

DELL

THE LONE RANGER'S COMPANION

NOV. - JAN.

10¢

TONTO





THE CROOKED KNIFE

By Red Thunder Cloud

Pride of the Indian Woodcarver



The Indian tribes of Canada and those of the northern United States, particularly in Maine and New York State, use a tool in their carving which is called the crooked knife. In the making of trays, bowls, handles for tools, baskets, bows and many other items used by these Indians, the crooked knife is indispensable.

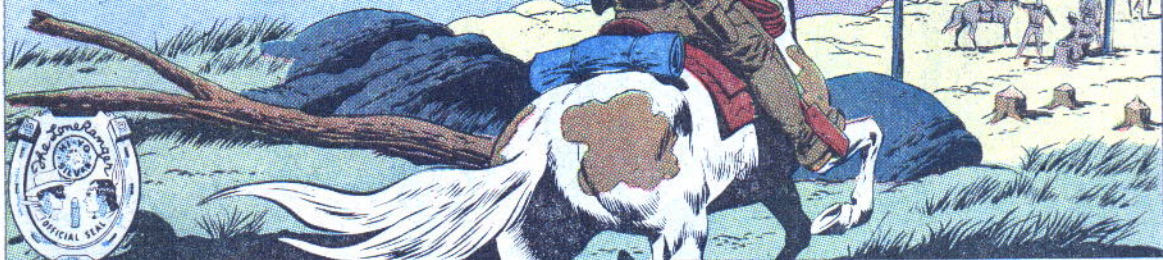
Many of the Indians make these famous knives by using a file which is ground down until it has an edge or a large nail which is pounded flat by using a hammer. The converted file or nail is then placed over a fire and held with two wooden sticks until it glows red hot. With the use of a hammer, the Indian then pounds it until it forms a gentle curve. After the metal has cooled off, it is filed down to a sharp edge and then mounted on either a bone or a wooden handle. The craftsman will then decorate the handle of his tool with many intricate and beautiful designs and the instrument is ready for use.

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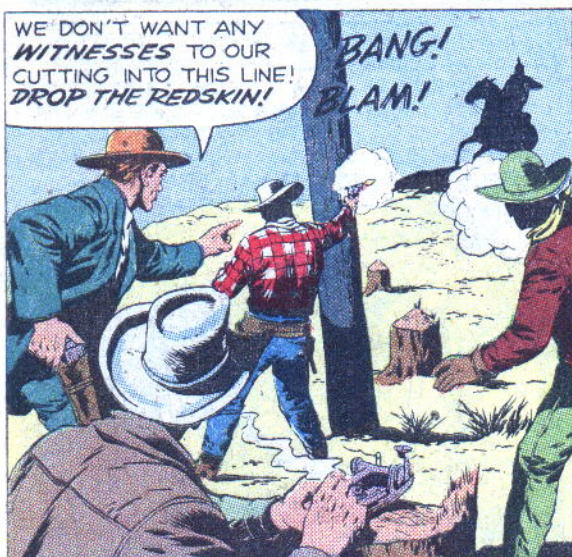
TONTO

ROBBERY BY WIRE



WE DON'T WANT ANY *WITNESSES* TO OUR CUTTING INTO THIS LINE! DROP THE REDSKIN!

BANG!
BLAM!



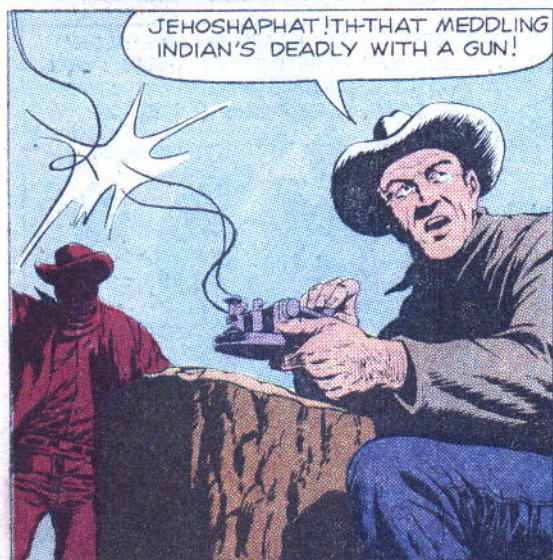
THOSE MEN NOT SUPPOSED TO USE SINGING WIRES OR THEM NOT FIRE AT US! --- **BACK, SCOUT!**

ZING!

BANG!

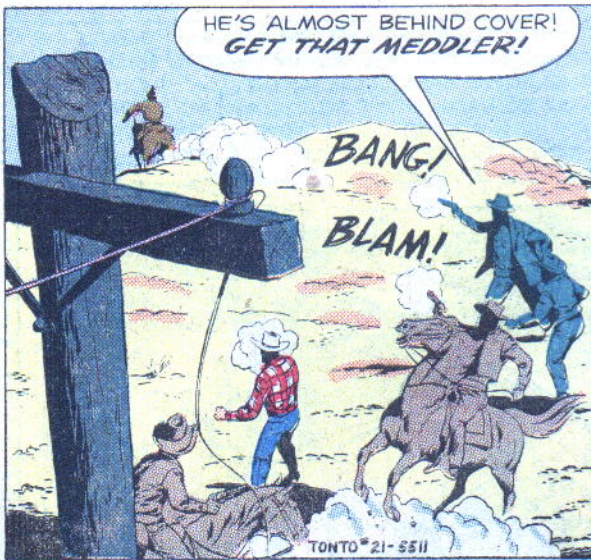


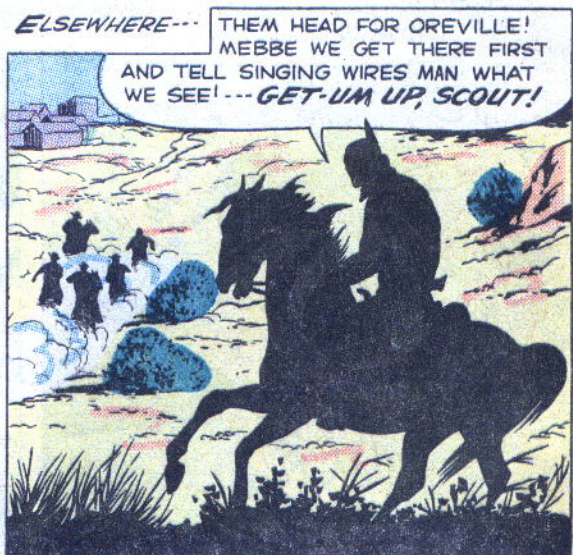
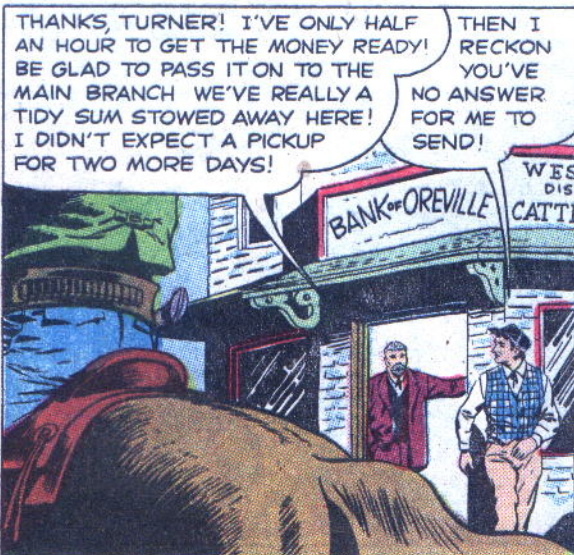
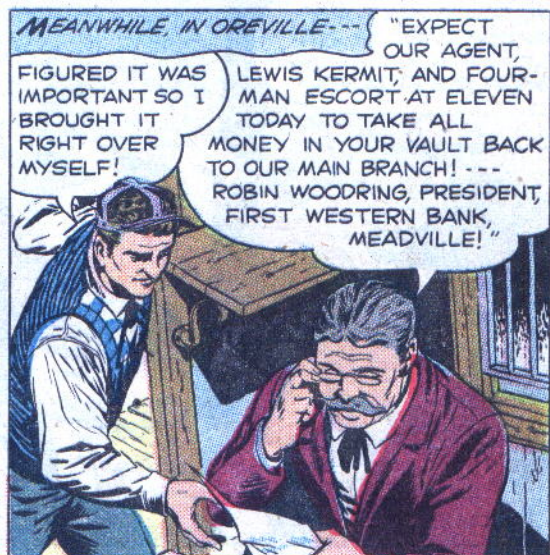
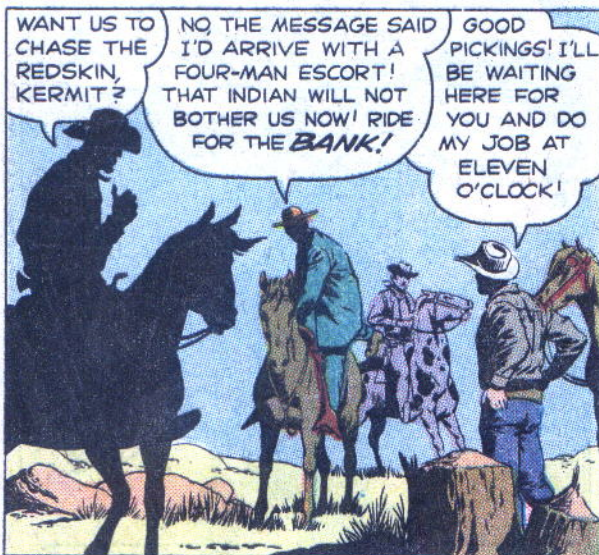
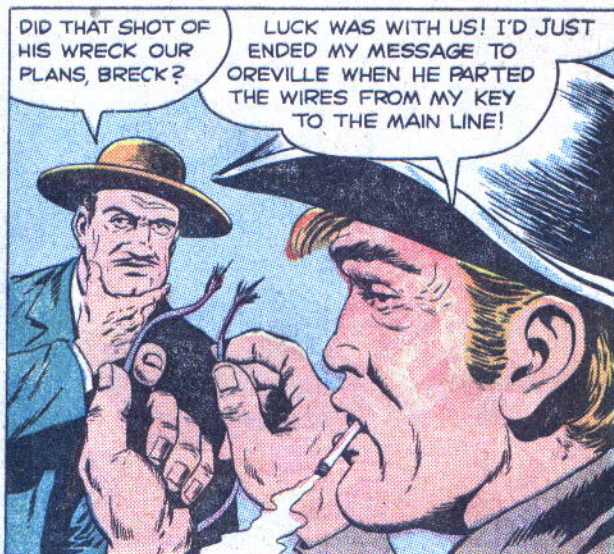
JEHOSHAPHAT! TH-THAT MEDDLING INDIAN'S DEADLY WITH A GUN!



HE'S ALMOST BEHIND COVER! **GET THAT MEDDLER!**

BANG!
BLAM!





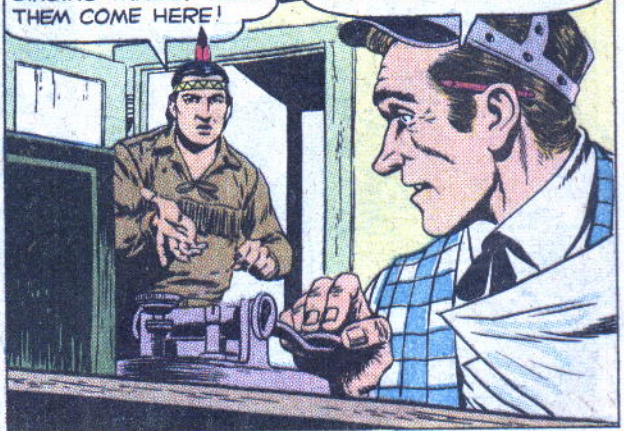
WE TRY SHORT CUT!...
TAKE IT, FELLER!



MINUTES LATER, FOLLOWING THE TELEGRAPH LINE, TONTO SWINGS OFF HIS HORSE---

TONTO SEE MEN CUT INTO SINGING WIRES! THEN THEY COME HERE!

YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN! MY LINE'S WORKING PERFECTLY!



YOU GET ANY **STRANGE** MESSAGE MEBBE HALF-HOUR AGO?

I'VE RECEIVED THREE OR FOUR TELEGRAMS IN THE LAST HOUR! NOTHING SUSPICIOUS! LOOK, INDIAN, YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T **UNDERSTAND** WHAT YOU SAW! THESE TELEGRAPH LINES ARE NEW OUT HERE!



TONTO SAVVY PLENTY ABOUT SINGING WIRES! SOMEONE CUT INTO LINE! YOU CHECK MESSAGES AND SEE IF ANY SEEM **STRANGE!**

WELL, IF IT'LL GET YOU OFF MY NECK---



THIS ONE TELLS MRS. DALE HER MOTHER RECOVERED ---HERE'S AN ORDER FOR CATTLE---THIS ONE'S TO THE BANK ABOUT AN ESCORT COMING FOR ITS CASH---

--- QUICK! YOU TAKE TONTO TO BANK! MEBBE THAT WHERE TROUBLE HAPPEN!



SKEPTICALLY, THE TELEGRAPHER BRINGS TONTO TO THE BANK, WHERE TONTO ASKS ABOUT THE ESCORT---

MAN NAMED LEWIS

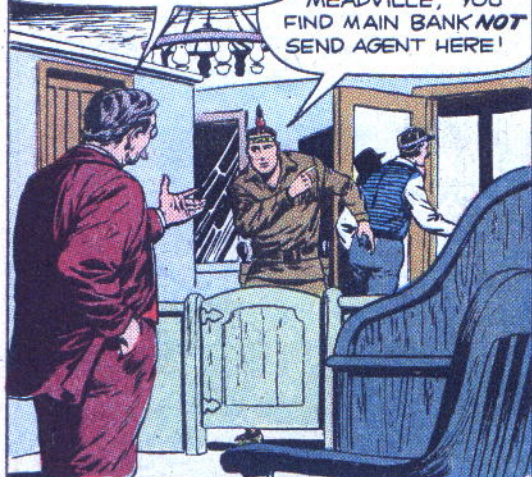
THEN WE TOO LATE!

KERMIT PRESENTED SOME CREDENTIALS AND CAME WITH FOUR MEN JUST LIKE THE TELEGRAM SAID! SO I GAVE HIM ALL THE CASH TO TAKE TO OUR MAIN BANK IN MEADVILLE! THEY LEFT FIVE MINUTES AGO!



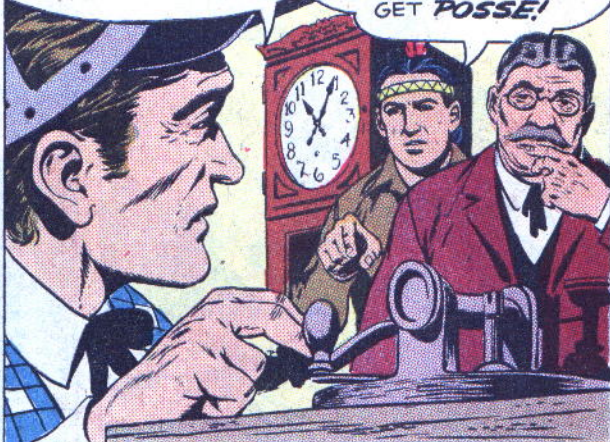
CAN'T SEE WHY YOU'RE SO WORRIED INDIAN!

TONTO SURE IF YOU TELEGRAPH MEADVILLE, YOU FIND MAIN BANK **NOT** SEND AGENT HERE!



FUNNY--- TEN MINUTES AGO, I GOT A MESSAGE FROM MEADVILLE! NOW THE LINE'S **DEAD!**

MEBBE MEN WHO SAY THEM BANK AGENTS HAVE FELLER **CUT LINE!** YOU BETTER GET **POSSE!**



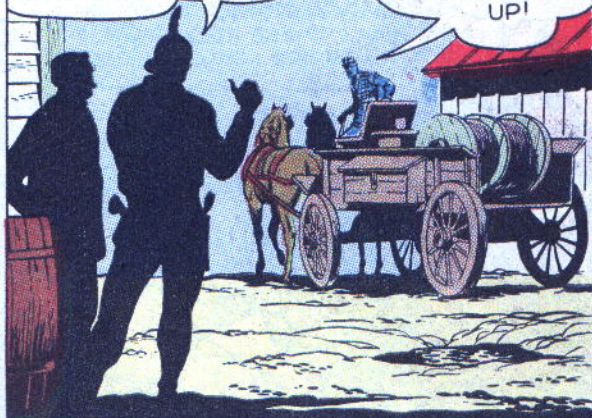
HE **COULD** BE RIGHT.

...**COINCIDENCE!** THAT'S ALL IT IS! WE OFTEN GET A BREAK IN THE LINE! BEFORE YOU GO SENDING THE SHERIFF AND A POSSE OFF ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE LET ME SEE IF THE LINE **WAS** CUT!



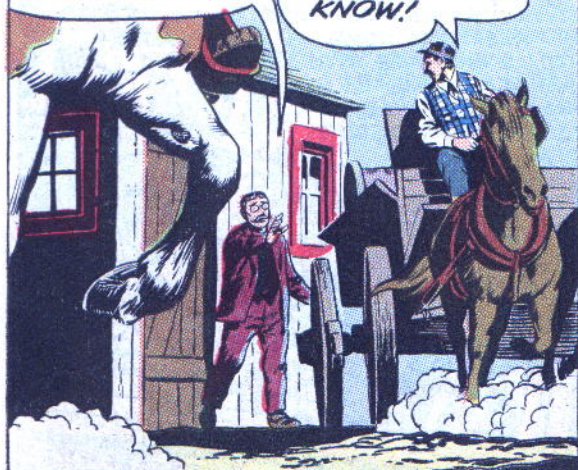
TONTO RIDE WITH YOU! BUT IF OUTLAWS USED SINGING WIRES TO TRICK BANK FELLER, THEM GAIN TIME NOW!

I'VE GOT EVERYTHING I'LL NEED IN THE REPAIR WAGON! MOUNT UP!



T-TURNER, YOU DON'T THINK THE INDIAN MIGHT BE RIGHT--

...WHAT'S THE USE OF GUESSING! ONCE I FIX THE LINE, WE'LL **KNOW!**



SEVERAL MILES ALONG THE LINE---

I CUT HER AT ELEVEN! GOT THE **LOOT?**

WHEN WE SHOW YOU THE PICKINGS YOUR EYES'LL POP!





THIS SURE WORKED OUT EASIER THAN GOING INTO TOWN WITH GUNS BLAZING!

PLANNING, THAT'S WHAT IT TOOK! I KNEW YOUR TELEGRAPHER'S EXPERIENCE WOULD REALLY PAY OFF ONE DAY!



MINUTES LATER---

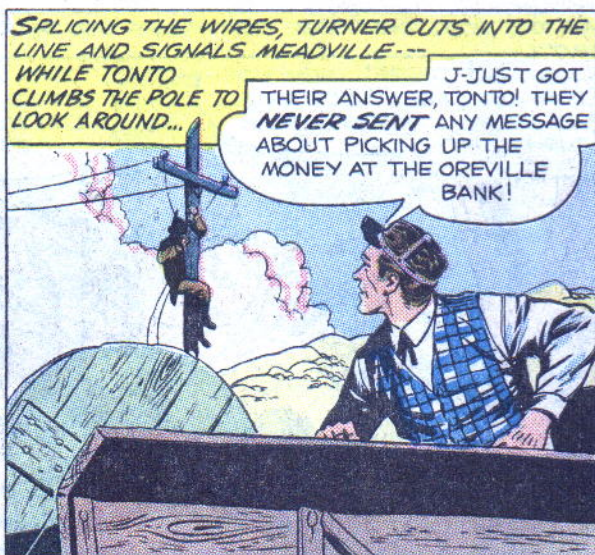
A **KNIFE** WAS USED TO MAKE THIS CLEAN BREAK! YOU WERE RIGHT, TONTO!

FIX SINGING WIRES! THEN HEAR WHAT MEADVILLE SAY!



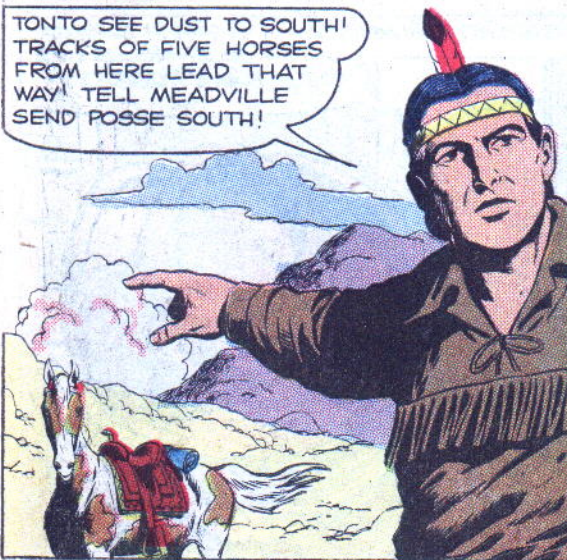
SHOULDN'T TAKE MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES TO FIX THE LINE---

...UGH! BUT EVERY MINUTE GIVES OUTLAWS THAT MUCH MORE OF A LEAD!



SPLICING THE WIRES, TURNER CUTS INTO THE LINE AND SIGNALS MEADVILLE---
WHILE TONTO CLIMBS THE POLE TO

J--JUST GOT THEIR ANSWER, TONTO! THEY **NEVER SENT** ANY MESSAGE ABOUT PICKING UP THE MONEY AT THE OREVILLE BANK!



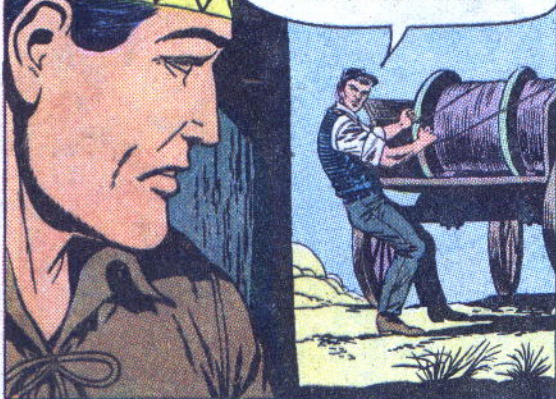
TONTO SEE DUST TO SOUTH! TRACKS OF FIVE HORSES FROM HERE LEAD THAT WAY! TELL MEADVILLE SEND POSSE SOUTH!



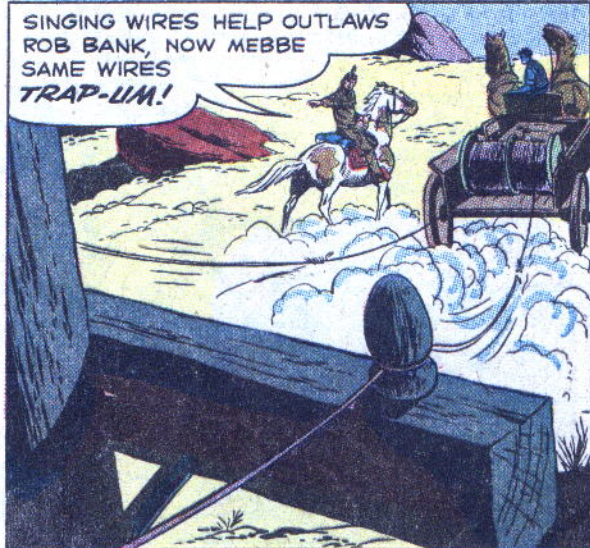
BANK ROBBERY O-RE-VILLE
S-EN-D POSSE S-O-U-T-H C-U-T
O-F-F F-I-V-E R-I-D-E-R-S!

NOW TONTO
TRAIL-UM!

WAIT FOR ME! I'LL GO
RIGHT ALONG **UNREELING
WIRE** AS WE RIDE!
THEN I CAN KEEP THE
POSSE POSTED THROUGH
THE WHOLE CHASE!



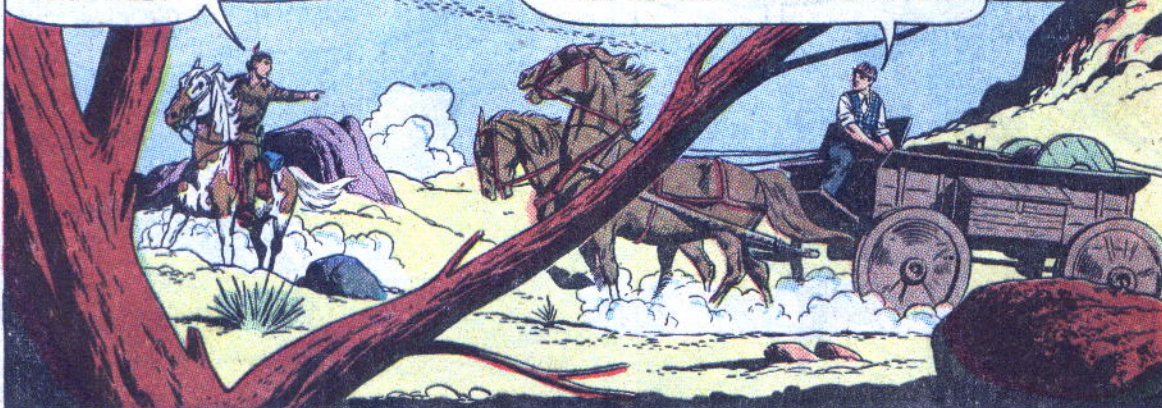
SINGING WIRES HELP OUTLAWS
ROB BANK, NOW MEBBE
SAME WIRES
TRAP-UM!



**AS THE OUTLAWS' TRAIL CONTINUES SOUTH, THE WAGON THUNDERS ON BEHIND TONTO,
UNTIL---**

THERE! THEM NOT
THINK ANYONE FOLLOW-UM!
RIDE SLOWLY! BUT NOW THEM
TURN WEST!

THEN MEADVILLE'S POSSE'LL NOT CUT THEM OFF!
LET ME RAISE THE TELEGRAPHER AT NEWTON! THEY
CAN MUSTER UP A FAIR-SIZED POSSE THERE AND
THEY'RE WEST OF THOSE CROOKS!



YOU GET
NEWTON?

HE ANSWERED MY SIGNAL!
NOW TO GIVE HIM THE
MESSAGE!



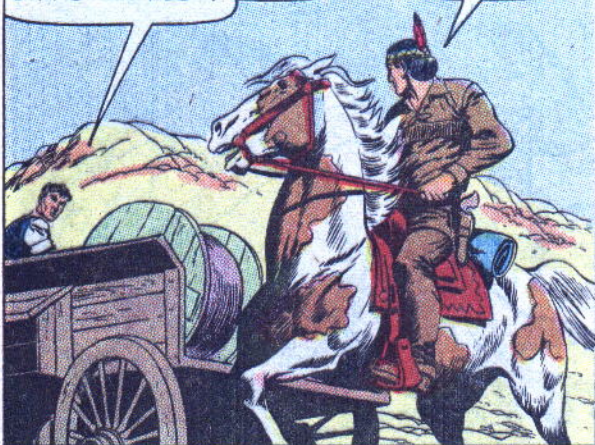
MINUTES LATER, IN NEWTON---

SHERIFF! SHERIFF
COLE! ROUND UP A
POSSE! **BANK ROBBERY!**

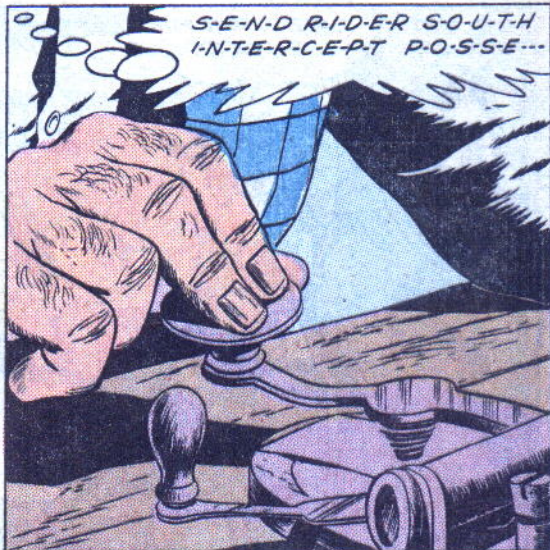


I'LL GET SAYBROOK AND HAVE
A RIDER FROM THERE INTERCEPT
THE MEADVILLE POSSE AND
SWING 'EM WEST!

UGH! SOON
OUTLAWS FIND
TRAP CLOSING!



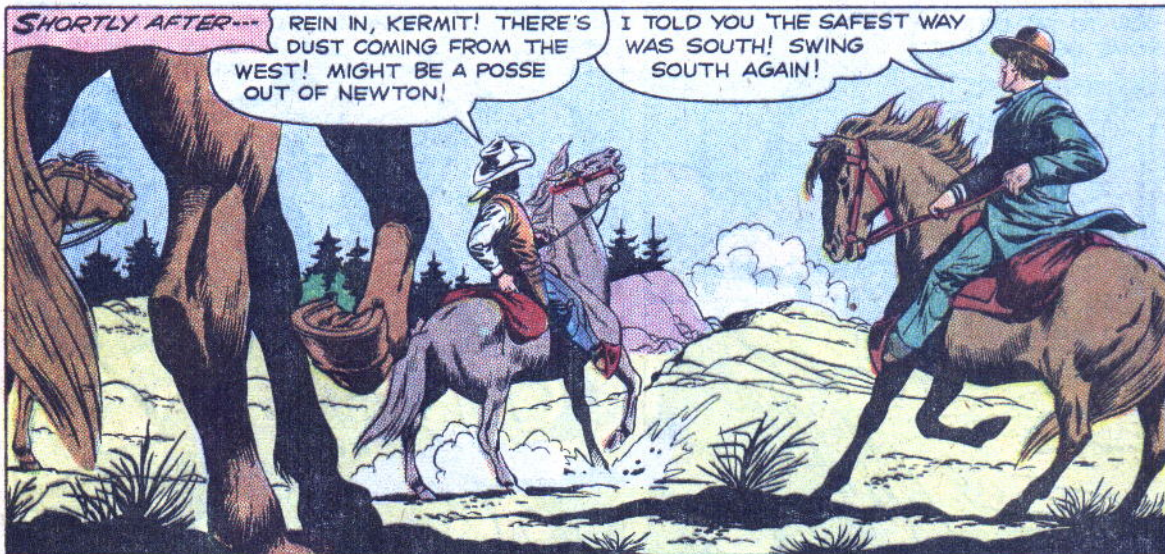
S-E-N-D R-I-D-E-R S-O-U-T-H
I-N-T-E-R-C-E-P-T P-O-S-S-E---



SHORTLY AFTER---

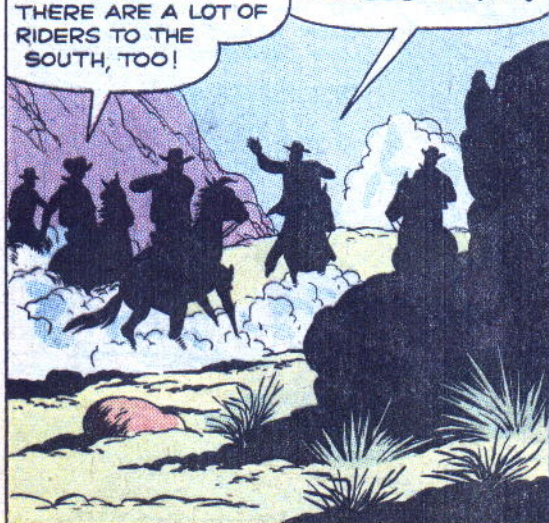
REIN IN, KERMIT! THERE'S
DUST COMING FROM THE
WEST! MIGHT BE A POSSE
OUT OF NEWTON!

I TOLD YOU 'THE SAFEST WAY
WAS SOUTH! SWING
SOUTH AGAIN!



WH-WHAT IN BLAZES?
THERE ARE A LOT OF
RIDERS TO THE
SOUTH, TOO!

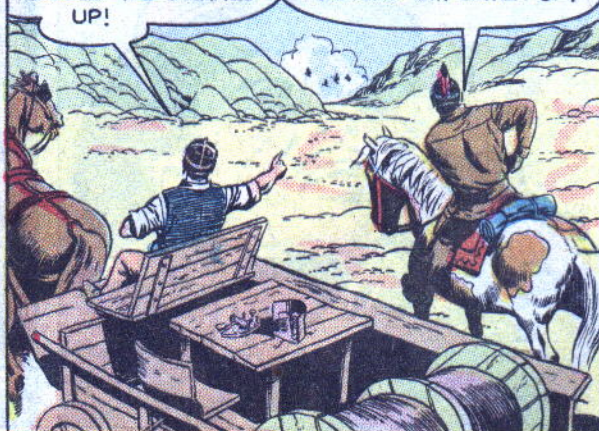
DOUBLE BACK!

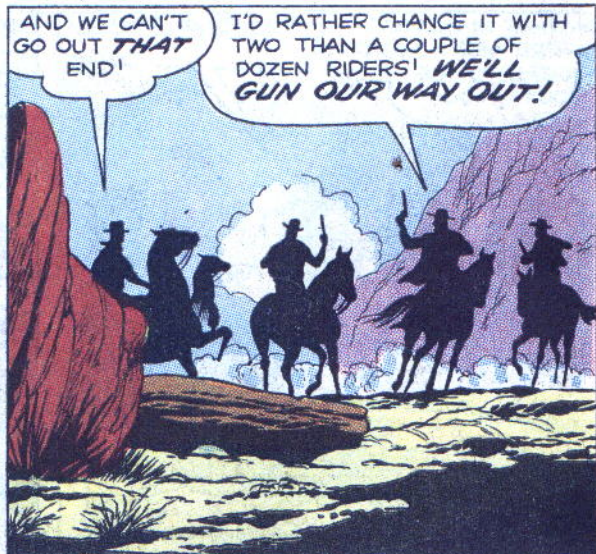
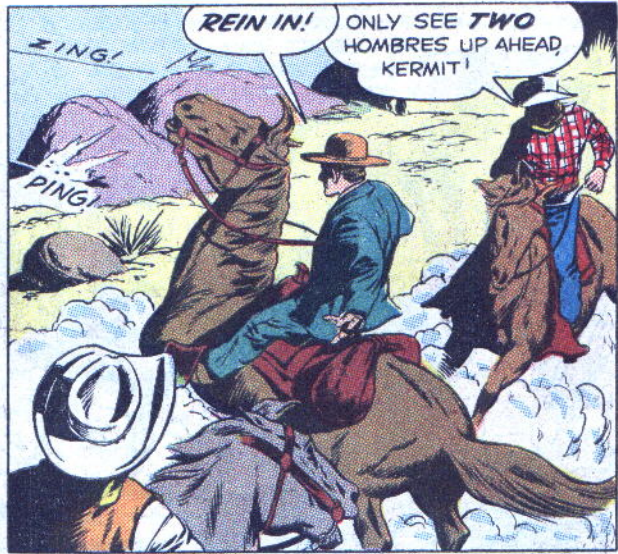
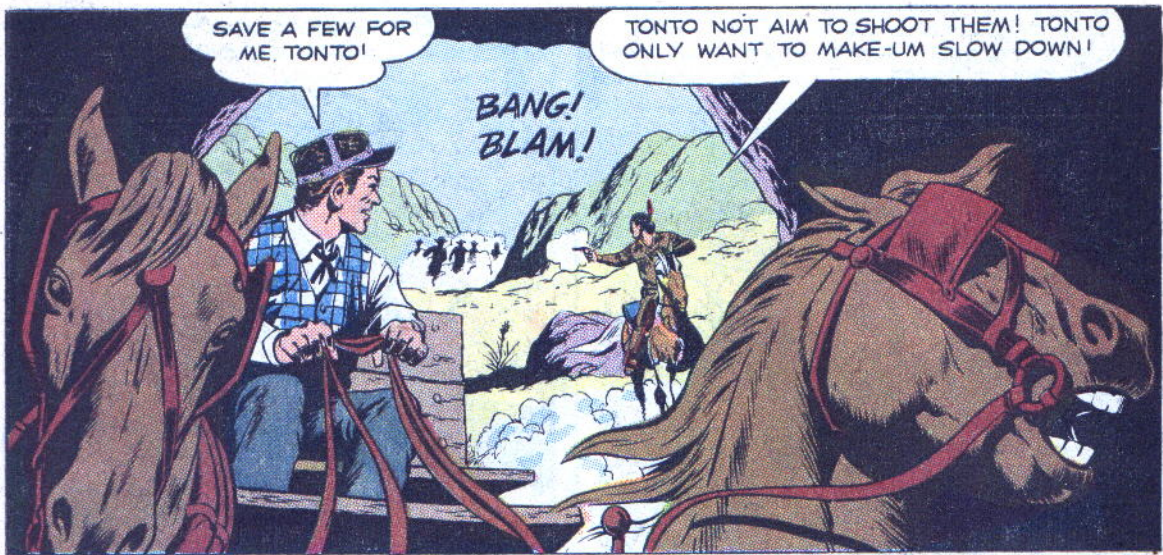


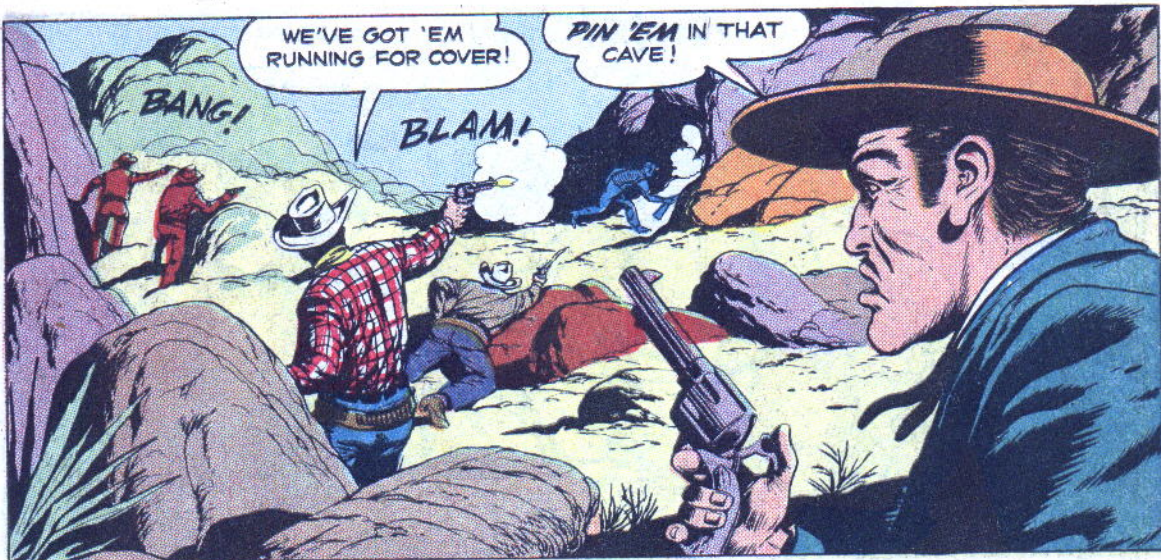
MINUTES LATER---

THEY'RE TURNING TAIL!
MUST'VE SPOTTED THE
POSSES WE STIRRED
UP!

UGH! BUT THERE NO
POSSE IN FRONT OF-UM
NOW! **WE** HAVE TO
STOP-UM TILL LAWMEN
BEHIND-UM CATCH UP!







WE'VE GOT 'EM
RUNNING FOR COVER!

PIN 'EM IN THAT
CAVE!

BANG!

BLAM!



THEY CAN STILL
FIRE AT US FROM
THE CAVE!

YES, BUT THEY **CAN'T**
SEE AS MUCH FROM
IN THERE! WHILE WE
KEEP THEM INSIDE, TWO
OF YOU WORK YOUR
WAY AROUND AND
BEHIND 'EM!

ZING!

MINUTES LATER, AS GUNS BLAZE ACROSS
THE VALLEY, SUDDENLY---

BACK! THEM
ABOVE US NOW!



PING!



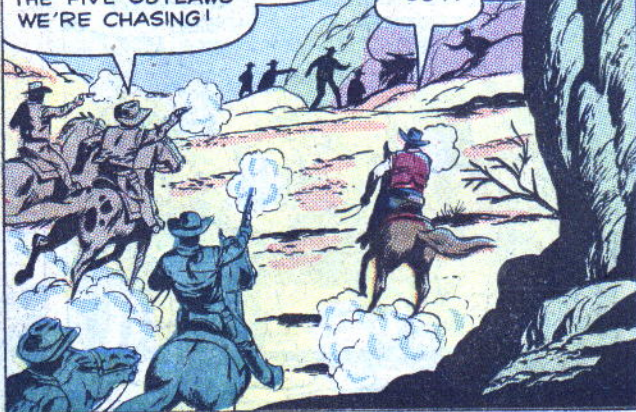
BLAZES! THEY'LL BE ABLE
TO LEAVE THE VALLEY
NOW!

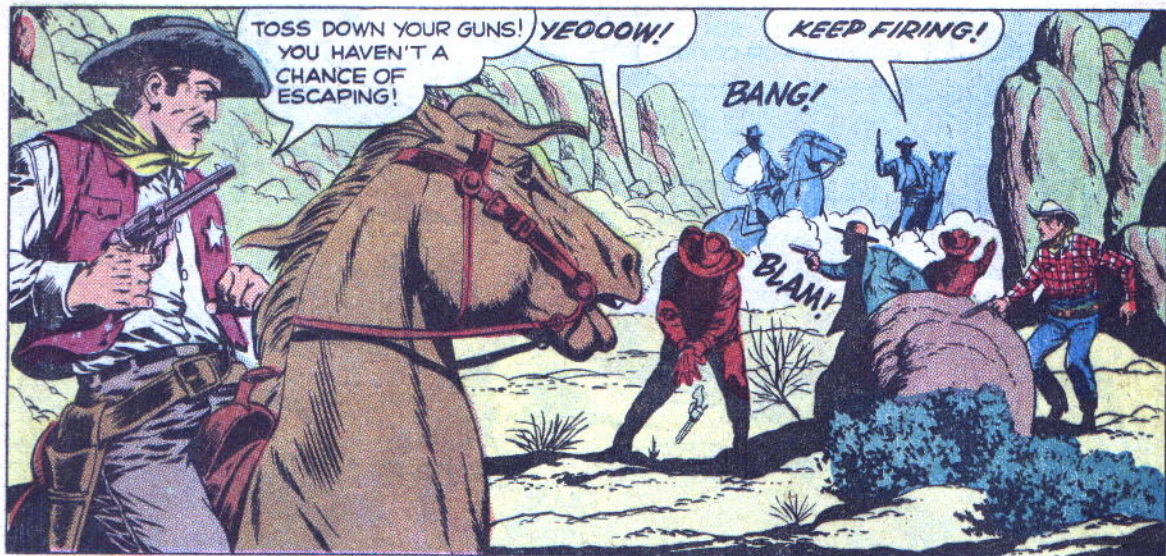
ZING!

BUT AS THE BANK ROBBERS START BY THE
CAVE, ENOUGH TIME HAS BEEN GAINED FOR THE
POSSE---

THEIR GUNS ARE
SMOKING! THEY MUST BE
THE FIVE OUTLAWS
WE'RE CHASING!

LET'S CAPTURE
'EM AND FIND
OUT!





TOSS DOWN YOUR GUNS! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE OF ESCAPING!

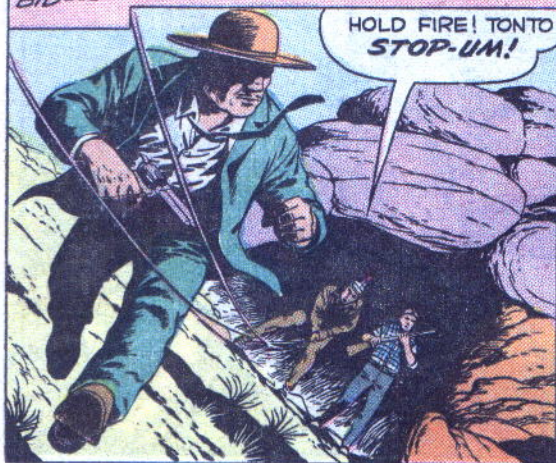
YEEOWW!

KEEP FIRING!

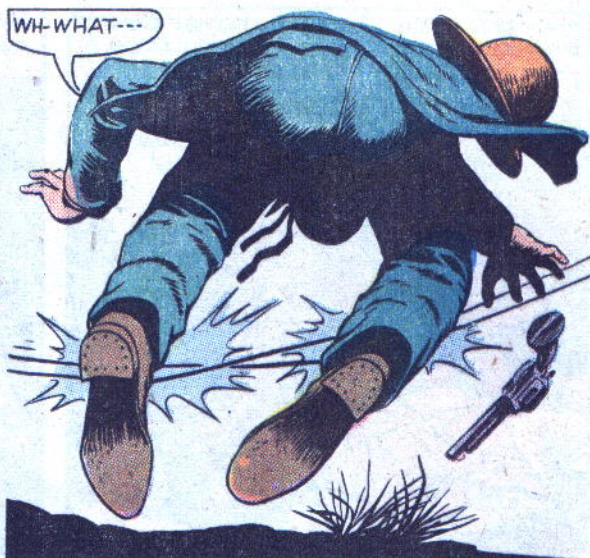
BANG!

BLAM!

AS THE OUTLAWS ARE HIT OR SURRENDER, ONLY THEIR LEADER IS LEFT FIGHTING. AND SUDDENLY, HE MAKES A DESPERATE BID---

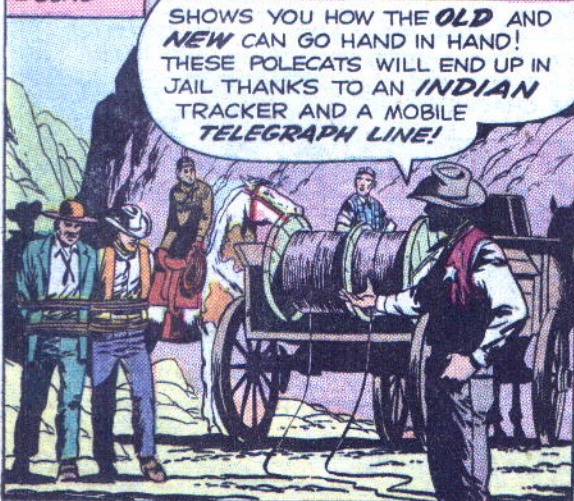


HOLD FIRE! TONTO STOP-UM!



WH-WHAT---

QUICKLY, THE OUTLAWS ARE DISARMED AND BOUND---



SHOWS YOU HOW THE **OLD** AND **NEW** CAN GO HAND IN HAND! THESE POLECATS WILL END UP IN JAIL THANKS TO AN **INDIAN** TRACKER AND A MOBILE **TELEGRAPH LINE!**

NOW TO SEND THE GOOD NEWS TO THE MEADVILLE BANK! "ROBBERS CAUGHT, MONEY RECOVERED--- THANKS TO **TONTO!**"



GET-UM UP, SCOUT!

TONTO

SUSPICION



THAT REDSKIN'S POKING AROUND TOO CLOSE TO THE CAVE ENTRANCE OF MY MINE! A LITTLE **LEAD** SHOULD END HIS MEDDLING!



PING!



REACH, REDSKIN! WHY YOU SHOOT AT TONTO?

TONTO RIDE BY HERE EARLIER, LOSE **KNIFE!** NOW TONTO SEARCH FOR IT---

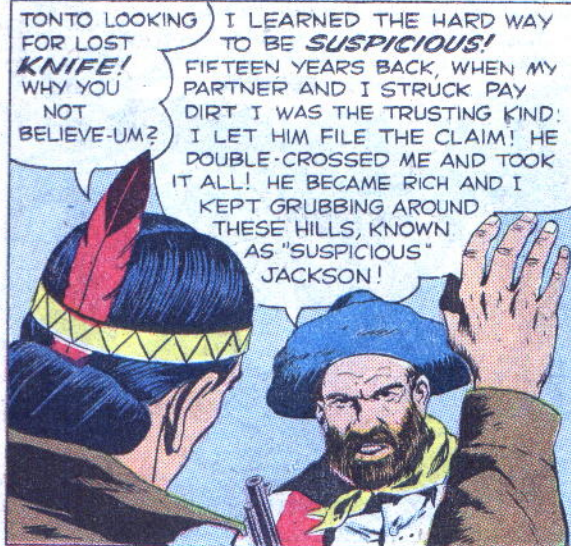
---A LIKELY STORY! YOU INDIANS KNOW WHAT GOLD-BEARING GROUND LOOKS LIKE! RECKON YOUR GANG SENT YOU HERE TO CHECK MY DIGGINGS!



TONTO NOT BELONG TO ANY GANG!

I SAW YOU CHECKING THE ORE SAMPLE PITS I DUG OUT HERE! YOU MUST BE IN WITH THE BUNCH OF **CLAIM JUMPERS** WHO'VE BEEN RAIDING PROSPECTORS IN THESE HILLS!





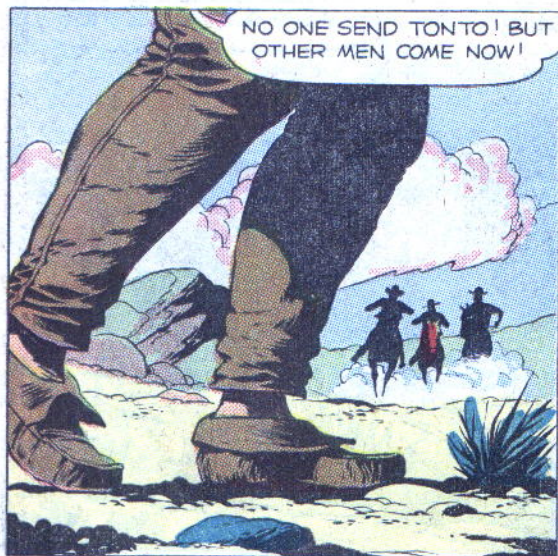
TONTO LOOKING FOR LOST KNIFE! WHY YOU NOT BELIEVE-UM?

I LEARNED THE HARD WAY TO BE **SUSPICIOUS!** FIFTEEN YEARS BACK, WHEN MY PARTNER AND I STRUCK PAY DIRT I WAS THE TRUSTING KIND! I LET HIM FILE THE CLAIM! HE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME AND TOOK IT ALL! HE BECAME RICH AND I KEPT GRUBBING AROUND THESE HILLS, KNOWN AS "SUSPICIOUS" JACKSON!



TONTO NOT INTERESTED IN GOLD! ONLY IN HUNTING KNIFE HIM HAVE LONG TIME!

CUT THE LYING! I'VE ONLY FOUR DAYS' WORK LEFT AND THEN THE MINE LEGALLY BELONGS TO ME! NO ONE'S JUMPING THIS CLAIM!... **WHO** SENT YOU SNOOPING HERE?



NO ONE SEND TONTO! BUT OTHER MEN COME NOW!



SO YOU FIGURE YOUR PARTNERS WILL SAVE YOU, EH? TELL 'EM TO TURN BACK OR THERE'LL BE **ONE LESS** IN THEIR GANG!

TONTO NOT KNOW RIDERS! THEM NOT OBEY TONTO!



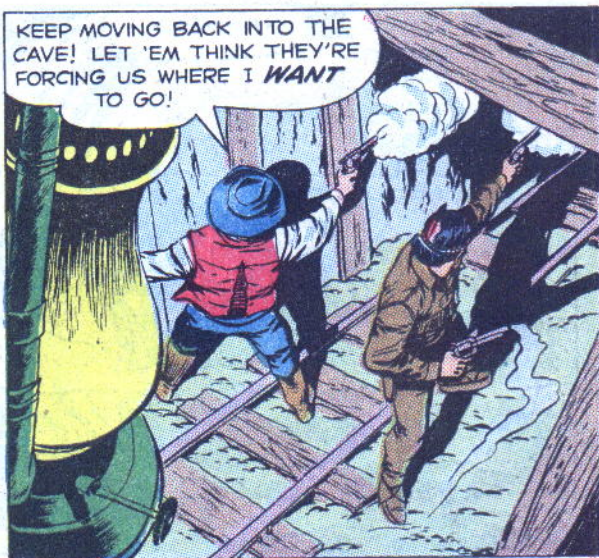
TELL 'EM TO PULL OUT OR I'LL SHOOT!

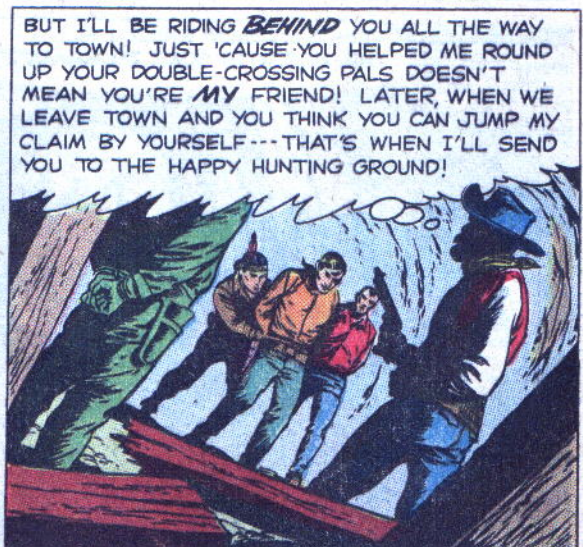
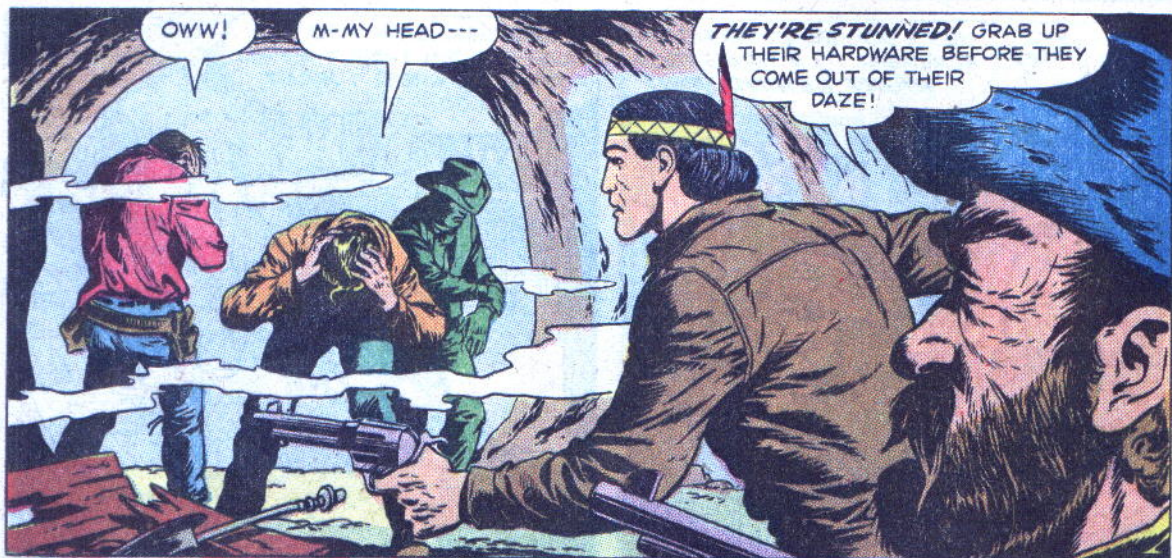
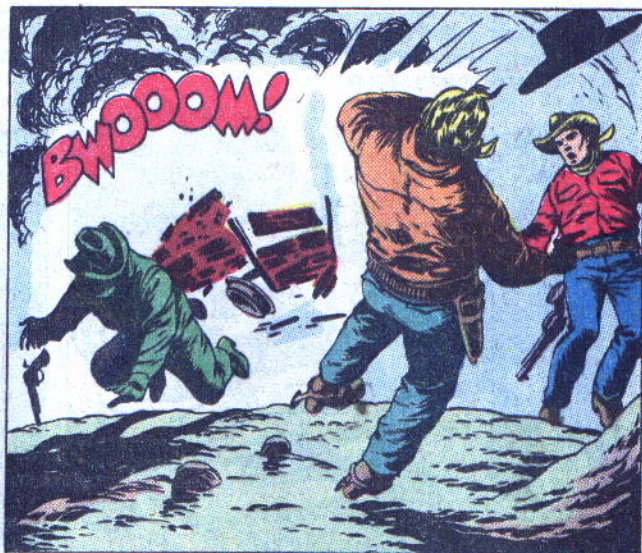
REIN IN OR THIS FELLER SHOOT TONTO!

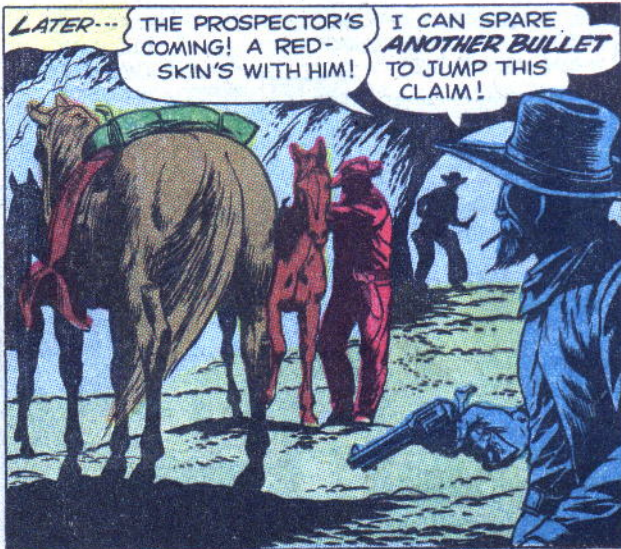
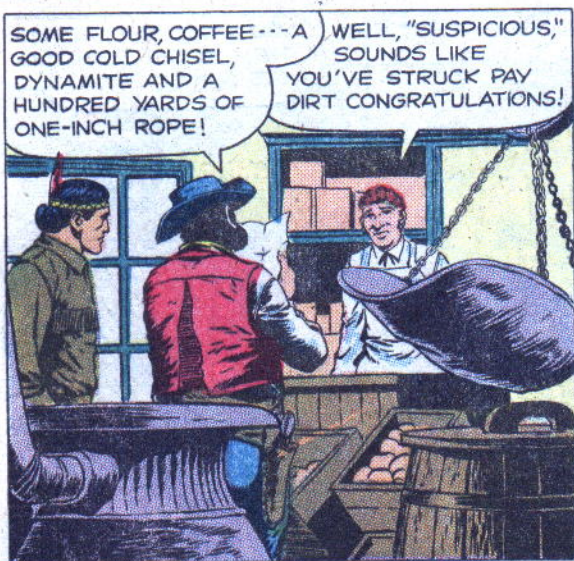
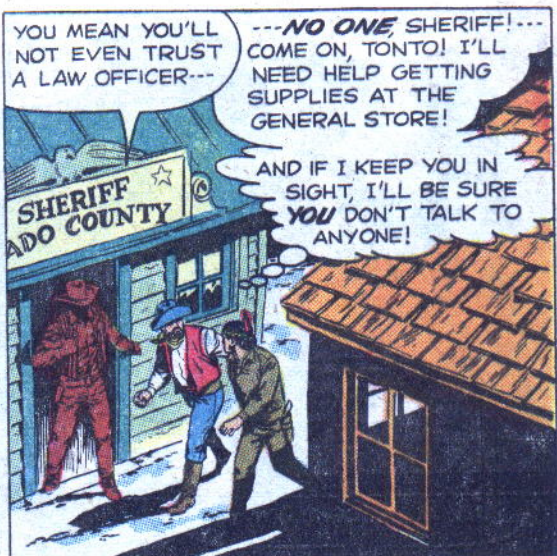
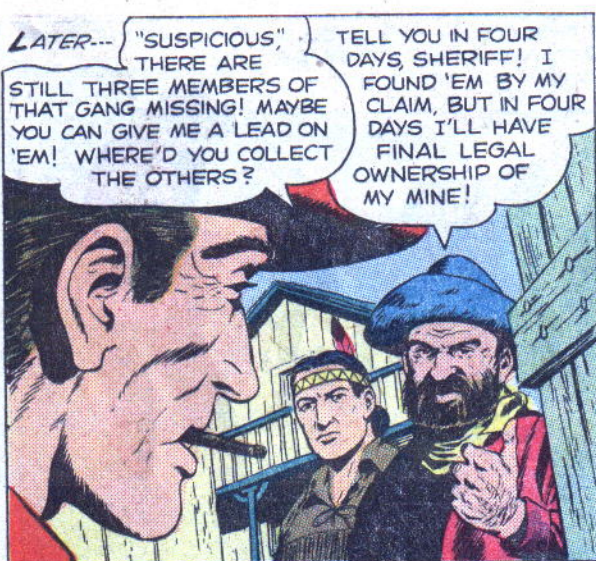


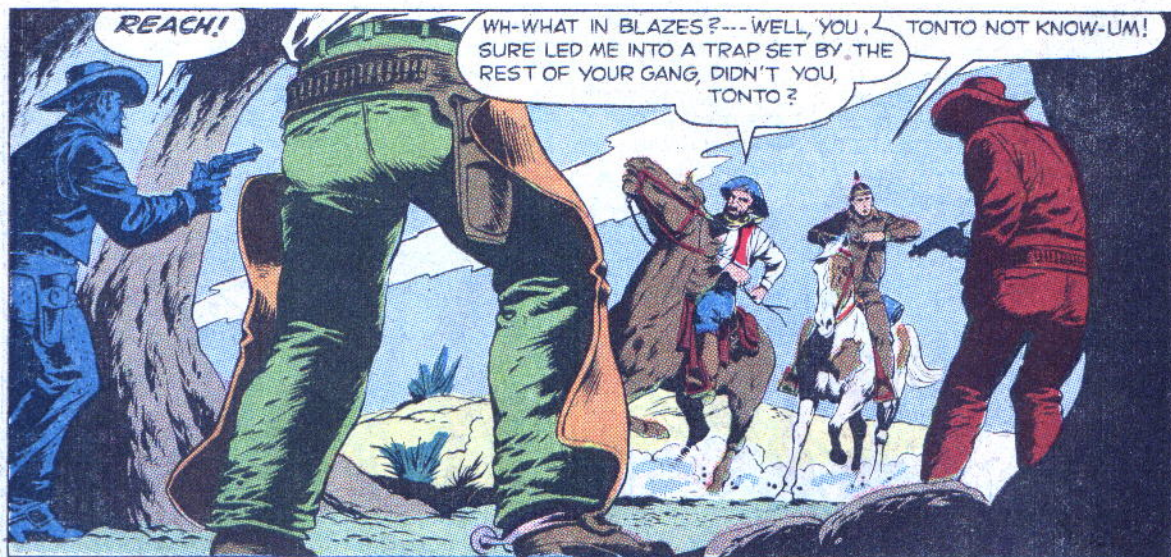
THEM HEAR TONTO, BUT IT NO USE---

---I'LL SHOW THOSE VULTURE PALS OF YOURS I'M **NOT BLUFFING!**





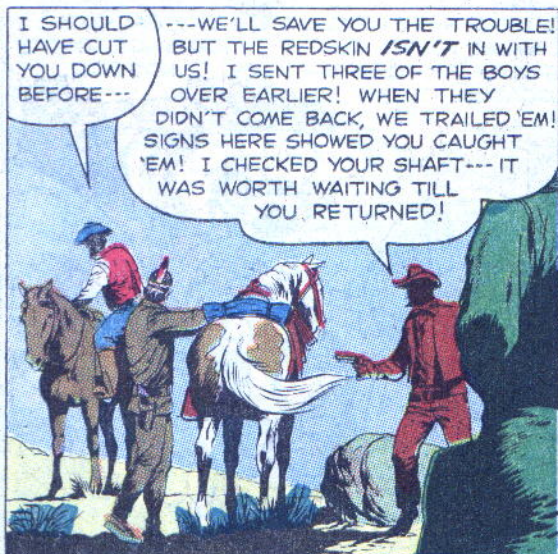




REACH!

WH-WHAT IN BLAZES?---WELL, YOU SURE LED ME INTO A TRAP SET BY THE REST OF YOUR GANG, DIDN'T YOU, TONTO?

TONTO NOT KNOW-UM!



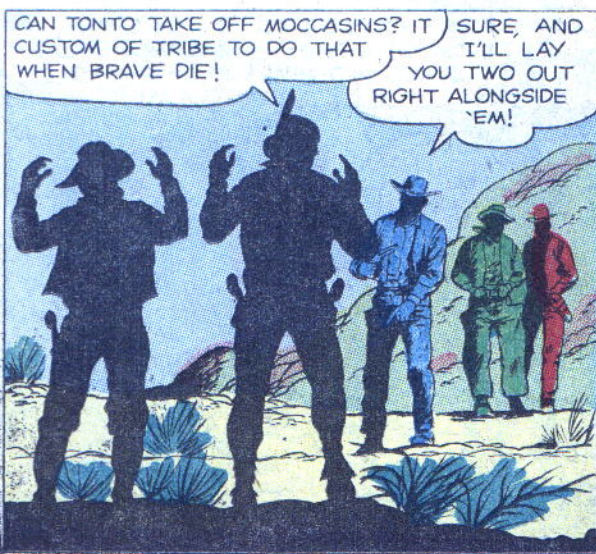
I SHOULD HAVE CUT YOU DOWN BEFORE---

---WE'LL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE! BUT THE REDSKIN *ISN'T* IN WITH US! I SENT THREE OF THE BOYS OVER EARLIER! WHEN THEY DIDN'T COME BACK, WE TRAILED 'EM! SIGNS HERE SHOWED YOU CAUGHT 'EM! I CHECKED YOUR SHAFT---IT WAS WORTH WAITING TILL YOU RETURNED!



ANY *LAST* REQUESTS?

YOU SHOOT US OVER HERE THEN, WHERE TONTO CAN SEE SUN GO DOWN!



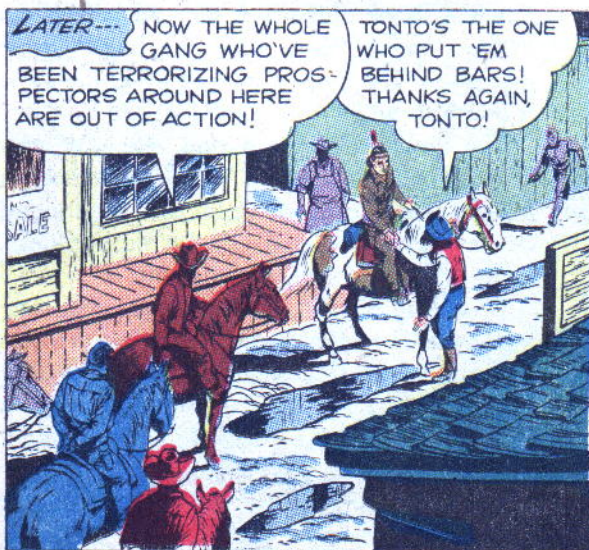
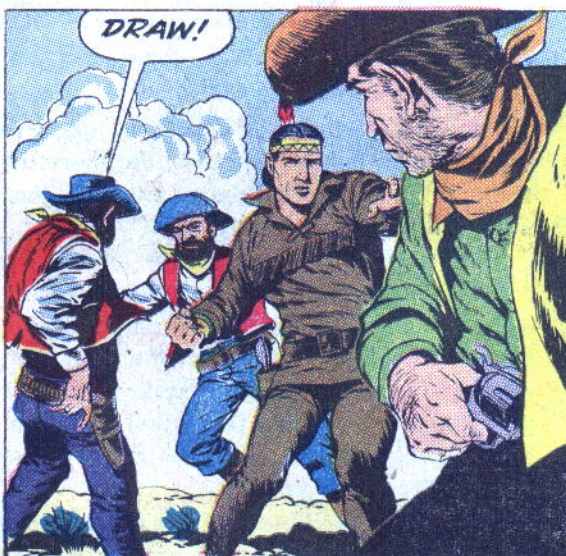
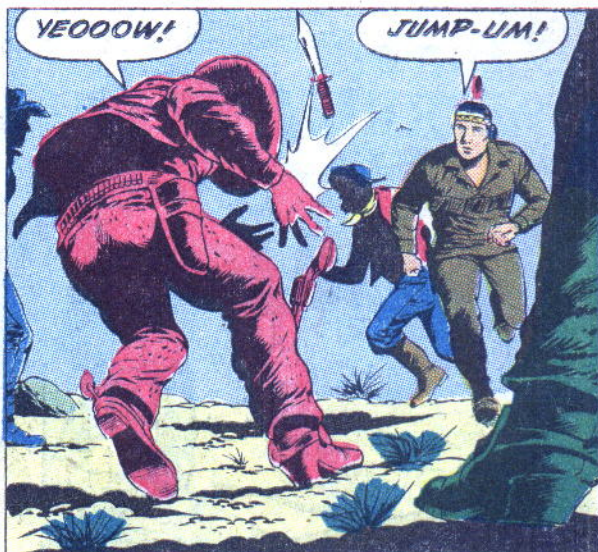
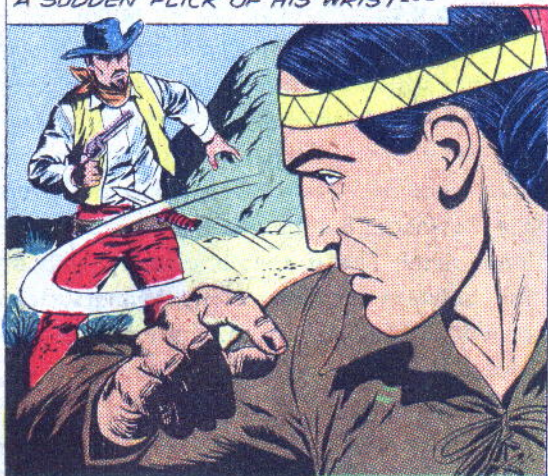
CAN TONTO TAKE OFF MOCCASINS? IT SURE, AND CUSTOM OF TRIBE TO DO THAT WHEN BRAVE DIE!

I'LL LAY YOU TWO OUT RIGHT ALONGSIDE 'EM!

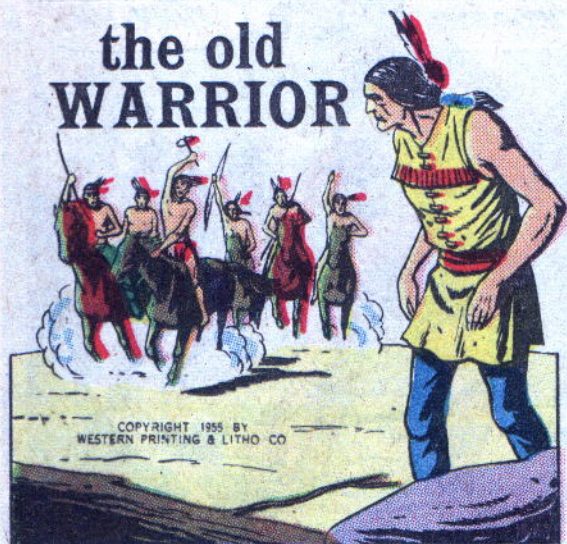


GOOD! THEY LET US MOVE WITHIN REACH OF MY LOST HUNTING KNIFE---

TONTO'S FINGERS TIGHTEN ON THE BLADE, HE STARTS TO STRAIGHTEN UP AND THEN A SUDDEN FLICK OF HIS WRIST---



the old WARRIOR



In the camp of the Sauk, a party of young warriors watched with superior smiles, as Many Winters gripped his bow and arrow in his time-wrinkled hands. Many Winters was once a valiant warrior, but that was long ago. Pawnee raiders had been reported to the north and Many Winters wished to ride one last time with the braves. The young braves said there was no place for an old man in their war party—not unless his arrow could hit the birchbark target at the far end of camp, proving he could still fight as a warrior.

Many Winters sighted along the shaft. Though his eye was keen, his aged hands were unsteady. The arrow slipped, wobbling from the bowstring and fluttered wide of its mark. "No, old one, you stay in camp with the squaws and children."

"The arrow slipped," Many Winters pleaded. "One more try." Carefully, he aimed, but again, the shaking hands of the old man betrayed his eye. The arrow fell short. A mocking smile or two played on the faces of some of the younger braves, who knew their hands were strong and steady. Then with a whoop, they rode northward for the Pawnees.

Many Winters wandered silently through the camp. Only old men, squaws preparing food, and children at play remained there

now. Yes, the twilight of his life was upon him. His battles were behind him. But suddenly, a war cry sounded to the south!

Many Winters scurried to the south end of camp. Dust! Many riders were coming. Then out of the dust rode painted Pawnees, whooping and chanting their war songs, racing their sturdy ponies. A defenseless camp lay before the Pawnees. But an old warrior does not meet death like a coyote, running with his tail between his legs. Many Winters stood proud and unflinching, as the Pawnees galloped up to him.

The Pawnees reined in around the old warrior. There was something majestic and defiant in the bearing of the silver-haired Sauk. "Ho, Sauk," the Pawnee leader cried. "It is clear the braves are not in camp. Did they think you could defend it?"

"No. The death song is upon our lips. We are no match for the Pawnees. But there are many of us. We die happy, knowing your work will take you a good while!"

"We have time," the Pawnee jeered. For a few minutes more, the proud old warrior and the mocking Pawnee exchanged words. Then the Pawnee sensed that Many Winters was deliberately trying to delay him. He grabbed him by his deerskin jacket and shook him. "Speak, ancient one! Why do you wish the Pawnees to linger here?"

Many Winters' lips remained closed, grinning as if he were hiding some secret. The Pawnee shook and struck him. At last, Many Winters spoke. "Even now, the Sauk braves ride south. The longer you are here, the surer is death to all in your camp."

The Pawnee leader hurled Many Winters to the ground and swung his horse homeward. "Our squaws and children are in danger! Do not waste time here with the old and sick!" Swiftly, the Pawnees raced south.

Soon, the Sauk braves returned, reporting no Pawnees to the north. Then they learned of Many Winters' daring bluff. And the young braves realized a true warrior is always a warrior. When age robbed Many Winters' hands of their cunning, age gave his tongue wisdom and cunning so he could still defeat his foe!

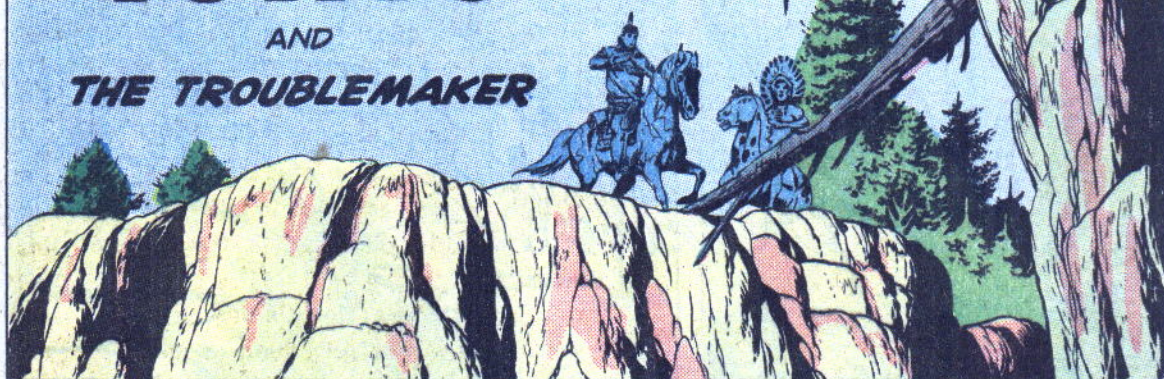
TONTO

AND

THE TROUBLEMAKER

WHOA,
SCOUT!

SEE, TONTO? THE
LOG STILL CROSSES
THE CHASM!



I DIDN'T THINK THAT IT
WOULD STILL BE THERE!
IT WAS MANY, MANY
MOONS AGO WHEN
THAT LOG MEANT
LIFE OR DEATH
TO OUR TRIBE---



I HAD JUST SEEN MY SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY---

READY BOW,
COME HERE!

CATCH ME IF YOU WANT
ME, OLD ONE!

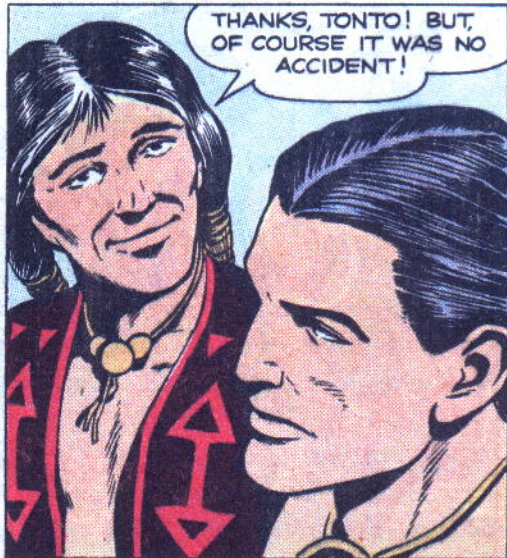


LET ME PUNISH HIM, TONTO!
HE DELIBERATELY OVER-
TURNED MY COOKING POT!

PEACE, AUTUMN
COLORS! WHY WOULD
READY BOW PLAY
SUCH A FOOLISH
TRICK ON YOU? I'M SURE
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!



THANKS, TONTO! BUT,
OF COURSE IT WAS NO
ACCIDENT!



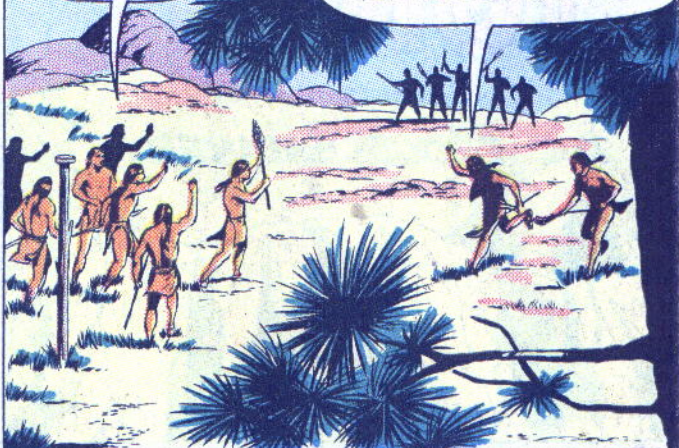
I LIKE A LITTLE
EXCITEMENT---
EVEN IF IT INVOLVES
THE THREAT OF A
BRUISE OR TWO!

THEN TAKE THIS
LACROSSE STICK!
THE GAME IS
STARTING!



COME OVER TO OUR SIDE!
WE NEED TWO MORE
PLAYERS!

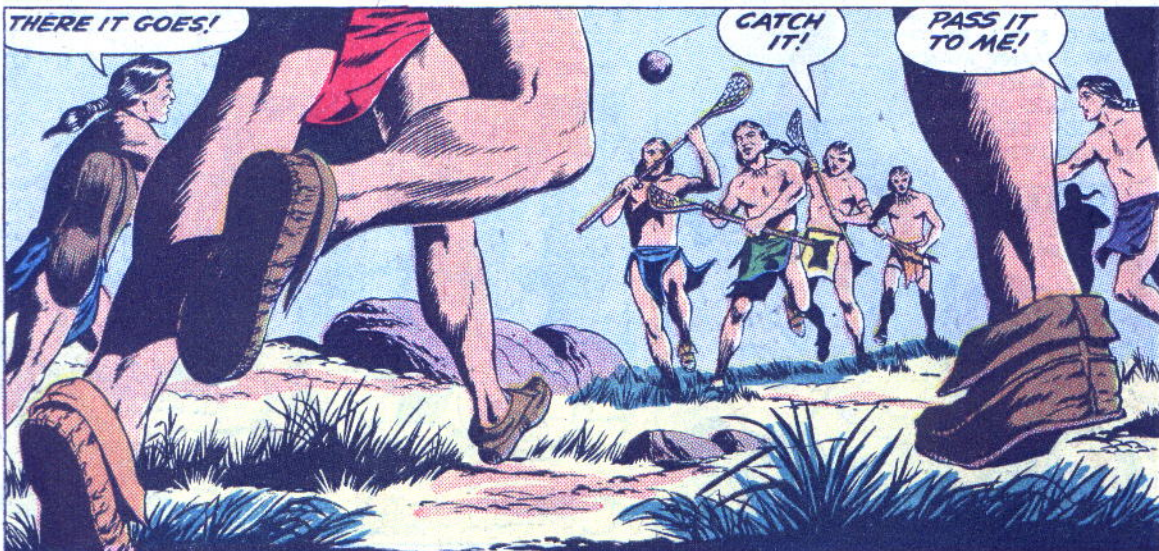
THROW THE BALL MY WAY!
I'LL TOUCH THE GOAL POST
WITH IT BEFORE ANYONE ON
THEIR SIDE CAN STOP ME!



THERE IT GOES!

CATCH
IT!

PASS IT
TO ME!



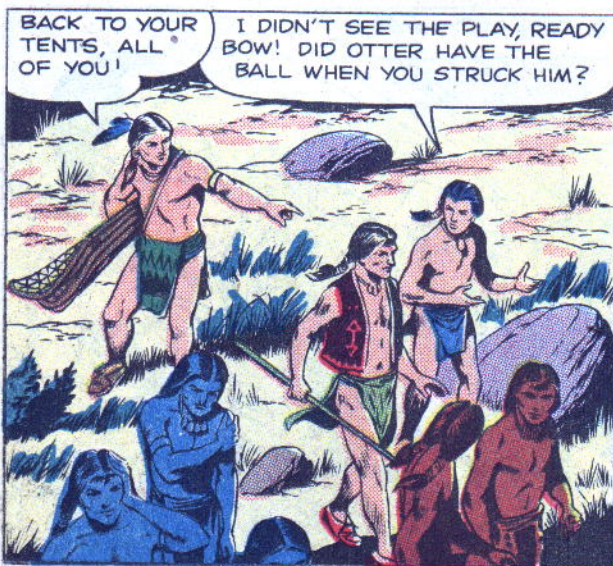
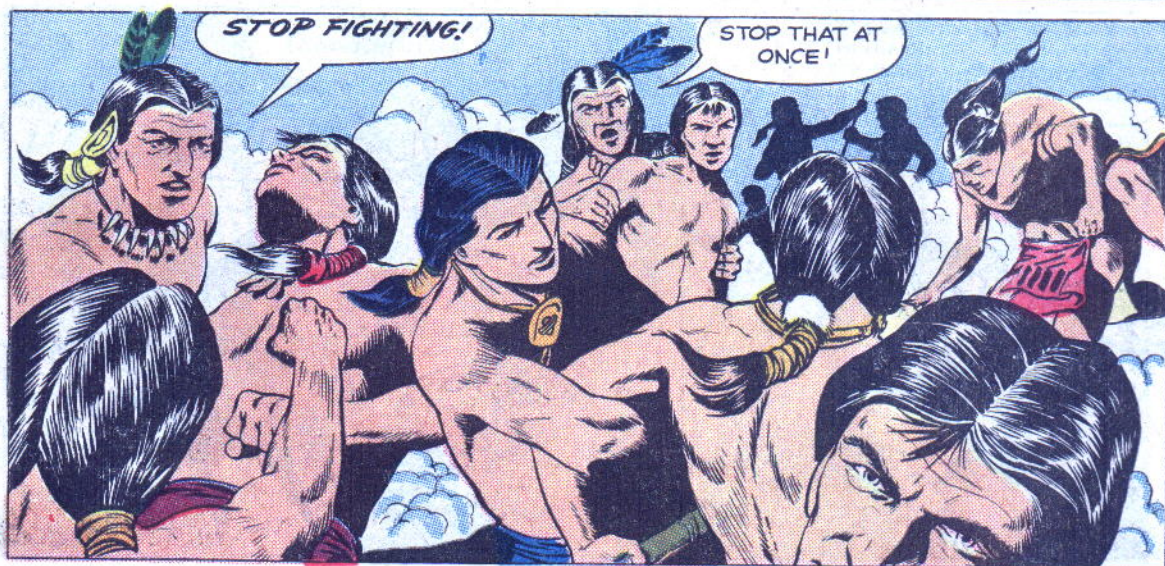
OWW!



I SAW READY BOW
STRIKE OTTER AND
HE DIDN'T HAVE
THE BALL!

I KNEW WE SHOULD NEVER
HAVE LET THAT TROUBLE-
MAKER JOIN THE GAME!

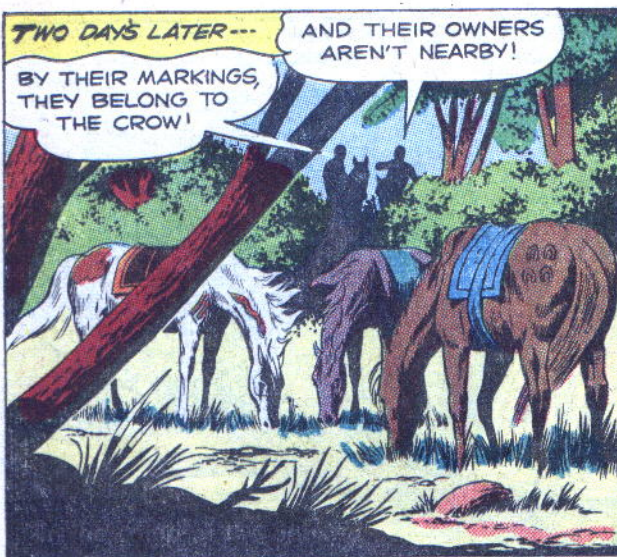




TWO DAYS LATER---

AND THEIR OWNERS
AREN'T NEARBY!

BY THEIR MARKINGS,
THEY BELONG TO
THE CROW!



NO, READY BOW, THE PEACE
PIPE HAS BEEN SMOKED
BY OUR CHIEFTAINS!



THE CROW WILL NEVER KNOW
WHO RAN OFF THEIR MOUNTS!
WE COULD EACH USE MORE
PONIES! COME ON!



TONTO, YOU WILL GROW UP
TO WORK WITH SQUAWS!



THEIR OWNERS
WERE NOT VERY
FAR OFF!



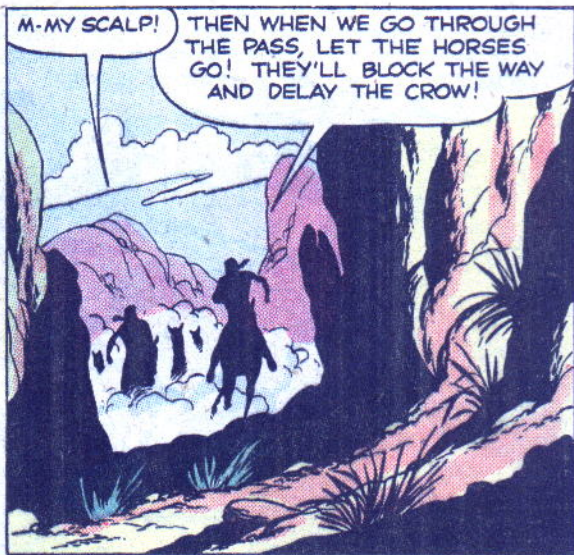
MAKE FOR CAMP!--GIA!





THEY ARE **GAINING!**

WHICH DO YOU WANT---YOUR SCALP OR THE CHANCE OF KEEPING A PONY?



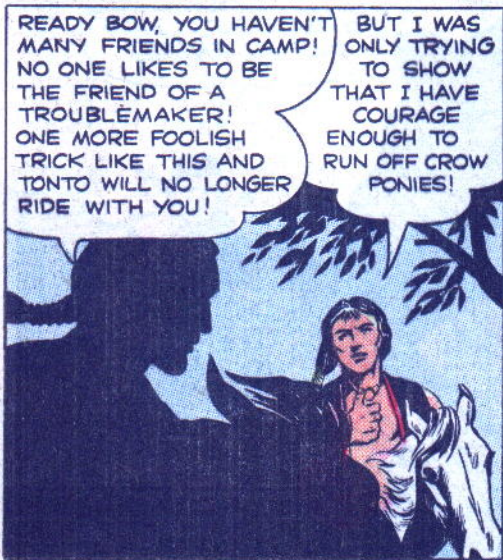
M-MY SCALP!

THEN WHEN WE GO THROUGH THE PASS, LET THE HORSES GO! THEY'LL BLOCK THE WAY AND DELAY THE CROW!



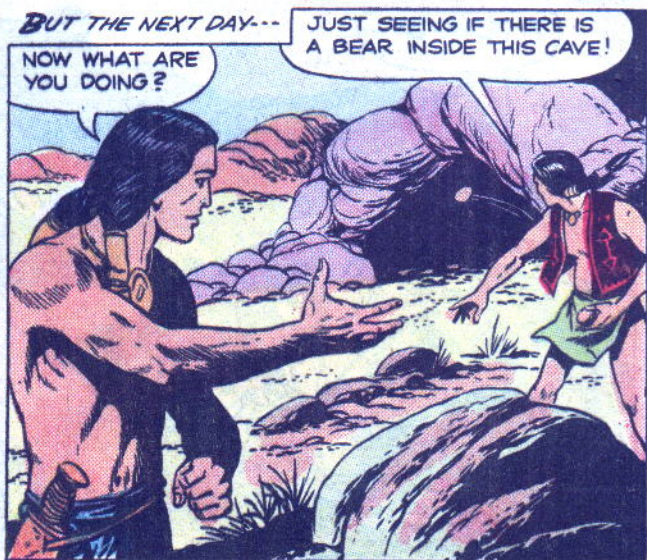
YOUR TRICK WORKED!

KEEP RIDING!



READY BOW, YOU HAVEN'T MANY FRIENDS IN CAMP! NO ONE LIKES TO BE THE FRIEND OF A TROUBLEMAKER! ONE MORE FOOLISH TRICK LIKE THIS AND TONTO WILL NO LONGER RIDE WITH YOU!

BUT I WAS ONLY TRYING TO SHOW THAT I HAVE COURAGE ENOUGH TO RUN OFF CROW PONIES!



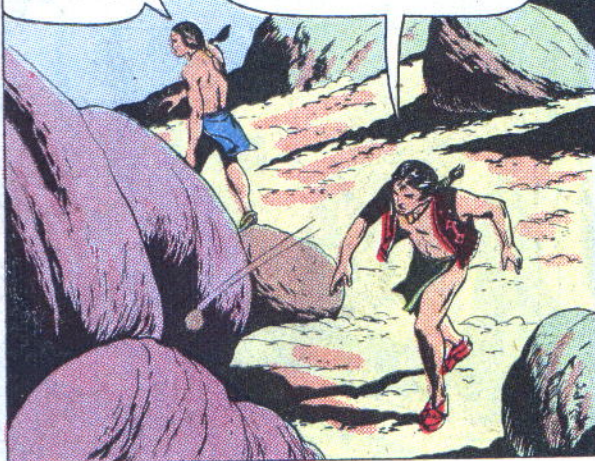
BUT THE NEXT DAY---

NOW WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

JUST SEEING IF THERE IS A BEAR INSIDE THIS CAVE!

THEN LET US GO
BACK FOR OUR
BOWS!

WHY WASTE A TRIP TO CAMP?
I DON'T EVEN THINK THERE
IS A BEAR IN THERE!



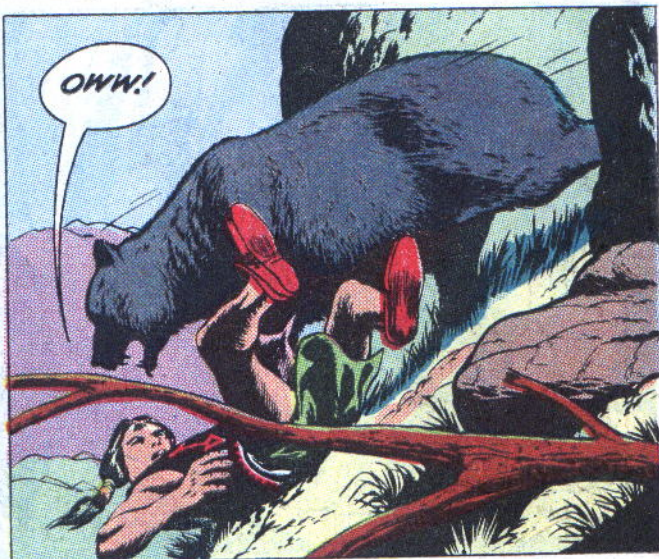
AOOOOH!



BACK!

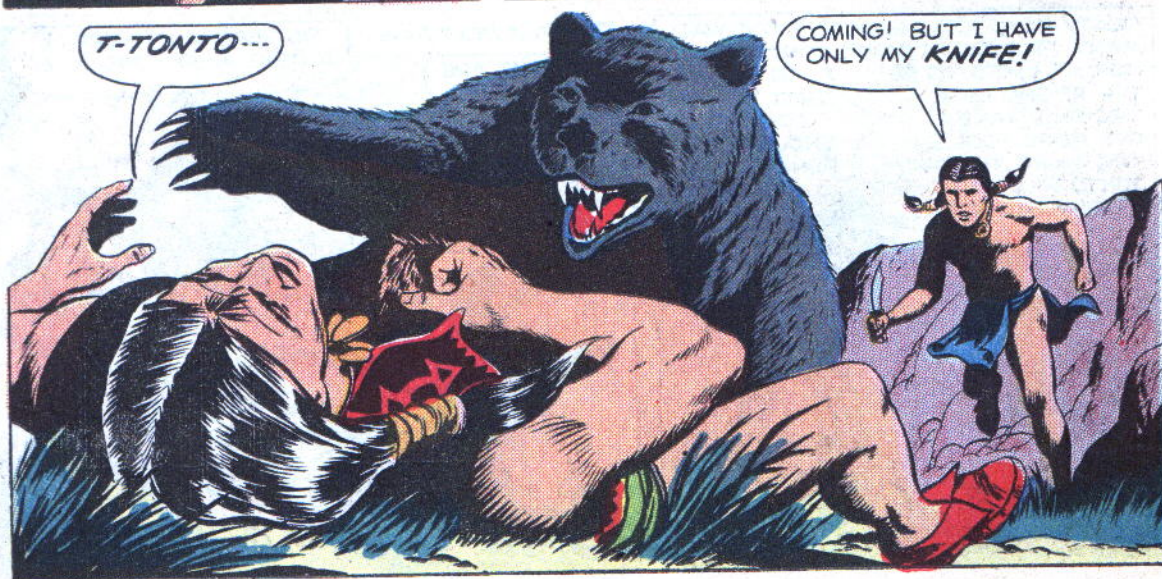


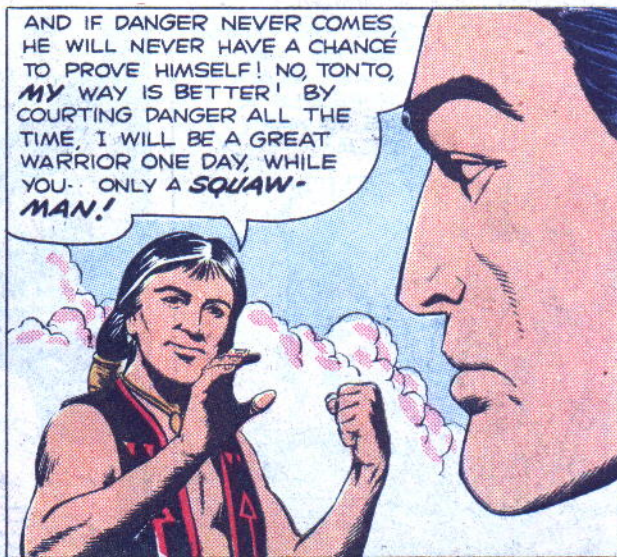
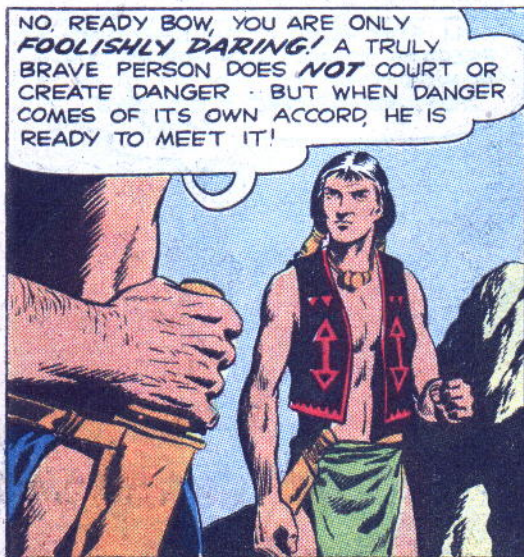
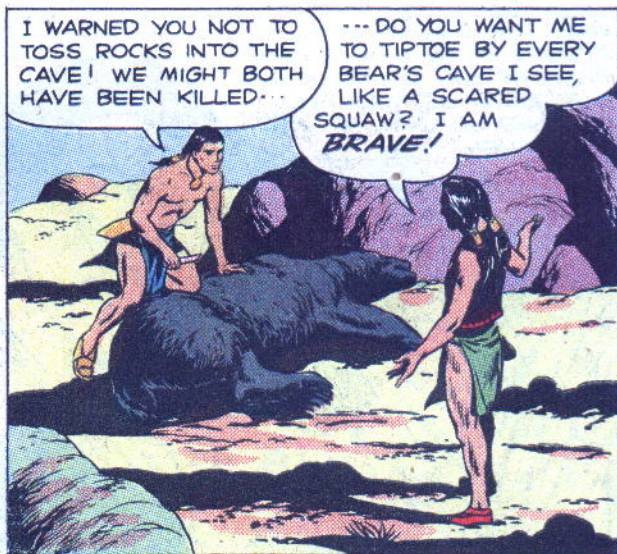
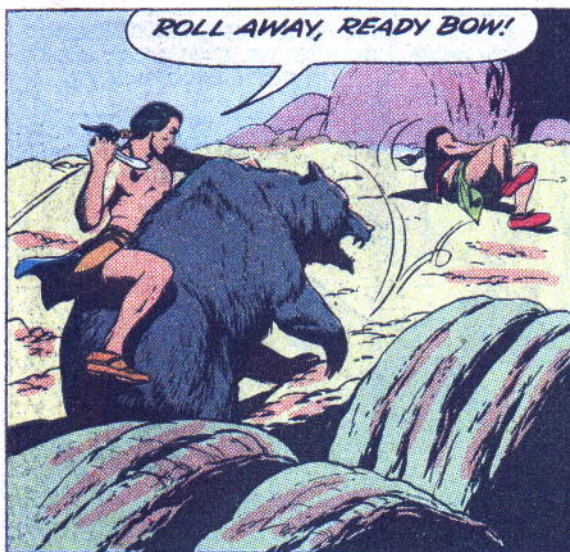
OWW!



T-TONTO...

COMING! BUT I HAVE
ONLY MY **KNIFE!**

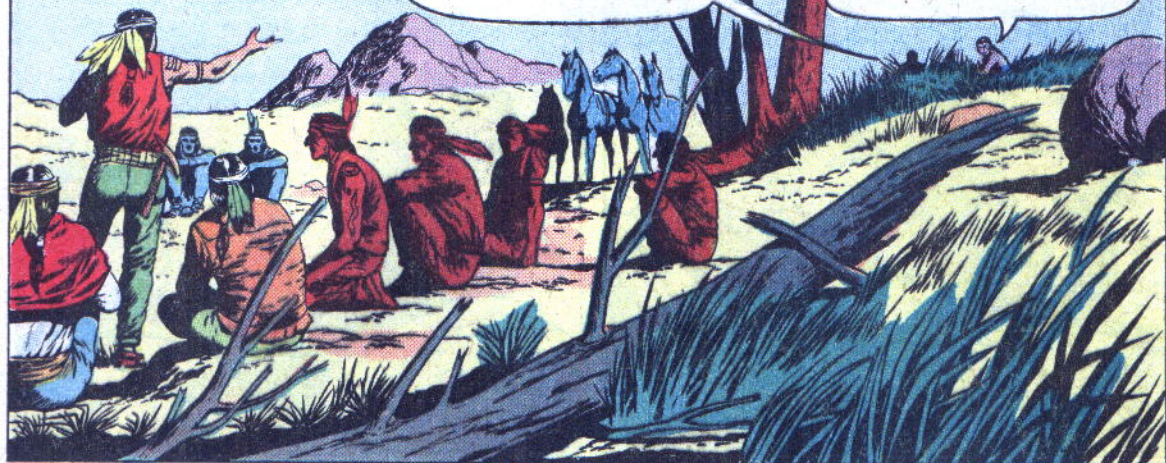




LATER..

THOSE CHEYENNE ARE IN
WAR PAINT AND ON **OUR**
HUNTING GROUNDS!

MOVE CLOSER, READY BOW!
MAYBE WE CAN HEAR WHAT
THEIR LEADER SAYS!



WHEN THE SUN SETS, WE WILL
ATTACK STONE BEAR'S CAMP!
WITH THE SUN BEHIND US AND
IN THEIR EYES, THEY WILL
NOT SEE US UNTIL WE ARE
UPON THEM!



IT ~~ISN'T~~ LONG
TILL SUNSET...

---TAKE THE **SHORT**
CUT TO CAMP!

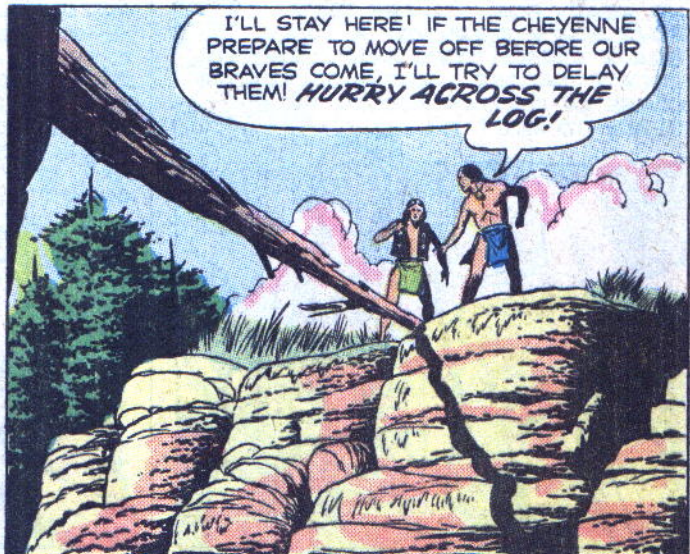


WHAT SHORT
CUT?

OVER THE CHASM!
IF YOU GO THAT WAY,
YOU WILL REACH
OUR PEOPLE IN
TIME TO WARN
THEM!



I'LL STAY HERE! IF THE CHEYENNE
PREPARE TO MOVE OFF BEFORE OUR
BRAVES COME, I'LL TRY TO DELAY
THEM! **HURRY ACROSS THE**
LOG!

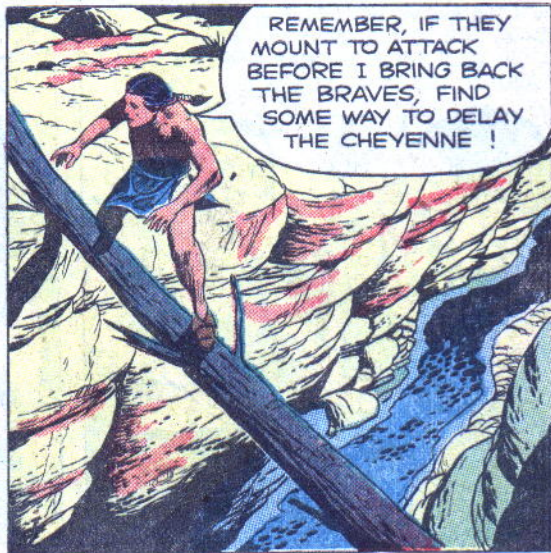


CROSS ON THAT?
NO! IT CAN'T
BE DONE!

THEN **YOU** STAY HERE!
I'LL WARN OUR TRIBE!

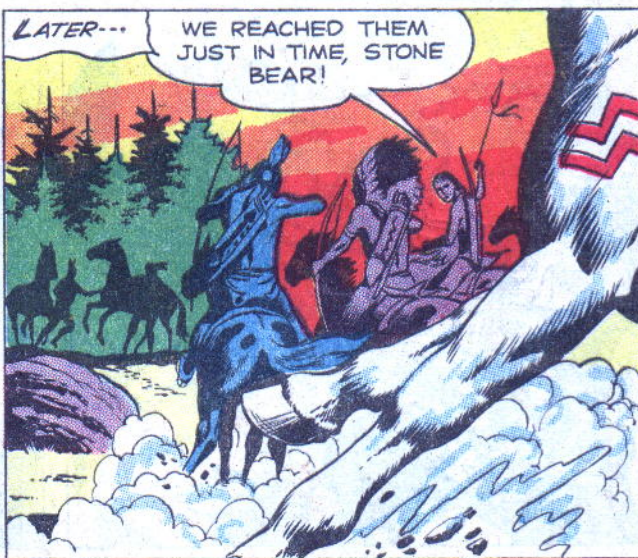


REMEMBER, IF THEY
MOUNT TO ATTACK
BEFORE I BRING BACK
THE BRAVES, FIND
SOME WAY TO DELAY
THE CHEYENNE!



LATER...

WE REACHED THEM
JUST IN TIME, STONE
BEAR!

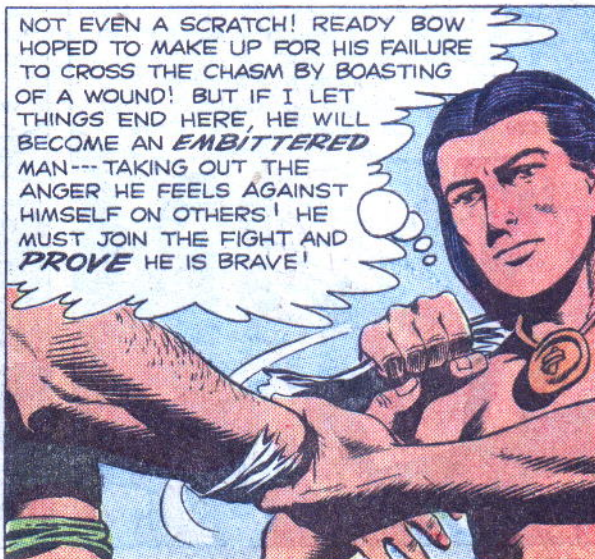


HERE IS A LANCE---

--- I CAN'T USE IT NOW,
TONTA! I TRIED TO
DELAY THE CHEYENNE
AND GOT **THIS!**



NOT EVEN A SCRATCH! READY BOW
HOPED TO MAKE UP FOR HIS FAILURE
TO CROSS THE CHASM BY BOASTING
OF A WOUND! BUT IF I LET
THINGS END HERE, HE WILL
BECOME AN **EMBITTERED**
MAN--- TAKING OUT THE
ANGER HE FEELS AGAINST
HIMSELF ON OTHERS! HE
MUST JOIN THE FIGHT AND
PROVE HE IS BRAVE!

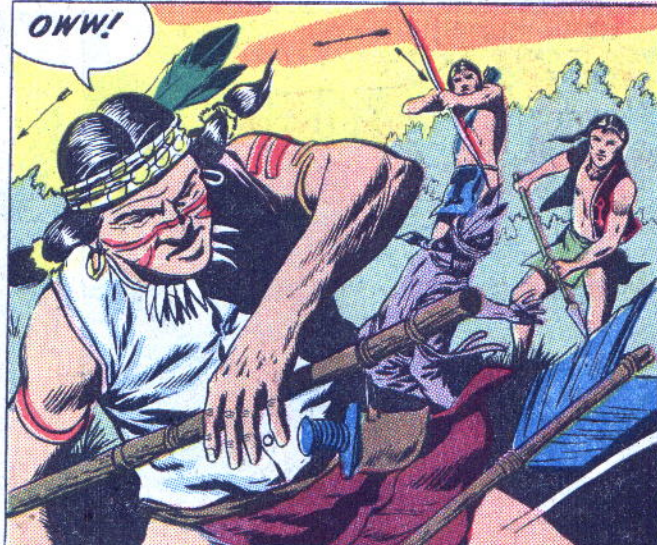


STONE BEAR HIMSELF
GAVE ME THIS LANCE
FOR YOU! HE SAID YOU
WOULD USE IT WELL!

H-HE DID?
WELL, I SHALL
PROVE HIM
RIGHT!



OWW!



GOOD! READY
BOW STRIKES
BRAVELY!



SOON AFTER, AS THE ROUTED CHEYENNE
FLEE---

YOU
TOLD NO ONE
OF MY **FALSE**
WOUND!

WHY SHOULD I? THE
TROUBLEMAKER, WHO
LIKED TO CREATE HIS
OWN DANGER AND PLAY AT
BEING BRAVE, IS DEAD! IN
THIS FIGHT, A COURAGEOUS
WARRIOR WAS BORN! WHY
SPEAK OF THE TROUBLE-
MAKER WHEN A **NEW**
READY BOW IS AMONG
US?



YES, TONTO, YOU SAVED NOT
ONLY OUR TRIBE, BUT READY
BOW'S SELF-RESPECT THAT
DAY!---BUT I STILL DON'T
SEE HOW YOU CROSSED
OVER ON THIS LOG!

WHEN YOU
MUST DO
CERTAIN
THINGS YOU
USUALLY FIND
YOU **CAN!**



WELL, I **DON'T** HAVE
TO CROSS THIS CHASM
NOW!--- I'LL RETURN
TO CAMP THE **LONG**
WAY!

AND NOW I'VE SEEN
THAT THE LOG IS
STILL THERE, I MUST
RIDE ON!---**GET-UM
UP, SCOUT!**

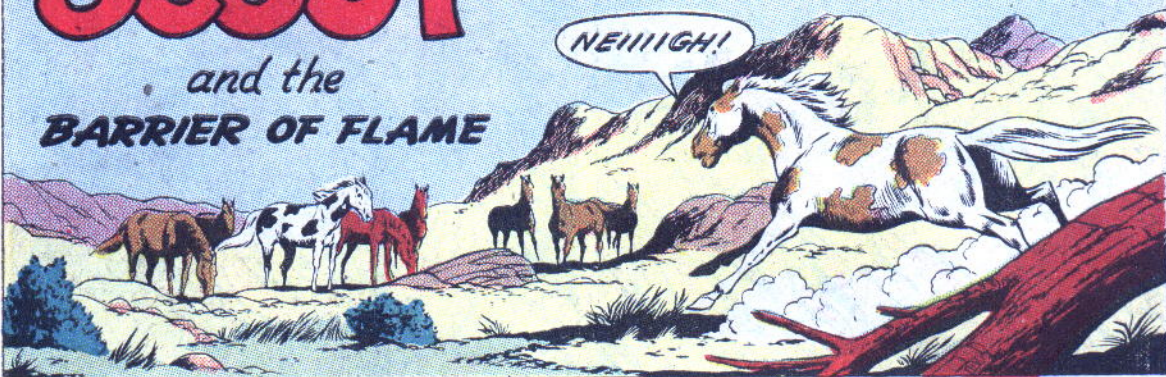


SCOUT

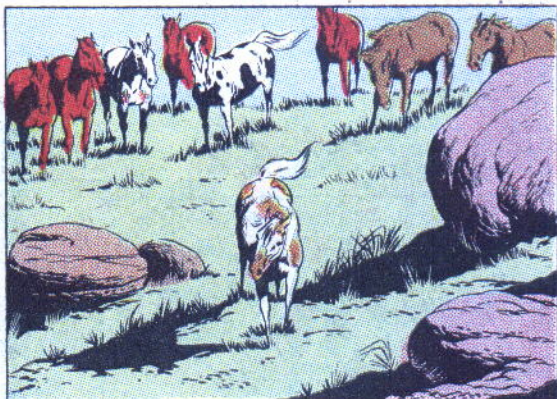
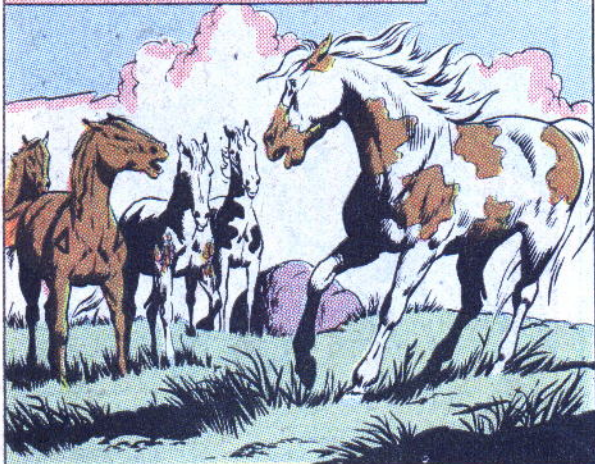
and the BARRIER OF FLAME

WHILE TONTO VISITS HIS TRIBE, SCOUT IS PUT OUT TO GRASS ALONG WITH THE OTHER INDIAN PONIES! WITH A FRIENDLY WHINNY, THE MIGHTY HORSE GALLOPS TOWARD THE GRAZING MOUNTS---

NEIIIGH!

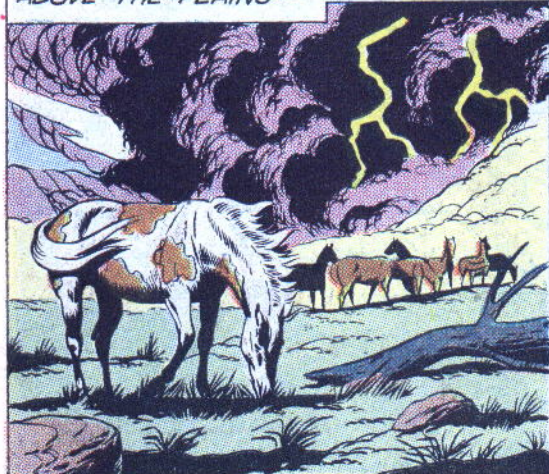


BUT SCOUT IS A STRANGER TO THE PONIES, AND THEY TURN ON HIM AS AN INTRUDER SEEKING TO EAT THEIR FOOD---

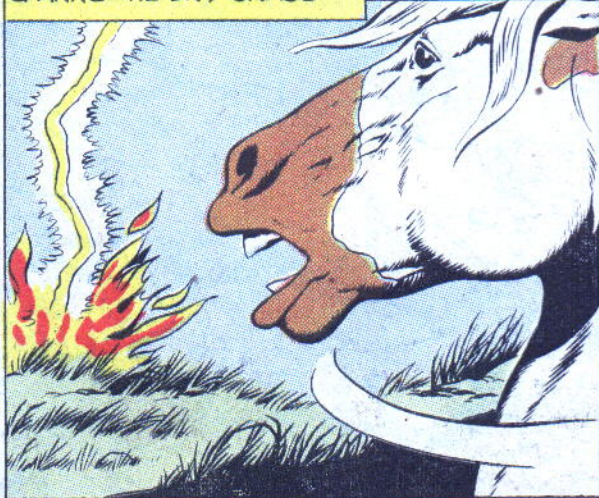


FOR A MOMENT, SCOUT BECOMES TENSE, READY TO CHALLENGE THE MUSTANG LEADER OF THE HERD THEN HE TURNS, MAKING A 'SUDDEN DECISION NOT TO FIGHT NOW FOR ACCEPTANCE! PERHAPS, LATER, HE WILL FIND A CHANCE TO WIN THEIR FRIENDSHIP---

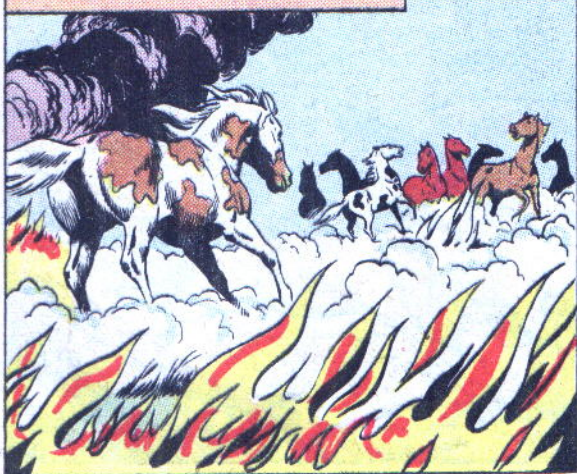
SCOUT GRAZES ALONE AS AN OUTCAST, AS A SUDDEN HEAT STORM RUMBLES ABOVE THE PLAINS---



LIGHTNING FLASHES AND A FIERY BOLT SPARKS THE DRY GRASS---



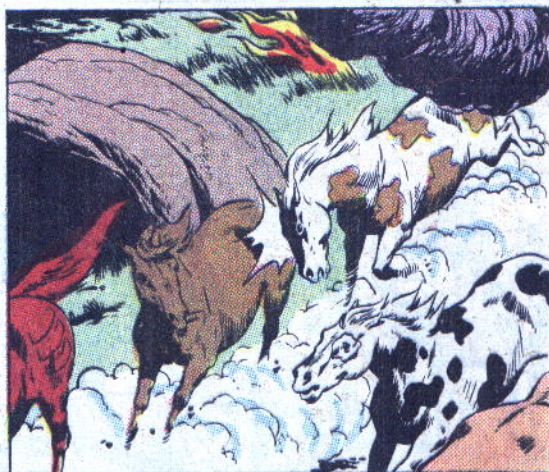
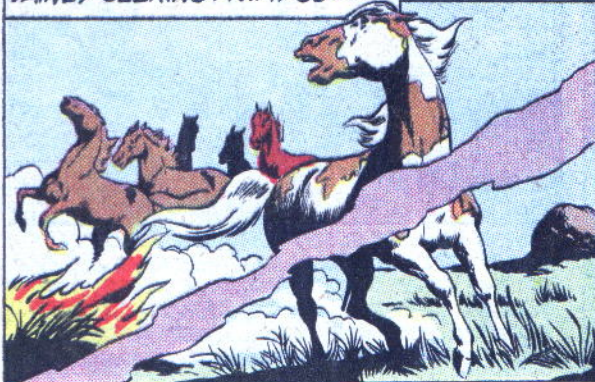
QUICKLY, THE WIND WHIPS THE SPARK INTO A SWIFT, SPREADING BLAZE, AS THE HORSES PANIC BEFORE THE FIRE ---



SCOUT STANDS STEADY, SNIFFS THE AIR! WATER! WATER! HE SMELLS WATER NEARBY AND THAT COULD MEAN SAFETY---

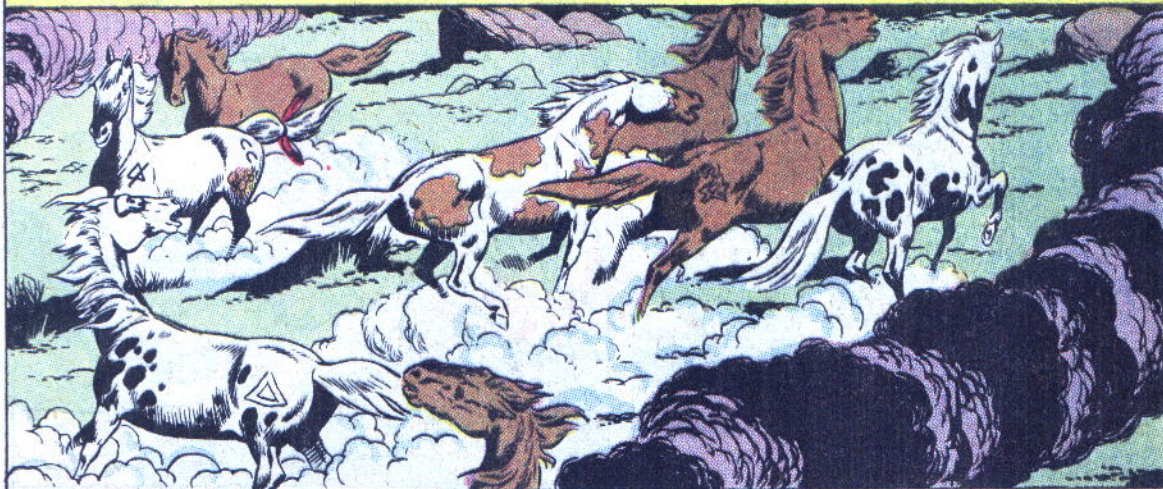


WHINNYING LOUDLY FOR THE OTHERS TO FOLLOW, SCOUT HEADS FOR THE WATER, BUT THE TRIBE'S HORSES REFUSE TO FOLLOW! SCOUT IS NOT THEIR LEADER AND THEIR LEADER IS GALLOPING AIMLESSLY ALONG THE ENCIRCLING WALL OF FLAMES, VAINLY SEEKING A WAY OUT---



THEN SCOUT RACES BACK TO THE BEWILDERED PONIES PUSHING AND BUTTING THEM TOWARD THE WATER

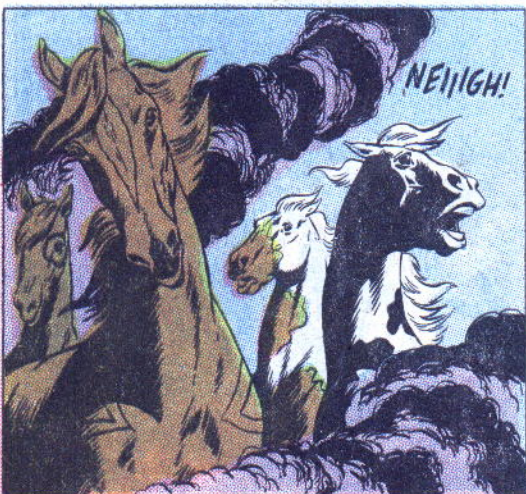
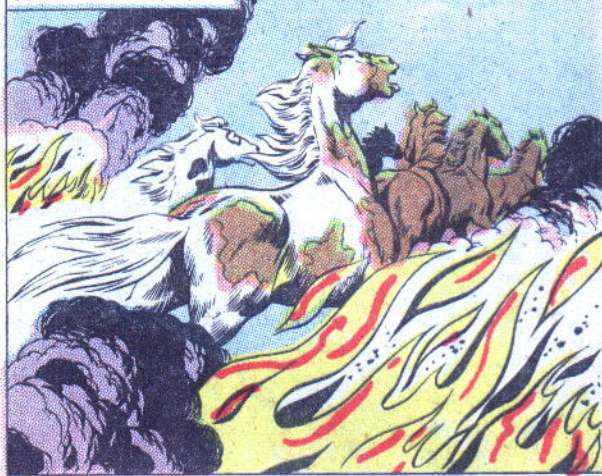
A FEW HORSES START FORWARD FOR THE WATER, BUT MOST RESIST, AS SCOUT NIPS THEIR FLANKS IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO SAVE THE FLAME-SURROUNDED HERD---



AT LAST, THE WHOLE HERD MOVES OFF---



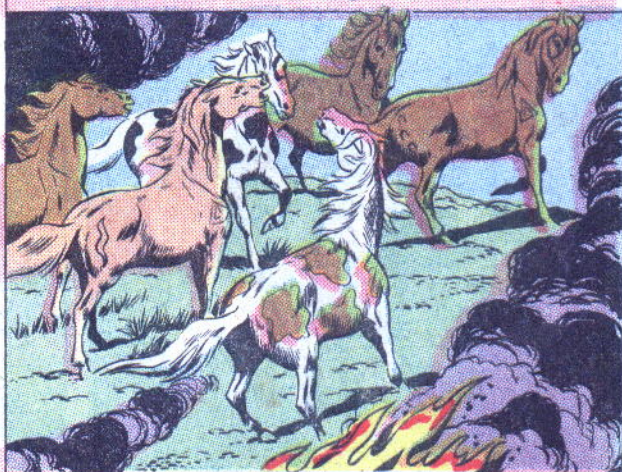
HARRYING THE STRAGGLERS, SCOUT KEEPS THE HERD HEADING FOR THE WATER, AS SMOKE VEILS THE WAY---



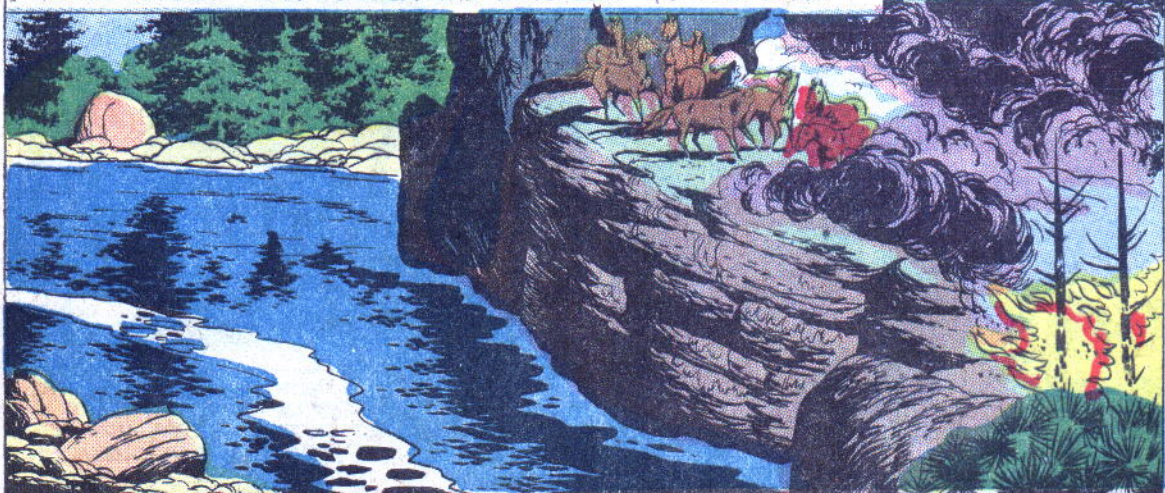
NEIGH!

FASTER SCOUT URGES THEM ON, AS THE WIND INCREASES AND THE FIRE CLOSES IN---

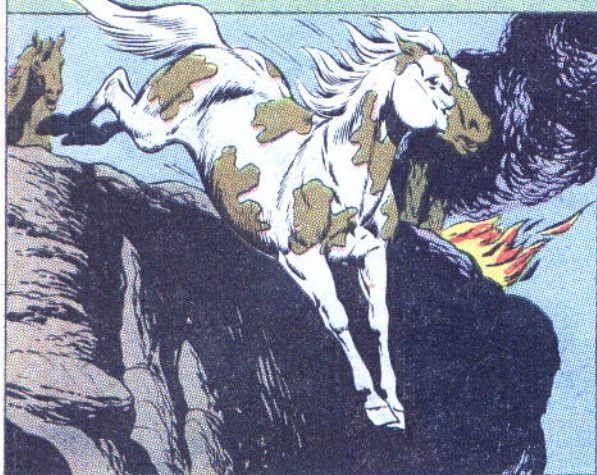
THEN SUDDENLY, SCOUT FINDS THE WAY BLOCKED BY A SOLID WALL OF HORSES! WHY HAVE THEY STOPPED WITH THE FIRE RIGHT BEHIND THEM?



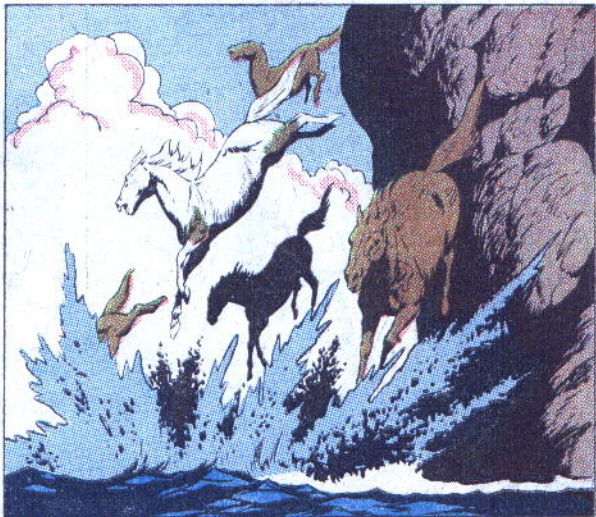
AND THEN SCOUT SEES THAT THE HORSES HAVE CHOSEN TO FACE THE DOOMING FLAMES RATHER THAN TO RISK THE LONG LEAP TO THE LAKE---



SCOUT FORCES HIS WAY THROUGH, HOPING THEY
WILL FOLLOW IF HE CAN SHOW THEM THE JUMP
IS SAFE---

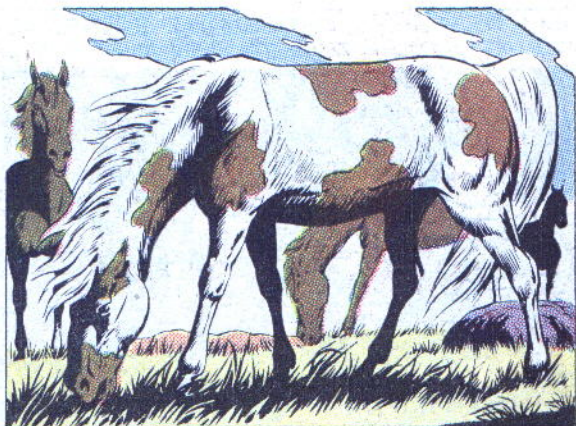
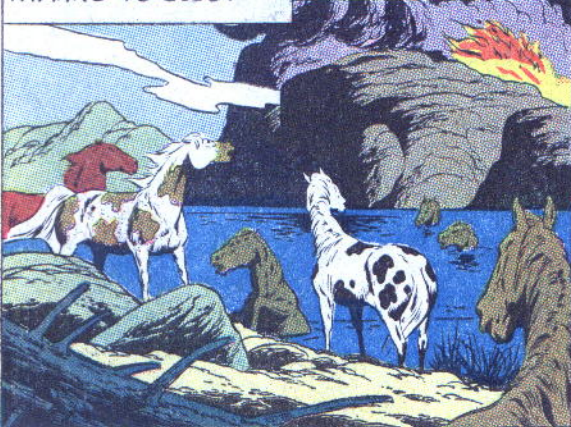


A MOMENT LATER, THE HORSES ON THE
LEDGE SEE SCOUT BOB TO THE SURFACE
UNHURT AND SWIM FOR SHORE---



SWIFTLY, THEY FOLLOW SCOUT'S EXAMPLE---

FROM THE FAR BANK OF THE RIVER, THEY
SEE THE FIRE BLAZE OVER THE VERY PLACE
WHERE THEY STOOD! SOON IT WILL BURN
ITSELF OUT, BUT THEY ARE SAFE NOW,
THANKS TO SCOUT---



LATER, AS THEY RETURN TO THEIR GRAZING,
SCOUT NO LONGER FEEDS AWAY FROM THE
OTHERS, A LONELY OUTCAST---FOR NOW HE
IS ONE OF THE HERD, THEIR PROVEN
LEADER!



THE STRONGHEARTS,

warrior society of the sioux

By Red Thunder Cloud

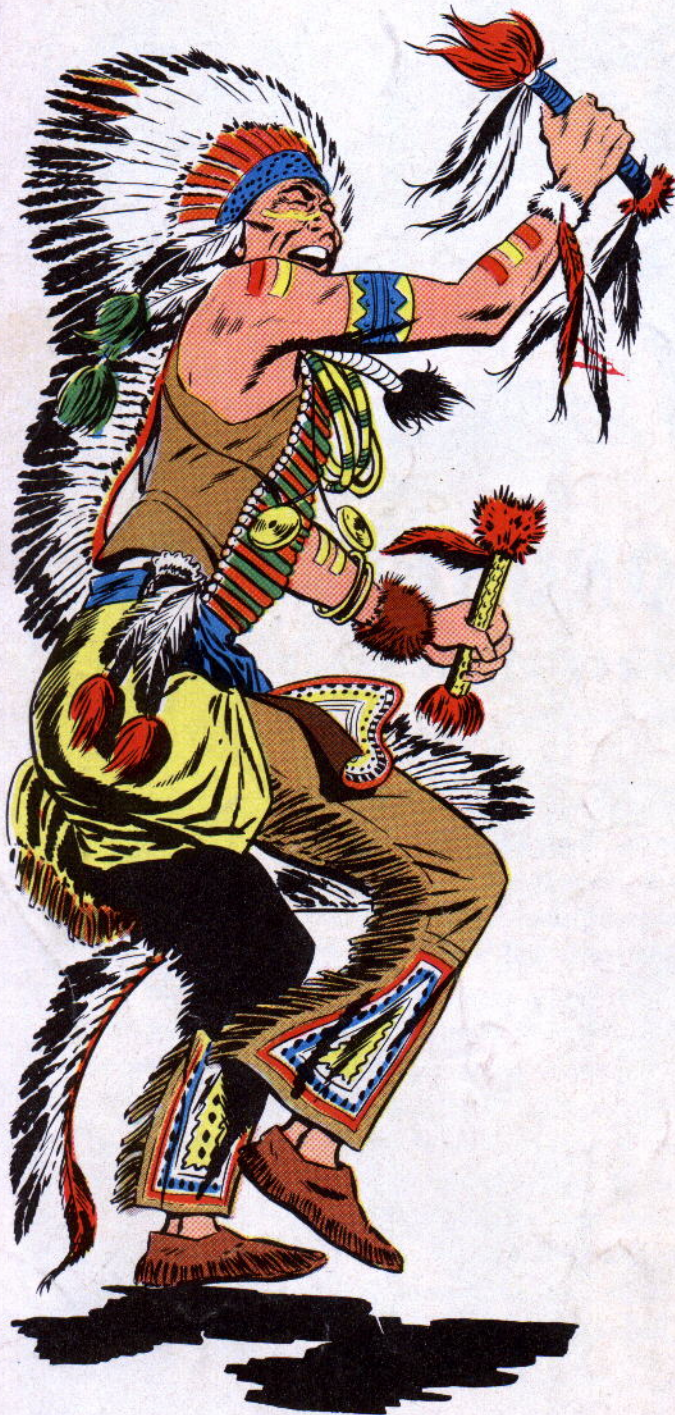
One of the most famous warrior societies of the Sioux or Dakotas was the Sha-te-suta or the Stronghearts. Warriors outdid each other on the warpath hoping that they would be selected to join this famous war society. A man chosen for membership had to be more than just a good fighter. He had to be kind and generous and well liked by the people.

It was a genuine thrill for every young Sioux boy as he watched the Stronghearts ride out of the Sioux village to wage war against the enemy. Each lad hoped that someday he might be selected to join this most popular war society of the Sioux. During the thick of battle, the warriors would often pound themselves on the chest, shouting "Sha-te-suta!" meaning "Stronghearts!" and filling their enemies with fear.

The Stronghearts had their own war songs and special insignia. Although other tribes of the plains had their war societies, the Stronghearts were, by far, the largest. Some of the most prominent of the Sioux Chiefs, such as Gall, Crazy Horse, Rain-in-the-Face and Sitting Bull, were Stronghearts.

the war dance

By Red Thunder Cloud



One of the most popular of the dances of the American Indians is the War Dance. Now, it does not signify the beginning of war, but is carried on symbolically by the various tribes.

To the warriors and young braves of former days, it presented an opportunity to gain fame and reputation among the members of the tribe since its participants signified that they were preparing themselves to attack the enemy. The Indian warrior, unlike other soldiers, who rested the night before a planned attack, danced all night long. The dancer put all thoughts from his mind except that of the enemy he was going to face next day. The leaping into the air and the swinging of the hatchet implied that he was going to attack the enemy in that manner. The strong voices of the singers inspired the dancer and created in him a feeling of great excitement. The songs which stirred him were the same ones that his father and grandfather had danced to in their youth. Dancing before the people, he knew the pride of the warrior, idolized by all young men and boys who had not taken to the war trail.

Although there have been no wars between the Indians and the white men since 1890, the War Dance still remains highly popular among the Indians of the United States and Canada. The most spectacular War Dances today are held every year in August at the American Indian Exposition in Anadarko, Oklahoma, where as many as 500 War Dancers compete for first prize as Champion War Dancer of the World.

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