

DELL
Western
Adventure

JAN.-MARCH
Still 10¢

"The Rifleman"

Two things stood in the way
of the gunman from Laredo...
Lucas McCain and his rifle!



TRADEMARK

MADE IN U.S.A. - PRINTED IN U.S.A. - ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



Gunman from Laredo

"When Yale Zander came to North Fork I knew he was after someone. His walk, his cautious approach, his gun hung low... all indications of a hired gunman.

"Then I found out who he was after! It wasn't my business to stop him, but I couldn't let him gun down a friend of mine without trying. One thing I know...there was no reasoning with this kind of man...and only my rifle stood in his way."

The Key

"I didn't know why Mark was working so hard to earn some extra money... that was his secret. But when two saddle tramps took their grievance against me out on Mark, I knew that nothing in this world could stop me from catching them."



"The Rifleman"
GUNMAN
 FROM **LAREDO**

LATE ONE AFTERNOON, AS LUCAS AND MARK MCANIN ARRIVE IN NORTH FORK TO STOCK UP ON SUPPLIES---

YOU TAKE CARE OF THE LIED SON---I'M GOING TO WALK DOWN AND VISIT WITH MICHAN FOR A FEW MINUTES!

ALL RIGHT, PA I SAY HELLO TO THE MARSHAL FOR AG!

© FRANKMANN

5 BUT AS LUCAS WENT DOWN THE BOARDWALK---

HEY, BOSS, YOU RECKON HE'S THE ONE?

COULD BE LETS FIND OUT!

HEY, GODBUSTER, YOU THE FELLA THEY CALL THE RIFLEMAN?

SOME DO, BUT MY FRIENDS CALL ME LUCAS!

LUCAS? NOW AIN'T THAT A DANDY HANDLE?

THERE'S BETTER I GUPPES... BUT I'M STUCK WITH IT...

...NOW, IF YOU SOME DON'T MIND, I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO...

HOLD ON, THERE! YOU'RE NOT BEIN' POLITE! WE GOT THINGS TO ASK YOU!

THE RIFLEMAN is a weekly comic published weekly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 150 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. George F. Estabrook is Publisher. Editor: Paul A. Levy. Subscriptions: 100-100th Street, New York 100, N. Y. Advertising: 150-100th Street, New York 100, N. Y. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without the prior written permission of Dell Publishing Co. Copyright © 1968, Dell Publications. This material may be sold only through authorized dealers. Copy or duplicate copies or copies without credit, and distribution of this material for promotion, advertising, or publicity, are strictly prohibited.







MUCH OBLIGED FOR THE HELP, MISTER!

RECKON YOU DIDN'T NEED IT AT THAT... WHAT WITH YOUR BOY JOININ' IN?

WHAT HAPPENED, LUCAS? I COULD HEAR THE KICKSUS CLEAN DOWN TO MY OFFICE!



THE BOYS HAD A LITTLE TOO MUCH OF THE GRAPE, I GUESS! NEVER SEEN ANY OF THEM BEFORE... BUT THEY WERE SURE SCOUTIN' TROUBLE!

WELL, I'LL JUST LET THEM SCOUT THE INSIDE OF THE JAIL FOR A WHILE! MAYBE THAT'LL COOL 'EM OFF!



I'M LUCAS MCCAIN... THIS IS MY BOY, MARK...

A PLEASURE, MCCAIN... MY NAME'S ZANDER... WIFE ZANDER!



ZANDER...? FROM LAREDO?

AND POINTS SOUTH! DIDN'T FIGURE YOU'D KNOW THE NAME UP HERE!



YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GO PRETTY FAR NORTH TO OUTHIDE YOUR REPUTATION, ZANDER!

YEAH, I RECKON SO!





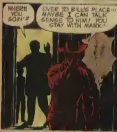


I GOT HOLD OF BILL AND TOLD HIM THE STORY ON ZANDER! BILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY HE'S ON THE SPOT, BUT AT LEAST NOW HE KNOWS HE IS!



BILL'S NO GUNFIGHTER, HE'S A RANCHER---HE WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST ZANDER!

I KNOW... BUT BILL CAN'T BE PUNCHED EITHER... HE WON'T TAKE MUCH NEEDLIN'!



WHERE YOU GOIN'?

OVER TO BILL'S PLACE... MAYBE I CAN TALK SENSE TO HIM! YOU STAY WITH MARK!



SOMETIME LATER, AT THE OWENS RANCH---

HOLD UP, THERE! WHO IS IT?

PUT THAT SCATTER GUN DOWN, BILL... IT'S ME, LUCAS MCCAIN!



SORRY, LUCAS--- IN A LITTLE ON EDGE! COME ON IN!

MCCAIN JUST TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR TROUBLE! I'VE GOT THINGS TO SAY TO YOU!



EVENIN', LUCAS... HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR QUITE A SPELL!

EVENIN', BETTY. RECKON YOU COULD STIR UP A POT OF COFFEE WHILE I TALK TO THIS MAN OF YOURS?



I CAME TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU PLAN TO DO ABOUT YALE ZANDER, BILL!

NOT MUCH I CAN DO, LUCAS... I'VE GOT TO DEFEND MYSELF!



BUT HE WON'T PLAY IT THAT WAY... HE'LL GET YOU TO DRAW ON HIM!

NOT MUCH CHANCE OF THAT! IT MAY SEEM SO TO SOME, BUT I'M NOT APPLED... NOT YET, ANYWAY!



I KNOW YOU'RE EASY-GOING, BILL... BUT ZANDER'S GOT WAYS... AND HE'LL USE 'EM TO GET YOU KILLED!

HE CAN TRY... WAY I FIGURE, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS STAY OUT OF HIS WAY!



HE WON'T LET YOU! HE'S A PAID KILLER... A PROFESSIONAL AT HIS WORK! HE'LL FIND A WAY TO GET AT YOU!

BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE'S AFTER BILL!



ZANDER'S ONLY REASON IS MONEY! HE PROBABLY DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THE REASON SOMEONE WANTS YOU DEAD!

IT'S INCREDIBLE THAT A MAN CAN BE THAT COOL-BLOODED! HE DOESN'T EVEN SOUND HUMAN!



BILL, I WANT YOU TO PROMISE ME YOU'LL STAY OUT OF TOWN FOR A FEW DAYS. GIVE MIKAH AND ME TIME TO TRY AND GET ZANDER TO MOVE ON!

I'LL TRY TO DO LIKE YOU SAY, LUCAS! BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE -- I'M NOT GONNA CRAWL FOR ANYONE!





SUDDENLY JED HAKINS, OWNER OF THE NORTH FORK NEWSPAPER, BURSTS INTO THE OFFICE...



BUT, UNKNOWN TO LUCAS AND WICAH, WALK ZANDER IS ALREADY ON THE WAY TO THE COLLINS RANCH...

AND SOMETIME LATER...

ALL RIGHT, PEKE... GET THAT SADDLE ON HIM!

'BILL! SOMEONE'S COMING!

LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO HAVE TO PUSH THIS BILL COLLINS FASTER THAN I THOUGHT!

LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT ALL THE WITNESSES I'LL NEED TO PROVE SELF DEFENSE!

IT'S ZANDER, BETTY! GET IN THE HORSE!

NO... I WON'T!

SHAKE, LITTLE LADY! STAY AND SEE THE FUN! THAT MISTERS OF YOURS IS GONNA BELLY-CRAWL FOR YOU AND THE KID!

NOBODY MAKES ME CRAWL, ZANDER, NOT EVEN THE FAST GUN FROM LAREDO! GET OFF MY PLACE!

YOU TALK BIG FOR A MAN WHO'S NOT WEARING A GUN! FIGURE YOU CAN BACK UP THAT BIG MOUTH!

YOU JUST STAND STEADY WHERE YOU ARE! I'LL BACK UP ANYTHING I SAY!

NO, BILL... DON'T!

MEANWHILE, LUCAS RIDES HARD, UNAWARE THAT YALE ZANDER IS ALREADY AT THE COLLING PLACE.



BUT A FEW MOMENTS LATER--

SEE, YOU LOOK
SURE ENOUGH LIKE
A REAL GUNFIGHTER!

MAYBE NOT, ZANDER,
BUT I'LL SURE
ENOUGH DIE FOR
YOU TRY TO SHAME
ME IN FRONT OF
MY WIFE!



ANYTIME YOU'RE
READY, LITTLE
MAN, YOU
JUST GO FOR
YOUR GUN!

BACK OFF
GUTTA
HARD'S
WAY, BETTY!



BUT SUDDENLY--

HOLD IT!

BLAM



I TOLD YOU ZANDER
...YOU GET BY ME
FIRST!

LUCAS! THIS IS
MY FIGHT!
STAY OUT OF IT!



NO, LITTLE MAN, I
DON'T WANT HIM TO
STAY OUT OF IT!
HE WANTS TROUBLE,
HE'LL GET IT FIRST!

I'M READY
WHEN YOU ARE,
ZANDER!



ALMOST FASTER
THAN THE EYE CAN
FOLLOW...
SUNMAN AND
LASSWOOD
DEAR...

NOW!



BUT, AS FAST
AS HE IS, THE
SUNMAN
IS FASTER...

BLAM!



RIDE OUT, LASSWOOD
AND DON'T COME BACK!
IF YOU DO, IT WON'T
BE YOUR GUN ARM
I'LL BE AIMING AT!

I... I WON'T BE BACK,
BEGGAIN! YOU'RE TIED
THAT TWO WAYS... A
STUFF GUN ARM AND A
WOUNDED REPUTATION!
I'M OUTTA
BUSINESS!



... AND I DON'T THINK BIGGS
WILL FIND ANOTHER GUNMAN TO
SEND IN MY PLACE! YOU AND
THAT RIFLE, BEGGAIN!
YOU'RE HARD TO BEAT!



I...
ONE
YOU
NO
LIFE,
LASSWOOD!

NO YOU DON'T, BILL!... I
JUST FIGURE WE FATHERS
HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER!



ONE THING
SURE... IF
YOU CAN
EVER
USE MY
HELP...
IT'S
YOURS!

THANKS, BILL... I KNOW,
I'LL PROBABLY BE TAKING
YOU UP ON THAT RIGHT
SOON! ME'N MARK HAVE
THE NORTH FORTY THAT
NEEDS HARVESTIN'
NEXT MONTH!



THE DESERT TRAP



THEY REARED, SADDLE-HEAVY RIDERS SURVEY A SMALL TRADING POST BAKING IN THE HOT DESERT SUN...



THEY'LL HAVE WATER THERE, ZEB!

YEAH, BUT WE CAN'T STOP LONG! THAT MARSHAL IS OLDER BEHIND US!



WE'LL JUST GET A FEW SUPPLIES, FILL OUR CANTERS, AND THEN RIDE ON!

LET'S MAKE IT FAST!



SOME MINUTES LATER, THE MEN HAVE SELECTED THEIR SUPPLIES...

WILL THAT BE ALL? NO, NOT QUITE!



WE'LL ALSO TAKE ALL THE CASH YOU HAVE AROUND!

S-SURE! TAKE ANYTHING YOU WANT, BUT DON'T SHOOT!



GO ON! GET OUT OF THE WAY! WE'LL HELP OURSELVES!



OLD TOM, THE OWNER, FILLS THE CANTEENS...



Having tied Tom securely, the men leave the trading post to rush on across the desert...



Unable to loosen his bonds, Tom waits patiently, and an hour later...



Minutes later...





MEANWHILE, OUT ON THE SWELTERING DESERT...



BUT THE SCORCHING HEAT OF THE BURNING DESERT IS TOO MUCH FOR THE THIRSTY OUTLAWS, AND SOON...

WATER!...
CAN'T GO
ANY
FURTHER!

LOOK, BURRI!
RIDERS ON OUR TRAIL! WE'LL
HAVE TO
FIGHT!



HIT THE DIRT, TOM, THEY'RE
NOT GIVING UP SO EASY!



MY
MANG!

LOOKS LIKE THE
OTHER ONE'S PRESSED
OUT FROM THE
HEAT!



*MINUTES
LATER...*

TAKE IT EASY!
DON'T DRINK
TOO MUCH AT
FIRST!

WELL, OUR TRICK
WORKED AGAIN,
MARSHAL... THE
THIRD TIME THIS
YEAR!



THAT'S RIGHT! AND IT'S STILL A GOOD ONE! THEY
NEVER GUESS THAT YOU FILL THE CANTEENS FROM
THE PICKLE DRINK BARREL, INSTEAD OF THE WATER
BARREL RIGHT NEXT TO IT!



Gunfire and Smoke



Copyright 1934 by NEWMAN NEWMAN & LEROY, INC.

Seven-year-old Danny Barnes leaned against the front gate and sighted through his father's spyglass, pretending it was a rifle. "Wham-o!" he barked gruffly.

The man who had been fired upon in Danny's imagination went about his work without realizing he was being watched. He was a blacksmith, busy at his forge, in the bustling village located in the valley below Danny's home.

Danny switched his aim from the smithy to a lone rider approaching the house.

"Howdy, Sheriff," he called. "I'll keep an eye on the town for you while you're up here."

"Thanks, Danny," Sheriff Ogden smiled.

"Using this spyglass is sure fun!" Danny went on. "It must have taken a lot of figuring for someone to invent it."

"That's right," the sheriff answered. "It was pretty clever, all right, discovering a way to see what is going on in the distance. I just wish I could figure out a way to learn when that outlaw Red Fuller is going to stage another holdup!"

"Howdy, Sheriff," Danny's father called from the house. "Are you out here to try to organize another outlaw hunt again?"

"Nopes," the sheriff said grimly. "There's a hundred places up in the hills where Red's gang might be holed up. We haven't had any luck smoking him out before and I'm ready to give up on that score."

"I'm hoping to get together a stand-by posse that'll be ready to move into action the minute Red stages another holdup."

"That might work if enough men can spare the time to wait around," Mr. Barnes nodded. "The trouble is Red only comes into town when the streets are quiet and you're not around."

"I know," the sheriff sighed, watching Danny peering through the spyglass. "Somebody in town is tipping them off, but . . ."

"Look, Sheriff," Danny spoke up. "There's

a big cloud of white smoke coming from the village. I've seen clouds coming from that same place before but it hasn't burned down yet! So I guess you can't figure out anything by that!"

"Danny!" the sheriff exclaimed, as he sighted through the spyglass. "Red's gang held up the bank last Tuesday! Was that one of the days you noticed a cloud of smoke coming from that place?"

Danny's eyes opened wide with excitement. "Why — Why, I think it was!" he exclaimed.

"It could be a signal!" the sheriff explained excitedly. "That place is right on the edge of town! The man there could easily keep track of my coming and going if he had a spyglass, too! Come on, Horn, let's play my hunch!"

Danny's father and the sheriff sped down the trail, calling for help as they passed men working in the fields.

"Look!" the sheriff said triumphantly. "A group of riders are heading into town from the other way!"

"They're making for the Wells-Fargo office!" Mr. Barnes exclaimed, as they drew nearer to the village.

By the time Mr. Barnes and the sheriff reached the town, they had collected a small band of men. Townspeople dashed for cover and horses plunged with fright, as the scorching beams of flaming forty-four's shattered the air in the clash with the outlaws. But the battle was short for taken by surprise, the bandits were quickly overpowered.

"Now, let's go and round up the blacksmith," the sheriff panted. Turning to Ned, he added, "Sending up a cloud of smoke when the way was clear was a pretty good trick you fellows figured out . . . but this time, it sure backfired!"

Then he chuckled. "And anyone can figure out where this gang of outlaws is going now — behind bars for a long time to come!"

"The Rifleman"

THE KEY

HOW'S YOUR
NEW JOB IN
TOWN, SON?
ALREADY
FINISHED
YOUR
CHORES?"

YES, PA— ONLY TAKE A
COUP'LA HOURS EVERY
MORNING TO SWEEP OUT
MR. CASS'S STORE... AND
I GET PAID FEW
CENTS AN HOUR!

WHAT'RE YOU
AIMING TO DO
WITH ALL THAT
MONEY, SON?

THAT'S A SECRET,
PA... SO DON'T TRY
TO GET ME TO TELL!

IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR
SCHOOL, NOW, SON! BEST
BE GETTING MONS! CAN'T
LET YOUR JOB INTERFERE
WITH YOUR SCHOOLIN'...

LOOK, PA! MR. CASS EVEN
SAVE ME A KEY
TO THE STORE
SO I CAN GET
IN EARLY TO
SLEEP UP! I
KEEP IT TIED
HERE, SO I
CAN'T LOSE IT!

A FEW MOMENTS
LATER...

HOLD IT
THERE,
SONS...
AND STATE
YOUR
BUSINESS!

SURE THING, RISTER...
NO NEED FOR THAT RIFLE!







THAT AFTERNOON AS MARK RETURNS FROM THE SCHOOLHOUSE...

HEY, PA...DID YOU PUT THOSE FELLAS ON AS HIKEE HANDEE?

NO, SON, THEY SORT OF VOLUNTEERED! NICE OF 'EM, WASN'T IT?



GOSH, I'LL SAY! I FIGURED I'D HAVE TO SPEND MOST OF THE AFTERNOON HELPING YOU GET THAT WOOD CUT!

YOU GOT HERE JUST AT THE RIGHT TIME...THEY'RE ALL THROUGH!



HERE 'KE YOUR GUNS, BOWNE! NEXT TIME YOU FEEL LIKE CUTTIN' UP, LET ME KNOW—I'LL BE GLAD TO CRUISE!



PA...I THINK THERE'S SOMETHIN' YOU DIDN'T TELL ME!

THERE IS, SON...



A SIMPLE MATTER OF NOT TRYING TO GET ANYTHING FOR NOTHING IN THIS WORLD! COME ON INSIDE, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

I'LL BE
BACK
ABOUT
EIGHT
O'CLOCK,
PA!

OKAY, WORKIN'
MAN! SAY
HELLO TO
BEN CASS!

AT THE
STORE--

HOLD IT,
BART...

PA'S REALLY GOING TO
BE SURPRISED WHEN HE
FINDS OUT I'VE BEEN
WORKING TO BUY HIM
A RIFLE SHEATH FOR
HIS BIRTHDAY!

ISN'T THAT THE
SOBBUSTER'S
KID?

YEAH, IT
SURE IS...
WHAT ABOUT
IT?

'PEARS HE'S GOT A KEY
TO THE GENERAL STORE!
THAT MIGHT COME IN
RIGHT HANDY!

YEAH, I
SEE WHAT
YOU
MEAN!

MIGHT BE SOMETHIN' IN
THAT STORE WE'D TAKE A
SHINE TO! SURE BE
SIMPLE--JES' WALK IN
AN' HELP OURSELVES!

ALL WE GOT TO
DO IS WAIT OUR
CHANCE AN' GET THAT
KEY! BE A GREAT
WAY TO PAY THE
SOBBUSTER BACK!

LET'S JES' HAVE
US A SEAT
AN' KEEP AN
EYE ON THAT
YOUNG
FELLA!

SITTIN' BEATS
WORKIN'... AN'
IN THIS CASE,
IT'S GONNA
PAY OFF!

LATER, WHEN MARK FINISHES AT THE STORE -

SEE YOU TOMORROW, MARK!

YOU BET, MR. CAGS!



AT THE CANCH -

WHY DIDN'T WE JUST GRAB THE KID? NO USE STALLIN' AROUND?

MAYBE YOU WANT TO TANGLE WITH THAT SODDISTER AGAIN, BUT I DON'T! WE GRAB HIS KID, HE'D LIKELY TEAR US APART!



THE KID'S GOT THE KEY TIED TO HIS BELT LOOP! WE JUST WANT OUR CHANGE AND GET IT!

WHAT YOU FIGURE HELL LEAVE IT THERE WHEN HE HANGS THE TROUSERS OUT TO DRY? I THINK WE'RE DOIN' IT ALL WRONG!



WHEN YOU START DOIN' THE THINKIN' FOR US, WE'LL BOTH STAY EVE! JUST LET ME HANDLE IT! I GOT AN IDEA ALREADY-- ALL WE GOT TO WAIT FOR IS SUNDAY!



SUNDAY? I DON'T GET IT!

YOU WILL, MY FRIEND... YOU WILL!



THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY -

CLIMB ABOARD, SON! DON'T WANT TO BE LATE OR REVEREND COONS WILL HAVE A LITTLE EXTRA SESSION JUST FOR US!

SURE CAN DO WITHOUT THE EXTRA, PA! LET'S HURRY!



AT THAT MOMENT, ON A RIDGE OVERLOOKING THE McCAIN RANCH...



SEE... I TOLD YOU THAT SOBUSTER'D BE THE CHURCH-GOING KIND!

SURE RIGHT... AND THEY'RE BOTH DRESSED UP NICE AND FANCY!

COME ON LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND WHAT WE CAME FOR!



HERE'S THE KEY... JUST WHERE I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE!



RIGHTY NICE OF THE KID TO LEAVE IT FOR US!

LET'S GO SHOPPIN'!

SURE A NICE TRY FOR IT!



MOST OF THE CITIZENS OF NORTH FORK, INCLUDING STOREKEEPER BEN CARR, ARE IN CHURCH!



BUT AT THAT SAME MOMENT...



OKAY... GET THE HORSES AROUND BACK!

EIGHT!

INSIDE THE STORE...



OKAY, HURRY IT UP! THAT CHURCH SERVICE WILL BE OVER 'FORE LONG!

I CAN FILL THESE KNAPSACKS MIGHTY QUICK, PAL!

METHODICALLY, THE TWO MEN SEARCH FOR VALUABLES...



I'VE GOT ALL THE MONEY! GRAB A FEW SIX-GUNS... WE CAN GET A GOOD PRICE FOR THEM!

I'M TAKIN' EVERYTHING THAT'S SELL GOOD!

AND FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...



LET'S PUT SOME MILES BETWEEN US AN' NORTH 'FORE!

GIDDAP THESE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, SERVICES ARE OVER AT THE LITTLE CHURCH...



SEE YOU 'ROUND LATER!

'EYE, MICAL-BEN!

BACK AT THE RANCH...



GET OUT OF YOUR GOOD CLOTHES, SON! WE'VE STILL GOT A FEW CHOICES TO DO TODAY!

YES, PA!





LUCAS AND THE MARSHAL PUSH THEIR HORSES HARD, AND LATER--



LUCAS BRINGS HIS RIFLE
INTO FIRING POSITION--







A FLEDGE  TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

DAD! NEW TARGET SPECIAL FAMILY B B RIFLE!

DAISY

DAD!

**"LOW-COST"
YEAR AROUND
SHOOTING FUN!**

Train your family to shoot properly—have sport—with this accurate new Daisy Target Special. Low first cost; 100 shots for \$4! Hunky 36 1/4" rifle "designed" by Camp Perry experts, 1000-shot type. A real Family Christmas Gift! Gun comes with 4 Aperture Sighting Discs, Cut-To-Fit Stock Templates, Targets, RPs, Tube of Gun Oil, 16-Page Official 15' Shooting Instruction Book.

**DAD! Send Coupon For FREE
TRAINING BOOK and CATALOG!**

20 PAGE CLUB BROCHURE tells how adults, clubs, communities train youngsters in marksmanship.

24 PAGE CATALOG describes Daisy Training Air Rifles from \$4.98 to \$13.95.

MAIL NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Training Dept. P-4010, ROGERS, ARKANSAS, U.S.A.
I enclose 10¢ (add) to help cover postage-howling costs. Send Club Brochure, Catalog prepaid.

NAME _____

MR. & MRS. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Buy See Register Ask Me To Send This Ad



6 MAN-SIZE FEATURES!

- 1 HOODED 3-WAY FRONT SIGHT WITH FOUR APERTURE DISCS
- 2 WOODEN BEAVER-TAIL FOREARM
- 3 ADJUSTABLE TOP GRAIN LEATHER SLUNG
- 4 SPECIAL "SOFT" TRIGGER SQUEEZE
- 5 ADJUSTABLE REAR PEEP SIGHT
- 6 WOODEN STOCK IS "ADJUSTABLE"

All Fine Rifle Cartridges
Price \$1.00 (100) in
50-Cal. Box

NO. 99
\$12.95

DAD!



**DAISY
BULLSEYE BB
TARGET PISTOL (No.177) #5**

designed for accurate short range "BB" shots for 5' indoor-outdoor target work.

Published by Training Division of
DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. P-4010, ROGERS, ARKANSAS, U.S.A.

OTHER
PAGES
\$4.98

Paid in Full



BOB'S CHRISTMAS GIFT!

HERE IS THE PUMP GUN BOB GOT FOR CHRISTMAS!

CHRISTMAS MORNING!

MY CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU IS TRAINING IN HANDLING AND IN SAFE HANDLING OF ALL GUNS!

MAN! A REAL BABY!

BOB AT BARNWARE, SPORTS GOODS DEPT. STORE

CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON - DAD INSTRUCTED BOB HOW TO SHOOT SAFELY AT HIS NEA TARGET!



NEW TARGETS BOB BOB AND HIS PAL GET SAFETY FOLD TRAINING FROM DAD.



LIKED! BOB SHOWS PALS BRIDGE "PUMP ACTION" THAT COCKS BY NO. 20!

SUMMER TIME, BOB'S "BOB" TAKES DOWN INTO 3 FEET FOR VACATION TRAVEL—A SPECIAL FEATURE!



SEE **FREE** THE EXCITING NEW COLOR SOUND "ROCKET CLUB" MOVIE

Produced By

DAISY in cooperation with

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE!

See actual U.S. Air Force Missile launchings—young rocket club members experimenting properly with rockets under adult supervision! Every child, parent, teacher should see this safety film! Send coupon for Air Force Request Form now—learn how you can see "Rocket Club" Movie **FREE!**



GET THESE!



MAIL COUPON NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. 4210, ROGERS, ARKANSAS, U.S.A.

I enclose \$0.00 to help cover postage-handling cost. Send postpaid Daisy Catalog and U.S. Air Force Request Form for "Rocket Club" Movie.

NAME _____

IT A NO. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

HOW to get **YOUR** PUMP GUN NOW!

1. Mail coupon for 24-page Catalog describing all Daisy Air Rifles from \$4.99 to \$13.95!
2. Lift this page; read other Daisy ad below it!
3. Hand other ad to Dad asking him to please read it and to mail coupon for Free Training Literature!



NO. 24
DAISY
HUNTER
with 22
SCOPE
MOUNTED
\$9.99

NO. 24 DAISY
WESTERN CARBINE
\$7.95



OTHER
DAISY
LOW AS
\$4.99

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFTS ARE

DAISY AIR RIFLES

FOR TRAINING AND FUN!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

DEPT. 4210, ROGERS, ARKANSAS, U.S.A.

SINCE 1888—GUN AND EQUIPMENT SPECIALISTS FOR YOUNG AMERICA

Price Right in Cash
Prices Subject to Change Without Notice