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10¢

FEBRUARY

# the Lone Ranger





# COLLECT COLLEGE PENNANTS

6 for only 25¢ with purchase of any Hormel product shown below

ALL THE KIDS ARE DOING IT! Don't miss out... Get these real college pennants with official seals and colors to add to your collection. Or start a new collection right now. Easy to get—fun to own. Hurry—mail order blank today!



96 SCHOOLS TO CHOOSE FROM  
MAIL THIS ORDER BLANK

SEND FOR AS MANY AS YOU LIKE!  
MAIL TO: Geo. A. Hormel & Co. Box 600, Minneapolis, Minn.

Send me \_\_\_\_\_ set or sets of college pennants I have checked:

- |  |   |   |   |
|--|---|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> SET 1<br>NOTRE DAME<br>DETROIT<br>IOWA STATE<br>ST. LOUIS U.<br>PURDUE<br>PENNSYLVANIA              | <input type="checkbox"/> SET 2<br>ARMY<br>RHODE ISLAND<br>COLUMBIA<br>CONNECTICUT<br>DARTMOUTH<br>NEW HAMPSHIRE           | <input type="checkbox"/> SET 3<br>NAVY<br>BROWN<br>FORDHAM<br>MASSACHUSETTS<br>SYRACUSE<br>MAINE                      | <input type="checkbox"/> SET 4<br>MICHIGAN STATE<br>DRAKE<br>WISCONSIN<br>BRADLEY<br>PRINCETON<br>HARVARD           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SET 5<br>OKLAHOMA<br>MISSISSIPPI<br>RICE<br>KANSAS<br>TEXAS<br>ARKANSAS                             | <input type="checkbox"/> SET 6<br>U. of CALIFORNIA<br>DENVER<br>OREGON STATE<br>ARIZONA<br>WASHINGTON STATE<br>COLORADO   | <input type="checkbox"/> SET 7<br>GEORGIA TECH<br>MIAMI UNIVERSITY<br>TENNESSEE<br>VIRGINIA<br>KENTUCKY<br>VANDERBILT | <input type="checkbox"/> SET 8<br>ALABAMA<br>AUBURN<br>MISSISSIPPI STATE<br>GEORGIA<br>LOYOLA<br>TULANE             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SET 9<br>SOUTHERN METHODIST<br>LOUISIANA STATE<br>TEXAS A & M<br>TULSA<br>TEXAS CHRISTIAN<br>BAYLOR | <input type="checkbox"/> SET 10<br>MINNESOTA<br>GEORGE WASHINGTON<br>PITTSBURGH<br>SOUTH DAKOTA U.<br>NEBRASKA<br>INDIANA | <input type="checkbox"/> SET 11<br>OHIO STATE<br>MARQUETTE<br>TEMPLE<br>NEW YORK U.<br>ILLINOIS<br>MISSOURI           | <input type="checkbox"/> SET 12<br>YALE<br>BOSTON U.<br>NEW JERSEY<br>PENN STATE<br>RUTGERS<br>CORNELL              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SET 13<br>STANFORD<br>NEW MEXICO<br>WYOMING<br>U.C.L.A.<br>NEVADA<br>IDAHO                          | <input type="checkbox"/> SET 14<br>WASHINGTON<br>U.S.C.<br>KANSAS STATE<br>OREGON<br>MONTANA<br>UTAH                      | <input type="checkbox"/> SET 15<br>NORTHWESTERN<br>MARYLAND<br>MICHIGAN<br>VERMONT<br>NORTH DAKOTA U.<br>IOWA         | <input type="checkbox"/> SET 16<br>DUKE<br>FLORIDA<br>SOUTH CAROLINA<br>NORTH CAROLINA<br>WEST VIRGINIA<br>DELAWARE |

For each set of 6 pennants checked, I enclose 25c (in coin—no stamps) and SPAM key strip, or printed can end (or end with stamped-in number) from one of the Hormel products listed in this ad.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... Zone..... State.....  
(PRINT CLEARLY)

## BUY THESE FOODS... SEND FOR COLLEGE PENNANTS

For each set of 6 pennants, send 25¢ and key strip (or part of it) from a SPAM can

OR printed can end (or end with stamped-in number) from any of these other Hormel products



Dinty Moore Beef Stew



Dinty Moore Spaghetti with Meat Balls



Hormel Chili Con Carne



Hormel Tamales



Mary Kitchen Roast Beef Hash



Mary Kitchen Corned Beef Hash



Mary Kitchen Spaghetti & Beef

**HORMEL**  
GOOD FOOD

Hear MUSIC WITH THE HORMEL GIRLS—  
Saturday, CBS. ©1954 Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

# the Lone Ranger

## Apache Pass

AS THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO STOP FOR WATER AT THE SPRING BY APACHE PASS

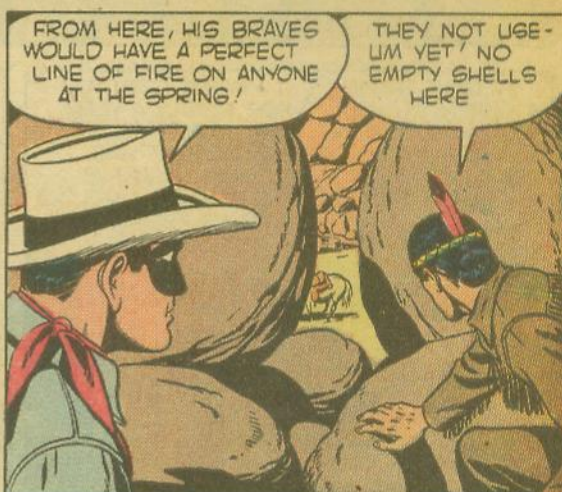
KEMO SABAY, ROCKS NOT LIKE THAT BEFORE!

NO, TONTO, THEY WEREN'T THAT WAY LAST TIME WE RODE BY! WE'LL LOOK AT THEM!



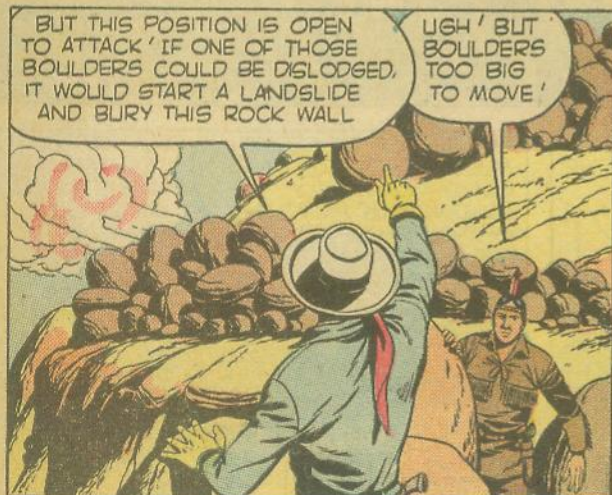
MEBBE CRAZY WOLF AND HIS APACHES FIX-UM

YES, TONTO, I BELIEVE CRAZY WOLF HAS BUILT A PERMANENT **AMBUSH!**



FROM HERE, HIS BRAVES WOULD HAVE A PERFECT LINE OF FIRE ON ANYONE AT THE SPRING!

THEY NOT USE-UM YET! NO EMPTY SHELLS HERE



BUT THIS POSITION IS OPEN TO ATTACK! IF ONE OF THOSE BOULDERS COULD BE DISLODGED, IT WOULD START A LANDSLIDE AND BURY THIS ROCK WALL

UGH! BUT BOULDERS TOO BIG TO MOVE!



WE COULDN'T MOVE THEM NOW, TONTO! BUT WE'LL PAY A VISIT TO THE CRISTOBAL MINE TO GET SOME BLASTING POWDER AND AFTERWARDS, WE'LL WARN THE COLONEL AT FORT TUCSON OF CRAZY WOLF'S PLAN!

L.R. 68-542

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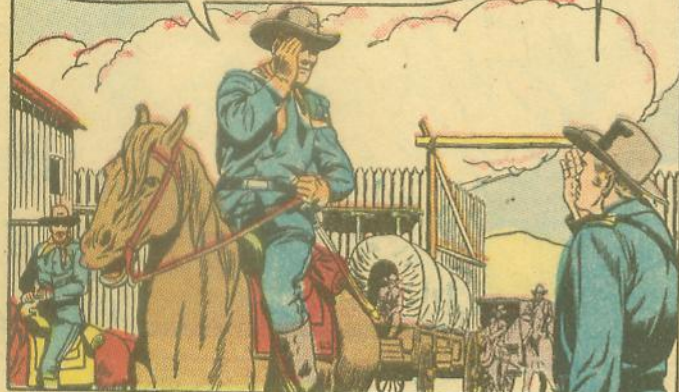
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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

MEANWHILE, AT FORT TUCSON...

COLONEL MEREDITH, CAPTAIN DANIELS REPORTING WITH REINFORCEMENTS FROM CALIFORNIA! AND THERE'S A SURPRISE FOR YOU IN THE AMBULANCE, SIR!

A SURPRISE?



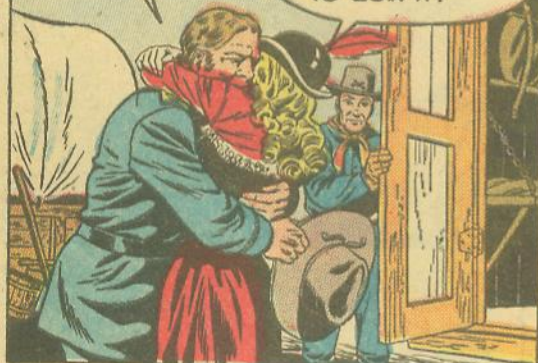
HELLO, FATHER!

L-LUCY!



MY DEAR, THIS IS A SURPRISE! BUT WHAT WAS GENERAL BLAINE THINKING OF TO ALLOW SUCH A THING?

I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR NEARLY A YEAR AND WHEN I HEARD THE CONVOY WAS COMING, I KEPT AT THE GENERAL UNTIL HE GAVE ME PERMISSION TO JOIN IT!



WELL, THAT'S JUST LIKE YOU, LUCY! YOU'VE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO HAVING YOUR OWN WAY!

FATHER, IS CAPTAIN HARRY WILLIAMS STATIONED HERE?



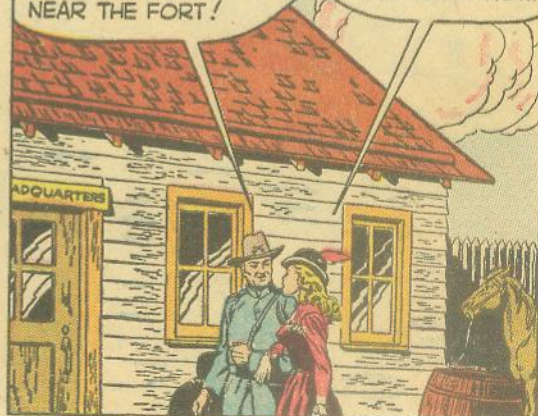
YES, LUCY, HE'S MY RIGHT-HAND MAN! BUT YOU DON'T MEAN AFTER FIVE YEARS YOU STILL HAVEN'T FORGIVEN HIM? HE WAS RIGHT, NOT LETTING YOU RIDE THAT FRISKY STALLION AT THE OLD POST!

BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE TO DISCIPLINE ME WITH A SPANKING!

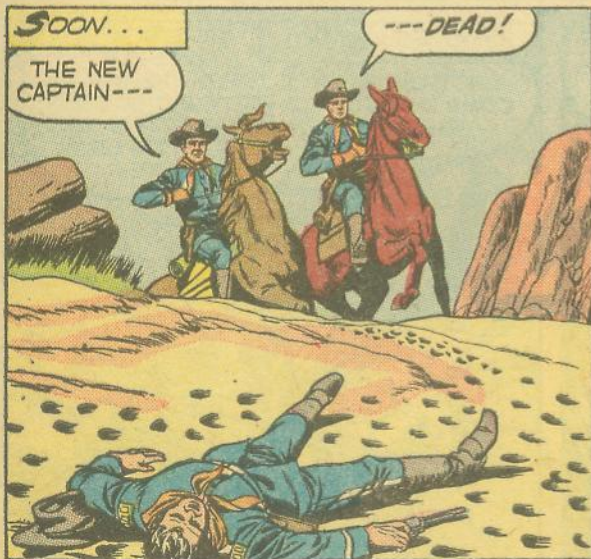
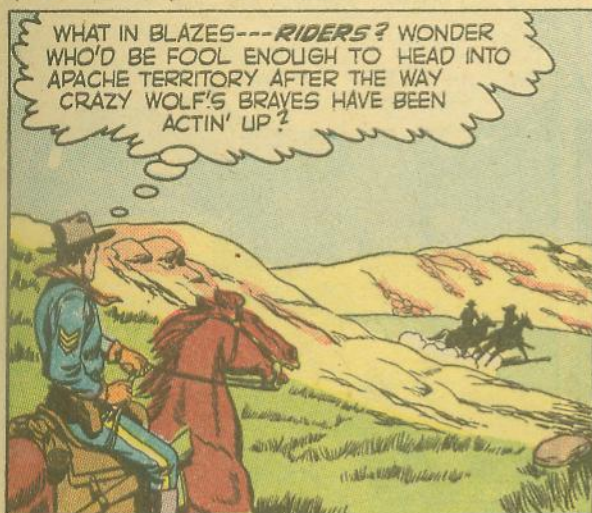


YOU'LL NOT BE SEEING MUCH OF HIM JUST NOW! WE'RE CONSTANTLY SENDING OUT PATROLS ---THE APACHE ARE ON THE WARPETH! STAY NEAR THE FORT!

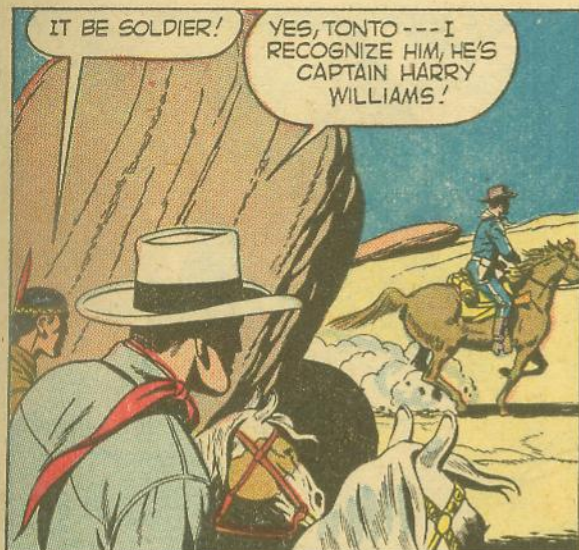
BUT, FATHER, CAPTAIN DANIELS WANTS ME TO GO RIDING WITH HIM TOMORROW!



THE NEXT DAY, A FEW MILES EAST OF THE FORT...







IT BE SOLDIER!

YES, TONTO --- I  
RECOGNIZE HIM, HE'S  
CAPTAIN HARRY  
WILLIAMS!



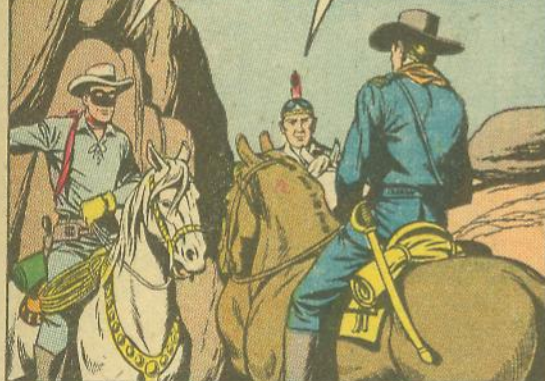
HELLO,  
CAPTAIN  
WILLIAMS!

WHO IN BLAZES--- OH! IT'S *YOU*  
AND TONTO! IT'S BEEN A LONG  
TIME SINCE YOU HELPED SAVE  
OUR SUPPLY TRAIN, BUT I'VE  
NEVER FORGOTTEN EITHER  
OF YOU!

QUICKLY, CAPTAIN WILLIAMS TELLS WHAT  
HAS HAPPENED...

WE SAW THE GIRL  
NOT FIVE MINUTES  
AGO!

BRAVES TURN NORTH  
INTO HILLS! MEBBE GO  
TO CRAZY WOLF'S CAMP  
IN RED ROCK CANYON!



WE'LL FOLLOW THEM!  
ONCE WE'RE CERTAIN  
LUCY'S THERE, THE  
COLONEL WILL ORDER  
AN **ATTACK** ON CRAZY  
WOLF'S STRONGHOLD!  
HE'S BEEN PLANNING  
THAT FOR SOME  
TIME!

THERE'S NO CHANCE  
FOR SURPRISE IF YOU  
ATTACK IN FORCE!  
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY  
INTO THE CANYON FOR  
MOUNTED MEN!

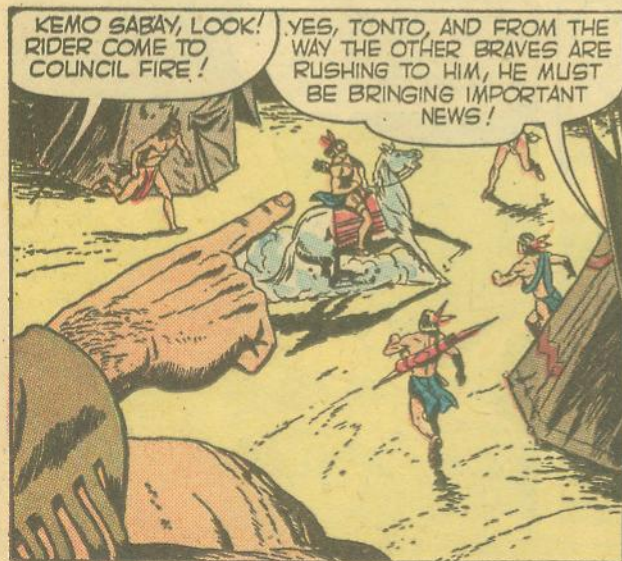
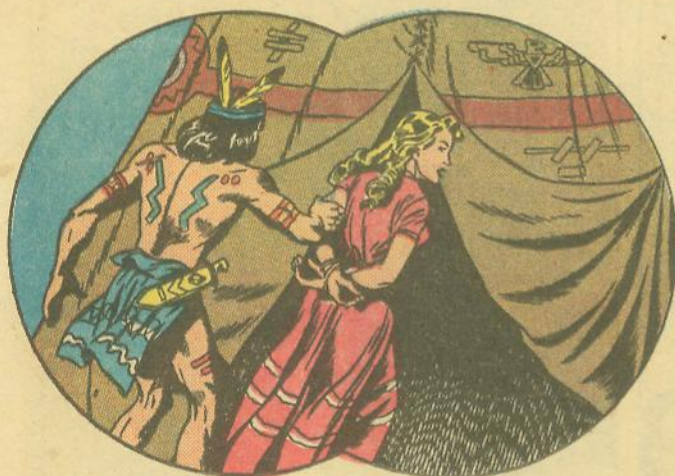
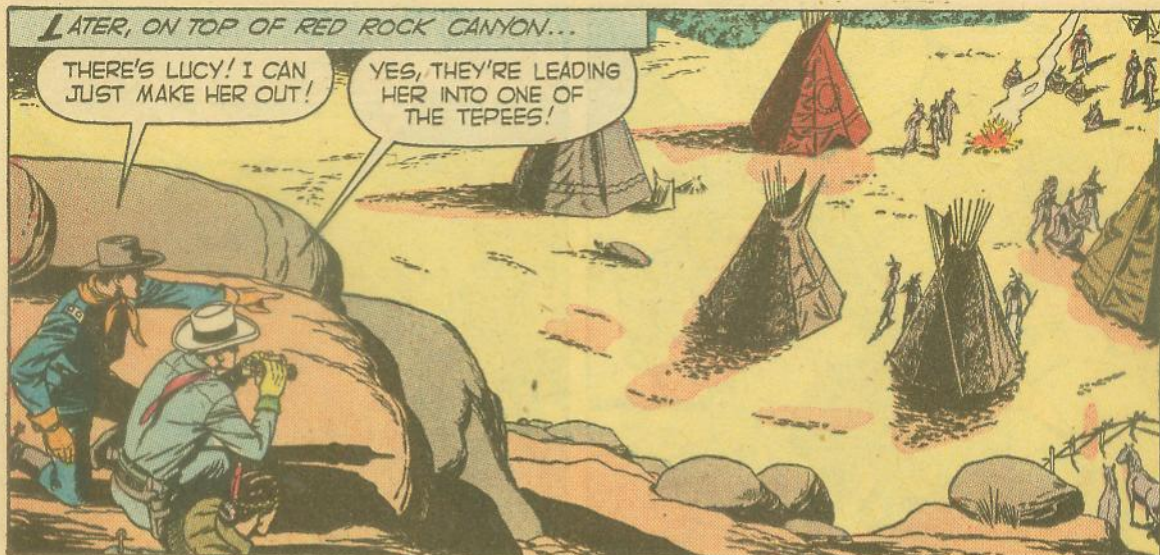


THERE'S NO  
ALTERNATIVE!

THERE MAY BE! IT IS POSSIBLE  
FOR MEN ON FOOT TO **CLIMB  
DOWN** THE FACE OF THE CLIFF  
AT THE BLIND END OF THE  
CANYON!



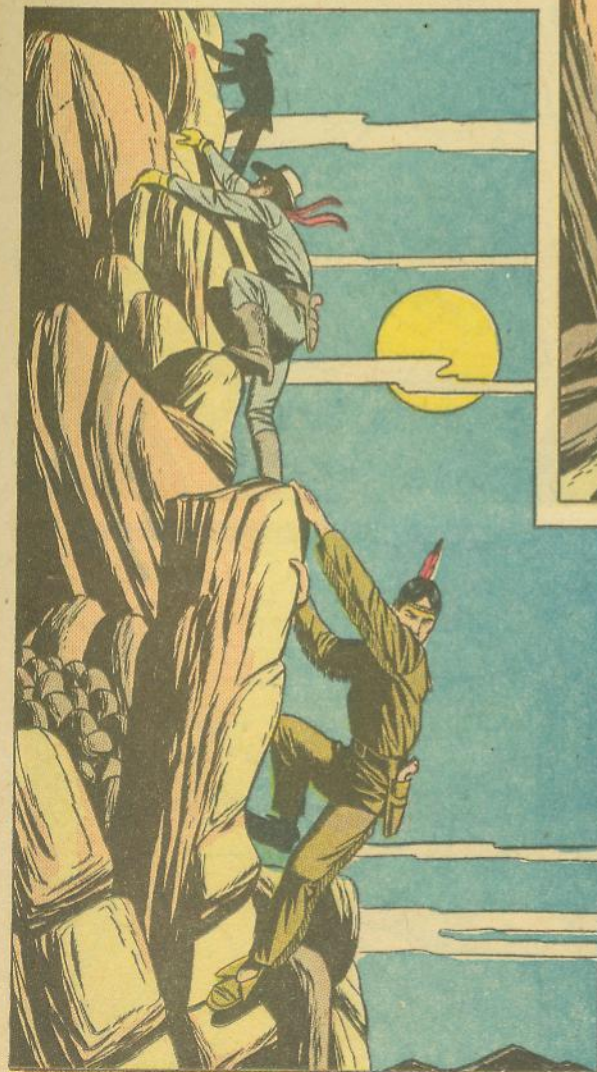
BUT FIRST, WE MUST  
LEARN WHERE THEY  
ARE TAKING THE GIRL!  
--- **COME ON, SILVER!**

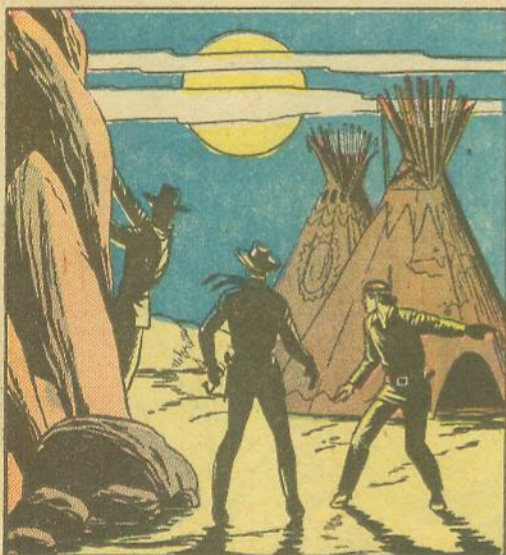


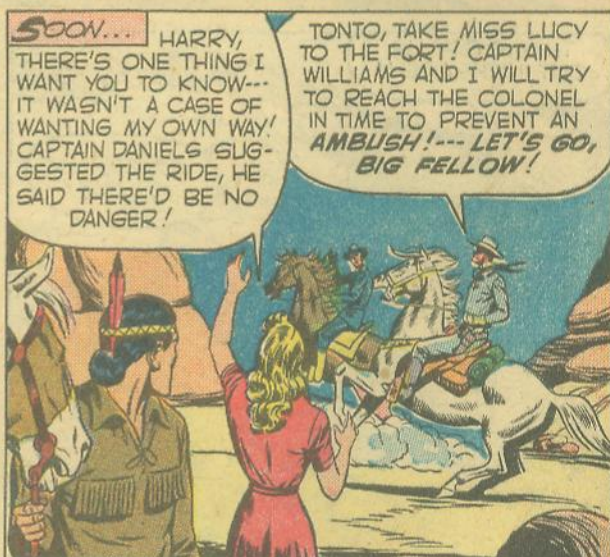
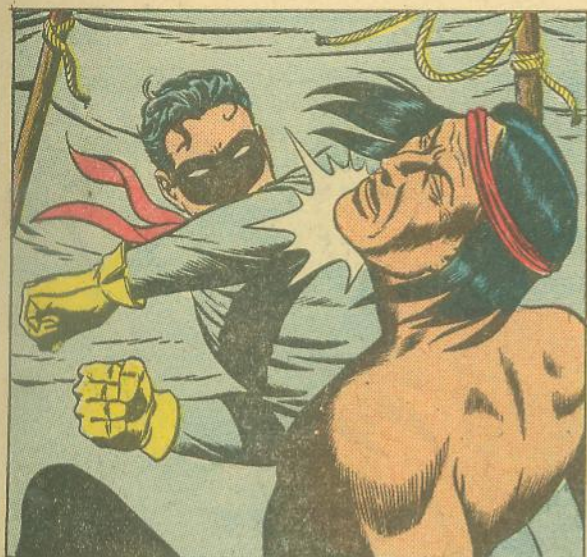


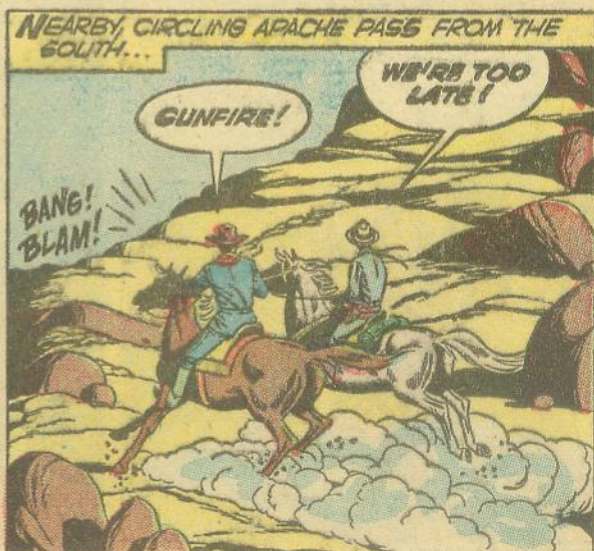
CAUTIOUSLY, THE THREE MEN INCH THEIR  
WAY DOWN THE SHEER CANYON WALL...

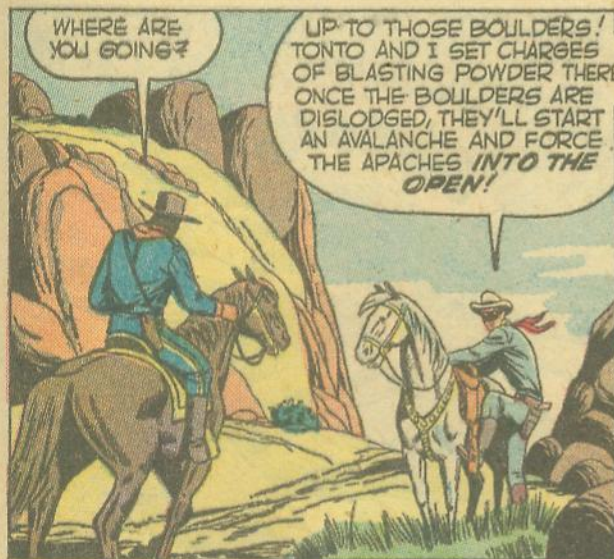
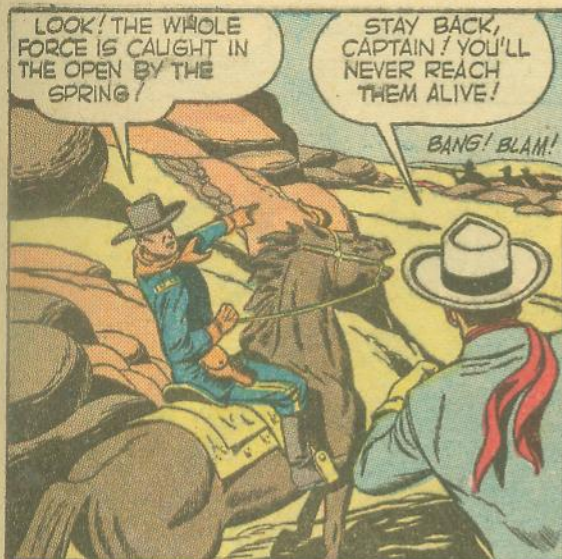
BUT AS THEY NEAR THE BOTTOM, SUDDENLY...

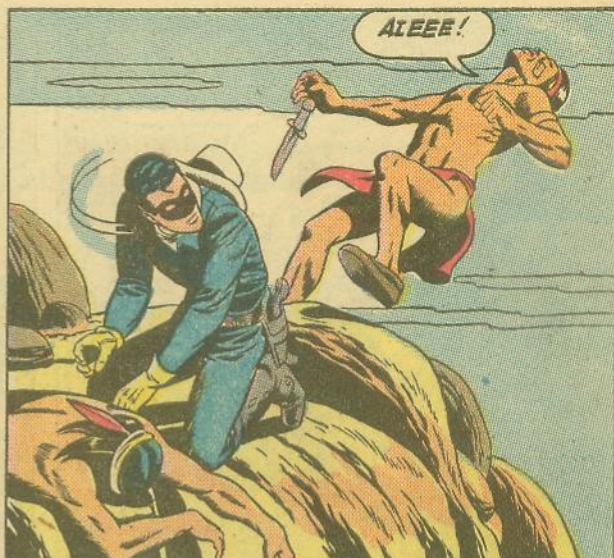


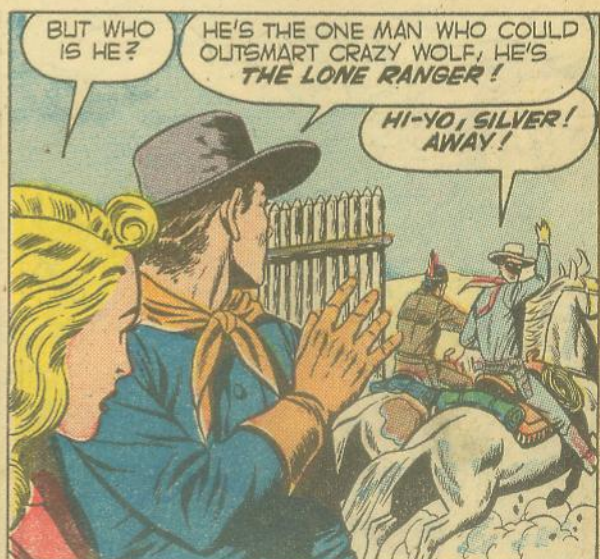
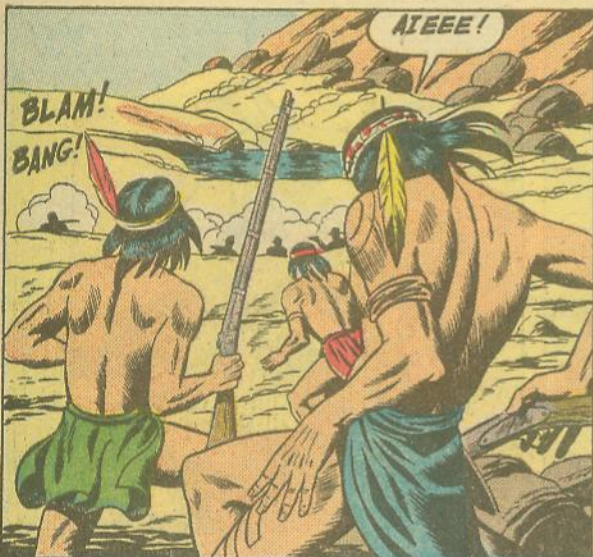






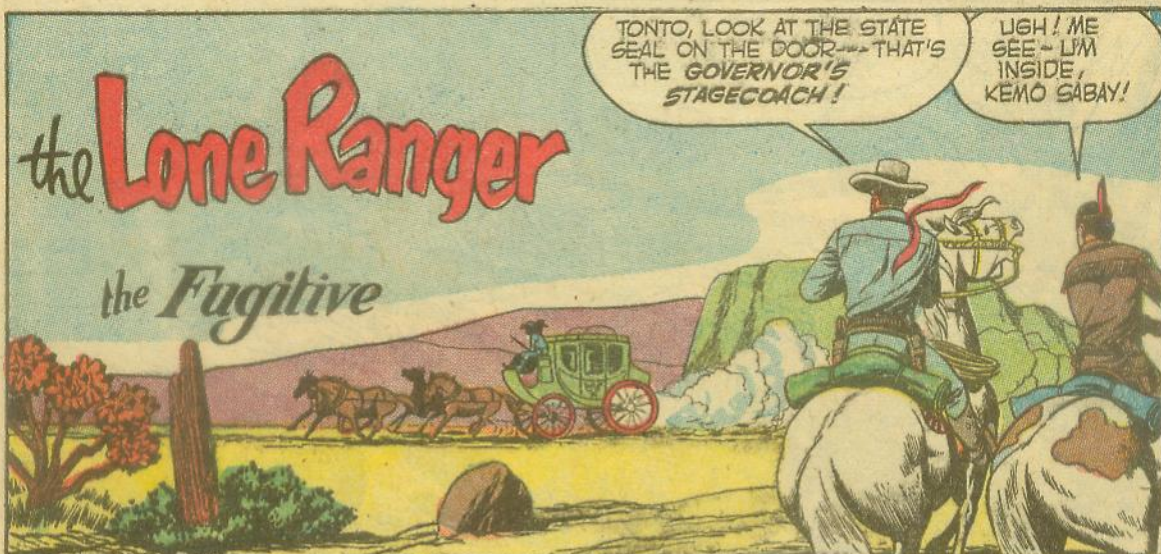






# the Lone Ranger

## the Fugitive



TONTO, LOOK AT THE STATE SEAL ON THE DOOR---THAT'S THE GOVERNOR'S STAGECOACH!

UGH! ME SEE-- I'M INSIDE, KEMO SABAY!



HE'S A GOOD FRIEND OF OURS, TONTO. LET'S STOP THE STAGE AND SPEAK TO HIM!--- COME ON, SILVER!

GET-UM UP, SCOUT!



EXCELLENCY, THERE MAY BE TROUBLE! A MASKED MAN IS RIDING---

---DON'T FIRE! THAT MAN IS MY FRIEND!



DRIVER, REIN IN!



GOOD MORNING, SIR!

MY FRIEND, YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I WANTED TO SEE! I NEED YOUR HELP!



HOW CAN WE  
HELP YOU?

THIS LETTER I INTENDED TO  
LEAVE AT THE MISSION FOR YOU  
WOULD HAVE INFORMED YOU OF  
THE MATTER!---SOME TIME AGO,  
A YOUNG BLACKSMITH NAMED  
CLAY TROWBRIDGE WAS ACCUSED  
OF MURDER!



I'VE SEEN  
POSTERS  
DESCRIBING  
TROWBRIDGE!

FEARING HE WOULD BE  
LYNCHED AFTER THE MURDER  
OCCURRED, HE FLED! A FEW  
WEEKS LATER, THE **REAL**  
MURDERER WAS CAUGHT! HE  
CONFESSED AND WAS  
SENTENCED!



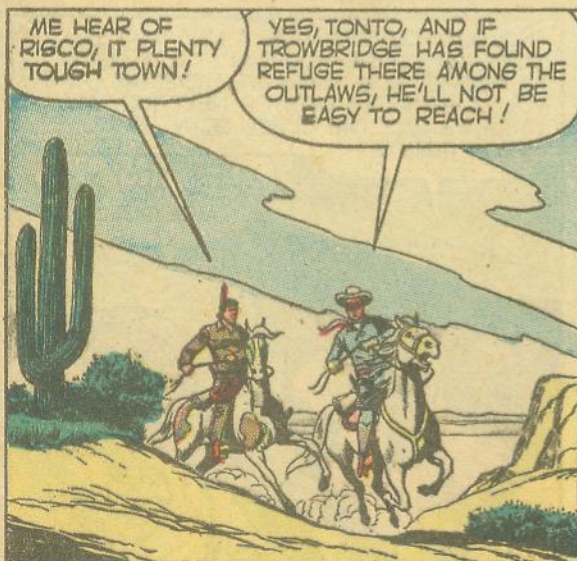
DOES TROWBRIDGE  
KNOW HE'S BEEN  
**CLEARED?**

**NO!** THE SHERIFF HAS TRIED  
TO RECALL THE WANTED CIR-  
CULARS, BUT MANY ARE STILL  
UP! THE FUGITIVE MAY BE KILLED  
FOR THE REWARD OR MAY  
BECOME A CRIMINAL OUT OF  
BITTER DESPERATION! THAT  
LETTER CLEARS HIM---I HOPED  
YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO DELIVER  
IT TO HIM!



I'LL TRY  
TO, SIR, BUT  
WHERE WAS  
HE LAST  
SEEN?

HE HEADED FOR THE  
BORDER! **RISCO**  
**ISLAND** IS THERE---IT IS  
AN OUTLAW'S REFUGE, FOR  
NEITHER MEXICO NOR THE  
UNITED STATES HAS ESTAB-  
LISHED JURISDICTION OVER  
IT! I'M TRAVELING TO MEXICO  
TO SETTLE THE MATTER!  
THANKS FOR YOUR  
HELP!



ME HEAR OF  
RISCO, IT PLENTY  
TOUGH TOWN!

YES, TONTO, AND IF  
TROWBRIDGE HAS FOUND  
REFUGE THERE AMONG THE  
OUTLAWS, HE'LL NOT BE  
EASY TO REACH!



**MEANWHILE, IN A CAFE AT RISCO...**

YEAH, BLAZE,  
THAT'S HIM ALL  
RIGHT---CLAY  
TROWBRIDGE!

STACK, IF WE'RE GOIN'  
TO WORK YOUR PLAN,  
LET'S MOVE IN ON HIM!



YOU KNOW, TROWBRIDGE, THIS HERE'S A MIGHTY FINE DESCRIPTION OF YOU!

WHAT IF IT IS? NEARLY EVERYONE IN RISCO IS **WANTED!**



MAYBE SO, BUT I'M NOT ON ANY HAND-BILLS! YOU SEE, I USE MY HEAD AN' RIGHT NOW, I'M THINKIN' HOW I COULD CUT MYSELF IN ON THAT **REWARD!**



WHY, YOU---

--- EASY, TROWBRIDGE! YOU'RE NOT ARMED! **WE ARE!**

AND I WAS ONLY TALKIN' ABOUT WHAT I **COULD** DO!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THE HANDBILL SAYS YOU WORKED AS A **BLACK-SMITH** FOR THE SOUTH-WEST STAGE LINE! IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS, SOME NEW STRONGBOXES HAVE BEEN BUILT ON THEIR STAGES, UNDER THE INSIDE SEATS! WE CAN'T CARRY 'EM AWAY AND WE CAN'T UNLOCK 'EM!



BUT YOU MADE THE LOCKS AND NOW, YOU'LL MAKE THE **KEYS** FOR US!

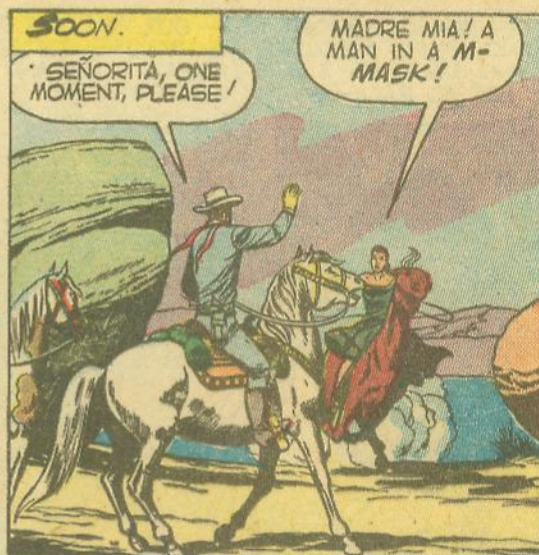
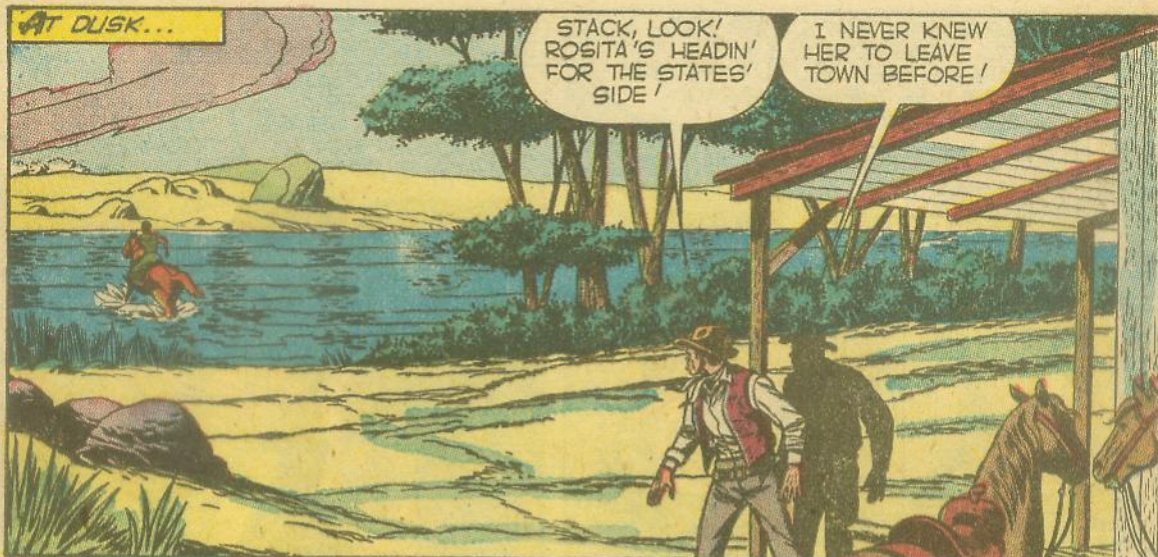
WHAT? B-BUT I COULDN'T MAKE THE KEYS FROM MEMORY!

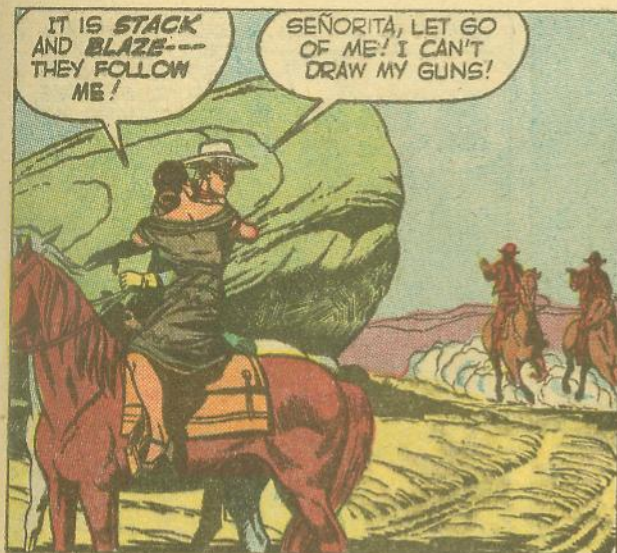


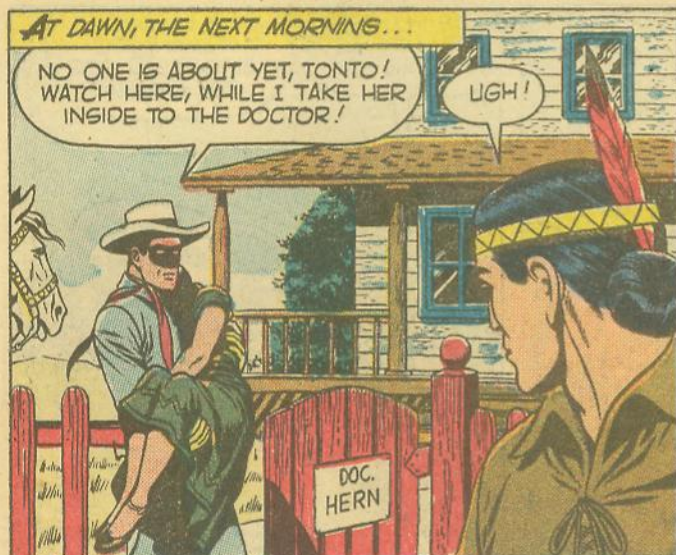
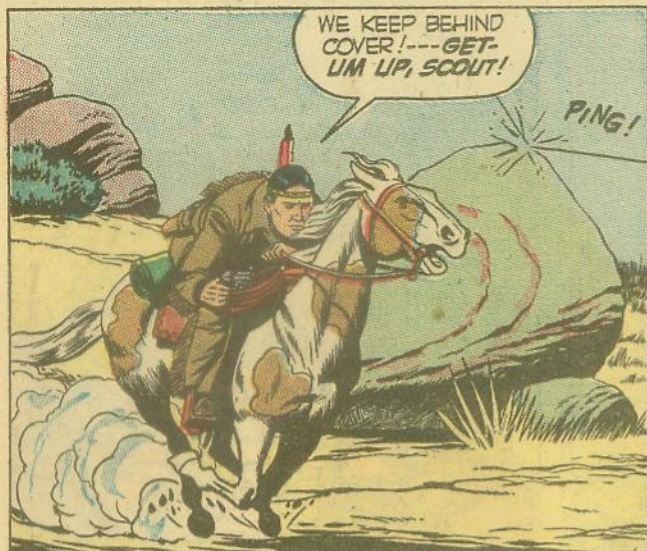
NO, BUT YOU CAN MAKE A KEY THAT'LL COME SO CLOSE YOU CAN FILE IT DOWN TO PROPER SIZE WHEN WE STOP THE STAGE! YOU'LL BE RIDIN' WITH US NEXT TUESDAY, WHEN WE HALT THE COACH GOIN' WEST FROM PUENTE!

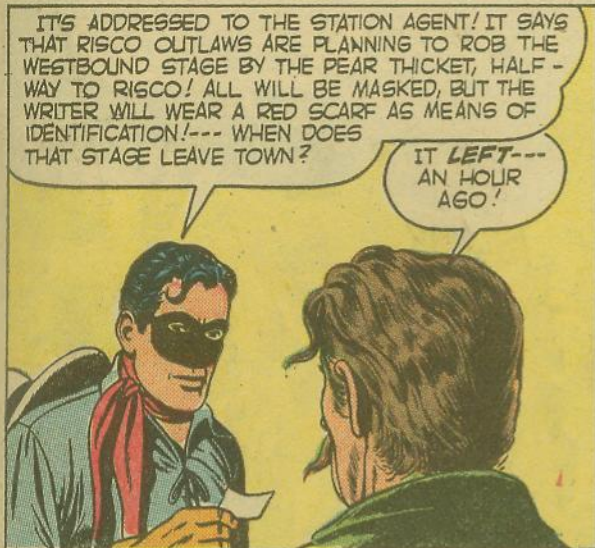
Y-YOU MEAN JOIN YOU--- NO! COUNT ME OUT!

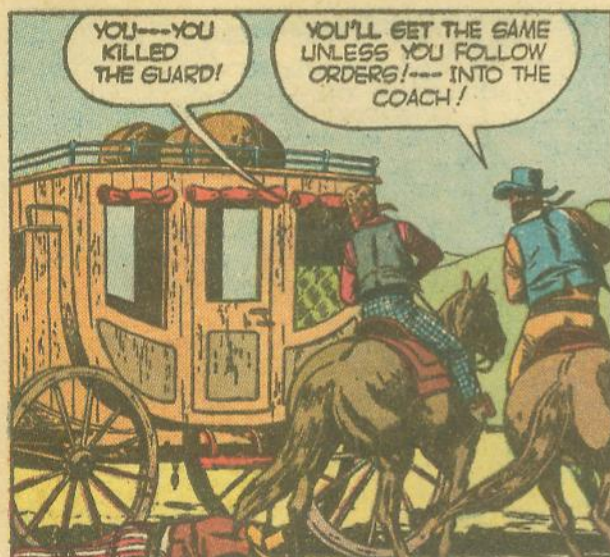
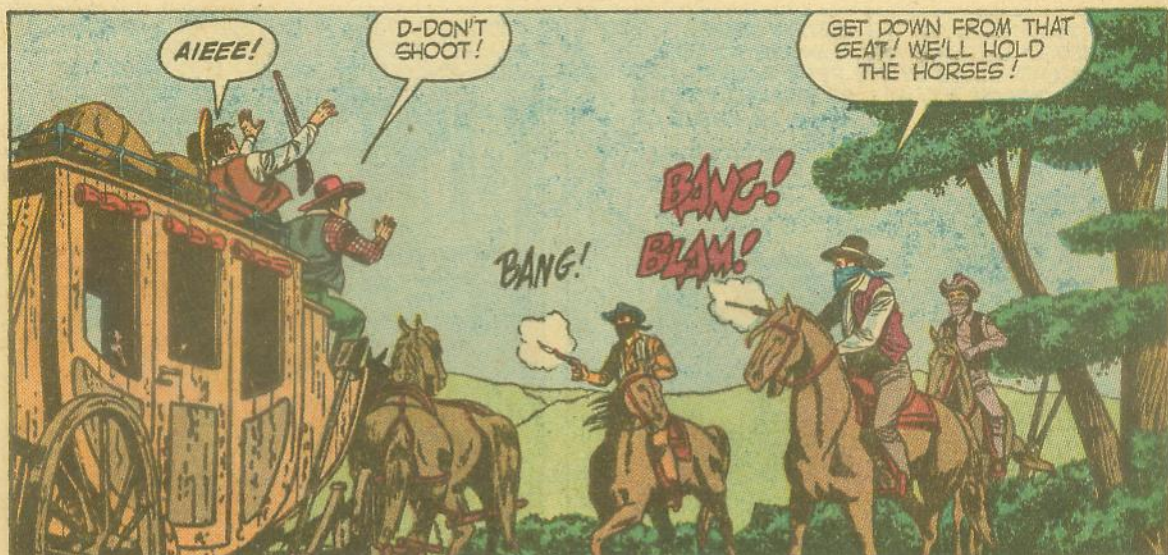


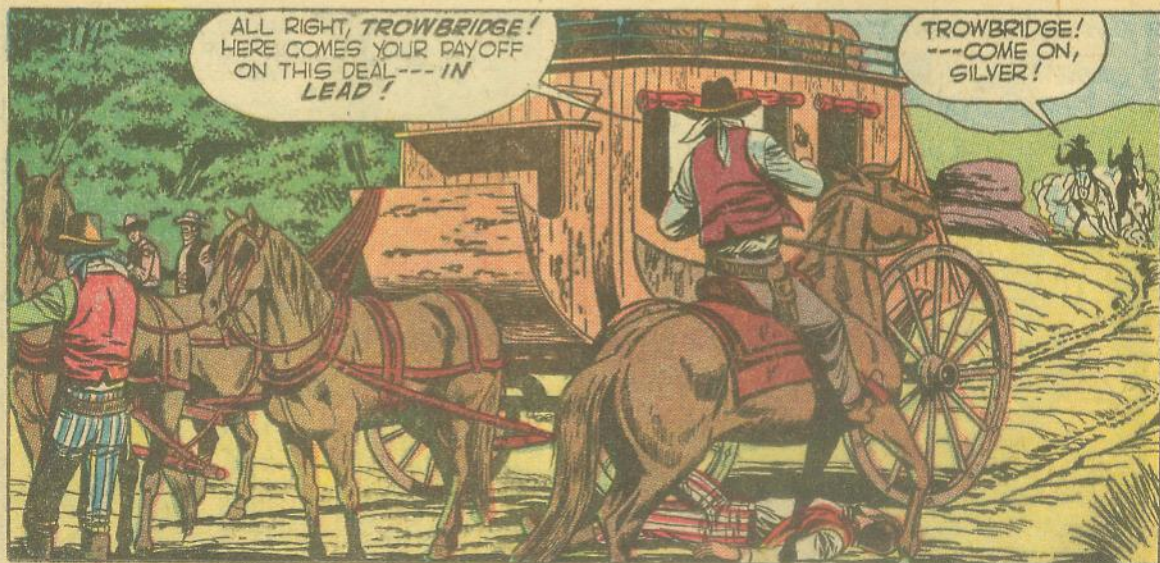




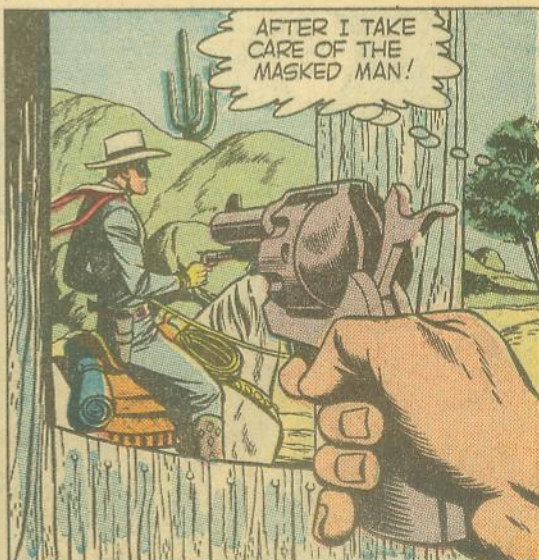
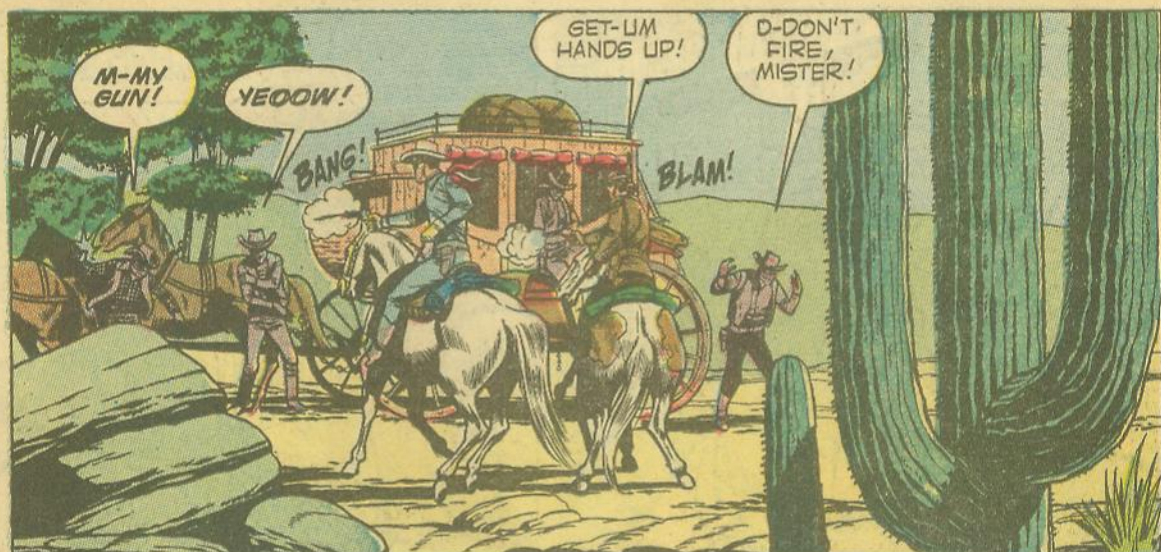






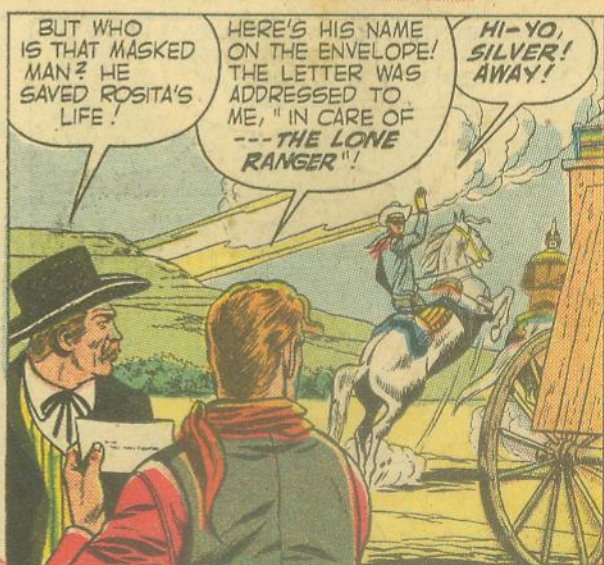
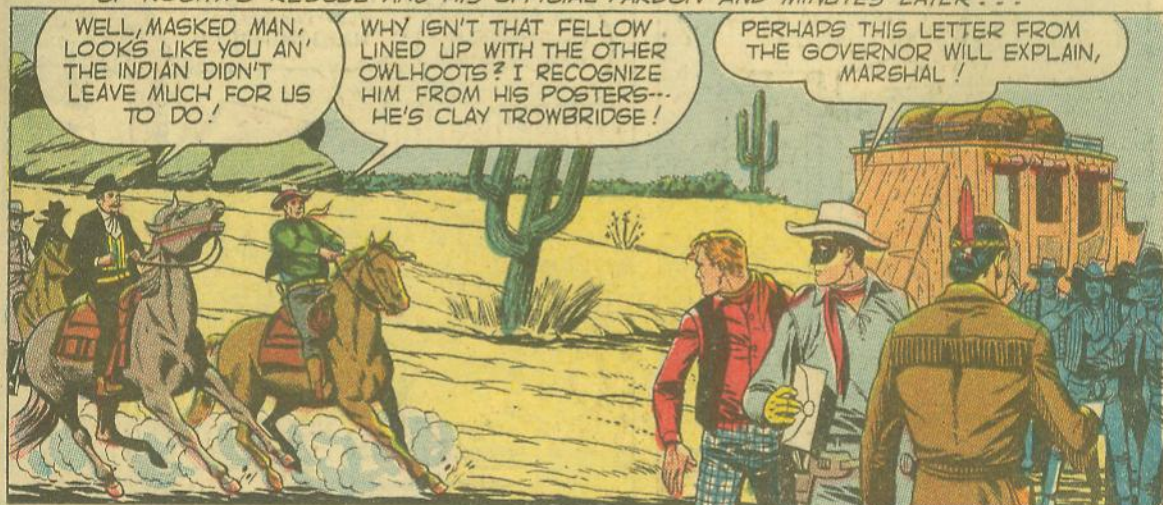


TROWBRIDGE!  
---COME ON,  
SILVER!





AS TONTO DISARMS THE OUTLAWS, THE LONE RANGER QUICKLY TELLS CLAY TROWBRIDGE OF ROSITA'S RESCUE AND HIS OFFICIAL PARDON AND MINUTES LATER...



HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!

# the Lone Ranger

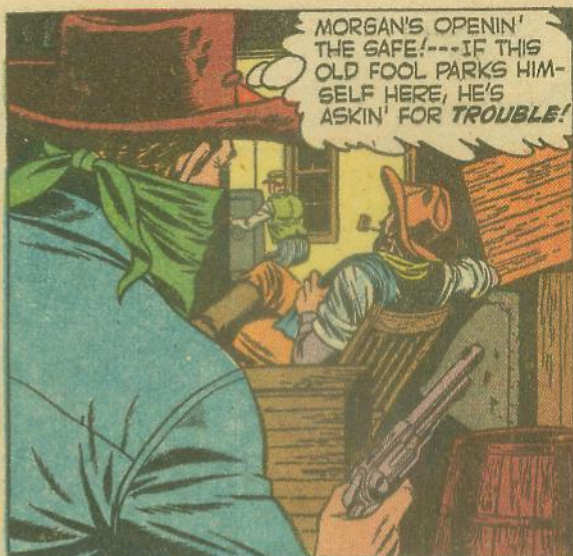
## Zanzibar

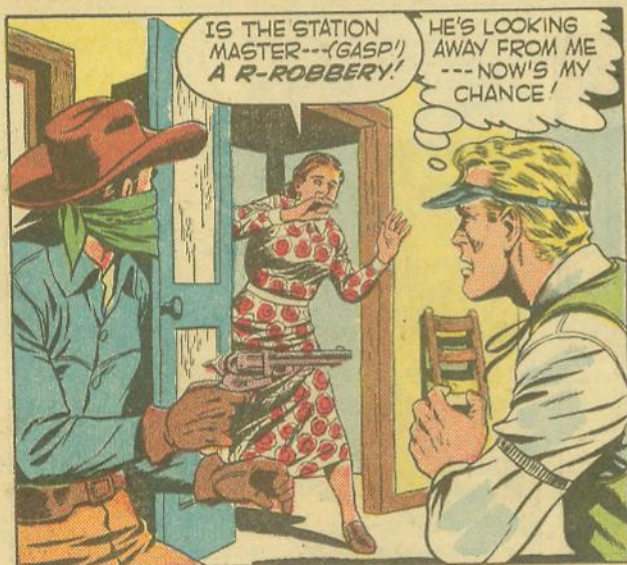
AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE  
IN POWDER BEND, TONTO  
INQUIRES FOR SHERIFF  
BENTON...

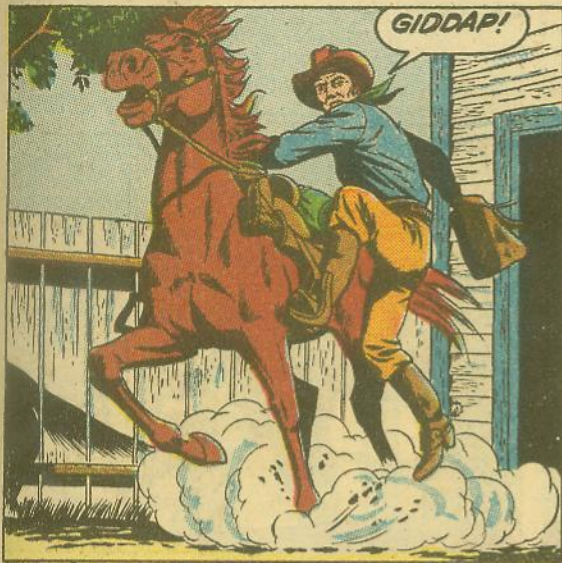
BENTON'S OUT OF TOWN!  
MY NAME'S FEENEY, I'M HIS  
DEPUTY AND I'M IN CHARGE!  
IF YOU HAVE ANY BUSINESS  
WITH THE LAW, I'LL  
HANDLE IT!

ME HAVE  
PERSONAL  
MESSAGE  
FOR-UM  
FROM FRIEND!









GIDCAP!



WHAT HAPPEN?  
ME HEAR SHOT!

TH-THAT MAN  
WAS SHOT---  
RIGHT IN FRONT  
OF MY EYES!



WHAT'S  
GOIN' ON  
HERE?

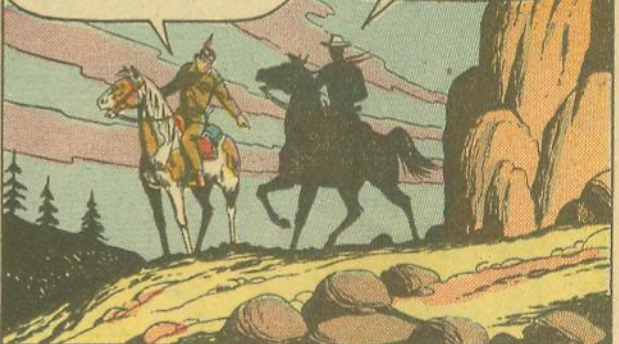
THIS MAN  
DEAD,  
SHERIFF!

AND I SAW THE MAN  
WHO KILLED HIM! HIS  
MASK WAS PULLED  
DOWN! I'D RECOGNIZE  
HIS FACE ANYWHERE!

SOON AFTER, TONTO TELLS THE LONE RANGER OF THE ROBBERY AND THE SLAYING AND THEY TRY TO FIND THE KILLER'S TRAIL...

KEMO SABAY, MURDERER  
RIDE OFF PLENTY FAST!  
TONTO NOT SEE-UM, BUT  
NOW WE LOSE HIS TRAIL  
ON HARD GROUND!

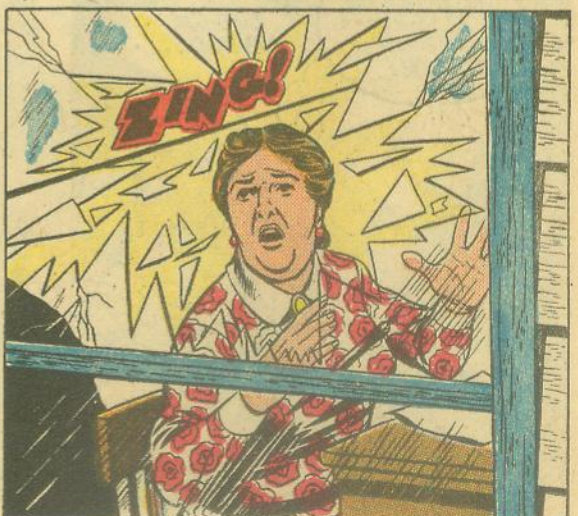
IT'S ALMOST DARK, TONTO,  
WE'LL NOT HAVE MUCH  
CHANCE NOW OF PICKING  
IT UP AGAIN!



WE'RE LUCKY IN ONE  
RESPECT! MRS. TROTTER  
CAN IDENTIFY THE  
KILLER!

UGH! SHE SAY SHE NOT  
FORGET HIS FACE!  
DEPUTY SHERIFF FEENEY  
TELL HER TAKE ROOM  
IN HOTEL! HIM HAVE  
DEPUTY THERE ON  
GUARD!

THAT NIGHT, IN MRS. TROTTER'S HOTEL ROOM...



ZING!



**NEXT DAY, AS THE LOVE RANGER AND TONTO SEARCH FOR THE KILLER'S TRAIL, IN VAIN, SUDDENLY...**





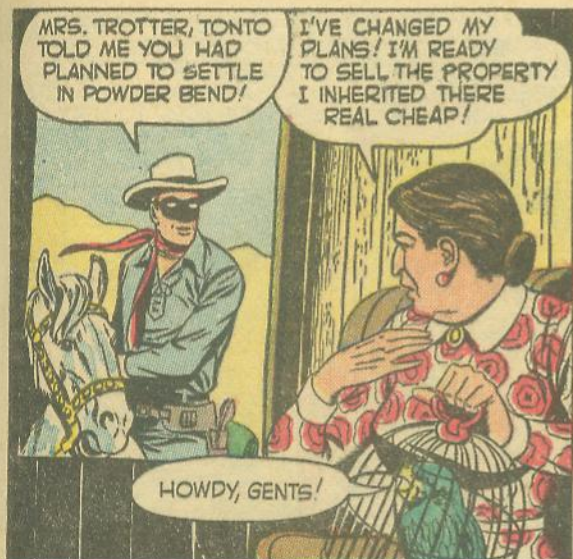
**DON'T FIRE! I RECOGNIZE THE INDIAN---HE'S TONTO!**

**PUT UP YOUR GUN, OLD-TIMER! IF WE WERE OUT-LAWS, OUR GUNS WOULD BE DRAWN! WE ONLY WANT TO TALK TO MRS. TROTTER!**



**MRS. TROTTER, ARE YOU SURE---**

**---YES! TONTO IS A FRIEND! LET'S SEE WHAT THEY HAVE TO SAY!**



**MRS. TROTTER, TONTO TOLD ME YOU HAD PLANNED TO SETTLE IN POWDER BEND!**

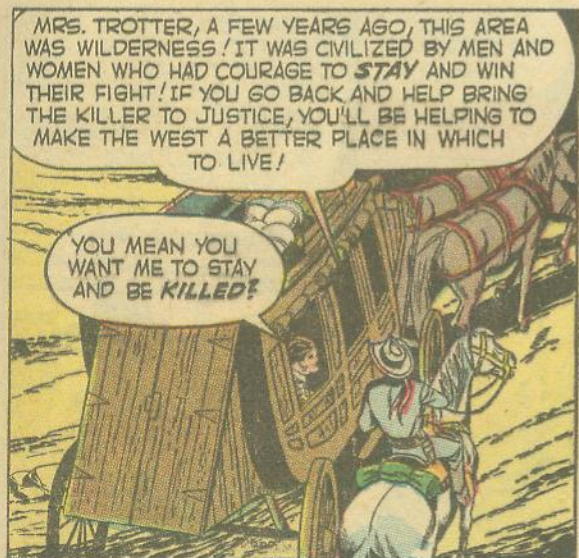
**I'VE CHANGED MY PLANS! I'M READY TO SELL THE PROPERTY I INHERITED THERE REAL CHEAP!**

**HOWDY, GENTS!**



**DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE THE KILLER BROUGHT TO JUSTICE?**

**INDEED I DO! BUT LAST NIGHT, SOMEONE FIRED A SHOT THROUGH MY WINDOW! I'M NOT WAITING FOR HIM TO FIRE AGAIN! WHY, EVEN SHERIFF FEENEY SAID HE COULDN'T GUARANTEE MY SAFETY!**



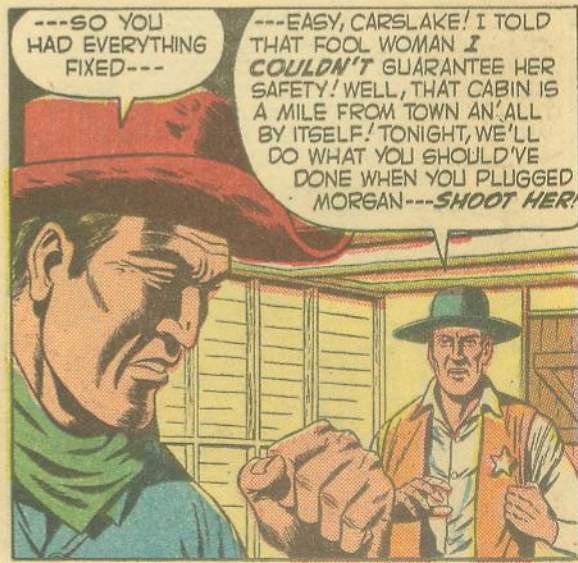
**MRS. TROTTER, A FEW YEARS AGO, THIS AREA WAS WILDERNESS! IT WAS CIVILIZED BY MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAD COURAGE TO *STAY* AND WIN THEIR FIGHT! IF YOU GO BACK AND HELP BRING THE KILLER TO JUSTICE, YOU'LL BE HELPING TO MAKE THE WEST A BETTER PLACE IN WHICH TO LIVE!**

**YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO STAY AND BE KILLED?**



**NO, MRS. TROTTER! IF THE KILLER FIRED AT YOU LAST NIGHT, HE MAY STILL BE IN TOWN! I HAVE A PLAN TO BRING HIM INTO THE OPEN WHERE YOU CAN IDENTIFY HIM! AND I PROMISE YOU, NO ONE WILL KILL YOU, WITHOUT GETTING TONTO AND ME FIRST!**

**DRIVER, TURN BACK!**

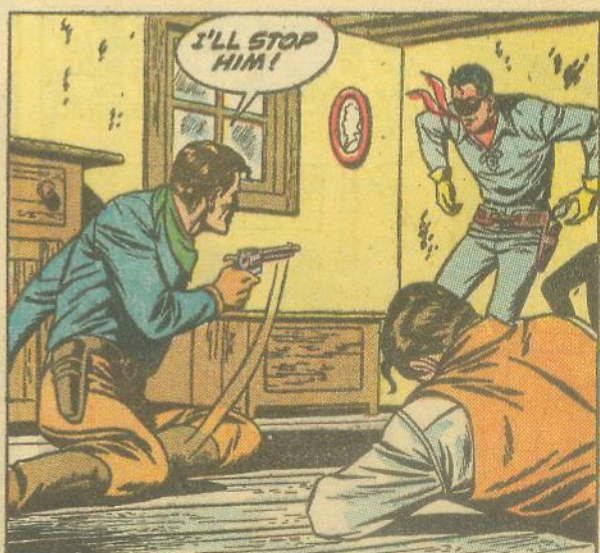


THAT NIGHT, BY PETE'S SISTER'S CABIN, TONTO WATCHES FROM A CONCEALED POSITION...



AS FEENEY ENGAGES TONTO'S ATTENTION...







# THE WATER OF VENGEANCE



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Jerry Parrin roused from his blanket under the "Prairie Schooner," with the sense that something was very wrong. He sat up, listening. Above the angry muttering of men's voices rose a woman's wail: "We can't go on! We'll die here—!"

Another voice, strong and clear, cut her short.

"Friends!" cried the Reverend Walter Parrin, Jerry's father. "Friends, gather here, in a circle! We'll pray—and then we'll plan what to do!"

As the several families of emigrants moved together into the wagon circle, Jerry touched his mother's arm. He was trembling a little.

"What is it?" he whispered. "Injuns—?"

"No, Son!" Mrs. Parrin answered, steadying him with the calm sweetness of her voice. "Those three single men from St. Louis—Ruel, Dorrance, and Nayland—have gone off with all the horses that are strong enough to travel. The Indian, Little Wolf, who joined us two days ago, has disappeared, too . . ."

"—and left us right in the middle of the longest desert haul without enough water to last—" exclaimed Jerry, in horror. But his mother's hand came up to touch his lips.

"Be quiet, Son!" she murmured. "And bow your head. . . ."

The Reverend Walter Parrin's prayer was short, and strong, and full of trust. At the closing, "AMEN!" the circle of faces showed new hope.

"We can leave here all but two of the wagons, and the bare necessities to get us across the desert," the clergyman stated. "We men can walk all the way—the women and children by turns, using the wagons. The hostile Indians and our friends, the horse thieves, have left us enough weakened animals to go on with, that way. . . . Has anyone a better idea?"

When no one spoke, Jerry's father turned to him.

"We have a special task for you, Son," he said. "Your little riding mule cannot pull much weight—but he can carry you on a scout for water in the hills that parallel our route. Your mule's keen sense of smell may locate a seep or spring. You will not take any weapon. If you should NOT find water, every pound would count!"

It was three hours after dawn, when Jerry Parrin saw the buzzards. They were circling above a notch in the desert hills—watching some freshly dead or dying animal, probably. It might be one of the missing horses!

Obedying a hunch, Jerry struck into a draw that deepened as it wound among the hills. And there he found the horse tracks! As he followed them, he heard two shots. The sound came, confused with distance and the winding of the ravine, from somewhere ahead.

Cautiously Jerry kept on. Around every bend he crept on foot, leading his little mule. At the fourth sharp bend he halted, in horri-

fied surprise.

Just beyond him the three deserters, Ruel, Dorrance and Nayland, lay beside a little pool of water, at the base of a ledge. Their bodies were twisted, as if in agony. Ruel's hand clutched a pistol—the others grasped lumps of stone. The terrible thing was their stillness.

After a moment, Jerry approached them. Not one of the bodies, he saw, bore any wound! What, then, had killed them? And who or what had Ruel shot at?

It could not have been a robber—for the dead fingers of Dorrance and Nayland still clutched nuggets of pure, yellow gold! More yellow lumps gleamed dully below the pool's shallow water!

Jerry's mule supplied the answer to the mystery. Approaching the water, he sniffed loudly, blew out through his lips, and backed away. A moment later his loud, disappointed bray echoed through the ravine.

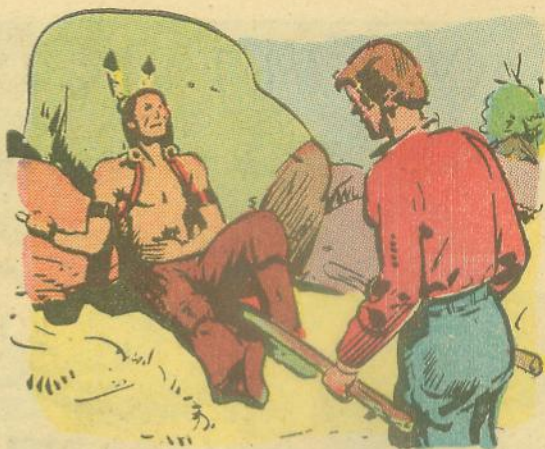
"The water!" Jerry whispered through dry lips. "IT'S POISONED!"

He spun about—at a sound that was not an echo of his own voice. Again the dry chuckle sounded, and Jerry saw him—Little Wolf!

The Indian sat leaning against a rock, with his hands calmly folded over his stomach, and his right leg stained with blood.

"THAT was the shooting!" thought Jerry. "The Indian's leg must be broken—or he wouldn't be here."

Glancing about, the boy's eye lighted on a little pile of sticks, left by a spring freshet.



He selected two of the straightest, and hurried across to Little Wolf.

"I'll fix your leg with these—so it won't move," he said. "I'll use my shirt for a bandage! I'll put you on my mule, and lead him back to the wagons. And Mother will nurse you . . . uh?"

A strange look in the Indian's face stopped him from touching the wounded limb.

"Why you not leave me—take gold?" Little Wolf asked.

"Gold?" responded Jerry. "Oh! Well, my mule's weak with thirst. He couldn't carry you, and anything else! Now, let me—"

"No!" the Indian exclaimed. "Little Wolf shot in stomach, too! Dying soon! Meet father in Happy Hunting Ground!"

He coughed; then, as Jerry stood speechless, he went on . . .

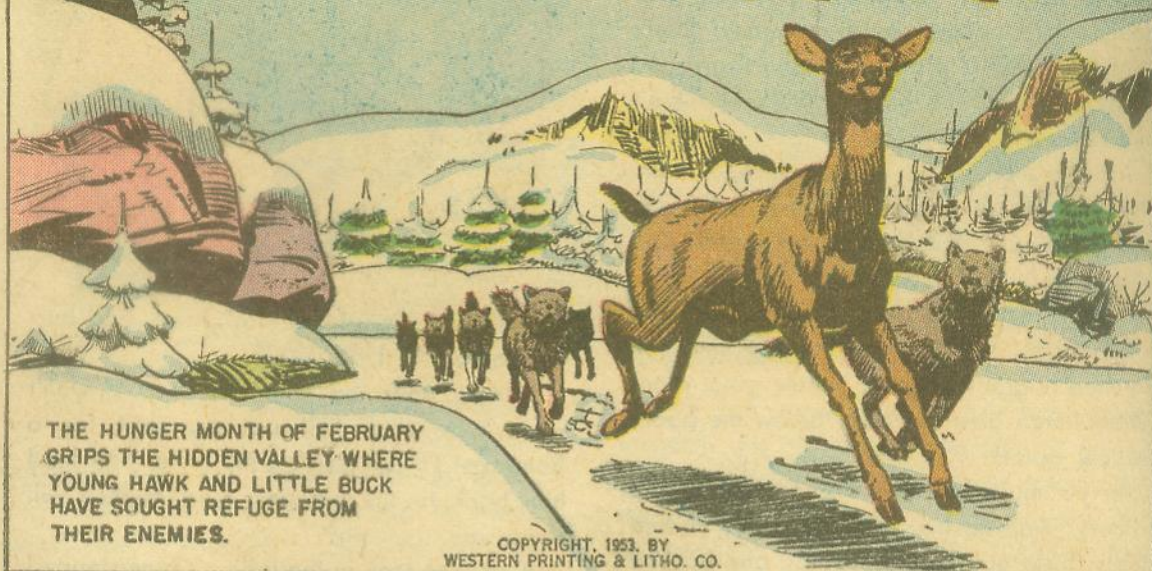
"Many summers ago, my father, the Chief, show this gold to white men. They kill him! I kill them, and bring gold back to trap more white men with bad hearts. My father's spirit have many white slaves in Happy Hunting Ground now!"

Another cough racked Little Wolf. When he could speak again, he whispered:

"You, White Boy, not like them. You have good heart! You find your horses, far up this ARROYO . . . Find good water and grass! You take gold, too. . . ."

When there was no more need to wait, Jerry Parrin rode on up the ravine. And he knew he would find everything, just as Little Wolf had said.

# YOUNG HAWK

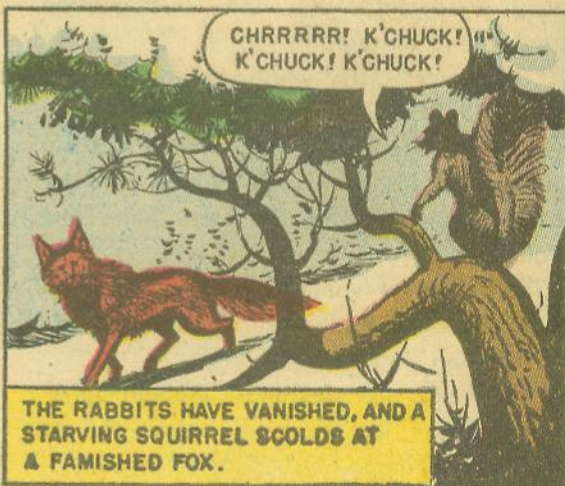


THE HUNGER MONTH OF FEBRUARY GRIPS THE HIDDEN VALLEY WHERE YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK HAVE SOUGHT REFUGE FROM THEIR ENEMIES.

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IN SAVAGE SILENCE, THE GRAY KILLERS PULL DOWN THE LAST LEAN BUCK.



CHRRRR! K'CHUCK!  
K'CHUCK! K'CHUCK!

THE RABBITS HAVE VANISHED, AND A STARVING SQUIRREL SCOLDS AT A FAMISHED FOX.



I'M GETTING TIRED OF JUST FISH, YOUNG HAWK!

BE GLAD YOU HAVE IT TO EAT, LITTLE BUCK! THE FOREST CREATURES ARE STARVING!

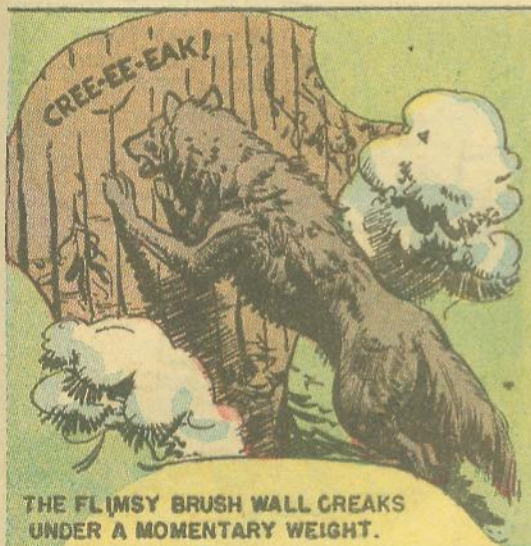
BUT INSIDE THE BOYS' SNUG SHELTER, THERE IS BOTH FOOD AND WARMTH.



TOMORROW WE MUST GO BACK TO THE LAKE AND CATCH MORE, THROUGH THE ICE! I HAVE SAVED THE TAILS FOR BAIT...



THAT NIGHT THE MOON'S WHITE EYE LOOKS DOWN ON THE GRAY PACK DRIFTING UP THE RAVINE. THE SCENTS OF BOYS AND DOG AND BROILED FISH HAVE DRAWN THEM LIKE MAGNETS.



THE FLIMSY BRUSH WALL CREAKS UNDER A MOMENTARY WEIGHT.



THE BOYS' STIRRING WITHIN--- AND TUMBLEWEED'S LOUD CLAMOR --- ALARMS THE PACK.





THE LAST WOLF LEAPS INTO THE AIR, MORTALLY WOUNDED



HAHRRR  
-RRRRR  
RRRRH...

---TO BE INSTANTLY SEIZED AND  
'DRAGGED INTO THE SHADOWS, A  
MEAL FOR HIS STARVING FELLOWS!



'HUSH, TUMBLEWEED!  
WE WON'T SEE THEM  
AGAIN TONIGHT!

YOU'RE SURE,  
YOUNG HAWK?

YA-  
YARK-  
YARK-  
YARK!



YES --- I AM SURE!  
THEY HAVE HAD A SCARE  
AND A MEAL, OF A KIND!  
BUT WE MUST BE ON THE  
WATCH FOR THEM AFTER  
THIS, AND STRENGTHEN  
OUR SHELTER!



NEXT MORNING---

PLEASE TELL ME, YOUNG  
HAWK---WHAT DO YOU WANT  
WITH THAT HOLLOW, HALF-  
ROTTEN LOG? THERE'S  
NO HEAT IN IT!

THERE WILL  
BE---  
FOR YOU  
AND ME!



THESE WILL MAKE  
GOOD FIRE BUCKETS, TO  
KEEP US WARM WHILE  
WE FISH THROUGH THE  
ICE OF THE LAKE!

FIRE BUCKETS?  
BUT THEY'RE  
TOO DAMP AND  
ROTTEN TO  
BURN---

THAT'S WHY I CHOSE A DAMP, ROTTEN LOG! I DON'T WANT IT TO BURN! I'LL SHOW YOU WHEN WE GET BACK TO OUR WICKIUP



SEE? I PUT HOT COALS IN THE BOTTOM! NOW GATHER UP ALL THE PIECES OF CHARCOAL FROM OUR COOKING HEARTH AND BRING THEM ALONG IN YOUR BUCKET! WE'LL FISH IN COMFORT!

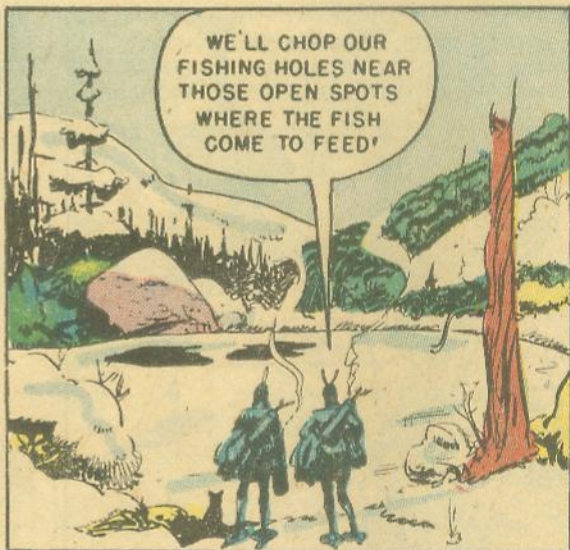
OH! I GET YOUR IDEA NOW, YOUNG HAWK!



WE'LL HOLD THE FIRE BUCKETS UNDER OUR BLANKETS WHILE WE'RE FISHING! GREAT IDEA!



WE'LL CHOP OUR FISHING HOLES NEAR THOSE OPEN SPOTS WHERE THE FISH COME TO FEED!



WHY COULDN'T WE FISH THROUGH THOSE NATURAL HOLES IN THE ICE, YOUNG HAWK? SAVE US THIS WORK!

DON'T BE FOOLISH! THE SWIFT LAKE CURRENT HAS WORN THE EDGES OF THOSE OPEN HOLES TOO THIN TO TAKE YOUR WEIGHT!



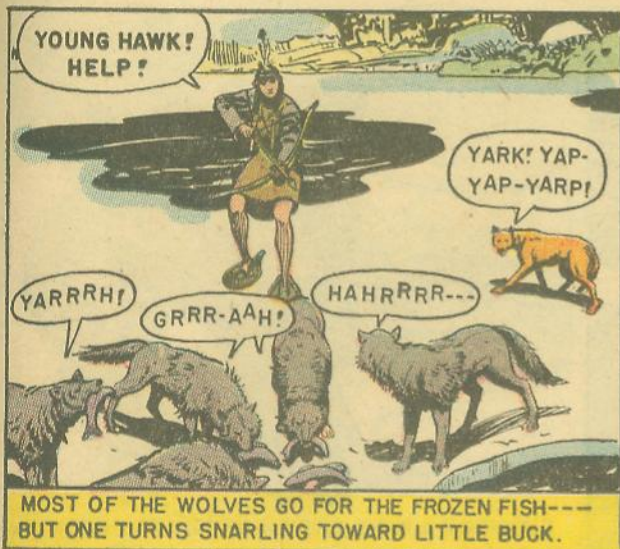
SEE, LITTLE BUCK! HERE'S THE WAY TO KEEP WARM! WRAP YOUR BLANKET LIKE THIS!





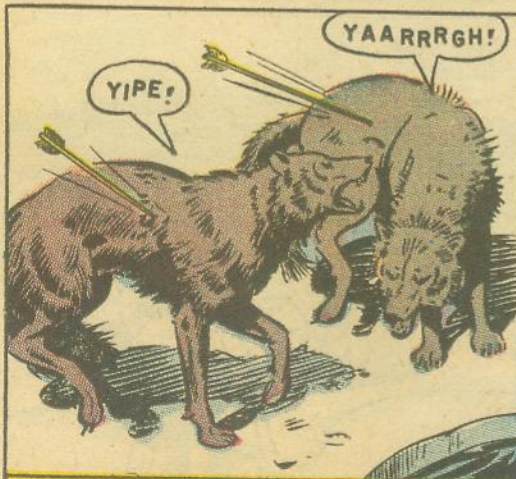
BUT LITTLE BUCK'S IS NOT THE ONLY HUNGRY STOMACH ON THE LAKE! THE GRAY KILLERS HAVE SCENTED HIS CATCH OF FISH!







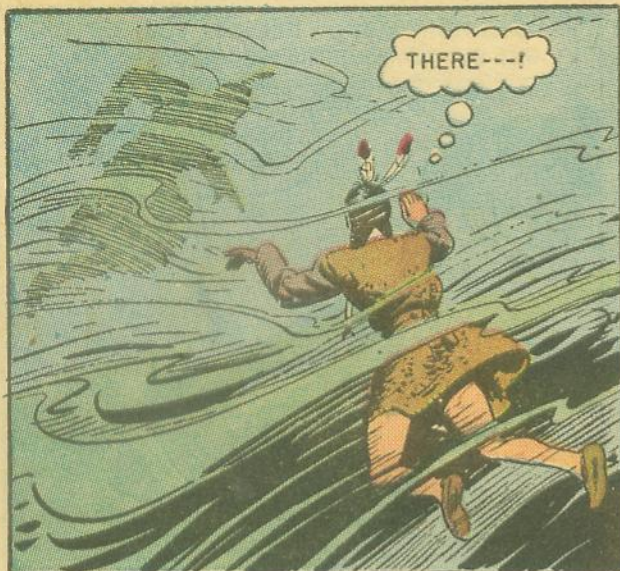
SUDDENLY A HARD-DRIVEN ARROW STRIKES...



---AND THEN ANOTHER---AND ANOTHER! WITH DEADLY AIM!







BOILING UP INTO THE NEXT OPEN PATCH,  
THE CURRENTS CARRY THE BOYS TO THE  
SURFACE--- JUST IN TIME.





SOMEHOW THE IMPOSSIBLE IS ACCOMPLISHED--- WITH TUMBLEWEED'S HELP! NUMB HIMSELF, WITH THE ICY WATER, YOUNG HAWK GETS THE HALF-DROWNED BOY ONTO HIS SHOULDER...



DESPITE STIFFENING, FREEZING GARMENTS, YOUNG HAWK MANAGES A SHUFFLING RUN TO THE WOODED SHORE...



EMPTYING HIS "FIRE BUCKET" ONTO A PILE OF FINE-CUT KINDLING, YOUNG HAWK MAKES A QUICK BLAZE.



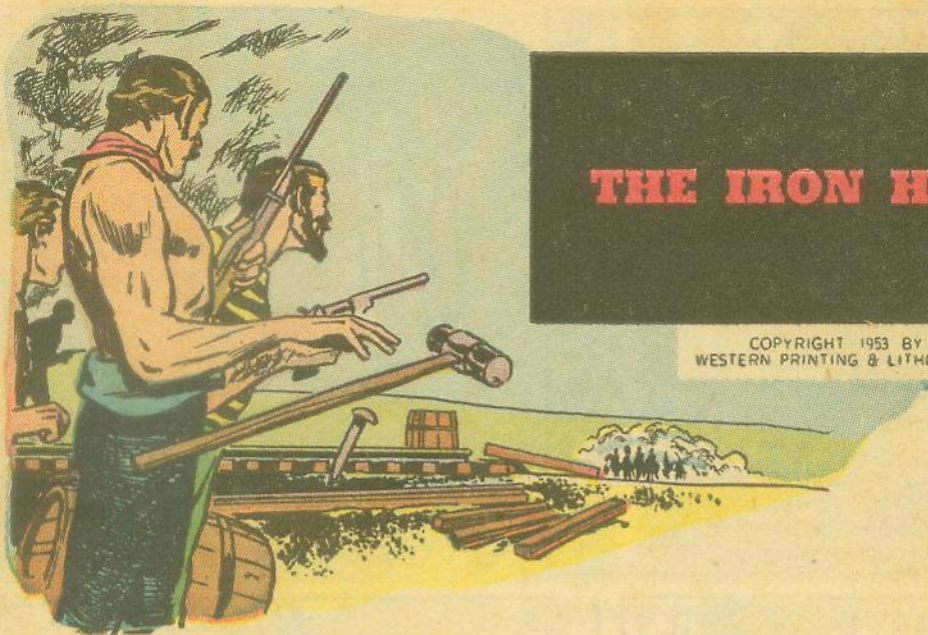
AS THE FLAMES GROW TALL, YOUNG HAWK STRIPS HIS PARTNER OF THE FREEZING, WATER-SOAKED BUCKSKINS, AND CHAFES HIS LIMBS... GRADUALLY, THE MASSAGE AND HEAT BRING BACK CIRCULATION.



AND THEN---VIOLENT EXERCISE IN THE BITING WIND AND CAMPFIRE HEAT!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER....

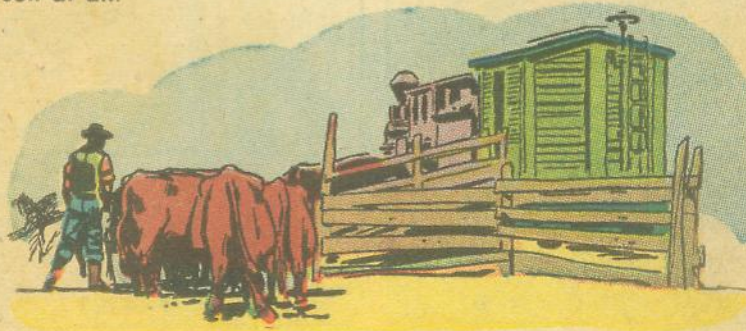


## THE IRON HORSE

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After the scouts had passed through and many claims had been staked, the iron horse made its appearance on the western plains. Often, the Indians had lived in peace with their white neighbors for years. But when they suddenly saw the hissing, puffing steam engine running across the country, bringing thousands of new settlers, they realized that the white man had come to stay and that nothing short of war could drive him out. Luckily, many of the men who first laid down this nation's western railroads were Civil War veterans. Besides their picks and shovels, they carried rifles and revolvers and often the road gang fought pitched battles against marauding braves bent on stopping the westward march of the iron horse.

The railroads changed the West very greatly. They meant swift transportation for small Army garrisons, cheaper rates for importing agricultural machinery and cattleman's supplies and the influx of millions of new settlers. Railroad companies were granted land along their rights of way by the Federal Government and they soon started selling farms and building lots to settlers from the East. Whole towns were laid out and financed by railroad companies. The coming of the railroads ended the long cattle drives of the early West. It was no longer necessary to drive Texas cattle hundreds of miles north to market. Railroad spurs ran south to Abilene, Hays City, Wichita and Dodge City. Cattlemen only had to get their cattle from their ranches to the nearest railroad to sell their product. Without the railroads, the settling of the American West might well have taken another hundred years and much of the territory might never have become American soil at all.



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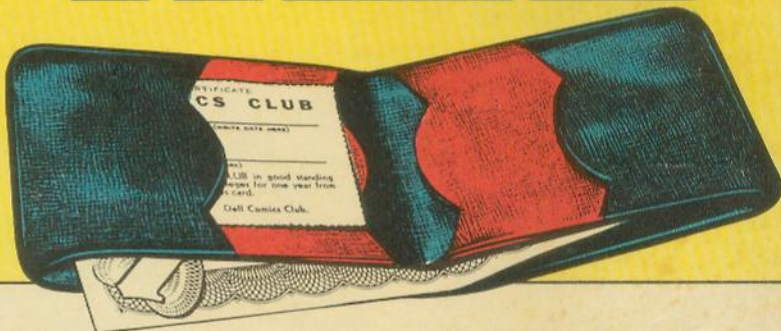
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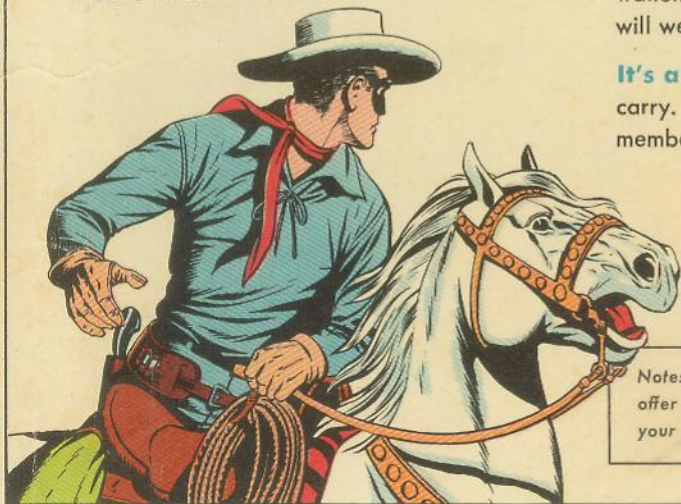


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