

**DELL**

**THE LONE RANGER'S COMPANION**

MAY - JULY

10¢

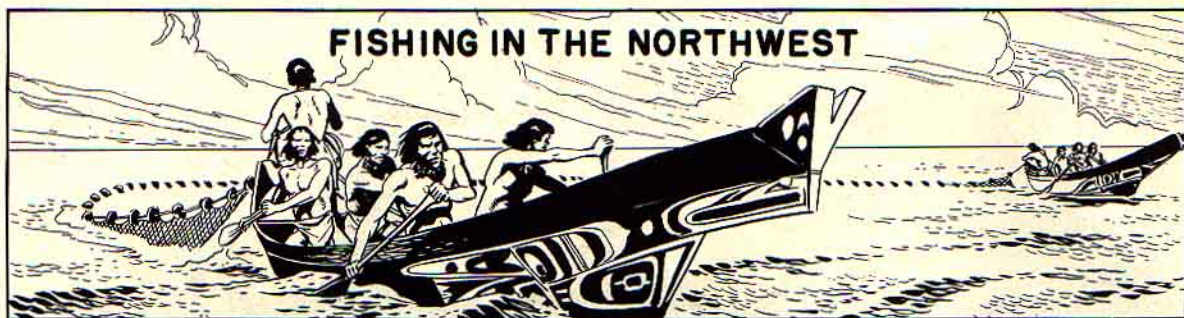
# TONTO



**"Dangerous Waters"**



## FISHING IN THE NORTHWEST



TO THE INDIANS OF THE NORTHWEST, FISHING MEANT SURVIVAL. MANY METHODS WERE USED TO CATCH FISH. DURING THE SALMON RUNS, THE BRAVES DIVIDED INTO TWO CANOES. A NET WAS STRETCHED BETWEEN THE CANOES AND WAS PULLED IN WHEN FULL OF FISH.

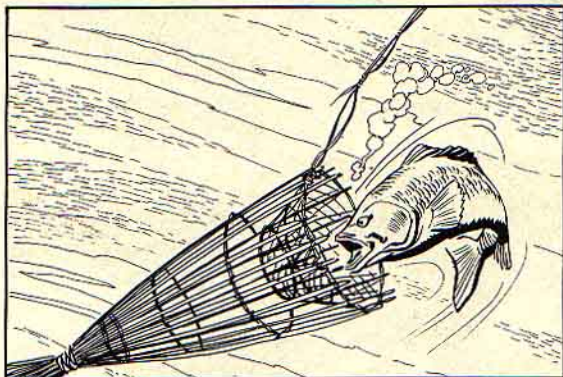


TRAILING A BAITED BARBED HOOK FROM A LINE IN HIS HAND AS HE PADDLED MADE A BRAVE'S BAIT LOOK LIKE A LIVING FISH.



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SOME FISH WERE CAUGHT WITH A TWO PRONGED SPEAR USED LIKE A HARPOON BY THE INDIAN BRAVES WHO STOOD IN WATER OR ON SHORE.



DAM AND REED FISH BASKETS WERE USED AS FISH TRAPS ALONG THE RIVERS. THE FISH SWAM IN AND WERE CAUGHT.



TO CATCH HERRING, A RAKE WITH SHARP PIECES OF BONE ATTACHED WAS PULLED THROUGH THE WATER BY A BRAVE WHILE HIS SQUAW PADDLED.

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# TONTO

DANGEROUS WATERS

THE FISHING IS GOOD HERE, TONTO, WE  
HAVE CAUGHT ENOUGH TO ---

--- WATCH OUT,  
STONE BEAR!  
ARROWS!



M-MY ARM ---



PUT OUT  
THE FIRES!



THERE THEY ARE!



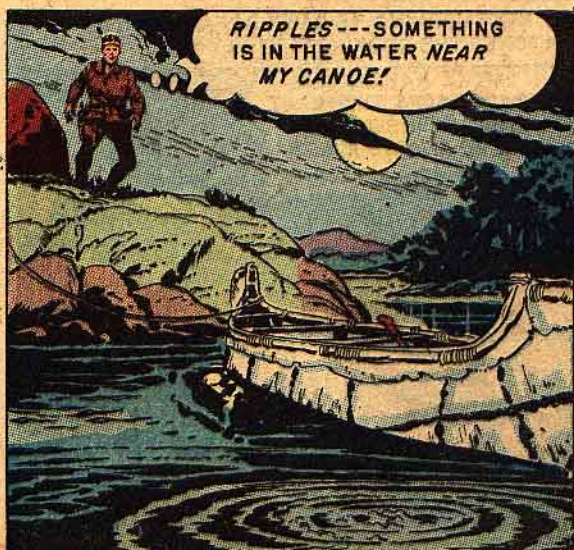
TONTO® 31-585

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





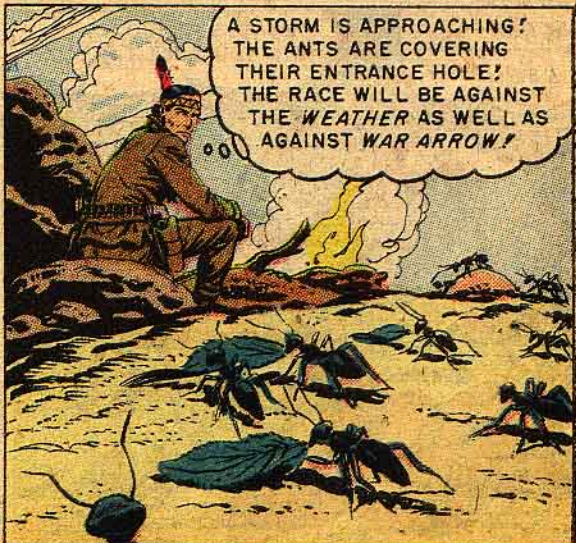








THE NEXT MORNING, AS DAWN BREAKS, TONTO  
WATCHES THE COOKING FIRE...







THE TWO BRAVES MATCH EACH OTHER, STROKE FOR STROKE AS THEY CUT DOWNRIVER WITH STEADY SPEED...







HAVING READ THE RIVER SIGNS CORRECTLY, TONTO SKIMS INTO THE LEAD...



THE RIVER FLOWS ON IN A NARROW STRETCH BEYOND THIS WIDE EXpanse---



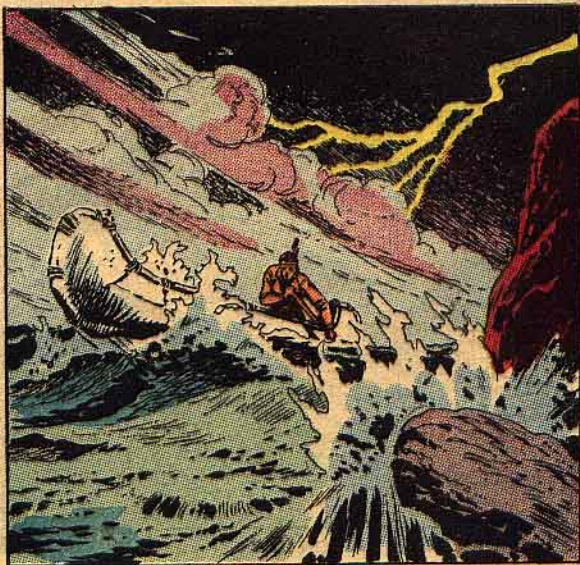
BUT IF THE SMOKE AND THE ANTS WERE RIGHT, THERE WILL BE A STORM! I WILL LET WAR ARROW TAKE THE STRAIGHT COURSE ACROSS THE MIDDLE OF THE WATER--- I WILL TAKE THE LONGER, BUT SAFER ONE ALONG THE SHORE!



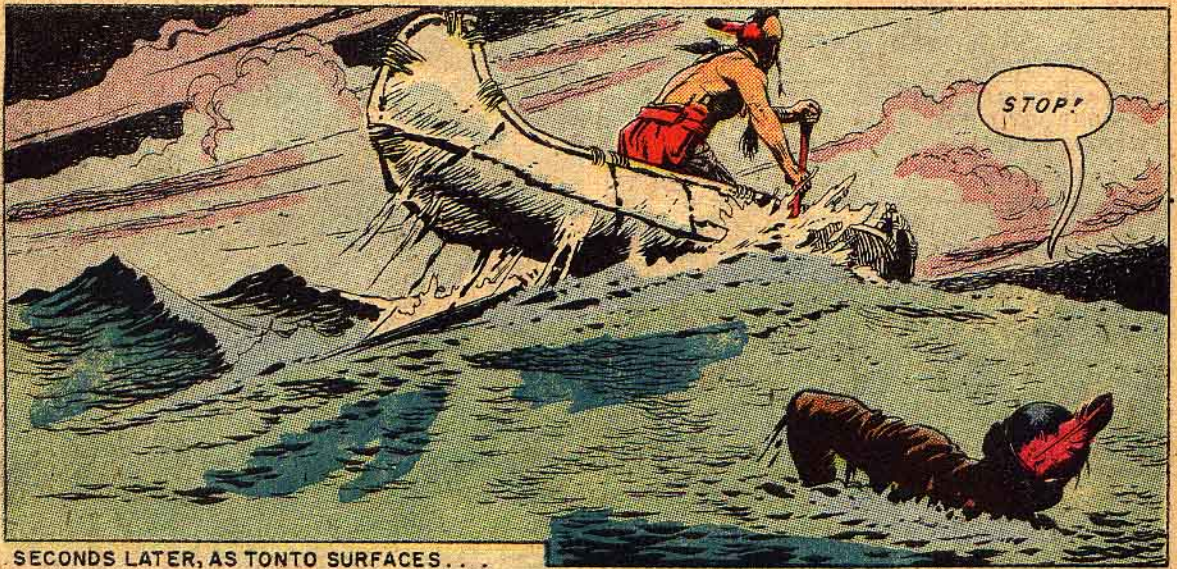


WITH EACH STROKE, THE WATER GETS ROUGHER AND THE SKY DARKENS...

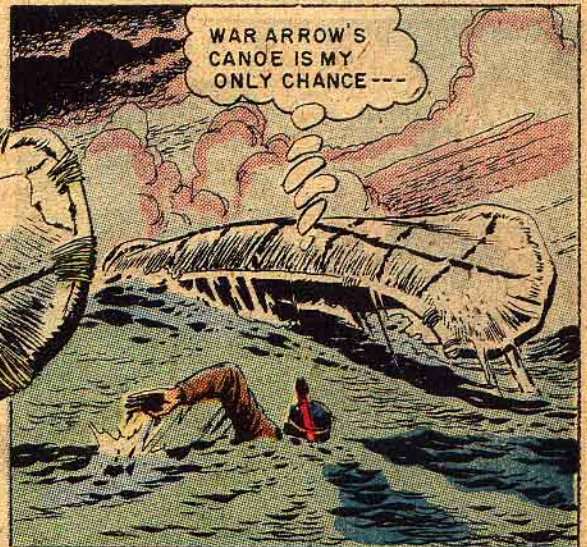
WAR ARROW MAY HAVE THE *SHORTER* WAY --- BUT OUT THERE IN THE MIDDLE, THE WIND IS *STRONGER* THAN HERE AND THAT SHOULD GIVE ME THE ADVANTAGE!





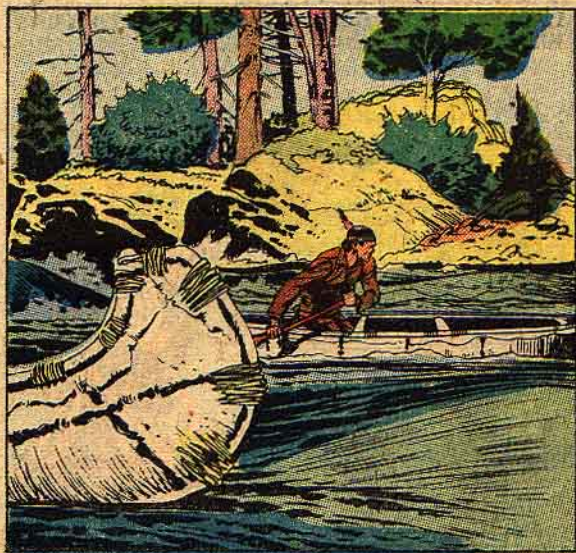
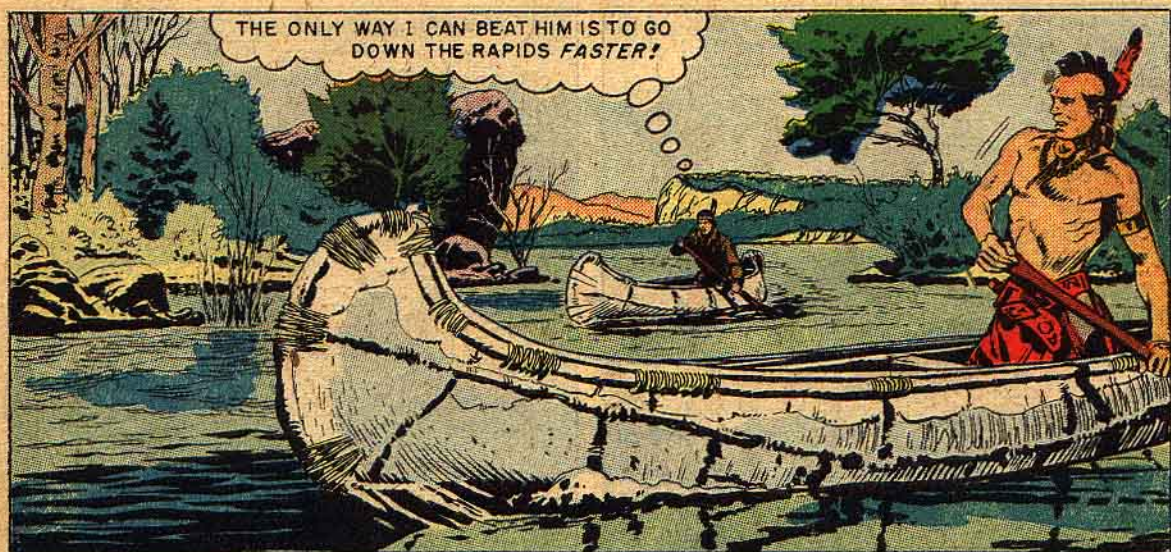


SECONDS LATER, AS TONTO SURFACES...

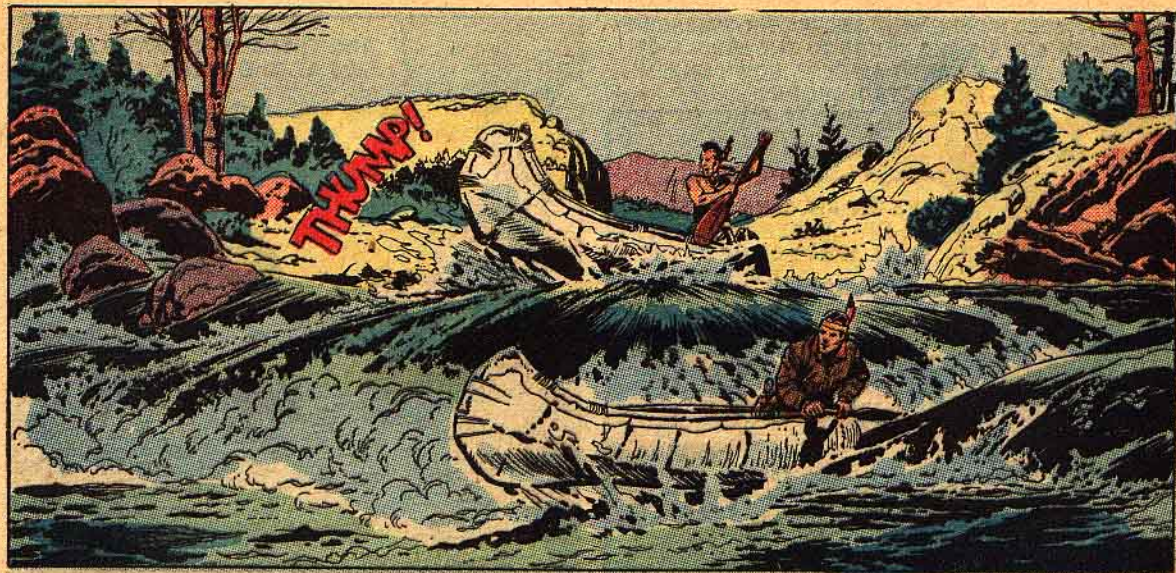




BUT BUFFETED BY THE WIND AND WATER, WAR ARROW IS SLOWED DOWN AS HE KEEPS TO THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER, WHILE TONTO SWEEPS DOWN ON HIM FROM THE WIND-PROTECTED SHORE...





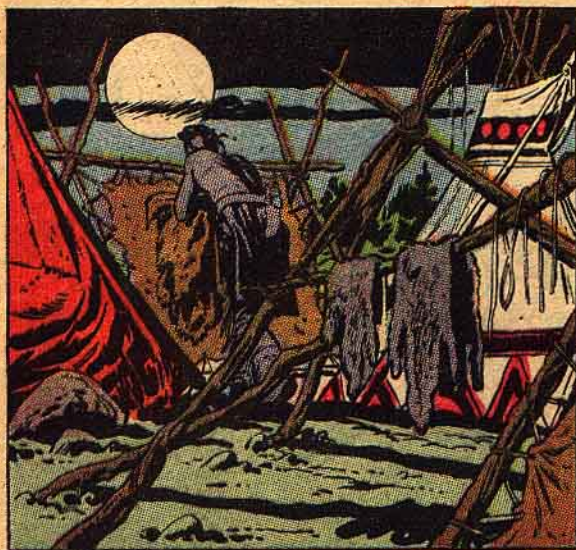




# TONTO

## THE STOLEN SKINS

AS STONE BEAR'S CAMP SLEEPS, THERE IS A STEALTHY MOVEMENT BY THE DRYING RACKS WHERE VALUABLE SKINS HANG...



NEXT MORNING----

LOOK, CROW CLAW! THREE BEAVER PELTS OF MINE WERE *STOLEN!*

AND MY DEER HIDE THAT WAS DRYING HERE FOR TWO SUNS IS *GONE!*



THERE IS A *THIEF* AMONG US! WE MUST *PUNISH HIM!*

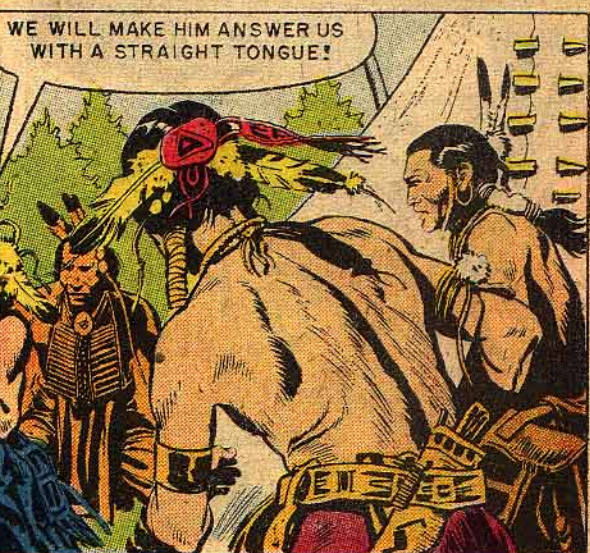
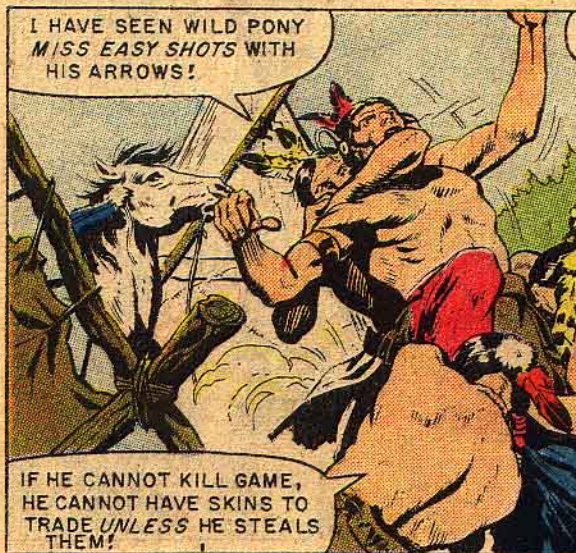
FIRST, CROW CLAW, WE MUST *FIND HIM!*



LOOK! *WILD PONY* HAS JUST COME BACK FROM THE *TRADING POST!* WE KNOW HE HAS BECOME A *POOR HUNTER!* WHAT COULD HE HAVE TRADED FOR ALL THOSE GOODS BUT THE *STOLEN SKINS?*











GET BACK TO  
YOUR TENTS!



TH- THANK  
YOU, TONTO!



YOU DID THE RIGHT  
THING, TONTO, BUT I  
WONDER *HOW* WILD  
PONY GOT THOSE  
TRADING GOODS!

WITH *SKINS*, STONE  
BEAR, BUT HE SAID  
HE TRADED FOR THE  
GOODS WITH HIS *OWN*  
SKINS!



HAVE YOU SEEN WILD PONY USE HIS BOW  
RECENTLY, TONTO? HE *CANNOT* HIT HIS MARK!  
HE COULD *NOT* HAVE KILLED ENOUGH GAME TO  
TRADE FOR ALL THOSE GOODS!

I WILL WATCH HIM,  
STONE BEAR, SO THAT  
I CAN LEARN WHERE  
THE SKINS CAME  
FROM!



LATER...

WILD PONY IS OFF TO *HUNT*! I  
SHOULD SOON SEE WHETHER HE  
CAN BRING DOWN ENOUGH GAME  
FOR TRADING!



GET-UM UP,  
SCOUT!



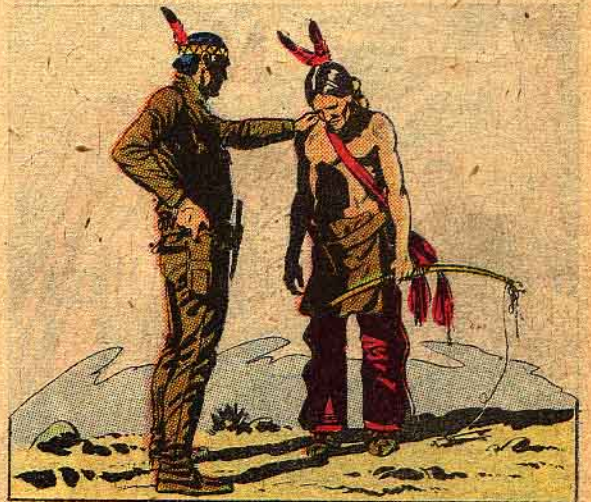
KEEPING JUST OUT OF SIGHT, TONTO FOLLOWS THE SUSPECTED WILD PONY UNTIL HE DISMOUNTS...











BUT WILD PONY IS STRANGELY SILENT. . .

THAT EVENING. . .





BUT NEXT MORNING, DESPITE THE ROVING GUARD  
THAT NIGHT...







WILD PONY,

**RIDE!!**

HOLD HIM?



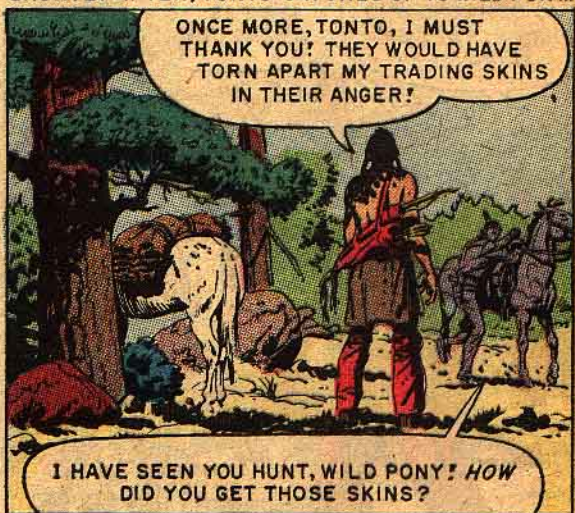
STAND BACK!  
--- YOUR CHIEF  
HAS SPOKEN!



WE OBEY OUR CHIEF, BUT THIS IS THE SECOND  
TIME THAT TONTO HAS HELPED WILD PONY!  
DOES *TONTO* GET A SHARE OF THE TRADING  
GOODS BOUGHT WITH THE *STOLEN* SKINS?

NO ONE HAS YET *PROVEN*  
THAT WILD PONY *STEALS*!

SHORTLY AFTER, TONTO CATCHES UP TO WILD PONY.



ONCE MORE, TONTO, I MUST  
THANK YOU! THEY WOULD HAVE  
TORN APART MY TRADING SKINS  
IN THEIR ANGER!

I HAVE SEEN YOU HUNT, WILD PONY! *HOW*  
DID YOU GET THOSE SKINS?



THESE SKINS *WERE* BROUGHT DOWN BY MY BOW  
LAST SEASON! SINCE WINTER HAS LEFT THE  
PLAINS, MY RIGHT HAND HAS *SHAKEN* STRANGELY  
--- MY ARROWS HAVE GONE WIDE OF THEIR MARK!



BUT LAST SEASON, TONTO, I HUNTED  
WELL! I CACHED MORE THAN HALF  
MY KILL HERE! I  
DID NOT WANT MY---

WIFE TO KNOW  
HER HUSBAND WAS  
AILING SO I CAME HERE  
AND BROUGHT BACK  
SKINS TO CAMP OR  
TOOK THEM FROM HERE  
AND BROUGHT BACK  
TRADING GOODS! IN  
THAT WAY, SHE BELIEVED  
I WAS STILL A  
*GOOD HUNTER!*



THERE IS A WHITE DOCTOR AT THE TRADING POST, WILD PONY, WHO MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU! SHOW HIM YOUR HAND! I WILL RIDE THERE WITH YOU!



SOON...

THE WHITE MEDICINE MAN SAYS HE CAN CURE MY HAND, BUT I MUST STAY HERE FOR TWO SUNS!



THEN STAY, WILD PONY! I'LL TELL YOUR WIFE WHERE YOU ARE--- BUT I WILL TELL THE OTHERS SOMETHING ELSE SO WE CAN TRAP THE SKIN THIEF!

TELLING WILD PONY'S WIFE THE TRUTH, TONTO THEN CALLS A COUNCIL...

WILD PONY CONFESSED! HE WAS THE THIEF! HE HAS FLED!

GOOD! THEN WE NO LONGER HAVE TO GUARD OUR DRYING RACKS AT NIGHT!



THAT NIGHT, NOT A SKIN IS STOLEN, BUT THE FOLLOWING EVENING...

IF I AM RIGHT, NOW THAT THE CAMP FEELS SAFE FROM THE THIEF, HE SHOULD STEAL TONIGHT! THIS SKIN IS TOO FINE A PRIZE FOR HIM TO MISS, BUT WHEN HE TAKES IT, I WILL FEEL A PULL ON THIS THREAD!



LATER, AS TONTO LIES AWAKE, THERE IS A TUG FROM THE ALMOST INVISIBLE THREAD...

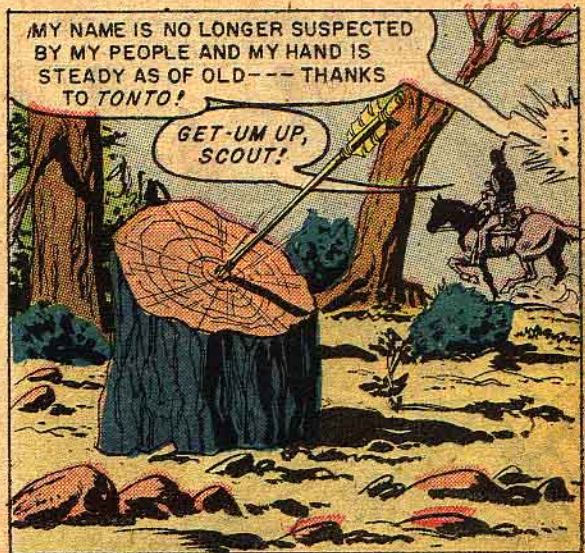
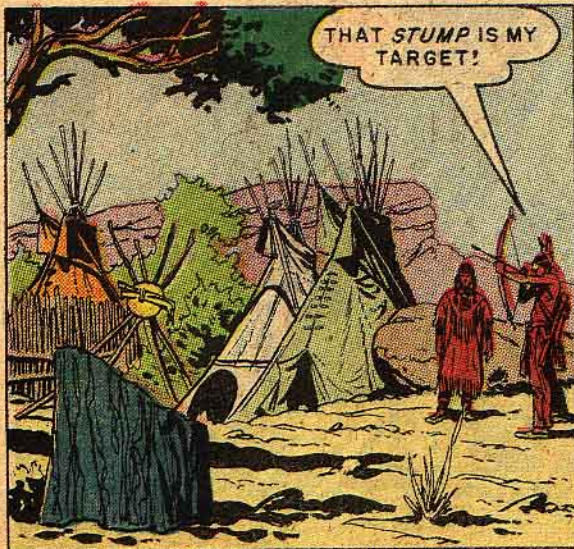
THE THIEF IS THERE!



STOP!









# TONTO

## THE NEW CAMP

YOUNG BEAVER! WHERE ARE YOU, YOUNG BEAVER? WE ARE LEAVING SOON! COME HERE!

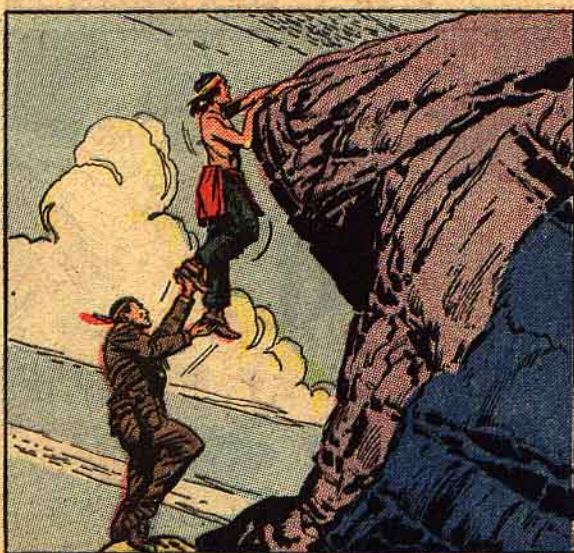
AS STONE BEAR'S TRIBE PREPARES TO BREAK CAMP AND MOVE TO A NEW HUNTING GROUND...



MINUTES LATER...



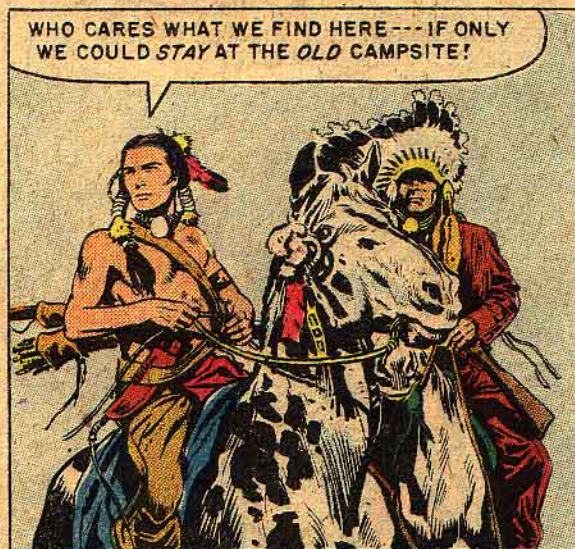




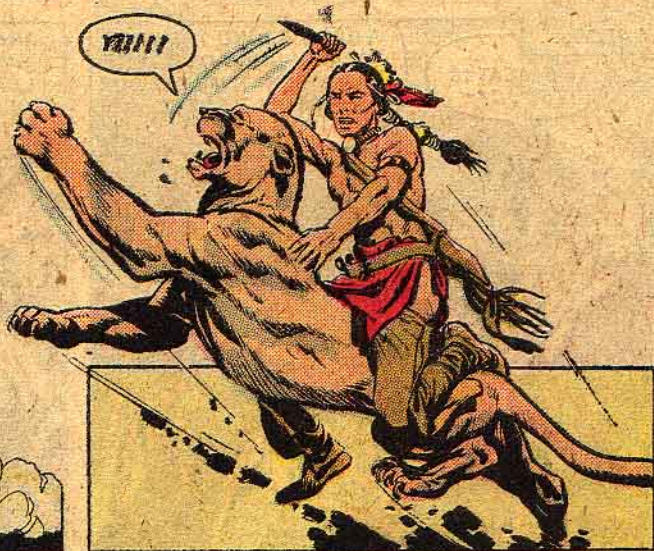
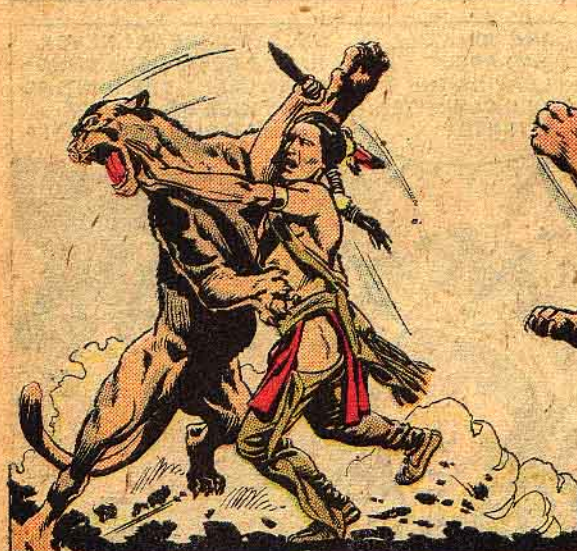
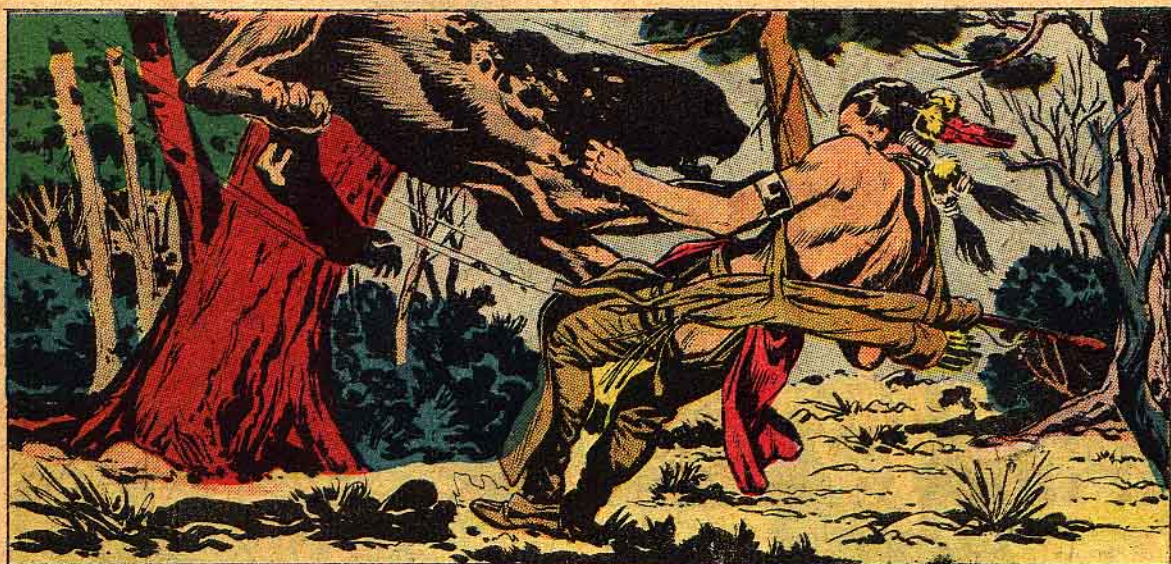
















TONTO FOUND THE BEST CAMPING PLACE, STONE BEAR! LET HIM LEAD OUR PEOPLE THERE TOMORROW!



NO, STONE BEAR! NEVER HAVE I SEEN SIGNS OF SO MANY DEER! THE HUNTING HERE WILL BE BETTER THAN AT OUR OLD CAMP!



SO YOU SEE, TONTO ONCE FELT AS YOU DO NOW, YOUNG BEAVER! BUT I WAS PLEASANTLY SURPRISED AT THE NEW CAMPSITE! WILL YOU COME ALONG NOW AND SEE IF YOU WILL BE SURPRISED, TOO?



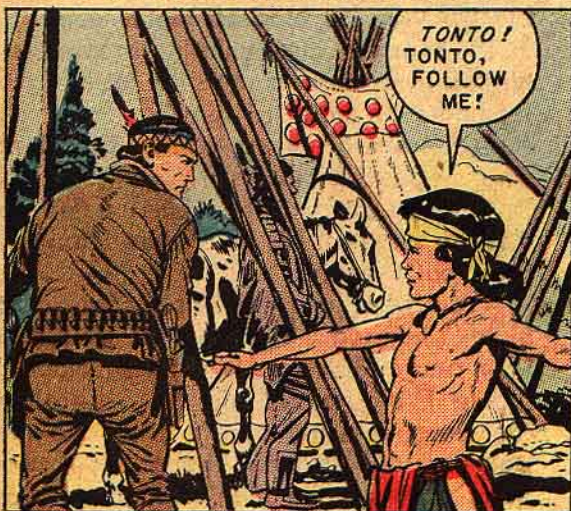
YES --- BUT I KNOW YOU ARE WRONG!  
THERE WILL BE NO SURPRISE FOR  
ME!



THEIR TRAVOIS LOADED, THE TRIBE SOON MOVES OFF...



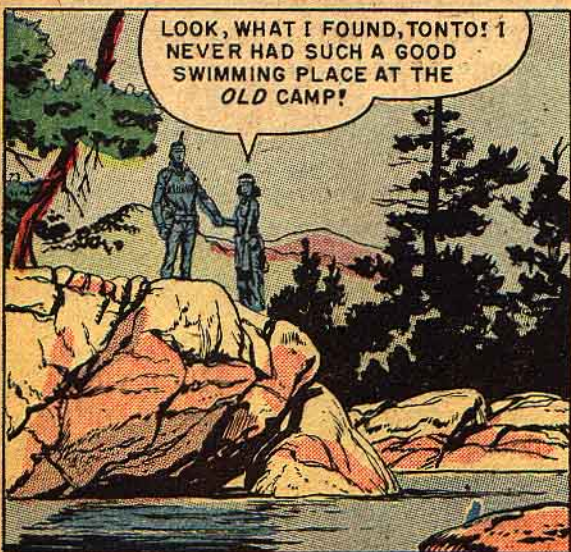
THREE DAYS LATER, AT THE NEW CAMP...



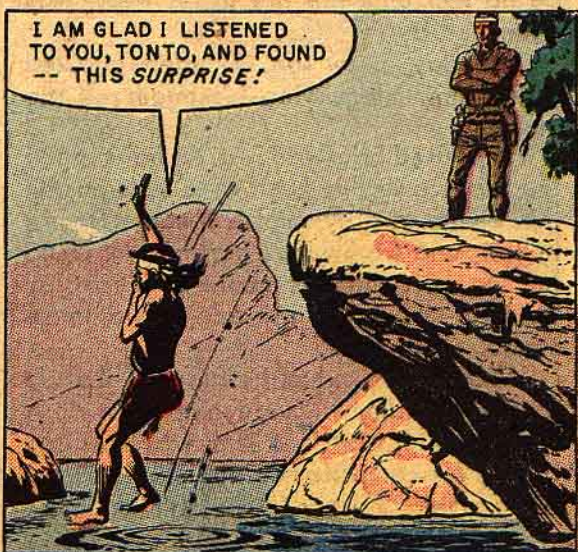
TONTO!  
TONTO,  
FOLLOW  
ME!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING,  
YOUNG BEAVER? WHY  
ARE YOU TAKING ME  
INTO THE MIDDLE  
OF THIS THICKET?



LOOK, WHAT I FOUND, TONTO! I  
NEVER HAD SUCH A GOOD  
SWIMMING PLACE AT THE  
OLD CAMP!



I AM GLAD I LISTENED  
TO YOU, TONTO, AND FOUND  
-- THIS SURPRISE!



# RED WOLF'S Revenge



Every step was an effort, but when Red Wolf reached the top of the slope and saw the bright, running stream below, a flickering smile crossed his pain streaked face.

He drank deeply, not stopping until he had more than his fill. When he had rested, he cupped some water into his palm and bathed his wounded arm. It was a deep knife wound. He gazed at it soberly, and the anger seething within him was greater than the throbbing pain. He would have his revenge. If not against the white man who had struck him down and stolen his pony, then it would be another, but he would make his wrath known.

Slowly he got to his feet. His head felt strangely dizzy, and though he longed to rest he once again started forward. He was a Comanche brave, and there could be no rest until the fire in his heart was quenched by revenge.

The day drew on. Hunger gnawed within him, intensifying his anger all the more.

He paused briefly to rest. As he scanned the landscape, his keen eyes spotted the thin plume of grey smoke. It came from a hollow, and from where he stood he could not see more than the smoke as it spiraled upward. Slowly he moved toward it, as soundless as a cat.

What he saw when he reached the top of the rise almost made him cry out. A white man, his back to him, was squatted before his campfire. To one side was the white man's horse. It couldn't be more

perfect, Red Wolf marveled to himself. He would not only have his revenge, but the white man's horse as well, in place of the one stolen from him.

He crept forward, his hunting knife clenched between his teeth. On he came, and then suddenly the white man stood up and turned. Swiftly Red Wolf leaped to his feet, but too swiftly. His head whirled, his knees buckled, the knife fell from his upraised hand and with a low moan Red Wolf crumpled to the ground.

Red Wolf saw the white man advance, saw in his hand the pointing revolver. He tried to move, to force himself off the ground. This was no way for a Comanche brave to die. Despite his every effort, his body would not obey. The white man was now directly above him, and then Red Wolf's eyes saw only a darkness that was blacker than the blackest night.

The sound of birds chirping brought returning consciousness, and the air had the freshness of morning. Slowly, Red Wolf forced open his eyes, almost afraid at what he would find.

What he saw was the white man's face close to his own. His eyes were strangely blue, but friendly.

"You were in pretty bad shape last night," he said. "I guess that wound in your arm cost you quite a bit of blood."

Red Wolf nodded slowly. He noticed the clean dressing on his arm, and the pain was almost gone. Though his knowledge of the white man's language was small, Red Wolf told his story about the ambush, the theft of his pony and the revenge he had sworn.

The white man grinned. "I don't blame you a bit for feeling like you did, but I've got news. The man who attacked you was an escaped outlaw. He was caught last night and your pony is back in town with the sheriff. As soon as we've had some breakfast I'll ride you back in and you can claim him."

"And to think," Red Wolf faltered, "that on you I planned to have my revenge . . . you who have helped me so much."

"Forget it," said the white man with a smile.

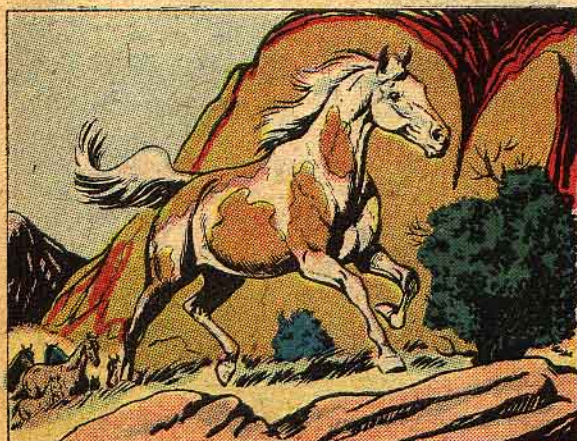


# THE PAINTED PONY

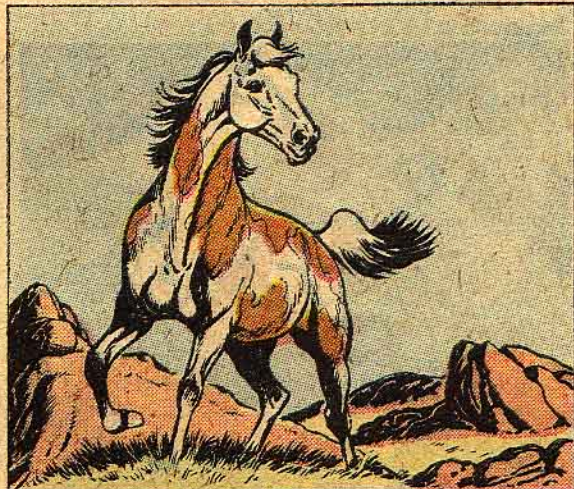
## THE DANGEROUS TIME

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IT IS SPRING AND FOALING TIME AND THE NEWBORN COLTS OF THE HERD LIE BY THEIR MOTHERS, AS THE PAINTED PONY LOOKS AT THE FRAIL FOALS AND REALIZES THAT IT IS ALSO THE DANGEROUS TIME...



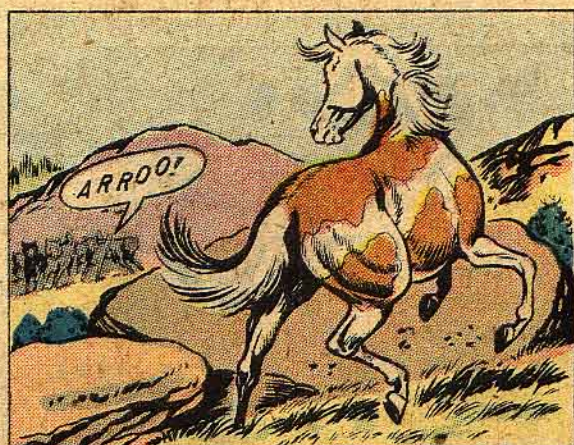
FOR NOW, BEFORE THE FOALS CAN RUN WITH THE HERD, THEY ARE EASY PREY FOR THEIR ENEMIES OF THE PLAINS! --- QUICKLY, THE PAINTED PONY LEAVES HIS CANYON VALLEY TO SCOUT FOR DANGER...



HE HAS NOT LONG TO WAIT FOR THE MORNING AIR CARRIES AN ALARMING SCENT.



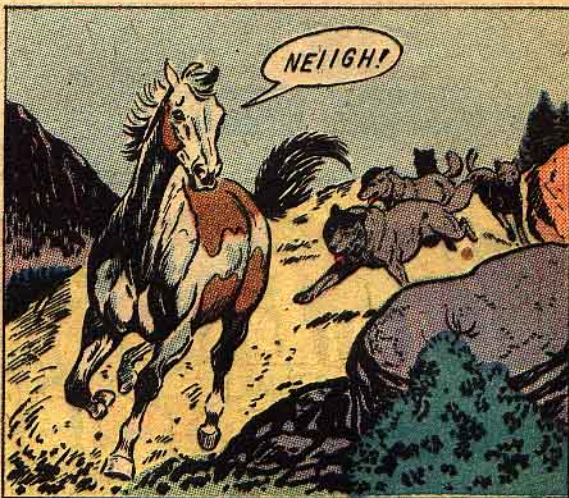
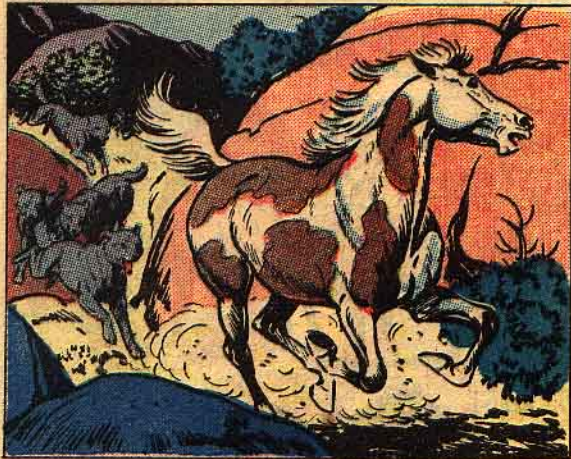
IN A MOMENT, A WOLF PACK COMES INTO VIEW, LOPING ON WITH GRIM DETERMINATION!



INSTINCTIVELY, THE PAINTED PONY SHOWS HIMSELF, OFFER HIMSELF AS A PRIZE TO THE PACK IN THE HOPE THAT HE CAN LEAD THEM AWAY FROM THE FOALS IN THE CANYON VALLEY.



THE PACK BAYS, RACING TO THE HUNT, AS THE PAINTED PONY KEEPS HIMSELF TANTALIZINGLY CLOSE, BUT ALL THE WHILE TAKING THE WOLVES FURTHER FROM HIS HERD.



ON THEY PURSUE, AS THE PAINTED PONY SEEMS ALWAYS JUST OUT OF REACH.

BUT SUDDENLY, HE IS CAUGHT IN THE THICK BRAMBLES OF A WOODED GROVE!



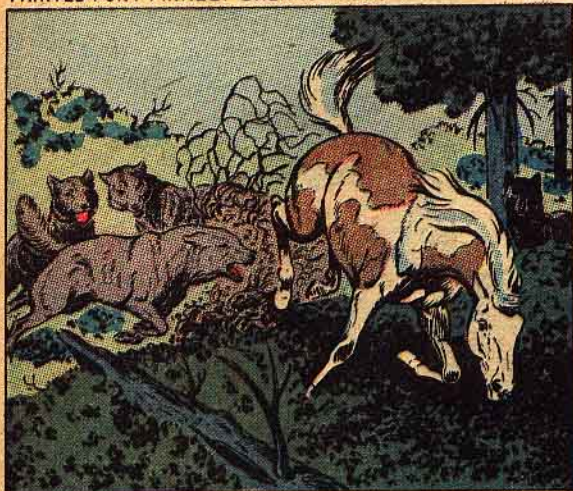
THE THORNS RIP AND CUT HIS FLESH, AS HE STRUGGLES TO BREAK FREE!

THE PACK, SENSING ITS QUARRY IS CAUGHT AT LAST, RACES IN FOR THE KILL!

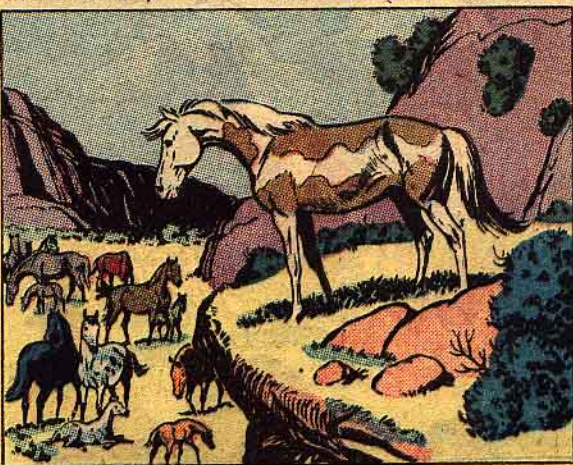




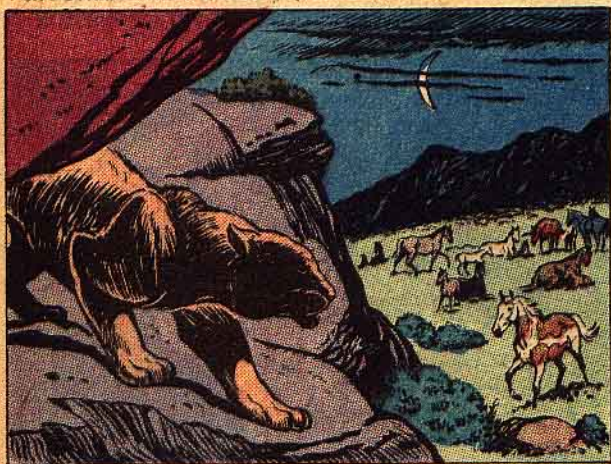
BUT JUST BEFORE THE PACK LEADER REACHES HIM, THE PAINTED PONY FINALLY BREAKS FREE.



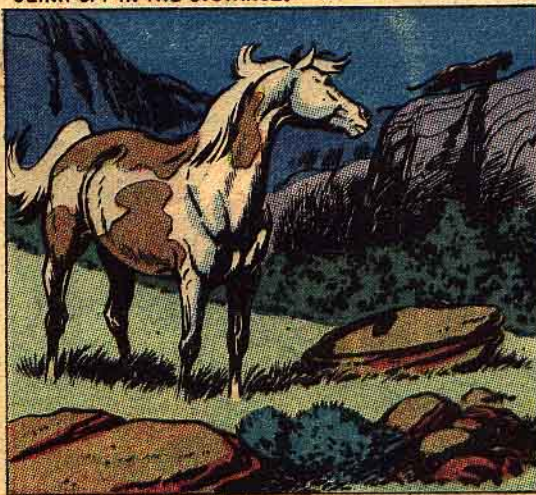
HAVING LED THE PACK FAR FROM HIS HERD, THE PAINTED PONY MAKES A WIDE CIRCLE BEFORE RETURNING! BACK IN THE CANYON, HE SEES THE COLTS ARE STILL SAFE.



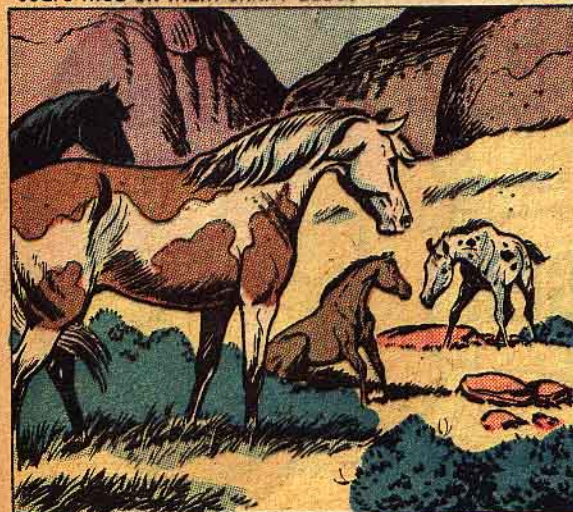
BUT NIGHT BRINGS A NEW RAIDER! UPWIND OF THE HERD, A PUMA STALKS! A MARE OR TWO WHINNEYS WITH FEAR! THE PAINTED PONY STAMPS HIS FORELEG! SILENCE IS THEIR ONLY HOPE.



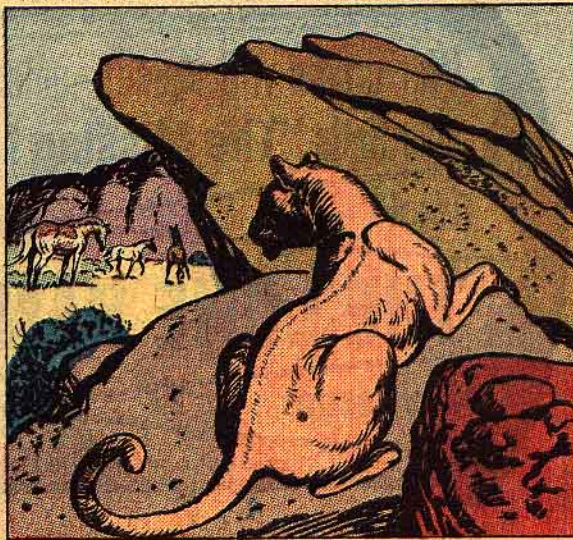
THEN AT LAST, THE PAINTED PONY SEES THE PUMA SLINK OFF IN THE DISTANCE.



A FEW DAYS LATER, THE PAINTED PONY WATCHES THE COLTS RISE ON THEIR SHAKY LEGS.



BUT THE PAINTED PONY IS NOT THE ONLY ONE WATCHING.

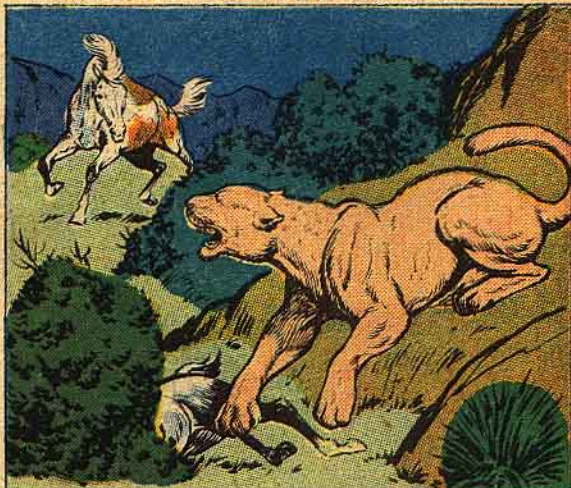




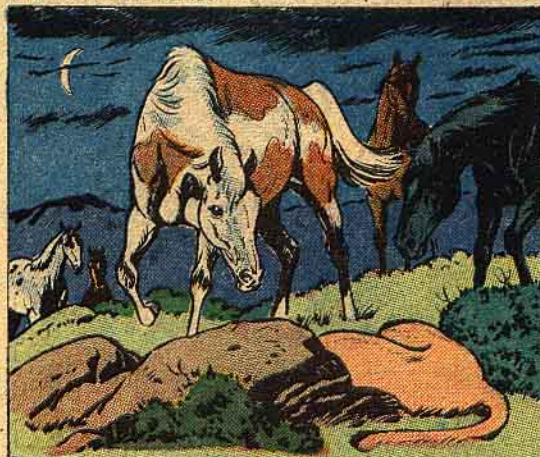
THAT NIGHT, AS THE HERD BEDS DOWN, A SUDDEN CRY SENDS THE PAINTED PONY SPRINGING TO HIS FEET.



A COLT LIES MOTIONLESS BY THE PUMA, AS ANGER MAKES THE PAINTED PONY CHARGE HIS SUPERIOR FOE!



SOON, THE PUMA LIES AS LIFELESS AS HIS VICTIM! ONE COLT IS DEAD AND THE PAINTED PONY WONDERS HOW MANY MORE WILL BE LOST BEFORE THE COLTS CAN RUN WITH THE HERD.



THEN A FEW DAYS LATER, THE COLTS TROT AT THE SIDE OF THEIR MOTHERS! THEIR LEGS ARE STRONG NOW AND THEY CAN FLEE FROM ANY FOE --- THE PAINTED PONY, WITH THE LOSS OF BUT ONE COLT, HAS BROUGHT THE OTHERS SAFELY THROUGH --- THE DANGEROUS TIME!



War drums will sound!--unless the masked man finds "The Missing Markers!"

Read

**THE LONE RANGER**

May issue

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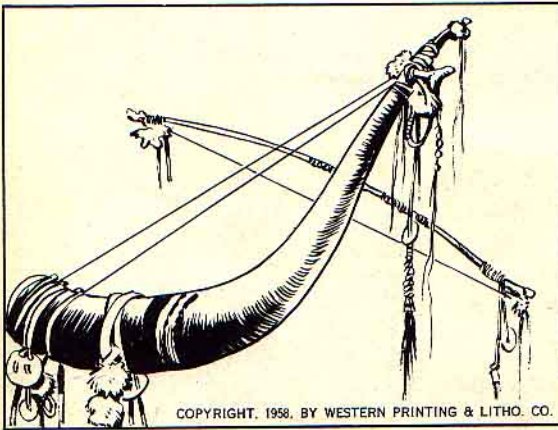
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# MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

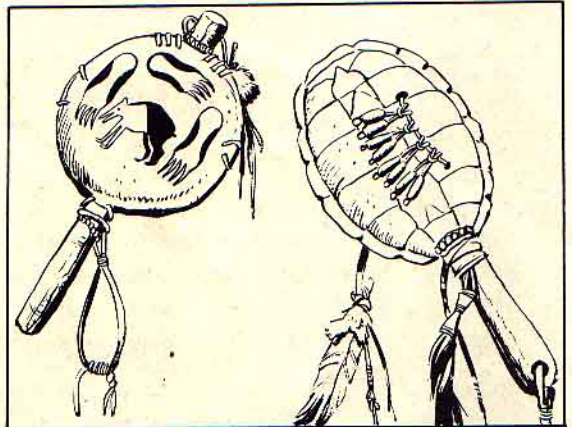


MUSIC PLAYED A LARGE PART IN THE LIVES OF ALL OF THE INDIAN TRIBES. THERE WERE DANCES TO CELEBRATE THE DIFFERENT SEASONS, FOR SPECIAL EVENTS AND TO ACCOMPANY PRAYERS TO THE GREAT SPIRIT. THE MUSIC FOR THE DANCERS WAS SUPPLIED BY DECORATED, HAND-MADE INSTRUMENTS.



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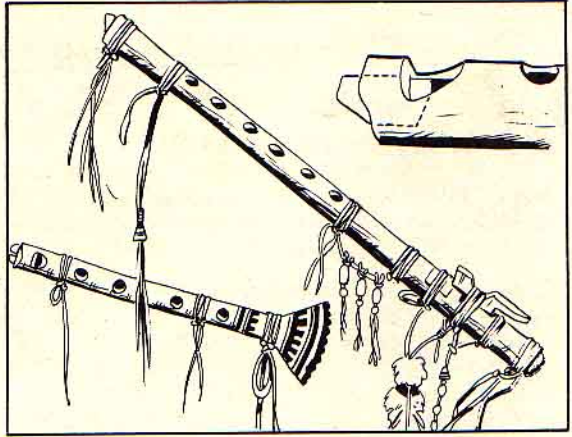
A SWEET TONED FIDDLE HAVING TWO STRINGS WHICH WERE TIGHTENED BY A PEG WAS MADE IN VARIOUS SIZES AND TONES BY THE APACHES.



RATTLES WERE MADE OF GOURDS FILLED WITH PEBBLES OR TURTLE SHELLS TO WHICH PIECES OF BONE WERE ATTACHED. DIFFERENT TYPES MADE DIFFERENT SOUNDS.



BIG DRUMS WERE PLAYED BY MANY BRAVES. MOST PLEASANT SOUNDING OF ALL WAS THE WATER DRUM. IT WAS FILLED WITH WATER BEFORE BEING TUNED AND USED.



BONES OF ANIMALS AND BIRDS, ESPECIALLY EAGLES, WERE CARVED AND MADE INTO DECORATIVE WHISTLES BY MANY TRIBES INCLUDING THE HOPIS OF ARIZONA.





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----- CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE -----

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