

DELL COMIC
A DELL COMIC

THE LONE RANGER'S COMPANION

TONTO

NOV.-JAN.

10¢



A RAVEN TOTEM



Totems are not necessarily "poles" though the most famous type, made on the west coast of Canada and Alaska, are usually made in this form. The word totem has taken on different meanings. Among certain American woodland Indians, the totem is a symbolic animal or emblem of a group set apart within the tribe for purposes of marriage selection or competition in games or sham war.

Totem poles are usually cut from one large tree trunk. They have many meanings among the Northwestern Indians. Some are "house poles" representing a family, or perhaps, the ancestors of a family. A few have been found that were hollowed out so that the owner of the house could stand inside and speak "with the voice of his forefathers." Some have a tribal significance while some represent ancient gods' superstitious beliefs.

The Indians who build these towering and artistic symbols are advanced in every way. They are a seafaring people skilled in navigation and build the largest dugout canoes, some reaching a length of forty feet, from the enormous trees of the Pacific coast. Long before the white man came to their lands, they were building houses with ridge poles and roofs and sides made with handmade flat planks.

The figure at the top of this pole is the creator of heaven and earth in the Indian religion. The box just below him is where he kept the sun and moon. Below this is his daughter whose son is the raven with the large beak who made mankind—the low man on the totem pole!

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

TONTO

IN
TOTEM OF
THE WAR GOD



RECKON YOU'RE SURVEYING
THE NEW MAIL ROUTE? I
THOUGHT IT WAS TO GO
THROUGH CACTUS CANYON,
AND SKIRT THE INJUN
TERRITORY?

IT WAS, BUT FROM THE STUDY I
MADE OF THE TWO AREAS, WE
DECIDED THIS WOULD BE THE
EASIER STAGE ROAD! I'M
TAKING FINAL CHECKINGS NOW---
THE MAIL COACHES START
THROUGH HERE TOMORROW!

I DON'T FIGURE TOTING THAT INSTRUMENT
PAYS ANY TOO WELL--- LEAST NOT AS MUCH
AS I'M WILLING TO PAY, IF YOU MAKE
CACTUS CANYON THE ROUTE!

WHAT MAKES YOU SO
INTERESTED IN
CACTUS CANYON?



I BOUGHT IT ALL UP --- CHEAP! I HEARD THE MAIL
WAS SUPPOSED TO GO THROUGH THERE AND THE
GOVERNMENT'D PAY HIGH FOR THE LAND! I AIN'T
LOSING MY INVESTMENT! TAKE THIS AND
CHANGE THE ROUTE!

KEEP IT! THE MAIL'S
GOING THROUGH HERE!



IF YOU WON'T TAKE MONEY---
MAYBE LEAD--- WILL
CONVINCE YOU!

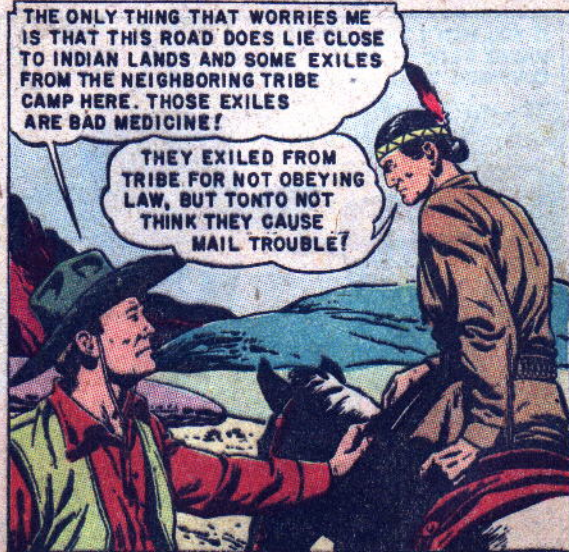
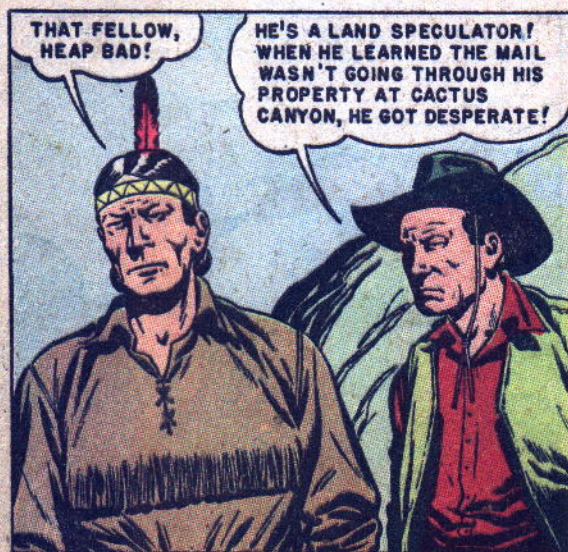
I DON'T
SCARE
EASY!



I'M COUNTING TO FIVE! IF YOU DON'T CHANGE
YOUR MIND AND THE MAIL ROUTE BY THEN,
I'LL---ONE--- TWO---
THREE---



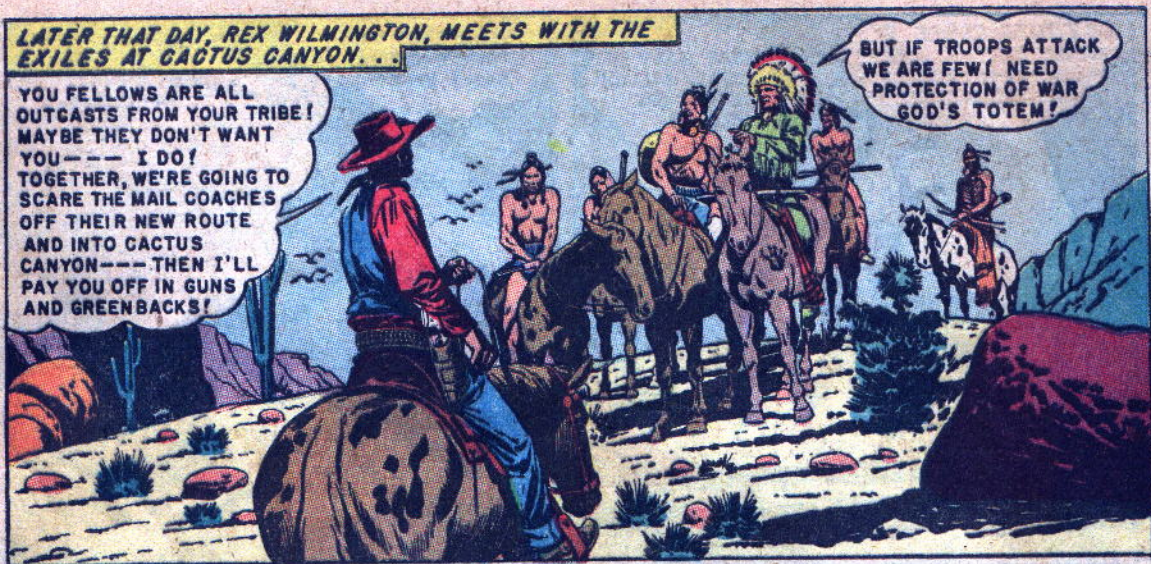
SUDDENLY, A SHOT RINGS OUT...



LATER THAT DAY, REX WILMINGTON, MEETS WITH THE EXILES AT CACTUS CANYON...

YOU FELLOWS ARE ALL OUTCASTS FROM YOUR TRIBE! MAYBE THEY DON'T WANT YOU --- I DO! TOGETHER, WE'RE GOING TO SCARE THE MAIL COACHES OFF THEIR NEW ROUTE AND INTO CACTUS CANYON--- THEN I'LL PAY YOU OFF IN GUNS AND GREENBACKS!

BUT IF TROOPS ATTACK WE ARE FEW! NEED PROTECTION OF WAR GOD'S TOTEM!



TOTEM OF WAR GOD IS IN MEDICINE TENT OF OUR TRIBE! WHOEVER CARRIES IT TO BATTLE IS SAFE FROM ALL HARM AND SO ARE ALL WITH HIM!

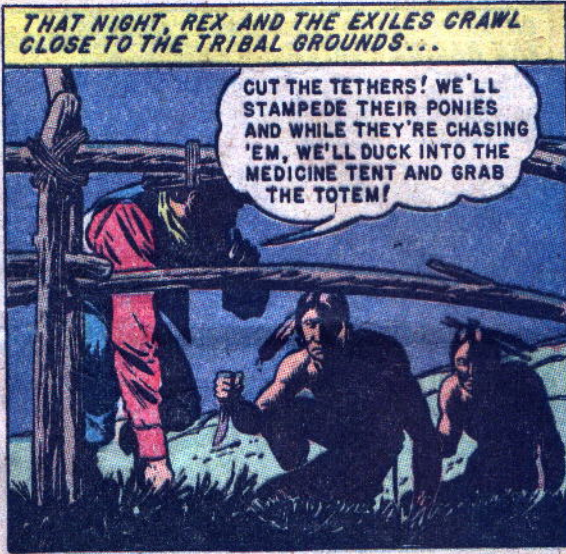
THEN LET'S GET IT PRONTO!

THEY'D DO ANYTHING I SAY, AS LONG AS I HOLD THAT TOTEM!



THAT NIGHT, REX AND THE EXILES CRAWL CLOSE TO THE TRIBAL GROUNDS...

CUT THE TETHERS! WE'LL STAMPEDE THEIR PONIES AND WHILE THEY'RE CHASING 'EM, WE'LL DUCK INTO THE MEDICINE TENT AND GRAB THE TOTEM!



THERE THEY GO! NOW SNEAK 'ROUND TO THE MEDICINE TENT!



OUR HORSES!

AFTER THEM!



AS TONTO RIDES
NEAR BY.

HEAR MANY
HORSES GALLOP!
GET-UM UP,
SCOUT!

STAMPEDE! MY
TRIBE'S HORSES!
BACK! BACK!

BANG!
BANG!

QUICKLY, TONTO TURNS BACK
THE RACING PONIES.

TONTO HAS
DRIVEN BACK
OUR PONIES!

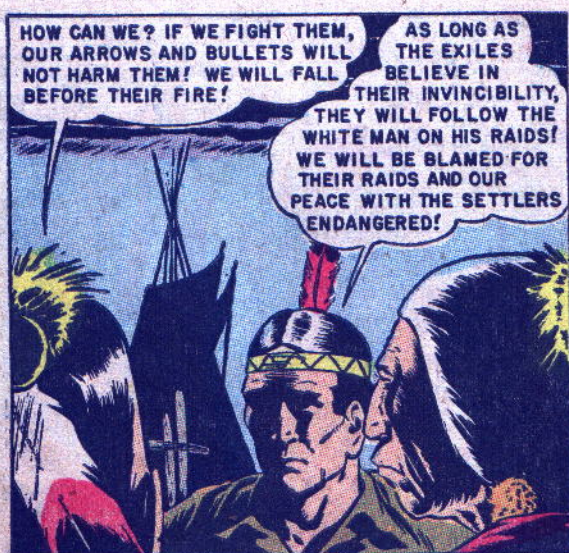
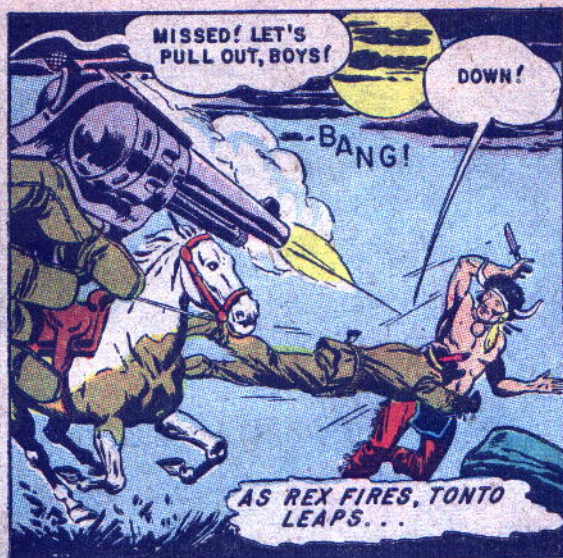
LOOK! A WHITE
MAN HAS BEEN
IN OUR MEDICINE
TENT!

HE HAS THE
TOTEM OF THE
WAR GOD!

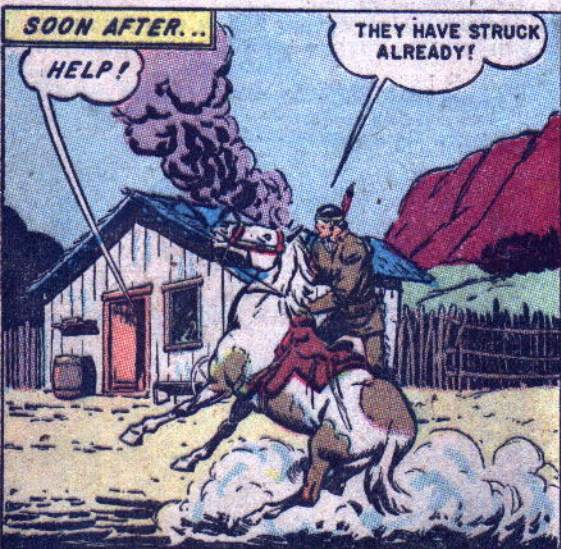
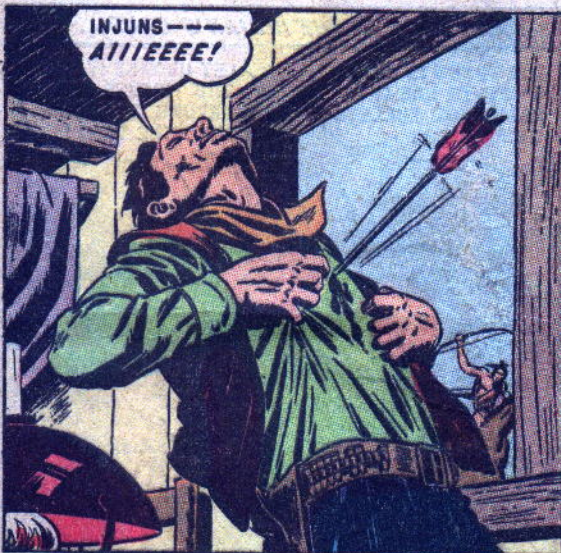
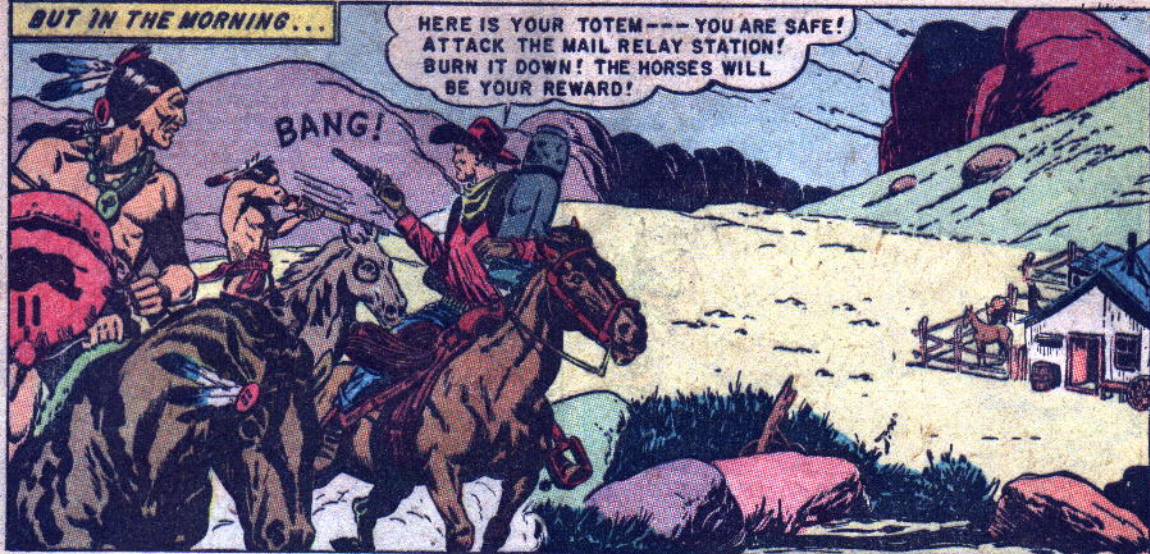
IF THE SHAMAN
DOES NOT HALT
HIM —
WE MUST!

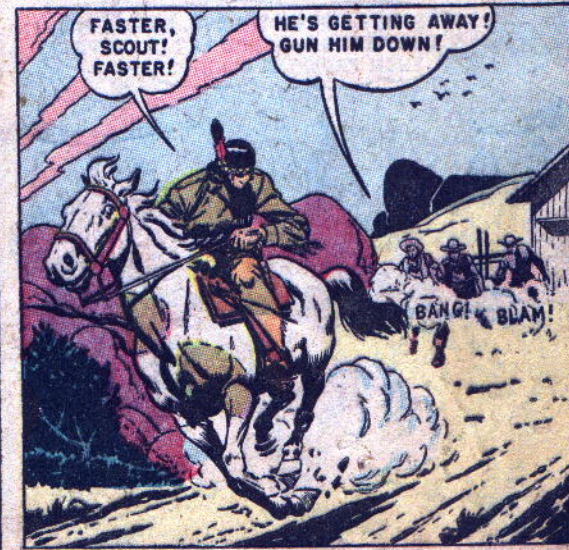
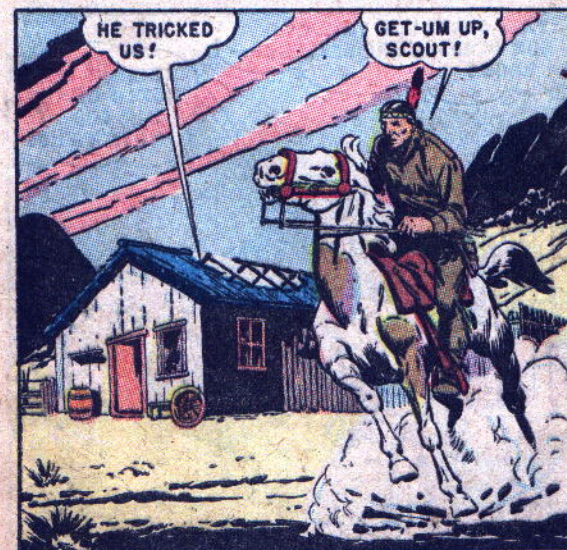
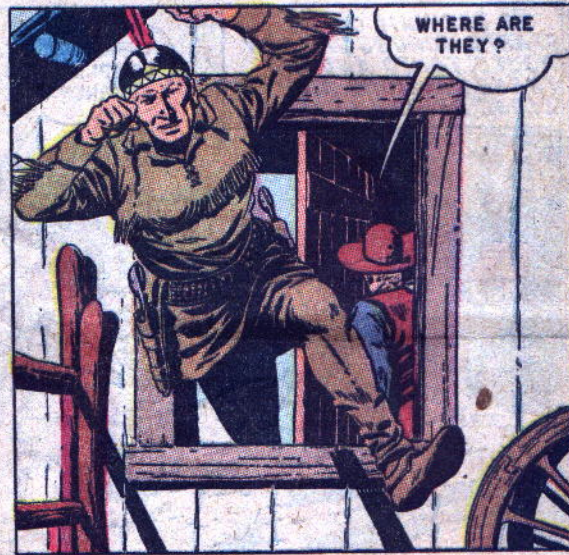
WHITE MAN,
LEAVE OUR
TOTEM
HERE!

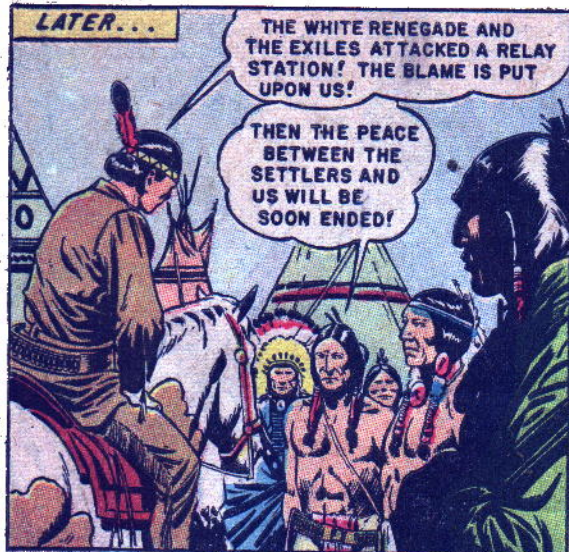
I'LL MAKE YOU A
GOOD EXCHANGE
FOR IT! FOR
YOUR TOTEM,
I'M LEAVING YOU
LEAD!



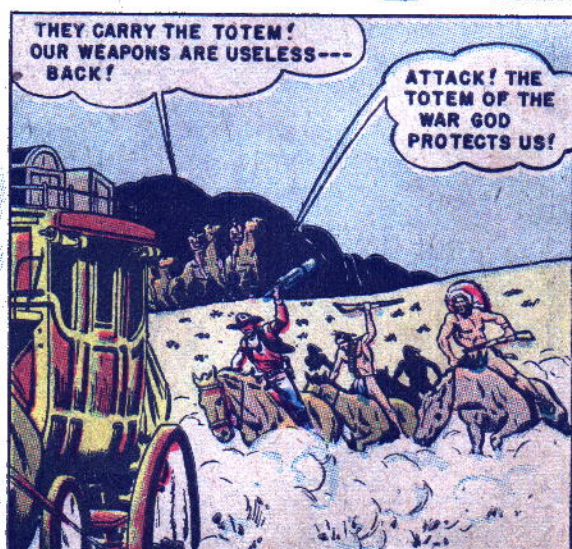
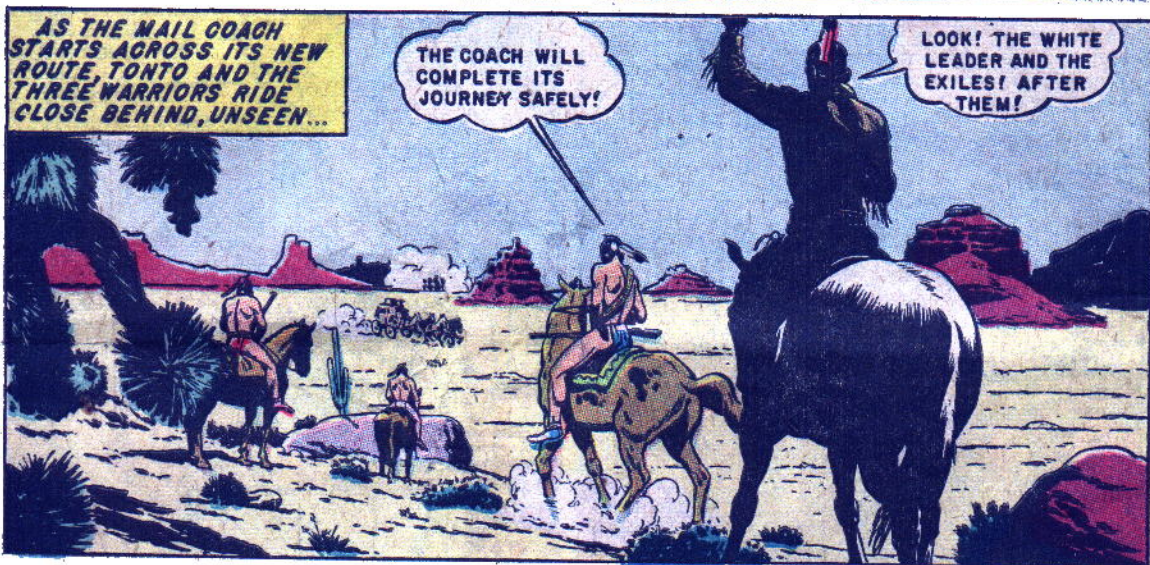
BUT IN THE MORNING...

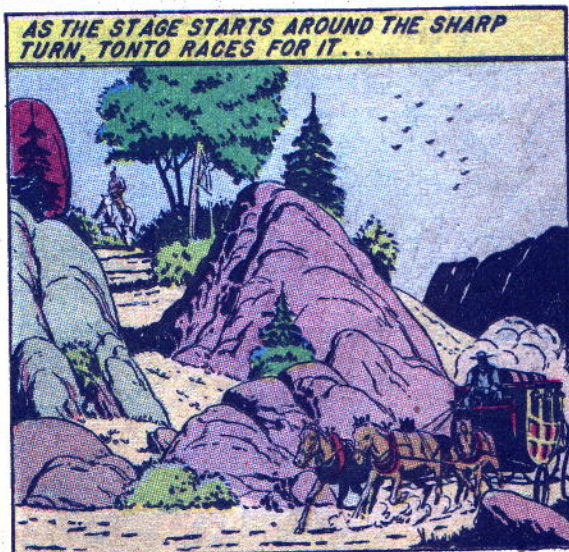
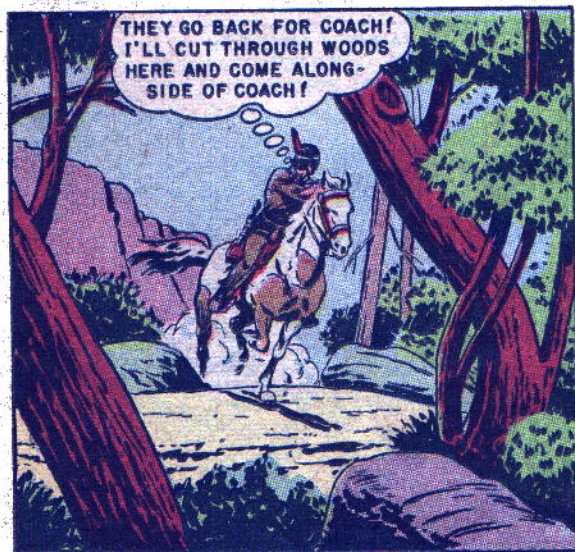
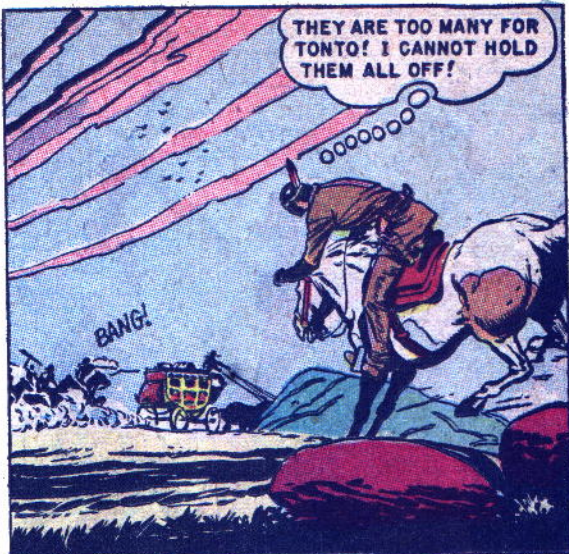


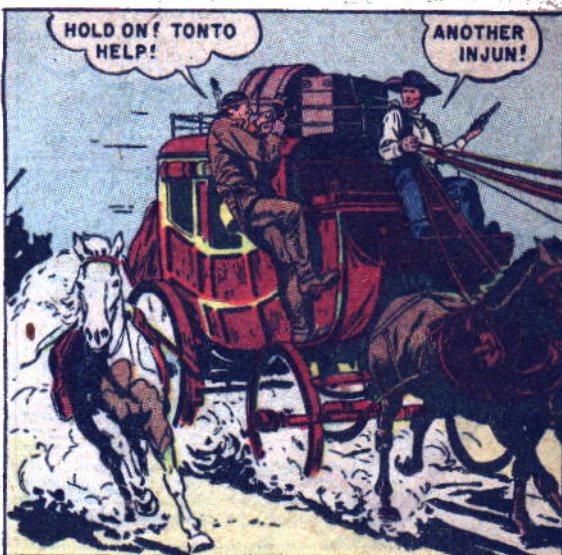
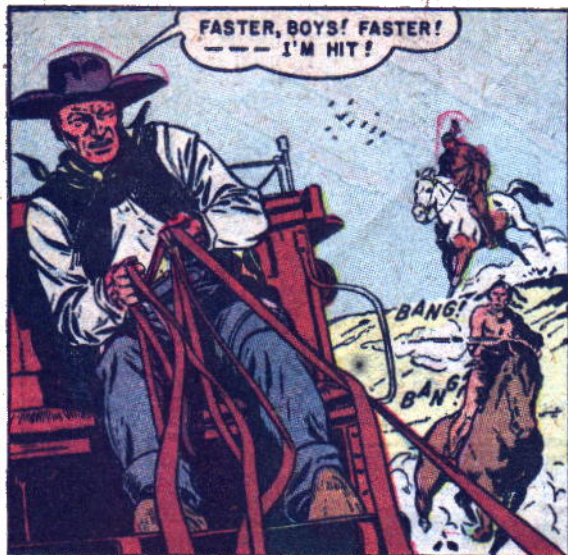


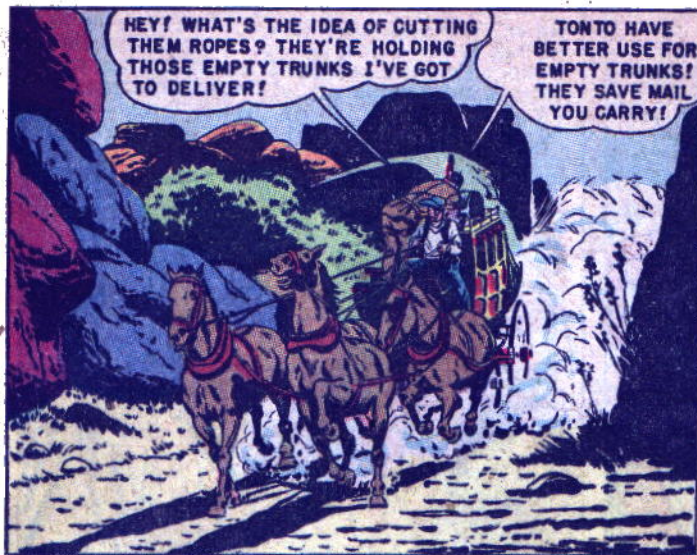


AS THE MAIL COACH STARTS ACROSS ITS NEW ROUTE, TONTO AND THE THREE WARRIORS RIDE CLOSE BEHIND, UNSEEN...







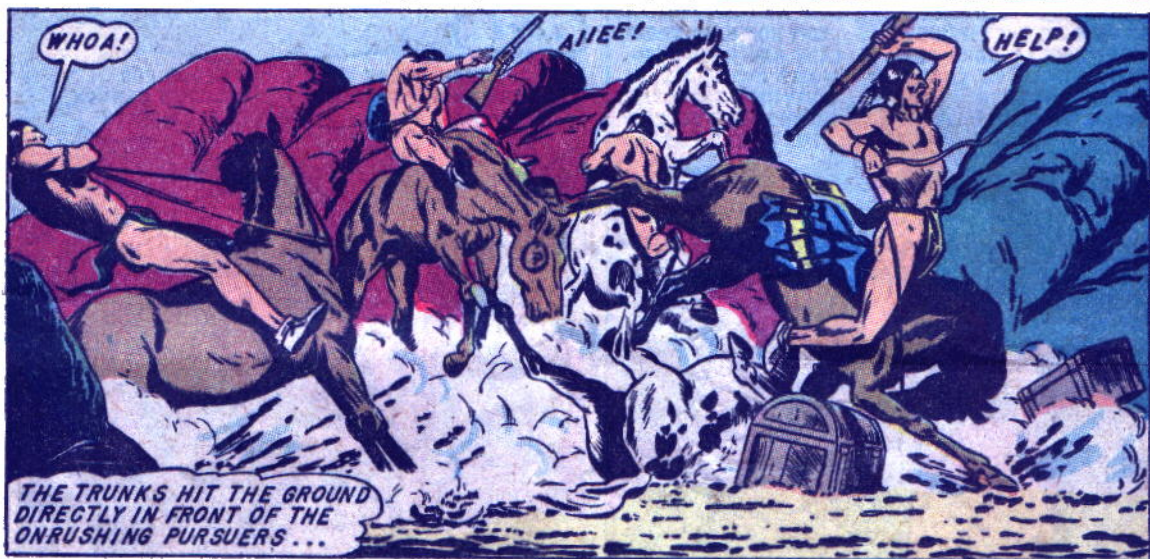


HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF CUTTING THEM ROPES? THEY'RE HOLDING THOSE EMPTY TRUNKS I'VE GOT TO DELIVER!

TONTO HAVE BETTER USE FOR EMPTY TRUNKS! THEY SAVE MAIL YOU CARRY!



THERE!



WHOA!

AIEEE!

HELP!

THE TRUNKS HIT THE GROUND DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE ONRUSHING PURSUERS...



YOU STOPPED 'EM!

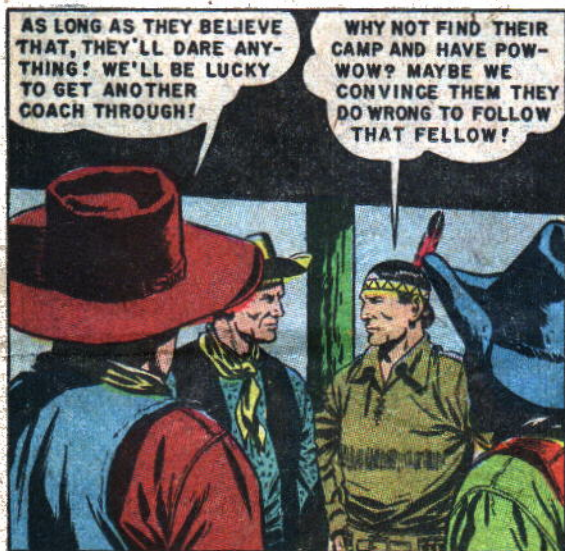
BUT WE NOT STOP-UM TILL WE REACH TOWN...

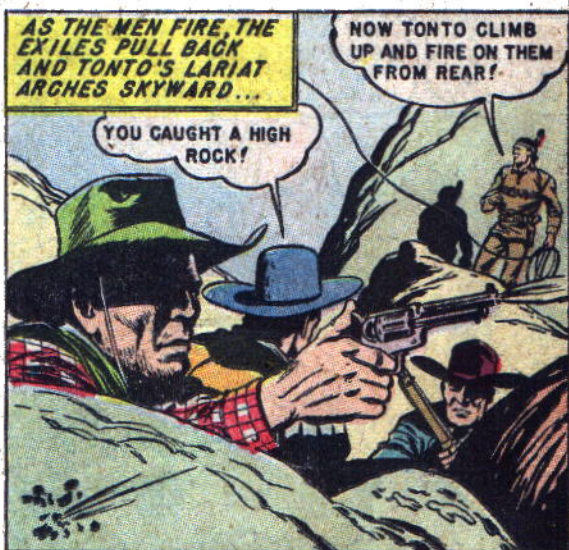
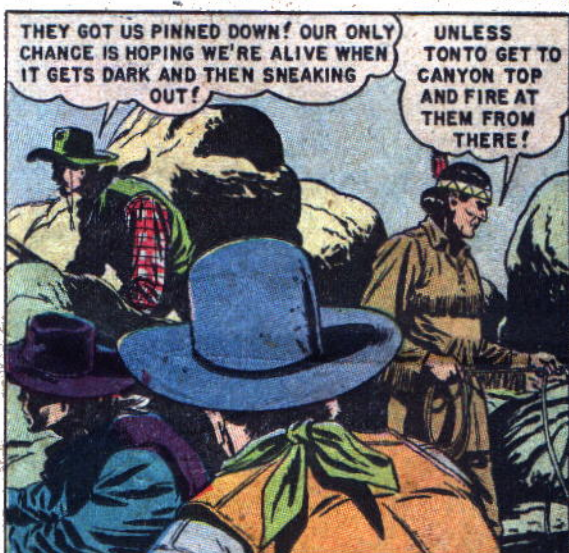
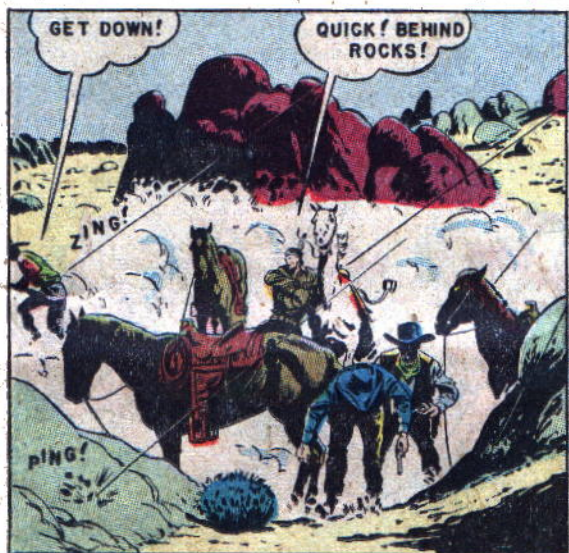
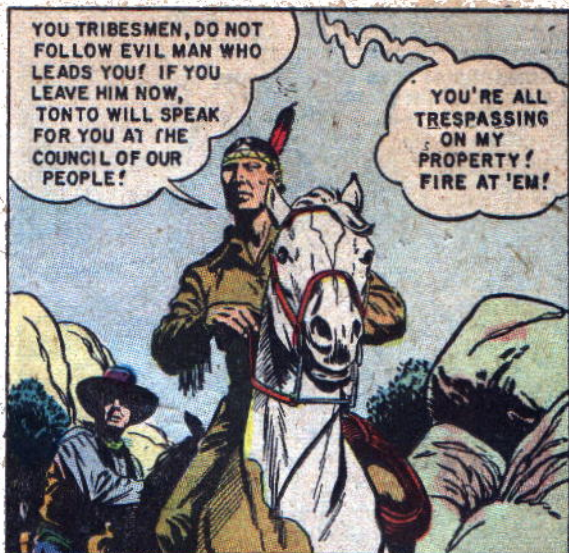


LATER, AS THEY ENTER TOWN...

HERE COMES THE MAIL COACH! RECKON ITS FIRST TRIP WAS SAFE ENOUGH!

BUT LOOK! AN INDIAN IS DRIVING IT IN!





AS TONTO NEARS THE TOP...

SOMEONE CLIMBS UP!
I'LL SEND HIM DOWN
AGAIN!

HE IS
CUTTING
THE ROPE!

AS THE KNIFE NEARS THE ROPE, TONTO
DRAWS AND FIRES...

AIIIE!
MY HAND!

BANG!

NOW I MUST REACH
THE TOP BEFORE
OTHERS COME!

SAFE!

LOOK! ONE OF
'EM CLIMBED
UP!

BANG!
BANG!

OWW!

HE'S ONLY
ONE! STAY
HERE AND
FIGHT!

NO! ALREADY TWO
OF OUR MEN ARE HIT!
THE TOTEM IS IN CAMP!
WE ARE NOT PROTECTED!

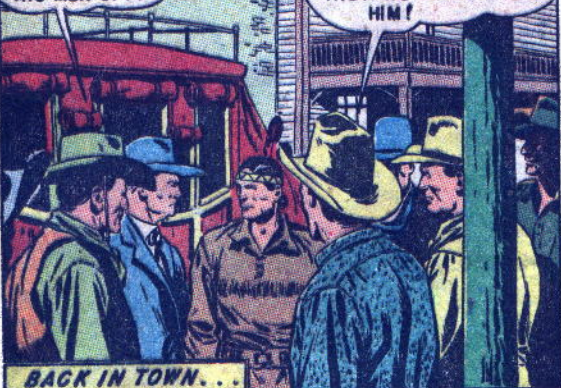
BANG!

WELL, I AIN'T STAYING
AROUND HERE BY
MYSELF! GIDDAP!

NOW WE CAN RETURN
TO TOWN SAFELY, BUT
WE HAVE NOT WON YET!

UNLESS WE COME TO TERMS WITH THAT RENEGADE AND BUY HIS CACTUS CANYON PROPERTY, WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE CAVALRY TO DRIVE HIM AND HIS MEN OFF!

THAT MEANS THE MAIL WON'T BE GETTING THROUGH FOR WEEKS! IT'D BE EASY TO HANDLE THAT HOMBRE IF WE COULD JUST GET THOSE INDIANS AWAY FROM HIM!



BACK IN TOWN...

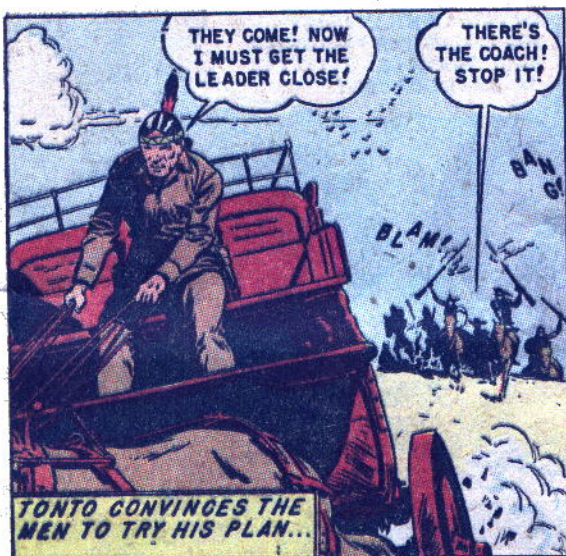
TONTO HAVE WAY THAT MIGHT DO IT! LET ME DRIVE MAIL COACH OVER NEW ROUTE!

I DON'T MIND RISKING A COACH, TONTO, BUT YOU'RE SURE STICKING YOUR NECK OUT!



THEY COME! NOW I MUST GET THE LEADER CLOSE!

THERE'S THE COACH! STOP IT!



TONTO CONVINCES THE MEN TO TRY HIS PLAN...

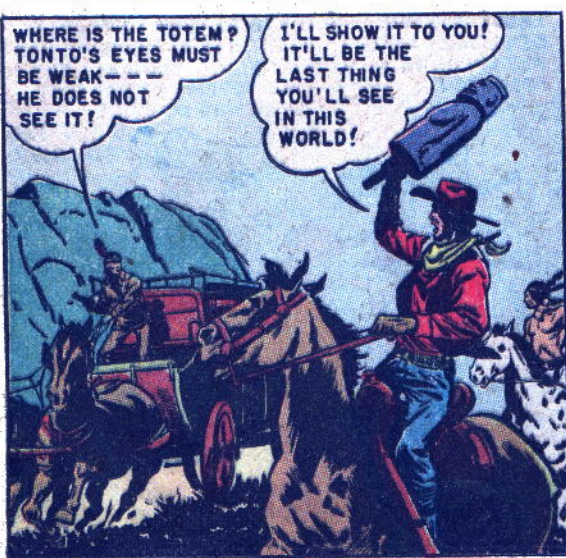
BACK, EXILES! IF YOU STRIKE THIS COACH, EVIL WILL BEFALL YOU!

NOTHING CAN HARM US! WE ARE PROTECTED BY THE WAR GOD'S TOTEM!



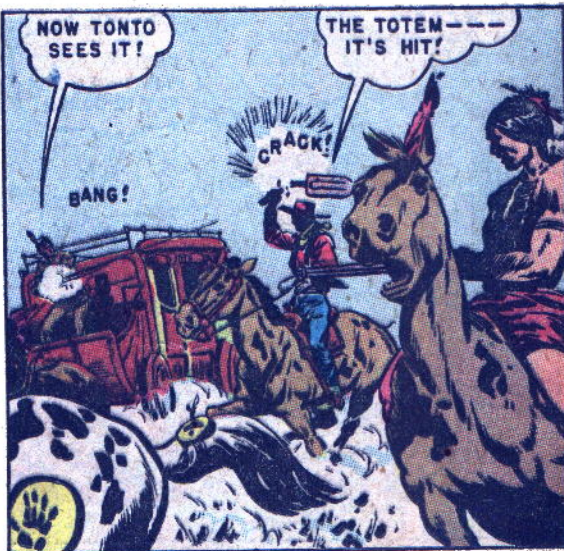
WHERE IS THE TOTEM? TONTO'S EYES MUST BE WEAK --- HE DOES NOT SEE IT!

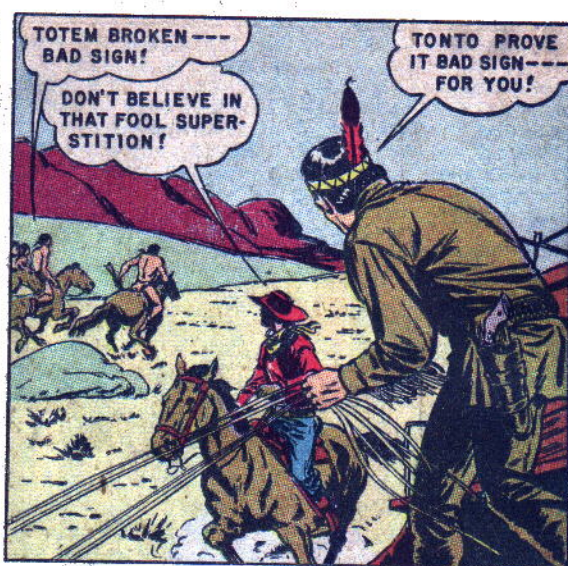
I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU! IT'LL BE THE LAST THING YOU'LL SEE IN THIS WORLD!



NOW TONTO SEES IT!

THE TOTEM --- IT'S HIT!





TONTO, WHITE RUSTLERS HAVE PREYED UPON OUR PONIES! NOT MANY LEFT! THE RUSTLERS ESCAPE EACH TIME! THEY VANISH BEFORE---

GUNFIRE!

TONTO

IN
SAFE TILL
SUNDOWN

BANG!
BANG!

AS TONTO RIDES OUT TO THE TRIBAL GRAZING LANDS WITH CHIEF STONE BEAR...

THREE WHITES ATTACK OUR LONE GUARD! THE RUSTLERS HAVE RETURNED!

DOWN THE BACK TRAIL!

THE BRAVE FALLS!

TONTO WILL KEEP THEM BACK!

BLAM!

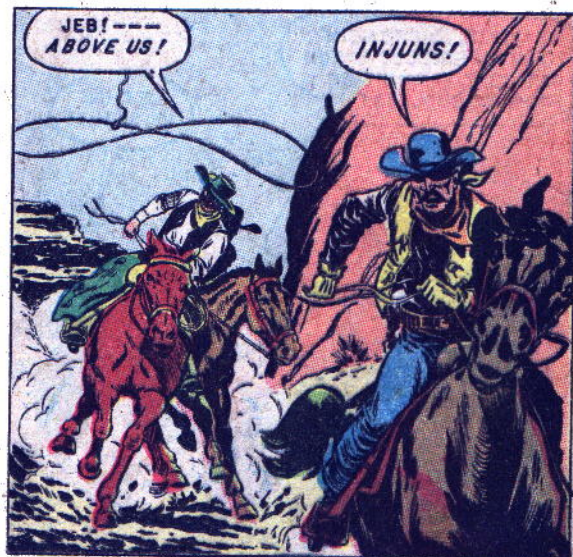
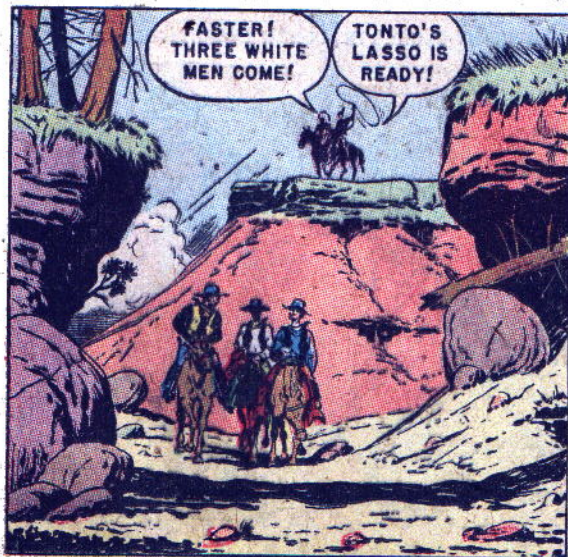
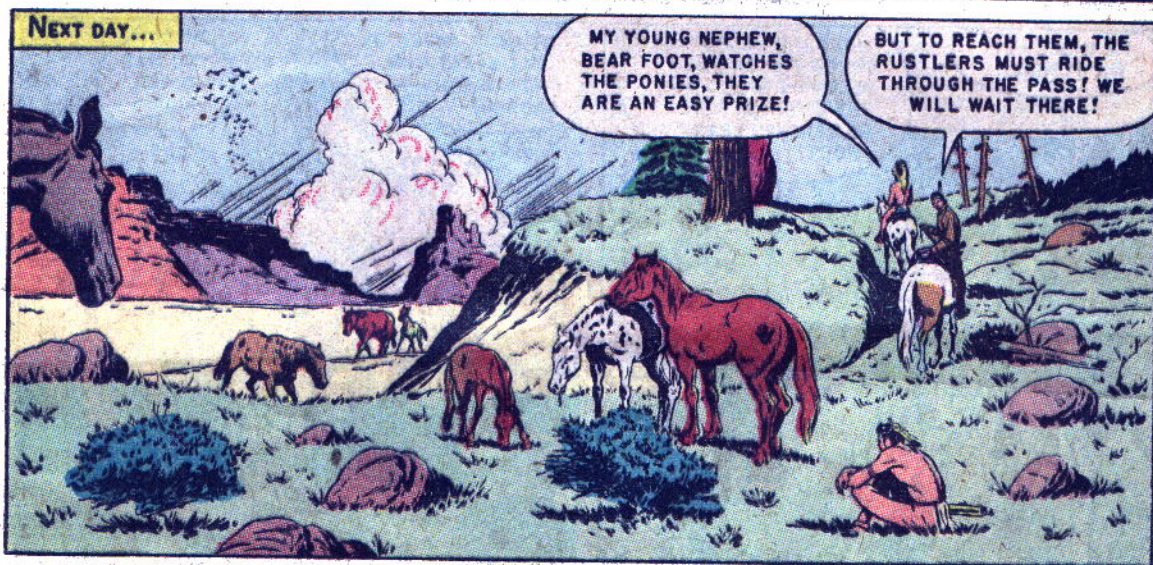
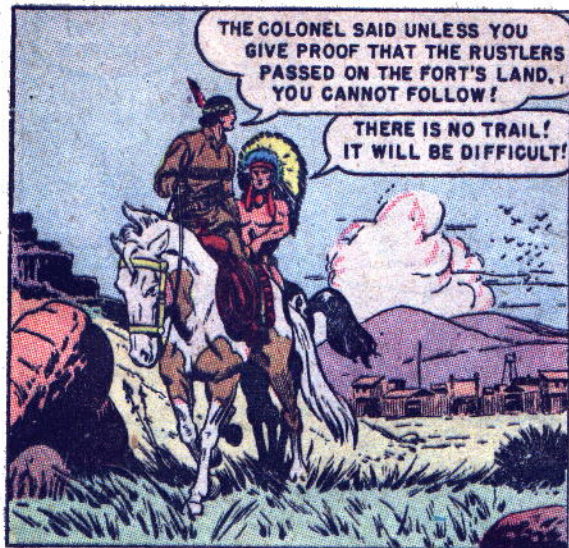
INJUNS!

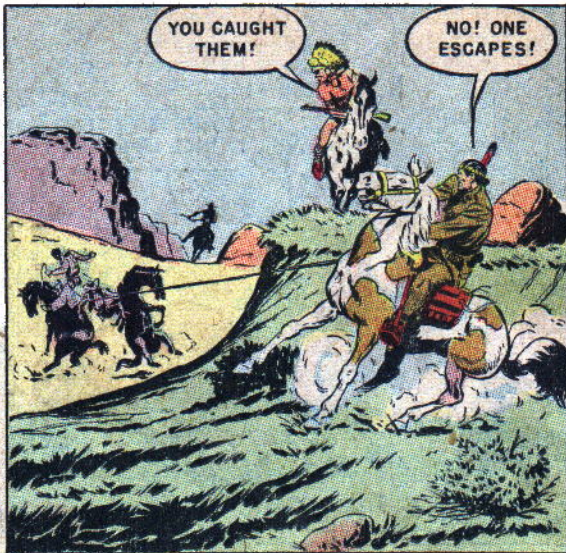
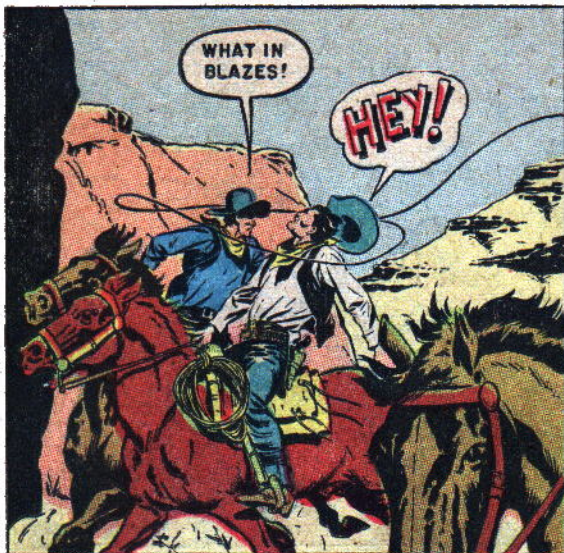
SWING BACK BEFORE THE WHOLE TRIBE OF THEM REDSKINS ARE DOWN ON US!

THE PONIES ARE SAFE!

--- AND THE BRAVE RISES! LET US PURSUE THE RUSTLERS!

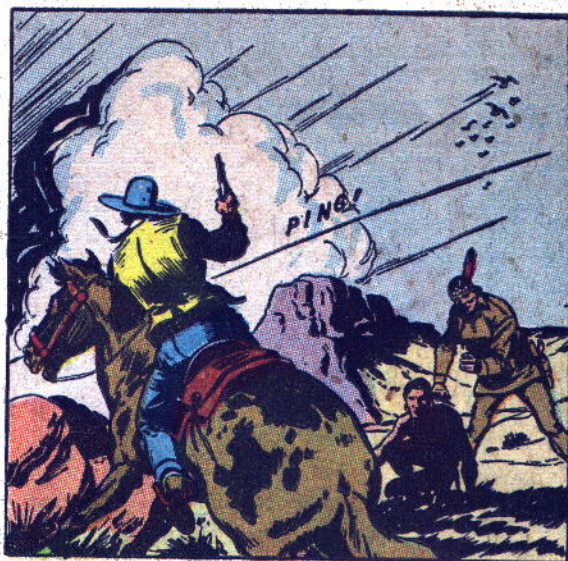


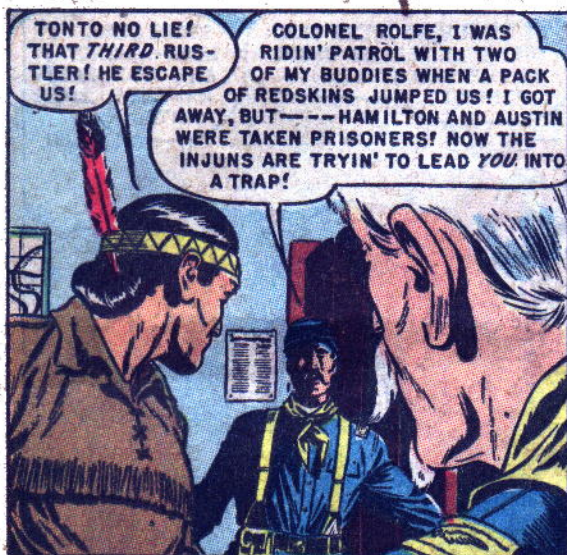


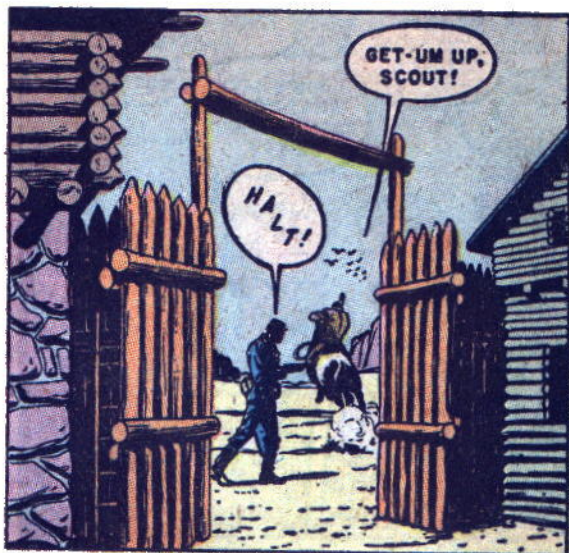
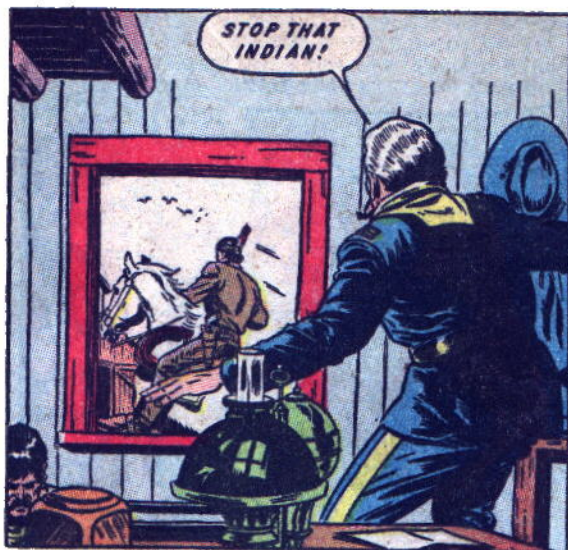


AS SCOUT CLOSES IN, TONTO LEAPS...



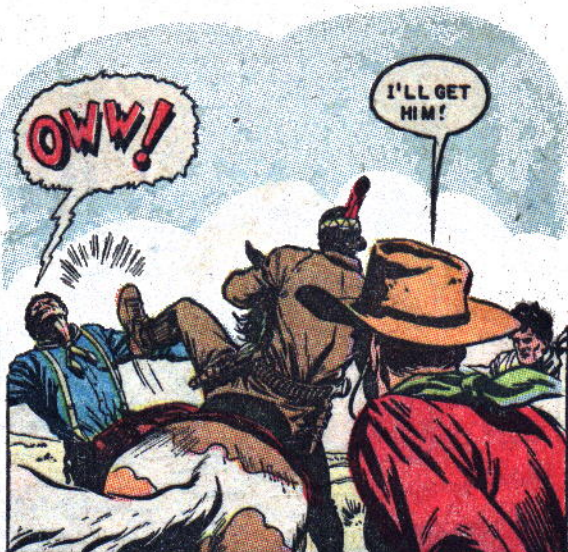
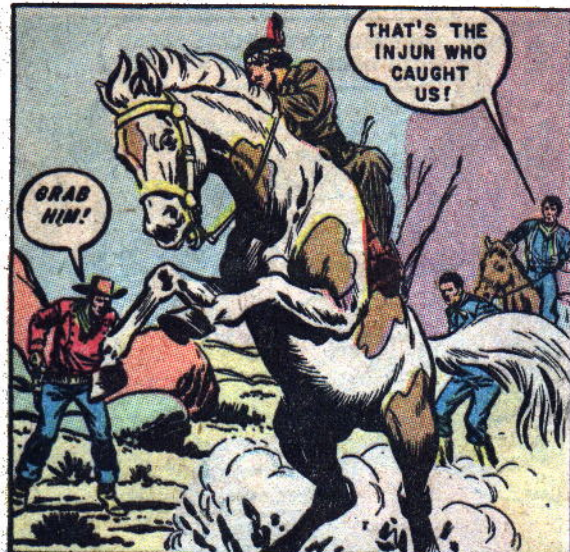




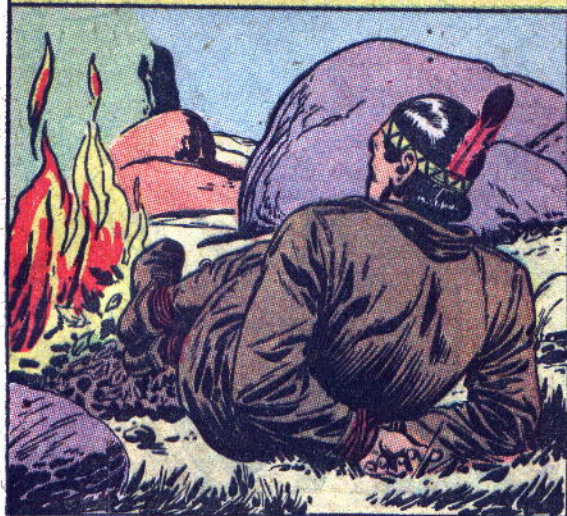








SLOWLY, TONTO INCHES THE DRY LEAVES FORWARD...

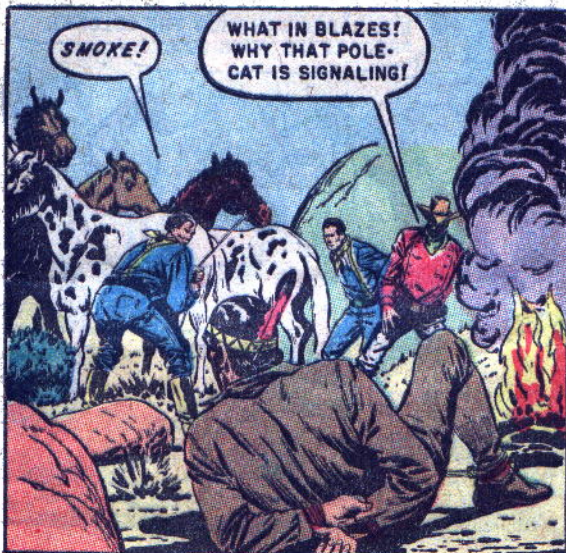


THERE! MY PEOPLE WILL SEE THE SMOKE COLUMN AND COME!



SMOKE!

WHAT IN BLAZES! WHY THAT POLE-CAT IS SIGNALING!

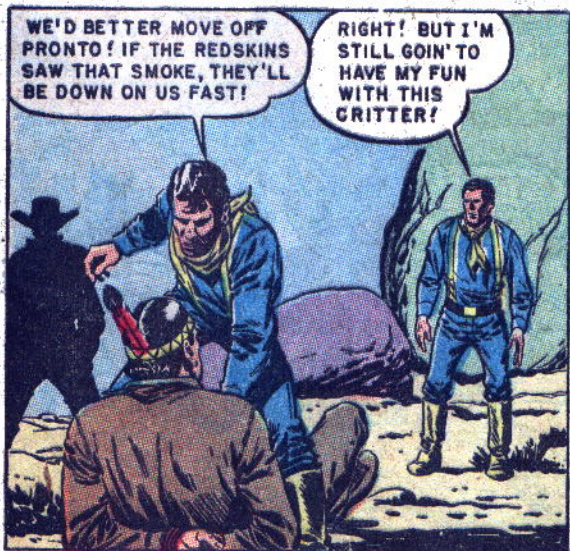


GIT AWAY FROM THERE!



WE'D BETTER MOVE OFF PRONTO! IF THE REDSKINS SAW THAT SMOKE, THEY'LL BE DOWN ON US FAST!

RIGHT! BUT I'M STILL GOIN' TO HAVE MY FUN WITH THIS CRITTER!

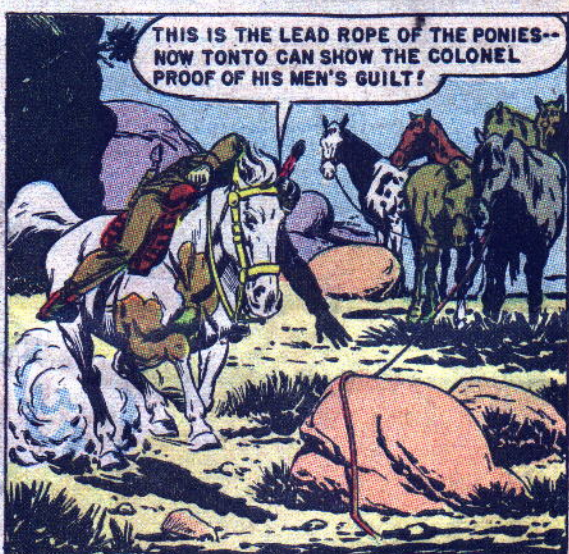


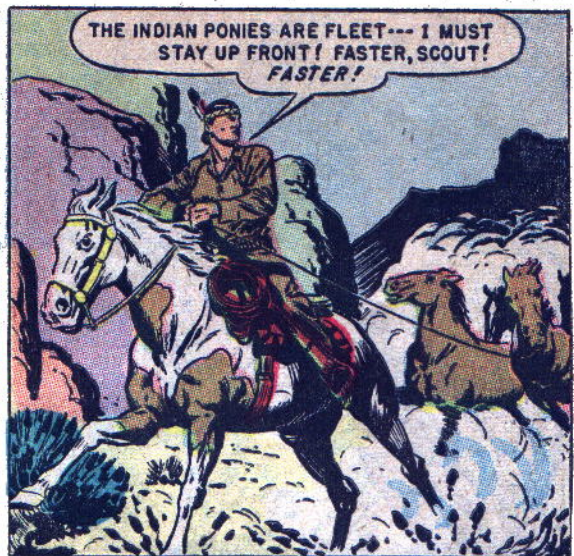
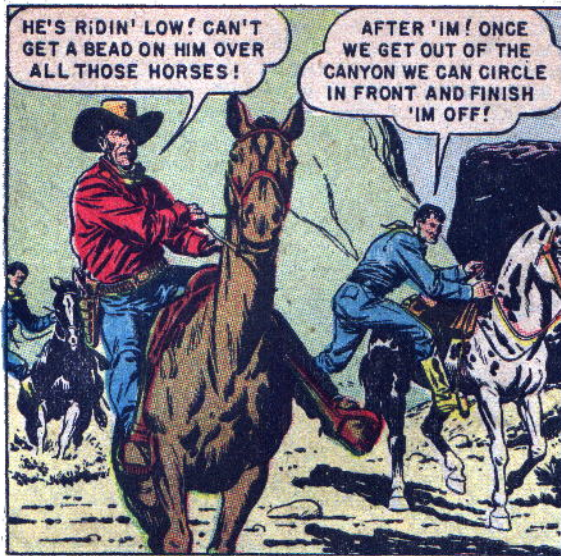
COVER HIM, WHILE I CUT THESE ROPES! THEN WE'LL TIE HIM ON THE WILDEST PONY WE CAN FIND!

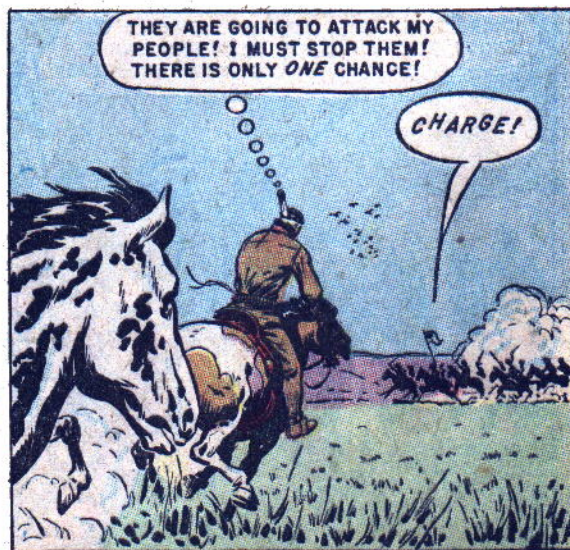
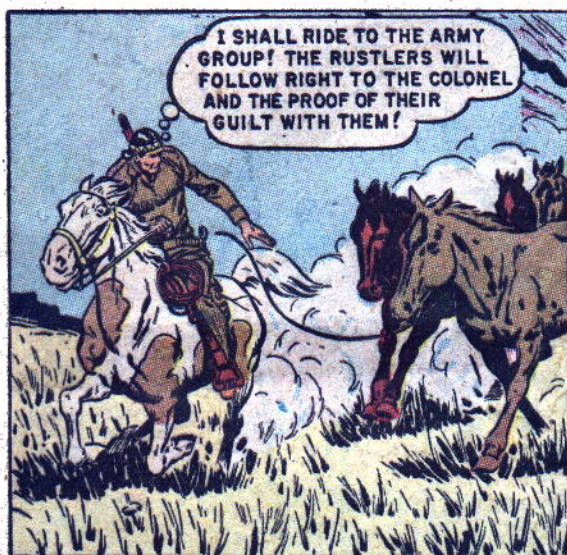
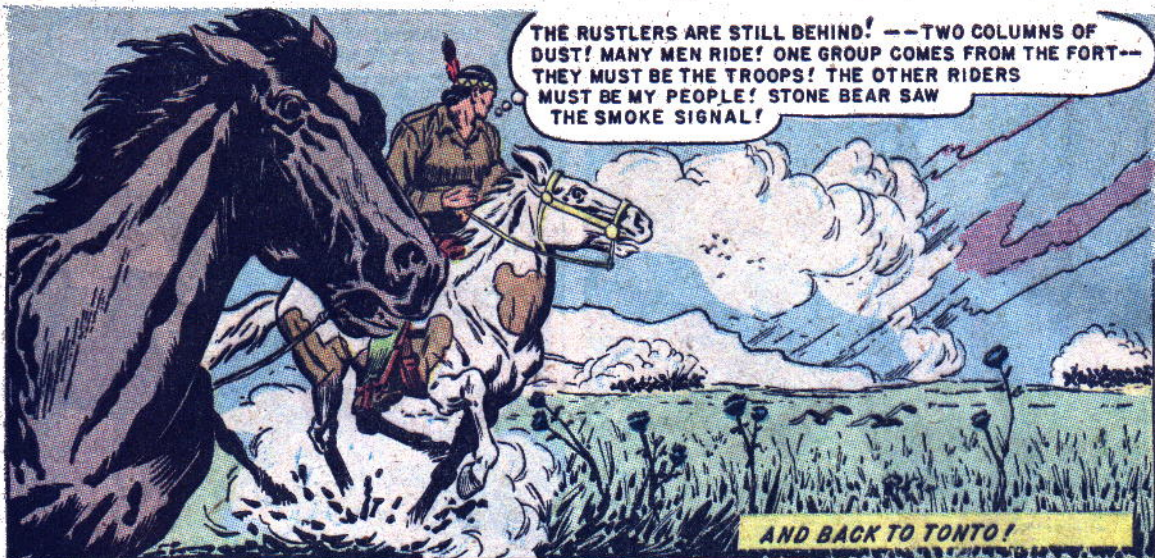
JUST ONE MOVE INJUN, AND YOU'LL BE RIDIN' IN THE HAPPY HUNTIN' GROUNDS!



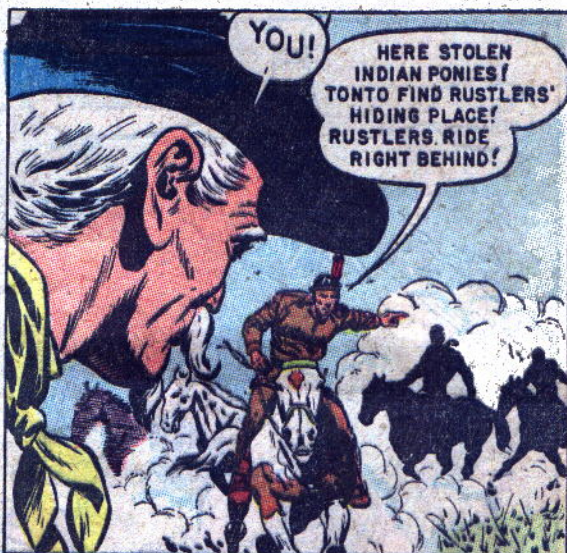
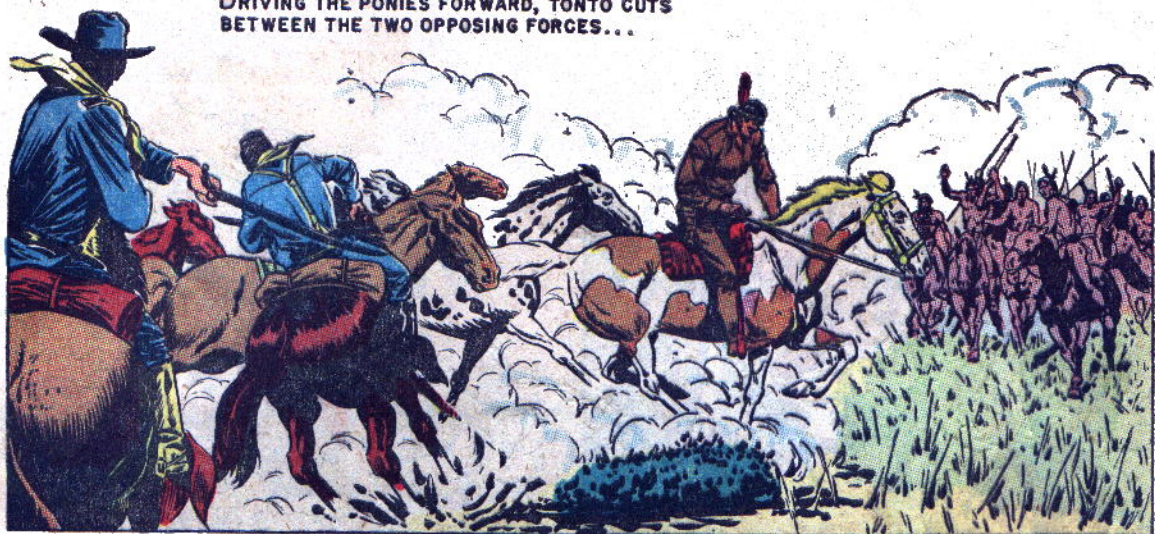
SUDDENLY

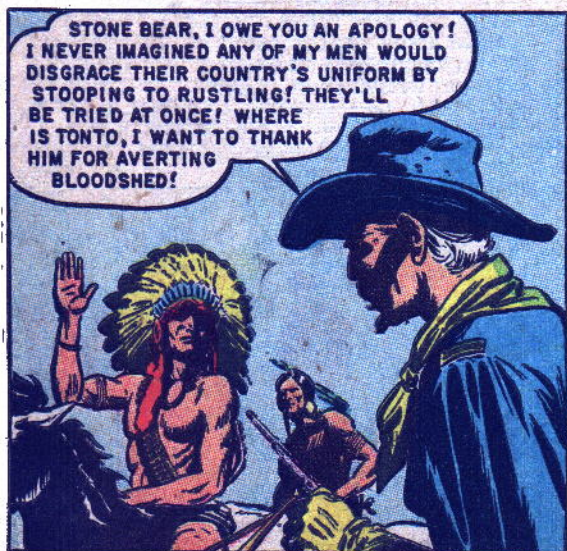






DRIVING THE PONIES FORWARD, TONTO CUTS
BETWEEN THE TWO OPPOSING FORCES...





THE ENERGETIC BEAVER



The beaver builds his dome-shaped home under the surface of a pool created by damming a stream. He makes the dam and his lodge

from tree trunks and branches he cuts with his razor-sharp teeth and plugs holes with mud.

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



LACROSSE



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East of the Mississippi, lacrosse was the Indians' favorite game. It was played with a very hard, stuffed deerskin ball and long, limber racquets. There were no real rules as to how many players com-

peted on each team but the general idea was to get the ball across the opposing team's goal line just as in football. The player could not touch the ball with his hands but he could carry it in the racquet.