

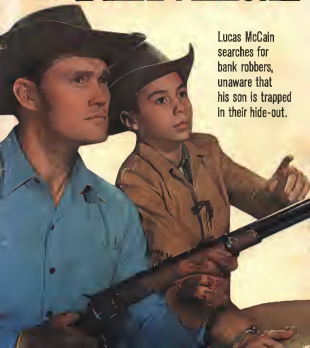
DELL
Exciting
Adventure

OCT. - NOV.

Still 10¢

“The Rifleman”

Lucas McCain
searches for
bank robbers,
unaware that
his son is trapped
in their hide-out.





"The Rifleman"™

GHOST TOWN RAID



While Lucas is helping Marshal Torrance track down a group of desperado men who robbed the bank in town...



Mark and a friend are trying to find a way to send for help, as they are trapped in the lude-out of the desperados.

MOUNTAIN GIANT



It is an uneasy time for the citizens of North Fork when a burly mountain man descends upon their town, bent on having himself some fun and a taste of civilization.



And Lucas McCain has his hands full trying to keep the big fellow above... especially when Lucas uncovers a revenge plot against the mountain giant.



CALMLY, THE OUTLAWS HEAD TOWARD THEIR HORSES...

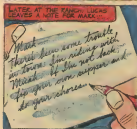


AN AROUSED CITIZENRY THROWS LEAD AT THE FLEEING OUTLAWS...



THE GUNFIRE ALERTS MARSHAL HIGH TOLERANCE, WHO IS QUICKLY ON THE SCENE...





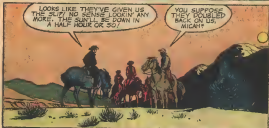








A FEW HOURS LATER, AS THE POSSE REINS UP IN MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY...





BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER...



CAUTIOUSLY, THE BOYS START DOWN THE RICKETY STAIRS...



THE OUTLAW LEADER STIRS...



BACK ON THE BALCONY, THE BOYS HOLD A WHISPERED CONFERENCE...







MEANWHILE, TED RIDES HARD ON THE TRAIL BACK TOWARD NORTH FORK...



BUT JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER...



HE'S BACK IN THE OLD GHOST TOWN! THE BANKROBBERS HAVE HIM IN THE HOTEL!

BANKROBBERS? WHAT KIND OF A TALL TALE IS THAT?



HE COULDN'T BE TELLING THE TRUTH, FRANK! THE BANK IN NORTH FORK WAS ROBBED THIS MORNING!

HONEST! THEY PLAN ON LEAVING IN THE MORNING! MARK MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO ESCAPE!



LEAVING TED ON THE SAFETY OF THE RIDGE, LUCAS AND FRANK SLIDE DOWN TOWARD THE GHOST TOWN...



AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER THEY REACH THE GHOST TOWN HOTEL...





ALL RIGHT! KEEP YOUR HANDS AWAY FROM YOUR GUNS!



MAYBE YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME!

BLAM!



OOOHHH!

GOOD WORK, PA MR. SAUNDERS! HOW'D YOU GET HERE SO FAST?



WE RAN INTO TED JUST A FEW MINUTES AWAY! HE TOLD US WHAT YOU DID!

STAYING HERE WAS A RIGHTLY BRAVE THING TO DO, MARK!



AWW, IT WAS NOTHING, MR. SAUNDERS. IT WAS JUST AS BRAVE GOING FOR HELP!

ANYWAY, IT WAS PART OF OUR SCHOOL-WORK!

HUZZ! WHAT'S THAT?



THAT'S RIGHT! WE WERE TO NAME AND DESCRIBE ALL THE WILD-LIFE WE SAW TODAY...

...ONLY WE'LL NEED HELP NAMING THOSE WILD ONES!

A MATTER OF FRACTIONS



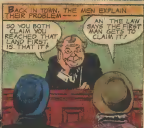
BUT THE RACE IS NOT OVER ---



THE LAND LOOKS UP AHEAD ---



FINALLY ---







RANCH BOY



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It was the ranch boy's first day at the city school. It was a fine school, and the ranch boy was admiring the buildings as he crossed the grounds, especially an addition that was under construction—a two-story section which now had a scaffolding all around it.

A group of boys were surrounded the newcomer, looking him over from his tall Stetson to his high-heeled boots.

"What's your name?" a boy named Sam asked.

"Bobby Carver."

"Yippee-ee! Bobby the horse huster," Sam's pal Mortie teased, and the others laughed.

"Two-gun Bob from the badlands," another teased. They all laughed again.

"Where do you live?" asked Mortie.

"And why are you dressed up like that?" chimed in a boy named Ralph.

Bobby replied in a friendly way, explaining that his home was on a ranch, that he was staying with an aunt for the school term, and that he always dressed like that because that was the way boys dressed on ranches.

As the ridicule continued, a hot lump came into Bobby's throat, then anger began to creep over him like an itch. But the bell rang then, and he followed the others into the school.

At each recess period that day, Bobby had to endure the mockery and teasing. That night, he asked his aunt if she would get him some different clothes. She said she would—in a few days. So Bobby had to wear his ranch clothes to school again the next day.

It was with heavy heart that he again walked onto the school grounds to be teased by Sam, Mortie, and Ralph.

Bobby was even more embarrassed in class when the teacher asked him to stand up and tell about his ranch home and about roundup

time and riding and calf roping.

Throughout the day, Bobby kept to himself as much as possible, and when school was out, he waited until he thought the others were off the grounds before leaving his desk to start for home.

He went out then, and as he was crossing the grounds, he heard someone shout at him. High up on the scaffolding of the new building, Ralph, Sam, and Mortie were playing, ignoring their taunts. Bobby walked on.

He had not gone far when he heard the sound of wood splintering, followed by a fright-screaming. Bobby spun around and saw that a corner upright which Mortie had climbed had pulled loose from the scaffold. The board was swaying dangerously, and Mortie was clinging to it desperately and screaming with fright.

Bobby started running toward the building. He ran inside and up the stairway, a prayer in his heart for Mortie. As he climbed, he grabbed a length of sack cord and expertly fashioned a lariat loop in the end of it.

Coming onto the scaffold, Bobby saw Sam and Ralph standing still with fright, their eyes on Mortie, who was clinging with all his might to the upright, crying.

"Hold tight, Mortie," Bobby called.

He swung his loop out, and it settled neatly over the top of the swaying upright, which he quickly pulled back into place.

"Now you can ease down, Mortie," he said consolingly.

The next morning, when Bobby walked onto the school grounds, he was met by Mortie, Ralph, and Sam. And he found out he now had three staunch friends. They all assured him in no uncertain terms that he was now one of them and that no boy in town would ever again make fun of his clothes. They vowed that they would see to that.

The Rifleman: Mountain Giant

COME,
JOHNNY...
OFF THE
STREET!

LOOK!
IT'S A
GIANT!

THAT FELLA LOOKS
LIKE SOMETHING
OUT OF THE
MYSTIC TIMES!

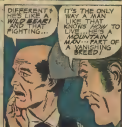


IN THE HOTEL ---







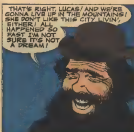






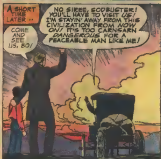












The Rifleman: **THE THIEF**



"YOU LOOK WORRIED, SON. CARE TO TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG?"

"WELL, I KNOW BETTER THAN TO ACCUSE ANYONE OF STEALING UNLESS I HAVE PROOF... BUT THINGS SURE HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING AROUND HERE LATELY!"



"WHAT KIND OF THINGS, SON?"

"OH, IT'S OUR SPOONS TODAY! TIM POTTIS WAS HELPING ME SHINE 'EM UP... RIGHT HERE... THEN HE WENT OUT BY THE BARN AND PITCHED A FEW HORSE SHOES!"



"TIM WENT HOME... AND NOW I CAN SEE THAT TWO SPOONS ARE MISSING? LAST TIME HE HELPED ME, A FORK GOT LOST! WHY'D TIM TAKE 'EM, PA?"

"YOU DIDN'T SEE TIM DO IT, MARK, AND I DON'T THINK HE DID! WE JUST MIGHT HAVE A PACK EAT AROUND HERE, YOU KNOW!"



"IN THE DAYTIME, PA? I THOUGHT THEY WORKED MOSTLY AT NIGHT! ONE THING SURE... THEY DIDN'T FLY AWAY?"

"NOT UNDER THEIR OWN POWER, SON! BUT WHAT YOU SAID GIVES ME AN IDEA! COME ON!"



"WHAT DO YOU FIND, MARK?"

"YOU WERE RIGHT, PA! THIS CROW'S A FIRST-CLASS THIEF! ALL OUR SILVER'S HERE... AND A LOT OF STUFF THAT ISN'T OURS, TOO!"

DELL
COMICS

A PLEDGE TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.



The Colorado Rocky Mountains were first called the "Shining Mountains," for they were covered with innumerable crystal rocks and stones which seemed to sparkle in the sun when observed from a distance. However, neither the shining pebbles nor the natural beauty of the mountains brought the white man to them. Fur was the main attraction that drew men into the wooded wonderlands.



The French trappers from Canada found more far-bearing game than believable in the mountains, and especially beaver ... enough to make all the beaver top hats the stylish English gentry could ever wear.



The men who hunted beavers were rugged men, unafraid to face all odds to gather the wealth of the mountains. They created their own civilization in a howling wilderness and opened trading posts along their paths.



As they pushed deeper into the mountains, the posts they had established became forts ... and the forts became towns ... and the towns became cities ... and soon America was linked together with the trappers' trails.



Although mountain men were the unending engineers who charted our country, they did not enjoy the urban civilization for which they were responsible. When they came to town it was usually to trade and rarely for fun.

