

**DELL**  
COMIC

APRIL - JUNE

THE LONE RANGER'S FAMOUS HORSE

10¢

HI-YO

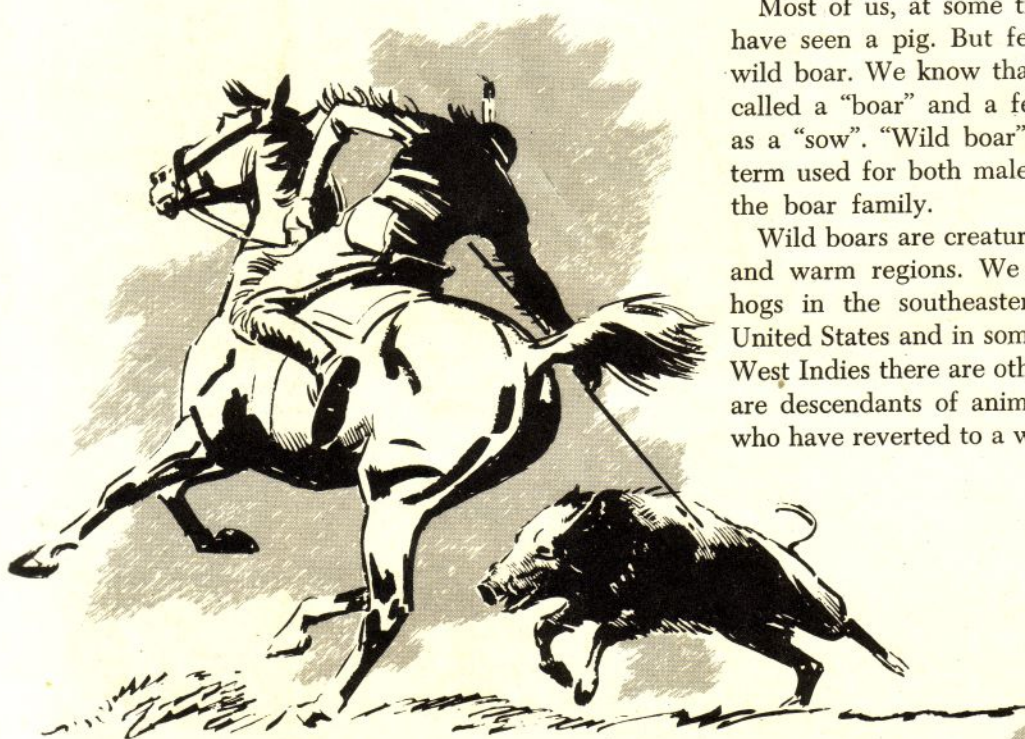
3/8  
**SILVER**

He led his foes to their deadliest enemy...MAN!





# the wild boar



Most of us, at some time or another, have seen a pig. But few have seen a wild boar. We know that a male pig is called a "boar" and a female is known as a "sow". "Wild boar", however, is a term used for both male and female of the boar family.

Wild boars are creatures of temperate and warm regions. We find razorback hogs in the southeastern part of the United States and in some islands of the West Indies there are other types. These are descendants of animals, once tame, who have reverted to a wild state.

Though boars can swim, they don't climb trees. Grayish-black in color, they have short hair and coarse bristles. They are ground animals and depend largely on roots and tubers for food. At times, they may eat small animal life and fruits, nuts and berries as well.

The snout of the boar is used for digging and breaking through tangled brush and to lift and push weights. His tusks, in both the upper and lower jaws, are sharp, those in the upper usually larger and curling upward.

When wounded, the boar makes an extremely vicious enemy, since his tusks are usually very sharp and he can use them to good advantage.



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# SILVER

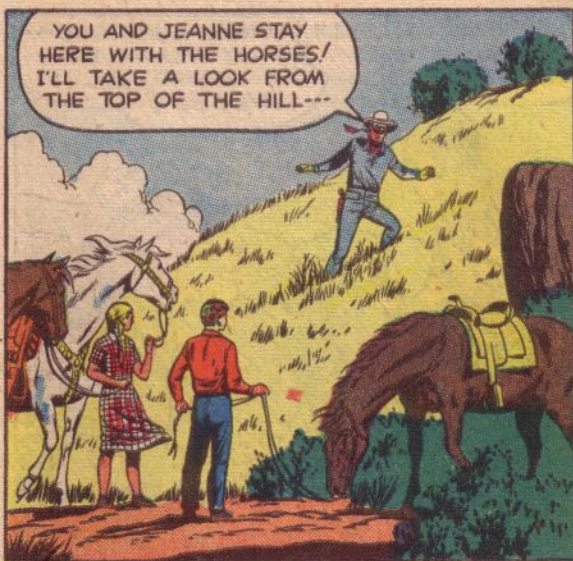
## LEADS HIS FOES

LONE RANGER!  
DO YOU REALLY THINK  
THAT SILVER SMELLS  
INDIANS?

WHUFF!

HE'S BEEN ACTING  
THAT WAY FOR SOME  
TIME, LONNIE!

SCOUTING AHEAD OF THE  
WAGON TRAIN HE IS GUIDING,  
THE LONE RANGER MAKES  
HIS TWO YOUNG COMPANIONS  
DISMOUNT.



YOU AND JEANNE STAY  
HERE WITH THE HORSES!  
I'LL TAKE A LOOK FROM  
THE TOP OF THE HILL---



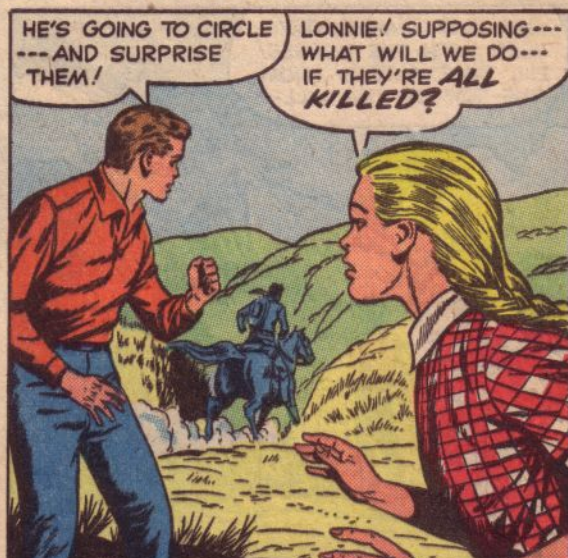
SILVER WAS RIGHT! A SIOUX  
WAR PARTY--SNEAKING  
DOWN THAT DRAW TO  
ATTACK THE WAGON  
TRAIN! THEY HAVEN'T  
SHOWN THEMSELVES  
YET!

AS THE SIOUX WAR CHIEF HALTS IN THE SHELTER OF SOME ASPENS, HIS WARRIORS  
GROUP AROUND, WATCHING FOR HIS SIGNAL.



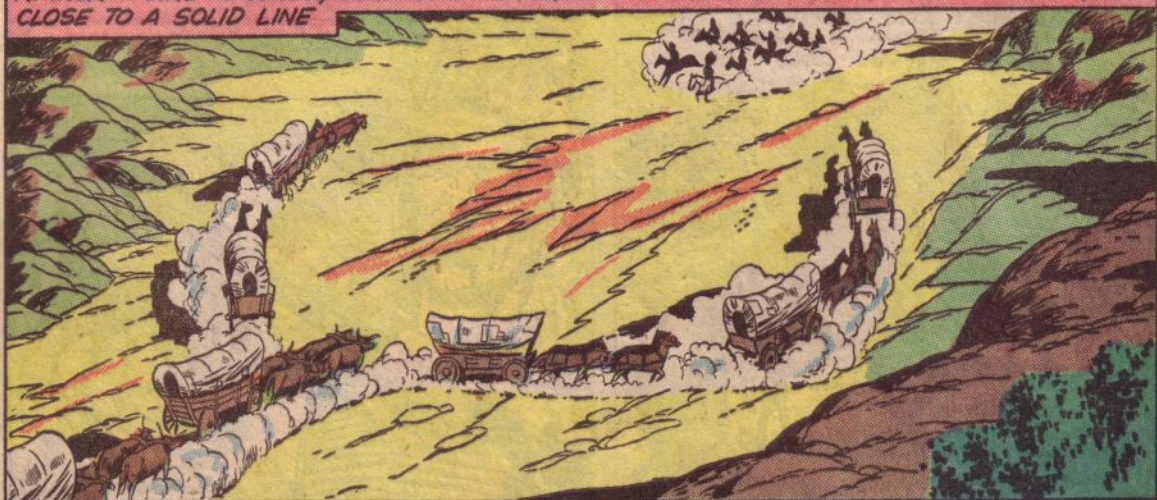
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS







TRAINED WELL BY THE LONE RANGER, THE HORSE-DRAWN WAGONS MOVE TO MEET THE ATTACK---LIKE A GREAT, CURVING PINCERS, THE OX-DRAWN WAGONS, AT THE CENTER, CLOSE TO A SOLID LINE



INSIDE EACH WAGON, MEN AND WOMEN CROUCH AT LOOPHOLES IN THE WAGON BOX--PROTECTED BY MATTRESSES---READY TO SHOOT.

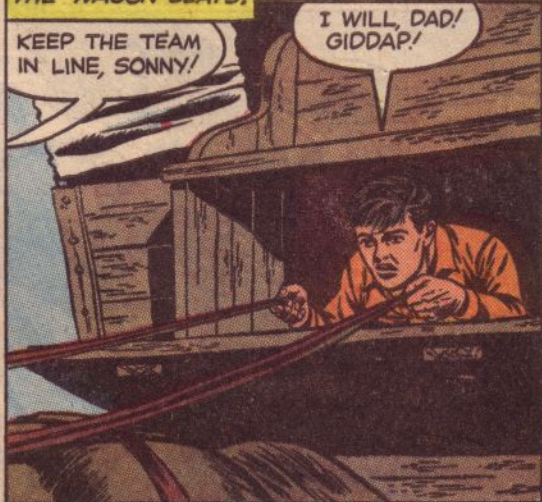
HOLD YOUR FIRE SO EVERY BULLET WILL COUNT! THOSE ARE THE CAPTAIN'S ORDERS!



DRIVERS HANDLE THE REINS FROM UNDER THE WAGON SEATS.

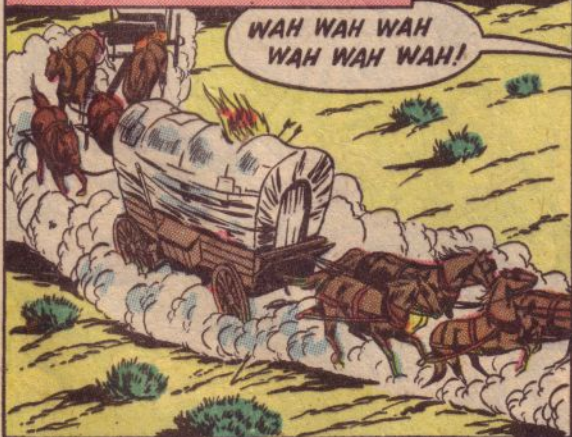
KEEP THE TEAM IN LINE, SONNY!

I WILL, DAD! GIDDAP!



CLOSER NOW---THE CANVAS WAGON COVERS BEGIN TO BRISTLE WITH ARROWS! ONE TOP IS BURNING! AND THE SAVAGE WAR WHOOPS OF THE SIOUX SHAKE THE AIR.

WAH WAH WAH  
WAH WAH WAH!



ALREADY BETWEEN THE PINCH-POINTS OF THE WAGON LINE, WITH NOT A GUN YET FIRED---THE SIOUX WAR CHIEF HALTS, SUSPECTING A NEW KIND OF TRAP.

HO!





AND THEN THE HIDDEN RIFLES CUT LOOSE! SIOUX BRAVES REEL IN PAIN AND PANIC--- ENCIRCLED BY SMOKE AND FLAME!



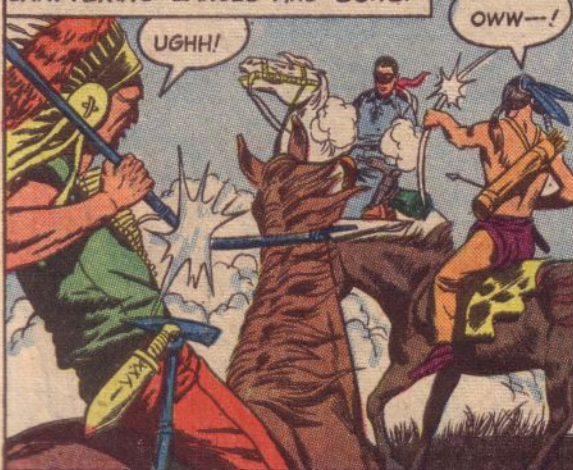
THE CIRCLE IS NOT QUITE CLOSED! THE SIOUX CHIEF'S SHOUT RALLIES HIS RIDERS---



BUT BARELY HAVE THE RED RAIDERS ESCAPED THE WAGON TRAP, WHEN A LIVING THUNDERBOLT STRIKES THEIR FLANK.



WITH UNFAILING AIM, THE LONE RANGER'S BULLETS DISARM HIS CLOSEST ENEMIES--- SHATTERING LANCES AND BOWS!



AND SILVER, TOO, "COUNTS COUP" ON HIS FOES!





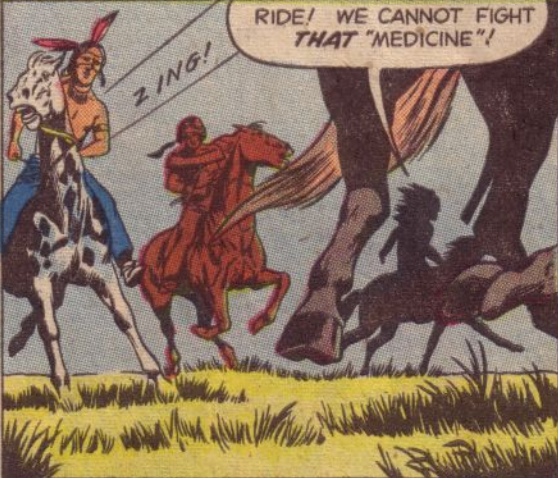
**SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR GRIPS THE SIOUX!**

YEOW! IT IS MAGIC! HE  
CANNOT BE KILLED---  
OR HIS HORSE!



**IN A SCATTERING WAVE THEY FLEE,  
PURSUED BY THE BULLETS OF THE PIONEERS.**

RIDE! WE CANNOT FIGHT  
THAT "MEDICINE"!



THEY'RE GONE---OUT OF  
SIGHT, UP THAT DRAW WHERE  
THEY CAME FROM! YOUR PLAN  
WORKED LIKE A CHARM,  
LONE RANGER!

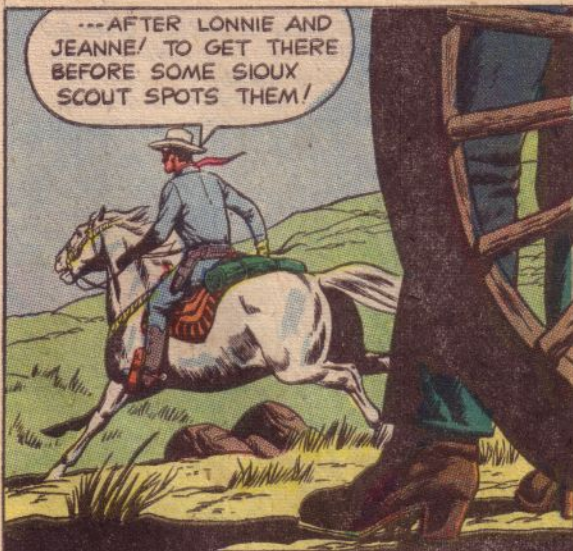
YES! BECAUSE  
YOU AND THE  
OTHERS  
HANDLE IT WELL,  
CAPTAIN!



THAT'S NOT THE **ONLY** REASON,  
LONE RANGER! IF YOU HADN'T  
HIT THEM SINGLEHANDED ON  
THE FLANK, THEY'D STILL BE  
CIRCLING---POURING ARROWS  
INTO US! WHERE ARE YOU  
GOING NOW---?

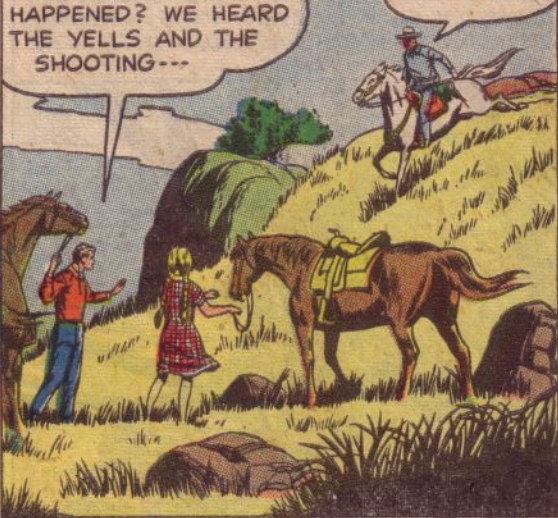


---AFTER LONNIE AND  
JEANNE! TO GET THERE  
BEFORE SOME SIOUX  
SCOUT SPOTS THEM!

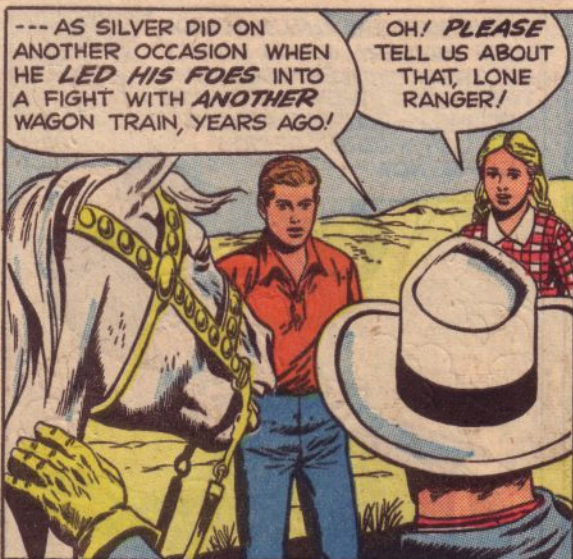
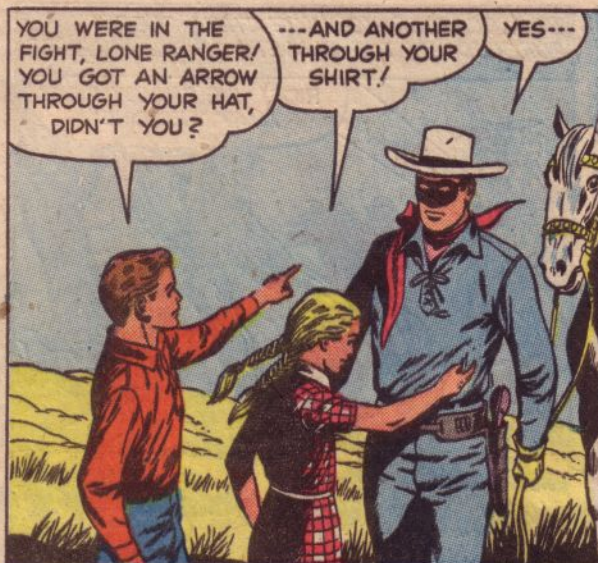


LONE RANGER! WHAT  
HAPPENED? WE HEARD  
THE YELLS AND THE  
SHOOTING---

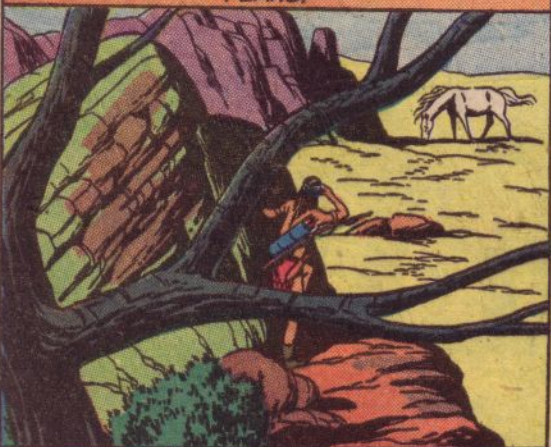
ALL'S WELL!







"KEENAY HADN'T GIVEN UP HIS DREAM OF SOMEDAY RIDING SILVER HOME IN TRIUMPH! HIS CRAFTY BRAIN WAS BUSY WITH MORE PLANS.



"THE OLD HUNTER'S NEW SCHEME CALLED FOR AT LEAST THREE OF THE SWIFTEST YOUNG HORSES IN THE VALLEY---AND HE PROMPTLY SET OUT TO CAPTURE THEM.





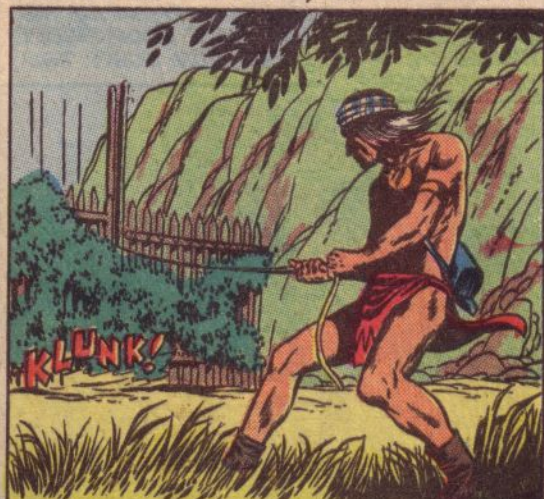
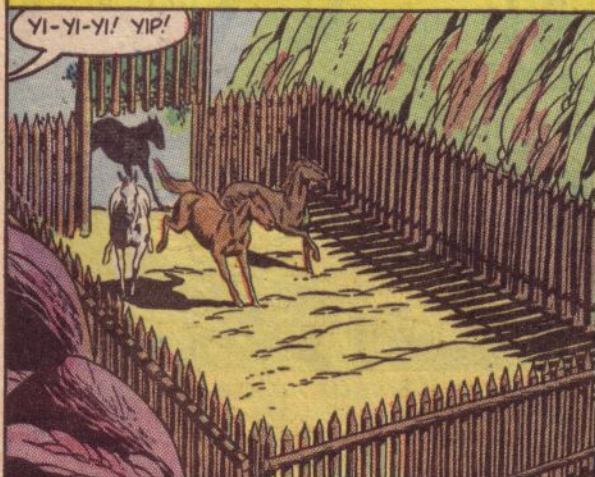
"KEENAY'S METHOD WAS SIMPLE: JUST SCARE THE BUNCH HE WANTED UP A CERTAIN DRAW--"

"---WHICH LED INTO THE BRUSH 'WINGS' OF A TRAP HE HAD BUILT ONCE FOR SILVER."



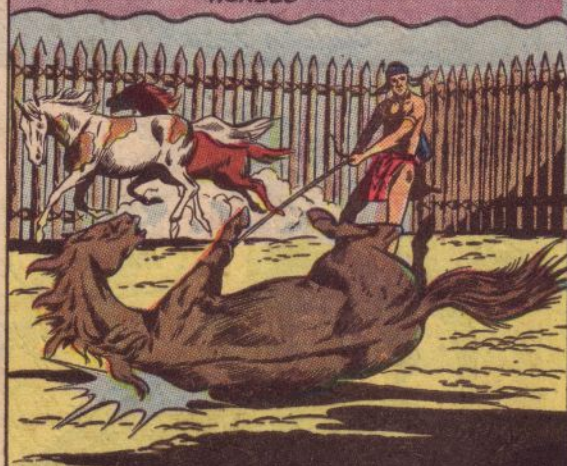
"SPURRED ON BY KEENAY'S SHARP YELLS, THE WHOLE BUNCH PLUNGED INTO THE STOUT CORRAL TRAP--"

"---AND A JERK ON THE TRIGGER ROPE DROPPED THE HEAVY GATE, PENNING THEM IN."



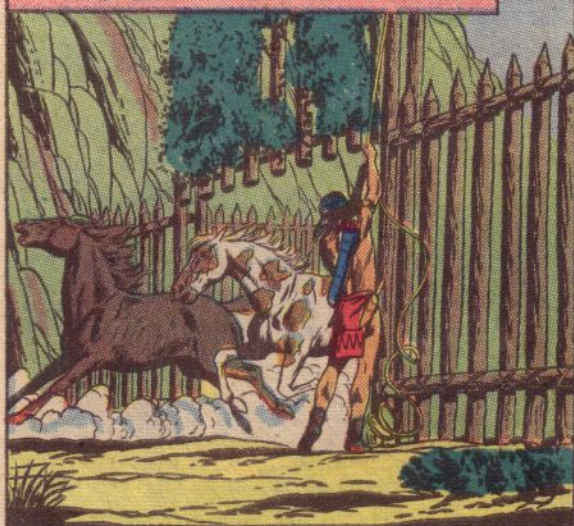
"NOW HE MUST KEEP THEM MILLING, AROUND AND AROUND, TO TIRE OUT THEIR FIGHTING SPIRIT! KEENAY KNEW HOW."

"WHEN THEY WERE TIRED ENOUGH, THE OLD APACHE ROPED THE THREE FINEST, FASTEST HORSES--"





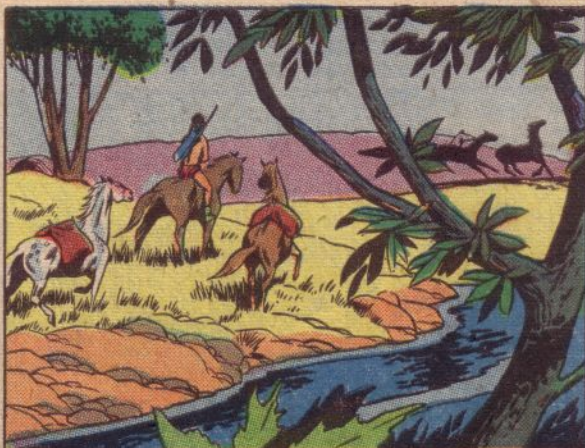
"... AND LET THE OTHERS GO FREE.



"ONE BY ONE, HE 'BROKE' THE THREE TO  
CARRY AND OBEY HIM.

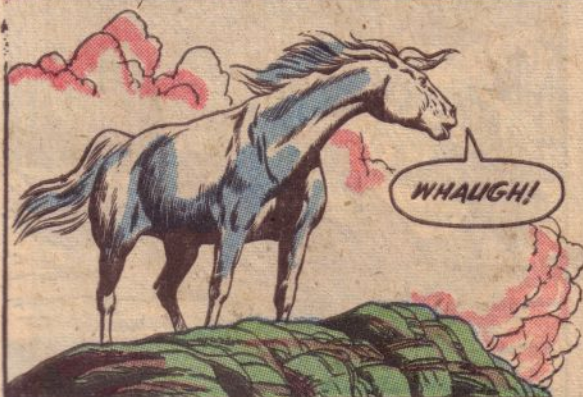


"WHEN HIS HORSES WERE TRAINED, HE  
GATHERED A QUANTITY OF WILD RICE AND  
THRASHED OUT THE GRAIN BY HAND! HIS  
THREE HORSES MUST HAVE GOOD FEED TO  
TRAVEL ON, IF HE WOULD RUN DOWN THE  
SILVER HORSE.



"AND THAT WAS WHAT HE PLANNED TO DO! HE  
SET OUT DOWN WILD HORSE CREEK, KEEN EYES  
SEARCHING FOR THE SILVER FORM OF HIS  
QUARRY.

"SILVER, WHO WAS GRAZING ALONE, SAW HIS  
OLD ENEMY FIRST--- AND PAUSED, CONSIDERING  
WHETHER TO ATTACK OR RUN. HAD KEENAY  
BEEN AFOOT, SILVER WOULD HAVE MADE HIM  
CLIMB A TREE."

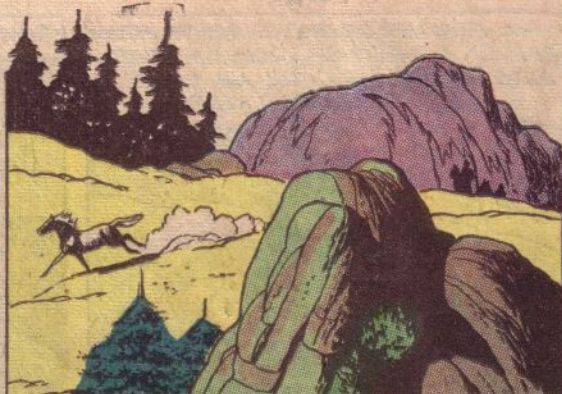
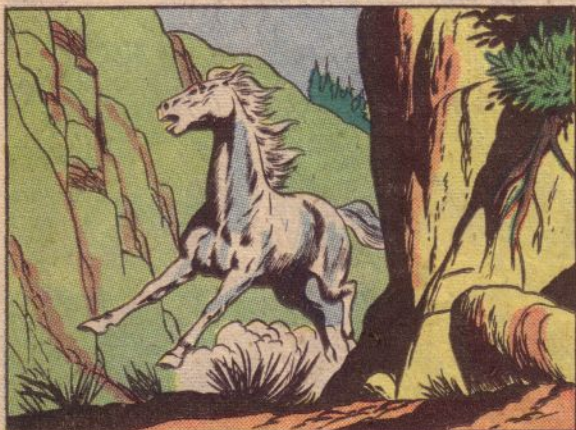


"BUT KEENAY ON HORSEBACK WAS ANOTHER  
MATTER! HE MIGHT HAVE OTHER MEN  
BEHIND HIM! SO SILVER CHOSE TO RUN,  
TRUSTING IN HIS MATCHLESS SPEED AND  
ENDURANCE TO LOSE PURSUIT.



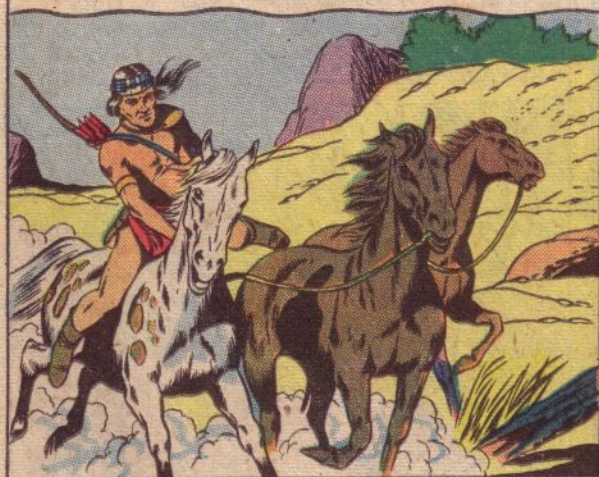


"AT FIRST, SILVER HAD NO INTENTION OF LEAVING WILD HORSE VALLEY--- BUT CLEVER KEENAY, SWERVING THIS WAY AND THAT WAY BEHIND HIM, FINALLY HEADED HIM FOR THE ENTRANCE.

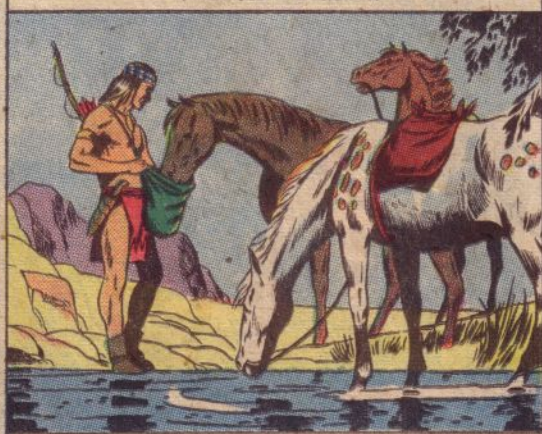


"FROM THEN ON IT WAS A MATTER OF ENDURANCE! MORE THAN ONCE, SILVER TRIED TO TRICK KEENAY AND HIDE HIS TRAIL; BUT ALWAYS THE OLD APACHE PICKED IT UP AGAIN! SILVER DARED NOT TO STOP FOR FOOD OR REST!

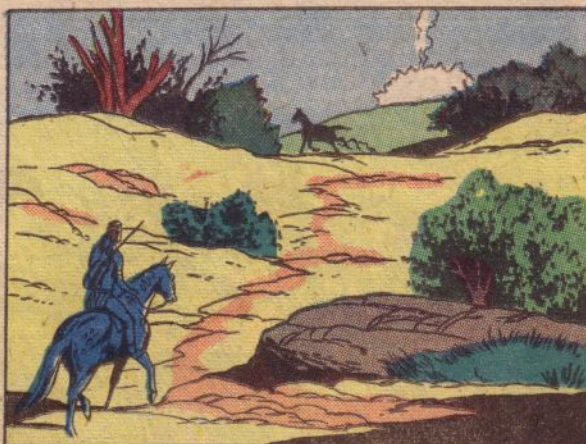
"TO EASE HIS THREE YOUNG HORSES, KEENAY KEPT CHANGING FROM ONE TO THE OTHER AS THEY RAN.



"NOW AND THEN, AT A STREAM, THE HORSE HUNTER WOULD PAUSE, ALLOWING HIS MOUNTS A QUICK DRINK AND A FEW MOUTHFULS OF WILD RICE---IT KEPT UP THEIR STRENGTH.



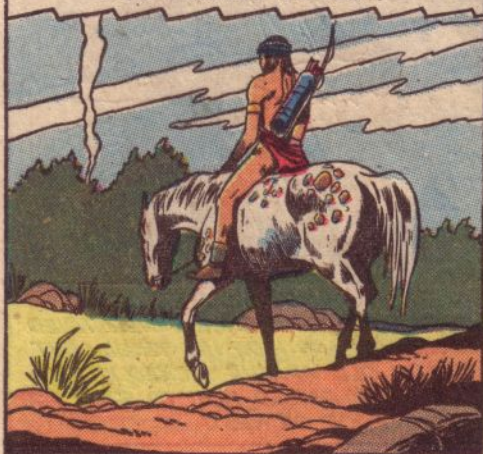
"BY SUNLIGHT AND BY MOONLIGHT, OVER HILL AND PLAIN AND VALLEY THE CHASE CONTINUED. ON THE SECOND NIGHT, ONE OF THE HUNTER'S HORSES GAVE OUT!



"ON THE FOURTH MORNING, KEENAY WAS RIDING HIS LAST WEARY HORSE! SILVER, TOO, WAS TIRED, ---BUT STILL EASILY ABLE TO KEEP AHEAD! KEENAY SAW BUT ONE HOPE OF SUCCESS---



"---A FEATHER OF SMOKE RISING FROM  
BEHIND A PATCH OF TREES! IF THIS  
WERE AN APACHE CAMP, HE MIGHT  
FIND FRIENDS TO HELP!



"AND HE WAS RIGHT!"

HOH! IT IS  
OLD KEENAY!



YOUR HORSE, KEENAY...  
TOTTERING ON ITS FEET!

YES! BUT THE SILVER  
"MEDICINE" HORSE I  
HAVE BEEN CHASING  
IS WEARY, TOO!



GIVE ME ANOTHER FRESH  
MOUNT, MY BROTHERS! OR,  
BETTER STILL, JOIN ME  
IN THE CHASE. I HAVE  
WEALTH AT HOME TO  
REWARD YOU!

UGH! WE WILL  
COME! TO CATCH  
THE SILVER  
HORSE WOULD BE  
GREAT  
HONOR!



OUR MOUNTS ARE READY! WE WILL  
LEAVE THE WILD MARES WE HAVE  
CAUGHT---CLOGGED, AND INSIDE  
THIS ROPE CORRAL!

UGH!  
GOOD!





"HOPING THAT THE HUNTER HAD AT LAST GIVEN UP, SILVER SCOUTED HIS BACK TRAIL---ONLY TO SEE A DOZEN PURSUERS WHERE THERE HAD BEEN ONE!"



"THOUGH STILL RUNNING STRONGLY, THE PRINCE OF WILD HORSES KNEW HE COULD NOT KEEP ON VERY MUCH LONGER WITHOUT FOOD OR REST! HE STUDIED THE GROUND AHEAD, LOOKING FOR A BREAK---HOWEVER DESPERATE!"



"TOPPING A HILL, HE SAW A WAGON TRAIN CRAWLING THROUGH THE VALLEY BELOW HIM! A WAGON TRAIN, SILVER KNEW, MEANT WHITE MEN, AND ENEMIES---"

"---BUT ALREADY A BOLD IDEA WAS FORMING IN SILVER'S BRAIN! HE TURNED AND DASHED BACK TOWARDS A DEEP BRUSHY DRAW, IN FULL VIEW OF THE APACHES."



"IN HIS MIND WAS THE THOUGHT THAT THE NEW ENEMIES WOULD BE SLOWER---AND LIKE A HERD OF BUFFALO, THEY MIGHT BE USED TO CONFUSE PURSUIT! HE KEPT TO THICK COVER---

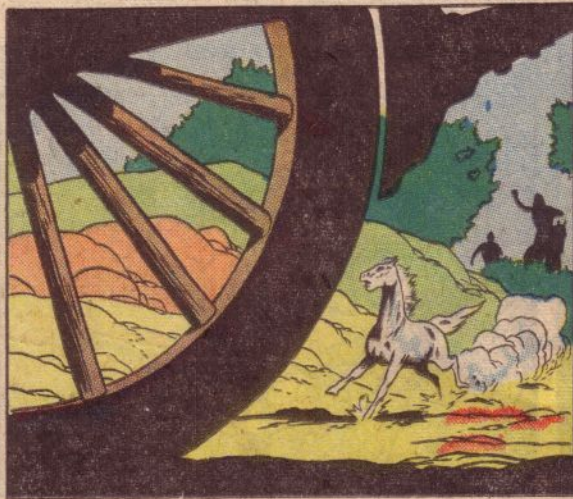


"---AND KEENAY'S CROWD KEPT AS CLOSE AS THEY COULD BEHIND HIM---



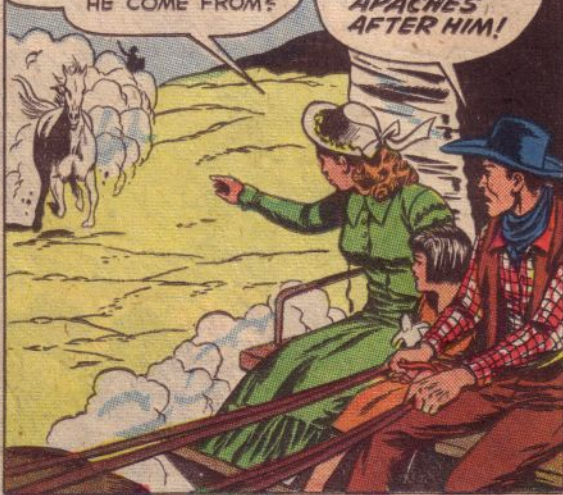


"---UNTIL THEY BURST INTO FULL VIEW OF THE CRAWLING WAGON TRAIN!"



LEMUEL! THAT SILVER HORSE---WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

I DON'T KNOW BUT---WOW! APACHES AFTER HIM!



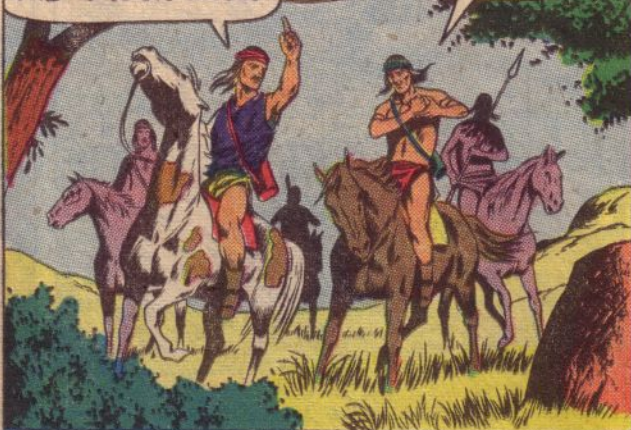
"ALL ALONG THE LINE, MEN GRABBED THEIR GUNS, PREPARED TO DEFEND THEIR FAMILIES! THEY KNEW THAT A DETERMINED ATTACK WOULD COST THEM DEARLY."

GET THE YOUNGSTER INSIDE! THERE'LL BE ARROWS FLYING IN A MINUTE!



LOOK, KEENAY! YOUR SILVER HORSE IS CUTTING THROUGH THE WAGON LINE!

WAUGH! HE IS A "MEDICINE" HORSE!



"THE APACHES, REMEMBERING THEIR FEW NUMBERS, PULLED UP TO CONSIDER---

"---AND THEN SOME EXCITABLE WAGONER TOOK A LONG SHOT!"



UGHH!

"AND THE APACHES SAW RED!"

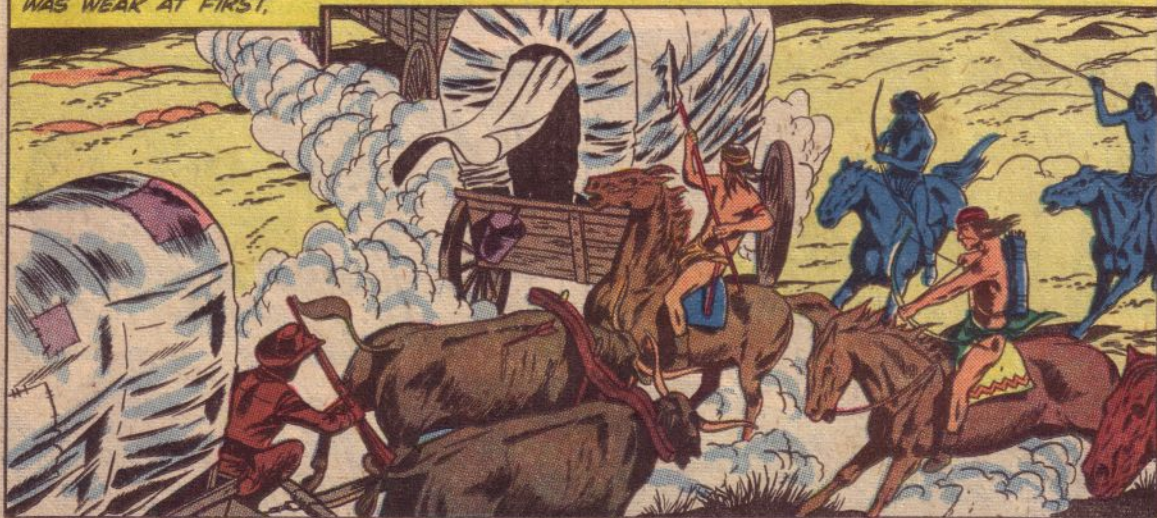
WAH! THE WHITE MAN HAS DRAWN FIRST BLOOD! WE WILL MAKE HIM PAY!

STRIKE HIS LINE WHERE IT IS WEAK! WAH! WAH!





"IN A MOMENT THE BATTLE WAS JOINED! TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THE PIONEERS DEFENSE WAS WEAK AT FIRST.

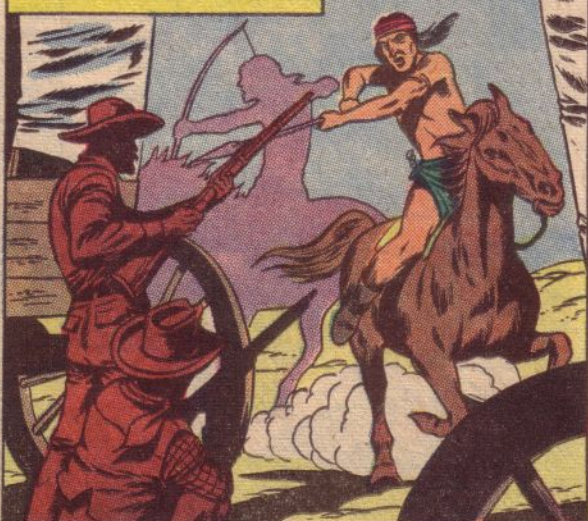


"BREAKING THROUGH, THE RED MEN WHOOPED IN TRIUMPH---"

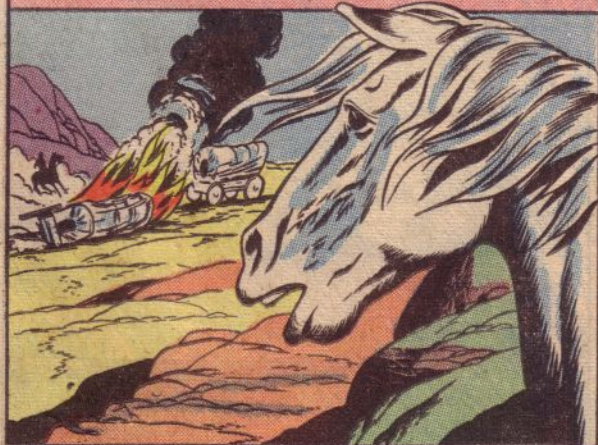
WAH! WAH! WAH!



"---AND STRUCK AGAIN!"



"FAR BEYOND THE BATTLE, SILVER PAUSED TO LOOK BACK! HIS BOLD BREAK THROUGH THE WAGON TRAIN HAD WORKED WELL---FOR HIM! AND BROUGHT CONFUSION TO HIS ENEMIES.

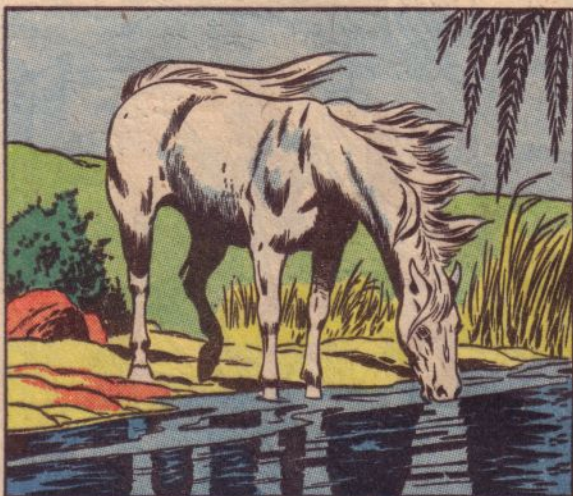


"WITH A SNORT FOR MAN AND ALL MAN'S WILES, HE TURNED AWAY, HEADING IN A WIDE CIRCLE BACK TOWARDS WILD HORSE VALLEY.

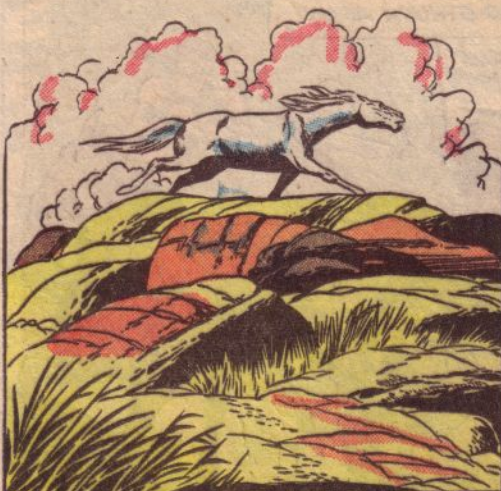




"FREE FROM PURSUIT, HE DRANK LONG AND DEEP AT A CLEAR-FLOWING STREAM---

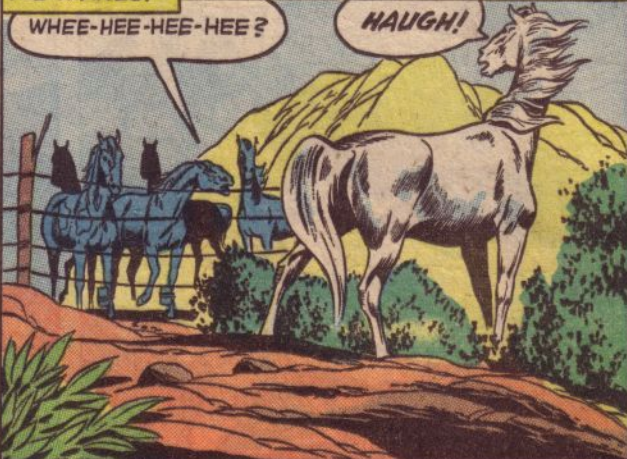


"---AND CROPPED GRASS IN A SHELTERED DRAW, WHERE THE WIND WOULD GIVE WARNING OF ENEMY APPROACH.

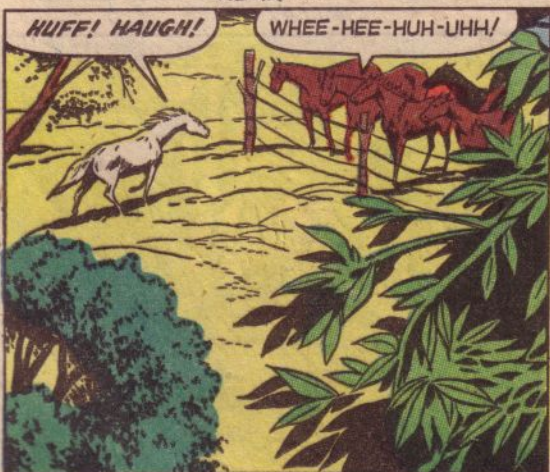


"THEN, REFRESHED, DESPITE HIS FOUR-DAY RUN, HE RE-TRACED THE LONG MILES.

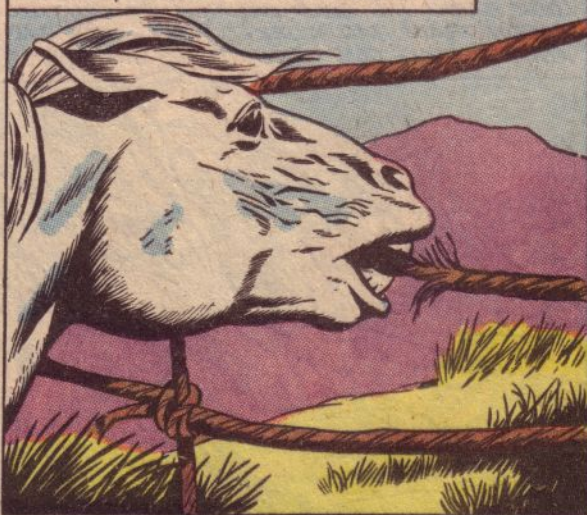
"AS CHANCE WOULD HAVE IT, HIS COURSE BROUGHT HIM CLOSE PAST THE APACHES' RECENT CAMP! AND, MINGLED WITH THEIR HATED SCENT WAS THAT OF THE MARES."



"CAUTIOUSLY, SILVER APPROACHED THEM--- THEN, SURE THAT NO HUMAN BEINGS WERE NEAR---

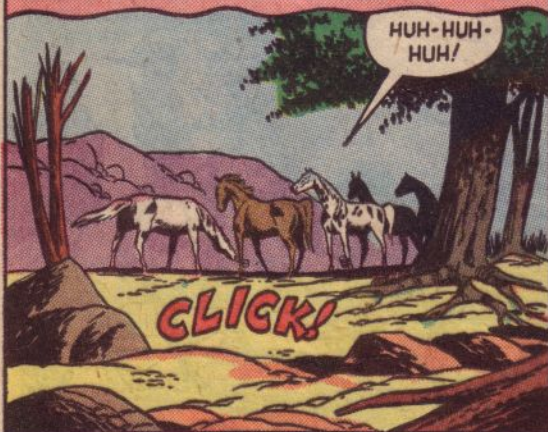


"HE TORE DOWN THE ROPE CORRAL.

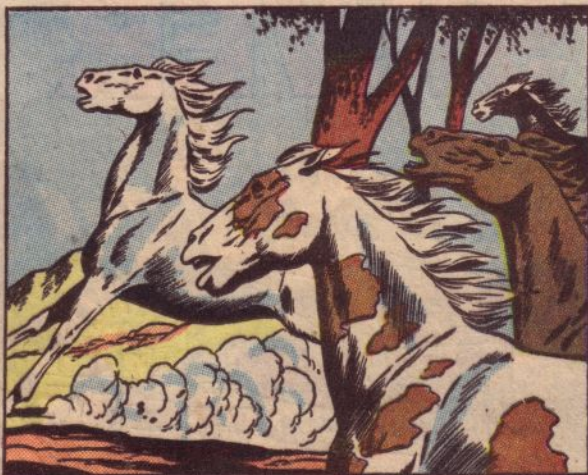




"SILVER KNEW ROPES! AND HE KNEW WHAT HIS OWN STRONG TEETH, CLEVERLY USED, COULD DO! -- WITHIN A SHORT TIME HE HAD FREED ALL THE CAPTIVE MARES OF THE WOODEN CLOGS THAT MADE THEM HELPLESS."



"JOYFULLY, THEY FOLLOWED THEIR SPLENDID NEW FRIEND AND RESCUER --- BACK TO THE FREEDOM OF THE WILD!"



"SLOWLY, GLOOMILY, NURSING THEIR WOUNDS, THE APACHE BAND RETURNED TO THEIR FORMER CAMP."

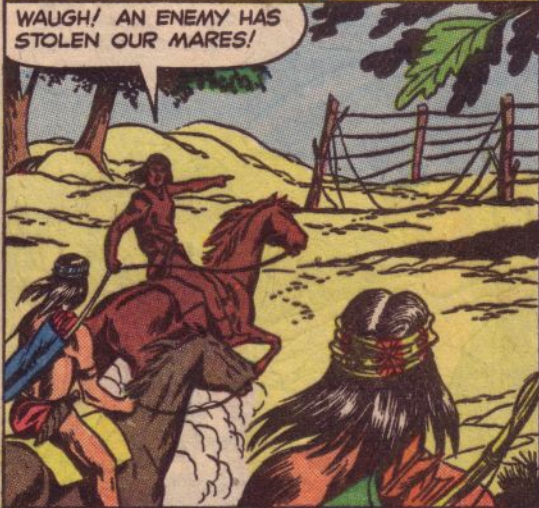
IT WAS AN EVIL HOUR WHEN WE LISTENED TO YOU, KEENAY! THAT SILVER HORSE IS BAD LUCK!

ONLY UNTIL HE IS CAPTURED!



"AND THERE A NEW CALAMITY MET THEIR EYES."

WAUGH! AN ENEMY HAS STOLEN OUR MARES!



A FOUR-FOOTED ENEMY! THE SILVER HORSE HAS DONE THIS --- ON HIS WAY BACK TO WILD HORSE VALLEY!

WAUGH!



COME BACK WITH ME TO HIS VALLEY, MY BROTHERS --- AND WE WILL TAKE NOT ONLY THE SILVER ONE --- BUT ENOUGH FINE HORSES TO MAKE US ALL RICH!

NO! LET KEENAY GO ALONE --- IF HE IS FOOL ENOUGH TO DO SO! THAT SILVER HORSE IS CLEVERER THAN ANY MAN! HE IS "MEDICINE"!





# SILVER

## AND THE GREAT BLACK BULL



OUR MILCH STOCK IS MISSING, LONE RANGER! A RED BULL AND ALL THE COWS BUT THREE---INJUNS, I RECKON!

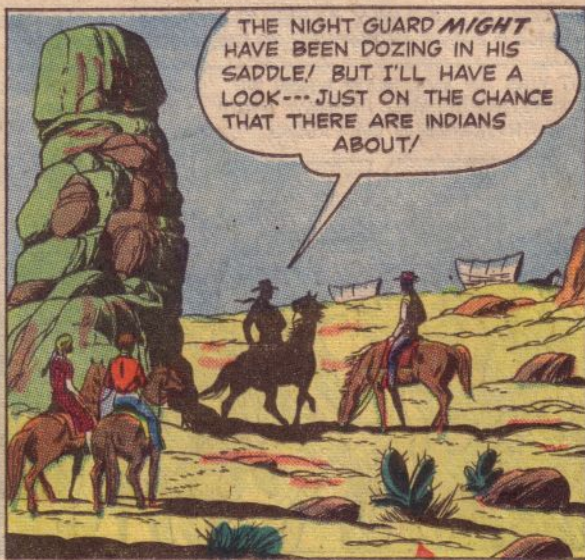
WHY?

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT INDIANS DROVE THEM OFF, MORGAN?

HOW ELSE WOULD THEY DISAPPEAR--- RIGHT UNDER THE NOSE OF THE NIGHT GUARD?



THE NIGHT GUARD *MIGHT* HAVE BEEN DOZING IN HIS SADDLE! BUT I'LL HAVE A LOOK---JUST ON THE CHANCE THAT THERE ARE INDIANS ABOUT!

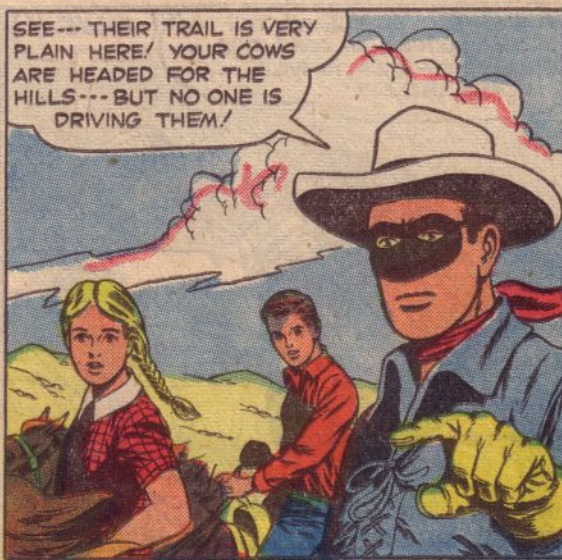


LONE RANGER! WE HEARD! CAN WE GO WITH YOU? ---AND JEANNE?

YES---UNTIL I DO STRIKE INDIAN SIGN, LONNIE!



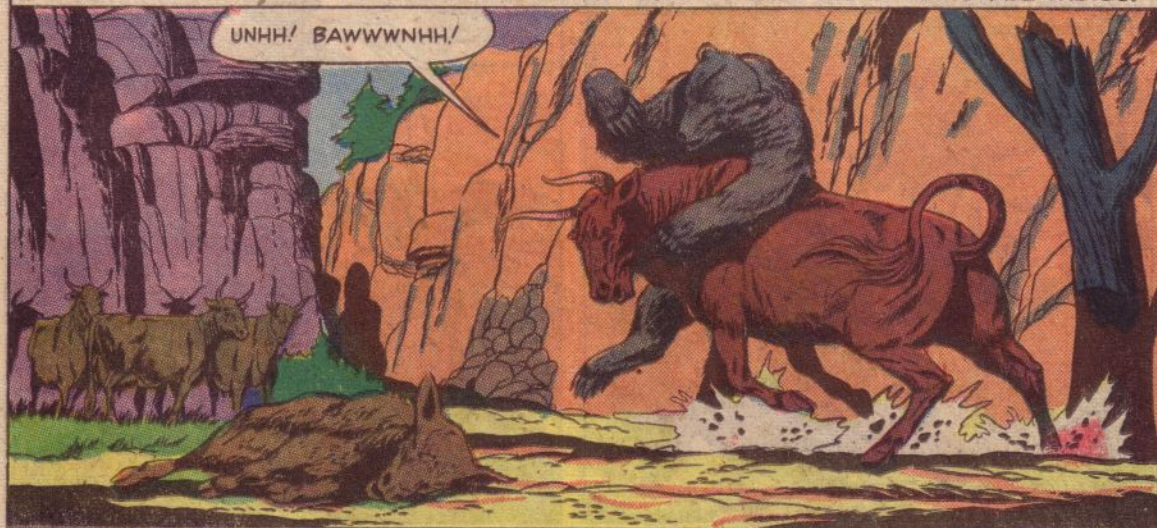
SEE--- THEIR TRAIL IS VERY PLAIN HERE! YOUR COWS ARE HEADED FOR THE HILLS--- BUT NO ONE IS DRIVING THEM!



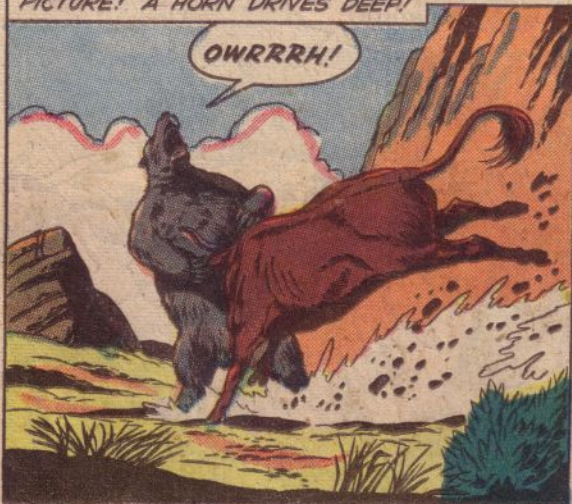




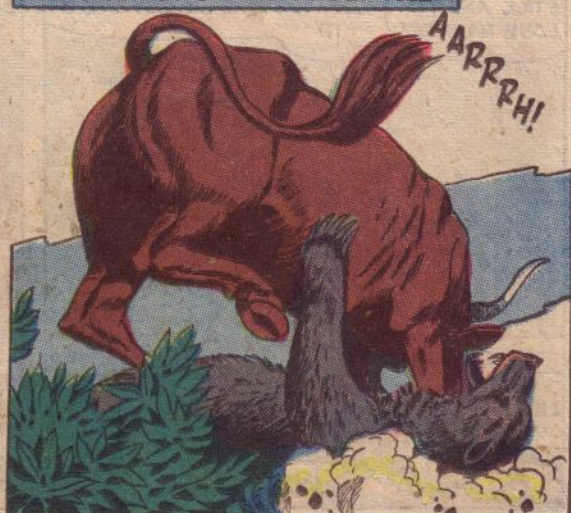
THE RED BULL IS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE---HAVING FAILED TO SAVE ONE OF HIS SMALL CALVES.



BUT A SUDDEN, WHIRLING LUNGE CHANGES THE  
PICTURE! A HORN DRIVES DEEP!



PLUNGING HOOF TAKE DEADLY TOLL



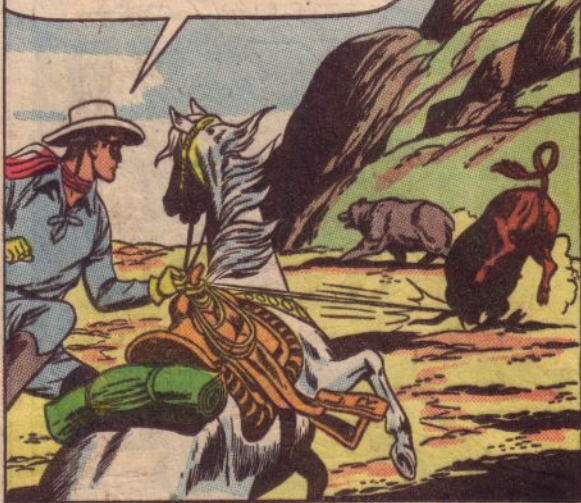


**BADLY HURT THE BEAR ROLLS FREE AND  
MAKES A DESPERATE RUN---**

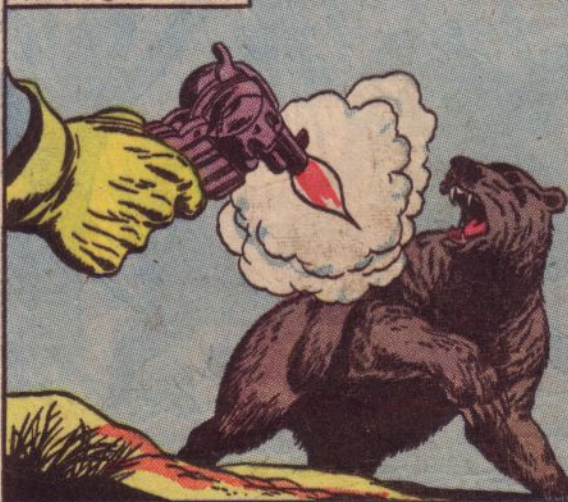
BAWWW-  
AWWWH!



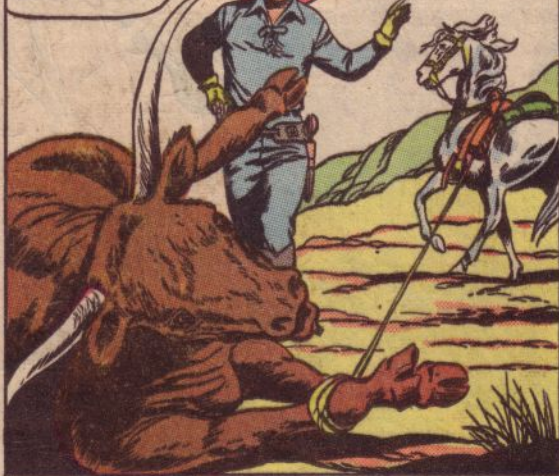
**HOLD THAT BULL, SILVER---THE  
BEAR IS STILL DANGEROUS---**



**A MERCIFUL BULLET ENDS THE SHAGGY  
KILLER'S CAREER.**



**ALL RIGHT,  
SILVER---  
SLACK OFF!**



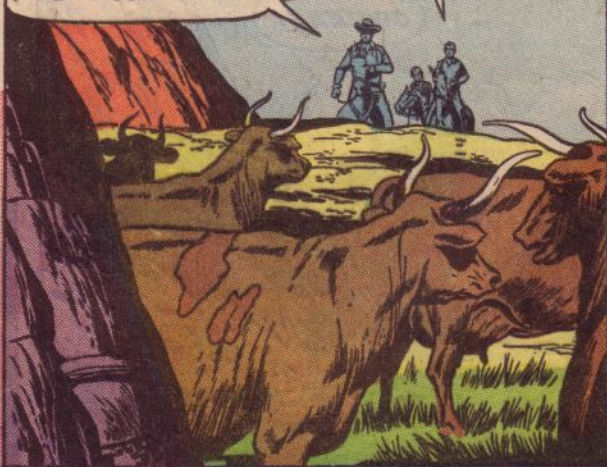
**THE BULL IS  
STILL ANGRY,  
LONE RANGER!**

**YES! HE'D LIKE TO HOOK US  
ALL---BUT HE'LL GET OVER  
IT!**



**NOW YOU TWO CAN HELP  
DRIVE THE COWS BACK TO  
THE WAGON TRAIN!**

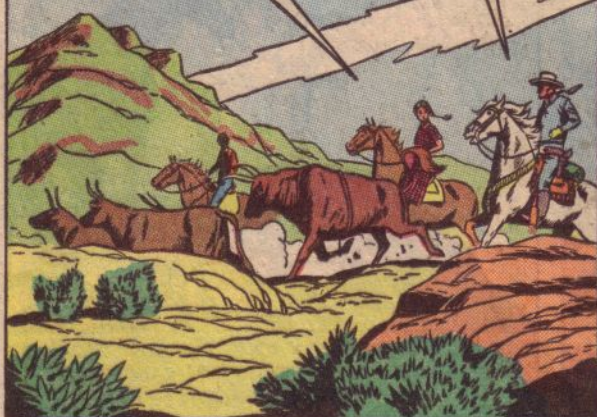
**YIPPEE!**





MY! THAT WAS A TERRIBLE FIGHT, LONE RANGER! THE BEAR MIGHT EASILY HAVE KILLED OUR RED BULL---

I DOUBT IT, JEANNE! BIG RED IS A GREAT FIGHTER---

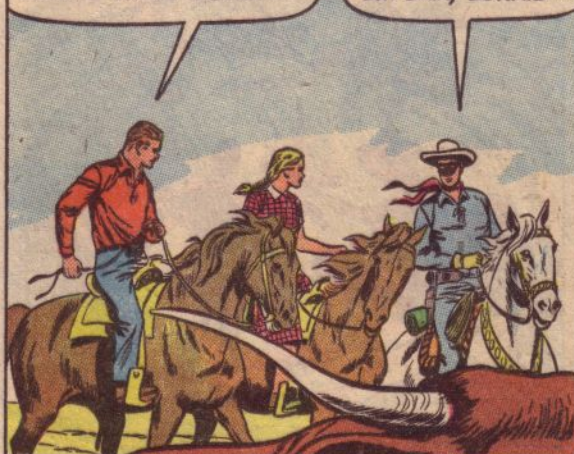


---THOUGH PERHAPS NOT SUCH A FIGHTER AS THE BLACK BULL WHO DROVE SILVER OVER A CLIFF AND THEN TACKLED THE COUGAR THAT HAD JUMPED SILVER!

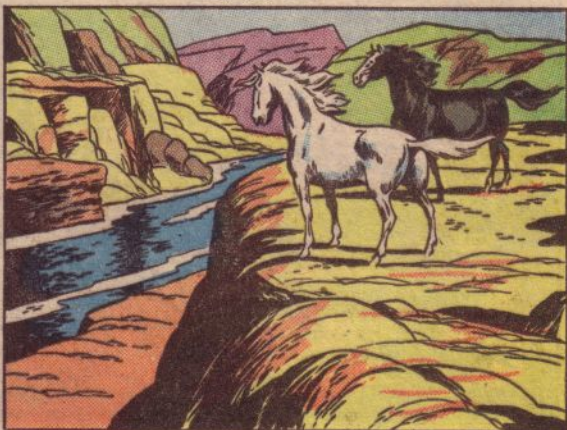


OH, PLEASE TELL US ABOUT THAT, LONE RANGER! HE MUST HAVE BEEN AN AWFULLY BIG BULL TO DRIVE SILVER---

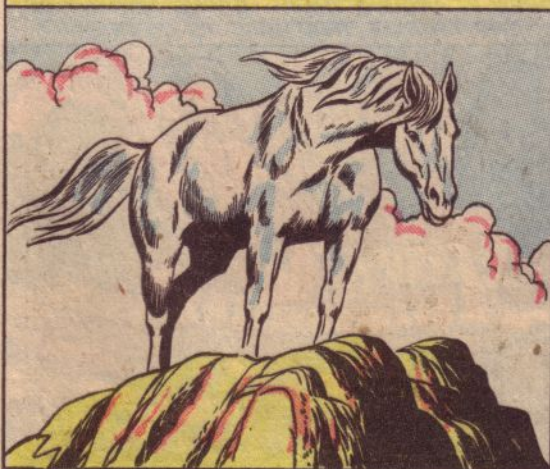
HE WAS BIG--- BUT HE WAS NOT ALONE! I'LL EXPLAIN, LONNIE---



"IT WAS ONE OF SILVER'S EXPLORING TRIPS, WHEN HE WAS A BACHELOR COLT--- HE HAD WANDERED FAR TO THE SOUTH OF WILD HORSE VALLEY, WITH HIS FRIEND, LITTLE BLACK SCAMPER.



"LOOKING DOWN FROM A HIGH LEDGE, HE SAW A LONG, WINDING COLUMN OF CATTLE ENTERING THE VALLEY BELOW.

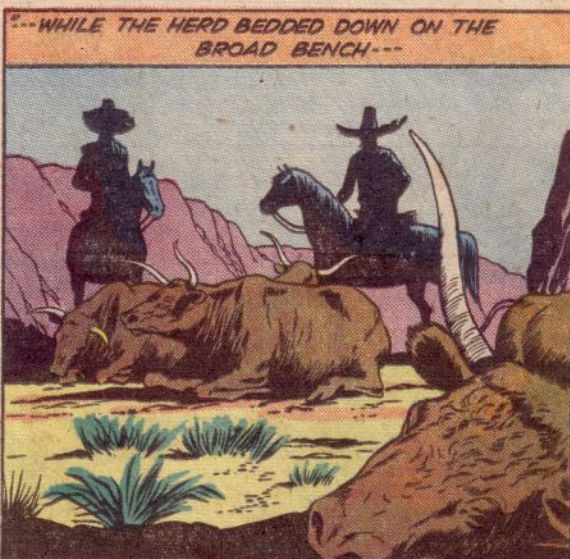
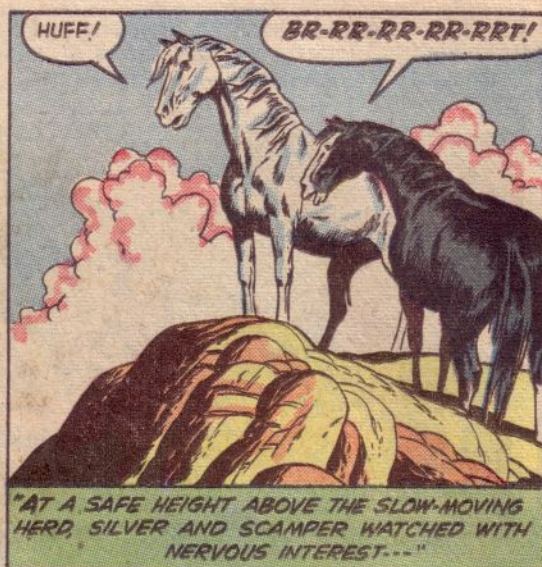


"FLANKED BY RIDERS WITH BIG STRAW SOMBREROS, THE DRIVE CROSSED THE RIVER---





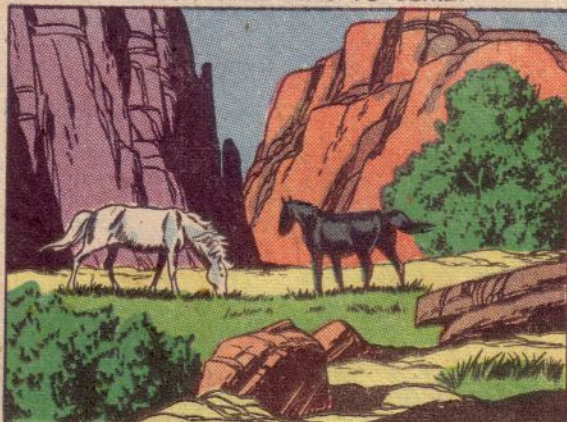
"---AND CLIMBED THE BENCHLAND ON SILVER'S SIDE---IN THE LEAD STRODE A GREAT BLACK BULL  
---THE KIND THAT IS BRED FOR COURAGE AND QUICKNESS TO FIGHT IN THE CORRIDA..



"AS TWILIGHT CLOSED DOWN, SILVER LED THE WAY BACK---



"---TO A GRASSY POCKET WHERE THEY COULD SPEND THE NIGHT UNDISTURBED---AS THEY GRAZED, THE SOFT CURTAINS OF THE NIGHT DREW IN AROUND THEM---GIVING NO HINT OF THE TERROR THAT WAS TO COME.





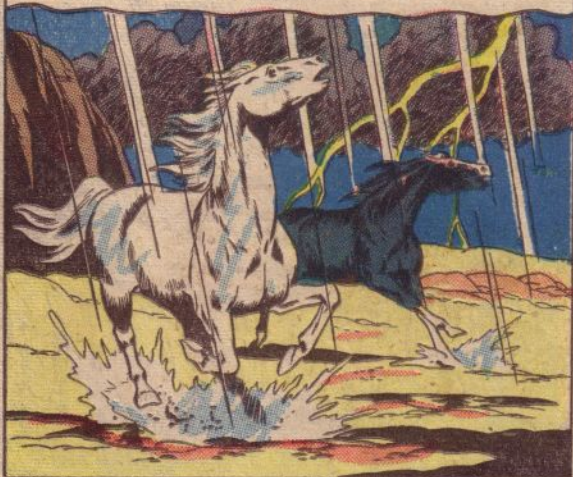
"IT WAS A BIT AFTER MIDNIGHT THAT THE THUNDER-AND-LIGHTNING STORM STRUCK---WITHOUT ANY WARNING! A PINE TREE CLOSE TO SILVER AND SCAMPER SHATTERED AND BURST INTO FLAME."



"PANICKED BY CANNONADING THUNDER AND PELTING RAIN, THE COLTS RACED DOWN THROUGH THE NEAREST PASS---"



"---TO THE WIDER BENCHLAND WHERE THEY COULD REALLY STRETCH THEMSELVES IN MAD FLIGHT."

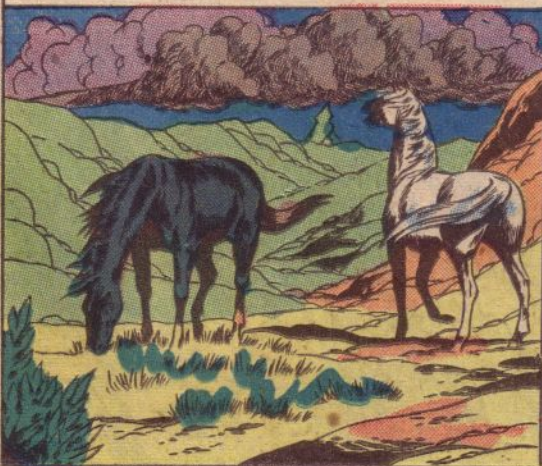


RRRUM-BUM-BUM-BUM-BUM!



"MINUTES LATER, WITH THE FIRST SURGE OF TERROR GONE, THEY SLOWED TO A STOP---THUNDER STILL ROLLED, BUT IT WAS MOVING FARTHER AWAY, SHAKING THE GROUND A LITTLE---

"BLACK SCAMPER BEGAN TO CROP GRASS---BUT A VAGUE FEELING THAT SOMETHING STILL WAS WRONG KEPT SILVER ALERT."



"SOMEWHERE---NOT FAR AWAY---THERE GREW A RUMBLE AND A SHAKING OF THE EARTH THAT WAS DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF THE STORM."

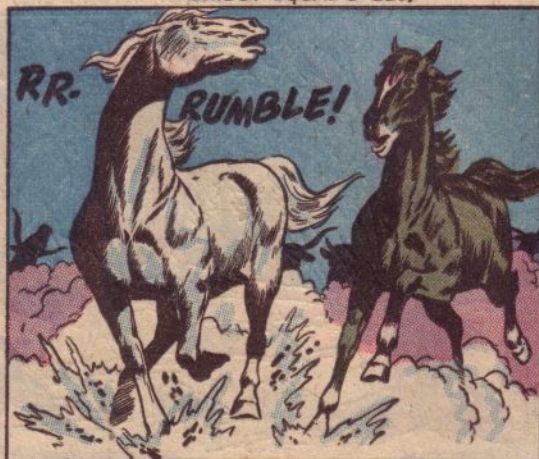




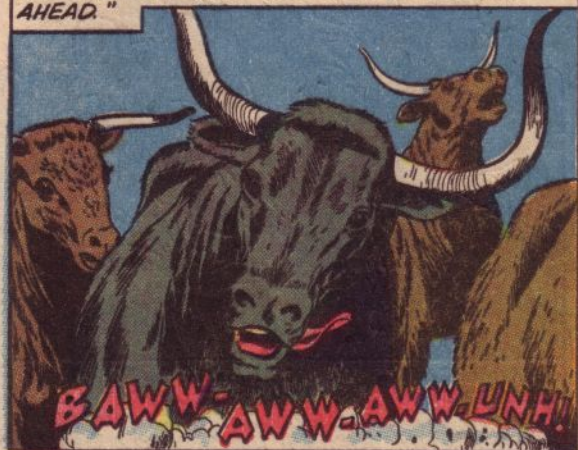
"AND THEN CAME A BRILLIANT LIGHTNING FLASH!"



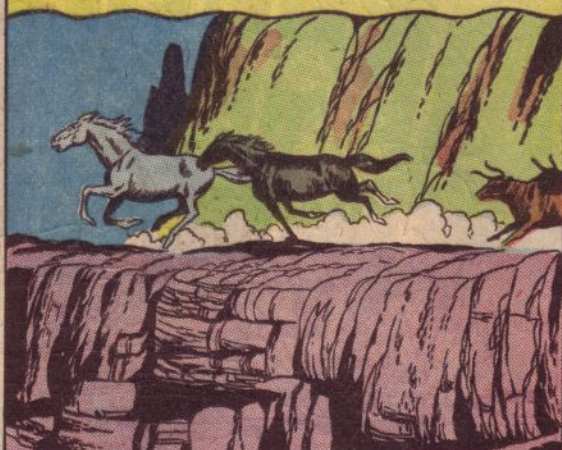
"FLEEING AGAIN THROUGH THE DARKNESS, THE COLTS KNEW A GROWING TERROR---FOR THE RUMBLE OF HOOFS FOLLOWED THEM AT ALMOST EQUAL SPEED."



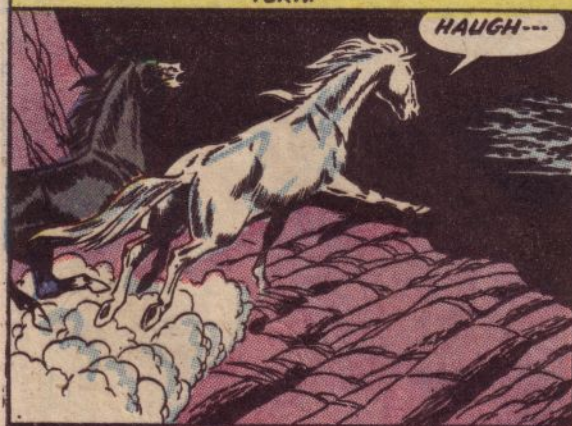
"A QUICK BACK GLANCE WHEN THE LIGHTNING CAME, MINUTES LATER, SHOWED SILVER THE TOSsing HORNS OF THE GREAT BLACK BULL--- AND THE WIND BORE HIS BRASSY BELLOWING AHEAD."



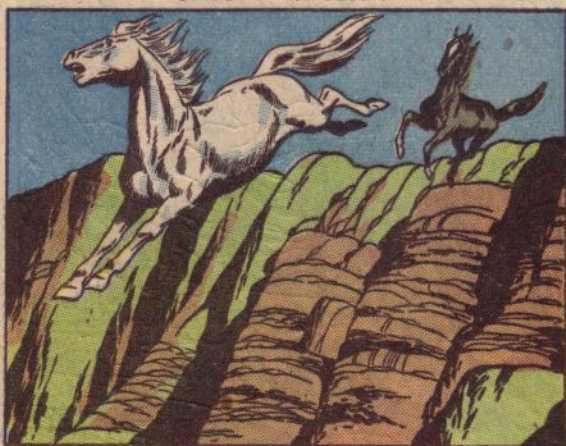
"THE COLTS SPURTED, DRAWING ON THEIR 'SECOND WIND.' SO DENSE WAS THE DARKNESS THAT THEY DID NOT REALIZE THE BENCH WAS NARROWING--- OR HEAR THE MURMUR OF THE RIVER BELOW IT."



"A DIMMER LIGHTNING FLARE GLEAMED---TOO LATE TO SAVE THEM FROM THE YAWNING GULF OF NOTHINGNESS---MERE YARDS AHEAD! THEY WERE GOING TOO FAST TO STOP---TOO FAST TO TURN!"



"BUT SILVER HAD GLIMPSED THE DULL SHINE OF WATER, FAR BELOW! WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH, HE FLUNG HIMSELF OUTWARD! BUT SCAMPER FUMBLLED HIS LEAP!"





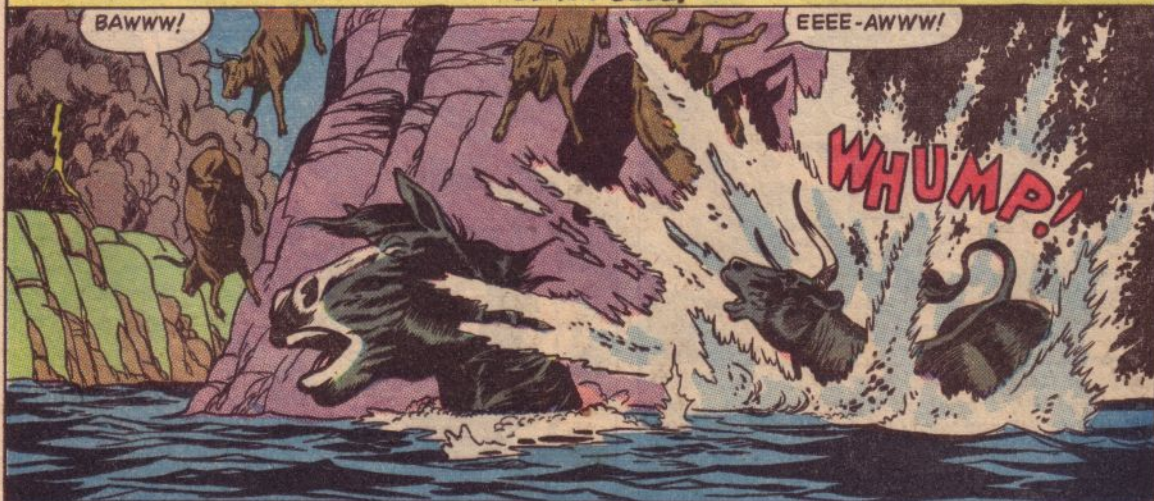
"AT THE END OF THEIR DROP THROUGH INKY BLACKNESS, WATER STRUCK THEM WITH TERRIFIC IMPACT. IT SWALLOWED SILVER---"



"BUT SCAMPER HAD STRUCK IN SHOULDER-DEEP WATER AND MUD THAT GRIPPED HIS FEET! HE STRUGGLED, SCREAMING---"



"THEN A HEAVY BODY STRUCK JUST BEHIND HIM, SHOWERING HIM WITH SPRAY--- THE GREAT BLACK BULL!"



"WHINNYING ANXIOUSLY, SILVER TURNED BACK UPSTREAM, LISTENING FOR SCAMPER'S VOICE."



"IT CAME--- BUT WAS CHOKED OFF--- AS SCAMPER'S NOSE WENT UNDER WATER! THE BLACK BULL, FORGING AHEAD, HAD MET AN OBSTRUCTION--- AND HEAVED IT OUT OF THE WAY!"

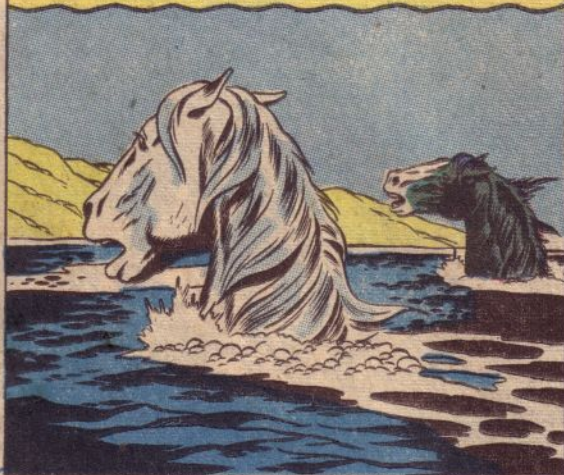




"SO POWERFUL WAS THE SHOVE THAT EVEN SCAMPER'S FOREFEET CAME LOOSE FROM THE GRIPPING MUD---AND THE CURRENT CARRIED HIM QUICKLY DOWN TO HIS SILVER FRIEND."

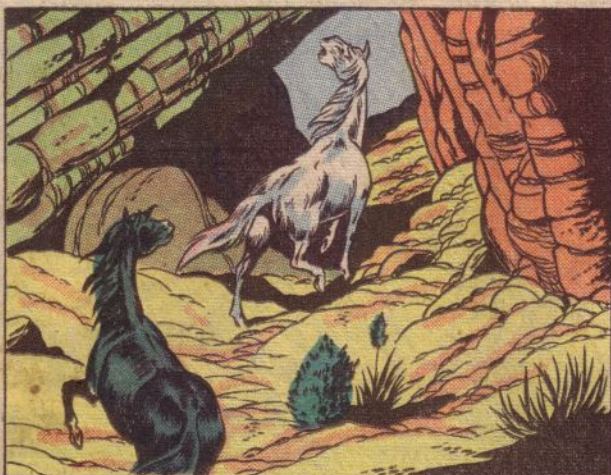


"SWIMMING EASILY, THEY SEARCHED IN THE DIM PRE-DAWN LIGHT FOR A LANDING PLACE ---THE OTHER BANK WAS LOW!"

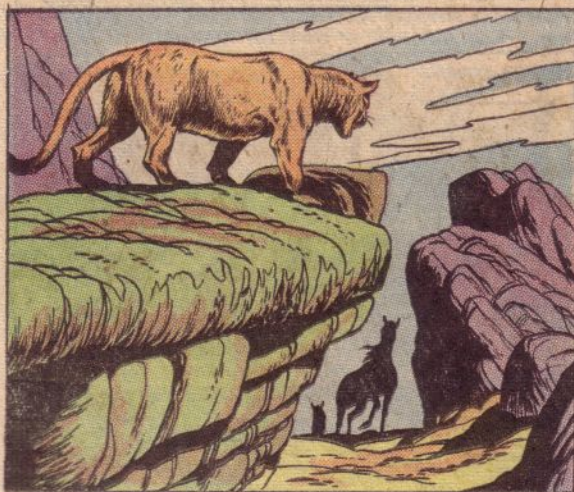


"AS THE DAWNLIGHT GREW, SILVER GLANCED BACK TO SEE THE BLACK BULL AND A FEW OF HIS HERD SWIM INTO VIEW BEHIND HIM. THE OTHER CATTLE HAD EVIDENTLY DIED WHERE THEY FELL."

"CLEAR MORNING LIGHT LENT A FEELING OF SAFETY--- AS THE COLTS CLIMBED THE RUGGED GAME TRAIL UP THE OPPOSITE BENCH---



"---LITTLE GUESSING THAT THE DEADLIEST DANGER OF ALL LAY IN WAIT FOR THEM NEAR THE TOP

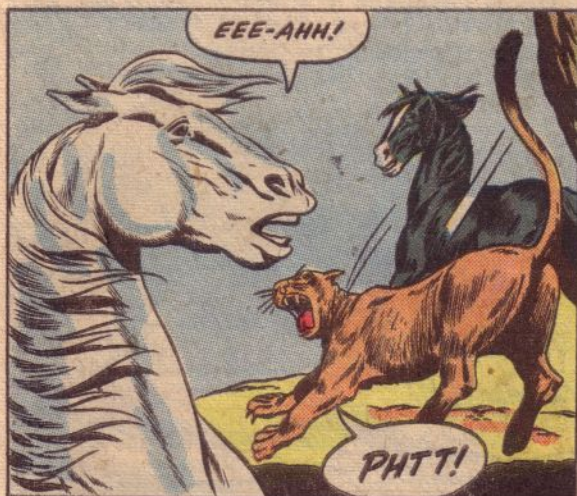


"AS THEY PAUSED TO BLOW AND GAZE BACK AT THE RIVER---

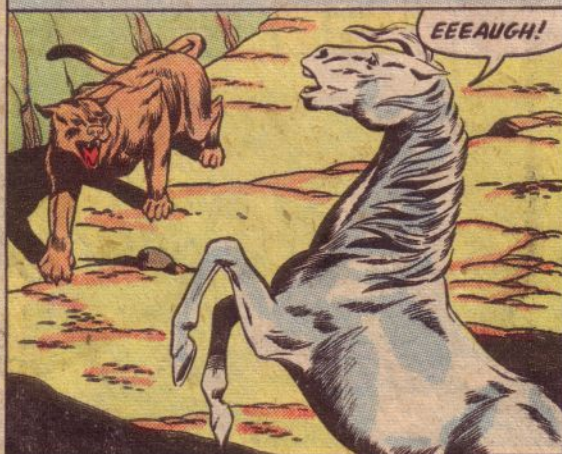




"THE TAWNY KILLER LEAPED, BUT SILVER, WARNED BY A SIXTH SENSE, JUMPED, BARELY IN TIME!"



"THEN---INSTEAD OF RUNNING AND BEING OVERTAKEN FROM BEHIND---THE SILVER COLT SPUN ABOUT TO FACE HIS FOE! THE BIG CAT CROUCHED, SURPRISED---BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT!"



"DAZED AND A BIT SCARED, THE COUGAR RETREATED ---BACKWARDS, DOWN THE TRAIL---HIS ATTENTION SO FIXED ON SILVER THAT HE FAILED TO SEE THE GREAT BLACK BULL---



"HE SPRANG---ONLY TO MEET SILVER'S, DRIVING, LIGHTNING-FAST FOREHOOFS."



"---UNTIL TOO LATE!"



"THE BLACK BULL WAS IN A MOOD TO FIGHT ALL COMERS---BUT FOR ONCE SILVER CHOSE TO IGNORE A CHALLENGE---AND SEEK MORE PEACEFUL PASTURES WITH HIS LITTLE FRIEND, SCAMPER."





# SILVER

## AND THE TUSKER

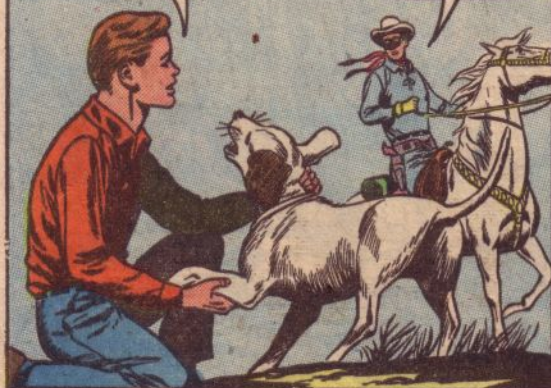
HI, THERE, SPOT!  
HOW DID YOU GET  
LOOSE FROM THE  
WAGON?

YOU'LL HAVE TO  
TAKE HIM BACK,  
LONNIE! THE LONE  
RANGER DOESN'T  
WANT---



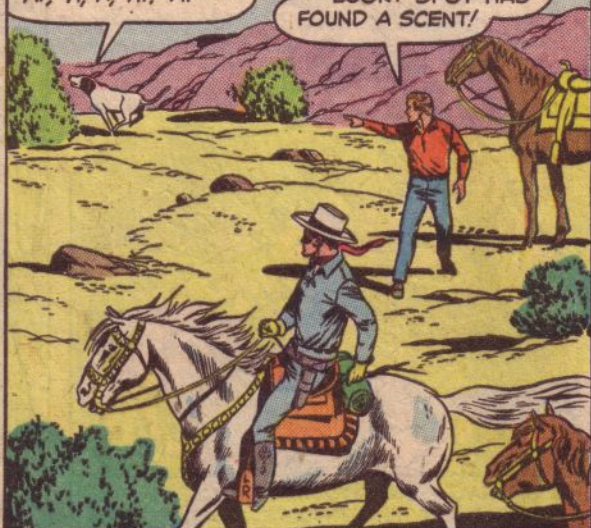
AWW--- DO I *HAVE*  
TO TAKE HIM BACK,  
LONE RANGER? I  
WOULDN'T BE ABLE  
TO RIDE WITH  
YOU TODAY---

LET HIM COME, LONNIE!  
IF THERE WERE INDIAN  
SIGNS ABOUT, I'D TELL  
YOU TO TAKE HIM BACK  
---BUT NEVER MIND,  
THIS TIME!



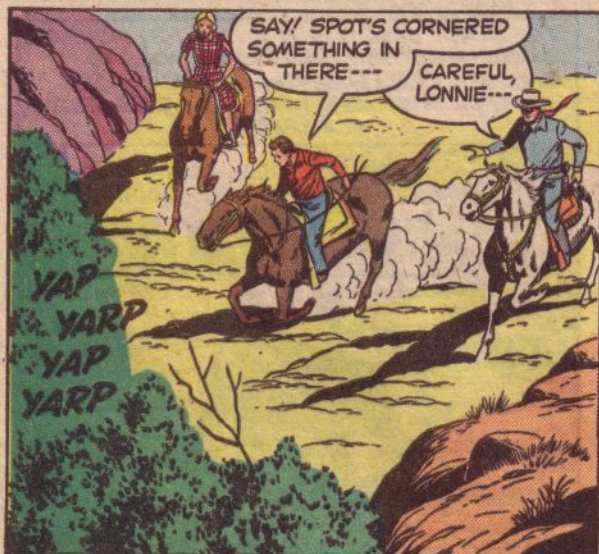
YIP, YI, YI, YIP, YIP---

LOOK! SPOT HAS  
FOUND A SCENT!



SAY! SPOT'S CORNERED  
SOMETHING IN  
THERE---

CAREFUL,  
LONNIE---



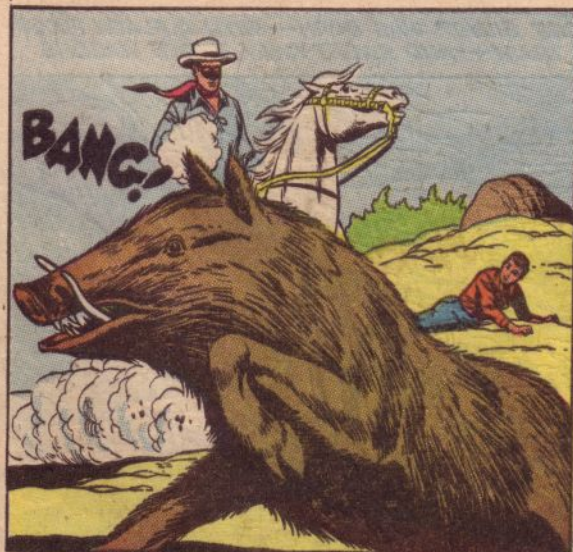
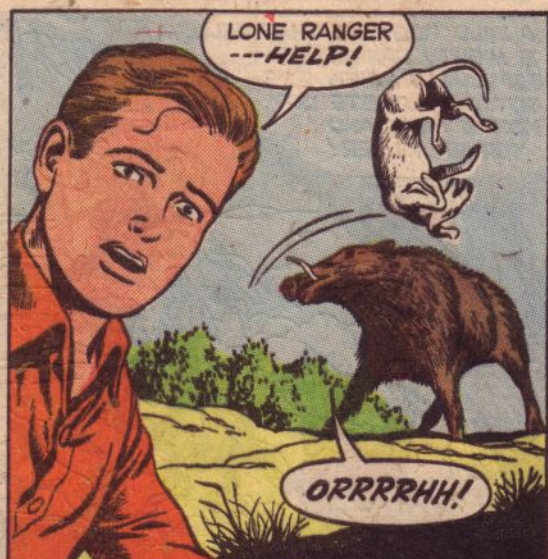
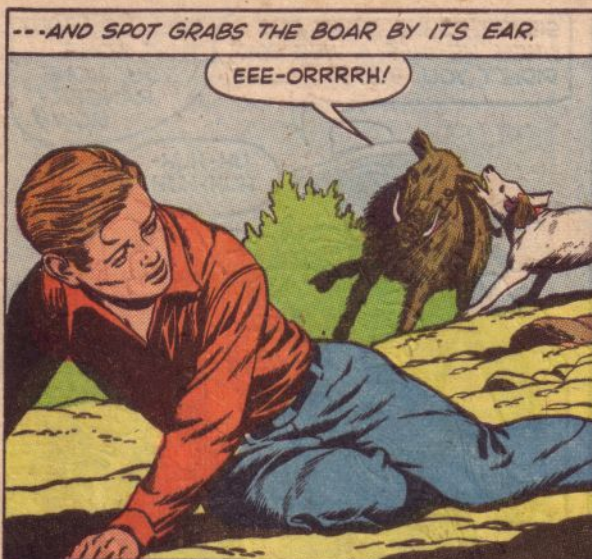
SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE THICKET BURSTS  
A LEAN WILD BOAR!

EEE-ERRR-  
OINK!

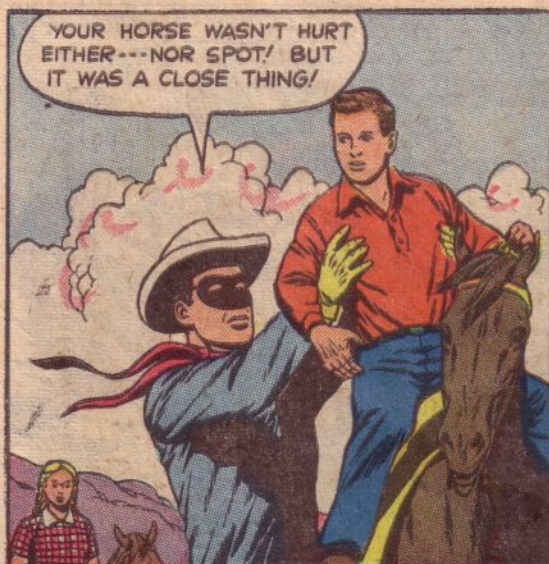
YARK, YARK,  
YIPE---









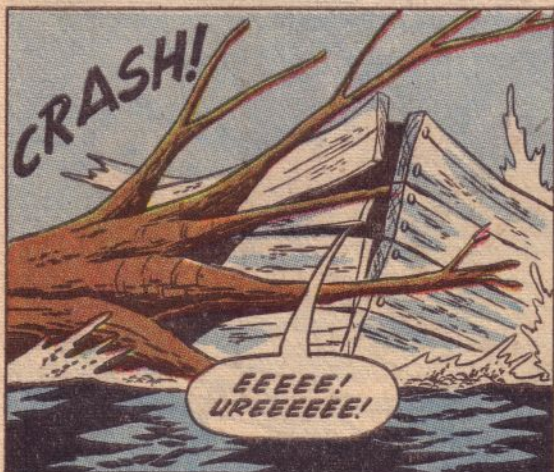


"THE STORY STARTS ABOUT TWO YEARS BEFORE SILVER WAS BORN---WITH A FLASH FLOOD WHICH CAUGHT A PART OF A COVERED WAGON TRAIN---AND SWEEPED AWAY THREE WAGONS.





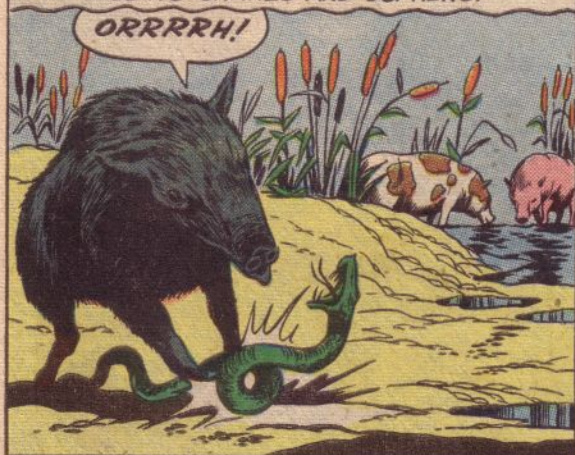
"AN UPROOTED TREE, BORNE IN THE FLOOD, SMASHED A FLOATING WAGON BOX! FROM INSIDE AROSE SHRILL SQUEALING OF HOGS."



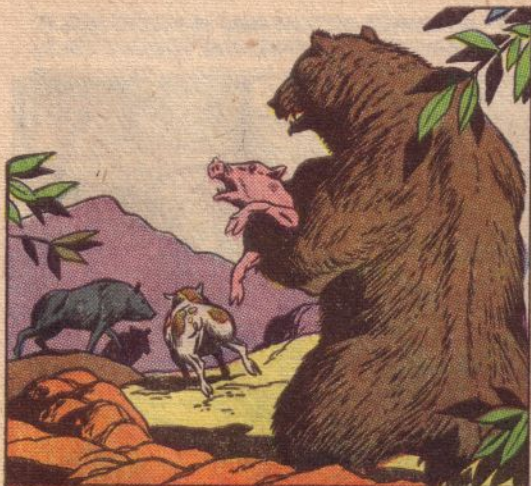
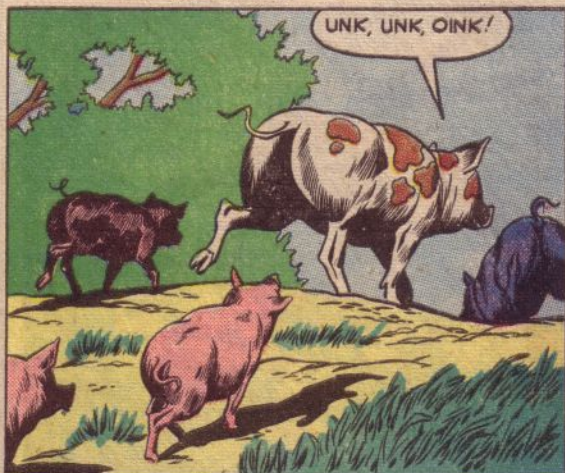
"A YOUNG BLACK BOAR AND TWO SOWS ESCAPED ALIVE, AND SWAM TO SAFETY."



"THE THREE OF THEM TOOK TO WILD LIFE EASILY ---ROOTING UP THE NOURISHING TUBERS THEY FOUND IN DAMP SWALES --- KILLING SNAKES AND GOPHERS."



"---AND SOON THERE WERE MANY LITTLE PIGS TROTTING AFTER THE TWO SOWS--- THE BEGINNING OF A HERD."



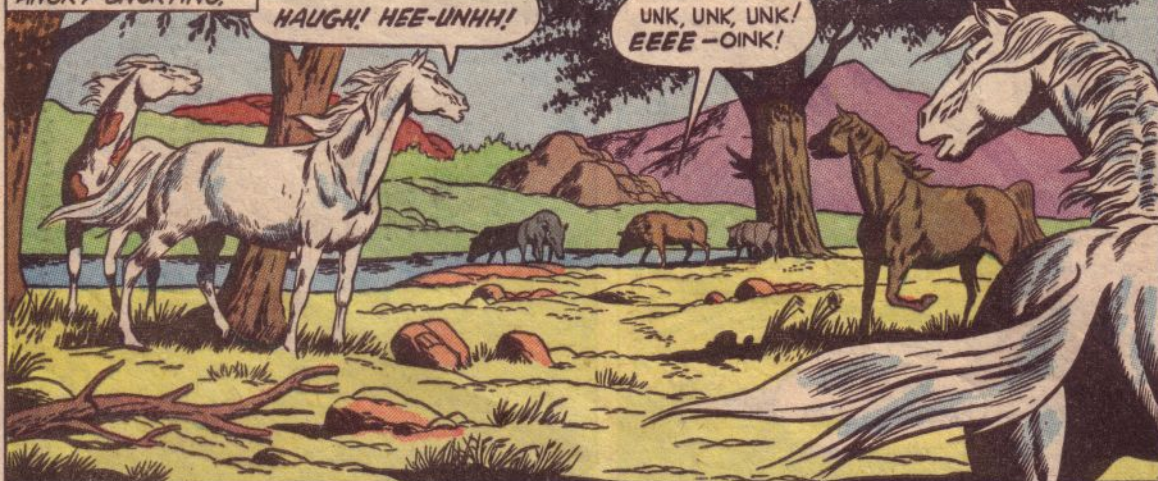
"SOME FELL PREY TO BEARS AND WOLVES--- BUT MANY LIVED TO REACH FULL SIZE!"



"WILD LIVING CHANGED THEM ALL INTO SOMETHING DIFFERENT FROM THE HOGS ONE SEES IN A FARM PEN! THERE WAS A STRAIN OF 'RAZOR-BACK' HOG IN THEM, TOO! IT MARKED THEM WITH LONG LEGS AND SNOUTS, AND LONG, SHARP TUSKS, LIKE THE ONE THAT SPOT FOUND."



"IN THE AUTUMN AFTER SILVER'S BIRTH, THE BIG, BLACK TUSKER AND SOME OF HIS OFFSPRING FOUND THEIR WAY INTO WILD HORSE VALLEY---THEY PAID NO ATTENTION TO KING SYLVAN'S ANGRY SNORTING."



HAUGH! HEE-UNHH!

UNK, UNK, UNK!  
EEEE--OINK!

"FINDING LITTLE TO INTEREST THEM IN THE DRY SEPTEMBER GRASS OF THE VALLEY, THEY MOVED INTO THE BUSHY DRAWS."



"AND THERE, ONE DAY, THE BLACK BOAR CAME UPON A MARE WHO HAD DIED."



OINK?



UNK, UNK---  
UFFFFFF!

"HIS FIRST INTENDED VICTIM WAS A YOUNG COLT WHO HAD STRAYED TOO NEAR THE THICKETS."



EEEE--EH!

"ALWAYS HUNGRY, THE LEAN WILD HOG APPROACHED---AND LEARNED FOR THE FIRST TIME THE TASTE OF HORSEMEAT."



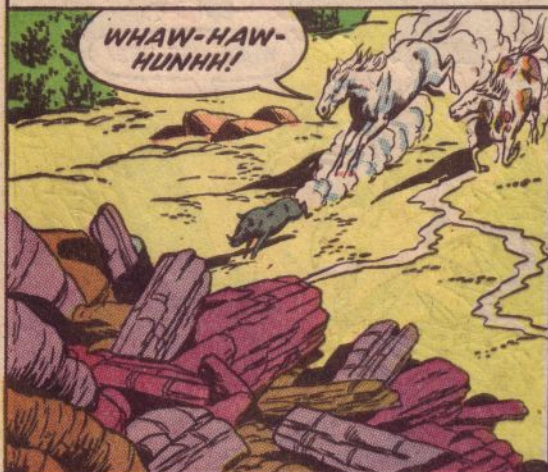
"AND THE COLT WOULD HAVE DIED, THEN AND THERE---HAD NOT SYLVAN, THE WILD HORSE KING, HAPPENED TO BE UNEXPECTEDLY CLOSE BY."



BAWW!  
EEE-UNHH!

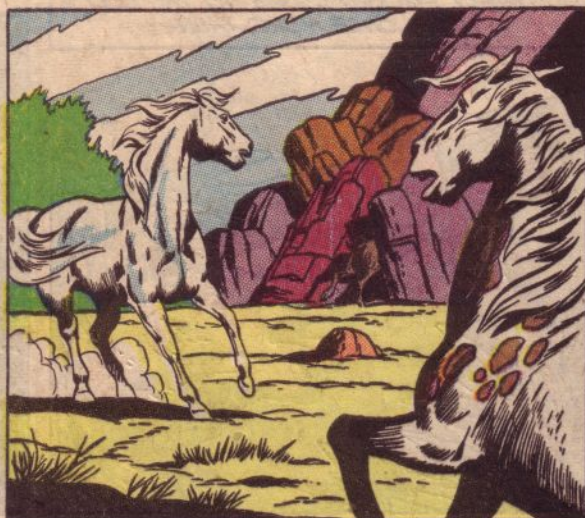
OINK---

"BRISTLE-BACK, THE WILD HOG TURNED IN HIS TRACKS AND FLED TOWARDS A PILE OF JAGGED ROCKS---

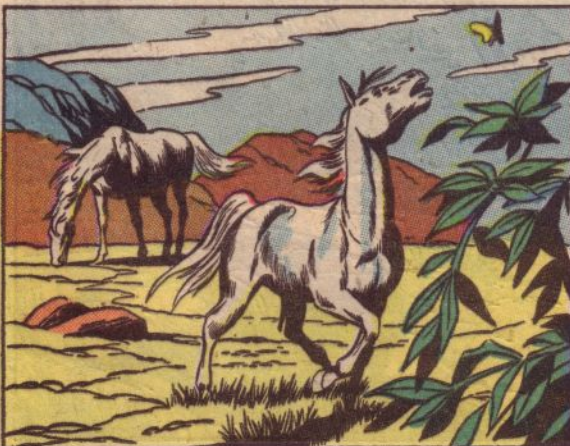


WHAW-HAW-  
HUNHH!

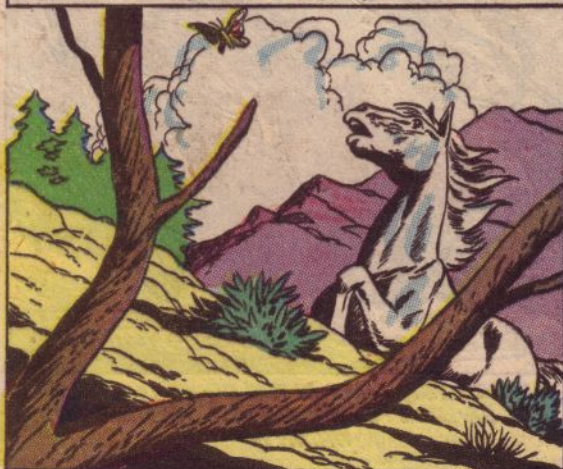
"---WHERE THE HORSES COULD NOT FOLLOW.



"A WEEK LATER, BABY SILVER STARTED OFF ON ANOTHER BUTTERFLY CHASE! ALWAYS IN THE PAST THE INSECT'S FLITTING WINGS HAD LEFT HIM FAR BEHIND---



"---BUT THIS ONE KEPT DARTING THIS WAY AND THAT JUST A FEW YARDS BEYOND SILVER'S NOSE.





"THE MOVING FLASH OF WHITE, WHICH WAS SILVER'S COAT, CAUGHT THE EYE OF AN OLD GRIZZLY BEAR, HIGH ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE! THE BEAR'S EYESIGHT, LIKE THAT OF ALL HIS KIND WAS POOR---



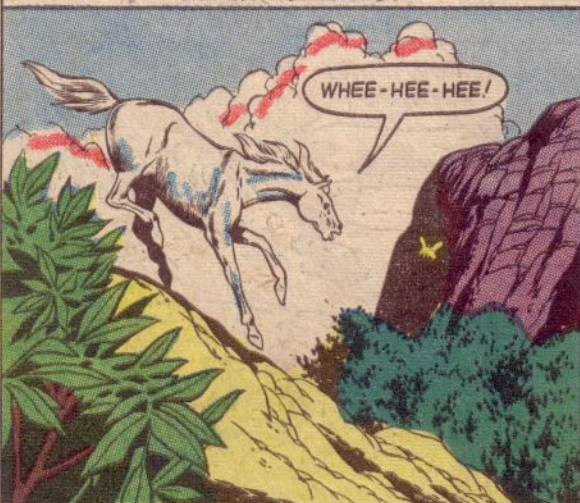
"---BUT HIS SENSE OF SMELL WAS SUPER-KEEN! IT CAUGHT THE SCENT OF YOUNG HORSEFLESH, BORNE UPWARD ON THE MOUNTAIN BREEZE! AND THE OLD BEAR STARTED DOWN!"



"AS IF PURPOSELY LURING SILVER ON, THE BUTTERFLY FLICKED CLOSE TO THE COLT'S NOSE, ONCE MORE, THEN---



"---DARTED DOWN INTO A BRUSHY DRAW! SILVER FOLLOWED."

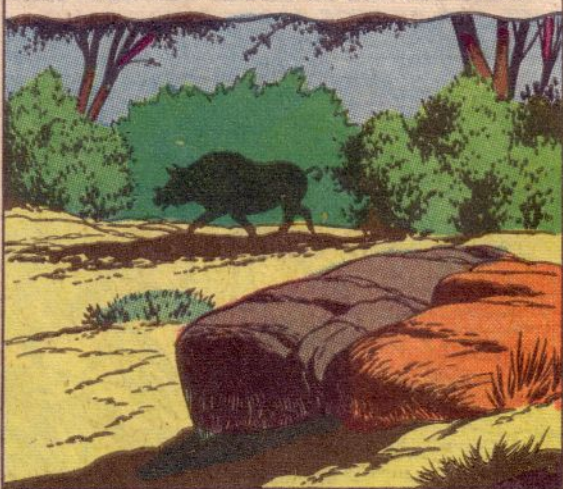


WHEE-HEE-HEE-HEE!



"IN HIS NEST, DEEP IN THE DRAW'S UNDERBRUSH, OLD BRISTLE-BACK HEARD THE INFANTILE WHINNY---

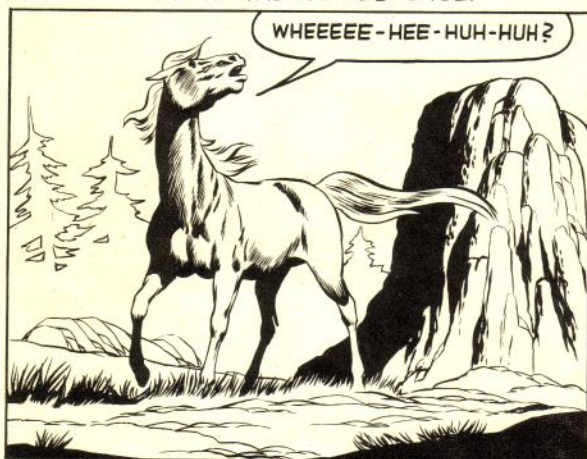
"---AND CAME SILENTLY TO INVESTIGATE--- THIS TIME HE HOPED FOR BETTER LUCK!"



**DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**



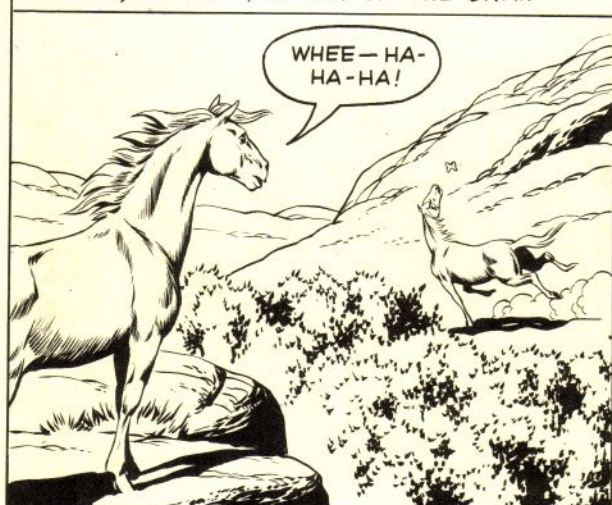
"MEANWHILE, MOUSSA, SILVER'S GENTLE MOTHER AWOKE TO THE FACT THAT HER INFANT WAS NOT IN SIGHT! SHE CALLED HIM, ANXIOUSLY---BUT THERE WAS NO RESPONSE."



"CASTING ABOUT SHE FOUND HIS SCENT TRAIL---AND FOLLOWED IT AS FAST AS SHE COULD."



"AT LAST, SHE SAW HIM, STILL BUTTERFLY-HUNTING, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DRAW---"



"---BUT AT THAT INSTANT AN UGLY, BULLET-SHAPED, BLACK FORM LUNGED OUT OF THE BRUSH WITH LONG TUSKS GLEAMING! SILVER SHRIEKED AND LEAPED TOWARD A ROCK---"

"---ONLY TO DODGE DESPERATELY ASIDE FROM THE GRIM SHAPE WHICH ROSE FROM BEHIND IT!"

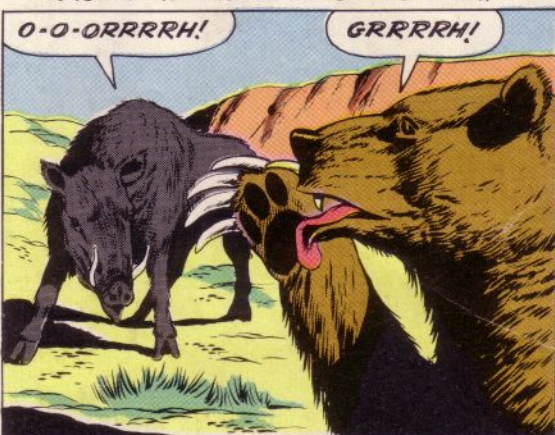


"STARTLED BY THE BLACK BOAR'S VICIOUS CHARGE, THE GRIZZLY STRUCK OUT---MISSING SILVER'S RUMP, AND HITTING THE BOAR'S TUSKED SNOUT."





"GROWLING IN HURT SURPRISE, THE BEAR LICKED HIS TUSK-RIPPED PAW---THE WILD HOG, THOUGH ONLY A QUARTER OF THE GRIZZLY'S WEIGHT, TURNED TO FIGHT, RAGING AT THE LOSS OF HIS PREY."



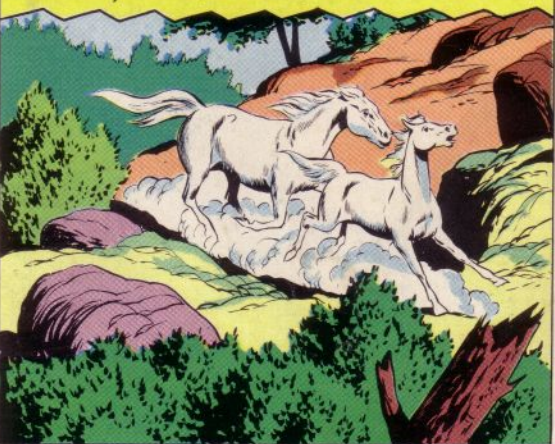
"AS SUDDEN AS A BULLET, THE WILD TUSKER DROVE AT THE BEAR'S BELLY---AND RIPPED A SHAGGY LEG! AT THE SAME INSTANT THE GRIZZLY STRUCK!"



"WITH A SQUEAL OF PAIN AND FURY, BRISTLEBACK THREW AWAY HIS CAUTION---AND HIS LIFE."



"---MAKING ONE LESS ENEMY TO THREATEN THE LIFE OF LITTLE SILVER--- THOUGH NEITHER HE NOR MOUSSA KNEW IT AT THE MOMENT, AS THEY FLED DOWN THE DRAW."



"THE BEAR WITH HIS WOUNDED PAW HAD NO WISH TO FOLLOW! THE BOAR MIGHT BE TOUGH PORK---BUT AT LEAST HE WOULD NOT HAVE TO CATCH IT!"