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the Lone Ranger



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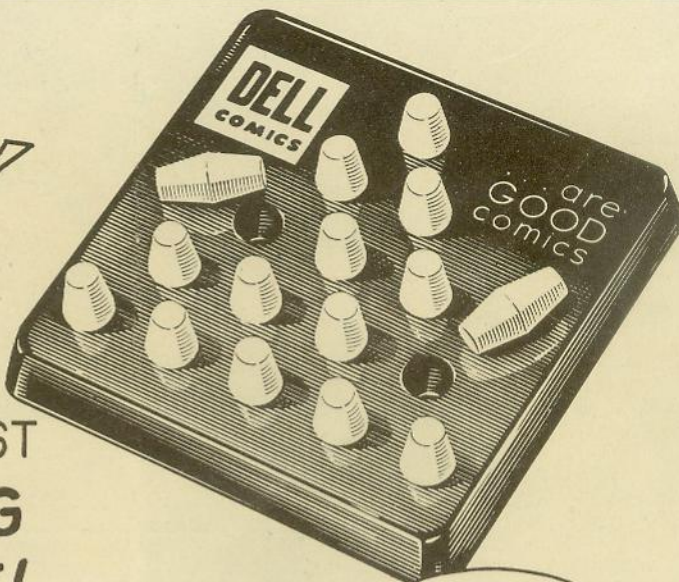
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PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

the Lone Ranger

THE GHOST RIDERS

AS A BAR-C LINE RIDER
CHECKS THE SOUTH RANGE
BEYOND WESTON, SUDDENLY---

WH-WHAT IN BLAZES
---I-I MUST BE
SEEING THINGS!

TH-THEY'RE COMING CLOSER!
I CAN HEAR **HOOFBEATS**,
BUT I DON'T SEE ANY
HORSES! J-JUST THOSE
GHOSTLY RIDERS!

BUT THEIR **BULLETS**
ARE REAL!

PING!

I'M HIGHTAILING IT!

GIDDAP!

THE NEXT MORNING---

FORTY OF MY
LONGHORNS
ARE GONE!

I-I WASN'T STAYING
AROUND HERE, BOSS, TO
GUARD 'EM! NOT WITH LEAD
FLYING FROM HORSELESS
GHOST RIDERS!

LRP84-556

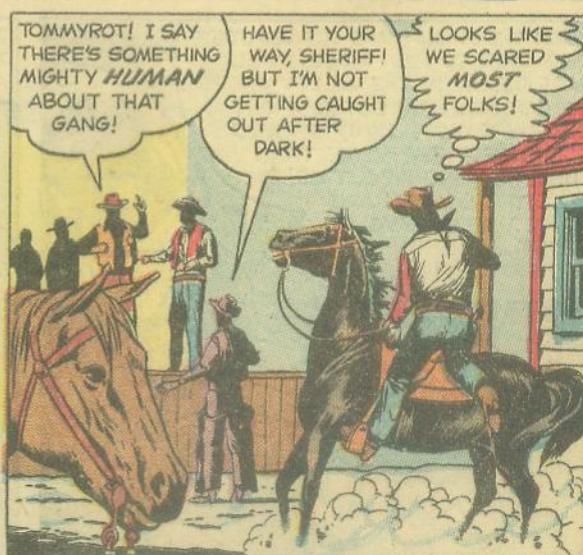
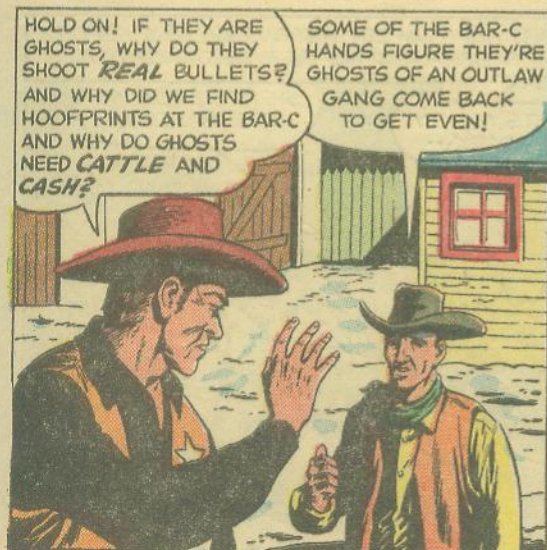
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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





SOON, IN THE HILLS BEYOND TOWN---

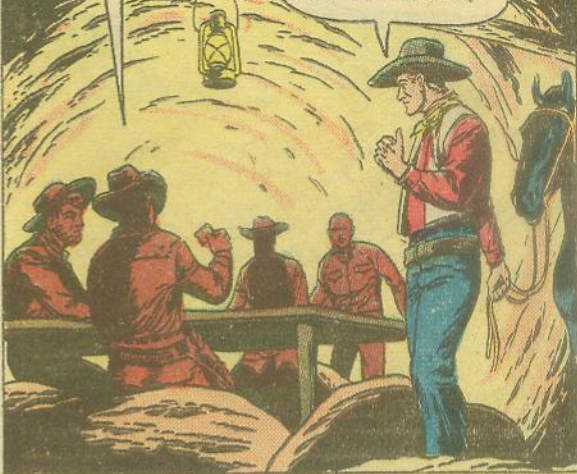
HI, SLICK! HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT THE "GHOST RIDERS"?

THAT'S **ALL** THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT IN TOWN, BALDY!



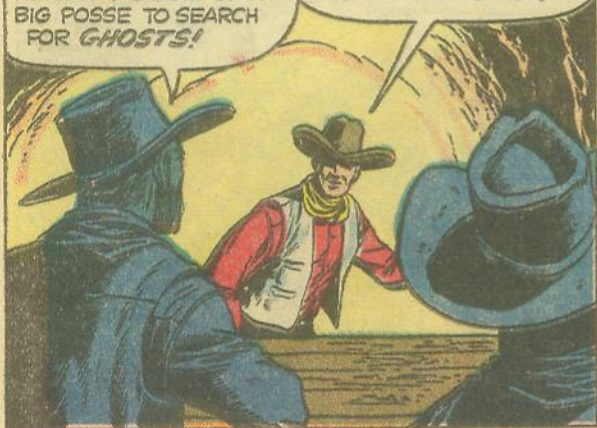
BET WE HAVE 'EM ALL SCARED!

NEARLY ALL, FINGERS! THE SHERIFF ISN'T SO EASILY FOOLED!



WELL, HE HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO FOLLOW OUR TRAIL THE WAY WE COVER IT AND I RECKON HE CAN'T SCARE UP A BIG POSSE TO SEARCH FOR **GHOSTS**!

TONIGHT, WE'LL MAKE SURE **NONE** OF HIS DEPUTIES WILL DRAW REIN WITH HIM WHEN HE HUNTS FOR US!



THE MOON DOESN'T COME UP UNTIL MIDNIGHT! BALDY'LL RIDE INTO TOWN AT TEN, SAYING HE JUST SAW THE GHOST RIDERS ON HIGH RIDGE!

WHAT'LL THAT DO?



WHEN THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES RIDE OVER TO HIGH RIDGE, WE'LL PASS BELOW IN THE VALLEY WHERE WE CAN BE **SEEN**, BUT JUST OUT OF GUN RANGE! **THAT** SHOULD CONVINCE THEM MORE THAN JUST HEARING ABOUT US! ONCE THE LAWMEN ARE SCARED, WE'LL HAVE A **FREE HAND** IN THIS TERRITORY!



THAT NIGHT, AFTER HEARING BALDY'S REPORT, THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES RACE TO HIGH RIDGE---

IT'S MIGHTY DARK---

SHERIFF, LOOK IN THE VALLEY!





TH- THEY REALLY
LOOK LIKE
GHOSTS!

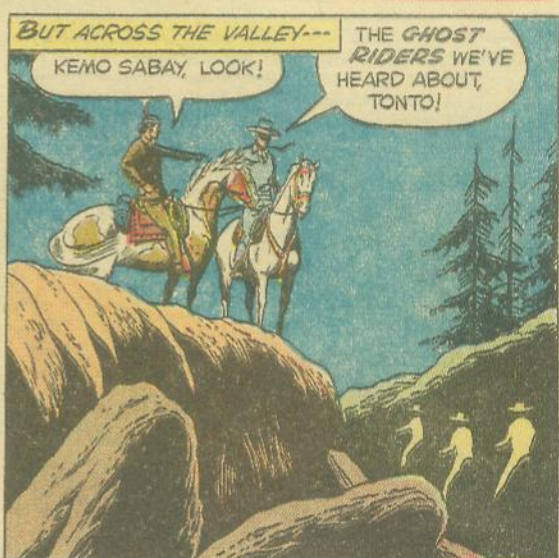
LISTEN! --- I HEAR *REAL* HOOFBEATS!
THEY'RE OUT OF RANGE, BUT WE'LL
GET DOWN THERE PRONTO! *RIDE!*



N-NO!
COUNT
ME OUT!

I'M HEADING FOR
TOWN! I'M NOT
HUNTING
GHOSTS!

WELL, IF YOU'RE *ALL*
SHAKING IN YOUR BOOTS,
I RECKON I CAN'T
CHASE FIVE OF 'EM
ALONE!



BUT ACROSS THE VALLEY--
KEMO SABAY, LOOK!

THE *GHOST
RIDERS* WE'VE
HEARD ABOUT,
TONTO!



WE HEAR HOOFBEATS,
BUT NOT SEE HORSES!

WE CAME HERE TO
SEARCH FOR THAT
GANG! RIDE DOWN
TO THE VALLEY!



*GET-UM
UP, SCOUT!*

*COME ON,
SILVER!*

AS THEY PICK THEIR WAY DOWN THE DARK SLOPE, THEY REACH THE VALLEY FLOOR---

WE COME DOWN IN HURRY, BUT THEM NOT SHINE NOW!

THEY COULDN'T HAVE RIDDEN OUT OF SIGHT SO SOON!



WE'LL CAMP HERE, TONTO! AT DAWN, WE'LL TRY TO FIND THEIR TRAIL!



AT DAWN, THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO FOLLOW THE MYSTERIOUS RIDERS' TRACKS---

THEIR TRAIL JOIN **MORE** HORSES HERE!

MOST LIKELY THE OTHER RIDERS WERE THE POSSEMEN! THE OUTLAWS CLEVERLY COVERED THEIR TRAIL BY MIXING IT WITH THE LAWMEN'S!



BOTH TRACKS HEAD FOR TOWN!

TONTO, I'LL WAIT HERE! GO INTO WESTON AND SEE WHAT--- **RIDERS ARE COMING!**



A MASKED MAN!

MAYBE HE'S ONE OF THE GHOST RIDERS WE'RE SEARCHING FOR! **GUN 'EM!**



THEY'VE SEEN US!---COME ON, SILVER! **LET'S GO, BIG FELLOW!**





THE WALLS ARE DAMP, TONTO!---LOOK, THE MOISTURE ON MY HAND FROM THE WALL MAKES IT **GLOW!** THE MOISTURE IS A LUMINOUS SUBSTANCE, APPARENTLY CAUSED BY A CHEMICAL REACTION OF THE MOISTURE SEEPING DOWN THE WALLS! CERTAIN **PHOSPHORUS-LIKE SALTS** IN THE ROCKY WALL COULD CAUSE IT!



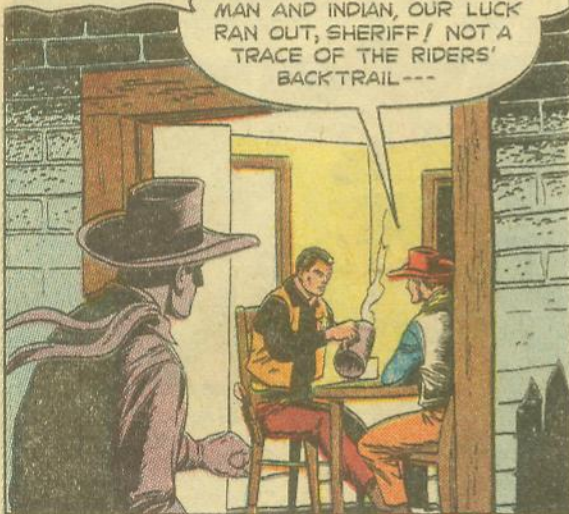
THEN, THE LONE RANGER RUBS A HANDKERCHIEF ACROSS THE WALL---

TONTO, THE OUTLAWS HIDE-OUT MUST BE IN A SIMILAR CAVERN AND THEY DISCOVERED THAT THIS SUBSTANCE MAKES THEIR CLOTHING **GLOW!** THEY USED THAT KNOWLEDGE TO GOOD ADVANTAGE!--- TONIGHT WE'LL SHOW THIS HANDKERCHIEF TO THE SHERIFF SO HE CAN PROVE TO HIS MEN THAT THE GHOST RIDERS ARE **HUMANS!**



THAT NIGHT---

AFTER WE LOST THE MASKED MAN AND INDIAN, OUR LUCK RAN OUT, SHERIFF! NOT A TRACE OF THE RIDERS' BACKTRAIL---



WHAT IN THUNDERATION---

---DON'T REACH! I'VE DRAWN MY GUN TO PROTECT MYSELF, NOT TO HARM YOU! I'VE COME TO HELP YOU, SHERIFF!



A MASKED MAN HELPING THE LAW?

PERHAPS THIS **SILVER BULLET** WILL SET ME APART FROM **OTHER** MASKED MEN!

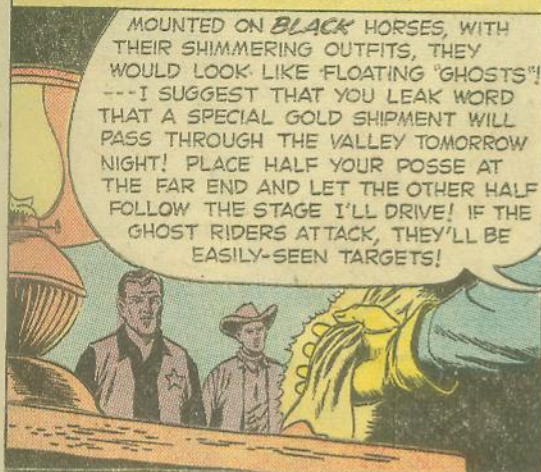


THERE IS ONE MASKED MAN WHO'S BEEN KNOWN TO AID THE LAW! BUT HE RIDES WITH AN **INDIAN**---

---TONTO IS HERE, SHERIFF! AND NOW I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU WHAT MAKES THE **GHOST RIDERS GLOW!**



TURNING DOWN THE LANTERN'S WICK, THE LONE RANGER SHOWS THE LAWMEN HOW THE GHOST RIDERS MAKE THEIR CLOTHING GLOW---



THE NEXT NIGHT, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY, THE LONE RANGER TAKES THE STAGE'S REINS---



HERE THEY COME!
---WHOA, THERE!
WHOA!



IN THIS DARKNESS THEY CAN'T SEE ME SLIP INTO THE STAGE!



HERE'S THE STAGE YOU HEARD ABOUT, BALDY! THE DRIVER'S GONE! WE MUST'VE SCARED THE DAYLIGHT OUT OF HIM!

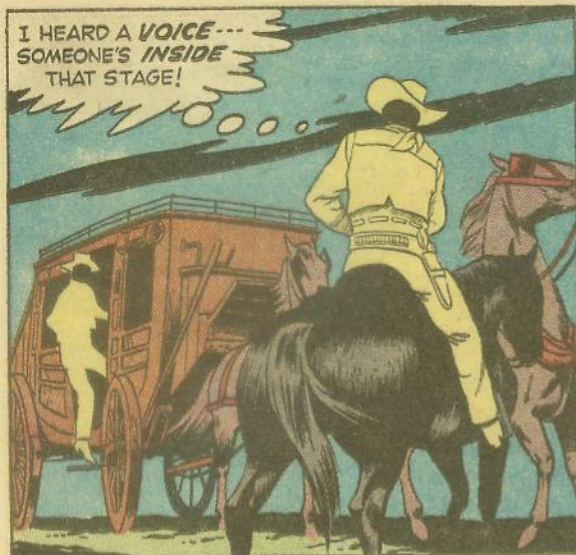
THERE'S NO CASHBOX ON TOP, SLICK! CHECK INSIDE! THE GOLD SHIPMENT MUST BE THERE!



WH-WHAT---

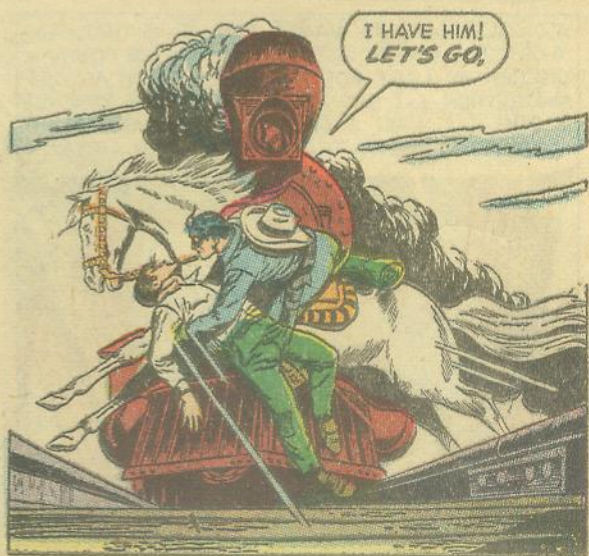
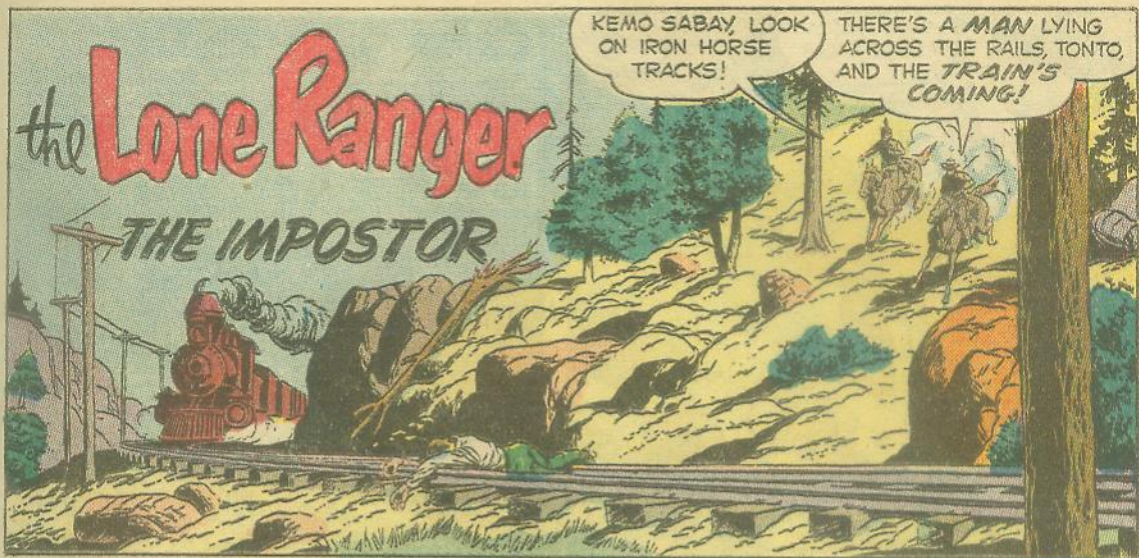
---REACH AND DON'T MOVE! TELL YOUR MEN TO DROP THEIR GUNS OR I'LL SHOOT YOU!





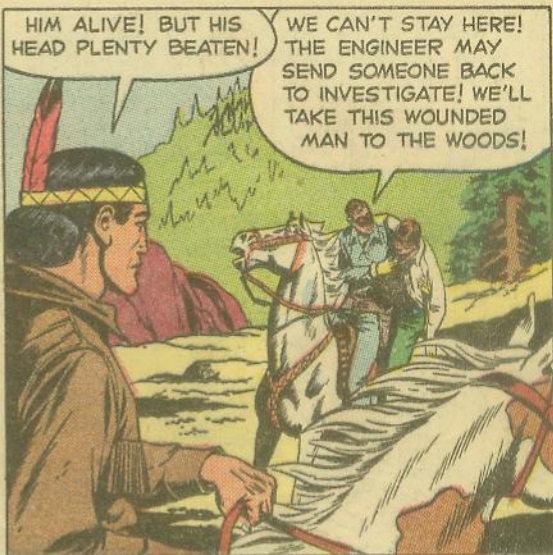








THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL!



HIM ALIVE! BUT HIS HEAD PLENTY BEATEN!

WE CAN'T STAY HERE! THE ENGINEER MAY SEND SOMEONE BACK TO INVESTIGATE! WE'LL TAKE THIS WOUNDED MAN TO THE WOODS!

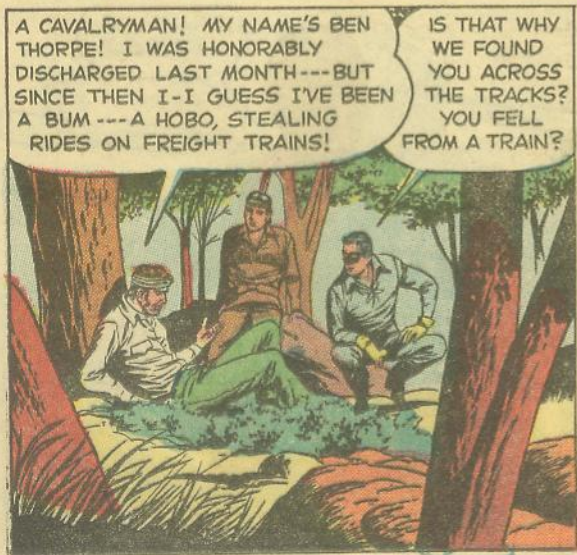


SOON--- M-MY HEAD ---DON'T LET IT ALARM YOU!
---IT ---
TH-THAT MASK---



IT DOESN'T!--- I FOUGHT AT YELLOW SPRINGS WITH YOU AND TONTO WHEN YOU PERSUADED LAME BEAR TO SURRENDER!

WERE YOU A SOLDIER?

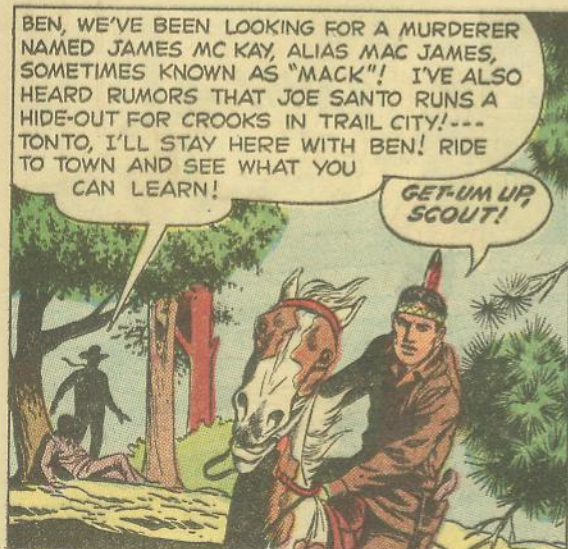
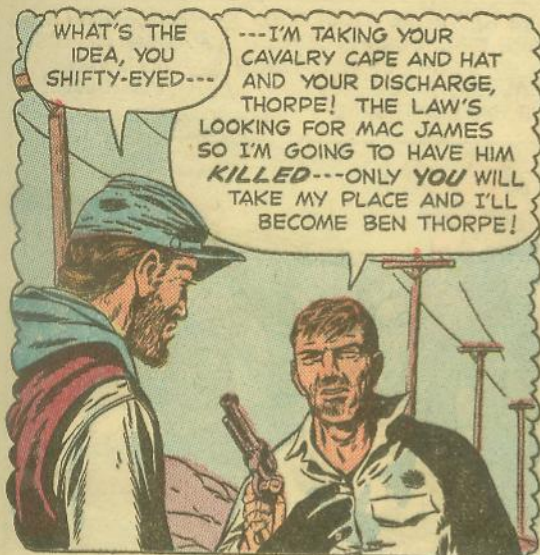


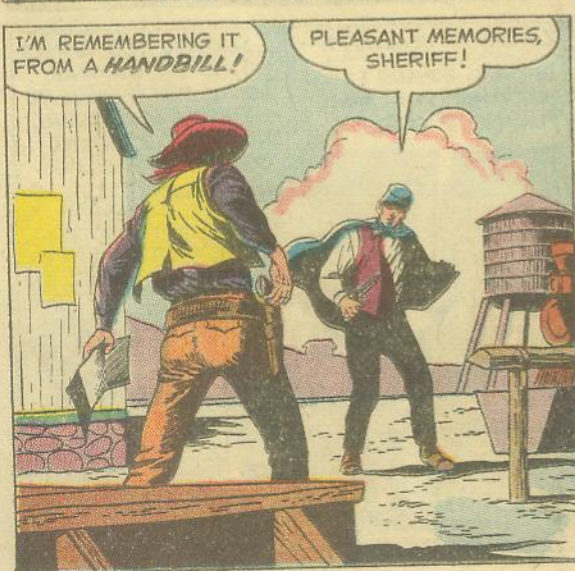
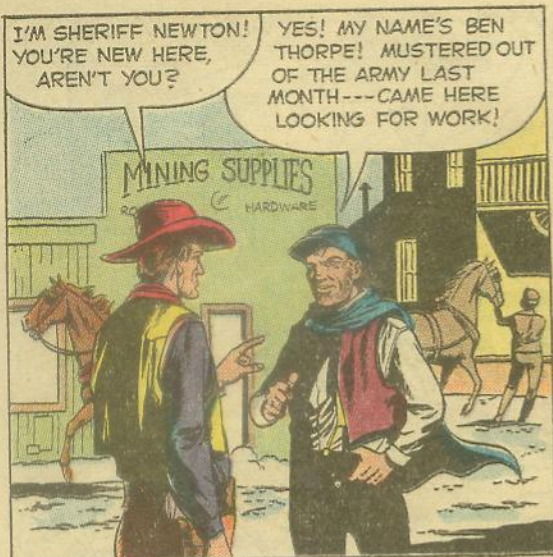
A CAVALRYMAN! MY NAME'S BEN THORPE! I WAS HONORABLY DISCHARGED LAST MONTH---BUT SINCE THEN I-I GUESS I'VE BEEN A BUM---A HOBO, STEALING RIDES ON FREIGHT TRAINS!

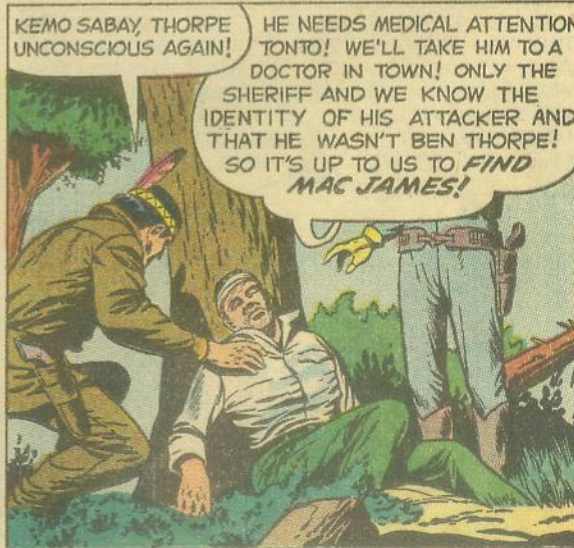
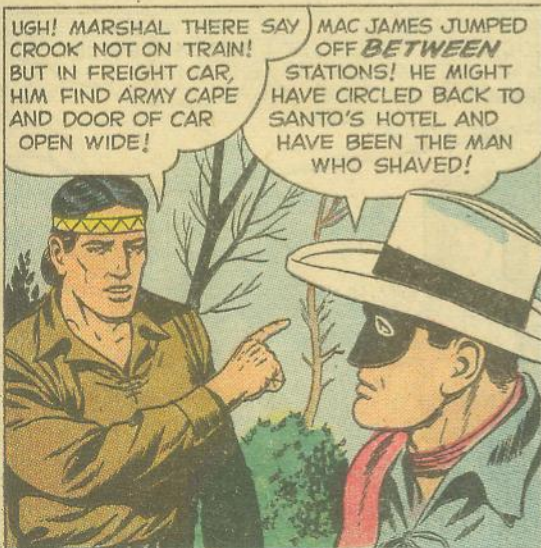
IS THAT WHY WE FOUND YOU ACROSS THE TRACKS? YOU FELL FROM A TRAIN?

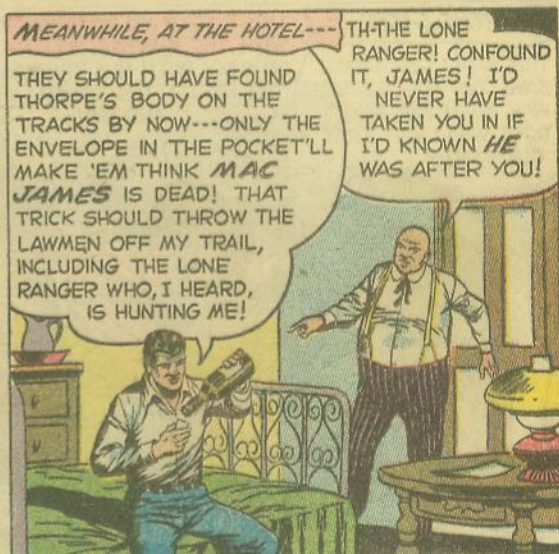


"NO---I MET A FELLOW NAMED MAC JAMES ON THE FREIGHT LAST NIGHT! THIS MORNING, WE BOTH JUMPED OFF HERE! THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, HE PULLED A GUN ON ME---









AS MAC JAMES LEAVES THE HOTEL BY THE FRONT DOOR, AT THE BACK DOOR---

A MASKED MAN!

QUIET!---JUST TELL ME WHERE JOE SANTO IS NOW!



WELL? WHERE IS HE?

I-IF HE LEARNS---A-ALL RIGHT---I'LL TELL YOU! HE'S IN ROOM TEN!



TYING AND GAGGING THE COOK, THE LONE RANGER KNOCKS ON ROOM TEN'S DOOR---

WHAT IN BLAZES---

---REACH, JOE!



Y-YOU---YOU'RE THE LONE RANGER!

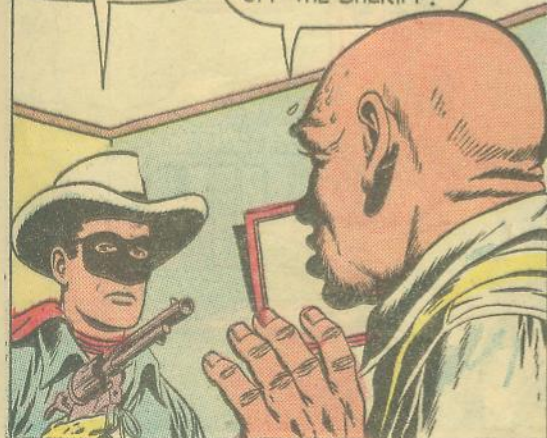
YOU MUST HAVE A GUILTY CONSCIENCE, JOE! JUST MENTIONING THAT NAME MADE YOU TURN PALE! NOW SPEAK UP---WHERE'S MAC JAMES?



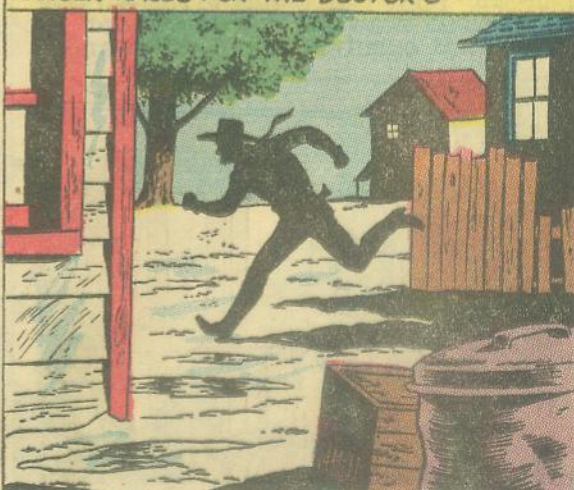
FOR A MINUTE, JOE SANTO HESITATES---

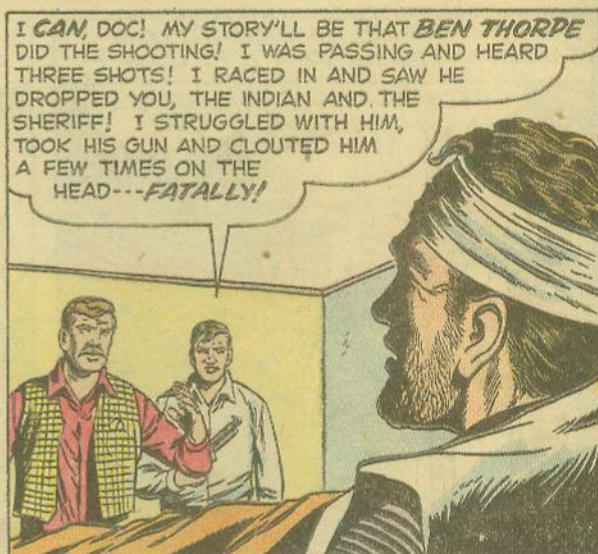
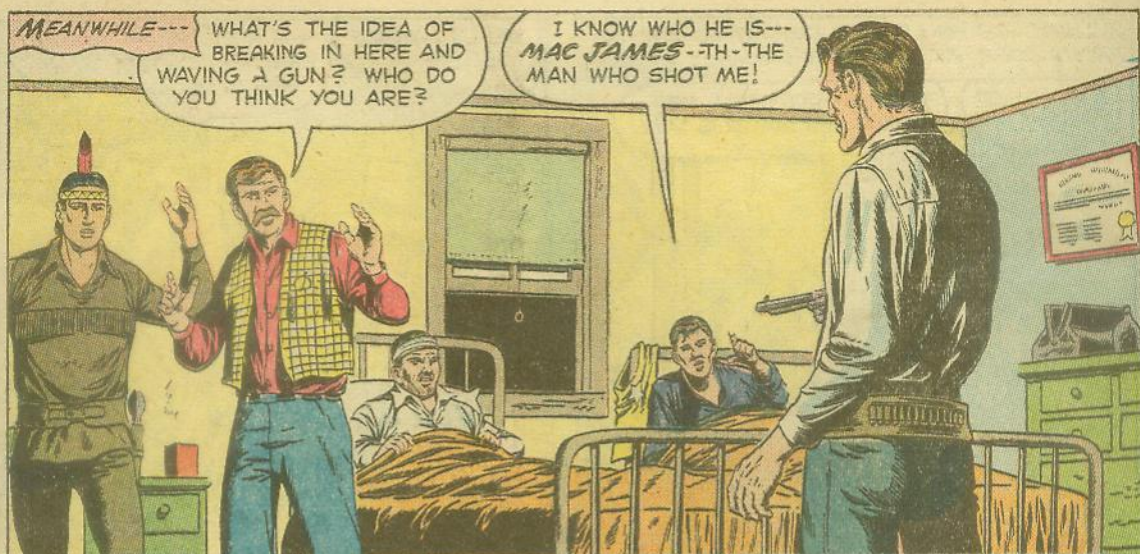
ANSWER ME, JOE! WHERE'S JAMES?

H-HE WENT TO THE DOCS--- TO FINISH OFF THE SHERIFF!



QUICKLY BINDING JOE SANTO, THE LONE RANGER RACES FOR THE DOCTOR'S---







M-MY GUN!



I CAN'T RISK FIRING, TONTO! STOP HIM!



ME FIX-UM!

OWW!

QUICKLY, THE LONE RANGER TELLS THE RECOVERING SHERIFF WHAT HAPPENED ---

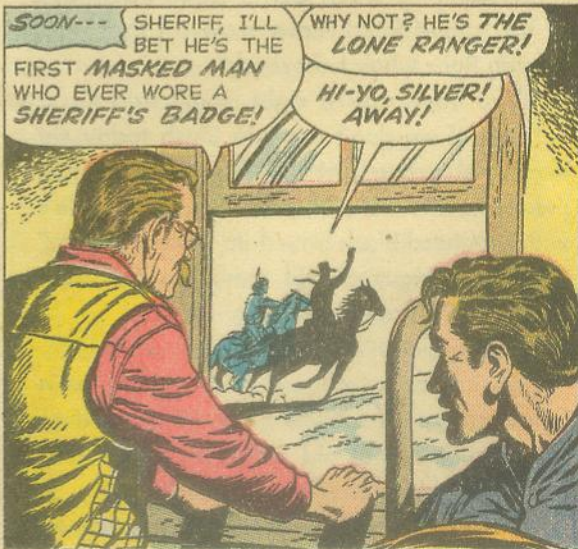
SHERIFF, JOE SANTO IS GUILTY OF CONCEALING A KNOWN MURDERER ---MAC JAMES!

ACCESSORY AFTER THE FACT! BY THUNDER, I ONLY WISH I COULD GET OFF THIS BED AND JAIL THAT POLECAT ALONG WITH MAC JAMES!



IF I HAD THE AUTHORITY---

AUTHORITY? YES SIREE! MY **BADGE** IS ALL THE AUTHORITY YOU NEED! **LOCK 'EM UP!**

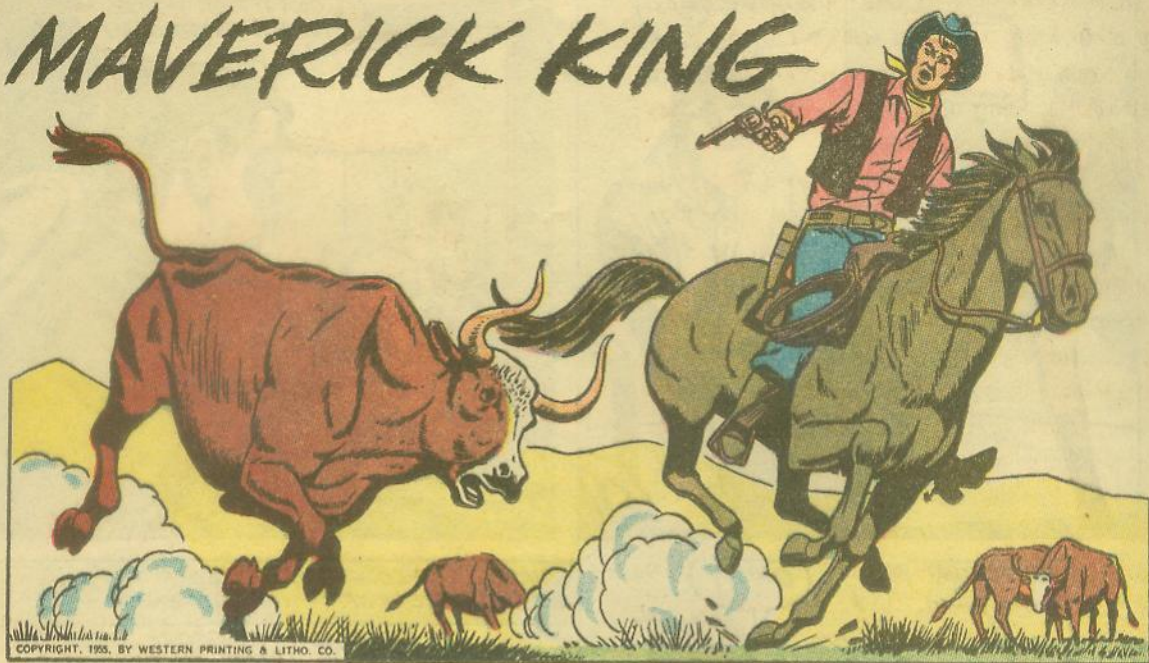


SOON--- SHERIFF, I'LL BET HE'S THE FIRST **MASKED MAN** WHO EVER WORE A **SHERIFF'S BADGE!**

WHY NOT? HE'S **THE LONE RANGER!**

HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!

MAVERICK KING



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As old Tuck Strong and his son, Burt, left the ranch yard of the Lazy S and headed toward the hills, their faces were grim with purpose.

"If we run into Slash Doran, it'll be at that box canyon I was telling you about," said Burt. "He's got two hundred of our best steers hidden there waiting for a chance to sneak them across the border on the next dark night."

"You sure it's Slash now?" queried the old man.

"Certain," grunted Burt. "These hoofprints of his splay-footed mare were all over that canyon floor when I checked."

"Sure hope you're right, son," said Tuck.

"Even if we don't run into Slash today we might get a crack at that big maverick bull I've been after for the past three years. He's with that herd Slash boxed up in the canyon."

"Still letting that old mosshorn get your goat, Burt?" The old man grinned.

"Get my goat!" exploded the younger man. "Why that crazy critter's been raising Cain on our range since I was a kid. Pa, sometimes you talk as if that old mosshorn was a personal friend of yours."

"In a way he is, Burt. That maverick was on

this land when I was fighting the Comanches for this spread fifteen years ago. There wasn't a rider in the country who could put a rope on him. Why that crazy critter sired the first calves that I sold off this spread. Be a sport, Burt, and leave him alone."

But Burt's mind was made up.

Out in the box canyon, Cimarron, the huge brindle bull, flicked the flies off his back and looked possessively at the herd of white faces over which he ruled. It was three weeks since Cimarron had stalked out of the cedar brakes to drive off the short horn bull that had ruled the two hundred cows which watered here.

But it was another enemy that the old mosshorn was thinking of now. It was days since Cimarron had caught the man-scent drifting down from the ridges. Since then his sixth sense warned him that the two-legged creatures were somewhere close by.

At noon, Cimarron spotted the riders angling down from the ridge. The huge bull bellowed a warning and the herd looked up from their drinking. But the riders were already among the cattle, circling behind the herd, driving them away from the acres of water that lay pooled at the bottom of the canyon.

There were two men, one short and swarthy, the other long and lean with a scarred face. Both wore guns and as they worked the herd they kept looking up at the rimrock as if they were afraid of being seen.

"Get this bunch moving," said the lean rider. "I'll pick up the ones on the other side of the canyon. And move fast, Soapy. We want to be on the trail by nightfall."

Soapy grinned. "Okay, Slash. We'll be over the border before the Strongs know what happened. It'll be even easier than last time."

Soapy was still grinning as he yanked his horse around. It was only then that he noticed the huge brindle bull pawing the earth and about to charge.

In the saddle, Soapy went white with terror. "Slash," he screamed, "Slash do something!"

For a moment, Slash stared at the charging bull and then his six-gun was out, roaring. Four of the bullets missed. The two that struck glanced off harmlessly from the bony ridge at the top of the maverick's skull. And Cimarron, with a grim singleness of purpose, came in low. Soapy was sent rolling from the saddle. Dodging the sweep of those slashing



horns, he plunged headlong into the pond.

Then Cimarron turned on Slash Doran. It was all Slash could do to get his horse aside in time. But Cimarron's horns caught in the saddle girth and it parted as if made of paper. As Slash rolled to the ground, the huge bull pounced upon him like a cat. Howling with fear, the rustler raced for the safety of the water and leaped in. From the edge of the water the brindle maverick paced the shore and bellowed his triumph, daring the two men to come out!

From the ridge above, two men looked down on the scene in the canyon. The younger man shook his head in puzzled disbelief. The wise old eyes of the older one twinkled as he watched.

"Never saw the like in all my born days," said Burt Strong. "Why Cimarron handled those rustlers as if they were a couple of coyotes. And caught them with the goods and saved us the trouble of rounding 'em up."

As they spurred their horses toward the canyon floor, Tuck Strong looked at his son. "Still feel like finishing off that old maverick, boy?" he asked slyly.

"No, Pa," Burt smiled. "Reckon that moss-horn has earned his keep!"



YOUNG HAWK





THE GREAT SPIRIT HAS FAVORED US! HE MUST WISH US TO COMPLETE OUR JOURNEY TO THE RISING PLACE OF THE SUN! WHAT SAY YOU, LITTLE BROTHER?

OHIRRP!
KER-EEE!



AND NOW --- LET US HANG UP OUR MEAT AND GO TO SLEEP! MORNING COMES SOON, MY BROTHERS!



WHAT IS IT, TUMBLEWEED?

GRRRRRR!

THAT NIGHT, IN THE MOONLESS DARK, TUMBLEWEED GROWLS SOFTLY...



SOMETHING IS AT THE DEER MEAT, HANGING FROM THE TREE? A BEAR, I THINK...



THE NEXT MOMENT, THE MOON SLIDES OUT FROM BEHIND A CLOUD.



ARRRRH!

ITS SUDDEN LIGHT REVEALS A STRANGE SCENE --- A BIG BEAR BACKING NERVOUSLY AWAY FROM A LITTLE BEAST THREE FEET LONG!

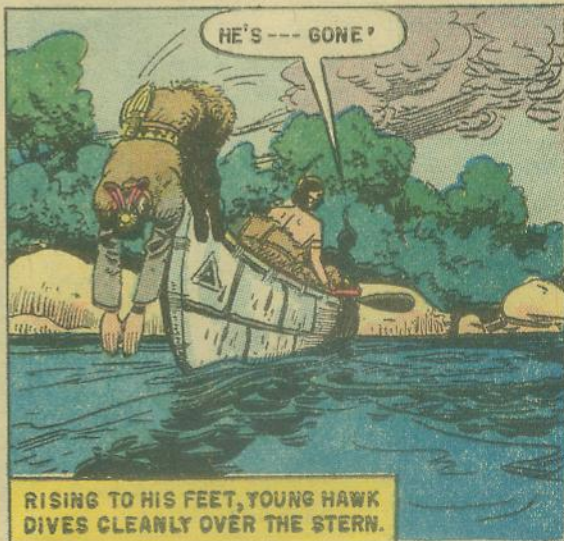








SUDDENLY TUMBLEWEED TAKES THE PLUNGE









the gourd lamp

of the
Rappahannock
Indians

The Rappahannock Indians of Virginia use a very interesting type of lamp which is called a gourd lamp. A large gourd is selected and the neck is cut off. The inside of the gourd is then lined with clay and pieces of fat wood, also known as pine lighters, are placed in the hollow of the gourd and lit. The gourd lamp throws a tremendous amount of light and men of the tribe use it while camping out and also while night fishing.

By Chief Red Thunder Cloud of the Catawba Nation

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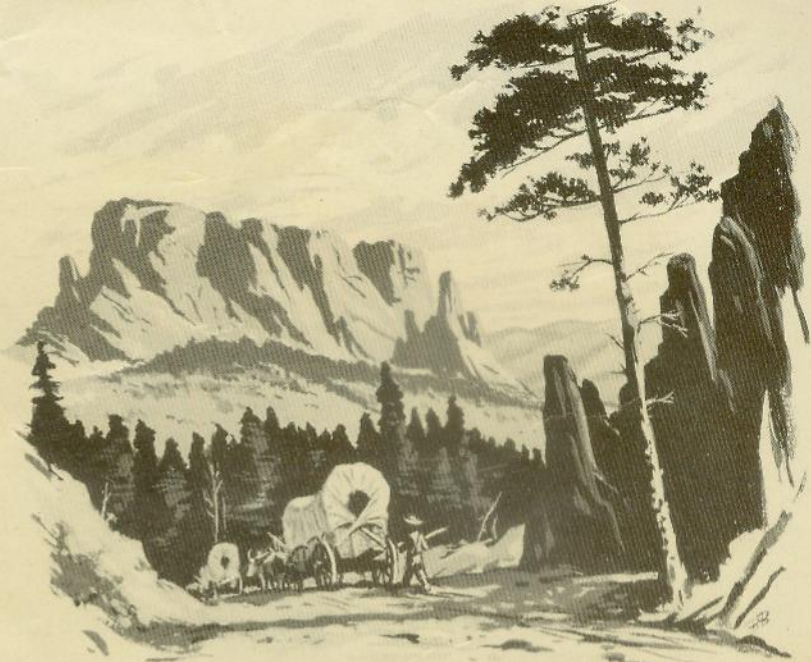
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the black hills



The Black Hills rise in western South Dakota and eastern Wyoming. Because the surrounding country is dry, the wooded mountains with their many streams and springs are an oasis for the traveller making his way across the plains. Game is plentiful. But, for many years, settlers did not go to the hills. The Sioux Indians guarded them jealously as their sacred hunting grounds.

In 1866, Colonel Carrington was ordered to build forts in the Black Hills so that settlers might safely enter the country. Soon, the soldiers were marching into the sacred hunting grounds and Red Cloud, the Sioux chief, called his tribesmen together.

The Sioux defeated the U. S. Army! Red Cloud won an astounding victory and the entire plan to build forts in the Black Hills had to be abandoned.

But, in 1876, gold was discovered in the Black Hills and hundreds of miners swarmed into the mountains. Soon there was trouble with the Sioux and another army was dispatched to protect them.

This time, Sitting Bull led the Indians. The army marched steadily toward the mountains, but, at the junction of the Big Horn and Little Big Horn Rivers, the Sioux and Cheyennes attacked them and one entire detachment was wiped out. The Sioux had won another great victory—Custer's Last Stand!

But the onward rush of the miners could not be stopped. Gradually, the Sioux were pushed back until they were persuaded to enter a reservation. The miners reaped a rich harvest in the hills and soon the famous western town of Deadwood was founded. The Black Hills became a part of the ever-growing American West.

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A PLEDGE



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YIPPEE! RIDE IT COWBOY!

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