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# The LONE RANGER

## Home-Coming

KEMO SABAY,  
WAGONS HEAD  
WEST TOWARD  
MORGAN'S GAP!

YES, TONTO, THEY MUST BE DRIVING TO  
THE NEW HOMESTEAD LANDS THE  
GOVERNMENT OPENED! THEIR ROUTE  
IS SAFE---THERE HAS BEEN NO  
INDIAN TROUBLE FOR OVER A YEAR!



UGH! BIG  
EAGLE KEEP  
PEACE!

HE'S A WISE CHIEFTAIN!--WE'LL RIDE  
BACK TO THE WOODS AND MAKE  
CAMP NOW, TONTO! COME ON, SILVER!



KEMO SABAY  
--LOOK!



THOSE BRAVES ARE IN WAR  
PAINT! THEY MUST HAVE SEEN  
THE WAGON TRAIN, TOO!



I HOPE THESE  
SHOTS WILL  
WARN THE  
SETTLERS IN  
TIME!

UGH! BUT IF WAGONS  
ESCAPE--UM, BRAVES  
TURN ON US!

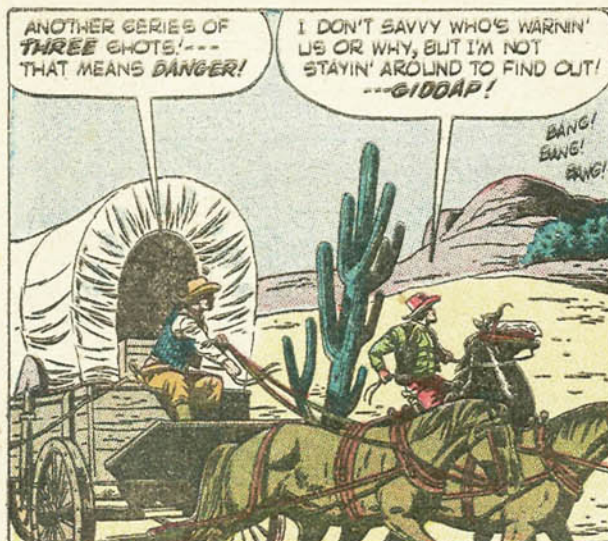


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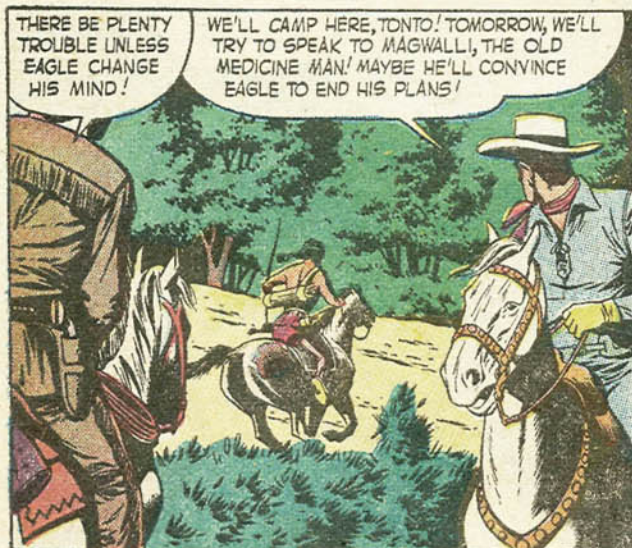
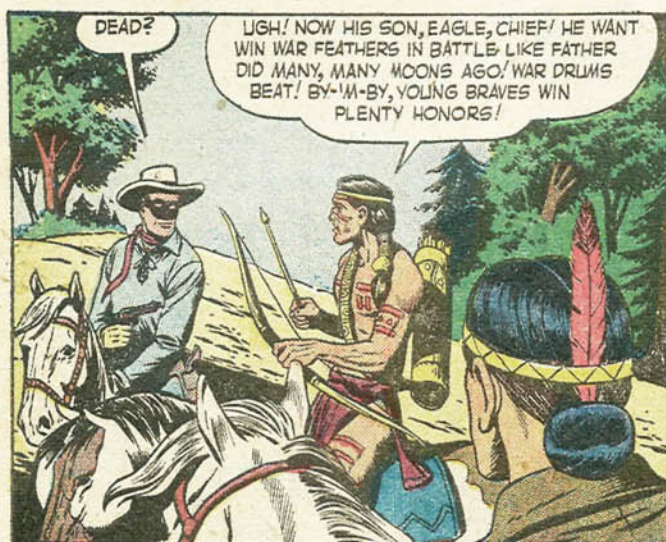






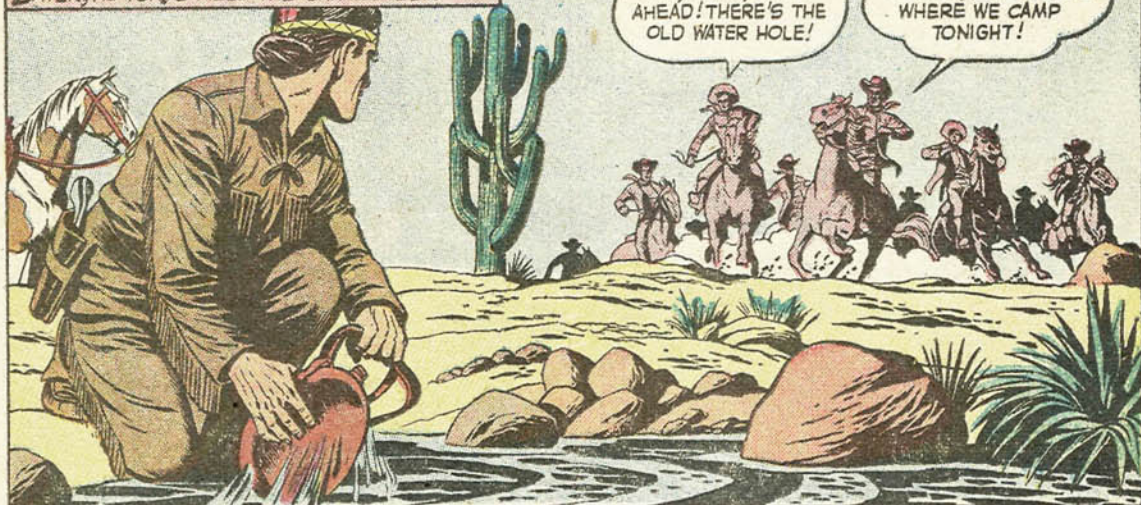








LATER, AS TONTO FILLS THE CANTEENS---



HEY, RANDY, LOOK AHEAD! THERE'S THE OLD WATER HOLE!

REIN IN, BOYS! HERE'S WHERE WE CAMP TONIGHT!



HOWDY, INDIAN! MIND IF WE SHARE THE WATER HOLE WITH YOU?

HOW!--- THERE'S PLENTY WATER HERE!



YOUR BACK TRAIL POINTS WEST! DID YOU PASS OUR HOME TOWN---MORGAN'S GAP?

UGH! TONTO RODE THROUGH UM YESTERDAY!

YOU DID! HOW'S IT LOOK? ANY NEW BUILDINGS?



ME NOT SEE NEW BUILDINGS!

JIMINY! WE HAVEN'T SEEN OUR HOME TOWN SINCE WE LEFT TO JOIN GENERAL LEE'S FORCES!

REMEMBER THE SEND-OFF THE FOLKS GAVE US? NOW THE WAR'S OVER, I'LL BET OUR WELCOME HOME'LL BE TWICE AS BIG!

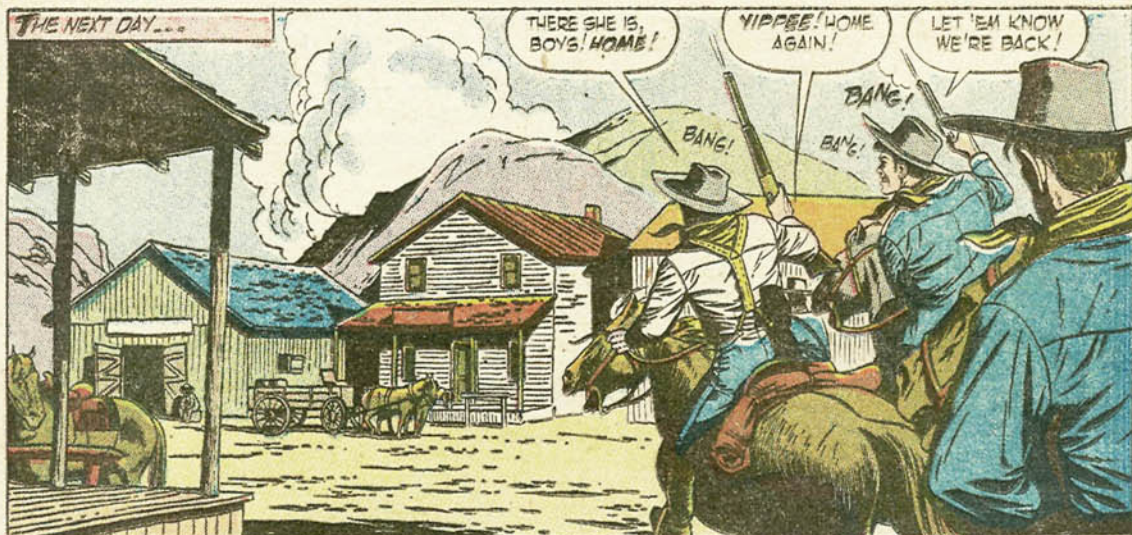
LATER TONTO TELLS THE LONE RANGER OF THE MEETING---



TONTO, THOSE TWELVE RETURNING SOLDIERS CAME BACK AT THE RIGHT TIME! THEIR GUNS WILL GIVE OUR ARGUMENT REAL WEIGHT WHEN WE SEE MAGWALL!

UGH! IF WAR PAINTED BRAVES NOT STOP FIRST!

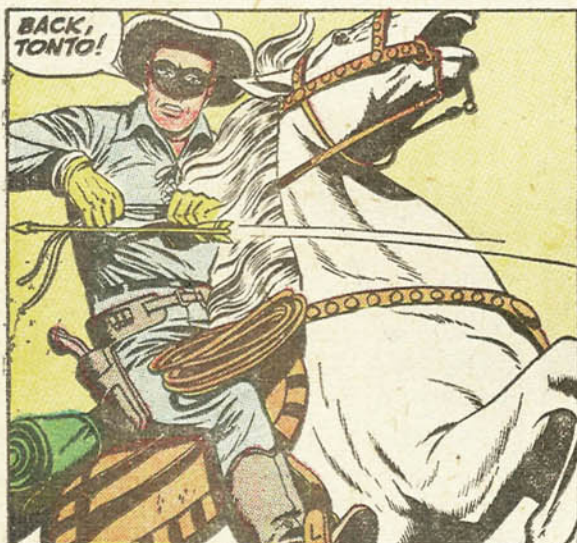
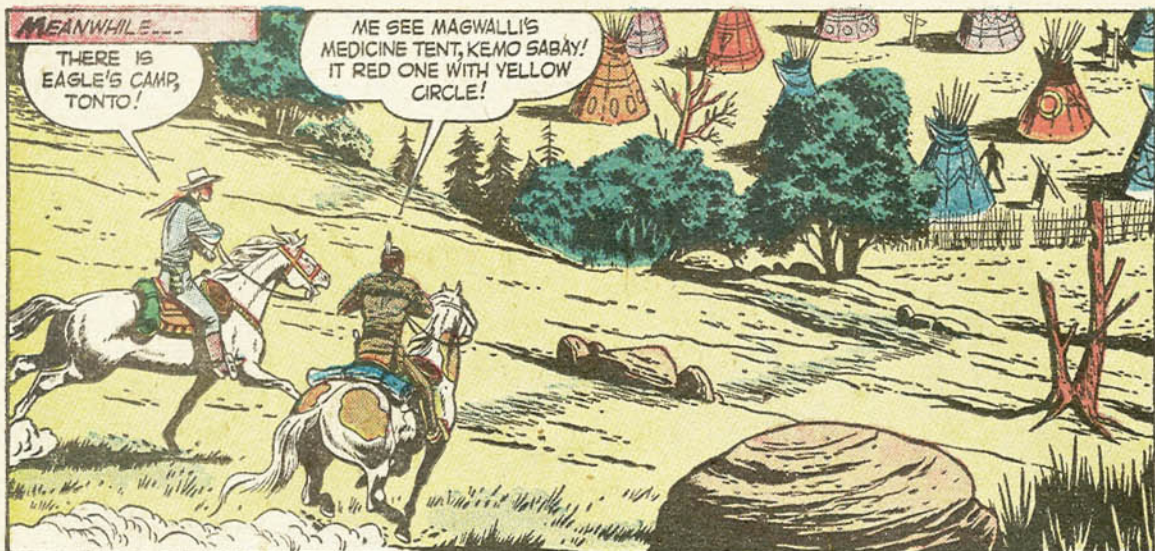








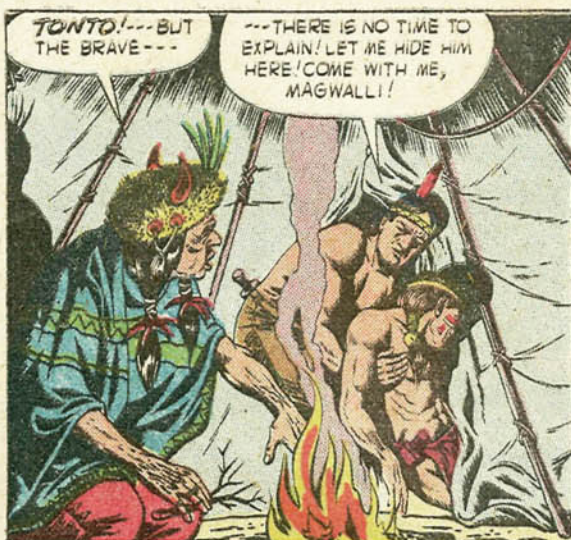












YOUR REQUEST SEEMS URGENT! WHERE DO WE GO, TONTO?

MY MASKED COMPANION WAITS FOR US IN THE WOODS, MAGWALLI! HE WISHES TO SPEAK WITH YOU THERE!



SOON AFTER, THE LONE RANGER TELLS MAGWALLI OF THE RETURNED SOLDIERS...

THE TWELVE FIGHTING MEN IN MORGAN'S GAP HAVE GOOD RIFLES, MAGWALLI! TELL THE YOUNG MEN THEY WILL ONLY MEET WITH DEFEAT AND DISGRACE IF THEY BREAK THE PEACE!

EAGLE AND TWENTY YOUNG BRAVES WANT BATTLE TO WIN WAR FEATHERS! IF THEY NOT ATTACK MORGAN'S GAP, THEY ATTACK OTHER PLACE!



NO MATTER WHERE THEY ATTACK, THE ARMY WILL BE CALLED IN! BOW AND ARROWS HAVE LITTLE CHANCE AGAINST RIFLES! I HOPED THE CERTAINTY OF DEFEAT WOULD KEEP EAGLE FROM FIGHTING!

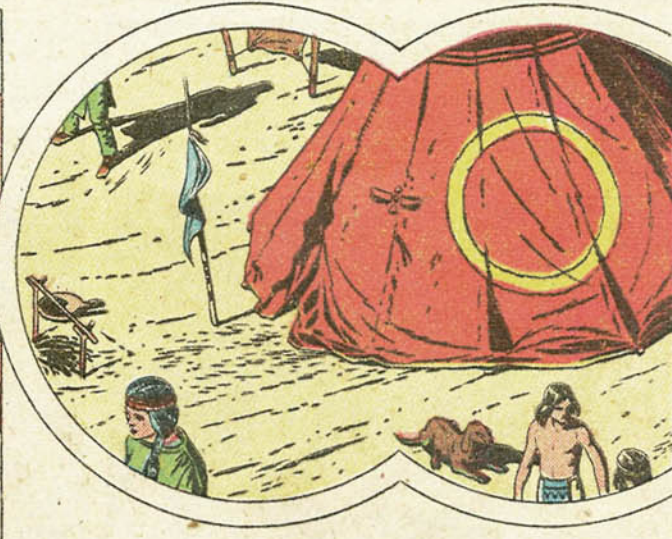
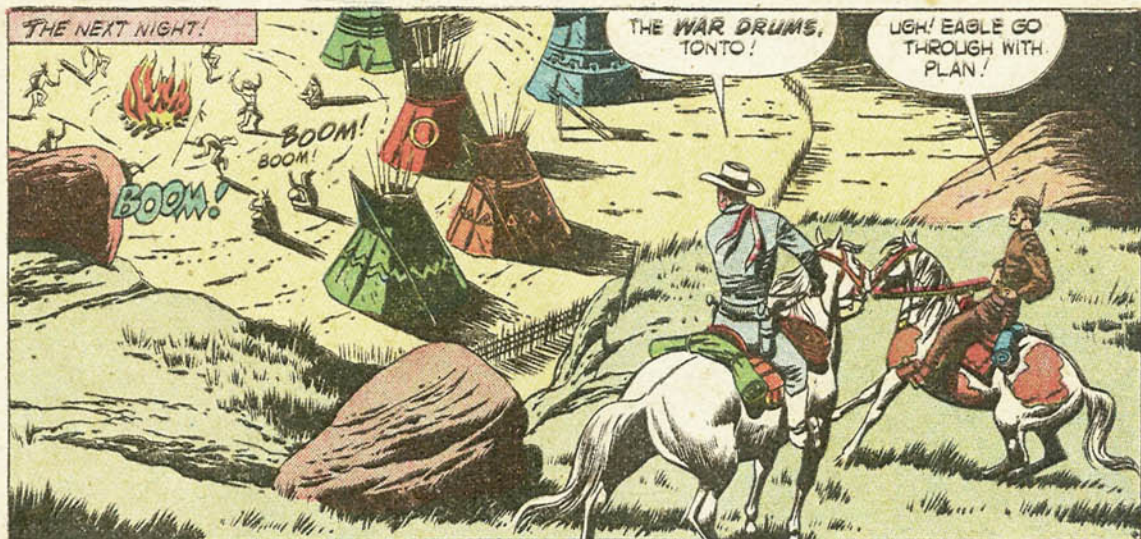
EAGLE NOT KNOW MEANING OF DEFEAT! MEBBE GOOD HIM LEARN IT!



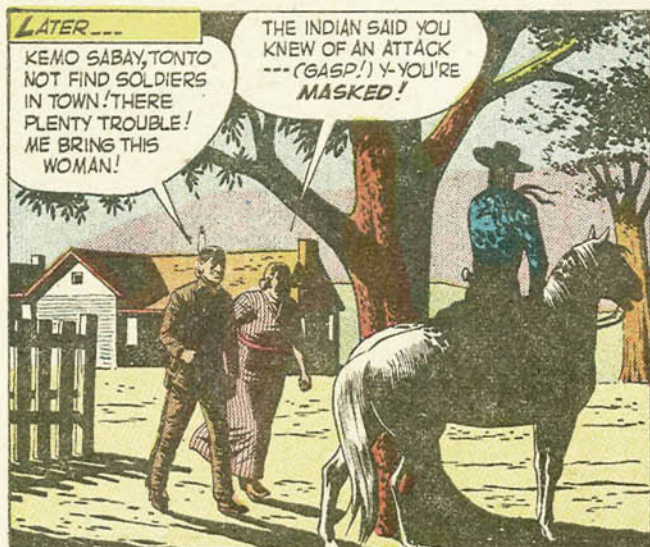
THEN YOU INTEND TO DO **NOTHING** TO DISCOURAGE HIS PLANS?

THEY NOT LISTEN TO OLD MEDICINE MAN! BUT YOU SAY MEN CAN DEFEND MORGAN'S GAP! LET INDIANS GO, MAKE FIGHT AND LEARN BY PAIN OF WOUND AND LONELINESS OF DEATH THAT PEACE IS BETTER THAN WAR! MAGWALLI HAS SPOKEN!

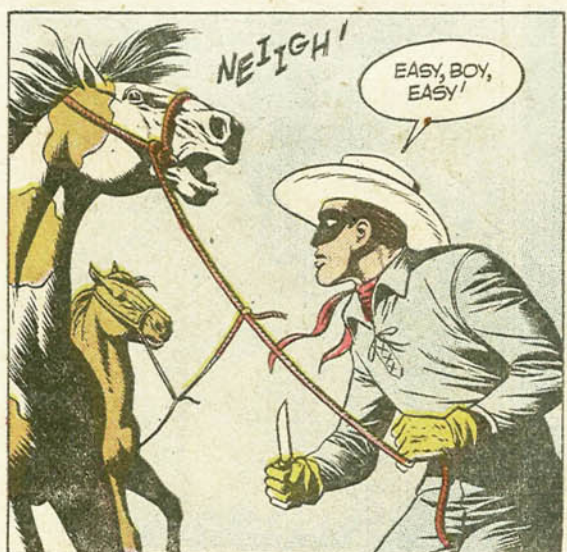
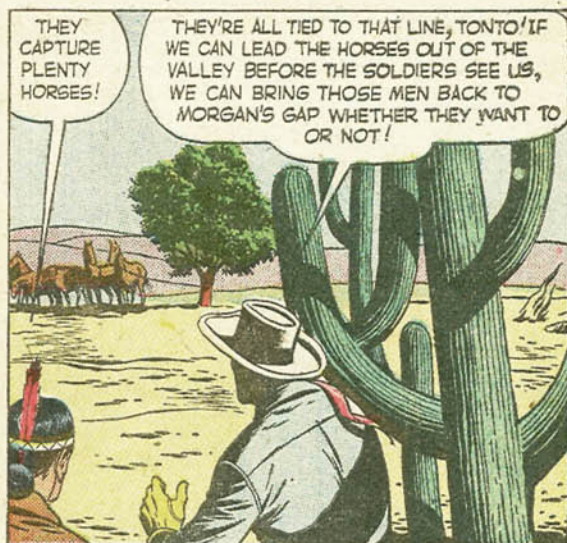
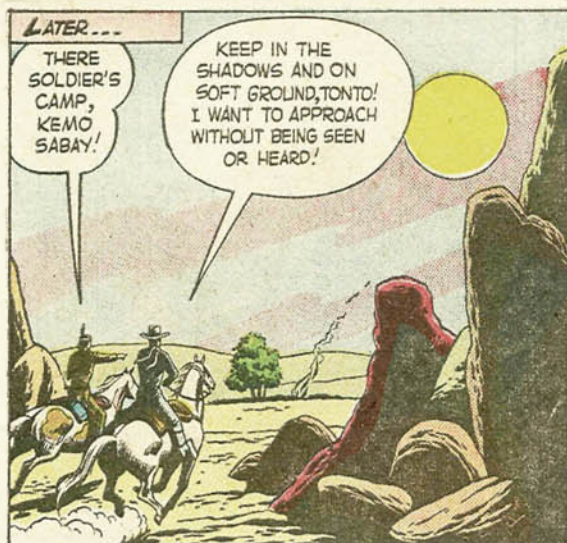




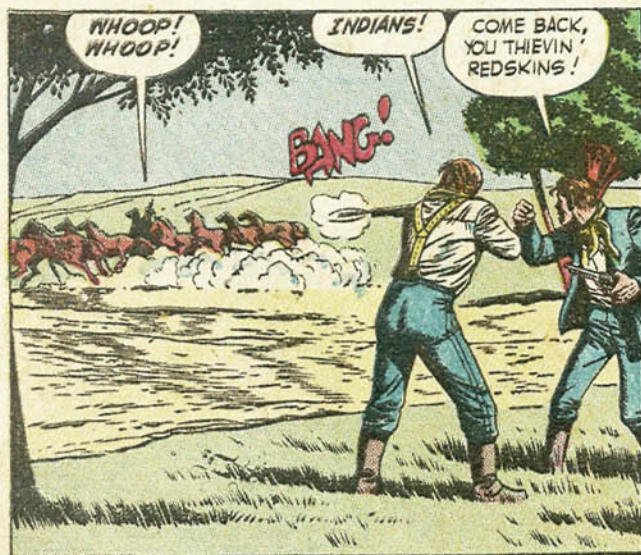
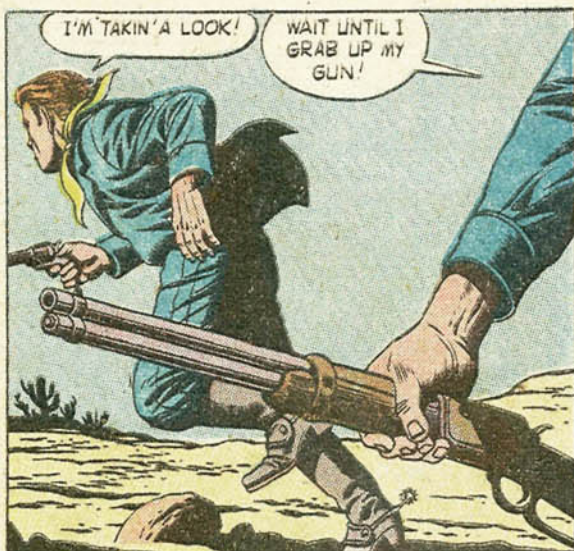
















THEY FOLLOW,  
KEMO SABAY!

KEEP THE HORSES MOVING,  
TONTO! WE MUST STAY JUST  
OUT OF RANGE UNTIL WE REACH  
MORGAN'S GAP!



RANDY, THEY'RE  
OUTA RANGE!

THEY'LL NOT BE FOR  
LONG---THOSE HORSES  
WILL SLOW 'EM DOWN  
AND WHEN THEY DO,  
WE'LL STOP THOSE  
HORSE THIEVES  
FOR KEEPS!



DAWN...

THE BRAVES ARE  
READY, EAGLE!

LET THE ATTACK BEGIN  
WHEN EAGLE'S ARROW  
STRIKES!



NO ONE MOVES IN  
TOWN YET, EAGLE!

NOR WILL ANYONE  
MOVE WHEN OUR  
RAID ENDS!

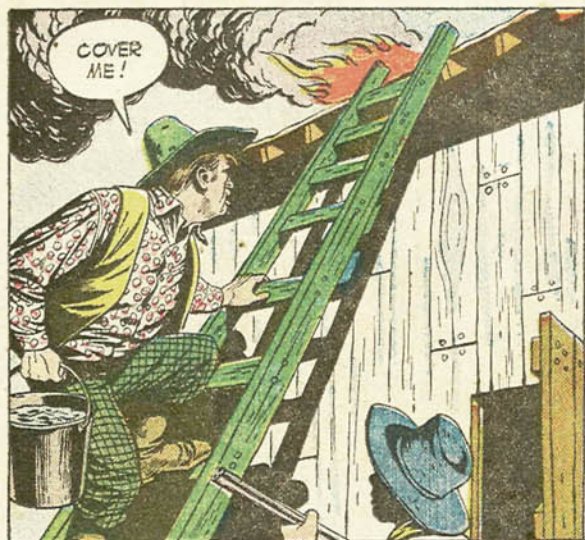


CRASH!

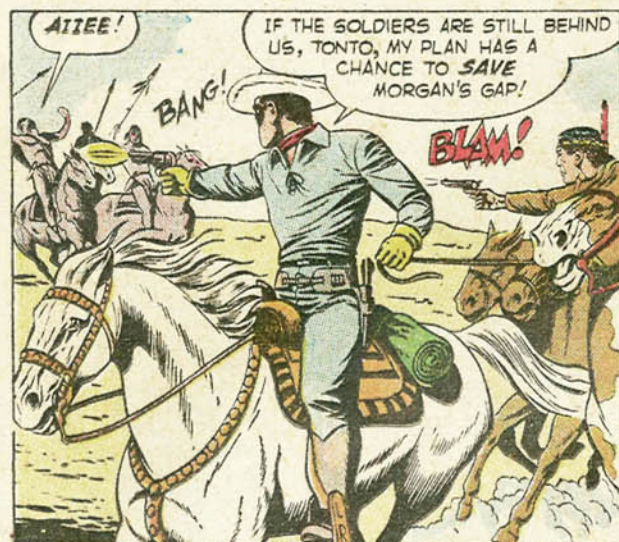
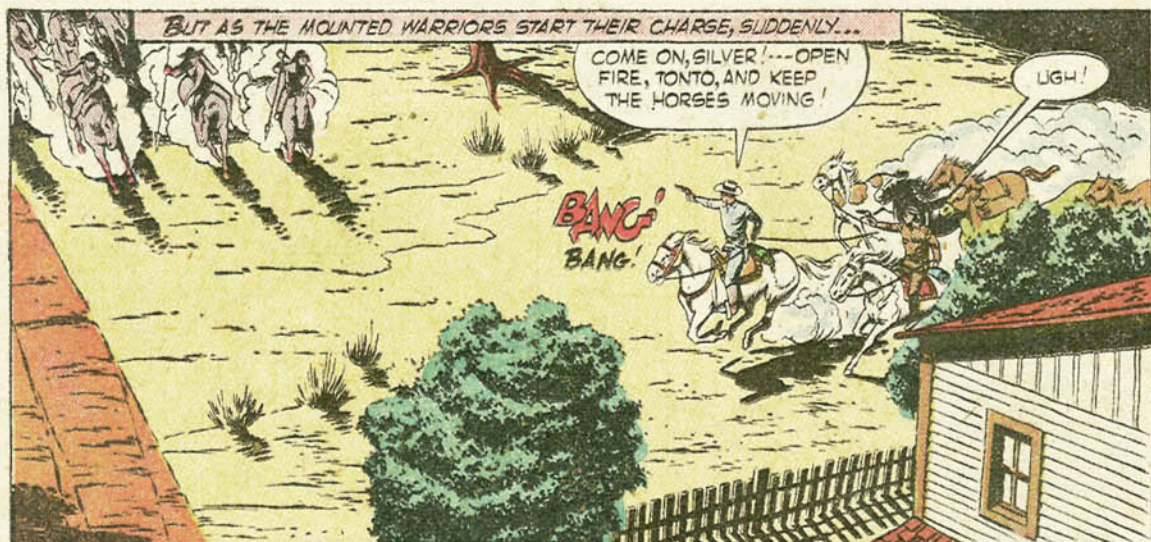




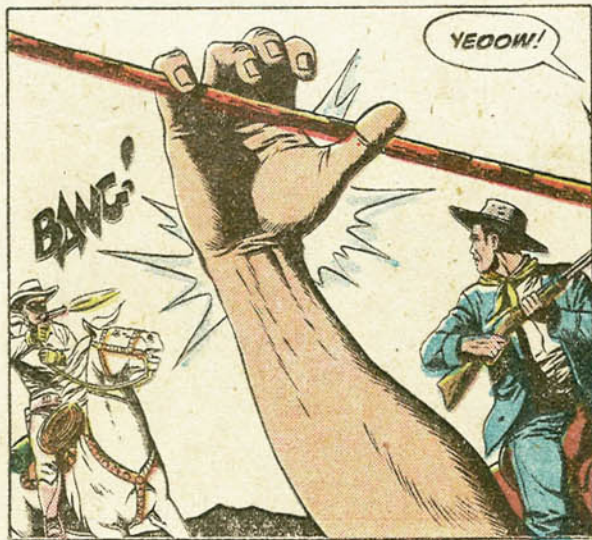
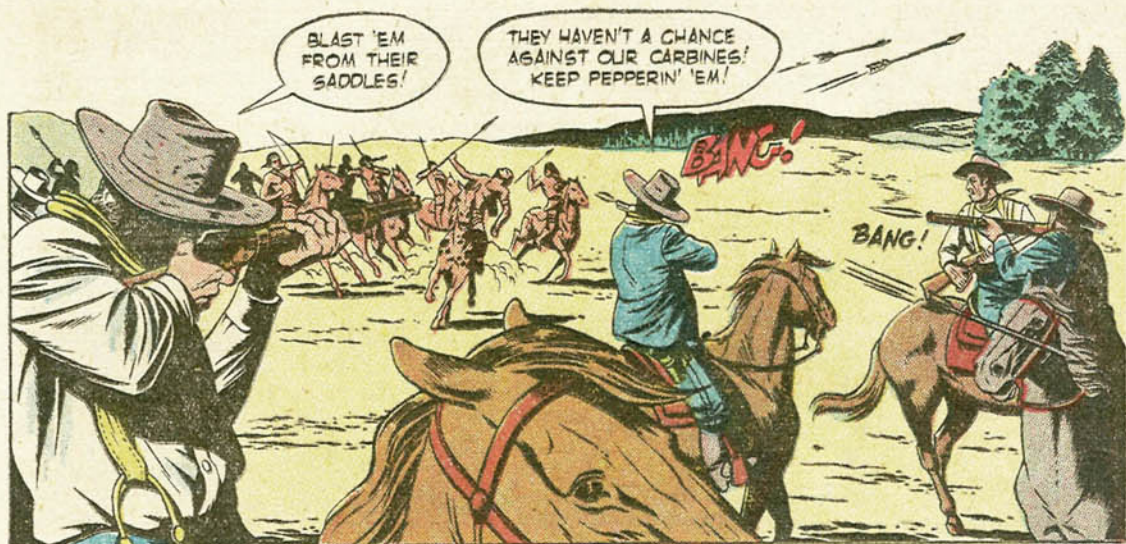










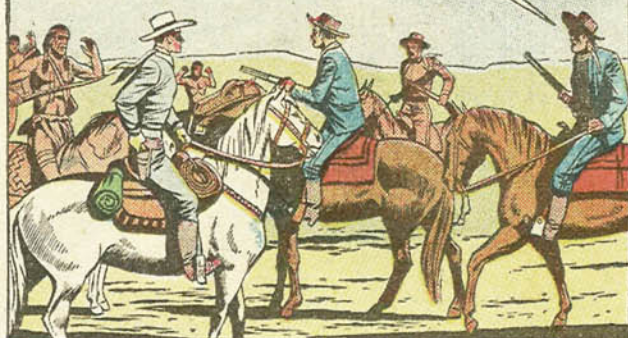




AT A SIGNAL FROM EAGLE, THE DEFEATED BRAVES  
PUT DOWN THEIR WEAPONS...

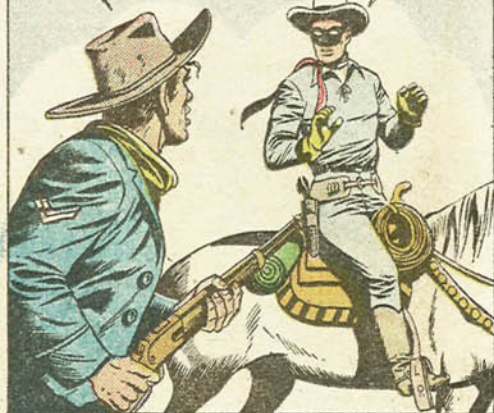
COLLECT THEIR WEAPONS  
AND LET THE WOUNDED BE  
TREATED AT ONCE!

RANDY! THAT'S THE  
HOMBRE WHO STOLE  
OUR HORSES WITH  
THE INDIAN--- THAT  
MASKED MAN!



REACH,  
MISTER!

LOWER YOUR RIFLE! TONTO AND I  
RAN OFF YOUR HORSES TO  
BRING YOU HERE IN TIME TO  
SAVE MORGAN'S GAP!



YOU SURE LED US  
A MERRY CHASE!

WITHOUT THAT CHASE, WE'D  
NEVER HAVE COME BACK  
HERE! BUT WHEN WE SAW  
THE ODDS AGAINST THE  
TOWNFOLKS--- WELL, WE  
RUSHED IN!



WHEN YOU RETURNED  
HOME, YOU WERE PART  
OF A BRAVE, BUT  
DEFEATED ARMY! NOW  
YOU ARE VICTORS!

DAD-RAT IT,  
BOYS, WHY  
DON'T YOU  
SETTLE  
DOWN? THERE'S  
WORK TO BE  
DONE!

I NEED  
SOME  
HANDS  
ON MY  
RANCH!



WE SOUND WELCOME,  
MEN! I'M STAYIN'!---  
BUT WHAT'LL WE DO  
WITH THESE REDSKINS!

TWO BRAVES DEAD! MANY WOUNDED!  
NOW EAGLE KNOW BITTER TASTE OF  
WAR! LET EAGLE RETURN TO HIS  
PEOPLE AND THERE BE PEACE  
BETWEEN US AGAIN!



RANDY, WE'RE LUCKY  
YOU CAME BACK IN  
TIME TO SAVE US! BUT  
IF ANYONE COULD'VE  
BROUGHT YOU BACK,  
IT WOULD BE--- THE  
LONE RANGER!

HI-YO, SILVER!  
AWAY!





# The LONE RANGER

## The Sheriff's Son



KEMO SABAY, YOU THINK WE REACH BIG ROCK BEFORE MATT LAKE?

NO, TONTO, BUT WHEN WE ARRIVE WITH THE GOVERNOR'S PARDON CLEARING HIM OF THE ROBBERY OF WHICH HE WAS FALSELY ACCUSED, THE SHERIFF OF BIG ROCK WILL CERTAINLY BE HAPPY---HE'S MATT'S FATHER!

IT SHAME MATT LAKE LEAVE PRISON BEFORE OUTLAW CONFESS ON DEATHBED HIM INNOCENT!

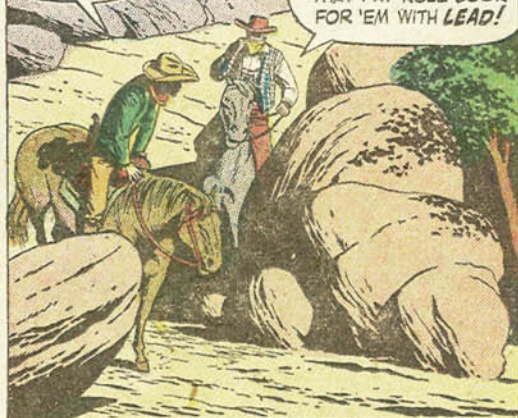
THE MEN NAMED IN THE CONFESSION THE GOVERNOR FORWARDED WITH US ARE BROWNIE OWENS, SKY MENARD--- BOTH WANTED CRIMINALS---AND A PERRY WEST! HE *ISN'T* KNOWN TO BE A CROOK AND MAY STILL LIVE IN BIG ROCK! WE'LL BE THERE SOON! ---COME ON, SILVER!



MEANWHILE, NEAR BIG ROCK---

HERE COMES THE PAY ROLL STAGE, SKY!

UP WITH YOUR KER-CHIEF, BROWNIE, AND GET READY TO SIGN THAT PAY ROLL BOOK FOR 'EM WITH LEAD!



THERE'S A SHOTGUN GUARD RIDIN' WITH THE DRIVER, SKY!

YOU COVER HIM! I'LL TAKE THE DRIVER!---GIDDAP!

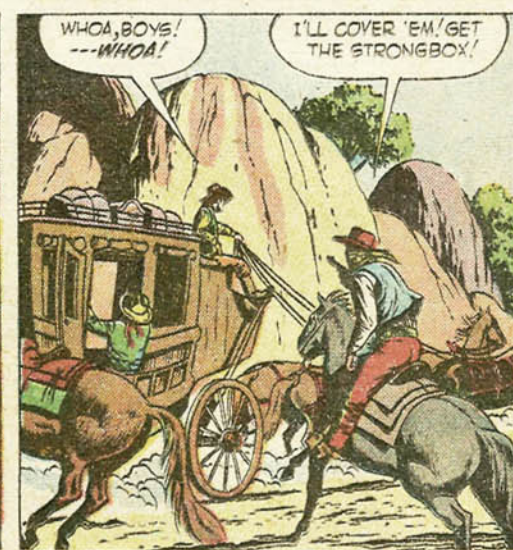
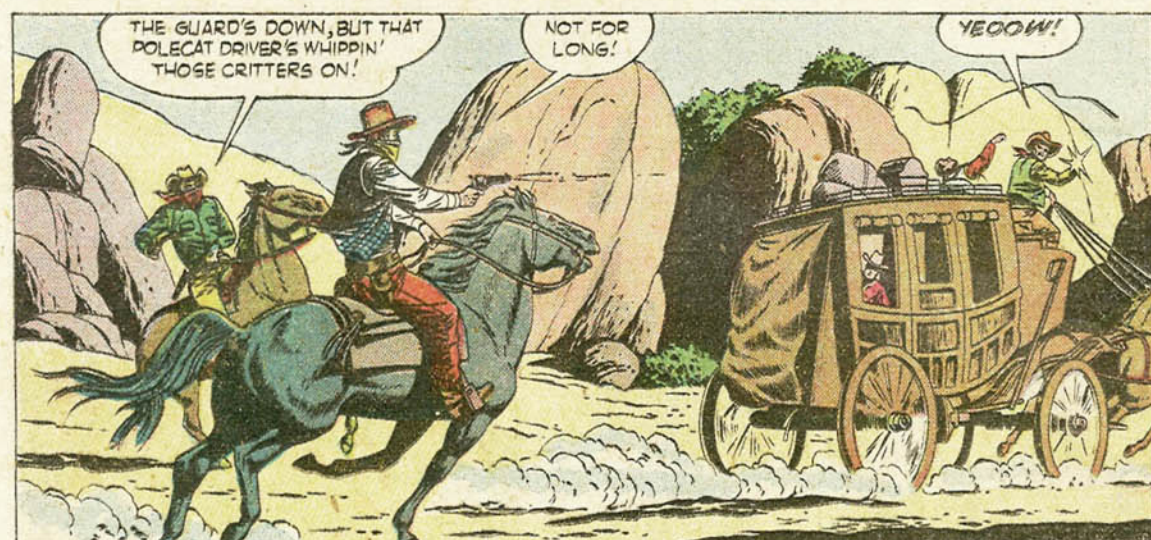
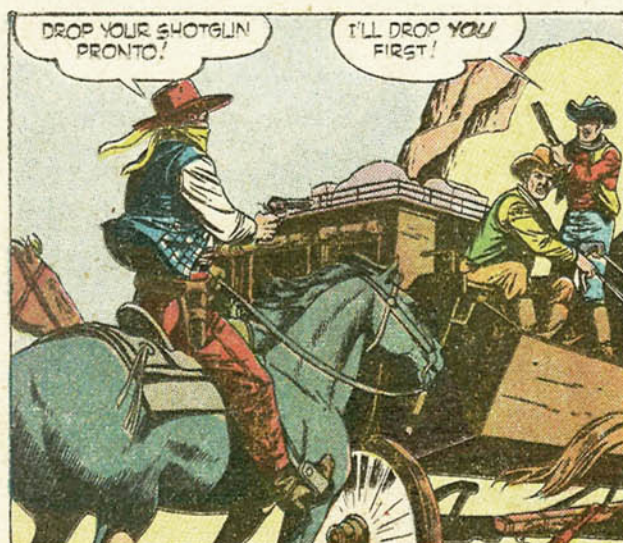


REIN IN!

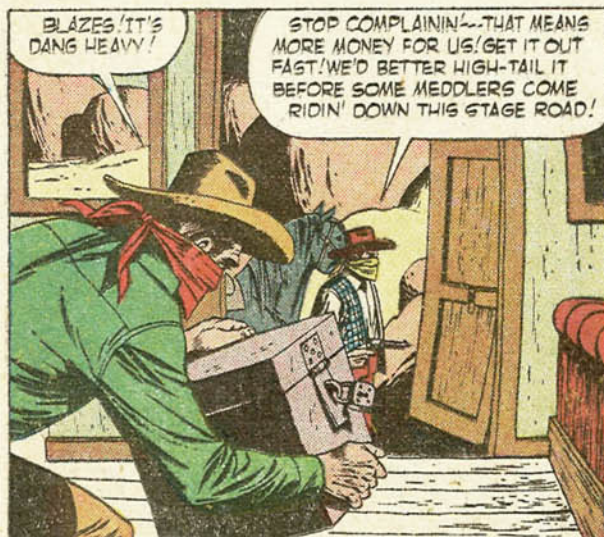
OWLHOOTS, JIMMY!---GUN 'EM DOWN!







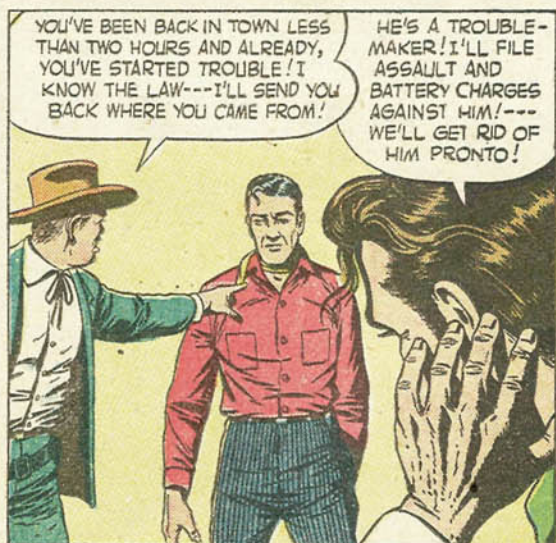
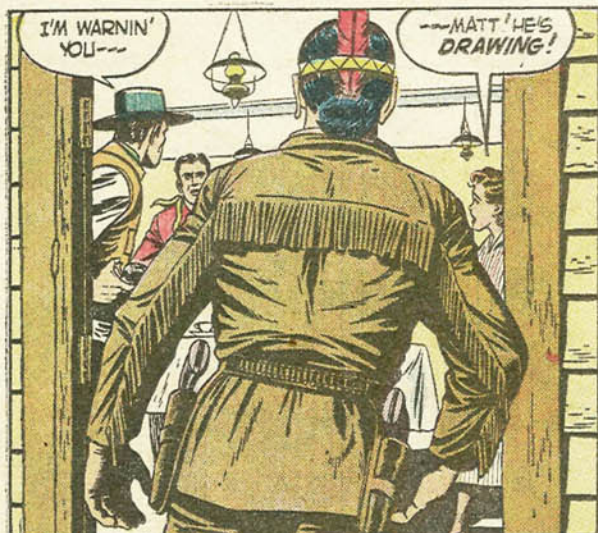




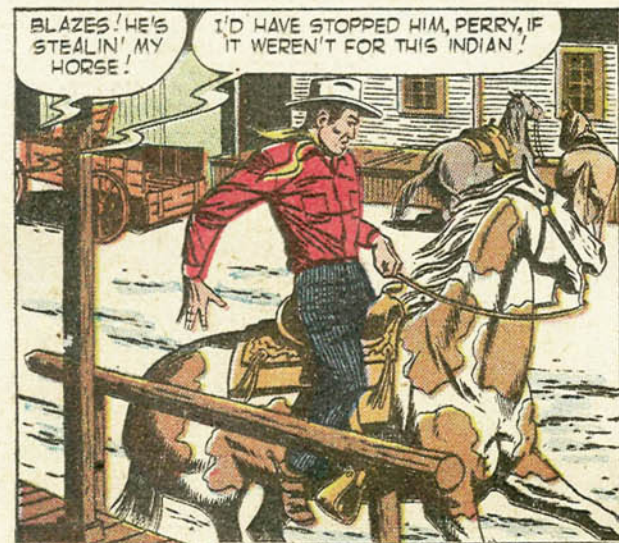








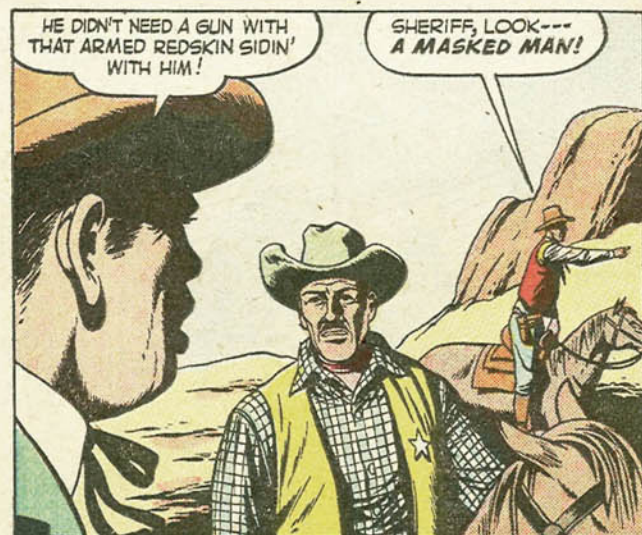
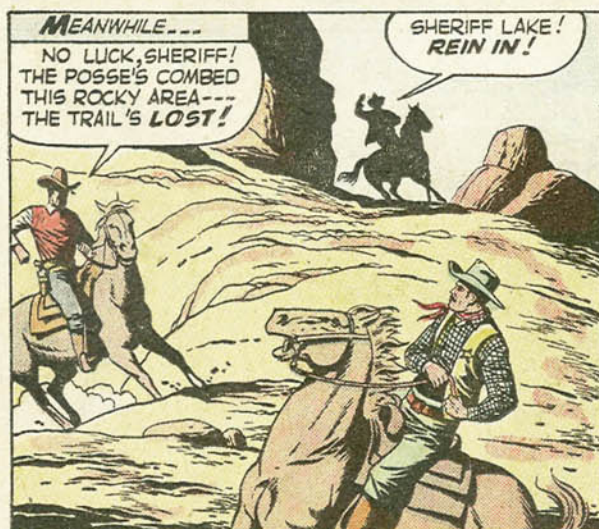
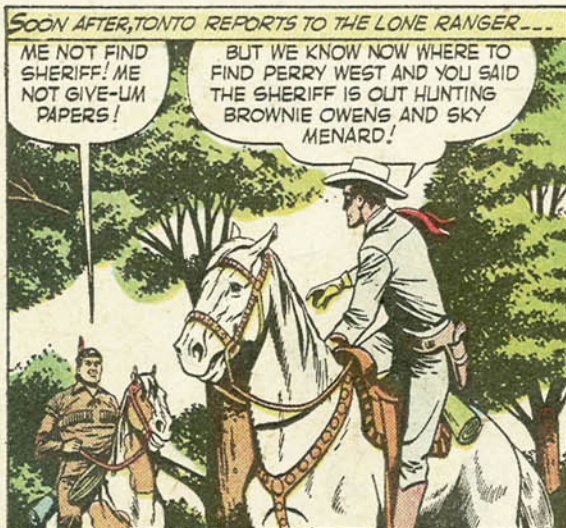




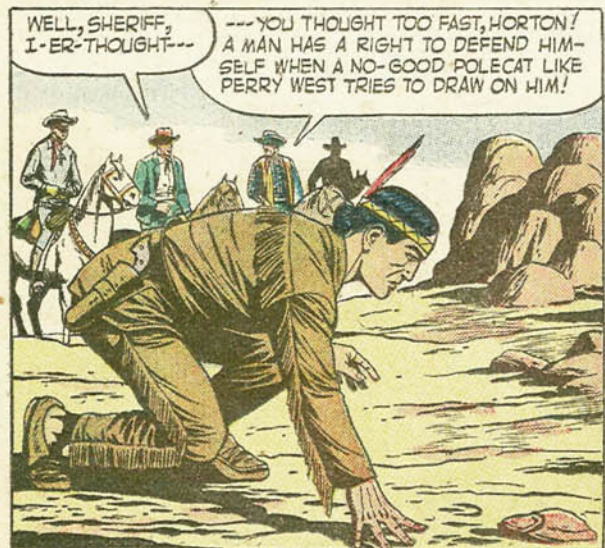
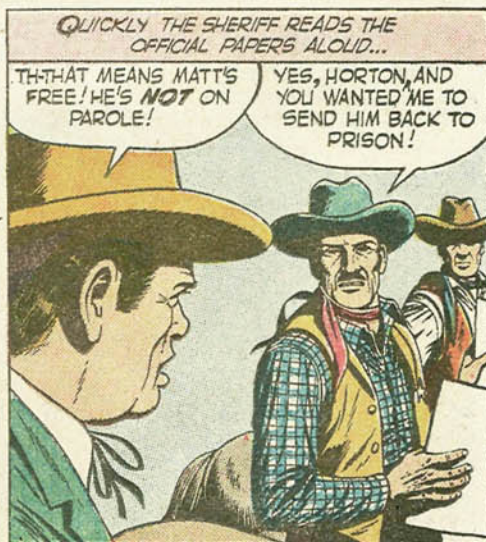
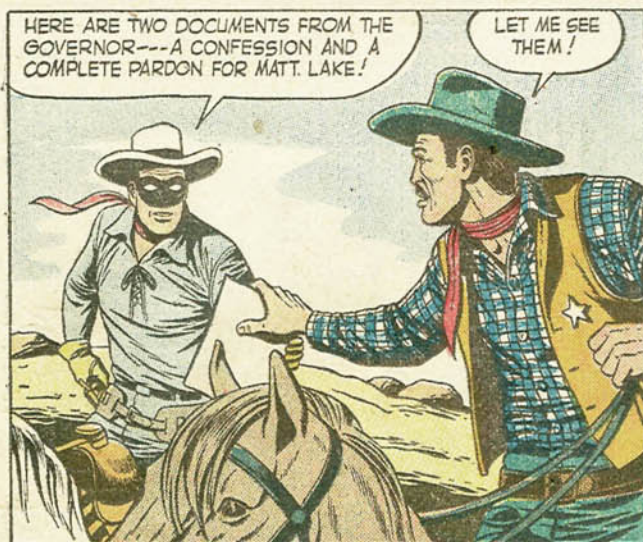




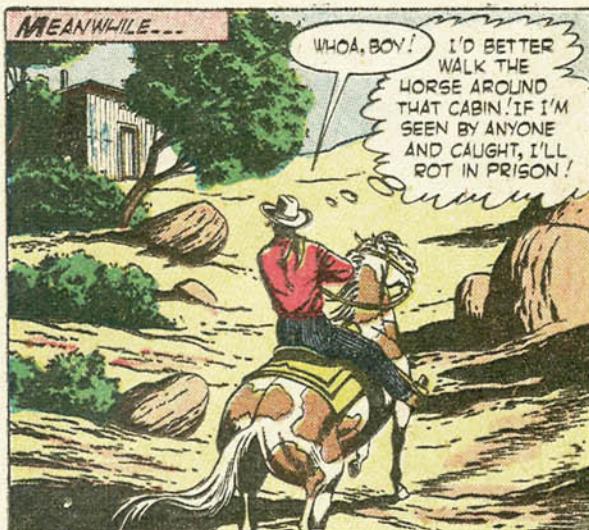




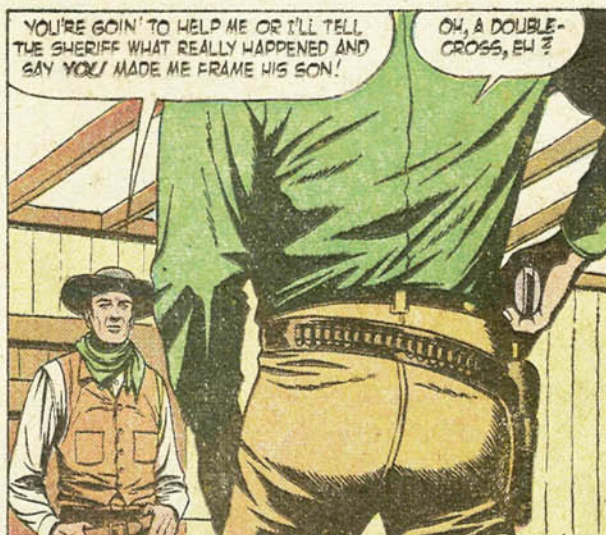












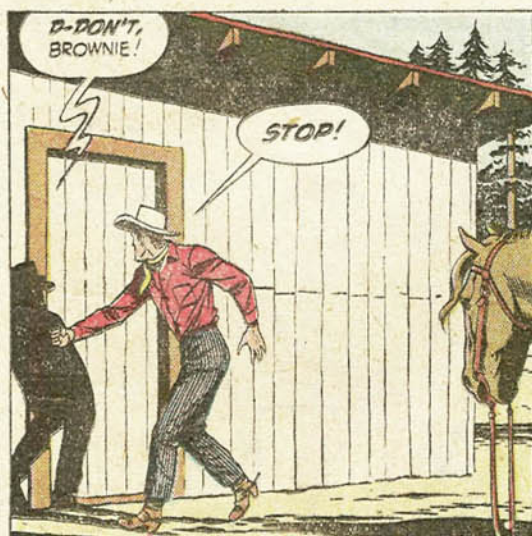
YOU'RE GOIN' TO HELP ME OR I'LL TELL THE SHERIFF WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AND SAY YOU MADE ME FRAME HIS SON!

OH, A DOUBLE-CROSS, EH?



NO! NO! I-I DIDN'T MEAN THAT! PUT YOUR GUN AWAY!

DO YOU THINK WE'D TRUST YOU TO LEAVE HERE ALIVE?



D-DON'T, BROWNIE!

STOP!

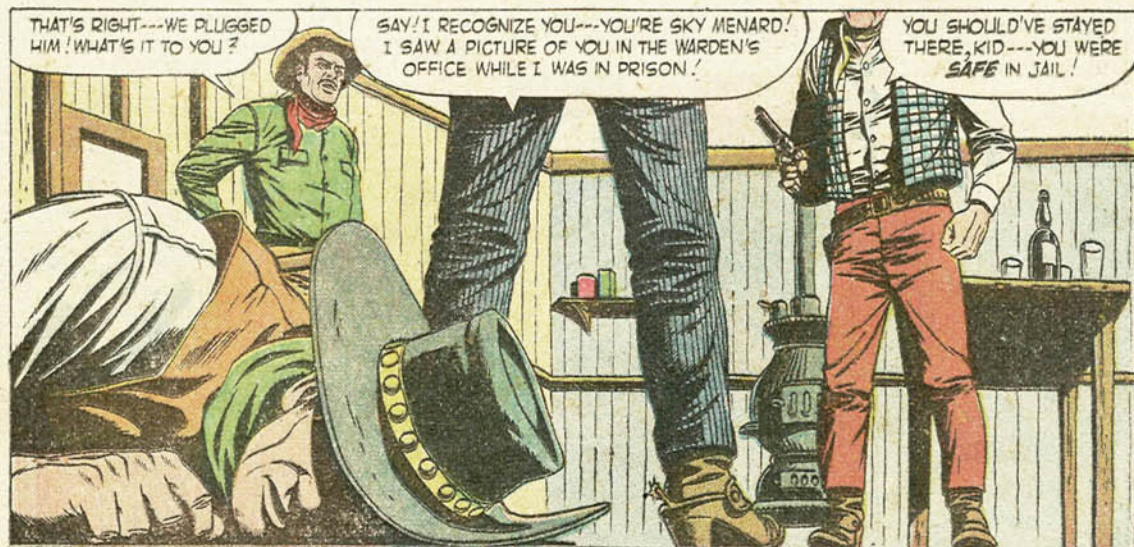


AIEEE!

Y-YOU KILLED PERRY!

FREEZE, STRANGER!

BANG!

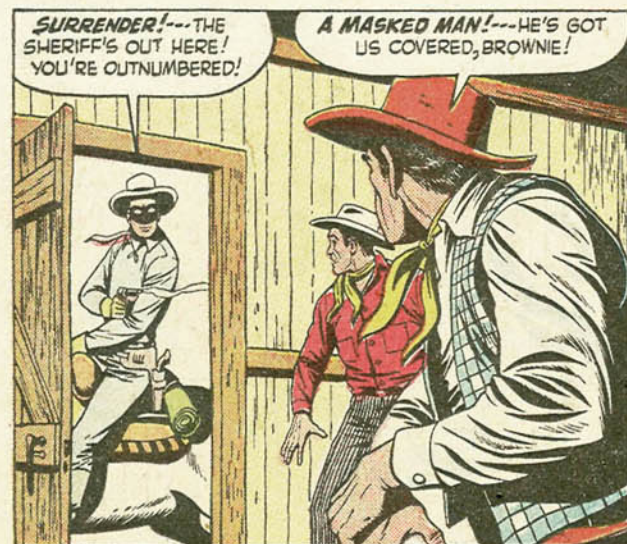
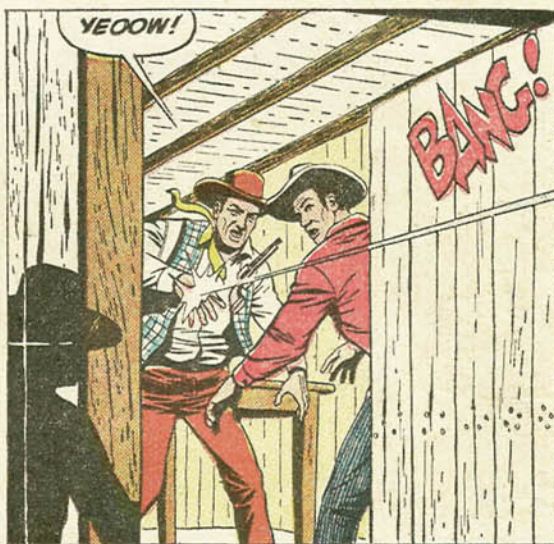
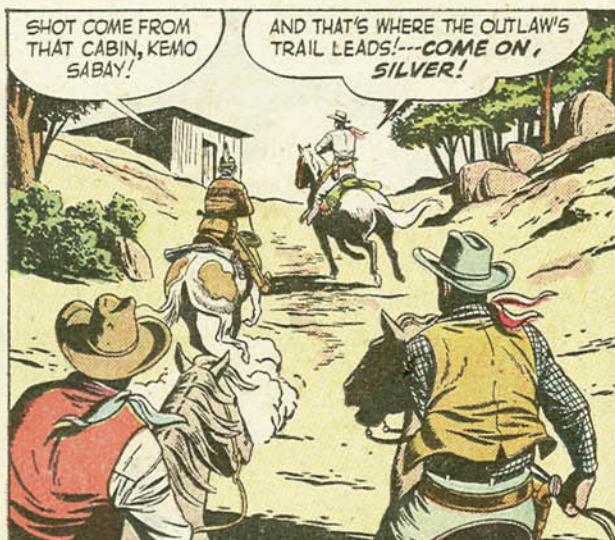


THAT'S RIGHT---WE PLUGGED HIM! WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

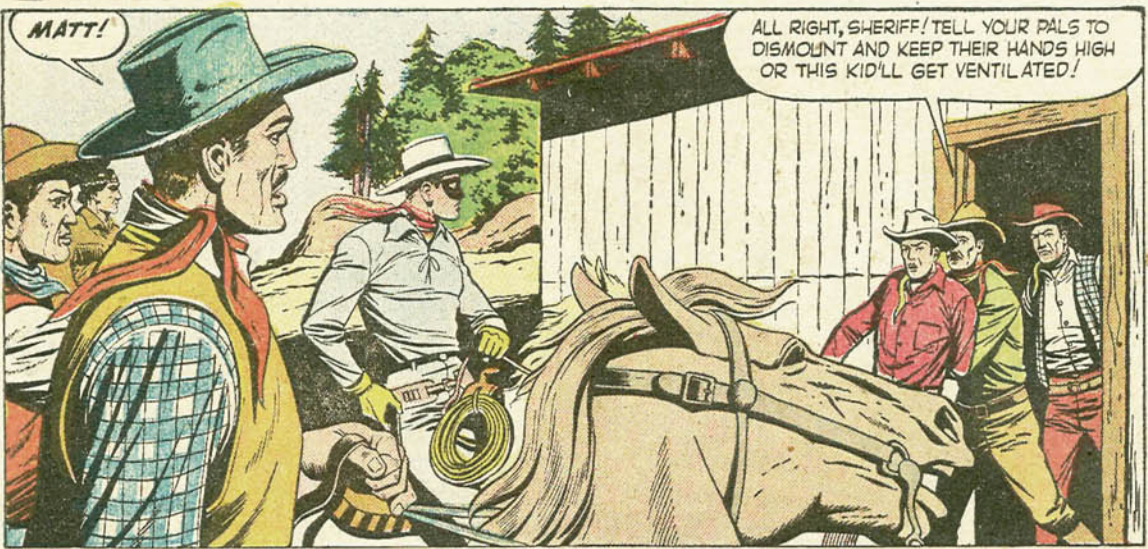
SAY! I RECOGNIZE YOU---YOU'RE SKY MENARD! I SAW A PICTURE OF YOU IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE WHILE I WAS IN PRISON!

YOU SHOULD'VE STAYED THERE, KID---YOU WERE SAFE IN JAIL!









MATT!

ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF! TELL YOUR PALS TO DISMOUNT AND KEEP THEIR HANDS HIGH OR THIS KID'LL GET VENTILATED!



D-DO AS HE SAYS! I DON'T WANT MATT HURT!

I CAN'T USE MY GUN HAND, BROWNIE, BUT I'M RIDIN' OUT WITH YOU!



SEND YOUR HORSES THIS WAY!

GO, SILVER!



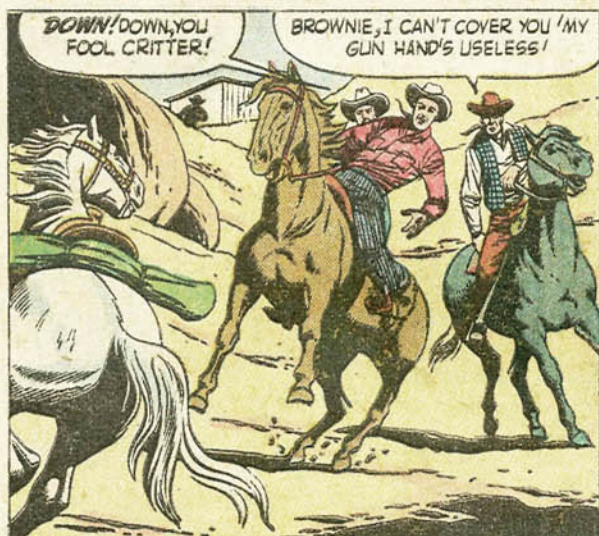
KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF YOUR HARDWARE WHILE WE DOUBLE MOUNT!



NOW STAY BACK OR YOU'LL BE PICKIN' LEAD OUTA THIS HOMBRE'S BACK!

TARNATION! THEY'RE RIDIN' OFF WITH MATT AND THERE ISN'T A THING WE CAN DO TO STOP 'EM!









MATT, I'M CERTAIN FOLKS IN BIG ROCK'LL TRY TO MAKE UP FOR THE TIME YOU WRONGLY SPENT IN PRISON!

WAIT TILL I TELL JANIE!... OH! POOR JANIE... WE'LL HAVE TO TELL HER ABOUT PERRY!







## A LIFE for A LIFE

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Big Tom Weller's eyes squinted anxiously, gazing across the dry folds of the desert east of the Pecos. He was looking for signs of water. Water for the five hundred thirsty longhorn cattle that wore his brand, and trailed ten miles behind him! Water that would keep them going till they were out of danger!

On Tom Weller's broad shoulders rested the welfare of his four sons, back with the herd, and his plucky, uncomplaining daughter-in-law who drove the chuckwagon. If their cattle died of thirst they would all be ruined. Their hopes of a homestead on Montana's good, green grass would be gone!

Noting the dip of a little gulch ahead of him, Tom giggered his weary horse. There MIGHT be water there. . . .

The gulch made a bend, around a sharp, rocky corner. Beyond that bend there COULD be a spring, or a seep! Tom rode around it—and pulled up short, his hand darting to his holstered pistol. In the shade of the rock lay, not a spring, but three half-naked Indians. One of them reached feebly for his bow. They were all wounded—all at the end of their strength—all dying of thirst.

Big Tom Weller's hand dropped his pistol back into the holster—and reached for his water bottle. It was still almost full. Dis-mounting slowly, he knelt beside the tallest

Indian—the one who had reached for his bow. Tom's big, strong hand went behind the Navajo's head, raised him to drink from the bottle. The man took three sips and pushed it away.

"That took self-control!" Tom muttered, as he turned to the next man.

When he had finished bandaging the worst hurts of the three Navajos, his water bottle was empty. From a saddle pocket, he pulled a biscuit and a strip of dried beef and handed it to the tall Navajo.

"Why you . . . do . . . this, white man?" the Indian asked, meeting Tom's eyes.

"A long time ago," the Texan answered, "a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves. They wounded him and left him half dead. But a stranger came along and helped him, so that he lived. My God tells me to do the same, Navajo! You savvy? Tomorrow I will come back, with more food and water."

The Indian did not reply, but his dark eyes followed Tom Weller out of sight.

When the bawling, thirsty longhorns reached the neighborhood, next day, the three Navajos were still there—and still too weak to travel. So, Tom had his boys cut out a young heifer and butcher her for them. The tall Indian's name, he learned, was Hosteen Nezh. Evidently the three were sur-



vivors of a war party that had lost a fight. Tom asked about the chances of feed and water farther on, but got no encouragement. He left three horses and three bottles of water with the Navajos, and drove on, westward.

At best, he might reach the Pecos River with some of his cattle. At worst, their bones would whiten the desert sand!

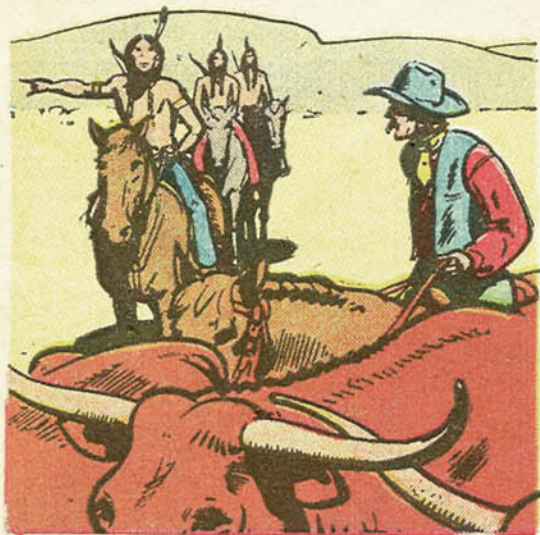
The second day after leaving the Navajos, Tom Weller's cows were beginning to drop with thirst.

As he gave the word to camp for the night, he caught sight of three strange riders. They were Hosteen Nezh and his men. The tall Indian rode straight to Big Tom Weller.

"I show you grass—water!" he said, using the white-man words with difficulty. "Three miles—back in hills—where Navajo keep sheep! When moon come up—bring cows—I show!"

Ten days later, Big Tom Weller drove a strong, lively herd of longhorns northward from the hidden valley. He left some good feed behind him—for the sheep of Hosteen Nezh and his people. He had not seen an Indian since the moonlit night when the tall Chief had showed him the place. But he sensed that he and his family were still being watched by unseen friends in the desert hills.

Hosteen Nezh had said that more grass and water lay within reach, to the north—



not much, but enough to see them through. Big Tom Weller, heading northward again, was beginning to feel that his troubles were over. And then—

Trouble struck! Five bearded, hardcase riders came up to the Wellers' campfire as they were eating supper. Only Tom, and his son, Harvey, and Harvey's wife were eating. The others were holding the herd.

The biggest of the newcomers went right to the point. He had noticed how fresh Tom's cattle were. His own were starved for feed and water. He demanded to know where Tom's longhorns had found it.

Big Tom Weller shook his head. He couldn't send strangers to use up what remained of Hosteen Nezh's pasture. He said, "No!" and looked up into the muzzles of five guns.

"You tell—or we'll plant you right here, and take YOUR cows!" the bearded leader said. And it was clear that he meant it. But Tom Weller quietly bowed his head. "No!" he said again—and sensed the tightening of trigger fingers!

Suddenly bowstrings twanged in the darkness beyond the fire. Three of the would-be killers clutched at their chests, and toppled dead from their saddles. The other two whirled their mounts and fled into the night.

Slowly Tom Weller rose to his feet.

"Three of them!" he muttered in wonder. "Hosteen Nezh's payment—a life for a life!"



# YOUNG HAWK







WITHOUT WARNING THE GROUND  
DROPS OUT FROM UNDER THEM.



EIGHT FEET BELOW, THEY LAND UNHURT IN THE  
DRIFTED SNOW "CORNICHE" THAT BROKE FROM A  
LEDGE OF ROCK THAT THEY DID NOT SEE.









THERE IS ENOUGH DRY  
WOOD IN THIS DEAD TREE  
TO KEEP US WARM FOR  
DAYS!

WE'RE GOING  
TO NEED IT,  
YOUNG HAWK!



THIS B-BLIZZARD IS  
GOING TO LAST A  
WEEK, I GUESS!



SEE THE FLAMES CLIMB UP  
THE WOOD, LITTLE BUCK!  
THERE IS ALMOST NO  
WIND IN HERE!

THERE'S  
NOTHING BUT  
WIND---



--- IN MY STOMACH!  
CAN'T WE EAT PRETTY  
SOON, YOUNG HAWK?

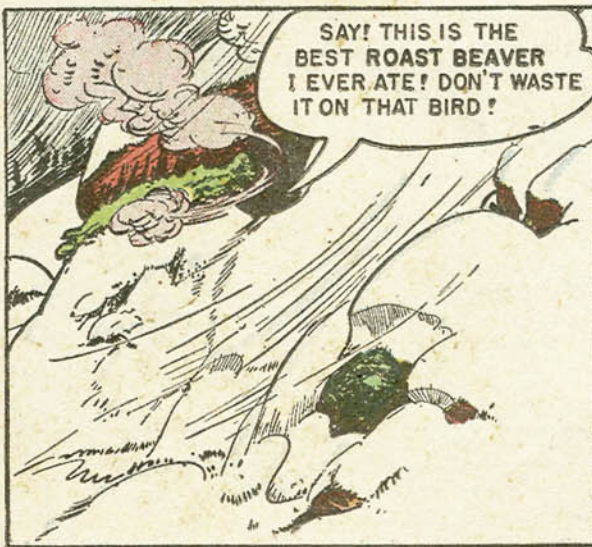


I'LL HAVE SOME BEAVER  
ROAST FOR YOU IN A FEW  
MINUTES! PUT ANOTHER  
STICK OF WOOD ON THAT  
FIRE, LITTLE BUCK!

GOOD! I'M  
GETTING  
WARM  
NOW!



SAY! THIS IS THE  
BEST ROAST BEAVER  
I EVER ATE! DON'T WASTE  
IT ON THAT BIRD!





THIS LITTLE HAWK WILL BRING US GOOD LUCK, I THINK! ANYHOW I COULDN'T STARVE MY NAMESAKE---ANOTHER YOUNG HAWK, COULD I?--- AND MIND YOU DON'T HURT HIM, TUMBLEWEED!



DESPITE ITS INJURY, THE LITTLE BIRD EATS WITH GOOD APPETITE.

AFTER SUPPER---

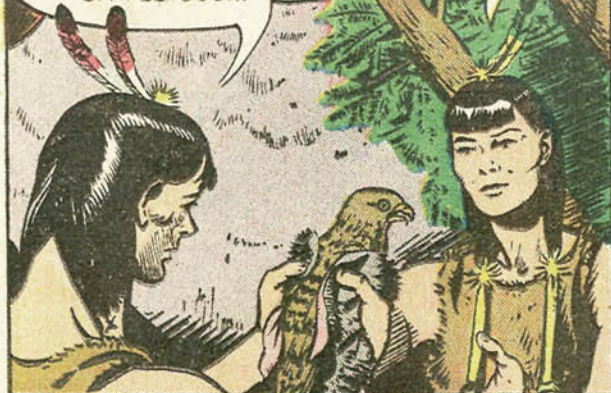
SEE, LITTLE BUCK? THIS TINY SPLINT WILL HOLD HIS WINGBONE IN PLACE UNTIL IT HEALS!

BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP HIM FROM FLAPPING IT?



I'LL SEW A PIECE OF WOLF HIDE AROUND BOTH WINGS, TO KEEP LITTLE BROTHER FROM USING THEM! HOLD HIM AGAIN, LITTLE BUCK!

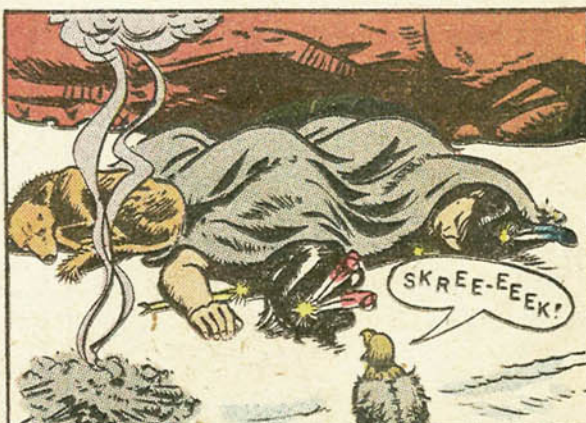
ALL RIGHT! I GUESS HE WON'T BITE NOW!



WHEN THIS PIECE OF RAW WOLF SKIN DRIES AND SHRINKS, IT WILL BE PLENTY TIGHT, AND STAY ON FOR WEEKS, IF HE NEEDS IT.



FOR THREE DAYS THE BLIZZARD HOWLS, DRIFTING MORE AND MORE SNOW OVER THE BOYS' HIDDEN SHELTER. AND SEALING OUT BOTH WIND AND COLD.



ON THE MORNING OF THE FOURTH DAY, BOYS AND DOG SLEEP LATE---AND LITTLE BROTHER'S EVER-READY APPETITE IS MAKING THE SMALL HAWK DESPERATE! UNABLE TO ROUSE THEM---





--- HE CREEPS UP TO TUMBLEWEED, WITH OPEN BEAK AND WICKED INTENT!



THE RESULT IS SPECTACULAR!



WITH A FRANTIC BOUND, TUMBLEWEED HEADS FOR THE SNOWBANK THAT FORMS THE END WALL OF THE LEANTO ---



--- AND PLUNGES INTO IT, FULL LENGTH.



ROCKING WITH LAUGHTER, THE TWO BOYS SEE LITTLE BROTHER STRUTTING TOWARD THEM --- AND TUMBLEWEED'S TAIL FRANTICALLY WAVING.



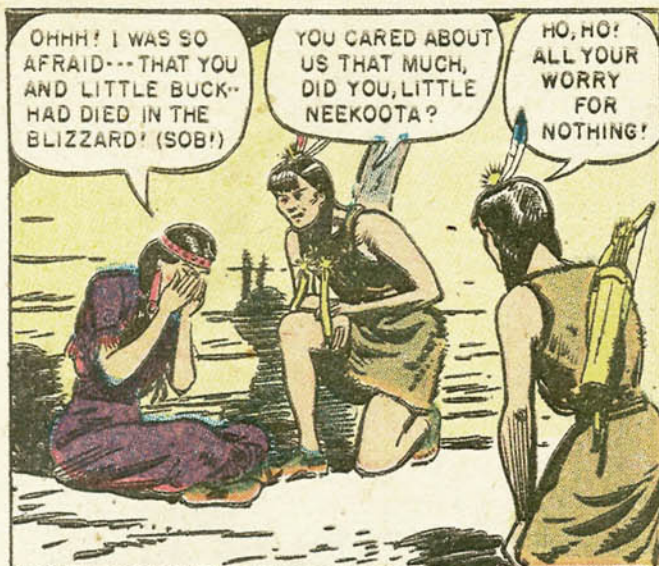














A FEW DAYS LATER, WHEN THE MUFFS ARE DONE ---

THEY ARE FINE, NEEKOOTA!  
NOW WE MUST HUNT ANOTHER  
WOLF SKIN FOR MUFFS  
FOR YOU!



NEEKOOTA IS GOING TO MAKE  
ME MUFFS FROM THESE BEAVER  
SKINS---AND THEY WILL BE STILL  
WARMER THAN YOURS, YOUNG  
HAWK! AND I AM GOING OUT  
TO HUNT WITH YOU!

WHEN  
THE SNOW  
IS OVER  
YOUR  
HEAD,  
AKIMO?



LONG AGO... AND FAR AWAY  
...TOWARD THE LAND OF  
THE RISING SUN...

BUT NOT ALL THE DAYS ARE HUNTING DAYS! FOR A WEEK AT A  
TIME THE WINTER SNOWS KEEP YOUNG HAWK'S FAMILY INDOORS  
--- AND YOUNG HAWK TELLS THEM IN SONG, THE LONG TALE  
OF HIS TRAVELS WITH LITTLE BUCK

...WHEN WE PADDLED DOWN  
THE GREAT RIVER... THE WIDE  
RIVER--- YOW!---

SKREEK!



---UNTIL LITTLE BROTHER BECOMES  
JEALOUS AND TWEAKS THE SINGER'S  
EAR FOR ATTENTION!

YAH-HEEE!  
DODGE HIM,  
LITTLE  
BROTHER!

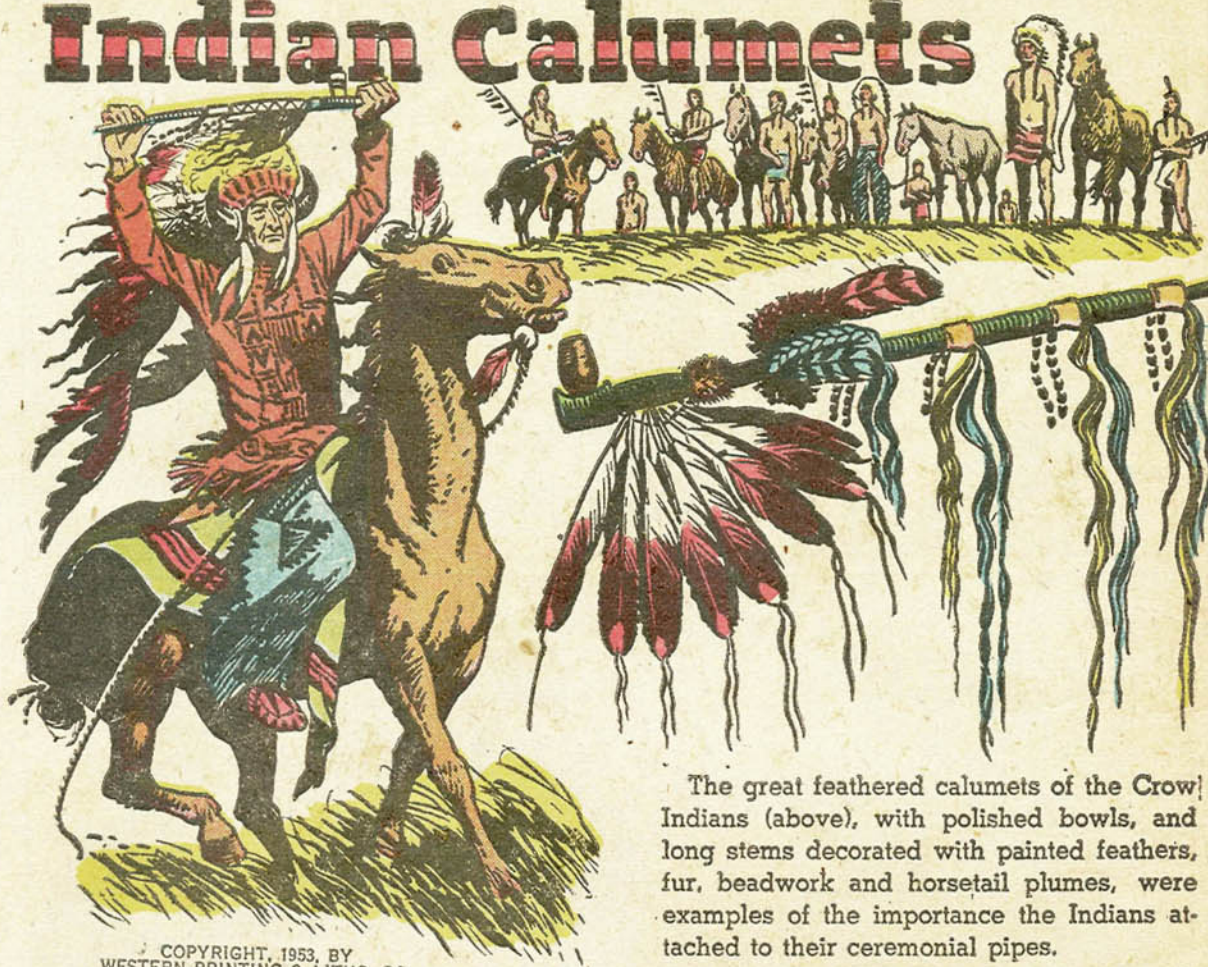
HO,  
HO,  
HO!



THEN EVERYBODY LAUGHS---AND THE LIGHT THROUGH  
THE SMOKE HOLE SEEMS BRIGHTER --- AND SPRING  
NOT SO FAR AWAY!



# Indian Calumets



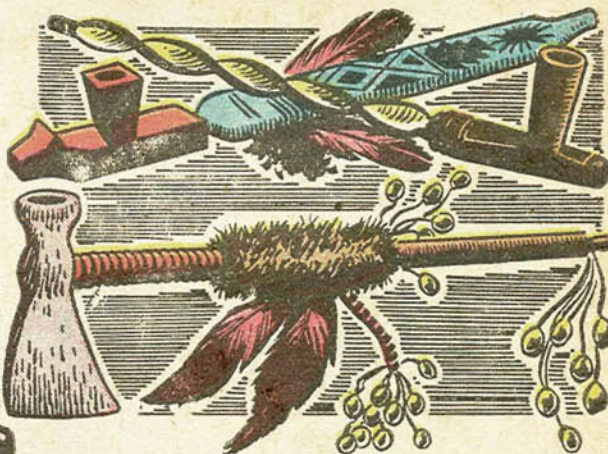
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Among various Indian tribes the calumet (peace pipe) ceremony was a part of every treaty, whether between Indian tribes, or Indians and whites. Also, any brave who carried a calumet was accepted as a friend by the various tribes he traveled among.



Most calumets were elaborately decorated, but not heavy. However, some stone pipes, carved in the effigies of men, birds and animals (note wolf bowl above), were 10 inches high, 18 inches long, and weighed between 15 and 18 pounds!

The great feathered calumets of the Crow Indians (above), with polished bowls, and long stems decorated with painted feathers, fur, beadwork and horsetail plumes, were examples of the importance the Indians attached to their ceremonial pipes.



Most white men connect "smoking the peace pipe" with "burying the tomahawk," but among some tribes the "peace pipe" is a replica of the tomahawk, as shown by the Menomini Indian tomahawk pipe above. The crossed calumets are more common pipe designs.



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## SWEETIE DOLL

Peek through the cellophane window on the box—there's Honey or Sugar, your Sweetie Doll who will stand alone on a plastic base. She's made of Tekwood, 10 inches tall, and owns 20 pieces of colorful dresses, coats and other clothing.

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Here's fun for any number of persons! Try picking up 31 sticks one at a time . . . without moving any of the other sticks. There are yellow sticks, red sticks, blue ones, green ones, and that very important black one. You and your friends will like Pix-Pix!

25c



Prices slightly higher in some areas due to greater freight costs.

Published by **WHITMAN**, world's largest publishers of children's books!





"C'mon,  
**SPARK UP!**"

Said Stan Musial,  
of the St. Louis Cardinals



"I COULDN'T HIT  
WELL ENOUGH  
TO MAKE MY  
SCHOOL TEAM  
UNTIL STAN  
MUSIAL SHOWED  
ME HOW TO  
**SPARK!**"

Cut this photo out. Look for different champion pictures in other Dell Comics.



THERE'S A WHOLE KERNEL  
OF WHEAT IN EVERY  
WHEATIES FLAKE

- ★ WHOLE WHEAT FOR GROWTH
- ★ WHOLE WHEAT FOR STAMINA
- ★ WHOLE WHEAT FOR RED BLOOD

**SPARK UP WITH WHEATIES!**

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**Digital  
Comic  
Preservation**

**Another  
pointless  
scan by  
Kritter**

**You got a friggin' Problem  
with me?!?  
Yeah, I didn't think so.**

**If you like it,  
then buy it!  
Don't make me  
come looking  
for you!**

