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# the Lone Ranger



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TONDA



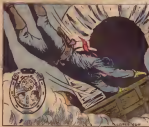
KENTON



PARLEY

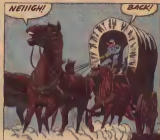
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for an Official Entry Blank!**

For store nearest you, check your classified directory



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**DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**





LATER...

NO, SILVER---IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE  
LOST THE OUTLAWS' TRAIL FOR  
GOOD THIS TIME!



A HORSE'S HOOF MIGHT  
HAVE LOCKED OVER  
THIS STONE---IT'S  
HORSEY SIDE IS UP!



THEY MAY HAVE  
EDGED THE WAY!  
---LET'S GO,  
BIG FELLOW!



ELSEWHERE...

WHY ARE WE  
**DOUBLING**  
BACK ON OUR OWN  
TRAIL, RID?

WITH A HUNDRED  
BYLARS STOLEN, I  
FIGURE THE ARMY'LL  
BE OUT WITH ITS  
**BEST TRACKERS!**



BUT WE COVERED  
OUR TRAIL WELL...

---THE CAVALRY'S GOT  
INDIAN SCOUTS WHO CAN  
READ SIGNS WHERE WE  
SEE NOTHING AT ALL!  
WE'LL WALK HERE TILL IT'S  
DARK! IF ANYONE DOES  
FOLLOW US, THEY'LL WALK  
PLUMB INTO AN  
**AMBUSH!**



SOON...

FIG! KEEP LOW AND WHEN  
I START SHOOTING, ALL  
OF YOU START!



MEANWHILE---

THIS WAY KENO  
SABAY DO SCOUT!  
HERE WHERE HE  
BLAZE TRAIL FOR US!



GUNFIRE! --- GET-UM UP,  
SCOUT!



A FEW MORE YAKS AND WE  
SHOULD GET A BEAD ON THAT  
MASKED HEDDLER!



YEOOW!

THAT SHOT CAME  
FROM BEHIND US!



THIS IS OUR CHANCE,  
SILVER! LET'S GO,  
BIG FELLOW!









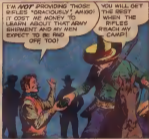
JUST LIKE I PROMISED YOU, JOSÉ, A HUNDRED BRAND-NEW ARMY WINCHESTERS!

GRACIAS! WITH THOSE HUNDRED RIFLES JOSÉ CAN TRIPLE HIS FORCES AND START HIS INSURRECTION!



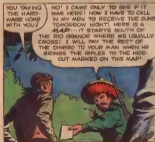
STILL FEAR YOU CAN TAKE OVER PART OF NORTHERN MEXICO?

YES! WITH THE RIFLES YOU HAVE SO GRACIOUSLY PROVIDED --- EASILY!



I'M NOW PROVIDING THOSE RIFLES "GRACIOUSLY" AGAIN! IT COST ME MONEY TO LEARN ABOUT THAT ARMY SHIPMENT AND MY MEN EXPECT TO BE RMD OFF TOO!

YOU WILL GET THE BEST WHEN THE RIFLES REACH MY CAMP!



YOU TAKING THE HARD-WARE HOME WITH YOU?

NO! I CARE ONLY TO SEE IF IT WAS HERE! NOW I HAVE TO CALL IN MY MEN TO RECEIVE THE DUNS TOMORROW NIGHT. HERE IS A MAP --- IT STARTS SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE WHERE HE USUALLY CROSS! I WILL PAY THE REST OF THE DINERO TO YOUR MAN WHEN HE BRINGS THE RIFLES TO THE HIDE-OUT MARKED ON THE MAP!



NEXT MORNING BY THE RIO GRANDE ---

TOMORROW, THESE FANCY HORSE-SHOES ARE THE KIND USED IN MEXICO! SOMEONE CROSSED THE BORDER LAST NIGHT AND RETURNED SOUTH NOT LONG AGO!





WHILE TOMMY TAKES THE UNCONSCIOUS OUTLAW TO A NEARBY RANCH, THE LONE RANGER BACKTRACKS ON THE RAIL TRAIN---

YOU FIND WHERE THEY COME FROM?

NO, TOMMY, HE COVERED HIS TRAIL TOO WELL!



BUT WE KNOW WHERE THE RIFLES WERE GONING! IF WE DELIVER THEM, I HAVE A WAY THAT MAY PERMIT US TO ROUND UP **BORN** GANGS IN ONE PLACE!



THAT EVENING---

WHO'S THERE?

EASY ANGIO! WE'VE FRIENDS! WE'VE BROUGHT THE RIFLES!



CARAMBA! YOU ARE **MADDER!**

KNOWING WHO SENT THESE RIFLES TO YOU, YOU SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF ONE OF THE MEN WORKING FOR HIM IS **MASKED!**



CONVINCED BY THE RIFLES AND THE MAP THAT THE MASKED MAN IS ONE OF **INDO'S** GANG, JOSÉ QUICKLY PASSES OUT THE RECOMMENDERS---

WATCH, JOSÉ! I WILL TRY THIS RIFLE!

**STORY** ON THE WAY UP WE PASSED SOME BORDER GUARDS WITHIN HEARING DISTANCE!

HE IS RIGHT! AND I HAVE A BETTER PLACE TO TRY THE GUNS-- AT THE **MEXICAN ARMY GARRISON!**



TAKING LEAVE OF THE MEXICANS,  
THE LONG HANGER AND TERRY QUICKLY  
DOUBLE BACK AND FOLLOW THEM...

ONCE THE GARRISON  
FALLS, THERE WILL BE NO  
TROOPS IN THIS AREA TO  
STOP US! FUREY!



AS THE STARTLED INSURRECTIONISTS WAIVELY TRY TO WORK THEIR STOLEN  
WINCHESTERS, SUDDENLY...

REBELS!... CONVINCE  
THEM!



YEDDY! MY ARR... BACK, AMIGOS!  
'RIDE!



SOON... JOSE, HALF TAKE YOUR OLD WEAPONS,  
OUR MEN AMIGOS! WE WILL CALL ON  
WE'RE HIT OR US AND HIS COMPATRIOTS  
TAKEN PRISONER! AND PAY THEM BACK  
FOR SELLING US THESE  
DEFECTIVE RIFLES!







**MOMENTS LATER—**

**THIS MAY  
MAJOO!**

**KEYO SARRY ME  
FIND-UM PATROL  
CLOSE-BY!**



**BY A GALLOO  
--CHARGE!**

**BOO, NOW WE'VE  
REALLY REACHED  
THE FRAYED END OF  
OUR STRING!**



**OUR ANKOS, FLEE!**

**BLAM!**

**OHMY!**



**BUT QUICKLY THE SURROUNDED OUT-  
LAWS SURRENDER—**

**DO NOT FIRE!**



**LATER—**

**WELL, WE'VE CALLED  
THE DEER THANKS!  
THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT IS  
GRATEFUL FOR ITS CATCH AND  
IT'LL BE EASY TO REPAIR THESE  
WINCHESTERS THAT WERE PUT  
TO EXCELLENT USE BY THE  
LOVE RANGER!**

**HI-YO,  
SALLY!  
AWAY!**

# the Lone Ranger

## DANGEROUS KNOWLEDGE

I'M FORTUNATE SCISSOR-TAILED FLYCATCHERS HAVE THE HABIT OF RETURNING TO THE SAME LIMB WHEN THEY FLY OFF FOR AN INSECT! ANOTHER MINUTE OR TWO AND I'LL COMPLETE THIS SKETCH FOR THE UNIVERSITY'S COLLECTION!



PINE!



YOU FRIGHTENED AWAY MY BIRD! WHAT WAS THE MEANING OF THAT SHOOTING?

HISST! THAT'S OUR BUSINESS! ---READY!



IF YOU WANTED TO BOB ME, THERE WAS NO NECESSITY TO.

---TALKS JUST LIKE AN EASTERBRO, DOESN'T HE? BUT I RECKON **EASTERN** MONEY IS AS GOOD AS WESTERN MONEY!



THE ALL YOU'RE TOTING?

YES! MOST OF MY FUNDS WENT INTO EQUIPMENT FOR MY FIELD TRIP!



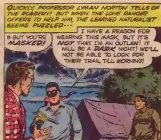






TONED ALL RIGHT, KENO  
SABBY! BULLET HIT  
GUNBELT AND KNOCK  
TOMBO FROM SADDLE!  
THAT ALL!

HOW TELL US  
WHY YOU  
OPENED FIRE!



QUICKLY PROFESSOR LYMAN HORTON TELLS OF  
THE ROBBERY! BUT WHEN THE LOVE BANGOR  
OFFERS TO HELP HIM, THE LEARNED NATURALIST  
SEEMS PUZZLED---

B-BUT YOU'RE  
MASKED!

I HAVE A REASON FOR  
WEARING THE MASK, BUT IT'S  
NOT THAT I'M AN OUTLAW! IT  
WILL BE A "SABBY" NIGHT! WE'LL  
NOT BE ABLE TO LOOK FOR  
THEIR TRAIL TILL MORNING!



LATER---

PERFECT NIGHT  
FOR US, JOE!

JOIN IN! THERE'S THE  
CIRCLE W BANGOR  
GUARD NED TAKE  
HIM!



WH-WHAT---



OWW!



THE WAY'S CLEAR TO GRAB THE  
PINWOLL NOW! STAMPEDE  
THE HERD!







I'M CERTAIN THE OUTLAWS ARE HIDING AWAY! BUT THESE HILLSIDES REVEAL A HUNDRED CRACKS! ANY ONE OF THOSE CRACKS COULD BE A CAVE ENTRANCE LEADING INTO A HIDE-OUT! BUT IT WOULD TAKE A YEAR TO CHECK ALL THE CRACKS TO FIND WHICH ONE ACTUALLY LED TO A CAVE!



BATS! WE'RE MOST FORTUNATE! THEY MIGHT REVEAL THE OUTLAWS' CAVE!



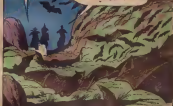
BATS LIVE IN CAVES, AND THEIR FLIGHT SEEMS TO ORIGINATE FROM ONE CAVE! IF WE LOCATE WHICH CRACK IN THE HILLSIDE THEY ARE COMING FROM, WE MAY ALSO LOCATE THE OUTLAWS' HIDE-OUT!



COME ON SILVER!

I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A LARGE FLIGHT!

THEY'RE NOCTURNAL CREATURES! THEY ALWAYS LEAVE THEIR CAVE AT NIGHT TO FEED AND JUDGING FROM THEIR NUMBERS, IT MUST BE A HUGE CAVE!



THERE'S THE CAVE ENTRANCE, PROFESSOR! IT'S LIKE ANY OF A DOZEN OTHER CRACKS IN THE HILLS HERE! BUT FOR THE BATS, WE'D NEVER HAVE KNOWN IT LEAD INTO A CAVE!



THIS OUTLAWS' HIDE-OUT! TONTO SEE HOOFPRINTS!

BUT IF WE TRY TO ENTER AND THEY'RE KEEPING A WATCH, WE'LL BE SURE TARGETS!



FORGING THE PROFESSOR'S ADVICE, INSTEAD OF TRYING TO GAIN ENTRY AT ONCE, THEY WAIT—

BATS COME BACK NOW!



WHEN THE FLIGHT WHEELS INTO THE CAVE ENTRANCE THEY SHOULD PROVIDE AN EXCELLENT SCREEN FOR YOU!



THAT'S PLENTY GOOD TRICK, PROFESSOR!

REALLY NOTHING! JUST PUTTING BOOK KNOWLEDGE TO PRACTICAL USE!



THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE FLIGHT! WE'LL GO IN *RIGHT BEHIND THEM!*

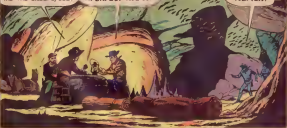
UGH!



THOSE BATS STILL GIVE US THE CREEPS, JOE!

BUT THEY MAKE THIS A *PERFECT* HIDE-OUT—

... NOT SO PERFECT! *REACH!*







...WHAT IN BLAZES...

...GUN 'EM!

BANG!  
BLAM!



BANG!  
BLAM!

...MY GUN!



YEDOH!



E-EASE OFF YOUR TRIGGERS!

WHERE YOU'RE GOING YOU'LL NOT BE BOTHERED BY BATS... JUST BY BARS!



NEXT MORNING...

WE'D NEVER HAVE FOUND THEIR HIDE-OUT WITHOUT THE PROFESSOR'S KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE!

YOU MEAN THAT BIRD-PAINING TENDERFOOT TRAPPED US?



LOCATING THEIR HIDE-OUT WAS ONE THING, SHERIFF, BUT TO GO IN AFTER THEM -- THAT REQUIRED THE DEVOTED COURAGE OF THE LONE RANGER!

WHO, SILVER? AWAY!

# BAD PENNY

REPRINTED FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

Sam kicked a clod of dry sod. It crumbled into powdery dust. He searched the sky for rain clouds but the sun grinned down unmercifully. The cattle lowed piteously at times. Once a well-fed lot, they showed their ribs now through scrawny coats.

Martha came out of the ranch house to glance wearily at the unpromising sky. A horse clattered up.

"Hi, Todd," Sam greeted his neighboring rancher cheerfully. But there was nothing cheerful for the two men to talk about, as they scuffed the bone dry soil.

"Sure looks bad," muttered Todd. "If we don't get rain soon, I'll ship my stock and sell out, even at a loss."

"We'll all have to, maybe," agreed Sam, disconsolately.

"By the way, dropped by to tell you there's a tough-looking stranger about. If he comes by, give him a wide berth."

"Why?" asked Sam.

"A bad penny, if you ask me," confided Todd. "Looks plenty mean. When he offered to do chores for a square meal, I chased him pronto. Can't take risks with every hobo you see, waiting to rob you when your back's turned."

"Can't tell a bad penny just by looking at it," returned Sam without alarm.

"You have too much faith in human nature. Don't say I didn't warn you." Todd rode off, shaking his head.

Sam turned to his chores. He was stocking wood for Martha's stove when he heard a light footstep behind him. Sam whirled at the unshaven man who had come up silently.

"Nome's John," the stranger offered, in a hoarse voice.

"Howdy," nodded Sam, looking him over. It was Todd's "bad penny" all right—unkempt, lean and hungry, with a pair of cold eyes and

a lopsided jaw. The stranger suddenly picked up the axe, balancing it in his hand, with a speculative glance at Sam.

With one more, he would have Sam at his mercy. . . .

"Any man," said Sam steadily, "who earns his keep here gets a share of my wife's cooking."

John's ugly face twitched a moment, before it split into a wide grin. "Thanks, mister," he said, starting to chop with quick, sure strokes.

Sam smiled as he turned away. "Poor fellow," he thought. "Stared at me like a sick dog before. Afraid I'd kick and chase him away. Reckon most folks do, like Todd. But a penny isn't bad—just because it doesn't shine."

Later, after one of Martha's hearty meals, the two men talked over their pipes. Now washed and tidy, John didn't look tough at all. In fact, he looked shrewd, intelligent. John confided that he hadn't always been a destitute hobo.

"You won't believe this," he finished hesitantly, "but I'm a geologist—without a job."

"A good penny, like I thought," chuckled Sam to himself. "Wait till I tell Todd!"

John went on casually. "By the way, I noticed a typical formation—we call it alluvial in geology—which looked to me as though it might cover a hidden spring. It's on your land, Sam."

Sam dropped his pipe. "Where? Show me!"

The arroyo was rocky and the horses stumbled. It looked impossible for any hidden spring to lurk in the stony bottom. But John kicked stones aside and began scooping moist dirt. Sam joined him eagerly.

Before his astonished eyes, he saw a trickle begin to form.

"A deep pressure fissure," informed John. "Plenty of water will keep coming—for years. Enough to irrigate most of your land."

"Saved," Sam breathed, in the tones of a prayer of thanks.

He looked at the stranger.

"Saved by a Bad Penny. . . ."

# YOUNG HAWK



I DON'T SEE STRONG EAGLE ON THE ISLAND, YOUNG HAWK.

FOR GOOD REASONS, LITTLE BUCK! THERE ARE TOO MANY HAWKS SKULKING THROUGH THESE WOODS!



WELL---WE CAN TELL HIM WE'VE FOUND A GOOD ROUTE TO PORTAGE OUR CANOE AROUND THE RAPIDS!



STRONG EAGLE? IS ALL WELL?

ALL IS WELL---AND I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU, YOUNG HAWK!

YIP! YIP! YIP!



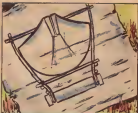
YOU HAVE PORTAGED ALL OUR SUPPLIES. SO THERE REMAINS ONLY THE CANOE, THE SAIL, AND---



---AND THESE ROLLERS I PEELED TO GRAB OUR CANOE ON!

NICE WORK, STRONG EAGLE! BUT WHY THE BRIDGES YOU HAVE CARVED AROUND EACH END?

SEE? I HAVE DRAWN A PICTURE ON BIRCHBARK! THESE THIN STAVES ARE LOOPEO AROUND THE GROOVED ROLLERS, TO MAKE A HARNESSE FOR OUR CANOE LIKE THIS ----



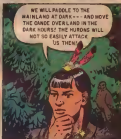
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BIRCHBARK, STRONG EAGLE HAS SKETCHED AN END VIEW OF THE DUGOUT CANOE, WITH ONE ROLLER AND "HARNESSE"

IT LOOKS AS IF IT WOULD WORK, STRONG EAGLE --

--- WITH PLENTY OF DEER FAT TO GREASE THE ROLLERS!



WE WILL PADDLE TO THE MAINLAND AT DARK --- AND MOVE THE CANOE OVERLAND IN THE DARK HOURS! THE HUDONS WILL NOT SO EASILY ATTACK US THEN!



AT DUSK, THREE PADDLES CHASE THE CANOE SILENTLY TO THE DARK SHORE FROM THE ISLAND HOING PLACE.

THEY WORK, STRONG EAGLE! YOUR ROLLERS AND "HARNESSE" --

HUSH, LITTLE BUCK! NO TALKING!





THROUGH THE FOREST ALONG THE RIVER'S EDGE, THEY FOLLOW OUR TRAILS WHEREVER POSSIBLE ...



— LIFTING AND PUSHING IT OVER OBSTACLES— ALL WITH AS LITTLE NOISE AS POSSIBLE!



WE'RE HERE—  
— AT LAST!

EVEN WITH THE HELP OF THE ROLLERS, IT IS AN ALL NIGHT JOB! DAWNLIGHT IS BREAKING WHEN THEY REACH THE WATER AGAIN.



OPEN WATER  
AGAIN— BUT NO  
WIND FOR THE  
SAIL!



YOU WILL HAVE ANOTHER SURPRISE WHEN THE SAIL IS RAISED, BY YOUNG FRIENDS' I HAVE PAINTED A JOOP ALMOST AS TALL AS THE MAST!



WELL, LITTLE BROTHER! WHAT ARE YOU CHATTERING ABOUT? THERE'S NO GAME TO SEE OUT HERE— UNLESS—

CHERRY?  
CHERRY,  
CHERRY!





SUDDENLY, YOUNG NABBY LEANS HARD ON  
HIS STEERING PADDLE...

BOYS ARE DROPPED --- PADDLES SEIZED ---



THE OUBOIT'S SOLID BOW CUTS THROUGH THE NURON BIRCHBARK LIKE A DOLL KNIFE









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**ZIP-A-DEE DOO-DAH!** says **BR'ER RABBIT**,  
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ONE  
OF  
MY...

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**CELLOPHANE TAPE**

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2. Send in every entry as you wish to "Br'er Rabbit Disneyland Contest", Box 2858, St Paul 4, Minn. Each entry must be accompanied by the hole type or roll of cellophane tape, and must be received not later than midnight Monday, May 31, 1954.

3. Winning entries submitted on an official entry blank will receive a bonus award of \$50.00 cash.

4. Twenty-five prizes will be awarded, each consisting of a free trip for the winner and up to three additional members of his or her family. Only one prize will be allowed for a single family. Each winner has the option of accepting either a trip to Disneyland or a trip to New York. Winners will be notified by June 10th, 1954. An official list of winners will be sent to those who so request by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, uniqueness, amount of thought and clarity by an independent judging organization. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant or his immediate family.

6. The decision of the judges is final, and all entries and ideas therein become the property of Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co. No entries will be returned. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

7. Contest is open to residents of the 48 states and the District of Columbia, except employees of Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., its advertising agencies, judges organization and members of their immediate families. This contest is subject to all Federal and State regulations.

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