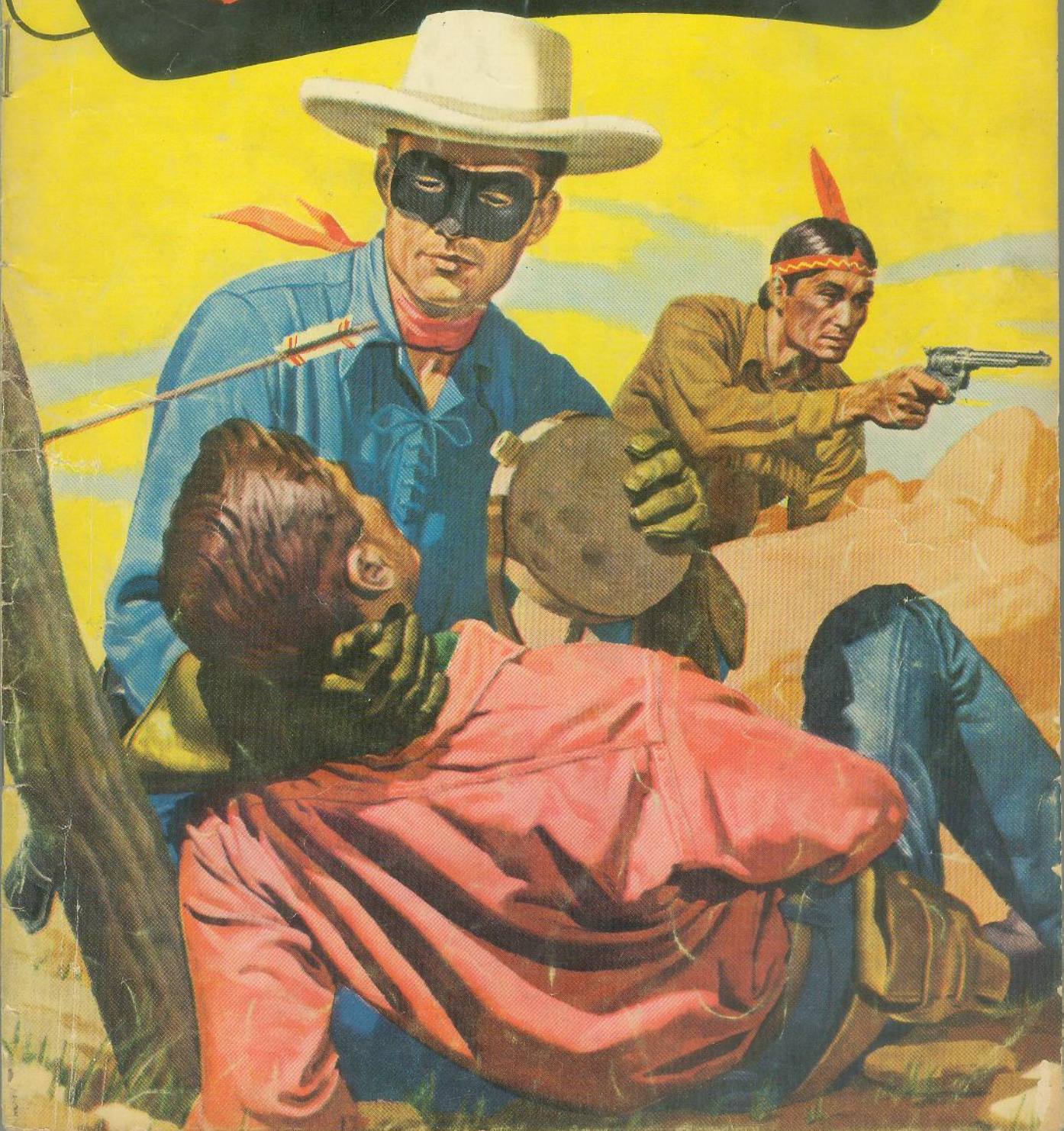


the Lone Ranger



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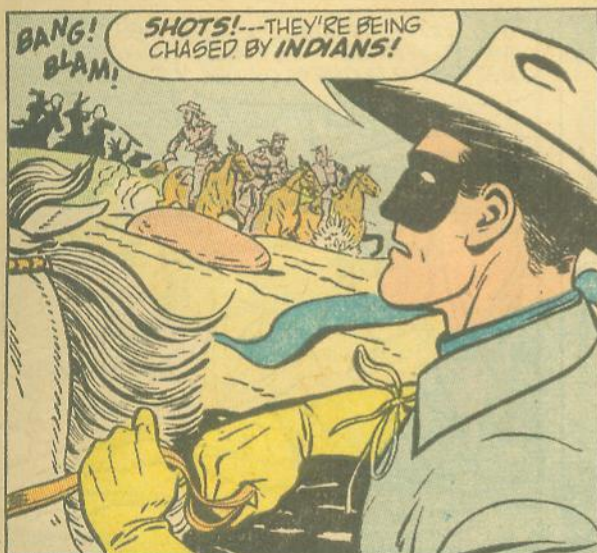
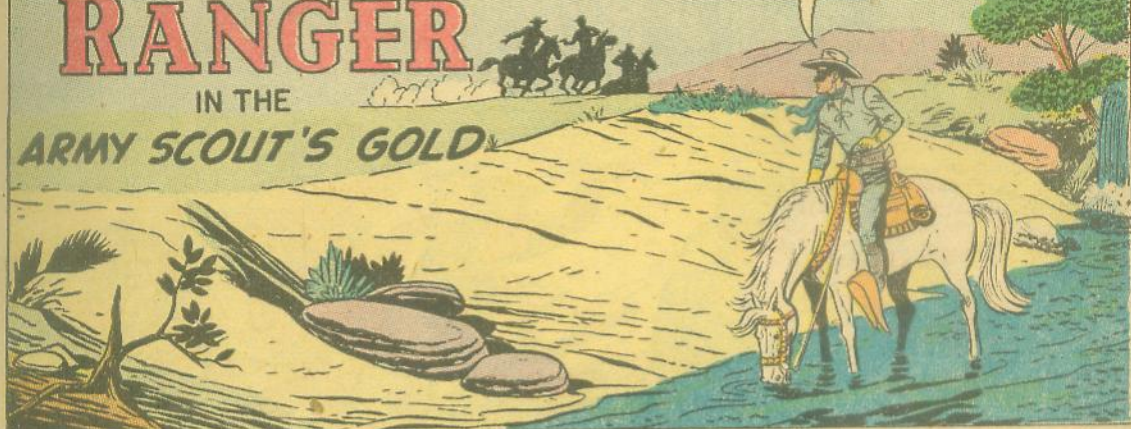
THE LONE RANGER, Vol. 1, No. 46, April, 1952. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.; George T. Delacorte Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Entered as second-class matter November 12, 1948 at the Post Office at 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 1952, 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

IN THE
ARMY SCOUT'S GOLD

STEADY, SILVER! THREE RIDERS ARE COMING! WE'LL LEAVE BEFORE THEY START ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT MY MASK!



BANG! BLAM!
SHOTS!---THEY'RE BEING CHASED BY INDIANS!



OVER HERE!---TAKE COVER BEHIND THE STREAM'S BANK!

BANG!



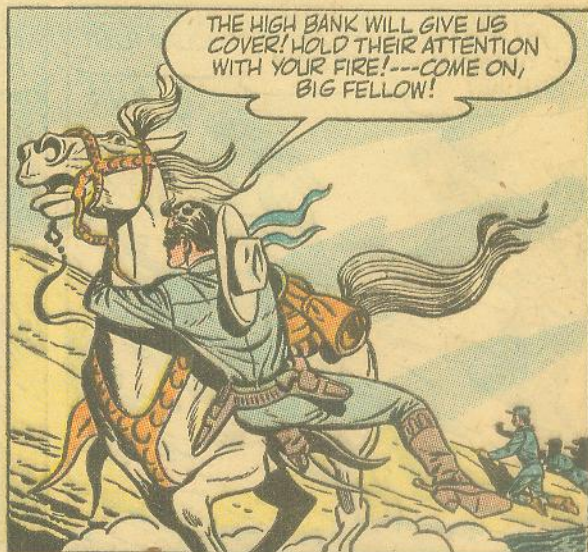
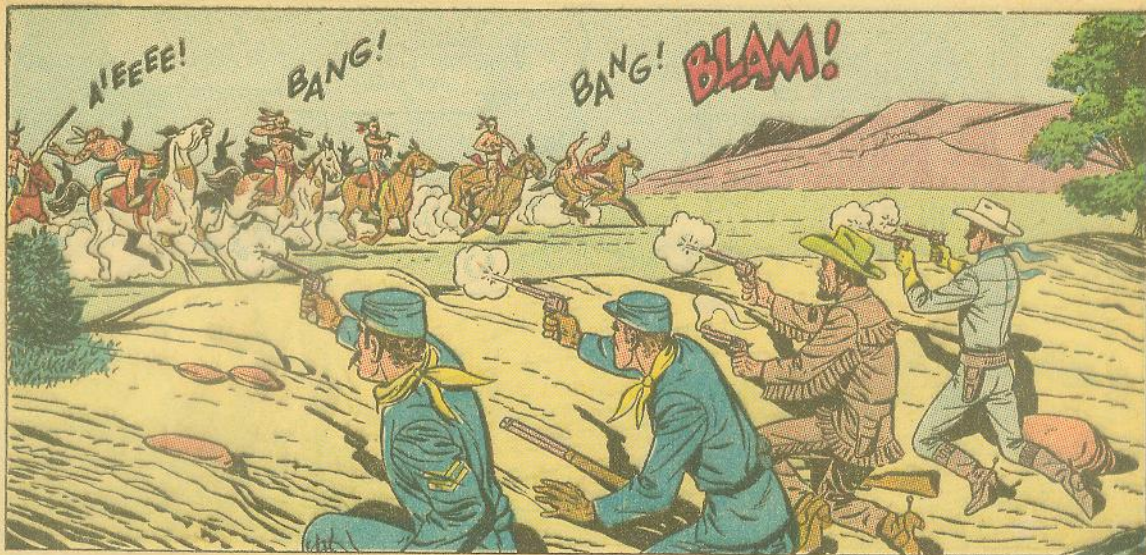
DON'T SAVVY WHY YUH WEAR THAT MASK, MISTER, BUT LONG AS THEM SIX-GUNS OF YOURS POINT TO THE SIOUX---YOU'RE OKAY WITH ME!

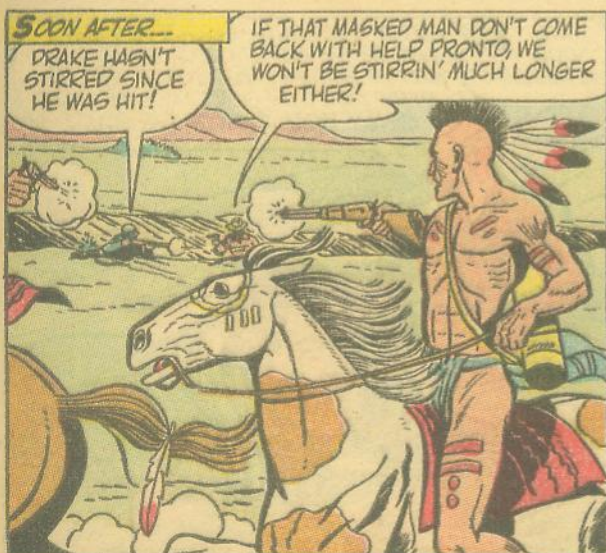
BLAM!

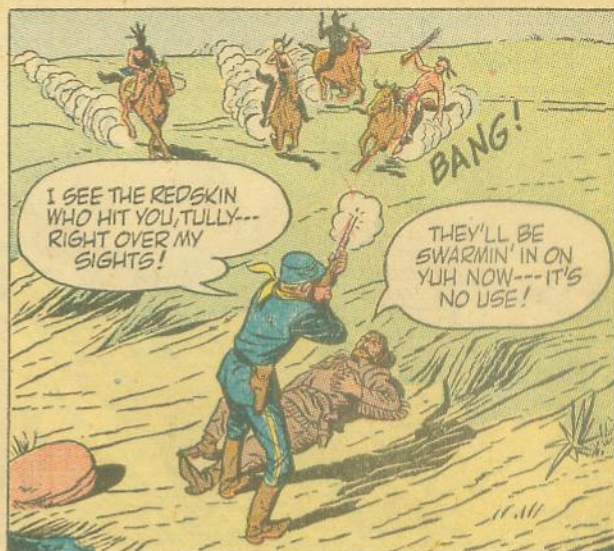


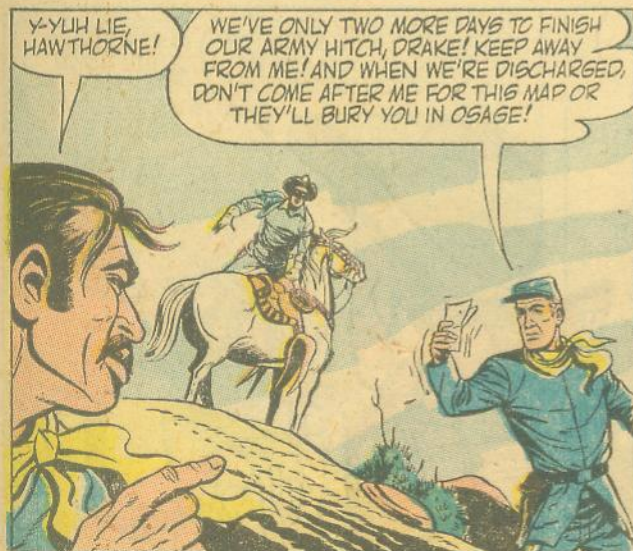
WE RODE AHEAD, SCOUTIN' FOR AN ARMY COLUMN! WE WERE LOOKIN' FER A SIOUX WAR PARTY---

YOU FOUND THEM! HERE THEY COME!

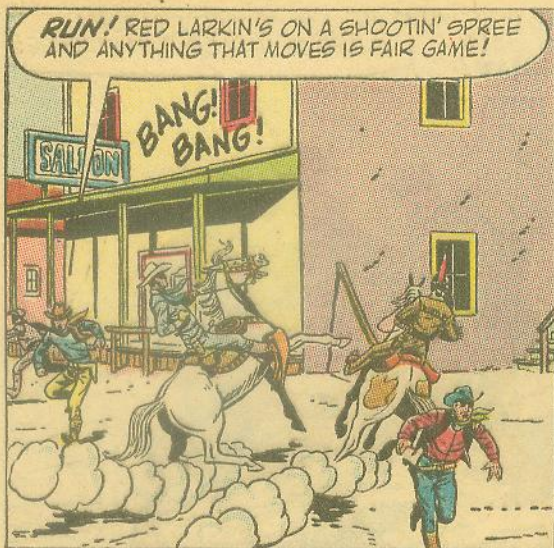




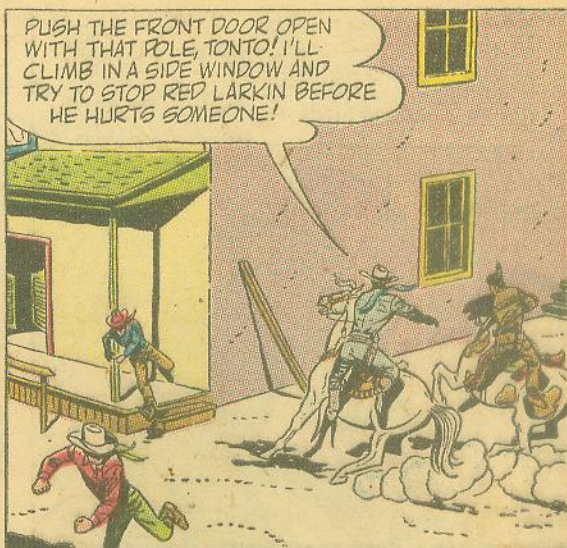




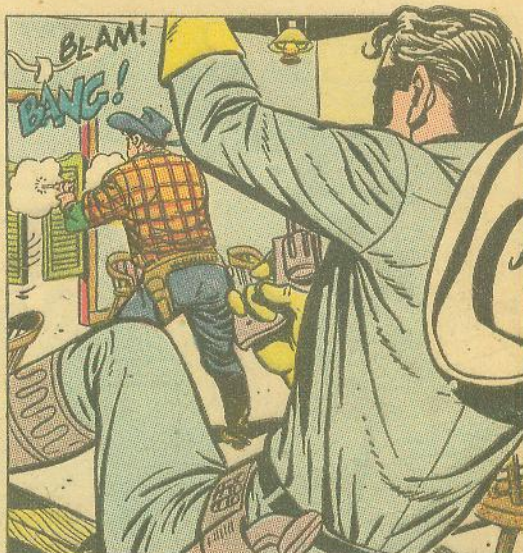
**RUN! RED LARKIN'S ON A SHOOTIN' SPREE
AND ANYTHING THAT MOVES IS FAIR GAME!**



**PUSH THE FRONT DOOR OPEN
WITH THAT POLE, TONTO! I'LL
CLIMB IN A SIDE WINDOW AND
TRY TO STOP RED LARKIN BEFORE
HE HURTS SOMEONE!**



**ANYONE COMIN' IN? JUST SWING THEM DOORS
OPEN AND THE NEXT ONES YOU'LL SEE WILL BE
THE PEARLY GATES!**



**WHERE IN SAM HILL DID
YUH COME--- OWW!**

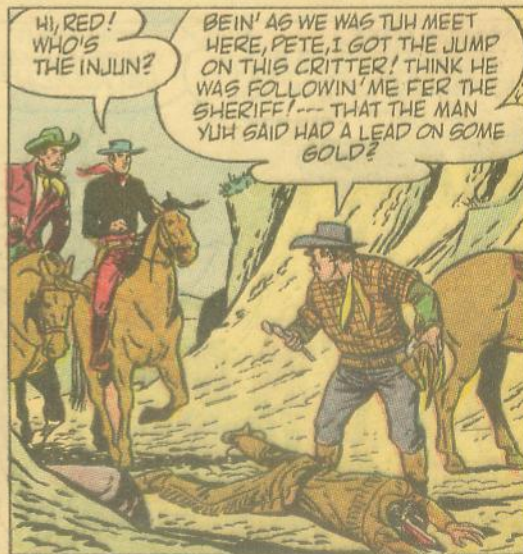
**GO OUT THE DOOR,
LARKIN! I THINK THE
SHERIFF WANTS TO
SEE YOU!**

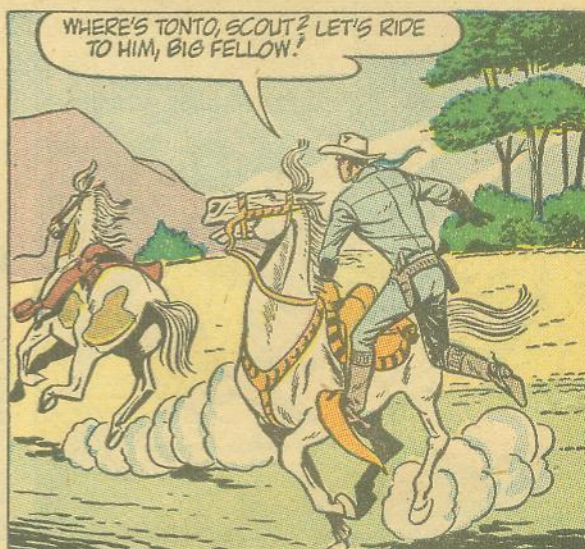
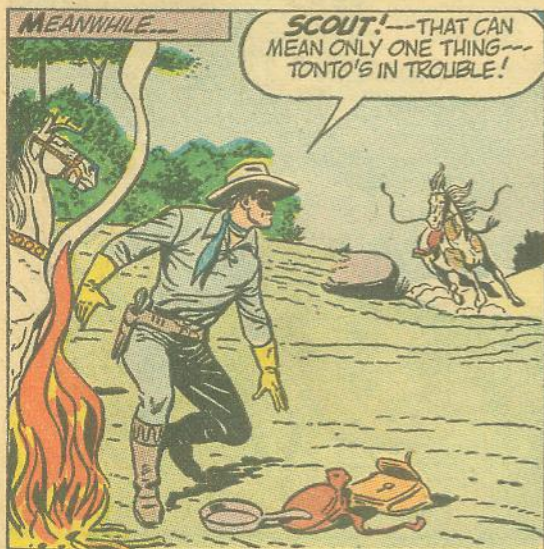


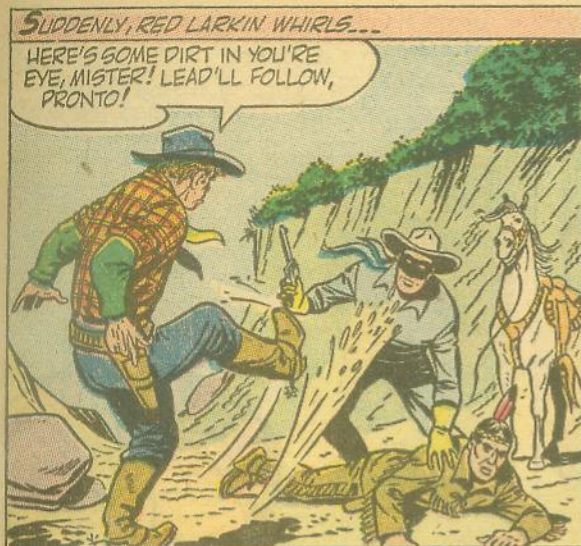
**THAT MASK MAKES ME
KINDA SUSPICIOUS, STRANGER,
BUT SEEIN' HOW YOU QUIETED
LARKIN, RECKON YOU'RE OKAY!**

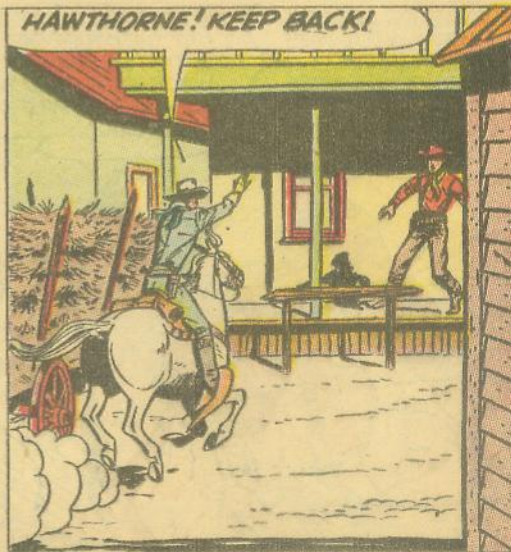
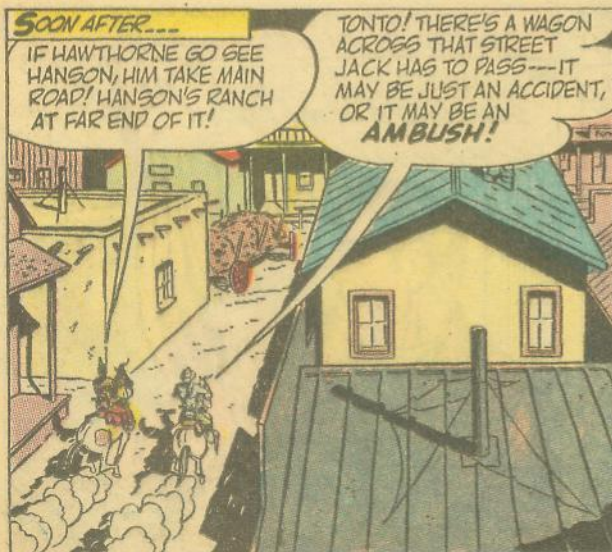
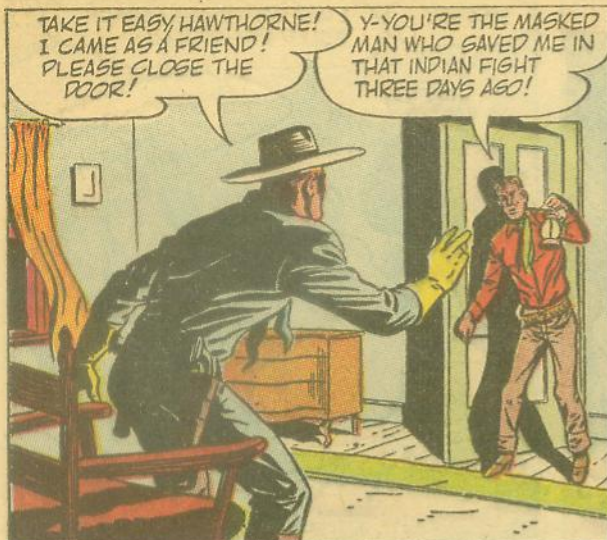
**I SUGGEST YOU
ORDER LARKIN
OUT OF TOWN
BEFORE HE
STARTS MORE
TROUBLE!**













YOU RIGHT! MEN SHOOT FROM BEHIND WAGON! BUT HAWTHORNE ESCAPE!

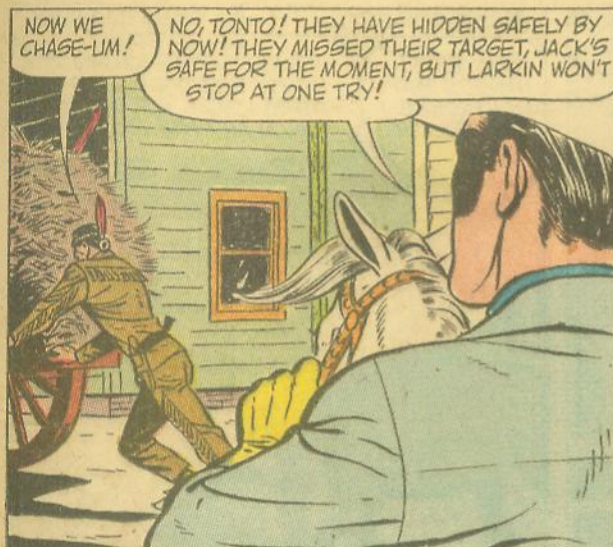
COME ON, TONTO! WE'LL RIDE DOWN ON THOSE KILLERS BEFORE THEY ESCAPE!

BLAM! BANG!



THERE THEY GO! ---HALT!

WAGON BLOCK WAY! ME MOVE-UM!



NOW WE CHASE-UM!

NO, TONTO! THEY HAVE HIDDEN SAFELY BY NOW! THEY MISSED THEIR TARGET, JACK'S SAFE FOR THE MOMENT, BUT LARKIN WON'T STOP AT ONE TRY!



LATER, AT HANSON'S RANCH HOUSE...

MR. HANSON, I'VE STUDIED TULLY'S MAP, BUT I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT! HE SAID YOU'D BE ABLE TO HELP ME!

THAT MAP WOULDN'T MEAN MUCH TO ANYONE WHO DIDN'T KNOW THE REGION! I'VE PROSPECTED THESE PARTS FOR YEARS!



THEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HELP ME FIND THAT TUNNEL?

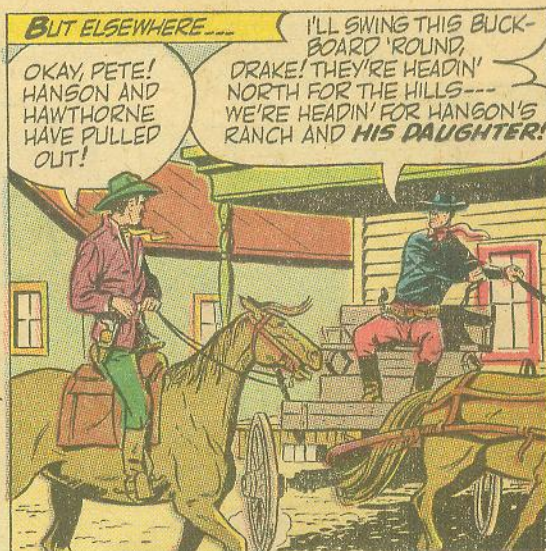
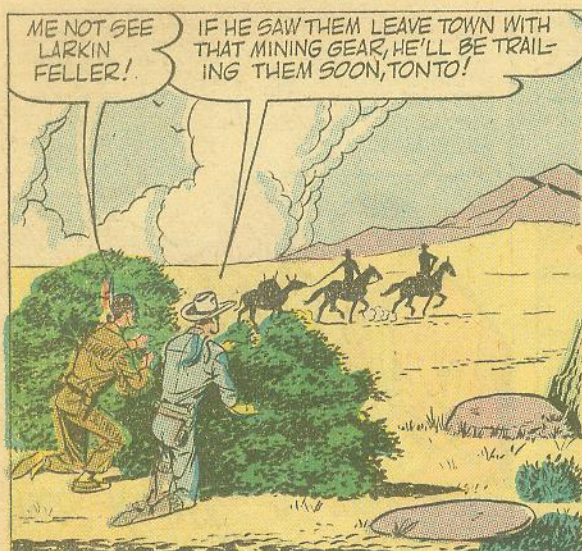
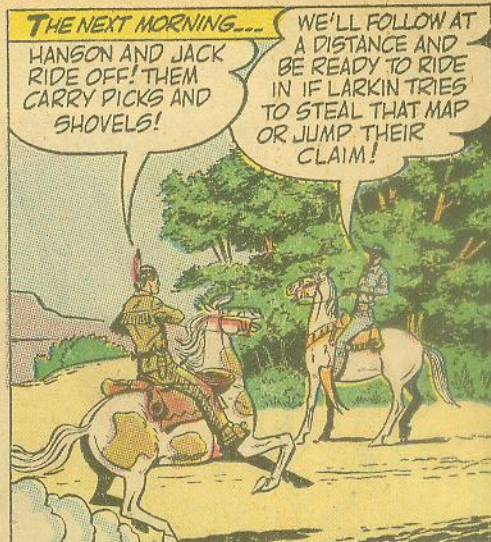
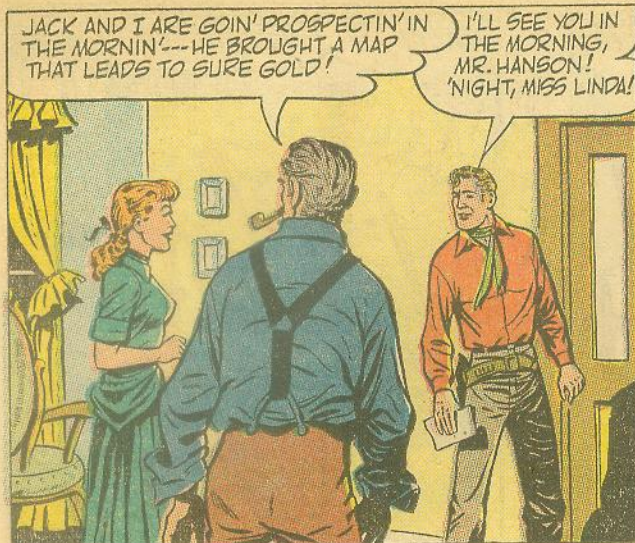
YES! RECKON YOU MUST BE ALL RIGHT IF TULLY GAVE YOU THE MAP! WE'LL START IN THE MORNIN'!

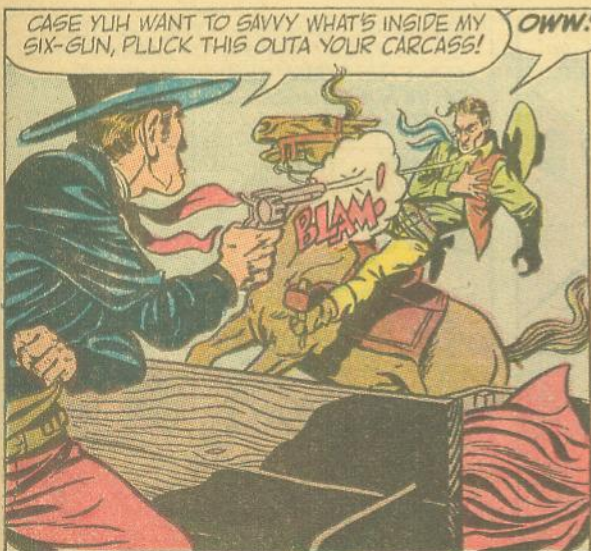
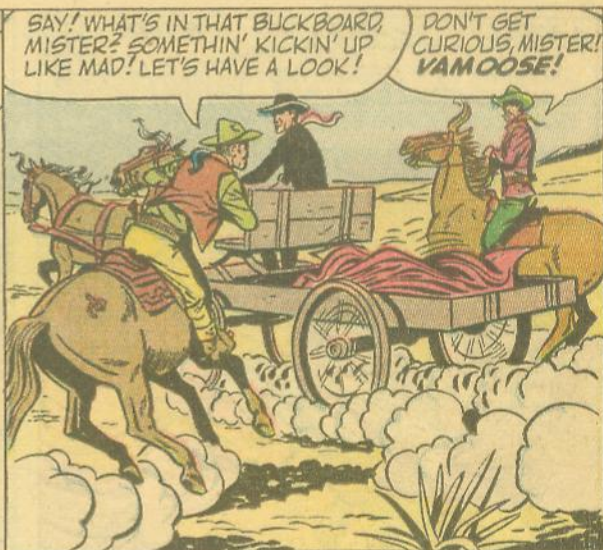


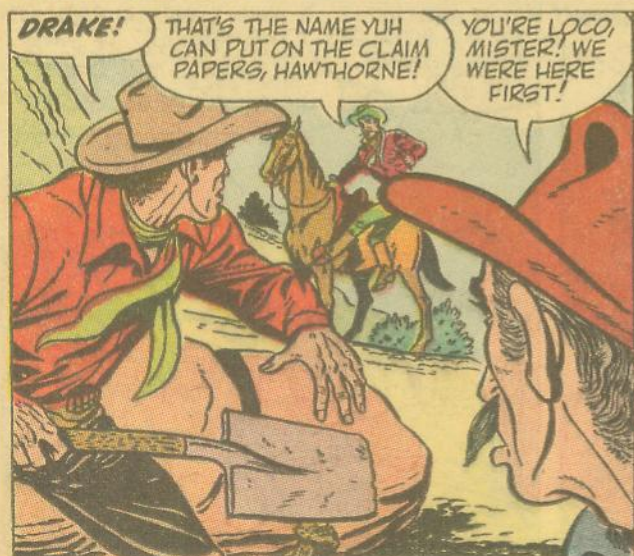
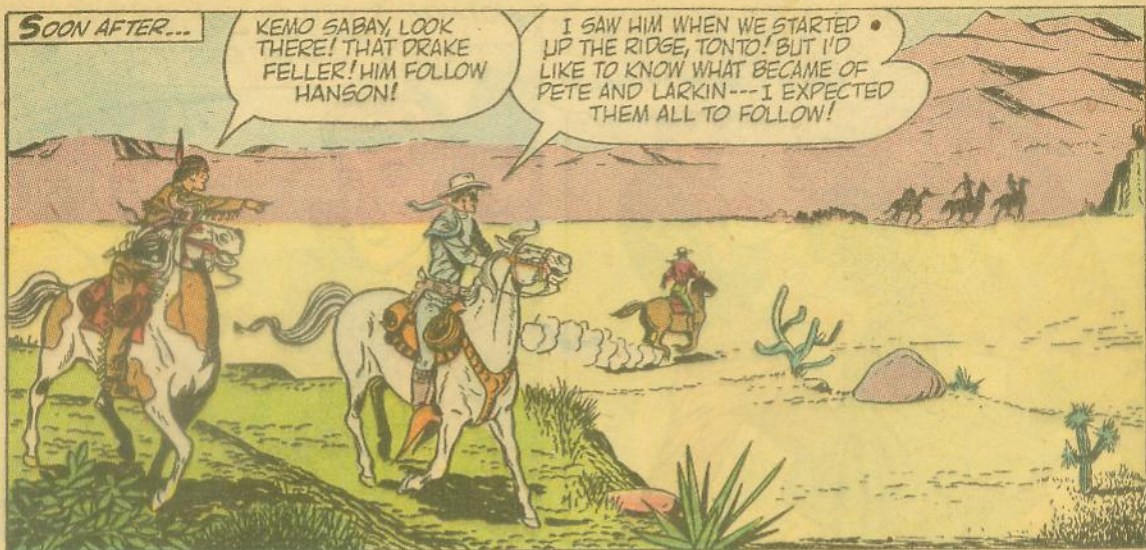
HELLO, DAD!

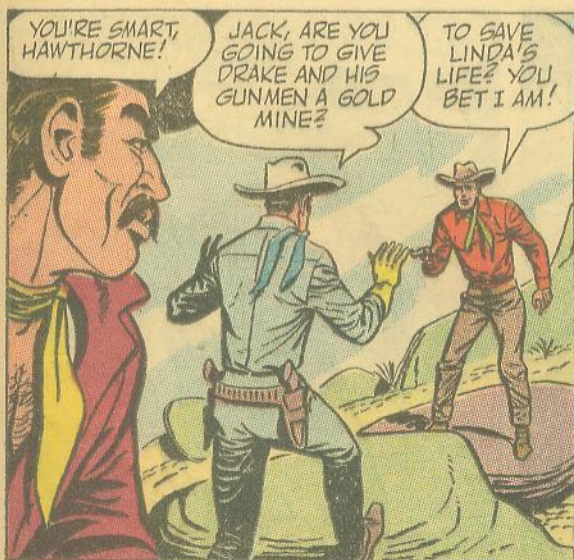
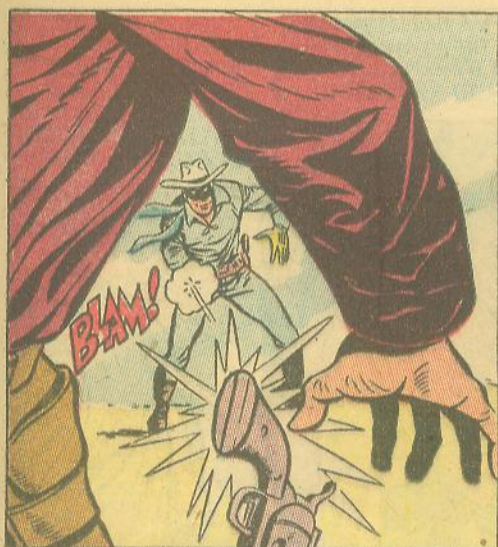
LINDA, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET JACK HAWTHORNE!

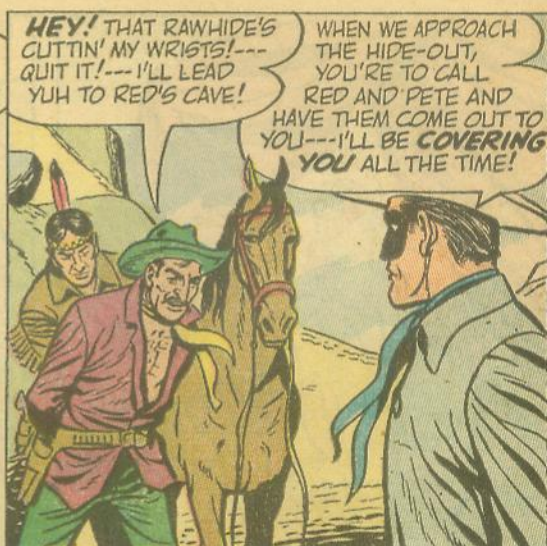
GOLLY, I'M SURE GLAD TO MEET YOU! DIDN'T THINK THERE WAS ANYONE LIKE YOU---I MEAN---ER---



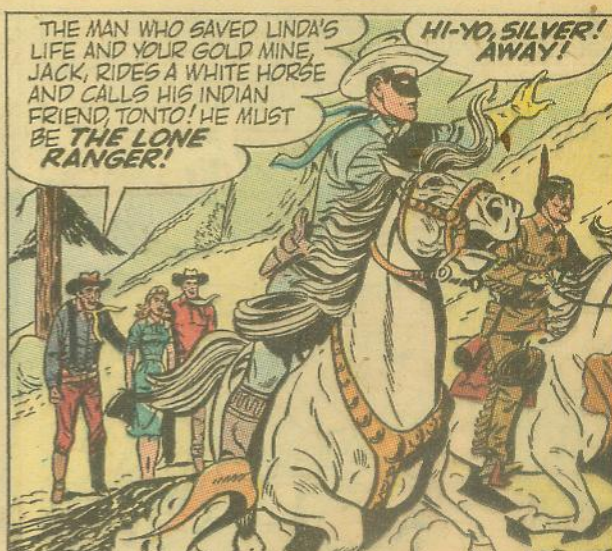












WASHAKIE

THE PEACE-SEEKER

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CERTAIN INDIAN TRIBES, FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER, ALWAYS SOUGHT PEACE WITH THE WHITE MAN. SUCH WERE THE SHOSHONES, WHOSE GREAT HEROINE, SACAJAWEA, LED THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION BEYOND THE ROCKIES TO THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

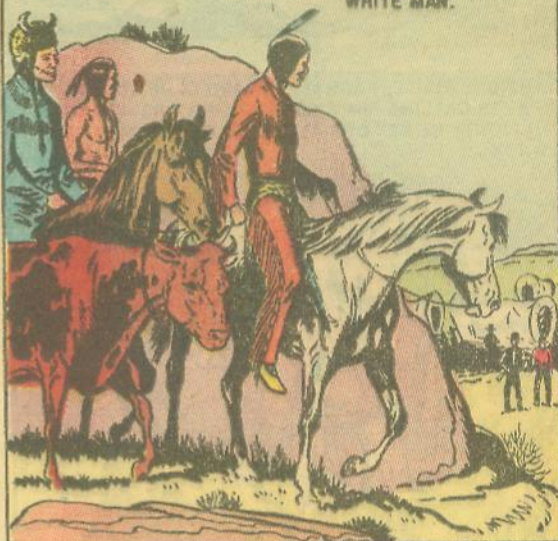
THEY OWE A GOOD PART OF THEIR FINAL PEACE WITH THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT TO THEIR GREAT CHIEF WASHAKIE, WHO ALWAYS SOUGHT PEACE FOR HIS PEOPLE.



WASHAKIE WAS FIRST NAMED "SHOOTS STRAIGHT" BUT HIS NAME WAS CHANGED TO WASHAKIE--- THE RATTLER, WHEN HE MADE A RATTLE BY PUTTING PEBBLES IN THE SKULL OF THE FIRST BUFFALO HE KILLED.



SOON WASHAKIE WAS LEADING A BAND OF SHOSHONES. HE ORDERED HIS BRAVES TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE WHITE MAN.



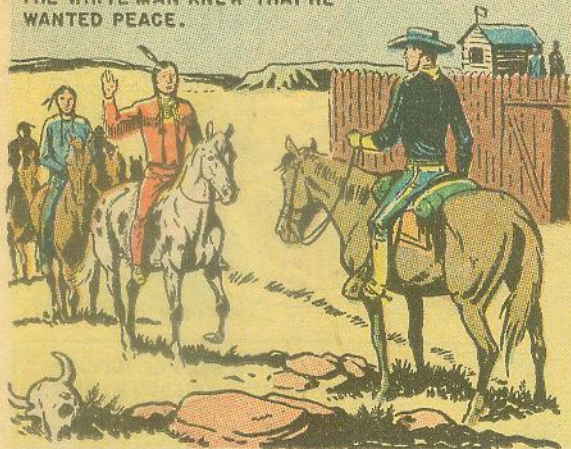
INNUMERABLE STORIES WERE TOLD OF WASHAKIE DELIVERING STRAYED CATTLE TO THEIR WHITE OWNERS. HE SERVED THEM IN MANY WAYS, GIVING THEM SCOUTS AND GUIDES DURING THEIR WARS WITH THE SIOUX AND BLACKFEET.



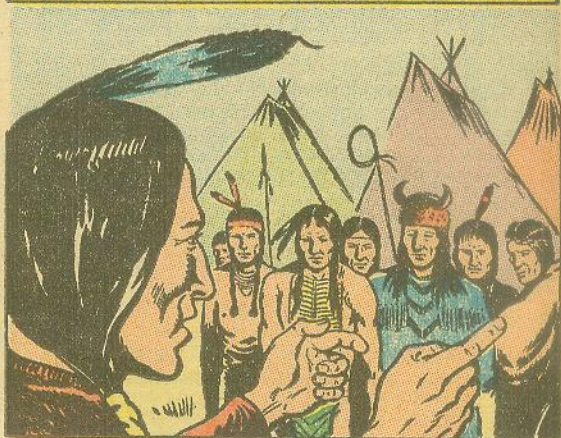
BUT A NEIGHBORING TRIBE, THE BANNOCKS, WANTED WAR AND BEGAN RAIDING THE WAGON TRAINS.



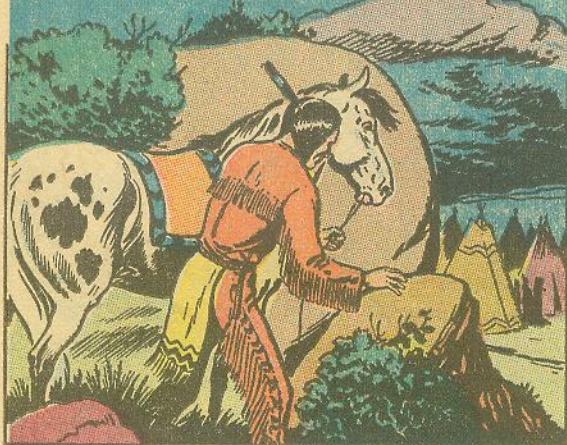
SOME SHOSHONES JOINED THE BANNOCKS AND WASHAKIE, WISELY, LED THE PEACEFUL MEMBERS OF HIS TRIBE TO THE PROTECTION OF FORT BRIDGER. THE WHITE MAN KNEW THAT HE WANTED PEACE.



WHEN THE BATTLE WAS OVER AND SOME SURVIVING WARRIORS RETURNED, WASHAKIE TOLD THEM THAT THEY HAD DISGRACED THEMSELVES. HE SAVED HIS PEOPLE FROM A SUICIDAL WAR.



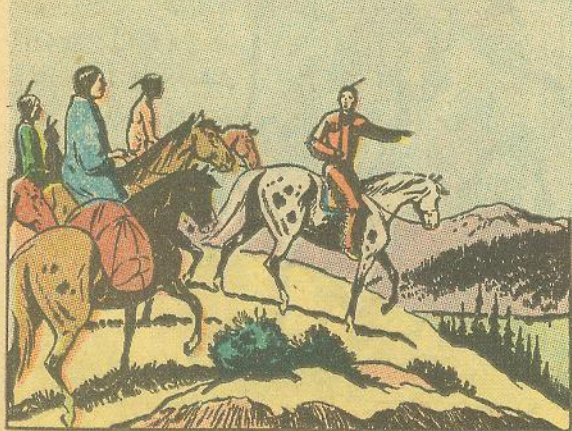
BUT ONE NIGHT, WASHAKIE HEARD SOME YOUNG BRAVES CALLING HIM A COWARD WHO WAS AFRAID TO FIGHT! HE SET OFF ALONE TO PROVE THEM WRONG!



WHEN HE RETURNED, HE DISPLAYED SEVEN SCALPS TAKEN FROM BLACKFEET WARRIORS. NO ONE EVER CHALLENGED HIM AGAIN.



AND THEN THE RAILROAD CAME ACROSS HIS LAND! INSTEAD OF FIGHTING BACK, AS THE SIOUX HAD DONE, WASHAKIE ASKED FOR A FERTILE RESERVATION OFF THE LINES OF TRAVEL.



NOT ONLY DID THEY GIVE HIM THE FERTILE WIND RIVER RESERVATION, BUT, AFTER HIS DEATH, THE AMERICAN ARMY GAVE HIM A MILITARY FUNERAL AND NAMED A FRONTIER FORT AFTER HIM.



A FRIEND INDEED



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"Wake up, son!" Honeen's mother called to him, her voice broken by a slight cough. "Breakfast! And you must hurry! This is the day of the Great Rabbit Hunt, you know!"

Honeen sat up, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. The dog, Keemu, whose long, collie-like fur had helped to keep him warm all night, danced about, yelping joyously. She always shared Honeen's breakfast, even though lately it was nothing more than a thin pancake of cornmeal.

Hard times had struck Honeen's family. His father and elder brother had been killed by a wounded bear, early that spring. All summer Honeen and his mother had done double work in the corn field where the green squashes grew between the "hills". No meat had enriched their scanty diet. They had traded away all but one thin blanket of rabbit skin for old grain while their own was ripening.

Now winter was coming on, and Honeen's mother shivered often when the breeze blew cold down the red rock canyon. Perhaps, if he killed many rabbits in the Great Hunt today, there would be enough skins for a cape to warm her shoulders. Or a blanket to protect her from the chill of the home cave's floor.

There were two cornmeal pancakes for Honeen this morning. He gave one to Keemu the dog, for she would help him in the hunt.

"Here are the new sandals I have been weaving for you," Honeen's mother said. "You must wear them, son—for you may have

many rough miles to cover today! No hunter will have better sandals than my boy."

"They are beautiful, Mother!" Honeen exclaimed, turning the new footgear over. The sandals had double soles, with a handsome red-and-black design worked into the strong yucca fibres, on top and bottom. Honeen would outgrow them before he wore them out, for he was only ten years old and growing fast. They were sandals to be proud of.

Honeen would not have been prouder of them, could he have looked nearly two thousand years ahead to the day when white men, digging in a corner of that same cave, would find those same beautiful sandals, only a little the worse for time and wear!

But now the sun was glinting along the red rock rim of the canyon. The hunters, men and boys, were gathering for the expedition. Shri!l whoops and the yelping of dogs told Honeen that he must hurry. Quickly, he gathered up his rabbit stick, his sandals, and (just in case he MIGHT meet with larger game) his darts and throwing-stick.

As the big party moved out, Honeen fell in beside a friend of his own age, named Tupatkee. Tupatkee had a dog, too—a short haired, black-and-white terrier called Yupat. He was a rabbit dog—while Keemu had hunt-

ed mountain lion, and deer and even the terrible grizzly bear. But Tupatkee insisted that little Yupat would attack a lion, if he had the chance.

The first part of the drive was slow work. Honeen and Tupatkee stayed close together. That is how, in a little draw, they both saw the fresh deer tracks at the same time.

"A deer is better than fifty rabbits!" Honeen whispered.

"And we both have our darts and AT-LATLS!" answered Tupatkee, his eyes shining with eagerness. "If we miss it, we'll bring home no meat at all—but it's worth the risk!"

For three miles they stalked the deer before they saw him—a fine fat buck, browsing

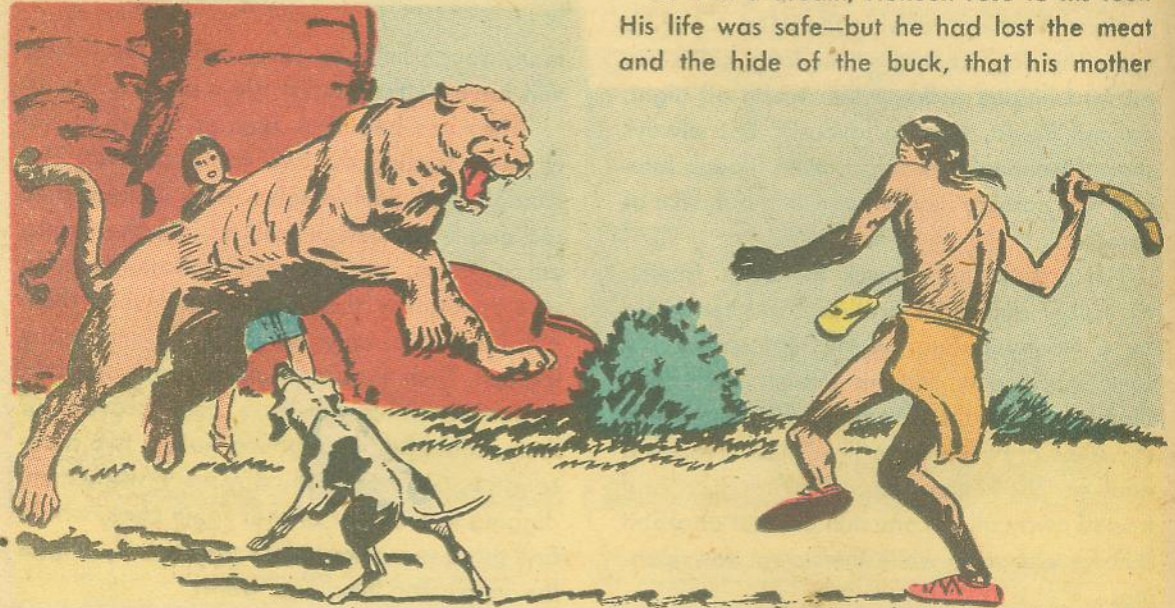
the danger!

Their atlatls whipped forward. Honeen missed! Tupatkee's dart pierced the cougar. With a horrid screech he charged—straight at Honeen!

No time to hurl a second dart! The boy gripped his rabbit stick—hurled it straight at that snarling, brute face. Batting at it, the terrible claws missed Honeen's flesh, but the cat's weight knocked him down. He felt the hot breath—the pressure of a heavy paw—

Then suddenly he was free! Keemu's sharp teeth had hamstrung the lion. Little Yupat's jaws gripped the lashing tail. And now, at close range, Tupatkee's dart pierced the lion's savage heart. It was all over!

As if in a dream, Honeen rose to his feet. His life was safe—but he had lost the meat and the hide of the buck, that his mother



at the foot of a low cliff. The dogs, well trained, made no sound, as Honeen raised his atlatl, or throwing-stick, with a stone-headed dart in place. But before he could throw, a tawny-gray, catlike shape dropped from the cliff onto the buck's back! A mountain lion! After a few jumps, the deer fell, its neck broken.

That was too much for the dogs. Yelping ferociously, they dashed in. The big cat faced them, snarling above the dead buck. Hard after the dogs ran the two boys. They would let no lion rob them of THEIR buck, whatever

needed so much. Tupatkee had won both deer and lion by his last lucky dart. Those were the rules!

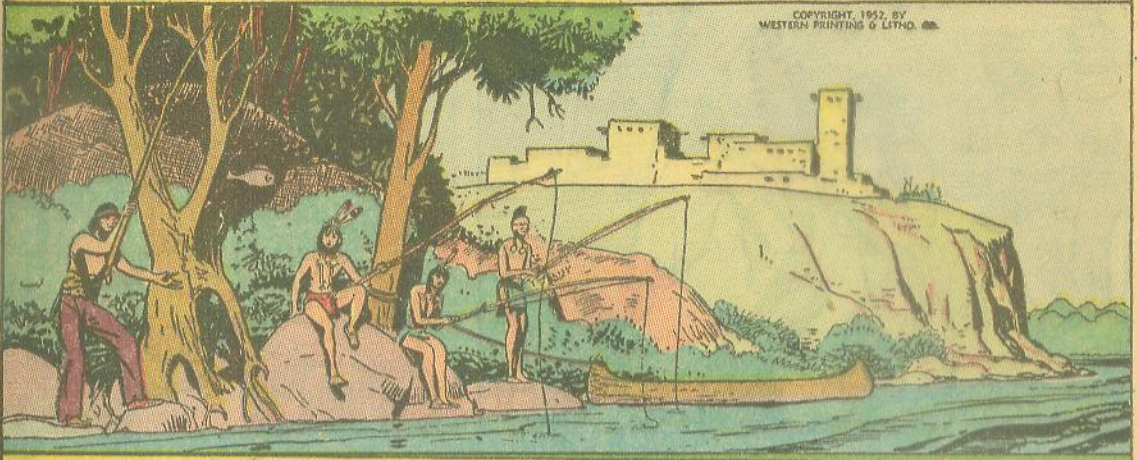
"They are yours, Tupatkee!" he said, with a catch of disappointment in his voice. "I will help you to drag them home, the lion and the buck."

But Tupatkee shook his head, smiling.

"They are yours, Honeen!" he replied. "There is corn to spare in my father's granary, and I have brothers to help me hunt meat. Before I cast my dart into the lion's heart I said: 'This is for my friend, Honeen!'"

YOUNG HAWK

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FOR A WEEK, AFTER HELPING THE PUEBLO INDIANS REPEL AN APACHE ATTACK, YOUNG HAWK AND HIS COMPANIONS REST FROM THEIR LONG JOURNEY. BIG FISH BITE HUNGRILY BELOW THE WALLS...

TUARI---WE HAVE BEEN VERY HAPPY AS YOUR GUESTS, LITTLE BUCK, GRANDFATHER HIGH CLOUD AND I.

BUT YOU WANT TO START AGAIN ON YOUR WANDERINGS-- TO SEEK NEW ADVENTURES! IS THAT WHAT YOU WOULD SAY, YOUNG HAWK?

I GUESSED THAT IT WOULD BE SO, MY FRIEND! AND I HAVE PROVISIONED MY BOAT FOR YOU! THE RIVER IS THE SAFEST PATH THROUGH APACHE COUNTRY.

HOW CAN I THANK YOU, TUARI, MY BROTHER? YOU ARE NOT ANGRY THAT WE WISH TO LEAVE YOUR HOSPITALITY?

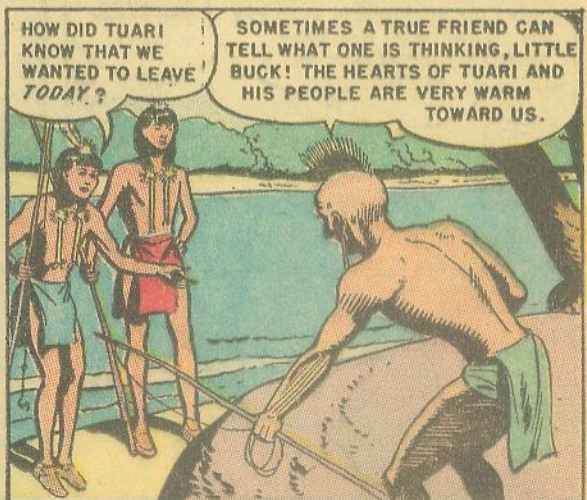


I WILL GO NOW, AND CALL THE CHIEF, AND ALSO AMITOLA, MY WIFE! THEY HAVE SOME SMALL GIFTS FOR YOU!

GIFTS, TUARI?

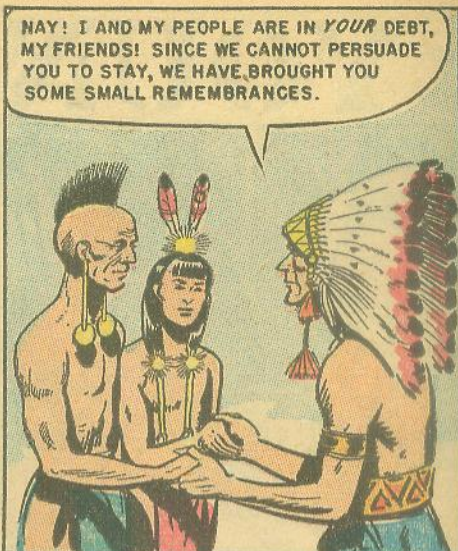
HOW DID TUARI KNOW THAT WE WANTED TO LEAVE TODAY?

SOMETIMES A TRUE FRIEND CAN TELL WHAT ONE IS THINKING, LITTLE BUCK! THE HEARTS OF TUARI AND HIS PEOPLE ARE VERY WARM TOWARD US.

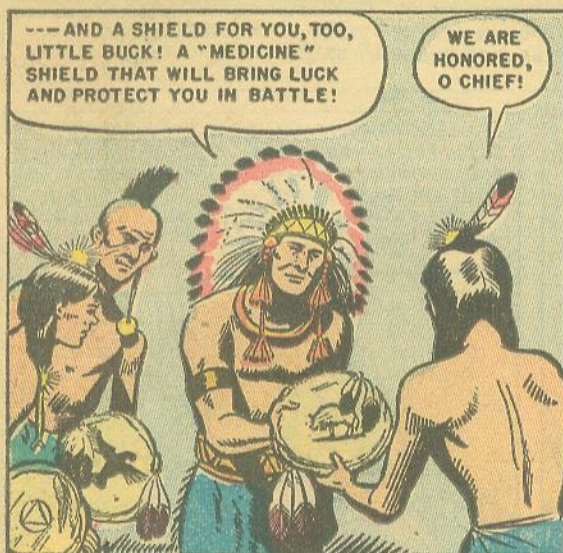




O CHIEF, WE SHOULD HAVE COME TO YOU!

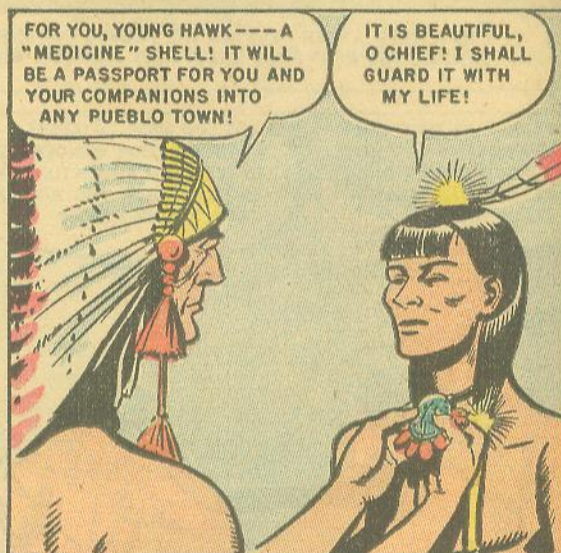


HAY! I AND MY PEOPLE ARE IN *YOUR* DEBT, MY FRIENDS! SINCE WE CANNOT PERSUADE YOU TO STAY, WE HAVE BROUGHT YOU SOME SMALL REMEMBRANCES.



---AND A SHIELD FOR YOU, TOO, LITTLE BUCK! A "MEDICINE" SHIELD THAT WILL BRING LUCK AND PROTECT YOU IN BATTLE!

WE ARE HONORED, O CHIEF!



FOR YOU, YOUNG HAWK--- A "MEDICINE" SHELL! IT WILL BE A PASSPORT FOR YOU AND YOUR COMPANIONS INTO ANY PUEBLO TOWN!

IT IS BEAUTIFUL, O CHIEF! I SHALL GUARD IT WITH MY LIFE!



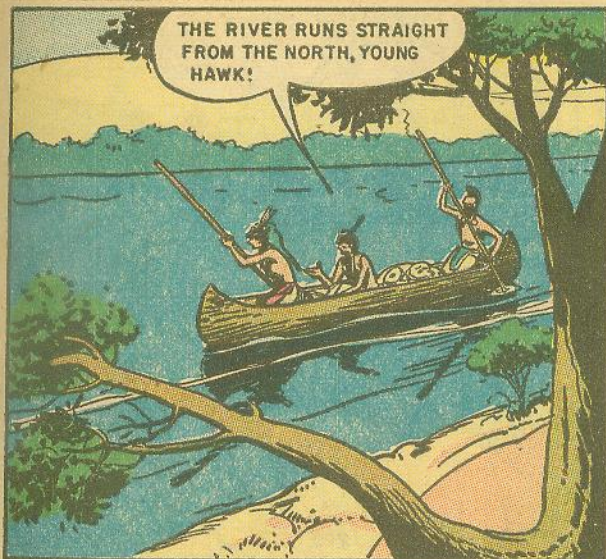
THIS PARROT IS THE GIFT TUARI AND I WISH TO MAKE YOU, YOUNG HAWK! HIS EYESIGHT IS LIKE THE EAGLE'S--- AND HE CAN ESPY ENEMIES THOUGH THEY BE HIDDEN.

RAINBOW GIRL, IT IS TOO GREAT A GIFT!

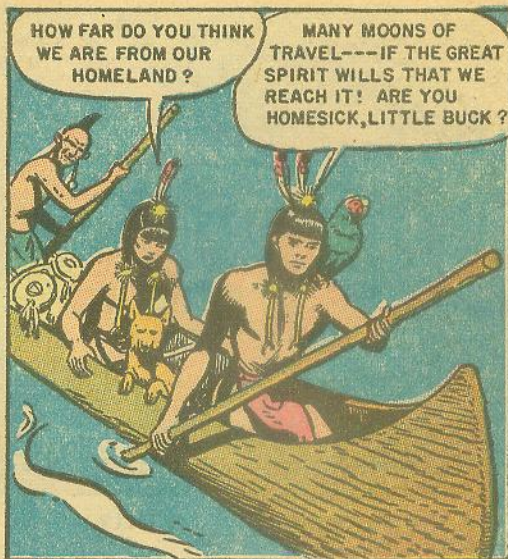


COME BACK TO US SOMEDAY, YOUNG HAWK, LITTLE BUCK, HIGH CLOUD!

FAREWELL!



THE RIVER RUNS STRAIGHT FROM THE NORTH, YOUNG HAWK!



HOW FAR DO YOU THINK WE ARE FROM OUR HOMELAND?

MANY MOONS OF TRAVEL---IF THE GREAT SPIRIT WILLS THAT WE REACH IT! ARE YOU HOMESICK, LITTLE BUCK?

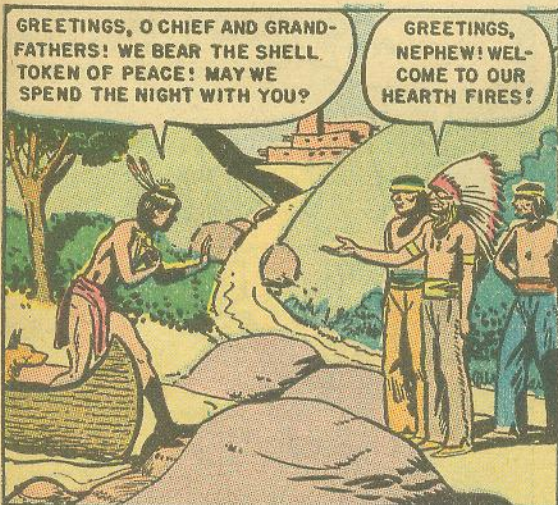


WE HAVE SEEN MANY TRIBES SINCE WE LEFT THE MANDAN VILLAGE! WE HAVE FOUGHT AND HUNTED WITH MANY NEW FRIENDS! BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE MY MOTHER'S HEARTH FIRE AGAIN! WOULDN'T YOU, TUMBLEWEED?

EEEE-EH! YIP!

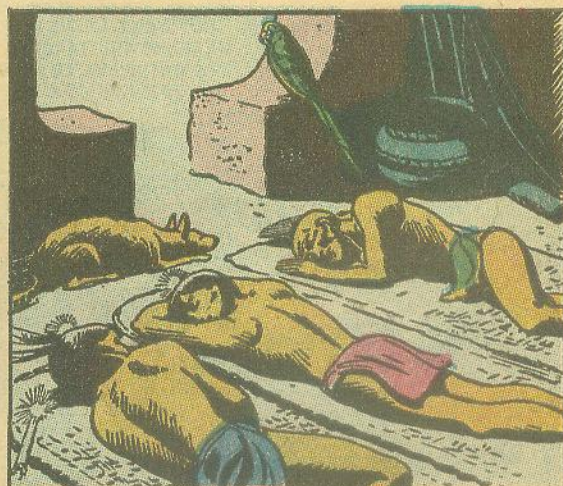


THE THIRD DAY, TOWARD SUNDOWN, THE THREE ADVENTURERS LAND AT ANOTHER PUEBLO VILLAGE, WHERE ISLETA, NEW MEXICO, NOW STANDS...



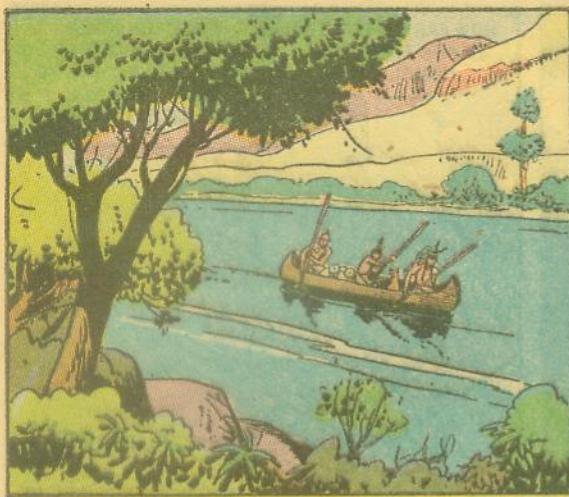
GREETINGS, O CHIEF AND GRAND-FATHERS! WE BEAR THE SHELL TOKEN OF PEACE! MAY WE SPEND THE NIGHT WITH YOU?

GREETINGS, NEPHEW! WELCOME TO OUR HEARTH FIRES!



THAT NIGHT, THE WANDERERS SLEEP SECURE WITHIN FRIENDLY WALLS...

YOUNG HAWK'S SHELL PENDANT WORKS WONDERS...



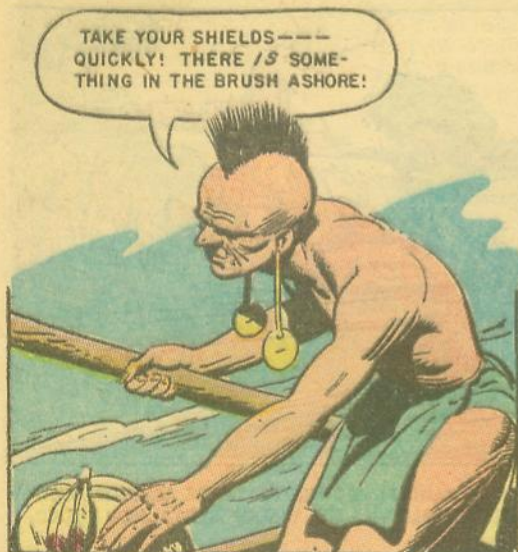
THE NEXT DAY THEY PUSH ON! THE HILLS CROWD CLOSER...



KEE-WOK!
EEEE-
AWWK!
KERRR!
KERR!

HEY,
KARKO!
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

PERHAPS HE SEES ENEMIES
IN THE BRUSH! REMEMBER
WHAT RAINBOW GIRL SAID--



TAKE YOUR SHIELDS----
QUICKLY! THERE IS SOME-
THING IN THE BRUSH ASHORE!



EEEE-
YAHOO!
AAHHO!

DOWN! LIE
FLAT! APACHES--

KERARRK!

PLUNK!

PLUNK!

PLUNK!

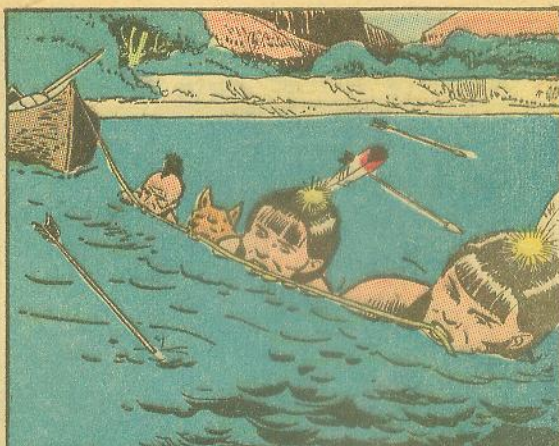


WE'RE HELPLESS THIS WAY,
HIGH CLOUD! WE'LL JUST
DRIFT CLOSER TO THOSE
APACHES! BETTER TO
DIE FIGHTING----

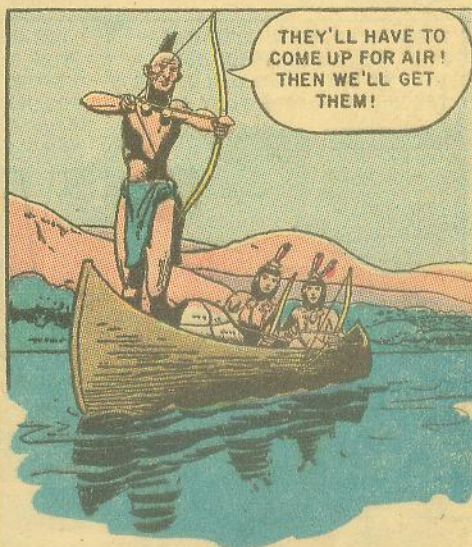
NO! WE'LL LEAVE OUR
WEAPONS AND TAKE TO
THE WATER! WE'LL SWIM
AND TOW THE BOAT!



FOLLOW ME!



STRAIGHT ACROSS THE RIVER THE THREE AND THEIR
PUP TOW THE CLUMSY CRAFT--- WHICH PROTECTS
THEM NOW FROM APACHE ARROWS...





HIGH CLOUD'S TRICK WORKS! ONE BY ONE THE ENEMY GIVES UP THE ATTEMPT---



BUT THEIR LEADER HAS NO IDEA OF QUITTING THE FIGHT! HE SENDS HIS MEN RACING ALONG THE BANK, IN BOTH DIRECTIONS



NOW THEY WILL CROSS BOTH ABOVE AND BELOW US, GRANDFATHER! AND OUT OF RANGE OF OUR BOWS! WE HAD BETTER SWIM, TOO! ABANDON THE BOAT---

NO, YOUNG HAWK!



WE WILL TOW THE BOAT ASHORE! COME---



THEIR WEAPONS WILL BE WET--- THEIR BOWS WEAKENED! OURS WILL BE DRY... AND WE'LL MAKE THE SHORE BEFORE THEY DO!

YOU ARE WISE, I SPOKE FOOLISHLY, GRANDFATHER HIGH CLOUD.



WHERE NOW, HIGH CLOUD?

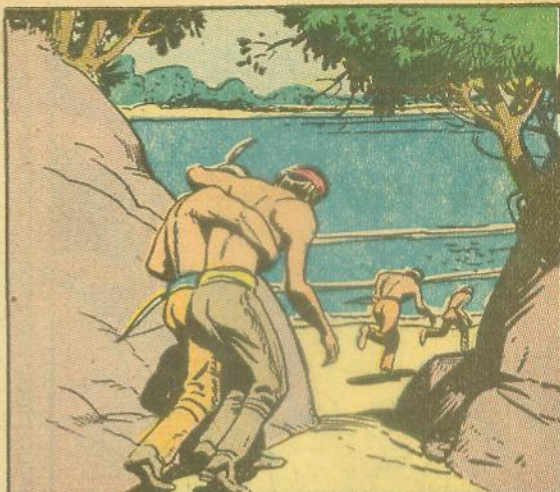
THERE IS A CANYON AHEAD OF US! WE SHOULD FIND A PLACE THERE TO STAND OFF THE APACHES!



YI-EEEEEE!

HERE THEY COME!

TAKING SHELTER BEHIND THE BOULDERS OF A DRY WATERCOURSE, THE THREE FRIENDS AMBUSH THEIR PURSUERS...



HIS BOWS WET AND STRINGS SLACK, THE SAVAGE ENEMY HAS TO RETREAT AGAIN...



PSSST! COME, MY CHILDREN!



WE'LL STEAL AWAY, WHILE THEY'RE PREPARING ANOTHER ATTACK! WE HAD BETTER TRAVEL ALL NIGHT, TOO.

OH! ALL NIGHT--- WITHOUT EATING?

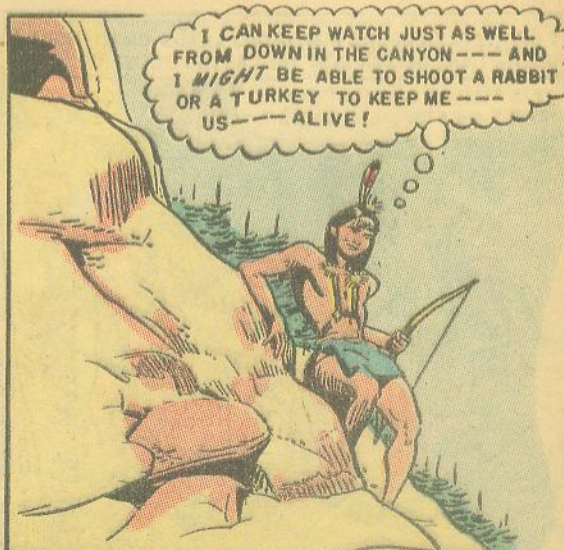
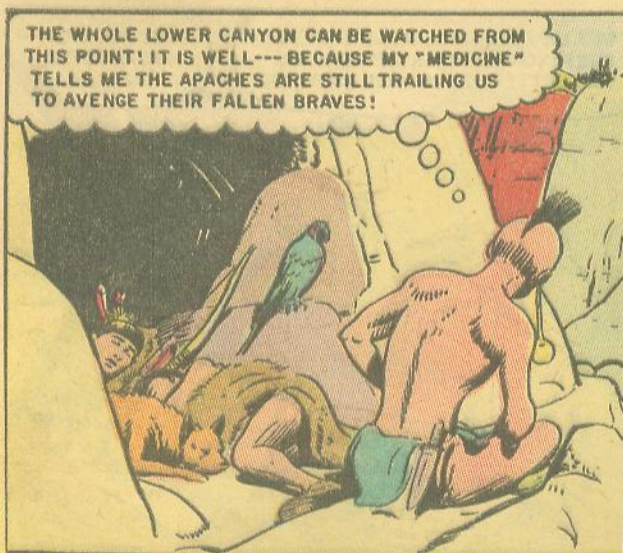
FOR SIXTEEN HOURS HIGH CLOUD LEADS ON WITHOUT A HALT... DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE CANYON COUNTRY...

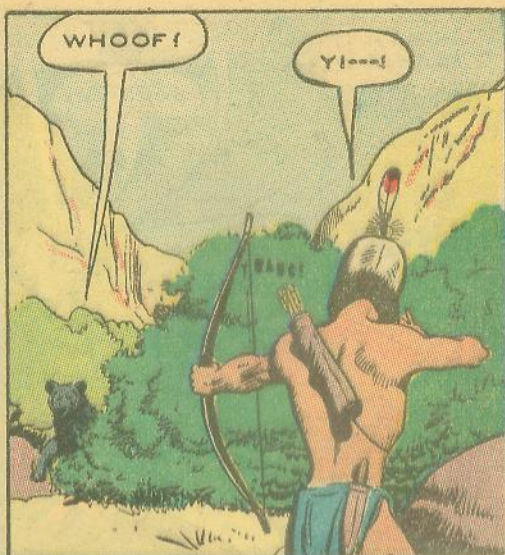
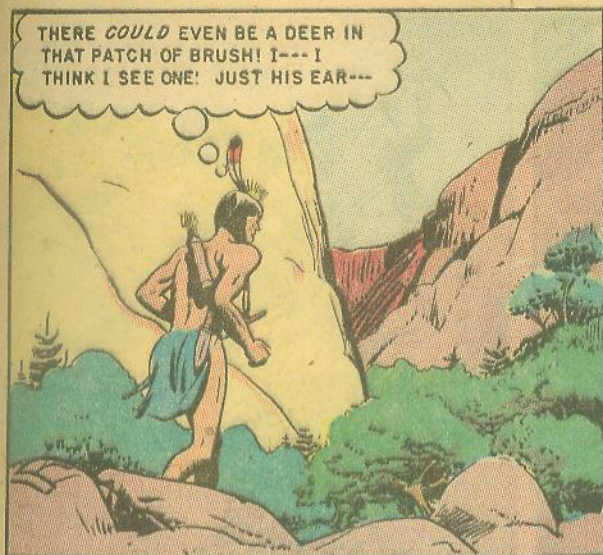
IT IS ALMOST DAYLIGHT AGAIN! CAN'T WE STOP, HIGH CLOUD?

SOON, MY SON!



UP THERE--- I THINK I SEE A CAVE! IT MIGHT SHELTER US!

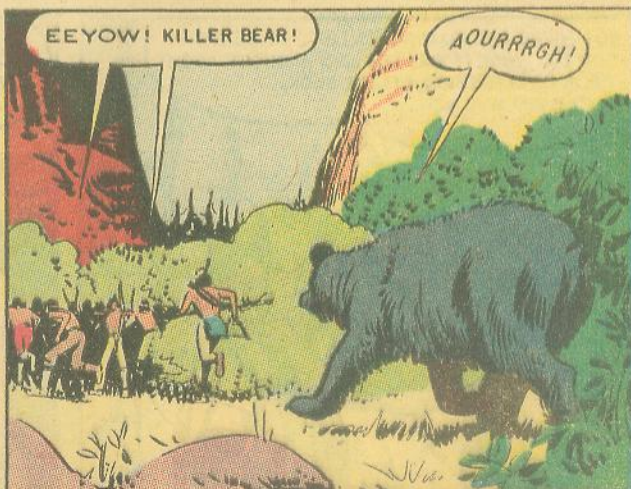




DOWN IN THE BUSHES, THE "DEER" WHOM LITTLE BUCK GLIMPSED SQUALLS AT THE PRICKING ARROW...



... AND THE MOTHER BEAR HURTTLES OUT OF THE BRUSH WITH A BLOODCURDLING ROAR OF FURY...



AROUND THE ROCK... SURPRISE FOR A BUNCH OF TRAILING APACHES...



NOW I'M
DONE FOR---

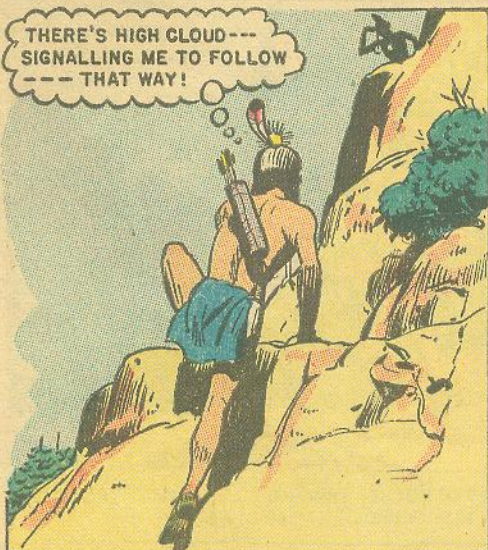
YIEEE!

AAAAH!

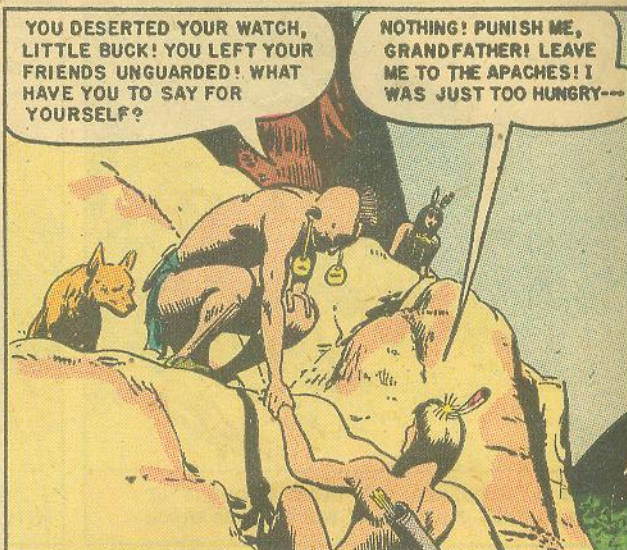
GROWRRR!



NO! SHE'S KNOCKING THOSE
APACHES IN *EVERY* DIRECTION!
I'D BETTER CLEAR OUT, WHILE
I CAN!



THERE'S HIGH CLOUD---
SIGNALLING ME TO FOLLOW
--- THAT WAY!



YOU DESERTED YOUR WATCH,
LITTLE BUCK! YOU LEFT YOUR
FRIENDS UNGUARDED! WHAT
HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR
YOURSELF?

NOTHING! PUNISH ME,
GRANDFATHER! LEAVE
ME TO THE APACHES! I
WAS JUST TOO HUNGRY---



HO! THERE ARE NO APACHES LEFT TO *LEAVE*
YOU TO! SINCE IT WAS YOU WHO BROUGHT ABOUT
THEIR DESTRUCTION, LITTLE BUCK,
WE'LL FORGIVE YOU.



--- AND HERE IS A
MOUTHFUL OF PEMMICAN
I'VE BEEN SAVING JUST
FOR YOU!

OH! THANK YOU--
THANK YOU,
HIGH CLOUD!

INDIAN SHIELDS

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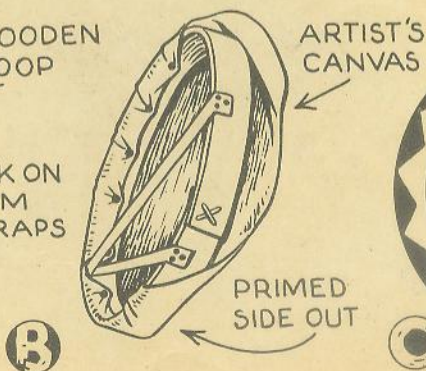
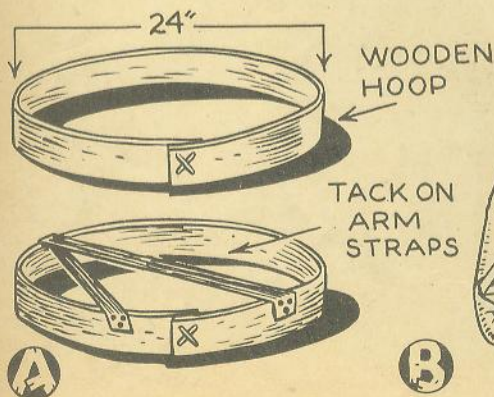


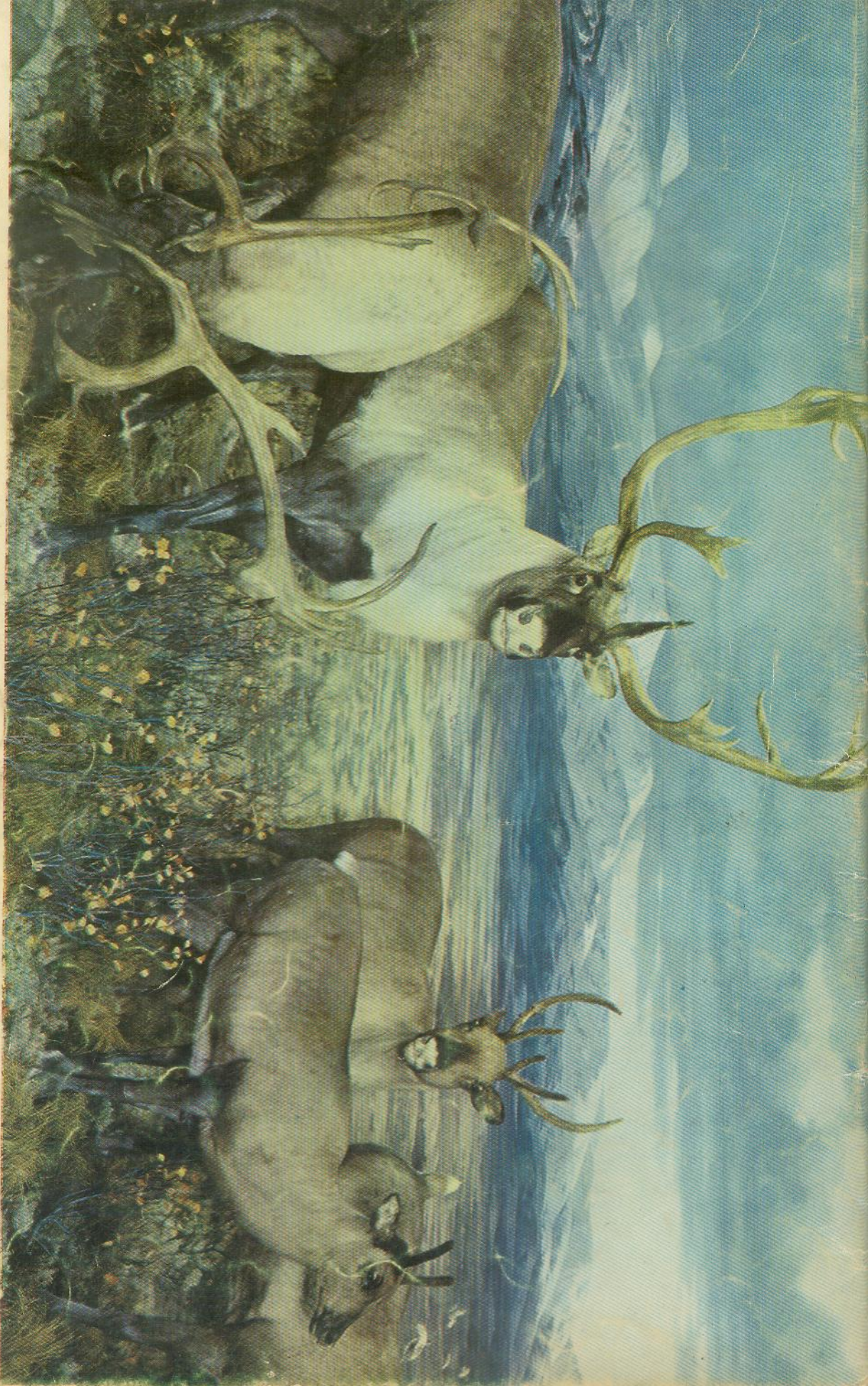
Among the Indian's most colorful and decorative creations are his ceremonial shields. Aside from their ceremonial use, these shields make unusually attractive wall hangings.

With a few inexpensive materials and a little effort, you can make your own ceremonial shield.

You will need an ordinary wooden hoop about twenty-four inches in diameter. If you wish to carry your shield, tack armstraps on one side of the hoop as shown in Fig. A. Cover the other side of the hoop with a cheap artist's canvas, primed side out, and tack

from behind as shown in Fig. B. Now, with a pencil, sketch an Indian design on the primed side (or front) of the canvas, as illustrated in Fig. C, and paint with any color combination you like. Common flat house paint is best, but tone down the colors with flat white paint. Toned-down colors lend an aged look to the finished work. Now drape the shield with a foot-wide strip of solid-colored flannel. As the finishing touch, dip the tips of a dozen large white feathers in bright red paint and, when dry, pin them to the flannel.





The Osborne caribou is the larger, mountain-dwelling, relative of the plains caribou. Usually the variety of animal that lives in open, treeless country is larger than his close relative who lives among brush, trees or in swampy areas.

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