

DELL

NO. 561

Still 10¢

Johnny Mack Brown

He fought for the law...
with both fists!



SOLID FOOTING



As far back as historical records go, the white man has always shown great respect for his horse's feet. He learned very early that a properly shod horse will travel faster and go much farther, especially over rough terrain.



Western work horses were always equipped with four shoes. Square nails held the shoe to the cartilage of the hoof without touching the sensitive part of the foot.



Cowboys on the prairie, however, usually shod their saddle horse's forefeet, only, perhaps figuring these were the weakest members and the most likely to be injured.



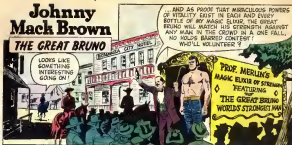
The Indian, of course, worked very little with metal and so lacked the means of making a curved horseshoe. But he, too, realized the necessity of shoeing his mount.



A favorite method of the Indian was the use of green rawhide, wrapped wet around the horse's hoof. When the rawhide dried, it made a solid shoe, almost durable as iron.

Johnny Mack Brown

THE GREAT BRUNO



...AND AS PROOF THAT MISCELLANEOUS POWERS OF STABILITY EXIST IN EACH AND EVERY BOTTLE OF MY MAGIC ELIXIR, THE GREAT BRUNO WILL MATCH HIS STRENGTH AGAINST ANY MAN IN THE CROWD IN A ONE FALL, NO HOLDS BARRED CONTEST! WHO'LL VOLUNTEER?

LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING INTERESTING IS GOING ON!

PROF. MERLIN'S
MAGIC ELIXIR OF STRENGTH
FEATURING
THE GREAT BRUNO
WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN



I WILL!

THEN GET READY,
MY BLACKSMITH
FRIEND!



YOU CAN BEAT HIM, CHUCK!
HE'S BIG, BUT I DON'T THINK
HE'S VERY FAST!



THAT "PROFESSOR"
LOOKS FAMILIAR!
WONDER WHERE I'VE
SEEN HIM BEFORE...



READY FOR ACTION, THE TWO OPPONENTS WARPLY
CIRCLE EACH OTHER, WATCHING FOR AN OPENING...

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SUDDENLY, THE GREAT BRUND CHARGES...



**GRABBING THE BLACKSMITH,
HE HOLDS HIM AWAY...**



**...AND SLAMS
HIM HEAVILY
TO THE
GROUND...**



**NOW I'LL
FLATTEN
THIS
WEAKLING!**



**THAT'S
ENOUGH!**



**KEEP OUT OF THIS!
YOU'RE INTERFERING IN
A FRIENDLY CONTEST!**

**THE CONTEST
IS OVER! YOU
WON THE FIGHT!**



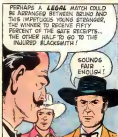


WITH A SWINGING LUNGE, THE GREAT BRIND WAILS HIMSELF AT JOHNNY...



...AND SIDESTEPS THE CHARGE AND THRUSTS OUT HIS FOOT!







I WAS JUST PASSING THROUGH TOWN! I'M NO WRESTLER!

AND NO MATCH FOR THE GREAT BRIND! NO WONDER YOU'RE TRYING TO BACK OUT!



SINCE YOU PUT IT THAT WAY... YOU'LL FIND ME WAITING AT THE FAIR GROUNDS TONIGHT! — I'LL TAKE ON YOUR OVERGROWN ORANGOUTANG!



WHAT DID HE MEAN, BOSS? WHAT'S AN ORANGOUTANG?

IF I TOLD YOU, YOU'D RUN EVERYTHING!



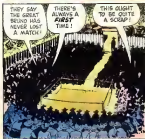
I'LL FIX THAT SMART ALECK COW-POKE TONIGHT! I'LL TAKE HIM AWAY! I'LL...

YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME AND DO EXACTLY AS YOU'RE TOLD!



THAT EVENING, DRIVEN BY AN EXPECTED BRIDGE FIGHT, EARLY SPECTATORS FLOW INTO THE FAIR GROUNDS...

TICKETS



THEY SAY THE GREAT BRIND HAS NEVER LOST A MATCH!

THERE'S ALWAYS A FIRST TIME!

THIS OUGHT TO BE QUITE A SCRAP!



AMIDST THE ENCOURAGING CHEERS OF THE SPECTATORS, JOHNNY CLIMBS INTO THE RING TO AWAIT HIS OPPONENT'S APPEARANCE.



BUT, AS THE MINUTES PASS SILENTLY...



SUDDENLY, A RING GROUND'S OFFICIAL HURRIES ANXIOUSLY DOWN THE AISLE...









SEIZING HIS CHANCE, JOHNNY BAKES A FLYING LEAP INTO THE SADDLE...



... AND SPURS AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS...





REACHING THE FORK, JOHNNY SWINGS
RID A NARROW SECONDARY TRAIL, LFG...



AND URGES REBEL ON TOWARDS PRAIRIE
CREEK...



DOWN BRINGS HIM TO HIS OBJECTIVE...

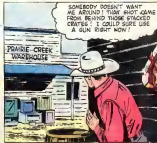
WHY, THERE'S NOBODY HERE! PRAIRIE CREEK IS NOTHING
BUT A GHOST TOWN! LOOKS LIKE WE FOLLOWED THE
WRONG CLUE, REBEL!

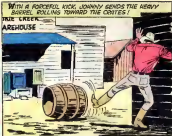


THE SHARP HINE OF A BALE SLUG
SUDDENLY BREAKS THE STILLNESS!



SOMEBODY DOESN'T WANT
ME AROUND! THAT SHOT CAME
FROM BEHIND THOSE STACKED
CRATES! I COULD SURE USE
A GUN RIGHT NOW!





J-BROWN!
WHERE DID
YOU COME
FROM?

FROM THE BONANZA
CITY FAIR GROUNDS!
SOMEBODY SLUGGED
THE SHERIFF AND
MADE OFF WITH
THE GATE RECEIPTS
LAST NIGHT!



DON'T TRY
IT, BROWN!



**LIVE A MADDENED BULL, THE
GREAT BRUND CHARGES...**



**MEETING THE ONCHER, JONNIE SWIFTLY DROPS
TO ONE KNEE, GRABS HIS OPPONENT'S LEGS AND
THRUSTS UPWARD...**





YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! BROWN WILL TEAR YOU TO SHREDS!



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY...

IN SPITE OF WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME... I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE BROWN IS MIXED UP WITH THAT PAIR OF CROOKS!

WELL, IF YOU'D SEEN THE WAY HE BROKE AWAY FROM US, YOU'D THINK DIFFERENTLY!



TRAIL FORKS! THEY COULD HAVE HEADED EITHER WAY!

WE'LL SPLIT UP! SOME OF YOU MEN TAKE THAT LEG! THE REST OF US WILL FOLLOW THE CREEK!



THIS IS TAKING US TOWARD THE OLD GHOST TOWN OF PRAIRIE CREEK! WE WON'T FIND MUCH THERE!

SUPPOSE WE MAKE SURE!



LOOK!

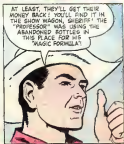
IT'S BOB ABELIN!



APPEARS LIKE HE MET UP WITH TROUBLE!

IT'S MY GUESS HE MET UP WITH BROWN! I'LL START SEARCHING THIS PLACE!

PRAIRIE CREEK WAREHOUSE





SOME HOURS LATER, IN PONDERA CITY.



A PLEDGE

DELL
COMIC

TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

Johnny Mack Brown

THE TEXAS TRAIL

ONE MORNING NEAR A SMALL TOWN ON THE SOUTHWESTERN PLAINS, A HORSE RACE WAS UNDERWAY...

HOLD ON, THERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? LET THAT MAN ALONE!

IT'S THE MARSHAL!



YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, MARSHAL! WE'RE GOING TO TEACH THIS KID A LESSON!

YEAH! ONE OF HIS FATHER'S COMMANDS SHOT UP JOE STILLMAN'S COUSIN!

IS THAT TRUE, BRYAN?

HOW WOULD I KNOW? IF ONE OF THEM DID... I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT!



DON'T BELIEVE HIM, MARSHAL! YOU KNOW HE RESENTS US SETTLING TAKING UP LAND ACROSS THE TEXAS TRAIL! HE ORDERED THE SHOOTING, ALL RIGHT!

WAIT A MINUTE, GALT! LISTEN... ALL OF YOU!

UNLESS ONE OF YOU SEES W/ OR HAS SOME KIND OF PROOF, I CAN'T HOLD THIS MAN... AND NEITHER CAN YOU!

JUST LIKE WE THOUGHT!

WE KNEW YOU WERE ACE BRYAN'S MAN!





ACE BRYAN OWNS THE STOCKFARMS! WITHOUT THE CATTLE COMING UP THE TEXAS TRAIL, HE'D BE BROKE!

JUST THE SAME... YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO HIS SON, JUST BECAUSE SOME CRAZY COWBOY SHOT UP ONE OF YOUR CABINS!



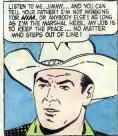
IF YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF WHO IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN, I'LL FIND THE MAN! OTHERWISE... I THINK YOU'D BETTER ALL GO HOME!

COME ON, JIMMY— YOU'RE GOING WITH ME!

REALIZING THE TRUTH OF JOHNNY'S STATEMENT, THE ANGRY SETTLERS DISAPPEAR AND HEAD FOR HOME...



I GUESS I OWE IT TO YOU, BROWN... FOR SAVING MY NECK FROM THAT MOB! BUT THEN... POP ALWAYS DID KNOW HOW TO PICK HIS LAWYERS!



LISTEN TO ME, JIMMY... AND YOU CAN TELL YOUR FATHER! I'M NOT WORKING FOR ARAM, OR ANYBODY ELSE! AS LONG AS I'M THE MARSHAL HERE, MY JOB IS TO KEEP THE PEACE... NO MATTER WHO STEPS OUT OF LINE!

AS JOHNNY RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE, HE FINDS CHARLEY SUMMERS, THE MAYOR, WAITING THERE...



WELL... I SEE YOU DID A GOOD TURN AND SAVED THAT YOUNG BRYAN FROM AN ANGRY MOB!

NEWS TRAVELS FAST!



LOOK, JOHNNY! OLD MAN BROWN IS A BIG MAN AROUND HERE! YOU COULD DO WARDEN THAN TO PLAY NURSEMAID FOR HIS KID!

CHARLEY, I'LL TELL YOU THE SAME THING I TOLD JIMMY...

MY FRIEND ER RYKER WAS KILLED TRYING TO PRESERVE PEACE IN THIS TOWN! I TOOK OVER HIS JOB AS MARSHAL FOR JUST ONE REASON... TO BRING HIS KILLER TO JUSTICE!



WHILE I'M MARSHAL HERE, MY JOB IS TO PROTECT **ANY** CITIZEN FROM INJUSTICE... WHETHER IT'S JIMMY BRYAN, OR ANYONE ELSE!



SURE! I UNDERSTAND! BUT DON'T BE SURPRISED IF FOLKS AROUND HERE START CALLING YOU ACE BRYAN MAIN... AFTER WHAT YOU DID TODAY!



LATER THAT DAY, JIMMY RIDES OUT TO THE STILLMAN FARM...



HOWDY, MR. STILLMAN!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING HERE, MARSHAL?

I'D LIKE TO HEAR WHAT HAPPENED LAST EVENING! MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT WHO DID IT!



YOU JIMMY WHO IT WAS! YOU LET HIM GET AWAY!

HOW, HOLD ON! ARE YOU SURE IT WAS JIMMY BRYAN? HE CLAIMS HE WAS HOME WITH HIS FATHER ALL NIGHT!



ALL THOSE BRYANS ARE LIARS AND YOU KNOW IT!

WE SETTLERS WANT NO PART OF YOU, MARSHAL... OR YOUR CROOKED BOSSES! NOW GET OFF MY LAND BEFORE I GUN YOU OFF! **GET...** DO YOU HEAR?



THAT NIGHT, AS USUAL, JOHNNY PATROLS THE STREETS OF TOWN.



I DON'T LIKE IT! IT'S TOO QUIET IF YOU ASK ME!

WHAT DO YOU MEANT?



SUDDENLY, THE SHRIEL CRY OF A COMBOY RODES IN THE STREET...



THAT MEANS THE TOWN'LL BE JUMPING WITH TRAIL-WEARY COMMANDS! I'VE GOT TO GET MY PLACE READY, JOHNNY!

IT MEANS I'VE GOT WORK TO DO, TOO!



JOE STILLMAN'S FENCED OFF PART OF THAT BEDDING GROUND! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT THERE AND STOP ANY TROUBLE BEFORE IT STARTS!



AND JOHNNY IS RIGHT... THE HERD HAS ALREADY REACHED JOE STILLMAN'S FENCE...

WHAT IS IT?
WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THERE'S A FENCE ACROSS THE TRAIL, GUM!



WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO?

GET THE WIRE CUTTERS, FROD!



YOU TOUCH THAT FENCE WITH THOSE WIRE CUTTERS, ANGER... AND YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!





WELL?

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, WACO? I SAID CUT THAT WIRE!

BUT BEFORE WACO CAN OBEY THE ORDER...



BOOM!

ARROGANT!



WAY YOU HICK GOD-BUSTER...

STOP!



BOOM!



NOW STOP IT... ALL OF YOU! PUT DOWN YOUR GUNS!



YOU OUGHT TO ARREST THIS DIVIN FARMER, MARSHAL! HE ...

NEVER MIND! I SAW WHAT HAPPENED!



YOU CATTLEMEN... BEE YOUR HEAD DOWN ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE FENCE!

BUT WE'VE GOT ORDERS TO...



NEVER MIND THE ORDERS! THERE'S PLENTY OF GROUND OVER THERE! MEANWHILE, I'LL TAKE STILLMAN TO JAIL! YOU'LL LOOK AFTER YOUR MAN!



Soon...

GO YOU'RE STILL THE CATTLEMEN'S LARV, EH, MARSHALL!

AREN'T YOU FORGETTING SOMETHING, MR. STILLMAN? YOU LEAVE A MAN BACK THERE!

BLACKSMITH

SADDLERY & HARNESS



WE WASN'T EVEN ON YOUR PROPERTY...

IT SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE DRAWING A MIGHTY FINE LINE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONGS!



THAT'S NOT FOR ME TO DECIDE! FIRSTLY... I'M LOCKING YOU UP FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION!

AS JOHNNY LEAVES THE JAIL, HE FINDS AN ANGRY MOB OF SETTLERS OUTSIDE...



WHAT ARE YOU MEN DOING HERE?

GET OUT OF THE WAY, MARSHAL! WE'VE COME TO FREE JOB STILLMAN!

THE SENSIBLE THING FOR YOU TO DO, IS GO HOME! NOBODY'S TAKING STILLMAN OUT OF HERE!

MARSHAL! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR CATTLEMAN'S LAW! IT WAS THE SAME WAY WITH EB RYKER!

I SAY WE'RE TAKING STILLMAN! IS ANYBODY WITH ME?



HAY! YOU TELL HIM, GALT!

GET OUT OF THE WAY, MARSHAL!



WITH GALT UNDER ARREST THE CROWD SETTLES DOWN...

I'M HOLDING YOU AND ANYONE ELSE WHO TRIES TO INTERFERE!



NOW GET IN THERE AND COOL OFF UNTIL YOU COME TO YOUR SENSES! SO FAR NO HARRY'S BEEN DONE!



THE NEXT MORNING, JOHNNY HAS A CALLER...

MARSHAL BROWN! I'M LIKE KANE... FROM TEXAS! I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE!



THAT WAS MY HERD AND ANY MAN YOU GAVE PROTECTION TO LAST NIGHT! I WON'T FORGET THE FAVOR!

MR. KANE, YOU'D BETTER WAIT UNTIL YOU'VE HEARD WHAT I HAVE TO SAY!



YOUR MEN WERE GOING TO TEAR DOWN A HOMEOWNER'S FENCE! IT WAS ONLY LUCK THAT STOPPED THEM!

WHAT?



THAT'S RIGHT, MR. KANE! I'M NOT TAKING ANY SIDE IN THIS FIGHT... EXCEPT THE SIDE OF THE LAW! YOU'D BETTER KEEP YOUR MEN IN LINE!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

OH, BROWN!
I WANT A
WORD WITH
YOU!

YES,
MR. BRYAN!

LIKE KANE TELLS ME YOU
LAID DOWN THE LAW TO HIM...
TOLD HIM TO KEEP HIS
COWBOYS OUT OF TROUBLE,
AND NOT TO VIOLATE
ANY FENCES!

THAT'S
RIGHT!

LOOK, BROWN! I THOUGHT
YOU WERE ON GOOD SIDE!
THIS IS A CATTLE TOWN,
AND ALWAYS WILL BE! I
WANT IT KEPT THAT WAY!

IT'S A POWDER KEG
WITH A MIGHTY
GHOST FUSE!

YOUR FRIEND EB RYKER
COULDN'T MAKE UP HIS
MIND WHICH SIDE HE
WAS ON! THAT'S WHY
HE WAS KILLED!

I DON'T BELIEVE
IT! IF I KNEW DR.
HE WAS MERELY
DOING HIS JOB!
SOMEBODY GANNED
HIM IN THE BACK!

NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME! THIS TOWN IS
HERE BECAUSE OF THE TRAIL HERDS! IT'S
THE CLOSEST RAIL CENTER TO TEXAS!
EVERYTHING IN THIS TOWN DEPENDS ON
THAT CATTLE BUSINESS! I WON'T HAVE
THOSE NESTERS FENCE IT OFF!

MR. BRYAN, EVERY NESTER OUT
THERE ON THAT PRAIRIE HAS AS
MUCH RIGHT TO BE THERE AS
YOU OR ME! THEY'VE HOME-
STEADED THAT LAND... AND THEY
CAN FENCE IT! I'LL PROTECT
THEIR RIGHTS AS QUICKLY AS
I'LL PROTECT YOURS!

ALL THAT DAY, CATTLEMEN FROM ACE BROWN'S
OUTFIT AND THE CAMP ON THE TERRAS TRAIL RIDE
THROUGH TOWN, LOOKING FOR TROUBLE...



THERE HE GOES,
WOOD! THERE'S
YOUR MAN!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL GET HIM...
TONIGHT! I'LL TEACH HIM HE
CAN'T GIBE WITH THOSE NESTERS
AND TAKE A POT SHOT AT AAE!



STILLMAN, YOUR TRIAL IS SET FOR
TOMORROW! GALT... I'M LETTING
YOU GO!



IT'S ABOUT TIME! AND LET ME
TELL YOU SOMETHING, BROWN —
I'VE JUST *BROWN* TO FIGHT!



BROWN, I'VE HAD
TIME TO THINK!
PERHAPS YOU'DE
RIGHT! I WAS A
LITTLE RABBY
WITH MY RIFLE
LAST NIGHT!



THE COURT WILL DECIDE
THAT, MR. STILLMAN! AT
LEAST THE MAN YOU SHOT
WASN'T SERIOUSLY HURT!



THAT NIGHT, JOHNNY AGAIN MAKES HIS ROUNDS ON FRONT STREET...



AS HE CONTINUES DOWN THE STREET...



SUDDENLY, THERE IS A CRY OF DISTRESS IN FRONT STREET...





MR KANE! I JUST SAW SOME OF THOSE CRAZY NESTERS WITH TORCHES — THEY'RE MARCHING ACROSS THE FIELDS TOWARD THE BREEDING GROUNDS!

GET OFF THAT HORSE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT THERE!



WAIT, KANE! STOP! I'LL HANDLE THE NESTERS! BUT FIRST YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE ME YOUR PROMISE TO KEEP YOUR MEN IN LINE!



I'LL PROTECT YOUR HERD, BUT YOU SEE THAT YOUR MEN DON'T VIOLATE ANY FENCES... NOW, OR IN THE FUTURE!

I'VE ALREADY GIVEN THAT ORDER! NO MAN ON MY PAY COUL WALK SET FOOT ON NESTER LAND UNTIL I'VE HAD A CHANCE TO NEGOTIATE A RIGHT OF WAY!



OKAY! THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

WAIT! I'M COMING WITH YOU!



AT THIS MOMENT SAM GALT AND HIS THREE SONS APPROACH THE BREEDING GROUNDS...

COME ON, BOYS! WE'LL SHOW THESE NO-GOOD SADDLE TRAPPS WHOSE LAND THIS IS! WE'LL SCATTER THEIR HERD — ALL THE WAY BACK TO TEXAS!

WY!

YOU TELL 'EM, PUNK!



WHY-WHAT'S THE IDEA?

GET OUT OF THE WAY, DODSON... IF YOU WANT TO STAY ALIVE!



WOLD IT, GALT!



YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME WHAT TO DO, LAYMAN! YOU'RE ON THE CATTLEMAN'S SIDE!



LISTEN TO ME - ALL OF YOU! THE CATTLEMEN WON'T TRAMPLE YOUR FIELDS... I PROMISE YOU THAT! BUT YOU CAN'T STAMPEDE THEIR HERDS, EITHER!

WHO SAYS?

WE HEARD THAT BEFORE!



BROWN, YOU'RE BEGINNING TO SOUND LIKE THAT OTHER *EXCUSE* OF A NIGGER WE HAD... ER RYKER!



HE WAS ALWAYS ON THE CATTLEMAN'S SIDE... STICKING UP FOR *THEIR* RIGHTS! THAT'S WHY WE *KILLED* HIM!

WEY DID YOU SAY *WEY*?

SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING, GALT AIMS AND FIRES...





Blind Post Offices



In the early days of the West there was no such thing as free mail delivery to each ranch. Consequently, neighboring ranches often left messages in secretive places such as hollow trees. They called these "blind post offices."



The lawless also used this unusual mail service. Whenever an outlaw leader wanted to alert his gang for a possible holdup, a tip-off note was left at a prearranged spot.



In cases where ransom was demanded by road agents for the return of valuable papers or an important person, the money was sometimes left in a blind post office.



Even pioneer lovers found use for these post offices—as a secret meeting place where they could discuss their future, leave notes, or carve their initials.



Many times the same rendezvous would serve two or three generations. The next time you see a tree with entwined hearts, it could be an old blind post office.

Colorful Cayuses



Perhaps the most unusually marked breed of horse found in the old West were the appaloosa, raised by the Nez Percé Indians in Washington's Palouse country: the "leopard" or "polka dot" type and the "blanket hip" type.



When wild horses roamed the range, cowmen considered a bayo coyote (bah'yo ko-yo'tah) extremely desirable — because of his dun color and black stripe.



When Nature's color schemes seem to get a little mixed up, the horse is called a "roan." Popular types are the blue roan, the red roan . . . and the strawberry roan.



Cowboys used to think a horse with black and white patches looked like the women's calico dresses . . . Hence the name "calico horse." Today, they are called pintos.



But the palomino is the most colorful cayuse of them all! Being "the color of a newly minted U. S. gold coin," palominos are at their best in a parade!