

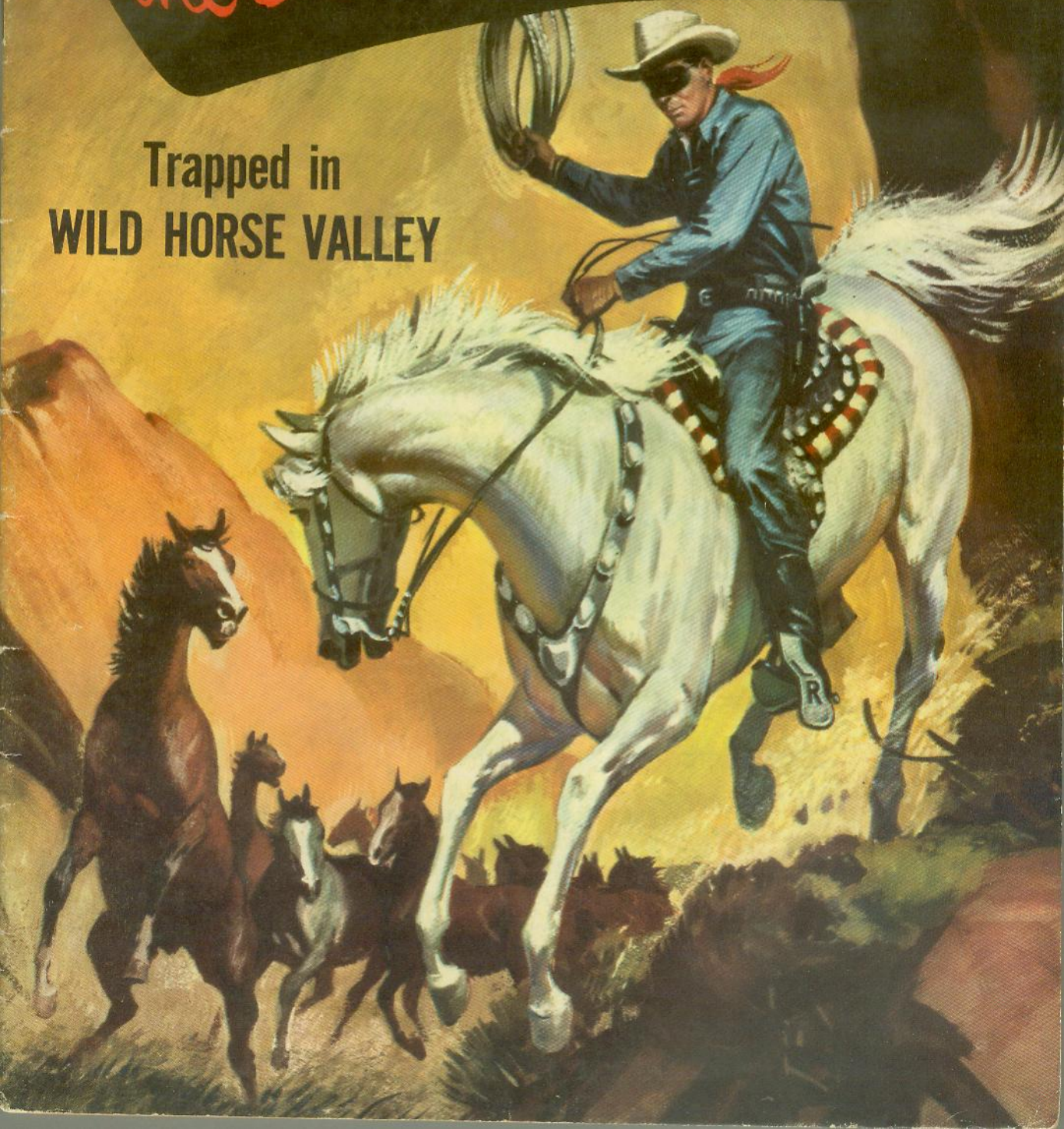
DELL

DECEMBER

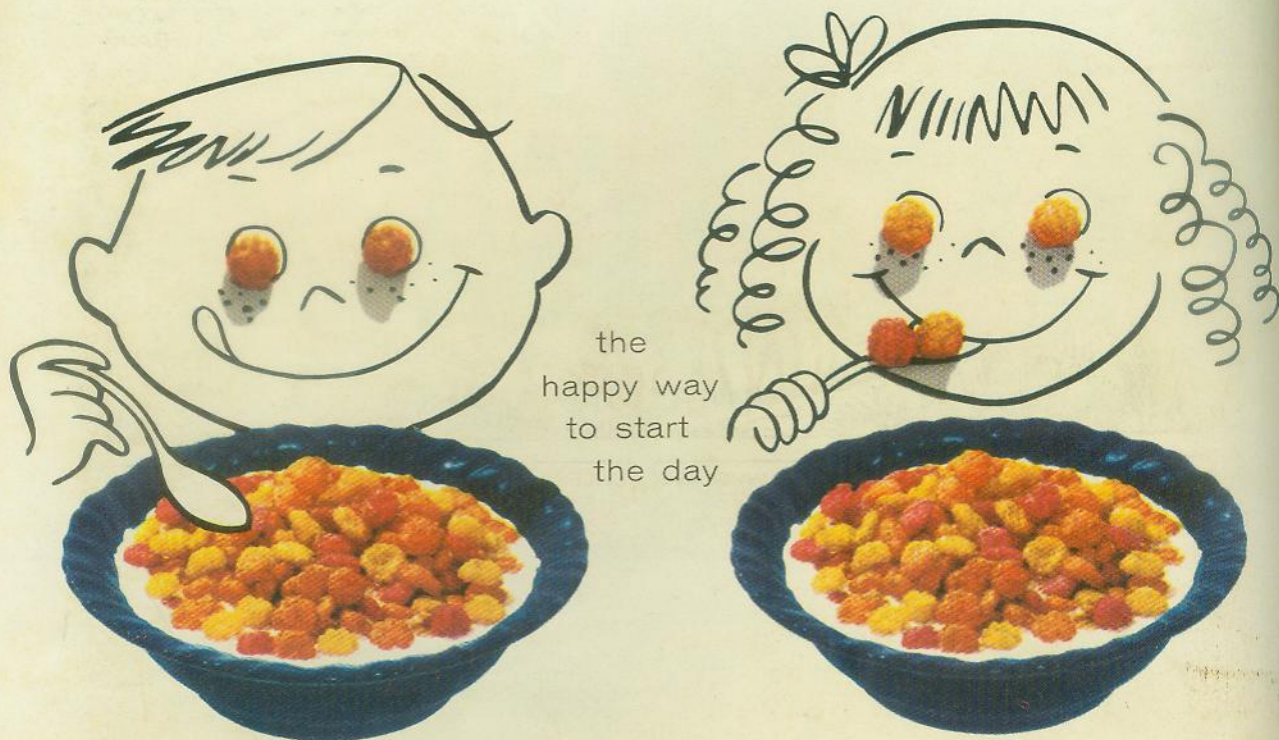
10¢

the Lone Ranger

Trapped in
WILD HORSE VALLEY



THE HAPPY CEREAL!



THE HAPPY SNACK!



the Lone Ranger

TO THE CANYON BOTTOM



LET'S RIDE DOWN TO THE WATER HOLE, TONTO, AND SEE IF WE CAN TRADE OR BUY SOME FOOD FROM THOSE HOPIS!

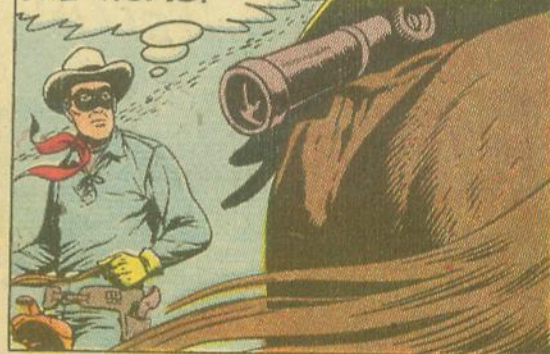
UGH! WE NOT HAVE MUCH LEFT IN OUR SADDLEBAGS!



HOW! WE COME IN PEACE ---WE WANT TO BUY SOME FOOD!

WHAT HIM-WHO-HIDE -HIS-FACE GIVE HOPIS FOR DEER MEAT?

UNLESS THERE'S BEEN A SUDDEN CHANGE IN POLICY, THE **UNITED STATES ARMY** HASN'T BEGUN ISSUING **SURVEYOR'S INSTRUMENTS TO THE HOPIS!**



WHERE DID YOU GET THAT--

---YOU SAY YOU WANT BUY FOOD! THEN WE ONLY TALK 'BOUT **FOOD!**

FIRST, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHERE YOU FOUND THAT SURVEYOR'S INSTRUMENT---



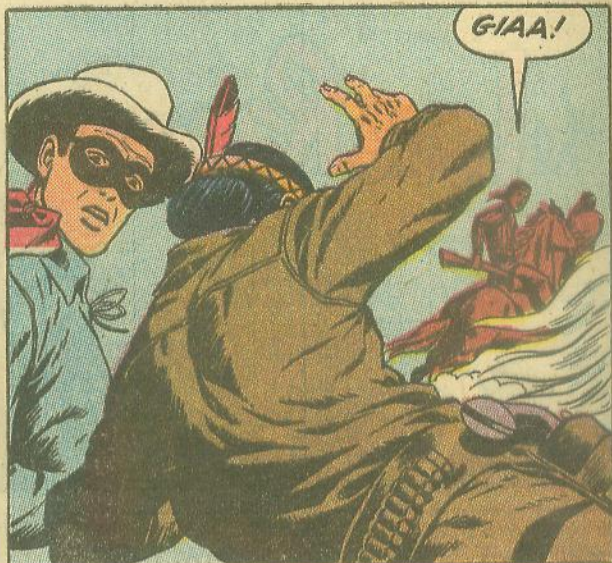
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KEMO SABAY--

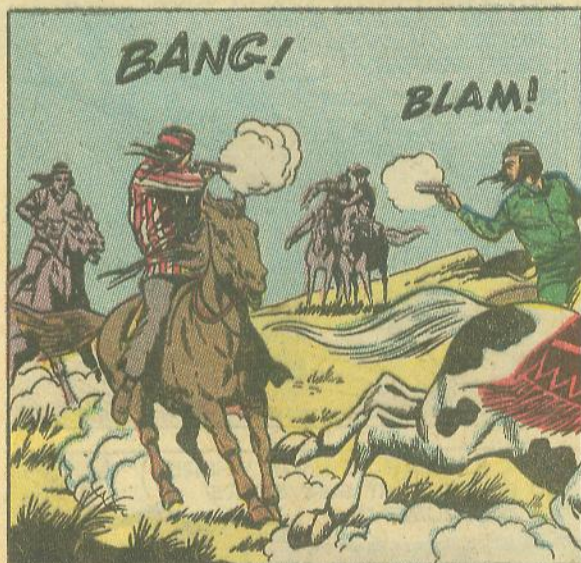


G/AA!



BANG!

BLAM!



THOSE HOPIS CERTAINLY BROUGHT MY QUESTIONING TO A SUDDEN END---AS SOON AS YOU FIX YOUR GIRTH, TONTO, WE'LL **BACKTRACK** ON THEIR TRAIL AND TRY TO LEARN **WHERE** THAT THEODOLITE CAME FROM!



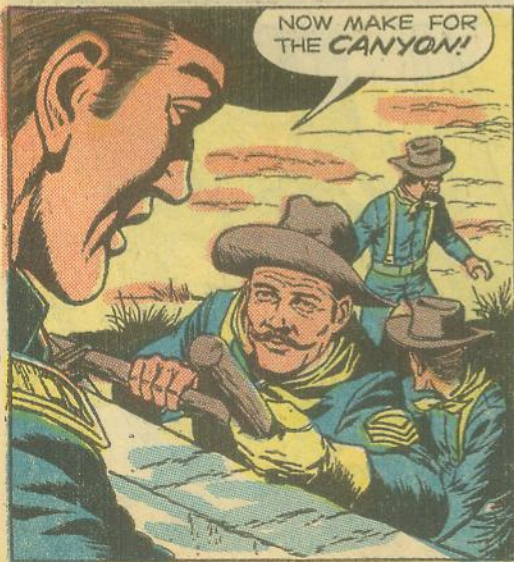
MEANWHILE, AT THE END OF THE HOPIS' TRAIL---

WHAT DO YOU THINK, CAPTAIN?

FROM THE SOUND OF THOSE DRUMS, I DON'T FIGURE ANY OF US WILL BE AROUND TO MAKE NEXT MONTH'S PROMOTION LIST!

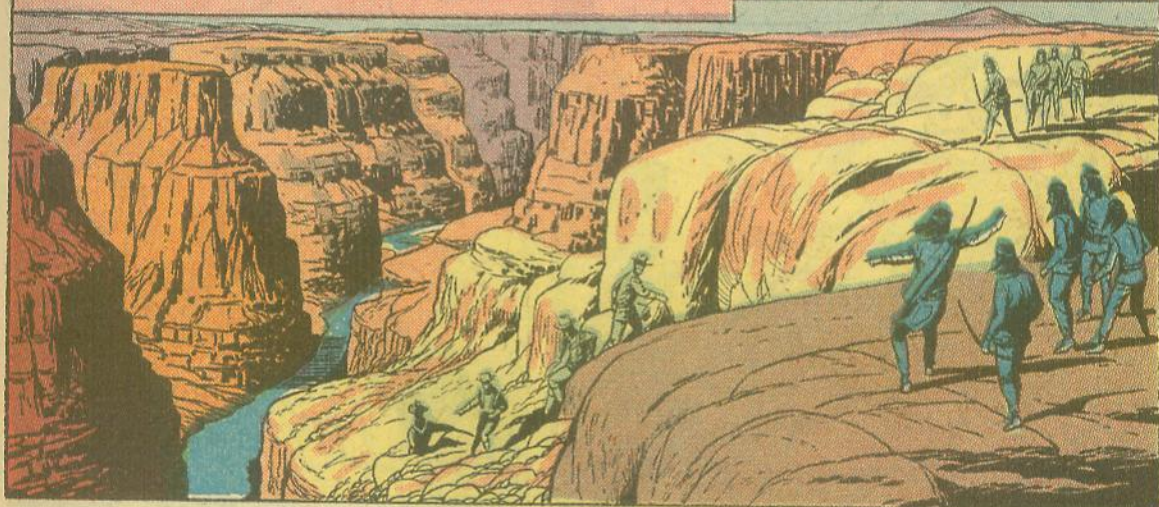






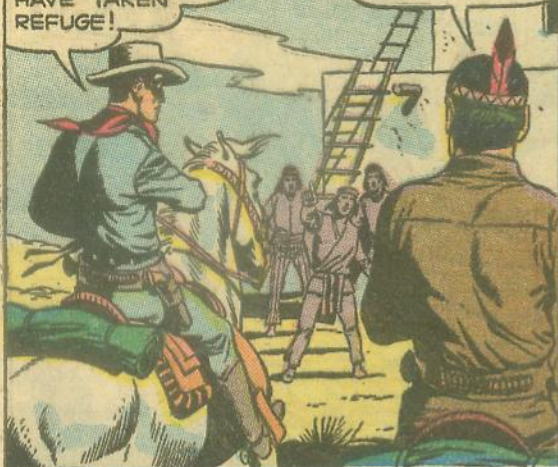


AS THE SOLDIERS SCURRY DOWN THE STEEP SIDE, THE HOPIS ABRUPTLY END THEIR PURSUIT AT THE GIANT CANYON'S TOWERING RIM---



THE **CANYON**---
THAT'S WHERE THE
TROOPERS MUST
HAVE TAKEN
REFUGE!

UGH! TONTO KNOW
HOPIS NOT FOLLOW-UM
DOWN THERE!



BEFORE THEY CAN STOP US,
HEAD FOR THE CANYON!
THOSE SOLDIERS WILL
NEED HELP GETTING OUT
OF THAT MILE DEEP
MAZE!



LET'S GO,
BIG FELLOW!



PULL THEM
DOWN!



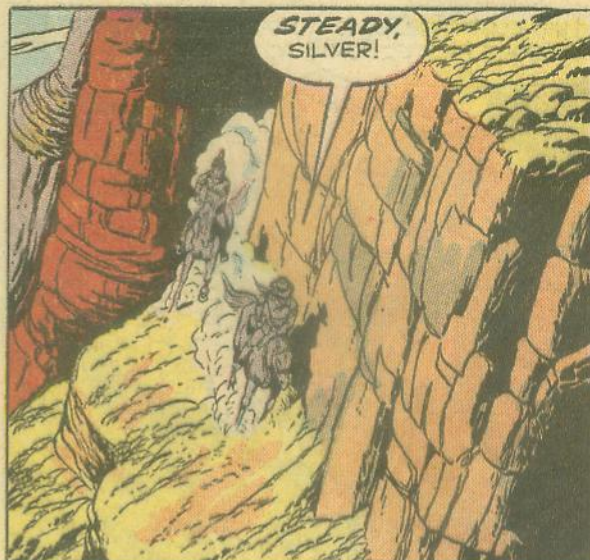
CRAACK!



COME ON,
SILVER!

GET-UM UP, SCOUT!





THIS CLIFF WILL GIVE
US SOME PROTECTION!

NOT IF THEY START
A REALLY **BIG**
ROCKSLIDE!



CAPTAIN, LET'S LASH THOSE
LOGS TOGETHER AND MAKE A
RAFT! THE RIVER'S SWIFT
AND WILL CARRY US TO A
SAFER PLACE!



AS THE ROCKS HURTLE DOWN, THE MEN
WORK WITH DESPERATE SPEED---

PUSH OFF!



COVER THE RIVER WITH ARROWS!





M-MY ARM---

---TREAT HIS WOUND, TONTO!
THERE'S NO POINT IN OUR
SHOOTING---THEY'RE OUT
OF RANGE!



KEEP POLING! A FEW HUNDRED
YARDS MORE AND WE'LL BE
PROTECTED BY CANYON
WALLS!



IT'S GLOOMY
ENOUGH TO GIVE
A MAN THE
CHILLS!

YES, BUT IT'S **SAFE**
FROM HOPI ARROWS!



WE'LL KEEP ON THE
MAIN RIVER, CAPTAIN!
THERE'S A PLACE TO
LAND A MILE
DOWNRIVER!

I'M GLAD YOU KNOW
THIS UNMAPPED
CANYON FLOOR!
WE'RE WITHOUT
FOOD OR GEAR! WE
COULD HAVE STARVED
BEFORE WE'D HAVE
FOUND OUR WAY OUT!



THAT'S WHY **MAPPING**
THIS AREA IS SO
IMPORTANT,
CAPTAIN!

TRUE, BUT WITH A
PACK OF HOSTILE
HOPIS ON OUR BACKS,
WE'RE **NOT** GOING TO
GET MUCH MAPPING
DONE!

IF YOU WANT TO CONTINUE MAPPING THIS AREA, THE HOPI MUST BE TAUGHT TO **RESPECT** THE ARMY SURVEYORS! WHEN WE REACH THE TOP, I SUGGEST YOU MAKE IT ON FOOT TO THE NEARBY FORT AND RETURN TO THE HOPI PUEBLO WITH A STRONG FORCE!



EVERY TIME WE TRY TO ATTACK THAT PUEBLO, THE HOPI SPOT US A LONG WAY OFF AND SCATTER OR AMBUSH US!

BRING YOUR MEN, CAPTAIN! THIS TIME TONTO AND I WILL **PIN THE HOPI DOWN IN THEIR PUEBLO!**



IF THE TWO OF YOU HOPE TO PIN DOWN A **WHOLE TRIBE**---YOU'VE GOT THE **TOUGHER** PART OF THIS BARGAIN!



LATER---

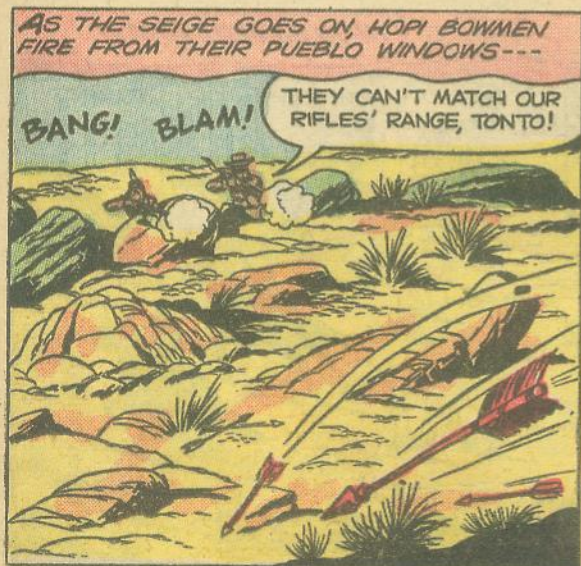
BY NOW, THE CAPTAIN SHOULD BE AT THE FORT!



ALL LOOK QUIET HERE! HOPI PULL UP **GROUND LEVEL LADDERS** SO NO ONE CAN SURPRISE-UM!

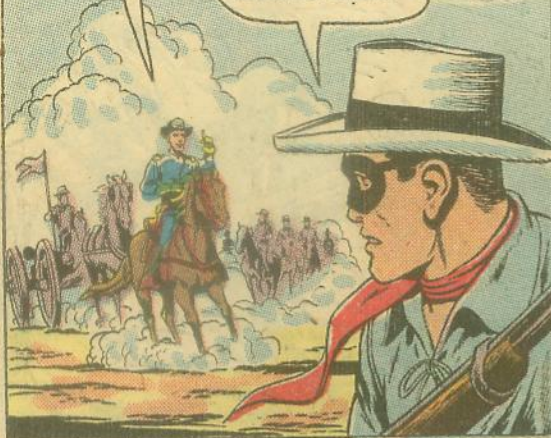
THAT'S WHAT I WAS COUNTING ON, TONTO! BUT WITHOUT THOSE LADDERS, THE HOPI **CAN'T LEAVE THE PUEBLO!**



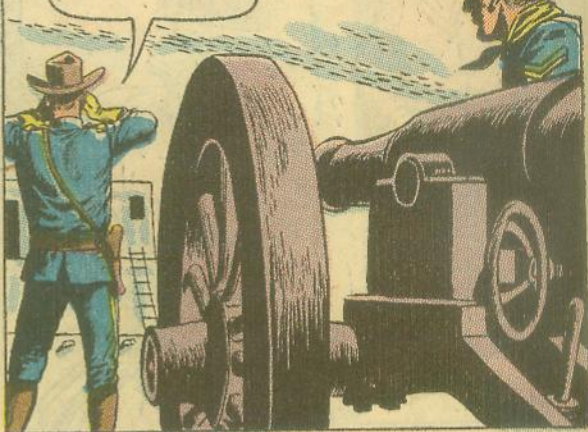


I SEE YOU'VE KEPT THEM BOTTLED UP THERE!

YES, CAPTAIN! AND I BELIEVE JUST THE **SIGHT** OF YOUR FORCE WILL MAKE THEM SURRENDER!



HOPIS!---THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND COME OUT, OR MY FIELD GUN WILL PULL YOUR PUEBLO DOWN AROUND YOUR EARS!



NOT FIRE BIG GUN! HOPIS COME OUT IN PEACE!



QUICKLY, A POWWOW IS HELD---

UGH! HOPIS DO THAT! THEIR CHIEF HAS SPOKEN!

THEN WE'RE AGREED, CHIEF! YOU'LL RETURN OUR HORSES AND GEAR! AS PUNISHMENT, THE BRAVES WHO ATTACKED US WILL HUNT FOR US AND SUPPLY US WITH FIREWOOD WHILE WE COMPLETE OUR MAPPING!



THEN SOON, ONE OF THE GLORIES OF OUR COUNTRY WILL BE MAPPED FOR ALL AMERICANS TO STUDY AND MARVEL AT---THANKS TO HELP FROM **THE LONE RANGER!**

HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!



the Lone Ranger

TRAPPED IN
WILD HORSE VALLEY

KRIM, WE'VE GOT
TO FIND A HIDING
PLACE---A
GOOD ONE!

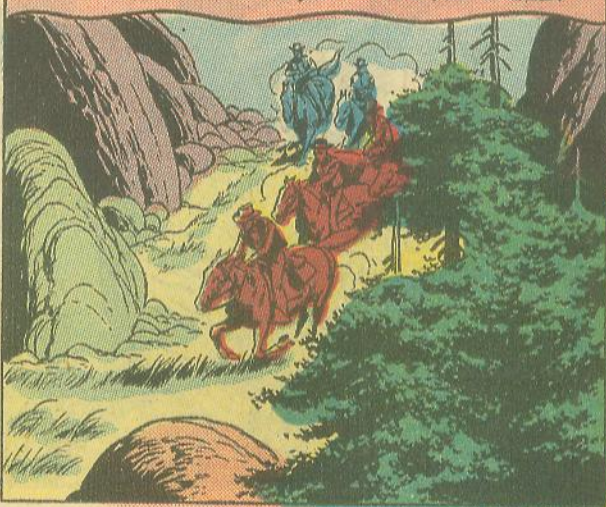
HE'S RIGHT, KRIM! WE'LL
HAVE EVERY MAN WHO
CAN TOTE A GUN AFTER
US ONCE THE NEWS
SPREADS THAT WE
ROBBED THE STAMPING
MILL OF RAW GOLD!



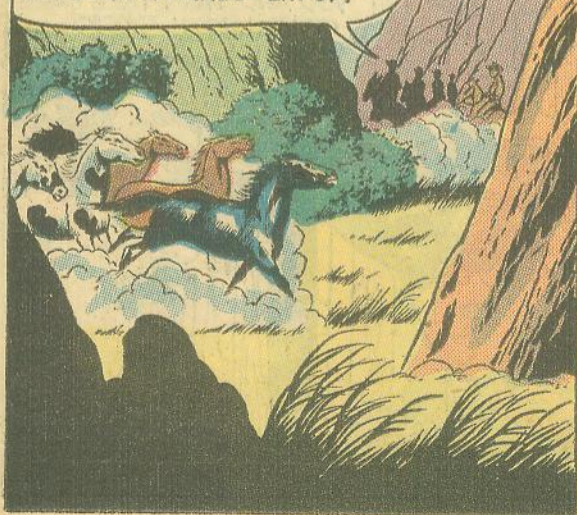
FOLLOW ME! I'VE ALREADY PICKED
THE PLACE, BOYS! PASSED IT ONCE
BEFORE! THEY SAY NO MAN'S EVER
BEEN THERE!



AND SO THE OUTLAW GANG RACES INTO
SILVER'S BIRTHPLACE, WILD HORSE VALLEY---



LOOK AT THOSE MUSTANGS!
WE SURE STIRRED 'EM UP!



JUST WHAT I WANTED TO DO---
THEY'VE COVERED OUR
TRACKS!



MEANWHILE, A DAY'S RIDE AWAY--- YES, TONTO BUT IT'S

THAT STAMPING
MILL NEW,
KEMO SABAY!

DONE QUITE WELL
SINCE THE RECENT
GOLD STRIKE IN
THIS TERRITORY!



PING!



REACH!



FIGURED THE GANG MIGHT
DOUBLE BACK THROUGH
THESE PARTS!

PULL 'EM
DOWN!

THEY'RE PART OF THE GANG
THAT ROBBED OUR GOLD
FROM THE MILL! THAT
MASK PROVES IT!

GRAB 'EM!



YOU'RE MISTAKEN!
WE---

---INTO THE MILL WITH
YOU! WE'LL UNMASK
YOU AND THEN TAKE CARE
OF YOU BOTH FAST!



FIRST, MAKE 'EM TELL US
WHERE THE REST OF THE
GANG IS HIDING!



NOW, TONTO!



DROP THE
BOLT!



BATTER
IT DOWN!

HOW WE
GET OUT?



THIS WAY, TONTO! WE'LL GO
DOWN THIS *SLUICE* THEY
HAVE FOR WASHING THE
GOLD-BEARING EARTH!



ALL TOGETHER NOW
---HEAVE!





COME ON,
SILVER!

GET-UM UP,
SCOUT!



WHAT IN
BLAZES--

--- DON'T STAND THERE
GAPING! **GUN 'EM!**

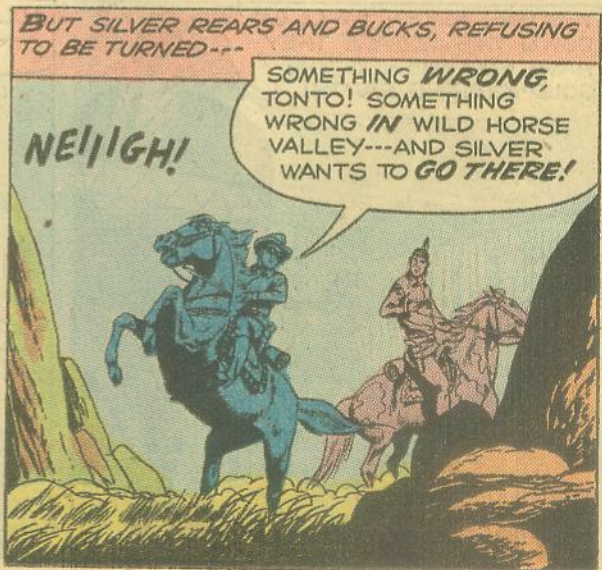


FRESH TRACKS, TONTO!
THEY MAY BELONG TO THE
GANG THAT ROBBED THE
MILL! WE'LL FOLLOW
THEM!



LATER--- THEY COME
TOWARD WILD
HORSE VALLEY, BUT
NOW TONTO **LOSE**
TRAIL!

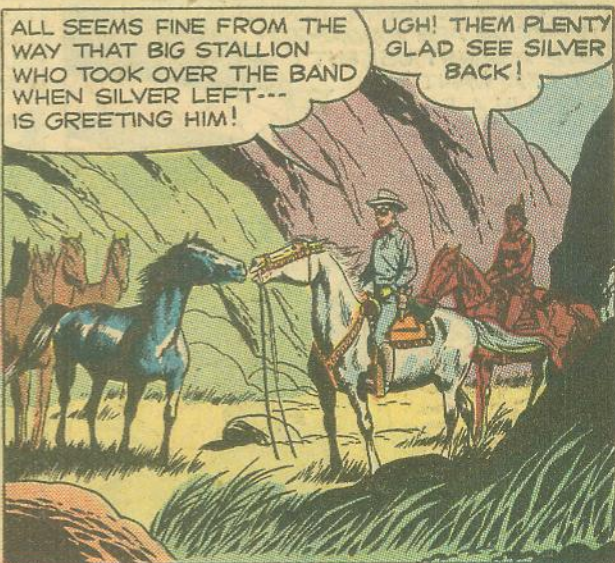
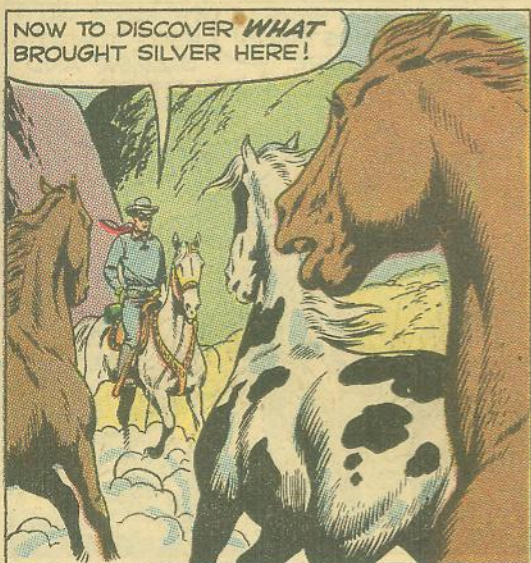
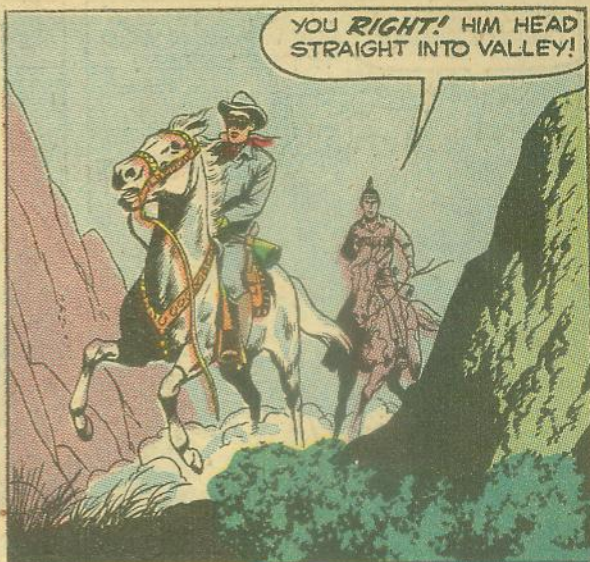
WE'D BETTER
MAKE A WIDE
SWEEP **BACK**
WHERE WE LOST
THEIR TRACKS!



**BUT SILVER REARS AND BUCKS, REFUSING
TO BE TURNED---**

NEIGH!

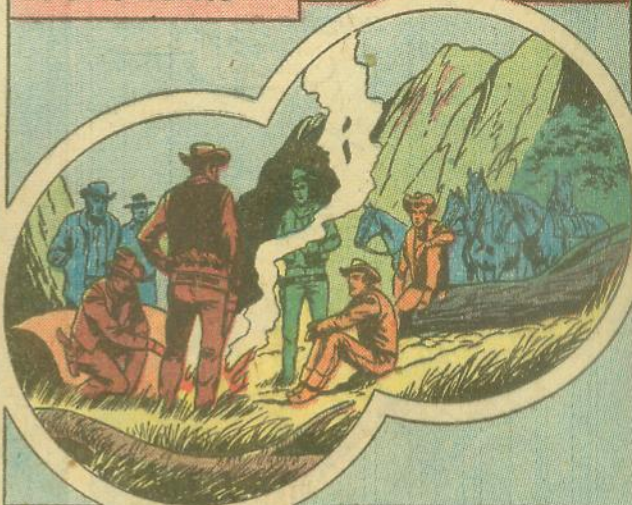
SOMETHING **WRONG**,
TONTO! SOMETHING
WRONG **IN** WILD HORSE
VALLEY---AND SILVER
WANTS TO **GO THERE!**



WAIT! KEMO SABAY, THERE SMOKE! SOMEONE'S CAMPING IN WILD HORSE VALLEY!



MINUTES LATER, THE LONE RANGER FOCUSES HIS BINOCULARS---



THE GOLD ROBBERS, TONTO! THE ODDS ARE FOUR-TO-ONE AGAINST US! BUT I DON'T WANT TO BRING IN A POSSE! WILD HORSE VALLEY WILL BE SPOILED IF TOO MANY MEN RIDE INTO IT!



UGH! SIGHT OF MEN HERE DRIVE OFF WILD MUSTANGS! BUT HOW WE CAPTURE HELP?

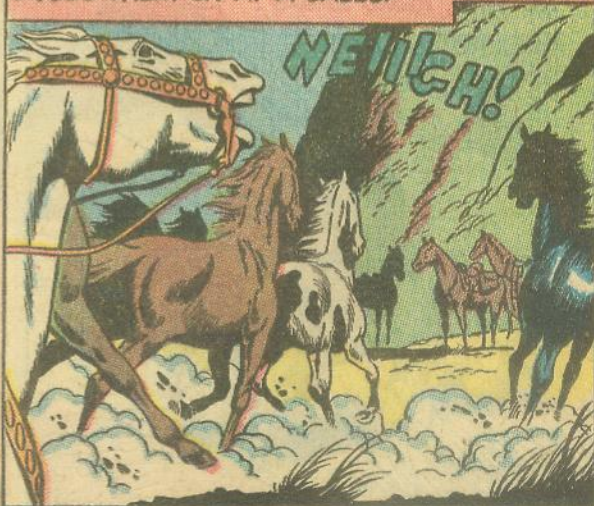
WE HAVE HELP HERE, TONTO... SILVER AND THE OTHER WILD HORSES!

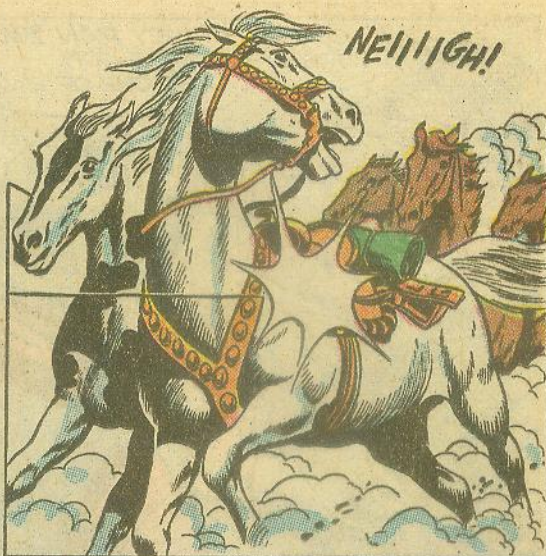
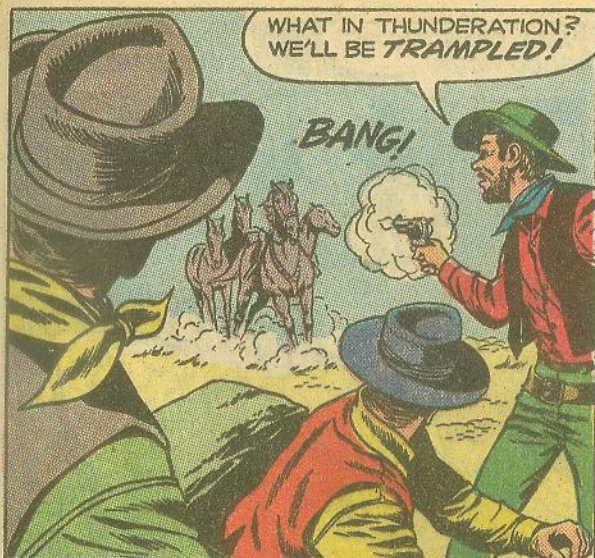


THERE, SILVER! DO YOU SEE THOSE SADDLE HORSES? LEAD THE WILD HORSE BAND --- SWEEP OFF THE SADDLE HORSES!

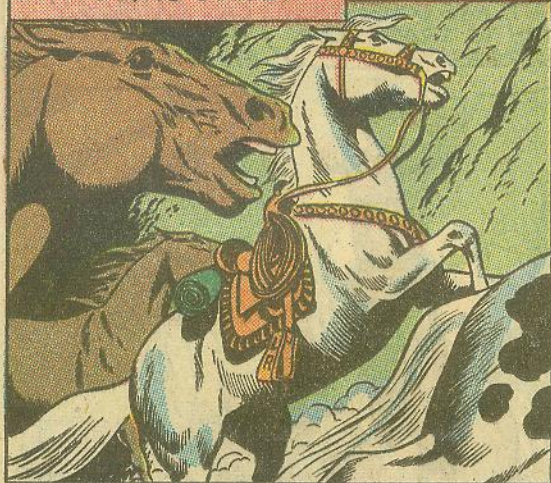


QUICKLY, SILVER SUMMONS THE BAND AND URGES THEM ON AT A GALLOP---



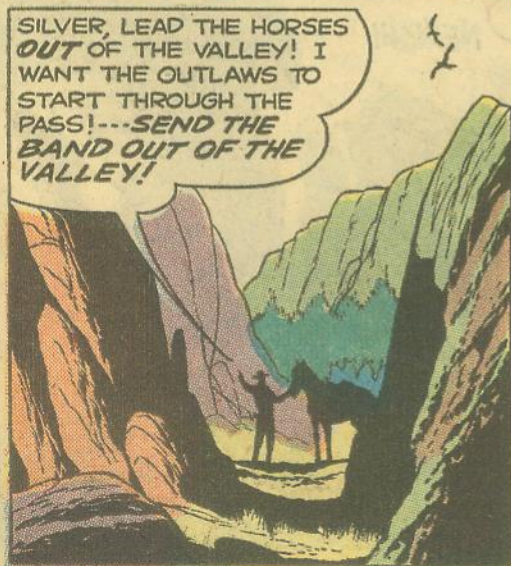
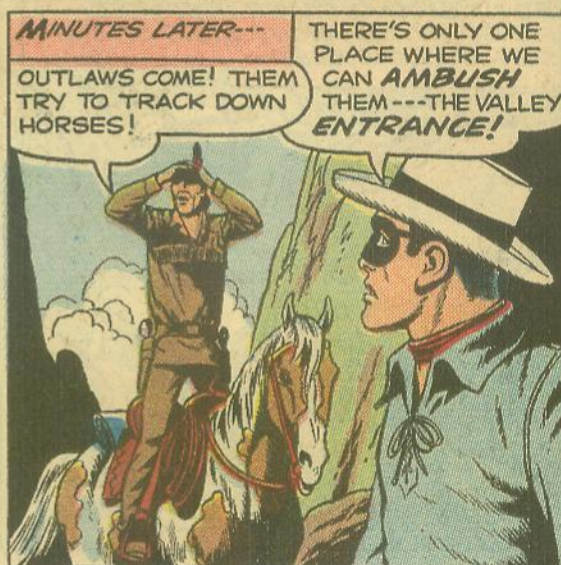


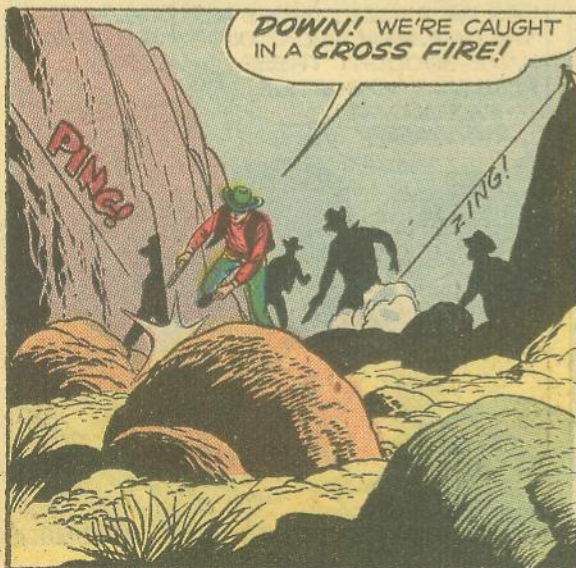
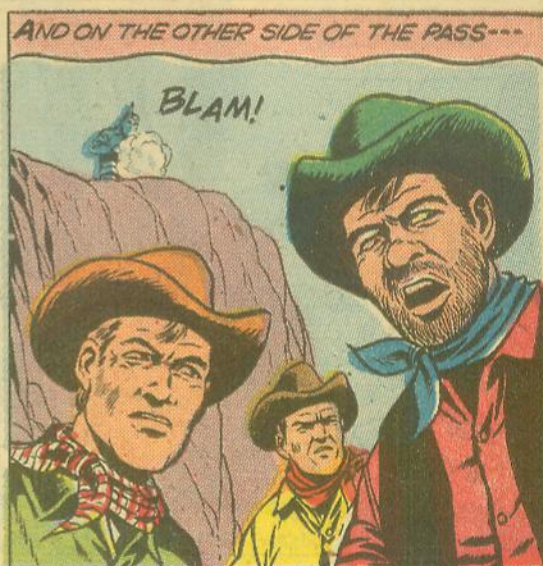
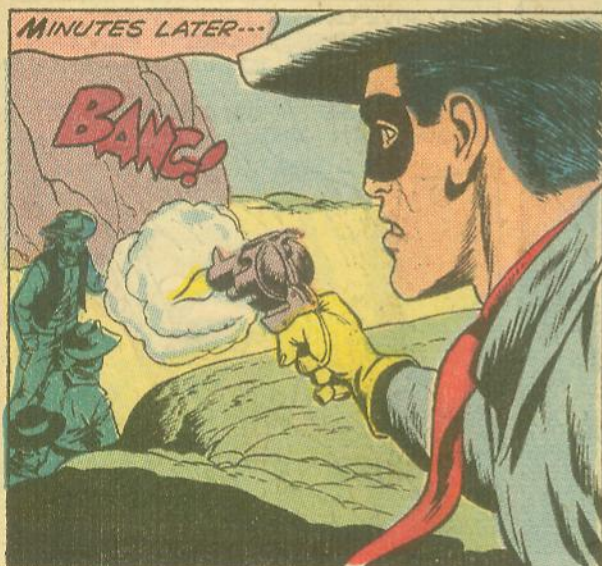
FOR A SECOND, SILVER HESITATES,
PAINED BY THE ANGRY STING OF THE
SKIN-RAKING BULLET---



BUT SILVER KNOWS IF HE WAVERS, THE
BAND WILL TURN AND SCATTER AND SOME-
HOW HE SENSES HE MUST CARRY OUT HIS
MASKED RIDER'S COMMAND OR SURRENDER
THE VALLEY TO MAN---









KRIM---WE'VE GOT
TO GET **OUT OF
HERE!**

THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS,
YOU MEN! YOU HAVEN'T A
CHANCE!



HO-HOLD YOUR FIRE---
WE **SURRENDER!**



YOU DRIVE-UM OUT
OF WILD HORSE
VALLEY, KEMO
SABAY! KEEP
VALLEY SAFE
FROM MEN!

NO, TONTO, THE
CREDIT BELONGS
TO SILVER---AND
THE **WILD
MUSTANGS!**



THAT NIGHT---

THEIR SADDLEBAGS
CONTAIN THE
PROOF OF THEIR
GUILT! TURN THEM
OVER TO THE
LAW!

WE WILL!
WE'RE SURE
SORRY ABOUT
ROUGHING UP
YOU AND TONTO
---IT WAS THAT **MASK**
OF YOURS!



YES, WE ALMOST ARRESTED
THE **ONE MAN** WHO COULD
HAVE BROUGHT THESE
POLECATS TO JUSTICE
---THE **LONE
RANGER!**

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

THE COWARD

Dismounting at the General Store, Dodge Mason glanced at the horses tied to the hitching post. His face fell as he saw the fancy rig that belonged to Dude Henshaw. Mason hesitated. He would have waited another week before picking up supplies if he had known the Dude was in town.

Standing undecided, Mason's thoughts flew back bitterly. It was the Dude who had given Mason the hated nickname of "Dodge." Equipped by nature with 220 pounds of solid bone and muscle on a six-foot-four frame, nobody reckoned Jim Mason would sidestep a challenge. But Dude Henshaw had been daring and curious enough to find out.

One day, the Dude had waited for him. Deliberately tripping Mason, he had sent the big man sprawling in the dust. Mason had risen slowly, dusted himself off, and quietly said, "Reckon I should have dodged."

"You did dodge . . . a fight!" sneered the Dude. "From now on that's what I'll call you . . . Dodge Mason, see?"

The despicable nickname had clung.

Mason shrugged off these thoughts now, and strode in the store. He knew what to expect. Dude Henshaw's sarcastic voice greeted him. "Well, if it isn't Dodge Mason, who never misses a fight. Never misses *dodging* it, that is!"

Scornful laughter from others in the store filled Mason with bitter shame. Yet, he silently turned away and quietly ordered his supplies, trying to ignore the snickers behind his back.

When Mason packed his horse outside, the Dude was waiting in his saddle with one more cutting remark. "Don't tangle with any tough rabbits, Dodge!"

Listening people roared. Mason hung his head. He wished he could explain, but knew he could not,

Galloping off, the Dude turned, to grin back maliciously. The grin was his undoing. He didn't see the wagon coming down the street. The driver yelled, but too late. Both horses reared and swerved to avoid collision.

The Dude was flung out of his saddle. The wagon upended on two wheels and teetered. It would obviously turn turtle in a moment and crash to the ground near the stunned form of Dude Henshaw.

It was only then that the frightened driver yelled. . . . "My wagon . . . it's loaded with . . . dynamite!"

If the crazily spinning wagon turned over, the jolting crash might well set the explosives off . . . near the dazed form of Dude Henshaw, unable to gain his feet.

Mason had started running at the first sign of trouble. He was close to the wagon before it tilted completely over.

"Stop," screeched the horrified driver as he ran away, "you'll only get blown up too!"

Mason didn't stop. With a last leap he was in position to catch the edge of the overturning wagon. Exerting tremendous force, he heaved the wagon back on its wheels. It bounced a bit, but there was no deafening blast.

Mason stood panting, soaked with sweat. The Dude got to his feet, shaky and pale. People gathered around, silent at what had nearly been a ghastly tragedy.

"You . . ." The Dude choked and began again. "You could have been killed. No . . . no coward would have done what you did. But gosh sakes, man . . . how come you never fight? It just doesn't make sense!"

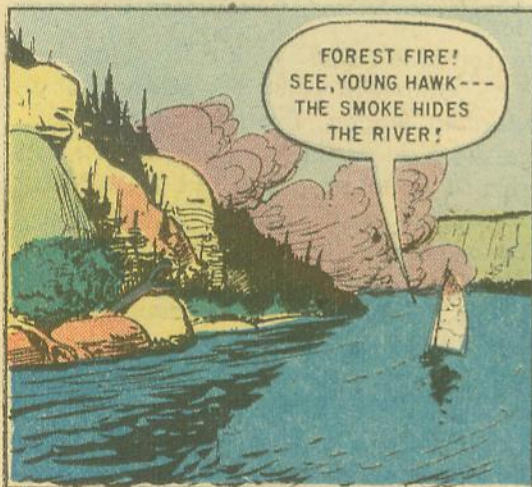
"Don't you know?" spoke up the wagon driver. "Up north, where I used to live, Jim Mason had a fight with a horse thief . . . and nearly killed him accidentally. Didn't know his own strength. After that he swore he'd never fight again. Did you folks think he was a coward?"

Dude Henshaw winced. Then he stuck out his hand. "Shake, Mason. . . . JIM Mason. Anybody forgets to call you that from now on, they'll have to *dodge me*."

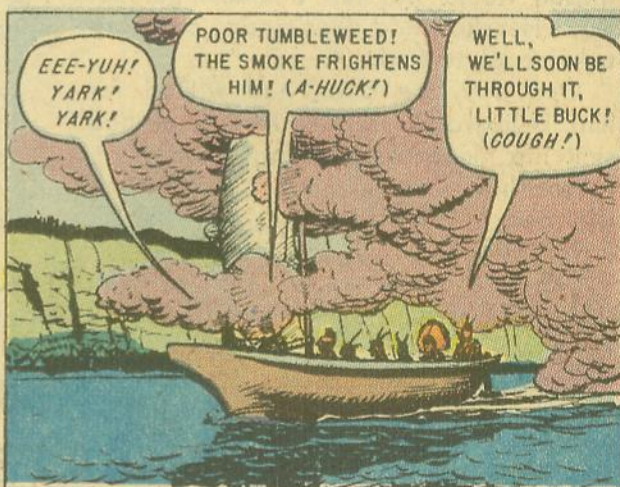
YOUNG HAWK

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SAILING DOWN THE RIVER--- LATER NAMED BY WHITE MEN *THE HUDSON*--- YOUNG HAWK AND HIS IROQUOIS COMPANIONS PASS THROUGH STRANGE AND LOVELY HILLS---EXPLORING TO THE SEA. THEIR CRAFT IS A DUGOUT OF YOUNG HAWK'S INVENTION, WITH RUDDER, KEEL, AND LEATHER SAIL.



FOREST FIRE!
SEE, YOUNG HAWK---
THE SMOKE HIDES
THE RIVER!



EEE-YUH!
YARK!
YARK!

POOR TUMBLEWEED!
THE SMOKE FRIGHTENS
HIM! (A-HUCK!)

WELL,
WE'LL SOON BE
THROUGH IT,
LITTLE BUCK!
(COUGH!)



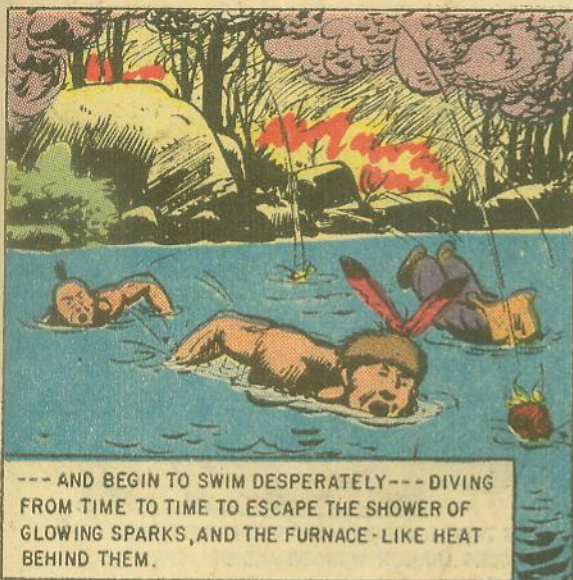
WHAT DO YOU SEE,
WOLF SLAYER?

MEN---AT THE EDGE OF
THE WATER, FLEEING
FROM THE FIRE!

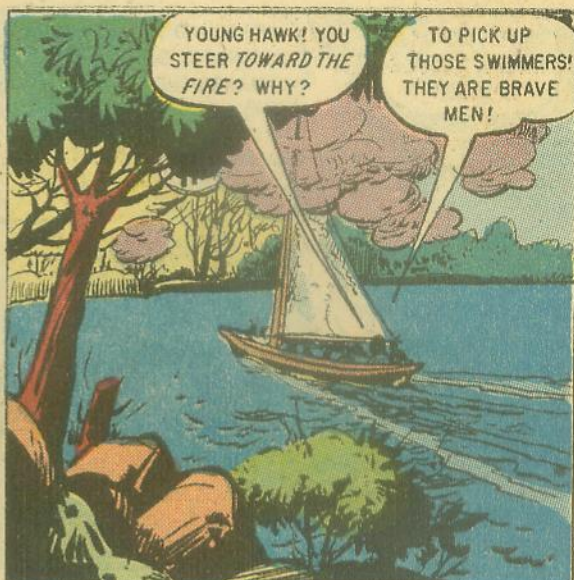
SUDDENLY, THROUGH A RIFT IN THE SMOKE,
CAN BE SEEN THE FLAMES, ASHORE!



WITH THE FLAMES AT THEIR BACK,
THE THREE FIGURES DIVE...



--- AND BEGIN TO SWIM DESPERATELY --- DIVING FROM TIME TO TIME TO ESCAPE THE SHOWER OF GLOWING SPARKS, AND THE FURNACE-LIKE HEAT BEHIND THEM.



YOUNG HAWK! YOU STEER TOWARD THE FIRE? WHY?

TO PICK UP THOSE SWIMMERS! THEY ARE BRAVE MEN!



CLIMB IN! WE WILL NOT HARM YOU!

WONDERING WHETHER THEY ARE TO BE KILLED OR RESCUED, THE THREE SWIMMERS PAUSE...

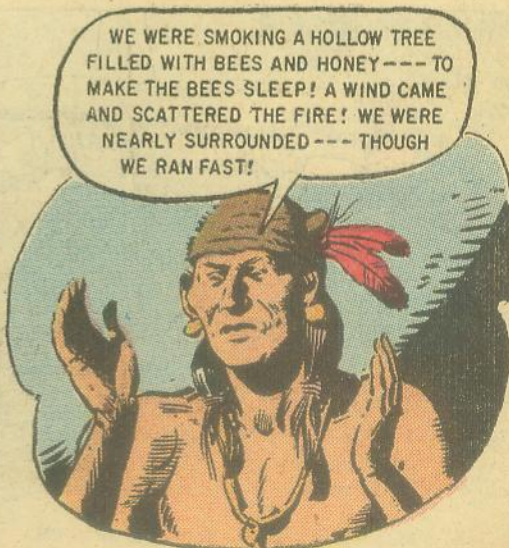


HO! WOLF SLAYER AND YOUNG HAWK HAVE SPOKEN PEACE! COME ON IN!



WHAT IS YOUR TRIBE?

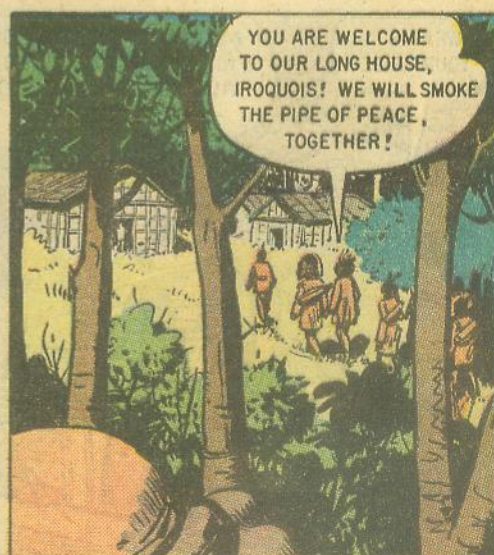
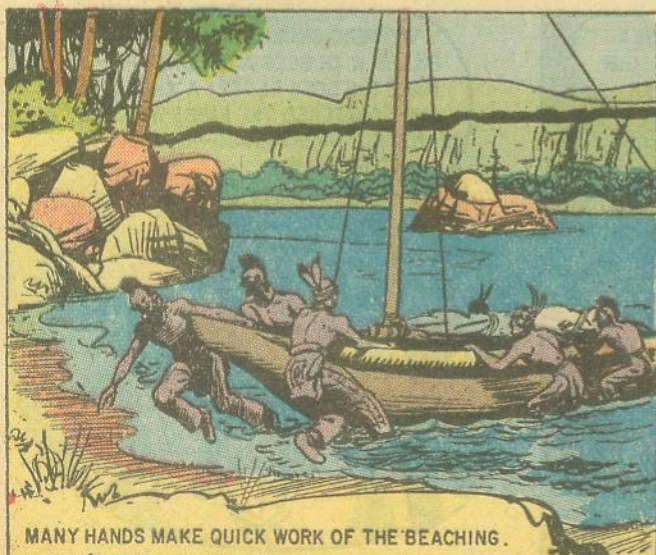
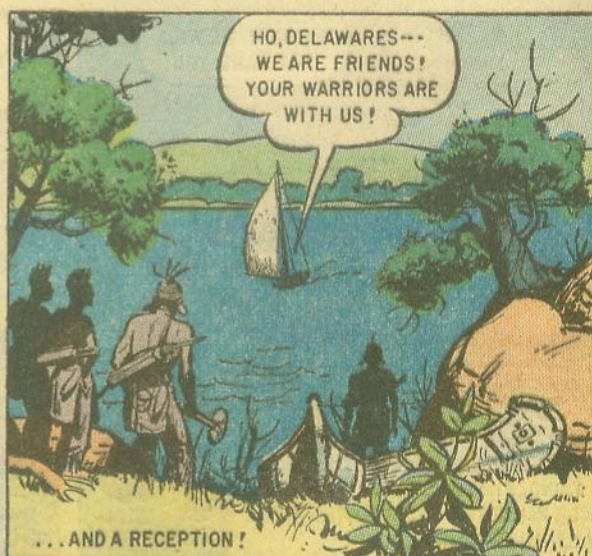
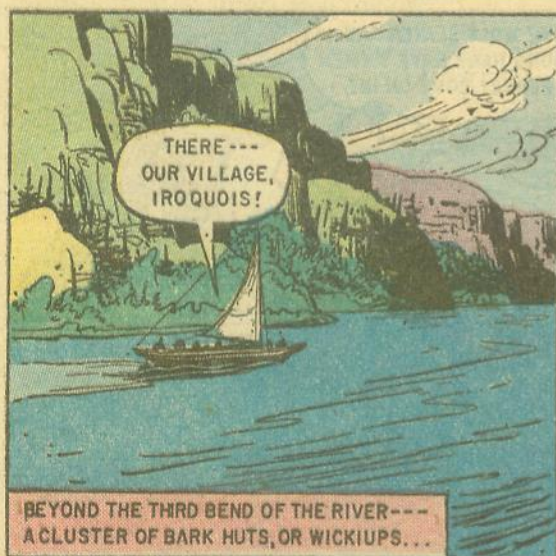
DELAWARE! YOU HAVE DONE A FRIENDLY THING, IROQUOIS! OUR VILLAGE IS DOWN THE RIVER --- SUNRISE SIDE!



WE WERE SMOKING A HOLLOW TREE FILLED WITH BEES AND HONEY --- TO MAKE THE BEES SLEEP! A WIND CAME AND SCATTERED THE FIRE! WE WERE NEARLY SURROUNDED --- THOUGH WE RAN FAST!



AS THE DELAWARES GRASP THE IDEA, THEIR FACES MIRROR WONDER AND DELIGHT.





AS THE PIPE IS PASSED, THE DELAWARE CHIEF IS MUCH IMPRESSED BY THE SMALL BIRD PERCHED SO CONFIDENTLY ON YOUNG HAWK'S SHOULDER.

YOUNG HAWK, I SMOKE TO THE MEDICINE BIRD ON YOUR SHOULDER--- WHO TAUGHT YOU HOW TO BUILD THE CANOE-PUSHED-BY-THE-WIND!

HIS NAME IS "LITTLE BROTHER!"



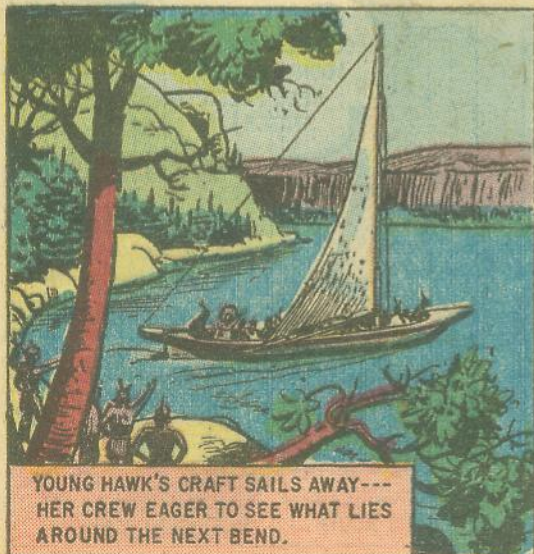
YOU WILL REMAIN WITH US FOR A TIME, YOUNG HAWK? WE SHOULD BE HONORED...

YOUR INVITATION HONORS US, O CHIEF OF THE DELAWARES! BUT WE MUST SAIL ON TO THE SALT WATER!



WE THANK YOU, DELAWARES, FOR YOUR GIFTS!

THE NEXT DAY, AFTER TAKING ABOARD FRESH WATER AND FOOD...

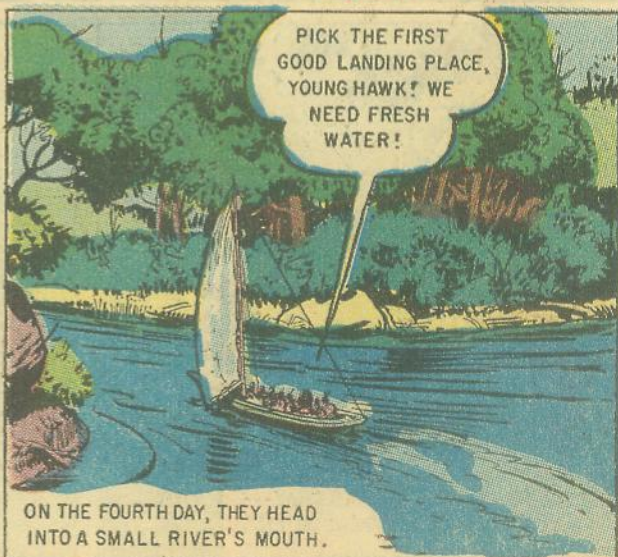
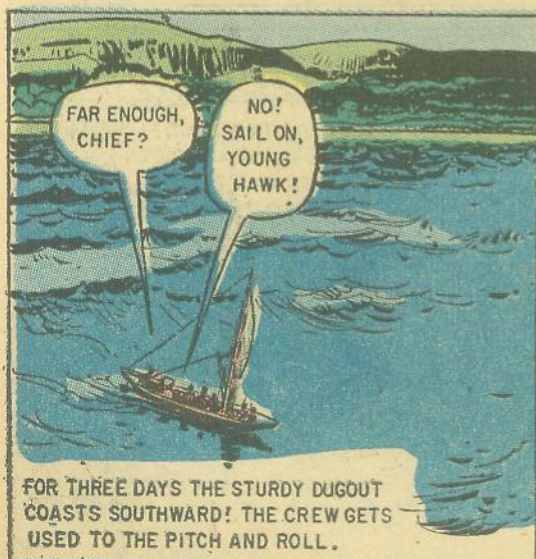
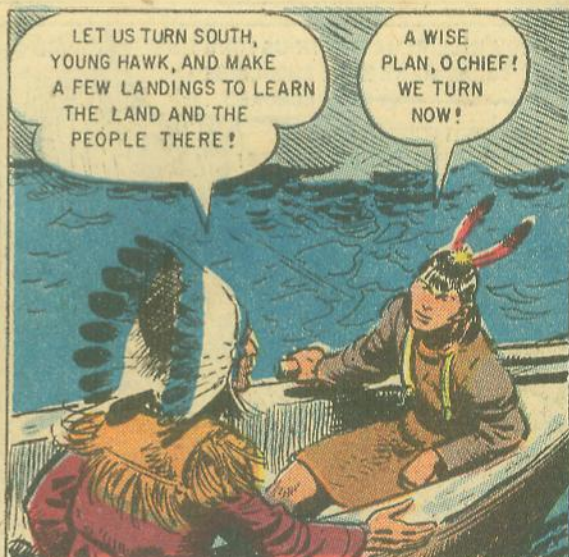


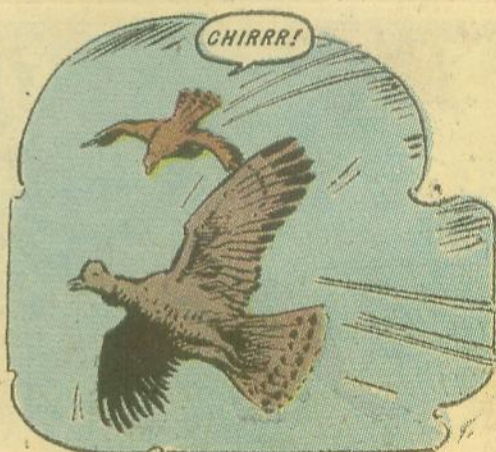
YOUNG HAWK'S CRAFT SAILS AWAY--- HER CREW EAGER TO SEE WHAT LIES AROUND THE NEXT BEND.



OHO, YOUNG HAWK! THE WAVES ARE BIG ON THIS SALT WATER!

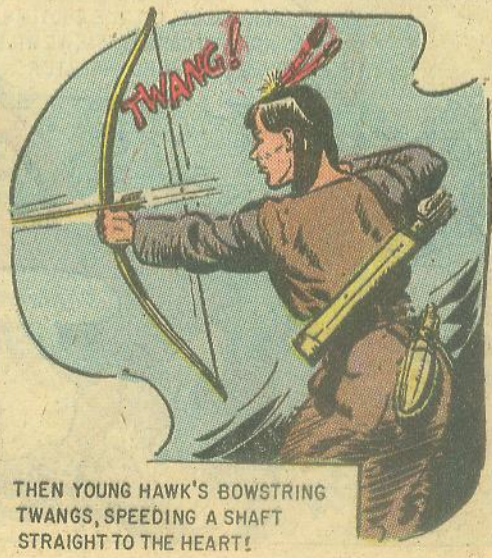
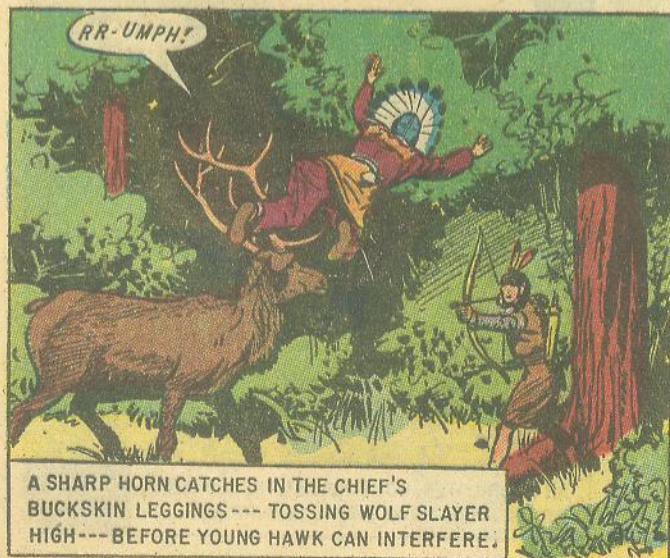
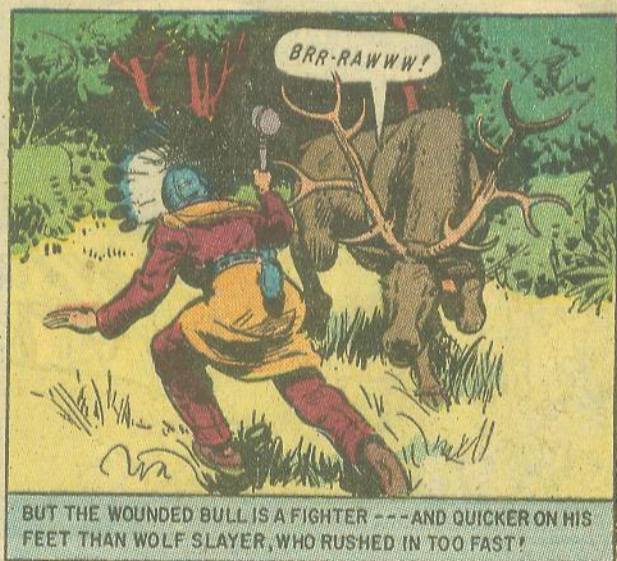
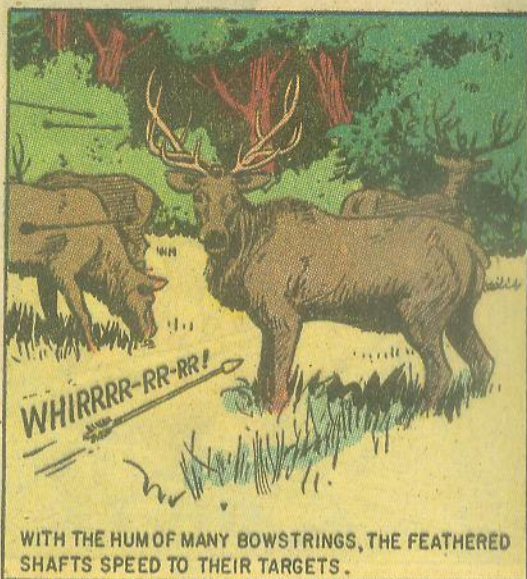
AND, A DAY LATER, UNDER A STORMY SKY, THEY ENTER THE WIDER REACHES OF WHAT IS NOW NEW YORK HARBOR.





WOLF SLAYER'S WARNING IS LOST ON LITTLE
BROTHER, THE TINY HAWK --- WHOSE HUNTING
INSTINCTS LET NO GAME ESCAPE.







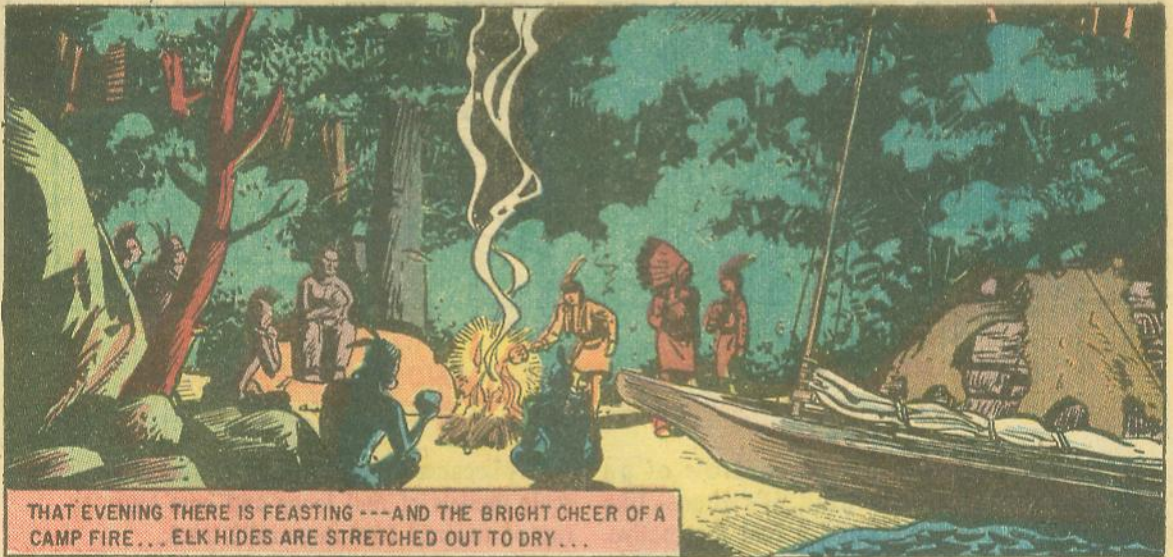
WOLF SLAYER,
ARE YOU---?

---HURT? NO---
ONLY A PRICK OF THE
HORN AND A TORN
LEGGING---



I LIVE, THANKS AGAIN TO
YOU, YOUNG HAWK! THAT BULL
WOULD HAVE TRAMPLED ME!
WHAT HUGE BEASTS THEY
ARE, TOO!

ON THE GREAT
MOUNTAINS OF THE
WEST THERE ARE
MANY HERDS OF
THEM!

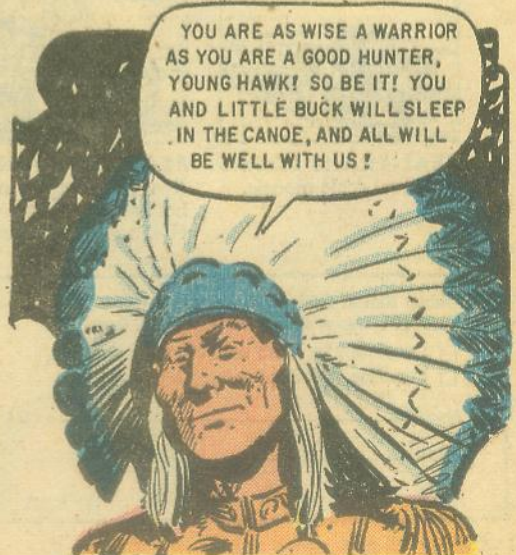


THAT EVENING THERE IS FEASTING ---AND THE BRIGHT CHEER OF A
CAMP FIRE... ELK HIDES ARE STRETCHED OUT TO DRY...



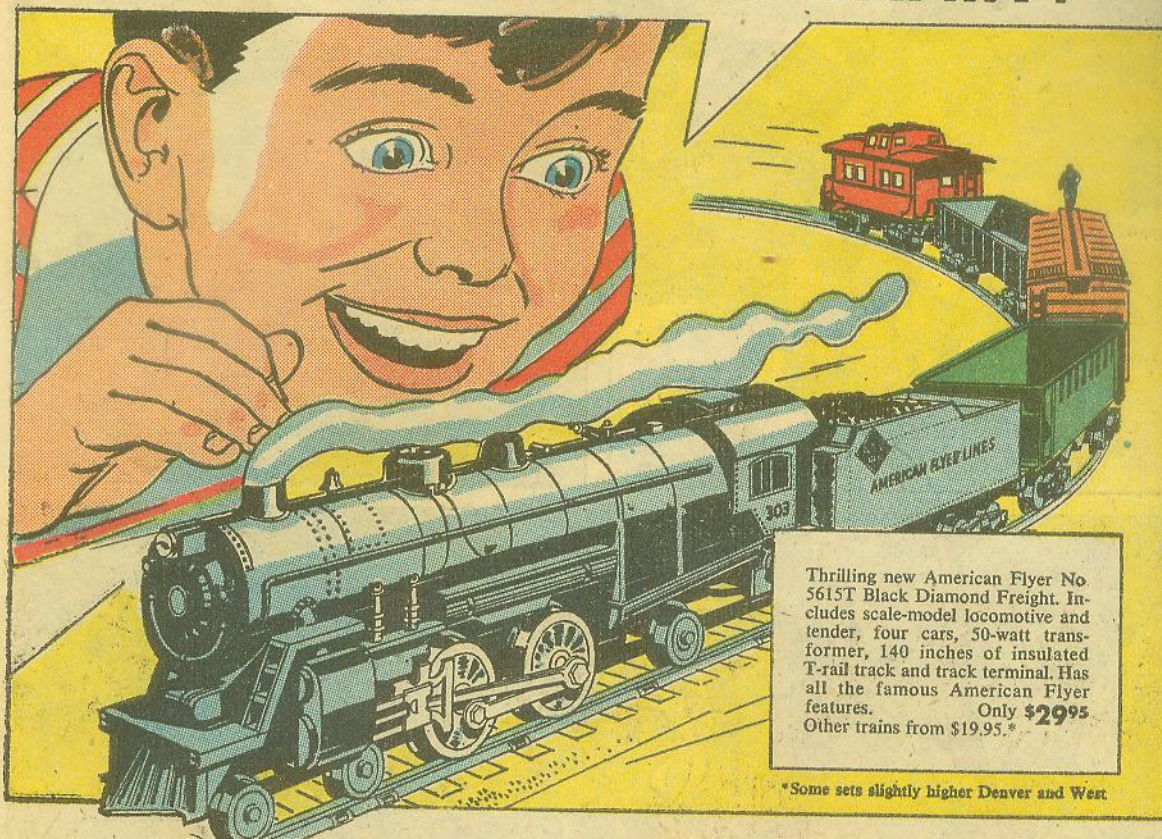
WE SHALL STAY HERE A
FEW DAYS, AND SMOKE
MEAT, THEN HUNT
MORE ELK!

AS YOU THINK BEST,
WOLF SLAYER! BUT IT
WOULD BE WISE, I THINK,
TO KEEP OUR CANOE
ANCHORED AT NIGHT WITH
TWO MEN ABOARD --- IN
CASE OF ATTACK!



YOU ARE AS WISE A WARRIOR
AS YOU ARE A GOOD HUNTER,
YOUNG HAWK! SO BE IT! YOU
AND LITTLE BUCK WILL SLEEP
IN THE CANOE, AND ALL WILL
BE WELL WITH US!

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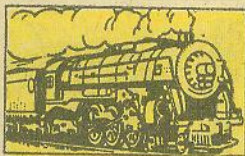
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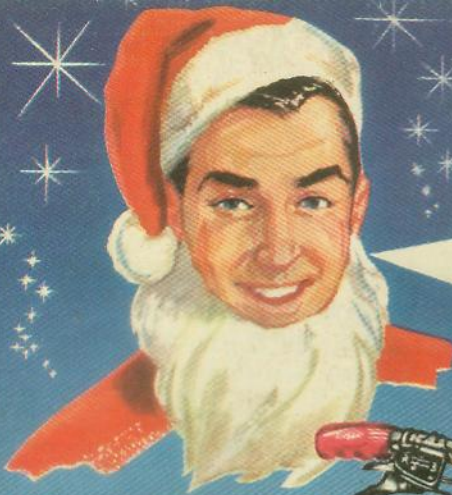


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