

DELL

COVER MAY 1951

*The Flying A's*

# RANGE RIDER



## FRONTIER JUSTICE



Illustration by G. W. F. Co.

In the days of the Gold Rush, the West very often seemed to be growing too fast to keep up with itself. The mining camps were lawless and violence thrived before there was any organized law and order to keep a check-ree on lawlessness.

But no always, even when the times were at their wildest, honest and fearless men rose up to remove venal justice. One such man was an average newspaper editor of early-day San Francisco who whipped together the City's first Vigilante Society. For lack of something better, the Vigilantes transformed an old sailing ship, the "Euclypsus," into the local jail. They seem to have had little trouble in filling it to capacity.

Men of courage were not limited to California, however. In Missouri, a group of men, led by John K. Beidler, banded together, also taking the name "Vigilantes." Their purpose was to round up a large and raffish gang commonly called the "Innocents," which was terrorizing Virginia City and the surrounding mining camps. Unbeknownst to the local citizens, the leader of the "Innocents" was the Sheriff of Virginia City, Henry Plummer. Beidler's Vigilantes, as good detectives as they were citizens, cracked open the gang and meted out justice with a firm hand.

They called "rangers' courts," which consisted of twenty-five men and a judge, who usually presided from the back of a wagon. The verdicts of these trials were nearly always "Guilty!" and punishment was delivered on the spot.



This picture is a reproduction of the original illustration in the "Frontier Justice" series by G. W. F. Co. It is published by the G. W. F. Co. and is a part of the "Frontier Justice" series. The illustration is a black and white line drawing of a sailing ship on the water. The ship has three masts and is shown from a side-on perspective. The water is depicted with simple lines, and there are a few birds flying in the sky above the ship. The illustration is a reproduction of the original illustration in the "Frontier Justice" series by G. W. F. Co. It is published by the G. W. F. Co. and is a part of the "Frontier Justice" series.

The Flying A's  
**RANGE RIDER**  
"TRIAL OF VENGEANCE"

SHOOT! I DON'T  
WISH ANYONE FOLLOWING  
ME AS WE LEFT STAVELL  
- I WOULD...

Oh, a little trail in the surrounding...













STOP TALKING IN  
BRODER'S MOUTH!  
THEY'LL HEAR YOU!

JUST STOP WORK!  
YOU'LL FIND OUT!



ALL RIGHT GENTLEMEN!  
YOUR DARE OF COMING HERE  
ABOUT DRESS! HAVE YOU  
SOMETHING TO SAY?

YES!  
AND ARE  
YOU?



THE NAME IS BART! HEAR  
SOMETHING TO SAY!  
YOU HEAR, AN' HEAR!  
BRODER, CLAR BART, A  
VERY HEARD NAME!

WHY YOU  
MUST BE  
BRODER  
BART!



I AM! AND I'M HERE  
TO SEE THAT JUSTICE IS  
DONE. AND THAT YOU  
PAY FOR YOUR DEEDS!

HOLD ON, BART! YEARS  
BROTHER! AND THAT WHEN  
HE WAS TRYING TO  
BRODER! A A A  
BRODER! YES, AND  
I WERE THERE, TOO!



THAT'S RIGHT! I LAY AND  
SEVERAL OTHER YEARS IN  
GET OFF THE DAY, BUT MY  
WIFE IS IN THE PLACE!  
I WAS SOLD BRODER!

WOULD I'M NOT! BUT  
NOW THEY'VE GOT  
IN LAW TOWN!  
THEY'LL SEE RIGHT  
THE LADY IS IN  
THE BRODER!  
AND I'VE GOT A  
WIFE!



THEY'VE BEEN  
CLEARED SEVERAL  
WEEKS AGO BY A  
MAN JAMES! NAME  
THE JUDGE GUY BEAST!

IT SO HAPPENS THAT  
JIM THE JUDGE HERE!  
YOUR TALK WILL  
BE BROTT!







BLAKE, MY BROTHER!  
HOW DOES THAT  
LOOK TO YOU?

THAT'S FINE,  
YOUR BROTHER!



IT'S THE CUSTOM OF THIS COUNTY  
THAT YOU THREE MEN, AND YOUR  
SICK MEN, WILL HAVE TO  
LEAVE TOWN WITHIN FORTY  
EIGHT HOURS!



WELL, I  
WANT TO  
KNOW  
WHAT YOU  
WANT TO  
DO ABOUT IT!

I WANT TO  
KNOW IF  
YOU WANT  
TO LEAVE  
TOWN WITHIN  
FORTY EIGHT  
HOURS?

WELL, I  
WANT TO  
KNOW  
WHAT YOU  
WANT TO  
DO ABOUT IT!



WELL, I  
WANT TO  
KNOW  
WHAT YOU  
WANT TO  
DO ABOUT IT!

WELL, I  
WANT TO  
KNOW  
WHAT YOU  
WANT TO  
DO ABOUT IT!

WELL, I  
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WANT TO  
DO ABOUT IT!



WELL, I  
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DO ABOUT IT!

WELL, I  
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DO ABOUT IT!



WELL, I  
WANT TO  
KNOW  
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WANT TO  
DO ABOUT IT!

WELL, I  
WANT TO  
KNOW  
WHAT YOU  
WANT TO  
DO ABOUT IT!









BETTER BALANCE! IF YOU LOVE THEM  
I'LL GIVE THEM AWAY!



THIS IS A GOOD OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE MONEY!



I DON'T WANT IT!  
I'VE BEEN BYEN FROM  
—GIVE ME BACK IT!

BECAUSE OF FREED! HE'S AN  
DANGER NOW, AND BEFORE  
THIS IS A GOOD CHANCE  
TO FIND BILL HAWKEY!



LET'S GO! WE'LL GET ANYTHING TO WASTE!

WALKER RIGHT? IN YOUR  
A LOT OF COURAGE FOR  
FREED TO HELP US!



*A SHORT TIME LATER BY THE STABLE*

I'VE GOT YOU NOW! YOU LITTLE BAIT WOULD  
COME TO ME FOR LETTING THEM TWO GO!

NO! I'LL  
KILL YOU!



THAT'S ENOUGH!

WHAT?!









WE'LL WAIT HERE A SPELL, AND SEE IF THE  
FANGS THEY HANDED ANGRIBEE ANYWAY  
AT BLUE BAY? I'LL GET THAT MAN WITH  
MY OWN BRAND OF JUSTICE ON BLUE!



'COUNTY IS AN ANGRIBEE?'

'IT'S THEM!'



ENTER IN  
THE COUNTY!

**BLAM!**  
**BLAM!**  
**BLAM!**



I SAID, 'COUNTY IS NOW  
BE DECIDING' BEAR-FUR  
CHARGED, AND HEARTY!

YOUR HONOR! THE CHARGES  
AGAINST BARBORN BERRY  
AND JOE BARKER ARE  
KIDNAPPING, ANGRIBEE  
AND ATTEMPTED  
MURDER!



BE'VE BORN OF THE  
LUSH! YOU SAID  
HEARD THE CASE!  
WHAT IS YOUR  
VERDICT?

COUNTY, YOUR HONOR  
OF ALL CHARGES! WE  
RECORDED THAT  
THEY BE SENT TO  
THE COUNTY PRISON  
FOR FURTHER  
TRIAL!





# MITCHELL'S SADDLE



We had the trail lead bedded down and had gathered around the chuckwagon when the cook said, "Kidar wants!" We watched while this lean, tired kid rode slowly in on a great horse and waited patiently to be asked before he dismounted.

We noted the show-off chaps with "Mitch" in fancy stitching on the edge, and the saddle. Especially the saddle it was the greatest thing I ever saw... hand-carved floral designs... silver spanglers on corch and skirts... and the rig of a working cowboy! We all thought the same thing: ... troublefoot from town.

While the cook filled a plate for him, the kid unsaddled, rubbed down the exhausted horse, then asked, "Who's trail boss?"

Old Man Tuttle admitted he was. The kid said, "Name's Mitchell. I missed the trail two days back. You got a job for a rider?"

Tuttle pulled at his mustache, thought a bit, and said, "Well, we ain't short-handed..."

Suede Hazzard cut in, real petty: "We can always use a rider. You know one some-where?" He glanced around at the rest of us. Suede didn't have any authority. He was just a hand, but he was the only wolf of the outfit, and the kind that always rode anyone he thought he could talk. He was mean all the way through.

The kid said, "I'll make out to ride." He looked at Tuttle, "How about it, mister?"

Tuttle pulled the other side of his mustache. "Wellnow," he said slowly, "I don't rightly..."

Suede cut in again, "Now, let's try him out! We'll just put that fancy saddle on Snake Lips! A ripscortin' fine steer like the kid here could show us plainhands some real riding!"

Snake Lips was king of our rough shlep. Everybody bought city of him. Runscorted, big and ugly, he was a killer. A worse leader

I never saw. He had thrown us all.

Old Man Tuttle thought a while, then walked over and took a long look at the saddle where the kid had carelessly laid it with the stirrups off the ground. I was surprised when he came back and said, "All right, Suede, saddle Snake Lips. But get this straight: If the kid rides him, he takes your place ride' point tomorrow, or' you ride drag, back to the dust. From here to Ripscortin' point. An' if there's no y trouble, I'll handle it personally!"

We roared and Mischiefed Snake Lips. Suede tossed him to the air and jerked the brigs. The horse jumped his back and opened. When the kid yelled "Let 'er back!" we jerked off the blindfold and ran for cover.

That vicious horse went straight up and came down on top Mitchell's fancy topodone, knocked him the ground. He circled a full circle around the chuckwagon. When he slowed down a little, Mitchell lashed him across the nose with his hat and tramped him to the shoulder.

The big black went crazy! Nobody had ever treated him like that before. He pitched through the cook fire, scattering skeletons and dirt over. He dived blindly into the chuckwagon, and the wilgits came down with a wash of ears and hooves. The kid got his foot clear before they hit, and back to the stamp on the next jump. Whether it was he or the horse that headed for Suede, I don't know, but they nearly ran him down. Suede died under the wagon just in time.

It was ten minutes before Snake Lips quit, a quarter mile out on the prairie, and a cloudy over daylight between Mitch and the saddle, we saw him hook a spur under a saddle skirt, or any such trick. The big horse was lashed, bit and square, and the kid led him in, squeals as a kitten!

Old Man Tuttle said, "Suede, pull that saddle off and rub him down! Don't be scared, he won't hurt you now! And take a REAL GOOD look at the saddle, like you didn't have sense enough to do before!"

We all crowded around the saddle. A silver plate, screwed to the back of the corch, had engraved on it...

Troutier Park, Cheyenne, Wyo.

July 4, 1908

Awarded to Mitch Mitchell  
First Prize... Brown Hiding"

# Dead End Stories



## BLIND JUSTICE









"IT WOULDN'T BE WISE  
BESSON' BUT SO BEEN  
AFTER TOBBIN' OLD  
WIDOW LARKIN!"

"I DON'T KNOW  
NEUT' YOU' IS  
TALKIN' ABOUT!"



"THERE'S A LOT OF CASH  
TO BE THER' 'ROUND  
IN A CUPPET BAG!"

"THAT MONEY  
BELONGS TO  
ME!"



"CAN I KNOW THE LAW? YOU  
CAN'T ARREST' AN' JURY BECAUSE I  
HAPPEN TO HAVE A LITTLE MONEY?"

"WHAT MAKES YOU  
THINK IN THE FIRST  
PLACE?"



"I DON'T THINK I ~~KNOW~~"

"YOU TIPPED  
YOUR HAND BY BEASIN' A  
BARK WITH YOU' WENT  
INTO THE WIDOW'S  
PLACE?"



"I KNOW ONLY AN OUTRIDER WOULD  
DOE THAT...JUN' HOW'D YOU' TV ONLY  
CHANGES IN THESE PLACES!"



"YE! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE IN  
TOWN WHO DOESN'T KNOW  
WIDOW LARKIN IS BEHIND!"



# The Flying Ace RANGE RIDER

RUTHLESS  
RANCHER

A FURIOUS FIGHT  
IS GOING ON AT  
JOE DOOD'S RANCH  
NEAR REDWOOD...



AS THE JAWBY VICTIM STOODS UP,  
LANGUAGE OF IMPENDING DISASTER...



GOOD! THESE  
THINGS ARE  
THE ONLY WAY  
OUT OF  
THIS!

THE FIRE CURVES ACROSS THE  
COURT-YARD, A SUDDEN DRAFT  
KINDLING IT AND...



A MOMENT OR SO LATER...



BEING STRUCK  
BY THE DRAFT,  
IT'S ALL  
LOOKING LIKE  
A FIRE!

IT'S  
GONE!





THE FUR'S UNDER CONTROL! WE'RE NOT WORRIED!

HERE STAY OUT! I'VE ALREADY REALIZED A LOT OF SHOTS!



I'LL GET HIM TO A DOCTOR! YOU STAY HERE! I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN!

RIGHT!



LITTLE... IN BEDROOM...

I'M BLISS THE MAN WHO HAS AN ACCIDENT! THE MAN WHO'S NOT MEAN ENOUGH TO BRING A MAN OUT AND LEAVE HIM TO BLEED UP!

WHAT WERE YOU TWO DOING ABOUT?



WELL, DOC... NODDY'S BEEN BRINGING TO LAND SINCE HE CAME TO THESE PARTS! SINCE HE A GOOD DEED! HE'S BEEN OUT TODAY TO COMPLETE THE SALE...

"EVERYTHING WAS OKAY UNTIL HE WAS READY TO LEAVE..."

"THAT NEWS BOCKED HIM BACK ON HIS HEELS! MADE HIM MAD, TOO..."



WELL, THAT'S THAT! NOW I OWN ALL THE LAND FOR YOU MEN! THIS SIDE OF BEDROCK!

EXCEPT THE ROOM WITH THE STOP BETWEEN THE SPREAD AND HOUND!



IS IT YOUR OWN? YOU LET ME KNOW YOU OWNED UP TO MY SURROUNDING LAND!

I DID NOT! THE QUESTION WERE! YOU SAID IF IT WAS YOUR OWN, YOU WOULD HAVE TOLD ME!

HE CALLED ME A LIE—  
AND BEING ON ME! HE  
KICKED IT UP! AND NOW  
I'M IN THE ROAST! NOW,  
GOD, HOW ABOUT  
LETTING THE SUNDY  
RIDER DRIVE ME HOME!

I SURE I'VE  
LIE, BOY!  
BUT YOU'D  
BETTER  
TAKE IT  
EASY FOR  
A COUPLE  
OF DAYS!



A LITTLE LATER...

YOU MUST BE PICK NERF.  
THE SUNDY RIDER TOLD  
ME ABOUT YOU! HEARD  
YOU WERE OUT WITH  
THE FLEE! WHAT'S  
THE DAMAGE?

NOT BAD!  
A COUPLE OF  
DAYS' WORK AND  
THAT'S ALL! BE  
AT SUNDY'S  
SIDE!



YOU TWO BOYS MUST BE TIERED!  
WHY DON'T YOU DISMOUNT HERE!  
TOMORROW I'LL BE HAPPY TO  
TO DRIVE YOU!

THANKS!  
WE'LL TAKE  
YOU UP ON  
THAT!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, AT  
POLD'S SEARCH...

THANKS  
FOR SUNDY,  
BOYS!

YOU'VE MADE  
GOOD USE OF  
YOUR TIME!  
I'LL BE  
UP AGAIN  
SOMETIME!



AND AT THE WIDOW  
TATE'S PLACE...

AREN'T YOU GET YOU ANOTHER  
MOOD? MY DEAD HUSBAND BOUGHT  
THIS STRIP OF LAND — AND I'M  
NOT SELLING IT — FOR  
ANY PRICE!

NOT WELL, WHEN I WANT  
SOMETHING SO GOOD,  
I GUESS YOU CAN  
DO ANYTHING!







WAS NOT  
STOLEN THE  
HORSEABLE  
STOLE. LOOK  
SARD OFFENS  
JOB?

SO I SEE/ BOTTED  
BULL MO. I DON' NIS  
THINGS. CAN BE  
BETTER. YOU'VE  
ON A TRIGGER?



TURN AROUND  
AND MESSAGE.  
DICK-TO-TO  
HIDE NO MADDY  
HOSPITALITY ON  
MY LAND.

WAS NOT MADDY  
VEN. MAMA! WE DE  
CORRAGE OF JOE  
DICK. IN THE HOUSE  
DICK. AND THE  
BE DICK WEST!



WE HE'ED  
THE SUN  
SHOTS AND  
THOUGHT  
SOME BODY  
MIGHT NEED  
HELP.

WELL NOW! THAT'S  
DEAL KIND THINGS!  
LIGHT — AND YOU  
NEED! FOR GOT  
HIDEIN' OFFER  
ON THE VIEW. BY  
THE WAY, IM ADDY  
TATE.



WE FIGURED THAT  
MAMA! MIND  
TELLING ME WHAT  
THE SPOOTS  
WAS ALL ABOUT!

— COURSE NOT! I  
NEE JUST OFFERED  
THE DOOR TO TURN  
OUT MY MULES  
WHEN BINK-BEDDY  
WODE UP...

AFTER THE WOMAN TOLD HER STORY...



FROM WHAT JOE DODD  
TELD ME, MADDY'S  
LAND HUNTER, AND  
A MEAN CUSTOMER!

RIGHT! BUT HE  
DOESN'T SCARE  
ME!



ALL IVE GOT IN THE WORLD IS  
THIS LAND AND MY MULES. AND  
IM HANGING ON TO 'EM —  
NO MATTER WHAT!

WERE NOT DUE IN SAN ANTONIO TILL NEXT MORNING! WE'D BE BLAST TO HEAVEN! MOODY AND HUNTER HAS GOT TO BE HERE THIS ANYTIME!

"TALKIN' REAL GOOD OF YOU, DEARIE DINGO! BUT I DON'TY'LL GO TAKE CARE OF THIS LIKLE DE BEARIN' MOODY!"

THEN WELL MOODY ALONG! THANKS FOR THE COFFEE!

WELL IN NEXT TIME YOU'RE AROUND AND HAVE SOME MORE OF YOURS FOR ME ALKING IN BUSH-ICK!

AS THE GUNS RIDE AWAY...

THE WIDOW SUZIE DESCRIBED A LOT OF CREDIT. SHE HAD THIS MONEY THE WAY TO THE SAN ANTONIO TRAIL.

I KNOW IT, BUT BECAUSE HE WAS IN A HURRY, HE LEFT THE MONEY WITH ME. I CAN LIVE MOODY, SO...

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE SURE MOODY AND HISSER AN' HISSER ON ABE!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE A WOMAN TO FEEL HER OWN BUTTRESS!

BEHIND MOODY HAS WAITED FOR THIS...

LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY WAY I'LL GET THE BOWEN LAND IS TO GET HER OUT OF THE WAY... DEPENDENTLY, THEN I CAN BUY IT FROM THE ESTATE!

IF YOU DON'T HIND FIRST, BOSS!

NOT A DARNED DAMN! I'VE GOT A BOW-BOW IN AN' TOMORROW MORNING I'LL RIDE UP TO HER CABIN, BLOW AS BEARS, AND...

NEXT  
MORNING...

COULDN'T I HAVE THE STRANGE SKELETON  
WOULD GET HERE WITH THE GIRL!  
HEY! SOMEBODY'S COMING INTO  
THE WOODS' MARIO!



THAT'S THE POINT HE IS LEAVING  
HERE YESTERDAY! THE GIRL  
MUST BE WITH MOODY!



IT BETTER GET DOWN  
HERE-- IN CASE HE TRIES  
TO GET TOGETHER WITH HER!



DISMOUNTING AT THE BOTTOM OF  
THE HILL, DICK STEALS CLOSER...



I TOLD YOU  
TO STAY OFF  
MY LAND!

OHAY! THE WOOD  
SOUND LIKE I  
COULDN'T BE  
ANY OF THE  
MARIO!  
CHANCE!

BUT THE THE MOODY HAIN'T  
COME ALONG...



THAT JACKSONS MIGHTY  
INTERESTED IN WHAT  
THE BOSS IS SAYING!  
SOMEONE'S GOT TO  
GET HIM OUT OF THE  
BE ON THE SLAVE SIDE!



SUDDENLY, LUCKY REINGS  
IN "GAINING" ...



THE HOOK TURNS THE HILLS  
OUT TO GRASS ...



THEN HEADS BACK TOWARD  
THE CLOTHESLINE ...



AT THAT MOMENT...

SOMETHING'S WRONG  
OR BACK WOULDNT  
HAVE LEFT HERE!



THAT HORSE AT THE EDGE  
OF THE CLASING! LOOKS  
LIKE HE AIMS TO BRING  
THOSE MULES!



IF HE TURNS THE HEAD  
IT'S HEAD STEALIN' FOR  
MULES! TAKE 'EM! RUSHIN'!



THE HEAD CROOKED BY THE  
BOWMAN! MULES BEING STAMPEDE...

THE HEAD!  
IT'S STAMPEDING!



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THE WARRIORS WILL FOLLOW  
THE BELLS. MAKE THEM  
RIDE TO US IN A LINE...



THEY DROVE FORWARD THE SPANISH  
HORSE SOLDIERS THE BELL-MARKERS  
NECK STRAIN...



AND THERE'S LEEB! JUST IN TIME...



SELECTED SHARPT ALBANY, ILL.  
BY YOU LEAD THEM INTO  
THOSE THICK BUSHES.  
CATCH THEM IN A CROSSFIRE!  
ALBANY!



INTO THE HOUSE, MISS  
TATE! ON THE DOORSTEP!



SHARPTON! NO COME IN!  
THAT'S THE BRID WHO  
ATTACKED ME!





BUT BRASS RIDER IS TOO FAST  
AND -



WELL, NOW I  
DON'T KNOW  
HOW THIS

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