

DELL

NO. 316 10¢

# Johnny Mack Brown



## BARE FISTS AGAINST SIX-GUNS

When Tom Smith said, "I can tame this town," Abilene's citizens had no idea he aimed to do it with his bare fists. This lawless cowtown was Kansas' toughest community in the 1890's, filled to overflowing with gunfighters and outlaws. People had doubts about this broad-shouldered ex-policeman from New York, but since no one else would take on the town, Smith got the job.

"No guns allowed inside town limits," he decreed. "When you come into Abilene, check your artillery with me!"

Smith began collecting firearms, with quiet determination and without a gun—"Can't expect others to obey the new ordinance if I don't," he explained.

Abilene's toughest character was a gunslick called Big Hank. "No greenhorn'll get my .45 away from me!" he boomed, lolling against a hitchrack across the street from Marshal Tom Smith's office.

When Smith, unarmed as usual, left the office, Big Hank jeered, "Go back East where you came from, senny!"

Crossing the street, Smith answered him with a hard right to the jaw. Falling back, dazed, Hank reached for his gun. Cuffing the weapon aside, Smith stepped in close for a knockout punch.

The new Marshal of Abilene never had to post another notice. From then on, everybody who came to town went out of his way to deposit his hardware with Smith. For the first time in Western history, a man maintained law and order with bare fists alone!

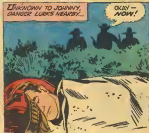


# Johnny Mack Brown

The RIDDLE ROBBERY

IT IS A WARM DESERT NIGHT AND JOHNNY MACK BROWN IS MAKING CAMP...

WE MADE GOOD TIME TODAY, REB! WE'LL BE IN ELK CREEK BY TOMORROW MORNING!











SHERIFF! THEY GOT #0000—  
IN CASE! I GOT A REAL GOOD  
LOOK AT THE LEADER! HE HAD  
ON A WHITE HAT, RED SHIRT  
AND BUCKSKIN JACKET!

AND HE WAS  
RIDING A  
PAWLOWIC!



THAT'S ALL THE DESCRIPTION I  
NEED! I'M ORGANIZING A posse  
RIGHT NOW! WE'LL HAVE HIM  
BEFORE HISHTBALL!



AT THAT  
MOMENT,  
OUT ON THE  
DESERT...

HOWEY! THAT GUY'S  
PLENTY HOT! WAIT TILL  
I GET MY HANDS ON  
THOSE BIRDS!



MEANWHILE...

THERE HE IS!  
I KNEW HE  
COULDN'T  
GET FAR!



NEVER LET IT  
BE SAID THAT  
RUFF SMITH  
DIDN'T RETURN  
SOMETHING HE  
BORROWED!

HA! HA!  
THE POOR GUY'S  
PROBABLY STILL  
WONDERING WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO HIM!











GET HIS GUN, MEN!  
SAAH, LOOK FOR  
THE MONEY!

WAIT A MINUTE!  
WHAT DO YOU THINK  
YOU'RE DOING?  
WHAT'S THE  
CHARGE?

YOU'RE A COOL ONE!  
BUT TO REFRESH YOUR  
MEMORY, I'M CHASIN' YOU  
WITH THE ROBBERY OF THE BANK  
HERE IN DUK CREEK AND  
PROBABLY THE OTHER  
TWO BANKS ROBBED  
IN NEARBY TOWNS!

WHAT MAKES  
YOU THINK  
THAT,  
SHERIFF?



THE CLOTHES YOU'RE  
WEARING AND THE HORSE  
YOU'RE RIDING, AT LEAST FIVE  
PEOPLE CAN SWEAR TO IT!  
THAT'S EVIDENCE ENOUGH  
FOR ME!

WELL... THINGS ARE  
BEGINNING TO CLEAR  
UP! THOSE BOYS HAD  
A GOOD REASON FOR  
THEIR 'LOKE'!



GET HIM  
OVER TO  
THE JAIL!

I GUESS I'D BETTER  
EXPLAIN TO THE  
SHERIFF WHEN  
WE'RE ALONE!



ALL RIGHT!  
THAT'S YOUR  
CELL OVER  
THERE!

JUST A MINUTE,  
SHERIFF! YOU'RE  
MAKING A MISTAKE -  
YOU HAVE THE  
WRONG MAN!



MISTAKE?  
WRONG  
MAN?

IT SOUNDS STRANGE,  
BUT LAST NIGHT I WAS  
ROBBED OF MY CLOTHES  
AND HORSE! THIS  
MORNING I GOT THEM  
BACK! CAN'T YOU SEE...



*BUT SUDDENLY JOHNNY WHIRLS, AND GRABS THE SHERIFF'S GUN...*



YOU SEE, I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD PICTURE OF HOW THESE ROBBERS OPERATE! THEY PROBABLY FEEL THEY GOT AWAY WITH THIS ROBBERY, SO THEY'LL TRY ANOTHER! AND TO MAKE IT WORK, THEY'LL NEED ANOTHER DUPE AND HIS JOB TO USE AS THEIR COVER - THAT'S GONNA BE ME AGAIN!



YOU'LL BE BACK HERE, I PROMISE YOU!

I'M BORROWING YOUR HORSE, SHERIFF! I'LL LEAVE MINE IN FRONT FOR YOU! I HOPE TO FIND THE BANDITS BY THE TIME YOU FIND ~~ME!~~ COME LOOKING AROUND JUNNER FLATS!



STEADY, BOY! I'M JUST BORROWING YOU FOR A SPELL!

SHERIFF BLACKCOCK



HOPE I ~~DO~~ FIND THOSE BANDITS BEFORE THE SHERIFF CATCHES UP WITH ME, OR THERE WILL BE ~~NO~~ EXPLAINING THIS TIME!



SOME TIME LATER ON THE ROAD TO JUNNER FLATS...

IF ANY HUNCH IS RIGHT, THEY SHOULD BE NEARBY! THEY CAN GET A GOOD VIEW OF THE TOWN FROM HERE!





LATER IN THE DAY, JOHNNY RIDES OUT  
OF THE TOWN OF JUNIPER BLAKE, STILL UNDER  
WATCHFUL EYES...



ARE WE IN LUCK?  
THERE HE IS, JUST  
WAITING FOR US TO  
BORROW HIS BLACK  
CLOTHING AND PIN A  
ROBBERY ON HIM!  
WE'LL WAIT TILL  
DARK WHEN HE  
MAKES CAMP!



LOOKS LIKE THEY  
TOOK THE BAIT! NOW  
TO FIND A GOOD SPOT  
TO REEL THEM IN!



THAT EVENING, ON THE DESERT JUST  
OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

HERE'S THE  
PERFECT SPOT  
FOR TONIGHT'S  
CAMP!



HE'S MAKING  
CAMP, I  
THINK!

IT'S HARD TO SEE  
WHAT HE'S DOING  
WITH ALL THIS  
BRUSH IN THE  
WAY!



HE'S BEDDING DOWN ALL  
NIGHT! WE'LL JUST SIT  
TIGHT FOR AN HOUR AND  
LET HIM GET TO SLEEP!









*A FEW MOMENTS LATER...*

SO MUCH FOR THE MONEY! NOW I HAVE A LITTLE LESSON FOR YOU BOYS!



*NEXT MORNING, SOME MILES AWAY...*

WANT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT DUES! HE'LL NEVER GET AWAY FROM ME AGAIN!



YOU'VE GOT YOUR MAN, SHERIFF! I'M OVER HERE!

WHAT IN TARNATION!!



IT'S AWAY!

WAIT, SHERIFF! I GOT THE MONEY FOR YOU LIKE I PROMISED!



IT'S HERE, MEN! -ALL THE MONEY FROM THE BANK!

WHAT ABOUT SWAPPIN' CLOTHES AND HORSES, SHERIFF?



WELL, THE MONEY'S HERE, ALL RIGHT... BUT WHAT ABOUT THE GANG?

YOU SHOULD FIND THEM ABOUT TWO MILES FROM HERE ON THE OLD STAGE ROAD! I'M GIVIN' THEM A LITTLE SCARE!



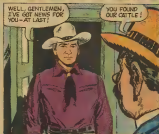


# Johnny Mack Brown

## and THE FOUR SQUARE BRAND

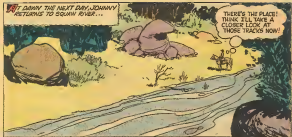
**10** THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN ARIZONA COUNTY, THE LOCAL RANCHERS GATHER IN ANGRY DESPERATION...

I TELL YOU, WE'VE GOT TO TAKE ACTION! OVER THREE HUNDRED HEAD OF STEER RUSTLED AGAIN TODAY!





**NOT DARRY THE NEXT DAY, JOHNNY RETURNS TO SQUAM RIVER...**



THERE'S THE PLACE!  
I THINK I'LL TAKE A  
CLOSER LOOK AT  
THOSE TRACKS NOW!

**BUT AS JOHNNY TURNS, HE HEARS THE  
CLICK OF A PULLED TRIGGER...**



TROUBLE, REBEL!  
SOMEBODY'S  
FOLLOWING US!

**BEFORE JOHNNY CAN TAKE COVER,  
A SHOT ZINGS OUT...**



ZING!



O-O-OH!

**FROM BEHIND A ROCK, A TRIUMPHANT  
FACE PEERS OUT...**

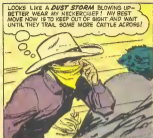


GOT HIM!  
ONE BULL,  
AND THE  
GREAT  
JOHNNY  
BACK BROWN  
IS FINISHED!  
NOW I'VE GOT TO  
TELL THE BOSS!



**BUT THE GUNMAN IS OVER-CONFIDENT...**

(WHISPERS) THAT WAS CLOSE, BUT IT WAS A LUCKY BREAK! HURRY! THOSE RUSTLERS WILL DROP THEIR GUARDS NOW. WHEN THEY HEAR THAT "WINDSOME POY"!



LOOKS LIKE A *DUST STORM* BLOWING UP— BETTER WEAR MY NECKERCHIEF! MY BEST MOVE NOW IS TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT AND WAIT UNTIL THEY TRAIL SOME MORE CATTLE ACROSS!



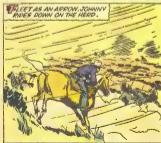
**THROUGH THE STORMY, SAND-WHIPPED MORNING JOHNNY KEEPS A LONELY VIGIL... THEY...**



HERE THEY COME, REBEL! AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH THIS *DUST STORM'S* GOING TO BE A BIG HELP TO US!



FOUR OF THEM— ALL WITH NECKERCHIEFS UP! ... COME ON, REBEL! I'VE GOT A PLAN!



**AS FAST AS AN ARROW, JOHNNY RIDES DOWN ON THE HEEL.**

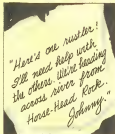
**S**LENTLY, JESSAMINE APPROACHES  
THE DRAG-RIDER...



**S**URDENNY...















**THE ROAR OF GUNFIRE, BOUNDED AGAINST THE WALLS OF THE CAVE, PANICS THE RESTLESS CATTLE...**





IF JOHNNY RACES AFTER THE STAMPEDEDS CATTLE, HE SEES THE SHERIFF AND HIS posse CROSSING UPSTREAM...

THEY'RE IN THE CAVE, SHERIFF!  
KEEP GOING!

HERE,  
REBEL!



GOOD BOY!...



NOW LET'S  
MOVE! THOSE  
CATTLE ARE  
SWIMMING  
DOWNSTREAM!



I'VE GOT TO  
SIDE-TRACK  
THEM BEFORE  
THEY REACH THOSE ROCKS!



THAT BRANCH  
MIGHT TO DO IT!









NICE WORK, JOHNNY!  
WE'LL TAKE IT FROM  
HERE!



JOHNNY RIDES BACK TO THE  
SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE...

WHERE'S THE  
THIRD RUSTLER,  
JIM?

TAMMO? WE ONLY FOUND  
THESE TWO UP THERE!



HI, SHERIFF! HEARD  
YOU'D RIDDEN OUT!  
BEEN TRYING TO  
CATCH UP WITH  
YOU!

WE LOOKED FOR  
YOU BEFORE WE  
LEFT TOWN,  
NIMROD!



WELL, IT  
LOOKS LIKE  
YOU'VE DONE  
A GOOD JOB,  
JOHNNY!  
WE'VE GOT  
OUR CATTLE,  
YOU'VE CAUGHT  
THE RUSTLERS,  
AND...



BUT ONLY TWO — THERE'S  
STILL ANOTHER —  
LOOK OUT, ME ANES!  
THAT LONGHORN!



**THE FOUR SQUARE BRAND—**  
ON YOUR FOOT! AMES...  
IT WAS YOU WHO  
SLID INTO THAT  
HOT IRON!  
YOU'RE THE  
**BOSS!**



AFTER THE STAMPEDE, YOU CUT  
DOWN TO THE RIVER AND THEN  
ROSE BACK, PRETENDING YOU  
CAME FROM TOWN!



WATCH HIM!



OOMP!



WELL... YOU HAD A NEAT  
LITTLE RACKET THERE,  
AMES—TILL YOU "PUT  
YOUR FOOT INTO IT!"



AND NOW,  
LET'S GET  
THAT HOT  
FOOT OF  
YOURS  
COOLED  
OFF—**IN**  
JAIL!



## GOOD MEDICINE OF CROW BUTTE

Near old Fort Robinson, Nebraska, the high straight walls of Crow Butte are visible for many miles. According to legend, a band of Crow Indians, being chased by a Sioux war party, was forced to seek the protection of the top of this butte.

The Sioux leader, after placing guards on the few trails leading to the crest of the butte, patiently began to wait till hunger forced the Crows to surrender. But the Crow leader, not to be outdone by the Sioux, collected all the braves' blankets and tied them together, forming a long rope. Then, under the cover of darkness, the Crows descended the sheer one-hundred-foot wall on their blanket rope. A few old men remained on top, singing and dancing all night to hold the attention of the Sioux.

Later, when the Sioux discovered they held only a few old men, they were completely confused. At this moment, some white clouds floated over the top of the butte, and the Sioux, unable to understand the disappearance of the Crow warriors, took these clouds to be a spiritual message of the Crows' strong medicine. When the Crow braves returned with help, they found the Sioux gone and the old warriors unharmed — due to their "good medicine." Later, the Crows made a lasting peace with the Sioux.

