

GOLD



10¢
OCTOBER

THE LONE RANGER

THE LONE RANGER

12c

THE HAUNTED MINE!



SIX-GUN SHOWDOWN



THE "SIX-GUN" OF THE EARLY WEST WAS NOT AS ACCURATE A WEAPON AS THE MODERN TARGET PISTOL - IT USED BLACK POWDER.

ANY GUN-TOTER'S COULD DRAW LIKE A FLASH, AND GET OFF SOME FAST SHOTS, WHICH SELDOM HIT A TARGET AT FORTY FEET.



THE SIX-GUN'S BLACK POWDER AMMUNITION WAS EASILY SPOILED BY DRYNESS, SO GUNMEN TOOK GREAT CARE TO KEEP IT OUT OF WAFFER.

AT BEST, BLACK POWDER WAS NONE TOO RELIABLE. WILD BILL HICKOK WAS KILLED BY THE ONE "LIVE" CARTRIDGE OUT OF SIX, IN HIS ASSASSIN'S GUN.



RARELY ANY "TWO-GUN" MAN COULD SHOOT EQUALLY WELL WITH EITHER HAND. MOST OF THEM CARRIED A SECOND GUN AS A SPARE.



MOST SHOOTING AFFAIRS SCATTERED BULLETS OVER A WIDE AREA - AND, KNOWING THIS, EVERYBODY NEARBY DIVED FOR COVER!

THE LONE RANGER

THE HAUNTED MINE

AS A NOOSE IS PREPARED, SUDDENLY...

I DON'T SEE ANY LAWMAN THERE, TONTO! IT LOOKS LIKE A MOB LYNCING! WE MUST SAVE THAT INDIAN!

UGH! BUT THERE BE PLENTY OF MEN THERE WHO TRY TO STOP US!

BANG!

BLAM!



WHAT IN BLAZES-- MASKED? MUST BE SOME OTHER MEMBERS OF THE HORSE-STEALING GANG!

GET BACK! LEAVE THAT MAN ALONE!

KEEP-UM BACK!

QUICKLY! MOUNT UP BEHIND ME!



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DROP GUN
PLENTY FAST!

BLAM!

MY GUN'S
HIT!

AS THEY ESCAPE FROM THE DISTRACTED MOB...

WHY WERE
THEY GOING
TO HANG
YOU?

BECAUSE THEY WOULD NOT
BELIEVE MY STORY! THEY
THINK I, SHIFF HAWK, STOLE
A HORSE, BUT I BOUGHT IT
FOR FIVE-DOLLAR GOLD
PIECES!



DIDN'T YOU HAVE
PROOF OF THE SALE?

NO, I BOUGHT THE
HORSE FROM A WHITE
MAN UP AT THE
ABANDONED MINE!
I DID NOT THINK
ABOUT ANYTHING
BEING WRONG!

NO ONE HAS
THE RIGHT TO
TAKE THE LAW
INTO HIS OWN
HANDS- BUT
WHAT YOU DID
LOOKED
PECULIAR!

NO, THEY ARE PECULIAR-
SUPERSTITIOUS! THEY SAY
THE MINE IS HAUNTED-
NO WHITE MAN WOULD GO
THERE! I WAS TAUGHT
AT THE WHITE MAN'S
SCHOOL- BUT I WAS NOT
TAUGHT SUCH FEARS!



LATER...



NEEDHAM?

EASY, BIG FELLOW!
THERE IS NOTHING
HERE TO SCARE YOU!
THIS MINE AIN'T
HAUNTED!



THERE! YOU HEARD THE WAILING? THAT IS WHY THEY SAY THE MINE IS HAUNTED!



I'M SURE THE CAUSE IS A DRAFT--WIND BLOWING THROUGH THE OLD TUNNEL, NOT THE VOICE OF ANY GHOST!

I SAW NO GHOSTS INSIDE--ONLY THE MAN WHO SOLD ME THE HORSE!



LIGHTING A TORCH, THE SUSPECTED BRAVE STARTS FOR THE SHAFT...

TELL HIM THE HORSE WENT LAME -- ANY EXCUSE THAT WILL BRING HIM OUT HERE!

WAIT! I WILL GET HIM TO FOLLOW ME OUT!



HELLO! HELLO! ANYONE HERE?



H-HEY!





H-HEY!



BANG!

DON'T REACH FOR IT!



T-THANKS, BUT HOW DID YOU-- KNOW HE WAS WAITING--

I DIDN'T! BUT I SAW NO ONE IN FRONT OF ME AND KNEW THAT IF ANYONE WERE IN THE ROOM, HE WOULD BE BEHIND THE DOOR!



MY GOLD PIECES--

YES! I BELIEVE THIS WILL CONVINC THE TOWNSMEN THAT YOU PAID FOR A HORSE FOR A MAN HAD STOLEN AND YOU ARE INNOCENT!



NEXT MORNING, AS THE HORSE THIEF IS JAILED...

AND THERE WERE ANOTHER STOLEN HORSES IN THE OLD MINE?

JAIL

YES, BUT HE'LL BE "HAUNTING" THAT HIDE-OUT NO LONGER, THANKS TO THE LONE RANGER!

HI-YO SILVER! AWAY!

FOURFLUSHER



Leaving the dining room, Thad Burton paused at the counter of Caleb Smith, owner of the Pecos Hotel. "Good meal," nodded Burton, licking his fat lips. "Now, my good man, I'll have a dozen of your best cigars."

Caleb drew himself up firmly. He had made up his mind. "I'm sorry, Mr. Burton, but I can't afford to give you any more credit. This is just a small hotel and I have to meet expenses. You've run up a big unpaid bill in the past month, since you came to town."

"Don't you trust me?" snapped Burton. "Why, I could buy up your whole hotel if I wanted. Yes sir! I've got a big ranch in Texas and . . ."

"A gold mine in Colorado," interrupted Caleb wearily, "and a bank out east. I know the whole story . . . if it's true."

"You're insulting me!" roared Burton. "I'm a rich man . . ."

"Then please pay me now," insisted Caleb. "Right now."

They glared at each other. Burton dropped his eyes first, then shrugged. "Well . . . er . . . some big business deals of mine fell through and . . . well, the truth is I can't pay you."

"I knew it," groaned Caleb. "After all the stories you told around town of what a big shot you are, you turn out to be a penniless fourflusher. I should have you arrested, but what good would it do? Just be out of your room by morning. Understand?"

"Sure," grinned Burton. "There's always a gullible fool like you in the next town. Thanks for the free meals and room for a month. And the cigars!"

Puffing, Burton laughed and left for his room. Caleb mentally kicked himself for getting swindled by this loud-mouthed cheat. He tore up the bill, seething. After counting the day's receipts and putting them in the safe, Caleb went out on the dark porch to smoke a pipe and calm down.

But he couldn't. Burton's lies had cost him plenty. Why was there no punishment for cheap braggarts who preyed on honest, hard-working men?

Suddenly, Caleb stiffened as two dark forms crept around the side of the porch, whispering. Caleb held his breath, straining to listen, his eyes widening. When the two skulking figures moved around the side of the hotel, Caleb slipped off the porch and ran for the sheriff.

"Two bandits plan to rob Thad Burton in his room!" he told the sheriff. "And he actually hasn't got a dime. They might get ugly when they find out!"

Back at the hotel, Caleb led the sheriff to Burton's door. Beyond, they heard a harsh mutter. "You can't fool us, Burton. Everybody in town heard you brag about your dough. Tell us where you keep it or you'll eat hot lead!"

Only a strangled gasp came back from Burton within.

The sheriff kicked in the door, getting the drop on the two surprised bandits. Caleb grinned as he untied Burton from a chair, his sickly face pouring sweat.

"Almost got shot for your big lies, eh?" chuckled Caleb. "And if I hadn't overheard them whispering, you'd be dead now!"

Burton swallowed painfully. Caleb could guess that he was silently vowing he would never lie again.

"By the way," Caleb added, grinning. "I reckon you did make up your bill to me after all. You see, I heard them whisper that taking your money would be easier than trying to crack my safe. So at least you saved me from being robbed!"

THE LONE RANGER

The TERRORIZED TOWN

RIDING INTO A WESTERN HILL TOWN FOR SUPPLIES, TONTO IS PUZZLED AT THE SIGHT OF EMPTY STREETS AND BOARDED-UP BUILDINGS....

REPRINTED
BY POPULAR
DEMAND



TWO MEN CAME TO COLLECT MONEY FROM THE GROCER WHO RUNS THE GENERAL STORE! AS JEFF SAW THEM BEING PAID OFF, HE CAME FROM IN BACK! IN A GUNFIGHT, HE DROVE THEM OFF --- BUT THAT IS WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!



HIM HURT BAD, BUT TONTO SURE BYE N' BYE HIM BE ALL RIGHT!

NO! AT THREE O'CLOCK TODAY, THE GANG HAS PROMISED THEY'LL RETURN TO FIGHT HIM OFF!



THERE STILL BE TWO HOURS! WHY PEOPLE NOT GET GUNS AND BE READY FOR GANG?

BECAUSE THEY DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE! THEY DON'T FANCY TROUBLE OR FIGHTING! THAT'S WHY THEY PAY OFF THE GANG IN THE FIRST PLACE!



LATER...

UGH! AND WHEN GANG COME, MARSHAL BE TOO WEAK TO FIGHT AND NO ONE DEFEND-UM!

YOU WERE RIGHT, TONTO! THIS TOWN IS ALL BOARDED UP FOR TROUBLE!



HELLO! COME OUT! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU FOLKS! IF THERE'S GOING TO BE TROUBLE, I HAVE A PLAN THAT MAY HELP YOU!





IT'S A **MASKED MAN!**



I'VE COME TO FIND SOME MEN WHO WILL FIGHT BESIDE TONTO AND ME! SIX WILL BE ENOUGH! WE CAN SEND THE GANG BACK IF WE SHOW WE AREN'T AFRAID! WHO'LL VOLUNTEER?



I'LL TELL YOU WHO THAT MASKED HONOREE IS! HE'S ONE OF THE GANG! THEY SENT AHEAD TO SEE IF WE'D PUT UP A FIGHT! ANYONE WHO OFFERED TO JOIN HIM WOULD BE MARKED FOR SPECIAL TREATMENT!



YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT I'LL FIX THAT **MASKED SPY!**



TH-THAT HIT MY GUN!

BANG!



MY MASK DOES *NOT* MEAN WHAT YOU BELIEVE IT DOES! TONTO AND I WANT TO HELP YOU! ONE MAN HAD THE COURAGE TO DRAW A GUN, WHY NOT DRAW AGAINST THE GANG?

YOU'RE JUST **ONE MAN!** THEY'RE **SEVEN** --- SEVEN READY GUNFIGHTERS!





THIS BARRICADE SHOULD GIVE US SOME PROTECTION, TONTO!

UGH! BUT WE STILL BE TWO AGAINST SEVEN!



NO! WE'LL BE THREE!



I UNDERSTAND AND ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE, BUT YOU CAN'T REMAIN OUTSIDE HERE!

AND I CAN'T LET YOU FIGHT FOR MY HUSBAND WHILE I STAY INSIDE DOING NOTHING!



YOU WILL HELP US MORE BY STAYING WITH YOUR HUSBAND! OTHERWISE TONTO AND I WILL BE WORRYING ABOUT YOU INSTEAD OF CONCENTRATING ON OUR SHOOTING!



IT ALMOST BE THREE O'CLOCK, KEYO SABAY!

YOU LOOK UP THE STREET, TONTO! I'LL KEEP WATCH THE OTHER WAY! THEY SHOULD BE COMING—VERY SOON!



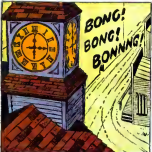
WHERE CAN I HELP?

YOU? BUT I BROKE YOUR PISTOL!



YOU'RE ALSO RISKING YOUR NECK IN A FIGHT THAT RIGHTFULLY ISN'T YOURS! WHEN I SAW THE MARSHALS WIFE OFFER TO HELP --- SHUCKS, I FIGURED I HAD TO JOIN YOU!

THANKS! GET BEHIND THE BACKBOARD!



BONG!
BONG!
BONNNG!



KEAD SABAY --- SEVEN OF-UM! THEM COME!



YOU THERE! YOU'RE NOT CALLING ON THE MARSHALL! TURN BACK!

GUN 'EM!



AS THE BURN BLAZES AND SOME WET MY SACKS...

USE THE SMOKE FOR COVER! THIS WAY!



SURRENDER!
YOU HAVEN'T A
CHANCE!



OWW!

M-MY LEG...



DON'T SHOOT!
WE QUIT!

THEN GRAB SOME
WATER BUCKETS
AND HELP DOUSE
THAT FIRE!



LATER...

WELL, THE FOLKS
SURPRISED ME!
THEY FINALLY
GOT SOME
BACKBONE!

YES, BUT IT
TOOK A BRAVE
MAN TO
DALLY THEM!
A MAN LIKE
--THE LONE
RANGER!

MY-YES,
SILVER!
AWAY!



MISSING PAGE

(WHADDYA WANT FOR NOTHING?)

MISSING PAGE

(WHADDYA WANT FOR NOTHING?)

MISSING PAGE

(WHADDYA WANT FOR NOTHING?)

MISSING PAGE

(WHADDYA WANT FOR NOTHING?)

GOOD HUNTING!
WE HAVE DOWNED
THREE FAT COWS,
SMALL BEAR!

WE WILL TETHER
OUR HORSES HERE
WHILE WE SKIN OUT
THE BUFFALO!

SMALL BEAR

SIGN OF SCORN

CONTINUED FROM "SMALL BEAR MEETS A LITTLE GO"

REPRINTED
BY POPULAR
DEMAND

AS SMALL BEAR AND HIS COMPANIONS FINISH A BUFFALO HUNT...

HI-YI-YI-YI!

GA-A-AW!

ENEMY HAWK!
THEY STEAL OUR
HORSES!

COMANCHE
MOCCASINS MADE
THESE TRACKS,
MY BROTHERS!

OUR PEOPLE, THE
CHEYENNE, HAVE A
TREATY WITH THE
COMANCHE! BUT
TREATIES NEVER STOPPED
THE COMANCHE!

BUT SHORT MOMENTS
LATER...

COMANCHE BRIDES
HAVE LEFT US A
MESSAGE!

WITH THESE WORN
MOCCASINS THEY TAUNT
US - THEY TELL US THAT
WE WILL HAVE TO WALK
BACK TO CAMP!

AND IT IS A
THREE-DAY JOURNEY
TO OUR VILLAGE!





THEN, AT THE RIVER OF BIG TIMBERS...



AS THE DAWN MIST RISES ALONG THE RIVER, SMALL BEAR STRIKES...

STAMPEDE THE HORSES
THROUGH THEIR CAMP!
HOWIE!



IN LITTLE WHILE, THE HORSES ARE FREED, THEN...

AAHHEE!

WAKE UP, COMANCHE!
THE CHEYENNE
ARE HERE!



STRIKE THEM, MY BROTHERS! A
BLOW WITH THE COUP STICK IS A
GREATER HONOR THAN A SCALP!



HEY-YAH! WE HAVE TAKEN
THE HORSES, SMALL BEAR, AND
NOW THE COMANCHE MUST WALK
ALL THE WAY BACK TO THEIR
OWN HUNTING GROUNDS!

AHEEE! IT WILL
BE A LONG JOURNEY
FOR THEM - BUT I
LEFT THEM A PARTING
GIFT BY WHICH TO RE-
MEMBER THE CHEYENNE!



THE CHEYENNE
DOGS TAUNT US
WITH OUR OWN
MEDICINE!

CALL THEM DOGS IF
YOU WANT TO, BUT THEY
FIGHT WITH THE COURAGE
OF THE MOUNTAIN LION!



COME, MY BROTHERS,
WE HAVE A LONG TRAIL
AHEAD OF US!

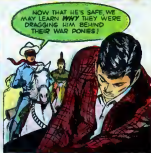
I WILL TAKE THESE
ROCCASAS. THEY MAY
BE USEFUL BEFORE
THIS JOURNEY ENDS!



AND BACK AT THE RIVER...

THE LONE RANGER

The DANGEROUS ESCORT





THANKS! I NEVER IMAGINED A **WASKED** MAN WOULD ASSIST ME! BUT WHOEVER YOU ARE—I AM GRATEFUL!

MY **WASKED** MEAN WHAT YOU THINK OR TONTO AND I WOULD NOT HAVE HELPED YOU! NOW TELL US WHAT HAPPENED!



I AM **PHIL CRATER**, A PHOTOGRAPHER! THAT IS MY **MOBILE STUDIO**! I KNOW INDIANS DO NOT LIKE HAVING THEIR PICTURES TAKEN, THEY FEAR THE CAMERA CAPTURES THEIR SOULS!

AND THEY CAUGHT YOU PHOTOGRAPHING THEM?



THAT'S JUST IT, THEY **DIDN'T!** THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT SENT ME TO PHOTOGRAPH MY SPECIALTY—**WILDLIFE!**

WHY DOES WASHINGTON WANT PHOTOGRAPHS OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS?



PRESERVING OUR AMERICAN HERITAGE IN PHOTOGRAPHS CERTAINLY IS AN IMPORTANT MISSION!

SO IS PRESERVING **MY SCALP!** I DON'T KNOW WHY THE INDIANS ATTACKED ME, BUT I AM LEAVING THIS AREA **IMMEDIATELY!**



WHAT IF TONTO AND I WERE TO **RESCUE** YOU THROUGH THIS PART OF THE ROCKIES?

THAT WOULD PUT A DIFFERENT LIGHT ON THINGS! I'D TRY TO COMPLETE MY WILDLIFE STUDIES, BUT I WONDER IF YOU AREN'T **RISKING YOUR LIVES!**

THE NEXT DAY THE THREE MEN CLIMB INTO THE
ROCKIES TO PHOTOGRAPH BIGHORN SHEEP...





MINUTES LATER, AS THE LAST ROCK THUNDERS BY,
THE LONE BANNER CAUTIOUSLY LOOKS AROUND...



HOW HAVE **DEVIL BOX!**
TWO DAYS AGO, HIM ASK
BLACKFOOT SQUAW WHERE
HERD OF WILD HORSES?
SHE FOOLISH AND TELL-UM!
DEVIL BOX CAPTURE
HORSES' SPIRITS! NOW
ALL HORSES **GONE!**



I DID PHOTO-
GRAPH A HERD
OF WILD HORSES,
BUT THAT
COULDN'T MAKE
THEM **DISAPPEAR!**

HORSES GRAZE IN VALLEY
MANY MOONS! HIM TURN
DEVIL BOX ON-UM, HORSES
GONE! WE WANT DEVIL
OFF PALEFACE BEFORE
HIS DEVIL BOX MAKE
ALL GAME **DISAPPEAR**
FROM BLACKFOOT
LAND!



BUT HOW CAN
THEY BLAME
HIM FOR
MAKING THE
HORSES
VANISH?

SOON AFTER, IN THE WILSON STUDIO....

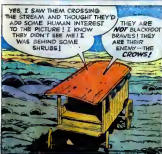
HERE'S THE HERD OF
HORSES THE SQUAW
DIRECTED ME TO!



MR. COATER, THERE
ARE **INDIANS** IN THIS
PHOTOGRAPH!

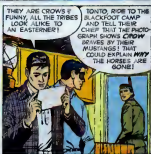
YES, I SAW THEM CROSSING
THE STREAM AND THOUGHT THEY'D
ADD SOME HUMAN INTEREST
TO THE PICTURE! I KNOW
THEY DIDN'T SEE ME! I
WAS BEHIND SOME
SHRUBS!

THEY ARE
NOT BLACKFOOT
BRAVES! THEY
ARE THEIR
ENEMY--THE
CROWS!



THEY ARE CROWS? **FUNNY,**
ALL THE TRIBES
LOOK ALIKE TO
AN **EASTERER!**

TOMTO, RIDE TO THE
BLACKFOOT CAMP
AND TELL THEIR
CHIEF THAT THE PHOTO-
GRAPH SHOWS **CROW**
BRAVES BY THEIR
MUSTANGS! THAT
COULD EXPLAIN **WHY**
THE HORSES ARE **GONE!**





AS THEY SLEEP, SUDDENLY, AN HOUR BEFORE
DAWN....





SECONDS LATER, PHILIP CARTER PUTS AN OVERLOADED PHOTOGRAPHIC FLASH TRAY OUT OF THE WILSON DOOR AND SUDDENLY...





NO! SHOOT!

THEN DROP GUNS
PLENTY FAST!



WHY MY CROW
BRAVES HAVE
HANDS TIED?

THEY TRIED TO ATTACK THIS
WAGON! WHEN THEY HEARD THAT
YOU AND THE BLACKFOOT CHIEF
WERE COMING HERE TO EXAMINE
A PHOTOGRAPH THAT SHOWED
THEM IN IT, THEY WANTED TO
DESTROY THAT PICTURE!



HERE IS THAT PHOTOGRAPH!
I BELIEVE IT WILL EXPLAIN WHY
THESE BRAVES ATTACKED US!

UHH! THEN
AW PICTURE!
AND THEM ON
BLACKFOOT
SIDE OF
STREAM!



BREAK! WHY
DID YOU CROSS THE
STREAM? SPEAK OR
I WILL LET THE
BLACKFEET LOOSEN
YOUR TONGUES!

W-WE CAME OVER TO
RUN OFF THE BLACKFOOT
HORSES! WE HID THE
HEAD IN A NEARBY
CANYON, PLANNING TO
SELL THE NEXT PALEFACE
WAGON TRAIN!

AS THE CROW CHIEF TAKES HIS BRAVES OFF
TO RECOVER THE STOLEN HORSES...



BLACKFEET WRONG WHEN THEY
TRY TO DRIVE YOU AWAY! HIM-
WIND-HIDES-HIS-FACE TELL
BLACKFOOT CHIEF GREAT
WHITE RATHER WANT YOU
GET PICTURES OF ANIMALS
ON OUR LAND!
BLACKFEET HELP!

YOU WILL?
THEN I KNOW
I'LL COMPLETE
MY WORK!
THANKS TO
YOU---



AND THE LONE
RANGER!

HI-YO SILVER!
AWAY!



QUICK TAKES

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picture dictionary

G GAUR

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The GAUR, of India is the largest of the world's wild oxen and standing 6 feet 4 inches tall . . . He ranges to Viet Nam.



The Gaurs graze on jungly hillsides, and their only enemies are the great cats which prey on and kill the sick and small calves.



The largest tiger is no match for a full grown bull Gaur, however, and the call killer risks a most deadly vengeance.



A wounded Gaur, like the African Cape buffalo, is known to ambush his hunter and then charge suddenly from a thicket.



The lone bulls—expelled from the herd by younger and stronger rivals—turn man killers and give many hunters a bad time!

WAYS OF THE WEST

HAWWI! EE-HAWWI!
EE-HAWWI!

HE TELLS
ME---A
BLIZZARD
IS COMING!



SHEPHERDERS OF THE SOUTHWEST OFTEN REFER TO THEIR BURRO AS "MY ALMANAC" BY THE WISE LITTLE ANIMAL'S BEHAVIOR THEY CAN FORETELL THE WEATHER.

TO AVOID THE FURY OF THE COMING STORM, HE TAKES HIS SHEEP DOWN INTO A SHELTERED RAVINE



THERE, OUT OF THE WIND WITH A BRICK FIRE AND HIS BLANKETS, AND A SUPPLY OF FIREWOOD THE HERDER CAMPS THROUGH THE BLIZZARD IN SOMETHING LIKE COMFORT---HIS SHEEP WILL NOT STARVE.



BADLY FALL AND WINTER PASTURES HOLD DANGER FOR THE SHEEP IN THE FORM OF POISONOUS HERBS. OF THESE, LOCOWEED IS THE COMMONEST---THE SHEPHERD MUST KEEP HIS FLOCK AWAY FROM IT OR HE WILL LOSE MANY ANIMALS.



ANOTHER DANGER IS FROM SNAKE BITE---FEARED BY ALL HERDERS. WHEN IT OCCURS, THE BITTEN MAN TAKES THE BEST REMEDY HE KNOWS OF--- THIS CAN BE THREE DROPS OF GALL, TAKEN FROM A BADGONN LIKE ANIMAL CALLED THE CHILA, OR "CHITTI-MUCK."





It is sometimes said that the most dangerous animal on the North American continent is the mountain goat. No, he doesn't butt hunt-

ers over cliffs! The high mountains and inaccessible valleys he lives in fight for his life!

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

VICENTE
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DCP Scan

