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the Lone Ranger



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the Lone Ranger

JUD JACKSON'S PLAN

AS A STORM RAGES, LIGHTNING FLASHES
NEAR THE TERRITORIAL OFFICE...

AND THE RUMBLE OF THUNDER BROWNS OUT
THE SWIFT, DESPERATE FIRE STROKES OF
JUD JACKSON...



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BELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



SADDLED AND WAITING! GOT TO WRITE A NOTE TO THE WARDEN THANKING HIM FOR THE GOOD SERVICE!



HOW TO SAY ADIOS TO THE HORSEBOY!

Giddyup!



W. MAJIDEN.—JUD JACKSON BROKE OUT! JUMPED ME! TOOK A HORSE AND RODE OFF!

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND HIS TRAIL!



THESE TRACKS HEAD NORTH!

—AND THEN THE RAIN WASHED THEM OFF! WE'LL NOT HAVE MUCH CHANCE OF TRAILING HIM IN THIS STORM!



SEVERAL MILES AWAY!—

PETER—THAT YOU PETER?

YEAH, JUD. I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T MAKE IT!



AFTER YOU SNAUGLED THE FILM TO ME, I TOLD YOU TO BRING OUT THE FIRST STORMY NIGHT! —I HOPE THE BOYS ARE WAITING AT THE HIDE-OUT! WE NEED CASH! SO WE'RE PULLING A SERIES OF **SPACE ROBBERIES** PRINCE!

TWO DAYS LATER—

KEMO SABAY HE GET
THIS HANDBALL FROM
SHERIFF! JUD
JACKSON ESCAPE!

WE CAPTURED HIM ONCE,
TOMTO! WE'LL TRY TO DO
IT AGAIN AND MAKE
CERTAIN HE STAYS IN
JAIL THIS TIME!



I'D RECOGNIZE JACKSON ANYWHERE,
TOMTO, BUT I'M SURE THIS HANDBALL
WILL BE OF LITTLE USE TO THE LAW
—HE'LL DISGUISE HIMSELF!



SHERIFF SAY TRAIL
START NORTH, THEN
RAIN WASH-UP OUT!

WE'LL RIDE NORTH, TOMTO,
MAKING A WIDE SWEEP IN
THAT WAY, WE MAY CUT INTO
JACKSON'S TRAIL. I...
COME ON, SHERIFF!



SHERRIFF—

STAGE IS
COMING, JUD!
UP YOUR BACK!

NO PETE! NO ONE'D
RECOGNIZE ME
NOW!



BANG!
BLAM!

STEP
IT!

LOOK AT SHERIFF KEMO, JUD!
HE JUST JOINED US ---
WORKED AS A "WAGON"
RIDER!



BANG!
YEGOW!

GRAB THE
STRONGBOX AND
HIGH-TAIL IT!



FOR A WEEK JUD JACKSON'S GANG STRUCKS WITH REPEATED RUFF--



JUD JERRY'S STOPPED THE TEAM!

COVER THE SHOOTING GUARD AND DRIVER WHILE I CHECK THE LOOT!



AS THE LONG RANGER AND TOMMY PUSH FORWARD THEY LEARN OF THE SUDDEN DEPARTURE OF JACKSON--



THEY DIDN'T BECOME ACTIVE UNTIL AFTER JACKSON ESCAPED AND AFTER HE HAD TIME TO REACH THE TERRITORY!

UGH! THAT RIGHT!



IF JACKSON IS WITH THE GANG WE'LL KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE IF WE MANAGE TO CAPTURE THE STAGE ROBBERS! WE'LL CAMP HERE AND SEARCH THE HILLS IN THE MORNINGS!



REMARKABLE--

THE ~~MASSIVE~~ MAN AND ~~JUDAS~~ MAN--THE TWO HORRORS WHO TURNED JACKSON OVER TO THE LAW SIX MONTHS AGO! THEY'LL NOT BE CAMPING HERE LONG ONCE JUD LEARNS ABOUT 'EM!



SOON AFTER PETE TELLS WHAT HE SAW...

THOSE TWO ARE
DANGEROUS
JUD!

WE BETTER LAY LOW
IF THEY'RE AROUND!



LAWMEN DON'T BOTHER ME,
BUT THAT MARKED MAN AND
HIS BROTHER DALL JESS' PUSON!
BUT BEFORE THEY FIND US,
WE'LL GET THEM!

THAT JESS' F
GOING TO BE
CADDY!



THEY DON'T KNOW WE SAUVY
WHERE THEY'RE CAMPED! JERRY'S
FACE HASN'T DECORATED ANY
POSTERS AND HE IS THE
PERFECT ONE TO LEAD
'EM INTO A TRAP!

WAIT A MINUTE!
I'M NOT
RISKING MY
NECK ON SOME
FOOL IDEA!



JUST LISTEN! EARLY TOMORROW
MORNING YOU'LL GALLOP ALONG
THE TRAIL BY THEIR CAMP! PRETEND
YOUR HORSE STUMBLES, LET OUT A
YELL AND PULL ONE OF YOUR
TRICK KILLS! PRETEND YOU'RE
STUNNED WHEN YOU COME UP!

THEN WAITS
SUPPORTED
TO HAPPEN!



THEY'LL GO TO HELP YOU! SHOW SURPRISE ABOUT
THE MISC--- THEN TELL HIM YOU REALIZE WHO HE
IS! YOU WERE RISHED TO TOWN FOR THE SHERIFF
WHEN YOUR HORSE STUMBLED! YOU FOUND THE
STAGE BAND'S HIDE-OUT! TELL 'EM HOW TO GET
HERE AND SAY YOU'LL GET THE SHERIFF! THEN
DOUBLE BACK BY THE SHORT CUT AND JOIN US A
QUARTER OF A MILE IN FRONT OF THE CABIN
WHERE WE'LL BE WAITING IN AMBUSH!



JESS' HORSE
SOMEONE RIDE
PLENTY FAST
ALONG TRAIL!

YES---SOUNDS
LIKE HE'S HEADING
TOWARD TOWN!





HELP!



HORSES MUST
HAVE THROWN US!



OOOH---MY SHOULDERS! I WAS
Y-YOU'RE AMAZING! YOU MUST
BE PART OF THAT GANG---

---TAKE IT
EASY, FELLOW!
WE'RE NOT
OUTLAWS!



BUT THE RANGERS--- WAIT A
MINUTE! I'VE HEARD OF
A MASKED MAN AND INDIAN
WHO *HELP* THE LAW!
ARE YOU---

---YES TOMTO AND I
ARE ON THE SIDE
OF THE LAW!



I'M SURE OLAD YOU' FOUND
ME! I WAS RACING TO TOWN
FOR THE SHERIFF WHEN MY
HORSE STUMBLER! I'VE
LOCATED THE STAGE
ROBBERS' HIDE-OUT!

WHERE IS IT?
TOMTO AND I
CAN RIDE THERE
WHILE YOU GO
FOR THE SHERIFF!



QUICKLY JERRY TELLS THEM THE STAGE'S
LOCATION! ...

BUT YOU'D
BETTER NOT GO TOO CLOSE
TELL THE SHERIFF AND HIS
MEN CAN HELP YOU!

WE'LL BE CAREFUL!
SIDE FOR THE
SHERIFF! WE'LL GO
AHEAD AND WATCH
THE CABIN!







THE HOOKED
MAN!

GOY KUM!



IF I CAN REACH
THOSE TREES...

POOSH!

POOSH!



POOSH!



HE'S BEHIND THAT CLUMP OF
TREES! DISMOUNT AND MOVE
UP ON HIM!

BANG!

BLAM!



THE REDKNI SHOULD BE WITH
HIM...WATCH FOR HIM, BUT KEEP
REPEATING THOSE TREES!

BLAM!
BANG!







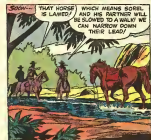
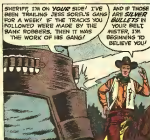


















BANG!

THE FIRE MAKES YOU TWO PERFECT TARGETS!

BLAM!

BANG!



YEEHAW!



M-MY GAW!



SOON!

SHERIFF! HERE IS THE MONEY STOLEN FROM THE BANK AND TWO OF THE MEN WHO STOLE IT!

THEY CAN JOIN THE OTHER TWO INSIDE! MY DEPUTY AND A PRISONER TRACKED THEM DOWN EARLIER THIS EVENING!



THEY'VE WANTED IN MISSOURI! WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED WITH THEM HERE!

THAT'LL BE YEARS FROM NOW! IN ADDITION TO BANK ROBBERY, THESE TWO WILL BE CHARGED WITH HORSE STEALING!



THAT WAS YOUR MISTAKE, SORRY! YOU MIGHT STILL BE AT LARGE IF THE PAINT YOU STOLE HADN'T BELONGED TO THE PARTNER OF THE LONG RANGER!

M-MY GAW!

AWAY!



Pap Kiely shifted from one foot to another as he glanced at his boss, Pat Moran. In the office of the Deerfoot Stage Company, Moran glared at his goon. Then he exploded:

"You mean you gave the Colorado Kid four thousand dollars in greenbacks and never fired your shotgun?"

Pap's head bowed in misery. "Moran, I didn't even see him till it was too late. I was tinkering with this gadget—" He held up a rounded water-like box that hung by a wire from his finger. Then, with pathetic eagerness, "You wind it up like this—then, when you shake hands with some hombre—"

He reached out and touched Moran on the arm. At the point of contact there was the whirling rasp of a striking rattler. With a howl of fright, Pat Moran leaped backward.

"Pap," Moran spoke slowly. "You used to be the best shotgun guard in this territory—until you read that advertisement in the Denver paper. Since you sent away for that box of tricks and gadgets, you've been a changed man."

"You're right, Moran. That was the best investment I ever made." From his pocket Pap drew a well-thumbed catalog. "Look, Pat, for only one dollar they send you twenty-five fun-making novelties, tricks to fool your friends—"

"Tricks! Fun!" Moran interrupted bitterly. "The fine you gave the cook at the hotel an exploding cigar three men had to hold him back from punching you! Two weeks back,

you gave the schoolmarm a piece of chocolate candy made of India rubber." Moran was glowering. "It cost the town a raise in pay to keep her from quitting her job."

"And last week, when you slipped that phony deck of cards into the game at the Silver Dollar—"

Pap grinned with immodest pride. "Yapl! The only deck in the territory with ten aces. Never saw so much shootin' since the Lincoln County War."

"I can take a joke, Pap, but this is the last straw. Four thousand dollars is too much to pay for a laugh. You're fired!" shouted Moran.

As he opened the door and stepped into the street, Pap called out, "Shucks, never knew a full-grown man to take on so. Trouble with you is you have no sense of humor, Moran."

As Pap swaggered down the street, he toyed with a set of false teeth that were obviously designed for an elderly moose. "Reckon I'll go down to the Last Chance and give the boys a laugh with these."

But as he entered the café he was greeted by a shout from one of the tables. "Anybody seen Pap Kiely lately? I mean the funny man who makes everyone laugh."

From the bar a second voice answered, "That Pap's a real card! Did you hear how he ticked the Colorado Kid into robbing the stage of four thousand dollars?" As the room

rocked with laughter, Pop Kiely's leathery face showed a faint pink glow.

"Reckon none of you boys heard how Pop tricked himself out of a job?" said a cow-poke who had just stepped in behind Pop. "When Pat Moran heard about Pop's latest trick, he fired him on the spot."

The roar of laughter that followed drove Pop Kiely into the street. Disconsolately, he made his way to his room at the Acme Hotel.

Next morning, Moran met him in the street. "Pop, I've been thinking. Seems a shame to break up an old friendship."

Pop squinted at him shrewdly. "Havin' a tough time hiring a new shotgun, eh? Especially with the Colorado Kid on the prowl. All right, I'm a sport. I withdraw my resignation."

In the office of the stage company, Pat flipped open the lid of the express box. "Ten thousand in gold dust," he said grimly. "I'm relying on you to see the Colorado Kid doesn't get it."

"Speakin' of the Colorado Kid," said Pop brightly, "I think I know a trick that might trap that hombre."

"Another trick!" Pat Moran pounded the table in anger. "If that hombre holds up the stage again, the only trick you'll use is your shotgun, understand?"

"Relax," grinned Pop. "It was just an idea." But, as Moran turned to his desk he failed to notice how Pop Kiely hovered over the bags of gold dust. . . .

Two hours later, the Colorado Kid held up the stage. He seemed to time it perfectly. At the moment, Pop Kiely was trying on the set of trick teeth. "Hate to spoil your fun, old-fixer, but I'll trouble you to hand down that express box," said the Kid.

As the trick teeth came loose and fell into the dust, the coach driver looked at Pop with utter and complete disgust. Pop handed down the heavy box with grudging admiration. "You caught me dead to rights, Kid."

"Hold those horses while I check," said the Colorado Kid, like the careful man he was. He shot off the lock and kicked the lid of the express-box open. Then he leaned over to

examine its contents. A faint cloud of dust floated upward past him. Suddenly the outlaw reeled backward, sneezing violently.

"Now's your chance! Get him, Pop!" yelled the stage driver. But Pop was looking down at the Colorado Kid with a smile of scientific detachment. The Kid's sneezes were exploding with the speed of a repeater pistol row. His face was a deep purple color.

"There's no rush," said Pop, climbing down from the coach. "That hombre'll be sneezing for quite a while."

* * *

Back in Deerfoot next day, Pop smiled as Moran congratulated him. "It was nothing, Moran. Just a little sneezing powder I put in the express box before you locked it."

Slowly Moran's smile faded. "Oh, so?" he said in disbelief, then his voice rose to a howling shriek. "You could have cost me that whole gold shipment! Pop, you've played your last trick! You're fired."

Pop sauntered to the door. "Moran, haven't you heard about that five-thousand-dollar reward for the Colorado Kid? Fired? I quit!"

And, walking down the street, Pop Kiely thumbed through the catalog of the tricks and novelties. On his face was a smile of perfect bliss as he contemplated all the joy his five thousand dollars would buy.



YOUNG HAWK



UPSTREAM, TOWARD A SMALL ISLAND, SPEED THREE CANOES—THE LEADING ONE DRIVEN BY A SINGLE PADDLER.

AND ON THE ISLAND, HIDDEN BEHIND A SCREEN OF BUSHES...

YOUNG HAWK! THE LEADING PADDLER IS A **GIMPEWA!**

—AND HIS PURSUERS ARE SIOUX? WE WILL DO WHAT WE CAN FOR HIM, LITTLE BUCK!



THE SIOUX ARE ENEMIES OF THE NIDATSA PEOPLE, TOO! I WILL BE GLAD TO HELP THE YOUNG **GIMPEWA!** LOOK—HE HAS BEEN WOUNDED...



AS HIS CANOE DRIVES AROUND, THE **GIMPEWA** LEAPS



—AND PLUNGES INTO THE TREES WITH A LAST YELL OF DEFIANCE!



YOU HAVE FRIENDS
HERE, CHIPPENWA!

UHMM?

AT THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE
OF STRANGERS BLOOMING
- HIS PATH, THE YOUNG MAN
STIFFENS, HAND ON KNIFE...



I AM YOUR HAWK, A
MANDAN! MY COMPANIONS--
LITTLE BUCK, A MANDAN,
AND STRONG EAGLE, A
NIDATSA! THE SIOUX ARE
OUR ENEMIES, TOO!

I AM
WHITE RAVEN!
GIVE ME A
WEAPON---
A BOW!



THIS WILL BE BETTER!
WITHOUT BLOODSHED, WE
CAN COUNT "COUP" ON
LIVING ENEMIES, AND
WIN GREAT HONOR!

UH! A
WARRIOR
SPEAKS!



DOWN, BROTHERS!
THE SIOUX COME!



SILENTLY, BUT WITH A FIRMS
EAGERNESS, THE SIOUX LAND



--- AND SIX OF THEM RUSH TO CORNER THE FUGITIVE,
CHIPPENWA, BEFORE HE CAN ESCAPE THE LITTLE ISLAND
TWO STAY WITH THE CANOES..





WITH THE FLAY OF HIS AXE, YOUNG HANK STUNS AN ENEMY ———



— AND WHIRLS — TO SLICE IN TWO THE WAR CLUB OF A SECOND SIOUX...



AS TUMBLEWED, TOO, HELPS IN THE SCUFFLE!



— LITTLE BUCK IS SWIFT TO TAKE THE ADVANTAGE!



STRONG EAGLE PROVES THAT HIS MUSCLES HAVE NOT LOST THEIR QUICKNESS...





WHITE RAVEN'S BORROWED
STONE AXE SHATTERS...



HE CLINGED--- TRIPS HIS BINDER ENEMY...



---WHOSE HEAD STRIKES A STONE IN FALLING...



AS THE SIXTH SIOUX TURNS TO RUN ---

AFTER HIM!----OR
THEY'LL TAKE THE
CANOE!---



YECW? PUSH OFF!
THIS ISLAND IS
BOWITCHED---

USH---? WHAT
HAPPENED?



FARR-
FARR-
FARR!

LET THEM GO,
LITTLE BUCK! WE
HAVE ALL, COUNTED
POUT!





NEXT MORNING --- A TARGET MATCH ?

EACH MAN WILL LOOSE ONE ARROW ---
AT THE SWINGING PINE CONE! THE WINNER
WILL RECEIVE MY BLUE-STONE NECKLACE!



YOUR FRIEND, STRONG EAGLE, IS
A MIGHTY WARRIOR, YOUNG HAWK!
BUT WITH HIS HORN ARM HE CAN-
NOT MAKE GOOD HIS CHALLENGE
TO MY BEST YOUNG MARKSMAN!

I THINK YOU
ARE RIGHT, CHIEF
--- BUT WE
SHALL SEE!



AWHH---!
A MISS!



THE FIRST CHIPPEWA MARKSMAN LOOSES
--- AND A BREATHELESS QUIET...



THE SECOND AND THIRD
SHAFTS BARELY NICK IT...

WAAHH!



BUT STRONG EAGLE'S ARROW CUTS
THE MARK CLEARLY IN HALF...

YOURS IS THE PRIZE,
STRONG EAGLE! NEVER HAVE
I SEEN SUCH SHOOTING ---
AND NEVER SUCH A
"MEDICINE ARM"
AS YOURS!

IF I HAVE
SKILL, I OWE IT
TO YOUNG HAWK,
O CHIEF OF THE
CHIPPEWA!





Customs of the Arapaho

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The Arapaho, a Plains' tribe of the Algonquian family, had the military organizations common to most of the plains tribes, which consisted of soldier bands or societies that were called on by the chiefs to perform police duties during communal buffalo hunts and other important occasions. The Arapaho had three main soldier bands, the Kit-foxes, Crazy Lodge, and Dogs. Ordinarily a warrior passed from one society to the other, like school children in their grades, automatically grouping the members according to age. At the same time, the Arapaho members of the soldier bands conducted certain ceremonial, or dancing functions, that eventually included practically all the adult males in the tribe. Each of the societies had some item of dress peculiar to their own group that easily identified the wearer as being of a certain group.

An old Arapaho man explained the meaning of the design in the moccasin shown in the drawing as follows: The white beadwork

represents the ground; green zigzag lines upon it are snakes. The quilted lines represent sweathouse poles. These lines are red, blue, and yellow, and the colors represent stones of different colors, used for producing steam in the sweathouse. At the heel, which is not visible in the drawing, are two small green squares . . . these represent the blankets with which the sweathouse is covered. The design of a snake was embroidered on these moccasins so that the person wearing it would not be bitten by snakes. The symbols referring to the sweathouse were included so that the young man, for whom it was made, might grow to the age at which the sweathouse is principally used . . . old age.



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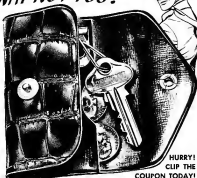


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in a barrel of monkeys...*

BUT...

*everyone knows that there's plenty of
fun, delicious eating, and food-energy
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with me?!?
Yeah, I didn't think so.**

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then buy it!
Don't make me
come looking
for you!**