

DELL  
15¢

# “The Rifleman”

APRIL-JUNE

Look Mike!  
Here's a chance to  
win **sure** that an  
inner candidate  
wins in the  
New York race  
for election!



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## "The Rifleman"®

### THE SEARCHERS



Lucas McCain becomes concerned when Mark is unusually late returning home from school, and he seeks to find out why.



While helping Marshal Terrance track down outlaws, Lucas discovers the reason for his son's strange and secret actions.

### RETURN OF THE GUNMAN



Mark McCain helps a friend campaign for the favored candidate in the coming election, unaware that sinister plans are in the making to upset the political race.

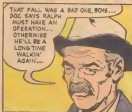


When a gunman with a reputation as big as Texas comes to North Fork, Lucas keeps his eyes and his rifle ready, knowing that trouble arrives with such a man.

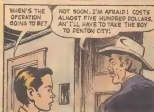


WHAT DID DR. JONAS SAY, MR. MORGAN? IS RALPH GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT?

WE JUST HAVE TO KNOW, SIR!



THAT FALL WAS A BAD ONE, BOYS... DOC SAYS RALPH MUST HAVE AN OPERATION... OTHERWISE HE'LL BE A LONG TIME WALKIN' AGAIN...



WHEN'S THE OPERATION GOING TO BE?

NOT SOON, I'M AFRAID! COSTS ALMOST FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS. AN' I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE BOY TO DENTON CITY!



I HAVE TWO DOLLARS I'LL GIVE YOU, MR. MORGAN!

THANKS, MARK... BUT I NEED A LOT MORE'N THAT... YOU BOYS STOP WORRYIN' NOW! I'LL GET THE MONEY SOMEHOW... EVEN IF IT TAKES AWHILE!



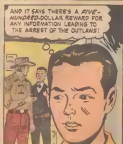
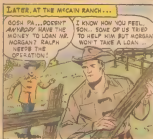
YOU CAN DO ONE THING, THOUGH... DROP BY AND KEEP RALPH COMPANY, NOW AND THEN!

WE SURE WILL, MR. MORGAN!

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PA, MIND IF I WALK OVER TO SEE STEVE? WE KIND OF THOUGHT WE'D GO BY AND CHEER UP RALPH;

GO AHEAD, SON! BUT BE BACK BY FIVE... WE'VE GOT CHORES TO DO!



HE'S SURE GROWING, LUCAS!

AND WORRYING, TOO... ABOUT RALPH AND THE OPERATION HE NEEDS!



SHORTLY...

STEVE, I THINK I'VE FOUND A WAY TO GET THE MONEY FOR RALPH'S PA!

YOU HAVE? HOW?



MARK OUTLINES HIS IDEA...

...AND IF WE COULD FIND THAT HIDE-OUT, WE COULD GET THAT REWARD MONEY!



ACCORDS TO THE POSTER, THOSE OUTLAWS COULD BE HIDING OUT SOMEPLACE IN THIS AREA! THEY USUALLY PULL SEVERAL JOBS IN ONE AREA BEFORE THEY MOVE OUT!

BUT WHAT IF WE DO FIND 'EM? WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING!



WE ONLY HAVE TO FIND THEM... THEN IT'LL BE UP TO MARSHAL TORRANCE! THE REWARD IS JUST FOR INFORMATION REGARDING TO THEIR WHEREABOUTS;

I GUESS THAT'D BE ALL RIGHT!

THERE'S ONE OTHER PROBLEM...  
PA SAYS MR. MORGAN WON'T  
ACCEPT MONEY FROM ANYBODY  
...SO WE HAVE TO MAKE SURE  
HE'S THE ONE WHO GETS THE  
REWARD...

YOU'RE NOT  
MAKING MUCH  
SENSE, MARK  
... HOW?

HOW CAN WE FIND WHERE THE OUTLAWS ARE...  
THEN WE FIGURE OUT A WAY TO LET  
MR. MORGAN FIND THEM ... SO HE  
CAN BE THE ONE WHO TELLS THE  
MARSHAL!



ONE LAST THING...  
WE'VE GOT TO KEEP  
THIS A **SECRET!**

DON'T WORRY! IF THE  
GROWNUPS FOUND OUT  
ABOUT IT, THEY'D BE  
TRYIN' TO STOP US!

COME ON, LET'S SAY HELLO AND  
CHEER UP RALPH... HE NEEDS IT!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON  
THE SEARCH BEGINS...

HAVEN'T SEEN  
A THING YET.  
HAVE YOU?

WE'VE JUST GOT TO  
KEEP LOOKING...  
HOW ABOUT THE CAVES  
ALONG THE CLIFFS?

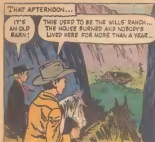
AND THE TWO BOYS SEARCH  
ALONG THE CLIFFS...

IF WE DO FIND 'EM,  
I SURE HOPE THEY  
DON'T **SPY** US!

SH-H! THEY WON'T  
HAVE TO SEE US,  
THEY'LL HEAR US  
IF YOU TALK SO  
LOUD!









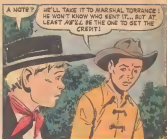






BUT HOW MARK?

I'LL WRITE A NOTE AND LEAVE IT BY MR MORRIS'S HOUSE...



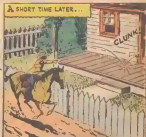
A NOTE?

WE'LL TAKE IT TO MARSHAL TORRANCE! HE WON'T KNOW WHO SENT IT... BUT AT LEAST WE'LL BE THE ONE TO SET THE CREDIT!



YOU SURE ARE SMART, MARK... I'D NEVER HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT!

SURE YOU WOULD HAVE... RIGHT NOW, YOU'D BETTER HEAD HOME, SO BOTH OF US WON'T CATCH IT FROM OUR PAs!

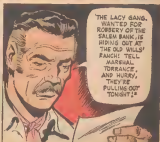


A SHORT TIME LATER...

CLUNK



I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING! SKY, WHAT'S THAT?



THE LACY GANG, WANTED FOR ROBBERY OF THE SALEM BANK, IS HIDING OUT AT THE OLD WILLS' FANCH! TELL MARSHAL TORRANCE, AND HURRY, THEY'RE PULLING OUT TONIGHT!





LUCAS, SEE THAT  
SAM'S OUT OF  
RANGE OF THIS  
SHOOTING!

EIGHT, MICAH! SAM, THAT  
NOTE DID THE TRICK YOU'VE  
DONE YOUR SHARE, SO  
COME ON!



KEEP 'EM FLYING,  
MICAH! I'M COMING!

SAM, YOU  
STAY PUT!



GIVE UP, LACY! YOU  
RIGHT AS WELL! THERE'S  
ONLY ONE DOOR OUT AND  
YOU CAN'T GO ANYWHERE  
ELSE!

AS LONG AS  
THE DOOR'S  
THERE, WE'VE  
GOT A  
CHANCE!



WELL, WE'LL JUST FIX  
THAT, MICAH! WE'LL  
CLOSE THE DOORWAY  
FOR THEM!

BLAM!



THAT SHOULD  
DO IT, MICAH!  
UNLESS THEY  
CLIMB OUT THE  
OPEN ROOF  
THEY'RE  
TRAPPED!

BLAM!

THAT WAS GOOD  
SHOOTING...EVEN  
FOR YOU, LUCAS!



NOW, GIVE UP, LACY! AND START  
PISSEING OUT! WE HAVEN'T GOT  
ALL NIGHT!

Soon...

DON'T SHOOT! WE KNOW WHEN WE'RE LICKED!

THAT NOTE WAS RIGHT...AND SAM SURE GETS THE REWARD!

BUT WHO COULD HAVE SENT THE NOTE?



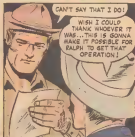
LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT, SAM!

MAYBE YOU CAN RECOGNIZE THE WRITING, LUCAS!



CAN'T SAY THAT I DO!

WISH I COULD THANK WHOEVER IT WAS...THIS IS SOMMA MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR RALPH TO GET THAT OPERATION!



Later...

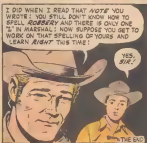
YOU AND STEVE DID A DANGEROUS THING, MARK... BUT I GUESS, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I CAN'T BE TOO HARSH WITH YOU... I'LL KEEP YOUR SECRET!

YOU...YOU KNEW, PAT?



I DID WHEN I READ THAT NOTE! YOU WROTE! YOU STILL DON'T KNOW HOW TO SPELL ADDERY AND THERE IS ONLY ONE "L" IN MARSHAL! NOW SUPPOSE YOU GET TO WORK ON THAT SPELLING OF YOURS AND LEARN ENGT THIS TIME!

YES, SIR!



THE END

# HORSE SENSE





I'VE GIVEN YOU AN ORDER SERGEANT KROFT! I EXPECT TO SEE IT CARRIED OUT! GET RID OF HIM!

YES, SIR!



THE OLD BOY MEANT WHAT HE SAID, SERGEANT... NO SENSE ARGUING WITH HIM!

THE LAST THING HE SAID WAS GET RID OF HIM... THAT COULD MEAN A NUMBER OF THINGS!



AND THAT NIGHT, IN THE HILLS NEAR THE FORT...

GO ON, BOY... RUN FREE... IT MIGHT BE KIND OF TOUGH ON YOU... BUT IT'S BETTER THAN BEING SHOT!



THE YOUNG SERGEANT TURNS AWAY SADLY, AS SARGEY DISAPPEARS INTO THE DARKNESS...



THE NEXT DAY...

I SEE YOU HAVE A NEW HORSE, SERGEANT...

MRS. SIR! I GOT RID OF SARGEY... LIKE YOU SAID!



COME ON, MEN, I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TAKE A LOOK AT DEVIL'S CANYON!







# REDSTONE FINDS A SCHOOLTEACHER

The new schoolteacher, Ruth Evans, arrived in Redstone on the afternoon stage. The townspeople gasped with surprise when they saw her slender, young prettiness.

"I thought she'd be older and bigger," the mayor muttered to the storekeeper.

Ruth was the fourth teacher to come to Redstone in the six months since the schoolhouse was built. The town had hired her in desperation, because it couldn't find a man.

"If the three men before her couldn't handle the job, this girl certainly can't," the storekeeper, Amos Bradford, whispered to the mayor. "She won't last a week."

That evening, after Ruth was settled in the spare room of their home, Amos Bradford and his wife, Elva, warned her of the big troubles that lay ahead of her.

"You'll never be able to control the wild ruffians in the school," Elva said.

Amos nodded in agreement and added, "The troublemakers are a few older boys, led by Joe Gerty. The other teachers gave up trying to discipline them and quit the job."

"Can't this Joe Gerty's father control his son?" Ruth asked.

Amos shook his head.

"He could but he won't. Spike Gerty was against spending tax money to build the new school. He'd like to see it closed up."

"The men in this town are too spineless to fight Spike Gerty," Elva sniffed.

Amos flushed and said quickly, "It's this way, Miss Ruth. Spike Gerty owns a big freight line that brings business and money to Redstone. If he'd pull out, the town would turn into a ghost town."

"I see," Ruth nodded and smiled. "Don't worry about me. I grew up in a frontier town. I've known men like Spike Gerty, and I'm not afraid of him or his son."

The next morning, Ruth greeted the thirty-odd pupils in the schoolroom with a bright smile and a friendly speech. The smaller children in the front seats returned her smile with friendliness, but the four big loutish boys in the back row answered with mocking grins and jeering whistles.

Ruth ignored them and calmly called the

third-grade class in arithmetic. She followed that with a fourth-grade spelling lesson, paying no attention to the laughter, whistles, shuffling feet, and hurled spitballs from the back row.

Then, suddenly, she rapped on her desk and said firmly, "Your fun is over, boys! I want order from now on! Understand?"

A chorus of jeering voices, led by Joe Gerty, answered her with impudent mockery, and Joe slouched to his feet, shouting, "Come on, fellas! Let's move up to front seats, so we can hear teacher better!"

Before Joe could take a step, Ruth pulled a coiled larist from her desk and threw the rope with swift, expert skill. The noose dropped around Joe's body, pinning his arms close to his sides.

The harder Joe tried to free himself, the tighter the rope pulled. He yelled to his friends, but they sat in frozen silence.

Ruth marched the helpless Joe into the schoolyard and tied him to a tree.

"You will stay here the rest of the morning!" she announced firmly.

She returned to the schoolroom and gave Joe's friends the choice of behaving or of joining Joe. They were lost without their leader, so they stayed and behaved.

At recess, Spike Gerty rushed into the schoolyard, shouting angrily, "I heard about this outrage! I'll cut you free, Joe!"

But he was stopped short by a rope that snaked from the schoolhouse doorway and looped around him, jerking him off his feet.

Ruth walked toward the raging man and she said quietly, "I am in charge here, Mister Gerty. Your son stays where he is. He may come back in school when he is willing to behave like a gentleman. It's up to you and Joe to decide whether he becomes an educated, respected citizen, or remains an ignorant, despised bully!"

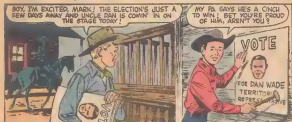
Spike Gerty glared at her. Slowly, his anger changed to grudging admiration.

"You win, teacher!" he said. "I guarantee Joe will act right from now on."

Spike Gerty kept his word, and there was no more trouble in the Redstone school.

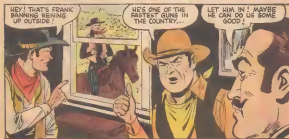
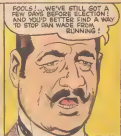
# The Rifleman

## RETURN of the GUNMAN











COME IN, MR. BANNING! I THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL IN PRISON!

I AM! BUT I NEVER LIKE TALKIN' ABOUT THE PAST... ONLY THE FUTURE INTERESTS ME! I'M HERE TO MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU!



A DEAL? WHAT KIND OF A DEAL?

I KNOW THE ONLY INTEREST YOU'VE GOT IS WHAT GOES IN YOUR POCKET! AND THAT YOU'RE EXPECTING TO GET RICH IN THIS TERRITORY!



I SIMPLY TRY TO COMBINE GOOD BUSINESS WITH POLITICS!

GOOD! I FIGURE TO LIKE ABOUT TWENTY PER CENT OF THAT BUSINESS!



A LOT OF PEOPLE WOULD! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN MIND?

YOU CAN'T BEAT DAN WADE UNLESS YOU KILL HIM!... BUT I CAN GET HIM TO DROP OUT OF THE RACE... AND DO IT REAL PEACEFUL LIKE...



MR. BANNING... IF YOU CAN DO THAT, IT WILL BE WORTH THE TWENTY PER CENT! I'LL GIVE YOU TWO DAYS!

THAT'S MORE TIME THAN I NEED!











BANNING IS STILL IN TOWN, LUCAS! YOU FRUSTRATE HE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT?

I DON'T DOUBT IT, MICHA!



LATER THAT DAY...

GOSH, I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, MARK! UNCLE DAN WANTED SO MUCH TO BE ELECTED!

I KNOW, JOHNNY! I DON'T GET IT, EITHER!



HEY, KID...MIND RUNNIN' ALONG! IT'S KINDA LIKE TO TALK TO JOHNNY!

IT'S OKAY, MIETER! MARK'S MY FRIEND --- JUST LIKE YOU'RE UNCLE DAN'S... WE DON'T HAVE SECRETS FROM EACH OTHER!



OH!... YOU TWO DON'T LOOK TOO HAPPY! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

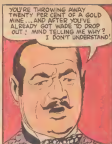
IT'S MY UNCLE DAN! HE'S NOT GOING TO BE ELECTED!



SO WHAT? IS IT IMPORTANT TO YOU, JOHNNY?

YES! HE'S ALWAYS BEEN SO GOOD TO ME... JUST LIKE MY REAL FATHER WOULD HAVE BEEN!













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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was 375,000.

HELEN MEYER  
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1961.

JOHN C. WEBER

(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1963)

# The Rifleman™ SODBUSTERS



Ranchers looked with contempt at the farmers who came and broke the prairie's mat of grass, exposing its black earth to the sun, rain, and wind. Cattlemen quickly named the intruders "sodbusters," a name usually spoken with hatred and malice.



The sodbuster disregarded the scorn, for he had found a rich earth, and he was ready to put his back to the plow to turn the grassy fields into wheat, corn, and oat fields. He was ready to feed a growing nation.



He built a sod shanty. The earth was his floor. Sod bricks made the walls; and sod, thick and deep supported by roof poles, closed out the wind, sun, and snow ... but not the slowly seeping, dripping rain.



Before he improved his own dwelling he built a barn for his mules and horses. Without them he could not farm his new land.



He dug wells and erected windmills. He fought fire, flood, drought, and pestilence. And though still the ridicule of cattlemen, he stayed on to make the West the breadbasket of the world.



Outlaws have always sought a place to hide until they felt it was safe to move on. Almost every Western territory had an outlaw paradise, and Arizona was no different. Southwest of Flagstaff lies a wild strip of country known as "Wilderness Area," and this was the refuge for lawless men in that area during the early days.



Rugged, dense, and almost impenetrable to man, bands of outlaws found ways of getting in and surviving, while posses became lost. Some men stayed a few days but many others stayed for weeks and months.



Horse-rustlers once operated a thriving business in the "Wilderness." There they had time to alter brands carefully so the changes would fool experts when the animals were finally offered for sale.



Robin Hood outlaws in the "Wilderness" became legend...especially the ones who ventured to the fringe of the forest to steal and ended up rescuing lost outsiders, who had all but given up hope of being found.



Stories are told of ghosts that haunt the area. The "outlaw preacher," who sings during moonlight nights, and the "phantom hunter," who appears at dawn with gun raised to shoot, may well be in the "Wilderness" today, but smart men stay out of the area, for it is still wild... still rugged.

