

BELL

NO. 533

10¢

Johnny Mack Brown

**His gun
brought
justice
to a
lawless
trail**



RIDING on CHEESE



Division agents of the Overland Stagecoach Lines constantly reminded their drivers to have stagecoach axles greased at every station. This was to prevent wheels from locking when they became hot from the rough ride.



Occasionally someone forgot. One driver and his passengers found themselves stranded when the wheels of the stage became searing hot and locked solidly.



When the frozen parts had cooled, the driver removed the wheels and inspected the axle—it was bone dry, and there was not a drop of grease available on the stage.



Not relishing a long hike to the next station, one passenger came up with a bright idea! He had a large piece of cheese—and offered it as a substitute for the grease.



The axles were coated with cheese, and the coach rolled into the station without a trace of smoke. The passengers had been spared a long walk—by a piece of cheese!

JOHNSON MACK SERVICE, No. 811, Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 710 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. George T. DeMott, Jr., Publisher, Helen Hayes, President, Paul S. Lipp, Executive Vice President, Harold Clark, Vice President Advertising, Albert F. DeMott, Treasurer. © 1948, by Johnson Mack Service. All rights reserved. Except for those who have authorized the use of their names herein, the names, names, designs, symbols and distinctive emblems or portraits in this publication are purely imaginary and fictitious, and all identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithography Co.

This production is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be changed or in any way of trade except at the full retail price, nor in a modified condition, nor affixed to nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

JOHNNY MACK BROWN

and the
TRAIL PIRATES

JOHNNY MACK BROWN IS RIDING WESTWARD, RETURNING HOME FROM A SCOUTING TRIP FOR THE ARMY...

A BUSHWACKER! LOOKS LIKE HE HIT ONE OF THOSE STEERS!

BLAM!



QUICKLY JOHNNY RETURNS THE FIRE OF THE ESCAPING GUNMAN...

I THINK I WOUND HIM!



NO USE CHASING HIM, REBEL! HE'LL BE FAR AWAY BY THE TIME WE CROSS THE CANYON! LET'S SEE WHAT BUSH HE DO!



I SAW THE SHOOTING AND TRIED TO STOP THE BUSHWACKER... BUT HE GOT AWAY!

HE HIT OUR GUNNIE! DOC SAYS IT'S PRETTY SERIOUS!

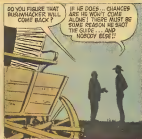
THE STRANGER'S A FRIEND! YOU CAN PUT DOWN YOUR GUNS!



WELL, I'LL LIVE, BUT HE'LL BE LAID UP FOR A WHILE! WE'LL CARRY HIM TO MY WAGON!







MEANWHILE, AT THE OTHER END OF THE CAMP...

EVERYTHING'S SET LIKE WE
PLANNED, JOE! THE WAGON'S
THE ONE WITH THE STAR ON
THE SIDE!

I'LL HANDLE THE GUARD!
YOU HIT THE WAGON (SPUD)!
LET'S GO!



JOE SLIPS NOISSELESSLY TOWARD THE GUARD...



THAT'LL KEEP YOU QUIET
FOR A LONG TIME, MISTER!



AT THE SAME TIME, IN DOC'S WAGON...

HE'S NOT THE DOC! MUST BE
THE OLIVE! JOE DON'T
FINISH HIM, AFTER ALL!



THIS'LL MAKE SURE HE
DOESN'T SEE ANYTHING
... IF HE WAKES UP!!





I'LL GRAB THE STUFF AND
GET OUT BEFORE DOC
COMES BACK!



I'LL TAKE A LOOK
AT MY PATIENT! YOU'D
BETTER TURN IN
TOO, JOHNNY!

I WILL!
MIGHT, DOC!



MOMENTS LATER, AS DOC
ENTERS THE WAGON.



WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?
SOUNDED LIKE A GUN!



DOC! WHAT
HAPPENED
...??

HOLD IT, WISTER! CLIMB IN
HERE ... AND DON'T MAKE
ANY NOISE!!



COME OUT AND
GET ME !!





WHO'S SHOOTING??
WHAT'S GOING ON??

FOUND TWO THIEVES AT
DOC'S WAGON! THEY'RE
GETTING AWAY!

AFTER 'EM!
COME ON!



MOMENTS LATER...

THERE THEY GO!

WE CAN'T CATCH 'EM
NOW! THEY'VE GOT
100 BAGS A START!



WE'D BETTER
SEE HOW DOC
AND LANK ARE!

AND FIND OUT IF
ANYTHING WAS
STOLEN!



I'M PRETTY SURE ONE WAS THE
BUSHWACKER I WINGED THIS
AFTERNOON! HIS LEFT ARM WAS
IN A SLING!



DID YOU SEE
WHO HIT YOU,
DOC?

NO! WHAT
ABOUT YOU,
LIKE?

THE SHOTS HURT ME
BLANKET OVER MY HEAD
... DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING...



IT'S SAFE! BROWN
DROVE THE MACHINES
AWAY BEFORE THEY
FOUND IT!

FOUND
WHAT?

RIGHT AS WELL!
TELL HIM, DAVE!
HE SAID IT
FOR US!!



OUR MONEY! WE ALL SOLD
WHAT WE OWNED IN OHIO...
AND POOLED THE CASH TO
BUILD OUR COMMUNITY
SETTLEMENT IN CALIFORNIA!



WE NOTED TO HIDE IT
HERE: BUT WE'D
BETTER MOVE IT
NOW!

NO! THAT'S WHAT
THE THIEVES WILL
EXPECT YOU TO DO!
LEAVE IT WHERE
IT IS!



HOW MANY PEOPLE
KNOW THE
HIDING PLACE?

ALL THE MEN... EXCEPT
LUKE! HE WAS JUST
Hired FOR THE "JOB"
WE DON'T TELL THE
WOMEN AND CHILDREN!



THEN ONE OF THE MEN
MAYBE? BE WORKING
WITH THE THIEVES!
THEY KNOW EXACTLY
WHERE THE MONEY
WAS HIDDEN!

OH, NO! I CAN'T
BELIEVE ANYONE
IN THIS COUNTRY
IS CROOKED!



COME MAN! YOU'D
BETTER KEEP AN EYE
OUT FOR ANYTHING
SUSPICIOUS!

I WILL! BUT DON'T
MENTION YOUR SUSPICIONS
ABOUT A THIEF! YOU'LL
THROW THE WHOLE COUNTRY
INTO A PANIC!

JUST BEFORE DAWN...

OUR WOMEN'S LIVES!
WE'LL START MOVING AT SUNRISE
I'LL ACT AS GUIDE TILL LUKE'S
WELL AGAIN!

ANYONE BROWN'LL
TAKE THE JOB! HE
KNOWS THE COUNTRY!

GOOD IDEA!



YOU HEARD 'EM,
BROWN! WHAT
DO YOU SAY?

I'M HEADING YOUR
WAY... SO I'LL BE
GLAD TO GUIDE YOU
WHILE LUKE'S
LAIN UP!

I'LL DO IT ON THESE CONDITIONS...
MY WORD MUST BE FINAL AS TO THE
TRAIL WE FOLLOW AND THE PLACES
WE CAMP! AND I'LL DO ALL THE
MEAT HUNTING!!

THAT'S FINE
WITH US!

YOU'RE THE
TRAIL BOSS,
JIMMY!



THE NEXT DAY...

THIS IS GOOD GAME COUNTRY!
I'M GOING AFTER FRESH MEAT!
FOLLOW THE TRAIL AND I'LL
CATCH UP BEFORE SUNDOWN!

HOW ABOUT SOME OF
OUR TEENY OUR LUCK
AT HUNTING?



NO! ORDER EVERYBODY TO STAY
CLOSE TO THE WAGON'S REAR! THIS
IS WILDAN COUNTRY! MEAT-HUNTING
IS PART OF **MY** JOB!



JOHNNY RETURNS TO THE WAGONS LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

IS DOC INSIDE WITH LUKE?

NOPE! HE'S SOME HUNTIN' FOR SOMETHIN' BE TOLD ME TO WATCH LUKE!



DIDN'T DAVIS TELL EVERYBODY TO STAY CLOSE TO THE WAGONS?

I DON'T KNOW! I SAW HIM RIDIN' OFF INTO THE WOODS WITH HIS HUNTIN' GEAR!



HI, JOHNNY! I SEE WE BOTH HAD LUCK! YOU FOUND MEAT ...AND I FOUND THESE ADDITIONAL HERDS IN THE WOODS! I KEEP THEM FOR TEA AND PONTICES!



MOMENTS LATER...

DAVIS! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

NOT FAR! I WAS LOOKIN' FOR SMALL GAME! DIDN'T SEE ANYTHIN' WORTH SHOOTIN'!



MY ORDERS WERE FOR HOGGY TO LEAVE THE TRAIN!

YOU CAN'T GIVE AAF ORDERS, BROWN!



AFTER CAMP IS MADE THAT NIGHT, JOHNNY CALLS A COUNCIL...

I'M SORRY TO LEAVE YOU, FOLKS! BUT I WON'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR SLEEPING YOU SAFELY WHEN MY INSTRUCTIONS ARE DISOBEYED!



I'VE GIVEN DAVIS A MARKED
MAP TO FOLLOW! BUT LET ME
WARN YOU AGAIN... THIS IS
INDIAN AND OUTLAW
COUNTRY! SO BE ON
GUARD CONSTANTLY!
GOOD LUCK!



WE'LL CIRCLE BACK LATER AND KEEP
WATCH, REBEL! IF EITHER DAVIS OR DOC
WENT "HUNTING" TO MEET THOSE THIEVES
THEY MAY TRY AGAIN
TODAY!



LATE THAT NIGHT, JOHNNY WATCHES
CAMP FROM A MOONED KNOLL...

ALL IS DARK,
EXCEPT FOR A
DIM LIGHT IN
GRANBY FIELDS'
WAGON.



STILL LATER...

SOMEBODY'S CHANGING A
-LIGHTED LANTERN! LOOK
LIKE A SIGNAL! YOU STAY
HERE, REBEL!



OTHER EYES SEE THE MOVING GLEAM OF LANTERN LIGHT...

THERE'S THE SIGNAL, WILD! THAT MEANS THE
COAST'S CLEAR AND THE BOUFF'S STILL IN
DOC'S WAGON. LET'S GO!

I GIVE HOPE THAT GRANBY FIELDS' IS
OUT O' THE WAY... LIKE WE TALKED ABOUT
THIS AFTERNOON!



JOHNNY MOVES NONESLAPLY THROUGH THE SHADOWS TOWARD DOC BURG'S WAGON...



LIKE! IT'S ME... JOHNNY MACK BROWN! WHERE'S DOC?

AT PIERCE'S WAGON... LODDWIN! AFTER GRAMMA! SHE WAS TOOK WORSE SICK!



WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE, JOHNNY? DOC SAID YOU'D GONE!

I CAME BACK... BECAUSE I'VE GOT A BLANCH THOSE THEVES WILL SHOW UP! YOU CAN HELP ME CATCH THEM, LIKE! HERE'S MY PLAN...



ALL HANDS!

I TOOK CARE OF THE GUARD!

GOOD! I SAW THE DOC IN THE LIGHTED WAGON! THAT WOUNDED GUY'S ALONE WITH THE DOUGS!



I'LL GO IN FIRST! I CAN HANDLE THE GUIDE WITH ONE HAND!

I'LL COVER THE OUTSIDE... IN CASE HE PUTS UP A SQUAWK AND SOMEBODY COMES NOSEY AROUND!



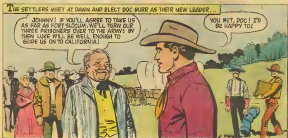
JOE MOVES QUIETLY TOWARD THE SLEEPING, BLANKET-COVERED MAN ON THE FLOOR OF DOC'S WAGON...











Johnny Mack Brown

THE
PAINT BOX

HERE COMES THE STAGE NOW BILL! I'LL SURE BE GLAD TO SEE THE BOX SAFELY ON ITS WAY!

HEY! LOOKS LIKE WEBB WAS HURT HIS ARM! HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE DRIVING THIS TRIP!

AT THE SACRAMENTO STAGE STATION, JOHNNY WAITS WITH AGENT BILL BRADLEY FOR THE STAGE TO ARRIVE—

LOAFER HILL
OF
DANBURY

WHAT HAPPENED, WEBB?

WE HIT A ROCK 'BOUT TEN MILES BACK-- I TOOK A TUMBLE!

LUCKY THING JOE VANCE, HERE, WAS WITH ME! I COULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT THE COACH IN BY MYSELF!

DOES THAT MEAN YOU CAN'T TAKE THE BOX THROUGH TO LOAFER HILL?

IT SURE DOESN'T WITH A BUSTED ARM. WHAT CHANCE'D I STAND IF THERE WAS A HOLDUP?

THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY HOLDUP, WEBB!

YOU WANT TO BET? I'M TELLING YOU THOSE TWO ROAD AGENTS SHELL OUT A PAROLE BOX THE WAY SACS SHELL MONEY! THEY'VE HIT ME FOUR TIMES ALREADY!!





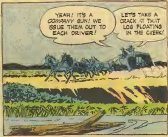
LEAVE SO, WITH JOHNNY ABOARD THE COACH PULLS OUT ON ITS WAY TO LEADER HILL

TAKE GOOD CARE OF REBEL FOR ME, BILL!



RECKON WESS IS GETTING TOO OLD FOR THIS GAME!

IS THIS HIS GUNT?



YEAH! IT'S A GONNAMY GUNT! WE ISSUE THEM OUT TO EACH DRIVER!

LET'S TAKE A CRACK AT TAUT LOG FLOATING IN THE CREEK!



BLAM!
BY A WILE!

BLAM!



AWT AWAH! MY EYESIGHT MUST BE CRACKING UP ON ME!

THESE NEW GUNS ARE TRICKY, JOHNNY! YOU'VE GOT TO GET USED TO THEM!

BLAM!

*MIDWINTER, LYING IN WAIT
ON THE TRAIL —*

THAT STAGE SHOULD
BE HERE BY NOW!

HUST'VE
BEEN A
DELAY IN
STARTING!



NO—THERE IT IS!
NOW, TAKE IT EASY, SAM—
EVERYTHING'S FIXED LIKE
LAST TIME, SO THERE'LL
BE NO TROUBLE!



AND
REMEMBER—
NO GUNFIRE!
WE DON'T
WANT ANY
KILLINGS!



HEY! THAT'S
VANCE BEING!
THIS IS GOING TO
BE TOO EASY!

UH-OH!
HERE COMES
TROUBLE—
WELL WAS RIGHT
AFTER ALL!



GIVE ME THAT RIFLE!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF
'EM!





BUT VINCE'S WILD SHOOTING FRIGHTENS THE LEAD HORSE, AND...





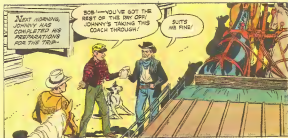
HALF AN HOUR LATER, JOHNNY BRINGS THE COACH INTO LOWER HILL BRIDGE. RATT LEWIS, THE BANK MANAGER, AND SHERIFF MASON, THE OWNER OF THE STAGE LINE, ARE ANXIOUSLY WAITING.



AFTER JERRY HAS TOLD BART BARRY THE WHOLE STORY—







AN HOUR LATER,
ON THE FRONTIER ROAD
TO ADAMSBURG HILL.

SHOULD BE ANY
TIME NOW—YEP,
HERE THEY COME!



HERE I COME, REBEL! THIS TIME
WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THOSE HOGWIGS!



YOU'RE LOOSE,
BUT LEFTS GO!



THEY'RE
SPLITTING UP!
I'LL TAKE THE
ONE HEADING FOR
THE CREEK!



YOU'VE GOT A DATE
WITH THE SHERIFF,
MISTER!











TRAPPERS' ARMOR



The word "armor" is seldom associated with the early west, but the first trappers and mountain men had an armor of their own design, used to protect them from Indian arrows.



The armor used by the trappers was not metal but was made from the heavy skins of the black-tail deer — and it served its purpose against the savagery of the west.



Prior to any anticipated encounter with hostile Indians, the deerskin was soaked in water and wrung out — it was still wet when the trappers dressed themselves in it.



The crude armor offered fair protection for the trappers, because the Indians' flint and iron-pointed arrows seldom penetrated the tough water-soaked hide.



The skin was worn over the trapper's clothing and extended from the chin all the way to the thighs. It was either buttoned together or laced with buckskin thongs.

THE MINOR OFFENCE OF JOE SLADE



For years, the wagon trains of immigrants who traveled between Julesburg, Colorado and Salt Lake City, Utah, were terrorized by one of the most lawless men the west has ever known — Joe Slade!



With fast, well-planned maneuvers, Joe Slade's gang would strike an immigrant wagon train, steal the stock, and quickly disappear into the hills!



Joe Slade did a thriving business with his stolen livestock. Many times he even sold horses and mules back to the men he had originally stolen them from.



But Joe Slade's lawless past finally caught up with him, and in 1864, he was hanged by the vigilantes in Virginia City, Montana. Indeed, fate played a trick on Joe Slade — for he was not hanged for any of his more vicious deeds, but for the minor offense of riding his horse into a general store!