


DELL
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Adventure

MARCH

The Rifleman



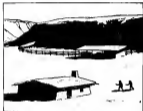
A golden relic
holds the
answer to how
Lucas McCain
can save the
lives of
his two friends.

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"The Rifleman"

THE GOLD HAT



When Sam Barnaby decides to deed a canyon to the county for a dam site, he and his son meet with violent attacks on their lives.



Lucas McCain answers a call to help them, and he solves the mystery by using his own rifle to unravel the riddle of a gold hat.

THE MARKSMAN



While testing a new rifle, Mark and his friend Danny make a startling discovery in the woods... a satchel of stolen money.



They try to return it to the sheriff and outlaws close in on them... but quick thinking gets the boys out of their predicament.

The Rifleman .

"THE GOLD HAT"



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SHORTLY ---

...AND YOU SAY THAT THESE MEN HAVE ATTACKED YOUR RANCH FOUR TIMES?

THAT'S RIGHT, LUCAS...

CAN'T THE SHERIFF GIVE YOU PROTECTION?

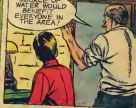
THIS IS A NEW AREA, LUCAS... WE DON'T EVEN HAVE A SHERIFF YET!



THE ATTACKS STARTED AFTER I OFFERED A PIECE OF MY LAND TO THE COUNTY... A BOX CANYON CALLED **DIABLO'S END!** THE COUNTY IS GOING TO BUILD AN IRRIGATION DAM!

GOSH! SOMEBODY MUST NOT WANT THE DAM TO BE BUILT!

IT SURE LOOKS THAT WAY, MARK... BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT ONE SINGLE REASON! A YEAR-ROUND SOURCE OF WATER WOULD BENEFIT EVERYONE IN THE AREA!



ONE QUESTION, SAM... WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO YOUR LAND IF, WELL, IF YOU AND BILLY HAD BEEN KILLED IN ONE OF THESE ATTACKS?

MY LAWYER, FRANK OWENS, HAS POWER OF ATTORNEY TO RUN THINGS IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME...

CAN YOU TRUST HIM?

FRANK? WHY, SURE... HE'S BEEN A CLOSE FRIEND FOR YEARS! I'M SURE HE'S NOT MIXED UP IN THIS...



BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, DAVE SLATER
ASKS WITH SAM'S LAWYER ---

THOSE GUNMEN YOU
HIRED BUNGLED THIS
JOB ONCE TOO OFTEN,
OWENS! WE'VE
ONLY GOT TWO
DAYS BEFORE
BARNABY SIGNS
THAT CANYON
DEED OVER TO
THE COUNTY!

ISN'T THERE
SOME WAY WE
CAN DO THIS
WITHOUT
KILLING?

YOU'RE HIS
LAWYER, PAL
... YOU KNOW
VERY WELL
THERE'S NO
OTHER WAY!

IT'S MY
REPUTATION
I'M WORRIED
ABOUT!
IT ---



WHO CARES ABOUT
YOUR REPUTATION WITH
A FORTUNE IN
SPANISH TREASURE
AT STAKE? IT'S
HIDDEN IN THAT
CANYON AND
WE'VE GOT
THE MAP!



I'VE INVESTIGATED
BOOKS... RECORDS...
I'VE SPENT TWO
YEARS FINNING
THIS WHOLE
THING DOWN!

IT WAS SO
LONG AGO...
HOW CAN
WE BE
SURE?



A GROUP OF SPANIARDS WERE
ATTACKED BY INDIANS IN THAT
CANYON... AND BEFORE THE
BATTLE, THEY BURIED THE
GOLD! IT'S STILL THERE... I'M
SURE OF IT!



WE'VE GOT TWO DAYS...
IF WE DON'T MOVE FAST
THAT GOLD WILL END UP
UNDER FIFTY FEET OF
WATER!

THE
NEXT
MORNING...

DIABLO'S END IS JUST
A FEW MILES AHEAD! BUT
I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD
IT'LL DO SEEING A
BOX CANYON...

I'M JUST
THE
CURIOUS
SORT, SAM...



C'MON, MARK...
LET'S CLIMB
SOME ROCKS!

OKAY!



YOU
BOYS BE
CAREFUL,
NOW!

DON'T GO
WANDERIN' TOO
FAK OFF!



AT THAT
MOMENT ON
A LEDGE
ABOVE
THE
CANYON...

THAT'S
BARNABY!

THIS
TIME
I
WON'T
MISS!





LUCAS BRINGS HIS RIFLE TO AIM...









AS LUCAS AND MARK RIDE OUT...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE'RE LEAVIN', PA... IF MR. BARNABY IS IN TROUBLE, WE OUGHT TO STAY WITH HIM!

WE ONLY WANT THEM TO THINK WE'RE LEAVING, SON!

CHANCES ARE THOSE MEN ARE WATCHING THE RANCH RIGHT THIS MINUTE--IF THEY SEE US LEAVE, THEY'LL FEEL MORE CONFIDENT ABOUT ATTACKING AGAIN!

WHERE ARE WE GOING TO BE?

WE AREN'T GOING TO BE ANYWHERE! YOU'RE GOING TO STAY RIGHT UP HERE WHERE YOU'LL BE SAFE!

AND MISS ALL THE EXCITEMENT?

THIS IS DANGEROUS, MARK... YOU'RE TO STAY RIGHT HERE UNTIL IT'S OVER!

YESSIR!

AS DARKNESS FALLS...

NOW REMEMBER, MARK--I DON'T WANT YOU TO MOVE FROM THIS SPOT!

I WON'T, PA! I PROMISE! AND I'M NOT AFRAID!

UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, LUCAS MOVES TOWARD THE RANCH...

INSIDE THE RANCH HOUSE, SAM BARNABY WAITS... FINGERS TIGHT AROUND HIS RIFLE...

I SUCK HOPE LUCAS ISN'T FAR AWAY...



A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

EASY, NOW... IF WE MAKE ANY MISTAKES THIS TIME, WE MIGHT AS WELL HEAD FOR THE BORDER!



LUCAS SPOTS THE MEN MOVING TOWARD THE RANCH...

LOOKS LIKE OUR TRAP IS CATCHING A COUPLE OF FISH...



TWO MEN COMING THIS WAY...



GOT TO HOLD MY FIRE... LUCAS MUST HAVE SEEN THEM BY NOW!





LUCAS MOVES IN QUICKLY
BEHIND THE TWO MEN...



AND THEN...

HOLD
IT
RIGHT
THERE!



WHAT
2

SHOOT!
QUICK!



CRACK!



BLAM BLAM BLAM

MY
ARM!



LUCAS FIRES ANOTHER
SHOT, AND—



START TALKING, BOYS...
AND MAKE IT *FAST!* MY
FINGER IS *STILL* ON
THIS TRIGGER!



FRANK OWENS
HIRED US---HIM
AND A GUY
NAMED DAVE
SLATER...

WHY?
WHY DID
FRANK WANT
ME DEAD?



THEY WANTED THAT
CANYON--SOMETHING
ABOUT A MAP, AND
BURIED TREASURE!

LUCAS,
YOU
WERE
RIGHT!



HANG ONTO THEM, SAM...
I'M GOING TO PAY A VISIT
TO YOUR *CLOSE FRIEND*,
FRANK OWENS!

BE
CAREFUL,
LUCAS!



MINUTES
LATER...

PA!
YOU'RE
ALL
RIGHT!

YES, SON---YOU
GO ON DOWN TO
THE RANCH NOW.
IT'S SAFE! I'LL
BE BACK SOON!



SHORTLY, IN TOWN---

NOW TO FIND
FRANK OWENS'
OFFICE....

LUCAS LOCATES THE
LAWYER'S OFFICE...



THE NEXT DAY, CITIZENS THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY JOIN IN A THOROUGH SEARCH OF SAM BARNABY'S CANYON...

SEARCH EVERY INCH—
MEN!

COME ON,
BILLY! MAYBE
WE CAN
FIND IT!

FINALLY, HOURS LATER...

AN
OLD
CHEST?

PA! HE, BARNABY!
COME QUICK... WE
FOUND SOMETHING!

EVERY AREA OF THE
CANYON IS COVERED, NOT
A CREVICE IS MISSED...

IT'S A FORTUNE,
ALL RIGHT, SAM.
ENOUGH TO
BUILD THAT DAM
AND SET YOU
AND BILLY UP
FOR LIFE!

IT'S PART YOURS,
LUCAS... YOU AND
MARK DESERVE
A SHARE
OF THIS!

MAYBE ONE COIN
FOR MARK, BUT
NOTHING FOR ME,
SAM! WE JUST
HELPED OUT A
FRIEND... AND
THAT'S WHAT
FRIENDS
ARE FOR!

DOGGONE,
LUCAS, YOU SURE
ARE SOMETHING!
I GUESS YOU
KNOW ANY TIME
BILLY AND I CAN
HELP YOU, WE'LL
SURE COME
RUNNING!

THE MAN
HOLDUP

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The Silverville Stage pulled into town at twilight, and a crowd of angry miners gathered around it when they learned that it had been held up just two miles out of town and the mine payroll taken.

Sheriff Tate questioned the driver, who said there were three holdup men, one on the road and two more covering the stage from the rocks above.

As the anger of the miners increased, the men formed a milling mob which the sheriff was hard-pressed to disperse. More than once he was jostled to and fro, and, in the scuffle, his hat was knocked from his head and trampled underneath until it was beyond saving.

The next day, the rumor of a jailbreak by his three prisoners kept Sheriff Tate close to his office. Not until late afternoon was the threat over, leaving him free to track clues to the stage robbery. Then, shortly before sunset, wearing a battered old Stetson to replace the hat he had lost, he rode out with his deputy to the scene of the holdup.

They stopped the stage when it came along, and the driver went over the details of the holdup with them, pointing out where the two gunmen had hidden in the rocks above the road. The stage then drove on, and the two lawmen climbed up into the rocks.

The sheriff shaded his eyes from the setting sun and peered down at the spot where the stage had been robbed. Then he squinted into the sun's rays for a moment, then looked at his watch and mumbled, "The stage was on time last evening, too." He turned to his deputy. "It was a one-man holdup, Bob," he said. "There were no gunmen up here."

At that moment, the deputy stooped and picked up a leather hatband.

"I've never known you to be wrong on a case, Sheriff," he said, "but it looks as if you are, this time."

The sheriff examined the hatband, once more looked into the setting sun, then shook

his head and said, "I'm not wrong, Bob."

Back in town, the sheriff got a look at himself in a store window and said, "Let's go into Cy Morgan's store, Bob. I'd better buy a new hat to replace this old thing."

In the store, the proprietor was busy, so the sheriff stopped by himself among the hats on a back counter. Quite by accident, he found two battered old hats among the new ones in a drawer beneath the counter. He wondered idly why Cy would have old hats in his stock then. Instantly, he knew! He took from his pocket the hatband the deputy had found, and it fitted one of the hats perfectly, matching exactly the unfaded space that it had originally covered.

Sheriff Tate walked over to Cy Morgan.

"Come and unlock your office safe, Cy," he said calmly to the merchant, "and let's have the mine payroll." Before the habberquaxed man could speak, he went on. "And let's not waste time with a lot of denials. You robbed the stage, and you did it alone. I'll tell you right quick how I know. The two hats you put up in the rocks to look like gunmen I just now found. Also, you were not in the store when the holdup was committed. I know, because I came in to buy those two bone-handled six-guns on your rack there. They were not there then, and the young fellow that clerk for you said he guessed you'd sold them."

A half-hour later, Cy Morgan was behind bars.

"He tried the oldest trick there is," the sheriff said to his deputy, "when he put the hats and guns up there in the rocks to look like two holdup men."

"It's all clear to me," the deputy said, "except for one thing. When we were up in the rocks, how did you know there had been no gunmen there?"

The sheriff grinned. "The setting sun was bright in my eyes. No gunman will ever station himself where he has to shoot into direct sun rays."

REPRIEVE FOR OL' JOE

HERE COMES THE
SHERIFF ... HE'S STILL
RIDIN' THAT OL' MARE!

IT'S A WONDER THAT HORSE OF HIS
DOESN'T JUST BOLL OVER AND DIE!
HE'LL BE A HUNDRED YEARS OLD!



MORNIN', BOYS!
HE'S BAY, ISN'T
IT?

TOM, WHEN ARE YOU
GONNA GET RID OF
THAT OL' MARE OF YOURS?
YOU OUGHT TO BE RIDIN'
A GOOD HORSE!



AS LONG AS I'M SHERIFF,
I'M KEEPIN' OL' JOE! ...
WHY HE'S THE BEST
HORSE A MAN EVER HAD!
IN SPITE OF HIS LOOKIN',
HE'S A FINE ANIMAL!



IT JUST DOESN'T
LOOK RIGHT, SHERIFF ...
AN IMPORTANT LAWYMAN
LIKE YOU, RIDIN' THAT
OLD HORSE!

I DON'T CARE
WHAT LOOKS
RIGHT ... I OWE
A LOT TO OL'
JOE!



I SORRY WE CAN'T RUN SO FAST ANYMORE ..
BUT I'M IN NO HURRY ANYWAY! LONG AS I DO
MY JOB, KEEPIN' THE PEACE AROUND HERE,
OL' JOE WILL BE JUST FINE!









The Rifleman .

The MARKSMAN







WHAT HAPPENED, MICAH?

TWO OUTLAWS JUST ROBBED THE NORTH FORK BANK---ONE OF 'EM WAS JEB PANTON!



YOU JOININ' THE POSSE WITH US, LUCAS?

I'M IN MY BUCKBOARD---BUT I'LL GET A HORSE FROM THE STABLE AND CATCH UP WITH YOU!



MOMENTS LATER, LUCAS JOINS THE GROUP---

THEY HEADED OUT THE SOUTH ROAD...



THEY CAN'T BE TOO FAR AHEAD OF US! AND THEY'RE LEAVING A PRETTY CLEAR TRAIL!



BUT AN HOUR LATER---

THOSE TRACKS TURN AROUND AND HEAD BACK THE OTHER WAY NOW!

THEY MUST HAVE CIRCELED BACK--- PROBABLY HEADING THROUGH OAK CANYON...





I HIT ONE!

CRACK!
RING

NOW I THINK I'M GETTIN'
ON TO IT--- I'LL RELOAD
AND TRY IT AGAIN!



AT THAT MOMENT, NOT TOO FAR AWAY---



YOU FIGURE
THAT PORSSO
IS STILL
FOLLOWIN'
US?

PROBABLY... BUT WE
OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO
LOSE THEM IN
THIS WOODS!



DANNY LINES UP
ANOTHER RIFLE SHOT---



BUT HE IS UNAWARE THAT, JUST
BEYOND THE TREES, TWO OUTLAWS
MOVE THROUGH THE WOODS---



CRAAAACK!

THE BULLET MISSES THE TIN CAN, BUT BEYOND THE TARGET—









LET'S HEAD FOR OAK CANYON! WE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE TO LOSE THEM THERE!

JUST LEAD THE WAY!

THE BOYS RIDE HARD AS THE OUTLAWS CLOSE FAST BEHIND THEM ---



HIYAAHH-H!



THE TWO OUTLAWS FOLLOW THE BOYS ---



UP THIS WAY!

THEY'RE GAINING ON US!



REACHING THE TOP OF A RIDGE, BANNY AND MARK PAUSE FOR A SECOND ---

BANNY, LOOK!



DANNY SWINGS UP HIS NEW RIFLE AND FIRES ---





THE OUTLAWS WHIRL THEIR HORSES TO LEAVE ---





SEE, PA, THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY!

THANKS TO THE GENEROSITY OF THE PEOPLE OF NORTH BORK, WE'VE COLLECTED ALMOST ENOUGH FOR THE NEW CHURCH!



GET A LOAD OF THAT ENERGY!

YEAH, TURK-- IT'S A GOOD THING WE LOOKED BEFORE BARGING IN, ASKING TO STAY THE NIGHT!



THROW UP YOUR HANDS OR WE'LL BLAST YOU AND THE KID!

RUN, MARK, RUN!



THE INTRUDERS ARE MOMENTARILY STUNNED BY MARK'S QUICK ACTIONS AS HE TOSSES THE RIFLE TO LUCAS...

CATCH, PA!



LIKE A FLASH, LUCAS COVERS THE MEN, FIRING TWO WARNING SHOTS...

D-DON'T SHOOT!!

WE G-GIVE UP!

BLAM

BLAM



WHY DID YOU PULL A FOOL STUNT LIKE THAT WHEN I TOLD YOU TO RUN?

RUNE GOLLY, PA! I THOUGHT YOU SAID GUN, SO I FLIPPED IT TO YOU! ANYWAY, I GUESS THE LAUGH'S ON THEM!

"The Rifleman" WATER AND THE WEST



Land in the West is put to use in more varied ways than in most parts of the world. This is true, because water is so vitally important that it is usually the deciding factor in how the land will be used to the best advantage.



Vast areas of desert, with just enough rainfall to produce scrub plants, are used by livestock ranchers. In some parts, where a hundred acres are needed to feed one steer, huge ranches measure a half million acres!



Sheep can live in parts of the western land where cattle cannot survive. They eat the weeds and woody plants, which cows will not eat. So sheep ranchers make use of this dry desert land, raising great flocks of sheep.



Where water is available for irrigation, the brown dusty desert turns green and fertile. In these areas, fine crops of numerous vegetables and fruits are produced.



Parts of the West have plenty of rainfall, with year-round mild weather. These sections have become great dairy and poultry farms and extensive fields of grain.

"The Rifleman" SPANISH GOLD



The relics of Spanish treasures which have been found in the Southwest are really relics of Mexican Indian gold. When Spanish explorers came to Mexico, they brought no gold with them, for they came to rob the Indians of their riches and to return to Spain wealthy and in good favor with their king.



Cortez arrived in Mexico in 1519; and Montezuma, the Aztec ruler, thought he could bribe the explorer to leave the country by giving him gifts of pure gold. The gesture did not work. Cortez captured the country.



He captured the gold, too, and sent most of it back to Spain. Explorers were allowed to keep a share for themselves. Taking it with them, they set out to find richer treasures in a mythical country called El Dorado.



Coronado led such a party into what is now Kansas. He did not find the additional gold he expected. . . only the American Indians in their crude villages. He turned back, defeated . . . his dream of gold vanished.



We do not know why the Spanish left some of their Mexican riches in the Southwest. Perhaps the loads became too heavy and were left to be recovered later, or their pack animals, loaded with treasures, strayed off.

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