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the Lone Ranger



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PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

the Lone Ranger

The Loaded Burros

AT MIDNIGHT, HORSES SPLASH
ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE TOWARD
THE AMERICAN SHORE...

CARAMBA! CLOSE RANKS,
AMIGOS, OR WE ATTACK THE
TEXAN TOWN LIKE A WILD
RABBLE AND NOT A TRAINED
BAND!

DO NOT WORRY, CAPTAIN
CORTALEZ! ONCE WE LEAVE
THE TOWN, NO ONE WILL
BE LEFT TO TELL HOW
WE STRUCK!



DEATH TO THE
YANKEE DEVILS!

BANG!

BLAM!

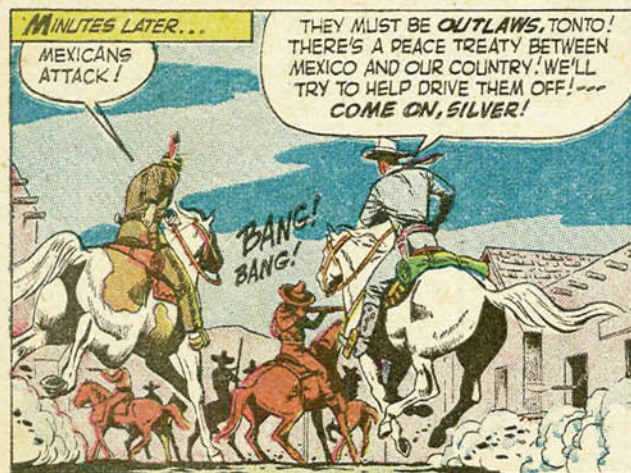


MEANWHILE...

BANG!
BLAM!

KEMO GABAY,
THERE PLENTY
GUNFIRE TO
THE SOUTH!

FOLLOW ME, TONTO!
IT SOUNDS LIKE A
PITCHED BATTLE!



MINUTES LATER...

MEXICANS
ATTACK!

THEY MUST BE **OUTLAWS**, TONTO!
THERE'S A PEACE TREATY BETWEEN
MEXICO AND OUR COUNTRY! WE'LL
TRY TO HELP DRIVE THEM OFF!...
COME ON, SILVER!

BANG!
BANG!



CORTALEZ! TWO
HOMBRES RIDE
THIS WAY, FIRING
AT US!

SHOOT THE
MEDDLERS DOWN
MUY PRONTO!

BLAM! BANG!

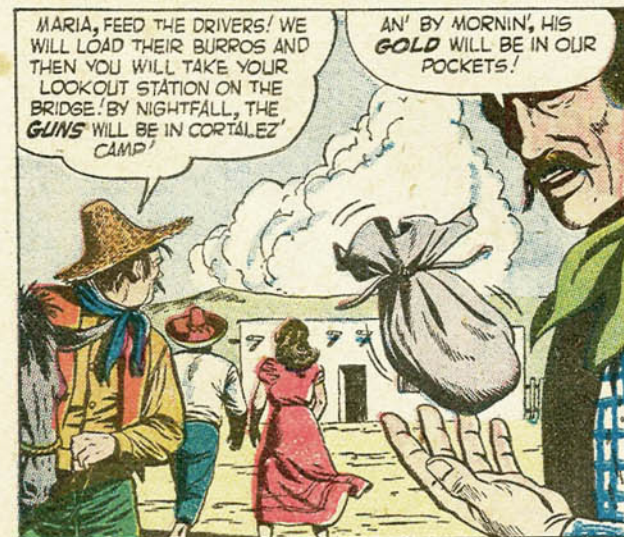
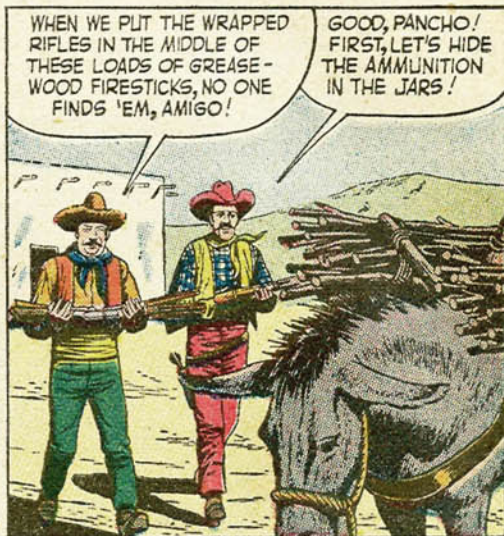
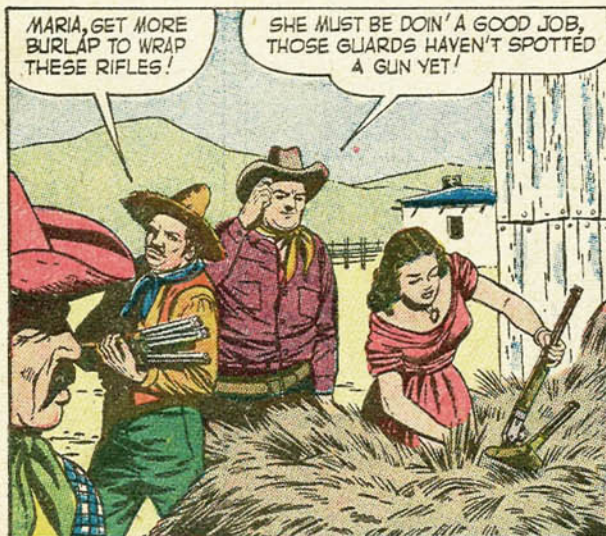
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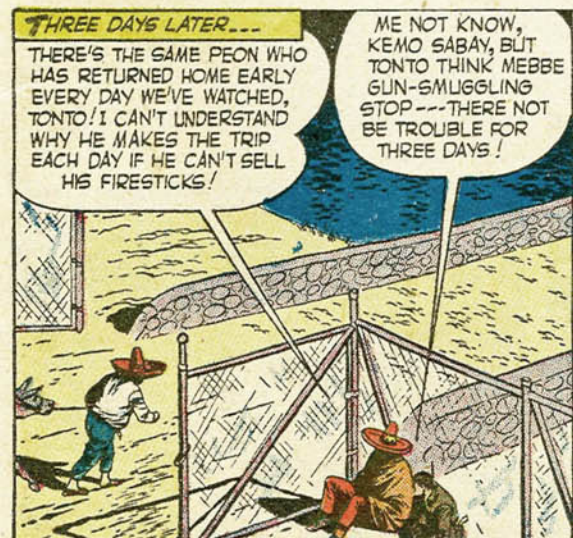
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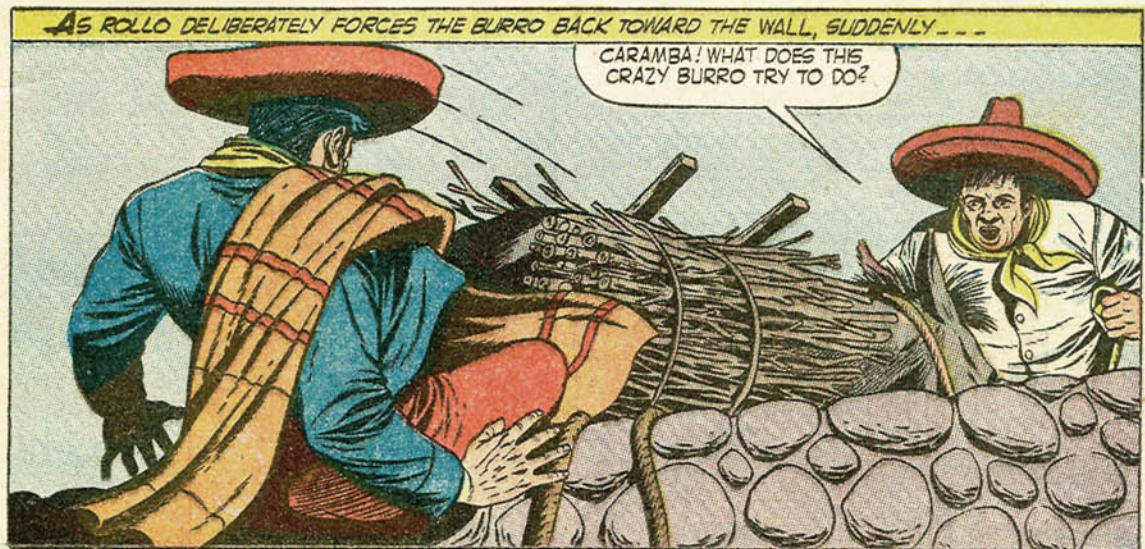
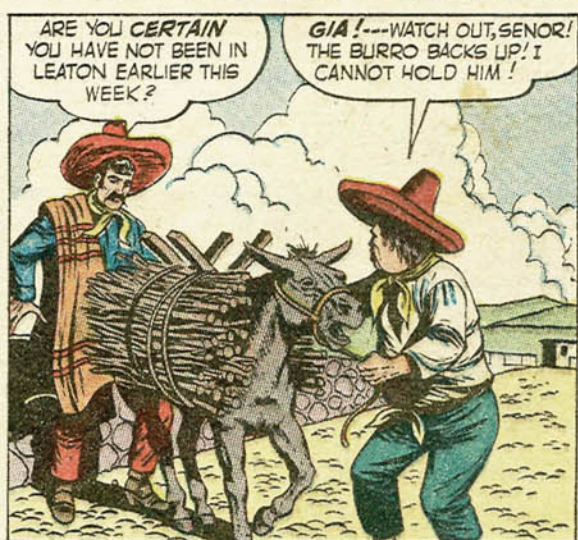
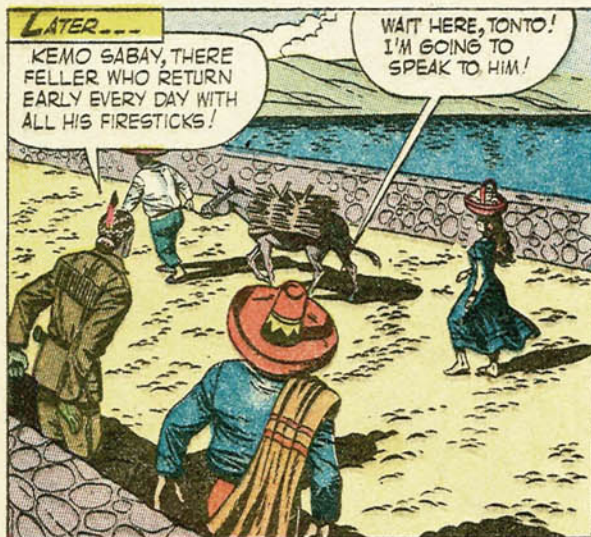


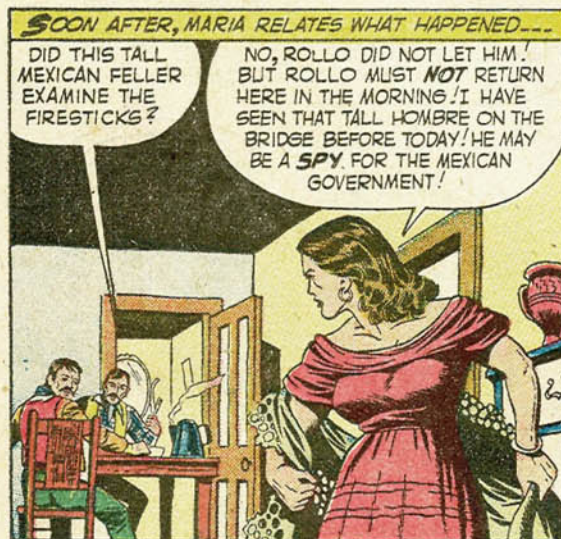




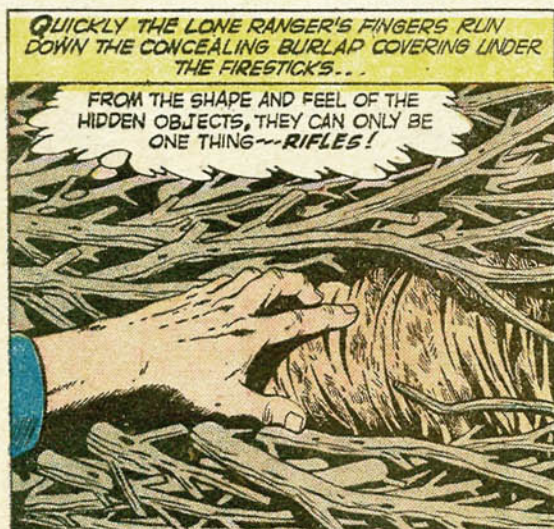
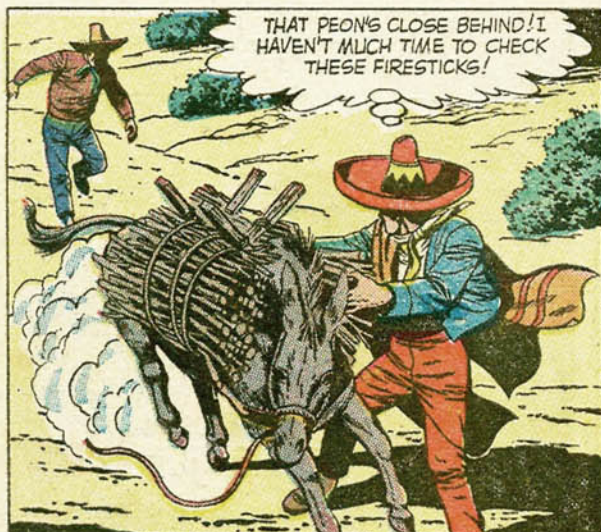


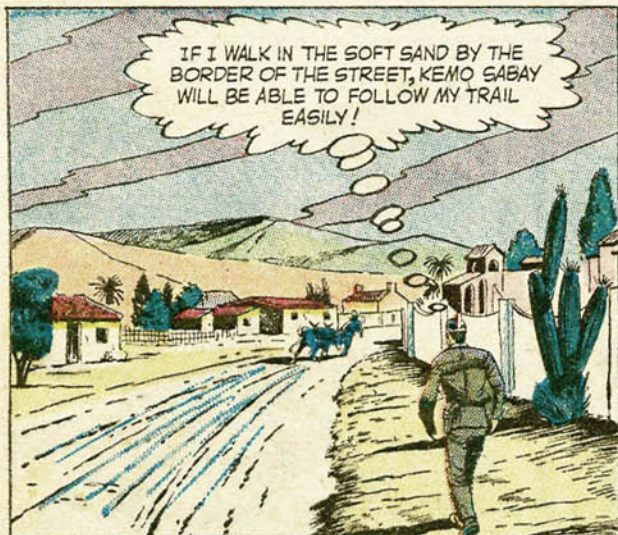


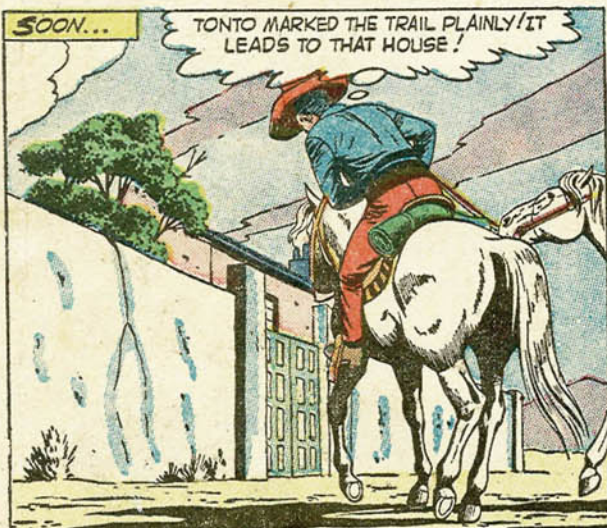


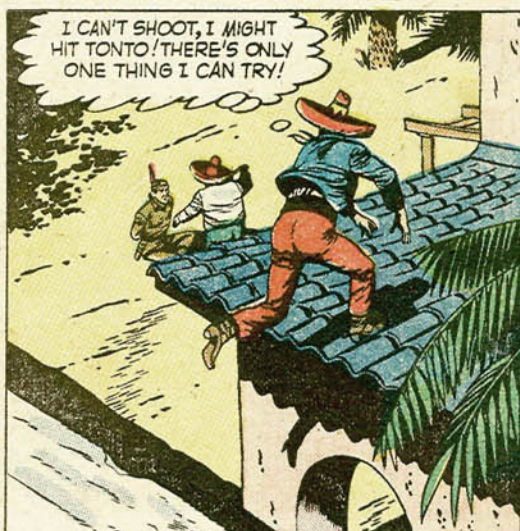
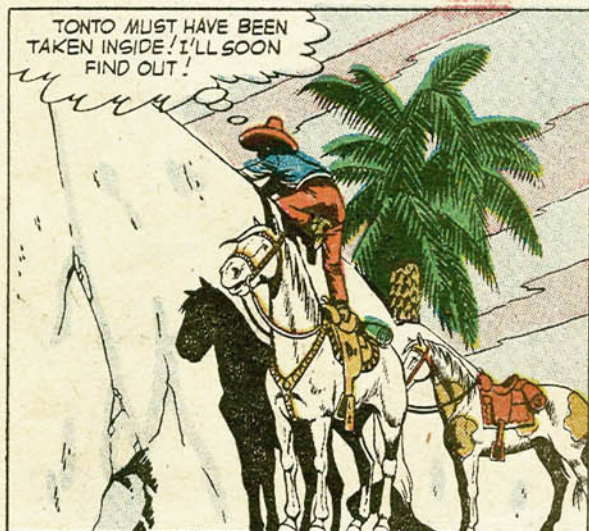


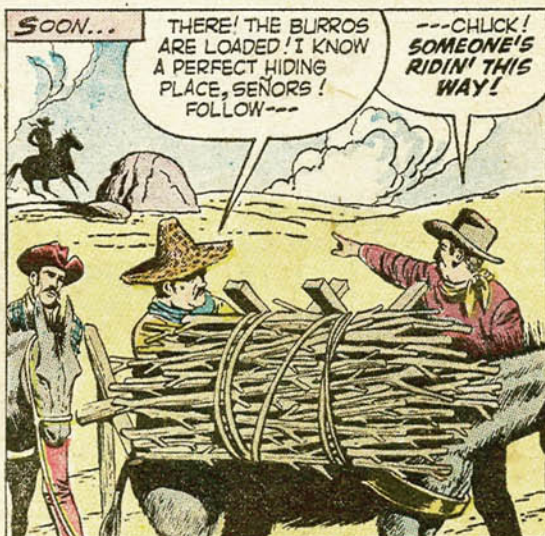
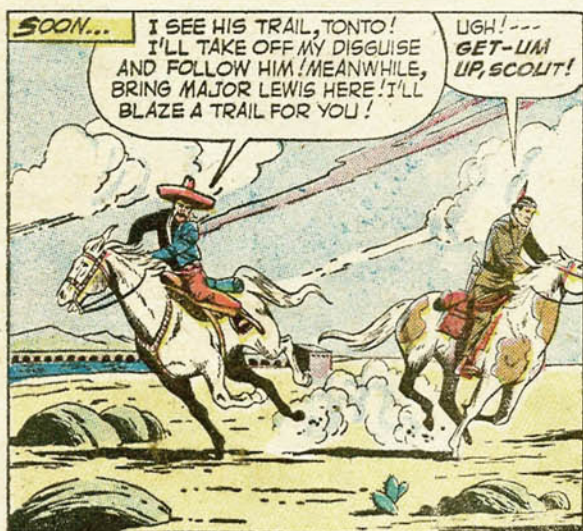


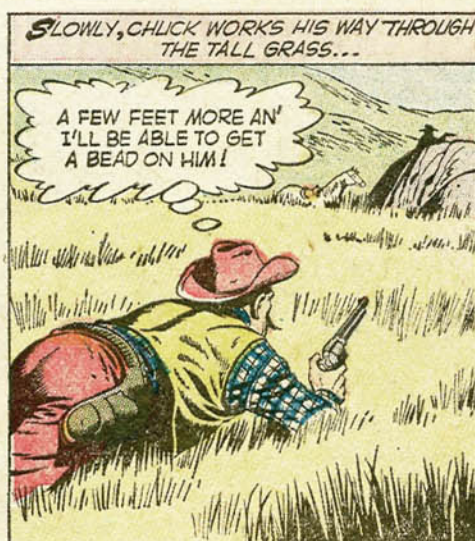
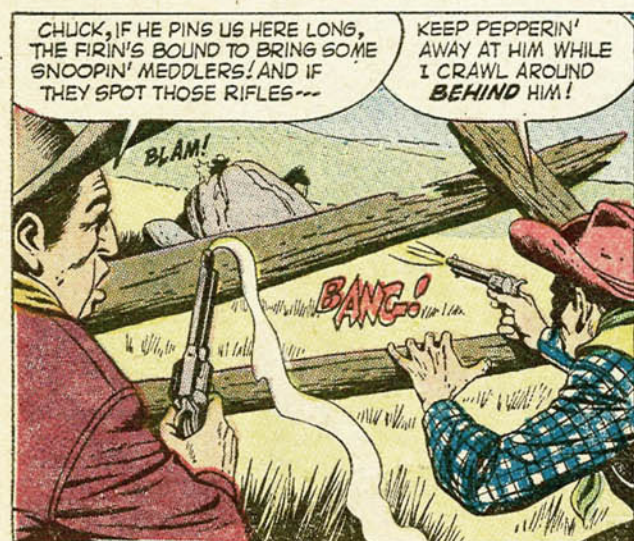
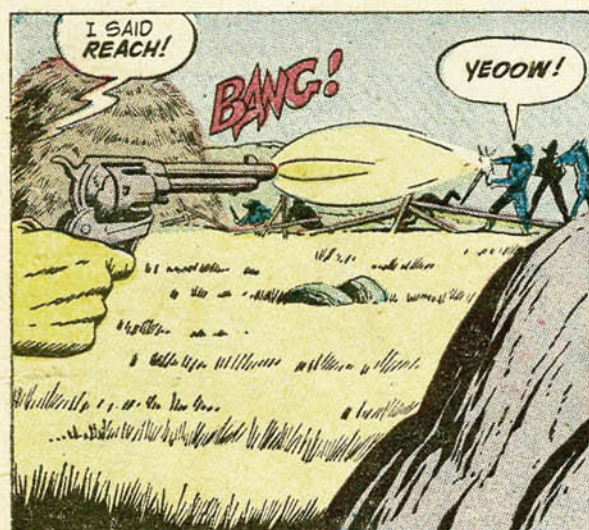


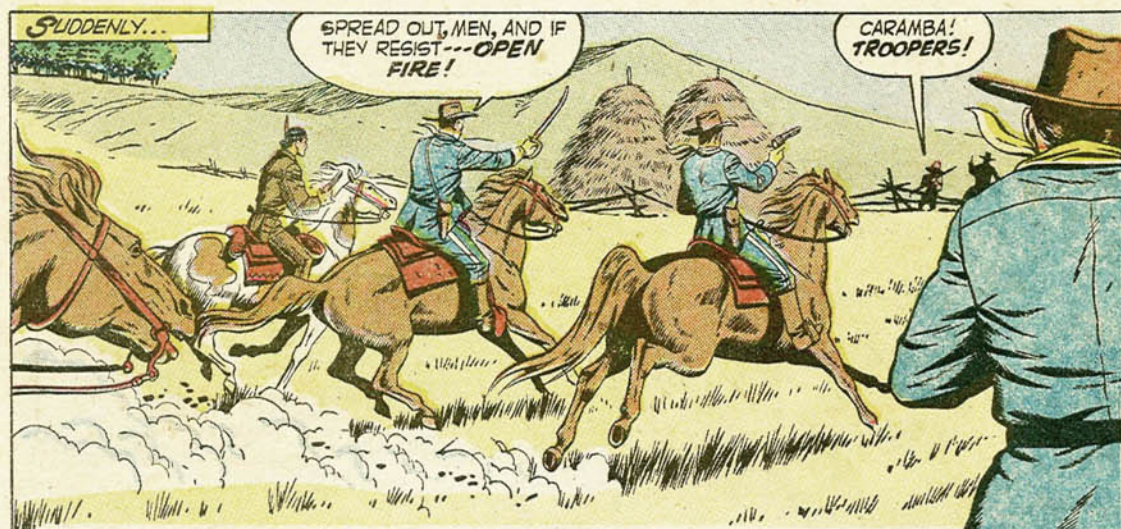
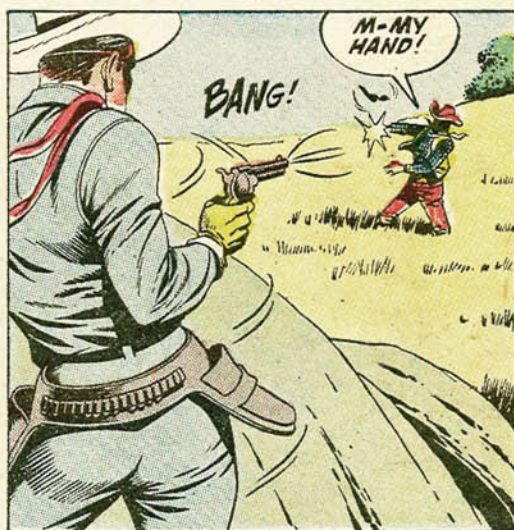
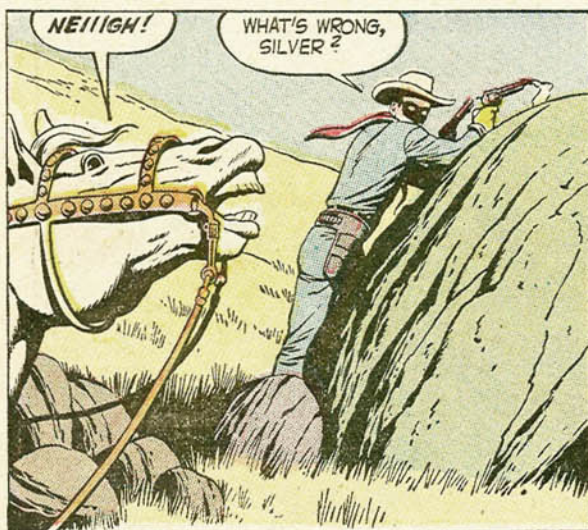


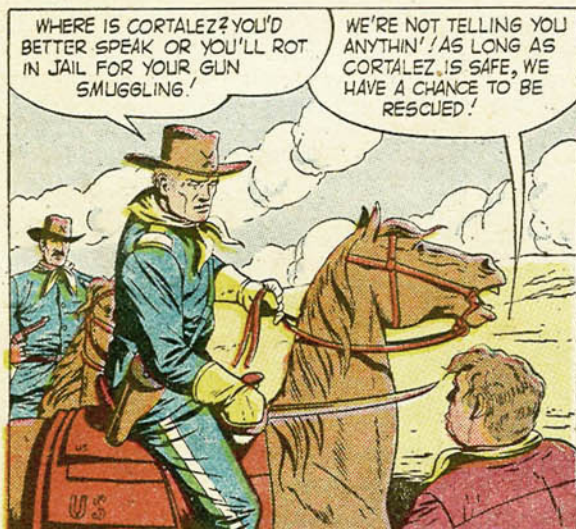


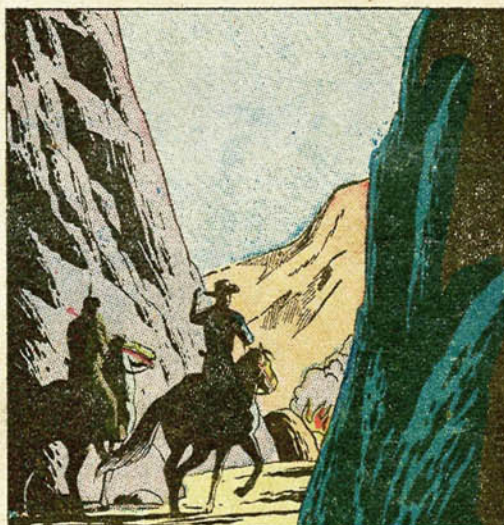
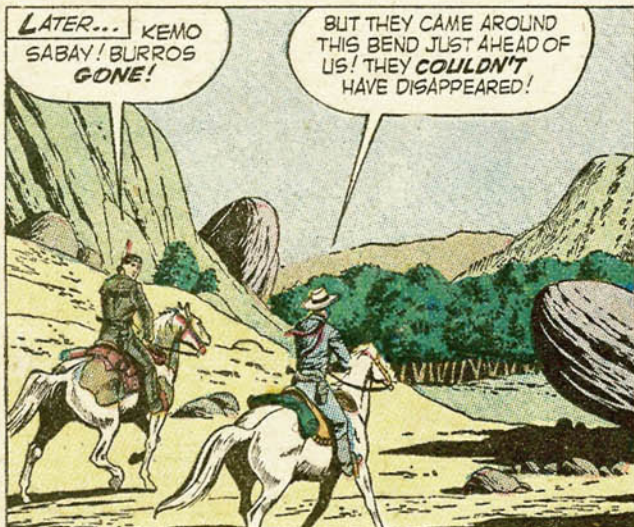


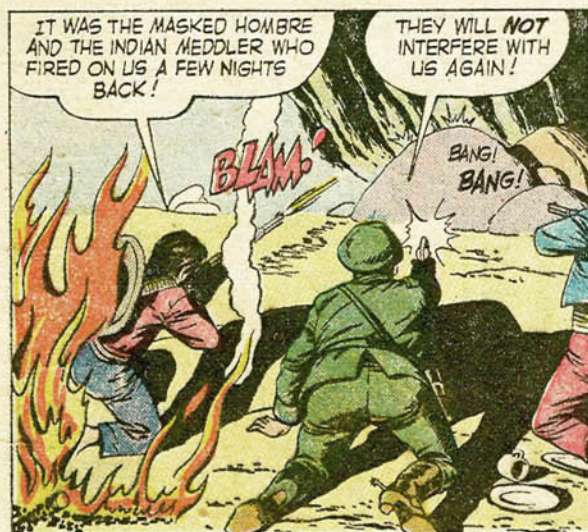


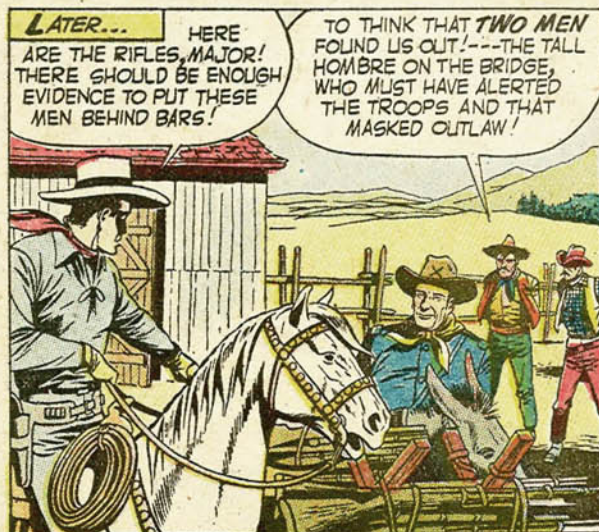
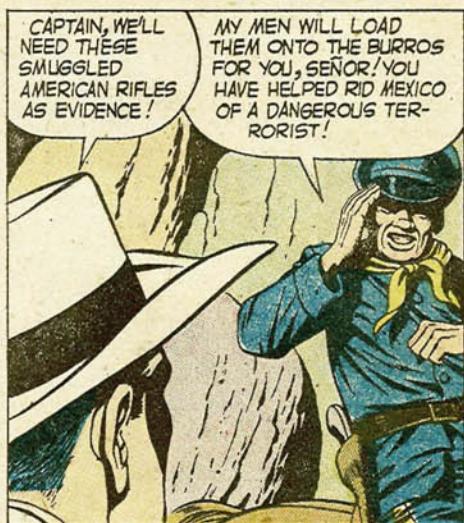
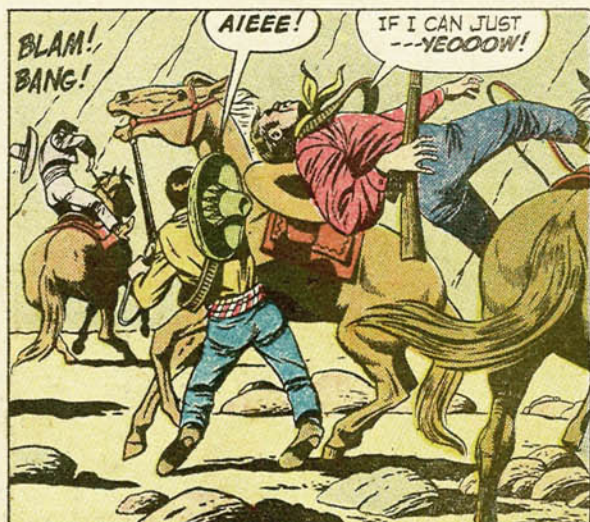






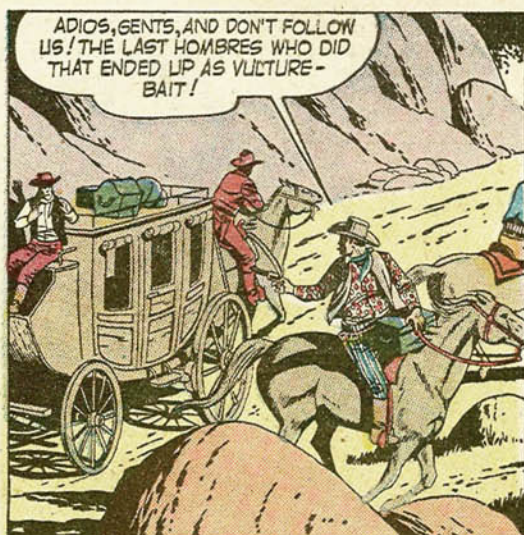
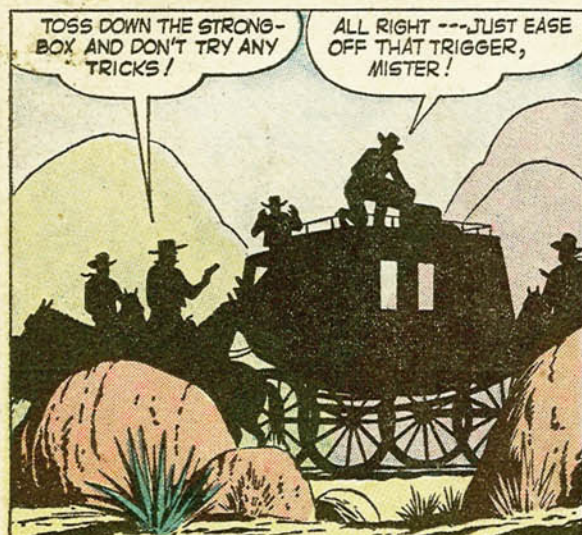
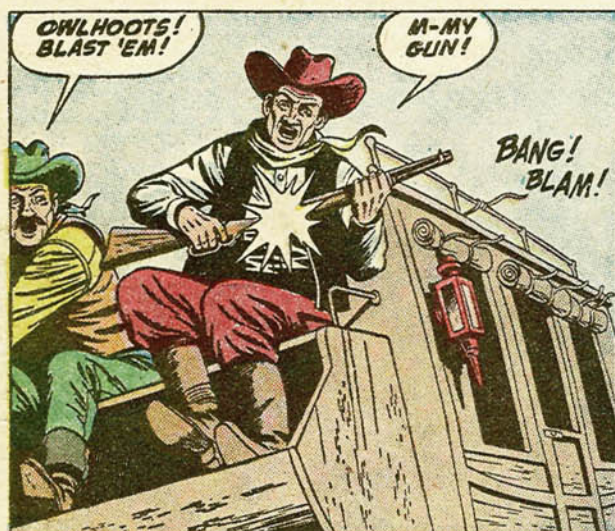
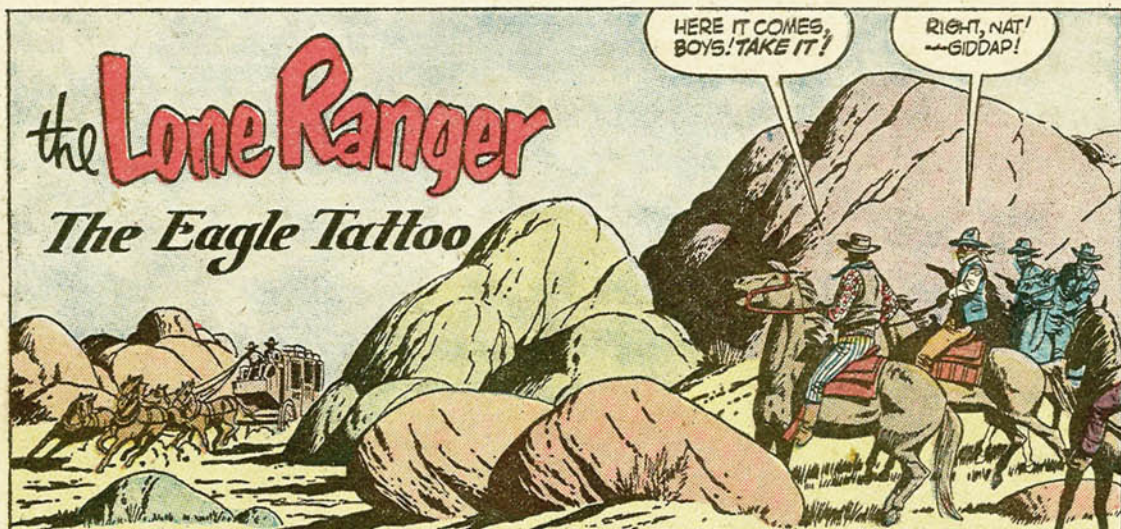






the Lone Ranger

The Eagle Tattoo



RIDING OFF SEPARATELY, THE GANG MEETS LATER AT ITS HIDE-OUT.

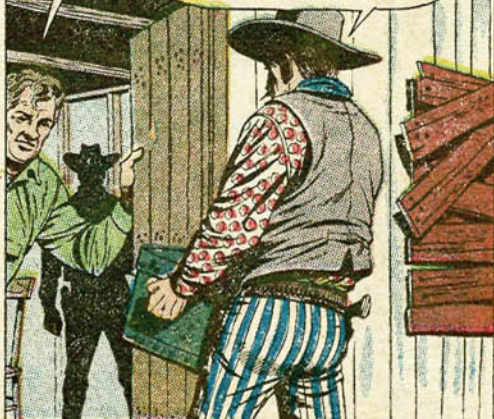
WHERE'S NAT?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM, HE'LL BE BACK! THE LOOT'S PROBABLY SLOWIN' HIM UP!



WE WERE BEGINNIN' TO WORRY, NAT!

ABOUT ME OR THIS STRONG-BOX, WES?---OPEN IT UP AND LET'S SEE WHAT AN HONEST DAY'S WORK IS WORTH!



JEHOSHAPHAT! THERE'S A COUPLE OF THOUSAND IN CASH HERE!

WELL, MY TENT-SHOW TRAININ' IN MY YOUTH SURE PAID OFF! NO ONE'S BEEN ABLE TO IDENTIFY THE GANG'S UNMASKED LEADER!



YOU'RE RIGHT, NAT! YOU'VE GOT MORE WANTED DESCRIPTIONS AROUND THE COUNTRY THAN A DOZEN OWLHOOTS!

AND HAVIN' YOU WEAR BANDANA MASKS AND CHANGE CLOTHES RIGHT AFTER THE JOB IS A GOOD IDEA!



I REALLY THOUGHT THINGS OUT FOR THIS GANG! BY THE TIME THOSE DUMB LAWMEN GET WISE TO MY DISGUISES, I'LL BE READY TO RETIRE!

THERE'S JUST ONE THING, NAT---



---THAT EAGLE TATTOO OF YOURS! THAT FIRST HANDBILL THAT CAME OUT ABOUT YOU MENTIONED IT! IF SOMEBODY SHOULD SPOT IT, WE'RE FINISHED!



DON'T WORRY, WES! I'M MIGHTY CAREFUL ABOUT IT! MY SLEEVE'S ALWAYS **DOWN!**--- HEY! WHAT'S THAT ON YOUR FINGER?

A RING I TOOK OFF THAT HOMBRE ON THAT STAGE YESTERDAY! BUT I ONLY WEAR IT AROUND HERE!



SOMETIME, YOU MIGHT FORGET TO TAKE IT OFF AND BE SPOTTED! GIVE IT TO ME!

BUT, NAT, IT'S A GOOD RING!



THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!---TONIGHT, WE'RE HITTING THE BANK AT MINE GULCH, BUT FIRST I'M GOIN' TO MILLTOWN TO GET A SHOE FOR MY HORSE! ONE OF 'EM IS WORN ALMOST TO NOTHIN'! A KEEN-EYED LAWMAN MIGHT SPOT MY TRAIL THAT WAY! YOU SEE, I NEVER TAKE CHANCES, WES!



MEANWHILE, NEAR MILLTOWN...

WE TRY ALL TRAILS OF STAGE ROBBERS, KEMO SABAY, BUT THEY COVER TRACKS PLENTY GOOD!

YES, TONTO, WE'VE LOST THEIR TRAIL AGAIN! BUT I'M CERTAIN OF ONE THING--- THAT GANG IS LED BY **NAT SPENCER!**



THE PATTERN OF THE ROBBERIES IN THIS TERRITORY IS THE SAME AS THE FIRST ONE SPENCER LED---THE HORSES ARE ALL DUN-COLORED AND UNMARKED AND THE CROOKS SEPARATE AFTER EACH ROBBERY!

BUT WHY THEY HAVE **DIFFERENT** LEADER EACH TIME AND HIM ONLY FELLER WHO NOT WEAR MASK!

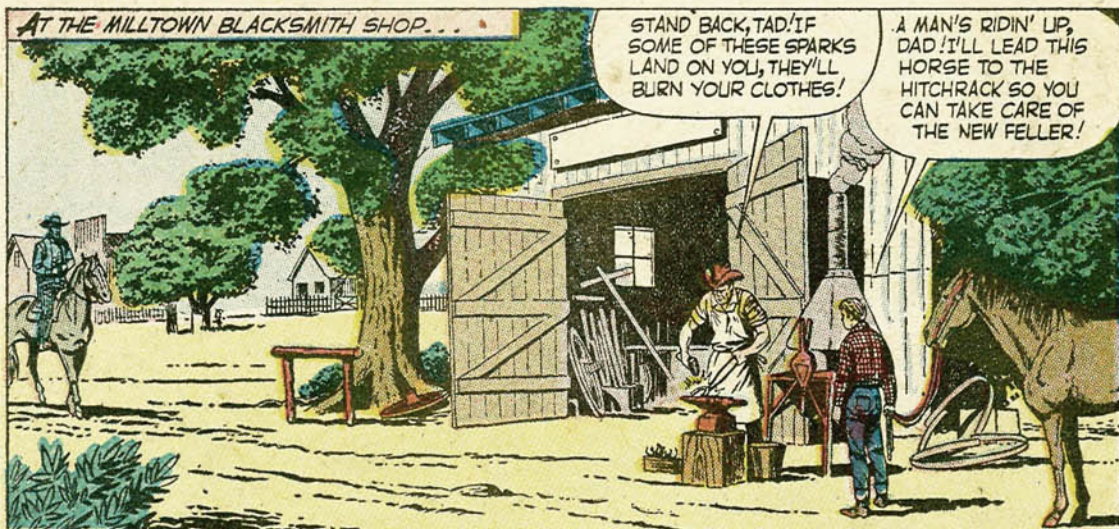


THEY MAY TAKE TURNS AS LEADER, BUT IT PUZZLES ME WHY THE LEADER IN EACH CASE IS UNMASKED! HE MIGHT BE RECOGNIZED SOMETIME!

UGH! TONTO RIDE TO MILLTOWN NOW! SCOUT HAVE-UM LOOSE SHOE! THEN WE SEARCH FOR OUT-LAWS AGAIN!---**GET-UM UP, SCOUT!**



AT THE MILLTOWN BLACKSMITH SHOP...



STAND BACK, TAD! IF SOME OF THESE SPARKS LAND ON YOU, THEY'LL BURN YOUR CLOTHES!

A MAN'S RIDIN' UP, DAD! I'LL LEAD THIS HORSE TO THE HITCHRACK SO YOU CAN TAKE CARE OF THE NEW FELLER!

CAN YOU SHOE MY HORSE PRONTO?

SURE! BRING HIM HERE, STRANGER!



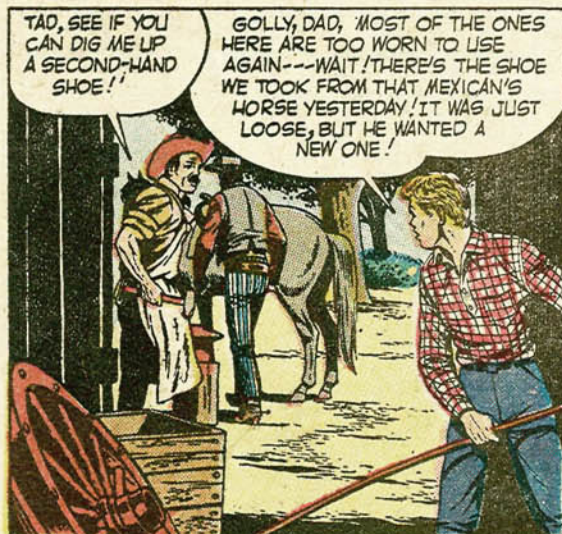
THE RIGHT FRONT SHOE'S WORN THIN! CAN YOU REPLACE IT WITH A **SECOND-HAND** SHOE---I'M KINDA LOW ON FUNDS!

WELL, I'LL HAVE TO LOOK AROUND FOR A SECOND-HAND SHOE, BUT I RECKON I CAN FIX YOU UP IN A FEW MINUTES!



TAD, SEE IF YOU CAN DIG ME UP A SECOND-HAND SHOE!

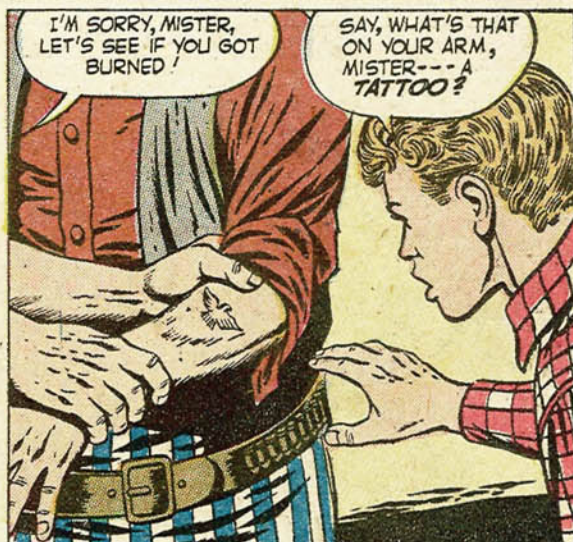
GOLLY, DAD, MOST OF THE ONES HERE ARE TOO WORN TO USE AGAIN---WAIT! THERE'S THE SHOE WE TOOK FROM THAT MEXICAN'S HORSE YESTERDAY! IT WAS JUST LOOSE, BUT HE WANTED A NEW ONE!



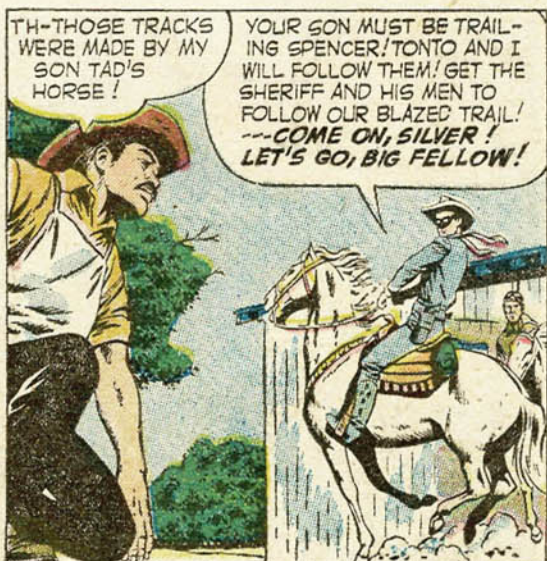
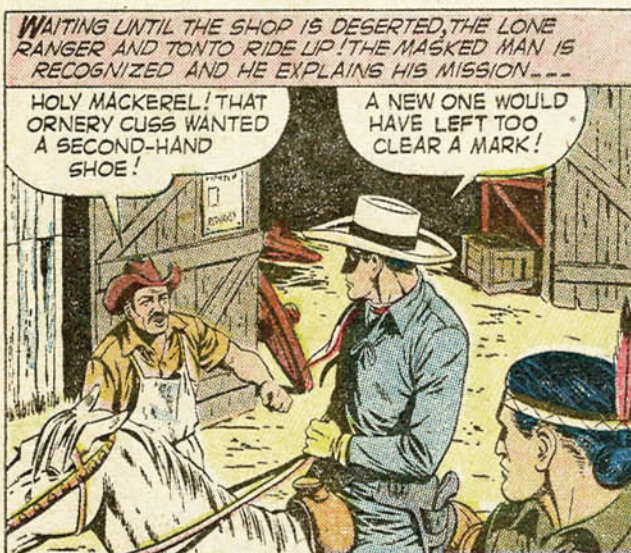
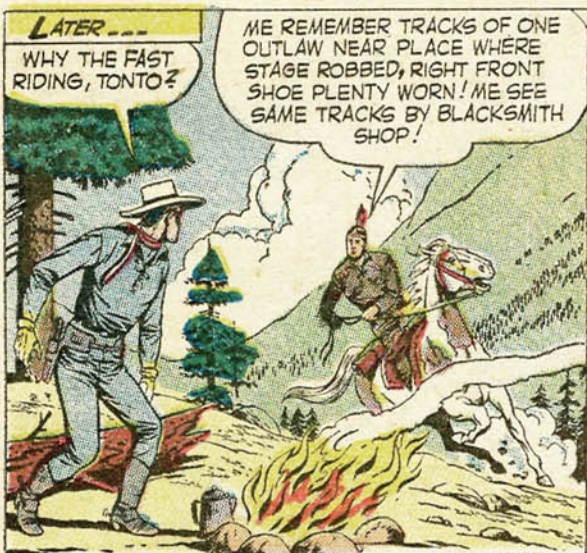
HERE IT IS, DAD!

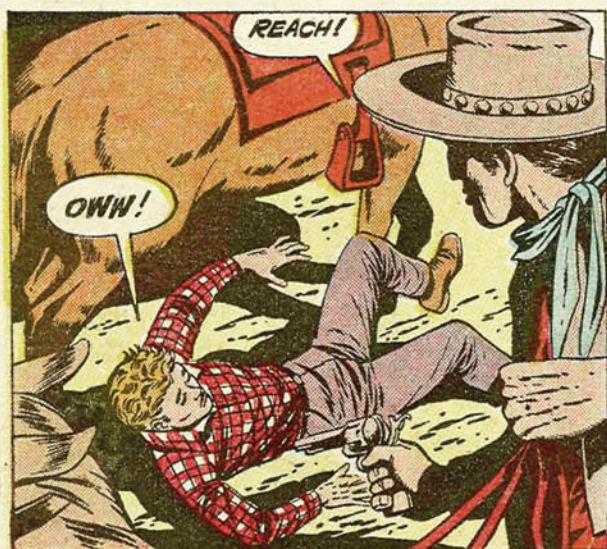
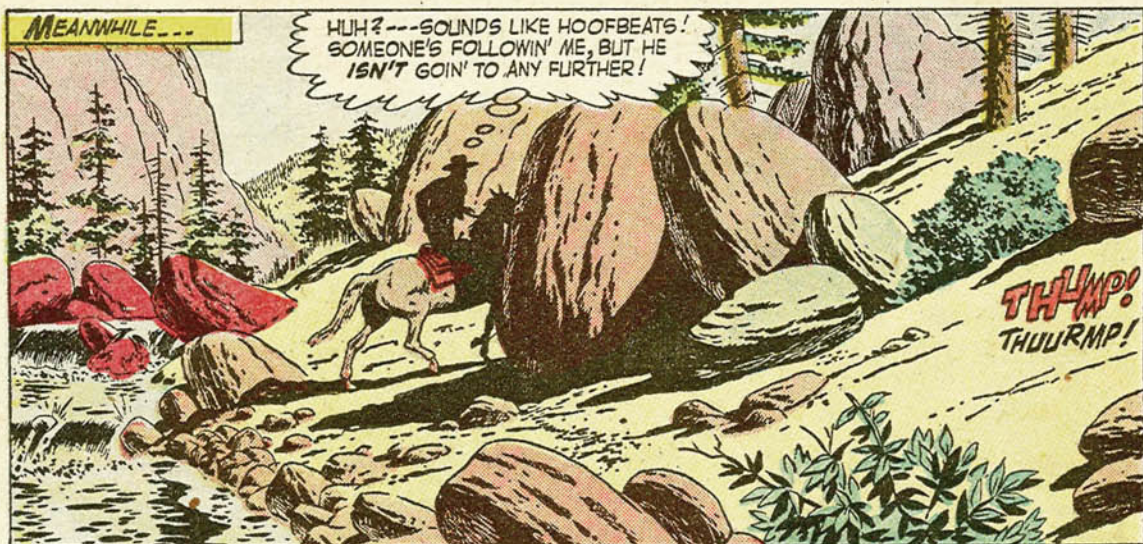
YOU KNOW, I'D BET A DOLLAR TO A DOUGHNUT RAMOS, THE BLACKSMITH 'CROSS THE BORDER, FORGED THIS SHOE! ALMOST PUTS HIS BRAND ON 'EM THE WAY HE **PINCHES IN THE ENDS!**

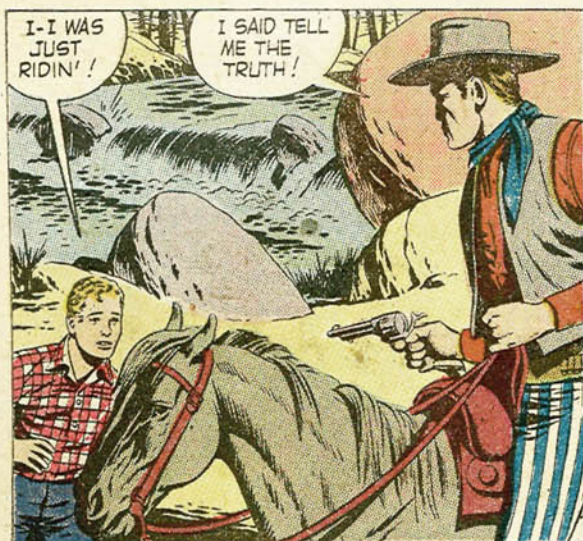


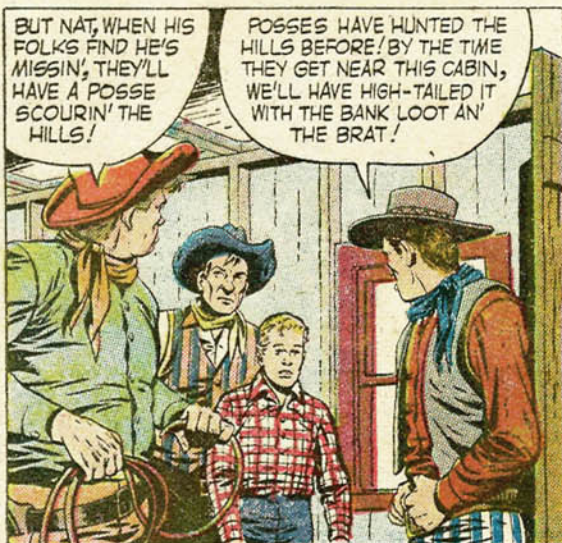


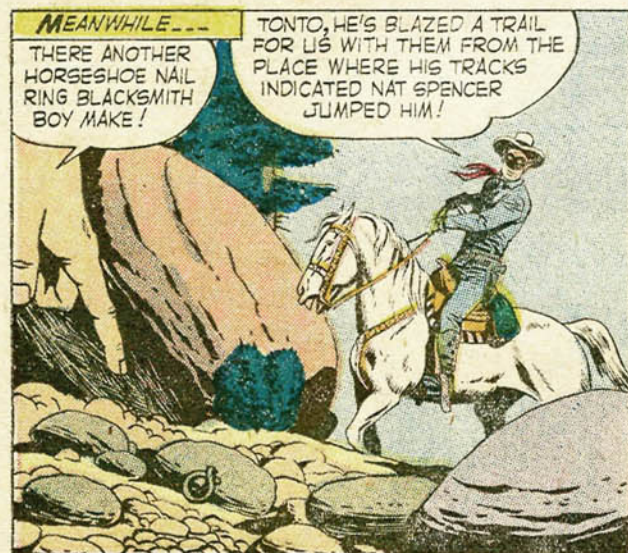
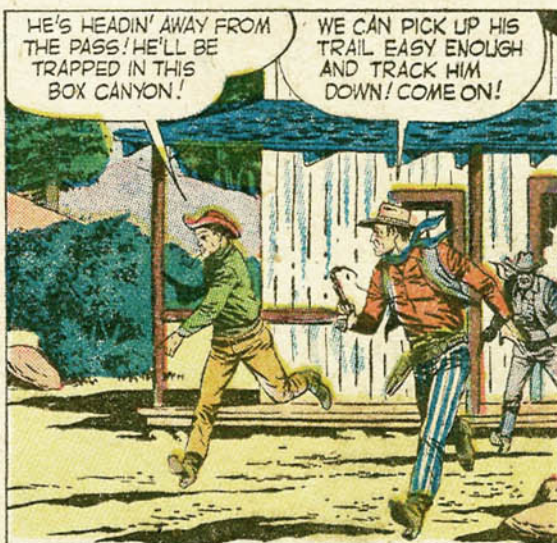
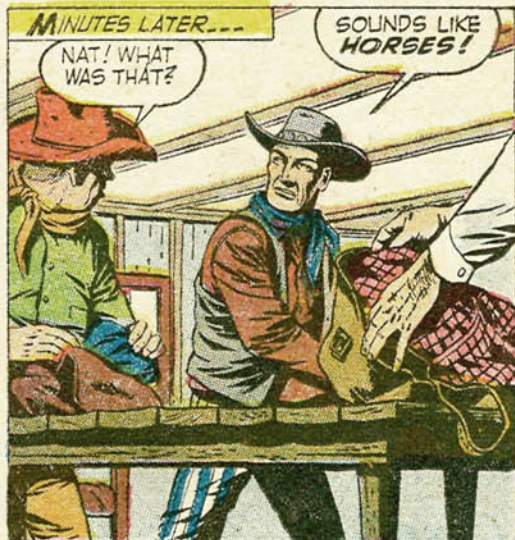
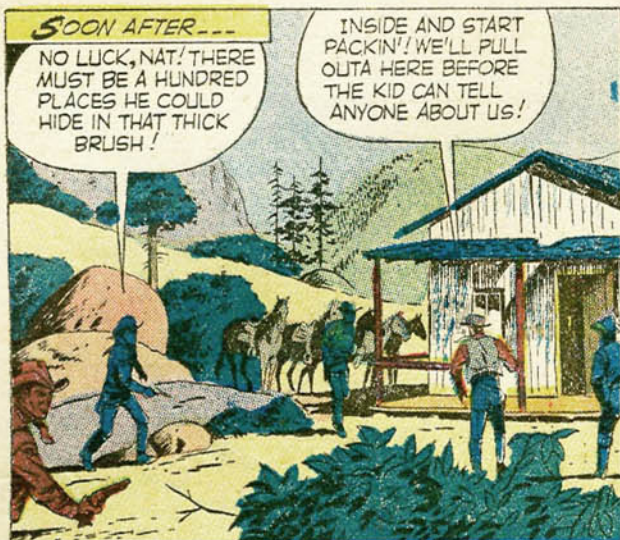


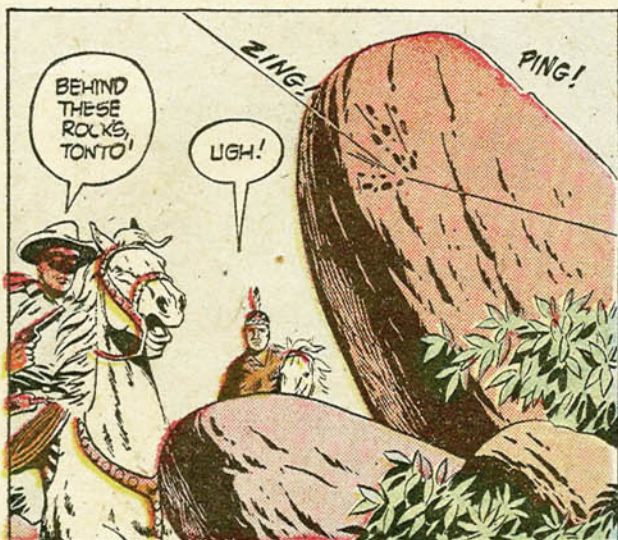
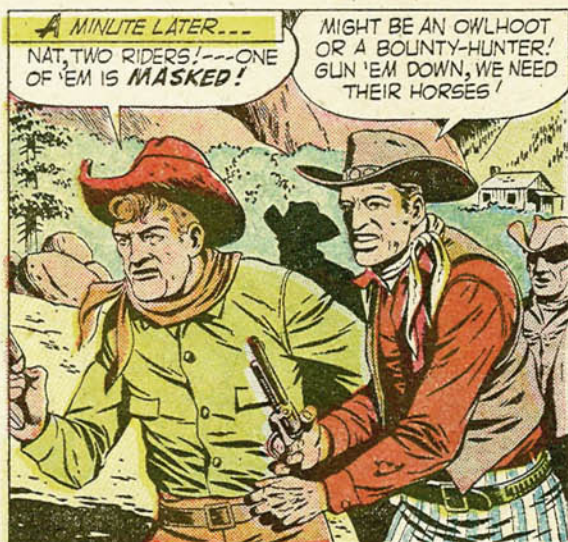




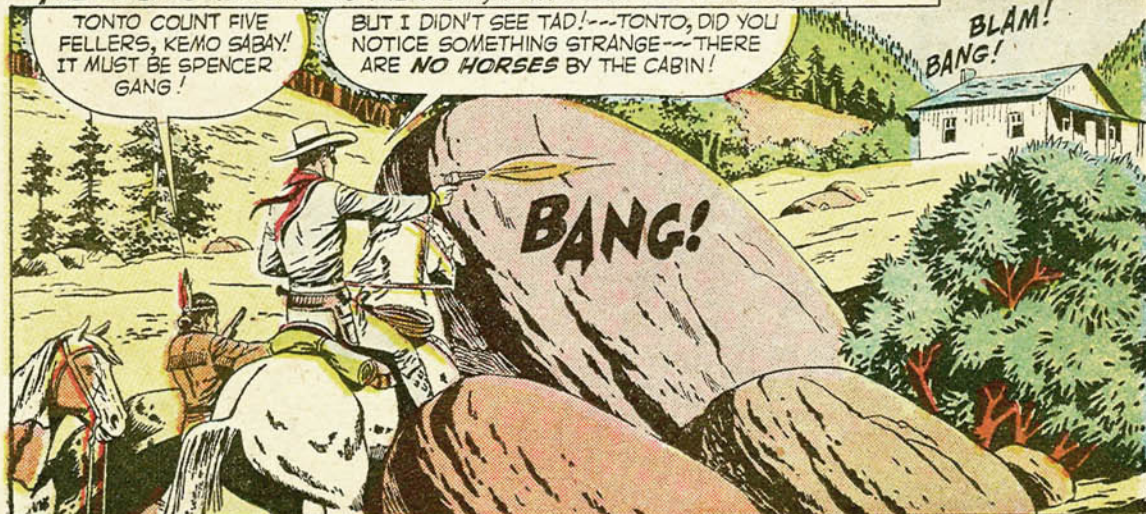


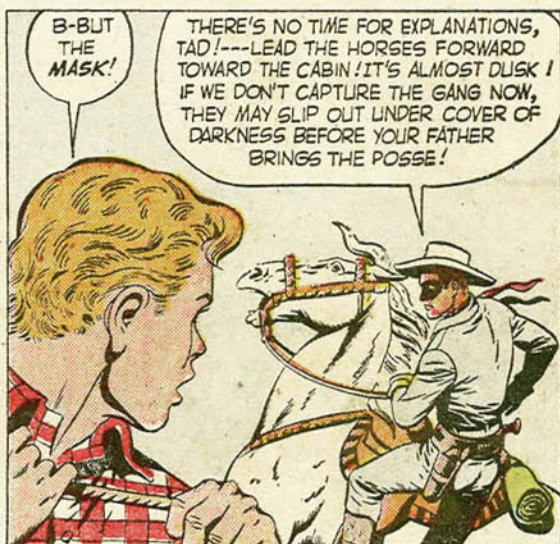




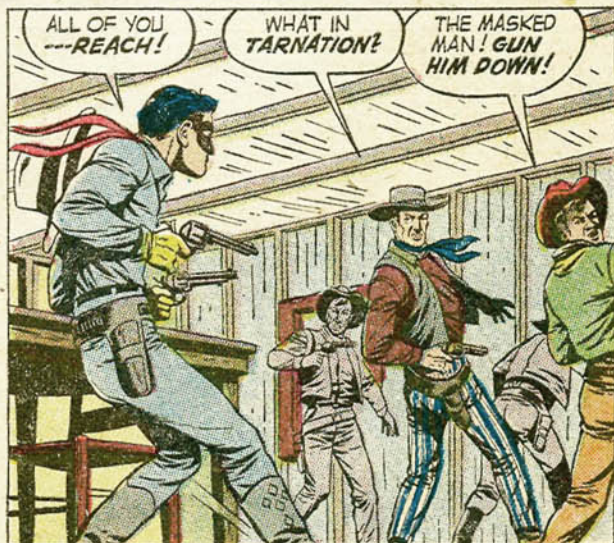
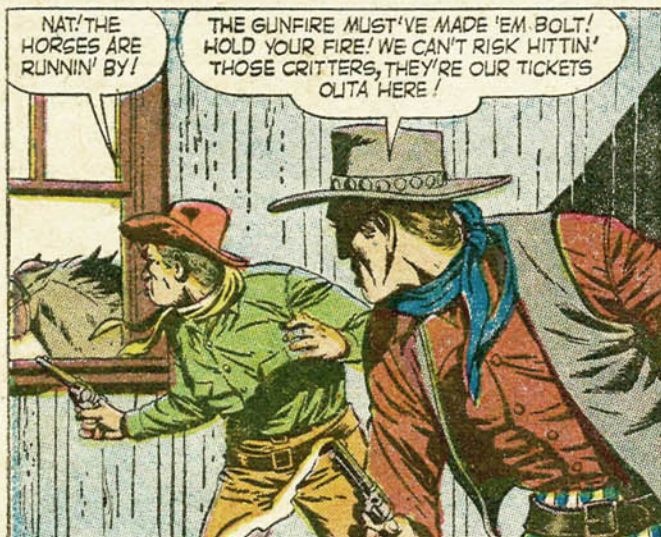
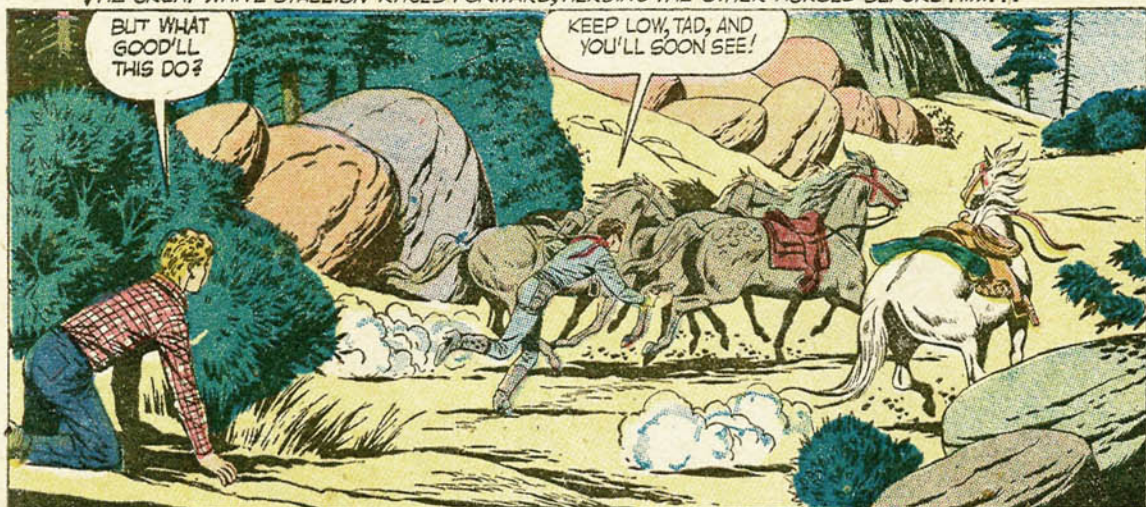


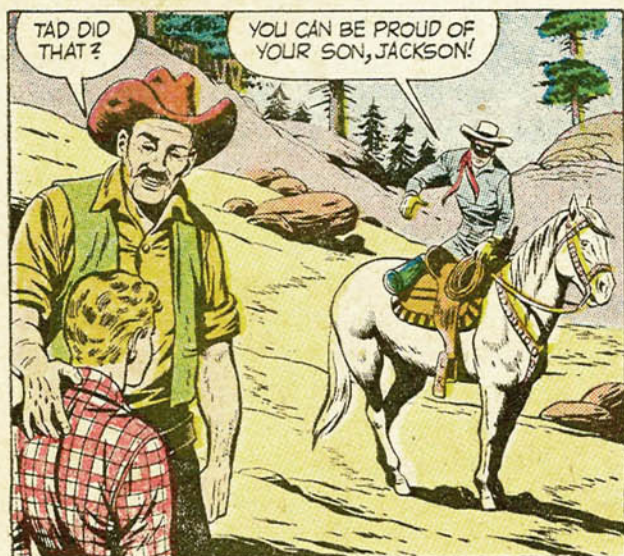
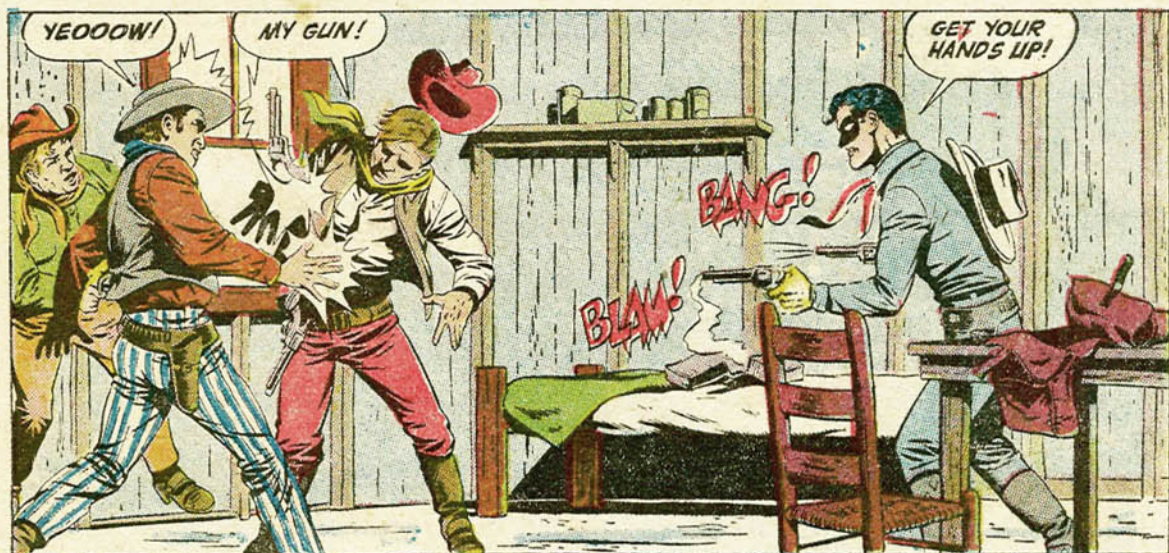
THE OUTLAWS RETREAT INTO THE CABIN, AS THE GUNFIGHT BLAZES ON---

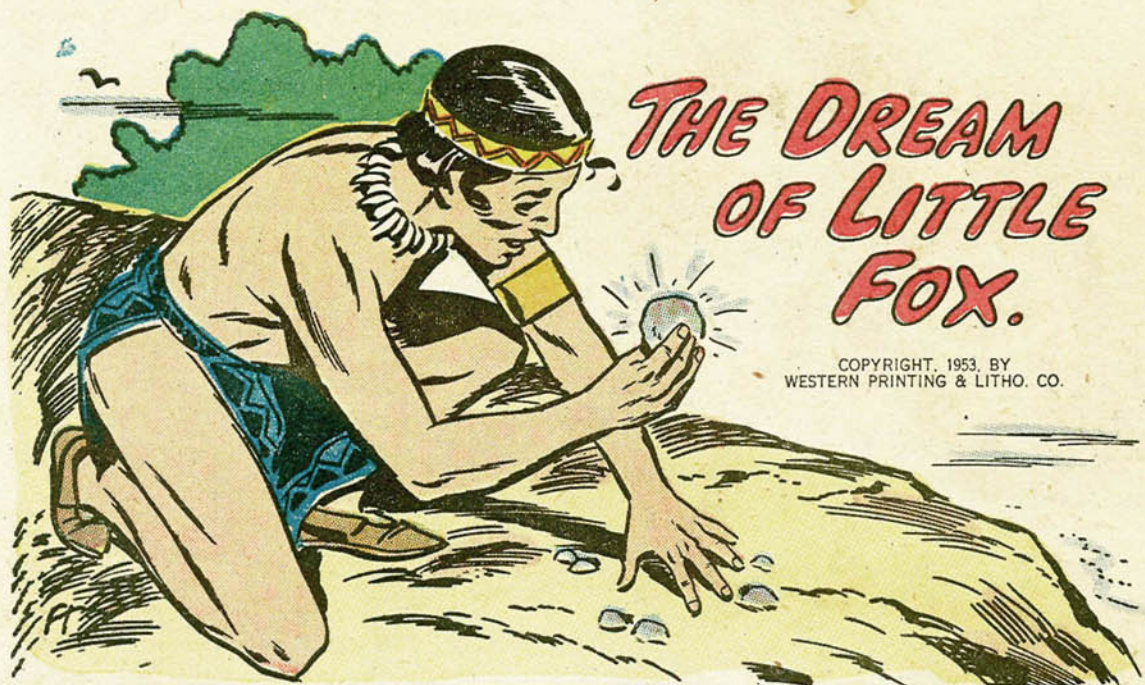




THE GREAT WHITE STALLION RACES FORWARD, HERDING THE OTHER HORSES BEFORE HIM...







THE DREAM OF LITTLE FOX.

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Two hundred yards from the bald butte, Little Fox let his bony, crowbait pony shuffle to a stop. It was a borrowed pony—for Little Fox, the orphan boy, had never owned a horse. He had hardly ever owned anything more than his bow and arrows and his flint knife. He had made these after long watching of Neeshota, the old arrow maker.

Little Fox was out hunting for turquoise stones—those lumps of pale sky-blue spotted with brown, which Unkawa the tribal jeweler made into necklaces and belts and bracelets. Little Fox had never found much turquoise—but what he did repaid Unkawa for his food and shelter.

Right now, the boy was watching a big, black raven alight on the bald butte. There should be nothing up there for a raven to eat—and that made Little Fox curious.

After a moment the raven flew away. It held something small in its claws. A mouse? But what would a MOUSE be doing on that high, bare rock? Little Fox decided to find out.

He tied his sleepy pony, and started climbing. It took him half an hour of hard work

to reach the butte's top. And then he was disappointed. There was nothing but cracked and weathered rock, and a few pebbles. . . .

PEBBLES! They had a familiar color, and one or two were shiny in the sun! Ravens liked to pick up shiny things! If they should be turquoise—

They were! A double handful of them! And another, fist-size chunk, wedged in a crack. . . . Little Fox pried it out. And that, too, was a turquoise—the biggest, and purest that he had ever seen!

As Little Fox gazed at it, the stone's lovely blue seemed to glow. The soft light that it shed seemed to fill his soul. He hugged it to his breast. Then, he began to think of the things that big turquoise would buy. . . .

Many times in the next week, Little Fox crept away by himself, to gaze in wonder at his stone. Patiently, hour after hour, he rubbed it with coarser stones, until it took on shape and polish. Those hours seemed to pass like minutes.

But there were other times when he dreamed of the horse that his stone would buy. A horse like the pinto sorrel, Red Cloud,



who led Chief Long Lance's band of horses. Not Red Cloud—for the Chief would never part with him—but a horse LIKE him.

Once a year, Chief Long Lance had four braves catch and hold Red Cloud. Then the Chief would mount him, and the braves would jump back. Every year the Chief tried to ride the sorrel stallion—and every time he did, the sorrel threw him. People said it would always end the same way—but they were wrong.

THIS year, Red Cloud stepped into a gopher hole, as he was bucking—and as he fell, there was a sharp crack of breaking bone. When the Chief and his horse got to their feet, Red Cloud stood with one slim foreleg lifted and hanging queerly below the knee.

A groan of pity went up from the people who were watching. Then, sadly, they turned their backs. They knew what must be done!

Trying not to show his sorrow, Chief Long Lance drew his knife. He stepped toward the proud, beautiful horse, who tried not to show his pain. And then—

There was an interruption! Little Fox, the orphan boy, ran between the Chief and the

doomed horse. In his hand he held a large stone—a turquoise that glowed like a bit of blue sky.

"Please, please!" the boy panted. "Please do not kill him! Sell me Red Cloud, O Chief—for this stone!"

Amazed, Chief Long Lance took the stone and examined it. He gravely questioned the boy—and learned how Little Fox had come by it.

"Very well!" he said at last. "Red Cloud is yours! But take him away—where I shall never see him again!"

After the Chief had gone, Little Fox wrapped the broken leg in soft tanned buffalo skin. Then he splinted it with sticks . . . next, he made a harness of rawhide thongs that held the leg from touching the ground. When this was done, he led Red Cloud away, on three legs, very gently, very slowly, out of sight of the village.

For a year, the village people saw Little Fox only once in many days, when he came in for corn and dried meat. They knew that he was keeping Red Cloud in some hidden gulch or canyon, trying to get the broken leg to mend. But they did not believe he would succeed. They knew that such a thing had never been done before.

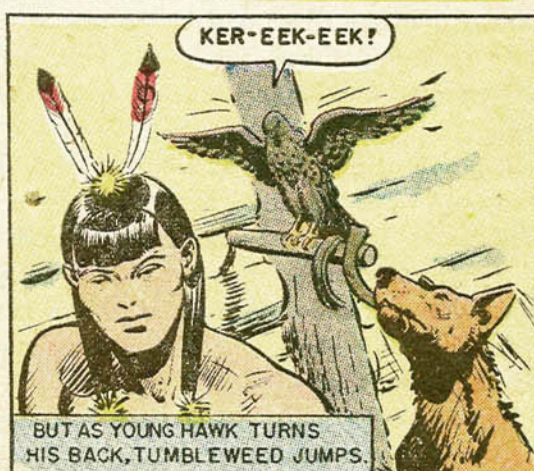
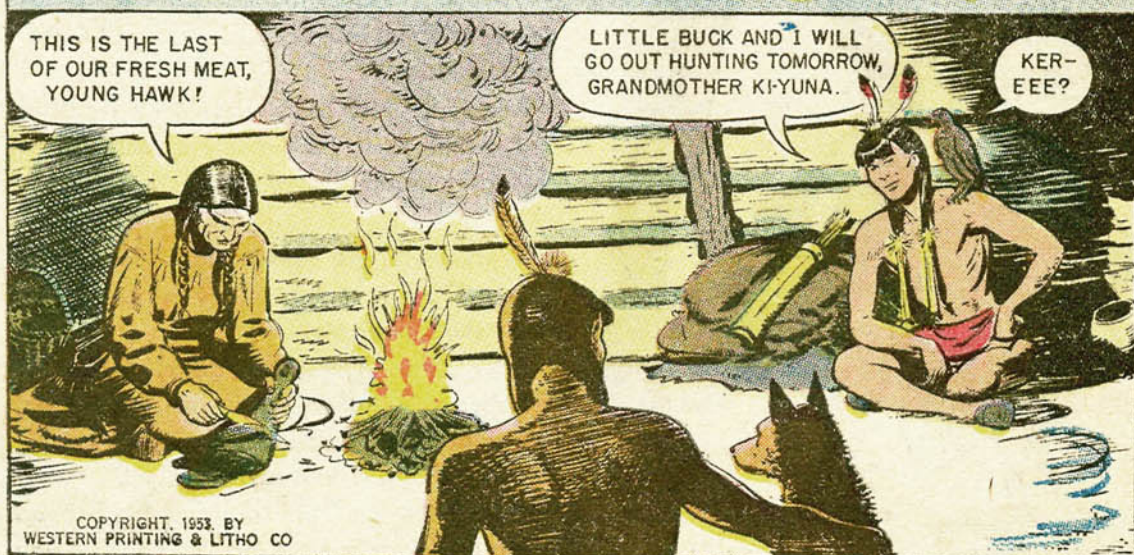
What they did not know was the magic that splints and bandages and massage and exercise—and above all, LOVE—can work! They did not know that all these things were making Little Fox's dream come true.

But on the day that Little Fox, on a flashing, pinto-sorrel stallion, won the inter-tribal sweepstakes race, even Chief Long Lance had to believe.

And their astonishment was greater still when their chief took off his own turquoise necklace, placed it around the neck of the orphan boy, and said:

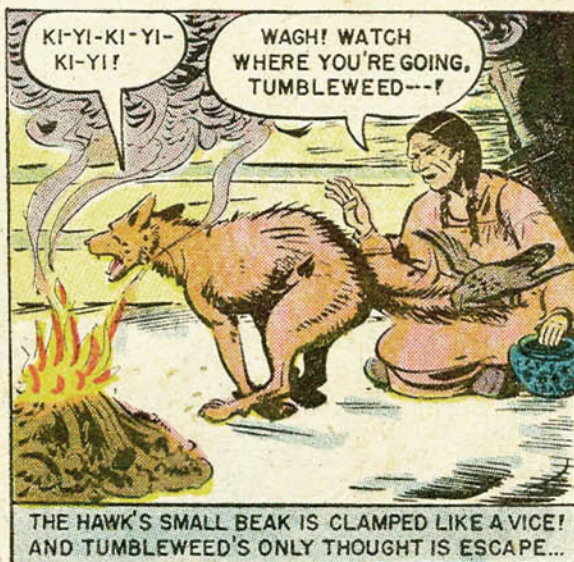
"Little Fox, your medicine is very strong! I proclaim you, no longer an orphan, but my adopted son!"

YOUNG HAWK





LITTLE BROTHER'S DIVE IS JUST AS QUICK, HOWEVER---AND HIS TARGET IS TUMBLEWEED'S TAIL!



THE HAWK'S SMALL BEAK IS CLAMPED LIKE A VICE! AND TUMBLEWEED'S ONLY THOUGHT IS ESCAPE...



---UNTIL ONE FOREPAW LANDS ON A HOT COAL.



HA, HA, HA! TUMBLEWEED GOT A LESSON!



WHAT GOOD IS THAT
LITTLE BIRD, ANYWAY---
EXCEPT TO PLAY
TRICKS AND GOBBLE
GOOD MEAT?

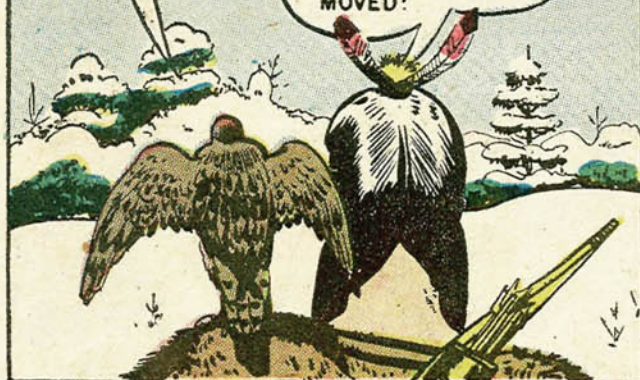


LITTLE BROTHER WILL SPOT
GAME FOR US, LITTLE BUCK!
ALL HAWKS HAVE SHARP
EYESIGHT! YOU'LL SEE



KREEK! KREE-
AWK! CHIRRR-
EEK-EEK!

HAH! HE SEES SOMETHING
NOW! LOOK AHEAD THERE,
LITTLE BUCK--- BEYOND
THAT THICKET OF YOUNG
BIRCHES! SOMETHING
MOVED!



AS THE BOYS HALT, WHISPERING, A HUGE
ANTLERED HEAD MOVES INTO VIEW, UPWIND.

NO, LITTLE BUCK! MOOSE MEAT
AT THIS SEASON--- JUST BEFORE
THEY DROP THEIR ANTLERS---
IS POOR AND STRINGY! WE'RE
HUNTING FOR DEER!



I HOPE WE FIND
A DEER BEFORE--

LISTEN!

OW-OOOOH!



BEYOND A WOODED HILLOCK SOUNDS THE SHORT
HOWL OF A WOLF ON A HOT TRAIL.



ALONG ONE OF THE SIX-FOOT-DEEP TRENCHES TRODDEN IN THE SNOW BY BROWSING DEER, A BUCK COMES BOUNDING.



AS YOUNG HAWK SPEAKS, THE BUCK MAKES ONE MAGNIFICENT BOUND——OVER THE HIGH SNOW BARRIER INTO A PARALLEL TRENCH——THUS BREAKING HIS SCENT TRAIL, AND GETTING OUT OF SIGHT, TOO.



BUT, CLOSE BEHIND HIM COME A DOE AND A YOUNG SPIKEHORN BUCK.



——— AND IN CLEAR VIEW OF THEM, THE GRAY KILLERS!



AT THE SAME SPOT WHERE THE BUCK ESCAPED, THE DOE LEAPS THE HIGH SNOW BARRIER.



--- BUT THE SPIKEHORN IS CONFUSED, AND MISJUDGES THE JUMP! AS HE FLOUNDERS-



--- THE GRAY PACK IS ON HIM!



THEY DRAG HIM DOWN, THEIR LONG FANGS SLASHING!



AND THEN THE BOWSTRINGS HUM! WITH A JOYOUS SCREAM, THE LITTLE BIRD OF PREY DARTS FROM YOUNG HAWK'S SHOULDER.



TWO WOLVES ARE DOWN, AND TWO MORE ARE STRUCK, AS LITTLE BROTHER ARRIVES SCREECHING HIS WAR CRY!



THE LAST THREE FLEE LIKE SCARED GHOSTS--
--BUT ONE OF THESE FAILS TO OUTRUN
YOUNG HAWK'S ARROW!





BUT DANGER---GRAVE DANGER---WAITS FOR YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK! A PARTY OF CROW INDIANS, HUNTING MEAT, CATCH SIGHT OF ---



--- THE TWO BOYS, TRUDGING ALONG UNDER THEIR PACKS.



STRANGERS? WE WILL AMBUSH THEM AND TAKE THEIR PACKS!

UGH! GOOD! THESE YOUNG TREES WILL HIDE US!



SWIFTLY THE CROWS PLACE COVER BETWEEN THEM AND THEIR INTENDED VICTIMS..



KER-EEE-EEE-AWK! CHIR-EEK--EEK!

WHAT IS IT, LITTLE BROTHER? IN THAT PATCH OF YOUNG TREES UP THE SLOPE? --- I SAW SOMETHING ---

BUT LITTLE BROTHER, WHOSE KEEN EYES NEVER REST, ESPIES THE ENEMY'S MOVEMENT.



KREE-AWK!

JUMP, LITTLE BUCK!



LIKE A LIVING ARROW, LITTLE BROTHER TAKES OFF AFTER THE HUMMING SHAFTS THAT, TO HIM, MEAN A FRESH KILL!



IN SUPERSTITIOUS TERROR THE WHOLE CROW PARTY BREAKS AND RUNS.



SWOOPING AND SCREECHING, LITTLE BROTHER CHASES THE FLEEING BRAVES FOR SOME DISTANCE



THEN, HIS RECENTLY BROKEN WING TIRING, HE ALIGHTS, STILL CHATTERING INSULTS.



WAGH! ROUTED BY A LITTLE BIRD NO BIGGER THAN MY FIST!

I'LL NEVER MAKE FUN OF LITTLE BROTHER AGAIN!



LITTLE BROTHER--- COME BACK! DO YOU THINK HE IS STILL CHASING THEM, YOUNG HAWK?

NO! I CAN HEAR HIM CHATTERING-- FAINTLY---



HERE HE COMES!

CHIRRR-EEEE?

HO, HO! YOU'RE ASKING WHY WE DIDN'T CHASE THOSE BRAVES, TOO, EH? DON'T YOU KNOW YOU DROVE THEM TOO FAST, LITTLE BROTHER?



LOOK, YOUNG HAWK! TWO GOOD BOWS--- AND A QUIVER OF HUNTING ARROWS. OUR LOOT FROM THE FIGHT!



IT'S SLOW GOING WITH THESE LOADS, YOUNG HAWK? DO YOU THINK THE CROWS MIGHT GET OVER THEIR FRIGHT AND TRACK US?

NO!



THEY WON'T COME BACK TO THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY ALL WINTER---AND THEY WILL TELL THEIR TRIBESMEN ABOUT LITTLE BROTHER---OUCH!

SKREE-EEEK!



'HI-YAH! NEEKOOTA! AKIMO' GRANDMA KI-YUNA!

JUST AFTER DARK THE BOYS COME IN SIGHT OF HOME---AND THE FIRELIGHT REACHING UP THROUGH THE SMOKE HOLE



YOUNG HAWK! LET ME HELP--- TAKE YOUR LOAD! YOU BROUGHT DEER MEAT---

---AND WOLF SKINS, NEEKOOTA!



AND WE'VE BROUGHT A STORY, TOO, GRANDMA KI-YUNA! A STORY OF A LITTLE BIRD AND AN ENEMY WAR PARTY!

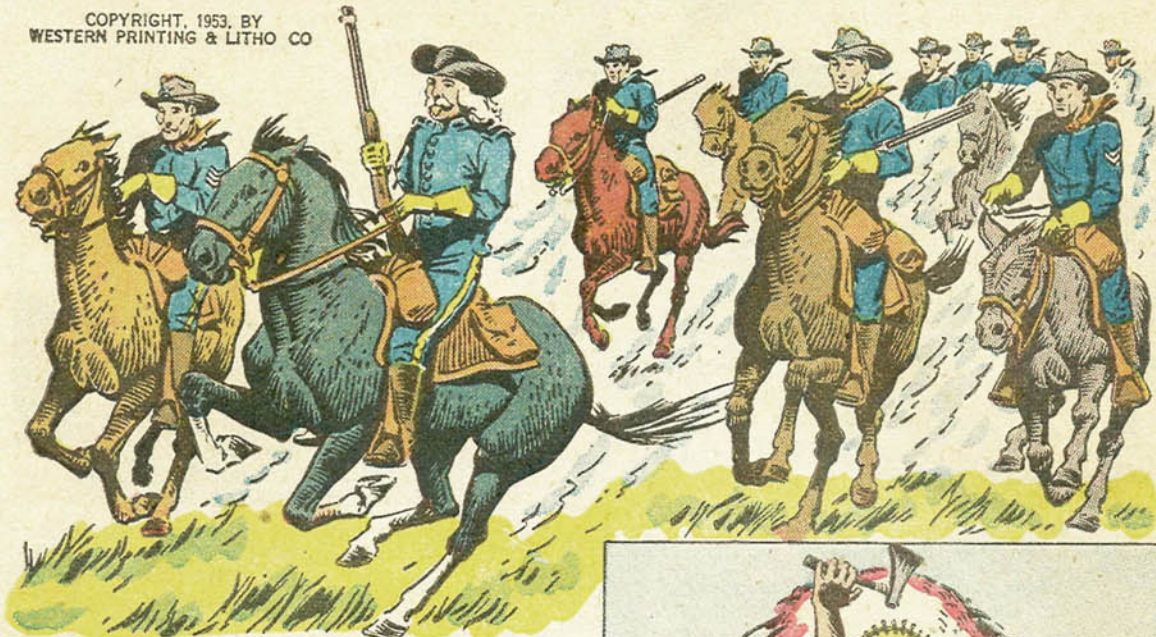
AHA! I THOUGHT I SAW TWO CROW BOWS AMONG YOUR WOLFSKINS!



LATER, AROUND THE SUPPER FIRE, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK TELL THE TALE OF THE PLUCKY LITTLE BIRD---WHILE JEALOUS TUMBLEWEED LICKS HIS BANDAGED PAW AND PRETENDS NOT TO NOTICE

GENERAL CUSTER'S LAST RIDE

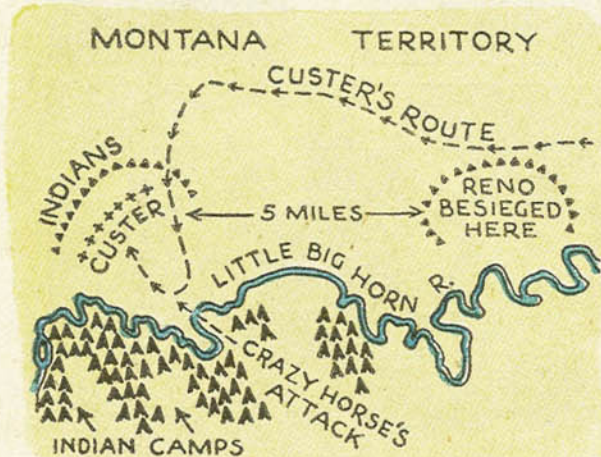
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On the morning of June 25, 1876, General George A. Custer, leading the Seventh Cavalry, topped the high bluffs overlooking the Little Big Horn river. In the valley below lay an immense Sioux village.

Here was camped the might of the Sioux and Cheyenne nations—some 12,000 Indians with a fighting force of from three to five thousand men.

Though he had proved himself a military man of great distinction in the Civil War, and



in previous Indian encounters, Custer this day made a grave tactical error. Instead of waiting for reinforcements from General Terry, he decided to attack at once.

Custer divided his command into three columns and sent two of them, under Benteen and Reno, to attack further upstream. Custer, heading five companies—264 men—led a direct charge on the village from the northwest. Reno and Benteen were quickly pinned down and put on the defensive while a wave of warriors engulfed "Long Hair," as Custer was known to the Indians.

With the exception of one scout, to a man, Custer and his troops were slaughtered.

INDIAN SHIELDS

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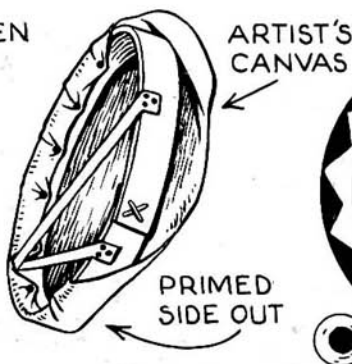
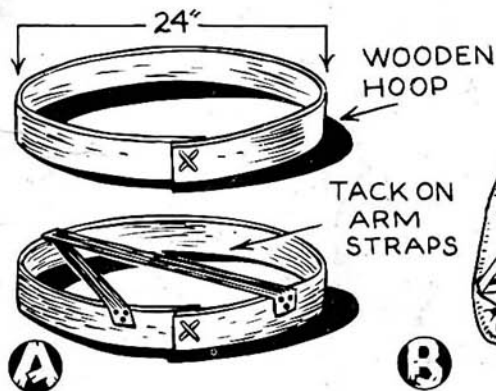


Among the Indian's most colorful and decorative creations are his ceremonial shields. Aside from their ceremonial use, these shields make unusually attractive wall hangings.

With a few inexpensive materials and a little effort, you can make your own ceremonial shield.

You will need an ordinary wooden hoop about twenty-four inches in diameter. If you wish to carry your shield, tack armstraps on one side of the hoop as shown in Fig. A. Cover the other side of the hoop with a cheap artist's canvas, primed side out, and tack

from behind as shown in Fig. B. Now, with a pencil, sketch an Indian design on the primed side (or front) of the canvas, as illustrated in Fig. C, and paint with any color combination you like. Common flat house paint is best, but tone down the colors with flat white paint. Toned-down colors lend an aged look to the finished work. Now drape the shield with a foot-wide strip of solid-colored flannel. As the finishing touch, dip the tips of a dozen large white feathers in bright red paint and, when dry, pin them to the flannel.





The Osborne caribou is the larger, mountain-dwelling, relative of the plains caribou. Usually the variety of animal that lives in open, treeless country is larger than his close relative who lives among brush, trees or in swampy areas.

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

**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!**

