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the Lone Ranger

Apache Peril

WHEN CHIEF BLACK HAWK JUMPS THE INDIAN RESERVATION, A HUNDRED WAR PAINTED BRAVES DRAW REIN WITH HIM---



CHIEF BLACK HAWK, AHEAD OF US IS A SETTLER'S RANCH HOUSE, THE FIRST WE HAVE SEEN SINCE WE LEFT THE RESERVATION! HE MAY REPORT OUR MARCH!

ALL WHITE MEN IN THE PATH OF BLACK HAWK DIE!



LET YOUR FIRE ARROWS BURN DOWN THE HOUSE! IF ANY FLEE FROM IT, YOUR GUNS WILL CLAIM THEM!



MINUTES LATER---

BANG! BLAM!

WHOO! WHOO!

THE HOUSE FALLS! NO ONE HAS LEFT IT! NOW APACHES INTO THE HILLS WHERE NONE DARES ATTACK US!



SOON---

HERE WHERE SMOKE AND WE SAW COME FROM, KEMO SABAY! PLENTY INDIAN PONY TRACKS!

YES, TONTO, AND THIS MAY ONLY BE THE FIRST RANCH HOUSE TO FALL TO BLACK HAWK!



DAD! LOOK! THE HOUSE IS **BURNED DOWN!**

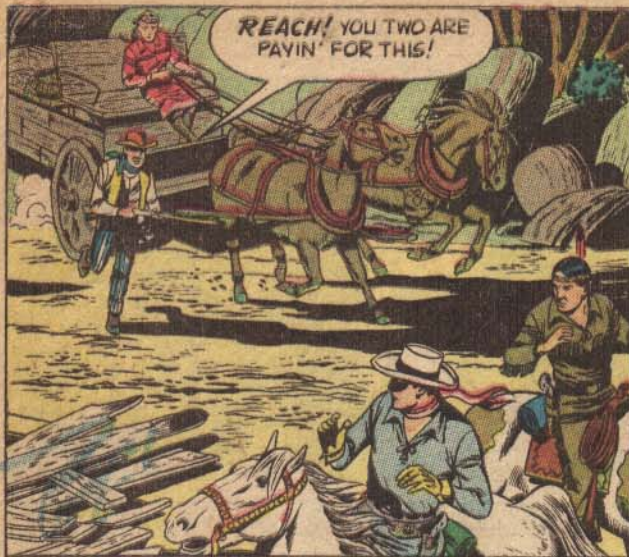
AND I'LL FIX THOSE TWO POLECATS WHO SET IT ON FIRE!



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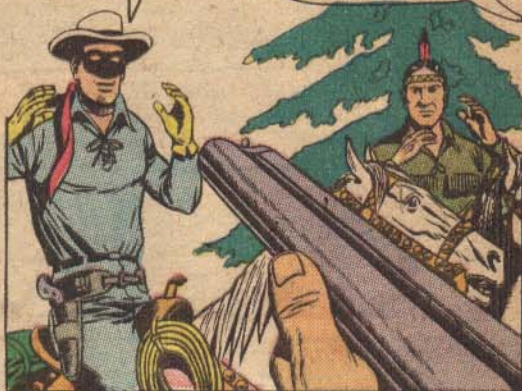
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REACH! YOU TWO ARE PAYIN' FOR THIS!

TONTO AND I *DIDN'T* BURN DOWN YOUR HOUSE! WE WERE TRACKING THE RENEGADE INDIANS WHO DID!

LYIN' ISN'T GOIN' TO SAVE YOUR HIDES --- MARY, FACE THE OTHER WAY! THIS ISN'T GOIN' TO BE A PRETTY SIGHT!



BEFORE YOU PULL THE TRIGGER---LOOK AT THE GROUND!

DAD! HE'S RIGHT! THERE ARE LOTS OF HOOFPRIINTS HERE, BUT ALL MADE BY UNSHOD HORSES--- THEY WERE **INDIAN PONIES!**



THAT'S RIGHT! WE RECEIVED WORD YESTERDAY THAT BLACK HAWK AND HIS BRAVES JUMPED THE RESERVATION! THEY PASSED THIS WAY!

I'M SORRY! I SURE MISJUDGED YOU, MISTER, BUT WHEN I SAW YOUR **MASK** I FIGURED YOU AND THE INDIAN ROBBED AN' SET THE PLACE ON FIRE WHILE WE WERE SHOPPIN' IN TOWN!

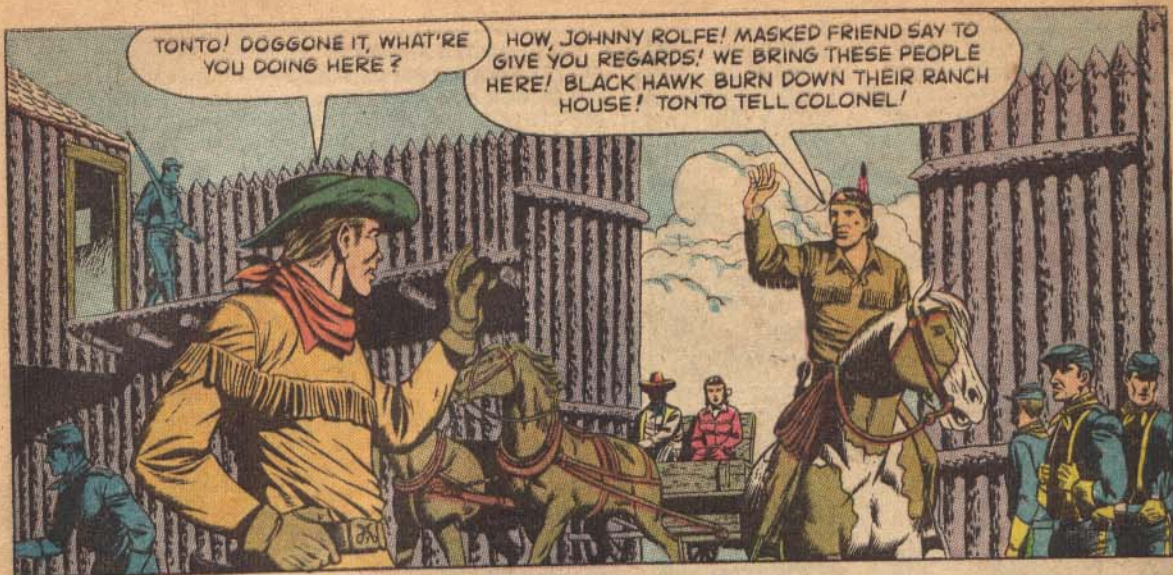


MY MASK DOESN'T MEAN I AM AN OUTLAW! I SUGGEST YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER RIDE TO FORT BLANCHARD! TONTO AND I WILL RIDE WITH YOU --- THEN WE'LL REPORT BLACK HAWK'S DIRECTION OF MARCH!



LATER--- TONTO, MY MASK WILL AROUSE TOO MUCH CURIOSITY! REPORT TO COLONEL WILCOX AND GIVE MY REGARDS TO JOHNNY ROLFE, THE CIVILIAN SCOUT!

UGH, AND THEN MEBBE COLONEL ASK US HELP TRACK DOWN BLACK HAWK!

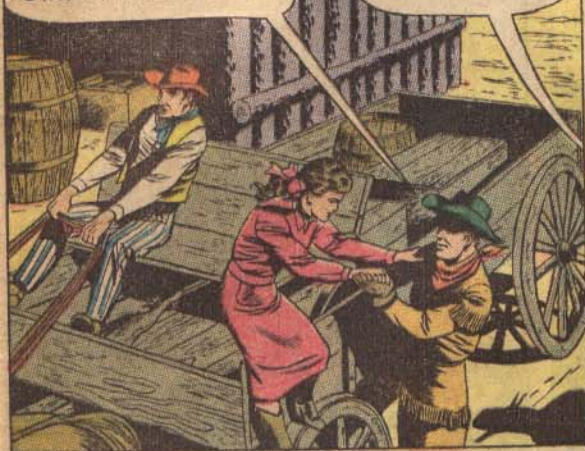


TONTO! DOGGONE IT, WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?

HOW, JOHNNY ROLFE! MASKED FRIEND SAY TO GIVE YOU REGARDS! WE BRING THESE PEOPLE HERE! BLACK HAWK BURN DOWN THEIR RANCH HOUSE! TONTO TELL COLONEL!

NOBODY'LL BE SAFE 'ROUND HERE LONG AS BLACK HAWK'S ON THE LOOSE! YOU FOLKS BETTER STAY AT THE FORT!

IF ANYONE'S STAYING AT THE FORT, I WILL DO THE INVITING!



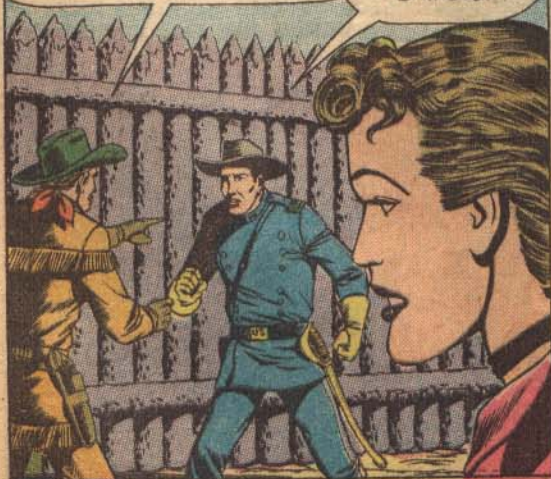
DOGGONE, LIEUTENANT COATES, YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT YOUR WEST POINT COMMISSION DOESN'T MEAN **YOU'RE** RUNNING THIS FORT!

I APOLOGIZE FOR JOHNNY'S LACK OF MANNERS, MISS! WE CAN'T EXPECT TOO MUCH FROM A COWBOY!



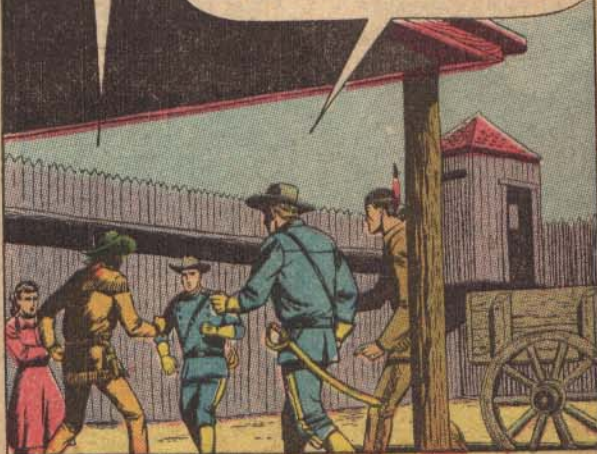
COWBOY! WHY, YOU BRASS-PLATED PARADE GROUND DUDE---

---ROLFE, IF YOU WERE IN UNIFORM---



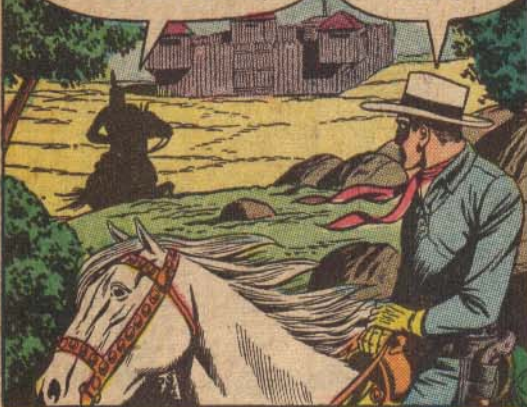
YOU'D PULL YOUR RANK ON ME!

GENTLEMEN, THAT WILL BE ALL! FROM TONTO'S REPORT, I'LL NEED **BOTH** OF YOU TO HELP ROUND UP BLACK HAWK AND HIS RENEGADES!



LATER--- COLONEL SEND JOHNNY ROLFE TO SCOUT FOR TROOPS! BUT HIM AND LIEUTENANT WHO COMMAND TROOPS NOT GET ALONG!

THEY'LL HAVE TO GET ALONG OR THEY'LL HAVE LITTLE CHANCE AGAINST BLACK HAWK!



WE'LL BLAZE A TRAIL FROM HERE TO THE BURNED RANCH HOUSE AND THEN PICK UP BLACK HAWK'S TRAIL! I WANT TO STAY WELL AHEAD OF THE TROOPS IN CASE THE APACHES DOUBLE-BACK ON THEIR TRAIL TO SET AN AMBUSH!

COME ON, SILVER!

GET-UM UP, SCOUT!



AT SUNDOWN, AS JOHNNY ROLFE FOLLOWS THE TRAIL BLAZED BY THE LONE RANGER---

WELL, ROLFE, DESPITE THE "INDIAN SIGNS" THAT ONLY **YOU** SEEM ABLE TO SEE, WE HAVEN'T RUN INTO THE APACHES YET! WE'LL CAMP HERE AND CONTINUE THE PURSUIT IN THE MORNING!

I WOULDN'T ADVISE CAMPING IN THESE HILLS!



YOUR ADVICE IS WELCOME, BUT **I** AM IN COMMAND!

YES, BUT YOU **DON'T** KNOW THE APACHES!



I KNOW WE'RE HEADING FOR A FIGHT! IF MY MEN REST TONIGHT, THEY'LL BE FRESH IN THE MORNING!

THAT MIGHT BE WHAT THE BOOK SAYS, LIEUTENANT, BUT THE APACHES CAN'T READ! THEY MAY ATTACK **TONIGHT!**



MIDNIGHT---

I-IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T SLEEP IN HOSTILE COUNTRY! I'D BETTER SCOUT 'ROUND AN' SEE IF ANY APACHES ARE SNEAKIN' UP ON US!





LIEUTENANT COATES!----
I WAS LOOKIN' FOR APACHES!
YOU'RE DOGGONE LUCKY I
DIDN'T MISTAKE **YOU**
FOR ONE!

I SAW YOU LEAVE
CAMP AND
FOLLOWED! IF THE
SAVAGES WERE AROUND
HERE, WE'D KNOW
IT! WE'RE SAFE!



IF YOU WERE SURE OF THAT
YOU'D BE BACK IN CAMP---
AND SO WOULD I!

ALL RIGHT, JOHNNY,
I ADMIT I'M UNEASY!
LET'S SCOUT AROUND
TOGETHER!

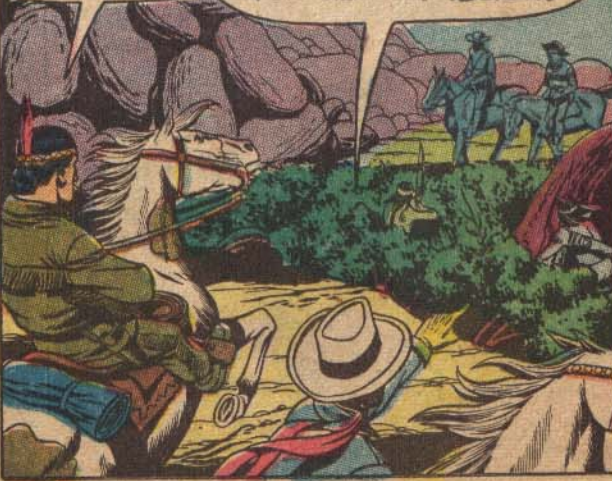


MEANWHILE---- WE FOUND BLACK HAWK'S
CAMP. NOW TO REPORT ITS
LOCATION TO THE PURSUING
TROOPS, TONTO!

KEMO SABAY,
RIDERS COME!



THEM JOHNNY
AND LIEUTENANT!
BUT LOOK JUST BELOW US, TONTO!
TWO APACHES ARE WAITING
FOR THEM IN AMBUSH!



SILENTLY, THEY ADVANCE UPON THE APACHES WHO ARE INTENT ONLY UPON THE TWO RIDERS IN FRONT OF THEM---

NOW, TONTO!
TAKE THEM!



APACHES---
AND A MASKED MAN!

YES, LIEUTENANT, THEY WERE
ABOUT TO AMBUSH YOU!

THANKS, MISTER! THIS
IS THE SECOND TIME YOU
SAVED MY HIDE! ARE THERE
ANY MORE NEARBY?



YES, BLACK HAWK IS CAMPED
A MILE FROM HERE IN A WELL-
GUARDED VALLEY! IF THE
LIEUTENANT WILL BRING UP
HIS MEN, WE CAN SHOW HIM
HOW TO SURPRISE
THE APACHES!

THE MEN **AREN'T**
MOVING UNTIL I
SEE WHERE THE
APACHES ARE
CAMPED! I'M NOT
TAKING THE WORD
OF A MASKED MAN
WHO MAY BE AN
OUTLAW!

BUT, LIEUTENANT,
I'LL VOUCH FOR---

---I SEE THAT WILL **NOT**
CHANGE THE LIEUTENANT'S MIND, JOHNNY!
I'LL SHOW YOU THE APACHE
CAMP! TONTO WILL GUARD THE
PRISONERS HERE!





MEANWHILE, LEAVING THEIR HORSES BELOW---

USE MY LARIAT, LIEUTENANT! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE BLACK HAWK'S CAMP FROM THE TOP OF THIS GAP THAT GUARDS THE VALLEY ENTRANCE!



KEEP LOW! THERE MAY BE LOOKOUTS ON TOP OF THE SLOPE AHEAD!



Y-YOU WERE RIGHT! BLACK HAWK IS CAMPED IN THE VALLEY!

QUIET! I THOUGHT I HEARD HOOFBEATS!

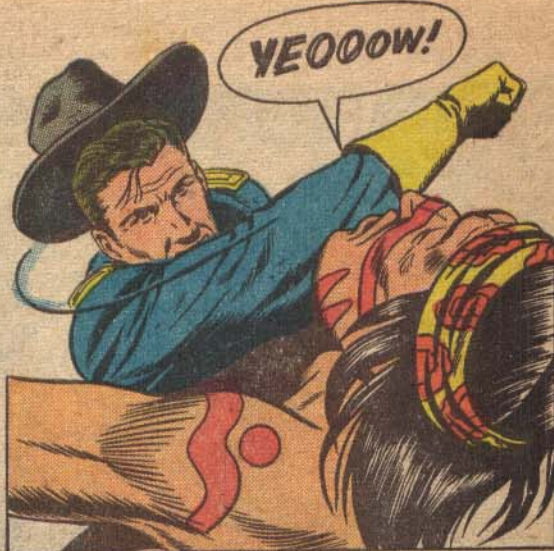


TONTO!---HE'S BEEN CAPTURED!



JOHNNY! DOWN!





LOOK! THE CAMP'S UP! THEY'RE GOIN' FOR THEIR PONIES!

THERE GOES OUR CHANCE TO SURPRISE AND CAPTURE THOSE REDSKINS!



NOT NECESSARILY, LIEUTENANT! THERE STILL IS A CHANCE TO **SURROUND THEM HERE!** THE OTHER END OF THE VALLEY IS A BLIND CANYON! THE ONLY WAY OUT IS THROUGH THE GAP BELOW US!

BUT THE FOUR OF US COULD NEVER KEEP THEM BOTTLED UP IN THE VALLEY UNTIL MY TROOPS HEARD THE GUNFIRE AND RODE HERE TO INVESTIGATE!

IT'S WORTH THE TRY! BUT THE TROOPS WOULD GET HERE FASTER, LIEUTENANT, IF **YOU** WOULD GUIDE THEM---

--- I'LL RIDE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!



IT'LL TAKE A GOOD HALF-HOUR BEFORE THE LIEUTENANT CAN BRING UP THE TROOPS!

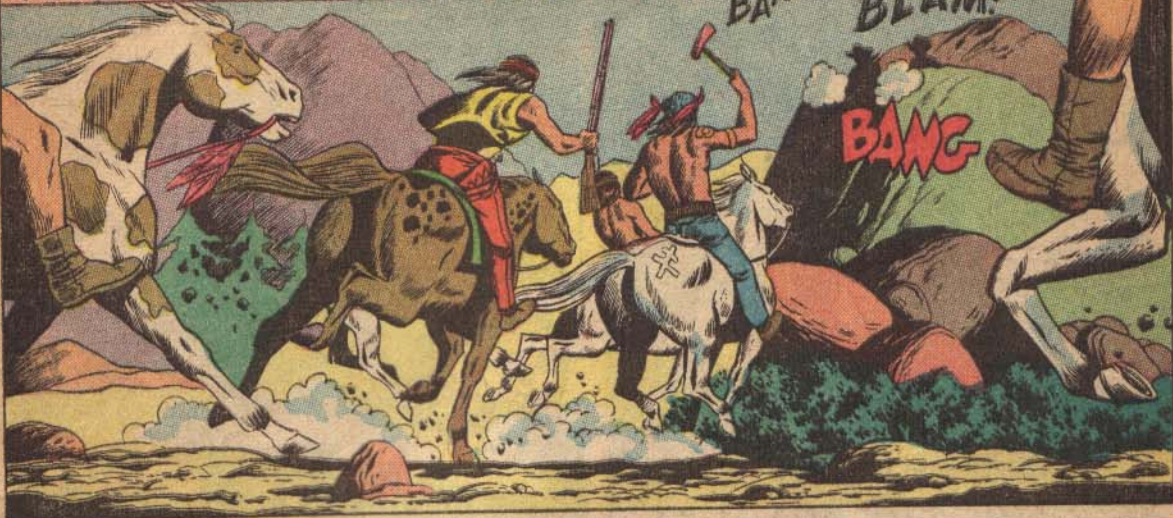
THEN WE'LL HAVE TO HOLD THE GAP FOR AT LEAST HALF AN HOUR, JOHNNY! CHECK YOUR GUNS!



HERE THEY COME!



AS THE BRAVES COME WITHIN PISTOL RANGE, SUDDENLY...





DOGGONE! LOOK AT THE
LIEUTENANT CUT 'EM DOWN!

AIEE!



SECOND AND THIRD SQUAD,
AT A GALLOP---**CLEAR
THE GAP!**



HE GOT 'EM BACKED UP
AGAINST THE VALLEY WALL!

THE LIEUTENANT MANEUVERED THE
TROOPS PERFECTLY, JOHNNY! BLACK HAWK
WILL HAVE TO SURRENDER OR SEE HIS
MEN WIPED OUT!



**AMID HIS BEATEN AND WOUNDED BRAVES, BLACK HAWK
SURRENDERS---**

JOHNNY, WE MIGHT HAVE
ACCOMPLISHED THIS MORE EASILY IF I'D LISTENED TO
THE MASKED MAN AT FIRST AND BROUGHT THE
TROOPS RIGHT UP! I APOLOGIZE FOR NOT
BELIEVING YOU WHEN YOU SAID HE WASN'T
AN OUTLAW!

FORGET IT, LIEUTENANT! YOU
TURNED OUT TO BE SOME
INDIAN FIGHTER!



THANKS, JOHNNY! THAT'S
A REAL COMPLIMENT
COMING FROM A
WESTERNER LIKE YOU!

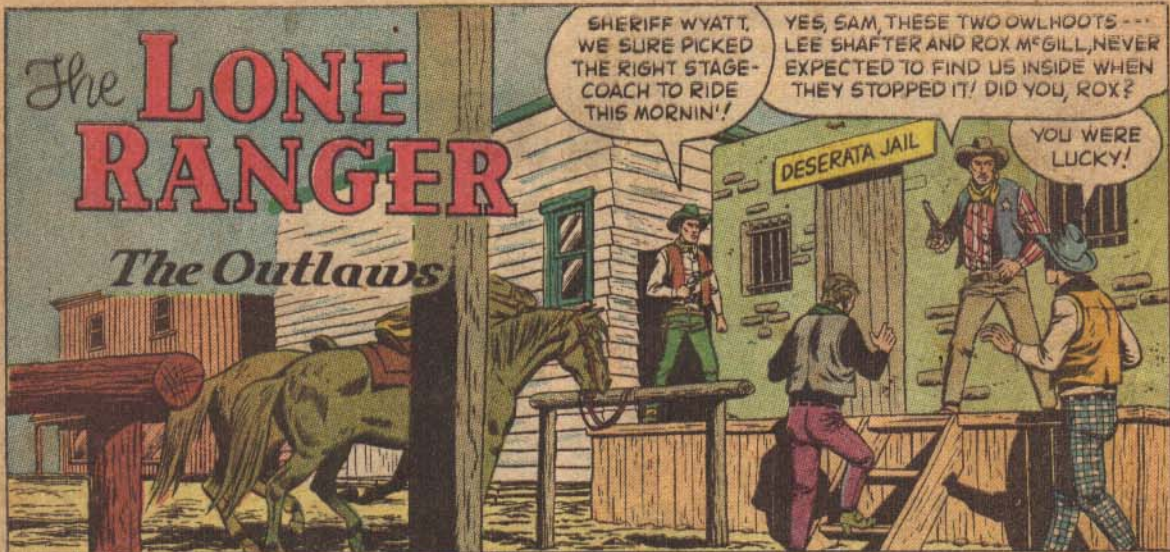
I'M JUST REPEATIN'
THE WORDS OF THE
FINEST WESTERNER I
KNOW---**THE LONE
RANGER!**

**HI-YO,
SILVER! AWAY!**

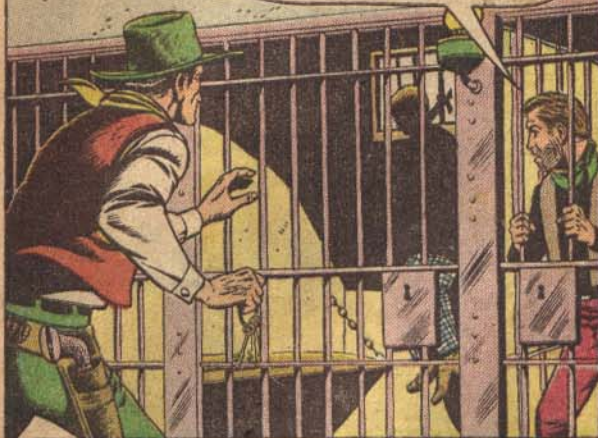


The LONE RANGER

The Outlaws



WHAT'S GOING ON? YOU REMEMBER WHAT HE SAID ABOUT NO LAWMEN HANGING HIM --- THAT'S WHAT HE MEANT! HE'S HANGING HIMSELF!

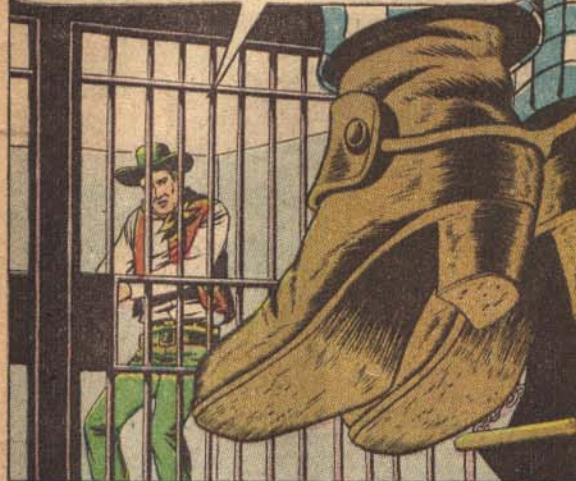


THE CRAZY POLECAT! STOP HIM!

HE'S PASSED OUT ALREADY! RECKON HE'S BEATEN THE LAW AFTER ALL!



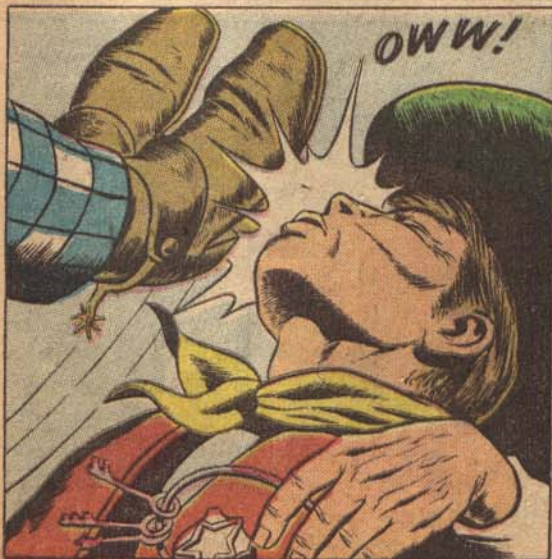
THE LAW SAYS HE'S GOT TO BE PROTECTED TILL HE GETS A FAIR TRIAL! I'LL TAKE HIM DOWN!



YOU'RE TOO LATE! HE'S **DEAD!**



OWW!



THAT'LL KEEP HIM QUIET TILL I GET DOWN! IF I HAD TO HOLD MY BREATH ANOTHER MINUTE, HE'D HAVE SEEN IT WAS A **TRICK!**





TAKE HIS GUN, ROX!

THEN I'LL TIE AND GAG HIM!



I SAW TWO HORSES OUTSIDE! WE'LL TAKE 'EM!

FIRST, I WANT TO PICK UP SOME HARDWARE IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

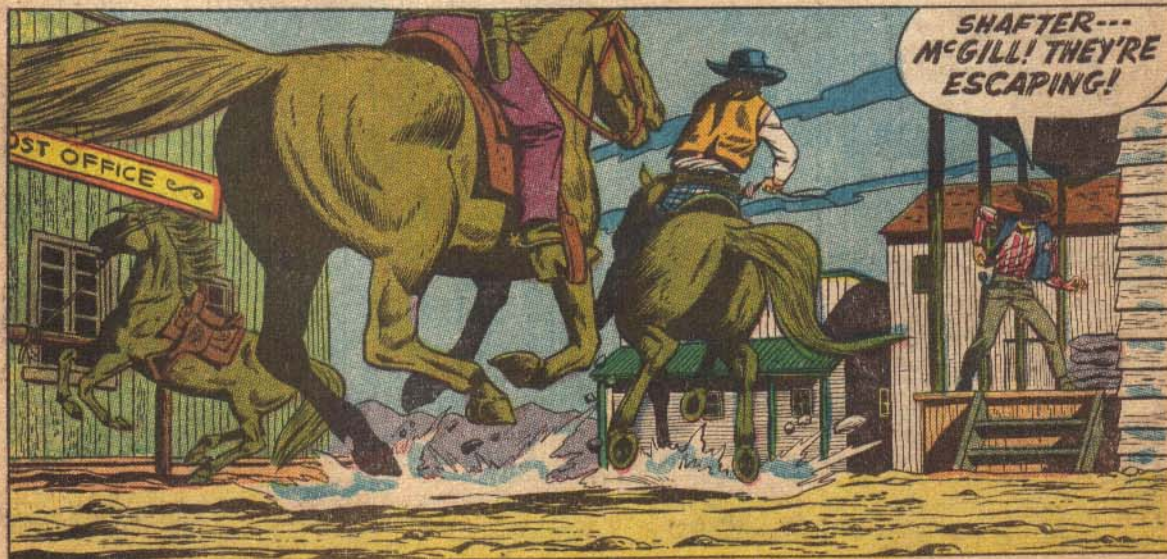
MEANWHILE, AS TONTO BUYS SUPPLIES IN DESERATA'S GENERAL STORE---

WELL, I GOT THE WIRE OFF TO THE MARSHAL, BUT I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO BUY CHOW TO FEED THOSE TWO VARMINTS! SEND SOME GRUB OVER LATER!

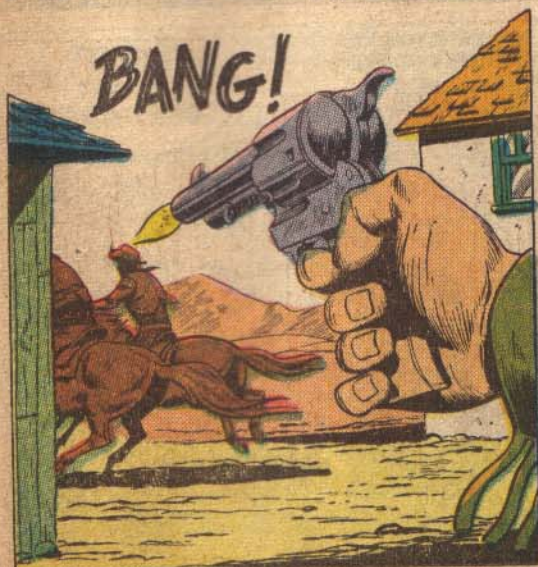
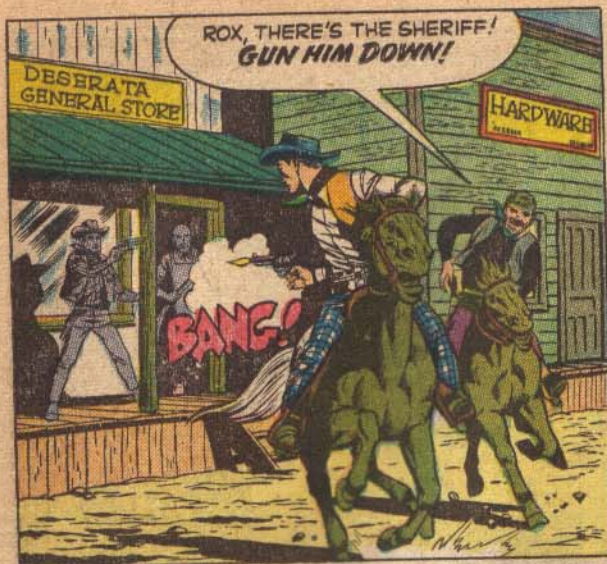
KEEP THEM WELL GUARDED, SHERIFF! THEY'VE BROKEN OUT OF BETTER JAILS!



YOU DELIVER THE FOOD TO ME AND I'LL DELIVER THE OUTLAWS TO THE MARSHAL!



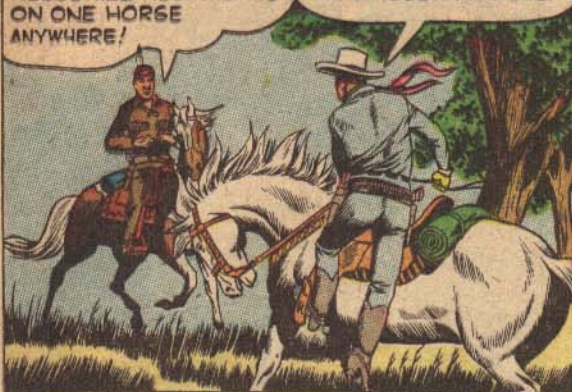
SHAFTER--- MCGILL! THEY'RE ESCAPING!



LATER, TONTO TELLS THE LONE RANGER WHAT HAPPENED IN TOWN---

ME SEE TRACKS OUTLAWS MAKE WHEN THEM RIDE THROUGH STREET! ME RECOGNIZE HOOFPRIENTS ON ONE HORSE ANYWHERE!

DESERATA'S A MINING TOWN, TONTO. THERE AREN'T MANY COWBOYS OR OTHERS ABLE TO RIDE AND FOLLOW A TRAIL!



SHERIFF NOT CONSCIOUS YET AND DEPUTY NOT ABLE LEAD POSSE TILL MORNING!

THEN IT'LL BE UP TO US TO TRACK THE OUTLAWS DOWN! THERE'S NO ONE WHOSE LIFE OR PROPERTY IS SAFE WHILE THOSE TWO MEN ARE FREE!---WE'LL NOT HAVE LIGHT MUCH LONGER! **COME ON, SILVER!**



DAWN, IN THE WILD HILLS BEYOND DESERATA---

ANDY, HURRY WITH THE WATER! I NEED IT FOR COOKING BREAKFAST!

COMIN', LIDA! BUT I WON'T BE HAULING WATER MUCH LONGER! WE'RE GOIN' TO MOVE INTO A FINE HOME SOC.N---THIS TIME **I STRUCK PAY DIRT!**



YES, AND NEXT YEAR, WE'LL TAKE THIS MILLION DOLLARS AND GO TO SAN FRANCISCO AND---

---LIDA, THIS TIME, **I DID FIND GOLD!**



WHERE'D YOU PAN GOLD--- IN THE COOKIN' WATER?

NO! I FOUND A PLACER IN THE NORTH HILLS! **JUST LOOK!**





HIT A VEIN, POP?

KEEP YOUR HANDS
OFF THAT!



JUST ADMIRIN' IT, MA'AM!
BUT WE'RE AFTER
SOMETHIN' TO EAT!

IT'S BEYOND ME
WHAT YOU'RE DOING
IN THESE WILD PARTS
WITHOUT FOOD!



WE'RE PROSPECTIN',
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE
DOIN'!

WITH THE **SMOOTH HANDS**
THEY BOTH HAVE! WHO
DO THEY THINK THEY'RE
FOOLING?



I-IT'S THEM!



SOON---

WELL, THANKS FOR THE
BISCUITS, SOWBELLY AND
BEANS, HOGAN!

GOOD-BYE!



ANDY, GET INSIDE AND GRAB YOUR
GUN! THEY'RE LEE SHAFER AND
ROX MCGILL, THE **WANTED
OUTLAWS!**

WH-WHAT?



YOU HEARD THEM CALL EACH OTHER "ROX" AND "LEE"? THERE'S A BIG REWARD FOR THEM!

THE REWARD DOESN'T CONCERN ME--- IF THEY'RE OWLHOOTS, THEY MAY COME BACK TO JUMP MY CLAIM, UNLESS I GET 'EM NOW!



JUST LEAVE THE RIFLE THERE, HOGAN!

I TOLD YOU THE OLD LADY WAS WISE TO US! GOOD WE STAYED BY THE DOOR AN' LISTENED!



MEANWHILE, FOLLOWING THE OUTLAWS' TRAIL---

KEMO SABAY, LOOK! OUTLAWS' HOOFPRINTS AGAIN!

THOSE ARE **FRESH** TRACKS, TONTO! THEY'VE BEEN MADE ON TOP OF THE MORNING DEW!



THERE TWO HORSES!

REIN IN! WE'LL APPROACH THE SHACK ON FOOT! KEEP HIDDEN!



ALL RIGHT, MRS. HOGAN! TELL US WHERE THAT GOLD NUGGET CAME FROM OR WHEN YOUR HUSBAND STARTS TO GET UP FROM THE FLOOR, WE'LL KNOCK HIM DOWN FOR KEEPS!

S-STOP! I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE FOUND IT!



ROX, WHEN THE OLD COOT COMES TO, WE'LL THREATEN TO **KILL HIS WIFE** UNLESS HE TAKES US TO THE MINE!

LISTEN, TONTO! WE CAN'T RISK FIRING IN THESE CLOSE QUARTERS, BUT I HAVE A PLAN!



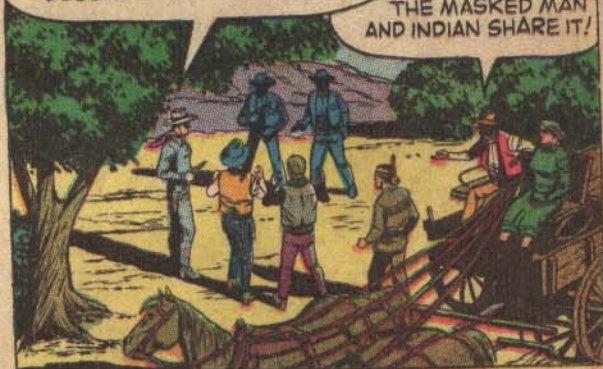




LATER, AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF DESERATA, THE NEWLY-ARRIVED MARSHAL IS FOUND AND INFORMED OF THE PRISONERS' ESCAPE AND RECAPTURE---

MARSHAL, MRS. HOGAN RECOGNIZED THE OUTLAWS AND HER HUSBAND TRIED TO ARREST THEM! THEY DESERVE THE REWARD!

KEEPING MY MINE IS REWARD ENOUGH! LET THE MASKED MAN AND INDIAN SHARE IT!



IF I KNOW THE MASKED MAN AND TONTO THEY'LL NOT ACCEPT ANY REWARD FOR HELPING THE LAW!

I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS OR WHY HE WEARS A MASK, BUT HE SURE PUT IN A TIMELY APPEARANCE!



HE USUALLY DOES! HE'S THE LONE RANGER!

HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!



The LONE RANGER

Across the Canyon

AS JIM HENDERSON LEAVES HIS SUPPLY BASE AT THE RAILHEAD, THIRTY MILES FROM HIS CONSTRUCTION CAMP WHERE HE IS BUILDING A BRIDGE ACROSS CRYSTAL CANYON, SUDDENLY--

HENDERSON
---REIN IN!

A M-MASKED
MAN!

DON'T REACH FOR YOUR GUNS! YOU'RE COVERED, BUT THIS **ISN'T** A HOLDUP! I HAVE A LETTER FOR YOU FROM GENERAL WARREN!

GENERAL WARREN! HE'S HEAD OF CONSTRUCTION FOR THE SOUTHERN & WESTERN! WHAT DOES HE HAVE TO DO WITH **YOU**?

QUICKLY, HENDERSON SCANS THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION---

WELL, NOW THAT GENERAL WARREN'S INFORMED ME WHO YOU ARE, I'M HONORED! BUT WHY HAVE YOU STOPPED ME?

AS YOU KNOW, THE BRIDGE YOU'RE BUILDING ACROSS CRYSTAL CANYON MUST BE COMPLETED BY THE FIRST OF THE YEAR OR SOUTHERN & WESTERN WILL **LOSE** ITS FRANCHISE FOR THE NEW RAILROAD LINE GOING WEST!

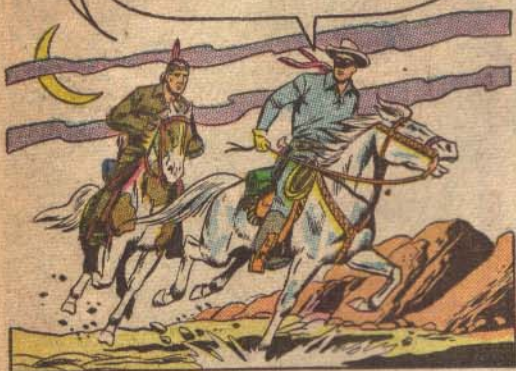
WE'LL HAVE THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE CANYON IN PLENTY OF TIME!

THERE ARE POWERFUL INTERESTS IN WASHINGTON WHO WOULD LIKE TO **PREVENT** THAT BRIDGE FROM BEING COMPLETED SO THEY CAN TAKE OVER THE FRANCHISE! THEY'VE HIRED A MAN CALLED ROGER FORCE TO **DELAY** YOU!

I'VE HEARD OF HIM! HE'S A **TROUBLE-MAKER!** BUT EVEN IF SOMETHING WERE TO HAPPEN TO ME, MY SON BOB IS MY ASSISTANT AND YOU COULDN'T FIND A BETTER CONSTRUCTION BOSS THAN JEREMY STUART! THE BRIDGE'LL CROSS THE CANYON IN TIME --- DON'T WORRY!

HIM NOT
LISTEN,
KEMO
SABAY!

HE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW
DANGEROUS ROGER FORCE IS,
TONTTO! WE'LL TRY TO FIND FORCE'S
CAMP IN THE NORTH HILLS WHERE
HE'S BEEN REPORTED! BUT FIRST,
WE'LL FOLLOW HENDERSON
BACK TO HIS CAMP!



MEANWHILE, IN HIGHLAND VALLEY, JUST NORTH OF
CRYSTAL CANYON---

DID YOU
WRITE THE NOTE THE INJUN
GAVE ME? IT SAYS A FRIEND
FROM KANSAS CITY WANTS
TO SEE ME!

I THOUGHT
THAT'D BRING
YOU--**BUTCH!**



BUTCH! YOU'RE WRONG!
THE NAME IS PETE
SAWYER!

YOUR NAME IS BUTCH
RANKIN, SAME AS MINE
IS ROGER FORCE AND
LETTIN' YOUR BEARD GROW
DOESN'T CHANGE IT!



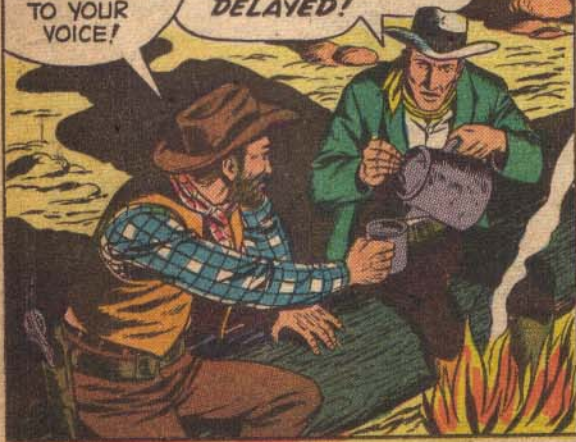
SO YOU KNOW
WHO I AM!
NOW WHAT?

YOU WERE SMART TAKIN' A JOB WITH
THE CONSTRUCTION GANG, BUTCH!
THE LAW WOULD NEVER SUSPECT
YOU'VE TAKEN AN HONEST JOB! AND
YOU'RE IN A PERFECT PLACE TO
MAKE SOME **EASY MONEY!**



KEEP TALKIN',
FORCE, I'M
BEGINNIN' TO
TAKE A SHINE
TO YOUR
VOICE!

I'LL PAY YOU A **HUNDRED
DOLLARS** FOR EVERY DAY
THE BRIDGE-BUILDING ACROSS
CRYSTAL CANYON IS
DELAYED!



IF ANYTHING WERE
TO HAPPEN TO THAT
BRIDGE, IT COULD RUN
INTO IMPORTANT
MONEY!

EXACTLY! AND THE
PROGRESS OF THE
BRIDGE DEPENDS ON
JIM HENDERSON!

I KNOW HE'S EXPECTED
BACK AT CAMP AT DAWN!
NOT ENOUGH LIGHT FOR
YOU TO BE SEEN--- BUT
JUST ENOUGH FOR TAKIN'
CAREFUL AIM!



FORCE, I WANT
A PAYMENT IN
ADVANCE FOR
A JOB LIKE
THAT!

HERE'S FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS,
BUTCH! YOU'LL GET THE REST
WHEN HENDERSON'S OUT OF
THE WAY!--- A WORD OF
CAUTION, THERE'S A **MASKED
MAN** AND AN **INDIAN** ON A
PAINT WHO ARE OUT TO SEE
THE BRIDGE IS FINISHED!

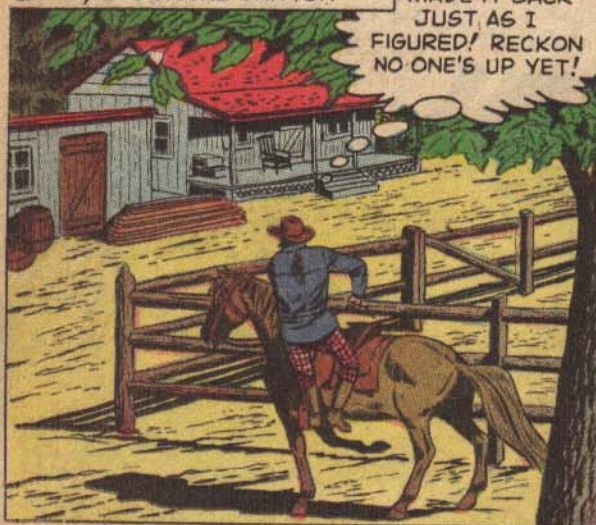


THOSE TWO! IF THEY'RE THE
SAME HOMBRES WHO SENT MY
PARTNER TO JAIL, I'LL GET
THEM AND **HENDERSON**!



DAWN, AT CRYSTAL CANYON---

MADE IT BACK
JUST AS I
FIGURED! RECKON
NO ONE'S UP YET!



THIS LEAD BULLET'S GOING
TO BE WORTH ITS WEIGHT
IN **GOLD**!

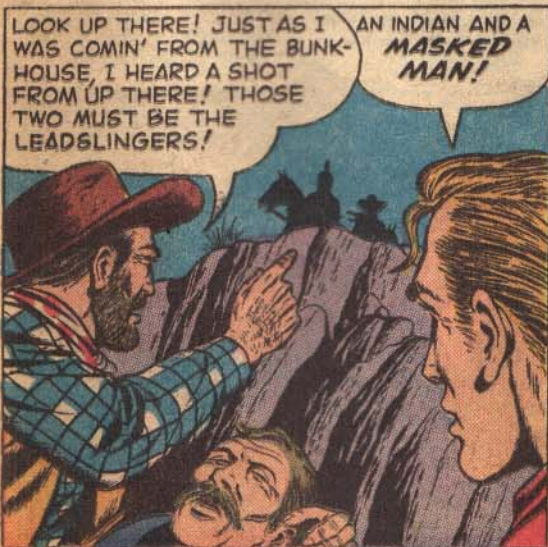
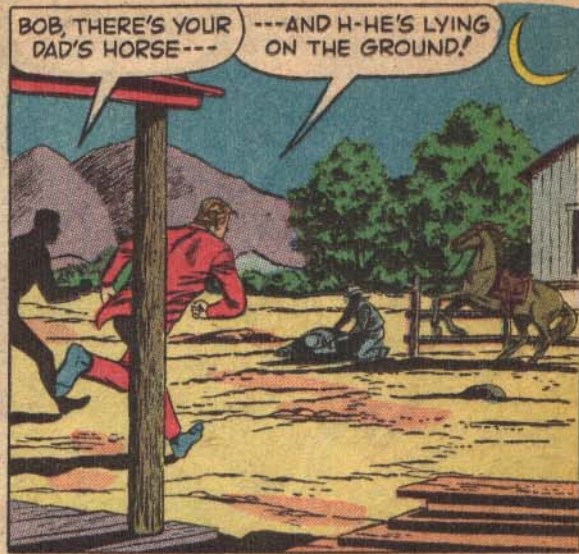


AIEEEE



HEY, JEREMY! GET UP!
I HEARD A **SHOT**!





HENDERSON'S BEEN SHOT AND
THEY THINK WE FIRED AT HIM
--- COME ON, **SILVER!**

**GET-UM UP,
SCOUT!**

ZING!



L I THOUGHT THE SHOT THAT STRUCK HENDERSON
A CAME FROM THE HIGH GROUND TO THE NORTH OF
T THE CAMP, BUT WE'VE FOUND NO TRACES THERE!
R NO AMBUSER **LEFT** THE AREA! --- AS SOON
AS IT'S DARK, TONTO, GO DOWN TO CAMP AND
SEE WHAT YOU CAN LEARN!

UGH!



A FEW HOURS LATER---

ME CREEP CLOSE
TO BUNKHOUSE!
HENDERSON HIT BAD,
BUT HIM STILL ALIVE!
THEY THINK **WE**
SHOOT-UM!

I'M BEGINNING TO
WONDER IF THAT SHOT
COULD HAVE BEEN FIRED
FROM **INSIDE** THE
CAMP!



ME NOT FIND
ANY TRACKS
THAT LEAD
AWAY FROM
CAMP!

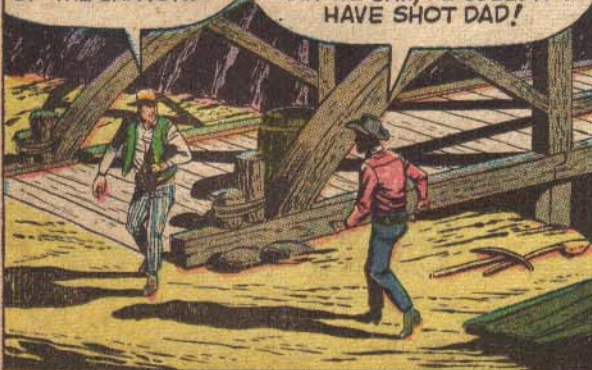
WE KNOW ROGER FORCE
IS CAMPED SOMEWHERE IN THE
HILLS TO THE NORTH! THE SHOOTING
IS SOMETHING HE MIGHT HAVE
PLANNED! TOMORROW WE'LL
TRY TO LOCATE HIS CAMP!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT---

BOB, WE'RE ABOUT
READY TO START THE
BRIDGE FOUNDATION
ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE CANYON!

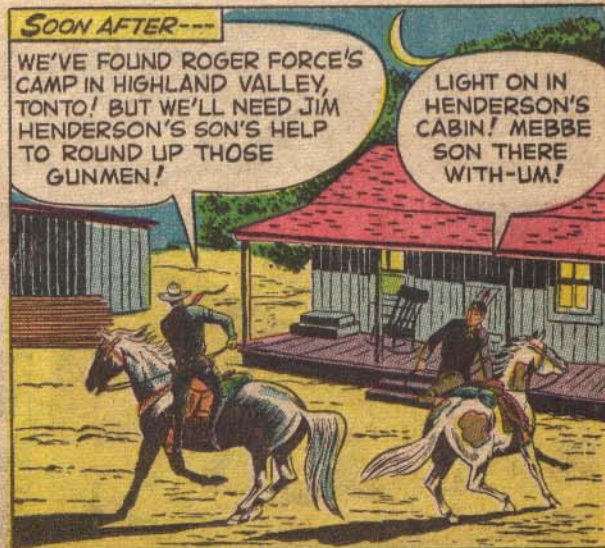
GOOD, JEREMY! --- I
JUST CAME FROM DAD!
IN HIS DELIRIUM, HE KEEPS
MUTTERING ONE NAME ---
THE LONE RANGER!
NOW IF **HE** WAS THE MASKED
MAN WE SAW, HE COULDN'T
HAVE SHOT DAD!



BUT IF THAT MASKED
MAN DIDN'T FIRE,
WHO DID?

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
ANYONE --- EVEN ONE
OF OUR **OWN MEN!**







WAIT HERE, TONTO! I'LL SLIP INSIDE AND KEEP THE MAN WHO IS STAYING WITH HENDERSON COVERED WHILE I EXPLAIN WHY I CAME!



WHAT'S THIS NOTE?



DROP YOUR GUN OR I'LL DROP YOU, MISTER!



YOU'RE WORKING FOR HENDERSON! THIS NOTE IS IMPORTANT!

OH, IT'S THE NOTE STUART GOT!



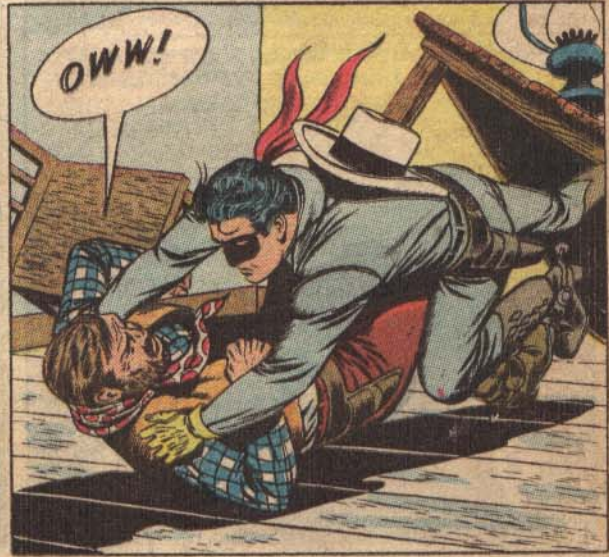
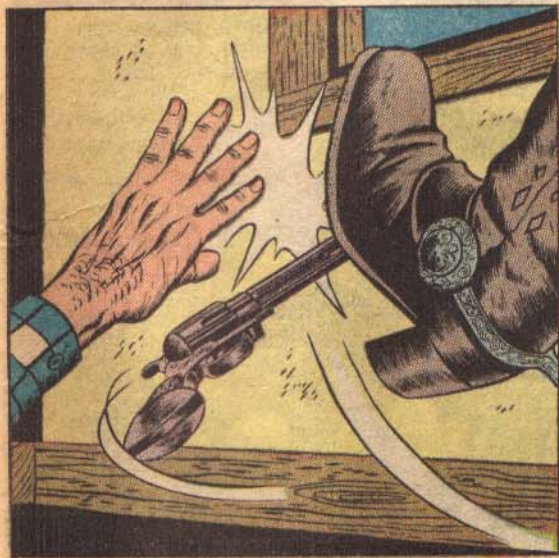
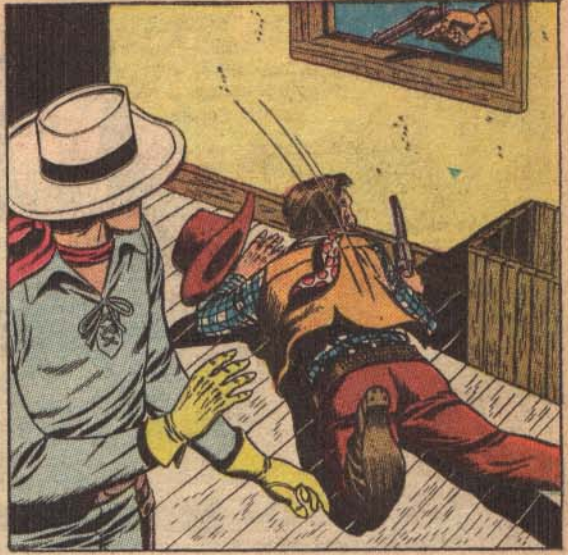
THEN HE MIGHT BE RIDING FOR HIGHLAND VALLEY AND, IF HE DOES, HE'S HEADING INTO A **TRAP**!

I KNOW THAT AND YOU KNOW IT, BUT THEY DON'T AND YOU'RE **NOT** GOIN' TO SAVE STUART OR BOB HENDERSON! **KEEP 'EM HIGH!**



I RECOGNIZE YOU NOW DESPITE THE BEARD! YOU'RE BUTCH RANKIN--- WANTED FOR MURDER IN KANSAS CITY!

THAT'S RIGHT, BUT HERE, I'M A TRUSTED EMPLOYEE! BOB EVEN LEFT ME TO SIT BESIDE HIS OLD MAN! NOW I'LL FINISH OFF HENDERSON **AND** YOU AND SAY **YOU** CAME BACK AND SHOT HIM AGAIN! THEY'LL GIVE ME A MEDAL FOR THIS ONE!



ME HEAR YOU SAY BUTCH RANKIN AND SEE-UM COVER YOU!

WE'LL BIND AND GAG HIM AND YOU'LL STAY HERE TO GUARD HIM AND TAKE CARE OF HENDERSON! RIGHT NOW BOB AND STUART NEED HELP AND I HAVE A WAY TO BRING IT TO THEM!



MINUTES LATER---

STEADY, SILVER! I WANT THE CONSTRUCTION CREW TO SEE ME!

LOOK! THE MASKED MAN WHO PLUGGED HENDERSON! GET HIM!





MOUNT AND
CHASE HIM!

DON'T LET
THE POLECAT
GET AWAY!

MEANWHILE, IN HIGHLAND VALLEY---

ME GIVE STUART
LETTER! THEN
RIDE OFF AND
WATCH-UM! HIM
AND HENDERSON
BOY RIDE THIS
WAY!

SO IT WORKED! STUART MUST'VE
KNOWN HE **DIDN'T** HAVE
ANYTHING TO DO WITH SHOOTING
HENDERSON AND REALIZED
WHOEVER WROTE THE NOTE **DID!**
HE'S COMING TO FIND OUT
WHO WROTE IT!



FORCE, WHAT IF
STUART BRINGS
ALL HIS MEN
HERE?

TWO FELLERS
COME ALONE!

GET READY TO
AMBUSH 'EM
ON THIS SIDE OF
THE CANYON
ENTRANCE!



NEARBY---

BOB, WE'RE
ALMOST TO THE CANYON
ENTRANCE TO HIGHLAND
VALLEY!

---REIN IN,
JEREMY! I HEAR
SOMEONE RIDING
BEHIND US!



IT'S A
**MASKED
MAN!**

HE MAY BE THE
ONE WHO WROTE
THE NOTE! I'LL
DROP HIM
BEFORE HE
SEES US!





COME ON, SILVER!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, JEREMY! DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE CALLED HIS HORSE? **SILVER!**



STUART! BOB HENDERSON! ---DON'T RIDE ON! THERE'S A **TRAP** WAITING FOR YOU AHEAD!

QUICKLY, THE LONE RANGER TELLS THEM WHAT HAPPENED AT CAMP AND THE DANGER THAT AWAITS THEM IN THE VALLEY---

FROM THIS RISE, YOU CAN SEE INTO THE VALLEY! THERE'S NO MOVEMENT BY THE OUTLAWS' FIRE EXCEPT FOR THEIR GRAZING HORSES! THEY MUST BE HIDING IN AMBUSH! I'VE DELIBERATELY HAD YOUR MEN FOLLOW ME! WHEN THEY REACH US, BOB, YOU'LL VOUCH FOR ME AND I'LL LEAD THEM INTO THE VALLEY BY **ANOTHER** ENTRANCE!



SOON, BY THE CANYON ENTRANCE---

WHAT'S TAKIN' 'EM SO LONG, FORCE?

QUIET!--- LISTEN! **WOLVES!**



THEY'RE GOIN' AFTER THE HORSES!

HORSES BREAK LOOSE FROM TETHER! RUN AWAY!

WE'VE GOT TO HEAD 'EM OFF OR WE'LL BE WITHOUT MOUNTS! COME ON!





AIEEE!

TH-THE MASKED
MAN GOT
FORCE!

THROW DOWN
YOUR GUNS
OR YOU'LL BE
NEXT!

D-DON'T FIRE! WE
SURRENDER!



YOU'D NEVER HAVE
CAUGHT US IF THOSE
WOLVES DIDN'T
STAMPEDE OUR
HORSES!

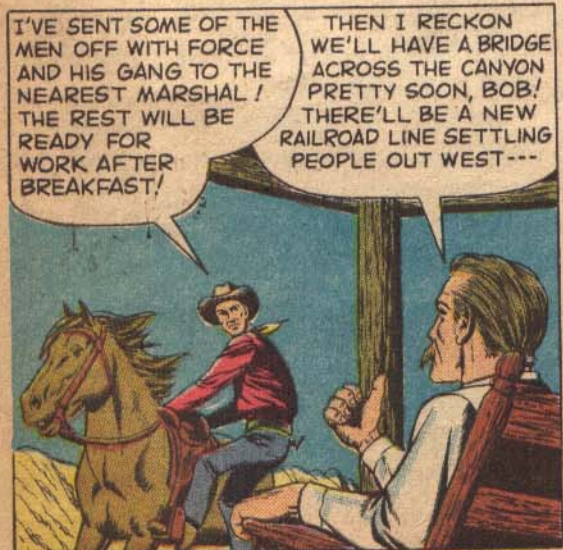
WOLVES! **WE** WERE THE
"WOLVES" YOU HEARD! THE
MASKED MAN KNEW IF WE
MADE YOUR HORSES BOLT,
YOU'D COME OUT IN THE OPEN
WHERE WE COULD ROUND
YOU UP!



LATER---

DAD! YOU'RE
SITTING UP!

YES, BOB! TONTO GAVE ME
SOME MEDICINE AND MY
FEVER BROKE AN
HOUR AGO!



I'VE SENT SOME OF THE
MEN OFF WITH FORCE
AND HIS GANG TO THE
NEAREST MARSHAL!
THE REST WILL BE
READY FOR
WORK AFTER
BREAKFAST!

THEN I RECKON
WE'LL HAVE A BRIDGE
ACROSS THE CANYON
PRETTY SOON, BOB!
THERE'LL BE A NEW
RAILROAD LINE SETTLING
PEOPLE OUT WEST---



THANKS TO **THE
LONE RANGER!**

HI-YO,
SILVER!
AWAY!



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"Big Charlie" Johnson, top hand of the lazy Diamond-M Ranch, pulled his revolver fast and sent two shots echoing after the two big buffalo wolves.

The range was very long but the first bullet actually creased one wolf. It let out a yelp and redoubled its pace. The second shot sounded with a loud "puffy" sort of blast and Charlie felt the gun kick extra badly in his right hand. Dust spurted behind the other animal, so far behind that Charlie knew the shell must have burst or backfired inside his gun.

"Darn!" he complained to himself. "I hope I can get the casing out."

He reined in his pony and turned the cylinder of the big .44 until the dead shell lined up with the hand-operated shell ejector. The split and shattered cartridge case came out of the gun easily enough but when he was reloading the two empty chambers, he noticed something strange about the gun's hammer. It seemed queer, somehow, oddly twisted.

He thumbed back the hammer and it fell right out of the gun. The freak backfire explosion of the defective cartridge had broken the hammer off near its pivot pin. The gun was useless!

He got off his horse and searched in the dust for the broken hammer for a long time before he gave it up as hopeless. He was at least forty miles from camp and the revolver was his only weapon. He had been riding light because he had anticipated no trouble during his regular Spring check-up on the high ranges of the big ranch.

Still, there was nothing much to worry about. But being without a gun in the Dakota

ranching country was not exactly the safest thing possible.

"No use grumbling," he thought as he rode down onto a big rocky plain and squinted into the setting sun. "But no campfire for us tonight," he muttered, slapping his horse's neck. Big Red, his horse, whinnied softly in reply to the affectionate gesture.

There was no use attracting unnecessary attention in this newly-settled, lonely country. They would ride all night.

They plodded onward until after sunset and until the moon rose before Charlie sensed trouble. He stopped and listened. To his right, on top of a flat-topped rise of ground, there was the sound of a horse's snort, quickly suppressed as though a rider had suddenly clamped his fingers on the horse's muzzle. A few seconds later he saw two shadowy figures outlined against the disc of the moon as they started down the slope.

There was no clink of spurs or metallic clatter of horseshoes on the rocks. Listening intently, he could not make out the creak and groan of saddle leather.

"Indians!" he thought. "Sure as shooting, that's two Sioux braves sneaking away from the reservation."

Supposedly, all the Sioux in the district were peaceful and content to live on the ground reserved for them by the government. But there were always some who were never satisfied with the peaceful life. They were enemies to the isolated ranchers and to their own people as well—bloodthirsty young braves, always anxious to win glory even if they could not brag about it in public.

Gently, he urged Big Red into a slow walk.

There was just a chance that he could get away without being seen. "No use asking for trouble," he said to himself. But there was no hope of that. The two braves fell in behind him and followed leisurely, riding at his own pace. Glancing back, he saw the glint of moonlight on a rifle barrel. He had to make his decision and quickly.

"How!" he shouted in a loud voice, raising his hand in the universal sign of peace. He turned Big Red and rode straight toward the two braves.

The two riders were so surprised, they jerked their ponies to a stop.

"Why do I find my Indian brothers so far from home?" he called out loudly. The Indians only sat their horses in silence. "Probably think I'm crazy," Charlie muttered. Nothing else could explain a cowpuncher foolish enough to approach two armed Indians alone.

With extreme caution, Charlie let the reins drape easily on the right side of Big Red's neck. "Neck-reining" perfectly, the horse shifted direction slightly so that Charlie's right side and arm were hidden behind Big Red's neck and head. Carefully, Charlie jerked his lariat free and snaked out a big loop which dangled to the ground behind his horse's shoulder.

"I've got to get a little closer," Charlie thought, "just a little closer!" He was about thirty yards away.

But then he saw the glint of moonlight on the rifle barrel again. One of the braves was slowly raising his carbine, moving slowly as though spellbound by the cowboy's slow, confident approach. Higher and higher rose the



gun, coming closer and closer to a level with Charlie's chest.

"EEEEEEEEEEYAH!" Charlie shouted as he kicked Big Red into a sudden burst of speed and ducked down in his saddle.

The big-bored carbine went off with a loud "CRACK" but the bullet sped past the galloping, dodging cowboy with a harmless whistle.

Charlie whipped his arm over to his left side and spread his loop with a lightning-like twist of his wrist. He sped past the surprised Indians so closely that he heard one of them grunt. The loop settled around the two Indians and the cowpuncher took a quick turn around his saddle horn and braced himself for the shock. The rope snubbed short with a twang.

He reined in instantly and leaped out of his saddle. In a split second, he was running toward the two struggling braves with his clubbed pistol upraised.

But there was no need to hurry. Both Indian braves were struggling harmlessly with the rope that bound them both close together and held their arms tightly to their sides.

Calmly, Charlie picked up one of the carbines from the ground and cocked the hammer. "Well," he said softly, "I guess they'll be glad to see you at the reservation. They've been looking for you, I reckon."

The only answer he got was a soft whinny from Big Red. The horse was standing as a good cowpony should after a good "catch" with a rope. He leaned on the taut line, keeping a strain on it, as though there was a kicking, lunging steer at the other end instead of two hostile braves.



YOUNG HAWK

SEE, LITTLE BUCK!
THE SUN COMES UP
OUT OF HIS LODGE BELOW
THE EARTH...

... AND HIS FACE
LIGHTS THE WORLD,
YOUNG HAWK! IT IS GOOD
TO BE ALIVE!

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UGH! TRULY IT IS GOOD! BUT FOR
YOUR BRAVE FIGHT WHEN THE SIOUX
RAIDERS ATTACKED LAST NIGHT, I
WOULD NOT BE ALIVE!

CHIEF BIG
OTTER HONORS
US!

I WILL GIVE YOU MORE
HONOR! BUT TODAY WE
HUNT THE DEER AND
THE BEAR, MY SONS!

AND FEAST
TONIGHT? *THAT*
WILL BE GOOD!

I WILL CALL MY
YOUNG MEN! WE WILL MAKE
IT A GREAT HUNT!

TUNK!!
TUNK-A-TUNK!
TUNK!

WE SHALL NEED MANY DEER--AND
BEAR IF WE CAN FIND THEM! MEAT FOR
A FEAST! LET YOUR EYES BE KEEN AND
YOUR ARROWS TRUE, MY WARRIORS!

AS THE YOUNG SHOSHONE BRAVES ARRIVE,
THEIR CHIEF GIVES ORDERS!



WAGH! YEE-HOOO! WE WILL TAKE MUCH MEAT! WE WILL SHOW YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK HOW SHOSHONES HUNT!

WITH GOOD-NATURED WHOOPS, THE YOUNG MEN RUN TO THEIR CANOES...



... ALL EXCEPT YOUNG CANUGA, WHOSE HATRED OF THE TWO MANDAN YOUTHS IS LIKE A FIRE IN HIS HEART...



GOOD HUNTING, WARRIORS!

GOOD MORNING, NEH-QUINA! AND THANKS!

... BECAUSE PRETTY NEH-QUINA HAS SEEN THE BOYS MAKE A FOOL OF HIM!



MY DOG, TUMBLEWEED, IS GOOD AT TRACKING BEARS, O CHIEF!

LET HIM COME THEN, YOUNG HAWK!



TUMBLEWEED WILL KEEP QUIET IF WE SIGHT DEER.

THAT IS BETTER YET! FOR WE SHALL LEAD THE OTHER CANOES...



... AND THE DEER OFTEN COME DOWN TO DRINK--AT A PLACE BEYOND THE RIVER BEND! THE SUN WILL BE IN THEIR EYES...





INSTANTLY, THE DEER BOUND FOR COVER-- EACH OF THE BUCKS, WITH A MORTAL WOUND.



GOOD SHOOTING, MY SONS! WE WILL FIND THEM DEAD...



...NOT FAR FROM SHORE!..

YARK!
YARK!



...ALL THREE OF THEM! YOU SHOOT AS WELL AS YOU FIGHT, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK!



WE WILL HANG YOUR BUCK-- AND OURS-- FOR THE WOMEN TO FIND! THEY WILL BRING THE MEAT AND HIDES HOME!

PERHAPS I SHOULD TAKE OUT MY ARROW--



LEAVE IT, YOUNG HAWK! THE WOMEN WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT-- AND SAVE US TIME FOR HUNTING!



DEEP IN THE TIMBER, A BIG BLACK BEAR
SHUFFLES AWAY WITH AN ANGRY GROWL
AT THE SOUNDS OF PURSUIT.

BUT ANGRY AT THE YAPPING NUISANCE ON HIS
TRAIL, THE BEAR TURNS TO DESTROY IT!



R-RUFF!

YAP!



GRRHH!

YARK!
YARK!
YARK!

DODGING ALL THE BRUTE'S BLOWS, THE LITTLE DOG KEEPS UP HIS YAPPING, BOUNCING ATTACK--KNOWING WELL THAT HIS MASTER IS ON THE WAY.



YAP, YAP,
YARK!

HAH! YOUR LITTLE
TUMBLEWEED HAS
DONE IT!

YOUR
FIRST SHOT,
CHIEF!



WE WILL ALL SHOOT AT
ONCE, YOUNG MEN! NO ONE
ARROW WILL STOP THAT
BEAR QUICKLY!



YAR-ARP!

UGHH!

TWANG!



ARRR-
RGHHH!

SHOOT--AGHH!!

WITH A DEEP-THROATED ROAR, THE WOUNDED BEAST CHARGES--A QUARTER TON OF FURY.





FROM HIDING, THE JEALOUS CANUGA WATCHES, WITH MURDEROUS HATE...

I HAVE A PLAN THAT WILL MAKE THE OLD CHIEF SING ANOTHER SONG-- INSTEAD OF PRAISES TO "MY SONS"! THIS ARROW OF YOUNG HAWK'S, WHICH I CUT FROM THE DEER HE SHOT... UMMM!



I'LL FOLLOW HIM! AND WHEN I SEE MY CHANCE--



HO, YOUNG MEN! THIS WAY! WE HAVE A BEAR!

UGHH? IS IT DEAD?



REACHING THE RIVER, BIG OTTER FINDS ANOTHER CANOE DRAWN UP.

YOUNG HAWK SLEW THE BEAR WITH HIS KNIFE, STANDING CHEST TO CHEST!

WAH!



YEOW!

ZIPP!
PLUNK!



THAT ARROW-- IT HAS YOUNG HAWK'S PRIVATE MARK!

HUH-UGH!

IT WAS AIMED AT YOU, O, CHIEF!





SHORT TIME AFTERWARDS...



HERE THEY COME! THEY PRETEND NOT TO HAVE BEEN NEAR THE RIVER!



DROP YOUR BOWS, MANDANS!

HUH? WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?



WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US, WARRIORS?

TO THE CHIEF--AT WHOM YOU SHOT A TREACHEROUS ARROW!

HE LIVES--NO THANKS TO YOU!

A

MOMENT LATER, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK ARE HELPLESS...



WE CAUGHT THEM, CHIEF-- WITHOUT A FIGHT...



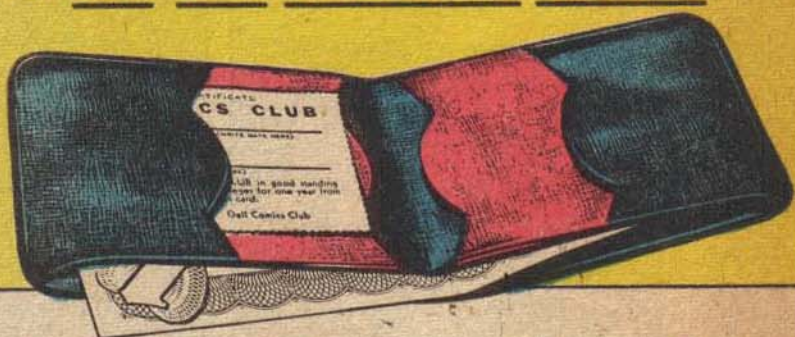
...AND YOU MAY LET THEM GO FREE, MY WARRIORS! THIS ARROW IS YOUNG HAWK'S-- BUT IT HAS DEER BLOOD-- AND DEER HAIR ON IT!



IT IS PLAIN THAT SOME ENEMY FOLLOWED US-- AND CUT YOUNG HAWK'S ARROW OUT OF HIS DEER-- AND SHOT AT ME IN ORDER TO LAY A CRIME OF **TREACHERY** AT THE DOOR OF MY YOUNG FRIENDS! THEY ARE INNOCENT!

SAVE MONEY AND GET THIS HANDSOME WALLET

AS A
FREE
GIFT, TOO!

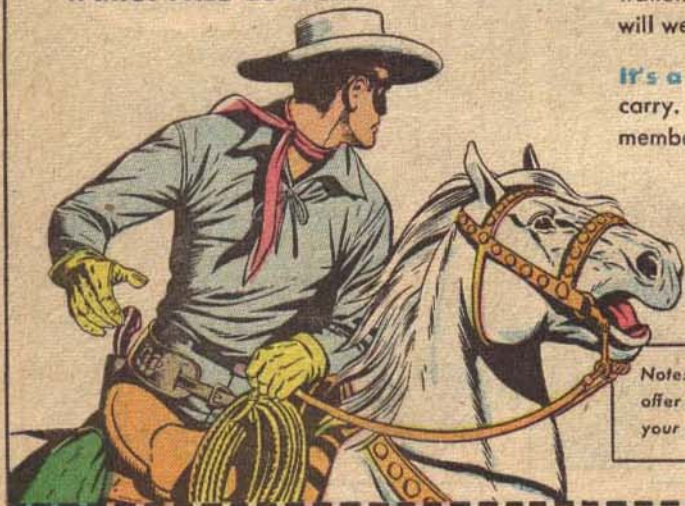


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