

DELL
Western
Adventure

“The Rifleman”

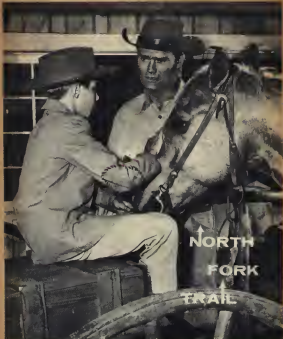
AVLT-DEPT
Still 10¢

Lucas McCain
risks his life
to rescue a
runaway boy from
a death trap.

CHUCK CONNORS

JOHNNY CRAMFORD

TRADEMARK



↑
NORTH
FORK
↑
TRAIL

"I never like to leave Mark alone, but this time he fully understood the urgency of the situation. Headstrong young Rick Anders had ridden off into a death trap...true, it was a trap of his own making, but I had to see what I could do to help his father rescue him. The boy was one of those fellows who seemed to know it all and could learn no way except the hard way. His escapade was causing five men to risk their lives...one of them was mine!"



WE'VE ALWAYS GOT AN EXTRA CHAIR AT THE TABLE FOR YOU, MICHAEL! BUT I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT LOSING YOUR JOB---THIS IS STILL ROUGH COUNTRY!

GURRS: YOU'RE RIGHT, LUCAS! WE'VE STILL GOT A WAY TO GO!



LET'S MAKE IT FAST, WARD! WE'VE GOT A LOT OF CHORES BACK AT THE RANCH!

RIGHT, PA!

INSIDE THE STORE---



WHATTA YOU MEAN, YOU CAN'T GIVE ME ANY MORE CREDIT?

JUST WHAT I SAID, RICK! YOUR PA SAID NO MORE! YOU EITHER PAY CASH OR DON'T GET THE MERCHANDISE!



NOW LOOK HERE, MR. DENTON! YOU SONNJA GIVE ME A BAD TIME?

TAKE IT EASY, RICK! YOU HEARD WHAT MAJ. SAID!



STAY OUT OF THIS, MICHAEL! IT'S NO BUSINESS OF YOURS!

YOUR PA'S MY FRIEND, RICK! I FIGURE THE LEAST I CAN DO IS HELP STOP YOU FROM MAKIN' A MISTAKE!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I'M PLENTY BIG ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!

BIG ENOUGH, MAYBE... BUT IT TAKES MORE THAN SIZE! APPARENTLY YOU JUST DON'T HAVE YOUR PA'S SENSE!



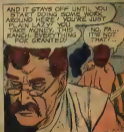
LATER THAT DAY...

I'LL SEE YOU FELLAS
IN TOWN AFTER
SUPPER!

OKAY, RICK,
AND COOL OFF!
THAT LUCAS
MCMAIN ISN'T
ONE TO
TANGLE
WITH!

HE DOESN'T BOTHER
MEY I'LL FIGURE A WAY
TO FIX HIM GOOD!

LOT OF
PEOPLE
HAVE TRIED
...AND ALL
OF 'EM CAME
OUT SECOND-
BEST!



IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T SEE THE SENSE IN WORKIN' WHEN I DON'T HAVE TO---AN' I THINK YOU'RE CRAZY FOR WORKIN' WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE TO! WE GOT PLENTY OF HELP, THEY'RE PAID TO WORK, LET 'EM WORK!

SURE THEY'RE PAID TO WORK, BUT SOMEONE'S GOT TO TELL THEM WHAT TO DO... AND SEE THAT THEY DO IT!

ALL RIGHT, PA, SO LET'S SAY YOU'RE RIGHT? YOU TELL 'EM WHAT TO TELL 'EM, AND I'LL TELL 'EM! I'LL FOREMAN FOR YOU!

WOULD FOREMANS DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO START YOU OUT GIVIN' ORDERS TO GROWN MEN! YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO TAKE ORDERS FIRST!

SEEMS I BEEN TAKIN' ORDERS ALL MY LIFE!

YOU'VE LISTENED TO THEM, BUT YOU'VE NEVER TAKEN THEM! YOU JUST KEEP GOIN' YOUR OWN SWEET WAY! I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO POUND ANY SENSE INTO YOUR HEAD!

THAT'S REAL FUNNY, PA! YOU FIGURES YOU HAVE TO FOUND IT IN ME... AN' EVERYONE ELSE IN NORTH FORK FIGURES I JUST SHOULD'VE BEEN BORN WITH 'SENSE' 'CAUSE YOU'RE MY PA!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

I'M TALKIN' ABOUT THE GREAT ANDY ANDERS... AN' HOW SMART HE IS! HE STARTED OUT WITH 'NOTHIN' AN' RAISED A FORTUNE IN STOCK! WELL, I'M TACKLED OF IT! I'LL MAKE MY OWN MONEY, WITHOUT YOUR HELP!









BETTER LISTEN TO WHAT PA SAYS. KICK...

I'VE HAD MY FILL OF ADVICE! I'LL GO MY OWN WAY FROM NOW ON!

GOSH, PA... CAN'T YOU STOP HIM?

ONLY WAY WOULD BE TO HOG-TIE HIM, SON! HE'S TRYING HIS MUCKS... BUT UNLESS HE TURNS BACK NOW, WHERE HE BELONGS, THE SUN WILL MELT THEM TOWARD!



BUT THE NEXT DAY FINDS YOUNG RICK ANDERS RIDING THROUGH THE SCORCHING DESA...



LATE THAT SAME AFTER-NOON...

SAY, LUCAS... DID MY SON RICK HAPPEN TO COME BY THIS WAY?

SURE DID, ANDY! TALKED TO HIM LAST NIGHT! SAID HE WAS HEADING FOR DENTON CITY!





A FEW MINUTES LATER --



MEANWHILE
ON THE MESA --



STONE-WEARY AND TIRED, RICK FORGETS TO TETHER HIS HORSE ...



WHY? NEVER KNEW WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO GO SO LONG WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER...

RICK FAILS TO NOTICE AS THE HORSE MOVES AWAY IN SEARCH OF WATER ...



GOT... TO GET... SOME REST?

THAT NIGHT, AT ABOVE BELLS...

HE NEVER MADE IT HERE! HE MUST'VE LOST HIS BEAKINGS! NO WATER... NO FOOD... BY NOW HE COULD BE --

EASY, ANDY... WE'LL FIND HIM! BEST WE SPLIT UP AT FIRST LIGHT AND COVER MORE GROUND! HE CAN'T BE FAR OFF!

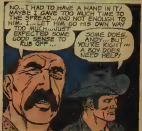


WISH I COULD BELIEVE THAT, LUCAS! DOGGONE FOOL BOY! WHERE'D I GO WEDG WITH HIM, LUCAS? WHAT HAPPENED?

I DON'T THINK IT WAS YOU, ANDY... SOME YOUNGSTEER JUST HAVE TO LEARN THE HARD WAY!

NO... I HAD TO HAVE A HAND IN IT! MAYBE I GAVE TOO MUCH TIME TO THE SPREAD... AND NOT ENOUGH TO HIM. I... LET HIM GO HIS OWN WAY TOO MUCH... JUST EXPECTED SOME GOOD SENSE TO RUB OFF ...

SOME DOES, ANDY... BUT YOU'RE RIGHT... A BOY DOES NEED HELP!





AT DAWN THE NEXT MORNING, THE GROUP SPLITS UP TO CONTINUE THE SEARCH...





IT'S FINISHED...

AN HOUR LATER, LUCAS SPOTS RICK'S HORSE ON THE MESA...



OH-OH!
NOW THE BOYS ON FOOT!



CATCHING THE HORSE, LUCAS FIRES A SIGNAL SHOT...

BLAM



AND SOON THE OTHERS JOIN HIM...

WE'LL BACK TRACK HIS HORSE! WE'RE BOUND TO FIND HIM!

IF... IT'S NOT TOO LATE...



SOMETIME LATER...

HERE'S WHERE THE HORSE RAN OFF! RICK HEADED OUT ON FOOT!

LET'S EASE! HE CAN'T HAVE WALKED FAR!

AFTER AN HOUR'S
RIDE, THE SEARCHERS
SPOT THE PRONE
FIGURE OF RICK
ON THE SCORCHING
MESA ...

THERE
HE IS?

LORD, PLEASE, DON'T
LET US BE TOO LATE!



RICK...
RICK...

LET'S GET SOME
WATER IN HUR,
ANDY!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, RICK IS
REVIVED...

PA... MICA...
HOW'D... YOU
FIND ME?

WE KNOW THIS
COUNTRY, BOY...
BUT THE GOOD
LORD WAS ON
OUR SIDE, TOO!
JUST LIE EASY
AND REST!



PA... I'M SORRY...
IT WAS A POOL
TRICK? BELIEVE
ME, FROM NOW
ON I'M GOING
TO LEARN TO
TAKE ORDERS.

IT WAS A LONG
TIME COMING,
RICK... BUT IT
SOUNDS LIKE
YOU'VE FINALLY
GOT SOME
SENSE!



LET'S GO HOME, SON.
WE'VE GOT A LOT OF
CATCHING UP TO DO!

WE SURE
HAVE, PA...
WE SURE
HAVE.



TROUBLE COMES TO TOWN

COME ON, TROUBLE!
JUMP! GET THE ROPE!

RICKY, COME DOWN FROM
THERE... BEFORE YOU TEAR
YOUR GOOD CLOTHES!



I'M COMIN', MA!
ARE WE ABOUT
READY TO RIDE
INTO TOWN TO
SEE AUNT
MAITHEE?

AS SOON AS YOUR
FATHER HITCHES UP
THE WAGON!



SURPRIS!

HEY!

RICKY!



ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT,
T SON?

I-I GUESS SO! TROUBLE
CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE
WHEN HE GRABBED THE
ROPE!



WHOA, BEEH! ... RICKY, YOU TIE THAT
HOUND UP GOOD! I DON'T WANT HIM
FOLLOWING US INTO TOWN
LIKE HE DID THE LAST TIME!

AW, SURE, MA!
DO I HAVE TO?





SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE FAMILY
DRIVES INTO TOWN...



SHORTLY, WITH MARTHA'S HUSBAND
LENDING A HAND...



LATER THAT NIGHT, LONG AFTER THE TOWN HAS SETTLED FOR SLEEP...



CREEPING CAUTIOUSLY OUT OF THE HOUSE, EDDY QUIETLY CALLS HIS DOG, AND...



A RED GLOW IN THE SKY SUDDENLY CATCHES RICKY'S ATTENTION...





GOOD BOY TROUBLE!
HANG ON WHILE I GO
AND GET PA!



THE STILL NIGHT SOUNDS WITH
THE ALARM, AND SOON...



PA! THE FIRE'S
AT THE
STABLES!



AT THE STABLE, THE MEN WORK SWIFTLY
TO RESCUE THE PANICKY HORSES....



HOW'D THIS
FOOL DOB
GET HERE?

HE CHEWED HIMSELF FREE,
PA, AND FOLLOWED US!
WHAT'S MORE, HE ROLLED
THE FIRE ALARM... I
COULDN'T REACH IT!



WELL, HE HAS THE
WHOLE TOWN IN AN
UPROAR, LIKE I
SAID HE WOULD!

THAT'S RIGHT, PA...
BUT THIS TIME HE'S
A HERO!

TEXAS MAN



As Harve Thomas prepared to ride off to the county seat to find out what could be done about the Triple X outfit cutting his fence and letting their cattle in on his grazing land, his wife Molly was worried.

"I'm afraid those Triple X men may come while you're gone," she said. "They're a tough bunch . . . and nobody here but Timmy and me."

Harve glanced out the window at his fifteen-year-old son and smiled. "Timmy's closer to being a man than you think. What's more, he's a Texan. In a pinch, he'd be more protection than you'd guess."

Molly said no more. Silently, she stood by as her husband instructed Timmy to take his place as the man of the house, then rode away.

The first night that she and her son were left alone, Molly was awakened by the sound of hoofs. Looking out her bedroom window, she saw a group of horsemen approaching. Then she noticed her son sitting atop the big wagon gate in the moonlight, a rifle across his lap. He had heard the men coming and was prepared to meet them.

Fear was a cold chain hanging down Molly Thomas's spine; but she was a pioneer woman, and her hands were steady as she quietly raised her window to hear what was said. How pitifully young Timmy looked out there, facing the seven men, who had now come to a stop.

"We come to talk to your pa, boy," the leader of the group said.

"He ain't here," Timmy told him.

"Where is he?" the leader asked nastily, seeing himself from his saddle.

Molly Thomas heard her son say evenly, "You Triple X men are trespassin' on our land. Take one step toward our house and you're dead." Sickerening anxiety affained at her as she saw Timmy's rifle shift in the moonlight.

Finally one of the men said, "Don't argue with that kid, Mest. Let's get the old man."

The leader remounted, and the men jipped their horses up to the gate in a threatening movement.

That was when Molly lifted the big Colt six-gun from the holster on her bedpost and rested the barrel on the window sill.

As the horsemen crowded closer to the gate, Timmy's young voice lashed at them like an ox whip. "Back up, all of you!"

Molly saw, at that moment, that her young son had suddenly grown up. He was magnificent up there against the night sky, broad shoulders hunched and chin thrust out.

For long moments, the men set their horses, staring at the youth atop the gate, his rifle held easily across his lap.

Finally, the leader spoke, a lameness in his tone. "We ain't aimin' to do you nor your ma' any harm, boy," he said.

"Men don't come ridin' at night with ropes and guns [but for a neighborly chat." The boy lashed the words at them. "You can talk to my pa when he gets back from the county seat. And you'd better come in daytime."

Molly Thomas watched the men slowly turn their mounts and ride away, with no talk among them. They had suddenly found themselves confronted by a force they couldn't understand. A faint smile tugged at her lips as she moved her gaze to her son, still atop the wagon gate, his long young legs dangling.

When the sound of shod hoofs was gone, he dropped nimbly to the ground and came toward the house, his rifle in the bend of his arm.

And Molly was remembering what her husband had said: "Timmy's closer to being a man than you think he is. What's more, he's a Texan." And she knew now that it was true. She brushed away a quick tear as she listened to the "Texas Man Timmy" come in, stand his rifle by the fireplace in the sitting room, then go on to his own room.

THE AVENGER



A SHORT TIME LATER, AS BILLY NEARS HIS FINEST RANCH HOME ---



BUT BILLY GETS NO ANSWER. FRIGHTENED, HE RACES OUT TO TRY AND FIND HIS FATHER ---



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, ON THE WHITE EAGLE RANGE ---







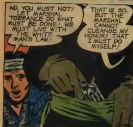
I AM SORRY-- WE SAVED SO LONG FOR THE WELL... AND NOW IT IS LOST!

THE MONEY IS NOT IMPORTANT! BUT FOR HARMING YOU, THOSE MEN WILL PAY DEARLY!



MY HUSBAND! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I AM GOING TO TRACK THOSE MEN! THEY HAVE DEPLETED MY HOME, STOLEN MONEY, HURT MY WIFE! FOR THAT, THEY WILL DIE!



NO, YOU MUST NOT! LET MARSHAL TORRANCE DO WHAT MUST BE DONE! WE MUST LIVE WITH THE WHITE MAN'S LAW!

THAT IS SO, BUT THE MARSHAL CANNOT CLEANSE MY HONOR! THAT I MUST DO MYSELF!



NO, PLEASE-- LISTEN TO ME!

YOU REST AND TAKE CARE! I WILL NOT BE GONE LONG!



BILLY, YOU HURT! GET HELP! YOUR FATHER MUST BE MADE TO LISTEN TO REASON!

I WILL RIDE TO THE MCCAIN RANCH-- LUCAS MCCAIN WILL HELP US!



HURRY, MY SON! THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE!

I WILL, MOTHER!

AT THE MCCAIN RANCH...

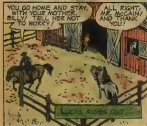


AND BREATHLESSLY, BILLY TELLS WHAT HAS HAPPENED...



YOU GO HOME AND STAY WITH YOUR MOTHER, BILLY! TELL HER NOT TO WORRY!

ALL RIGHT, MR. MCCAIN! AND THANK YOU!



AND LUCAS PICKS UP THE TRAIL FROM THE WHITE EAGLE RANCH AND HEADS OUT FAST...





AS VAL STARTS TO DISMOUNT --



AT DUSK THAT EVENING, THE TWO SADDLE TRAMPS REIN UP...



LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SPOT! LET'S CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT!

YOU WON'T GET AN ARGUMENT FROM ME! WE PUT A LOT OF MILES ON THAT TRAIL TODAY!



AND LATER...

YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE WE HAVE ANY LAW ON OUR TRAIL, DO YOU?

NO! MAY I FIGURE, THEY WON'T EVEN BOTHER WITH THEM IN UN SOD-BUSTERS!



WE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!



NOT IF YOU DON'T WORRY ABOUT DYING!

WHERE'D YOU COME FROM, F?

EFFE WHO ARE YOU?

BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT...



FROM THE SMALL RANCH NEAR NORTH FORK... WHERE YOU BEAT MY WIFE... AND STOLE MY MONEY!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, WE...



YOU ARE OUR ENEMY!

SLAP!

OOOOW!









START WALKING, NISTER... BACK TOWARD THE CAMPFIRE!



YES... BUT I WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN IF YOU AND LUCAS HAD NOT COME WHEN YOU DID!

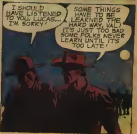
A MOMENT LATER...



YES... AND I LEARNED SOMETHING ELSE...



THEY WILL BE... FOR A LONG TIME!



SOME THINGS HAVE TO BE LEARNED THE HARD WAY, VAL! IT'S JUST TOO BAD SOME FOLKS NEVER LEARN UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!

The **Richard**™ **A WATCHFUL EYE**

PA! PA! THEY DID IT AGAIN!
YOUNG FOX AND HIS FRIENDS
STOLE ANOTHER HAM FROM
OUR SMOKEHOUSE...
I FOUND THEIR
MOCCASIN TRACKS!



I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO PAY
CHIEF WHITE CLAW ANOTHER
VISIT! HE WAS REAL UPSET
WHEN I TOLD HIM
WHAT THOSE YOUNG
UNS WERE DOING!

HE TOLD ME NOT TO WORRY... SAID HE'D
TAKE CARE OF THINGS
SO IT WOULDN'T
HAPPEN AGAIN... BUT
NOW I WONDER...

LOOK, PA! HERE
COMES
CHIEF
WHITE CLAW
NOW!



HELLO, CHIEF
...GLAD YOU
DROPPED BY!
I'M SORRY
TO HAVE TO
REPORT AGAIN
THAT --

I KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED! THAT
IS WHY I AM HERE!
I CAME TO FIX
SMOKEHOUSE SO
YOUNG BRAVES
NEVER AGAIN
RAID IT!



I HAVE **7999** MADE IN TOWN...
MAN CALLED IT "TINTYPE." I PUT
IT ON DOOR AND MY EYES WATCH
ALL WHO COME HERE... AND BRAVES
DARE NOT STEAL WHILE
THEIR CHIEF IS WATCHING!



THANK YOU,
CHIEF! I'M
SURE WE WON'T
HAVE ANY MORE
TROUBLE!

A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS

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A TIME FOR ACTION



"The Rifleman" THE STALL

