

DELL

APRIL - JUNE

THE LONE RANGER'S FAMOUS HORSE

10c

SILVER

HI-YO



Another Outstanding Award for Dell Comics

FOR OUTSTANDING SERVICE TO YOUTH



CITATION

AWARDED TO

MR. GEORGE T. DELACORTE, JR.
PRESIDENT OF DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.
PUBLISHERS OF DELL COMICS

FOR HIS SUPPORT OF THE CIVIL AIR PATROL
AND FOR HIS CONTINUING EFFORTS IN BEHALF
OF THE BETTERMENT OF AMERICAN YOUTH.

Lucas V. Beau

MAJOR GENERAL LUCAS V. BEAU, USAF
NATIONAL COMMANDER, CIVIL AIR PATROL
AUXILIARY OF THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE



Mr. George T. Delacorte, Jr., publisher of Dell Comics, receiving the Civil Air Patrol citation for Outstanding Service to Youth from Major General Lucas V. Beau, USAF. The award was presented in recognition of Mr. Delacorte's maintenance of the Dell Comic line as clean and wholesome children's entertainment. Left to right: Col. Draper F. Henry, USAF, Deputy Commander CAP; Major General Lucas V. Beau, USAF, Commander CAP; George T. Delacorte, Jr.; Hon. John I. Lerom, Asst. Sec. USAF, and Col. C. Short, USAF.



We are particularly proud of this recognition of Dell Comics by the Civil Air Patrol, official auxiliary of the United States Air Force. The CAP, by stimulating interest in aviation among the youth of America, is a vital force in our national defense. At the same time, by promoting this healthy interest in aviation and flying, the CAP serves as an effective deterrent to juvenile delinquency throughout the United States. We suggest that boys and girls, aged 15 years and older, investigate the possibilities of joining the CAP unit in your locality. For information about the Civil Air Patrol, what it is, what it does, and how you may join, contact your nearest Air Force Recruiting office.

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

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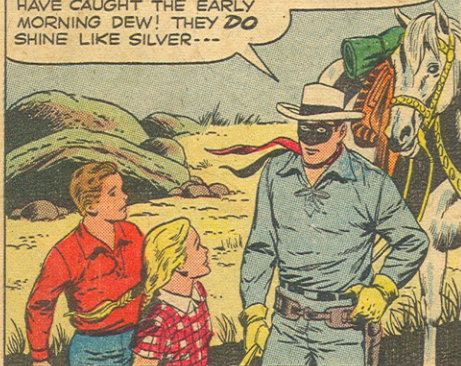
SILVER

KEENAY'S WEB FOR SILVER

OH!! WHAT ARE THEY LONE RANGER—THOSE LITTLE PLATES OF SILVER, SHINING IN THE SUN?

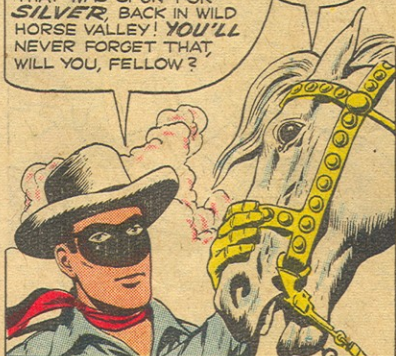


THOSE ARE LITTLE SPIDER WEBS JEANNE! THEY ARE ATTACHED TO THE GRASS STEMS AND HAVE CAUGHT THE EARLY MORNING DEW! THEY DO SHINE LIKE SILVER---



---AND THAT REMINDS ME OF A MUCH BIGGER WEB THAT WAS SPUN FOR SILVER, BACK IN WILD HORSE VALLEY! YOU'LL NEVER FORGET THAT WILL YOU, FELLOW?

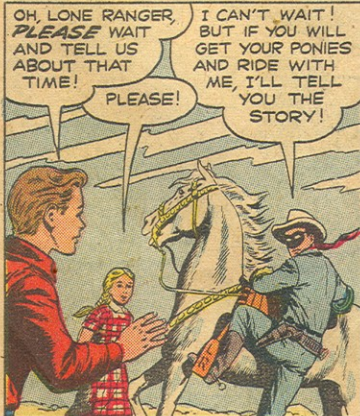
UH-HUH -HUH!



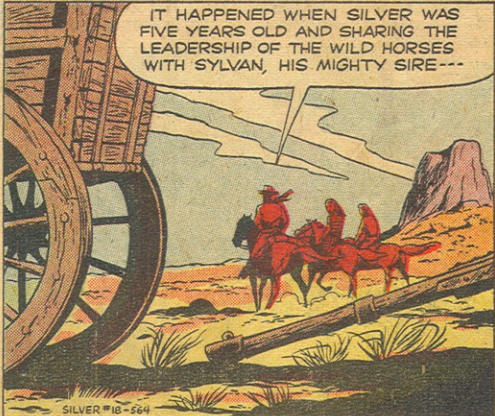
OH, LONE RANGER, PLEASE WAIT AND TELL US ABOUT THAT TIME!

PLEASE!

I CAN'T WAIT! BUT IF YOU WILL GET YOUR PONIES AND RIDE WITH ME, I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY!



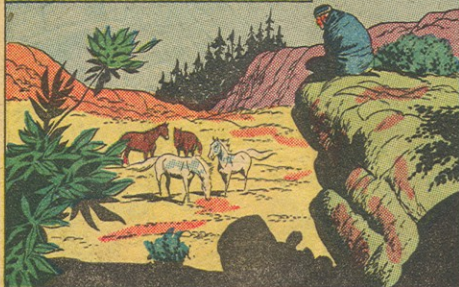
IT HAPPENED WHEN SILVER WAS FIVE YEARS OLD AND SHARING THE LEADERSHIP OF THE WILD HORSES WITH SYLVAN, HIS MIGHTY SIRE---



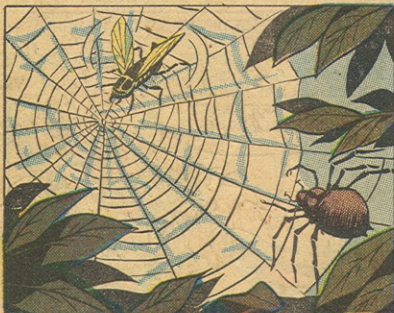
SILVER #18-564

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

"ONE DAY, OLD KEENAY, THE APACHE, SAT LIKE A BROWN BUZZARD ON A CRAG OVERLOOKING WILD HORSE VALLEY—BROODING OVER HIS MANY FAILURES TO CATCH AND HOLD THE WONDERFUL SILVER COLT WHOM HE HAD SET HIS HEART ON.



"SUDDENLY, A LARGE FLYING BEETLE WHIZZED PAST KEENAY'S NOSE TO LAND IN THE MIDDLE OF A TOUGH SPIDER WEB."



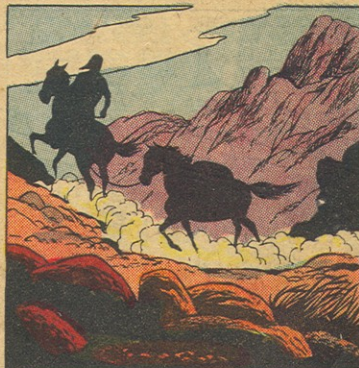
"WITH STRONG WINGS AND LEGS, THE BEETLE STRUGGLED—BUT HE COULD NOT BREAK THE WEB'S TOUGH STRANDS---AND AFTER AWHILE RESTED, HELPLESS.

"KEENAY'S QUICK MIND SAW A LESSON IN THE SPIDER'S WEB! HE SPRANG TO HIS FEET---"

UGH! THE SILVER COLT IS TOO SWIFT AND WARY TO BE **ROPED**—BUT A **NET** WOULD HOLD HIM!

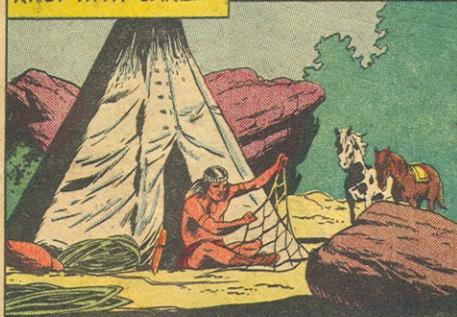


"--AND, AN HOUR LATER, HE WAS RIDING BACK TO APACHE LAND, TO COLLECT MATERIALS FOR HIS NET.

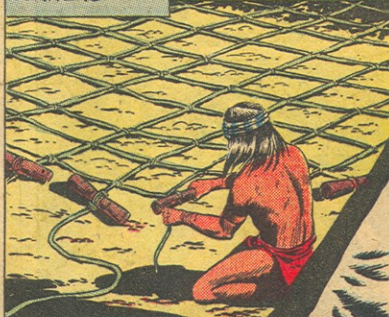


"DAYS LATER, HE RETURNED LEADING A LOADED PACK ANIMAL.

"NOW HE HAD THE MATERIALS FOR A 'WEB' WHICH COULD HOLD A CATCH AS POWERFUL AS THE PRINCE OF WILD HORSES! HIS CLEVER BROWN HANDS FASHIONED EACH KNOT WITH CARE."



"ALONG THE EDGES, HE FASTENED SHORT, THICK STICKS OF WOOD FOR WEIGHTS AND CLOGS---AND HE LEFT LONG ROPES TRAILING FROM THE CORNERS---"



"AFTER RUBBING THE WHOLE NET WITH GREEN PINE NEEDLES, TO KILL THE HUMAN SCENT ON IT, KEENAY CARRIED IT TO A LITTLE SPRING BACK IN A WOODY DRAW THAT LED OUT OF WILD HORSE VALLEY."



THE SILVER COLT COMES HERE TO DRINK ON CERTAIN NIGHTS---BUT NEVER IN DAYLIGHT! HE WILL NOT SEE MY "WEB."

"HE THEN FASTENED ALL THE TRIGGER CORDS TO ONE STOUT JERKLINE---AND LET THE JERKLINE DOWN INTO A DENSE THICKET! THE 'WEB' WAS READY TO CATCH ITS PREY!"



THE NIGHT WIND ALWAYS BLOWS FROM THE SPRING TOWARD THIS SPOT--- WHERE I WILL WAIT!

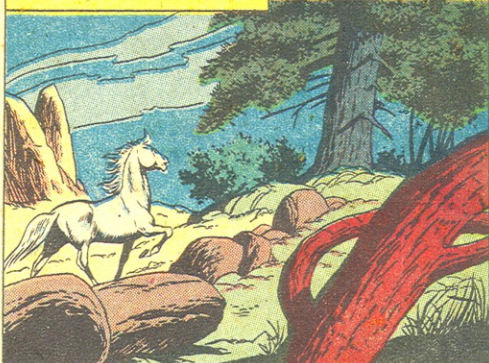
"WITH LITTLE WOODEN TRIGGERS, THE APACHE FASTENED THE NET ABOVE THE SPRING."

"NIGHT AFTER NIGHT THE OLD HORSE HUNTER WAITED IN THE THICKET DOWNWIND FROM THE SPRING. AT LAST HE HEARD THE CLICK OF A HOOF ON STONE."

UGH! HORSE COMES!

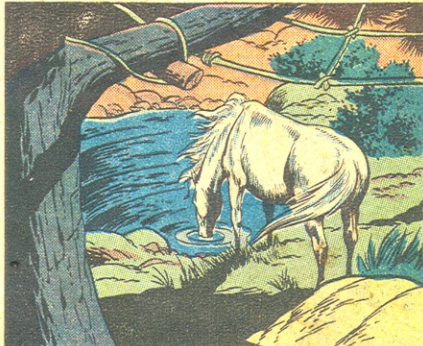
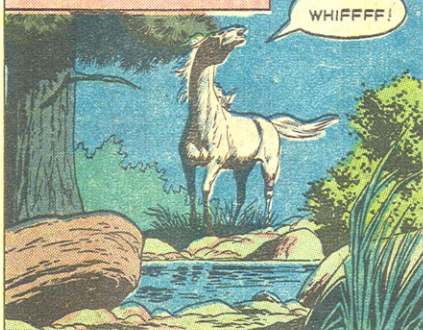


"UP THE ROCKY TRAIL TO THE SPRING MOVED A GREAT, WHITE HORSE."



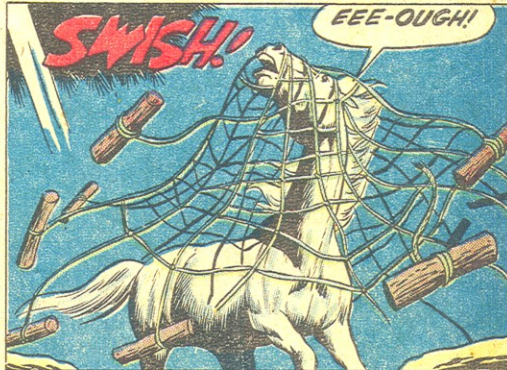
"WITHIN SIGHT OF IT, HE PAUSED, SNIFFING THE AIR...BUT THE BREEZE BLEW TOWARD KEENAY, AS THE OLD INDIAN HAD PLANNED."

WHIFFFF!



"SATISFIED THAT NO DANGER LURKED WITHIN SCENT OR SOUND, HE BENT HIS PROUD HEAD AND DRANK DEEPLY."

"AT THAT MOMENT, KEENAY PULLED THE JERKLINE."

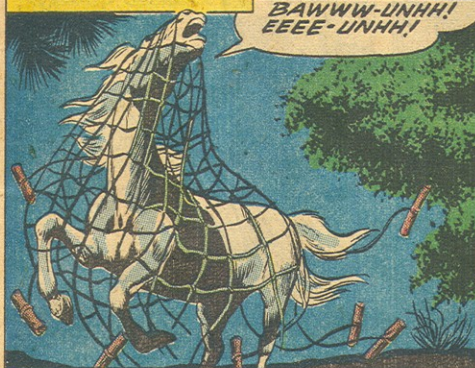


EEE-OUGH!

"THE NET FELL TRUE! THE STALLION SQUATTED AND NEIGHED IN WILD ALARM."

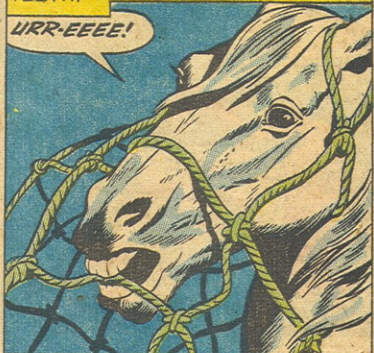
"BAWLING AND KICKING, HE FOUGHT THE CLINGING TERROR---"

BAWWW-UNHH!
EEEE-UNHH!



"---BUT THE TOUGH MESHES RESISTED EVEN HIS POWERFUL TEETH."

URR-EEEE!

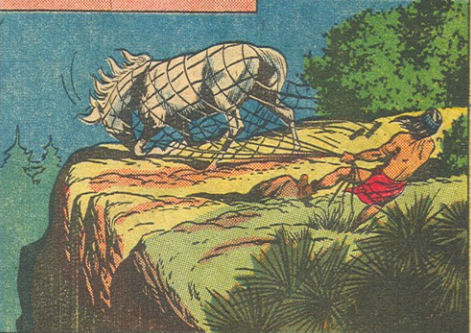


"AS A LAST RESORT, HE PLUNGED TOWARD THE DROP OF A PRECIPICE WHICH FELL FIFTY FEET TO BROKEN ROCKS BELOW---BUT KEENAY HAD NO INTENTION OF LOSING HIS PRIZE THAT WAY."

HURR-UNHH-UNHH!

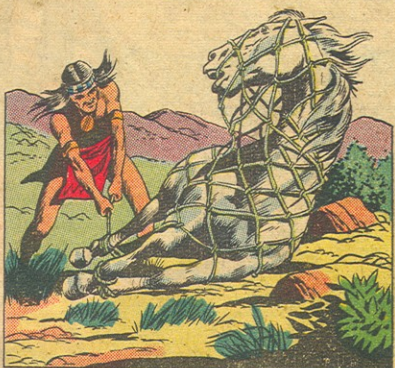
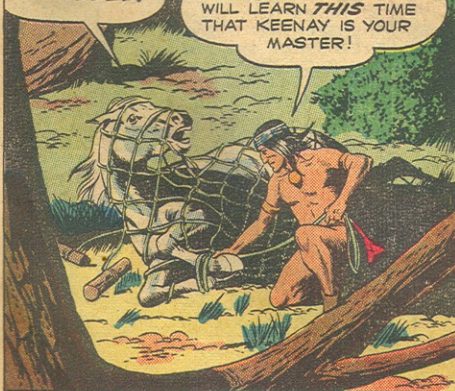


"CATCHING ONE OF THE TRAILING ROPES, THE APACHE THREW HIS WHOLE WEIGHT INTO A BACKWARD JERK---AND BROUGHT THE GREAT HORSE TO HIS KNEES."



UR-EEEEEE!

FIGHT, SILVER COLT! YOU WILL LEARN *THIS* TIME THAT KEENAY IS YOUR MASTER!



"EXPERTLY, HE USED THE TRAILING ROPES TO TIE ALL FOUR OF HIS CAPTIVE'S LEGS."



NO SPIDER EVER HELD A FLY IN A BETTER WEB THAN THAT! I WILL LEAVE YOU, SILVER COLT, UNTIL MORNING!



"BRINGING HIS BLANKET FROM THE THICKET, THE OLD HUNTER ROLLED UP BESIDE HIS TRUSSED QUARRY."

AND NOW---FOR THE FIRST NIGHT IN MANY --I WILL SLEEP!



"THE SUN'S FIRST RAYS WAKED HIM, HOURS LATER--- HE YAWNED AND STRETCHED---"

AHHHH-HUMMM!



"---AND STEPPED OVER TO EXAMINE THE WHITE STALLION."

NOW, SILVER COLT, WE SHALL SEE---



AHHH! YOU ARE NOT THE SILVER COLT! THAT OLD SCAR ON YOUR SHOULDER---

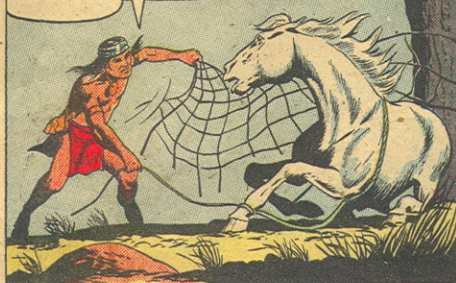


I HAVE CAUGHT THE SIRE --NOT THE SON! BUT NEXT TO SILVER COLT, YOU ARE THE GREATEST HORSE I'VE EVER SEEN! IF I CAN RIDE YOU BACK TO APACHE LAND, I WILL BE HONORED!

"AFTER THE FIRST SHOCK, THE OLD WARRIOR TOOK HIS DISAPPOINTMENT CALMLY."

"REMOVING ALL SYLVAN'S BONDS, EXCEPT A FOOT-ROPE AND A TRIP-ROPE, KEENAY TOSSED THE NET ASIDE."

RISE, NOW, WHITE KING — AND LEARN TO OBEY YOUR MASTER!



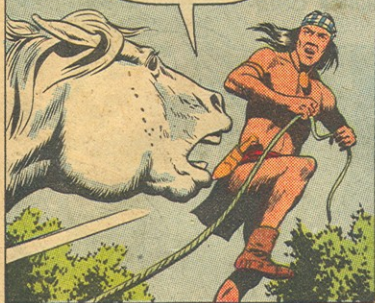
"CAUTIOUSLY, SYLVAN RAISED HIMSELF ON HIS LEFT FOREFOOT—"

HUNHH!



"—THEN WITH A ROAR OF FURY, HE SPRANG AT HIS CAPTOR! HE NEARLY CAUGHT KEENAY OFF GUARD."

EEEEOUGH!



HOH! I WILL CURE YOU OF THAT!

—UNHH!



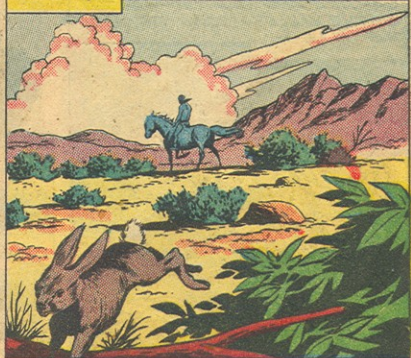
"BUT A JERK ON THE TRIP-ROPE BROUGHT THE STALLION TO HIS KNEES, IN SOFT GROUND."

"BY SKILLFUL WORK, KEENAY MOVES SYLVAN UP THE DRAW—"

HOH! GET ON, WHITE KING! WE ARE HEADED FOR APACHE LAND!



"AND THAT NOON SEES THEM OUT OF THE HILLS, FAR FROM WILD HORSE VALLEY."



"THAT EVENING, DISTURBED BY HIS SIRE'S LONG ABSENCE, YOUNG SILVER STARTED ON SYLVAN'S SCENT TRAIL.



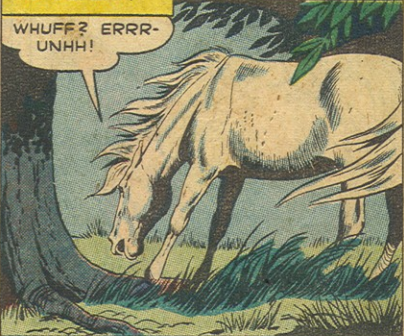
"THOUGH TWENTY HOURS OLD, IT LED HIM QUICKLY TO THE LONE PINE WHICH MARKED THE SPRING.



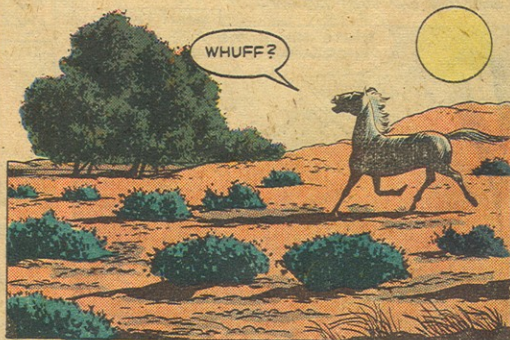
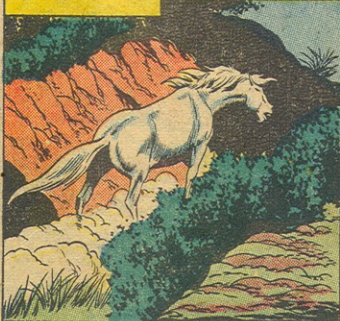
"THERE, THE MINGLED SCENTS OF SYLVAN AND KEENAY BROUGHT HIM SWIFT ALARM--"



"THEN CAME ANGER, AS HE READ THROUGH HIS MARVELOUS SENSE OF SMELL, THE STORY OF SYLVAN'S FIGHT AND DEFEAT!"

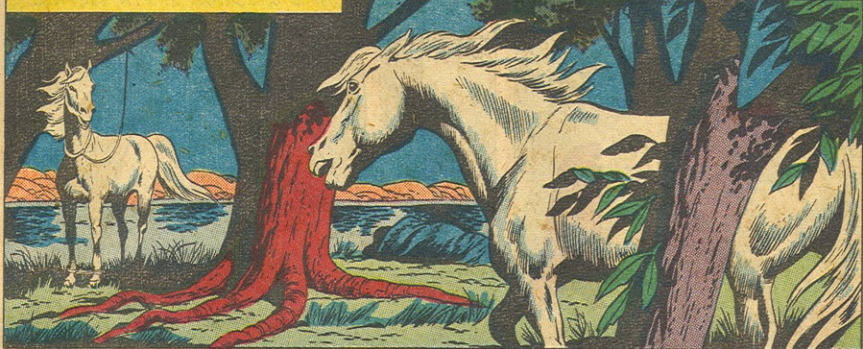


"MOMENTS LATER, HE WAS RACING ALONG THE TRAIL OF CAPTIVE AND CAPTOR---UP OUT OF THE VALLEY---DOWN THROUGH THE HILLS---



"ACROSS A SAGEBRUSH PLAIN, TOWARD THE GREAT RIVER, THE TRAIL LED---AND THERE, A WIND-BORNE SCENT WARNED SILVER THAT HIS ENEMY WAS NEAR.

"GHOSTLY SILENT, THE YOUNG PRINCE OF WILD HORSE VALLEY MOVED TO THE WATER'S EDGE. THERE STOOD SYLVAN, HIS SIRE, HOBBOLED AND TIED TO A TREE--- WHILE KEENAY LAY SLEEPING."



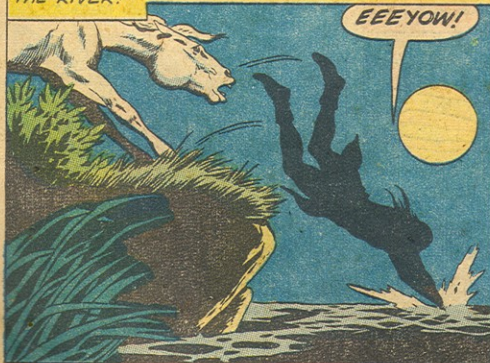
"BRIEFLY, HE TOUCHED THE OLDER HORSE--"

"---THEN MOVED CLOSE TO HIS SLEEPING ENEMY, AND VOICED A SCREAM OF FIGHTING RAGE."



"KEENAY REACTED LIKE A STARTLED WOLF! IN ONE BOUND HE WAS OVER THE BANK AND INTO THE RIVER!"

EEYYOW!



WHEE - HEE - HAW -
HAW - HAW - UH!



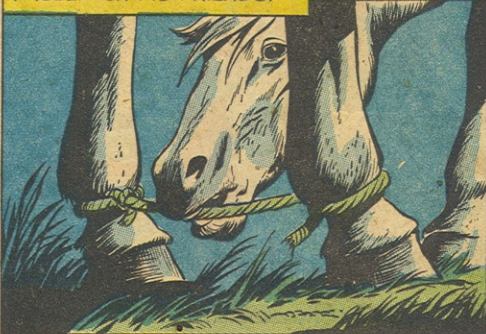
"AS HIS HEAD CAME UP TO THE SURFACE, YARDS DOWNSTREAM, SILVER'S CHALLENGE AND TAUNT RANG OUT LIKE A TRUMPET CALL."

"NICKERING GENTLY, HE TURNED BACK TO WILD HORSE VALLEY'S CAPTIVE KING."

HUH-HUH-HUH?

EEEE-UH-HUH-HUH!

"THE ROPES WHICH HELD SYLVAN IN HATEFUL BONDAGE WERE NO MYSTERY TO SILVER! MORE THAN ONCE HE HAD USED HIS TEETH TO FREE HIMSELF OR HIS FRIENDS."



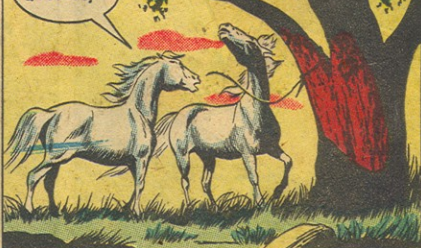
"IT WAS A LONG, HARD JOB, HOWEVER — FOR KEENAY HAD TIED HIS KNOTS WELL, AND THE ROPES THEMSELVES WERE TOUGH."

HO, HO, HO!

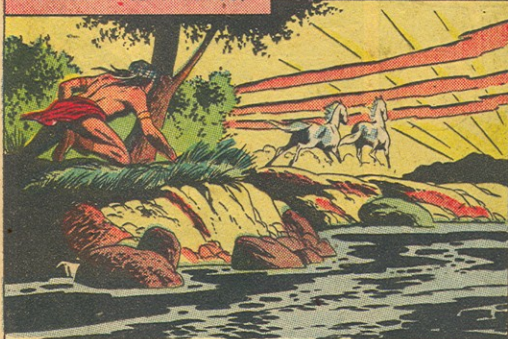


"DAWN BROKE, BEFORE THE LAST ROPE WAS OFF — AND MIGHTY SYLVAN'S PRIDE RETURNED WITH FREEDOM!"

HUH-UNHH!



"SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, THE TWO MAGNIFICENT WILD HORSES, FATHER AND SON, RACED AWAY — ACROSS THE PLAIN — WHILE KEENAY, THE HUNTER, WATCHED FROM HIDING."



O MEDICINE HORSE! O SILVER COLT! GREAT IS YOUR WISDOM AND POWER! BUT OLD KEENAY WILL YET BE YOUR MASTER!



"BUT DEFEAT ONLY HARDENED THE APACHE'S DETERMINATION TO OUTWIT SILVER, EVEN IF IT TOOK THE REST OF HIS LIFE."

SILVER

AND THE WILD GOOSE

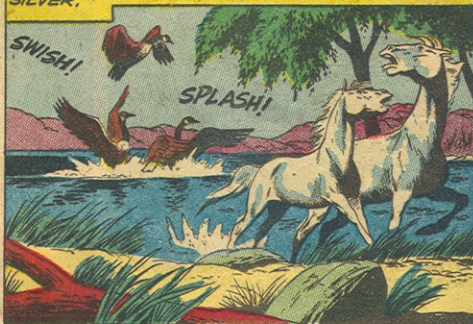
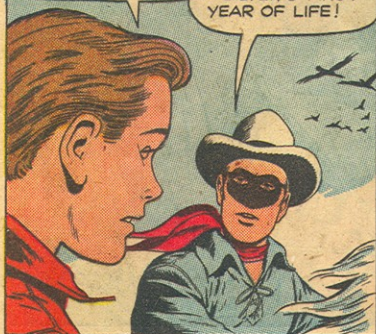
ONE EARLY SPRING MORNING, AS THE LONE RANGER AND HIS SMALL FRIENDS RIDE OUT AHEAD OF THE COVERED WAGON TRAIN, THE CRY OF NORTH-BOUND WILD GEESSE FLOATS DOWN TO THEM.

HONK---KEE-HONK! KEE-HO-O-ONK!
WHEE-HEE-HEE-HEE!

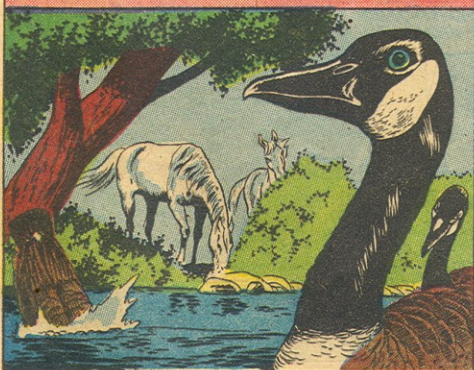
LONE RANGER, *WHY* DID SILVER CALL BACK TO THE WILD GEESSE?

THE ANSWER, LONNIE, GOES BACK TO SILVER'S FIRST YEAR OF LIFE!

"IN THAT YEAR, WHEN SILVER WAS JUST LEARNING THE USE OF HIS LONG, COLT LEGS, A SMALL FLOCK OF GEESSE ALIGHTED IN WILD HORSE CREEK, STARTLING MOUSSA AND BABY SILVER."



"BUT A SECOND LOOK REASSURED MOUSSA--- AND CURIOSITY DREW LITTLE SILVER--"



"--WHO CREEPT CLOSE TO THE EDGE OF THE CREEK TO WATCH THE LONG-NECKED STRANGERS."



"BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER WATCHER---A CHEYENNE HUNTER, ON A RIDGE OVERLOOKING WILD HORSE VALLEY! HAVING LOCATED THE GEESE ON THE CREEK BELOW---

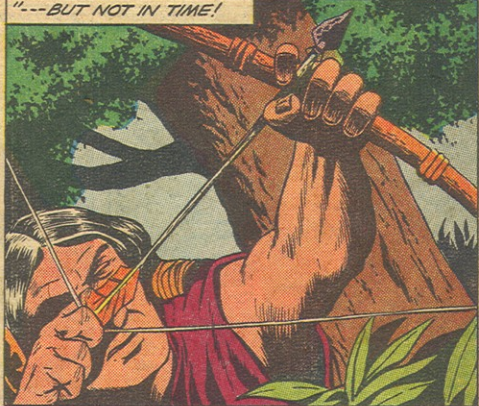


"--- HE CLIMBED DOWN THE VALLEY'S SLOPE AND STALKED THEM.



"SOME SLIGHT SOUND OR MOVEMENT AMONG THE WILLOWS MADE THE OLD GANDER SUSPICIOUS---

"---BUT NOT IN TIME!

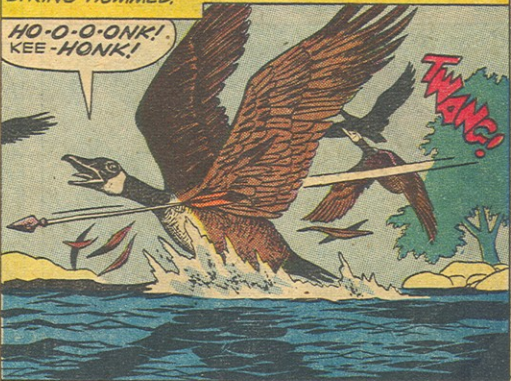


"IT WAS MOUSSA'S SNORT OF WARNING, AS SHE SUDDENLY SPOTTED THE INDIAN'S CROUCHING FORM---

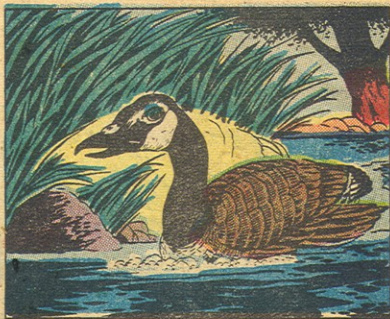
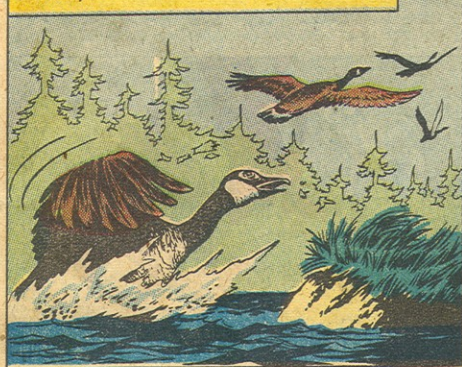
BRR-RR-RR-
RRT!

"---THAT PUT THE GEESE TO FLIGHT, AS THE BOW-STRING HUMMED."

HO-O-O-ONK!
KEE-HONK!



"A GOOSE, WITH ONE WING INJURED BY THE ARROW, CAME FLUTTERING DOWN.



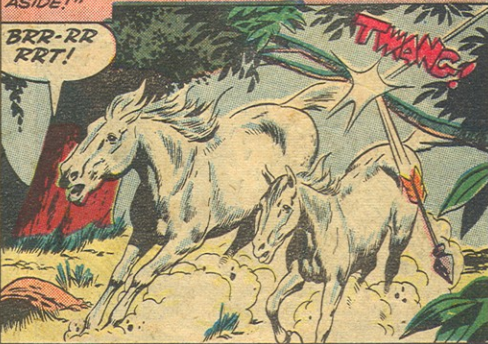
"BUT BEFORE THE HUNTER COULD LOOSE ANOTHER SHAFT, SHE SWAM QUICKLY BEHIND A GRASSY HUMMOCK, MANY OF WHICH DOTTED THIS PART OF THE CREEK.



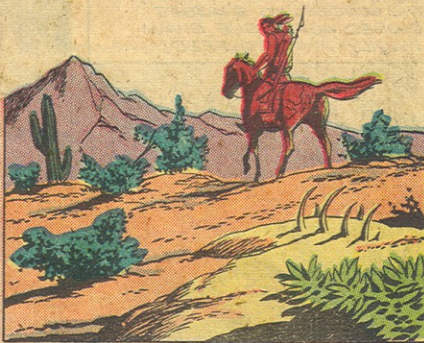
"FURIOUSLY THE CHEYENNE GLARED ABOUT HIM, SEEKING THE ANIMAL WHICH HAD COST HIM HIS GAME.

"THE BOWSTRING HUMMED AGAIN, AS MOUSSA PLUNGED THROUGH THE ALDERS IN FLIGHT--- BUT A TWIG TURNED THE DEADLY ARROW ASIDE!"

BRR-RR
RRT!



"STILL NURSING HIS ANGER, THE CHEYENNE CLIMBED BACK OVER THE RIDGE---

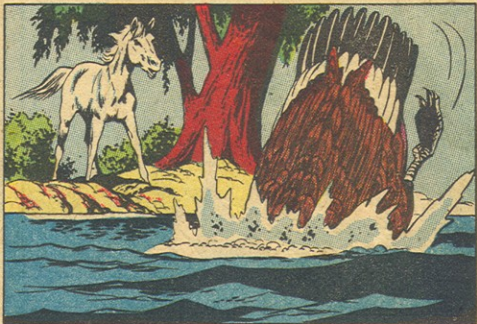


"---AND RODE AWAY, BLAMING WILD HORSE VALLEY'S 'MEDICINE' FOR HIS BAD LUCK.

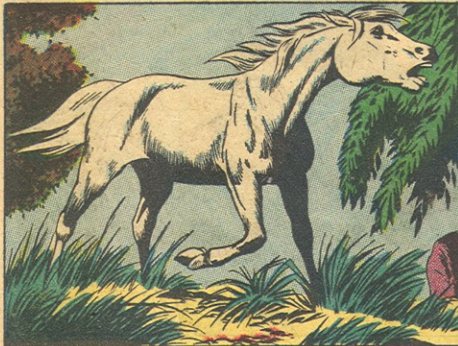
AS HER WING BEGAN TO HEAL, THE INJURED GOOSE VENTURED OUT FROM AMONG THE SHELTERING HUMMOCKS---



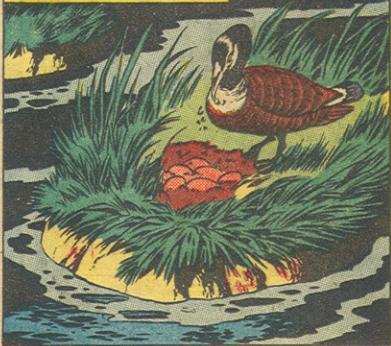
---AND FED ON THE WEED ROOTS WHICH LINED THE CREEK BOTTOM -- WHILE LITTLE SILVER WATCHED HER! SHE HAD GROWN USED TO THE SIGHT OF WILD HORSES.



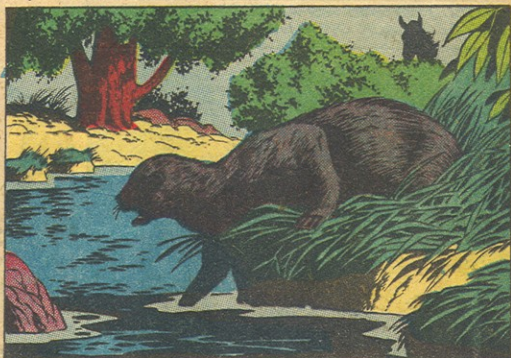
"ONE DAY SILVER'S EYES WIDENED WITH MORE THAN USUAL CURIOSITY! FROM WHERE HE HAPPENED TO STAND HE COULD SEE ---



---THE GOOSE COVERING A NESTFUL OF EGGS WITH DOWN PLUCKED FROM HER OWN BREAST.



"WITH THE NEST COVERED, AND THE CONCEALING GRASSES CLOSED AGAIN, SHE SWAM WARILY AWAY TO FEED!



"BUT SILVER KEPT HIS PLACE---AND A FEW MINUTES LATER SAW A SLINKING, BLACK ANIMAL ENTER THE WATER, HEADED FOR THE HUMMOCKS.

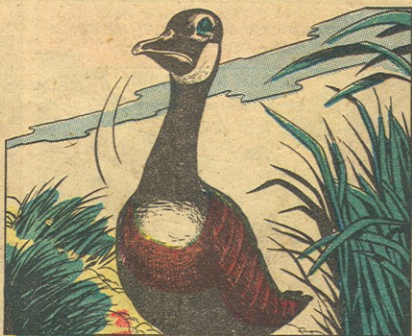
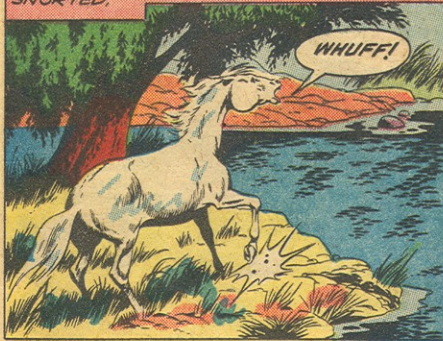
"IT WAS A FISHER, A LARGE
RELATIVE OF THE MINK, WHOSE
KEEN SCENT HAD LED HIM TO THE
WILD GOOSE'S NESTING PLACE.



"SWIFTLY HE UNCOVERED THE EGGS, AND
LIFTED ONE IN HIS PAWS.

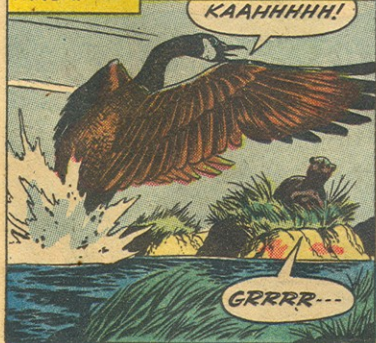


"SURE THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG (FOR
HE CAUGHT THE MINK'S HATEFUL, MUSKY
ODOR), YOUNG SILVER STAMPED AND
SNORTED."

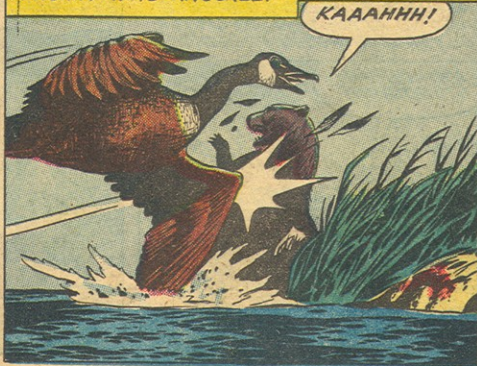


"IT WAS ENOUGH TO ALARM THE GOOSE!
WITH HER FIRST THOUGHT FOR HER
NEST, SHE CRANED TO SEE IT OVER THE
HUMMOCKS—AND SHE DID!

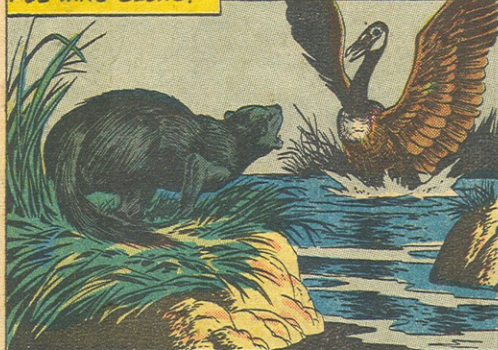
"OVER THE SURFACE SHE CAME
FLYING TO DEFEND HER EGGS! THE
FISHER GROWLED IN HIS WICKED
THROAT—"



"---AND LEAPED FOR HER THROAT! INSTEAD HE
CAUGHT A FEW FEATHERS—AND THE BLOW OF
A HORNY WING-KNUCKLE."

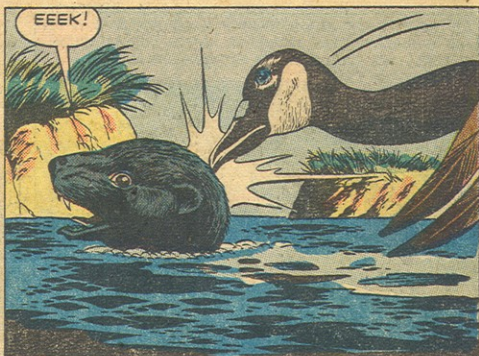


"THE FISHER FELL BACK, SNARLING, CROUCHING FOR A LEAP THAT WOULD DODGE THOSE POWERFUL WING BLOWS!"



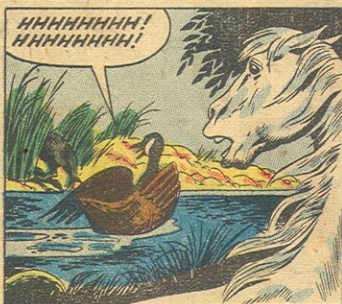
"AGAIN HE FAILED! AND THIS TIME THE BLOW NEARLY STUNNED HIM."

"IN THE WATER THE FISHER WAS AT A STILL WORSE DISADVANTAGE! HE SWAM FOR HIS LIFE -- FOR SHORE --"



"--- WITH A HARD BILL DELIVERING REGULAR HAMMER BLOWS AT THE BACK OF HIS WICKED HEAD."

"HE JUST MANAGED TO WOBBLE ASHORE INTO THE BUSHES --- WHERE THE GOOSE WISELY REFUSED TO FOLLOW HIM --- SHE PAID NO ATTENTION TO LITTLE SILVER'S POPEYED PRESENCE."

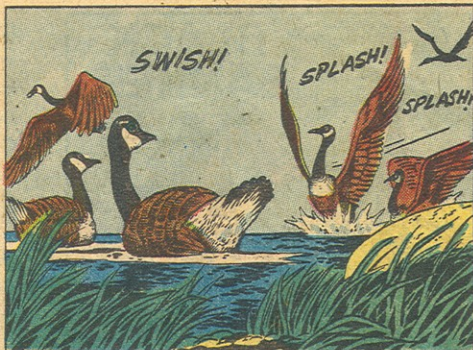
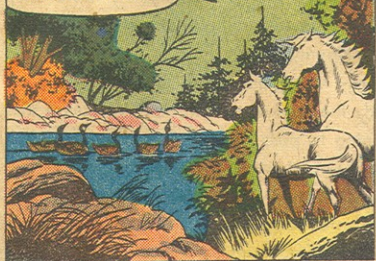


"TWO WEEKS LATER, THE NEST ON THE HUMMOCK WAS EMPTY --- AND FOUR GREENISH, FURRY GOSLINGS FOLLOWED THEIR PROUD MOTHER BETWEEN THE BANKS OF WILD HORSE CREEK."



"MONTHS LATER, WHEN FROST HAD TURNED THE LEAVES TO GOLD AND BROWN, THE WILD HONKERS FROM CANADA RETURNED."

HONK! KEE-HONK!
HONK, HONK!
HONK-EE-HONK!



"WITH A GREAT RUSH OF WINGS AND A MERRY SPLASHING, THE BIG FLOCK SETTLED BESIDE THE MOTHER AND HER GROWN YOUNG."

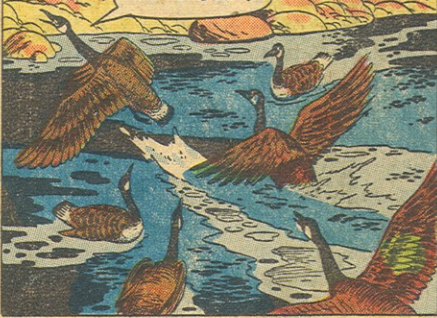
"SNORTING WITH EXCITEMENT, LITTLE SILVER PRANCED INTO VIEW."

WHIFF! WHEE
HEE-HEE!



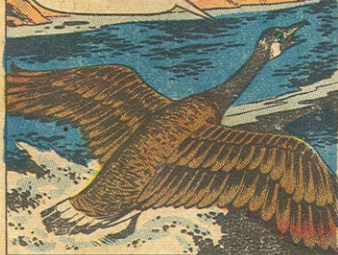
"AND THAT WAS THE SIGNAL FOR A GENERAL FLIGHT! WITH A LOUD HONK OF COMMAND THE LEADING GANDER TOOK THE AIR..."

HO-O-ONK!

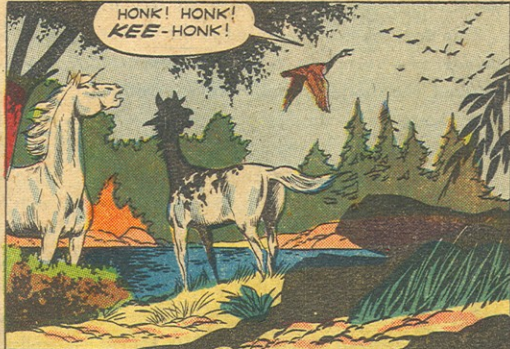


"THE YOUNG ONES ROSE EASILY WITH THE FLOCK—BUT THE MOTHER GOOSE HAD FORGOTTEN HOW TO USE HER ONCE CRIPPLED WING! DESPERATELY SHE STRUGGLED TO RISE..."

HO-O-O-O-O-ONK!
KEE-HONK!



HONK! HONK!
KEE-HONK!



"—BUT, SUDDENLY, SHE WAS IN THE AIR, GAINING CONFIDENCE WITH EVERY WING BEAT—AS LITTLE SILVER WATCHED, WITH A FEELING HE HAD LOST A REAL FRIEND!"



At five years of age, Black Banner was still a bachelor, in spite of a strength and beauty outstanding among wild horses. His coat was the color of rich cream. His legs, from the knee down to the hoof, were jet black, like his mane and plumey tail. A line of black ran along his spine from his withers to his tail—and that tail, when he ran, floated out like a great black banner. It gave him the name by which horse hunters later came to know him.

Good-natured and even-tempered, Banner had never felt like picking a fight to steal some other stallion's band of mares and colts. He traveled with a shifting group of younger bachelors. Among them, his heavily-muscled yet cat-quick strength made him the leader.

One day, the earth quivered to the distant thunder of a stampede. A long cloud of dust covered the horizon, approaching swiftly. And beneath it raced thousands of wild horses in hundreds of separate bands.

The living tide of horses caught Black Banner and swept him along. His bachelor companions scattered throughout the closely running bands—each of which was led by its own stallion-commander.

There was no stopping! Any horse, mare or colt who stumbled was instantly left behind in the path of onrushing hoofs.

Black Banner ran between the bands of a

Red Leader and a Gray. Leaping arroyos, breasting slopes, thundering down into shallow draws, the sea of horses rolled on. They swept over a prairie-dog village—and there Gray Leader plunged his foreleg into a deep hole. He somersaulted—almost in front of Black Banner!

Gray struggled up on three legs—but already the next onrushing band of horses was opening to pass him. And, having passed, it closed again!

Black Banner found himself running with Gray's mares and colts. After a long time the great stampede slowed down. The mad pace dropped from a gallop to a trot, and then to a walk.

Spent from the mad, headlong race, Black Banner could feel weariness reaching into his limbs, making them heavy. Still, he would not, could not give up. It was as though this was a challenge he must meet and emerge the victor.

Black Banner, still with Gray Leader's mares, already saw Red Leader circle them proudly—as if he owned them. At that, a fire seemed to run through Banner's veins! He suddenly hated the Red Pirate. He leaped forward with a squeal of anger to block Red's path.

Red charged like a thunderbolt. He met Black Banner, shoulder to shoulder, in rearing, screaming rage. And Red was knocked back!

He recovered, turned and struck like a wolf, with his teeth. But Banner was ready. He parried the thrusting jaws—and got his own grip. As Red tore loose, Banner was onto him with hammering hoofs. The Red Pirate went down. Banner jabbed him to his feet, chased him for a hundred yards—and let him go.

Then he turned back! With fierce authority, he rounded up both bands of mares and colts. And in the pride of ownership, he drove them toward the distant river, whose scent was borne to him on the prairie breeze.

MIDNIGHT

ERR-UNHH!

AT SIX MONTHS OF AGE, LITTLE BLACK MIDNIGHT WAS ALREADY GETTING A NAME FOR BEING MISCHIEVOUS - AND IT BOTHERED BOOTS, A TWO-YEAR OLD BACHELOR.

THE "LAST STRAW" WAS A CLOD, FLUNG BY MIDNIGHT'S FLYING HEELS.

UMPH!

ER-EEE!

WITH A SQUEAL OF ANGER, THE BACHELOR LUNGED - BUT MIDNIGHT WAS ALREADY FAR BEYOND REACH---

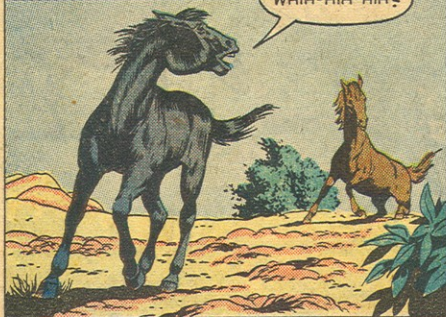
...STRAIGHT ACROSS THE HOLE-POCKED GROUND OF A PRAIRIE-DOG VILLAGE!

TOO ANGRY TO WATCH HIS FOOTING, BOOTS STEPPED IN A HOLE AND WENT END OVER END!

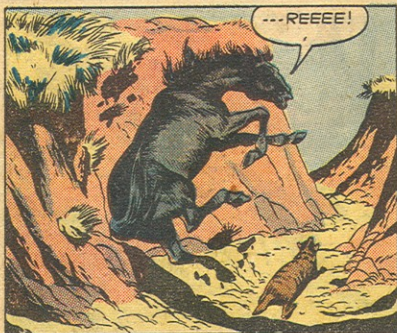
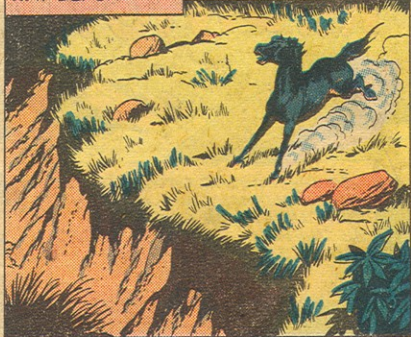
U-UNH!

MIDNIGHT STOPPED, TO SEND BACK AN INQUIRING WHINNY---BUT BOOTS, WITH A STRAINED SHOULDER, PAID THE SMALL RASCAL NO ATTENTION.

WHIH-HIH-HIH?

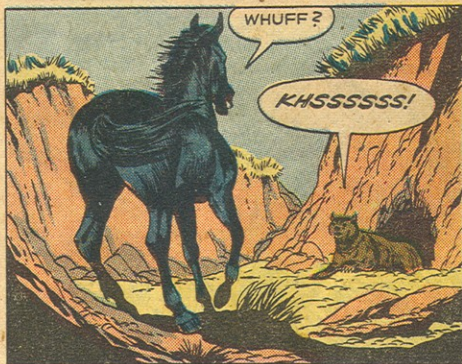


WITH A TOSS OF HIS HEAD, MIDNIGHT GALLOPED ON---TOWARD THE EDGE OF A CUT BANK! HE HAD NEVER BEEN THIS WAY BEFORE---



---REEEE!

THE OLD FELLOW BACKED TO HIS BURROW, HISSING, AS MIDNIGHT REGAINED HIS FEET.



WHUFF?

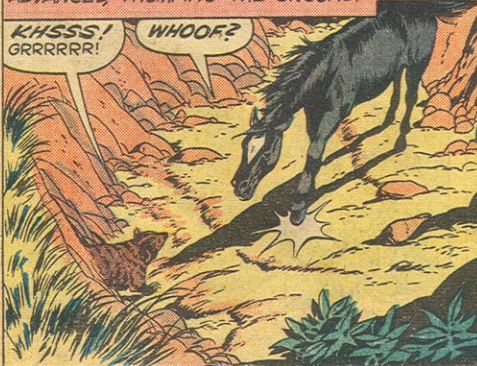
KHSSSSSS!

---AND WHEN THE EDGE GAVE WAY BENEATH HIM, HE WAS ALMOST AS SURPRISED AS THE OLD BADGER, WHO HAD BEEN SUNNING OUTSIDE HIS BURROW!

PLEASED TO FIND THAT THE STRANGE, HISSING CREATURE SEEMED AFRAID OF HIM, MIDNIGHT ADVANCED THUMPING THE GROUND.

KHSS!
GRRRRR!

WHOOF?



AS HE POKED HIS NOSE NEARER, TO "WHOOF" ANOTHER INSULT, MIDNIGHT GOT IT--A SCRATCHED NOSE!

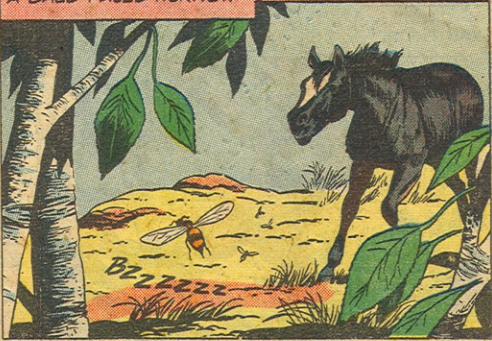
KAHSSS!



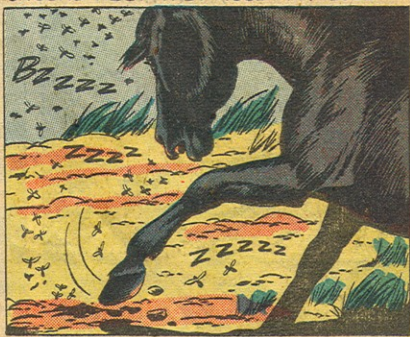
WHIMPERING TO HIMSELF, HE QUICKLY PUT DISTANCE BETWEEN HIM AND THE SURLY BADGER---



BY THE TIME HE HAD REACHED A STAND OF SHADY ASPENS, HE HAD FORGOTTEN THE SMART OF HIS SCRATCHED NOSE—AND PAUSED TO INVESTIGATE A BALD-FACED HORNET.

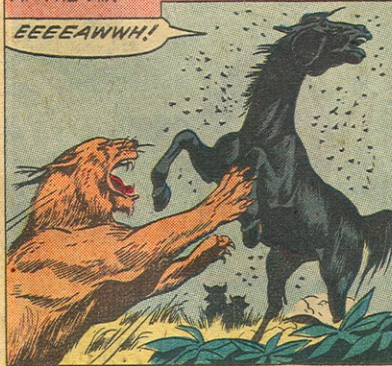


THE HORNETS INTERESTED MIDNIGHT MORE AND MORE! WHEN HE PAWED AT THE HOLE LEADING TO THEIR UNDERGROUND NEST THEY ROSE IN A CLOUD---

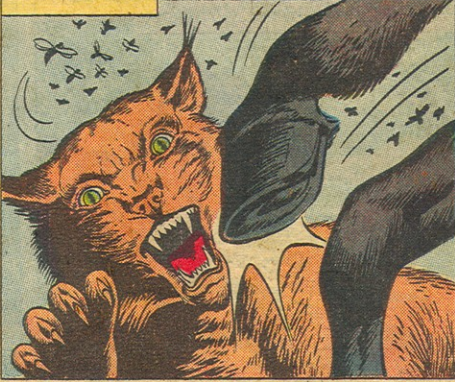


AT THE SAME TIME, A HUNGRY SHE-LYNX DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE THE CHANCES OF A DINNER OF BABY HORSE! SHE MOVED LIKE A SHADOW, FOLLOWED BY TWO KITTENS.

---AND HIT HIM ALL TOGETHER, JUST AS THE LYNX SPRANG! PAWING BLINDLY AT THE AIR--



---ONE OF HIS HARD LITTLE HOOFES HIT THE LEAPING CAT!

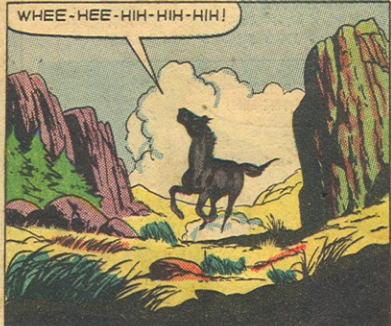


THE NEXT INSTANT, MADAME LYNX HAD HER PAWS FULL--- WITH NO TIME TO THINK OF HER APPETITE!

SCRROW!
KAH-PHTTT!



WHEE-HEE-HIH-HIH-HIH!



WITH PAINFUL STINGS RAISING LUMPS IN A DOZEN PLACES, MIDNIGHT RAN WILDLY TOWARD THE PLACE HE HAD LAST SEEN HIS MOTHER.

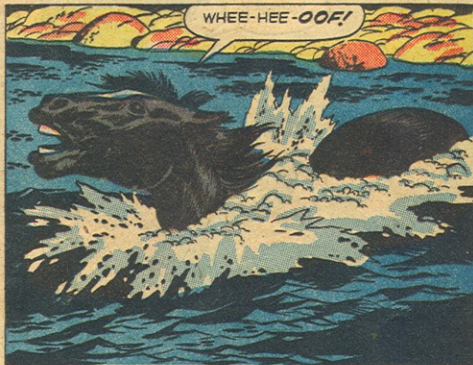
AT LAST HE SPOTTED HER ACROSS WILD HORSE CREEK!

WHEE-HEE-HEE-HEE!

WHA-HAW
HAWZ



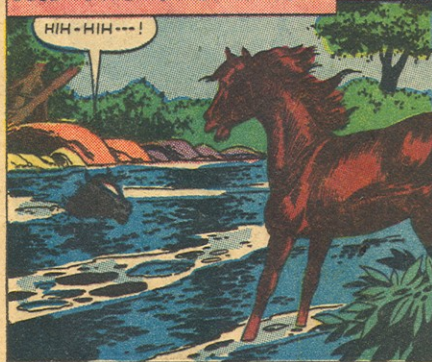
WHEE-HEE-OOF!



WITHOUT A THOUGHT OF HOW DEEP THE WATER MIGHT BE, HE PLUNGED IN---

ALL AT ONCE HE FOUND HIMSELF SWIMMING! IT WASN'T SO BAD! THE COOL WATER FELT GOOD TO HIS HORNET STINGS---

HIH-HIH---



HO, HO, HO, HO!

---IH-HIH-HIH!



---AND HIS MOTHER'S GENTLE TONGUE FELT STILL BETTER AS SHE SOOTHED HIS HURTS, THE WAY ONLY SHE COULD DO!

SILVER

OUT OF A THREATENING BRASSY SKY LOOMS THAT TERROR OF THE WESTERN PLAINS --- A **TORNADO!** AND IN ITS PATH--

AND THE WINGS OF THE WIND



ALONG THE LINE RIDES THE MASKED FIGURE OF THE LONE RANGER ON HIS SILVER MOUNT.

LEAVE YOUR WAGONS! GET INTO THAT DEEP GULLY! ALL OF YOU!



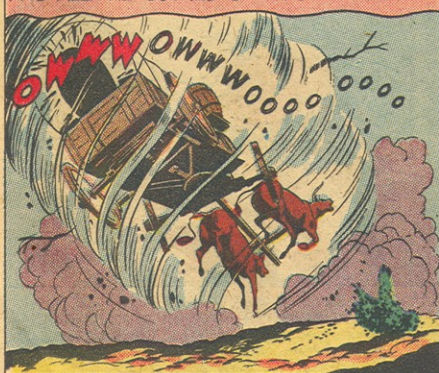
OW OW OW OW OW OW OW OW

IT'S GOING TO HIT THE LAST FEW WAGONS! MEBBE MORE ---

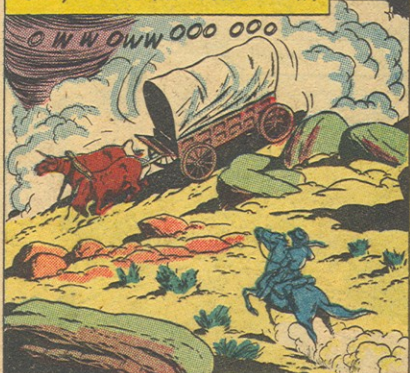


UNDER THE MENACE OF THE TWISTER'S DEAFENING HOWL, THE EMIGRANTS OBEY.

MOMENTS LATER A COVERED WAGON, OXEN AND ALL ARE SUCKED UP INTO THE AIR---

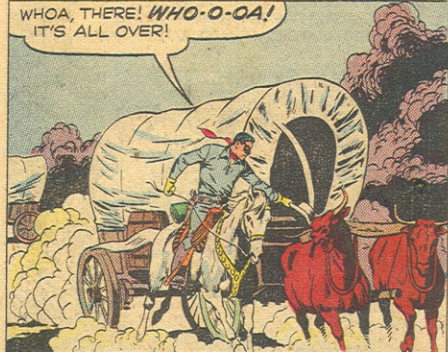


---ONLY TO BE DROPPED GENTLY DOWN AGAIN, A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY!



QUICKLY THE LONE RANGER IS BESIDE THEM, CHECKING THEIR FRIGHTENED STAMPEDE.

WHOA, THERE! *WHO-O-OA!*
IT'S ALL OVER!



WOW! I GUESS THE ONLY ONES WHO WEREN'T SCARED WERE YOU AND SILVER!

WHY WASN'T *SILVER* SCARED, LONE RANGER?



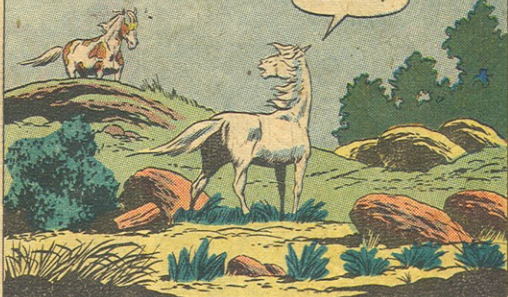
SILVER HAS MET A TORNADO BEFORE, JEANNE! WHILE WE'RE RIDING BACK TO YOUR WAGON, I'LL TELL YOU AND LONNIE ABOUT IT!

OH, DO PLEASE!



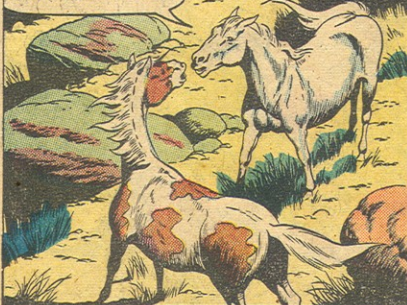
"IT HAPPENED ON ONE OF SILVER'S LONELY EXPLORATIONS OUTSIDE OF WILD HORSE VALLEY... HE HAPPENED TO MEET A STRANGE PINTO HORSE..."

WHEE - HEE - HEE
HEE-UH?

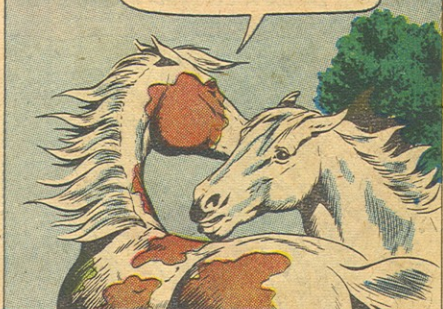


"...WHO WAS NOT A GREAT DEAL OLDER THAN HIMSELF, BUT WHOSE BACK WAS MARKED WITH FRESHLY-HEALED SADDLE SORES."

HUNH-HUNH-HUNH!

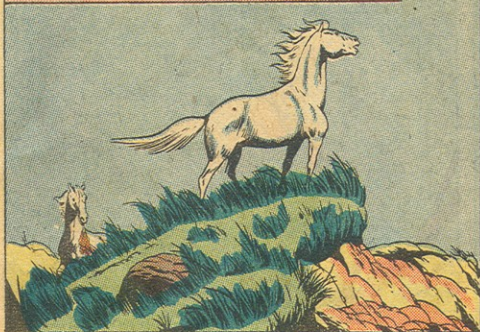


URREE-UNHH! UH-HUH-HUH!



"HORSES, LIKE MANY OTHER ANIMALS, HAVE KEEN SENSES---THE PINTO TOLD OF ESCAPE FROM HIS INDIAN CAPTORS, WHOSE CRUDE SADDLES HAD GALLED HIS BACK."

"AT THE THOUGHT OF POSSIBLE PURSUIT SILVER CLIMBED A KNOLL, AND SEARCHED THE HORIZON! BUT NO SIGN OF DANGER APPEARED.



"THEY GRAZED TOGETHER THROUGH THE MORNING---UNTIL A SULTRY HEAT OVERSPREAD THE PRAIRIE---THE FORERUNNER OF A STORM! THEN THEY LOOKED FOR SHADE---



"AS IT HAPPENED A HUNTING COUGAR SAW THEM COMING---HE WAS DOWNWIND---

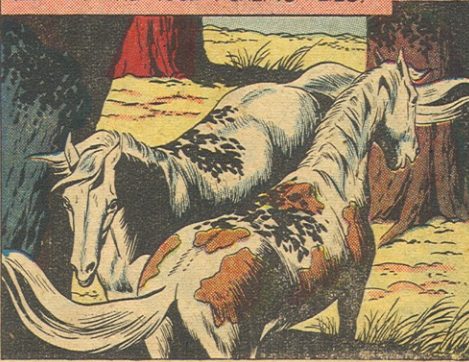


"---AND CROUCHED LOW ON HIS COTTON-WOOD LIMB! HE HOPED THEY WOULD PASS BENEATH!

"AS A MATTER OF FACT, THEY STOPPED ALMOST UNDER THE TREE AND LOOKED AROUND---



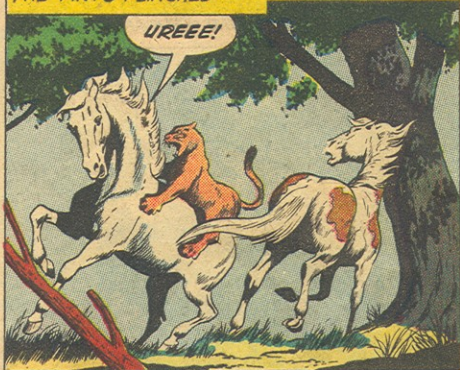
"THEN THEY STOOD RESTING, FLANK TO FLANK AND NOSE TO TAIL, SWITCHING EACH OTHER TO KEEP OFF THE NOSE-TICKLING FLIES.



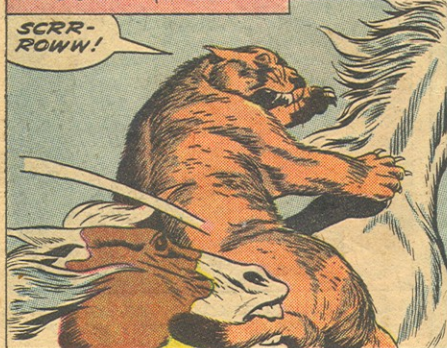
"AS SILENT AS A SHADOW, THE COUGAR LEAPED---"



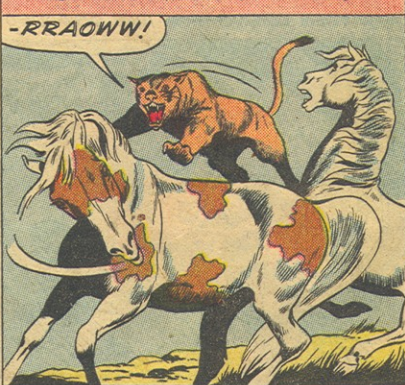
"---TO LAND SQUARELY ON SILVER'S BACK! THE PINTO FLINCHED---"



"---BUT DID NOT RUN! INSTEAD, HE CAUGHT THE COUGAR'S TAIL IN HIS STRONG TEETH! THE BIG CAT SQUALLED---"



"---AND FLUNG HIMSELF ONTO PINTO,!"



"AT PINTO'S AGONIZING SCREAM, SILVER WHIRLED, JAWS OPEN!"



"HE CLAMPED DOWN ON THE CAT'S NARROW LOINS, WITH PARALYZING FORCE---AND THE COUGAR LET GO ALL HOLDS!"

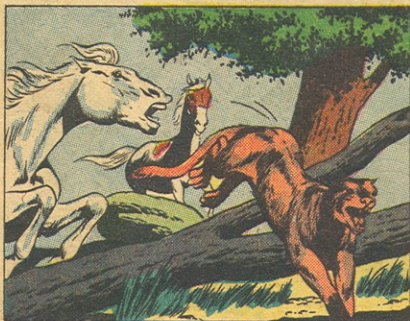
"THEN SILVER SHOOK THE TAWNY KILLER---"



"---FINALLY FLINGING HIM AGAINST A TREE!"



"ONLY A CAT'S 'NINE LIVES' COULD HAVE SURVIVED THAT PUNISHMENT---BUT THE COUGAR DID! HE BOUNDED AWAY WITH BOTH FURIOUS HORSES AT HIS HEELS."



"WITH DESPERATE LEAPS, HE GAINED ENOUGH OF A LEAD TO REACH A HIGH TREE CROTCH."

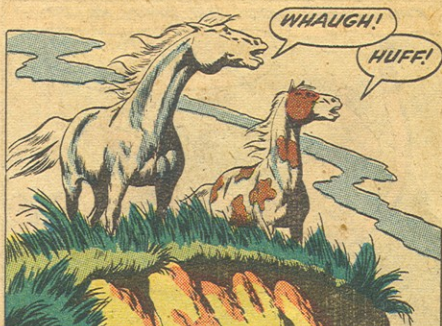
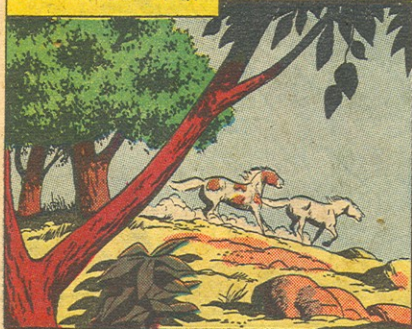


"FOR A TIME, THE TWO YOUNG HORSES RAGED BENEATH HIM, WORKING OFF THEIR ANGER."



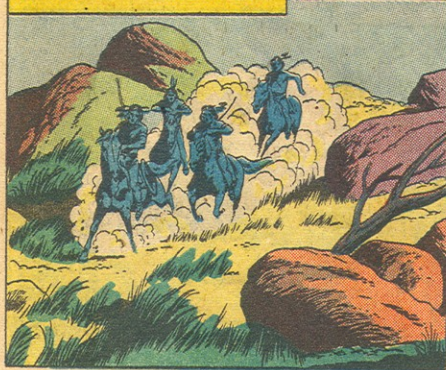
"THEN SILVER NOTICED THE DEEP BLEEDING SCRATCHES ON HIS FRIEND'S SHOULDER---AND LICKED THEM CLEAN!"

"THE FIGHT HAD LEFT THEM BOTH THIRSTY---BY MUTUAL AGREEMENT THEY HEADED FOR THE RIVER, WHICH FLOWED SOME MILES AWAY.

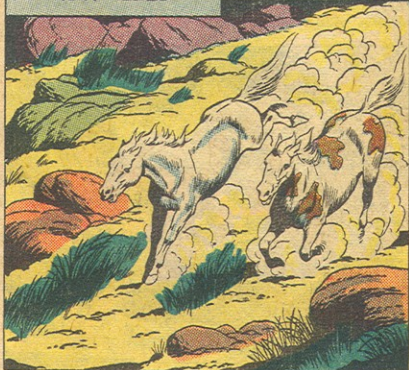


"BUT SILVER HAD NOT FORGOTTEN THE CHANCE THAT INDIANS MIGHT BE ON THE TRAIL OF PINTO! HE LED THE WAY TO ANOTHER RISE AND LOOKED---AND SAW---

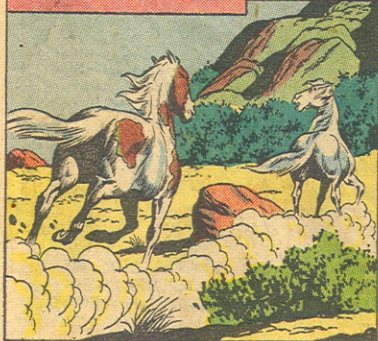
"---A NUMBER OF HORSEMEN TOPPING THE HORIZON---COMING FAST!



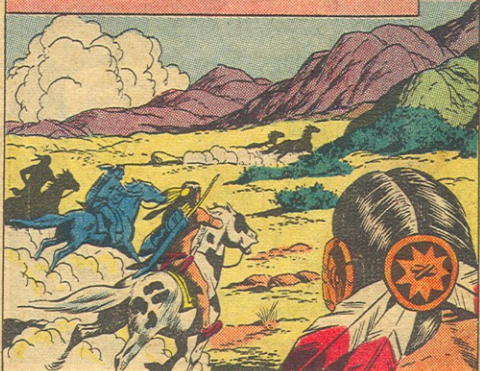
"INSTANTLY THE YOUNG HORSES TOOK TO THEIR HEELS---



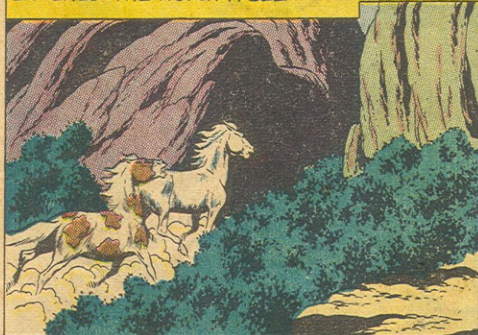
"---BUT IT SOON BECAME PLAIN THAT PINTO'S WOUNDED SHOULDER WAS STIFFENING! HE LAGGED BEHIND SILVER'S EASY PACE.



"LOOKING FOR ANOTHER DODGE, SILVER TURNED, HEADING TOWARD A NOTCH IN THE HILLS.



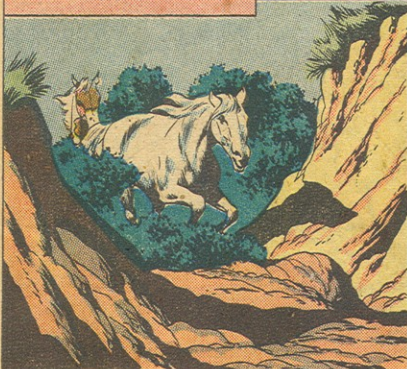
"THE SLOPES WERE CLOTHED WITH THICK BRUSH, OR CHAPARRAL, WHICH REACHED BARELY TO A HORSE'S SHOULDERS---THE BRUSHY GROWTH ENTERED THE NOTCH ITSELF---



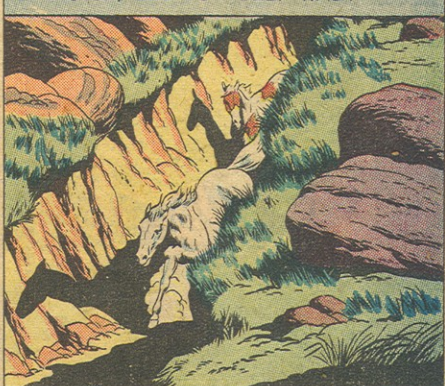
"---BUT SILVER DID NOT! HE TURNED AT RIGHT ANGLES, AND LED ALONG THE SIDE OF THE HILL, AMOST BELLY-TO-THE-GROUND THROUGH THE CONCEALING CHAPARRAL AND PINTO IMITATED HIM.



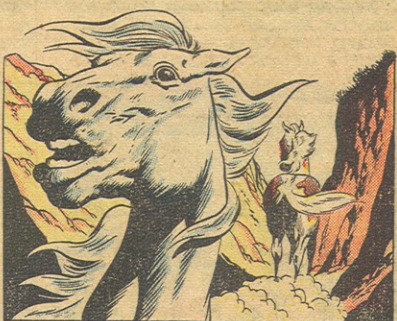
"AT THE FIRST GULLY, LEADING DOWNWARD, SILVER TURNED AGAIN.



"THE GULLY LED TO A DEEP WASH---

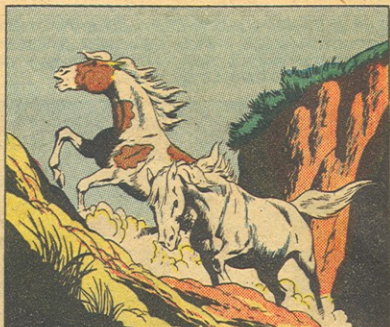
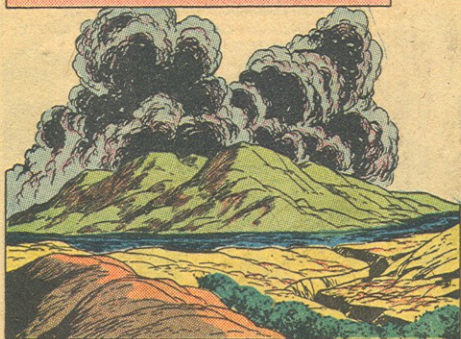


"...AT ABOUT THE TIME THAT THE CHEYENNE HORSE HUNTERS WERE PLUNGING INTO THE NOTCH BETWEEN THE HILLS, THINKING THEIR QUARRY HAD GONE STRAIGHT ON!



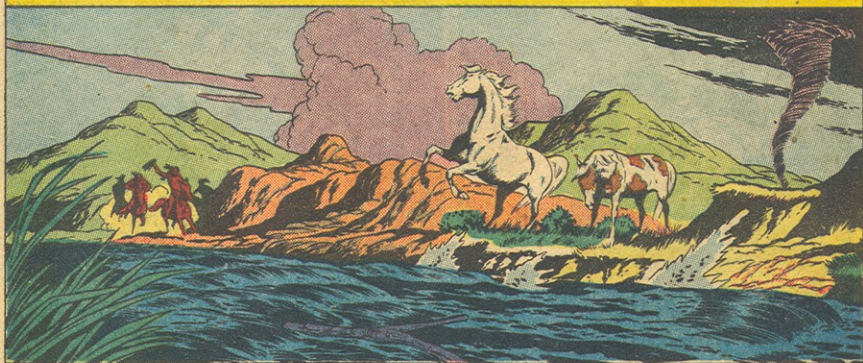
"THE TRICK GAINED THEM AN HOUR'S TIME---BUT PINTO'S WOUNDS WERE SLOWING HIM NOW, ALMOST TO A WALK! LISTENING, SILVER COULD HEAR THE INDIANS, ONCE MORE ON THEIR TRAIL!

"THE AIR GREW STILL MORE SULTRY, MORE LIFELESS! THUNDER BOOMED IN THE HILLS, WHERE A STORM WAS GATHERING."



"KNOWING THAT ANY DRY WASH MIGHT SUDDENLY BECOME A RAGING TORRENT OF FLOOD WATER FOLLOWING A CLOUDBURST, SILVER NUGGED PINTO TO HIGHER GROUND."

"THEY REACHED THE RIVER, ONLY TO FIND IT BANK-FULL, IMPASSABLE WITH FLOOD WATER! AND AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME TWO OTHER DEADLY THREATS APPEARED!"



"THERE WAS BUT ONE POSSIBLE WAY OF ESCAPE—UP-RIVER! BUT PINTO WAS DONE—AND LOYAL SILVER WOULD NOT LEAVE HIM!"

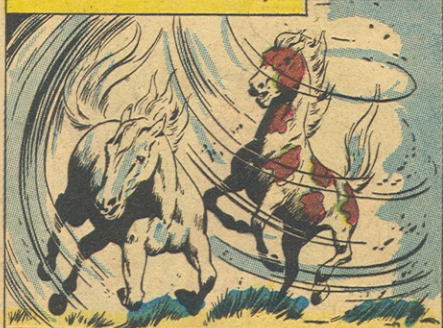
"SUDDENLY THE INDIANS TURNED BACK! BETTER TO TAKE THEIR CHANCES IN THE SHELTER OF THE WASH THAN TO RISK THE TORNADO'S HOWLING MENACE!"



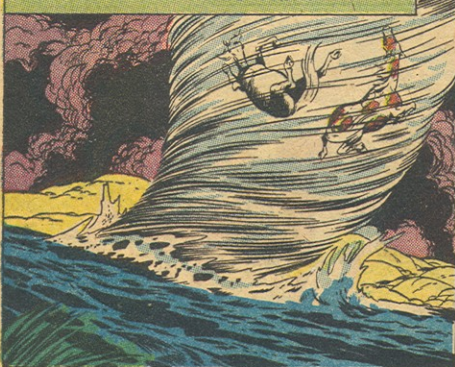
"FOR SILVER AND PINTO THERE WAS NO RETREAT! THE RAGING RIVER WOULD HAVE BEEN ALMOST SURE DEATH---THE DREAD FUNNEL **MIGHT** CHANGE DIRECTION AND PASS THEM!"



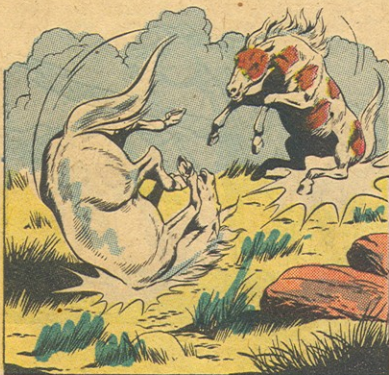
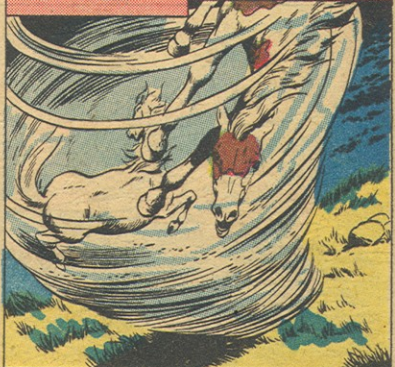
"ALL AT ONCE THE TWO HORSES COULD HEAR NOTHING! THEY COULD NOT BREATHE! THE MAD VORTEX OF THE TWISTER HAD GRIPPED---LIFTED THEM!"



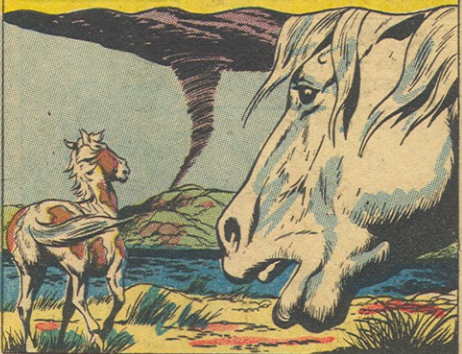
"SOMEWHERE BELOW, SILVER GLIMPSED THE WILD WATER OF THE FLOODING RIVER---



"THEN THE GRASS COMING UP TO MEET THEM---



"DIZZILY THEY GOT TO THEIR FEET AGAIN! THEY WERE ON THE **OTHER** SIDE OF THE RIVER NOW! AND THE TORNADO WAS GONE!"



"---THEN A THUMP AND A ROLL!"

"OUT OF THE WASH RODE THE CHEYENNES---THEIR LEADER POINTED IN AMAZEMENT."

WAGH! LOOK! THE WILD HORSES---



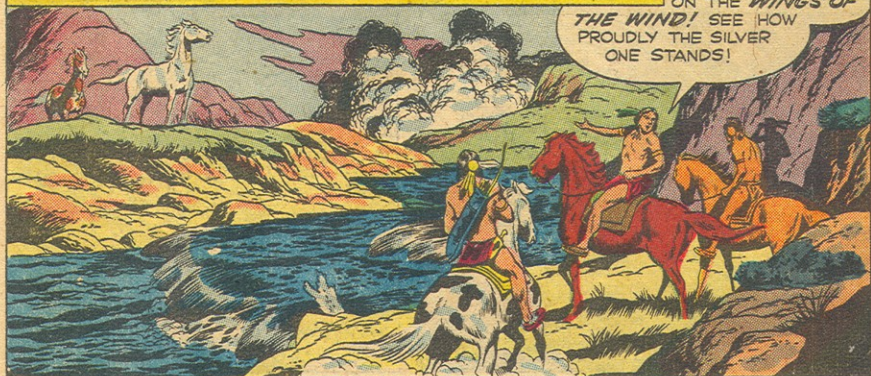
THEY ARE ACROSS THE RIVER---THE SAME TWO!

THEY LEAPED IT! THERE WAS NO TIME TO SWIM! THE SILVER ONE MUST BE A SPIRIT HORSE!



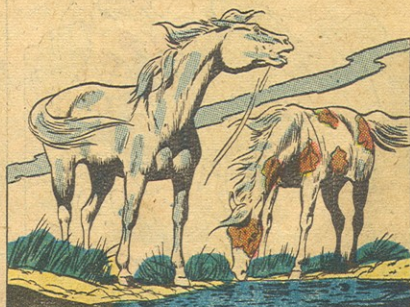
"LINED UP ON THE RIVERBANK, THE HUNTERS GAZED IN WONDER."

THEY FLEW ACROSS ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND! SEE HOW PROUDLY THE SILVER ONE STANDS!



"THEN THEY TURNED BACK CERTAIN THAT IT WAS THEY, NOT THE HORSES, WHO HAD MADE A LUCKY ESCAPE!"

IF WE **HAD** CAUGHT ONE OF THEM, BAD LUCK WOULD HAVE CURSED US---OR THE TORNADO WOULD HAVE STRUCK US DEAD!



"AS FOR SILVER AND PINTO, THEY THOUGHT NO MORE OF THE MATTER! A COOL DRINK AT A QUIET EDDY---AND THE COMFORTING SENSE OF FRIENDSHIP--- FILLED THEIR EVERY NEED!"

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

SILVER

CURIOSITY



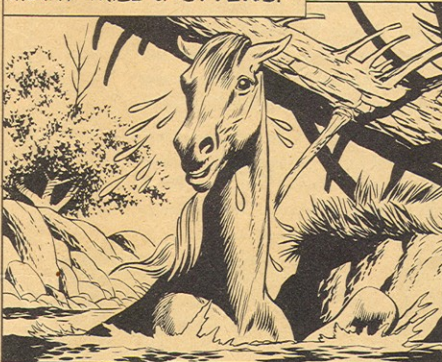
"ONE DAY DURING SILVER'S FIRST SUMMER IN WILD HORSE VALLEY, HE FOLLOWED THE SOUND OF SPLASHING WATER TO SEE A FAMILY OF OTTERS HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME WITH A SLIDE THEY HAD MADE IN A CUT BANK OF WILD HORSE CREEK ---"

"---OR PERHAPS IT WAS A GLIMPSE OF GHOSTWING THE OWL, WHICH HAD SCARED THE OTHERS! AT ANY RATE, IT DID SCARE LITTLE SILVER, ALMOST OUT OF HIS WITS, COMING FROM BEHIND HIM."

HEEE-OUGH!



"AND IT WAS A LONG TIME AFTER THAT BEFORE SILVER HAD ANY LIKING FOR THE MERRY TRIBE OF OTTERS!"



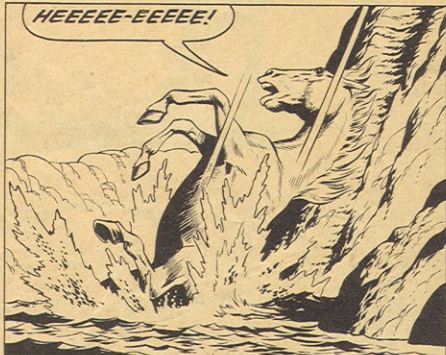
"SNORTING WITH CURIOSITY, SILVER CAME CLOSER--AND SPOILED THE FUN---"

WHIFF?

KAHH!



HEEEEEE-EEEEEE!



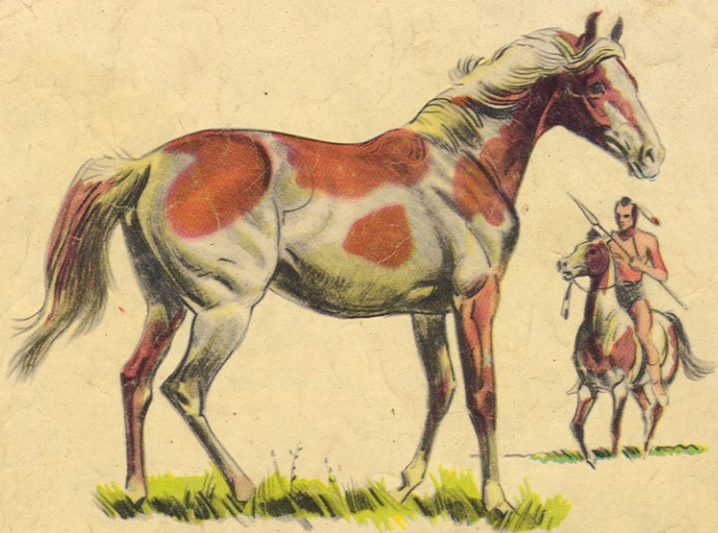
"DOWN THE SLIDE HE SHOT, TO LAND WITH A SPLASH--BUT NOT WITH THE FUN THAT THE OTTERS HAD DONE!"

A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

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



The Mustang

Swiftly as the rushing streams of Spring, rhythmically as the tall prairie grasses, thundered the mustangs over our vast prairies. Millions of them, colored as varied as Nature makes wildly bred things, were a challenge to hunters. And the hunters came to make them their own. First to come was the Indian who captured and tamed this descendent of the horses of the Conquistadores. In his primitive way, the Indian loved this free, wild creature whose graceful movements seemed to have been made for the wild, yet rhythmic movement of these free people. Truly, the Indian and the horse seemed to move as one creature, freely and proudly on the wings of the wind.

Millions of these wild horses roamed our West, awesome, proud, beautiful! Even those seeking to capture him were moved by the wild beauty of their uncaptured loveliness. But, captured they were, in time. And, but for a few bands still roaming some of our more desolate plains, the mustangs have vanished from our West.

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