

A Fawcett Publication

HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
**WILLIAM
BOYD**

BIG 52 PAGES

MARCH
10¢
NO. 41



In this issue:
THE MYSTERIOUS AVENGER!

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RED RYDER
LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, N. Y.
COWBOY CARBINE
-and Get in on the
FUN!

No. 111

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HOPALONG CASSIDY

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W. H. Fawcett, Jr. President



HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD

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AT THE GLENWOOD RANCH IN THE HILLS OUTSIDE TWIN RIVER--

IT'S NO USE, GLENWOOD. THAR JUST ISN'T ANY OIL IN THIS SPREAD. THE OIL YUH FOUND SEEPED IN HYAR FROM THE RANCH OF YOUR NEIGHBOR, DICKSON!

DICKSON DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THE OIL SO MAYBE YOU CAN BUY HIS SPREAD BEFORE HE FINDS OUT!

NO! EVERYONE KNOWS I'M NOT INTERESTED IN RANCHING, JUST OIL! IF I TRIED TO BUY DICKSON'S SPREAD HE'D SUSPECT THERE WAS OIL ON HIS PROPERTY! AND IF THERE'S ANY, I'LL GET IT---BUT IN MY OWN WAY!

YEAH? HOW?

YOU AND GABE CLEAN UP! I'LL TELL YUH LATER! RIGHT NOW I'M GOING TO INVITE EVERYONE TO A BIG PARTY HYAR TONIGHT--INCLUDING SHERIFF HOPALONG CASSIDY!

THAT NIGHT AT THE PARTY--

CRASH!

HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S A ROCK WITH A NOTE ON IT! BUT (GULP) IF IT HITS MRS. SYLVESTER, IT'LL CRUSH HER HEAD!

BUT THE EVER ALERT SHERIFF OF TWIN RIVER IS ALWAYS ON THE JOB---

LOOK! THE SHERIFF CAUGHT IT! BUT IT MUST HAVE RIPPED HIS HANDS!

NEVER MIND MY HANDS! I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT IT SAYS!

SHACK!

IT'S ADDRESSED TO YOU, GLENWOOD! IT SAYS "GET OUT OF TOWN TONIGHT OR I'LL KILL YOU!" SIGNED THE AVENGER!

THE AVENGER? I NEVER HEARD OF HIM! I RECKON IT'S SOME CRANKY NEIGHBOR WHOM I FORGOT TO INVITE TO THE PARTY TRYING TO GET EVEN BY SCARING ME! WELL, WE'LL JUST FORGET ABOUT HIM AND HAVE FUN!

BUT WHEN THE PARTY'S OVER--

I CAN'T GET THAT NOTE OUT OF MY MIND, GLENWOOD! IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, I'M GOING TO STAY AROUND HERE TONIGHT!

I DON'T THINK IT'S NECESSARY, SHERIFF, BUT SUIT YOURSELF!

I'M TIRED SO I'M GOING RIGHT TO MY ROOM! YOU CAN GET SOME SHUT-EYE ON THAT COUCH IF YOU LIKE!

THANKS, GLENWOOD, BUT I DON'T INTEND TO SLEEP! I'M GOING TO STAND GUARD UNTIL YOU WAKE IN THE MORNING! GOOD NIGHT!



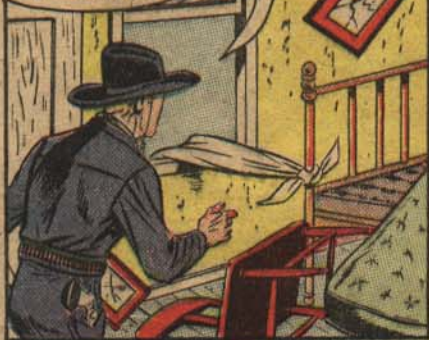
AND AFTER HOPALONG SPENDS THE ENTIRE NIGHT WATCHING FOR THE AVENGER---

NO ONE PROWLED AROUND! MAYBE GLENWOOD WAS RIGHT AND IT WAS JUST A CRANK LETTER! I'LL WAKE HIM NOW SO I CAN GET BACK TO THE JAILHOUSE!



BUT AS HOPALONG ENTERS GLENWOOD'S ROOM---

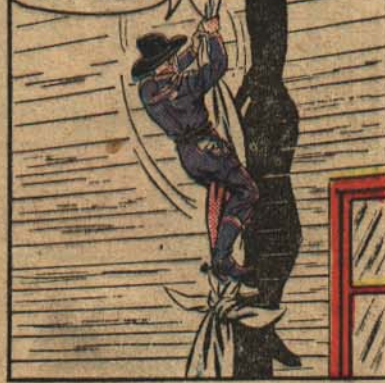
HUH? HE'S GONE! WITH ME DOWNSTAIRS, THE ONLY WAY THE AVENGER COULD HAVE GOTTEN HIM OUT OF HERE WAS THROUGH THE WINDOW! IT LOOKS AS IF A BATTLE TOOK PLACE HERE!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY I DIDN'T HEAR A SOUND! BUT THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO FIND GLENWOOD BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

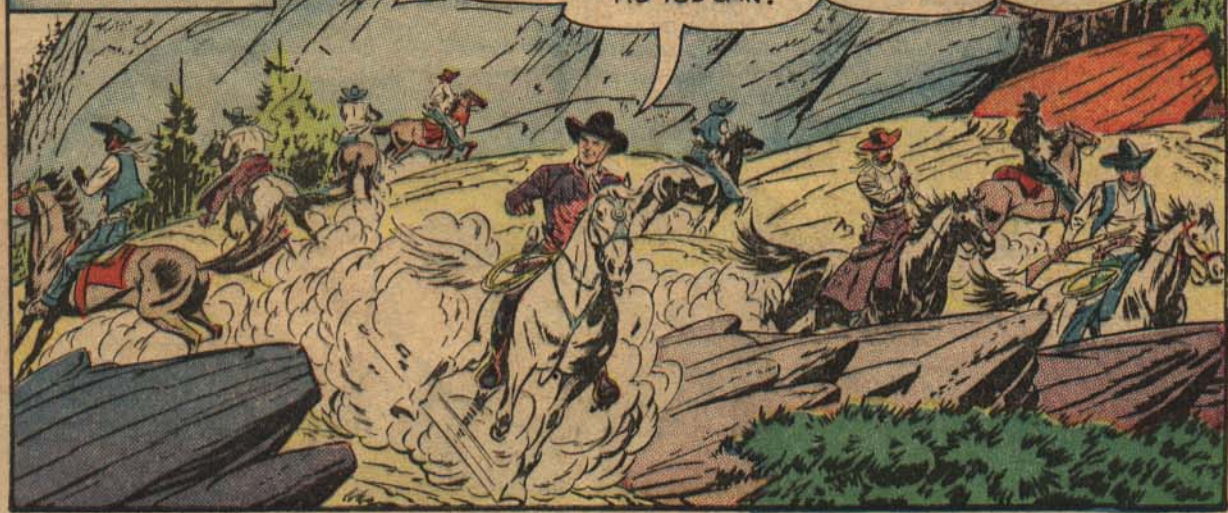


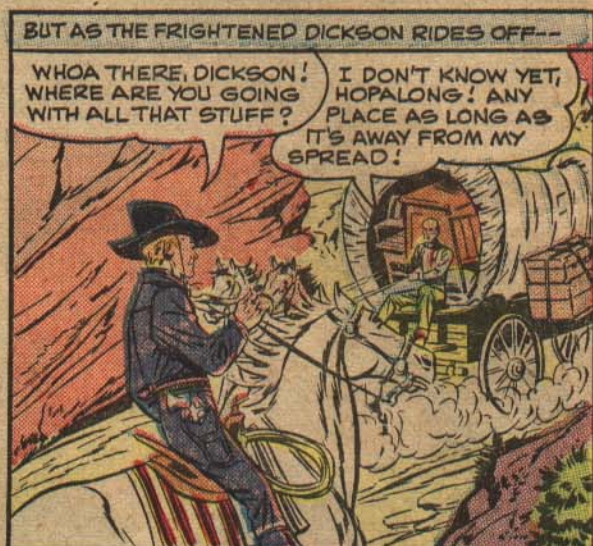
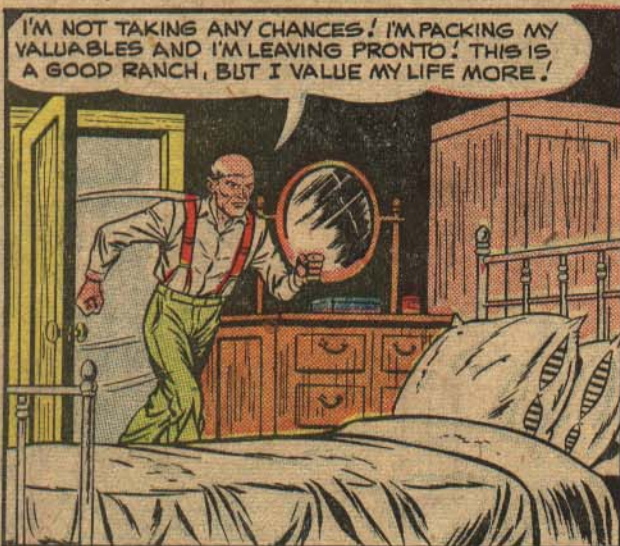
SINCE I DON'T KNOW WHO THE AVENGER IS OR WHERE TO START LOOKING FOR HIM, I'LL ROUND UP A POSSE SO WE CAN SEARCH AS MANY PLACES AT ONCE AS IS POSSIBLE!



SHORTLY AFTER--

OKAY, MEN --- SPLIT UP AND COVER AS MUCH TERRITORY AS YOU CAN!





YOU CAN STAY AT MY RANCH UNTIL I GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY, DICKSON! IN THE MEANTIME, I'M GOING TO MOSEY OVER TO YOUR RANCH IN CASE SOME STRANGER SHOULD SHOW UP.

AT THE DICKSON RANCH----

GO HIDE TOPPER, AND I'LL DO THE SAME! IN CASE SOMEONE RIDES UP, I DON'T WANT HIM TO SEE US!

SHORTLY AFTER--

IF WE CAN SINK THESE PIPE LINES AND COVER THEM UP BEFORE DICKSON GETS OVER BEING FRIGHTENED AND COMES BACK, WE'LL BE ABLE TO DIVERT HIS OIL AND HE'LL NEVER BE THE WISER!

SO THAT'S IT! THERE'S OIL ON DICKSON'S PROPERTY AND THESE VARMINTS ARE TRYING TO STEAL IT!

YOUR GAME'S UP! I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE OF YOU IS THE AVENGER, BUT WE'LL GET TO THAT LATER! RIGHT NOW I WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU'RE HIDING GLENWOOD AND FOR YOUR OWN SAKES---HE'D BETTER BE ALL RIGHT!

(GULP!) IT'S THE SHERIFF! RUN, GABE!

WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO? HE'S GOT A GUN AIMED RIGHT AT US!





HOPALONG CASSIDY

MEANWHILE, INSIDE--

I WONDER IF THAT COT HAS A SPRING UNDER IT?



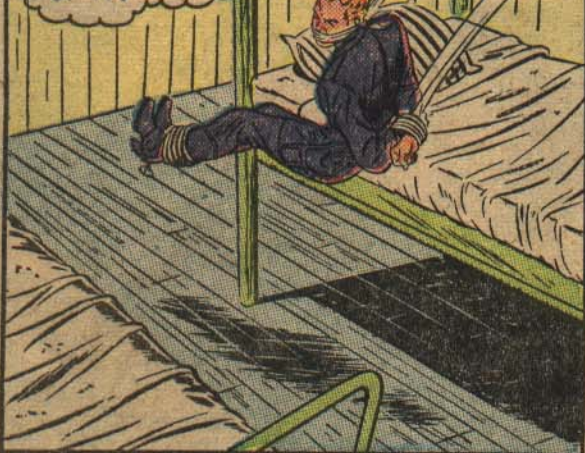
WELL, I'M GOING TO TAKE A CHANCE ON IT! THERE'S NOTHING TO LOSE SINCE THEY'LL KILL ME IF I STAY HERE ANYWAY!



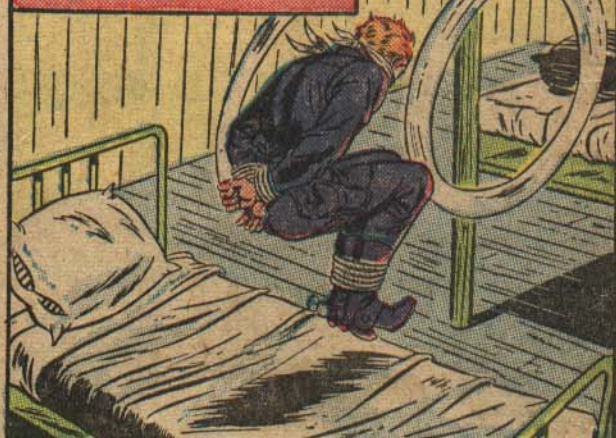
THE BIG QUESTION RIGHT NOW IS CAN I REACH THE COT?



(GULP!) I'M FALLING SHORT OF IT!

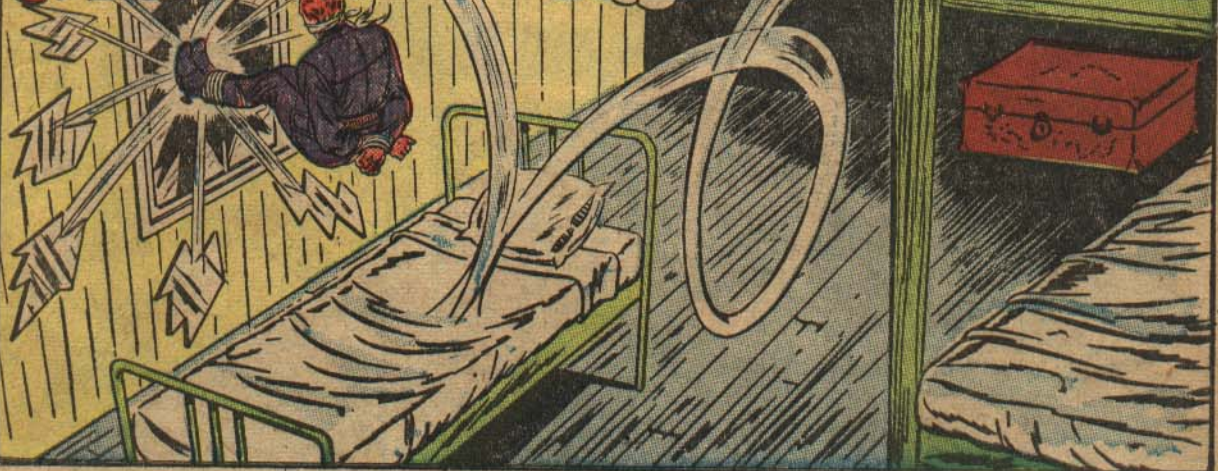


BUT USING EVERY OUNCE OF HIS STRENGTH, THE GAME SHERIFF ATTEMPTS A BACK FLIP---



CRASH!

IT DOES HAVE A SPRING!





EVERYTHING'S
WORKING OUT
SO FAR!



NOW I HOPE I
CAN ONLY ROLL
FAR ENOUGH DOWN
THIS HILL TO GIVE
ME A CHANCE TO
FREE MYSELF
BEFORE THEY
CAN FIND ME!

BUT THE SOUND OF THE CRASH-
ING WINDOW HAS BROUGHT THE
NEFARIOUS TRIO RUNNING ---

THERE HE GOES!
LET'S GET AFTER
HIM BEFORE HE
GETS AWAY!

IF I CAN ROLL
BEHIND ONE OF
THESE TREES, THEY
WON'T FIND ME
SO EASILY! THE
BRUSH WILL HIDE
ME!



THAT ROCK HAS A JAGGED
EDGE! MAYBE I CAN CUT
THROUGH THESE ROPES
ON IT!



BUT MINUTES LATER ---

THERE
HE IS!
GRAB
HIM!

NO! HE'S PRACTI-
CALLY FREE! WE'RE
BETTER OFF SHOOT-
ING HIM BEFORE
HE GETS A CHANCE
TO STAND UP!



(GULP!) HE'S KICKED
DIRT IN MY EYES!
I CAN'T SEE!

NEITHER
CAN I.

ME TOO, BUT IT'LL
ONLY TAKE A SECOND
FOR THEM TO CLEAR!



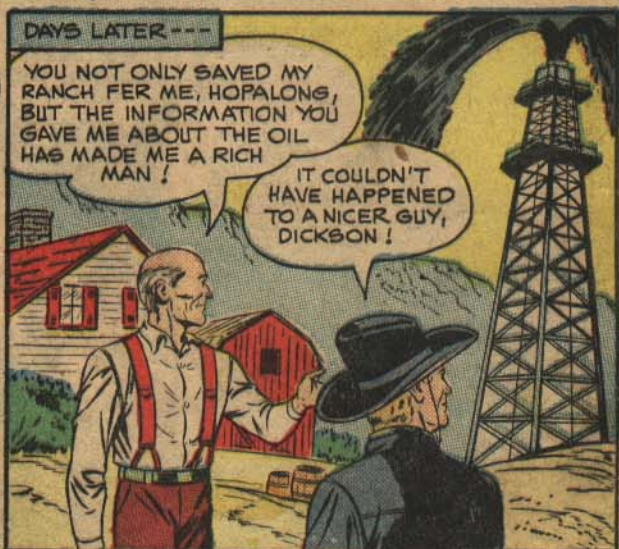
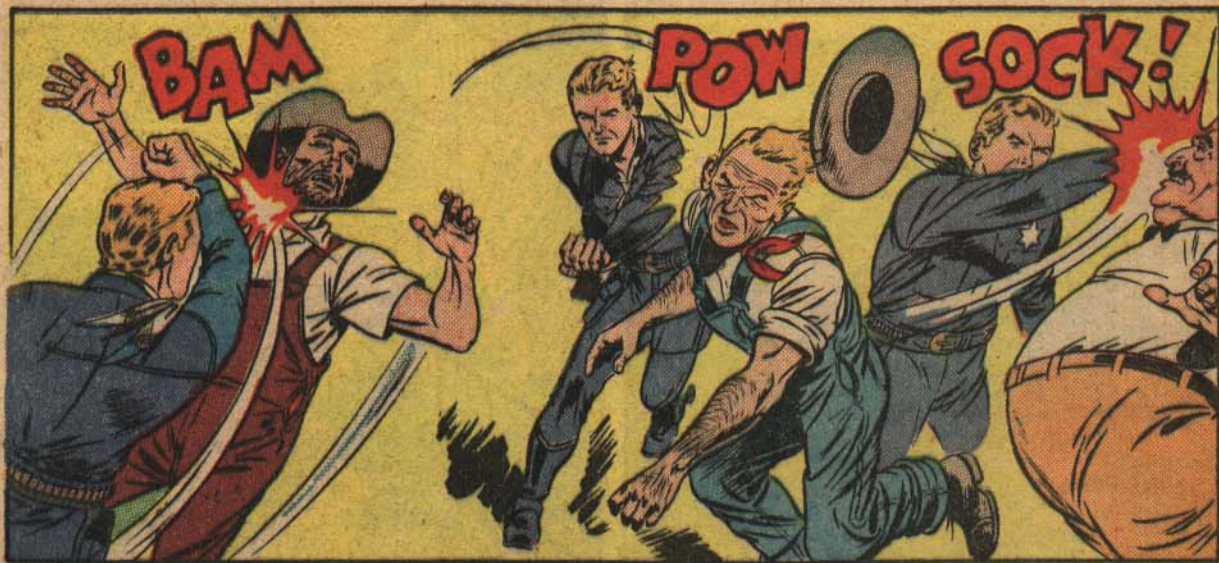
BUT THAT'S ALL HOPALONG NEEDS---ONE SECOND!

I'D RATHER SETTLE THIS MY WAY--WITHOUT
GUNS!



WHACK!

OW!



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 month in
HOPALONG CASSIDY
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 IN
Rod Cameron
 WESTERN
 ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL
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ROCKY LANE

rounds up the Redskins!



ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE, famous cowboy star, rides again in the thrilling new Republic picture "Powder River Rustlers." Be sure to see it at your neighborhood theater.



THAT'S LITTLE BILLY'S PONY—KILLED BY AN ARROW! THE INDIANS HAVE CAPTURED THE RANCH OWNER'S SON.



DIG DIRT, BLACKJACK—THIS INDIAN TRAIL IS STILL WARM!



THEY'RE ALL ASLEEP. EXCEPT THE GUARD. QUIET, BLACKJACK, WHILE I CREEP UP ON HIM.



GUESS I KNOW AN INDIAN TRICK OR TWO MYSELF, CHIEF!



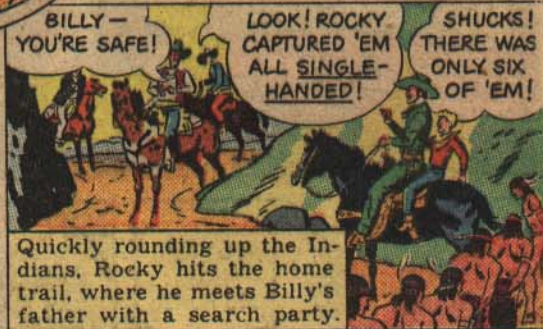
ROCKY! AM I DREAMING?

NO BILLY—BUT YOU'D BETTER DUCK! HERE COMES TROUBLE!



SAVE YOUR BREATH, YOU REDSKINS—OL' ROCKY'S ON THE WARPATH NOW!

The awakened redskins leap to battle, but a half dozen Indians are no match for Rocky and his pair of six-shooters!



BILLY—YOU'RE SAFE!

LOOK! ROCKY CAPTURED 'EM ALL SINGLE-HANDED!

SHUCKS! THERE WAS ONLY SIX OF 'EM!

Quickly rounding up the Indians, Rocky hits the home trail, where he meets Billy's father with a search party.



HOW CAN I REWARD YOU, ROCKY?

JUST GIVE ME ANOTHER CARNATION MALTED, BOSS!

DRINK UP—CARNATION MALTS ARE EASY TO MAKE!

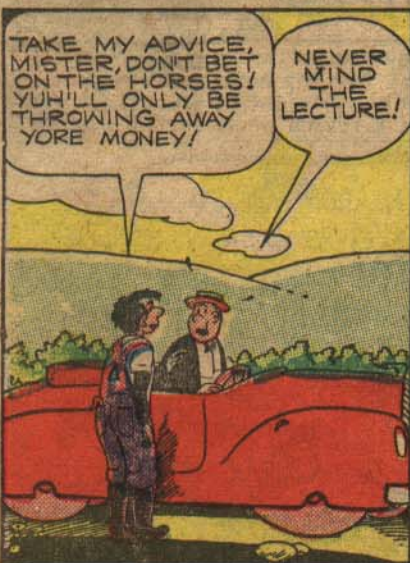
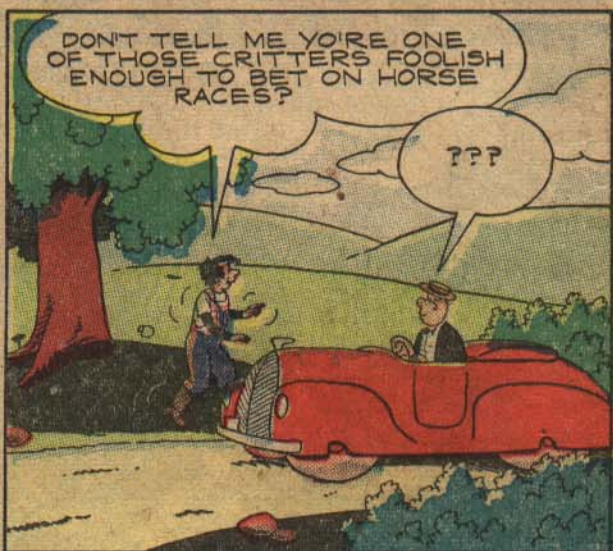
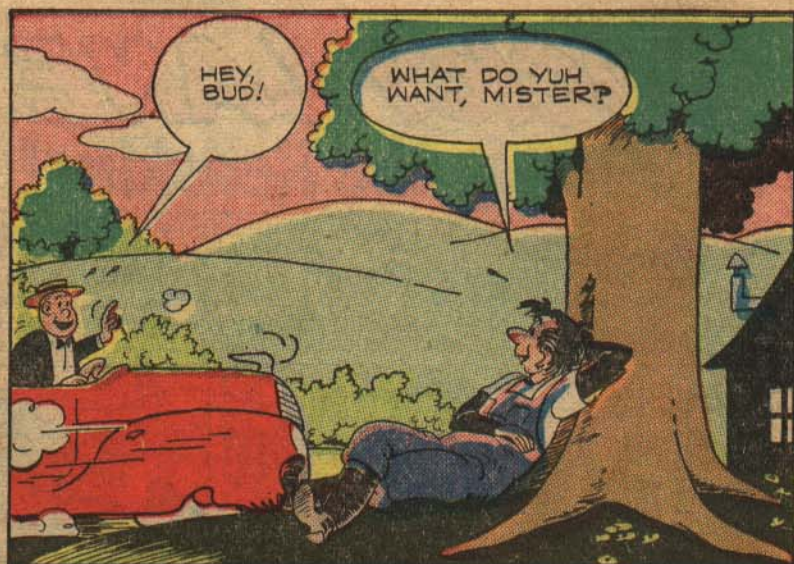
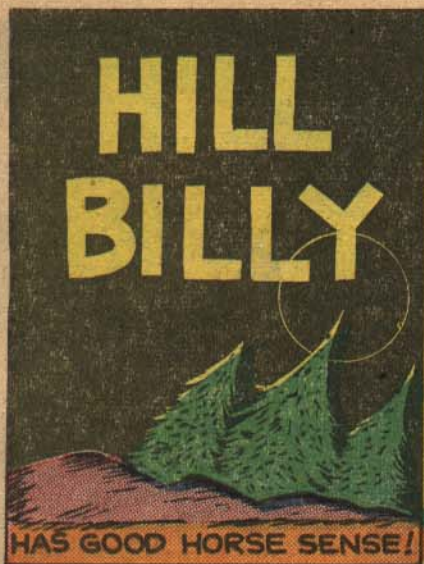
ME, TOO—THIS TASTES SWELL!



CARNATION MALTED MILK GIVES YOU REAL HE-MAN ENERGY! ASK MOM TO GET A JAR. SEE WHAT A CINC H IT IS TO MAKE SWELL-TASTIN' PROFESSIONAL 'MALTS' RIGHT AT HOME!



Chocolate or Natural Flavor



HOPALONG CASSIDY

and THE RANCH RUSTLER!

STARRING
WILLIAM
BOYD!

THAT WAY'S
ALL RIGHT WITH
ME, TOO, BILL BOREY!
FILLING YOU FULL OF
LEAD WILL BE A REAL
PLEASURE!

THIS PROPERTY
BELONGS TO ME,
BIG MIKE BROWN!
THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL
EVER TAKE OVER THIS
RANCH IS OVER MY
DEAD BODY!

STOP SHOOTING
OR I'LL LOCK THE
TWO OF YOU UP!

One evening, outside Twin River---

NOW WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT?

THIS HYAR SPREAD BELONGS TO ME, SHERIFF, AND BOREY REFUSES TO CLEAR OUT!

BIG MIKE'S LYING, HOPALONG! I INHERITED THIS RANCH FROM MY FATHER AND HE SETTLED IT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

MAYBE HIS OLD MAN DID SETTLE HYAR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, BUT HE NEVER STAKED A CLAIM! I DID THAT TODAY AND FILED A RECORD OF IT IN THE RECORDER'S OFFICE! ACCORDING TO THE LAW, THAT MAKES THIS PROPERTY MINE!

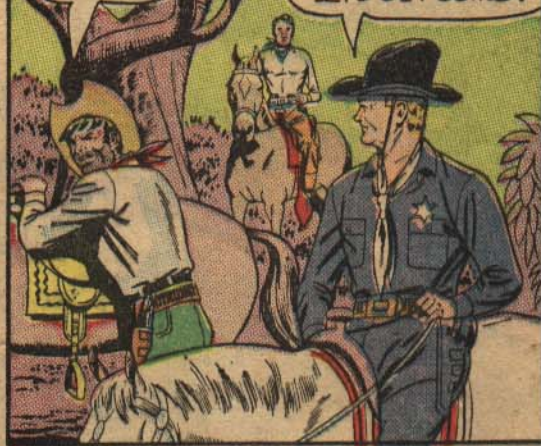
BUT MY FATHER DID STAKE A CLAIM! I WAS ONLY A LITTLE BOY AT THE TIME BUT I REMEMBER HIS DOING IT!

IF THAT'S SO, BOREY, IT WOULD STILL BE IN THE RECORDER'S OFFICE! THE TWO OF YOU MOUNT YOUR STEEDS AND WE'LL RIDE OVER THERE!



BUT IT'S LATE, SHERIFF! THE RECORDER'S OFFICE WILL BE CLOSED NOW!

JACK BRIGHT WHO'S IN CHARGE OF IT WILL OPEN IT UP FOR ME! NOW LET'S GET GOING!



MEANWHILE, AT THE RECORDER'S OFFICE ...

SO FAR WE'RE IN LUCK! NO ONE SAW US CLIMB IN! NOW WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST, CATLIN!

YOU STAND GUARD! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!

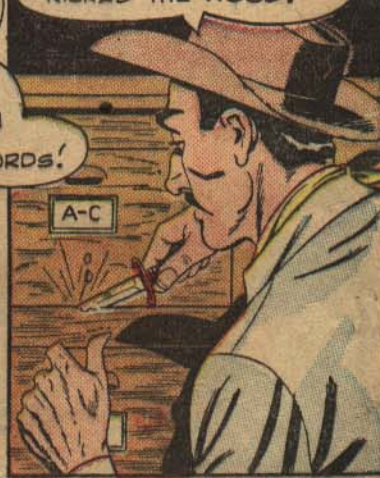


HERE'S THE FILE OF LAND GRANTS MARKED A THROUGH C. IT MUST BE IN HYAR! IT'S LOCKED SO I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO FORCE IT OPEN, BUNKY!

ALL RIGHT, BUT TAKE IT EASY! IF YUH MESS UP THE FILE, SOMEONE'S LIABLE TO NOTICE IT AND GET WISE THAT SOMEONE'S BEEN FOOLING AROUND WITH THE OLD RECORDS!



THERE, I'VE GOT IT OPEN AND I HARDLY EVEN NICKED THE WOOD!



HERE'S THE LAND GRANT WE'RE INTERESTED IN!

GOOD! NOW CLOSE THE DRAWER AND LET'S BEAT IT WHILE THE COAST IS CLEAR!

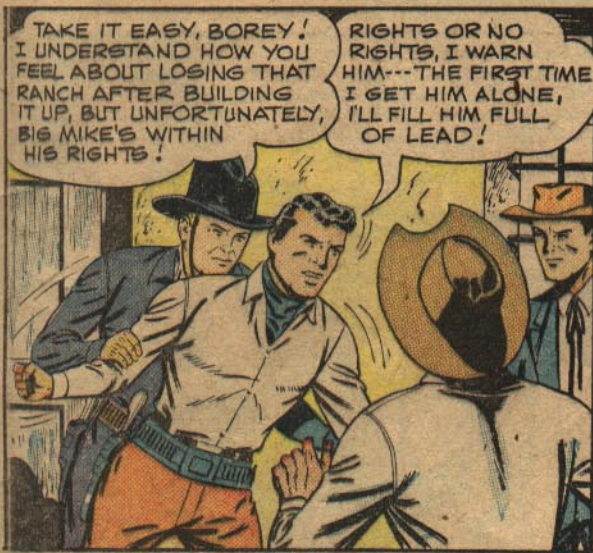


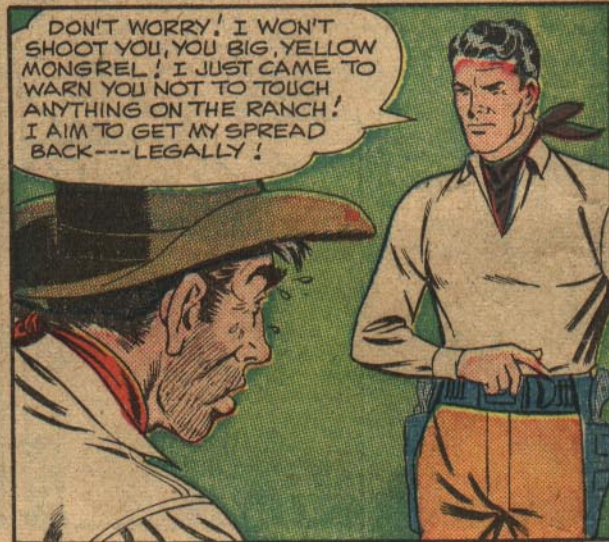
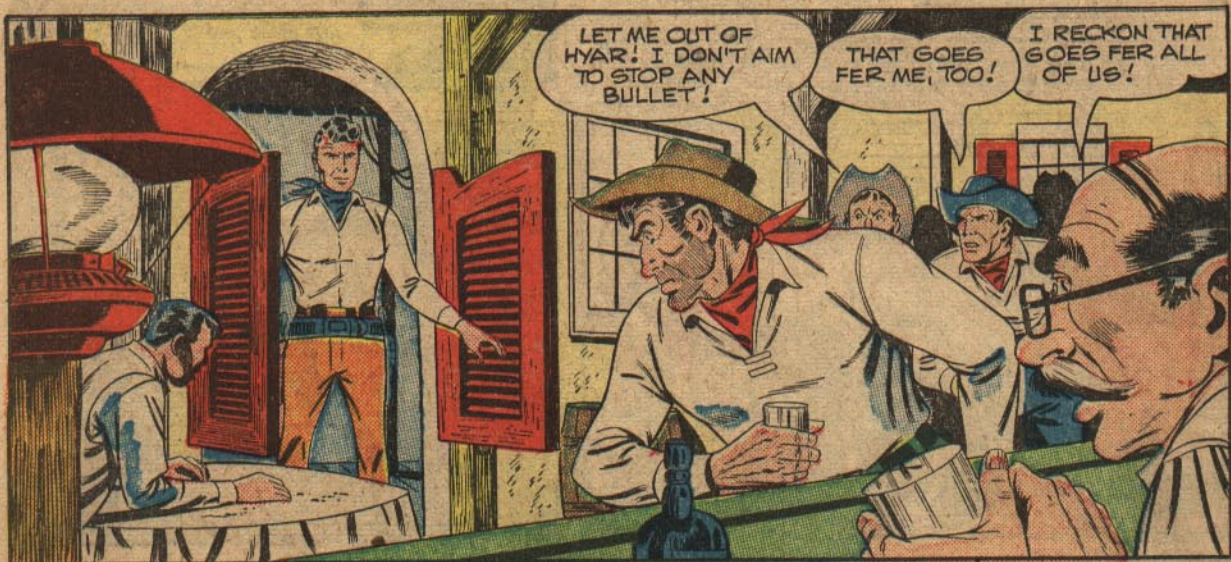
SOON AFTER, HOPALONG ARRIVES WITH THE RECORDER AND THE TWO MEN ...

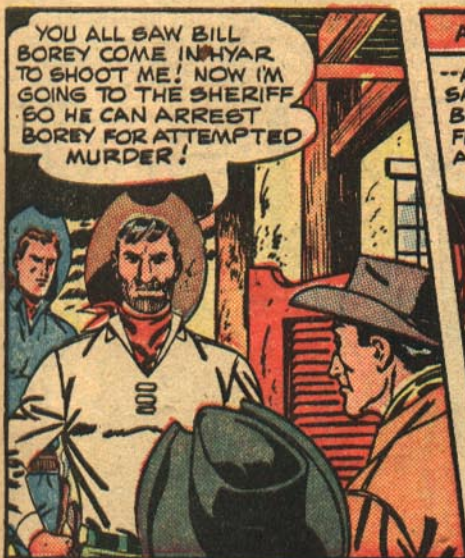
I'M AFRAID BIG MIKE'S RIGHT, SHERIFF! THERE IS NO RECORD OF BOREY'S LAND GRANT!

OF COURSE I WAS RIGHT! THAT RANCH LAND BELONGS TO ME!

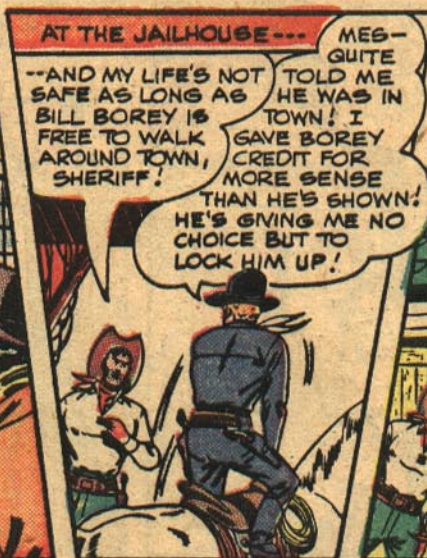








YOU ALL SAW BILL BOREY COME IN HYAR TO SHOOT ME! NOW I'M GOING TO THE SHERIFF SO HE CAN ARREST BOREY FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER!



AT THE JAILHOUSE ---
--AND MY LIFE'S NOT SAFE AS LONG AS BILL BOREY IS FREE TO WALK AROUND TOWN, SHERIFF!

MES-
QUITE TOLD ME HE WAS IN TOWN! I GAVE BOREY CREDIT FOR MORE SENSE THAN HE'S SHOWN! HE'S GIVING ME NO CHOICE BUT TO LOCK HIM UP!



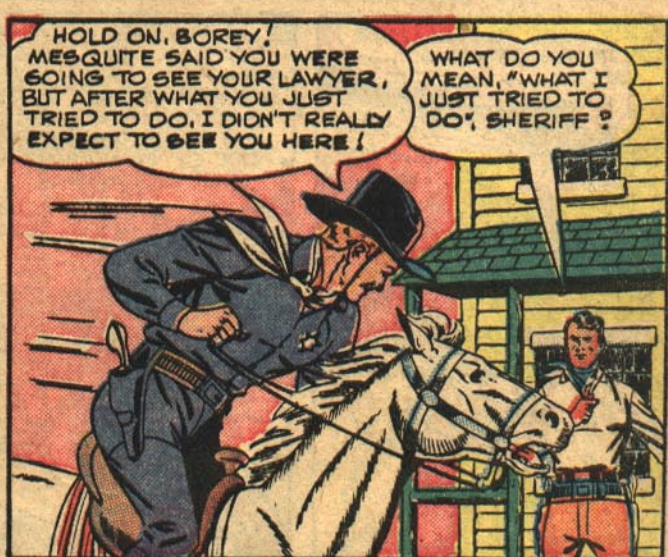
I'M AFEARED YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A HARD TIME FINDING HIM, SHERIFF! I RECKON BY NOW HE'S FOUND SOME PLACE TO HIDE OUT UNTIL HE CAN TAKE ANOTHER SHOT AT ME!



MEANWHILE, AT THE LAWYER'S OFFICE ---

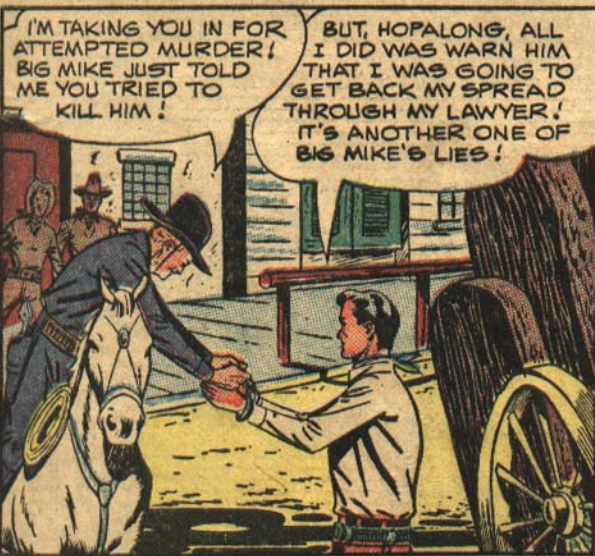
---AND I'M AFRAID WITHOUT THAT LAND GRANT, THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO!

I'M RUINED! THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO DO BUT TAKE MY HARD LUCK LIKE A MAN!



HOLD ON, BOREY! MESQUITE SAID YOU WERE GOING TO SEE YOUR LAWYER, BUT AFTER WHAT YOU JUST TRIED TO DO, I DIDN'T REALLY EXPECT TO SEE YOU HERE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "WHAT I JUST TRIED TO DO", SHERIFF?



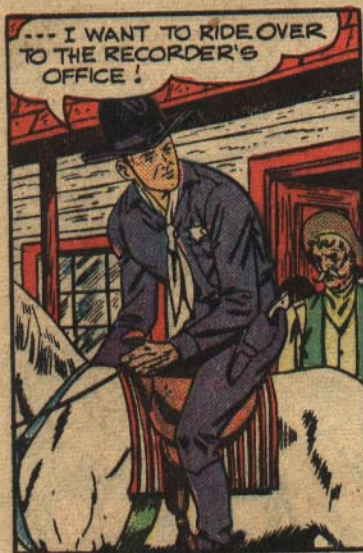
I'M TAKING YOU IN FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER! BIG MIKE JUST TOLD ME YOU TRIED TO KILL HIM!

BUT, HOPALONG, ALL I DID WAS WARN HIM THAT I WAS GOING TO GET BACK MY SPREAD THROUGH MY LAWYER! IT'S ANOTHER ONE OF BIG MIKE'S LIES!

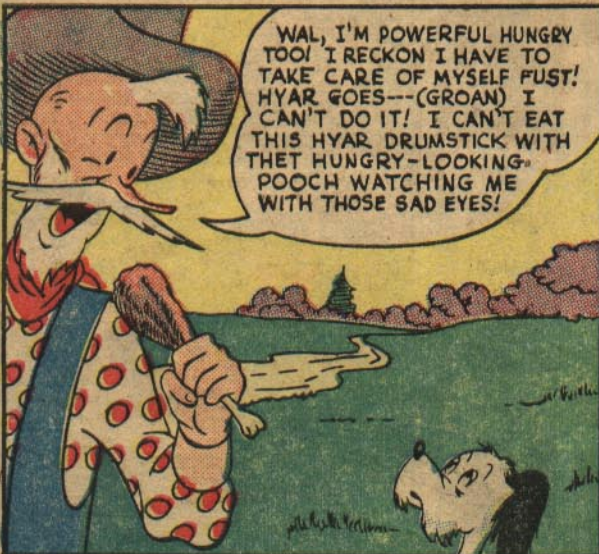
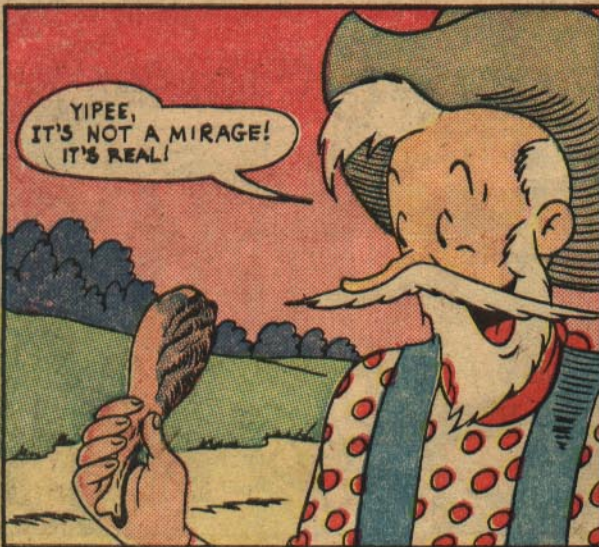


THERE ARE TWO REASONS WHY I'M TEMPTED TO BELIEVE YOU, BOREY! FIRST, YOU ALWAYS WERE AN UPRIGHT CITIZEN IN TWIN RIVER. SECONDLY, IF YOU HAD ATTEMPTED TO SHOOT BIG MIKE, I DOUBT IF YOU'D STROLL AROUND TOWN SO LEISURELY!

THEN YOU'RE GOING TO LET ME GO?







(SIGH) THAR IT GOES! (GROAN) AND I'M STILL FAMISHED! THE SITUATION HAS REACHED THE DESPERATION POINT! THAR'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO--- I'LL HAVE TO WORK FER A MEAL!

CHOMP!
CRUNCH!

THAR'S A FARMHOUSE I CAN TRY---HUH? WHAT'S THET BEHIND ME? OH, IT'S YUH, POOCHIE! WAL, DON'T FOLLOW ME! I CAN HARDLY TAKE CARE OF MYSELF, LET ALONE YUH!

I JEST HOPE THAR'S A CHORE TO BE DONE SO I CAN GET A MEAL FORIT!

WHITEY WHISKERS IS IN LUCK----

SHORE, WHITEY WHISKERS! IF YO'RE WILLING TO CLEAN UP MY HOUSE, I'LL GIVE YUH A BIG MEAL WHEN I COME BACK FROM TOWN!

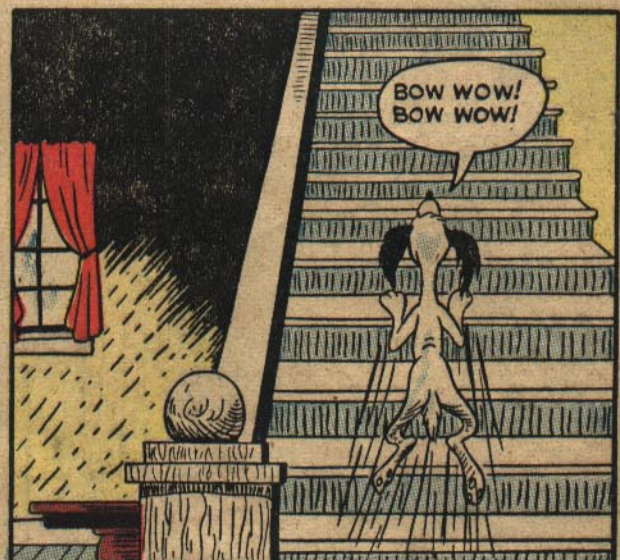
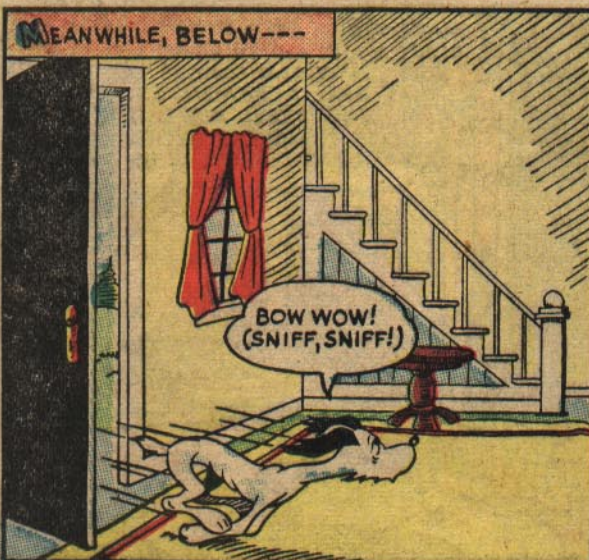
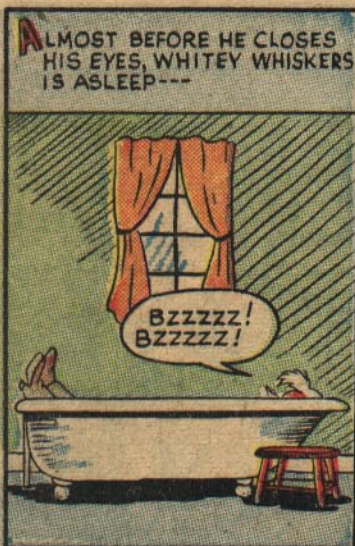
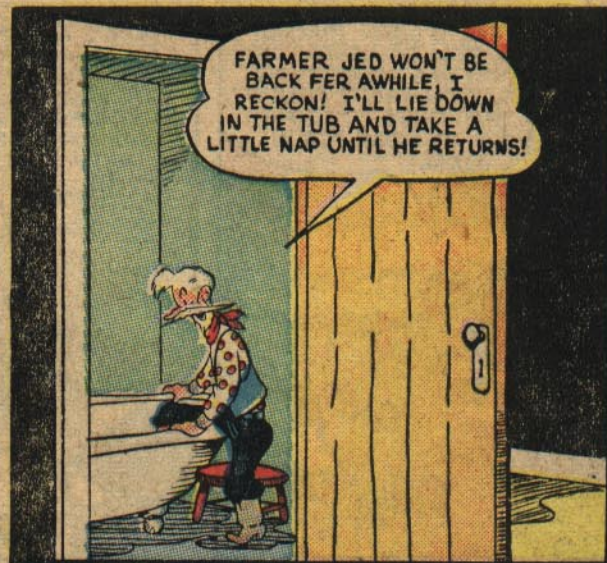
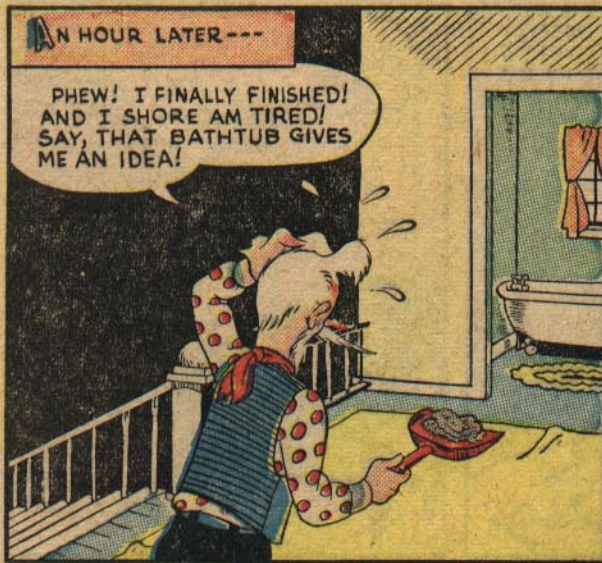
IT'S A DEAL, FARMER JED! I'LL HAVE THE PLACE SPIC AND SPAN BY THE TIME YUH GET BACK!

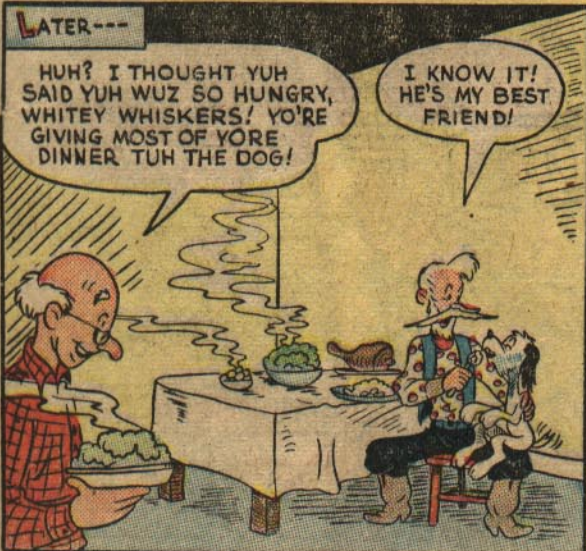
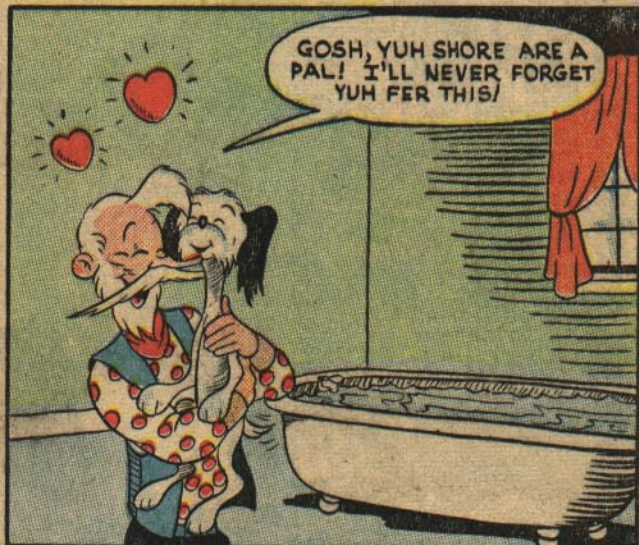
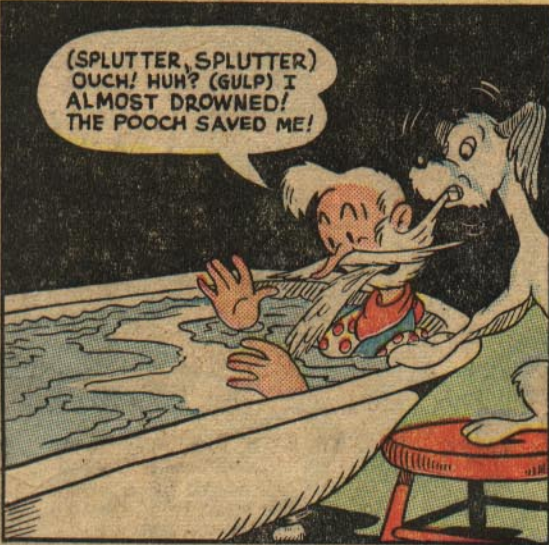
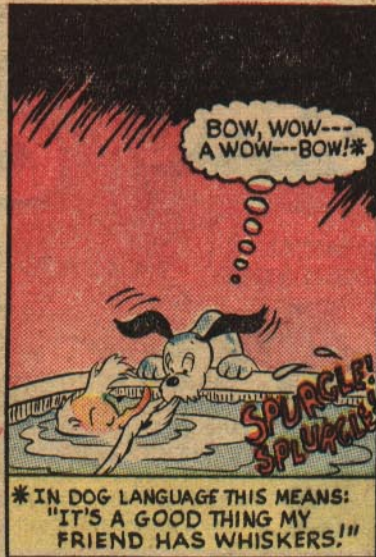
AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WHITEY WHISKERS REALLY WORKS HARD----

(PUFF) THIS SHORE IS A POWERFUL BIG JOB! BUT I'VE GOT TO DO IT--- I'VE GOT A POWERFUL BIG APPETITE!

(PUFF, PUFF) AS SOON AS I FINISH HYAR, I'LL GO UPSTAIRS AND COMPLETE THE JOB---HUH? OH, IT'S YUH AGAIN, POOCHIE! G'WAN! VAMOOSE! I DON'T WANT YUH MESSING ANYTHING UP AFTER I WORKED SO HARD TO CLEAN IT!

THAT'S RIGHT, GO ON YORE WAY! I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO GO WRONG! YUM, YUM, I CAN ALMOST TASTE THAT MEAL ALREADY! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CLEAN THE BEDROOM AND BATHROOM AND I'LL BE THROUGH!





HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

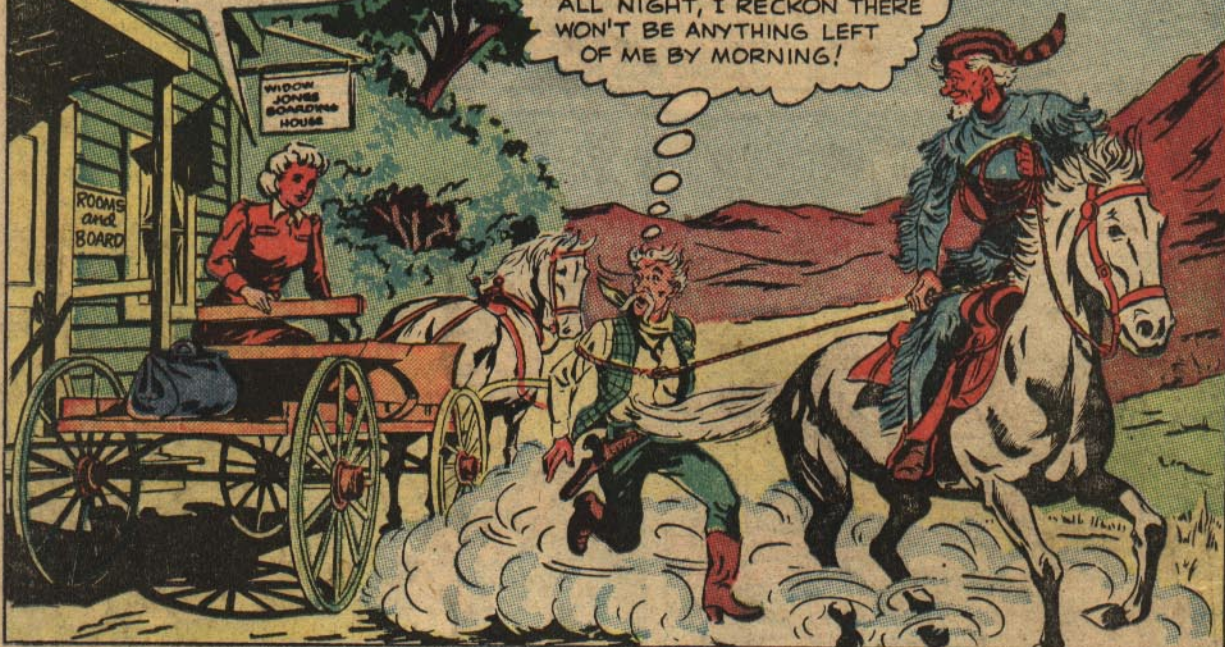
and

PRAIRIE JONES'
TALL TALE

A MESQUITE STORY

THAT'S RIGHT, MESQUITE!
ALL YUH HAVE TUH DO IS
HUMOR MY PAPA UNTIL
I GET BACK IN THE MORNING.
I'M STAYING OVER IN
ARID VALLEY!

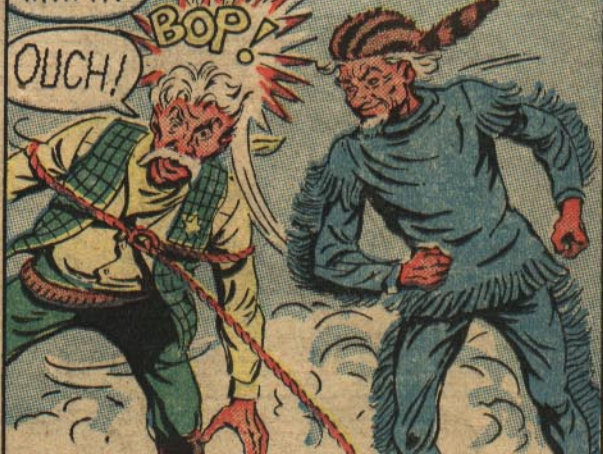
SHUCKS AND TARNATION!
IF I HAVE TUH PUT UP WITH
THIS OLD GOAT'S SECOND
CHILDHOOD SHENNANIGANS
ALL NIGHT, I RECKON THERE
WON'T BE ANYTHING LEFT
OF ME BY MORNING!



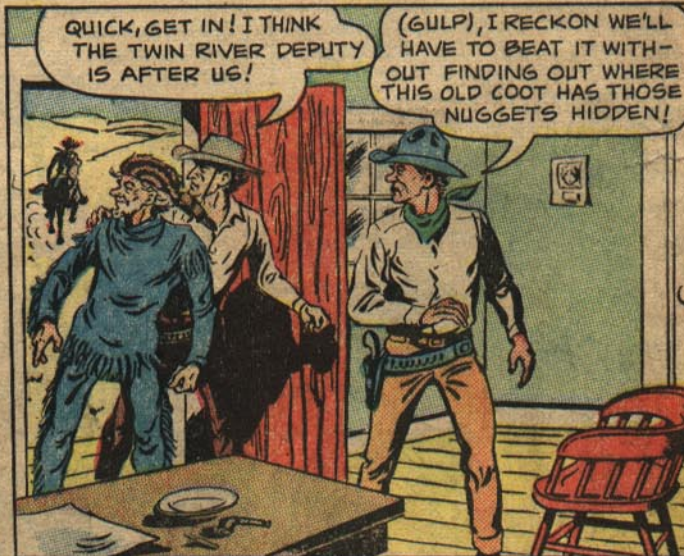
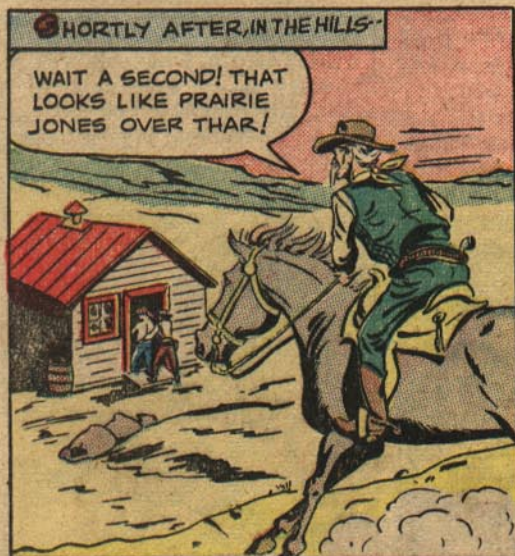
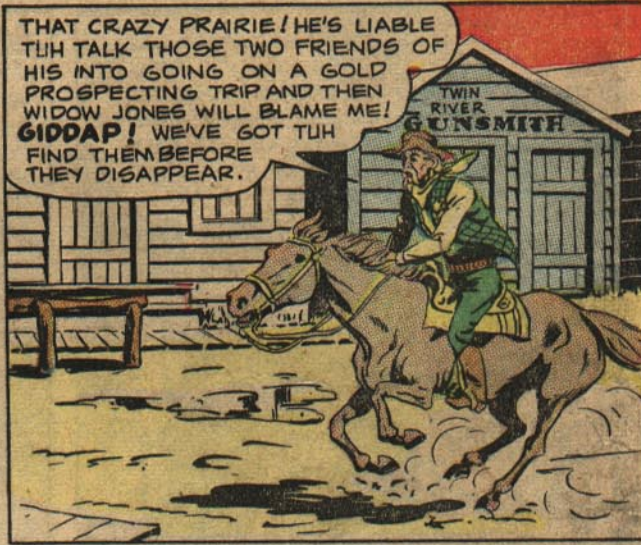
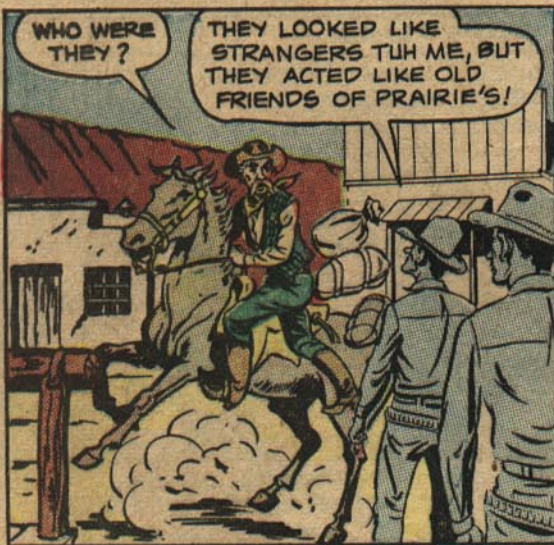
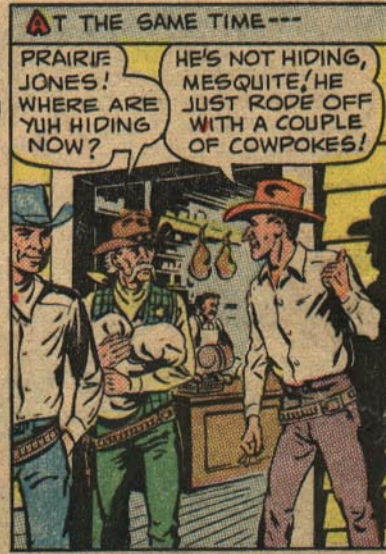
--AND THEN AFTER THE INJUN
DRAGGED THIS POOR HOMBRE
OVER THE ROCKY HILLS FER
MORE THAN A MILE, HE
JUMPED OFF HIS HORSE,
GRABBED HIS TOMAHAWK
AND---



--HIT THE UNLUCKY
PALEFACE RIGHT
OVER THE HEAD
WITH IT!







MAYBE NOT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA. NOW HERE'S WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO---



IT SHORE IS LUCKY I SPOTTED PRAIRIE BEFORE HE COULD GET IN ANY TROUBLE!



COME IN!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

WHERE'D PRAIRIE JONES GO?

WHO?



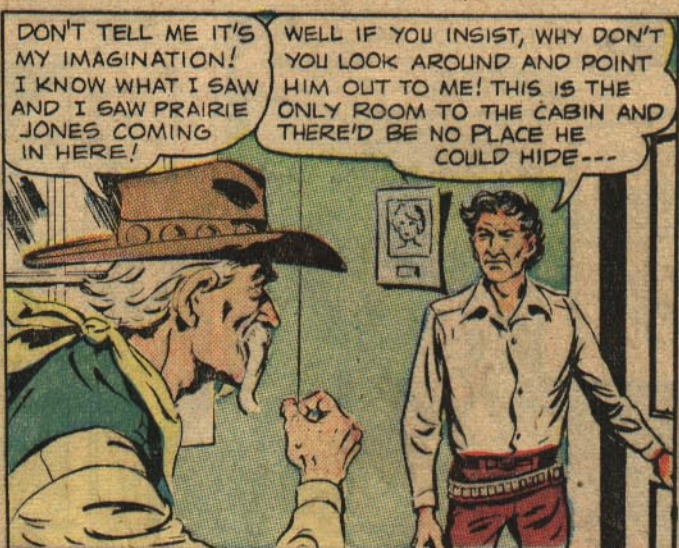
PRAIRIE JONES! THE OLD FELLOW I JUST SAW YUH COMING IN WITH!

I'M AFRAID YO'RE IMAGINING THINGS, DEPUTY! I DIDN'T JUST COME IN WITH ANYONE! AS A MATTER OF FACT, I HAVEN'T BEEN OUT ALL DAY!



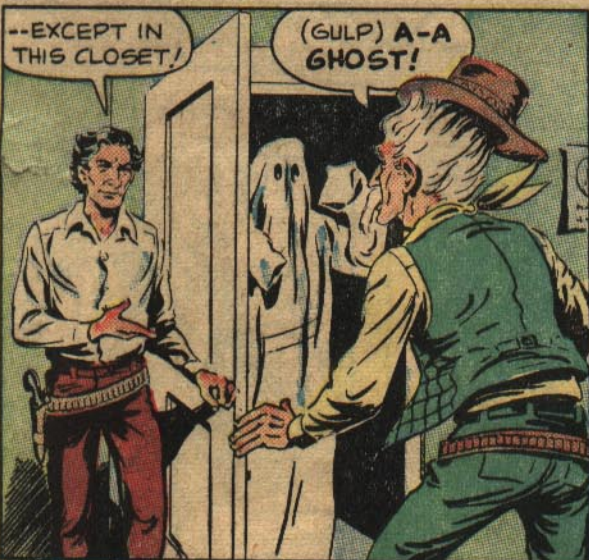
DON'T TELL ME IT'S MY IMAGINATION! I KNOW WHAT I SAW AND I SAW PRAIRIE JONES COMING IN HERE!

WELL IF YOU INSIST, WHY DON'T YOU LOOK AROUND AND POINT HIM OUT TO ME! THIS IS THE ONLY ROOM TO THE CABIN AND THERE'D BE NO PLACE HE COULD HIDE---



--EXCEPT IN THIS CLOSET!

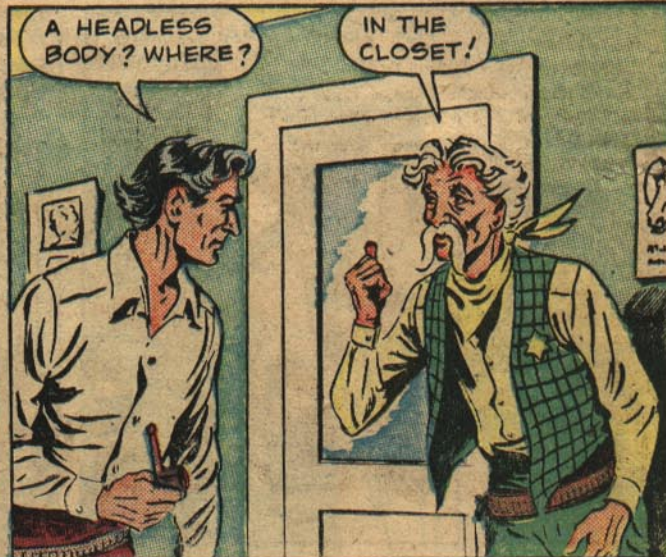
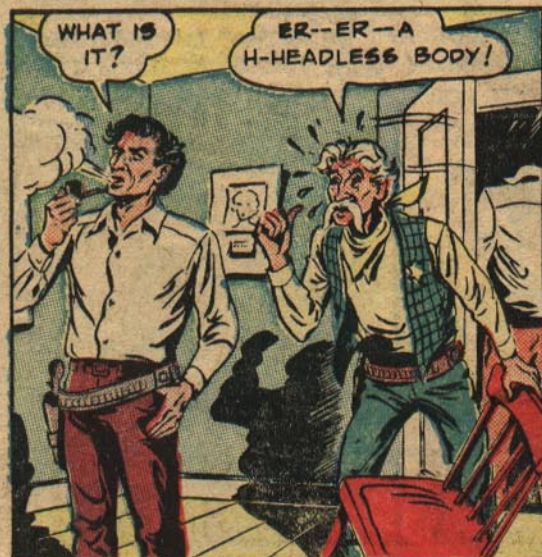
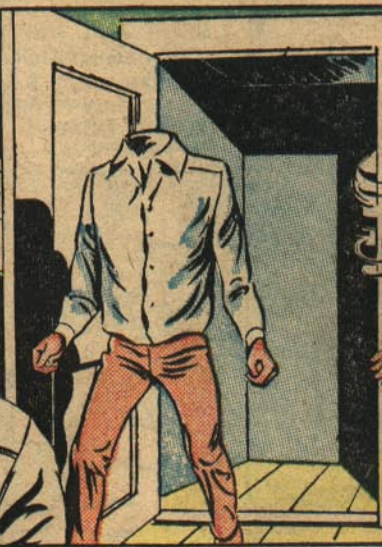
(GULP) A-A GHOST!

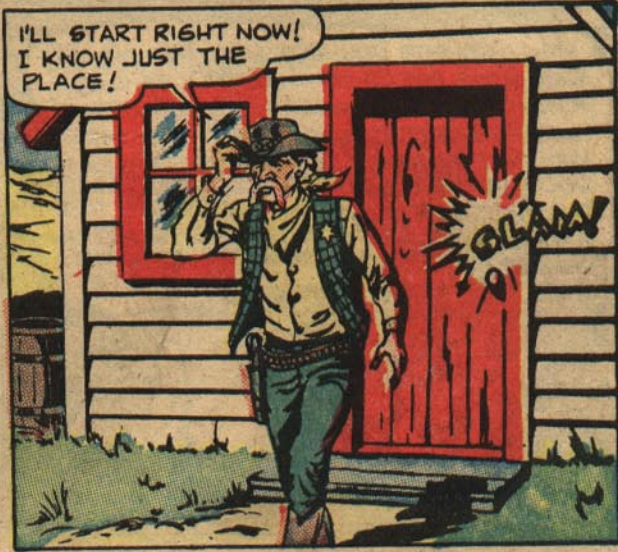


A GHOST? I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING! WHERE'D YOU SEE IT?

IN THAT CLOSET! OPEN THE DOOR AND YOU'LL SEE IT FER YORESELF!







IN DESPAIR, MESQUITE BANGS ON THE CLOSET WALL---

I MUST REALLY BE GOING LOCO!

BAM!
BAM!

BUT AS HE DOES---

WHAT'S THIS? A SECRET DOOR IN THE CLOSET!

HMM, STEPS LEADING TO A CELLAR! THIS IS GETTING MIGHTY INTERESTING!

MEANWHILE ---

WELL, I SHORE CONVINCED THE DEPUTY HE WAS GOING OUT OF HIS MIND! IT'LL BE WEEKS BEFORE HE DARES SHOW HIS FACE IN TOWN!

THOSE STAGE COSTUMES

AND THAT HIDDEN DOOR IN THE CLOSET DID THE TRICK!

HA, HA!

GOOD, NOW WE CAN GET TO WORK ON LOOSENING THIS OLD TIMER'S TONGUE. I'M ITCHING TO GET MY HANDS ON THOSE GOLD NUGGETS!

I WOULDN'T TOUCH PRAIRIE JONES IF I WERE YUH!

I HEARD EVERYTHING YUH JUST SAID! IT'S THE HOOSEGOW FER YOU TWO! THEN I'M GOING TUH TAKE PRAIRIE JONES HOME WHERE HIS TALL STORIES CAN'T CAUSE ANY MORE TROUBLE!

THE NEXT MORNING---

WELL, I'M BACK! AND IT'S SURE NICE TO SEE YUH AMUSING PAPA, MESQUITE!

AMUSING PAPA SHE CALLS THIS! HRUMPH! I'D HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF IF I'D TAKEN THAT ACTOR CROOK'S ADVICE AND GONE OFF IN THE HILLS FER A COUPLE OF WEEKS!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE
BOYS AND GIRLS...
TWO SWELL PREMIUMS
FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

**BOTH
FOR ONLY**

15¢

AND ONE HOT
RALSTON OR INSTANT
RALSTON BOX TOP

**BIG
2 FOR 1
TOM MIX
OFFER!**

1 Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope

Be first in your Straight Shooters gang with this new, super-useful good-luck charm!

Powerful Telescope! Sturdy, easy to focus! Distant objects four times larger!

Magnifying Glass! Make things 4 times bigger! Spot fingerprints, counterfeit bills — read pinpricked code messages!

A "Smaller," Yee! Lots of fun mystifying your friends with magic lens that makes things look 20 times smaller!

Secret Compartment! Plenty of room for secret maps or messages!

2 Magic-Tone Birdcall

Fits snugly inside the Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope.

Be a leader on hunting and camping trips — use your Straight Shooter Birdcall to imitate all sorts of fowl and wildlife — signal others to meet you!

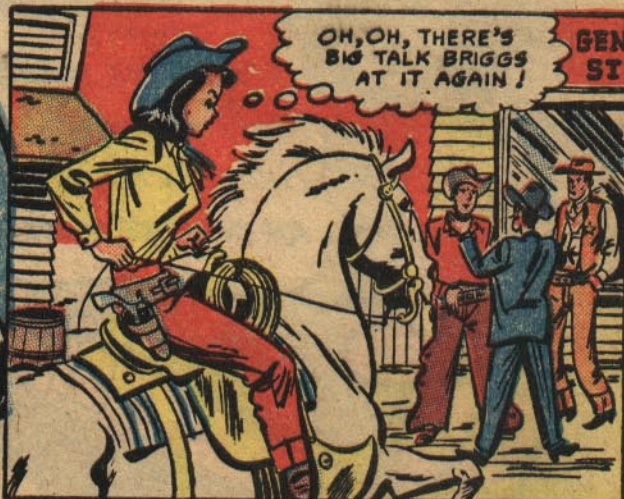
Use it as a whistle for refereeing or cheering at games — as a trick voice that makes you sound like a human bird!

Send for this exciting pair of premiums today!



PISTOL PACKING PATTIE

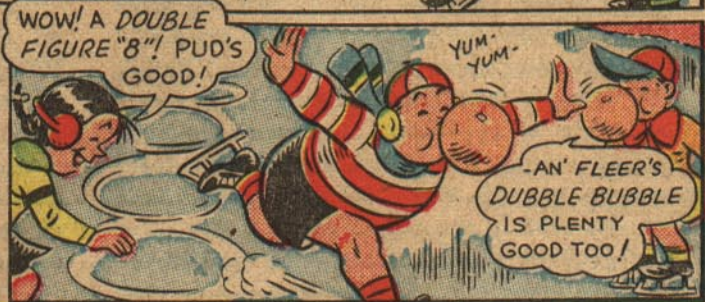
ELECTRIFYING
PERSONALITY



GEN
ST



DAM
Kids

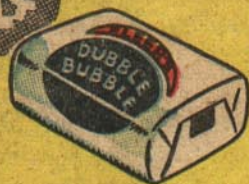


BIGGER!
BETTER
BUBBLES-

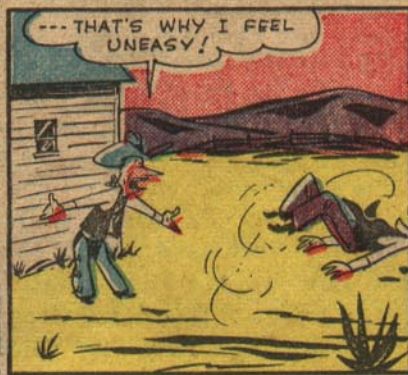
PRICE-
A PENNY
A PIECE-

AN' THE
SQUARE WRAP
KEEPS THE
FUNNIES
FLAT-

1¢



FRANK H. FLEER CORP.
PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.





MURDER MASK

By Walter Farmer

THE figure in the shadows watched as the last customer left old Pop's lunch room. His interest mounted as Pop flipped a couple of silver pieces into the already bulging till. It was Saturday night and cowhands from all the neighboring spreads were in town. Some would spend most of their pay in the general store, some in the saloon and some in the gambling casino. But all of them had had at least one of old Pop's famous meals, and there was cash in the till to prove it.

Pop grinned with satisfaction as he looked at the glittering money. He didn't notice the man who slumped through the door and hid in the shadows. Pop went quietly about the business of closing up. He locked the door and pulled down the shades. He locked the till.

Then a low, muffled voice said, "All right, reach."

Pop whirled, his hands raised to shoulder height. He faced a man and a gun. The gun was a Colt .45. The man was of medium build. His black Stetson was pulled low over his eyes. A red and white figured bandana covered his face from the bridge of his nose down, and disguised not only his mouth but also his voice.

"Throw the key on the counter and back against the wall," ordered the bandit. "I aim to take that cash."

Pop saw the Colt and knew it's deadly power. But his quick brain told him the man would not dare to fire it. The town was alive and swarming with cowmen, nearly all friends of Pop's, and one shot would bring them running. The bandit would never escape with his life.

"No, he wouldn't dare shoot," thought Pop. Moving swiftly for a man his age, he slammed his fist hard on the man's gun arm and sent the Colt clattering to the floor. The surprise attack threw the bandit off only for a second. As Pop reached for his wrist, a knife flashed in the bandit's other hand and its point went swift and sure into old Pop's chest.

Then the murderer heard footsteps coming from the kitchen and the cheery voice of the

cook. He fled quickly into the night, leaving behind the silver he had sought. He had murdered in vain.

The cook's cries brought a lot of people on the run, including Sheriff Tim Carter. When he ascertained that old Pop was dead, he made everybody stand back. "So I can look for clues, if any," he explained.

Old Pop was lying on his back. There was a red splotch on his shirt front, and in his right hand was clutched a red and white figured bandana.

"This his?" said the sheriff, pointing at the kerchief.

"No," responded the cook. "His were all blue."

"Thought so," agreed Tim.

"Then that might be a clue, hey?" asked Jack Billings, a stage driver. "Might belong to the killer, huh?"

"Could be," said the sheriff, "but I don't allow as how it's a very big clue. Most nights three-fourths of the hombres in these parts tote bandanas exactly like that. I've got one here in my coat pocket."

"DO YOU think it was a robber?" asked Pete DuBois, a roving faro dealer. "Maybe that was his mask and the old man yanked it off?"

"Could be," nodded the lawman. "Old Pop wasn't the kind to make deadly enemies who'd murder him for the sport of it. And plain robbery being the motive, that'll make the critter even harder to catch up with."

"I heard a horse clopping north out of town like the devil himself was after it!" exclaimed Brad Mencken, a stable hand. "Didn't think anything of it at the time, but do you reckon that could've been the killer?"

"Might. Might not," said Tim Carter. "Worth looking into. Max, as my chief deputy, I want you to head north and cut trail on that rider. Take along a posse. I'll swear all you men in—Billings, DuBois, Mencken, all the rest of you. Don't do any shooting unless the sidewinder blasts at you

first. Be careful. Bring in anybody that looks suspicious, but don't hurt anybody that's innocent."

The men started a rush to their saddles, but the sheriff called back the last one who happened to be Mencken and said, "Wait up, Brad. There's plenty of riders and I may need some help here in town."

"Sure enough, Sheriff," asserted Brad. "If I can help you catch old Pop's murderer, you can sure count on me."

Wearing a glove, the sheriff carefully picked up the bandana from the dead man's fingers.

"What you aim to do with that?" asked Brad.

"**C**OME along, I'll tell you," said the sheriff. As he walked toward his office he explained, "I think this might be a case where we can use Tennessee Ted's bloodhound. That old hound might be able to take one sniff at this kerchief and tell right away what varmint it belongs to. I've got a sneaky hunch the murderer didn't have time to leave town. That horse you heard might have been any one of a hundred cowhands hurrying back to a ranch."

In his office he opened a desk drawer and dropped the bandana inside. He took off his jacket and hung it on a hook. Then he went through the rear door, calling for the jailor. In a moment he came back and said, "Brad, I was aiming to send the jailor after Tennessee Ted and his lop-eared yapper, but I reckon he's stepped out. Would you mind going to fetch old Tennessee while I wait here to see if Max comes back with any reports?"

"Gladly," said Brad Mencken.

When Tennessee Ted entered with his sad-eyed dog on a leash, the sheriff explained what was wanted. He opened the drawer and gingerly took out the red and white cloth. "This is the bandana that the killer wore," he said. "As you can see, it's a very common kind like most everybody uses. I've even got its twin myself over yonder in my coat pocket. But I figure maybe your hound can sniff at it and tell who it belongs to. Worth a try, anyhow."

Tennessee Ted, gray, grizzled and stoop-shouldered but with bright, glittering eyes, patted his mournful dog on the head. "You

bet your boots its worth a try, Sheriff. Old Hardboot here will find a murderer for you any time."

Tennessee's confidence in the dog was not exactly shared by the townsfolk. Curious spectators gathered around Pop's lunch room were inclined to scoff at the old bloodhound.

"The sheriff's loco!" somebody said.

"Must be," said another. "A dumb animal ain't got sense."

"Maybe they're right, Sheriff," whispered Brad Mencken. "If the dog doesn't find him you'll look downright foolish."

"Don't you fret none," cut in Tennessee. "Hardboot knows what he's doing." Tennessee held out the bandana. "Here, old boy," he said. "Find the owner of this."

The dog sniffed, started circling, his nose held low. Then he stopped at the boots of one man and let out a low, bass growl. Howls of derision came from the spectators. The bloodhound was pointing accusingly at the sheriff.

Lawman Tim Carter was too startled for a moment to speak. Brad Mencken said, "Well, Tennessee, I guess you'll admit now that the dog's no good at finding a murderer. We all know the sheriff didn't kill old Pop."

"I admit no such thing," said Ted. "Old Hardboot discovered the murderer all right. And you're him, Mr. Brad Mencken!"

Brad leaped at the wizened old man in a rage, but Hardboot was quicker and spilled the furious man by clamping his jaws on a peg boot. As Brad fell, a bloodstained knife clattered from his pocket.

"**B**UT how come the dog pointed at the sheriff when Brad was really the murderer?" everyone asked.

"Easy," said Tennessee. "When Brad was alone in the sheriff's office for a minute, he switched bandanas. He took the one out of the sheriff's pocket and put it in the drawer, he took the one out of the drawer and put it in the sheriff's pocket."

"Anyway, Hardboot is happy about the way it come out, ain't you, Hardboot?"

Hardboot looked sadder than ever, but maybe he was happy. Tennessee Ted seemed to know him better than anyone else did.

BIG BOW AND LITTLE ARROW IN

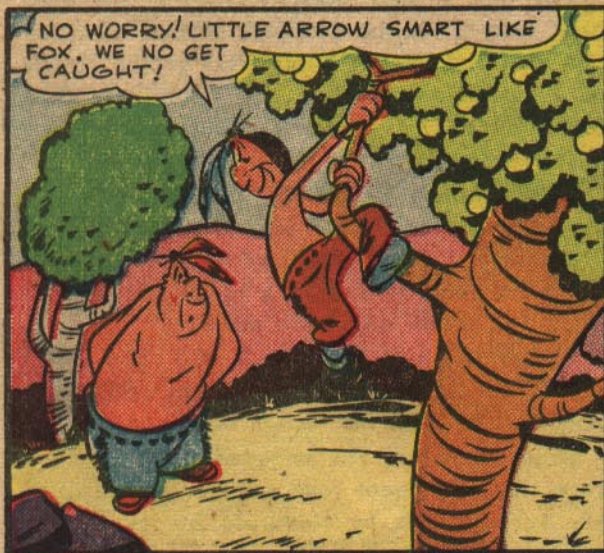
"UP IN A TREE"

A LITTLE HIGHER, BIG BOW! ME NO CAN REACH GRAPEFRUIT YET!

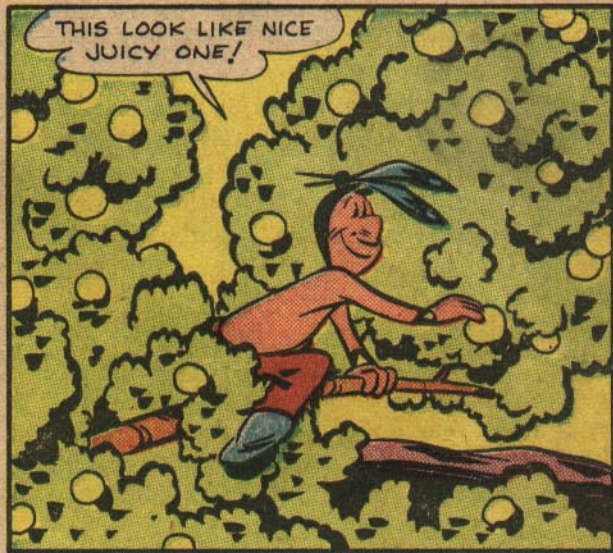
GRAPEFRUIT NO BELONG TO US, LITTLE ARROW! ME NO LIKE THIS!



NO WORRY! LITTLE ARROW SMART LIKE FOX, WE NO GET CAUGHT!

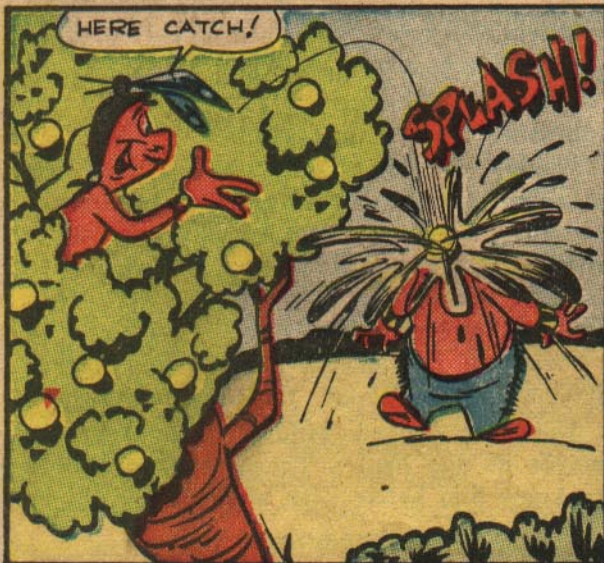


THIS LOOK LIKE NICE JUICY ONE!



HERE CATCH!

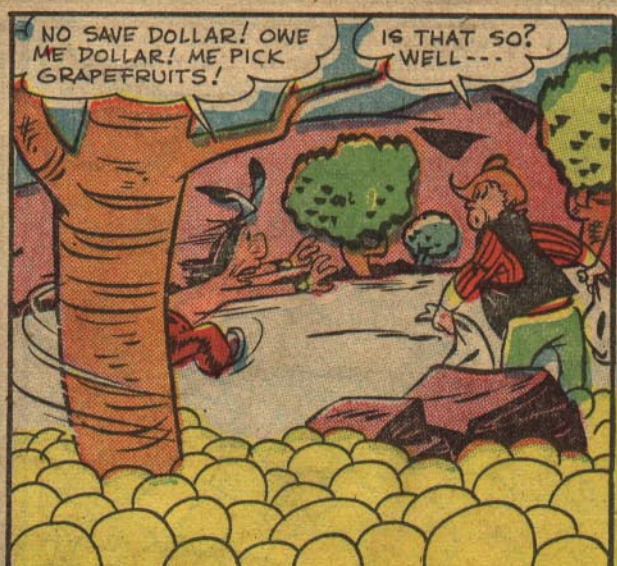
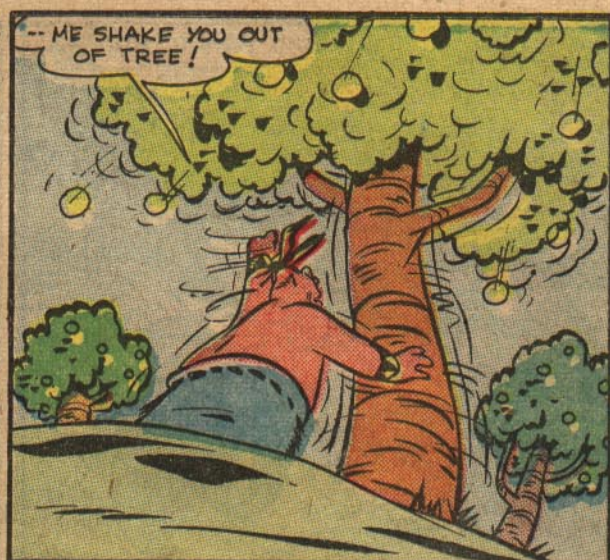
SPLASH!

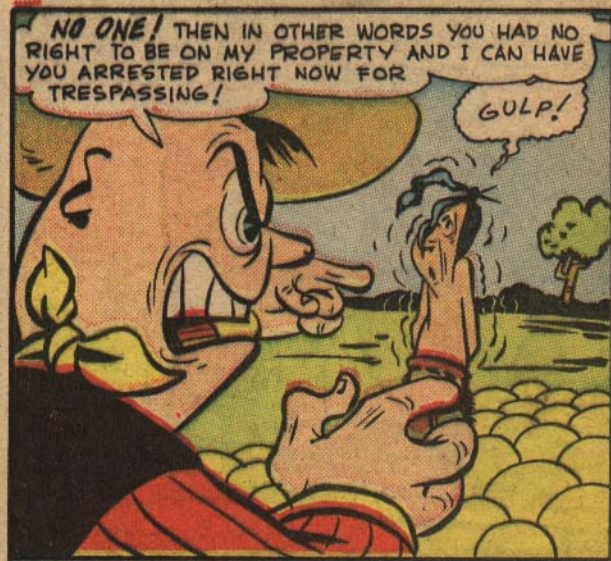


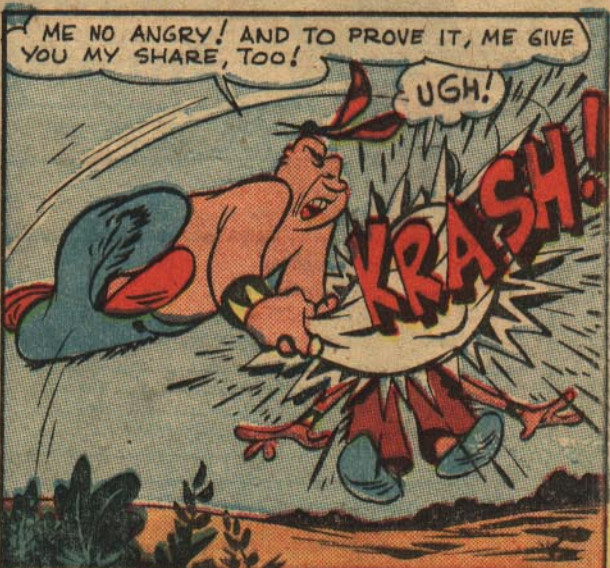
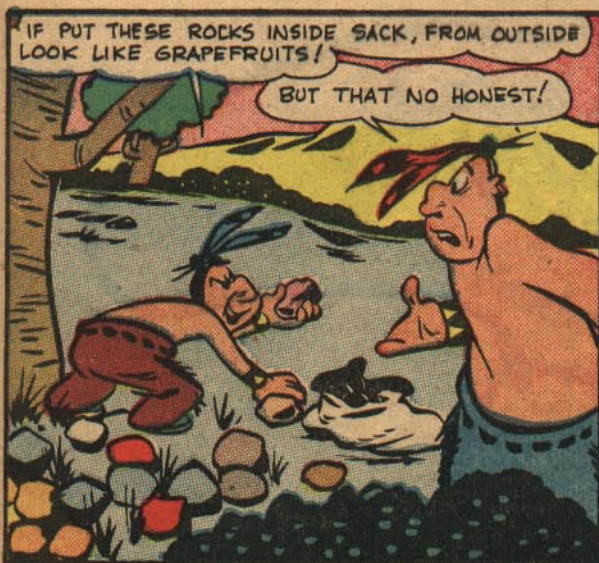
YOU DO THAT ON PURPOSE! ME FIX WHEN YOU COME DOWN!

IN THAT CASE ME NO COME DOWN!









Hey, boys! Wear a real Hopalong Cassidy Western Shirt from Hudson's

You'll have a heck of a lot of fun in a Hopalong Cassidy shirt and hat. It's just like "Hoppy" wears in the movies. Order yours now.

Rayon Gabardine Shirt,
sizes 6-18.....3.95

Rayon Poplin Shirt, sizes 6-12...2.95

Colors of black and red, maroon and gray, brown and tan, luggage and gold, green and gold, royal and gray.

Hopalong Cassidy Hat, black, red or tan, sizes small, medium and large. 1.95

Second Floor—Farmer—Section C

HUDSON'S Boys' Store



Use this convenient order blank
J. L. Hudson Co., Woodward Ave.
Detroit, Michigan

Please send me from Hudson's Boys' Store:

Shirt at 3.95, color choice _____ size _____

Shirt at 2.95, color choice _____ size _____

Hat at 1.95, color choice _____ size _____

Charge my account No. _____ Send C.O.D. _____

I am enclosing _____ (am't)

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

(street)

(city and state)

For deliveries within the state add 3% sales tax

HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM
BOYD

and
**THE GREAT
BANK RUN**

WE WORKED HARD FER
OUR MONEY AND WE
DEMAND YUH GIVE IT TO
US WHEN WE WANT IT!

BANK

BUT GENTLEMEN,
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE ON
SUCH SHORT NOTICE!
PLEASE....**PLEASE!**

BANG

IT'S A RUN ON THE
BANK! I'VE GOT TO
BRING IT UNDER CON-
TROL BEFORE IT TURNS
INTO A RIOT!

BANG

Investing your savings in the bank has long been a wise American custom! But when rumor spreads the word that these savings are jeopardized, there's no telling what men will do to protect their hard-earned money! When matters threaten to get out of hand, it takes all of Sheriff Hopalong Cassidy's fast-riding, quick-shooting ability to bring things under control!

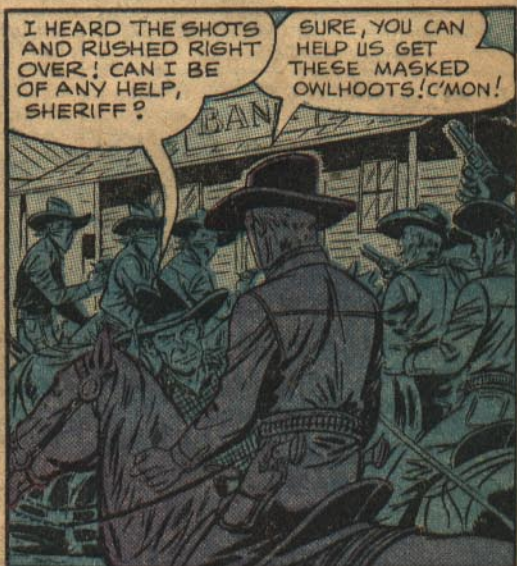
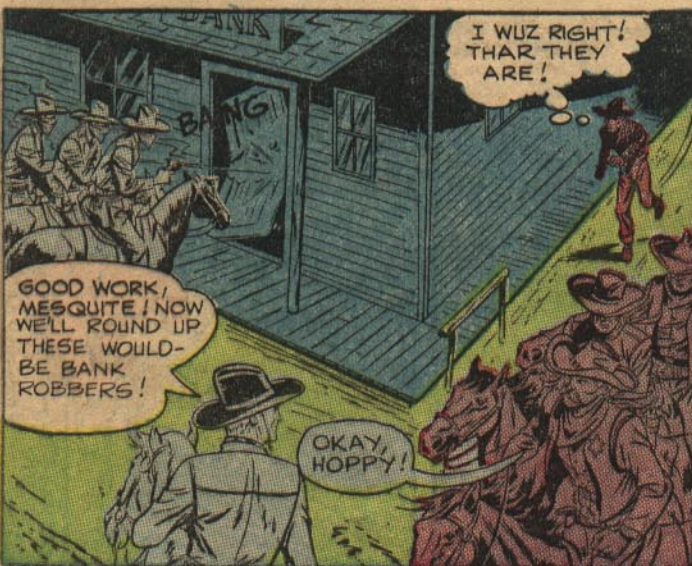
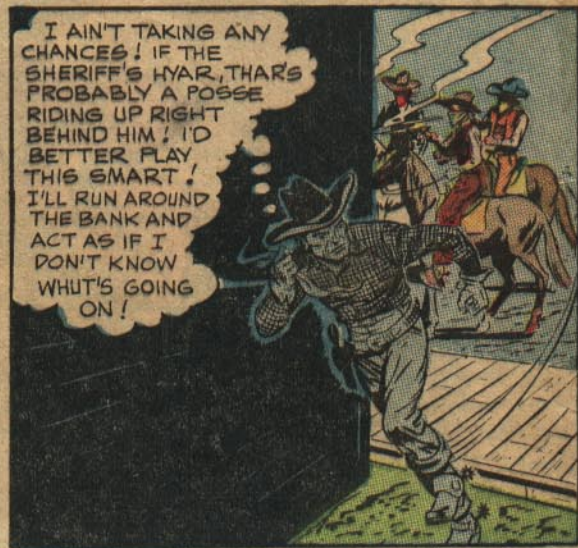
**ONE NIGHT AT THE TWIN RIVER
BANK----**

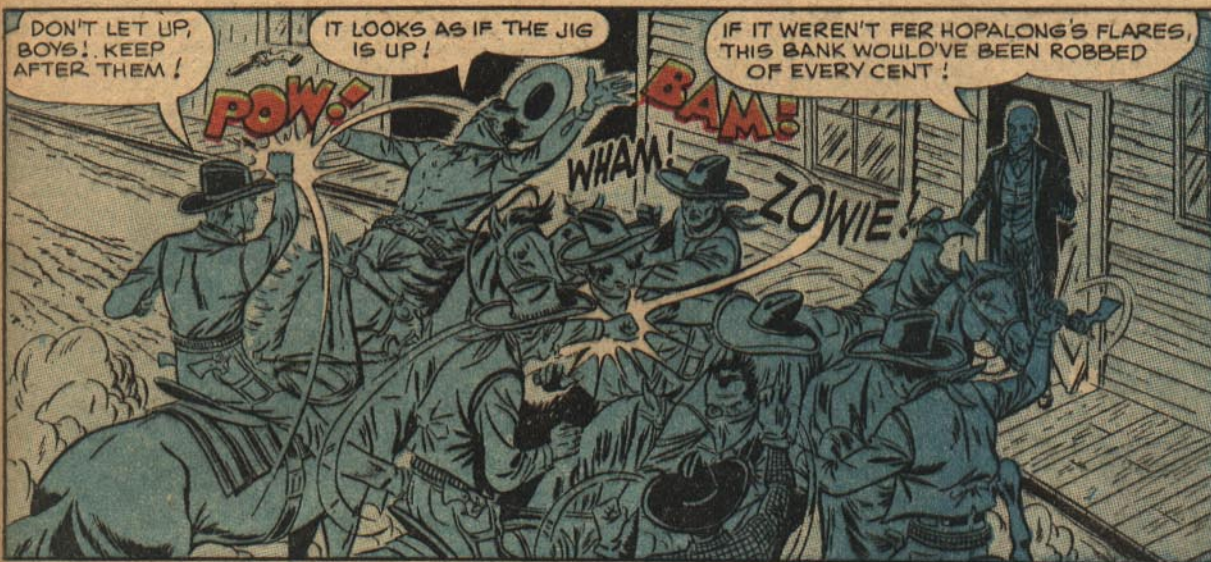
WE HAD A BUSY DAY AT THE BANK
TODAY! IT'S TIME TO CLOSE NOW!

MAYBE I'M IMAGINING THINGS
BUT I'M SURE I HEAR PEOPLE
RIDING UP! I CAN'T UNDER-
STAND IT! EVERYBODY 'ROUND
HERE KNOWS IT'S PAST
BANKING HOURS!

(GIT YORE SHOOTIN'!) (GULP) IT'S
IRONS READY, A HOLDUP!
BOYS! PROCTORS I'VE GOT TO
IN THAR. NOTIFY HOPA-
ALONE! LONG SOMEHOW!







DON'T LET UP, BOYS! KEEP AFTER THEM!

IT LOOKS AS IF THE JIG IS UP!

IF IT WEREN'T FER HOPALONG'S FLARES, THIS BANK WOULD'VE BEEN ROBBED OF EVERY CENT!

POW!

BAM!

WHAM!

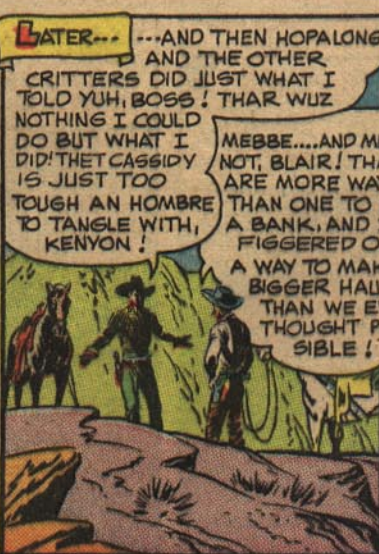
ZOWIE!



AND IN A FEW MINUTES --

I WANT TO THANK YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART, HOPALONG!

DON'T THANK ME, PROCTOR! THE THANKS REALLY BELONG TO MESQUITE AND STRANGERS LIKE THIS FELLOW HERE!



LATER... ---AND THEN HOPALONG AND THE OTHER CRITTERS DID JUST WHAT I TOLD YUH, BOSS! THAR WUZ NOTHING I COULD DO BUT WHAT I DID! THET CASSIDY IS JUST TOO TOUGH AN HOMBRE TO TANGLE WITH, KENYON!

MEBBE....AND MEBBE NOT, BLAIR! THAR ARE MORE WAYS THAN ONE TO ROB A BANK, AND I FIGGERED OUT A WAY TO MAKE A BIGGER HALL THAN WE EVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE!



JUST DO WHAT I TELL YUH, BLAIR, AND WE'LL HAVE MORE MONEY THAN THE TWO OF US KIN SPEND IF WE LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED AND FIFTY!

ANYTHING YUH SAY, BOSS!



NEXT DAY ---

---AND DESPITE WHAT HOPALONG OR ANYONE ELSE MIGHT TELL YUH, I KNOW DEFINITELY THET THEM CROOKS GOT AWAY WITH A BIG HALL DOWN AT THE BANK!

(GULP) WE WORKED MIGHTY HARD TO EARN THET MONEY! IF BANKER PROCTOR CAN'T PAY US, IT MEANS WE'VE LOST ALL OUR SAVINGS!



...JUST TRY TO COLLECT YORE SAVINGS! SEE IF I'M WRONG!

GOSH! I GOT ALL MY LIFE SAVINGS THAR!

---YUH GOTTA ACT MIGHTY FAST IF YUH WANT TO SEE ANY OF YORE MONEY!

HOPALONG CASSIDY

LATER---

---IF OUR MONEY WUZN'T STOLEN, WHY DON'T YUH GIVE US BACK THE MONEY WE DEPOSITED?

I'VE TOLD YOU NO BANK KEEPS ON HAND ALL THE DEPOSITS (SIGH) -- IT'S NO USE! THEY WON'T LISTEN!

EITHER YUH PAY US BACK OR WE RIP THIS DURNED BANK APART!

IT'S JUST IMPOSSIBLE TO REASON WITH YOU! YOU JUST REFUSE TO UNDERSTAND THAT I KEEP MOST OF THE DEPOSITS IN THE STATE BANK!

HOLD ON! WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION ABOUT? IT SOUNDS AS IF A RIOT IS GOING ON HERE.

NOT YET, HOPALONG, BUT WE RECK-ON THAR WILL BE ONE UNLESS WE GIT OUR MONEY--AND PRONTO!

PLEASE SHERIFF... LET ME EXPLAIN!

AND AFTER BANKER PROCTOR EXPLAINS---

---IF THEY WANT THEIR MONEY, I CAN GIVE IT TO THEM! BUT THEY'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL I GET IT FROM THE STATE BANK!

IF THEY INSIST ON WITHDRAWING THEIR MONEY, IT'S THEIR PRIVILEGE, PROCTOR! BUT AS YOU SAY, THEY SHOULD GIVE YOU SOME TIME!

SINCE YOU'LL BE COMING BACK WITH A LOT OF MONEY I SUGGEST THAT MESQUITE GO WITH YOU! I'LL STAY HERE TO MAKE SURE THAT EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL!

THET SUITS US FINE!

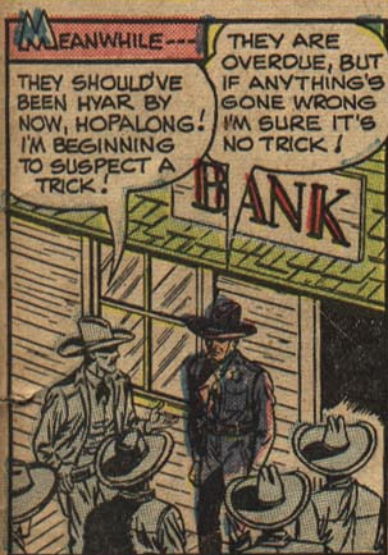
SHORTLY AFTER--

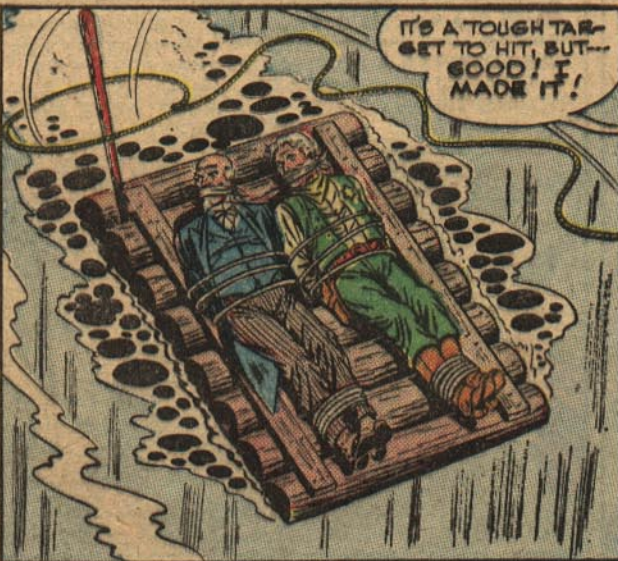
I TELL YOU, MESQUITE, I'VE NEVER SEEN THE PEOPLE OF TWIN RIVER MORE FRIGHTENED IN MY LIFE! EVERY PLUMB ONE OF 'EM BELIEVED HE WAS READY TO LOSE HIS LIFE SAVINGS!

WHEN WE GET BACK WITH THIS LOAD, THEY'LL SEE HOW DEAD WRONG THEY WERE!

GIT 'EM!

HUH?





IT'S A TOUGH TARGET TO HIT, BUT-- GOOD! I MADE IT!



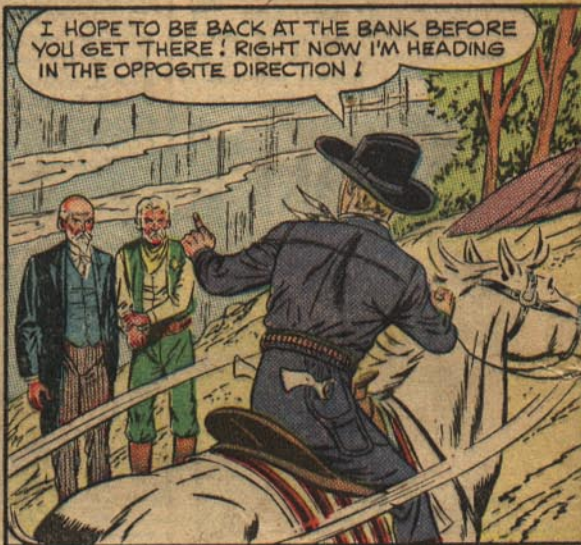
I'LL REMOVE THEIR GAGS AND FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED!



IN A FEW MINUTES---

---AND AFORE WE KNEW WHAT HIT US THE CRITTERS HAD US ON THE RAFT!

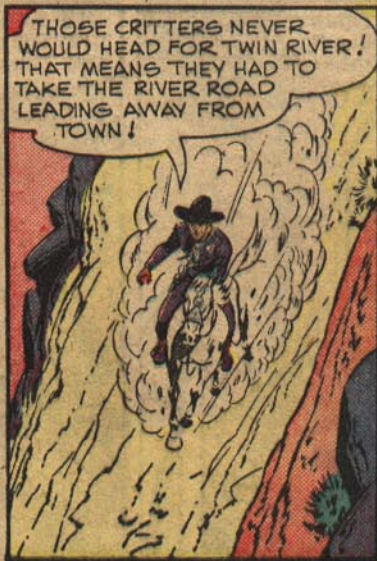
IT'S NOT A LONG WALK BACK TO TOWN, MES-- QUITE! YOU AND PROCTOR CAN MAKE IT IN LESS THAN AN HOUR!



I HOPE TO BE BACK AT THE BANK BEFORE YOU GET THERE! RIGHT NOW I'M HEADING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION!



I CAN'T FACE MY DEPOSITORS! THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE OUR STORY!

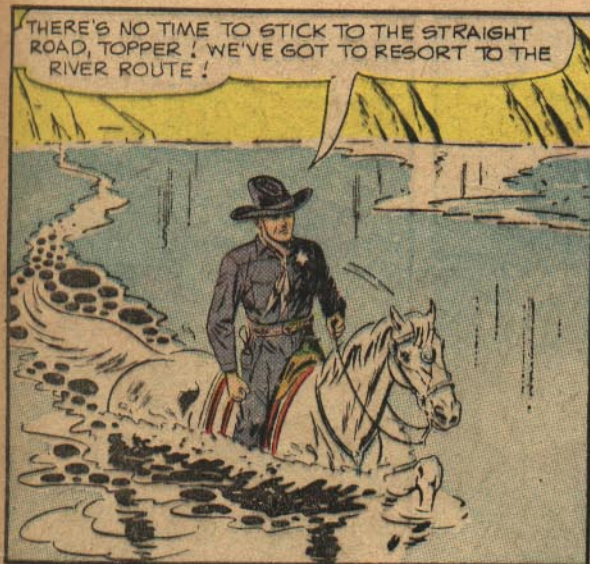


THOSE CRITTERS NEVER WOULD HEAD FOR TWIN RIVER! THAT MEANS THEY HAD TO TAKE THE RIVER ROAD LEADING AWAY FROM TOWN!

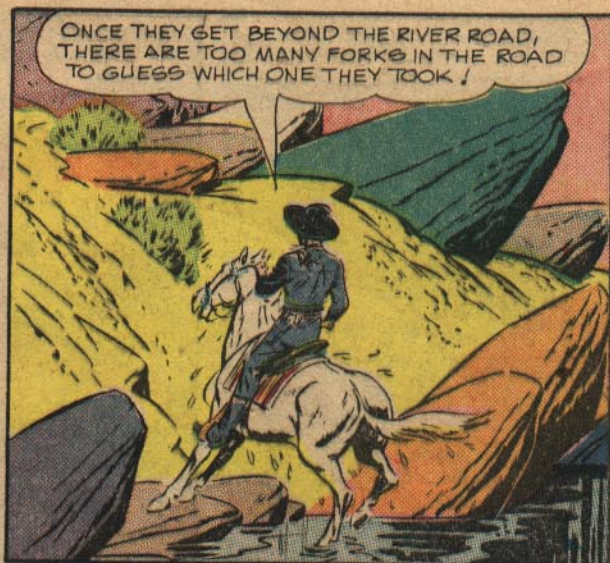


THEY'VE GOT A BIG HEAD START, BUT THIS SHORT CUT GIVES ME A SLIM CHANCE---AND NO CHANCE IS TOO SLIM WHEN SOMEONE'S LIFE SAVINGS ARE AT STAKE!

THERE'S NO TIME TO STICK TO THE STRAIGHT ROAD, TOPPER! WE'VE GOT TO RESORT TO THE RIVER ROUTE!



ONCE THEY GET BEYOND THE RIVER ROAD, THERE ARE TOO MANY FORKS IN THE ROAD TO GUESS WHICH ONE THEY TOOK!

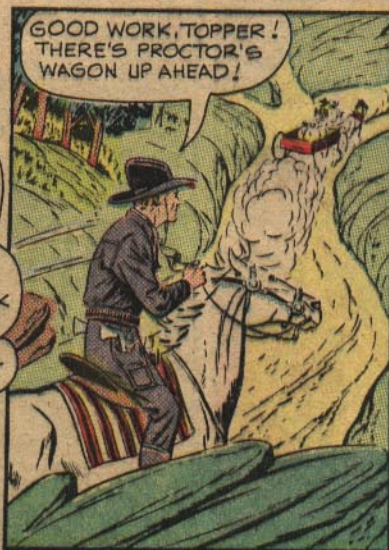


MEANWHILE--

THET WUZ AS CLEAN A GETAWAY AS WE COULD HAVE HOPED FOR, KENYON! WHICH ROAD DO WE TAKE NOW?

IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE, BLAIR! ONCE WE'RE BEYOND THIS POINT, FINDING A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK WILL BE EASIER THAN FINDING US!

GOOD WORK, TOPPER! THERE'S PROCTOR'S WAGON UP AHEAD!



HUH--WHY, ONE OF THEM IS THE SAME STRANGER WHO OFFERED TO HELP US ROUND UP THE BANK ROBBERS!

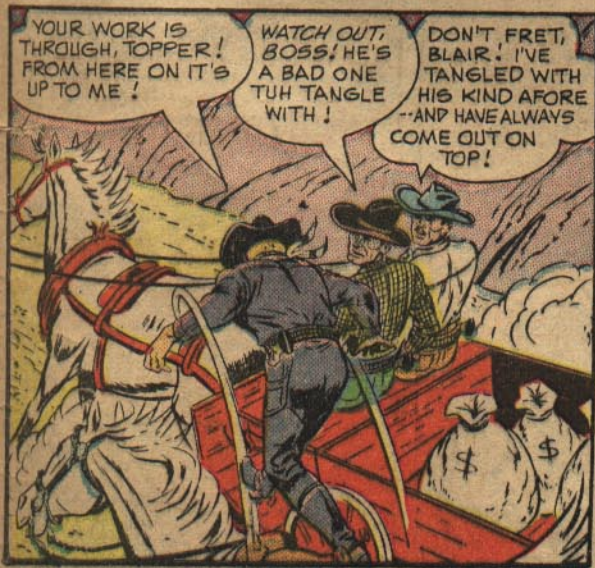
(GULP) HOPALONG CASSIDY!



YOUR WORK IS THROUGH, TOPPER! FROM HERE ON IT'S UP TO ME!

WATCH OUT, BOSS! HE'S A BAD ONE TUH TANGLE WITH!

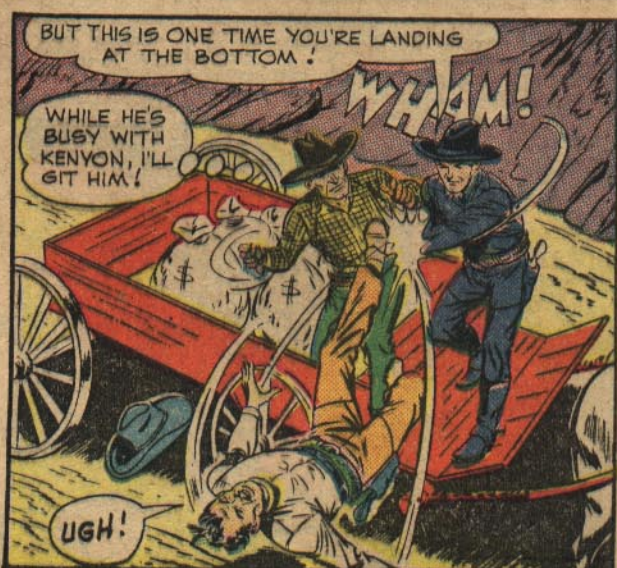
DON'T FRET, BLAIR! I'VE TANGLED WITH HIS KIND AFORE--AND HAVE ALWAYS COME OUT ON TOP!



BUT THIS IS ONE TIME YOU'RE LANDING AT THE BOTTOM!

WHILE HE'S BUSY WITH KENYON, I'LL GIT HIM!

WHAM!



UGH!

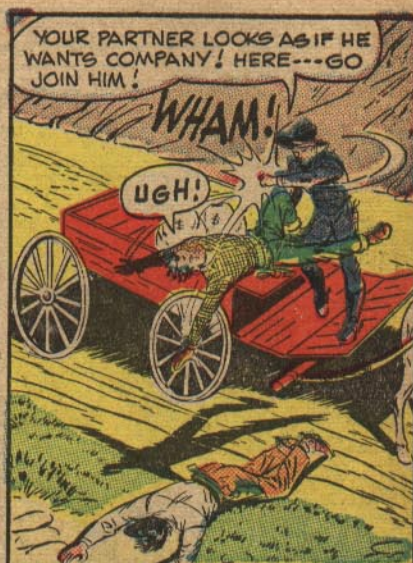
I MISSED--YOU MUST HAVE EYES ALL AROUND YOUR HEAD!



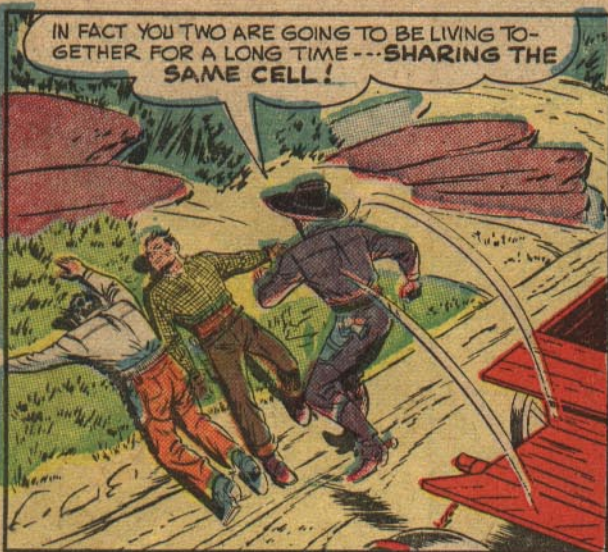
YOU DON'T NEED EYES TO SMELL A SKUNK!



YOUR PARTNER LOOKS AS IF HE WANTS COMPANY! HERE---GO JOIN HIM!



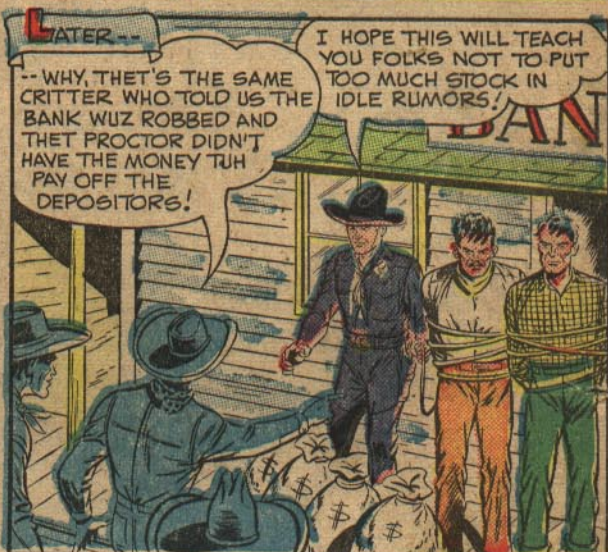
IN FACT YOU TWO ARE GOING TO BE LIVING TOGETHER FOR A LONG TIME---SHARING THE SAME CELL!



LATER--

-- WHY, THAT'S THE SAME CRITTER WHO TOLD US THE BANK WUZ ROBBED AND THAT PROCTOR DIDN'T HAVE THE MONEY TUP PAY OFF THE DEPOSITORS!

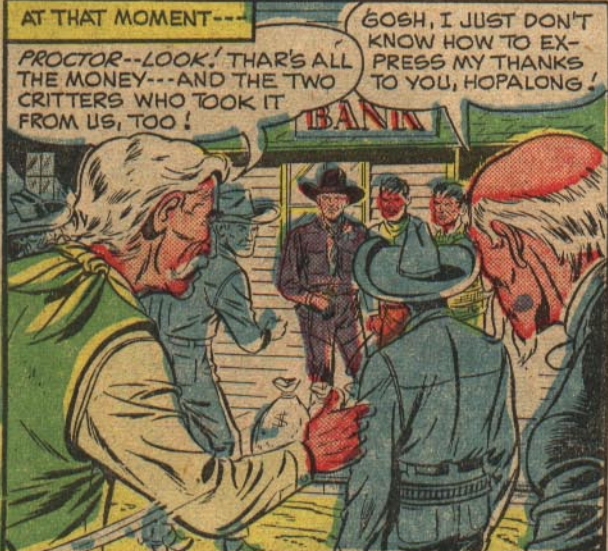
I HOPE THIS WILL TEACH YOU FOLKS NOT TO PUT TOO MUCH STOCK IN IDLE RUMORS!



AT THAT MOMENT---

PROCTOR--LOOK! THAR'S ALL THE MONEY---AND THE TWO CRITTERS WHO TOOK IT FROM US, TOO!

GOSH, I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO EXPRESS MY THANKS TO YOU, HOPALONG!



NEVER MIND THE THANKS, PROCTOR! THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT EVERYONE NOW KNOWS HE CAN TRUST HIS MONEY IN YOUR BANK...AND WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT, TO IGNORE IDLE RUMORS!

YUH CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, SHERIFF! WE LEARNED OUR LESSON!



You Practice COMMUNICATIONS

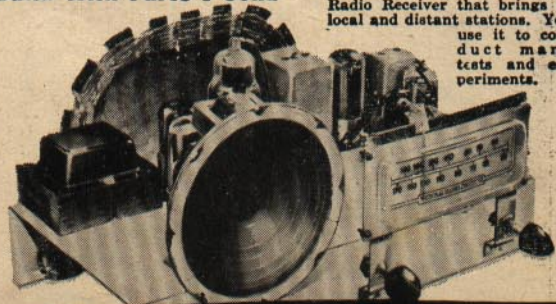
I Send You Parts To Build This Equipment



As part of my new Communications Course I send you parts to build your own Transmitter. Conduct actual procedure demanded of Broadcast Station Operators, practice many interesting experiments and tests, learn how to put a transmitter on the air.

You Practice Radio SERVICING

On This Modern Radio You Build With Parts I Send



As part of my Servicing Course, I send you the speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need to build this modern Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. You use it to conduct many tests and experiments.

BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN

Learn Servicing or Communications

Learn by Practicing in Spare Time with MANY KITS OF PARTS I Send

YOU BUILD this Tester as part of my Servicing Course. It soon helps you EARN EXTRA MONEY fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.

YOU BUILD this Power Pack as part of my new Communications Course. Use it to conduct fascinating experiments with frequency amplifiers and multipliers, buffer stages, etc.

YOU BUILD this Superheterodyne Receiver Circuit and conduct Frequency Modulation experiments and many other tests as part of my Servicing Course.

YOU BUILD this Signal Generator as part of my Servicing Course for more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many interesting tests and experiments.

VETERANS

GET THIS
TRAINING
WITHOUT COST
UNDER G. I. BILL
MAIL COUPON

YOU BUILD this Wavemeter as part of my new Communications Course. Use it with Oscillator you also build that furnishes basic power to transmitter and determines transmitter frequency.



I. E. SMITH, President National Radio Institute

Want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio and Television industries or to be boss of your own money-making Radio and Television shop? I've trained hundreds of men with no previous experience to be Radio technicians. I can do the same for you! Or now, for the first time, enroll in my new practical course in Radio—Television Communications—learn to be a Broadcasting and Communications technician. You learn Radio and Television principles from clear, illustrated lessons. You get practical Radio experience with MANY KITS OF PARTS I SEND in my train-at-home method. All equipment yours to keep.

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Send now for my special DOUBLE FREE OFFER. Get actual lesson on Radio Repairing short-cuts absolutely free. Also get 64-page book, "HOW TO BE A SUCCESS IN RADIO—TELEVISION—ELECTRONICS." See how quickly, easily you can start. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. OCN5 National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. OCN5 National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE Sample Lesson and 64-page book about how to win success in Radio and Television—Electronics. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Check If Veteran

APPROVED FOR TRAINING UNDER G. I. BILL



I TRAINED THESE MEN AT HOME

Good Job in Radio Station
"Am Chief Engineer of Station WORD, in charge of four men. Owe all I know about Radio to NRI."—CLYDE J. BURDETTE, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Makes Extra Cash in Spare Time
"Earned enough spare time cash to pay for my course by time I graduated. NRI training is tops!"—ALEXANDER KISH, Carteret, New Jersey.

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"Now have two Radio shops servicing about 200 sets a month. Have largest service establishment in Southeast Missouri!"—ARLEY STUDYVIN, DeSoto, Mo.

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TELEVISION

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TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get these swell prizes for themselves and gifts for Mother and Dad. Many prizes shown here and lots of others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling one 40-Pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10¢ per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated in our Big Prize Book.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once, or if you prefer, take your one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY, send coupons today for Big Prize Book and seeds.

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AMERICAN SEED CO.
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and many many more • Also Household
Gifts for Mother and Dad.

OUR 32nd YEAR

No goods sent outside U.S.A.

**AMERICAN SEED COMPANY
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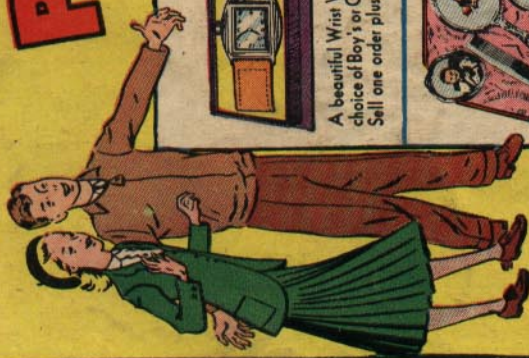
Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10¢ each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____
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A fine camera complete with carrying case. Sell only one order of American Seeds.



17 Piece School Outfit, NAME stamped with YOUR NAME. Sell one order of American Seeds.



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NEIGHBORHOOD
TO GET THESE
FINE PRIZES.**

