

A DELL COMIC
DELL
A DELL COMIC

10¢

APRIL

the Lone Ranger

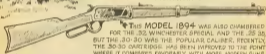
52 pages—
ALL COMICS!



The THIRTY-THIRTY CARBINE

THE COWBOY'S FAVORITE
SADDLE RIFLE

SADDLE GUNS, RIFLES CARRIED IN SCABBARDS AND TIED TO THE COWBOY'S SADDLE, WENT THROUGH A LONG CYCLE OF IMPROVEMENT UNTIL WINCHESTER BROUGHT OUT THE MODEL 1894 CARBINE. THIS GUN WAS EXACTLY SUITED TO THE COWBOY'S REQUIREMENTS. IT WAS A SHORT, COMPACT RIFLE AND CHARGED EASILY IN A SADDLE-BOOT. THE BARREL WAS ONLY TWENTY INCHES LONG AND IT WAS CHAMBERED FOR THE FAMOUS .30-30 CARTRIDGE. MANY THOUSANDS OF THESE RIFLES WERE SOLD AND ARE STILL GIVING EXCELLENT SERVICE. IT IS CLAIMED THAT THIS GUN ACCOUNTED FOR MORE BIG GAME THAN ANY RIFLE EVER INVENTED.



THIS MODEL 1894 WAS ALSO CHAMBERED FOR THE .32 WINCHESTER SPECIAL AND THE .25 S&W, BUT THE .30-30 WAS THE POPULAR CALIBER. RECENTLY THE .30-30 CARTRIDGE HAS BEEN IMPROVED TO THE POINT WHERE IT COMPARES FAVORABLY WITH MORE MODERN GUNS.

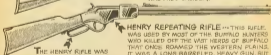
THE GUNS BELOW ARE
THE FORE RUNNERS OF
THE .30-30 CARBINE



SPENCER REPEATING CARBINE
THIS RIFLE SAW LOTS OF SERVICE
DURING THE INDIAN WARS.



SHARPS CARBINE--CALLED BY MANY
OLD-TIMERS, "THE BUFFALO SHARPS," IT
WAS A .50 CALIBER.



HENRY REPEATING RIFLE--THIS RIFLE
WAS USED BY MOST OF THE BUFFALO HUNTERS
WHO KILLED OFF THE VAST HERDS OF BUFFALO
THAT ONCE ROAMED THE WESTERN PLAINS.
IT WAS A LONG BARRELED, HEAVY GUN, BUT
WAS EXTREMELY ACCURATE AND EFFECTIVE.

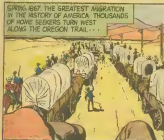
THE HENRY RIFLE WAS
ONE OF THE FIRST LEVER-
ACTION REPEATERS.

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The LONE RANGER

SPRING 1867. THE GREATEST MIGRATION IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICA. THOUSANDS OF HOME SEEKERS TURN WEST ALONG THE OREGON TRAIL . . .



HEY, PA - WHAT'S THAT? TELEGRAPH.



SOME FOLKS CALL IT CREIGHTON'S LIGHTNING LINE. IT'S A WIRE THAT TALKS.



GOLLY, PA, HOW CAN A WIRE TALK?

I DUNNO, SON, YOU'D BETTER ASK THAT FELLA YOUR SISTER SHEILA KNOWS.







WOMENS!! AND THEY'VE
PULLED DOWN THE
TELEGRAPH!



QUICK! WARN THE
WAGONS. I'LL USE
MY PORTABLE KEY
TO GET A MESSAGE
THROUGH!



BUT-
YOU!
THEY'LL
KILL
YOU!

HURRY, SHEILA! WARN THE
WAGON TRAIN! I'LL TRY TO
GET A MESSAGE THROUGH
TO THE
FORT!



USE YOUR GUN,
TONTD!

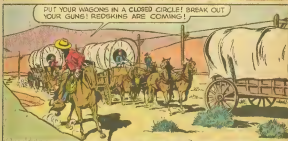


UGH!



GOLLY! FIRST-- INDIANS, NOW A WASHED
OUTLAW! I'M REALLY IN TROUBLE!







THIS CAN'T BE TRUE
WHY SHOULD A MASKED
OUTLAW BE HELPING
ME?



I THINK WE'VE BEATEN THEM,
TOM. NOW TO SPEAK TO
THAT BOY AT THE
TELEGRAPH POLE.



THERE'S A MILLION OF THEM!
WE CAN'T HOLD OUT!



IF HE'D DO MORE SHOOTIN' AND
LESS YELLIN'-- WE'D STAND A
BETTER CHANCE. LOAD ANOTHER
RIFLE, JEFF.



SURE, DAD-- I'LL--









THE TELEGRAPH MESSAGE GOT THROUGH, TONTO. THE SOLDIERS ARRIVED JUST IN TIME!

UGH!



SHEILA! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

PRINT!



I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT, "BULL" HOW'D THEM TROOPERS KNOW WHAT WAS GOIN' ON AND GET HERE SO QUICK?

I DONNO, LUD, BUT I'M SURE GONNA FIND OUT!



WE MADE IT! WE'LL LAY OVER HERE A FEW DAYS TO REST AND REPAIR OUR WAGONS

THANK HEVEN, JEFF IS WELL AGAIN!

TONTO'S THE BEST DOCTOR IN THE WORLD, HON!



THE BOYS RIGHT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YEH, INJUN, FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

THAT ALL RIGHT, GLAD TO HELP LITTLE FELLER, WE GONNA



YOU MEAN TO FIND THE MASKED MAN? WHERE IS HE?

NOT KNOW, BUT ME FIND-UM, PRINT, GIT-UM UP SCOUT!



YOU KNOW, TOMTO AND THAT MASKED MAN LOOK LIKE OUTLAWS, BUT DON'T ACT THAT WAY.

THEY CERTAINLY HELPED US TO GET TO THE FORT!



WE CAN GET AWAY NOW, LID, WITHOUT BEIN' SEEN. GOTTA RIDE NORTH AND FIND CHIEF BLACK KETTLE!

YEAH.



HO, SCOUT! WAGON TRAIN SAFE AT FORT.

SAFE FOR A WHILE, TOMTO, BUT CHIEF BLACK KETTLE IS ON THE WARPATH!



WHAT MAKE YOU THINK SIOUX RAID NOT ACCIDENT?



THERE WERE TOO MANY BRIVES FOR A ROVING WAR PARTY ALSO, I'M SURE I SAW A RILE DRIVER THERE NAMED "BULL" SLATER.

HIM CROOK?

YES! RIDE BACK TO FORT COTTONWOOD SEE IF YOU CAN FIND "BULL" SLATER.



IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL LOOK FOR SIGNS OF THE SIOUX CAMP.

UGH GITUM UP SCOUT!



SAY "BULL", WHT TWT CHIEF BLACK KETTLE?

YEAH, AND WE'VE GOT A LOT OF EXPLAININ' TO DO!



MEANTHILE, MILES TO THE NORTH - -





MEANWHILE ...

DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT 'BULL' SLATER OR LUCY CRAG?

UGH—THEY LEAVE WAGON TRAIN THREE DAYS AGO.



IS THE TRAIN STILL AT FORT COTTON WOOD?

NO—IT LEAVE THIS MORNING, HEAD THIS WAY NOW. ME RIDE WITH TELEGRAPH FELLOW, LEAVE HIM AT BITTER CREEK.



THAT'S STRANGE, THE LINE BETWEEN HERE AND THE FORT SEEMS DEAD. I'D BETTER-----



LATER, AS THE LONE BAKER AND TONTO INVESTIGATE ...

THIS IS BITTER CREEK STATION. WE'LL TELL PRINT ABOUT "BULL" SLATER. UGH!



KEMO SABAY—LOOK!







WHAT WE DO, KEMO SABAY?

FIND THE BREAK IN THE TELEGRAPH LINE. GET WORD TO FORT COTTONWOOD. COME ON, SABAY!



HOW YOU MAKE WIRE TALK? YOU NOT HAVE KEY LIKE TELEGRAPH FELLER

I DON'T KNOW TONTO, BUT I'M GOING TO TRY.



YOU PUSH WIRE IN GROUND, WE NOT ISKVVY?

I THINK I CAN COMPLETE THE BROKEN CIRCUIT THIS WAY.



BY GROUNDING ONE END AND TAPPING THESE TWO ENDS TOGETHER. MAYBE I CAN GET A SIGNAL THROUGH.



IN FORT COTTONWOOD.

GOLLY! IT'S A REAL TELEGRAPH MESSAGE COMING THROUGH. I WONDER IF I CAN FIGURE IT OUT!



THAT MAKE-UM WIRE TALK, KEMO SABAY?

I DON'T KNOW, TONTO. I HOPE IT'S GETTING THROUGH. THAT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CAN BRING HELP TO THE FORT.



GOLLY, THIS IS IMPORTANT. BLACK KETTLES ON THE WARPATH!





THE ONLY WAY WE CAN WIN THEM IS WITH GUNFIRE AND MAKING TARGETS OF OURSELVES. IT'S A LONG CHANCE!



ONCE WE'RE THROUGH THE CANYON UP AHEAD, WE'RE MIGHTY NEAR BITTER CREEK.

AND THEN WE'LL SEE PRINT.



SEE YOUR GUNS AND RIDE FOR ALL YOU'RE WORTH, TONTO! COME ON, SILVER!

GET 'EM UP, SCOUT!



LOOK! SOMEBODY RIDIN' DOWN THE OTHER END!

IT'S THE MAN ED HOMBRE! TELL YOUR BRIDES TO PICK 'EM OFF, CHIEF.



MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT, TONTO!

UGH!



KEEP FIRIN', TONTO!





The LONE RANGER







PING



WHOA, SILVER! HE MUST BE NEARBY! HE COULDN'T DISAPPEAR INTO THE AIR!



STRANGE! THERE ISN'T A SIGN OF--





OH-H-H!!



YUM DRILLED ME IN MY
GUN-ARM! ALL RIGHT--
GO AHEAD AND FINISH
THE JOB!

WHO
ARE
YOU?



AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW?
I'M A CROCKER--CHAD
CROCKER!

WHY WERE YOU
TRYING TO KILL
ME?



I DID WHAT EVERY
SHEEPMAN WOULD!
I TRIED TO KILL THE
GHOST'S HEAD!

GHOST?
WHO'S THAT?



I THINK YOU'D BETTER
COME WITH ME--AND
WE'LL BOTH ANSWER
SOME QUESTIONS!



THIS IS CHAD
CROCKER--HE
DID HIS BEST
TO KILL ME!

NEXT TIME--
I WON'T MISS!
YOU CAN BET
ON THAT,
MISTER
GHOST!



HE'S STAMPEDED OUR FLOCKS...



HE BURNED OUR BARN AND CORRALS...



THEY HATE US SHEEP MEN! IF YOU'RE NOT THE GHOST, HE HAS TO BE--



WE'LL WORK TOGETHER TILL WE FIND THE ANSWER, CHAD!

IT DON'T MAKE SENSE. SCHEMIN' WITH ONE MASKED MAN TO CATCH ANOTHER, BUT I'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY

GOOD! SO HOME, YOU'LL HEAR FROM HE LATER



EARLY NEXT MORNING--

YOU TWO RIDE TO TOKAW. TALK TO PEOPLE-- ASK QUESTIONS

WHAT YOU DO, KEMO SABAY?



I'LL TRY TO DISCOVER HOW THE GHOST VANISHED INTO THIN AIR LAST NIGHT. COME ON, SILVER!



THIS IS WHERE HE DISAPPEARED THE ANSWER TO IT CAN'T BE FAR AWAY



FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR, THE LOPE RANGER PUSHES HIS WAY ALONG A HALF-HIDDEN TRAIL---



-- SUDDENLY, HE BREAKS THROUGH A WALL OF TANGLED VINES



I'VE HEARD OF CASTLES IN SPAIN, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST I'VE SEEN IN SKELETON CANYON!



MEANWHILE, NEAR-BY IN TOKAW.

THIS LOOKS LIKE GOOD CATTLE COUNTRY.

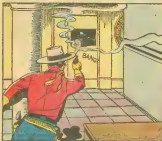
USED TO BE BEFORE THEM SHEEPHERDERS BEGAN KILLIN'.

WHAT YOU MEAN?



YOU TWO MUST BE STRANGERS IN THESE PARTS. EVER HEAR OF THE GHOST?





IT'S A LONG STORY YEARS
AGO SPANISH SOLDIERS
EXPLORED THIS COUNTRY



ONE WAS NAMED LOPEZ.
HE BUILT A CASTLE UP
IN THE CANYON.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE ANSWER
IS NOW, BUT I'LL BE BACK TO
FIND OUT. COME ON, SILVER!



THE CATTLEMAN CONTINUES HIS STORY:

WHAT HAS AN OLD
CASTLE TO DO
WITH YOU MEN
AND THE SHEEP-
RAISERS?

I'LL TELL
YUH.



THAT CASTLE WAS IN THE LOPEZ
FAMILY FOR NINE GENERA-
TIONS. THEY EVEN CHARGED
A TOLL TO TRAVELERS ---



THEN ARIZONA BECAME UNITED -
STATES TERRITORY. LOPEZ HIRED
GUN-SLINGERS - TRIED TO FIGHT
THE ARMY --



THE OLD SPANIARD WAS KILLED, HIS ONLY
SON WAS ARRESTED AND SENT TO JAIL,
AND THE CASTLE WAS DESERTED. ---





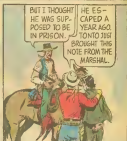












THE SACRIFICE OF LITTLE TREE

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Sitting his lean, blue-roan horse in the shadow of a great rock, Little Tree, the Navajo boy, watched his twenty sheep. They were the last that remained after a hard winter.

"We can't afford to lose one," he confided to Apie, his small, prick-eared dog. "Our sheep mean food and clothes for our family. My father has said that we must guard them with our lives—"

He broke off with a gasp, as a whirlwind of ponies and yelling riders swept around the rock that rose up like a giant's castle from the desert. APACHES! They cut between Little Tree and his flock. He turned Blue Boy—too late!

The Apache leader—a big man on a rawboned mount—struck him like a thunderbolt. At the impact of the tall horse's shoulder, Blue Boy went down. Little Tree was flung clear. He landed on his back—hard—and skudded. His head bumped a stone and lights seemed to explode in his brain. Apie, barking in wild excitement at the heels of the sheep, was the next nuisance the Apaches had to deal with. A blunt arrow (why risk a sharp one on a dog?) hit him with a solid thud. Pain lanced through his small body as he rolled over and over in the mud. An Apache laugh answered his agonized yelping.

When Little Tree's senses began to return, he felt nothing at first but a

pounding headache. Then the damp caress of a dog's tongue brought him back to the world of sorry reality. Apie barked with joy.

The raiders had gone—and all the sheep! Even Blue Boy! Little Tree clasped his aching head. His fourteen-year-old shoulders shook with dry sobs. Apie whined in doggish sympathy. On three legs he hopped close to his master, snuffing to find the new hurt.

"We cannot go home, now, Apie," the boy groaned. "My father entrusted us with his sheep and we have failed him! We cannot return to the hogan with nothing but two more mouths to feed!"

Fiercely, Little Tree shook the tears from his face, and sprang to his feet.

"We will go back into the hills!" he cried. "Back to the empty cliff-houses of the Old People. Perhaps we shall find enough piñon nuts to keep alive, or we may become ghosts before green grass comes... But we won't be a burden to our people!"

It was a hard decision for any youngster to make—and a sacrificial one. But it was better that a boy and a dog should starve if need be, than that they should eat the food the others needed to live.

Determinedly, Little Tree trudged through the wet February snow patches and up the muddy slopes, toward the



hills that divided his people's land from the hunting grounds of the Apaches. Sometimes he climbed rocky ledges on all fours. Sometimes Apie, limping on three legs, had to be helped up. At last, two hours from sunset, they reached the Upper Canyon, where the Anosazi, the Old People once had their dwellings. And then it began to rain!

It was a cold rain that quickly soaked through Little Tree's worn buckskins. It ended all hopes of looking for piñon nuts before dark. But the great hollow in the canyon's wall, where the cliff-houses were built, would be dry shelter.

Little Tree hurried to the spot where shallow holes chiseled long ago in the rock gave holds for his hands and feet. First he took off his shirt and slung small Apie onto his back, like a possee. Then he climbed.

The bare ledge under the cliff's overhang was a weirdly silent place. A carpet of fine dust absorbed every natural sound. . . but Little Tree was too chilled and wet to be nervous. He began searching the half ruined, roofless houses for sticks of firewood.

Suddenly Apie, beside him, growled.

A thin clatter of sounds rose from the canyon below. Little Tree looked over the top of a roofless wall, and gasped at what he saw. It was the Apache raiding party with his father's sheep. The riders had dismounted, and were building a small brush corral. They were going to camp!

As the boy watched, his enemies finished another corral for their horses. Then they started to climb to the cliff dwelling, the way he had come. When they found him and Apie, it would be the end of both!

The Apache leader was already on the ledge, with a leather sack in his hand, when Little Tree's stone landed—**KLUNK!**—beside him. He yelled and jumped. The next building block hit glancingly—knocked him down. Scrambling to his feet, he ran to the edge, yelling that the ghosts of the Old People were trying to kill him. Desperately—as more rocks landed close, he scrambled down to the canyon after his companions.

There was a clatter of hoofs—a few fading yells, and silence settled once more among the canyon's shadows.

Apie's eager nose was sniffing at the rawhide bag before Little Tree reached it. . . the bag that the Apache leader had dropped. The boy thrust in a hand, and pulled out—**ROAST MUTTON!** The supper that the raiders would never eat!

But that was not all. Glancing over the cliff as he and Apie stuffed themselves with savory meat, Little Tree saw Blue Boy waiting with the corralled sheep. Turning back, he noticed something more: one of his hurled building blocks had cracked a circular stone lid in the smooth rock of the ledge. An old grain-pit, hidden by the dry dust of years.

Little Tree pushed the broken lid aside. He reached down an exploring hand. Corn! Old corn, but edible—the pit was nearly full of it! Enough for several families to winter on!

Tears of joy welled into Little Tree's eyes.

"Now," he confided to Apie's understanding ear, "we can go back to my father's hogan **WITHOUT SHAME!**"

YOUNG HAWK



NO? I'M NOT HOME SICK YET! BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE THE PAGES OF OUR COUSINS AND OUR UNCLE AND OUR PARENTS WHICH WE TELL THEM WHERE WE'VE BEEN!



FROM THE MANDAN COUNTRY, THROUGH THE SIOUX AND THE HURONS--- TO THE GREAT SWEET WATER, WHERE THE 'AM COMES OUT OF THE WAVES---



--- WHERE WE WERE HELD DOWN BY THE WINNEBAGO, AND FOUGHT THE HURON RAIDERS --- AND RAN AWAY BECAUSE THEY WANTED TO ADOPT US INTO THE 'TRIBE'! THEN, WHEN THAT COLGAR JUMPED US, AND WE ATE HIS FLESH FOR A WHOLE WEEK!

LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

THERE'S SOMETHING BETTER THAN COLGAR MEAT! AND THE SUN'S IN HIS EYES!



SENSING VAGUELY THE APPROACH OF THE CARVE, THE BUCK LIFTS HIS HEAD! BUT THE WIND IS AWAY FROM HIM AND THE SUN IN HIS EYES IS AS GOOD AS A BLINDFOLD.



TUMBLEWEEDS--- DON'T BARK!



IN AN ADORNED WHISPER, LITTLE BUCK WARNS HIS IMPRESSIBLE DOP...

FARRY! FA-
FA-FARRY!



IT'S A YOUNG ONE --- AND TENDER! I'LL DRAG HIM ABOARD AND WE'LL CAMP RIGHT HERE, LITTLE DUCK!



AN HOUR LATER...

HAD WE BETTER SMOKE THE BEST OF THE MEAT, YOUNG HAWK?

TODD DANCE POW! SOME HUNTER WOULD BE SURE TO SMELL OUR FIRE --- AND HE MIGHT BE AN ENEMY WE'LL HUNT AND FISH AS WE GO!



WOU DO SHE IS --- CONVINER?

WHY NOT? THE WINNEBAGO BOYS A LE GENS THAT IF YOU FOLLOW DOWN THE RIVERS TO THE SOUTH, YOU WILL COME AT LAST TO A GREAT SALT WATER --- AND BEYOND THAT THE WORLD ENDS! THAT WOULD BE SOMETHING TO TELL ABOUT, WOULDN'T IT?

THE NEXT DAY THE BOYS AND TUMBLEWEED MANY MILES DOWN THE WISCONSIN RIVER --- BUT KEEPING A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR POSSIBLE ENEMIES



READY TO SHORE --- QUICK, YOUNG HAWK! CANOE! AHEAD OF US!

NON MARY, LITTLE BACK! CIGGERS, I MEAN!

TWO- WAS ALLI --- SEE? THEY WERE FISHING, I THINK! FOUR PEOPLE --- LOOSED LIKE HER!





WE'RE LEAVING A
MARK IN THE MUD
OF THE BANK!

NOBODY WILL SEE IT---
UNLESS THOSE SANDS
COME UPSTREAM!



THEY'LL STAY THERE
MOST OF THE AFTERNOON!
WHAT'LL WE DO, YOUNG
WARRIOR? THOSE FISHER-
MEN LOOK LIKE
SUCKS!

JUST WAIT! WE'LL GO
BACK TO OUR CANOE!



A RABBITON---
LOOK!



HE RAN TOWARD THE CLIFF---
UNDER THE BUSHES BEFORE
I COULD SHOOT!

HE MAY HAVE A
GUN IN THERE!



THERE IT IS---ALMOST
IN SIGHT OF OUR
CANOE!

IT LOOKS LIKE A DEEP
CAVE! LET'S GET
THOSE PINE TORCHES
OUT OF OUR SANDS
AND LOOK INSIDE!



FOUFFY! WE'LL NEVER
FIND THAT RABBITON
IN HERE---IT'S
TOO BIG!

I'D LIKE TO SEE HOW BIG
COME ON!

IT'S GETTING DARKER!
I MUST GO ON FOR
MILES, AND MILES!

LET'S GO BACK, YOUNG
HAWK! OUR VOICES
ARE LOST IN HERE---
AND I'VE GOT ONLY
TWO TORCHES LEFT!



LOOK! THERE ARE
TWO PASSAGES!
WHICH ONE IS THE
WAY WE CAME?

THE RIGHT ONE!



BUT HOW CAN YOU TELL
WHICH ONE, YOUNG
HAWK? THIS PASSAGE
LOOKS JUST LIKE THE
OTHER ONE TO ME!

I MADE A SMOKE MARK
WITH MY TORCH, HERE---
YOU SEE? YOU'LL FIND
OTHERS IF YOU LOOK CLOSE!
AND TUMBLEWEED CAN
FOLLOW HIS NOSE!



OH, THAT!

THERE'S THE ENTRANCE
HOLE, BUT---WHAT'S GOT
INTO TUMBLEWEED? HE
WOULDN'T BE SHOWING
AT THE SORT OF THAT
RACCOON!

WHATEVER
HE SMELLS
MUST BE OUT-
SIDE! MAYBE
THOSE SIOUX
WE SAW
FISHING!



IT'S THE SIOUX---ALL
FOUR OF THEM---AND
THEY'RE TAKING OUR
WARDEN! HOW CAN WE
STOP THEM?

QUICK---LIGHT YOUR
LAST TORCH FROM
MINE, LITTLE BIRD!



NOW, LAY YOUR TORCH
DOWN, AND LOOSE A
SLURRY ARROW---
AT THAT SIOUX FELLOW'S
HEAD!









SUDDENLY ANGRY, SHE YANKS AT THE LITTLE BROT AND TEARS IT...



A FISHBONE LOOSED IN A CUB'S JAWS BRINGS A SMALL OF PAIN.





THE OLD BEAR WHIRLS AT THE ALIEN SOUND---AND A TREACHEROUS BREEZE BRINGS THE SCENT OF THE BOYS.



WITH THE SPEED AND POWER OF A BUFFALO, THE BRUTE CHARGES THE HUMAN BOY.



A TREE---

SO TIME-RIVER'S OUR ONE CHANCE!

GARRH! GARRR!



YOUNG HAWK! SHE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME--

JUMP! INTO THE RIV---

TIP!



OW-OOPH!

GRRRPH!



NOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! I WON'T FEEL SAFE TILL WE'VE GOT THE RIVER BETWEEN US AND HER!

HALF WAY WILL DO!

ARROW



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