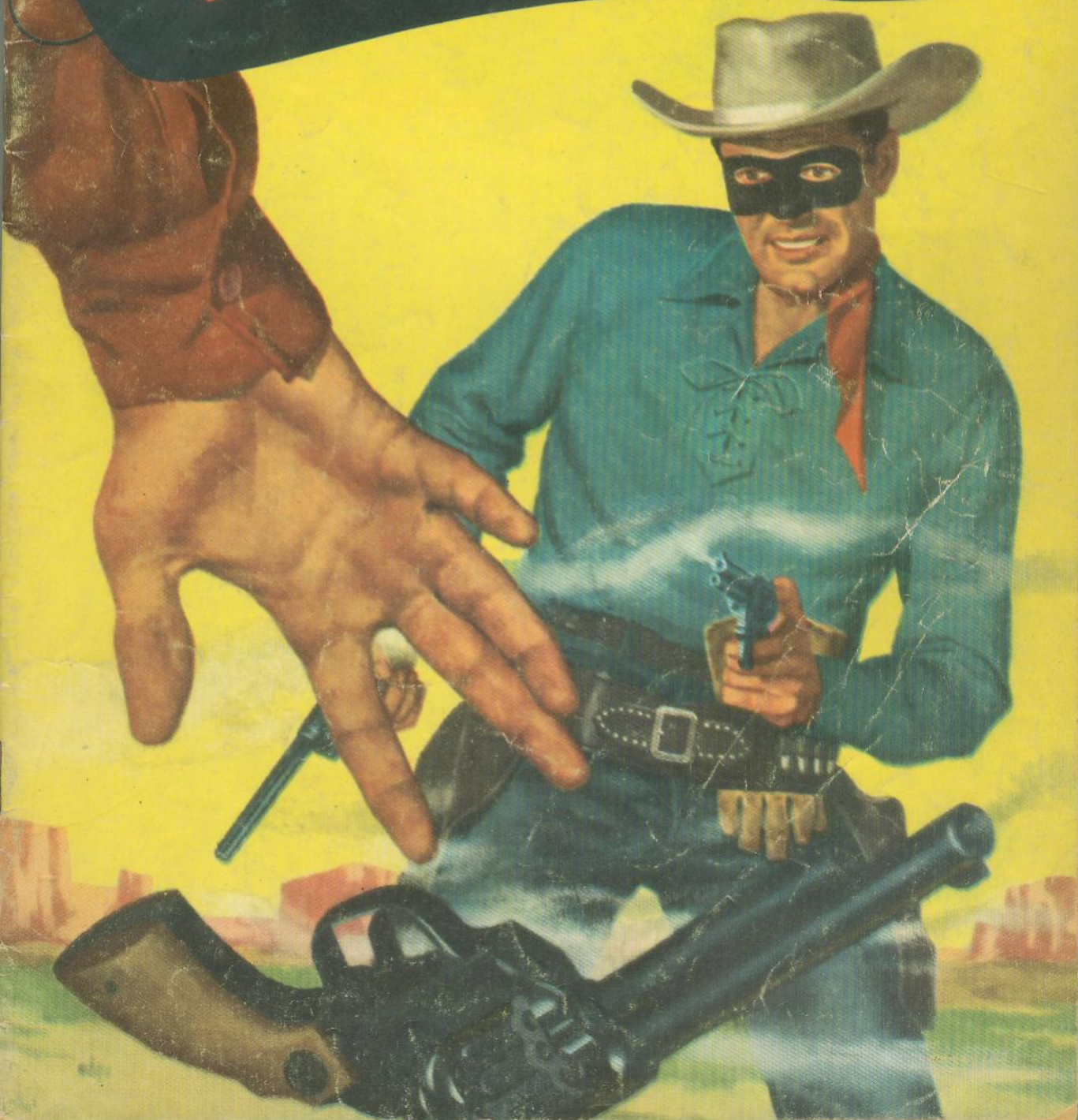


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the Lone Ranger





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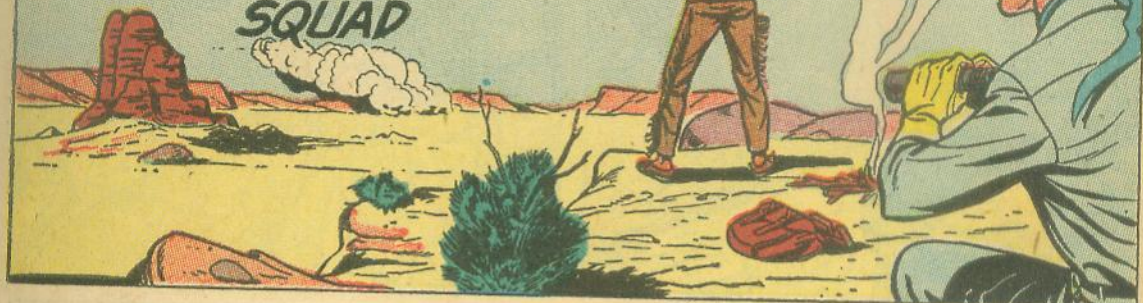


THE LONE RANGER, Vol. 1, No. 43, January, 1952. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.; George T. Delacorte Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Entered as second-class matter November 12, 1948 at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions in U.S.A., \$1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, \$2.00 per year; Canadian subscriptions \$1.20 per year. Copyright 1951, by The Lone Ranger, Inc. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

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The LONE RANGER

BEFORE THE FIRING SQUAD



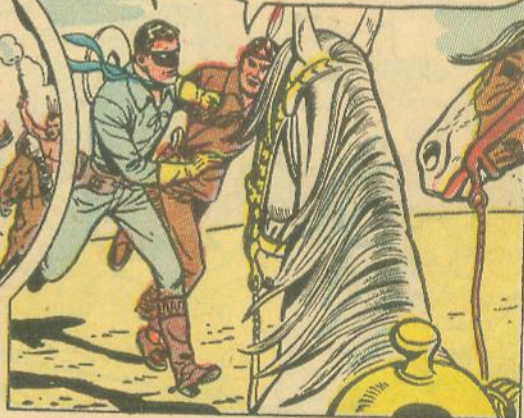
MANY HORSES COME THIS WAY! THEM COME PLENTY FAST!

THEY'RE COMING FROM FORT CLAYTON, BUT TRAINED CAVALRY TROOPS DON'T RIDE IN SUCH A SPREAD-OUT AND DISORGANIZED FASHION!



SIoux ARE RUNNING OFF ARMY HORSES!

THAT BAD! CHIEF RED HAWK FRIEND OF WHITES! IF BRAVES JUMP RESERVATION AND MAKE TROUBLE, RED HAWK BE PUNISHED FOR IT!

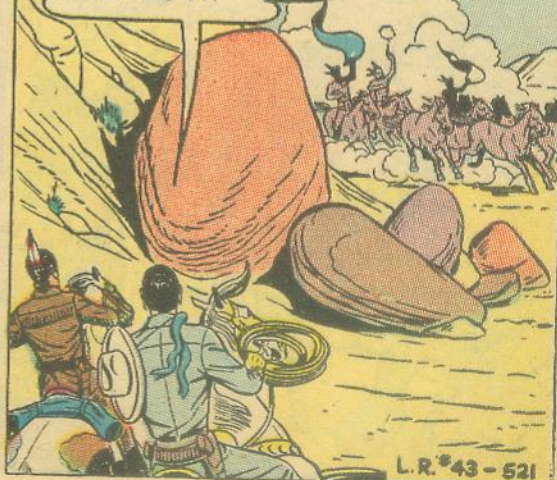


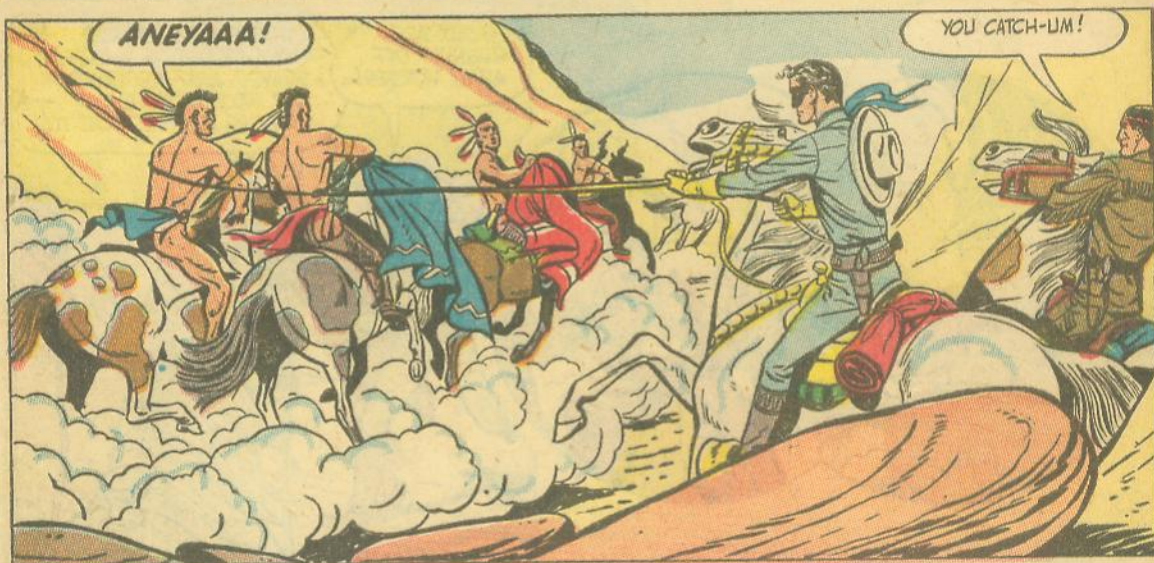
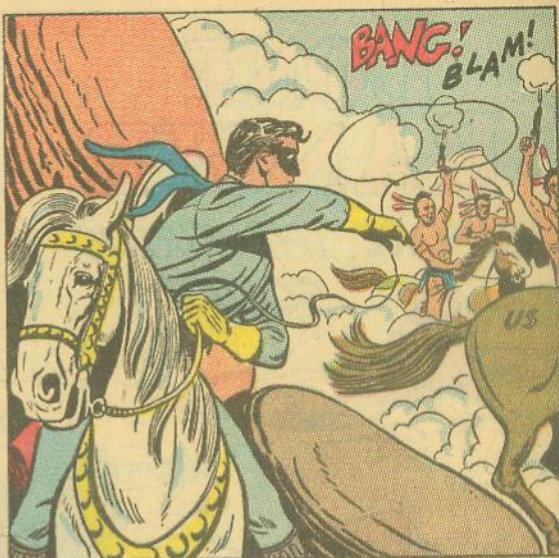
WE'LL TRY TO HEAD THEM OFF AS THEY COME THROUGH THE PASS BELOW! COME ON, SILVER!

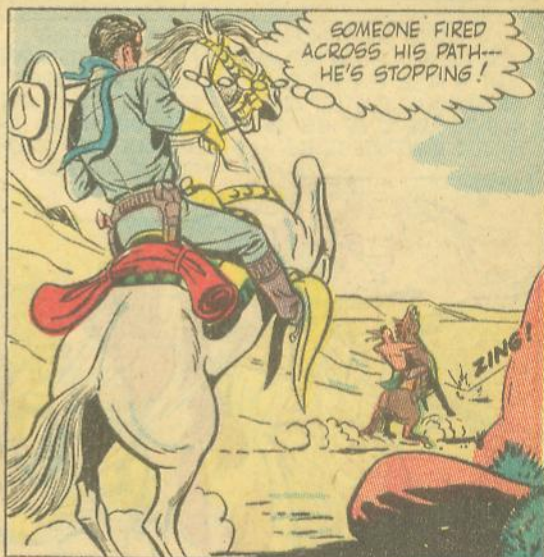
GET-UM UP, SCOUT!

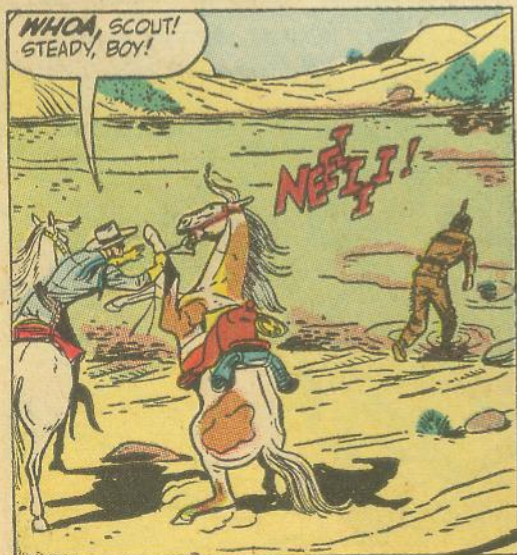
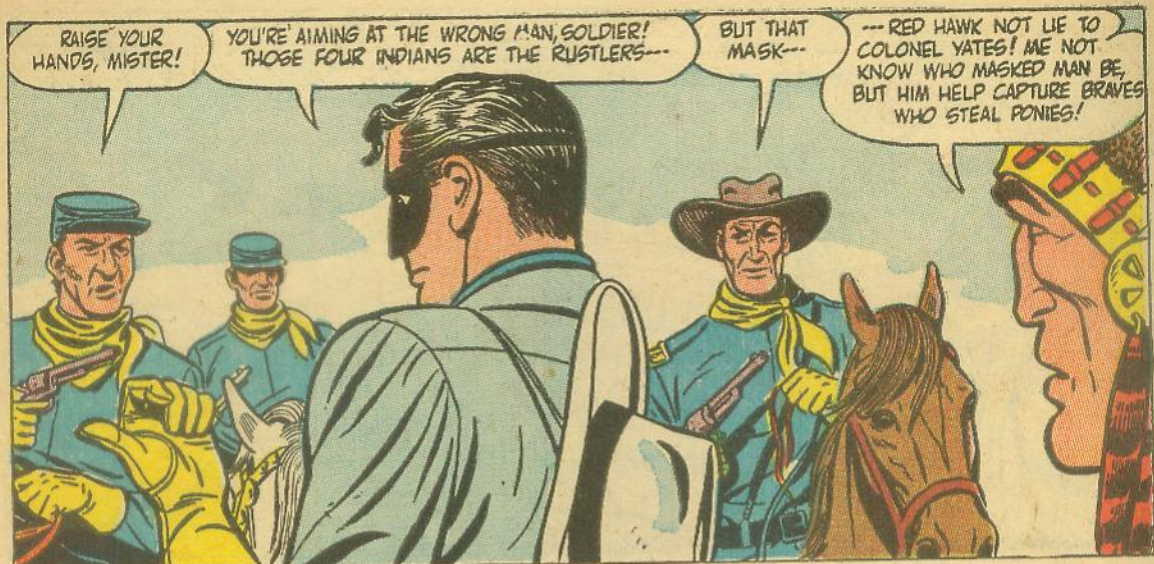


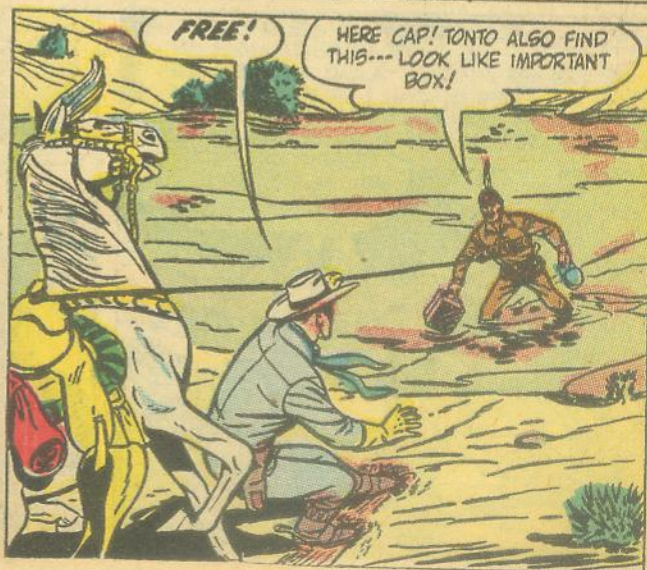
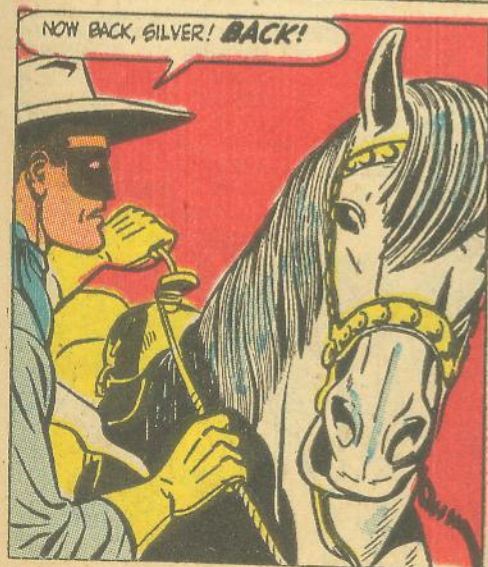
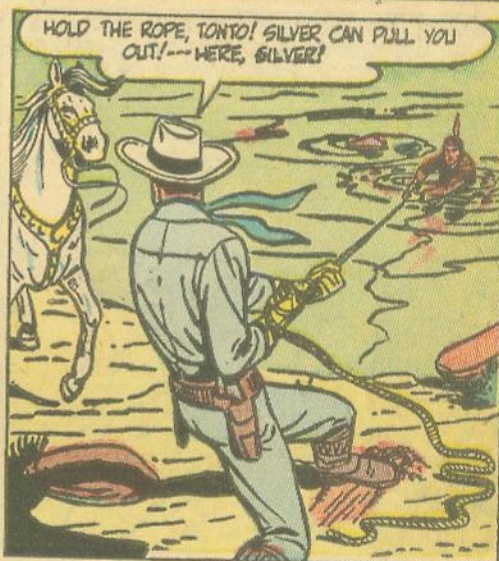
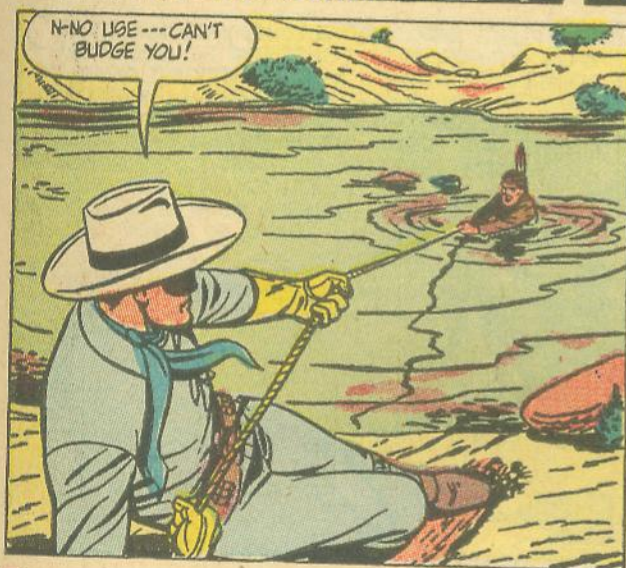
AROUND THOSE ROCKS, TONTO! THEY MUSTN'T SEE US 'TILL THEY RIDE BY!







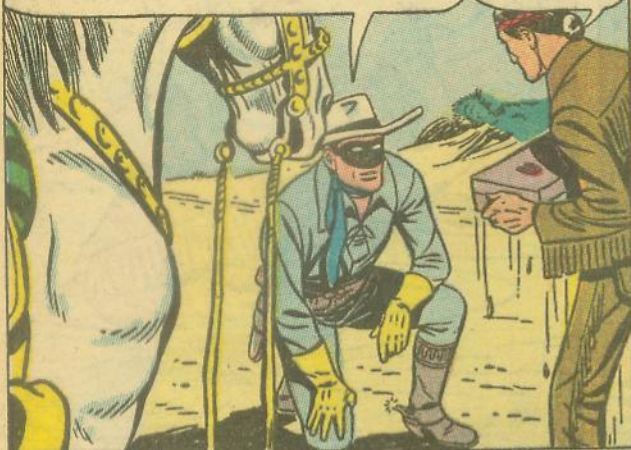




THAT'S AN OFFICIAL ARMY DISPATCH CASE, TONTO! THERE ARE TRACKS OF A RIDER ON THIS SIDE OF THE RIVER HEADING ACROSS--- THEY **DON'T** APPEAR ON THE OTHER SIDE!

SOLDIER
FELLER
LOST IN
QUICKSAND!

BUT BEFORE HE WENT UNDER, HE
MANAGED TO THROW THIS CASE CLEAR---
IF THERE'S A MESSAGE INSIDE, IT MAY
EXPLAIN WHY HE WENT TO THAT TROUBLE!



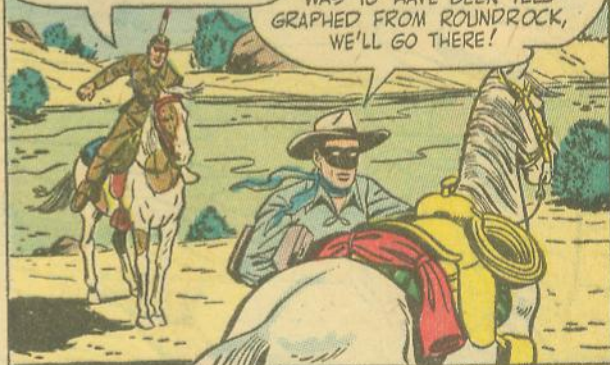
WHAT
PAPER
SAY?

IT'S FROM FORT CLAYTON! RED HAWK
THREATENS TO LEAVE THE RESERVATION
AND TAKE THE WAPATH UNLESS THE
SOLDIER WHO KILLED HIS BROTHER,
LAME WOLF, IS FOUND AND EXECUTED
BY SUNRISE TOMORROW!



THAT PLENTY BAD!
AFTER RED HAWK SUR-
RENDER FOUR BRAVES
WHO STEAL ARMY PONIES,
HIM MIGHTY ANGRY IF
COLONEL NOT PUNISH
HIS BROTHER'S MURDERER!

COLONEL YATES REPORTS HE
CAN'T FIND THE KILLER! HE
HASN'T SUFFICIENT FORCES TO
PUT DOWN AN UPRISING AND
ASKS FOR REINFORCEMENTS
OR PERMISSION TO ABANDON
THE FORT!... THE MESSAGE
WAS TO HAVE BEEN TELE-
GRAPHED FROM ROUNDROCK,
WE'LL GO THERE!



SOON...

DID YOU GET THE MES-
SAGE OFF FROM COLONEL
YATES TO THE COMMAN-
DANT AT FORT LARAMIE?

ME SEE OPERATOR
SEND IT! WHILE ME
WAIT ANOTHER MES-
SAGE COME IN! IT
FOR SIM HASKINS,
INDIAN AGENT, AT SIOUX
RESERVATION! OPERATOR
ASK ME DELIVER IT,
SAVE TIME!



ME LISTEN WHEN OPERATOR
READ TO CLERK! IT FROM
NEW YORK LAND COMPANY,
TELL HASKINS THEM NOT
WANT INDIAN LANDS, THAT
NOT SOUND RIGHT!

IT CERTAINLY DOESN'T!
HASKINS MAY BE TRYING
TO PUT OVER SOME
CROOKED DEAL! WE'LL
DELIVER THE MESSAGE TO
HIM ON OUR WAY TO FORT
CLAYTON AND KEEP HIM
IN MIND!



MEANWHILE, AT THE INDIAN AGENCY...

SIM, WHEN YUH HIRED ME TO PLUG LAME WOLF, DID YUH FIGGER YUH MIGHT BE STARTIN' AN INJUN UPRISIN'?

RELAX, BARNEY! A NEW YORK LAND COMPANY WANTS RED HAWK'S RESERVATION! I KNOW THE GOVERNMENT WILL DEPORT THE WHOLE TRIBE TO OKLAHOMA IF THERE'S ANY MORE TROUBLE! THAT'S WHY I HAD YOU SHOOT HIM!



I DON'T SAVVY YOUR PLAN, BUT JUST GIVE ME THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR BUSH-WHACKIN' THE INJUN!

I'LL HAVE TO PAY YOU OUT OF THE INDIAN'S ANNUITY FUND---JUST CAME FROM WASHINGTON! IT'S NOT TO BE HANDED OUT TILL AFTER THE FIRST, THE COINS BEAR NEXT YEAR'S DATE--- KEEP 'EM OUTA SIGHT TILL THEN!



HOW DO YOU FIGGER ON MAKIN' ANYTHIN' OUT OF THE KILLIN'?

SOON AS RED HAWK'S UPRISIN' IS PUT DOWN, THE TRIBE'LL BE MOVED OUT! THE LAND'LL BE OPEN TO WHITES AND THE NEW YORK COMPANY WILL BUY IT UP CHEAP--- GIVIN' ME A FAT COMMISSION!--- SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!



WHAT DO YOU WANT, REDSKIN?

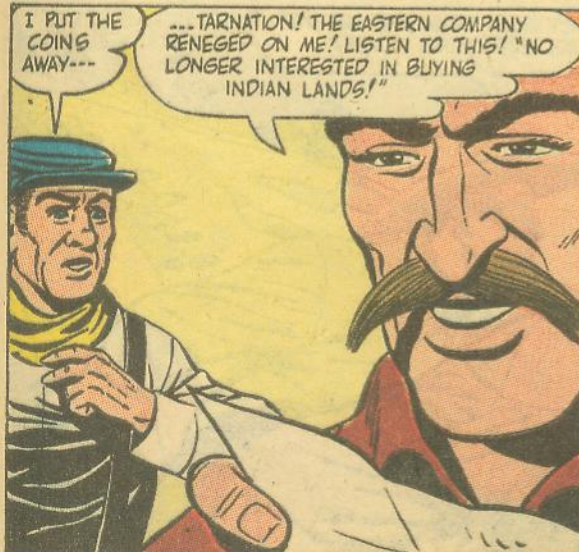
OPERATOR IN ROUND-ROCK SEND TELEGRAM WITH ME FOR SIM HASKINS!

THAT'S HASKINS! GIVE IT TO HIM AND VAMOOSE!



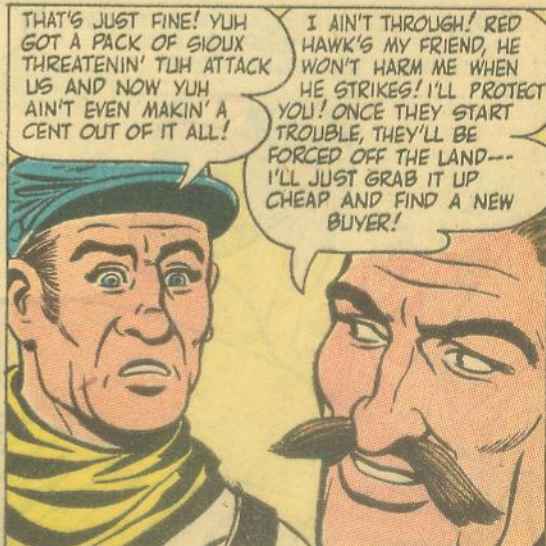
I PUT THE COINS AWAY---

...TARNATION! THE EASTERN COMPANY RENEGED ON ME! LISTEN TO THIS! "NO LONGER INTERESTED IN BUYING INDIAN LANDS!"

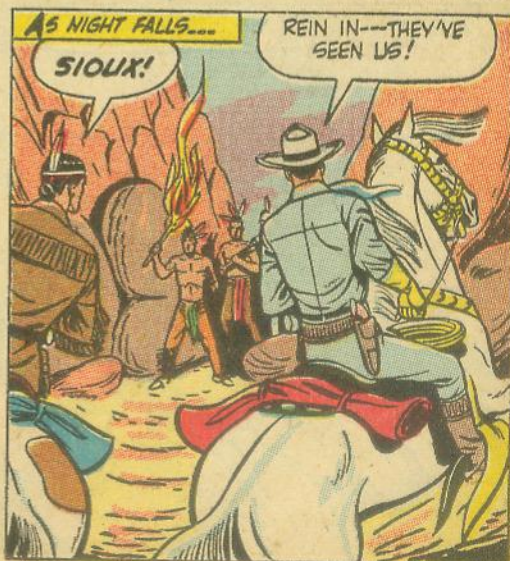


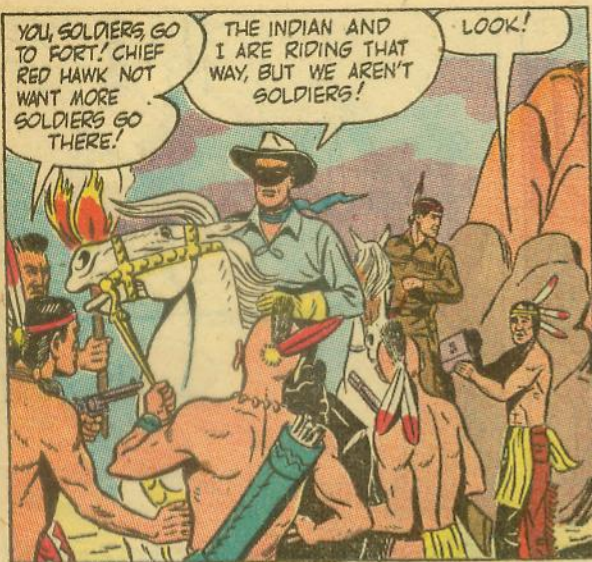
THAT'S JUST FINE! YUH GOT A PACK OF SIOUX THREATENIN' TUH ATTACK US AND NOW YUH AIN'T EVEN MAKIN' A CENT OUT OF IT ALL!

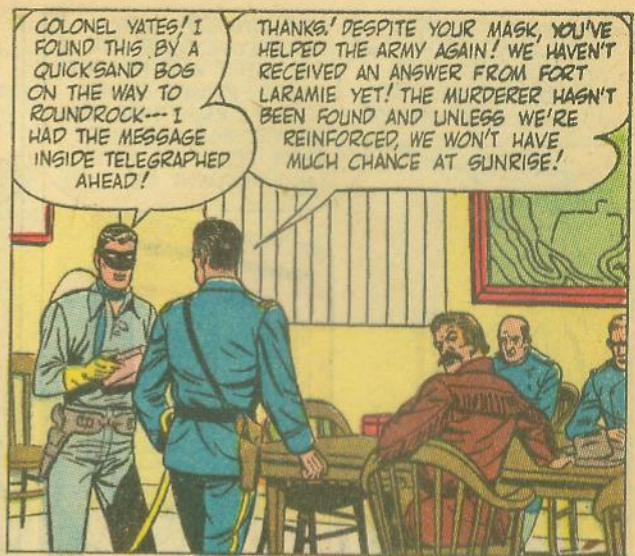
I AIN'T THROUGH! RED HAWK'S MY FRIEND, HE WON'T HARM ME WHEN HE STRIKES! I'LL PROTECT YOU! ONCE THEY START TROUBLE, THEY'LL BE FORCED OFF THE LAND--- I'LL JUST GRAB IT UP CHEAP AND FIND A NEW BUYER!

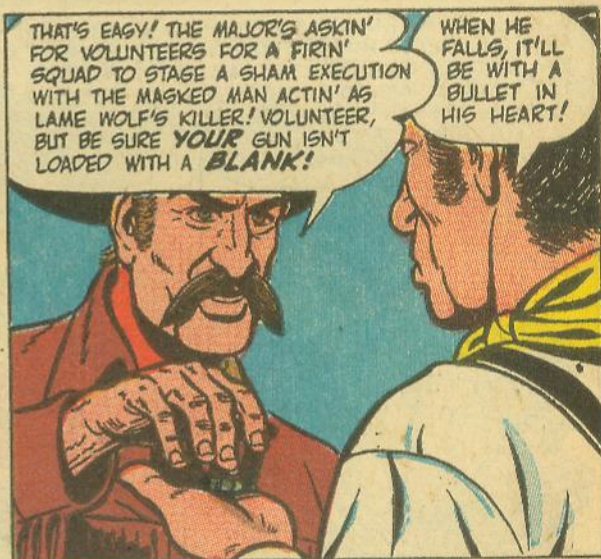
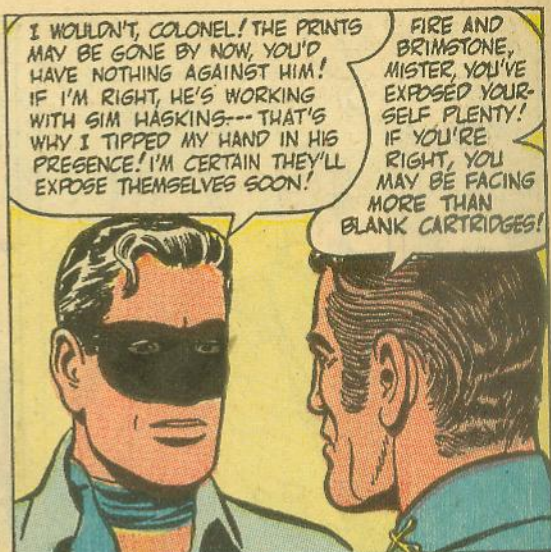




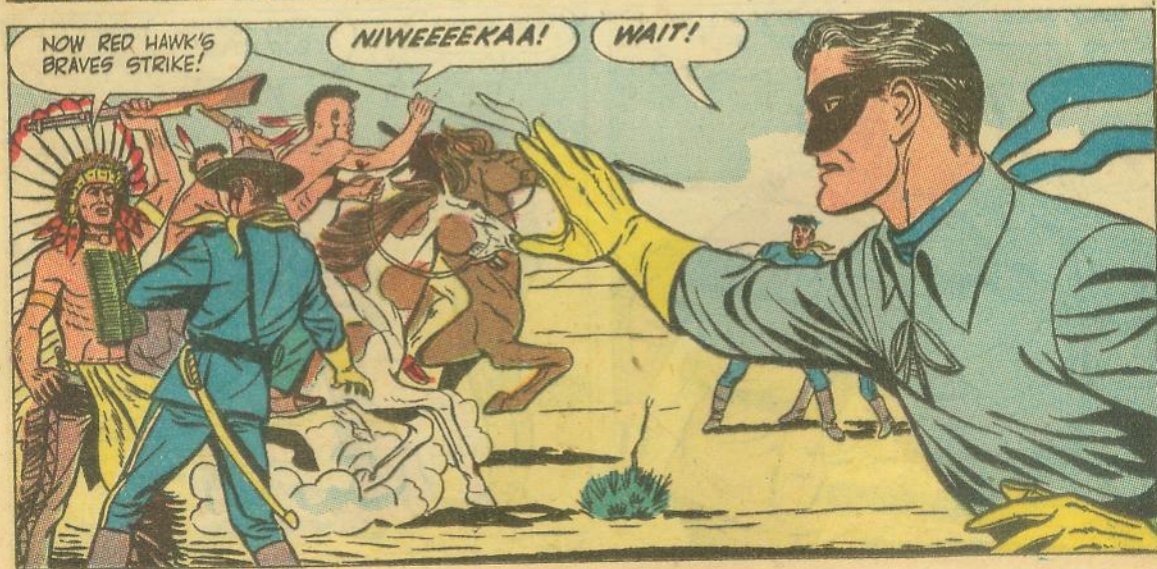
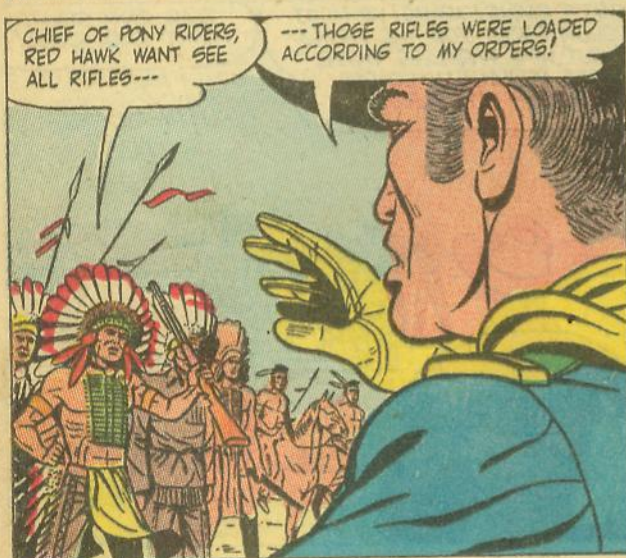


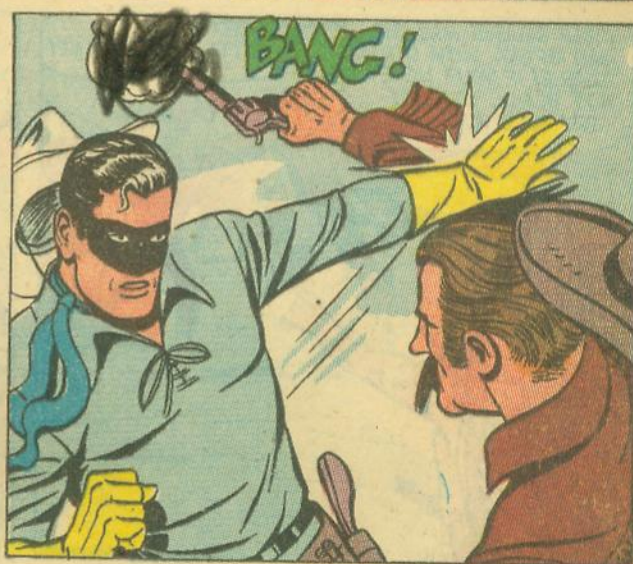
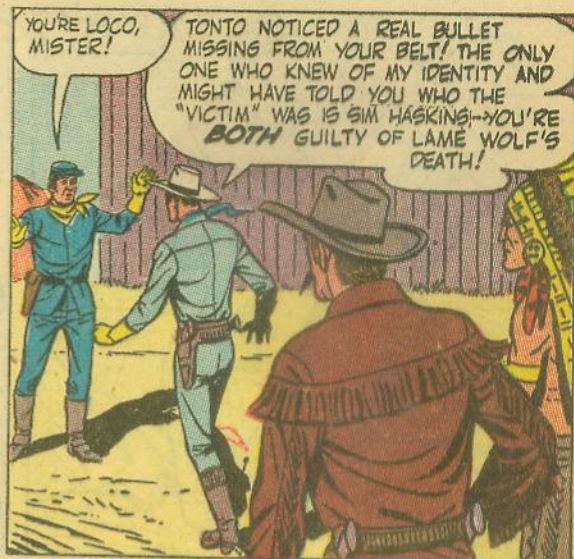


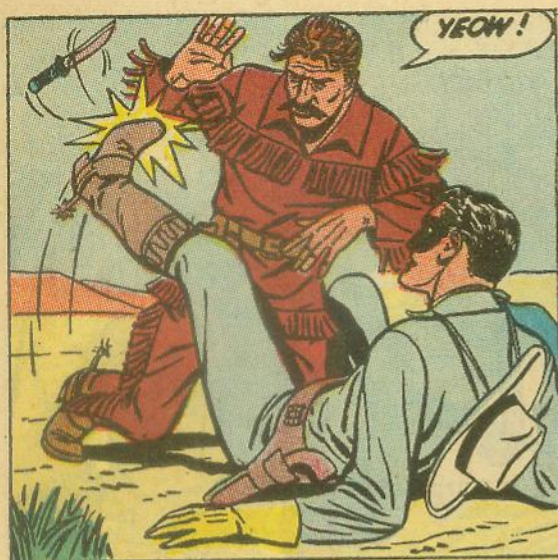


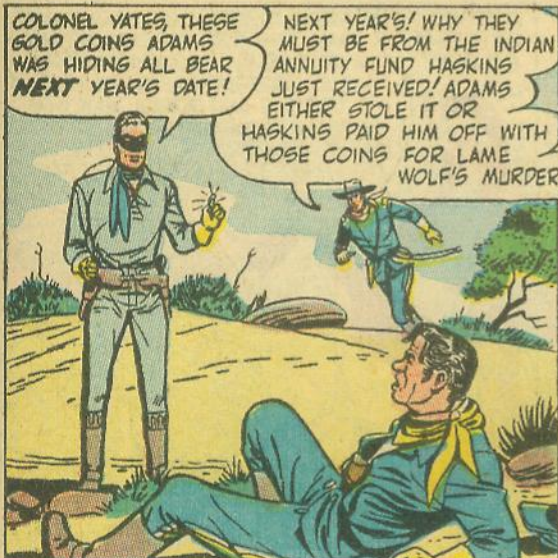












STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) of The Lone Ranger published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders

owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

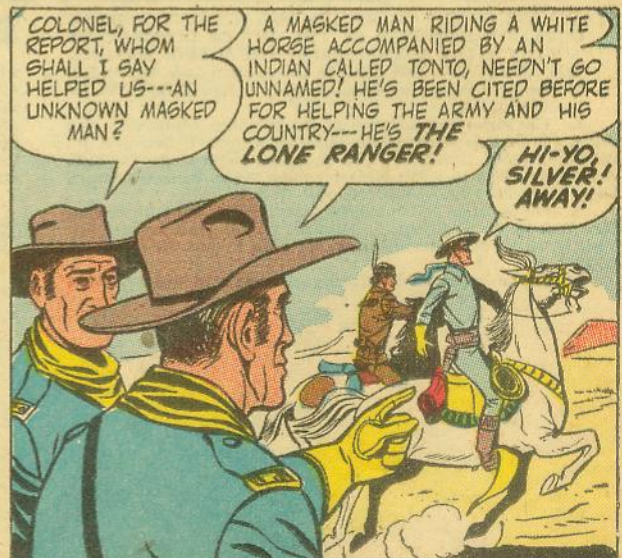
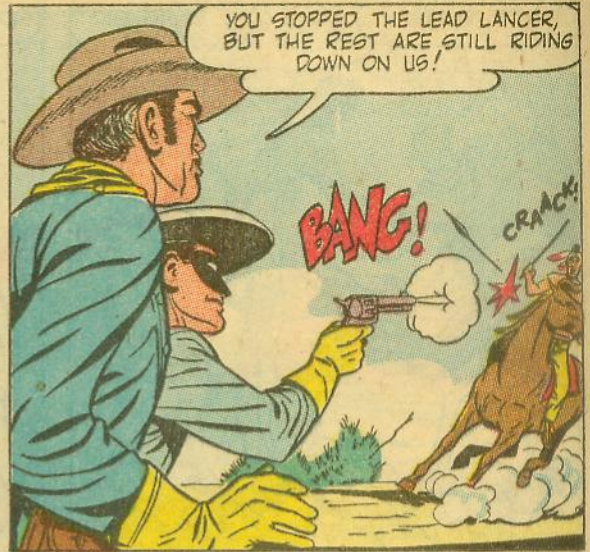
4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1951
JEANNETTE S. GREEN

(Seal)

(My Commission Expires March 30, 1952)



THE GHOST DANCE



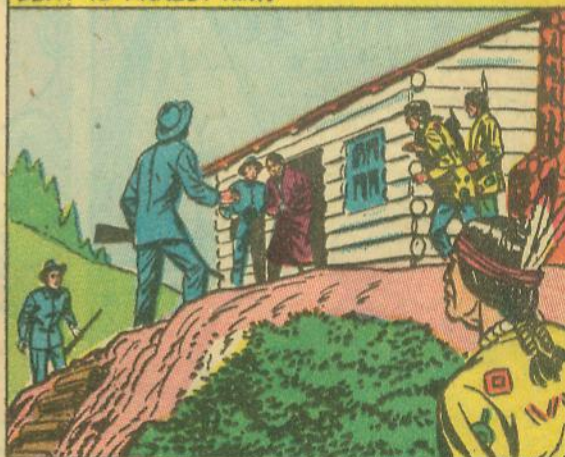
BY 1890, ALL THE TRIBES HAD BEEN LOCKED IN RESERVATIONS. SOON A NEW POWER---THAT OF THE MEDICINE MEN---GAINED ON THE IMAGINATION OF THE INDIANS. WOVOKA OF THE PAIUTES CLAIMED THAT BY DANCING HIS GHOST DANCE AND WEARING DECORATED GHOST SHIRTS, WARRIORS WOULD BE IMMUNE FROM BULLETS...



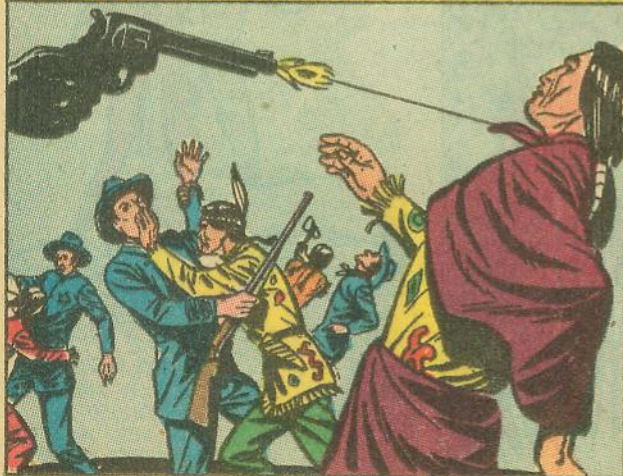
MESSENGERS WERE SENT FROM TRIBE TO TRIBE. EVERYWHERE, STRANGE MEDICINE MEN AROSE PROCLAIMING THAT WITH THE NEW MEDICINE, THE WHITE MEN COULD BE DRIVEN FROM THE LAND.



THE GREAT WAR CHIEF, SITTING BULL, SUDDENLY LEFT RETIREMENT TO JOIN THE NEW "RELIGION" AND INDIAN POLICE WERE SENT TO ARREST HIM!



SITTING BULL'S FOLLOWERS RESISTED THE INDIAN POLICE AND DURING THE BATTLE, SITTING BULL WAS KILLED.



THE RESERVATION POLICE WERE SAVED ONLY BY ARMY CAVALRY.



THE GHOST DANCERS FLED WEST! THEY STILL BELIEVED THE GHOST SHIRTS THEY WORE MADE THEM IMMUNE TO THE SOLDIERS' GUNS.



SOLDIERS WERE DISPATCHED TO DISARM THE FUGITIVES. WHILE THEY SEARCHED FOR WEAPONS, A MEDICINE MAN INCITED THE BRAVES.



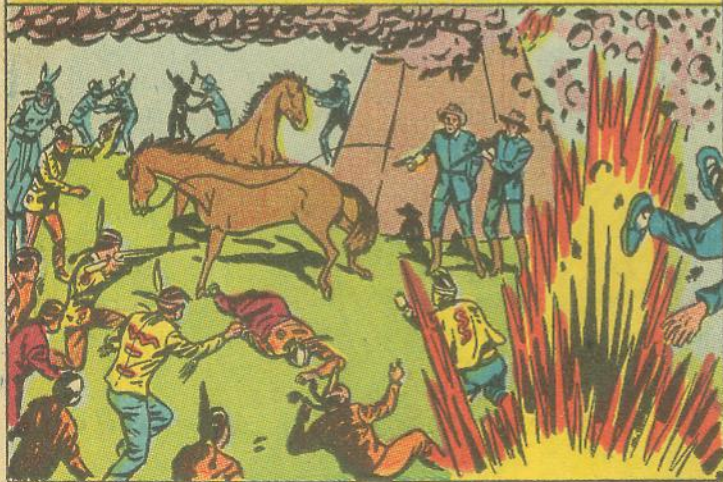
THE CAMP AT WOUNDED KNEE CREEK WAS SURROUNDED BY MORTARS FIRING TWO POUND EXPLOSIVE SHELLS.



SUDDENLY THE BRAVES DREW THEIR WEAPONS AND BEGAN TO FIRE.

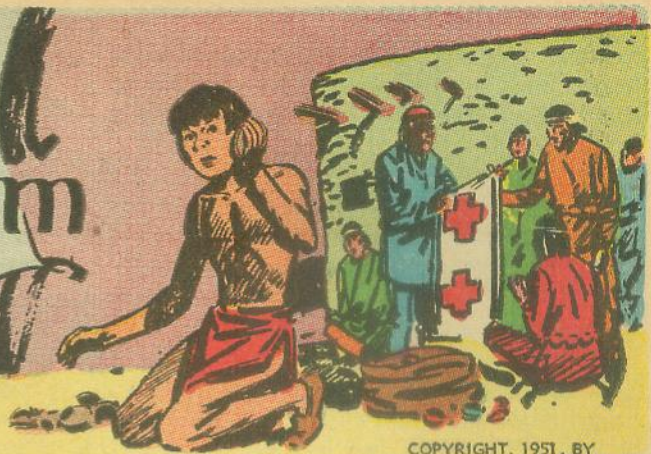


BUT IN SPITE OF THE MEDICINE MAN'S PROMISES, TWO HUNDRED INDIANS WERE KILLED. THE LAST ARMED RESISTANCE OF THE INDIANS WAS OVER!



YELLOW BIRD, THE MEDICINE MAN WHO CAUSED THE ATTACK, WAS KILLED. ONE WOUNDED BRAVE STARED DOWN ON HIM. HE SAID, "IF I COULD BE TAKEN TO YOU---I WOULD KILL YOU AGAIN!" ---THE INDIAN WARS WERE OVER.

Call From Afar



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Unnoticed by the dozen other cliff dwellers gathered in the open cave, Keeto the Orphan crept closer to the fire. There Hanokam the Trader was showing his beautiful wares—polished shells of all sizes, glowing pearl and red and pink and blue! There stingy old Tonowah, the chief of the Salado tribal group, was bargaining in a mean voice for the largest shell of all:

"Two lace shirts—of the finest Salado weave? THREE shirts of the finest cotton? Four shirts and a quiver of dyed cloth over a wooden frame! A bargain!"

The trade was made. Tonowah's three mean-eyed sons began haggling, all at once, for smaller shells. They wanted much for little—but Hanokam, the aged, smiling trader, was as shrewd as they. The sons of Tonowah got only the poorest of his goods.

Keeto the Orphan would have given his right hand—almost—for one of those glowing sea shells. It was no use wishing, however, for little Keeto had nothing to trade. He did creep close—and when nobody was looking, picked up an oval closed shell the size of his fist. He touched its smooth surface lovingly to his cheek.

It was then that he heard the voice, like a murmur from afar. It came from within the shell. There were no words to be understood. It was a sound like the wind blowing over the Tonto rim, and telling of things it had seen far, far away, in a language of its own. Keeto listened, mouth open, eyes shining with wonder...

Suddenly, he was hurled back. The shell was wrenched from his hand. The harsh voice of Tonowah was calling him a thief, a worthless wretch!

Then the calm tones of Hanokam the Trader interrupted: Hanokam was saying that the small boy had not meant to steal—that he was only listening to the Voice of the Sea that the shell had trapped inside it. For some who listened, the Voice of the Sea had a message of importance! Perhaps, if the small boy would come back—

But Keeto the Orphan did not dare return to the fire, while old Tonowah was angry. Instead, he crawled to the roofless rubbish room where he was allowed to sleep, and lay down to dream of the beautiful murmuring shell. And even now in his ear the Voice of the Sea seemed to be calling, calling...

Hours before dawn, little Keeto got up. From under the rubbish that he called his bed, he dug a shortened bow and three patched arrows. They were all he possessed.

Moving silently to the fireplace, he found a few crumbs of corn bread, and a well-picked turkey wishbone. These made his breakfast—for Keeto had no father to provide, no mother to cook his food. It would be his last meal among the people of old Tonowah!

In the darkness of the canyon, Keeto found the trail that Hanokam the Trader would take on his return trip in the morning. Keeto followed it to a bend, two miles away. Just beyond the bend, he climbed to a ledge overlooking the canyon trail, and sat down

to wait. When Hanokam appeared, he would follow him, unnoticed—follow to the place where the little pearly shells trapped the voice of the Great Sea!

As soon as daylight grew bright enough to see, Keeto took a broken arrowhead from his pouch. With patient skill he fitted it onto the end of a patched arrowshaft. It would hold—enough for one shot at a rabbit, perhaps!

As he worked, he heard the click of a loose stone on the trail below him. . . and hushed voices! He crept to the edge of the rocky shelf and looked down.

There were the three mean-eyed sons of old Tonowah. They were all armed with war clubs, and they hid themselves around the bend of the trail from the cliff village. They were waiting for somebody, Keeto knew. . . And when that somebody came along, unsuspecting, they would attack him. But who—?

There was only one answer—Hano-



kam! The sons of Tonowah wanted to kill him and take all his costly shells! They had not dared to do it in the village, but here, on the lonely trail—

Silently, Keeto the Orphan drew back. He was shivering with fear—fear for the one person who had ever spared him a kindly word! Then anger came to his aid! Anger against the three evil young men waiting below him. He reached for his bow. . .

Hanokam the Trader came striding along the canyon trail an hour after sunrise. He reached the sharp bend, passed around it—and halted as three figures leaped toward him with raised

clubs. His hand flashed to his own club, though he knew it was too late. . .

"TWANG!" The hum of a bowstring was answered by a howl, as the nearest attacker dropped his war club. Now Hanokam's own club was ready. It parried the second man's attack—and again the unseen bowstring hummed—and again!

In pain and surprise Tonowah's three evil sons took to flight—each with a patched-up arrow dangling from arm or shoulder!

Quietly, Hanokam put down his pack. Unhurried, he brought out his pipe and tobacco. When the smoke began to rise toward the ledge above his head, he spoke.

"You may come down now, Keeto my friend! I tried to find you this morning, to give you the shell that holds the Voice of the Sea. But you were gone! So now I know that I owe you my life. Tell me what I can do to repay you, little warrior!"

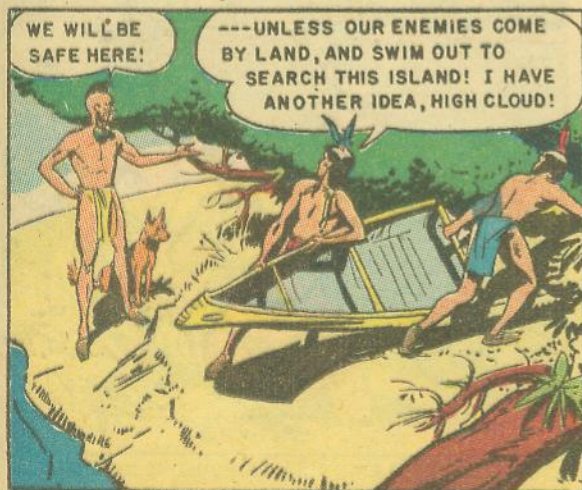
Keeto the Orphan could hardly believe his ears. He climbed down and approached the tall, old man whose eyes regarded him so kindly.

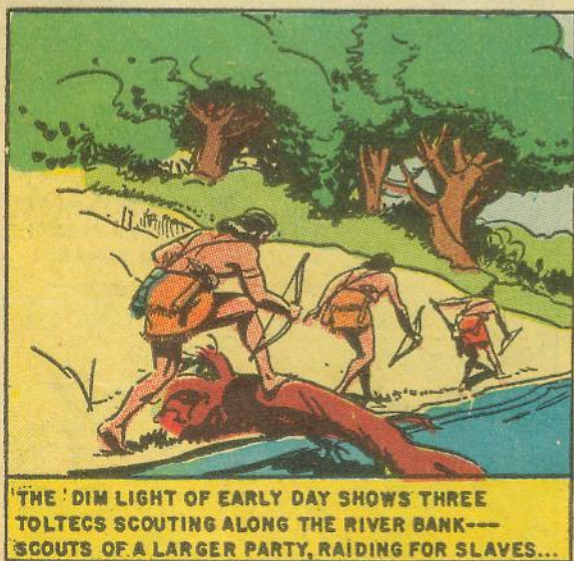
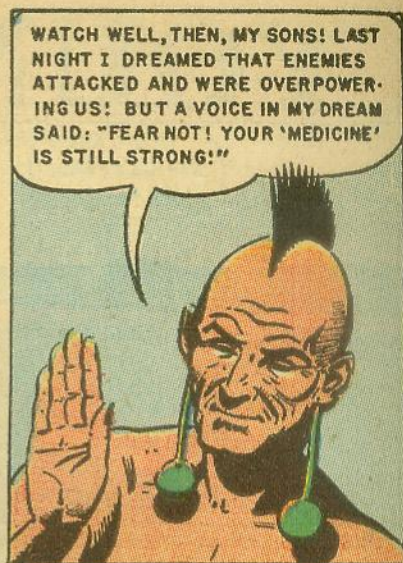
"What would you like most, in all the world?" Hanokam repeated.

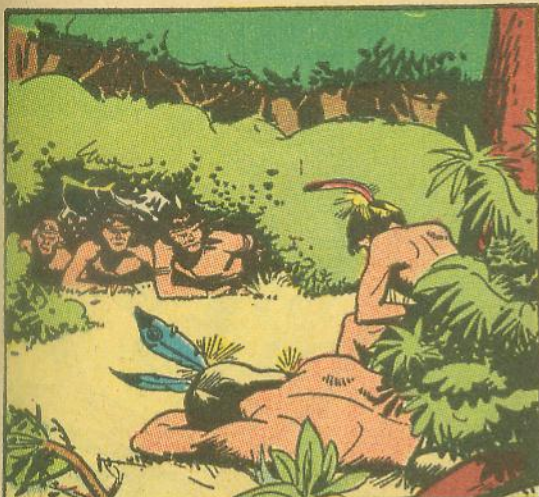
"I would like to be—like you!" little Keeto replied. "I would like to follow you to the Sea, and become a great trader, and understand the songs that are trapped inside the beautiful shells!"



YOUNG HAWK







WITHOUT A WARNING SOUND, THEY WORM THEIR WAY THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH...



YEOW! LITTLE BUCK---

Y!---



--UGH!

YOUNG HAWK STRUGGLES LIKE A TIGER OF THE JUNGLE...



HE IS STRONG! HE WILL MAKE A VALUABLE SLAVE!

--- IF WE CAN TAKE HIM ALIVE! THAT WILL NOT BE EASY---



AGGH--!

WITH NUMBING FORCE, A THROWN HATCHET STRIKES YOUNG HAWK'S KNIFE HAND...



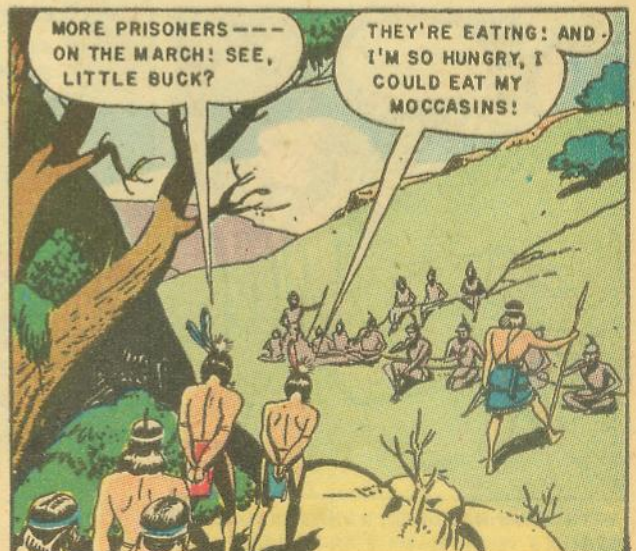
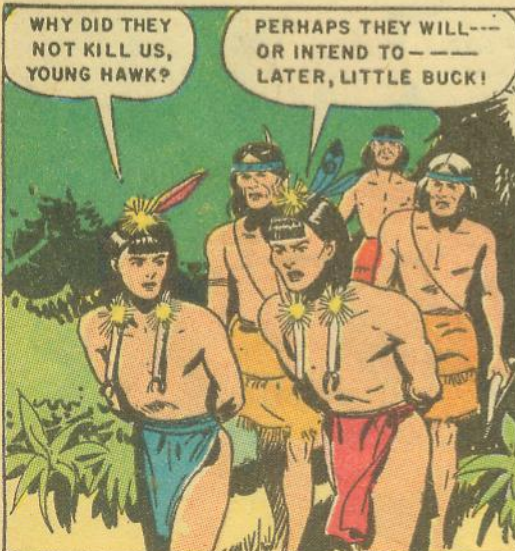
RUN--- LITTLE BUCK! WHEN I---



BY WEIGHT OF NUMBERS, THE BOYS ARE TRAPPED---



HELPLESSLY, HIGH CLOUD WATCHES FROM THE ISLAND...



WHERE DO YOU
THINK THEY ARE
TAKING US,
YOUNG HAWK?

SOUTH--- THAT'S ALL WE
KNOW, SINCE WE DON'T
UNDERSTAND THEIR
SPEECH!



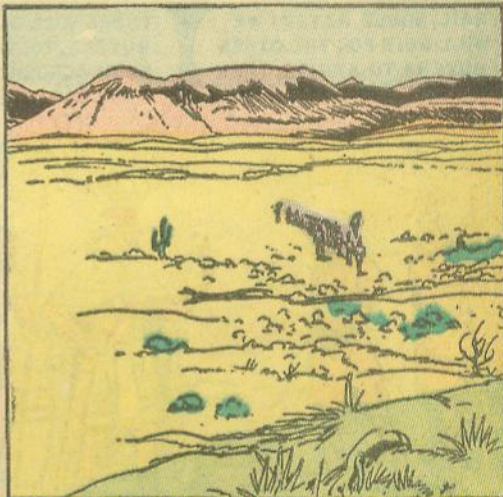
FOR MANY DAYS THE RAIDERS PUSH THROUGH
A MESQUITE JUNGLE OF ENDLESS EXTENT...

BUT WHAT ARE THEY
GOING TO DO WITH
US?

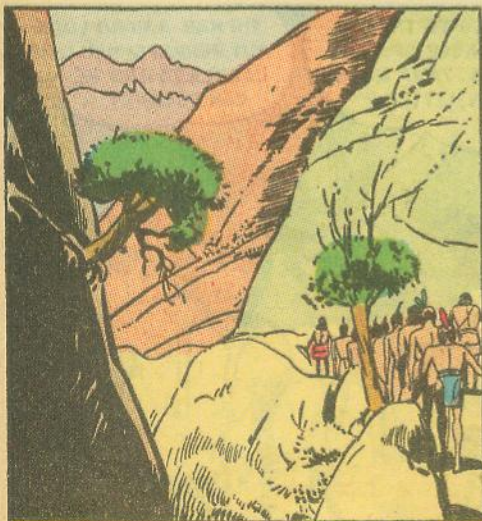
SELL US FOR SLAVES,
PROBABLY! YOU'VE
NOTICED THAT WE HAVE
PLENTY OF FOOD, AND
ENOUGH REST TO KEEP
US STRONG!



EVEN AT NIGHT THERE IS NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE! THE
ARMED GUARDS ARE EVER ALERT...



ON THE TENTH DAY, THEY ENTER THE MOUNTAINS.
JAGGED PEAKS HEM THE HORIZON...



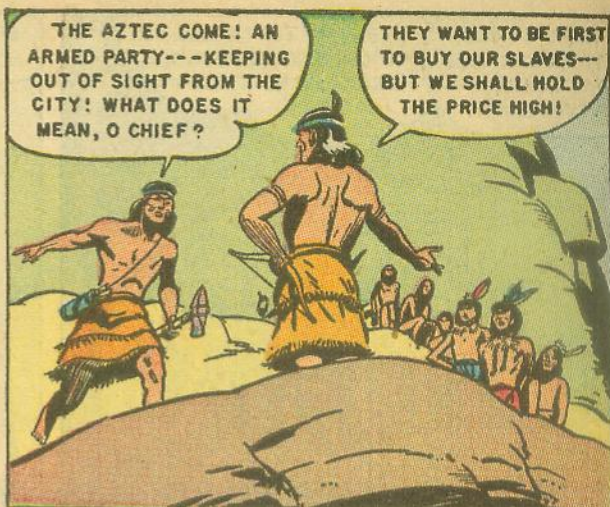
THEY PASS THROUGH A NARROW DEFILE...



... WHERE MOUNTAIN LIONS
GAZE DOWN FROM INACCESSIBLE
CRAGS AT THE SLOW-MOVING
SLAVE TRAIN...



AT LAST, THEY GAZE UPON THE ROOFS AND
TEMPLES OF MEXICO CITY--- THE ANCIENT
AZTEC CAPITAL...



THE AZTEC COME! AN
ARMED PARTY---KEEPING
OUT OF SIGHT FROM THE
CITY! WHAT DOES IT
MEAN, O CHIEF?

THEY WANT TO BE FIRST
TO BUY OUR SLAVES---
BUT WE SHALL HOLD
THE PRICE HIGH!

A SCOUT COMES RUNNING WITH NEWS TO THE TOLTEC
CHIEF...



HAIL, NOBLE AZTEC! WE
WILL WAIT FOR THE OTHER
BUYERS TO ARRIVE, THEN
WE WILL BARGAIN---

THERE WILL BE NO MORE
BUYERS, TOLTEC! MEN
FROM ACROSS THE SEA
HAVE CAPTURED OUR
CITY!



I SPEAK FOR THE
PEOPLE OF MONTEZUMA!
I OFFER YOU THIS GOLD
FOR YOUR SLAVES!



IT IS ENOUGH! THE
SLAVES ARE YOURS,
NOBLE AZTEC!

YOU MAY GO THEN!
WE WILL LET THEM REST
HERE UNTIL DARK!

SOLD---

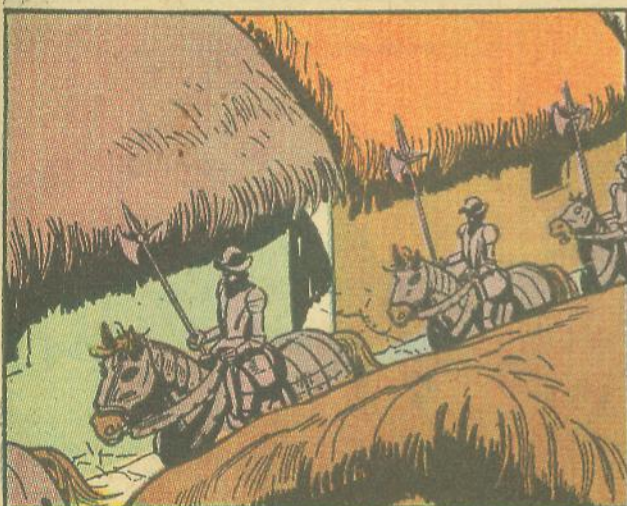


--- SOLD TO THE ONE
IN THE ROBE OF MANY
COLORS. THAT MUCH
IS PLAIN, LITTLE
BUCK!

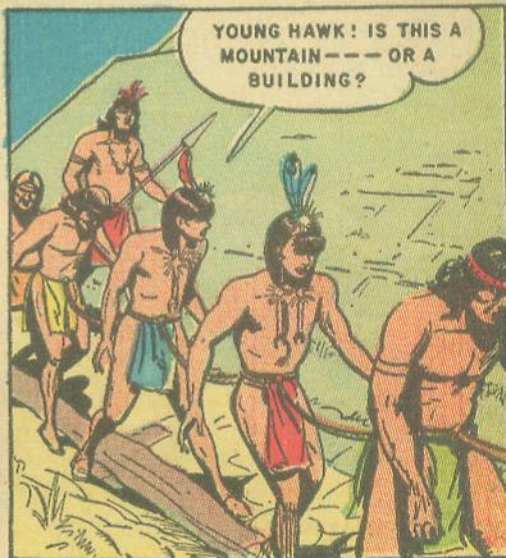
HE HAS A HARD LOOK--
BUT PERHAPS HE'LL BE
CARELESS AND WE
CAN ESCAPE!



AFTER DARK, THEIR NEW MASTERS LEAD THE LINE OF SLAVES, BY DARK ALLEYS, DEEP INTO THE CITY...

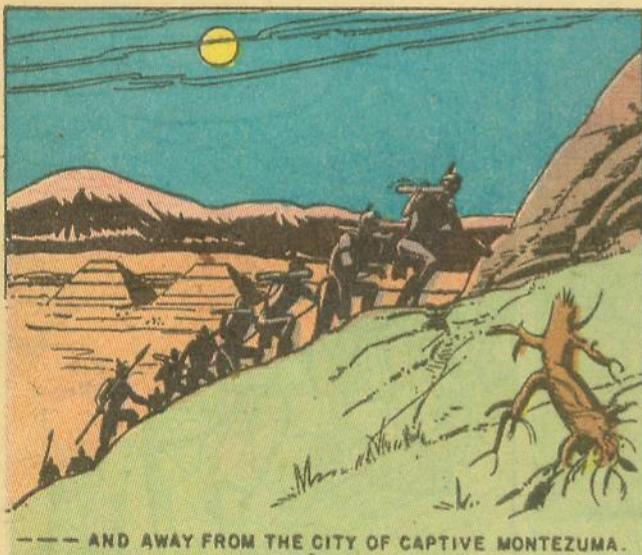
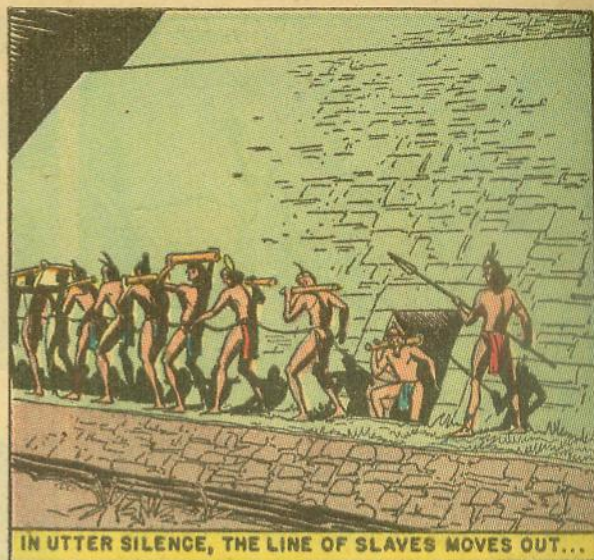


SLOWLY, THE PATROL OF STRANGE RIDERS PASSES DOWN THE STREET...



NERVOUS AZTEC GUARDS HUSTLE THE SLAVES THROUGH A SECRET DOORWAY...





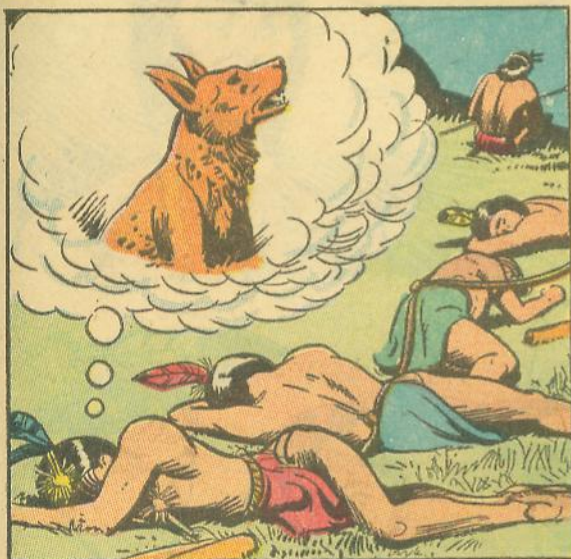
YOU CAN CARRY IT, YOUNGSTER! YOU WON'T GIVE UP SO SOON!



THE FALLEN SLAVE'S LOAD IS ADDED TO THAT OF YOUNG HAWK...

LITTLE BUCK! SOMETIMES I *FEEL* SOMEBODY ELSE IS WITH US---SOME FRIENDLY PRESENCE! I DON'T KNOW HOW---

YOU'RE DIZZY, YOUNG HAWK! WE'RE DYING ON OUR FEET! SOMETIMES I IMAGINE THINGS, TOO!



TUMBLEWEED! I THOUGHT--- I DREAMED I HEARD HIM!

GO TO SLEEP, FOOL!

UH?



IT WAS SO REAL, LITTLE BUCK! I WAS SURE IT WAS TUMBLEWEED'S VOICE!

IT COULD HAVE BEEN A COYOTE.



BUT IT IS NO COYOTE---TIED TO A BUSH ON A NEAR-BY HILLSIDE...



The End

Cut

here

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the BIRCHBARK CANOE

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THE INDIAN HAS ALWAYS BEEN A NOMAD, AND WHEREVER THERE WERE LAKES, RIVERS OR COASTAL WATERS, HE RELIED ON THE CANOE. BY THIS MEANS OF TRAVEL, HE WENT WHERE THE GAME WAS ABUNDANT. HE OFTEN HUNTED FROM HIS BIRCH-BARK CRAFT. WHEN TRIBAL WARFARE BROKE OUT, THE RED MAN USED THE CANOE TO SILENTLY STALK HIS ENEMY, OR IF HE WERE PURSUED, TO FLEE INTO SOME WELL-HIDDEN INLET UNTIL DANGER OF PURSUIT PASSED...



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The howl of the coyote is a universal symbol of the west. These animals are partially scavengers and partially predators, killing small game whenever available. They were formerly called "plains wolves" until their timidity became known.

Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

