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THE LONE RANGER, Vol. 1, No. 11, January 1951. Published weekly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. 281 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
George F. Emery, Jr., Publisher; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Robert F. Detmold, Vice-President. Entered as second class matter
November 15, 1944 at New York Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of October 3, 1917. Subscriptions to Vol. 1, \$1.80 per year (single
issues, 15 cents), foreign subscriptions, \$1.80 per year (no foreign subscriptions outside). Copyright, 1951, 1950, 1949, by Dell
Publishing, Inc., 1948, by Western Publishing & Lithographing Co. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Printed in U.S.A. Owned
and produced by Western Publishing & Lithographing Co.

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The LONE RANGER

Published by King Features



NOT MUCH LONGER TO LIVE, IT'S MOST AT THE END OF THE TRAIL, BUT WHEN IT'S GONE THIS TOWN WILL BE SORRY.



MEANTIME, A HERMIT GLAZES OVER HIS PLANS.

THE HULL TOWN WILL BE SORRY FOR THE WAY I BEEN TREATED, AN' IT'S DAVEY WHO WILL MAKE 'EM SORRY!



DAVEY PAID FOR A LOT OF STUFF FROM THE GENERAL STORE WITH A HUNK OF BUCK GOLD COIN? IT'S GOIN' TO FIND OUT WHERE HE GOT IT?

WE'LL GO TUMMETHRU' IF THERE'S GOLD READY, I AM TUN UP SOME OF IT!

WE'LL MAKE THE RED TELL US.



YOU'RE RIGHT, TONTO, IF THAT BOY HAS RED GOLD, HE'LL DO IT TROUBLE! MEAN WHILE, EVERYTHING WHICH THEY'RE BITTEN BY THE GOLD BUG!



BUT YOU COULDN'T TRY FOR ALL THAT, DAVEY?

BUT I CAN'T FOR IT? I CAN'T TELL YOU WHERE I GOT THE OAK, THROUGH.

YOU CERTAINLY SHOULD FEEL! TURN OUT YOUR POCKETS.

BUT I PROMISED ON MY WORD OF HONOR, JEAN!



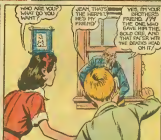
THE TO-NEPTER HEAD FOR DAVEY'S HOME.



I SEE THE BOWSMEN, TONTO, WELL BRAY THEM TO DAVEY'S HOME.









EXACTLY! I'LL LIGHT UP FOR YOU, BOON GOLD!



THAT IS IT! IT'S YOURS TO SPEND AND MAKE PROVISIONS IN TOWN! WELCOME! WHILE IT'S HERE! TAKE THEM!



LET US GO FROM OTHER PARTS NOW!

WELL, TELL US WHY YOU CAME BACK AND TELL THAT GIRL WHY WE LEFT THE GOLD AWAY! PLEASE! WE'VE BEEN HERE!



BUT WHY? WHY? LOOK AROUND! SEE THAT ROCK FORMATION ON THE CLIFF?



THAT ROCK LOOKS LIKE A BEAR'S HEAD!



TOOK! THE WAY WE TOOK FROM THAT GIRL MENTIONS A BEAR'S HEAD! SHE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT GOLD BEING UNDER IT!

MERRE GOLD AND SOME PLACE IN CLIFF!



WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND THERE BEFORE WE RETURN. COME ON, SILVER!



BUT WE CAN'T ACCEPT YOUR GOLD!

IT'S FOR DAVEY! HE'S MY FRIEND! THERE'S PLENTY MORE WARE THAT CAME FROM MORE THAN ONE TREE! TAKE THEM!

AN' NO ONE ELSE CAN TAKE IT/ IT'S GUARDED BY THE DEAD'S HEAD!



WHAT'DO YOU MEAN?

NO ONE BUT HE CAN TOUCH THAT GOLD IN THE COVE WITHOUT BEIN' KILLED! IT'S DEAD TUN ENTER THE ONE TAKIN' MY WIF UP GETTIN' SQUARE WITH THEM THAT'VE LAUGHED AT ME!



WHEN I'M DEAD THEY'LL LEARN ABOUT THE GOLD! THEY CAN ALL GO IN THE WIND, BUT THERE AIN'T ANOTHER BUT ME! THAT CAN TAKE COME GUY!



THE LONG KNIFE WALKS INTO THE WEDDIE'S DEATH TRAP —



THERE IS A TUNNEL HERE JONTO. WELI, TAKE A LOOK THERE —



PLASTY BO OW!

IT CERTAINLY IS WORTH LIVE A THEORY ABOUT THIS PLACE!

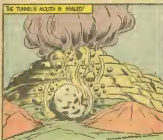
WHAT THAT?

I THINK THIS IS WHERE THE GOLD CAME FROM!



BUT HOW DO THAT YOUNG BOY GET THE GOLD? WHO WROTE THE NOTE WE TOOK FROM HIM?

THIS LOOK LIKE GOLD BEARING ROCK











I LET DAVEY HAVE GOLD ONE TUN ON TUN INTERESTED. I GAVE HIM A PAPER THAT WANTED AT WHICH THE GOLD COME FROM THE COUNTRYSIDE. NOW IN TOWN WOULD BESET EVERYBODY AN' DO ANYTHING, EVEN TUN TONKERN THE YOUNGSTER, TUN ON THE GOLD.



BIT THE LONG RANGER TOOK THE PAPER YOU GAVE DAVEY. IT'S THE LONG RANGER WHO MUST'VE SET OFF YOUR TRAP!

MY WHOLE SCHEME HAS FAILED!



WE'VE GOT TUN OUT THERE AN' RESCUE HIM!



AS THEY RIDE TO RESCUE THE LONG RANGER, THE PARTY DOESN'T KNOW THE BLUNT THEY HEARD WAS THE SECOND ONE - THE ONE THAT OPENED THE ENTRANCE!



THEY'RE NOT SEALED IN THE TUNNEL!

THAT'S THE LONG RANGER ALL RIGHT!

LOOK! WHAT HAPPENED TO THEIR HORSES!



WE HEARD THE BLUNT!

YOU'RE NOT SEALED IN THE CIRC!

HOW'D YOU ESCAPE?

YOUR PLAN WORKED ALL RIGHT! WE WERE SEALED IN, BUT WE DROPPED POWDER FROM CARTRIDGES AND TONKERS WENT TO ESCAPE.



I FOUND YOUR MESSAGE IN THE CIRC, TELLING WHY THE TRAP WAS SET TO BURY THE GREEDIER TONKERN ALIVE!

I FIGURED IT'D TAKE A LOT OF GOOD AN' SCHEM'N' TUN ON THE LOCATION OF THE GOLD HIDE.





The Lone Ranger

NO. 22, Price 10¢









TOO WEAK TO RISE, LOWE STRUGGLES
HEAVILY TO GET HIS WOUNDED FRIEND
TO WATER









MEANWHILE, ON STARVATION RIDGE...





KIDDY UP SOME, DIRT IN YOUR THOSE TREES. WE'VE GOT THE COMMANDING WORDS WE WON'T BE COED ON. THE SOLDIERS ARE AT A DIS-ADVANTAGE! THEY GOTTA KEEP THEIR PROMISE!



IT IS DARK, BRINGS TRICK BRIDGE READY TO CROSS

IF THE COM-PLIMENT SIGHTLY FOLLOW THE PLANS, THOSE SOLDIERS WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!



ALL RIGHT, YOU SOLDIERS COME ON OVER THE BRIDGE AN HAVE YOURSELVES UP!

BRASS, AIN'T THE SOLDIERS GOT TOO WEAK TO CROSS OVER!



THEN WE'LL GO AFTER 'EM. WE'LL SHOOT 'EM IN THEIR THIRDS! WE'LL SHOOT 'EM IN THEIR THIRDS! WE'LL SHOOT 'EM IN THEIR THIRDS! WE'LL SHOOT 'EM IN THEIR THIRDS!



SEE HERE, BRASS, I HOPE THE SOLDIERS DON'T ESCAPE!



YOU MEN KNOW WHAT TO DO. WE WANT THOSE GUNS UNIFORMS

YOU WORRIED IT SUCH, BRASS? NOW THE BOYS CAN FINISH THE JOB IN A HURRY AN LEAVE THE SOLDIERS THERE.

WE'LL BRING 'EM BACK









The Lone Ranger

WALTON WAGNER, INC.







"I HEARD VOICES COMIN' FROM AN OPEN WINDOW AN' KNEW, THEN, THAT MR. HIRAM WASN'T THE UPSTANTMENT MAN HE MADE OUT TO BE."



"I REALIZED THAT HIRAM WAS IN GAMBOYS WITH THE BLACK BASTARD GAMB, WHILE I WAS LOOKIN' IN THE WINDOW."



"I WAS GRABBED BY A COUPLE OF GAMBOYS."



"I WAS LOCKED UP WITHOUT A CHANCE TO TALK."



"HAD TO LEAVE TOWN OR BANG."



"MEANWHILE -- IN TOWN --"



IT WAS A SLICK IDEA TO LET DON HEADS ESCAPE. THEN HUNT HIM DOWN. NOW WE CAN SHOOT HIM ON SIGHT!

AND NOT RUSH HIM! HE TALK TOO MUCH AT A HURDER TRAIL. MURKIN SURE IS A SLICK SCHEMER.



YOUNG FELLER HATE DON HIM OVER THERE. WANT HELP YOU COME QUICK?

DON?

HEEDS HELL SHIT! LAL COUNT ON US!



HE SHOW YOU WHERE DON IS.

HE READY TO SHOOT HIM ON SIGHT?



DON BEHIND THESE.

GOOD--AND AS FOR YOU, MURKIN--



YOU'RE COVERED. DROP THOSE GUNS!

HUNT IN---



DON DOES NEED HELP. BUT NOT THE KIND YOU THOUGHT. HE HELLS HELP TO PROVE HIMSELF INNOCENT.

AND THE LONE FURY-GERL IS GONNA HELP ME. YOU HELLING?

LEAVE YOUR SCHEMES.









THE GREAT SPIRIT ANSWERS



The council fire glowed in the night. It was small for even buffalo chips had grown scarce in the great dryness. Many buffalo had fallen to the thirst and now the tribe felt that they would soon follow and leave their bones to bleach in the sands and on the rocks.

War Eagle, the great chief, was speaking to the council of elders. The braves stood respectfully beyond the circle of wan firelight.

"Our people will vanish from the earth," he said. "Our enemies, the Shawnee and the Sioux will triumph in our deaths and the wolves shall eat of us. We have tried. We have hunted and sought game for these many miles and have found nothing but corn, even eating the ground hog and badger."

After a pause which all the braves waited through to be sure that he had nothing more to say, Grey Owl, the priest, the-knower-of-all-things spoke. "O, great chief War Eagle, conqueror of the tribes, great hunter, warrior, you have done everything that a man can do. We must now turn to the Great Spirit and ask him for aid. For know that the bravest man is but a straw in the

wind of the great plains and the greatest strength but a weak support in the torrent of the great waters."

Gravely and with dignity War Eagle lowered his head in answer, for he felt that somehow he had failed.

The fires were hot and leaped high that night. Sacrifice was made of the little that was left. Dried meat and corn went into the fire as offering to the Great Spirit. Even the fuel of the fire was the last they had. But the sky remained silent and the earth gave no answer.

In the morning the smoldering embers of the council fires still glowed in the grey light. The women moved slowly for there was nothing to prepare for eating. Those who had a little corn or meat left shared it willingly with the others.

Grey Owl spoke to a brave: "It is a great sorrow upon us, Leaping Deer. The Great Spirit turns a deaf ear and we will starve. Even the buffalo and antelope that we do see are so shy that our arrows cannot kill them."

"Yes, our bows are too weak and our arrows are too dull to kill them so far

off. Their thirst makes them restless and wary. Neither can we trap them by daving them, for they are so few that there is no herd and single buffalo cannot be driven into a trap."

"If we had the gift that is denied to us," said the medicine-man, "our people could kill surely and quickly. But we cannot learn the secret of the hard yellow stone and have had to tip our arrows with stone and our axes with flint. But that is only one thing among many

our lives shall be taken for evils that our tribe must have done. There can be no other answer. We must cleanse ourselves so. . . ."

"Whoaaaaa, Whoaaaaa." A great screaming child's wail rose above the camp. Grey Owl and the brave turned toward the council fire and saw a child crawling away from the ashes, sucking on his hand. Already his mother was there, angry and fearful that he had done himself harm.

"The child is fortunate," said Grey Owl. "He can still feel pain while many of our people can no longer feel even that."

They went idly forward to the fire to see what the mother would do with the

child. After striking him several times, she knelt down and searched among the ashes.

"What are you doing there squaw?" asked Grey Owl.

"He has lost the last of our meat in the fire," she said while she clawed among the ashes burning her hands in her search for the precious meat.

Grey Owl and the brave stood there looking on feeling ashamed that a woman should have to burn herself for a scrap of meat because they could bring none to the camp.

"Aie! Aieeeeeee!" she screamed suddenly as they were about to turn away. "I have burnt myself sorely," she sobbed. "This great piece of hard rock is hot and has burned me."

To somehow show his strength and justify himself, the brave reached down and picked up the black stone in his work-hardened hand.

"Ahh, it is heavy, very heavy for a small piece of stone. . . ." he gaped in surprise, forgetting the pain he felt in his palm. "It is very hard and it. . ." He whipped out his flint knife and scraped the piece of rock. "It is the hard yellow stone. It is blackened by fire!"

Grey Owl went at once to call the chief and he ordered the braves to dig among the ashes where they found many pieces of the hard stone. "Let there be rejoicing this night and tomorrow all the braves will make arrowheads from the yellow stone and hunt. Everyone will hunt and we shall kill surely and bring meat to the camp. . . ."

That night there was great rejoicing in the tribe. Many songs and much dancing but no feasting and no sacrifice since now there was nothing left.

The worker-of-wonders arose to speak: "The Great Spirit HAS answered. He has given us that which will help us to regain our strength. The fire of his sacrifice has burned the stones and brought forth the yellow rock. Our Manitou has given us the secret of the tribes to the south and we shall triumph against them with their own weapons. Let us now give thanks. . . tomorrow we shall hunt!"



YOUNG HAWK



WITH THEIR PUP TUMBLEWEED RECOVERED, AND THEIR POUCHES FULL OF BUFFALO JERKY, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK PUSH EASTWARD --- TO FIND THE GREAT WATER YOU CANNOT LOOK ACROSS

A WEEK LATER---



LOOK, YOUNG HAWK-- RIFE RASPBERRIES!

I SEE-- BUT HAVE YOU LOOKED OUT THERE, BEYOND THE TREES?

WE'VE REACHED IT, LITTLE BUCK-- THE GREAT BLUE WATER!



I SAW IT --- BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS BLUE SKY!

AT THAT MOMENT, A PAIR OF MALLARD DUCKS COME IN FOR A LANDING ON THE OBE'S STILL SURFACE.



SHW! QUIET, TUMBLEWEED!

TWANG!

WUFF--

GOOD SHOOTING, TUMBLEWEED! FEW WARRIORS
COULD DO AS WELL...

QUACK!
QUACK!



ARRR! ROAST DUCK--
INSTEAD OF DRY
JERKY--YIPPEE!

BRING HIM IN,
TUMBLEWEED!



SWIMMING LIKE AN OTTER, TUMBLEWEED
REACHES THE BIRD



AND TURNS PROUDLY SHOREWARD

COME ON, TUMBLEWEED
-- GOOO-OOO!

UFFF!



BUT SWIFTLY FROM BELOW, A GRIM SHADOW
RISES TO MEET HIM...



RI-RI-RI-RI-
REEEEE!



WITH A SUDDEN WHORTIZED SCREAM THE
LITTLE DOG DROPS HIS BIRD, STRUGGLING
FOR HIS LIFE...

THEN HE GOES UNDER, CRAGGED DOWN BY THE
UNSEEN MONSTER...



WHAT--GOT HIM,
YOUNG HAWK?

I DON'T KNOW-- BUT IT
WON'T HAVE HIM LONG, IF
I CAN HELP IT!



YOUNG HAWK-- DON'T!
IT'LL GET YOU TOO!



KEEP FIGHTING, TUMBLE-
WEED--- I'M COMING!



HE'S GONE DOWN--AGAIN!
BUT I CAN DIVE ---



A GIANT SNAPPING TURTLE!
HE'LL KEEP HIS GRIP---
EVEN IF I CUT HIS HEAD
OFF!





IT'S THE ONLY WAY!



MY LUNGS---THEY'RE BURSTING!



ANNH! AIR! ANNH!



YOU SAVED HIM,
YOUNG HAWK!
AND YOU KILLED THE
WATER DEVIL?

YES!



A BIG TURTLE! BUT---
OH, YOUNG HAWK!
TUMBLEWEED ISN'T
BREATHING!

THERE'S TOO MUCH
WATER IN HIM! IF WE
CAN SQUEEZE IT OUT,
MAYBE THE AIR WILL
COME IN!



HE GASPED! HOLD
HIS TONGUE OUT SO
THE AIR CAN GET IN,
LITTLE SUCK! WE'LL
SAVE HIM YET---I'LL
KEEP SQUEEZING!

BREATHE, TUMBLE-
WEED! BREATHE!







YI-EE!

ENEMIES—
ON THE SHORE!



SHOOT, LITTLE BUCK—
BEFORE THEY GET OUT
OF RANGE!

I HIT
ANOTHER!



MOTHER! THE HURONS
ARE RUNNING FOR
THEIR LIVES!

—AND WE'RE SINK-
ING! PADDLE ASHORE,
RIPPLING WATER!



WAIT! THOSE TWO
AREN'T WINNEBAGO!

THEY'RE JUST
BOYS— AND
THEY'RE MAKING
THE PEACE SIGN!
COME ON, MOTHER!



WHO ARE YOU,
YOUNG WARRIORS?

WE'RE MANDANS—
FROM THE LAND
OF THE SETTING
SUN—

—AND THERE'RE
ONLY TWO OF US!



THEY WERE YOUR
ARROWS THAT DROVE
THE HURONS OFF! THEY
WOULD HAVE STOLEN US
—MADE US SLAVES!

I KNOW! BUT WE
DID NOT WANT TO
SEE YOU CAPTURED!



I AM YOUNG HAWK--AND THIS IS LITTLE SUCK! HE WANTS TO BE FRIENDS WITH THE WINNEBAGO PEOPLE!

YOU HAVE PROVED YOURSELVES FRIENDS TO OWL WOMAN AND SINGING THRU AND RIPPLING WATER!



--- AND THIS IS TUMBLEWEED! HE WANTS TO BE FRIENDS, TOO!

OH, OW! TUMBLEWEED! WHAT A FUNNY NAME!



COME ON, LITTLE SUCK-- LET'S GET SOME PINE PITCH AND BIRCH BARK TO MEND THEIR CANOE!

ALL RIGHT! I SAW PITCH PINE UP ON THE HILL!



SAY THESE GIRLS AND THEIR MOTHER CAME TO PICK BERRIES! DID YOU NOTICE ALL THE BASKETS IN THE CANOE, YOUNG HAWK?

OF COURSE-- AND DID YOU NOTICE RIPPLING WATER? SHE'S A BEAUTY!



AW! YOU'RE ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A PRETTY GIRL! I WOULDN'T KNOW OR CARE HOW SHE LOOKS!

ALL YOU CAN THINK OF IS SOMETHING TO EAT, LITTLE SUCK! WAIT TILL YOU GROW UP!



THAT IS GOOD! WHEN THE BARK IS STUCK ON, I HAVE A RASHIDE THREAD AND A NEEDLE TO SEW IT FAST!

AND THEN WE CAN HELP YOU PICK RASPBERRIES!





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