

DELL  
PUBLICATIONS

NO. 824 10¢

# Johnny Mack Brown

The law  
held the trial...  
and his  
gun upheld  
**THE VERDICT**



# PONY EXPRESS



Some of the most exciting rides in the history of the west were credited to the riders of the Pony Express service. Danger was an everyday thing for these men who carried mail to isolated settlements in the old west.



Speed was essential! An arriving rider, finding a fresh horse saddled, transferred his bags and headed for the next express station, all within two minutes' time.



Sometimes, however, the rider arrived at a station to find that it had been raided by hostile Indians — who had burned the building and run off the fresh horses.



Swollen rivers, raiding Indians, and storms were all part of the dangers that these fearless men faced. In their lives, there was no such thing as a routine ride!



One of the toughest riders and Indian fighters was in his teens when he rode for the Express service. Later he became world famous. His name was *Buffalo Bill Cody!*

# Johnny Mack Brown

## THE VERDICT

AS JOHNNY MACK BROWN RIDES INTO RED NOTCH, THE SHERIFF COMES OUT OF HIS OFFICE...



HIS NAME'S HANK DOAN — A MIGHTY RESPECTED MAN HEREABOUTS!



AS A MATTER OF FACT, WITH DOAN STILL ALIVE TO IDENTIFY LEE, THIS TRIAL SHOULD BE PRETTY QUICK!



LATER, IN COURT...



ARE YOU SURE CAL LEE IS THE MAN WHO AMBUSHED YOU, HANK?

SURE I'M SURE! I SAW HIS FACE AS PLAIN AS I'M SEEN! YOURS NOW, PETE... I MEAN, JUDGE?

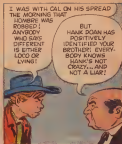
OUT OF MY WAY, ANSTER! I'M GOING IN!



HOLD IT, JUDGE! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY!

LOOK! ANOTHER CAL LEE!







YOU CAN'T CONVICT A MAN WITHOUT PROOF THAT HE'S GUILTY! YOU CAN'T SEND ~~THAT~~ MEN TO PRISON FOR *ONE* MAN'S CRIME! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, JUDGE?

LOOKS LIKE THERE'S *ONLY ONE* THING I *CAN* DO! CALL OFF THE TRIAL FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE!



CASE DISMISSED! TURN THE PRISONER LOOSE, SHERIFF! THEN GET BUSY AND FIND OUT WHICH *LEE* IS THE GUILTY ONE!



*ORDER!* CLEAR THIS COURTROOM PEACEABLY!

*THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!* *ONE OF THEM'S A THIEVING KILLER!!*

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF *BOTH* OF THEM!

RIGHT NOW! COME ON, BOYS!



*HOLD IT!* NOBODY MAKES A MOVE!

LUCKY THEIR GUNS ARE CHECKED OUTSIDE!



GET OUT THE BACK WAY *FAST*, YOU TWO!

WHEN THE LEE BROTHERS HAVE GONE...

ARE WE GOING TO LET THOSE POLSCATS GET AWAY, BOYS?

NO!

WE'LL RUN THEM OUT OF THE COUNTRY!

LET'S GO!



SHUT! IF YOU DRIVE THEM AWAY... YOU'LL NEVER GET THE GUILTY MAN... OR THE STOLEN MONEY!

THIS IS DEPUTY MARSHAL JOHNNY MACK BROWN, BOYS! HE'S HUNTED DOWN PLENTY OF OUTLAWS! YOU'D BETTER LISTEN TO HIM!



QUIET! JOHNNY'S ONE OF THE SMARTEST LAWMEN IN THE WEST! LET HIM TALK!

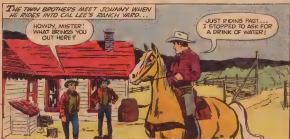


THE LEEES PULLED A SMART TRICK! LEGALLY, THEY'RE FREE! SO LET THEM STAY HERE! GIVE THE SHERIFF TIME TO FIND OUT WHICH ONE IS GUILTY!

THAT MAKES SENSE, BOYS! I SAY GIVE THE LAW A CHANCE TO GET THE WARMINT ... AND MY MONEY!

YOU ALL KNOW JEB BARNES! IT'S *AWES* MONEY THE BUSHWACKER STOLE, YET HE'S WILLING TO TRY AND SOLVE THIS THE *RIGHT* WAY!









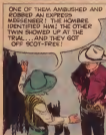
*JOHNNY RIDES BACK TO TOWN AND REPORTS TO THE SHERIFF...*



I FOUND OUT TWO THINGS, TIM! JAL'S TRIGGER-HAPPY! AND THEY DON'T WANT ANYBODY LOOKING AROUND CAL'S SPREAD!



I FOUND OUT SOMETHING, TOO! THEY PULLED THE SAME STUNT IN A TEXAS COURTROOM TWO YEARS AGO!



ONE OF THEM AMBUSHED AND ROBBED AN EXPRESS MESSENGER! THE HORSE IDENTIFIED HIM! THE OTHER TWIN SHOWED UP AT THE TRIAL... AND THEY GOT OFF SCOT-FREE!



HOWDY, JEB! IS SOMETHING WRONG?



THAT HANK DOAN IS ON HIS WAY OUT TO CAL LEE'S RANCH! THEY'RE SURE TO GUN HIM DOWN!



I TRIED TO STOP HIM, BUT HE SAID HE WAS GOIN' TO GET THE VARMINT WHO SHOT HIM — LAW OR NO LAW!

LET'S GO, TIM! DOAN WON'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST THE TWO LEE'S!



I'M GOING WITH YOU! I'D LIKE TO GET A SHOT AT THOSE POLECATS, TOO!

YOU STAY HERE, JEB! JOHNNY AND I'LL DO OUR JOB WITHOUT ANY SHOOTING!



I HOPE BARNES STAYS AWAY AND LETS US HANDLE THE LEES!

AND I HOPE WE GET THERE BEFORE DOAN STARTS SOMETHING HE CAN'T FINISH!



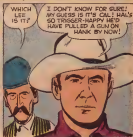
THAT'S HANK'S HORSE! HE MUST'VE SNEAKED INTO THE PLACE ON FOOT!

WE'D BETTER FOLLOW HIM THE SAME WAY!



DID YOU TRY TO KILL ME? OR WAS IT YOUR BROTHER? SPEAK UP FAST!

YOU'RE LOOO, DOANE! NEITHER ONE OF US SHOT YOU! PUT DOWN THAT GUN!



WHICH LEE IS IT?

I DON'T KNOW FOR SURE! MY GUESS IS IT'S CAL! HALL'S SO TRIGGER-HAPPY HE'D HAVE PULLED A GUN ON HANK BY NOW!



HERE COMES THE OTHER ONE, JOHNNY!

I'LL STOP HIM! YOU TAKE CARE OF THE OTHERS! LET'S GO!

*BOTH GUNS BLAZE AT THE SAME TIME...*



*Cal empties his gun—six shots—at barbers, but his bullets miss their mark and pepper the side of the barn...*



**YOU WON'T SHOOT ANYBODY, ANSTER!**

*Johnny quickly wheels his gun, disarming barbers...*



**THAT'LL STOP HIM!**

**OW!**

**DROP IT!**

**YOU FOOL, CAL! PUT DOWN THAT GUN!**

**BUT, HAL, YOU DIDN'T HAVE A GUN, SO I...**



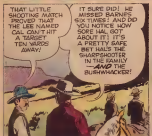
**WHY'D YOU COME HERE, JEB?**

**I FIGURED I'D FINISH THE JOB HANK STARTED!**

**TAKE THOSE TWO GUNSLINGERS OFF MY LAND, SHERIFF! ...AND KEEP 'EM OFF!**

**LET'S GO, TIM! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO HERE NOW!**





*THAT NIGHT...*

SURE IS DARK  
AND EMPTY!

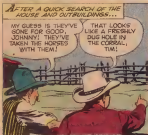
MAYBE THEY'VE  
VANISHED,  
THE WAY THEY  
LIT OUT FROM  
TEXAS TWO  
YEARS AGO!



*AFTER A QUICK SEARCH OF THE  
HOUSE AND OUTBUILDINGS...*

MY GUESS IS THEY'VE  
GONE FOR GOOD,  
JOHNNY! THEY'VE  
TAKEN THE HORSES  
WITH THEM!

THAT LOOKS  
LIKE A FRESHLY  
DUG HOLE IN  
THE CORRAL,  
TIM!



IT WAS DUG JUST  
A SHORT TIME  
AGO! THE  
DIRT'S NOT  
DRY YET!



TEN TO ONE, THIS  
IS WHERE THEY HID  
THE STOLEN MONEY!

YEP! THE HORSES  
WOULD HAVE  
STOMPED OUT ALL  
SIGNS OF DIGGING!



LOOK! A PIECE OF  
A LEATHER POUCH  
— MARKED  
X-B&Z-X!

HANK DOAMS  
MONEYBAG!  
THAT'S FINAL  
PROOF ONE  
OF THEM  
BUSHWHACKED  
HANK!





THEIR TRACKS  
LEAD NORTH!

WE'VE GOT TO  
CATCH THEM AND  
BRING THEM BACK,  
TIM! LET'S GO!



*Two hours later...*

THEY HEADED INTO THE  
BADLANDS, BUSHWHACKING  
COUNTRY! THEY CAN  
HIDE OUT IN THERE FOR  
A LONG TIME!

SUREBE  
NOT! LET'S  
KEEP GOING,  
TIM!



*And still later...*

TIM! LOOK! THERE'S  
A LIGHT WAY OFF  
THESE! LET'S SEE  
WHAT IT IS!



ARE THERE  
ANY SHACKS  
IN THIS  
PLACE?

A FEW!  
FUGTIVES AND  
SADDLE BUMS  
USE THEM TO  
HOLE-UP FOR A  
WHILE! NOBODY  
STAYS LONG!



*Finally, just before dawn...*

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE  
CAUGHT UP WITH THE  
LEGS! OVER THERE IS  
FULL OF HORSES!

THEY PROBABLY DIDN'T  
FIGURE WE'D BE ON THEIR  
TRAIL SO SOON! WE'LL  
GO ON FOOT FROM  
HERE... TAKE THEM  
BY SURPRISE, IF  
WE CAN!



AS THEY MOVE CAUTIOUSLY TOWARD THE SHACK...

LOOK OUT, TIM!

**BLAM**  
**ZING!**



JOHNNY FIRES TOWARD THE SUN-FLASHES.

**BLAM!**  
OWWWW  
**BLAM!**



DON'T SHOOT!  
I'M COMING  
OUT!



HOLD IT! I'VE GOT  
YOU ALL COVERED!





# Johnny Mack Brown

## THE BOX OF GOLD

LEARNING JOHNNY MACK BROWN IN CHARGE, SHERIFF BARNES OF RED RIVER RIDES OUT ON AN INVESTIGATION...

YOU RIDING UP FIRST THE BANK, SHERIFF? I'VE GOT A TELEGRAM FOR MR. JAMES! IT'S URGENT! SOMETHING ABOUT A SHIPMENT OF GOLD HE'S EXPECTING!

RED RIVER

JED'S CAFE

HAND IT OVER, BILL! I'LL TAKE IT UP!



I HOPE THINGS STAY PEACEFUL WHILE I'M GONE, JOHNNY! BUT IF THERE'S GOING TO BE TROUBLE, THEN TO ONE IT'LL START RIGHT *Jed's Cafe* AT JED'S CAFE!

CAN'T YOU GET A COURT ORDER AND CLOSE DOWN THAT PLACE?

YOU THINK I HAVEN'T *TRIED*? I CAN'T GET ANY EVIDENCE THAT JED'S COOKED! HE'S A CLEVER OPERATOR, JOHNNY!

I KNOW! BUT JUST THE SAME, HIS PLACE IS A DISGRACE TO RED RIVER!







AND AS JOHNNY RIDES BACK DOWN THE MAIN STREET...



AT THE CAFE, WATT BUNCE, JED'S BOSS-KICK, TENSES AS HE SEES JOHANNY AND AMES APPROACHING...



HEY, BOSS! WE'VE GOT COMPANY! JOHANNY MADE BROWN AND AMES ARE HEADING THIS WAY!

QUICK, BLAKE! CUT THE BACK WAY!



IT'S UP TO YOU, WATT! YOU'VE GOT TO HOLD THEM HERE... WE NEED TIME...

I'LL HOLD 'EM -- SOMEHOW.



I CAN'T BELIEVE THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG, JOHANNY! BLAKE HADN'T BEEN WITH ME LONG, BUT HE'S A GOOD MAN!

MAYBE SO... BUT WHEN A MAN RECEIVES A TELEGRAM AND THEN CRASHES DOWN TO THIS PLACE...



WELL, WELL, THIS IS AN HONOR! I NEVER THOUGHT JOHANNY MADE BROWN AND BOB AMES WOULD...

THIS IS NO SOCIAL CALL, BUNCE! WE WANT TO TALK WITH YOUR BOSS!



YOU MEAN JED? HE'S BUSY IN THE BACK RIGHT NOW... MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU!

I DOUBT IT! JUST TAKE US TO JED!



















BACK IN THE HILLS, JOHNNY HEADS FAST FOR THE SWITCH LEVER.





NOW FOR THE  
FINAL STEP!



MEANWHILE, ACCORDING TO  
JOHNNY'S PLAN THE STOLEN  
GOLD HAS BEEN LOADED ONTO  
THE HANDCAR

ALL SET,  
JEDI!  
LET'S GO!



MOVING SWIFTLY, THE HANDCAR  
APPROACHES THE JUNCTION OF  
THE TRACKS...

TAKE IT EASY AROUND  
THE BEND BRATE!



BUT THE HANDCAR SPEEDS STRAIGHT  
AHEAD - TOWARD RED RIVER!

HEY!... YOU FOOL!  
YOU DIDN'T SWITCH  
THE KAILS!

I DID! YOU  
SAW ME DO IT!



WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK!  
THIS TRACK'LL CARRY US  
DOWNHILL INTO  
RED RIVER!

THE BRAKE!  
GRAB THE  
BRAKE!



BUT JOHNNY HAS OTHER PLANS...



LATER, THE HANDCAR ROLLS INTO SIGHT OF THE RIVER DEPOT, GATHERING MORE SPEED ON THE DOWNHILL GRADE!



STOP THIS THING!  
I'LL BE KILLED!



I GUESS YOU'VE GONE  
FAR ENOUGH, JED!





# Chaps



Chaps are often fringed and fancy, but they are more than just showy pieces of clothing. In winter, chaps protect the rider from the cold, and in summer, they are insurance against the cuts and bruises a cowboy might receive while working on the range.



In the cold northwest, the cowboys prefer the warm, shaggy, angora goat hide chaps. Those are called "pinto chaps" because they are made of black and white hides.



"Chinks" were short, apron type chaps, made of soft leather, which were used in early Nevada. These chaps were cooler than those worn on the northern ranges.



The Texas brush and cacti forced the cowboy to wear chaps at all times — he even rigged a leather apron for his horse's chest, to shield him from thorns and cacti.



In a cow camp, the favorite punishment for a minor offense was to give the culprit a whipping with a pair of chaps! This was all in fun and was called "chapping."

# Raid



Tired of nightly horse-stealing raids, a wealthy rancher in Sonora decided to put a stop to the loss of his fine horses. With his teeth clenched in anger and determination, he began to build a huge stone corral, ten feet high.



Instead of the pole gate customary for corrals, the rancher built a heavy iron-bound gate that could be locked every night when the horse herd was corralled.



This cramped the style of the horse thieves, but not for long. One night, after a whispered discussion, some of the renegades stealthily neared the corral.



One by one, they scaled the great wall, dropped into the corral, chose the best-looking horses, and crouched patiently in the shadows — waiting for dawn.



It was a surprised vaquero who unlocked the gate in the morning and saw the whole horse herd stampede from the corral, driven by the clever, yelling renegades!