

DELL

DAN REID'S SECRET HIDE-OUT

FEBRUARY

10¢

the Lone Ranger





Indian canoes varied in size and complexity. Birchbark canoes that glided across the Great Lakes and bullboats that crossed the Missouri were the simplest.



The giant war canoes of the northwestern tribes were the most elaborate and interesting. A war party could be carried in one of these canoes.



The bullboat was a round, tub-shaped canoe, made by stretching buffalo skins over a circular wooden framework.



It was used by the Plains tribes, such as the Mandan and Arikara for ferrying across rivers. Trips up or down the long rivers were made on horseback.



The northwestern Haida tribe built one of the most elaborate war canoes. These ocean-going canoes were made out of a single log sixty to seventy feet long.

The high bow and stern bore fierce carvings. In those giant canoes, sixty braves could paddle hundreds of miles down the northwest coastline.

the Lone Ranger

**DAN REID'S
SECRET HIDE-OUT**

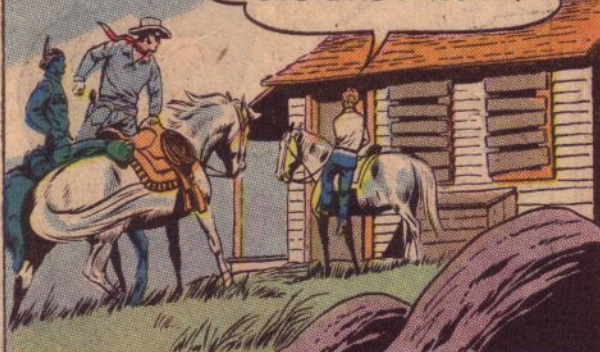


TOLD YOU SOMEONE
WAS COMING, RUSS...

...YOU'RE RIGHT!
AND THEY'RE
RIDING STRAIGHT
FOR THIS **ABANDONED**
CABIN!

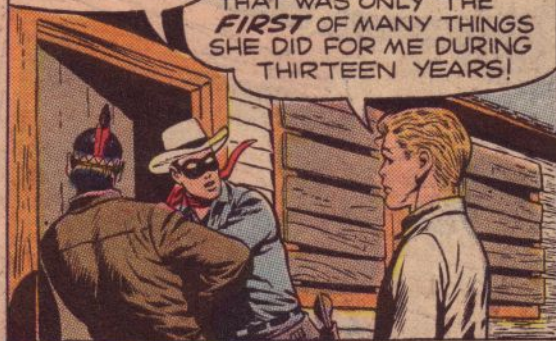
HERE IT IS, DAN!
JUST AS WE
LEFT IT!

YES, BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM
THE SAME **THIS** WAY! I'LL
ALWAYS REMEMBER IT AS
OPEN, WITH FLOWERS GROWING
AND **GRANDMA FRISBY**
BUSTLING AROUND!



SHE WAS A REAL
PIONEER WOMAN,
DAN, AND YOU
OWE A LOT TO
THE WAY SHE
RAISED YOU!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR
HER SAVING ME
WHEN THE WAGON
TRAIN MY MOTHER
WAS ON WAS ATTACKED
BY THE APACHES... BUT
THAT WAS ONLY THE
FIRST OF MANY THINGS
SHE DID FOR ME DURING
THIRTEEN YEARS!



YES, DAN, IT WAS A
STROKE OF PROVIDENCE
THAT ONE PERSON WHO
SURVIVED THAT MASSACRE
HAD SEEN YOUR MOTHER
HIDE YOU IN THE FALSE
BOTTOM OF A TRUNK---

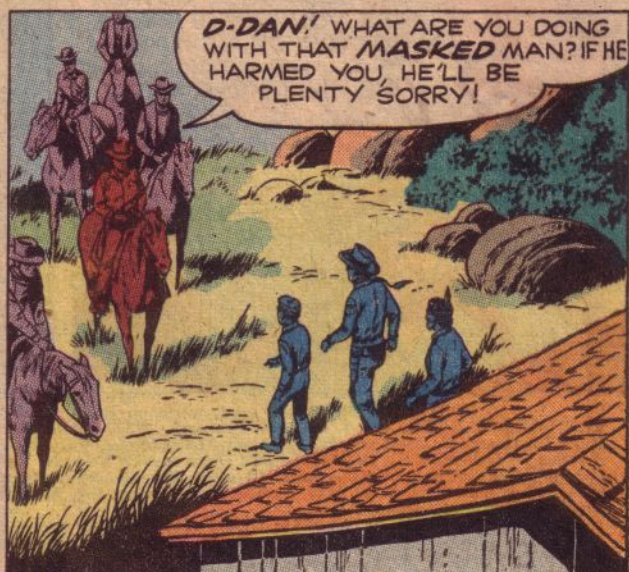
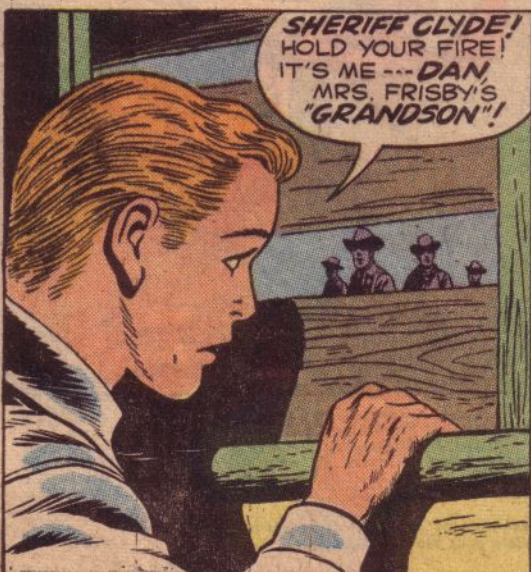
KEMO SABAY,
**RIDERS
COME!**

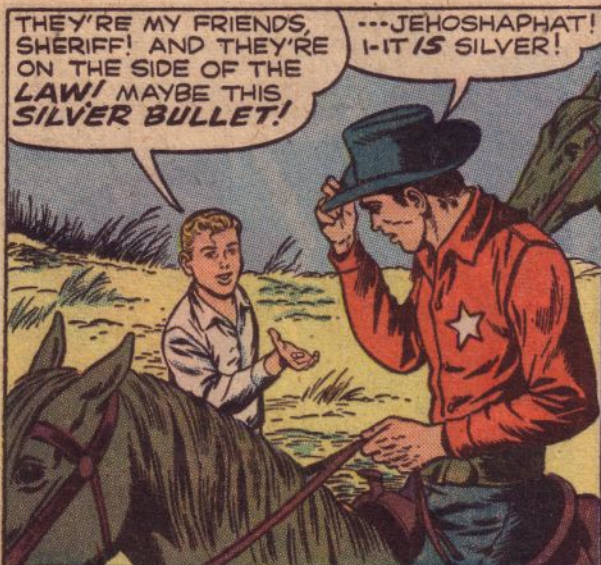


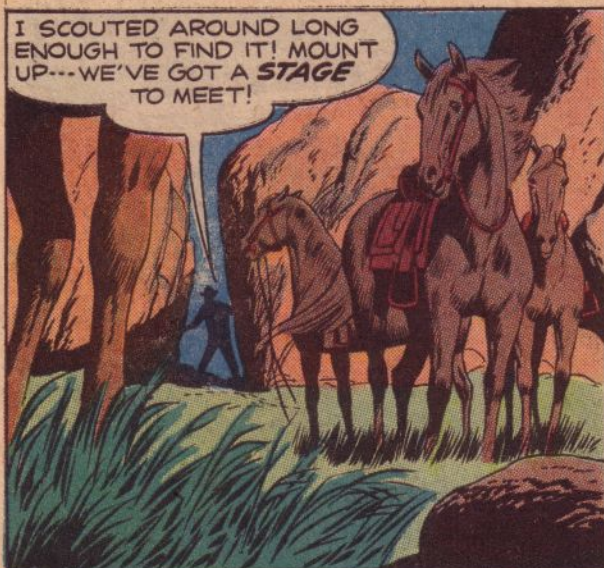
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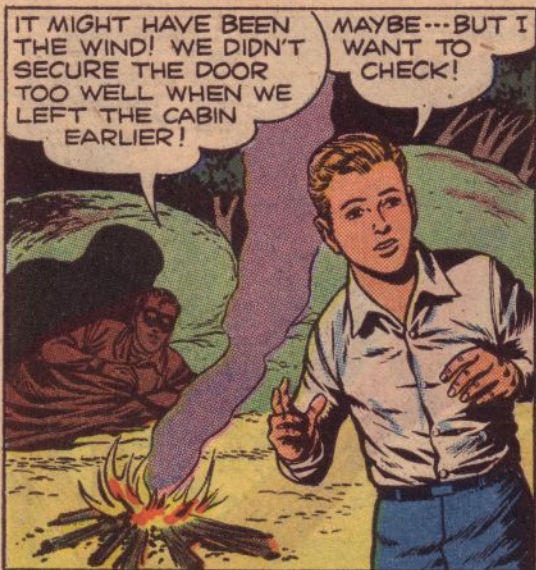
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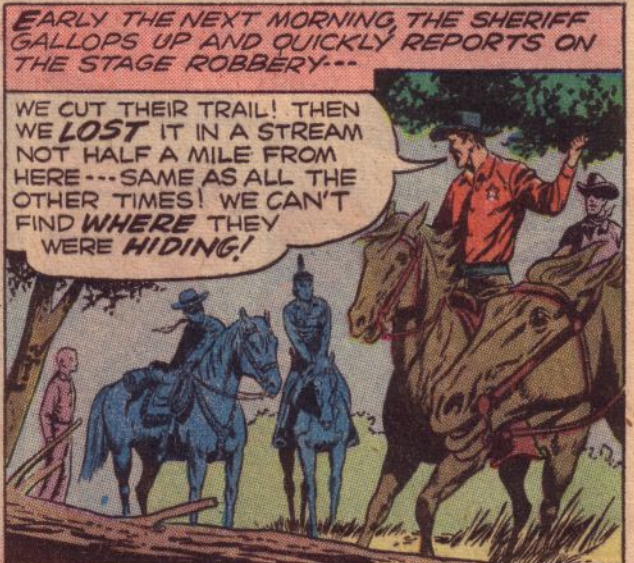
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

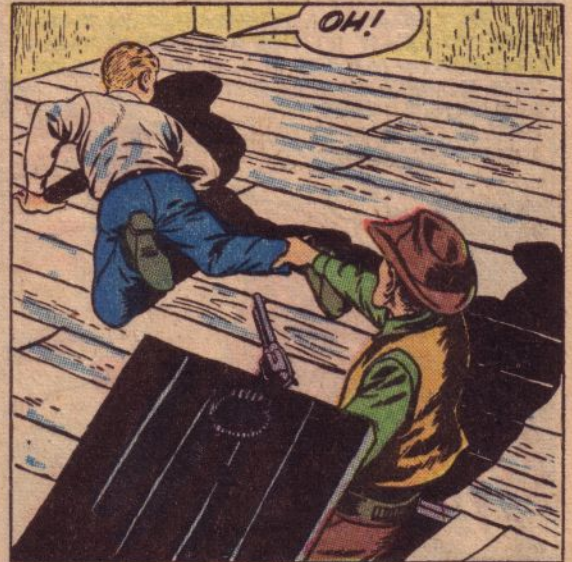
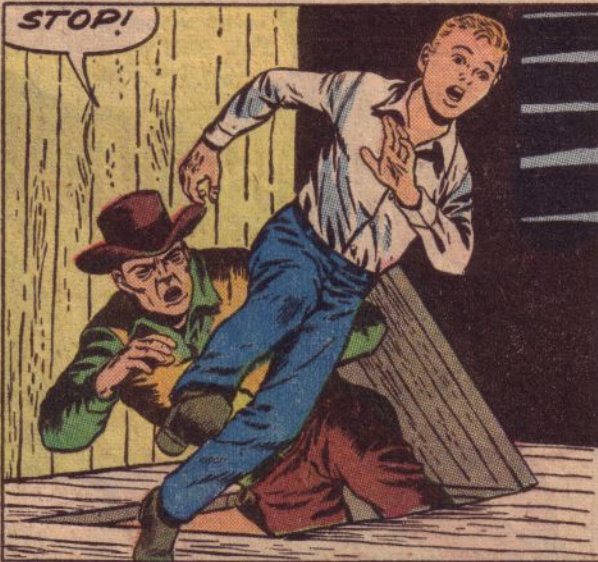
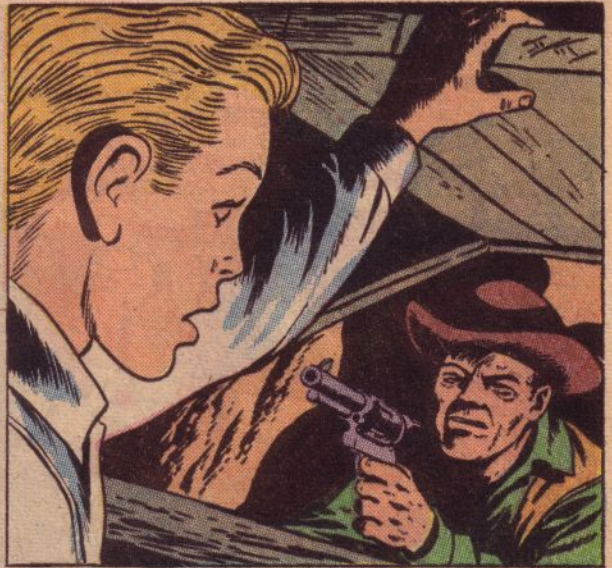
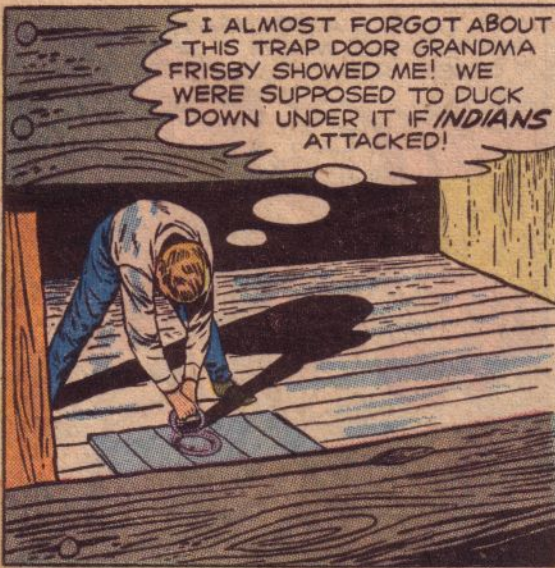












AND AS THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO WONDER WHERE DAN IS ---

THAT'S FUNNY---

THE TRAP DOOR IS AIRTIGHT, BUT THERE MUST BE AIR COMING IN HERE FROM **SOMEWHERE** SO THIS FLAME CAN **BURN!**

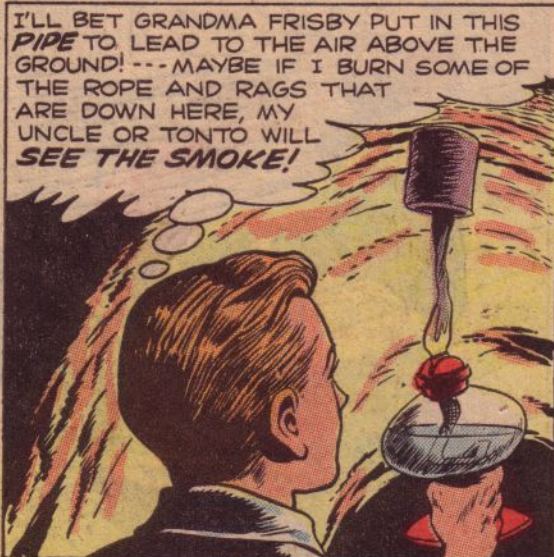


YES! THERE'S A **DRAUGHT!**

---NOW TO SEE WHERE IT COMES FROM!



I'LL BET GRANDMA FRISBY PUT IN THIS **PIPE** TO LEAD TO THE AIR ABOVE THE GROUND! ---MAYBE IF I BURN SOME OF THE ROPE AND RAGS THAT ARE DOWN HERE, MY UNCLE OR TONTO WILL **SEE THE SMOKE!**



MINUTES LATER---

KEMO SABAY, SMOKE THERE!

---STAY HERE, TONTO! I'LL SEE WHERE IT'S COMING FROM!



AND AS THE LONE RANGER FINDS THE PIPE END HE CALLS DOWN SOFTLY! DAN ANSWERS, TELLING WHAT HAPPENED---

SECURE THE TRAP DOOR! STAY WHERE YOU ARE, DAN! IT'S ONLY TWO FEET DOWN ---I'LL DIG TO YOU!



SECONDS LATER---

NOW, TONTO! KEEP THEM BUSY!

BANG! BLAM!





WHAT IN THUNDER-
ATION---

---DOWN!

PING!

ZING!



AND AS THE LONE RANGER DIGS---

HEARD THE GUNFIRE---

---OUTLAWS
IN CABIN!

BANG!



SH-SHERIFF---

---TAKE
COVER! THEN
WE'LL SETTLE
SCORES!

BANG!

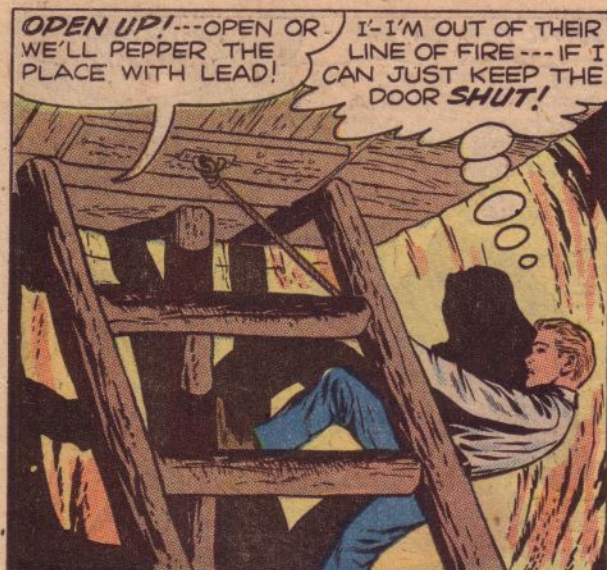
BLAM!



AS SIX GUNS BLAZE---

WE'VE ONLY ONE CHANCE!
WE'LL USE THE KID
FOR A **SHIELD!**

RUSS! HE'S
HOLDING
DOWN THE
DOOR!



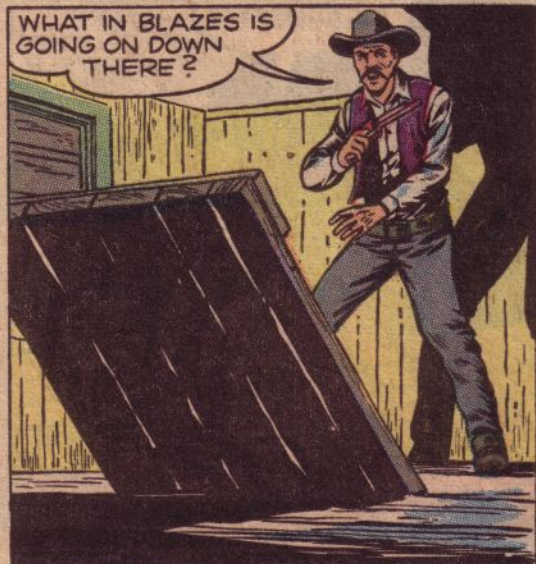
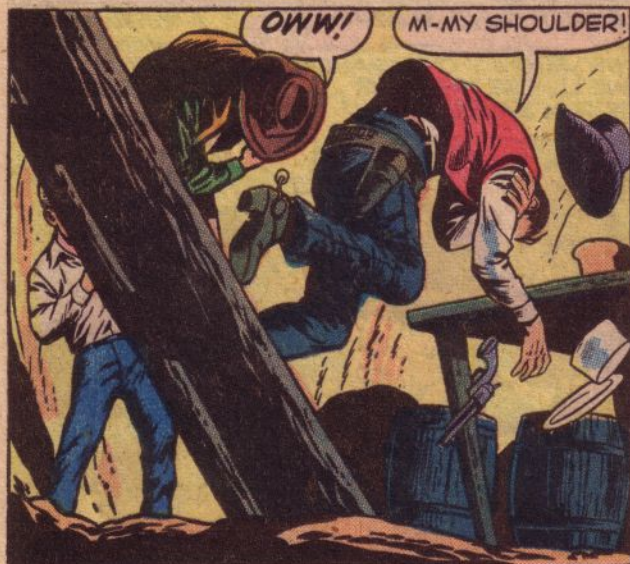
OPEN UP!---OPEN OR
WE'LL PEPPER THE
PLACE WITH LEAD!

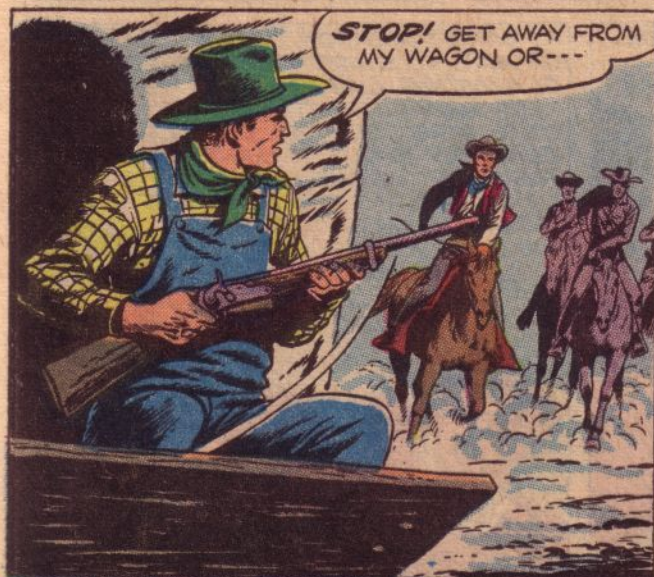
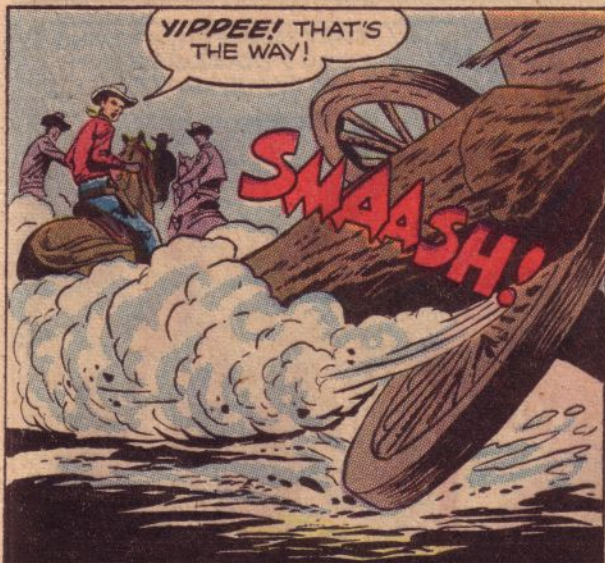
I-I'M OUT OF THEIR
LINE OF FIRE---IF I
CAN JUST KEEP THE
DOOR **SHUT!**

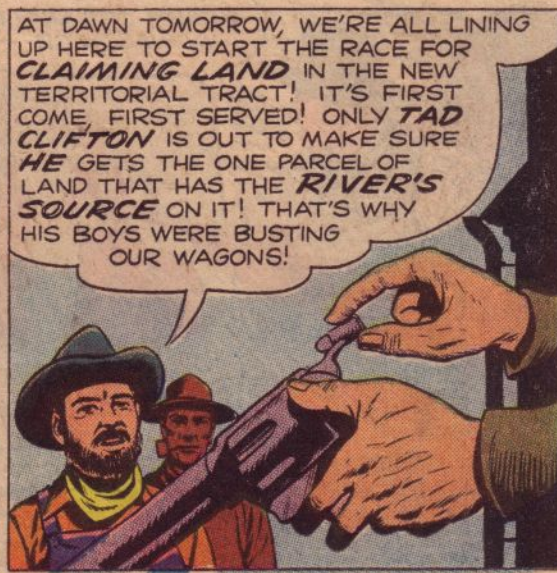
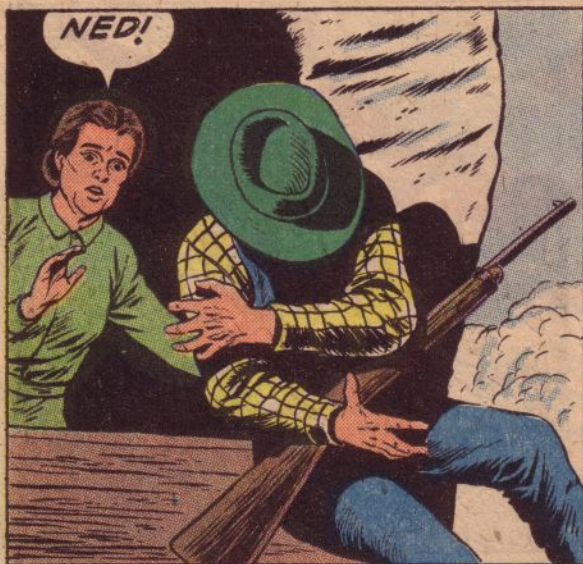


**BUT THE COMBINED STRENGTH OF THE
OUTLAWS FORCES UP THE DOOR INCH
BY INCH---**

ONE MORE HEAVE AND
WE'LL HAVE IT **OPEN!**









AND IF CLIFTON
FELLER GET
RIVER TRACT---

---WE'LL ALL OWN A LOT
OF DRY, WATERLESS
LAND WE'LL NOT BE ABLE
TO FARM UNLESS WE PAY
CLIFTON **WHATEVER**
PRICE HE ASKS FOR
THE WATER!



MEBBE ONE OF YOU
REACH RIVER LAND
FIRST!

WE WERE COUNTING
ON THAT! WE ALL
AGREED--- ALL **BUT**
CLIFTON---THAT WHOEVER
CLAIMED THE RIVER TRACT
WOULD SUPPLY THE REST
OF US WITH **FREE**
WATER!

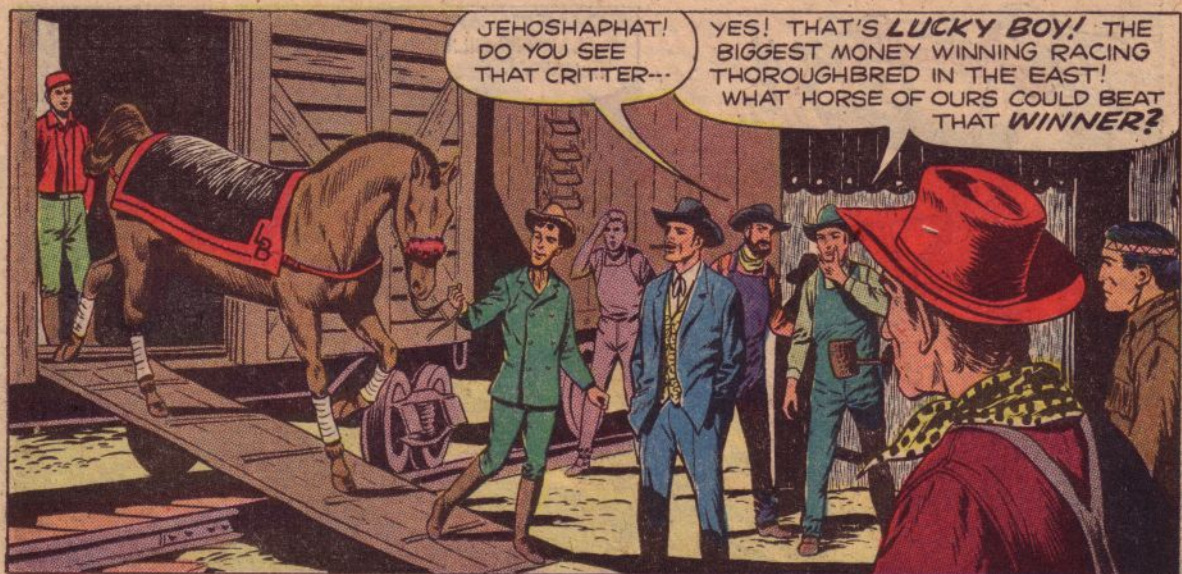


BUT CLIFTON **ISN'T**
TAKING CHANCES!
BESIDES HIRING GUN-
FIGHTERS, HE'S GOT
THAT **EASTERN**
JOCKEY TO RIDE
FOR HIM TOMORROW!

THAT FELLER
PLENTY LIGHT!



HE'S THE **TOP** RIDER BACK
EAST! RECKON THEY'RE
GOING TO GET THE HORSE
WE HEARD CLIFTON WAS
HAVING SHIPPED FROM
THE EAST!

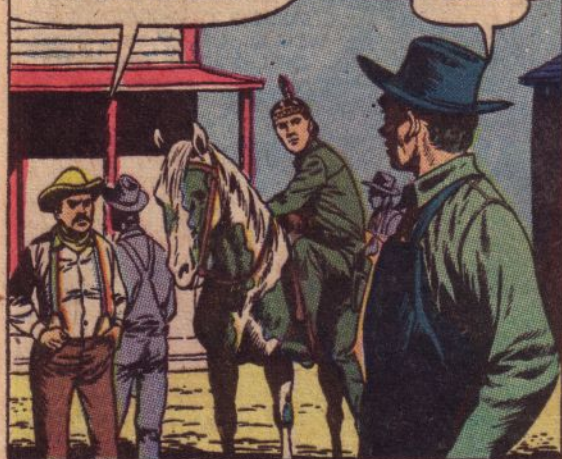


JEHOSHAPHAT!
DO YOU SEE
THAT CRITTER---

YES! THAT'S **LUCKY BOY!** THE
BIGGEST MONEY WINNING RACING
THOROUGHBRED IN THE EAST!
WHAT HORSE OF OURS COULD BEAT
THAT **WINNER?**

BESIDES TRYING TO WRECK OUR WAGONS, CLIFTON BROUGHT IN A HORSE THAT'S A RINGER!

ANYONE WHO FIGURES WE GOT A CHANCE IS LOCO!



JED, SEE THAT INDIAN? YOU AND ONE OF THE BOYS FOLLOW HIM!

WHEN WE GET TO HIS TEPEE VILLAGE, WHAT ARE WE TO DO?



THAT INDIAN ISN'T GOING TO ANY VILLAGE! HE DRAWS REIN WITH A MASKED MAN, WHO MAY SPELL TROUBLE FOR US--- IF HE'S STILL AROUND TOMORROW!



ON REACHING THE LONE RANGER'S CAMP, TONTO QUICKLY TELLS WHAT HE SAW---



THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST HIRING A JOCKEY OR USING A RACE HORSE! CLIFTON IS CERTAIN TO GET WHAT HE WANTS!



NEIGH!

SOMETHING IS MAKING SILVER JUMPY!





TONTO, THOSE MEN MUST HAVE BEEN SENT BY CLIFTON! HE PROBABLY RECOGNIZED **YOU!** WELL, HE'LL NOT HAVE FAR TO LOOK FOR US TOMORROW! WE'RE **JOINING** THAT LAND RUSH RACE!



LATER, IN TOWN---

YOU CALL YOURSELF A GUNFIGHTER---

---HONEST, CLIFTON, WE THOUGHT WE HAD 'EM LINED UP OVER OUR GUN-SIGHTS! I'LL CUT 'EM DOWN---ALL I WANT IS **ANOTHER CHANCE!**



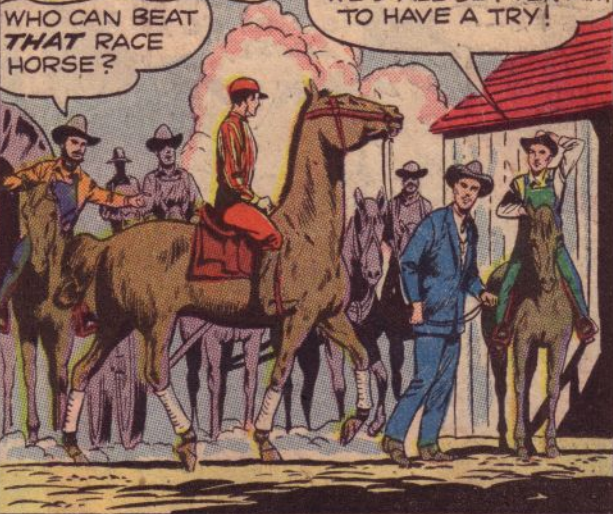
YOU MAY GET IT! IF THE MASKED MAN AND THE INDIAN RIDE IN TOMORROW'S RACE, I WANT YOU BOYS TO MAKE SURE THEY DON'T GET TO CLAIM MORE THAN **SIX FEET** OF GROUND EACH---STRAIGHT DOWN!



NEXT MORNING---

WHO CAN BEAT **THAT** RACE HORSE?

I DON'T KNOW BUT WE'D ALL BETTER AIM TO HAVE A TRY!



WHAT IN BLAZES?

SHERIFF!



GOOD MORNING, SHERIFF! I'VE READ THE POSTED RULES! NOTHING IN THEM SAYS A **MASKED MAN** CANNOT REGISTER TO JOIN THE LAND RACE, DOES IT?

NO--RECKON NOT! I GUESS YOU **CAN** SIGN UP WITH THE REST!

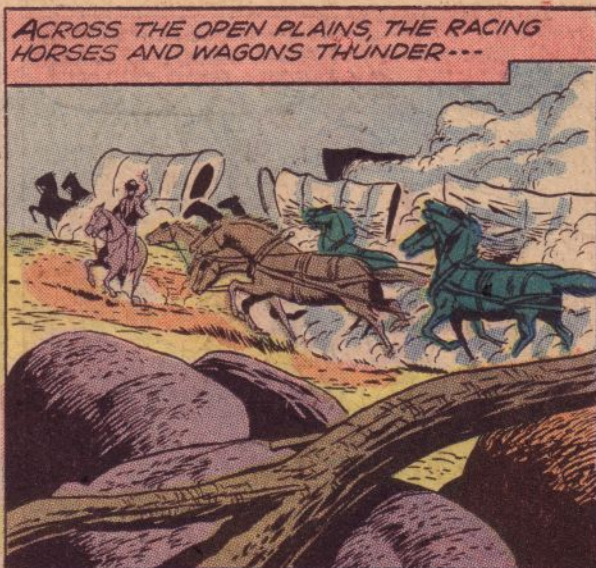


AS THE HOMESTEADERS EAGERLY LINE UP, THE SHERIFF RAISES THE STARTING GUN---

REMEMBER, BOYS, THE **JOCKEY** WILL GET THE LAND---YOU GET THE **MASKED MAN**!

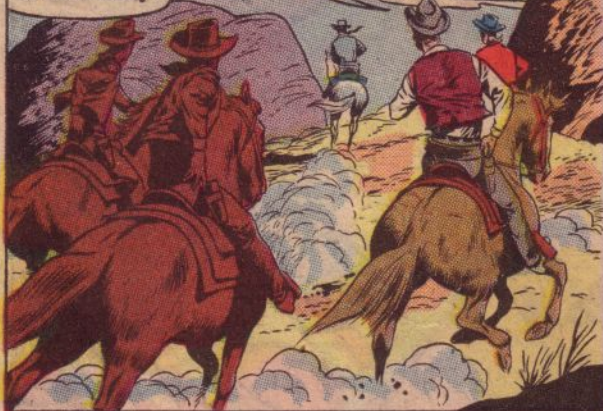
BANG!





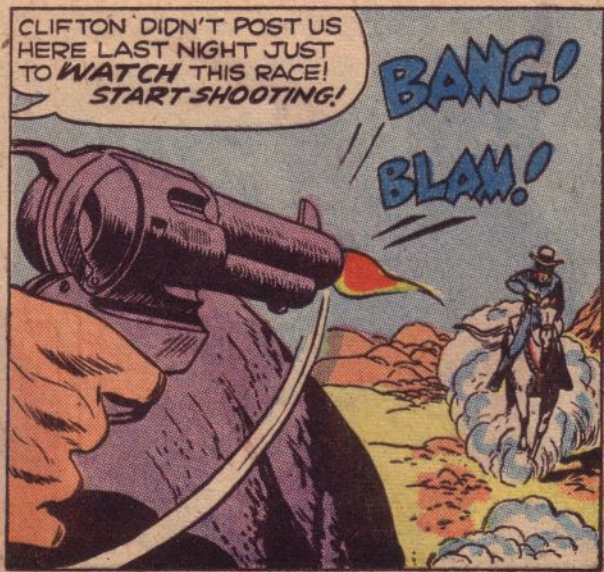
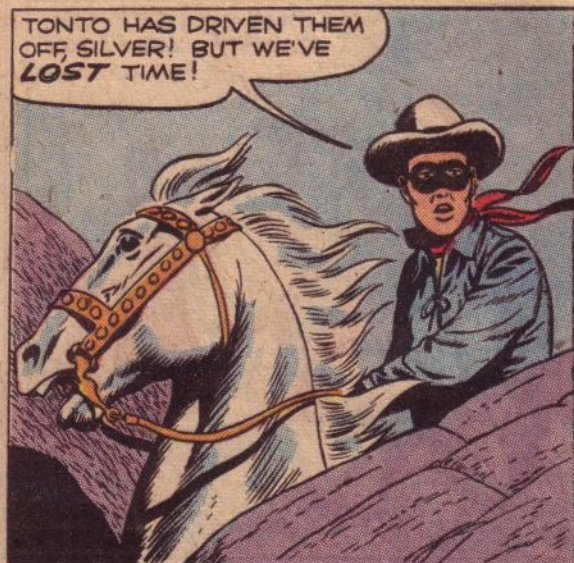
BUT SOON, SOME RIDERS PULL AWAY FROM THE REST---

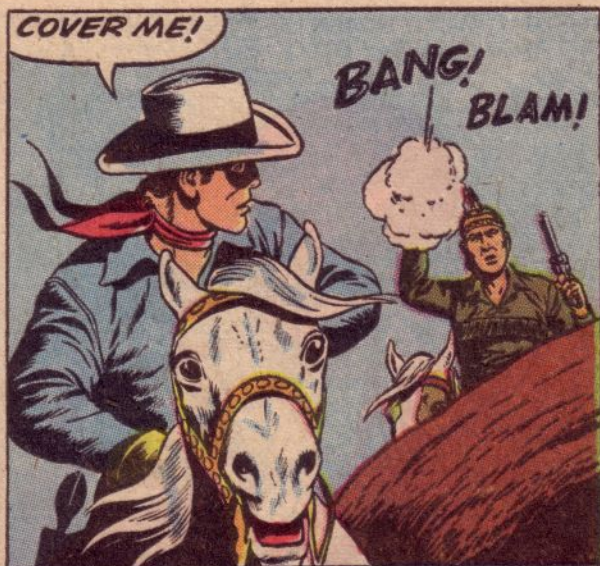
AROUND NOW! NO ONE'S BLAST HIM OUT OF HIS SADDLE!



KEMO SABAY TELL US KEEP BEHIND! NOW WE CAN HELP-UM!

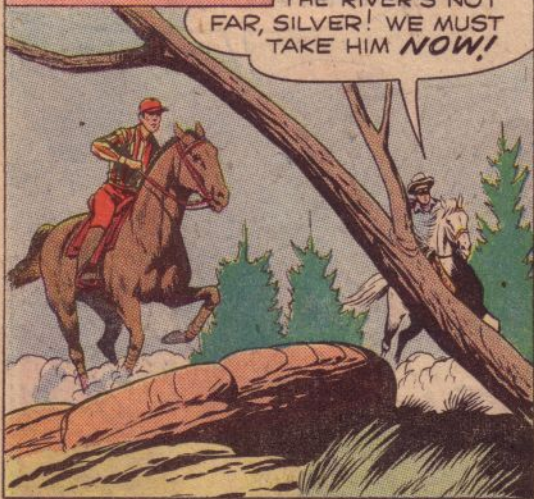






AND SOON THE GREAT WHITE STALLION
MAKES HIS BID---

THE RIVER'S NOT
FAR, SILVER! WE MUST
TAKE HIM **NOW!**



UP! BIG FELLOW!



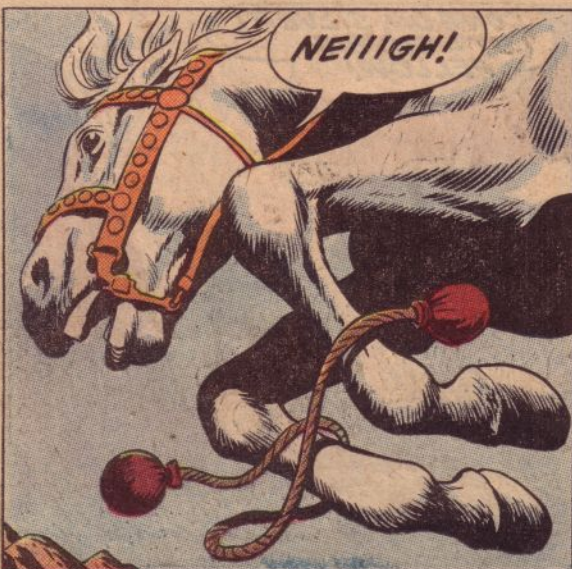
TH-THAT WHITE HORSE IS
OUTRACING LUCKY BOY!

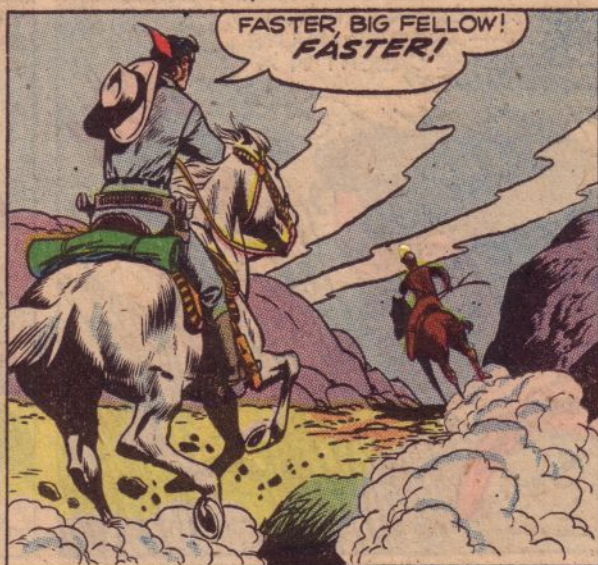


THIS WILL SLOW
HIM UP!

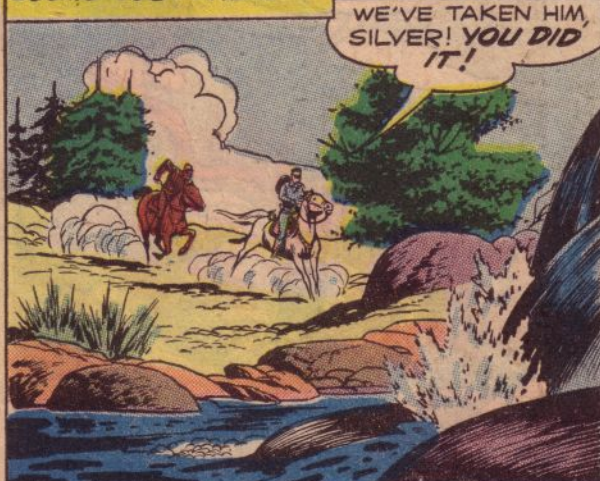


NEIGH!





FOOT BY FOOT, THE VALIANT STALLION GAINS ON THE THOROUGHBRED, UNTIL AS THE RIVER LOOMS JUST AHEAD---



REIN IN!---YOU'RE TRESPASSING!

ALL RIGHT, MISTER! YOU GOT HERE FIRST, BUT YOU'LL FIND IT MIGHTY LONELY WHEN CLIFTON'S BOYS RIDE UP!

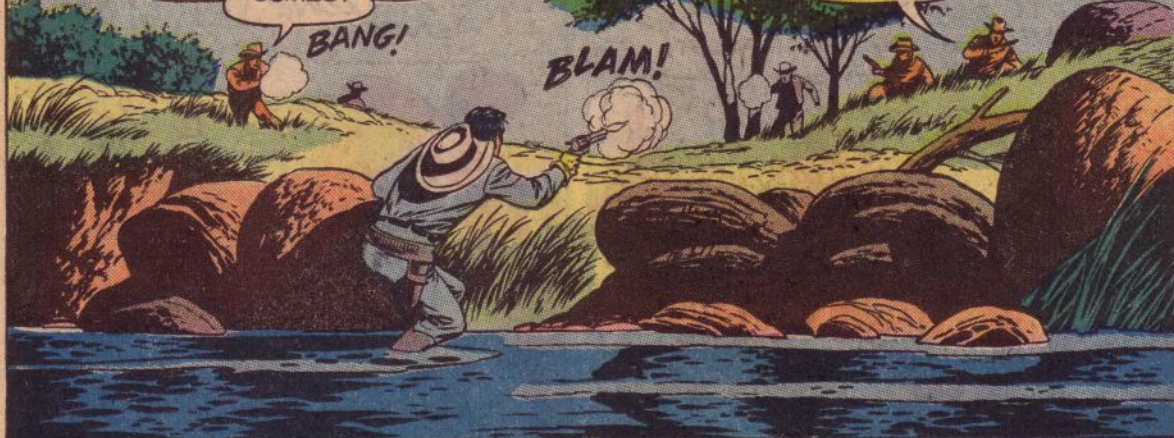


MINUTES LATER, GUNS BLAZE---

WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM BEFORE THE SHERIFF COMES!

BANG!

BLAM!



WE'LL GET AROUND ON HIS SIDE! THEN THE LAND'S CLIFTON'S--- DEAD MEN CAN'T FILE CLAIMS!



THE TERROR

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The big sign outside the shack read—
TOUR THROUGH NATURE'S WONDERS!
GUIDE SERVICES OF MALCOLM PAYNE,
FORMER LAWMAN, CALLED THE "TERROR
OF THE BADMEN!"

"Terror of the Badmen," muttered Malcolm Payne wistfully. "Good advertising, maybe. But those days are gone forever. All I'm good for now is guiding folks on a sight-seeing tour through the scenic badlands."

Sighing, he limped to the road. It was his bad knee, smashed by bullets in the showdown with the Pecos Gang, that had forced him to retire.

He saw a cloud of dust down the road. "First tourists today."

Four men came riding fast, reining up.

"Guide tour, gents? Only \$5 apiece."

"Yeh, we'll take your tour," laughed one man harshly. "And hurry or you get paid off in this!"

Payne looked down the wrong end of a six-gun.

"The Gulch Gang!" choked Payne, recognizing the bandit chief, Gus Galton, from the posters. The ex-sheriff instinctively reached for a gun at his hip . . . which wasn't there. Peaceful guides didn't carry guns.

"We have to hide out from the law," informed Galton, squinting anxiously down the road. "We figured the badlands was a good hiding place. You can guide us to the best spot. On your horse."

Payne limped to his horse and mounted. What else could he do?

"Haw!" roared Galton, seeing the sign. "Terror of the Badmen, eh? Well, get going, Terror!"

Payne's ears burned at the chorus of sarcastic laughter from the gang. In the old days, they would have turned sick, facing his lightning draw and dead aim. Now he was the butt of jokes, forced to help outlaws escape capture.

Payne burned with helpless shame.

"Lead us to the wildest part of the badlands," demanded Galton, "where the law will never find us. Savvy, Terror?"

They rubbed the name in again and again, as Payne led them under the great Stone Bridge, in bitter silence.

"Give us your spiel, Terror," prodded Galton maliciously. "After all, we're gonna pay you off for this guide tour . . . in hot lead!"

Payne was forced to tell them about the majestic geological wonders. The Bottomless Chasm, the Petrified Trees, the Painted Canyon, the Golden River, and the giant Stone Indian.

"We're tired of this, Terror," growled Galton finally. "Where do we hide out?"

"Over there," pointed Payne, "in Devil's Gorge, with a thousand caves. But first, we pass Old Hide-and-Seek, the geyser."

"Where is it?" asked Galton, looking around blankly.

"Right here," said Payne looking at his watch. "It steams up every six minutes . . . and it's due right now!"

Without warning, steady fumes suddenly hissed out of vents in the stony ground. Payne was already spurring his horse out of range, but the bandits were caught by surprise, yelping in pain. Their frightened horses bolted, flinging off their riders. The dazed men struggled to their feet and ran away from the vents before the full fury of the geyser scalded them alive.

Meanwhile, Payne had dismounted to snatch up a gun that had skidded across the stone, when one bandit was thrown.

Payne straightened up slowly, facing the four men. The gun was in his belt. "All right," he invited quietly, as the geyser's roar died down, "draw!"

Galton winked at the man nearest him. They both drew at once. Payne's gun leaped magically into his hand, barking twice. Both bandit guns spun away. Shuddering, the other two men grabbed sky.

"We'll go quietly, Payne!"

"Don't call me that on the way back, to meet the posse," said the ex-sheriff, grinning from the bottom of his soul. "The name's Terror. Remember?"

YOUNG HAWK

PULL,
LITTLE BUCK!

IT'S NO USE,
YOUNG HAWK --- UGH!
TOO---HEAVY! UGH!

DISMASTED ON THE BEACH OF A
SMALL ISLAND OFF THE TIP OF
FLORIDA, THEIR DUGOUT SAILING
CANOE RESISTS THE YOUNG
MEN'S EFFORTS TO PULL IT
TO SAFETY.

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THAT TREE
WILL HELP US,
LITTLE BUCK!

HOW?

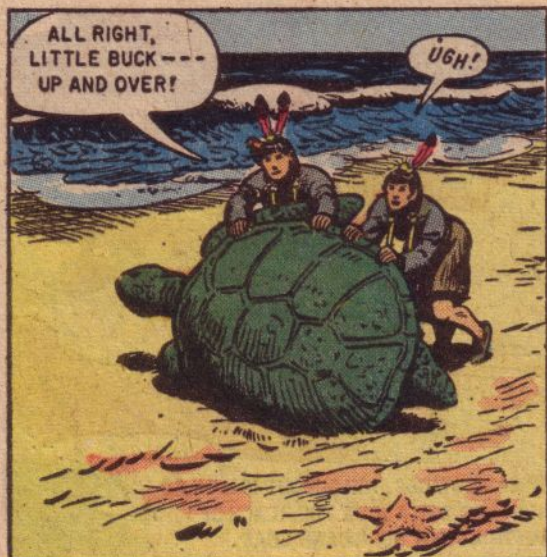
WHEN I CALL,
THROW THE END
OF THE BOW LINE
UP TO ME!

SEE---I PEEL THE BARK
AND UNDERNEATH THE
GREEN WOOD IS SLIPPERY
... NOW, THROW ME
THE ROPE!

YOUR WEIGHT IS
NOT ENOUGH TO
BUDGE THE CANOE,
YOUNG HAWK!
NOR MINE---

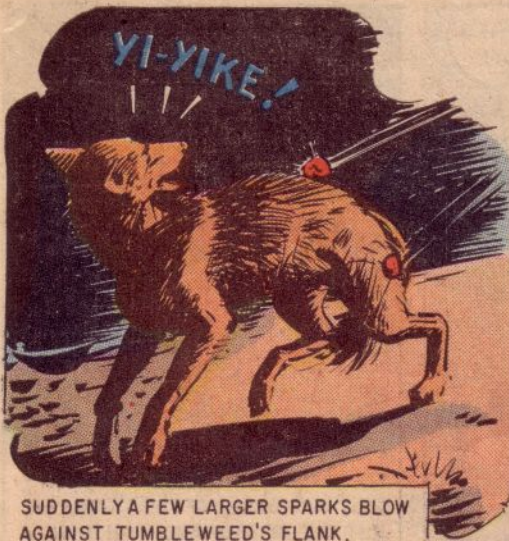
THERE WILL
BE WEIGHT
ENOUGH!



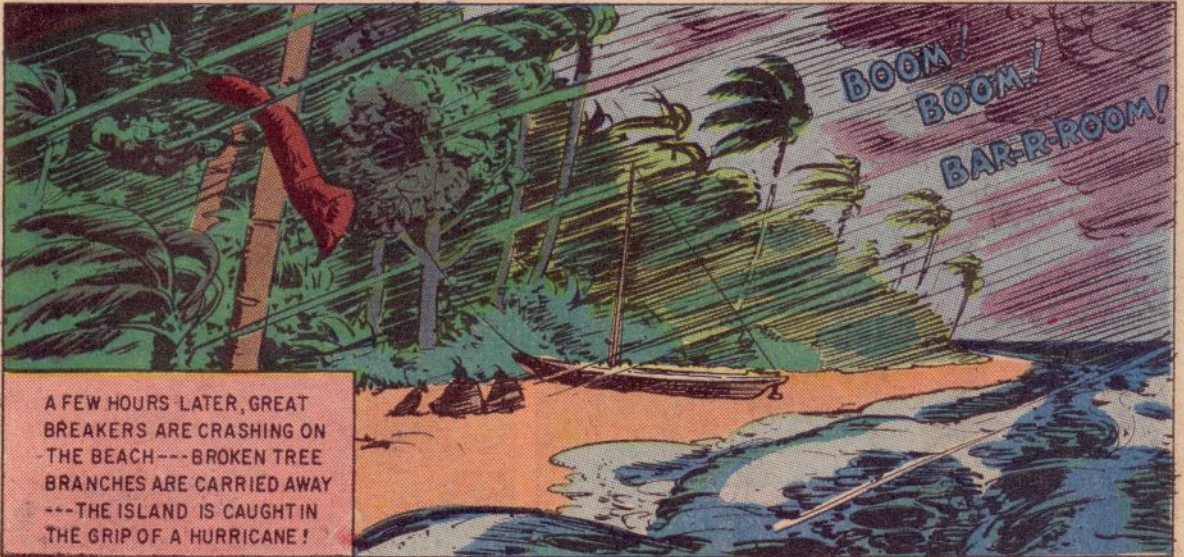




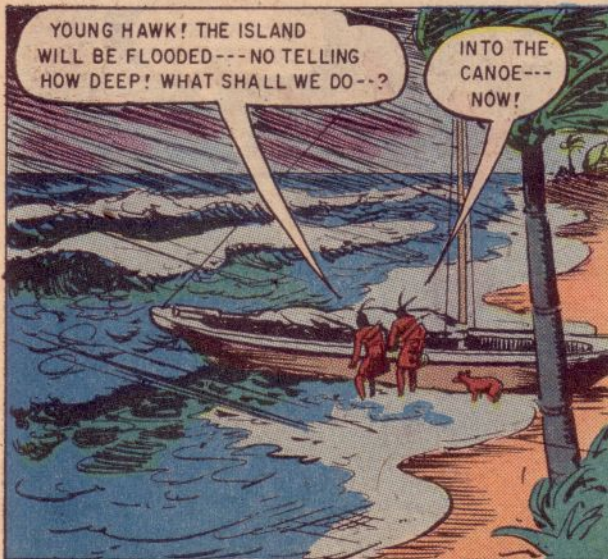




SUDDENLY A FEW LARGER SPARKS BLOW AGAINST TUMBLEWEED'S FLANK, INTERRUPTING HIS DREAMS.



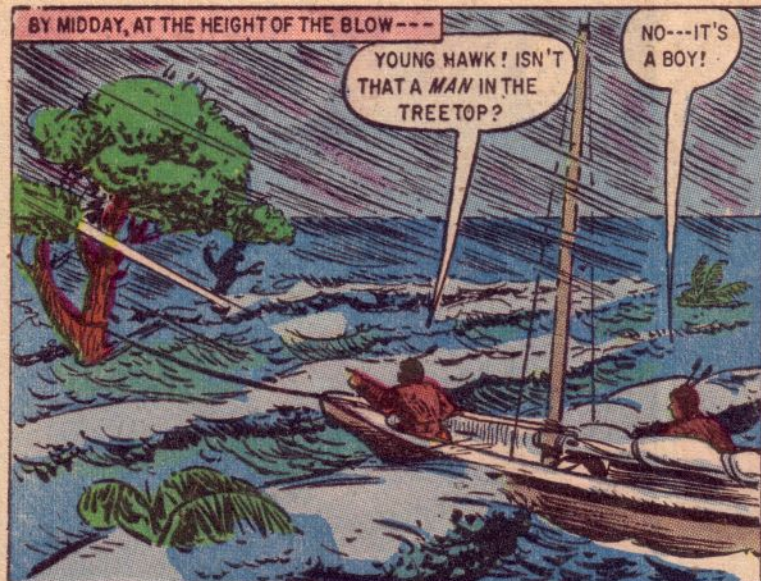
A FEW HOURS LATER, GREAT BREAKERS ARE CRASHING ON THE BEACH---BROKEN TREE BRANCHES ARE CARRIED AWAY ---THE ISLAND IS CAUGHT IN THE GRIP OF A HURRICANE!



BY MIDDAY, AT THE HEIGHT OF THE BLOW---

YOUNG HAWK! ISN'T THAT A MAN IN THE TREETOP?

NO---IT'S A BOY!



CRACK!

THE CRACK OF SPLINTERING WOOD IS LOST IN THE HOWL OF THE STORM--- BUT THE TREETOP AND ITS HUMAN BURDEN IS CARRIED AWAY.

LOOK! THERE HE IS!



MOMENTS LATER, THE TREETOP DRIFTS PAST, WITH A HUMAN ARM HOOKED AROUND IT!

I HAVE IT---!



WHY--- HE'S ONLY A SMALL BOY!

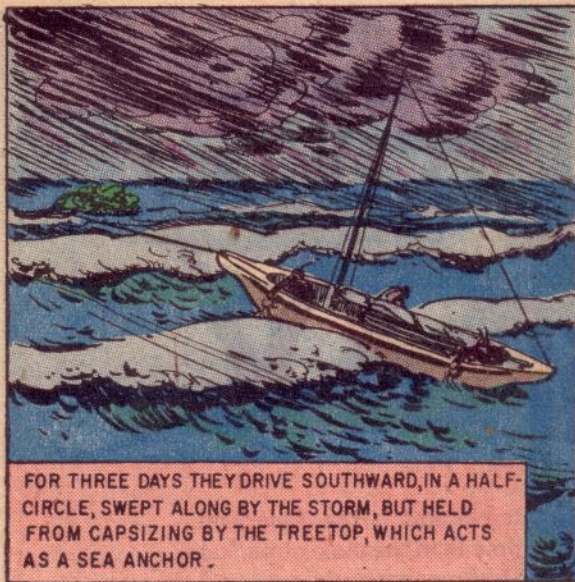
---AND HALF DROWNED! HE'S THE ONE WHO MADE THE FOOTPRINTS!



YOUNG HAWK--- OUR TREE---

CRACK!





FOR THREE DAYS THEY DRIVE SOUTHWARD, IN A HALF-CIRCLE, SWEEPED ALONG BY THE STORM, BUT HELD FROM CAPSIZING BY THE TREETOP, WHICH ACTS AS A SEA ANCHOR.

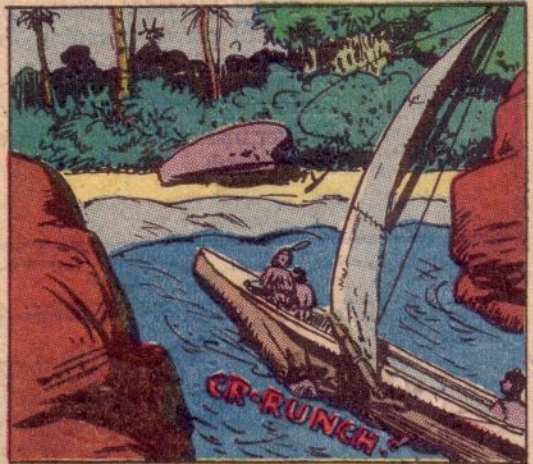


AND THEN, AS THE STORM DIES---
THE TIP OF YUCATAN!

LAND!
LAND!



WE CAN REACH
IT BEFORE NIGHT--
WITH THE SAIL!



CR-RUNCH!

BUT, LATE THAT AFTERNOON, AIMING FOR A BEACH,
THE CANOE STRIKES A HIDDEN ROCK, IN THE
TROUGH OF A WAVE.



THE NEXT WAVE PICKS IT UP---
AND HURLS IT ASHORE, A WRECK!



EEEEYOWW!

CHUT! DON'T CRY, LITTLE
MAN! NONE OF US ARE
HURT...

THE CANOE IS PAST MENDING,
BUT IF WE HAD TO BE SHIP--
WRECKED, I'M HAPPY THE
FATES CHOSE THIS ISLAND
FOR US--- IT LOOKS BEAUTIFUL!

The American Badger



The fastest digging animal in the United States is the American Badger. He can excavate a hole in better time than the mole or pocket gopher. Using all four feet, he is capable of burrowing underground in *a few seconds*. Indeed, the badger must make good use of his powerful claws, pursuing the ground squirrel, or escaping larger animals such as the coyote.

Preferring the open country of plains and deserts, the American Badger makes his home in a well-lined den, four or five feet beneath the ground.

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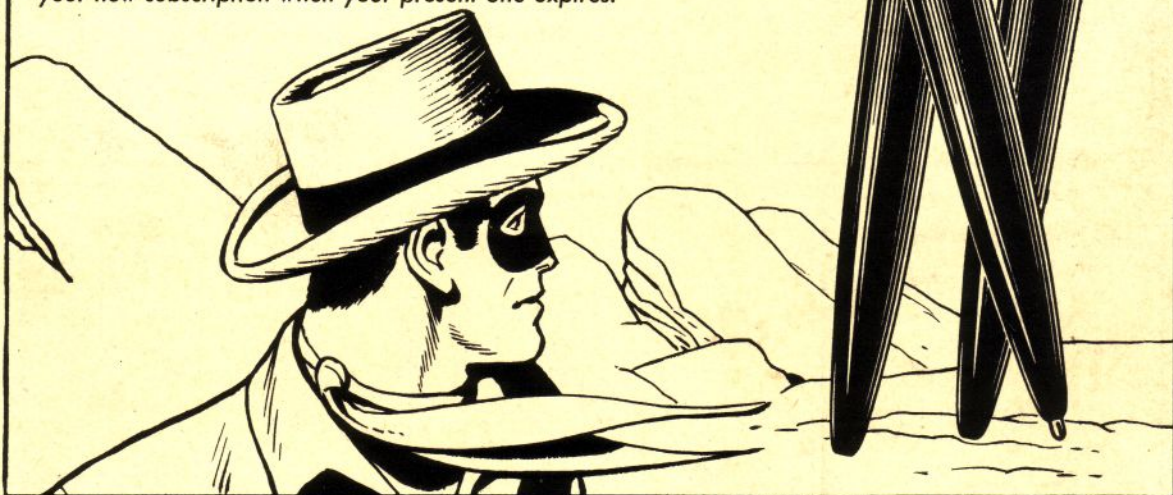
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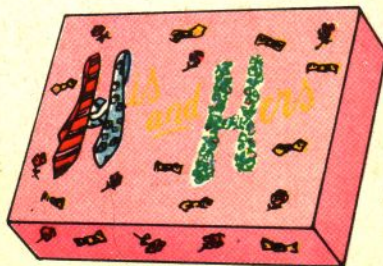
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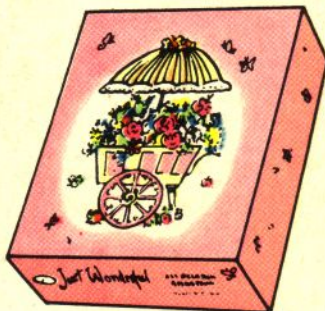
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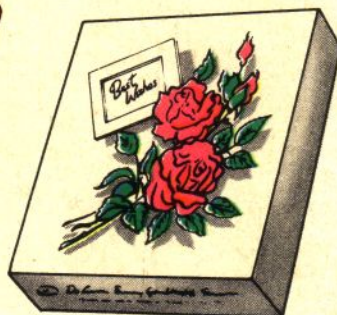
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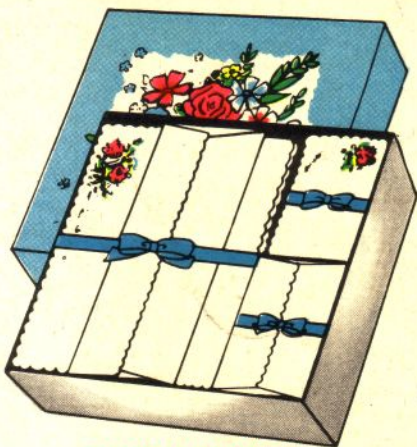
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