

DELL

SEPTEMBER

10c

the Lone Ranger



IMPORTANT

SEE
DELL'S PLEDGE
TO PARENTS
ON INSIDE
FRONT COVER

→



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the Lone Ranger

INCIDENT ON THE RIVER

AS THE LONE RANGER AND
"TITO" CAMP BY THE
MUSKOGEE RIVER—



THROWING OFF HIS BOOTS AND DROPPING HIS GUNS,
THE LONE RANGER QUICKLY DIVES INTO THE RIVER—



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



I HAVE HIM!



ALL RIGHT, KOWD NASKY!
NOW TONTO CARRY-UM!



HE IS MOUNDED AS WELL
AS HALF-DROWNED!
TONTO! HE'S BEEN
SHOT!



AS THE LONG RANGER AND TONTO BEGIN
TENDING THE MAN, THEY CHECK HIS POCKETS
FOR IDENTIFICATION AND NEARBY THE LEAVE
OF HIS JACKET A CARD IS FOUND--

MAJOR CLAY BURTON
UNITED STATES ARMY
PRESIDENT
MILITARY POST-- WASHINGTON
D.C. BUT WHAT IS HE
DOING OUT HERE? AND IN
EXPLAIN CLOTHES?



AN HOUR LATER THE WOUNDED MAN COMES TO!
THE LONG RANGER ASSURES HIM THAT HIS WOUND
IS NO CAUSE FOR ALARM--

"YOU CALLED THE NOUN,
TONTO!...? YOUR BULLETS
ARE SILVER? - THEN I
KNOW WHO YOU ARE!
GENERAL CALDWELL
TOLD ME OF YOU!

YES WE'VE BEEN
PROVISED
TO WORK WITH HIM!
AND THIS BULLET
IS REAL SILVER!



THEN I MUST CALL ON YOU
AGAIN TO HELP YOUR
GOVERNMENT AND
STOP THE SONS!

IS THERE ANY WAY TO REACH THE RIVER BOATS NEXT PORT OF CALL, ATCHISON? THOSE SPY ON BOARD MUST NOT ESCAPE!

THE RIVER CURVES IN A GREAT ARC BELOW HERE ALL THE WAY TO ATCHISON! BEING STRAIGHT ACROSS COUNTRY WE MIGHT REACH THERE BEFORE THE BOAT DOCKS AT DAWN! BUT WHO ARE THE SPY?



I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU!—WELL, SINCE THE WAR BETWEEN THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH, CERTAIN FOREIGN POWERS HAVE FIGURED OUR COUNTRY IS WEAK AND STILL DIVIDED! IF OUR DEFENSES ARE FOUND TO BE POOR, ONE OR MORE EUROPEAN NATIONS PLAN TO RAAGE AMERICA! I WAS SENT TO DETERMINE THE STRENGTH OF OUR DEFENSES OUT WEST—



I HAD JUST COMPLETED MY REPORT AND WAS TRAVELING IN CIVILIAN CLOTHING AND UNDER A FALSE NAME ON THE BOAT. CHRYSLER MY IDENTITY WAS UNKNOWN, WHO SUGGESTED...?

MAJOR! MAJOR BURTON! OPEN THE DOOR QUICKLY! GIVE AN OFFICIAL MESSAGE FOR YOU!



"SURPRISED AT HEARING MY REAL NAME CALLED I INSTINCTIVELY REPLIED AND OPENED THE DOOR—"

THANKS, MAJOR! NOW MOVE BACK INTO THE CABIN!



WHO ARE YOU? WHY DO YOU CALL ME?

WE WANT A BACKET OF PAPERS...YOUR REPORT!



DON'T DO FOR THAT GUY—





Continued

REASON NO ONE
KNEW US OR WE'D BE
IN ROAD BY NOW,
SALIM!

IT WAS WORTH THE RISK!
THESE PAPERS WILL GIVE MY
COUNTRY ALL THE NECESSARY
INFORMATION ON YOUR
WESTERN DEFENSES!



WHEN DO I GET AWAY?
I DON'T DO THE JOB
OUT OF LOVE FOR
MY HOME LAND!

YOU'LL BE HELD BY THE
AMBASSADOR WHEN HE
MEETS US AT
ATCHISON!



YOUR ~~WAS HERE~~ IS
MEETING US! DON'T YOU
THINK SOMEONE MIGHT'VE
GOTTEN SUSPICIOUS WHEN
HE LEFT WASHINGTON
TO VISIT A COW
TOWN?

NO, SCOTT! HE SAID
HE WANTED TO
TOUR YOUR COUNTRY,
BUT HE REALLY IS
COMING TO PROTECT
US AND THE PAPERS!
ONCE IN HIS COACH, WE
CAN'T BE STOPPED...
WE'LL HAVE ~~ENOUGH~~
COURAGE!



Scene

THOSE
ATCHISON!

WE'LL RIDE DOWN WARDEN
GEORGE'S HOME BEHIND HIS
OFFICE! YOU'LL NEED HIM TO
MAKE THE ARREST! HE
KNOWS US, WE HELPED
HIM ONCE BEFORE!



LOOK! WE'VE NO TIME TO
LOSS! THE BOSS IS
DOCKING!



MARSHAL! MARSHAL! GEORGE!



HUSH! WHAT'S WRONG—
A MARRIED MAN! ...
OH! IT'S MADDY!

GOOD MORNING, MARSHAL!
SLIP INTO YOUR BOOTS
WHILE I TELL YOU WHY
WE CARE!

QUICKLY, MAJOR! BURTON TELLS OF THE
SPES' TRIFT OF THE RACKET! ...

WE'LL HEAD RIGHT
FOR THE DOCK AND
STOP 'EM FRONT!

TAKE TONTO'S HORSE,
MAJOR! YOU'LL HAVE TO
IDENTIFY THEM! I'LL
STAY HERE! MY MASC
MIGHT ONLY COMPLICATE
THINGS!



BUT AS THEY REACHED THE DOCK—

THERE THEY ARE,
MARSHAL! SCOUNDING
THAT COACH!



REIN IN!—IN THE
NAME OF THE LAW,
STOP!



BANG!

I SAID STOP
THOSE HORSES!

WHAT IS THE
MEANING OF
THIS? I AM
ARRESTING
THE LAW!



SHORTLY AFTER, THEY TELL THE AGENT RANGER OF THEIR FAILURE---

THE WAR DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON THE NEXT MOVE'LL BE UP TO THEM, BUT EVEN THE ARMY WILL BE UNABLE TO STOP THE AMBASSADOR FROM PASSING ON THE RACKET WITHOUT THE RISK OF STARTING A WAR!

I'LL WIRE



I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH LEGAL BOSH BEFORE! I WAS WILLING TO ARREST THE WHOLE SHEBANG!

MAJOR, YOU'VE AND I WILL RECOVER THE COACH FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION! RIDE TO FORT LEAVENWORTH WE MAY SEE YOU THERE LATER!



HOLD ON! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

SOMETHING NEITHER THE ARMY NOR THE LAW CAN DO! ---COME ON, SILVER!



LATER---

NEVER HAVE I SEEN TWO MEN AS CRESTFALLEN AS THEY! BUT THE MAJOR KNEW ENOUGH NOT TO GIBBLE!

I THOUGHT I SAW A GINGER WHEN HE RODE UP!



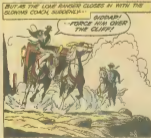
HE SHOULD'VE WAS BANDAGED---BUT HOW DID HE ESCAPE DROWNING?

IT DOES NOT MATTER! I HAVE THE PRISONER AND SOON IT WILL BE IN OUR COUNTRY'S HANDS!



G-SURPRISE!











the Lone Ranger

THE HERD STEALERS

AS A TEXAS HERD CUTS
NORTHWARD THROUGH
INDIAN TERRITORY,
SUDDENLY...

BANG!
BLAM!

WHOOP!
WHOOP!
YEEHAW!
INDIAN!



THEY'RE TRYING
OFF OUR HERD—

—LET 'EM! WE'RE LUCKY
THEY DIDN'T STOP TO
COLLECT OUR SCALPS!



MINUTES LATER...

SHOOTING COME FROM
HERE, KEHO SAGBY!

AN INDIAN AND A MIXBRED
MAYBE THAT RENEGADE
MUST BE THEIR LEADER!
IT'LL BE SOME MEASURE
OF REVENGE TO PRIG
AWAY!





BANG!



MY GUN!



"YOU'RE HOLDING AWAY YOUR COLT!"

WENT TONYO AND I CAME TO HELP YOU!



AS THE LONG HANDED AND TONYO TREAT THE WOUNDED THOSE HANDS THEY BEGIN TO TRUST THE WASHED MAN AND TELL HIM WHAT HAPPENED...

BUT THE LOCAL TREATIES MEAN NOTHING TO US!

THEY JUST SIGNED A TREATY WITH OUR GOVERNMENT TO LET CATTLE HERDS PASS THROUGH THIS TERRITORY!



INDIANS DON'T USUALLY ATTACK TRAIL HERDS THE WAY YOU DESCRIBED AT NIGHT A FEW BRAVES MIGHT RUN OFF A DOZEN STEERS AT NIGHT!

...I ONLY CAN TELL YOU WHAT WE SAW!



CHIEF RED EAGLE'S TRIBE IS THE NEAREST TO THIS PLACE! TONYO AND I WILL MAKE INQUIRIES THERE!

I'M RIDING FOR THE ARMY --- AND AFTER I TELL 'EM WHAT HAPPENED, I reckon they'll "CALL" ON RED EAGLE, TOO!



THAT ABOUT THE LONG HAIRED MAN WITH AN OLD FRIEND—

THE TRAIL HANDS SAID BRAYNES FOUGHT WHITE MEN - ATTACKED THEM, RED EAGLE!

HE SAYS REARLAWPOF FIGHT WHITE MEN - NOT STEAL COWS!



PERHAPS SOME OF YOUR BRAVES ACTED WITHOUT YOUR KNOWLEDGE!

HE NOT BELIEVE THEM DO THAT!— BUT MAN WHO COVERS FACE KNOW PLACE WHERE INDIANS ATTACK!



TOMORROW, RED EAGLE AND BRAVES GO THERE AND TRY TO FIND ATTACKING TRAIL!

FINE! IF WE WORK QUICKLY, WE MAY BE ABLE TO TRACK DOWN THE RUSTLERS BEFORE THE ARMY CALLS HERE!



DAMN—

BRAVES READY! YOU LEAD WAY!



COME ON, SON-NEE!

GET-ON UP SOONER!



WARRIORS—

WARNING DOG!

RIDE TO READY! TELL HER THE HERO'S WARNING, SHE'S HEADING IT FOR THE HILL ROAD! I'LL ALERT YOU WHEN THEY'RE HALF AN HOUR AWAY!



AN HOUR LATER, AT THE PLACE OF THE
RECKLESS DAVE'S ATTACK---

THE BRISTLES DRIVE
THE CATTLE WEST! THE
HORSES THEY RODE
WERE SHAKED!

UGH! AND MEN
WHO COVER FACE
KNOW INDIANS!
HORSES NOT HAVE
TRACKS LIKE THOSE!



UNLESS THEY WERE
RENEGADES WHO'VE
TAKEN UP THE WAYS
OF WHITE MEN!

OO HORSE THEM
WHITE MEN DRESSED
LIKE INDIANS!



I'VE BEEN THINKING OF
THAT, TOO, TONIGHT! BUT
WE'LL LEARN THE
ANSWER AT THE END
OF THE TRAIL!--
LET'S GO, BIG
FELLOW!



RECKLESS--

DOC SAYS THE HERD'S
MOVING RIGHT ON
TIME!

THREE OF YOU MEN
STAY BEHIND TO KEEP
AN EYE ON THINGS!
THE REST OF YOU
"RECKLESS" FOLLOW
ME!



THIS IS OUR BIGGEST JOB
YET! CHECK YOUR HARDWARE!
WHEN WE GET THERE--
THERE'LL BE PLENTY
OF SHOWPLAY





MINUTES LATER— THE TRAIL LEADS
HERE... BUT IT
STOPS AT THIS SOLID
HILLSIDE!



RED EAGLE KNOWS THIS
PLACE! THINK NOBODY
BUT INDIANS KNOW
ABOUT VALLEY
BEYOND!

YOU MEAN THERE'S
A SECRET ENTRANCE?



UGH! VALLEY BEYOND PLENTY
GOOD PLACE TO HIDE COWS!



CATTLE TRACKS... THIS
AS THE RUSTLERS'
HIDE-OUT!



WOW SUREY...

...THERE ARE ONLY
THREE MEN THERE!
RIDE DOWN ON THEM
SNOOPING!



SWORRY AFTER...

HILL ROAD JUST
AHEAD! IT BETTER
WE STOP HERE!



IF WE MOVE THROUGH THOSE TREES
SLOWLY WE MAY BE ABLE TO COME
UP BEHIND THE RUSTLERS' LEGS!



THERE -CROOKS
DRESSED LIKE
INDIANS!

THEY'RE SO INTENT
ON WATCHING THE TRAIL,
THEY HAVEN'T NOTICED
US!

RIDERS
COME!



SCARY! THEY'RE ONLY A MILE
OFF! THESE BOULDERS'LL
FORCE 'EM TO SPREAD OUT
THE HERO! RED'S BOUND
UP FRONT WITH OLD MAN
CODDIE! WHEN HE FLIPS
CODDIE, THAT'S YOUR
SIGNAL TO ATTACK!



THAT'S OUR SIGNAL!
OPEN FIRE!

BANG!



BANG!
BLAM!

YEEHAW!

WINDS THE GUN!

...GIVE HIM AID!



OHMY!

BANG! BANG!



I'M AW!

THEY GOT THE BODS!



WE QUIT! DON'T SHOOT!



HAVE YOUR BRIVES DISARM THEM, RED EAGLE! THEN WE'LL HIDE AND WAIT FOR THE HERD TO APPROACH!

LOH! WE SURPRISE CROOK FELLER WHO THUMB MUSTERS WAIT TO HELP HIM HERE!



SOONLY THE RANCHER LEARNED HOW COON AND EAGLE'S BRAINS SAVED HIS HERD AND HEARD FROM ANGRUSH.

[I SURE I UGH! MAN WHO COVER FACE BELIEVE THIS COON AND GAVE RED EAGLE CHANCE TO PROVE HIS BRAINS NOT RUSTLERS AND KEEP TREATY! NOW HE TURN CROOKS OVER TO ARMY WHEN THEY COME TO MY CAMP!]



BECAUSE IT'S ALWAYS GOOD TO BE TRUSTED BY THE LOVE RANGERS!

AW-HEE! SURE! AW-HEE!



JED'S BOSS



COVER ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE BENTON • LARRY SMITH

The buckboard jamed Billy Butler at every rut in the road. It wasn't easy for a thirteen-year-old to hold onto the rough, rawhide reins, but a lot depended on this trip. Dad Butler was in bed, with fever, and needed medicine as well as foodstuffs. Farming land in the C-gle Basin was fertile but it was thirty miles from the nearest town. It was strange like the Butlers' that was pushing the Western borders towards the Pacific Ocean.

Billy wiped the perspiration out of his eyes, and patted the five dollars sewn to his pocket. Let's see, he was supposed to get flour . . . salt pork . . . barley . . . poregoric . . . and . . . and . . . oh, yes, deposit a dollar in the bank. Billy was very grateful when he saw the two-story frame houses of the town.

He hitched the two geldings in front of Barney's Drygoods, and hurried inside. Billy did not like to buy groceries from Barney because he always smelled of whiskey and he mistreated his hired boy, Jed. Billy was loading the flour when a familiar voice said, "Hi!" Billy turned and faced young Jed.

"Hi, Jed!" grinned Billy. Because neighbors were not plentiful in the West, Jed was Billy's best (as well as only) friend.

"Did you get your new Winchester?" asked Jed, eagerly.

"Now. Not yet. Paw's been sick. I gotta hurry back with his medicine."

"There's gonna be a horse race tonight!" exclaimed Jed. "Could you stay an' see it?"

Billy shook his head. "Can't. Paw's sick. I'm going over to the bank now."

"Gosh, Billy, I'm sure sorry about your father." There was genuine concern in the boy's face as he spoke. He remembered, with pleasure, the infrequent trips to Billy's home. The tall, raw-boned man who was never too tired to listen and answer a boy's eager question filled him with admiration. He was a mine of information about birds and wild animals and his stories of wild life and their ways kept the boys entranced.

Jed was fond of him all right. Perhaps it was because Jed, an orphan, longed for affection and he received little of it from his boss, Barney.

Now Jed said a reluctant goodbye to Billy who hurried over to the bank.

.....

"What did you do, young fella? Strike a bonanza?" chuckled the teller.

"Put it in my father's account," said Billy, soberly.

At the precise moment the clerk reached for the dollar, the front door whirled open and three masked men, holding guns, rushed in.

"We don't want any killing," growled one of the men. "So don't anybody move."

The three desperados scooped up the money and ran for the door. But, in their haste, one accidentally knocked the mask off the leader. He pulled it back in place before anyone—except Billy—saw his face. Almost as quickly as they had come, they were gone.

Billy slipped away before the sheriff came, and started the buckboard towards the farm. He wasn't a law officer. It wasn't his job to catch crooks. That's what the sheriff was for. Besides, Jed was his friend and why should he make more trouble for him?

Billy got as far as Willow Creek before he knew he had to turn back. The man whose mask had slipped was—Barney—Jed's boss.

THE END

YOUNG HAWK

LOOK!
AN OSPREY...
DIVING TO CATCH
A FISH!

TRAVELING EASTWARD ACROSS THE COUNTRY OF LAKES AND RIVERS, YOUNG HAWK, STRONG SABLE AND LITTLE BUCK SEE "THE PLACE WHERE THE SUN RISES"



LIKE A FEATHERED ARROW, THE OSPREY, OR FISH HAWK, STRIKES HIS PREY... AND GRIPS IT!



SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE BLUE, AN EAGLE DIVES TO INTERCEPT HIM



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BIG BIRD THREATENS... AND THE HAWK DODGES STUBBORNLY, UNWILLING TO LOSE HIS FISH TO THE OTHER



ALL AT ONCE, THE PICTURE CHANGES! A LARGER EAGLE ATTACKS THE FIRST ONE







AS YOUNG HAWK STOPS, THE SMALL BIRD FLIES UP WITH A SHRILL SCREAM OF WARNING!



TALLER AND MORE HEAVILY MUSCLED, THE ALONGQUIN DOWN'S YOUNG HAWK.



FOR MINUTE AFTER MINUTE THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES --- NEITHER OF THE FIGHTERS ABLE TO BRING A WEAPON TO BEAR! BUT YOUNG HAWK'S STRENGTH IS LESS THAN HIS HEAVY ATTACKER'S.



THEN A POWERFUL FIGURE LANDS ON THE ALONGQUIN'S BACK --- STRONG EAGLE!







HURRY, YOUNG HAWK!
THE SMOKE IS GROWING
THICKER! YOU WON'T BE
ABLE TO SEE FAR.



THE FIRE IS
ON ALL SIDES---
CLOSING IN!



WHAT CHANCE
HAVE WE TO ESCAPE,
YOUNG HAWK?

ASK THE
ALGOQUAM!



THE FIRE ENROLES
US--- AND THE HILL
ACROSS THE RIVER! IS
THERE ANY SHELTER
FOR US?

YES--- THE
HILL! I WILL SHOW
YOU! BUT HURRY!

IN SWIFT SIGN LANGUAGE, CROSSED OUT BY A FEW WORDS,
THE QUESTION IS ASKED--- AND ANSWERED.



DON'T WAIT FOR ME!
I HAVE SOMETHING TO
DO--- THEN I'LL
FOLLOW YOU!

BUT, YOUNG HAWK---
YOU'LL BE TRAPPED
BY FLAMES!



GO ON!
I WON'T BE
CAUGHT!



AFTER WETTING HIS BOOT IN THE RIVER, YOUNG HAWK RACES AFTER HIS FRIENDS



MEANWHILE, YOUNG HAWK'S FRIENDS AND THE ALGONQUIN HAVE REACHED THE HILLSIDE WHERE THE ALGONQUIN HAD SAID THEY WOULD FIND SHELTER



THE ELK



The great elk, or wapiti, is named by the Shawnee Indians, as a forest dweller, though in summer he moves upward in the Rocky Mountains to the high meadows.

A fully grown male elk sometimes weighs as much as 1,000 pounds, and is ten feet in length. The great antlers of the adult bull elk, which may have as much as a 5-foot spread, easily distinguish him from the deer, which has smaller, more slender antlers, and the moose, which has great, club-shaped palms in the center of his antlers. In the spring, the male elk uses his horns to fight fierce battles with other male elk for leadership of large bands.

The body color of the wapiti is light grayish-brown but his head and neck are very dark brown. This coloring makes it easier for the elk to conceal himself in the forested country in which he lives. Coloration also helps the elk to conceal his young ones from danger. When the young are born, in the late spring, they are covered with white spots which look like blotches of sunlight filtering through the leaves. When the young elk lies down on brown pine needles, or any other dark forest floor, he blends so perfectly with the background, that often he cannot be seen even from very close range.

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TO USE AS YOU PLEASE!

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GET 'EM ALL!



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Start your collection now!
**1955 FORD
SCALE MODELS**

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4. Thunderbolt (shown here)

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