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10¢

NOVEMBER

the Lone Ranger



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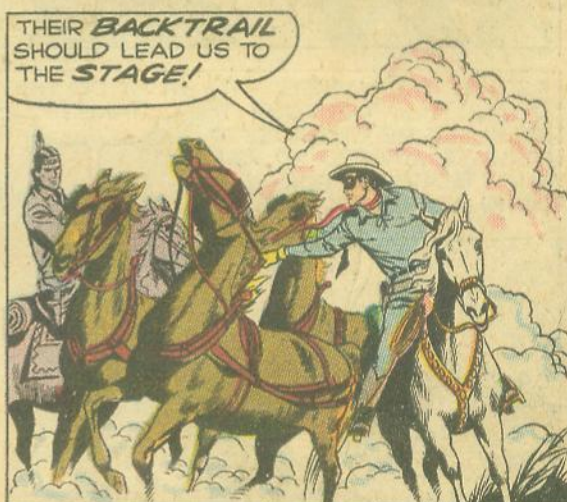
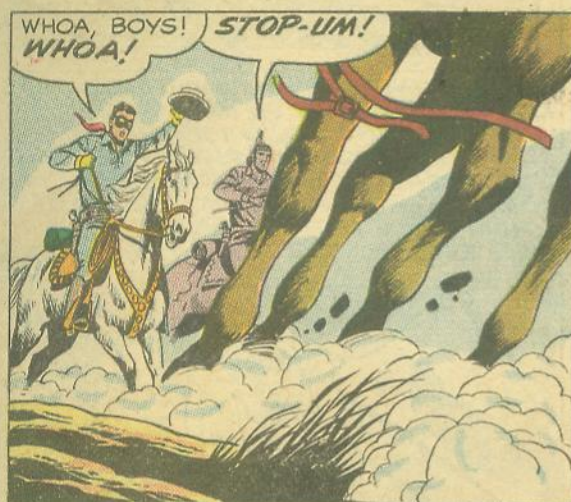
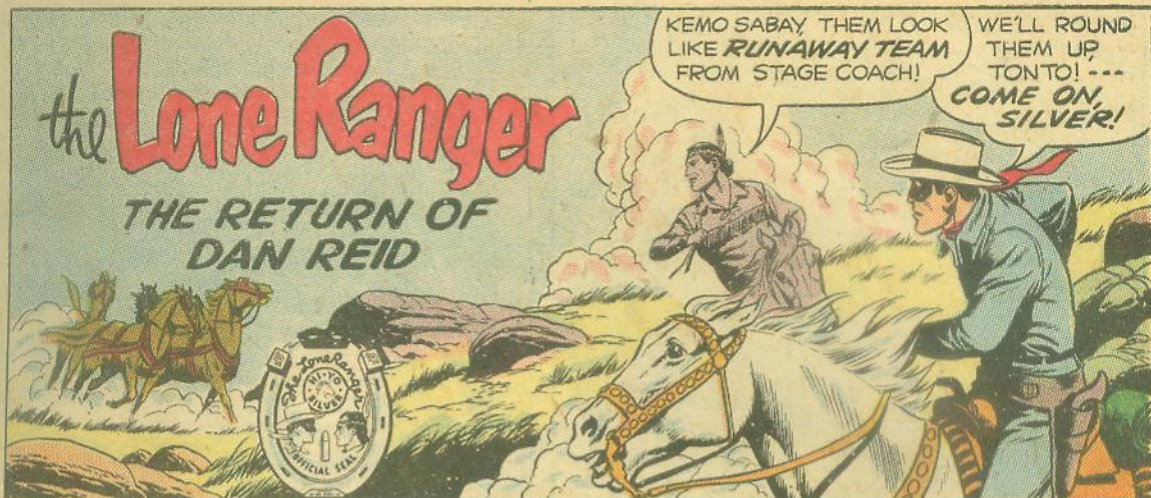
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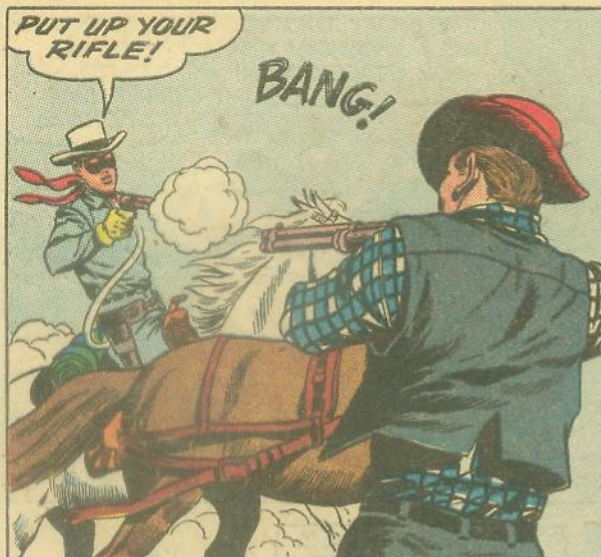
SOON--- FROM THE WAY THAT EXPRESS STAGE IS STOPPED, TONTO, I'M CERTAIN IT WAS **ROBBED!** THE TEAM MUST HAVE BEEN UNHITCHED TO GIVE THE OUTLAWS TIME TO ESCAPE!



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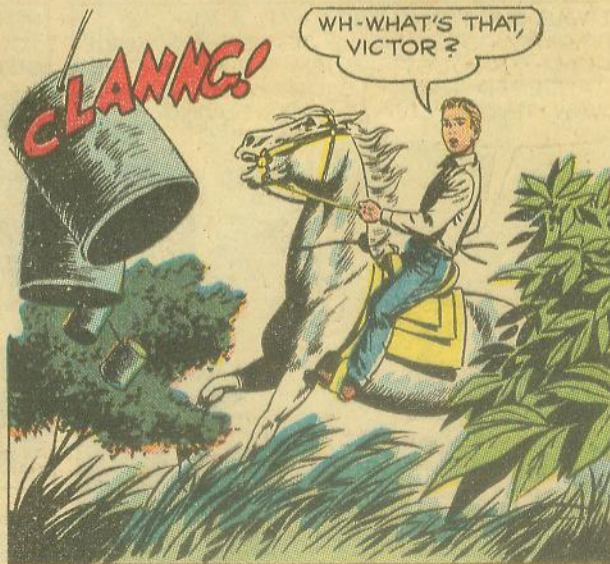
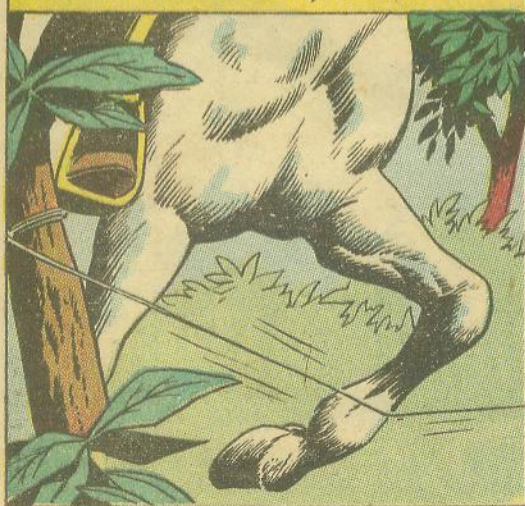
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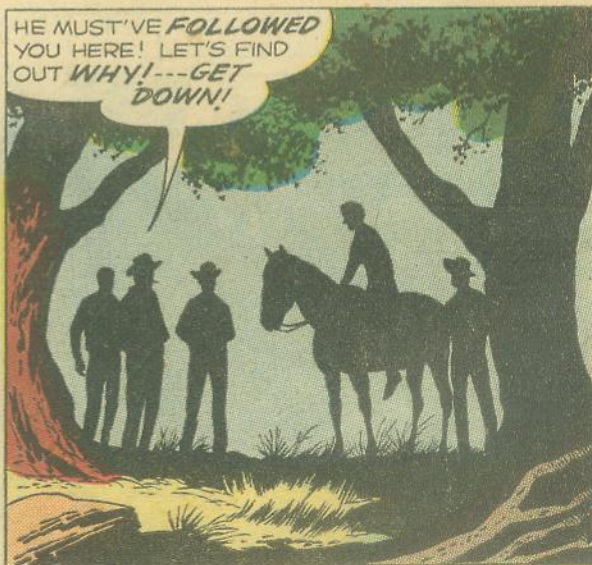
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





AS DAN REID CAUTIOUSLY FOLLOWS THE TWO MEN INTO THE HILLS, SUDDENLY---





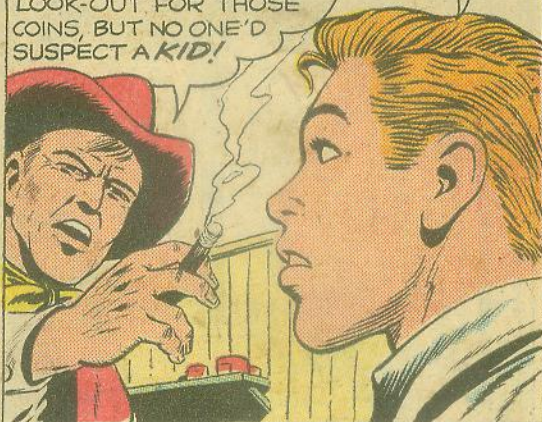
DESPITE THE THREATS AND HARSH QUESTIONING, DAN REID MAINTAINS HIS INNOCENCE---

IT MIGHT BE JUST A COINCIDENCE **USE HIM!** SEEING HIM IN THE STORE AND THEN FINDING HIM HERE, JED! BUT NOW **WHAT** ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH HIM?



WE'RE LOW ON CASH! THE ONLY MONEY WE'VE GOT IS THE COINS FROM THE STAGE JOB! THE WHOLE TOWN MUST BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR THOSE COINS, BUT NO ONE'D SUSPECT A **KID!**

NO! I'M NOT PASSING ANY STOLEN MONEY!



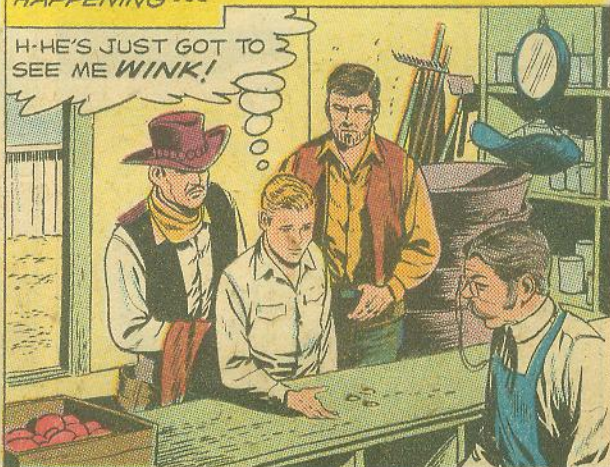
BILLY, YOU AND NED TAKE THE KID AROUND PINE CITY! GET HIM TO CHANGE SOME OF THE MONEY... AND MAKE SURE HE KNOWS HE'S **ALWAYS COVERED!**

DON'T WORRY! BEFORE HE CAN TALK, MY **COLT** WILL TALK!



LATER, AS DAN REID IS FORCED TO CHANGE THE STOLEN MONEY, HE DESPERATELY TRIES TO MAKE A CLERK REALIZE WHAT IS HAPPENING ---

H-HE'S JUST GOT TO SEE ME **WINK!**

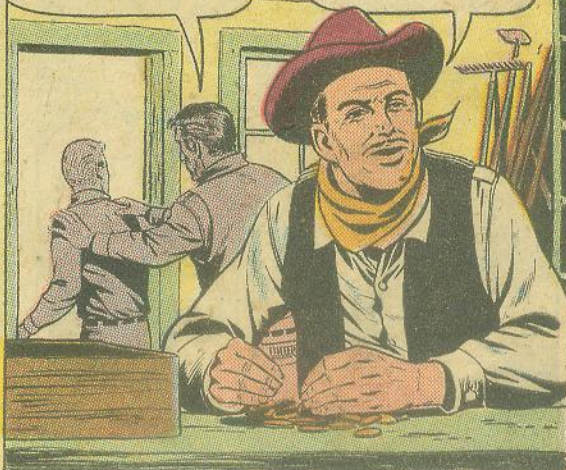


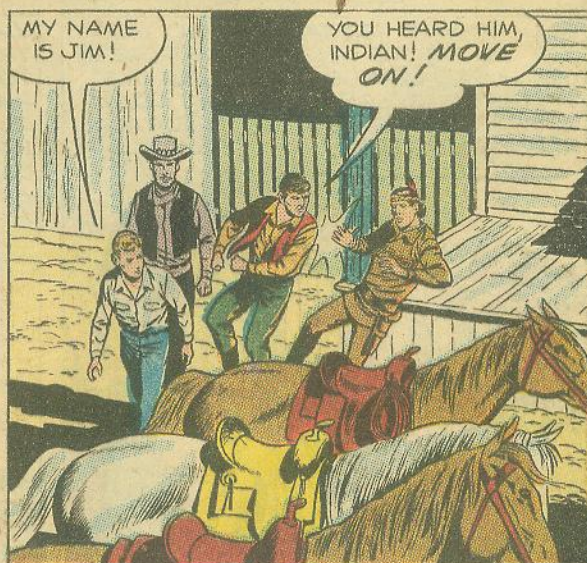
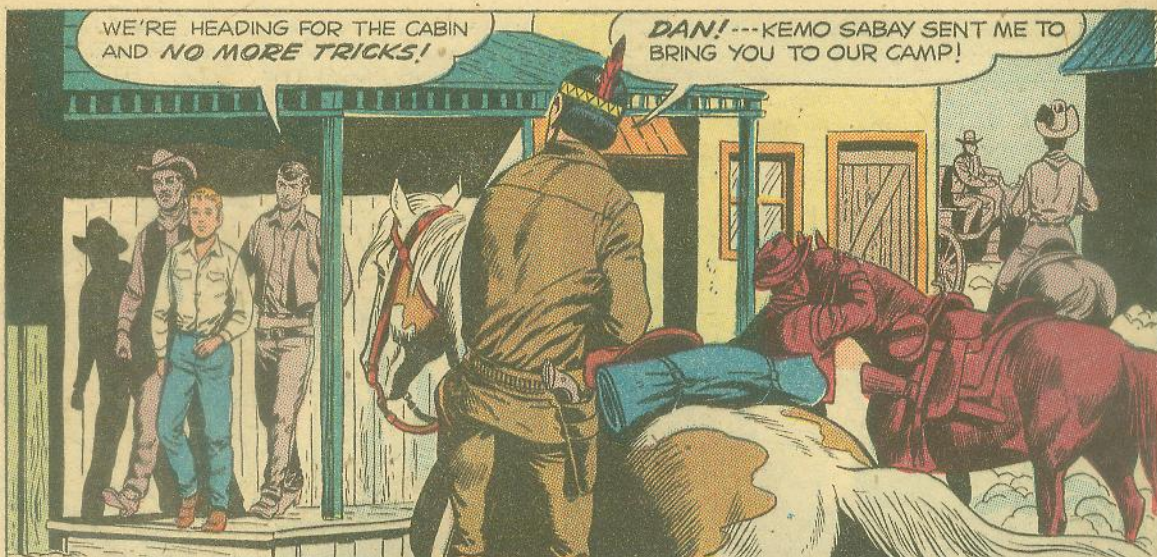
GOT SOMETHING IN YOUR EYE, SONNY? YOU'RE **BLINKING!**



COME OUTSIDE AND LET YOUR **BROTHER** TAKE IT OUT FOR YOU!

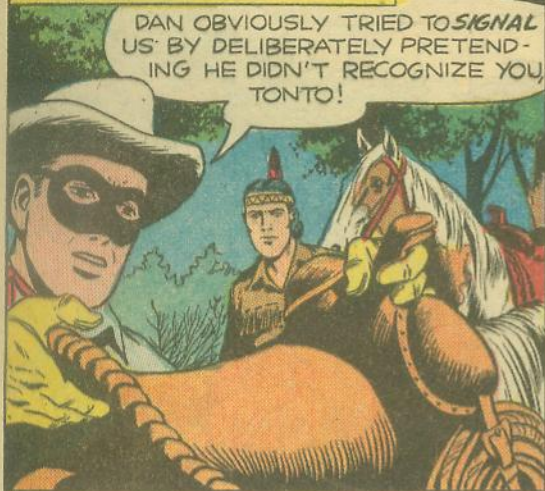
I'LL COLLECT THE CHANGE---IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY!





RETURNING TO CAMP TONTO QUICKLY
TELLS WHAT HAPPENED---

DAN OBVIOUSLY TRIED TO SIGNAL
US BY DELIBERATELY PRETEND-
ING HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU,
TONTO!



WE'LL RIDE TO THE OUTSKIRTS
OF TOWN AND TRY TO CUT
HIS TRAIL ---COME ON,
SILVER!

GET-UM UP
SCOUT!



MEANWHILE---

ONCE TONTO TELLS MY UNCLE
WHAT I DID, THEY'RE SURE
TO COME LOOKING FOR ME!
BUT VICTOR CAN MAKE
THEIR SEARCH EASIER!



GO BACK, VICTOR!
---GO TO TONTO!

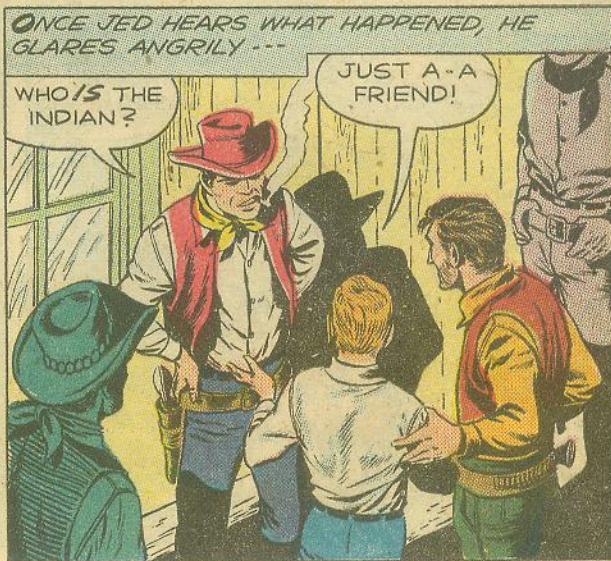


WHAT IN BLAZES?

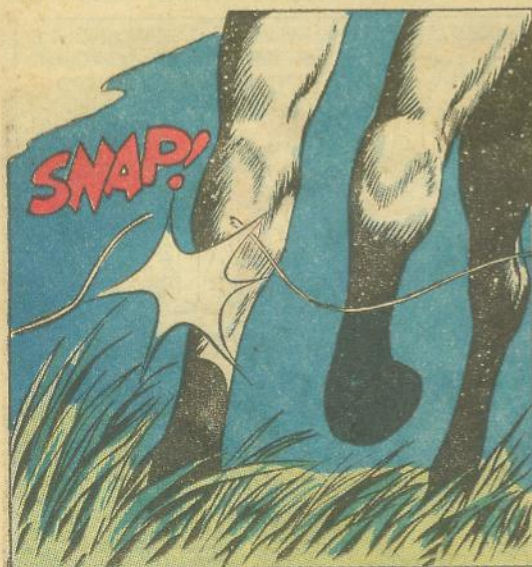


STOP THAT
KID'S HORSE!





PICKING UP DAN'S TRAIL JUST BEYOND PINE CITY, THEY FOLLOW IT UNTIL SUDDENLY...





WHAT IN THUNDERATION---
IT'S ONLY THE KID'S
HORSE!



I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, SON!
THAT HORSE OF YOURS CAME
BACK---BUT **ALONE!**



JED, WHAT
ARE WE
GOING TO
DO WITH
HIM?

AFTER WE EAT, WE'LL TAKE
HIM WITH US TO THE NEXT
TOWN! HE'LL PASS SOME
MORE OF THE LOOT THERE
AND THEN WE'LL FREE HIM
---ON FOOT AND WAY OUT
IN THE HILLS!



THAT ALARM SYSTEM
WORKS **TWO** WAYS,
TONTO!

UGH! TELL **US** GET
OFF TRAIL PLENTY
FAST!



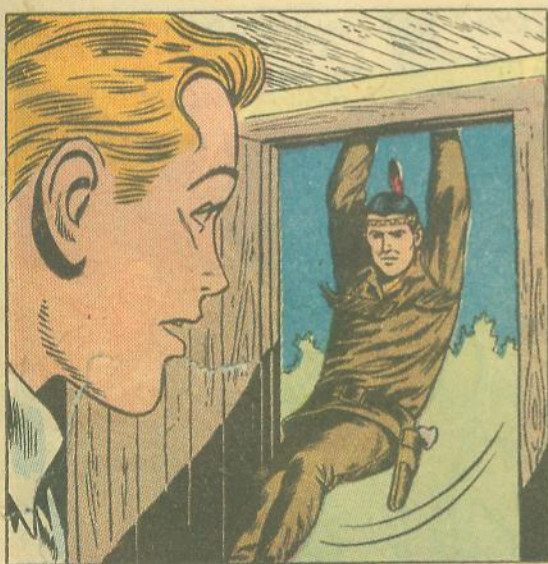
WE COULD RUSH THE CABIN,
TONTO, BUT I WANT TO MAKE
CERTAIN WE GET DAN OUT
UNHARMED! I BELIEVE
I HAVE A WAY TO DO THAT!



MINUTES LATER---
NEIGH!
NEIGH!

WHAT'S
STIRRING
UP THE HORSES.

HOW SHOULD
I KNOW?
LET'S GO
OUT AND
SEE!





BACK, SILVER!



H-HEY!

MY LEGS!



I'LL GET THAT MEDDLER!

BANG!



YEOOW!

YOU WALKED INTO THE NOOSE I SET FOR YOU---NOW STAY THERE TILL YOU'RE DISARMED!



THEY'RE THE **STAGE ROBBERS!** I SAW ONE OF THEM ACTING SUSPICIOUSLY WITH A **GOLD COIN** AND I FOLLOWED---

--I'M GLAD YOU WERE ALERT, DAN! BUT NEXT TIME CALL ON THE **SHERIFF** AND DON'T TRY TO DO A **MAN'S** JOB BEFORE I SHOW YOU HOW TO USE YOUR FIRST SHAVING RAZOR!

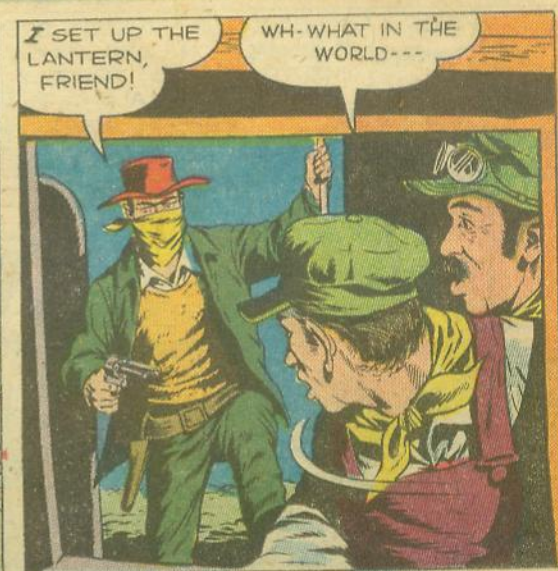


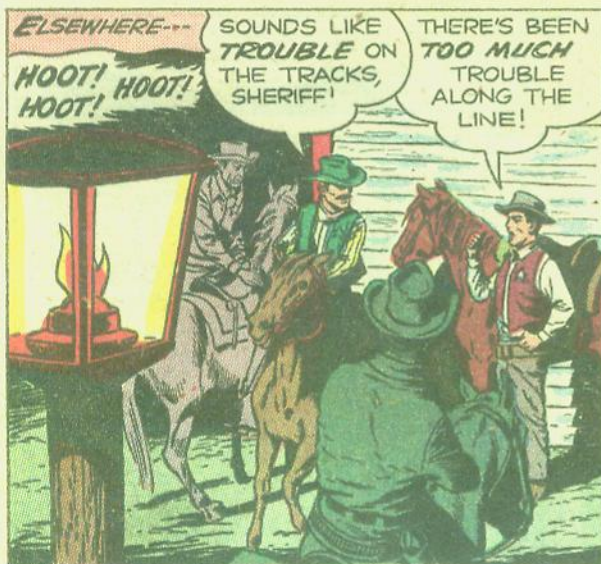
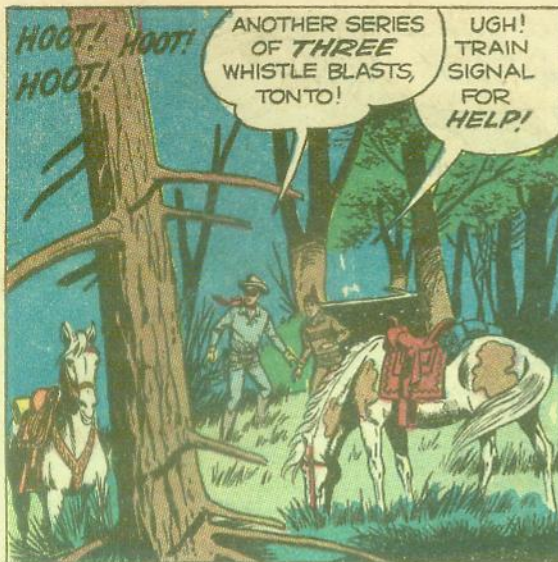
LATER---

BY JIMINY, DID YOU ROUND UP THESE OWLHOOTS, SON?

NO, SHERIFF, I'M JUST DELIVERING THEM FOR THE **LONE RANGER!**

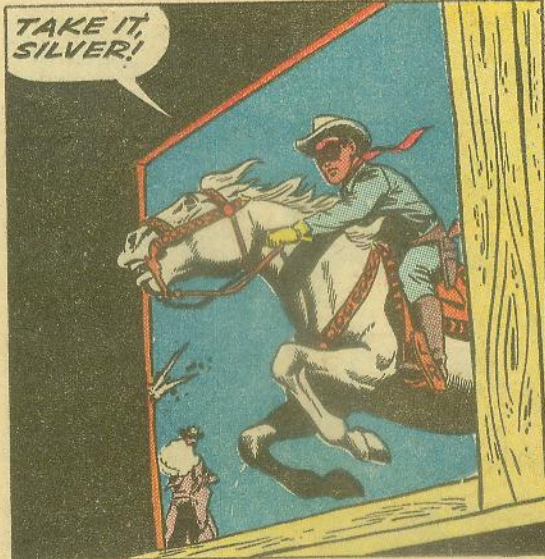
HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!



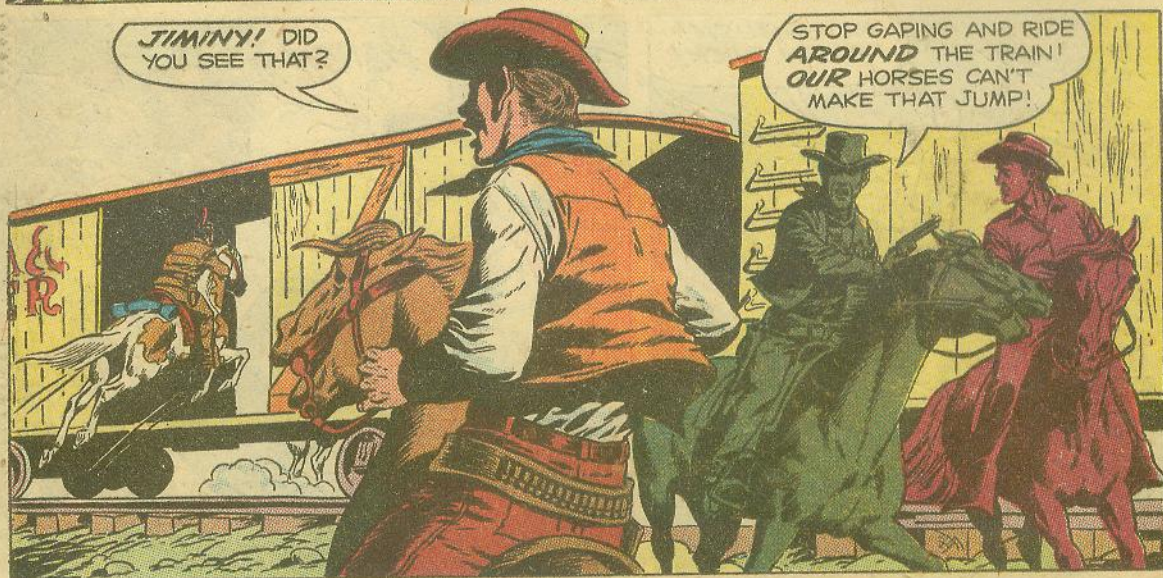




THEY'LL NOT LISTEN TO ARGUMENTS NOW, TONTO! THERE'S ONE WAY OUT! FOLLOW ME!

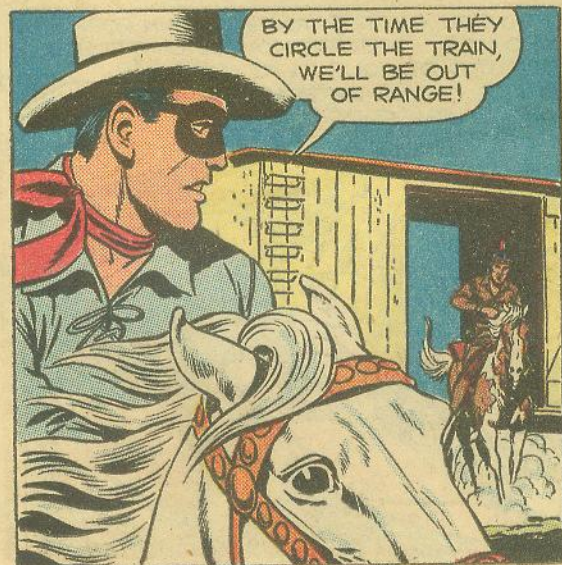


TAKE IT, SILVER!



JIMINY! DID YOU SEE THAT?

STOP GAPING AND RIDE AROUND THE TRAIN! OUR HORSES CAN'T MAKE THAT JUMP!



BY THE TIME THEY CIRCLE THE TRAIN, WE'LL BE OUT OF RANGE!

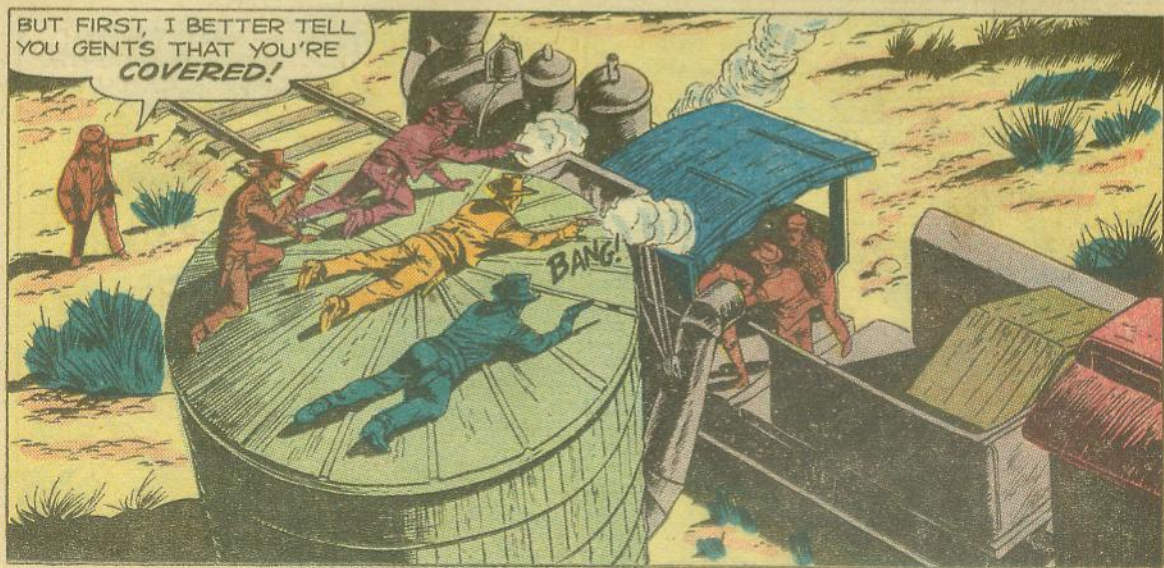


ELUDING THE POSSE, THEY RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY...

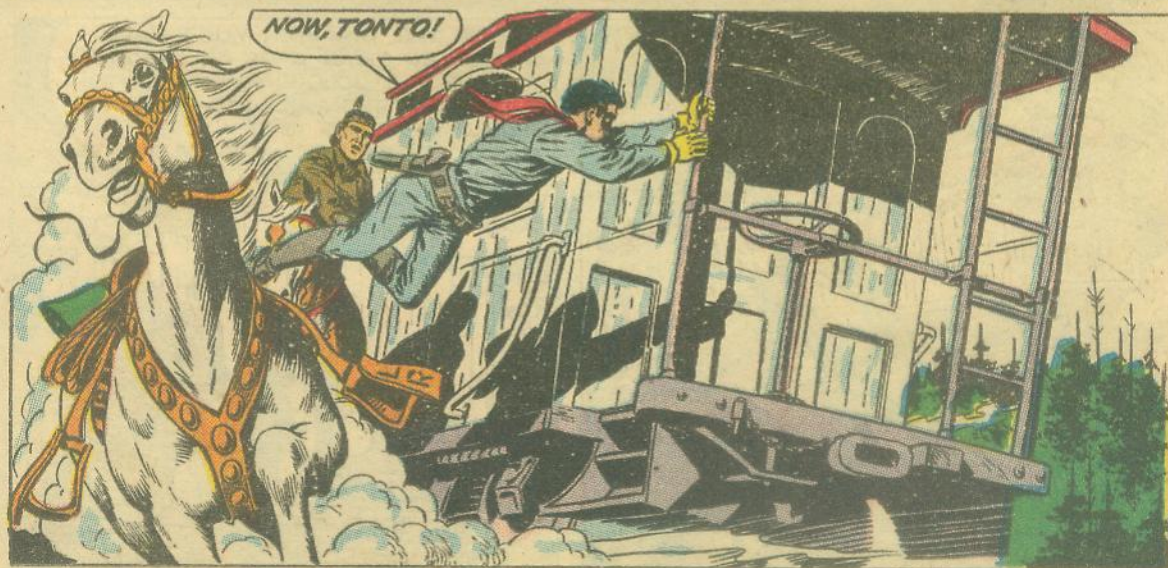
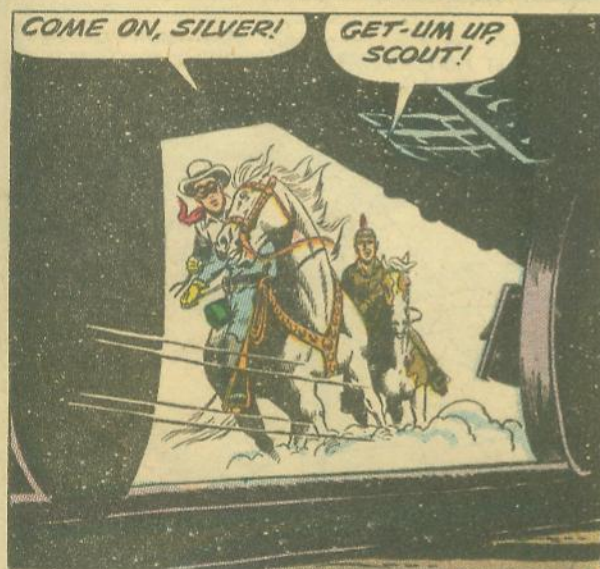
THE OUTLAWS' TRAIL MUST BE COLD BY NOW!

---NO, KEMO SABAY! TONTO SEE TRACKS! WE CAN FOLLOW-UM!

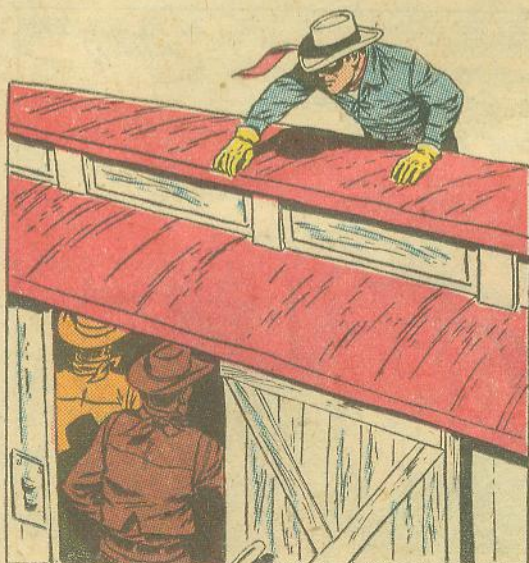
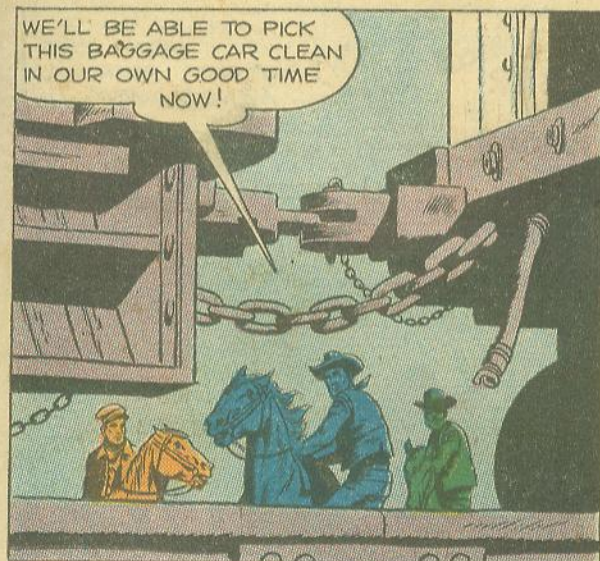
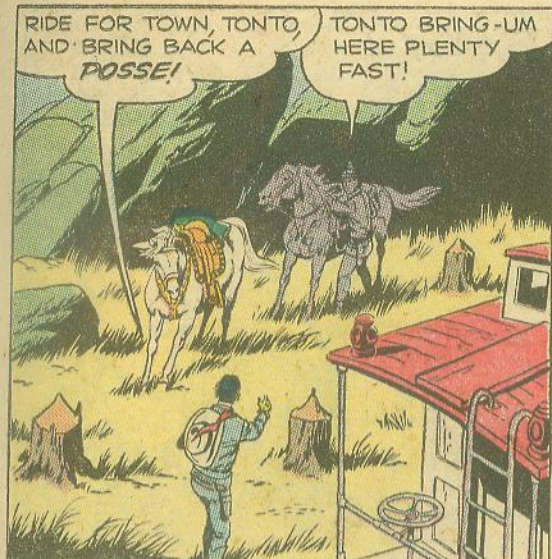


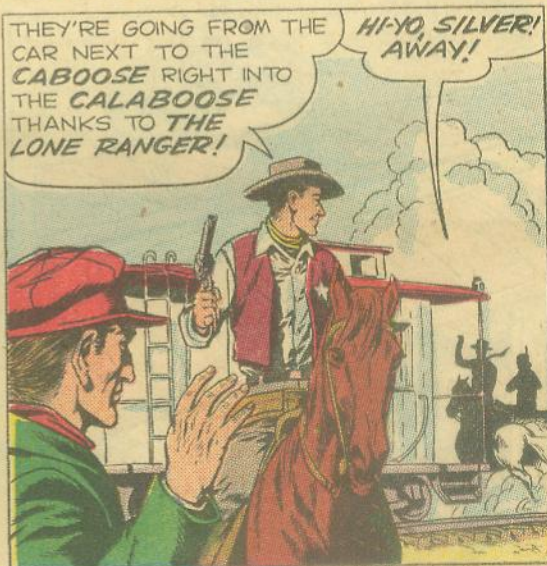
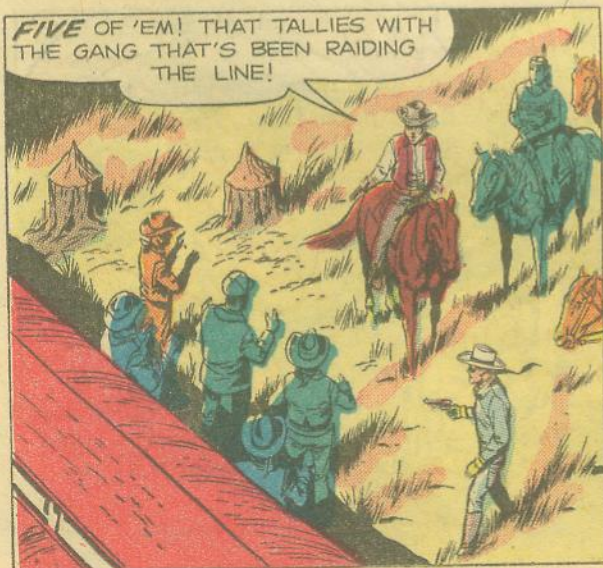
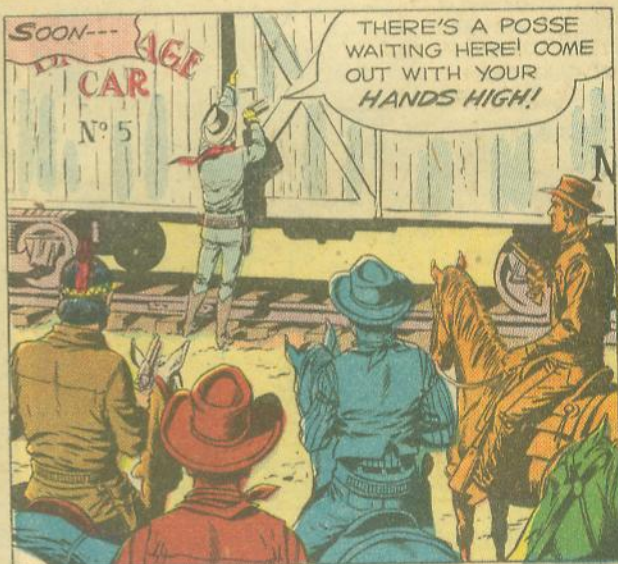
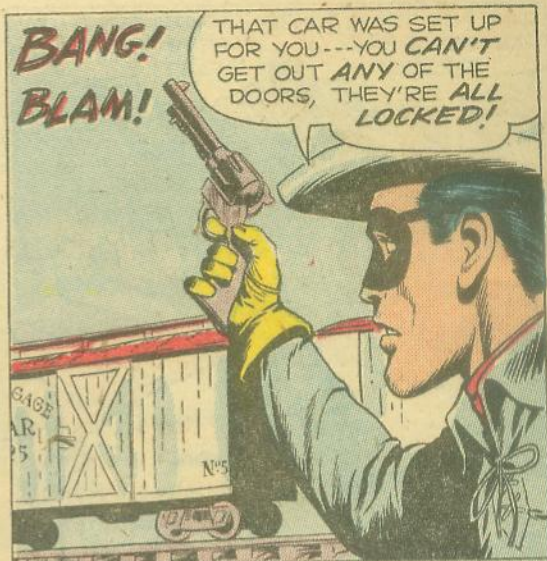




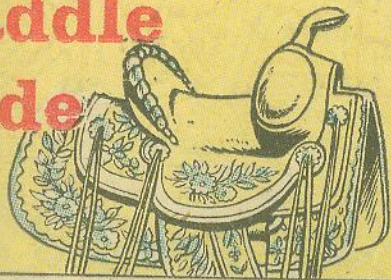








Saddle Pride



"Did you get it, Emory?" asked Larry Jackson as the buckboard returned from town to the ranch.

"Sure did," sang Emory Holt excitedly, heaving the bulky bundle from the wagon.

Larry followed to the bunkhouse where Emory eagerly opened the package. A gleaming silver-mounted saddle sparkled in the lamp light, exquisitely tooled. It shone in glory. The glory was reflected in Emory's proud eyes.

"Been saving and scrimping a long time for it," he muttered, "not even joining the other boys in town for any fun. But it was worth it. Isn't she a-a beauty?"

Emory ran his fingers over every inch of the saddle. This was a special job from Pop Squires, the finest saddle maker in a dozen counties.

"The boss said I could keep it in the tack room at the barn. No room here in the bunkhouse. I'm going to ride it into town next week for the first time."

"You'll be plenty proud," said Larry admiringly.

As he lugged it to the barn and hung it up, Emory glowed within. He pictured himself prancing into town on this splendid seat, attracting all eyes. All his sacrifices were justified. No cowhand's possession could be more prized than his saddle. It was far more than any fancy chaps, boots, spurs; or even any pearl-handled gun.

Each evening that week, Emory inspected and polished the silver saddle. He became the butt of bunkhouse jokes. "You'll wear it out!" they chuckled. Emory didn't mind the good-natured jibes. Behind it was their deep respect. Any ranny riding a silver saddle was looked up to. Even the ranch boss, Andy Moore, admired it and offered his best horse for Emory to ride into town the first time.

Emory could hardly wait for the big day.

The night before, in the middle of the night, the barn caught on fire. With everybody asleep, the fire got a good start before smoke woke someone up.

"Save the horses!" yelled the foreman, rousing all the hands. "No chance to save the barn!"

Emory worked with the rest, blindfolding the frightened animals, leading them out.

But his silver saddle! He had to save that too. The blazing inferno, whipped by a raw wind, would burn the leather, make the silver trimmings melt and run like water. After the last horse was out, Emory ran toward the tack room, still unburned.

With a wet bandanna at his face, he staggered blindly through the smoke. Was it still safe? He saw the silver gleam.

Thankfully, he reached for the precious saddle. He stopped. A terrorized whinny sounded from the stalls nearby.

One horse was still in the barn!

Emory stood frozen. It would take two hands to lug out the saddle. Or to lead away the frightened beast. The saddle? The horse? He couldn't save both. There was not enough time to put the saddle on the horse—not on a wild bucking horse.

"The boss has plenty of horses," Emory thought desperately, "I have only one silver saddle."

Emory grabbed the saddle. He took a long look at it, trying to shut out the screams of the terror-stricken animal. . . .

When Emory staggered out of the smoke, Larry Jackson ran up, peering behind him. "Gosh, Emory," he said pityingly. "You saved the horse but . . . but you won't ride into town on a silver saddle . . ."

"Yes he will," boomed another voice. Andy Moore came up with his young daughter, who gave a glad cry. "Melinda's favorite horse. You saved her from being heartbroken. Tell Pop Squires to make another saddle, exactly the same, at my expense."

Emory hardly heard. He was watching the girl hugging her horse, sobbing in joy. Emory felt another pride, better than saddle pride.

YOUNG HAWK

WAH-HAH-HAH-AHOOO!
YEEE-AIEEE!

OUR ALLIES, THE MOHAWKS,
ARE CHASING THE MOHICANS,
YOUNG HAWK!

THEY WILL
LOSE THEM
IN THE
DARKNESS!

THE IROQUOIS WAR CANOE,
BUILT BY YOUNG HAWK AND
LITTLE BUCK, SWEEPS
VICTORIOUSLY DOWN THE
HUDSON UNDER ITS DEER-
HIDE SAIL.

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SHALL WE TURN BACK NOW
TO REJOIN OUR FRIENDS,
WOLF SLAYER?

NO! THEY NEED
NO HELP...

--- AND I HAVE ANOTHER THOUGHT!
IN THIS SWIFT AND STRONG CANOE WE CAN
EXPLORE THE GREAT RIVER --- EVEN DOWN
TO THE SALT WATER --- AND REPORT ALL
WE FIND TO THE FIFTY SACHEMS!

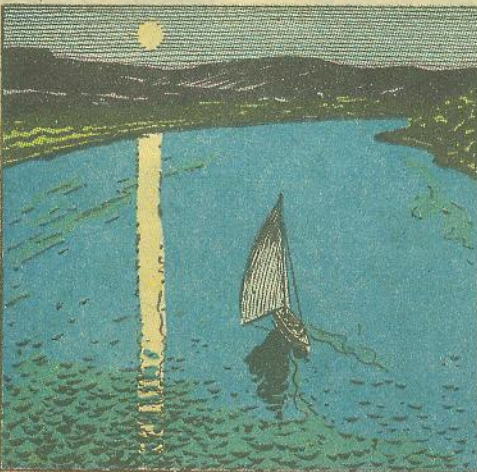
YOU HEARD MY
WORDS, ONONDAGAS!
WHAT IS YOUR
THOUGHT?

WE SAY---
GO DOWN THE
RIVER!

UGH!
UGH!
UGH!

I WOULD GO HOME,
O CHIEF! IN MY LODGE THERE
ARE MANY MOUTHS TO FEED!
THESE ARE YOUNG MEN...

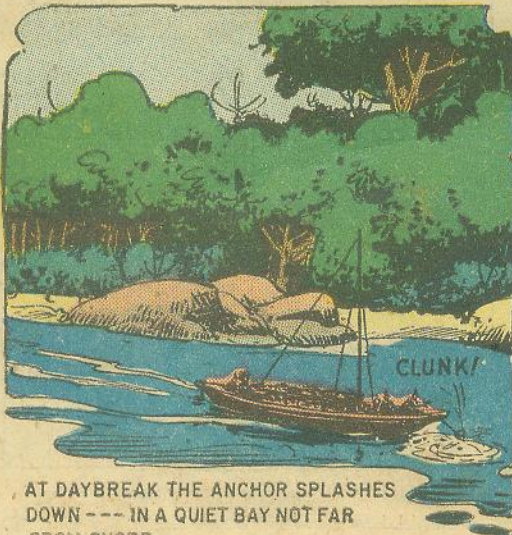
YOU
ARE RIGHT,
OTTER TAIL!
GO NOW---



ALL THE REST OF THE NIGHT THE WAR CANOE SWEEPS DOWNSTREAM, BORNE ALONG BY WIND AND CURRENT.



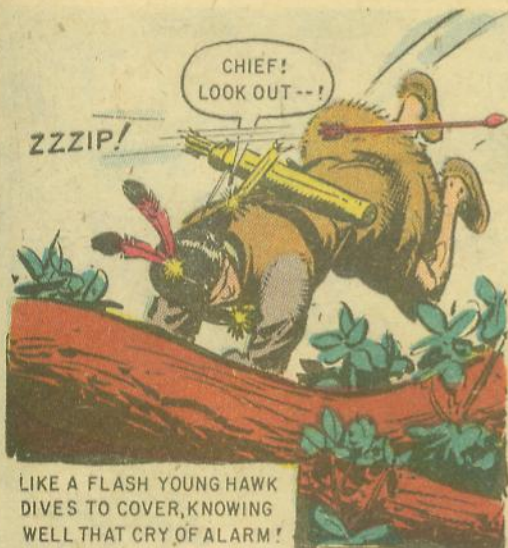
FOR THE LAST WATCH, LITTLE BUCK GUIDES THE CANOE --- WHILE THE OTHERS SLEEP!



AT DAYBREAK THE ANCHOR SPLASHES DOWN --- IN A QUIET BAY NOT FAR FROM SHORE.









UGH!
YOU FIRST,
YOUNG HAWK!

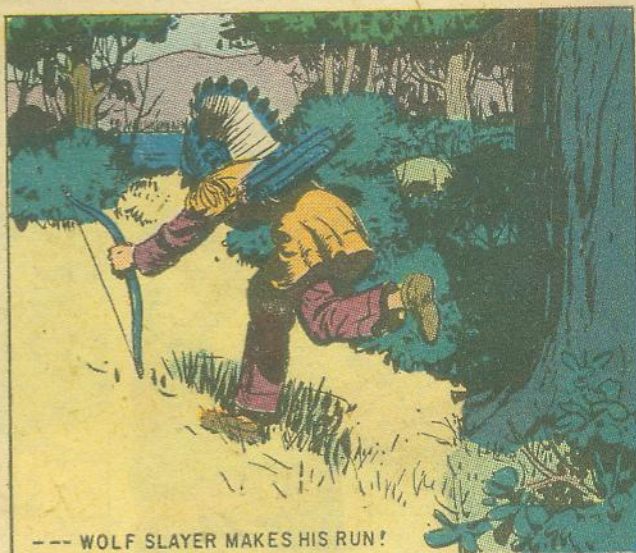


NO---
YOU!

RIISING TO ONE KNEE, YOUNG HAWK WHIPS
THREE FAST ARROWS AT THE ENEMY...



--- AND AS THE MOHICANS FURIOUSLY REPLY ---

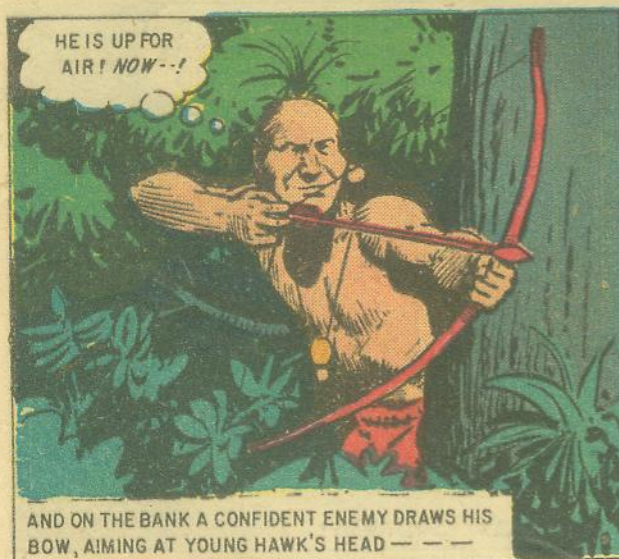
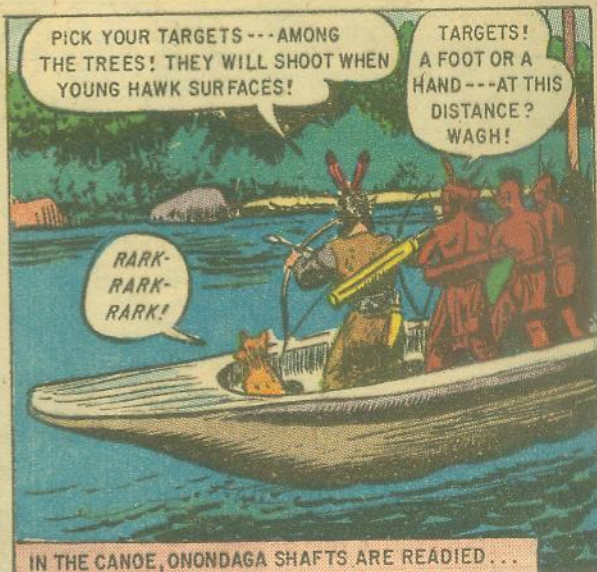
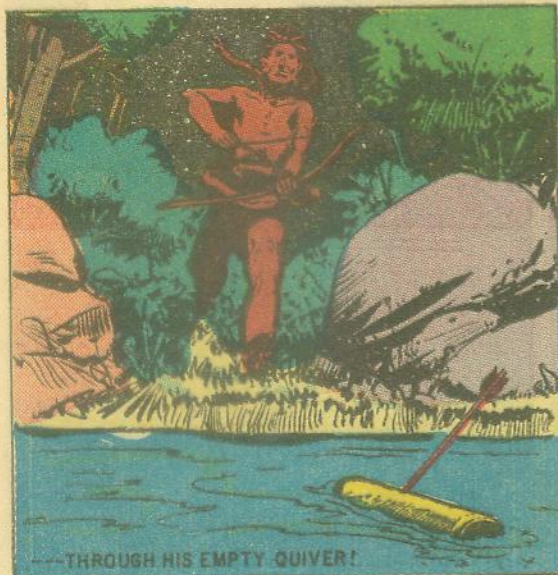


ALTERNATELY SHOOTING AND RUNNING THE TWO
REACH COVER CLOSE TO THE RIVER'S EDGE.



BUT THE MOHICANS, WITH MEN TO SPARE,
AND THE STING OF RECENT DEFEAT DRIVING
THEM, ARE RECKLESSLY CLOSING IN.









NORTHERN FLYING SQUIRREL



Way up in a great tree, as high as 50 or more feet from the ground, the Northern Flying Squirrel brings its feet together, and with a spring, leaps off into space. Instantly, all four legs are spread out at right angles to its body. This causes the "wings," folds of loose skin covered with fine fur, to be stretched out. This loose skin, which supports the body of the flying squirrel as it glides from tree to tree, extends from the hind to front legs on each side of his body. Although he cannot be said to fly as birds do, the flying squirrel is still an expert glider.

The young are born in the spring of the year, and there may be from two to six in a litter. At about 3 months old, they get their coats of thick glossy fur, olive brown on top, underneath hairs white at the tips only, dark at the roots.

Nuts and seeds, especially those of firs, pines, hickories, beech and white oak make up most of the diet of this little creature. When full grown, his head and body are from 5½ to 6 inches, and his tail from 4½ to 5½ inches.

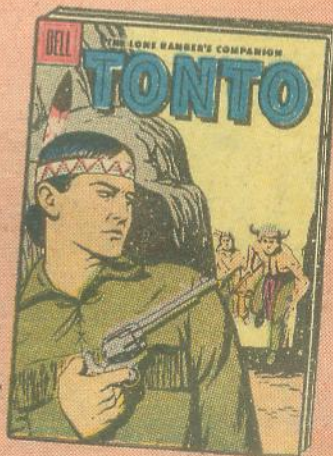
The Northern Flying Squirrel is found in Canada, Nova Scotia and southern Labrador as well as in western Wyoming and southern California.

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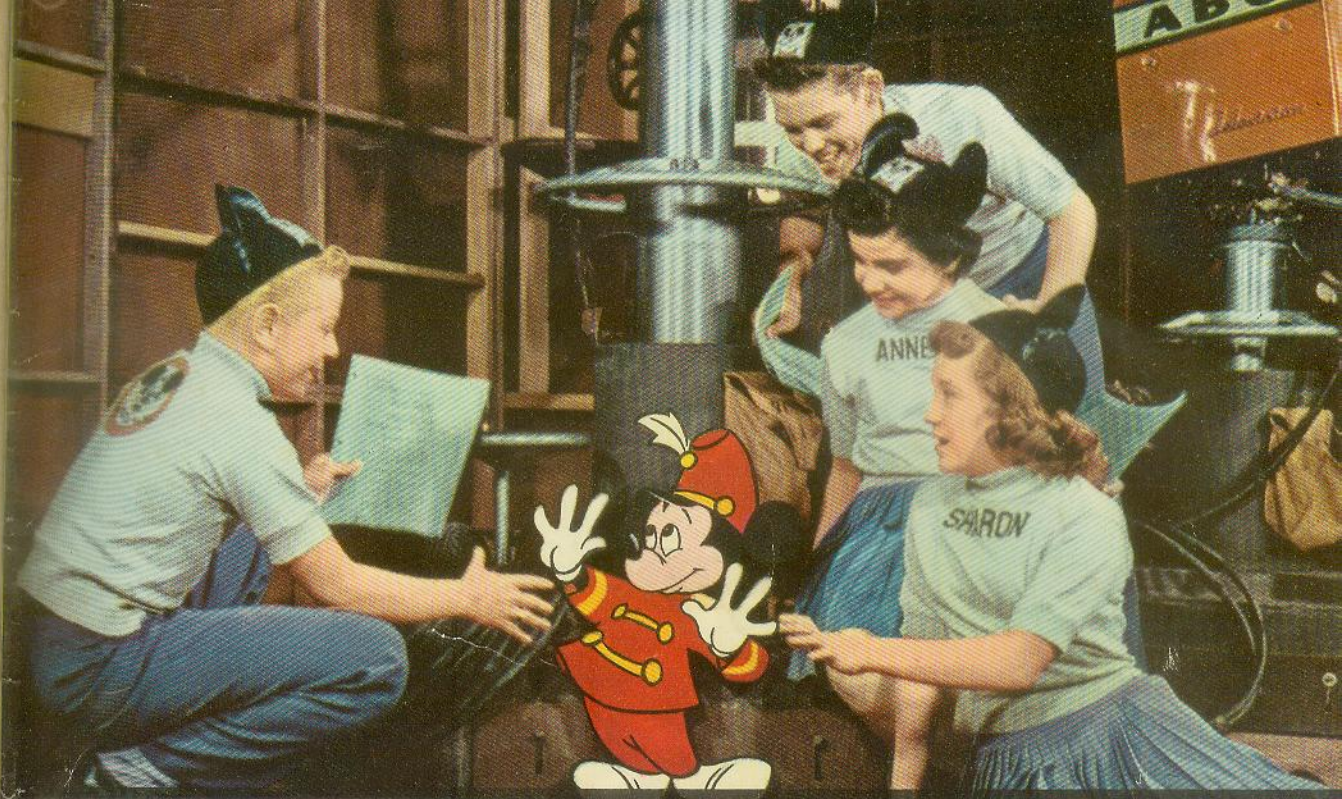
*Two good men . . . gone bad!
One Indian could set them straight . .
. . . but his plan was risky!*

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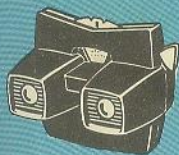
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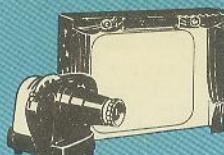
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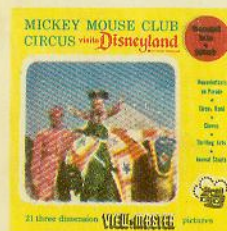
© Sawyer's Inc., Portland 7, Oregon
Prices slightly higher in Canada



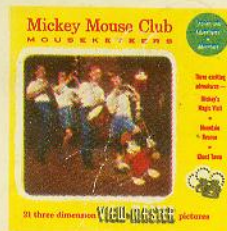
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