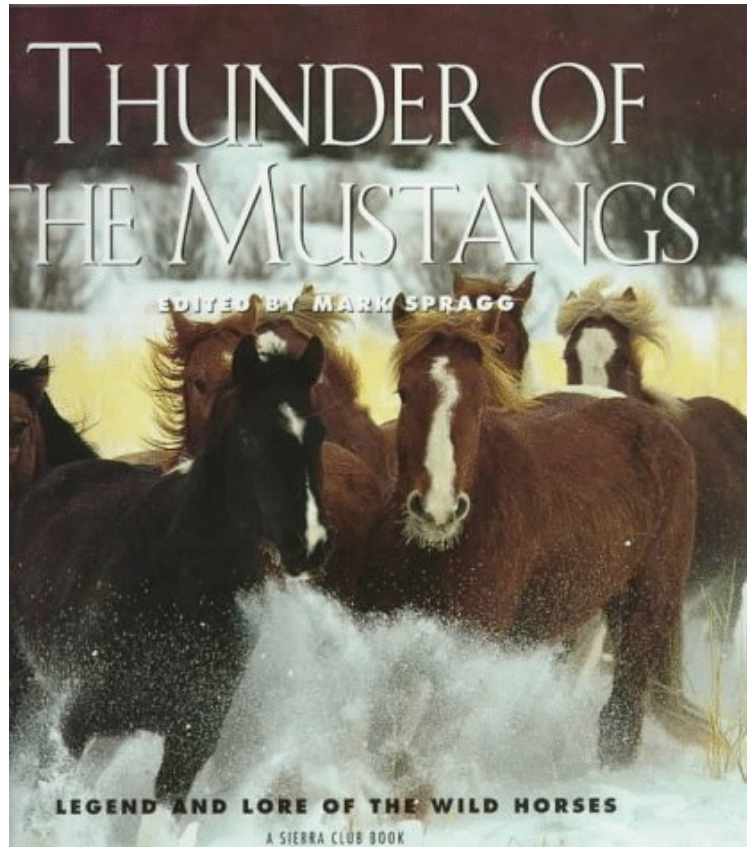


(Mobile ebook) Thunder of the Mustangs: Legend and Lore of the Wild Horses

Thunder of the Mustangs: Legend and Lore of the Wild Horses

Mark Spragg

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The White Pacer paced east, against the moon, and against a breeze springing up. He seemed to glide rather than work his legs, he went so smoothly. He did not seem to be trying to get away, only to hold his distance. He moved like a white shadow, and the harder we rode, the more shadowy he looked. -- J. Frank DobieThe horses had never been touched, fourth generation wild.... I had seen them, twice before the snow, catch a coyote out too far from cover, encircling the quick gray dog, and by sheer force of number, each angle vectored by a striking hoof, hack the little predator to a mess of trampled bone and pulp.-- Mark SpraggFor thousands of years the hoss an' his long-eared cousins furnished all transportation on land for man an' broke all the ground for their farmin'!.... I'm here to tell these machine-

lovers that it will take a million years for the gas wagon to catch up with the hoss in what he's done for man. To-day some of these auto drivers want to kill him off to make fertilizer out of his body. Mebbe I'm sentimental, but I think it's a damned hard finish for one that has been as good a friend to man as the hoss. -- Charles M. Russell

Suddenly, the willows along the bottom erupted in rifle fire. The stallion humped up, leaped, screamed once, and died. I shouted at the mustangs to run, but only the mare and foal made it up over the narrow trail to safety.-- Dayton O. Hyde

I had a four-strand silk manila lariat rope on her that she couldn't break ... I managed to get her wrapped around a tree and me to have the longest end of the rope and I got down and started to put a hackamore on her. She was choking pretty bad and had rolled her eyes around and was watching me real close. In the split half second that it takes to slip the nose-piece over a horse's head is when she snapped my right hand. I pulled as quick as I could and she tore the skin ... but I was jerking enough that she didn't bite a whole plug out of the back of my hand.-- Ben K. Green

With a sudden pounding of hoofs, the three cowboys who had been waiting near the trap hurtled into view, yelling.... We were getting up from our hiding places when there were warning shouts. The helicopter was still out there, pushing. Finally a last small colt staggered into view, exhausted.... But as we spectators straggled down the slope to the trap, we could see that something was wrong.-- Lynne Bama