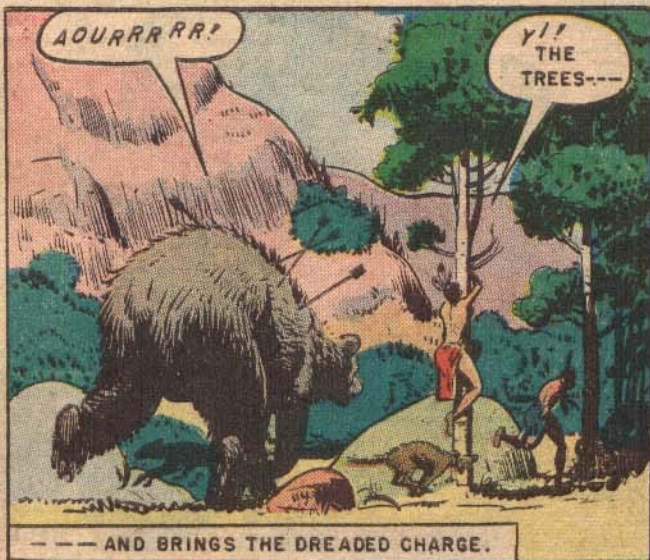
THE FOREST IS NEAR! CAN WE NOT REST HERE FOR A WHILE, YOUNG WARRIORS?

WE SHALL SEE...

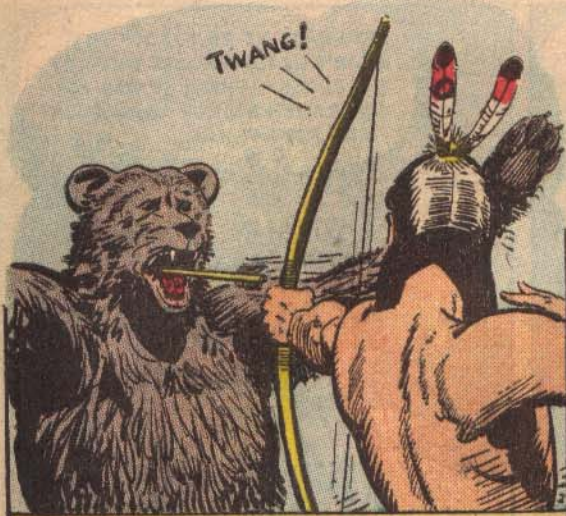


IN A FEW DAYS MORE, WOODED MOUNTAIN FLANKS CLOSE AROUND THE TRAVELERS.









FULL DRAWN, AND LOOSED THE BOWSTRING
TWANGS ITS BRIEF SONG OF POWER.



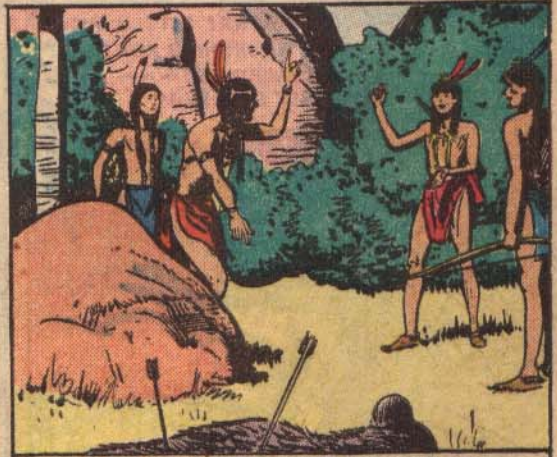
LIKE A FELLED TREE, THE HUGE BULK OF THE BEAR
TOPPLES TO THE EARTH---SPINAL CORD SEVERED
BY YOUNG HAWK'S ARROWHEAD.



COME DOWN, WARRIORS!
YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE
BUCK ARE FRIENDS!

AND THE
BEAR IS
DEAD!

BUT THE YOUTHS IN THE TREES STILL STARE, UNABLE
TO BELIEVE THEIR EYES.



IN SIGN TALK THE STRANGERS ASK: "DID YOU
SHOOT A MAGIC ARROW?" AND YOUNG HAWK
REPLIES: "NO---ONLY A LUCKY ONE!"



I AM BLACK FISHER!
WHERE IS YOUR
CAMP?

I AM LITTLE AXE!
WE WELCOME YOU,
YOUNG WARRIORS.

WE HAVE
NO CAMP...



--- BUT A YOUNG GIRL
FOLLOWS US---ONE
WHOM WE RESCUED
FROM HER ENEMIES!
I WILL CALL HER.

AND, A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

DESERT LARK, ALL IS WELL! THESE YOUNG MEN WILL BE OUR FRIENDS, AND THEIR PEOPLE WILL WELCOME US! THEY ARE OF THE SHOSHONE TRIBE!

I AM GLAD, YOUNG HAWK!

YOU WANT ME TO CUT OFF THE BEAR'S HEAD--- FOR A TROPHY? NO, BLACK FISHER! IT WAS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WHO CAUGHT AND FOUGHT HIM...

YOUNG HAWK! LITTLE BUCK! THIS WARRIOR IS NOT DEAD! HE IS WOUNDED--- AND HALF STUNNED!

BROKEN KNIFE LIVES! I SAW THE BEAR STRIKE HIM DOWN! HE LAY LIKE A DEAD MAN...

UGH!

SEE, YOUNG HAWK--- HE SPEAKS!

UGH! BEAR IS--- DEAD!

HE HAS A FEW CRACKED RIBS, THIS BROKEN KNIFE? BUT HE'LL RECOVER.

AND SO THE SIX NEWLY ACQUAINTED YOUNG PEOPLE TAKE THE TRAIL TO THE SHOSHONE CAMP BY THE BLUE LAKE WATER--- WITH THE GRIM TROPHY OF THEIR HUNT CARRIED ON A POLE.

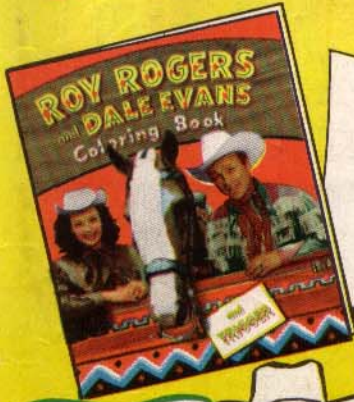
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ROY ROGERS and DALE EVANS COLORING BOOK

Those Western favorites, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans with their horse Trigger, make up a bookful of pictures to color. Brightly colored cardboard cover. Authorized edition. Pictures include scenes from their television, movie and radio adventures.



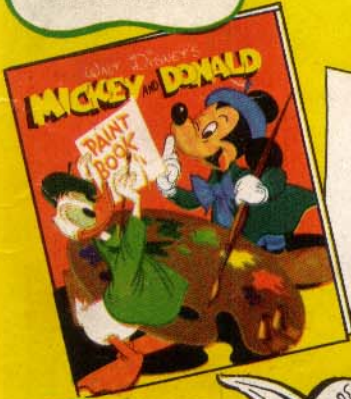
AT ONLY A
QUARTER EACH,
YOU GET THESE
BOOKS FOR A
"SONG"!

HERE'S A SURE-
SHOT BOOK
FOR FUN AND
ADVENTURE



LONE RANGER COLORING BOOK

The well-known masked cowboy, his horse Silver, and Indian friend Tonto. Scores of pages to color PLUS games, quizzes, puzzles, mazes and follow-the-dot pages. Pictures taken from his comic strip, radio and television shows.



WE'RE AFTER
BURIED
TREASURE, DOC!



WALT DISNEY'S MICKEY and DONALD COLORING BOOK

Pictures by the one-and-only Walt Disney—ready to be colored! All the characters that add up to hours of fun—Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Donald and his nephews, Daisy, Pluto, Goofy, Bambi, and others. For coloring with crayons or paints.



MR. DISNEY
PACKED THIS
BOOK FULL OF
HIS FUN-FAMILY!

BUGS BUNNY COLORING BOOK

Right from "Looney Tunes" and "Merrie Melodies" come pictures of fun—Bugs Bunny and his friends, Porky Pig, Petunia, the Pirate, and many others. Colorful cardboard cover. Action-packed pictures on every page.



Television's Famous HOWDY-DOODY COLORING BOOK

Howdy Doody, the clown Clarabell, Mr. Bluster, Dilly Dally, the Flub-a-Dub are well-known heroes of television, radio and comic strips. Here are 128 pages of pictures of these characters to color.

FLASH GORDON . . . WITH COVER THAT GLOWS COLORING BOOK

This explorer of space seen on television and in the comic strips is pictured in one of his exciting adventures.

THE
SAME KIND OF
FOOTBALL USED IN
VARSITY GAMES
WITH NEW, LONG-WEARING
RUBBER LACING!

10,000 Voit FOOTBALLS TO WIN!

JUST FINISH THIS SENTENCE
IN 25 WORDS OR LESS...

"I like Wheaties because _____"

Here's one of the easiest opportunities you've ever had to get a genuine Voit football... the same kind of top quality football used in colleges. (Retail Value—\$14.95!)

Look How Easy! Just tell in your own words why you like Wheaties. For example: "I like Wheaties because they taste swell and give me energy to play sports and do my

school work, too." The first idea that pops into your head may win you one of America's Finest Footballs. Use handy entry blank below.

Hurry! Contest Ends Midnight, Sunday, Oct. 19. Send in as many entries as you want. Be sure each entry is accompanied by a Wheaties boxtop. Hurry! Contest closes midnight, Sunday, October 19!

RETAIL
VALUE
\$14.95

Easy Contest Rules!

1. On entry blank or sheet of paper complete the following in 25 additional words or less: "I like Wheaties because..." Add your name and address, enclose a Wheaties boxtop and mail to WHEATIES, Box 81, Minneapolis, Minn.
2. Send as many entries as you wish, but each must be accompanied by a Wheaties boxtop.
3. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight October 19 and received by November 1.
4. Entries judged on basis of uniqueness, aptness of thought, originality and clearness. Final judging by a group of University of Minnesota faculty

- members. All judging under their supervision.
 5. Judges' decisions final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become property of General Mills, Inc.
 6. Contest open to all residents of continental United States and Territory of Hawaii, except employees and families of employees of GENERAL MILLS, INC., the W. J. VOIT RUBBER CORPORATION, and their advertising agencies.
- For winners list: send self-addressed, stamped envelope (6¢ postage) to WHEATIES, Box 1500, Minneapolis, Minn., after Dec. 1, 1952.



PLAY BETTER WITH THE

Voit WF9 FOOTBALL

Built to 100 percent conformance in size, shape and weight with Official Rule Book specifications.

PASSING: New pebble-grained rubber cover gives better grip wet or dry for passing and handling.

KICKING: Official 13 pounds playing pressure gives top kicking performance.

SEEING: Actual white rubber stripes make ball easier to see day and night. Will not rub off!

WEARING: Heavy natural rubber cover over multiple-ply fabric. Retains official size, weight, and shape in roughest play.



10,000 FIRST
PRIZE WINNERS!

Mail
Entry
Blank
Now!

HERE IS MY ENTRY. I am enclosing one Wheaties boxtop.

"I like Wheaties because _____"

Mail To: WHEATIES, BOX 81, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

Entry must be postmarked not later than midnight Oct. 19, 1952.

PLEASE PRINT