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2ND BIG CONTEST—ENTER NOW!

“
The **Rifleman**”

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DELL TRADING POST

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test your talent!

CONTEST PRIZE: \$495.00 Scholarship in Commercial Art

Draw your choice of any one of these heads. Make your drawing any size except like a tracing. Use pencil. Everyone who enters this contest gets a professional estimate of his talent. Winner receives the complete course in commercial art taught by the world's largest home study art school, founded forty-seven years ago.

Here is professional training in advertising art, illustrating, cartooning and painting. Students are taught, individually, by artists with commercial art experience. Art Instruction, Inc. is an accredited member of The National Home Study Council.

Purpose of contest: to uncover hidden talent. Entries for September 1961 contest due by September 30. None returned. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified. Enter the contest!

Use 1 coupon—then pass this page on to a friend.

3. **ART INSTRUCTION, INC.**

Box 1021 • 500 South 4th St. • Minneapolis 15, Minn.
Please enter my drawing in your draw-a-head contest
(please return)

Name _____
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"The Rifleman"

The FRAME-UP

ONE NIGHT, AS MOST
OF THE TOWN OF NORTH
FORK SLEEPS...

MIGHTY LATE
FOR A BOY OF
YOUR AGE TO
BE UP, MARK—
WE'D BEST
GET HOME!

ISN'T OPTEN I
GET TO BUY YOU
TWO DINNER IN
TOWN, LUCAS...
I EXPECT MARK
WILL SURVIVE
LOSIN' A FEW
HOURS SLEEP!

THE MEAL WAS
SURE GOOD,
MARSHAL...
ESPECIALLY THE
ICE CREAM!



SUPPENLY, YOUNG MARK NOTICES
SOMETHING ACROSS THE STREET...

PA! LOOK! IT'S
SOMEONE CLIMBIN'
OUT OF THE GENERAL
STORE WINDOW!



HEY, YOU!
STOP!



MICAH
FIRES A
WARNING
SHOT...



THE FLEEING
FIGURE IS UN-
ABLE TO REACH
HIS HORSE AS
THE ANIMAL
SPRINGS...



FORWARD: Please send notes on Form 3025 to 221 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us two weeks in advance of the next issue date. Also both year old and new address including a possible year old address label.



COLOR

THIS PICTURE AND YOU CAN

WIN

THE CASH (\$1,000.00) AND THE CAR, TOO!

It's easy to win in the new DELL COMICS Contest. All ages can enter. Just color in the picture at the right. The car is a Thunderbird, Jr. (Model # 3040-000). It is an exact copy of the famous Ford Thunderbird, Jr. 10" long, the Tilted Jr. is battery run and goes up to 10 miles per hour. Has a real horn, lights and a trunk, too. And there's \$1,000.00 in cash and \$10 in the car. Enough money to treat Mom and Dad, brother, sister and yourself!

The best and girls coloring this picture in the most original and beautiful way win a prize. Color, color, color now. Enter as many times as you wish.

YOU'VE GOT 1111 CHANCES TO WIN —

10 SECOND PRIZES

A Schwinn boy's or girl's bike worth \$78.00



100 THIRD PRIZES

Fast new transistor radio made by Sylvania



1000 RUNNER-UP PRIZES

200 girls will win a Vogue "Baby Dear" Doll—in 18" bundle of love



800 boys will win a "Sports Treasure Chest" by Amd. VQTF—filled in sports equipment



Here are the rules for the New Dell Comics Contest. Color in this picture with crayons, water colors, color pencil or oil paints. Include the top as well as the new DELL COMICS covers, new or old, with your entry. Be sure each cover strip includes the word's name and the new Dell Seal. Enter often. But include the new cover strips with each entry. Entries must be post marked before midnight, Sept. 29, 1957, to be eligible. Winners will be notified by mail. Entries will be judged by Advertising Executives of America on the basis of originality, neatness and novelty. All entries become the property of Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Anyone in the U.S.A. or Canada may enter—except employees of Dell, its affiliates or their families. Contest subject to Federal, State and Local regulations.



MAIL THIS OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK TO:
DELL COMICS CONTEST, P.O. BOX 71, NEW YORK 46, N. Y.
Please Print:

Name _____

I'm a boy I'm a girl Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



EXTRA SURPRISE! See Dealer Page for DELL Testing Post!

HOLY COW! YOU'RE JUST A KID! LIKE ME!



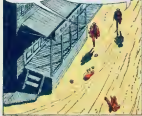
STILL DESPERATE, THE YOUNG THIEF TRIES TO FLEE, BUT MARK PREVENTS THE BOY'S ESCAPE...

PA! OUT FRONT! I GOT HIM!



MARK CAPTURED HIM!

AND YOU SAID IT WAS TOO LATE FOR HIM TO BE OUT?



WHY, HE'S JUST A YOUNG-STER!

SON, DO YOU REALIZE I ALMOST SHOT YOU? NOW WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

I CAN'T TELL YOU! I CAN'T!



COME ON, BOY, SPEAK UP! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

IT'S BEST YOU TELL THE MARSHAL, SON! YOU'RE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE... HE CAN HELP YOU!



I ADMIT I TOLE THAT STUFF... THAT'S ALL I'M TELLING YOU!

GUESS THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT PUT HIM IN JAIL, LUCAS?

GUESS THAT'S RIGHT, MICKA!



WICAH TAKES THE BOY TO JAIL, HOPING THE ACTION WILL CAUSE HIM TO TALK...



IT WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO ME, MARSHAL--I CAN TAKE IT!

YOU AND ME BETTER HAVE A TALK, LUCAS!

WATCH THE PRISONER, MARK! WE'LL JUST STEP OUTSIDE!



STUBBORN LITTLE GUES, ISN'T HE?

YEAH--BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE SOME WAY TO BREAK HIM DOWN... WE CAN'T REALLY KEEP A BOY THAT AGE IN A JAIL CELL...



INSIDE...

YOU SURE WOULD BE SMART TO TELL THE TRUTH--MY PA AND MARSHAL TORRANCE WANT TO HELP YOU!

SURE THEY DO... JUST LIKE THEY HELP ALL FOLKS WHO STEAL!



I GUESS IF YOU STOLE ALL THAT STUFF, YOU MUST'VE HAD A GOOD REASON! YOU MUST BE AWFUL HUNGRY...

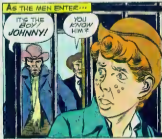
MAYBE! I TOOK THE CHANCE-- I'LL PAY FOR IT!



ON THE STREET, WICAH AND LUCAS REVEAL AS A STRANGER POSSIBLY...

TOWN'S GETTIN' MIGHTY BUSY FOR THIS TIME OF THE NIGHT...

DON'T RECOGNIZE HIM-- MUST BE LAW FROM OUT OF THE COUNTY...





DON'T BELIEVE HIM, PLEASE! MY PA DIDN'T KILL ANYONE... I SWEAR IT!



SUPPOSE YOU TELL US YOUR STORY, DEPUTY...

NOT MUCH TO TELL... THIS KID AND HIS PA CAME RIDIN' THROUGH CASS CITY... TRAVELIN' IN A WAGON...



TOM O'BRIEN GOT INTO AN ARGUMENT WITH THE SHERIFF IN CASS CITY... A FEW HOURS LATER I FOUND THE SHERIFF DYIN'... WITH A BULLET IN HIS BACK! O'BRIEN AND THE BOY HAD HIGH-TAILED IT OUT...



YOU HAVE PROOF HE DID IT?

A DYIN' MAN'S PROOF! THE SHERIFF TOLD ME O'BRIEN SHOT HIM!



WE HAD TO RUN... NOBODY WOULD BELIEVE PA! IT'S NOT LIKE HE SAYS! PA WOULDN'T SHOOT A MAN!

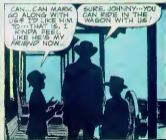
SEEMING TO ME THAT RUNNIN' SURE ISN'T HELPIN' HIM, SON...



YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS, KID! START TALKIN' FORE I--

LET HIM GO, DEPUTY!







GUESS YOUR PA IS GETTIN' WORRIED ABOUT YOU BY NOW...

I... I JUST HOPE HE'S STILL THERE!... THAT... THAT NOTHING HAS HAPPENED!



AS THE GROUP LEAVES TOWN...

THAT KID PROBABLY IS TAKIN' 'EM RIGHT TO HIS PA!



AND I'M GONNA BE RIGHT BEHIND 'EM!



LATER, AS MOONLIGHT FLOODS OUBOW CANYON, MARSHAL TORRANCE AND LUCAS RIDE IN...

BETTER HOLD UP, LUCAS!



OUTSIDE OF TOWN WE WERE STOPPED BY DAVE KIRK, THE DEPUTY... HE TRIED TO CHARGE US TEN DOLLARS FOR CROSSIN' A RIVER... A TOLL, HE SAID...

THAT'S ILLEGAL...

SAME THING I FIGURED... SO I WENT TO TALK TO THE LOCAL SHERIFF... TOLD HIM WHAT HAPPENED! LIKE I FIGURED, HE DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT... SAID HE'D LOOK INTO IT!

SO THE DEPUTY WAS WORKIN' A LITTLE SIDE BUSINESS ON HIS OWN!

LOOKED LIKE IT! THE SHERIFF APOLOGIZED AN' I MOVED ON... NEXT THING I KNEW THIS DAVE KIRK WAS ON MY TRAIL SAYIN' I MURDERED THE SHERIFF!

SO YOU RAN?

I HAD TO! KIRK HAD A GOOD CASE AGAINST ME... I'D SPOULED OFF GOOD, AND WHEN I WENT IN TO SEE THAT SHERIFF I WAS PLUMB MAD ABOUT THE TOLL! I SPOILED KIRK'S SCHEME AND HE MUST'VE SHOT THE SHERIFF HIMSELF... KNEW HE COULD BLAME ME!

SOUNDS LIKE A STRAIGHT STORY, MICAH...

AND WITH KIRK SAYIN' HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO HEARD THE DYIN' MAN NAME THE KILLER, HE FIGURED TO WRAP THIS UP NEAT AND EASY!

BELIEVE ME, I NEVER KILLED A MAN! I JUST DON'T HAVE IT IN ME... I JUST WANT A GOOD LIFE FOR ME AN' MY BOY! I--



WELL, NOW, ISN'T THAT A WIGHTY PURTY SPEECH... COMIN' FROM A MURDERER!

KIRKI!



SURE NICE OF YOU FELLAS TO CAPTURE THIS ORNERY KILLER FOR ME... NOW I'LL JUST TAKE HIM OFF YOUR HANDS!



PUT THE GUN AWAY, DEPUTY.

WHY, MARSHAL... HOW YOU TALK! LAW-ABIDIN' MAN LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T BE PROTECTIN' A KILLER! WE LAWMEN HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER!



HE'S NOT GOING ANYPLACE, KIRKI! THIS MAN IS NOW IN MARSHAL TORRANCE'S JURISDICTION! WE'LL TAKE HIM TO JAIL IN NORTH FORK!

THEN, IN THE MORNING, WHEN THE PAPERS ARE IN ORDER... I'LL RELEASE HIM TO YOU...



SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH, MARSHAL... I LIKE TO DO THINGS FAIR AN' LEGAL...

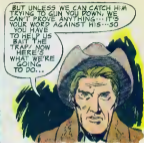
I WONDER WHAT THE MARSHAL IS UP TO?



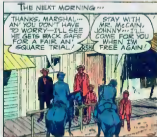
LATER THAT NIGHT...

NOW, LISTEN CLOSE, MR. O'BRIEN... LUCAS AND I HAVE THIS ALL FIGURED... BUT IT'S RISKY...

I'M LISTENING...



LATE THAT NIGHT, LUCAS CLIMBS OUT OF A HOTEL ROOM WINDOW...



As
LUCAS
AND
MICAH
FIGURED,
TOM IS
BROUGHT
TO A
HALT
IN
LONELY
COUNTRY...



TOM RIDES OUT AS DAVE
KIRK PULLS THE TRIGGER...

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM



BUT THE DEPUTY'S CONFIDENCE
TURNS TO SURPRISE...



BLAM! BLAM!
KIRK! I
PUT THEM
IN YOUR
GUNS LAST
NIGHT
WHILE
YOU WERE
ASLEEP!

BUT YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT!
AND NOW WE'RE WITNESSES TO
YOUR SCHEME TO KILL TOM
O'BRIEN... JUST LIKE YOU
KILLED THAT SHERIFF AND
TRIED TO BLAME TOM! YOU'RE
HEADED FOR JAIL... FOR A
LONG, LONG TIME!



A WEEK LATER...



TRADE

at the DELLS

ONLY DELL COMICS OFFER

1



SECRET POCKET WALLET

By Chesterfield. Genuine leather with hidden compartments. Removable photo and pen case. Excellent gift. **ONLY \$1.00 AND 3 COVER STRIPS**

2



35MM BROWNIE BULLET CAMERA

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3



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7



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12



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Black and gold. Made with safety in mind. Your first initials engraved in silver. (We can't engrave initials with order.) **ONLY \$2.00 AND 3 COVER STRIPS**

TAKE YOUR PICK OF THE ITEMS SHOWN ABOVE. HERE'S HOW TO GET THEM!

Cut off the top strip of each Dell Comic Cover. Be sure the strip includes the name of the comic and the new Dell Comic seal. When you have enough cover strips for the items you want, put them in an envelope together with the required amount of money and the address at the right. Send them to: **DELL TRADING POST, P.O. BOX 24, BROOKLYN 1, NEW YORK.** Trade an offer as you like for as many items as you want.

This offer expires at midnight, December 31, 1961. This offer not valid wherever offers of this kind are prohibited, restricted, licensed or taxed. Allow 21 days for delivery. This promotion offer may be cancelled or modified without notice. Articles may be substituted and redemption values may be changed should it be found necessary. Any items indicated may be also refused without notice.



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TRADING POST

OFFER THESE OUTSTANDING PREMIUM VALUES!



THREE-WAY DECK SET

Ready barbed end, ruler and letter opener.

ONLY \$2.00 AND 2 COVER STRIPS



SHAGGY DOG

A head in profile, photo set. An all-time favorite.

Everyone wants to own one. ONLY \$1.00 AND 2 COVER STRIPS



SET OF SIX LIFELIKE DOLLS

Fully dressed in authentic realistic costumes. Each 4" tall with eyes that open and close!

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Adjusts to fit any finger. All metal. Hide your own secret messages. All your friends will want one too!

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BASEBALL GLOVE

Best pocket. Full grain cow leather. Junior League Model.

ONLY \$2.00 AND 2 COVER STRIPS

BELL TRADING POST
P.O. BOX 24
BRANDTOWN, N.S.

Enclosed you will find \$_____ and
_____ Bell Cover Strips.

Please send me the items I have
checked below.

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

By _____ For _____

(NOTE: U.S. and Canadian currency only accepted.) Make checks and money orders payable to Bell Trading Post. Non-residents of the U.S.A. and tax orders pending for each item. Items shipped outside the U.S.A. are subject to tariffs where applicable.)

THE YOUNG DEPUTY

ON YOUNG DEPUTY JOHN BLAINE'S SECOND DAY AS ACTING SHERIFF, A STRANGER RIDES INTO TOWN . . .

I'M LOOKING FOR THE SHERIFF!
IS HE AROUND?

SHERIFF CONWAY'S HAD
AN ACCIDENT! I'M TAKING
HIS PLACE! I'M HIS
DEPUTY, JOHN BLAINE!

SHERIFF'S
OFFICE

YOU'RE WIGHTY YOUNG TO BE A TOP
LAWMAN, BUT I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE
TO DO! I'M HANK RAY! I'VE BROUGHT
IN LUKE BLAZE!

YOU MEAN
BLAZE, THE
ARIZONA
OUTLAW?

THAT'S RIGHT!
HERE HE IS!
LOOK FOR
YOURSELF!

I'VE NEVER SEEN BLAZE!
HE DIDN'T COME OVER THE
RIVER NORTH! BUT WE HAVE
A WANTED POSTER ON HIM,
WITH HIS DESCRIPTION!

ARE
YOU A
LAWMAN,
HANK?

NOPE! A BOUNTY HUNTER!
YOU'LL SEE BLAZE'S
DESCRIPTION FITS HIS
WOUND! YOU'LL ALSO SEE
THERE'S A FIVE THOUSAND
DOLLAR BOUNTY FOR HIM
DEAD OR ALIVE! THAT'S
WHAT I'M AFTER!

A LITTLE LATER . . .

THE DEAD MAN IS BLAZE, ALL RIGHT! THE
DESCRIPTION AND HIS BELONGINGS CHECK.
HE WAS SHOT IN THE BACK!

SO WHAT? HE JUMPED
ME AND TRIED TO RUN!
I HAD TO SHOOT HIM!

I'LL COLLECT THE REWARD MONEY AHEAD AND MOVE, DEPUTY! I'VE CHASED BLAZE ACROSS FIVE STATES, AND I DON'T WANT TO GO ALL THE WAY BACK TO ARIZONA TO GET THE DOUGH!

NOT SO FAST, RAY!



SIGN THIS PAPER, CLAIMING THE REWARD! THEN I'LL TELEGRAPH THE CHIEF MARSHAL IN ARIZONA, ASKING FOR AUTHORITY TO GIVE IT TO YOU!

OKAY! HASTA USE MY LEFT HAND! MY RIGHT'S NOT WORKIN' GOOD!



YOU USE YOUR LEFT HAND FINE! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR RIGHT?

BLAZE STOMPED IT WHEN HE JUMPED HIM! MAKES ME LEFT-HANDED. LIKE HE WAS! SEND THAT TELEGRAM, FAST, BOY. I WANTA GET MOVIN'!



A MOMENT LATER...

HERE HE IS, BOYS! HE BEAT THE FASTEST GUN IN THE WEST, LUKE BLAZE!

I DON'T LIKE SQUANTY HUNTERS, BUT I'D BE PROUD TO SHAKE MOVIE HAND, MISTER!



WE'VE HEARD STORIES ABOUT BLAZE'S FAMOUS LEFT-HANDED CROSS-CRAW! DID HE TRY IT ON YOU, MISTER?

I GOT THE DROP ON HIM FIRST, KID! THIS TIME A SQUANTY HUNTER OUTSMARTED ALL THE LAWMEN AND I'VE BEEN CHASIN' BLAZE!



BETTER GET GOIN' WITH THAT TELEGRAM, DEPUTY! I DON'T LIKE WAITIN'!

I'M ON MY WAY! SEE YOU LATER.



YOU'RE GETTIN' THE BIGGEST REWARD EVER PAID IN THIS TERRITORY! FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

HAVEN'T GOT IT YET, THAT GREEN KID W-OS PLANNIN' SHERIFF HAS TO GO THROUGH A LOTTA FOOLISHNESS FIRST!

NEXT MORNING, THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR BRINGS JOHN'S ANSWER FROM ARIZONA'S CHIEF MARSHAL, AUTHORIZING HIM TO GIVE THE REWARD MONEY TO HANK RAY...

DON'T TELL ANYBODY ABOUT THIS TELEGRAM, JONES! NOT EVEN RAY! UNDERSTAND?

SURE! BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT, JOHN. I DON'T THINK SHERIFF CONWAY WOULD HOLD BACK THE MONEY! RAY EARNED IT!

I'M SHERIFF NOW! AND I HAVE MY REASONS! SO FORGET THIS TELEGRAM FOR A WHILE!

LATER...

ANY WORD FROM AS ZONA, DEPUTY?

YEP! I WAS COMIN' TO FIND YOU! THE CHIEF MARSHAL, HIMSELF, IS BRINGING THE MONEY! HE'LL BE HERE TOMORROW!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF HIM, COMIN' HERE? IS THIS SOME KINDA TRICK?

OF COURSE NOT! THE MARSHAL WANTS TO SHAKE YOUR HAND, RAY! CATCHING BLAZE MAKES YOU AN IMPORTANT MAN!

JUST BEFORE SUNDOWN, WHEN THE TOMPOLES ARE EATING THEIR EVENING MEAL...

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU, RAY. FIGURED WE'D HAVE SUPPER TOGETHER! WHERE YOU GOIN'?

NOWHERE SPECIAL! JUST TACKIN' A RIDE!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE TOWN BEFORE THE MARSHAL ARRIVES, ARE YOU, MISTER?

THERE'S NO LAW SAHN! A MAN CAN'T EXERCISE HIS HORSE, DEPUTY! SO GET OUTA MY WAY!



THE DESCRIPTION THAT FITS BLAZE FITS YOU, MISTER! ARE YOU AFRAID THE MARSHAL WILL RECOGNIZE YOU?

STAND BACK! DON'T TRY TO STOP ME!



HOLD IT, BLAZE! I WAS WAITING FOR THAT CROSS-DRAW! I SUSPECTED YOU WERE THE OUTLAY WHEN YOU USED YOUR LEFT HAND SO WELL... BUT I HAD TO BE SURE.

WHAT...!!!



I SUSSES RIGHT, YOUR RIGHT HAND'S NOT INJURED! THE BANDAGE GAVE YOU AN EXCUSE TO USE YOUR LEFT HAND!



A FEW DAYS LATER, THE CHIEF MARSHAL ROOF'S ARRIVE TO TAKE BLAZE BACK TO ARIZONA.

THANKS TO JOHN, THIS KILLER ISN'T RUNNING FREE WITH HIS OWN REWARD. YOU AND THIS TOWN SHOULD BE PROUD OF YOUR YOUNG DEPUTY, SHERIFF CONWAY!

WE ARE, MARSHAL! I'M PLANNING TO RETIRE SO JOHN WILL SOON BE TOP SHERIFF!



THE BLACK BANDITS' LAST RIDE



Copyright 1931 by Western Publishing Co., Inc.

Three men in black shirts and big black hats, with black cloth masks covering their faces, dashed down the hillside to meet the stage-coach, as it rolled around a bend in the narrow canyon road.

"It's the Black Bandits again!" the driver gulped. "No use trying to be heroes!"

"Throw out your guns and climb down!" the leader of the bandit trio ordered, his finger on the trigger of his ebony-handled gun. The driver and the guard obeyed.

"Step out with your hands high!" the second bandit shouted to the two women and three men in the coach. They also obeyed.

The third bandit dismounted and walked toward the passengers, carrying a large black cloth bag.

"Do what we say, and nobody'll get hurt," the trio's leader said quietly. "Drop your wallets, purses, watches, and jewelry in that bag. Don't hold anything back!"

Silently, the passengers dropped their belongings into the bag. Then the masked men turned to the driver and guard.

"You know we don't have anything worth taking, Mister," the driver protested. "You took what we had last week!"

"And we'll take what you have today," the bandit leader said sharply.

Muttering, the driver and guard dropped their watches and wallets into the bag.

"Now, get back in the coach and start moving!" the leader ordered.

As the stage lumbered down the road, the Black Bandits disappeared into the hills.

Later, after hiding their black outfits, they sat in a ranch house living room, examining the contents of the cloth bag.

This is our second try, Ben," one said seriously. "If there's nothing here this time, we'd better not risk it again!"

"We won't have to, boys! Look!" Ben held up a handsome watch. "If you boys can identify the passenger who had this, we'll have our man! Let's go to town!"

When the trio rode into town, the main street was crowded with excited people, gathered around the sheriff and the seven victims of the stage robbery.

Ben and his companions were dismounting nearby, when a woman passenger pointed to Ben and screamed, "There's one of the bandits! I remember his black-handled gun!"

"You're wrong, Ma'am," the sheriff told her. "That's Ben Holden. He owns the Circle-M Ranch. The others are his two top hands!"

"The lady's right, Sheriff!" Ben spoke in a loud, clear voice. "We held up the stage twice, today and last week! We were looking for the man who killed and robbed my brother, Will. We found him today!"

Ben dashed into the crowd and grabbed the stage driver by the arm.

"Here he is! The stage driver!" Ben shouted, jerking the man toward the sheriff.

"You must be mistaken, Ben," the sheriff began. "Joe Foster's no robber!"

"Will's watch says he is!" Ben yelled, as he held up the watch. "It was stolen when Will was ambushed! And Foster had it! Now, Sheriff, I demand you arrest this man!"

"Why did you look for the killer on the stage?" the sheriff asked.

"Before he died, Will said, 'Find him... I can make sure every week'..." Ben answered. "So I figured the killer was a regular passenger on the weekly stage. I took a chance, hoping I'd find something in his pockets to give him away."

"I was a fool to carry that watch!" Foster muttered. "But you took mine last week!"

Ben handed two cloth bags to the sheriff. "Here's the stuff we took," he said quietly. "We're ready to go to jail."

The sheriff turned to the waiting crowd. "They've returned the loot and caught the killer we've been hunting. Seems to me we ought to thank the Black Bandits, instead of jailing them! How about it, folks?"

The crowd shouted an agreement.

TM RiflemanSM

TREASURE at NORTH FORK

ONE DAY, IN THE NORTH
FORK GENERAL STORE...

SAY---THIS IS A
RIGHT NICE ORDER!
YOU FOLKS GETTIN'
UP HOUSEKEEPIN'?

YES, WE ARE!
TM, JOHN STACY...
THIS IS MY SON,
JEFF.





THE FIGHT IS CONTINUED OUTSIDE THE STORE AS LUCAS AND MARK AGAIN REIN UP IN THEIR BUCKBOARD...







MY PA DIED ON THAT SEARCH, TOO! THE WAY I HEARD IT, THEY GOT CAUGHT IN A DUST STORM AND LOST THEIR WAY! HOW CAN THAT BE BLAMED ON MY PA?

SHOULDN'T BE, I AGREE... BUT IT WAS!

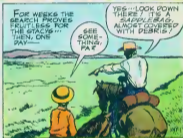


DID YOU KNOW PA KEPT A JOURNAL ON THE PROGRESS OF THE SEARCH?

HEARD TELL OF IT... BUT IT WAS NEVER FOUND AFTER HIS DEATH! IF THERE WAS ONE, IT WAS LOST IN THE DUST STORM!



WELL, I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING, GENTS—MY BOY AND I ARE GOING TO CLEAR JOSH STACY'S NAME IF IT TAKES A LIFETIME! WE'LL FIND THAT PIRATE TREASURE, TOO!



FOR WEEKS THE SEARCH PROVES FRUITLESS FOR THE STACYS... THEN, ONE DAY—

SEE SOMETHING, PA?

YES... LOOK DOWN THERE! IT'S A SADDLEBAG, ALMOST COVERED WITH DEBRIS!



PA!
PA!!

OOOHHH!



PA! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I THINK... MY LEG'S BROKEN, SON! YOU'D BETTER RIDE FOR HELP! THE MCCAIN RANCH ISN'T FAR AWAY! MAYBE LUCAS WILL LEND A HAND!

JEFF RIDES HARD, AND IN A SHORT TIME—



MR. MCCAIN!
MY PMS BEEN
HURT! HE NEEDS
HELP! CAN
YOU COME?

SURE THING,
YOUNG FELLA!
JUST GIVE
MARK AND
ME TIME TO
SADDLE UP!

WHEN HE ARRIVES AT THE SLOPE, LUCAS QUICKLY TOSSES A ROPE DOWN TO THE INJURED JOHN STACY—



GET THIS
AROUND
YOU, JOHN!
WE'LL PULL
YOU UP!

THANKS,
LUCAS! SURE
APPRECIATE
THE HELP!



LUCAS WORKS
HIS HORSE TO
GET JOHN UP
THE SLOPE—

BACK, BOY—SLOW,
NOW...CAREFUL...

AND A MOMENT LATER, HE IS SAFE—



YOU MIGHT THINK
I'M ADDLED, LUCAS
...BUT FALLIN'
DOWN THAT
SLOPE WAS
WORTH IT! I
FOUND
MY PMS
JOURNAL!



JUMPIN'
LIZARD!
YOU BIRD,
PA?

RIGHT HERE IN THE SADDLE-
BAG! I'VE BEEN READY! IT
WAS WAITIN' FOR YOU TO
GET BACK! AND WAIT TILL
YOU HEAR WHAT IT SAYS!

PA AND BILL
DIXON FOUND
THE TREASURE!
IN A PLACE
CALLED ROCK
CANYON!





BUT HE TRIED TO SAVE BILL DIXON'S LIFE... THAT SHOULD CLEAR HIS NAME WITH FOLKS IN NORTH FORK, JOHN!



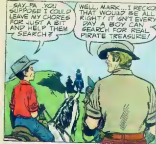
NOT BROKEN LIKE I THOUGHT, SON... JUST TWISTED IT PRETTY BAD! GUESS IT'LL KEEP SOME LOOKIN' AT, THOUGH!



THEY WILL GO OUT AND FIND THAT TREASURE! THIS IS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE, LUCAS... SORE LEG AND ALL!



OH, NO!
WELL... POSSIBLY... I'LL JUST HAVE TO SEARCH EVERY ONE OF THEM?



SAY, PA... YOU SUPPOSE I COULD LEAVE MY CHORES FOR JUST A BIT AND HELP THEM SEARCH?

WELL, MARK... I RECKON THAT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT! IT ISN'T EVERY DAY A BOY CAN SEARCH FOR REAL PIRATE TREASURE!



THANKS, PA!

YOUR MIND WOULDN'T BE ON YOUR CHORES ANYWAY, SON? ANOTHER THING— LET'S KEEP THIS AMONG OURSELVES UNTIL THE TREASURE IS FOUND!



WHEN WE MUST'VE SEARCHED A HUNDRED CAVES TODAY, PA!

TOMORROW'S ANOTHER DAY, BOYS! WE'LL JUST KEEP LOOKIN'!



AND THAT NIGHT...

GOSH, PA-- I NEVER REALIZED TREASURE-HUNTIN' WAS SO TIRIN'!

NOTHING WORTHWHILE COMES EASY, SON! JUST KEEP AT IT!

THEN, THE FOLLOWING DAY...



WATCH YOUR STEP, BOYS! STAY CLOSE TO ME!

WE WILL, PA!



SUPPENLY, A SHARP BREEZE THREATENS TO FLIT THE CANDLE OUT...

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED?

THE CANDLE ALMOST WENT OUT-- A BREEZE! THAT MEANS A TUNNEL FROM OUTSIDE... AND IT'S NOT THE ONE WE CAME IN!



PRESENTLY, IN NORTH FORK...



THE CITIZENS OF NORTH FORK SAKE IN SURPRISE AT THE PIRATE TREASURE... 4



The Rideman's

HORSE SENSE

HOWDY, MR. MCCAIN... I'M DEPUTY MARGHAL THOMAS! I WAS TRAILING TWO GUNMEN NOT FAR FROM HERE... AND DOING FINE UNTIL MY HORSE THREW A SHOE ABOUT A MILE BACK.

I'LL GET THE FORGE GOING, PA. SO YOU CAN FIT A NEW SHOE FOR HIM!

HELLO, THERE! CAN WE GIVE YOU A HAND? MCCAIN'S THE NAME!

THAT'LL COST THE DEPUTY AN HOUR OR MORE, MARK! GO GET MY HORSE-- WE'LL SADDLE HIM UP FOR THE DEPUTY!

THAT'S FINE OF YOU, MCCAIN! SURE WILL HELP ME KEEP ON THAT TRAIL WHILE IT'S FRESH!

ALL RIGHT, PA! BUT, SIR... WHEN WILL YOU COME BACK THIS WAY TO PICK UP YOUR HORSE?

HE WON'T HAVE TO COME BACK, MARK... NOT UNLESS HE WANTS TO!

THEN HOW'LL HE GET HIS HORSE BACK? AND HOW'LL HE RETURN YOURS?

SIMPLE, MARK! AFTER HIS MISSION IS FINISHED, THE DEPUTY WILL JUST TURN MY HORSE LOOSE AND THE ANIMAL WILL FIND ITS WAY HOME BY ITSELF!

MEANWHILE, HE'LL RESHOE THE DEPUTY'S HORSE AND TURN HIM LOOSE, TOO! HE'LL HEAD STRAIGHT FOR HIS HOME STABLE! HORSES HAVE A MIGHTY STRONG HOMING INSTINCT!

WHEE! SORT OF LIKE MOVING PIGEONS, PA?

THAT'S RIGHT, SON! AND THANKS A LOT, MR. MCCAIN!

"The Rifleman" INDIAN ANCESTRY



One of the biggest problem- the wagons faced as they traveled westward was attack by Indians. The red men are known as the "First Americans," but how did they get here? There are many theories, legends, and fables for answer.



One theory relates to the legendary "Lost Continent of Atlantis" which supposedly once connected Europe and America. When Atlantis sank into the sea which now bears its name, the ancestors of the Indians were isolated on what is now America.



Still another belief was that the Indians came to America from Asia, crossing a bridge of islands which stretched from the South Pacific to our own continent. Scientists generally agree that Indians belong to the Mongolian branch of the human family.



It has also been suggested that the Indians migrated to this continent across the Bering Strait. Although this channel is now thirty-five miles wide, it was probably once narrow enough to be crossed by crude boats or on foot during the icy winter.



Wherever they came from, the Indians were the first settlers of our continent. Though cut off from the progress of civilization in the rest of the world, they invented many articles and introduced many products to the world after America was discovered.



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