


JUNE 10¢

the Lone Ranger



52 pages —
ALL COMICS!



CHAPS ARE NOT JUST A PICTURESQUE PART OF THE COWBOY'S GARB, THEY ARE A MOST NECESSARY PART OF HIS EQUIPMENT. THOSE MADE OF LEATHER PROTECT THE RIDER WHEN HE IS HAZING CATTLE OUT OF THE BRUSH. MANY PARTS OF TEXAS

AND THE SOUTHWEST ARE COVERED WITH SCRUB OAK, MESQUITE, PRICKLY PEAR, CHAPARRAL AND OTHER GROWTHS AS TALL AS A MAN IN A SADDLE. THE RIDER SHOWN ABOVE IS WEARING A PAIR OF "BAY WINDS." THEY ARE USUALLY MADE OF BULL HIDE.

ANGORA OR HAIR CHAPS

HAIR CHAPS ARE USUALLY MADE OF ANGORA GOATSKINS WHICH HAVE LONG SILKY HAIR. EITHER BLACK OR WHITE. THE QUILTERS USED TO MAKE THEM OF BUFFALO OR BEARSKIN. THEY ARE WORN BY COWBOYS IN THE NORTHERN STATES AS A PROTECTION IN THE WINTER.



SHOTGUN OR STOVEPIPE CHAPS

THE SHOTGUN CHAPS ARE LACED DOWN THE SIDES AND USUALLY HAVE A ROW OF SILVER OR NICKEL CONCHOS WITH LONG LEATHER FRINGE ON THE SEAMS. THEY ARE MADE OF TOUGH LEATHER AND WERE MOST POPULAR ABOUT 20 YEARS AGO. MANY ARE STILL IN USE.

ARMITAS OR CHINKS

ARMITAS WERE ORIGINALLY WORN BY CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA COWBOYS BUT IN RECENT YEARS HAVE BEEN SEEN IN RODEO ARENAS ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES. THEY ARE MADE OF PLIABLE LIGHT-WEIGHT LEATHER AND CUT LIKE A BLACKSMITH'S APRON. THEY ARE SHORT, AND FRINGED ALL AROUND.



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CHANGES OF ADDRESS: should reach us five weeks before change of the next issue date. Give both year old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

The **LONE RANGER**

IN A LITTLE TOWN NEAR THE RIO GRANDE...

TELL THE GANO I WANT YUH SEE 'EM RIGHT AWAY, CHITO!

SURE!



CHITO SAYS THE GANO WANTS TO SEE US... SHALL WE GO?

SURE... WHY NOT?





'CAUSE THE SHERIFF
OVER THERE IS ONE
GENT THESE TOWNER
KIDS WOULD LIKE TO
MEET!



WHO
IS
HE?



A GUY
NAMED
BLANE!

BLANE!
HE'S THE
DIRTY
LAW-DOG
WHO KILLED
OUR DAD!



AT THE LONG RANGERS CAMP...

RIDE TO THE COUNTY SEAT
DAN, AND PICK UP
THE MAIL!

SURE!



YOU WON'T BE BACK TILL
AFTER DARK... SO BE
CAREFUL!

COME ON,
VECTOR!



WHILE IN A NEAR-
BY TOWN, THE HOOK
AND HIS DAD
PREPARE TO RIDE
TO SANTOZ...



DOC, DO YOU THINK THIS BANK JOB IN SANTOZ IS GOIN' TO BE RISKY?

I DON'T KNOW, KIP, I—



SHUT UP, KIP! I'LL DO THE TALKIN'! YOU AND YOUR BROTHER WANTED A SHOT AT THE SHERIFF IN SANTOZ! I'M GIVIN' IT TO YUH! LET'S GO!



IN SANTOZ...

SOMEBODY TIF YUH OFF, SAM!

NO! NOT FOR SURE! BUT IF THE HOOK AND HIS GANG SHOW UP—WE'LL BE READY FOR 'EM!



THINK THE HOOK WILL TRY TO KNOCK OFF THE BANK?

IF HE DOES, HELL WALK INTO A HALL OF LEAD!





A HALF-HOUR LATER AT SANTOZ...









WHOA, VICTOR!

HIT THE DIRT, KID! I'M TAKIN' YOUR HORSE! GOT TO FIND A DOCTOR!



IF YOU'RE HURT, YOU DON'T NEED THAT GUN TO STEAL MY HORSE! I'LL TAKE YOU WHEREVER YOU WANT TO GO!



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LETTIN' YOURSELF IN FOR! HEAD SOUTH... OVER THE RIDGE!



WHOA! WHOA, VICTOR!



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, KID? WHO'S THIS KID?

I'M ALL RIGHT, JUST A SCRATCH! WHERE'S BILL AND DOC?









MEANWHILE—

THE BANK ROBBERS—DID YOU CATCH THEM, DAD?

ONLY ONE—AND HE WAS DEAD! BUT WE'RE FOLLOWING A CRITTER WITH A BLACK MASK!



HE'S COMING AROUND NOW!

LIGH!



WHERE AM I?

DON'T WORRY, KIP. YOU'RE WITH FRIENDS!



IT'S A GOOD THING I FELL IN WITH YOU OUTLAWS! I'VE GOT A JOB OF KILLING TO DO!

YOU MEAN SAM BLANE, THE SHERIFF?



HOW DO YOU KNOW?

YOU'VE HAD A HIGH FEVER— DONE A LOT OF TALKING! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A WALK, KIP, AND THINK IT OVER!



LET'S DRIVE TO BIG BILLYF. I'LL WAIT FOR YOU THERE, DAD!

WHATEVER YOU SAY! CHOOBY!



EXCUSE ME, MISS!
I DIDN'T KNOW
THERE WAS ANY-
BODY ELSE--

HELLO!
WHAT'S
YOUR
NAME?



KIP TOWER!
DON'T MIND
ME... I'M JUST
WANDERIN'
AROUND!

I ENVY
YOU! YOU
SEE, THE
REASON
I'M SITTING
HERE IS--
I CAN'T
WALK!



WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, YOU
CAN'T WALK?

AN ACCIDENT IN
EL PASO A FEW
YEARS AGO!



TELL ME
ABOUT IT!



ONE DAY, MOTHER AND I WERE
WALKING DOWN MAIN STREET--

---SUDDENLY WE HEARD GUNFIRE AND
SAW MEN RUSHING FROM A BANK---



---BULLETS FLEW EVERYWHERE...
MOTHER WAS KILLED INSTANTLY!
I WAS WOUNDED IN THE BACK...



I HAVEN'T
BEEN
ABLE TO
WALK
SINCE!

THAT'S
AWFUL!
BUT
WHAT'S
YOUR
FATHER'S
NAME?



SAM BLANE!
NOW, TELL
ME ABOUT
YOURSELF!

NOTHIN'
TO TELL!
I'M JUST A
GUY WHO'S
SWORN TO
KILL A GUY'S
FATHER!



WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, KIP?
WHO HAVE
YOU SWORN
TO KILL?

THE FATHER
OF THE FINEST
GIRL I'VE EVER
KNOWN!



READY TO
RIDE HOME,
MARTHA?

YES, DAD... BUT
HERE'S SOMEONE
I WANT YOU
TO MEET!











Shoot

AND I'M THE ONE WHO KILLED HIM!

THEN IT WAS YOU WHO KILLED HIM...



SURE I GUNNED HIM-- THE SAME WAY I'LL...



LOOK!

PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

IT'S THE OWL-HOOT!



THREE TO ONE AIN'T BAD ODDS! CUT 'EM DOWN!



THE HOOK AND HIS GANG
ARE NO MATCH FOR THE
LONE RANGER'S GUNS



Shucks And Darn It



The LONE RANGER

AT THE CIRCLE DOT RANCH.

LOOK AT 'EM, BOYS! ALL DRESSED UP IN FANCY CLOTHES!

THAT'S *MY* BUSINESS!



YUH MIGHT BE GOIN' COURTIN' MAYBE TO SEE THAT CORY GIRL DOWN BY CLEAR CREEK.

MAYBE.



IF I WANT TO CALL ON MISS CORY, THAT'S *MY* BUSINESS.



SURE - BUT HER PAPA A WEEZER AND YOUR DAD DOESN'T LIKE IT ANY BETTER THAN I DO!



MEANWHILE-

WHOA, VICTOR!

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, DAN?

WE EXPECTED YOU SOONER, DAN. WHAT HELD YOU UP?

THERE'S A FIRE DOWN BY CLEAR CREEK 1600 P.M. PED TO MICH IT.

FIRE - WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

SOME COWBOYS FROM THE CIRCLE DOT RANCH ARE BURNING FARMERS' CABINS THEY CALL THEM 'NESTERS'. WHAT ARE THEY?

THE BIG RANCHERS RESENT FARMERS HOMESTEADING ON THE OPEN RANGE. THEY CALL IT 'NESTING'!

HERE, SILVER, SCOOT!

MEANWHILE, AT CIRCLE DOT RANCH

YOU'RE THE LAND AGENT HERE, PALMER. I TELL YOU, I WON'T HAVE THOSE GOD-BUSTERS NESTIN' ON MY RANCH!

BUT, MR. NOBLE, I --

DON'T GET SO EXCITED, DAD

HELLO, TOMMY I WAS TELLIN' 'VC. I'M RINNING THE FARMERS OFF MY LAND, OR--

AND I WAS TELLING YOUR FATHER THEY'VE A LEGAL RIGHT ANYWHERE



CASSIDY, THE FOREMAN, SAID YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, DAD.

I'M RIDIN' TO TOWN, BUT FIRST I WANT TO KNOW IF THERE'S ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMOR ABOUT YOU COURTIN' A NESTER'S DAUGHTER NAMED PEGGY?



AT CLEAR CREEK.

BURNT OUT AGAIN WE HAVIN' A CHANCE AGAINST ARMED COWPUNCHERS!

DON'T WORRY, JEB. PEGGY AND I'LL HELP YOU REBUILD.



THEN YOU DON'T DENY IT? TO THINK THAT YOU WOULD TAKE UP WITH A NESTER GIRL...

THAT ISN'T PEGGY'S FAULT, DAD. YOU'LL LIKE HER.



THAT MAY BE, BUT I DON'T LIKE NESTERS!



WAIT AND SEE. I'LL BRING HER HERE SOMEDAY.



GIDDAP!

YOU SHOULDN'T RIDE YOUR FATHER THAT WAY, TOMMY.

HE'LL GET OVER IT.



WHOA, BOY! HI, PEGGY!

HELLO, TOMMY. I'M AWFULLY GLAD YOU CAME OVER TODAY.



WHY-ANY-
THING
WRONG?

SOME OF YOUR
FATHER'S MEN
BURNT ANOTHER
FARMER'S CABIN.



DAD'S AN
OLD CATTLE-
MAN WHO
THINKS THIS
LAND'S ONLY
FOR LONG-
HORNS.

ISN'T OUR
WHEAT
FIELD
PROOF
THAT THE
WEST IS
MADE
FOR
EVERYONE?



THERE'S NO WAY
WE CAN HELP
THE FARMERS
THE CATTLEMEN
HAVE 'EM OUT-
NUMBERED

MAYBE
WE CAN
FIND A
WAY.
COME ON
SILVER



YOU'RE RIGHT, PEGGY
WE'LL HAVE TO CON-
VINCE OUR FATHERS
THIS COUNTRY IS
BIG ENOUGH FOR
BOTH FARMERS
AND CATTLEMEN.

IF WE CAN
GET THEM
TO TALK
IT OVER,
CALMLY,
THEN ABOUT
HARVEST
TIME --



HARVEST? YOU
MEAN ROUND-
UP, DON'T
YOU?

WHOEVER
HEARD OF
FARMERS
HAVING A
ROUNDUP
WE CALL IT
HARVEST.



MEANWHILE - IN COTTONWOOD
CANYON --

AND ON A NEAR-BY TRAIL...

HO, SCOUT!

DID YOU HEAR THAT? A RIFLE SHOT!

MIGHT BE A HUNTER, BUT WE'LL FIND 'EM OUT!



IT'S CHRIS NOBLE, THIS IS OWNER OF THE CIRCLE DOT RANCH!

STRANGE. ONLY A SQUIRREL RIFLE MAKES A WOUND LIKE THAT!



AFTER WE'RE MARRIED, YOU'LL LEARN--

WAIT, TOMMY, HERE COME SOME OF YOUR RANCHERS



YOUR DAD'S BEEN KILLED. A RED-SKIN AND A BOY BROUGHT HIM IN.

HE WAS SHOT WITH A SQUIRREL RIFLE, LIKE THE NESTERS CARRY!



IT'S TOUGH, TOMMY WE THOUGHT A LOT OF THE BOSS

BUT WHO WOULD WANT TO KILL MY DAD?

THAT'S AN EASY ONE TO ANSWER



WHAT'S THAT?

HE'S SAYIN' WHAT WE ALL THINK, KID. IT WAS A NESTER'S BULLET THAT KILLED YOUR DAD.



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. HE WAS KILLED BY A SQUIRREL RIFLE, AND NESTERS ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO CARRY 'EM. WE'LL BURN OUT EVERY NESTER ON OUR RANGE!

GOOD!

EARLY NEXT MORNING...

I'M HERE TO TELL YOU TO GET OFF CIRCLE DOT RANGE BY TOMORROW OR WE'LL BURN YOU OUT!

TOMMY, YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT. WE DIDN'T KILL YOUR FATHER

I'M NOT SO SURE WHERE'S YOUR PA NOW, PEGGY?

HE - I DON'T KNOW HE DIDN'T COME HOME LAST NIGHT.

I THOUGHT SO. GET OFF MY LAND -- NESTER!

WE'RE STAYING RIGHT HERE, COWBOY!

THERE'S A CINE NEAR HERE. I'M SURE SOMEONE'S HIDING THERE.

LEAD THE WAY, DAN. WE'LL SOON FIND OUT.

NOW YOUR DAD'S GONE. WE DON'T KNOW WHICH NESTER BURNED YOUR DAD. SO WE'LL BURN 'EM ALL OUT.





LAWMEN, EH? JES TOLD ME THERE WAS A POSSE ON MY TRAIL!

WE'RE NOT LAW- MEN - AND WE'RE CERTAINLY NOT A POSSE.



YOU'RE LIT'N' AND I'M GONNA--



I'LL WALK AHEAD, TOM. WHEN YOU GET MY SIGNAL, MOVE FAST.

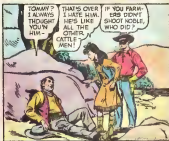
UGH



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO-- NOW-TOMTO!

UGH!







THE COMPUNCHERS SAY THEY'RE GONNA BURN US ALL OUT. ALL OF YOU GET YOUR RIFLES AND WHEN THEY GET HERE, WE'LL ASSIST 'EM WITH LEAD!



THIS AIN'T RIGHT. IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO BREAK INTO A PRIVATE OFFICE.

THE LAW'S RIGHT HERE WITH ME, AREN'T YOU, SHERIFF?



THIS AIN'T LEGAL. BREAKIN' IN THE LAND AGENT'S OFFICE THIS WAY!

NEITHER ARE MOST OF THESE PAPERS I WORKED WHERE PALMER IS NOW.



TOLD ME HE WAS RIDIN' OUT TO THE CIRCLE DOT, BUT ---

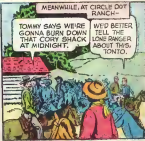
GOOD! THAT'S WHERE WE'RE RIDING-- COME ON!



MEANWHILE, AT CIRCLE DOT RANCH--

TOMMY SAYS WE'RE GONNA BURN DOWN THAT CORY SHACK AT MIDNIGHT.

WE'D BETTER TELL THE LONE RANGER ABOUT THIS, TONTO.



WE'RE READY FOR THOSE
CIRCLE DOT SKUNKS ANYTIME
THEY COME.



PEGGY YOU
STAY BELOW
WINDOW
LEVEL WHEN
THE SHOOTIN'
STARTS.

WHOA!
WHAT
TH--

FRIENDS
OF MINE,
WHAT DID
YOU FIND
OUT, DAN?

THE COW-
MEN ARE
BURNING
THE CORY
FARM AT
MIDNIGHT



IF YOU THINK
YOU CAN
STOP 'EM,
YOU'RE
LOOD!



WE
CAN
TRY
COME
ON,
SILVER.

I'M NOT GOING WITH
YOU TONIGHT, BOYS.
DO IT WITHOUT
ME.

SURE,
WE'LL
TAKE
CARE OF
IT.



WE'LL HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE
CORY SHACK. WHEN THAT'S BURNED
THERE WON'T BE A NESTER LEFT!



IF NESTERS MURDERED
MY DAD, THEY OBLIGED
TO BE BURNED OUT - EVEN
IF PEGGY IS ONE OF 'EM





NOBODY CAN STOP A BARREL O' COW-PUNCHERS ON THE RANGE!

YOUNG NOBLE CAN - IF WE REACH HIM IN TIME!



WHAT IN - BARNED WHO ARE YOU?



NEVER MIND THAT. I KNOW YOU'RE YOUNG NOBLE. LOOK AT THESE PAPERS.

WHAT KIND OF PAPERS?



THEY ARE ONLY FARM MORTGAGES. I'M NOT INTERESTED IN NEGERS.

THEY ALL EXPIRE TOMORROW. PALMER LENT THE FARMERS MONEY, THEN PROVOKED YOU RANCHERS INTO DRIVING THEM OFF. SO HE'D HAVE THE LAND!



IF THAT'S TRUE, IT WASTEFUL! A NESTER WHO KILLED DAD, WE'VE GOT TO STOP THE COW-PUNCHERS!

I'LL HELP YOU.

THEY'LL LIKELY RIDE UP IN A BUNCH. WAIT'LL THEY'RE CLOSE, THEN LET 'EM HAVE IT!

DON'T WORRY, SAM. THOSE PINCHERS'LL WISH THEY HADN'T TRIED TUH BURN US DOWN.



DAD, DO YOU THINK TOMMY WILL BE WITH THEM?

I HOPE SO. IF YOU AINT PLUM LOOO, YOU'LL FIGURE THE SAME.



HOW MUCH FARTHER TO THE CORY SHACK?

JUST OVER THE HILL.



WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE FIRST IF THE BOYS START SHOOTING, IT'LL BE TOO LATE!

COME ON, SILVER!



THERE IT IS! COME ON, BOYS!

NO! NO - STOP!

FASTER, SILVER!





STOP! HOLD YOUR FIRE!

DROP THOSE TORCHES!



GIVE IT TO 'EM, BOYS.

DAD! THERE'S TOMMY, AND--



I NAILED YOUNG NOBLE!

THEY'VE STOPPED SHOOTING. THERE'S A WACKED MAN WITH 'EM!

TOMMY, MAYBE HE'S--



A SHORT TIME LATER.

WE RANCHERS WERE WRONG. VIC PALMER FRAMED THE WHOLE WAR.

YEAH, THE WACKED MAN PROVED THAT.



I'M ALL RIGHT, PEGGY, AND WE'LL MARRY AT ROUND-UP TIME.

WE CALL IT HARRY-VEST TIME, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW.

HI YO, SILVER, AWAY.

LITTLE CROW AND THE RED STICKS

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With Chief Walking Tree's strong hand resting on his shoulder, Little Crow stared down at the she-bear he had just killed. A moment ago he had faced her rage with nothing but his stone axe and an empty bow. He had expected to be killed, but he had looked death in the eye—and struck as Walking Tree had told him to. And now Walking Tree was speaking to him, proudly, affectionately.

"The 'Little Crow Without a Nest,' whom I adopted four years ago, is now a man," the Chief's deep voice murmured. "Now, at last, I can talk with him, as one warrior to another. Now he can sit with me in the council houses of the Cherokees, the Wyandottes, the Creeks and Choctaws. He can help me to carry a burden that has grown too great for one man."

At the Cherokee village where they stopped that night, Little Crow followed the older man into the council house for the first time. Besides Walking Tree, there was Tall Buck, the wise and good Cherokee chieftain, and a dozen of Tall Buck's most trusted warriors. Their talk was of war and peace.

"The 'Red-Sticks,'" said Chief Tall Buck, as the smoke of the council fire rose through the smoke hole in the roof, "are secretly winning more of my young men to their plans of war against the whites."

"They are winning many to their side in many tribes," Walking Tree admitted sadly. "Without your support, Tall Buck, the cause of peace might be lost. But the Red-Stick leaders are still few. Let them

make one bad mistake, and their power will be gone. We must watch for that mistake! We must take advantage of it. They wish to destroy me—so much that they may take long chances."

As if his words were a prophecy, a long-drawn war whoop sounded outside. Then bedlam broke loose.

"The Creeks!" exclaimed Tall Buck. "Their Red-Sticks attack—while we are at peace with their nation!"

"WALKING TREE—GIVE US WALKING TREE, AND SAVE YOUR OWN SCALP, TALL BUCK!" a Creek warrior bellowed above the noise outside. In the council house, Walking Tree stepped toward the entrance—but Tall Buck was ahead of him. The Cherokee chieftain unbarred the door and stepped out into the last rays of sunset. A few paces away, a dozen armed and painted Red-Sticks faced him.

"You have betrayed the peace between our peoples!" he cried angrily. "But you will not make a traitor of me. . . . Walking Tree and his son Little Crow are my guests. . . . You can harm them only over my dead body!"



A tomahawk spun through the air with a deadly "swish." It struck the Cherokee chieftain on the temple. Tall Buck crumpled. But as he fell, Little Crow's arrow sang through the doorway to strike down the murderer.

"Let me pass—!" muttered Walking Tree. . . . But for the first time in his life, Little Crow disobeyed his foster father. He barred the door, a second before the Creek attackers reached it.

"Quickly, my father!" he panted. "You and our Cherokee friends leave by the small, back entrance. I will hold this one till you are gone. For the sake of the cause of Peace, my father, you must live!"

Walking Tree grunted—anote of surprised approval.

"Your council is good, my son!" he said—and plunged away.

A pole, driven by enemy hands, crashed through the door of small logs. And back through the opening Little Crow sent an arrow. It passed through two of the attackers and pierced a third. For a moment the Red-Sticks drew back.

"Fire!" one of them yelled. "Bring fire and burn them out—"

Other yells from the rear of the building caught the ear of Little Crow. Quickly he loosed two more arrows through the broken door. Then he darted back to the rear. Already Walking Tree and his friends were outside, fighting for their lives.

Little Crow saw the Great Chief knock down three Red-Sticks, as he dashed for the woods. An arrow caught him in the



shoulder, and another in the leg—but he plunged on, fighting. Then Little Crow was beside him, tomahawk striking right and left like a living flame.

A thrown knife gashed the boy's arm, but he scarcely felt it. A war club hurled from a distance had struck Walking Tree. Little Crow caught the Great Chief as he fell. The woods were close. Into them he plunged—with his burden. Behind a great tree he laid it down, and drew his bow to stand off pursuit.

Suddenly from the deeper shadows of the forest rang the Shawnee war cry! More Red-Sticks from his own tribe? This, then, was the end. . . .

The big form lying at his feet stirred, rose to its knees.

"Those are OUR warriors, my son," said the Great Chief's deep voice. "I gave orders for them to wait near by—one hundred strong—in case of treachery. They will punish it—and show up the Red-Sticks for the wild young fools that they are!"

The new tide of battle swirled away from Little Crow and Walking Tree, as they bound up each other's wounds. They did not talk about it, but Little Crow felt, all at once, what a heavy burden his foster father had been carrying, for all the tribes. From now on he would be proud to share it.



YOUNG HAWK

"WELL, WE'VE COME WITH FRIENDS!"

"FRIENDS? THEY ARE NOT OF OUR TRIBE!"



LEAVING THEIR DANCE, THE MANDAN BOYS FOLLOW THEIR NEW FRIEND TO THE CHICKASAW VILLAGE.

"YOUNG HAWK KILLED THE RATTLESHAKE WITH HIS BARE HANDS — AND SAVED ME FROM CERTAIN DEATH, O MY UNCLE!"

"YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK ARE WELCOME IN THE LODGE OF BULL TAIL AND HIS DAUGHTER, RED BIRD!"



IN TURN, THE BOYS ARE INTRODUCED TO TALL HORN THE CHIEF, TO DREAM WALKER, THE MEDICINE MAN, AND TO BLACK SOX, THE "SHAMAN" OF SPOONING BOYS.



"A FOOT RACE? THAT'LL BE FUN! WHAT COURSE DO YOU CHOOSE TO RUN, BLACK SOX?"



YOUNG HAWK'S BRAVE DEED IS TOLD FROM LODGE TO LODGE — AND QUICKLY BRINGS A CROWD OF JEALOUS CHALLENGERS ...

"WHY? THERE IS TURTLE BLOOD IN YOUR VEINS, MANDAN — SLOWE YOU DOWN!"







THERE IS A POWDER IN THIS GOOSE-QUILL WHICH YOU MUST SPRINKLE IN THE SMOKING TOBACCO OF BULL TAIL WHILE HE IS EATING TONIGHT?

WHY NOT? HE ALWAYS SMOKES WHILE HE TELLS STORIES AFTER SUPPER TO RED BIRD AND THOSE RANDAN TRAMPS!



THAT EVENING —

SURELY YOU WILL HAVE MORE VISION, YOUNG HARK! OR DOES MY COOKING DISPLEASE YOU?

DISPLEASE ME? I'ATE ENOUGH FOR TWO MEN, RED BIRD! NO MORE!



WISDOM MY PIPE, RED BIRD, AND PUT A LITTLE MORE WOOD ON THE FIRE?

YES, FATHER! I WILL YOU TELL YOUNG HARK AND LITTLE SUOK ABOUT THE GREAT HUNT, WHEN THE BUFFALDS SWAM THE RIVER!



I WAS JUST IN TIME! NOW WE SHALL SEE —

ARMED BIRD ENTERS THE WIGWAM, A SHAKING FIGURE FIDES INTO THE SHADOWS BEHIND IT...



THANK YOU, DAUGHTER! NOW THE WOOD ON THE FIRE!

AND TELL THEM HOW THE CHICKASAW WARRIORS DANCED THE BUFFALO DANCE FOR THREE DAYS!



IT WAS MANY, MANY SUMMERS AGO, WHEN THE CHICKASAW AND THE GREEK NATION WERE AT WAR — — — AND AMBUSHING EACH OTHER'S HUNTING PARTIES — — —



YOUNG WARRIORS CARED MORE FOR HONOR THAN FOR MEAT IN THOSE DAYS --- (POFF, POFF, POFF) --- I HAD THREE SCALPS AT MY BELT, AND --- (POFF) ---



POFF --- MY HEAD --- TURNS AROUND! BY STOMACH ---

BULL-TAIL? WHAT'S THE MATTER? ---

HE'S GOING TO FALL OVER!



GAHH --- OH! ---

FATHER! FATHER!



GET THE SHAMAN --- THE MEDICINE MAN, DREAM WALKER! HE WILL KNOW ---

ALL RIGHT ---



THE SHAMAN IS HERE! HE HAS SEEN IT ALL!



GAHH!

THE STRANGER YOUNG HAVE CAST A SPELL UPON HIM! WIZARDS! THEY ARE WIZARDS --- PRETENDING TO BE YOUNG AND INNOCENT BOYS! SEIZE THEM!

OH! WIZARDS!





AT MIDNIGHT, AFTER MANY SMALL TORTURES BY THE SHAMAN'S SON...



BUT NO DUTYMAN PASSES THE LIFE OF EITHER VICTIM.



THEIR RED BIRD'S STRONG LITTLE FINGERS BIND IT CLOSE WITH A RABBITE THING.



Without warning, a buffalo hide descends over Black Dog's head. Steel-strong arms hold it snug, muffling sound and motion.





EAGLE WING! YOU'LL NEVER FORGET THIS!

NO TIME FOR TALK, LITTLE BIRD! YOU AND YOUNG HAWK MUST HELP ME CARRY BLACK DOG TO YOUR CAMP!



YOU WANT US TO TAKE BLACK DOG AWAY WITH US? WHY, EAGLE WING?

HE'LL BE A HOSTAGE! WHILE HE IS GONE, HIS FATHER WON'T DARE TO LET BULL TAIL GO!



POP POP POP!

HI, TUMBLEWEED! WHO TOLD YOU THERE?

I DID, YOUNG HAWK! HE MIGHT HAVE SPOILED OUR PLANS FOR GETTING YOU OUT OF THE VILLAGE!



GOOD-BYE, LITTLE RED BIRD! I SWEAR, NEVER FORGET YOU!

OUR WIGWAM WILL BE EMPTY WITHOUT YOU AND LITTLE BUCK! BUT YOU WILL COME BACK SOME DAY, WON'T YOU, YOUNG HAWK?



GOOD-BYE, EAGLE WING! PERHAPS WE'LL MEET AGAIN!

I HOPE SO, YOUNG HAWK! MAY YOUR "MEDICINE" ALWAYS BE STRONG! I HAVE PUT FOOD AND WEAPONS IN YOUR CANOE!



BETTER TAKE THE BUFFALO HIDE OFF BLACK DOG'S HEAD NOW, LITTLE BUCK! HE DON'T WANT HIM TO SMOTHER TO DEATH!

ALL RIGHT--- BUT I'LL SEE THAT HIS HANDS ARE TIED TIGHT!



YOUR FRIENDS WILL PAY FOR THIS --- WHEN I GET BACK TO MY FATHER'S WIGWAM!

WWW! THAT GIVES ME A THOUGHT, BLACK DOG? PERHAPS WE'D BETTER SEE THAT YOU DON'T GET BACK --- EVER!



I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, LITTLE BUCK --- BLACK DOG'S HATRED WILL ALWAYS BE A DANGER TO OUR FRIENDS! WE'LL TRAVEL FAR AND FAST, BETWEEN NOW AND THE NEW MOON!



TWO WEEKS LATER, AND HUNDREDS OF MILES FARTHER SOUTH

I'M FED UP WITH FISH --- FISH EVERY DAY! LET'S GO HUNTING TODAY, YOUNG HAWK!

GOOD! WE'LL LEAVE BLACK DOG TIED HERE --- AND TAKE THE CANOE UP THE CREEK WE SAW!



HE CAN'T GET LOOSE --- EVEN IF IT RAINS AND LOOSENS THE RAMBIDE TRUNK!



IT'S GOOD NOT TO HAVE TO LOOK AT BLACK DOG'S UGLY FACE FOR A WHILE! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH HIM, TONGS HAWK?

WATER WE'LL HAVE TO BLINDFOLD HIM AND TAKE HIM MILES AWAY FROM THE RIVER, SO HE CAN'T FIND HIS WAY BACK!



WOW! HELP ME! MAKE ITTY, GRAND-FATHER!

BUT IT LOOKS AS IF BLACK DOG MAY SOLVE THE PROBLEM HIS OWN WAY...



A CHICKABAW WHO TIED YOU HERE--- IN MATCHED HUNTING GROUNDS?

EVIL STRANGERS FROM THE NORTH--- WIZARDS AND CANNIBALS! THEY WANT TO EAT ME ON THEIR RETURN--- SIX OF THEM!



AND NOW, GRANDFATHER, WE'D BETTER BE ON OUR WAY--- BEFORE THOSE SIX WIZARDS RETURN YOUR CANDY---

WHY? NOT IN MY CANDY?



YOU HAVE LIED TO ME, FOUL-MAN! THE SIGNS AROUND THIS CAMPFIRE SHOW ONLY TWO BESIDE YOURSELF! PERHAPS THEY DID WANT TO TIE YOU!

HUNT! SO YOU WANT TO LEAVE ME HERE---



OLD FOOL!

BLACK GOD'S BLOW IS LIKE THAT OF A STRINGING SNAKE!



THIS IS BETTER THAN I HOPED FOR! SOWARD BRIBES AND FOOD--- AND A CANOE TO TAKE ME HOME!



THAT OLD MAN HAD A WIFE AND A MACHET, TOO! I SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM AND TAKEN THEM! NOW HE'LL TELL HIS TRIBE!



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The pronghorn antelope was a delicacy that made the usual buffalo meat seem dry and tough. Hunters killed them mainly by exciting their curiosity. These animals are so inquisitive that they can be lured up to the gun by a fluttering rag set out on a stick. *Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.*