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# the Lone Ranger

52 pages — ALL COMICS!



# The Cowboy's SADDLE



FOR THE PAST HUNDRED YEARS, THE BASIC DESIGN OF THE COWBOY'S SADDLE HAS REMAINED UNCHANGED. IT HAS BEEN REFINED AND IMPROVED SO THAT IT WOULD BE MORE COMFORTABLE FOR BOTH HORSE AND RIDER, BUT IT STILL HAS THE SAME OLD HORN, CANTLE SEAT, AND STIRRUPS. IT IS ONE OF THE COWBOY'S MOST USEFUL PIECES OF EQUIPMENT.



**MEXICAN SADDLE OF 100 YEARS AGO**

THIS WAS MADE OF HARDWOOD WITH NO COVERING, WITH EXTRA LARGE HORN, AND RIGGING SET FAR FORWARD. STIRRUPS WERE CRUDELLY CARVED FROM A BLOCK OF WOOD.



**THE OLD A-FORK**

POPULAR ALL OVER THE WEST FOR MANY YEARS, IT HAD A HIGH STRAIGHT CANTLE. THE HORN WAS SMALL AND SLOPING.



**EARLY TEXAS RIG**

THIS SADDLE HAD A COVERED TREE AND A LARGE FLAT HORN. USUALLY DOUBLE-RIGGED, THE SKIRTS WERE LARGE AND SQUARE.



**MODERN BRONC SADDLE**

THIS IS A GOOD PRACTICAL RIDG FOR ANY WORK BUT WAS DEVELOPED MAINLY FOR THE BRONC RIDERS AND HORSE BREAKERS. IT HAS A MEDIUM-HIGH CANTLE AND A WIDE CUT UNDERFORK TO PROTECT THE RIDER. THE STIRRUP LEATHERS ARE MADE SO THEY SWING FAR FORWARD.

*Fancy stuff!  
Real cantle  
Bovary designed.*

*Rings  
on  
stirrups.*



**MODERN ROPING SADDLE**

THIS SADDLE SERVES A SPECIAL PURPOSE. IT WAS DEVELOPED BY THE RODEO SCOPERS. THE LOW FORK SETS WELL DOWN ON THE HORSE'S WITHERS AND THE CANTLE IS LOW AND ALMOST FLAT, WHICH ENABLES THE RIDER TO DISMOUNT QUICKLY WHEN ROPING AGAINST TIME.

*Made  
heavy  
strong.*

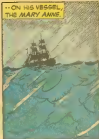
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# The LONE RANGER

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IT ISN'T TRUE! GALLY DOESN'T GAMBLE... AND NO SOUTH AMERICAN CITY WOULD HOLD AN AMERICAN CITIZEN! IT'S DAWSON'S SCHEME TO GET MONEY FROM ME!



OBARSON, I'M GOING TO VISIT STINGAREE'S PLACE ON THE BARBARY COAST!

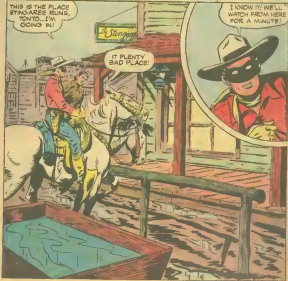


IN THE NAME OF GOODNESS --- DON'T GO THERE! I KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO STRANGERS WHO GO TO STINGAREE'S!

THIS IS THE PLACE STINGAREE RUNS, TENDO... I'M GOING IN!

IT PLENTY BAD PLACE!

I KNOW IT! WE'LL WATCH FROM HERE FOR A MINUTE!













IN THE DARKNESS, TONTO IS UNNOTICED...



ME GO, TOO!

AHOY, THE MARY ANNE! WE'RE COMIN' ABOARD TO GET THE LONE RANGER!

AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN! I'LL LOWER THE LADDER!!



WE'LL GET THE LURKER! WE'LL SWING HIM FROM THE YARDARM!



WHERE'S THE GEARSON GIRL?

BELOW DECK! TWO MEN ARE WATCHING HER, CAPTAIN DAWSON!



YOU SURE THE LONE RANGER GOT HERE?



WHILE STINGARE'S MEN SEARCH THE DECK FOR THE LONG RANGER...



THE LONG RANGER AND TONTO PREPARE TO GO BELOW!



THIS OLD HAT WILL HAVE TO DO TILL WE GET TO SHORE, TONTO!

MASK ALL YOU NEED!

MISS OSBORN IS SOMEWHERE ON BOARD! MAYBE WE CAN FIND HER WHILE SHARK AND STINGARE'S LOOK FOR US ON DECK!



SOMEONE COME DOWN!

WE'LL DUCK IN HERE!



I'LL ASK THE GUARDS IF THEY SEEN ANYTHING OF THE LONG RANGER!

GOOD IDEA, SHARK!





MEANWHILE, JUST OUTSIDE THE CABIN...



...THE LONE RANGER AND TONTE USE TACTICS THAT ARE SILENT AND EFFECTIVE!

















READY, TONED-  
ONE... TWO---

WE'VE LOOK ALL OVER THE  
DECK! YOU AN' ME WEE GO  
BELOW!

ALL RIGHT,  
STOWAEE!



LOOKING  
FOR US?

YOU!



HERE'S CLOTH TO  
TIE AND DAG 'EM!



JUST A FEW OF THEM  
LEFT NOW! WE'RE READY  
FOR THE LAST MOVE!



HANG IT, THIS  
IS FOUR OF OUR  
FALS WE'VE FOUND  
TIED UP! THAT  
LOVE RANGERS  
TOO ACTIVE!

WHERE  
IS  
SHARK  
DANSON?

HE WENT  
BELOW  
TO SEE  
THAT  
THE LOVE  
RANGER  
DIDN'T  
PUSCLE  
THE GIRL!







# The **LONE RANGER**

**WANTED!**  
THUNDER MARTIN  
WEIGHT 7' - 800 LBS.  
HEIGHT 5' 4"  
Look of Colours  
REWARD!











--AND IF YOU'LL HELP WITH MY SCHEME, I'LL HAVE THE EVIDENCE YOU WANT!

I'D DO A LOT TO GET THUNDER AN' HIS GANG!



BUT, SHERIFF, IF IT IS THE LONE RANGER'S IDEA-- I DON'T LIKE IT!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIKE IT, PEEWEE! COME ON!



BUT, SHERIFF, I NEVER DONE A DOGGONED THING!

WE'LL TALK ABOUT THAT AT YER TRIAL!



I'LL CUFF YOU TOGETHER FER SAFE KEEPIN'!

AND IF MARTIN MAKES A MOVE---

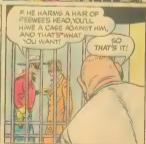
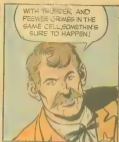


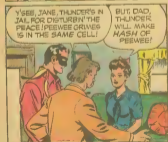
PLEASE, THUNDER-- DON'T GET SORE AT ME!

MEH! SHARIN' SPACE WITH PEEWEE CRIMES! BAH!



IT'S MOREN I CAN STAND! I'M GETTIN' RID OF YOU--FAST!

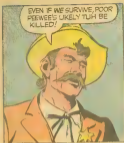
















BUT HE KNOWS OUR HIDE-OUT NOW!

CAN'T HELP IT! CUT HIM LOOSE... THEN WE'LL TAKE CARE O' HIM!



HURRY AN' GIT ME LOOSE FROM PEEWEE!

I DOUBT IF THIS FILE WILL CUT THAT STEEL!



NEWSPAPERS FILM 'EM OFF... I'LL USE THIS!



THIS IS THE HORSE THEY RODE... BUT WHERE ARE THEY?

THUNDER'S HIDE-OUT MUST BE NEAR BY!



THUNDER'LL NEVER LET PEEWEE LIVE TO TELL WHERE THE HIDE-OUT IS!

BUT THUNDER HAD TO GO THERE TO GET RID OF THE HANDCUFFS!



THAT OUGHTA DO IT!



THUNDER HAD TO JOIN HIS GANG TO GET RID O' THE HANDCUFFS! WE FOLLOWED HIM HERE!



PEEWEE, THROUGH YOU, WE GOT EVIDENCE TO HANG THE HULL GANG! ALL THE REWARDS ARE YOURS!



YES, SURE, MISS JANE... THIS HULL SPREAD IS MINE! THANKS TO THE LONG RANGER!!



MARTIN, HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE SENTENCE?

YOU BET I HAVE! I WAS TRICKED!



NO JAIL CN HOLD ME! I'LL GIT LOOSE AN' GIT REVENGE...



— STARTIN' NOW!









# THE RESCUE OF LITTLE CROW



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Little Crow's bony elbows jerked back and forth across his ribs. His knobby knees pumped like pistons. His breath was whistling through his teeth—but he was gaining—overtaking the fat bully, Moose Mouth, who had told him to stay out of the race. He couldn't win—but he'd show up Moose Mouth, who was always making fun of him! In another second—

He was almost abreast, when the bigger boy thrust out an arm. Caught in the chest, Little Crow staggered, off balance. That put him behind. Gritting his teeth, he ran harder than ever. His knobby knees pumped higher. . . faster.

Two little boys on the sidelines jeered. One of them had a grapevine tied to a stick. He threw it into Little Crow's path.

Little Crow went face down in the dust, fighting the entangling vine. He was still fighting it blindly, when the teen age crowd rounded the goal post and came tearing back. Hard, bare heels knocked the smaller boy flat again. Mocking laughter filled his ears.

"Little Crow has got no nest. . . Little Crow is just a pest!"

The Indian wards didn't sound that way, but they meant the same. They hit harder than the calloused heels of his tormentors. They knocked more than the wind out of the small boy lying in the dust. For some minutes he simply lay there. Then, slowly, he crawled to the shelter of the nearest bushes.

"Little Crow—little pest. . . Go and

find yourself a nest. Ya-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!"

Lunging to his feet, the boy started running through the woods—aimlessly, desperately, anywhere to get beyond hearing of that jeering laughter. Half blinded by tears, he failed to see the fallen tree ahead, or the tall warrior who sat upon it. He pitched headlong over it, and lay there, shaken with sobs.

His first hint of the tall warrior's presence was the touch of strong hands lifting him. He tried to squirm out of them, fearing a blow or a painful twist. Then, somehow, he found himself sitting beside the big man on the log.

"I heard what the boys back there were shouting," said a deep musical voice. "Why do they call you 'Little Crow Without a Nest'?"

"Because—" Little Crow found himself replying, "because I have no wig-wam where I am welcome! My father was killed, many moons ago. . . Broken Axe has married my mother, and he makes me sleep outside. And the other boys make fun of me—because I have nobody to take my part."

"I see," said the deep voiced warrior. "Look at me, Little Crow."

Telling his trouble had steadied the boy somewhat. And the strong, handsome face that he gazed up into steadied him much more. But it took a little time for the warrior's words to sink in.

"From now on," the tall stranger said, "you will have me to stand up for you. My name is Walking Tree. I shall be happy to have a Little Crow perch

on my shoulder—even though I can offer him no 'nest'!"

The small boy caught his breath in wonder. "Walking Tree" was the name of the great Shawnee chief, whose word was law in a score of Western villages. It was said that he seldom slept in his own wigwam, but traveled constantly, visiting lesser chiefs, keeping the tribes at peace with the White Men. "Walking Tree" was a name to make the wildest young braves pay attention! And Walking Tree had promised to stand up for HIM!

So it was that the young tormentors of Little Crow saw him riding into their village on the shoulder of the Great Chief. They ran to tell the news.

That was the beginning of a long and wonderful friendship; for in their journeys from tribe to tribe, Walking Tree taught Little Crow what the son of a chief should know. He learned to make his own bows and arrows, chipping the heads from flint on an obsidian. He learned to kill a running deer at fifty paces—to stand for hours without moving a muscle—to run uphill and down for ten miles. More important still, he learned to trust himself.

His great friend, Walking Tree saw to that.

"Look danger in the eye," he told the boy, "and one day you will prove yourself a man."



The test came when Little Crow was fourteen. Hard muscles had filled out his frame. He could drive an arrow clean through a buck deer. If anything, he was too confident.

Coming back to camp one evening with a string of fish, he saw the bear that had put his friend up a tree. It was a female with a cub, and she had caught the Chief with no weapon but his knife.

Silently he laid down his fish and laid an arrow on his bowstring. Its "TWANG" was echoed by a roar of pain. Then, like a black thunderbolt the old bear charged him. There was no time to find a tree.

"Your axe!" the Chief shouted as he leaped to the ground. "Strike when she rises!"

The huge, black form of fury rose to her haunches, reaching for Little Crow. He knew he was looking Death in the eye. With his bow's tip he fainted—then swung the stone axe, straight down on that awful head!

An instant later he was looking down at a dead bear, limp and shapeless. And Walking Tree's hand was pressing his shoulder.

"Now you are a man, my son!" the Chief was saying.

"Because of what you taught me, my Chief!" replied Little Crow.





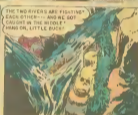
# YOUNG HAWK

YOUNG HAWK? LOOK! IS THIS THE GREAT SALT WATER?

IT LOOKS MORE LIKE ANOTHER BIG RIVER, LITTLE BUCK!

AFTER LOSING THEIR CANOE TO AN ENJOINED SHE-BLAZ, BOONIE MARK AND LITTLE BUCK FIND THEMSELVES DRIFTING INTO THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI.

Color Screen 11.





RUMBLE...UMBLE...UMBLE...GUMBLE!



A COPPERY LIGHT FLOODS THE PRAIRIE... ABOVE IT, A FUNNEL-SHAPED CLOUD IS FULL OF LIGHTNING, GROWING SIGHTLY NEARER, BLACKER...

AND BELOW IT MOVES ALIVING CARPET, OVERLAIN WITH DUST... A BUFFALO STAMPEDE, HEADING FOR THE RIVER...



TORNADO!  
HEAD FOR SHORE!

GOODBY! WE'LL NEVER  
MAKE IT!



"WE HAVE A CHANCE!" THE  
TWISTER MAY SLOW UP...OR  
BREAK WHEN IT HITS THE RIVER!  
IF WE MAKE SHORE, WE CAN  
HIDE UNDER THE BANK,  
PERHAPS?



ALL AT ONCE THE HOWLING, FUNNEL-SHAPED "CLOUD" IS ABOVE THE FRANTIC BOAT! ITS LOWER END LENGTHENS... DIPS DOWN LIKE A STRIKING DRAG... ..



WITH A MIGHTY SUCTION, IT SCOOPS UP A NUMBER OF THE HALF-TON BEASTS AS IF THEY WERE FEATHER-LIGHT...





AN HOUR LATER, THE RIVER ROLLS ALONG UNDER A CLOUDLESS SKY --- AND REMOY OF THE THUNDER'S FURY IS LIKE RECALLING A BAD DREAM .



DAY FOLLOWS LAST DAY . FOR FOOD, ALL THAT IS NEEDED IS A BAITED HOOK DROPPED OVER THE SIDE .



GOT HIM --- A BIG ONE!

SO DID I! LOOK, LITTLE BUCK!

YAY!  
YAY!

SAND ON THE FLOOR MAKES A FINE PLACE TO BUILD A COZY FIRE! WE COULDN'T DO THIS IN OUR BIRCHBARK CANOE!

IT'S A LOT SAFER THAN BOYS ASHORE EVERY TIME TO EAT --- AND MAYBE GETTIN' CAUGHT BY UNFRIENDLY HAWKS!



BUT THAT NIGHT AT DARK ANOTHER CANOE RACES OUT TO MEET THEM OFF!

CANOE HEADING FOR US? PADDLE, LITTLE BUCK!

YAY!

THEY'RE BARKING FOR US, YOUNG HAWK! WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT THEM OFF!

NOT YET! THERE'S A BANK OF FOG LYING ALONG THE FURTHER BANK --- WE CAN LOSE THEM THERE!



SEEING THE BOYS ARE LIKELY TO ESCAPE, THE ORCH-ASHAN IN THE FRONT OF THE CANOE DRAWS HIS BOW



THE ARROW GLANCES THROUGH THE SKIN AND FLESH ABOVE YOUNG HAWK'S RIBS .

WE MADE IT, LITTLE RACE--- THIS PART



... THEN THE BOYS ENTER THE FOG BANK--- WITH YOUNG HAWK NEVER MISSING A STROKE DESPITE HIS WOUND

YOUNG HAWK! YOU'RE WOUNDED---

BRAWNY! THEY'LL FOLLOW BY SOUND, TOO! I'M ALL RIGHT!



ZIG-ZAGGING, YOUNG HAWK HEADS IN GENERAL UPSTREAM, AND CLOSER TO THE OPPOSITE SHORE! THE FIRST BLANKETS THE FAINT SOUND OF THE CANOE'S PIPPLING WAKE



PUSH IN FARTHER, YOUNG HAWK! THERE'S A SPACE BEHIND THESE BUSHES!



UNEXPECTEDLY, THEY REACH THE RIVER'S BANK - OVERGROWN WITH VINES AND BRUSH



**MOMENTS LATER, THE ENEMY BOAT "GHOSTS" PAST, AS SILENT AS THE SHROUDING MIST . . .**



**AS DARKNESS FALLS, THE BOYS LEAVE THEIR LEAFY REEF. PADDLING SILENTLY IN THE SHADOW OF THE BANK, THEY CREEP DOWNSTREAM . . .**









A SUDDEN, DRY WHIRRING STRIKES YOUNG HAWK'S EAR... HE TURNS HIS HEAD... A DEADLY RATTLESNAKE IS POISED FOR A KILL!



NO! IT! IT! MISSES— OR WOUNDED THE SNAKE— HE WOULD STINGE YOU!

WH-LEEN!

AT THE SOUND OF HUMAN VOICES, THE WILD TURKEYS SCAMPER



NOW YOU ARE MAKING FOR ANDREA!

YES... AT MY BOY!



WITH A LIGHTNING MOVEMENT THE REPTILE STRIKES...



LOOK OUT, YOUNG HAWK!

AND ALMOST AS SWIFTLY, YOUNG HAWK GRABS ITS TAIL.



WITH A WHIPPING ACTION, HE SLAPS THE VIPER'S NECK...



YOUNG NARR AND LITTLE BUCK ARE GLAD THAT WE CAME IN TIME! WE HAVE COME FAR FROM FRIENDS AND HOME! WE ARE HAWDANG!



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