

GOLD
KEY

THE RIFLEMAN

THE

NOW ONLY 12c

RIFLEMAN

NOVEMBER 1959

Lucas McCain defies a town to give ex-outlaws a chance to redeem themselves.



"The Rifleman"



THE RETURN OF THE OUTLAWS



The Hawleys were free... could they return to North Fork and live in peace among the people they had robbed and wronged?

It seemed doubtful to Lucas McCain as he stood against his own friends to protect the men who had once been outlaws.

THE BRAVE WITH BLUE EYES



Even as Lucas McCain led his captive to the fort, he wondered who the boy was and why he had been raiding local ranches.



Lucas gets his answer when Latangi, the great chief of the Arapahoes, appears at the fort to see the brave with blue eyes.

The Rifleman *The Return of the Outlaws*



PA! THERE'S MRS. HAWLEY. SHE MUST BE GOING TO TOWN TO MEET HER BOYS! THIS IS A BIG DAY FOR HER!

IT SURE IS, SON! EMMA HAWLEY HAS LIVED ALONE ON HER LITTLE RANCH FOR ALMOST TEN YEARS, WAITING FOR MONK AND RAPE TO COME HOME FROM PRISON!

I WONDER HOW SUCH A NICE LADY COULD HAVE OUTLAW SONS! I FEEL AWFULLY SORRY FOR HER!

THE WHOLE TOWN FEELS THE SAME WAY, MARK!

THE BOYS TELL SO MANY DIFFERENT STORIES ABOUT THE HAWLEY BROTHERS! WHAT DID THEY DO, PA?

THEY COMMITTED JUST ABOUT EVERY CRIME IN THE BOOK!



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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address (including ZIP code) your old address first.

THEY STARTED OUT AS GUERRILLAS AFTER THE WAR... LOSING, BURNING, KILLING! THEN THEY JOINED RIF BRYNOR'S OUTLAW GANG AND BOPE WITH THEM TILL THEY WERE CAUGHT!



MORNING, BOYS! GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE JOINING THE WELCOMING PARTY, LUCAS! WE'LL ALL MEET AT THE STAGE STATION!



I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A WELCOMING PARTY, BLEEKER!

MARK'S ON HIS WAY TO SCHOOL, AND I'M GOING TO TOWN TO TEND TO SOME BANK BUSINESS!

THAT CAN WAIT... TILL WE MAKE SURE MONK AND SAFE HAWLEY DONT STEP OFF THAT STAGE!



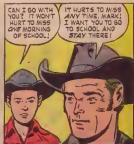
YOU'RE A RANCHER LIKE ME, LUCAS! IF YOU WANT TO LIVE IN PEACE, YOU'LL HELP US RUN THOSE THIEVING KILLERS OUT OF THIS TERRITORY!



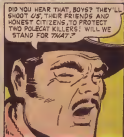
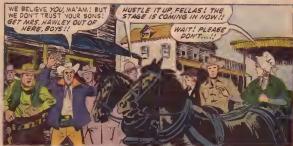
THEY'VE SERVED THEIR TIME IN PRISON! THEY HAVE THE RIGHT TO COME HOME TO THEIR RANCH! YOU CAN'T STOP THEM!

OH, YES, WE CAN... AND WE WILL! YOU WOULD FEEL THE SAME AS THE REST OF US, IF YOU HAD LIVED HERE WHEN THE HAWLEYS WERE RUNNING WILD! THINK IT OVER, LUCAS!













THANKS AGAIN FOR THE PIE, MA'AM! ARE YOU SURE YOU WON'T NEED IT, SEEMIN' YOU'VE GOT COMPANY?

THERE'LL BE PLENTY FOR THE BOYS! THEY'RE OLD FRIENDS OF MONK AND RAFF'S! RODE IN THIS MORNING! IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOUNG FOLKS AROUND AGAIN!



MARK RIDES HOME...

YOU'RE LATE, SON! I WAS BEGINNING TO WORRY!

MISS MILLY ASKED ME TO TAKE SOME SUGAR TO MRS. HAWLEY! AND GUESS WHAT SHE GAVE ME! A FRESH-BAKED APPLE PIE!



EARLY THAT EVENING...

BOY! MRS. HAWLEY CAN SURE MAKE GOOD PIE! SHE WAS COOKING THREE FOR HER BOYS AND THEIR FRIENDS!

FRIENDS? DID YOU SEE THEIR FRIENDS, MARK?



YES, PA! ONE WAS SORTA TALL AND HAD A SCAR ON HIS CHEEK! THE OTHER WAS SHORTER AND ... I REMEMBER NOW ... HE WORE HIS GUN ON HIS LEFT SIDE!



DO YOU KNOW THEM, -PA?

THEY COULD BE SCAR DELMAN AND LEFTY WHIPPLE! THEY'RE THE ONLY MEMBERS OF THE BRYSON GANG WHO WEREN'T CAUGHT!



MONK HAWLEY TOOK OVER AS TOP MAN IN THE GANG WHEN BRAYSON WAS KILLED! LOOKS LIKE HE MIGHT BE ORGANIZING WHAT'S LEFT OF THE OLD BUNCH!



WE'D BETTER RIDE TO TOWN AND TELL MICAH ABOUT THE HAWLEYS' VISITORS! IF THEY ARE SCAR AND LEFTY, THEY'RE WANTED HERE AND A DOZEN OTHER PLACES!



POOR MRS. HAWLEY! SHE THINKS THEY'RE JUST OLD FRIENDS!

LUCAS LEAVES MARK WITH MILLY AT THE STORE, AND HURRIES TO MICAH'S OFFICE...

IF THE MEN ARE SCAR AND LEFTY, YOU CAN ARREST THEM!

I SURE CAN! AND THE HAWLEYS, TOO, FOR HARBORING WANTED CRIMINALS!



MAYBE WE SHOULD'VE TAKEN A FEW BOYS WITH US!

I THINK WE'LL DO BETTER ALONE, MICAH! A BUNCH OF RIDERS MIGHT SCARE THEM OFF!



LUCAS AND MICAH LEAVE THEIR HORSES UNDER COVER, OUTSIDE THE RANCH YARD...

WE'D BETTER SLIP UP TO THE HOUSE ON FOOT AND TRY TO GET A LOOK AT THE TWO STRANGERS ... TO MAKE SURE THEY ARE THE OUTLAWS!

GOOD IDEA! WE'D LOOK MIGHTY FOOLISH, BUSTING IN ON INNOCENT MEN!



THEY'RE SCAR AND LEFTY, ALL RIGHT! HOW ABOUT RUSHING THE BACK DOOR AND TAKING THEM BY SURPRISE?

IT'S A BIG RISK, LUCAS... FOUR AGAINST TWO! AND THEY'RE ALL FAST SHOTS!

THEY HEARD THAT, MICAH! THEY'RE LOOKING THIS WAY! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO RUSH THEM NOW!



LUCAS AND MICAH RUSH FOR THE FRONT DOOR, AND...

KEEP YOUR HANDS AWAY FROM YOUR GUNS, BOYS!!

WE'RE AFTER SCAR, DELMAN AND LEFTY WHIPPLE! WHERE ARE THEY?

YOU MUST BE LOCO, MARSHAL! WE HAVEN'T SEEN THOSE TWO RUN-OUTS FOR ALMOST TEN YEARS!



NO USE LYING! WE SAW SCAR AND LEFTY IN THIS ROOM A FEW SECONDS AGO, AND ...

HERE WE ARE, GENTS!! DROP YOUR GUNS! THEN WE'LL ALL TAKE A WALK OUTSIDE!

WE KNOW ABOUT YOU AND YOUR RIFLE, MCCAIN! BUT IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD NOW!



SORRY TO DO THIS, McCAIN ... AFTER THE HELP YOU AND THE MARSHAL GAVE US THE OTHER DAY: BUT YOU SHOULDN'T COME SNOOPIN' AROUND!

DON'T BE FOOLS... AND RISK YOUR OWN FREEDOM!

NO TIME FOR YAKKING! START WALKING OUTSIDE!

WE'VE GOT BIG PLANS... AND WE DON'T AIM TO LET A SOBBER AND A COWTOWN MARSHAL SPOIL THEM! MOVE!



STOP RIGHT THERE... ALL OF YOU!! DROP YOUR GUNS ON THE FLOOR: THAT MEANS YOU, TOO, MONK AND RAPE!!

MA! WHAT'S THE IDEA...?

PUT DOWN THAT SHOTSUN, MA!!



DO WHAT I SAID! NOW! OR I'LL FIRE BOTH BARRELS!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO YOUR OWN SONS, MA!

I'M ASHAMED TO CALL YOU MY SONS! DON'T COME ANY CLOSER!!



GET YOUR GUN, MARSHAL! YOU, TOO, MCCAIN; THEN STAND BEFORE ME! YOU GAVE ME MY BOYS A WEEK AGO! NOW I'M GIVING THEM BACK TO YOU!

NO, MA! YOU CAN'T...!!



LEFTY PULLS A KNIFE FROM HIS SLEEVE AND HURLS IT TOWARD EMMA HAWLEY...

I'M NOT YOUR SON!



IN CLIPPING LEFTY ACTION, LUCAS SHOTS HIS GUN AND FIRES, BRINGING THE SHOCK BLADE IN HIS AIR...



YOU RAT!! TRY TO KILL MY MA, WILL YOU?



LEFTY FALLS IN THE DOORWAY AND SCAR SCOOPS UP THE GUN HE HAD DROPPED ON THE FLOOR...



A SECOND BLAST FROM LUCAS'S RIFLE STOPS SCAR AS HE LIFTS HIS GUN TO FIRE...



WELL, THE LAW WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT SCAR AND LEFTY ANY LONGER!

GOOD RIDDANCE! THE DIRTY POLECATS TRIED TO KILL MA!



TAKE MONK AND RAPE AWAY, MARSHAL! THEY LIED ABOUT WANTING TO GO STRAIGHT!

NO, MA NO! THEY WANTED US TO THROW IN WITH EM, BUT WE WEREN'T GOING TO! BUT WE HAD TO PLAY ALONG, FOR FEAR THEY'D HARM YOU!

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU, SON! I'M SO ASHAMED! HOW CAN I EVER FACE PEOPLE?



RIDERS! MY GUESS IS THEY'RE COMING HERE TO KEEP THEIR THREAT TO RUN YOUR BOYS OUT OF THE TERRITORY, MRS HAWLEY!

DON'T BE AFRAID! THE MARSHAL AND I WON'T LET THEM HARM YOU OR YOUR SONS!



I HAVE AN IDEA, MICAH! IF YOU'LL GO ALONG WITH IT, I THINK WE CAN END THIS TROUBLE ONCE AND FOR ALL!

I'M LISTENING, LUCAS!

GET OUT OF OUR WAY, MICAH! YOU, TOO, LUCAS! WE'VE GIVEN THE HAWLEYS A WEEK TO GET OUT PEACEABLY! NOW WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THEM GO!



HOLD ON, BLEEKER! THE MARSHAL HAS SOMETHING TO SAY!

WE KNOW THERE'LL BE TROUBLE IF THE HAWLEY BROTHERS STAY HERE! THEY KNOW THEY'D NEVER HAVE A CHANCE TO GO STRAIGHT HERE, SO THEY HAVE AGREED TO LEAVE NORTH FORK ON THE MORNING STAGE!



A WEEK LATER...

THINGS DON'T LOOK SO BAD NOW, DO THEY, MRS. HAWLEY?

MONK AND RIFE PROMISED TO FIND A RANCH IN CALIFORNIA AND SEND FOR ME! IF THEY PROVE THEY'VE REALLY SETTLED DOWN, I'LL GO TO THEM!

I HOPE THEY DO, MA'AM... BUT I'LL SURE MISS YOUR APPLE PIE!



The End

A PRACTICAL JOKE

YESSIR, FOLKS... RIGHT HERE YOU SEE ONE OF THE FINEST KEROSENE LAMPS ON THE MARKET! NOW, HOW MUCH AM I BID FOR THIS FINE PIECE OF MERCHANDISE? WHO'LL SAY FIFTY CENTS?

WHY SHOULD WE SAY FIFTY CENTS? THE SAME THING AT OUR GENERAL STORE IS JUST FORTY CENTS!

GRANDY JIM
JONES
TRAVELING
STORE

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AW, MY FRIEND... BUT NOT THE SAME THING! THIS IS A STRONG, STURDY LAMP! IN MOST STORES IT COSTS OVER ONE DOLLAR!

DOES IT GIVE SOME SPECIAL KIND OF LIGHT?

HA! HA! GUESS WE'VE GOT YOU THERE, SALESMAN!

OH, NO! AS A MATTER OF PLAIN FACT, THIS LAMP DOES GIVE OFF A SPECIAL LIGHT...

...IT COVERS A FAR GREATER AREA THAN THE AVERAGE LAMP! WHY, IT WILL LIGHT A ROOM OVER TWENTY FEET SQUARE!

WHO HAS A ROOM THAT BIG ANYWAYS? I CAN BARELY TURN AROUND IN MY LIVING!

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE YOU HAVE ANYTHING WE CAN USE, MISTER!

BUT MY FRIENDS... WHAT?





MANY HOT AND HUMID MILES LATER...

WHEN! SURE IS HOT!
BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP
GOIN'!

THEY SAID ALL I HAD TO DO
WAS FOLLOW THE MAP AND I'M
DOWN THAT! CAN'T BE MUCH
FARTHER NOW!

TWO DAYS LATER...

HERE COMES OUR SALESMAN
FRIEND! MUST'VE GOTTEN SO
MAD WHEN WE KNEW HE WAS
TRICKED, HE DUMPED ALL HIS
MERCHANDISE!

RECKON
WE'D BETTER
EXPLAIN IT
WAS ALL A
JOKE!

NOW, DON'T
LOSE YOUR
TEMPER,
WASTER! IT
WAS JUST A
LITTLE JOKE!

JOKE? WELL, MY
FRIENDS, THE JOKE'S
ON YOU! I DUMPED
MY MERCHANDISE SO
I COULD HURRY BACK
AND FILE MY CLAIM!

I NEVER FOUND YOUR
FRIEND JEREMIAH, RIGHT
ENOUGH!... BUT LOOK WHAT
I DID FIND... RIGHT ON
THE 'X'!

HOLY
MACKEREL!
THAT'S
GOLD!

THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S JUST
ALL OVER THE GROUND DOWN
IN THE VALLEY! THANKS
GENTS! I'M OFF TO THE
ASSAY OFFICE!

OH, NO! I
THINK I'M
GOING TO
FAINT!

THE
END

THE HIDE-OUT

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The abandoned trapper's shack was completely hidden from view on the rocky, wooded canyon side; but three lone horsemen, riding from different directions, moved toward it with the swiftness of homing pigeons.

The first to reach the shack was Bill Bede. Adam Rusk arrived after sundown, the same day. Jake Hawk rode in just before dawn the next morning.

"We did it, boys!" Hawk gloated, dropping his bulging saddlebags on the shack's one table. "There's eighty thousand dollars! We might as well split it now!"

"I say we wait for Bandy, so he'll know it was fair an' square," Bede said.

"Bandy's not comin'," Hawk said calmly. "The posse shot him down."

There was silence, then Rusk spoke with a cold calmness that equalled Hawk's. "I saw Bandy ride away from the posse. He was only winged. YOU shot him down, Hawk!"

Hawk shrugged. "That's right! I did it to save us. Bandy was gettin' weak. He couldn't outrun the posse."

Rusk stared at Hawk with burning eyes. "Bandy was young. But he did his share, and he wasn't a squealer!"

"He was weak and scared! He'd have sent us all to the gallows!" Hawk snapped. "Anyway, it's done! So forget it!"

"All right," Bede said quietly. "Divide the dough. There's only three of us now."

The shack was silent, as Hawk emptied his saddlebags on the table.

Then, after a moment, Bede exclaimed, "Hey! You're making FOUR piles! Who gets the fourth one?"

Hawk put his six-gun on the table and said, "I do! I figure I earned Bandy's share! I planned the job and found this hide-out! If you object, speak up now!"

Neither Bede nor Rusk spoke, as Hawk divided the money into four piles and shoved two of them into his own saddlebag.

"Pick up your bundles!" Hawk ordered

harshly. "You're gettin' more dough than most men see in a lifetime! And I got it for you! So you've got no beef!"

"We're not beefin', Hawk," Rusk told him. "But I'm warnin' you not to get any ideas about claimin' three shares, 'stead of two!"

Hawk laughed raucously. "Don't go loco, Rusk! We are pals!"

"Do we ride out separately tonight?" Bede asked quickly.

"No!" Hawk decided. "We'll lie low here till the posse moves out! We'll give 'em a week to figure we've crossed the border!"

So the three began long days and longer nights of waiting. They could hear riders above them on the ridge and below them in the canyon. They ate cold food and drank cold water, because they dared not build a fire. They slept only in short, light doses, with their hands on their guns.

On the fifth night, Hawk awakened to see Bede slipping out the door. Silently, Hawk leaped toward Bede and felled him with a savage blow of his clubbed gun.

The thud of Bede's falling body roused Rusk from his stupor-like sleep. He staggered to his feet and bent over Bede.

"You killed him, Hawk," he muttered.

"I had to stop him from sneakin' out and ridin' straight into the posse," Hawk gasped, then added slyly, "We'll split his dough. It's just me and you now, Rusk."

"Just us," Rusk nodded. "So I'll take Bede's share; then the deal's fifty-fifty!"

His eyes burned at Hawk above his leveled gun, so Hawk said quickly, "Sure, Rusk!"

Rusk stooped to reach Bede's saddlebags, and Hawk's gun smashed down on his head. As he fell, Rusk's right arm jerked upward and his finger tightened on the trigger of his six-gun, aimed straight at Hawk's heart.

The blast was heard by the posse, and, at dawn, armed men entered the quiet shack.

So, on the sixth day, Hawk, Rusk, and Bede left their hide-out together, riding silently across the saddles of their horses.

"The Rifleman".

The BRAVE WITH BLUE EYES



LOOK, PA! THE WIND MUST'VE BLOWN THE BARN DOORS OPEN!

DON'T MOVE, MARK! I BARRED THOSE DOORS LAST NIGHT; THE WIND COULDN'T OPEN THEM! I THINK SOMEBODY'S IN THE BARN!



INDIANS STEALING OUR HORSES

I'LL STOP THEM, YOU STAY HERE, SON.



STOP!! DON'T MOVE... OR I'LL SHOOT!

SUDDENLY, A THIRD INDIAN RIDES INTO THE RANCH YARD, HURLING HIS LANCE AT LUCAS, WHO DIVES TO THE GROUND...



AS THE NEWCOMER FALLS FROM HIS PONY, LUCAS FIRES AGAIN... CUTTING THE HORSES' LEAD ROPES...



THIS FELLOW MAY ONLY BE PRETENDING HE'S KNOCKED OUT!





ARAPAHO NOT DIE!
PALEFACE DIE!



NOBODY'S
GOING TO
DIE!

LUCAS MEETS THE WOUNDED INDIAN'S
ATTACK, AND THEY LOCK IN A
DESPERATE BATTLE...



FINALLY, LUCAS PINS THE
INDIAN TO THE GROUND...



MARK! BRING A
ROPE! HURRY, SON!
THE OTHERS MAY
COME BACK!

CAN YOU STAND UP,
YOUNG FELLOW? I'LL
HELP YOU TO THE HOUSE
AND FIX YOUR LEGS!

I DON'T
THINK HE
UNDER-
STANDS
YOU, PA!



WHAT
KIND OF
INDIAN
IS HE?

AN ARAPAHO! I KNOW A FEW
ARAPAHO WORDS AND SIGNS!
MAYBE I CAN TALK TO HIM!
I'LL STAND WATCH WHILE YOU
STABLE THE HORSES, MARK!



THE SILENT, GRANITE-FACED INDIAN'S EYES BRIGHTEN, WHEN LUCAS SPEAKS TO HIM IN HIS OWN LANGUAGE ...

WE ARE FRIENDS, AND AT PEACE WITH YOUR PEOPLE; I WISH ONLY TO HELP YOU; I AM LUCAS MCCAIN; MY SON IS CALLED MARK!

RAISFACE SPEAKS WITH THE TONGUE OF THE ARAPAHO!



I AM RUNNING DEER, SON OF LATANGI, GREAT CHIEF OF ARAPAHO PEOPLE; I GO TO JOIN MY FATHER IN THE NORTH!

LATANGI! HE IS MAN OF PEACE!



YOU ONLY HAVE A DEEP SCRATCH! IT WILL HEAL SOON!

MCCAIN IS NOW BROTHER TO RUNNING DEER ... NOT ENEMY! WHY DID YOU NOT KILL ME WITH LONG GUN?

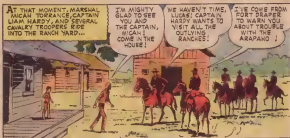
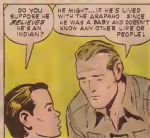


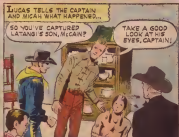
I DO NOT WANT MORE BLOODSHED; I WISH TO KEEP THE PEACE WITH THE ARAPAHO! YOUR FATHER WOULD DO THE SAME, I'M SURE!

WHY DID THE SON OF GREAT CHIEF BECOME HORSE THIEF?

BRAVES NEED FRESH PONIES FOR JOURNEY TO THE NORTH!







SPEAK UP, YOUNG MAN! WHAT'S YOUR REAL NAME?

HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH, CAPTAIN! I'VE TALKED TO HIM ONLY IN THE ARAPAHO LANGUAGE AND SIGNS!



LUCAS SPEAKS TO HIM IN BOTH LANGUAGES, BUT RUNNING DEER REMAINS SILENT...

HE WON'T TALK, CAPTAIN!

HE WILL WHEN HE'S IN JAIL AT FORT PREPER!



I'D LIKE TO BORROW A MOUNT AND GUN FOR THE PRISONER, MCCAIN!

OF COURSE! I'LL RIDE WITH YOU! YOU'LL NEED ANOTHER GUN, IF THE ARAPAHO TRY TO RESCUE RUNNING DEER!



I DON'T EXPECT TROUBLE, MCCAIN ... SO IT WON'T BE NECESSARY!

MAYBE NOT! BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE RUNNING DEER SAFELY INSIDE THE FORT! MCCAIN WILL LOOK AFTER MARK WHILE I'M GONE!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, MCCAIN! THOSE INDIANS WON'T DARE ATTACK CAVALRY TROOPERS! THEY KNOW IT MIGHT START A WAR!

MAYBE THE YOUNG BRAVES WANT WAR, CAPTAIN! REMEMBER THE RUNOFF! BETTER KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! THIS IS GOOD COUNTRY FOR AN AMBUSH!



AND MOMENTS LATER, THE ARAPAHO BRAVES ATTACK...



LUCAS PULLS RUNNING DEER'S HORSE BEHIND COVER...

CALL TO YOUR BRAVES! TELL THEM TO GO AWAY!
IF ONE ARAPAHO OR ONE BLUECOAT IS KILLED,
WAR WILL COME AND MANY WILL DIE!



THE REDSKIN AND THE
WHITEKINS ARE BOTH YOUR
PEOPLE, RUNNING DEER!
DON'T BREAK THE PEACE
YOUR FATHER, LATANGI,
HAS KEPT BETWEEN THEM!



RUNNING DEER KNEES HIS
HORSE INTO A SUDDEN DASH
FROM COVER AND SHOUTS
LOUD, SHARP ARAPAHO
COMMANDS...



AS THE SHOUTING BRAVE AND LUCAS GALLOP
INTO THE OPEN, CAPTAIN HARDY AIMES HIS GUN
TOWARD THE PRISONER...



DON'T SHOOT, CAPTAIN!
THE PRISONER ISN'T RUNNING
AWAY! HE'S STOPPING THE
FIGHT! TELL YOUR MEN
TO HOLD THEIR FIRE!!



THE ARAPAHO DISAPPEAR
AS SUDDENLY AS THEY
APPEARED, AND THE AMBUSH
ATTACK IS OVER...

YOU CAN THANK RUNNING DEER FOR
SENDING THE BRAYES AWAY AND
ENDING THE BATTLE, CAPTAIN!
THEY OUTNUMBERED US THREE TO
ONE, SO CHANCES ARE WE ALL
WOULD'VE BEEN
KILLED!

I GUESS
YOU'RE RIGHT,
McCAIN!
LET'S GET
MOVING!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE OFFICE OF THE
COMMANDING OFFICER, COLONEL
WHEELER, AT FORT DRAFER...

THE PRISONER STILL
REFUSES TO TALK!

WE KNOW HE IS NOT
AN INDIAN; BUT WE
WOULDN'T FIND OUT WHY
HE'S LEADING THESE
RAIDS!

ONE MAN CAN MAKE HIM
TALK! **CHIEF LATANSI!**
I SUGGEST, SIR, THAT YOU
SEND A MESSAGE TO
LATANSI, CRAWLING
HIM TO COME HERE TO
SAVE HIS SON'S LIFE!



COLONEL, I SUGGEST YOU EXPLAIN THE SITUATION TO LATANGI AND ASK HIM TO COME HERE! PEACE DEPENDS ON HIS FRIENDSHIP!



YOU'RE RIGHT, MCCAIN! I'LL SEND A RUNNER AT DAWN!

AT DAWN, THE COLONEL GIVES INSTRUCTIONS TO AN ARAPAHO SCOUT FOR THE ARMY...



FIND LATANGI... AND...!

COLONEL, SIR, THE LIEUTENANT SAYS PLEASE COME OUTSIDE; AN INDIAN ARMY'S HERE!

THE COLONEL HURRIES TO THE GATES AND GREET'S LATANGI, CHIEF OF THE ARAPAHOES WHO WALKS ALONE IN MAGNIFICENT DIGNITY...

I WELCOME MY BROTHER CHIEF LATANGI, IN PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP!

I GREET MY BROTHER, CHIEF OF THE HORSE SOLDIERS; I CAME TO FIND MY SON, RUNNING DEER; MY SCOUTS SAY HE IS PRISONER HERE!



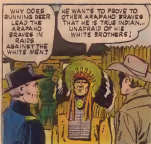
THIS IS LUCAS MCCAIN, THE MAN WHO CAPTURED YOUR SON, AND WHO IS NOW HIS FRIEND!

I AM PROUD TO GREET YOU, CHIEF LATANGI!



I AM ASHAMED WE MEET SO! MY SON, RUNNING DEER, IS SON BY ADOPTION; I FOUND HIM AT A BARE, ABANDONED IN A WAGON; I TRY TO RAISE HIM TO BE GOOD BOY!





THE TWO GUNS BLAZE AT THE SAME MOMENT...



LUCAS SPEAKS SHARPLY IN THE ARAPAHO LANGUAGE...

COME DOWN, RUNNING DEER! WHY DID YOU RUN FROM THE JAIL?

GUARD SAYS CHIEF LATANSI IS HERE! I DO NOT WISH HIM TO SEE ME IN JAIL!



A LITTLE LATER...

WE WILL FORGET THE JAILBREAK, BUT RUNNING DEER, YOU MUST DECIDE WHICH PEOPLE WILL PUNISH YOU FOR YOUR RAIDS ON THE RANCHERS! YOU ARE FREE TO GO WITH THE ARAPAHOES...OR TO STAY HERE!



I KNOW ONLY ONE FATHER AND ONE PEOPLE: I WILL TAKE HIS PUNISHMENT AND THEN LIVE IN FRIENDSHIP WITH MY WHITE BROTHERS!



I GUESS RUNNING DEER MADE THE RIGHT DECISION!

YES, AND YOU ~~AMOURSED~~ MAINTAINED THE PEACE BY LETTING HIM GO, COLONEL! HE'S OUR FRIEND NOW! I'M SURE HE AND LATANSI WILL KEEP THE ARAPAHOES AND CHEYENNE FROM STARTING A WAR!





One of the most picturesque characters of the Old West was the bullwhacker. He was a rough-and-tough breed of man, who drove long ox trains across the prairie, urging them on with long eighteen-foot plaited rawhide bull whips.



Bullwhackers became so adept with their long whips that it was no idle boast that they could pop a fly off an ox's ear without so much as touching the ox.



They were usually more skilled with their whips than they were with guns, and they often used their whips to settle misunderstandings among themselves.



When confronted with prairie dangers such as rattlesnakes, the bullwhacker saved his precious powder and ball by resorting to his whip to kill the snake.



At times, the bullwhacker's whip was used against him. Rustlers have been known to use a bullwhacker's own whip to truss him up while they drove away in his wagon.



Quana, the half-white, half-Comechrome chief of the Kwabadis clan, renounced his white blood and chose to stand against all white men who killed the buffalo and who put his Indian brothers on reservations.



While his Kiowa, Cheyenne, and Arapaho brothers headed for reservations, Quana vowed that he and his clan would live free; and they did for several years, fighting all the while to keep their Indian heritage.



The Indian agent at Fort Sill accepted the peace offer. He recognized the greatness of Quana, who in due time advised his Indian brothers to learn the white man's way but not to forget their own Indian culture.



He fought the whites at Adobe Walls trading post, using 700 braves against 29 occupants of the mud-walled buildings. His attack was strong, but the buffalo hunters' guns shot true, and after four days Quana retreated.



There was much killing. The empty spaces on the white man's side were always filled; not so on the Indians' side. With numbers dwindling and hunger a constant companion, Quana decided it was time to make peace.



Quana's interest in his people took him to Washington, where he spoke for them. He, in turn, spoke to the Indians for the government, bringing about a better understanding of the two peoples whose blood he shared.

THE RIFLEMAN

FOR THE MAN

