

DELL
COMIC

10¢

THE *Lone Ranger's* FAMOUS HORSE

HI-YO

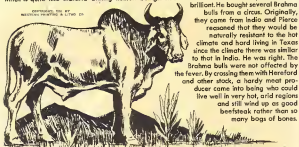
SILVER



THE BRAHMA BULL

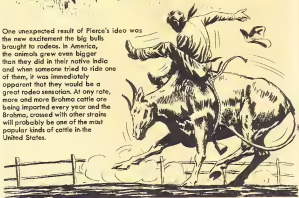
Abel "Shanghai" Pierce was a big cattle buyer and rancher in Texas during the 1870's. Pierce's land lay along the Gulf of Mexico in southern Texas and it was hard ranching country then and still is now. The astute rancher was bedeviled by tick fever which destroyed hundreds of his steers every year. Tick fever is carried by a small insect which burrows under the skin of cattle and causes a disease which is quite like malaria among human beings. Mr. Pierce's answer to the problem was

ILLUSTRATION BY
WILLIAM HENNING & LYNN CO.



brilliant. He bought several Brahma bulls from a circus. Originally, they came from India and Pierce reasoned that they would be naturally resistant to the hot climate and hard living in Texas since the climate there was similar to that in India. He was right. The Brahma bulls were not affected by the fever. By crossing them with Hereford and other stock, a hardy meat producer came into being who could live well in very hot, arid regions and still wind up as good beefsteak rather than so many bags of bones.

One unexpected result of Pierce's idea was the new excitement the big bulls brought to rodeos. In America, the animals grew even bigger than they did in their native India and when someone tried to ride one of them, it was immediately apparent that they would be a great rodeo sensation. At any rate, more and more Brahma cattle are being imported every year and the Brahma, crossed with other strains will probably be one of the most popular kinds of cattle in the United States.



STEADY, SILVER! THAT OLD HORSE TRAP HASN'T BEEN USED FOR YEARS.

WHEE-AUGH!

SILVER

FOILS THE TRAPPERS



ARE THOSE OLD FENCES A HORSE TRAP? WHO MADE IT, LONE RANGER? AND HOW DOES IT WORK?

INDIANS MADE IT, LONNIE! THE WILD HORSES WERE DRIVEN BETWEEN THE TWO WIND-FENCES INTO A STOUT CORRAL--- AND IT WAS ALL DISGUISED BY GREEN BRUSH ---

BUT WHY WAS SILVER SO EXCITED? WAS HE EVER CAUGHT IN A TRAP LIKE THAT?

ALMOST! IT WAS WHEN HE WAS IN HIS FOURTH YEAR---WHEN THE APACHES RETURNED TO WILD HORSE VALLEY



IT ALL HAPPENED BECAUSE KEEWAY, THE APACHE WAS A MAN WHO WOULDN'T QUIT! HE HAD GOTTEN A GLIMPSE OF THE SUBJECTS OF SILVER THE WILD HORSE KING --- AND HE DETERMINED TO CAPTURE SOME OF THEM .

AFTER LOSING HIS OWN HORSE, AND NEARLY GIVING UP TO STARVATION, HE LEMPED BACK TO THE HOGANS OF HIS PEOPLE, MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE



"KEENAY'S RETURN SURPRISED EVEN
THE OLD CHIEF, LITTLE BULL."

IT IS KEENAY, MY FATHER! ALONE, OF ALL
THE FIVE WHO WENT TO STEAL HORSES
FROM THE NAVAHO, HE RETURNS!

RUN, MY
SONS! HELP HIM
BEFORE HE FALLS!



"BUT, PLEDGED WITH MEAT AND DRINK,
THE OLD HORSE HUNTER REVIVED."

EAT YOUR FILL, KEENAY! THEN WE
WILL HEAR YOUR WORDS!

YAW-TAY! IT HAS
BEEN LONG SINCE I
HAVE TASTED FOOD.



"SLOWLY, WITH SIGNS AND WORDS,
KEENAY UNFOLDED HIS TALE."

NAVAHO ARROWS SLEW ALL MY COMPANIONS! I RODE
MY HORSE TO DEATH, BUT ESCAPED. I LIMPED WITH
A LEG WOUND--- SO I LOOKED FOR ANOTHER MOUNT



I FOUND A DEEP VALLEY FULL
OF HORSES---HORSES FINER THAN
ANY I EVER SAW! I ENTERED THE
VALLEY, AND CAUGHT A WHITE
MARE--- BUT I COULD NOT HOLD
HER!



WHY, KEENAY?

A SPIRIT-HORSE CAME TO HER RESCUE! HE
THREW A GREAT STONE THAT KNOCKED ME
FROM HER BACK! STRONG "MEDICINE"
PROTECTS THE WILD HORSES OF THAT
VALLEY---



BUT THE "MEDICINE" OF MANY
APACHE WARRIORS IS STRONG,
TOO! IF ALL OF OUR YOUNG MEN
WILL GO WITH ME, I WILL
RETURN WITH THEM AND
CAPTURE EVERY HORSE
IN THE VALLEY! AND WE
SHALL ALL BE RICH!



FOR THREE YEARS, KEENEY TOLD AND RETOLD HIS STORY TO ALL WHO WOULD LISTEN. FINALLY HE PERSUADED A SCORE OF RESTLESS YOUNG BRAVES TO FOLLOW HIM BACK TO WILD HORSE VALLEY.



"A WEEK'S TRAVEL BROUGHT THEM TO THE ROCKY HEIGHTS THAT RIMMED THE HOME OF SYLVAN, THE WILD HORSE KING."



"FROM THE ROCKY RIDGE, THE APACHE BAND GAZED DOWN IN WONDER AT THE VALLEY'S GREEN FLOOR, LACED WITH THE SPARKLING WATERS OF A CREEK."



THERE IS ONE EASY ENTRANCE THAT I KNOW! THERE MAY BE OTHERS! LET MY YOUNG MEN NOW SCOUT THE WHOLE VALLEY, AND LEARN THE BEST WAY TO TRAP THE WILD HORSE HERD!



"FOR ANOTHER WEEK, THE YOUNG HORSE HUNTERS RANGED THROUGH THE FOOTHILLS, ALONG THE CLIFFS AND THE STEEP DRAWS THAT BOUNDED THE VALLEY---CAREFUL NOT TO SHOW THEMSELVES---CAREFUL TO MARK EACH LIKELY WAY OF ESCAPE."



"THEIR ACTIVITY DID NOT ESCAPE SILVER'S NOTICE! A WIND-BORNE SCENT, A FLICKER OF MOVEMENT ON THE RIM, TOLD HIM OF HUMAN ENEMIES ON THE PROWL."



"HE TRIED TO WARN HIS SIRE, MIGHTY SYLVAN--- BUT ENEMIES UNSEEN DID NOT SEEM TO WORRY THE WILD HORSE KING."

NUFF-
KNAGUM?

UH-HUH-
NUH?



"MEANTIME, THE YOUNG MEN REPORTED BACK TO KEENAY--- WHO PROCEEDED TO LAY HIS PLANS."

ELDER BROTHER, THERE ARE ONLY TWO POSSIBLE ESCAPEWAYS FROM THE VALLEY, BESIDE THIS MAIN ONE. THEY ARE NARROW GROWS THAT CAN BE QUICKLY FENCED OFF.

GOOD! THEN WE CAN GET TO WORK!



"HALF OF YOU WILL REMAIN WITH ME, TO BUILD A HORSE TRAP OUTSIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY-- THE OTHERS WILL FENCE OFF THE TWO GROWS. WE MUST WORK SWIFTLY BEFORE THE WILD HORSES KNOW WHAT WE ARE DOING."



"FOR THE WINGS OF THE HORSE TRAP, THEY CRAGGED IN DEAD CEDARS---



"---AND LOCKED THEIR TOUGH BRANCHES TOGETHER TO MAKE A STOUT BARRIER."



"IN FRONT OF IT THEY PLANTED YOUNG TREES AND BUSHES TO MAKE IT LOOK MORE NATURAL."



WHERE THE WINGS OF THE TRAP CAME CLOSE TOGETHER, THE STOUT CORRAL WAS BUILT--- STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD A MASS OF PLUNGING HORSE FLESH! THICK POLES WERE SET INTO THE GROUND---



--- AND FASTENED TOGETHER WITH HEAVY STRIPS OF RAWHIDE. A BIG GATE WAS MADE IN MUCH THE SAME WAY--- TO SWING SHUT WHEN THE WILD HORSES WERE INSIDE.



"BEFORE THE STRUCTURE WAS FINISHED, SILVER'S RESTLESS ROAMING BROUGHT HIM WITHIN SIGHT OF IT! INSTINCT TOOK HIM WHAT IT WAS FOR--- BUT REASON TOLD HIM THAT SYLVAN WOULD NEED CONVINCING.



"THAT NIGHT, HE COMMUNICATED TO THE GREAT WHITE LEADER SOME OF HIS CONCERN.



"A HEAVY GROUND-MIST WAS RISING WHEN THEY REACHED THE VALLEY'S ENTRANCE.



"ON SILENT HOOPS, THEY MOVED ALONG THE BRUSH BARRIER--- WHICH SYLVAN KNEW HAD NEVER BEEN THERE BEFORE."



"IN THE CORRAL'S GATEWAY SYLVAN PAUSED, HE'D CAUGHT A WHIFF OF THE APACHE CAMP BEYOND! SILVER WONDERED ABOUT THE GATE ITSELF."



"ANGERED BY THE SMELL OF HUMAN HANDS ON THE RAWHIDE LASHINGS, SILVER SUDDENLY SQUEALED AND STRUCK AT THE GATE POLES."



"THE BLOW SENT THE GATE SWINGING, ON SQUEALING WOODEN HINGES---STRAIGHT AT SYLVAN!"



"THIS MAN-MADE THING SEEMED TO BE ATTACKING HIM! WITH A SQUEAL OF RAGE, THE KING KICKED BACK!"



"ROUSED FROM SLEEP BY THE OUTBURST OF SOUND, KEENAY AND HIS BRAVES FLUNG OFF THEIR BLANKETS."



"BUT THEY FOUND NOTHING BUT GRIPPING STREAMERS OF WHITE VAPOR--- AND A CREAKING GATE!"



FOR SILVER AND HIS SIRE, KING SYLVAN, HAD MELTED INTO THE MIST THAT WAS NO WHITER THAN THEIR GLOSSY HIDES.



IT WAS A HORSE, KEENAY!

IT WAS THE GHOST HORSE! THE SAME WHO THREW STONES AT ME THREE YEARS AGO! HE HAS PUT HIS SIGN ON OUR TRAP SO THAT IT WILL NEVER HOLD A WILD HORSE!



"DESPITE KEENAY'S GLOOMY SUPERSTITION, THE YOUNGER MEN WERE NOT DISCOURAGED. THEY WOULD NOT LET THEIR WORK GO FOR NOTHING!"

IT WILL HOLD WILD HORSES! NO GHOST HORSE CAN BREAK DOWN THESE STRONG POLES! WE WILL FINISH THE CORRAL TOMORROW--- AND THEN START OUR DRIVE!

HOH!
HOH!
IT IS GOOD!



"FOR THE NEXT DAY AND NIGHT, SILVER AND SYLVAN KEPT THEIR HERD OF WILD HORSES BUNCHED AND READY FOR ANYTHING. SILVER WANTED TO FLEE THE VALLEY AT ONCE, BUT THE OLDER STALLION WOULD NOT YET AGREE."



"THE FOLLOWING NIGHT THE HUNTERS DRIFTED SILENTLY DOWN THE VALLEY, KEEPING TO THE SHADOWS OF THE TREES AND CLIFFS."



"AS DAWN BROKE, THEY CAME BACK IN A RAGGED LINE, WHOOPING AND WAVING BLANKETS--- A SIGHT THAT ANY WILD HORSE WOULD RUN FROM! AND THERE WAS BUT ONE WAY TO RUN--- OR SO THE HUNTERS THOUGHT!"



BUT SILVER AND HIS MIGHTY SIRE HAD OTHER IDEAS ABOUT IT! FIRST OF ALL, THEY HIPPED THE LAGGARDS OF THE HERD INTO A HARD RUN---



--- THEN DASHED TO THE FOREFRONT!



"BUT AT THIS POINT A DENSE "MOTTE" OF WILLOWS SPLIT THE STAMPEDE. THE BACHELOR COLTS AND A NUMBER OF YOUNG MARES FOLLOWED YOUNG SILVER...



"--- THE REMAINDER, WITH THE OLDER MARES AND SMALL COLTS, POUNDED ALONG IN THE DUSTY WAKE OF SYLVAN THE KING.



"THE HUNTERS SPLIT UP, TOO, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHY THE LEADERS HAD CHANGED COURSE."

**THE YOUNG LEADER!
SEE? HE LEADS OFF
TO THE SIDE OF
THE VALLEY!**

**HE MEANS TO TURN
BACK! THERE IS NO
WAY OUT THERE!**



"BUT NONE OF THEM GUESSED THE ESCAPE ROUTE THAT SILVER HAD PICKED--- UNTIL HE LED THE WAY, IN PLAIN VIEW, UP A GRAVEL SLOPE SO STEEP THAT A SQUIRREL WOULD HAVE AVOIDED IT!



SILVER KNEW THE RISK-- BUT HE ALSO KNEW THE NARROW BENCH AT THE TOP-- A PATH TO SAFETY! IN A MAD SCRAMBLE HIS FOLLOWERS JOINED HIM THERE--



--- JUST ESCAPING THE SLICE OF GRAVEL WHICH THEIR PLUNGING HOOFS HAD STARTED. THE HUNTERS WHO TRIED TO FOLLOW THEM WERE NOT SO LUCKY!



MEANWHILE, SYLVAN WAS HEADING FOR A STEEP, NARROW DRAW-- ONE OF THE TWO PLACES THE HUNTERS HAD FENCED OFF! THEY WOULD RATHER HAVE HIM IN THE MAIN TRAP OF COURSE... THEY TRIED TO TURN HIM--

--- ONLY TO HAVE HIM TURN UPON THEM! ONE RIDER'S MOUNT WENT DOWN UNDER THE KING'S HOOFS...



"ANOTHER HURLED A KNIFE AS HE REINED HIS HORSE ASIDE! SYLVAN SCARELY FELT THE WOUND! THE WAY AHEAD WAS CLEAR!

"STRAIGHT UP THE DRAW HE LED HIS HERD-- SEEMING NOT TO NOTICE THE FENCE OF POLES AT THE UPPER END.



WITHOUT PAUSING OR SLOWING HIS MIGHTY STRIDE, HE STRUCK IT---AND WOOD SPLINTERED!



"A SECOND LUNGE CARRIED HIM THROUGH--- WITH THE PRESS OF HIS PANICKED BAND ADDING THEIR WEIGHT TO HIS OWN..."



"THEN UP THE MOUNTAINSIDE SHEPT THE WILD HORSES OF THE VALLEY--- EVEN THE YOUNG COLTS---AND LEFT KEENAY'S HUNTERS HOLDING AN EMPTY TRAP!"



"GLUM FACED, THE HUNTERS CONFERRED DEFEAT--- AND A DESIRE TO SEE AGAIN THEIR OWN FAMILIAR COUNTRY!"



"FAR ABOVE THEM, SYLVAN THE MIGHTY PAUSED ON THE MOUNTAIN'S SHOULDER TO TRUMPET HIS CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD OF MEN!"



"AND ON THE OPPOSITE RIDGE, HIS SON SILVER SENT AN ANSWERING CALL RINGING ACROSS THE RIMS OF WILD HORSE VALLEY!"



A THUNDERSTORM BREAKS OVER THE DESERT---FORCING THE TRAIN OF EMIGRANT WAGONS TO HALT IN THE LEE OF A HIGH BLUFF

SILVER

MEETS AN ORPHAN OF THE STORM



JUST BEFORE THE CIRCLE OF TEARS AND WAGONS CLOSES, A MASKED MAN ON A SILVER HORSE DASHES IN.



"THE STORM HAD CAUGHT THE WHITE MARE, MOUSSA, AND HER LITTLE COLT ON A BENCHLAND AT THE EDGE OF WILD HORSE VALLEY, LATE ONE AFTERNOON! MOUSSA WAS MAKING FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE TREES, WHEN ---



"BOTH OF THEM DASHED INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE FOREST --- WITH THE WIDENING STREAM BETWEEN THEM.



"MOVING ALMOST BLINDLY THROUGH THE WET AND DARKNESS, HE STUMBLERD INTO A PIT LEFT BY THE UP-TORN ROOTS OF A STORM FELLED TREE.



"A RAIN-FED TORRENT BURST OUT OF THE WOODS, AND CUT STRAIGHT BETWEEN SILVER AND HIS MOTHER!



"SILVER'S BABY WHINNY WAS DROWNED OUT BY THE HOWLING OF THE STORM! IN A FEW MOMENTS HE WAS LOST!"



"THE PIT HELD LITTLE EARTH AND MUCH ROCK --- SO IT HAD GOOD DRAINAGE, BUT THE MUDDY SIDES WERE TOO STEEP FOR SILVER TO CLIMB OUT.



* THE SAME STORM WAS DRIVING A COW ELK AND HER CALF TO SEEK BETTER SHELTER... AS THEY CROSSED A NARROW DRAW----



*---THE CREST OF A FLASH FLOOD SWEEPED THE COW ELK DOWNSTREAM BEFORE SHE COULD JOIN HER GANGLY YOUNGSTER.



* AND SO ANOTHER NEAR-ORPHAN OF THE STORM WAS LEFT TO BUNDLE ABOUT IN THE WET WOODS, BAWLING FOR ITS MOTHER.



*---AND TO FALL INTO THE SAME PIT WITH YOUNG SILVER!



* SCARED, YET READY TO FIGHT, LITTLE SILVER REARED AND SQUEALED---- BUT THERE WAS NO FIGHT LEFT IN THE CALF.



* EVENTUALLY THEY BOTH GOT OVER THEIR FRIGHT, AND HUGGED TOGETHER FOR WARMTH, THROUGH THE LONG, WET NIGHT HOURS.



"MORNING SHOWED A POSSIBLE WAY OUT
OF THE PIT--- AND SILVER TOOK IT---



"---WHIRRYING LOUD AND LONG FOR HIS
MOTHER! THE CALF FOLLOWED SUIT, AS
WELL AS HE COULD."



"THIS TIME, MOUSSA HEARD---
AND CAME, LIKE THE WIND!"



"SOON LITTLE SILVER WAS GETTING HIS
BREAKFAST--- AND BUMBLE, THE LITTLE
BULL ELK, WATCHED, WITH HIS MOUTH
WATERING



"WHEN SILVER'S APPETITE WAS SATISFIED, BUMBLE
MOVED UP! MOUSSA SNIFFED AT HIM SUSPICIOUSLY---
BUT SILVER'S SCENT HAD RURRED OFF ON THE CALF
DURING THE NIGHT, AND IT SEEMED TO REASSURE
THE WHITE MARE."



"SHE LET HIM FINISH WHAT
SILVER HAD LEFT!"



"AFTER THAT, BUMBLE FOLLOWED MOUSSA AS IF SHE WERE HIS ADOPTED MOTHER! HOW LONG THE RELATIONSHIP WOULD HAVE LASTED, IT WOULD BE HARD TO GUESS --- BUT AGAIN THE PROVIDENCE THAT WATCHES OVER THE WILD STEPPED IN!"



"TWO LEAN TIMBER WOLVES WHO WERE PROWLING THE WOODED DRAWNS ABOVE WILD HORSE VALLEY..."



"--- SCENTED THE BEREAVED COW ELK, AND MOVED IN TO CUT HER DOWN."



"BUT A YOUNG BULL ELK, WITHIN EAR-SHOT OF THE COW'S FRANTIC BAWLING, CAME CRASHING TO HER RESCUE."



"THE WOLVES HAD NO STOMACH FOR THAT KIND OF ARGUMENT! WITH SNARLS OF DISAPPOINTED RAGE, THEY TURNED TAIL..."



"--- AND DRIFTED DOWN TOWARD THE VALLEY'S BOTTOM, LOOKING FOR EASIER PREY."



"SO IT WAS THAT THEY SCENTED MOUSSA AND HER TWO PROTÉGÉS, AND MOUSSA SIGHTED THEM, IN TIME--"



"--- TO HUSTLE THE YOUNGSTERS TO THE PARTIAL PROTECTION OF A BIG ROCK, THE ELK CALF BAWLED IN FRIGHT."



"BUT THE WOLVES WERE EXPERTS AT THIS GAME! WHILE ONE MADE A SNARLING POINT AT THE MARE, THE OTHER SNEAKED AROUND TO GET AT THE COLT AND CALF! MOUSSA HAD TO BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE! AGAIN AND AGAIN, HER CRY FOR HELP RANG OUT!"

"HELP CAME FROM AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE! HER CALF'S BABY BLATTING HAD REACHED THE COW ELK'S EARS AND THE BULL HAD FOLLOWED HER!"



"ONE OF THE WOLVES DODGED BACK FROM MOUSSA'S RUSH--- TO BE CAUGHT BY THE SMASHING FOREHOOF OF THE ELK BULL!"

"THE ANTLERED WARRIOR BATTERED THE LOBO'S LIFELESS CARCASS INTO THE GROUND."



"ITS MATE FLED WITHOUT A
BACKWARD LOOK---FROM
A LIKE FATE!



"STILL FULL OF FIGHT, THE COW RETURNED--- TO
GLOWER AT GENTLE MOUSSA' AS YET SHE COULD
HARDLY BELIEVE THAT HER INFANT WAS SAFE!"



"FROM HEAD TO TAIL SHE INSPECTED HER
CALF THEN SATISFIED THAT IT WAS
REALLY ALL RIGHT---



"--- SHE PUSHED IT ROUGHLY AWAY FROM
SUCH 'DANGEROUS' COMPANY!



"THE BULL ELK SHOOK HIS HORNS A FEW TIMES AT
MOUSSA! HE WOULD HAVE WELCOMED A FIGHT
WITH ANYBODY! BUT MOUSSA ONLY SNIFFED
WITH DISTASTE, AND MOVED AWAY



"ONLY LITTLE SILVER PAUSED FOR
A FRIENDLY FAREWELL--- TO
HIS SMALL COMPANION OF THE
STORM!"





LONE RANGER!
WHO'S THAT RIDER
ON THE BLACK
HORSE?

JACK WALLING ---
A GOVERNMENT
SCOUT!

SILVER

RENEWS A FRIENDSHIP



YES, LONNIE! I'M SURE HE DOES --- AND
SILVER SEEMS
TO RECOGNIZE
THAT HORSE!

SO DO I! IT'S HIS OLD
FRIEND, SCAMPER! I'LL
HAVE A WORD WITH JACK ---

WHEE-
HEE-
HAA!



HELLO, JACK!
WHERE ARE
YOU HEADED?

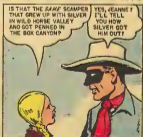
FORT KEARNEY, LONE RANGER ---
WITH A MESSAGE FROM THE
GENERAL! NO SIGN OF HOSTILES
WEST OF HERE FOR
THIRTY MILES!



SO LONG, JACK!
DON'T RUN HIM
TOO HARD!

WELL --- SO LONG, LONE RANGER!
GOT TO MAKE TIME WHILE MY
HOSS IS FRESH!

WHEE-HEE-
HAA-AHAA-HAA!



IS THAT THE SAME SCAMPER
THAT GREW UP WITH SILVER
IN WILD HORSE VALLEY
AND GOT PERNED IN
THE BOX CANYON?

YES, JEANNE!
I'LL TELL
YOU HOW
SILVER GOT
HIM OUT!

"ESCAPING WITH A SMALL BAND OF BACHELORS AND YOUNG MARES FROM THE APACHE HUNTERS IN WILD HORSE VALLEY, SILVER HEADED SOUTHWARD THROUGH THE FIRST SNOW OF AUTUMN



"DESCENDING TO THE LEVEL PLAINS, HE PUSHED RAPIDLY ON TOWARD THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS---



"---WHERE HE HAD FIRST COME WITH HIS FRIEND SCAMPER AND THE LITTLE BROWN MARE



"IN THE BACK OF HIS MIND WAS A STRONG DESIRE TO FIND HIS OLD FRIEND---IN THE LITTLE BOX CANYON WHERE HE HAD LEFT THEM PENNEED BY NATURE'S OBSTACLES.



"FAR CLOSER AT THE MOMENT, HOWEVER, WERE TWO HUNTING GRIZZLY BEARS" HUNGRILY THEY SNIFFED THE FAINT SCENT OF HORSE FLESH, BORNE TO THEM ON SOME VAGRANT BREEZE FROM THE HIDDEN CANYON



"THE SLIPPERY ROCKS, WHICH HAD NEARLY COST SILVER AND HIS FRIENDS THEIR LIVES MORE THAN A YEAR BEFORE, PROVED NO GREAT OBSTACLE TO THE BEARS, AS THEY FOLLOWED THE TEMPTING SCENT.



"ON THE WET, ROCKY SHELF UNDER THE ARCH OF THE WATERFALL, THEY PAUSED, BEWILDERED FOR THE MOMENT.



"THEN THEY CAUGHT THE SCENT OF HORSES AGAIN-- MINGLED WITH THE PERFUME OF GRASS AND FLOWERS! IT LED THEM INTO A NATURAL TUNNEL-- WATER-WORN BY ANOTHER STREAM.



"--- AND THENCE INTO A TINY, GRASSY VALLEY, RIMMED BY TOWERING CLIFFS.



"UNERRINGLY, THEIR NOSES LED THEM ALONG THE CLIFFS, TO A SIGHT THAT MADE THEIR HUNGRY MOUTHS WATER--- A SMALL COLT WITH ITS MOTHER, QUITE UNAWARE OF DANGER!



"THE LITTLE BROWN MARE SAW THEM FIRST-- AND WHISTLED HER ALARM!"



"FURIOUS AT BEING DISCOVERED, THE GRIZZLIES CHARGED AT EXPRESS TRAIN SPEED! BUT THE LITTLE MARE AND HER COLT WERE QUICK AND FAST ON THEIR FEET! BROWNIE WHISTLED AGAIN IN WARNING."



"---TO SCAMPER, HER MATE* THE BLACK FOUR-YEAR-OLD CAME CROILING--- ANGRY AND FRIGHTENED FOR HIS LITTLE FAMILY."



" BUT THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO BUT TO RUN WITH THEM--- AND HOPE AGAINST HOPE FOR SOME WAY TO ESCAPE THE SMAGGY DESTROYERS!"



"SCAMPER HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT WITH HIS HEELS--- WHICH MEANT THAT HE TRUSTED TO LUCK RATHER THAN HEADWORK TO GET HIM OUT OF A JAM* NOW HE HEADED FOR A NARROW POCKET WHERE IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO GODGE BACK PAST HIS ENEMIES."



" THE BEARS SAW IMMEDIATELY WHAT HAD HAPPENED--- AND LET OUT SATISFIED 'WHOOFS' . . . NOW THEY COULD TAKE THEIR TIME."



"SCAMPER SAW IT, TOO! BUT THE LOYABLE, SCATTERBRAINED LITTLE HORSE HAD A COURAGE THAT COULD FACE DEATH WITH A CHALLENGE* HIS FIGHTING SCREAM RANG THROUGH THE CANYON ---"



" --- AND REBOUNDED AGAINST THE ROCKY SHOULDERS OF THE MOUNTAINS THAT HEMMED THE LITTLE VALLEY REFUGE* SILVER, APPROACHING WITH HIS BAND, HEARD IT--- AND HALTED SHORT!"



"SILVER PAUSED JUST LONG ENOUGH TO TRUMPET HIS ANSWER!"



"THEN DOWN THE RUGGED SLOPE HE PLUNGED, ECHOING HIS FRIEND SCAMPER'S BATTLE CRY."



"AT THE VERY LIP OF THE CRUMBLING CLIFF HE SLID TO A STOP! AND THE CRACKED, WEATHERED ROCK GROANED A LITTLE UNDER THE WEIGHT OF MANY HOOFES."



"A FEW LOOSE PIECES WENT BOUNCING DOWN TO THE FLOOR OF THE NARROW POCKET, STARTLING EVEN THE HUNGRY GRIZZLIES."



"TODD LATE, SILVER AND HIS COMPANIONS REALIZED THAT THE WHOLE TOP OF THE CLIFF HAD STARTED TO SLIDE OUTWARD. A FEW TRIED TO RETREAT..."



"BUT THERE WAS NO RETREAT NOW! THE BEST THEY COULD DO WAS TO FOLLOW THEIR SILVER LEADER, RIDING THE ROCK SLIDE TO THE BOTTOM --- FOR LIFE OR DEATH!"



"THE BEARS, ALWAYS ALERT FOR THEIR OWN SAFETY, STRETCHED EVERY MUSCLE TO GET OUT OF THE WAY..."



"... BUT LUCK HAD TURNED AGAINST THEM WITH A VENGEANCE! THOUGH THEY ESCAPED BEING BURIED ALIVE, THEY COULD NOT DODGE ALL OF THE BOUNCING CHUNKS OF ROCK! THEY WERE BOMBED OVER AND BRUISED AND POUNDED."



"AND ON TOP OF IT ALL A RAGING BUNCH OF YOUNG STALLIONS WAS BEARING DOWN ON THEM, SCREAMING FOR BATTLE!"



"IT TAKES A LOT TO DEMORALIZE A GRIZZLY BEAR, BUT THESE HAD HAD ENOUGH --- AND MORE THAN ENOUGH! AT A LIMPING, PAINFUL RUN, THEY HEADED FOR THE OTHER END OF THE VALLEY, WITH SCREAMING VENGEANCE ON THEIR TAILS."



"SILVER'S FOREHOOF'S SLASHED ONCE AT A RETREATING, SHAGGY RUMP --- AND ADDED ENOUGH SPEED TO CARRY BRUIN ---"



"...PLUNGING AFTER HIS MATE INTO THE TUNNEL WHERE THEY HAD ENTERED."



"INTO THE TUNNEL ITSELF THE ECHOES OF SILVER'S BATTLE SHOUT PURSUED THEM-- AND THEY DIDN'T LINGER!"



"NOT UNTIL THEY REACHED THE BOTTOM OF THE OUTER VALLEY, PAST THE ICY LEDGES AND THE WATERFALL, DID THEY CARE TO--"



"--BATHE AND LICK THEIR BRUISES! NEVER AGAIN WOULD THIS PAIR OF BEARS INVADE THE CANYON REFUGE OF SCAMPER AND HIS LITTLE BROWN MARE."



"BUT BACK IN THE VALLEY POCKET A VERY DIFFERENT SCENE WAS TAKING PLACE! OLD FRIENDS WERE EXCHANGING AFFECTIONATE GREETINGS..."

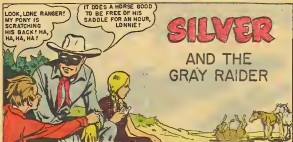


"TO LITTLE SCAMPER, IT WAS AS IF THEY HAD NEVER BEEN SEPARATED, EXCEPT NOW HIS CONTENTMENT IN THE COMPANY OF HIS SILVER HERO WAS MORE COMPLETE THAN EVER!"



"AND EVEN SCAMPER'S LITTLE SON SOON LEARNED TO TRUST THE TALL YOUNG STALLION WITH THE GLEAMING WHITE COAT--AS HIS STRONG AND KINDLY PROTECTOR!"



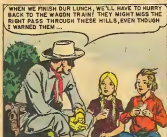


LOOK, LONE RANGER!
MY PONY IS
SCRATCHING
HIS BACK! HA,
HA, HA, HA!

IT DOES A HORSE GOOD
TO BE FREE OF HIS
SADDLE FOR AN HOUR,
LONNIE!

SILVER

AND THE GRAY RAIDER



WHEN WE FINISH OUR LUNCH, WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY
BACK TO THE WAGON TRAIN! THEY MIGHT MISS THE
RIGHT PASS THROUGH THESE HILLS, EVEN THOUGH
I WARNED THEM ...



OH! THERE'S ANOTHER HORSE---
A WILD ONE--- AND HE HASN'T
SEEN US, YET---

FOR AN INSTANT THE TABLEAU HOLDS---A
STEEL-GRAY STALLION AT THE HEAD OF HIS
BAND, SHORTING A QUESTION AND A
CHALLENGE.

THEN WITH A BAWL OF FURY, SILVER
LAUNCHES HIS HALF-TON OF EQUINE
DESTRUCTION AT THE STRANGER.



HONN!

WRAUGH!



KNEE-AMH!

ESE-AMH!

WITH TERRIFIC IMPACT THE SILVER SHOULDER STRIKES THE GRAY!



AND THE GRAY GOES DOWN...LESS A SPRAWL.



THERE THEY GO! THAT GRAY CIGN'T EVEN FAP TO FIGHT SILVER!



BUT--WHY DID SILVER ATTACK THE WILD STALLION, LONE RANGER? HE ACTED AS IF HE HATED HIM!

IT'S THE GRAY'S COLOR THAT SILVER HATES, AND THE STORY OF THAT GOES BACK TO WHEN SILVER WAS A TWO-YEAR-OLD.



"AT THAT TIME, YOU SEE, YOUNG SILVER HAD NOT YET GOTTEN USED TO BEING A BACHELOR COLT* THAT IS--BEING FORBIDDEN THE COMPANY OF KING SYLVAN'S MARES, INCLUDING HIS OWN MOTHER.



"EVERY TIME MIGHTY SYLVAN FOUND ONE OF HIS BACHELOR SONS NEAR THE MARES, HE GROVE THEM MERCILESSLY AWAY! IT WAS THE LAW OF THE WILD HORSES--AND STILL IS-- THAT YOUNG BACHELORS MUST LEARN TO BE INDEPENDENT.



BUT FROM TIME TO TIME, SILVER WOULD STEAL BACK-- IF ONLY FOR A GUMPS OF THE GENTLE MOTHER WHO HAD FED AND PROTECTED HIM SINCE HE COULD REMEMBER!



SO IT HAPPENED THAT SILVER WAS THE ONLY WITNESS TO A BOLD THEFT. IN SYLVAN'S ABSENCE, A GREAT, GRAY STRANGER STOLE INTO WILD HORSE VALLEY---



"--- AND CUT OUT THREE FINE MARES OF SYLVAN'S HERD--- INCLUDING MOUSSA! WITH SAVAGE GRUNTS AND RIPPING TEETH, HE DROVE THEM OUT THROUGH THE VALLEY'S ENTRANCE AT A TEARING GALLOP



"WHAT THOUGHTS WENT THROUGH YOUNG SILVER'S HEAD, ONE CANNOT SAY-- BUT HE KNEW SURELY THAT HE WOULD NEVER SEE HIS MOTHER AGAIN, UNLESS HE HIMSELF DID SOMETHING ABOUT IT!"



FOR A LONG TIME HE HESITATED-- FOR HE KNEW THE BIG GRAY RAIDER WOULD KILL HIM WITHOUT MERCY, ON SIGHT! WHEN THE SHADOWS GREW LONG, HOWEVER, HIS LONELINESS FOR MOUSSA BECAME UNREARABLE... HE STARTED AFTER HER, SNIFFING HER SCENT TRAIL.



"WHEN THE SUN WENT DOWN, AND THE COYOTES HOWLED IN THE MOONLIGHT, THE TALL COLT HESITATED, BETWEEN GOING ON AND GOING BACK."



"BUT HIS LOVE FOR MOUSSA OVERCAME HIS FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN! HE WENT ON, TESTING EVERY BREEZE FOR SCENT OF THE RAIDER'S GANG.



"EARLY IN THE EVENING, HE FOUND IT--- AT THE END OF A DARK, DEEP DRAW! THE WIND WAS STRONGLY TOWARD HIM.



"THEREFORE, HE KNEW THAT THE GRAY STALLION COULD NOT DETECT HIS APPROACH---UNLESS HE MADE SOME NOISE! NO CAT COULD HAVE SET ITS FEET DOWN MORE SOFTLY THAN OLD SILVER, AS HE MOVED UP THE DARK DRAW.

"AROUND THE FLANK OF A GREAT BOULDER HE FOUND HER--- HIS MOTHER! MOUSSA'S SOFT BREATH WAS BOTH A GASP AND A WARNING."



"CHEEK TO CHEEK THEY STOOD, FOR LONG MOMENTS! AND THEN THE BREEZE SHIFTED!

"SILVER'S SCENT REACHED THE GRAY'S SUSPICIOUS NOSTRILS. AT ONCE THE STALLION MOVED TO INVESTIGATE!"



WITH A BELLOW OF RAGE THE STEELDUST CHARGED! SILVER WHEELED LIKE A SWALLOW IN FLIGHT---



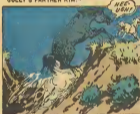
--- BUT NOT QUITE QUICKLY ENOUGH THE GRAY'S TEETH STRUCK HIM HARD-- ON THE RUMP!



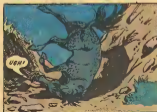
"THAT BITE WAS ALL THAT WAS NEEDED TO LEND WINGS TO THE COLT'S HEELS! HE SOARED OVER A DRY WASH, THAT FEW HORSES WOULD HAVE ATTEMPTED IN THEIR MADDEST MOMENTS.



"THE HEAVIER HORSE ALMOST MADE IT--- BUT HIS HIND HOOF FAILED TO GRIP THE GALLY'S FARTHER RIM."



"HE CLAWED FOR A MOMENT--- AND FELL IGNOMINIOUSLY ON HIS BACK IN A SHOWER OF DRIED MUD."



"SILVER NEVER PAUSED IN HIS RACE UNTIL HE HAD PASSED THE ENTRANCE OF WILD HORSE VALLEY---



"--- AND FOUND SYLVAN, THE WILD HORSE KING."



"SOMEHOW, HE MADE HIS HAUGHTY SIRE UNDERSTAND! PERHAPS THE FAINT SCENT OF MOUSSA'S CHEEK, CLINGING TO SILVER, CONVINCED THE STALLION."



"THEIR WHITE COATS FLASHING SILVER IN THE MOONLIGHT, THE TWO HEADED BACK TOWARD THE GRAY RAIDER'S HIDE-OUT."



"AND NOW SYLVAN HIMSELF CAUGHT FROM THE GROUND THE SCENT OF MOUSSA'S HOOFPRIENTS"



"JUST AT DAWN THEY CAUGHT THE WARM SCENT OF THE RAIDER'S BAND ON THE BREEZE THAT FLOWED DOWN THE DRAW."



"THAT WAS ALL SYLVAN NEEDED! LIKE A WHIRLWIND, HE TORE UP THE RAVINE--- WHILE TWO-YEAR-OLD SILVER WATCHED PROUDLY, KNOWING THAT HE HAD DONE HIS PART!"



THE GRAY RAGER CAUGHT SYLVAN'S CHALLENGE--- AND BLARED A BRASS THROATED REPLY! HE HAD NEVER BEEN WHIPPED IN BATTLE! HE WAS CONFIDENT OF WINNING THIS ONE!



BOTH SYLVAN AND THE STEELDUST WERE OLD AND WILY WARRIORS... THEY DID NOT CRASH HEAD-ON--- BUT THE TEETH OF EACH RIPPED ALONG THE OTHER'S FLANK.



LIKE LIGHTNING, THE GRAY'S HEELS LASHED OUT--- BUT SYLVAN WASN'T THERE! NOT BY TWO INCHES!



THEN BEGAN A LONG, BITTER BATTLE, THE ANTAGONISTS NEARLY MATCHED! ONLY IN ENDURANCE AND FIGHTING SKILL, SYLVAN POSSESSED A SLIGHT ADVANTAGE.



THE END CAME SUDDENLY, WHEN THE GRAY REACHED TO CRUSH SYLVAN'S FORELEGS IN HIS JAW'S! THE WHITE STALLION'S OTHER HOOF STRUCK DOWN LIKE A HAMMER--- ON THE GRAY'S FOREHEAD!



THE GRAY RAGER'S KNEES GAVE WAY, AND HE ROLLED DYER--- DEAD AS MUTTON."



"JUST ONCE, SYLVAN SNIPPED AT HIS ENEMY--



"THEN HIS BUGLE CRY OF VICTORY ECHOED THROUGH THE HILLS."

WHEEE!
AH-NAH-NAH!



"FIRST, GENTLE MOUSSA CAME COURTESYING TO GREET HER LORD."



"THE OTHER TWO MARES FROM SYLVAN'S BARD GAVE HIM A COY WELCOME."



"BUT THE STRANGE MARES AND COLTS WERE DIFFICULT! THEY WERE NOW SYLVAN'S, BY RIGHT OF CONQUEST-- BUT THEY WOULD NOT OBEY UNTIL FORCED!"



"AND SYLVAN KNEW HOW TO DISCIPLINE THEM! WITH KIPS AND KICKS AND THREATENING SQUEALS, HE WHIPPED THEM INTO SHAPE."



A DAY AND A NIGHT HAD PASSED BEFORE HE HAD THE NEW HERD *WEL* UNDER CONTROL--- AND HEADED BACK TO WILD HORSE VALLEY.



MEANWHILE, TROUBLE FOR THE KING WAS BREWING IN HIS OWN TERRITORY! A SIX-YEAR-OLD SORREL STALLION, A SON OF SYLVAN, BEGAN TO WONDER HOW IT WOULD BE TO TAKE OVER THE KINGDOM OF HIS ABSENT SIRE!



THE MORE HE THOUGHT ABOUT IT, THE BETTER THE IDEA SEEMED! PERHAPS SYLVAN WAS DEAD AND COULDN'T RETURN--- AND EVEN IF HE DID, PERHAPS HE *WASN'T* UNBEATABLE IN A FIGHT!



HE BEGAN STRUTTING BEFORE THE YOUNGER MARES--- AND MAKING QUITE AN IMPRESSION! SOON HE BELIEVED HIMSELF SYLVAN'S SUCCESSOR IN VERY FACT!



AND SO, WHEN AT LAST THE GREAT WHITE LEADER DROVE HIS NEW HERD IN, THE YOUNG USURPER BLAZED A CHALLENGE! LET THE BEST HORSE BE KING!



NOT A LINE OF SYLVAN'S MAGNIFICENT BODY SHOWED THE WEARINESS OF HIS LONG DRIVE AND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS! STRAIGHT FOR THE YOUNG UPSTART HE GALLOPED!



THIS TIME THERE WAS NO SPARRING FOR A HOLD! SYLVAN'S WEIGHT STRUCK LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, AND THE SORREL WAS NOT BRACED FOR IT!



HE WENT DOWN, WITH ALL LEGS IN THE AIR... WHIPPED BEFORE HE HAD STARTED TO FIGHT... AND FURTHER PUNISHMENT WAS COMING TO HIM!



HE COULDN'T HARDLY BELIEVE HIS GOOD LUCK, WHEN SYLVAN STEPPED BACK... AS IF HE HAD ONLY PUNISHED A NAUGHTY COLT!



... BUT AT A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE! THE KING'S MOOD WAS NOT ONE TO BE TRIFFLED WITH AT ANY TIME... AND THE TALL COLT KNEW IT!



AS HE ROLLED TO HIS KNEES, SYLVAN'S MIGHTY JAWS CLAMPED ON HIS NECK, WHERE THE SPINE COMES CLOSE TO THE SURFACE! PARALYZED BY THAT GRIP, EXPECTING DEATH WITHIN THE NEXT FEW HEARTBEATS...



HE SHAMBLED AWAY, DAZED AND HUMBLE... AND YOUNG SILVER WITNESSED IT ALL! THE SILVER COLT STOOD OPENLY ADMIRING...



BUT... LONE RANGER... THERE DID COME A TIME WHEN SILVER AND SYLVAN WERE LEADING THE HERD TOGETHER... DIDN'T THERE?

YES, INDEED, JEANNE... YEARS LATER!

MAN!

I WISH I'D BEEN AROUND TO SEE THEM! I SURELY DO!

