

DELL
COMIC

A 52 PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER

10

the Lone Ranger





Keeps 'em on good spookin' terms

Tricks or Treats are lots more fun than chasing little spooks away from the front gate. Here's the trick that keeps 'em on good spookin' terms... Milky Way candy, with that thick milk chocolate coating covering a dreamy, rich caramel layer over a double helping of malted milk nougat... m-m-m!

Halloween's on the way so be ready with plenty of luscious Milky Ways.

Buy 'em by the box for
"Tricks or Treats"



M-m-milky Way...

your money can't buy more "m-m-m-m"!

the Lone Ranger

Dollars Of Doom

GALLOPING ALONG THE TRACKS OF THE UNION PACIFIC, FIVE RIDERS RACE DOWN ON A BUFFALO HERD...

HEY, FROSTY!
WHAT ARE YOU
WAITING FOR?
SHOOT!

EASY, DUKE! I'M NOT HUNTING
FOR PLEASURE! I'LL FIRE WHEN
I CAN LAND ONE OF THOSE
CRITTERS RIGHT WHERE I
WANT HIM --- ON THE
TRACKS!



DROPPED HIM JUST WHERE
WE'LL DO THE MOST GOOD!
THE TRAIN'S DUE IN
FIVE MINUTES!

HOW COULD YOU
MISS WITH THOSE
TELESCOPIC
SIGHTS?

BLAM!



FIVE MINUTES LATER...

KEEP PRETENDING YOU'RE
TRYING TO PULL THE
CARCASS OFF THE
TRACKS!

TOOT!
TOOT!



SHE'S STOPPING,
FROSTY!

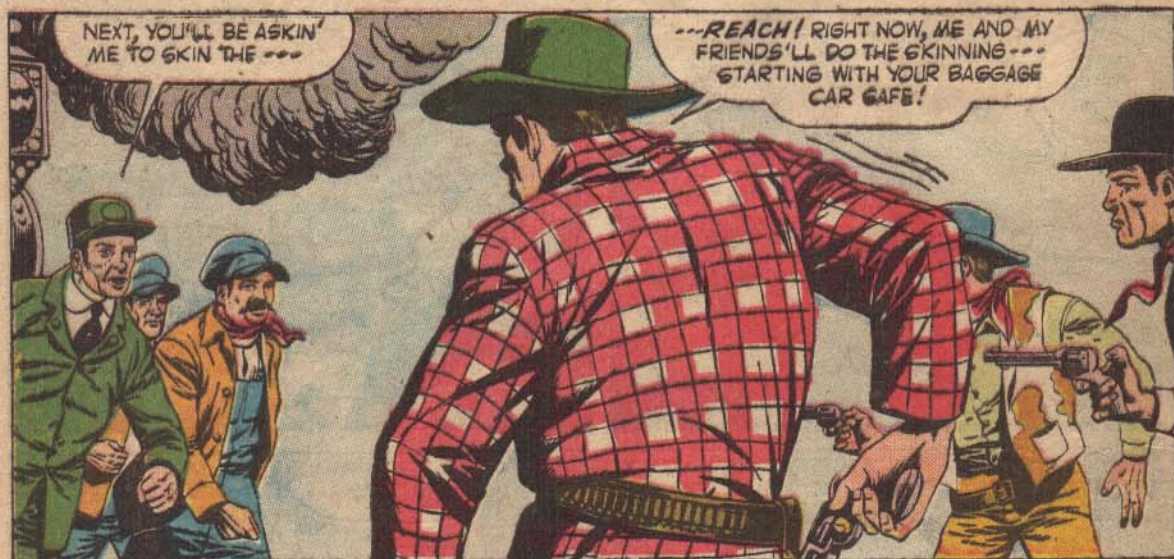
ALL RIGHT! I'LL DO
THE TALKING, BUT
ON MY SIGNAL---
DRAW YOUR
GUNS!

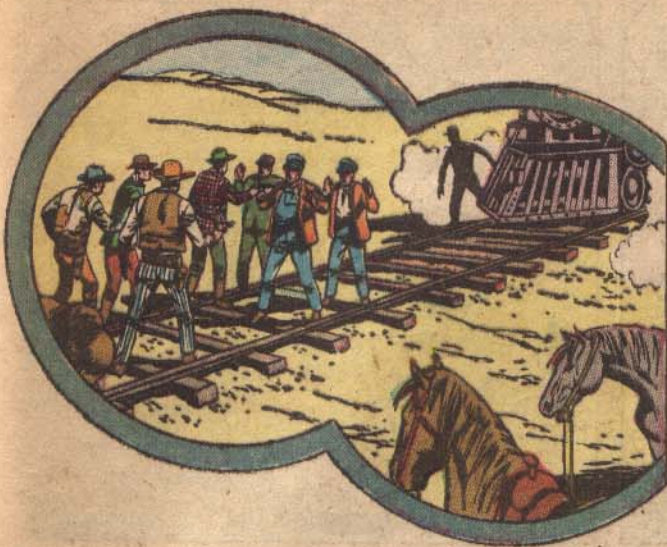


POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 243 Ninth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

THE LONE RANGER, Vol. 1, No. 65, November, 1953. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 961 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, 1953, 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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THREE NIGHTS LATER, AT LODI...



SOON AFTER, THE TRAIN PULLS INTO UNION CENTER AND THE SHERIFF IS SUMMONED...



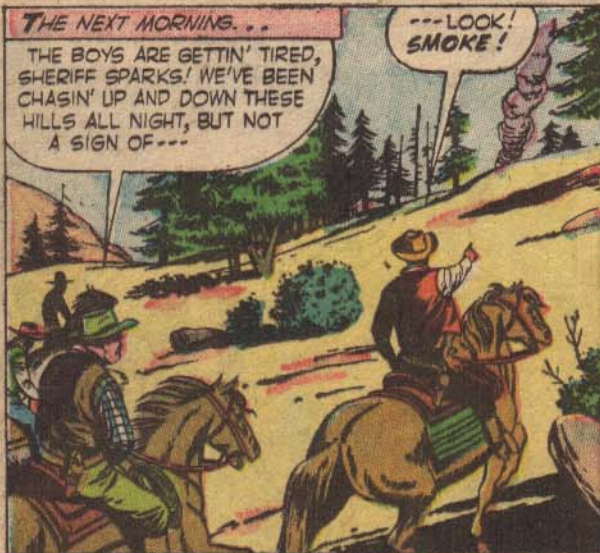
THEY EMPTIED OUR STRONGBOXES AND CLEANED OUT THE PASSENGERS' POCKETS!

I'LL TELEGRAPH LODI! IT'S AT THE OTHER EXIT FROM THIS VALLEY! THEN I'LL FORM A POSSE AND MAKE SURE THOSE OWL-HOOTS ARE SEALED IN THIS VALLEY!

THE NEXT MORNING...

THE BOYS ARE GETTIN' TIRED, SHERIFF SPARKS! WE'VE BEEN CHASIN' UP AND DOWN THESE HILLS ALL NIGHT, BUT NOT A SIGN OF---

---LOOK! SMOKE!



HORSES SADDLED, KEMO SABAY!

GOOD, TONTO! I'LL PUT OUT OUR CAMPFIRE AND WE'LL MAKE ANOTHER SWEEP OF THIS SIDE OF THE VALLEY! I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE HAVEN'T FOUND A TRACE OF THE ROBBERS!



LOOK! PLenty RIDERS COME!

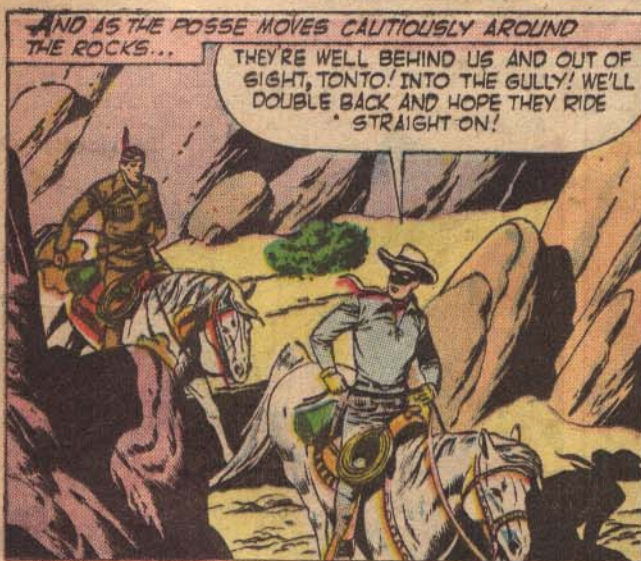
IT MAY BE A POSSE ON THE OUTLAWS' TRAIL, TONTO! IF THEY SEE MY MASK, IT CAN ONLY LEAD TO THE WRONG CONCLUSIONS! ---LET'S GO, SILVER!



A MASKED MAN!

THEY MUST BE PART OF THE GANG! START SHOOTING!





IT ONLY MANUEL MONTEZ, MEXICAN PEDDLER YOU HELP ONCE!

HE USUALLY KNOWS ALL THE INTERESTING NEWS, TONTO! MAYBE WE'LL LEARN WHAT THE POSSE WAS DOING AROUND HERE!



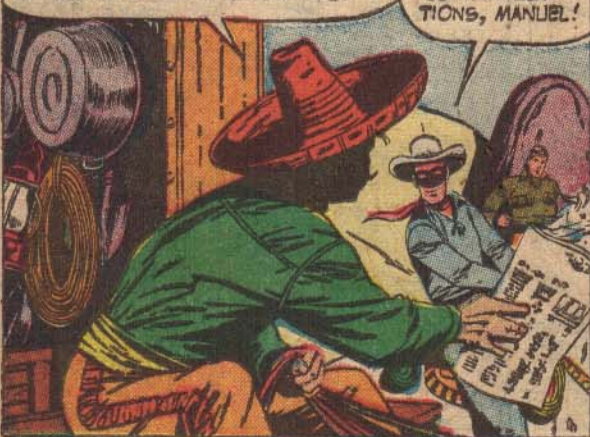
AMIGO MANUEL!

IT IS THE MASKED ONE AND TONTO! WHOA! WHOA!



AMIGOS, YOU HAVE HEARD THE NEWS? SEÑORA KATB COLLINS, THE WIDOW WHO KEEPS THE BOARDINGHOUSE FOR RICH HUNTERS AND TOURISTS AT THE LAZY SEVEN RANCH, IS GOING TO MARRY ME! IT IS IN TODAY'S PAPER! I SHOW YOU!

CONGRATULATIONS, MANUEL!



TONTO, THE HEADLINE SAYS THERE HAS BEEN A TRAIN ROBBERY!

SI! SI! NEAR COBBLER'S KNOB! ALL MORNING, I HAVE BEEN MEETING POSSES! BUT THE BANDIDOS HAVE NOT BEEN FOUND! IT IS THOUGHT THEY ESCAPE THROUGH EAGLE PASS IN THE NIGHT!



WE CAMP HERE LAST NIGHT! THEY NOT GO THAT WAY!

IS SAID POSSES HAD ALL OTHER WAYS OUT OF VALLEY BLOCKED!

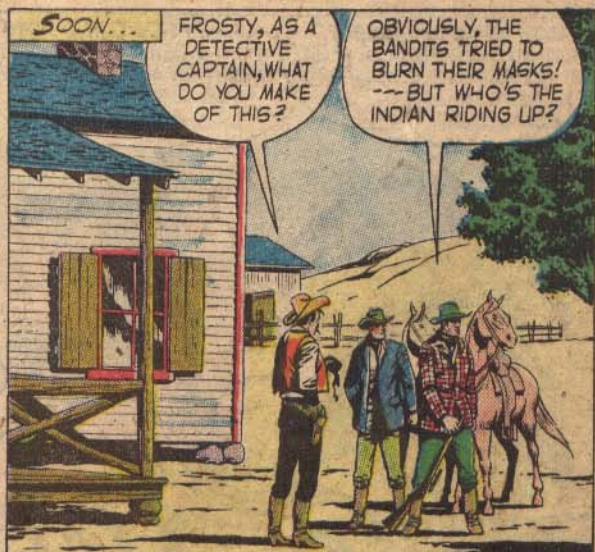
THEN THEY MUST STILL BE INSIDE THE VALLEY!



THEY WILL NOT FIND IT EASY TO GET RID OF THE LOOT---IT WAS MOSTLY ONE-DOLLAR GOLD COINS!---BUT PERHAPS YOU WOULD CARE TO SPEND SOME OF YOUR MONEY ON MANUEL'S WARES, SEÑORS?

YES, MANUEL, AND THEN WE'LL TRY TO INFORM THE SHERIFF THAT THE OUTLAWS DIDN'T ESCAPE THROUGH EAGLE PASS!







WHAT THAT CLOTH?

PROBABLY A FACE MASK THE CRITTERS WORE AND TRIED TO BURN!--- TELL YOUR MASKED FRIEND I'LL JOIN HIM AS SOON AS I CAN GET MY MEN AND SOME FRESH HORSES!



TONTO GO NOW!

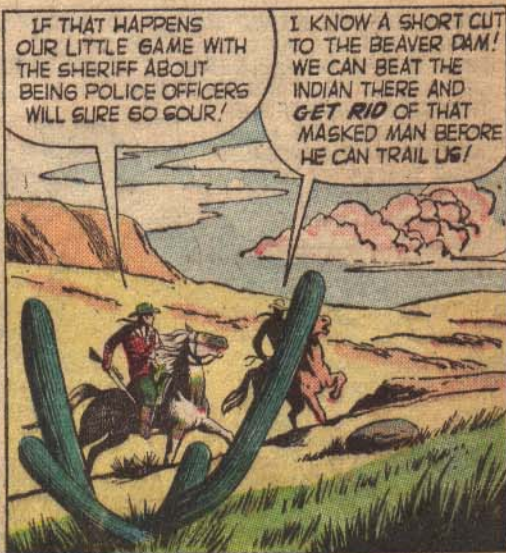
WILL YOU TWO RIDE WITH ME?

ER-NO, SHERIFF! IT IS OUR VACATION AND WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE LAZY SEVEN!



DUKE, WE'RE IN TROUBLE! THAT MASKED MEDDLER MUST BE THE SAME FELLOW WHO RUINED OUR FIRST TRAIN JOB!

IF HE FINDS OUR TRACKS BY THE BEAVER DAM, HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THEM RIGHT TO THE LAZY SEVEN!



IF THAT HAPPENS OUR LITTLE GAME WITH THE SHERIFF ABOUT BEING POLICE OFFICERS WILL SURE GO SOUR!

I KNOW A SHORT CUT TO THE BEAVER DAM! WE CAN BEAT THE INDIAN THERE AND GET RID OF THAT MASKED MAN BEFORE HE CAN TRAIL US!



SOON...

FIVE SETS OF HOOFPRIENTS--- THE ROBBERS CAME ACROSS HERE!



AND ABOVE

THERE HE IS, FROSTY! RIGHT BY THE PLACE WHERE WE CAME OUT OF THE RIVER!

I'M GOING TO GET A CLOSER LOOK AT HIM NOW--- THROUGH THIS HUNTING RIFLE'S TELESCOPIC SIGHT!





HOLD ON! THERE'S HIS INDIAN PAL!

HE'S OUT OF RANGE OR I'D SHOOT HIM, TOO!



WE'D BETTER CLEAR OUT OF HERE! THE SHERIFF'LL BE SHOWING UP SOON TO MEET THE MASKED MAN!

YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT THE NEXT TIME HE'LL MEET THE MASKED MAN'LL BE AT THE CORONER'S!



TWO SHOTS WERE FIRED AND THERE IS KEMO SABAY'S HAT!--- BUT HE IS NOT HERE!



AND AT THE BEAVER DAM...

TONTO'S COME! IT MUST BE SAFE FOR ME TO SWIM OUT OF HERE NOW!



IT'S LUCKY THE BEAVERS HAVE THEIR ENTRANCE UNDERWATER AND THEIR LIVING QUARTERS ABOVE WATER OR I'D BE FLOATING, DEAD ON THE RIVER SURFACE BY NOW!



KEMO SABAY!

I'M ALL RIGHT, TONTO! IT WAS A CLOSE CALL, BUT I'M CERTAIN OF ONE THING--- WE'RE ON THE OUTLAWS' TRAIL!

THE SHOTS SOUNDED AS IF THEY WERE FIRED BY A BIG GAME RIFLE! BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW ANYONE KNEW I WAS HERE!

ME GIVE SHERIFF MESSAGE IN FRONT OF TWO FELLERS HIM CALL EASTERN LAWMEN! ONE HAVE HUNTING RIFLE!



THEY MAY BE THE POLICE OFFICERS MANUEL MENTIONED WHO ARE STAYING AT THE LAZY SEVEN RANCH!

SHERIFF FIND CLOTH IN FIRE WHERE OUTLAWS BURN MASKS! TONTO SURE IT **SAME** CLOTH MANUEL SAY HIM SELL FIVE HUNTER FELLERS AT RANCH FOR CLEANING RIFLES!



AND THERE ARE **FIVE** SETS OF HOOFPRINTS HERE THAT LEAD TOWARD THE LAZY SEVEN! I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT I CAN LEARN THERE! WAIT HERE FOR THE SHERIFF, TONTO, BUT DON'T TELL HIM OF MY ESCAPE! THE FEWER WHO KNOW I'M ALIVE, THE BETTER!

--- **COME ON, SILVER!**



SOON, AT THE LAZY SEVEN...

VOICES! --- IF I CAN ADVANCE CLOSER, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE OUT WHOSE THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY'RE SAYING!



SIXFOOT, DID YOU GET THE GOLD DOLLARS PACKED?

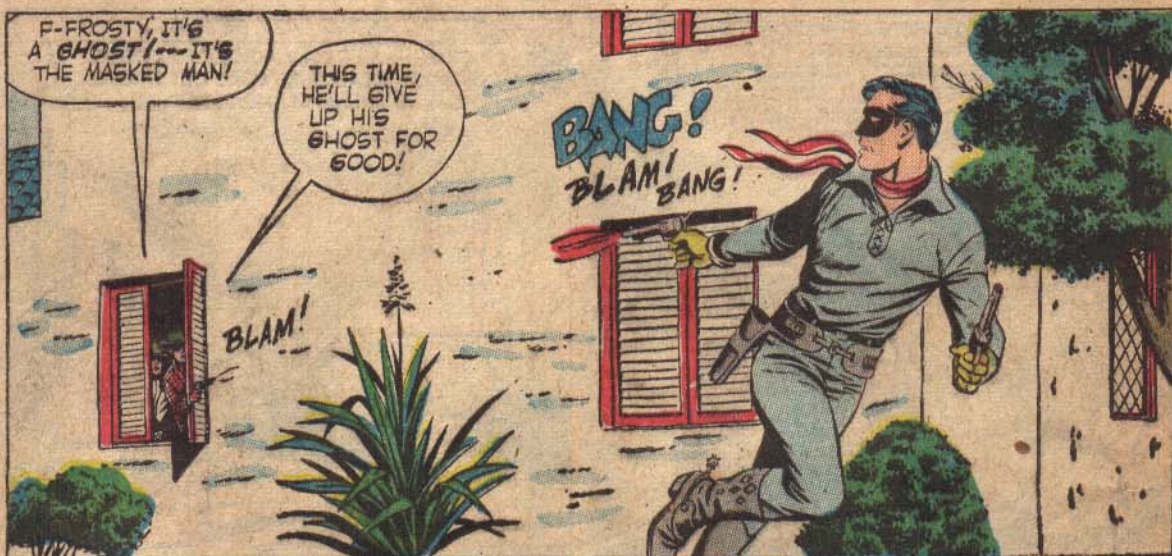
YEAH! THEY'RE RIGHT INSIDE THESE BUFFALO HEADS THE INDIAN CURED FOR US WHEN WE CAME HERE!



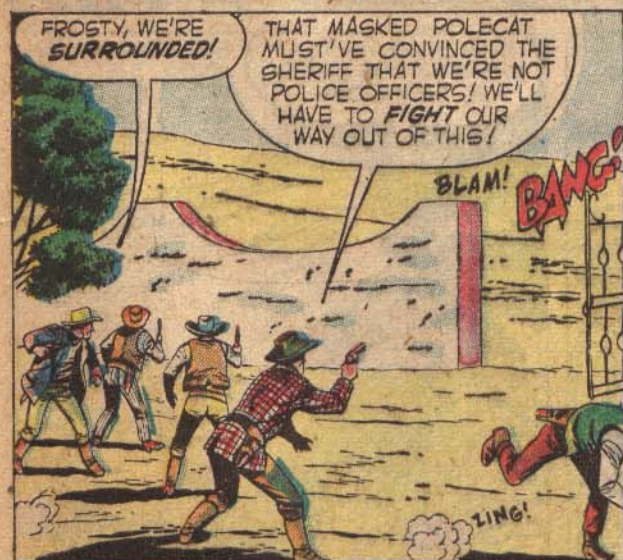
FROSTY, THEY'LL BE PLENTY HEAVY!

NO ONE'LL NOTICE ANYTHING'S WRONG, DUKE! ALL EASTERN HUNTERS SHIP HOME TROPHIES! THE LOOT FROM LAST NIGHT'S TRAIN WILL GO OUT ON THE SAME TRAIN TONIGHT!





BUT AS THE SHUTTER IS THROWN OPEN, THE LONE RANGER GAINS THE NEAR-BY HILLTOP.





L-LET ME GO!

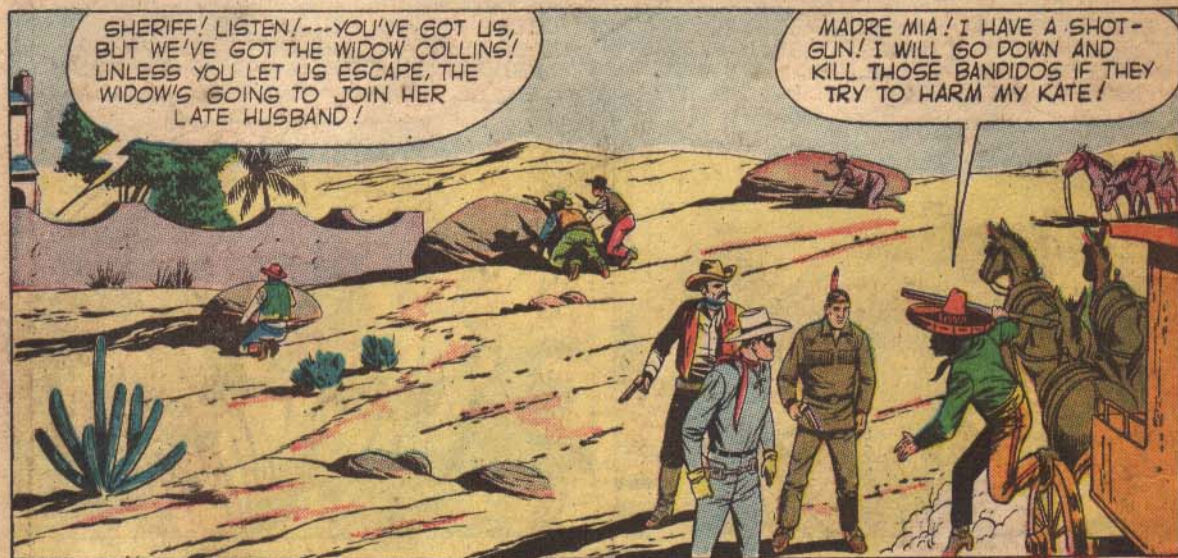
I WILL---AFTER THOSE LAWMEN PULL BACK AND LET US GO!



MEANWHILE...

POR DIOS! WHAT HAPPENED AT THE LAZY SEVEN? MANUEL HEAR GUNFIRE!

GET DOWN, MANUEL! THE TRAIN ROBBERS ARE FIRING AT US FROM THERE!



SHERIFF! LISTEN!---YOU'VE GOT US, BUT WE'VE GOT THE WIDOW COLLINS! UNLESS YOU LET US ESCAPE, THE WIDOW'S GOING TO JOIN HER LATE HUSBAND!

MADRE MIA! I HAVE A SHOT-GUN! I WILL GO DOWN AND KILL THOSE BANDIDOS IF THEY TRY TO HARM MY KATE!



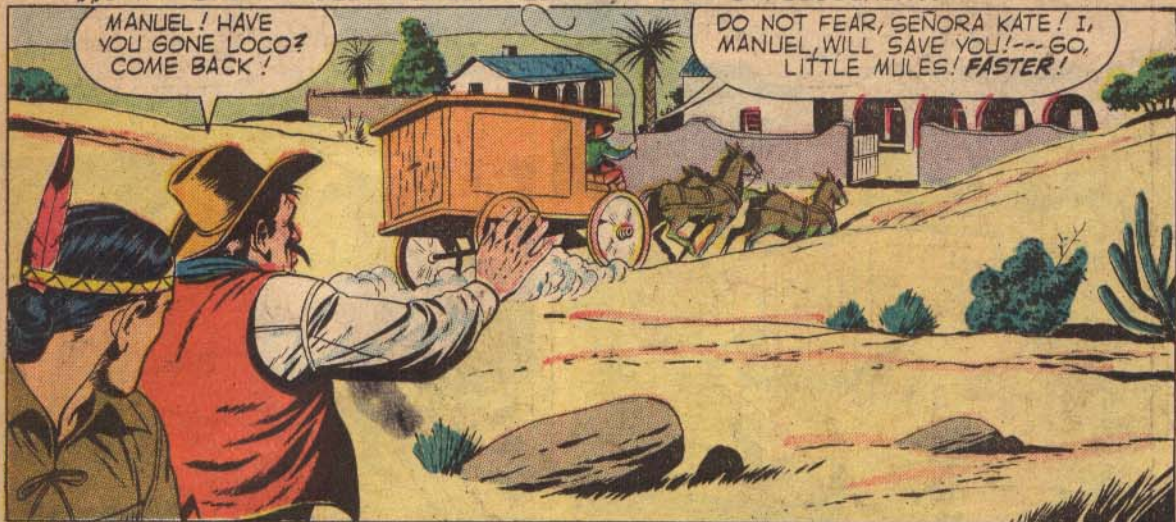
NO, MANUEL! YOU CAN'T SAVE HER THAT WAY, BUT I HAVE A PLAN!---SHERIFF, KEEP TALKING TO THEM! STALL FOR TIME!

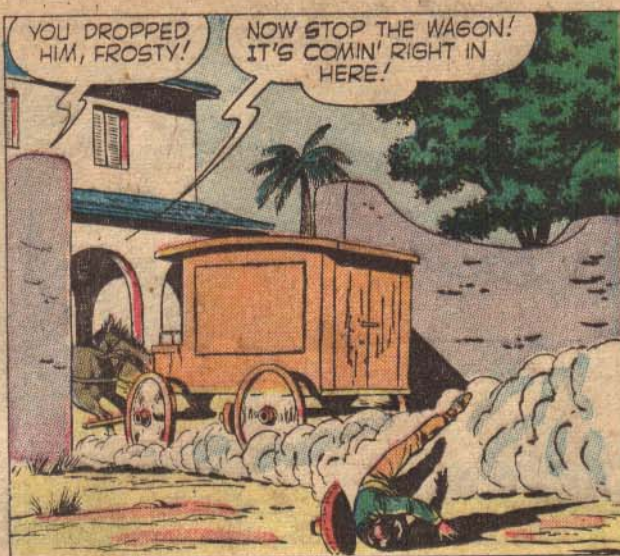


WHAT'S THE VERDICT, SHERIFF? OUR SAFETY FOR THE WIDOW'S!

BUT HOW DO WE KNOW THE WIDOW'LL BE SAFE IF WE LET YOU RIDE OUT OF THERE?

AS THE SHERIFF DELIBERATELY DELAYS A DECISION, SUDDENLY...





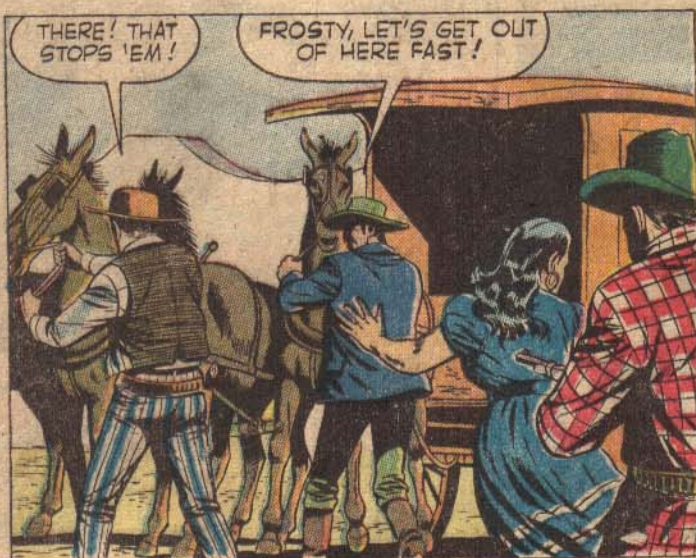
YOU DROPPED HIM, FROSTY!

NOW STOP THE WAGON!
IT'S COMIN' RIGHT IN
HERE!



I'VE GOT THE
HARNESS!
WHOA, THERE!
WHOA!

KEEP THE WIDOW
COVERED, FROSTY!
THEY MAY TRY SNEAKING
UP IN THE CONFUSION!



THERE! THAT
STOPS 'EM!

FROSTY, LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE FAST!



ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF! THIS IS
YOUR LAST CHANCE! LET US GO
OR SHE'LL BE AS **DEAD** AS THAT
MEXICAN OUT THERE!



YOU WOULDN'T DARE KILL
HER, FROSTY! YOU CAN'T
ESCAPE! **SURRENDER!**

IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT, I'LL
SHOW YOU **I DON'T** MAKE
IDLE THREATS! UNLESS YOU
PULL BACK, SHE'LL BE SHOT
IN TEN SECONDS!



I'LL SEE YOU LATER, TALBOT! JUST STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

WH-WHAT? WAIT! I CAN USE YOU!



MANY RIDERS COME THIS WAY!

QUICKLY, TONTO, BEHIND THE CORRAL! WE'RE NOT LEAVING JUST YET!



A MINUTE LATER...

TALBOT, DID YOU SEE ANYTHIN' OF A MASKED MAN?

SURE, RED! HE WAS JUST HERE A MINUTE AGO! HE WAS OFFERING HIS GUN FOR HIRE!

I HOPE YOU DIDN'T TELL HIM TOO MUCH, TALBOT!----HE WAS **THE LONE RANGER!**



N-NO!

AND THERE'S A UNITED STATES MARSHAL OVER AT MCLEOD'S! RED GOT HIM EARLIER!



THEN HE'S DEAD?

NOT YET---BUT HE WILL BE, AND SO WILL MCLEOD AND EVERY OTHER RANCHER IN THE VALLEY! WE'RE NOT WASTING ANY MORE TIME! **WE'LL WIPE THEM ALL OUT AND TAKE OVER!**

RIGHT, BOSS!



HOW'LL WE DO IT, BOSS!

WE'LL STRIKE THE RANCHES AT DAWN--- STARTING WITH MCLEOD'S!

SOON AFTER...



A M-MASKED MAN!

IT'S ALL RIGHT! I KNOW HIM!



HOW ARE YOU, BOB?

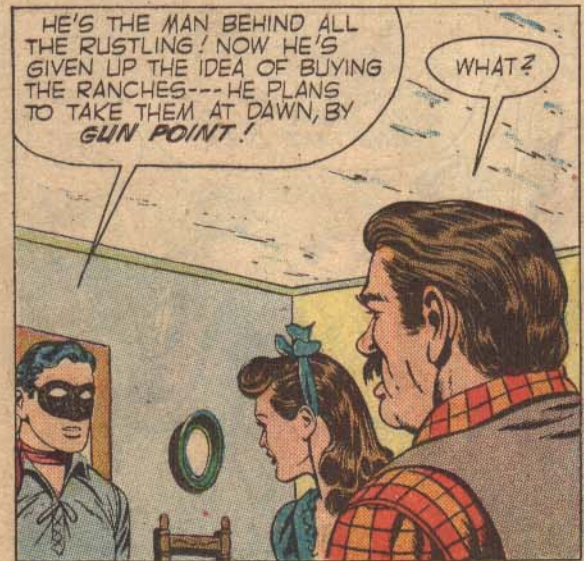
LUCKY, I GUESS---I'LL BE ALL RIGHT! DID YOU GET TO THE DOUBLE BAR?



YES, AND I KNOW WHO REALLY OWNS IT--- SILAS HAWKINS!

SILAS!

B-BUT HE WAS HERE TO-NIGHT, TRYING TO PERSUADE DAD TO SELL OUT!



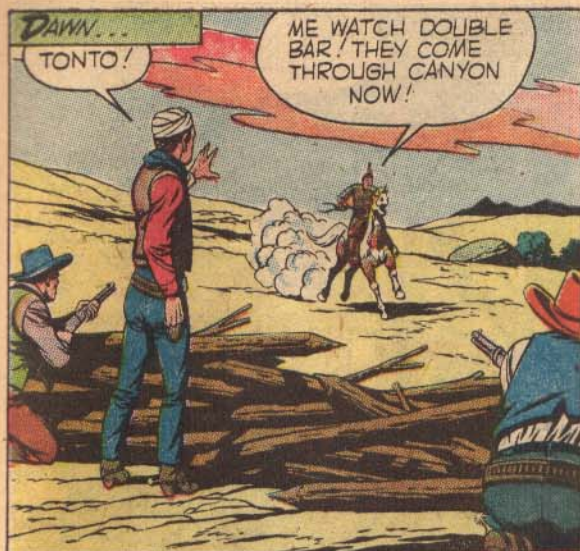
HE'S THE MAN BEHIND ALL THE RUSTLING! NOW HE'S GIVEN UP THE IDEA OF BUYING THE RANCHES--- HE PLANS TO TAKE THEM AT DAWN, BY GUN POINT!

WHAT?



HE'S DECLARIN' WAR!---BRING YOUR MEN HERE AND PLAN TO DEFEND YOUR RANCH! GIVE ME A NOTE FOR THE OTHER RANCHERS! OUR ONLY HOPE IS IN ALL FIGHTING TO-GETHER! I'LL TRY TO BRING BACK THEIR CREWS IN TIME! TONTO IS WATCHING THE PASS, HE'LL WARN YOU WHEN HAWKINS STARTS THIS WAY!

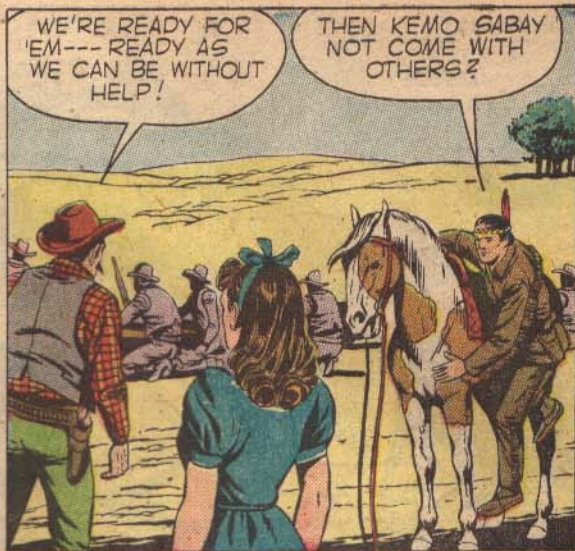
I'LL GIVE YOU A NOTE, BUT EVEN IF THEY ALL COME, WE'LL BE OUTNUMBERED BETTER'N TWO-TO-ONE!



DAWN...

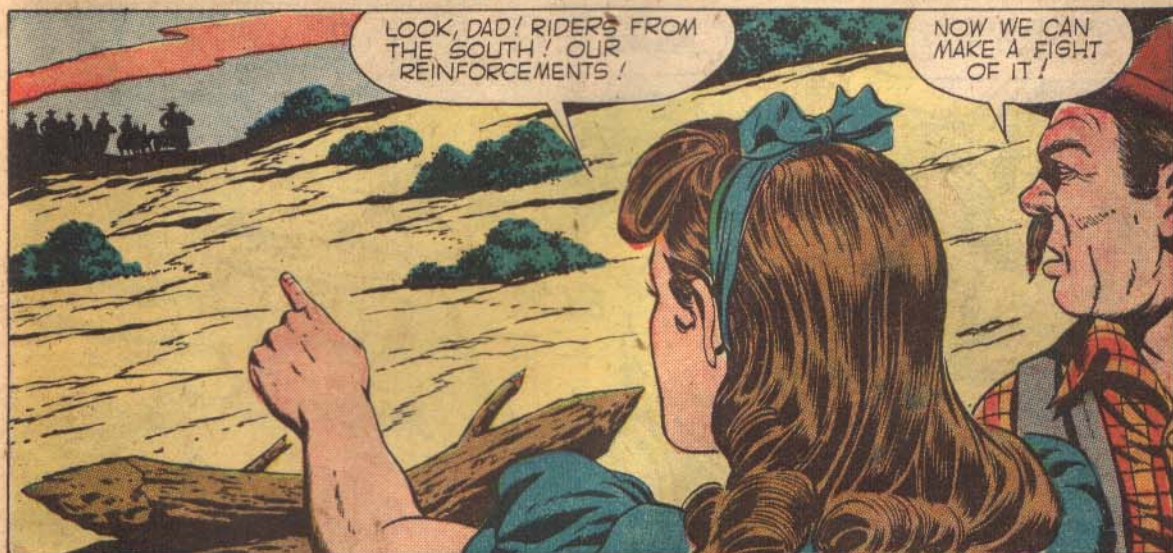
TONTO!

ME WATCH DOUBLE
BAR! THEY COME
THROUGH CANYON
NOW!



WE'RE READY FOR
'EM---READY AS
WE CAN BE WITHOUT
HELP!

THEN KEMO SABAY
NOT COME WITH
OTHERS?



LOOK, DAD! RIDERS FROM
THE SOUTH! OUR
REINFORCEMENTS!

NOW WE CAN
MAKE A FIGHT
OF IT!



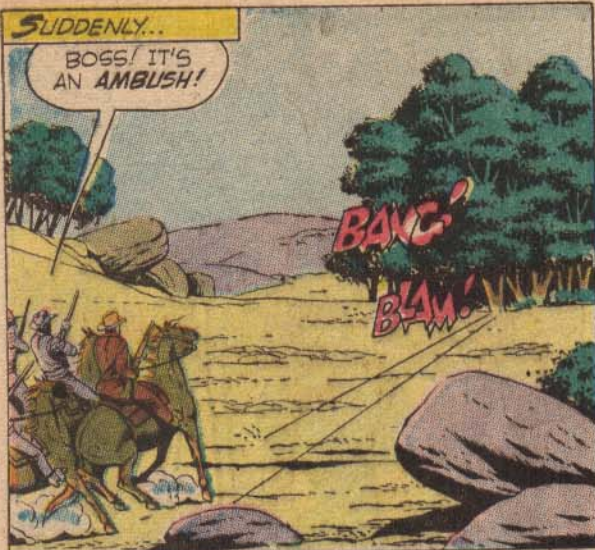
IT'S STILL TWO-
TO-ONE, BUT WE
CAN GIVE 'EM A
ROUGH TIME!

WE CAN DO BETTER THAN
THAT! I HAVE A PLAN!
TELL YOUR MEN TO
SADDLE UP QUICKLY,
MATT!



SOON...

THERE'S THE MCLEOD SPREAD,
BOYS! IN A FEW HOURS, WE'LL
CONTROL THE WHOLE COUNTY
AND NO ONE CAN STOP US---
WHY, THE *SHERIFF* IS EVEN
WITH US!



A FEW MORE DESPERATE SHOTS ARE FIRED BY THE OUTLAWS AND HAWKINS SPILLS FROM HIS SADDLE...

THE BOSS IS DOWN!

W-WE SURRENDER!
---DON'T SHOOT!



SOON...

NOT A SINGLE ONE OF 'EM ESCAPED, MARSHAL, THANKS TO THE MASKED MAN'S PLAN!

PUT THE WOUNDED IN THE LOCAL JAIL, I'LL TAKE THE REST BACK WITH ME TO FORT LARAMIE!



GOOD RIDDANCE! ---NOW WE CAN ALL SETTLE BACK AND TAKE IT EASY!

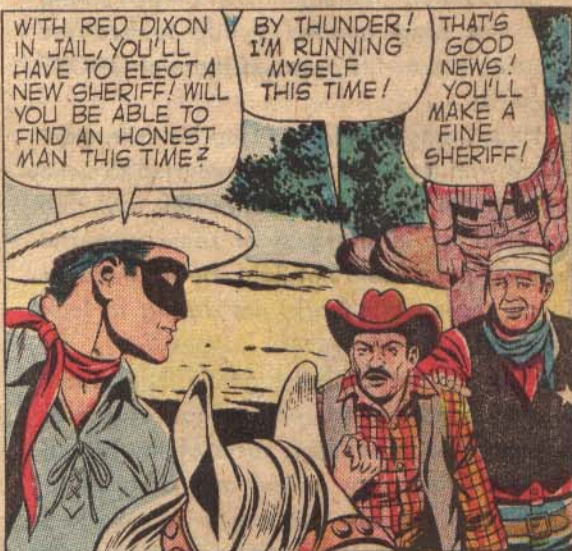
IS THAT WISE, MATT? ISN'T THAT HOW ALL THE TROUBLE BEGAN? WOULD HAWKINS HAVE DARED TO ACT THE WAY HE DID IF THERE HAD BEEN AN HONEST SHERIFF?



WITH RED DIXON IN JAIL, YOU'LL HAVE TO ELECT A NEW SHERIFF! WILL YOU BE ABLE TO FIND AN HONEST MAN THIS TIME?

BY THUNDER! I'M RUNNING MYSELF THIS TIME!

THAT'S GOOD NEWS! YOU'LL MAKE A FINE SHERIFF!



Y-YOU KNOW THAT MASKED MAN MADE ME ASHAMED OF MYSELF! WE WERE ALL "TOO BUSY" WITH OUR OWN AFFAIRS TO MAKE SURE A GOOD MAN RAN FOR SHERIFF! MOST OF US DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO VOTE! WELL, WHEN GOOD FOLKS FORGET THEIR CIVIC DUTY, CROOKS LIKE HAWKINS TAKE OVER! THE MASKED MAN TAUGHT ME THAT!

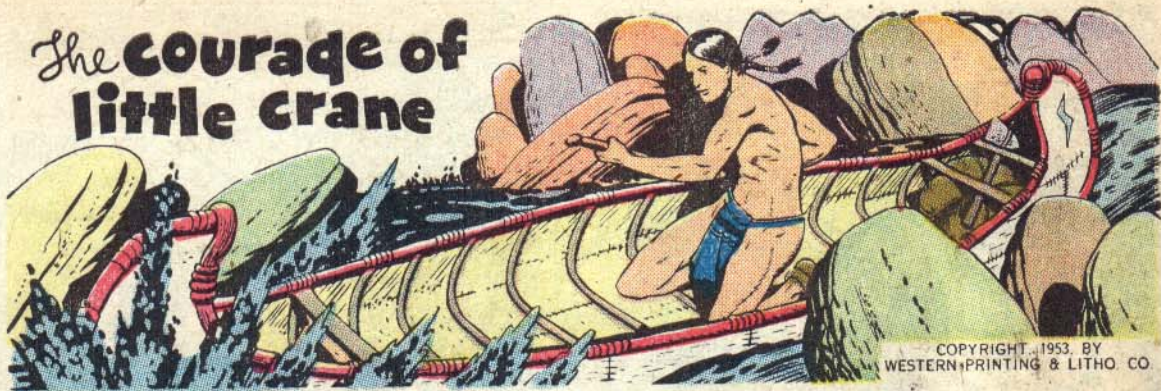


HE'S ALWAYS FOUGHT FOR GOOD GOVERNMENT, HE'S---
THE LONE RANGER!

HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!



The Courage of little Crane



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Little Crane prayed, as he struggled to keep his canoe off the rocks, "Great Spirit! Help me!"

And then, his paddle broke!

Immediately the light craft's bow swung with the wind—headed swiftly toward the foaming shore—the dreaded shore of GHOST ISLAND!

Little Crane, helpless to stop his drift, went numb with fear. He would have tried to swim against the windsquall—but he felt now that he must be in the grip of some powerful fate which he could not fight. He sat huddled in his tossing birchbark, not daring to look up, until—

With a great lift and a gentle thud, a last wave landed him on a tiny slope of gravel between the threatening rocks of the island!

Little Crane was rolled out. Scrambling to his feet, he saw the empty canoe lifted on another wave. He grabbed for it—caught the gunwale, heaved it up out of reach of the battering lake surf.

With the canoe safe, he began to shake, partly with wet and cold, but mostly with fright. Was not this Ghost Island, haunted by the spirits of a long-vanished people? Ghost Island—from which his tribe on the mainland would allow no one to return, lest he bring a curse with him?

Little Crane recalled how the story ran, told by the tribe's old men. Some years before Little Crane was born, a young man had been wrecked on Ghost Island. He had sent up a smoke signal, and had been rescued by his people. But soon afterwards a sickness

had struck the tribe, and many had died. And from then on, the beaver began to disappear from the little lakes and streams. It was all because the ghosts of Ghost Island had laid a curse on anybody who set foot on their shore.

And here was Little Crane, stranded on that same shore—without a paddle! He shivered again at the thought!

But Little Crane was a healthy boy—and a healthy boy does not give up to fear for very long. The idea struck him, that the Great Spirit was mightier than any ghosts, and could protect him from them. He would make a new paddle, and leave when the wind died.

Before he realized it, Little Crane's search for good paddle wood took him deep into the big island's interior. There the land was gently-rolling, and watered by a clear brook. The brook spread out into a pond with grassy borders. It was beaver country—perfect beaver country! But of course there were no beavers . . . and no ghosts, that Little Crane could see!

At last the boy found a small tree from which he could split and whittle a paddle. He set to work, in a sunny corner of some rocks. And as he whittled away, he had a vision!

In his mind's eye, he saw the island's little brook changed into a string of beaver ponds—with beavers working happily at their house building. Happily—because no hunter ever came to Ghost Island to disturb them! It was a daydream, but it seemed very real.

And then another thought came to Little



Crane: The Great Spirit HAD heard his prayer—had allowed the paddle to break, and his canoe to be cast ashore—for a purpose! The purpose was that he, Little Crane, should bring the beaver families back to Ghost Island!

When his paddle was finished, it was night—but Little Crane did not feel afraid of ghosts now. And the darkness would hide him from any watchers on the mainland! He pushed off and drove his paddle deep into the dark lake water. . . .

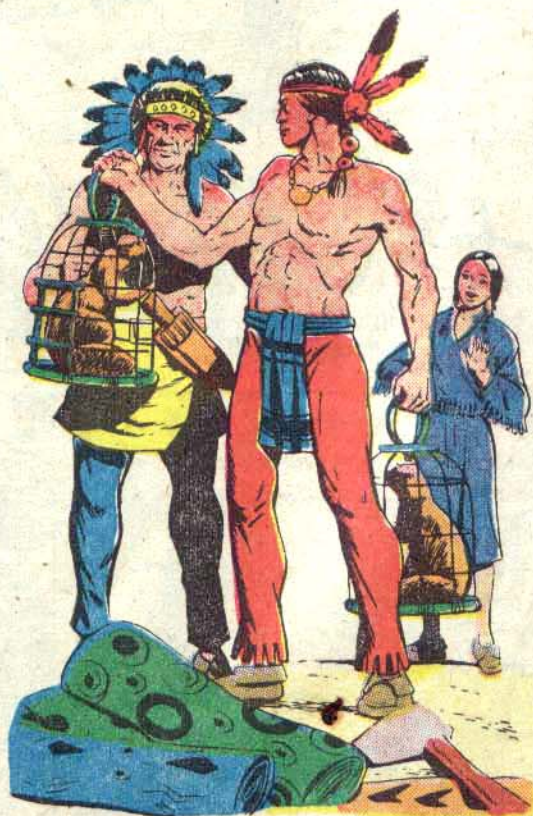
It was five years later, when Little Crane came back to his own village on the shore of the great lake. He was a man grown, now, strong and handsome, and hard as ironwood. And he brought gifts—knives and hatchets and cloth and beads—which his people had not been able to buy for many years, because they had no beaver skins to trade. He also brought two live beavers, in wire cages.

"I have been living with a distant tribe, whose hunting grounds are rich in beaver," he told his people. "I have brought these two, to start a new beaver colony in our streams. You must promise not to kill them or any of their family for five more years. Then there will be beavers enough for all."

"He who brings back the beaver, brings great good!" the Chief replied. "We will promise what you ask!"

What neither the Chief nor his people guessed was that in the past five years Little Crane had been secretly bringing live beavers from far-off mountain ponds and streams to stock Ghost Island. And by now that big, lonely island, where no one but Little Crane dared to go, was getting quite crowded with beaver families. They had dammed up the brook, and made new ponds, new beaver meadows. And their great-great-grandchildren were swimming across to the mainland to start new beaver homes there.

Secretly, Little Crane helped the migration, taking many caged young beavers to certain brooks and ponds by night. It was a great risk—for if any of his people had caught him coming from Ghost Island, they would have made HIM a ghost—or tried to! But Little Crane's courage never failed, for the Great Spirit had given him this work to do.



YOUNG HAWK

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WITH THE COMING OF WINTER'S "STRONG COLD," YOUNG HAWK, LITTLE BUCK, AND THEIR ADOPTED FAMILY CROWD TOGETHER IN ONE OF THE TWO SNUG CABINS, FOR ADDED WARMTH. ONE NIGHT, WHEN ALL THE FOREST IS STILL...



SOMETHING IN
OUR STOREHOUSE!

CRASH!
THUMP!

RRR-
YARR!



LITTLE BUCK! WAKE UP!
TAKE A TORCH OF BARK--
AND YOUR HATCHET!

UH--WHY?
WHAT--?

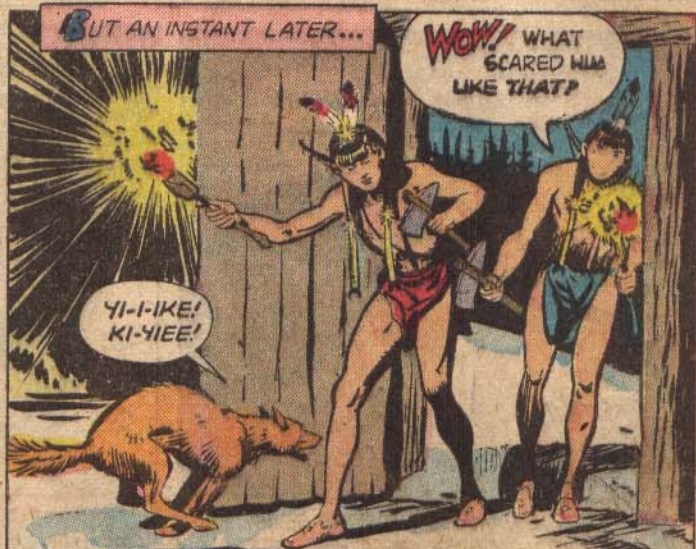


THERE'S A BEAR--OR
SOMETHING-- RAIDING OUR
FROZEN MEAT! HURRY!



YOUNG HAWK--
BE CAREFUL!

IF THE DOOR
IS BROKEN, IT'S
A BEAR!

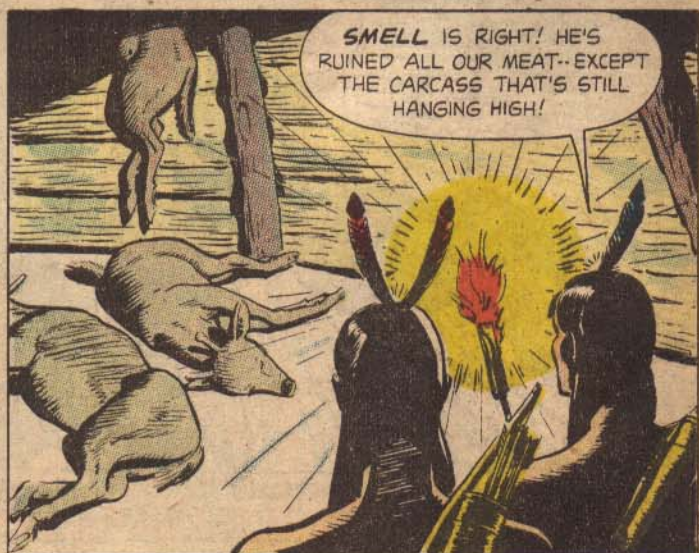


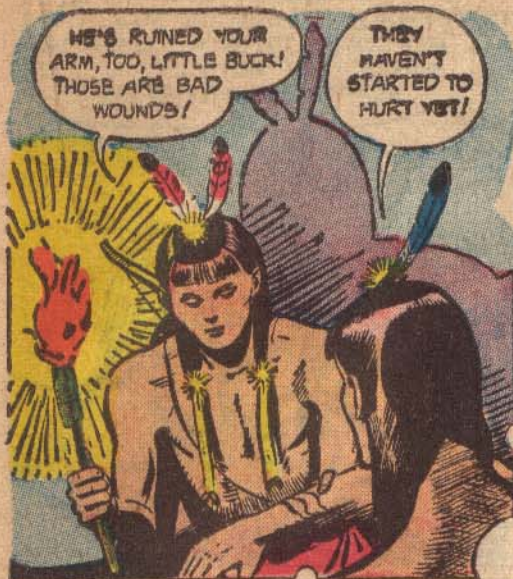
ON THE HEELS OF THE DOG, A SNARLING TERROR HURTTLES OUT OF THE DARKNESS-STRAIGHT AT LITTLE BUCK'S THROAT!



THE TORCH, RAMMED INTO THE BEAST'S SNARLING VISAGE, BRINGS A HISS OF PAIN!

BEFORE A WEAPON CAN BE AIMED, THE SHAGGY FURY BOUNDS THROUGH THE DOOR INTO THE NIGHT!





BUT, ALTHOUGH LITTLE BUCK TALKS BRAVELY, HE IS GRATEFUL FOR GRANDMA'S SALVE AND NEEKOOTAI'S SOFT DEERSKIN BANDAGES!

YOUNG HAWK SUMS UP THE GRIM TRUTH!

NEXT MORNING...

IF YOU'D WAIT A DAY OR TWO, YOUNG HAWK, I'D GO WITH YOU—

NO, YOU WOULDN'T, LITTLE BUCK! THOSE WOUNDS HAVE MADE YOU SICK ALREADY. BE QUIET, AND LET THEM HEAL!



TUMBLEWEED WOULDN'T COME-- HE'S SCARED TO DEATH OF THE SKUNK BEAR, BUT YOU AND I WILL HUNT THE BEAST DOWN, LITTLE BROTHER!

CHIRREE!



HE'S HEADED FOR MY TRAP LINE! I KNEW IT!



BAH! A FINE LYNX PELT RUINED--JUST FOR VICIOUSNESS!



AN HOUR OR TWO LATER, YOUNG HAWK FINDS HIS WORST SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED...

AND HE'S EMPTIED MY RABBIT SNARES!



KER-EEEN!

LITTLE BROTHER! WHAT DO YOU SEE?



TOWARD THE END OF THE DAY, LITTLE BROTHER WHISTLES SHARPLY IN YOUNG HAWK'S EAR!



A GROUSE FLIES UP FROM A THICKET-- BUT ALREADY LITTLE BROTHER IS IN THE AIR, DARTING TOWARD THE GAME LIKE A LIVING ARROW!



SHARP LITTLE TALONS FIND THEIR MARK! BOTH THE GROUSE AND THE TINY HAWK GO TUMBLING EARTHWARD!



LATER, WHEN YOUNG HAWK COOKS THE GROUSE, LITTLE BROTHER GETS THE CHOICEST CUTS...



AFTER TWO MORE DAYS OF PATIENT TRAILING...



BUT IT IS! WITHIN EASY BOWSHOT, THE UGLY HEAD OF THE WOLVERINE IS RAISED UP FOR A LOOK!



YOUNG HAWK'S ARROW ARRIVES A SPLIT SECOND TOO LATE...THE BEAST'S UNCANNY INSTINCT FOR DANGER WARNING HIM JUST IN TIME!!



A SHIVER OF FEAR RUNS UP YOUNG HAWK'S SPINE AT THE THOUGHT OF THE FIERCE LITTLE KILLER LEAPING ON HIS BACK FROM AMBUSH!



WHEN DARKNESS APPROACHES, YOUNG HAWK PREPARES HIS CAMP...





CARRR-
EEK!

BUT DURING THE NIGHT, A SMALL BEAK TWEAKS YOUNG HAWK'S EAR. INSTANTLY, THE YOUNG WARRIOR IS AWAKE, EVERY SENSE ALERT!



UGH! A PORCUPINE--
GNAWING AT MY
SNOWSHOES!

KR-R-UNCH!
KR-R-UNCH!



THIS WILL SEND HIM OFF
WITH A SCORCHED NOSE--SO
WE WON'T COME BACK!

CAREFULLY, YOUNG HAWK LIFTS A BURNING STICK FROM HIS FIRE...



KAAAH!
GRR-AAAH!!
YOWRRH!

KREEEK!
EEK!

WHAT--?

SUDDENLY, THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT IS SHATTERED BY FRIGHTFUL SOUNDS!



GRAAAH!

SKUNK BEAR! HE WAS
AFTER ME--WHEN HE STUMBLED
ON THE PRICKLY ONE!



YOWRRGUIN

IN BLIND RAGE, THE WOLVERINE LUNGES AGAIN AT THE QUILL PIG--AND GETS A SLAP FROM THE PORKY'S QUILL-STUDDED TAIL!



GAARRH-EEK!

BITE ON THAT,
EVIL ONE!

ONCE MORE THE TOUCH OF FIRE BRINGS SOMETHING LIKE FEAR--OR CAUTION-- TO THE WICKED BRAIN OF THE WOLVERINE! HE SHRINKS BACK...

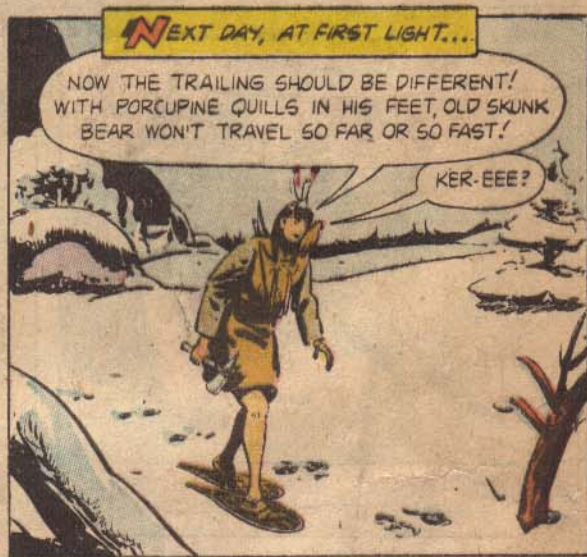


AARR-RGH!!

...AND WOBBLER AWAY THROUGH THE SNOWDRIFTS, HIS SNARL OF RAGE FADING INTO THE FOREST...



THANKS, PRICKLY ONE! FROM
NOW ON, YOU MAY CHEW ON ANYTHING
YOUNG HAWK OWNS--AND WELCOME!



NEXT DAY, AT FIRST LIGHT...

NOW THE TRAILING SHOULD BE DIFFERENT!
WITH PORCUPINE QUILLS IN HIS FEET, OLD SKUNK
BEAR WON'T TRAVEL SO FAR OR SO FAST!

KER-EEE?



HAAH! BLOOD ON THE SNOW!
FROM THE MOUTH OF SKUNK BEAR!
THE QUILLS HAVE PIERCED HIS THROAT--
PERHAPS EVEN HIS CHEST!



THE TRAIL WON'T BE
LONG NOW, IT ENTERS
THIS THICKET...



BEHIND YOUNG HAWK, LITTLE BROTHER'S SHRILL SCREAM SOUNDS!



AS YOUNG HAWK SPINS ABOUT, A DARK FORM LUNGES FROM BENEATH A SPRUCE BOUGH!



THE ARROW MEETS HIM IN MIDDLEAP--A HEART SHOT!



THE END

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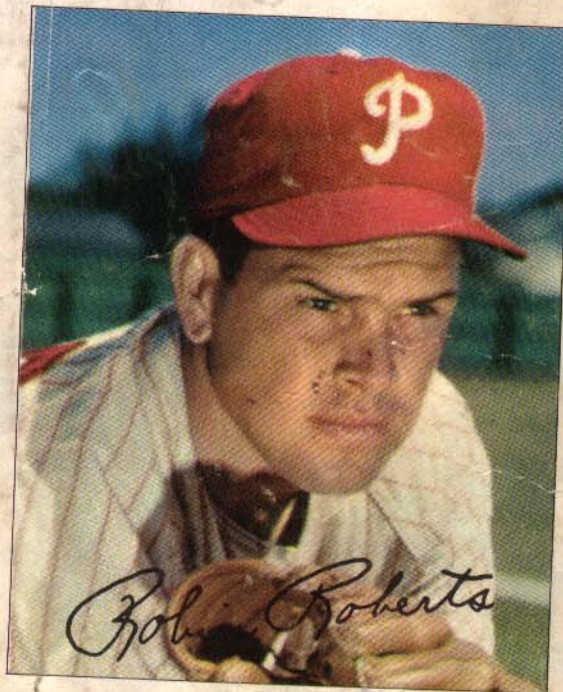
"SPARK UP- ...you need stamina to pitch!"

said **ROBIN ROBERTS**

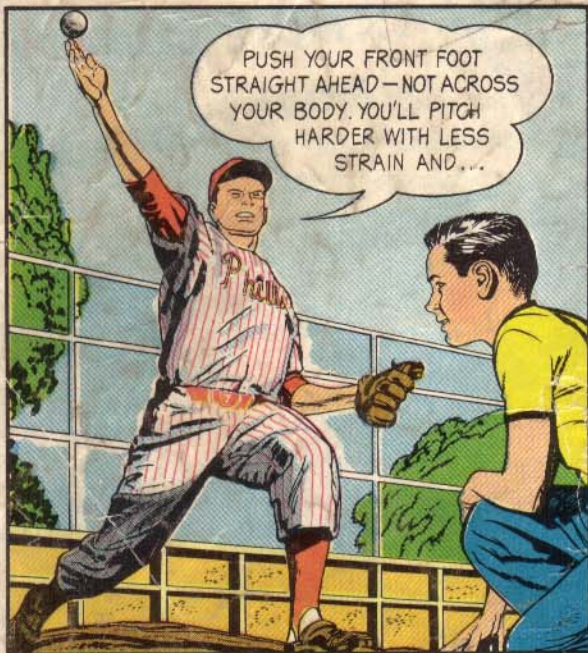
ACE PITCHER, PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES...



ROBIN ROBERTS SHOWED ME THAT BAD FOOTWORK AND LACK OF ENERGY CAUSED ME TO TIRE IN THE LATE INNINGS...



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