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# the Lone Ranger

52 pages • ALL COMICS





# The Cowboy's Boots

ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING FEATURES OF THE COWBOY'S COSTUME IS HIS HIGH-HEELED BOOTS—THE SWAY THAT THE WEARER IS A "HAND" AND A "RIDING" MAN. HE MIGHT BE WEARING A PAIR OF LEVIS AND A CHEAP COTTON SHIRT BUT HIS BOOTS ARE THE FINEST HE CAN BUY. PRICE IS NO OBJECT AND OFTEN HE WILL SPEND AN ENTIRE MONTH'S SALARY ON JUST ONE PAIR. HE HAS THEM MADE TO ORDER, AND THEY FIT LIKE A GLOVE.

THE COWBOY'S BOOTS ARE USUALLY ONE OF THE MOST EXPENSIVE PIECES OF HIS REGGINS. HE WANTS THEM THIN-SOLED, HIGH-HEELED AND MADE OF FINE LEATHER—CALFSKIN, HOD OR KANGAROO. THE TOPS ARE MADE OF LIGHT WEIGHT, HIGH GRADE LEATHER AND ARE INLAIN WITH CONTRASTING COLORS IN FANCY PATTERNS, OR STITCHED IN INTRICATE DESIGNS WITH MANY COLORS OF SILK THREAD. THE INLAY WORK AND STITCHING IS NOT MERELY FOR DECORATION BUT STIFFENS THE TOPS AND KEEPS THEM FROM WRINKLING TOO MUCH AT THE ANKLES WHERE THEY TOUCH THE STIRRUPS.



THE HIGH HEELS KEEP THE RIDER'S FEET FROM SLIPPING THROUGH STIRRUPS AND LET HIM DO IT WHEN ROPING OR FOOT OR HOLDING A BRONG.



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# The LONE RANGER





WHAT THE -- YOU'RE CHEATIN' YUH OLD TINHORN, AN' I'M GONNA PROVE IT!

IT'LL TAKE A LOT OF PROMY

YUH CHICKED ME, YUH CONVIN TINHORN I'M GONNA --

ANY MAN WHO GAMBLES RUNS THE RISK OF LOSING GAMES OVERBOYS IN GONING HOME



THE OLD GEEZER'S HEADIN' FOR THE PALACE CAFE, HIS SON, "BOLD", DEALS FARD OVER THERE

I'M TRAILIN' THAT CARD SHARP AND HE WON'T GET VERY FAR!



HELLO, DAD. HOW WAS BUSINESS ON YOUR SIDE OF THE STREET TONIGHT?

BOLD, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE QUICK. I'M IN TROUBLE!



WHOA, SILVER! THERE'S A TOWN NEAR HERE, TONTO, WE'LL WALK IN AND GET THE SUPPLIES WE NEED.

THAT GOOD

MEANWHILE



WE'LL GET OUR SUPPLIES AT THE GENERAL STORE, TONTO. IT'LL BE DARK SOON AND IF WE USE THIS ALLEY INSTEAD OF THE MAIN STREET, WE WON'T BE SEEN.

UGH





HE'S MY FATHER. I'M AFRAID HE'S HURT BAD!

IT'S ROUSED THE WHOLE TOWN

YOUR FATHER NEEDS A DOCTOR. I'LL HELP YOU--

THANKS

PLENTY PEOPLE COME THIS WAY!

'BOLO, SHINER' IN MY ROOM. LET TAKE IT OUT BEFORE

YES, AND SO AM I. BUT I DIDN'T THINK HE'D USE ANYTHING LIKE--

THIS!

HERE, I'LL TAKE THAT YOU DON'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW ABOUT IT.

I ER-- ALL RIGHT

WHAT DID HE SAY ABOUT A 'SHINER'? IS YOUR FATHER A GAMBLER?

UGH! CROWD ALMOST HERE!

COME ON, TONTO!

"BOLO" SHERWOOD AND HIS OLD MAN. WHAT HAPPENED, "BOLO"?

I-- SOMEBODY SHOT MY FATHER

THERE THEY GO! A MASKED MAN, AND A RED-SKIN!





YOU GET THAT RING FROM GAMBLER FELLER?

YES, TENDR. THIS IS WHAT BOLD SHERWOOD TOOK FROM HIS FATHER BEFORE HE DIED. IT'S CALL-ED A 'SHINER'.



WE NOT 'SAVVY' 'SHINER'.

PROFESSIONAL GAMBLERS USE THEM. I MEAN CROOKED GAMBLERS.



THEY WEAR IT ON THEIR FINGER LIKE THIS, SO THEY CAN SEE THE UNDERSIDE OF THE CARDS THEY'RE DEALING.

SHERWOOD FELLER, USE IT?



NOT BOLD IT WAS HIS FATHER WHO USED IT. AND THAT WAS WHY HE WAS KILLED I HOPE WE SEE BOLD AGAIN SOMETIME

UGH.



TOO BAD ABOUT YER PA, BOLD. YIM GONNA KEEP ON GAMBLIN'?

I GUESS SO. IT'S ALL I KNOW BUT I'M GOIN' FURTHER WEST.

MEANWHILE...



SAY, DAD, WHO'S THE NEW CARD DEALER?

A 'GENT NAMED BOLD SHERWOOD COME ON, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU.

A FEW MONTHS LATER...



THIS IS MY DAUGHTER HELEN. SHE HATES ALL GAMBLERS.

DON'T LET DAD FRIGHTEN YOU HAVE DINNER WITH US TONIGHT?







THERE'S A MAN HERE FROM ST LOUIS HE'S TRYING TO SELL DAD SOME NEW GAMBLING EQUIPMENT.

NOTHING WRONG IN THAT



THERE MUST BE DAD'S NERVOUS AND VERY WORRIED.



DON'T FRET ABOUT IT. I'LL TALK TO HIM WHEN I GO TO WORK.



I'LL SEE YOU LATER, HELEN.

GOOD-BYE, BOBO!



I'M SENDING YOU ALL NEW EQUIPMENT. ROULETTE WHEELS, DICE TABLES, EVERYTHING.

BUT I DON'T NEED NEW EQUIPMENT ESPECIALLY FROM YOU, MISTER PELL.



WELL, THEN, EITHER PAY UP WHAT YOU OWE OUR COMPANY OR BUY THE EQUIPMENT WHICH MY MEN WILL RUN.



YOU MEAN, PUT IN CROOKED TABLES, SO YOU--

EXCUSE ME, 'FACE' CAN I SEE YOU ALONE FOR A MINUTE?



HEY, MAN, WE DON'T SERVE DRINKS TO REDSKINS! YOU'D BETTER --

ME NOT WANT DRINK WE LOOK FOR FELLER

WHO IS IT YUH  
WANT TUH SEE,  
INJUN? SPEAK  
UP!

HIM YOUNG FEL-  
LER NAMED  
BOLO SHER-  
WOOD.

THAT'S EASY DONT KNOW  
WHY BOLO'D WANT TUH  
SEE A REDSKIN, BUT  
THERE HE IS, OVER THERE  
TALKIN' TO THE BOSS.



THERE'S NO REASON  
WHY WE CAN'T BE  
FRIENDS, MR. BONGER.  
YOU RUN A GAM-  
BLING HALL--I  
SELL EQUIP-  
MENT.

THAT'S RIGHT,  
MR. PELL YOU  
DO SELL EQUIP-  
MENT. BUT IT'S  
CROOKED EQUIP-  
MENT!

WHAT THE--  
WHO'S THIS?

BOLO SHER-  
WOOD, ONE  
OF MY  
DEALERS.

AND I KNOW  
PLENTY A--  
BOUT YOUR  
CROOKED  
EQUIPMENT.  
MY FATHER  
WAS KILLED  
BECAUSE  
OF IT.



I DONT CARE  
WHO YOU ARE.  
NO PENNY  
ANTE DEALER  
CAN TALK TO  
ME THAT WAY!

I ALWAYS  
SAY EX-  
ACTLY  
WHAT I  
MEAN,  
PELL.

SEEMIN' A  
CROOK LIKE  
YOU, PELL,  
MAKES  
ME ---

YOU BOLO  
SHERWOOD?  
WE HAVE  
RING BE-  
LONSS TO  
YOU, YOU  
COME?

WHY, YOU'RE THE  
INDIAN  
WHO HELPED ME THE  
NIGHT DAD  
WAS KILLED.  
WHERE IS  
YOUR FRIEND?

COME  
WITH  
TONTIC,  
YOU  
SEE!





WHAT DID YOU SAY?  
IS YOUR WASHED  
FRIEND CAMPED  
HERE?

UGH-- HIM HAVE  
RING BELONG  
TO YOU. YOU  
COME GET-UM?



YES THAT RING  
IS WHAT I WANT  
IT WAS BOUGHT  
FROM MR.  
PELL.

YOU'RE  
LYING  
I NEVER  
SAW  
YOU  
BEFORE



DONT DO ANY-  
THING TILL I GET  
BACK, MR.  
BONGER.

WAIT,  
BOLO.  
YOU'D  
BETTER

WHO'S  
RUNNING  
YOUR BUS-  
NESS,  
ACE? YOU,  
OR THAT FARD  
DEALER?



I'M RENING IT-- BUT IM  
GOING TO TAKE BOLO'S  
SUGGESTION AND NOT  
BUY ANYTHING FROM YOU

I WOULDN'T  
BE TOO SURE  
ABOUT THAT.



TRIG-- COME  
HERE.

WHATTA YUH  
WANT, BOSS?



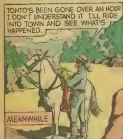
BOLO SHERWOOD AND  
A REDSKIN JUST WALKED  
OUT OF HERE. I DONT  
CARE HOW YUH DO  
IT, BUT STOP  
BOTH OF  
'EM.

THAT'LL  
BE EASY

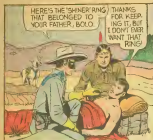


TOMTO SHOULD HAVE BEEN  
BACK LONG AGO. I WONDER  
WHAT'S KEEPING HIM?

MEANWHILE







ALL RIGHT, BOYS, GET BEHIND THOSE TABLES AND GO TO WORK. THERE'S LOTS OF MONEY IN THIS TOWN, AND IT'S OURS FOR THE ASKIN'!



STEP RIGHT UP, GENTS. PICK YOUR OWN GAME AND PLAY TO WIN.



AH, GOOD EVENING, MISS BONGER. IT'S A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

GET OUT OF MY WAY I'M HERE TO TALK TO MY FATHER!



DAD, HOW CAN THIS--THIS MR. PELL DO THIS? AND WHERE IS BOLO? WHY DOESN'T HE COME BACK?

I'M TAKING PELL'S ORDERS, HELEN, BECAUSE I HAVE NO CHOICE.



THAT MEDICINE WILL KEEP BOLO ASLEEP FOR SEVERAL HOURS. TOMORROW HE NEEDS A REST.

UGH, LONG SLEEP HELP HIM HEAL WOUND.



MEANWHILE...

MEANWHILE, I'VE AN IMPORTANT JOB TO DO. I'LL HAVE TO POSE AS A PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER, SO I'LL TAKE OFF MY MASK AND USE A DISGUISE.



YOU LOOK LIKE DIFFERENT FELLOW.

GOOD IM GOING TO TRY MY LUCK AT GAMBLING WITH A MAN NAMED PELL.

















AND YOU, TOO --



HEY ACE, LOOK AT THAT. THAT TALL GUY IS HULLIN' OUT THOSE TWO CROOKS.

RISKIN' HIS LIFE TO SAVE SKUNKS LIKE THEM. I CANT FIGURE IT.



I'M SORRY YOUR PLACE BURNED DOWN, MR. BONGER, BUT AT LEAST TWO CROOKS WILL SOON BE IN JAIL.

THIS GIVES ME A GOOD EXCUSE TO QUIT THE BUSINESS.

OH, DAD, I'M SO GLAD

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...



BOLD! YOU'VE BEEN HURT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

ONE OF FELL'S GUN SLINGERS TRIED TO KILL ME. WHAT HAPPENED HERE?



SEE FOR YOURSELF. AND I'M THROUGH WITH THIS BUSINESS GOING TO BUY A CATTLE RANCH.

CAN YOU USE A GOOD COW-PUNCHER?

OH, BOLD.



I'D GIVE A LOT TO KNOW THE NAME OF THAT TALL GENT, AND THE INDIAN WHO TRAVELS WITH HIM!

HI-YO, SILVER, AWAY!

# The LONE RANGER











GOODMAN SAID A HAWKED MAN WAS LOOKING FOR THE SHEPHERD. THINKING HE WAS AN OUTLAW, WE WENT AFTER HIM. WE SAW HIM RIDING TOWARD US AND DUCKED BACK OF THOSE BUSHES. THAT'S ALL WE KNOW!



NOW, SHERIFF, WHAT'VE YOU GOT TUN SAY?

BLAST YOU CORNER! YOU KNOW YOU LIE! BUT YOU ALSO KNOW I CAN'T PROVE IT!



WELL, I CAN PROVE A FEW THINGS!



LOOK HERE, CAN YOU REALLY PROVE THAT CORNER TRIED TUN KILL YOU?

WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT I CAN PROVE!



COME ON, SILVER!



I'M JUST IN TIME.

THERE YARE MR GOLDEN, I'VE SIGNED THE MORTGAGE.



AND HERE'S THE CASH! NOW, REMEMBER YOU PAY ME BACK IN SIXTY DAYS OR I'LL TAKE YOUR DARN!

WE'LL PAY IT BACK, MR CORNER, AND HE WAS SURE THAT JUST A LITTLE MORE CASH WOULD MAKE OUR GOLD MINE START TUN PAY.



I'LL TAKE THAT MORTGAGE AND ALL THOSE OTHER PAPERS, TOO!

I'LL SHOW --











TONTO AND I HAVE BEEN CAMPED OUTSIDE OF TOWN SINCE THE LONE BANDER BOKE NORTH. I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM. 4REIFF

WAS IT? I WISH HE WAS HERE. THOSE POLICATS, CORNER AND GOLDEN ARE READY TO BUST EVERYONE HERE



ANOTHER TWO DAYS AND THEY'LL FORCE US TO CLOSE A MORTGAGE ON ALMOST EVERYONE!



THAT'S WHAT HARDWOOD JOE SAID TONTO!

LOVE RAISED GOD-DAM SCHEME YOU WANT? RIDE WITH TONTO, WE SHOW YOU SOME THING!



THERE RED GODSMAN IS WATCH-EM TONAL!

CORNER'S DUE FOR ONE 4REIFF!

YEAH, MISTER CORNER WANTS TO MAKE SURE THE LONE BANDER DOESN'T GET BACK TO TOWN AND UPSET HIS PLANS!

A FEW DAYS LATER



YOU'VE NO CHOICE, SHEENY! THE LAW'S ON MR GOLDEN'S SIDE.

EXACTLY! IF POSTER CAN'T PAY OFF HIS MORTGAGE TODAY, I TAKE HIS PROPERTY!

HANG IN ALL, IT AIN'T AWAY TO THROW POLKS GETTA THIRD HOME!



YOU BUZZARD! YEAH, AIN'T THESE POOR FOLKS WOULDN'T BE ABLE TUN PAY!

THE LAW'S WITH US AND WHAT'S MORE, THE LONE BANDER AIN'T HERE TO ARGUE WITH US!





HE BEEN LOOKIN' FER YOU HD GOLDEN. I WANT TUN RAY UP THE MORT-GAGE, DUE TODAY.

NA WANTED TUN FORECLOSE ON EVERYBODY GOLDEN.



AND STILL ANOTHER SHOCK!

IT'S THE LONE DANCER, I TELL YOU, CONNER. HE'S SCHEMED TO KEEP US FROM FORECLOSING THE MORT-GAGES! EVERY LAST ONE OF THESE PEOPLE PAID UP! HOW DID THEY DO IT?

GOLDEN, ILL AN-SWER THAT!



GOLLY I'D LIKE TO HAVE SEEN GOLDEN AND CONNER WITH EVERYONE RIND THEIR MORTGAGE!

SHERIFF SAY THEY MOPPING MAD!

YES THEY COUNTED ON GETTING ALL THE PROP-ERTY AROUND HERE FOR ALMOSE NOTHING.



HEY YOU! HE WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU!



LOOK HERE, NO DIE HAWN' HARD FEELINGS BETWEEN US WE DONT HOLD A GRUDGE AGAINST YOU!

NOT A BIT!

I DONT SEE THAT THERE'S ANYTHING TO TALK ABOUT



THE SHERIFF SAID YOU RODE NORTH AND LOOKED INTO THE MINE!

BUT THERE IS! THE SHERIFF TOLD ME!

YOU SOLD A LOT OF GOLD MINE STOCK AROUND HERE, CONNER!











YOU SEE, THE PEOPLE HAVE THEIR MONEY BACK. I HAVE MONEY BACK AND YOU CROOKS ARE THROUGH! THANKS TO THE LORE RANGER.

# WOLF BROTHER'S HUNTING

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Wolf Brother sat easily on his bare-backed pony, his black eyes sweeping the prairie. Half a mile to the right he glimpsed a tiny flick of movement—and knew it for a coyote pouncing upon a gopher. To the left, and equally distant, he saw a hawk swoop down upon a luckless cottontail. A white man would have needed a telescope to pick out either incident!

The Pawnee youth kicked his pony into a trot. He was not hunting for small game, but for buffalo. Once he had located the migrating herd—and plotted its "drift"—he would report back to the older hunters of his village. Perhaps he might sight the shaggy brutes beyond that line of trees that marked a watercourse. . . . or he might come unexpectedly upon enemy tribesmen, waiting to take his scalp!

Where the brush thinned out, and he could see for a bowshot in all directions, he crossed the creek. And then—abruptly—he pulled his horse back onto its haunches. A hundred yards away, in a little hollow, lay a ruined hunting camp!

A half-dozen buffalo-skin lodges had stood there. . . . Now all but one lay flat, and partly burned. No sign of life moved among them! No buzzards or carrion crows, the undertakers of the prairie! And, riding cautiously nearer, Wolf Brother saw why. Covered with

stones to discourage marauding coyotes, appeared three new graves!

Wolf Brother dismounted outside the remaining lodge. The painted designs on its sewed hides showed that it belonged to a friendly tribe, the Arrikara. The wall showed some scorching—as if the Sioux or Hidatsa raiders had been in too much of a hurry to complete its destruction. But why hadn't it been salvaged—by those Arrikaras who had returned to bury their dead?

Moved by curiosity, Wolf Brother pulled open the door-flap—and stood petrified! Six feet inside stood a figure, with a drawn bow and an arrow aimed at his heart.

Seconds passed—measured by the pounding of Wolf Brother's pulse. Slowly he let out his breath. The girl, too, was breathing hard, as the quick rise and fall of her chest showed. . . . But the aimed arrow did not waver. Her features were fine, and proud.

"I am a Pawnee!" Wolf Brother spoke quietly. "The Pawnee is brother to the Arrikara. I am alone, and I mean you no harm, little sister! I am called Wolf Brother—and I claim the hospitality of a friend!"

For another long moment the girl met his eyes. Then she lowered her bow.

"My father, Chief Mighty Bull, will return from the hunt at any time," she said. "His heart will be heavy when he sees his camp destroyed! Even in the lodge of Prairie Rose you would not be safe."

Wolf Brother lingered in the doorway. He wanted to learn more of this girl, so brave and lovely—but she did not completely trust the stranger youth.

"How did you escape?" he asked. "There are three new graves outside. . . ."

"My mother and two aunts," the girl replied. "I buried them. The Sioux carried off the younger women alive! I had gone to the stream for water, so they did not find me. . . . You had better go

now!"

Wolf Brother did not want to go. . . He did not like the thought that he might never see Prairie Rose again—but he had no choice. Honor demanded that he leave at once. Stung with disappointment, he kicked his pony into a run.

Six miles from camp, he found the Arlikara hunting party. But the Sioux had found them first. Seven of the corpses were scalped. The eighth lay untouched, with his horn bow and his last arrow in his lifeless hands. Thus the Sioux had honored the courage of a noble enemy!

Wolf Brother took the dead chief's bow with reverent fingers. This must be returned to his daughter, Prairie Rose. But first it must be cleaned from the stains of battle.

Wolf Brother mounted thoughtfully, and rode to the nearest stream. There, the distant thud of hoofbeats caught his ear. He peered through a huge, dense willow growth that hid him and his mount. . .

"Hidotsa braves—four of them! And headed toward the camp of Prairie Rose!"

In desperate haste, Wolf Brother

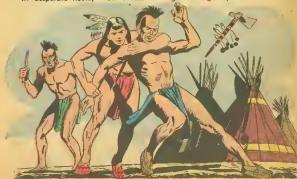
strung the great horn bow. He jumped for his pony—but the half-wild animal jumped, too, and snapped his tie-ropes. Snorting and bucking, he dodged away.

Wolf Brother had no time to chase him. On foot the young Pawnee took the trail of the Hidotsa braves. He might not arrive in time to save Prairie Rose—She would die fighting rather than be captured! But he could try! He ran till his lungs ached and his sight blurred. And with every stride his heart cried out, "Prairie Rose! Prairie Rose! I am coming!"

Two Hidotsas lay dead before her lodge, as he came in sight of it. The other two were just entering, when his arrow caught one of them between the shoulders. He sprang upon the other like the Wolf, his namesake. A knife thrust glanced from his ribs. He fought on until suddenly the world went black!

When he awakened, the face of Prairie Rose was bending over him. His side was stiffly bandaged—but his heart leaped as he saw the look in her eyes.

"Prairie Rose!" whispered Wolf Brother. "All my life I have been hunting—hunting for you!"





# YOUNG HAWK



WITH THE PUP TUMBLEWEED MIZZLED, AND THEIR PADDLES MOVING SILENTLY THROUGH THE STILL WATER, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK SLIDE SLOWLY UP A FOREST CREEK. AFTER MANY DAYS ON THE SPREAD HERRING-SOUP, THE MANDAN BOYS HUNGER FOR RED MEAT...

SUDDENLY, YOUNG HAWK STOPS PADDLING...



WITHOUT A SOUND, LITTLE BUCK LAYS DOWN HIS PADDLE AND DRABS HIS BOWSTRING TO HIS EAR...



THE FINE DEER, BROWING NEAR THE BANK, HAS NO MAKING BUT THE TWAING OF THE BOW...







SOMETIMES, YOUNG STRANGERS? HIGH CLOUD OF THE NATION'S PEOPLE GIVES YOU PEACE?

SENSING THEIR APPROACH, THE OLD INDIAN BY THE TREE RISES TO HIS FEET.



IN THE CHOICEST TONGUE, YOUNG BARK REPLIES...  
GREETINGS, HIGH CLOUD? YOUNG BARK AND LITTLE BUCK OF THE MADAGAS GIVE YOU PEACE? BUT WHERE IS THE PRISONER WE LEFT TIED HERE?



YOUR PRISONER TRICKED ME INTO FEEDING HIM--- BUT HE IS DEAD!

HE STOLE MY GANDE--- BUT MY TOMAHAWK CAUGHT HIM A LITTLE WAY FROM SHORE? IF I HAVE DONE YOU WRONG, YOUNG STRANGERS, I WILL PAY THE DEBT!

DEAD?



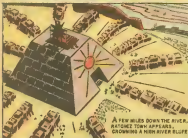
WE ARE IN YOUR DEBT, GRANDFATHER --- WILL YOU NOT DO US THE HONOR OF SHARING OUR MEAT? THEN WE WILL TAKE YOU HOME!

YOU MAKE MY OLD HEART GLAD, MY SON!



YOU LIVE NEAR HERE, GRANDFATHER HIGH CLOUD?

IN A TOWN OF MANY PEOPLE, DOWN THE RIVER WE CAN REACH IT BEFORE NIGHTFALL. THERE YOU SHALL SHARE MY MEAT!





WHY IS HE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT THE "GREAT SUN"? IS HE CRAZY?

I THOUGHT SO AT FIRST, LITTLE BRUCK. BUT NOW I THINK THE "GREAT SUN" MUST BE WHAT THEY CALL THEIR CHIEF!



THE GATE OF THE CITY STANDS OPEN, YOU SEE—BECAUSE JUST NOW THE NATONES ARE AT PEACE WITH THEIR NEIGHBORS!

JUST NOW? WHY? WOULD AN ENEMY EVER WANT TO ATTACK SO GREAT A TOWN?



WE HAVE BEEN ATTACKED IN THE PAST IF DANGER THREATENS, THE FIRST STROKES OR DRUM WILL BRING A THOUSAND WARRIORS LEAPING TO DEFEND THE WALL!



WHAT STRANGE HOLES! THEY MAKE OUR MAMMAM HOMES LOOK LIKE BEAVER LOGS!



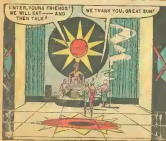
THERE IS THE PALACE OF THE GREAT SUN! IT IS HE WHO RULES AND PROTECTS OUR PEOPLE, AND GUARDS THE ETERNAL FIRE!



LOOK! IS THAT HE—STANDING IN THE DOORWAY?

YES, MY SON! COME AND MEET HIM! WATCH—AND SO AS I DO!





... AND THEN TAKE HIS PLACE AT THE LOW TABLE WITH THE BOYS... THE FOOD IS STRANGE BUT TEMPTING... TO BE HARTY, YOUR APPETITES!



AFTERWARDS... AS SLAVES CARRY AWAY THE DISHES...

YOU ARE CERTAIN YOU CAN'T EAT ANY MORE, LITTLE BLACK? YES, BRAGGARTER HIGH BLOODS, BUT I'D LIKE TO KEEP ON EATING FOOD LIKE THAT FOREVER!



AND NOW, YOUR WARRIORS OF THE MANDARS--- TELL US YOUR PLANS! YOU ARE WELCOME TO LIVE AMONG THE WARRIORS--- OR TO LEAVE US IF YOU MUST.



THE GREAT SUN IS VERY KIND! NOWHERE HAVE WE BEEN SO HIGHLY HONORED! BUT OUR HEARTS ARE RESTLESS, AND THE LONG TRAIL CALLS.



WE THOUGHT THAT WAS IN YOUR HEARTS, YOUR FRIENDS--- AND SO WE MAKE YOU THESE SMALL GIFTS! MAY THEY PROTECT YOU FROM YOUR ENEMIES FOR MANY YEARS!



A KNIFE WITH A BLADE OF STONE-- THAT WILL NOT-BREAK!

... AND A KNIFE OF FINING STONE STEEL!



THEY ARE RARE! ONLY THE GREAT SUN HAS A RIGHT TO MAKE GIFTS LIKE THOSE!





"I, TOO, CRAVE A RIFT FROM THE GREAT SUN---PERMISSION TO ACCOMPANY THESE YOUNG WARRIORS ON ONE LAST LONG TRAIL, BEFORE OLD AGE TAKES ME PRISONER!"

"MY BROTHER WOULD LEAVE US ---TO DRIFT LIKE A CLOUD OUT OF OUR SIGHT FOR-EVER!"

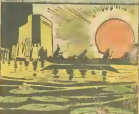


"THE PERMISSION IS GRANTED! BUT WE SHALL HOPE FOR HIGH CLOUD'S RETURN--- BEFORE THE WINDS OF HEAVEN WEAR HIS SPIRIT TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS!"

EARLY NEXT MORNING, HIGH CLOUD AND THE BOYS LOAD A LARGE, STRONG WOODEN CANOE. DRIED FISH AND FRUIT, CORN AND FLOUR. NEW BOWS AND BUNDLES OF ARROWS, FISH SPEARS AND NETS. EVERYTHING PREPARED FOR THE LONG JOURNEY TO THE SEA...



AS THE SUN'S GOLDEN RAYS SHINE ACROSS THE NIGHTY RIVER, THE GREAT SUN OF THE NATCHES AND NOBLES GIVE THE THREE ADVENTURERS A LAST SALUTE.



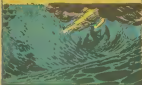
"YOU HAVE TRAVELED TO THE GREAT SALT WATER BEFORE, HIGH CLOUD? HOW FAR IS IT?"

"IF WE TRAVEL EVERY DAY UNTIL THE MOON IS FULL AGAIN, WE SHALL BE THERE!"

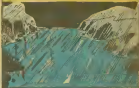


"BUT THERE WILL BE MANY DANGERS--- FROM STORM AND FLOOD, FROM FIERCE ANIMALS WHOSE LIKE YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN--- AND PERHAPS FROM HUMAN ENEMIES? IT IS A JOURNEY FOR THE BRAVE!"

EVEN AS HIS CLOUD IS SPEAKING, BLACK STORM CLOUDS ARE EMPTYING THEIR WATERY BURDEN ON THE NORTHERN RIVER BASINS...



... AND FLOODING, BUDDY TRIBUTARIES ARE RUSHING DOWN TO SWELL THE MIGHTY "FATHER OF WATERS".



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Like most mountain animals, the white sheep is not particularly dangerous but many men have been killed pursuing him in

country where one alp means killing hundreds of feet into some crevasse or gulch. Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.