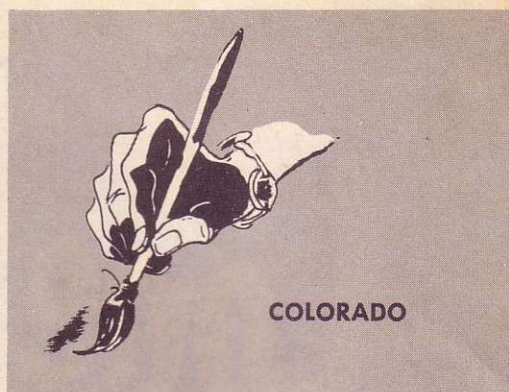
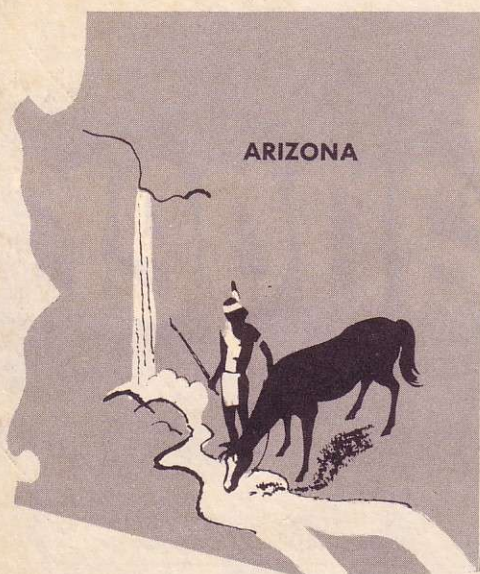


DELL

MAY

the Lone Ranger





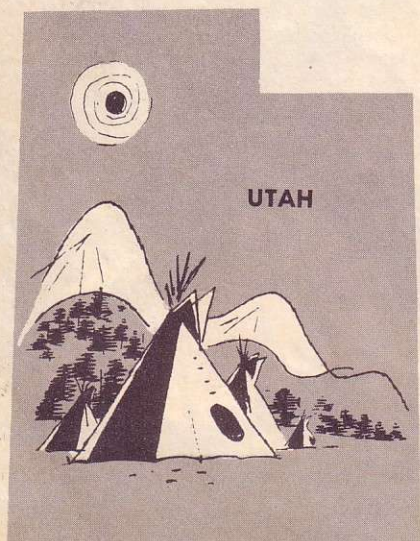
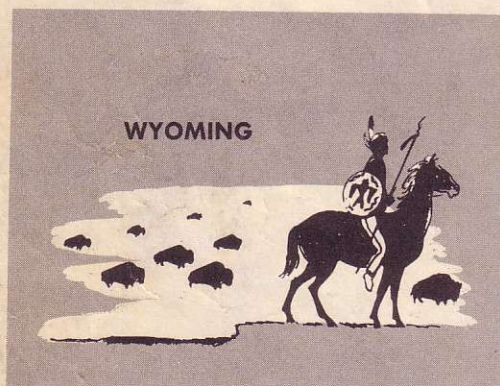
WESTERN STATES and their INDIAN NAMES

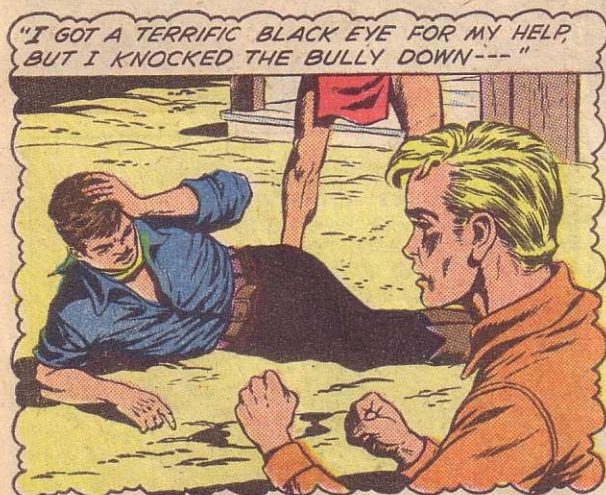
Colorful in legend and history is the western part of the United States. Land of the pioneers, rich in fertile fields, majestic mountains, great forests, it holds an enchantment for everyone. The meanings of the State names, many given them by Indians, are none the less colorful.

Arizona, for instance, a name derived from Arizonac, in the language of both the Pima and Papago Indians, means "little spring." Colorado literally means "colored red." Wyoming is an Indian word meaning "upon the great plain." Kansas, which means "people of the South Wind," derived its name from the Indian tribes whose people roamed the prairies. Utah, named for the Ute tribe of Indians, means "those who lived high up."

Names, like people, are individual, and leave a definite impression. These names, sensitively and originally chosen, make us feel closer to the land and to the Indian people who named it so long ago.

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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.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

THERE INDIAN SIGNS ON MEDALLION! THEM SAY "GREAT SPIRIT PROTECT LITTLE BEAR, SON OF COMANCHE CHIEF!"

SO THE INDIAN BOY IS A CHIEFTAIN'S SON. TONTO, PUT THE CHARM AROUND YOUR NECK, THAT'S THE SAFEST WAY TO KEEP IT UNTIL DAN JOINS US DURING HIS VACATION!



KEMO SABAY, YOU THINK THAT FELLER DAN FIGHT KASSON, RELATED TO **OUTLAW** LEW KASSON?

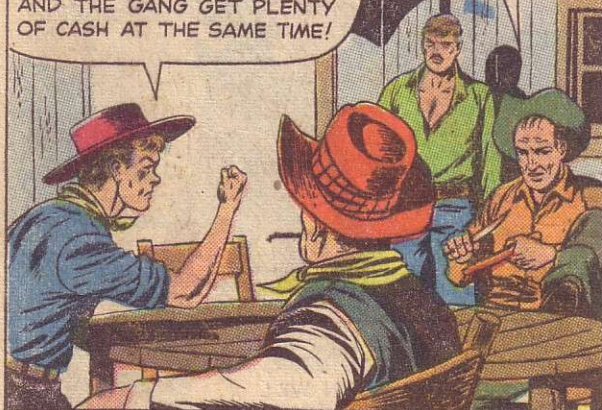
IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO, TONTO! WE MAY FINALLY HAVE A LEAD ON KASSON! WE'LL BREAK CAMP AND RIDE FOR MEADVILLE!



MEANWHILE, AT A HIDE-OUT CABIN NEAR MEADVILLE, MAX KASSON FINISHES TELLING OF THE FIGHT---

BUT, UNCLE LEW, I'VE GOT A WAY TO GET **REVENGE** ON THAT INDIAN AND HELP YOU AND THE GANG GET PLENTY OF CASH AT THE SAME TIME!

GO ON, MAX! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?



THE CHIEF OF THE COMANCHE VILLAGE NEAR TOWN SIGNED A TREATY SAYING IF THERE WAS ANY TROUBLE, HIS TRIBE COULD BE PUT ON A RESERVATION! YOU AND THE GANG COULD **DRESS AS INDIANS** AND PULL SOME ROBBERIES! THE COMANCHES'LL BE BLAMED, YOU'LL GET THE LOOT AND I'LL GET REVENGE WHEN THE TROOPERS MOVE IN ON 'EM!



YOUR NEPHEW SURE HAS A GRUDGE AGAINST THOSE COMANCHES, LEW!

YES, AND HIS IDEA APPEALS TO ME, SLICK! I KNOW SOME RENEGADE APACHES WHO CAMP IN THE FOOTHILLS! THEY'LL HELP US WITH THE DISGUISES AND JOIN US ON THE RAIDS---



THEN, WHEN THE TROOPERS FROM FORT WILLS RIDE OUT TO PUNISH THE COMANCHES, WE AND THE APACHES CAN **RAID THE FORT**--TAKING EVERYTHING WE FIND FROM GUNS, AMMUNITION AND HORSES TO CASH!



THE NEXT DAY, ON THE STAGE ROUTE TO MEADVILLE---

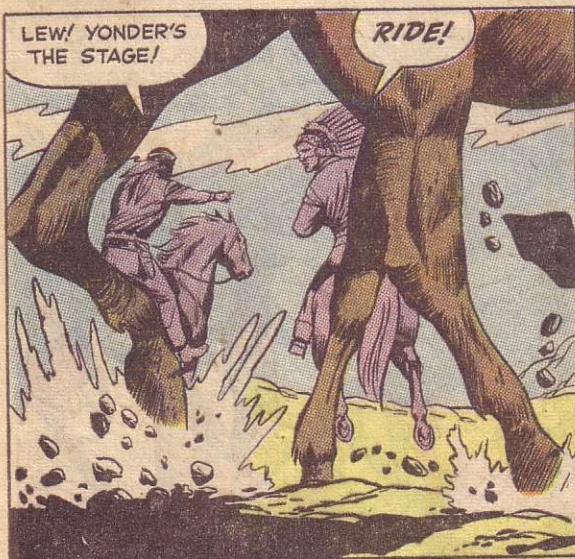
BLACK CROW DID A GOOD JOB OF FIXING US UP LIKE COMANCHES! REMEMBER, LET BLACK CROW AND HIS BRAVES DO THE TALKING---JUST YIP AND GRUNT SO NO ONE KNOWS WHO WE REALLY ARE! SAVVY!

UGH! CHIEF KASSON! SLICK SAVVY!



LEW! YONDER'S THE STAGE!

RIDE!



BANG!

WHAT IN THUNDERATION...? COMANCHES!

BLAM!

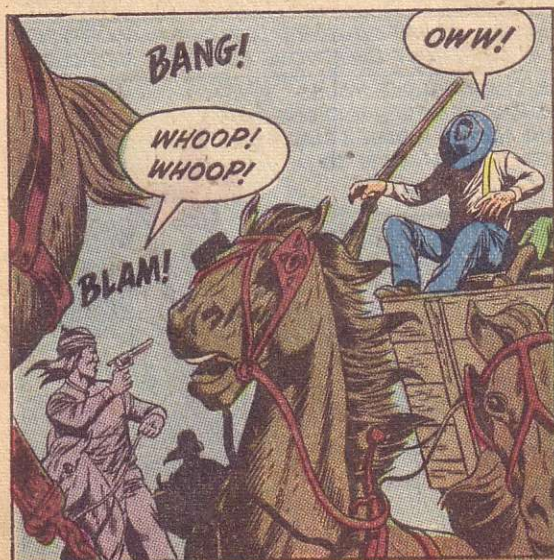


BANG!

OWW!

WHOO! WHOO!

BLAM!



A-ALL RIGHT, YOU REDSKINS! TAKE WHAT YOU'RE AFTER, BUT HOLD YOUR FIRE!



SOON THE DISGUISED RAIDERS AND THEIR APACHE ALLIES STRIKE AGAIN---

BLAM! BANG!

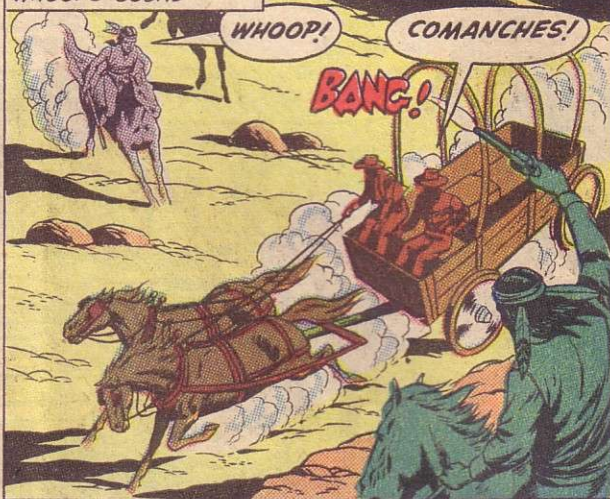


AND IN THE HILLS, BY THE MINING CAMPS, WAR WHOOPS SOUND---

WHOOPI!

COMANCHES!

BANG!



REIN IN AND PRAY THEY'RE AFTER OUR GOLD DUST AND NOT OUR SCALPS!



SOON---

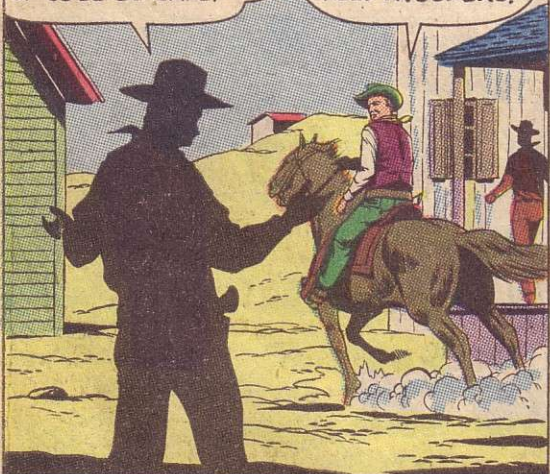
SHERIFF, COMANCHES ROBBED ME AND BILL BY FORK TRAIL!

ANOTHER HOLDUP! WELL, CHIEF BIG ELK SURE HAS **BROKEN** HIS TREATY!



IF ALL HIS BRAVES ARE ON THE **WARPATH**, NONE OF US'LL BE SAFE!

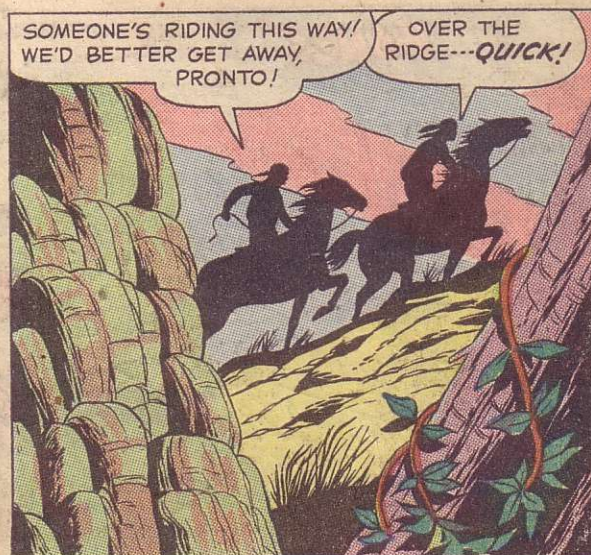
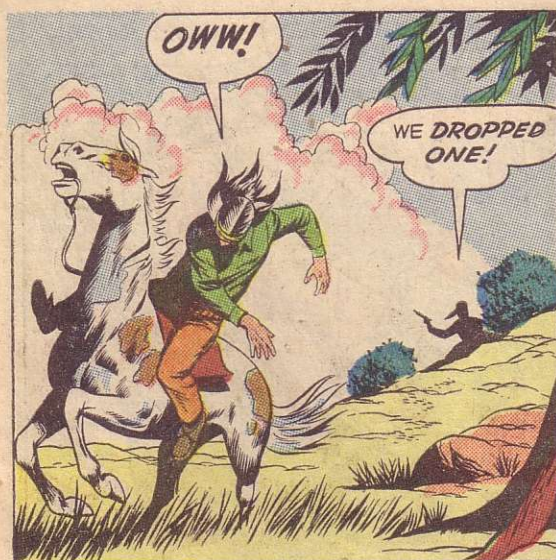
I'M RIDING TO FORT WILLS! WE NEED **TROOPERS**!

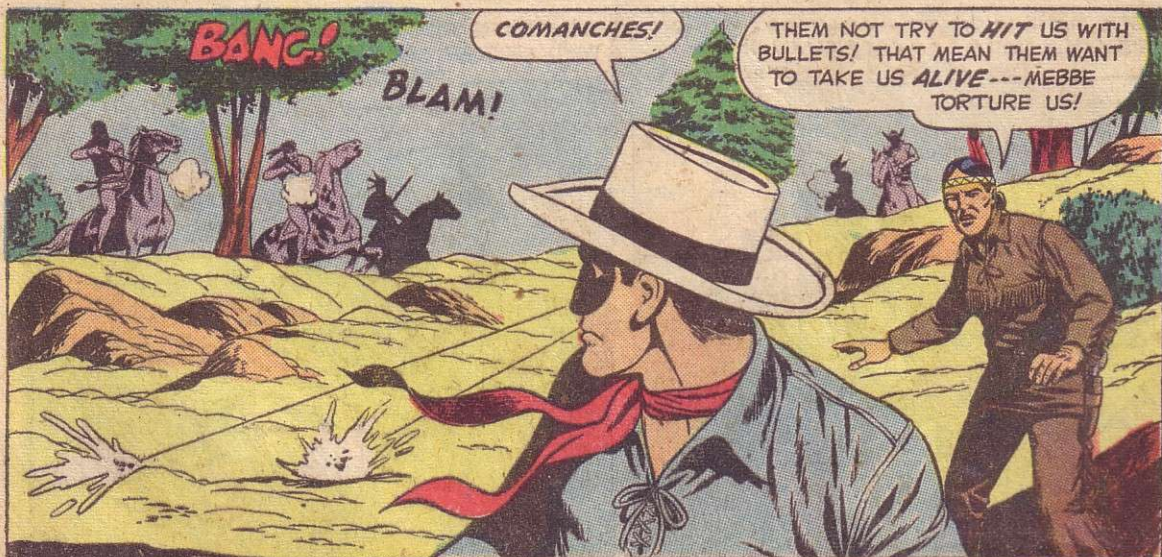
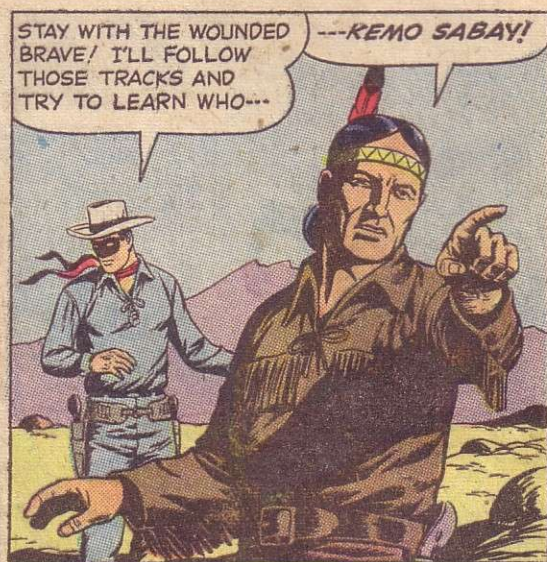
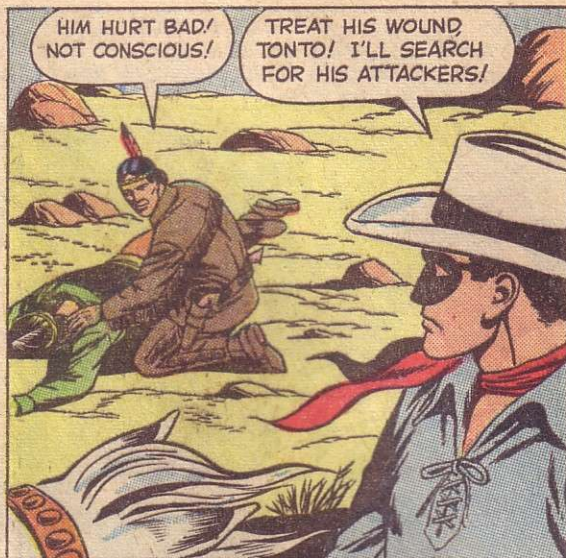


MEANWHILE, AS THE DISGUISED OUTLAWS PAIR OFF AND RIDE IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS FOR THEIR HIDE-OUT---

LOOK, SLICK! THREE YOUNG COMANCHE HUNTERS AND ONE OF 'EM IS THE INDIAN I HAD TROUBLE WITH! NOW TO **SETTLE SCORES**!









OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO SURRENDER AND HOPE WE CAN REASON WITH THEM! TELL THEM WE GIVE UP, TONTO!

LAY TOW!
LAY TOW!



ME CHIEF BIG ELK!
YOU FIRE ON HUNTING PARTY! WOUND BRAVE!
YOU PAY WITH LIFE!

NO, CHIEF BIG ELK!
WE RODE UP *AFTER* THE BRAVE WAS HIT AND TREATED HIS WOUND!



HIM LIE, FATHER!

BIG ELK TRY KEEP TREATY WITH WHITE MAN! *YOU* BREAK TREATY, FIRE AT LITTLE BEAR, SUN OF CHIEF! COMANCHES PUNISH BY FIRE! TIE-UM TO TREE!



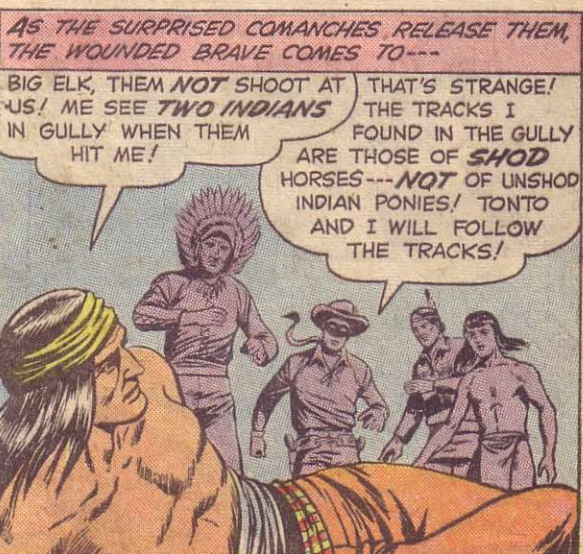
WAIT!---STRANGE INDIAN HAVE CHARM LITTLE BEAR GAVE TO YOUNG WHITE FRIEND!

DAN *OUR* FRIEND, TOO!



YOU KNOW HIS NAME, BUT MEBBE YOU SHOOT YOUNG FRIEND AND TAKE CHARM!

DAN IS MY NEPHEW, LITTLE BEAR! DIDN'T HE GIVE YOU SOMETHING---A *SILVER BULLET* LIKE THESE?



AS THE SURPRISED COMANCHES RELEASE THEM, THE WOUNDED BRAVE COMES TO---

BIG ELK, THEM *NOT* SHOOT AT US! ME SEE *TWO INDIANS* IN GULLY WHEN THEM HIT ME!

THAT'S STRANGE! THE TRACKS I FOUND IN THE GULLY ARE THOSE OF *SHOD* HORSES---*NOT* OF UNSHOD INDIAN PONIES! TONTO AND I WILL FOLLOW THE TRACKS!



SOON---

AMBUSHERS RIDE
HERE, KEMO 'SABAY!

BUT NOW THE
CABIN IS
DESERTED!



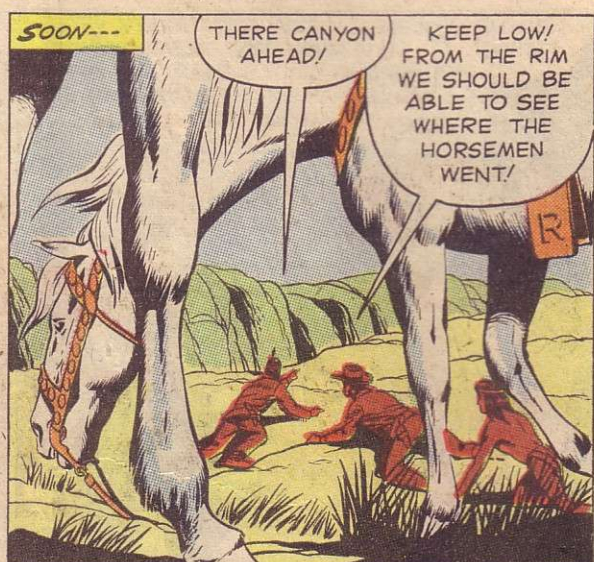
LOOK! HERE PLENTY TRACKS!
SOME MADE BY *UNSHOD*
HORSES---INDIAN PONIES!

IT SEEMS THAT
SEVERAL RIDERS
MET HERE AND
THEN RODE OFF
LITTLE BEAR! MOUNT
AND WE'LL FOLLOW!



COME ON,
SILVER!

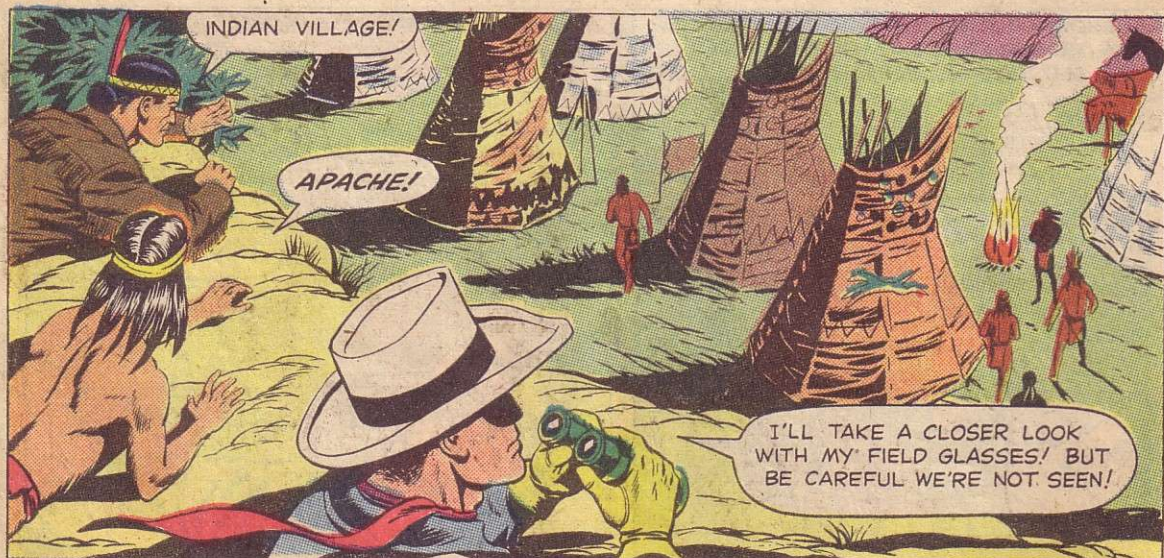
GET-UM
UP, SCOUT!



SOON---

THERE CANYON
AHEAD!

KEEP LOW!
FROM THE RIM
WE SHOULD BE
ABLE TO SEE
WHERE THE
HORSEMEN
WENT!

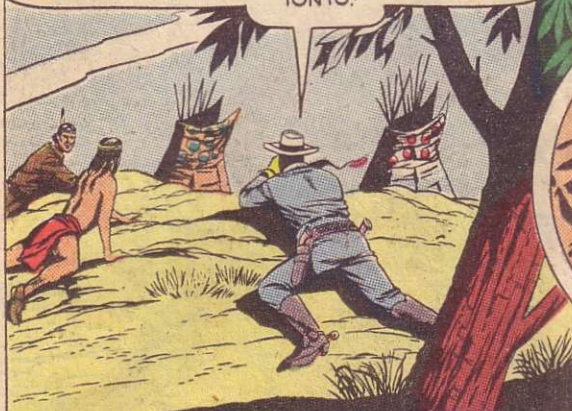


INDIAN VILLAGE!

APACHE!

I'LL TAKE A CLOSER LOOK
WITH MY FIELD GLASSES! BUT
BE CAREFUL WE'RE NOT SEEN!

THE MEN IN FRONT OF THE CHIEF'S WIGWAM ARE TAKING OFF THEIR BONNETS---THEY'RE **WHITE MEN!**---NOW THEY'RE TALKING TO THE APACHES IN SIGN LANGUAGE! TAKE THE GLASSES AND SEE IF YOU CAN READ WHAT THEY'RE SAYING, TONTO!



HIM TELL BRAVES SHERIFF GO FROM TOWN TO GET TROOPERS FROM FORT! WHEN TROOPERS LEAVE FORT TO PUNISH COMANCHES, APACHES **ATTACK FORT!**

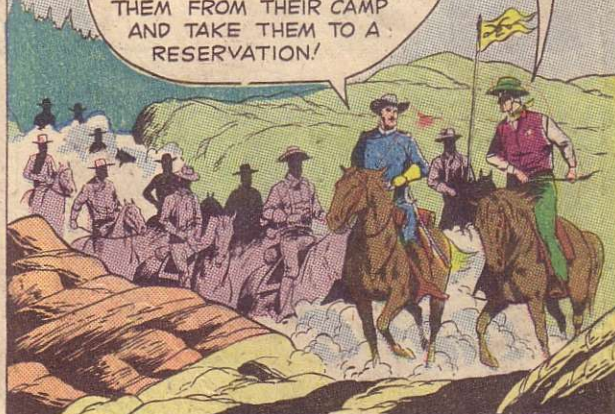
TO THE HORSES! WE MUST REACH THE COMANCHES **BEFORE** THE TROOPERS DO!



ELSEWHERE---

I HOPED WE COULD TRUST CHIEF BIG ELK! BUT NOW THAT HIS BRAVES HAVE BROKEN THE TREATY, WE'LL BE FORCED TO DRIVE THEM FROM THEIR CAMP AND TAKE THEM TO A RESERVATION!

RECKON IT MEANS A TOUGH FIGHT, MAJOR!

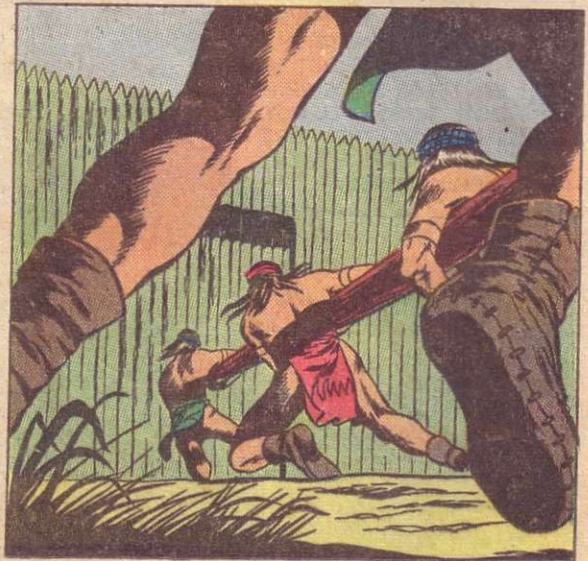
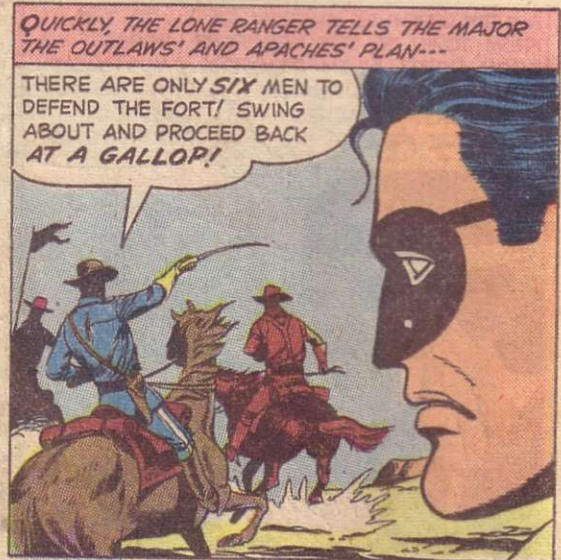
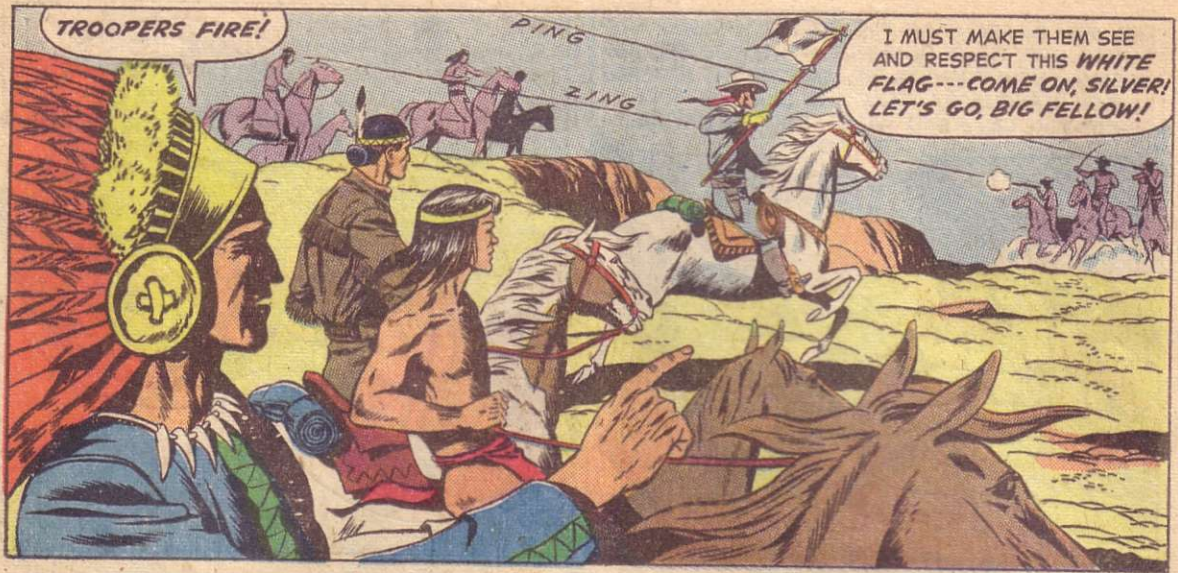


I EXPECT THAT! WE HAVE THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE ON OUR SIDE! BIG ELK DOESN'T KNOW YOU SENT FOR US, SHERIFF! AND I'VE TAKEN ALL BUT SIX GUARDS FROM THE FORT SO I COULD STRIKE WITH A MAXIMUM FORCE!

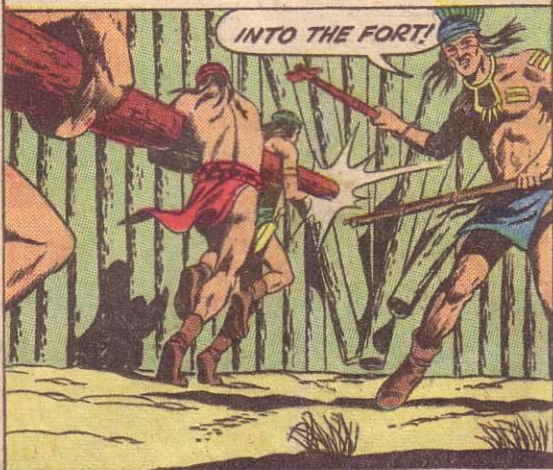


MAJOR! COMANCHES!--- COMMENCE FIRING!



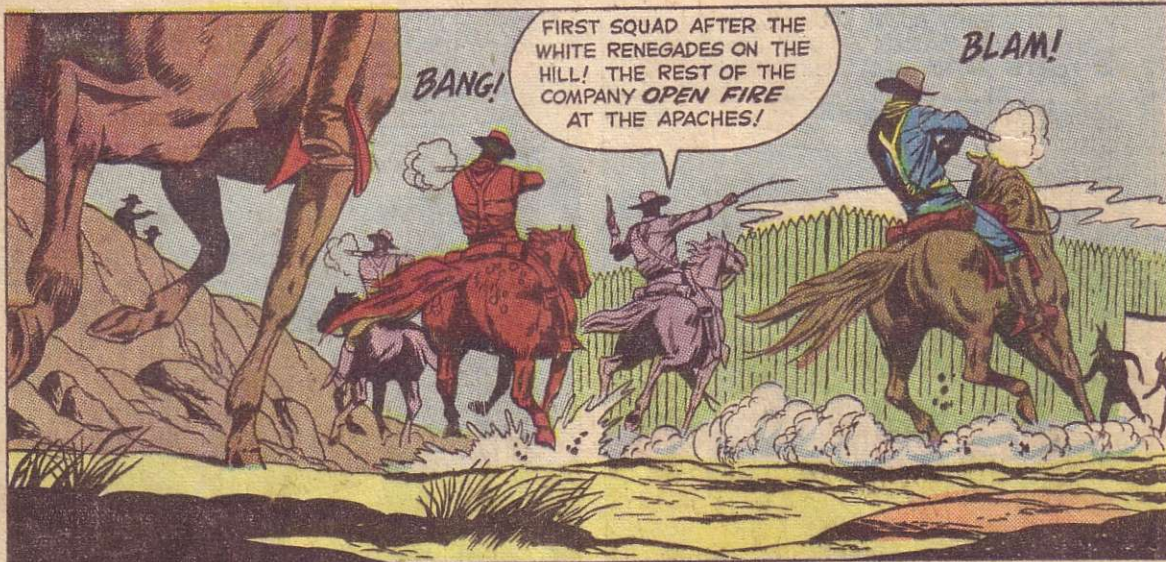


AS THE SMALL GUARD DETACHMENT IS DIVERTED FROM THE GATE, THE APACHES RUSH IT WITH THEIR LOG BATTERING-RAM---



INTO THE FORT!

BIG ELK, THE APACHES HAVE SMASHED THROUGH THE GATE! KEEP THEM OUT OF THE FORT!



BANG!

FIRST SQUAD AFTER THE WHITE RENEGADES ON THE HILL! THE REST OF THE COMPANY OPEN FIRE AT THE APACHES!

BLAM!



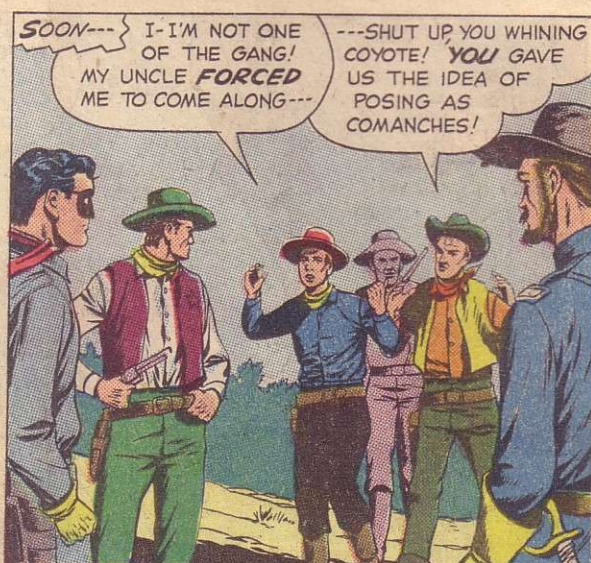
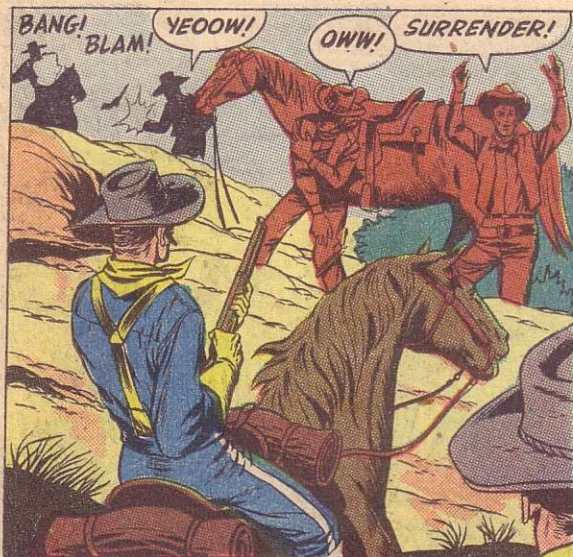
BANG! BLAM!

YEOWOW!



BANG! BLAM!

T-TROOPERS! KEEP FIRING AND MAKE FOR THE HORSES!



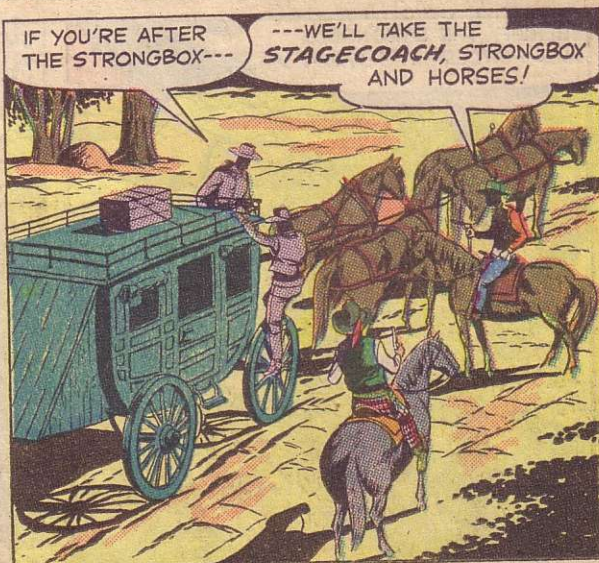
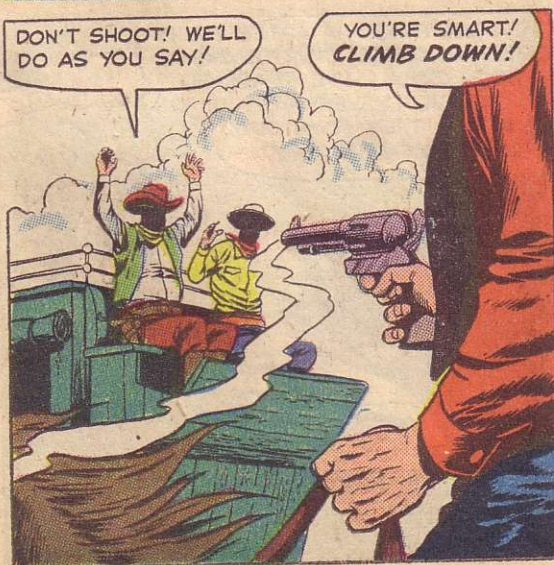
the Lone Ranger

TRAPPED

BY THE STAGE ROAD FROM THE BOOMING GOLD TOWN OF GUNSIGHT, TWO RIDERS WAIT---

STAGE COME, RUSK!
YOU SET TO TRAVEL?

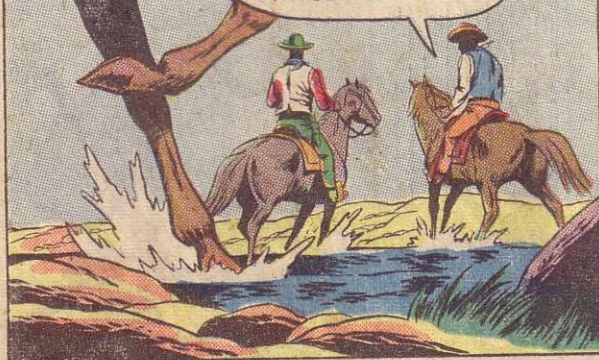
LET'S GO,
CHEROKEE!





RECKON WE SHOULD
SCOUT BOTH WAYS,
SHERIFF?

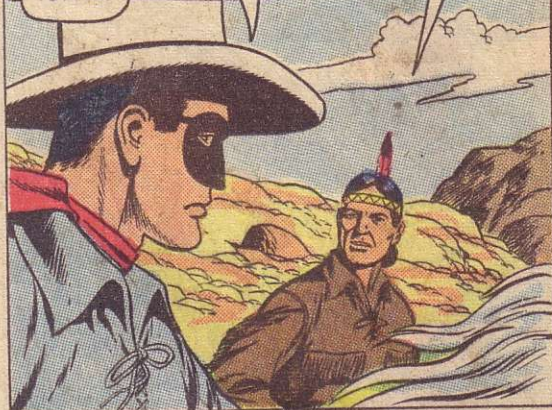
YES! I SURE WISH WE HAD
HELP! THERE WAS A
MASKED MAN AND HIS
INDIAN FRIEND, TONTO, WHO
AIDED ME LAST YEAR!
CHEROKEE AND RUSK
COULDN'T OUTSMART
THOSE TWO LONG!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HILLS NEAR GUNSIGHT---

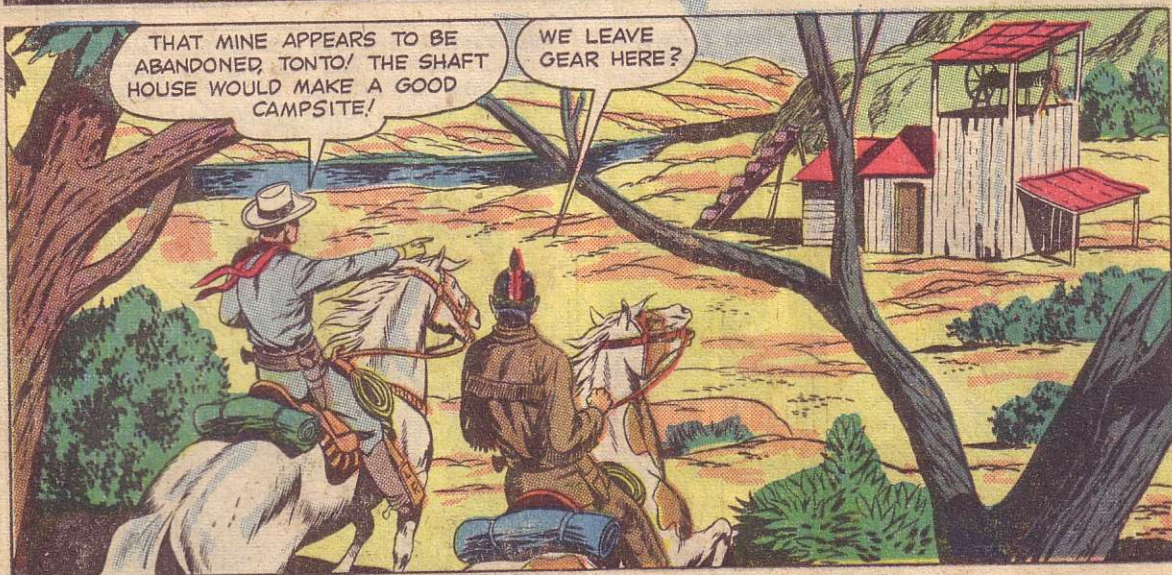
THIS IS THE AREA WHERE
CHEROKEE SMITH AND RUSK
HAVE BEEN OPERATING,
TONTO!

THIS ALL MINING
COUNTRY! PLENTY
PLACES TO HIDE!



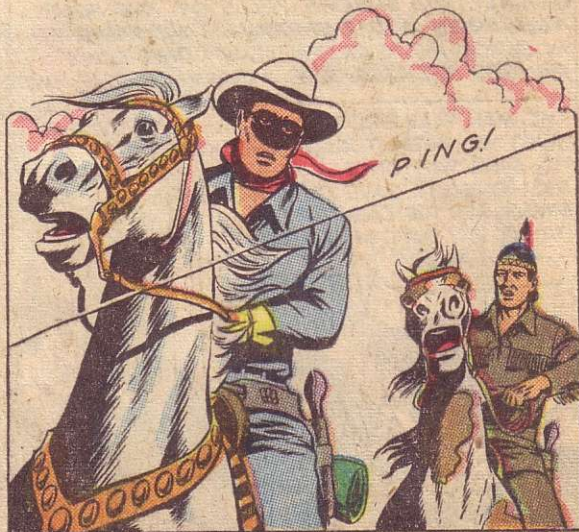
THAT MINE APPEARS TO BE
ABANDONED, TONTO! THE SHAFT
HOUSE WOULD MAKE A GOOD
CAMPSITE!

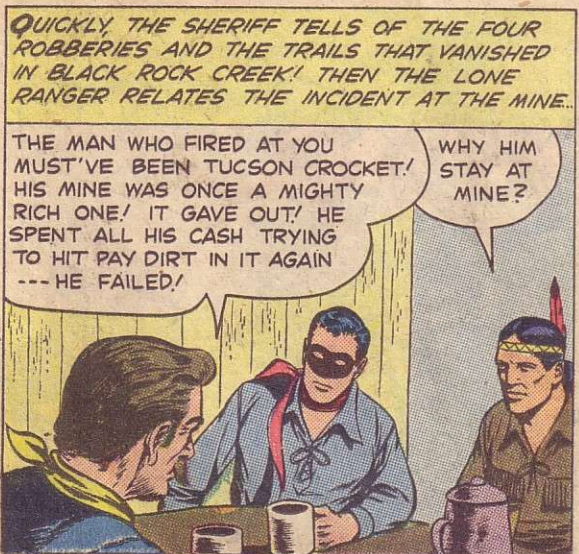
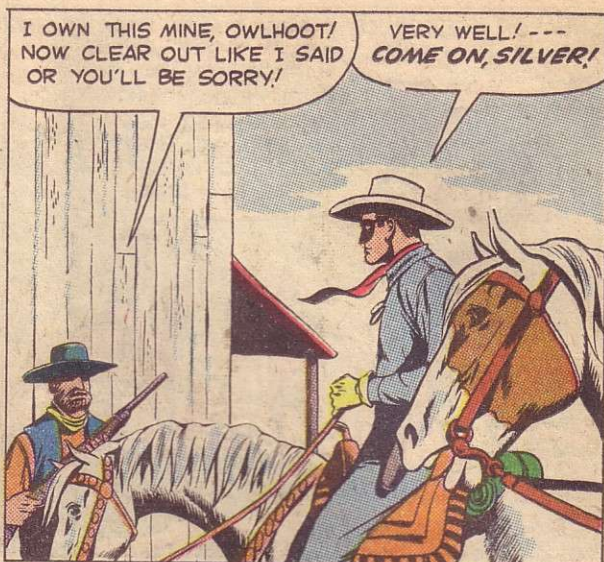
WE LEAVE
GEAR HERE?

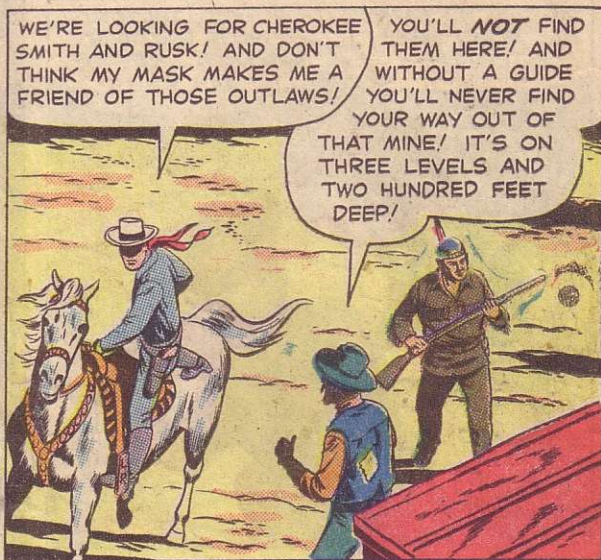
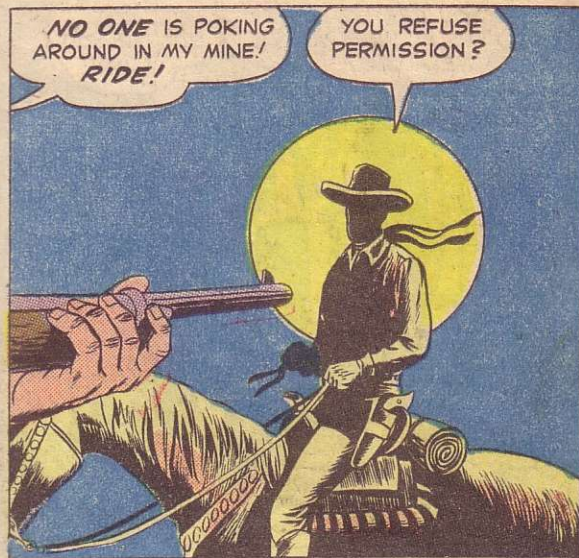


YES! AND AS SOON AS IT'S
DARK, WE'LL CALL ON THE
SHERIFF! HE SHOULD
REMEMBER US, WE WORKED
WITH HIM LAST YEAR!

WHOA, SCOUT!











THE MASKED MAN'S SMART! HE MAY FIND THE SECRET EXIT THAT LEADS INTO THIS CAVE, BUT BEFORE HE DOES, WE'LL SET OFF SOME CHARGES OF BLASTING POWDER THAT'LL BLOW ENOUGH DIRT AND ROCKS TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF THE CREEK!

OH, NO! YOU'RE NOT FLOODING MY MINE!



THE ONLY MONEY YOU'RE MAKING ON THIS MINE IS WHAT WE PAY YOU FOR LETTING US USE IT! WE'RE PLANNING TO HOLD UP THE MIDNIGHT STAGE TONIGHT---WE'LL CUT YOU IN FOR A THIRD IF YOU'LL FLOOD THE MINE AND DROWN THOSE TWO!

A THIRD OF THE LOOT, EH?---I'LL GET THE BLASTING POWDER!



SOON AFTER, AS THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO START TO CUT HANDHOLES, THEY HEAR AN EXPLOSION---

WATER!--TUCSON TRY TO DROWN US!

HE MAY HAVE OUTSMARTED HIMSELF, TONTO! THE WATER'S RISING RAPIDLY! WE'LL FLOAT UP WITH IT IN THIS VERTICAL SHAFT AND SOON WE'LL BE ABLE TO REACH THE LADDER!



AS THE MINE FILLS QUICKLY---

HOIST COME DOWN! THERE SOMEONE WITH TUCSON!

THEY MUST BE CHECKING TO SEE IF WE'VE DROWNED! DUCK UNDERWATER!



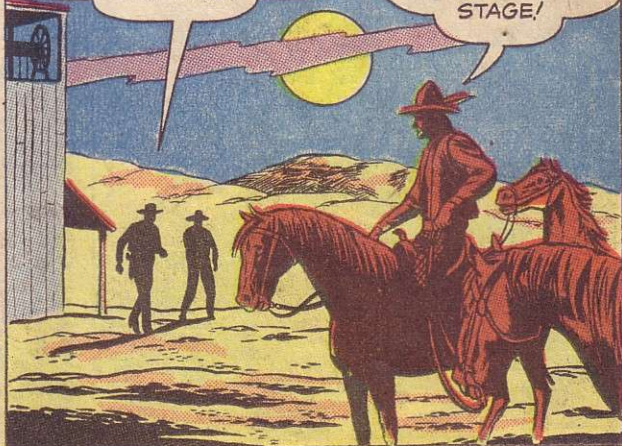
ALL I SEE IS WATER, RUSK!

TAKE US BACK UP! THEY COULDN'T HAVE ESCAPED! THEY'RE DEAD!



YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT THE MASKED MAN AND HIS PAL GETTING OUT OF THE MINE, CHEROKEE!

GOOD! NOW, TUCSON RIDE WITH US! IT BE MIDNIGHT SOON. WE GO TO STOP STAGE!

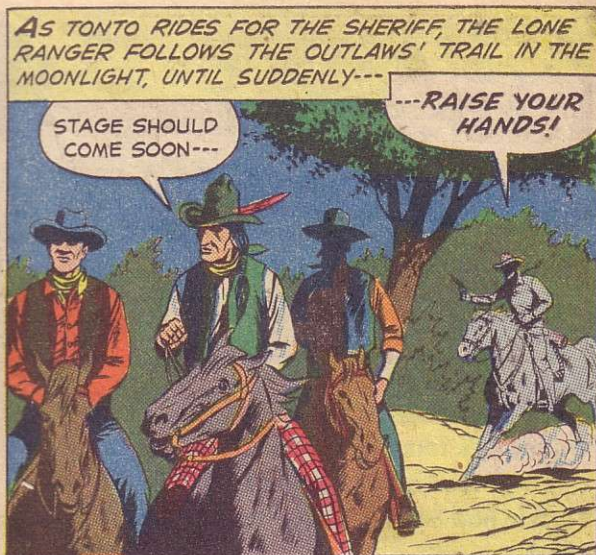




AND AS THE WATER RISES---

TRICK WORKED,
KEMO SABAY!

UP THE
LADDER,
TONTO!



AS TONTO RIDES FOR THE SHERIFF, THE LONE
RANGER FOLLOWS THE OUTLAWS' TRAIL IN THE
MOONLIGHT, UNTIL SUDDENLY---

---RAISE YOUR
HANDS!

STAGE SHOULD
COME SOON---



BANG!

TH-THE MASKED MAN!
YOU SAID HIM DEAD!

USE YOUR
GUNS AND
MAKE SURE
THIS TIME HE
IS DEAD!



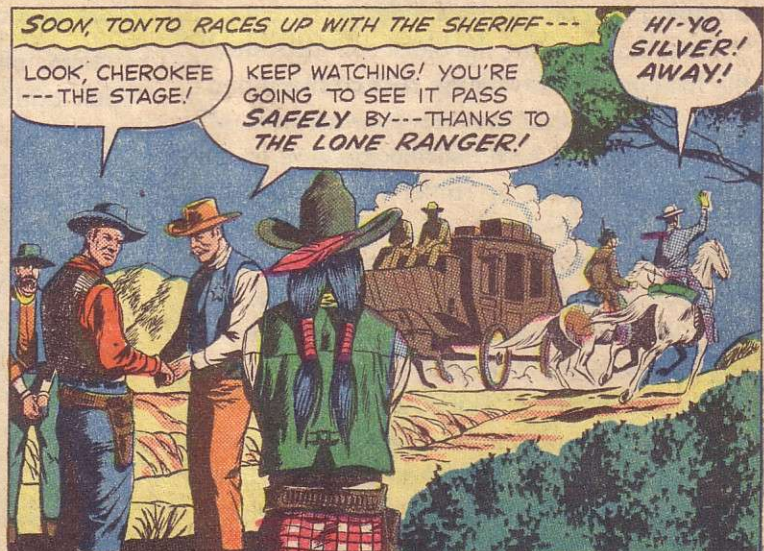
BANG!

I WARNED
YOU NOT
TO DRAW!

YEDOW!



M-MY GUN! D-DON'T FIRE!
I SURRENDER!



SOON, TONTO RACES UP WITH THE SHERIFF---

LOOK, CHEROKEE
---THE STAGE!

KEEP WATCHING! YOU'RE
GOING TO SEE IT PASS
SAFELY BY---THANKS TO
THE LONE RANGER!

HI-YO,
SILVER!
AWAY!



Blackie's feud with Slick Daley began the day the coal-black colt came to the Bar-W. Blackie had been missed when they'd rounded up the yearlings the year before. That winter on the free and open range had given the colt the muscles of a cougar and the cunning of a coyote, and a proud, defiant way of carrying his head.

Slick Daley, the short-tempered ramrod of the Bar-W, found out all about Blackie when he tried to rope him for branding. The colt was like a cat as he dodged the first three casts of Slick's lariat.

"Blasted mustang," Slick gritted. "I'll show you." And when his next throw snagged the colt's forefoot, he threw Blackie to the ground with a vicious jerk. In an instant, Blackie was hogtied. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Slick approaching with a smoking iron. Then there was the hot, searing touch of the branding iron on Blackie's hide.

From that moment, the black colt associated the feeling of pain with the reek of sweat and stale tobacco that was so characteristic of Slick Daley, and he hated the foreman as he would any coyote or rattler he met on the range.

The instant his ropes were loosed, Blackie charged Slick and drove him from the corral. Mort Watson, owner of the Bar-W, was waiting for Slick outside the corral gate. He spoke in clipped accents. "Daley, I was sorry that critter didn't nail you before you got away. I saw what you did with that branding iron. I don't want you handling a critter that way again."

After Blackie's experience with Slick, it wasn't easy to convince him that not all men were his enemies. It was Mort who gentled Blackie and trained him to the saddle, and in doing it he made certain to leave the colt's spirit unbroken and proud. Before the year was out, the handsome coal-black horse was the gentlest and most promising colt on the Bar-W. And there wasn't a wrangler on the spread who didn't pamper him regularly with tidbits of sugar or an apple or two.

But Slick Daley never forgot his spiteful dislike for the colt. Whenever he approached Blackie, he would give him a kick, a blow, or a vicious jerk of the rein. And to Blackie, Slick Daley had become the one hateful man on the ranch. Whenever he saw Slick he became a changed animal. He would reach out between the corral bars and try to get Slick with his teeth, or, if the foreman was close enough Blackie would let fly with a hoof.

Then, one day, the feud erupted into an open battle between Slick and Blackie. Unprovoked, the foreman had given the horse a vicious cut of his quirt. Bawling in fury, Blackie charged him. It took four men to hold Blackie in his rage. While the colt strained against his ropes, the foreman swaggered triumphantly out of the corral into the ranch yard.

Mort Watson met him at the gate. The boss' face was flushed and angry. "I tell you, Watson," said Daley, "that colt's a killer. If you don't get rid of him he'll stomp someone to death one of these days."

Mort clenched his fist. His voice was grim with finality. "I saw what happened, Slick. I've warned you before about abusing the stock. This is the last time. You're fired!"

It surprised Watson to see how quietly Slick took his discharge. But, within a week, fifty Bar-W cattle were found poisoned. Two days later, Slick was caught redhanded poisoning a Bar-W water hole. Daley got three years for that, but he left for prison swearing vengeance on the Bar-W and Mort Watson.

With Daley gone, Blackie's life became a peaceful thing. Mort continued the colt's education. As the months passed Blackie learned to work the cattle herd with the best cowponies on the ranch. Before long, he was an expert in snaking mavericks out of the tangled brush in the canyons and few horses could match him at cutting out the Bar-W calves at roundup time. And so Blackie's days passed peacefully.

But the nights were something else again. Blackie would often wake with a wild neigh in his throat, for the deep recesses of his brain were still haunted by the searing memory of Slick Daley. But the nightmares faded slowly until they were no more. One year passed, then another, and another. But time meant little to Blackie, nor could his equine brain understand that somewhere a prison gate was swinging wide and Slick Daley was stepping forth a free man.

Then, one night, as Blackie slept in the pasture behind the stable, he was suddenly awakened by the sound of a footfall. Against



the sky, he saw a shadow slipping across the pasture toward the main house. Blackie lifted his head trying to catch the scent. Suddenly, inexplicably, he was nervous, tense, the muscles bunching in his great shoulders as he stepped softly forward.

Out in the darkness, Slick Daley crouched behind a fence post and grinned in anticipation. The door of the main house was just across the yard. At dawn, Mort Watson would step out of that door and Slick's rifle would be waiting for him. As Slick waited, he was unaware of the hulking shadow moving softly toward him across the grass. In the deep green carpet, Blackie's footfalls made no sound. Then, as Daley lifted his rifle to rest it on a rail a sliver of wood stabbed at his finger.

"Blasted splinter," he rasped in a raging whisper. But behind him, Blackie trembled violently. His nostrils flared as he caught the scent of stale tobacco and acrid sweat in the dawn.

With a shrill neigh, Blackie reared and lashed out with his hoofs again and again! Slick Daley was lucky that Mort reached him in time.

"Get to the phone and call a doctor. There's still a chance!" he called to his men.

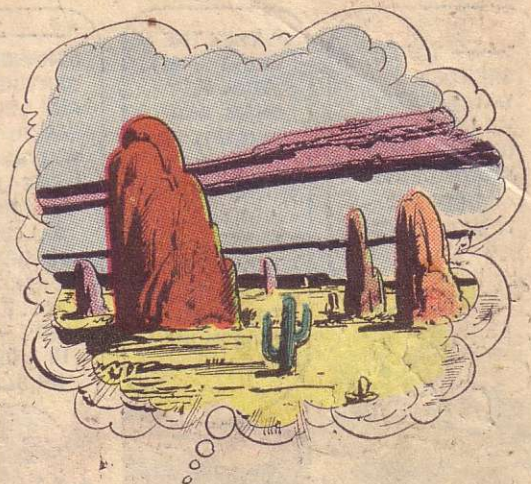
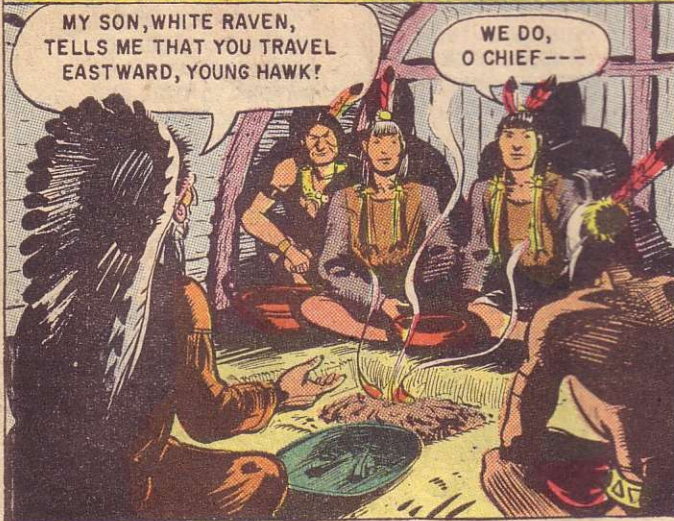
As the others carried Slick into the bunkhouse, Mort ran a quieting hand along Blackie's quivering flank. "Reckon Slick was hiding there, waiting to take a pot shot at me. He swore to square things."

He paused and when he spoke it was with quiet gratitude. "I guess he forgot that you had a score to settle, too, Blackie."

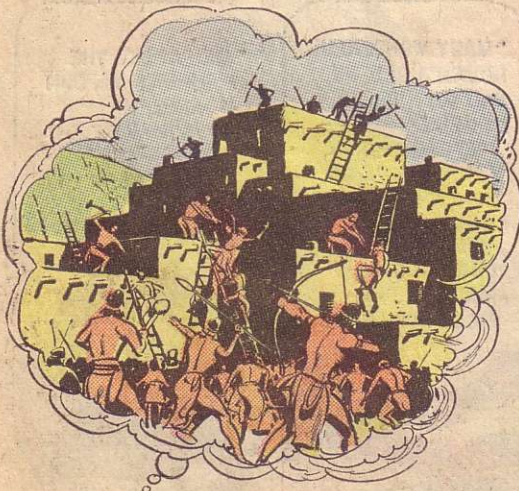
YOUNG HAWK



THAT EVENING, AFTER SUPPER IN THE CHIEF'S LODGE ---

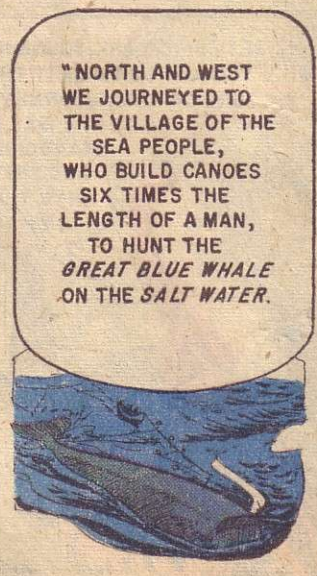
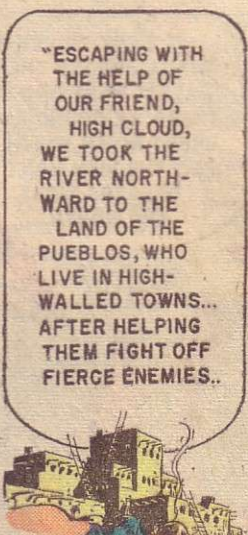
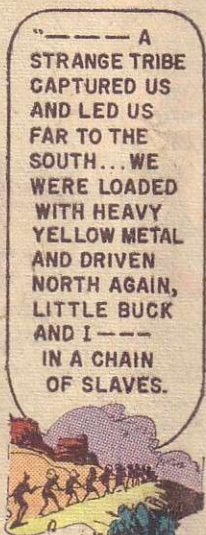
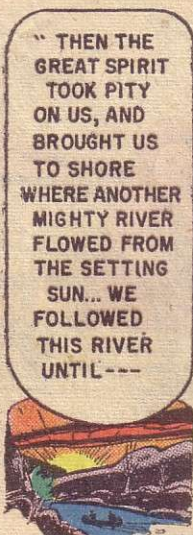
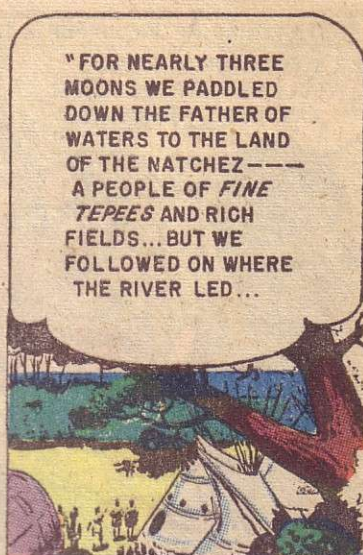


---THROUGH THE DESERT OF STANDING ROCKS...



--- AND THE LAND WHERE PEACEFUL MEN BUILT STRONG TOWERS FOR DEFENSE..."









THERE YOU HAVE THE TALE
OF OUR JOURNEYINGS, O CHIEF!
THE WORLD IS BIG----AND WE
HOPE TO SEE MUCH MORE OF IT!

LATE AT NIGHT, YOUNG HAWK
COMPLETES HIS STORY.



I WISH I WERE YOUNG ENOUGH TO GO
WITH YOU, YOUNG WARRIORS ---- BUT
AT LEAST I CAN HELP YOU A LITTLE
ON YOUR WAY! THIS BELT----

WAMPUM!
BUT THAT IS
PRICELESS--!



YES, WAMPUM OF THIS KIND IS NEVER FOR TRADE!
BUT IT WILL PASS YOU SAFELY THROUGH ALL THE
LANDS OF THE CHIPPEWAS---- EVEN TO THE FATHER
OF WATERS! I GIVE IT TO YOU, YOUNG HAWK!



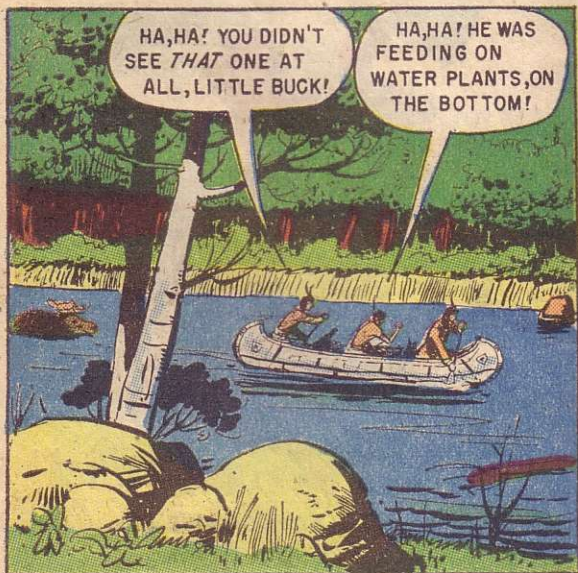
AND NOW LET
US SLEEP----
FOR TOMORROW IS
NOT FAR
AWAY!

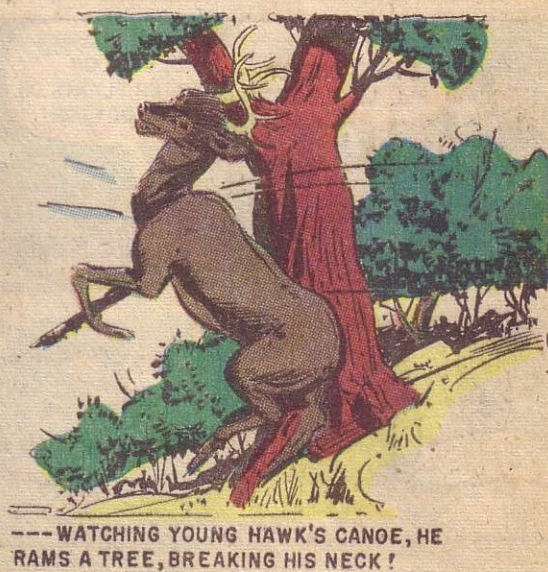
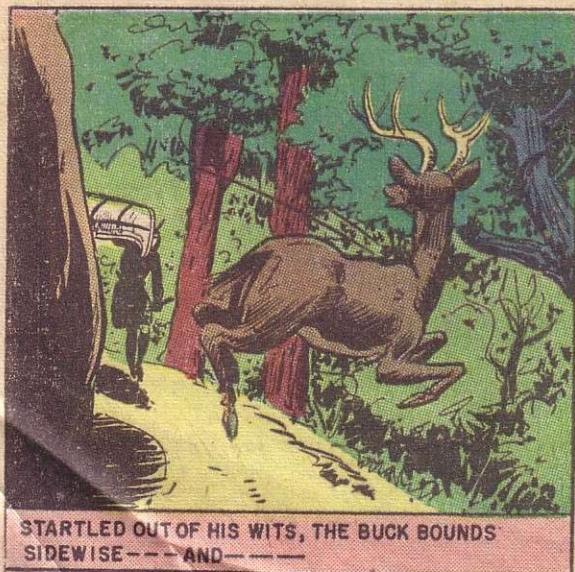
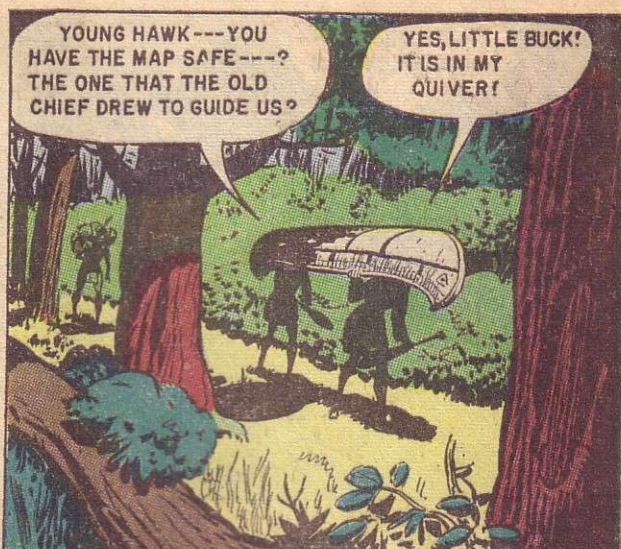


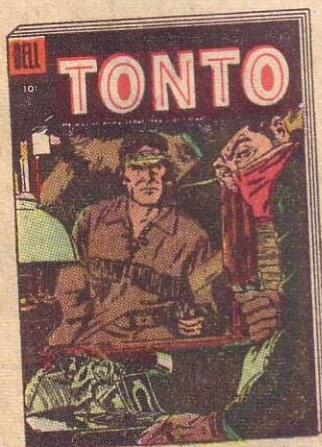
NEXT DAY, AS YOUNG HAWK AND
HIS COMPANIONS PUSH OFF----

MAY YOUR LODGES
BE FULL OF MEAT,
O CHIPPEWAS!

MAY YOUR
MEDICINE
BE STRONG!





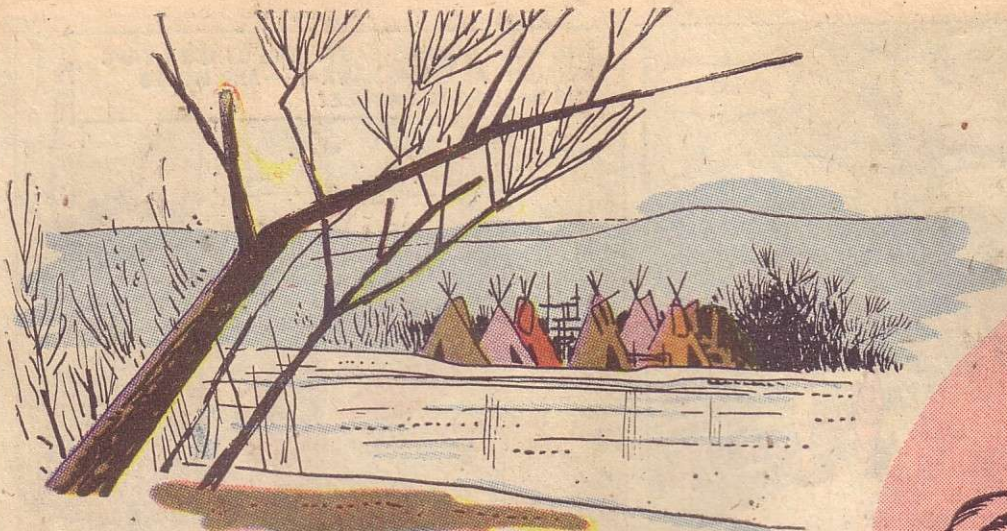


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INDIAN TRIBAL AND PLACE NAMES*

Many Indian Tribes today bear names that were given to them by other races of people many years ago. During the years, the names have become accepted by them but, on the whole, many people are unaware of the names by which the different tribes identify themselves when conversing in their native languages.

The first French explorers visiting among the Indians of what is now New York State gave them the name of Iroquois. One of the Iroquois tribes, the Senecas, was named by the English after a proud and arrogant Roman noble whose name was Seneca.

Quah-ne-ta-cut was the name that the Pequots gave to the mighty river that now flows in the Nutmeg State. The name means "Long River" and the English changed this to Connecticut, a state whose name we all know.

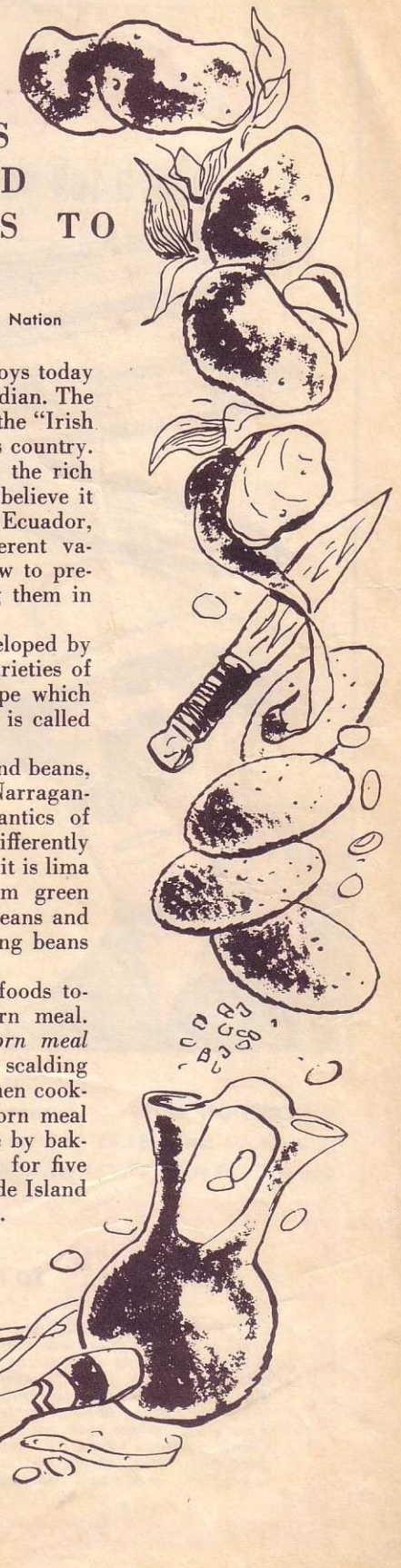
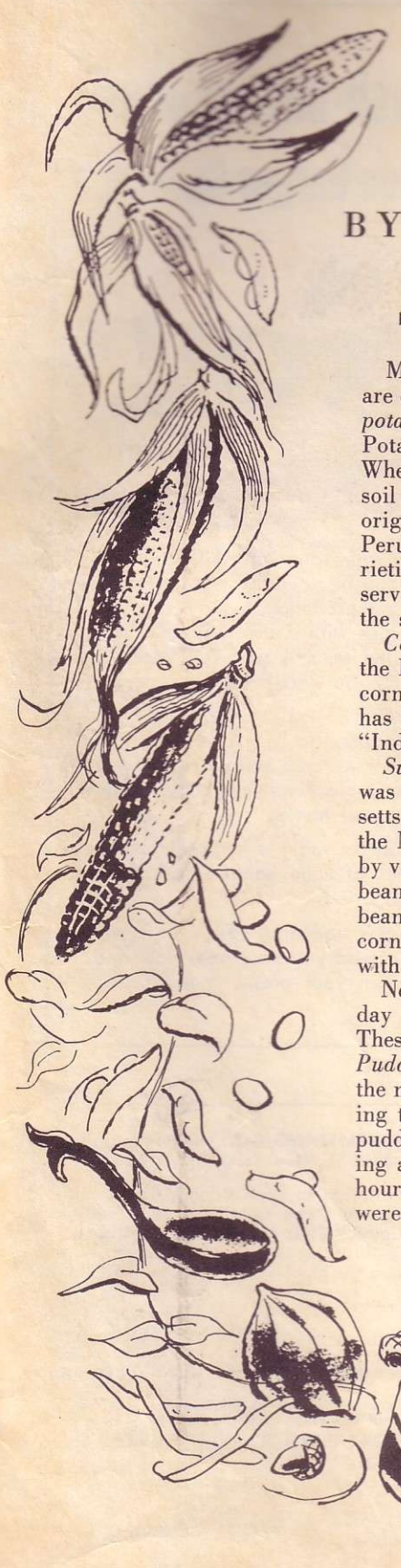
French trappers who encountered the horse-riding Indians of the northern plains area gave them the French name of Nadewessioux which became shortened to Sioux. These people, however, call themselves the Allied Men, which is Lakota in one Sioux dialect and Dakota in the other.

* by Chief Red Thunder Cloud of the Catawbas



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



SOME FOODS CONTRIBUTED BY THE INDIANS TO THE WORLD

by Chief Red Thunder Cloud of the Catawba Nation

Many of the foods that the world enjoys today are contributions from the American Indian. The *potato*, which has come to be known as the "Irish Potato," was first found growing in this country. When taken to Ireland it grew well in the rich soil there and many people mistakenly believe it originated there. The Inca Indians of Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia cultivated 240 different varieties of potatoes which they knew how to preserve by first freezing and then drying them in the sun.

Corn on the cob is another food developed by the Indian. There are many different varieties of corn and some tribes today raise a type which has blue, red and yellow kernels which is called "Indian Corn."

Succotash, a food composed of corn and beans, was made popular by the Mohegans, Narragansetts, Pequots, Wampanoags and Nehantics of the New England area. It is prepared differently by various tribes. Among the Mohegans it is lima beans and corn. Narragansetts use jim green beans and corn, Montauks red kidney beans and corn and Zuni of New Mexico mix string beans with corn.

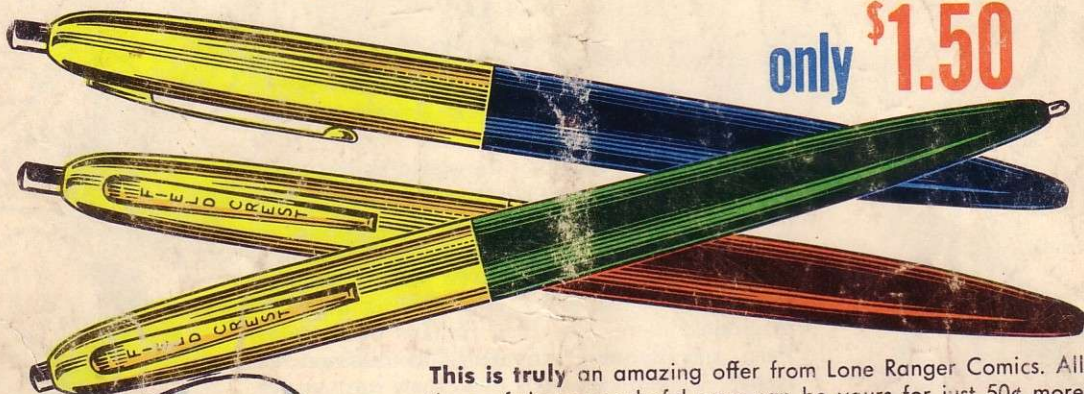
New Englanders enjoy two types of foods today which are made from Indian corn meal. These are *Johnnycakes* and *Indian corn meal Pudding*. The Johnnycakes are made by scalding the meal with hot water and milk and then cooking the mixture on a griddle. Indian corn meal pudding is a delicious dish that is made by baking a mixture of corn meal in the oven for five hours. The Narragansett Indians of Rhode Island were the people first found preparing it.

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