

DELL  
COMIC

50¢

THE *Lone Ranger's* FAMOUS HORSE

10¢

HI-YO

# SILVER



# Chief Sitting Bull

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## LEADER OF THE SIOUX



THEY WERE BRAVE MEN, THE SIOUX, AND LEADERS OF ALL THE PLAINS INDIANS IN THEIR RESISTANCE TO THE WHITE MAN'S INVASION OF THEIR HUNTING GROUNDS. SITTING BULL WAS THE MOST NOTED AND COURAGEOUS OF ALL THE SIOUX CHIEFS. FOR ALMOST THIRTY YEARS, HE LED HIS WARRIORS IN MOST OF THE BLOODY INDIAN BATTLES IN THE DAKOTAS, MONTANA AND WYOMING, AND SHOWED BITTER HOSTILITY TO THE WHITE SETTLERS IN THE NORTHWEST. IN 1868, HIS BRAVES WERE DEFEATED AT THE BATTLE OF THE MUSSEL SHELL AND FOR THE NEXT EIGHT YEARS, SITTING BULL RAIDED THE MONTANA SETTLEMENTS. IN 1876, AN EXTENSIVE CAMPAIGN WAS UNDERTAKEN AGAINST HIM, DURING WHICH GENERAL CROOK AND

HIS ENTIRE COMMAND WERE KILLED. GENERAL CROOK AND LARGE FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES CAVALRY PURSUED SITTING BULL SO RELENTLESSLY HE AND MANY OF HIS FOLLOWERS WERE FORCED TO RETREAT INTO CANADA. IN 1881, ON PROMISE OF A PARDON, HE RETURNED TO MONTANA AND SURRENDERED TO GENERAL MILES AND WAS SENT TO THE PINE RIDGE RESERVATION. THERE HE INSTIGATED MANY REBELLIONS AMONG THE INDIANS AND PROVED TO BE A TROUBLE-MAKER. IN 1890, AN ORDER WAS GIVEN FOR HIS ARREST; INDIAN POLICE WERE SENT OUT TO BRING HIM IN BUT SITTING BULL RESISTED AND WAS SHOT IN THE WILD FIGHT THAT FOLLOWED. SERGEANT RED TOMAHAWK FIRED THE SHOT THAT KILLED THE FAMOUS SITTING BULL.



HAVING ORDERED HIS WAGONS INTO CAMP, THE LONE RANGER KEEPS AN EYE ON THE THY-SMOKE PUFFS THAT RISE ABOVE A DISTANT MESA.

THE WAGON TRAIN IS SAFE NOW, SILVER --- EVEN IF THOSE SMOKE SIGNALS MEAN HOSTILES ON THE WARPATH!

# SILVER

## GUARDS HIS BAND



IT'S JACK WALLING, THE GOVERNMENT SCOUT--- ON SCAMPER! YOU KNOW THAT LITTLE BLACK HORSE, SILVER!

WEE-HEE-HEE-HEE-UN!



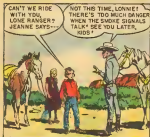
LONE RANGER! HOW'S THE TRAIL AHEAD? ANY HOSTILES?

I'M AFRAID SO, JACK! APACHE SIGNALS! BETTER WAIT AND GO FORWARD WITH THE WAGON TRAIN WHEN IT'S SAFE ---

CAN'T DO IT, LONE RANGER! DISPATCHES HAVE TO GO THROUGH TO HQ QUARTERS, IF I CAN GET 'EM THERE! CAN'T STOP FOR RISKS!

I KNOW, JACK! I'D RIDE ALL THE WAY WITH YOU--- BUT THIS WAGON TRAIN IS IN MY CARE! GOOD LUCK---





IT'S *LONNIE AND JEANNE*\* WHAT ARE THOSE TWO YOUNG RASCALS DOING... TRYING TO TRAIL ME?\*



I TOLD YOU THAT YOU COULDN'T COME WITH ME, *LONNIE*\* THERE'S RISK ENOUGH IN HOSTILE COUNTRY WITHOUT *ASKING* FOR TROUBLE\* EXPLAIN YOURSELVES!\*



OH! I TOLD *LONNIE*---

YOU TOLD US THAT WE COULDN'T RIDE WITH YOU-- BUT YOU DIDN'T SAY A WORD ABOUT RIDING *AFTER* YOU, *LONG RANGER*\* ANYHOW, WE'RE PERFECTLY SAFE WHEREVER YOU ARE\* SO I TOLD *JEANNE*---



I OUGHT TO TAN YOU---PERHAPS\* BUT ONE THING IS CERTAIN I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU BACK TO THE WAGONS NOW\* WITHOUT COMPLETING MY SCOUTING! YOU'VE ENDANGERED THE WHOLE TRAIN!



I--- I'M SORRY, *LONG RANGER*\* I DIDN'T THINK THAT FAR---

A HORSE--- OVER THERE IN THE TREES\* COULD BE APACHES---



OOOON!

WAAHNT!

WAAHNT!

NO--- IT'S A FRIEND\* SILVER SCENTS HIM! COME ON, KIDS!



WHEE-HEE-HEE- AUGH! WHICH- WHICH- WHICH?



STICK CLOSE BEHIND ME!

YOU BET WE WILL, LONE RANGER!



I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE YOU, LONE RANGER--- BUT IF IT WASN'T, I WAS READY---

JACK WALLING? AND SCAMPER? BOTH HURT?



OOOHEE JACK WALLING'S HAD A FIGHT---

---WITH HOSTILES! THEY MAY STILL BE AROUND!



THE ARM BONE IS NOT BROKEN, JACK! THE HOLE WILL HEAL UP!

I RECKON SO! BUT THE HOLE I PUT IN ONE OF THOSE HOSTILES WONT' HEAL! THE OTHER TWO CARRIED HIM OFF, ACROSS A HORSE!



YOU'RE SURE THERE WERE ONLY THREE INDIANS, MR WALLING?

THAT'S ALL I SAW, SONNY! MAYBE THERE WERE OTHERS IN THE VALLEY

I'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT ABOUT THAT, JACK!



ALL RIGHT, SILVER! I'LL SEE TO YOUR FRIEND SCAMPER, NOW!

HOON HOON HOO HOO

THE BULLET IS EMBEDDED—CLOSE TO THE SPINE! BUT ONCE I DIG IT OUT, YOU'LL FEEL BETTER, LITTLE HORSE.

HOOP-HOO? HO-HO?



THERE IT IS—THE LEAD SLUG THAT WAS PRESSING ON SCAMPER'S SPINE! DO YOU WANT IT FOR A SOUVENIR, LONNIE?

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOU WERE A HORSE SODDER, TOO, LONE RANGER!

I SURELY DO!



LEAVING THE CHILDREN WITH THE SCOUT, SILVER'S MASTER SWINGS INTO THE SADDLE.

SCAMPER WILL BE ABLE TO TRAVEL SLOWLY... BACK TO THE WAGON TRAIN! BUT, FIRST OF ALL, SILVER AND I WILL MAKE SURE THAT WE DON'T LEAD YOU INTO AN AMBUSH, JACK!

DON'T YOU GET AMBUSHED, LONE RANGER! THOSE APACHES ARE AS SLY AS SNAKES!



A LITTLE DISTANCE BEYOND THE TREES, THE LONE RANGER MOISTENS A FINGER AND TESTS THE WIND.

THE BREEZE COMES FROM THE TREES! IF THERE ARE ANY HOSTILES HIDING IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, YOU'LL SCENT THEM AND GIVE ME WARNING, SILVER!



OH-HOO! HO-HO-HOO!

FOR A MILE EACH WAY, MAN AND HORSE PATROL THE CONCEALING WOODS.

NO SMELL OF THEM YET, SILVER! THAT ANSWERS MY QUESTION!



HALF AN HOUR LATER—

ALL CLEAR, FRIENDS! THE PARTY THAT JUMPED YOU, JACK, WAS THE ONLY ONE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

THAT'S MIGHTY GOOD NEWS, LONE RANGER!



SWING UP BEHIND MY SADDLE, LONNIE --- AND LET JACK WILLING RIDE YOUR PONY! SCAMPER OUGHT NOT TO CARRY WEIGHT YET.



YOU'LL LET ME RIDE WITH YOU ON SILVER? -

WOW!

LOVE RANGER---SEE? SCAMPER SEEMS TO FEEL BETTER--- AND STRONGER--- WHEN SILVER TALKS TO HIM!



YES, HE GOES, LONNIE! AND THAT REMINDS ME OF THE TIME WHEN SILVER SAVED SCAMPER'S MATE FROM DYING OF WOUNDS!

SCAMPER'S MATE? YOU MEAN, THE LITTLE BROWN MARE?

YES, I MEAN BROWNIE! I'VE TOLD YOU ABOUT HER BEFORE --- BUT THIS IS THE STORY ABOUT HER THAT I LOVE BEST!



IT WAS JUST AFTER SILVER AND HIS BAND OF YOUNG HORSES HAD STARTED A ROCK SLIDE IN THE HIDDEN VALLEY, AND ROUTED THE BEARS THAT WERE ABOUT TO ATTACK SCAMPER'S FAMILY.



THERE WAS NOT ENOUGH FEED IN THE TINY VALLEY FOR ALL THE NEWCOMERS---SO SILVER LED THEM OUT, AROUND THE EDGE OF THE GREAT ROCK SLIDE, TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFFS.



AMONG THE ROCKY RIDGES THE GRASS WAS STILL SCANTY THE BAND CONTINUED ON DOWN ---



--- TO THE FERTILE PLAIN, WHERE FEED WAS ABUNDANT, THOUGH THE DANGER WAS GREATER, TOO ---





"--- FROM LEAN, GRAY  
BUFFALO WOLVES . . .



"--- AND PROWLING  
GRIZZLIES!



"SILVER KEPT A CONSTANT, ALERT WATCH OVER  
HIS BAND. THE ONLY EXCEPTIONS WERE SCAMPER  
AND HIS LITTLE FAMILY, WHO WERE ALLOWED A  
MEASURE OF INDEPENDENCE.

"THUS IT HAPPENED THAT THE THREE  
WERE BRAZING, ONE DAY, OUT OF  
SILVER'S SIGHT, IN A BRUSHY  
HOLLOW.



"THE WIND HAD BROUGHT THEIR SCENT TO THE  
HUNGRY NOSTRILS OF THREE BUFFALO WOLVES--  
--- A LARGE MALE, HIS MATE, AND ONE OF  
THEIR NEARLY-GROWN CURS

"THE DOG-WOLF AND HIS MATE WERE JUST  
CREEPING UP ON BROWNIE'S COLT,  
WHEN---



"---BROWNE WINDED THEM! WITH A SHOUT OF ALARM, SHE TROTTED FORWARD!"



"THE DOG-WOLF SPRANG--- JUST AS BROWNE SIGHTED THEM, AND SCREAMED!"



"THE KILLER'S LEAP MISSED, FOR HALF HIS ATTENTION WAS NOW ON THE CHARGING, FURIOUS MARE."



"HE DODGED HER FLAILING HOOFS, BUT HIS MATE DARTED IN."



"---AND SANK HER LONG FANGS DEEP INTO THE MARE'S CHEST, PRObing FOR THE HEART!"



"THE SCAMPER WAS INTO THE FIGHT, WITH HOOPS AND TERRIBLE JAWS!"



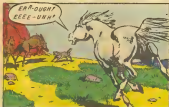
"BUT THE SHE-WOLF WAS TRICKY! SHE EASILY AVOIDED THE BLACK HORSE --- AND LED HIM ON A USELESS CHASE --- AWAY FROM HIS MARE AND COLT!"



"THAT GAVE THE DOG-WOLF AND THE CUB THEIR CHANCE AT BROWNE AND THE WEE COLT! BUT BROWNE FOUGHT LIKE A TIGRESS, IGNORING HER WOUNDS."



"ALL THIS HAD TAKEN LESS THAN A HUNDRED SECONDS --- BUT THE MARE'S FIRST SCREAM HAD WARNED SILVER! AND NOW HE ARRIVED, LIKE A WHITE THUNDERBOLT."



"HE BOWLED THE CUB OVER WITH A PASSING KICK, AS HE LUNGED AT THE MALE."



"THE DOG-WOLF MADE ONE FATAL MISTAKE --- IN MISJUDGING SILVER'S POWER AND SPEED! SILVER'S MIGHTY JAWS CLAMPED DOWN ON HIS SPINE WITH KILLING FORCE."



"SUDDENLY REMEMBERING THAT THERE HAD BEEN MORE THAN ONE WOLF, SCAMPER RETURNED --- TO FIND SILVER ANGRISLY HUZZLING A DESPERATELY WOUNDED LITTLE MARE."



"BROWNIE, WEAKENED WITH LOSS OF BLOOD, WAS READY TO LIE DOWN AND DIE--- BUT SILVER WOULDN'T LET HER!"



"TOGETHER, HE AND SCAMPER SUPPORTED HER STUMBLING STEPS TOWARD A COOL SPRING THAT BUBBLED OUT AMONG THE WILLOWS."



"THERE SHE LAY DOWN, WITH HER BASHED SHOULDER AND CHEST IN THE COLD, HEALING WATER... WHILE HER ANXIOUS MATE AND SILVER STOOD GUARD."



"NIGHT AND DAY SILVER KEPT HIS BAND CLOSE-HERDED AMONG THE WILLOWS, SO THAT BROWNIE WOULD NOT FEEL ALONE."



"AT LAST THE LITTLE BROWN MARE WAS WELL ENOUGH TO TRAVEL AGAIN..."



"--- BUT FROM THEN ON, NEITHER SHE NOR SCAMPER STRAYED OUT OF SIGHT FROM THEIR SILVER FRIEND AND LEADER!"

LOVE RAHSER! I BELIEVE SCAMPER

KNOWS WHAT YOU ARE SAYING! HE'S TRYING TO TELL US THAT HE NEVER WANTS TO LEAVE SILVER AGAIN!

HEH-HEH-HEH!



SCOUTING IN ADVANCE OF THE WAGON TRAIN, WITH HIS TWO SMALL FRIENDS, LORRIE AND JEANNE, THE LONE RANGER WONDERS AT HIS HORSE'S STRANGE BEHAVIOUR.

STEADY, SILVER! WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOY?

HE SEES SOMETHING IN THAT BUNCH OF CHAPARRAL!

WHAUGH-UH!  
WHUFF!

# SILVER

## PAYS A DEBT



OH, THAT GATES BACK TO SILVER'S COLTHOOD-- WHEN HE WAS LESS THAN A YEAR OLD! A WILDCAT MAULED A FRIEND OF HIS.

OHNH! TELL US ABOUT THAT, PLEASE! WHO WAS SILVER'S FRIEND?

SILVER'S FRIEND? WHY, HE WAS ONLY A LITTLE PRAIRIE DOG, NAMED CHIRRO, WHO LIVED IN WILD HORSE VALLEY! I'LL TELL YOU AND LORRIE, AS WE RIDE BACK TO THE WAGONS.



"CHIRRO'S INSTINCT TOLD HIM THAT ANY CREATURE WHO NIBBLED GRASS COULD NOT BE AN ENEMY. AND SILVER KNEW THAT ANY CREATURE SO SMALL AND TIMID WOULD NOT HARM HIM. BUT IT WAS MUTUAL CURIOSITY THAT MADE THEM FRIENDS.



"WHENEVER SILVER LEFT HIS MOTHER'S SIDE FOR A LITTLE WHILE, HE WANDERED OVER TOWARD CHIRRO'S BURROW --- AND THE LITTLE PRAIRIE DOG CAME TO EXPECT HIM! PERHAPS HE FELT THAT THE COLT WOULD KEEP HUNGRY ENEMIES AT A DISTANCE.



"ACTUALLY IT WAS CHIRRO WHOSE WARNING FIRST SAVED SILVER'S LIFE---WHEN THE SHADOW OF SKREE THE EAGLE'S BROAD WINGS SWEEP ACROSS HIS 'DOORYARD'."



"THE COLT'S NERVES EXPLODED INTO ACTION! HE DIVED INTO A NEARBY CLUMP OF CHAPARRAL."



"SKREE'S MIGHTY PINIONS BEAT THE AIR---BREAKING HIS PLUMBE JUST ABOVE THE SPKY THicket---AND THE COLT'S TENDER THROAT WHICH THE EAGLE HAD MEANT TO SLIT!"



"WITH A SCREAM OF BAFFLED ANGER, THE FEATHERED PIRATE OF THE AIR MOUNTED SWIFTLY BACK INTO THE BLUE--- TO SEARCH FOR LESS WARY GAME!"



"YOUNG SILVER NEVER FORGOT THAT CHIRRO HAD SAVED HIM FROM CERTAIN DEATH! HE SPENT MORE AND MORE TIME NEAR THE LITTLE RODENT'S BURROW."



"BUT, ONE DAY WHEN HE WAS GRAZING IN A LITTLE HOLLOW, OUT OF SIGHT OF CHIRRO'S DOORWAY ---"



"--- A YELLOW-EYED BOBCAT STALKED HIS PRAIRIE DOG FRIEND --- GLIDING GHOSTLIKE FROM BUSH TO BUSH."



"WHEN IT REACHED THE LAST BUSH, THE MARAUDER SATHERED ITS STEEL WIRE MUSCLES FOR A POUNCE! CHIRRO'S BACK WAS TURNED --- HE SENSED NO DANGER!"



"ONE LOUD SQUEAK WAS ALL THE LITTLE 'DOG' HAD TIME FOR, AS THE BREATH WAS CRUSHED OUT OF HIS LUNGS."



"THE SOUND REACHED SILVER'S EARS, HOWEVER! HE FLUNG UP HIS HEAD IN ALARM."



"HEARING NO FURTHER DISTURBANCE, YET CURIOUS TO LEARN WHY CHIRRO HAD SOBBED, THE COLT MOVED SOFTLY TOWARD HIS FRIEND'S BURROW. HE KEPT THE CHAPARRAL BETWEEN IT AND HIM --- WITH THE CAUTIOUS INSTINCT OF THE WILD HORSE



"HE PEEPED OVER THE TOP OF THE THICKET, AND SAW ---



"--- CHIRRO LYING AS IF DEAD, SOME DISTANCE FROM HIS BURROW, WITH THE BOBCAT PRE-TENDING NOT TO WATCH HIM"



"MOMENTS PASSED. AT LAST CHIRRO STIRRED --- GOT CAUTIOUSLY TO HIS FEET. THE BOBCAT DID NOT SEEM TO BE NOTICING"



"IN SUDDEN HOPE AND DESPERATION, HE STREAKED FOR THE SHELTER OF THE CHAPARRAL THICKET



"--- BUT IN VAIN! THE BOBCAT --- AFTER THE MANNER OF ALL CATS --- WAS PLAYING A CRUEL GAME THAT HE KNEW HE COULD NOT LOSE





"AGAIN HE DROPPED HIS FEAR-PARALYZED VICTIM, AND WALKED AWAY! SO INTENT WERE HIS CATTY EARS UPON LISTENING FOR CHIRRO'S SLIGHTEST MOVEMENT, THAT HE FAILED TO NOTE ---



"--- SILVER'S ALMOST SILENT FOOTSTEPS, EDGING AROUND THE THICKET.



"THE NEXT TIME THAT CHIRRO 'CAME TO LIFE', SILVER WHICKERED A FRIENDLY ASSURANCE! 'TRUST ME! I'LL PROTECT YOU!' HE SEEMED TO SAY "



"MUSTERING ALL HIS STRENGTH, THE PRAIRIE COG DARTED TO HIM--- DOGGED BETWEEN HIS TALL FRIEND'S LEGS --- WITH THE SWARLING CAT IN CLOSE PURSUIT"



"IN SILVER'S FACE THE FURIOUS BOB-CAT LET OUT AN EAR-SPLITTING YOWL, THAT SHOULD HAVE SENT PANIC TO THE HEART OF ANY YEARLING! BUT SILVER STOOD HIS GROUND "



"HIS SHARP LITTLE HOOF DROVE DOWN, STRIKING HIS CATSHIP HARD ON HIS WICKED SKULL!"



"BOBCAT SPUN AROUND, AS STARS SEEMED TO WHIRL ABOUT HIM!"



"AND SILVER SPUN WITH HIM... TO LAND BOTH HEELS IN A LIGHTNING-SWIFT KICK! IT LIFTED THE MARAUDER, BREATHLESS----"



"---INTO A PATCH OF CHOLLA THORNS--- THE WORST THAT GROW!"



"AFTER A MINUTE OR TWO OF HOISY STRUGGLE, BOBCAT WORKED HIS WAY TO FREEDOM----"



"---AND HIT FOR TALL TIMBER, STILL SMITTING WITH RAGE AND PAIN!"



"ANXIOUSLY SILVER APPROACHED HIS SMALL FRIEND, WHO LAY TOO EXHAUSTED TO REACH HIS BURROW"



"WITH HIS SOFT, PINK NOSE, HE MUZZLED CHIRRO, FEARING THAT THE LITTLE PRAIRIE DOG WAS MORTALLY HURT."



"TENDERLY HE LICKED THE LITTLE FELLOW'S FUR, MASSAGING BREATH BACK INTO THE TINY LUNGS."



"AT LAST HIS ATTENTIONS REVIVED CHIRRO—WHO SAT UP WITH A PAINT CHIRPING!"



"FINALLY HE FELT WELL ENOUGH TO NIBBLE A LITTLE GRASS—WHILE HIS TALL PROTECTOR WATCHED FOR ENEMIES."



"OF COURSE, AS SILVER GREW UP, OTHER INTERESTS TOOK HIM AWAY FROM CHIRRO'S NEIGHBORHOOD."



"BUT HE NEVER FORGOT HIS SMALL FRIEND, AND TOOK MANY OCCASIONS TO LOOK IN ON HIM—JUST TO MAKE SURE THAT NO PROWLING CAT OR COYOTE HAD BROUGHT TRAGEDY TO THE LITTLE OODTARD HE KNEW SO WELL."



RIDING AHEAD OF THE COVERED WAGON TRAIN, THE LONE RANGER AND HIS YOUNG COMPANIONS APPROACH A WILLOW BORDERED CREEK.

SILVER ACTS NERVOUS, LONE RANGER? DO YOU THINK HE SCENTS ENEMIES?

NOT AHEAD OF US, LONNIE--- WE'RE RIDING DOWN-WIND!

HUFF? WHAUGH!

# SILVER

## LEAPS FOR LIFE

--- BUT HE MAY HAVE SEEN SOMETHING! I'LL TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AMONG THESE WILLOWS



SUDDENLY A HUGE, SHAGGY BULL BURSTS OUT OF THE THicket, BELLOWING SHRILLY, IN HIS RAGE

BAW WWWW-  
EE EEEE-  
URHH!



AS SILVER WHIRLS, THE LONE RANGER WHIPS OUT A 'PEACEMAKER'

LONNIE! JEANNE RIDE---

UR-EEEE-  
UH!



AS THE CURVED, WICKED HORN GRAZES SILVER'S FLANK, THREE HEAVY REPORTS SHAKE THE AIR!



SHOT THROUGH THE SPINE, THE GREAT BRUTE  
GOES DOWN, END-OVER-END!

ALL RIGHT,  
YOUNGSTERS.  
COME BACK!



WHAT MADE  
THAT BUFFALO  
ATTACK YOU,  
LOW RANGER?

BAD TEMPER--FROM AN  
UNHEALED ARROW  
WOUND! SILVER MUST  
HAVE GLIMPSED HIM  
AMONG THE WILLOWS.



WE'LL LEAVE HIM JUST AS HE IS, FOR THE  
WASH TRAIN TO FIND!



HOW IS IT,  
LOW RANGER,  
THAT SILVER  
SPOTS DANGER  
THAT OUR  
PONIES CAN'T  
SEE OR SMELL?

BECAUSE HE LEARNED TO  
TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF, AS  
A WILD HORSE? HE HAS  
NEVER FORGOTTEN ONE  
- BUFFALO THAT NEARLY  
CAUGHT HIM!



"IT HAPPENED ON ONE OF SILVER'S SOLITARY  
EXPLORING TRIPS, WHEN HE WAS BARELY IN  
HIS THIRD YEAR. ON THIS PARTICULAR DAY,  
HE CAME TO THE EDGE OF A DEEP, NARROW  
WASH, OR WATERCOURSE.



"A RECENT FLASH FLOOD HAD DEEPEINED  
THE GULLY, AND MUD STILL LAY THICK  
ALONG ITS BOTTOM! A HORSE THAT  
SLIPPED INTO IT MIGHT NEVER GET OUT!



"GRABLE TO CROSS, HE FOLLOWED THE WASH, DOWN-  
WIND, NIBBLING GRASS AS HE WENT



"A FLICK OF MOVEMENT BEHIND A  
THICKET, A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY,  
CAUGHT SILVER'S EYE AND, MOVED  
BY CURIOSITY, HE APPROACHED IT,  
STOPPING EVERY FEW STEPS



"A WILD HORSE'S EYESIGHT IS KEEN--- BUT ONLY  
YOUNG, INEXPERIENCED COLTS WILL TRUST THEIR  
EYES ALONE, AS SILVER NOW WAS GOING THE  
WIND, BLOWING AWAY FROM HIM, COULD BRING NO  
WARNING OF DANGER



"IF HE HAD SEEN MOVING UP-WIND,  
HE WOULD HAVE CAUGHT THE  
SCENT OF ANOTHER STALKER,  
APPROACHING THE SAME THICKET  
--- A LEAN AND HUNGRY OLD  
COUGAR ---



"--- WHOSE WORN TEETH AND SLOW, RHEUMATIC  
JOINTS ALLOWED MOST GAME TO ESCAPE HIM!  
BUT THE OLD CAT WAS STILL STRONG ENOUGH  
TO BREAK A DEER'S NECK--- OR A COLT'S!  
HE WAS NOT YET AWARE OF SILVER--- EVERY  
SENSE WAS FIXED UPON ---



"--- THE HALF-SEEN SHAPE BEHIND  
THE THICKET, AND THE SWEET, WARM  
SMELL OF A CUD-CHEWING BUFFALO'S  
BREATH!



" FEARFUL OF LOSING THIS PREY---  
AS HE HAD LOST SO MANY--- THE  
OLD CAT LEAPED WITHOUT WAITING  
TO SIZE UP HIS INTENDED VICTIM



" HE LANDED, SNARLING, ON THE NECK  
OF AN ENORMOUS BULL! ---



"--- A NECK TOO STRONG TO TWIST  
OR BREAK!"



"THRASHING AMONG THE THICKET'S TOUGH  
STEMS, THE BULL LOOSENING HIS ATTACKER'S  
GRIP



" THEN, WITH A LIGHTNING SWEEP OF  
HIS CURVED HORN, HE TOSSED  
THE CAT HIGH!"



" AS THE TAWNY PROWLER LANDED, HURT AND  
DAZED, THE BULL RUSHED HIM --- AND SILVER  
SIMPLY WATCHED, TOO FASCINATED TO MOVE!  
THE WHOLE ACTION HAD TAKEN ABOUT THREE  
SECONDS!"



"QUICKER THAN THE CAT, DESPITE HIS HUGE BULK, THE BUFFALO CAUGHT AND TOSSED HIS ENEMY AGAIN--- AND AGAIN."



"A GUST OF WIND BROUGHT SILVER'S SCENT! THE BULL WHIRLED --- WITHOUT WARNING---"



"AT FIRST SILVER STRUCK AN EASY STRIDE --- NEVER DREAMING THAT ANYTHING SO BULKY AS A BUFFALO COULD MATCH IT."



"---UNTIL NO LIFE REMAINED."



"--- AND BORE DOWN UPON THE HALF-CROWN WHITE COLT!"



"BUT A BULL BISHN IN THE HEAT OF A KILLING RAGE, CAN CALL UPON UNKNOWN RESERVES OF SPEED! BEHIND THE SILVER COLT THE BEAT OF POUNDING HOOPS SOUNDED NEARER--- AND NEARER!"





"NOW... TRY AS HE MIGHT... HE COULD NOT WIDEN THE DISTANCE! INSTEAD, IT KEPT SHRINKING LET THOSE WICKED, BLACK, CURVED HORNS RIP INTO HIS RUMP, AND IT WOULD ALL BE OVER!"



"SPEED COULD NOT SAVE HIM... BUT HIS WITS MIGHT!"



"SILVER HAD BEEN RUNNING PARALLEL TO THE DEEP WASH. NOW HE SWERVED SHARPLY TOWARD IT!"



"HOT BREATH AT HIS REAR GALVANIZED HIS MUSCLES FOR THE SUPREME EFFORT!"



"THE WASH WAS ALL OF TWENTY-FIVE FEET WIDE! TO FALL SHORT MEANT DEATH!"



"SILVER'S LEAP WAS LIKE THE FLIGHT OF A WINGED CREATURE! HIS FOREHOOPS GRIPPED THE FARTHER EDGE OF THAT ANFUL DITCH!"



"BUT BARELY HAD HE LANDED WHEN A TERRIFIC IMPACT ALL BUT JARRED HIM FROM HIS PERCH! THE BUFFALO BULL HAD STRUCK, HEAD ON, INCHES BELOW HIM!"



"BENEATH HIS HOOFS THE EARTHEN WALL CRUMBBLED! ONLY DESPERATE SCRAMBLING KEPT THE COLT FROM FALLING WITH IT!"



"AT LAST HIS HOOFS FOUND FIRM GROUND BENEATH THEM--- AND LIKE AN ARROW FROM THE BOW, SILVER FLASHED AWAY FROM THE PLACE OF TERROR."



"NOT UNTIL MANY MILES HAD FLOWED PAST UNDER HIS FLYING FEET DID HE PAUSE, EVEN TO LOOK BACK!"



"WHEEE-EEEEE! I DON'T BLAME HIM! SAY! WAS THE BUFFALO BULL KILLED WHEN HE HIT THE SIDE OF THE WASH, LONE RANGER?"

"NO, LONNIE! IT TAKES MORE THAN THAT TO KILL A BULL BISHON"



"BUT AFTER THAT, SILVER NEVER APPROACHED AN UNKNOWN OBJECT DOWN-WIND, IF HE COULD HELP IT! FOR HE KNEW THAT EVEN A WILLOW THicket MIGHT HIDE A DEADLY FOE! EH, SILVER?"



THE LONG EMIGRANT TRAIN WINDS SLOWLY THROUGH THE DESERT'S SAND — — — FOLLOWING THE DIM WHEEL TRACKS OF THOSE WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE. ALL THE STORED WATER IS GONE. EMPTY BARRELS ARE SPLITTING — — — LIKE THE DRY LIPS OF THE MEN AND THE PATIENT CATTLE. BUT THE LONE RANGER HAS PROMISED. SOON THEY WILL REACH A WATER HOLE.

# SILVER

## AND THE FROZEN SPRINGS



SOME DISTANCE IN ADVANCE, THE GREAT HORSE SILVER QUICKENS HIS PACE.

THERE IS THE WATER HOLE, YOUNGSTERS!

SILVER REMEMBERS IT, DOESN'T HE, LONE RANGER?

WHEE-HEE-HEE-HEE!



OHMY! IT'S DRIED UP! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

WATCH SILVER! HE'LL SHOW YOU, LONNIE!



HE'S PAWING A HOLE IN THE SAND! WHAT IS HE DOING THAT FOR, LONE RANGER?

YOU WILL SEE IN A FEW MINUTES. BUT HERE COMES MORGAN, THE CAPTAIN OF THE WAGON TRAIN!

HEY! WHAT'S THIS? NO WATER?



LOOK, MORGAN — — — IN THE BOTTOM OF THAT CUP THAT SILVER PAWED IN THE SAND, JUST NOW! THERE'S WATER!



WATER! SEEPING UP THROUGH THE SAND! I'LL GET MEN WITH SHOVELS AND DIG A DOZEN SHALLOW WELLS HERE! WE'LL HAVE WATER AFTER ALL--- THANKS TO YOUR HORSE, SILVER, LONE RANGER!



SILVER HAS FOUND WATER IN MORE UNLIKELY PLACES THAN THO, MORGAN! HE HAS EVEN FOUND ICE IN THE DESERT!

YOU SAID---ICE IN THE DESERT? OH, LONE RANGER! WON'T YOU TELL US ABOUT THAT WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR THE WAGONS?

VERY WELL, JEANNE!



IT HAPPENED WHEN SILVER WAS A TALL TWO-YEAR-OLD--- AFTER THE GRASS FIRE THAT DROVE KING SYLVAN'S BAND OUT OF WILD HORSE VALLEY FOR ONE WHOLE SUMMER.



"THE WORST OF IT WAS THAT A DAD GRONCHT HAD GRIPPED THE WHOLE REGION! FEED WAS SCANT..



"--- AND WATER WAS SCANTIER! KING SYLVAN FOUND PLACES IN A DRY WASH WHERE HE COULD PAW A HOLE, DOWN TO WET SAND...



"--- BUT MOST OF SUCH DEEP WATER WENT TO KEEP THE MARES AND THEIR COLTS ALIVE!



"THE BACHELORS HAD TO FIND THEIR OWN, OR DIE!"



"DRIVEN BY DESPERATE THIRST, SILVER AND LITTLE BLACK SCAMPER, HIS DEVOTED FRIEND, VENTURED DEEP INTO THE BLACK LAVA FLOW THAT STRETCHED FOR ALL BUT IMPASSABLE MILES TOWARD THE MOUNTAINS... A DEEP LITTLE CANYON OPENED BEFORE THEM



"DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CANYON, A BREEZE FROM ONE OF THE DARK SIDE-GORGES REACHED THEIR NOSTRILS! IT WAS TAINTED WITH THE FEARSOME SCENT OF BEAR!"

"BUT TO SILVER THERE HAD COME THE FAINTEST SUGGESTION OF ANOTHER SCENT— — WATER!"



"STEPPING CAREFULLY AROUND JAGGED CHUNKS OF LAVA THAT HAD FALLEN FROM THE WALLS, SILVER LED THE WAY INTO THE NARROW GORGE... AND LITTLE SCAMPER FOLLOWED, NERVOUSLY! IT WAS A GLOOMY, FRIGHTENING PLACE!"

"SOON THE WALLS GREW LOWER— — AND THE FLOOR SLOPED SHARPLY UPWARD..."



"--- TOWARD A RIGGED HOLE NEAR THE GORGE'S HEAD" THE SMELL OF BEAR WAS WORSE HERE, AND SILVER SNORTED IN ANGRY DISGUST AT IT. BUT THE SMELL OF WATER WAS STRONGER, TOO!"



"IMPATIENTLY, SILVER PAINED AT THE ROTTEN ROCK --- AND A LARGE CHUNK CAME LOOSE



"SCAMPER SCOWLED AS IT CAME BOUNCING DOWN PAST HIM"



"--- BUT THE CAVE ENTRANCE WAS NOW ENLARGED ENOUGH TO ADMIT A HORSE. SILVER ENTERED --- DESPITE THE CLEAR SCENT - EVIDENCE THAT IT HAD LATELY SHELTERED A GRIZZLY BEAR!"



"AND FAITHFUL SCAMPER FOLLOWED, ALTHOUGH FRIGHTENED ALMOST OUT OF HIS SKIN" IT WAS COOL INSIDE THE CAVE'S DARK, DESCENDING THROAT --- AND DAMP:



"SUDDENLY, SCAMPER COULD SMELL NOTHING BUT THE DELICIOUS WATER THAT HIS EVERY FIBER CRAVED" HE TRIED TO CROWD PAST SILVER IN THE NARROWING PASSAGE."



"THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, THEY WERE SLIDING ACROSS THE ICE-COVERED FLOOR OF AN ICY CAVE---TOWARD A WALL OF CLEAR, PURE ICE!"



"UNABLE TO STOP, THEY BUMPED INTO THE ICE WALL."



"WATER! WHAT IF IT WERE HARD AND SO COLD THAT IT HURT HIS TONGUE?" LITTLE SCAMPER STARTED LICKING IT WITHOUT WAITING TO GET TO HIS FEET!



"SILVER CONTROLLED HIS THIRST LONG ENOUGH TO LOOK ABOUT. A FROZEN WATERFALL SEEMED TO BECKON HIM, ACROSS THE ROOM."



"AN ICICLE CRUMPLED BETWEEN HIS TEETH, MELTING AS THE LITTLE PIECES TOUCHED HIS TONGUE." THIS WAS GOOD! HE HAD NO WAY TO KNOW THAT A FREAK OF NATURE HAD MADE THIS CAVE---OR THAT THE SLOW-FLOWING SUBTERRANEAN SPRINGS ALWAYS KEPT THE ICE SUPPLY REPLENISHED! IF HE HAD KNOWN, HE WOULD NOT HAVE CARED!



"WHEN, AFTER A LONG TIME, BOTH COLTS HAD QUENCHED THEIR THIRST---AND NEARLY FROZEN THEIR MOUTHS, GOING IT!"



"SILVER LED THE WAY BACK UP TO THE ENTRANCE HOLE, WHICH THE BEAR HAD USED FOR A DEN



"SILVER'S NO-STRILS DIDN'T LET HIM FORGET AND COMMON HORSE SENSE TOLD HIM THAT OLD GRIZZLY MIGHT REVISIT HIS COOL HIDE-OUT AT ANY TIME! HIS TRIM, WHITE EARS TWITCHED AS HE LOOKED ABOUT BEFORE COMING OUT



"AS A MATTER OF FACT, THE OLD BEAR WAS RETURNING, AND HAD CAUGHT THE SCENT OF YOUNG HORSEFLESH! NOW, IN SPITE OF WEAK EYESIGHT, HE COULD GLIMPSE THE FLICKER OF SILVER'S EARS!



"BUT SILVER HAD GLIMPSED THE GRIM, GRAY FORM BEHIND THE LAVA CHUNK--- AND INSTANTLY MADE A PLAN OF ESCAPE! HE TOLD IT QUICKLY TO SCAMPER--- IN THE SILENT SPEECH THAT HORSES USE WHEN THEY NEED TO

"SCAMPER WAS SCARED--- BUT THAT ONLY LENT WINGS TO HIS HEELS, AND MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR HIM TO KEEP UP WITH SILVER'S ARROW-LIKE DASH DOWN THE GORGE



"GROWLING TO HIMSELF, OLD GRIZZLY PLUNGED AFTER THEM

URRR-OOWWWW  
RRRRRR!



"THEN SOME PEBBLES ROLLED UNDER HIS PADDED FEET, AND DUMPED HIM ONTO HIS BROAD HAMS--- TO CONTINUE SLIDING!"

---OOW---  
UHHHH!





"WHEN HE RECOVERED HIS FEET, THE CLATTER OF FLEEING COLTS HAD FADED, FAR DOWN TOWARD THE MAIN CANYON! OLD GRIZZLY GROWLED HIS DISDAIN, AND SAWE UP



"BEING A WISE OLD BEAR, HE KNEW THAT THE COLTS WOULD COME BACK WHEN THIRST DROVE THEM TO... AND THIS TIME HE WOULD BE WAITING FOR THEM!"



"REFRESHED AND EASER, SILVER AND HIS BLACK SHADOW DIDN'T STOP UNTIL THEY FOUND THE WILD HORSE HERD AGAIN— WITH KING SYLVAN GUARDING HIS THIRSTY MARES



"ORDINARILY, SILVER, LIKE ALL THE OTHER YOUNG BACHELORS, KEPT A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE FROM HIS SIRE - BUT NOW THE TALL COLT HAD SOME NEWS TOO IMPORTANT TO KEEP!"



"TOUCHING NOSES WITH HIS SON, THE OLD LEADER CAUGHT THE SCENT OF FRESH WATER! IT WAS IN SILVER'S BREATH-- - IN THE MOISTURE OF HIS LIPS! WATER! THE COLT HAD JUST DRUNK HIS FILL!"

"BUT WHERE?" AS SILVER TURNED AWAY WITH AN INVITING CHUCKLE, THE GRIM, WHITE STALLION FOLLOWED HIM LIKE A LAMB."



"HE PAUSED ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO SUMMON HIS BAND--- WITH A CALL LIKE A RALLYING BUGLE"



"LED BY THE PROMISE OF WATER--- WHICH MEANT LIFE--- THE EXILES FROM WILD HORSE VALLEY STREADED ACROSS THE DESERT WASTE--- UNWARE THAT HOSTILE EYES WERE MARKING THEIR FLIGHT"



"A PARTY OF HORSE HUNTING NAVAJOS HAD COME WITH FRESH MOUNTS AND WATER CARRIED IN SKINS, TO CAPTURE SOME THIRST-WEAKENED WILD HORSES. SYLVAN'S LEAN FOLLOWERS LOOKED LIKE EASY GAME!"



"BUT WHEN THE TRAIL LED SUDDENLY INTO THE BLACK LAVA, THE RED MEN CROWD REIN! NOT FOR ANY REWARD WOULD THEY VENTURE INTO THOSE BLACK GULCHES ---"



"--- WHERE THE SPIRIT WINDS BLEW PAST THE MOUTHS OF UNKNOWN CAVES THAT LED TO THE UNDERWORLD--- AND STRANGE MOANINGS FILLED THE AIR!"



"SO THEY CAMPED WITHIN SIGHT OF THE LAVA FLOW, FULLY CONFIDENT THAT CROUGHT AND STARVATION WOULD DRIVE THE WILD HORSES OUT AGAIN BEFORE MANY DAYS"



"MEANWHILE, SYLVAN AND HIS BAND HAD SCENTED THE ICE CAVE AT THE HEAD OF THE BARGE---AND SO SHARP WERE THE PANGS OF THIRST THAT THE SMELL OF BEAR BOTHERED THEM NOT A BIT! THEY STORMED THROUGH THE LITTLE DEFILE.



"STANDING ASIDE, YOUNG SILVER WATCHED HIS SIRE PLURGE INTO THE DARK HOLE, WITH THE HERO AT HIS HEELS. THE TALL GOLT WAS FEELING THE DEEPEST OF ALL SATISFACTIONS---IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE HAD SAVED HIS FELLOWS FROM SUFFERING AND DEATH!"



"IT WAS NOT ABUNDANT--- BUT IT WAS FEED ENOUGH TO KEEP AWAY STARVATION.



"--- AND THE OLD GRIZZLY WHO HAD COUNTED ON A MEAL OF FRESH HORSEMEAT LOOKED DOWN FROM HIS AMBUSH, SNARLING HELPLESSLY! HE HAD NO MIND TO LEAP DOWN AND BE TRAMPLED UNDER THOSE THUNDERING HOOPS!"



"WITH THEIR THIRST QUENCHED, THE WILD HORSES MADE ANOTHER VITAL DISCOVERY IN THE LAVA COUNTRY --- IN MANY LITTLE POCKETS AND CREVICES GREEN GRASS STILL GREW, FED BY THE MOISTURE OF SUBTERRANEAN SPRINGS.



"IN THE MEANTIME, THE NAVAJO'S HORSES GREW LEANER AND THIRSTIER EACH DAY! AT LAST THE RED MEN REACHED THE LIMIT OF THEIR ENDURANCE---



AND RODE BACK TO THEIR OWN COUNTRY, EMPTY-HANDED



"SYLVAN, THE WILD HORSE KING, KNEW THAT GREEN GRASS WAS AGAIN CARPETING THE FLOOR OF HIS VALLEY HOME! AND HIS KEEN SENSES TOLD HIM THAT ALL HIS ENEMIES HAD DEPARTED. WITH GLAD EAGERNESS HE LED HIS BAND BACK TO THE PLACE OF THEIR BIRTH!"



"THE WORST DROUGHT MUST BREAK SOME TIME BEFORE THE SUMMER WAS OVER. FIERCE THUNDERSTORMS SHOOK THE RAMPARTS OF WILD HORSE VALLEY, AND SPILLED OVER ONTO THE DESERT OUTSIDE



THE WILD HORSES--- THEY NEVER WOULD HAVE GOTTEN HOME, IF SILVER HADN'T FOUND THE FROZEN SPRINGS--- WOULD THEY, LONE RANGER ?

PROBABLY NOT, LONNIE--- BUT HERE COME THE MEN FROM THE WAGGONS--- WITH SHOVELS TO DIG WATER FOR US HERE!



YOU'VE FOUND WATER, LONE RANGER ? WE'VE BROUGHT PLENTY OF SHOVELS... IF YOU WANT TO HELP DIG---

CERTAINLY I DO, PICARD!



AND WE WANT SHOVELS, TOO!

SURE! WE'LL ALL DIG--- BUT IT WAS SILVER WHO FOUND THE WATER FOR US, YOU KNOW!

SO I HEARD, LONNIE! HE'S A WONDERFUL HORSE! AS GREAT, IN HIS WAY, AS THE LONE RANGER!

