

**DELL**

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\* 99

# "The Rifleman

Circus performers help  
Mark McCain  
capture  
the outlaw raiders  
of North Fork!



\* TRADE MARK

## *Command Performance*

"The circus was coming to North Fork, and it was hard to keep my plans a secret from Mark...but I managed, for I wanted it to be a day of surprises...one that he would not forget.

"There were some surprises all right...some that I had not counted on...like getting myself caught in the middle of a shooting fracas and nearly getting killed. But with the help of a somewhat strange and newly acquired friend, Mark saved my life and made the day one that we both would long remember."



# "The Rifleman"

## COMMAND PERFORMANCE



LOOK, PA, I GOT ONE SIDE NEARLY FINISHED!

THAT'S FINE, MARK... BUT YOU CAN STOP NOW! WE'RE GOING INTO TOWN...

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YOU NEED HELP GETTIN' SUPPLIES, PA?

NO—THERE'S SOMETHING YOU AND I ARE GOING TO SEE! A SURPRISE, KIND OF... AND DON'T ASK WHAT... IT WOULDN'T BE A SURPRISE IF I TOLD!



SOON, IN NORTH FORK...

I SURE WISH I KNEW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

JUST KEEP LOOKIN' UP TOWARD THE END OF THE STREET... OUGHTA BE ALONG ANY MINUTE!

THE RIFLEMAN #1-604

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THE RIDER IS UNABLE TO HANG ON TO HIS HORSE...



"SCARE MY HORSE, WILL YAF? I'LL SHOW YOU!"



BLAM!  
BLAM!

STOP IT, MISTER!  
WE DIDN'T MEAN TO  
SCARE YOUR HORSE!



PUT THAT  
GUN AWAY!

KEEP  
OUTA  
THIS!



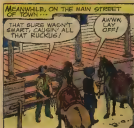
AS THE MAN RAISES HIS  
GUN TO FIRE AGAIN...



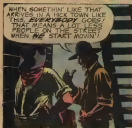
YOU TRYING  
TO GET SOMEONE  
KILLED, MISTER?

NONE OF YOUR  
BUSINESS  
WHAT YAF  
TRYIN' TO--











SECONDS LATER, LUCAS AND MARK ARE RIDING TO THE CIRCUS AREA...



LUCAS ACTS FAST TO PROTECT HIS SON!



THE MARSHAL AND LUCAS RIDE HARD AFTER THE OUTLAWS...







**MOMENTS LATER...**

LET'S GO! WE CAN HELP YOUR PA AND THE MARSHAL AND STILL BE BACK IN TIME FOR THE CIRCUS!



THE BOYS CIRCLE BEHIND THE TOWN TOWARD THE OLD BARN...

THERE'S NO WINDOWS BEHIND THAT BARN! THE OUTLAWS WON'T SEE US COMING! CAUSE PA AND THE MARSHAL ARE KEEPING 'EM BUSY UP FRONT!



AS LUCAS AND THE SMALL PARTY KEEP A VIGIL ON THE BARN, THEY SUDDENLY REACT TO A STRANGE SIGHT MOVING TOWARD THE REAR OF THE BARN...



LEAPIN' THUNDERIN' TARNATION! IT'S AN ELEPHANT!

MARK AND BOLLO! THEY'RE HEADING TOWARD THE BARN! MEN--HOLD YOUR FIRE!

MARK! GET AWAY FROM THERE! GET BACK!



BUT THE BOYS DO NOT SEEM TO HEAR...

COME ON, BIG JIM! LET'S GET THEM!



THE BIG ELEPHANT CLOSES IN ON THE BARN!!!



THE HUGE ANIMAL PUTS ALL ITS WEIGHT AGAINST THE BARN AND, WITH A MIGHTY CRASH, THE WALLS COLLAPSE!!!



LUCAS TAKES AIM!!!



THE OTHER OUTLAW BEGINS TO FLEE ON FOOT...



BUT ROLLO AND MARK PUT BIG JIM INTO ACTION AGAIN, BLOCKING THE OUTLAW'S PATH...



I GUESS WE HAVE TO THANK YOU BOYS, BUT DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT A CHANCE YOU TOOK?

IT WAS YOUR IDEA, PA...REMEMBER WHEN YOU TOLD ME AN ELEPHANT COULD CRUSH A WHOLE BUILDING IF HE WANTED TO?





# The WILD 'UN COMES HOME

EARLY ONE MORNING, AS KING  
TIM WALKS DOWN HIS REGULAR  
DAILY CHORES, HE HEARS A LOW,  
FAMILIAR WHISTLE FROM THE  
BARN...

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IT'S DON! THAT'S  
HIS SIGNAL! HE'S  
COME HOME! I'VE  
GOT TO HURRY!



DON! IT IS  
YOU! WHEN  
DID YOU GET  
HERE?

JUST BEFORE DAWN! I'VE  
BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU TO  
COME OUTSIDE ALONE!



OH! IN THE HOUSE  
AND SEE MA! SHE'S  
ALONE! PA'S SIGN  
RANGE!

I CAN'T! NOBODY MUST  
KNOW I'M HERE! SHE  
LEAVS AFTER ME!  
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I  
CAN TRUST, TIM!



DAVE DABBY AND  
SLIM CREEP HELP  
UP THE CLAYTON  
BANK YESTERDAY  
AND DROPT TWO MEN!  
I HANST IN ON IT,  
TIM! HONEST I  
HANST! I WAS  
HOLDIN' THE HORSES  
OUTSIDE!



CUT THE SNA! YOUR BIG  
BROTHER DON IS IN AS DEEP  
AS WE ARE, MA! IM DAVE  
DABBY! HE'S SLIM CREEP!  
SAIN'S LEG'S HURT, SO WE  
HOLED - UP HERE!

I TOLD 'EM  
YOU'D HELP  
US, TIM!





SHINE YOUR GUN, BOY! I'LL KEEP IT WHILE WE'RE HERE... IN CASE YOU GET ANY SMART IDEAS! HAND IT OVER!

NO! IT'S MY GUN! I'LL KEEP IT!



STOP! YOU CAN'T..

KEEP OUTA THIS, KID! THAT'LL TEACH BOY WHO'S BOSS! YOU TAKE A LESSON TOO, BOY! DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS, IF YOU WANT YOU AND YOUR FOLKS TO STAY HEALTHY!



BOY'LL GET EVEN FOR THIS, DAVE DIBBY! HE'S NOT AFRAID OF YOU OR ANYBODY! EVERYBODY CALLS HIM "THE WILD 'UN"!

SO I HEARD! THAT'S WHY I LET HIM SIDE WITH ME! BUT HE'S TURNED TAME CHICKEN!



AREN'T YOU GOIN' TO DO SOMETHING, BOY?

FORGET IT, TIM! I AGREED TO TAKE ORDERS FROM DAVE WHEN I JOINED UP WITH HIM!



NOW, DETCH SOME GRUB AND SAMPAGES FOR RUM'S LEG, KID! WE'LL LIE LOW! HERE TILL DARK!

GO AND GET THE STUFF, TIM! AND DON'T LET MA KNOW WE'RE HERE!



TIM GOES AWAY AND RETURNS A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HERE'S THE STUFF! I SNEAKED IT OUTA THE KITCHEN WITHOUT MA SEEN! MA'S BUSY UPSTAIRS!

GOOD WORK, KID!





# A NAME TO REMEMBER



The hall was filled, and men stood outside, listening to the speaking. John Hawkins, a boy of ten, stood with his father, not at all interested in the speaking in the hall, except that he liked the booming voice of the man who was now doing the talking.

"Recession is not a subject to be debated," the booming voice said. "You have already voted for it. What has happened has happened, and you must not fight among yourselves."

John lost interest now, even in the big voice. He left his father's side and made his way to the outer edge of the standing crowd, wanting to be away from the heat and dust and the smell of chewed tobacco.

He sat down on a low stump and wiped the sweat from his face with his sleeve. His attention came to rest on a boy about his own age standing beside a sleepy-eyed burro a short distance away. Suddenly deciding to leave, the boy mounted his burro. He slapped his burro with the handle reins, but the animal didn't move.

In anger, the boy dismounted and tugged at the reins, but without success. He kicked the burro in the ribs. He kicked it a second time with all his strength. He kicked it a third time.

By then, John Hawkins had stood all he could of the crusty running as hard as he could, he sneaked into the other boy, his hat swinging. The burro rider was taken completely by surprise but soon recovered and began meeting his challenger blow for blow.

"I'll learn you to mistreat an animal," John said, swinging with all his might. But his hat found only thin air. Then he saw the other boy's hat coming, and, when it landed, it set every bone in his body to aching. It landed again, and he felt the ground slip from his back.

John didn't want to get up. He felt as if he wanted to lie there in the dust for

ever. But, by sheer will power, he got to his knees and then to his feet. Then that hat hit him again.

When next John opened his eyes, all the world was swinging crazily around him. After long moments, he pushed up to a sitting position and saw his adversary riding away.

The meeting in the hall was breaking up now, and a half-dozen men, who had been watching the fight, turned away. John Hawkins, sitting in the dust, waiting for his head to quit hurting, saw his father coming, anger in his stride.

"I told you to stay right with me, boy," the big man said, taking his son by the arm. "And here I catch you fighting!"

"Pa, there was a boy hurtin' a burro..."

"None of your business," his father said.

"Your boy was in the right," a voice said.

"I saw it as I stepped out of the hall."

They turned. John recognized the booming voice and knew that this was the speaker he had liked to listen to.

"You did right, son," the man smiled. "There are times when we have to fight, whether we want to or not. Sometimes we have to fight even when we know we're going to be licked."

To John's father he said, "Don't punish him. He was in the right." And he patted John's troubled head and walked on.

They watched him go, tall and stately as he stepped into his waiting carriage.

"He's a good man, ain't he, Pa?" the boy asked.

"He is, son," John's father said earnestly. "He's more. He's a great man."

John's father looked down at his son and smiled. "Someday you can tell your grand-children that you were patted on the head by Sam Houston. It's a name to remember, boy. Don't ever forget it."

John was still looking after the departing carriage. "I won't, Pa," he said softly. "I won't ever forget it."

# Strange Company

HEY BOYS!  
WHAT ARE  
YOU UP TO?

OOOF!

© TRADEMARK

WHAT'S THIS ALL  
ABOUT, MARK? I  
THOUGHT YOU  
AND JEFF WERE  
"FRIENDS"!

SHUCKS, WE  
WEREN'T REALLY  
FIGHTIN', PA!  
WE'RE JUST  
PLAYIN' AROUND!

YOU PLAY KIND OF  
ROUGH, DON'T YOU?

NAH,  
MR. MC CAIN  
... WE CAN  
TAKE IT!

GURE, PA!  
WHAT DO  
YOU THINK  
WE ARE,  
A COUPLE OF  
SISSIES?

NO--BUT MAYBE IT  
WOULD BE A GOOD  
IDEA TO GIVE SOME  
OF THAT ENERGY FOR  
YOUR CHORES!

HEY, THAT REMINDS ME...  
I'VE GOT SOME WOOD-  
CHOPPIN' TO DO! SEE  
YOU LATER, MARK!

OKAY!  
SO  
LONG!  
JEFF!



HOWDY, MICAH!  
WHAT BRINGS  
YOU OUT HERE?

WELL, TELL THE  
TRUTH, I'VE GOT  
A FRACK TO ASK!



SURE THING,  
MICAH! WHAT  
IS IT?

I GOT A LETTER  
FROM MY SISTER  
IN KOWA... WANTS  
TO KNOW IF SHE  
CAN SEND HER  
DAUGHTER  
OUT HERE FOR A VISIT!



WELL, THAT'S  
MIGHTY NICE  
... BUT WHERE  
... DO THE  
MCCAINS  
COME IN?

DOG-GONE, LUCAS...  
YOU KNOW I LIVE  
AT THE BOARDIN'  
HOUSE... NO ROOM  
THERE FOR A  
LITTLE GIRL!



I... WAS WONDERIN'  
IF YOU MAYBE COULD  
PUT HER UP FOR A  
WEEK OR SO?

A  
GIRL?  
STAYIN'  
HERE?



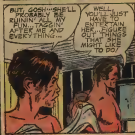
WHAT'S  
SO BEEING  
WITH GIRLS,  
MACK?

HOLY MACKEREL, PA!  
YOU MEAN WHAT'S  
BEING WITH THEM!  
THEY JUST... GET IN  
THE WAY IS ALL!



NOW, THEY'RE NOT AS  
BAD AS ALL THAT, MACK!  
THEY JUST TAKE SOME  
GETTIN' USED TO!

TELL THE  
TRUTH,  
MICAH...  
I'M NOT  
SURE I  
WANT TO  
GET USED  
TO THEM!







YEAH, THAT'S THE TROUBLE! SHE'LL PROBABLY WANT TO PLAY DOLLS... AN' WORD GAMES AN' THINGS! ALL THAT GISSY STUFF!

WHY DON'T YOU AT LEAST WAIT UNTIL YOU MEET HER... SHE MIGHT BE A LOT DIFFERENT THAN YOU THINK!



I DON'T SEE HOW...GIRLS ARE ALL THE SAME! SHE'LL PROBABLY BE ALL FILLED UP 'N GINGHAM AND CUELS...AND AFRAID TO GET DIRTY OR ANYTHING! YESSIR... GIRLS ARE ALL THE SAME.



SOME WEEKS LATER, AS THE STAGE PULLS INTO NORTH FORK...

HI, THERE, LITTLE JENNY! I'M YOUR UNCLE MICAH!

HOW DO YOU DO?

SEE WHAT I MEAN, PA? ALL GINGHAM AND CUELS...AND NICE MANNERS! HOLY MACKEREL! AM I EVER IN FOR A WEEK OR SO!



JENNY... THIS IS LUCAS MCCAIN AND HIS BOY, MARK... THE FOLKS YOU'LL BE STAYING WITH!

I'M VERY PLEAS'D TO MEET YOU BOTH!



HOLY COW! YOU CAN'T WEAR THOSE CLOTHES OUT HERE! THIS IS COWBOY COUNTRY!

MARK! MIND YOUR MANNERS! THE YOUNG LADY'S DRESSED REAL NICE FOR TRAVELING!



A SHORT TIME LATER, THEY REACH THE RANCH...









IT WAS A LUCKY PUNCH! SHE CALGHT ME BY SURPRISE!

I DON'T THINK SO, JEFF... I'M TELLING YOU SHE'S NOT EXACTLY THE SAME AS MOST GIRLS! SHE'S... DIFFERENT!



I GUESS I FORGOT TO TELL YOU MY DADDY'S A PRIZE FIGHTER... HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO DEFEND MYSELF!

I'LL SAY HE DID!



C'MON, LET'S FACE UP AROUND THE CANYON AND BACK TO THE RANCH!

YEAH! LET'S SHOW JENNY THE WAY HOME! HATE TO HAVE HER GET LOST!



DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT?

HIYAAAH



SEE, WHAT I MEAN! SHE'S A RIDING DEMON!

I'LL CATCH HER!



JEFF VEERS HIS HORSE SWIFTLY TRYING TO OVERTAKE JENNY!

C'MON, BOY!

BE CAREFUL, JEFF!



AND SUDDENLY,  
AS JEFF'S HORSE  
LOSES ITS  
FOOTING...

LOOK  
OUT!

JEFF!

AAAAHHH!

BUT FORTUNATELY A LEDGE  
STOPS JEFF'S FALL...

WHUMP!

JEFF, ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT?

I... THINK SO  
JUST RANCHED  
UP A LITTLE!  
BUT... HOW CAN  
I GET UP  
FROM HERE!

TELL HIM NOT TO MOVE!  
I'LL TRY TO THROW HIM  
A ROPE!

TAKE IT  
EASY, JEFF!  
WE'LL GET  
YOU UP!

A MOUNTAIN  
LION!

MARK,  
LOOK!





MEANWHILE, AT THE MCCAIN RANCH...

I GOT A LITTLE  
TIME OFF, LUCAS...  
THOUGH I'D  
COME OUT AND  
WAIT AWHILE  
BEFORE SUPPER!

FINE, RICHARD!  
GLAD TO HAVE  
YOU! I'LL BE  
FINISHED  
SAWING THIS  
WOOD IN JUST  
A MINUTE!

GO RIGHT AHEAD...  
DON'T LET ME  
INTERRUPT!  
WHERE ARE  
THE KIDS?

OUT RIDING...  
THEY OUGHT TO BE  
BACK RIGHT  
SOON!



SURE HOPE JENNY'S NOT  
PUTTING A CRAMP IN MARK'S  
STYLE! AT HIS AGE, FEMALES  
ARE JUST SORT OF A  
NATURAL ENEMY!

THE WAY  
THEY TOOK  
OUT OF  
HERE, SHE  
LOOKS LIKE SHE  
CAN TAKE CARE  
OF HERSELF...  
RODE OUT LIKE  
THE CAVALRY!

HEY, HERE  
THEY COME  
NOW, BENT  
FOR  
LEATHER!

AND  
JENNY'S  
STILL  
IN THE  
LEAD!



HEY, WHAT'S  
BEEN GOING  
ON? WHAT  
DID HAPPEN  
TO JEFF?

WELL, PA, I GUESS  
YOU COULD SAY HE  
NEEDED CONVINC-  
ING THAT GIRLS  
AREN'T ALL GING-  
HAM AND CUREL!  
JENNY CONVINCED  
HIM, REAL GOOD...  
AND ME, TOO!

YOU'RE LUCKY  
BOYS! IT TAKES  
SOME FOLKS  
YEARS TO  
LEARN THAT!

ONE THING  
SURE, PA... IT'S  
GOING TO  
BE A REAL  
INTERESTING  
WEEK OR SO!



Guys say "They're terrific!"



# The Word gets around about the NEW SPRING STYLES

by **JUMPING JACKS**

Gals vote them  
"the most"



**FREE**  
COMIC BOOK  
WHEN YOU COME IN TO SEE THE NEW SPRING



Styles with the dash and dash you and your crowd go for! Boy's shoe shows has Velcro closure for easy on and off! Girl's pump has famous Jumping-Jack snug-bug heel.

## JUMPING JACKS

YOUNG AMERICA'S FINEST FITTING SHOES

WE'RE AS MUCH  
FUN AS A STACK OF  
DELL COMICS!

# WALT DISNEY SQUEEZE TOYS



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WALT  
DISNEY  
1958

Look for them in your local stores now! Newly designed and distributed by...



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# Head to Toe

BE SURE YOU TAKE GOOD CARE OF THOSE NEW BOOTS, MARK! THEY'RE FOR DRESS-UP, REMEMBER!

THANKS FOR LETTING ME WEAR THEM HOME, PA! I WON'T GET A SCRATCH ON 'EM. I PROMISE!

HELP! STOP THAT MAN! HE JUST ROBBED MY STORE!  
STOP HIM!





THE BROTHERS WHO... THE BROTHERS WHO...

