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the Lone Ranger



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the Lone Ranger

AMBUSH

AT THE CIRCLE BAR RANCH OWNED BY A CHIEF SYNDICATE, JAKE BUCKER WATCHES THE RANCH MANAGER TOM DORN RIDE IN FROM TOWN...

BOSE YOU LOOK LIKE A THUNDERSTORM READY TO BREAK WIDE OPEN!

PLENTY'S WRONG! THIS LETTER'S FROM THE SYNDICATE, JAKE!

THEY'RE SENDIN' AN ACCOUNTANT TO CHECK THESE RECORDS AGAINST OURS!

Y-YOU MEAN THEY'RE SUSPICIOUS?

I DON'T THINK SO! IT'S JUST A ROUTINE! THE CIRCLE BAR'S BEEN SHOWIN' A NEAT PROFIT IN SPITE OF THE CATTLE WE'VE STOLEN!

WE CAN FOOL A GREENHORN ON THE CATTLE COUNTS!

MAYBE SO... BUT WE CAN'T FOOL HIM ABOUT THE READY CASH, AND I HAD TO USE CASH TO BUY THE EIGHT BOX SPREAD SO WE'D HAVE A PLACE TO RUN A NEW BRAND OVER THE CIRCLE BAR AND HOLD THE CRITTERS TILL THE BRAND HEARD!

HOW ABOUT SELLIN' THE HERD AT THE EIGHT BOX?

NO TIME LEFT! BATES ARRIVES TOMORROW!... BATES'S IN THIS AS DEEP AS WE ARE! BRING HIM IN HERE! THEN I'LL TELL YOU BOTH HOW WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE ACCOUNTANT!

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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

MINUTES LATER...

BOSS, IF WE'RE CAUGHT FOR CATTLE STEALING, WE'LL BE JAILED! BUT IF WE'RE ARRESTED FOR MURDER, WE'LL **WAVE!**

NOT IF THEY CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING, AND I HAVE A **FOOL-PROOF PLAN!**



SEE THIS CLIPPING-- "MARTIN BROTHERS BREAK JAIL? IT WAS IN THE MORNING TWO DAYS AGO! I WAS CHIEF WITNESS AGAINST 'EM ON A BANK ROBBERY CHARGE! THEY SPOKE WHEN THEY GOT OUT OF JAIL THEY'D GET ME!

HOW'LL THAT HELP US?



I'LL SHOW THIS CLIPPING TO THE SHERIFF TOMORROW, AND TELL HIM ABOUT THE MARTIN'S THREAT! THEN I'LL PERSUADE HIM TO RIDE BACK IN THE SUGARBOWL WITH BATES AND ME! YOU TWO WILL BE WAITING AT CRYSTAL SPRING IN DISGUISE AND **FLUG BATES!**

THEN THE SHERIFF'LL SHOOT US!



I'LL HAVE THE SHERIFF BESIDE ME ON THE BEAT! I'LL ACT CONFUSED AND INTERFERE WITH HIS GUNHAND SO YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO GET AWAY! --BY THE TIME THE SHERIFF SENDS A NEW ACCOUNTANT, WE'LL HAVE SOLD THE STEERS AND PUT BACK THE CASH! IT'S AMUSING BATES OR JAIL!

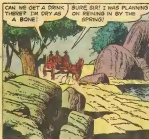
I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU!



NEXT DAY...

RAISE YOUR BANGUANA, TOM! HIS THE SHERIFF AT HIS SIDE, AND BATES'LL BE AN **EASY SNAKE** ONCE THEY STOP AT THE SPRING!

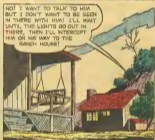














SPREAD OUT ALL THE PAPERS
SO NO RECORDS WILL BE LEFT
TO SHOW OUR CATTLE
OR CASH SHORTAGES!



THERE! IT'LL LOOK LIKE
BATES BAUGHED THE LAMB
INTO THE BASKET WHILE
HE WAS SLEEPING!



OUT THE BACK! BATES WILL
NEVER REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS
BEFORE THE FIRE FINISHES
HIM OFF!



WELL, SURE, OFFICE BURN! COME ON, FORTY!



WELL, SURE,
PURETY BURN!

BUT BATES ~~WAS~~ YET!
COME OUT OF IT YET!



HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!

HE CAN'T HELP HIMSELF
TODAY!





I'LL TAKE BATES! YOU TAKE THE BOOKS ON THE DESK! SAVE ALL THE PAPERS YOU CAN!

HE GRABBY!



HURRY TONTO! THE FLAMES ARE HEADING FOR THE DOORWAY!

HE GOT PAPERS! HOW BATES?



HE'S ALIVE! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



BOSS! THE MASKED MAN AND INDIAN—THEY'RE RESCUING BATES!

USE YOUR GUNS!



GUNFIRE WILL AROUSE THE REST OF THE BOYS IN THE GUNHOUSE!

LET IT! I'LL SAY THE MASKED MAN STARTED THE FIRE AND GOT BATES! JUST MAKE SURE NONE OF THEM LIVE TO CONTRADICT US!

BANG!





AS DORN'S LIES UNCOVERED, HE TOLD THEM OF THE ASSAULT ON THE "MARTIN ACCOUNTS"...

OF COURSE, WHAT CONFIRMED MY SUSPICIONS WAS THE FACT THAT WHEN I RETURNED TO MY OFFICE, I LEARNED THE MARTIN BROTHERS WERE CAUGHT TWELVE HOURS BEFORE DORN "GOTTED" EM!



IF I'D REALIZED WHO HE WAS EARLIER, I COULD'VE QUESTIONED DORN THEN, KNOWING I'D BE BACKED UP BY THE LOVE RANGERS!



the Lone Ranger

BORDER INTRIGUE

AS A RIDER RACES SOUTH ACROSS THE MEXICAN BORDER INTO THE WILD FOOTHILLS BEYOND PEÑON NEGRO, SUDDENLY--

STOP WHERE YOU ARE, SEÑOR!

WHO?-- I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOUR CAPTAIN! TAKE ME TO HIM!

FIRST SEÑOR: DROP YOUR GUNBELT! OTHERS WATCH YOU, SO MAKE NO FOOLISH MOVE!

HOW DO I KNOW I'LL GET MY GUNS BACK?

IF YOU ARE A FRIEND, YOU WILL GET THEM BACK! IF YOU ARE NOT--YOU WILL NOT NEED THEM AGAIN, AMIGO!

HOW WE RIDE FOR SEÑOR LOPEZ?

MAESTRO LANCE-- LOPEZ-- IN BLIGHTY CONCORDS! CAME FROM THE STATES! THIS LETTER'S FROM HANK KASSON!

KASSON-- BUENO! THEN THE LAW DIDN'T CATCH HIM EITHER!



AND LAST TO CROSS IS THE OUTLAW LEADER---



NOW TO JOIN THEM AT THE MEETING PLACE AND HOPE THEY ALL MADE IT!

SO! MY MEN ARE ALL HERE! --BUBBA! WE CAN'T END AT DAWN WE LEAVE FOR HANS KASSON'S HIDE-OUT!



NEED HELP!--



2! THIS IS THE TRAIL WE TAKE! THEN WE PASS A POINTED ROCK--CROSS TWO STREAMS--AND ENTER A NARROW PASS THAT LEADS TO THE HIDE-OUT CABIN!

SEÑOR LOPEZ--



--THE WIND CAME UP SUDDENLY!

I WILL GET IT!



AND ANNO! I HAVE THE DIRECTIONS IN MY HEAD! WE JUST LOSE NO TIME! --WE RIDE NOW!

SOON--



THE AREA WHERE MARSHALL SAW KASSON GANG HIDE, KEMO SAKAY!

YES, TONY, BUT WE STILL HAVEN'T CUT THEIR TRAIL! LET'S SPLIT UP AND MAKE A WIDE CIRCLE! WE'LL COVER MORE GROUND THAT WAY! --COME ON, SILVER!



EASY FELLER!—WHAT
WRONG SCOUT?



THAT ONLY PIECE OF PAPER WIND
BLOW! YOU NOT LET-UM SCARE
YOU, FELLER!



THERE!...TOMTO PUT-UM IN
POCKET! YOU NOT SEE-UM
AGIN! NOW WE LOOK
FOR OUTLAWS' TRAIL!



LATER... BUSINESS HAS
HAND!

GOOD TO SEE YOU,
LEO—AND YOUR
MEN!



ONCE WE GET THOSE RIFLES
WE CAN RAISE A SMALL
ARMY! THIS TIME, LEO,
WE'LL GET CONTROL OF
CHIHUAHUA ~~BEFORE~~ THE
MEXICAN GOVERNMENT
CAN ACT!

SI! IT IS A LONG
MARCH FROM
MEXICO CITY TO
CHIHUAHUA AND BY
THE TIME TROOPS
GET THERE, WE SHALL
BE CHIHUAHUA'S
RECOGNIZED ~~BOSS~~!



KASSON!— BEEN IN THE
SADDLE SINCE DAWN!...
WAGONS ARE COMING!
—SHOULD BE HERE
TOMORROW MORNING!

GOOD! TONIGHT, LEO,
YOU AND I WILL RAISE
THE FINAL PLANS
FOR ~~OUR~~ ~~COMING~~
ZEE!





DISMOUNT WHILE WE
HAVE COVER HERE, TONYO!
THEN WE'LL GO FORWARD
ON FOOT!



CAUTIOUSLY THEY CIRCLE THE CASHI, WORKING
THEIR WAY TO THE RIM OF THE CANYON ABOVE
THE NARROW PASS...



TONYO, THERE MUST BE MORE THAN
THIRTY HORSES DOWN THERE! I
WISH WE COULD GET CLOSER TO
THE CASHI AND LEARN WHO
THOSE MEN ARE!

WE'VE ABLE TO GO DOWN SIDE
OF CANYON, KEMO SABAY?
WANT HERE!



STEALTHILY TONYO DESCENDS THE OVER-
GROWN HILL, FEELING CAUTIOUSLY FOR FOOT-
HOLDS, AS HE PUNCHES DOWN SILENTLY...





AFTER TONTO REPORTS WHAT HE OVERHEARD TO THE LONG HANGER, THEY QUICKLY RECOUNT AND RIDE FOR LIEUTENANT DRAKE AS SUDDENLY—



A FEW HOURS BEFORE DARK, THE LOSE DANGER TELLS THE OFFICER THE "OUTLAW'S" PLAN--

"WE'LL MARCH ON THEIR HIDE-OUT AT ONCE!"

"YOU'D NEVER REACH IT UNATTACKED, LIEUTENANT, AND THE ADVENTURERS WOULD BE ALL THERE! BUT MAY I SUGGEST A PLAN TO CAPTURE THEM ALL!"

LATER, SOUTH OF THE RIVER, SEND--

"RIDING THE WAGONS COME!"

"RIDE DOWN ON 'EM FIRST!"



BUT SUDDENLY THE WAGON COVERS ARE RAISED, AND BEHIND THE WAGONS RE-ARRANGED PROTECTIVE BARRIERS, TROOPERS OPEN FIRE--



"CARRIAGE TROOPS!"

"WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! BACK TO THE WOODS! HIGH-TAIL IT!"

"BANG!"

"BANG!"

"YEEHAW!"



THEIR LEADERS OUT OF THE FIGHT THE SURROUNDED OUTLAWS QUICKLY SURRENDER--

YOUR PLAN WORKED PERFECTLY! NONE OF THE MEN YOU HAD ME PLACE IN THE WAGONS WERE HURRIED AND WE AMBUSHED THE AMBUSHERS!



RECKON THE RIFLES'LL GET SAFELY TO THE FORT NOW, SIR!

YES, AND THERE'LL BE A LOT LESS TROUBLE SOUTH OF THE BORDER, THANKS TO THE LONE RANGER!

AY-YO, SILVER! AWAY!



SHOWDOWN



Pop Gordon heard the news before he had spent five minutes in Coyote Gap. As the grizzled old ex-marshal tethered his horse before the general store, one of the hangers-on greeted him.

"Howdy, Pop," he drawled. "Hear Chico Davis is back in town."

The muscles tightened under Gordon's jaw as he finished tying his horse. He said nothing but began walking up the street. In front of the Wells Fargo office, Mulcahy, the manager, lounged against the door puffing on a stogie.

"Saw Chico a little while ago," Mulcahy remarked, as Gordon passed him. "They let him out a week ago. Gave him a year off for good behavior."

Pop nodded his acknowledgment and stamped past along the wooden walk knowing that Mulcahy was watching him, reading his face for a sign of worry or fear. The old man kept his eyes straight ahead. From across the street, he could see Tabey, the portly Mayor of the town, coming toward him.

"Pop," he said, worriedly, "Chico Davis is around. He was asking for you. That could mean trouble. Gunplay, maybe."

"Maybe," agreed Gordon.

"Look, Pop, the new Marshal's out of town. Maybe it'd be healthier if you left town till Davis cools off."

Pop smiled faintly and shook his head.

"When I arrested Chico, I was the town marshal, and I did it in the line of duty. No, Mayor, I'm not backing away from trouble."

As he pushed past the Mayor and up along the wooden walk, Gordon was remembering Chico Davis. Gordon remembered him well,—a wild, headstrong kid who ran with the wrong bunch. Shooting scapes, barroom

brow, and cracked gambling—Chico had been mixed up in all of them. One day, Gordon caught him at a branding fire blotting out another man's brand on a yearling steer.

Now, three years later, Davis was out of jail, nursing his pride and wrath, and waiting to even the score with Gordon.

As Pop staked down the street, he was aware of faces watching him from behind windows, knots of people staring at him from the shadows.

Near the bank, he caught sight of Chico. The boy had grown taller. He was more of a man now, too. But Gordon could still catch a hint of Chico's old arrogant swagger. Suddenly, Chico was moving toward Gordon, a faint smile on his lips. Tension knotted inside the old man. He wanted to speak to Chico, to tell him that if he killed now he would go on killing all his life. Killing and running and hiding from the law. But Pop's throat was dry. The words wouldn't come.

And then they were facing each other, ten feet apart. Chico's smile was broader now. "Howdy, Gordon," he said. "Something I want to say to you."

Pop waited tensely. Chico was clever.

"I'm not sure at you, Pop," said Chico. "Reckon I had that prison term coming." The old man gave him a puzzled look.

"Those years in prison gave me a lot of time to think. I'm going straight from here on. The way I figure, I've got a lot to thank you for."

The ex-marshal stared at him in disbelief. This could be a trick to put him off guard. He searched Chico's face for a hint of what was coming. And then it came to him—the old, wild, dare-devil look was gone from Chico's eyes. It was a man who was looking at him now. It was a man reaching out his hand in a gesture of friendship. Pop's creased face broke into a smile. He reached out and gripped Chico's hand.

When he spoke the old man's voice was loud enough for the whole town to hear. "Welcome back, Chic! Welcome home!"

YOUNG HAWK

DOO...
LOOKY!

CAMPED AT THE EDGE OF A
NORTHERN LAKE, YOUNG HAWK
AND HIS FRIENDS SEE THE
LEAP OF AN ENORMOUS FISH!

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WESTERN PUBLISHING CO. LITTLE ROCK

THAT FISH WAS
AS GOOD AS A MAN,
YOUNG HAWK!

HE LOOKED TO
BEY AND I'M GOING
TO CATCH HIM,
LITTLE BUCK!

THERE IS NO GOOD
HOOK WHICH COULD HOLD
SUCH A MONSTER, YOUNG
HAWK! YOU COULDN'T!

I SHALL
NOT USE A
HOOK ON HIM,
LITTLE BUCK!

I CAN MAKE YOU A
FISH SPEAR THAT WOULD
HOLD THAT FISH, YOUNG HAWK!
BUT IT WOULD TAKE TIME

THANKS, STRONG SABLE—
BUT MY PLUM DOES NOT CALL
FOR A SPEAR! FIRST, I WILL
BRAID TOGETHER THESE NEW,
STRONG FISHLINES YOU HAVE
MADE... THERE IS STILL TIME
BEFORE DARK!











NOW YOU'VE DONE IT,
LITTLE BUCK! STRONG
EAGLE --- PADDLE!

OH-OH-OH!

WITH AN ANGRY ROAR, SHE
PLUNGES IN, STRAIGHT AT THE CANOE!

STRONG EAGLE'S POWERFUL THRUST SWAPS
THEIR ONLY MEANS OF PROPULSION!

WHY? WHAT CAN
WE DO NOW? SHE'LL
CLIMB ABOARD AND---

DRAW YOUR
KNIVES! YOU CAN
STILL FIGHT!--

--- IN CASE
I FAIL!

MAYBE WE
SHOULD HAVE
JUMPED IN, TOO!

NOT YET---

OH-OH-OH!

IF I CAN
REACH HER
BEFORE SHE
RIPS THE
CANOE---



old man badger

ANIMALS OF THE WEST



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The bulky badger can dig so fast that he is underground before a man can dismount from his horse! He uses the enormous claws on all four feet to shovel earth like a machine. Since the badger is a big animal, sometimes thirty inches long and very big around, he has to dig big holes.

The badger often hunts prairie dogs. He does this by digging after them. The badger plunges into a prairie dog hole but soon finds that it is only about one-half the size he needs to "narrow gate". He begins digging his way through and he can often trap the prairie dog because he can dig so fast.

From one to five tiny badgers are born in May or June and their home is a cozy, little nest—often

thirty feet underground where nothing that walks the face of the earth can reach them! The badger's home is so deep underground that neither winter cold nor summer heat can reach it. Even a grass fire or burning trees right overhead do not bother the badger, though fires often force whole colonies of prairie dogs to seek new territory.

The badger is a lone fighter if he's caught above ground on earth so hard that even he cannot dig. He will turn on the largest animals and fight to the death with his powerful teeth and, above all, his enormous claws. Because his body is covered with very thick, tough fur, and his skin is "too big" for him, (it hangs in large, loose folds), even a sharp-toothed wolf can bite him many times, and do no harm!

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the first cattlemen

The first ranchers in America were the Spanish soldiers who came here on expeditions under Cortez and other conquistadors. They brought horses and mules and later the tough strong-boned, long-horned cattle.

The Indians had no horses when the Spaniards first landed on the American mainland. When they first saw the horses of such explorers as Cortez and Coronado, they thought horse and rider were one animal. They feared and respected the strange beings that had come among them. On one occasion, Hopi Indians spread cloth on the road over which a Spanish explorer's horse would walk to show their awe of the Spaniard's useful friend. It took many years for the Indians to learn that they could ride horses.



After Indian resistance to the Spanish conquest had been overcome, the Spaniards turned to mining and cattle ranching. The first cowboys in America were the common soldiers of Cortez and other conquistadors. Many important men usually received rich gold and silver mines as rewards from the Spanish king for the part they took in the conquest. The soldier turned to cattle ranching for his living.

At first, the Spaniards herded cattle as they had done in Spain. They used their long "picas" or pikes much more than they did their lasso. These picas were really long war lances which they used to urge cattle into pens and other enclosures, much as they would have done in the crowded civilized ranches in old Spain.



But before long, the Spaniards learned to let their cattle range freely on the wide grasslands. They only rounded them up at market time, or when a herd had to be gathered for some other reason. Soon, they became experts with the lasso, or, as they called it, the "reata."

The Spanish cowboy and the Mexican vaquero used a braided leather reata made of cowhide. Pieces of leather were headed together to form a line sometimes forty or more feet long. Even today, Mexican vaqueros prefer the heavier braided leather to rope. With roping as a fine art, good horses and the long-horned steer, ranching in America was born.



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