

DELL

AUGUST-OCTOBER

10¢

THE LONE RANGER'S COMPANION

# TONTO



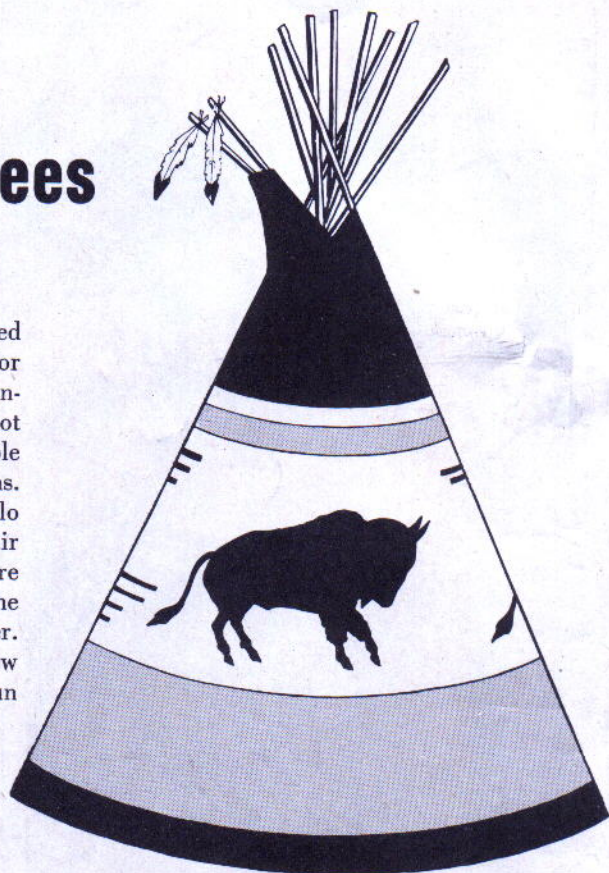




# Indian Tepees

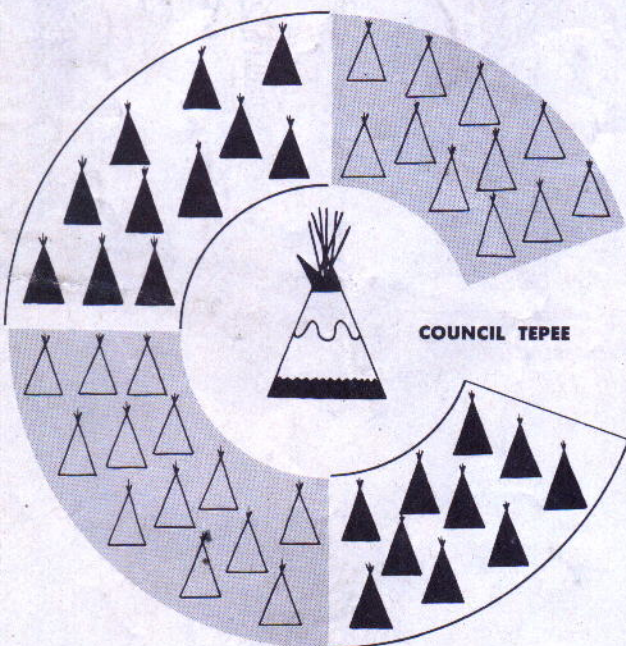
Long ago, it is believed that Indian people lived in earth lodges. The story is told that the idea for the tepee came from an Indian who twisted a cottonwood leaf into the shape of a cone. Whether or not this story is true, the tepee makes a comfortable and serviceable home for the Indians of the Plains.

Each Spring, new tepees are made from buffalo cow skins. At that time of year, the buffalos' hair has been shed and their skins are thin and more pliable for use. From 10 to 40 hides are needed, the average tepee being about 16 feet in diameter. Spring is chosen, too, as the time for building new tepees so that all can be in readiness for the sun dance in June.



BAND NO. TWO

BAND NO. ONE



COUNCIL TEPEE

BAND NO. THREE

BAND NO. FOUR

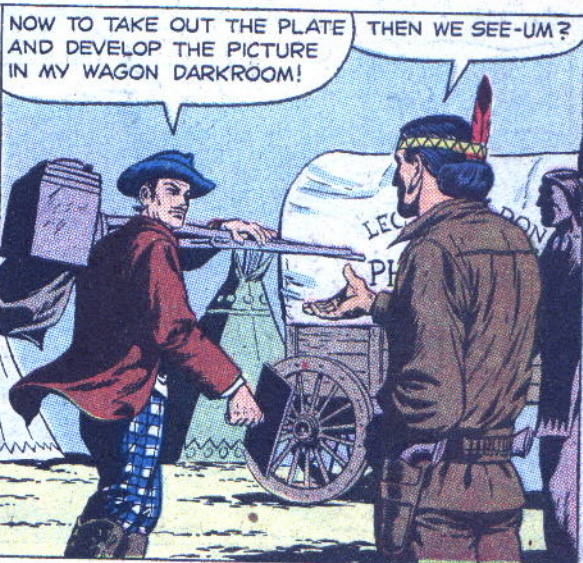
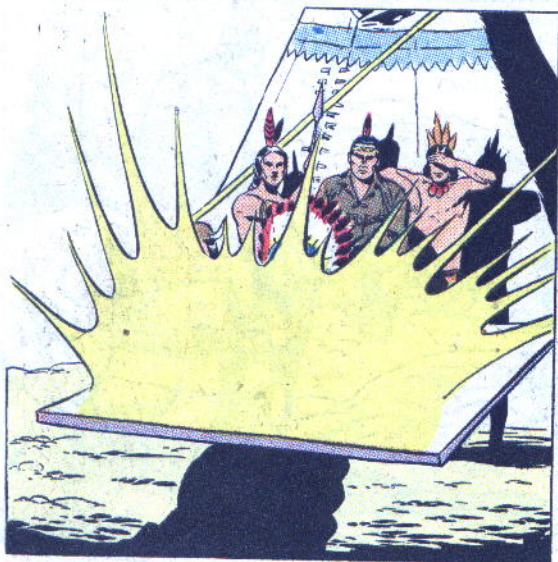
The actual sewing of the lodge and the decision as to when it is to be made is left to the woman of the family. She invites all her neighbors to a feast and after it is through, all of the women help with the cutting and sewing. The sewing is done with sinew thread. No patterns are used but there are always a few women more skilled in the cutting than the others and the task of cutting falls to them.

Usually, the council tepee and perhaps one containing the medicine and sacred bundles of the tribe are placed in the middle of the camp circle. The tepees of the various bands are grouped three and four deep to form a large camp circle. Those in the center are usually decorated. When the decision is made to break camp, the lodges in the center are the first to do so, thus giving the signal to the others.

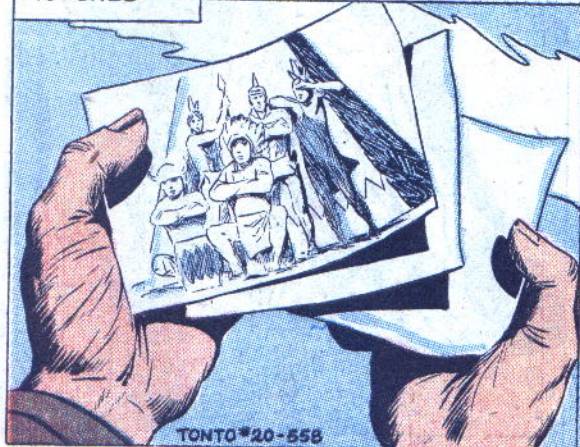


# TONTO

## RUSTLER'S BRAND



CAREFULLY, THE GELATIN PLATES ARE DEVELOPED, THEN SUN-PRINTED AND FINALLY, TONTO AND HIS TRIBESMEN LOOK AT THEIR PICTURES---



TONTO\*20-558



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

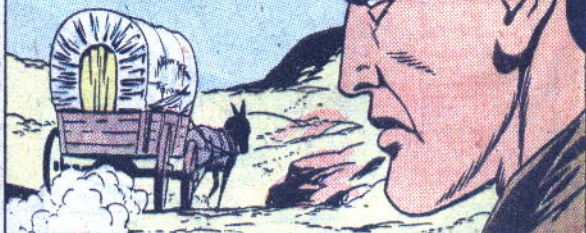


THEN YOU MAKE BRAVES  
LOOK FOOLISH **ON  
PURPOSE!** YOU TELL  
US HOW TO STAND AND  
HOW TO LOOK! YOU  
THINK WE SCARED  
FOOLS?

ME---ER-NO, CHIEF!  
YOU GOT ME ALL  
WRONG! BUT THOSE  
ARE THE SORT OF  
PICTURES THAT  
**SELL BACK EAST!**

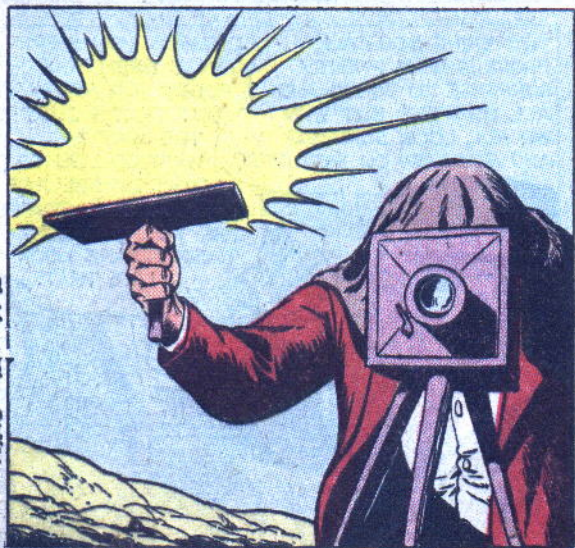
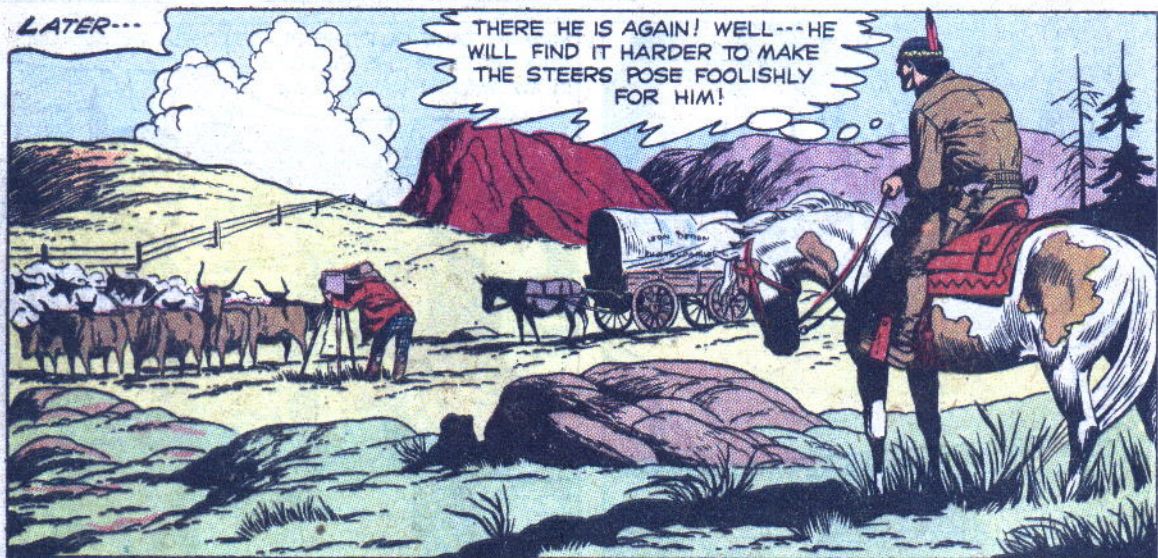


HE GAVE STONE BEAR PRESENTS  
FOR THE TRIBE THAT HE MIGHT  
TAKE TRUE PICTURES OF THE  
INDIANS OF THE WEST! BUT, ON  
THE PAPERS HE HAS CARRIED  
OFF HE HAS THE IMAGES OF  
BRAVES MADE DELIBERATELY  
**RIDICULOUS**---AND THAT  
I BELIEVE IS **HIS**  
OPINION OF US!

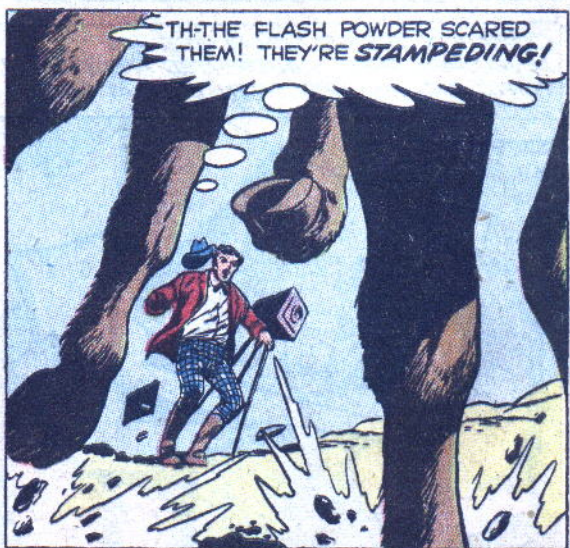


**LATER---**

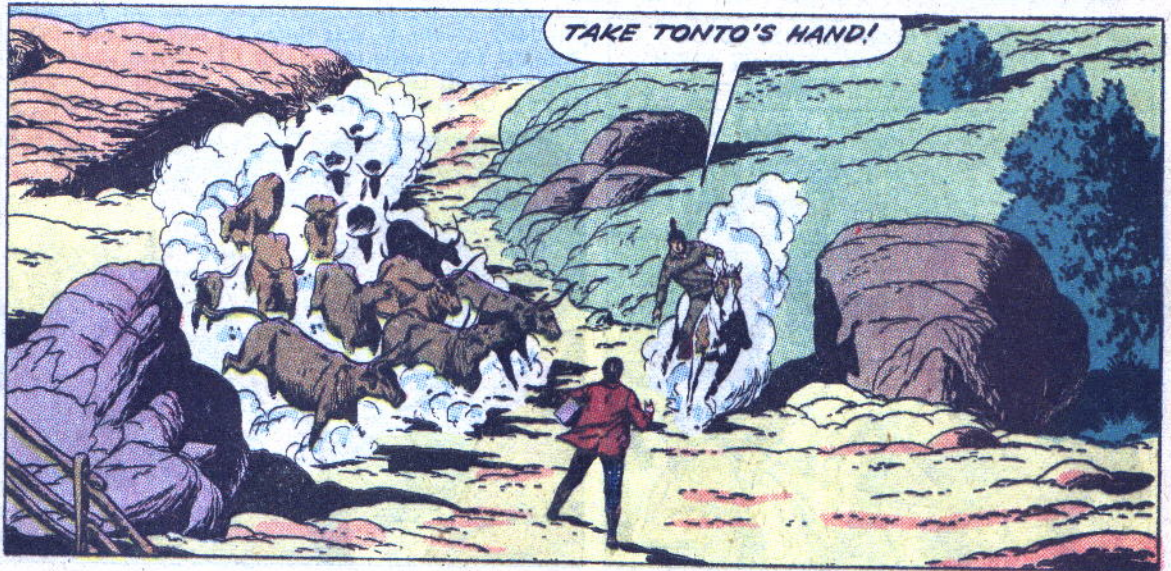
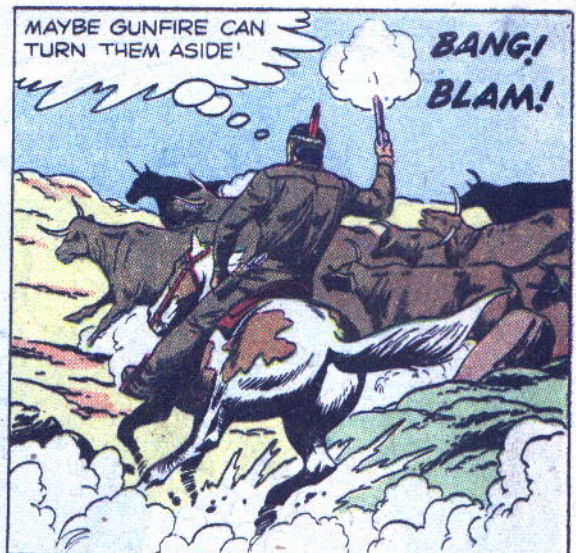
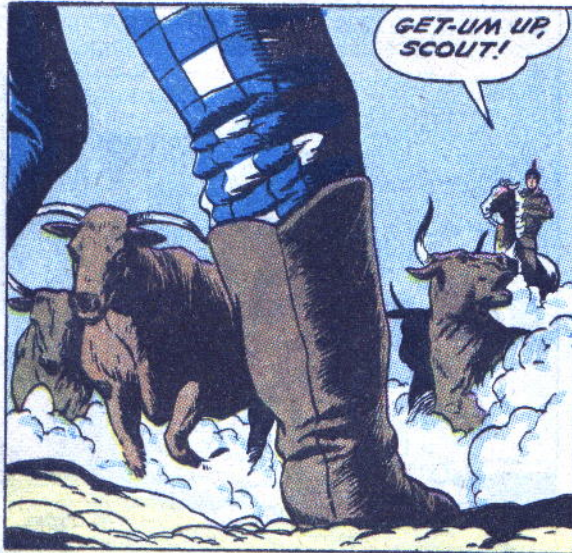
THERE HE IS AGAIN! WELL---HE  
WILL FIND IT HARDER TO MAKE  
THE STEERS POSE FOOLISHLY  
FOR HIM!



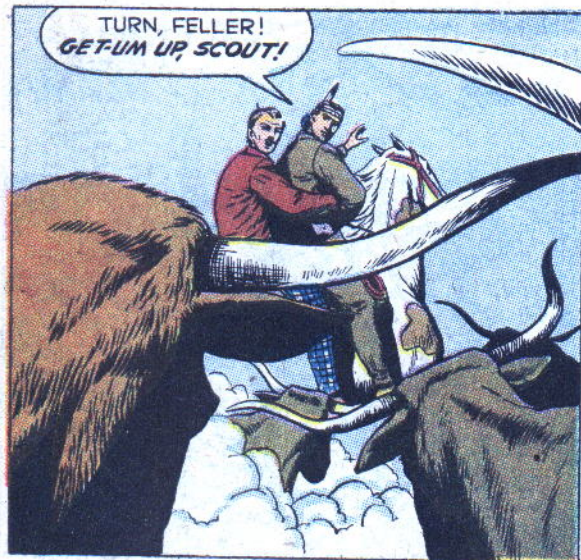
TH-THE FLASH POWDER SCARED  
THEM! THEY'RE **STAMPEDING!**



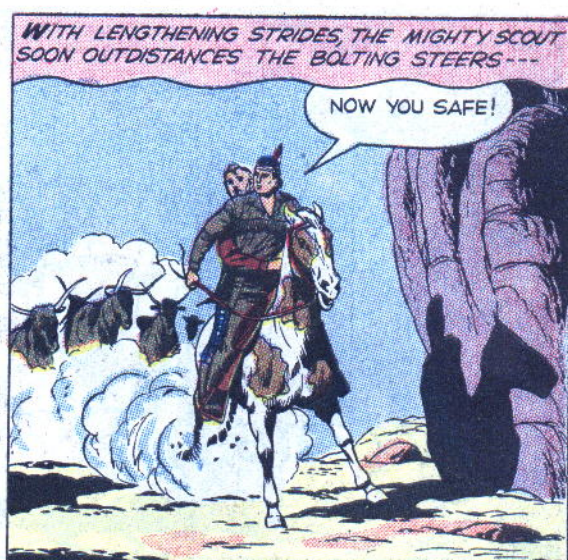








TURN, FELLER!  
GET-UM UP, SCOUT!



WITH LENGTHENING STRIDES, THE MIGHTY SCOUT  
SOON OUTDISTANCES THE BOLTING STEERS---

NOW YOU SAFE!

AFTER THE HERD SLOWS DOWN, TONTO  
CIRCLES THE LONGHORNS, HEADING THEM  
BACK TO THEIR GRAZING GROUND---



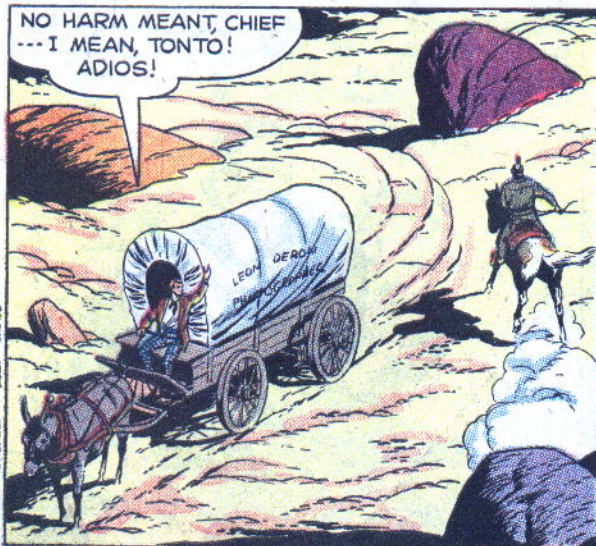
GIAA! YIP!



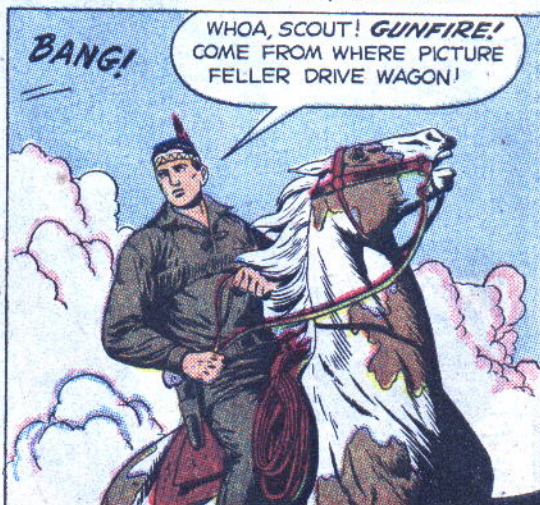
THANKS, CHIEF! IF YOU HADN'T  
RISKED YOUR OWN NECK, I'D  
HAVE ENDED UP UNDER THE  
HOOFS OF THOSE STEERS!

TONTO ONLY DO  
WHAT **ANY**  
INDIAN DO! AND  
TONTO **NOT**  
CHIEF!

NO HARM MEANT, CHIEF  
---I MEAN, TONTO!  
ADIOS!



BUT AS TONTO RIDES OFF, SUDDENLY---



BANG!

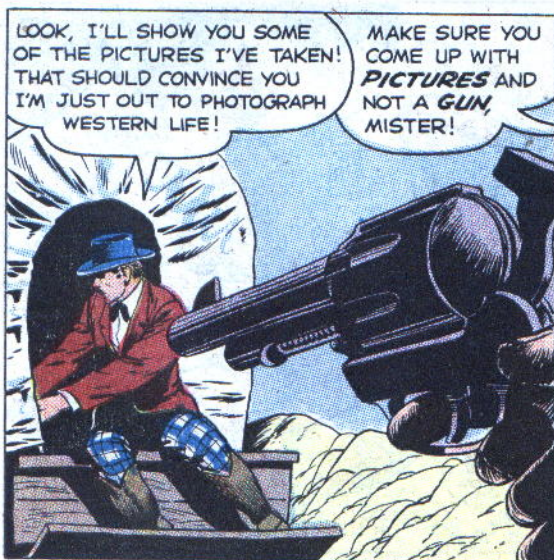
WHOA, SCOUT! **GUNFIRE!**  
COME FROM WHERE PICTURE  
FELLER DRIVE WAGON!





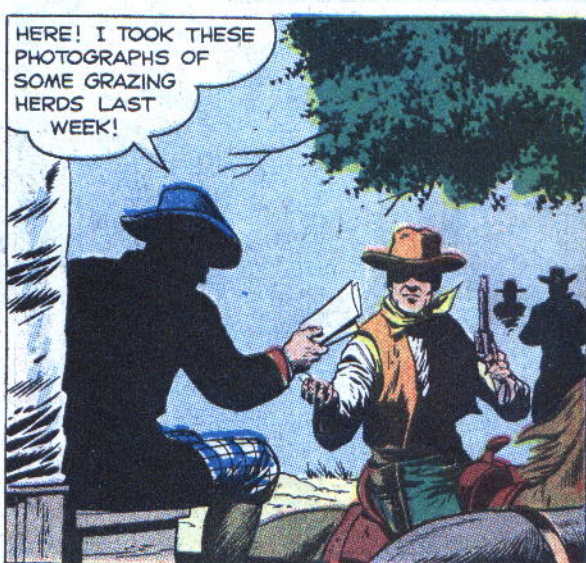
BUT I TELL YOU I WASN'T TRYING TO STEAL YOUR HERD! I WAS JUST TAKING PICTURES! I'M A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER FROM NEW YORK!

NEVER SAW A PHOTOGRAPHER BEFORE, BUT I THINK YOU'RE A **RUSTLER!** WE'VE BEEN LOSIN' A LOT OF STEERS 'ROUND THESE PARTS!

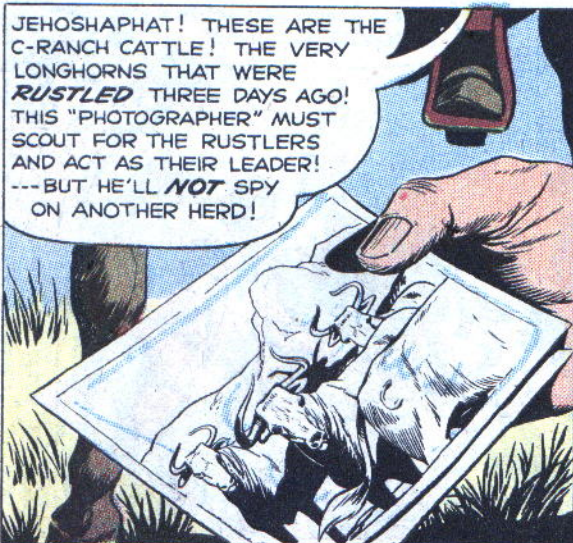


LOOK, I'LL SHOW YOU SOME OF THE PICTURES I'VE TAKEN! THAT SHOULD CONVINCE YOU I'M JUST OUT TO PHOTOGRAPH WESTERN LIFE!

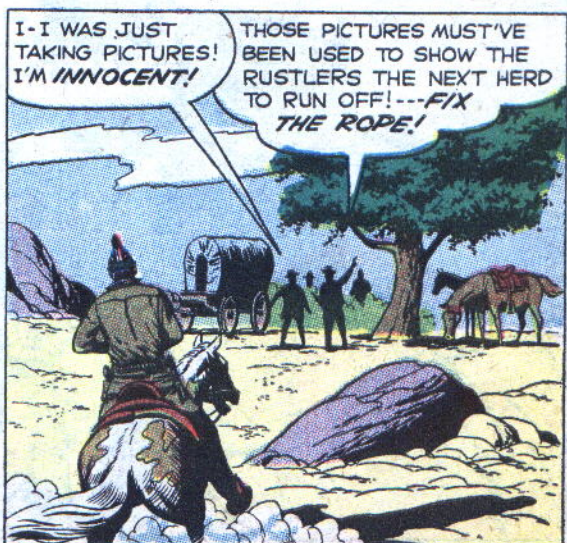
MAKE SURE YOU COME UP WITH **PICTURES** AND NOT A **GUN**, MISTER!



HERE! I TOOK THESE PHOTOGRAPHS OF SOME GRAZING HERDS LAST WEEK!



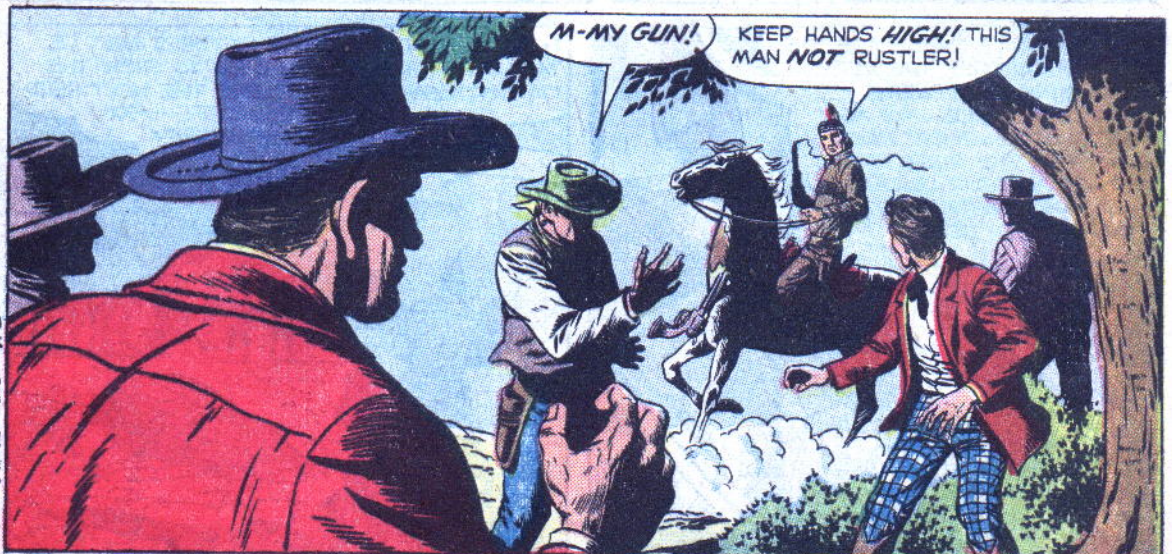
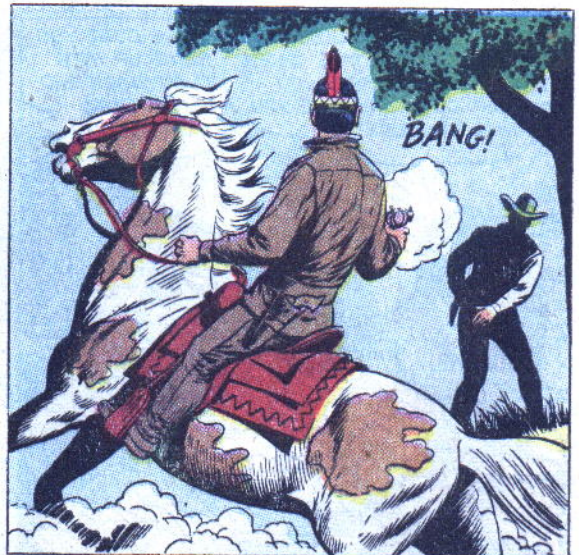
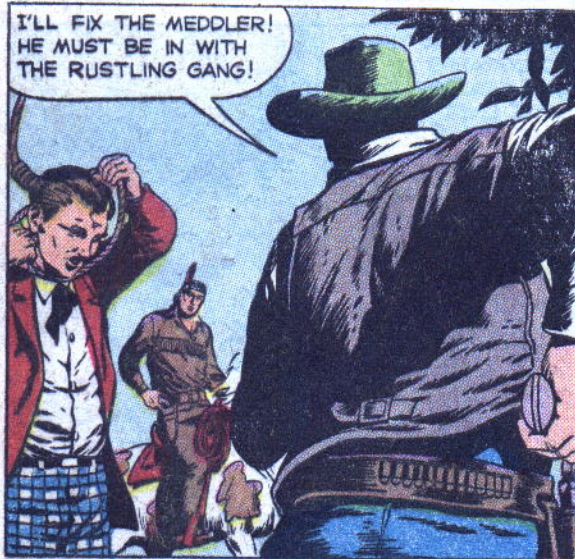
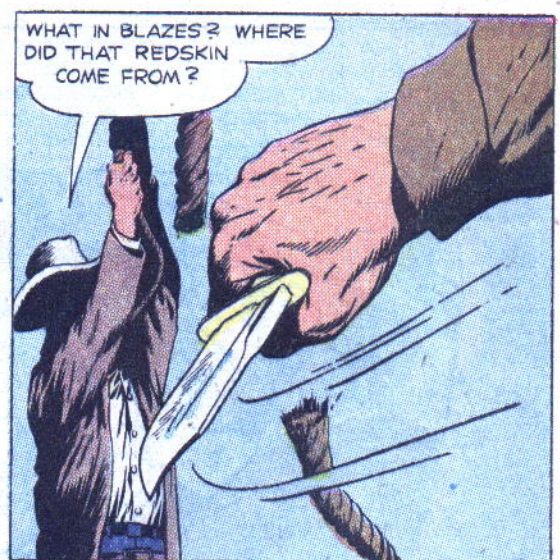
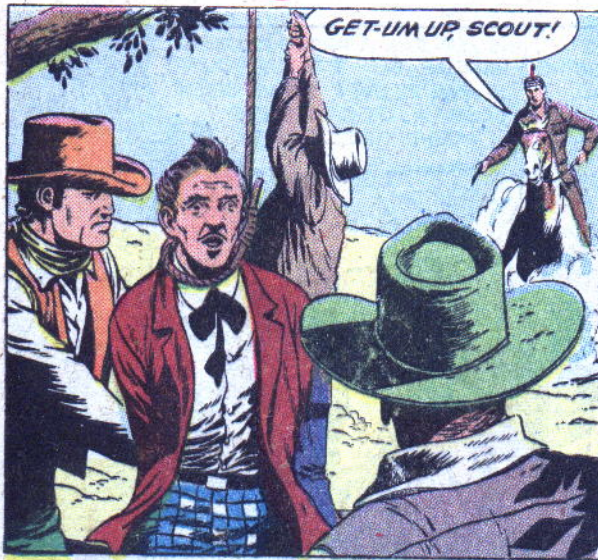
JEHOSHAPHAT! THESE ARE THE C-RANCH CATTLE! THE VERY LONGHORNS THAT WERE **RUSTLED** THREE DAYS AGO! THIS "PHOTOGRAPHER" MUST SCOUT FOR THE RUSTLERS AND ACT AS THEIR LEADER! ---BUT HE'LL **NOT** SPY ON ANOTHER HERD!



I-I WAS JUST TAKING PICTURES! I'M **INNOCENT!**

THOSE PICTURES MUST'VE BEEN USED TO SHOW THE RUSTLERS THE NEXT HERD TO RUN OFF!---**FIX THE ROPE!**

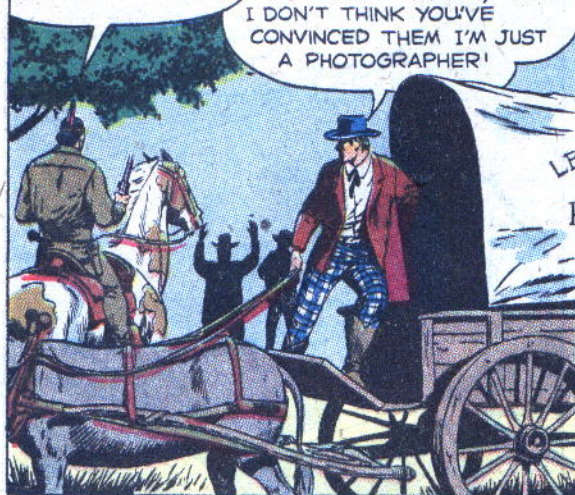






GET IN WAGON! DRIVE  
OFF PLENTY FAST!

I DON'T NEED A SECOND  
INVITATION FOR THAT, TONTO!  
I DON'T THINK YOU'VE  
CONVINCED THEM I'M JUST  
A PHOTOGRAPHER!



YOU'RE KEEPING UP THE  
**ACT** WELL, INDIAN! BUT WE  
KNOW YOU TWO MUST'VE  
THROWN IN WITH THE  
RUSTLERS! WE'LL NOT  
STOP UNTIL YOU'RE **BOTH**  
CAUGHT!



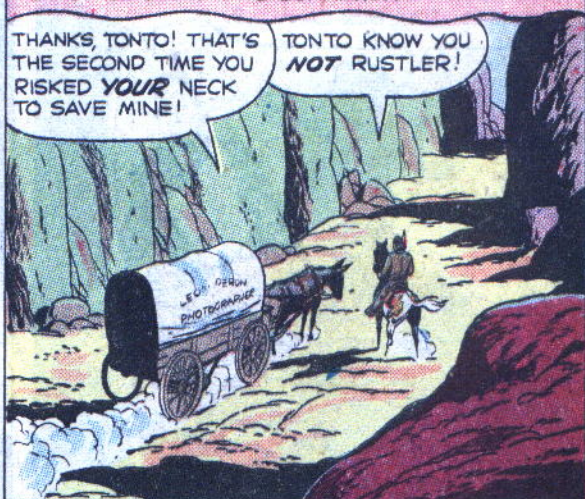
YOU KEEP HANDS HIGH TILL TONTO OUT  
OF SIGHT OR THERE BE MORE  
GUNFIRE!



*CAREFULLY COVERING THE WAGON'S TRAIL,  
TONTO JOINS THE PHOTOGRAPHER---*

THANKS, TONTO! THAT'S  
THE SECOND TIME YOU  
RISKED **YOUR** NECK  
TO SAVE MINE!

TONTO KNOW YOU  
**NOT** RUSTLER!



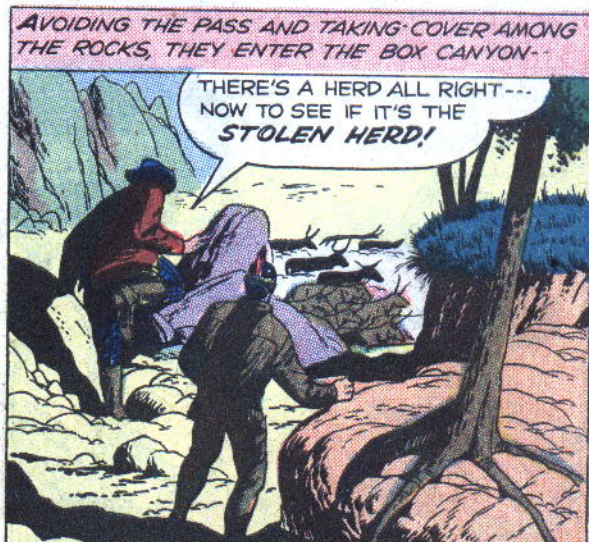
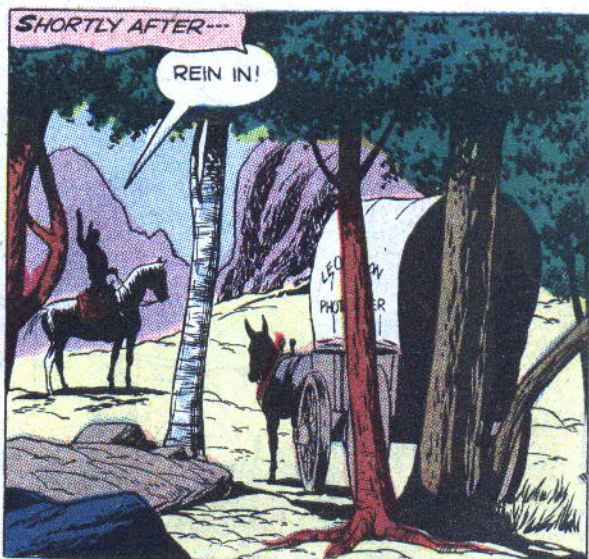
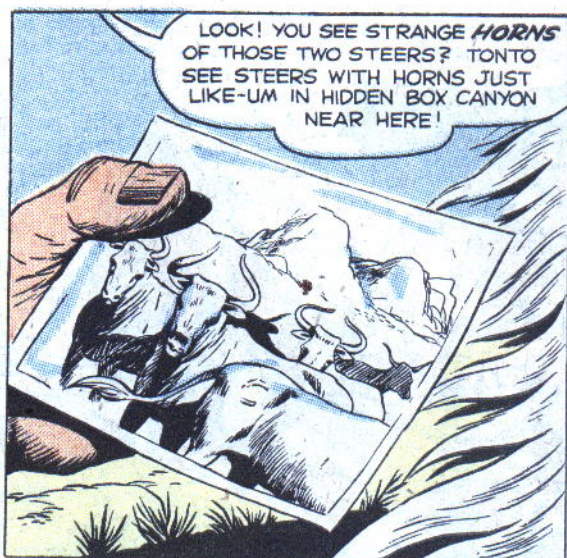
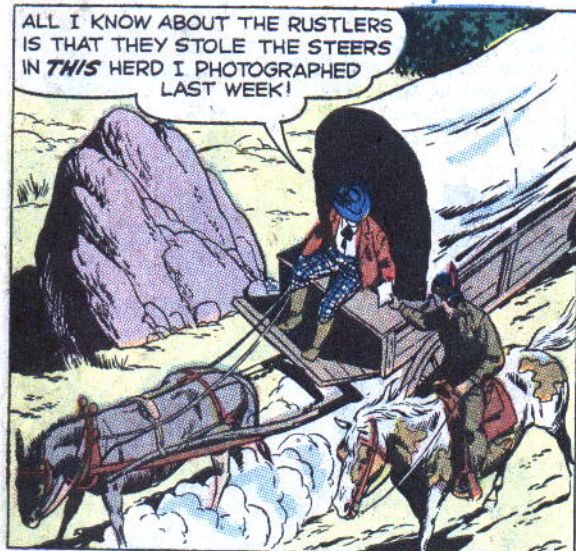
I CAME WEST TO PHOTOGRAPH WESTERN  
LIFE FOR THE FOLKS BACK EAST---  
I DIDN'T PLAN ON GETTING  
CAUGHT UP IN YOUR GUNPLAYING  
WAYS! NOW, I GUESS  
I'M **SAFE!**



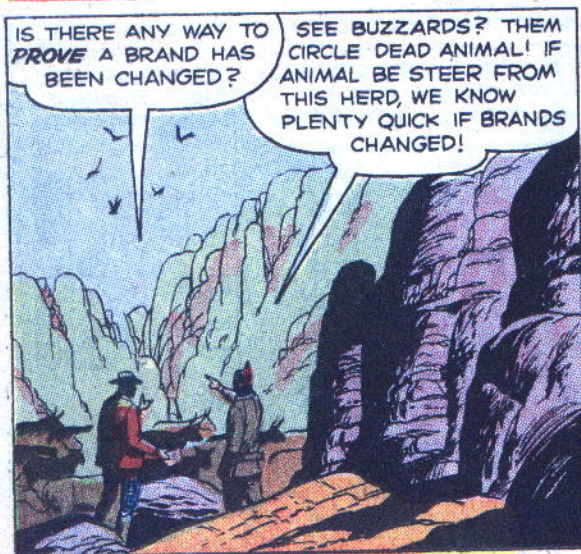
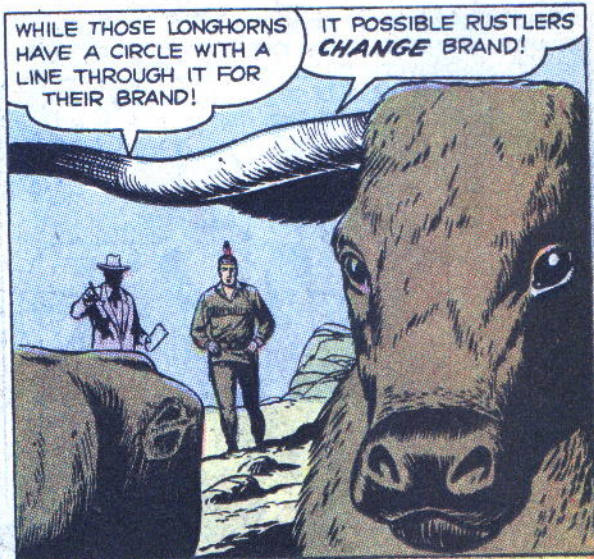
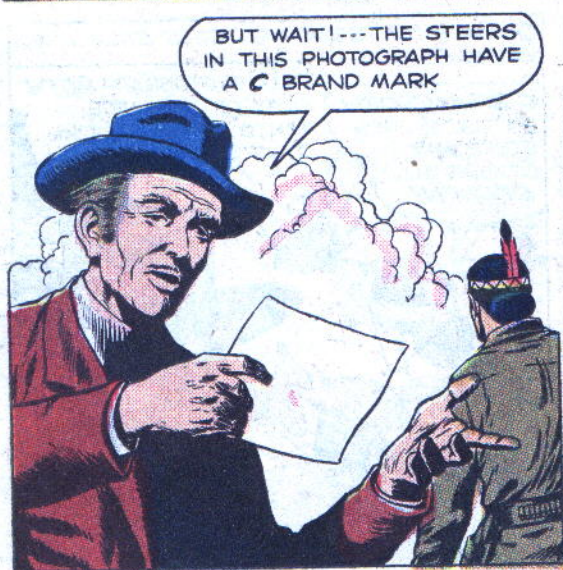
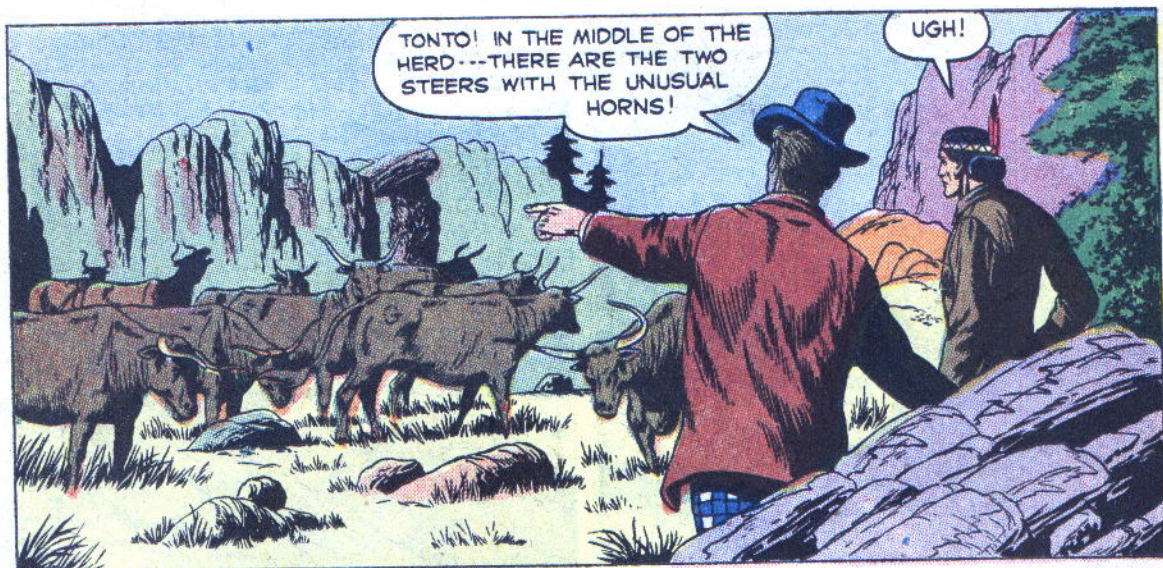
**NO!** THEM STILL THINK WE BOTH RUSTLERS!  
NEITHER OF US BE SAFE UNTIL WE **FIND**  
**REAL RUSTLERS!**







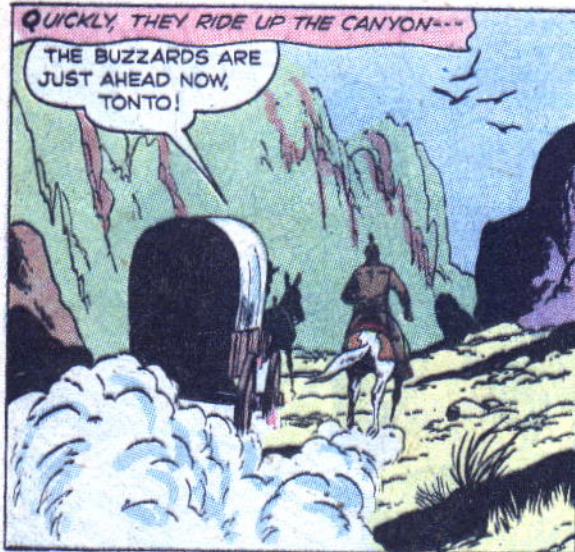






QUICKLY, THEY RIDE UP THE CANYON---

THE BUZZARDS ARE  
JUST AHEAD NOW,  
TONTO!

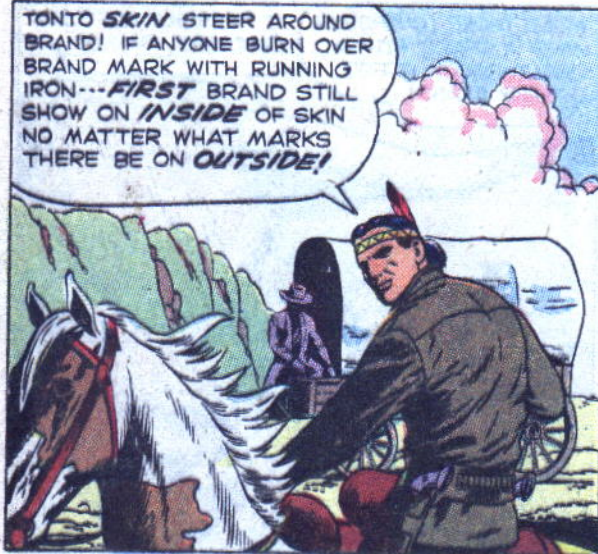


WE HAVE LUCK!  
BUZZARDS LEAD  
US TO STEER!

I STILL DON'T SEE HOW A  
DEAD LONGHORN CAN TELL  
US WHETHER ITS BRAND  
HAS BEEN **CHANGED!**



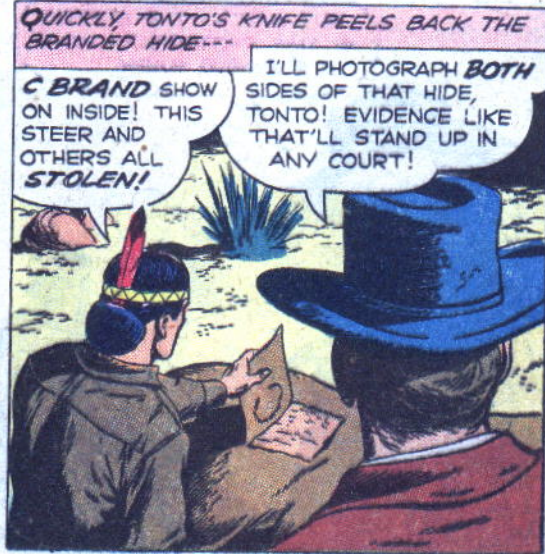
TONTO **SKIN** STEER AROUND  
BRAND! IF ANYONE BURN OVER  
BRAND MARK WITH RUNNING  
IRON---**FIRST** BRAND STILL  
SHOW ON **INSIDE** OF SKIN  
NO MATTER WHAT MARKS  
THERE BE ON **OUTSIDE!**



QUICKLY, TONTO'S KNIFE PEELS BACK THE  
BRANDED HIDE---

**C BRAND** SHOW  
ON INSIDE! THIS  
STEER AND  
OTHERS ALL  
**STOLEN!**

I'LL PHOTOGRAPH **BOTH**  
SIDES OF THAT HIDE,  
TONTO! EVIDENCE LIKE  
THAT'LL STAND UP IN  
ANY COURT!



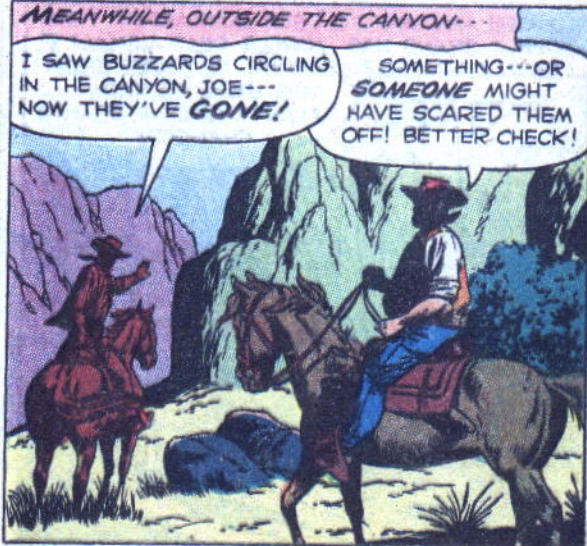
UGH! NOW MEBBE UPSIDE-DOWN  
PICTURE MACHINE GET  
YOU IN TROUBLE GET YOU  
OUT OF IT!



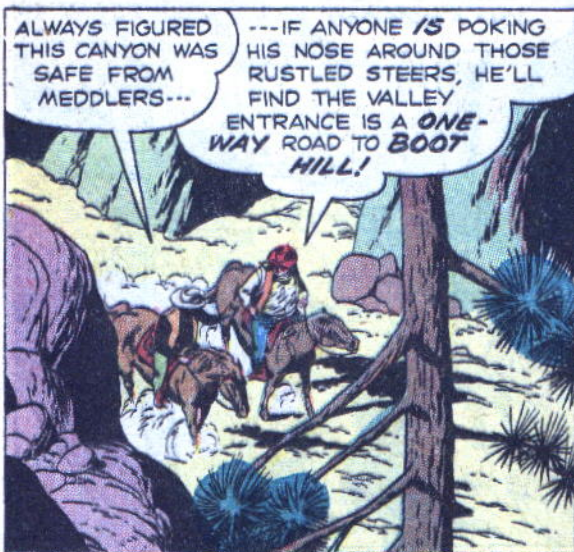
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE CANYON---

I SAW BUZZARDS CIRCLING  
IN THE CANYON, JOE---  
NOW THEY'VE **GONE!**

SOMETHING---OR  
**SOMEONE** MIGHT  
HAVE SCARED THEM  
OFF! BETTER CHECK!

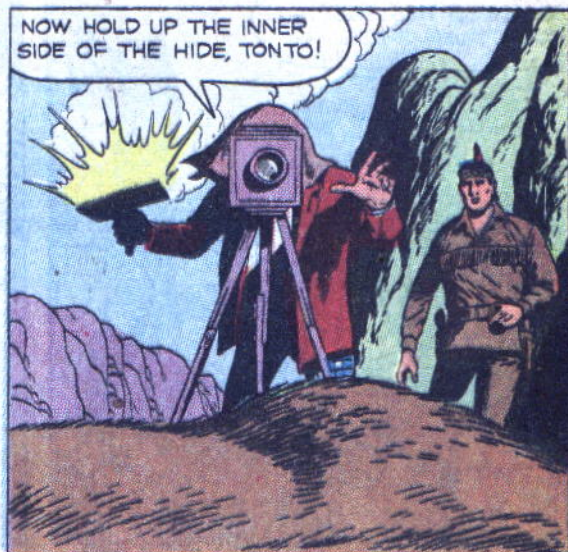






ALWAYS FIGURED THIS CANYON WAS SAFE FROM MEDDLERS---

---IF ANYONE *IS* POKING HIS NOSE AROUND THOSE RUSTLED STEERS, HE'LL FIND THE VALLEY ENTRANCE IS A **ONE-WAY ROAD TO BOOT HILL!**



NOW HOLD UP THE INNER SIDE OF THE HIDE, TONTO!



LOOK! **SMOKE!** SOMEONE IS UP AHEAD!



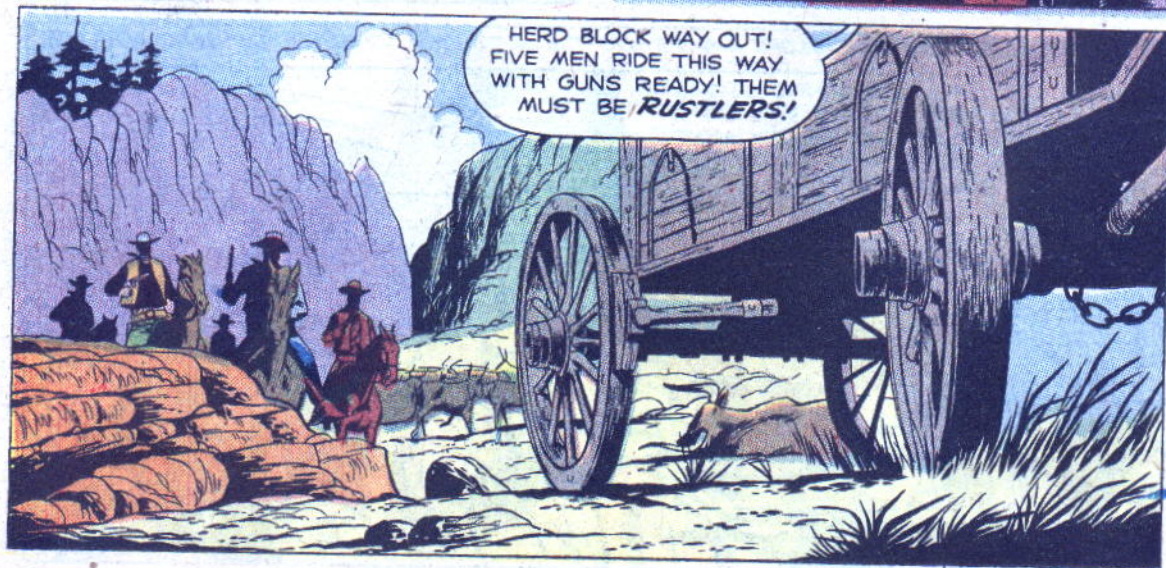
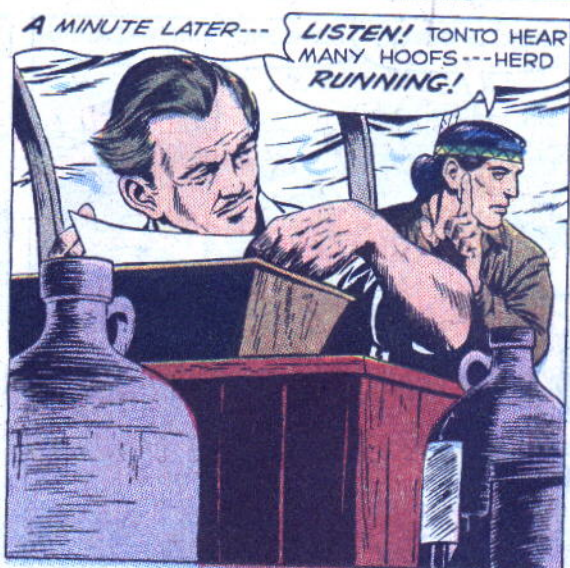
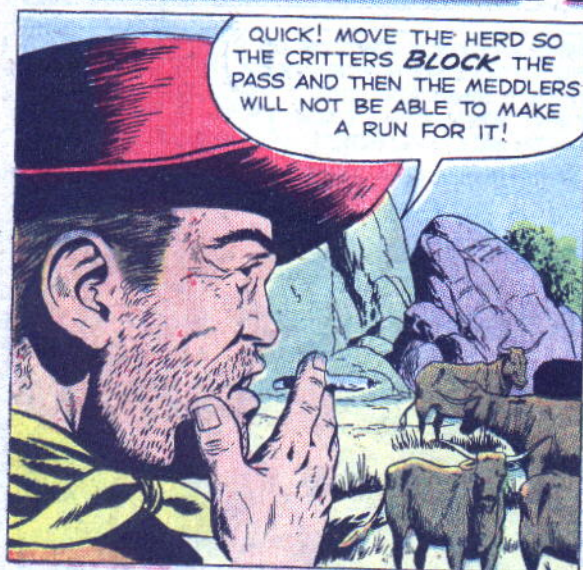
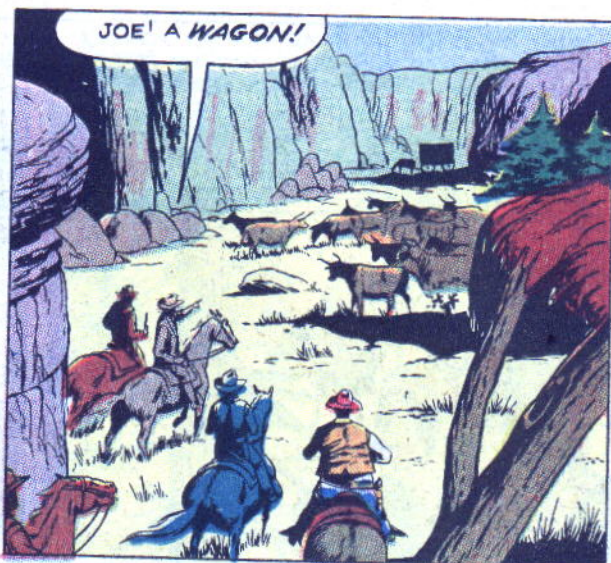
THERE ARE ONLY **TWO** OF US AND NO TELLING HOW MANY OF "THEM"! HEAD FOR THE CABIN! WE'LL COME BACK WITH **ALL** THE BOYS!

AND WHILE LEON DERON DEVELOPS AND PRINTS THE PICTURES, FIVE RIDERS HEAD INTO THE BOX CANYON---



I WAS PLANNING ON DRIVING THE STOLEN CATTLE TO THE RAIL SIDING TOMORROW AND SELLING 'EM! I'M **NOT** LETTING **ANYONE** SPOIL THINGS FOR US NOW!







WHEN THEY SEE HIDE OF DEAD  
STEER PEELED BACK TO  
SHOW FIRST BRAND, THEM  
KNOW WE SAVVY ALL  
STEERS STOLEN!

I CAN SIGHT  
OVER A **RIFLE**  
AS WELL AS A  
CAMERA, TONTO!

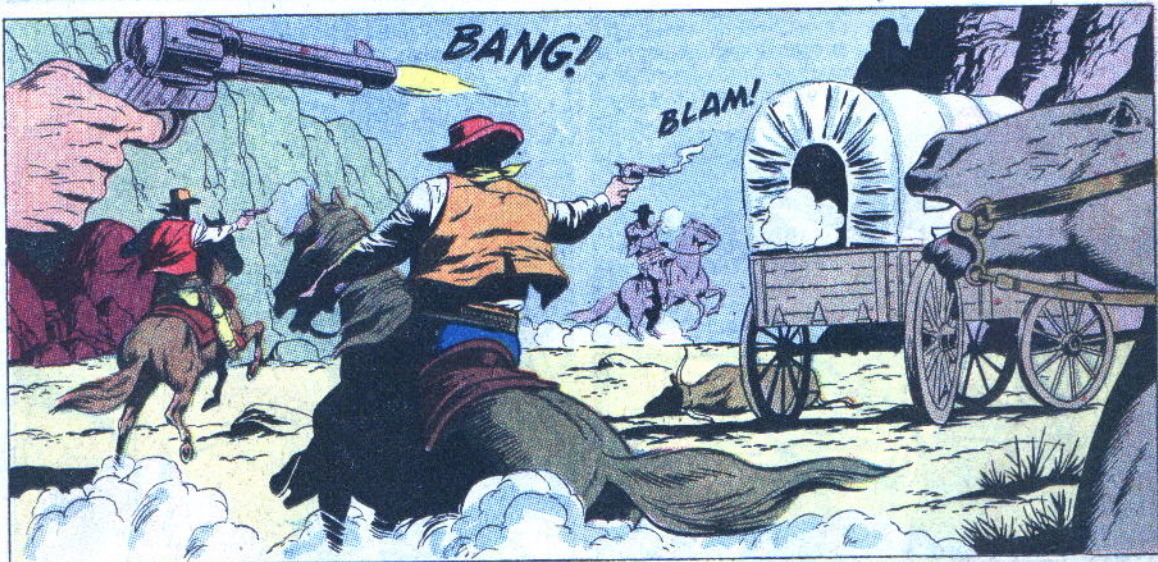


THERE'S A STEER BY THE WAGON  
WITH ITS HIDE SKINNED! DON'T LET  
THOSE HOMBRES GET OUT OF HERE!

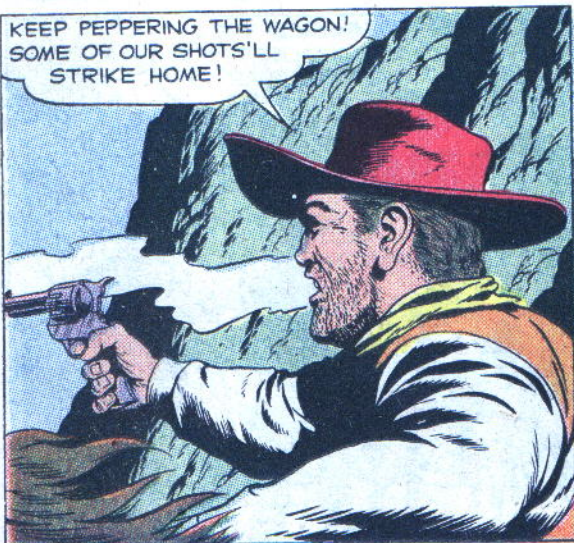


**BANG!**

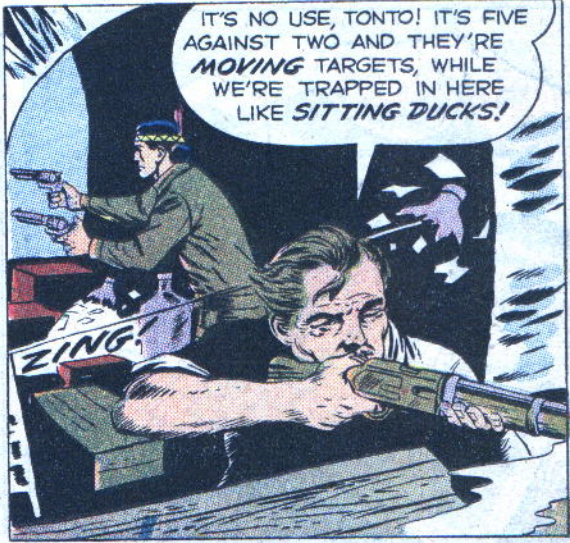
**BLAM!**



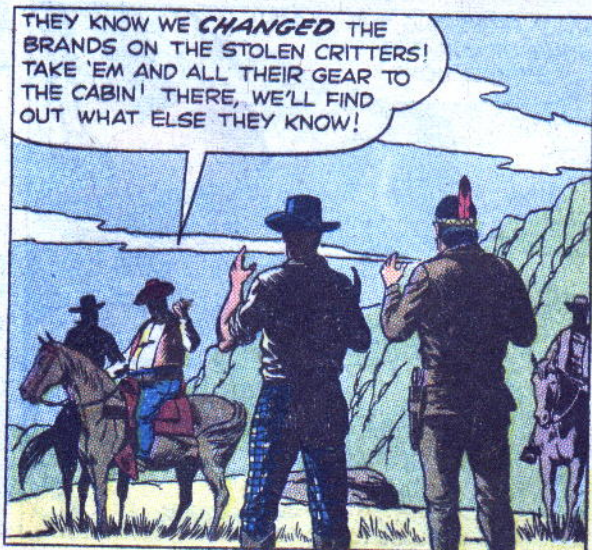
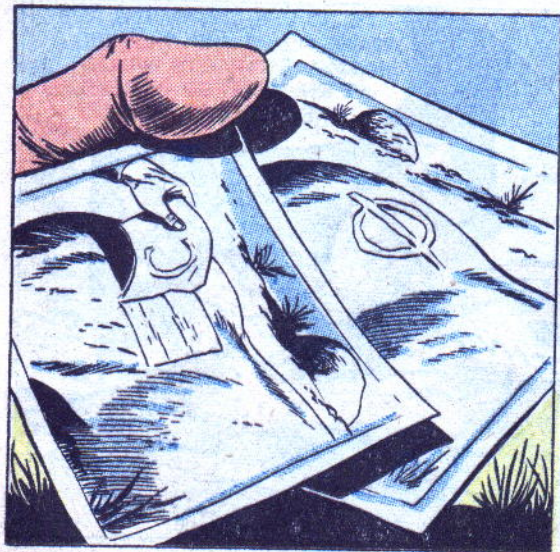
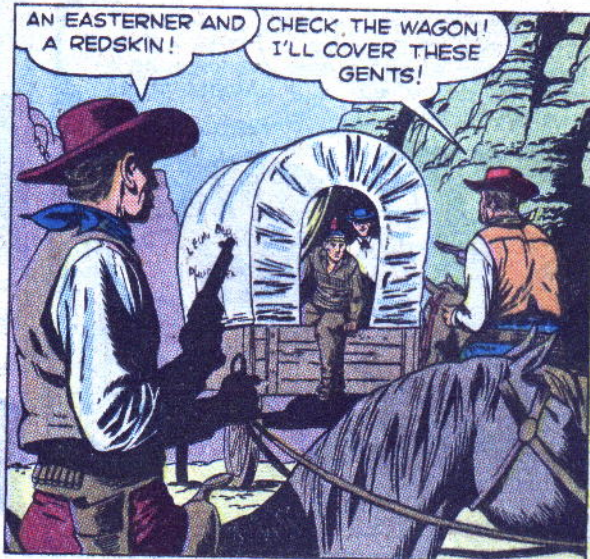
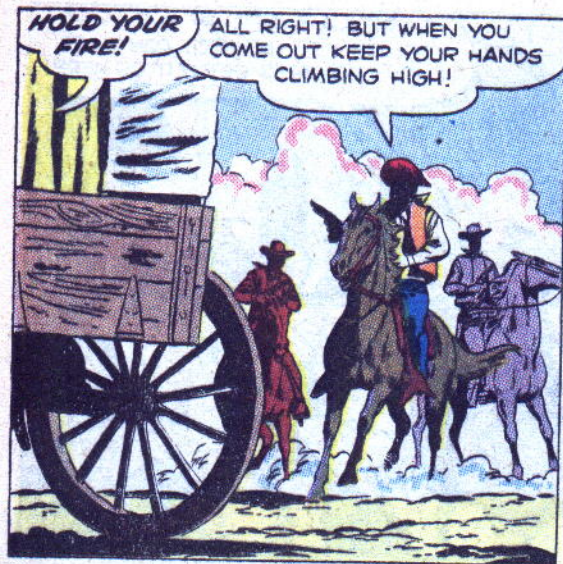
KEEP PEPPERING THE WAGON!  
SOME OF OUR SHOTS'LL  
STRIKE HOME!



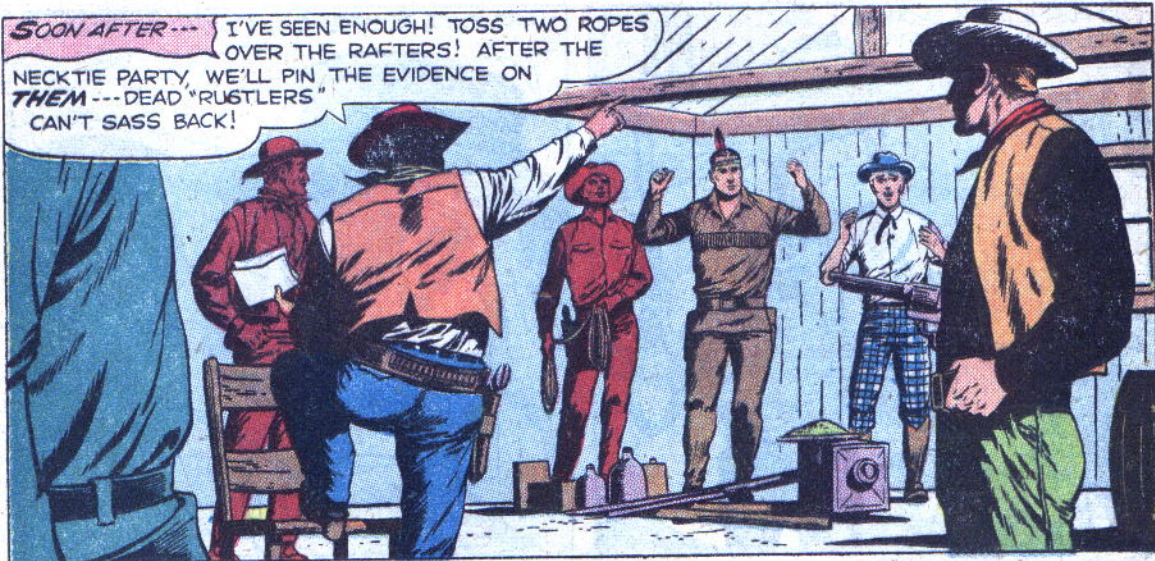
IT'S NO USE, TONTO! IT'S FIVE  
AGAINST TWO AND THEY'RE  
**MOVING** TARGETS, WHILE  
WE'RE TRAPPED IN HERE  
LIKE **SITTING DUCKS!**



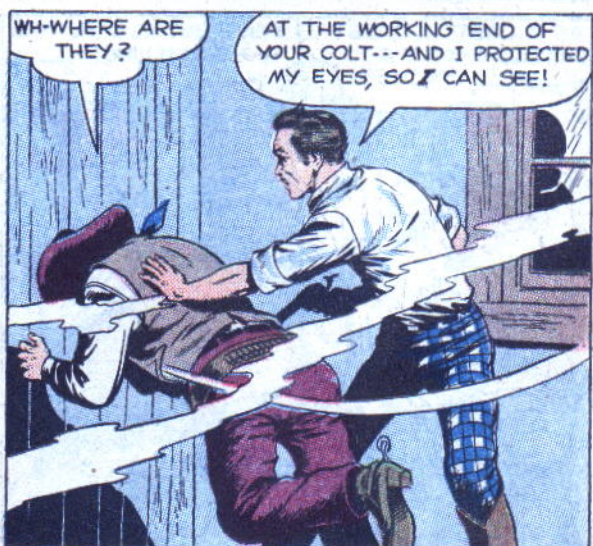
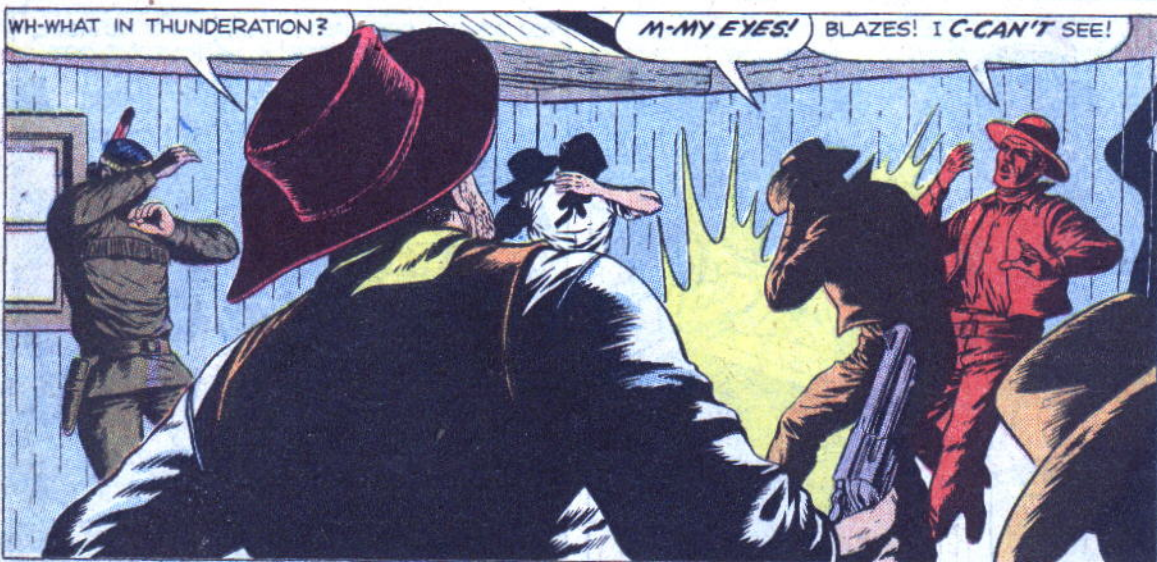
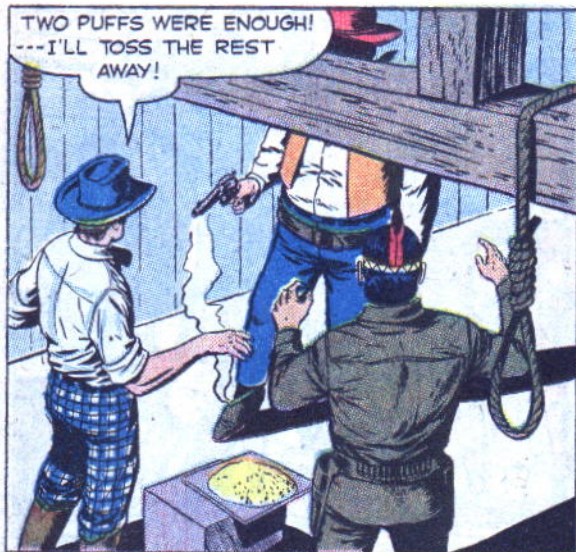








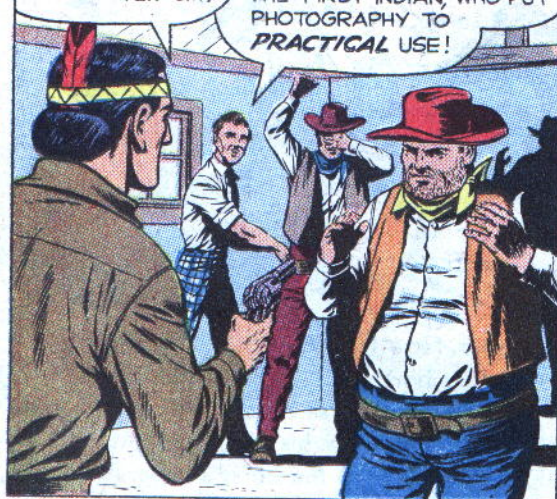




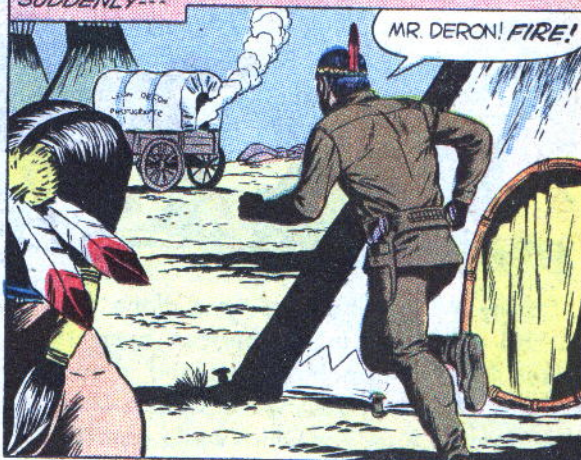


TAKE THEIR GUNS!  
TONGO COVER-UM!

TONGO, I'M CERTAIN YOU'RE  
THE FIRST INDIAN, WHO PUT  
PHOTOGRAPHY TO  
**PRACTICAL USE!**

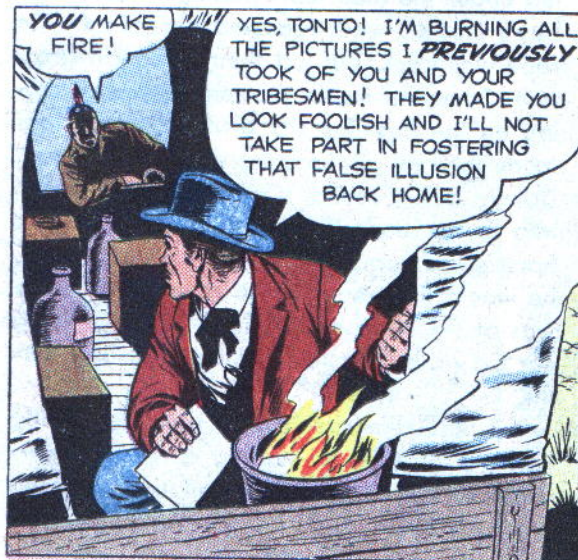


**AFTER TURNING OVER THE RUSTLERS AND THE  
PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE TO THE SHERIFF, LEON  
DERON RETURNS WITH TONGO TO HIS CAMP, AS  
SUDDENLY---**



**YOU MAKE  
FIRE!**

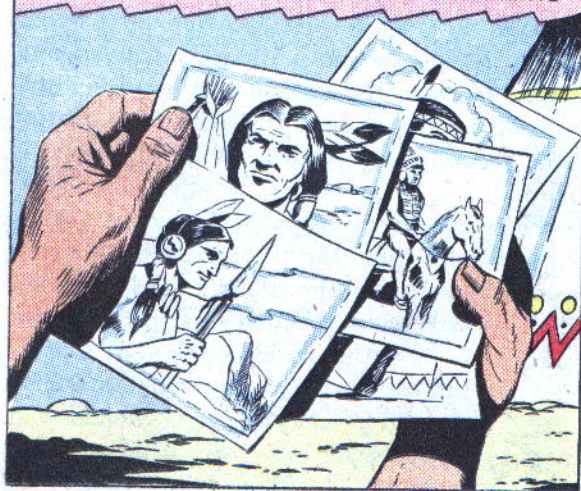
YES, TONGO! I'M BURNING ALL  
THE PICTURES I **PREVIOUSLY**  
TOOK OF YOU AND YOUR  
TRIBESMEN! THEY MADE YOU  
LOOK FOOLISH AND I'LL NOT  
TAKE PART IN FOSTERING  
THAT FALSE ILLUSION  
BACK HOME!



**AND DEVOTEDLY, THE EASTERN PHOTOGRAPHER  
SETS ABOUT TAKING PICTURES OF VARIOUS  
BRAVES OF THE TRIBE IN NATURAL AND  
REALISTIC POSES---**



**THEN THE PHOTOGRAPHER PRESENTS CHIEF  
STONE BEAR WITH COPIES OF THE FINE PRINTS---**



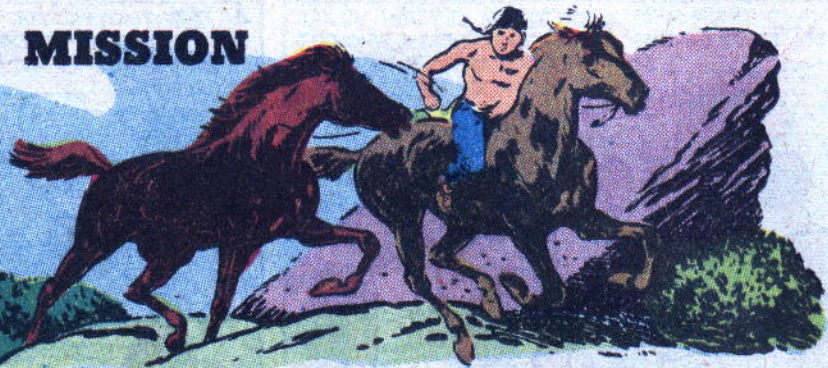
WHEN THE FOLKS BACK EAST BUY  
**THOSE** PICTURES, I'M CERTAIN  
THEY'LL SEE SOME OF THE  
NOBILITY AND COURAGE OF  
THE INDIAN, THAT I WAS  
SHOWN WHEN **TONGO**, BY  
HIS DARING SELF-SACRIFICE  
HELPED A STRANGER!

**GET-UM UP,  
SCOUT!**





# WARRIOR'S MISSION



Downy Wing felt alone, more alone than he had ever been in his fourteen summers. Ahead lay the Arapaho village and in each tent was an enemy. Downy Wing was a Cheyenne, sent on a mission which could gain him his warrior's name and feather—or an Arapaho arrow. Downy Wing dismounted where the cottonwoods thinned and left his horse tied loosely to a branch. When he came back, he would want to lead off his horse swiftly, for his mission was to come back on an Arapaho horse.

The Cheyenne braves had not chosen an easy night for his raid. A full moon was rising, lighting the field he now crawled cautiously across. Suddenly, he stopped. Just this night, Arapaho dancers were advancing in a long line to circle their village in some celebration. Louder and closer the tom-toms sounded. The dancers, streaked in red and green paint, were heel-and-toeing straight toward him. Now, their prayerful song swelled loudly in his ears. The line was passing scarcely a man's length from where he lay. One wayward step of a dancer and they would truly have something to celebrate—his capture.

The moon had risen from the low branches of a lone cottonwood to its topmost branch. Still, the Arapaho procession circled between Downy Wing and the village. Retreat! Retreat! A dozen times he whispered the sweet word to himself. But the Cheyenne warriors had sent him for a horse. They would not accept an excuse. Just then, there was a break in the line of dancers. Stealthily, Downy Wing slipped through the gap, stopping in the shadow of an Arapaho tent. There he waited till the dancers finally broke ranks, returning

to camp. Now the time had come to find and run off a horse.

The nearest horse was a handsome bay. Downy Wing drew his knife but stopped as the blade touched the horse's rope. The rope led under the hide tent—perhaps, tied to the bay's master, who treasured his mount. The rope was slack, but just then he saw it grow taut. Someone inside the tent stirred, drawing on the line. But the owner's precautions made the bay all the more desirable a prize. Downy Wing found a stick and shoved it into the ground. Then he slowly looped the horse's line around it. If the master tugged, he would find resistance and think his horse was at the other end. Quickly, Downy Wing cut the rope beyond the stick. The bay was his.

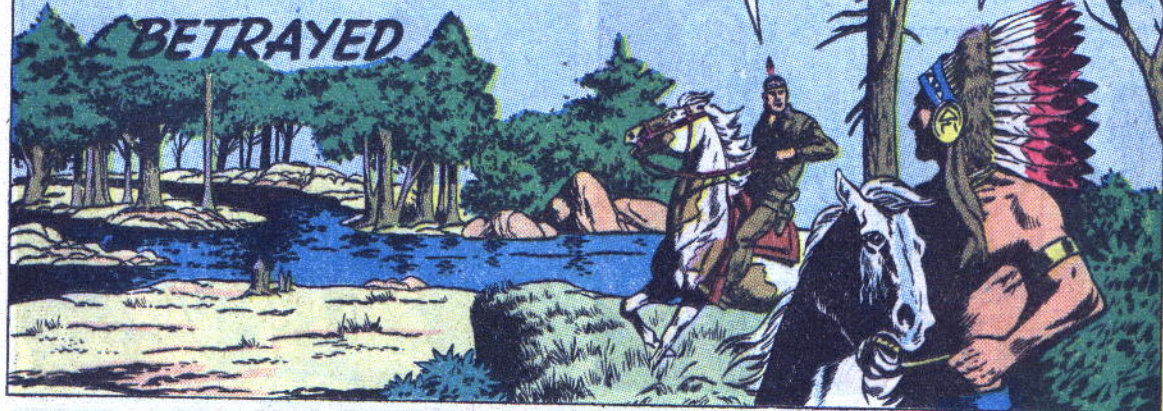
But now the moon was high, brilliantly lighting the field he had to cross. His heart pounded faster, as he led off the Arapaho horse, a hand over its nostrils to keep it from whinnying. Despite the wild desire to run, he forced himself to go slowly, slowly. If he made the horse trot, he knew the sound of its hoofs might awaken some Arapaho. At last he reached his own horse and mounted him. The bay's line in hand, he galloped for home, daring not to look back lest he see pursuing Arapahoes already on his trail.

The sun was up when the Cheyenne village came into sight. The warriors were waiting and upon seeing him proudly leading in the Arapaho bay, they began to sing the Praise Song. Then he heard his name—not Downy Wing, but his new name, Swift Wing! As he said it over to himself, his heart swelled with pride—surely, Swift Wing was a more fitting name for a newly-proven warrior!



# TONTO

## BETRAYED



LOOK, STONE BEAR!  
OUR RIDE HAS TAKEN  
US TO OUR TRIBE'S  
OLD CAMP SITE!

YES, TONTO WE HAVE  
NOT MADE OUR FIRES  
HERE FOR MANY  
MANY MOONS!

BUT I ALMOST FORGOT---THE MEMORIES  
OF *THIS* CAMP MUST BE BITTER TO YOU,  
TONTO! FOR WHEN WE CHOSE THIS SITE,  
YOU WERE ACCUSED BY ALL OUR PEOPLE  
OF *BETRAYING ME*---



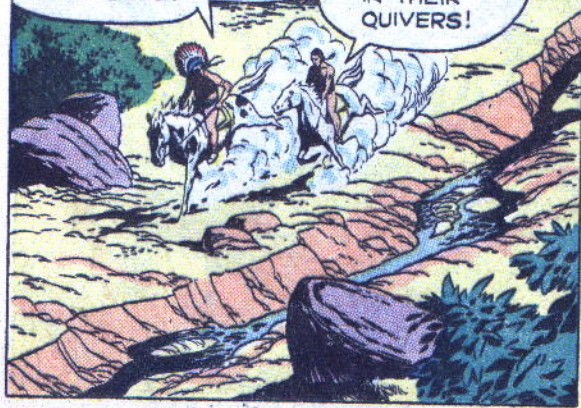
SOON AFTER TONTO JOINED THE TRIBE---



THE GREAT SPIRIT FROWNS UPON  
US, STONE BEAR! THE SPRING HAS  
GONE DRY!

AND THE ONCE SWIFT STREAM  
THAT RAN BY OUR LANDS  
HAS CHANGED ITS COURSE!  
WHERE THE NEW ONE RUNS,  
THERE ALL THE GAME  
HAS GONE!

FOR TEN SUNS  
OUR HUNTERS  
HAVE RETURNED  
WITH THEIR  
ARROWS STILL  
IN THEIR  
QUIVERS!

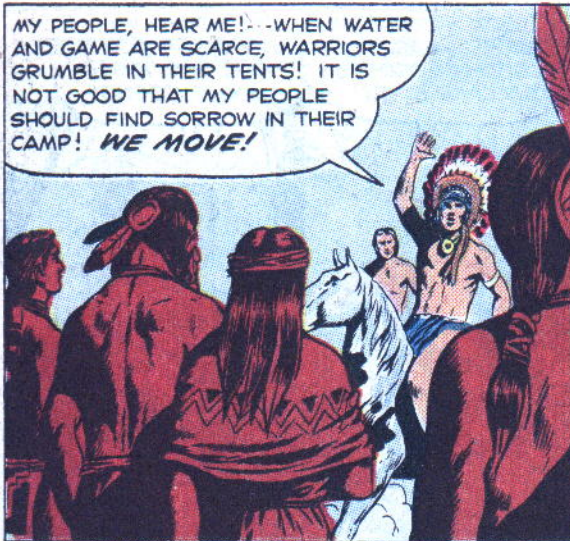


IT IS FOOLISH TO SPEND HALF  
THE DAY JOURNEYING TO  
ANOTHER SPRING, OR STAY  
ON THE GAME TRAIL TWO  
SUNS AND THEN HAVE TO  
CARRY THE KILL A WHOLE  
DAY'S RIDE! WE MUST  
*MOVE CAMP!*

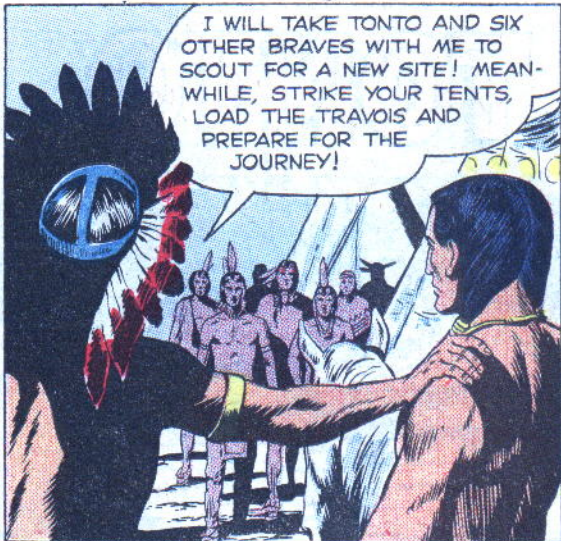




MY PEOPLE, HEAR ME!--WHEN WATER AND GAME ARE SCARCE, WARRIORS GRUMBLE IN THEIR TENTS! IT IS NOT GOOD THAT MY PEOPLE SHOULD FIND SORROW IN THEIR CAMP! **WE MOVE!**



I WILL TAKE TONTO AND SIX OTHER BRAVES WITH ME TO SCOUT FOR A NEW SITE! MEANWHILE, STRIKE YOUR TENTS, LOAD THE TRAVOIS AND PREPARE FOR THE JOURNEY!



QUICKLY THE CAMP SCOUTS ARE CHOSEN AND RACE OFF WITH THEIR CHIEF---



LATER--- **REIN IN!--**THIS PLACE MAY SERVE US WELL!



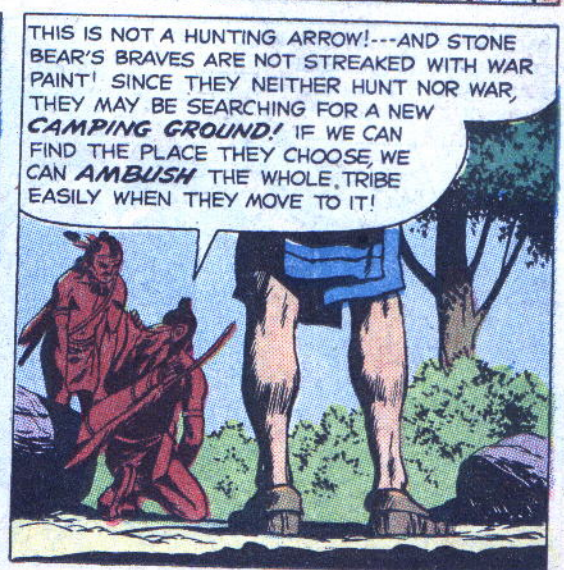
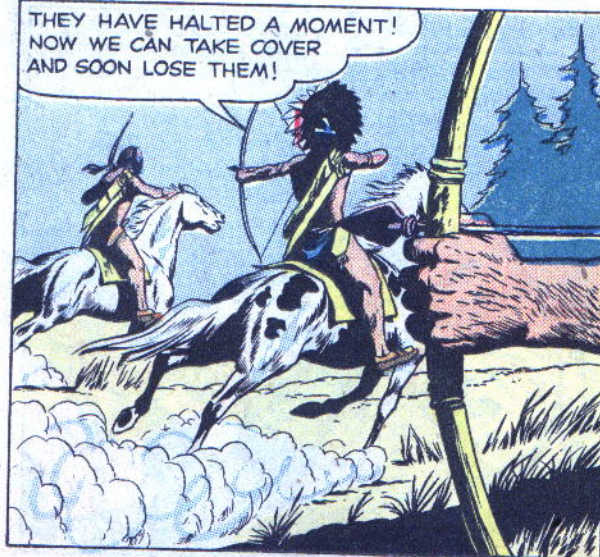
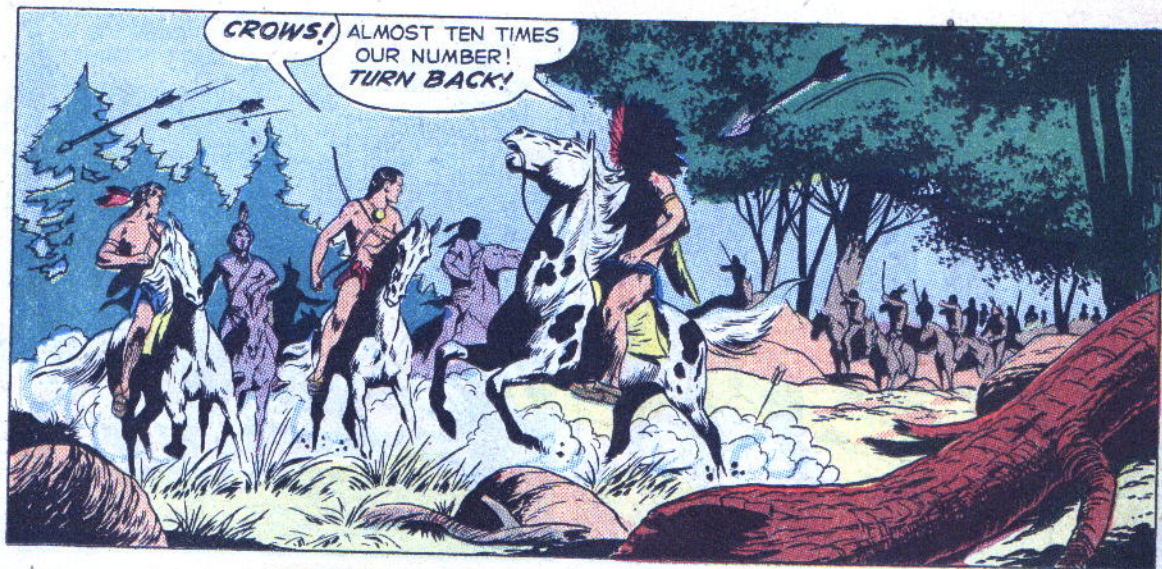
THERE IS WATER CLOSE BY, STONE BEAR!



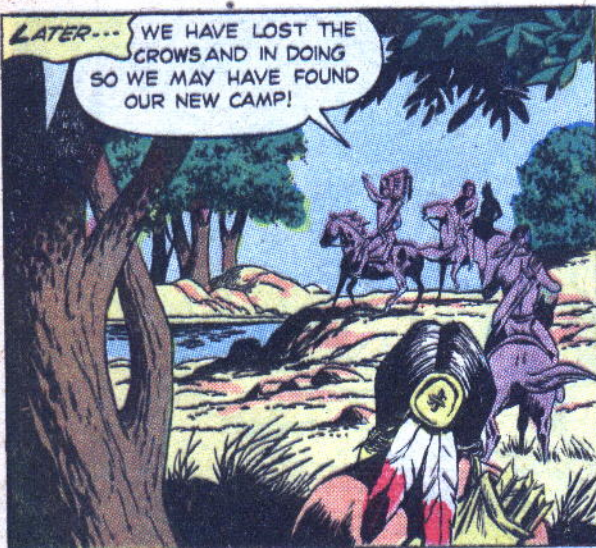
WHILE THEIR EYES ARE TURNED TOWARD THE STREAM---**LOOSEN YOUR ARROWS!**



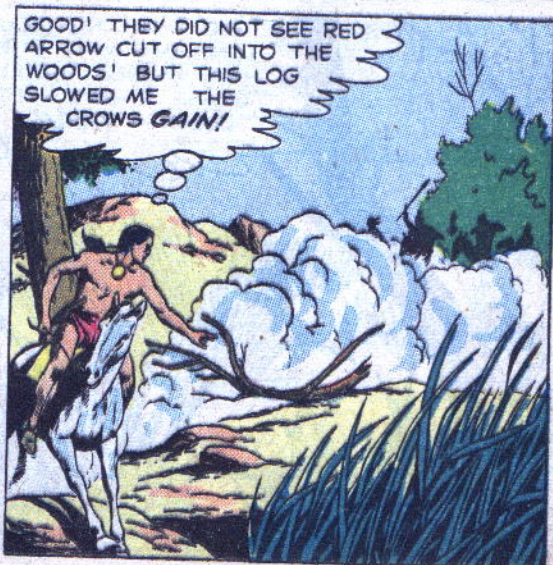
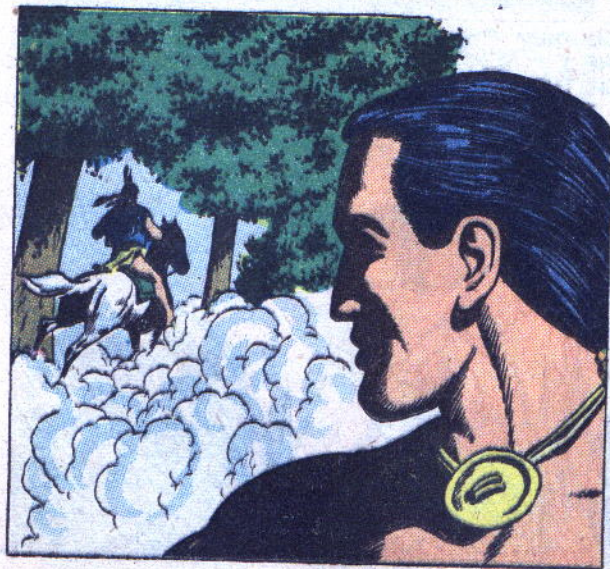
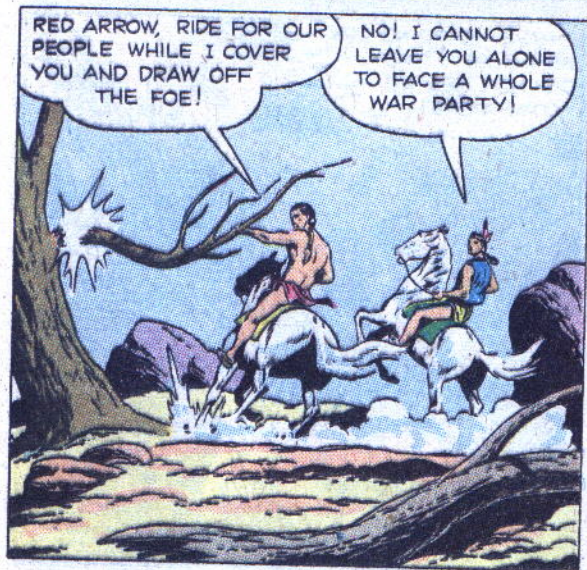
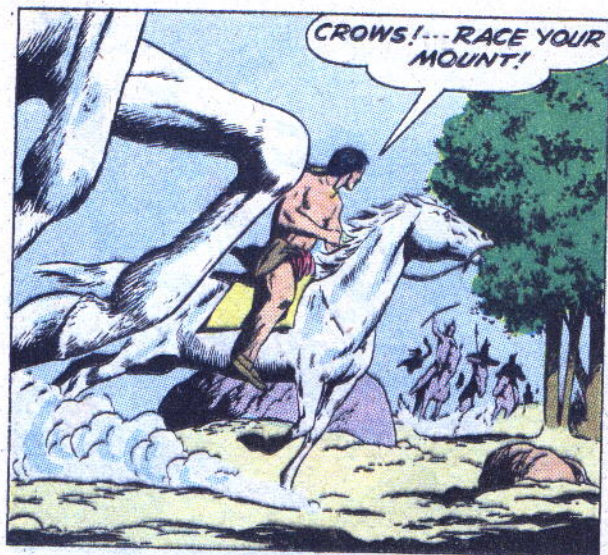




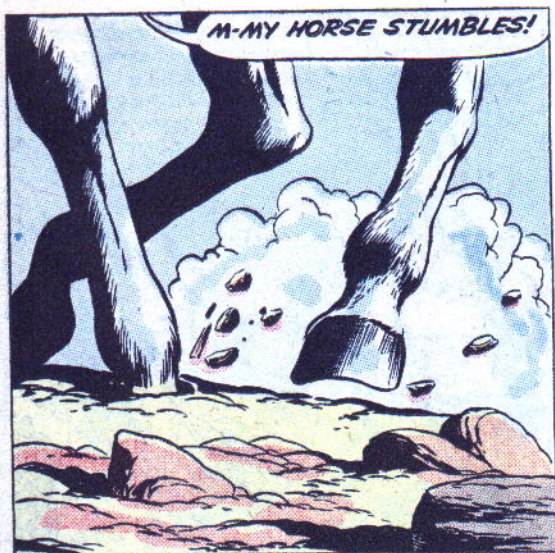




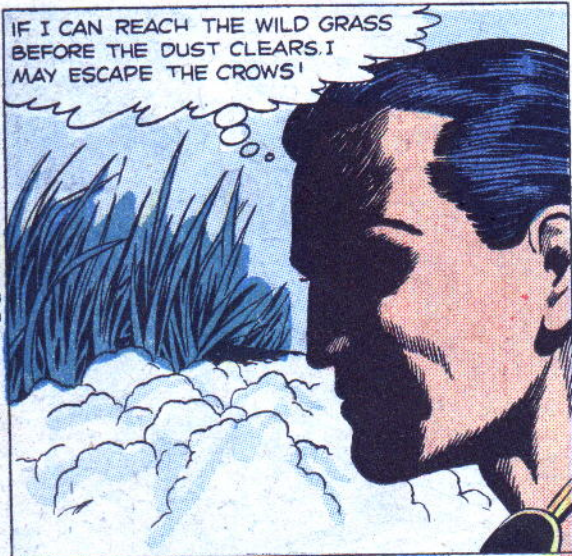








IF I CAN REACH THE WILD GRASS  
BEFORE THE DUST CLEARS, I  
MAY ESCAPE THE CROWS!



I HAVE HEARD NO CRY  
BEHIND ME THEY  
DID NOT SEE ME  
COME HERE!



BUT I WILL NOT ELUDE THEM  
LONG THIS WAY! WHERE I  
HAVE PASSED THROUGH THE  
GRASS I HAVE LEFT TOO  
CLEAR A **TRAIL!**

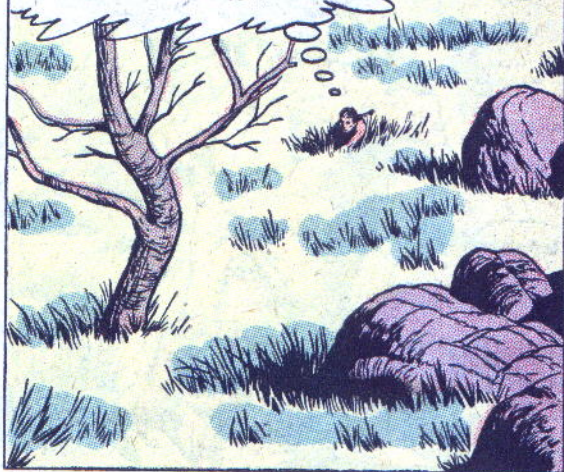




THERE *IS* A WAY TO COVER MY  
TRAIL EVEN HERE! IF I GO  
**BACKWARDS**, I CAN  
CLOSE THE GRASS AS  
I GO ON!



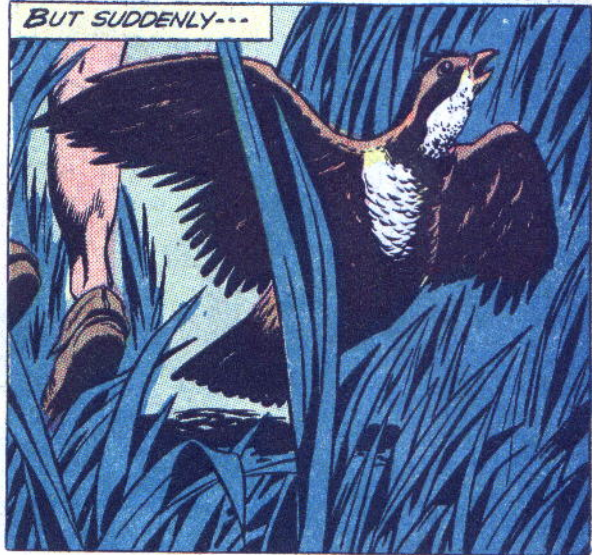
THERE! NO PARTED STALKS OF  
GRASS WILL TELL THE CROWS  
WHERE I WENT NOW!



A LITTLE FURTHER AND  
I SHOULD BE SAFE!

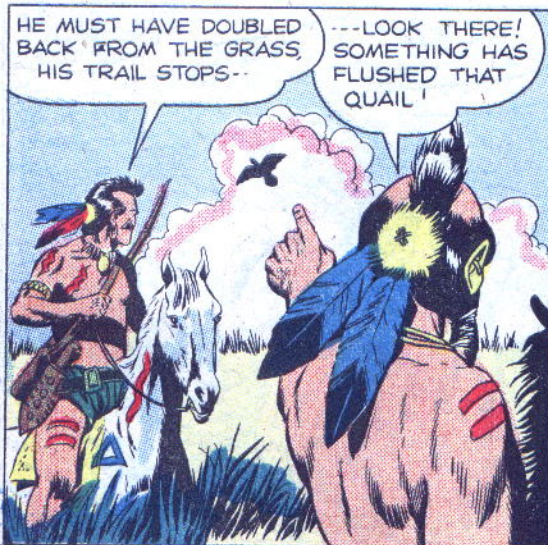


**BUT SUDDENLY---**

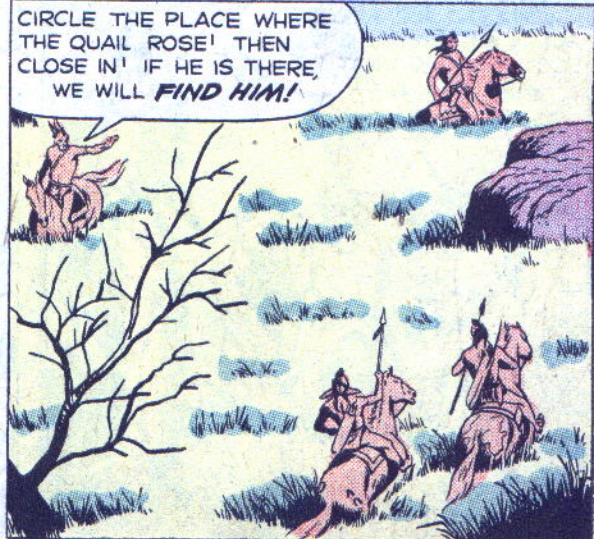


HE MUST HAVE DOUBLED  
BACK FROM THE GRASS,  
HIS TRAIL STOPS--

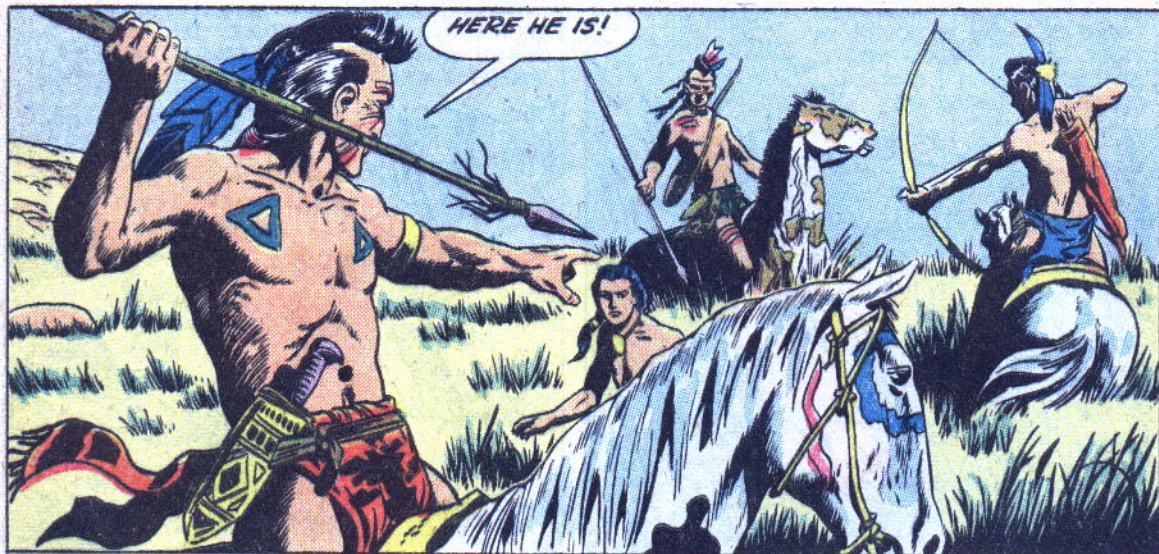
---LOOK THERE!  
SOMETHING HAS  
FLUSHED THAT  
QUAIL!



CIRCLE THE PLACE  
WHERE THE QUAIL ROSE! THEN  
CLOSE IN! IF HE IS THERE,  
WE WILL **FIND HIM!**







HERE HE IS!



WHICH PLACE HAS STONE BEAR CHOSEN FOR THE NEW CAMP? BY WHAT TRAIL WILL THE TRIBE REACH IT?

HE IS SILENT! --- LET US LOOSEN HIS TONGUE!

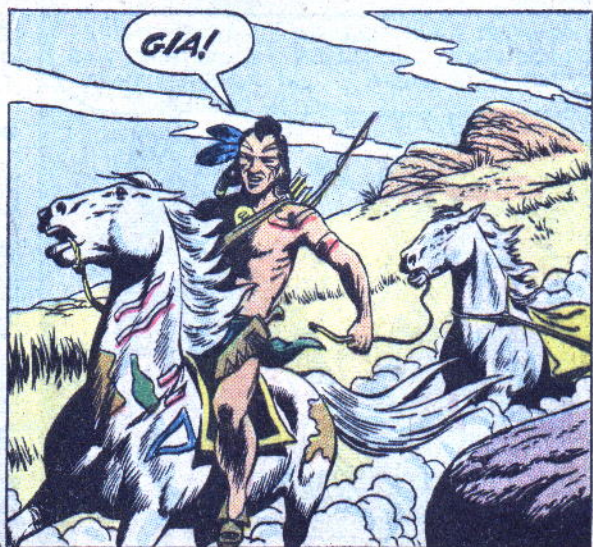


BUT DESPITE THE BLOWS---

HE MUST BE MADE TO TELL US THE TWO ANSWERS SO WE CAN PREPARE OUR AMBUSH! --- TIE HIM BEHIND HIS HORSE!

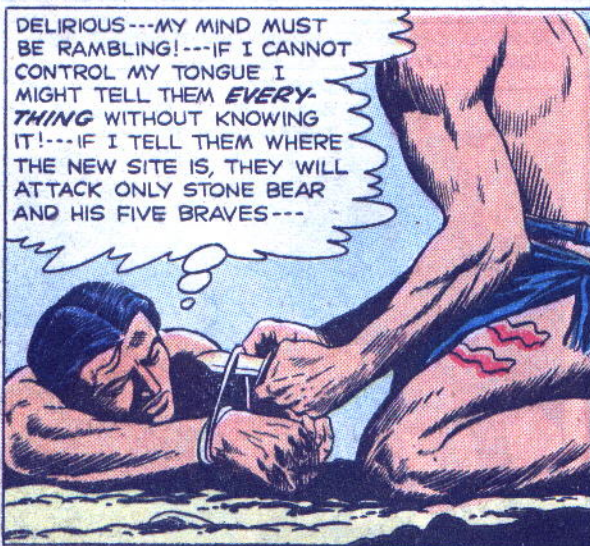
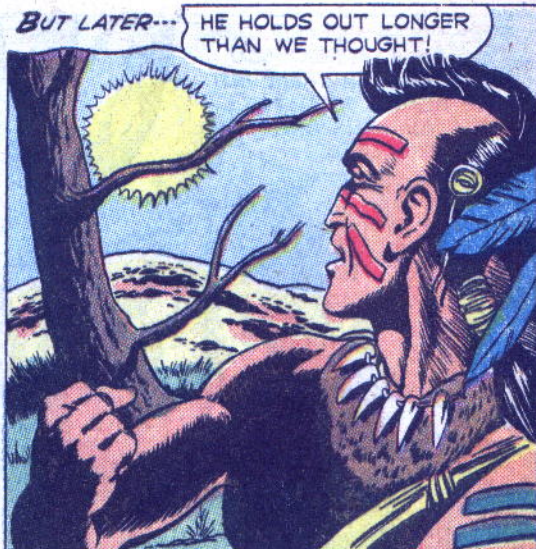
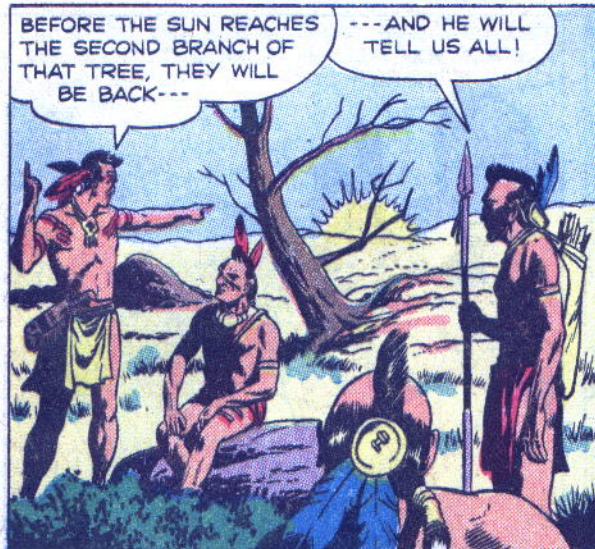


THEN LEAD HIM ACROSS A ROCKY STRETCH! HE WILL SOON TELL US WHAT WE WISH TO KNOW!



GIA!







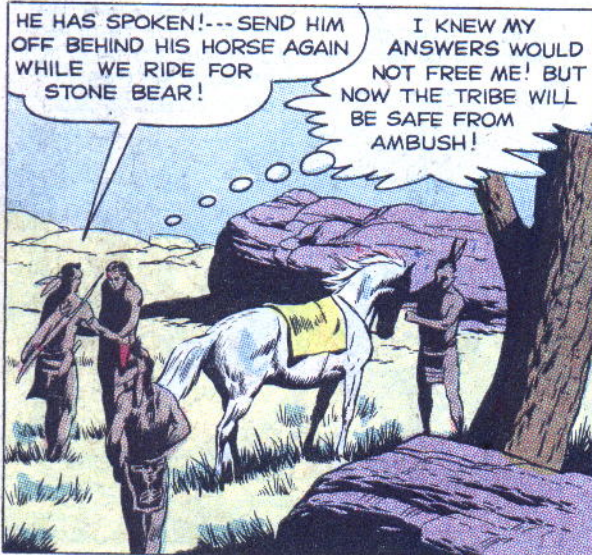


CROW---HEAR ME! OUR TRIBE IS TOO WELL ARMED! YOU CANNOT AMBUSH THEM! BUT STONE BEAR'S SCOUTING PARTY NUMBERS ONLY SIX BRAVES!



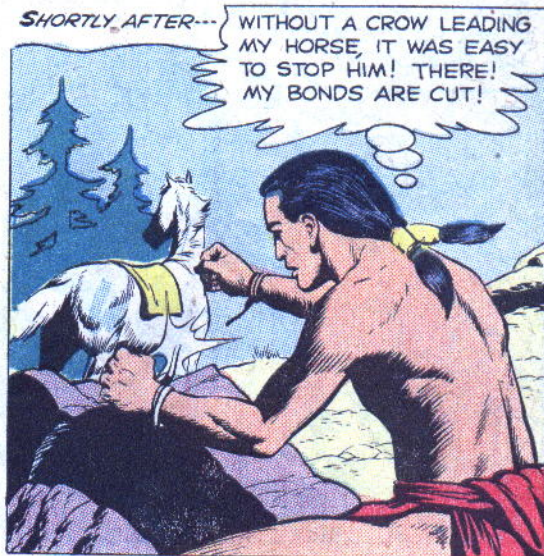
TELL US WHERE THEY ARE AND YOU WILL BE FREED!

WHERE THE THREE FORKED CREEK DIVIDES ---THAT IS THE NEW CAMP SITE! STONE BEAR IS THERE NOW!



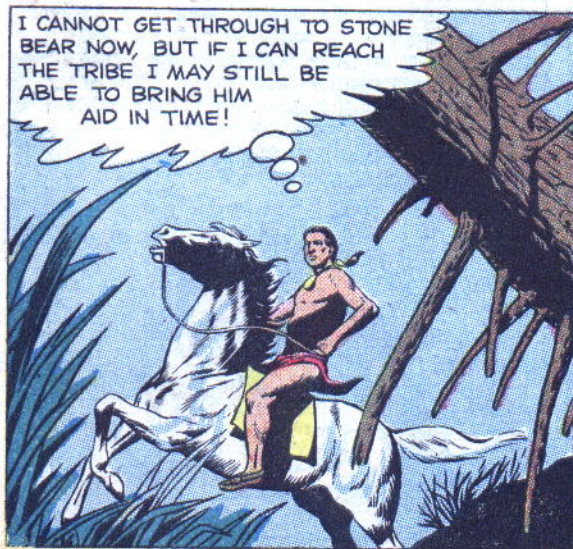
HE HAS SPOKEN!---SEND HIM OFF BEHIND HIS HORSE AGAIN WHILE WE RIDE FOR STONE BEAR!

I KNEW MY ANSWERS WOULD NOT FREE ME! BUT NOW THE TRIBE WILL BE SAFE FROM AMBUSH!

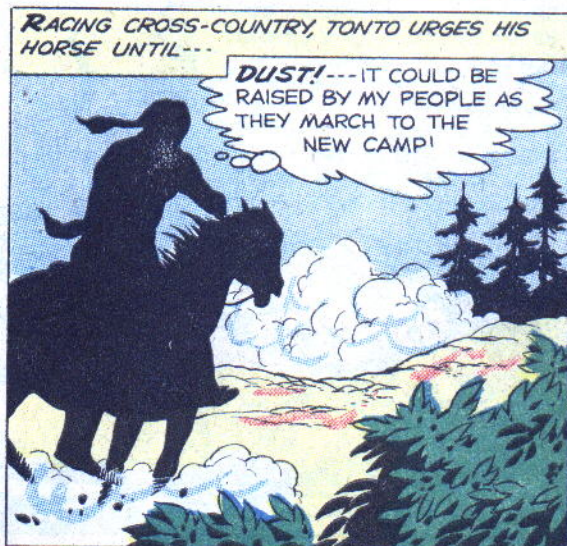


SHORTLY AFTER---

WITHOUT A CROW LEADING MY HORSE, IT WAS EASY TO STOP HIM! THERE! MY BONDS ARE CUT!



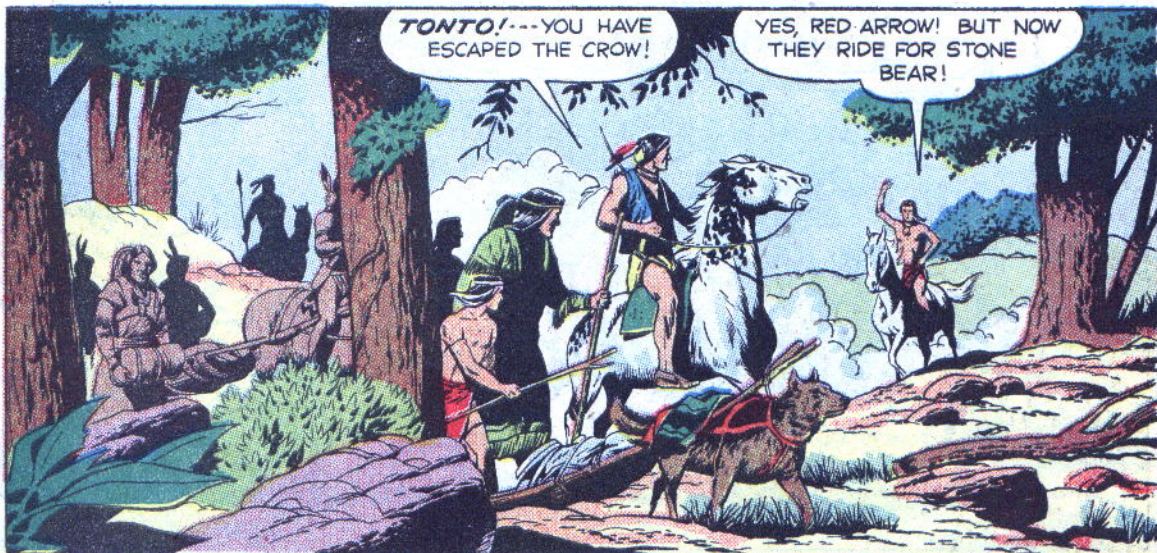
I CANNOT GET THROUGH TO STONE BEAR NOW, BUT IF I CAN REACH THE TRIBE I MAY STILL BE ABLE TO BRING HIM AID IN TIME!



RACING CROSS-COUNTRY, TONTO URGES HIS HORSE UNTIL---

DUST!---IT COULD BE RAISED BY MY PEOPLE AS THEY MARCH TO THE NEW CAMP!



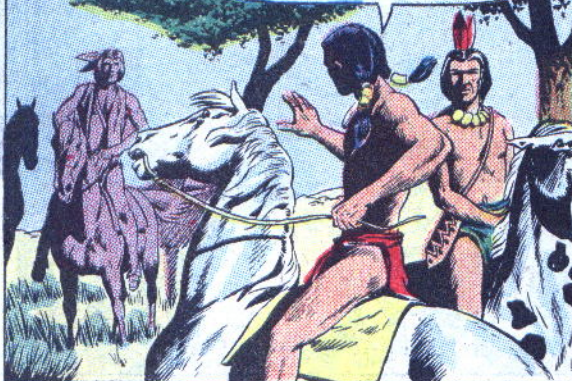


TONTO!---YOU HAVE  
ESCAPED THE CROW!

YES, RED ARROW! BUT NOW  
THEY RIDE FOR STONE  
BEAR!

QUICKLY, TONTO TELLS THEM OF THE DREAD  
CHOICE HE HAD TO MAKE---

THERE MAY STILL  
BE TIME TO WARN STONE BEAR'S  
PARTY! MAKE A FIRE---THEN  
USE **SMOKE SIGNALS!**



LET MOST OF THE BRAVES COME  
WITH ME! THERE IS A SHORT CUT  
TO THE SITE THAT A RIDER CAN  
TAKE, THOUGH IT WOULD BE  
IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE WHOLE  
TRIBE TO USE! RED ARROW  
WILL LEAD THE REST  
TO CAMP!

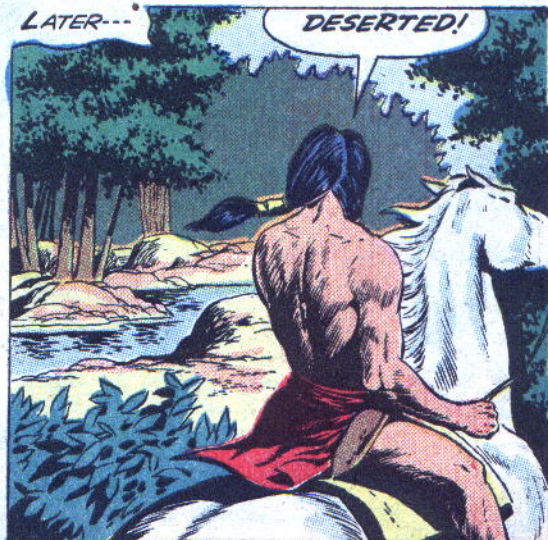


IF THE SMOKE SIGNALS ALERT STONE  
BEAR, THEY MAY MAKE A STAND  
AND IF WE RIDE SWIFTLY, WE  
WILL BE ABLE TO DRIVE  
OFF THE CROW!

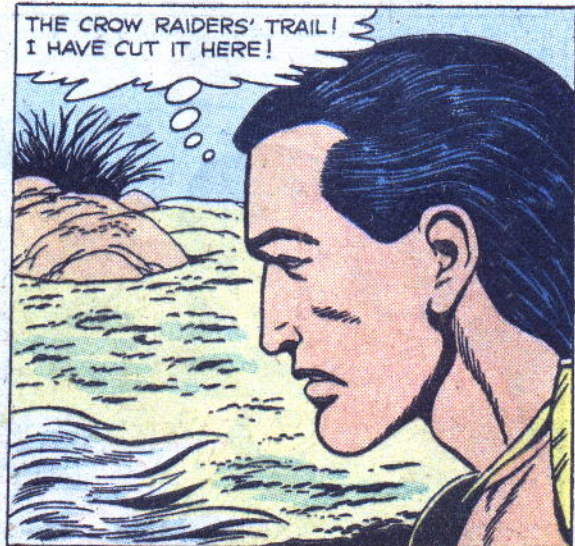
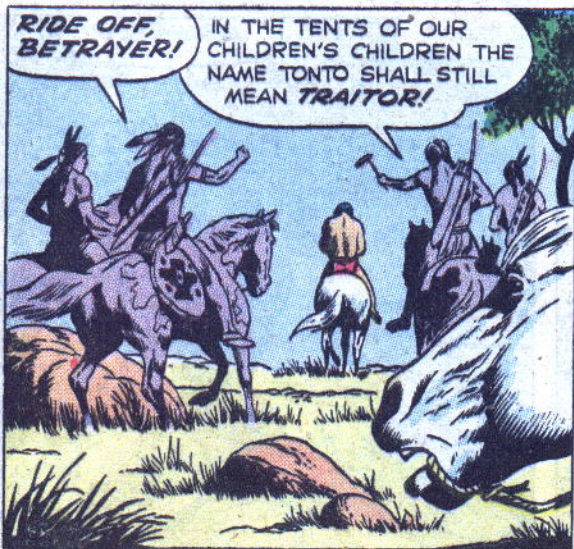
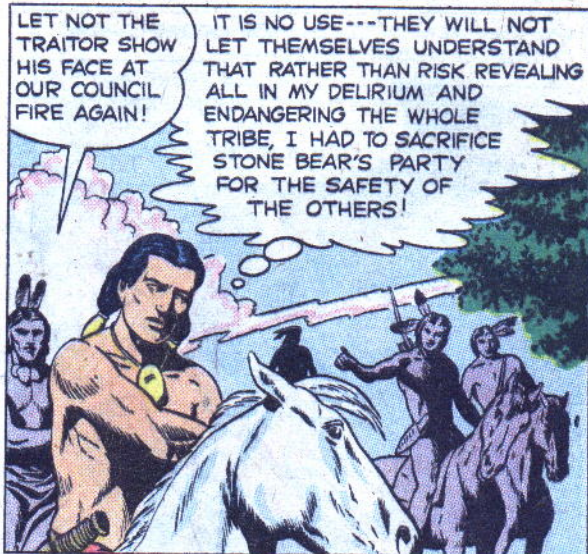
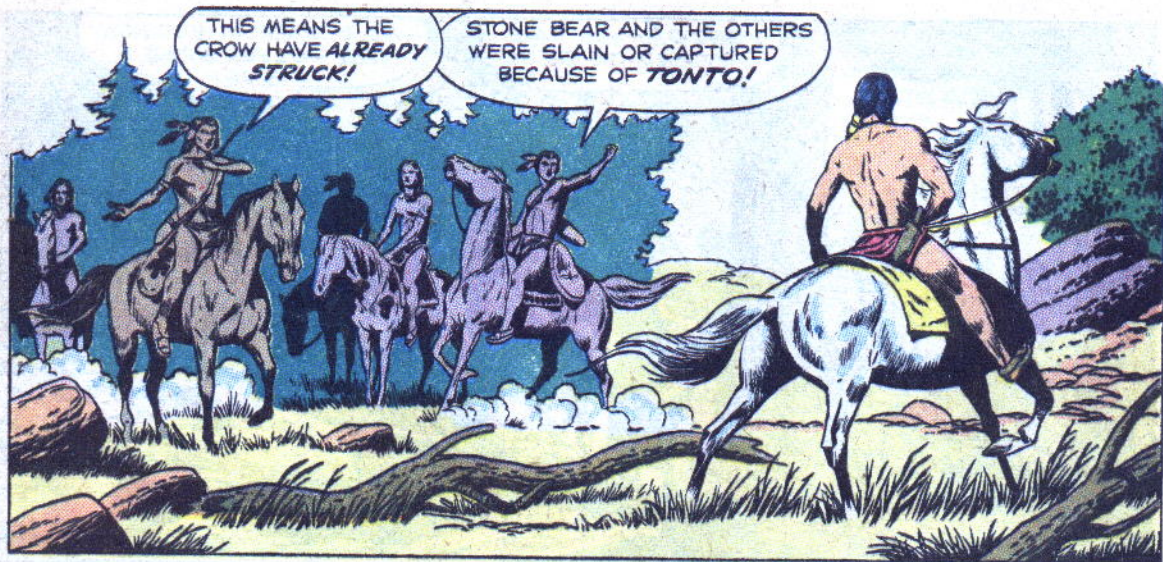


LATER---

**DESERTED!**

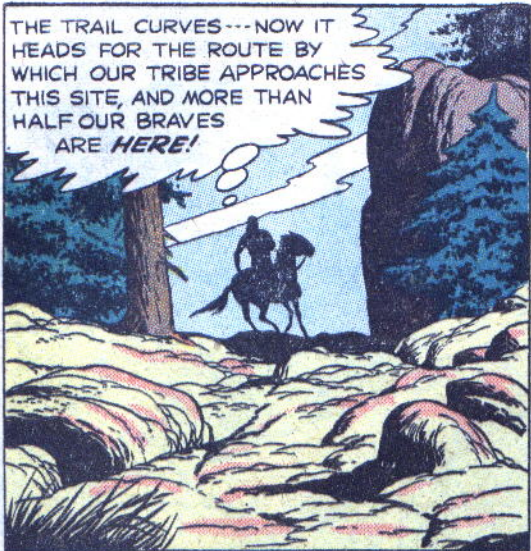




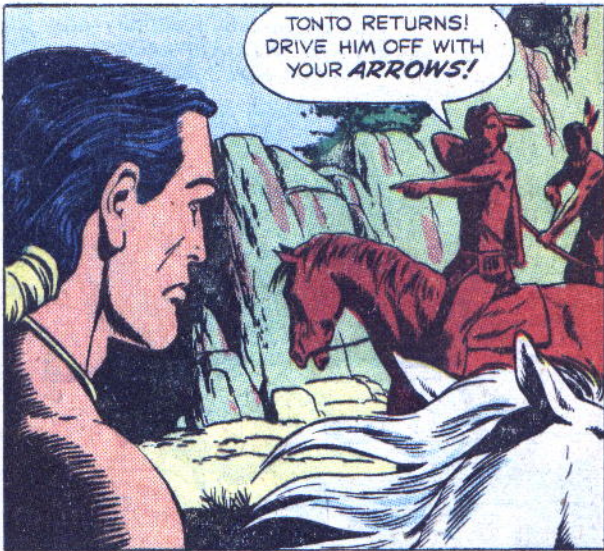




THE TRAIL CURVES---NOW IT HEADS FOR THE ROUTE BY WHICH OUR TRIBE APPROACHES THIS SITE, AND MORE THAN HALF OUR BRAVES ARE *HERE!*

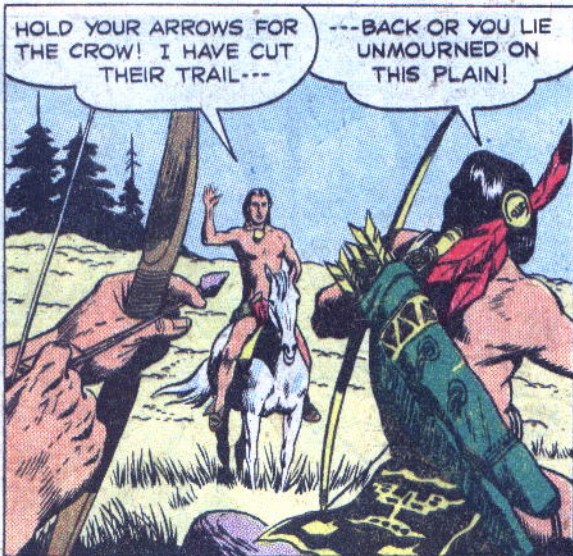


TONTO RETURNS!  
DRIVE HIM OFF WITH  
YOUR *ARROWS!*



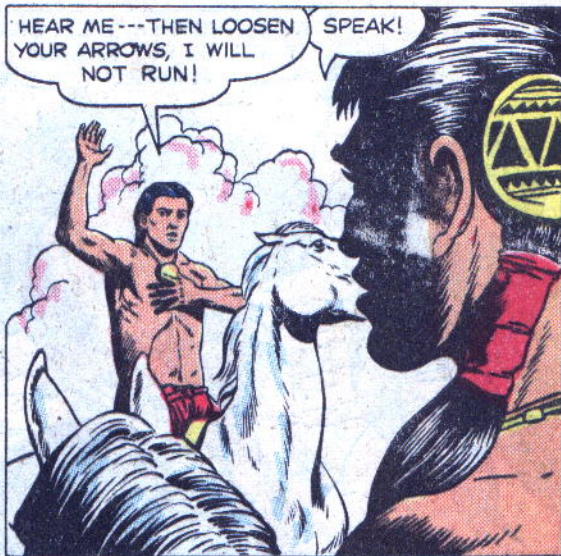
HOLD YOUR ARROWS FOR  
THE CROW! I HAVE CUT  
THEIR TRAIL---

---BACK OR YOU LIE  
UNMOURNED ON  
THIS PLAIN!



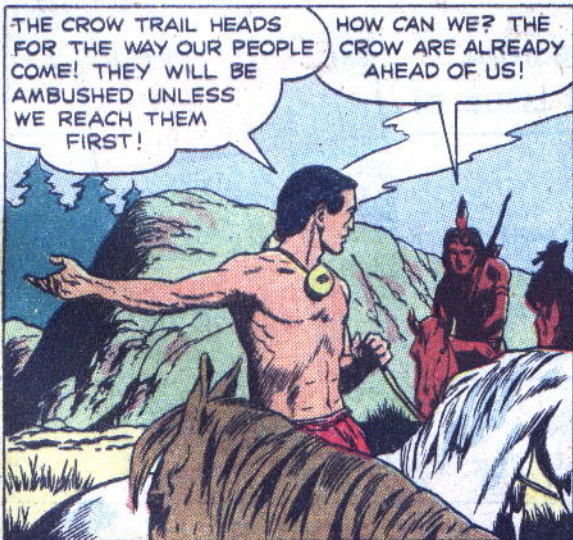
HEAR ME---THEN LOOSEN  
YOUR ARROWS, I WILL  
NOT RUN!

SPEAK!



THE CROW TRAIL HEADS  
FOR THE WAY OUR PEOPLE  
COME! THEY WILL BE  
AMBUSHED UNLESS  
WE REACH THEM  
FIRST!

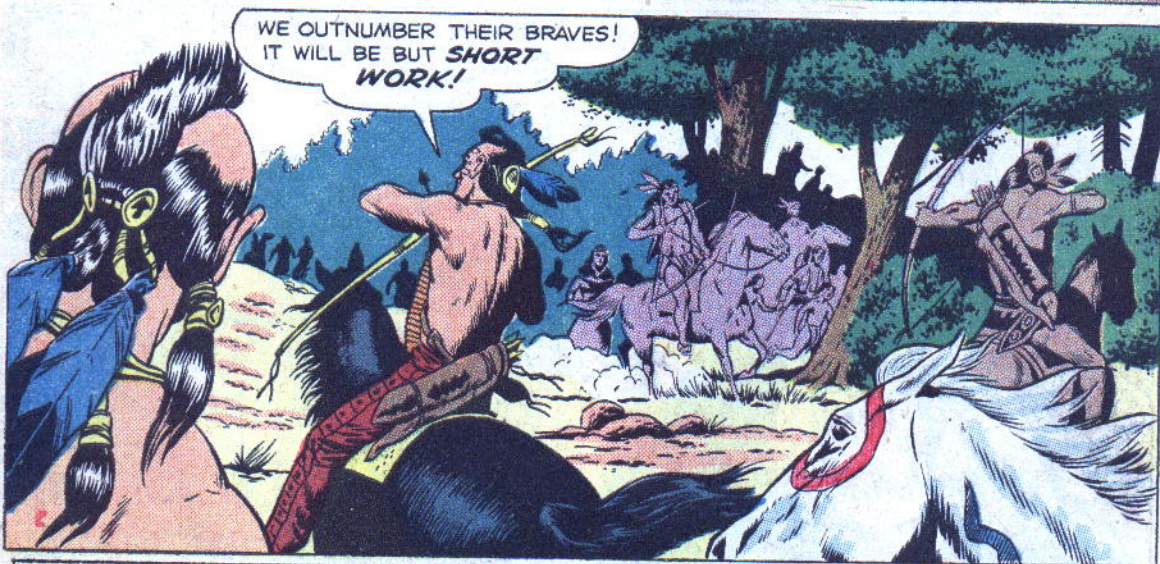
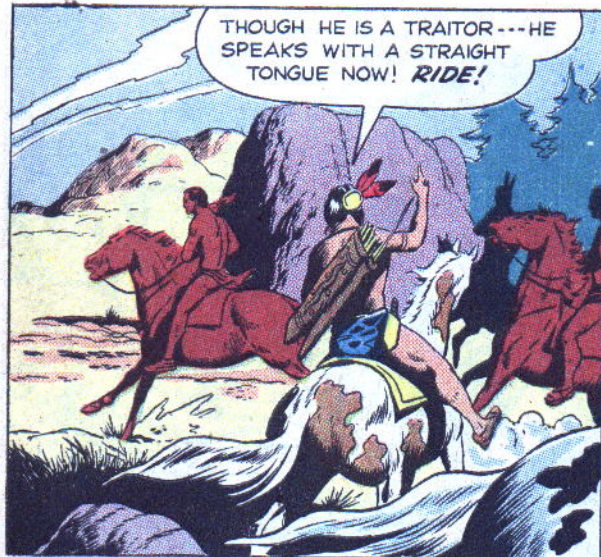
HOW CAN WE? THE  
CROW ARE ALREADY  
AHEAD OF US!



THE TRAIL OUR PEOPLE TAKE IS  
THE EASIER BUT LONGER ONE! IF  
WE RETURN CROSS-COUNTRY, WE  
WILL CUT DOWN THE CROW'S  
LEAD!



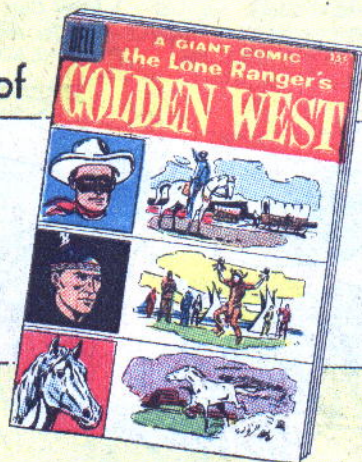




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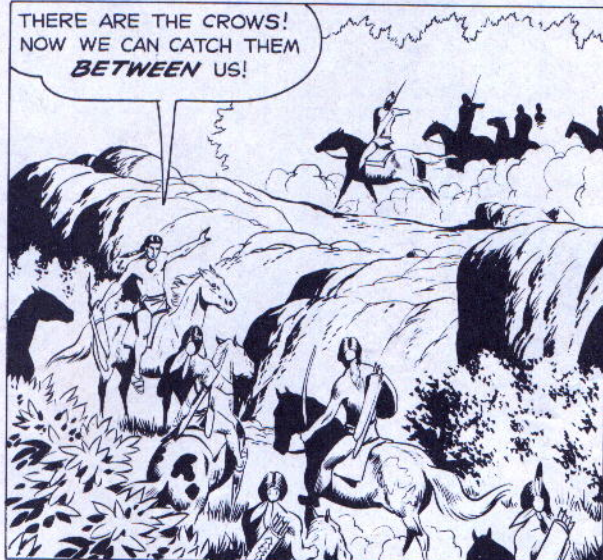
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WE SAW THE WARNING SMOKE SIGNALS FROM THE CAMP SITE AND HID BEYOND IT! SOON, THE CROW CAME SEARCHING FOR US, BUT DID NOT FIND US! THEN THEY TRIED TO **GUESS** BY WHICH TRAIL OUR TRIBE WOULD APPROACH THE CAMP---



WE SAW THEM **GUESS TOO WELL** AND KNEW THEY MIGHT SOON FALL UPON OUR UNSUSPECTING PEOPLE! WE TOOK A SHORT CUT AND REACHED THE COLUMN IN TIME TO ALERT THE BRAVES WHO RODE WITH IT! BUT IF TONTO HAD NOT COME WITH THE OTHERS--- TONIGHT, VICTORY DRUMS WOULD HAVE SOUNDED IN THE CROW CAMP!



THEN TONTO TELLS STONE BEAR HOW THE CROW KNEW WHERE TO LOOK FOR HIM---

THE BRAVES I LED BACK TO THE SITE **BANISHED ME---**

---WAIT! YOU HAD A DIFFICULT CHOICE TO MAKE, BUT YOU WISELY MADE THE **RIGHT ONE!**



WHEN WE SET UP OUR TENTS HERE THAT NIGHT, **YOU** CAMPED AMONG US FOR OUR TRIBE REALIZED YOU HAD NOT BETRAYED US!

AND YOU HAD PICKED A GOOD SITE, STONE BEAR! WE FOUND GAME AND WATER! THE GREAT SPIRIT SMILED UPON US!



MANY WINTERS WE PASSED HERE BEFORE WE MOVED! IT IS GOOD TO CUT OLD TRAILS AND RENEW MEMORIES, TONTO!

YES, BUT NOW LET THE SILENT CAMP SITE KEEP ITS MEMORIES! **GET-UM UP, SCOUT!**



A PLEDGE



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