

DELL
COMIC

MARCH

10¢

the Lone Ranger



THE ARIKARA INDIANS

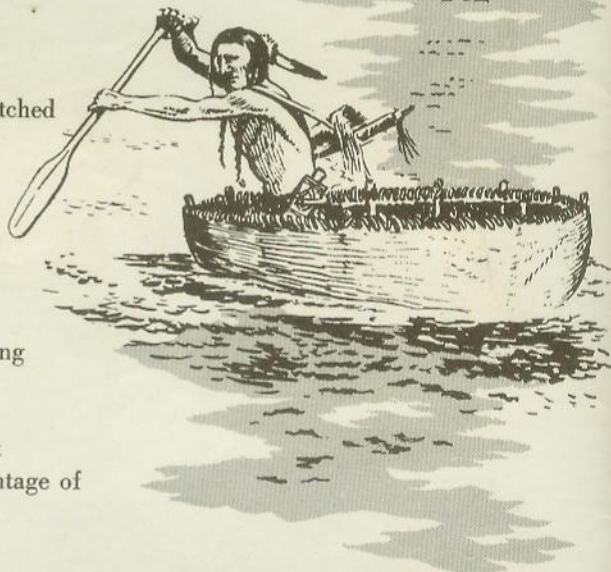
THEIR LAND AND CUSTOMS



Originally, the Arikara inhabited a range southwest of their historic village sites, where they were closely allied with the Skidi Pawnee. Tradition and tribal history indicate that at some point in the broad Missouri valley the Skidi and the Arikara parted, the Skidi settling along the Loup River in Nebraska, the Arikara migrating northeast, building their villages on the bluffs of the Missouri as far south as Omaha.

Their boats were made from a single buffalo skin stretched hair side in over a frame of willows bent round like a basket and tied to a hoop three or four feet in diameter. This "bull boat" was light enough to prove no burden to a woman, and was buoyant enough to carry three men across the Missouri with reasonable safety.

The Arikara hunted the buffalo in the winter, returning to their villages in the early spring, where they spent the time before planting in dressing the pelts. Their fish supply was obtained by means of basket traps. They were expert swimmers and often took advantage of their skill by killing buffalo in the water as the great herds crossed the river.



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the Lone Ranger

THE RAILROAD ROBBERIES

AS THE WESTBOUND TRAIN SPEEDS FROM REDTOWN, SUDDENLY---

USE THE BRAKES, JIM!
CATTLE AHEAD!

THE FOOL COWHANDS!
THEY OUGHT TO KNOW
BETTER THAN TO DRIVE
THEIR LONGHORNS RIGHT
ACROSS THE RAILS!



CLEAR THE
TRACKS!

TOOT! TOOT!

SORRY THE
HERD STRAYED!
WE'LL MOVE
'EM!

REACH!

WHAT IN
BLAZES?

BACK AWAY FROM THE CONTROLS!
NOT THAT YOU COULD START
THIS TRAIN WITH THOSE
STEERS PARKED ON THE
TRACKS!

COVER 'EM
WHILE WE SEARCH
THE PASSENGERS
AND LOOT THE
EXPRESS CAR!

ON ANOTHER TRAIN, A WEEK LATER, AS
SECRET GUARDS RIDE WITH THE PASSENGERS---

DON'T MOVE, MISTER! WE
KNOW YOU AND YOUR PARTNER
IN THE OTHER CAR ARE GUARDS!
BUT YOU'RE **NOT** STOPPING
THIS HOLDUP! SAVVY?

L.R.#81-553

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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

JUST FILL IT UP, FOLKS, AND NOBODY WILL BE HURT!



MINUTES LATER THE EMERGENCY BRAKE IS PULLED AND THE GANG MOUNTS WAITING HORSES---



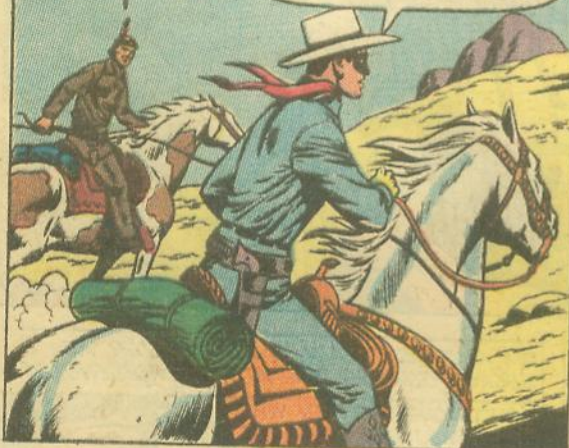
A LITTLE LEAD'LL KEEP THEM DOWN TILL WE'RE OUT OF RANGE!

BANG!

BLAM!

KEMO SABAY, PLENTY GUNFIRE!

IT'S COMING FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE RAILROAD TRACKS! ---COME ON, SILVER!



TRAIN STOPPED!

THERE'S DUST IN THE DISTANCE---RIDERS! THE TRAIN MAY HAVE BEEN STOPPED AND ROBBED BY THE GANG WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR!



LATER--

TONTO NOT FIND TRACKS ON THIS SIDE OF THE STREAM!

AND THERE WAS NO TRACE OF WHERE THEY CAME OUT IN MY DIRECTION! THEY'VE COVERED THEIR TRAIL WELL!



THIS IS THE FOURTH RAILROAD ROBBERY IN THIS AREA WITHIN TWO WEEKS, TONTO! WE'LL RIDE TO REDTOWN! I'LL GIVE YOU A TELEGRAM TO SEND TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE LINE IN ST. LOUIS! WE TOLD HIM WE'D KEEP IN CONSTANT TOUCH!

UGH! BUT IT NOT BE GOOD NEWS WE SEND-UM!

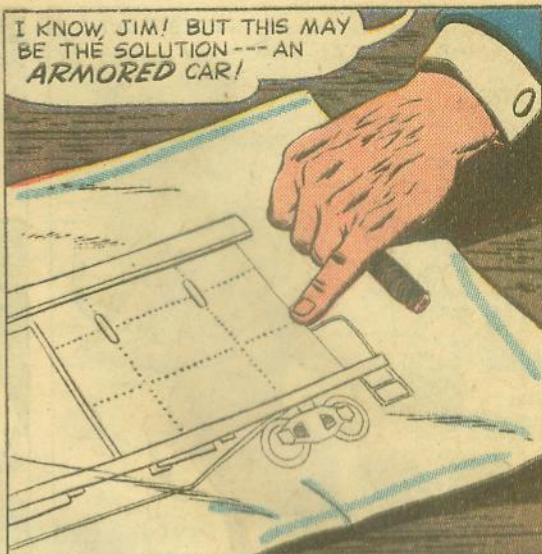


LATER, IN ST. LOUIS---

THIS TELEGRAM STATES OUR MASKED FRIEND AND TONTO LOST THE OUTLAWS' TRAIL NEAR REDTOWN!

THEY'VE BEATEN US AGAIN, MR. BELDING! WE'RE LOSING VALUABLE EXPRESS SHIPMENTS DUE TO THIS SERIES OF ROBBERIES! FREIGHTERS ARE AFRAID TO USE OUR LINE!

I KNOW, JIM! BUT THIS MAY BE THE SOLUTION---AN ARMORED CAR!



THESE CARS ARE REINFORCED WITH METAL! THE DOORS ARE LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE! THERE ARE GUN SLOTS THROUGH WHICH THE GUARDS CAN FIGHT OFF ROBBERS! WE'LL PUT THESE CARS IN USE AT ONCE!



TWO DAYS LATER, INSIDE THE NEW CAR, AS THE WESTBOUND TRAIN STOPS SUDDENLY---

LOGS ARE BLOCKING THE TRACKS!

--- WAIT TILL THOSE OWLHOOTS WHO PUT 'EM THERE TRY TO BREAK INTO THIS CAR!





LATER, IN THE REAR OF CHET KANE'S HARDWARE STORE IN REDTOWN---



WE'D BETTER LAY OFF TRAIN ROBBERIES! YOU CAN'T GET INTO THOSE ARMORED EXPRESS CARS!

SO THE RAILROAD OFFICIALS THINK THEY CAN OUTSMART CHET KANE, DO THEY? WELL, INSTEAD OF GIVING UP, I'M GOING TO SHOW THEM HOW SMART I AM!



HOLD ON, CHET! YOU MAY BE THE ONE WHO GETS THE **INSIDE INFORMATION** ON SHIPMENTS AND PLANS THESE JOBS, BUT **WE** TAKE THE CHANCES!

YOU'LL DO AS I SAY---

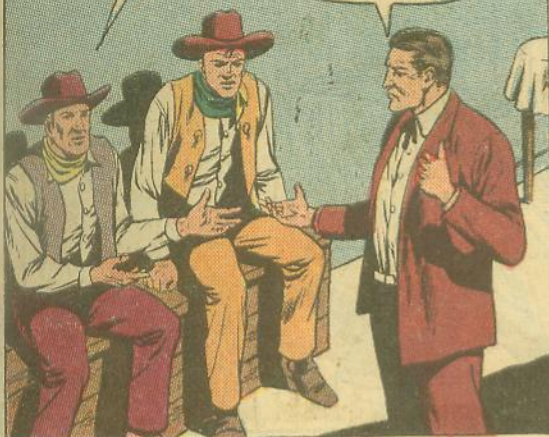


I HAVE ENOUGH **EVIDENCE** IN MY SAFE TO SEND ANY ONE OF YOU TO **PRISON FOR LIFE!** WE'VE TAKEN PLENTY FROM THE RAILROAD AND WE'LL **GO ON ROBBING IT!**



IT'S SUICIDE! WE CAN'T RIDE AGAINST THOSE NEW EXPRESS CARS---

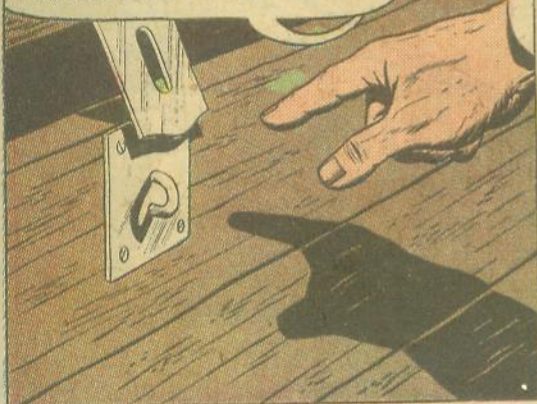
---THERE'S A WAY! AND YOU TWO ARE SITTING ON IT! **GET UP!**



CHESTS LIKE THESE ARE USED ON CHUCK WAGONS TO HOLD COOKING UTENSILS! I SHIP A LOT OF THEM BY RAIL!

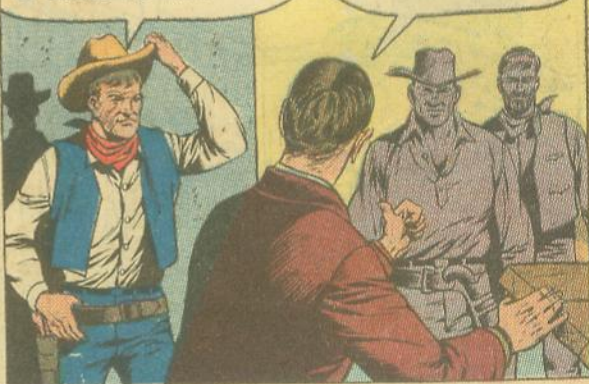


ONLY THIS ONE WILL BE SHIPPED OUT WITH **AIR HOLES** IN IT AND THIS LOCK PLATE'S BOLTS WILL BE **FILED OFF** ON THE **INSIDE!** THEN ALL A **MAN INSIDE** HAS TO DO WHEN HE WANTS TO GET OUT IS PUSH THE BOLTS THROUGH AND RAISE THE LID!



SAY! WHEN THE TRAIN'S STOPPED, HE COULD COME OUT, PLUG THE GUARDS INSIDE THE EXPRESS CAR AND OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE OTHERS! BUT **WHO** IS GOING TO HIDE---

---**I** WILL! NEXT TIME I HEAR OF A BIG SHIPMENT WE'LL SHOW THOSE RAILROAD OFFICIALS THEIR CARS **AREN'T** ROBBERPROOF!



TWO DAYS LATER---

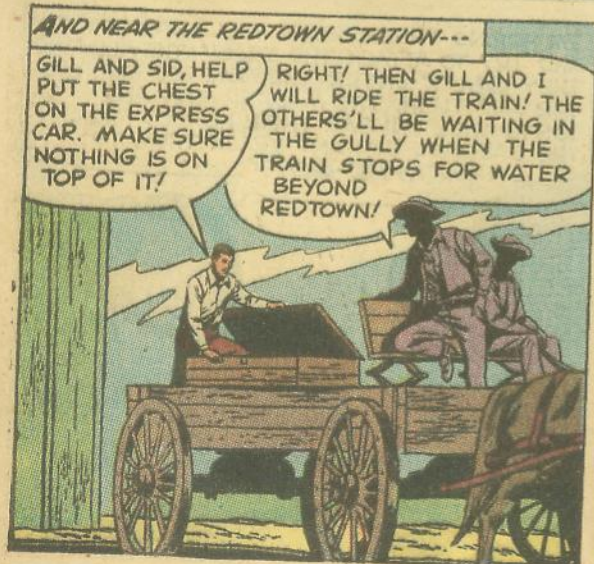
HERE'S THE CONFIRMING TELEGRAM, MR. BELDING! THE MASKED MAN AND TONTO WILL BOARD THE WESTBOUND PECOS EXPRESS JUST EAST OF REDTOWN ON WEDNESDAY!

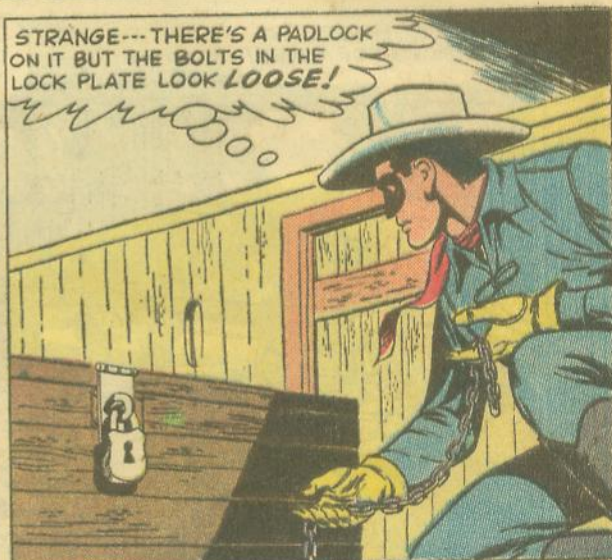
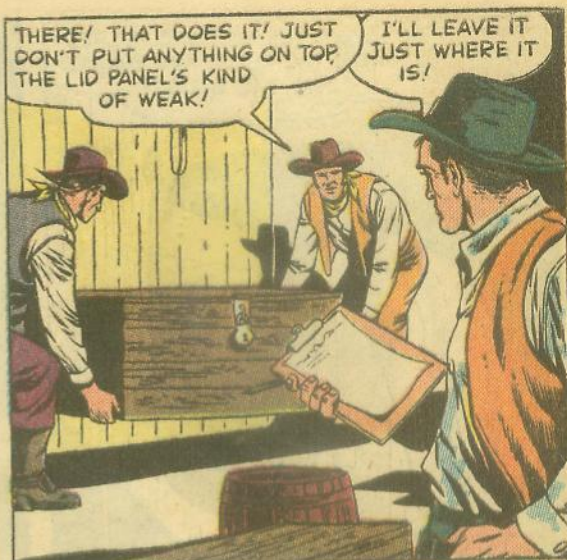
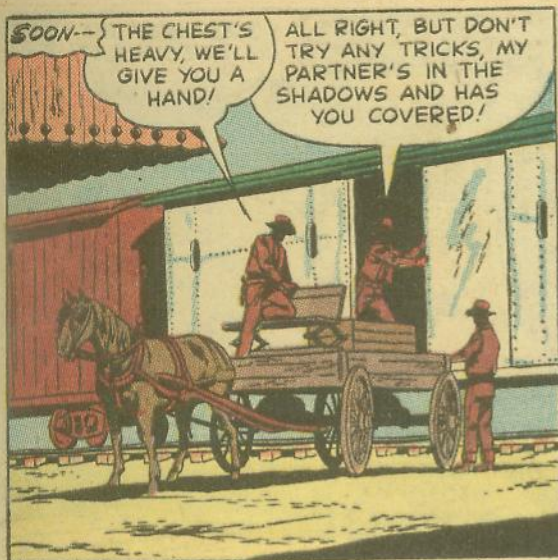
GOOD! NOW WE'LL LET IT BE KNOWN THERE'S A LARGE **GOLD** SHIPMENT ON BOARD!

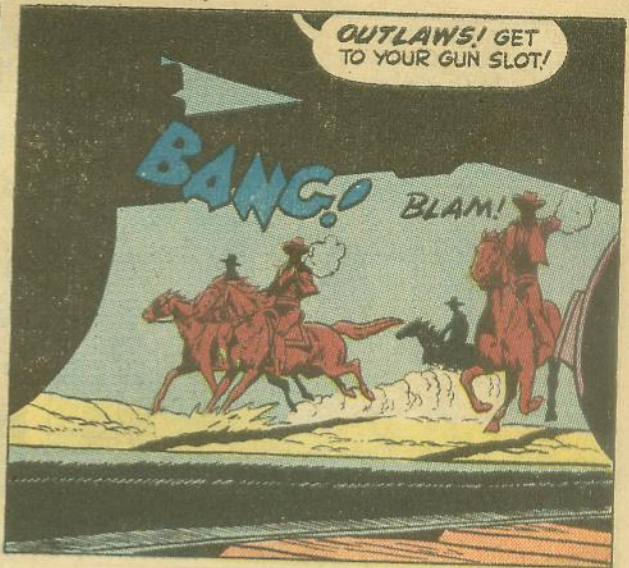


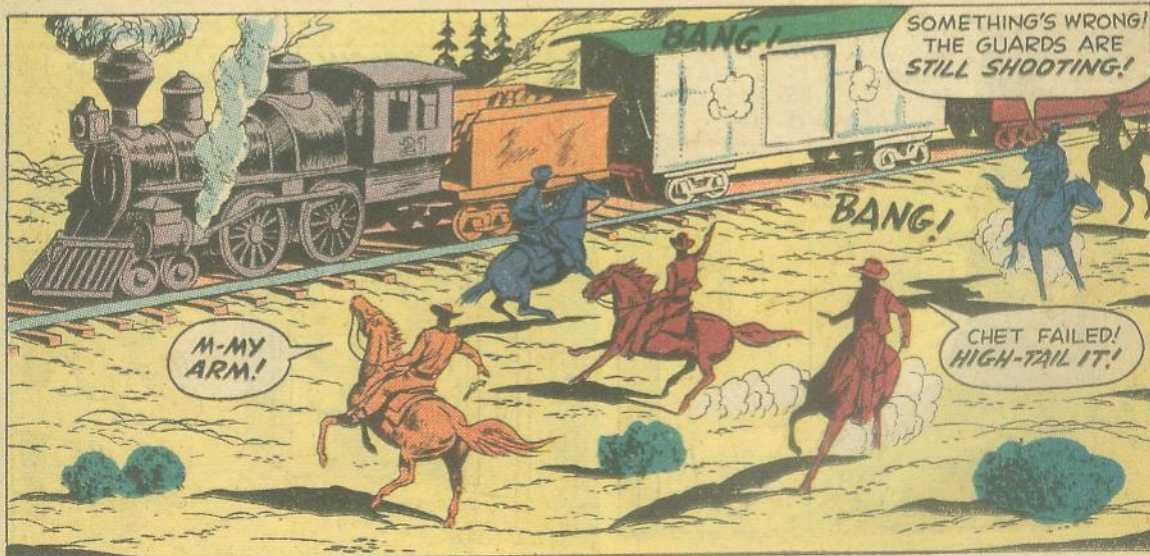
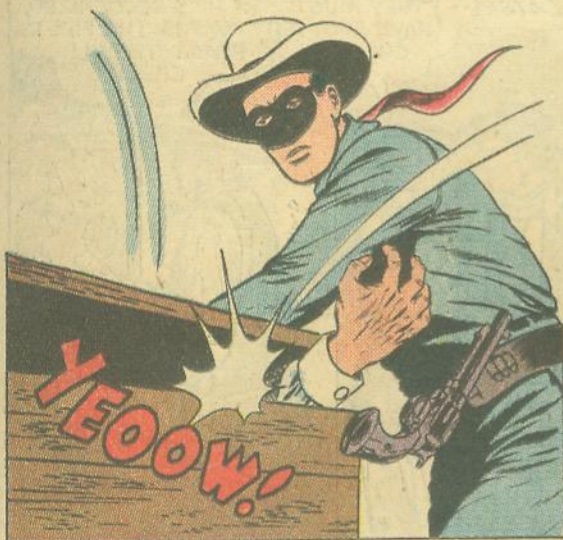
I'M HOPING THE ROBBERS WILL LEARN OF IT AND TRY TO ATTACK THE TRAIN! THEY'LL FIND THEY **CAN'T** ENTER THE ARMORED EXPRESS CAR AND THEN, THE MASKED MAN AND TONTO WILL UNLOAD THEIR HORSES FROM THE BAGGAGE CAR AND TRACK THEM TO THEIR **HIDE-OUT!**

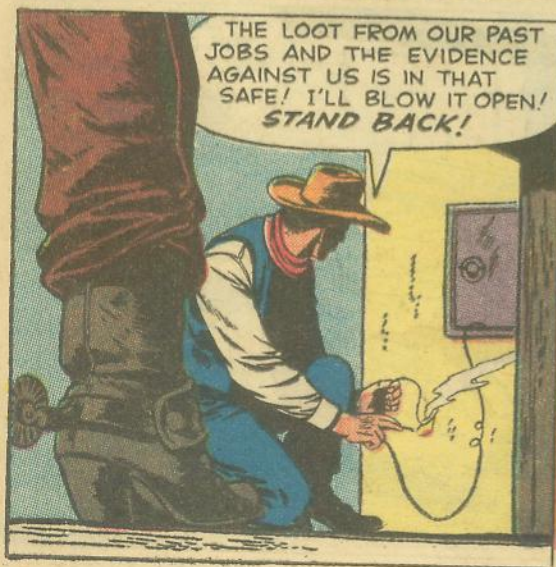
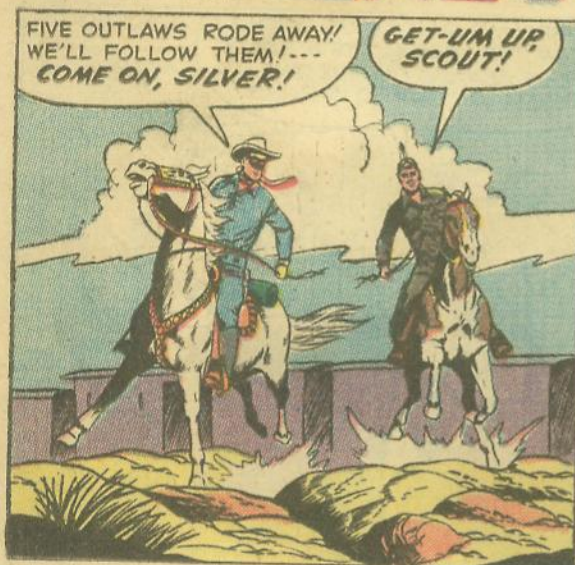
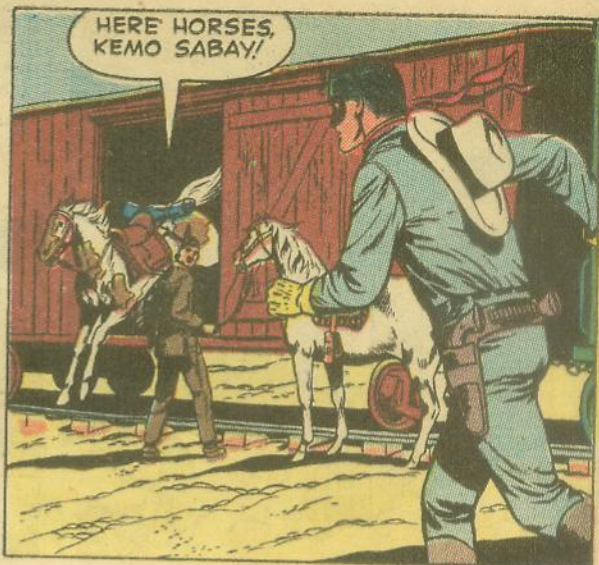


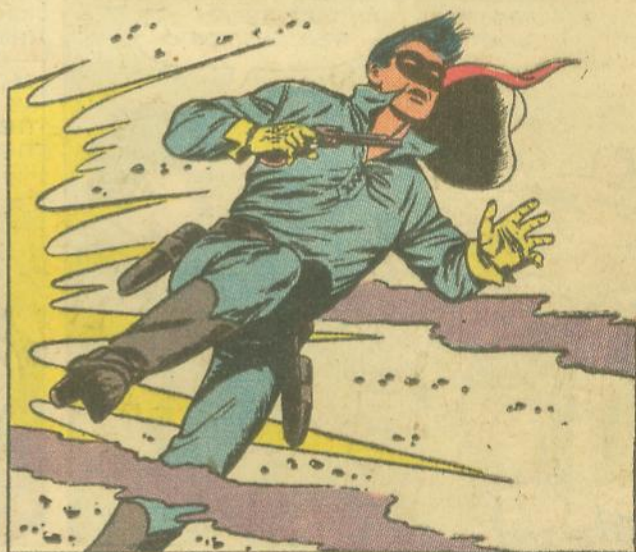
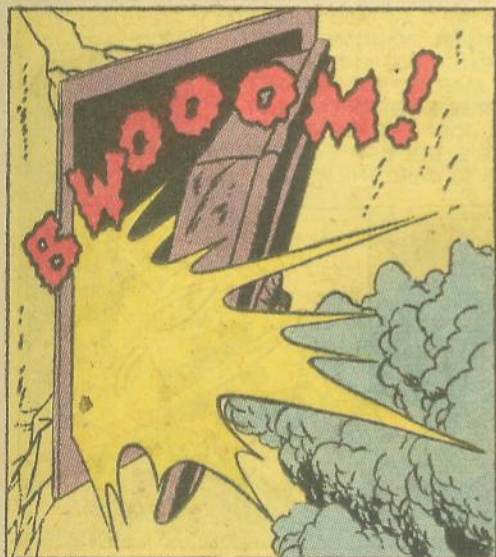


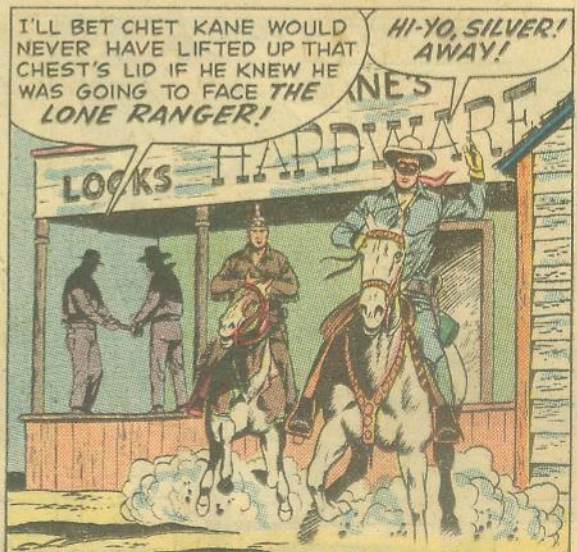
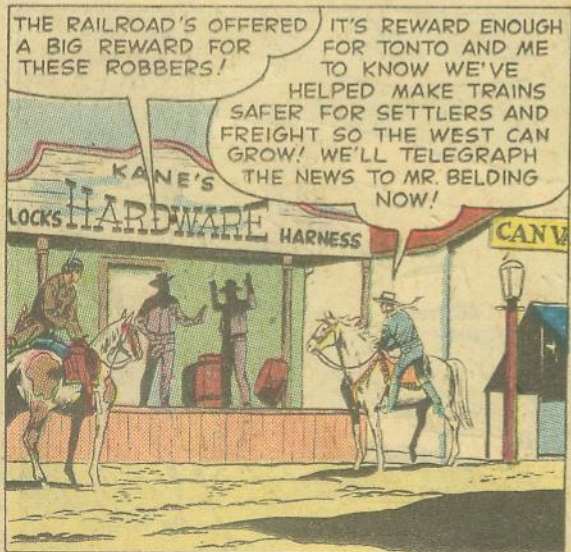
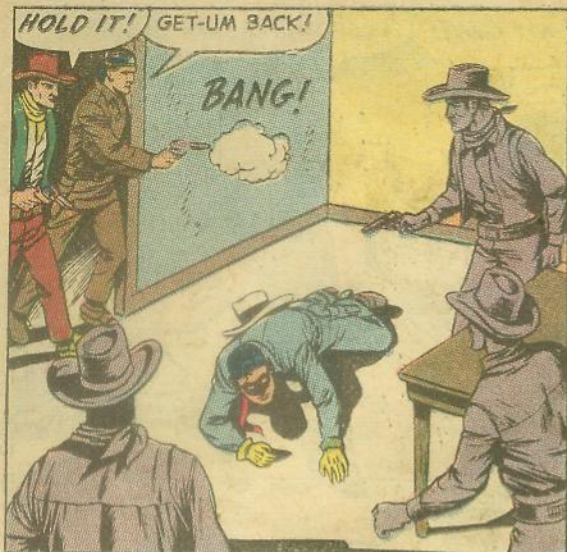












the Lone Ranger

THE THUNDER ROD

AT DUSK, IN THEIR CAMP
NEAR LEDGEVILLE---

DID YOU SEE OUR FRIEND,
SHERIFF LOGAN, TONTO?

KEMO SABAY,
SHERIFF LOGAN
DEAD!--HIM SICK
WITH FEVER! DIE
LAST WEEK!

NEW SHERIFF IS LEM
THOMAS, BUT ME NOT
TELL-UM WE TRAIL
HANK DORMAN AND
BART SIMMS TO
ABANDONED MINES
NEAR HERE! HIM
NOT KNOW
TONTO!

I'M SORRY TO LEARN
OF SHERIFF LOGAN'S
DEATH!--IN THE
MORNING WE'LL TRY
TO PICK UP THE
OUTLAWS' TRAIL AGAIN
AND CAPTURE THEM!
THEY'D MAKE EXCELLENT
CREDENTIALS FOR OUR
INTRODUCTION TO THE
NEW SHERIFF!

THAT NIGHT, AT MARY LOGAN'S HOME---

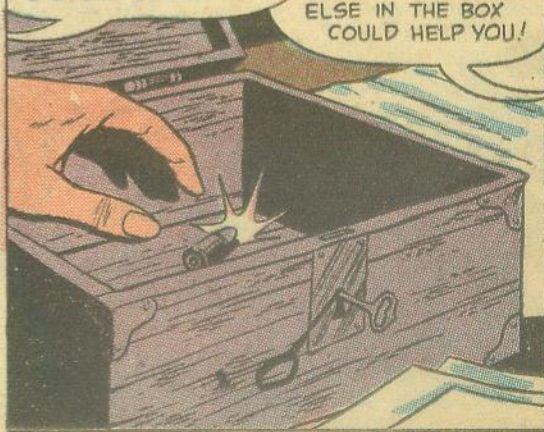
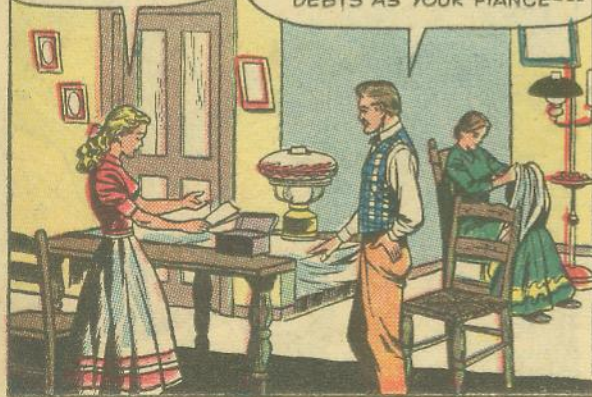
BEFORE DAD DIED, BOB, HE GAVE
ME THE KEY TO THIS STRONGBOX
AND SAID, "IF YOU NEED HELP IN AN
EMERGENCY---"TH-THAT'S ALL HE
COULD SAY! WITH ALL THE BILLS
HIS ILLNESS CAUSED, THIS IS
AN EMERGENCY!

STOCK CERTIFICATES---
BUT THESE CLAIMS
ARE WORTHLESS---
HIS GOLD CUFF LINKS
AND WATCH--- BUT
NO CASH---

HE LEFT MORE THAN
THAT, MARY! HE LEFT A
FINE RECORD OF AN
HONEST AND COURAGEOUS
LAWMAN! AND IF YOU'LL
LET ME TAKE OVER YOUR
DEBTS AS YOUR FIANCE---

NO, BOB! I'LL NOT SADDLE
YOU WITH MY FATHER'S
DEBTS!--LOOK! THERE'S
ONE THING LEFT! A
SILVER BULLET!

IT'S A FORTY-
FIVE BULLET,
MARY! BUT I
DON'T SEE HOW
THAT OR ANYTHING
ELSE IN THE BOX
COULD HELP YOU!



WAIT A MINUTE, MARY! THERE IS SOMETHING VALUABLE YOUR FATHER LEFT--- WOLF LARSON'S RIFLE!

YOU MEAN *THE THUNDER ROD!* WHEN DAD DROPPED LARSON IN A GUNFIGHT, HE KEPT IT! BUT *HOW* WILL IT HELP?



IT'S ONE OF THE FINEST RIFLES THAT EVER CAME OUT OF THE WINCHESTER FACTORY! THE STOCK IS HAND CARVED! IT'S A DEADLY ACCURATE AND FAST-FIRING WEAPON! WE'LL HOLD A *SHOOTING CONTEST* WITH THE THUNDER ROD AS THE *PRIZE*! WE'LL CHARGE A STIFF ENTRANCE FEE! I'LL PRINT NOTICES IN TOMORROW MORNING'S PAPER!



THE NEXT MORNING---

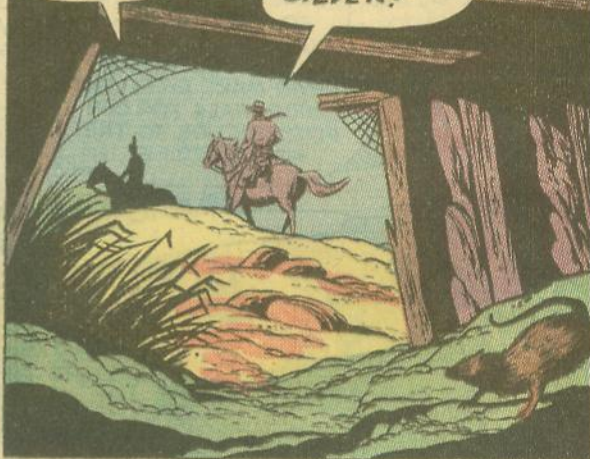
OUTLAWS' TRAIL LOST ON ROCKY GROUND, KEMO SABAY!

IT MAY TAKE DAYS TO SEARCH ALL THE OLD TUNNELS AND MINES, TONTO!



THERE PLENTY GOOD PLACES TO HIDE!

WE'LL KEEP SEARCHING UNTIL WE TURN UP THEIR TRAIL---*COME ON, SILVER!*



MEANWHILE, BY THE STAGE ROUTE TO LEDGEVILLE---

BART, LEDGEVILLE IS WHERE WOLF LARSON WAS SHOT DOWN! WHEN WE BROKE JAIL, I PLANNED TO COME HERE AND GET HIS THUNDER ROD!

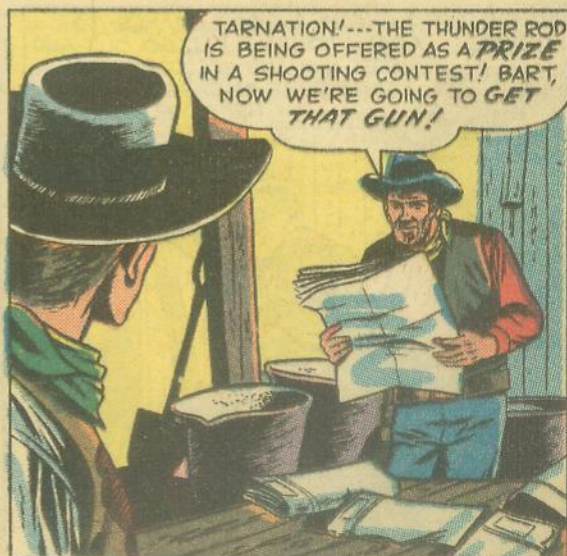
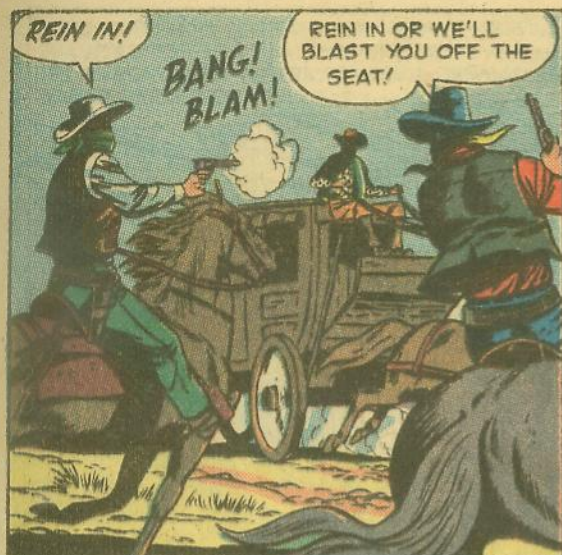
IT MUST HAVE BEEN A MIGHTY FINE RIFLE!

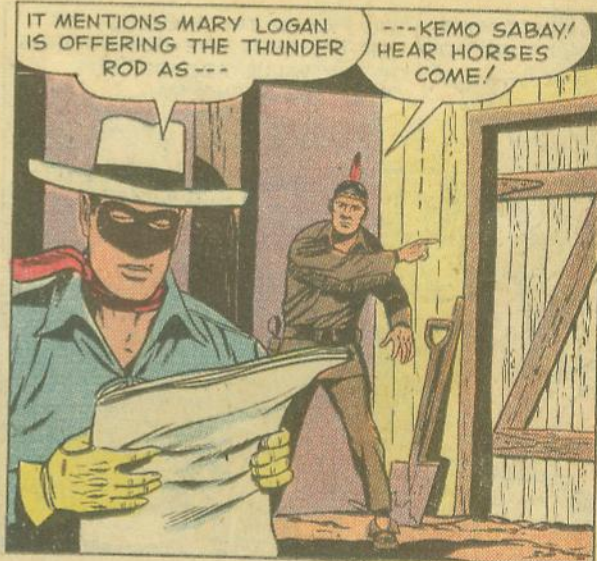


IT'S A MIGHTY *SPECIAL* RIFLE! WOLF TOLD ME ITS *SECRET* ONCE!

---HANK! UP YOUR MASK! *THE STAGE IS COMING!*









LATER, AFTER SENDING THE TELEGRAM, TONTO SEARCHES TOWN FOR THE OUTLAWS---

DON'T WORRY, BART! EVEN IF YOU DON'T WIN THE CONTEST, WE'LL GET THE THUNDER ROD!

WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING?



WE'LL FOLLOW THE WINNER HOME AND STEAL IT FROM HIM! IT'S WORTH TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO ANYONE WHO KNOWS THE THUNDER ROD'S SECRET ---I DO!

I HAD BETTER RIDE RIGHT BACK TO KEMO SABAY AND TELL HIM WHAT I'VE OVERHEARD!



THE NEXT DAY---

BOB, WE'VE SOLD EIGHTY ENTRANCE TICKETS AT TEN DOLLARS APIECE! THAT'S ENOUGH TO PAY ALL DAD'S DEBTS!

ALL RIGHT, FOLKS! WE'LL START NOW!--EACH MAN GETS FIVE SHOTS AT A CLEAN TARGET WITH THE THUNDER ROD TOM FRISBEE'S THE FIRST CONTESTANT!



WHAT A RIFLE! I'VE GOT TO WIN IT!

BANG!



ALL MORNING, THE THUNDER ROD BLAZES AT THE TARGET AND BY NOON THE BEST TARGET IS DETERMINED---

ALL YOUR SHOTS ARE IN THE BULL'S-EYE, STRANGER! RECKON THE THUNDER ROD'S YOURS!

NOT YET!





Y-YOU---

---DON'T REACH! TONTO HAS YOU COVERED!---HERE'S MY ENTRANCE FEE! I WANT TO ENTER THE CONTEST, TOO!



H-HE PAID HIS FEE, I GUESS WE'D BETTER LET HIM TAKE HIS FIVE SHOTS AND GET IT OVER WITH!



WHO IS HE, BART?

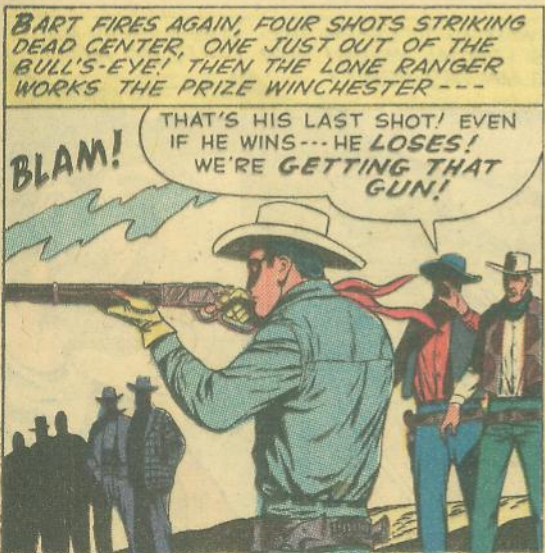
I DON'T KNOW! BUT HE'S TOO GOOD WITH THAT RIFLE TO TRY ANY TRICKS NOW!

BANG!



AS HIS FIFTH SHOT SLAMS INTO THE TARGET, THE TARGET IS BROUGHT BACK---

ALL BULL'S-EYES! YOU AND THE MASKED MAN WILL HAVE TO SHOOT IT OUT FROM TEN YARDS FURTHER BACK!



BART FIRES AGAIN, FOUR SHOTS STRIKING DEAD CENTER, ONE JUST OUT OF THE BULL'S-EYE! THEN THE LONE RANGER WORKS THE PRIZE WINCHESTER---

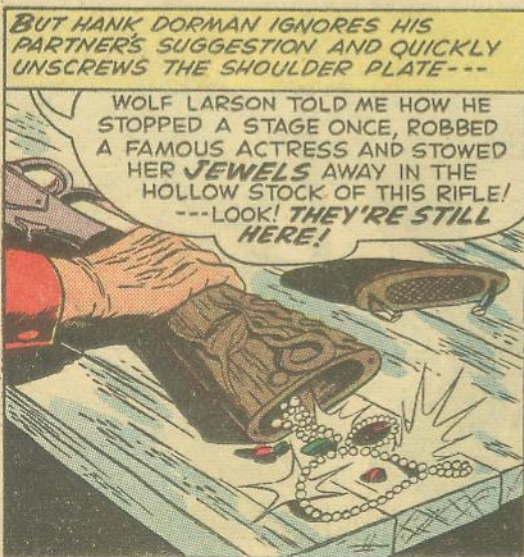
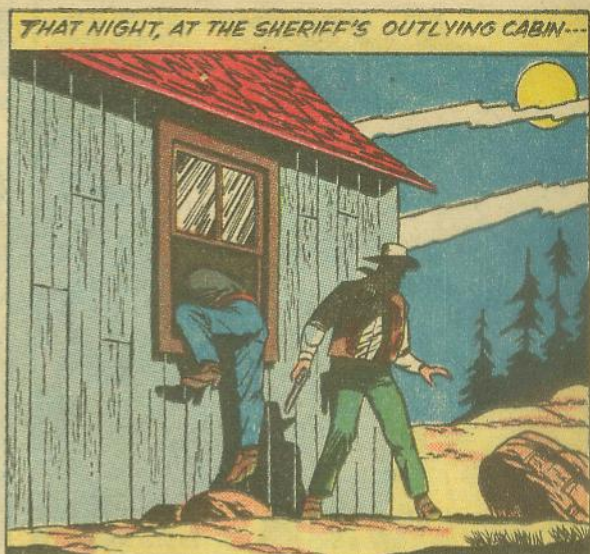
BLAM!

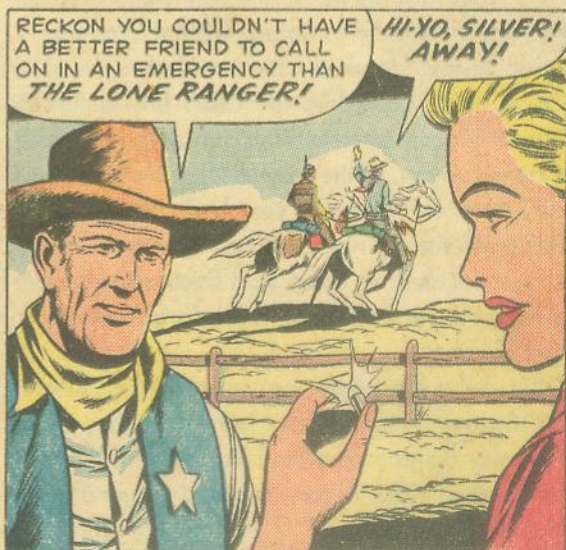
THAT'S HIS LAST SHOT! EVEN IF HE WINS---HE LOSES! WE'RE GETTING THAT GUN!



FIVE BULL'S-EYES! I-I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MASKED MAN---BUT YOU'VE WON THE THUNDER ROD!

GOOD! NOW TO FIND OUT WHY HANK SAID IT WAS WORTH TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS AND TO TRAP HANK AND BART!







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There is a story, told in the lodges of the Sioux, of how Modunk chased the evil spirits out of Devil's Canyon.

Before the white man came, the Sioux were a prosperous and powerful nation. They spent their days hunting buffalo, sitting around the campfire, and occasionally fighting an enemy tribe. As in all societies, life was easier for some than others. Modunk had had the misfortune of being abandoned, at an early age, by a tribe of Piutes. In order to earn his buffalo meat, he was given all the unwanted tasks, such as cleaning fish, gathering wood, and burning garbage.

He was stacking wood one day when there was a great commotion around Chief Woongway's tepee. Modunk hid behind several Braves, and listened to the Chief bewail the disappearance of one of his sons. He'd gone into the canyon, at the base of Thunder Mountain, and had simply vanished. When he didn't return the next day, or the next, the village decided his scalp was decorating one of the Cheyenne's belts, and forgot about him.

But, two days later, a squaw went into the Canyon, looking for berries, and was never seen again. The medicine men decided the gorge was "haunted" and named it Devil's Canyon.

The next Spring, fever killed off most of the buffalo. The Sioux knew there was game in the Canyon; so they chose four of their bravest and strongest warriors, armed them, and sent them into the bewitched Canyon.

Four moons later, they had not returned.

The medicine men danced from sunup to sundown, and offered dozens of squirrels to chase the "ghosts" out of Devil's Canyon. But, still, nobody came back.

The papooses' empty bellies cried for food, now. Some powerful "magic" had to be used to bring food to the weakened tribe. The medicine men worked furiously. After many powwows, they decided Modunk, because he had no parents, was "hexing" them. They hung twelve dead toads from his waist, gave him a sac of water, and wished him a pleasant journey to the "happy hunting grounds". Then, they rode him to Devil's Canyon, posted two guards to make sure he didn't turn back, and rode off.

Modunk worked his way carefully down the rocky slope. Most seventeen-year-olds would have been terrified at the prospect of facing a "haunted" canyon, without even a bow and arrow. But Modunk was used to being a scapegoat.

As he got down to the bottom of the valley, from which no Sioux had ever returned, he

was surprised to discover it was very pretty. There was green grass, a clear stream, and many multicolored rocks. He picked out a leafy tree to sleep in, and hunted around for something to serve as a tomahawk. Darkness came before he could construct a weapon. Unable to build a fire, he shivered in the tree through a long, sleepless night. Morning found him stiff of limb, and ravenously hungry. He walked towards the stream, passing buffalo, deer and rabbits on the way. If only he had a bow and arrow! Maybe evil spirits had killed the other Sioux; but, it was easy to see, they hadn't starved to death. Modunk wondered how long the evil spirits would let him live, before they snuffed out his life.

When he got to the shallow, fish-filled stream, he selected a heavy tree stalk and stunned a couple of bass. With the help of many peculiar facial expressions, he ate them raw and proceeded on an inspection of the valley.

He began to feel very pleased with himself. Here he'd been in Devil's Canyon almost twenty-four hours and nothing had happened. He was still alive! He hadn't seen any goblins or dragons. *Maybe he would live, after all!*



But, unknown to him, every step he took sank a little deeper into the spongy earth, until he could no longer see his moccasins. Modunk stopped and looked down at his feet. They seemed to be sinking into the ground, as if pulled by some invisible force. Hastily, he turned around and floundered, as fast as he could, through the slimy turf. When he got to firm ground, he caught his breath and heaved a sigh of relief. Now he knew where the Chief's son, the squaw, and the four warriors were. They were underneath that sandy earth—pulled under by demons, who had had trouble holding on to Modunk's slim feet. Modunk ran, with all his speed, to where the two Braves had left him. From there, it was a short distance to the village. The tribe's astonishment was great, indeed, to see the young boy come running into the village, apparently unharmed.

"Chief Woomgway! Chief Woomgway!" yelled Modunk, "I've found the demons! Come! Help me destroy them!"

Modunk showed the Sioux braves where the quicksand was, and they "buried" the demons with tons of rock and hard earth.

No more did Modunk clean fish or spend hours sharpening flints. He was much sought after, for good omens, and the Chief's daughters looked on him with friendly eyes.

YOUNG HAWK

WE TRAVEL EASTWARD,
YOUNG HAWK? WHY?

WE WERE GIVEN A
SIGN! LITTLE BUCK
AND I BELIEVE ---



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--- THAT SOMEWHERE TOWARD
THE RISING SUN LIES ANOTHER
GREAT SALT WATER --- SUCH AS
WE FOUND TO SOUTH, WEST
AND NORTH!

THE ENDS OF
THE EARTH!



I WILL GLADLY TRAIL WITH
YOU, MY YOUNG FRIENDS --
BUT WITH ONE HAND I SHALL
NOT BE OF MUCH USE ...

--- OF
MORE USE
THAN YOU THINK,
LAME EAGLE!

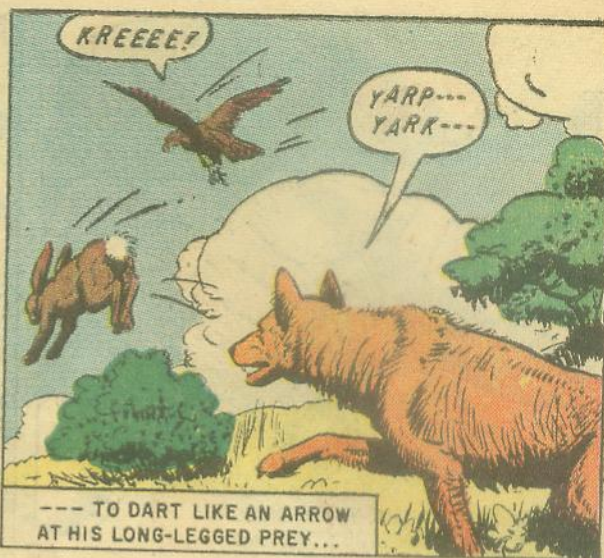


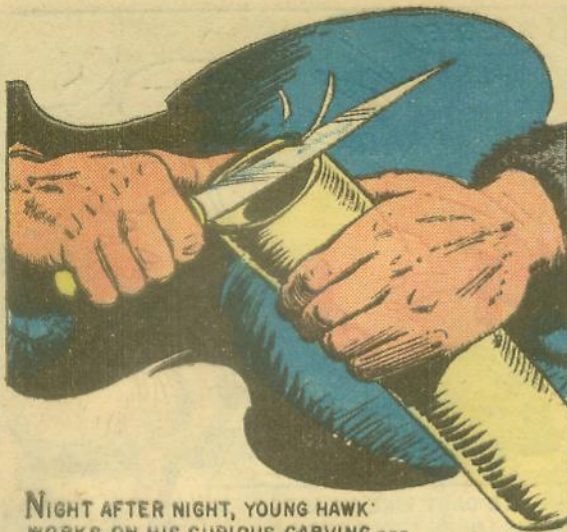
SEE! THERE ARE MANY
BUFFALO ABOUT US!



IF WE SHOULD GET
CAUGHT IN FRONT OF A
STAMPEDE, YOU TWO COULD
CLIMB A TREE ...
BUT NOT I ---







NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, YOUNG HAWK WORKS ON HIS CURIOUS CARVING ---



LAME EAGLE ---
COME HERE! I HAVE
A GIFT FOR YOU!

A---GIFT,
YOUNG HAWK?

--- UNTIL ONE MORNING HE CALLS
TO THE MAIMED WARRIOR...



HOLD OUT YOUR
ARM --- NO! THE
LEFT ARM!

UGH?



IT IS A SUPPORT I LEARNED
HOW TO MAKE FROM A
MEDICINE MAN WE MET
ON OUR TRAVELS!

UGH! MY HEART
IS GLAD---THAT
YOU SHOULD DO
THIS...



SEE! IT WILL SUPPORT
YOUR ARM! PLACE AN
ARROW ON THE STRING
--- AND SHOOT!

IT---IS
NOT POSSIBLE!
BUT I WILL
TRY---



HAH!

RIGHT THROUGH
THE STEM!



YOUNG HAWK, YOU
HAVE GIVEN ME
BACK MY LOST
ARM!

FOR SOME PURPOSES,
LAME EAGLE! BUT IT
SHOULD NOW BE
ABLE TO GROW
STRONG AGAIN!

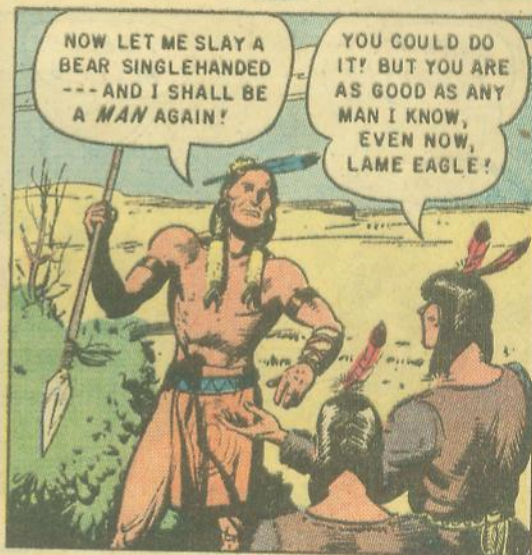


AND SEE---WITH MY SPEAR---
A TWO-HANDED THRUST? I
WOULD HAVE KILLED THAT
BUFFALO BULL---WITH THIS!



---AND I CAN CLIMB!
WAH-HOOOOO!

YARK!
YARK!

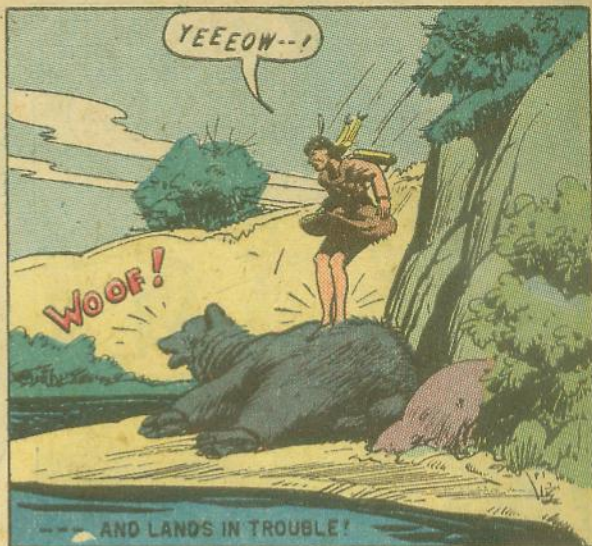


NOW LET ME SLAY A
BEAR SINGLEHANDED
---AND I SHALL BE
A MAN AGAIN!

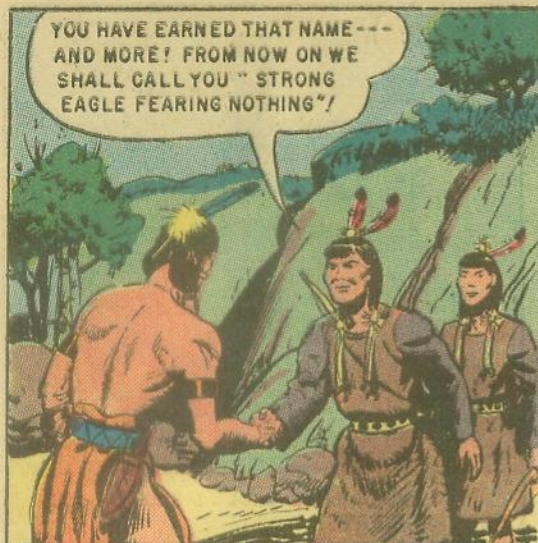
YOU COULD DO
IT! BUT YOU ARE
AS GOOD AS ANY
MAN I KNOW,
EVEN NOW,
LAME EAGLE!

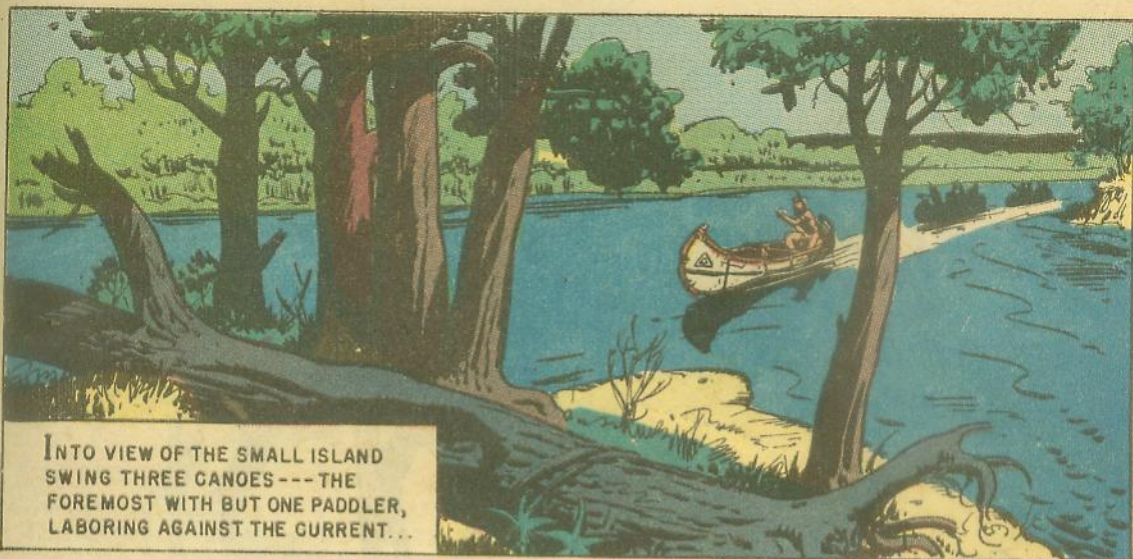


A FEW DAYS LATER THE THREE COMPANIONS APPROACH A PRAIRIE
STREAM WHICH FLOWS OVER A SANDY BED BETWEEN CUT BANKS









INTO VIEW OF THE SMALL ISLAND
SWING THREE CANOES---THE
FOREMOST WITH BUT ONE PADDLER,
LABORING AGAINST THE CURRENT...



THEY HAVE NOT SEEN US---
AND NOW THE LITTLE ISLAND
IS BETWEEN US AND THEM...
LET US LAND AND
TAKE COVER---

GOOD!
UNTIL WE
KNOW WHO
THEY ARE!



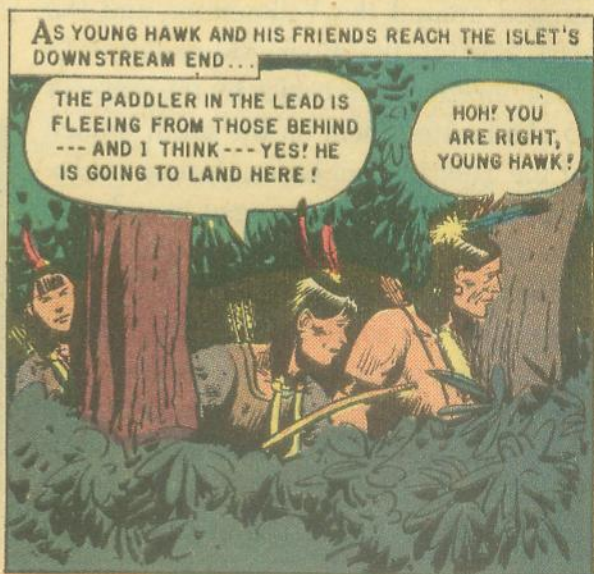
WE WILL HIDE
THE LITTLE
RAFT...

---AND OURSELVES,
TOO! UNTIL WE
KNOW---



PERHAPS THEY
WILL NOT LAND
AT ALL!

IF THEY DO
---WE WILL
BE READY!



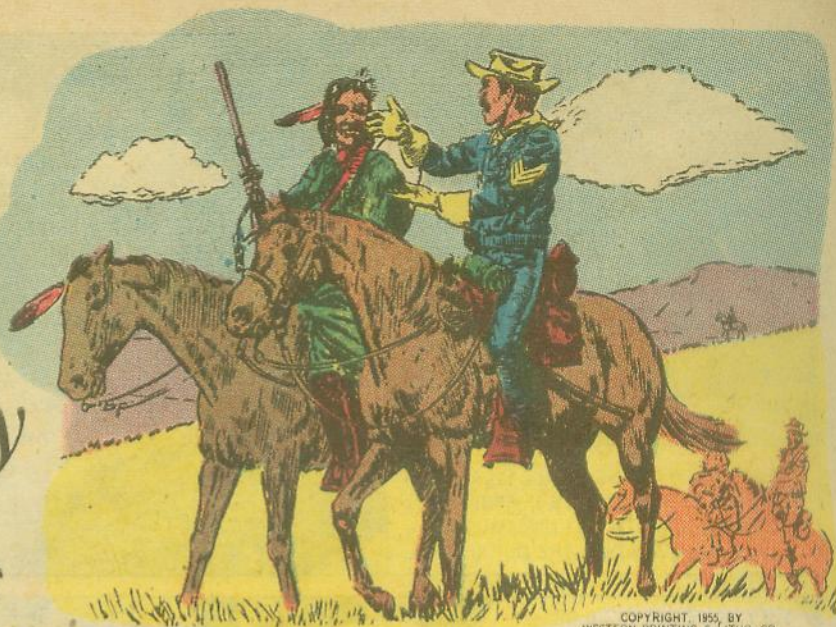
AS YOUNG HAWK AND HIS FRIENDS REACH THE ISLET'S
DOWNSTREAM END...

THE PADDLER IN THE LEAD IS
FLEEING FROM THOSE BEHIND
---AND I THINK---YES! HE
IS GOING TO LAND HERE!

HOH! YOU
ARE RIGHT,
YOUNG HAWK!

Eyes of the Cavalry

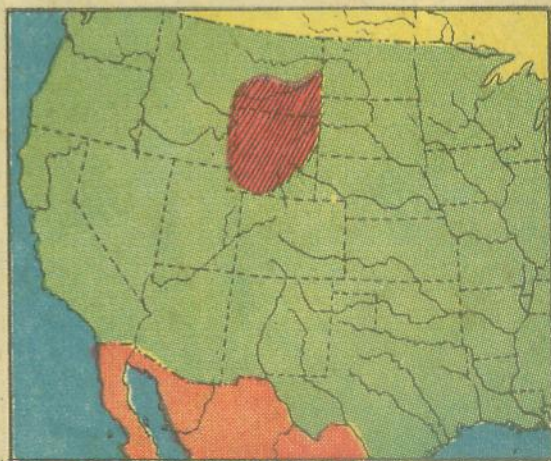
the CROWS



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Originally a part of the Hidatsa group, the Crows separated about 1776 because of a factional dispute between two chiefs, after which they left the Missouri and migrated to the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains, where they became one of the most typical plains tribes, carrying on perpetual war with the surrounding tribes, their chief enemies being the Blackfeet and Sioux. At the time of the Lewis and Clark expedition (1804), they lived on the Bighorn River. In 1817, they ranged around the Yellowstone and the east side of the Rocky Mountains. In 1834, an American trader by the name of Drake located them on the south branch of the Yellowstone. Later, during the Indian Wars, the Crows ranged in and near the Rocky Mountains, along the headwaters of the Powder, Wind, and Bighorn Rivers on the south side of the Yellowstone, as far as Laramie fork on the Platte River. At times they were found on the west and north side of the Platte, and as far as the headwater of the Musselshell, and as low as the mouth of the Yellowstone.

The Crows possessed great herds of good horses, from the beginning of the Indian Horse Culture period and it was probably this factor that made them constant targets for raids by the Sioux and other plains tribes. During the campaigns against the Sioux and Cheyenne by the United States Army, the campaigns that were climaxed by Custer's annihilation at the Little Big Horn, and the subsequent confining of the tribes to reservations, the Crows saw an opportunity for revenge against their suppressors, and became the eyes of the cavalry as scouts for Terry, Custer and Miles.

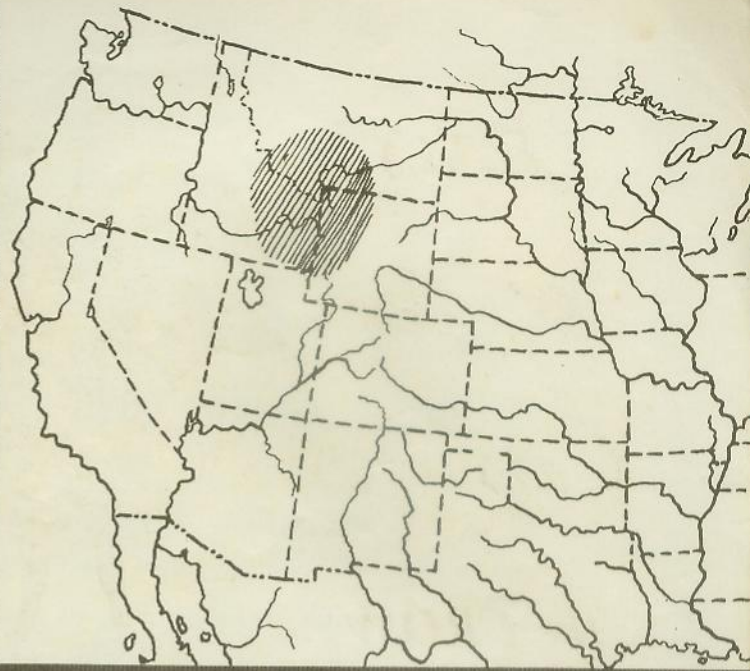


DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

The Bannock Indians



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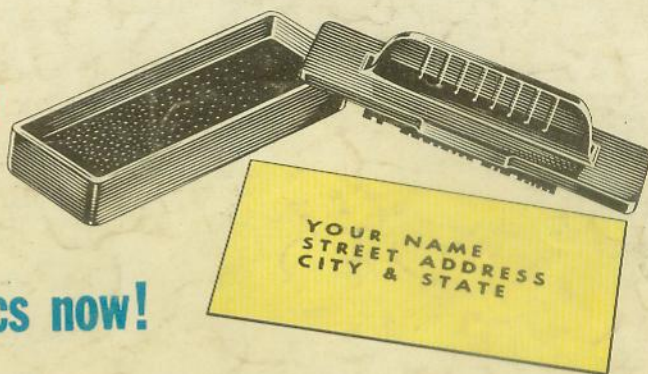
The Bannock Indians were a remote plains tribe that kept themselves apart from white influence by staying in the foothills and wilder parts of southeast Idaho and western Wyoming. The country claimed by the Bannock (see map) and recognized by the treaty of Fort Bridger in 1868 was a wide range for this comparatively small tribe, which, in 1869, had a total population of less than 500.

In all probability, the Bannock crossed the mountains from the east as an escape from the raids of the Blackfeet.

Like typical plains Indians, the Bannock lived in buffalo-hide tipis, and followed the buffalo herds for their principle food and material for clothing and implements. Their weapons, like the Nez Percé, with whom they compare physically and culturally, were the bow and arrow, lance, war club, knife, and shield.

Clothing consisted chiefly of a breech-cloth and moccasins in summer. With the coming of cold weather, the Bannock clothed himself in heavy coats and leggings, made from buffalo, elk, or mountain sheep hides with the hair left on. Hooded coats, often decorated with colorful designs of embroidered quill work, were worn on winter hunts and winter raids. Feathers, so important to most plains Indians, played a much less important significance with the Bannock men. There have been no evidences of the elaborate eagle feather war bonnets so common to the Sioux and Cheyenne, and only occasionally was a single feather worn in the hair.

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