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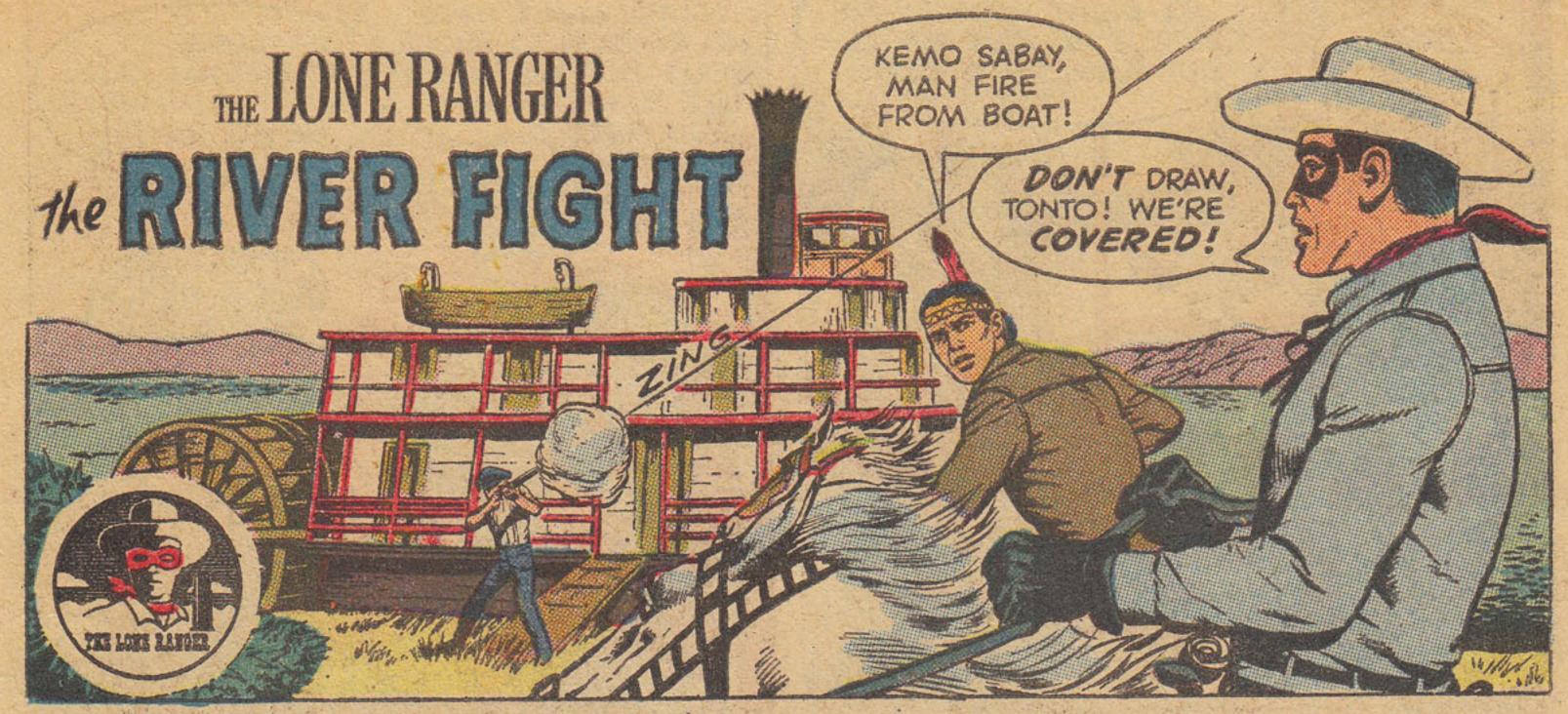
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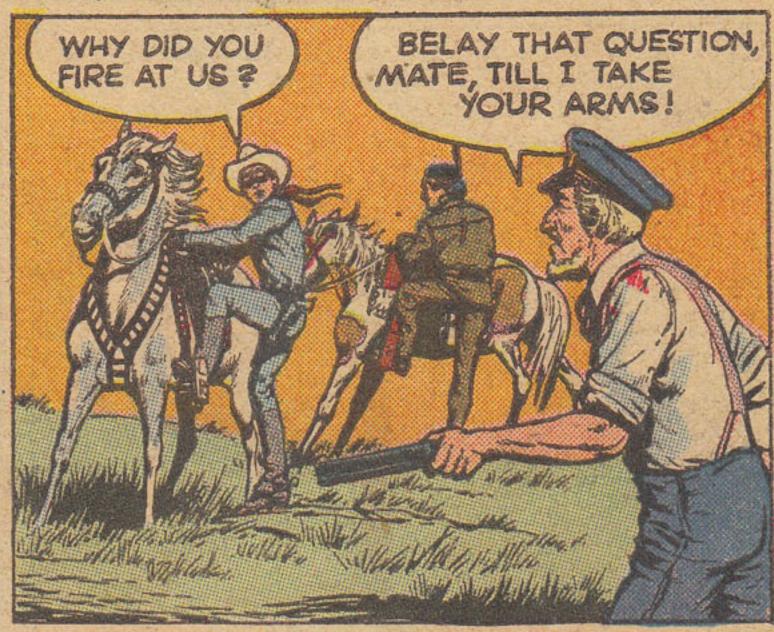
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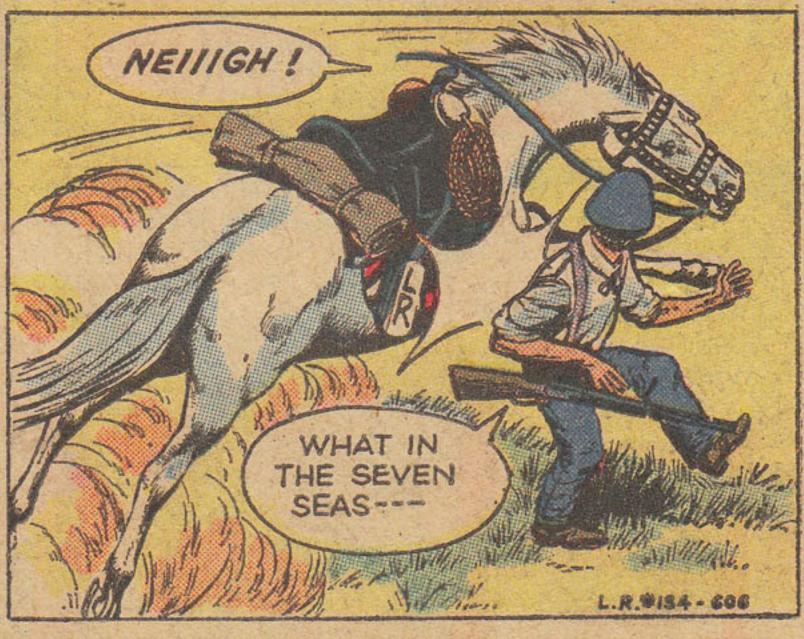
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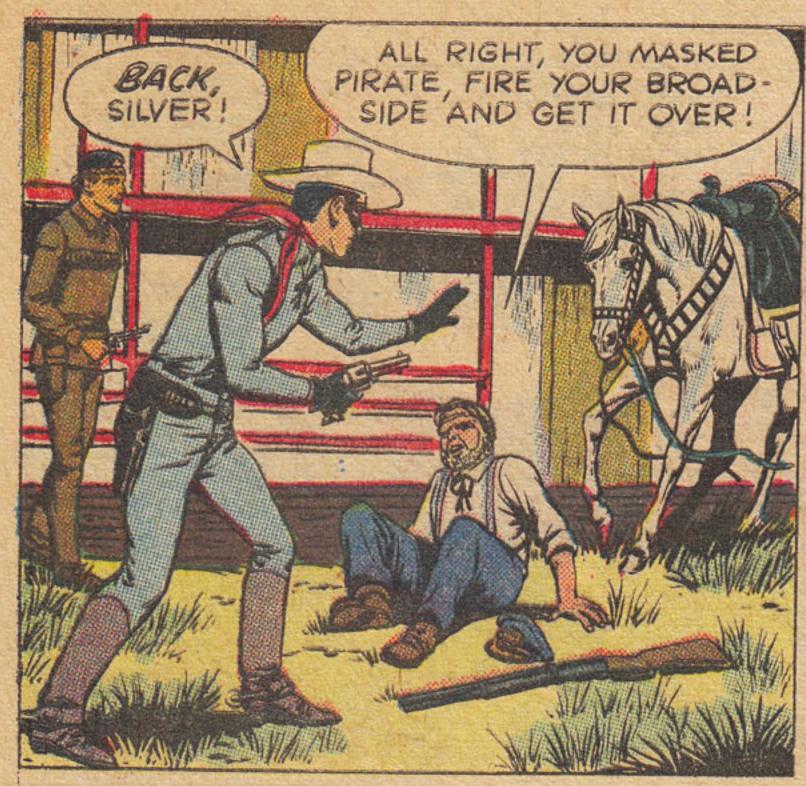
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THE LONE RANGER, Vol. 1, No. 134, June-July, 1960. Published bi-monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-Pres.-Advertising Director; Albert P. Delacorte, Treasurer. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Possessions and Canada 60c per year. Subscriptions for Pan-American and foreign countries \$1.10 per year. Dell Subscription Service: 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1960, by The Lone Ranger, Inc.

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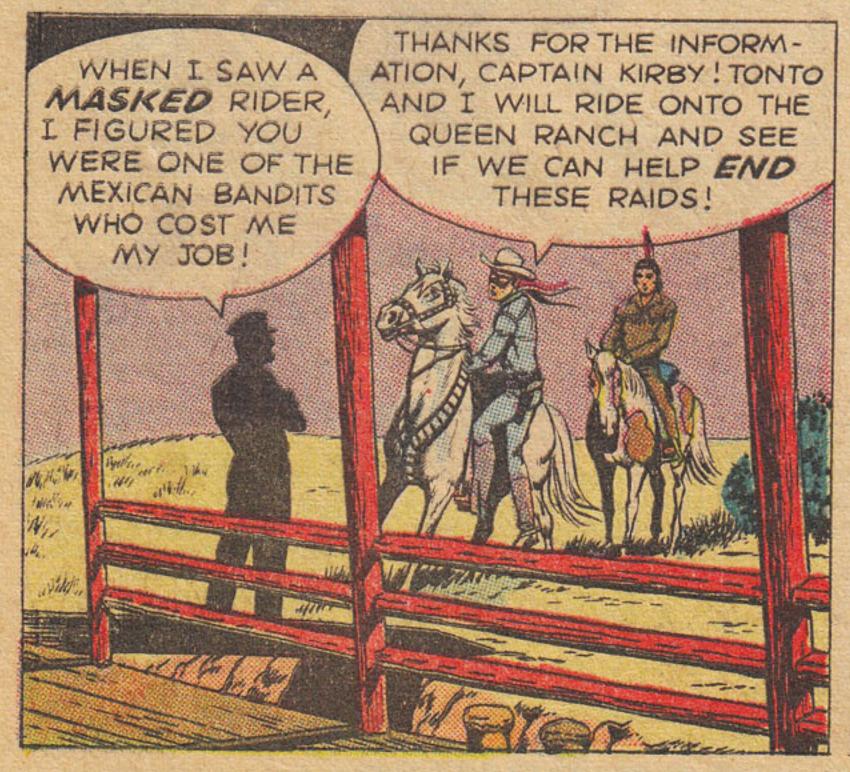
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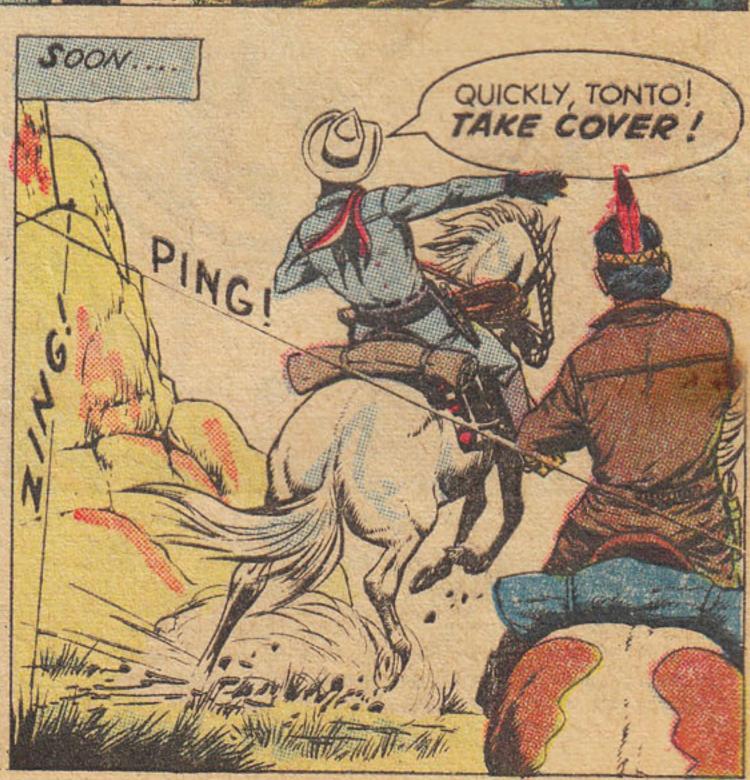


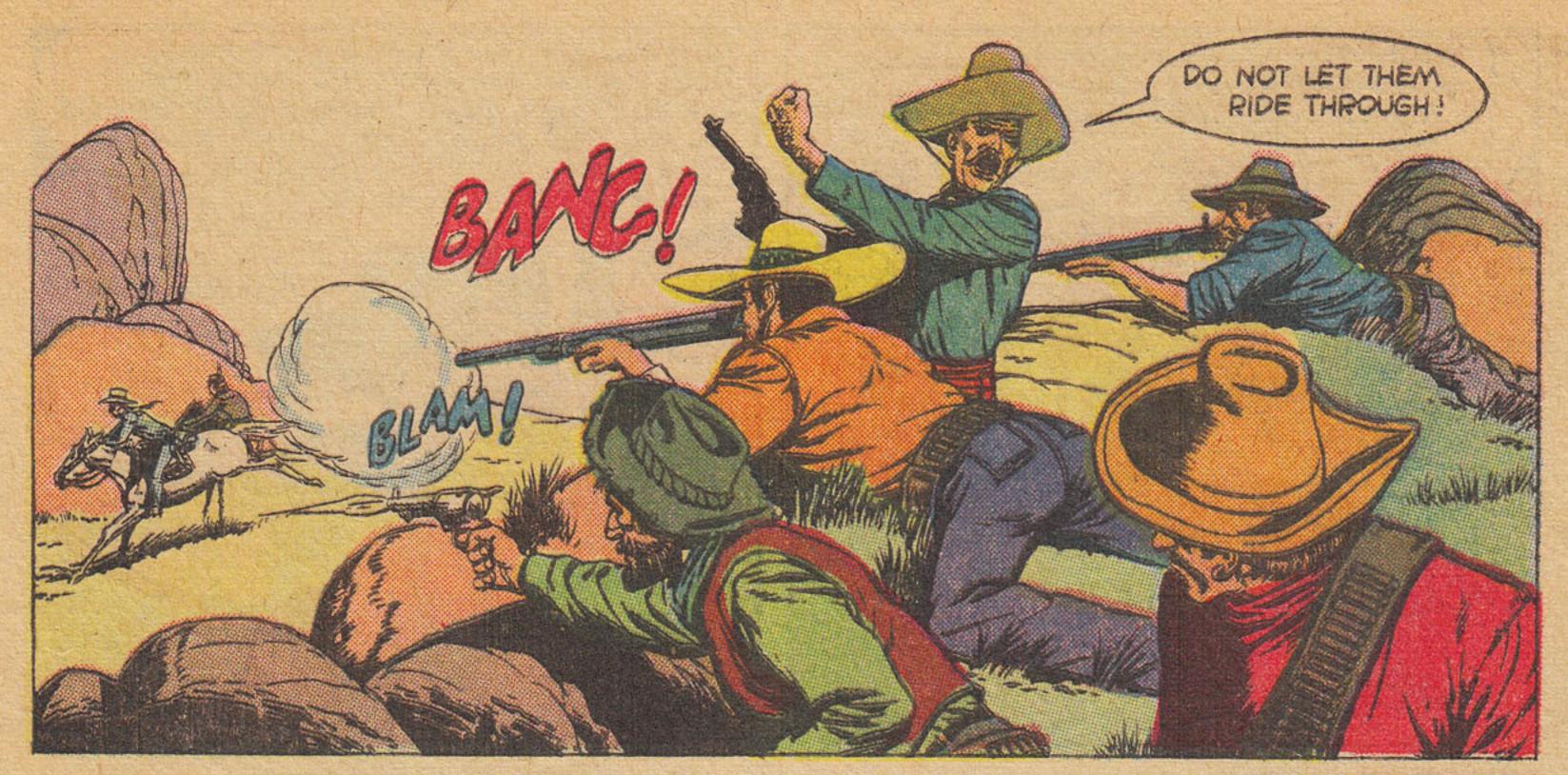


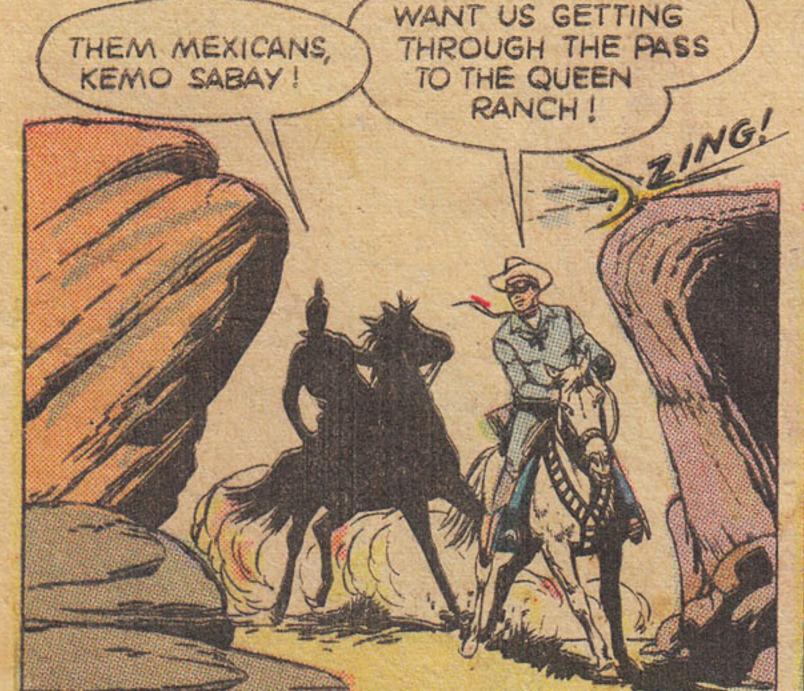






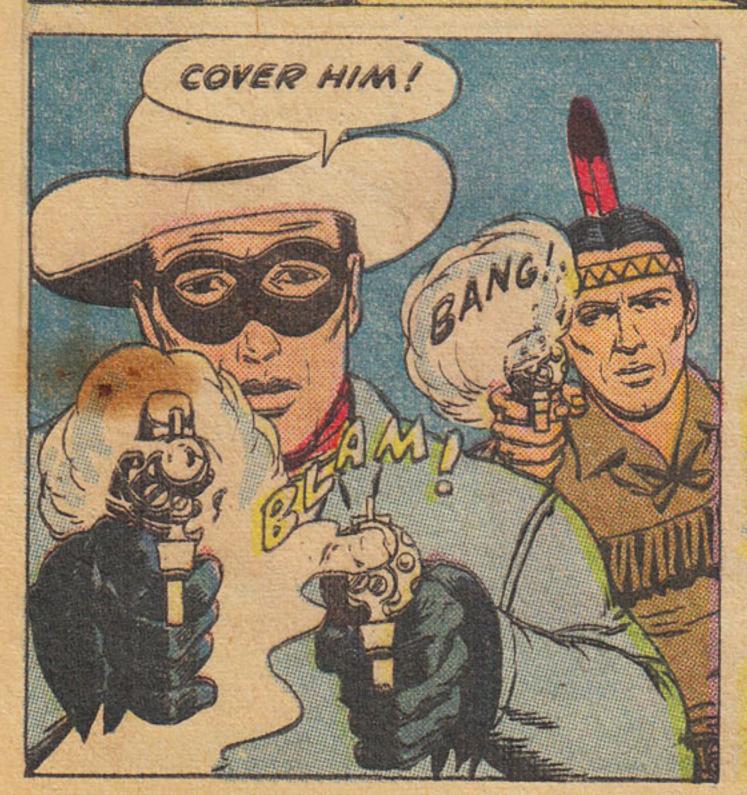


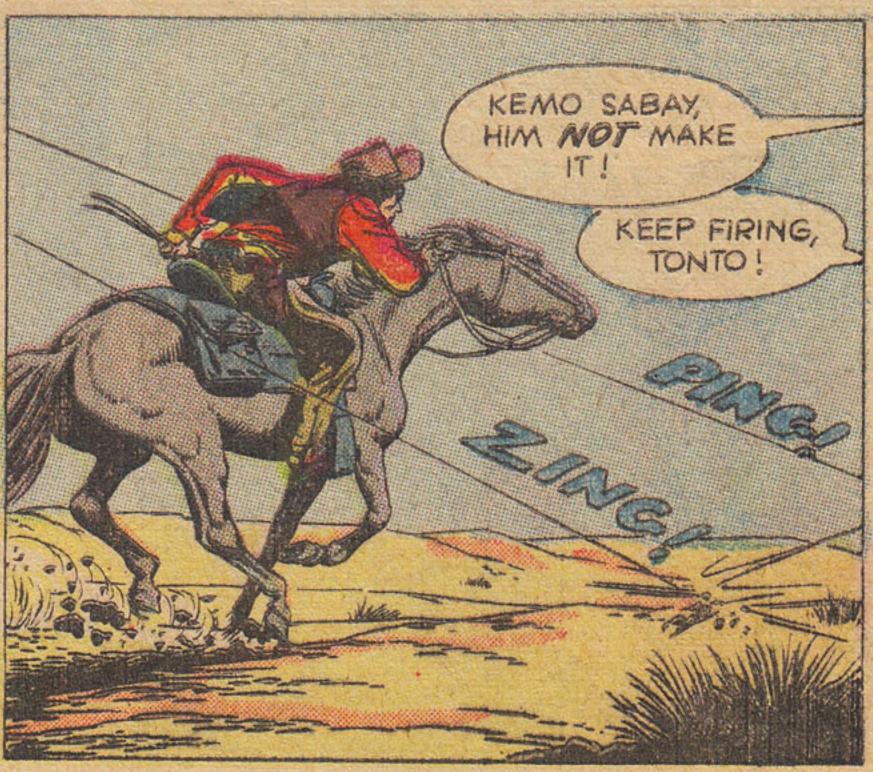


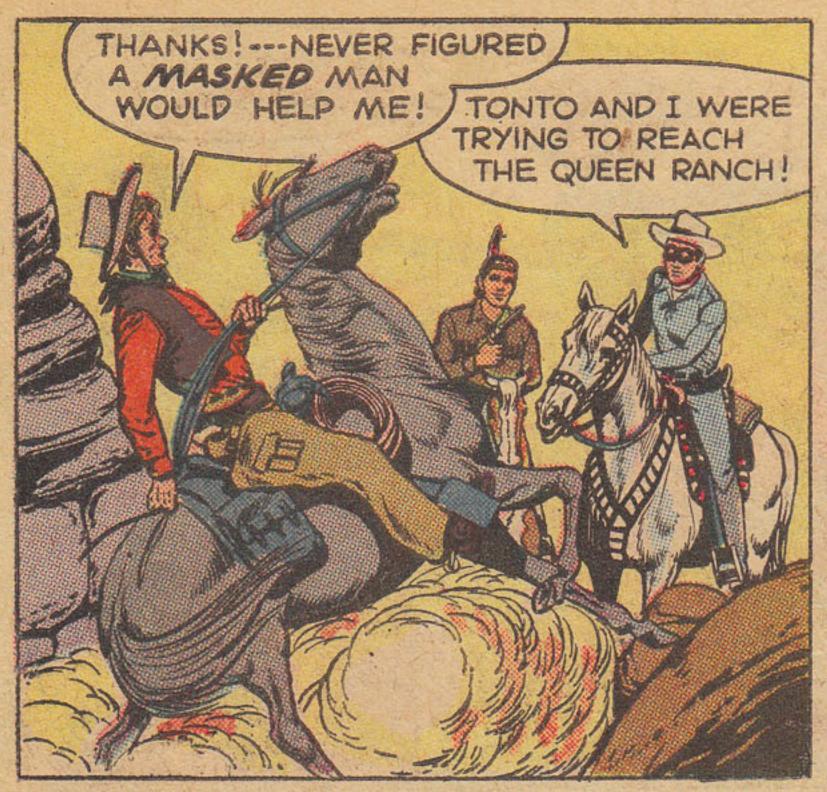


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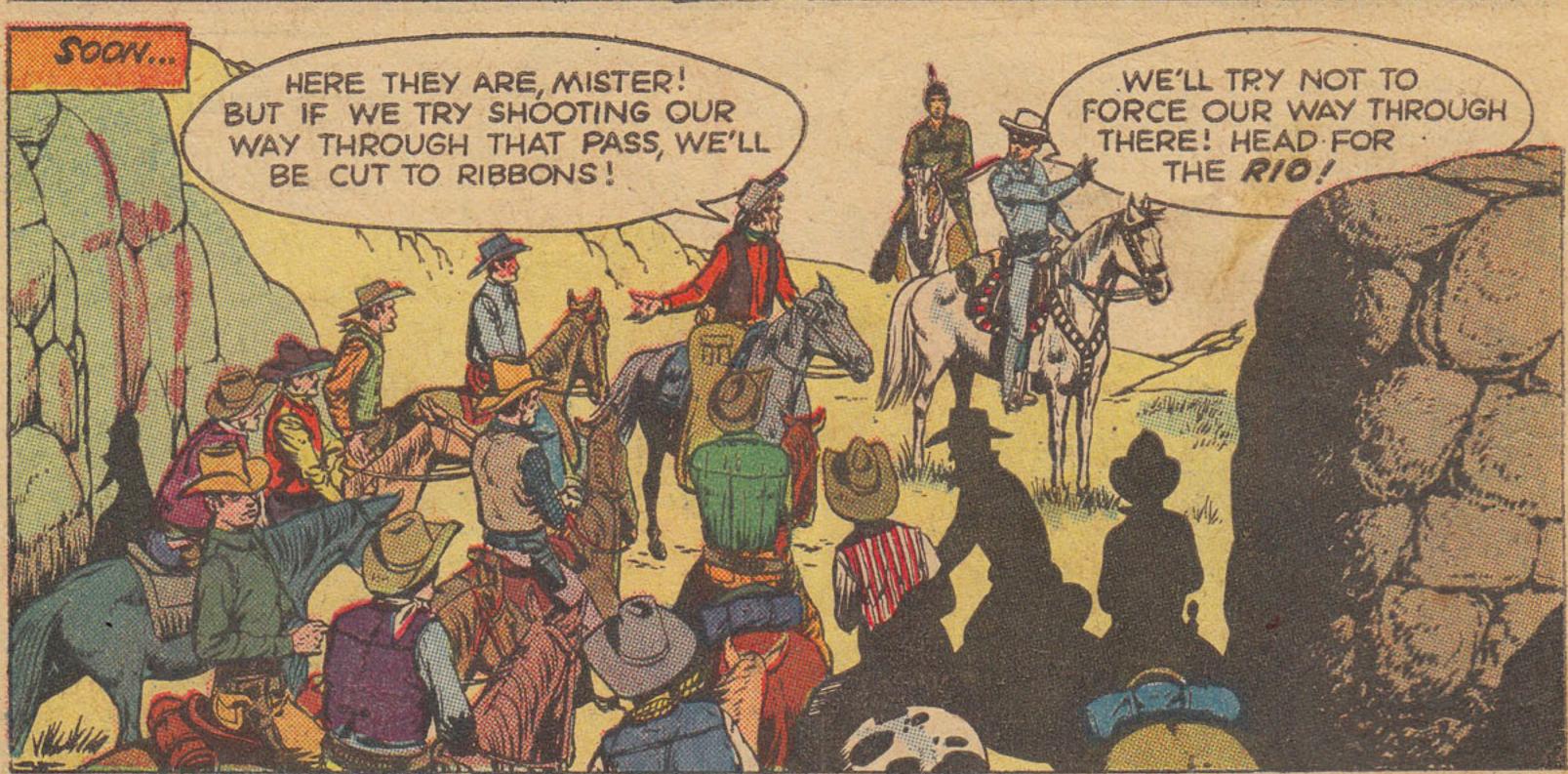






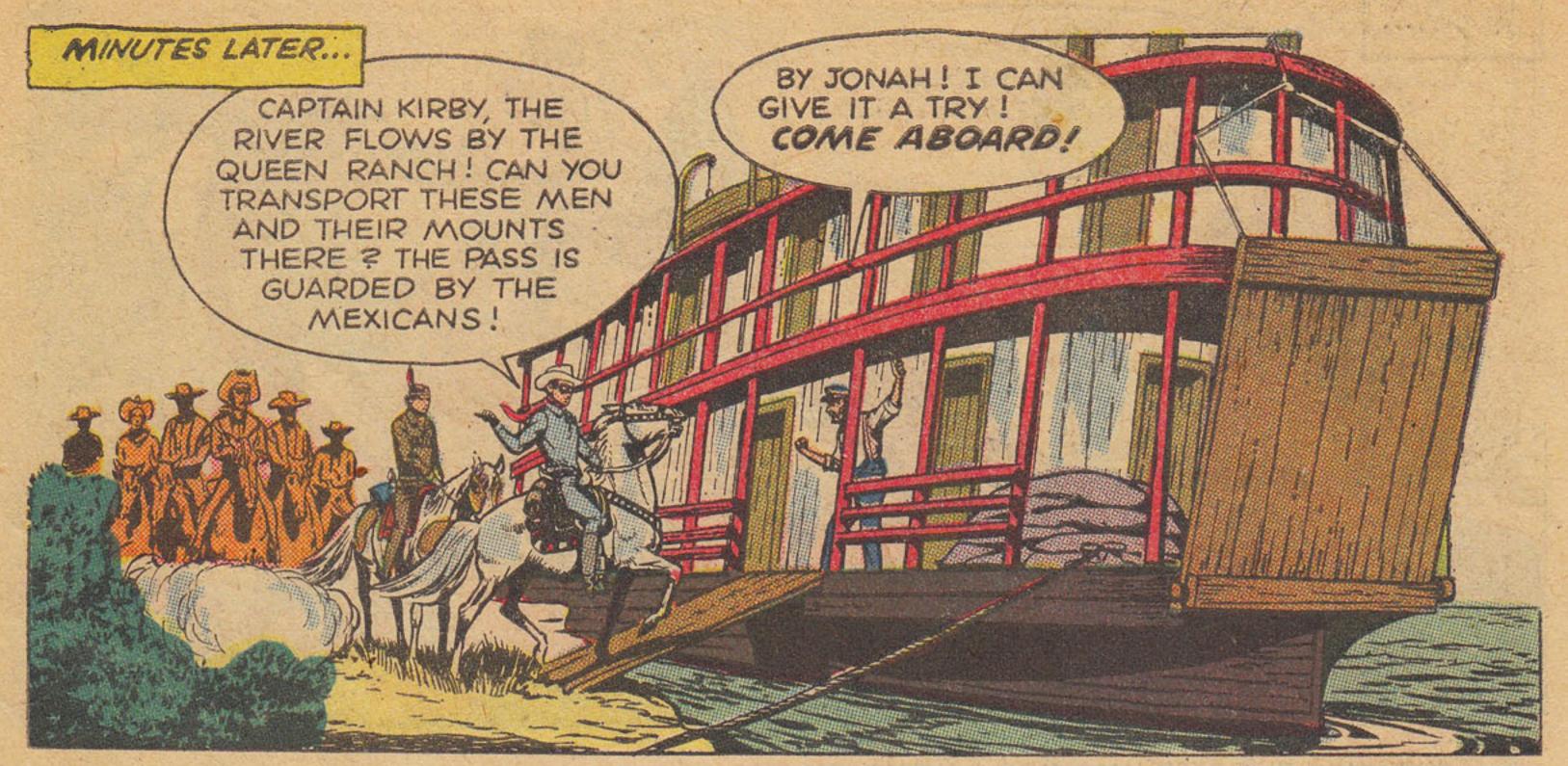


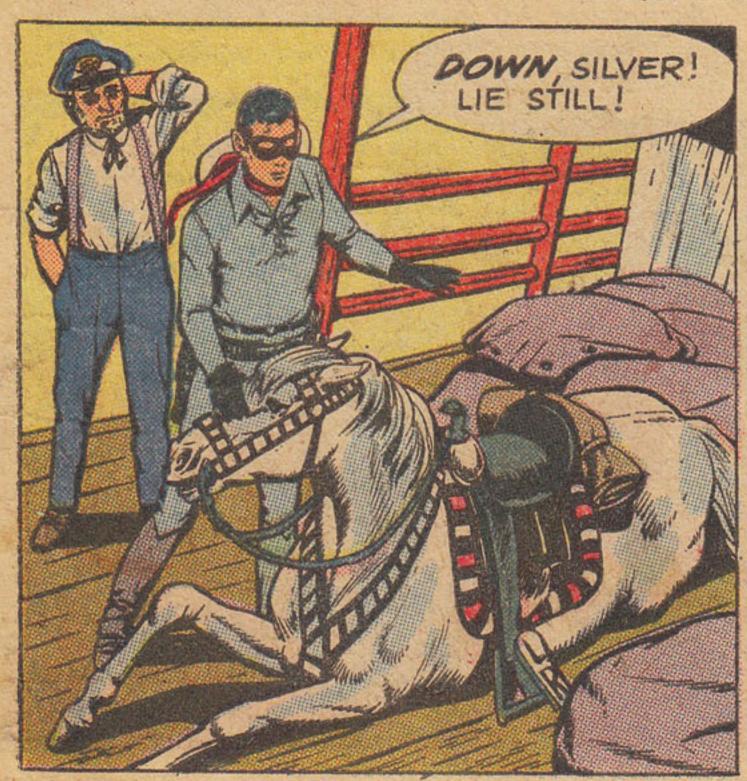


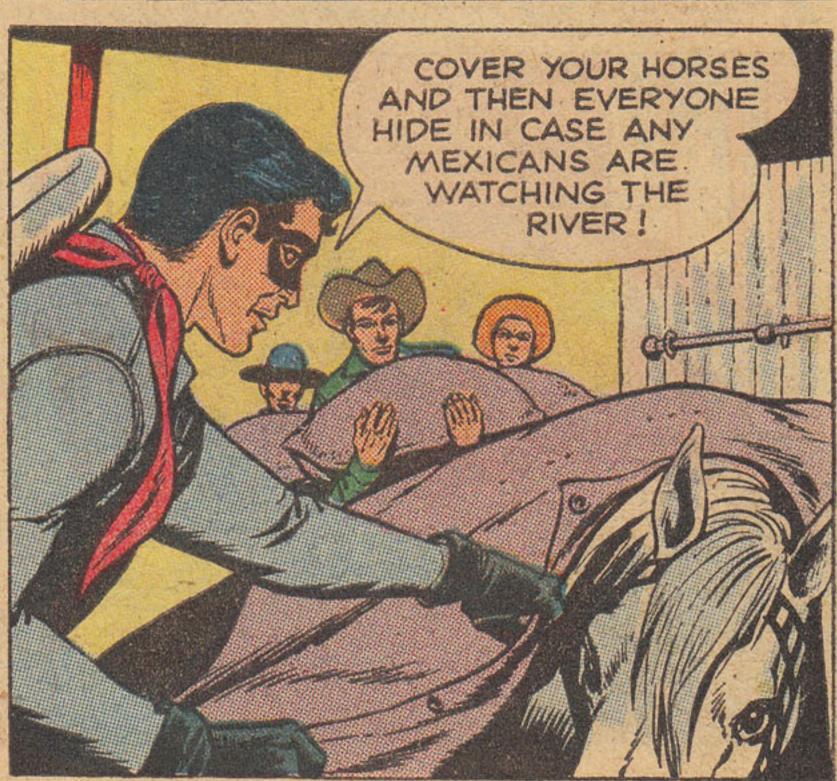


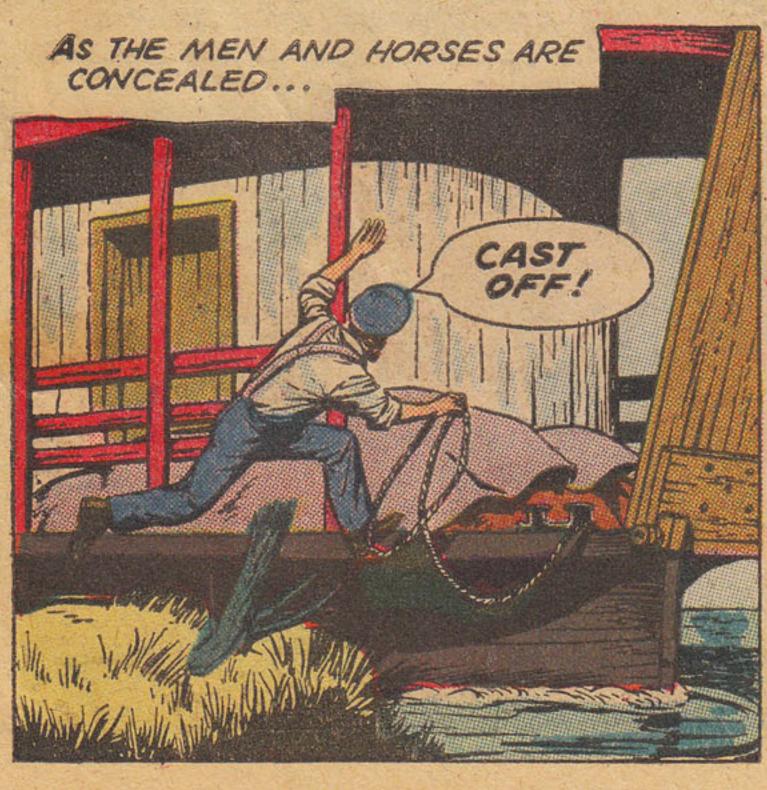








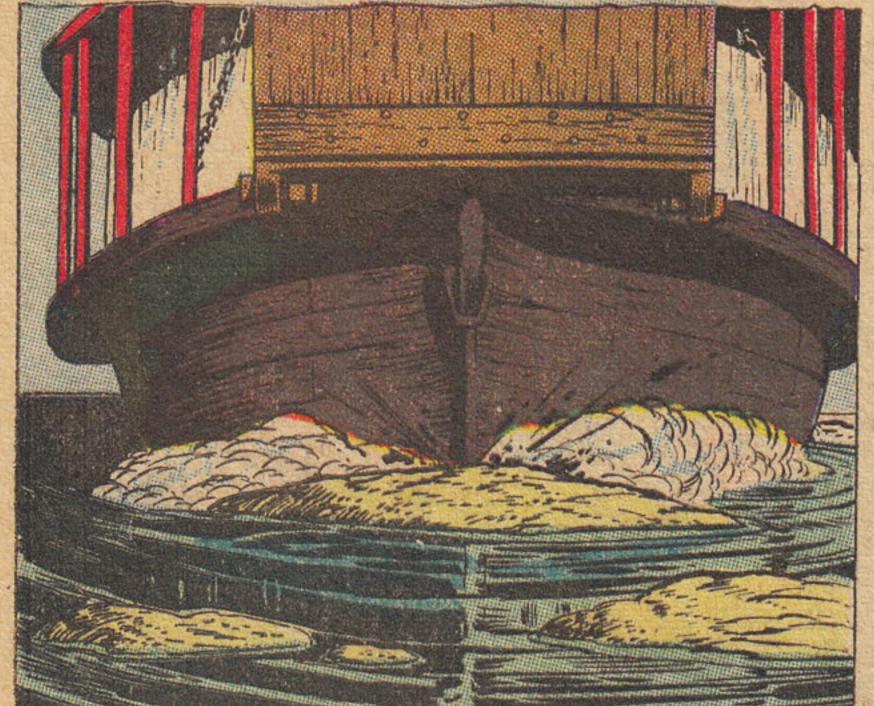




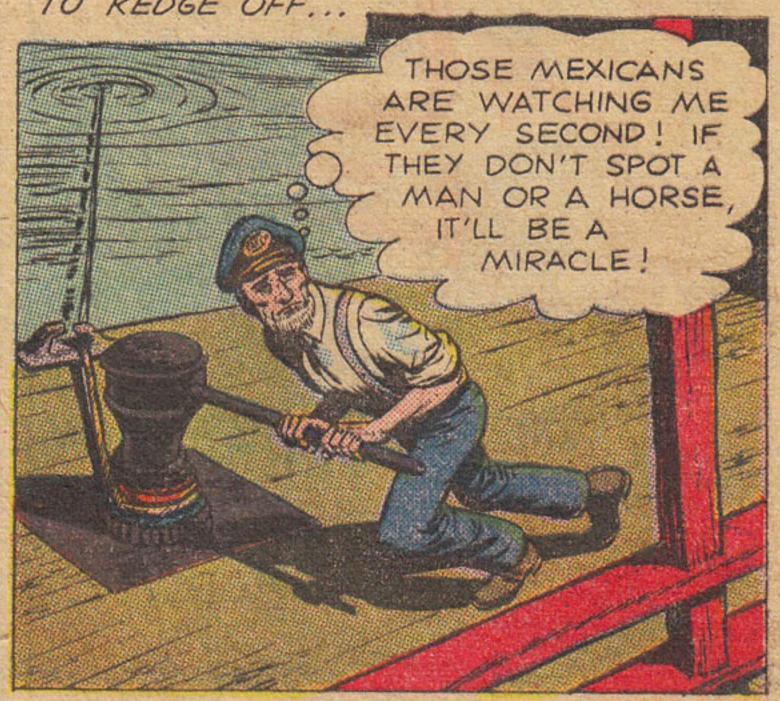




BUT SUDDENLY, THE STERN-WHEELER RUNS AGROUND!

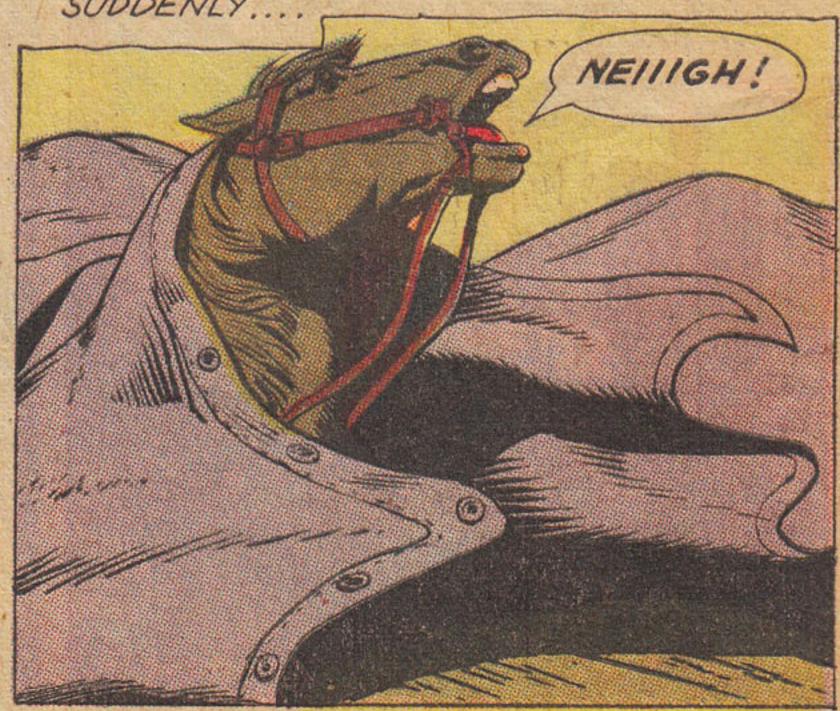


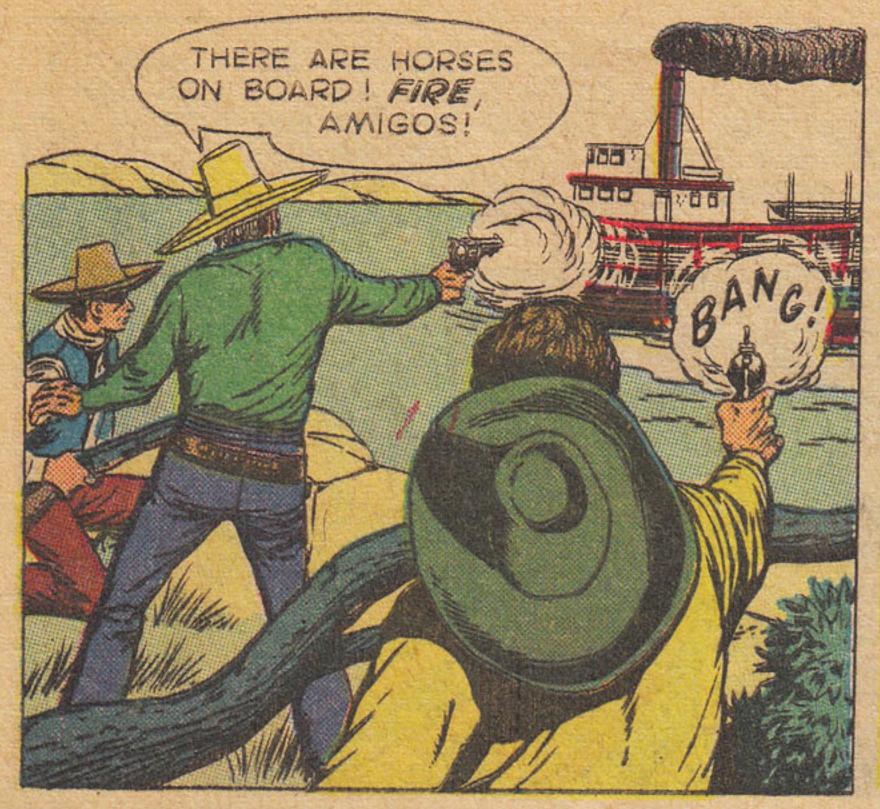
DROPPING AN ANCHOR WELL AWAY FROM THE STOPPED BOAT, CAPTAIN KIRBY TRIES TO KEDGE OFF...





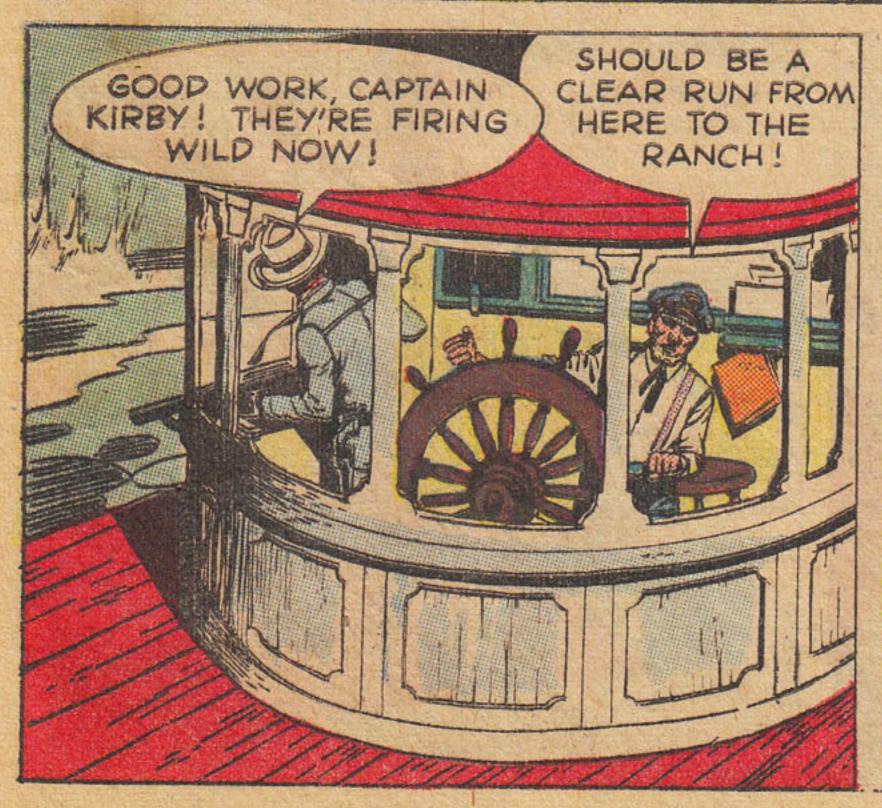
BUT AS THE STERN WHEELER STARTS UP, SUDDENLY



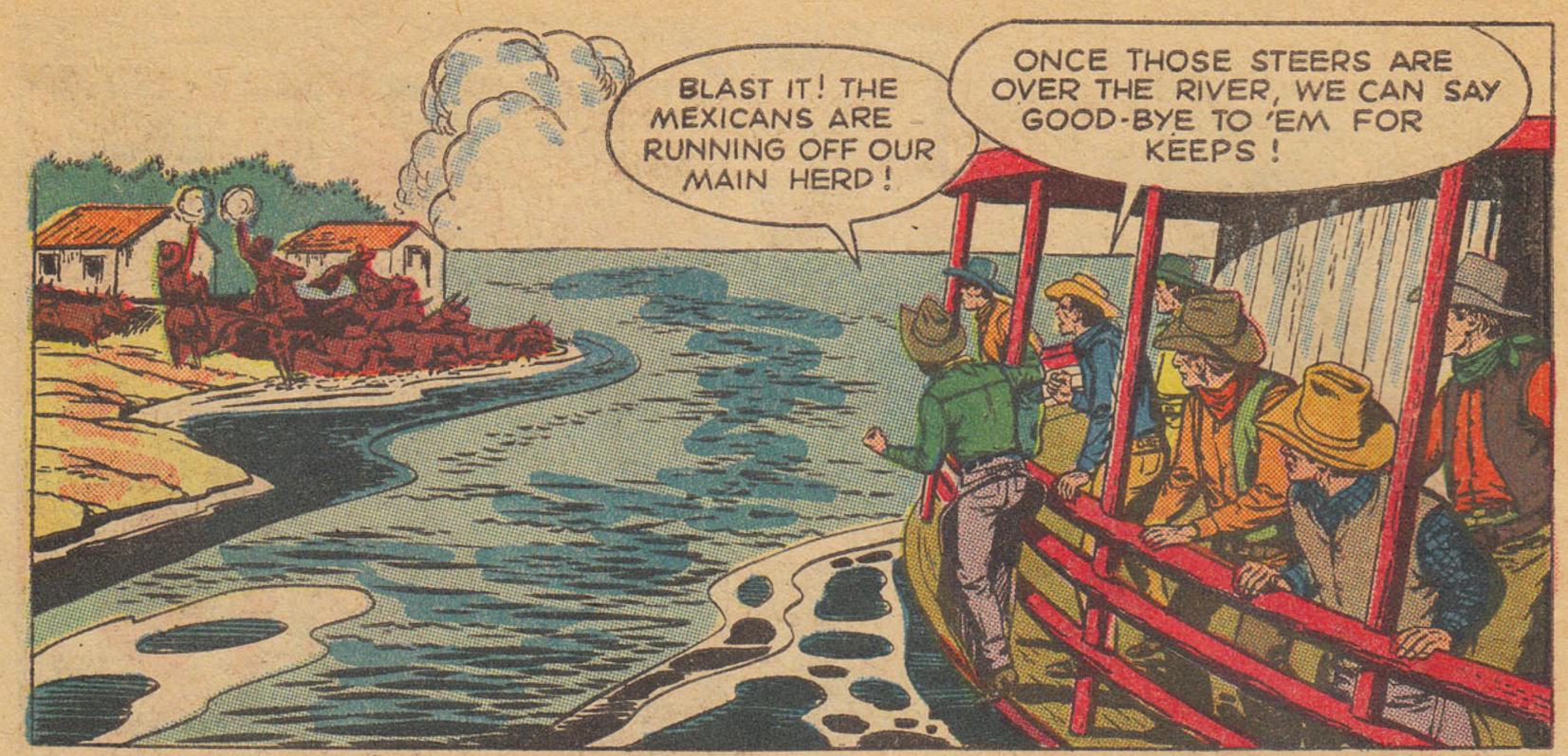




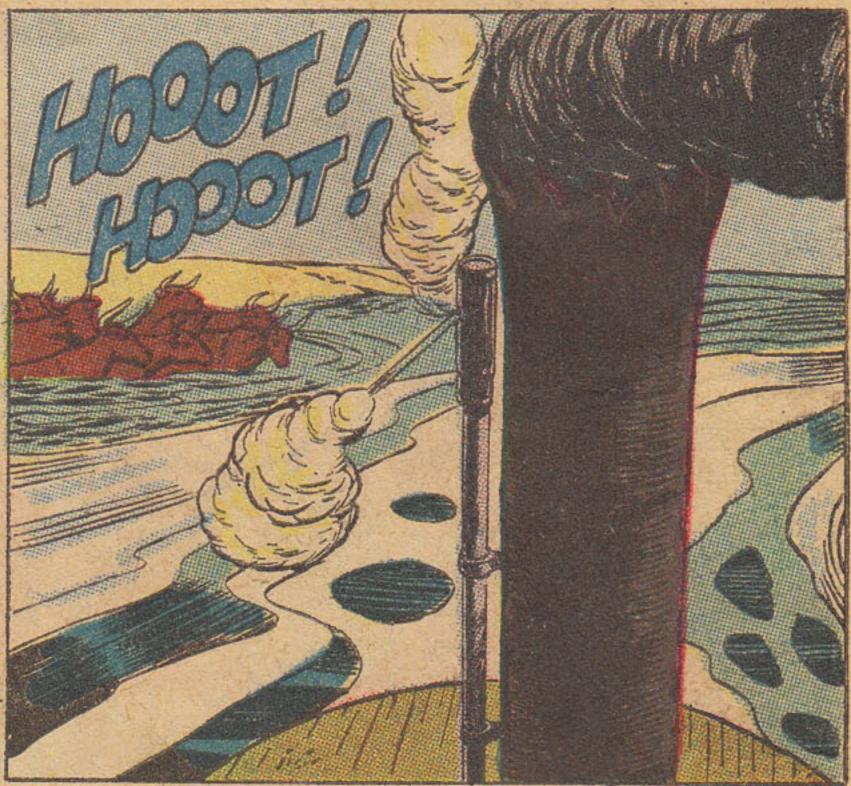


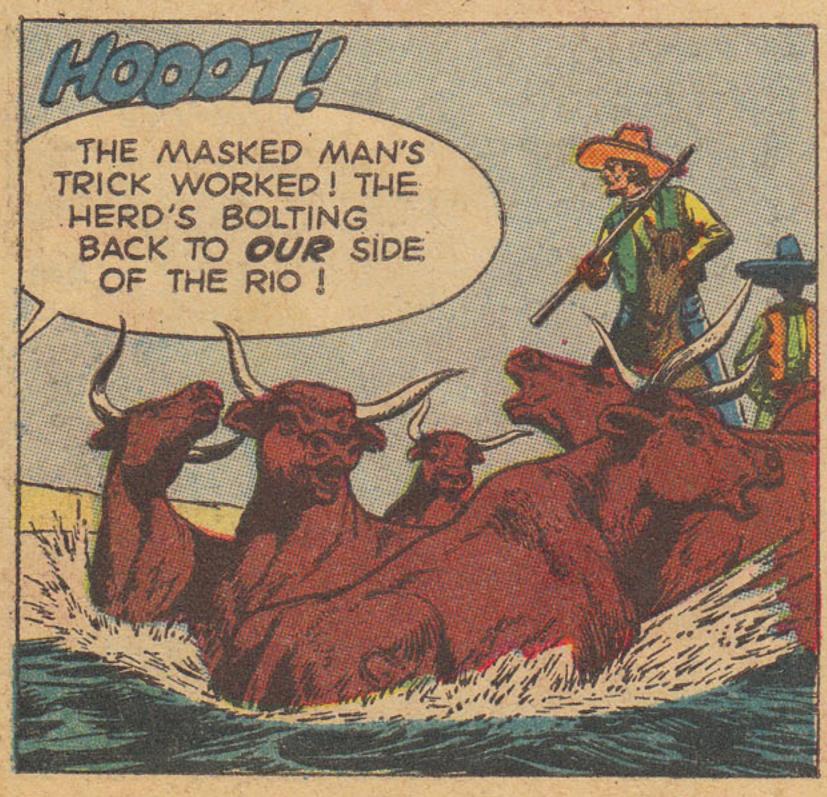




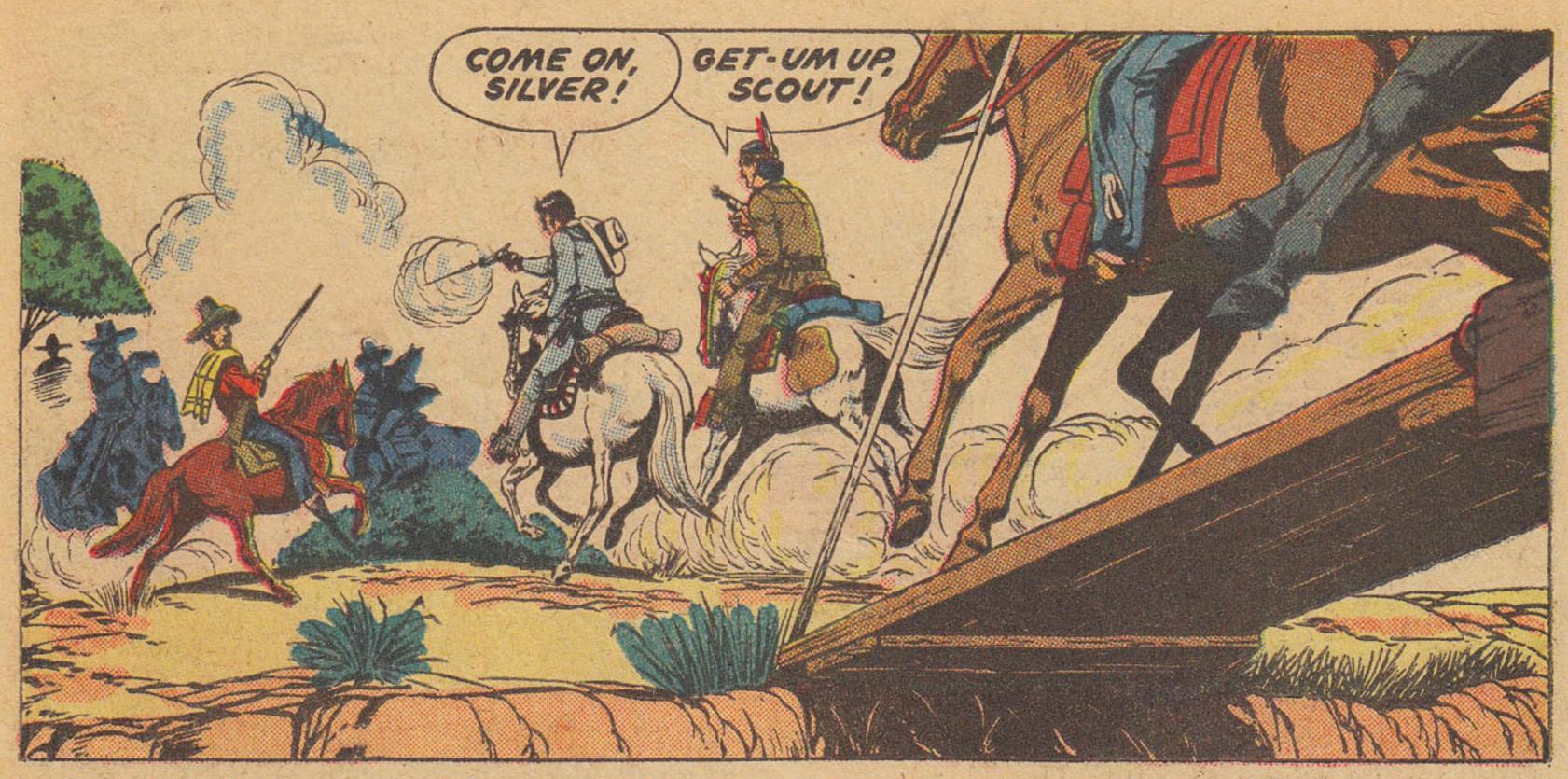






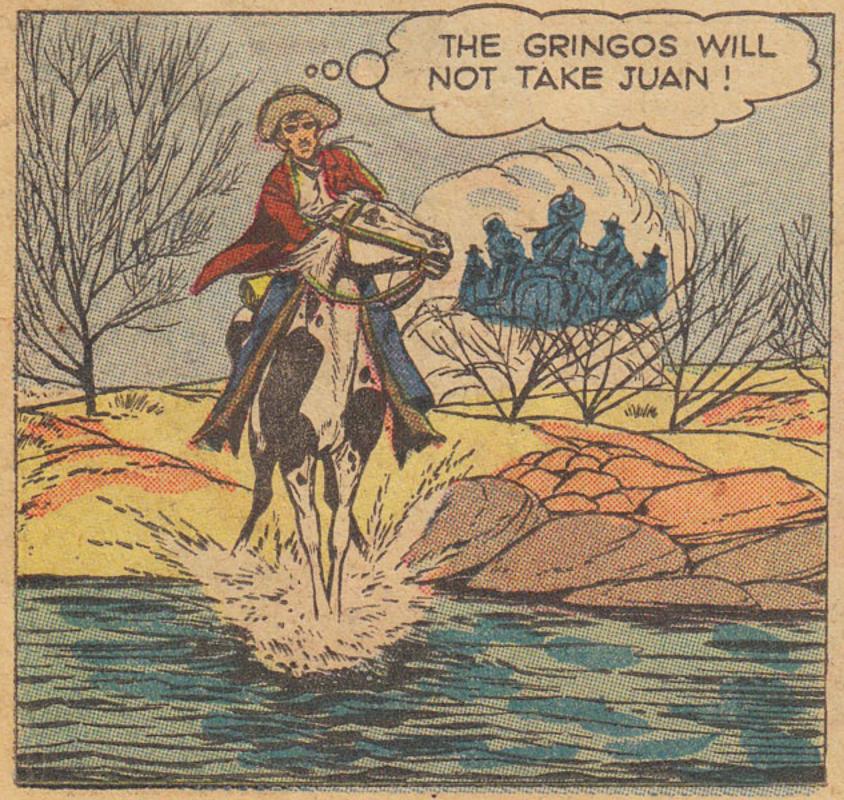






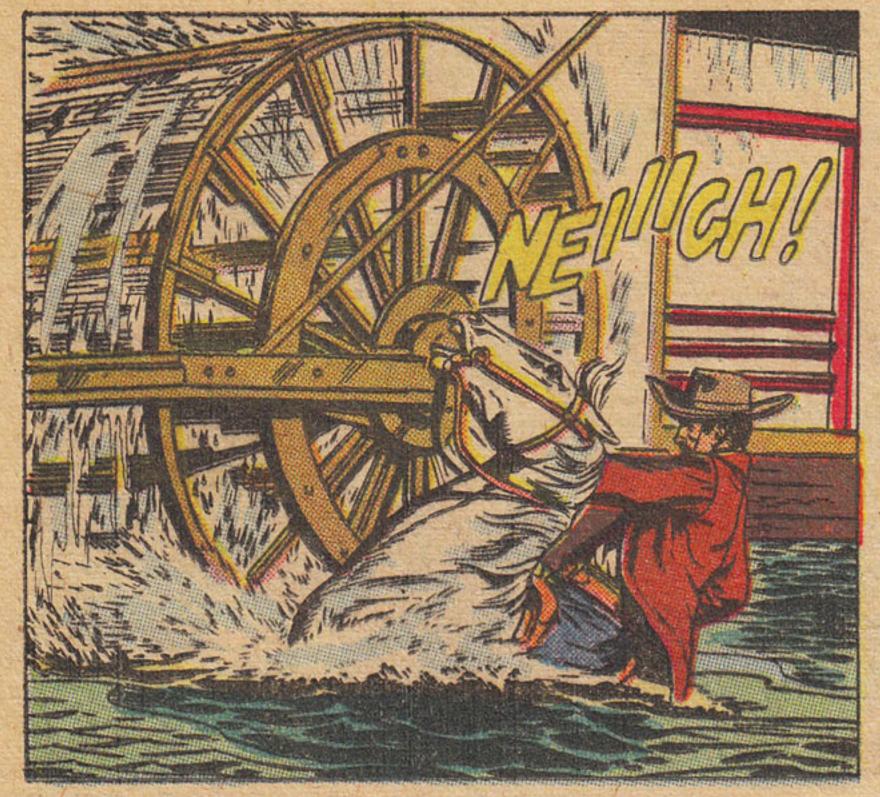






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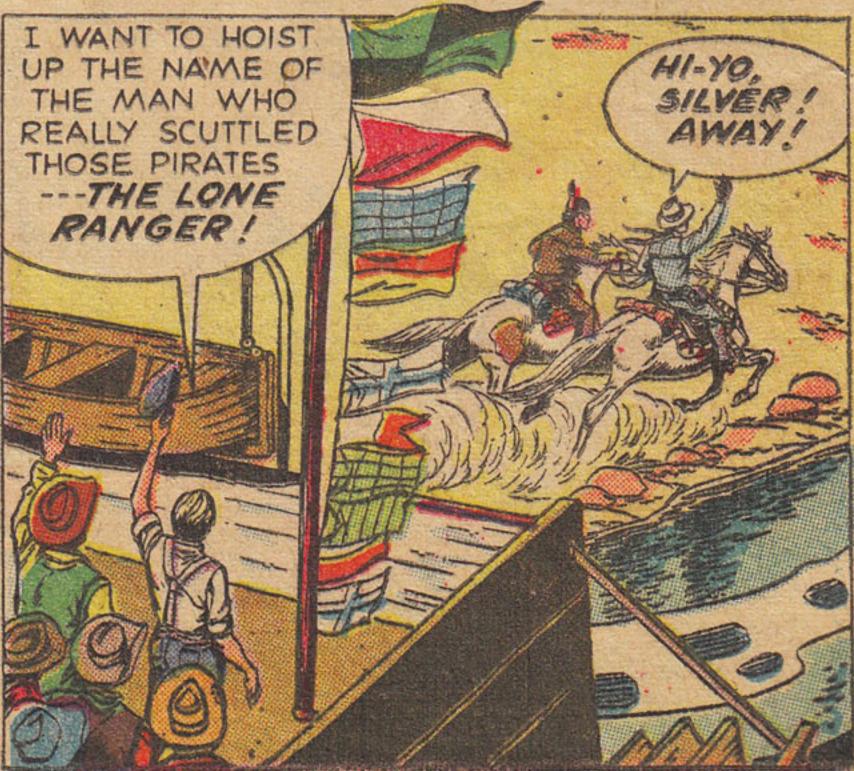












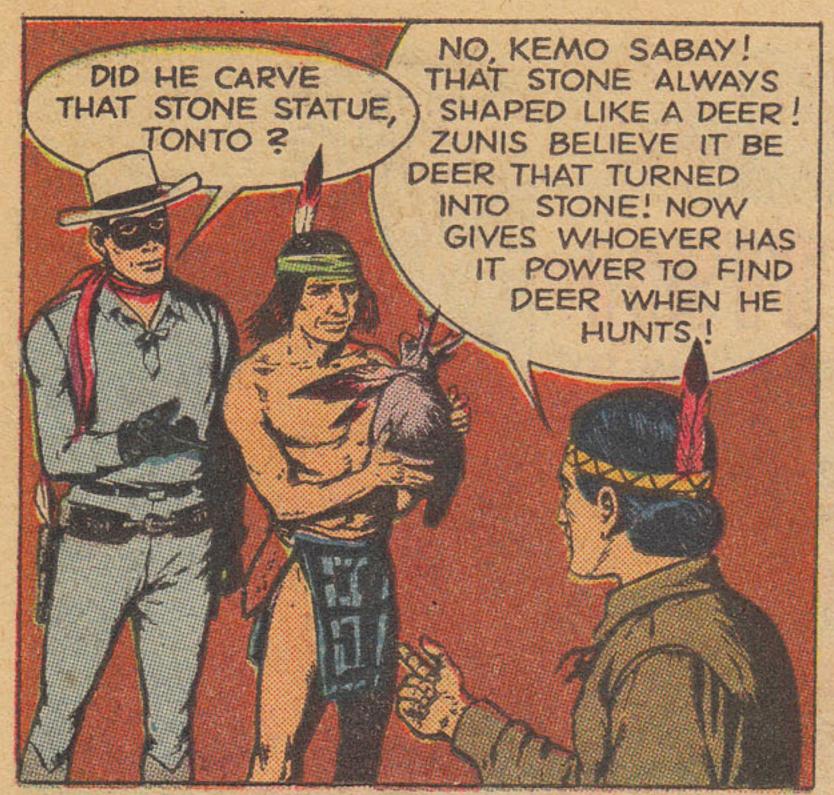








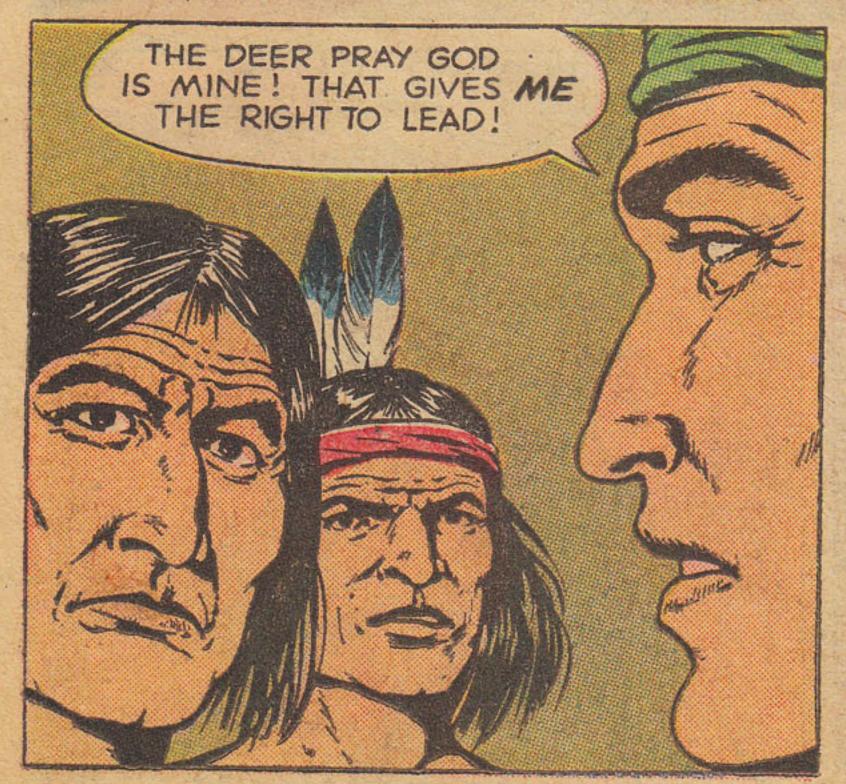


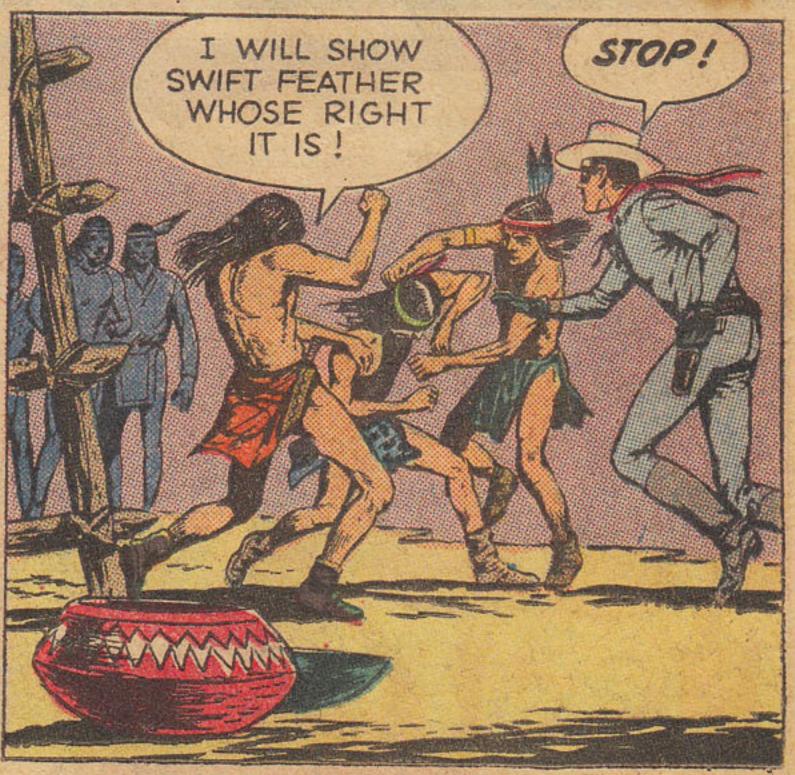






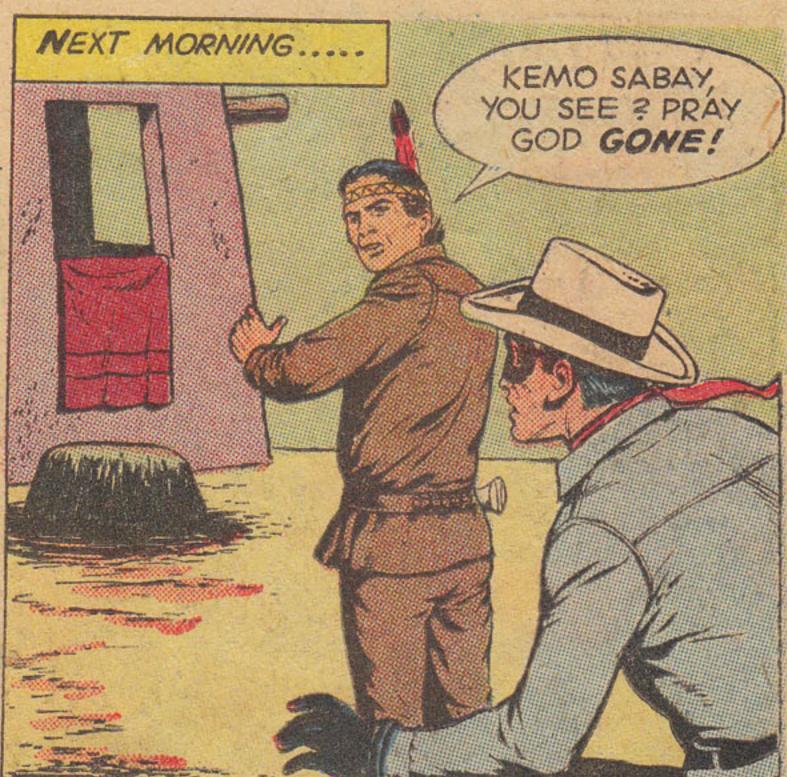






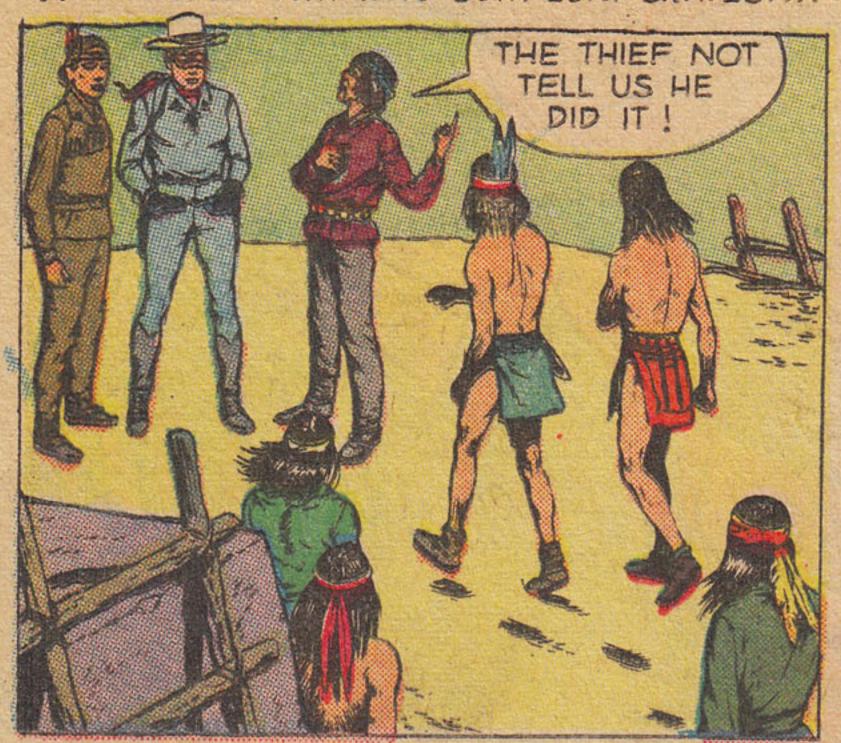






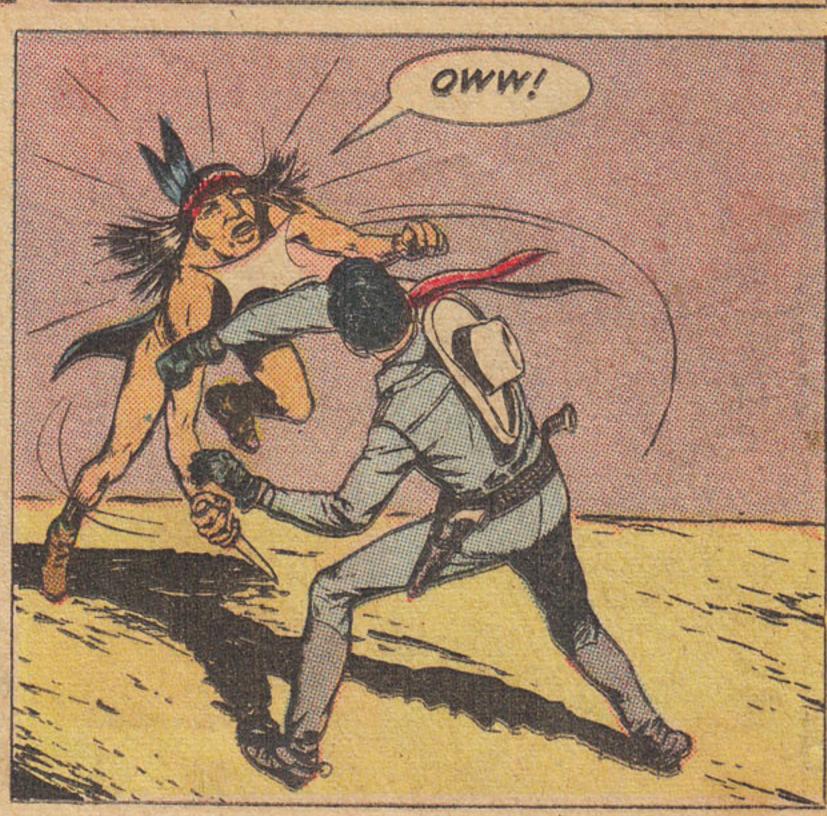


AS THE CHIEF SUMMONS BOTH ZUNI BRAVES





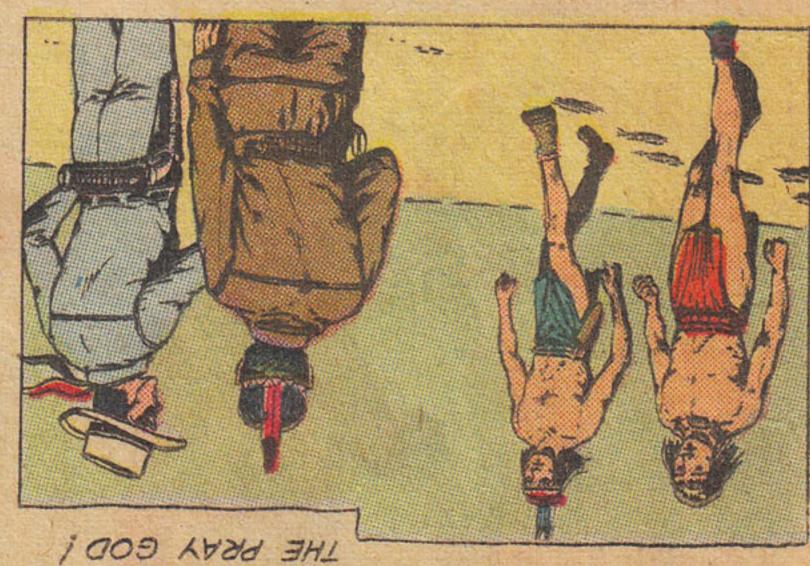




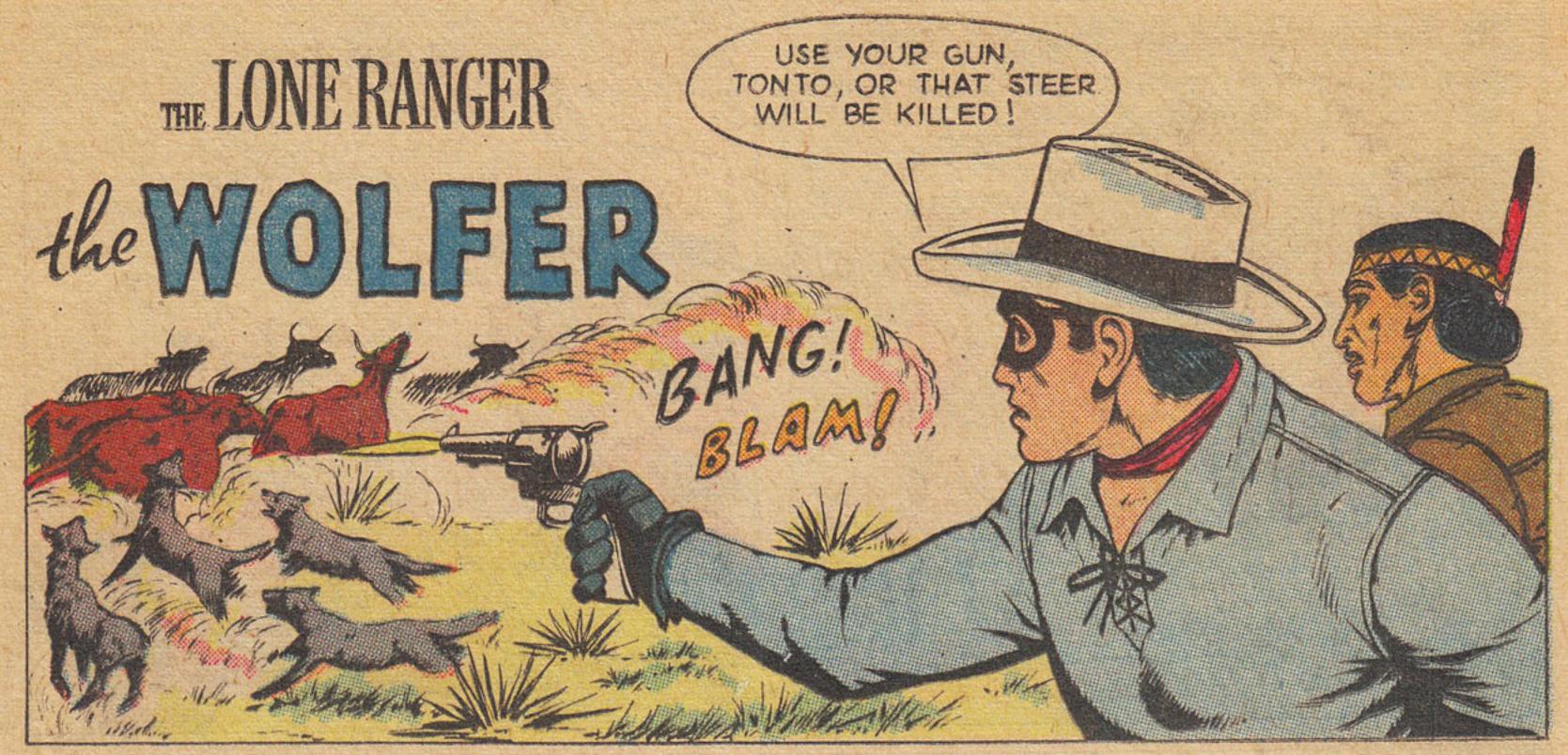
MINUTES LATER, AS RED CLOUD'S PUEBLO

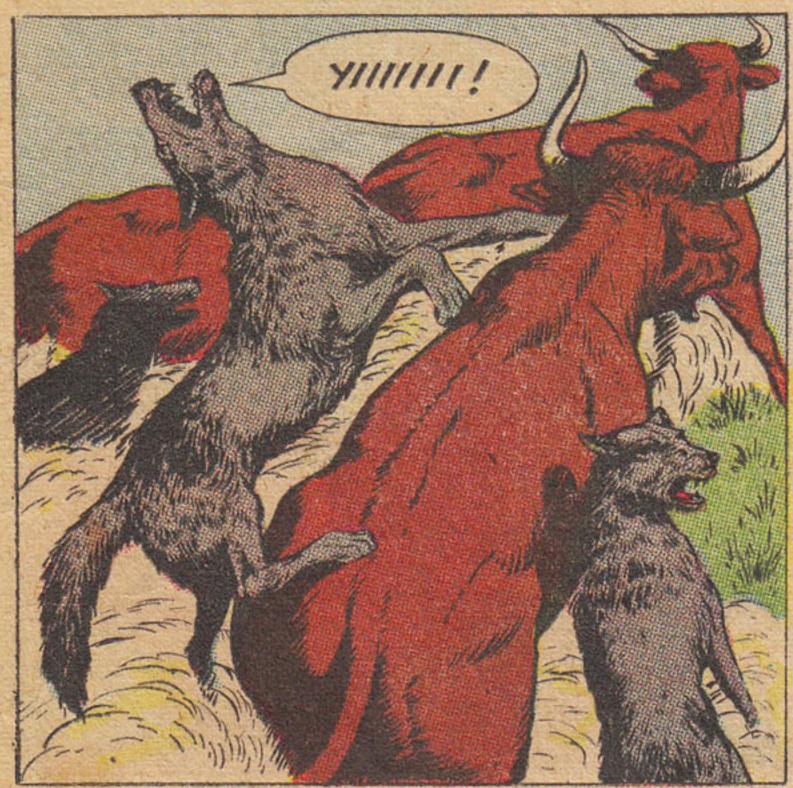


FOR SOLUTION, TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN ...

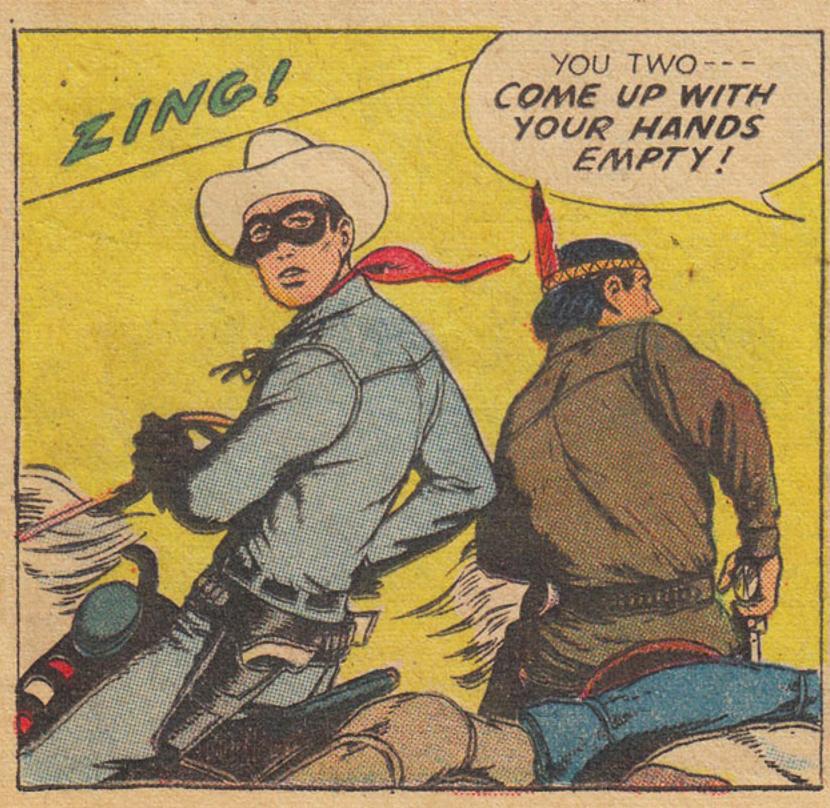


MAHEN THE LONE PANGER SAW THE MOCCASIN
TRACKS RED CLOUD MADE WALKED THROUGH THE
RED CLOUD MUST HAVE WALKED THROUGH THE
RED CLOUD MADE RANGER SAW THE MOCCASIN

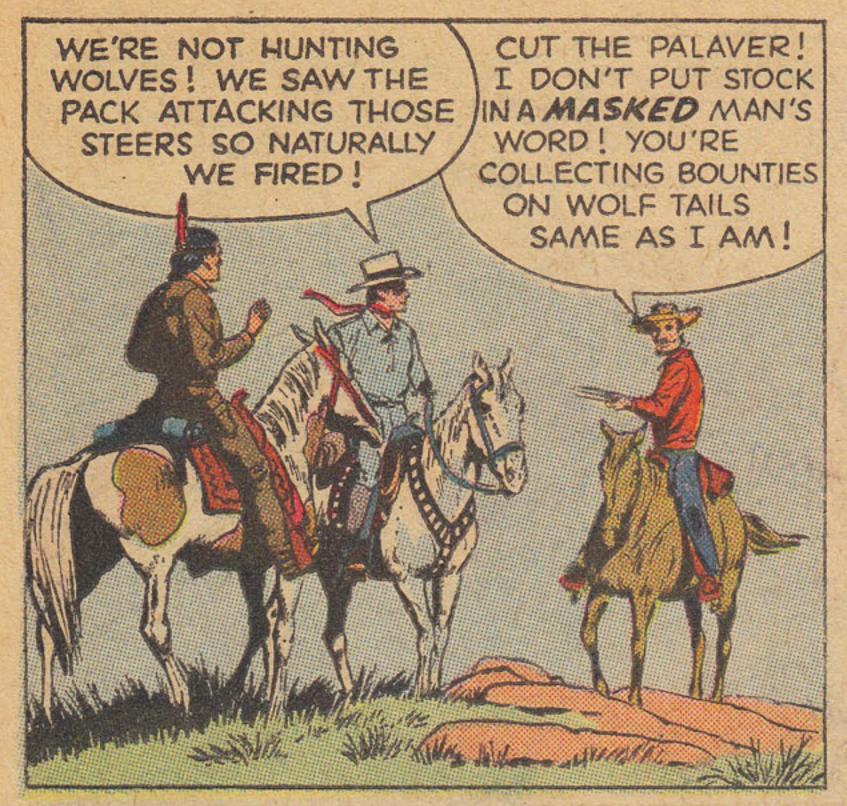








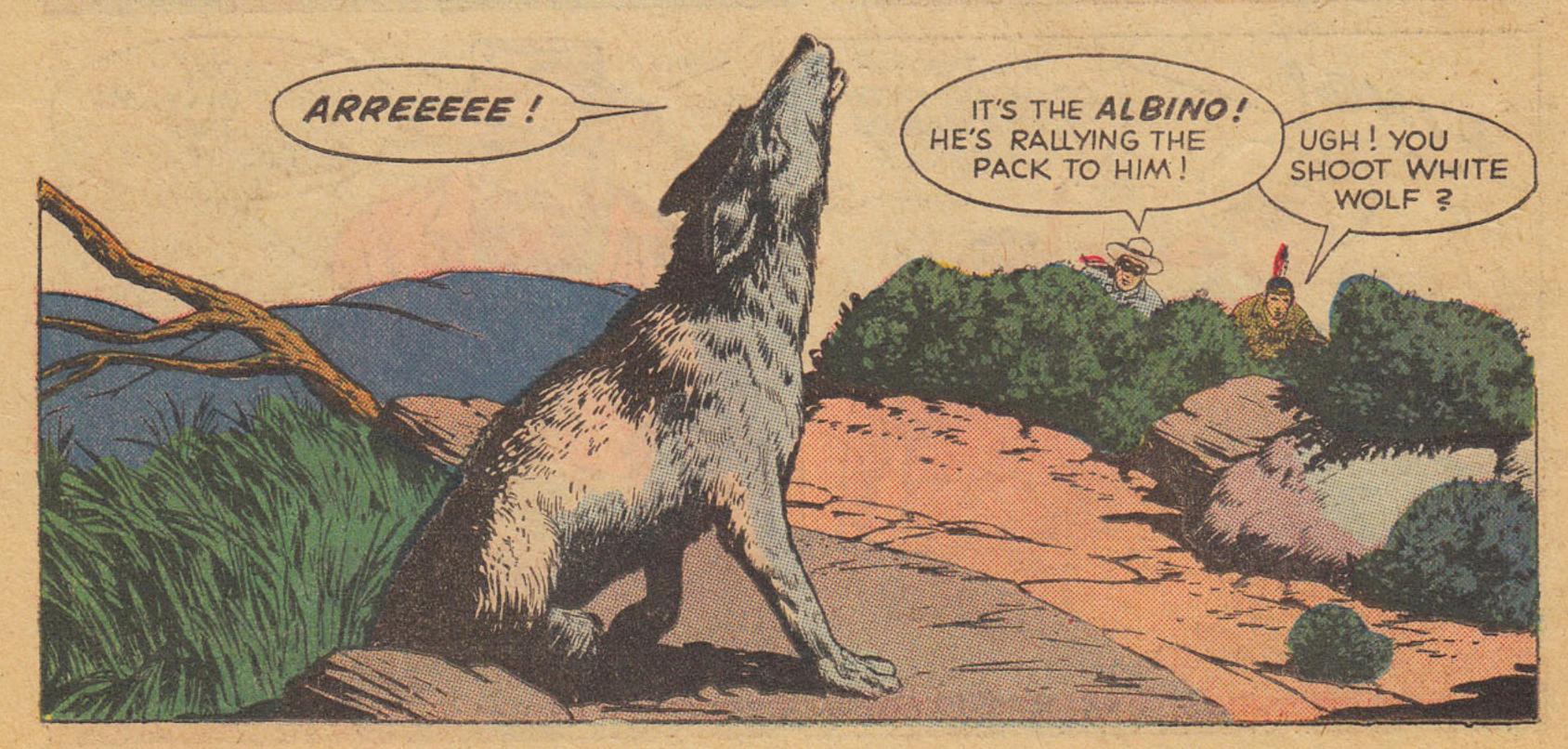


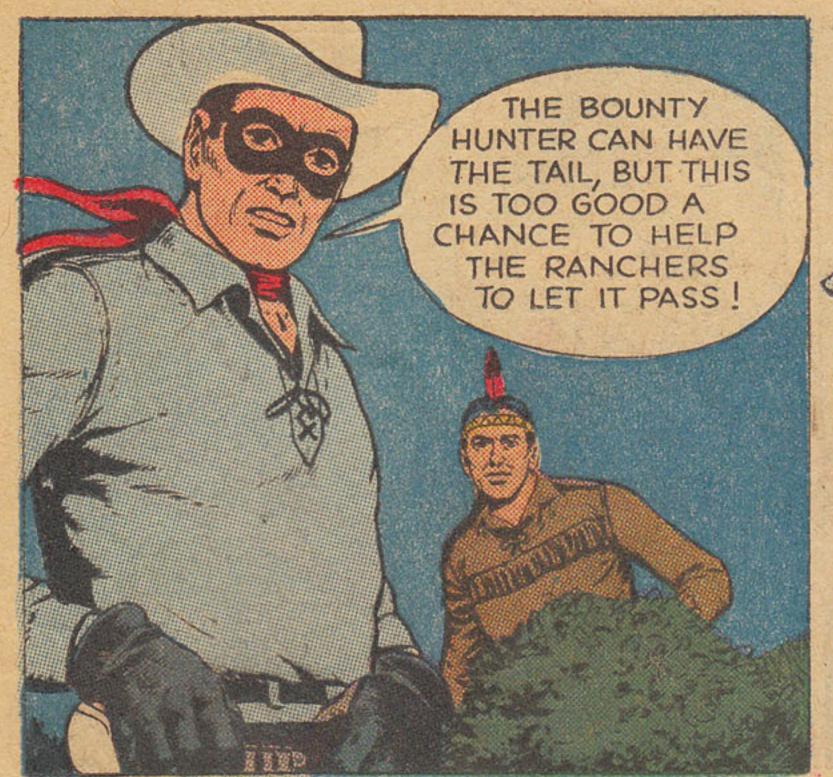






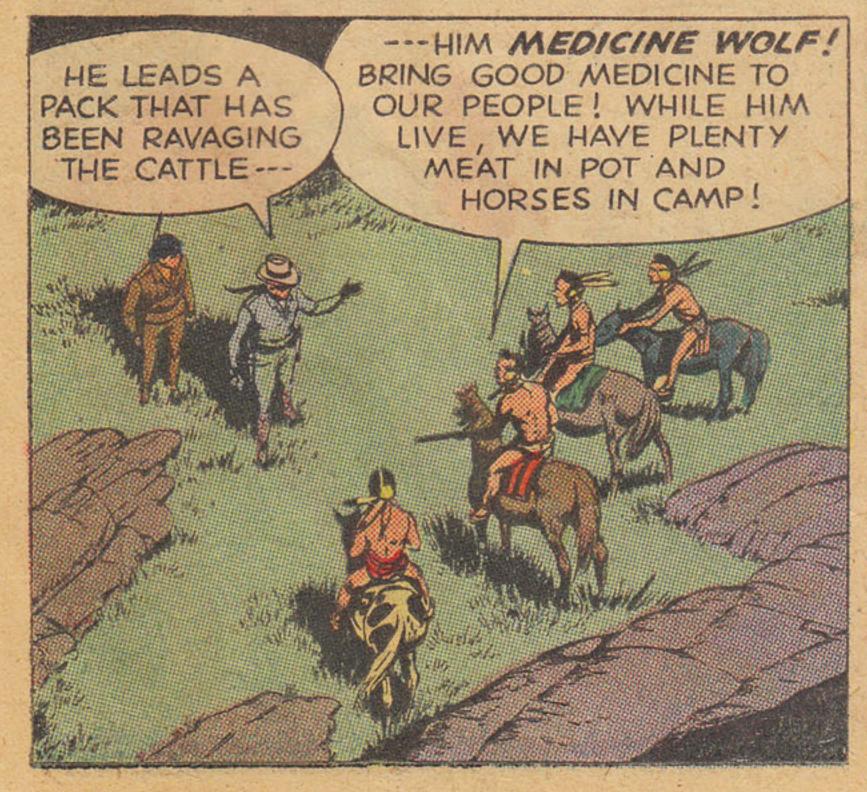
















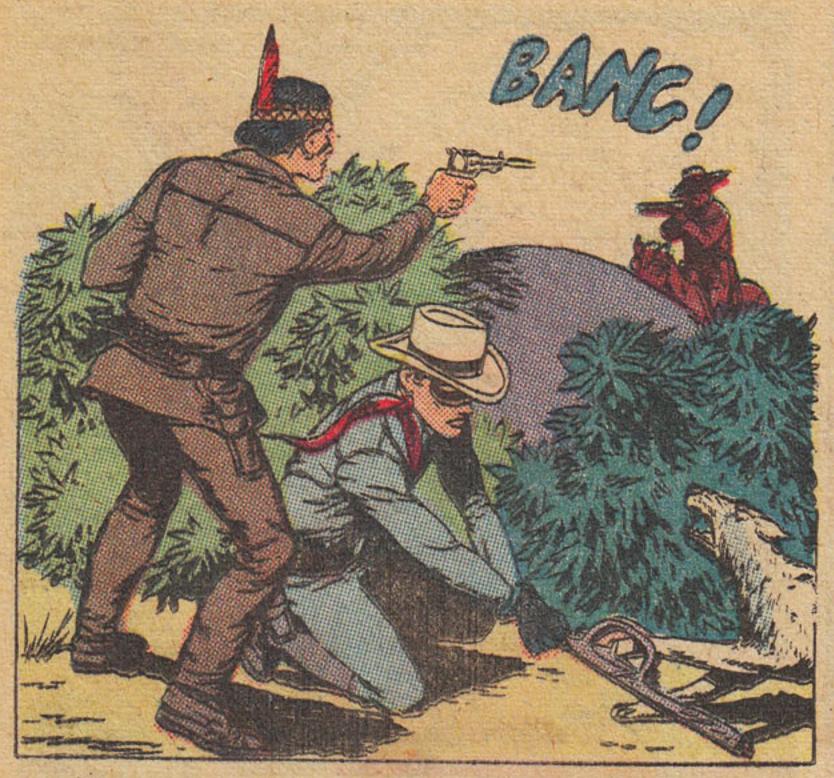


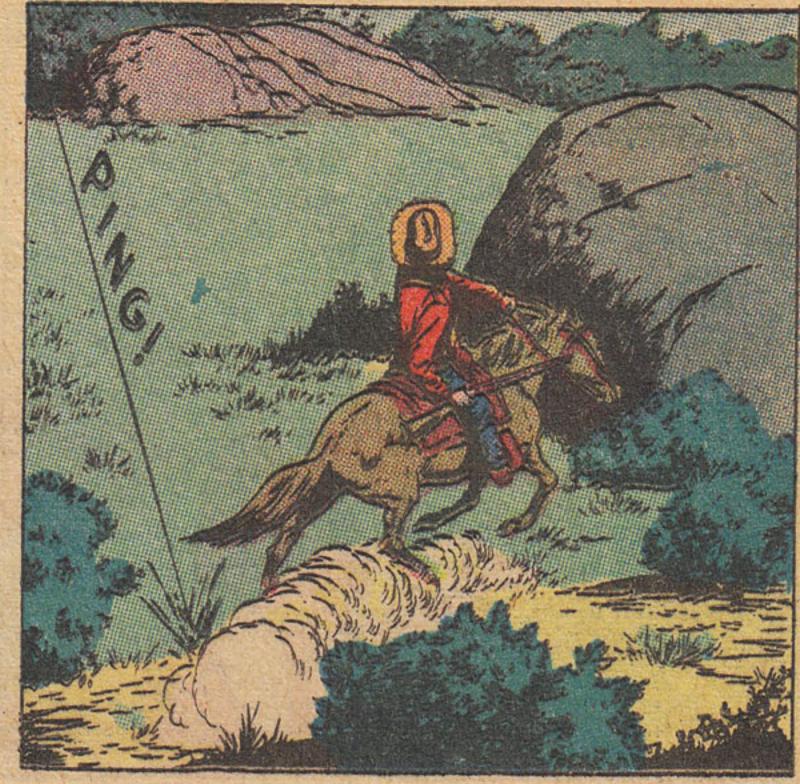






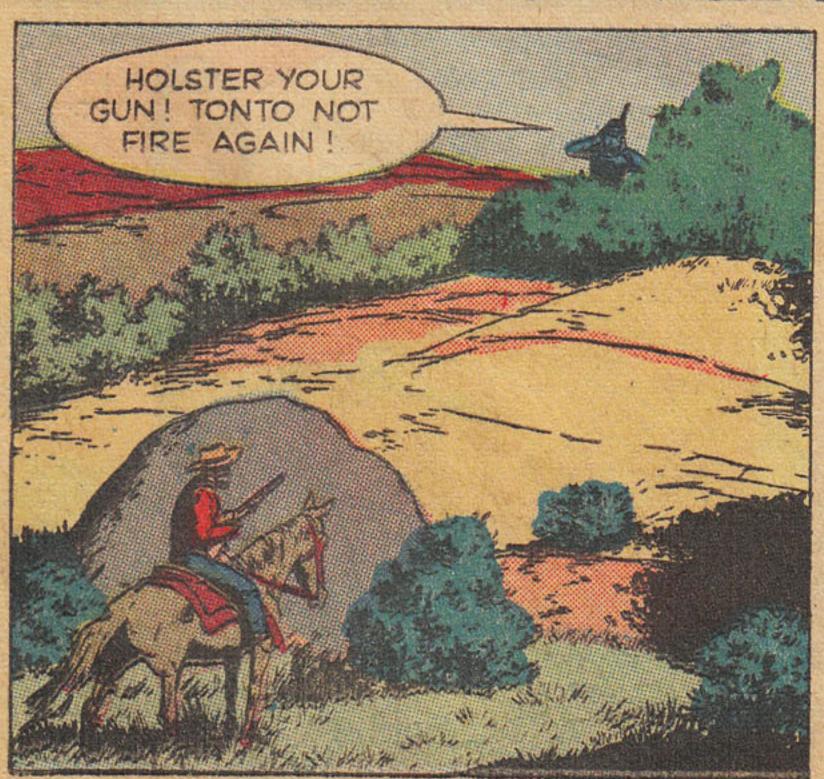




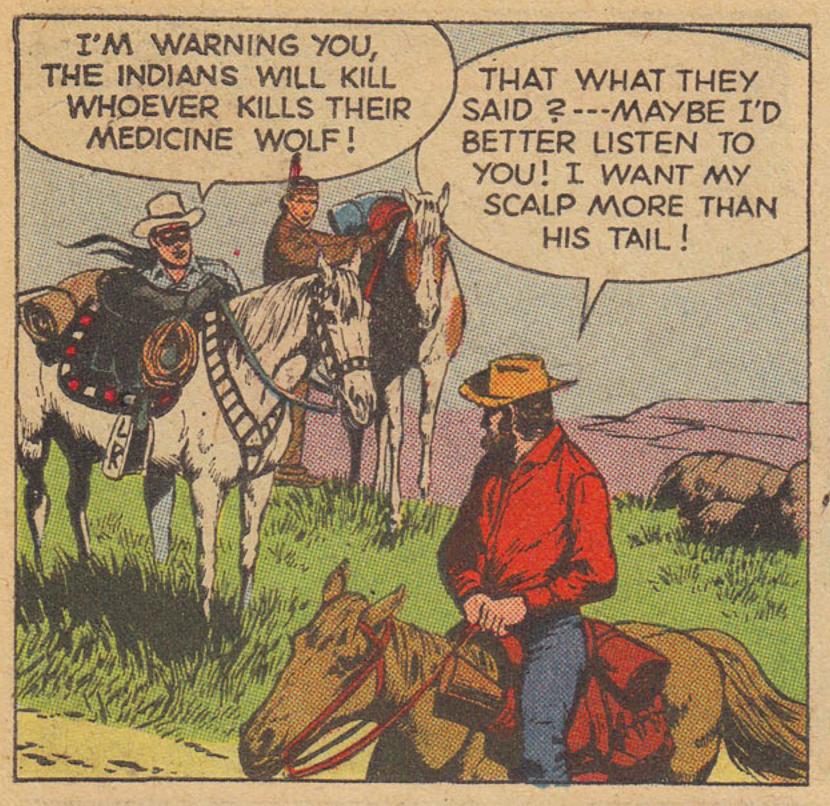




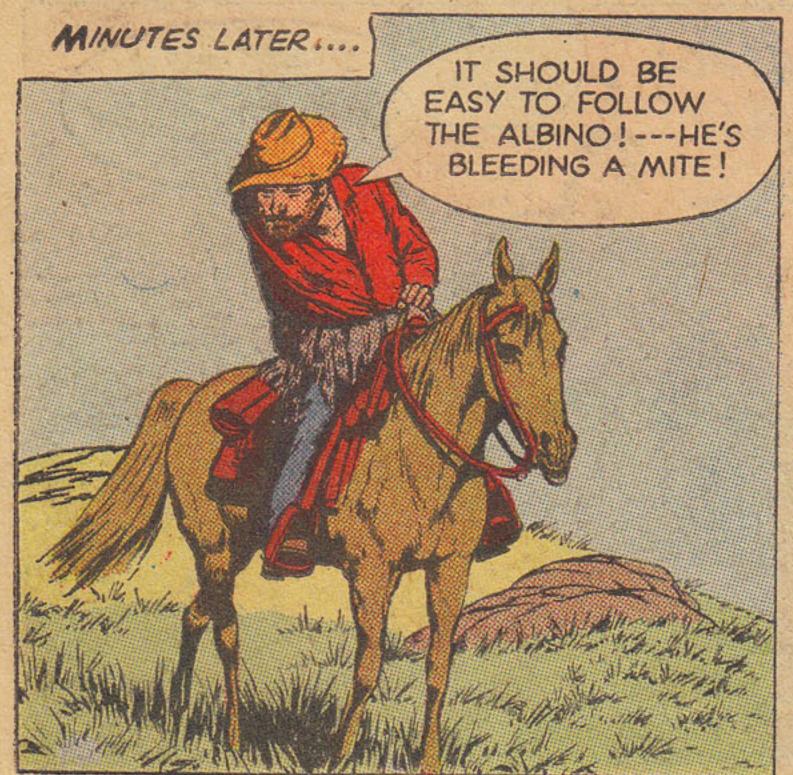


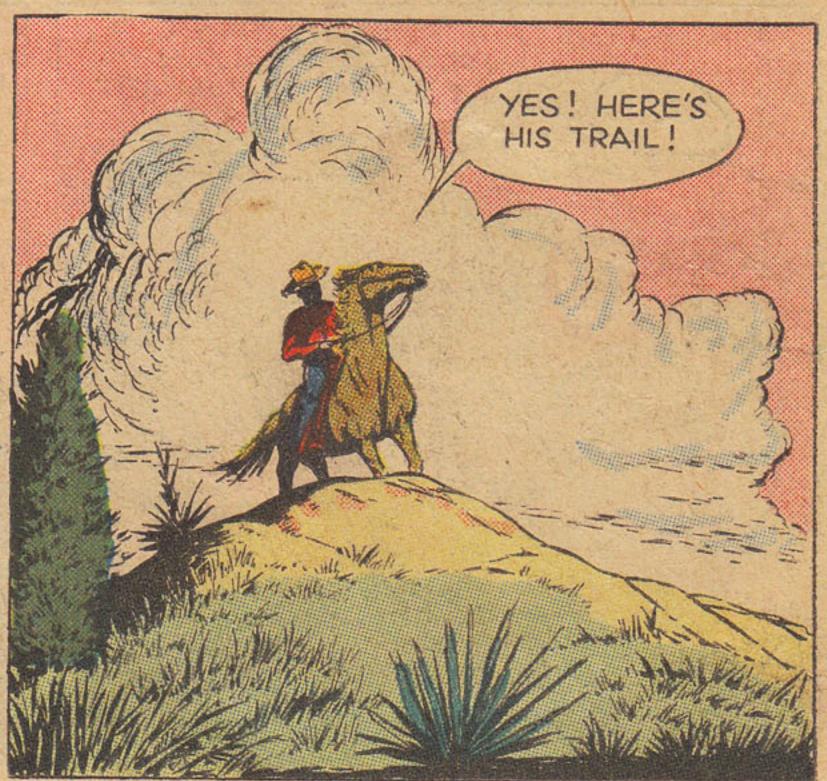








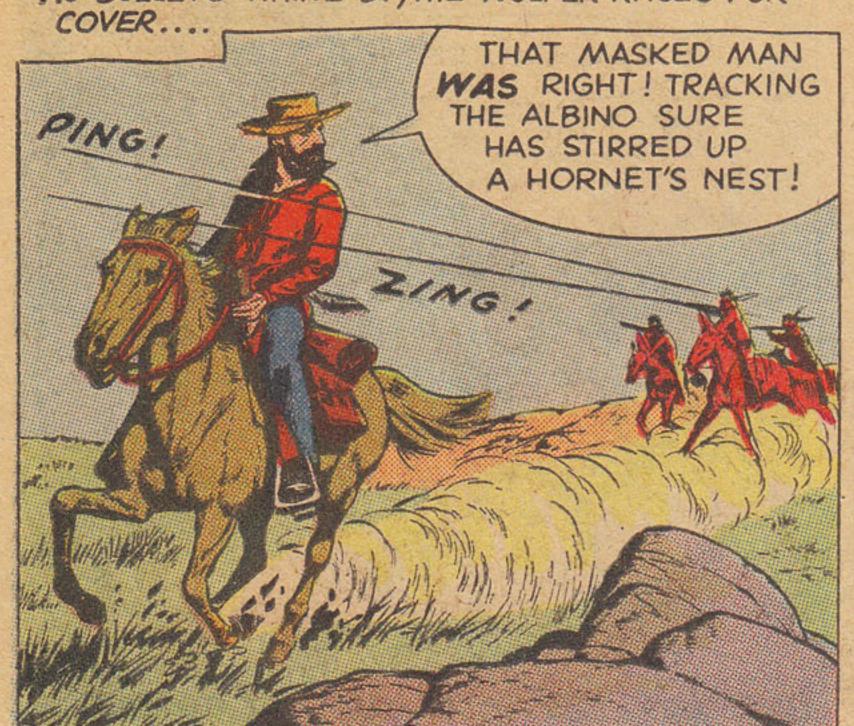






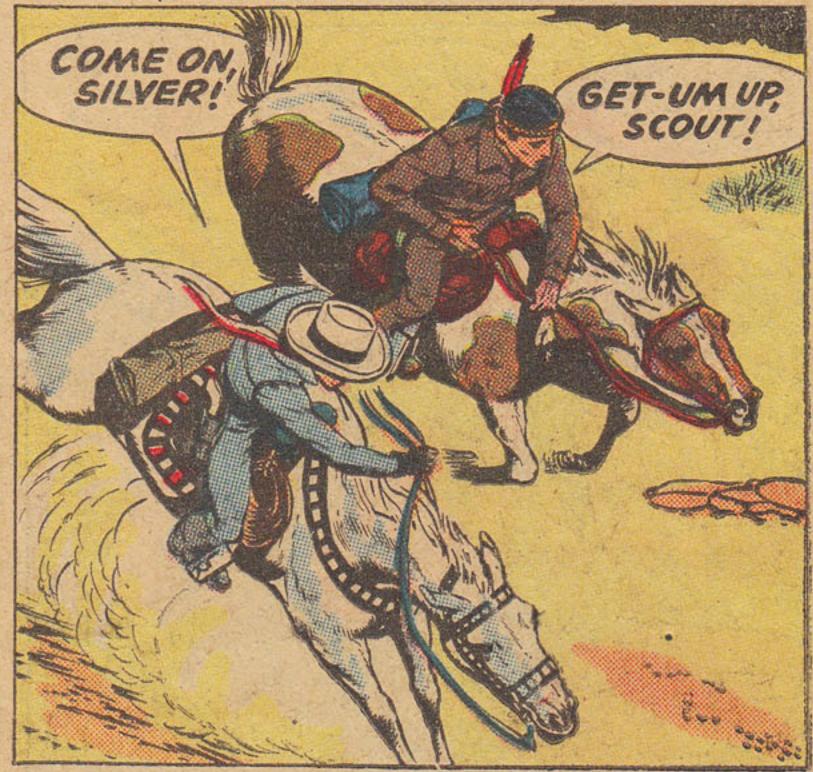


AS BULLETS WHINE BY, THE WOLFER RACES FOR

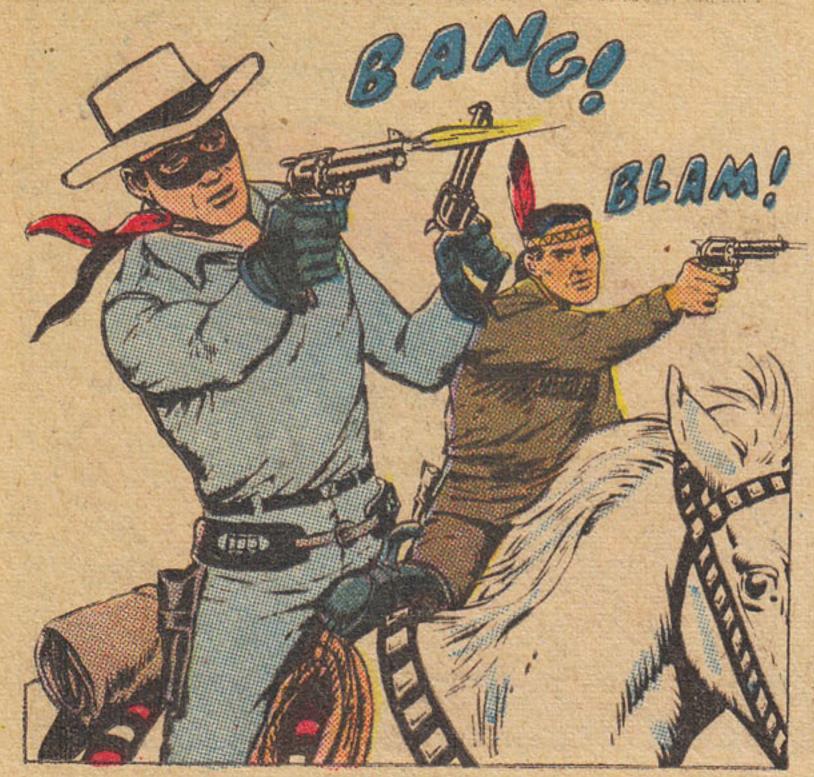


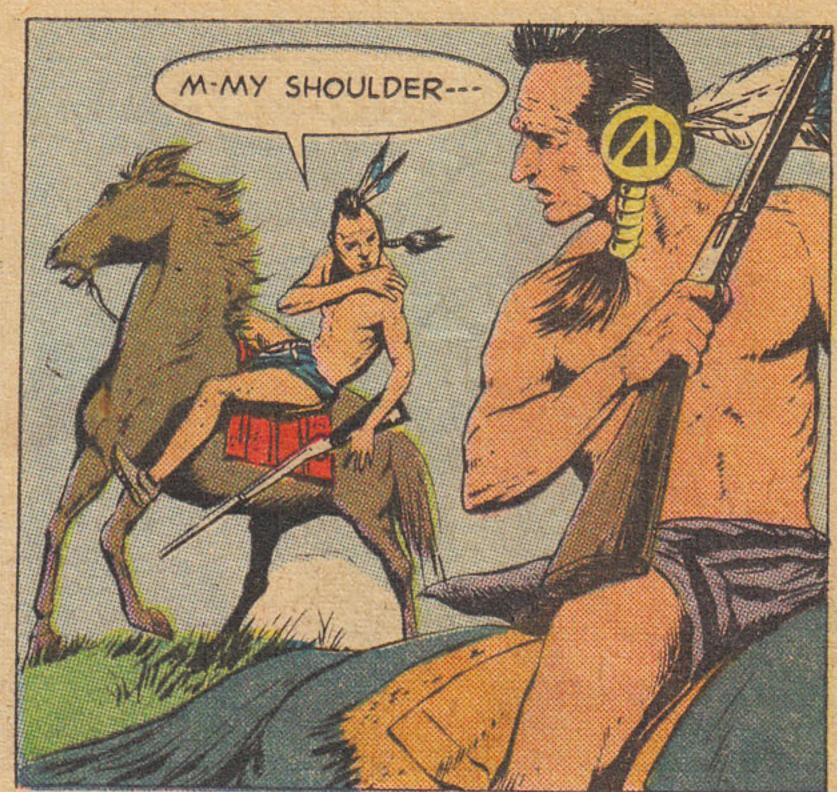


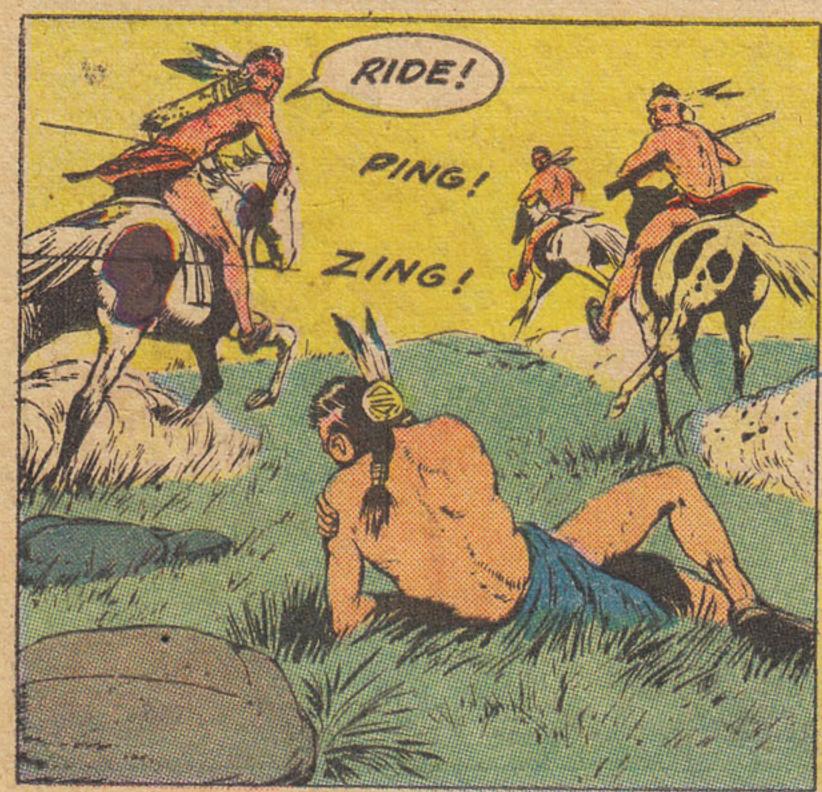




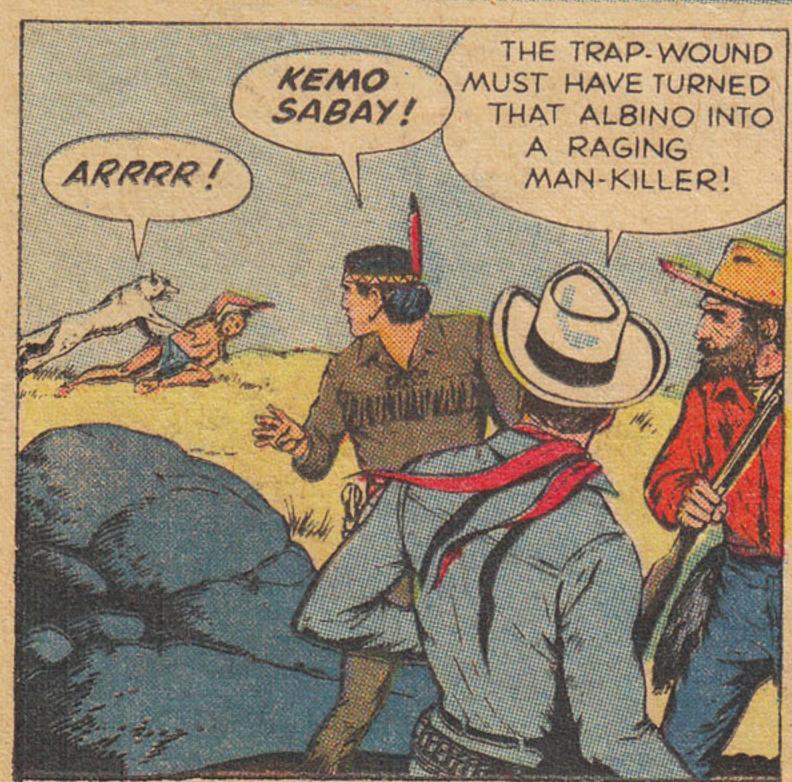


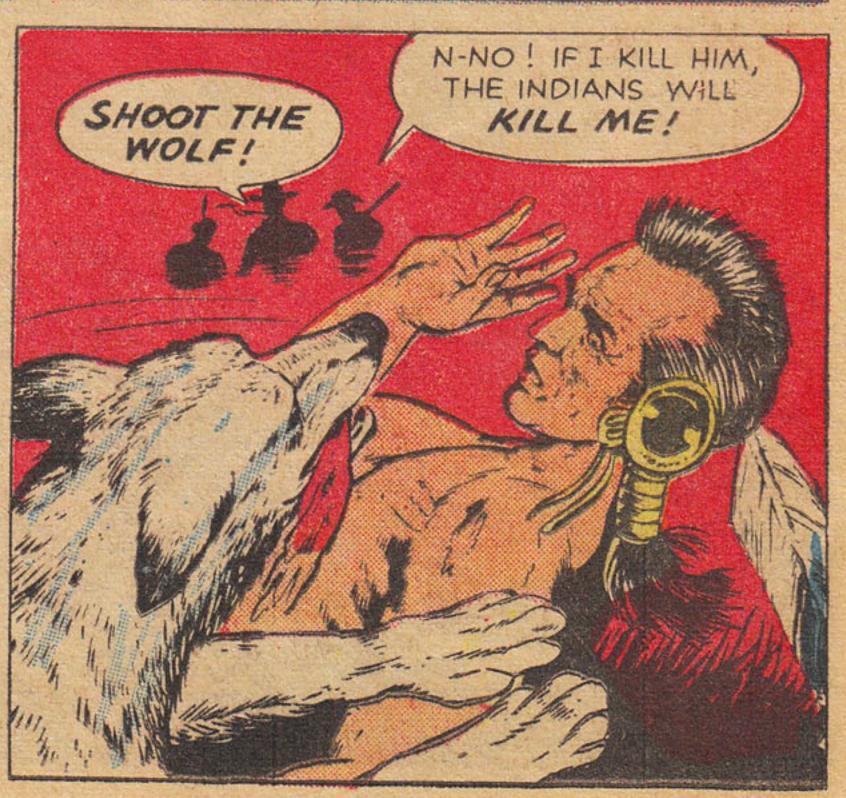




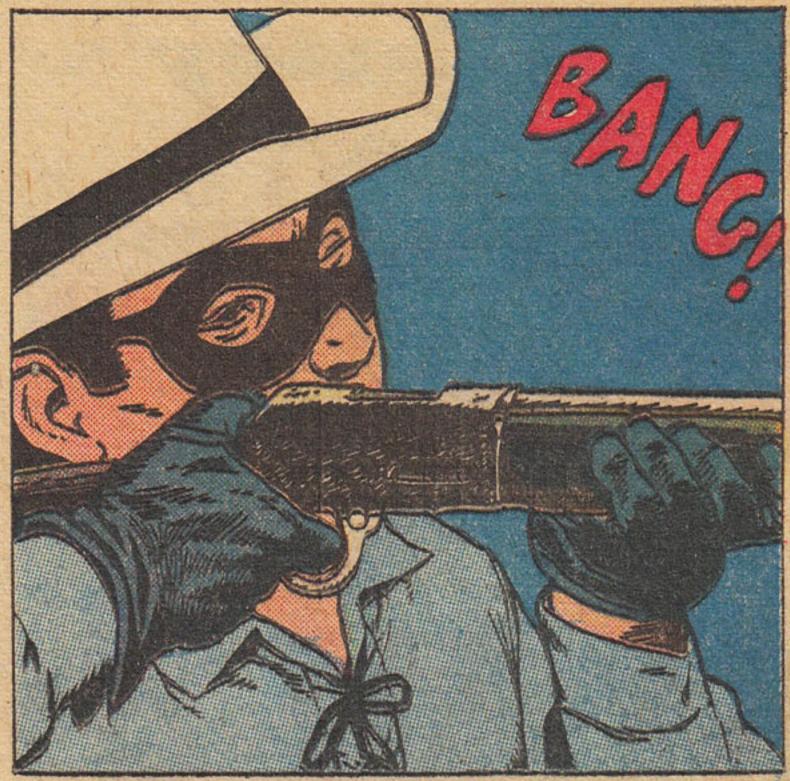


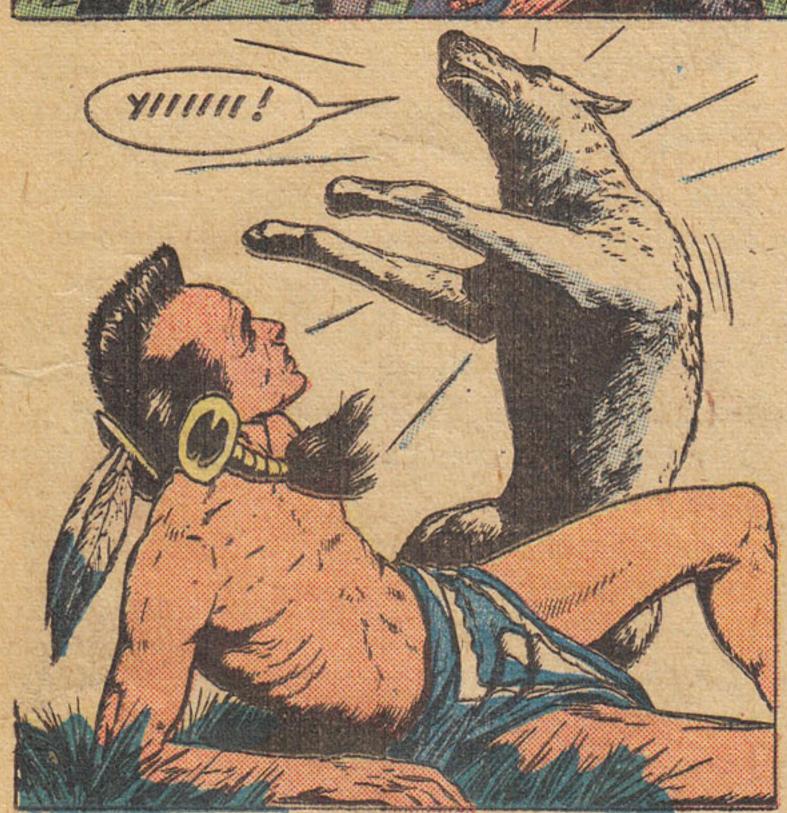


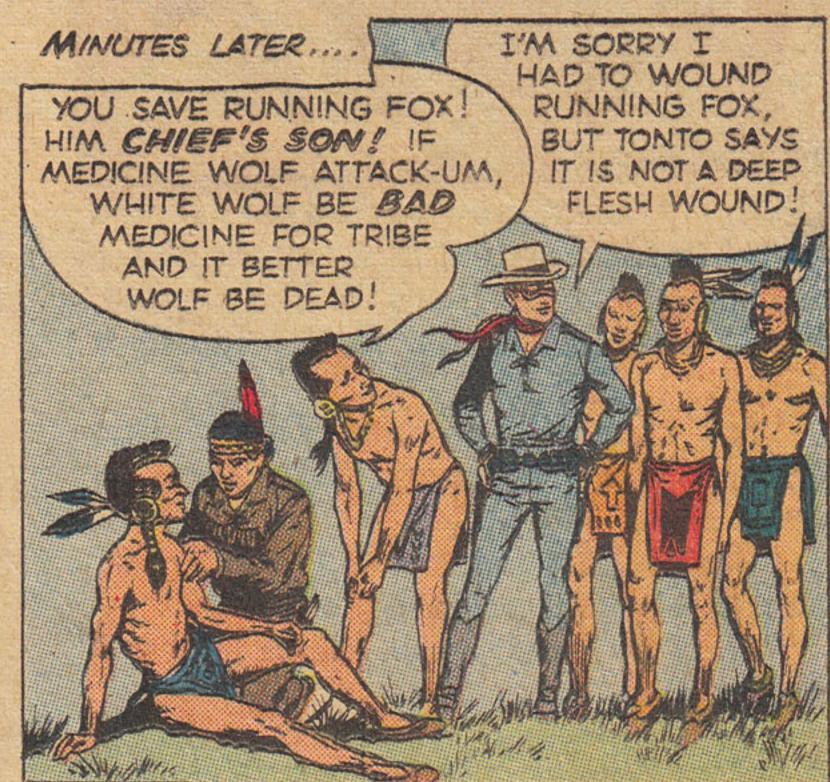


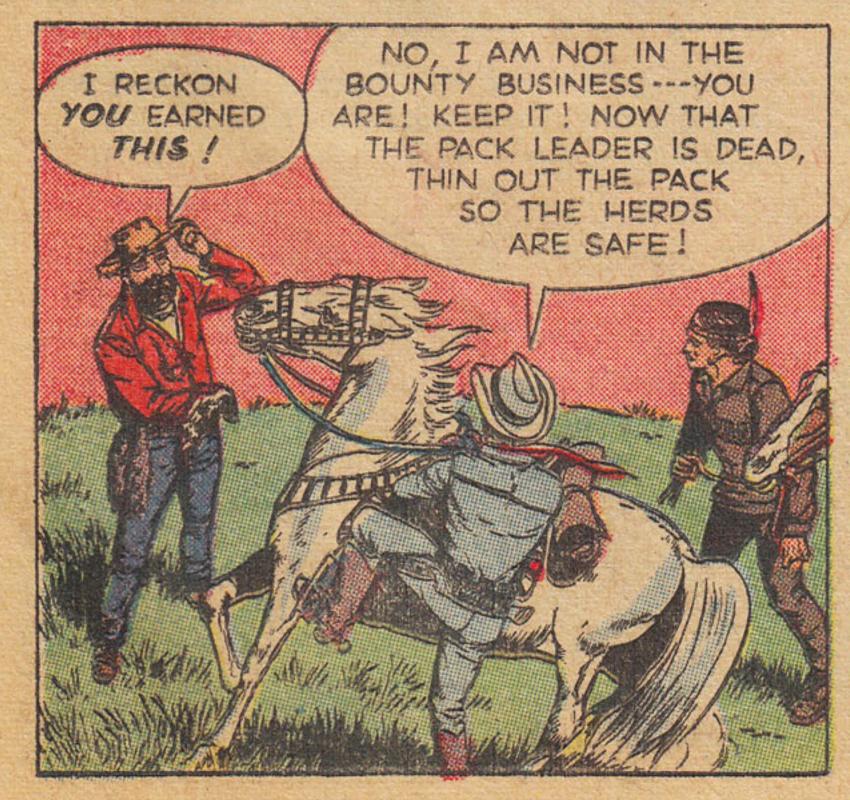


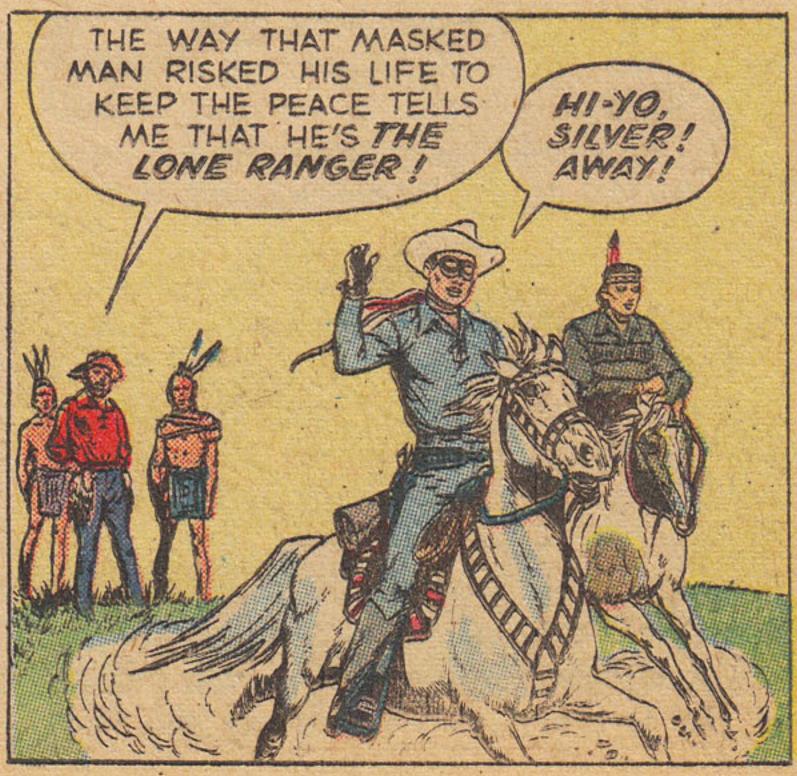




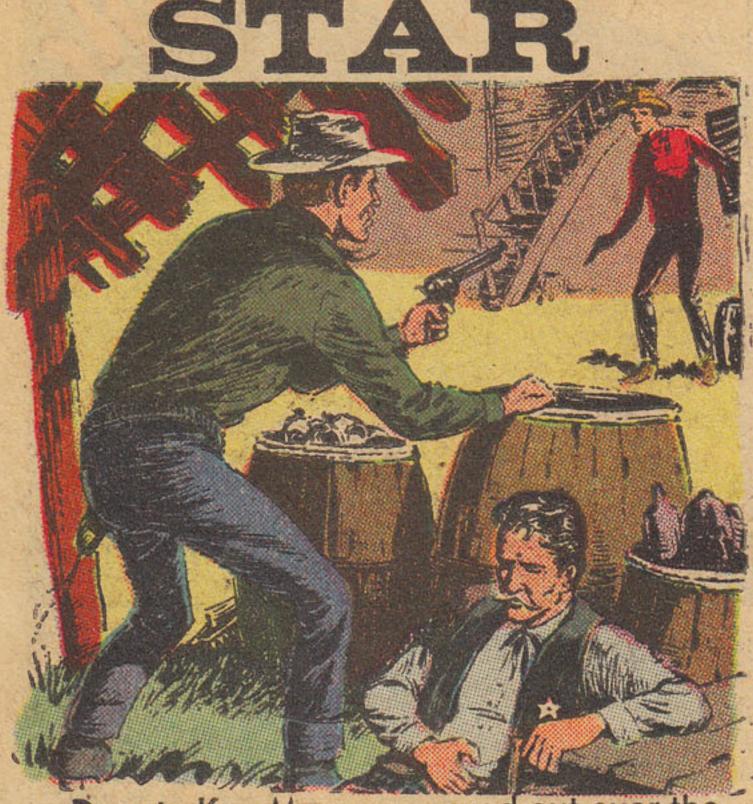








Dan Casey's



Deputy Ken Murrow peered out over the barrel tops across the dusty street of the old ghost town. "That's a bad wound, Dan," he said. "Ought to get you to a doctor."

"Fat chance," groaned Sheriff Dan Casey, "with that Barton kid pinning us down here."

"We've got him stymied, too," said Ken. "He's cornered in that alleyway."

"Then we'll wait it out. I think he'll surrender soon."

Ken smiled wryly. "You could be wrong, Dan. You're carrying one of his bullets now. You should never have come on this man hunt. . . . A man your age shouldn't even be wearing that tin star any more."

Casey stirred and grunted with the pain.
"You're right, boy. I'd retire in a minute if

I—"

"If you could trust me to take over, is that it, Dan?" Ken's voice was bitter. "What's the matter with me, Dan? Didn't you like the way I handled the Meeker gang the week you went to Denver?"

"Reckon you handled them fine. Gunned two of them down. Shot up the other three by yourself," said Casey, but there was no admiration in his voice.

"And Shanghai Baker? The fastest draw in the territory, and I finished him in a showdown."

"Never had a chance," agreed the Sheriff.

"Then what's the trouble with me, Dan? You know I could step into your shoes to-morrow."

"A man needs more than gun-courage to be a good lawman." He paused and coughed. "What's that Barton kid doing now?"

Murrow peered over the barrels. "He's moving around in there. Think he's going to make a break for it soon." There was satisfaction in his voice as he checked the bullets in his gun.

"No! Not with the gun," whispered Casey. "Barton's a good boy. That gunfight back in town that started all this—

He was goaded into it."

"And what about him shooting you?"

"He was scared, Ken. He thought we'd gun him down. Listen, Ken, I've never asked you for anything before, but try it my way this time—without a gun!"

"All right," said the deputy, "I'll give it a try." And then his voice echoed across the empty street. "Barton, you're boxed in. You haven't a chance unless you come out with your hands up."

"And get shot down by the gun-happy Ken Murrow? I heard about you and your

itchy trigger finger."

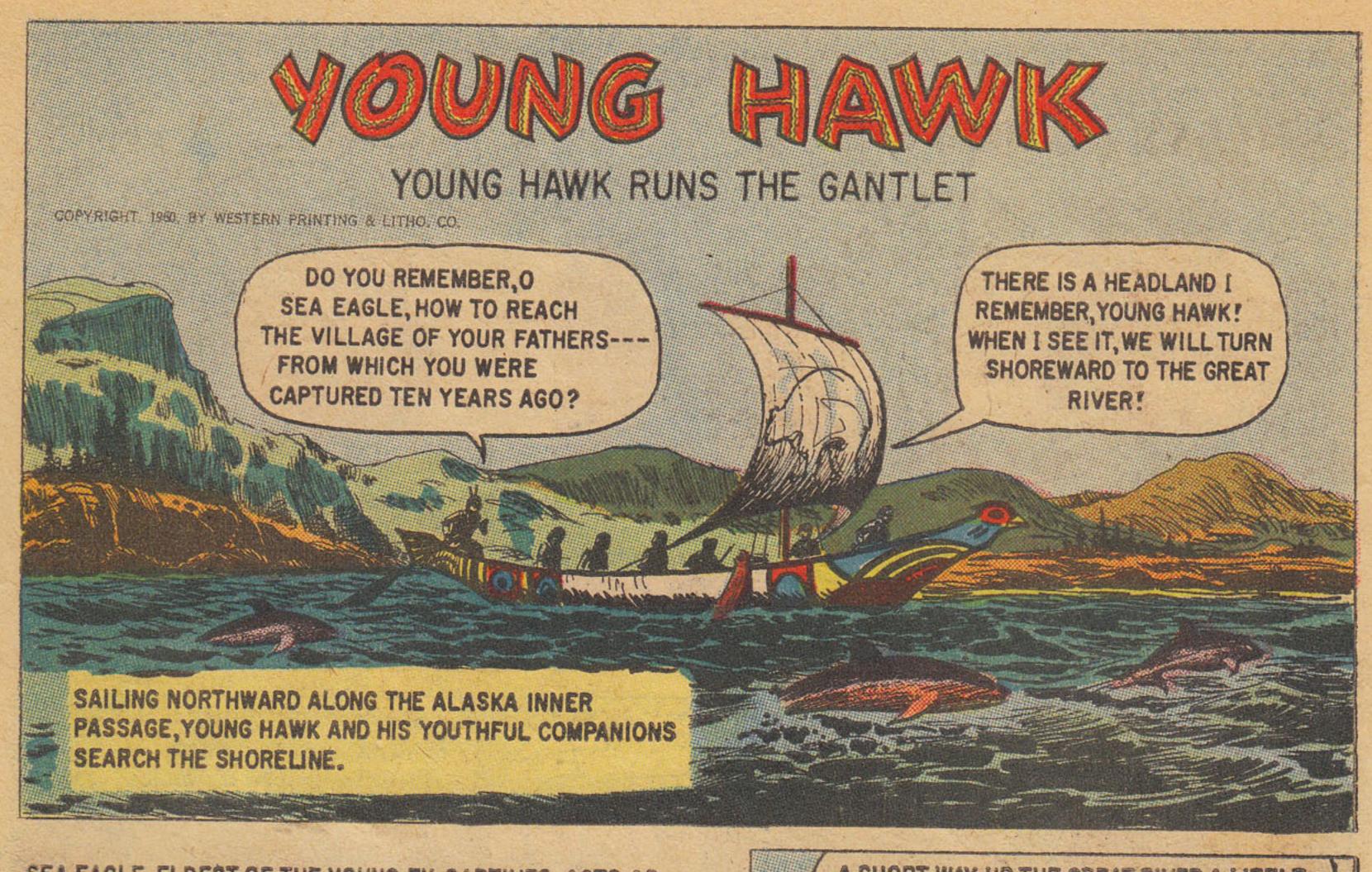
Ken flushed at the words. He'd never understood how the men of this territory had felt about him before.

"Barton, the Sheriff's shot, hurt bad. We've got to get him back to town to a doctor. Remember, Dan Casey's your friend even if you did shoot him."

There was a long silence, and then slowly a slender young figure stepped out into the street and tossed a gun to the ground. "All right," said Barton, "you win. I've known the Sheriff since I was a kid. I can't see him die out here like this. Come on, let's get him home."

The next day in Dan Casey's house the old Sheriff shook hands with his deputy. "I knew you had the courage, Ken. And vesterday you proved you had the heart. I can resign now. I'll speak to the Mayor today. I'll be a proud man if you'll wear my star."

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ANXIOUS EYES SEARCH THE BIG RIVER'S SHORE FOR THE TRIBUTARY.

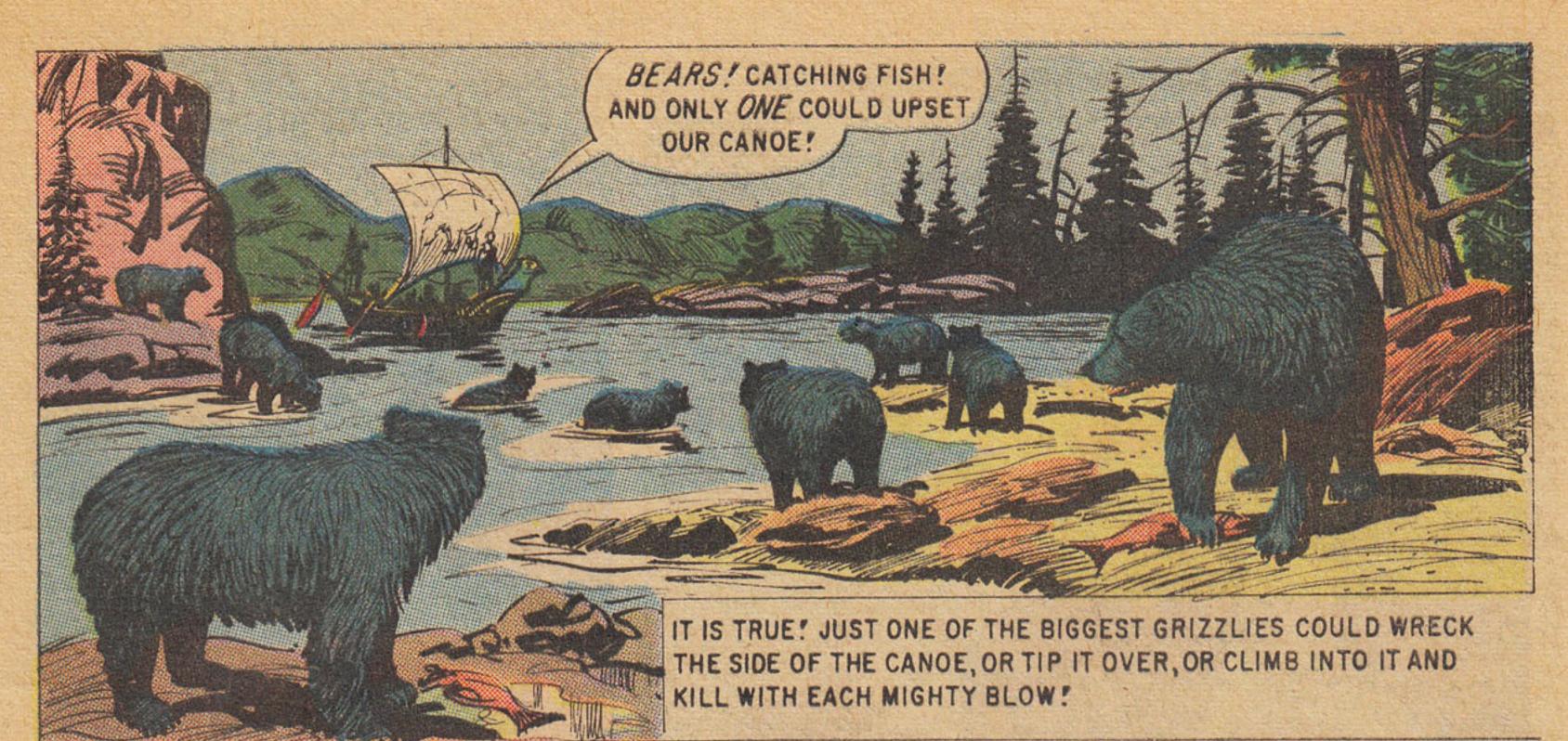






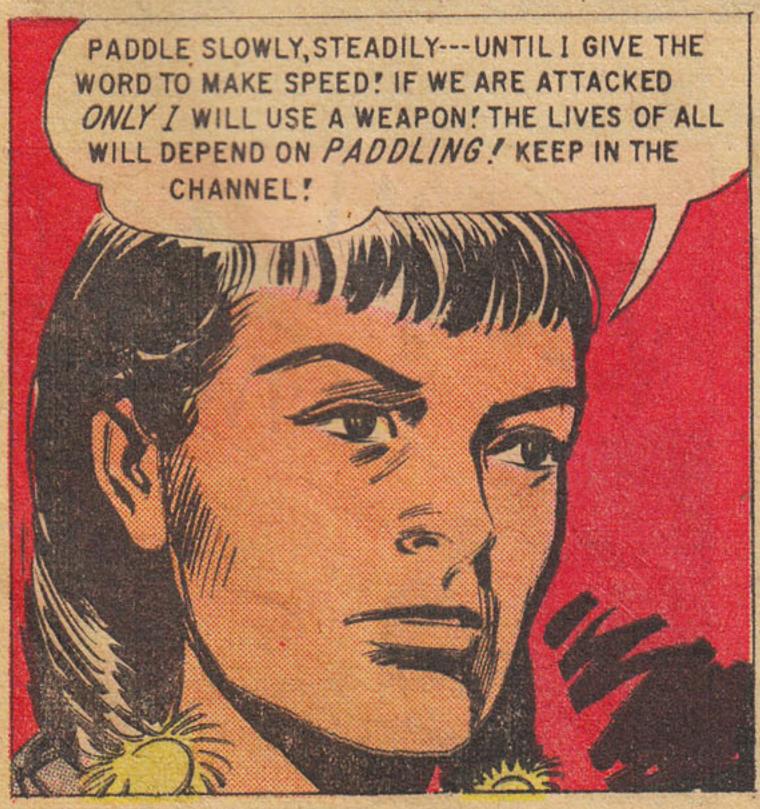














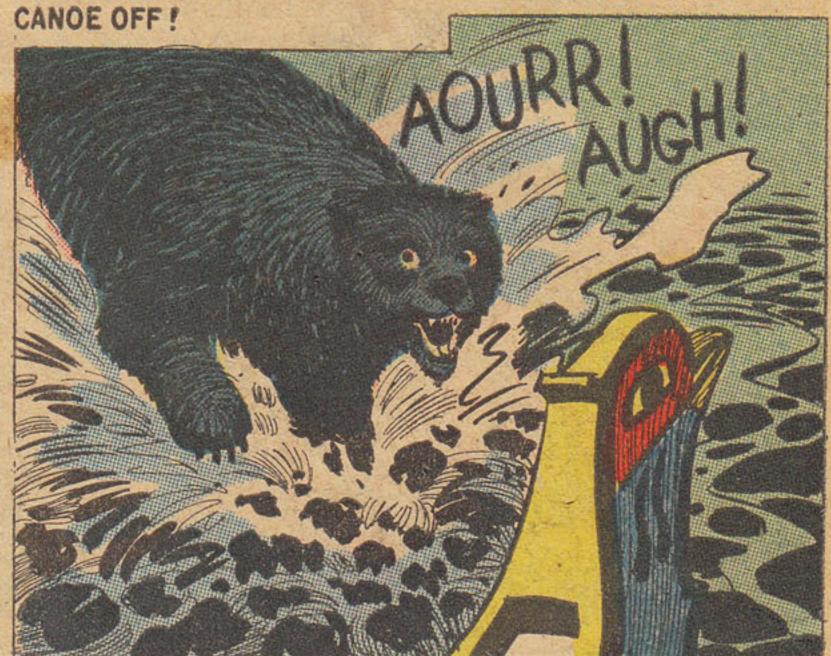


THE SHE-BEAR'S EXPLOSIVE GRUNT STARTLES SEA EAGLE! HE STARTS TO PADDLE FAST!





THE SUDDEN CHANGE OF PACE ANGERS A TOUCHY OLD BEAR!
ROARING, HE HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE STREAM TO CUT THE



YOUNG HAWK WAITS FOR A SHOT ALMOST STRAIGHT DOWN.



THE SHARP OBSIDIAN ARROWHEAD PIERCES THE THICK SKULL, BRINGING INSTANT DEATH.



BUT THE BEAST'S SPLASHING DEATH THROES, AND THE BARKING OF LITTLE TUMBLEWEED THE PUP...













CALLING ON ALL HIS GREAT SKILL, YOUNG HAWK SEEKS FOR A TINY TARGET---THE SMALL BRAIN OR SMALLER SPINAL CORD---IN HIS TWISTING, ROARING ENEMY. HE DARES NOT LOOSE ON A CHANCE---











THE WARRIORS OF OUR TRIBE USED TO KEEP A NARROW TRAIL OPEN THROUGH THE DEVIL'S-CLUB THORN THICKETS---A BACK WAY INTO OUR VILLAGE! I THINK I COULD FIND IT AGAIN, YOUNG HAWK!





THE BEARS WILL NOT ALL GO UNTIL THE SALMON STOP RUNNING--- AND THEY WILL RUN FOR MANY DAYS! BUT THE TRAIL WOULD BE A WAY, IF WE CAN FIND IT! HIDDEN TRAPS CAN BE SPRUNG! OR WE MAY SEE A HUNTER--- ONE OF YOUR PEOPLE, SEA EAGLE!



ON A SANDY BEACH BY THE BIG RIVER, THE YOUNG VOYAGERS MAKE CAMP, LEAVING OTHER PROBLEMS FOR ANOTHER DAY TO SOLVE.



A PLEDGE



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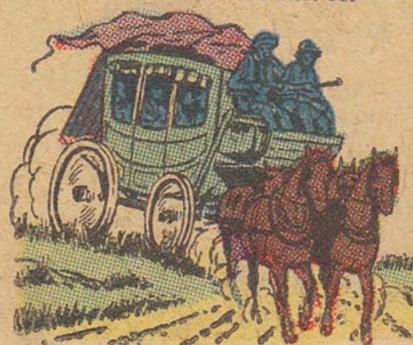
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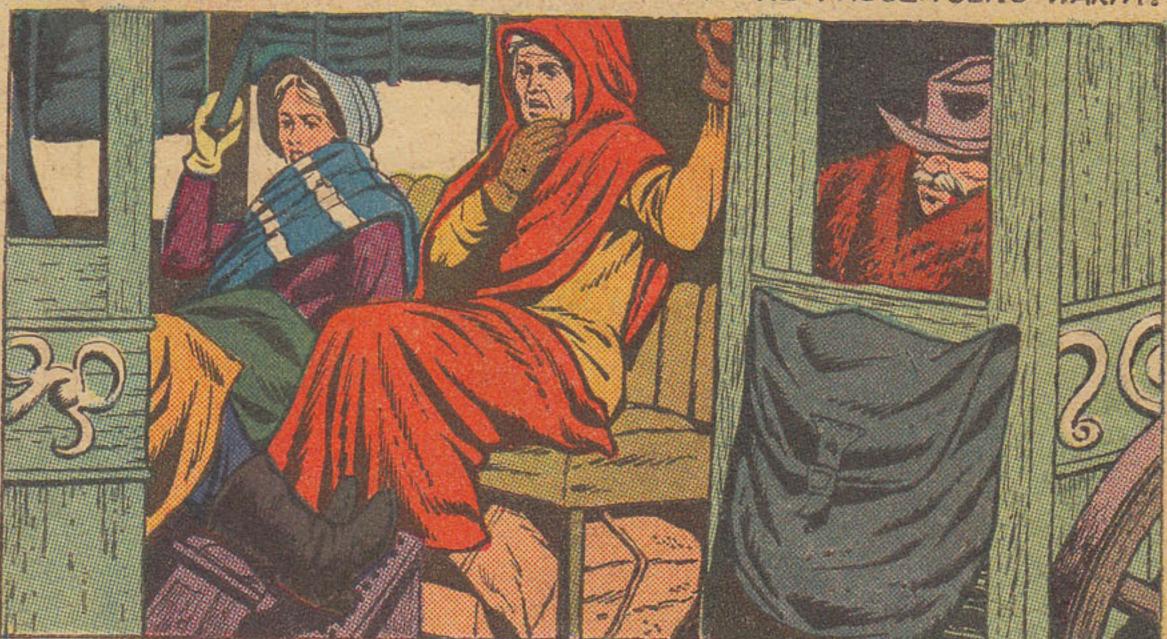
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STAGE COACH

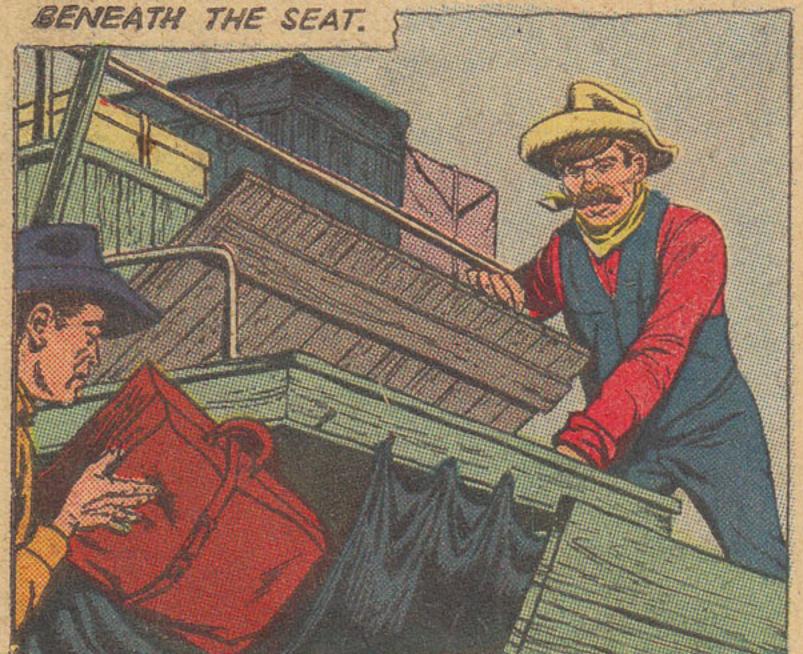
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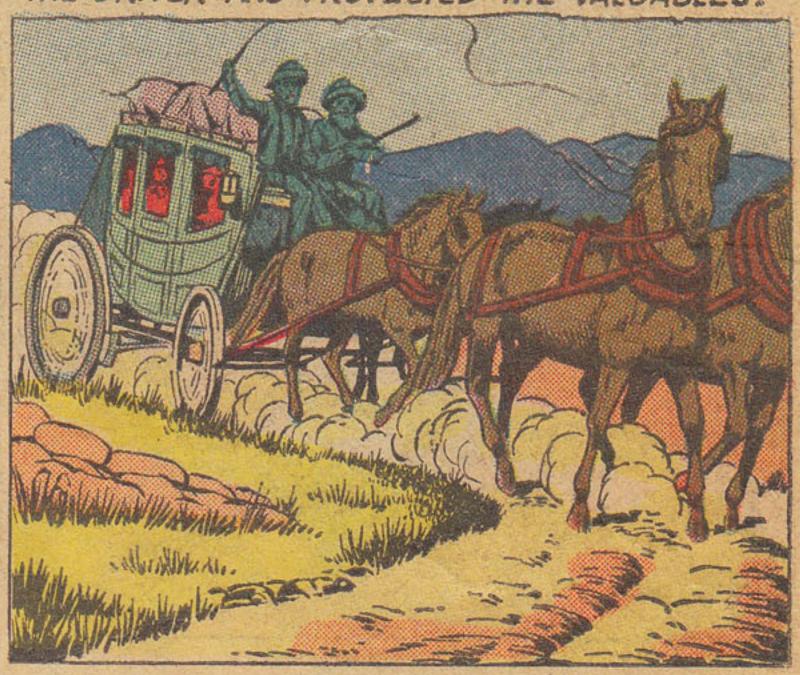
TRAVELING IN STYLE IN THE WEST MEANT RIDING IN A STAGECOACH. EACH OF THE PADDED, LEATHER SEATS STUFFED WITH HORSEHAIR HELD THREE PEOPLE. IN COLD WEATHER, BUFFALO ROBES AND METAL FOOT WARMERS HOLDING HOT COALS KEPT THE PASSENGERS WARM.



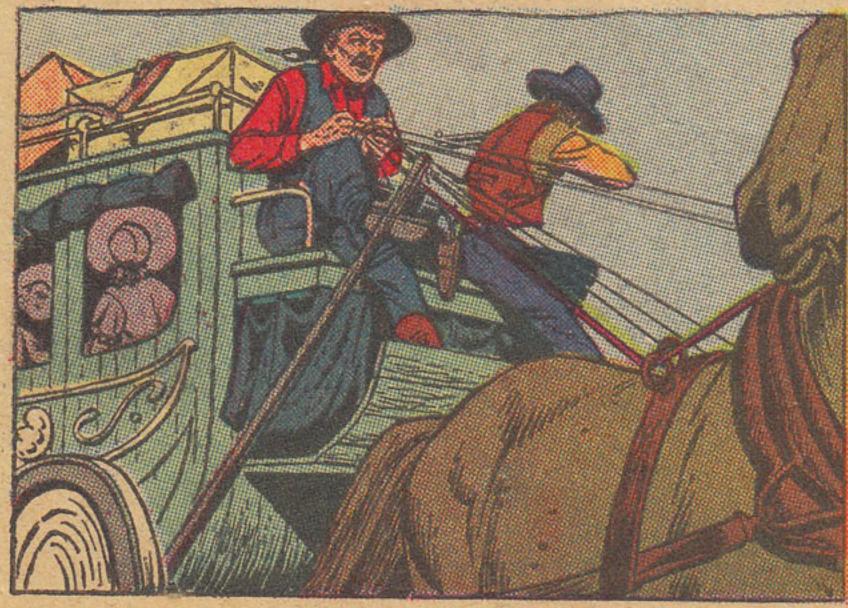
VALUABLES WERE CARRIED IN THE PADLOCKED BOX UNDER THE DRIVER. THE LID WAS HIS SEAT. LUGGAGE WAS KEPT IN THE LEATHER "BOOT"



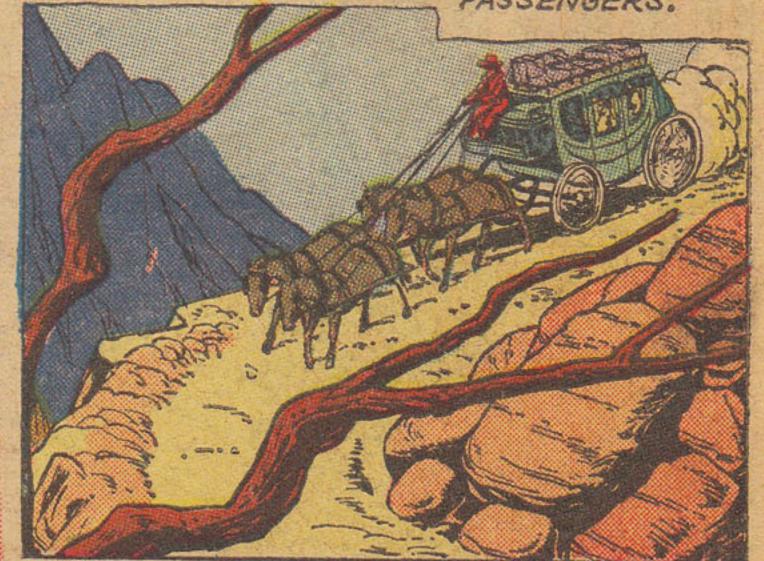
THE ARMED GUARD CARRIED TWO SIX-GUNS AND A SAWED OFF SHOTGUN. HE SAT TO THE LEFT OF THE DRIVER AND PROTECTED THE VALUABLES.



A STRONG FOOT BRAKE ON THE DRIVER'S RIGHT SIDE ENABLED HIM TO STOP QUICKLY THE FOUR, SIX OR EIGHT HORSES PULLING THE STAGE.



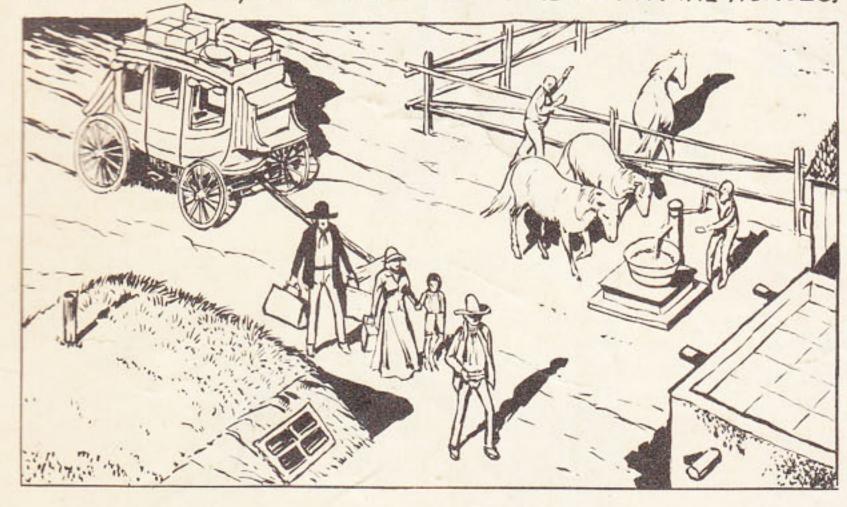
USUALLY THE STAGES COVERED THIRTY-FIVE OR FORTY MILES IN EIGHT HOURS OF TRAVEL, BUT SOME DRIVERS RACED EIGHTY MILES WITHOUT DISTURBING THE COMFORT OF THEIR PASSENGERS.



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

STAGE STATIONS

WEARY TRAVELERS BROKE THEIR JOURNEY AT STAGE STATIONS. USUALLY THE LOG OR SOD BUILDINGS INCLUDED A SLEEP HOUSE, RESTAURANT AND STABLES FOR THE HORSES.





INSTEAD OF A RELAXING HOT TUB, THERE WAS JUST ONE BASIN FOR EVERYBODY, A SOFT PIECE OF HOMEMADE SOAP, A USED TOWEL AND COMB.

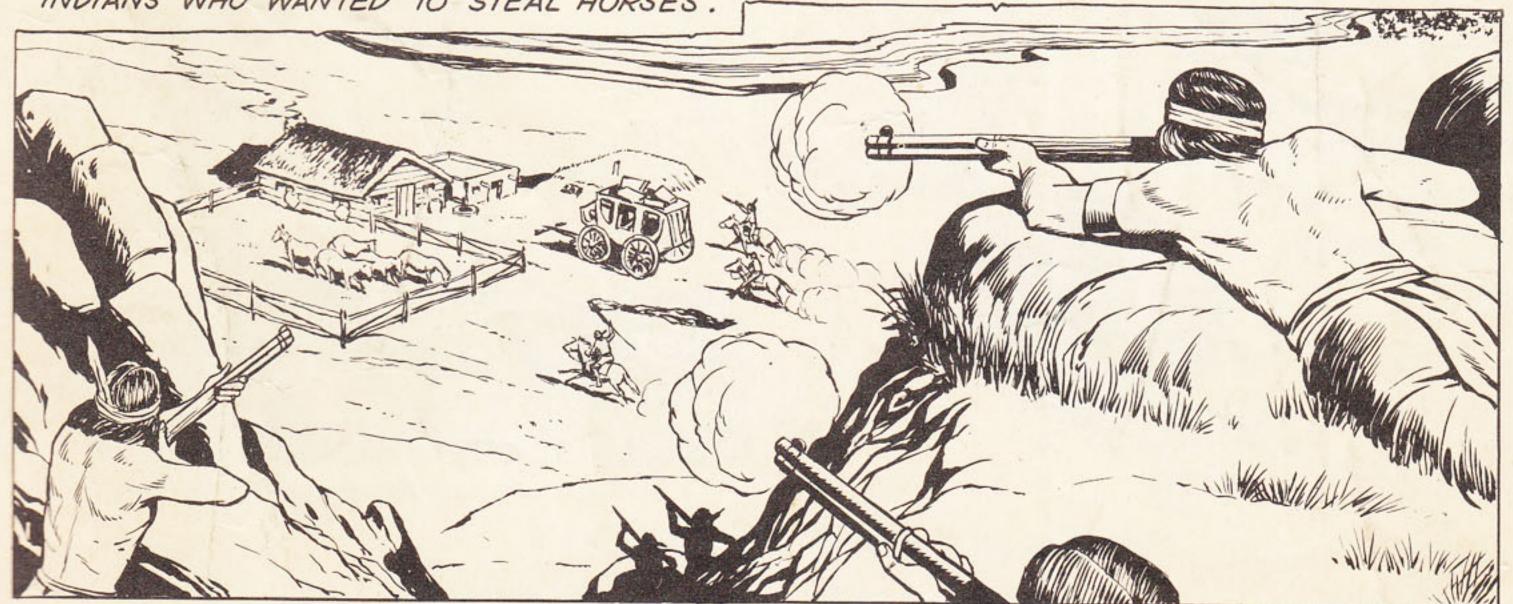
THERE WERE TWO USUAL FRONTIER MEALS -- BEEF AND BEANS OR HOG AND HOMINY. THIS COULD BE WASHED DOWN BY RAW WHISKEY.

THE BEDFRAMES HAD A WOVEN ROPE SUPPORT FOR THE GRASS-STUFFED MATTRESS. SOME DIRTY BLANK-ETS COVERED THE BEDBUGS AS WELL AS THE SLEEPING GUESTS.





MOST STAGES PREFERRED TO KEEP GOING FOR LONG STRETCHES WITHOUT A BREAK AT A STAGE STATION. ONLY IN STORMY WEATHER OR WHEN BADLY IN NEED OF REST WOULD DRIVERS PULL IN. IN ADDITION TO THEIR LACK OF COMFORT, STAGE STATIONS WERE OFTEN ATTACKED BY INDIANS WHO WANTED TO STEAL HORSES.



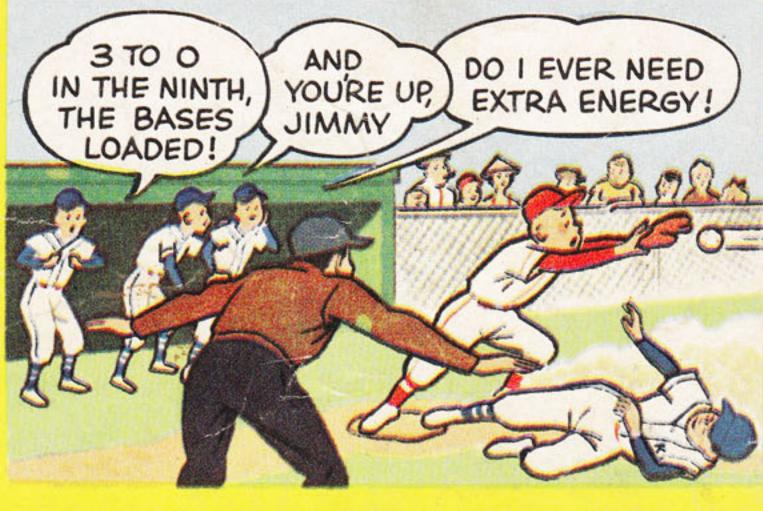
WOME RUN HERO

STARRING

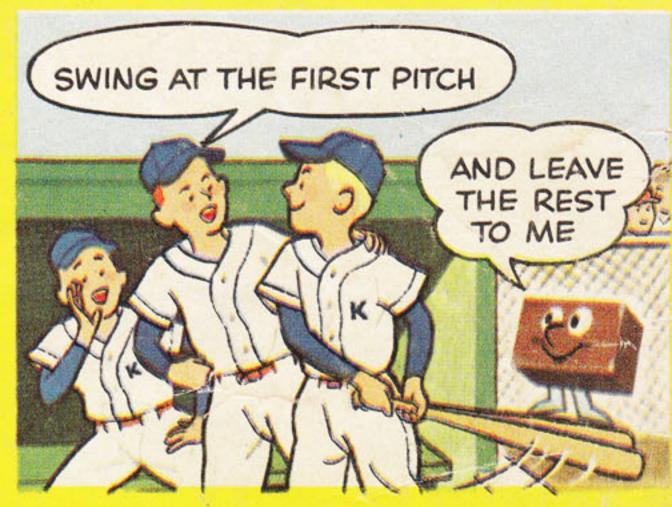
FRISKY FUDGIE

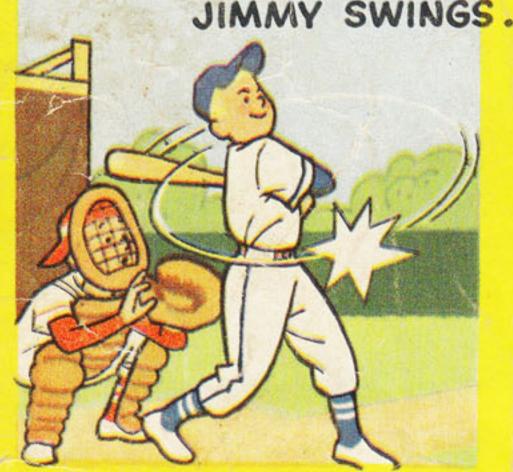
THE EXTRA ENERGY CHAMP













FRISKY FUDGIE SAYS: YOU CAN BE AN EXTRA ENERGY CHAMP TOO -JUST GIVE KRAFT FUDGIES A TRY!

Creamy smooth and bustin' with energy. Two kinds-Chocolate or Vanilla. Take your choice in bars of 6. Or ask mom to get the big bags. Fudgies are a bargain either way!



See Perry Como's Kraft Music Hall, NBC-TV, Wednesday nights

WHEN IT COMES TO CANDIES

